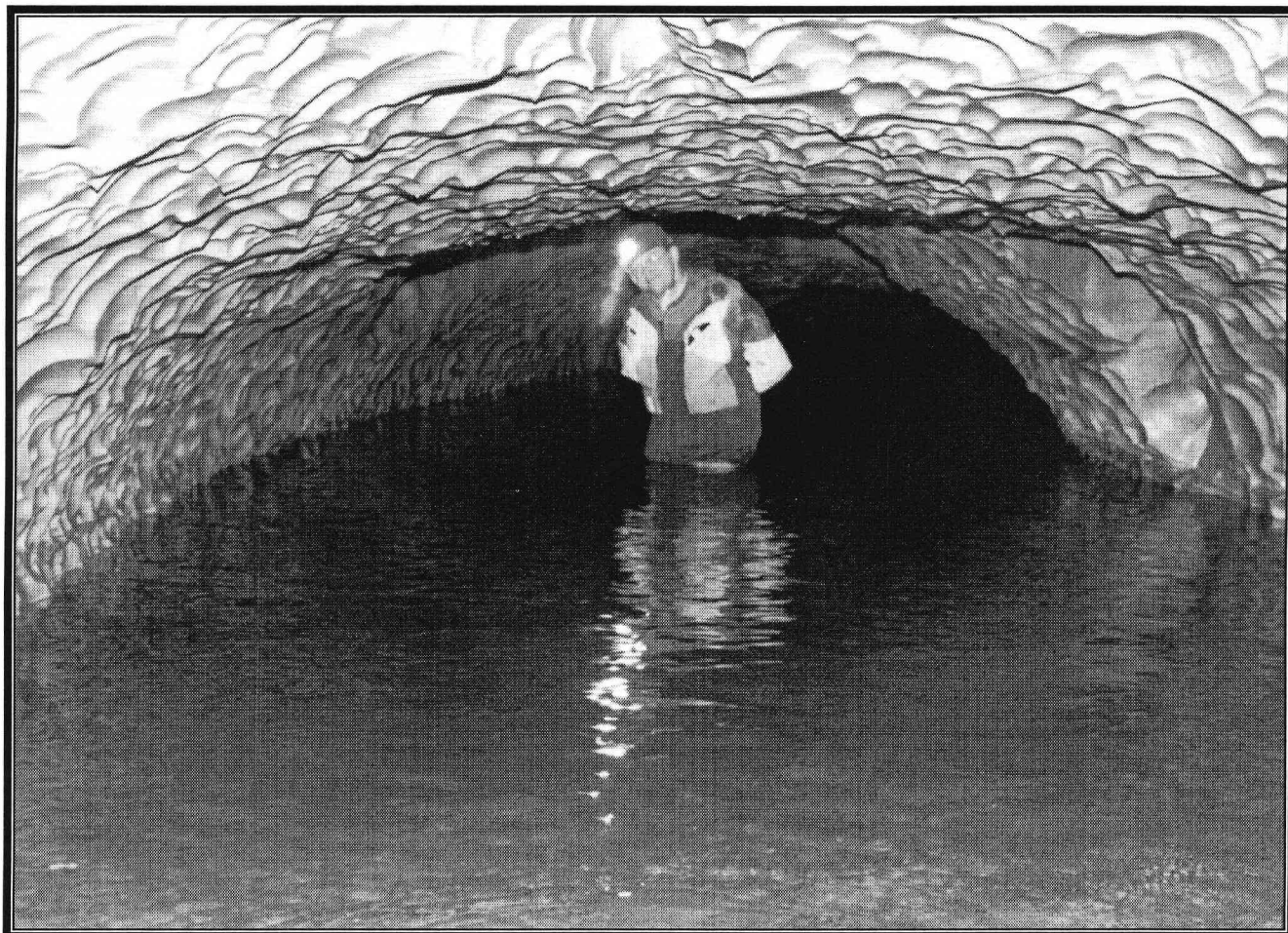




# *COG SQUEAKS*

*May 1999*



Redmond Creek Cave upstream from Sand Hill.  
Behind Bill Walden and around the bend to the right, the cave is flooded to the ceiling.

Photo by Kevin Toepke May 1, 1999

# GROTTO INFORMATION PAGE

## THE CENTRAL OHIO GROTTO

The Central Ohio Grotto of the national Speleological Society meets at 8:00 p.m. at the Worthington Presbyterian Church the second Friday of most months. The church is on the northwest corner of the square in Worthington. Parking is available behind the church. Enter the parking lot from the first side street off State Route 161. Please contact a grotto officer to confirm meeting time and place.

