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FROM A PHOTO BY KEN SMITH

The Central Ohio Grotto of the  
National Speleological Society

## Chairperson:

Paul Rowley  
990 Francis Avenue  
Bexley, Ohio 43209

## Sec'y-Treasurer &amp; Official Grotto Address:

Phyllis Redshaw  
Route 1  
Amanda, Ohio 43102

## Executive Committee:

Carolyn Herel  
539 Garden Parkway  
Circleville, Ohio 43113

Dan Hickman  
124 Northridge Road  
Columbus, Ohio 43214

Karen Walden  
484 So. Weyant Avenue  
Columbus, Ohio 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 Road  
W. Carrollton, Ohio 45449

## Safety and Techniques:

Ken Smith  
523 South Weyant Avenue  
Columbus, Ohio 43213

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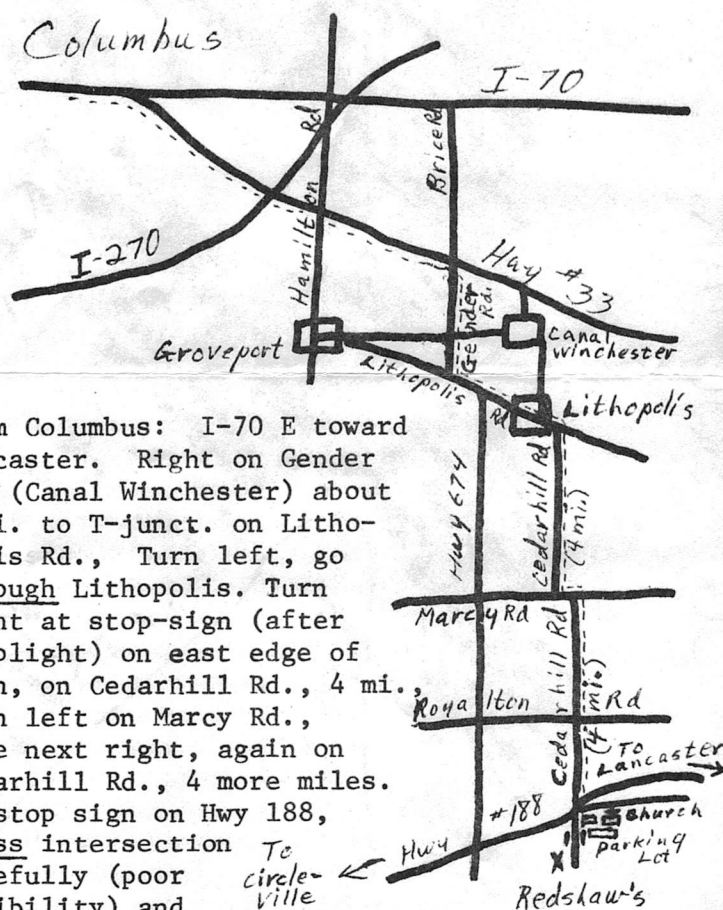
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\* MEETING NOTICE \*  
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The June meeting will be ONE WEEK LATER than usual, June 18, and will be held at Redshaws' Roost, 3085 Cedarhill Road S.W., Amanda, Ohio, at 8:00 p.m. or whenever we get around to it. The program will consist of the traditional preview of the Photo Salon for the N.S.S. Convention, which is always well worth the viewing.

If anyone wants to stay over the next day, we can probably arrange something in the way of hiking, bicycling, or canoeing, etc. as strength and inclination indicate.



From Columbus: I-70 E toward Lancaster. Right on Gender Rd. (Canal Winchester) about 2 mi. to T-junct. on Lithopolis Rd., Turn left, go through Lithopolis. Turn right at stop-sign (after stoplight) on east edge of town, on Cedarhill Rd., 4 mi., turn left on Marcy Rd., take next right, again on Cedarhill Rd., 4 more miles. At stop sign on Hwy 188, cross intersection to carefully (poor visibility) and go down hill on left of store building (labeled Browse-a-Bit). Extra parking in church parking lot, or Redshaw house at bottom of hill, across bridge. From Lancaster or Circleville, take #188, about halfway between either, turn south at Cedarhill in middle of S-curve. Phone 969-4009 if all else fails.

## SLOAN'S VALLEY CAVE SYSTEM: SPITTING ROCK SECTION MAP

By Lou Simpson

The map of Spitting Rock Section included in this issue of the Squeaks is an old one and no attempt has been made to force closure of the major loop. My purpose here is to preserve the detailed work that has been done in this productive section of Sloan's Valley Cave System and to explain better where the potential might lie.

