



# COG SQUEAKS

## May & June 1996

### GROTTO INFORMATION

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.

### COG OFFICERS

Chairperson	Kathy Franklin	15856	614-766-6381
Vicechair	Doug Burke	41817	614-983-9336
Secretary	Stephen Clark	24145	614-237-4006
Treasurer	Karen Walden	15678	614-965-2942

### Executive committee

Past Chairman	Pat Kelly	38938	614-885-1270
Elected	Steve Aspery	38931	614-841-1846
Elected	Darrell Adkins	29084	419-253-2320

### COMMITTEE CHAIRPERSONS

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

BOONE KARST Dick Maxey (28034) 614-888-2285

SQUEAKS Bill Walden (11573) -- editor  
bwalden@infinet.com 614-965-2942

Kathy Franklin and Karen Walden -- Staff

The official grotto address is:

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

E-mail address -- dz716@cleveland.freenet.edu  
Internet list server -- cog@ontos.usa.com

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

June 14	COG Meeting, 8:00 p.m.
June 15	Dry Cave Clean up. Cave clean up and hiking. Please come to the meeting for details.
June 21 - 23	Cave Capers Corydon, Indiana, Stage Stop Campground near Wyandotte Caves. See Kathy for details. Will have forms at the June Grotto meeting.
June 22 - 30	ER-NCRC Cave Rescue Training Daily, West Virginia. Contact Kim Kehs 215-538-8153. <a href="http://svis.org/emcncrc/emcncrc.html">http://svis.org/emcncrc/emcncrc.html</a> .
June 29	Katie Walden's 21st birthday party. All COG members are invited. 5:00 p.m. At the Walden's home.
July 12	COG Meeting
July 12 - 14	KARST-O-RAMA See below.
Aug. 9	COG Meeting ???
Aug. 3-9, '96	NSS Convention, Salida, Colorado.
Jun. 23-27, '97	NSS Convention, Sullivan, Missouri.

### No August Squeaks

### Karst-O-Rama

July 12 - 14, 1996 at Great Salt Petre Cave, Kentucky. Adult preregistration \$12.00, children 15 and under -- Free, pets \$10.00, banquet \$7.00 (children 8 and under \$3.50 each) Ham or chicken please indicate your preference, Tee shirt -- \$10.00 ea s,m,l,xl,xxl indicate your size(s). Registration must be received by July 1, 1996 by Bill Thoman, 4905 Ralph Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio 45238.

Guide book included with registration.

Shower house open

Sauna, vendors

Campground opens 12 noon Friday

Howdy Party 8:00 p.m. Friday

Saturday -- cave trips -- Vertical contest

Banquet program by Horton Hobbs Saturday

**Directions:** Take I-75 south to exit 59 -- Mt. Vernon/Livingston, KY. Go east ~ very-very short distance to rt. 1004. Turn left on to 1004. Follow Rt. 1004 till it tee's. Turn right. Look for second concrete bridge and you're almost there. Continue ¼ mile and look for the Karst-O-Rama/Great Salt Petre Cave sign on the right. You're there!

# Minutes For the Central Ohio Grotto

May 10, 1996

## In Attendance

Karen Clark, Erna Clark, Bruce Warthman, Bill Walden, Karen Walden, Joyce Helman, Stephen Fisher, Katie Walden, Don Conover, Preston Powell, Jay Warthum

## Presiding

Stephen Clark, Secretary

## Treasurer's Report

Total of \$270.46

## Trip Reports

Bill Walden discussed his trip with the BSA. The Troop toured Sloan's Valley and visited the Field house. Bill entertained them by pointing out that the Big Passage floods to the ceiling, creating some nervous faces!

Bruce Warthman recounted his trip to Hawaii and his caving adventures inside the celebrated lava tubes of the State. He held everyone in rapt attention as he described the surreal "root forests" that he encountered.

Jon Gardner recalled his weekend in Tennessee where he dropped a 240 foot pit.



## From the Chair:

Well, I guess it's about time for more notes. It really is hard to write a regular column, and it is beyond me how Bill manages to get a full newsletter out each month!

**Library Notes** -- Don't forget to check out the Library offerings each month. The policy is: sign it out for the month, then bring it back at the next meeting. If there is something you would like, but don't find, ASK. It may not have been included, or, it may be something we need to add. The Library is a resource for any grotto member, so make use of it, please.

**National Notes** -- The NSS News and Administrative Memo have reported that several grottos are offering incentives (such as one year grotto memberships) to all who join the NSS while the dues increase is "on hold". I believe the deadline has been extended to June 30<sup>th</sup>, so this is about your last chance. Folks sometimes ask "why bother?", but there are a lot of things that wouldn't happen if we didn't have an active national organization.

**Travel notes** -- Cave Capers is scheduled for June 21-23, near Corydon, Indiana. It promises to be a good one, with lots of classic southern Indiana caving. Also, for the really stout-hearted, the 21<sup>st</sup> annual "HOOT", sponsored by the Society of Honorable Indiana Troglodytes, is scheduled for June 7-9. See me, or talk to Darrell or Alice if you are curious.

**DON'T FORGET** -- the bi-monthly trip to Dry Cave is scheduled for Saturday, June 15. This should be a really good time to wander through the woods to look for other entrances, since we have permission from the Henry's to do so. Plan to bring a picnic lunch, and make a day of it.

# Trip Reports

## Memorial Day Weekend

by Bill Walden

Summary: Memorial Day weekend 1996. Bill Walden & Kathy Franklin installed windows in the field house, took photos in Punkin Cave, hiked to Three Forks of Beaver Overlook.

The weekend that I was supposed to produce the May Squeaks, Kathy Franklin and I left Columbus with one heavily loaded Blazer S10. Jon Gardner had donated several sets of Jalousie windows for the field house. Kathy and I squeezed our gear and tools in and around the windows and left for Pulaski County, Kentucky. We stopped south of Cincinnati for a brunch of waffles at the Waffle House. Some how, the name Waffle reminded me of our national president! Oh well, the food was tasty.

## Installing the Windows

Once we arrived at the field house we sprayed for insects then unloaded, sized up the job and drove into Somerset for 2X4's, nails and screws to mount the windows. Returning to the field house we found most of the bugs dead. A couple more shots from the spray can settled the remaining insects. We set to work building the frame for mounting the first window. It seemed like a slow process. Meanwhile the Erisman brothers, Greg, Pat and Mike, and their mother and dad, Ron and Bernice, with Doc in tow arrive and were offering to help while I cut the hole in the wall using my cantankerous chain saw. Not much for them to do at first but watch. With Pat Erisman's help and Ron Erisman's stories, we mounted and secured the first window. Kathy and I decided to hang the second window from the top plate of the cabin then build the frame around the window. This was much faster and easier. The process was repeated for the third. By the time we finished three windows we were out of steam. Window number four rests under the uphill bunk.

