



C.O.G. Squeaks

April 2004



Pat Erisman Climbing out of Wayne County, Kentucky Pit

Saturday March 20, 2004 Photo by Bill Walden

The April "You figure it out issue." Grotto info on page 11.

SALAMANDROID ON THE RAMPAGE!



Dr. Yuri Domsunovich recently reported the escape from his lab of a troglobitic organism called a salamandroid. Dr. Domsunovich believes that these creatures are mutations of ordinary cave creature or humans by transdimensional nanoviruses that use Electromagnetic Wave Enhanced Rapid Speleogenesis to enter caves from the ninth dimension as predicted by string theory. The trans-dimensional viruses infect their host and begin transforming their vital fluids and organs into trans-dimensional gateway generators. Dr. Domsunovich has analyzed bodily fluids from on such Salamandroid. He found orgomagnetic compounds that circulate in their blood streams in such a way as to emit a small but concentrated electromagnetic vibration. Dr. Domsunovich believes this vibration harmonizes or resonates with certain string vibrations that hold matter together and can create openings between dimensions. By increasing or decreasing its circulatory tracts, the Salamandroid is able to loosen the strong forces between sub-atomic particles and create holes in the fabric that separates us from other dimensions.

Dr. Domsunovich warns that Salamandroids, once exposed to light experience rapid growth from centimeters to meters in length. When exposed to daylight they grow to immense proportions, like the one that destroyed the Russian town of Cornholopolis. Dr. Domsunovich warns that if Salamandroids are encountered in caves, do not shine lights on them.

Authorities have stated that they have the Salamandroid surrounded and all is under control despite some damage and casualties.

Dr. Domsunovich in close collaboration with the geophysicist, Dr. Yrral Nospmis, has postulated that the dinosaurs may have been infected by such transdimensional viruses, and that the Yucatan Crater may have been in reality, a transdimensional gateway.

Lou's Tall Tale

By Lou Simpson

Bill Walden asked me to write a tall tale. "You're one of the best," he wrote. Well, actually, I have written nonfiction cave trip reports, which are always entirely true, and I've attempted to create some fiction, and those stories are all made up, although they usually had some parallel to actual events and people, with the names thinly disguised. Some people reading my absolutely true trip reports may have thought I exaggerated or even lied, and I know my book title was "Sex, Lies, and Survey Tape", so I guess I can see how I might have a

reputation for prevarication. The truth is, though, I like to write things that are true but that sound unbelievable. Like when my mother-in-law says something that I think is incorrect, I discreetly say to her, "That's unbelievable!" So what I think I'll do here is just recount some things that have happened that are true but unbelievable.

Now, back in my day, the late sixties and early seventies, caving was quite different than it is today. If we didn't find

virgin cave every time we went in a cave, we weren't half trying. The plentitude of virgin cave back in the good old days made caving solo more hazardous. I remember spending all day soloing in virgin cave in Sloan's, mapping and digging as I went, thinking, "There's no way anybody would look for me here." After a number of years, I preferred not to be the first to scoop virgin cave but rather got a greater thrill by picking the least experienced caver in the party and telling them to go first.

In my youth, the NSS motto only had one or two parts to it. I think it was just "Leave nothing but footprints". "Take nothing but pictures" and "Kill nothing but time" came later. We used carbide, which you could buy at any hardware store pretty cheap, like a quarter a pound. I think it was Rick Day who got some industrial grade carbide that was great big walnut-sized pieces. You could only put one piece in your lamp. It lasted a long time. Back then they still mined carbide in carbide mines, but a tragic accident occurred when a miner forgot and urinated in the mine. I once had to pee in my carbide lamp while hanging from a rope, which was not easy to do. The reason I was on the rope so long was that we were passing boards down Humongous Pit to build a railway for a dig project. The flame seemed more yellow than usual. It took a while for the smell to go away.

It has become not politically correct to pee (or worse) in a cave, but thirty years ago we did it. In fact, I think I might have taken advantage of the scent to find the way, just like animals are said to do. I remember that when I took some Dayton Underground Grotto cavers through the Bicentennial Dig in Abbott Saltpeter Cave, I was waiting just beyond this thirty-foot dug out part and I had to fart. The air was blowing in, so no foul, I figured. But as each caver crawled through the crawl, the airflow reversed, so the fart moved back and forth. I'm not making this up. Once, when I was in the Bedroom in Sloan's exploring side leads with a detailed copy of the map for that section, I got diarrhea and had to use part of the map to wipe. Fortunately, there was plenty of white space. The first time I took Sheryl to Wolf River (this is not a poop story), we encountered a group coming out of the cave because we were entering at 9 PM, having taken all day to pack and drive from home to the cave. Anyway, the cavers in the other party said they'd heard that they might be able to get a map of the cave from Lou Simpson. I said, "I'm Lou Simpson. Here's a map." I gave them the map I had placed in my helmet. Sheryl found the cave very muddy because it had flooded. I had told her it was the driest nicest cave. We went all the way to the Enchanted Forest, finally exiting well after midnight and reaching our motel room at dawn. We pushed the checkout time by an extra half hour, THEN used the swimming pool. That reminds me of another motel story. Sheryl and I had taken Heather to the airport in Indianapolis at mid-morning. Sheryl and I planned to attend a meeting in Indianapolis that evening where she was getting a writing award, and we were tired, so we looked for a place to rest, just during the day. You'd have thought we were trying to find a place for a nooner. No motels would rent to us during the day and we finally had to pay full price at a sleazy place near the Indy 500 track. The bathroom door wouldn't close and the phone made a buzzing noise when you picked it up. Once Sheryl, Heather, and I stayed at an even sleazier motel in Missouri. That's all we could find because we had waited until very late to get a place. The bed collapsed. The towels

were so thin you could see through them. The TV wasn't even hooked up. You could rent x-rated videos, so maybe that was the TV was for. The outer door wouldn't lock. All the other tenants arrived on motorcycles.