The name of this section was suggested by an act of vandalism. Someone had written these words with carbide smoke on a rock in the center of a small amphitheater-like room. Below the title was a bullseye with the initials "LBJ" in the center. "HHH" was somewhere toward the perimeter. The map here includes the dome and breakdown complex associated with the acute corner of the cave where it crosses the surface Minton Hollow. A good place to explore for more cave is the western part of this complex. Beware of unstable breakdown!

The scenic circular-cross-section sewer tube leading to the Spitting Rock Room has considerable surface debris which apparently enters from the east during disastrous flooding. So it is possible to be siphoned into the remote regions beyond the Spitting Rock Room. There are plenty of safe upper levels which do not flood, but entering this cave during heavy rain is highly insane.

Except for a short vertical lead, the only route beyond the Spitting Rock Room is a low, muddy crawl. This opens up into a twenty-foot high room where an upper level can be reached by traversing a ledge. Another route to this upper level is by a fifty-foot long belly-crawl halfway between this high room and Spitting Rock Room. The main level continues as a walk and stoop-walk until breakdown impedes further progress. The cave does not end here, however. Two routes exist: one is via a narrow, muddy crack down to the stream; the other is a very tight hole

up over the breakdown. Both provide access to a canyon fifty feet high, the Spitting Rock Extension. A series of waterfalls in the remote southwest part can be climbed. Some of the waterfalls are very scenic, especially the one which comes vertically through a six-inch diameter hole and falls twelve feet.

It may be possible to follow the stream downstream from where it is encountered in the muddy crack, but I haven't done this very successfully. The rest of this watercourse is unknown.

A very high level connects the remote part and higher levels nearer Spitting Rock Room. This route involves intricate chimneying and some exposure. Attempts have been made, unsuccessfully, to extend the cave by climbing above this southwest passage through its breakdown ceiling. A multitude of side leads exist, offering hope. Most of these seem to be domes, however.

Leads in this entire section of the cave abound and much checking and rechecking could yield something eventually.

\* \* \* \* \*

## DAVE'S CAVE SURVEY

by Dave Socky

After bolting the dome in Dave's Cave on April 3, and finding a going lead, we had all promised ourselves we would go back very soon, and we did. On May 1, Carolyn Herel, Bob Wood and I returned on a dripping Saturday morning.

Once into the big stream passage we took the tortuous by-pass route that avoided the deep pool of water, and made our way to the climb without any delay. Woody spent his usual hour rigging the rope. A bolt had to be put in to tie the rope off after it had been threaded through the bolt at the top. We all climbed up to the top of the dome without too much trouble and were soon ready to push beyond

(continued on Page 47)

## YOU KNOW YOU'RE CAVING WITH A NURD WHEN:

by Lou Simpson and Barb Unger

1. He gets up at seven AM and is ready to go by eight AM.
2. He uses the terms "spelunking" and "speleothem."
3. He wears new coveralls.
4. He doesn't wear gloves, kneepads, or a helmet.
5. He forgets his helmet and lamp in the car and has to walk a mile and a half back.
6. It is raining and thundering, and has for a week, and he goes caving in a cave with three-foot diameter logs inside the entrance.
7. He thinks the logs got there by the wind.
8. He can't light his carbide lamp.
9. He gets excited over the first one-inch soda straw ten feet inside the entrance.
10. He explores the first side lead inside the entrance (that everybody knows doesn't go) and is gone for half an hour. Finally the rescue party finds him a thousand feet into virgin cave.
11. He uses string.
12. He builds cairns between intersections.
13. He tries to avoid getting wet when it is impossible.
14. He enthusiastically pushes whatever passage is suggested.
15. He thinks a passage a foot high ends.
16. His shoes don't have holes in the toes.
17. He wears tennis shoes.
18. When he comes out of the cave, he is barefoot.
19. He carries his cave gear through the cave in his hands, his pockets, a paper bag, or a backpack on a pack frame.
20. He asks questions, often, like "How far do you think we have come?" or "When do we get to rest?" or "What time is it?" or "How soon do you think we'll be out?"
21. He can't change carbide by himself.
22. He has a plastic Justrite.
23. He forgot a dump bag.
24. His dump bag has a hole in it.
25. His dump bag explodes in his face, burning off his eyebrows and toasting his cheese sandwich.
26. His carbide is in a bottle with a half-inch diameter opening so it can only come out one piece at a time (How did it get in?).
27. He puts the carbide in the top of the lamp. (Wait til he adds the water!)
28. He tries to light his lamp and discovers that the bottom, which he has filled with gorp, is now flooded with water.
29. Changing carbide took half an hour.
30. He forgot food.
31. He mistakes his carbide for his gorp; the rest of the trip he has to put out his carbide flame before belching.
32. He brought six cans of ravioli, four cans of pudding, two beers, a large bag of potato chips, and a primus stove--and forgot a spoon and a can opener.
33. He freaks out at the sight of a cave cricket; experienced caver in party eats the cricket.
34. He can't find his way out of the cave.
35. He can't find his way out of the woods to his car.
36. He insists on a shower after a fifteen minute trip in a dry cave.
37. He didn't bring a change of underwear.
38. He laughs at your old caving tales.
39. He doesn't have a caving tale of his own.
40. His sleeping bag cost five dollars and the temperature that night is minus five.
41. He goes to bed immediately after the cave trip and skips supper.
42. He doesn't get up on the second day until it's time to go home.

