T.A.B.B.W.



Sewanee Mountain Grotto Volume 2 Issue 2

TAG Caver ~ Volume 2 Issue 2 SUMMER 2011

TAG Caver is the official newsletter of the Sewanee Mountain Grotto & is published on a quarterly basis. Sewanee Mountain Grotto is a non-profit internal organization of the National Speleological Society dedicated to the exploration, mapping and conservation of caves. If you are interested in joining the Sewanee Mountain Grotto we invite you to attend one of our monthly grotto meetings. Meetings are held the second Saturday of each month at various locations in the heart of TAG. A typical meeting starts with a potluck dinner at 6pm CST, followed by the meeting at 7pm. On occasion we also have special presentations following our meetings. Annual dues are \$10 per person and are due in January. Please email sewaneemountaingrotto@caves.org or one of our editors for more information on the location of our next meeting. You may also visit our website at

http://www.caves.org/grotto/sewaneemountaingrotto/

2011 Sewanee Mtn Grotto Officers:

Chairperson: Jason Hardy

Vice Chair & Programs: Peter Michaud

Treasurer: Blaine Grindle Secretary: Bambi Dunlap

Member at Large: Maureen Handler Conservation Chair: Maureen Handler

Webmaster: Will Urbanski Trip leader: Peter Michaud

TAG Caver Editors:

Kelly Smallwood Rowland7840@bellsouth.net Jason Hardy wmjhardy@yahoo.com

Email articles and photos for submissions to one of our editors. Content may include articles/photos from non members as well as other caving regions. Statements and opinions expressed in the TAG Caver do not necessarily reflect the policies or beliefs of the Sewanee Mountain Grotto or the NSS.



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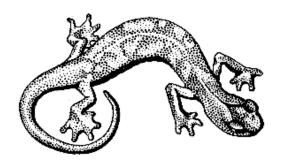
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*Thank you to all of our contributors!

Front Cover: Design by Tina O'Hailey

Calendar of Upcoming Events



June 18th – SMG Meeting at Jason Hardy's house in Whiteside, TN. Potluck dinner 6pm, followed by meeting at 7pm.

July 9th – SMG Meeting at Charlie Smith's Property – Potluck dinner 6pm, followed by meeting at 7pm.

July $18^{th} - 22^{nd}$ – NSS Convention in Glenwood Springs, Colorado. Visit http://nss2011.org/ for more info.

August 13th – SMG Meeting at Sinking Cove Cave Preserve. Cave trips during the day. Potluck dinner 6pm, followed by meeting at 7pm. The SMG has the preserve for the entire weekend...! Each member will need to sign an SCCI WNS statement.

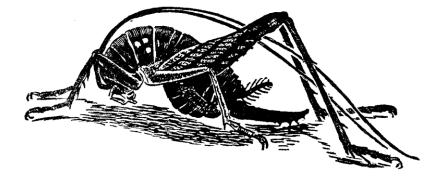
September 1st – 5th – SMG Annual Pupfest Event. Led cave trips, canoeing and lots of fun. Potluck dinner 5pm Sunday night with annual fundraising auction to follow at 7pm.

Connect with the Grotto

If you're new to the Grotto, here are a few ways you can get to know other members:



Join us on a Grotto Trip, Survey Trip or a Cleanup.



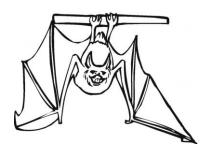


Sewanee Mountain Remailer

After you have joined the grotto, join our mailing list to keep up to date with cave trips and meetings. Go to: http://sports.groups.yahoo.com/group/sewannee_mountain_grotto/ and click join. Please provide your real name so we'll know who you are.



Facebook – Join our official unofficial Facebook Page to meet other area cavers and plan trips. Search for Sewanee Mountain Grotto under groups.



Support the Grotto ~ Grotto Merchandise

The Grotto now has hats with our logo embroidered on them. Hats are \$15 each and supply is limited. We also still have Guidebooks & Stickers remaining from the SERA 2010 event. The stickers are the Logo for the Sewanee Mountain Grotto and are \$1 each. Guidebooks are \$10 each. Please contact Kelly Smallwood (rowland7840@bellsouth.net) to purchase any of these items.



THE TAG SCOOP

*Welcome new SMG members: Tom Coker, Glenn Fell & Julianne Ramsey.

**At the April Grotto meeting members passed all of the proposed updated bylaws, Log on to the yahoo group to download a copy,

***You can also download an updated Membership List from the Yahoo Group.

****Membership dues are \$110. You can pay at the next meeting or you can send them in via snail mail. If you are maling your dues please send a check payable to Sewanee Mountain Grotto, 482 Wild Heart Lane, Sewanee, IN 37375. Make sure you include your contact information (name, address, phone number & email address) & your NSS Number.

*****Planning on attending the 2011 Convention in Colorado? Check out the web site www.nss2011.org for more information. Other grotto members are planning on attending as well so there are possibilities for car pooling.

New Grotto Merchandise...!



The Grotto now has hats featuring our logo embroidered on the front. The logo is approx 2 inches in diameter and the hats are \$15 each. Supplies are limited. Please contact Kelly Smallwood to purchase.

or by phone at 678-758-1761



RUSSELL CAVE WATERSHED RESTORATION



When the Sewanee Mountain Grotto reactivated, it was decided that we would devote part of our caving 'energy' into conservation. In late 2005, the grotto decided to adopt the Russell Cave Watershed as a conservation project. While Russell Cave is located in Alabama, the largest portion of the watershed was in Tennessee. Orme Mountain Road, which runs down through the watershed was the site of historic dumping. One

mile from the top of the road was one of the largest roadside dumps I had ever seen. Looking down the ravine at the head of the watershed was a huge pile of tires, appliances, furniture, tires & trash. SMG decided to 'adopt' this watershed in order to help restore the water running into Russell Cave, realizing it would be a 3-5 year project.

Due to the overwhelming size of this potential project, SMG enlisted the resource assistance of the SERA Karst Task Force. The SKTF was instrumental in helping organize the first haul system cleanups. In February, 2006, in conjunction with the SERA Winter Business Meeting, the first haul system was set up at the huge dump. 32 cavers showed up in the freezing cold and we moved 8 TONS of debris in one day. Unfortunately, it was SO cold, that Marion County's assistance never showed up. We

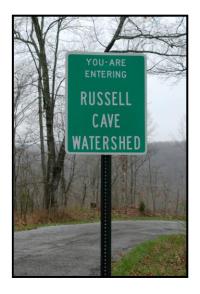


hauled the majority of the debris to the dump ourselves! Over the next year, two more SMG/SKTF clean ups were done. Both of these with the haul system, still working on the first dump! In all, we removed 20 tons of debris from one dump site, including over 400 tires!



