



C.O.G. Squeaks

January – February 2005



Silverhaired Bat

Photo By Cat Whitney

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. We have temporarily lost our meeting site. 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.

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Grotto Membership Dues:
\$15 per individual or \$20 per family.

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The C.O.G. Squeaks

The C.O.G. Squeaks is the official newsletter of the Central Ohio Grotto. Articles regarding cave exploration and study, cave trips, cave fiction, cave poetry, cave-related cartoons, cave art or photographs are always welcome. Please note that we have a 35mm film scanner and a flat bed scanner. I can handle negatives up to 4 X 5 inches. So, please send your photos, negatives, or slides for inclusion in the Squeaks. Material may be submitted via mail, e-mail, disk, fax, or even dictation to Bill Walden.

The C.O.G. Squeaks is mailed to dues paying members and to grottos 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. Please notify Bill Walden or Andy Franklin if you would like a file of the Squeaks to reprint. The Squeaks is available as a PDF at:

<http://www.tuningoracle.com/cog>:

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KARST CALENDAR

- March 12 Survey in Redmond Creek. Contact Paul Unger, Bill Walden, or Greg Erisman.
March 22 COG Meeting watch for Place.
March 26 Lost River tour see below *.
April 2 Wells Nature Preserve Work Day.
April 26 COG Meeting
May 27 – 30 Speleofest **LONE STAR PRESERVE**
Falling Springs Church Road, Upton, KY 42784
July 4-8, 2005 - **NSS Convention** - Huntsville, Alabama.
See the Convention website at www.nss2005.com for online registration and information or contact Jim Hall jimehall2@cs.com (256-772-9829) or Charles Lundquist lundquc@email.uah.edu (256-824-2684) for any questions!
July 29-31 Karst-O-Rama at GSP

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Must do event!

*The **Lost River Conservation Association** is conducting auto/hike field trips March 26th, June 4th, and September 24th, 2005. These free scenic tours depart at 8 AM (Indiana time) from the southeast corner of the town square in Orleans, Indiana (Junction of SR 37 and 337). Mark this on your calendar if you want to attend. For more information contact Bob Armstrong or Dee Slater @ 317-253-6951.

COG Squeaks

Please do send your trip reports to Bill Walden at wwalden@columbus.rr.com. Lack of time and articles have prevented me from getting a Squeaks out earlier. I do plan a March-April issue and need articles – real caving articles, articles, and other material for the First of April Section. Y'all may start sending me material at any time now.

Thanks much,
Bill Walden

Thanksgiving Caving-2004

Dale Andreatta

Ah, Thanksgiving. The word conjures up images of bountiful feasts, parades full of pageantry, and caving at Redmond Creek. Over the past years a number of cave entrances have been found in the valley, something like 30 of them. Other tiny entrances blow air and are very close to the East Canyon of the main cave at Redmond Creek where a connection seems possible. This would be very desirable, partly because it would allow a through trip of the cave and partly because the low section in the middle of the main passage often floods shut. All of these smaller entrances must either be dug open or dropped with a rope, hence we've been slow to check them out. So, on Friday we set out with digging tools and a GPS.

The plan was for Bill Walden and Andrea Dieffenbacher to map the entrances with the GPS, while Ray Gillis and I attacked as many of the dig entrances as we could remember the locations of. The GPS team made good progress. Andrea, who mostly caves in Pennsylvania where they have fewer caves and where the caves are mostly small and muddy, kept asking, "Where does that entrance go?", only to be told that we don't know, that there are so many entrances we haven't looked at the less promising ones. And no, the caves can't be transported to Pennsylvania.

Meanwhile, Ray and I were having mixed results. While looking for the first dig he spotted a hole in the ground. After going through 2 tight squeezes he reported that it went at least a couple hundred feet, so I followed in through the first tight spot with great anticipation. I noted that the tight spot at the entrance was a lot like South End Cave and that this type of tight spot was much more difficult to go up and out than down and in. Ray noted that there was a second tight spot just after this, but then it opened up. While fretting about how I was going to make it out through the first tight spot, I started thinking, "That second tight spot is also exactly like South End Cave. South End Cave is just south of a little dry creek, and we're just south of a little dry creek. Hmm, could this be South End Cave?" Yessiree, you have to get up pretty early in the morning to fool me. Ray had to go through a total of 6 tight spots before all this played out, but then we set out to find the first dig.

