



COG SQUEAKS

NOVEMBER 1995

The Sloan's Valley Cave System and the Pulaski County Landfill

by Hilary Lambert Hopper

(July 15 1995; updated slightly October 9, 1995)

[Hilary presented this at the 1995 NSS Convention in Blacksburg, Virginia this summer. Ed.]

(In this story, there are not a lot of thrilling underground cave pix. This is the cave saga in which Roger Brucker regularly wears a suit and tie).

The Sloan's Valley Cave System (SVCS) is located at the rural southern end of Pulaski County in southern Kentucky, just south of the growing city of Somerset, which benefits from the tourism traffic that flocks to Lake Cumberland, a sinuous reservoir that was impounded in 1951.

Parts of SVCS have been used by local residents since the 19th century. During the 1960s-70s a 26-plus mile long cave system, with over 16 entrances, was surveyed and mapped in an effort led by Dave Beiter, Louis Simpson, Bill Walden, and other mainly Ohioan cavers from the Dayton and Cincinnati areas. The exploration of Sloan's lower depths and the potential for connection to the many adjacent cave systems was limited by the back flooding of Lake Cumberland.

During these years the Miami Valley Grotto was established, and a field house was built on land leased from local landowners. (In an aside, that land is presently for sale).

Sloan's is situated in and along valley edges in the Neuman limestone on the western edge of the Cumberland Plateau. The surrounding hills contain economically useful coal seams. From the '40s to the '60s a ridge-top across US 27 from SVCS was first deep-mined and then surface-mined. The surface mining's legacy was a large flat area, a valuable resource in this region. Thus local businessman Junior Weddle was seen as a hero to Somerset residents in the late '70s when he proposed opening a landfill on the site.

Louis Simpson, Nick Crawford, biologist Tom Barr and many other local residents and cavers actively opposed this proposal, as it was feared that offsite surface runoff would flow toward or into the SV Railroad Entrance on one side of the landfill, and into the semi-explored, largely unmapped warren of karst features on the southeastern flank of the proposed landfill. These protests, via the

public hearing process, were regarded as trivial by the Kentucky Division of Waste Management which, in agreement with the landfill company's environmental consultants, determined that the Pennington shale layer below the proposed landfill site would act as an excellent natural liner.

In '79 - '80 the Pulaski County Landfill (PCL) opened for business. It was intended to be a 5-year temporary operation but you know how these things go. It received extensions, renewals, and expansions; obtained an asbestos permit in the mid-'80s. Also, producers of "special wastes" - industrial wastes legally defined as non-hazardous - were given temporary or long-term permission to dump in the PCL. The local residents along Dixie Bend Road also reported midnight dumping, the burial of an entire semi, eye-burning chemicals, nauseating chemical odors, etc., over the years. Inspectors dutifully came, wrote these complaints up, found everything ok, and went away.

Meanwhile back down across US 27, the main Sloan's Valley CS owners Tom and Cathy Crockett noted that overflow runoff from the landfill's sediment pond was settling on their property in a low area, creating an impoundment of grey and brown sludgy sediment a few inches to several feet deep, and ten by twenty feet on a side. Crocketts and cavers speculated as to what this might contain, and whether or not it ran into the Railroad Entrance of the SVCS. KY state Groundwater people came and looked at the situation, promised to return, and then never came back.

This was the situation in 1992 when scientifically and regulatory-minded cavers joined forces with a local citizens activist group that had been complaining - to no avail - about the PCL for years. The landfill had recently changed ownership to a W. VA/PA company, and its permit renewal was coming up to keep it open to July 1 of 1995. This date, set by the KY Division of Waste Management, was the final compliance date for all of KY's landfills that planned to operate beyond that date. The PCL announced that it was commencing the application process for a major expansion. The original PCL would be closed as of June 30 1995, and the expansion would open for business on July 1 1995. This expansion and upgrade would include a state-of-the-art plastic liner, etc etc. The plan was for the PCL to become a major regional landfill for southeastern Kentucky, to take garbage from 18 KY counties, and

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GROTTO INFORMATION PAGE

The Central Ohio Grotto of the National Speleological Society meets at 8:00 p.m. 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). Parking is available behind the church. Please contact a grotto officer or committee person for information and caving trips.

OFFICERS (NSS)

CHAIRMAN	Pat Kelly (38938)	614-885-1270
VICE CHAIR	Joe Gibson (37353)	614-855-7948
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MEMBER	Don Conover (20386)	513-372-7581

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	(Pat is responsible for Boy Scout activities with the COG.)	
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SQUEAKS

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Grotto home page:

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

Nov. 10	COG Meeting. Election of officers.
Nov. 11	Follow up visit to Dry Cave. Please attend the meeting for information.
Nov. 18	COG Cave Trip
Nov. 24-26	Caving Thanksgiving weekend
Dec. 9	COG Christmas Party
Aug. 3-9, 1996	NSS Convention, Salida, Colorado.
Jun. 23-27, 1997	NSS Convention, Sullivan, Missouri.

COG Christmas Party

The annual COG Christmas Party will be hosted by Bill and Karen Walden at their home in Galena, Ohio. The Party will begin with dinner, then a hort business meeting, and then the gift exchange.

The Gift Exchange

This is the highlight of the COG Christmas party. Every member who brings a gift should place it under the Christmas tree and take a number.

The idea of the gift exchange is humor. The original idea was that the recipient of the gift was to use that gift on his next caving trip. We like to maintain the spirit of that idea.

Suggestions:

- Don't spend too much money.
- Home made gifts are most appreciated.
- The instructions are often the best part.
- Straight gifts are always welcome.

Examples: (From past parties.)

- Hand carved carbide lamp.
- Hand made stuffed bat.
- Papstrite carbide lamp (made from a beer can.)
- Rappelling kit for fat cavers (System of ropes and pulleys. Best part were the charcoal illustrations.)
- Ohio cave survey kit (consisting of a 6 inch ruler, Boy Scout compass, and a penlight.)

Schedule:

- Social Period 6:00 to 6:30 p.m.
- Dinner at 6:30
- Meeting at 7:30
- Gift exchange at 7:45

Start thinking about those gifts now. How funny can you make it, how cheap can you make it?

COG Squeaks Supplement

An October Squeaks Supplement was printed and is available at the November COG meeting.

