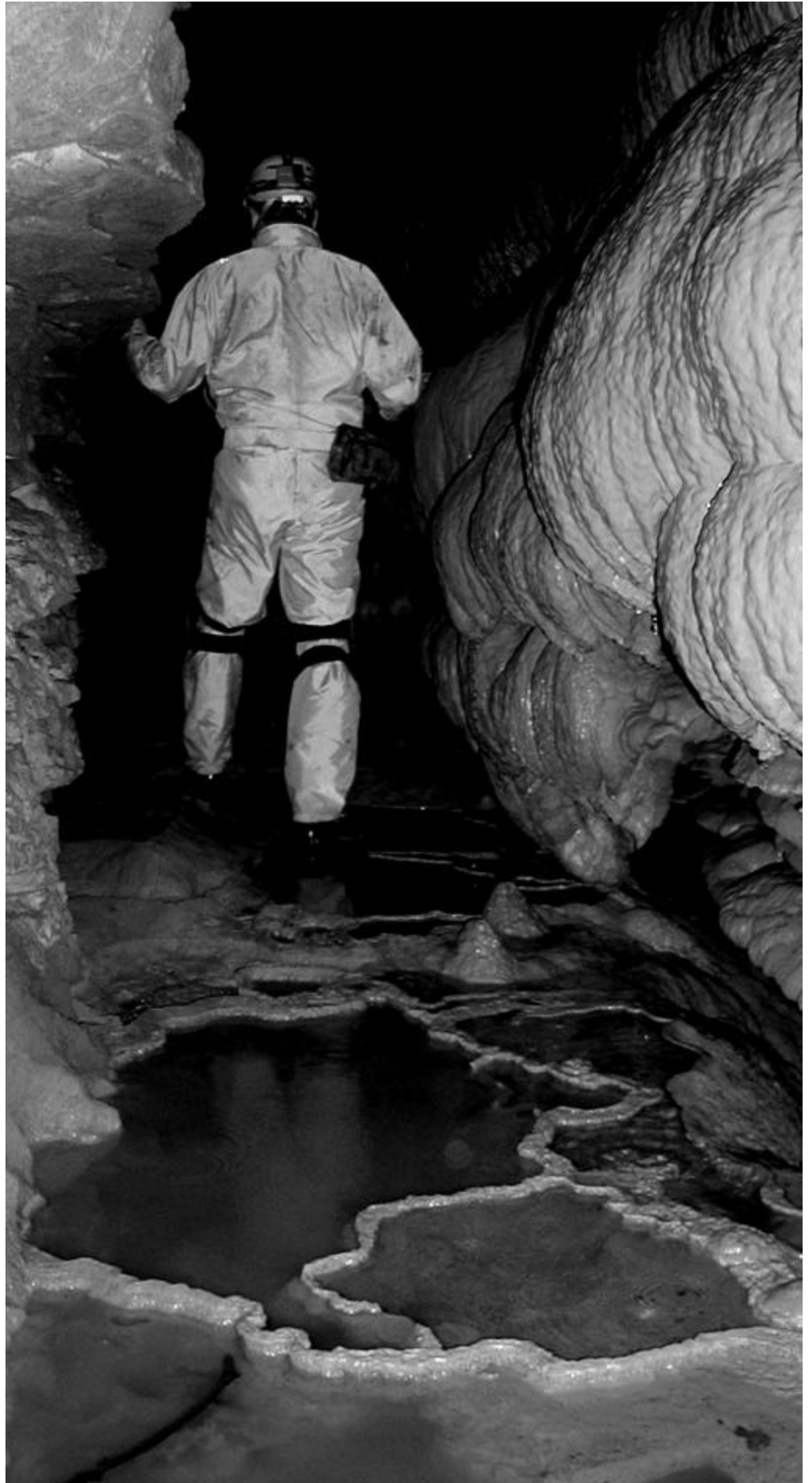


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***October
2003***

Rimstone Passage
In Colyers Cave
Photo by Cat Whitney



THE CENTRAL OHIO GROTTO (COG)

The Central Ohio Grotto (COG) of the National Speleological Society meets at 7:00 p.m. at the Worthington Presbyterian Church the fourth Tuesday of most months. The church is on the northwest corner of the square in Worthington. Parking is available behind the church. Enter the parking lot from the first side street off State Route 161. Please contact a grotto officer to confirm meeting time and place. The December meeting is not held at the church.