But I digress. Oh yes, the good old days. I had the caving bug bad. I went caving every week if I could. I only stayed in Ohio if there was some caving function going on or I needed to put out a caving newsletter. My phone number list contained only cavers and relatives. I didn't have any friends who weren't cavers. I had an International Scout. Once it was in the shop for nine weeks for transmission work, and it was my only car, but I managed to get a ride to go caving every one of those weekends. Nowadays, cavers will drive their own cars, solo, just to be able to arrive and leave exactly when they choose. You know who I'm talking about. Yes, the Scout. I had ridden in Dave Beiter's Land Rover and really liked how he plowed through all obstacles. I got the Scout and proceeded to do the same. Timid at first, soon I was getting stuck all the time just like Dave. Once I encountered a big mound of dirt that had been placed in a trail deliberately to keep jeeps out, so of course, I barreled up onto it, stalling and teetering on the skid plate. No problem, I just got out, jacked up the front, and pushed it back off the hump. The Scout wasn't too bad; you just had to jack it off every so often. I was a schoolteacher so I could go caving a lot and in Kentucky, not in Viet Nam. During my free period at school I usually worked on a cave map, and sometimes even when supervising a big study hall. I learned that teaching seventh-graders required a different vocabulary than talking to adults or cavers (that's three different vocabularies), but I was multi-lingual. When I asked the students to write down an argument for why the earth is round, they wrote a conversation like "It's round." "No, it's flat." "Round." "Flat." Then they threatened to fight each other physically and it would escalate from there. At first I tried to teach them a little about caves, but their understanding was limited. On a quiz I asked them why you shouldn't break off stalactites and stalagmites and they responded that it was illegal or you could get hurt. I was always blowing up stuff for my science classes, though not necessarily on purpose. I guess some of the students learned something. It has taken me a long time to learn not to look when someone yells "Hey, Asshole!"

After nearly drowning in a cave for the third time in 1982, I gave away all my cave gear and maps and survey data. I gradually tracked down most of the maps and data by 1990 and really got interested in caving again in 1992 when the newly forming Dayton Underground Grotto invited me to help them get started. I couldn't resist showing off my favorite caves to these folks. Then in the mid-nineties my wife Sheryl found an interesting place to stay in Pall Mall, Tennessee and Harry Goepel and I found some new caves to explore. One thing led to another and there was a fieldhouse and an unofficial Blackhouse Mountain Gang and a bunch of adventures to write about and some cave mapping and even cave exploding with those crazy Tennesseans. I self-published my memoirs in 1995 and I still have lots of them if you'd like one. During the last several years I've slacked off and taken up metal detecting. My wife asks, "Why does everything you like to do involve dirt?" I've had adventures metal-detecting just like those I've had caving, although they haven't been as life-threatening. I hunted at an old church being renovated by a cult called Metamorphic Siren. They named the building the

Temple of Death and Life. I've found several lost heirlooms for people. I've hunted in Great Saltpeter Cave and found a hatchet head. There is a story written by John Lair about a murder with a hatchet in that cave. The hatchet was supposed to be buried in the victim's skull up to the hatchet eye, or was it the victim's eye? I didn't see a skull with this hatchet.

Since my outrageous caving days, I've had a few more close calls. In 1999 I slipped on the ice on my sidewalk and got knocked unconscious. After that I saw double and I still do, so I got some bifocals with four prisms to kind of correct it. I still see double when I look at a distant point, like an aircraft or a planet. In 2002 a couple of kids tried to mug me in my driveway saying "Give me your wallet." I couldn't see anything and I struggled with somebody. My glasses were knocked off and I ended up grabbing the barrel of a pistol aimed at my stomach. I yelled "NO! NO! NO!" and the person, maybe two of them ran away, leaving me holding the gun. I went inside and told my wife to call 911. Then I noticed that the barrel of the pistol was very small and the brand was Huntington Beach. That sounded like a blender brand. Some muggers were later apprehended using the same kind of weapon, so maybe they were the same ones. In 2003 I was having some trouble breathing and was diagnosed with a heart artery blockage. There was 90% blockage in the left anterior descending artery, known as the "widow-maker". The doctor placed a stent. I'm told there was no damage to the heart. But maybe I'd be pushing my luck these days to go caving like I used to.