### Grotto Officers

Chairman	Steve Aspery	38931	614-841-1846
Vice Chair	Doug Davis	44171	614-792-8270
Secretary	Lacie Braley	44099	614-895-1732
Treasurer	Karen Walden	15678	740-965-2942

### Executive Committee Members Officers plus:

Don Conover	20386	937-372-7581
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### Dues

\$15 per individual or \$20 per family.

### The C.O.G. Squeaks

The C.O.G. Squeaks is the official newsletter of the Central Ohio Grotto. Articles on cave exploration and study, cave trips reports, cave fiction, cave poetry, cave-related cartoons, cave related art or photographs are encouraged. Please send material to Bill Walden via mail, e-mail, disk, fax, or even dictation. Bill usually has disks available at meetings.

NSS organizations may reprint information from the C.O.G. Squeaks so long as the author and Squeaks are given credit unless stated otherwise.

## KARST CALENDAR

May 14	COG Meeting
May 15 & 16	Great Saltpetre Preserve Open House. Several of us plan to go down Saturday after our meeting.
May 22 & 23	Grotto caving weekend in Kentucky
May 28 - 31	Speleofest at Hart County Fairgrounds between Munfordville and Horse Cave, Kentucky. Contact Alex Hicks 502-499-0768 or <a href="mailto:indiancave@juno.com">indiancave@juno.com</a>
May 29 - 30	Caving in Kentucky. Please attend May meeting for details.
June 11	COG Meeting
June 12	Graduation party for Katie Walden. 2:00 p.m. at the Walden's residence. All COG members are invited. Climbing rope will be available in the barn. Hope to have Kayaks available for running Little Walnut Creek. Cook out at 6:00 p.m. Please plan to attend. Katie finally gets her degrees in Geology and Math from Ohio State.
June 18 - 20	Indiana Cave Capers. One of the best caver events. Hickory Hills Campground, Owen County, Indiana. Guest speaker is Bill Halliday. Registration forms available at the May meeting.
July 11 - 16	NSS Convention, Filer, ID
August 8 - 14	Restoration Field Camp at Mammoth Cave See article on the next page.
June 2000	NSS Convention, Elkins, WV

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**Graduation party for Katie Walden 2:00 p.m. June 12, 1999 at the Walden residence. All Grotto members are invited.**

## TRIP REPORTS

### Retired Cavers (at) Collapse!

By Cheryl Early

COG Chair, Steve Aspery, had planned this weekend for "retired" cavers to cave together. However, some retired cavers remained retired, while others chose not to cave together. So it was that on 17 Apr 99, 9.45 a.m., Dick Maxey, Matt Mezydlo and I left the COG fieldhouse for the A-Frame parking lot. All other cavers present that weekend had gracefully (or awkwardly) declined the honor/privilege of doing a three-pack trip into Nameless Cave, hopefully passing through "the nastiest place on earth" (per Joyce Hoffmaster), getting to T87 (the last survey station ever set in Windy River), and surveying beyond. No matter how Dick talked up the trip, we couldn't get any additional takers. Bill, Katie and Kevin were headed to Redmond Creek to dig! Steve and Rick were going to accompany Greg, Pat and Doc on what promised to be a spectacular photo trip (if they weren't shot at first). While the skies were sunny to overcast, the chance of rain was uppermost in many people's minds.

The road to A-Frame has been improved up to the Trash road. From there on back, be prepared to move limbs. (And be careful that you don't knock out a contact lens!) Not much left of the old A-Frame. The creek bed was totally dry. The walk to the big sink took me 15 minutes. We didn't go down into the sink as Dick felt confident that the Crider Entrance was once again open the last time that he had backed-in a body length.

On to the main entrance. An impressive amount of water was flowing down the entrance drop. Dick rigged while Matt and I put on our seat harnesses for the rappel. Dick put on a rain suit over his vertical gear and went down first; he sent the rain suit back up for the next person to use. When I yelled, "On rope!", Dick yelled back, "Put your wetsuit on first!" Hmmm... We had discussed this earlier and I really felt that I would be miserably hot traveling several hours in my wetsuit. Nonetheless, he sounded convincing, so it was off with the seat harnesses, on with the wetsuits, etc. Matt sent all of our packs/gear down, then rappelled. I went last, for a first-time experience - just like taking a shower at home, only different - much colder, more water!