The dig went smoothly. Since we were outside the cave we could really use the digging tools properly and moved what seemed to be a huge amount of dirt and rock quickly. We opened up the entrance far enough to take a good look inside, and found that while it would make a fine home for an animal, it was not a cave entrance. We looked for a second dig site, but couldn't find it, so as the day was drawing to a close we went for a short tour through the main cave since Ray had never been there. We checked out some passage, including a slimy side passage I had never seen, before our way was blocked by a sump perhaps 300 yards from the entrance. The water level was much higher than the ceiling in the low part of the cave, and pointed out the need to find a "back door" to the cave -- Maybe on the next trip.

Friday night we were joined by Steve McLucky from New York and some of his friends from the Philadelphia area, and by Bruce Warthman, Cat Whitney and Jim Kennedy. We had a feast of grilled chicken and a boatload of potatoes. Saturday morning sent us in various directions. Four people went to Jugornot Cave, while six others went to Triple-S Cave. Those of us who went to Triple-S were in for about 5 hours, exploring the main passage starting at the back entrance. This passage is mostly large, easy, and fabulously decorated. We didn't cover much ground, as a number of people in the group had cameras and were taking lots of pictures. Bill did sort of a mini-photo trip with his digital camera and temperamental slave flash units, and exclaimed that he'd like to come back when he had time for a real photo trip. There is talk of either resurveying this cave or continuing the survey of this partially mapped cave, both of which would be quite exciting. While this trip was a short non-discovery trip, it was the sort of ending to the weekend that leaves one hungry for more caving. And speaking of being hungry, we then went to Crockett's Thanksgiving Feast for still more good food.

The Next Trip

New Years Weekend 2004/2005

By Bill Walden

The plan was for Dale Andreatta and me to visit the East section of Redmond Creek Cave for a photo session. The cave had recently flooded so we were not sure that we could even get into the cave. We were both reassured when we arrived at the cave and found that water was not flowing from the entrance.

We entered and followed the main passage south and down Sand Hill. No water – Good! We continued on to the low point where we found the water to be deeper than usual – up past the critical zone. No matter, there was plenty of air space.

Dale had never been to the east section from the lower level and I had not been there since sometime in the 90's. It was as I remembered – lots of up and down and more time consuming than one would think. We arrived at the Quartz Egg pool finding the quartz eggs still there. We picked a couple up a couple eggs and admired Nature's work then return the eggs to the pool. I reminded Dale that we had been above the pool in the autumn from the upper level. In retrospect I'm not sure which of the two routes is the easiest. But, I haven't done the climb from the upper level to the lower level. Thus, I can't really judge anyhow.

We continued on the to far eastern section of the cave where I remembered the floor and walls being crystalline white. Doc Erisman originally found the route in 1997. I had scoffed at his persistence in following a low crawl. His low crawl quickly opened up to an easy hands and knees crawl and then into a walking passage. Dale and I followed Doc's discovery. It goes due east and then makes a right angle turn to the south and then another right angle turn back to the east into the crystalline rooms. On this second visit the rooms didn't seem so crystalline.

While I was setting up for taking photos Dale decided to push some crawlways that had not been checked. The first crawlway brought him back to the point where I was taking pictures. He checked another and was gone for quite a long time. On returning he reported traveling about 300 feet total distance and an estimated 150 feet southeast. He was following a breeze. The passage ended at breakdown where he found some brightly colored cloth. He brought the scrap of cloth back with him. I thought that I remembered seeing similar scraps of cloth in Hillside Cave when Kevin Toepke and I dug into the cave. Someone had used the entrance as a dump. Lacie Braley and Chris Hacker removed that trash during the OVR cleanup.

Once home I plotted Dale's estimated path on the map and it connected with Hillside Cave. Now we need to go back with two teams and make the connection. If we can do this, we have our back door to Redmond Creek Cave. Fear will not be allowed to keep us out!

