



THE CASCADE CAVER

Official Publication of the
CASCADE GROTTO N. S. S.

Vol. 14 # 4-5



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VOL 14 # 4-5

PAPOOSE, THE FORTY FOOT WATERFALL AT LOW WATER



2-4 # 41-100

THE CASCADE CAVER

Vol. 14, no. 4 & 5.

Editor: Curt Black

April & May 1975

Copy Editor: Rod Crawford

By now this publication is beginning to look like a semi-monthly/quarterly; indeed, perhaps a biennial. My apologies, and at the same time, my thanks to all the people who have wanted, waited for, and especially to those who helped put it out.*

As far as caving is concerned--it's happening all around you; just pick up a phone and call somebody (I would recommend the following numbers: Seattle - 525-2260, 543-1668, 852-0195, 762-7585 giving a Bill, Rod, John, and Chris; Tacoma - 584-5317 & 759-6211 for a Robert or Stan; Eatonville - 832-6349 for Curt & another Bob; Vancouver Wa. - 573-1782 for Charlie; Bellingham - 734-1360 for a Clyde S. and (604) 386-6250 in Victoria for a Ken S.).

At St. Helens the roads are clearing fast; N818 is open almost up to Little Red River. Mt. Adams roads are probably open to Ice Cave, and to within a mile or so of Deadhorse. No snow remains on the lower caves at Concrete, but Three Mile Creek Cave and the caves on Cave Ridge probably won't be accessible until mid-July/late June.

COMING EVENTS

- May 24 - 26, Memorial Day (Cong.), Cascade Cave, Vancouver Isl., Canada. Call John Torkelson 852-0195, or Bill Capron 525-2260.
- May 29 - June 2, Memorial Day (Trad.), 8th annual Papoose Cave Mini-Regional. Call Capron, or C. Black 832-6349 to bask in the Idaho sun for 4 days.
- June 7-8, Albright Cave, and Okanogan cave hunting trip. Call same as Papoose.
- June 14 - 22 Trout Lake with Rod C. (543-1668 eves.) & Hank R. Tentative only.
- June 16-20 Summer Break U. of W. take advantage of it.
- June 23 - 27 NSS Convention Angels Camp Cal. Call Eatonville or Capron.
- July 4 weekend. Vancouver Isl. Cascade or Tashsis or?
- Sometime later a trip to Gardner Cave, Metaline Falls, and a raft float down the Columbia River watching the limestone cliffs roll by. Call Coughlin, 772-1170.
- All during the summer we will be climbing major glaciated peaks in the Cascades preparatory to a Summit Steam Caves trip up Rainier Aug. 9-10, 16-17 approx. Climbing schedule will be made up in the near future as will schedule of training trips. Call Capron for information.
- The Lookout on Jefferson Ridge still has a cave that hasn't been checked out. Call Brown for information, 832-6349.
- The NWRA Convention is scheduled for Labor Day weekend at Nakimu Caves B. C.

NEWS AND NOTES

Robert Richardson will be staying until at least July, thank you Uncle Sam. *Rod Crawford has volunteered to type this issue; we all thank him very much. By the time you receive this issue Chuck Coughlin will have mastered the new addressing system, and will be on his way to figuring out who owes dues.

New Members

- Ed Crawford S5/76 1505 E. Pine, #4, Seattle WA. 98122
- Wally Walsh S5/76 1705 Terrace Dr., Snohomish WA. 98290
- Chuck Coughlin's phone is 772-1170

FEATURES

WETSUIT CAVING ----- by Ken Fleming and Pip Whitfield

Those who have never used a wetsuit while in a cave are missing out on a whole new aspect of caving. A wetsuited caver need no longer avoid water like poison (in fact, sweating like a pig, he will gallop to the nearest water hole, there to wallow in bliss until dragged onward by his dry-caving companions who have just started to get cold as he has become comfortable). Wetsuits are especially recommended for those like Fleming, who have baby smooth and easily bruised skin, for, wetsuited, one can do the most abrasive crawling and thrutching and come out bruise-free (well, almost...). With a wetsuit, one can add almost unlimited thicknesses of rubber padding on knees, elbows, chest, stomach, ankles, head, or anywhere else one thinks one might need pads. Of course, wetsuit wearers can receive serious knee, shoulder, rib and head injuries from wetsuitless cavers who use them for a ladder to climb short, wet pitches and to cross wide, deep pools. Ever wonder why wetsuit cavers walk bowlegged? That's from carrying 200 lb. cavers across puddles because they don't want to get their feet wet. Dry cavers have also been known to take along a wetsuited companion expressly for the purpose of using him as a dam to keep a wet pitch or a low wet crawl temporarily dry.

The above remarks on wetsuit caving may seem improbable, but they are based on actual situations and do serve to indicate the advantages, disadvantages and numerous uses of wetsuits. On Vancouver Island, winter caving is an incredibly soggy pastime. Not a few of our major caves flood in sections, or at least contain raging streams, from late October to April. Rather than taking up skiing or some other such sensible winter sport, a hard core of VICEGERS continue their mapping and masochistic recreational activities underground through the wet season. Until Pip arrived from England, where wetsuits are commonly used to combat the danger of exposure in the long, flood-prone caverns, Vancouver Island cavers had done their best with rain-gear or had avoided winter pushing of wet passages. At Pip's suggestion, Graeme MacLeod began to use his wetsuit underground in the spring of 1970, then Ken Fleming and others acquired their own rubbers and the nucleus of a wet caving section was operational by the winter of 1970-71. This was just as well, for Cascade Cave, discovered at this time, could not have been explored properly without wetsuits. One section of passage about three hours into the cave has chest to neck deep water all year round with no more than a foot of air space. A wetsuit reduces this daunting obstacle to a mere refreshing dip.

