



COG SQUEAKS

APRIL 1995



APRIL 1995 COVER DAWING BY ERIC GIBSON

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). Meetings are at 8:00 p.m. Please contact a grotto officer or committee person for information and caving trips.

OFFICERS (NSS)

CHAIRMAN	Pat Kelly (38938)	614-885-1270
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(Pat is responsible for Boy Scout activities with the COG.)

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SQUEAKS

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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 via mail, disk, e-mail, or fax. 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

April 14	Grotto meeting 8:00 p.m. at the <u>Bethel Presbyterian Church 1735 Bethel Road at the corner of Bethel and Reed.</u>
April 21	Grotto caving trip.
April 22-23	NCRC Basic Orientation Course, Eastern Kentucky University, Richmond Kentucky.

May 12

May 17
May 26-29

June 9

June 16
July 14
July 17-21

Contact ECU Division of Special Programs, 606-622-1444, or Dennis Roberson, 606-272-3776.

Grotto Meeting 8:00 p.m. at the Presbyterian Church in Worthington, Ohio Grotto caving trip.

Speleofest '95, Camp Carlson, Fort Knox, Kentucky. Contact Glenn Driskill, 334 Martin Road, Rineyville, KY 40162 502-862-4054.

Traditional COG cave project weekend in Pulaski county.

Grotto meeting 8:00 p.m. at the Presbyterian Church in Worthington, Ohio.

Grotto caving trip.

Grotto meeting.

NSS Convention, Blacksburg, Virginia. Ask for registration form at grotto meeting.

Message from the Chairman

This month we will be meeting at a new location and discussing an important communication issue that we tabled last month. I ask that all grotto members plan to attend. your input is needed to discuss a communication plan for the safety of caving in our grotto.

Yours in caving, Pat Kelly

THIS ISSUE

Caving equipment what one needs and where to buy.

A number of COG cavers have been searching the Internet for caving information of which there is a great wealth! The next article is an account of STARY HRAD the deepest cave in Slovakia. The article was downloaded from the World Wide Web (WWW) directly into the Squeaks directory.

Like most articles on the WWW the account of STARY HRAD has key words that allow the user to point and click on and view an associated photograph, drawing, map, or additional reading material. All of the key words in the STARY HRAD account bring up photographs, maps, or drawings. I did not attempt to reproduce the photographs. In the Squeaks account, the key words are underlined.

You are invited to visit me sometime to take a tour of the WWW and view some of the excellent photos found therein. A variety of servers provide access to the internet. All one needs is a host server, a personal computer, modem, and the appropriate software.

The WWW provides the ultimate armchair caving experience!

Also this month we have trip reports by Steve Aspery and Louis Simpson.

STARY HRAD (Old Castle)

In the massif of Krakova hola (1753 m a.s.l.) on the northern side of the Mountains (Low Tatras) one can find the deepest Slovak caves - V Zaskoci, STARY HRAD (Old Castle) and Javorova priepast (Maple Chasm). Owing to the depth of 424 m primacy belongs to the cave STARY HRAD, which is over 5 km long. In giving this name to the cave the discoverers were inspired by the impressive rock formation which at the height of 1488 m serves as an entrance way into the underground.

The cave is composed of a system of narrow passages interrupted by chasms 7 to 44 m deep and passing in the lower part into more massive canyons. These spaces, developed 160 - 580 m deep below the massif surface prevailing in the dark-coloured limestones of the Middle Triassic, are only a minor part of the so far undiscovered system which drains the waters of Krakova hola into the springs at the bottom of Janska dolina Valley.

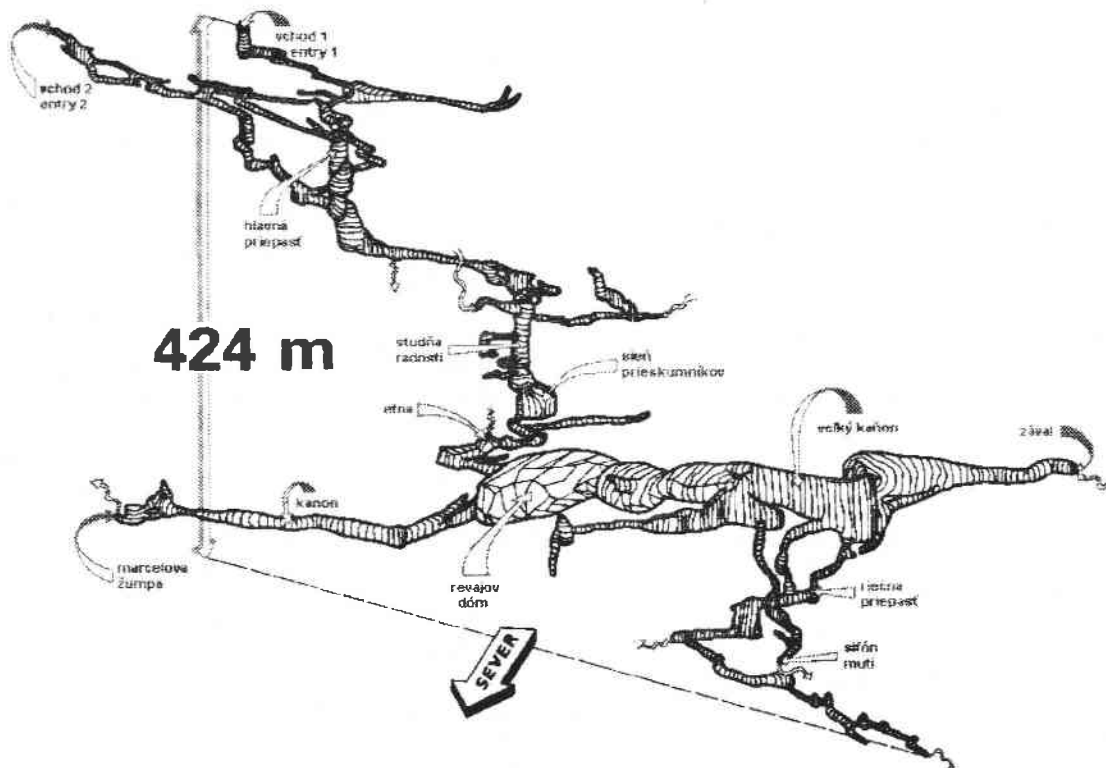
The cave of STARY HRAD was discovered by Petr Hipman and Hana Kynclova in August, 1967. Exploration of the cave, which is still bringing new discoveries, is pursued by Zvolen Regional Group of the Slovak Speleological Society.