If you go down to the field house -- the rear window has a broken pane. It is broken on a corner and is not noticeable. It may interfere with opening and closing the window. I will replace the pane the next time that I'm down there. The window works, just be aware, be careful, and adjust the pane if it binds. The uphill window is binding when cranked open. This too will be repaired when I return. The rear window needs a screen. I will bring the correct screen on my next trip.

After a dinner we joined Bernice and Ron Erisman for story exchange hour. Ron had brought his buggy down and gotten Bernice thoroughly muddy. Apparently she enjoyed the ride but not the mud. No caver is she. They also shared photos of the house they are building -- really nice. It has full length porches on two floors.

Sunday we improved the cooking area of the cabin, thought about a table and chair, cleaned up the cabin, loaded caving gear and camera and departed for Punkin Cave.

## Punkin Cave

We informed Greg where we were going and he replied, "good choice, a non-flooder." It was a rainy, stormy day. We drove over to Cave Creek and parked near Jim Goldson Jr.'s place. No

one appeared to be home so we opened the forest gate and drove a short distance down the forest trail. We didn't proceed too far because I didn't want to leave ruts so we stayed on the graveled part.

I had forgotten my coveralls or cave jacket so I entered wearing a long sleeve Duofold shirt. Too warm! I brought my camera pack because I wanted to take a photo of the stair step helectite. Once in we took quite a few pictures. I hope they turn out Ok. I should have them in time for the June meeting. Once we took some formations pictures we headed the other way to the corkscrew. I wanted Kathy to see this really neat feature. The trunk passage turns counter clockwise, dives and goes under itself. As we approached the Corkscrew, my lamp failed. I discovered that I did not have a spare bulb nor a spare head lamp. Of course I had my mini-Mag light and an amber LED for backups. After we took some pictures in that area, best to leave we decided .

While in the cave I swore that I could hear thunder, but I told myself no it can't be. Once outside, the rumbling of thunder was loud and clear but the rain was over.

### Three Forks of Beaver

After leaving the cave I decided to follow the road on past Hammonds Camp and on to the Three Forks of Beaver Overlook. I had not been there in years and what not sure if the view would be as magnificent as it was when Lou Simpson and Dave Beiter first showed it to Karen and me. I shouldn't have worried. The view was magnificent, the Mountain Laurel was in full bloom everywhere and we could hear the roar of the creeks far below. The Three forks of Beaver are Hurricane creek, Middle Creek and Freamans Creek. The three join to become Beaver Creek. We stood there and admired the beauty of the place and I remembered the hikes Paul Unger and I had taken down there years ago.

For those of you who have not visited this overlook, I heartily recommend it. Take US 27 South from Burnside, through Sloans Valley, past Alpine, and go past the road to Cave Creek. Take the next left. The way to the overlook is marked. Park in the parking lot and follow one of the two trails to the overlook. Return on the other trail. Both trails are neat. Allow yourself at least an hour.

It was dark by the time we returned to the cabin.

### Last Day

Monday we prepared breakfast, packed our gear, put roofing material on the outhouse, and sprayed the poison ivy around the cabin and on the trail to the outhouse with Roundup. After a quick lunch we left.

Because it was Memorial Day Weekend, I decided to drive to Lexington via US27. Once clear of the Somerset area traffic was light. As we approached the edge of the Cumberland Plateau, the sky to the west was black. As we dropped off the Plateau it was raining lightly. Near Stanford the heavens opened and dumped 3 inches or more of rain in 20 minutes! Hill side lawns were flooded, everything was flooded, road cuts were elongated water falls. When the rain let up we stopped at a Dairy Queen for sundaes and coffee. The TV monitor in the restaurant kept us informed of the storms rapid eastward progress across the state. The Roundup was probably washed off the poison ivy too early

for it to have done any good. The day was absolutely beautiful when we left the cabin!

The remainder of the trip home was uneventful -- well almost. We avoided construction zones by taking I-270 eastward around Cincinnati and by taking a "Z" path north of Washington CH to avoid the I-71 construction. We reentered I-71 traffic at the US62 entrance joining the same vehicles we had left when we exited. But, I had neglected the fuel gage. A couple quarts of Coleman fuel got us to the nest gas station. Oh well, we avoided the frustration of the stop and go.

## Pain is Soul: Weekend In Paradise

Fentress County, Tennessee

May 17-20, 1996

By Stephen Clark

### Intro

Coming was the first trip of the year. I was super excited for it, like poking your head out the door on the very first warm Spring day after gluing your nose to the window pane for three Winter months.

There was only one problem--Jim had already stated flatly that he really didn't feel up to the trip so soon after tax season. (Jim Blankenship owns and operates a highly successful tax business specializing in electronic filing. Though his time is his own from May through December, from January to early May he puts in outrageous hours.)

Now I could have gone off with Bruce Warthman or met Harry Goepel in Cincinnati and car pooled, but I wanted Jim, my best friend, to come along too. Now how could I do it short of souring our friendship?

During a conversation with Lou Simpson a couple days later it suddenly came to me while I was lamenting Jim's refusal to Lou--oddly enough it came to Lou at just the same moment.

"Do you think Jim would give in if I gave him a call?" Lou suggested.

A smile crept and inched across my face--not a natural grin of surprise, but rather a sneering shadow of inceptive conspiracy. Just like Dr Seuss' Grinch, the corners of my lips and moustache curled in devilish delight and Lou probably noticed a slight quickening in my breathing.

Now I knew that Jim felt the same about Lou as I did--both of us are Simpson groupies and would do about anything for the man short of oral sex!

"Yeah... Lou, go ahead."

A little while later I called Jim. He knew right from the start what I had done.

"You're in on this aren't you?" Were his very first words to me.

On the way home Monday, after the trip was through, he thanked me for having done it.

Okay, because I'm infamous for long trip reports let's speed up the intro to the juicy stuff--ready? Hold on while I hit the VCR fast forward....

Friday morning early, rainy--Jim picked me up--we drove South--Cincinnati was above flood stage--weather improved as we traveled--we laughed at the antics on the CB--lunch was great in Somerset--I gave Jim the wrong instructions which took us thirty minutes out of the way--got into Jamestown around 4:30 p.m.--arrived at Granny's House at five--weather was clear, beautiful.

There, that saved you about five pages right there!

## Paying Our Dues

Jim and I settled into Granny's House rather quickly, hurriedly picking rooms for ourselves and stashing our personals onto chairs and inside closets.

