



# COG SQUEAKS

December 1997

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## Redmond Creek Cave Survey

by Bill Walden

Compass software used to generate the map.

Enhancements from sketches by Bill Walden

The Redmond Creek Cave survey in Wayne County, Kentucky was started by Roger Sperka and Jeff Vanant in 1973 and resumed by Greg Erisman and others starting in August 1997. The cave is characterized by a single main passage that heads south from the entrance. It begins as a walking passage. As one travels south from the entrance the trend of the cave is down. The water flow is uphill toward the entrance. At one point the passage goes down a steep sandy hill and then the passage continues on a slight decline for a few hundred feet. Organic debris is frequently seen caught on projections from the ceiling. This is not a cave to visit when rain is expected!

Greg Erisman introduced me to Redmond Creek Cave October 24, 1997 as a warm up trip before doing Procrastination Pit. On that trip we traveled the main passage to the sump, explored the major side lead to the east that we would survey in November, and explored a passage to the west that we thought to be a by-pass around the terminal sump in the main passage. This lead to the west has not yet been surveyed.

The side passage to the east is a sediment filled canyon. Sediment fills this passage to within three or four feet of the ceiling. In four places this sediment is washed out and that makes for steep climbs. The passage eventually leads to a dome pit. The two leads out of the dome had not previously been explored. Greg, Pat and Chris Erisman surveyed the canyon lead out of the dome pit. This is not completed. A low lead to the east was surveyed by Katie Walden, Doc Erisman and me. After completing the survey (RF) Doc entered a low belly crawl at station F2. He said that it goes and gets bigger. I followed. Sure enough it did and it got bigger and bigger till we were walking in virgin passage lined with formations. The passage leads to two rooms filled with large flowstone formations. It finally ended in breakdown. The following day Lacie Braley, Sam Franklin, Andy Franklin, and I surveyed this virgin section (RG survey). I think all on the survey got to make "first tracks" at some point during the survey.

While we were doing the RG survey Greg, Pat and Chris Erisman joined by Doug Davis and family and Katie Walden were doing a surface survey and checking and digging for additional entrances. I haven't seen the results of the surface survey yet.

### Surveys:

Year	Date	Survey	Surveyors
1973	September 29	Survey RA	Roger Sperka, Jeff Vanant.
1974	August 6	Survey RB	Roger Sperka, V. Canfield, Louis Simpson.
1997	September 13	Survey RE	Greg Erisman, Pat Erisman, Mike Erisman, Dave Beiter, Kenny Erisman.
1997	September 13	Survey RD	Pat Erisman, Mike Erisman, Dave Beiter.
1997	November 22	Survey RC	Steve Aspery, Bill Walden, Greg Erisman, Joe Gibson.
1997	November 28	Survey RC	(continued) Bill Walden, Katie Walden.
1997	November 28	Survey RF	Bill Walden, Katie Walden, Tony (Doc) Erisman.
1997	November 28	Survey RE2	Pat Erisman, Chris Erisman, Greg Erisman.
1997	November 29	Survey RG	Lacie Braley, Sam Franklin, Andy Franklin, Bill Walden.

## 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 chairman for information and caving trips.

### COG OFFICERS

Chairman	Kathy Welling	15856	765-653-6352
Vicechair	Doug Burke	41817	614-983-9336
Secretary	Jay Kessel	28342	937-767-9405
Treasurer	Karen Walden	15678	740-965-2942

### Executive Committee

Elected	Dick Maxey	28034	614-888-2285
Elected	Darrell Adkins	29084	740-392-6382

### COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

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 740-965-2942  
Kathy Welling and Karen Walden -- Staff

The official grotto address is:

Central Ohio Grotto, C/O Bill Walden  
1672 South Galena Road, Galena, Ohio 43021  
740-965-2942

E-mail address -- dz716@cleveland.freenet.edu

Note Change: Internet list server -- cog@ontosystems.com

Dues: \$15 per year individual or \$20 per year per household.  
Membership includes the C.O.G. Squeaks.

The COG Squeaks is the official newsletter of the Central Ohio Grotto. Subscription is \$15.00 per year per address. The Central Ohio Grotto publishes the COG Squeaks ten times per year.

Articles on cave exploration and study, cave trip reports, cave fiction, cave poetry, cave related cartoons, or cave related art are encouraged. 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.

## 1998 Officers

At the November 1997 meeting, the following were elected as our 1998 officers:

		NSS#	Telephone#
Chairman	Doug Burke	41817	614-983-9336
Vice Chair	Steve Aspery	38931	614-841-1846
Secretary	Lacie Braley	44099	614-895-1732
Treasurer	Karen Walden	15678	740-965-2942

### Executive Committee:

Don Conover	20386	937-372-7581
Rick Zimmerman	43001	614-443-2437
Doug Davis	44171	614-792-8270

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## KARST CALENDAR

Dec. 13	COG Christmas Party 6:00 P.M. hosted by Bill and Karen Walden at their home in Galena, Ohio.
Jan. 9, '98	COG meeting at the Presbyterian Church in Worthington, Ohio. 8:00 P.M.
Feb. 13, '98	COG Meeting
Mar. 13, '98	COG Meeting
Aug. 3-7, '98	NSS Convention, Sewanee, TN
July 12-16, '99	NSS Convention, Twin Falls County Fairgrounds, Filer, Idaho.

