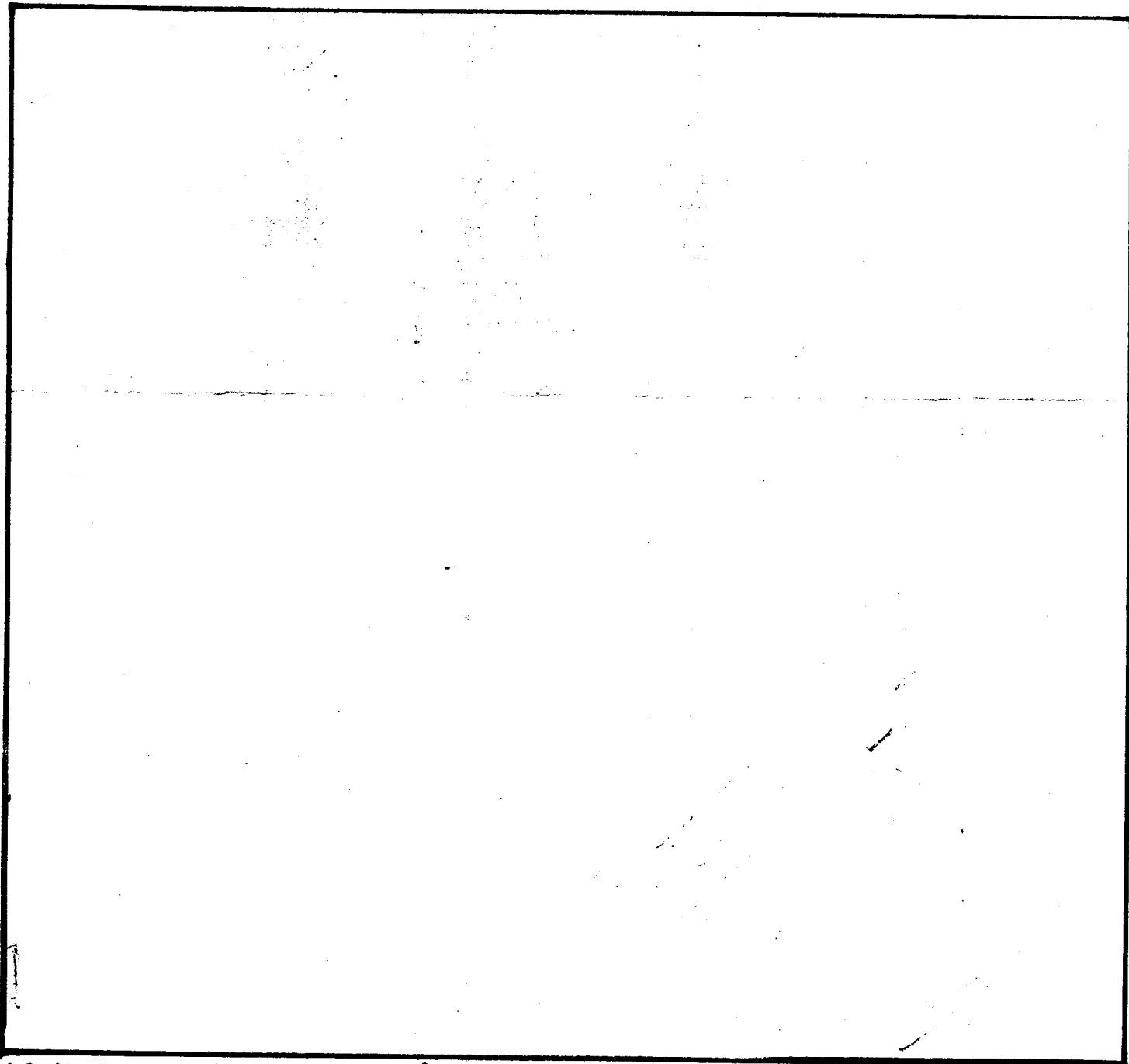


COG SQUEAKS

JUNE - JULY 1976

Volume 19 Number's 6 & 7



ABOVE PHOTO FROM THIS YEAR'S NSS SALON

The Central Ohio Grotto of the National Speleological Society

Chairperson: (Exchange Address)

Paul Rowley
990 Francis Ave.
Bexley, OH 43209

Sec'y-Treasurer:

(Official Grotto Address)

Phyllis Redshaw
Route 1
Amanda, OH 43102

Executive Committee:

