



COG SQUEAKS

GROTTO INFORMATION

The Central Ohio Grotto of the National Speleological Society meets the second Friday of each month at the Worthington Presbyterian Church. The Church is on the north west corner of the square in Worthington, Ohio (intersection of High Street and SR 161). The meetings are in the Woodrow Room at 8:00 PM. Please contact a grotto officer or committee person for information and caving trips.

OFFICERS

CHAIRMAN	Darrell Adkins	614-392-6382
VICE CHAIR	Pat Kelly	614-885-1270
SECRETARY	Alice Woznack	614-392-6382
TREASURER	Karen Walden	614-965-2942

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Above Plus

PAST CHAIR.	Jon Gardner	614-262-8587
MEMBER	Kathy Franklin	614-766-6381
MEMBER	Chuck Daehnke	614-666-1199

COMMITTEES

BOONE KARST	Dick Maxey	614-888-2285
LIBRARY	Richard Hand	614-885-5823
VERTICAL	Jon Gardner	614-262-2953
YOUTH	Pat Kelly	614-885-1270
PROGRAM	Dick Maxey	614-888-2285
SQUEAKS	Bill Walden	614-965-2942
TOY	Don Conover	513-372-7581

The official grotto address is:

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

The COG Squeaks is the official newsletter of the Central Ohio Grotto. Subscription is \$10.00 per year per address. The Central Ohio Grotto publishes the COG Squeaks ten times per year. The club welcomes articles on cave exploration and study, cave trip reports, cave fiction, cave poetry, cave related cartoons, or cave related art. Please send to Bill Walden. Free disks and mailers are available from Bill at the meetings. Contact Bill for information on modem or fax transmission.

NSS organizations may reprint information from the COG Squeaks. Please give credit to the author and the COG Squeaks.

KARST CALENDAR

Feb. 12	Regular meeting Friday the 12th at 8:00 in the Presbyterian church in Worthington, Ohio.
Feb. 26, 27, & 28	Scout trip led by Pat Kelly.
March 12	Regular meeting
March TBD	Scout trip led by Bill Walden
April 9	Regular meeting
April TBD	Scout trip led by Pat Kelly
May 29-31	Speleofest

Want to put an event in Karst Calendar? Please contact Bill Walden. Deadline is the Saturday before a meeting.

A MESSAGE FROM THE VICE CHAIRMAN

by Pat Kelly

While talking to Bill Walden the other night, he mentioned that not enough people write about their trips. Caving is our activity. We must inform and educate. When we go on a caving trip or a cave related activity, we owe it to the rest of the grotto to let them know by sending Bill a trip report or article. I am guilty of not writing trip reports, because I tell about them at the meetings. This is not an excuse because a lot of members don't attend these meetings. I now believe that

if I let people know how much fun I've been having, the more support I get.

The grotto has helped me this year by helping with my youth trips and I greatly appreciate this. It keeps me from burning out. So in thanks I urge everyone to write up their trip reports for youth trips, surveying trips and sport trips. Lets take 20 minutes to keep Bill busy with the newsletter.

The Boy Scouts are having a Scout show at the new convention center March 27, 1993. The Scouts would like the grotto to have a caving booth. If anyone is interested, please contact Pat Kelly at 614-885-1270.

PAT REPORTS

Oct. 16 and 17, 1992 Trip leaders Alice Woznick and Darrell Adkins led a Scout trip to Crooked Creek Ice Cave. I heard that the Scouts had fun. Thanks for the help.

Nov. 13, 14, & 15, 1992 Trip leaders Jon Gardner and Pat Kelly. Jon led a group through Crooked Creek Ice Cave while I led the other group through Minton Hollow. Sunday Jon and I went cave hunting and found some man made quarry caves. Jon and I are looking forward to more adventures.

Dec. 5, 1992 Trip leader Dave Seslar. Dave Seslar, through the AYH, led a Girl Scout trip through Jarvie Roarke's Cave. I tagged along to learn the cave better. Dave taught me a lot about the cave and my carbide lantern. Thanks Dave, the Girl Scouts and I had a great time. Lets go again soon.

TRIP REPORTS

Crawlathon at Carter Caves

Carter County, Kentucky
January 29 through 31, 1993
by Jan Campbell

At my urging, Paul decided to accompany me to the 14th annual Crawlathon at Carter Caves. The even began Friday night in the lodge auditorium of the Carter Caves State Park. The program was led by the park naturalist, and is one of several programs designed to draw folks to the park in winter. Their winter programming has been quite successful and is a model for other state parks.

Because the week end is convened by the park, it draws an interesting mixture of people interested in caving.