From Greg Karoly

Sunday, I went to the Chestnut Ridge Metro Park and they were planting chestnut seedlings. They also had games for the kids and some handouts. Here is a poem on one of the handouts:

Twinkle, twinkle
 little bat!
How I wonder
 what you're at?
Up above
 the world
 you fly,
Like a tea-tray
 in the sky.
-Lewis Carrol

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With these announcements, came the windows of opportunity for citizens to have input, during the public hearing process. Although this had been to no avail during the fight against the original PCL, we resolved that we would make a difference this time. In May of 1992, the Somerset/Pulaski County Concerned Citizens Coalition (hereafter the "Citizens") and the soon-to-be NSS designated Sloans Valley Conservation Task Force met on the Crocketts' front patio. Our first product was a blistering, fact-based, regulation-smart Press Release and accompanying vile green brochure authored by me, geologist Duke Hopper, and world-famous industrial advertising genius Roger Brucker.

Both local papers carried excerpts; and at about that same time, the International Geographical Union's 1992 Karst Problems field trip came to Somerset, led by Drs Doc Dougherty and George Huppert. This also made the local papers - that some 20 international karst experts were being shown the local environmental mess.

This publicity got the state's environment secretary Philip Shepherd involved to the point that in October of '92 he sent a one-day army of water and waste division people into the field to be shown the situation, and to take a broad array of water and sediment samples, as dictated by - us! I led the field trip, and support was provided by Duke Hopper who prepared the itinerary and listed the sampling to be done, and by the Citizens who kept me from collapsing in fear of what I was doing. One of my favorite moments on the trip was when one of the state people first spotted the Crocketts' pond of goo and called back to the waste management manager in an excited voice, "George, wait 'til you get a look at this!" -- and George remarking that he had never seen this on any of the maps - well of course not, it was off the permitted landfill property!

My other favorite memory of that trip is this: the SV Task Force had documented and mapped a series of leaks from the old underground mine works, all around the base of the landfill. These leaks were characterized by the red water of acid mine drainage. We were asking that these leaks be tested to determine if they contained landfill leachate - and if so, what was in the leachate. One of these leaks was on the southeastern flank of the landfill, up a snake-infested, logged-over slope, above a series of sediment ponds built by the coal company and landfill company (all of which drained into a swallet). My goal was to show this red leak to the experts and have them take samples.

As I jogged up through the trees, setting a fast pace, I could hear a bulldozer rumbling and roaring in front of me. I finally burst out of the woods to where I could get a good look at the leak we were coming to sample. And what did I see but a bulldozer, poised one minute from obliterating the red leak and its trail down slope toward ponds, swallet, caves, and Lake Cumberland. I called into the woods, "You'd better hurry up!" Give the dozer driver credit - he stopped as soon as he saw me. So as the state experts and Citizens tore out of the woods, they saw a bulldozer, blade up, parked next to the water we had come to sample.

I give you these memories not as foolish anecdotes or to be self-aggrandizing, but because they each perfectly exemplify the attitude and actions of the Ky state officials and the landfill owner/operators.

By December of 1992, lab results of the sediment and water samples, and a re-test, indicated that several of the red leaks contained organic chemicals, some worse than others, in addition to

what you might call the "natural" acid mine drainage ingredients. A leak (called a "spring" and used by locals for water) next to the landfill's entrance, right next to several homes, repeatedly contained vinyl chloride, which according to some laws is a shut-'em-down carcinogen. The Crockett's goo pond was officially - but only verbally - characterized as "hazardous waste" that would have to be removed and taken to a permitted disposal site.

Also by the end of '92 Duke Hopper, with Joe Morgan's and my field assistance and Jim Currens' lab work, had conducted a short, sharp dye-trace that physically tied the landfill's runoff to the Crockett's goo pond, and to the underground stream within the Railroad Entrance of the Sloan's Valley CS (also, in early '92, caver Mark Turner was attempting to dye-trace the swallet on the southeast side of the landfill).

During 1993, in an effort manned most steadily by Wayne Hansen, the SVCTF in cooperation with the MVG installed John Wilson's fabulous cave registers in six of Sloan's most popular entrances, to begin to get a handle on Sloan's caver/spelunker/church and scout trip visitors. Sloan's is a major cave system, a natural regional treasure, and deserves respect and research. It can be a showpiece of realism-based conservation. To assist us, Gina Turner, ET Davis and other cavers came up from Atlanta's Dogwood City Grotto on several occasions.

Meanwhile the struggle continued to shut down the present PCL and prevent the expansion from opening in July of 1995, and to get the landfill and state to acknowledge their responsibility regarding the Crocketts' property and probable underground contamination by landfill runoff. We - SVCTF, Crocketts, and Citizens - found that we were shut out of most of the give and take between the state, landfill, legal advisors, and environmental consultants. This was, I was told, because we were not "contractually involved." For those of you who are environmental consultants and public employees, this is a commonplace. For American citizens it is a disgrace, that we be forced to play childish games to obtain documents that pertain to the future of our resources, and in the case of the Crocketts, of the future of their own property!

In the summer of '93, probably the PCL's most amazing stunt was to attempt to sneak into its expansion permit request a DOUBLING of the cubic feet it would be allowed to excavate, downward toward the limestone beneath the expansion site's shale. The Citizens caught this stratagem, and used the regulations to require that the PCL go back through the public hearing process. These chess moves culminated in a public hearing in April of '94 - our chance to get the data in to the state that might counterbalance what they were being fed by the consultants.

Here is what we took into that hearing: A performance by Roger Brucker in which he demonstrated with a plate, peg-board, sponge, tube, and bucket, what happened to the leachate as it left the landfill property and headed for Lake Cumberland. He very deliberately poured brown "leachate" from a bottle labeled "vinyl chloride" with a skull and crossbones. When some splashed on front-row audience members he exclaimed, "Oh, I'm sorry, I hope you don't DIE"; it was a great performance and made it clear at a very simple level that the landfill leaked no matter what the county-level waste management board had been told by the landfill owners. One man in the audience growled, "I wonder how much they paid HIM."

Secondly, Duke Hopper had prepared a map - three feet by six feet - in which he mapped the original landfill, the proposed expansion,

the cave system, and all of the known surrounding caves and karst features, and the surface and groundwater flow. This was big enough to communicate to an audience, with a copy for the Division of Waste Management. I presented this map along with letters from the country's karst experts - and this is where the wonderful nature of the karst research and conservation community comes into this story.

