

C.O.G. Squeaks

January 2011



THE CENTRAL OHIO GROTTO (COG)

The Central Ohio Grotto (COG) of the National Speleological Society meets at 7:00 p.m. the fourth Tuesday of most months at the Presbyterian Church on the Square in Worthington, Ohio. Please contact a grotto officer to confirm meeting time and place or better subscribe to the COG list server at cog@ontosystems.com by sending an email to cog@ontosystems.com with the subject "subscribe". The meeting site will be announced there and on the Grotto WEB site.

Grotto Mailing Address:

C/O Joe Gibson, 6883 Cedarbrook Pl., New Albany, OH 43054-9738 614-855-7948
Email: joejibson6591@sbcglobal.net

Grotto Membership Dues:

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

Grotto Officers Name Telephone

Chairman	Pat Gibson	740-467-0717
Vice Chair	Bruce Warthman	614-459-8345
Treasurer	Joe Gibson	614-855-7948
Secretary	Mark Swelstad	614-202-0349
Exec. Committee	Richard Hand	

The C.O.G. Squeaks

The C.O.G. Squeaks is mailed to dues paying members and to grottoes with which the COG exchanges newsletters. The C.O.G. Squeaks is also available by E-mail as an Adobe Acrobat file (PDF) or Word Document. The Squeaks is produced using Open Office. Please notify Mark Swelstad, if you would like a file of the Squeaks to reprint. The Squeaks is available as a PDF at: Website <http://www.centralohiogrotto.com>
List Server cog@ontosystems.com
Please send trip reports, caving articles, cave fiction, cave poetry, and cave photos to Mark Swelstad for publication.

Mark Swelstad
518 Tresham Rd
Gahanna, Ohio 43230
c/o COG

NSS organizations have permission to reprint material from the C.O.G. Squeaks so long as the author and Squeaks are given credit, unless otherwise stated.

Karst Calendar

March 2011 – Grotto cave trip – location and date TBD

May 2011 – Joe Gibson church group at GSP – cave trip leaders may be needed.

June 16-19, 2011- Karst-O-Rama
Hosted by the Greater Cincinnati Grotto at the Great Saltpetre Cave Preserve in Mt Vernon, KY. Website:
<http://karstorama.com>

July 18-22, 2011 – NSS Convention in Glenwood Springs, Colorado

From the Editor:

Hello everyone – after many years of caving in Kentucky, I finally got to visit Sloan's Valley Cave. Now I know what I've been missing – we had a great weekend of caving and carousing. I'm looking forward to the next trip!

Let's go caving!

Mark Swelstad

Contents:

Cover photo by Jamie Thompson. Sloan's Cave trip – group one.

Grotto Information	Page 2
Karst Calendar	Page 2
From the Chair	Page 3
Lightbulb Review	Page 3
Sloan's Valley Caving	Page 4
Sloan's Valley Photos	Page 5
Sloan's Valley – different view	Page 6
Three Trip reports	Page 6
Caver Q&A	Page 8

From the Chair:

Greetings fellow cavers! The conclusion of 2010 is upon us and what a year it has been. My goal is to provide a synopsis of the 2010 year and give some thought to the year to come.

We started the year with a few active members and the nagging thought of survival. Summer brought us several energetic new members. Joe Gibson's tireless efforts paid off when he ran into Mark Swelstad at Karst-O-Rama. An invitation was extended and accepted which brought us some much needed new blood to the group. Mark brought Mark and Julie and Jamie. Before we knew it, we had a reason to have meetings again. Plans started to be laid down for cave trips. Meetings had purpose and content. Joe suggested consuming Beer and Pizza at Villa Nova after the meetings. Mark led a trip to Pine Hill in September which was well attended. The Christmas party was an intimate affair with good pizza, drink, and the gift exchange. There was one very well thought-out gift that in my opinion took the cake. Complete with music! The Grotto was closing out 2010 better than it started. We survived another year.

While the past year has been encouraging from a membership and activity perspective, I feel we are not quite out of the woods yet, but we have great momentum heading into 2011. With cave trips planned for January and February, the New Year is getting off on the right foot.

There are several other projects that are in the works for 2011. One of these projects includes researching a cave by the name "Wild Man's Cave" in Champagne County, OH. Any information about this cave from anyone is greatly appreciated. It's been a goal of mine to find "local" caves that don't require a weekend trip to visit.