During this period, SMG conducted 3 additional clean up events. Grotto members cleaned up trash on the sides of the road and visually assessed the rest of the watershed for the quantities of debris and to determine how much more work was needed. The following year, the SKTF once again joined SMG and the haul system was again used to clean up the smaller dump 2 more miles down the watershed. By this time, one of the local landowners saw what we were doing and sought us out by asking down at Russell Cave National Monument. He was so impressed with our efforts that he donated enough money to pay for all 3 dumpsters and the signs that have been placed in the watershed.

Over the next 2 years, SMG continued to sponsor 2 clean up events each winter, slowly working their way down the watershed. In 2009, the SKTF joined us again for a roadside clean up further down the road. We were consistently picking up 4 – 5 tons of debris each time. Marion County would then pick up and weigh all the debris we had stacked up along the roadside, and our total tonnage of debris removed continued to grow. We no longer needed dumpsters realizing quite a bit of savings for the SKTF and the grotto. We approached Lowes in Kimball, TN and they have been providing all of our trash bags (and recycling need) at cost. Keep America Beautiful found out about our work and through Keep Tennessee Beautiful, we have been a part of the Great American Clean Up since 2008.



By December 2009, we were within ½ mile of the bottom of the mountain. It seemed like we were only gaining about 1/10 of a mile per clean up, and the tons of debris removed just kept on increasing. During the clean ups, some maintenance cleaning was done on the upper part of the watershed and it was a wonderful experience to walk down the creek running down the mountain without seeing plastic bags, beer cans and tires as we went. During the initial assessments of the watershed, there was a recliner by the side of the road only 1/10 of a mile up from the stop sign. I would see it every time I drove through the watershed. I longed for the day we would get to this recliner and remove it. We were getting closer.



In March, 2011, SMG again went out to the watershed for one of our clean up events. We had about 14 people there, pulling more tires up the hill, bagging trash and hauling it up the hill, pulling out other people's cast away items. The piles on the side of the road just kept getting larger. All of a sudden, the recliner came into view! I knew we were almost there!! We pulled it out and the matching couch as well and within the hour, we were at the stop sign at the bottom of Orme Mountain Road!!! We had done it! We had removed 105,000

pounds of debris! That is over 50 tons in 5 years. In addition to the typical trash, appliances and tires, we also removed old gasoline tanks, cans of paint, Freon tanks and batteries. All of this was causing pollution in Russell Cave and the entire watershed. Removing the hazardous materials was the biggest gain for the watershed overall. In addition, it is a pleasure to drive or walk through the watershed now without seeing all of the trash and debris everywhere.



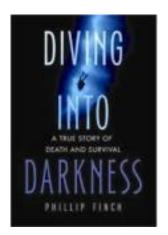
The watershed will take continued maintenance for fly away trash and recent dumping, but everyone who worked on this project can be proud of the results.

Maureen Handler, Sewanee Mountain Grotto Conservation Chair.



NEW AT THE NSS BOOKSTORE

www.nssbookstore.org



The harrowing true story of two friends who plunge nine hundred feet into the water in South Africa to raise the body of a diver who had perished there a decade before. Only one returns.

On New Year's Day 2005, David Shaw traveled halfway around the world on a journey that took him to a steep crater in the Kalahari Desert of South Africa, a site known as Bushman's Hole. His destination was nearly nine hundred feet below the surface.

On January 8 he descended into the water. About fifteen feet below the surface was a fissure in the bottom of the basin, barely wide enough to admit him. He slipped through the opening and disappeared from sight, leaving behind the world of light and life.

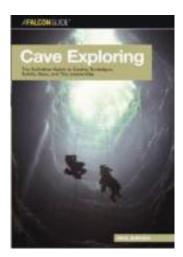
Then, a second diver descended through the same crack in the stone. This was Don Shirley, Shaw's friend, and one of the few people in the world qualified to follow where Shaw was about to 40. In the community of extreme diving, Don Shirley was a master among masters.

Twenty-five minutes later, one of the men was dead. The other was in mortal peril, and would spend the next ten hours struggling to survive, literally from breath to breath.

What happened that day is the stuff of nightmarish drama, but it's also a compelling human story of friendship, heroism, ambition, and coming to terms with loss and tragedy.

Written with the full cooperation of the surviving families, Diving into Darkness is a true story about the perilous sport of cave diving-its culture, its cult following, and the remarkable individuals who pursue it. It's about two devoted marriages and coming to terms with the dangers undertaken by a loved one. And it is about friendship and trust, put to their ultimate test.

Available through the NSS Bookstore for \$26.99 Written by Phillip Finch, Copyright 2008, ISBN 978-0-312-38394-7, 310 Pages



Discover the world below

If you haven't seen gypsum flowers, cave crickets, or stalactites made of ice, you don't know what you're missing. Cave Exploring shines a light on the unique underground world of rock formations, flowing rivers, and crawling critters. In this definitive guide, veteran caver Paul Burger clearly and carefully describes the techniques needed to safely climb, crawl, tread softly, and swim in the quest for underground discovery. Learn how to:

- Get into horizontal caving, vertical caving, wet caving, and cave camping
- Select the right gear for a caving expedition
- Sidestep common hazards and navigate safely underground
- Investigate caves with minimal impact on the environment
- Connect with established cavers in your community
- Organize and lead a caving trip-or simply be a good team member

Paul Burger has explored and mapped extensions of caves in Colorado, South Dakota, and New Mexico. He is the official geologist-hydrologist of Carlsbad Caverns National Park and is the coauthor of Deep Secrets, a book on the discovery and early exploration of Lechuguilla Cave.

Available through the NSS bookstore for \$15.95. Written by Paul Burger, Copyright 2006, ISBN 978-0-7627-2560-1, 120 pages

2010 Year End Treasury Report for Sewanee Mountain Grotto

Submitted By Blaine Grindle

Income Highlights

SERA 2010: \$1,338.37

Additional income

From SERA GB's etc \$645.00

Alum can recycle \$451.30

Pupfest 8 \$2,206.35



Spending:

\$37.18	Russell Cave w/shed cleanup Feb (garbage bags)
\$43.90	Orme Mtn Road cleanup Apr (garbage bags)
\$300.00	SCCI Long Isle Preserve (250 grotto 25 match each Kyle G & B Grindle)
\$50.00	SCCI Fox Mtn Pres in honor of Sally Wilbanks
\$500.00	Fiery Gizzard – Land Trust Aug
\$1,000.00	SCCI Gen fund used for matching donations @ TAG
\$500.00	SKTF Aug
\$1,000.00	SCCI Jacob Mtn Preserve @ TAG
\$1,000.00	NSS 500 gen ops 250 domestic exploration 250 foreign exploration
\$974.63	2 each Disto, Clino, & Compass Sep
\$66.74	2 Plastic Dry Bags, & 2 Clear cases to protect the Disto's
\$380.82	Additional Disto & Compass Dec
\$270.52	Rite in rain paper 1,000 sheets

WAY TO GO SEWANEE MOUNTAIN GROTTO 'B'

Remember: This is a synopsis; complete income and expense reports for both SERA 2010 and Pupfest have already been posted online to the Yahoo group!