## 1997 COG Christmas Party

Saturday, December 13, 1997 at the home of Bill and Karen Walden. 1673 South Galena Road, Galena, Ohio 43021 Tel: 614-965-2942 (Local Columbus area Call)

### Schedule:

6:00	Arrive
6:30	Dinner
	Ham, baked potatoes, salad, vegies, ++++
7:30	Gift Exchange

### Gift Exchange:

The gift exchange is a COG tradition going back more than thirty years. The original intent is for members to bring a gift that the recipient is to use on his next caving trip with the emphasis on humor. Long ago it evolved to written instructions on how to use that gift as the primary source of humor. So -- put those thinking caps on if you haven't already done so and prepare your gag gift. Conventional gifts are also welcome.

### Directions:

Take I-71 north from Columbus past the outerbelt (I-270) and exit at Polaris. Turn right on to Polaris Parkway. Follow Polaris past the gas stations and businesses. It will bear to the left and become Worthington Road. Continue on Worthington Road to the end. Turn right then left on to State Rt. 3. Continue north on SR 3 to Galena Road. Turn left. We are 0.4 mile on the left. Blue two story house.

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## TRIP REPORTS

### **The Black House Mountain Gang Celebrates An Anniversary**

by Rick Zimmerman

November 14, 15, & 16<sup>th</sup>, 1997

Ron Canini, Doug Davis, Dan Mecklenburg, Al & Andy South,  
Rick Zimmerman. Fentress County, Kentucky

Mid-November was the one year anniversary of the discovery of ALASTOR CAVE, the first significant cave in the Black House Mountain System. Everybody had high hopes that this weekend would yield discoveries just as juicy as the ones a year before. I, of course, was privately hoping that I would single-handedly blunder into a large system of strolling boreholes which would connect any two of the caves in the system. It didn't happen, of course, but it was a pretty good weekend of caving, nonetheless.

Our first day started with a visit to the new Black House Mtn. Gang Hideout, which none of us had seen before. It was much better than I expected, while retaining a certain Appalachian charm which renders it inconspicuous in the neighborhood. The inhabitants proudly showed us the latest addition, the outhouse, which featured a large window, and a space reserved for a door. (They had run out of wood a little early.) We admired the facility, checked the latest maps of the system, and headed for the parking area at the end of Tom Patton's hay field.

Our first day's objective was to continue mapping and pushing a lead in Temple Falls which Ron, Doug & Andy had begun the month before. No one had mentioned that it was all crawling in a virgin area of extremely unstable breakdown. The low point for me was the occasion when my back and hips brushed the ceiling and dislodged enough rock to bury my calves and feet. (Dan very kindly excavated me.) Another memorable moment was when a rock roughly the size of my torso fell on my left foot. Amazingly, all I suffered was several black toenails.

Todd Rowland Bryan recently wrote an excellent piece on the dangers of unstable breakdown, so I won't belabor the point here. Suffice it to say that several members of our party were unfamiliar with the dangers peculiarly inherent in venturing into virgin areas where no one has gone before to kick all the loose rock into a stable configuration.

We didn't get any surveying done, although we did tie in the survey from the last trip to the existing survey. (Turned out the "going lead" didn't go much farther.) The high point of the day was when Dan and I headed off into a side passage to explore. He went one way, I another. Suddenly, I heard a sotto voce, "Oh, my!". He had crawled into a huge canyon, roughly 50 feet wide, extending about 100 feet before continuing around a corner out of sight, and floored with a sequence of three funnels separated by saddles which crossed from side to side. We don't know how deep it is beneath the funnels, but it took a rock

tossed over the side roughly 3 1/2 seconds to go "thunk" on the bottom. We were not the first ones to discover the area, as a flag hung through a small window near the ceiling, but we did discover the entrance where we were sitting.

Ron, Andy and Doug had gone off a side lead from the uppermost level. We could hear each other, and they came down to meet us. The sides of the funnels were steep and unstable, so of course Andy horrified all of us by venturing much farther than was safe, out onto one of the saddles where he couldn't see anything we couldn't see. Andy, five is not enough people for an efficient body recovery!

After accomplishing very little beyond finding a new entrance to the canyon and tying into the existing survey, we adjourned for the day, stopped to change at the field house, and headed for Ruth's, where we ate until our eyes bulged out for the low, low price of \$4.95 each.