Grotto Mailing Address: C/O Bill Walden, 1672 South Galena Road, Galena, OH 43021 740-965-2942

Email: wwalden@columbus.rr.com

COG WEB page: www.tuningoracle.com/cog

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

Grotto Officers Name Telephone

Chairman	Joe Gibson	614-855-7948
Vice Chair	Darrell Adkins	740-392-6382
Secretary	Dale Andreatta	614-890-3269
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Youth Committee Chair-Roland Snow- snowpeople@ameritech.net

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The C.O.G. Squeaks

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

The C.O.G. Squeaks is mailed to dues paying members and to grottos with which the COG exchanges newsletters. The C.O.G. Squeaks is also available by E-mail as an Adobe Acrobat file (PDF) or Word Document. Please notify Bill Walden or Andy Franklin if you would like a file of the Squeaks to reprint. The Squeaks is available as a PDF at:

www.tuningoracle.com/cog:

NSS organizations have permission to reprint material from the C.O.G. Squeaks so long as the author and Squeaks are given credit, unless otherwise stated.

**The COG Meeting night is the 4th
Tuesday of the month at 7:00 p.m.**

KARST CALENDAR

Oct.28, 2003 COG Meeting
Nov. 1, 2003 Cave trip contact Bill Walden
Nov. 8, 2003 Cave trip contact Bill Walden
Nov. 8, 2003 Sinkhole Cleanup see page 7
Nov. 25, 2003 COG Meeting
Nov. 27–30 Thanksgiving in Kentucky
Nov. 29, 2003 Thanksgiving for cavers hosted by Tom
Crockett in Sloans Valley.
Dec. 13, 2003 COG Christmas Party at PJ's Party Room in
Sunbury, Ohio.
Jan 23-25, 2004 Crawlathon at Carter Caves State Resort Park.
<http://www.crawlathon.com/> for information.
Jan. 25, 2004 KSS meeting at Crawlathon
Jan. 27. 2004 COG Meeting

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Cover: The Rimstone Passage in Colyers Cave. Colyers Cave is part of the Coral Cave System in Pulaski County, Kentucky.
Photo is by Cat Whitney.

Elections coming up — we need to elect a new slate of officers.

December 13th is the COG Christmas Party with the gag gift exchange. Get your devious minds working now! Plan that gift. Remember, don't spend much money, it is the gag and laughs that count.

Discovering Secrets of Redmond Creek Cave

By Bill Walden

Last spring Harry Goepel asked me if I would lead a caving trip for the 2003 Wormfest. I agreed to lead a trip to Redmond Creek Cave. Rather than simply lead a trip through the cave, I decided to take advantage of the volunteers to help locate new passage.

My objective was at the beginning of the West Canyon. Survey teams had rushed through the beginning of the West Canyon on their way to survey the Northwest Canyon, Calyx Avenue, and the maze of passageways above the Northwest Canyon. Far back in the West Canyon Katie and I searched near the top for phreatic passages. That trip ended when a ledge on which I was standing broke and I fell. Later in that same area, Kevin Toepke discovered high passages with the largest cross-section yet discovered in Redmond Creek Cave.

No one has ever taken a serious look for passages above this area where the West Canyon begins. Because we had found so many phreatic passages further back in the canyons, I reasoned that one should be able to locate large phreatic passage near the beginning of the West Canyon too.

One readily sees from the map that the West Canyon and the East Canyon line up both in the profile and plan views of the cave. It stands to reason that the East and West Canyons are the same. To connect the two, one needs to cross over the Main Passage.

A small group of cavers started off from Wormfest for Redmond Creek. I was reasonably confident that we would locate new passage.

The trip became known as the presidential trip because Scott Fee, the current president of the NSS, and Mike Hood, the past president of the NSS, were on my trip. Also on the trip was Philipp Häuselmann from Bern Switzerland and Mike (Can't remember his last name).

After a tour of the Main passage we arrived at the junction of the Main Passage and West Canyon. Up the slope, across the not-so-deep chasm, between the breakdown blocks, and to the first safe place to scale the canyon we went. Here we split into two groups and we began our search. Despite our effort no high level passages were found.

Failing to find the much sought after high passage, we continued as a tour group to the Gypsum Room. "Can you see and the neat Gypsum flowers?" I inquired of the Group. "No." came the response. "Look carefully." I said. Slowly the group began

locate the gypsum flowers. The crystalline white formations are well concealed just off the room on the ceiling of a low area. Several of us took off further west down the West Canyon to the deep Chasm.

After returning to the Gypsum Room we began our retreat. Back at the beginning of the West Canyon Philipp Häuselmann and Mike decided to climb back to the top and search for a connection to the East Canyon. We could hear them climbing about above the Main Passage and occasionally we could see a light through an opening in the ceiling. They did cross the Main Passage. I asked Philipp to watch for survey stations. He located one. Locating a survey station was proof that the connection was made! Pat and Greg Erisman had made the station mark in 1998 in the East Canyon.