We took our vertical gear and extra rope with us (Pat had told us of a pit to check) and headed down into the A-survey. There was more water in the passage than I have ever seen, mid-thigh at one point. It took us over an hour to get to the in-cave end of the Crider Entrance. After we all climbed up the dome and crawled across the ledge, Dick looked into the low, tight belly crawl that leads to the surface and very disappointedly reported that a collapse had taken place! Not a safe place to dig. One bright spot - an eight-inch cave salamander.

We climbed back down to the base of the dome, ate lunch and mulled over our alternatives. We could keep pushing on to T87 - that would take at least two and a half hours (Dick and I were both experiencing wetsuit constriction; Matt was just overheating for while he was wearing only a wetsuit top, it was thick). Then it would be four hours or more back to the entrance drop. We would probably have to dig our way through at T86 as we have in the past. All this before adding

in time for surveying. Now that we had a waterfall climb-out to look forward to, the two and a half hour trip to T87 wasn't so appealing; we had told the others that we'd be back to the fieldhouse around midnight, it was now 3p.m. Six hours of in-cave travel time minimum, the wet climb out, changing clothes, one hour + drive back...not enough time.

Our other alternative (short of heading to the entrance straightaway) was to check the pit that Pat had told us about that morning. After all, we had carried our vertical gear and ropes with us. Pat had described this pit as being located ~300' down a low, wet crawl that Dick and I thought was the same lead that we had started to check several years ago (we had made a hasty retreat due to rain). Since it was on our way back to the entrance, Dick and Matt were both interested in finding Pat's pit. We went back to the lead; Dick and Matt crawled off while I sat on a mud bank and tried to keep my feet out of the water. Dick promised they wouldn't be gone longer than twenty minutes and they weren't. They turned around when they ran out of air space (but not water). No pit. Puzzled and disappointed, we headed for the entrance. No less water in the passage than when we entered, AND no more than earlier, a very good sign. We had all been watching for signs of rain. Conversation included speculations about the water-fall ascent. "Don't look up!" was heard most, along with "Hurry, you don't want to be in that cold water very long."

We were all very conscious of the threat of hypothermia and how it can immobilize a person's body and brain, especially on rope. I caught a glimpse of daylight; the real fun (torture) would soon begin. Knowing at least some of my limitations (the shortest, weakest, wimpiest member of the party), I proposed that Matt ascend first, pull up our packs, then I would ascend, followed by Dick. I knew I did not want to be first or last. I knew that Dick could encourage (prod) me more from the bottom than the top. I neglected (gross oversight on my part) to point out to Matt that I wanted to be in the middle so that I could get vocal instructions from both the bottom and top.

The waterfall engulfing our rigged rope was every bit as big as when we had descended. We put on our full ascending gear rather than the usual safety-only for the climb out. (The area where some cavers climb without a rope had even more water coming down than where we had our rope.) Matt went up first and only shrieked twice, twice too many for me - I've heard Matt's shriek before, it indicates a situation that I don't want to be in. Once at the top, Matt pulled up our packs. Then it was my turn. So far, everything was going according to "plan". I clipped in and yelled, "On rope!" The noise of the rushing water made communication difficult. Dick reminded me yet another time, "Don't look up, keep climbing." I had trouble keeping my feet in my footloop (I use a frog system) and proceeded to pendulum about ten feet, ricocheting off the wall, all the time feeling drenched and cold...anxiety was setting in...I needed to get out of the water and regroup...before my mind shut down from the cold, for even with my wetsuit and waterproof coveralls and wetsuit gloves I felt chilled to the bone.

Dick grabbed the rope to stop the swinging, helped unfasten my croll, and again admonished, "You've got to keep climbing, don't stop." I

asked for the rain suit jacket, which had made its way to the top; Matt sent it down. It didn't fit well over my helmet and I couldn't fasten it over my vertical gear, but it would add more insulation over my shoulders where I felt the coldest. I asked Dick to hold the rope so that I wouldn't have more cave wall collisions interfering with my efforts to focus on climbing. (I should have told him to stop holding the rope once I was high enough for the rope to stop swinging.) I started up the rope again, armed with the yellow slicker, my knowledge that only I could help myself, and my new mantra, 'Keep moving... (your life depends on it).' I was moving only a few inches at a time, Dick was calling out to keep climbing, and my mouth was filling up with water - an unnerving experience. Sure I've had water in my mouth when swimming, in a pool and in a cave, but this wasn't swimming; it felt a lot more like the beginnings of drowning. (I couldn't have fathomed this at the time, but can't you just see the headline on one of the grocery store rags: 'Woman Drowns in Mid-Air!' My sense of humor was far, far away at that moment.) I was calling frantically for Matt, hoping for words of encouragement from the top, but he wasn't answering; very uncomfortable. He later pointed out that had I not kept calling to him, the water probably would have stopped pouring into my mouth.