## UNDER THE RAINBOW

By Lou Simpson

On May 8 Roger Sparks, Jeff Vansant, Carolyn Herel, Dave Soney, Barb Unger and I signed release forms and rode in Jeff's Blazer 2 1/2 miles to a new cave discovered only a month and a half earlier by Roger, Carolyn and Dave. At that time they hadn't entered the cave because they didn't bring carbide lamps. A four foot wide waterfall in the deep entrance sink formed a rainbow. A 150 feet inside the walk-in entrance we encountered a deep pit. Roger and Jeff excavated a traverse around it and we continued. Several hundred feet later, after bridging some deep canyons, we came to another drop. I measured it at 55 feet. Beyond the pit, with no route apparent around it, was a ten by ten foot passage continuing. Jeff began trying to climb down the canyons. While accompanying him on one climb I dropped my \$25 survey tape. That settled it. I had to find a way down this trip. A new suck-in technique: equipmentis retrievus.

I tried climbing down a canyon near the first pit, with little hope of reaching the remote bottom. Amazingly, however, I was able to reach the level of the entrance stream. However, it continued downcut and I had to keep chimneying. Finally, after several tricky climbs, I found myself staring into a twenty by thirty foot room fifteen feet below -- with no apparent way to climb down without vertical gear. Frustration! I had climbed down nearly a hundred feet, only to be stopped at the last. I hadn't found the tape yet, either.

We returned to the jeep where I gear had a sixty foot goldline, bolt gear, and two sets of vertical gear. Jeff also had a 270 foot goldline, but we chose to rig the short drop at the bottom rather than the 55-foot shaft. This proved to be a wise choice because the latter is too shallow to reach the bottom and it would be necessary to climb farther down in a future year to be discovered. Barb, Jeff, and I returned to the cave while Roger and Carolyn scanned a surface survey to find the cave entrance, a benchmark and other cave

last twelve foot exposed chimney to the final ledge, I had second thoughts about chimneying this again. I decided to put a bolt here instead of lower down. But when I inserted the drill into the driver and got ready to hammer, the drill popped out and fell all the way to the bottom! Good grief!