Carolyn Herel
539 Garden Parkway
Circleville, OH 43113

Dan Hickman
124 Northridge Road
Columbus, OH 43214

Karen Walden
484 S. Weyant Ave.
Columbus, OH 43213

Squeaks Staff:

Ken Smith - Co-editors
Paul Rowley
Phyllis Redshaw - Typist

Trip Coordinators:

Columbus: Bill Walden 239-1836
Ken Smith 239-9536
Dayton: Paul Unger 434-0133

Chairpeople of Permanent Committees:

Conservation:

Paul Unger
2629 Clifty Falls Rd.
W. Carrollton, OH 45449

Safety and Techniques:

Ken Smith
523 S. Weyant Ave.
Columbus, OH 43213

NEWELL SPRING (cont. from pg.60)

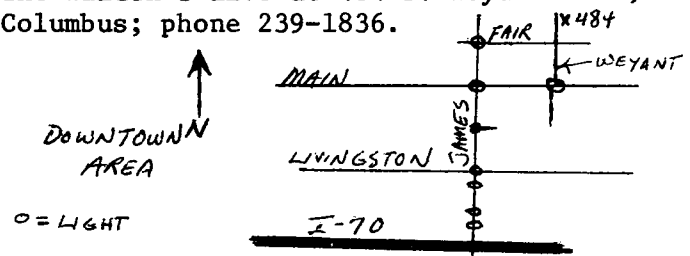
survey trip instead extended the cave much farther!

Scoop time! Ignoring for the moment the upstream continuation of our passage, we followed a hands-and-knees crawl side lead which went on and on and on. Finally we turned back defeated. The crawl continued, but we had gone far enough to grow weary of it. A branch near our last station also continued beyond where we explored it. We followed the upstream lead of the surveyed passage, climbing over several mud hills and chimneying along the top of a narrow canyon with a V-shaped cross section above. Finally the canyon disappeared and we were following virgin walking passage. This went another 500 feet or so and branched into three rather low and/or wet leads, which we decided to save for later.

After a brief swim in Lake Cumberland we visited with a local caver where we had parked our car. He told us that they are pretty sure that Sloan's Valley connects with Mammoth and asked whether we had made the trip from Great Rock Sink to Burnside. "It's an overnighter," he explained.

MEETING NOTICE

The August meeting of the COG will be held at the home of Bill and Karen Walden on Friday, August 13, at 8:00 p.m. The program will be the newly completed "Cave Creek System" Slide Series by Ken Smith. The Walden's live at 484 S. Weyant Ave., Columbus; phone 239-1836.



CONTENTS

Summer Cavin' Tales - B.Unger	51	Crump's Crawl (song) - B.Unger	56
Memorial Weekend in Zarathustra's Cave - Simpson	54	Field Guide to American Cavers - D.Redshaw	57
Sloan's Valley: Left Cave Map - Simpson	55	Newell Spring--the Endless Cave - Simpson	60

SUMMER CAVIN' TALES

by BARB UNGER

Friday, June 11: School let out at last, and Louis Simpson and I headed for the caves. We stopped briefly in Cincinnati to bid farewell to Greg Kalmbach and Steve Gallassini, who were leaving to hike the Appalachian Trail from Pennsylvania to Maine. At the fieldhouse in Sloan's Valley we were greeted by Dave Socky, Bob Wood, Car-lyn Herel, Dean Redshaw, and Phyllis Redshaw.

Saturday, June 12: Dean and Phyllis left early for Sally Turpin Cave to take some more pictures. Woody, Carolyn, Dave, Lou, and I all went to Dave's Cave to push the complex of virgin leads the former three had found at the top of a bolt climb previously. Louis and I elected to remain below and map a canyon bypass which avoided a pool in the main route. We mapped about 500 feet in shots averaging about ten feet, but I had had a cold and was grateful for something leisurely to do.

We climbed up Woody's rope and discovered that the scoop area was not the walking passage we'd been expecting. I separated from Louis in exploring the multilevel meandering crawlways. I found him again in a room he had entered headfirst, landing a bit too hard on his arm.

We met Carolyn, Woody, and Dave in an impressive series of domes. They remained to bolt one more dome, but Louis and I decided to leave. Woody boosted Dave up and then tried to climb up a piece of shroud line, since they were out of rope. Since the shroud line was not long enough, Woody used the cord from a compass. Fortunately it broke right away.

Sunday, June 13: This was Woody's last chance to fix things at the fieldhouse, since he was soon to move to Alabama. The first was the lawnmower. The whole engine had come off as Louis was

mowing that morning. Woody drilled some new holes and secured some new bolts. Now the engine looks crooked, but it cuts fine.