The wetter a cave, the more advantageous is a wetsuit (obviously). As has been suggested, wetsuit cavers can be invaluable in a wet cave to assist dry-cavers in getting over watery obstacles. On several occasions, Pip's wetsuited shoulders have elevated a number of cavers up the damp 10 ft. drop in Riverbend Cave. Gordie Gage-Cole has dammed the flow of water so that dry cavers could scale in comfort the Ouigee Wall in Horne Lake Main Cave. And Pip has laid in Carne's Carnage (Cascade Cave) streamway so that Rob Carne could crawl over his prone body to stay dry for the return trip. The comfort provided by the padding of a wetsuit can be offset by the discomfort of overheating in the dry portions of a cave, but, once immersed in water on a trip, the wetsuit caver generally remains comfortable for the duration. Prolonged inactivity can be chilling, however, so it should not be assumed that a wetsuit is a substitute for electric underwear or some other exotic anti-exposure device (shocking admission!).

It should be noted that on strenuous trips, movement in a wetsuit demands a greater expenditure of energy than in dry clothing, but this extra effort should be more than balanced off by the assurance of continuous comfort and resistance to cold through soaking. Contrary to what one might expect, wetsuits stand up fairly well to the rigours of caving, at least if worn beneath relatively sound coveralls. We have found that the smooth-surfaced 3/16" neoprene variety have tended to tear less easily than the so-called sharkskin surfaced type, but both are easily repaired with rubber scraps and wetsuit cement. Nylon lined suits tend to be somewhat less warm and less flexible than unlined suits, but the unlined ones tear badly and are the devil to get into and out of, so we would recommend against them.

Probably the best way to acquire a wetsuit is to make one up from a kit, using 3/16" nylon lined neoprene. In this way, one can get a reasonably snug fit, desirable for warmth, can hand stitch all seams for strength, and can stick on such patches and other personal modifications as one wants, all at minimal cost. Unfortunately, kits are not obtainable in our neck of the woods, but if anyone can get the neoprene we do have the patterns... It is well worth making up or purchasing a pair of wetsuit bootees to round out the outfit. These can be worn in place of the customary two pairs of socks, with a plastic bag over them to allow the boots to slip on easily. To keep down the rather rank pong (smell) characteristic of the well-used wetsuit, the entire suit can be washed periodically in the cold water cycle of the faithful family washing machine and then hung up to dry and air. Be warned that an unwashed wetsuit eventually can become quite powerful enough to lower itself from its hanger and drag off to some dark and obscure corner from which, reeking and ponging, it haunts its owner until, after a desperate search, he hauls it off kicking and screaming to the wash trough.

Anyone for wetsuit caving...?

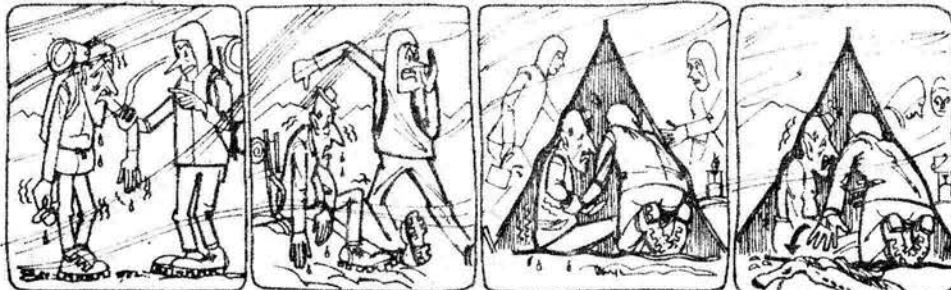
From: NW Caving 2 (4).

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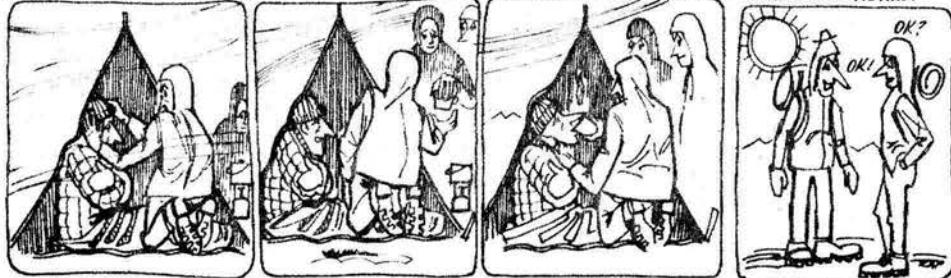
BODY COLD PROBLEMS ARE EMERGENCIES

Survival Education Assn. Gene Fear

- ① RECOGNIZE DANGER ② STOP, GET HELP ③ SHELTER VICTIM QUICKLY ④ REMOVE ALL WET CLOTHES



- ⑤ PUT ON DRY CLOTHES ⑥ INDUCE HOT DRINKS... ⑦ TO RESTORE NORMAL TEMPERATURE... ⑧ BEFORE TRAVELING AGAIN



TRIP REPORT SECTION

No trip reports have been published in the Caver for approximately five months. Rather than give complete reports for five months' worth of trips, it was thought best to summarize most of them and then start anew with a clean slate. I having been on the majority of trips during this period, the authorship of the following was delegated to me. --- R. Crawford.

