



# *C.O.G. Squeaks*

*June + May 2004*



**Paul Unger cooking sausages for a picnic at 1/2 Fast Farm**

Please read Bill Walden's report – A Visit to ½ Fast Farm

Photo by Bill Walden

## 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.

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

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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>:

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## **KARST CALENDAR**

- Jun 22, 2004 COG Meeting. Dale Andreatta will give a talk about surveying errors, and what is the largest source of surveying errors. This will be similar to the talk he will give at the Survey and Cartography Session in the upcoming NSS Convention. **See abstract on page 7.**
- Jun 25-27, 2004 Kart-O-Rama at Great Salt Petre Cave. Sponsored by the Greater Cincinnati Grotto. Contact Don Brandner 513-733-8355 or our own Lacie Braley for information.
- July 2-5, 2004 Caving in Wayne County, Kentucky. Contact Bill Walden [wwalden@columbus.rr.com](mailto:wwalden@columbus.rr.com)
- July 12-16, 2004 NSS Convention in Marquette, Michigan. For registration go to [www.nss2004.com](http://www.nss2004.com).
- July 23&24 (tentative) Caving in Wayne County, Kentucky. Contact Bill Walden [wwalden@columbus.rr.com](mailto:wwalden@columbus.rr.com)
- July 24.** COG meeting **Saturday** meeting at Dale Andreatta's house.
- Aug 1-6, 2004 Restoration Field Camp at Mammoth Cave National Park. Contact Kevin Betz [cavebum@ligtel.com](mailto:cavebum@ligtel.com) or Roy Vanhoozer [rvanhoo@aol.com](mailto:rvanhoo@aol.com) for information.
- Aug 20-22, 2004 Wormfest in Indiana. Watch for details or check the DUG Website: <http://www.dugcaves.com/>
- Aug 24, 2004 COG Meeting
- Sep 2-6, 2004 Old Timers Reunion at Dailey, WV
- Sep 25, 2004 Tour of the Lost River Karst System led by Robert Armstrong, Chairman of the Lost River Conservation Association. Meet at 7:40 a.m on the southeast corner of the town square in Orleans, IN. All cavers welcome.

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

# "Cows, man, why did it have to be cows"

By Cat Whitney

The plan was to go caving. After many phone calls, the arrangements were made. Friday afternoon, I would drive down with my new travel buddy (Craig Baurichter) to Squalid where we would meet up with Dale Andreatta and spend the night. On Saturday morning, we would drive to Paul Unger's new cabin, have breakfast with him and Bill and head off for a day of caving in Redmond Creek. Then we planned to attend Kay Koger's 60th birthday celebration at the cabin, afterwards returning to Paul's to spend the night. Like I said, that was the plan.

Even though Craig has only been caving a handful of times, he started the weekend off right, by showing up late - well, you know, on caver time. He did call. When he arrived, we packed up my Toyota, popped *The Doors - Greatest Hits* CD into my deck and headed down 75South. Our plan was to stop in Richmond for groceries, beer and ice. Craig and I had decided to meal share for the weekend, however, I had no idea what he would and wouldn't eat. As we neared Richmond, I thought it might be courteous to let Jason Gulley know that I was coming and to see if he needed me to bring him any refreshments. As anyone knows, who has spent time at Squalid, it can be a long 45-minute **each way** drive when you really want a cold one. No answer on his cell phone, so I left a message.

Once inside the grocery store it was like a scavenger hunt gone wrong. I was looking for anything healthy or organic to eat and Craig went straight for the junk food. I placed items like all natural potato chips and fruit in the basket while his staples consisted of Little Debbie's and Peanut Butter M&M's - which he called "vitamins". We agreed on some hot dogs, buns and mustard for our supper and left the store - without the ice. Between the grocery and Liquor World I had talked with Jason and had gotten his beverage order. He said he would meet us at Squalid in a couple of hours to make the exchange. We purchased our beer and his, and left Liquor World - without the ice. I realized it the moment we went to put the beer in the cooler and went back in and bought a bag.