Woody, Dave, Carolyn, and the Redshaws spent the afternoon at Flynn's. Dave climbed down a canyon and found a large passage. Dean was all ready to light his lamp and follow when Dave announced that it ended abruptly.

Dave, Woody, and Carolyn returned to the fieldhouse. While the rest of us went swimming at Newel's, Woody created a new hinge for the freezer door from a beer can and poprivits. While we played badminton, he experimented with different glues on broken birdies.

Monday, June 14: Louis pulled everything out of the basement of the fieldhouse and divided it into two piles, one very small. The small one he put neatly back into the fieldhouse. We carried all the empty cartons we had to the barn and began filling them with dibris from the barn. We filled my Vega station wagon with them: old shoes, rotting coveralls, a broken chair -- and still much remained behind.

It's hard to get rid of trash in Burnside these days. The roadside trash barrels have all been removed. We donated a couple bags and the chair to a roadside park. At a small motel, we began throwing boxes into a dumpster when the manager came running out. I thought we would be arrested on the spot and thought of Arlo Guthrie's "Alice's Restaurant." Louis promised we wouldn't put any more in and asked where we could dump the rest. The guy suggested along the road somewhere. We dumped the rest in a dumpster by a gas station.

For the second carload we got smart and drove all the way to Somerset. Behind the shopping center we found a dum-

per's heaven: huge dumpsters every twenty feet for as far as we could see. In less than five minutes the Vega was empty.

Tuesday, June 15: Since it was cloudy, we decided again not to go to Newell's Cave. Louis remembered this unscooped lead in the Lost Creek area of Sloan's Valley. I should have been suspicious of any unscooped lead there. It started out hands-and-knees as he had promised, but in three shots it got low, wet, and sloppy. Louis squeezed through on his back and found himself in the Cross Canyon area. He refused to come back so I coated myself (including my hair and face) with mud and squeezed through. It was a gross connection.

Wednesday, June 16: The weather was still too uncertain for Newell's, so we went to Firestone. We climbed up, around, and into a lead on the other side of the Monolith. With one of us tied at each end of a sixty-foot rope, we belayed each other across several slippery traverses. Beyond a short but miserable bellycrawl the passage opened up into some nice cave. We mapped 461 feet beyond where Lou, Jeff Vansant, and Jim Sharpe had begun their survey out a couple years before.

On my way out through the crawl I suddenly found myself in the dark, the crash of an explosion ringing in my ears and sand in my eyes. It took me a few seconds of realize that my pig had blown up. I removed my right contact lens and put it in my mouth. I feared lighting my lamp to see the fate of my pig, but, though its contents were scattered up to five feet away, the pig itself was uninjured.

Thursday, June 17: Louis and I stopped in Somerset on the way to Wells Cave to do laundry. With us was Richard Hand, who had arrived the night before. When we got to the cave, I remembered I had left my favorite caving sweater hanging in the laundry. Louis and Richard a-

greed to meet me in the Donkey Room in exactly one hour. Forty-five minutes later, with my sweater, I entered the cave. Though I had seen the Donkey Room several times before, I was never quite sure how I got there. I had to move slowly through the maze and memorize some feature at each intersection. After turning back a few times I finally found my companions and the room.

Our destination that day was Lou's Lost River. We followed him through a toe-push bellycrawl, followed by an unclimbable dome. They tied a rope around me and would only let me move one direction. Fortunately it was only about fifteen feet high. The cave above was nice. We mapped 480 feet in a large breakdown passage and then toured the Lost River. On the way out we searched unsuccessfully for a bypass to the dome and crawl Dave McMonigle claimed to have found. In the end we looped the rope around a projection and body-rappelled out of the dome.

Friday, June 18: The day began sunny and bright so we planned a wetsuit trip to Anderson's. The arrival of the clouds changed our plans in favor of golfing at Burnside. That evening we drove to Knoxville. At Bill and Cricket Deane's place we met Dave Irving of San Diego. Dave drives to Knoxville once a year to work on Cumberland Gap Saltpetre Cave. Dave Socky, Carolyn Herel, and Mary Kalmbach were to meet us the next day at Cumberland Gap State Park for this trip. It was not until that night that Louis and I learned about the two-mile hike, up a thousand feet, through jungle, to reach the entrance. Or about the 80-foot entrance pit and the 30-foot pit further in the cave.