22 December 1974. I and other survivors of the previous night's Xmas party: Stan Pugh, Bill & Ruthie Capron, Katy, and the Richardsons, arrived at Silverton after unsnarling our mixed-up rendezvous. From there, Stan conquered the new 8" of snow as far as Big Four Camp in his Wagoneer, and we hiked up to the main cave, which was at least twice as low as in October. Everyone was impressed by the Cathedral Room, though pictures taken there suffered from unsynchronized flash.

1 March 1975. On the way back from a business trip Bob Tower visited Cheese Cave, Trout Lake, hiking a mile through deep snow for the privilege. Much ice below the artificial entrance made the south section of the cave inaccessible without crampons. He brought back a slide of what he claims is a sasquatch footprint in the road to the cave. Before visiting this cave, it is appropriate to contact Earl Dean or Dean Willey, White Salmon, owners.

15 March. On another business trip, Bob Tower visited Oregon Caves coincidentally with Willamette Valley Grotto's presentation to the Park Service on their project there. He makes a favorable report of the 2 1/2 hour presentation and very extensive map.

23 March: Bill and Ruthie Capron, Bill's sister Barbara, Curt Black, and I went to the Concrete area, and, finding the Jackman Creek gate amazingly open, drove up and explored the cave. Its temperature proved to be 42°F; many crickets (Pristoceutophilus) were present. There followed visits to Rubbish and Ramsey Caves. In the latter, hard clay and sand has filled the lower 7-8' of the Salamander Alley section, making the ceiling accessible and Miller's Mire almost not so.

28-30 March: Papoose Cave (see below).

5 April: I went up to Concrete again with John Torkelson and Jack Allen of Boeing, visiting Ramsey, (42°F), Cricket (40.5°), and Sword Caves and doing some largely fruitless scouting--save for a remarkably close encounter with a beautiful doe who paid little attention to us.

6 April. Bob Tower visited Cheese Cave again, this time accompanied by a Czech refugee engineer. The south part was now accessible. They replaced some rungs in the artificial entrance ladder, and took some nice slides of ice formations in Meat Cave.

17-18 April. Concrete trip (see below).

26 April. Bob Tower drove Bill, Ruthie, Curt, and me down to Trout Lake in his new 8-man van. In Cheese Cave the temperature was a low 34°F. I collected lots of small white beasties, including a Speleonychia, and a skull which proved to be from a young Snowshoe Hare. The mold on the cheese racks there is rather amazing. Balked by snow, we retreated two miles from Ice Cave and five from Deadhorse. I later learned that a Xanadu party had hiked the five to Deadhorse that same day. They report going in the upper entrance and finding the lower part as wet as they'd ever seen it. After a run-in with a deceptively deep snow-drift, the fearless five hiked to Butter Cave, Madison's Fence and points south: a very productive day. We finally found Seattle beds after 24 wakeful hours.

30 April. Bill, Ruthie, and Curt, finding a Y-mark on the topographic quadrangle between Issaquah and Fall City, visited what they assumed to be Don's Cave.

4 May: Ed Crawford, Audrey Mesford, and I revisited the foregoing location, which proved to be a coal mine, formerly extensive but now caved 40' from the entrance. The accessible section has pirated a small stream; this and other erosion have contributed to a cavelike appearance if one ignores the pilings. We also visited the Green River Gorge in search of a faaled river cave. Too much water was present, however, to successfully travel the prescribed ledges.

Sometime in the first part of May: The Richardsons checked out some rock-shelters around Yakima, which didn't go.

10 May: Bill and Ruthie and Ed Crawford roused me out of bed at 10:30 to come and guide them to VICKY Cave (E of Darrington). I got some nice specimens at the bottom of the pit, and all were entranced at the moonmilk except for poor Ed, who didn't get that far due to battery failure. Temperature was 39.5° F. Of various methods of ascending the pit tried, the best by far was free-climbing with an auto-belay.

17 May: Dave Walker drove Ed Crawford and I down to St. Helens in his Fiat. Snow stopped us only a short distance from our goal, so we hiked to Little Red River (37°F.) and Little People (34°) Caves, which were chilly but not as wet as feared. Later, Lake Cave proved relatively dry and warmer (41°). The Red Passage has unfortunately been marred by beer bottles and a very conspicuous carbide dump. We met two people and a dog who were planning to spend the night downtube (!). Strangely, all three caves seemed almost sterile, and not a sign of animal life was found, in sharp contrast to the situation last November.

Trip Report: Assassination Attempt Thwarted*

by Curt Black

April 19-20**

Concrete - 95' pit and Rubbish Cave (?)