The network of entrance meanders with the passage called Slepa chodba (Blind Passage) at the level of the entrance leads to a system of 4 chasms falling to the depth of 150 m. The largest of them - Hlavna priepast (Main Chasm) can be skirted by a dug spiral passage at present. In the year 1979 the spelunkers found continuation behind the cave in at the depth of 152 m. Through the long meander ended by Studna radosti (Well of Joy) 44 m deep they

managed to penetrate to the Siphon at the bottom of Sien prieskumnikov (Parlour of explorers; -272 m). The water hindrance was overcome by pumping the water out into the rubber tank in the year 1980. Behind the siphon they found the passage Biela chodba (White Passage) with aragonite decoration and the dripstone formation called Etna under which you can see them refreshing themselves before the ascent to the surface. Behind Etna the cave continues in Revajov dom (Revaj's Dome) and at the end of the Kanon (Canyon) it is confined by the as yet not overcome siphon Marcelova zumpa (Marcel's Cesspool) at the depth of 343 m. In the year 1982 the spelunkers managed to dig the way from Revajov dom to Velky kanon (Great Canyon). The way to the depth leads along an impetuous underground torrent through Riečna priepast (River Chasm) with the waterfall 20 m long. The water stream with small casades gets lost in the impassable joint in the depth of 400 m.

At present the survey continues not only to the depth but also in the counter-current direction of the torrent, in the cave-in at the end of Velky Kanon and in the confluent branch above Studna radosti where over the manhole called Mydlikova hroza (Mydlik's Terror) the spelunkers ascended nearly to the level of the entrance.

The cave of STARY HRAD is not open to the public. It lies in the undisturbed and protected mountain environment, on the territory of the Nizke Tatry National Park, in the Dumbier State Nature Reserve. A visit to the under-ground of Krakova hola is allowed only to the experienced and able spelunkers under the guidance of the Zvolen spelunkers. -- Written and taken a snap by Petr Hipman.



TRIP REPORTS

March Trip to Farmer's The through-trip by Steve Aspery

Personnel - Steve Aspery, Bobbie Bates, Mark Deebel, Mike Erisman, Steve Vaughn

For the March trip to Pulaski County, we once again had a great turnout. A total of thirteen people worked the system on three different projects. Greg, Pat, and Ron Erisman worked again on what is now being called Badger Hole. Besides creating an impressive pile of rock and debris, they have found about 40 feet of cave and are about 10 feet from big passage. Darrell, Alice, George Hagen, Michelle Mood, and Craig worked in Overlook and may have a trip report elsewhere in this issue.

Our group went in S-Trail with plans to follow up on our February work. Mark and Steve had driven down from Ft. Wayne the night before, arriving about 2:30 in the morning. After a short night's sleep we immediately threw them in to a miserable survey off the Rope Room. Darrell had described it as tight but passable vertical passage, and it was for about 10 yards. Beyond that tempers and motivation convinced us to move on to bigger passage. We cleaned up a sizable lead that had been surveyed many years ago but was not in our data. It had held a large number of bats in February but the warm weather had already brought them out and it was completely empty. Several of the leads in this area seem to end in a common breakdown which looks like a collapsed dome. (Very definite edges to the breakdown coming in from the ceiling)

Next, we moved on to the Doc's section of the cave. We had noted last month that the stream leaving the main passage hadn't been surveyed and that was our goal. The stream eventually dove into a small sump, but the overflow passage continued. There are some very interesting high leads, but there is a lot of ugly loose rock up there. We surveyed through a wide slab breakdown area that continues low but will require some effort. The stream reappeared but sumped again and could be heard beneath the breakdown. In total we surveyed about 400 feet with more left to do.