I asked for help via fax, and I got it: letters to the KY Division of Waste Management from - Jeanne Gurnee, then-NSS Pres; from Al Krause, NSS Conservation Chair; Carl Anderson, Secretary of the Georgia Speleological Society; ET Davis, Chair of the DCG; Roger Brucker; John Mylroie with the backing of the Karst Waters Institute Board; George Huppert; and I am told also from Doc Dougherty and verbally from Ralph Ewers.

Their message was simple: this is not the right place to put a landfill, even less to put a major new landfill, and here is the literature and research to back us up. I read each of these letters, slowly and carefully, and a man in the audience later said he could have "hugged me" for those letters and a woman told me, "I could have listened to those letters all night." This is the power of the scientifically-oriented caving community.

The evening was rounded out by a several-hour presentation by the Citizens on the regulations and laws that had been broken, ignored, and sidestepped. The meeting went on until 1:30 am.

That was April of '94. In May, these things happened:

- The Division of Waste Management sent the landfill company a list of 26 major deficiencies in their expansion application. These included such things as "please put the contours on your map" and "you are required to do an extensive and comprehensive dye-trace study of the site." The deficiencies and their remedies were serious, big-ticket items. I am not here to ask why they were never brought up before. They were finally being brought up.
- The original PCL entered the Superfund investigation process. This was the result of work initiated by Roger Brucker with the help of DCG and other Atlanta-area cavers and EPA people; via a request for an investigation submitted by the Citizens to the Atlanta EPA office.
- I found an attorney who was willing to help the Crocketts for little or no money. He could not resist; and he was committed to it, after the landfill company's president called him an "ambulance chaser."

Also, in May of '94, the landfill company let the payments lapse on its performance bond, the insurance policy that keeps things rolling if a company decides to walk. However this was not discovered by the Pulaski County Solid Waste Board until June of 1995.

As Roger said at this point, "I think this game is in its third quarter." By late '94 the KY Division of Waste Management told the landfill company that its expansion application was "backburnered" indefinitely beyond the July 1 1995 deadline because of the company's continuing inability to deal with the application's deficiencies. On Dec. 31, 1994 the Crocketts issued a notice of intent to file suit regarding the contamination on their property, because of the company's and state's inability to do anything about it.

To date in 1995 we have seen the landfill company struggling to move forward, while their once-excellent position in the KY landfill game slips away from them. Temporarily they have become a transfer station, shipping local garbage to a landfill in an adjoining county. They are supposed to cap the original PCL. They have agreed to have Ralph Ewers conduct a groundwater monitoring program of the original PCL. The PCL has now moved up another rung in the Superfund process. The Crocketts have heard nothin' from nobody and the pond of goo continues to slop into the Railroad Entrance, both overland and via a swallet in the side of the goo pond. The landfill company continues to assure the county waste board that they will soon have what they call a "draft permit," but we hear that their consultants keep losing dye in the expansion area's sinkholes. The sinkholes that the state found out about from our map.

On July 1 the SVCTF and MVG conducted what we called a "solemn, celebratory hike" from the Railroad Entrance of Sloan's, uphill along the drainage ditch that eventually took us to the leak next to the landfill's entrance - as the resulting newspaper article said, we "followed the path to the poison." This was a day to celebrate the decades of work that cavers and others have put into this struggle, and to celebrate that the expansion that was supposed to be open for business on this date, was not.

The SVCTF, in cooperation with many individuals and groups, has at least temporarily achieved its short-term goals and is now hoping to be able to turn to long-term realism-based conservation of the SVCS. However the PCL continues to maneuver its way toward obtaining a permit for its expansion, and the state cannot seem to deny that permit, although the landfill's engineering consultants keep obtaining negative results in attempting to make the site "monitorable." Apparently, data that does not reflect favorably on the landfill's application process does not have to be reported to the Kentucky Division of Waste Management, and hence there are no concrete grounds for denying the permit. The process and struggle continue.

COG CONSERVATION PROJECT

by Bill Walden

A follow up visit to *Dry Cave* on the property of Larry and Nancy Henry near Rocky Fork Gorge is scheduled by the COG on **Saturday, November 11, 1995**. The cave is only a two-hour drive from Columbus. So, this is an easy day trip.

This is the second scheduled clean up trip by the COG. Saturday October 14, 1995 COGer's removed approximately 40 pounds of broken glass and other trash from Dry Cave. We are of the opinion that if the cave is kept clean, people will be less apt to discard trash in the cave and mark on the walls.

Bring a picnic lunch to enjoy in the entrance to Dry Cave.

Nancy and Larry Henry gave the Grotto credit in the Accent section of the Sunday Dispatch on October 29, 1995. For those of you who missed the article, I'll bring a copy to the November meeting.

The cave is located on Cave Road in Highland County.

(Continued next page.)

Directions to Dry Cave:

From Columbus take US 23 south to Chillicothe.
From Chillicothe take US 50 west through Bainbridge.
Continue west on US 50 to Cave Road.

Watch for the *Seven Caves* sign. Turn south on Cave Road.

Follow Cave road south past the *Seven Caves*. Dry Cave is on the left about ½ mile past the *Seven Caves* and immediately past a limestone wall on the left. There is room for two or three cars at the cave entrance. The cave is right by the road. Large walk in entrance. Plan to arrive at noon. We'll start with a picnic lunch.

LETTER

Highlands Nature Sanctuary
1231 Harrison Ave.
Columbus, Ohio 43201

October 20, 1995

Bill Walden
Central Ohio Grotto
1672 South Galena Road
Galena, Ohio 43021

Dear Bill,

I wanted to formally thank you and the members of your Grotto for all the wonderful work you are doing in the Eighth Cave, otherwise known as the Dry Cave.

It has been quite a joy to see this neglected and graffiti-adorned cave become transformed to its primeval natural condition. I can't believe what a difference it makes in how the cave feels when you enter it. My husband and I are confident that the more the cave is cared for, the less frequently we will experience vandalism.

We especially appreciate the tedious work you did last weekend combing the floor of the cave from twenty years or more of broken glass or other debris.

Today my husband is meeting Nature Conservancy to conduct an ecological study of the gorge to ensure that the area qualifies in significance for a loan from their organization. This is primarily paperwork, since we all know that the area is filled with rare plants and many significant geologic formations. Then...we should be one step closer to buying the most important parcel in the area—the land that surrounds the 7 Caves. This loan would give us two years to raise the additional \$140,000 we need.