For October 12th Katie Walden and Kevin Toepke wanted to arrange a trip to Redmond Creek Cave to rig the pit off the main passage. This pit begins about 7 feet below the lowest point in the main passage and drops an estimated 25 to 30 feet. Since the lowest point in the Main Passage is 42 feet below the entrance, this means the pit is 74 to 79 feet below the entrance. Please remember this cave floods and water flows out the entrance.

That trip was cancelled because there had been significant rain prior to that day.

Kevin and I were the only two cavers going to Redmond the weekend of October 12th. We drove down early that Saturday and went straight to the cave. It took us 45 minutes to get from the entrance to the climb at the beginning of the West Canyon. We climbed up and started our survey west along a wide passage way. We terminated the westbound survey at a station 49. 49? I didn't know of a station 49 in the area! It must have been a station set by Roger Sperka and Jeff Vansant in 1970. My data didn't show their survey going that far.

Kevin and I then began to survey east and then northwest into virgin passage. The passage continues but I was stopped at a choke. Kevin was able to climb through but my attempts to squeeze through left scrapes on my back and chest and sore ribs. I couldn't squeeze through even with Kevin pulling me. We found route around the squeeze and continued northwest. It didn't go far before being stopped by breakdown.

We continued surveying east. What a complex area! It is a jumble of breakdown, canyons, and rooms all of which is above the Main Passage. A room directly over the main passage has a hole in the floor that opens into the Main Passage. This room has

the feel of a dome pit. The ceiling is a breakdown choke. One can see between the blocks of limestone that the real ceiling is high above. This room is likely the remains of an abandoned, collapsed dome pit, which long ago broke through into the passage below. Leading from this room is a wide low passage that leads to the East Canyon. We surveyed through this passage, which actually passes beneath the East Canyon before going in to it, and we tied into station J16 left by Greg and Pat.

This area deserves a better examination. Kevin and I intend to return.

The Wormfest trip was not a wasted effort because as a result of that trip we did find high-level passages. We will return to survey as we explore.

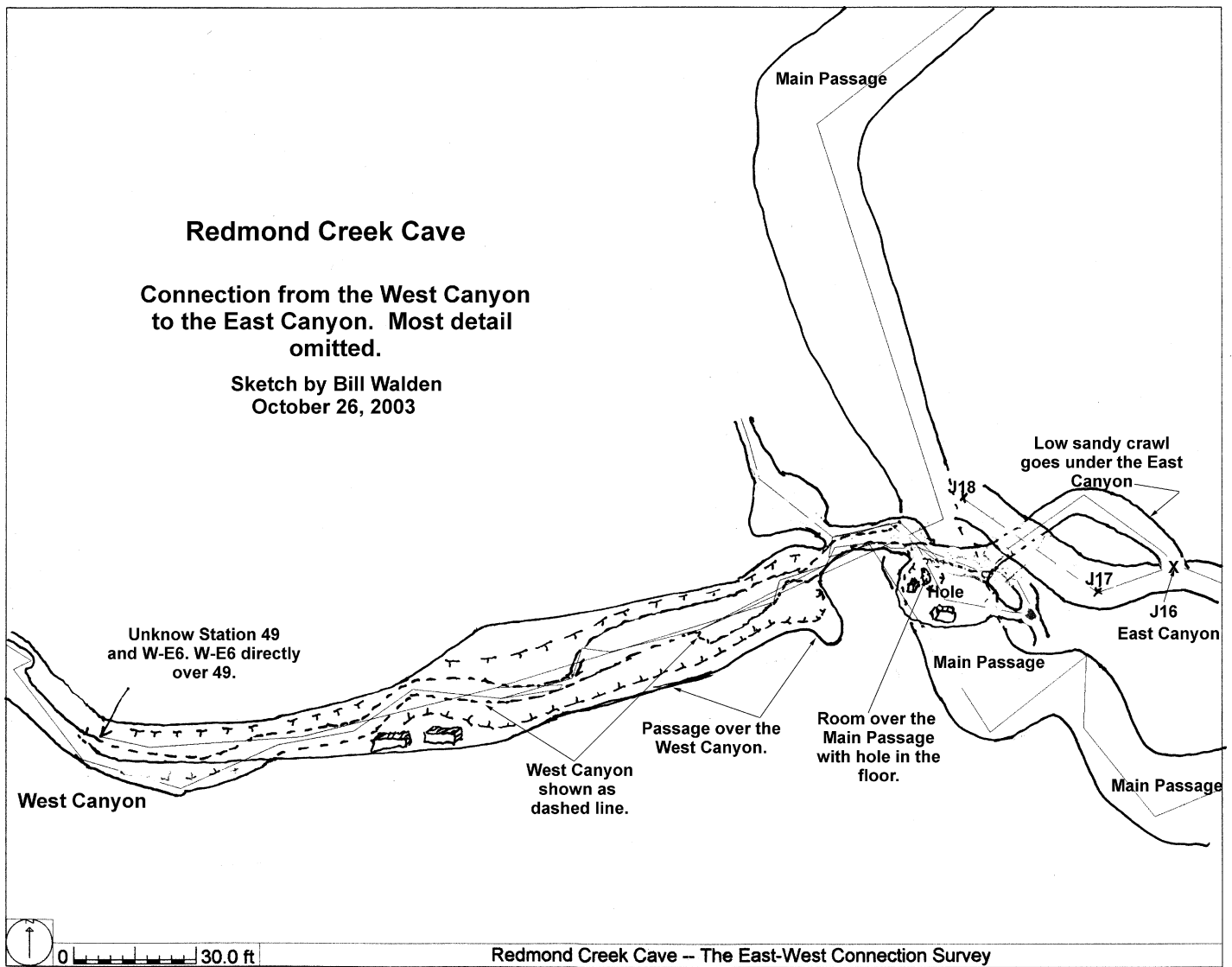
Planned trips to Redmond:

- November 1
- November 8
- Thanksgiving Weekend.

I can use cavers with a small cross section and cavers with vertical experience.

We will likely drop the pit Thanksgiving weekend if the weather is agreeable – meaning NO RAIN. The pit requires setting bolts. Vertical gear is required as is survey gear. This is a muddy trip.

Vertical gear not required for the canyons trip.



Survey by Kevin Toepke and Bill Walden October 18, 2003

Rough Sketch of the Connection from the West Canyon to the East Canyon.

By Bill Walden

Cave on Bonny Doon Beach

By Cat Whitney

Here I stand
My feet in the sand
On this warm California day
The wind so strong
Singing a Siren's song
As it passes through this small cave

The water is cold
But I shall be bold
And follow the passage to where it may go
Clean mountain smells
The fragrance that tells
Of the beauty and splendor I've yet to know

I move so carefully and so slow
Watching warily where I go
The water covers me, very deep now
Too buoyant I am
So I begin to swim
Moving toward the light, toward the glow

Closer and closer I get
I'm tired, I'm cold, and I'm wet
But oh how breathtaking, oh what a sight
At the end of the cave
A view to amaze
A mountain majestic bathed in sunlight

White clouds in a sky of blue
Green trees and yellow flowers too
Truly a treasure, here I have found
The buzzing and humming
Of bees in their coming
And goings in this beauty abound

I smile enjoying the beautiful day
Assessing where I am, I discover in dismay
I'll have to go back through, there is no way around
Back into the water I go
Oh my goodness, it really is cold
The silence is deafening, save for my own sound

Why does the return trip
Always seem to slip
Backwards in time and take so much longer
The journey in seemed quick
There must be magic or a trick
Or is that I'm tired and feeling a hunger

Just a few more feet
To the sun and the heat
Another minute the entrance I'll reach
Now here I stand
My feet in the sand
Near a cave on Bonny Doon Beach

FALL BREAK 2003

By Margaret (Peggy) E. Renwick

mrenwick@wellesley.edu

WEST VIRGINIA: Margaret E. Renwick, Ava, and Kevin Flanagan

Part one: Travel and Memorial Day Cave

Friday: Kevin turns up around 12:45pm, and in the beautiful sun he, Ava and I cram all our crap into his little Toyota Prius: hybrid, with talking guidance system and gps screen, keeping track of the gas we've used compared with the battery in 5min increments for the past half-hour, and xm satellite radio complete with remote control that allows me to see what station is playing what song by what artist on about 100 different stations...commercial-free. Once I figure out how it works, I won't put the damn thing down. I mean really - what more could a dj dream for?