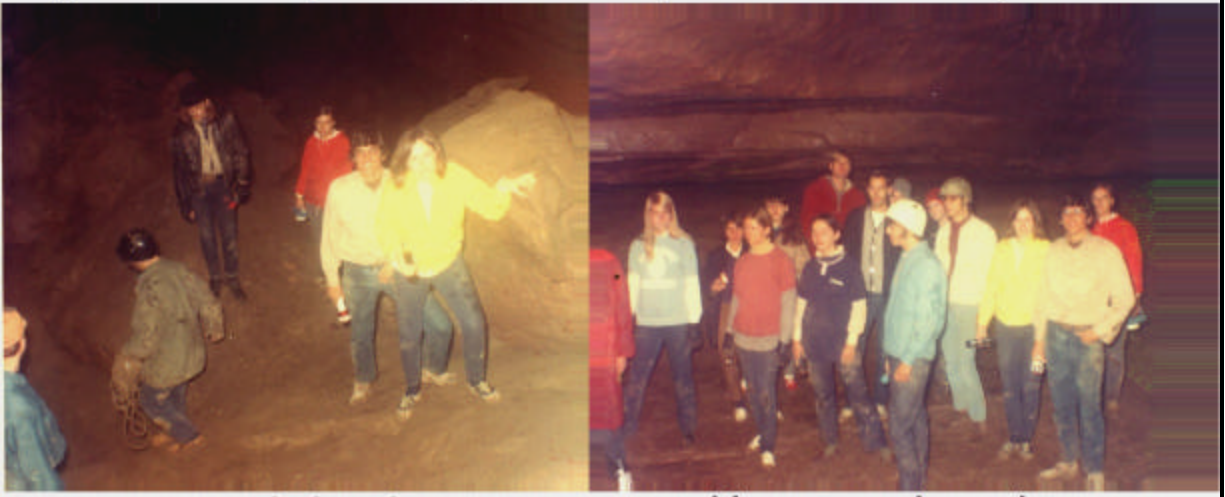
Anyway, It's been fun to tell some stories again. I've missed the writing. Sheryl and I have had further adventures, just like we always do. We have two grandchildren now and they say the cutest things. When I had my heart problem, my 4-year-old granddaughter, Sarah said "Grandpa has a broken heart." I told Casey, my 7-year-old grandson, that he'd be taller than me when he grew up. He said, "Yeah, Grandpa, but you'll be dead." Grandma and I and Heather and the kids and Heather's fiancé rented a boat and went boating around Pine Island, Florida. We used a GPS and managed not to get stuck more than a few times in the shallow water. The last time we got stuck, Heather was pulling the boat to deeper water in her bikini, the engine having stalled. This attracted the attention of some men on a boat who came over and helped us recover the engine. We also had some trouble docking soft enough, if you get my drift. I think the damages came to about as much as the rent.

Hey, we're considering going to the convention this year in Michigan, mostly because we haven't been to that part of the country. Well, Sheryl has, and mosquitoes caused her to leave prematurely, but she's wants to try again. She has a big silk scarf something like a burka that she might try wearing if it's too bad. She wore it in Tennessee last fall and asked me to take her picture. "I'm smiling, although you can't tell," she said. She says the funniest things. Like when we got gas and she was going to the ladies room. "Will you pump while I pee?" Well, I'll end this now and maybe I'll try this again sometime.

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Part American Idol, part Survivor, part Jackass,
contestants will follow real spelunkers around until they
drop out or fall in or fall down, whatever....
sponcered by xterra, the car you can tie a rope to.



New Caving Product

Have you ever been caving and had your glasses steam up? Well fret no more, GAGME* (bringing you fine caving products for over a dozen months) has come up with a solution. See in the photo below how the caver appears dark, dull, lifeless, and almost inhuman.



Add sparkle to your visage with GAGME electrically heated eyeglasses. GAGME electrically heated glasses use the same batteries as your headlamp. New LED lights extend your battery life, but WHY, I ask you, have all that extra battery power go to waste. See how the caver below, using the

GAGME glasses appears brighter, more human, and even slightly more intelligent, than with the fogged glasses.



Now, for only \$19.95 you can have GAGME electrically heated glasses. But wait, there's MORE. If you act right now you can get, at NO extra charge, 5000 lbs of carbide (slightly damaged in a flood). Call now, our operator is back from lunch, 1 800 555-U812.

* Gizmos And Gadgets from a Mechanical Engineer

Numb Toes Caving

By Lacie Braley

I've known I needed a new caving project while we wait to see if we will have access to Grayson Gunnar Cave. I've also discovered that I really like those stream caves. What I didn't count on was the need to spend a few weekends (and my tax refund) on truck repairs in the meantime.

With GGC on hold, our attention shifted to ridgewalking and another stream cave. I had heard a while back from Pat Erisman and Harry Goepel about a stream cave that resurges from a hillside under a road down in Wayne County. Thanks to the truck repairs, I missed the trips to meet the landowner and get a group first look at the cave entrance. Thank goodness the truck was back in running order in time for the first survey trip into the cave.

I wish I could tell you the name of the cave but the truth is, we don't have a name for it yet. If the landowner doesn't have a name for it, we'll come up with one. We've talked about naming it after the coral colonies that pepper the

streambed in and around the entrance. I've even tossed out the name, Glug Glug Cave, for the sound we'd make if we're foolish enough to get caught in there in a rainstorm. Yeah, this is one of those caves you avoid if there's a chance of rain...But I digress...

The day of the first survey into the stream cave dawned warm and sunny. Good. None of that struggling in and out of wetsuits in frigid temps for us this trip. Eric Weaver, Janeen Sharpshair, and I met up with Bryan Scott in the parking lot at Jean's down in Rockcastle County. Bryan's been caving a while in various areas of the country but this was his first survey trip.

We drove on into Somerset and stopped for breakfast at the VIP Restaurant on Route 90. We recently started eating there on our forays into Wayne County caving. Good food, cheap food. Can't beat it.

Then we were off on down the road to the stream cave. Since the landowner wasn't home, we left a note on one of our vehicles and climbed down the hill to the cave entrance. The parking area for this cave is very open and close to the landowner's place, so we've decided to change into our gear at the cave entrance. That means we carry our dry gear down the hill and our wet caving gear back uphill when we're done. Wet neoprene, kinda heavy. Builds character...and muscles.

