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"SQUEAKS"

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EXIT FROM
CROSS CANYON
CAVE

The Central Ohio Grotto of the
National Speleological Society

* MEETING NOTICE *

Chairperson:

Paul Rowley
990 Francis Avenue
Bexley, Ohio 43209

Sec'y-Treas. & Official Grotto Address:

Phyllis Redshaw
Route 1
Amanda, Ohio 43102

Executive Committee:

Carolyn Herel
539 Garden Parkway
Circleville, Ohio 43113

Dan Hickman
124 Northridge Rd.
Columbus, Ohio 43214

Karen Walden
484 S. Weyant Ave.
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, OH 45449

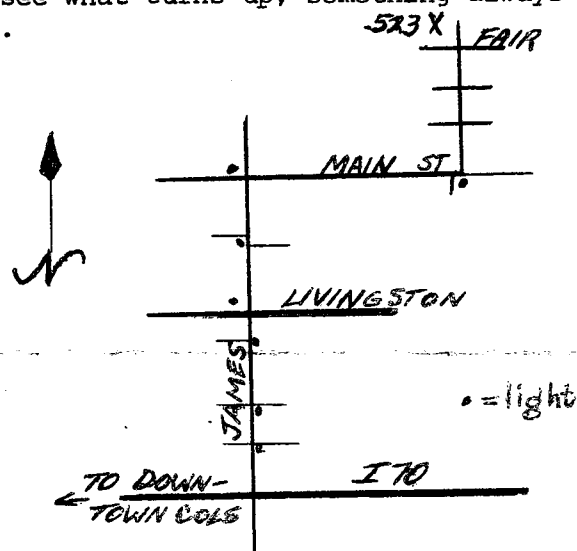
Safety and Techniques:

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

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The November meeting will be held at the home of Ken Smith, 523 S. Weyant Avenue, Columbus, on Friday, November 12. It's also time to start thinking of your ridiculous but clever creations for the Christmas gift exchange at the December meeting. These are traditionally home-made, at as little cost as possible, and hopefully humorous. If anybody knows what the program is going to be for the November meeting, nobody has told us yet, so come and see what turns up; something always does.



Cross Canyon Cave - Cont.

the end-of-water extension to the east. Another group could concentrate on the water-filled canyons. The first group could take the plunge when they again hit deep water, since that would mark the end of their survey. In addition, there remains much to be surveyed in the upper level maze that parallels the into-ridge canyon lead for some distance.

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EPISODE ON THE RAILROAD GRADE

OR

"WE'LL PAY YOU BOYS REAL GOOD IF YOU HELP US NOW"

A real-life drama in two scenes
by Paul Rowley

Scene 1 - Tranquillity

The setting is a long, straight railroad grade in southern Kentucky. The sun is setting over the distant hills and all is peaceful and quiet. A car has entered, stage left, containing two exhausted cavers, Smith and Rowley, both clad in muddy wet-suits and wearing the expressions that only six hours of floating in an innertube through narrow, flooded underground caverns can leave. Suddenly, two locals, very large men about thirty, well tattooed but nicely dressed, appear on the grade and flag the car down. Smith stops and rolls down the window. Paul, one of the locals, speaks. Red nods in agreement.

Paul: Hey, can you boys help us out a little? Our car's stuck in a little hole (indicates hole the size of an orange) up the road a piece and we need some help to pull it out.

Red: Yeh. We're stuck in a little hole.

Smith: (Shrugging shoulders) Sure, I guess so.

(Red starts to open car door but notices gear piled to the roof) Smith continues: Stand on the bumper back there and hang on to the roof rack. I'll drive real slow. (They follow instructions)

Rowley: (With fiendish grin) You can lose'm real quick now, Smith. (Smith laughs and they drive slowly away. Such irony)

Scene 2 - Action

Further down the railroad grade overlooking the fieldhouse. A red and white Charger is in view with two young women leaning against it and a 3-4 year old boy playing in the dirt. Smith's car with the two riders enters, stage left, and comes to a stop. Rowley gets out and walks to the back of the Charger. It is buried to the

rear axle in the soft gravel.

Red: (To Rowley) You gotta cigarette?

Rowley: No, I don't smoke.

Red: (Gesturing toward Smith) He gotta cigarette?

Rowley: You'll have to ask him.

Red: (To Smith) You gotta cigarette?