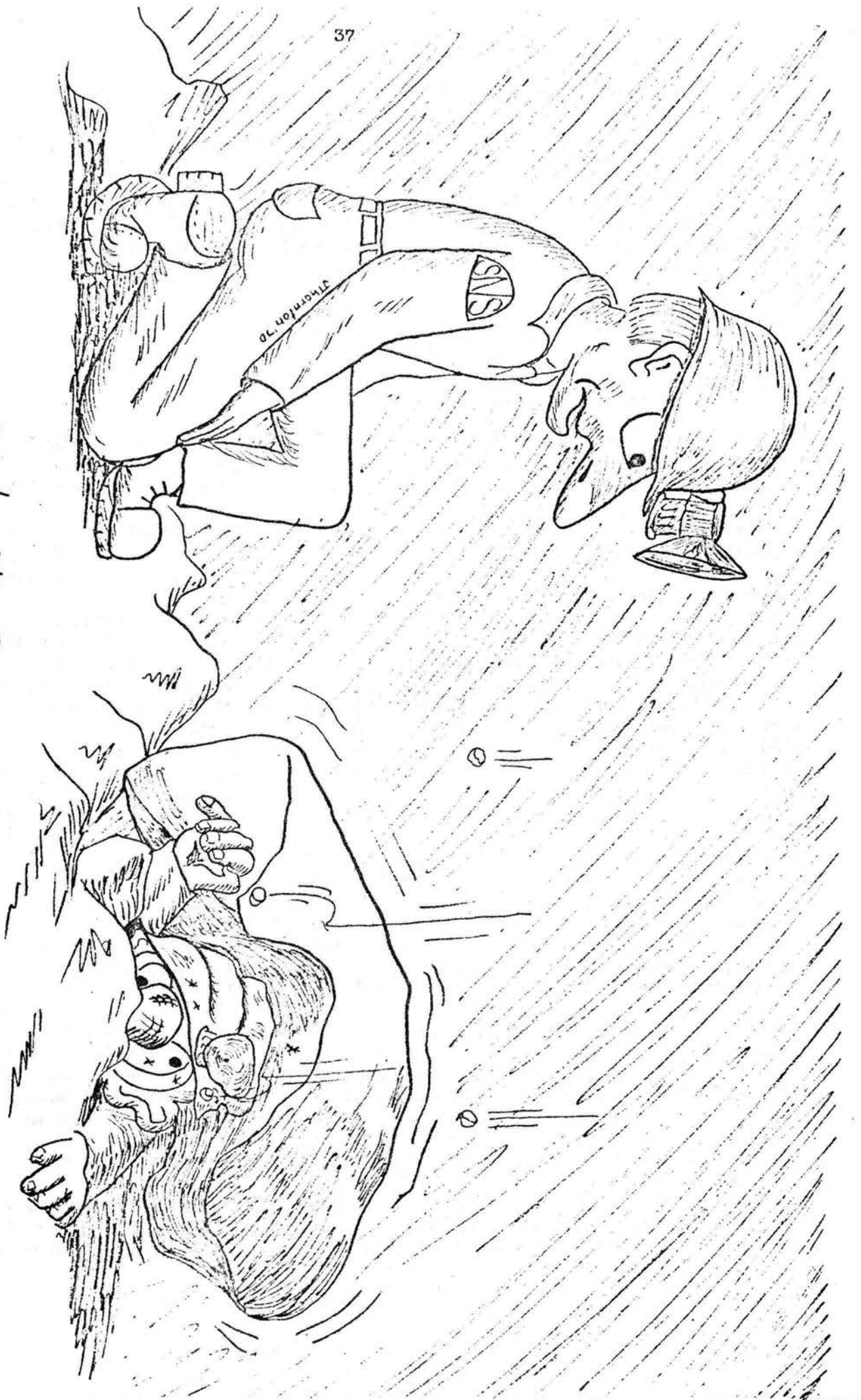
Bill & Ruth Capron, John Torkelson, Jack Allen, his wife and daughter and myself met Friday night at the new Rockport State Park on the N. Cascades Hwy. After some songs to the wilderness critters we went to sleep in John's 25 man tent. The next morning, driving through the swarms of "firstdayoffishingseason" types at Everett Lake we found ourselves parked above Rubbish Cave. I had planned to have a quick look at Rubbish to convince Jack and John that it was hopeless, and then go on down the pit with ropes, racks, and ascenders. This was done resulting in a reconfirmation of my belief that Rubbish should be checked once every 20 years, and our arrival at the pit.

Jack and his wife stayed at the top to enjoy the sun and view, while the rest of us, not being so attached to the surface, headed into the ever increasing gloom of the quarry depths. After being shown how to set every available rock into motion down the slope we reached the shaft at the base of the glory hole. Ruthie and Jack's daughter stayed at the top while John, Bill, and I rigged up and went in.

Having had the privilege of rigging the rope, I was also allowed to test it by going down first. The drop is totally free, 12 ft. square and 95 ft. deep with rock crushing equipment at the minus 70 foot level. A tunnel leads out to the edge of the cliff from the bottom. Once on the bottom, I signalled John to come down. As they descended, ROCKS: - big ones, little ones, and ones which made their presence known only by the whistling sounds they made while ricocheting by my ears, started peppering the ground all around my platform. Abandoning my station, I made a hasty retreat down the passage

*See cartoon. **Not 17-18 as mistakenly printed above--RC.

Is my Brunton Okay?



to do a little reconaissance.

When everyone was down we examined our surroundings in a little more detail and found several (about 5) little brown bats, each in its own little nook in the ceiling. After checking the passage to find where it comes out in the cliff wall we returned to ascend the pit. Everything went normally except for one rock (Large Size) which, when I was alone at the bottom of the pit, came crashing down--my only comments on this failure of an assassination [sic] attempt (I obviously lived) are in the area of preferring to see things handled legally. That is, please send your complaints to the committee for the impeachment of the chairman.

