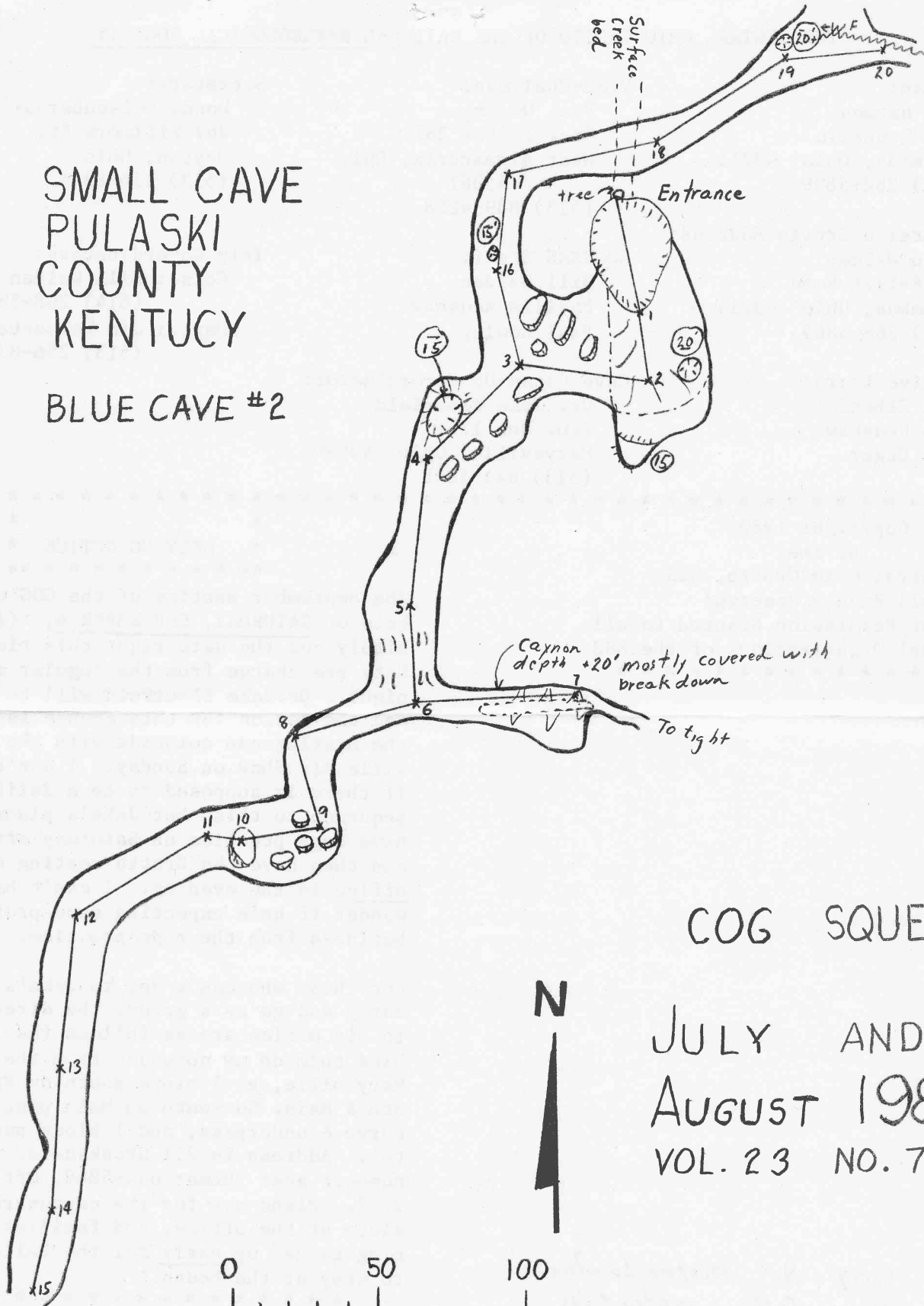


SMALL CAVE  
PULASKI  
COUNTY  
KENTUCKY

BLUE CAVE #2



COG SQUEAKS

JULY AND  
AUGUST 1980  
VOL. 23 NO. 7 & 8

KEN SMITH ADV., SKETCH JAKE ELBERFELD NOTES  
BILL WALDEN COMP. 12/5/75

WDW

THE CENTRAL OHIO GROTTO OF THE NATIONAL SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