Saturday, June 19: It had rained all night and continued in the morning. I was greatly relieved when Dave Irving decided to postpone the Cumberland Gap Saltpetre trip a day. Louis and I met Carolyn, Dave, and Mary at the park later that afternoon. The rain had eased into a drizzle as we drove to Gilley's Cave. Carolyn knew the owner, and we got permission to hike way up the hill through wet grass to an unimpressive hole, hardly

visible from below. The view of the town from the entrance, however, was spectacular, especially when we later emerged from the cave after dark.

The passage within the entrance sloped down at an angle of at least twenty degrees. The passage grew larger, but the downward angle remained the same. Our descent was eerie. The cave seemed to be one main passage, but it was no big that with all the pits and large breakdown I felt very insecure about where I was. In the Earthquake Room, Carolyn pointed out where a huge piece off the wall had separated itself in recent times. After over an hour of descent, we reached a more level area. We walked carefully along the edge of Devil's Pit. The cave grew smaller but more intricate. At the back was a crawlway with some impressive white helictites. What impressed me most was the ceiling, which glistened as though it were covered with dew -- but was perfectly dry!

Sunday, June 20: Again it rained all night. I found it hard to sleep between the drips bouncing off my pillow in the leaky tent. It cleared a bit by morning, fortunately, so we prepared for a Cumberland Gap trip. Dave and Carolyn, who had vertical gear, considered going with Dave Irving, Louis, and I even though Dave was supposed to be back at work Monday. In the end they elected to push a crawlway in English Cave. It was in a flooding condition, it turned out, and the crawl ended in a siphon.

Dave, Louis, and I drove to the park office and filled out forms with the rangers, making arrangements for a possible rescue. They told us that they didn't let anyone else into the cave, even though they get many requests. We were given a key to the gate which looked like a motel key.

The first mile of the hike up the hill wasn't too bad, since we had

a trail to follow. It was very steep and Dave set a moderate but unrelenting pace. The second mile ascended to a bench and followed that around the mountain. He found the cave the second sweep. The entrance, Wellhole, had a barbed wire fence around it but no gate. It started to rain as first Dave and then I descended the twenty-five meter drop (Cumberland Gap Saltpetre Cave is metric). Louis followed in a downpour. We followed a canyon down about the same angle as in Gilley's. Dave tied his rope around a large rock in the way and we rappelled down the ten-meter drop. The Saltpetre Room at the bottom still had a few hundred-year-old boards and remnants of vats. We continued on through the Log Bridge Passage. Several old logs stretched from chockstone to chockstone, traversing pits of about five to ten meters. We walked on them one at a time. A nice walking passage beyond was followed by a low, dusty bellycrawl. The next winding canyon was called the R.I.P. Passage after the three people who mapped it. Its several levels and many obstacles made the trip interesting. In the Fault Room Dave pointed out the different angle of the beds. ~~We crawled through some breakdown~~ around a pit and mapped several shots into a dome. Climbing the breakdown to the ceiling led us into a section of the cave known as the Wilderness Road because it crossed the Kentucky-Virginia border. The Wilderness Road was uncavelike. It was like being on top of a huge sloping roof with a parallel roof a couple of meters above our heads. It sloped down to a drop-off in the distance and stretched endlessly to each side. We mapped a side lead that led to a pit we were unable to climb down. In trying to enter a crawlway near the ceiling, a kneehold gave way and I found myself hanging from a large, loose rock. Dave put a hand on the rock and I dropped to the ground. Dave later easily dislodged the rock, which fell, burying our survey station.

Back again in the Wilderness Road, Dave scooped here and there while Louis and I tried to follow on the slippery slope. He disappeared for awhile and returned excited. We surveyed deeper into a breakdown area along the wall. Dave had found a way to the stream he'd been searching for for several

years. We surveyed to the stream. I spotted a sidelead tube and climbed into it. Half running, half crawling, I followed it about 100 meters until I reached a pit. The passage continued, but I turned back. Louis and I put a couple more shots in the huge stream passage below. While Dave got caught up in his sketch, we ran ahead. We wandered on and on, and the passage only got larger. It was past midnight, though, and we knew we had to turn back soon. After showing Dave the ten by twenty-five meter passage continuing into blackness, he reluctantly began the journey out. By three o'clock we were up the drops and Dave promised us he had always been able to find his way out of the woods before. As we descended, I was sure the underbrush was much thicker and the breakdown more rugged than it had been before. Dave got way ahead, and I thought we'd never find the trail. At last we did, and by five o'clock we were back at camp.