Trip Report: Papoose
by Curt Black

Papoose Cave, Id.

March 27 - 30, Easter Weekend

At 2:00 P.M. the Friday afternoon of the Easter weekend, Robert Richardson, his family, and I met Dave Mischke, Pat Shaw (VICEG), Bruce Unger, and Ken Byrd at Riggins, Id. after a little longer than average 14 hour drive. We set up camp and slept.

This trip involved some problems that don't hinder trips later in the year. The weather was cold, rainy, and snowy, except at night when it cleared up to let the temperature drop well below freezing. The snow prevented us from driving closer than three miles from the cave, even with chains.

The reason we came at Easter, rather than during the warm summer, had to do with water: at Easter the water is locked up in snow sitting on the surface; two months later the water is all turned to a 33° fluid roaring through the passages, making exploration a onemisstep&plungeintothe current hazardous exercise, taxing both your body's heat and nervous energy (persons wishing to be so taxed are encouraged to join us for the Memorial Day trip).

Rising by 7:00, we left the camp to Robert's family and by 8:00 were up to the lower campground, where the tops of the picnic tables were even with the snow level. By 11:00, we had reached the cave. Robert's dog, having followed us to the cave and now refusing to leave, was quite uncomfortable, so, while we tried to find a place for him to rest where he wouldn't freeze to death, Dave, Ken, and Bruce entered the cave. To the sound of the dog's forlorn howling, we entered the cave a few minutes later with flashlights, our lamp water having frozen during the trip up.

Locking the gate behind us, we continued to the 15' pit where we found a small pool and got water for our lamps. Noting that this pool usually has a sizable stream pouring out of it, we decided to go down the wet 40' waterfall route rather than climb through the keyhole. Continuing to the Sand Room, we arrived before Mischke's group, and so, after resting and signing the register, we climbed into Tread Softly to check the stream level from the upper entrance passage. It was flowing at a reduced level, and we decided that today would definitely be a good day for a bottoming trip. Returning to the Sand Room, and still not finding Mischke, we had some climbing demonstrations with Robert and Pat climbing across the ceiling of the Sand Room from the "30' pit to the Wet Way" to "Satori".

Mischke appeared and agreed that the bottom would be a good destination. We continued by way of Satori and the 70' pit, through the Great White Way to the R & R Room, and finally the Millrace Room. Millrace is that room where all the streams in Papoose merge and roar onto the bottom. Luckily the water level was low and we had little interference from the stream. Just a short distance below

Millrace is the 50' (Rotten Rock) Pit. Taking the conventional route, rather than rappelling down the pit, we climbed down and across the pit on an inwardly sloping ledge and then into the ceiling crack, where we eventually chimneyed to the floor some distance beyond the pit area.

All the pits in Papoose can be done without ropes in this manner but not all the ceiling cracks are as interesting as this under close examination. This crack forced us lower and lower by its narrowness until we finally came to a chockstone where it was necessary to jam your body in and let your feet dangle 50' above the floor until you place them firmly in front of you and pull your body towards them - leaning backward under the chockstone. It should be noted that the crack was dipping steeply (about 23°) and was just wide enough to continually catch your helmet; however, you were strongly motivated to stay as high as possible by the fact that the ceiling belled out almost horizontally, 2 1/2 feet below you. Once past the chockstone I saw a bolt placed for belay which, in the future, I might use. However, no one died, so I guess we didn't need it... (The reason people don't rappel down the pit is that if you can avoid using your vertical gear here you can leave it at the bottom of the 70' drop -- quite desirable). Continuing on down the crack 70' further, we were once again united with the floor and a place to sit. Here I found some dead beetles on some rotting wood and placed them in my spare parts kit for Rod. The kit was a lamp bottom with some spent carbide in it, which evidently severely dessicated the insect, so that when Rod tried to mount it it shattered. It will be identified as soon as it can be reconstructed...

Continuing only a few feet further in the dark, shaly bottom of the cave, we came to the siphon, and Mischke sitting by the register. After some discussion, and comments about "When you lead your own trip down here...", I took one more look at the siphon (vowing never to return) and started out with Pat in the lead, then Robert, and finally myself.

Since the others gave us an hour's head start, only Bob and I were still in the crack when they caught up with us. I was having "feeling crummy" trouble and Robert was just having trouble fitting through the tight places; indeed Bob had already, 50' off the floor, removed his coveralls and given them to me (I had a rope in my pack and tied them up and to him so that when he finished the climb I could let them go and they would pendulum over to below him). Unfortunately, even without the clothes he couldn't fit, and I was madly looking for the bolt to tie the rope to as I watched him slide down to where his waist was out of the crack. Unknown to me he had excellent hand holds and pulled his body back up into the crack just beyond the chockstone. It being my turn, and having been jammed in the ceiling crack for some 30 plus minutes, I had my doubts about doing the climb with exactly good form. I was right in doubting, and, at one point, even required help from Dave in placing some foot holds.

Continuing on up the edge of the pit, we stopped again in the R & R Room. Except for some route-finding trouble in the Great White Way, we made it uneventfully to the 70' pit, the Sand Room, and, by way of the Wet Forty, to the entrance.