Wittenberg University Speleological Society has a lot to do with the program, and Horton Hobbs began the Friday night program with a slide-and-upbeat-New-Age-music montage. So it does draw some experienced cavers. On the other hand, the gathering tends to be younger and considerably less experienced than the crowd gathered for say, the NSS Convention. Paul wanted to re-name the Crawlathon "Nerds R Us." I thought that was a bit judgmental, and chose as a more apt description "Swimathon."

Anyway, we arrived around 7:00 pm, the hour at which Horton had told us the program started. It was a four-hour drive from Dayton, including a short sight-seeing diversion on a Kentucky county road. Turns out the program didn't begin until 8:00, so we had some time to look around. We brought our steel tent, AKA my Blazer. They told us to go down and pick out a site. The ranger would come around later for camping fees. Unfortunately, it was not as easy to leave our tent at the site and still drive it back to the lodge. And, it was getting downright chilly.

At eight we gathered for the program. The slide show set the tone, and Paul was able to pick out Darrell and Alice from the fast-moving slides. When the Hawaiian skull flashed on the screen, some of the more squeamish cavers thought it might be another caver. Then the naturalist talked about the cave trips coming up on Saturday and Sunday. Pre-registrants got the best pick, and since we hadn't, we weren't sure which one we wanted to go on. A Girl Scout troop entertained us with a rap about things you find in the woods, particularly that tell-tale substance that starts with an "S" and ends with a "T". We saw a video about installing a gate across a nearly inaccessible cave for the sake of bats, using a helicopter from the National Guard and prison labor. (The cave, unfortunately, had not been inaccessible ENOUGH from locals.)

There were quite a few cave trips from which to choose, and they seemed to aptly described and labeled levels one through four, with four being the only level with vertical work. There was even a winter canoe trip, the "Regatta." Next year we'll (I'll?) probably want to check one of these out.

By the time the program was over and we talked a while, it WAS downright chilly outside, and Paul and I began to experience a failure of nerve about sleeping in the steel tent. So we accepted the invitation of Beep and Sue to camp out on the floor of their cabin. So we did with five student WUSSes.

In the morning we had the breakfast buffet in the lodge (all you can eat, \$4.75). Paul had a meeting at 9:00 am called by Bill Andrews to select a new Boone Karst chairman. I sat and read a book but was itching to get out caving. (By this time Paul and I had decided NOT to go on an organized trip. We had never been to this park before and there are lots of small caves and hiking trails there we wanted to check out.) Anyway, this "short" meeting lasted until 10:20, and ended up with Bill Andrews deciding he didn't want to give up the post after all.

By this time, Paul realized that his back was "out" and that he might walk with me to the cave entrance, but he wasn't going in. By the time we got back to the cabin to change, he decided he wasn't even going to do that. He took some medication and Tylenol, and I left him sitting stiffly in a chair at the cabin. By then everybody interested on caving was on trips, so it was impossible to find a partner to cave with.

I decided to check out Laurel Cave near the park entrance. I knew that I could park along the road, and that the cave was right across a bridge. I also knew there was a path leading up to several more caves, if I chose not to push this one all the way through.

Inside Laurel there is an upstream or downstream choice to make right away. There was also a choice of staying on that level or climbing a pole to a level about fifteen feet higher. Those of you who have been caving with me won't be surprised to hear that I chose not to attempt that alone. The passage to the right was a crawl and then a belly crawl in water. It appeared to open up, but I was alone and it was pretty cold out, so I decided not to get wet. The passage to the left was really nifty, with channels cut about 30 - 40 feet deep. It appeared that there was at least one, maybe more, walking passages above. I came to a section filled with water and saw to my dismay the second pole (to a level that started out just six feet above) was set in the middle of the pool. Although the water outside the cave was clear, the water inside the cave was very murky and there was no telling its depth. For a while there was a little ledge to sit on and scoot across, but soon it became apparent that I couldn't get around the pool without getting wet, so I turned back.

Outside Laurel Cave I looked without success for the path that led to the other caves. I was just about to give up when I saw that there was kind of a waterfall a ways upstream. I wandered up that way, and heard voices. so I figured there must be a cave up there. As I was looking at the waterfall and planning some pictures, the voices

were louder, and then I saw three heads sticking out from a ledge above the falls. This must be the cave they called H₂O. When they came out of there they were really wet, so I wasn't about to attempt it. From my vantage point, however, I now saw the path leading up the slope. I followed those cavers up the path for a ways, and one of them told me about another cave off to the left. I took a path around to the left at the top of the cliff and walked it for about a quarter mile, but came to no caves. Then I turned back, and as I started tracing the same trail around the back side of the hill, I saw a cave entrance in the valley, so I cut across down to there. There was a dry stream bed leading toward the cave. Inside I heard a lot of water running, like a waterfall. At the entrance there were passages going left and right. I chose the right passage first. I was following a shallow stream. It was walking passage, but the ceiling was head-height. The passage quickly turned into another murky pond of water, but some previous cavers had apparently placed logs and rocks in the water, so I could continue to make my way for a ways through the water. Progress was finally impeded by the cessation of these stepping stones and wall too steep to gain a foothold. It looked like if I could just get through that water for another 15 feet the passage became walkable again, but I didn't get wet for the reason stated above.