Smith: No, I don't smoke cigarettes.

(More idle chatter and then the four men try to push the car with one of the women behind the wheel. The engine roars, the wheels spin, and the men grunt, but the car doesn't budge.)

Rowley: (To Smith) Maybe you could get the winch from the fieldhouse.

Red: Listen, we gonna pay you boys real good fer helpin' us now.

(Rowley and Smith assure him that payment isn't necessary and Smith leaves for the fieldhouse, in sight below.)

Where's he goin'?

Rowley: Down there. (Indicating the fieldhouse)

Red: We been there. There's no one home.

Rowley: We're staying there.

Red: But there's no one there.

Rowley: Not now, but that's where we're staying.

Red: There still ain' anyone there.

EPISODE (continued)

(Red goes to the rear of the Charger and opens trunk, getting a beer from cooler inside. Rowley is beginning to see the picture and looks longingly at the fieldhouse.)

Red: You wanna beer?

Rowley: Don't drink beer, thanks.

Red: (Giving Rowley a strange look) You don't mind if I have one, do you?

Rowley: (Wondering what would happen if he said yes) No, go ahead.

(In the meantime, Paul has been poking, pinching, tickling and talking with the women, using what could easily be called some very bawdy language.)

Red: (Sauntering over to Rowley and bending over to speak confidentially) Don't mind him, he's drunk. But I ain't. You gotta cigarette?

Rowley: No, I don't smoke.

(Red again bends over to speak confidentially to Rowley and describes in words of no more than four letters what the party had been doing at the back end of the railroad grade. Rowley's ears and cheeks turn vivid red and he chokes trying to swallow some saliva.)

Red: You know what happened here? (He looks wide-eyed at Rowley and gestures in the direction of the Charger. Rowley nods that he doesn't know) We ran outta cigarettes and was comin' out ta git sum an' Paul there was a-singin' this tear-jerker. It was the saddest thing I ever did hear an' I had chills on mah neck so I turned aroun' ta watch'em sing an' I lost control and ran off in this here soft stuff. (Rowley stares incredulously) Hey, Paul! Paul! (Paul looks up disgustedly as Red has interrupted his tête-a-tête with the women) Sing that tear-jerker again! (Paul breaks into a few bars of a country song, his voice crackling with emotion at the sadness of the song. Sure enough, Rowley is almost in tears and there are chills on his neck.) Hey, you ain't gotta

cigarette, have you?

Rowley: No, I don't smoke. (He ambles off up the grade as though looking for Smith, who quickly appears with the steel cable from the winch.)

Red: (To Smith) You wanna beer? (Smith agrees to take a Falls City and then attaches one end of the cable to the towing hook of his Toyota wagon. Rowley takes the other end and crawls under the Charger to fasten it to the frame. He has great difficulty and it takes him some time. Paul ambles over to Smith and confidentially explains that Red is drunk and that he is not. Smith smiles vacantly.)

While Rowley rights with the stubborn cable, the two locals are trying to get the women out of the car to make it lighter for pulling. One woman keeps shouting, "I ain't gettin' outta this car till you gimme my twenty dollars." Finally they are coaxed out. Rowley is still struggling to fasten the cable. Smith watches from the comfort and security of the Toyota. The tone of the discussion becomes coarser. The air turns blue as even Smith is outdone. Red has one of the women in a headlock and is dragging her around the grade stirring up clouds of dust. The other two are still in the four-letter word stage. Rowley, sweat pouring down his face, is getting frantic trying to free the captured hook of the cable. Red appears and bends over to look under the car.

Red: I wanna apologize for Paul, there. But ya see, he's kinda crazy sometimes. (Red smiles at Rowley and ambles back to where his friends are still arguing.)

Rowley finally convinces the mesmerized Smith to help him. Red again returns to the car and suggests in a loud voice where the cable might be attached. Rowley readily agrees and Smith hurriedly attaches it with Rowley cautioning him not to scratch the paint. The woman without the headache gets in the Charger

EPISODE (continued)

to drive. The wheels spin while Smith fries his clutch, but the car is hopelessly grounded. Smith moves forward to retrieve the cable, but already another heated discussion is in process. Paul and the driver are arguing violently. Rowley tugs on the cable to get Smith's attention. Smith, although unable to move, merely drops the end of the cable. The air is quickly blue again, then indigo and finally violet, tending toward black. Red again apologizes for Paul's behavior, explaining that he is a little crazy.