We have mentioned the assistance you have given the Highlands Nature Sanctuary to both Nature Conservancy and the Columbus Dispatch. We hope your group receives all the attention and gratefulness from the community that you deserve.

Thank you again. Please feel free to visit the cave anytime you wish.

Sincerely

Nancy Henry, Volunteer Executive Secretary

TRIP REPORTS

Allardt Pumpkin Festival Caving Weekend Reported by Lou

locations:

Sloan's Valley Cave, Pulaski County, KY
Wolf River Cave, Bud Creek Cave, other unnamed caves, Fentress County, TN
Sloan's Valley Fieldhouse
Granny's House, Jordan Motel, Laurel Creek Campground, Allardt,
TN Pumpkin Festival and World Pumpkin Weigh-off

dates:

Thursday, October 5 through Monday, October 9, 1995

cast:

Katelyn Ayres
Nicole Ayres
Penny Ayres
Vic Ayre
Jim Blankenship
Stephen Clark

Billy Conatser
Ivy Conatser
Pat Conatser

Pepper Conatser
Kathy Crockett

John Crockett

Sarah Crockett

Tom Crockett

Jack Crouch
Rick Davis
Dorothy Goepel
Harry Goepel
Samantha Goepel
Dale Harmon
Cinderella Hilton

Sheryl Hilton
John Omnaas
Tom Patton
Lou Simpson
Bruce Warthman
Fred Zuck

cave girl, Lebanon, OH
cave girl, Lebanon, OH
cave wife, Lebanon, OH
caver, Lebanon, OH
caver, Columbus, OH
caver, Columbus, OH, writer of long trip reports
cave owner, Pall Mall, TN
pet goat
cave owner, Pall Mall, TN, prize squash grower
dog, rabbit hunter
cave owner, Sloan's Valley, KY, expectant mother
cave owner, Sloan's Valley, KY, greenhouse owner, expectant granddad
cave owner's daughter, Sloan's Valley, KY
cave owner, Sloan's Valley, KY, expectant dad
land owner, Fentress Co., TN
caver, Fentress Co. TN
caver, Cincinnati, OH
caver, Cincinnati, OH
dog, aka Sammi
caver, Columbus, OH
dog, aka Cindydog, aka Zortog Destroyer of Everything
caver, Cincinnati, OH
caver, Lansing, MI
land owner, Fentress Co., TN
caver, Cincinnati, OH
caver, Columbus, OH
caver, Cincinnati, OH

Sheryl had reserved Granny's House in Pall Mall, TN for Friday through Sunday. Harry and I wanted to go on Thursday night, but Granny's wasn't available, so he suggested we stay at the Sloan's Valley fieldhouse. "That's a good idea!" I replied. "We could visit Sloan's on Thursday night." Harry would drive his truck and bring Vic Ayres and Harry's dog, Samantha (Sammi). I would ride with Fred Zuck. On Friday, Sheryl and Dorothy would come down, bringing our dog, Cinderella (Cindy). Sammi and Cindy are from the same

litter. Vic's wife Penny and their two daughters would arrive Friday night and they reserved a room at the Jordan Motel. Jim, Steve, Dale, and Bruce would come down Friday from Columbus and stay at Laurel Creek. Our objectives in Fentress County included digging in Enchanted Forest as well as helping Billy and Pat Conatser move their giant squashes to the Allardt Pumpkin Festival, meeting land owners up Little Jack Creek, looking for caves up Jim Creek, and exploring the caves we already found in September in the Little Jack Creek area.

This trip was well planned and everything was looking good. Then Hurricane Opal raged across western Florida on Wednesday. That night a caver from Michigan called and said he would be bringing a group to go the Xanadu and Wolf River. When he said, "My name is John Omnaas," it sounded like he said his name was "Ominous." He probably gets that all the time. Myself, I have to put up with being asked if I'm related to O.J. or Bart. A cave gear vendor was whining on the Internet that he might not come to TAG, which was being held the same weekend as our trip, because he got his bus stuck last year when it rained. Give me a break. During the same week I obtained an e-mail address for Rick Davis (k8doc@twlakes.net), a former Cleveland Grotto caver who has lived in Fentress County since 1984. Rick wrote to me that "Hurricane Oprah" was coming through TN on Thursday and it rained a few inches. He wrote that at 2 PM on Thursday the water was almost up to the paved road leading to Wolf River Cave, but the rain had ended.

Thursday, October 5

Fred, Harry, Vic, and I arrived at Tom and Kathy Crockett's Thursday evening a little after 9 PM. It rained a little on the way down, but the sky was clearing. Our plan was just to enter Garbage Pit and go as far as the Big Room and then return the same way. Neither Vic nor Fred had seen this part of the cave. Kathy Crockett was due soon to give birth to their third child. "It's going to be a full moon Sunday," Kathy said. "I think I'll have it Sunday." After a visit with Tom and Kathy, we drove to the fieldhouse, following one of the Crocketts' dogs. The weather continued to clear up. I signed us out until 2 AM. Harry put Sammi in the basement while we went in the cave. We climbed down an aluminum ladder and entered the cave through the door in the wood and plastic structure that channels air into John Crockett's greenhouse.

Lake Cumberland was at elevation 696. While there was a possibility that we could get past the Third Lake Room, we didn't plan to do that. The four of us descended Garbage Pit Hill and sauntered through the humid, muddy passages leading to the Appalachian Trail. There was an odor of kerosene, which we noticed all the way to the Big Room. We peered down into the awesome First Lake Room from an overlook, then returned to the muddy walking passage leading to Echo Junction. We labored to the top of an immense pile of breakdown to reach the ceiling on the upper edge of the huge tilted slab called The Hogback. Then we wound our way through the breakdown to bypass the exposed direct route into the upper levels beyond that lead to the Big Room. Finally we emerged from a muddy sublake overlook into the Big Room itself. At the top of the breakdown in this room, we illuminated the north and south overlooks and told Fred and Vic how Greg Harrington fell from the south overlook in September, 1994 and had to be rescued. I climbed down into the Third Lake Room, shuddered at the thought of the accident victim falling into here, and examined the water level. It was

possible, by about two feet, to bypass the lake along the left side. We could make it to the overlooks.