Saturday Dan and I, suffering from a surfeit of togetherness with the rest of the party, determined to begin his stream channel study. We stopped at Wal-Mart for supplies (chalk and sparkle finger paint). This was the first time I experienced communications difficulties in the area, something Dan is famous for. (Dan's from Minnesota, and understands about one word in three coming from behind the counter at Hardee's. They don't understand him, either.) We persevered however, found a clerk who spoke Yankee and, fully equipped for our expedition, headed for the field house. When we got there, we found so many vehicles there was nowhere to park. Steve Lugannani said, "I went to the hardware store, and when I got back, it was WOODSTOCK in my front yard". Lou said he counted 21 vehicles at the peak of the rush. We said "Hi!" to Harry Goepel, Geary Schindel, Gerald Moni, Todd Bryan, and a host of others before heading to Cornstarch.

Our objective was to document the existence of the legendary, mythical E1 stream passage, which does not exist in the standard text on the subject. Dan showed me, there's a blank spot on the chart where it should be. (Dan studies streams all week long for a living, and does more in the cave. I design buildings all week long and have no desire to do it in the cave. Go figure.)

We geared up and headed for Cornstarch, where we found one of the early big rooms inhabited by lots of clustered bats, which is something we have not seen before in that particular cave. They were not yet hibernating, but the area should be monitored in case we need to close that particular entrance to the cave. Fortunately, there are two others. Our intent was to head down the Weird Turd Trail in search of our E1 passage. We made good progress through the cave, stopping to survey three different stream passages as we went, and marking one for flow studies. Surveying a stream passage which meanders is a lot like surveying cave passage, except that your average shot is about four feet. Marking a stream passage for flow study is painting a stripe on the wall with water based paint (in our case, sparkle finger paint). When the stream rises, it washes the paint off the

wall, and when you come back, you know how high the water has been.

We never did find Weird Turd Trail, but our wanderings led us to the beginning of J survey, which is the one area of the cave I do know, so I set off to show Dan Crotchety Canyon and maybe Ridiculous Trunk.

After touring the main part of Crotchety Canyon, I pointed Dan into the extension, which I saw no reason to enter again, since it's narrow, muddy, and unstable, and I think I've been through it more times than any other person, but Dan suckered me in, and we went all the way to the Happy Room at the far end. On the way back, I thought Dan should see the big room that Steve Robinson discovered on my last trip to that area. After a little poking around, we found the inconspicuous "secret entrance" to the as yet unnamed room. Since the room is a dead end, and since we were only going in to sight-see, we left our packs in the corridor outside the short crawlway.

We had only been inside a few minutes when Dan grew visibly excited, and insisted that we had to take pictures. I asked him if it was important enough for him to go back and get my pack with my camera, and his reply was an enthusiastic yes. (Not being a total swine, I did meet him halfway through the crawl and take both packs.) What had gotten him so excited was an archetypal E1 stream passage, visible in the ceiling of the room.

The E1 was 30 feet over our heads, so I puttered around taking pictures while Dan happily made arcane measurements of things we couldn't reach, and tried to kill himself by climbing up a sheer, wet wall. Finally, we called it a day and headed for the exit. Our day in the cave had been a productive one totaling about 9 ½ hours.

Sunday was destined to be short, as we had to hit the road back to the real world. It was decided that Ron and Dan would lead a little tourist trip into Cornstarch, showing the highlights to the three members of our party who had never seen it. I busied myself with paying the bill for the guest house, and chatting with Lou and Co. at the field house. (They apparently found some more lumber, and the outhouse now has a door and four walls.)

Epilogue: Dan has since reduced the survey data, and only the one we photographed qualifies as a true E1. He is now writing a learned paper for the appropriate scientific journal, and my suggestion that we name it after me has been vetoed. (Something about D4, D5, Rick, E2 being an awkward sequence.) I guess my 15 minutes of fame will have to be the photo credit in the next edition of the text book.

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*The following artical is by Ken Smith, one of the past editors of the COG Squeaks. Ken attended the November meeting – the 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the COG Squeaks and he was moved to write the following.*

## Scoop in the Big M System

by Ken Smith

#\$%! That was to convince the old timers that it's really me, and not just Lou Simpson writing under yet another pseudonym.

Having gotten what seems a lot older and being more than a little diametrically disadvantaged, I doubted that I'd ever do any more caving that didn't start with an elevator ride. A few times, when the nostalgia bug bit more sharply than usual, I might at least spend some time thinking about dropping a pound or ten, but then my conscience would get in the way: think of how much carbon dioxide metabolizing all that fat would release into an already overtaxed ecosystem. The diagnosis of Sjögren's Syndrome and its concomitant rheumatoid arthritis quickly did away with even the wishful thinking.

But there is a saying that while some have greatness thrust upon them, others simply can't get out of the way. Imagine my surprise when I was forced by circumstances to once more challenge the guardians of Osiris's realm. And the passageways in question were like no others I'd ever faced in the past.