While we changed clothes at the entrance, Eric and I continued the bickering we'd begun the night before on the drive down. We don't need a reason to bicker. Sometimes we just do it. (A lot of the conflict this time centered around a certain cooler I brought on the trip.) I told poor Bryan that we weren't always like this. I hope he believed me.

It was a really beautiful day outside and I was warm and toasty sitting in the sun in my wetsuit just outside the cave. That feeling wouldn't last.

We began our survey of the cave, with the A-survey, naturally. The cave entrance is normally dry, with the water flowing below the piles of rock we were on and on down into the adjoining surface creek bed. The instant we crawled out of the sun and into the cave, the cold hit us. "Why was it so cold?" I wondered. "Was I imagining it? Had it just been too long since I'd gotten underground and I'd forgotten?"

No, I wasn't alone in my shivers. About 75 feet into the cave, the water flowing toward the entrance dropped into the floor and disappeared. Once we got there it was all wet caving. Boy, was the water cold! I've been in GGC nearly twenty times and don't remember the water being that cold! I soon found out I wasn't crazy, the other survey party members agreed that the water was pretty darn chilly. Especially after we dropped under the ceiling ledge and went through the near eardip.

Luckily for us, there's a small, dry room just beyond the eardip. We took full advantage of the dry alcove and did a short B-survey of a side passage. That kept us up out of the water for a while, at least. Eventually, we had to duck back under the breakdown and continue the A-survey in the stream passage. We thought it was cold before, that was nothin' compared to this area.

We were now in a stream passage tube about five feet high and three feet wide and half filled with water. Cold water. With a near hurricane wind blowing. Wow. That's where the numb toes come in. Our toes were actually getting numb. In our standard wet cave gear.

Our survey shots were fairly short, mostly thirteen to twenty-five feet. (Remember, we've been spoiled by GGC's long shots for a while.) We'd had one fifty foot shot near the entrance and never got above thirty feet again. We were hoping to get to five hundred feet surveyed on this trip. Just about the time we were all starting to shiver, we reached the magic number. We even did one more shot, just for fun. Our totals for the trip: 528 feet surveyed in 28 shots. Not bad, we thought. Time for some sunshine! There are some advantages to only being five hundred feet into a cave.

This being my first time there, and since I was unaware ahead of time how steep the hillside is, I didn't have an easy way to carry that daggone wet gear up the hill. So I resorted to the trusty garbage bag, doubled cause of the briars on the hill. Not pretty, but it worked.

By the time I got to the top of the hill, Eric had raided my cooler and was drinking a mountain dew...after I told him he wasn't allowed to partake in the goodies stored in there! Bad Eric. I'll have to design a lock for that cooler.

It was time for an early dinner at El Cazador in Monticello. It was strange being there well before closing time. We stopped on the way to say hi to Roger Cross and Dominique Gunnells and they came along to dinner, too. After dinner, Bryan left for home, where his dog was anxiously awaiting his return. Eric, Janeen, and I drove on back to GSP for the night.

One thing we all agreed upon, next time we're wearing warmer gear! More neoprene! Warmer socks and sock liners or neoprene socks!

Numb Toes Caving, Part II

The Return to The Cave

Two weeks had passed since our last frigid adventure in "the stream cave yet to be named." A second survey trip was in the works. This time we would brave the cave with not one, but two, survey teams. Yes, we would get to leapfrog...

Friday night was the GCG meeting in Cincinnati so I stopped by there for a while before driving on down to Squalid Manor. Lee Florea and Amber Yuellig were up from Florida along with a couple other people. Kevin Toepke and his friend, Nicole, were there and also Bob and Pat Yuellig, Eric Weaver, Janeen Sharpshair, Hazel Barton, and Mike Goltzene.

We were up early on Saturday and on the road to the VIP to meet up with Bryan Scott for breakfast. Guess our bickering didn't scare him off after all. "We" was Bob, Eric,

Janeen, Hazel, Mike, and me (Lacie). Seven cavers headed for that cold, cold water. Doomed to be Røpsicle cavers if we weren't careful.

After a yummy breakfast (good home fries there), we piled into the vehicles and were off to the cave. Well, actually, I believe there was a stop at Wal-Mart along the way. Mike and I bypassed Wal-Mart and made a quick run past the cave and on down to Tennessee, barely. I just wanted to get a feel for the cave in relation to some other stuff in the area.

By the time we came back from our long journey to the next state, the rest of the gang was in the parking area. Our gear gathered, we all trooped down the hill to the cave entrance. On the way, we picked up a couple other "cavers."

The landowner's dogs followed us down and into the cave. They decide to leave the cave when we reached wall-to-wall deeper water. Just makes me wonder which of us was smarter?

It didn't take long to reach the first dry room after the duck-under. In the two weeks between visits the area had seem some very heavy rain and the water was still a few inches higher. This time, the duck-under was truly an eardip for me.

We still hadn't set the survey teams at that point. We had checked to make sure we had two complete sets of gear with us. (A lesson learned from previous trips for some of us.) We paused briefly in that room and the teams sort of formed themselves. Team 1 was Eric, Hazel, and Bryan. Team 2 was Janeen, Bob, Mike, and myself. Not that we officially called ourselves Team 1 and Team 2, of course.

Team 1 went beyond the end of the first A survey about fifteen stations and began their survey. Team 2 started at Station A22, the end of the first survey trip. Yup, we were still in that lovely 5x3 tube passage half filled with water and gale force wind blowing in places. But we were better prepared!