We decided to go ahead with the through trip and headed for Doc's Entrance. I continue to be amazed at the variety of passages within a single cave or system, and this was no different. We worked through the Crunchy Crystal section (gypsum crawlways) and on into tall but very narrow canyons with vertically smooth walls. The passages look like they were formed from water falling vertically rather than flowing horizontally and are very pretty. Eventually we chimneyed up and joined the stream once again. This makes a much better trip out than it would in as we slogged through the stream on hands and knees. With an unavoidable waterfall to insure that our backs were wet too, we exited the cave after about eight hours to see dusk settling in.

On Sunday, George, Darrell, Alice, Michelle, and I hiked the area checking entrances and possible

entrances. Darrell "Where's my machete" Adkins led us on an interesting bushwhacking excursion that saved us from the arduous task of walking on the cleared roads and trails. Steve Vaughn had reported seeing bear tracks on Saturday, and we saw what we believed to be bear tracks in a different area on Sunday. After a day of 70's and sunshine, we headed back to Columbus.

Recent trips by Lou Simpson

February 4-5, 1995 Punkin Cave and Hyden's (Cave Creek) Pulaski Co., KY Moonshiner's Cave and New Cave Rockcastle Co., KY Harry Goepel David Lindsey Jim Odom Lou Simpson

The weather on February 3 was snowy, but Jim came down to my house and still wanted to go caving. On Saturday the weather improved and the roads were clear, so the three of us drove down to Burnside, KY, where we thought we'd try the Sanders Motel. We arrived at Rufus Hyden's mid-afternoon, prepared to break the sandstone boulder in Upper Punkin using Dave McMonigle's spud bar and 12-pound sledge hammer. The spud bar had a wide head and a thin blade, unlike Sheryl's, which has no head and a thick blade. We carried heavy equipment to the cave once again and developed a method of breaking pieces off the rock. One person would hold the spud bar in place (Jim did this best), one would hammer, and one would hold one end of a piece of webbing. The middle of the webbing was tied to the upper part of the bar and the other end was tied to a stiff grapevine. In an hour we managed to break off the part of the boulder that protruded over the current opening, but made little progress otherwise. We tried breaking the limestone projections lower down, but the thin end of Dave's spud bar started to bend. I volunteered to take the spud bar back to the truck and get Sheryl's. While I was gone, Harry and Jim entered Upper Punkin and explored a while. When I returned, I hacked around the edges of the limestone projections and began to find that one projection was actually a peninsula. Then I passed the spud bar down to Harry and Jim to use for a scaffold so they could cut some footholds in the steep flowstone slope and possibly widen the current opening. Working from both top and bottom, we did manage to widen the opening a little. Then I stood in the opening and dug away more dirt around the limestone peninsula. Finally, I was able to swing the 12-pound hammer in an effective direction against the limestone peninsula and it suddenly broke off and fell. "Rock! Rock!" I shouted. Harry and Jim were clear, but the size of the rock was a surprise. Now it is possible to climb through the entrance wearing a pack and there are reasonably good footholds for the rest of the climb. No rigging is necessary unless you feel uncomfortable with the 12-foot exposure. There is another 12-foot drop below the first, offset a bit, which is also climbable.

Lake Cumberland was still at around 689 feet elevation, so I suggested that we try to find the Sahara Room in Hyden's entrance of Cave Creek. We climbed down this 30-foot canyon and eventually found

the way to where a stream drops 15 feet into a round pit. Carefully holding onto wall projections, we walked around the pit and down a slope to the stream passage below. I showed Jim and Harry the lake-level sump, then we crawled through a side lead off a come-around and up into the blackness of the Sahara Room. A small stream meanders between huge sand dunes. Harry and Jim took a brief look in each direction before we headed out.

We visited Rufus for a couple hours, then retired to the Sanders Motel. It is a little cheaper than the Planet, at \$33 compared to \$39 for 3 people. At the Planet, the hot water runs out after one shower. At the Sanders, the hot water STARTS after the first shower. Trains pass nearby and a party in an adjacent room woke us up with their TV at 7 AM. The TV reception at both motels is equally bad.

On Sunday, February 5, Jim took us to David Lindsey's near Orlando in Rockcastle County, KY. We walked up a steep, muddy trail and climbed a very steep slope to reach an obscure, climb-down entrance. Strangely, although this entrance was relatively high and sloped steeply down, there was ice inside for quite a distance. We followed a tall canyon, noting remnants of barrels and log fires from moonshining operations. "The cave is a natural chimney," David explained. "The smoke from the fires went out the top." We pushed some leads near the end, then climbed higher on the ridge looking for entrances. Jim showed me one narrow crack between sandstone boulders that was blowing warm air. Blowholes were easy to spot, since there was none of the four-inch-deep snow around them. We wandered over ridges for the rest of the day. I found one more blowhole several valleys over. Jim and I ended up several miles from David's place and walked back along the road. We saw several large springs. Harry and David explored "the new cave", which they said was quite warm. Back at David's, we heard the tale of how some people once entered a cave high above Lake Cumberland in the Albany, KY area, by rappelling down from above and penduluming over. These were pot hunters, but they couldn't take anything with them because the rope was out of reach and they had to leap out of the entrance to catch the rope. David hopes to locate this cave.