Monday, June 21: We didn't awaken until almost noon. Back in Knoxville the day was spent with Tom and Louise Strong, who were convention-bound from Tucson, Arizona. They exchanged Rick Day stories with Louis. Bill Deane, Ernie Garza, and Jay Arnold returned late that evening after walking ten hours in Wolf River Cave.

Tuesday, June 22: Dave Irving drove Tom and Louise Strong, Louis, and I to Grassy Cove Saltpetre Cave for a quick tour. After following Dave around a couple loops in the maze, we began searching for the new connection to the lower level that Bill Deane had described to Dave before we left. It involved a narrow crack in the floor that bruised Dave's chest as he squeezed through. We made our way to the waterfall room with its huge dome pit stretching up sixty feet and down ninety. Returning, we climbed the Abyss, which contained a chimney traverse wider

than the span of my arms over a forty-foot drop. Louise sprang across it, declaring, "Oh, I like little climbs like this!" I didn't especially care for it myself, though the footholds on either side were as good as they said they would be.

We arrived back in Knoxville about the time the Smokey Mountain Grotto meeting began, but we had to have some more of Cricket and Bill Deane's delicious lasagne. We arrived at the University in time to hear about Mark Stock's trips into multiple-drop water caves. He described taking six ropes into a cave that had seven drops. Louis gave the program on Zarathustra and showed some of Ken Smith's and Joe Martin's slides. Afterwards we met at an old train station for a couple pitchers of beer and some good caving tales.

Wednesday, June 23: Louis and I bid farewell to Bill and Cricket, and, after an interesting visit to the American Museum of Atomic Energy in Oak Ridge, we headed back to Ohio. On the way we planned our next visit to cave country.

MEMORIAL WEEKEND IN ZARATHUSTRA'S CAVE by Lou Simpson

Memorial Day 1976 saw seven cavers again in Tennessee's fabulous Zarathustra's Cave. Dave Taylor, Donna Graham, Russ Dobos, Dennis Stumpp, Dave Voelker, Barb Unger, and Lou Simpson mapped another 1900 feet, bringing the total to around 32,000 feet mapped since the beginning of the survey in late September 1975. We followed the bench trail too far and nearly missed the route through the woods down into the gorge. Barb at one point came crashing back up the hill, when she saw a large copperhead. We finally reached the entrance in a rather wet condition, since each tree that we had grabbed for support on the way down the steep mountainside shed its collected rainwater on us. We spent half an hour putting our (continued on page 59)

SLOAN'S VALLEY CAVE SYSTEM: LEFT CAVE MAP

BY Lou Simpson

This complicated little segment of 23-mile Sloan's Valley Cave in Sloan's Valley, Kentucky, hold a special terror for me because I got lost there in 1967 on my second cave trip. My companions, Hartley Mays, Rick Crawford, and Jim Capistran, were totally inexperienced, so I was the leader. We thought we were hot on the trail of the connection to Garbage Pit, since the section seemed to be very well traveled, so we didn't worry too much about finding our way back. Why do that when you are going out another entrance? We followed several loops several times and failed to climb the breakdown in the Rotunda Room where the exit was. I finally found it, but my influence had dwindled so much that I practically had to go outside and return with surface evidence before anyone would follow me.

We returned the next day (except Jim, who never caved again) and faced the cave. More careful this time, we were only lost for a fraction of the time we had been before. Actually, we only saw the northwest maze and the Rotunda Room. The northeast maze is somewhat more difficult to find and climb into.

The Ewers Loop is named for Ralph Ewers, who once conducted biological experiments there. The Katydid Pro-entrance is a breakdown dome where Dave Beiter and I heard katydids chirping one evening. Since the land-owner there is hostile and this entrance would not be useful, we never checked the surface feature above this place. Pig's Doom Crawl is where Dave Beiter's pig blew up once.

Left Cave is noted for its unexplainable weird sounds. On more than one occasion parties have heard booming noises. Perhaps these are associated with flooding. Dean and Phyllis Redshaw and I once observed a rapid rise in a pool during a cautious flood observation trip (Squeaks Vol. 18, No. 3, p. 26, March, 1975).

On the map below and a little to the left of the words "Northeast Maze" is a lead marked with a large question mark. I have never returned to check this lead. I recall that it is at the top of a muddy canyon and that it is hands and knees. I think the end of Pig's Doom Crawl is unpushed also. But that's a gross belly crawl in water which Dave Beiter mapped by compass and guess as he backed out of it. I think he didn't reach the end - he just got tired of it.

