

The Carbide Courier



The
Dayton Underground Grotto
of
The National Speleological Society



2006 Nathan Williams

In this issue:

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- *Bowline Fever*
- *Who Was John Houchins of Goochland County, VA?*
- *The Ohio Cave Survey*
- *White Nose Syndrome Update*
- *2009 GSP Open House*
- *And more!*

Volume 18, Issue 3

March 2009

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GROTTO MEETINGS

Grotto meetings are held the 2nd Sunday of each month (except for September, December and month of Wormfest) at 7:00 pm at Roger and Lynn Brucker's house, 1635 Grange Hall Rd., Beavercreek, OH. For directions, see the map on the back cover, or go to the DUG web page:

www.dugcaves.com

MEMBERSHIP INFO

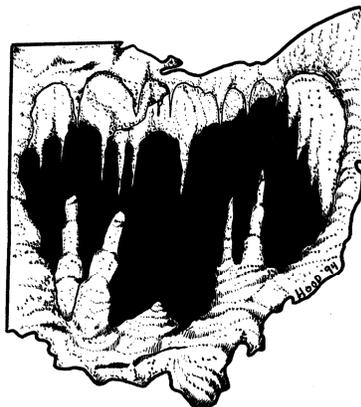
Annual membership is \$15 per individual, or \$20 per family. Membership includes the monthly publication of *The Carbide Courier* in paper or electronic format. Memberships are renewable on October 1st. Dues can be mailed to:

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Front Cover: Sabrina Simon in Pine Hill Cave. Photo © Nathan Williams.



From the Editor...



Hello DUGsters,

March is here, and hopefully spring weather will soon be here too! I don't know about you, but I'm tired of cold, ice and snow. I'm ready to get back out doors and enjoy some caving and camping.

In this edition is a short tribute to Ellie Schiller, who was the executive director of the Felburn Foundation. I never had the pleasure of meeting her, but those who did know her describe her a woman with a "heart of gold."

While looking around the Internet for cave-related topics, I came across an old article about the original Ohio Cave Survey and thought you might enjoy reading it (it starts on page 13). Our own Roger Brucker was a part of this, and even mentioned it at our last grotto meeting.

I want to thank Tom Cottrell and Ron Fulcher for sending in some interesting articles. I think you'll enjoy reading both of them as much as I did.

Mike

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March 2009

The Carbide Courier is sent electronically the last week of the preceding month and also sent to the printer at the same time. Submissions must be sent to the editor by the Friday preceding the last week of the month at carbidecourier (at) yahoo (dot) com.

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DO YOU GET A PAPER COPY OF THE COURIER? DO YOU HAVE ACCESS TO THE INTERNET OR E-MAIL?

If so, why not consider switching to electronic means of getting the Courier? You'll get your Courier quicker (and in color!) and save the grotto some money to boot! Contact Alan Leach to change your status.

Calendar of Events

- March 8th** 7pm - Grotto General Membership Meeting
Roger & Lynn Brucker's House (See back of Courier for map)
- April 12th** 7pm - Grotto General Membership Meeting
Roger & Lynn Brucker's House (See back of Courier for map)
- May 10th** 7pm - Grotto General Membership Meeting
Roger & Lynn Brucker's House (See back of Courier for map)
- May 16th-17th** Great Saltpetre Preserve Open House
- May 22nd-25th** Speleofest at the Lone Star Cave Preserve. Hosted by the Louisville Grotto
(<http://louisville.caves.org/Speleofest.html>)
- June 14th** 7pm - Grotto General Membership Meeting
Roger & Lynn Brucker's House (See back of Courier for map)
- June 25th-28th** Karst-o-Rama at the Great Saltpetre Cave Preserve.
- June 26th-28th** 56th Annual Indiana Cave Capers. Hosted by the Central Indiana Grotto,
Camp Rivervale, Mitchell, IN (<http://cig.caves.org/pages/capers.html>)
- July 19th-26th** 15th Internal Congress of Speleology and NSS Convention, Kerrville, TX
(<http://www.ics2009.us/nssconv.html>)

March Birthdays!

Dan Flynn—4th
 Alan Fearday—11th
 Traci Fearday—12th
 Sean Caldwell—13th
 Brent Grist—13th
 Mike Hood—13th
 Dorothy Goepel—15th
 Steven Kelsey—16th
 Robert Thurber—20th
 Rick Thien—23rd
 Steven Greene—27th



GROTTO TRIP TO OHIO CAVERNS

Saturday, March 14th at 10:30am, DUG will be taking a field trip to the Ohio Caverns. Tim Grissom (general manager) has offered DUG the reasonable price of just \$12.50 per person (kids 5-12, \$7). We will get the "historic trip" for the cost of the regular trip. After the trip we will more than likely go somewhere to get grub and tell stories.





From the Chairman:

Folks...

I think Mike has covered about everything "cave" related I was going to talk about. Countless e-mails have been sent about WNS. So, no reason to talk about that either. And there is nothing major I feel

needs addressed.

So you all know what comes next... You got it! Dana's random thought!