When Jason arrived at Squalid, he told us about a party he was having at his new place that night and invited us to come and stay with him. I had made plans to meet Dale later that evening and didn't want to leave him out of the fun, so we hung around Squalid until he arrived and then packed up everything and left for Jason's. Have you ever heard that song "Wasn't that a party?" - Well if you have, then you have a pretty good idea about what went down that night. There was lot's of craziness and a big bottle of tequila. The pictures from that evening are just not of the quality to share, if you catch my drift. We woke the next morning, packed up most of our stuff and left, and returned for the cups and such and left and then returned again for the camera - and finally we were on our way to go to Paul's. We stopped at Eastway and left a phone message for Paul and Bill that we were running late - you know, caver time. After all it was only 9:00 a.m. Our plans to meet were for 10.

When we arrived at Paul's house, after missing the turn that Dale said we would miss, as we missed it, we discovered that Paul and Bill had left just a few minutes earlier to destinations unknown somewhere along the highway to scoop a rumored cave entrance. Reusing the index card that had been left for us - we left a note for them that we were headed to Redmond Creek anyway. That was our new plan. Dale, Craig and I headed down the creek bed to the cave. After some hmmm and hawwwinnng and couple of peanut butter bagels, we decided not to do Redmond Creek or to dig out the entrances to the caves I had found in January (too much poison ivy). The boys voted and it was decided that they would like it very much if I would take them to Stream Cave. I've been there a couple of times before and as I could recall it was a pretty easy cave with some interesting formations. However, it's been almost three years since the last time I was there and I couldn't remember if we had to follow the creek bed to the trail or if we could just cut across the field.

We started across the valley through the grass, and as walked, Craig nervously kept looking left and right and staying very close to Dale and me. I asked if everything was okay and he quietly revealed to us why he was so unnerved walking in a wide open field in a wide open valley in broad daylight. COWS. He was afraid of cows. Now, this in itself is pretty funny - but when you see Craig - it gets a whole lot funnier. He's 6 foot 1" - 217 lbs and built like a football player. Not exactly the type of person to be afraid of little baby cows. As we walked, he confided that he didn't like cows because he was certain that they were plotting against humans. He argued that all we had to do was look at those enormous eyes (the size of salad plates - according to his gestures) to know there had to be some evil human elimination scheme going on behind them. He also intimated that he was pretty sure that the cows were conspiring with horses - just in case. We walked the creek bed for a while and then cut across the field - Craig cautiously - glancing right, left, and sometimes behind - very frequently. He was grateful when we arrived at the logging trail and there were no more cows. Well, almost. There was that mother and calf that scared Craig into line behind little old me. Imagine - a grown man afraid of cows.....

We finally arrived at the entrance to Stream Cave after a couple of bouts of self doubt about my ability to find established cave entrances. I have no problems finding new caves - finding my way inside caves - but finding great big entrances in the middle of the hillside well - you know - everyone has their talents. That particular one just isn't mine. We suited up and went inside. We stayed high in the cave, in the upper passage above the stream for most of the trip. I pointed out some Pipistrelles, some horn coral, cave crickets, and beetles. Craig seemed very enthusiastic about the climbing and crawling and Dale just plain found the cave interesting. Both Dale and I remarked that our first hour of caving was only dampened by the wobbly search for the return of our cave legs after a four-month hiatus from being underground. Our group made it back to the Phallic Chamber and even went a couple of rooms beyond that. Craig and Dale ventured down into the stream passage at the back of the cave - I wandered back on the top level while the two played like children in the water. The

trip out went quickly. For a portion of the passage I decided to have some fun and splash in the water - until it got a little too deep for short people. Back to the ledge went the midget.

I made it all the way through the cave with out tripping or falling once. That's unusual for me - as anyone who has caved with me will tell you - I am not exactly the most graceful person you will ever meet. True to form however, outside the entrance to the cave - I fell while changing. So, take heart, all is right with the universe. We hiked back carefully across the field to the truck - helping Craig keep an eye out for those stampeding cows. Once back at Paul's we took quick showers and headed back to Redmond Creek for the party at Kay's. The food was incredible, the music was good and boy did his granddaughters tire me out. *Happy 60th Birthday Kay - we're glad you're still with us to celebrate.*

Back at Paul's the subject of the cows came up again. The guys (Bill, Paul and Chuck) had a field day with it. Paul just looked at Craig incredulously and couldn't figure out how a guy like that - could be afraid of cows and horses. After some discussion it was determined that his fear might stem from those old westerns that

we all watched as children where you see hundreds of buffalo stampeding. Now one would have to agree that a sight like that would be scary - but cows in a field have never once stampeded me. Have you? Attention was quickly turned from this conversation, however, when I came out of the bathroom wearing my Happy Bunny pajamas and my librarian glasses. The change was too much for everyone. Caver Girl to Geek Girl in five minutes or less. Photos ensued - see attached.