Another story comes to mind about the rimstone passage just south of Pig's Doom Crawl (an upper level). I got stuck at the end of this by popping my rib cage past a rimstone dam. Fortunately, Beiter and his wife were able to rescue me by pulling hard on my coverall legs.

The hydrology of Left Cave is not well understood. Access to water passages are in the Left Cave entrance canyon, in the lead marked "goes down to siphon" and in the frog room. Water apparently piles up in the large room near the Rotunda Room (it was never clear to me whether Greater Cincinnati Grotto named the room I marked on the map or the larger one nearby (which is less rotunda-like). There is possibly some relationship between the flooding in Left Cave and Walden's Water Passage. Speaking of flooding, I have personally observed standing water in the crawlway connecting Left Cave with the Minton Entrance. (!!)

This must mean that most of Left Cave filled with water. There are higher places farther in, of course, but arggh!

Sharpe's Loft is a high level that Jim Sharpe and Keith Murgatroyd "Sharped" one day when I took them there. Jim did a traverse of a narrow sloping ledge by using a small ledge a foot above it for handholds. I guess I'm just not a hardass rock-climber. This passage was virgin, as were several upper levels to the east ("Lou's Scoop" and nearby passages). Ken Smith and I found a flashbulb at the most remote point of our "virgin" passage. Perhaps a rat brought it there?

CRUMP'S CRAWL

by Barbie Unger

To the tune of "The Ant Song" (similar to "When Johnny Comes Marching Home")
(Start fast and gradually slow down to a drag.)

He awoke refreshed and eager to enter the cave that day.
Hand over hand, he descended the ladder without delay.
He flew through the stream crawl on fingers and toes,
Hoping to keep dry his knees and elbows.

Chorus:

And the crawl continued on, and on, and on,
Crump, crump, crump, crump, crump, crump, crump.

C-crawl was quite pleasant with sand so soft and dry.
He couldn't quite crawl on hands and knees although he'd try.
With body supported on forearm and shin,
He crawled to the corner again and again.
But the crawl continued on, etc. --

He slithered into a space called Thin Man's Misery.
His heel got wedged in a crack and his pack just wouldn't break free.
His helmet grated against the walls,
While popcorn clung to his coveralls.
And the crawl continued on, etc. --

At last he reached Sex Alley and stood upon his feet.
But when he tried to walk he found his knees would meet.
He sidestepped on through canyon slim,
Although he knew it soon would end,
And the crawl continued on, etc. --

The ceiling descended and floor progressed from damp to wet.
He found when he took a deep breath that his chest and ceiling met.
At last he reached Laceration Lane,
And found that each movement was followed by pain,
And the crawl continued on, etc. --

He opened his eyes and to his surprise he saw the sun.
The pain in his body reminded him though of the means he sought fun.
Then he remembered that new lead he'd found
And the way it was blowing when he'd turned around,
For the crawl continued on, and on, and on,
And on, and on, and on (fade)

FIELD GUIDE TO AMERICAN CAVERS

by I. Spredmore Guano

Edited by: Seymour Guano
Associate Editor: Myla Guano *

INTRODUCTION

At last, a useful, scientifically accurate guide by which to identify the most probable origins of the various common types of American cavers. The author, after painstaking research,** has uncovered the evolutionary roots of the several weird types herein discussed. The author is quick to point out that pure types are rare; most specimens observed will prove to be a mixture of two or more different ancestral stocks. Dr. Guano has chosen the term *Speleohomus* for the caver genus. *Sp.* is used in this text to represent the genus. The species represented here are not intended as a complete list, since more research is being conducted at this very moment.

1. *Sp. aquaticus*

Common name: Web-footed Siphon Pusher.

Never happier than when pushing those water-filled leads. Most numerous in the wet season. It has a shiny black pelage in season. Usual cry: low gurgling sound accompanied by wet sneeze. Tracks are hard to observe since it is in water so much the tracks tend to wash out. Descended from the duck.

2. *Sp. arachnis*

Common name: Pit Rigger or Vertical Freak.

Always found in vertical sections of the cave, where it spins elaborate webs designed to support climbing ropes. Often spends hours preparing a single drop. Usual cry: "I'll rig it! I'll rig it!" Its ancestor is the spider. Because of its origin it is often more concerned with web-spinning than with the further ex-

*The editor's wife -- no one else would associate with him.

**He took a beating every time he went caving.

ploration made possible by the rigging.