Redmond Creek reveals one of her Secrets Footprints for the first time

Brenda Frost Mitchel
N.S.S. # 48171
February 27, 2005

Friday February the 18th was like any other day of caving for Patrick Erisman, and myself. I had taken off work, and he is off on Fridays. We wanted an extra day of caving, rather than our Saturday trips. Patrick, and I decided to work on the dig at Redmond Creek, a three-year project still in the running, but almost finished. During the last three years cavers had pitched in to help many times, some of those were Greg Erisman, Harry Goepel, Katie Walden, Bill Walden, Paul Unger, Buddy Gibson, Shawn Roark, Joe Gibson, Amy Hill, Pam Carpenter, Dale Andreatta, and many others too countless to remember, but many heartfelt thanks.

Patrick crawled the 40 feet, or rather pushed with his toes, and began drilling to set a blast. My job was to stay at the beginning, and pull 20 pound pieces of limestone placed in a turkey roasting pan out of the crawl by wrapping the webbing around my hand, and biting my bottom lip. After an hour and half of working, I heard those remarkable words we cavers live for, 'I'm through'. I could see his light coming from the other side of the dig. The adrenaline was beginning to pump at an uncontrollable pace. Patrick came back to gather what we would need, and we sat off to venture new territory. The anticipation of what lay ahead made the 40 feet seem double.

When we crawled into the first room we discovered walking passage 20 feet wide, 6 feet high that ran 100 feet until we came to a breakdown pile. Looking through the holes in the breakdown we could see what we thought would be passage, so we crawled under a large piece of breakdown, climbed up, around the corner and stood in amazement. We were standing at the top of 75 to 100 feet of breakdown, looking down and

around with our tag lights, we could only see a black void. We carefully began the climb down not knowing what would avalanche. I was so excited I couldn't stay in single file. I was like a kid at Christmas, wanting to see everything. Once getting to the bottom, and standing in the middle of the big room, the magnitude of it all was overwhelming. We kept turning and looking. "My God, " was all I could say, "Look at what we've found." I kept grabbing his arm, saying, "Aren't you excited?" Patrick was too busy absorbing the data; I couldn't believe how calm he was.

As we stood in the big room, we could see another 100-foot breakdown pile to the left of us. To the right was impenetrable darkness; we couldn't decide which way to go. We ventured toward the darkness discovering the room was approximately over 800 feet long, maybe 80 to 100 feet wide, and 50 feet for the ceiling. Before us stood an incredible arch made of limestone, to the right a sculptured wall with a ledge than hung over mud filled sinkholes. We could also hear water running in the distance. Past the archway was another breakdown pile. We chose to go left, climbing up to a passage that resembled cobblestone, a short room filled with stalactites, very cozy tucked away in this big cave. The passage went to the left making a loop back into the big room. Discovering a passage that went off to the right midway in the loop, we were anxious to see what lay ahead. After 200 feet of passage we found ourselves at the top of another breakdown pile looking out into a huge room. Climbing down we found the room to be 80 feet wide, 40 feet high, going several hundred feet we were standing at the bottom of another huge breakdown pile, with blackness stretching ahead of us. At this point we decided to quit scooping for the day. We scratched

our initials on a flat rock, and made a cairn to mark the occasion. We stood there looking up at the ceiling, and around us, we were pioneers, the first two people on earth to leave footprints. We've rappelled, or crawled into virgin passage before, but this was the epitome of caving. We began making our way back to the 40-foot crawl, checking out passages that were side leads.

Saturday we returned with friends Greg Erisman, Kenny Erisman, Shawn Roark, Bruce Warthman, Dale Andreatta, Harry Goepel, and Rick Gordon. This caves vast rooms equally amazed them. Sharing an experience such as this with you're friends is the most rewarding. Plans are under way for the survey, bet we get some long shots this time.

Toiling in Turkey Pan Alley

Addendum by Bill Walden

Sunday Paul Unger and I returned with Bruce Wartman, Cat Whitney, Buddy Gibson. The tunnel was not high enough for either Paul or me to get through so we determined it make it high enough.