Results of the 2011 SERA Photo and Art Salons By Don Hunter

The 2011 SERA Photo and Art Salons were held in conjunction with this year's SERA Winter Business Meeting in LaFayette, GA on Saturday, March 19th. We had a great turnout this year with seven photographers submitting 36 photographs for judging. The entries were of high quality, with 24 ribbons awarded. Best of Show went to Clinton Elmore for his photograph Blue Spring Lace. There were three entries in the Art Salon, one adult and two juvenile. Chrys Hulbert took Best of Show in the Art Salon with her ceramic vase "Bacon Drippings". I would also like to commend both youngsters, Scout Aulenbach and Dakota Rowland, for their excellent entries and hope to see them both next year.

Thanks to the three judges this year, Kris Green, Jenny Crisp and Jody Bailey. They had a tough job with all the excellent entries this year and did a great job. And thanks one more time for the great turnout of SERA photographers. We missed some folks who could not make it this year but we hope to see you next year.

The following is a complete list of all ribbons awarded, by category in both the photo and art salons:

2011 SERA PHOTO SALON:

Black and White, People/Animals:

1st Place - Kelly Smallwood "Just Marion!"

Color, People/Animals:

1st Place Kelly Smallwood Bat Flight, Sauta Cave 2nd Place Anne Elmore Electrifying

Color, Artistic:

1st Place Rachel Kroggell Welder's Coffee Pot 2nd Place Chuck Sutherland Big Bone Cave Gate 3rd Place – Clinton Elmore Amazing Roots HM Chuck Sutherland Clinton Elmore Among Gypsum....Blue Springs Cave HM Kelly Smallwood Nancy Winn HM Kelly Smallwood Conley Hole

Color, Macro/Close-up:

1st Place Clinton Elmore Blue Spring Lace BEST OF SHOW, PHOTO
2nd Place Kelly Smallwood Up Close
3rd Place Kelly Smallwood Hummingbird
HM Kelly Smallwood Box Turtle
HM Anne Elmore Ouch!
HM Clinton Elmore Blue Crystals
HM Clinton Elmore Crinoids











Color, Entrances/Exterior Scenes:

1st Place Kelly Smallwood Holiday Hole 2nd Place" Rachel Kroggell LaSilueta 3rd Place Rachel Kroggell LasGotitas HM Chrissy Richards Bermuda Blue



Color, Humor:

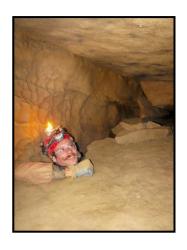
1st Place Kelly Smallwood In Search of Elmo 2nd Place Kelly Smallwood Mud Treatment 3rd Place Kelly Smallwood Nap Time

Digitally Enhanced, Entrances/Exterior Scenes:

1st Place Chuck Sutherland Sullivan Cave Entrance 2nd Place Chuck Sutherland Unnamed Cave Entrance

Holograms:

1st Place John Klayer Little Guy





2011 SERA ART SALON:

(Photos By Don Hunter)

Adult: 1stPlace, Chrys Hulbert for her ceramic vase "Bacon Drippings" BEST OF SHOW, ART

Juveniles:



1st Place, Scout Aulenbach for her clay sculptures Cave Critters



1st Place, Dakota Rowland for her diorama Cave Entrance and Surrounding Area

Richard Schreiber Award By Kelly Smallwood

The Southeastern Regional Association (SERA) Richard Schreiber Award is named in honor of Richard W. Schreiber, who made many contributions to caving in the Southeast from the 1960's through the 1980's. Richard was a natural and enthusiastic teacher, as well as a project leader and mapper, who encouraged many to take a more active role in caving. This award recognizes those SERA cavers of less than ten years experience, and who have been openly involved with cave projects or studies in the Southeastern United States. This award intends not only to recognize previous accomplishment, but also to encourage future accomplishment and contribution.

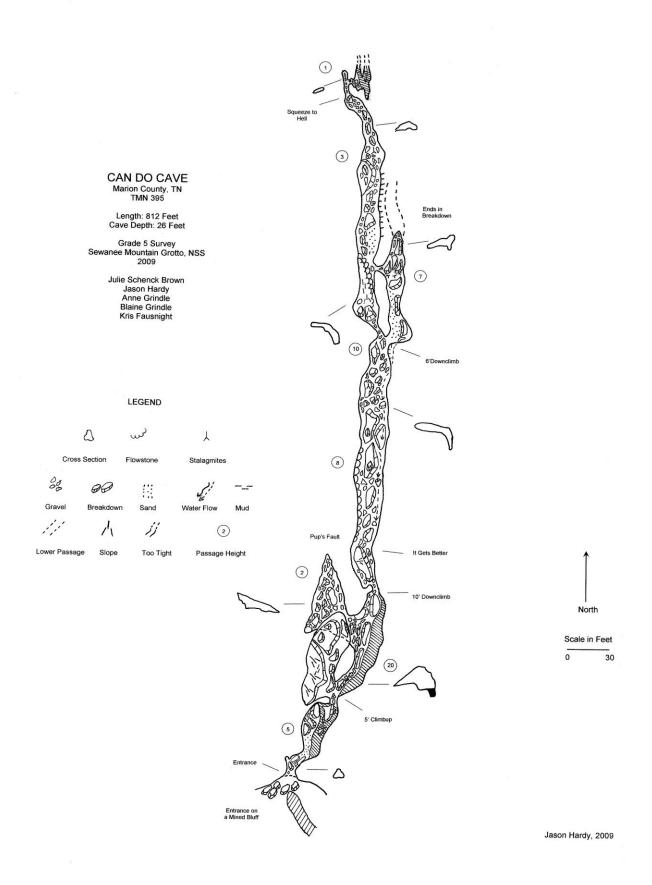


I am very proud to announce that our very own, Jason Hardy received the Richard Schreiber award at the 2011 SERA Winter Business Meeting.

Jason began caving in 2004 while living in Murfreesboro, TN. He joined the Sewanee Mountain Grotto in 2005 and began surveying with grotto members in 2007. After just a few survey trips Jason became interested in cartography and under the guidance of Julie Schenck Brown he learned to sketch. Jason produced his first cave map of Can Do Cave in January 2009. After moving back to Memphis to finish his degree in Aerospace, Jason continued to

make the long drive nearly every weekend to TAG. He has helped on more than 20 survey projects throughout the region and produced 10 hand drawn maps. Jason recently moved back to the heart of TAG and has just finished the re survey of Doodlebug Hole / Blowing Cave in Jackson County, Alabama. To date it is the grottos longest and deepest project with a horizontal extent of 7,359 feet and a vertical extent of -449.7. He looks forward to producing a map of it later this summer. Jason is currently working on several other projects near Sewanee, TN. If anyone is interested in participating with Jason on surveys please contact him directly at wmihardy@yahoo.com.





Results of the 2011 SERA Map Salon By Brent Aulenbach

The 17th annual SERA Map Salon was held on Saturday, March 19th, 2011 at the SERA Winter Business Meeting, in LaFayette, Georgia hosted by the Georgia Speleological Survey.