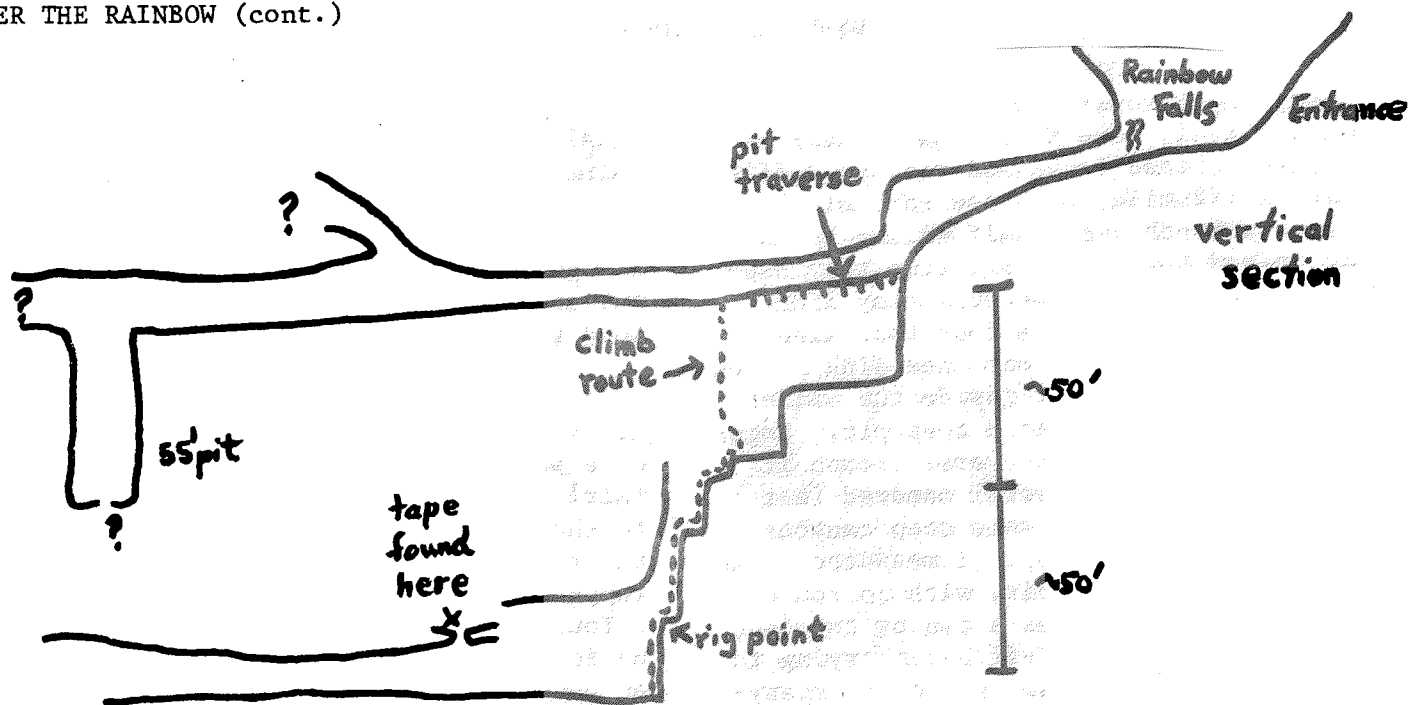
I climbed down the twelve foot chimney and saw that I could tie the rope off on a projection. Doubled, it could be used fairly easily for a five-foot body rappel to the next ledge, which was climbable the rest of the way to the bottom. We all rappelled down, getting only slightly wet. I found the drill below the small falls. We followed the stream passage, passing by an upper level for the moment. After 300 feet we came to a very high dome which we assumed, erroneously, was the 55-foot pit seen above. Beyond this a stoopwalk stream passage went a couple of hundred feet until the prospect degenerated into a water crawl. Jeff and I sucked each other into pushing this while Dave and Barb were told to survey out.

The wet extension went another 500 feet, with minimal air clearance of a foot in several places. The passage was mostly hands and knees. Of course, we got very wet. The final room, which had an enticing echo, was just a twenty-foot diameter sump. The water appeared to be deep on one side. Only one other lead, a near-siphon, remained. We ignored this and returned to the survey party. We decided to locate the dropped tape and climb to the top level to tie in the survey by the 55-foot pit. We were able to free-climb the rigged wall.

The pit was not the same as the dome, of course, and I heard Dave's voice coming from the ten-by-ten passage beyond the pit. Jeff and I went outside to change clothes and I returned shortly to help survey the pit series. Later we mapped the upper level with Carolyn and found that the lower level dome is about 80 feet past the 55 foot pit. This second pit would be over 100 feet deep. It is interesting to speculate that there is a passage on the upper level past the

When I again reached the top of the

## UNDER THE RAINBOW (cont.)



second pit. This sounds like a job for an equipment and bolt expert. We named the cave Rainbow Cave because of the entrance falls rainbow.

We made camp in the scenic pasture, remote from any houses. It was cold, but a rock ledge with a small cave under it was surprisingly warm. Roger said that Jim Sharpe had checked this cave and that it didn't go. But Jim

Sharpe is not small. As we sat in this small cave to keep warm that evening, I suggested to Carolyn that she push a passage. She reported that beyond a tight place, probably needing enlargement, it dropped down ten feet into a canyon. I considered going back for my hammer and chisel, in my car a mile and a half away. In the morning I did go after them. I worked for three hours and nearly got in, but gave up. I'll return, though, for another try.

