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C O M I N G E V E N T S

Monday February 8, 1965 — Regular Meeting, 8 P.M.,
Dr. Halliday's, 1117-36th Ave East
Seattle, Washington

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FABULA MISERRIMI ITINERIS by Luurt G. Nieuwenhuis

On Thursday, September 4, 1964, Marcia Brown, Bill Simpson and I made the year's first trip to the Snoqualmie Pass region. We left the car at the Alpine Club at 6:00 P.M. and arrived at the Goat Camp at 8:30. Due to a shortage of packs, Bill and I were forced to make an extra trip back down to the car for a small second load. Utilizing carbide lamps, flashlights, and a fast gallop on the way down, we returned to the camp at midnight.

In typical fashion, we roused ourselves at about 10:00 A.M. and finally ferried our two loads to our camp just above Hellhole Cave. The whole valley above Goat Camp was filled with snow, and there were large amounts outside Newton Cave and atop Lookout Cave.

After gathering two great piles of firewood, we decided to be bold and go exploring in Hellhole; bold, because a number of trickles of snow runoff ($\frac{1}{2}$ pint plus per minute) were falling directly into the entrance hole. We rigged one rope around the nearest tree to serve as rappel rope, and dropped about 15 feet of rope ladder through the Keyhole. Personally, I think that we make rather lousy keys; we don't fit.

I went down first without a belay (a beautiful feeling when the water is running into your collar), and rappelled down from the Keyhole to the bottom. Marcia came through the Keyhole on belay and in prusiks (complete with pads), quite a feat when you consider the size of the hole. Bill made the mistake of coming down the hole with a prusik safety sling on without carrying other slings. He jammed the knot on the tape that marks the midpoint of the rope. I assume that the position must have been slightly uncomfortable, for Bill yelled for me to prusik up to him with a knife. It was rather hard to hear what Bill was talking about, because he was finding that the chest sling was impeding his breathing to a fair extent.

I finally found my prusik slings in my pack and prepared to climb up to Bill; however, when I put my full 190 soggy pounds on the rope, it became tight enough so Bill was able to shinny up and slip out of the sling. Bill then slid down the rope, leaving the sling in place, and came down on my leg, which was still in prusiks. He might have broken it except for the fact that he let go and fell-jumped the last four feet to the bottom.

After this glorious beginning, the cave turned out to be a major disappointment. (Distances quoted here are cave distances - maximum error plus or minus 150 %.) About 150-200' down the passage, a crawlway goes down along the right side in the same general direction for some 150' before it peters out. This gallery is usually about 3 feet wide at the base, opening up to about 10' at the top; ceiling height is 30' maximum, and visibility and one crawlway permit knowledge of at least 20' below the breakdown floor in some portions. The breakdown in this area is extremely unstable - both times that the author has been in this gallery, some member has broken loose a large hunk. My contribution this time was a 500 pound foothold in a chimney traverse area.

The main cave goes down about 50' beyond the entrance of the crawlway, narrowing slowly from its 30' plus width and coming to an abrupt end. Water could be heard falling through a small hole, but since this was almost completely plugged up with mud and water, no thorough investigation was made.

I prusiked up first on a rope that had become quite wet and muddy from acting as a carrier for water entering at the top of the hole. Once at the top of the ladder, I stepped out of prusiks and tried to force my way out using the ladder as footholds. My most comforting thought was not the fact that one of this ladder's larger cousins had broken some years earlier on this same drop. Nevertheless, some five minutes later I was spreadeagled in the relatively warm nighttime temperature.

Bill was going to be gallant and bring up the rear, except that Marcia couldn't get her prusiks to work. Therefore, Bill came out on belay and together we tried to get Marcia up by the Bulgari method: This method uses two ropes and two belayers so as to provide alternately raised footholds. When we started, Marcia made about 2 inches per mammoth step, and by the time we had hauled her halfway up, the two ropes were so tangeled that we were unable to pull up the slack to make the next step. We had Marcia untwist the ropes from below so we could continue. Durring this process, she dropped the flashlight that she was using in lieu of a carbide-less lamp. (Anyone who wants it is welcome to the pieces scattered around at the bottom of the drop.) Progress after this episode was much faster, but still somewhat delayed because Bill had to shine his flashlight through the keyhole to light Marcia's way. Four hours after we went in, we got Marcia out. We then pulled the ropes out of the cave, walked 50' to the camp, lit up the waiting woodpile, and collapsed into oblivion.

For the next day we decided on the more ambitious project of extending the explorations of Newton Cave into hitherto virgin cave, namely beyond the 50' drop. From the beginning it was a bad idea; the snow runoff entering the entrance from the snow bank outside was about one pint per second. Normally, you can't even dampen a blotter at this point. At the small waterfall just beyond the Organic Slide, the water volume was up to about 1/5th gallon per second. We quickly rappelled to the bottom of the 40' drop, but anything that had remained dry 'till now was soaked beneath the gallon-per-second shower-bath coming down at this point.