This is the idealized start to the weekend, as we tear out the Mass pike and down 84 to 91 and to 15 in Connecticut, chattering as we pass through New England in the fall and zoom pass traffic going the other way. by the Tappan Zee, of course, the traffic is ours; gas and dinner are in New Jersey, and around 10.20pm we arrive at Wal-Mart in Hagerstown, Maryland. Ava and I scamper amongst the cheap Halloween candy and refrain from buying \$1.50 bath towels, going for kneepads, batteries, and plastic gloves instead. We buy copious amounts of food. We rejoice in getting stares from the locals (yes...sadly...no, it's true) and over an hour later pile back into the car. I'm napping at 12:45 when the cop pulls us over in rural west Virginia, saying he caught Kevin going 73 down one mountain and 70 on another - the current speed limit is 45. Ahem. Somehow we don't get a ticket, and I sleepily remember rolling along dusty quarry roads an hour later, and by two we're tucked into bed in the attic of the Germany Valley Karst Survey's field house, an isolated place full of cavers on the second weekend of every month. At 8am the voices downstairs wake us up, and we head off for breakfast - a local greasy spoon with a couple tables full of cavers, plotting their plans for a gray October day. Aside from a very attractive friend of a certain ex-boyfriend of mine, everyone is well over the age of 30. There's one other woman, somebody's girlfriend. I nevertheless waltz in like I own the place, and am greeted with lovely success. We chat about rigging, experience, school, blah-blah - they quiz me and leave Ava alone. Later, though, as we get ready to head for the cave, they start quizzing her - how much experience do you have, oh quiet one? I startle them away as she and I exchange Looks. By 11.30 Kevin, Ava, Ralph and I are slipping down the 50-gallon drum that is the manmade entrance to Memorial Day cave, discovered a couple years ago, and just another mud hole (that they blasted continuously) until breaking into Columbia Canyon, a miles-long section of huge borehole reached by a 125-ft drop from a tight crack in the ceiling. As we go in, Ava's already apprehensive; she comes back out of the hole, claustrophobic, and we have a Chat; we go back in, and the guys and I cajole her and buck up her confidence. We start crawling: scrambling

down a scree-pile, squeezing under formations, and then began the *meandrini del cazzo* like those I'd seen in the Go Fredo and the Astrea. But oh - these were worse: tight, twisty, long, and with a crack in the bottom ideal for losing packs or wrenching ankles. We plod on, and I manage to carry my 25-pound pack (including some of Ava's gear) without too much trouble. We're going slowly, and already I can see the guys' plans to hit the back of the cave and survey new leads start to slip away. Climb-downs, pack passages, a hellish crawl, and the first drop - an easy one with a VERY muddy rope down a 50-ft dome. I help Ava every step of the way, listen to her cries of happiness at the pretty cave, and head down last. The rope's so muddy and thick that I have to shove it through my bobbin to get down. There before us lies The Puppetbuster: 75 feet of tight crawlway that ends in a 125-foot plunge. This passage has been modified - blasted aplenty - to make it wide enough for normal passage, but it's still no picnic. Ralph heads in first (he was the first ever to get through the entire thing), then Kevin, then Ava and me. One by one, we struggle through the crack, with our packs clipped onto our harnesses so that as we slither, they don't get lost into the bottomless blackness at the bottom of the crack. It's an interesting paradox: the keyhole-shaped passage is uncomfortably tight, but if it were widened any more there'd be the danger of slipping down into the canyon below. I can only hear Kevin as he describes his actions to Ava, getting on rope and sliding out of earshot; then she clips into the rope and starts getting her rack onto the rope. Note: rack. I use a bobbin now, haven't used a rack in years. And yet here I am, making sure she's threaded it right, locked it off correctly, telling her it's ok to take off her safety - no wait, Ava, wait come back. She's sweating and near panic. I somehow remain calm...it's terrifying and exhilarating at the same time to be helping her. As soon as she's free of the confining passage, she whoops with delight, and in a few minutes I manage to follow, watching their lights grow nearer as I land in a sticky mud puddle in an enormous canyon. By this point, it's pretty clear how shaken up Ava is; they've all taken off their vertical gear and will leave it at the bottom of the drop, meaning that if we get to the leads at the back of the cave we'll only do the horizontal ones. After a long snack and discussion break (Ralph, thankfully, is infinitely patient and somehow not ticked at the prospect of losing his survey trip) we head off down the canyon, through mud and over slippery huge blocks of breakdown, struggling up chocolate brown slopes. We've rounded only a couple bends when Ava sits down, looking unhappy. I can't go on, she says. I really think it'd be better, if I have to deal with that passage again, if I start now, while I still have energy. Ok, we say. Do you want to rest and sleep a little first? Yes. We start looking for a dry spot - everything is soaked from a recent flood - and end up heading back to the drop, beyond it, and above, to a drier spot. I spread out my *mantellina*, and Ava and I lie down. Soon I'm drifting off into the warm, dreamy state I only manage to have in caves, where conversation and *stillicidio* play with my mind and I lose track of time. Kevin and Ralph chat, and then head off to check out the passage beyond. Nobody's angry that we're turning back; Kevin and Ralph just want to make sure the two of us aren't scared away (are you coming back next month?? was the question we heard most often). We sit around there for quite a while, chatting, eating, seeing the pretty dry side passage with a room full of soda straws, peeing. Then, one by one, we start