Last time we had worn our standard wet cave getups. This time we knew better. More neoprene! Warmer socks! Sock liners or neoprene socks! For those making their first foray into "the stream cave yet to be named," we had warned them of the need for lots'a neoprene. Even Eric wore a wetsuit.

Back to the survey... Janeen took the tape and went ahead to set point with Bob close behind to read compass and clino back sights. I was at the back keeping book with Mike reading compass and clino front sights.

The watery tube passage continued for a while with one dissecting canyon. Bob and Janeen checked out the canyon while I caught up on the sketch. Just beyond the canyon I heard Janeen and Bob calling for me to get out my camera. They had a critter for me to photograph. It was a large, purple salamander. The passage suddenly became the Purple People Eater Passage.

After about ten stations we came to the start of the other team's survey and tied into it. Then we headed on down the tube to catch up with them. So far our extra gear was keeping us much warmer than the last trip.

The passage began to change from taller and narrow to broad and low. I didn't envy Eric as we passed him. He was lying in the water reading the compass. Good thing he wore that wetsuit.

Our team "leaped" ahead of the other estimating about ten stations ahead of them. The broad, low passage hadn't lasted long and now we were in nice, wide passage with six-foot ceilings, formations, and shallower water. We

were pretty happy. Now all of a sudden almost every survey shot was 50 feet long. Yay! I was on my toes to keep sketching quickly and accurately. Cold toes, by now, even with extra stuff. Numb toes, in fact.

The chill was starting. We had been surveying in a wet, pretty durn cold cave for a few hours now. We came to a spot where the ceiling gets low and the passage continues as a water crawl and wrapped up the survey for the day. It was a nice place to stop. The last station was on a rock jutting out from the left wall and easy to spot on a later trip and we were on a nice, dry slope beside a small waterfall. It was a pleasant place to take a break and wait for the other team to catch up.

When the suggestion was made to wrap up the trip and head out, I didn't hear any argument. Between the two teams, we had surveyed another 1500 feet of passage. So after two trips into "the stream cave yet to be named" we have surveyed 2000 feet. And it still doesn't take long to get back to the entrance and (hopefully) a warm, sunny day.

It was a little easier to carry my wet gear up the hill this time because I came prepared. I brought a duffel bag to stuff it in and wore the bag on my back going up the hill. I did almost fall over backward, downhill a couple times from the weight, though.

Once again, it was still kind of early for El Cazador, but hey, we were hungry. We stopped at Roger and Dominique's and they came along again to dinner. Mike opted to head on home so we said our farewells in the parking lot. While we were eating, Paul Unger, Pat Erisman, and Larry Macatee (sp?) showed up and we exchanged stories. They had been ridge walking and made several trips up and downhill during the course of the day.

Our bellies filled, we drove back to Squalid Manor for the night. Eventually, our numb toes thawed. The survey in "the stream cave yet to be named" will soon continue.

Oh yeah, since this is the April newsletter, we found a fifteen acre room right in the middle of the mountain when we scooped for four hours after we stopped surveying.

Most of the preceding story is true. It is up to you, the reader, to decide what is not. — Lacie

Seriously now!

By Bill Walden

I had to complete my 2003 vacation time at work by the end of March. Sounds easy enough but I've had a busy schedule at work. I decided to "JUST DO IT" and visit Paul Unger at his house on KY 1009. I wanted to revisit Redmond Creek and check the possible high-level lead that Bruce Warthman and I peered into back around New Years. Back then I had pulled down a bunch of rock loose thus making a horrendous roar high above the East Canyon. Once the dust settled I called for

Bruce to come up and join me. What appeared to be a single large flat rock blocked out way but both Bruce and I could see into what appeared to be a passage above the East Canyon. Dale Andreatta was below us and later revealed that the crash of the rock really bothered him.

Bruce and I pounded on the large rock with other rocks but to no avail. I determined that we would have to return with a hammer to smash the obstacle.

I drove down to Paul's house Friday, March 19th. I had just returned from a business trip to Milwaukee and didn't have much time to prepare. Paul had earlier told me that he needed some beds for the house. Katie had a bunk bed set that she no longer wants so I stuffed the double bunk set minus the mattresses into my Jetta Thursday night after returning from Milwaukee. I tossed in whatever cave gear I thought necessary and went to bed. Friday I managed to get away from the office by 5:30 and headed south with one very stuffed and heavy VW. [Paul commented, "How did you get all that in there? Even with the heavy load I averaged 53.5 mpg for the round trip!]

Paul had visions of discovering new cave. He expected me to bring my vertical gear but I had not even thought of vertical gear. It would be up to Pat and Greg Erisman to check vertical leads. We started with some pits just down the street from his house. They proved to be dead holes. Next we went over to Ice Cave, which now doesn't have any ice. Something has changed. Surprisingly the owner remembered the trip made by Paul and I about 30 years ago — that was pre-Katie!

Pat and Greg rappelled in to look for a pit described by a local. They could not locate it or any other passages except for the pit I dropped some 30 years ago. I think they should have dropped that too in retrospect. When I was down there, everything was icy. Anyhow, dead hole!

About 200 feet away was another pit. Paul and I noted that this pit was "breathing" very cold air. When the pit "breathed out," a cloud of steam formed over me as I leaned into the pit. Greg dropped the pit and found he had to set a bolt to continue on down. In all he had to make four drops. Unfortunately it was a dead horse! That ended the activities for Saturday. Sunday Paul was off to church and I was off to Redmond to check the water level. I made a solo trip into the cave until I encountered water across the passage just beyond the first set of double rooms below Sand Hill. I could hear that the water was draining so I judge that by Tuesday we could get into the cave ok.