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## DOWNSTREAM IN CRICKET CAVE

By Lou Simpson

Barb Unger and I met Dave Socky, Joe Martin, and Carolyn Herel at the parking place near Cricket Cave on Saturday, April 10. Dave and Carolyn had discovered an extension of the cave on a previous trip and we had hopes of pushing this closer to a connection with Dave's Cave. Beginning our survey at station 163, we mapped an intricate breakdown and canyon route to a lower level. Here a decent-sized passage with a stream continued for hundreds of feet. Then it degenerated into low crawls and stoopwalks for the next thousand feet. A few promising upper levels were not explored. Dave and Carolyn pursued the end of the pas-

sage, a very low, wet belly-crawl, until Carolyn could fit no farther. The day's survey put Cricket over a mile. The unexplored upper levels off this stream passage hold the best hope for a continuation toward Dave's Cave. The stream passage extends only a few hundred feet farther west than the main level of the cave that had already been mapped.

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## DAVE'S CAVE SURVEY (cont. from p. 43)

our last trip. Visions of big walking passage passed through our minds.

We made our way over the stream canyon, into the hands and knees crawl, and finally to the point where we had stopped before. Going around the corner of the passage, we would soon find out if it continued or ended - It went!! More low stream passage, but after only 50 feet it broke into a dry upper level. We continued on in the upper level only to find another level, and then a multiplicity of ways to go. Not only that, but in between the breakdown collapses the size of the passage increased. Yells of "Scoop! Scoop!" were heard as we rushed forward to find more.

The several levels of passage were frequently interconnected through breakdown collapses, making it very confusing, especially with respect to other potential leads. As we went further, the upper level became dusty-dry, with indications of gypsum. We finally came to a small room with only one likely-looking lead, a 2 foot crawl on the right. We went in with hopes that this wasn't the end. It wasn't! Ahead was black space and a resounding echo. It turned out to be a big double dome which looked like 50-60 feet high. But again it looked like the end. Just a very unlikely-looking crawl even smaller than the one before, and this one was wet. Carolyn checked this one out while Woody and I waited. Within 5 minutes we heard Carolyn yell, and with another loud echo, "Big trunk passage!! I'm going to check it out." Woody and I didn't wait any longer. The crawl was wet and very muddy. After 40 feet we found ourselves in another large dome.

Several hours later, after finding 3 more domes, separated by tight cracks and crawls, we had to admit we couldn't go any further. We were at the end of a long hands and knees gypsum-type passage that ended in a crawl too tight for even Carolyn to fit. After resting, we started to survey out. It was time to start surveying anyway, because we wanted to map all the way back to the dome where we climbed up.

At one point in the survey, once past the start of the domes, Carolyn stuck her head in a hole on the right and asked if we had been this way before. Looking through, we saw blackness and no footprints. Scoop again! As it turned out, it was another dome, with even another beyond. Unfortunately, they were retreat domes, although it looked like we could climb up at one spot to get to the top, but it was too late to check it out. We continued with the survey again.

Once more it happened, but this time we didn't even realize it. We surveyed right into another lead thinking it was the way out. We found two more domes with a tight lead going out of the back dome. After that, it seemed that all we could do was find domes.

After what seemed like an interminably long time, we finally placed our last shot, a vertical one measuring 42 feet. We then made our way out of the cave without any further delay, mainly because it was late - 2:00 a.m.! We had spent 13 hours scooping and surveying.

Once out of the cave and coming up to the owner's house, we were surprised to find lights blazing and a group of people standing about. We soon discovered that the owner had gotten worried because we were so late, so with 8 or 9 other locals they had actually gone into the cave looking for us! (Through four miles of passage.) This experience just goes to show that a very liberal time should be set for when you expect to come out. Luckily, the owner used to cave himself, so doesn't mind if we come back. As a matter of fact, he's even willing to show us other caves.

As far as the survey went, we managed to map 1044 feet of virgin cave. Dave's Cave is now only about 1,000 feet from Cricket Cave, and in the same ridge at the same elevation. A connection between the two caves is still possible, especially considering the number of leads left in Dave's Cave that need to be checked. (See Map, next page)

# DAVES CAVE

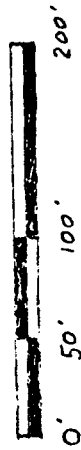
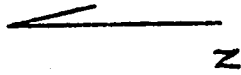
PULASKI CO., KY

TAPE AND COMPASS SURVEY  
1976

THE CENTRAL OHIO GROTTO

NATIONAL SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

C. HEREL  
D. SOCKY  
B. WOOD



SCALE: 100' = 1"

MAP DRAWN BY DAVESOCKY