Once we were again above the 40, and could feel the cold flowing down the stream from the entrance, we began wondering what might have happened to Richardson's dog. As soon as we were near enough to the entrance to see the frost crystals we knew the answer. The dog was howling to raise the dead. We climbed through the entrance, our lamps flickering, and damp coveralls freezing to the sides of the culvert gate. The dog's feet were bleeding. I tried to give him my last Dextrosol, but he just slobbered on it and kept shivering. Robert wrapped him in his coat and carried him to camp immediately. The gate was locked a short time later (Pat's first time), and we were on our way down by 10:00,

carbide lamps flickering on the snow, with trees marching by in an unreal procession on the crunching surface. We made excellent time, and were in camp within an hour, our damp clothing growing stiff in the cold.

The rest of the trip was routine, with our return to camp to find Richardson's camp gone and a note saying that one of the kids was spitting up blood, that Diane was in town looking for a doctor, and that the car had been towed off the mountain without a clutch. Ken volunteered to take Robert and I down in exchange for considerations on a place to sleep at the motel. It turned out that the manager was not at all interested in having extra people in the room, and Ken slept behind the R.S., and I slept in Richardson's car, which was still up on the tow truck. Early the next morning (Easter) Ken and Dave left for Seattle, giving Robert a ride as far as Grangeville to look for a clutch and pressure plate. Things went quite well. The waitress at a cafe got the Ford distributor out of bed; he opened up his shop but, finding he didn't have the part, he got the parts store owner up--he had the part and also loaned Richardson some tools. Seeing the local game warden going south, the parts owner flagged him down and he agreed to give Robert a ride back to Riggins.---whew!

Robert was back in Riggins within two hours of leaving, and by 7:00 P.M. we were on our way back to Seattle--to arrive by 4:30 A.M. Monday morning. This was the first day of Spring Quarter -- my first class was at 8:30 A.M.

.. ..
Next, an item which should have been printed in the last issue:

Report
of the Mount St. Helens Conservation Task Force

Dave Howard of the Sierra Club and Mountaineers is now providing the long-needed leadership to get the national monument proposal off dead center. The first newspaper article recently appeared in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, and Dave expects the national monument bill to be introduced in the near future. Please be prepared to review and analyze it, and to support it vigorously if in order as expected.

---W. R. Halliday 1-25-75.

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VULCANOSPELEOLOGICAL ABSTRACT

Matsumoto, Y., et al., 1971. On the lava cave in the Tomie Peninsula, Fukue Island, Nagasaki Prefecture. Cave Study #4, Yamaguchi Caving Club, Akiyoshi-dai Science Museum, Akiyoshi-dai, Yamaguchi Prefecture, Japan. March. 22 pp.

Five major lava tube caves are located along a 1,420 - meter segmented unitary system on a island in southwest Japan. Maps and photographs are included, showing interesting speleogenetic features.

---- W. R. Halliday.



Victoria, B. C.,
Canada.

1 November, 1973.

D O E S I T G O ? *

G C F Em
 I had teed off on the seventh, made it nicely to the green,
 C Am D
 And a putt of twenty feet would put me in;
 G C F Em
 So I carefully took a sighting, smoothed the grass with loving care,
 G C C
 And solemnly advanced upon the pin.
 C
 As I drew it from the cup, a light came shining up,
 C G7
 And a caver's voice came ringing from below:

G C
 Does it go? It has to go!
 G D
 I've crawled through miles of cave,
 G D
 Thought it might have been my grave,
 G D
 But now although half dead
 G D
 I see daylight up ahead,
 G C
 And after this last squeeze I know it goes.

I was walking down the hallway on the way to my next class
 When a wall vent near the floor just caught my eye;
 From down there behind the grating a faint light could be seen
 So I stooped to look as I was passing by.
 Then the grate came crashing out; I sprang back with a shout,
 And a caver's voice came ringing from below:

CHORUS

*Yr editor apologizes for printing a song without a tune, but, since the tune has not been forthcoming, here it is anyway.

As I bivouaced on the mountain, dining on my freeze-dried food,
A marmot burst from rocks beside my plate;
I had hardly glimpsed the critter, but its tail was smouldering
And this I thought I should investigate.
I pulled the rocks aside, smelled the odour of carbide,
And a caver's voice came ringing from below:

CHORUS

Oh I'd heard about spelunkers, how they loved to push tight crawls,
But I'd now begun to doubt their sanity;
So I thought I'd ask a caver just to find out how it's done -
He referred me to the V. I. C. E. G.
They opened wide their door, raised a trapdoor in the floor,
And a caver's voice came ringing from below:

CHORUS

Well those madmen took me caving every weekend without fail,
Eased me gently into ever-tighter crawls;
By the time three months were over, my skin was black and blue
And the blood soaked through my tattered coveralls.
Every time a crawl they'd find, up they'd push me from behind,
And a caver's voice came ringing from below:

CHORUS

Soon I learned about Electrons, carabiners and belays,
And I found Blue Water doesn't come in pails;
Holding to the caver's motto I took only photographs,
And all I left behind were ouigeæ scales.
In the crawls I was sublime and it thrilled me every time
That a caver's voice came ringing from below:

CHORUS

So I joined that mob called VICEG, for eight bucks I sold my soul
To those caverns and those crawlways that I love;
And now as I wriggle blithely through the filthiest of holes
I never know where I'll come out above;
Here an opening comes in view, slimey arms I push on through,
And a woman's shriek blows muck from both my ears: -

"EEEEEEK! HENRY! THE BASEMENT DRAIN IS BACKING UP!