After that I walked a side hollow on the east side of the great sink that I had not checked. I fully expected to find a cave couplet at the contact with the Hartselle formation. I did not. I returned to Paul's house for some lunch and a little rest. Sunday afternoon we got lots of exercise by hiking the hills around Paul's house looking for caves. We had little success.

Tuesday we went over to Redmond Creek. Mr. Koger had left the gate unlocked for us but we never encountered him. Paul drove to the Redmond Entrance. As expected the water was down but not past the "critical" zone. Paul complained! It took us about an hour to get to the point where I wanted to put in a few survey stations. I had promised Paul no more than three stations. We did the short survey with two stations then we proceeded to the upper level. After a little reorientation I located the way to the rock. Paul was nervous about the

position and size of the rock. I examined it very carefully and determined that it would not roll and fall on to Paul or me. I went to work with a short handled 5-pound sludge hammer. I didn't make much progress before I got tired. Paul took over with a vengeance that reduced 4 feet of the rock to gravel. Then I took over again by eliminating a few additional rock ledges that blocked out way. Up and through the opening I went. There was a low room just high enough for me to nearly stand up straight. I noted a passage to the right and followed it for perhaps 100 feet before it ended in breakdown. Returning to the room I followed another lead to the left. This required a short crawl over some breakdown and then it opened to a walking passage, which split after perhaps 100 feet. The passage to the right was about 25 feet wide but had a hump at the beginning that I could not squeeze over. It looks like it opens to a hands and knees crawl after 50 feet or so. The left passage appears to be an upper level of the East Canyon. I didn't pursue it. By this time Paul had come up to me and I tried one more time to squeeze over the hump. I would have to compress my chest to continue. Sounds like a good lead for Kevin to check. I have arranged with Kevin to go there April 10th. Trip is open to helpers. While I was checking passages, Paul discovered some 2-foot long crinoid stems and a dry leaf. I noted dark colored cave crickets of the type normally found near an entrance in the passage with the hump. Is there possibly an entrance nearby? What an ideal locate it would be — a high and dry back entrance. We left the cave and returned to Paul's house. It was a good trip!

I think that we visited Dominique and Roger Cross that evening. Roger is renting a house just off KY 200 and near Grayson Gunner Cave. Neat visit. They have very friendly animals — 4 cats, 3 dogs, 2 geese, one goat, and a small herd of cows. The male goose and the goat compete for attention by gently tugging at one's pant leg — the goose on one side and the goat on the other. Both like to be petted. The goat sleeps on the welcome mat on the front porch. He would come in the house if allowed! Nice evening!

Wednesday we did more hiking. Paul had to go to church Wednesday evening so he passed me off onto Roger Wednesday afternoon. Roger and I took off on Dominique's 4-wheeler to look for cave entrances. We saw lots of sinkholes few of which had an entrance. We also stopped at an antique boiler along the trail. The boiler was once used to supply steam to the steam engines used for pumping oil. The fire tubes inside were pretty much rusted away. It was a useless but interesting relic.

Back at Roger's house, Roger prepared a dinner of pasta and seafood. I'm afraid I was too tired by that time to properly enjoy the homemade meal. I was probably not a very good guest.

Thursday morning Paul and I again took off to look for entrances. We found several possibilities but vertical equipment is required. That afternoon I started home.

Kevin Toepke and I plan to return to Redmond April 10th to continue the new find. We could use some helpers!

Letters [NSS]

[To] All,

I have been informed that the name of all NSS preserves has been changed to remove the words "cave" and "karst". Therefore the "Wells Cave Preserve" is now the "Wells Nature Preserve". The changes have already been made on the website and within the BOG. They have asked that you do the same on all grotto websites. However, as chair of the "Wells Cave Preserve" I cannot authorize such a change of name. The preserve was named after Wells Cave, not the Wells family.

Therefore, I have asked the NSS to remove the preserve website and the information from the members manual until this issue is resolved. One option is to rename the preserve. Please send me any options that you might have. Another is to look into a transfer of property from the NSS to another organization such as the SCCI, the Nature Conservancy, or the Kentucky Nature Preserves Commission. I await your input into this matter. Below is a message from Gary Bush pertaining to this.

Cheers,
Lee Florea

To All Preserve managers:

After much discussion, there is obvious much concern among our ranks about the Preserve name changes ... added to that, much confusion.

Since I've been provided no explicit information on the reach of the recent Board decision, please hold off on any further action at your Preserve, until I can determine our responsibilities. I will be changing the NSS Preserves web sites today to substitute the words "Nature Preserve" for "Cave/Karst Preserve". That will address the worldwide 'face' of the issue. However, changes at the properties themselves should not occur, until you receive further communication from me.

I will, however, ask each of you to solicit changes to any other web sites that may discuss or disclose our Preserve names. If we are going to remove the words 'cave' and/or 'karst' from our sites, we should ask others to do likewise, when referring to our properties. The 'official' property names have been changed by the NSS Board and we should respect that, whether we agree or not. One real advantage of web pages is that such changes can be made with virtually no effort on the webmaster's part. I speak from personal experience!

If you feel adverse to requesting others to make the changes, please send me their link (web page address) and I'll do it.