3. *Sp. excavator*, variety *holus expansus*

Common name: Sink Pusher or Digging Fool.

A surface digger; never encountered below ground. Is always hunting new entrances and digging them out. Often digs frantically at small crevices, ignoring larger holes. Creates more caves than it explores. Covers its tracks with dug material. Phylogenetically related to the badger.

4. *Sp. excavator*, variety *subterraneus*

Common name: Moldy Tunnel Digger.

Constantly found digging out underground passages and overlooking more obvious leads. Tries to create leads where none exist. Usual cry: "I think...I can...make it go." Descended from the mole.

Note: Both varieties of *Sp. excavator* share the common tendency to get wrapped up in the process of digging and forget the purpose.

5. *Sp. geoflailus*

Common name: Mud-bellied Hammerheaver.

This type seeks out narrow crevices or rock-filled canyons. If the promise of a continuing lead is seen, the Hammerheaver hammers with great persistence. He is not discouraged by the failure of passages to go. Easily identified by the superpack, containing a heavyweight hammer and chisel, which he frequently allows other cavers to carry into the cave. His hammering projects are most commonly found hours from the entrance. No consistent voice pattern except grunts, which are in slight syncopation with the sounds of his hammer. An obvious mutation of the woodpecker.

6. *Sp. hippopackus*

A good-natured, hard-working member of the caving community, who is always found on "project" cave trips, carrying

the gear made necessary by the grandiose plans of the project leader, such as wet suit, boat packs, rope packs, and vertical gear. He is usually found in association with *Sp. suckinus*, which will be described later. The common name, Pack Mule or Pack Horse, is derived from the ancestral stock, the common draft horse. Usual cry: a loud groan interspersed with heavy breathing.

7. *Sp. musca*

Common name: Free-climbing Idiot.

A very agile cave type. This species is found negotiating the exposed traverses and difficult chimneys which stop the progress of most other cavers. Like *Sp. geoflailus*, he is not discouraged when the dangerous traverse or other stressful climb yields no leads but continues to explore steep walls to all levels, especially where less agile cavers would require bolt climbs or other vertical rigging. A relative of the common house fly, *Musca domestica*.

8. *Sp. nurdus*

Common name: Nurd (var. Nerd, var. Knurd).

This caver is a klutz of the cavern-climbing kind. If there is a way to make an easy trip hard, *nurdus* will find it. He is the original snafu of the subterranean set. If there is a way to be lost, a lid to be flipped, a shirt to be ripped, a toe to be tripped, a slip to be slipped, *nurdus* will be there, sharing the bitter pill of sorrowful suffering. *Nurdus* is the unfortunate descendant of the sheep.

9. *Sp. philiomuckus*

Common name: Happy Mud-wallower.

This is the mud-lover of caving. Wherever there is mud, muck, goo, guano, or slime, you are likely to en-

counter this tupe of caver. As far as he is concerned, the messier the merrier, the grosser the greater. If you do not favor the messy side of caving, you should avoid this fellow. He delights in leading caving buddies through miles of slop and grossing them out with his nonchalant eating habits. Cavers who have experienced him can usually identify his phylogenetic origin -- the swine.

10. *Sp. rattus*

This charming fellow has the most complete collection of equipment known to caving. He is not identified by his broad use of said equipment, but only by the fact that he has acquired it. If you can think of anything at all, he probably has it (in mint condition). He is an accumulator pf things but seldom a user. If you travel, hike, or cave with him, you will need to be a packhorse of exceeding strength and endurance. His common name reflects his true origins -- the packrat.

11. *Sp. ripoffissimus*

Common name: Ringtailed Snarfer.

One of the more devious types. This caver may or may not have his own equipment and supplies but prefers to scrounge from others. Anything is fair game. The one consistent characteristic of the snarfer is his ability to practise the snarf repeatedly on the same people. His ploys are many, but with the same result: one minute he admires the object, the next he is thanking you for it. He is descended from that likeable little bandit, the raccoon.

12. *Sp. suckinus*

Common name: Suck-in Artist.

Another conniving caver. He is the one who is forever developing pet projects and then using all manner of come-ons to convince others to help him. By negative or positive means he influences

those around him to share in what he wants to accomplish. Typical cry: "We'll scoop! We'll scoop!" It matters not how the suck-in artist has his way, by fair means or foul, since his ancestor is the wily fox.

13. *Sp. terra-itinerus*

Common name: Speedy Ridge-runner.