At the end of the 40' room, we took the Magee-Nieuwenhuis Expressway through various sections of mud until we arrived at the 20' drop. Here we left the rope ladder; and keeping an extra rope with us, we arrived in over-due course at the Ooze Crawl. Ooze Crawl is spectacular in the fact that while crawling on your back or stomach, the water-mud mixture soaks through your coveralls around your neck, and runs out your boots.

At the bottom of the 50' drop, we held a discussion to see wheather we would go down or not. When we considered that we had to build a small fire out of paper to get some feeling back into our fingers, we decided that it would be wisest to make a posthaste exit from the cave (sheer unadulterated folly.)

There was a slight delay at the 20' drop while we tried to coil the rope with our hands - our fingers were to cold to work. Also, we kept getting dirt in our faces or down our backs every time we stopped to hand the gear up a chimney. By the time we arrived at the 40' drop, we were throughly worn out, but hardly warmed up for our exertions.

Since I had come up first out of Hellhole, Bill thought that he should have the honor of being the first one outward in Newton. He started slowly, much to his annoyance, because he was being bombarded by quite a steady drip. Twice, on the way out, a drip washed out his light, and delayes were incurred while he dried off the tip and relit it. Near the top of the drop, the rope runs over ar overhang; it was this point that gave Bill the most trouble. The wall was to far away to plant his feet against, and the angle over the rock was to great to permit him to pry the knots past the edge. Finally, he managed to wedge the carcass of his flashlight (it had come down the 40' drop in free-fall) between the rope and the wall, and in this manner, was finally able to reach the top. This one short prusik had taken him about an hour.

While Bill was beginning to recuperate at the top, I thought that I would try to climb around the side of the drop because I thought my fingers were to numb to try prusiking. I might have made it except for three things: 1) I was wet (hah!) and tired; 2) my own personal fog cloud persisted in hanging in front of my eyes; and 3) my lamp was dim and going out. I decided that discretion was the better part of climbing, and started down again. (At one point I was within ten diagonal feet of Bill.) I had come down about ten feet, mostly by touch alone, when my right foothold broke off, and I fell some 6', landed on my back, and probably rolled over a couple of times. I stopped against a lone block sticking up-right at the edge of a drop of 20'. I slowly climbed down to Marcia, using my flashlight, after first assuring her that I was all right. When I got down, she handed me my hat, which had preceded me down the last twenty feet, but she had been unable to find my glove which must have fallen between some breakdown blocks.

While I was recovering from an acute case of the shakes (partially from the cold), Bill was setting up the ropes for a bulgari prusik. Bill handeled the top rope while I worked the other one through a karabiner, from the bottom. All was in vain; Marcia didn't even get off the ground because friction was to great.

Finally I hit upon the idea of using a modified bulgari; we tied the 20' of ladder to the end of Bill's rope, and fixed a permanent set of prusik footholds to my rope, which would also serve as belay rope. Marcia would climb to the top of the ladder, step into prusiks, and Bill would pull up the ladder. Five cycles sufficed to bring Marcia up with Bill.

Before I came up, I had to unscrew my lamp and let a water-drip run into it - this gave me a decent light for most of the way up.

Four hours elapsed bewteen the time I had arrived at the bottom of the 40' drop and the time I joined Bill and Marcia. We held a quick huddle and decided that we would leave all the ropes, packs, and other gear right there, in a place where the drip was minimal, and would return for them the next day , when we would be warmer and not so tired. The rest of the way out was an uneventful half-hour trip, except that I limped rather awkwardly in the duck-walk areas. Total time in the cave was nine hours.

Back at camp, we lit another bonfire and dried our clothes around it. Bill's sweatshirt and Marcia's climbing pants fell into the fire, and both had big holes burned in them before they could be pulled out.

Since my back was still quite sore, we decided that Bill and Marcia would go back for the gear while I cleaned up the camp. It took them about an hour and a half, because of the large quantity of gear involved.

The two miles of hiking and two thousand feet of decent to the car were accomplished without incident. Bill carried 65 pounds, Marcia, 30, and I carried 50. We had had our fill of Hellhole and Newton Cave, and had decided not to go up there again, but less than a month later we were back in the same area exploring a new (virgin) and different cave.

Our losses for the Hellhole - Newton trip amounted to two flashlights, two pair of gloves, one pair of kneepads, and a couple of million calories of heat. (For those unfamiliar with Snoqualmie Pass caves, the temperature is always below 40 degrees F.)

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CAVES ON STAMPS by Brother G. Nicholas

(FROM: Linn's Weekly Stamp News, Monday, May 18, 1964)

Caves have long held a facination for men. Innumerable legends, many dating back thousands of years, surround many of the famous caves of the world. However it has been only in the past hundred years that scientists have begun to study caves seriously.

Today, several hundred speleologists are engaged in research dealing with the geology, biology, archeology and paleontology of the subterranean areas of this planet. Additional thousands of non-scientists visit and explore caves for the thrill of adventure in traversing the mysterious dark passages of what is generally unknown to most of mankind.