Sunday morning, after breakfast, Bill took us up to see the cave on Paul's property. We creek stomped up to the entrance and then hiked the trail back to the house. We said our goodbyes after packing the truck and headed on down the road. Even though our plans had not gone as planned - it was a very enjoyable weekend. On the drive home I was trying to think of a tag line for this story - and I recalled the Indiana Jones movie where he ends up in a pit of snakes and exclaims - "Snakes, why did it have to be snakes". I remember laughing at that - thinking how such a manly man could be afraid of a few snakes. I looked over at the passenger seat where Craig sat sleeping and thought - "Cows, why did it have to be cows".

## A visit to Dave Beiter's ½ Fast Farm

**Text and photos by Bill Walden**

I credit Dave Beiter with getting Lou Simpson and me started with cave surveying.

Sunday, May 30<sup>th</sup> Paul Unger and I were invited by Mark Abner to visit Dave Beiter's farm in Ritner, Kentucky for a picnic and to look into some of the holes on the farm. The 360-acre ½Fast Farm is located at a turn in the Little South Fork of the Cumberland River such that the river borders ½Fast Farm for one mile.

Dave left everything to his best friend Mark Abner. We arrived at the Farm 10 o'clock Sunday morning and found Mark and his son trimming weeds. My first impression of the farm was a scene straight out of the 1920's! The house has a wrap around porch one side of which is screened in. A one-track, fenced lane goes between the house and the vegetable garden and on to the barn; there is an orchard of plumb and cherry trees to the left of the house, and the barn to the right. The only thing that ruins the 20's image is the pile of computers on the porch!

The interior of the house reminded me of the house at Sloans Valley, which Dave had when my wife Karen and I spent the summer of 1969 with Dave camped in his back yard - organized disarray! Yes, Beiter was not a neat individual. His furniture was rescued from dumps or built from scraps of lumber. The first room in the house was clearly the library as it was filled with books from floor to ceiling. Obviously Dave was well read on many subjects. The kitchen contained a sink (no running water), refrigerator, a 20's era wood burning white enamel cook stove, and more modern propane stove. (The coffee maker in the photo is Mark's.) Dave had well-organized files on all of us! I saw nothing bad. The files have our names, addresses, phone numbers, e-mail addresses, and brief descriptions of our caving activities. Dave's bedroom was upstairs. The staircase was the typical narrow and steep sort frequently seen in rural homes of the era. The one improvement Dave made to the house was to

add a double roof. This vented double roof does an excellent job of keeping the house cool in the summer.

After a tour of the house Mark led us through the barn where we met Gunsmoke, a donkey that was Dave's favorite pet, and the remaining goat. Gunsmoke is 28 years old. From the barn Mark led us across the field to look at several opening in the ground. None looked very inviting and we decided a return trip this autumn appropriate.



**Mark Abner and Gunsmoke**



**Dave Beiter on Gunsmoke.**

Photographer unknown, date unknown.

Back at the house Paul Unger started a charcoal fire in Mark's cooker. While the charcoal was starting I took some photos around the house. Paul discovered that Dave's cats had swiped the buns from the back of his truck! He found one intact package behind the house.

Following lunch Paul and Chuck Daehnke took off to go fishing in the Little South Fork and Mark took me to Dave's new house.



**Fisherman Paul in the Little South Fork of the Cumberland River.**

Dave spent \$25,000 to build an underground house a short distance from the original. I didn't take any photos of the

underground house – I couldn't figure out how as one could see very little of the house from the surface. The house is of poured cement construction and consists of 4 large rooms with high ceilings. The entry is through the kitchen. It looks like Dave actually intended to have a modern kitchen complete with modern cabinets and counters. Everything was there but far from completed. The four rooms were not subdivided. The bedroom had the toilet, sink, and tub in one corner. Mark explained that it took very little energy to heat or cool the house. The house looked like a bunker to me.