February 11, 1995 Wells Cave Pulaski Co., KY Harry Goepel Doug Hufziger Mike Jackson Brent Meyer Lou Simpson Jim Williams Lonnie Wilson Sherman Young Brent, Harry, and I drove to the London, KY Hardee's, our rendezvous point with the Pine Mountain Grotto cavers. After some sandwiches, we drove to Wells Cave. Harry took one caver through the dry, but difficult route and I took the rest through the muddy crawl. My party reached the register first and waited for the others. Finally we met them at the belly crawl. They had gotten lost at the top of the 18-foot climb.

We paused only briefly in the Donkey Dick Room, then toured the Paragenetic Canyon and found the route to Co-op Canyon. We turned back at the 40-foot pit and headed next to S-canyon. At the end of that

we connected to the Large Room. The Pine Mountain group explored the Foggy Mountain Breakdown and some of the River Passage. Harry and I crawled to the east end of the Large Room and attempted to extend it by digging. If a route to the east could be found, the section upstream from Foggy Mountain Breakdown could again be connected. A rockfall occurred since that part of the cave was first reached at river level and currently the only way into it is by a wet entrance upstream.

We all took the dry route out. Some had difficulty with the 18-foot climb. Jim Helmbold, who owns two of the main entrances, has provided a wooden ladder for the bottom ten feet. We returned to Hardees, ate more, and left for Ohio.

**Bandelier National Monument Anasazi Tuff Caves
Ceremonial Cave Sandoval County, NM March 23,
1995 Sheryl Hilton Lou Simpson**

"If you are afraid of heights, you might not like the thirty-foot ladders," said Pam Terrell, Sheryl's sister. Sheryl and I drove north out of Santa Fe, reaching the Bandelier National Monument, near Los Alamos, New Mexico. Behind barbed-wire fences we could see the forbidden areas of Los Alamos National Laboratory, where the atomic bomb was developed. We descended into a deep canyon and parked the truck near the visitor's center. I could already see numerous dark openings in the canyon wall. The monument is named for an early discoverer of the ruin, named Adolph Bandelier. I purchased a trail map and we started hiking through the Anasazi ruins. The Anasazi lived in this area from about 1150 AD to 1350 AD, up to 550 people at a time. Then they moved south. We walked through the remnants of their circular pueblo, called Tyuonyi, and peered down into a circular pit, called a kiva, which is thought to have been used for a school by the Anasazi. Then we followed the trail up to the base of a hundred-foot cliff. The Anasazi had enlarged natural openings in the tuff. Tuff is fairly soft, made from compacted volcanic dust. A huge, extinct volcano had deposited at least a hundred feet of this material in a large area. Most of these man-made caves were large enough for several people to sleep in. Some required ladders to enter, and visitors were permitted to enter caves if there was a ladder present. Sometimes there were several openings connected together, and even side passages. None of these caves penetrated very far into the cliff. We also passed a "long house" where the foundations of stone rooms followed the cliff line and there were holes in the wall that once held logs for a roof. We came to a natural cave that is inhabited by a maternal colony of Mexican Free-tail bats. Below this high cave entrance was a large guano pile.

Descending back to the valley and crossing the stream (Rio de las Frijoles, or River of Beans), we thought Sheryl's sister had grossly exaggerated the exposure of the ladders, but a sign indicated that the Ceremonial Cave was another half mile hike. The sign also warned of a 140-foot climb using ladders. The 7000-foot

altitude made us less energetic, but we didn't want to wimp out now, so we continued up the canyon. Finally, we could see with our binoculars people climbing very high up the canyon wall on ladders. The ladders slanted at a 60-degree angle, following the slope of the wall. This wasn't too bad. Stone steps in a narrow crack led to other ladders. Two of the ladders were over 20 feet high. Finally, we reached a large natural overhang cave. A kiva with a log roof could be entered by climbing down yet another short ladder.

Somehow we survived our climb back down the ladders. I wondered how often people were injured at parks such as these. Later that evening I heard that a desk-size rock had fallen on a car at Mesa Verde, a similar park in Colorado, seriously injuring at least one passenger.

El Malpais National Monument Big Tubes Area Big Skylight and Four Windows Lava Tubes Cibola County, NM March 21, 1995 Chandler Heather Hilton Sheryl Hilton Lou Simpson

On our 1994 visit to New Mexico to see Heather, we had learned of a seventeen-mile-long lava tube system south of Grants, New Mexico. This year we planned to try to see some of it. I had obtained some information about the El Malpais National Monument by calling them. The man I spoke to recommended the Big Tubes Area. "You'll need a high-clearance vehicle," he said. Although Heather's 1993 Toyota truck does not have four-wheel drive, we thought we'd try to drive the ten miles of bad road in her truck. We also had some concern about encountering the hantavirus. We brought along filter masks, but didn't think the masks would filter out a virus, just perhaps contaminated rat dropping dust.

If the hassle factor was any indication, we were going to have a great trip to El Malpais. When Sheryl and I arrived at the El Paso airport on the evening of March 17, Heather was nowhere to be found. After calling Heather's answering machine many times, calling everybody we could think of and putting out an all points bulletin, we took a free shuttle to the nearby Airport Hilton. Somewhat later Heather called and explained that she thought we were coming at 7:00 a.m. the next morning. Oh, well, the Hilton was nice and the food was good. We even found the heated pool, hot tub, and sauna to be terrific. The sky was darker than in Cincinnati, and the stars very bright.