Chairman:

Dale Harmon  
1338 Republic  
Columbus, Ohio 43211  
(614) 268-5809

Vice-Chairman:

Paul Unger  
Rte. 1, Box 282  
West Alexandria, Ohio  
45381  
(513) 839-4258

Secretary:

Donna Weisenberger  
267 Fillmore St.  
Dayton, Ohio  
(513) 256-8344

Treasurer & Grotto Address:

Karen Walden  
223 Fallis Road  
Columbus, Ohio 43214  
(614) 268-5865

SQUEAKS Staff:

Bill Walden  
Phyllis Redshaw  
Paul Rowley

Trip Co-ordinators:

Cols.: Bill Walden  
(614) 268-5865  
Dayt.: Jim Weisenberger  
(513) 256-8344

Executive Board:

Jake Elberfeld  
Dean Redshaw  
Paul Unger

Cave Clean-Up Co-ordinator:

Dr. Jake Elberfeld  
P.O. Box 127  
Marysville, Ohio 43040  
(513) 644-5848

\*\*\*\*\*

Copyright 1980

by the

Central Ohio Grotto, NSS

All Rights Reserved

Reprint Permission Granted to all  
Internal Organizations of the NSS

\*\*\*\*\*

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* MEETING NOTICE \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

The September meeting of the COG will be held on SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, (I definitely got the date right this time). Note the change from the regular meeting night. Dr. Jake Elberfeld will be our host, and the reason for this change is so that the meeting can coincide with the Marysville Air Show on Sunday. I don't know if there is supposed to be a deliberate sequence to this, but Jake's plans are to have rope practice on Saturday afternoon, and then have the Grotto meeting at his office in the evening. I can't help but wonder if he's expecting some professional business from the rope practice.

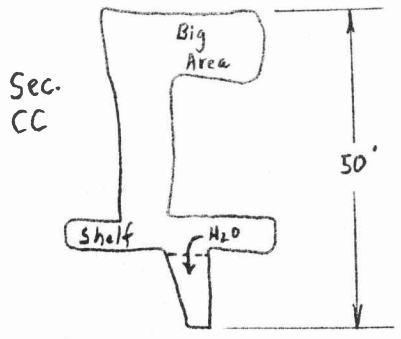
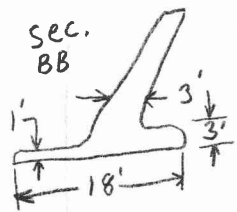
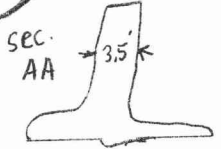
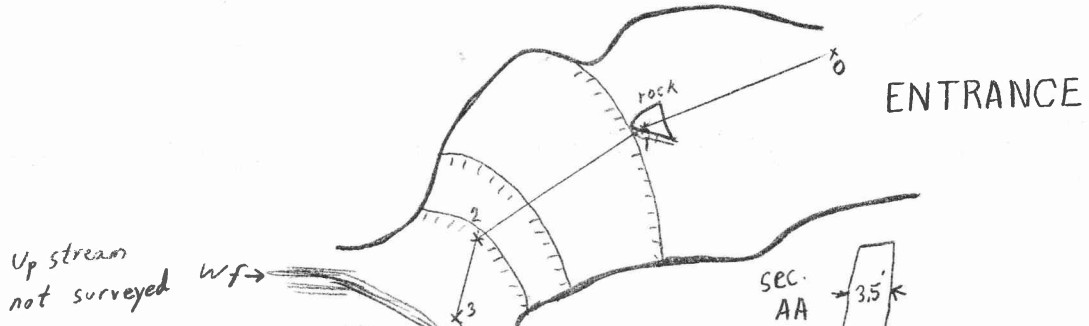
For those who can't get to Jake's house early and go as a group, the directions to his office are as follows (as I scribbled them on my notes): From the center of Marysville, go 1 block south on Rte 38 to 5th & Main. Go south on Main past an S curve & underpass, and 1 block past Hospital. Address is 211 Stocksdale. Phone numbers are: Home: 644-5848, Office: 642-2717. Plans are for the carousers to sleep at the office, and families not planning to get up early for the Balloon Race to stay at the house.