Actually my biggest mistake was that I did not look down. I knew not to look up, or so I thought, but this didn't keep me from watching my upper ascender. Had I concentrated on looking down all of the time it would have been much more difficult for the water to enter my mouth. And I probably still could have called for Matt.

Eventually I did near the top and eventually Matt did decide to talk to me, and with his assistance I was off rope, feeling like a drowned rat. Dick came up without incident and quickly derigged. He and Matt took off for the insurgence, I ambled along slowly. At the insurgence all of the water from the stream was rushing in, no air space, no pooling. We headed for the truck. The day had not turned out the way that we had hoped; still, we had accomplished a few things: we know for sure that the Crider Entrance is now defunct, we know what parts of Nameless look like when the entrance is taking a considerable volume of water, and we know that we can ascend in an ice-cold waterfall (though at least one of us would like to try this on the surface, somehow, before having to do it again in a cave).

We got back to the fieldhouse in time to be offered steak for our dinner. Thank you, Kevin! And we were back early enough to hear of everyone else's adventures. Pat explained that we had checked the wrong lead for his pit. Bill noted when we set a record for number of people in the fieldhouse at one time - ten! And a good time was had by all.

## Redmond Creek Scoop

By Kevin Toepke

Bill and Katie Walden and I went on a trip to Redmond Creek Cave in order to check out (and dig) a potential new lead Bill had seen at the end of our survey last month. We discovered that Bill's canyon was a known west stream. (Well, not quite, as one learns in the next paragraph, the stream passage is not pushable by ordinary means. - Ed.)

After we discovered that Bill's passage was previously known, Katie and I poked about to see what we could find. Katie pushed a stream near the keyhole. After about 60 feet she ran

out of air space and decided not to push any further. Where she turned around, the stream was tending to the right (Northwest). She thinks this stream is unrelated to her waterfall (she's the only one that has been able to get back to the waterfall) further in the cave. Rather she thinks it is a headwater for the main stream. On the way out of the cave, we noticed that the stream in the main passage was mucked up.

I proceeded through the keyhole to poke my nose in some upper level passages I had seen on our last trip. After I got up into the passage I went southeast over the Keyhole and over Bill in the junction room. I think we may be able to push the upper level stuff to the southeast.

The good stuff was in the opposite direction (NW) where I got into a couple hundred feet of virgin passage. After a few dozen feet of crawl the passage splits 3 ways - left, up right and down right. I went into the passage that went down and to the right to see if I could reach the flowing water I heard in that direction. Another dozen or so feet later I saw some flowing water beneath me. I think this may be related to Katie's waterfall. Along this passage there was a clump of helictites and quite a few small broken formations on the floor.

Further in, a floor rose to meet me. I climbed down to the floor of this 15' tall canyon after noting that the upper-level stuff appeared to continue. Further on, this passage became a 4' crawl. Not wanting to be selfish, I turned around, but not before noting that the passage made a turn to the west.

When I got back through the keyhole, Katie was out of the stream and Bill was still up on his rock perch. Bill decided to take the safe route (towards the break down room.)

As Katie was drenched and chilled from her crawl (and because of the threat of flooding), we decided to exit the cave. On our way out and later in the field house, we discussed what I had found and decided that it would be a good idea to get a survey team into this part of the cave. And also that it would be a good idea to wait until the dry season.

All told, I noticed 4 leads that I think should be surveyed and probably missed a few more.

Sunday morning Katie and I returned to the Redmond Creek area so Katie could do some surface work for her thesis. We hiked up the creek that bisects the field until we got to the sandstone cap. On the way we noticed quite a few minor insurgencies and springs. I did manage to check out a few holes we saw on the banks, but none turned out to be human passable. It may be a good idea to poke around some more when we have more time.