Next I went back to the entrance and entered the passage on the left. This one was entirely different from the passage on the right. It reminded me of a salt petre cave, because hard-packed fill dirt rose nearly to the ceiling. Much of it was crawl passage due to the depth of the dirt. There was one crevice in the rock and quite a fountain of water was pouring out from it onto the floor and flowing toward the entrance. Deep grooves had been carved in the dirt--to direct the flow of water? boot steps in the mud? At this time they were relatively dry and the little bit of water in them was not sticky and muddy. About fifty feet back the passage turned 90°. At that point there were some neat ceiling formations. The passage continued on, but became even more crawly. I decided it was time to head back and see how Paul was doing. I found him in the very same position in which I had left him earlier.

We went home by a different route, following the Ohio River for a ways. The next day Paul was still in a lot of pain, so give him your sympathy.

A Scout Trip Without the Scouts

January 22 - 24, 1993

by

Bill Walden

One of the local Boy Scout troop leaders showed up at the January meeting. He was hoping to find someone to lead a trip to Carter County, Kentucky for a caving trip. There wasn't anyone present who is familiar with the Carter Country Caves so I volunteered to lead them through Minton Hollow. The plan was for the Scouts to camp in the cave Friday night then explore the cave Saturday. Jim Gorski and Matt and Sherie Mezydlo also planned to help with the trip. It was to be Matt and Sherie's first trip to Pulaski County, Kentucky.

As the week end approached more and more of the boys from the Scout troop apparently got sick or otherwise decided not to go. Friday morning the troop leader called me at work and left a message that too many boys were sick and he was calling off the trip.

I called Jim Gorski later in the day and we decided to go anyhow, particularly because it would be Matt and Sherie's first trip to Sloans.

We all rode down in Jim's Trooper and arrived at the Crocketts house about 11:00 PM. After Jim and I chatted with the Crocketts for awhile, we went on to Minton where we spent the night in the upper passage of the first Middle Cave loop. This was the first time in my twenty five years of caving that I ever spent the night in a cave. Quiet! Except for the water falling in the breakdown in the junction ahead. Every so often during the night one could hear rock shifting in that break down.

I woke up before Jim and the others. I decided to walk the loop using only my LED lamp. No problem except in the junction room which is very muddy and slippery. I had on street clothes and didn't want to get them all muddy. It was slow picking my way, trying to avoid the mud, trying to avoid slipping, and seeing. The wet rock and mud must absorb more of the light. Anyhow, I stayed relatively mud free and Jim Gorski wasn't at all surprised to see me approach from the wrong direction!

We gathered our bedding and returned to Jim's Trooper and drove into Burnside for breakfast at Kings. We all had the breakfast special.

On the way back to the cave we stopped to visit with the Crocketts and I begged a cup of coffee. Cathy's coffee was far better than the coffee at Kings.

At the end of the old RR grade we prepared for the cave trip. A van of people soon joined us. Turned out they were firemen and friends from London, Kentucky. The firemen and friends followed us to the cave entrance and I showed them the bat hibernaculum and asked them not to enter that area. They chose to explore the Left Cave section of Minton and promised not to go past the lead to Left Cave where the bats are. I believe the bats are Indiana Browns. Can someone confirm this?

We went through the Duck Under, the Big Passage was our goal. I had decided to play the trip by ear and would judge the Mezydlos' caving ability. I needn't have been concerned. Matt and Sherie proved to be very capable. We tarried in the Jigsaw room and visited Gieser's Dome. Went on through the Sand room, through the break down and into the beginning of the Big Passage. We visited the Helictite passage and the Caramel passage. Poked around at the end of the Big Passage and found a very pretty pool with several cave crayfish and several tiny black newts swimming. We returned by climbing up into the high passages which parallel the Big Passage and following them to the Cork Screw. Jim, Matt and Sherie thought the Cork Screw was neat! Back at the beginning of the Big Passage we took the lower route instead of the Sand room and Jigsaw room. We went up the canyon toward Cosmic Dome. The water was crashing through so loudly that it was difficult to understand each other and the water was very cold. My feet got numb. We turned around in the canyon without getting to the dome.