\*\*\*\*\*

CONTENTS

White Lobster Cave - by Unger . . . . .46  
Crackerneck Update - Ditto . . . . .47  
Devil's Head - also by Unger . . . . .47  
Comments on Wh. Lobster by Bill Walden .49  
MAP BLUE CAVE NO. 2 COVER 44  
MAP BLUE CAVE NO. 1 INSERT PAGES  
MAPS SKETCHES BY BILL WALDEN

*Sorry No Meeting Location  
Map. Follow instructions  
at the right.*

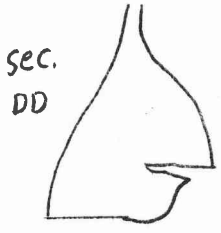


Passage 20' above stream Not Surveyed



CASCAD

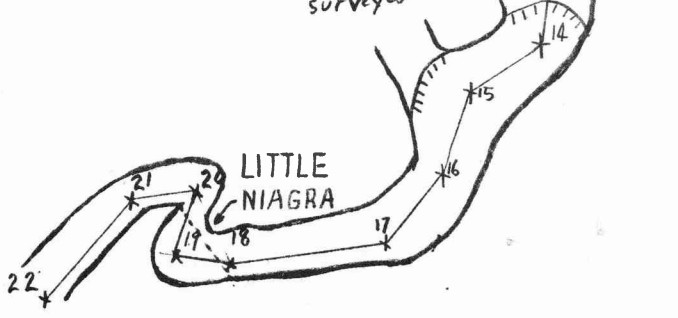
SLOT IN FLOOR STREAM AT BOTTOM OF SLOT



FOUNTAIN OF MIDDLE AGE

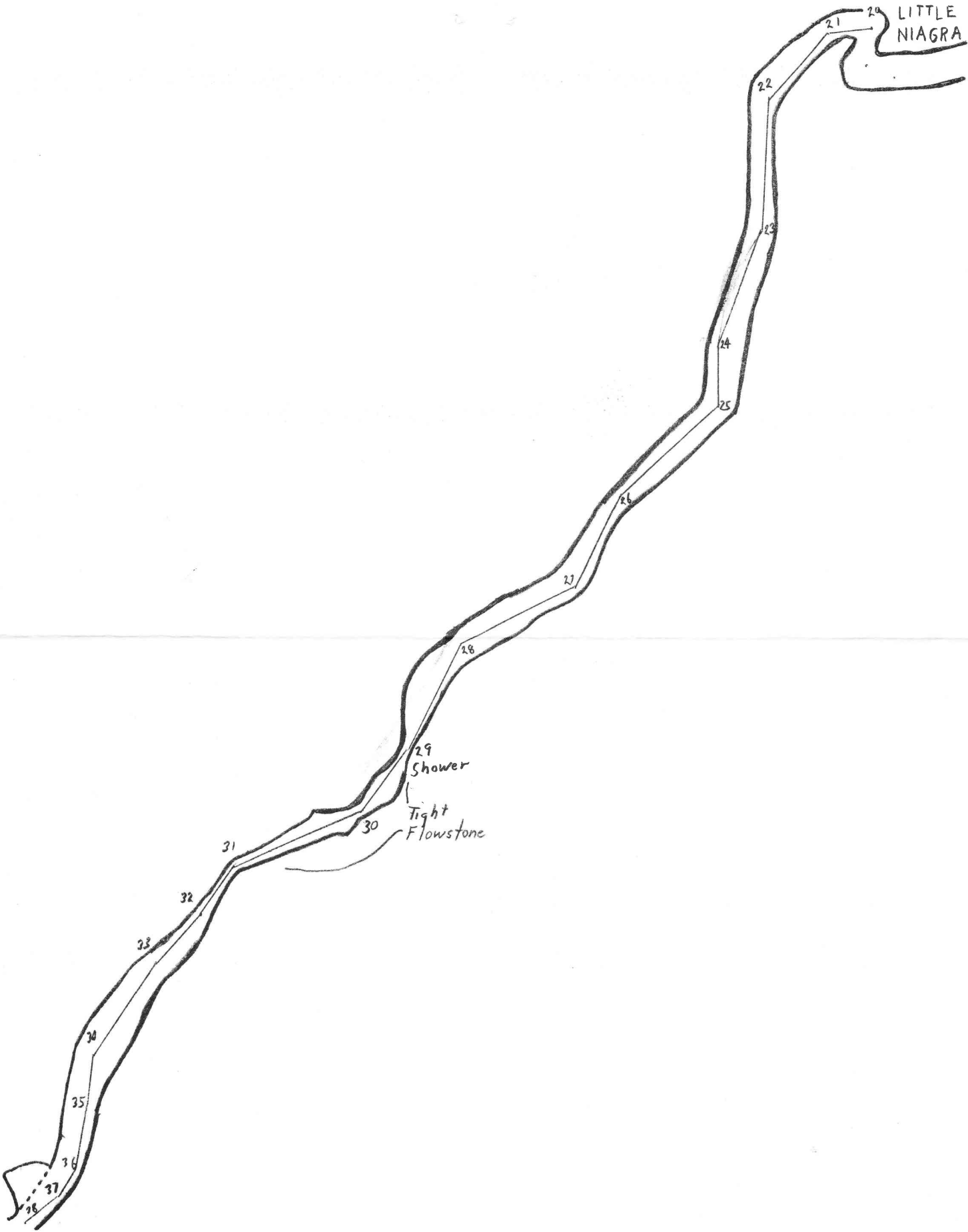
FLOWSTONE GROTT

Lead not surveyed



BLUE CAVE # 1  
PULASKI COUNTY

BILL WALDEN & BILL SVEKRIC  
WDW



LITTLE NIAGRA

29 Shower

30 Tight Flowstone

31

32

33

34

35

36

37

21

20

22

23

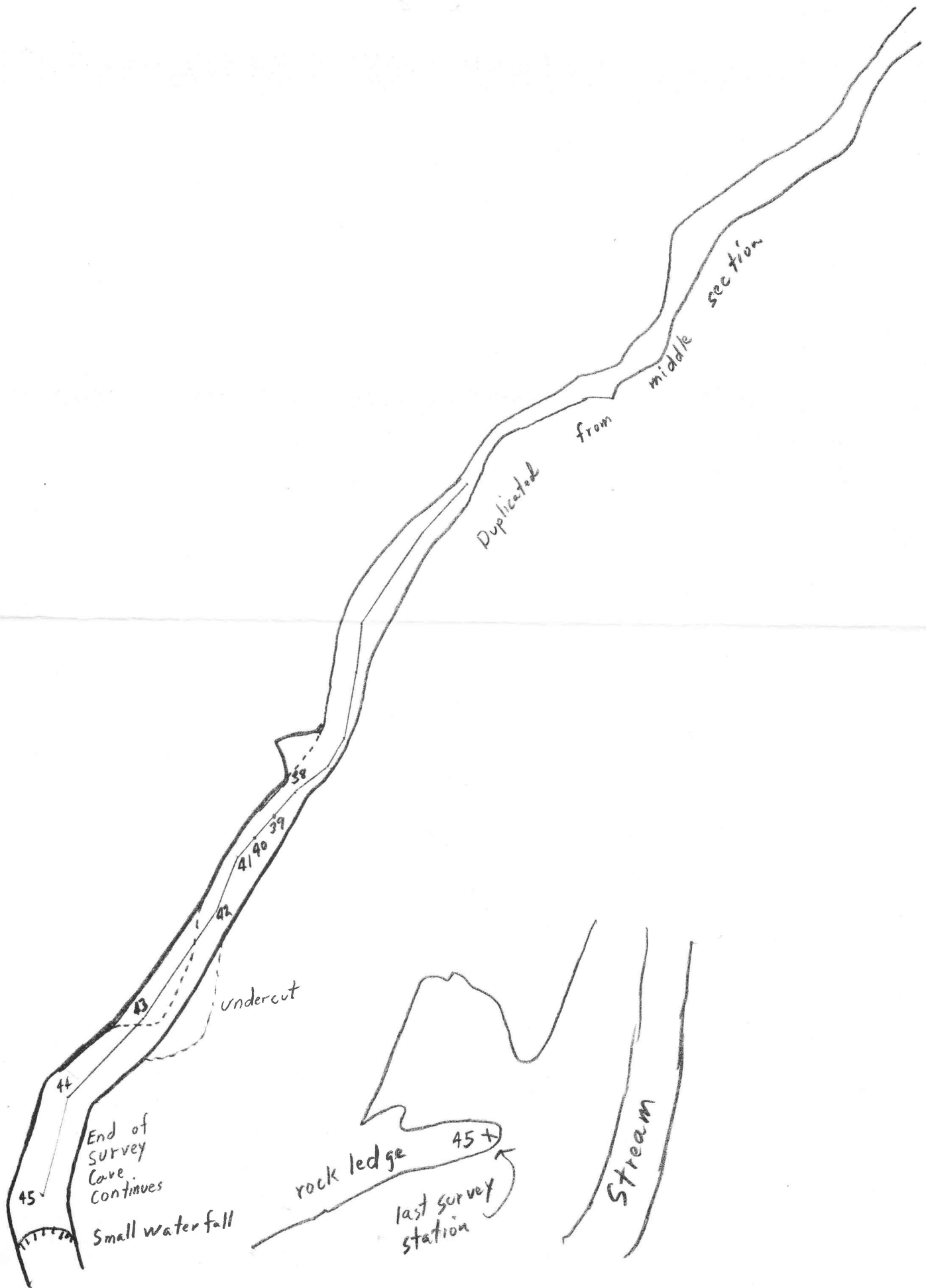
24

25

26

27

28



## TRIP REPORT - WHITE LOBSTER CAVE

By Paul Unger

July 19, 1980

The consensus at the July 11 Grotto meeting was for interested cavers to meet at the Ungerground Estate the following weekend. The drive down was filled with thoughts of 4 or 5 survey crews, 250 new stations, and maybe a mile of cave to plot. Upon waking early Saturday morning, July 19, in attendance were Greg, Ron and Phil Erisman, and some very tired Redshaws. Seems as though Dean