heading back up the rope. Ralph is first, and he waits for me at the top of the drop: it takes me forever to ascend. The rope is waterlogged, so my ascenders don't grip; the rope is long enough to stretch, but so muddy it won't pull down through my Croll, so I waste energy with *pedalate inutili*. I'm overdressed, so I open my coveralls and furry suit, but then mud glops down onto me and clogs its zipper. I'm carrying Ava's and my packs, both soaked with mud, and they must weigh 40 pounds together. At last I reach Ralph, who clips my cows tail into his, which is in turn connected to the traverse line. We pull up my packs and several feet of the heavy rope to get it out of my way, and somehow I haul myself into the passage. Once I'm finally, breathlessly disconnected, he scoots backwards down the passage and jams himself on his side into the crack in the floor - leaving me just enough room for me to squirm *over* his body so he can go wait for Ava and help her. I lie gasping for breath, staring at the section of passage where the floor drops away, and contemplate crawling over it with weak arms and two heavy packs. I at last muster the courage to clip mine on, and start moving forward until I get over the abyss and to the blast zone, where the passage is wider. I tell Ralph I've only brought one pack, and he does his best to mask his disappointment, telling me not to worry. Ava arrives surprisingly quickly and follows me, packless, into the tight tube; I coach her as best I can without being able to turn and see her, and we slowly worm through the tube and out to the bottom of the 50 foot drop. There we rejoice, taking pictures and snacking, and wait for Ralph and Kevin, who decided to drag out a heavy electrical cord strung along the passage. After he's arrived and rested, we start climbing the pit - much easier and more fun. I wait for Ava at the top, and then kick down a bunch of loose rocks along the traverse, hollering to Kevin, and listening to them crash below. Later he tells me that the other cavers, coming out the next morning, noticed that "the passage had changed" - my little contribution. We strip off our vertical gear and then slowly, painstakingly, begin passing packs and helping each other clamber back out of the cave. The most torturous and frustrating part, now, is a long, tight crawl that I head into first - unwillingly, but there wasn't space for anyone to pass me. I creep along, sweating, painfully shoving my pack, trying not to lose it, and keeping my frustration to a minimum so as to not worry Ava. At one curve in the passage, I find myself slipping my head into a hole to the right, and then kicking my legs out behind me in a sick gymnastic move to get around the corner. at the next room, I refuse to lead any longer, and Ralph takes over, followed by me, then Ava and Kevin, cursing with his bulging pack and extension cord. Several more crawls and climbs follow us, and I'm continuously hampered by my heavy pack - no amount of cursing at it in vicious *slang bolognese* makes it move, and I only want to cry. But at last I drag myself up the rickety wooden ladder and out into the moonlight; all around, I smell cow shit and plant life and fresh air. Ava, ironically, waits at the bottom of the ladder for several minutes, to hand up Kevin's pack before climbing out. It's about twelve-thirty when we strip amongst cow patties and walnut pods, shove our muddy gear into Kevin's trunk, and head home to collapse. The only thing I can find to eat is an apple, and bread on which I spread mayonnaise - everyone else is asleep and I'm too tired to cook. I choke the stuff down and sleep around two.