A few months ago I went a local redneck dive bar for breakfast on a random Saturday morning. Out of habit I sat with my back to the wall and off to the side of the room. There were twelve people in the bar counting the staff. Two old drunks were sitting at the bar drinking beer to my left. To their left was four other people eating at the bar. Siting at the table to my right were two third shifters eating dinner (breakfast) before calling it a day. And seated directly in front of me was an older gentleman in his last 60's, and a boy approximately five years old. (guessing it was his grandson.)

My first professional thought was "Why in the hell does he have that boy in here?" After sitting there for a while I started to play back memories of spending time with my grandfather.

When I was about that boy's age, I remember Grandpa asking me walk on his back because he drove truck and was all knotted up... Countless times he would send me up town to buy a bag of Red Man for him, and a candy bar for me. Even though I was not tall enough to see over the counter they sold me the tobacco. Grandpa and dad used to take me along to cut fire wood on the weekends. One day Grandpa gave me an old double sided ax so I could help. I thought it was the coolest thing ever and I was going to cut down a tree. I wailed on that tree for hours trying like hell to cut it down. Toward the end of the day dad finished off that poor tree with his chain saw. I think he felt sorry for the tree and put it out of its misery... I remember one Saturday morning walking the old rail road tracks with grandpa and picking up spikes. Later that day, he welded the spikes in to a little stick man yard decoration for me.

Looking back those were the exciting days in life. Everyday was a huge adventure and the world was an enormous place. Everything was a mystery or a new discovery.....

As I watched the older gentleman and the boy leave, I wondered how many memories the boy would have of grandpa 25+ years down the road.... I still have my stick man, but I'm not exactly sure where the ax is at.

Dana Sutherland,
Chairman

ELLIE SCHILLER PASSES AWAY

It is with great sadness that I pass along the news that Ellie Schiller passed away on February 10 from a year long illness with cancer.

Ellie Schiller was the executive director of the Felburn Foundation. It was Ellie's idea and vision to give ownership of the Great Saltpetre Cave Preserve to the Rockcastle Karst Conservancy.

She was the daughter of Phil Felburn who founded the Felburn Foundation. She will be missed by all who knew her. And those who did not know her will benefit from her generosity for many, many years.

Below is a photo of Ellie accepting the RKC Honorary Membership award at the GSP deed signing ceremony on August 20, 2006.

Sincerely,

Andy Niekamp



BOWLINE FEVER

By Tom Cottrell



Tree
Rabbit hole
Big loop around the
meadow or middle or waist
Up out of the rabbit hole
I don't recall how I got
down here.
Around the tree to the left
Back down into the rabbit
hole

Does all this sound a bit familiar? With my mind in a bit of a fog I have a recollection of carabiners, brake bars, blue water, harness, carbide, "On belay!", shrinking circle of blue sky, familiar musty odor and damp coolness, kneepads, bats, crickets, and the formations mites, tites, and mighty tight's which eventually touch to become columns. There is a sign on the cave wall, not written on the wall itself, but painted on metal and fastened to the wall. I will paraphrase its message. In bold letters was:

WARNING!

The poisonous Nasty Snail Slime trail

Of the Gastropod Slickus
Snotus shelled with
The left-handed curving
very flat oblate spheroid
Archimedes spiral on its
back

Or was it a Fibonacci
spiral?

BEWARE!

Nasty Snail Slime left in its path,
Once licked, commences in the
Dazzling Ultraviolet Glimmerings"

As if Alice...I... took a headlong tumble down into the rabbit hole after following the very late rabbit or hare with the pocket watch. She ate a mushroom, or something, from the rabbit hole which sent her... me... into such a state that the shimmering, slimmering, slimering, simmering, glowing snail slime began to move on its own. Think of that! Alice must have been a caver although a reluctant one.

Did I forget to say that I watched seemingly a lifetime as that snail deposited its poisonous path down the tree, around the rabbit hole, around the meadow, up out of the hole, around the tree, and finally back down the hole? It took forever. Talk about a colossal waste of time.

Sorry, now back to the moving slime path. The two ends of the path began moving closer and closer together until as they met they fused into a continuous knot of slime as I hallucinated or watched. Whatever. Ahead of me there appeared another sign. This one is in a great arch over an entrance. It read "The BOWLINE Coaster. It will thrill you! It will tie you in a knot!" At six feet I stood tall enough to pass the child filter, so I eagerly entered and took a seat. Clack, clack, clack we were sent slowly up the long incline to the top of a big tree. Over the top end I raised both arms overhead, because that is a part of showing I'm a daredevil, and I'm not afraid! Then came the thrilling nearly vertical drop as we plunged down the full length of the tree. At the bottom we are forcefully leaned over to the right as we did a tight whip around the rabbit hole followed by a big loop around the meadow at rocket speed. With great momentum we were slung up out of the rabbit hole and made another tight turn to the left around the tree. We dropped again like a rock down into that same hole and leveled off at the bottom. Wow! What a ride! I figured it was over and anticipated the slowing brakes at the end, but there was no braking. Why

I asked myself? Because the beginning and end were fused into a knotted loop so we can't get off. Okay, I'll enjoy the repeating thrills. And around we go. I never did catch sight of the supposed rabbit.