As such stories are wont to begin, it was a sunny day, and I was minding my own business ... as well as that of my two grandsons, ages six and almost two. Yes, that's right. Many of you are now picturing me changing diapers with some disbelief and more than a modicum of glee. Well, I do. After all, how much worse can it be to delve into a messy diaper than to slither through Bear Wallow Hollow or go from Great Rock Sink to the Big Room just after the lake level drops? But back to the saga that's certain to become a caving classic in the tradition of Casteret and Gurney.

I was pondering the fate of the universe over a cup of Diet Coke and was paying only cursory attention to what the boys were doing, thinking that as long as I heard no abruptly cut-off screams all was probably well. Hearing Gabe (the older one) yell something indistinguishable, which on later consideration I'm sure was probably "Scoop!", I looked up in time to see him rushing into a tubular passage. Noah was right on his heels. From the opening I could still hear them banging and bonking their way deeper into the passage. The "bonking" did surprise me somewhat. I was of course very familiar with the sound of a pig rebounding off rock walls within a confined space, but I was sure neither of them had been so equipped upon entering. Then the sounds of movement stopped, and I could hear only garbled bits of conversation. The movement resumed, the sound receding.

I was just about to gather enough energy to at least yell into the passageway for them to get the hell out of there, when I heard a scuffling noise to my right. Looking up, I saw Gabe emerging from a similar nearby tube that was apparently a second entrance to the system. Hey! If it's got two entrances that connect, that makes it a system, doesn't it? He ran over to me. "Grandpa, Noah's way back in there and he's afraid to come out."

"Well, go back in there and talk him out," I suggested, never thinking twice, I must admit, about sending a six-year-old where I didn't want to go. OK, but the passage was small, so he was

better qualified, right? A leader needs to assign tasks based on qualifications rather than sentiment, or so I convinced myself.

"OK," he said without batting an eye. Ah, the indomitable spirit, albeit recklessness, of youth. He entered by way of an as yet unnoticed third entrance. All right! Big system! Now I was thinking "Scoop!"

To the accompaniment of the now familiar sounds he worked his way inside. After some time I could again hear the garbled words, but this time in counterpoint to clear-cut screams. More banging and Gabe returned.

"He still won't come with me."

"Alright." I'd just have to make use of the skills garnered over years spent in the school of hard knocks. (Aside: Those of you who know me know I didn't really say "alright." I believe it was actually some pointed scatological reference.) It's like riding a bicycle; you never really forget how, right? Or so I was telling myself, conveniently forgetting about when I "taught" Gabe how to ride his bike. Somewhere under the fat, I told myself, was an ass that, if not really hard anymore, was at least more firm than its overburden.

With some trepidation, I entered the passage. It was both familiar and unusual. About a yard across, it had the shape of a phreatic tube. I was used to seeing scallops in such passageways, but those to be found here were unique. Rather than being myriad cup-like depressions in the walls, each of these encircled the entire passage, like shallow rimstone dams with rounded lips. I was also quick to note that they were evenly spaced. I had seen this at least once before, in the Army Corps of Engineers Passage in Sloan's. The even spacing was the same, but thank God these didn't have water between them. Obviously they'd been formed a long time ago, as the passage showed no signs of recent flooding. I was also taken aback by the color of the walls. I'd seen everything from near-white and ochre to the black of manganese, but I'd never seen green before. And they emitted light, obviating the need for lamps; probably some unique form of phosphorescent bacteria.

As I pushed on, the passage took a sharp turn upward. Aha! A multilevel system! I passed several intersecting passageways, noting each well so as not to become lost on the way out. They were easy to remember, if not to explain, since each was a different color. Well, at least it was going to be easy to name them when the time came. Ultimately I came to a small room which apparently served as the nexus of the system: several passageways converged here, much like Grand Central Station in Sloan's or the Realm of Confusion in Goldson's.

And there was Noah, sitting on what was thankfully a dry floor. I had my doubts that the inside of his pants was as clean and dry as the outside, but you have to take what you can get and deal with the sequelae later. He wasn't crying until he saw me. Of course I'd like to think they were tears of joy, but I'm realistic enough to doubt it. I was lying prone in a passageway that intersected the room tangentially and could not reach him. Keeping my true thoughts to myself (the editor would only censor them anyway), I told him to come to me.

He didn't move. I reasoned. He didn't move. I cajoled. He didn't move. I begged. He didn't move. But at least at this point he stopped screaming. With resignation I wormed my way into the room until I could reach him. "We'll go out together," I assured him. He didn't move.

Then I guess we'll have to do it the hard way. Now supine, I pulled him over on top of me and then realized that I was facing the wrong direction. A passage that goes up on the way in goes down on the way out, and I didn't want to do it head-first. I was at this point that the pas de deux began. He wouldn't let go, and I wasn't sure I could turn around with him there. Now in my thinner days, I have gone through the usual gyrations and contortions that small passages demand. The slot connection into Middle Cave rushes immediately to mind. But I have never gone through such a series of bendings and twistings like I did there. I'm sure they rivaled the most extreme that Houdini ever employed escaping from a straight jacket. Finally I made it. And I hope I never have to do it again, because I have absolutely no idea how I did it. It would be easier, I'm sure, to remember the exact sequence of moves one used to solve a Rubik's Cube.