## Follow Up

By Kevin Toepke

The weekend of May 1, 1999, Bill and Katie Walden and I returned to Redmond Creek with the hopes of surveying the

passage I had found 2 weeks earlier. We got as far as the bottom of Sand Hill before the passage got wet. Bill went ahead to investigate. After a couple minutes he returned with the news that the water was to the ceiling. While Bill was taking his bath for the weekend, Katie was looking at all of the brachiopods embedded in the wall. As Katie wanted a picture of the brachiopods, Bill went back to the car to get his camera. He returned with mine – his wasn't in the car. After I took pictures of him in the water, Bill went off to explore some of the side passages closer to the entrance while I took pictures for Katie. Before I got a chance to shoot more than a couple of pictures the cave started making odd noises (It sounded to us as if the water might be rising – we found out later it was actually dropping.) After we got out of the cave, we found that Bill had locked his keys in the car while retrieving the camera. Luckily he had left the windows cracked. A little delicate maneuvering of a strand of barbed wire retrieved the keys from the front seat.

Well, so much for Plan A. On to Plan 9 (er...B) – investigating Pat Erisman's hole. We hiked up the field to the stream that bisects the field and on up the creek to the place Bill thought the cave intersected the stream. After dropping off our packs and the cable ladder, we spread out over the bank on the west side of the creek (last time I had poked my nose mostly into stuff on the East side) and proceeded down the creek. A short while later I found a hole and Katie saw Pat's flagging tape behind my head. After grabbing some hand line and Katie's and my pack Bill and I climbed backup the hill to where Katie was guarding the hole against attack by the vicious... Ok, you got me; she stayed behind to make it easier for us to find the hole again.

I proceeded down the hole to investigate. The hole was free climbable. At the bottom, there seemed to be stuff off to the East and West. The stuff to the West quickly sumped. I got a dozen feet or so to the East before it got too tight for me. If I could have gotten over a dirt mound I might have been able to push this further. After I got back out, we resumed our search pattern on the west bank. We didn't find anything.

As both Katie and I were tired, we returned to the car while Bill went back down to retrieve his pack and poke his nose into some more stuff and to divert the stream into a debris-filled insurgence. After Bill got back to the car we left – we didn't get far though. We had forgotten the cable ladder. We retraced our steps to where we had dropped our packs, and, after a minute or two of searching, found the cable ladder "hidden" in plain sight near some dead branches.

On Sunday, we did some work on the field house: leveling an area behind the field house and covering Bill's drain pipe for the gutter. Bill thought it would be a good idea to bring his trailer down and put some gravel on the field house floor. As we were getting ready to pack up for the weekend we hear a tractor coming up the hill. To our surprise it is Greg Erisman with some gravel!!!! With Bill doing most of the work, we got the field house floor leveled with gravel.

## Summary of Wayne County trips thus far in '99

By Lee Florea

[ls – Limestone fm – Formation (geology) – Ed.]

### A tale of four hollows (January, 1999):

#### Rice Hollow: Saturday, January 16 1999

The temperature in Wayne County was 60 with oh so wonderful blue skies. Larry, Art, and I made a day ridge walking in Rice Hollow. We hiked about 5-6 miles (maybe much more, can't tell on map), and found some tremendous karst features. Here is a summary with names given to them:

- Rice Waterfall Pit - The first cave we came across. A large spring sprays out of the Bangor ls. cascades over the 15 feet thick Hartselle fm. and plunges 30 feet into a moss coated pit. The cave at the bottom was only pushed 400 feet and would need somewhat dryer weather plus full gear. Far upstream in valley at contact. This could be a cave that was mentioned to me by Pat Erisman.

Several springs were found downstream and another similar waterfall pit on a smaller scale. All were very wet and small. This valley seems to contain many perching layers with several sequences of springs and sinks.

- Mystic Bridge Cave - A superb find. On the toe of a ridge we found another Bangor spring. The water was heard plunging nearby. Within moments we found where the water plummeted 15 feet into a small passage which immediately drops another 30 feet into a very large room with two very large entrances separated by a natural bridge. After negotiating a the breakdown slope (another 25 feet down) we found passage which tried to become real going cave but soon broke down. This still has some good potential.
- Lee's Rice Cavelet - On upstream in the other main branch of this valley, I found what appeared to be a pit. Upon closer examination, it was a pit. 15 feet to a ledge, then another 15 feet to the bottom in which canyons diverged. Upstream, more dome pits; and downstream, low cobble crawl with water.
- Edwards Mountain Cave - On the hike back to the truck, we were walking on top of the mountain along the bluffline when we noticed a void in the cliff face. The void became a sizable joint enlargement in the Rockcastle conglomerate (a very massive sandstone composing the bluffs at the tops of the mountains on the Cumberland Plateau). This enlarged joint narrowed then opened into a very large room (75', 60', 40') with multiple leads along joints. Daylight streams in from a second and larger entrance. In all, about 400'-500' of Sandstone cave. There seem to be several of these along this mountaintop and would be worth a day's trip to investigate.