Many rides later a thought appears. After all what else is there to do but sit and think after the thrill is gone? The thought was "It isn't the time, it's the Path that matters." It isn't the exceedingly slow lengthy time of the snail or the other extreme of the short time of the fast moving coaster that really matters. It isn't the tree, or the meadow, or the rabbit hole that is important. It isn't the preached about path or even the Nasty Snail Slime as powerful as they are. Forget about all of that. It is only the knotted PATH of the fused bowline with its sublime continuity and wondrous woven loops that really matters.

At this heady revelation about the Path, I had to sit a spell and ponder it. While I'm pondering the Path, it begins to swell like a balloon, very rapidly at first, with a big bang. It is like a balloon animal, but it's not an animal. It is the Path, and it keeps swelling. It expands and expands and expands. There are no gaps left anywhere between the loops. It is huge. There is nothing but the Path. The Path fills space, yet somehow there is more. All over the place, some near and some far, are these shiny little knots and swarms of knots. They are in some ways like the big one, yet of slightly different shifting shapes and not so inflated and very much smaller.

Now I see one closer as a small version of the knotted Path, and its loops are twitching and stretching and reshaping. First it has three lobes, and a loop in the middle that I think was the rabbit hole. A part on the left between two lobes begins to stretch, and it becomes a lobe. In this second one there are now four lobes that resemble a four-leaf clover. In a third case the loop in the middle starts descending, and there are five lobes as it adjusts itself. Meanwhile I have been counting crossings and regions between the Path loops. I count eight crossings and nine regions. The philosophical palindrome statement "That is not is that." would imply a tenth region as the one that is not inside the knot. I did not get it the first time either.

In case four the loop on the right flips over, and in case five another loop on the bottom right also flips. It readjusts itself, and I see that the bottom right loop is gone, so we are back to four. This has caused the count to change to six crossings and seven regions. Is this important? Is it a minimum? Does crossings plus one always equal regions? Of the four loops or lobes the one on the right moves in a big arc up and across and down to the left side surrounding the left loop and forming case six. In case seven the surrounded left loop starts moving down and counter-clockwise. After some adjusting of all the parts something emerges that I did not expect. The new result is a very symmetric and even beautiful four lobed form. It is almost in the form of a knot known as the Turk's head knot or Turkish cap in a flattened form, except that two of the crossing points are changed. Some would say it contains a cross or crucifix. The count is back to eight and nine.

Magically, another beauty appears while I was not paying attention and was being distracted by many sights around me. This case eight is also very symmetric having five lobes, and in its center is a five-pointed star or pentagram. The count has jumped to ten crossings and eleven regions. There probably exist many more forms that I have not seen or even imagined as possible. This universe may be finite, but is it? And everything I see seems so clear and certain. How could I have this sense of not belonging? I'll deal with it later. Look at all of those knots!

As I see the five lobed pentagram form continue its transformation into another and yet another form it comes upon a knot I think I have seen before. Why yes, it is the same knot I saw when it first became fused. If I could just get hold of it and pull here and here. There it is, the bowline, but not quite. It is the mirror image. Isn't that strange. The bowline has morphed or transformed itself into its own mirror image. I didn't think it was possible. I wish I had written these down to repeat later, but it's too late. I did not bring pencil and paper, and there is too much to remember. A camera would be even better. Then I would have proof.

Over there I see a group of knots resembling the aforementioned cases of knots, and they are chang-

ing or morphing and transforming in a different way. Something is materializing in some of the regions between the parts of the Path. Several small flat surfaces are appearing, and they are connecting with each other in a twist at their corners. Of the nine regions five have become surfaces, and they are connected in eight twists to make a complex surface with one continuous edge. On all edges of the surface was the Path. It was as if the surface were a blueprint for the Path, and the Path were a blueprint for the surface. Some of these even have a look of Escher about them with two ways to perceive or to observe a stark contrast in duality.

Tessellations may help to explain this unusual vision, at least in part. As an example, with a pencil on paper draw a continuous line which crosses over itself at a few distinct points, and end your line at the point from which you started. Notice that you have divided the paper into several regions about half of which can be shaded alternately so that shaded regions meet only at single points. This is one example of a tessellation. Another very simple example would be a shaded-in figure eight. Think of each of the cases of the Path as a form for a tessellation, and note that there are always exactly two tessellations or shadings for each case if you switched the shaded and unshaded regions. Think of each shaded area as a surface and each intersection point as the place where the Path does not touch itself, but forms a bridge over or under itself. The two adjacent surfaces have to form a twist at each of these points so that the shaded areas or surfaces can connect. Some twists are left, and some are right. Because of the complexity the results are easier to see than to explain. The cases all have but one surface as you can see by studying them. This means the top surface can be traced to the bottom of the same surface just by following through a few twists. That is, the top side and the bottom side are really the same side. All of these cases and tessellations must be equivalent in some way, maybe topologically, since they are all distortions of the same knot, but it is beyond me to figure out.