Red: (To Rowley) You gotta cigarette?

Rowley: No, I don't smoke.

Red: (To Smith) You got one?

Smith: No, I don't.

Red: Damn it! One you guys gotta cigarette! (Smith and Rowley would give 4 Justrites, a set of Jumars, 150 feet of Bluewater III and a Crump pack full of cave formations for a cigarette.)

By now, Paul and the woman are to the shoving stage. Finally she claws him on the neck, leaving four bloody streaks. He jerks her arm half off and she winds up and gives him a looping roundhouse to the head with her purse. They argue over the little boy, who has been in the woman's arms the whole time. Paul grabs his legs and the woman holds on to his shoulders. They struggle for possession of the boy who is screaming but can hardly be heard over the shouting. The woman is sobbing hysterically by this time. Smith and Rowley watch in disbelief. Lights approach from stage right, the Minton end of the grade, as the men seem about ready to fight each other. A few tense moments and then the head-locked woman steps in and soothingly talks to the other three, explaining that they're scaring the little boy. Smith and Rowley feel they should be included in the scared group but say nothing. Paul begins apologizing to the hysterical woman and child, who get in the Charger.

Smith: That's Kalmbachs, I think.

Red: (To Smith) Those folks drink beer?

Smith: You better ask them.

Red moves quickly to the VW bus and reappears soon with his arm around Greg Kalmbach's shoulder. They go to the rear of the Charger where Greg is handed a beer. Red seems very happy. Smith, Rowley and Greg attach the cable to the rear of the Charger and to Greg's bus. Again the engines roar, tires spin, and Greg's clutch fries, but the car won't move.

Rowley: (In the direction of Red) I guess you'll have to get a wrecker.

Red: One of you take us to town?

Smith: My car's too full; can you take them, Greg?

Greg: (The color draining from his face) Yeh, I guess so.

Red: (To Smith and Rowley) We gonna pay you boys real good fer helpin' us now.

Smith and Rowley exit, stage left, in the Toyota to enjoy a cup of sassafras tea. Kalmbachs, Paul and Red exit also stage left.

Red: (From bus as it drives away) You folks gotta cigarette? You'll have ta excuse ol' Paul here, he's kinda crazy.

OBITUARY

It is with the greatest regret that we announce the untimely passing of Mr. Charles Harding Casada, owner of the Texaco station in Sloan's Valley, KY. He had been very ill for about five months and succumbed on September 30 at the age of 53. For many years he permitted cavers to park on his land while visiting the Post Office Section of Sloan's Valley and even when filling the area around the entrance became necessary he maintained access. He was a kind and generous man to all cavers and he will be greatly missed.

We all extend our deepest sympathy to all his relatives and friends and especially his wife and daughter.

UNDERGROUND PIPERS

by Phyllis Redshaw

Haven't you ever wondered what it would sound like to play bagpipes in a cave? You haven't? This may not be anyone else's burning desire, but since bagpipe music is the most beautiful music in the world, it only stands to reason that it would sound even better in a really big cave passage where it could echo well.

There is historical and legendary background for cave-piping. In Tony Oldham's recent book, "Caves of Scotland," he reports several "Piper's Caves," which mostly have variations of the same legend attached to them - a piper, with or without other people, marches into a cave playing his pipes and is never seen again, although he may be heard mysteriously playing underground ever after. The piper's dog is later found somewhere else, usually with all its hair singed off. The implication of infernal intervention is evident. There is probably considerable association of bagpipes with the nether regions anyway; some benighted individuals of stunted musical taste seem to regard pipe music as an invention of the devil, designed to imitate the wailings of tormented souls in purgatory, which is base calumny of a noble instrument.

More important in the association of pipes and caves, the MacCrimmons, traditionally the greatest line of pipers of all time, had a college of piping on the Isle of Skye for over 200 years in the 17th and 18th centuries, until the pipes were outlawed by the English as weapons of war. It is said that the MacCrimmons used a nearby cave in which to do their composing of pipe music, and would remain in seclusion there until they finished.

Tony Oldham comments that while he enjoys pipe music, he can't understand why anyone would want to play the pipes in the "narrow confines of a cave" anyway. This, one may speculate, may be a reflection of the fact that many caves in Scotland are not very big. In possible explanation of the attraction, it is curious to note that when one sees a piper practicing by himself, he will most likely be standing in a corner, facing the wall. This is not

from any feelings of miscreancy, but to hear himself better. Even a small cave would serve this purpose.