Philatelically speaking, it has been less than 30 years since caves were recognized. The first stamp issued specifically commemorating [illegible] was in 1936 when Cuba issued a 8¢ value showing the Caves of Bellamar.

Much of this underground system has been commercialized and is undoubtedly familiar to tourists who have visited Cuba. Ironically these caves today have been striped of many of their scenic featured and modified so that they serve as storage sites for munitions and supplies.

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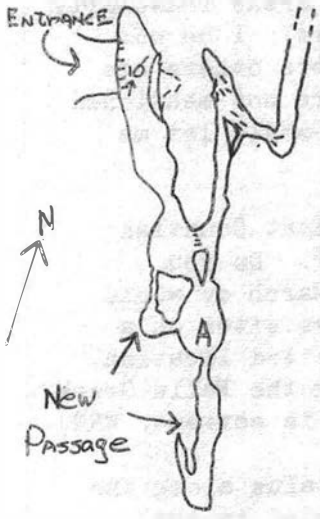
EXPLORATIONS OF NEWTON CAVE, CAVE RIDGE, SNOQUALMIE PASS, WASHINGTON

By Steve Knutson

No maps were made on this trip as very little time was actually spent in the cave. Thus all drawn maps in this report are merely rough sketches put down from memory.



In the end room of what could be called the main passage of Newton, marked A on the map, are two holes leading off, each about 5 feet off the floor. The one leading south along the fault-line of the main passage goes for about 30 feet before ending. There is a very tight initial squeeze after which the passage is small and jumbeled with broken rock. From the small end room of this new passage a tube leads back the way one enters for about ten feet. There are a couple of other blind leads nearer the entrance to this passage. In the end room (which must be close to Red Cave) is some nice red flowstone, partly forming a small curtain. Also noticed was a phosphorescent mineral which glowed a blue color after our lights had shown on it. Some of this can be seen on the large rock directly opposit the squeeze.

The other hole, on the west wall of A, opens into a small room from which a small tube extends to the next room closer to the entrance of Newton. It apparently enters this room high up on the west wall.

Three of us rappeled down the 45' drop. It is quite an impressive sight from the bottom looking up, with the fluted limestone walls reaching up into the darkness penetrated only by the glow of the lamps of the rest of the crew, out of sight in the pit room above. A compass bearing was taken at the bottom and the passage apparently heads almost due east. The slope is down at about 15°-20°, past break-down blocks. Although the passage is quite large at the bottom of the drop, it narrows rapidly until after about 100 feet it pinches down to about 4 inches. However, one can see past this point for about 20 feet, with 1-2 feet of passage height. Perhaps an opening can be forced and the passage penetrated further. At two points along the passage, pits are encountered, both on the southern side. The first of these is about five feet deep with a small tube leading off the bottom in the direction indicated on the map. This tube was not explored due to the two inches of water on its floor and water dripping from the ceiling. The second pit is also climbable with a tube leading off the bottom (about 12 feet deep) for about 10 feet, where it ends. At this point the crack passage has become quite tilted, the crushed rock floor has disappeared and one is walking on the dirt-covered side of the tilted crack, which is at about a 45° angle. Here one can see down the slope of the crack for about 20-30 feet with about 2 feet of height. This, however, is not safely possible without a safety line, which we didn't have at the time. Shadows obscure the bottom and it is difficult to speculate as to whether the crack ends just out of the line of sight or continues. It is by traversing this slope that you come to the constriction.

(Continued on page 11)

CORRESPONDENCE

from Clyde M. Singer, Associate Professor of Zoology, Western Washington State College, Bellingham, Washington

I have been going over the publication "Caves of Washington" with considerable interest, because I am interested both in caves and in locating bats. I am particularly interested in locating a number of bat colonies in areas reasonably accessible in order to band and study them over a period of years. I do not plan to remove animals; in fact, I would like to have sites where others are not removing them. If you know of any, or run into any which are not mentioned in"Caves of Washington", I would appreciate it very much if you would let me know about them.

I am hoping to get to the lava tube areas in Skamania and Klickitat Counties during spring vacation at the end of March, or during the summer. Do you know if it would be possible to locate the better bat tubes in March or would the snow cover the entrances? Also, in trying to locate the cave sites on a map I hade some difficulty with Falls Creek Cave (56). Is the cited location, Sec. 1 & 12, T.5N., R.8E, possibly in error or is my map lacking the Falls Creek Road? Help in this matter would be appreciated sincerely. (R7E is correct. WRH)

I have been able to locate a few bat colonies in the sandstone talus along the east side of Chuckanut Mountain and thought you might be interested in the location. One series in is Sec.19, T.37N.,R.3E. at 1200 ft about ¼ mile south of the middle of the north boundary. This is 100 yards west of a rather recent but overgrown logging road. There is a white post on the east side of the road just north of the best trail into the area. We have not even completed a survey of the area but have found bats in 5 caves and have been in perhaps 20 or so other similar caves. Many are large enough to stand up in and are possibly 50 feet in depth from the entrance. We have noted one large stalagmite which has been broken. I believe it was about 6 inches in diameter and about a foot high where it was broken. There are other calcareous formations in that cave and some in one of the other caves. Most of these are crusts of lime or small fragile stalactites.