## **Redmond Hollow: Saturday, Jan 23 1999:**

The day started with a drive to Monticello through a large scale flood event. Over 4 inches of rain were dumped on the county during the previous night. I met up with the Erismans and the Buckeyes at Hardee's at 10:00 am EST. Members present for the day included: Lee Florea, Pat, Greg, and Doc Erisman, Bill, and Katie Walden, and Kevin Toepke. The goal for the day was to push the lead with great air at the back of the paleo resurgence cave (a saltpetre cave), in Redmond Hollow. On the drive to the cave I was barely able to stay on the road due to the amazing springs which revealed themselves, especially around Slickford.

We parked in the bottom of the valley (which was a lake today) and hiked to the cave well equipped. Ohio cavers come more than prepared. The work for the morning work consisted of setting bolts to attach a come-a-long so that breakdown blocks could be yanked out of the choke. Three bolts were set it total, and two were sheared off by stubborn breakdown. After much prodding and breaking of rocks, a small breakdown room was found with no obvious leads out and more work to be done to make it go.

So we then tuned to high level stuff. After the previous weeks sandstone cave find on Edwards Mountain (which Pat told me he had already surveyed), I wanted to see the rest of that cliff line. So we all set off around the mountain. Only Bill and I made it all the way around, and only just barely. Nothing else at all! Well, I learned my lesson and don't plan on hiking any cliff lines in the near future. All told, nothing of great import was found. Considering the weather conditions; however, we did well to get in a cave at all.

## **Shiloh Hollow: Sunday, Jan 24, 1999:**

Another trip to Monticello; this time with lower water levels. I met up with the group at the Dairy Queen at 10:30 am EST. Members present for the day included Lee Florea, Art Pettit, Alan Glennon, Michelle, Seth, Shane, and Bill. We decided that the day would be best spent ridge-walking. So, off to upper Shiloh Hollow to investigate a couple interesting features on the map.

By the end of the day we finally found the two features of interest, but neither one provided cave. Some cave was found. These caves were somewhat wet, and not investigated very far. Here are brief summaries of those located:

- Seth's Canyon Cave - A vadose canyon of walking dimensions rapidly decreasing in size to a hands and knees crawl through a little water. Stratigraphically, it appears to be a Bangor Cave perched on the Hartsell (as all passage was heading upstream in a small side valley). About 200' of cave were explored.
- Mouse Trap - A neat pit type entrance located 15' feet above the surface stream in the Bangor. In the pit, water emerges from a small tube 6" in diameter, and cascades

over the Hartsell into the Monteagle. Below this, the water continues to fall for an undetermined depth, but may need rigging. Named mousetrap due to the mouse that was clinging to the wall to keep away from Shane.

- Alan's Promise - Upon returning to the vehicle, Alan indicated that he had finally found a cave. This was after finding the sinkhole on the map, which had eluded us the entire day (because of being on the wrong ridge), which ended up turning into a dud. The next sinkhole over (not on the map) had an enterable cave in the bottom (right at the contact with the overlying sandstone). He noted that air was blowing leaves 15' feet away and that he climbed down 30' feet with another 30' below at least. This cave is in a great location to open into something.
- Art's keyhole spring - Art finally discovered the other sink of interest on the map. Crops and tended fields in the bottom made the discovery of anything likely, thus Art continued downstream in Shiloh Hollow and found what could be the resurgence for the sinkhole, a keyhole shaped tube of reasonable size with much water and another nearby spring.

In all, not a very impressive valley for karst (at least on the surface). A few leads with potential; but with many leads of great interest nearby, these are not high on the list. Recent logging made hiking annoying and eventually drove us off of the slopes into the streambed. I could only imagine the annoyance factor involved in the summer. If and when I do go back, I will try to climb the fire tower, which was right next to where we parked.