I also would like to invite input for programs for the meetings. I would like to have a program at least every other month throughout the year. Programs can be about 30 minutes in length and can focus on any subject related to caving. The Surveying program in September was educational and to the point.

Our focus for the grotto seems to be evolving to a grotto where we are trying to educate the public about cave conservation through short easy trips to Kentucky. Some call this recreational caving. I would like to say that it is about survival. My hope is that for every 100 people we take caving, just 10 of those become active in the grotto. The grotto has good work to do but we need to exist in order to do that work. As for the other 90 people that went caving, maybe just maybe they were listening to us talk about the fragile ecosystem that exists, about the WNS affecting so

many bats, about the amount of trash and garbage that has to end up somewhere and that they then do something about just one of these issues even if they do not cave again.

For those of you reading this (and hopefully you still are), please send me your thoughts on the meetings and what would draw you to attending once again. Does the location or meeting time not work for you? Is it the distance? Would you be open to attending from the comfort of your own home?

Lastly, I want to wish everyone everywhere a happy and safe 2011. Our grotto has endured since 1952. Let us add many more future years filled with great fellowship and activity.

Cave Softy,

Patrick Gibson

Lightbulb review

One day I had a bright idea. Replace my halogen bulb in my Petzl Duo Belt 14 with an LED bulb. The problem I have with my halogen bulb is after using my 14 LED array for any length of time and if then I switch to the halogen, it just seems dim. This is mostly caused by the wavelength of the light that the LED and Halogen bulbs emit. After a time, your eyes become accustomed to the LED's wavelength and the Halogen then seems dim. So my quest began. I started at Google with a simple query, "Petzl LED replacement." Several possibilities bubbled to the top of the list. It turns out there is a forum on the NSS website that discusses this very topic. One recommended site revealed that they were out of stock. Another site, SuperBrightLEDs.com, showed a perfect match, the T10-WHP. The Petzl Duo 14 takes a 10mm screw-in bulb. The center lead needs to be positive in polarity. A quick check with the voltmeter confirmed this requirement. It was a simple operation to swap the light bulb. I have yet to try it out in a cave but in my basement it worked great. The beam has a nice focus and throw. I look forward to giving it a good workout in the near future.

Patrick Gibson



*Pat Gibson near the Scowling Tom entrance of Sloan's Valley Cave.
Photo by Jamie Thompson*

Sloan's Valley Caving, by Joe Gibson Jan. 15, 2011

The drive down to Somerset, KY was quick and uneventful.
The only detour I had to make was to Sinking Valley Winery.
A good friend of mine wanted 4 bottles of their "Prohibition Red" wine, so I bought a case.

I was roughing it this caving trip. I stayed at the Comfort Inn.
Pat Gibson and his friend Rodney from Pittsburgh were down earlier in the day caving with Bill Walden. When Pat and Rodney got back, we went for dinner.

The next morning, me, Pat Gibson, Rodney, Mark Swelstad, Mark's son Jon, Jamie Thompson, Dave Denny and Nick from the OSU outdoor program met in the hotel lobby.
After eating breakfast at the hotel we went to Crockett's place and I promptly got my van stuck. I left the van there and we went to Scowling Tom's entrance.
This was my first time in that entrance.
We spent about 4 hours exploring and wanted to find the way to Grand Central Station, but Pat wasn't sure about the way to go.
We had a great time climbing and pushing leads and trying to find our way through.
We went left the cave because some of the scout troop people were coming down for a trip through Garbage pit entrance in the afternoon.

With a little push, my van was freed.
After a long lunch at Ginny's diner in Burnside we made our way back to Garbage pit to meet with the scouts.

Our group was 22 people now with scouts and leaders and us.

We split into 2 groups.

I was with Rodney, some scouts and adult leaders.
We were on a 4-hour schedule as the scouts had to be back at camp around 8 for dinner. (They were late)
The troop brought their ladder to get down the pit as the ladder has been stolen twice. Josh Crockett told us people have also stolen his water pump and copper wiring from the greenhouse.

We made our way through the cave to the first lake room, then to echo junction. The scouts had fun sliding down a long mud slide for a while.
We made it as far as the Hogback before we needed to turn around.
It was a good trip, a lot of climbing and mostly walking and dry passage.

Pat and Rodney went back to camp with the scouts. Mark, his son Jon, Jamie and me had Mexican for dinner.

The next day we stopped at Short Creek on the way home.