About two miles south in Sec.29, T. 37N, R3E, at about 1300 feet on the west boundary about 1/3 mile from the southwest corner is another rather large opening under and between large sandstone boulders. This one is above and behind the largest rock in the area, 100 yards or so west up the hill from the logging road about ¼ mile north of Lost Lake. There appear to be several other interesting spots just north of this one and probably there are other similar spots north along the ridge through the corner of Sec 30 into Sec 19. I have reports of other caves in "sinkholes"(?) south of Lost Lake but nothing specific yet.

The cave that appears to be most widely known locally is in Sec 10, T 36N, R3E, at about 1700 feet about 1/8 mile north of the trail to Lily and Lizard Lakes about 1/3 mile from the west boundary and 1/3 mile from the north boundary. It is just below the foot of a sharp cliff on the west side of a peak with an elevation of 2085 feet. It is near the middle of a large talus field at the upper edge of the largest rock. It is perhaps 50 feet deep on the slope with several rooms where one can stand. I do not recall any calcareous deposits. About 20 big-eared bats, Plecotus townsendi, were present last February but none were seen in June of September. I have been told recently that there is another opening in the same field, but I have not seen anything in the previous limited snooping. Is it possible that the Bat Cave in Skagit County indicated to be in Section 22 is this one?

There are some large boulders present south of Lizard Lake near the boundary between Sections 3 and 10 about 1/3 mile from the east boundary but I have not been in the area to investigate. There are some other rock piles in the Chuckanut area which may have more of the same, but are not as easily reached.

The first group of caves is an easy 45-miunte walk from the road, and the larger one on the Lily-Lizard Lakes trail is about a 1½-hour hike. If you or others would like to visit them, let me know and I can either take you or give you more detailed directions.

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From Tom Barr:

The vial from Fish Hatchery Cave contained one beetle: Quedius (Quediochrus) spelaeus Horn, Fam. Staphylinidae, female; One male millipede, fam Polydesmidae, plus fragments of another polydesmid, plus half a juvenile springtail. Q. spelaeus is widespread in and outside of caves; this is probably true of the milliped, too. The other vial contained a slug, which I presume was found near the entrance.