We climbed up into the Jigsaw room and continued out past Dread Pool. The gravel at Lost and Found Corners is getting higher. After the big storm several years ago, one could walk through. Now it is back to almost a belly crawl in water. Past Lost and Found Corners we started finding beer cans. Lots of beer cans -- Budweiser. Did the firemen leave these? I thought not. As we continued toward the Duck Under so did the beer cans. Too many to carry in our packs. We decided to return Sunday with a garbage bag and remove them from the cave.

Back at the Crocketts we learned that a third group had visited the cave. As they departed, they hit Tom's gate and gate post. On learning of the beer cans, Tom decided that those people will not be welcome in the future.

We enjoyed the buffet dinner at the Lakeview. Their price is up to \$7.50 but the second person got the buffet at half price. So, it is still a bargain. I managed to control myself but Matt returned for seconds and thirds. What a deal for hungry cavers.

Saturday night we opted to stay in the Cumberland Motel. After Jim and I opened our room and waited awhile, we realized that Matt and Sherie were still in the Motel Office. Wondering if there was a problem, Jim and I went to the office. Matt and Sherie were just getting a lesson in local culture! No problem.

During the night I was aware of a storm. The wind picked up and it rained very - very hard for a while. The lightening and resultant thunder was fierce and loud.

Sunday, after another breakfast at Kings, we returned to Minton. The objective was to visit Middle Cave and see the formations. Unfortunately, I no longer fit through the slot. Try as I could, I could not get my chest through the final six feet. I gave Jim and the Mezydlos' instructions to get to the Great White Cone room then returned back through the slot and water to the junction room. I decided to go back to Lost and Found Corners and pick up the beer cans. There wasn't a can to be found anywhere! The water was up and it was colder than it was Saturday. What had been ankle deep was now thigh deep. The storm Saturday night must have flushed this part of the cave and swept the cans away. A reminder that Minton can be and is dangerous. Don't believe this? Then, just look at the ceiling with all the debris caught in the cracks. It may have been interesting to have spent a second night in the cave. The Upper passage of the first loop is certainly safe except for the possible 100 year flood situation.

I returned to the Junction room, and debated on working my way through the break down and meeting the others in the GWC Room but decided best not. I waited. It didn't take them as long as I thought it would. And, no wonder, they didn't get to the Great White Cone. They had poked around in the muddy passages below the GWC Room! Too bad, but then there is a good reason for them to return.

The temperature outside the cave had dropped and it was windy. We rushed to change out of our cold and wet cave clothes and into warm dry clothes.

We stopped at Crocketts to say good bye. Tom and Cathy apparently had gone into town so we said good bye to John Crockett and headed home.

Back at Jim's house my Audi was a block of ice. I had trouble unlocking the door and once open I couldn't close it. So, I pulled the car into Jim's garage to let it thaw out.

The Scouts missed a very good trip. Perhaps next time.

Sloan's Valley

Pulaski Co., KY

December 11-12, 1992

Dan Flynn, Harry Goepel, Heather Hilton, Andy Niekamp, & Lou Simpson
reported by Lou

The East was experiencing a terrible winter storm. Snow was two feet deep in western Pennsylvania. It was cold and damp in Kentucky, but little precipitation was expected. I had taken my car in for a thermostat and found out it also needed a clutch. When trying to fix the clutch, the garage discovered that a bearing had disintegrated into the transmission and they would need to replace the shaft. We had planned to leave on Friday morning for the cave trip, but the car wouldn't be ready until late Friday because I had to wait to get the shaft. Sheryl had a cold and decided not to go on the cave trip. Dorothy Goepel didn't go because Sheryl didn't. So Harry Goepel and I left at nine AM in Harry's truck. After we stopped for gas south of Cincinnati, the truck developed a loud vibration. It went away. We stopped and inspected the tires and when we started up the vibration was back, but it went away again for good. It was probably due to the emergency brake sticking. I was driving and had set the brake at the gas station. I was experiencing the usual dread on the way to a cave in the winter. Does all this sound familiar? The hassle factor, of course! We would have a great trip, apparently. The plan was: Harry and I would arrive at Cumberland Cove Cottages and check in. Then we would visit Crocketts and go to Minton Hollow. Heather, Dan, and Andy would arrive later. On Saturday the five of us would go on a long trip involving lower levels of Grand Central Spaghetti and then connect to another entrance, possibly Great Rock Sink or Railroad Tunnel. Lake level was 698, probably too high to enjoy a trip to Great Rock Sink.