As I poke my finger into the center of the cross or pentagram all parts of the Path recede from my

probe, and this concludes in a bracelet of three loops which are interwoven with each other. I have seen fifteen different bracelets, and there may be many more. There can also be interesting bracelets of two loops or even necklaces with all of the interwoven parts hanging tightly together in a pendant at the bottom. One of the bracelets of two loops is self-adjusting so that it can fit any wrist. As my poking fingers and then whole hand pass through the center of the bracelet, it reaches my wrist. That is when it stops receding, reverses, and becomes tighter. It is too small to slip off, and getting tight, but I must get it off. Try not to panic. How could I ever reverse my path through these many dreamlike steps and end up where I began? It may not be possible. Where did I begin? How deep is this hole I am in? Maybe if I cut this bracelet. I am finally able to slice through one of the three loops around my wrist without cutting myself. It is done.

Everything is changing again, but it is different. It is all unraveling. The bracelet, the Path, the beautiful symmetry, the loops, the crossings, it is all coming undone. The Path is coming apart. It is becoming straighter. Not much is left. There goes the meadow loop and the rabbit hole loop. It is long and straight. I open my eyes to find myself in a meadow under a tall straight tree with a strange little hole at the base. What just happened? Was I dreaming? Or not? I wonder, what is the difference between what most consider to be reality and a Coherent Realistic Fantasy? I'm not sure I can tell. Fantasy too is built upon truth. This magic I felt, which I did not intend to destroy, surely must have been in the Path. What a headache! I swear I will never lick Nasty Snailed Slime again! Maybe it would be too dangerous. Maybe.

A dog approaches, circles while sniffing the ground, squats, strains, leaves a steaming convoluted pile, scratches the dirt twice with each hind leg, and trots away. Hey! That looks just like a Bow... . Nah.

The gate creaks open as the NPS key releases the lock. It is good to be among friends again revisiting the bowels of this longest cave. When we are underground, the stresses of the real world seem to melt

away. Maybe that's why we are really here, no matter all of the other reasons we conjure. We are marching down the wide tourist trail toward our survey objective when all of a sudden the lights come on. We scurry with flight response as would rats into the shadows of a nearby alcove and stand quietly out of sight. Just why we hide I can't remember. It would certainly make their tour more memorable if they actually saw some real live spelunkers in their natural habitat although we were still quite clean and walking upright at least for now. I know, we prefer the term "caver". They pass, the lights go out, we come out of hiding and continue. We pass the massive frozen waterfall of flowstone dripping noisily into the deep green pool below and discuss the accomplishments of Max Kemper, Stephen Bishop, and Floyd Collins and the century plus of historical data available to us and fifty years of survey work we have accumulated and continue to increase as we go. On many levels we appreciate it as a great cave.

Shortly, we step behind a large breakdown block and slip down into a passage which is a nice hands and knees crawl. It is easy going with a few side leads and the way forward is obvious. In the past, as a novice when I did not know which branch to take, our wise and famous leader told me: "Follow the elephant tracks." It sounds like "Follow the yellow brick road." with the same rhythm. "Follow the pachyderm prints." which were made by a multitude of kneepads on the way to yonder passageways. We kept going changing modes as our subterranean route required by crouching, crawling, belly crawling, canyon side stepping, the dreaded exhale and push, and an occasional "Walk this way!" We do the locomotion with our own unique set of dance steps. I guess we could call one of them the elephant walk, and those not vertically challenged can do the yoyo and the frog.

Since I'm a late sleeper, I had to hurry through breakfast and rush to get all my gear together for this trip. As a result I hadn't thought to ask our destination. When I did ask, our leader turned to me and said with a grin almost too wide for his face "Why, I thought you knew. We are in the middle of SNAIL TRAIL." I stopped in my tracks, stunned and frozen for a moment before I screamed in horror "Not that

damn snail again! Get me out of here! I've got to see my topologist quick!"

Long after I was coaxed through my episode, our assigned task is done. I am back from the brink, helped by the calming therapy of stroking the bowline necklace that I always wear since that Nasty Snail Slime incident. The survey is complete, the notes and equipment are safely stowed, and we are finally headed out. The path is complex, and we are tired. With me in the lead and after several false starts we exited the mazy area. I am plodding along the now familiar yet somehow strange path. I thought that lead over there was on the other side of the passage. I'd have sworn that that station on the bottom of that stalactite right in the middle of the crawl was on the top of a stalagmite. Yes, it is the one with S28, S for Snail Trail, and it was marked using a carbide lamp. I remember thinking on the way in "What a perfect place to put a station, and 28 is also a perfect number since all of the factors 1, 2, 4, 7, and 14 total 28." Now, as if to spite my logic, there it is upside down. Forget it. Exhaustion is playing games with my mind. Just like that left turn I thought was going to be a right turn. Now, this is just too weird! Who in their right mind would take the time and energy in this cramped tube of limestone to remove their kneepads and stomp them on the ceiling leaving tracks as a joke? If I weren't so tired, I would laugh it off and enjoy the parallels with Heinlein's and others' sci-fi stories I read years ago. There I once read of large alien spiders hatching from a female shaped egg case, and here I have seen snails with poison trails. There I read of walking inside a three-sided Moebius strip, here I have seen a bowline with loops that keep changing. There I read of the universe behind every mirror, here I am seeing all of these mirror reversed passageways. Those guys could really write a fantasy.