was having an overheating problem with his Duster and had to drive about 50 mph or less, and also make frequent "heat" breaks. It was learned from the Redshaws that the others had again changed their minds and decided they had other pressing matters to attend to in Columbus rather than meeting their duty-bound surveying responsibilities!

We decided to go to White Lobster and, after breakfast in Somerset, soon found ourselves at the top of the biggest hill in the world. While I've had my van down the jeep trail, no way was I going to take it down this time. The brush and pine trees have overgrown the trail and it would probably devour the sides of my van. We set out amid 90° temperatures. The trip down, while easy, took a long time, as Phyllis responded to the plump, juicy blackberries reaching out over the trail. She said they kept saying, "EAT ME, EAT ME!"

The blast of cold air coming out the historic entrance was a most welcome respite from the heat. In fact, the air was downright cold. As usual, Greg didn't let us rest very long. This was the first time I'd been in the lower entrance for several years, and the effect of the higher lake level last winter was very apparent. The low crawl just inside the entrance had become a belly crawl even for Greg. The previously soft sand floor had become covered with gooey lake mud, requiring Phyllis to dig about 10 feet. Past the first room, the gravel floor was filled to the ceiling, with water oozing through it. Fifteen feet of digging finally got us into the stoopwalk and after much difficulty

getting over a once dry, now mud-covered flow stone, we emerged into the register room, wet and muddy. After the short breather, we headed into the Right Fork to the waterfall, 20 stations away.

The chimney up the waterfall is difficult, to say the least, and half-way up, I couldn't go further. The 2 foot wide smooth walls, devoid of projections or cracks, seemed much harder than I remembered it. Trying another place, I finally was able to make the 20' climb. Dean followed my example, scaling the wall in his first attempt, but with much grunting and groaning. Phyllis did real well until she neared the top, where she couldn't find enough traction on the narrowing chimney. After 5 minutes of trying she returned to the bottom and rested while Greg made the climb. Phyllis' second attempt also was unsuccessful and she decided she couldn't make it. She did insist that we should survey. Besides, there were plenty of blackberries outside to talk to. Later we found she had explored for several hours in other passages before exiting and taking a needed nap.