## **Missouri Hollow: Saturday, Jan 31, 1999:**

Art, Larry, and I met again in Monticello at 10:00 EST in the DQ. We had a couple goals for the day. One to scout out a concentration of springs just outside of Monticello on Beaver creek next to Hwy. 200. Second, to begin investigations and landowner conversations in Missouri Hollow just south of Monticello.

The springs along Beaver Creek are located in proximity to an old forge. These springs flow all year and during the recent wet weather have shown to have considerable discharge. We first stopped and spoke with landowners at the foot of a large cliff-line in which several holes of interest, a concentration of tubes with one sealed with masonry, were seen. They indicated that these cave entrances did not go far into the cliff-line and that it would not be worth our investigating. He did give us several leads on other caves in the area. Of particular interest were caves in Meadow Creek north of town and a large pit on the knob behind his house (on his property). The springs turned out to be emerging from bedding plane conduits smaller than human size at the contact of the St. Louis and the Salem-Warsaw below. Impressive flow for the sizes of the springs. So up to Missouri Hollow. We drove to the sink complex at the top of the valley and spoke with the land owner and his son (Brian Dean). They gave us permission to drive out behind their house and walk around for a while. He also gave us a lead or two (caves in the cliff up on the ridge). We investigated the

sinkholes in the fields (one blew a large amount of steam in the winter according to Art) which were all filled with trash and rock. The leads on the cliff were merely small sandstone shelters. The next place we stopped at was an interesting crevice in the epikarst exposed on the road just downstream from the saddle. The old woman who owned the land would not let us look at it because of electric lines in the entrance which led to an old water pump installed to provide water for four families living nearby. The pump was inactive and she couldn't get KU in Monticello to disconnect the lines. Very interesting feature though.

The last stop was at the end of the valley near the intersection with Hwy. 167/200. We were given permission to walk the hillside to look for a pit Dave Beiter had marked on Art's map. The three of us set out looking for cave. Limestone outcrops were everywhere; it had the "feel" of cave. None were found. Somewhat disappointed, we set out in the other direction. That was when our luck changed. I intersected some trails which led me to a ravine. Small animal trails (skunk, I think, since I saw a small black animal scurrying ahead of me) were everywhere. I found several potential pits, one with a breath of air on this mid 50's temp day, but nothing opened up. About that time Art caught up and the two of us proceeded down the ravine. Within moments we found our first pit. By the time Larry had caught up, Art and I were livid with excitement and merrily tossing rocks to measure depth.

We hiked back to get gear. As we were suiting up, the land owner's son pulled up and asked if we were looking for caves. "I know where a pit is for ye." He intoned in his mid-teen/Appalachian tone. "Hike on up this here mountain on my lawnamore trails to the second flat and goes right. That trail will take you right pass a good hole."

"lawnmower trails?" We all looked at each other quizzically. "Yup! My lawnamore will go as fast as you wana go thru these woods." He smirked eerily.

"Sure thing." We agreed, withholding mirth.

Back to the pit and to look for the other. By the time the day was over, three caves were found:

- Yeller Dawg Pit - Named for the land-owners dog which hiked around with us and waited out of the cave for us. This was the first pit found and is a crevice like opening 20' above the stream bed of the ravine. It is a dead-bottom double pit 56.8 feet in depth with a window at the top and the bottoms connecting. A lead at -30 feet looks as if it has some potential to connect to other pits. Little air, but it was a bad day for air.
- Super Bike Pit - Named for the brand of bike located in the debris pile at the bottom. This cave is a significant find. The entrance shaft is a 49.7 foot drop. The cave is thus far entirely composed of a retreating dome shaft of gargantuan magnitude. From the bottom of the pit, the breakdown slope falls into the blackness where a waterfall can be heard. The slope becomes almost all flowstone, and huge flowstone and draperies (60-70 feet high) compose part of the walls. The slope drops another 70 feet to the lip of another 30 foot drop. This is where we had to stop because

of a lack of rope. We could see that the base of the shaft has a diameter of at least 50 feet, and the height to the top is at least 150 feet. We did not see around the corner to the waterfall, and therefore do not know if the pit is a dead-bottom. This is one of the largest dome-shafts I have seen north of TAG.

- Garbage Pit - The last cave of the day found nearby under a rock outcrop. It was not explored, but Art noted that after a short crawl a 30-40 foot pit was encountered with bags of garbage in the bottom. Why anyone would hike up the mountain with their trash to throw it away in a hole remains an enigma, especially after seeing the state in which people live (the sides of the roads contain more trash than vegetation).