Harry and I visited Tom and Cathy Crockett. A new locked gate had been installed across their driveway just above the house. Tom unlocked the gate for us and we drove to the end of the railroad bed. We took the come-a-round at a long puddle and came close to rolling the truck over. We learned later that the long puddle is the preferred route now. We had decided to try to find the way through the breakdown at The Slot so we could visit the Middle Cave second loop. We entered Minton and quickly reached the breakdown. The cave seemed quite dry. I hadn't been in Middle Cave since possibly 1981. I knew where to go at first, crawling to the right of the breakdown and heading upward, but soon I was quite confused. We explored the breakdown for half an hour without finding the way, until I spotted a survey station

eight feet overhead. Since only the connection route had been surveyed, I knew I was once again on the right track. We climbed up and squeezed through a familiar triangular opening. Soon we were peering down a deep pit. Unfortunately this was the way. I remembered having to convince people in the past that this climb was safe. "Just lean on this side and walk down the ceiling." This time I thought, "I could fall." Harry had some nylon tubing, but it wasn't enough for a belay. After a while we decided to go back to The Slot instead.

The Slot is a narrow crack on the left, with thigh deep water. Then the water ends and the crack narrows and at first looks impossibly tight. We got through and emerged in walking passage. Leaves on the ceiling indicate that this section floods, so I rushed us through it, only letting Harry have a brief glimpse of the large Middle Cave Room. We reached the formation area and left the scary lower level. The broomstick that used to be six feet tall had been broken in the late seventies. The broken piece is still there. We crawled around to the viewing area beyond the reflecting pool at the Great White Cone, taking care not to muddy the pool by dislodging too much sand.

The rest of the second loop is scenic, with pits, domes, tall canyon passage, and a waterfall in a deep muddy canyon that can't be avoided. We finally reached the other end of the loop. I pointed out vaguely where the connection to Martin Creek is, while I considered whether we might want to climb up into the breakdown. As I expected, the climb didn't look quite as intimidating from the bottom. I did manage to do it, with much encouragement from Harry, who followed me and made it look easy. Now we were glad we had spent those two hours exploring the breakdown earlier. Harry's large cairns guided us unerringly through the tricky route. It was exhilarating to have made the loop and not have to return to the dread Slot.

We told John Crockett that we were out and returned to Cumberland Cove. Heather and Dan arrived at the same time as we did. We all went into Somerset for the food bar at Western Steer, not to be confused with Western Sizzlin, but a sign on Western Steer says "Sizzlin Steaks." The four of us returned to Crocketts and visited with Cathy for several hours. Cathy described the several rescues and practice rescues that have taken place recently in Sloan's. Cathy told us that the county rescue squad did not attend the NSS rescue practice, but instead went to Minton on an earlier weekend for their own practice. It turned out to be an actual rescue when one of their group fell off a ledge. Several cavers stopped by

the Crocketts to request access to the fieldhouse. One group was from Beavercreek. I think one caver's name was Mike Galtsave. When we returned to Cumberland Cove, Andy had arrived.

On Saturday, the five of us went to the Lakeview for the breakfast bar. We stopped at Crockett's and entered Scowling Tom's around 12:30 PM. I had marked various routes on maps and we finally decided to go through Bare Bev's Bellycrawl, examine the reported vandalism at the Oasis, take Paul's Passage to Dave's Lost Passage, follow the Catacombs to The Maze, and head for Railroad Tunnel. With difficulty, Andy squeezed through a tight spot on the way to Bare Bev's. He said he'd done the trip before, but now weighed 25 pounds more. Bare Bev's is wider, but lower. After trying to get through, Andy retreated to a higher spot and removed his coveralls, which are quite heavy--those colorful red and grey coveralls with built-in pads that are so photogenic. Now he was able to get through. We reached the Oasis and noted that a six-foot column had been broken into five pieces. All the pieces appeared to be present on the floor. Other stalagmites had been broken off, but it wasn't apparent whether the breaks were recent or not. The Oasis itself, about fifty feet away, appeared to be undamaged.

We followed the Appalachian Trail back toward Garbage Pit Hill and descended into the parallel lower level. We noted where the Catacombs Passage starts, but continued to Paul's Passage, a long stoopwalk/crawl. When we reached the overlook of Dave's Lost Passage, Andy decided to leave the cave. Dan accompanied him back to the beginning of Paul's Passage. When Dan returned, we descended into Dave's. Since the climb at the other end of this large room is difficult, I led the group through the sloppy Catacombs, which passes directly under the Scowling Tom's entrance and Scowling Tom Junction but doesn't connect. We reached The Maze and looked at the other overlook of Dave's Lost Passage. An etrier was there. We could see a lake level pool below. We had planned to explore The Maze a bit, but decided to save time and head directly to Grand Central Station and then Railroad Tunnel. We popped up a subtle hole into a higher level, found our way through the parallel crawls, and emerged into GCS at the "toilet seat". Crossing the GCS passage, we crawled over breakdown toward Erisman's Ledge, but dropped down a level just before Erisman's. We descended a slope and reached Railroad River.