The three of us decided to limit our survey to 2 carbide changes. The passage narrowed quickly, and the 20' shots soon became 5' chots, peppered with an occasional 10 footer. One section of passage, affectionately named by Bill Walden as the Nutcracker, can best be described as a narrow canyon tilted at a 45° angle, with bedding plane projections in some very strategic locations. Needless to say, the survey was very slow and tedious. We did manage to survey several stations past the Holy Falls, which was more like a fast drip, when our time ran out. We stopped at Station 81 where the Right Fork opens up into a walking passage decorated with numerous formations.

Our five hours of surveying had netted us only 701 feet and 40 stations. But most importantly, the RF canyon had been surveyed, a task which 6 previous crews had decided to bypass for much more enjoyable passages in

WHITE LOBSTER (continued)

the Left Fork.

Returning to the entrance, we found Phyllis fast asleep in the cool breeze coming from the cave. As we cooled off from the strenuous exit and imbibed a few cold soldiers, someone observed that the nice thing about caving with Phyllis is that you don't have to worry about her snarfing your beer.

Sunday's trip was to Crackerneck Caverns where Greg and I surveyed and Phyllis and Dean took pictures, while Phil and Ron scooped some virgin passage. Our survey did result in a very surprising discovery, though in retrospect, plausible. After surveying back to the Break-down Room, the sketch of the cave began to turn in a counterclockwise corkscrew direction. After a 360° turn, Greg and I didn't believe it. We backed up 6 stations and verified the data. Visual comparisons with the sketch confirmed the data. The cave runs 180° in the opposite direction which everyone thought it was running. Instead of running up the valley, it is running down the valley.

Our quick survey through the Cathedral Room netted us 1100 feet, so certainly with the other parallel passages, well in excess of 2/3 mile of cave is now known to exist.

Before heading home, a dip in the lake again northernized us. As is said on the TV commercial, "I needed that!"

\*\*\*\*\*

CRACKERNECK CAVERNS UPDATE

By Paul Unger

An exploratory expedition was undertaken to try to find a lower route around or into Bugbear Pit. I had never seen the pit and expected to find a deep narrow hole at the end of Second Avenue Canyon. To my surprise, it seemed more like a high, very high, window overlooking a large room! And everywhere, flowstone clouds covered the walls. It is as though great drops of whipped cream are slowly oozing down the walls. As much as I detest vertical work, I may be forced to drop that wall.

And to those grotto members that tried to

gain access to the cave and were told to "get lost," you were warned of the proper channels for access. No-one is permitted to enter except on a "work" trip; this by owner decree. So don't ask, because without prior permission, "ya ain't gonna git in."

\*\*\*\*\*

TRIP REPORT FROM DEVIL'S HEAD

Also by Paul Unger

One month after setting the target of surveyed cave in Lobster, Bill Walden, Chuck Daehnke, Greg Erisman and I headed there on the morning of August 1, 1980, after what seemed a very short night's rest at the Ungerground Estate. We had eaten with the "Indians," and stopped at a store to buy an additional survey tape. With 4 people, it was felt that two 2-man crews could get more done toward accomplishing our goal than one 4-man crew. We were determined to break a mile.

Upon arriving at Devil's Head Mountain, the two months without any appreciable rain was very evident. All the owner had to talk about was the lack of water. The corn was dried, the already tasseled stalks didn't have ears even starting to show. The tobacco was fired about 1/3 of the way up the stalk, and making heads at 1/4 its normal height. Probably a total loss. The garden was shot. No water in the well. I even hoped for a "little" rain while we were in the cave. Shudder the thought.

Since I didn't have any real preference, the others decided where I was to go. Oh gosh, two weeks in a row in the RF Nutcracker. As I approached that section, I remarked to Chuck that the next section was a real challenge not many cavers would be able to do. As I removed my pig and battery pack, his questioning expression turned to one of dismay. Into the hole I went and emerged some 30 feet later in walking passage. I sat there listening to Chuck abuse himself. Once or twice I heard a loud groan - must have been Chuck becoming very compromising and intimate with a rock. Upon emerging,

## DEVIL'S HEAD, (continued)

there was much bitching, followed by a string of four-letter words when I explained that everyone should experience the Nutcracker, even if there was a way to climb over it!

Before long, we reached the survey point, several stations past the Hole in the Wall Waterfall. Since both of us had electric lights, I had brought along a complete carbide setup with which to mark stations. I thought it rather ludicrous, carrying a carbide lamp when my Koehler was most adequate for everything - except marking survey stations. I've heard that Magic Markers work very well, so next time I'm going to give one a try.