As always, thanks very much for your help,

Gary [Bush]

A Family Affair

By Kevin Toepke

The first challenging part was a medium difficulty exposure canyon crossover. You had to climb down about 2 feet, scooch over, put your but on a 1 foot by 6 inch protrusion, slide down and put your weight on your left foot, rotate and bring your right foot next to your left. Then turn around again, step across a 15-foot canyon and climb up the other side.

When I first saw it, I knew it would take some time to get all 11 of us across. There were two people I was worried that might not be able to make it. My sister-in-law, Judy and my cousin Becca's significant other (I can't remember his name right now.) I was sure everyone else could make it across.

Last Christmas at the extended family reunion, 3 of my cousins mentioned that they wanted to go caving. And this was the weekend. Everyone showed up at Squalid Friday night. After a few games of Euchre and/or other card games, we hit the sack fairly early.

The crew totaled 11 people. Myself, both of my brothers, my sister-in-law Judy, my nephew, Joe; my cousins Becca, Steve and Brian; Brian's girlfriend, Steve's Friend (now, what was his name again.) and Becca's boyfriend.

I was up at 7am, but waited until almost 8pm to wake the rest of the crew up. We got in Wells just before 11am. The plan was to take a route I had never taken before. The muddy crawl to the subway tunnel to the DASS passage to the River passage to Foggy Mountain breakdown to the S-Canyon to the Mainline and back out the Muddy Crawl. As usually happens things don't go according to plan.

We made it out the Muddy Crawl and the Subway Passage, but we made a wrong turn at Albuquerque. We made the Subway passage, crossed over the Mainline, and went out the S-Canyon to the base of Foggy Mountain. It wasn't until I was about 20' up Foggy Mountain Breakdown that I recognized where we were. And about 1/2 way back down the River Passage I realized what I had done, and where I had gone wrong. I had gone straight where I should have turned left. Next time I'll be recognize the turn, I swear I will. No, really, I will! Don't trust me? Join me on my next trip!

By the time we made it to the end of the Mainline, I noticed that a couple of my (future) relatives were looking fatigued, so we headed the most direct way I know out of the cave. Only myself, Eric (my younger brother) and Steve (my cousin) were able to make the only interesting climb on the route out. The rest required at least a knee to make the climb.

Joe, Eric's son, was face-planted in the muddy crawl on the way out. And I missed it! But I didn't miss him telling the story the 33rd time.

Saturday night we had dinner at Squalid, burgers for the meat

eaters and a public pot of Spaghetti for everyone that wanted it. The cousins had trouble getting the charcoal lit so I lit the fire. They cooked burgers on the fire until the rain hit. By that time they got the grill going and cooked the rest of the burgers.

Most of us were in bed by 1, but Joe, Steve, and Becky Simpson were up until at least 3am. Partly so they could sleep the whole way home.

Sunday morning, most of the relatives where...how to put it....a little stiff. The guys where paying it tough and the girls were...well...trying to hide the fact they were stiff! Yup. I love beating people up legally!

I definitely had fun. So did my relative. I think all but my sister in law want to go caving again! My next goal is to get them to join the NSS.

Dale's Brief Minutes

By Dale Andreatta in the absence of Bruce Warthman

COG Meeting March 23, 2004

10 people attended, with only 2 officers

Don reported that a KSS work session was held

Lacie reported that in the Blue Grass Karst Conservancy, Eric Weaver is doing a lot of stuff and a 3/30 meeting is scheduled.

Don reported that a TRA meeting was held. Insurance for OTR went up a lot. Work weekends are scheduled for 5/8, 6/19, 7/24, and others.

Past and future trips are to an unnamed stream cave under Rt. 200 in KY. This is an ongoing survey project.

The vote was held about whether to change the meeting day or not. A final count was not available since write-in votes would still be accepted for a couple more days.

Lacie made a presentation of Grayson Gunnar Cave using photos and maps

Just off KY 1009



Paul Unger's house, which is located a short distance off Kentucky route 1009, is 15 minutes from Redmond Creek. Note the self-proclaimed pet.

This is a very nice house with beautiful hardwood floors. Guests should remove shoes or boots before entering.

The roar of the waterfall in front of Paul's house is ever present. Guess where the water comes from?



Photos by Bill Walden

Pierre and Clyde — New Location

Still the best hours for cavers — we never close!

It's Spring and the wild Creatures mating instinct makes them careless

Follow your nose and bag that fresh road kill

Pierre's and Clyde's has moved! Look for us in our new location just south on U.S. 27 in the heart of the Cumberland Plateau caving region. Pierre features the very best in recycled and natural foods. Whatever your choice — vegetarian, omnivore, or whatever — Pierre features yum, yum foods.

Come all cavers and feast! Pierre is open 24 hours every day including Christmas for breakfast and dinner. Cavers please enter at the lower rear entrance. The upper front entrance is for truckers only.

As always Pierre offers free meals in exchange for fresh deer, raccoon, skunk, opossum, coyote, and cougar. We are the only restaurant along the entire length of U.S. Route 27 from the Ontario border south through Florida offering recycled, natural foods. Yum, yum says Chef Caver Pierre!

Clyde's basement level offers the very best in recycled caving gear. Check our pontoon boots or caver's high intensity LED 5-watt boots. See clearly where you are about to step! These high quality, reinforced, over the calf deerskin steplight boots come complete with 5-watt super high intensity LED lamps, rechargeable lithium batteries, and charger for only \$350.00. You will never need another pair of caving boots. Period! **WARNING-DO NOT LOOK DIRECTLY AT THE LED LAMPS. BLINDNESS CAN RESULT.**

Clyde offers a wide range of caving packs from skunk fur packs to deerskin packs. Clyde supplies only the very best in caving equipment. Have you ever seen a muddy skunk? That is because skunk fur literally repels mud. Remember how heavy your Lost Creek™ pack became when really muddy? Well, that just won't happen with Clyde's genuine skunk skin packs.