In a rimstone pool near the Fountain of Youth, we saw a wood and rope ladder. Could this have been brought in to descend the Fountain of Youth? More likely, it was intended for use at one of the Big Room Overlooks. The rungs were made of 2x2 lumber. The rope didn't look any too thick. I think it was some kind of green nylon braid. A lot of water was coming down the Fountain of Youth flowstone and flowing down the rimstone passage. We ascended another immense pile of breakdown in the Big Room Extension and walked comfortably through the nice walking passage to reach the north overlook of the Big Room. Returning to the upper level of the Fountain of Youth, I thought I'd just show the others the way to the Post Office section, then we'd tour the south overlook (from which Greg fell) before leaving the cave the way we'd come. But by the time we reached the Post Office connection, I had entrance fever and suggested that we might try to exit from Post Office. Fred was game, because "Through trips are a lot of fun." I thought so too. Although I hadn't brought kneepads, it turned out not to be that painful without them. In the Well Room I pointed out the well pipe that was drilled from west of the Sloan's Valley Post Office. We climbed up the tricky unnamed overhung climb, crawled on our bellies, and soon reached the entrance chimney. This climb is a fairly wide chimney and footholds are limited about halfway up, but at least there was no waterfall. I once climbed this entrance when there was a waterfall after a flood. At that time we were using carbide lamps and had to climb with flashlights in our mouths. Tonight, we made it up without incident and walked back to Garbage Pit at 1:30 AM in the moonlight. The sky had cleared and the stars were out. It was so nice out that we stayed up two more hours and relaxed in the fieldhouse and on the porch. Finally, we went to bed, three of us in the house and Fred on the porch, since Fred is an "outside dog."

Friday, October 6

Sunlight woke Fred early. Harry, on the other hand, slept soundly well into the late morning in the completely dark fieldhouse bedroom. We lingered at the fieldhouse, packed up, and stopped to tell Sarah Crockett that we were leaving. John Crockett was at the greenhouse selling vegetables to a customer, so we showed Vic and Fred the inside of the Greenhouse. Next we stopped for food at King's Restaurant, "Jean's Restaurant" of Burnside, KY. It was already after 11, so breakfast wasn't available. Three hours later, we finally reached Granny's House. Of course we had to stop at WalMart and Kroger's in Monticello, KY for shoes, caving gear, and food, and at the Forbus General Store in Fentress Co., TN for ice cream.

At Granny's, Billy Conatser explained that he would be moving the gourds and squashes to the Pumpkin Festival at 8 AM on Saturday. He took me for a ride in his pickup truck to meet land owners up the valley behind his house. Along the gravel road I noticed two springs. We stopped and knocked at the door at Tom Patton's house, but Tom wasn't home from work. Billy explained that Tom Patton, a ranger at Pickett State Park, owns the uppermost part of the valley, just before the land belonging to Willamette Industries, a lumber and paper company. We passed about five houses, splashed through a couple puddles, and continued along the north side of the cornfield on what was still a fairly good road. Finally, we stopped at a fallen tree a little bit into the last field. Billy said he thought it would be acceptable if

we parked at the tree this afternoon and walked along the field to reach Jim Creek, where we wanted to look for caves. On the way back to Granny's House, we stopped to talk to Jack Crouch, who was friendly and eager to talk with us.

It was after 3 PM EDT when Harry, Vic, Fred, and I returned and parked at the fallen tree in Tom Patton's field. It would have taken us an hour to reach this point on foot, as Harry and I had done twice on our September trip. We got our caving gear ready and started following Jim Creek upstream. Harry and Vic crossed the stream and looked around on the other side. We didn't see them again until we got back to the house. Fred and I explored several small caves and found at least two insurgence/resurgence caves where some or all of Jim Creek goes underground temporarily. The flow was up from the recent rain, so it was surprising that all that water could go underground. At one point, about a mile up the valley, there was a hundred-foot high cliff along the south side of the valley. We noticed some side streams that sank before they reached the valley floor. Finally, we were climbing up a number of scenic waterfalls and decided we'd gone high enough in elevation. Some of the caves we saw were promising, but none were as nice as several that Harry and I had found in September further downstream past the junction with (dry!) Bud Creek.

When Fred and I reached the trucks at about dusk, the full moon had risen above the Black House Mountain (interesting name!). There was a note from Harry on Fred's windshield which said that since he and Vic couldn't find us, they were exploring the caves we had already found on the previous trip. While Fred and I were getting ready to drive back to Granny's House, we heard a vehicle approaching. A man drove up on an ATV and introduced himself as Tom Patton. He had noticed our trucks and called Billy Conatser. Billy explained what we were doing. Tom was friendly and explained that he had mowed the paths in this area for his ATV. He described a route that could be followed to reach the top of the plateau. From there, trails go all the way to Pickett State Park. The park plans to open a trail to reach the Alvin C. York Memorial Gristmill in Pall Mall, but a 500-acre piece of land must be purchased first. The owner, an Ohio woman, refused to grant a right-of-way through that property because of liability concerns. We thanked Mr. Patton for permitting us to enter his property. He said we were welcome to come there and asked if we had found the two caves over by Bud Creek. I didn't think to ask him if he knew of names for these caves. I still need to see if any of the caves in this area have been previously reported to the Tennessee Cave Survey.

Fred dropped me off at Granny's and left for Pickett State Park. About an hour later Harry and Vic returned with reports of an endless water passage. Harry took Vic to the Jordan Motel to wait for his family to arrive. Dorothy and Sheryl and our dog Cindy finally arrived at 11:30. Around 12:30, Penny Ayres called to ask which unit at the Jordan Motel her husband was in. Harry didn't know, so she finally got the motel manager to wake up and tell her.

Saturday, October 7

This was finally the day of the much-awaited Allardt Pumpkin Festival and World Pumpkin Weigh-off. Billy Conatser came down the hill in his pickup and took me to their previous house to get two gourds before we loaded the two huge squashes at another property. Dorothy and Harry followed in their pickup.

"We have to get the gourds down from a tree," Billy explained. "That's a new one for me," I said. "I didn't know gourds grew on trees." "They're not supposed to," Billy said cryptically. Soon I understood. The gourd vine had climbed up a trellis next to the garage and one gourd was on the garage roof and the other was hanging from a tree. Billy had built a platform for the second gourd so its weight wouldn't break it off the stem. Dorothy filmed us as Billy climbed a ladder held by me and Harry. Billy cut the stems and lowered--more like dropped--the two 20-pound plus green spheres to me.