It had been 15 or 16 years since I've been in Garbage pit entrance.
The last time was a NCRC basic cave rescue seminar. The mock rescue was at Garbage Pit.
I still remember Kathy Crockett as the "angry landowner" wondering why all us people were on her property, and then giggling. She was a truly nice lady.



*Joe Gibson somewhere in Sloan's
Photo by Jamie Thompson.*

**Sloan's Valley Caving – January 15
2011 – Photos by Jamie Thompson**



Rodney



Dave Denny – near the Scowling Toms entrance.



Mark and Jon Swelstad



Jamie Thompson



Waterfall near the X junction

Sloan's Valley Caving – a different view

Jamie, Jon and I drove down to Somerset on Friday – the drive seemed to take forever but we finally got there sometime around 11:30 pm. Like Joe, we 'roughed it' at the Comfort Inn – money well spent as it was COLD that night. The next morning (after a quick detour to WalMart) we all gathered in the hotel for breakfast, coffee and the ceremonial viewing of the map. We headed to the cave and the Scowling Toms entrance as Joe's trip report spells out.

After an Etruscan Interlude (i.e. lunch), we all regrouped with the Scouts that had since arrived at the Crockett's and divided into two groups. Jamie, Jon and I went with Pat Gibson and a handful of scouts and scout leaders. We made our way down Garbage Pit Hill and to the Oasis – stunning. Jamie snapped some photos while we all admired the view. Heading back towards the entrance, we cut over towards the Music Room and the X junction. Some of the scout leaders stayed back while the rest of us pushed on to a stream passage and stumbled onto an amazing waterfall shooting out of the side of the passage – my 10 year old son shouting over the sound of the water asked me if there was a waterfall in a cave but no one was around to hear it, did it make a sound?

The trip was amazing – I had never been to Sloan's before and I regret waiting so long. I'm looking forward to seeing other parts of the cave (not the Keyhole or Bare Bev's) and can't wait for the next trip.



*Somewhere in Sloan's.
Photo by Jamie Thompson*



Jamie Thompson – Short Creek

THREE TRIP REPORTS – Richard Hand From a while back

Saturday 13 October

A group of us from Columbus; Connie and her friend Sandy Smith, John and Sue Bauerle Ron Eisele, and myself decided to squeeze in a caving trip. After considerable logistics we finally got on the road. It had been a really late start and, for some reason that escapes me now, we took the ferry across the Ohio River.

Sunday

After a good night's sleep at Carter Caves State Park we wandered around and eventually ended up exploring Sand Cave again. This is a small cave in which the entrance passage opens out into a walking stream passage. We walked one direction as the floor of the passage fell further and further below the water surface. At somewhere between chest and neck deep we turned around to explore and find more of the same in the other direction. Completely soaked with water and caked with mud we were happy cavers. We got something to eat in Portsmouth and had an uneventful drive back to Columbus.

Monday

I was back in class again and very busy.

It may have been a few days before I thought of getting my coveralls out of the plastic bag and hanging them over the fence to dry. Days passed quickly and the coveralls dried, but I left them hanging for the rain to prerinse some of the mud off before I washed them. Weeks passed. We went on a backpacking trip to the Red River Gorge. Still the coveralls hung day after day in sun as the sky refused to rain. Things were getting desperate, the Cave Research Thanksgiving Expedition was coming up. Late one night I stealthily took my muddy coveralls to the all night laundry. After washing them I took them out and noticed a thick mud ring in the washer. I closed the lid, put the coveralls in the drier, and was looking for some paper towels or something to clean out the washer when I

noticed that a woman had come in, passed all of the open washers, and opened the one that I had used. She was about to put her cloths in. "No!", I shouted, "That one is broken or something, there is some kind of grease in it." She was appalled and thanked me. I felt good for the good deed that I had done.

Wednesday 21 November

I packed up my cave gear and Ken Russel drove Lynn Weller and me to C.R.F. It was well after midnight when we arrived and a few more hours before I got to sleep.

Thursday

Three hours later morning came far too early. Lynn Weller led Keven Neff and me into the intestines of the earth via a mind boggling series of gymnastic climbs and crawls. In one section the floor was covered with sharp cave coral that shredded one leg of my coveralls. The stitching on both sides came apart. I had basketball kneepads on over my pants and the sharp knobs repeatedly pulled them down. The knee of my pants went quickly and my knee was soon raw. After hours of crawling I was glad to enter a stoop-walking passage. We dropped down the edge of a water-filled pit and followed the "under drain" into a sinusoidal canyon passage with a gravel floor. We mapped three rooms and a come around, descended to a lower level, and put in the H-survey.