We spent the next day and half in El Paso with Heather, meeting her friends Chris Harris, Honorio Valdes, Mike Dean, and Alan Eby. At a restaurant, we were having so much fun telling tales of caving trips and other things, that other customers kept looking at us to see if they could determine why we were laughing so hard. Then we packed up Chandler, Heather's 70-pound dog, and headed for Grants, New Mexico. Heather has been caving lately in the "Guads" with Mike, Alan, and other cavers, visiting Three Fingers Cave and Virgin Cave. Mike and Alan had been to

the Braided Lava Tube in El Malpais and said it was difficult to find. On Tuesday, March 21, the weather in Grants was cool and windy. The materials describing the lava tubes indicated that Spring and Fall were the best times to visit the area. We stopped at the El Malpais National Monument's visitor center in Grants to get better directions to the Big Tubes area. The Native American lady at the visitor's center explained the route to the caves and drew the last road onto a map. "You might have trouble with one puddle about five miles down this road, but you can park there and walk the last five miles." That sounded ominous.

After half an hour of good road, we turned onto a county road that is just dirt. It had a lot of ruts and occasionally you had to choose an alternate loop. Sheryl was in the back of the truck. Heather drove and managed not to get stuck on the ten miles of dirt road, although it was chancy sometimes. "You must have done this sort of thing before in this truck, right?" "Nope!" Her expression of delight was similar to Sheryl's as she drove up the road from Buffalo Cove Cave, TN. As Heather maneuvered the truck over, around, and through puddles, it reminded me of my jeep-trailing days.

We signed our names on a register in a mailbox at the parking spot. The trail to the caves was over very rough "aa" lava. (You say "Ah! Ah!" if you have to walk on it barefoot.) There really isn't a trail, just a series of cairns. You can see from one to the next, but the topography is generally level, very rocky, with large trees, bushes, and cacti. If you can't find the next cairn, you could easily get lost without a compass. I was unable to locate the compass I thought I brought.

After most of a mile and many cairns later, we arrived at a sign that pointed to the two caves. Big Skylight was the first we found. We peered down a fifty-foot drop into a rocky trench. Since we thought it to be safer for Chandler to navigate the piles of sharp rock off leash, as we approached the rim of the Big Skylight Cave, we wondered if Chandler could be trusted not to fall in. A natural bridge crossed the trench in the distance. I remembered from a display at the trailhead that the descent into Big Skylight was on the left. Indeed, we found that it was fairly safe to climb down in that spot, but nowhere else. Chandler decided the climb down was too narrow and the sharp rocks often moved when stepped on them, so held back at the edge as if to say "No way!" There was some snow and ice among the boulders. We had entered a large overhang at least 50 feet high that headed back under the sign. We didn't need light because we could see light in the distance. The left wall was grooved horizontally from the lava flows. Scrambling over huge boulders, we came to the Big Skylight, a fifty-foot diameter circular hole far overhead. It was magnificent. Past the skylight, the cave got dark. We continued to climb through huge passages, over gigantic boulders, following the impressive trunk as it curved to right. It got quite dark, but I saw a glimmer of light in the distance in the now smaller-sized passage. When I reached this next entrance, I could see light high on

the left wall. A log was positioned so that a person could possibly climb up to it, but I didn't. Heather hadn't caught up with me yet, and when I started to climb down to continue onward in the smaller passage that continued, I bumped my Mega-Petzl on the ceiling and it wouldn't stay on. I changed to one of my backup lights, an inexpensive Radio Shack head lamp.

When Heather arrived, we headed back, soon reaching Sheryl and Chandler on the surface. We left many leads unexplored. Sheryl and Chandler circled the large crater twice and sniffed out other caves while Heather and I explored the cave. The caves Sheryl found were mostly pits or low crawl entrances. They tried to make voice connection with us to no avail, but did find another large cave in a crater. They had just arrived at the sign when we returned.

I easily found the Big Skylight pit on the surface. It's totally undercut on all sides. Then we followed more cairns and came to another rocky trench. Finally we came to Four Windows Cave. We could see skylights over a mossy area and then a dark trunk in the distance on the way down. This time, Heather waited with Chandler while Sheryl and I explored the cave. Once again, the cave floor was very rocky. Just inside the cave, above a roped-off mossy area, were three skylights in a row and a fourth slit beyond. We climbed over much huge breakdown again, passed ice stalagmites, and skirted below the mossy area. Beyond, dark cave beckoned. We finally found some relatively flat floor. Sheryl found a three-foot high crawlway to the left, but we didn't explore it very far. I pushed onward, climbing over some jagged features and turned back at another smooth-floored section four feet high. It appeared to continue and there was strong airflow. Sheryl and I returned to the entrance, not wanting to have to find our way back to the truck in darkness. We hadn't worn the filter masks, but used them in their plastic cover as a bowl to provide water for Chandler. We had no difficulty locating the route to the truck, but the rough trail was slow going. "Now I know why they call this place El Malpais, which means the bad lands," said Sheryl. We still had two hours of light when we reached the truck.