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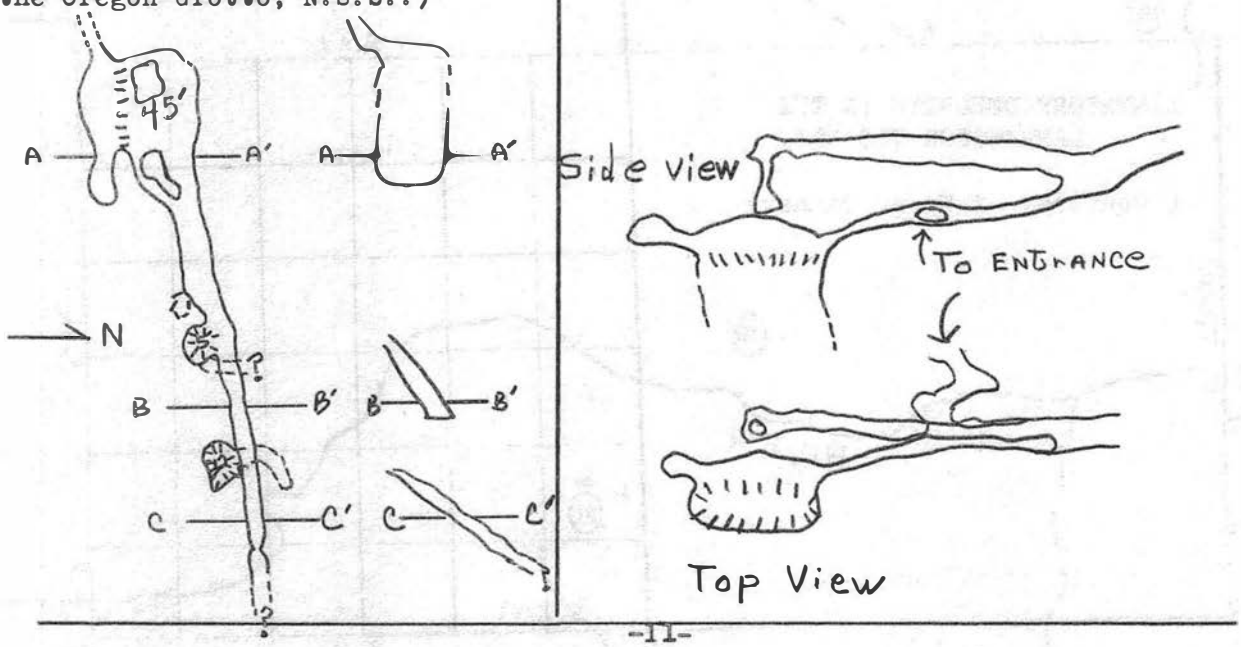
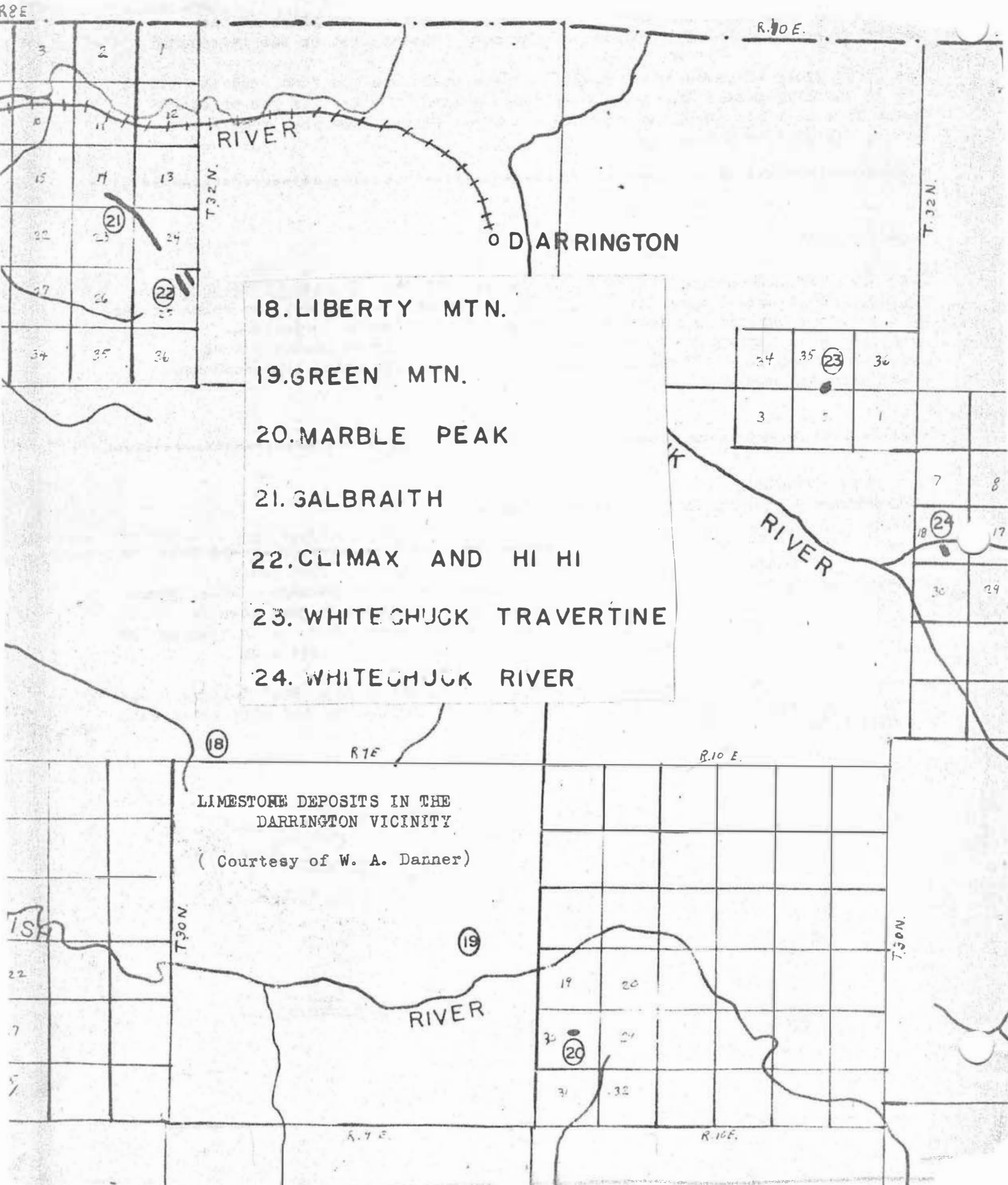