The goal of the map salon is to encourage mapping of SERA caves, to provide a venue for cartographers to display their maps and to provide an incentive for improving cartographic skills and techniques through critique and competition. The map salon had great participation this year as there were 15 maps entered for competition along with 1 map entered for show only, representing the work of six different cartographers with caves from all three TAG states.

Maps were divided into two categories, horizontal caves and pits/vertical caves. Because the maps this year were all of very good quality, the high level of quality to receive a Merit award was raised this year. It was very difficult to determine the awards this year. Six of the 15 maps received awards:

In the pits/vertical caves category:

Jason Hardy received a Merit award for his map of Swell Well, Marion Co., TN (TMN346) Julie Schenck Brown received a Merit award for her map of Speegle Tilted Tower Cave, Marion Co., TN (TMN461)

Dave Hughes received Second Place for his map of Wedixie Well, AL (AL4363) Julie Schenck Brown received First Place for her map of Louis & Mark Cave, Marion Co., TN (TMN470)

In the horizontal caves category:

Jason Hardy received Second Place for his map of Martin Springs High Hole, Marion Co., TN (TMN22)

Jason Hardy received First Place and Best of Show for his map of Dixie Drop, Madison Co, AL (AL4353)

Congratulations to all the cartographers for your great maps!

Thanks go to the judges: Allen Padgett, Marty Abercrombie, Brad Barker, ET Davis, and myself.

Looking forward to everyone's great maps next year! -Brent



A Visit to Weazel World By Kelly Smallwood

Last year when Jason Hardy and I made our trip to Glory Hole Cave we promised Matt Kalch that if he attended the Sewanee Mountain Grotto SERA Cave Carnival that in turn we would



go down to Florida when his grotto hosted the next Florida Cave Cavort. This year the Cavort was being held at Bruce Morgan's (AKA SleazeWeazel) house near Gainesville, Florida. The event was held April Fool's day weekend and was appropriately named "Weazel Fest". Jason and I drove down Thursday morning March 30th, arriving shortly after lunch. After we set up camp and chatting with a few others, we decided to go check out a nearby local microbrewery called Swamp Head. Since Jason began home brewing about 6 months ago we've also enjoyed in partaking in tasting other Microbrews. After arriving at Swamp Head and checking out their brewing facilities we enjoyed several of their award winning brews including an awesome Chiptole Smoke. We both purchased a 32 ounce growler of our favorite brew then made a quick stop at Target to pick up a few supplies for the next day's canoe trip we had planned. Once back at Weazel World we met up with other Sewanee Mountain Grotto members Peter "Mudpuppy" Michaud and John Attaway.

On Friday while Pup led a cave trip, Jason and I canoed 12 miles down the Santa Fe River and checked out all the springs along the way, including the famous Ginnie Springs. Even though the springs remain a constant temperature around 72 degrees being that it was April and the air outside was cool it made the water feel cold but we went swimming in them anyways... If you've never been to this area it is absolutely gorgeous. There's a ton of cypress trees all covered in swamp moss. We saw Bald Eagles, a wild boar, tons of turtles and even an Alligator while on the River.



Back at camp, Hazard had arrived and Friday night at Weazel World we enjoyed watching someone shoot off a potato gun and the owl eating mice off the heads of innocent victims. It is quite impressive that an animal such as an Owl has been trained in this manner and it's quite interesting to see as well. The Owl sits high atop the branches in Bruce's back yard just waiting for him to place a mouse on someone's head. Once the mouse has been placed the Owl swoops down, snatches it up and goes back in the trees to finish its snack.

Saturday Jason and I went on a led trip over to Warrens Cave with 4 other cavers. It is a nature preserve located in Alachua County and was donated to the National Speleological Society in 1991 by the Nature Conservancy. It is also Florida's longest cave with over 4 miles of mapped passage. There is a short rappel just inside the entrance followed by a short climb up. We made our way back to the Sand Room seeing lots of fossils along the way and then back out... Whew, who knew caving in Florida could be so HOT....! By the time we got out Jason and I were both sweating. Saturday night back at Weazel World before dinner we enjoyed the instant hot water showers they had set up. During dinner and



afterwards they also had a great live band, which of course we danced too... There was also a homemade hot tub..! We both purchased an event t shirt, which by the way is an awesome design. On the way home Sunday Jason and I stopped near Madison, Florida and checked out another spring, Madison Blue. It was a great weekend.

On Cows and Karst

It's the same around the World
(More or Less)

By Mike Gringo

It seems that wherever a caver might wander in search of exploration he finds himself in the presence of the most recognized domesticated ungulates, Bos primigenius, or more commonly known as the cow. Is there a direct correlation between cows and karst? I'm not completely convinced but growing less skeptical all the time. One thing is for sure, this is not a theory that you will read in any geological journal or hear at a karst symposium. The thought came to me at 14,000' while staring at the orange nylon innards of my tent after waking with cold sweats from a lucid nightmare. I had awoken from a deep and troubled sleep where I was endlessly chased by a herd of wild and angry heifers that wanted little more than to trample the life out of me. I had never feared my food supply until the summer of 2010.

Let me rewind and begin by making the distinction between cattle of the Southeastern United States and those of a remote region in Northwestern Peru. While cows in TAG live out their days in relative confinement and security, the cattle of the Peruvian Andes (vacas) roam the alpine grasslands without a single fence in sight (or a single human being for that matter). A cow in this part of the world could easily ramble everyday of its life without ever grazing in the same place twice. Yes, the life of a Peruvian cow appears to be an exciting and enjoyable existence, but the bottoms of countless deep pits speak a very different story. Vast collections of animal bones litter the floor to create talus slopes that lay testament to the hordes of herbivores that ventured too close to commonly obscured vertical entrances. I suppose this is but another instance where the grass looks greener on the other side of the fence but of course hearty, green grass is never a substitute to remaining on the high side of a hundred footer pit. If a cow falls down a pit in a remote region in Peru and no one is there to hear it, does it make a sound? This demanding environment has without question bred a highly intelligent, highly aggressive, super ungulate that is ready to break the minds and the bones of any unsuspecting gringo (such as myself) that should stray into their domain.

It was our team's fourth day on the mountain and the weather had been absolutely beautiful since our arrival. I figured that it might be a good opportunity to sit in the comforts and confides of base camp and take my turn as area manager. Yes, I thought it to be a perfect day of jovial introspection but I could not have been more mistaken.