Chris Cornell and I resolved with great determination, and against many derisive comments about both our musical taste and our sanity, to experience what we anticipated to be the glorious sound of the pipes in the Sahara Room of Hyden's Cave. The Sahara Room does not exactly fit the description of "narrow confines," being approximately 900 feet long, up to 80 or 100 feet wide, and with ceilings of about 40-50 feet, and filled with large sand dunes. With Dean Redshaw, Carolyn Herel and John Barnes as suckees for help in carrying them, we carefully padded the pipes in their cases, wrapped the cases in water-proof bags, and let them down the entrance canyon on a rope. Through crawls and climbs we reached the Sahara Room and played our little concert, the audience being later supplemented by Lou and Barb Simpson. Chris and I marched along the sand dunes, and we wish to report that we sounded magnificent - like in a huge concert hall! The acoustics were simply great (there were, unfortunately, a few clinkers sounded at the points where we slipped and slid). Both Chris and I were utterly enchanted with the resonance of the sound of our music. We agreed that this will be worth doing again - our audience of suckees may not necessarily concur with our enthusiasm - but so what?

There were no rumblings of falling rock, as had been direly predicted, and we managed to return to the surface without being seized by sulfurous creatures with horns and tails and condemned to the nether darkness forever. John took pictures to record our feat, although hard hats, carbide lamps and caver boots may look somewhat incongruous instead of kilts.

John also brought his harmonica. We concluded that the Sahara Room would be a fantastic place for future musical extravaganzas - now, if we can just figure a way to get a bass drum through those crawls - - -

THIRD ANNUAL MARTIN'S CREEK EXPEDITION

by Mary Kalmbach

The trip did not have a very auspicious beginning. At the appointed time of 7:30 on Friday evening, September 10, Greg and I arrived at the rendezvous point for Post 21 campouts. We learned that the transportation details were, to say the least, fuzzy. No one knew exactly how many people were going, or, more importantly, how many drivers we had. As people were driving back and forth, trying to get these problems ironed out, one of our Post members was kind enough to point out to Greg that a trail of dark spots was leading directly to our van. Worse yet, there was a dark patch right underneath our engine compartment. Sure enough, oil was leaking from a new part which the VW dealer had just installed. A new detail was added to the transportation puzzle - our car was not going. After much finagling, everyone was assembled and we were heading south by 9:30.

The original plans called for a bust-ass through Sloan's Valley on Saturday - RR Tunnel to Martin's Creek, with the meek and timid (wise?) exiting via Minton Hollow. However, because no one got to bed before 2:30, the group was not ready to go caving before noon on Saturday. Estimating that the trip would take 8 hours, this would have the Martin's Creekers coming out about sundown.

The most pleasurable experience I remember from the previous Martin's Creek trips (the only pleasurable experience) was coming out and feeling my body being returned to its natural temperature by the warmth of the sun. I refused to go unless I could count on this phenomenon.

So, after much discussion and debate and statements like "Well, I don't care, what do you want to do?" (answers never come easy to Post 21), we agreed that the M.C. expedition would be postponed until Sunday - and instead of it being a bust-ass, it would be the short trip from Minton Hollow.

That left us with the question of what to do on Saturday. After considerably more debate and discussion and statements like "Well, I don't care, what do you want to do?"

do?" we agreed (!) on several possibilities and drew lots - and headed for Spitting Rock in Sloan's Valley Cave.

I am beginning to believe that Greg, Eric Hovemeyer and I shared a collective dream in which Lou Simpson took us around the loop in Spitting Rock Extension. We failed to find it (again). As we were heading out, defeated, I found myself wondering about the omens for the next day's trip - they all seemed rather negative.

As we were resting in the Spitting Rock Room, discouraged, Greg went down to look at the water passage at the bottom. This is a ritual for Greg - he always checks the siphon when we go to Spitting Rock. Only this time - "It goes!" Eric and I looked at each other. "Do you want to push it?" "I don't know, I will if you want to." "Well, I will if you want to." So we asked Greg what he wanted to do. "Well, I'll push it if you guys want to." (Decisions never come easy to Post 21 leaders.) Finally, I got up and stated firmly, "Let's go!" Away we went - and so did the passage!! Finally, we got tired of crawling and agreed it was time to leave, as the others were waiting for us. But we left knowing that we would be back; feeling that the trip had been a success instead of a failure.