This time I rode in the back of the truck. Heather drove. I felt the truck bottom out and almost come to a grinding halt, but we made it past that point. A little later, however, the truck did get stuck in mud. I was let out of the back of the truck. The driver's side front wheel was in a deep rut and the front of the truck was nearly bottomed out. The back wheels of the rear-wheel drive truck were spinning. Heather had taken an alternate loop to the left which had become worse and worse. We weren't in much of a puddle, but no amount of tire spinning would free the truck, even with some small pieces of wood placed behind the rear tires.

"Where's your jack?" I asked Heather. "I don't know, maybe in these hatches under the back seat of the extended cab." We located the handles, but not the jack. Finally, we realized that the object in the other hatch WAS the jack. It looked more like part of the

gas tank. We found many useful materials near the truck: logs, sticks, a metal stake, and even the tailgate of a truck. Apparently other people had gotten into similar trouble here. We used the tailgate under the jack and raised the front of the truck enough to slide an eight-inch diameter log under the front tire that was in the deep rut. Then we attempted to raise the rear so we could put something more substantial under the tire, but the tire didn't rise enough to do much more than we had already done.

Sheryl volunteered to attempt to back the truck all the way back to the "real" road. She chose her path, got into the truck, and started the engine, which had been stalling a lot, even before we left El Paso. Heather and I pushed from the front, while Chandler (who was tied to a tree) barked, and the truck lurched backward. "Go! Go! Bark! Bark! Don't stop! Look out for that tree!" The truck was soon sitting back on the main road. Heather and I high-fived, grabbed the jack and the dog, and jumped in. Sheryl drove, dodging ruts and rocks. We reached the paved road without further incident and proceeded nonstop to Santa Fe.

Later, after reading more about the lava tubes in El Malpais, Mt. Taylor, and the Zuni Mountains by Sherry Robinson, it was still not clear where the sixteen or seventeen miles of lava tube are located. Robinson states that the caves we entered are each less than a thousand feet long. The 3000-foot Braided Cave is the longest dark segment. I think the multi-mile figure includes all the lava tubes associated with the Bandera Crater, including possibly even the open trenches. Still, it would be exciting to find more parts of the system. Apparently the Park Service and the BLM encourage cavers to do just that. I want to go back, but Sheryl isn't as enthusiastic.

MORE OFF THE NET

From ANDY@ontos.usa.com Fri Mar 17 17:53:58 1995
Date: Fri, 17 Mar 1995 10:27 From: Andy Franklin

The following is ripped off the Digest.

Topic No. 5

Date: Fri, 10 Mar 95 06:29:02 CST From: "Ollie McKagen" <obycraky@bev.net> To: cavers Subject: RE: Message-ID: <23353.obycraky@bev.net>

Bruce writes:

Unfortunately, many people do not properly maintain their lamps, and the gaskets leak acetylene. A little silicone grease will take care of that.

I discovered a trick for that one: replace those gaskets with O-rings, which have less seating area and consequently seal with less torque... and, they never leak. The ones I use are all from the valve covers of Honda motorcycles, specifically, any of the 200cc

singles, such as XR200, or any of the older 100cc singles such as CL, CB, SL 100. You can also find the right size in any shop which works on hydraulic equipment, such as farm equipment dealers.

Just for giggles, here's another one: the flint from a disposable cigarette lighter is longer than any replacements you can buy anywhere even after the lighter is spent, and it makes a shower of sparks that literally eclipses the others. Just take the striker wheel out of the lighter with pliers, keeping your thumb over it to prevent the flint from flying away.

Ollie McKagen, obycraky@bev.net

I should also point out that Charlie mentioned the 'disposable flint' to me after the last meeting. Gotta give credit to the right people! -- andy (Franklin)

Equipment Suppliers

Bob & Bob, P.O. Box 441-N, Lewisburg, WV 24901
(304) 772-5049, 772-3074 or FAX 772-3076

Black Diamond, 2084 East 3900 South
Salt Lake City, UT 84124, (801) 278-5533

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Salt Lake City, Utah 84109, (801) 272-8354

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Caver Slang

Compiled from ramblings on the Cavers' Forum
electronic mailing list and various email correspondence.

Edited by Tom Moss, Jeff Dilcher, and Paul Aughey

This compendium of cavers' terms comes from postings by a number of individuals from all over the world, and reflect the lingo of various regions.