The team rolled out sometime after nine and I was left alone with only my thoughts to keep me company. I began chopping some carrots and potatoes without the faintest clue that our humble abode was being watched from afar. <trot-trot>(trot-trot> I stopped my chopping with a raised eyebrow and listened. Nothing could be heard but the wind's gentle lapping on the tent's green, nylon door. I resumed my work at hand. <trot-trot> <trot-trot> This time I was convinced that I heard something, so I raced outside to see what was approaching. Nothing but an empty alpine mountainside. I walked over to our water source to ensure that we were not being robbed by the local wildlife. Still nothing but a few dragonflies skidding along the murky surface of the pond. I took a few steps back with my eyes still fixated on the pond when my glance drifted uphill. I froze in my tracks as my heart skipped several beats. There on the hillside, silhouetted on the first bench above camp, was a group of vacas. I laughed at my sudden cow-induced fear and walked back into the tent to resume chopping my carrots. After a few minutes I wandered outside for a pan when I noticed that the half dozen Peruvian cattle had scattered from their high ground and were now circling camp like a pack of hungry wolves. I knew then exactly what they wanted: water. In an alpine environment littered with caves, water becomes fairly scarce on the surface especially at such a high elevation above the valley floor. Our team's continued presence on the mountain depends crucially on this water supply as it is the only pond within several miles of camp. A single cow can drink anywhere from twenty five to fifty gallons of water in a day. Multiply that by six and you are looking at a complete liquidation (pun intended) of our entire reserve. Should these beasts quench their thirst in our pond, we would undoubtedly have to abandon our position and end our efforts on the mountain. It was my responsibility to make sure that this did not happen. Waiting for the imminent assault, I armed myself with a trek pole and a skull of my attacker's fallen brethren. "Stupid cattle," I thought, "they don't stand a chance." Wrong. Acting like a pack of dehydrated velociraptors, two cows charged the pond from opposite sides. "Very clever," I said out loud as I let loose of the cow skull. Pow! A direct hit in the forehead! Immediately one of the giant beasts put two legs on the ground and grunted loudly. Without waiting to see the reaction of the herd, I bolted straight at the second cow with a roar that echoed off the great limestone hillsides. Later I would be told that my yells could be heard all over the mountain. The cow gingerly touted away without worry as there was no way I could possibly run very fast at 14,000'. Still, I felt accomplished with my small victory, that is, until I turned to face camp. Horrified, I watched helplessly as two other invaders moved into our nylon complex. One was chewing on a piece of Andy Zellner's luggage while another was rummaging through our group tent! "Hey!" was apparently all I could muster up. The cow popped his head out of makeshift kitchen with a cascade of drool and freshly chopped carrots plopping onto the muddy ground. There would be no carrots for dinner that night... I began to run full speed but didn't travel more than fifty

feet before I was gasping for air. Again, the cow nonchalantly retreated with a trail of soiled vegetables weaving around tents and gear. Frustration immediately began to surge through my temples as I glared at our most critical water supply and I could feel myself turning red. Now there were eight members of the herd drinking and bathing in the pond. Weren't there only six?! One at a time, I chased away the disseminated interlopers while sucking down the thin alpine air. But it was of little consequence because at this point the herd was twelve strong and all were relaxing in the pond, chewing on the tents, or eating our vegetables. This is about the time that I fully understood that these cows were in complete control of their water source. They always had been. I then realized that these were not the absent minded cattle of TAG, these were intelligent, handpicked children of Darwin...

In addition to intellect and cleverness, there is certainly a difference in temperament between Peruvian cattle and the walking hamburgers we have in TAG. The cows we witnessed in Peru were a great deal more territorial and not afraid to attack a more or less unarmed gringo. Late in the expedition, Brian Gindling and I decided to cross the valley in an attempt to push and survey a very interesting cave that Brian had located on an earlier ridgewalk. After descending several thousand feet we began to make our ways through a deep swamp littered with hidden pot holes, tangle vines, and other natural Peruvian booby traps. And of course no hell would be complete without chin high mala mujer (the Peruvian equivalent of stinging nettles that can sometimes burn for hours). Halfway across this unforgiving bog, we noticed that perhaps thirty boney vacas were watching our passage some several hundred feet away. It was not long before they all began to moo aggressively as we drifted further into their domain. Neither Brian nor I thought very much about this unusual event and continued our sluggish pace. Before we knew it, the herd had slowly encircled us and began closing the gap between themselves and their bipedal intruders. It was then that the silence was shattered by a Peruvian cattle MooooARR! I turned just in time to witness a quarter ton heifer charging straight toward me. The ground trembled as the forceful hooves of the beast trampled the marsh with a blatant distaste for gringos. Ordinarily I would have been terrified, but I was fairly over walking through a minefield of Peruvian swamp traps, stinging nettle, and yes of course the constant droning of what would ordinarily be my food supply. Without thinking I began to charge back at my attacker only to sink into waist-deep in a mixture of cow feces and mud; however this did little to deter my blood lust frenzy. I continued to yell a slur of words that most likely only made sense in my anger-saturated mind and swung my trek pole around my head much like a honda (an ancient Peruvian slingshot). The heifer's hate-filled expression evaporated instantaneously as it locked its front legs in an effort to stop short of my skull-crushing trek pole bludgeon. Its legs bored several feet into the soupy earth causing a nebulous flurry of soggy cow pies to rain

down upon my head. I expected to hear a volley of laughter coming from Brian but he, like the entourage of cattle, was silent. My attacker and I stared at each other for what seemed like an hour until I decided that it was probably safe to continue with my back turned to the once mighty dynamo. By this time the rest of the herd had wandered back to the sidelines of the quagmire to resume their cowish taunts from a safer location, but had unanimously decided not to take our invasion personally. I still remember looking back over my shoulder and seeing the overly-ambitious vaca still frozen in disbelief and undoubtedly wondering how close to blunt trauma it had come. Surely this was what was going through its head as my thoughts were running along the same lines. How close had I come to gringo kabob?

The cows of North and South America appear to be one and the same, but aside from looks, these relatives are vast differences apart. Intellect, cleverness, and temperament are some of the many characteristics that differentiate the Peruvian vaca from the TAG cow. These traits were surely nurtured from the bosom of Darwin in a land that is completely unforgiving to those who are not able to avoid deep shafts or the vicious competition from local livestock. As bluegrass music rings in the ears of many of the cows we have here in TAG, Southern hemispheric cattle nod their heads to the sounds of guitarristas, pan flutes and the gentle sound of Peruvian pop which is generally Spanish dubbed music that has a striking similarity to Michael Jackson. I image that the same is true across the world and that underneath the leather hide lies the same confused, walking hamburger that does little more than eat, sleep, and poop. Cows of Northeastern Peru, I salute you and marinate you in attention as well as with steak sauce.





Noteworthy Bat Flight In TAG

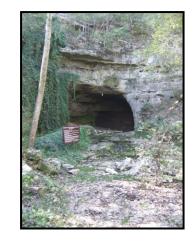
By Kelly Smallwood

Sauta Cave National Wildlife Refuge

Scottsboro, Alabama

Activities: Wildlife Observation.