Bruce, Cat, and Buddy went into the tunnel first. The idea was for them to start enlarging from the other side, while Paul and I dug from the entrance end.

Paul and I enlarged the entrance by removing a large rock and lots of soil. This made pulling the turkey pan through "Turkey Pan Alley" much easier. Next I crawled in until I could go no further. My thick rib cage wouldn't compress enough. There I began to dig. It was easy at first but then I hit rock. At the far end Bruce and Cat were working their hearts out to enlarge that end of the tunnel. They removed a large rock and lots of soil. Buddy was working in between digging his way toward me.

After four hours of work I suggested to Cat, Buddy, and Bruce that they go see the wondrous and large cave passages ahead. They did.

Paul had been pulling the rock and dirt out with the turkey pan and doing more tunnel enlargement behind me. However, with the wind blowing through the tunnel, he was getting very cold.

We decided to call it quits for the day. Paul must have rushed out. He was not where to be seen when I exited the tunnel. On arriving at the entrance, I discovered it to be a waterfall. It must have rained very hard while we were in the tunnel. The field below the cave was covered with about 3 to 4 inches of water. Redmond Creek was not flowing (yet).

Cat, who is suffering the effect of Lyme disease, was in tears. She had over exerted herself and I felt for her. She had worked really hard on the dig. The giant breakdown piles proved to be too much on top of the digging effort.

Paul and I returned Thursday to continue the dig. I took the point again and continued digging. I moved to the left to get around rocks that were blocking my way. At one point the left wall of the tunnel collapsed and buried my left arm. The collapse was two turkey pans of soil. Ahead was more rock. I pounded and pounded but progress was now measured in 1/10th of an inch. After two and one half hours we quit. Saturday we tried again with added help from Brenda Mitchel, Buddy, Greg , and Pat. Buddy worked from the far end and I worked where I left off on Thursday. Slow Progress. We decided it was time to blast. Greg returned to his truck to get the blasting supplies. I carried the drill.

Greg's first shot removed 1-1/2 feet of rock. His 2nd, 3rd, and 4th shots didn't do much.

Pat and I went to work with a hammer and chisel. Pat proved himself far better than I with the hammer and chisel. I was finally through!!! Paul however, try as he may, could not compress his hips enough to get through. He was in pain for the next few days as a result of his efforts.

We abandoned Paul and took a quick tour of the new cave. Big! However, it is not quite the scale of Camps Gulf in Tennessee. I estimate the height of the breakdown piles to be 100 and 160 feet high. I base this on the cave entrance being 110 feet above the sinkhole floor and the flood level inside the cave. The highest breakdown pile went from roughly 30 feet above the entrance level to 20 feet below the latest flood level.

The survey through Turkey Pan Alley and into the new cave will begin March 12th. Meet at Paul Unger's house in Jennings Hollow. We need at least two survey teams, a photo team, and a digging team. The digging team is to help get Mr. Unger into the cave so he can help survey. I assume there will be multiple survey teams going in over the next few months. We would like to make the tunnel as comfortable as is practical for the survey teams.

All COG members and friends are welcome to help. Come, go where no man has set foot before and survey.

A week in Wayne County

By Bill Walden, Cat Whitney, and Paul Unger

[Bill] I had a week's vacation remaining from 2004 and had to use it or lose it before the end of February. Also, I was feeling rather stressed from work. Business has picked up and I was scrambling to keep up. A week in Kentucky I reasoned

would help relieve the stress and allow me to get plenty of need exercise. I planned to spend the week with Paul Unger in Jennings Hollow. As it turned out, Paul and I had different ideas on what to do.

Paul had a week of searching for new caves planned and I had a week of caving planned. We compromised and mostly searched for new caves.

Saturday

I packed up gear for the week and started toward Kentucky. I stopped at a grocery store on the way to pick up dinner for the group.

I arrived at Paul's house about 2 in the afternoon. I didn't expect to find anyone there so I didn't knock; I just unlocked the door and went in. I was surprised to find Cat curled up in a chair studying.