Does it go? It has to go!
I've crawled through miles of cave,
Thought it might have been my grave,
But now although half dead
I see daylight up ahead
And after this last squeeze I know it goes.

VULCANOSPELEOLOGICAL ABSTRACT

Jillson, Willard Rouse, 1921.

Physiographic Effects of the Volcanism of Mt. St. Helens.

Geographic Review 11 (3) 398-405 [U.W. Geography Library 910.5/G]

A report of field work done in 1915 while mapping the old USGS Mt. St. Helens Quadrangle. Pp. 404-405: "...This whole area, comprising between 40 and 50 square miles, is a broad southward and southeastward sloping lava flow. The lava in many places is hundreds, perhaps thousands, of feet thick. It extends from the base of the mountain to the waters of Lewis River. At this point its rapidly increasing viscosity, induced by contact with the then swollen river, caused it to pile up several hundred feet in thickness in the debouchures of the former creeks and branches. The more liquid flows behind were ponded, and the crests of the former ridges were left as the only abrupt physiographic features of the immediate vicinity--rock islands in a sea of rocks...About a mile up the lava flow, at an elevation of 1,351 feet, occurs the lower entrance to the largest of the several lava caves of the Mt. St. Helens district. It is reported that this cave [Ole's Cave], which is really an elongate abandoned lava channel, is over a mile in length. This report, though it may be true, is not herewith authenticated."---R. Crawford

VULCANOSPELEOLOGICAL ABSTRACT

Tzimoulis, Paul, 1974. Fair Wind at Kona. Skin Diver, 23 (9): 28-31, 34-35.

In an article about diving on the Kona Coast of Hawaii Island, the author mentions lava tube diving in the following words (p. 35): "[at] Keauhou Cliff you'll also find several large lava caves right up against the shoreline....a visit to Driftwood Tube, another of Kona's unique lava tunnel formations. This particular lava tube is six feet in diameter and 20 feet long. It begins at a depth of 40 feet and spirals downward and to the left coming out on a sheer wall at 75 feet. Visibility in this area is unusually excellent and the trip through Driftwood Tube is a special kind of thrill never before experienced." On p. 31: "The Arches...named after the eight or nine beautifully sculptured lava archways which are to be found in 20 to 40 feet of water. These magnificent formations were caused by the rapid cooling of molten lava which flowed into the sea more than a century ago. Some of the archways are quite large, measuring 30 to 40 feet in diameter. One can often find a small community of tropical fish, small morays, and other creatures living in the shadow of these formations. ...A series of lava caves can also be explored in this area. They are generally found in deeper water ranging from 50 to 60 feet."---R. Crawford

VULCANOSPELEOLOGICAL ABSTRACT

El Centro Argentino de Espeleologia, 1973. Algunas cuevas en las Provincias de Mendoza y La Pampa, Republica Argentina. Bol. Soc. Venezolana Espeleol., 4 (2) 141-146.
Abstract by W. R. Halliday

This report describes, with maps, two lava tube caves and two rockshelters in west-central Argentina. Cueva de Dona Otila is about 1/2 mile long, Cueva de Alada, about 800 feet. [for translation see the Caver, 13 (10) 3.--ed.]

A Letter to the Editor

Miércoles, Marzo 26
Barranquilla, Colombia

Dear Curt,

Colombian caving has burst wide open--I have leads on over a hundred caves and have visited about thirty--several are quite impressive--just two days ago I visited one way out in the boonies--only one bus a day. It's called Hoyo del Aire (the Air Pit) and is measured at 118 m deep (about 390') and is some 400' in diameter--sheer walls. It was first descended with a rope and pulleys by a priest in 1851, years before Martel ever descended Gaping Ghyll in England, so this fellow may be the first vertical caver.

The day before I had come out of a cave near dusk and was chased by a band of peasants armed with rifles and machettes who finally surrounded me--they thought I was a spy and I spent a worried half hour convincing them otherwise.

Another cave I saw last week had the thickest population of guácharos (sonar-using, chicken-sized cave birds) that I've ever seen; apparently they've never been bothered much and have built nearly down to the floor--for four hours I fought through a fine mist of urine, constantly bombarded with fresh, red, slimy guano (down the neck) and constantly picking off cockroaches (up to 5" long) that were everywhere, literally hundreds of thousands. I had to give up exploring some passages because the guácharos were flying almost directly into my face. A river cave nearby (natural bridge) had a section of passage some 80-plus feet in diameter; unfortunately, it was only about 500 feet long.

Also visited a vadose cave in sandstone that had calcite speleothems up to 15-20 feet in length and height and hundreds averaging 5-6 feet--walked eleven miles to get to it and back.

Lots of virgin caves, and lots of virgin passage still left in the others--plus vampire bats, cave fish, etc. Another cave I saw was at least 160 feet deep and some 40-50 feet across--I couldn't see all the way to the bottom, so I have something else to return for.

I hope to visit Bustamente, Golondrinas, and some Mexican caves on the way back--see you maybe in April.