Next we drove to the Pall Mall Greenhouse where two more men followed us in their pickup to yet another Conatser property in Pall Mall. We got the tarp out of Billy's truck and set it down beside one of the squashes. These squashes were about three feet in diameter, not quite spherical in shape, but kind of...squashed. While I was wondering how we would ever lift the squash onto the tarp, Billy leaned the squash on its side and rolled it. Four of us were able to lift the squash by the corners of the tarp and carry it fifty feet to the truck. Now we would load the really big squash. Repeating the same rolling maneuver, we found this one a little heavier. I had to call for a rest part of the way to the truck. Billy drove off with these huge vegetables, having less than an hour to get them registered.

On our way to the Pumpkin Festival, Sheryl, Dorothy, Harry, and I stopped to see Rick Davis, the former Cleveland Grotto caver. He gave us a copy of the accident report from 1991 when Bob Nadich and Dan Molter drowned in a cave diving accident in Swimmin' Hole. Rick sells two-way radio equipment in Kentucky. He told us that when he went to Old Timer's and somebody asked him if he wanted to go caving, he said "If I had I wanted to go caving, I would have stayed home!"

We left Rick's place and parked in a field of tall grass in downtown Allardt. Just as we reached the lot where the World Pumpkin Weigh-off was being held, we heard the announcement that the first place for a squash was awarded to Pat Conatser. "Our" entry won! A forklift was being used to lift the squashes and pumpkins and deposit them on a big scale. Pat said her squash weighed 231.5 pounds. There were some much bigger specimens, but they were apparently pumpkins. Parked nearby was a pumpkin-colored hearse with license "PUMPKIN". The tents in the park were provided by the funeral homes. I'm not sure of the significance of this participation by the funeral homes. We sauntered down the main street, with bumper to bumper traffic in both directions, watching a man carve a pumpkin with a chainsaw, listening to a bluegrass band, entering Bruno Gernt Park looking for the famed fireman's pork barbecue booth, smelling the barbecue smoke, finding the barbecue was not quite ready, buying huge onions rings and other french fried vegetables that tasted good while they were hot but turned to large greasy globs later when they cooled--how am I gonna keep all this down when I go caving? People wearing face paint, pumpkin arts and crafts, pumpkin toys, pumpkin balloons, pumpkin costumes, carved pumpkins, pumpkins with faces painted on them, jugglers, magicians, mimes--wait a minute, I got carried away there for a minute, there weren't any mimes, I would have had to hurt them. I saw a woman wearing an Allardt Pumpkin Festival 1995 T-shirt and I lusted for one. Later we found them for sale in a store. There was supposed to be a food-tasting event somewhere, probably in the elementary school, but we didn't look hard enough for it. Maybe that's where all the pumpkin pie was, because we couldn't find ANY. There was pumpkin cake,

pumpkin fudge, and even pumpkin STEW, but NO PIE. We stood in line to get the fireman's barbecue. I bought two lunches there and ate both of them myself. We encountered the Ayres family and told Vic we still planned to meet at Granny's House around 2 PM to go to Wolf River. I had talked with the four from Columbus and they were going to enter the cave that morning. I wanted to allow them plenty of time to dig in Enchanted Forest before we arrived to take over where they left off and scoop them. Fred Zuck was planning to ride his trail bike that morning and meet at Granny's House at 1:15. It would be more like 2:00 before we got back there.

It was indeed 2 PM and there was no Fred, but a note on the kitchen wall explained that he got too tired trail riding and left for Ohio at 12:45. "Sorry I missed you. I hope you scoop." Fred was referring to the Enchanted Forest dig, named Carpal Tunnel after a previous trip in which both Harry and I had sore wrists, his right, my left I think. Vic arrived at the fieldhouse, I mean Granny's House, and his wife Penny and his two daughters, Nicole and Katelyn were delighted to find three dogs and a goat to play with and many games in the house as well. Casually preparing our equipment, not wanting to miss much of such a fine day on the surface, finally Harry drove Vic and me the short mile and a half to the Wolf River Cave parking area. There were four vehicles, two from Ohio--our friends Steve, Bruce, Jim, and Dale--and one from Michigan, probably John Omnaas, and one from North Carolina, probably with the Michigan delegation.

We met John and his group of nine not far into the cave. They were trying to coax light from a four-D-cell unit that was aggravating them. We pushed on, really trucking along, climbed the Towering Inferno, crawled through the only crawl, paused to sign the register in the Register Room (what else would it be called?), then on to the stairs, station 409, "409, 409, survey station 409, four-speed, dual-quad, posi-traction 409". We hoofed it through the immense corridors of Tremendous Trunk, nodded at the big dome pit where water was running today due to the recent rain, and trekked on past station 808, aka BOB, and climbed up the Mountain Room, panting and gasping for breath at the top. Over the mountain, through the unobvious breakdown connection to Enchanted Forest, through the breakdown past the turn to the Treasure Chamber, no time for that now, got to capitalize on the progress made by the advance party. Not far into the Enchanted Forest proper, we reached the second register, noted that the advance party made it this far, and after a while we heard voices and saw lights approaching from ahead. Good timing.

Bruce and Steve arrived first and explained that all but Jim had reached the frontier. When he reached the frontier, Dale had cried out in dismay, "Oh my! It's pretty much make your own cave, isn't it?" Dale and Jim reached us and each told of breaking down at least one sizeable chunk of the flowstone level above the gravel. The airspace was five inches and looked like it continued, they said. We asked if any of them would like to stay in the cave and help us and Bruce and Steve decided to stay. Dale and Jim left the cave and I haven't seen them since.