Granny's House is an antique home, probably a century old, replete with rich, knotty hardwood floors, large picture windows and higher ceilings, but marvelously furnished and comfortable in the modern style. The decor is profoundly pre-FAR, with domestic artifacts surrounding the guest as if the past is shouting to be remembered. Everything is authentic from the pale colored washboard and dough kneading plate (slightly concave and wooden) that overlooks the dining area to the various Depression era glassware, quilting work, painted ceramics and metal utensils that are carefully displayed inside antiquated hutches and upon darkly stained walnut dressers. As a tribute to the "insane," an aged carbide lamp is among the treasures exhibited there.

From front and rear porches--even from the kitchen window--the view of this timeless valley is stunningly tranquil and whatever stress is imported into the valley upon arrival is soon weakened, broken up and washed away within a daydream's length. The lush valley floor of farming pastures, sometimes populated with livestock and occasionally broken up by meandering streams and Wolf River itself, soon transforms into rising slopes of crowded hardwoods, dotted with limestone outcroppings. Just below the wooded summits each towering mountain is capped with cliff sides, sheer, block shaped and perfectly level with its neighbor mountain, that collectively always seemed like Medieval castle ramparts standing guard over feudal lands.

Despite the emphasis upon the past, everything of practical use is decidedly modern, with a fully stocked kitchen, queen-sized beds in three bedrooms, fashionable bathroom and central air-conditioning. A local family, the Conaster's, who live literally just up a small rise from Granny's, own and operate this man-made jewel among the Godly beauty of this valley--caver's heaven. Granny's showcases Mrs. Conaster's childhood and her mother spent most of her life within its walls--and died there, hence the name.

Lou Simpson was off with Clay Abernathy (of Dayton Underground) at a possible lead and was expected back any moment. We visited with Mr Conaster for a spell, who did his best to make us feel at home and personally welcomed. Throughout the weekend I was always amazed how friendly everyone seemed to be. Total strangers waved and smiled at you along the roadway and conversation was easy, often developing into friendship, if nurtured. Being from a urban culture where overt consideration was held in suspicion and a stranger's smile taken as a confidence man's unsolicited introduction, the sociology of the region was not only a pleasantry to be indulged, but also a natural status quo considering the setting.

The only thing that bothered me deeply throughout the weekend was the complete absence of any African-Americans--not one to be met or seen, on the road, in house or in Jamestown! I silently wondered if this was simply a case of classic rural demographics of Mountain Tennessee or was there something a little more sinister, below all the hand waving and country smiles, that only surfaced when someone challenged unspoken assumptions? I don't pretend to know in any case.

Sure enough, Lou and Clay came rolling up the road and parked in the shallow driveway. I looked inside Clay's Ford 4X4 Jeep

and was astonished at the amount and diversity of spelo-digging equipment this man had! From spud bars to picks & shovels--also things I had no name for. Lou had commented to me on the phone earlier that Clay was known as THE expert for cave mining within several Grottos. If equipment spoke reputation, then I was indeed in the presence of royalty.

Lou & Clay, looking as if they had just hiked through a wet, freshly plowed field (and falling into it from time to time) explained that they were digging inside a small pit, called Insignificant Pit, that bottoms out after only ten feet, but rests directly above the Enchanted Forest dig. Since contact caves have always been sought after to bypass the onerous digs and possibly plunge directly into Never-Never Land, any shallow pit deserves attention. Apparently Lou & Clay had managed to penetrate another ten feet and according to Clay, they both heard the faraway crash of falling rocks as they bore deeper--uummmmmmm... could be interesting. Jim & I had a twinkle in our eyes.

Within an hour Vic Ayers, also from DUG, made his appearance and after some showers, conversation and food we decided to take off to investigate a couple of leads up Little Jack Creek that were discovered or shown by locals to Harry & Lou the preceding Autumn. I was ready and hot blooded for some caving that night.

We took Vic's pickup and Clay's Jeep up the valley to the very edge of the pasture floor before fording Bud Creek and easing our way up to a known tractor service road. As we past the partially hidden mouth of Red Bud Cave on the right, my mind drifted back to last Fall when Harry Goepel, Bruce Warthman, Vic Ayers and myself had made two trips of reconnaissance inside the cave before being turned back by the low ceilings and water depth in its obvious continuation passage. All four of us had dreamt over the Winter season of what lay beyond and in preparation for the coming adventure, had purchased wetsuits for the epic journey that was planned for Sunday, but for now...

The uneven ground and tight turns was too much for Vic's truck, which became hung up momentarily, and though Clay's Jeep made it through, he was justly worried that we would get trapped in the darkness, so we extracted the vehicles and continued on foot.

Dusk was approaching by the time we reached our target, a decent stream level opening, now dry, that according to Harry was strongly blowing the bushes around its opening when a local showed it to him the previous Autumn. It looked like it had considerable potential, but the celebrated breeze was missing for some reason. Clay, Vic and myself suited up and went in, leaving Lou and Jim on the surface to survey the immediate area. After maybe 100 feet the cave turned aquatic on us and once it reached chest height and stoop walking, it was time to turn around, as we hadn't brought our wetsuits.

Either there existed some natural phenomenon that we didn't understand or further back there existed a sump that blocked the wind. In any event it was a sure bet that there was big cave back there somewhere, but not today.

We returned to the vehicles and drove down the valley wall to a point very close to Red Bud Cave, except that we were after another ridge walking discovery by Lou and Harry--a second stream level passage that was remarkable for blowing air (again). So they told me. Unfortunately, the gods were inhaling at the time and the passage was still. The trick was that we needed to extract a moderately sized boulder before any of us could poke our head into it.

Lou was prepared with his steel cabled, hand wench, which we anchored to a tree across the stream from the opening and wrapped the opposite loop around the offending stone. The wench itself was difficult to unwind, but between Lou's strength

and my daring finger to hold back the potentially finger mangling cog pin, we managed to force it. After wrestling with the contraption for a while, during which time a frustrated Clay yelled at us that "it wasn't a sex toy," we pulled it together and I stood in the middle of the creek and yanked on the wench until the rock was cleared and Clay and Vic crawled in. I knew it was another failure by the time I reached the opening--the voices of my friends were not fading away, but instead were laughing that familiar chuckle that was an equal mixture between bitter disappointment, vented sarcasm and black humor. They called for me to come on down--after they had gotten out that is!

I climbed in and found a very small dome with tube like belly crawl, half filled with water, going off into the distance. From what I could tell the crawl went off for a few feet and suddenly took a bend--did it go? I had to find out.