Up the river, we encountered my Goldline at a high lead on the left, where I had placed it in 1982. The rope was

tied into loops for climbing. We continued up the river, passing the Moby Dick rock. We stopped to visit a shower dome sixty feet high. I explained that the water falls over yet another sixty-foot drop on a higher level before this falls. At the towering breakdown room of the Cement Overlook area, we climbed up sixty feet and reached the brink of this lower shower falls. With some searching, we found the route that leads to the impressive 100- foot high Cement Overlook, but decided not to spend the time to actually go there because we still had a long way to go to reach the Railroad Tunnel entrance.

Going onward, I expressed doubts about the route, which involves a wet crawl, but had no difficulty finding the way. Soon we reached 80-foot high Satan's Dome. I could hear the thundering waterfalls ahead. Heather whooped as she waded waist deep in the plunge pool below the falls. Connection trips to Railroad Tunnel almost always begin at the Railroad Tunnel entrance. It's easier in that direction for several reasons. One, I recalled, was that it's difficult to climb up these waterfalls, each about 5 to 8 feet. Only Harry, who led the way, was able to climb them practically unassisted. On the second, he leaped up, landed on his stomach, and wriggled like a salmon returning upstream to spawn. When I tried it, Dan had to catch me as I slid back down. Pushing and pulling each other, we finally reached the top. The stream passage above was pleasant and scenic, with many little waterfalls and pools.

At length we arrived at Martin's Squeeze. My Wheat Lamp was getting feeble and I attempted to make my Premier carbide lamp function. I need a new Wheat lamp battery again, it seems. Now I remembered another of the reasons why the Railroad connection is more difficult in this direction. Martin's Squeeze is a rock-floor, rock ceiling belly crawl sloping upward. The last person through gets the benefit of the moisture left there by the rest of the party. I was glad Andy didn't have to deal with this. Next there are floorless canyons and you have to find the right level or you get lost. I noticed a strong airflow blowing out Railroad Tunnel. I was sure of the way until after the floorless belly crawl beyond Obscenity Dome. Then I recalled a third reason why the connection was difficult in this direction. I got quite lost. I was crawling through a tight crack, with airflow blowing strongly toward me. Dan saved the day, because he recognized a cairn and marker tape he had placed on his trip to this part of the cave in the Spring. They had entered Railroad Tunnel and had turned back at Obscenity Dome. Dan took over the lead.

When we finally got out of those awful canyons (Heather said, "I'm NEVER coming back here again!"), I remembered the way up through breakdown to avoid a hard climb. However, on the upper level I was again disoriented. "Which way is north," I asked Dan, who had a compass. North was perpendicular to the passage, which didn't help much. I saw a crawlway that looked familiar, even though it looked 180 degrees wrong. It was correct. I had forgotten how muddy this long crawl is. This crawl ought to be name Death Crawl. I once totally demoralized a novice caver that Beiter and I had lured here from the Minton entrance, back when I barely knew any of the way, by repeatedly telling him "It's only another 100 feet." This crawl is at least 800 feet long. If you take all lefts, you'll find the way. At one point, the left wasn't so obvious.

Wetback Crawl, near the Railroad Entrance, had no drops of water on the ceiling today and I didn't realize we had reached it, crawling in our sleep, until I saw the pit leading to the lower level. "We're almost out, so let's get out of here!" I cried. "Yes, let's get the F___ out of here!" the others replied. Then we WERE out, under the cold, cloudy sky, hearing the traffic on the highway. It took a long time to trudge down the trail back to the barn. It was 6 PM--right on schedule. Andy arrived with his truck just as we reached the turn-off to the barn. The Beavercreek group arrived then too, back from their trip to the Enchanted Forest in Wolf River. After another Crockett visit, showers, Western Steer food bar, Harry and I drove north to the Buckeye state. The others stayed another night, but didn't go caving on Sunday. I found I had many cuts and bruises. The scabs on my legs are almost gone now (Jan. 1). I don't remember it being so HARD to cave in Sloan's. And the map came in handy too.

**Romping in the Rumpus Room
Attacking the Astrodome
Wolf River Passes 7.5 Miles**

**Wolf River Cave, Fentress Co., TN
January 15-16, 1993**

Mark Coluzzi, Dan Flynn, JoAnn Flynn, Colin Gatland, Dorothy Goepel, Harry Goepel, Heather Hilton, Sheryl Hilton, Mike LaForti, Aaron Leong, Andy Niekamp, Sheila Osipov, Jesse Purvis, Lester Purvis, Lou Simpson

Reported by Lou

Colin, Jesse, Lester, and Sheila entered the cave around 1:30 PM on January 15, expecting to be in the cave only a couple hours. They ended up going all the way to the Enchanted Forest. Not bad, considering Colin and

Lester's previous attempt to find their own way stopped short of the Towering Inferno. They had been to the Enchanted Forest with the rest of the group since then, however.