"Take a leak before entering the crawl," I advised, climbing down into the Macho Crawl entrance room to take mine. Harry said he didn't need to and continued on toward the dig. He and Vic proceeded to the frontier first, while Bruce and I entered Carpal Tunnel to the point where it hasn't been deepened much yet. I rotated to face outward toward Bruce, using a hole on one side of

the crawl for maneuvering room, then started filling the dirt bag with the drawstring. Steve hauled out a few bags of dirt. Then I asked Steve to re-tie the rope so there would be more slack at our end. After quite a while, Steve said he was unable to figure out how to untie the knot and he had tried to thread slack through the loops. I remember just looping the rope through the bag's handle and then around the bag, but I couldn't figure out what to do either when Bruce and I retrieved the bag. You know, there have been any number of articles and even books published entitled "How to Tie Knots," but where can you get a reference on how to UNTIE knots? What would such a book tell you to do? Would it include the same illustrations as the book on how to TIE knots, only with the arrows pointing the other direction? Would there be advice on where to start, how to get slack, use of a fork to loosen the knot, how not to get too confused? We opted for the tried and true method of knot untying. After I had cut the rope with Bruce's Swiss Army Knife, we sorted out the three pieces and tied two of them together with some dumb knot that has no name and finally got the system going again with Steve. About that time, Vic asked us to pull on another rope to take out the other dirt bag from up ahead. I tied all the ropes together and we found it was not too bad an idea to transfer the debris from the advance dirt bag into the first one and then have Steve pull it all the way out. Carabiners could be used in the future to hook bags on the rope at various points. More rope might be needed. Anyway, it wasn't hard to transfer the debris from one bag to the other, since most of the little stuff fell out of the open-ended advance dirt bag, the REAL dirt bag from Bob and Bob, and mostly what we had to transfer was the large rocks.

After alternating removal of debris from the middle and the advanced part of the tunnel for a few more cycles, Harry announced that he had to pee and he and Vic started inching their way toward me and Bruce. We retreated into a slightly wider section of the tunnel and they were able to pass us. If you thought that was a claustrophobic moment, the worst was yet to come. Several days of digging at the frontier coupled with very little total removal of debris from up ahead have rendered the last twenty-five feet or so of the Carpal Tunnel extremely tight again. I crawled over fairly large rocks, barely able to fit, and finally reached the FRONTIER, where, to my dismay, I felt hot, my heart pounded, and I couldn't seem to find any place to move enough material so I could roll over on my back and rest! Panic, panic! "Hold still, don't try to move, quit generating MORE heat," were my orders to my panting self. Where was the refreshing airflow today? Instead, a little water was dripping from the columns on the flowstone level ahead. Harry had told me in passing (ha, ha) that he had made some progress on removing thick column on the right and had ignored the even thicker one on the left. I could see between the columns that there was about five inches of space ahead for a few feet, but it was difficult to raise my head enough to get a good look and the columns got in the way. Slowly, slowly I began to cool off and calm down. "Got to stay calm, decide what, if anything I can do here." I began deepening the work area, looking for places to put debris. Eventually, I could roll over and rest easier. A little later, I formed an objective: knock out the right side column to get a better look at the frontier. I was discouraged by the tight working space, not the five-inch clearance, because I had been MORE encouraged when the space was two inches because there had been swift airflow blowing out, audibly, and, importantly, I had more room to move around back then.

"Smash! Crunch!" went my hammer. "Ping" went my chisel.

Gradually, I began to remove parts of the obstacle. It was difficult to swing the hammer effectively and to hold the chisel when it was barely high enough to fit on my right side. Also, the material I was working on was soft and absorbed the blows, but it wasn't so soft that I could just hack it away easily. OK, I finally got that dratted column OUT OF THERE, are you happy now? I strained to see what lay ahead. After a few feet I could see a row of formations and less than a foot beyond that, what looked like a wall or a thicker row of formations all the way across. No distant darkness beckoned, no swift airflow, hardly any airflow at all it seemed, and quite humid from the dripping. I tidied up the frontier, placed the hammer, hand shovel, and chisel on the shelf, and started backing out so Bruce could at least take a look. Bruce managed to squeeze past me and decided to grab the hydraulic jack, which Harry said was Crumped (meaning nonfunctional due to being jammed with fine sand), and start backing out of this hellhole.

The others were no longer digging in the middle section and we all eventually convened at some point in the larger passages. I placed the jack and its handle in my large Lost Creek pack. Steve helped me carry the pack through some of the last crawling before the cave opened up again, but I was able to lug it the rest of the way out of the cave. We returned to the entrance, reaching it some time around midnight, Cave Standard Time, since I had not been wearing a watch. It's always midnight in the cave time zone, and daylight saving is not applicable. The full moon made it daylight, and we could see the lights in Conatsers' living room. We tried to send a message by blinking our lights in Morse code, but all we knew was SOS, so we gave that up. Nobody had their cellular phone, but it turned out that Sheryl and Dorothy and their respective puppies were sacked out in their respective beds and cages, respectively. Was dinner ready for us? I found only a pan of unidentified brown stuff on the stove, which I guessed was applesauce. However, upon opening the refrigerator we found that Pizza had been purchased for our late night dining pleasure, and I microwaved it on four plates, just enough to melt the cheese and make the pepperoni sizzle, which we washed down with our choice of beverages and topped off with potato chips and a mushmelon I sliced up. I volunteered to take Vic back to the Jordan Motel since Bruce and Steve thought they'd stay at Granny's instead of go back to Laurel Creek. But when I got back from the plateau half an hour later, they were leaving, realizing that Dale and Jim might become concerned when they didn't return before dawn.

Sunday, October 8

I woke mid-morning, hearing Harry talking to somebody in the kitchen. It was Rick Davis who had come to visit. Sheryl told us that she, Dorothy, Penny, Nicole, and Katelyn had returned to the Pumpkin Festival, then stopped the Schoolhouse, one of the Germt rentals, and the people staying there were kind enough to let them see the place. It was nicer than Sheryl had been led to believe and she had already reserved this place for the weekend of Veteran's Day prior to coming to Tennessee this weekend. Then Penny had suggested that they buy enough pizza that the cavers could have some. The substance on the stove was not applesauce, but pumpkin, which Sheryl was going to use to make crustless pumpkin pies, since we were all so hungry for pie. Vic and his family didn't have time for caving today, but Steve, Bruce, and Harry got ready to go to Bud Creek Cave (a tentative name until we determine what the cave has been called already or if it's on the TN Cave Survey). Some possible bad puns about

Bud Lights come to mind. Vic told Steve, "You MIGHT be able to avoid getting total immersed." That psyched him up, I imagine.

Sheryl and Dorothy drove just a mile to the Wolf River Methodist Church to attend the service. They returned less than an hour later and reported that there were over a hundred attending and that the service was mostly singing, including a song that went "I'm not looking for a hole in the ground, I'm looking for one in the sky, something, something, etc.,...by and by." At the end of the service one lady got up and said "Now, you're all invited to the homecoming potluck in the recreation building next door and if you end up hungry because you didn't go, it won't be my fault."