Sunday: digging, Seneca Rocks, and the Wellesley girl mystique

When we wake up around 9am Sunday, Ava and I have suddenly gained new identities: we've become "the Wellesley girls." rather horrified at this new nickname, we wander about in our filthy, bruised bodies and wait for a greasy breakfast. Afterwards we retreat back to the loft and listen to the middle-aged men gossip about us downstairs. All we can do is giggle, laugh it down - but that only makes it worse. Apparently the old cavers had pulled out stories the night before around the campfire - tales of Wellesley women from years past that came to cave with their group. Later, we find out why it's really so exciting: these Wellesley girls, in the 1960s, had never actually arrived - finally we, the mystical women had come to West Virginia. Ava and I find ourselves surrounded, as we huddle on our sleeping bags, by a crowd of aging cavers telling stories and gossiping as we laugh and try not to scream. We're saved when the first of the marathon cavers returns to the field house - Memorial Day Cave is 1100 feet longer after a 24-hour trip. Some people are still in there, and will be out Monday morning. As the members of GVKs gather for a debriefing, I look out the window and watch that very attractive friend of a certain ex-boyfriend as he staggers about with a beer in his hand at 11 o'clock in the morning --poor biologically confused bastard. Then they begin tossing around activities for that day: digging, rock climbing, hiking, digging. Ava and I refuse to dig - that means putting on our mud-encrusted cave clothes and hauling buckets of recently exploded rock. We think we've convinced Kevin to take us to nearby Seneca Rocks when in walks Devon, who informs us we're being kidnapped. He's so charming I have to say yes - "Ava, you want to go blow shit up?" "Okay." and we get in the car and take the back road onto a local landowner's property, where a sinkhole dig is in process. It's just me, Devon, Ava and Kevin. At the bottom of the sinkhole is a big block of limestone that needs to be removed before digging can continue into a crack in the ground (hey, Memorial Day Cave began as a tiny hole blowing air into the grass). After various issues with the generator, the guys (it's a very, very male game, this one) drill two foot-long holes into the block and stuff in charges. Ava and I flee up the hill to the car. "Fire in the hole!" we hear from a distance, and then comes a muffled *bang!* Like a car door slamming. Back at the hole, the rock is now in chunks. The guys toss them down the hill (I'm helpless - it seems my wrist is strained from pushing that pack through the cave) and we trundle back to the field house. Then Ava and I inform Kevin that we're going to Seneca Rocks, and the three of us head there, for a quick and easy half-hour hike up to a tall ridge of rock that offers a gorgeous view of the Appalachians. As the sun starts to go down, we pass back through the gap and head for the field house, but driving past the quarry that houses hellhole cave (closed for the winter b/c of hibernating bats) we spot the other dig going on, and Kevin begs to go check it out. We drive through a gate, shoo away a herd of cows, and park in the middle of a beautiful field - next to a huge pile of dirt and rock made with a backhoe. At the bottom of the sinkhole, a plywood frame shores up the sides of the dig, and two cavers are pulling out final buckets of mud and rock as the landowner looks curiously on. "We were just trying to explain to him the mystique of a Wellesley girl," says one of them - "can you tell him?" Ava and I

somehow laugh our way out of this one as well, by which time Kevin has checked out the hole at the bottom of the dig and wants to go in. he asks me to get a yellow suit from Rick's truck, and I go for it: approaching the truck I see a herd of a dozen cows standing behind it, and as I come up they back away guiltily, then scatter across the field. The yellow suit lies on the ground behind the truck, slimy and glistening with cow slobber. I take it to Kevin, who puts it on over his shorts and t-shirt, and jams himself into the hole. Ava and I watch the boys at play, take pictures, and wonder at why a farmer would let someone come dig up a field like this. Finally the guys tear themselves away, and we chase the cows away from the gate and head for the field house. There, as they make dinner, Ava and I get a full lecture on how to make 160-proof moonshine in our basements, and then the landowner, his son, and girlfriend come over for a greasy, American-cheesy dinner. Ava and I flee early to the attic to rest (she's not used to being sore, and is exhausted). I read for a while and then sleep.

Monday: back to Boston?

I wake us up at 7.30 and we stagger out to the car, sort through piles of muddy gear with stiff fingers, and get on the road - through the hills of West Virginia, in the bright sunlight, on brand-new enormous and empty (but straight and level) roads, past enormous chicken barns. Then we're on a main road, sometime around 10am, and I see a sign that reads "WASHINGTON D.C. 82." "I've never been to D.C.," I say, "can we go?" we finally start to wake up as we pull over to buy a map and caffeine, and get on the dreaded I-66 to go see the capital. We arrive around noon, drive through, park in the middle of everything, and go to the botanical gardens. Twenty minutes later we're back in the car and still heading east - "if Peggy gets to go to D.C. I get to go to Delaware," Ava says, "I'm going for all fifty states, baby." hours later we're zooming through corn and soybean fields, and I feel like I'm at home but I know the Atlantic is right over there, somewhere. It's very surreal. We stop at the border to take a picture of the DELAWARE sign, and *Wayne's World* loops through my head. Around 2pm Ava is going stir-crazy and insists we stop, and we end up at a shopping mall food court. She tries to wash her hair in the sink and we both suppress the urge to scream at the fact that we're STILL IN KEVIN'S COMPANY. We're starting to lose it. At 6pm Kevin gets control of the radio, and for two hours we find ourselves listening to the musical weirdness of Dr. demento, with a torturous rest stop somewhere in New Jersey, after a long detour near my hometown of New Brunswick. Hours keep passing - we see traffic and more traffic, construction, the George Washington bridge from the Tappan Zee bridge, and in New Haven Kevin loses himself in telling stories of his college radio days; I look at the speedometer and holler at him for going only 53mph. KEVIN! WE WANT TO GO HOME! ...and suddenly on the far-left median a white suv goes blazing by, followed by two screaming cop cars. In another mile we see it cross all 4 lanes in one move, and then vehicles crunched at the side of the road, and the suv is jammed up against a fence as the driver catapults over it to run, followed by a cop with a flashlight. If Kevin hadn't been going slow, Ava points out, that might've been us there at the side of the road... one final traffic