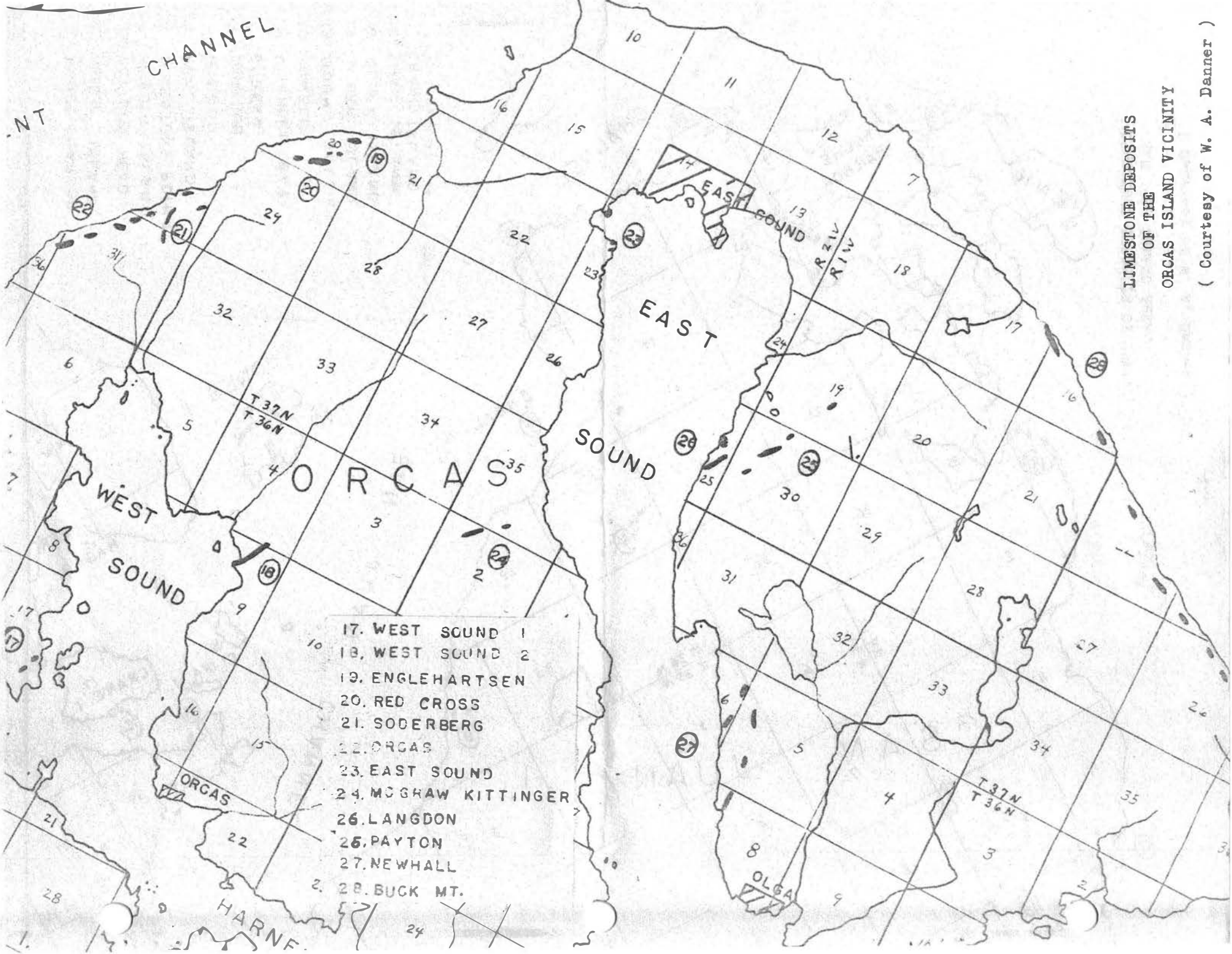
(Continued from page 9)
Explorations of Newton Cave by Steve Knutson