Photography & Hiking Rating: Easy



Located about 7 miles west of Scottsboro, Alabama is the Sauta Cave National Wildlife Refuge. As early as 1784, it is known that Cherokees used the cave to mine Saltpeter. The site continued to be used off and on from the War of 1812 through the Civil War and even during World War I. During the saltpeter mining a wooden railroad was constructed in the area and several mines were dug to help with the mining operation. Portions of the railroad and the mining tunnels which are now called the Catacombs still exist today on the site. During the twentieth century a building was constructed near the entrance of the cave that served as a fishing store and a nightclub. The operation ran from 1919 through 1956. A dance area was even placed adjacent to the lower entrance to take advantage of the cool air that blows from the cave. Later in 1962 the cave was prepared as a fallout shelter by a local National Guard and prior to the National Wildlife Refuge System purchasing the land the owner had planned to commercialize the cave.

It was in 1978 that National Wildlife Refuge System, which is managed by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, purchased what was known as Blowing Wind Cave. They purchased 264 acres in order to provide protection for the federally endangered gray and Indiana bats and their critical habitat. Not only is this cave a major maternity cave (hibernaculum) for gray bats it also provides a summer roosting site for approx 300,000 – 400,000 gray and indiana bats. Over the years the management of the cave has included constructing gates on both entrances and restricting access during critical periods in order to minimize any disturbance to roosting bats. At one time the National Wildlife Refuge used to allow access to the cave at least twice a year to cavers. However due to WNS (White Nose Syndrom) the cave itself is currently closed.

Rare and unique species occur in Sauta Cave and on the preserve. The Alabama Natural Heritage Program listed the biodiversity rank of the cave as a B1, a site of very high significance. In addition to the gray and Indiana bats, other bat species are also present including the Rafinesque's big eared bat. The Tennessee Cave Salamander, unique invertebrates, and other rare animals also inhabit the cave. It is also noted that the number of Tennessee cave salamanders was the second highest recorded for caves in Alabama. In addition to the rare fauna, in 2002 the federally endangered Price's potato bean was also found on the preserve and nearly all of the 264 acres of the habitat are predominately hardwood forest.



The preserve is located just above the Sauty Creek embayment of TVA's Gunthersville Resevoir, 7 miles west of Scottsboro, Alabama. It is estimated the site receives 5,000 visitors annually and it is a free site to visit. The majority of visitors come to view the spectacular bat flight that peaks June through August of each year. At dusk, approximately 300,000 – 400,000 bats exit the cave to begin their nightly foraging. This event can last for up to one hour. To get to the entrance, drive West for approximately 7 miles on Hwy 72 from Scottsboro. Look for the access road on the south side of Hwy 72. Park at the refuge entrance, which has a gate that you cannot drive past and walk approximately 100 yards to the cave entrance on your right. Because of the bat roosts, you

will be able to smell the cave before you even get to it. To help aid in the viewing experience the National Wildlife Refuge has constructed a viewing platform just prior to the entrance of the cave. You are not required to stay on the platform and the best viewing is from either side of the entrance of the cave itself. As one is standing next to the entrance not only can you hear the bats coming but you can feel the heat of them pouring out. It is by far one of the most amazing experiences you will ever have watching a bat flight. Remember to bring your umbrella as you may get a little wet from the bats flying above. The above image is a picture I took during the Bat Flight at Sauta last Summer (2010).



Ooh La By Leslie Lytle

Statuesquely still waves of mud droop from the ceiling like water pulled by a tide that knows no moon. What music beaconed the mud in here underground? If you turn out your light darkness owns your body and you feel neither warm nor cold. The darkness loves you. You are afraid to whisper, to ask for more love. The heavy mud hanging above you like a thought that could become an obsession has forgotten you are there.

My Survey Log By Tina O'Hailey

Trip #1: May 19, 2007 - 576.3 feet, 25 shots

Four individuals entered the horizontal entrance (Entrance #1) to May Apple Cave, a closed cave with access granted by John Attaway. The individuals were: Doug Moore, Anne Grindle, Julie Schenck Brown and myself.

We started off in the first main room where there were lots of breakdown and a couple of leads off to the side. We went to the third lead which goes to a 29' pit, with plenty of flowstone. In my memory it seems like Julie was doing compass behind me as well to double check. But, I can't be sure. (This was my first time on book. We won't go any further in this story without adding that I am slow, my hand writing is illegible and I started the day not knowing how to use a compass. And I learn very slowly...and learn best from failing. :)) We bottomed the pit and headed south into a path that ultimately ended in a muddy flowstone room with dead end high leads.

We continued through another higher lead which terminated at a triple dome room, very interesting. We backtracked back to the initial pit room and continued towards the north end of the room which dropped down over a small trickle of a water fall and needed just a little scootting/shimmying to get to the lower section.

We ended that day by finishing off that north trending lead and leaving survey points for the two passages that branched off for another day.

Trip #2: July 15, 2007: Team One: 381.6 feet, 23 shots. Team Two: 244 feet, 16 shots.

Well, I'm so thankful for the turnout of two teams to help – because surely left on my own I would never finish this cave. ==grins== Team one: Bambi Dunlap, Anne Grindle, and myself. Team Two: Bonnie Creel, Maureen Handler and Julie Schenck Brown. At 2:15 that day Team two would be joined by two members of Team One with one team one member exiting the cave early.

Team Two began their survey from the higher vertical entrance, Entrance #3 also called "On the Line Entrance" since while walking the proper line, John Attaway found this entrance and thus the cave. They dropped a small six foot pit and followed the lead in a westerly direction, dropping another 18 feet then the passage turned south and passing a few tight leads they dropped the 46 foot pit which bottoms in a room that has a large boulder filled crevasse at the bottom. Water drips into the room from the higher lead. Let's call that The Meeting Room. That crevasse reminds me of a huge meeting table due to its shape.

Team one began to survey the side leads off of the main room at the horizontal entrance during which I had a nagging feeling that I did not feel well.

We finished the three side leads, which all had nice formations and one twelve foot room that sloped so drastically I was sure it connected to something – it sounded hollow. (I've never found anything that connects) and we proceeded to drop the 29 foot pit to head towards where we would pick up a survey station left last time and proceed east to meet team two. (This cave had been explored to some capacity so we knew the nature of the cave already instead of the usual surprise as you survey journey.)

However, after reaching the bottom of the pit I realized I could not go on any further and then had to figure out how to climb back out. Bambi and Anne stood encouragingly as I "climb – climb – burp – climb – lwillnotretch- climb-climb burped" my way up the rope. At the top of that pit is an eternal area of water. I laid there in that puddle willing myself not to vomit. It would have been rude to leave that there for everyone else to have to climb through. Winning that battle of wills, I excited like a zombie and slept in the back of someone's truck until the teams came out.