Since my last trip the preceding year, I had earned dubious notoriety for trying miserable, watery belly crawls. I removed my helmet and dug for my scuba flashlight (water tight to 600 feet) and announced to those above my intention. Vic crawled back down to back me up and offer "a hand on my shoulder." Welcomed indeed!

I crawled carefully out into the crawlway, feeling the water slowly creep along my flanks and then I allowed myself to be submerged into the icy water. Unexpectedly, my body inhaled a strong gasp of air and then continued breathing hard, uncontrollably. I tried to ignore my bodies' warning signs by creeping out into the crawlway and turning the bend. The tube remained of equal dimension, but continued another fifteen feet and took another bend--suck in for sure. I heard the passage call for me, but my body was already beginning to shiver slightly and the heavy breathing wasn't subsiding. It was time to back up.

Clay probably summed up our frustration concisely, but humorously, when he asked Lou if he "had any more sucky caves to show us!"

Back at Granny's we cleaned up and decided to do some male bonding over pizza and spent the evening toasting our friendships by telling jokes, recounting caving trips and stuffing our faces.

Harry Goepel and Bruce Warthman arrived later that night.

### **Eine Deutschen Kommen!**

The next morning I cooked a gourmet breakfast for everyone--I now have culinary groupies. Vic proposed marriage at one point.

Sometime around noon Joe Saunders, an old friend of Lou's, arrived with a group of cavers traveling the Eastern United States. Joe had called Lou a few weeks before asking if he could show this experienced group the splendors of Wolf River Cave and in particular, Enchanted Forest and Aborigine Avenue.

The group pulled up and instantly everyone began talking excitedly. Most everyone spoke decent English; those who didn't stood around wearing a strange, perpetual smile. As one of humanities' great flirts, I latched on to a pretty, dark-haired twenty-something, who probably spoke the best English of the entire group, which was my stated pretext for flirting. I asked her about her home, what European caves she had visited--she had been to Holloch--and her thoughts and impressions of the States.

We loaded up and caravanned over to the cave entrance. The plan for the day was for Lou and Jim to lead the Germans into Enchanted, while Clay, Harry, Bruce, Vic and myself would head for the opposite trunk and plunge back toward the Astrodome and still further into areas I had never been before.

We set off ahead of Lou's group, with the others teasing me about my "meine Fraulein," and soon disappeared into the familiar inky blackness. We hurried along past the familiar rooms

and survey points. Inside Register Room we paused to admire the gypsum decor that caked and flowered inside one side room. At the T-Junction (survey point 409) Bruce began singing his beer song and then switched over to a rhyming lyric about survey points. At the thirteenth station (verse), Clay calmly asked Bruce if he wanted to meet the German party swinging from his wheatlamp cord! I don't think Bruce appreciated it, but the rest of us laughed wickedly. Vic added that we had better not since Bruce's songs would forever haunt the cavern and every single party that entered!

We poked around The Void for awhile, paused inside Miami Beach and admired the beautiful waterfall there and then pressed on. Inside Astrodome our party spread out and looked for leads. Clay and I penetrated inside a lead that went for twenty or thirty feet but pinched out in small drain holes.

Harry discovered a lead in one corner of Astro, which seemed to go somewhere, but the dig was more than anyone was willing to undertake, so we headed for the deepest, most remote rooms inside Wolf River.

Rumpus & Moon Rooms are really a combination of the same high vaulted, wide rooms that Wolf River seems to showcase liberally. It is difficult place to keep your footing and one never quite relaxed, even while walking on level ground. In locating the farthest know room in the cave we past through a wide stoop walk passage whose floor was level, dry and sandy. The sand was Hilton Head Beach quality and after all the uneven breakdown behind us, the deep drifts seemed highly unnatural, as if a gentle Heavenly Father had taken pity on us. We practically snoozed on it.

The party tried a number of leads, but they seemed clogged to failure, but Clay located a possible lead off the map, but it had to wait for another day.

The most amazing doing of this trip was the fact that we exited the cave from its deepest room, in only one hour and forty minutes! That was quite a feat.

We had spent around eight hours inside, but Lou's group was still going at it. We joked how Lou must be cracking the whip inside the dig.

Even after showers Lou & company hadn't returned, so we spent another evening male bonding at the Pizza Hut. I think I ate an entire pizza by myself.

Once back Jim excitedly recounted to me how he had made a satisfying discovery of archaeological importance inside Aborigine Avenue, but instead of stealing his thunder I'll let him submit his own firsthand description. (Come on Jim, we're waiting...)

Once reunited with the gang, Jim and I finished out the evening star gazing with his 10X80 binoculars and beating each other's heads over the chessboard.

That night I slept the slumber of the dead in my very own queen-sized bed--oh cave camping, thy demon of restless sleep and chilly dreams, be gone and exorcized from my life! I have been converted to the blessed denomination of rented houses; temples of full service kitchens, hot showers and furniture!!

### **Farting In Wetsuits**

Sunday dawned bright and beautiful--of course I didn't see it because I was sleeping in, but the late morning was pretty anyway.

It was the day that Harry, Vic and I had been dreaming over ever since we were forced to turn around in the low watery crawl for lack of wetsuits inside Red Bud Cave the previous October.

Red Bud Cave obviously went. The wide crawlway carries a decent amount of water and probably exits at a lower resurgence



that I had explored last year, christening it "The Baptismal Font." The resurgence provides exterior Bud Creek, which flows just below the entranceway, with a good half of its volume.

Combined with all the watery crawlway entrances we had seen up and down the slopes, there is tremendous evidence to suggest a large system exists within the lengthy ridge. And with a decent sized, active water flow--as Lou pointed out--we might be able to break into a complex drain network, complete with huge, dry upper passage only accessible through the sacrifice demanding water passages.

This was the hope anyway. The worry was simply that the crawlway would peter out in an unpassable sump, which, despite our wild fantasies, was, overwhelmingly, the likely outcome.

All these things were on our minds as we pulled on our wetsuits and geared up for the plunge.

Jim and Lou would spend the afternoon surveying the surface, connecting all the watery entrances together on a topo map to give us some elementary idea of the general layout of our "system."

We past through the first 1000 feet of known cave and reached the "frontier." (Bruce Warthman is the official cartographer and the initial passage was now on paper for us to study.)

This was it. Into the passage we crawled. After the first two hundred feet we began to understand its structure. The passage was from fifteen to twenty feet wide, flooded with an active cave creek whose depth was from anywhere between three feet and several inches deep. The ceiling varied anywhere from two feet to only twelve inches from the water's surface. The bottom was filled with several inches of sandy sediment, which drained our energy as we dragged our way along.