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In taking these out of their original context, I have edited some of them to match the dictionary style format, and combined some of the terms with multiple meanings for different cavers or regions. I also added a few of my own. -- Tom Moss

Air Rappel	An accidental fall down a pit.
Al.B	Amazing Levitating Boulder. A boulder in a cave roof held up (barely) by a thumbprint sized friction at each end. First used in survey of Chimanimani caves (Zim, Africa) ALB hall in 1992.
Armchair caver	One who talks about caving more than going underground. Modern version is the 'virtual' caver.
Baby Hog	A not so long coil of rope to be carried through a cave. See Hog.
Babysitters	Referring to those cavers who can dig one day of the weekend, while they look after the kids for the other day.
Bang	Explosives.
BFR	Big F*cking Rock. A bomb-proof anchor; bad news if it really isn't!
Bide	Carbide.
Biner	Carabiner. See Krab.
Birth canal	That passage which reminds you of some certain part of the female anatomy.
BNC	Big-Name Caver (usually complimentary but sometimes connotes self-styled, or a speleopolitician).
BO!	Shout used in lieu of whistle signals in Southeast US TAG region.
Bomb Box	Army surplus ammunition box explosives are packed in for transport through a cave.
Bomb Proof	(1) suitable natural rig point. (2) any belay which has a vast overkill of security, or any sort of shoring or other equipment whose safety in no doubt.
Booty	Virgin cave passage. See Scoop.
Bottomed	Reaching the lowest point of a vertical cave. Brain Bucket Helmet.
Carbide Assist	Refers to "encouragement" of a caver (esp. electric cavers) in a crawl by a following carbide caver.
Carbide Pig	A length of knotted car inner-tube used for carrying carbide in caves. Also known as piglets (if made from bicycle inner-tube often pink).
Cardboard Caver	A caver who turns around at the first sign of wetness so that his/her layers don't delaminate.
Cave Burritos	The containers of fecal waste, normally triple-bagged in Ziplocks, removed in one's pack from Lechuguilla Cave.
Ceiling Burner	Belt-generator carbide lamp with vertical flame. See Gobbler.
Cell	Almost any electric light, but particularly its battery pack.

Chair Sucker	(Rope sucker, stove sucker, etc.) One who uses someone else's gear while the other person is preoccupied with something else. "I got up to get something to eat and someone sucked my chair!"	Gobbler	Expedition-style waist-mounted carbide lamp generator, because of the rate at which carbide is consumed. See Ceiling Burner.
Chest Compressor	A crawl that cannot be negotiated by an individual without exhaling.	Gnar	(also Knar) A narrow, gnarly passage which has popcorn or other features which catch on packs or clothing. Used as in, "This passage is gnar!"
Chicken Loops	Ankle slings incorporated in vertical systems so foot stirrups cannot come off if the climber hangs upside down.	Gnarly	(also Knarly) A narrow passage which has popcorn or other features which catch on packs or clothing.
Chemical Persuasion	Explosives.	Goes	The report on a lead that says it continues.
Cong stompers	Vietnam combat boots.	Goosh	Boiled condensed milk (caramel).
Cow's Tail	(1) A very short loop of 15-20cm from the sit-harness. (2) A much longer safety loop, so that the krab at the end is just about at arm's reach. This is what early SRT protagonists in the UK called a "Claudeloo" after Jean-Claude Debrilla who first pioneered their use in Europe.	Gorilla Dicks	Large vienna sausages sold in Mexico.
		GORP	"Good Ol' Raisins and Peanuts" - popular cave food.
Craps Out	Passage ends.	Grimbly	Greasy. from the "Grimbly Chimbley", a common term for the Greasy Chimney in Swildon's Hole, Mendip. Popular in "Grimbly thrutch".
Cratering	Too fast a rappel ending with too quick a stop. "Put a knot in the end of the rope or ya' might crater."	Grots	Any caving clothing, save only that it is well used.
Death March	Particularly gruelling caving trip.	Grunt	A rugged and challenging caving trip.
Doing a Neil	Local South Wales Caving Club turn, for a keen caver trying his best to overtake people to get to the front of a party.	Hardman's	A term which never really caught on (I wonder why ?) for a small pack containing vertical hardware.
Donkeys' Dick	(1) A length of knotted inner-tube used for carrying carbide in caves. (2) A strap used for carrying tackle sacks so they hang out of the way below your feet.	Handbag Hardware	Refers to 'biners, racks, figure 8s, ascenders, bolts, etc. - the metallic paraphernalia of vertical caving.
Dope Walker	A person who is inept at the Rope Walker climbing system; See Rope Walker.	Hog	A long coil of rope to be carried through a cave.
Dufus	(Or doofus) - An inept caver.	Hydrothermia	Hypothermia from cold water. "Get that rope rigged! I'm getting hydrothermia sitting in this waterfall!"
Dump	To have a shit, (seems popular to refer when subterranean).	Instant Cave IRT	Explosives. Indestructible Rope Technique. The American version of Single Rope Technique (SRT) using few if any rebelay.
Ear Dipper	A low wet passage which requires one ear to get wet to crawl through.	Janglies	Assorted SRT ironmongery.
Enduro Caver	One who often goes on death march or grunt trips.	Jack	Decide not to continue with the trip (or not to start it...).
Entrance Fever	When a caver is anxious to get out of the cave.	Keyboard Caver	A person who spends more time reading the Caver's mailing list than actually going caving. See Paper Caver.
Fag Eastern Caver	Self explanatory; see BNC.	Knobbly Dog	Like half of a wire (or electron) ladder. It has a single length of wire and the "rungs" are drilled in the centre, threaded onto the wire and fixed by any convenient means.
Flail	Poor climbing technique. "I saw this guy try to get over a lip and he was flailing all over the place!"	Krab	Karabiner.
Flat Rock	Banging someone unconscious (on purpose or not) with a rock. "Would you yell ROCK! when you knock something down! You almost flat rocked me."	Lipping	Puckering ones lips into severely low airspace between water and ceiling. Frequently referred to as "MASUing" from the acronym Minimal AirSpace Utilisation, invented by cave divers to conceal the fact that they weren't actually diving at the time...
Frog System	A rope climbing system using to mechanical ascenders which is especially popular in Europe.	"Little black rocks to make fire" --	Calcium Carbide.
Ghar Parau'd	What the cave has done to you if you organize a full expedition to return to it only to find after days of rigging that it goes round a corner (or down a short pitch) and sumps/chokes etc.	Low Air	(Also Low Airspace)- Small airspace between water and the ceiling.
		Minion	Anyone (usually hypothermic) conned