I glanced at my pack, and something caught my eye. I use a cord tied in a knot to keep my pack closed. I can tie a bowline with my eyes closed, or in the dark, or behind my back if I concentrate. I even saw a Boy Scout tie it with one hand. You can't just make it up as you go. This ability comes from memories that were molded by practice and repetition. I know what a bowline looks like, and on my

pack that knot which I tied myself does not look right. In simple terms the rabbit hole loop is below the tree on the right, but here I see it on the left. The loop around the meadow should be on the left, but I see it on the right. Up out of the hole and a left turn around behind the tree is likewise reversed as a right turn. I've never tied a bowline ass backwards like that in my life. Someone has got to be playing a trick on me.

I think I'll sit here until the others catch up, and we'll see what they think about all this foolishness. Why aren't they here yet? What would happen if this necklace I wear would start to shrink like that bracelet I had to cut off? I'll close my eyes for a minute, huddle over my warm lamp, and wait. They should be here by now. Dangling from my neck the heart shaped pendant of my bowline necklace got dragged through some sticky mud in a flat out crawl. The mud later dried, and I thought it looked like a chocolate dipped pretzel. However, one of my so-called buddies taunts with "It's just a turd on a string." Jerk. I sure could use a nap. Nope, better not close my eyes. I wouldn't want to chance that dream again, especially since I'm so far from civilization out here in the boonies in Snail Trail. What is keeping them? I wonder why they call a small necklace a choker? I think I'll take it off, just in case.

The end.

I have included references to four fine organizations within this story simply as a positive recognition of their importance to me. No negative meaning about them is implied or intended, but there is the possibility of humor. They are:

Nasty Snail Slime - NSS - National Speleological Society

Dazzling Ultraviolet Glimmerings - DUG - Dayton Underground Grotto

Coherent Realistic Fantasy - CRF - Cave Research Foundation

NPS - National Park Service.

ROCKCASTLE COUNTY SPRING BURNING RULES

From Deb Bledsoe

Hi all, here is an update on burning rules for those of you visiting Rockcastle County and the region - this is the article from last week's paper. We have had a busy fire season already what with the wind we've been having, and when I was up on Clear Creek with James Renner yesterday we spotted a fast burning fire up a holler off an ATV trail. If you have a camp fire use common sense if the wind is blowing, and please be sure to extinguish it completely with water and dirt.

Mt Vernon Signal 2/12/09

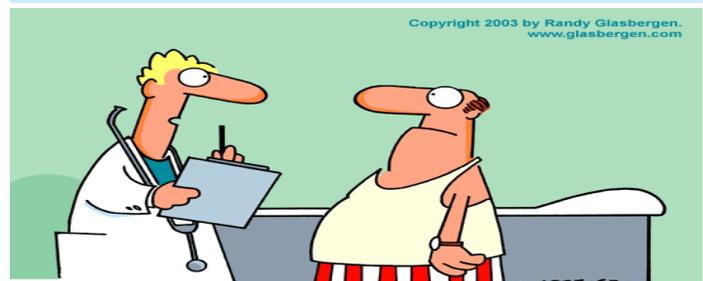
Spring Fire Season Begins on Sunday (Feb 15)

Spring fire hazard season begins in Rockcastle County on Sunday (Feb 15) at 6 AM. Rockcastle Co Forest Ranger Marvin Stone reminds everyone that burning is not allowed at all from 6 AM to 6 PM anytime between February 15th and May 1st.

From 6 PM to 6 AM, burning is allowed, but there are several restrictions. Residents are not allowed to burn within 50 feet of any structure, near landfills, streams or sinkholes, and utility lines. Stone also cautions residents to burn at least 150 feet from any woodlands.

Those caught not obeying Open Burning Laws are subject to a fine of up to \$25,000.

The Forest Ranger said his department and members of local volunteer fire departments have already responded to six forest and grass fires this winter with over 280 acres being burned.



"What fits your busy schedule better, exercising one hour a day or being dead 24 hours a day?"

Who was John Houchins of Goochland County, Virginia?

By: Ron Fulcher NSS 44706RL

Many of the folks that live in the heart of “cave country” are direct linear descendants of Revolutionary War Patriots. Some of them may still be living on original bounty land granted to their forefathers because of military service. Our subject, John Houchins is just one of those soldiers who took advantage of the land grants after the War for Independence and so did his children.

John was born in approximately 1725 to Edward and Rebecca Houchin of Goochland County, Virginia. The other children of Edward and Rebecca were; Charles, Francis, Rachel, Elizabeth, Agnes, Mary and Susannah and they all grew up on the family plantation of several hundred acres. Around 1758, John married Martha “Patsey” Orford or Alford and they had several children; Edward, Charles, William, John, Francis, Moses and, Elizabeth.

Around 1768, John and Martha along with four of their children moved to Buckingham and then Amherst County, Virginia. His first land purchase was for 95 acres and the last was for “200 acres lying on the north bank of Piney River” in that part of Virginia. About the time of the last move John Houchins joined the side of the Americans in the Revolutionary War. John was commanded by Col. Theoderick Bland, under Capt. Cuthbert Harrison of the Virginia Light Dragoons from November 1776 to December 1, 1778.