By going up the passage away from the top of the pit (the great pit) and past the hole leading to the entrance (not taking it), you come to a spot where you can climb up and go back in the direction you came in an upper passage. This upper passage is about 30 feet long with a chimney at its end which goes down for about 20 feet and ends in a small room just above the pit room. Through an opening the light of the person chimneying could be seen by those in the pit room.

Report submitted February 5, 1961 by Steve Knutson, Secretary, Reed College Chapter of the Oregon Speleological Survey. (Ed. note: Mr. Knutson is now affiliated with the Oregon Grotto, N.S.S..)

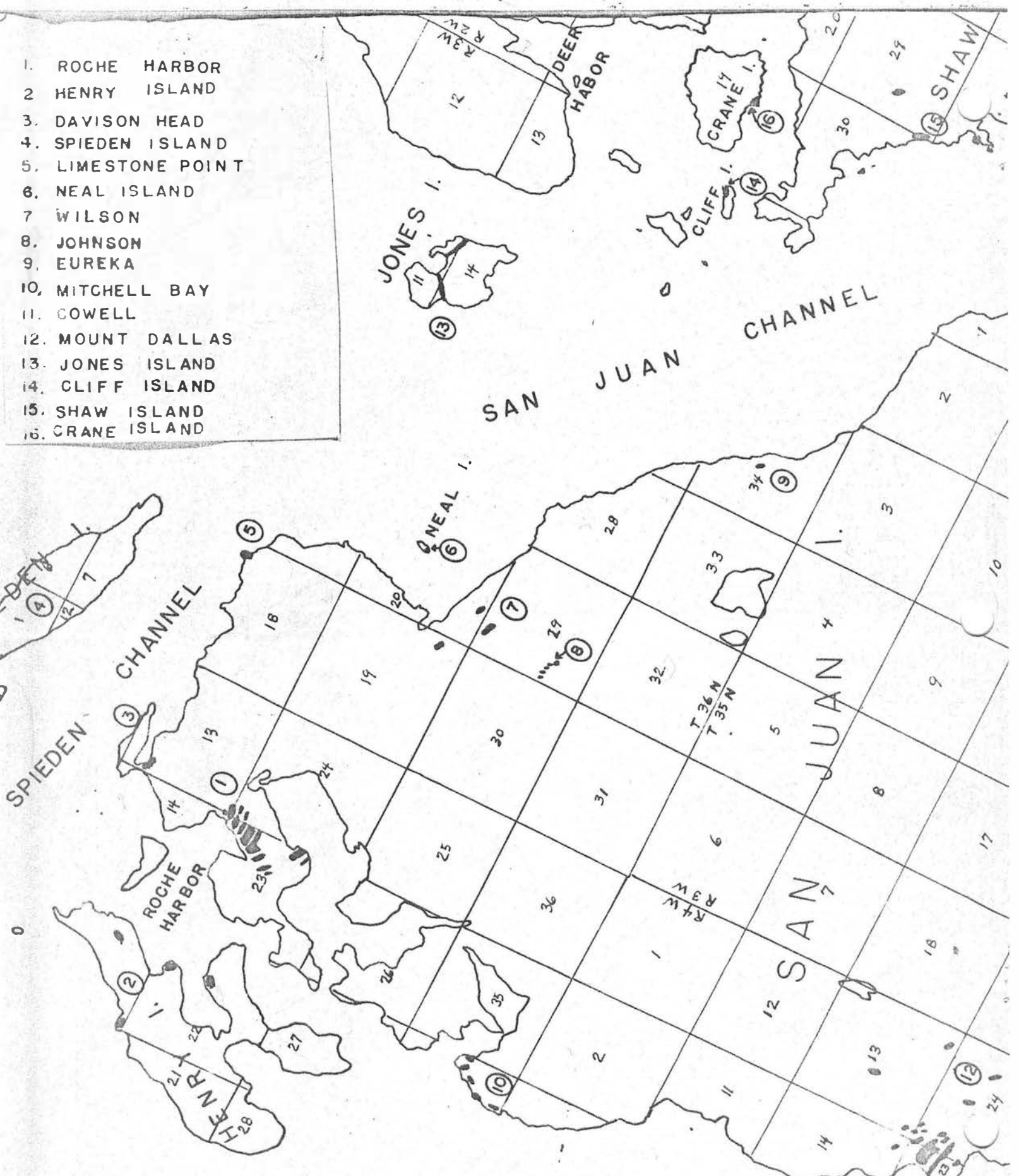



R8E
R.10E.
RIVER
T.32N.
D DARRINGTON
18. LIBERTY MTN.
19. GREEN MTN.
20. MARBLE PEAK
21. GALBRAITH
22. CLIMAX AND HI HI
23. WHITE CHUCK TRAVERTINE
24. WHITE CHUCK RIVER
RIVER
R7E
R.10 E.
LIMESTONE DEPOSITS IN THE
DARRINGTON VICINITY
(Courtesy of W. A. Danner)
T.30N.
RIVER
R.7 E.
R.10E.