jam sends us back down 95 to catch 91, and at 11pm Ava and I are joyfully scampering up the sidewalk and into Cazenove Hall. Down to the basement to vent as we scrub mud from our gear...an oh-so-needed shower...and bed. OH, BUT IT WAS SO, SO SURREAL!

Pictures at:

http://wilbur.wellesley.edu/~mrenwick/pictures/camera/mem_day_1.JPGRalph, Kevin & Ava - Memorial Day cave

http://wilbur.wellesley.edu/~mrenwick/pictures/camera/cannule_m_day.JPGsoda straws, Memorial Day cave

http://wilbur.wellesley.edu/~mrenwick/pictures/camera/cannule_m_day_2.JPGmore soda straws, Memorial Day cave

http://wilbur.wellesley.edu/~mrenwick/pictures/camera/m_day_posse.JPGKevin, Ava, Ralph - Memorial Day cave

http://wilbur.wellesley.edu/~mrenwick/pictures/camera/p_ava_muddy.JPGAva & *p, happily out of the puppetbuster

http://wilbur.wellesley.edu/~mrenwick/pictures/camera/k_puppetbuster.JPGKevin emerges from the puppetbuster

http://wilbur.wellesley.edu/~mrenwick/pictures/camera/seneca_rocks_1.JPGthe view south from Seneca rocks

http://wilbur.wellesley.edu/~mrenwick/pictures/camera/seneca_rocks_2.JPGAva at Seneca Rocks, with the view west

http://wilbur.wellesley.edu/~mrenwick/pictures/camera/ava_dig.JPG Ava and West Virginia's big dig

http://wilbur.wellesley.edu/~mrenwick/pictures/camera/guys_dig.JPG men at play in their dig

http://wilbur.wellesley.edu/~mrenwick/pictures/camera/p_ava_car.JPGman oh man, we were going nuts.

American Cave Conservation Association Hosts Fall Sinkhole Cleanup

The American Cave Conservation Association (ACCA) will host its annual fall sinkhole cleanup on Saturday, November 8, 2003. Each spring and fall ACCA partners with local residents, community leaders, students, scouts, and caving and conservation organizations to remove sinkhole trash and debris that threatens to contaminate local groundwater resources. Volunteers for this November 8 event are asked to meet at 9:00 a.m. at the American Cave Museum located at 119 East Main Street, Horse Cave, KY. Complimentary lunch and commercial tours of Hidden River Cave will be provided for all volunteers.

Following the cleanup, experienced cavers will be offered the opportunity for off the trail tours in Hidden River Cave. Funding for this sinkhole cleanup is provided by the American Cave Conservation Association and in part by a grant from the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency through the Kentucky Division of Water!

Volunteers are asked to confirm their participation by contacting Peggy Nims at 270-786-1466. Peggy A. Nims Marketing/Community Relations American Cave Conservation Association P.O. Box 409 Horse Cave, KY 42749 Fax: 270-786-1467 email: pnims@cavern.org

Meeting minutes from September 23, 2003

By Dale Andreatta

11 people attended

Treasurer's report-\$880.75

KSS report: There was a workday about 1 ½ weeks ago. There will be a business meeting on October 19.

An OVR cleanup was held at Carcass Crypt Pit in Indiana.

There will be a Wells Work Weekend the weekend of September 27 and 28.

Old business-none

New Business: Christmas party was discussed. No site yet found, Bill proposed renting a banquet room.

An officer nominating committee was formed of Joe, Cat and Lacie. Nominations are due next month.

There will be a Halloween Roast on Oct. 11 at Jim Blankenship's.

Future trips-Weekend of Sept. 27 Libra birthday weekend at Squalid Manor with caving and other activities on Saturday.

October 18 to Redmond Creek, and again over Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving to Jugornot.

Meeting was adjourned, we went to Villa Nova, and had cake to celebrate the birthdays of Bill Walden and Joe Gibson (both Sept. 24).