In 1780 John and Martha Houchins moved to Augusta County, Virginia along the banks of Back Creek, a tributary of the Greenbrier River but it would not be their last. Once the war was over in 1782 the federal government gave out land grants in the unsettled areas of Ohio and Kentucky based on your rank and length of service. In 1796 200 acres on the Green River in what is now Edmonson County, Kentucky were deeded to John Houchins.. This land south of the Green River in Kentucky was reserved for these veterans and after 1797, their descendants.

So here we have John and Martha Houchins and most of their children relocating to new lands in Kentucky sometime during the 1790s. One of John and Martha’s sons, Charles relocated to that part of Edmonson County south of the Green River and brought his young son named John D. Houchins with him. This John who lived in the same valley with his Grandfather John Houchins is the one who in 1799 and, at the tender age of eleven, chased a wounded bear into what we now call Mammoth Cave. The Houchins family had settled together in a spot not far from there and coincidentally, named after them too, the Houchins Valley.

Now a year ago I might not have researched this information to find out how the Valley near or above the great connection of 1972 in Mammoth Cave got its’ name but, a find in West Virginia changed that. In researching my own family history I came across the obituary for my Great Grandmother Martha Sutphin Fulcher. This proved to be the missing link to the Houchins family and my 8th Great Grandfather, one John Houchins from Goochland County Virginia and my 1st cousin 7 times removed John D. Houchins, the discoverer of Mammoth Cave, Kentucky.

These kinds of connections and research sort of changed the way I look at the map now and there is always a cousin nearby wherever I go! Consider that the number one hobby in America is genealogy and knowing a common family name is a great way to introduce yourself. My own research has allowed me to provide missing links for several families across the United States and some of them in turn live near or own caves I can visit! So take a minute if you will and shake your family tree and maybe, just maybe, a new friend or cave will fall out!





WHITE NOSE SYNDROME UPDATE

Here is a map showing the occurrence of White Nose Syndrome by county as of February 10, 2009.

02/10/09
Bat White Nose Syndrome (WNS)
Occurrence by County*

-  Confirmed
-  Likely but not confirmed
-  Suspicious

*Confirmed

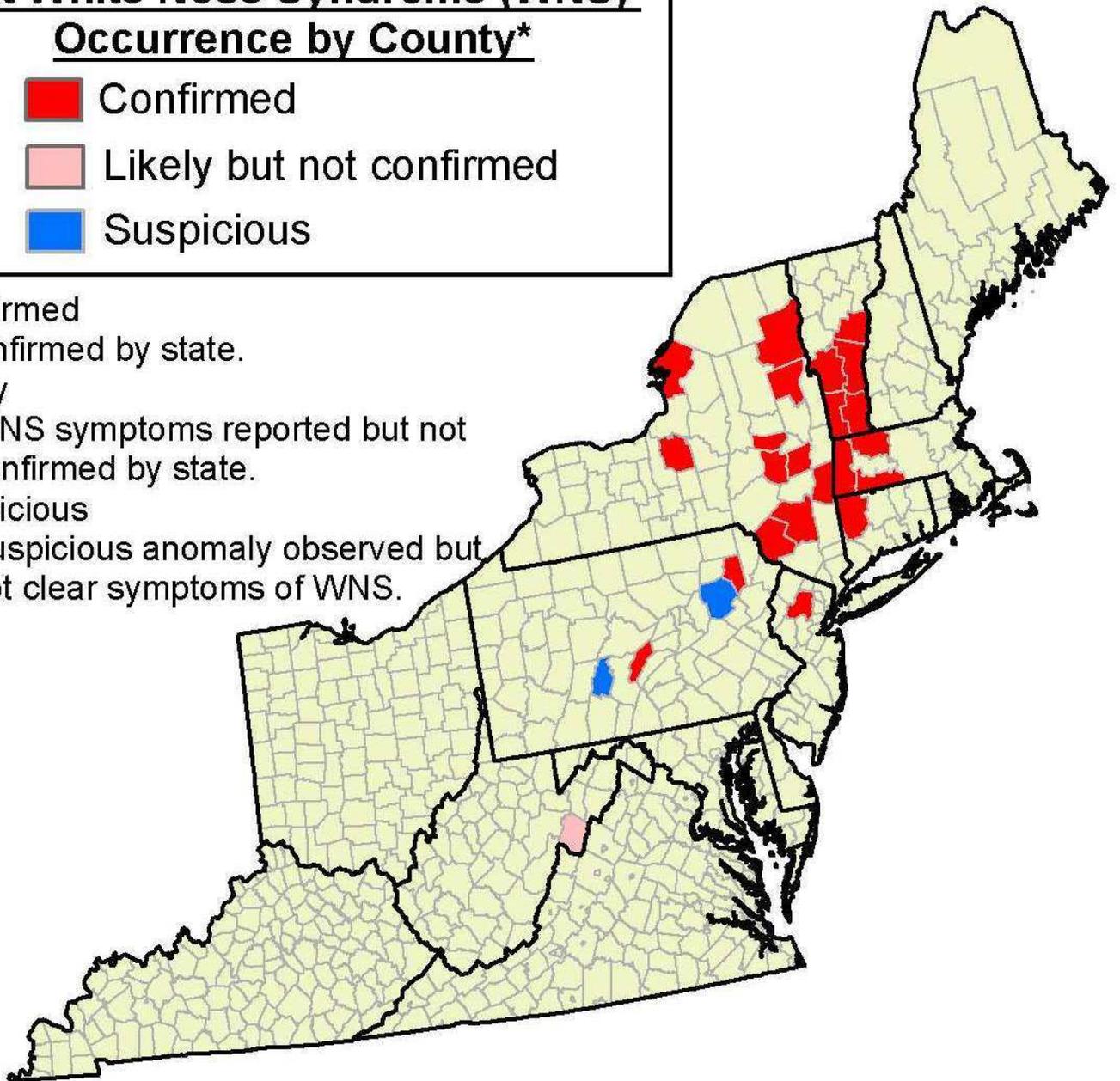
Confirmed by state.