LED headlamps? Clyde offers the very best. Clyde's 5-watt Luxeon™ headlamps are vastly superior to any other headlamp. Period! These lamps like a carbide lamp supply a good heat source for defogging your glasses. Can't be beat! Illuminate the biggest cave rooms in Kentucky and Tennessee with these incredibly bright lights. LED only is \$45.00. Lamp fixture complete with the rechargeable lithium battery is just \$150.00. Clyde's version comes with a continuously adjustable intensity lamp. Adjusting the intensity does not affect the daylight color of the LED. All electronics are sealed and waterproof to 150 meters.

Treat your cavingself to the best food at Pierre's and the best caving accessories at Clyde's — just south on U.S. Route 27 on top of the Cumberland Plateau. www.clydeandpierre.com Check our website often for sale items.

Oh, yes! Our new location is just over the most recently discovered cave on the Plateau. Bring your vertical gear and check it out. The entrance requires a 350-foot rope. Please register and sign the release form in the lower level before rigging. [It's rather difficult not to register because the pit is in the middle of Clyde's basement showroom floor.] No charge for entrance to the pit. Clyde does have rental rope, racks, and ascenders available.

Never had experience rappelling and climbing? Well, Clyde offers a 4-hour course for just \$75.00 with a 20% discount for rental equipment. Check with Clyde, he will set you up for a first class descent. Group rates are available.

Do you know how to survey? New at Clyde's is a 6-hour survey class followed by a 8 to 16 hour trip into Clyde's pit to survey virgin cave passage. Yes, get actual caving, vertical, and surveying experience in virgin cave passage. Clyde cannot guarantee what this passage will be like; only that it will be virgin. Come, learn to survey and be the first to set foot where no man has set foot before. **A Clyde guarantee made by no other responsible corporation.**

New! Clyde and Pierre's Campground. Our new location has a first class caver campground complete with modern outhouses and hot showers. Individual rate is just \$5.00 per night. Our group rate is \$25.00 plus \$1.00 per person (caver). You figure which is best rate for your group. Should the weather be bad as it often is in the spring, we offer Sally Cave as an alternate camping area. Sally's camping area is but a quarter mile hike through the cave to reach the campground that is under the sandstone cap. It is bone dry. Sally's 2-acre sand room is always available for cavers and caving events. Oh, yes — Sally does not flood.

Y'all come visit now!

Pierre and Clyde, Inc.

Cumberland Plateau

USA

www.clydeandpierre.com

E-mail: info@clydeandpierre.com

Now listed on the NYSE

Trucker too? Don't feel left out; this part of our business keeps us on the NYSE! We offer 24-hour repairs on most heavy trucks, hot showers, and deluxe sleeping rooms for commercial drivers. Broke down? Don't worry, Pierre offers free meals while your vehicle is being repaired at Clyde's Truck and Frame Service, Inc.

Contact us at: truckers@clydeandpierre.com

Unpaid Advertisement Pierre and Clyde, Inc.
*50% of our after taxes profit goes to **Save-the-Caves-Fund.***

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	Lacie Braley	614-895-1732
Vice Chair	Dale Andreatta	614-890-3269
Secretary	Bruce Warthman	614-459-8345
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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:

<http://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.

KARST CALENDAR

- Apr 23-25 Spring VAR at Grand Caverns in Grottos, Virginia. Hosted by TriState Grotto. Contact Judy Fisher jcf@access.mountain.net.
- Apr 27, 2004 COG Meeting
- Apr 30-May 2 Spring MVOR Hulston Mill Historical Park, Dade County, MO. Contact Carl Thayer at thfrm@ipa.net for info.
- May 14-16 Spring MAR, Huntington County,PA. Info at www.caves.org/region/mar.
- May 20-23 SERA Summer Camp Carnival, Camp Davy Crockett, St. Clair, TN. Registration at www.caves.org/grotto/appalachian
- May 28-31, 2004 Speleofest at Camp Carlson, Fort Knox-Meade County, Kentucky. Check the Louisville Grotto Website for details and on page 4.
www.caves.org/grotto/louisvillegrotto/
- June 25, 2004 Karst-O-Rama at Mount Vernon, KY.. This is one of the most popular events in the Ohio Valley Region. Contact Don Brandner at Ropeaddict@hotmail.com for info.
- July 12-16, 2004 NSS Convention in Marquette, Michigan. For registration go to www.nss2004.com.
- Aug 20-22, 2004 Wormfest in Indiana. Watch for details or check the DUG Website:
<http://www.dugcaves.com/>

Contents

Page

The First Of April Edition of the Squeaks, figure this one out for yourself! Ed.

Salamandroid on the Rampage	1
Lou's Tall Tale by Lou Simpson	1
Ameriacn Spelunker a new Reality Show	3
New Caving Product	4
Numb Toes Caving by Lacie Braley	4
Numb Toes Caving part II by Lacie Braley	5
Seriously Now! By Bill Walden	6
Letters Lee Florea and Gary Bush	8
A Family Affair by Kevin Toepke	8
Dale's Briefs by Dale Andreatta	9
Just off KY 1009 by Bill Walden	9
Pierre and Clyde	10
COG Info	11

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