"Pumpkin pie!" I said. "Let's go!" So Dorothy, Sheryl, and I returned to this sumptuous feast. On a very long table were all sorts of homemade dishes and I piled my plate high, even though I'd had a huge breakfast and had not planned on having lunch. There was one pumpkin pie, and I took the first piece of it. Mmmmm. My stomach was so full, I hardly had room for the ice cream at the Forbus General Store where we went to get gas afterward. We talked with the preacher after lunch, and Sheryl asked him if he knew where some caves were located. He described four or five that we knew about, then mentioned one in Campbell's Gulf, or some Gulf, west of Clarkrange. "My brother could tell you about the caves in the Wilder area," he said. then he remembered an adventure he and his brother had when they were teenagers. "We used to go rafting down Clear Creek in the winter when the water was high enough. Once we encountered a barbed wire across the stream and I just lifted it up and we floated under it, but a little later I told my brother 'I believe I hear air escaping from the raft,' and we had to grab a branch to get ashore, losing the raft and all our food and things." He chuckled at the thought of that experience, an oft-told tale that is fun to recall now but was scary at the time.

Sheryl, Dorothy, and I took our time back at Granny's, planning a late afternoon visit to the walk-in entrances at Bud Creek. I sat on the back porch and played the guitar and watched the three dogs and the goat romp. Sometimes all four would dash onto the porch, Ivy the goat jumping up on the wooden bench seat, dogs yapping at his heels, him butting them away if they got too close. I felt content, not especially motivated to exert myself. We did eventually get organized and drove our REGULAR CAR all the way to the end of Tom Patton's field, parking next to Goepels' truck in the shady area where Tom has set up a log frame for a tent. The caves aren't actually right there, but we had passed the nearest point 400 feet back. The road was fine, except for a slightly scary puddle just after Jack Crouch's house, no problem for our front-wheel drive Corolla wagon. Shadows lengthened as we wound our way through the maze of mowed ATV trails and climbed up a slope to reach the main entrance of Bud Creek Cave System (Who knows, the caves probably all connect.). Dorothy filmed our exploration with her video camera. We crossed the big entrance room, climbed rimstone dams, meandered up and down out of dry upper levels, and encountered Harry, Steve, and Bruce on their way back from the long wet back part of the cave. They said they found an upper level that bypassed some of the wetter stuff and were able to climb into some other upper levels nearer the entrance. They didn't reach Vic and Harry's previous point upstream, but they had also explored downstream from the entrance and didn't reach the end. Harry found a kneepad upstream that probably belongs to Vic. Vic seems to lose

kneepads; I remember recovering a pair for him on a Stykes Cave trip in June--big, bulky velcro pads that wouldn't stay in place at all and I finally gave up and didn't try to wear them (I had forgotten mine).

Sheryl, Dorothy, and I visited another walking cave with a very scenic entrance. It's hard to describe this cave, but it involves level changes and sharp turns around sculptured corners. There are bats and rats and the cave makes a loop and there is another entrance up to the right of the main one. Bruce located the blowing cave that is too tight to enter, although he tried. Steve found and dug open a spring entrance below the main Bud Creek entrance and entered it for a few hundred feet until he was in deep water. We all returned to Granny's for a relaxing evening of cave ballads, chess, and a fine dinner.

Monday, October 9

All six stayed in the house that night. At 8 AM I exploded out of the bedroom and said "Let's go caving!" but I got no takers. Bruce and Steve had to leave for Ohio. Goepels got going toward noon because Harry was going to catch a plane to Milwaukee on the way back. They had a flat tire on the way and it took 45 minutes for Harry to get the never-used spare tire out. He finally had to break off the device that held it onto the underside of the truck bed. Harry made it to the airport on time, though. Sheryl and I loaded our car and it sure was a good thing we were able to put the dog cage on the top. No, Pat, we didn't put the dog up there. That would have been cruel. We did need to fill the cage with stuff like pillows and sacks of coats. Cindy got sick on the way home and ended up in the hospital for a few days. I attended doggy class Tuesday without her, so I had to use a cardboard cutout instead of a real dog.

What's next? I am in contact with a paleontologist from Illinois who is interested in going to Black Lung Boulevard in Zarathustra's on the weekend of November 10-12. Sheryl found out that the Schoolhouse doesn't permit pets, so she was able to reserve Granny's again for that weekend. Harry, Vic, and Bruce are eager to start mapping Bud Creek, if it hasn't already been mapped. Bruce has volunteered to draw the map. There was talk about getting wetsuits for the mapping. Hmmm. Myself, I think I'll concentrate on the area around the many Bud Creek entrances and look for additional entrances at the toe of the ridge between Bud and Jim. Wouldn't want to spread myself too thin. ~

Dues Due

A reminder: Dues are now due from the following COG members:

Cheryl Best, Stephen Clark, Paul Conover, Burnell Ehman, Mike Erisman, Pat Erisman, Andy Franklin, Joe Gibson, Jim Gorski, George Hagen, Pat Kelly, Jay Kessel, Mike Kingsley, Preston Powell, Mel and Mark Rakowski..

Please notify Bill Walden of any errors.

COG SURVEY COMMITTEE

The COG Survey committee met at the home of Preston Powell Sunday, October 29, 1995. Doug Burke demonstrated the

program Compass and the survey of the Farmer's Cave System. The Compass program now allows one to show the cave walls.

Preston took that result and overlaid the computer generated map on to the topo map. In addition to the fun things we did have a business meeting and determined the following:

- To set new standards for surveying data. The new standard will not differ much from the existing. The object is to make data entry easier for the software being used.
- To maintain a duplicate set of data. The project leader will retain control of his data. The object is to lessen the possibility of the loss of data.
- The Survey Committee will release maps and data on a need to know basis only. The project leader will have the ultimate say on whether or not the data is released from the grotto.

We are very concerned and want to ensure that our cave maps and locations do not fall into the hands of uncaring individuals.

The computer generated map shows that there is poor vertical control in the Highline section of the Farmer's Cave System. Bill Walden and Darrell Adkins will redo the survey of that section with assistance from Steve Aspery the week of November 13.

Thanksgiving Weekend

It's beginning to look like we will have a big group for Thanksgiving weekend. This includes Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and perhaps a group of Katie Walden's friends from Case Western Reserve. We should plan specific trips for the Scout groups. I suggest a trip from Great Rock Sink to Garbage Pit at Sloans. Please bring you suggestions to the meeting.