*Likely

WNS symptoms reported but not confirmed by state.

*Suspicious

Suspicious anomaly observed but not clear symptoms of WNS.



THE OHIO CAVE SURVEY

PHILIP M. SMITH

The National Speleological Society, Washington, D. C.

A perusal of the literature on the limestone caves of Ohio indicates a decided absence of information in this area. White (1926) in his study of Ohio caves provided a sketchy knowledge of some twenty caves. Shetrone (1928) has treated briefly the archaeological importance of some of these caves, and Cottingham (1919) discussed the formation of the South Bass Island caves. Hills (1916) described Reames Cave (Ohio Caverns). Smith (1953) recently discussed Ohio caves in their relationship to cave conservation. Little else of a serious nature has been reported.

In 1952, the Central Ohio Grotto of the National Speleological Society in cooperation with the Ohio Geological Survey established a comprehensive survey of the Ohio caves and caverns. The work of this study includes a general description of the caves, their locations, and a discussion of the geological features of the caves. Maps after the standards adopted by Davies (1947, 1949, 1950) are being made. Further, a photographic study of each cave is made. This includes not only black and white pictures, but also kodachrome transparencies. Historical anecdotes related to the caves are noted. Also a study of cave fauna is being carried out in cooperation with the natural history section of the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society. Relationships have also been established with the Cleveland Grotto of the National Speleological Society and the Ohio Division of Wildlife. It is hoped that the end result of this survey will be the publication of a definitive volume on Ohio caves.

To implement the survey program, the Geological Survey addressed letters describing the project and the need for cave locations to county engineers, county agricultural agents, and historical societies throughout the state. From the reply to this letter and from the work of the survey investigators, a preliminary list of more than one hundred caves has been compiled. Most of these listings are in limestone areas and will receive the major attention of the report. A few sandstone overhangs and rock shelters such as those in the Hocking area may be included because of their widespread fame.

Intensive study has been carried out in more than twenty caves. Preliminary maps and geological notes have been completed in fourteen cases.

From the fieldwork done in the first year of the survey several problems have arisen, all of which bear further study. These include:

- 1) The general theory of formation of Ohio caves. Some of the caves, at least, are formed in a manner quite different from the usual solution processes. Cottingham (1919) and White (1926) have pointed out the singular features of the South Bass Island caves, Verber and Stansbery (1953) have attacked this problem. More study is needed in other areas.

- 2) The relationship between cave formation and the glacial boundary, and the relationship between cave fauna and the boundary. Exploration has provided an interesting pattern of caves close to the glacial boundary in at least one southern Ohio county. The cricket (*Ceuthophilus gracilipes*) normally found in non-glaciated areas has been collected north of the Illinoian boundary.

- 3) The migration of salamanders into and out of certain caves. The ecological aspects of a cave environment are known to have marked effects on animal movements. Work in this area could contribute to our concepts here.

- 4) The possibilities of both paleontological and archaeological remains in some caves. Careful study could yield much informative material in these areas. Work in some caves will begin soon.

5) The occurrence of the Eastern Big-eared Bat (*Corynorhinus macrotis macrotis*) in Ohio. The first report of this bat has raised speculation as to the range of the Eastern Big-eared Bat. This problem is under study at the Ohio State Museum and at the National Museum.

It is hoped that others will be able to contribute to the study of Ohio caves. Information on cave locations is always welcome. Cooperative studies in some phase of the project could speed the completion of the work. All communications regarding the cave survey should be addressed to the Ohio Geological Survey office, Orton Hall, the Ohio State University, Columbus 10, Ohio.

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2009 GREAT SALTPETRE PRESERVE OPEN HOUSE MAY 16-17

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED!!

The public is welcome and encouraged to attend. Free cave tours are offered. The tours last 30 to 45 minutes. The cave has electric lights. The cave floor is generally flat. Dress for the cave environment - comfortable shoes and a sweat shirt. The cave is 57 degrees. Bring a flashlight if you wish.

Other Activities:

- Free soup beans and corn bread.
- Live music on Saturday. *Bring an instrument and join in!*
- Food concession stand operated by the Livingston Fire Department.
- Souvenir concession stand.
- Miles of hiking trails.