The swiftest of the caving types. The pure form of this species, which is very rare, seldom enters caves but rather spends its time scouting valleys and ridges for likely cave entrances. A mongrelized form is found entering caves, where he becomes the trip leader who is always out of sight ahead of the group he is leading. He is a constant challenge to others, who, if not despaired, become obsessed with finding ways to slow him down. His descent is from the road-runner.

14. *Sp. tortuga*

The last and the slowest of the caver types thus far delineated, *tortuga* is the steady plodder, who is always bringing up the rear of any procession through the caverns. He cannot be hurried or excited. Common name: Slowpoke. Just as slow as *terra-itinerus* is fast, he is a challenge to those who would speed him up. Should the average caver have the misfortune of being led by *terra-itinerus* and followed by *tortuga*, he will experience the ultimate in frustration.

AFTERWORD

The author hopes that this field guide will prove useful to cavers who read it. A word of warning is necessary: do not be too obvious in the analysis of your fellow cavers, lest they conclude that you are descended from a filibert.

-- Dean Redshaw

ZARATHUSTRA

(continued from pg. 54)

empty water jugs under the most frequent drips in the entrance.

Dave V., Russ, Dennis, and Lou donned respirators and made for Cleveland Canyon and the dread Black Lung Boulevard, while the other three undertook to map a gross bellycrawl near the entrance. A high lead was limbed in Black Lung Blvd., which led to 500 feet of trunk passage. Lou nearly buried himself as he excavated the end of this trunk at "Premature Burial." He also made the unforgiveable mistake of eating a can of kippers. Not only breath, but also pig, notes, and everything else reeked of it for the remainder of the trip. In fact, the notes still smell fishy. Hmm, something fishy about these survey notes...

Barb, Dave T., and Donna discovered a joint-controlled maze off the lower entrance room. As might be expected, this is directly under an upper level maze and will be difficult to show on the map.

Barb and Lou pushed the long, painful bellycrawl that remained from the previous expedition. After 400 feet of additional survey, Lou encountered an unlikely chisel project and turned back. They mapped some lower level rooms and overlooks instead.

Lou suggested to the three Cleveland cavers that they dig out a lead off the Frosted Flakes Crawl. This is the passage explored by Barb Unger and Bruce Warthman in February 1976. After half an hour of digging, Russ finally got through by removing most of his clothes. There is another, even less promising dig in the small room there.

Lou and Barb explored some of the lower levels on the third day and saw the continuation of the main stream upstream -- a low, hands-and-knees crawl in six inches of water. This is unexplored and might be best pushed in wetsuits.

Other than this unpromising prospect

of a wetsuit trip and a few crawls and loose ends, the survey may be fairly complete. One would hope to find more passages like Cleveland Canyon extending into the unknown center of the map.

NEWELL SPRING -- THE ENDLESS CAVE
by Lou Simpson

Finally the conditions were just right. There wasn't a cloud in the sky, and we really couldn't think of a valid reason not to go to flood-prone Newell Spring Cave to map that 800-foot muddy canyon that was the only remaining significant lead. Backpacking wetsuits, inner tubes (for swimming afterwards), and cave gear down the path from the car above the entrance, we waited for some boaters to leave the area so we wouldn't excite their curiosity. Moving quickly through the first 2000 feet of cave, which features several deep pools and a break-

down slab passage, we negotiated the "Tight Place" and emerged into the cave beyond. The Tight Place is a breakdown excavation carried out in 1975 by Barb Unger, Lou Simpson, and Dave McMonigle which resulted in extending the cave from half a mile to over two miles, most of which is 15 feet high and ten to twenty feet wide trunk stream passage. I looked in vain for the three plastic ribbons I had placed at various levels on the upstream side of the breakdown. So apparently the flood water does back up to a height of at least ten feet behind the breakdown.

Our lead was upstream about 2000 feet of walking and stoopwalk in knee-deep water. The deepest place was somewhat shallower than last year, only about waist deep on me. We surveyed 26 stations for 770 feet. My estimate of 800 feet turned out to be pretty accurate after all. I had stopped exploring only 50 feet before our last station. To our amazement, the cave then opened up! What was thought to be the last (continued on pg.50)

The Central Ohio Grotto of the NSS
c/o Paul Rowley
990 Francis Ave.
Bexley, OH 43209

NON-PROFIT ORG.
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
PERMIT # 234
COLUMBUS, OHIO

EARNEST C. FLYNN
BOX 85
BRONSTON, KY 42518

COMP