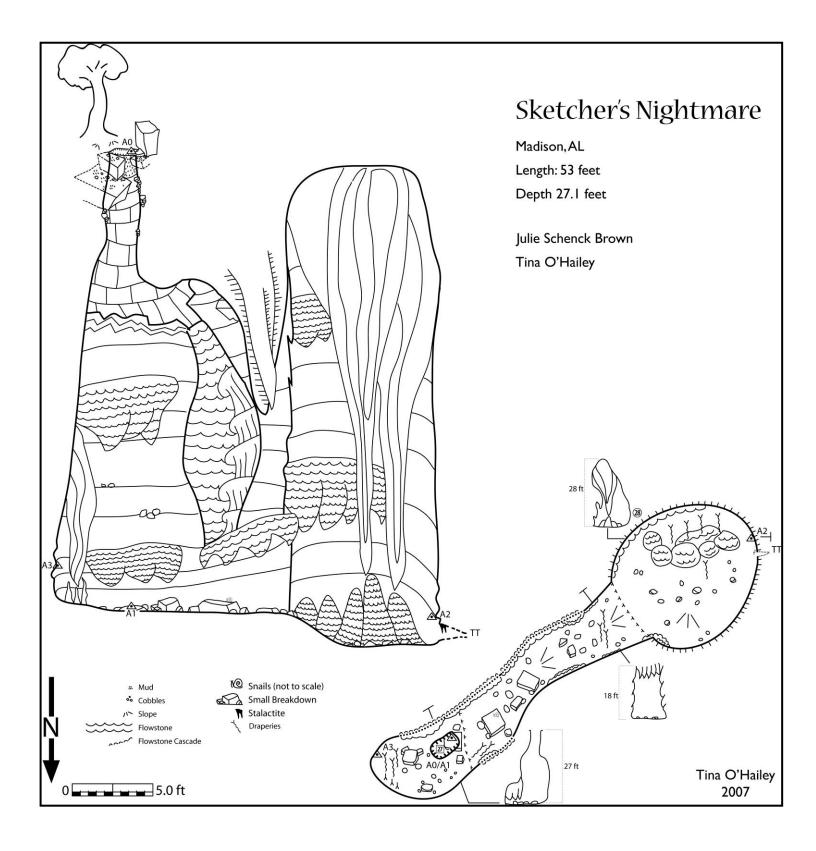
Team One – sans Tina – continued to pick up where we left on the first visit and shot stations and direction and record them in the book until their east heading lead ended in The Meeting Room. The teams combined and continued south east to finish this lead in a 20 foot high dome room called Anne's Dome.

The day ended with much rejoicing. Steve, Myrna, Blaine and I'm sure plenty of other people had shown up to have a fire waiting for all and if memory serves –BBQ pork. I woke up long enough to enjoy some of that good food and chanced a beer. It was just lovely to be part of a good team like that with such support.

Trip #3: October 6, 2007 - The dig.

A trip to investigate the lower entrance of Map Apple was short lived. Amy Hill, Mark Ostrander and Julie Schenk-Brown managed to get seven shots into the lower entrance (Entrance #2) before calling it quits. The entrance is located in a 15' sink. The opening contains an 8' climb that is free climbable. The nature of this entrance is odd since it seems to be at the valley floor. In fact to take a few steps back from the 15' sink one would be able to see the stream bed that flows directly into and diverts away from Meander cave. Once inside the entrance, however, the area is very silted as if the area takes on water and backs up. Fifty feet into the entrance passage one encounters a 20' pit...on the valley floor? Payne Cove has a false, raised, basin. The team dropped into the pit and found that the once north passage turned and proceeded south east...and was silted nearly closed. The team dug. Amy is reported to have dug as good as a dog, but they soon ended the day hoping that the cave system would flush itself clean. Doug Straite had gone through this entrance years ago and confirms that it connects to the main cave already visited. He also added, when asked, that he "wouldn't want to do it again." It apparently was 'some nasty crawl'.

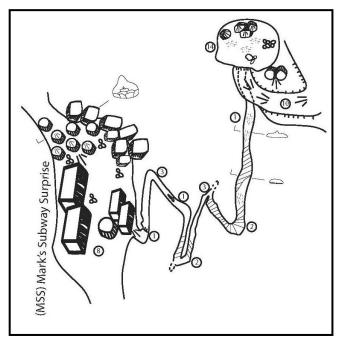
October 2007 - SMG found and started to survey Horse Shoe Bend.



April 2008 – Found a cave with Julie. It was a nice little cave. We were looking for something else, ridge walking when I hollered, "Is this it?" It wasn't, but it was something else. I drew the map up and we named it "Sketcher's Nightmare."

December 2008 – Failed attempt to survey. My email chain has us setting up the date but we did not go surveying. Instead we (Anne Grindle, Julie Schenck, Blaine Grindle and myself) went to Never Sink. I remember it was cold...really cold and soooo much fun. Though we did not survey, I updated the final map to be up to date with all trips.

Most of 2009 – wrote a book and made a film – nothing else happened in my life but work.



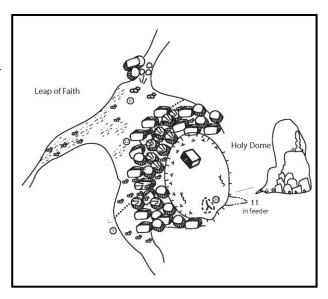
Trip #4: October 25, 2009: 313.1 feet, 20 shots.

Finally back in to May Apple. Anne Grindle, Mark Ostrander and I reshot that connection to The Meeting Room so I could sketch it. (To refresh your memory – Bambi and Anne took instruments and I was not present to sketch – out somewhere sleeping in the back of a truck was I.) We scouted down the slot in that room ...let me put that better, Mark scouted down that bouldered slot and it does look like it goes. We did not push it though. We decided to leave it for another day. Instead we went back to an interesting lead we had seen on Trip One that to me looked like a downward escalator. It swooped north and trended down like a big arrow to me. In my notes, I labeled it the subway

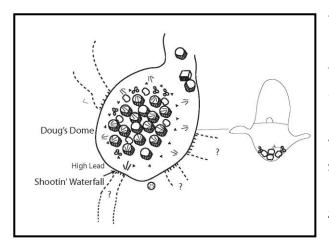
escalator. That escalator ended in a small room that seemed to go nowhere but if you turn around and squat down you can see the crawl. It is such a lovely crawl. I invite you to try it. None of us had wetsuits that day and I found a new skill of trying to sketch while lying on ones stomach in three inches of water with a foot high ceiling. I will tell you, I whimpered and moaned while Anne and Mark kept finding more grim, wet, twisty path ahead of us. I found a dry spot for my arms and held still writing down what they called back to me. Finally, Mark shouts back, "It's a little tight here, don't know if I can get through. Wait." After a little bit of scuffling I heard Anne shout back, "You have to see this." I stowed the book and compass and crawled through the two Z bends I had lagged behind in and caught up with them.

We popped out into a fairly large bore hole that one could stand in. We stood there shivering just amazed and exhilarated. Guess we'd have to come back another day to see where that went. Oh, I remember the wet, cold crawl back through that crawl. Just as I got to the end I heard Mark say something to warn me that he was about to take a picture. Having lost my glove in the crawl but having managed to keep the book dry I could only do one thing but drop my head and give Mark a friendly one finger gesture of love. II hear that picture made some rounds! Then we laughed until we climbed, shivering, out of the cave.