For the first several hundred feet the passage was a hands and knees crawl. Occasionally, the ceiling would drag on your back, but it wasn't that bad. Within the first thirty minutes our gloves filled with sand--our fingers appeared wildly swollen--and at every rest stop we tried washing them out.

The passage seemed endless. Wakes from everyone's shuffling slapped against the curved edges and reverberated up and down the passage in fuzzy echos. Leaves and grass, sometimes twigs, hung from the ceiling, making all of us nervous, though we knew it had not rained for the past four days and not a cloud was to be seen outside. Human fears often override logic. This place was a sure death trap in different weather. A stiff breeze also filled the passage, blowing directly in our faces and chilling Harry & Vic.

I was beginning to straggle somewhat. I had never done so much sustained crawling in all my caving experience. Probably a mere thirty to forty feet separated Vic and Harry from myself, but my own irrational fear of being left alone combined with the obvious signs of complete flooding and the uncertainty of virgin territory, now embarrassing to admit, was getting the best of me. I struggled to keep up while fighting down my fears. I guess I'm just a big baby.

After a time Vic came up with a name for our wet avenue: WaterWorld Passage, after the Kevin Cosner movie. It was an instant hit with us, unlike the movie, and described the feeling of the place perfectly.

We were beginning to lose hope of breaking into something when Vic called back to me excitedly that they had discovered a slot in the ceiling--it was a big morale booster. The slot was fairly sizeable. Directly under it lay a large sandbar liberally sprinkle with limestone and chert pebbles. WaterWorld directly ahead did a sharp ninety degree turn to the right and took off again into the darkness--everyone prayed that this lead went somewhere. No one wanted to return to the water.

While Harry climbed up and disappeared into the slot, flinging small rocks into the water, Vic and I laid upon the sandbar,

resting our tired arms and struggling unsuccessfully to wash all the sand from our gloves and trying to stay out of the direct flow of the chilly breeze. We quickly named our first discovery of real estate Pebble Beach and made plans to build a \$500,000 home with a three car garage and tennis courts.

Harry returned shortly--he never was out of close voice contact--to report that it wasn't going, though he could easily see upward into a large room through a tight slot. Suddenly our hopes were partially confirmed. There existed an upper level--problem was we couldn't get to it!

Back into WaterWorld.

The ceiling was beginning to lower now and we were flat on our bellies. I began to grow a little more worried now as the wakes were beginning to break over our mouths from time to time and the water grew somewhat deeper. It was beginning to appear like it would be an out and out swim. We encountered another slot in the ceiling, much smaller, but longer. It appeared to have been a drain for something above--Vic even found pieces of charcoal on one or two of its ledges--but it pinched out quickly above and we were forced back into the water. We were growing a little impatient now.

As we advanced upstream a bat appeared from out of the darkness ahead, circled in front of us and flew on in advance of our progression. It did this a number of times and finally it appeared to us that the flying mammal was actually trying to lead us while conferring some hope. As we watched the bat loop around for another pass, I looked over to Vic and remarked that instead of helping out he was probably thinking "Oh great, look what's moving in--there goes the neighborhood."

Now the challenge came.

The tops of our helmets dragged roughly across the slab ceiling as we searched frantically for even the slightest of additional head space. From time to time the water level would rise above our mouths forcing me to stiffen and hold my breath out of nervousness though I could still breath through my nose. My eyes must have been as wide as saucers. By this time the waves from our wakes were breaking, from time to time, over our noses. Sometimes I was forced to tilt my head, dipping my mouth, one ear and one side of my helmet into the water to find space--it was the same for Vic and Harry too. It was cold on bare skin and abrasive on my nerves. That area of WaterWorld was named by Harry The Ear-Dipper.

Finally, we reached a point where it appeared that there was little hope and Vic and I stopped mid current at a mild temporary rise in the ceiling to confer with Harry. Vic and I were both wavering--it wasn't a fun place for safety and it wouldn't take much precipitation now for three drownings--but it was Harry who decided to conduct a quick recon upstream just to make sure it sumped.

Thank goodness for Harry's courage and vision for within thirty more feet he located a very small dome room off to the right. Vic and I licked the ceiling practically to beach ourselves gratefully and even sit upright for a change. Later we named this space The Nook & Cranny. That's about all it was, but it was welcomed!

The walls of the niche--it certainly didn't qualify as a room, not even a closet!--was covered with crickets, and a bat, probably the same who lead us upstream, would fly into its space, circle and head back out. Toward the rear, very obvious, was a small bottle crawlway (The Cranny part of the name) almost Harry size. We stuck a flashlight up the throat and could see big space beyond and bats sleeping. Joy!

Vic started digging out the crawl to enlarge it with a small tool and was doing so with such alacrity that Harry commented dryly "that we had all day."

"You don't understand." Vic said over his shoulder. "We've got

to find another entrance to fucking cave!!"

Harry and I practically rolled back into the water with laughter. Vic's comment went a long way in breaking up my nervousness and embarrassment. The group laugh was therapeutic in nature. Suddenly I felt a strong bond develop between the three of us and securely felt as if I belonged. The feeling and relief was powerful for me. It was also then that I first realized that I wasn't the only one that was struggling with the surrealism of WaterWorld.

As Vic worked, Harry tagged me and announced to Vic that we would scout up WaterWorld to see if the room beyond the crawl had a second entrance way. Back into the water again, but literally just around the corner a passage opened before our eyes--I couldn't believe what I was seeing! We had gotten used to the smallest rewards for our efforts, but here was this walking, tubular shaped, avenue taking off into the darkness! We simply lifted ourselves from the waters, like evolutionary amphibians, and began running down the passage as fast as our bodies would take us. In my excitement I kept crying out, "We did it! We did it! We did it!" like some deranged fool.

Quickly, we got to a point where there was a chance of voice connection with Vic, but the possibility was too clogged, so we began hungrily to continue, running up the passage like two souls possessed, until I suggested we needed to go back for Vic, which we did. Soon Vic was as intoxicated as we were.

The passage was, again, tubular in overall shape with heavy scalloping decorating its walls--a significant amount of water must have flowed through it once. Angry waters.

Rounded stones, maybe twenty pounds apiece, littered the floor coated with wet thin mud. While it was far from dry, there didn't seem to be any signs that it still served the same purpose now and as we penetrated further it dried out finally.

Our beautiful tall passage, which meandered somewhat and altered its shape into a higher channel, reminding me of the Elephant Passage inside Zarathustra for its shape, eventually began to lose some of its steam and became a stoop walk and later on an fairly easy hands and knees crawl. Whenever we came to a fork we always took the larger continuation. I lost count, but there were at least three major tributaries, maybe four, that we passed in our quest for the final breakout.