After carrying supplies into the house, I started on dinner. The original plan was to cook a roast, but I found that to be too expensive so I settled on a Belgium beef stew. Cat and I browned 6 pounds of beef cubes, chopped several onions, diced garlic, and let the mix slow cook in dark beer for the next few hours. Figuring on a hungry group, I put about eight pounds of russet potatoes in the oven to bake. Once the group arrived, Cat and I served salad, baked potatoes, and the beef stew for dinner.

Sunday

Rick Gordon prepared a breakfast of waffles for the group. See toiling in Turkey Pan Alley above and Cat's report below for Sunday's activities.

[Cat]News Flash:

Today Paul Unger, Bill Walden, Bruce Warthman, Buddy Gibson and Cat Whitney went to Redmond Creek with the goal of Ungerizing the tunnel now known as Turkey Pan Alley on our way to the Waiting Room. We dug and dug, we grunted and groaned, we dragged dozens of pans of debris out of that tunnel - but our Poohs would not have their day.

We were unable to get Paul or Bill through the tunnel to the "honey" of the Waiting Room and the spectacular find (courtesy of Pat Erisman, et al) the BIG room - that appears comparable to Camps Gulf.

We haven't given up though. Tomorrow a much smaller crew will make another attempt at removing the rock from the last two feet of the passage in order to move on to BIGGER and BETTER things.

Monday

[Bill] Paul and I spent the day looking for cave entrances. We found nine including one well-known cave. One of the entrances that we found appears to 48 feet deep and one can hear running water at the bottom. We will have to return and rig this pit.

Tuesday

I talked Paul into going over to Redmond Creek to get GPS locations of entrances. He wanted to locate a pit he had heard about from Bill Lowe. We spend a couple hours searching for

the pit without any luck. We did find a possible dig site - a hole blowing air with walking ferns around the small opening.



Walking Fern

Asplenium rhizophyllum (*Camptosorus rhizophyllum*)

Walking fern has very unfernlike fronds. When the tips touch moist ground, a new fern can grow; the fern thus "walks" across the ground.

Following the search for the pit, we started our trek to get GPS locations for entrances around the great sinkhole. En route to do this, I entered Redmond Creek Cave. The sound of rushing water was like a great diesel engine in the distance. The entire cave shook from the fast water. We got GPS locations for five caves. Although we didn't have lights with us we did enter the first room of Upper Sparrow Cave.

Wednesday

[Paul AKA The Grand Hobbit] Bill and I went to the area above Coyote cave to search the Hartselle bench above it.

Unfortunately, the loggers are in there and are harvesting the cedar trees.

We think the geo is incorrect as there is no Hartselle to be found there. However, we did locate 8 holes/pits, several of which definitely will need ropes. All were marked via GPS, so we should be able to find them this summer.

Having a little time left, we stopped by Lyle Denny's Farm on Denny Holly Road to look for the pit he had told me about. We actually walked up the hill and found it easily. It will take a little work to open, but we believe it to be at least 50 feet deep, and it had a good echo. It immediately bells.

Late nite on getting back to the shire from Lenten services [Bill] at the church Paul attends in Somerset. It was great to see and chat with an old friend, Ed Swan. If you recall, Ed was the district forest manager for the Somerset district. [Paul] We noticed that everything was dark from rt. 90 home. Someone had hit a pole and knocked out the lights. Since there was nothing to do, we read a little and then went to bed. Nice to have a good nite's sleep for a change. -- The Grand Hobbit

Thursday

I talked Paul into returning to Redmond Creek to continue the dig. Read Toiling in Turkey Pan Alley for details.

Following the dig we drove up into Dry Hollow to check for a cave entrance that Paul had heard about. We didn't find it. On returning to the truck we met ? Dishman who told us of another entrance. He gave us good instructions. Paul and I walked straight to it. It is a pit. Looks like a good summer project. There appears to be a passage at the bottom of the pit and I could hear water below. We need to rig this and drop it on rope.

Dishman was working on the little church up Dry Hollow so Paul and I drove up there to let him know that we did find the pit. Wow! What a change in the little rustic church. I remember it as being more than a little rustic. Modern bathrooms have been added and the old structure built sometime in the 1800's looks like a modern church. Congratulations to the congregation for restoring the church.