	into being a model or holding flashguns on a photographic trip.				ripping off the virgin passage some other caver would have to survey later.
Monkey dicks	Vienna sausages.				(2) To explore cave that someone has told you about before they can get back to explore it. (3) To discover virgin cave, no negative connotations.
Mundane	A noncaver.				
Nerd Caver	A flashlight/spraypaint caver.				
Nerd gate	A significant obstacle which excludes most non-serious cavers from the rest of the cave.	Screaming Yellow Zonkers --	Diarrhea.		
Nobel's Linctus	Explosives.	Sherp	To act as a Sherpa. ("We sherped 80 pounds of rope up to Golondrinas...").		
Nodger	An external male catheter which can be attached to a piece of plastic tubing. The tubing is then plumbed into a valve of a diving dry suit. This allows longer dives to be made in comfort! Putting on a catheter is known as "nodgering up".	Sherpa	Carrying loads through a cave for someone else or to supply a later effort.		
Nurdles	Lumps of unused carbide in dumped carbide.	Short Roped	(1) When a pitch is rigged with a too-short rope (hopefully with a knot in the end!). (2) When the person preceding you on a rope accidentally pulls it up as they climb and you cannot reach it.		
On Point	When a light is held on the far survey station for the compass reading.	Squeeze	A tight spot or constriction.		
On Station	Call by a surveyor denoting that the tape/light is on the survey station and ready for reading; or, "On Point".	Speleobopper	(1) Teenybopper in a cave, or generic flashlight-caver (any age). See Dufus, Nerd Gate). (2) A caver who participates only in sport caving.		
Paper Caver	(P.C.)A caver who does more caving on paper than underground. See Armchair Caver, Keyboard Caver.	Speleo	Death Camp -- An especially long and greuling weekend of caving.		
Pig	(1) See Carbide Pig. (2) A hauling container made from two one-gallon plastic bottles-with their bottoms cut off, filled with whatever, and then jammed together and taped or tied securely. Useful for tethering to your leg to drag gear through lots of crawl-ways.	Spelunk	(1) The sound made by a caver hitting the bottom of a pit. See Air Rappel. (2) The sound made by a caver walking through water 1 to 1.5 feet deep.		
Pinky Load	Originated in Huautla to describe underground camping duffle bags which were so light they could be picked up with the small finger. Normally used to indicate a person was not carrying their share of group gear.	Spelunker	A person exploring caves with inadequate training or gear.		
Pitch	The most commonly used term for a vertical drop (at least in Britain it is!).	Spelunkee	Cave owner.		
Pinching a Loaf	Defecating. See Dump, Cave Burritos,Screaming Yellow Zonkers.	Sporting	Almost unsurvivably wet cave trip.		
Rock	(verb) To hide a rock (or several rocks) in someone's pack so they unknowingly carry it up a mountain or through a cave.	SRT	(1) Single Rope Techniques. (2) Solid Rubber Trussing.		
Rock Solvent	Explosives.	Stink	Carbide.		
Romping	into Big Stuff --Term used for encouragement, before going digging, in a sordid dig, or afterwards in the pub.	Stinkies	Carbide lamps.		
Rope Walker	A rope climbing system using cams and often bungies. This system uses leg strength to carry the person up the rope.	Stomp around	A bad point on the topo map. "We missed the ridge and ended up stomping all over the mountain."		
Rout	To exit the cave. "We were trashed, so we routed for the entrance".	Stout	Refers to a caver with almost superhuman strength and endurance.		
Safety Loop	A length of rope which connects your top ascender to the sit harness in case the chest/seat ascender fails.	Sump	Water blocking dry passage which may or may not be passable (also used as verb: sumping).		
Scoop	(1) Speleo bopping through cave passage instead of surveying it, therefore	Texas System	A two/three mechanical rope climbing system in which all ascenders are connected to the seat harness.		
		Tight Spot	A squeeze.		
		Torosion	Cave modification, especially digging ledges around pits. After Bill Torode, a Huntsville, AL caver.		
		Wimp Walker	A derogitory name for the Rope Walker climbing system.		
		Winker	A fray in a caving rope when the core is exposed.		
		Winse	A vertical shaft in a mine between levels (i.e. it does not connect directly with the surface). This is also known as a Rise if it's encountered from the bottom.		
		Wooly bear	Fibre pile caving undersuit.		
		Wuffo	A noncaver who asks "Wuffo you go in them caves?" (see Mundane)		