In spite of their five hour trip after driving down that morning, three of these four managed to stay up and party past midnight. Guess which one went to bed early?

After a big breakfast at Wildwood Lodge, all fifteen cavers arrived at the cave entrance around noon on January 16. The water level was low and we barely got our feet wet entering the cave. Several used duct tape to fasten their overalls to their boots. It was amusing to see one caver trying to retrieve a flashlight that had slipped down the leg of another who had taped his overalls to his boots. I couldn't resist saying "Is that a flashlight down your leg, or are you just glad to be in this cave?" Heather and I both brought our new, huge Lost Creek packs. Mine weighed fourteen pounds. Sheryl handed me some tissues and said I would probably need them. She asked me to give her my cave map, which I did, since Dan had a more detailed one.

The plan was to split up into three groups. Dorothy and Sheryl would remain on the lower level and leave after an hour or two. Heather and JoAnn would lead a group to the Enchanted Forest. Lou would lead a group to the Astrodome to check breakdown for possible unexplored areas.

The register that Sheryl had placed on the lower level had been carried to the Register room by Mark Turner. At station 409 at the top of The Stairs, Heather and JoAnn departed for Enchanted Forest, with Aaron, Mark, and Mike. We left an LED light at this place and paper and pencil for the party arriving first to leave a note for the other if they left.

The rest, a party of eight consisting of Dan, Lou, Harry, Andy, Colin, Lester, Sheila, and Jesse, proceeded northeast toward The Void. We crawled along the ledge on the left near the ceiling, avoiding the 40-foot drop. Then we climbed ninety feet down the breakdown in this massive room. We walked along a six-foot high passage with water gurgling in holes below. At the brink of a deep pool, Dan said "What's that rumbling noise?" It was the six-foot drop that the entire cave stream tumbles over. We passed the deep pool on breakdown ledges and climbed up into a bypass. Soon we were standing at the top of the waterfall, our voices drowned out by the thunder of it.

After some photos, we climbed up onto Miami Beach. A high overlook to the west connects back to the lower level of Tremendous Trunk, but to climb without rigging a rope from above would be too risky. We passed the side stream coming in from the east in Masochist Crawl. This wetsuit passage has unexplored upper levels that would require bolting. In Carnivore Corridor we saw the site where a jaguar skeleton had been removed and taken to the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh. A sign at a nearby low crawl said the crawl contains jaguar tracks and the passages goes a hundred feet. I didn't know the passage went that far, since it was only explored during the study of the jaguar tracks. Maybe it comes close to connecting with Masochist Crawl or even goes somewhere more interesting.

We strolled through the spacious, flat-floored Carnivore Corridor, climbing up high on breakdown. We climbed down again, all the way to the stream passage. It was difficult to climb down the last ten feet. When the stream passage again intersected a high breakdown room, we climbed up and located Leopard Ledge. A sign warned to watch out for jaguar tracks. We returned to the stream and again left it at the Egg Foo Yung Room, an oval-shaped room. We climbed over a breakdown ridge and reached the Cat Track Room, where jaguar tracks and slide marks are walled off by rows of rocks. At the other end of the room we climbed breakdown and emerged through a small opening into a huge breakdown passage that slopes down to the right. I could see lights several hundred feet behind me as I crossed to the other end. There, the blackness beyond cannot be illuminated by one caver's light alone--the Astrodome!

This huge 250-foot diameter breakdown room has a circular domed ceiling and a mound of breakdown in the center that slopes up to the ceiling at the far end. We stopped at the center of the room for some lunch. Then we explored several known passages leading off from the Astrodome and poked around in holes in the breakdown. Finding nothing new, we descended to the left down to the stream passage. By the time I reached the stream, Lester, Dan, Colin, and Harry were already exploring several promising breakdown leads to the right. The map showed a gap of several hundred feet between the Astrodome and the next upper level room, the Rumpus Room. A steady rain of debris was falling from one of the breakdown leads and into the stream, causing a lot of splashing noise. Finally, Dan shouted that he'd reached a large, possibly unexplored room, but he could hear the stream ahead. Harry and I proceeded up the stream to the Rumpus Room. We could hear Dan from an obvious high passage to the right. There was a tall cairn in the

opening, possibly built by another party in the past, but the room beyond, between us and Dan, appeared to be untraveled. Apparently this extension of the Rumpus Room had been overlooked during the survey, because it wasn't on the map. I remember drawing the lead as a breakdown filled opening, hoping I wouldn't have to climb up there. Harry, Lester, and I struggled up a steep slope to the high end of the room where Dan was already looking for an extension. Everybody poked into the breakdown and Dan climbed high up a dome with loose sand and rocks.