Karst-O-Rama 2009

June 26, 27, 28

Great Saltpetre Cave Preserve Mt. Vernon, KY

Pre-registration Form

Please fill out one form per Adult

Principle Registrants Name _____ NSS# _____

Address _____ City _____ ST _____ ZIP _____

Home Phone (____) _____ Emergency Contact/Phone # _____

Grotto _____ E-Mail Address _____

Additional Children: *(No Guidebook)*

Child _____ Child _____

Child _____ Child _____

Total Family Members _____

| | | | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|-----------|---------|------------|
| Principle Registrant (\$28/33 on site) | <input type="checkbox"/> NSS Member | \$ 22.00 | | \$ _____ |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Non-NSS | \$ 27.00 | | |
| Children 13-17 (\$22 on site) | | \$ 16 .00 | X _____ | \$ _____ |
| Children under 12 | | FREE | X _____ | \$ F R E E |
| Dogs or Cats | | \$ 20.00 | X _____ | \$ _____ |
| Camping Wed,Thurs or Sun night <i>(Per Night/Per Person)</i> | | \$ 4.00 | X _____ | \$ _____ |
| Electric Site <i>(Per Nite)</i> <u> </u> Thur <u> </u> Fri <u> </u> Sat <u> </u> Sun | | \$ 6.00 | X _____ | \$ _____ |
| Sat Adult Banquet Ticket | | \$ 8.00 | X _____ | \$ _____ |
| Children under 12 Banquet Ticket | | \$ 3.00 | X _____ | \$ _____ |
| T-Shirt S <u> </u> M <u> </u> L <u> </u> XL <u> </u> XXL <u> </u> | | \$ 10.00 | X _____ | \$ _____ |

TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED \$ _____

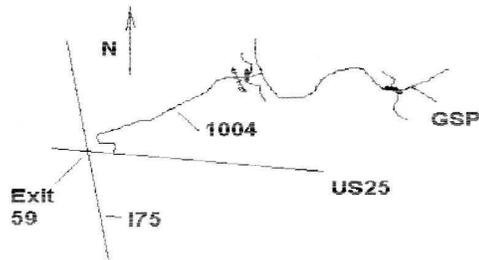
Cut Here and Keep -----

Make Checks Payable To Greater Cincinnati Grotto
Mail By June 1st, To: Matt Keller
131 Wrenwood Ln, Cincinnati, OH 45174

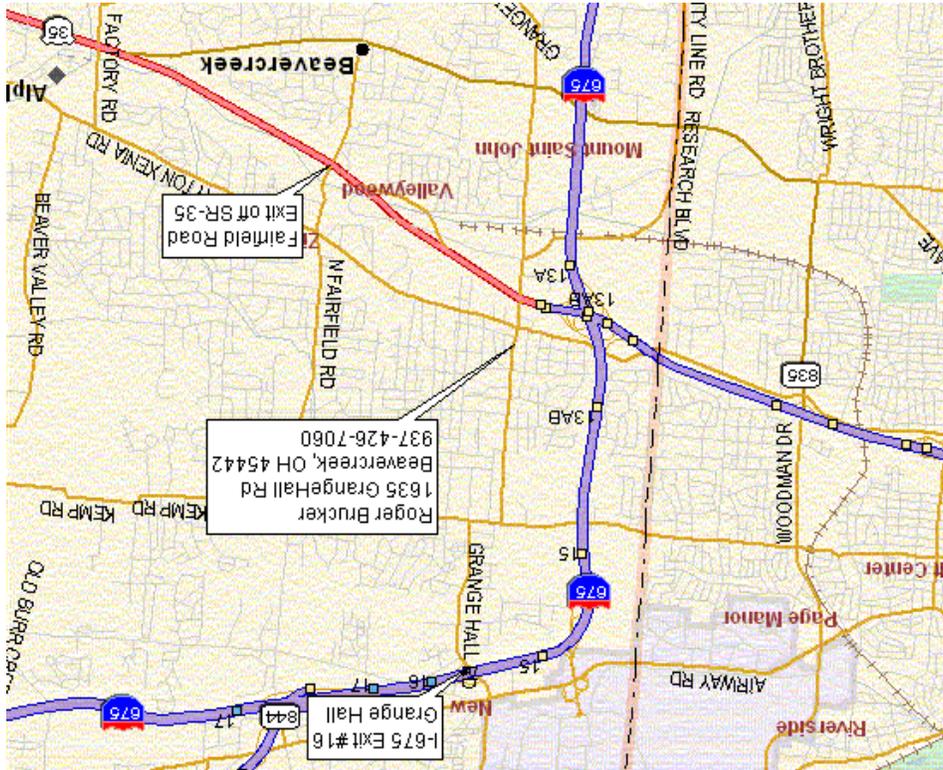
Questions: Chris Hacker at 513-383-8954
or email: smgcaver@earthlink.net

Directions to Great Saltpetre Cave Preserve: Take I75 to Exit 59 (Mount Vernon, Ky). EAST on Route 25 and turn LEFT onto Route 1004. Continue until Route 1004 comes to a "T" (just over the Railroad tracks and concrete bridge) and turn RIGHT. Look for the second Concrete bridge. Continue for ¼ mile up a hill and look for the Great Saltpetre Preserve sign on the right. It is a total of 9 miles on Route 1004.

USE CAUTION, ROAD IS STEEP AND WINDING



There will be a Photo, Map and Climbing Contests.
Please Note: Rockcastle is a dry County.



**The Carbide Courier
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