### **Broken Promises (April 18, 1999):**

Art Pettit, Larry McAtte, and I met at the DQ at 10:00 am EST. It had been a while since we had been to Wayne, so we sat and discussed options. We chose to do a final day of good ridge-walking for the year (the vegetation was becoming thick). We opted for a valley of some interest to the east of Monticello due to a few karst features shown on the topo maps. We hiked several miles and only found one cave; all of the karst features shown on the maps were filled with organics or rocks.

Larry's Quickie - A small cave on a hill slope at the Pennington - Bangor contact. Only a single 15-foot climbable pit with a organic slope and two receding domes (left and right). Total length of cave is less than 100 feet.

The spring wildflowers were in full force on the hike. We encountered jack-in-the-pulpits, three species of trillium (red, white, and toadstool), bloodroot, wild ginger, rattled, rue anemones, and several colors of violet (purple, confederate, white, and yellow). In addition, the redbuds and dogwoods were in bloom. It truly was a colorful day.

After eating at Subway in town, we used the last few hours of light to return to Shiloh Hollow to visit Alan's Promise (a cave from a previous trip). This cave was rumored to have lots of air and need of vertical work. We did find the cave and do agree that it is indeed worth looking at again, but found it to be less than expected. Thus the name was changed to broken promises.

Broken Promises - Located on the slope of a narrow ridge in Shiloh Hollow. The entrance is located in the Pennington just below the massive sandstone caprock in a small sink. Large house-sized boulders litter the sink. The entrance is located below one of these boulders. The entire cave (thus far) consists of a vertical shaft filled with collapse and sandstone boulders. Art and I penetrated into the Bangor Limestone, but never reached the end of the collapse and fill. We reached a point at approximately 60 feet below the entrance where some digging would need to occur to allow further access. Wind was noted leaving the cave at this constriction (50 degrees outside at the time). If this cave would open beyond this collapse feature, a large system may await.

## COG Meeting Minutes April 9, 1999

Treasury balance \$708. Squeaks expenses not yet deducted  
Chairman Steve Aspery asked for volunteers to fill several committee chairs. The results: Boone-Karst: Rick Zimmerman, Youth: Joe Gibson, Conservation: Lacie Braley, Safety/Vertical: Andy Franklin, OVR: Don Conover ( pending confirmation), and Toy: Don Conover for life.

Plans were discussed to assemble a list of grotto gear available for scout use. Also looking to list member gear available for loan on scout caving trips. Bill Walden suggested we create a communication committee. It was decided that Bill and Andy Franklin already take care of that.

On the Youth front, Rick Zimmerman brought "Leave No Trace" caving handouts and suggested members bring any youth oriented materials to the May grotto meeting so we can assemble a youth binder for Scout use.

Conservation: The proposed I-66 extension was discussed. Three possible routes go through karst. Bill Walden and others are working on how to compile survey data so it can be readily accessed if needed. Suggested collection places included with the NSS and the University. Federal projects are required to conduct environmental impact studies and listing bat hibernacula for endangered species may be useful.

In New Business, Katie Walden gave some results from the water samples she collected in Redmond Creek cave.

A cave gating is planned for John Henry cave in Jackson County, KY. Date not yet set for the weeklong task. Any help would be appreciated. If interested in helping please contact Bill Simpson ([caverescort@juno.com](mailto:caverescort@juno.com)).

Lacie Braley brought a copy of the Convention 2001 proposal for GSP that was presented at the last NSS BOG meeting.

Andy Franklin attended the BOG meeting. An NSS dues increase is planned. He said the Idaho convention looks cool.

An effective Lyme disease vaccine is available per Rick Zimmerman. It's a series of 3 injections over a one-year time span. Some insurance may cover it.

Trip Reports: Lacie went to Cornstarch (survey) and Temple Falls (mud bath) in Black House Mountain. Also completed the NCRC modular Level 1 rescue training held recently in Bloomington, IN. Bill Walden and Kevin Toepke have been working in Redmond creek. Steve Aspery went on a scout trip to Jarvie Roarkes. Had a good group but the cave was too tight for the group size and light sources needed improvement.

A proposal was made to change the May COG meeting because of the GSP Open House that weekend. After discussion it was voted to hold the meeting on the regular day and time.

The meeting adjourned at 9:30 PM.

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Don Conover's photos taken at the April 24<sup>th</sup> clean up at Freeland's Cave in Southern Ohio.