I got out by survey gear from my huge Lost Creek pack and Harry and I mapped four stations, tying in approximately to the station where the stream passage enters the Rumpus Room. Since the previously published map included a cave length of 7.49 miles, our 200 feet put it over the 7.50 mark. Eight miles or bust?

The eight of us splashed our way back downstream, following the stream passage to save time. It was quite sporting, since there was sometimes breakdown in the water. I slipped and got wet to the chest. We had difficulty again at the same 10-foot climb out of the stream. Then we took a wrong turn and ended up back at the stream in the next high room upstream. The difficult 10-foot climb wasn't even necessary! Too bad I didn't have my map. We returned through Carnivore Corridor and Miami Beach. The shortcut through the Calcite Ice passage looked far too risky to climb. We passed the roaring waterfall, circumvented the deep pool, which, incidentally, looks like it has some air space in the downstream direction where it is unexplored, and arrived at the bottom of The Void. The rest went up the breakdown while I remained behind to deal with an intestinal problem. Unfortunately my tissues had gotten wet and I had given my cave map to Sheryl.

The climb to the top of The Void was breathtaking and the traverse of the ledge harder somehow that it was on the way in. When we reached station 409, there was no note from the other party. Dan, Andy, and Harry set off up Tremendous Trunk to find the other group. We could hear their voices and see their lights reflected off the ceiling, and finally we heard higher pitched voices, so we knew they made contact beyond the next big breakdown. Finally, the other party of five returned to station 409, but Dan, Andy, and Harry stayed behind to tour Aborigine Avenue. Heather said they had reached all their objectives, including a visit to the waterfall at the end of Tremendous Trunk, beyond the Mountain Room. JoAnn gave me a dry turtle-neck shirt because I was getting cold from my swim. After a while, the ten of us decided to

head out, so we left a note for the other three. All reached the entrance by eight o'clock, the last three catching up to us at the entrance.

So, what are the possibilities for extending this cave? Here's a list:

1. Find a way to extend Tremendous Trunk or Enchanted Forest to the southwest to the mythical Never Never Land. Tremendous Trunk ends at Milk and Butter Sink, but the trunk is 150 feet below the surface there. Water enters a cave in the sink and flows into breakdown. Places to try include the two levels of Tremendous Trunk, the dig at the end of Enchanted Forest, and the ever-popular Macho Crawl. There is a dome near the end of Macho that you can climb up in and it blows air. Macho doesn't end. It just gets narrow. Look for another entrance southwest along the edge of Sawmill Ridge. There is a blind pit across from the quarry.

2. Find where the water that enters Tremendous Trunk at Milk and Butter Sink goes after it descends into the lower level. Does it reach Horrendous Trunk in The Void area? Is there a shortcut through the breakdown between The Void and the Towering Inferno?

3. Masochist Crawl bolt climb, mentioned above.

4. Upstream Horrendous Trunk. A Cleveland Grotto expedition to dive a sump discovered the sump open, so they abandoned their diving gear and crawled onward to another sump. They were too tired to go back and get the gear for the second sump and they didn't map the part between the sumps. A cave in Dry Creek to the east of Sawmill Ridge has a stream flowing northwest into the ridge. A dye trace hasn't been tried.

5. Other areas worth a new visit include the top of The Void, where an entrance once apparently existed because so many bones have been found there; the lower levels of Tremendous Trunk, because they are so mazy that something could easily have been overlooked; and Horrendous Trunk, because relatively little time has been spent exploring it.

DIVERSION

KUBLA KHAN

by
Samuel Taylor Coleridge
1798

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from afar
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves:
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony of song,

To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk on the milk of paradise.

DUES ARE DUE OR NEARLY DUE

The following individuals dues are past due, due, or will be due soon.

Name	Status & due date
Don Conover	Dues due 3/93
Tony Erisman	Past due 12/92
Ron Erisman	Past due 1/93
Greg Erisman	Past due 1/93
Jon Gardner	Dues due 3/93
Jim Gorski	Past due 1/93
Mike Gray	Past due 11/92
Richard Hand	Past due 1/93
Kevin Lorms	Past due 9/92
Nancy Mahoney	Past due 5/92
Dick Maxey	Dues due 2/93
Mel Rakowski	Past due 1/93
David Seslar	Dues due 3/93
Jerry Unverferth	Dues due 3/93
Alan Wallace	Dues due 3/93

If there is an error above please let Bill Walden know.

The date your dues are due is the date printed on your address label. Please check the date.

Your dues pay for the cost of the Squeaks production and mailing. Only direct costs are charged to the grotto. Those costs are: Xerox charge, paper, envelopes, and postage. Ribbons, printer paper and incidental costs are paid for by your editor.

If you have any questions about grotto expenses please check with the treasurer, Karen Walden.