Dave was living in the underground house with a girlfriend when he died. Apparently he got up after sunrise and went outdoors and on returning fell dead just inside the house. Dave knew he was going to die. He had confided to me a couple years earlier that he was in line for a heart transplant. On mentioning this to Mark, Mark replied that Dave didn't want a transplant and all the fuss that goes with it. Dave wanted his death to be quick, he didn't want to be hospitalized or in a care center. I understand that.

According to Mark, Dave's father died in a similar fashion — said something to the effect that his coffee tasted funny and then collapsed. Dave's father left him \$100,000. Dave invested the money and built it to approximately \$500,000. One would never have guessed, as Dave didn't change his habits.

I had never visited Beiter at this farm but had maintained contact via e-mail over the years. Dave mentioned on several occasions that he wanted to tour Redmond Creek Cave but that it would have to be a leisurely trip because of his heart. I e-mailed him several times about trips to the cave but he never responded. The last time I saw Dave was at the 2001 NSS convention.



**Dave welcoming visitors to 1/2 Fast Farm**

Photographer unknown, date unknown.

Dave's will instructed that he be buried simply on his farm and behind the new house. With the coroner's permission, Mark wrapped Dave in a sheet and buried him behind the house. There is no marker.

The old house is a log house covered with fake brick asphalt sheeting. Mark Abner intends to uncover the logs and restore the

house and to complete the underground house. Once that is achieved, he will move his family to Beiter's farm.



**Dave Beiter's Library above and below.**



**1/2 Fast Farm Barn**



**Lane between house and garden**



**In memory of David P. Beiter**

# April Minutes

By Bruce Warthman

The meeting was on Tuesday, 27 April. Thirteen people were present.

Treasurer's report: The balance in the GOC account was \$741.51. Expenses were \$105 for printer toner and \$60 for postage.

Squeaks: Due to Mr. Walden's busy schedule, the Squeaks was sent late. This was the April Fools edition that included some fictitious articles. Mr. Walden explained the need for replacing parts and getting color toner, which is expensive. Bill Walden expressed his desire to do an article on caves of Otter Creek and wants articles from people who have been caving in that area.

Boone Karst and KSS: It was reported that Eric Weaver is working on setting up a meeting at GSP for Boone Karst. There is talk of setting up a conservancy to buy

and manage GSP. Bill reported about KSS having a work session at GSP.

Election results: Lacie Braley announced the results that the majority voted for keeping the GOG meetings on Tuesday. Votes counted in were ten for Tuesday and four for Friday.

Trip reports: Bill Walden talked about exploring caves around Beaver Creek. He talked about the discovery of a room in Redmond Creek containing fine crinoid fossils.

Bruce talked about caving in Mexico and doing the rappel and ascent of Sontano de las Golendrinas that is the famous 1200-foot deep pit in the Sierra Madre Mountains.

## Photos



**Cat Whitney in her Happy Bunny pajamas at Paul Unger's house. See Cat's story on page 2.**

Photo by Paul Unger.



**Wood Stove in Dave Bieter's house**

Photo by Bill Walden

# An Analysis of Random and Systematic Surveying Errors

## Abstract

By Dale Andreatta  
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An analysis was performed of various types of surveying errors, with the errors falling into 2 categories, random and systematic. Random errors are errors that are as likely to be off in one direction as the other, and may be large or small in magnitude. Random errors come from instrument readability (usually on the order of 1-2 degrees) and "blunders" which can be small or large. Systematic errors are errors that are consistently off in one direction. Systematic errors generally come from instrument offset. This analysis concentrated on compass and inclinometer readings in longer passages.

Analysis was performed using statistical methods and by numerical experimentation where 50 shots of actual survey data were taken and errors were assigned to the data. The differences between the data with errors and the data without errors were calculated.

The conclusions were as follows. Random errors caused by instrument readability consistently cancel out in longer passages. Therefore, meticulous matching of the foresight and back-sight readings beyond that which serves to catch large blunders is not helpful. Instrument offsets of even  $\frac{1}{2}$  degree give much larger final errors, even if the instrument offset is smaller than the readability of the instrument. This is because systematic errors accumulate rather than cancel. Fairly frequent blunders of 10 degrees make less difference in the final answer than instrument offset. Aside from preventing major blunders, the best way to improve survey data is to carefully take into account the differences between survey instruments.

## Hail cleanup before and after photos

Photos supplied by Harry Goepel