The rest of the trip out was anticlimactic. We had no more re-emerged into the warm sunlight, however, before Noah tried to go right back in. A born caver, obviously. It has never ceased to amaze me how cavers can get themselves into the most god-awful places, all the time bitching about how miserable they are and how they can't wait to get out, and yet before they get back to the fieldhouse they're already planning the next trip to the same place.

But I grabbed Noah by the back of his shirt. "No more playing around," I admonished. "I know how it works: you'll spend all your time sport caving and never do any serious work. We don't go back in there without survey gear."

I know all of you reading this are beside yourselves wanting to get in on this system while it's still practically virgin. But I'm not telling where it is. I was a little worried that the name might give away too much, but I decided that was paranoia. Anyway, "Big M Cave" is a lot less revealing than its other name I thought about, "Golden Arches Cave."

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## Cornstarch Cave

by Doug Davis

November 16, 1997 Ron Canini, Doug Davis, Al South, Andy South, Dan, and Rick Zimmerman. Fentress County, Kentucky

For Sunday we had planned to visit Cornstarch cave to familiarize members of our group that have not been in this cave before. Prior to this trip the only cave that I had been in at Blackhouse Mountain was Temple Falls. Our goal was a quick trip through the main trunk passages of Cornstarch. Rick opted to pass on this trip and take care of cleaning and paying for the

rental of the Scott house so that we could have additional time in cave.

Cornstarch Cave is up the creek from the field where the cars are parked. It is an easy 10 to 15 minute walk along and across the creek to the cave entrance. The entrance area is fairly large about ten feet high and twenty feet across. This rapidly pinches down to a hands and knee crawl that leads into the main portion of the cave. Once you are into the crawl it becomes very apparent that there is a powerful inhalant air current at this entrance. As the temperature outside was below freezing we had to travel a considerable distance into the cave before the temperature approached a normal level.

The passage soon opens up to the point where I could stand nearly upright. Not far from this point on the right hand wall there is a mud glyph that is inscribed into the wall. The glyph resembles a capital letter "R" that has been rotated ninety degrees counter clockwise. The silt that the glyph is inscribed in has a greenish-gray oxidation layer at the surface. Underneath this layer the silt is a very distinctive burnt orange color. The silt that was exposed when the glyph was inscribed has weathered to the same greenish gray color as the undisturbed silt that it is inscribed in.

At Speleofest this past spring Valerie Haskins spoke about the Mud glyphs that were found in Crump's Cave. Apparently the glyphs were found in an area that had been frequented for years. Many of the glyphs had been damaged or destroyed. The damage in most cases was unintentional. The Glyphs are difficult to see and unless you know what to look for it is very easy to miss them.

Several of the glyphs in Crump's were inscribed using sticks. Portions of the sticks broke off and were imbedded in the glyph. Some of these fragments were removed and Carbon fourteen dated. The dates obtained were about 3000 years before the Present.

Through out the cave there is further evidence of paleocavers. Charcoal fragments from torches are numerous. We used flagging tape to delineate locations where we found torch fragments. In one location it appeared that a paleocaver had struck his torch against a rock to knock off the burned portion of his reed torch. There are carbon streaks on this rock and charcoal fragments around it.

Needless to say if you visit this cave be cautious. Try to stay on the trails and lookout for the flagging tape that surrounds the archeological remains. If you leave the trails look carefully. Glyphs can be very difficult to see because they have weathered to the same color as the silt that they are inscribed in. Being careless could destroy an irreplaceable piece of our cultural heritage.

We worked through the large borehole known as the Whole Wheat way and made it as far as the Five Domes Area before we began to retrace our steps back to the entrance. In five domes

we picked up a couple of cavers from Dayton who had come in another entrance and were not familiar with the cave and opted to follow us out. Meanwhile while we had been caving Rick had been talking with Lou Simpson about the funnel of Death in Temple Falls. Lou expressed interest in visiting the Funnel of Death and seeing if there is going passage at the bottom. As our group had discovered and mapped the route through the breakdown to get to the funnel of death, Rick volunteered us to take Lou in on our next trip. Rick related this to us and an animated discussion between Dan and Andy soon ensued.

Dan and Andy had gotten the closest to the funnel as was advisable or in Andy's case further than was advisable. Dan felt strongly that there was no passage at the bottom and Andy was equally certain that there was going passage at the bottom. On the opposite side of the Funnel of Death a small stream channel could be seen that emptied into the funnel of death. As water goes into the pit there must also be an outlet for the water at the bottom. However, This does not mean that the opening is large enough for a person to fit through.

As getting close enough to verify this without vertical gear involves a thirty foot slide down the funnel of Death and a further ninety??? foot plunge to the bottom of the pit, this difference of opinion will not be resolved until next trip.