We lost track of time and distance in, what later became known among the three of us as, Endless Crawl, but not of our strength. As someone old once said, "Wisdom begins with recognizing your own limits," we decided that we would pursue our present passage until it finally pinched into a belly crawl--my halfway point was quickly being reached and I knew that we still had to make our way back with every lunge forward, including WaterWorld.

Sometime later that point was reached. The passage went on, but it was tougher going--all belly now--and I felt I had obtained my halfway point--I think Vic felt the same, but Harry wasn't finished just yet. He wanted to press on just to make sure and convinced Vic to come along.

For the next thirty minutes or so I stretched out fully in our crawlway, resting my head up against my helmet and snoozed. It felt wonderful! My wetsuit kept me very comfortable and actually gave me the mild feeling of wearing an air mattress for cushion. The suit I purchased was a quarter inch thick, full length beaver tail. I never got cold the entire time, even when I stopped mid water passage and rested.

While I snoozed I could distinctly hear Vic & Harry talking back and forth and crawling around the entire time they were gone, except for about five minutes of it.

I always enjoyed these quiet moments--and here rests the contradiction and paradox of my caving personality. The truth is I could never cave solo. Yeah, I know we're not suppose to

anyway, it's risky and stupid, but as a footnote I couldn't because of the fear of being left completely alone in a hostile environment, lost with equipment failure. I'll never understand Floyd Collins--I don't pretend to either. Maybe I don't have that kind of self confidence or determination, but it is a tremendously comforting feeling to be group caving. My equipment's reliability overlaps with everyone else's to minimize the possibilities of failure; personal fears and physical pain are controllable because of the mutual support and humor from the others; and finally I feel safe to demand of myself more and take additional risks because the others are beside me.

The paradox is that during a trip I love the opportunity to be left alone for just a few minutes to enjoy the solitude of my surroundings: the loneliness to think clearly and the darkness to feel totally removed from the hectic world outside. It's a time for purging pending stress and think about Godly blessings of family, marriage and health--things that I constantly take for granted. It's a funny thing, but whenever I go caving I always return to routine life with a renewal of appreciation for my family. Before leaving for Tennessee on Friday I was angry with my wife over something and sick of my children's demands, but by Sunday night I was calling them and expressing my love in the most tender of language. The day after my return a co-worker of mine said that I looked serene and peaceful, as if I had a deep spiritual experience. Caving does that for me.

Soon the duo was back explaining to me how the passage got too low to press and Harry had built a foot high cairn to mark his farthest advance. The joke was that in reality the cairn was a floor to ceiling monument pillar!

### **We Came, We saw and it Kicked Our Asses The Retreat**

Now it was time to pay the piper for our virgin discoveries.

We slowly withdrew our steps, crawling, crawling, as we had come in. We reached the most recent fork and rested there for a few minutes. My knees were fairly beaten up from the uneven surface, which would twist my kneepads and expose a portion to a blow.

The left bend called for us, but no one had much reserve power to answer back. Finally Harry suggested that I, as the most rested man, should follow it down.

"There it is Steve, a passage that no one has ever been down before in all creation!"

An obvious suck-in, I know, but it's the one suck-in technique that always works with me. Now here I was on the brink of a possible great discovery. A strong, cold breeze blew into my face, which meant that we probably took the wrong fork the first time. The passage was easy hands and knees and showed the usual signs of scalloping. I was confronted by my own dream come true.

Here was a major lead, going off into what might very well be spelo-history, major cave system, total breakthrough; euphoric discovery of gigantic caverns that no pair of human eyes had ever been honored to see; my light would be the first photons to ever reflect inside them in all the millennia of time that it has existed, waiting for that first human voice to gasp in surprise. I crawled off and thirty feet later turned a bend to see the passage run off into the far darkness, calling my name incessantly, this was what I had been waiting for, dreaming of, all my caving career, this is the kind of storied legend that as a novice caver you sit around and listen to after dinner from the lips of Lou Simpson or Bill Walden.

So what happened? I turned around crawled back to my

companions  
and laid back down.

"It goes and the breeze is strong." I said passively. I was so tired with the realities of WaterWorld haunting me in my near future that I didn't even feel the shame of my enfeebled cowardice until much later that evening, after I had rested and eaten.

Ever since the trip I have spent many a daydream wondering what is waiting beyond that first thirty feet I crawled down and kicking myself repeatedly for not forcing myself to dig down deep inside for that extra determination to propel me down its throat. Opportunities such as that are not laid in my lap that often! And if you turn them away they become the most bitter to live with.

Most people would say "Oh Stephen, you're just being a big baby--it's only some hole in the ground!" But as all of us are cavers reading this, I really don't believe I need to justify the statement. We all feel it.

And while I should be eternally grateful for all the virgin passage we scooped--and I am--I think it is typically human to greedily consume all the virginity, only to take it for granted soon afterwards and mourn deeply for those missed chances to consume more. Caving new territory is so much like addictive drugs: scooping produces incredible rushes of sensation, enervating physically and mentally, but the highs wear off rather quickly, leaving one with only the obsessive yearning to consume additional passage. This is a different experience for me, as I have never before scooped. I don't know what Vic and Harry were feeling, but the excitement was so intense that the rush actually drained me. I began wondering if it would blur my judgement of where exactly my endurance level was peaking and ebbing.

As we retreated, Harry kept building cairns at every fork and in remarkably good time we suddenly were standing above the liquid surface of WaterWorld.

We laid back into the water and turned the corner to the Nook and Cranny for some serious digging and after a good twenty minutes, Harry managed to pop out into a walking room, rather large, but he couldn't locate a continuation, except for a second plug, just like the one we had dug through. Still, the presence of large numbers of crickets and bats inside the room was highly suspicious for simply an isolated room with a tiny opening into a low water passage. The project would have to wait for the next trip and additional digging equipment.

Now it was time to tackle WaterWorld. If there was ever a realization of why Red Bud Cave has remained untouched for its entire existence then we were up to our ears in the logic of it! While Lou and Harry originally discovered a single set of footprints last year, they ended not too far in. WaterWorld, though certainly not the worst creek crawl around, easily served as an effective deterrent to everyone but the most determined and curious.

As we laid down and snaked our way into the water I yelled out in mock humor, "Dive! Dive! Dive!", like some Second World War sub captain.

Now here is the funny part. I looked at Harry and Vic and announced that I wanted to blow right through WaterWorld without stopping--yeah, right! By the time we arrived at Pebble Beach, roughly halfway between The Frontier and The Nook & Cranny, I was straggling badly. You would never suppose that beaching the top half of your body--while the bottom half remained submerged-- upon a wet sandbar would feel so good, but how it did!