Trip #5: Summer 2010. (I don't have the notes with me for the exact date and footage) – This was one of the best days ever in May Apple. Armed with a wet suit and a change of clothes we dove through the 100 foot crawl and popped out into "Mark's Subway Surprise" and began surveying what was totally new to us. The Northwest part of the passage trended up and according to my notes ended in a couple of tight passages, one with water. The Southern part of the passage, big walking passage, ended in a room that was the highlight to my trip that day. The room had a high mound of breakdown rocks. The rocks piled up under a dome with a ceiling lip, if that makes sense. (See rough



sketch which still needs work) As we tried to climb the rocks, they shifted and slid under our feet. Anne chose (wisely) to stand at the base while Mark and I continued to slide/climb. At the top a plateau of rock beckoned one to climb, but the reach was too far for my legs without webbing since the feet purchase was too slippery. Mark, being part monkey, was able to do the last "leap of faith" to crest the plateau and report to us what he saw. I could only grab the lip with my finger tips and crane my neck to see over. Webbing will have to be brought on another trip so I can make it to the top to see. (I'm thinking photo trip.) On top was small majestic formation nestled in a niche (according to Mark). We immediately thought of it as the Madonna and thus the Holy Dome was created. Even more interesting around the bottom of the shifting pile of rocks was a drop down into a small cramped little room where everything changed to very smooth cobbles. The room itself had a small arched opening placed perfectly symmetricaly in the room. It lead down towards a south stream passage that choked out. It seemed like a Hobbit door to a water hell to me. (I mean that in a positive way.) Mark still has guilt for calling that one as getting too tight; we wonder if we looked at it with fresh eyes (and wetsuits) if we would think of pushing it a bit more. (I am thankful for his large chest. If Mark is on point, he can stop a little shorter than Anne can. She can fit where I can't. :>) I went home and updated the map.



Trip #6: June 6, 2010 During that last trip I begged Mark to find the end. Please, oh please, find the end of this cave. That was his direct order while being on point – "find the end." With wetsuits we went through the ritual of drawling through the 100 (only 100 feet?) of water and went south to a passage that trended southeast. This weird little passage ended up being very long, and mostly comfortable and one portion of it had a small stream in it that flowed east. The passage turned north then back south then east at which point the

stream said "see ya" and jigged south again and disappeared. There the passage T-ed into another large walking passage similar to "Marks' Subway Surprise" except there were more rocks evident here. We

moved north and found that the passage ended in a strange split. To the right, the passage plunged forward into over a step up and into a craggy crack that did have some air. To the left, the passage turned an about face and went low and wide into a large smooth rock stream bed. The ceiling height was that of a belly crawl and the rocks piled up to the ceiling here and there. Mark wanted to go that way. We didn't, and I know he was sad with us. It was raining outside. We notice a high amount of mist all day in the cave from it. The thought of going even lower in a cave that sat so low as this gave me the whillies. We,instead, turned around heading south and marveled at how CLEAN the passage was. All manner of smooth rock were to be seen, with leaves clinqing to the thirteen and fifteen foot ceiling. Yup, we were definitely seeing a passage that took on a lot of water and when we got to the end of the passage, there was no denying it. We stood in a depressed room, twenty five feet high, more than thirty feet across filled with HUGE - SMOOTH rocks, all perfectly clean and all lined up as if the bottom of the room was a big bowl of smooth rocks. Up above our heads was an obvious waterfall (no water then) and an upper lead. That upper lead, we later confirmed with Doug, is where his grim crawl from the lower second entrance (the one that they tried to dig) led to. The thing that didn't get us was that there was a water fall fifteen feet in the air. What got us was the trajectory from that waterfall to the center of the bowl of rocks; that blew me away. The waterfall must send out a shooting stream of water at 30 degrees to hit the center of that depression. I'd like to see it in action. I stood there, tugging at Mark's sleeve, "This is the end, right? There can't be anymore, can there?" I think even Anne sat down, we were plum tired. But, there was more. Mark climbed up and with our urging scooped around the room where a raised lip looked to hold crawling passages, still lower than the Doug's waterfall, but passages that still went and went. We ended the day and I certainly had exit fever to get out, I'll admit. I had thought we would end the cave that day, but we just found more. It isn't pretty to get to, and I'd only want to do it in dry weather, cause if you didn't know, Meander takes on water super fast and MayApple is downstream from there and I suspect gets separate intakes as well.

December 2010 – competed phase two of the map and have held it back from review upon John's request. We'll finish up phase 2 over the next dry season. That cave isn't going anywhere, maybe it will open up more with the rain?

I hear that Mark led a trip through May Apple last SERA. He even managed to get people into that little wet crawl, "lost glove crawl." I don't know if they have forgiven him yet.

** these notes are to the best of my memory, any error or omissions is due to senility, my apologies.

....tina NSS #57416



Photo of Author by Mark Ostrander



Dr. Thomas C. Barr (1932-2011)

It is with profound sadness that Lynn and I inform the caving family of the passing of our dear friend and fellow caver Dr. Thomas Calhoun Barr NSS 892 RL HM CM FE.

Tom's wife Mrs. Judy called us asking our help in sharing the news with all his caver friends that have been such a big part of Tom's life. He passed away during the evening of April 29, 2011 at the age of 79. Most of you are aware of only part of the huge amount of accomplishments that Tom has enjoyed during his lifetime. Tom was a true caver besides being a world renowned cave biologist, university professor, former NSS president (1965–1967), and a voice of reason and experience occasionally sharing his wit and wisdom with us on Tag-Net. He joined the NSS at age 18 and dedicated much of his early career to exploring caves in many locations around the country and especially in TAG using a coleman lantern for his light source. Most here know that Tom authored the book "Caves of Tennessee" which has been used by nearly every newbie caver in Tennessee as "the source" for finding caves to explore. In addition to his love of caving Dr. Barr graduated from Harvard, Columbia, and Vanderbilt Universities eventually teaching at Texas Tech, Tennessee Tech and becoming professor emeritus of Biological Sciences at the University of Kentucky where he retired in 1993 after a long successful career. He was a gifted scientist who tirelessly worked on describing new cave beetle species, collaborated on scientific papers, and helped mentor the next generations of cavers and cave biologists. Tom's dedication to the study of cave beetles continued to the day he died.

There is so much more to this man than can be written in a simple post. He was a true friend, mentor, and gentleman. We will miss his gentle voice, great sense of humor, and his unique "coleman lantern" caving style. His passing is truly a huge loss to all his friends, family, and to all cavers. Tom you will be greatly missed.

PUPFEST 9

A Cavers Event

Hosted by the Sewanee Mountain Grotto

WHEN: Labor day weekend

September 1st – 5th, 2011





Sunday night potluck dinner & auction

BEER

Cave Trips

Canoe/Kayaking

Hot Tub/Sauna
Volleyball

The Event is FREE, however we do ask that all attendees please provide one dish for the potluck dinner on Sunday and donate one item for the auction.