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## Redmond Creek Cave

November 22, 1997

by Steve Asprery

Steve Aspery, Greg Erisman, Joe Gibson, Bill Walden. Wayne County, Kentucky.

A blaze of red with a bat sticker on the bumper shot by us in the fast lane. We had found Bill. Joe and I were headed to Kentucky to check out Greg's latest project, Redmond Creek Cave. We had planned to meet Bill in Cincinnati for dinner, but now we just tried to keep up. Pushing Joe's truck to it's mechanical limits, we occasionally caught glimpses of the bat sticker ahead as it darted about like a dragonfly seeking it's prey. (By the way, did you know that dragonflies eat only flying insects, they won't eat anything sitting on the ground? Now you know. ) We caught up with Bill at Fazoli's, our planned dinner stop and enjoyed a nice meal. Entering the highway again, an uncooperative truck sealed our fate. We wouldn't see the blaze of red or the bat sticker again as the dragonfly disappeared into the night, headed for Erisman's.

The up side to losing Bill was that he arrived ahead of us in time to unload the Blazer, set up the furniture, and turn on the lights. When we arrived, the field house shown like a huge beacon on the hillside. We settled in for a good nights sleep on the luxurious plywood bunks.

Greg joined us Saturday morning and we headed for Wayne County with one stop required to buy stop leak for Bill's



deflating tire. Popular opinion has it that Greg's property is still trying to get even with Bill over the tow truck incident, this is his second flat in two trips. Arriving at the cave, we loaded our gear in preparation for a survey, exploration, and photography trip. The entrance area was uninhabited but still showed signs of the previous occupants, the Bovine Cava Troglodytae (Common Cave Cow).

The cave is very pretty with white limestone walls striated with layers of brown. The floor is stream like with rocks, gravel, and a surprising amount of clean sand. The passages obviously carry a lot of water at times. This time we hit water sooner than expected as a knee deep pool had appeared where there was none before. Greg has been told that the cave is sumped shut a majority of the year, but today this was just an inconvenience. An odd characteristic of the main passage is that the completely undecorated passage is suddenly interrupted by an amazing formation. I was surprised that this hadn't been named, so I will refer to it as the Redmond Fountain. It consists of a large ribbed stalactite actively dripping into a mound of small rimstone dams and formations. It is quite striking, particularly in the plain surroundings. Bill and I stopped to take pictures while Greg and Joe pressed on toward the water crawl that Greg had hoped to try in his wetsuit. Perhaps some of Bill's pictures accompany this report.

After shooting our fill of pictures, we caught up with Joe and Greg to find Greg trying to warm up after pushing the wetsuit crawl. He pushed about 500 feet and the passage was still going steady when he turned back. We backtracked to the side lead we had planned to survey. Three hours and 32 stations later we had surveyed through a twisting canyon with the floor dropping out below us numerous times. The shots were difficult and the climbs tiring, but we ended the survey at walking passage to make a return trip tantalizing.

Joe took a nap while Greg, Bill, and I pushed ahead to the domes containing the quartz eggs that we had hoped to photograph. We arrived and began taking photos while Greg pushed a walking side lead. A stoop lead also caught our attention. Bill and I took numerous shots of the eggs, crayfish, and other features. For me it turned out to be a great trip as most of my pictures turned out well. Bill's tutelage increased my success rate greatly. Bill, on the other hand, had equipment problems. This was particularly frustrating after dragging the equipment through the survey at the top of the canyon.

Greg returned to report that his lead went big. There are plenty of reasons to return to this area soon. We headed out to find a refreshed and fed Joe who was ready to go. He led and pushed us out, confirming the benefits of a short nap. Our trip lasted 9 hours and dinner was especially welcome.

With our survey, the total surveyed length of Redmond Creek Cave stands at .87 miles (*Does not include the passages surveyed Thanksgiving weekend.*) with plenty of passage remaining. A map is included in this issue of the Squeaks.

Sunday we ridge walked around Greg's property ending up at Steamboat Rock. Bill says that he can note erosion of the rock since his first visit here years ago. Hmmm. Sounds like the beginning of a top ten list... You know you're getting old when:

1. You can personally document erosion patterns in limestone.

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## Central Ohio Grotto November Meeting Minutes

by Jay Kessel

Novmeber 14, 1997

Doug Burke called the meeting to order at 8:10PM.

### Reading of Minutes:

Minutes from the October 10, 1997 COG Meeting were read and corrected; the trip to Wayne County, Kentucky was in August, 1997.

### Toy Committee:

Bill Walden filling in for Don Conover, displays and passes around a mysterious item; Bill reports, later, that the item is an antique inclinometer.

### Youth Committee:

Pat Kelley not attending the meeting; no report. Pat apparently went caving.

### Survey Committee:

Steve Aspery reports that the Farmer's Cave Map has been published.

### Treasurer's Report:

Karen Walden not present at the meeting; no report at this time.