Friday

Paul and Buddy Gibson had hiked the contact at Bertram Hollow and not found any cave entrances. This day Paul wanted to hike the hillside.

While walking up the hollow floor I heard a sucking sound. The sound was coming from a small hole. I noted that if one dropped a leaf near the hole, it got sucked in. Paul thought the sound was from water. It sounded like the intake of a vacuum cleaner to me. This little sucker will require future investigation.

The best find was a small hole on the hillside that was gently blowing warm air. I shined my light in and I could see a hands and knees crawlway going into the hill. This one is worth investigating. Should be an easy dig.

The third possibility discovered is a sump about 6 feet across with several holes blowing warm air.

None of Wednesday's discoveries were very exciting, but we will return to check holes further.

[Paul] Summary from Paul Unger: Having now used the Rino GPS receiver this last weekend, I am really impressed with its capabilities. Bill and I used it to mark all of the entrances we found during the week. We tried locating some marked points

and it lead us directly to them. The unit even works (tracks satellites) in the house at the Shire, in the truck, and in my shirt pocket while walking around

Although we could not use the interactive features, it is hoped that others will get similar units. The Rino series displays the locations of other users with Rinos. You can also have secure communications and the radio has a range of 5 miles.

I did learn the 120 is very adequate for our caving purposes. It has 8MB of memory, which will load all of Wayne and Clinton topos.

The Rino 110 cannot have the topos loaded to it. So do not purchase that one.

You can get a Rino 120 at Wal-Mart or at www.pricegrabber.com.

If you were thinking about purchasing one, I would encourage you to do so. Don't purchase the additional MapSource topo set as you can use mine. It is permissible per the license agreement.

If you have any questions or reservations, let me know. -- The Grand Hobbit

Oh, yes did I mention that Paul had purchased a Garmin Rino 130 to get the GPS coordinates of cave entrances?? -- Bill

Saturday

[Bill] Well, at least I finally got in. See Toiling in Turkey Pan Alley above.

Before leaving for the cave, I prepared a breakfast of cornmeal cakes with pecans and blueberries for the gang.

Sunday

Time to depart for Lexington and the KSS work session. End of story — for now.

Saturday, March 12th is the next scheduled work session at Redmond Creek. Come prepared to survey, dig, and take photos in the new discovery. We will meet at Paul Unger's house in Jennings Hollow.

Smoked Salmon Dip

By Paul Unger

For those of you requesting the recipe, here is the one that I have served several times at the Shire:

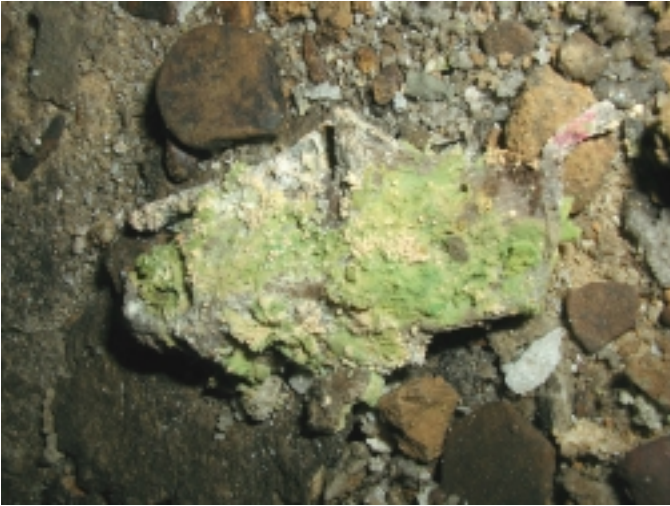
Smoked Salmon Dip: 4 to 6 oz smoked salmon, 8 oz warm cream cheese, 1 tbs lemon juice, 1 tsp dill weed, 1 heaping tbs diced scallions, Salt and Pepper to taste.

Blend together, add a little more lemon juice if too thick

Chill 1 hour

Serve on Triscuits

Bat Photos by Cat Whitney



Green Bat in the Green Bat Passage of Jugornot Cave



Small Footed Bat



Red Bat



Backside of Silver haired Bat



Red Bat in Bag for Weighing



Cat Holding a Pip