Sunday morning dawned bright and sunny. Still elated from yesterday's scoop, I assembled the Martin's Creekers for a definite head count. Greg and Eric still adamantly refused to go - they were never going to subject their bodies to that water again. I thought they were party-poopers and they thought I was crazy. Charley Crawford was going - he had been on the first grueling 5 hour trip and survived - this just couldn't be as bad. Chris Bruck, a Post member recently returned from the Army, was going - he had been on a trip that made it to the Sandbar Room and had pushed the siphon, thinking it was the way to go. I think Chris was

MARTIN'S CREEK (continued)

the most determined to make the trip - even after his experience in the Army, he still remembered the awful feeling of having to face that crawl back out of the Sandbar Room after being submerged in the siphon. This time, he was going to make it. Two other Post members, Jan Cianciolo and Ted Hofmann went along - they wanted to see what all the flap was about, and I don't think they quite believed Eric's and Greg's horror stories.

As we went in, Chris suggested that we all exit with smiles on our faces for the people who were meeting us at the entrance. I told him if he could do that, he'd be eligible for an Academy Award.

The first obstacle was the breakdown; would I remember the way through? It had been over a year since I'd been through it, and I remembered all the times we'd tried and failed. But before I knew it, I was looking down the hole into the canyon passage on the other side. Now to get everyone through it - the exposure is a little nerve-wracking. With a little help from Charley, Jan, our smallest and most inexperienced member made it down with only minor difficulty.

Now to find the passage to the Sandbar Room. After one false start, I found the lead - and was surprised at the length of "big" passage before the crawl. But finally I poked my head down the crack - was the crawl really that low?! I plunged (wiggled) in and crawled and crawled and crawled. Behind me were endless queries: "Are you out yet?" "Is the end in sight?" "Is this it?" Time and again I replied, "Not yet." Finally, with a shriek of delight, I popped out into the Sandbar Room and rolled down the hill. It must be a natural instinct to roll, because everyone else did the same - including Charley's inflated inner tube which rolled into the pool at the bottom.

Charley's reaction to the crawl was the same as mine on my second trip through: "I don't remember it being that long!" I pointed this out to the Post members as being a good example of hypothermia. The first time, both Charley and I had been in the water 5 hours before negotiating the

crawl - our minds were so numbed by then that the awful length simply had not registered.

On to the water! We trudged the length of the Sandbar Room. "Are you sure this is the way?" Charley kept asking. I wasn't, but kept my doubts to myself. Charley took my silence as affirmation, and soon we were confronting the water.

While the rest of us inflated our flotation (I had an inner tube, the others had air mattresses), Charley took off through the waist-deep water. We soon followed. "I didn't know it could be this cold!" gasped Jan.

We gathered on the first gravel pile and confronted the first of the four deep spots - this one with a foot of air space. I had been psyching myself all weekend by noticing how low the water in the cave was - but there was as much water (and as little air) here as I remembered.

"Let's go!" and we pushed forward. Almost immediately our feet lost contact with the floor and everyone experienced the frustration of trying to kick with cave boots on (and of being behind others who were trying to kick).

Before I knew it, we were to the next gravel pile. I pointed out the loop to the left that Eric had led the others on the year before - starting out in front of Greg and me and ending up behind us.

"One down and three to go!" I whooped, and plunged in again. Charley was right behind me and got a face full of water as I ineffectively tried to move forward by kicking.

"To the left!" I shouted as I spotted the next landing. "Don't follow the water!" I explained that this was where Greg had huddled miserably the year before, looking like a pile of shivering jelly. "Just let me get warm," he had muttered through chattering teeth, with his chin on his knees and his arms wrapped around his legs.

I couldn't believe we were this far along already - I wasn't even cold yet. Last year at this point of the trip I was wondering wildly if we'd ever make it out.

MARTIN'S CREEK (continued)

The other members of the expedition had experienced the same panic as they observed their leader collapsed on the floor.

Over the short (dry!) come-around and we were back at the water's edge. "Half way there!" and in we went.

The passage became a tall winding canyon with deep water; we bounced from wall to wall and the cave filled with the reverberations of our voices and splashing water.