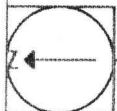
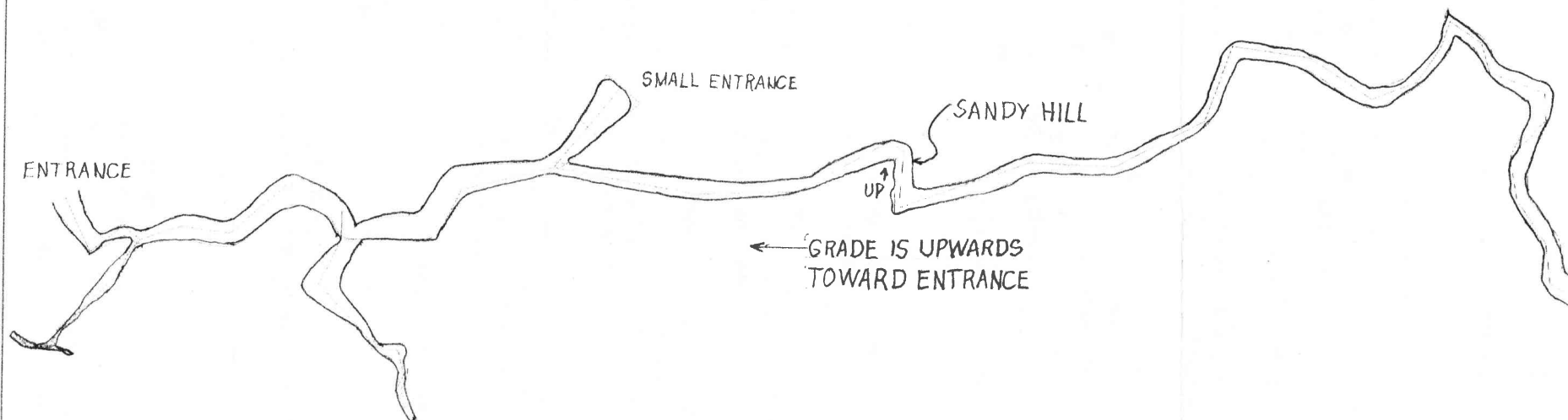
### Squeaks Report:

Bill Walden presents the 40th Anniversary Edition of the COG *Squeaks*. Special thanks are given to Steve Aspery and Doug Burke for the Farmers Cave map drawn a second time in a larger format along with a description of the system. Jay Kessel was also given thanks for writing an obituary for Cathy Crockett. Bill mentions that Dave Beiter is still caving despite being on a list in line for a heart transplant.

Bill also gives special recognition to the previous editors of the *Squeaks* attending the meeting: Joe Voigt, Ed Herel (given recognition for his article about the cholesterol content of cave crickets), Ken Smith, Phyllis Redshaw. Previous editors not present at the meeting include Lou Simpson, Paul Rausch, Ann and Paul Johnson and John Bridge (deceased).

(The November minutes are continued on page 10.)

NORTH END

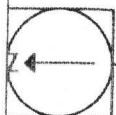
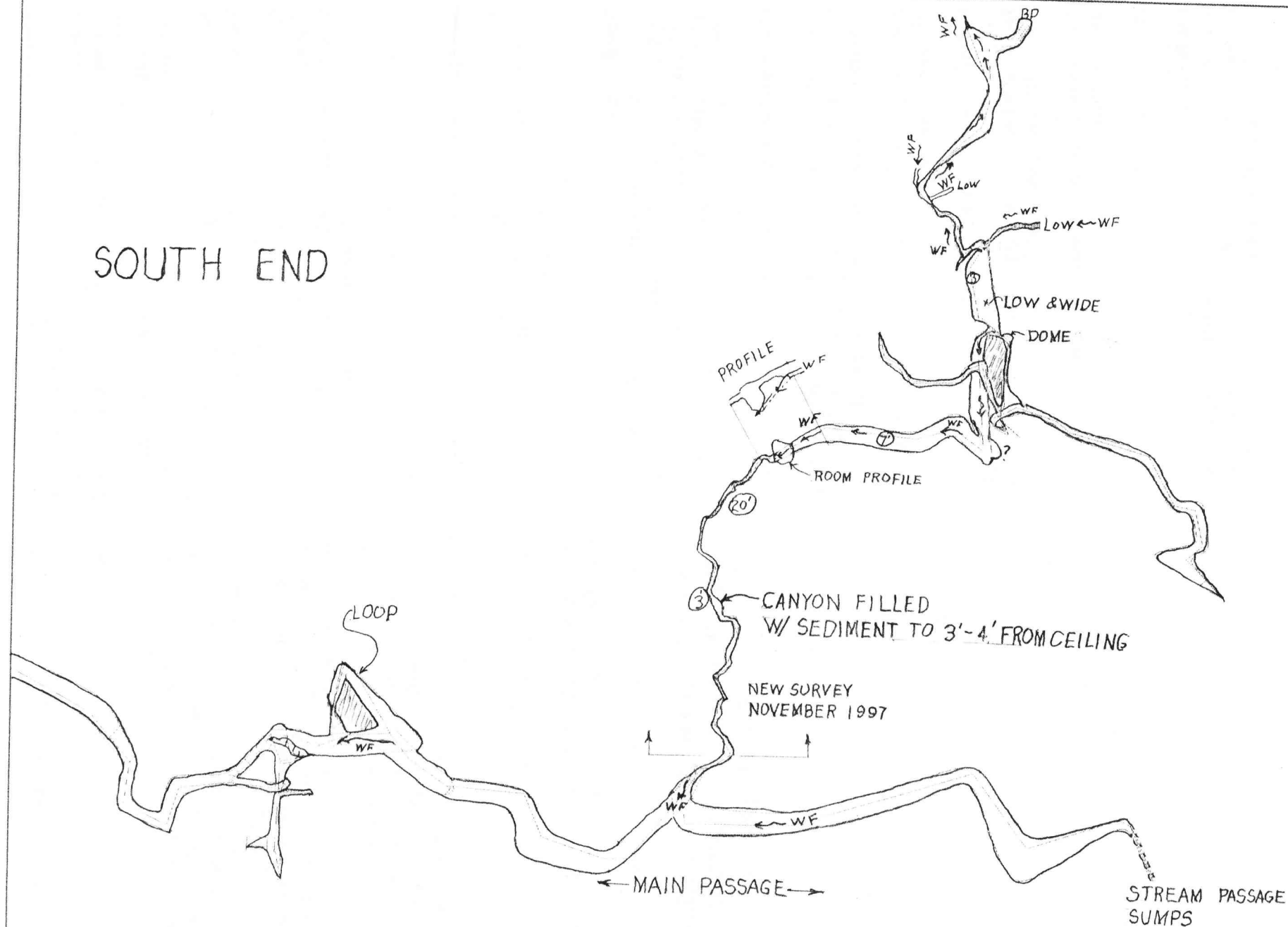