We couldn't rest for very long though, and here was the problem, for I wasn't cold because of my full length wetsuit, but Harry and Vic were wearing "shorties" and could not stop for long because of the exposure. What resulted was a kind of "tug of

war" between my fatigue and Vic & Harry's chill. I could literally stop mid-creek and rest warmly, which I did frequently, but Harry & Vic had to keep going.

Along the way Harry had to stop briefly to adjust a strap when suddenly a large crayfish surfaced directly below his nose, a mere two inches above the water, and swam by. Harry said later he was glad that he didn't have to wear it on his nose.

Past Pebble Beach I was seriously beginning to wear out. We splashed through the water always looking for deeper pools to semi-float in while kicking off with legs and balancing with hands, instead of having to rely on exhausted arms to continually support our bulks and pull us forward through the sediment. The only drawback to finding deeper water was the inevitability of having to cross over another stretch of shallow water & deep sand. I still can hear Vic in my dreams, who was pathfinding for us, calling out "Deep water, deep water," as he discovered some relief and then soon afterwards the collective groaning of having to pull our bodies upon and over another shallow patch, restoring full responsibilities back upon complaining arms and shoulders.

At some point along the way we rested upon another damp sandbar, catching our breaths, when suddenly we heard a small side lead spouting water into the passage, reminding us of a smaller pipe pouring water into a larger sewer. Quickly questions were fielded.

"Do you remember that side lead draining?"

"I sure don't."

"Could it mean something, Harry?"

"Only if the breeze stops, then it's time to worry."

During the last two hundred feet or so, my arms were so weak that I seriously grew concerned that they would give out unexpectedly and my face would plunge right into the pool, only six inches from my nose. At that point I began pulling and balancing on my forearms instead of resting fully upon my hands. I probably looked pathetic, like some poor man weakly belly crawling through the desert crying out for water (which at the time was the absolute least of my worries!), but instead my pleadings were "Could you spare a walking passage? Please sir, just a refreshing stoop walk would do!"

It sounds overdramatic, but honestly that last hundred feet or so was a nightmare, as every single thrust ahead, forearm over forearm, was a consciously concerted event. During the struggle I reflected about a comment Lou had remarked to me some time back.

"If I can develop and organize that much determination and spirit while caving, then why can't I transpose this into my daily life?"

I thought about this while pulling myself out of the clutches of WaterWorld--I've often wondered the same about my own life too.

When Vic announced down the passage that he was standing up, it was the boost I needed and finally I arose from The Frontier and stretched my limbs, feeling nearly surprised that I hadn't forgotten how to walk!

There were a few more short squeezes and belly crawls, but the ordeal was essentially over. As we pulled ourselves into the entrance room the sun, now preparing to sink below the hills, was driving three distinct shafts of light through the entrance. It was a heavenly scene of simple beauty and a tranquil way to welcome us back to the abundance of life on the surface--our natural home.

While Harry and Vic ate and drank their cares away, I spent the first twenty minutes laying flat on my back in full gear, not moving except to inhale and exhale. After that I began to feel decent.

We walked straight down the hillside, crossed the creek, washing the mud from our kneepads, and undressed at Vic's



truck. On the way down we passed the flagged opening of The Baptismal Font and Harry asked me semi-seriously, if I wanted to push it. I didn't even pause to look at it! Under my breath I think I mumbled some comment like, "If I got myself inside I think I'd simply throw up!" I was looking forward to discussing our discoveries with Lou and Jim and enjoying a cookout that Dorothy and Sheryl were organizing. Looking back now, I wish I had taken the opportunity to go ahead and do it, but my muscles were screaming too loud.

Time having gone by and now that I'm sitting in my living room, comfortable, dry, warm and rested, I think I understand my personal failures on the trip. For starters I have always been stronger in my legs instead of in my chest, shoulders and arms. We were inside Red Bud for over eight hours, we figured that we were actively crawling for six of the eight. Also I didn't bother taking any food with me and hadn't eaten since that morning.

Having been spoiled by Wolf River, I usually didn't bother with food, but always waited until dinner for a big meal, but inside Red Bud the exertion required just sapped your calories away, like a gas guzzling, Seventies' Thunderbird. With no intake it's little wonder that my rest periods never seemed to recharge me. With some quick digestive sugars and proteins I could have been much more aggressive.

You live and learn. And there is always next trip.

Lou and Jim, who had surface surveyed the entire afternoon, were out with Mr Conaster, walking around the property. No one wanted to hit the showers first. I was too tired and Vic and Harry couldn't stand the air conditioning chill inside the house, so we just sat there looking devastated, according to Jim who arrived first.

A few days later, while hiking at a nearby State park, Jim began teasing me after I had expressed my disgust and envy at not being able to rejoin Vic and Harry for a return trip until July. (My companions are going back in on a weekend in June when I'll be in Nevada on family affairs.) Jim put on his mock face and told me that he was seriously thinking about buying a wetsuit and going with them—and after he laughed at my red face—he said, "Any temptation I had of going with you guys was dashed when I walked up to the porch after the trip and saw how bad you three looked!"

Vic's shoulders were knotted up painfully and Harry appeared as if he hadn't had any sleep for two days. Me? I probably looked worse.

When Lou walked up to us we all started shouting "Scooop! Scooop! Scooop!" simultaneously. Lou beamed back a huge smile at us and listened carefully as we related the entire epic.

That evening was wonderfully satisfying, even if I did have problems staying awake. I felt as if I had been part of something substantial and magical, the beginning of something historical, for in a single afternoon the three of us had made Red Bud Cave the second most important find in the entire valley, at least quadrupling the length of known passage, and discovering six major leads that could propel us into, what we believe lies ahead, a huge, lengthy system covering the entire ridge and connecting several other watery entrances. It's too early to say, but we may be on the verge of a system that could surpass Wolf River itself and possibly rival Xanadu.

Despite my personal flaws, the trip was by far the most memorable excursion I have ever been on! I can't wait until I return in July. This time I plan on being better prepared, physically fit and with improved provisions. There is discussion between the three of us of planning a fifteen hour trip and literally floating additional supplies up WaterWorld on pool rafts.

Stay tuned.

## Caves on Other Planets?

By Katie Walden

This past semester I took a course on the geology of the terrestrial planets. As we studied each planet, I couldn't help but ask myself, "Could there be caves in such a terrain?". On the moon there is definite evidence for lava tubes. There are features called sinuous rilles which are thought to be collapsed lava tubes. Now, if there are that many collapsed tubes, there should be lots of uncollapsed ones there. The moon has lots of basalt flows, so do all the other inner planets. This doesn't mean all the planets have lava tubes. Venus is probably too hot to have any. I don't know about Mercury. I think they're likely on Mars.