"There's the shelf where we all gathered!" I shouted to Charley as we came around a bend - but my voice was barely audible above the din. "One more deep spot." No one even hesitated - we just kept splashing on. The canyon made an "S" turn.

"Look up there!" Charley pointed to the ceiling. Twenty feet above our heads, an oil drum, twisted and deformed, had been wedged into a crack, along with several logs. "Imagine what it's like when it floods," I replied.

Around the corner we went, and there was Greg, sitting on a ledge, putting out a cigarette. "Hello," he said quietly - could I really hear him above all the racket? Everyone was screaming at once. "Is this it?" "Did we make it?" "Are we finished?" I thought I almost detected disappointment in some voices. They had been prepared for the absolute worst, and this was all that the cave could do. I struggled ashore and turned to watch the others. Ear to ear grins. I could feel the corners of my own mouth twisted up as far as they could go. This was it. We had made it.

Now for the long trek out. The feeling of exhilaration sustained us all as we sloshed through the interminable stream.

"Now I'm beginning to feel cold," Jan's teeth chattered as I helped her up Lobster Trap Falls. Charley and Ted were out of sight down the passage in front of us. Somehow, we were all together again and at the last falls. I skirted around the pool, and there was Eric to help pull me up. Behind him were several other Post

members including Tessie, Charley's dog, who was barking madly. She had spotted Charley and was almost as excited as we were.

We ran out of the cave and were greeted by the rest of the Post and the afternoon sun.

Incredible! was all I could think. Just incredible. Now I knew why I had gone again. Twice before, Martin's Creek had absolutely pummelled me, taxed me to my utmost limits. The cave had been merciful and allowed me to escape - but it was clearly the victor.

Well, take that, Martin's Creek - you have been reduced to a short jaunt through some deep water. We passed through you quickly and easily and you'll never get the better of me again. Somehow, deep down, I knew it could be that easy, and now I've done it.

CROSS CANYON CAVE

by Ken Smith

Paul Rowley and I had decided to make the drop into the water-filled canyon in Cross Canyon Cave, hoping to extend the cave both toward nearby Lake Cumberland and into the ridge. Actually I wanted to make the drop; Rowley played the role of innocent this trip. We each had wetsuits, although Paul was wearing Louis' "shortie," and rudimentary vertical gear. Each person was also equipped with an innertube. Community gear included ropes, bolt gear, and surveying equipment. Needless to say the trip in, although short, was far from being pleasant.

We took the climbing gear and innertubes to the drop and then returned to a more hospitable place to change into wetsuits. When we returned I found that I had omitted one small item: the bolt driver (I had been working on it just before we left). We finally managed to find a rig point, and I went down first (Fat Cavers Go Down Faster!). After I made sure that the leads toward

the lake did go, Rowley came down. The water was indeed deep, although we never actually plumbed it; before I went down I knocked a loose piece of breakdown off the lip (it was about 2 feet wide, 3 long, and 3 inches thick), and it didn't even muddy the water when it hit. We followed the most obvious channel for about 400 feet to a point where the water ended. Slithering through sub-lake mud we followed what would otherwise have been very easy walking passage for about 1000 feet until we hit deep water again. We returned for the inner-tubes, pausing briefly to check out a major side lead; it went about 500 feet.

Finally arriving back with our inner-tubes, we entered the water only to find that it ended in domeplexes both directions. The only possible leads were straight up through the ceiling of a room about 100 feet in diameter and whose ceiling was at least 30 feet above the water level. Needless to say, we didn't push it.

After deciding that surveying what we had found to this time would preclude any checking of the lead heading into the

ridge, we went back to our starting place and began going the other direction. The canyon went and went and went -- easily 1000 feet. We stopped at a point where we would have had to push the innertubes under a constriction and then jump over the top into them. It still goes with deep water.

We had been in the water about five hours and concluded that the most sensible thing to do was retreat, especially since Paul's wetsuit did not afford him the protection that mine did me. As it turned out, the decision was a good one. The prussik out took about an hour (to do about 20 feet), since we and the rope were covered with enough sub-lake goop to make nearly all the equipment non-functional. If the walls hadn't been close enough to chimney, it would have taken at least another hour.

A return trip is certainly worthwhile considering. It would seem most logical to have two survey parties, one of which could concentrate on staying as dry as possible until they reached (continued on page 8C)

COG Squeaks
c/o Paul Rowley
990 Francis Ave.
Bexley, OH 43209

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