0 130.0 ft

Redmond Creek Cave December 1997



SOUTH END



0 130.0 ft

Redmond Creek Cave December 1997

### **Elections:**

Doug Burke asks, given that our past Chairperson is no longer an active member of the COG (noting that Kathy Welling moved to Indiana) if we (the members) can vote for three executive committee members; group answers yes.

The following persons were nominated for the following positions:

Chair:	Doug Burke;
Vice-Chair:	Cheryl Early - declined and Steve Aspery;
Secretary:	Lacie Braley;
Treasurer:	Karen Walden.
Executive Committee:	Rick Zimmerman, Ron Canini, Doug Davis, Don Conover

Elected to the following positions were:

Chair:	Doug Burke;
Vice-Chair:	Steve Aspery,
Secretary:	Lacie Braley;
Treasurer:	Karen Walden;
Executive Committee:	Rick Zimmerman, Doug Davis, Don Conover.

### **New Business:**

Christmas Party and possible meeting at Bill and Karen Walden's on Saturday, December 13, 1997. The party hosts have this job for life (at least based upon the last hosts). Dinner at 6:30PM. Bill reminds the members to bring humorous, caving oriented gifts for the annual exchange.

Examples (*of most memorable gifts*):

Bob Wood received a gift from Paul Unger. The gift was an egg carton containing with twelve metal film canisters. The twelve canisters were filled with items filling cavers belly buttons.

Ken Smith gave the Caver Assometer which could determine who's ass is hard enough to go caving.

Ed Herel is known for the hand powered crank light.

Jay Kessel is known for the portable cave pack trainer filled with rocks and mud weighing up to fifty pounds.

Joe Voigt gave a piece of plywood shaped like a car called the crawlway driver.

Phyllis Redshaw's gift was a Pabst Beer Can Light.

### **Old Business:**

Thanksgiving is canceled at the Crockett's. Trips are still planned for the next two weekends. Steve Aspery has trips planned to Redmond Creek and Triple Pit Caves.

Steve is also planning caving trips between Christmas and New Year's.

### **Trip Reports:**

Bill Walden reports about his trip to Redmond Creek Cave. He compiled slide show from the trip (meeting program). Bill also passes around egg-shaped rocks collected from this trip (normally a no-no) - the biggest cave pearls he's seen. The rocks were taken by Katie Walden to Ohio State University for analysis - found to be a quartz compound not native to the cave - probably washed in. Hardness of the rocks was tested; less hard than pure quartz - probably water formed. These rocks were found fifty feet from a dome pit.

*(Ed. - Rocks were originally recognized as probably quartz and were located in the plunge pool of a dome pit. Two were removed for identification and will be returned to the cave. No determination has been made as to whether they are native to the cave or not.)*

Meeting adjourned at 9:18PM.

Program: Slide show of the Dry Cave Gating and Redmond Creek Cave trip (described above).

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**COME TO THE COG CHRISTMAS  
PARTY SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13,  
1997 AT 6:00P.M.**