Chuck was advance, electing to take the middle, easier route in a large canyon. We surveyed past many formations, many quite massive. The stream passage, now a trickle, remained about 10 feet below us in a canyon averaging about 3 feet wide by 10 feet deep. The level we remained on was very wide, usually 30-40 feet by 6 feet high, with, of course, a large canyon above of an unknown height. Evidence would indicate that this broad area was formed during a period of reduced water flow, followed by increased activity to form the present bottom canyon and stream.

I had hoped to survey back to a flowstone choke, where I had been forced to turn around several years ago. However, Chuck and I never found it. Upon reflection, I can only surmise that by taking the middle level, the dead-end was bypassed on an upper level, and in doing so, 4 going leads were discovered, all blowing air.

We terminated our survey upon reaching a large breakdown block, feeling that this was a good place to leave a permanent station and besides, the side leads should be checked. Soon after beginning our survey into the lead, the second charge of carbide had finally run its course, which also marked the pre-arranged time of departure. Chuck pushed ahead into a low passage, only to discover a junction with 3 leads, two walking passages. While he was checking out ahead, I tried to climb up into a canyon, only to discover still more leads, but most interesting, a very large bone on a ledge, high up above the canyon. Chuck and I were puzzled by its size, location of find, origin, etc.

Leaving the newly discovered leads, we returned to the canyon and retraced our steps to an upward-sloping canyon with a flowstone floor. This lead was intriguing, as much air movement was emanating from it and a lone bat hung on the wall close by - the only one I had seen. I fumbled around long enough for Chuck to decide to make the seemingly difficult climb, which wasn't. I went around the flowstone and climbed up another similar-looking lead, soon joining Chuck at the top. Chuck was worn out, and since my way was essentially an easy walk, I went ahead to discover and scoop. As I raced down the virgin passage, the cave echoed "That's my lead, dammit!" We went 400-500 feet, passing numerous leads, all virgin, and finally decided to return some other day.

Our final accomplishment of the day was to survey from the Big Room, through the Attic, and out Rat Tail entrance to the historic entrance. Since Bill and Greg had not come out of the cave, we built a fire and looked along the river banks for a lost hook, which we readily found. No sooner than we dropped in the line, but out of the cave came the other two. Guess we'll just have to wait to try fire-roasted fish "a la Erisman" some other day.

With Bill and Greg's 1100 feet, the day's total survey amounted to over 2000 feet. We broke a mile, now being at 6,238 total corrected feet surveyed. Like us, they also had wondrous tales of more new cave, bedding plane in structure, with quite a few leads. The map now shows 42 unsurveyed, virgin leads. No one to our knowledge has yet found a lead that ends. Now it's the 2 mile barrier, some 4300 feet away.

Who knows, maybe we'll go deep enough inside of Devil's Head Mountain to discover it's secret and the reason for its naming.

\*\*\*\*\*



FURTHER COMMENTS ABOUT WHITE  
LOBSTER CAVE

By Bill Walden

ADVANCE NOTICE

Saturday, August 3, two survey teams extended White Lobster Cave well beyond the one mile mark. Paul Unger and Chuck Daehnke surveyed another 700 feet in the Right Fork, surveyed through the new entrance, and completed a surface survey between the two known entrances. Bill Walden and Greg Erisman continued surveying 1100 feet beyond the Milky Way. Half of this was virgin passage. The passage beyond the Milky Way curved right and passed perpendicularly sixty feet over the Left Fork. This was somewhat of a surprise because it is the first loop to be found in Lobster.

The October meeting of the COG will be held at the home of Dale Harmon, on Friday, October 10.

Needless to say, no passages were found to end. In fact, after pushing an all-out bellycrawl, pushing rocks and dirt aside as they went, Bill and Greg ended their survey with the note "big walking passage." Thus White Lobster holds true to form.

49

\*\*\*\*\*

COG SQUEAKS  
c/o Paul Rowley  
990 Francis Avenue  
Bexley, Ohio 43209

NON-PROFIT ORG.  
U.S. Postage Paid  
PERMIT #234  
Columbus, Ohio

BILL & KAREN WALDEN 2 F79  
223 FALLIS OH 43214  
COLS