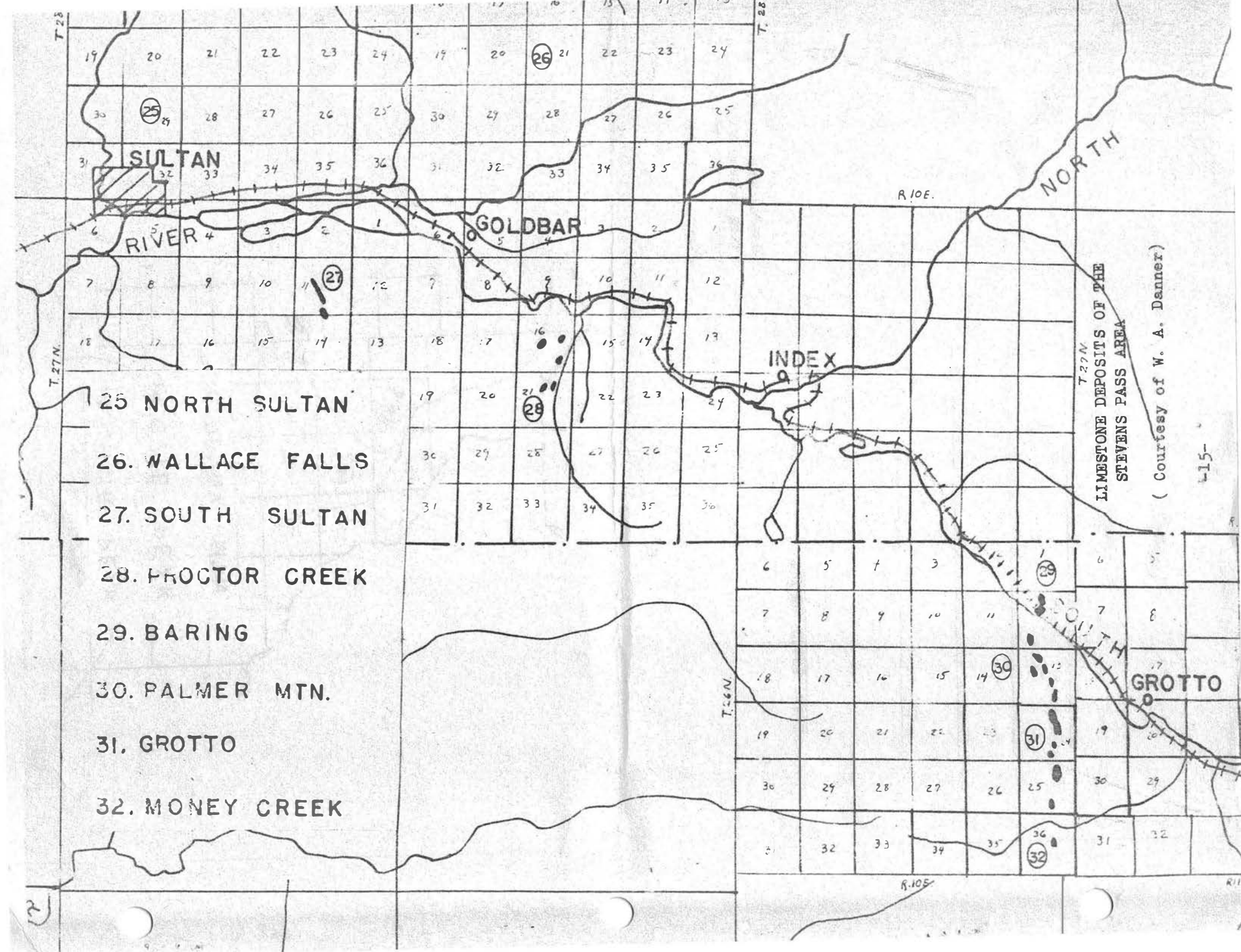
LIMESTONE DEPOSITS
OF THE
ORCAS ISLAND VICINITY

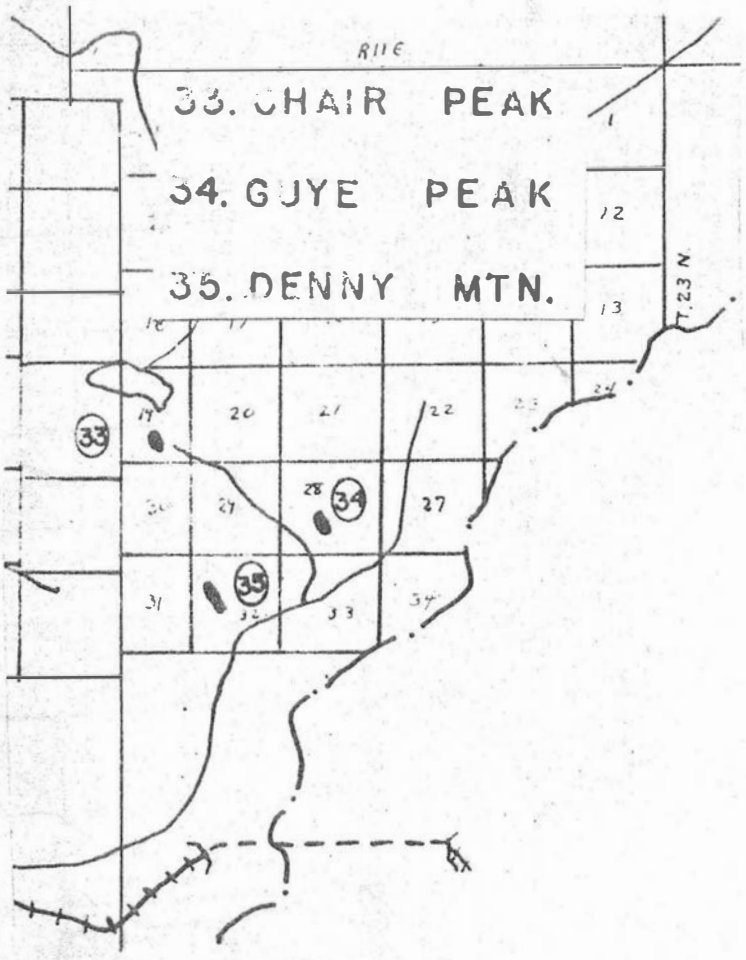
(Courtesy of W. A. Danner)



LIMESTONE DEPOSITS OF THE
SAN JUAN ISLAND AREA

(Courtesy of W. A. Danner)


SULTAN
RIVER
GOLDBAR
INDEX
NORTH
SOUTH
GROTTO
R.10E.
R.10E.
T.28
T.27N.
T.27N.
T.26N.
25 NORTH SULTAN
26. WALLACE FALLS
27. SOUTH SULTAN
28. PROCTOR CREEK
29. BARING
30. PALMER MTN.
31. GROTTO
32. MONEY CREEK
LIMESTONE DEPOSITS OF THE STEVENS PASS AREA
(Courtesy of W. A. Danner)
-15-



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