Now, you're probably thinking, but what about those good ole limestone caves? Well anything is possible. There is evidence for carbonate rocks on Mars. Mars also seems to have groundwater that rises to the surface periodically. Mars does have karst landscapes. This does make Mars seem the best candidate for carbonate caves. But, remember, Mars only has a small fraction the amount of water the Earth does, so any caves there would be really small. Unfortunately, we won't know for sure until some caver goes to the other planets and looks. And just think of all the virgin cave there could be!

## Books

I have three books that people can borrow from the grotto library. They are Basin and Range, In Suspect Terrain, and Rising From the Plains by John McPhee published by Noonday. They are novels describing the geology of areas in the US. Basin and Range describes the geologic structure of Nevada, along interstate 80. In Suspect Terrain is about the Appalachian mountains, an Appalachian geologist, and micro plates. Rising From the Plains is about a Rocky Mountain geologist, and describes the mystery of the Rockies. All these books were written with a wonderfully dry sense of humor and explain some mysteries such as where diamonds come from, what happened to Atlantis, and why Indians didn't attack geologists. I highly recommend them; they are fun to read, and you can learn a lot from them even if you're not a geologist. -- Katie Walden

## Googol Cave

Pulaski County, KY

By Lou Simpson

Googol Cave is a separate two-entrance section of the Hail Cave System. If there were a roof over the karst window between the Googol Entrance and the Cow Entrance of Hail, then the two would be connected. Water flows from Googol into Cow. The higher level Hillside Entrance connects to Googol by a short, but sporting water crawl, with four inches of air space for a couple feet. Our party of four considered doing the connection on May 25, 1996, but we were already tired from mapping and digging that day. Harry Goepel and Bruce Warthman mapped the virgin stuff through Harry's dig west of station 4108. Harry, Greg Cotterman, and I did that dig on March 23, and Harry got through then, finding a room with some unpromising digs. While Harry and Bruce were mapping their section on the May 25, Brent Meyer and I surveyed the partially unmapped maze just inside the Googol Entrance. We were unable to fit through a tantalizing

circular tube at station 4205. I dug my way up into a virgin upper level, but got no farther. Before leaving Googol, Brent and I visited the dig at station 4101, where I had nearly collapsed the ceiling slab on myself on March 23 trying to dig into a strong airflow. The tight tube at 4205 heads toward that dig.

It seemed like a good idea to check the lead at 1508, in the Hillside Entrance, to try to extend it toward the 4101 dig. The four of us entered the heavily overgrown sinkhole, made even more obscure because of branches that have been thrown into it. We picked our way carefully along the right side of the steeply sloping entrance room and walked through a series of formation rooms, reaching the breakdown at station 8. "It ends, unless you want to remove the rocks," Bruce explained. I started doing that, showing that progress could easily be made. Harry and Bruce continued to dig while I went outside with Brent, who had fallen in the water in the Googol entrance and was getting chilled. We wondered if the stream entering the Hillside entrance from the lower left could be followed.

Our group hiked across the field behind the empty house, finding the sinkhole with tires in it that I saw on March 3. Today it was less wet and the more I think about it, this entrance could be worth exploring. I had dismissed it in March as just a shallow hole that wouldn't get any bigger, but it's at a higher elevation than the Googol entrance, so why not? We climbed the ridge to get a glimpse of what must be a spectacular overlook of the Cumberland River--in the winter. Today, through the treetops we could see only the top of the distant ridge on the other side of the river. People on ATV's passed us on the road up there, probably wondering where we came from.

Anyway, with the survey of the passages beyond the Jail Bars--the three columns named by Scott Spinner and sons when they scooped beyond them in 1990--the known passages of this cave section are mapped, so here's the map. It just seems like a cave with a huge room like the Googol Room could have more potential. Perhaps if we explore the sinkhole with the tires in it next? ~

Note: The map is coming via snail mail.

## Notes

by Grandpa Lou

On May 18 two of five German cavers in Wolf River with Joe Saunders, Jim Blankenship, and myself discovered a bone under the flowstone at the strongly blowing Enchanted Forest dig. Ron Wilson, from a verbal description, says it's probably deer or peccary. Its completely fossilized and suggests an entrance existed in that direction.

On May 19, Stephen Clark, Harry Goepel, and Vic Ayers pushed 8 hours in wetsuits in Red Bud Cave, Fentress County, TN, and didn't reach the end.

My next two trips are June 21-24, Wormfest, staying at Granny's House in Pall Mall, TN, and Karstorama, July 13-14.

---

Cavers,  
I finished reading *Cave Passages*, by Michael Ray Taylor. It's great. I recommend it you. It's available from Speleobooks and I think Barnes and Noble.  
Lou

## It's a boy!

Casey Gray Harris was born to Heather Rene Hilton Harris and Chris Harris on June 2, 1996. Just call us Grandma and Grandpa.

Lou and Sheryl

## COG Field House

The COG field house is ready for use.

### Description:

12 by 16 feet, Steel Roof, walls wrapped in construction grade plastic, dirt floor, four bunks, three Jalousie windows with screens, no door yet (use blue tarp), cooking corner with shelves for stoves and supplies. Requires four wheel drive when the drive is wet. No problem -- it's only a short hike up the hill.

### Yet to do:

Jon Gardner is donating a screen door. We need siding of some type. The building does have vertical slats at 2 foot intervals and is ready to receive siding. Additional bunks -- couples bunk to be located above existing bunks. Table and chairs. Bill Walden has material for table. Anyone want to donate chairs? The uphill window binds -- be careful -- it will be repaired. The rear window has a pane that has a broken corner that may cause the window to bind -- be careful--adjust broken corner. Pane will be replaced.

### Tenting:

There is plenty of room to put up tents in the field. Also there are relatively flat areas behind the field house and a short distance up the hill from the field house.

### Out house:

Useable but needs a door and a seat.

### What to bring:

Bring all the supplies you normally required for primitive camping. Do not leave supplies in the cabin or out house after you leave.

There is a can opener, dish washing soap and Scrub pads in the field house.

**What not to leave:** ( We don't want to encourage four footed, six footed, winged, or non-member two footed visitors to the field house.)

No pots or pans, no utensils, no food are to be left in the field house.

Do not leave camping supplies in the field house.

---

## Preston's Return

Preston's Return a caving story written by Stephen Clark will begin in the July Squeaks. Stephen's story will be published in several instalments.

This Squeaks is full! --Ed.