By the time that we started out both legs of my coveralls were unstitched and useless. The lack of sleep really started to get to me. As I crawled along Keven kept yelling back and waking me up. Up ahead they were mere shadows and seemed to flicker like an old time movie. At times I thought that they were in another party. I must have done the climbs back to the trunk passage in my sleep, as I have absolutely no memory of them. I did wake up in time to exit the cave and it was Friday, after being underground for 24 hours.

I ate a late breakfast or early lunch and crashed for four hours. Some one even suggested that C.R.F. recommend against the use of basketball kneepads in the cave, not knowing that my problem had been caused by rotted seams of my coveralls. After a trip into Cave City for supplies we took the kids into Crystal Cave to see the Gypsum and say hallo to Floyd Collins.

Saturday

My knees were a mess so I helped Frank Reid on the surface with a radiolocation. Ron Wilson had led a group into the cave with an electromagnetic coil for us to site on. We located the spot on the surface about where the Pike Chapman Entrance had at one time been. It had caved in so long ago that no one knew its location.

Sunday

There were several cave meetings all morning and a long ride back to a raining Columbus.

Thursday 29 November

I called Fred Grady and got very specific directions to the Tucker County Field house and Trout Cave.

Friday

Connie and I packed up our cave gear and headed for West Virginia. We followed the directions perfectly, and we were perfectly lost, in the dark, and nearly out of gas. After getting the car unstuck we made it back to Elkins, woke up the people at the Seneca Motel and were in bed by 4:00 A.M.

Saturday

We were up by 9:00 A.M. My raw knees had bleed all night. The bed looked like someone had been murdered there. Connie bandaged my knees and by the time we got to Trout Cave several workers were already busy. We formed a relay team out of the cave and down the hill. About one and a half tons of dirt in cloth bags were removed that day. Among the finds were a *Neotoma* or *Parahodomy*s (woodrat) tooth, a *Platygonus* or *Myomylohyus* (peccary) tooth, and a *Erethizon* (porcupine) mandible. After the work we followed Fred back to the field house where we were the guests of Ray and Mary Ellen Garton.

Sunday

Rocky, Jim, and Les helped extract our car from the church parking lot and we were on our way, down hill on a sheet of ice. We slid all over the road but managed to stay on it all of the way to the bottom. After crossing the valley, the road ascended the hill on the other side. Covered with ice it went up. We did not! We tried several times. It is hard to drive up a hill when the car is sideways on the road. I managed to get it turned around and started to drive back across the valley but noticed an obscure snow-covered road that seemed to be going along the stream of the valley. It had a stop sign so it had to be a road. The stream would not flow up hill so the road was probably flat. This got us to St. George and on to Elkins. The rest of the trip home was uneventful. It was time for my knees to heal.

COG Caver Q & A

This is not an original idea but I think it's a good one – each Squeaks we will feature a different member of the grotto. This time I sat down with our Chairman, Pat Gibson, to ask him some questions.

Tell us a little bit about yourself?

I am married with 2 kids, a daughter Lydia who is 6, and a son Joe who is 3. My wife's name is Shari – she's a stay at home Mom and I work at Huntington Bank as a Server Administrator. Besides caving, I'm an amateur radio operator and am involved with Central Ohio Amateur Radio Emergency Services.

How long have you been caving?

I started with the Boy Scouts in Beavercreek, Ohio around 2002. I've caved mostly in Sloans Valley Cave in Kentucky.

What advice do you have for new cavers on getting started?

Orange coveralls are a must! Learn how to read a map. A compass is helpful, especially in Sloan's.

White Nose Syndrome – What should COG members do?

Educate themselves – know what to look for and learn decontamination procedures and follow them.

Are you a vertical caver?

Partly- more down then up. I'm better at rappelling then climbing. (Ed.- one of Pat's ideas recently was to start a vertical training session – maybe monthly –who can help?)

Anything else you want to share with the grotto?

The Central Ohio Grotto has a lot of history and the 'old timers' have a responsibility to keep it going... staying involved, organizing caving trips and sharing knowledge with younger cavers.

Possible Nicknames for Pat Gibson

Sunshine
Sunrise
Sunburst
Orient
Convict
Felon
Skittles
Orange Juice
Sunny P
Inmate Number 1
Freshly Squeezed
Cheeto
Snooki
Oompa
Screwdriver
Construction Barrel
Sunkist
Orange Slice
Creamsicle
Punkin'