Tom Miller

: * :

REVIEW

Oldham, Tony, 1975. The Caves of Scotland, except Assynt. Oldham Publications, Bristol, U.K. [Address: 17 Freemantle Road, Eastville, Bristol BS5 6SY, England.] Mimeographed, 174 pp. £ 3. Reviewed by W. R. Halliday

As the author and publisher points out, this is not a definitive book. Yet it contains vastly more than has been compiled previously on Scottish caves, their histories and legendry. In part this is because it is the first U.K. book of its type to break with the old tradition that caves are in limestone, and nothing else is worth counting--and most Scottish caves are not in limestone. By arrangement with the Grampian Speleological Society which is selling its own publication on the caves of Assynt (limestone) this most important part of Scottish calcareospeleology is deliberately omitted. I cannot find anything on the caves of Glen Coe which have been exciting recent attention. The Journal of Spelean History item revealing the spuriousness of the "Bruce's Cave" near Kirkpatrick Fleming is not mentioned. Location data are garbled

too much to be of use for the Prince Charlie's Cave I happen to have visited. Doubtless those in the forefront of Scottish speleology will find many other omissions and commissions of the same ilk. Yet I suggest that every American caver with a present or potential interest in Scottish caves order a copy immediately. Tony's Caves of Devon went out of print almost at once, and Caves of Scotland except Assynt is likely to do the same, if only for the wealth of information which it contains.

* * * * *

Yakima Herald-Republic
30 IV 1975 p. 30

submitted by Newell Campbell

Ice cave has served its purpose

SMYRNA VALLEY, Wash. (AP) — Refrigerators have been the downfall for nature's cold storage plant — a walk-in ice cave here in the middle of the desert-like Saddle Mountains.

In the old days, residents of this valley about 30 miles west of Othello would store meat, milk and butter in the cave.

But now, no one bothers with it. Refrigerators are easier to use, and rattlesnakes live in the basalt cliffs.

R. J. Moore, 66, is one of those who knows about the cave.

"It used to be quite a showplace," he said. "There was a hole in the hill, and you could see it plainly from the road. They put up a few beams supports and made it look like the entrance to a mine. That ice was left over from the ice ages. It's what's left of a big glacier."

The mine beams remain in place. A chill can be felt just a few feet inside.

Nate Lewis, one of Othello's old-timers, recalls that railroad crews first excavated the cave area when they found ice coming out of the ground.

Around 1930, Lewis remembers, a farmer named Chambers set up a community deepfreeze.

"He had it working pretty good," he said. "He kept meat and milk and butter in there, and locked it up."

Seattle P-I, Feb. 1975

3 die, 4 survive cave flooding

Associated Press

Four Illinois men survived a 27-hour ordeal in a flooded Indiana cave by eating candy bars, chewing gum and telling jokes.

But three other persons drowned Saturday in another cavern after heavy rains caused streams to overflow, flooding several caves over the weekend near Bloomington, officials said yesterday.

The three were identified as Terry Yokem, 19; Kim

Aldridge, 19, and Marsha Bott, 18, all of Indianapolis.

Rescuers discovered their bodies and the four stranded cave explorers yesterday after an extensive search.

"We were awfully scared, but we never lost sight of the fact that we were eventually going to get out there. The worst was the cold water and the darkness," said Robert Bondurant, 32, of Robinson.

Randall Masterson, 25, of Newton, said the men talked about their survival, their families and told jokes to occupy time.

Paul Homan, 37, of Robinson, and Gene Strain, 40, were the others on the four-hour exploration of the cave. Bondurant is a high-school biology teacher and the three other men work in a special education project.

Strain said the men heard rushing water after they reached the midway point of the four-mile cave.

Strain said two men attempted unsuccessfully to wade through the chest-deep water. The group then found a high ridge and huddled next to each other to keep warm with only three candy bars and a pack of chewing gum to eat during the ordeal, Strain said.

LITERATURE DEPARTMENT

The following is an excerpt from Albert Camus' The Fall (p. 24):

"...In the mountains I used to flee the deep valleys for the passes and plateaus; I was the man of the mesas at least. If fate had forced me to choose between work at a lathe or as a roofer, don't worry, I'd have chosen the roofs and become acquainted with dizziness. Coalbins, ships' holds, undergrounds, grottoes, pits were repulsive to me. I had even developed a special loathing for speleologists, who had the nerve to fill the front page of our newspapers, and whose records nauseated me. Striving to reach elevation minus eight hundred at the risk of getting one's head caught in a rocky funnel (a siphon, as those fools say!) seemed to me the exploit of perverted or traumatized characters. There was something criminal underlying it.

"A natural balcony fifteen hundred feet above a sea still visible bathed in sunlight, on the other hand, was the place where I could breathe most freely, especially if I were alone, well above the human ants..."

** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** **

VULCANOSPELEOLOGICAL ABSTRACTS

Wallace, Peter, and Richard Hebda, with information on animal life by Henry Frania, 1974. Lava tube caving. *The Canadian Caver*, vol. 6 no. 1, June, pp. 30-34.

A surprisingly sophisticated introductory account of vulcanospeleogenesis based on a very superficial review of geological and biological literature and two NSS Bulletin articles. Mt. Adams, the Snake River Plains, and British Columbia, for example, are not mentioned in the summary of lava cave areas, and the authors are evidently unfamiliar with the publications of the 1972 NSS convention, Caves of Washington, this 'ere International Journal of Vulcanospeleology, Plateau, Depths of the Earth, Speleograph, etc., which is a great pity. Their field work was on a "recent trip to the western United States" and evidently limited to Sunset Crater Ice Cave, Ariz. and a few in Lava Beds National Monument, primarily Silver Cave. Biologist Frania has a better geographic overview of lava tubes and refers to the Idaho work of Westcott and Peck, that of Kamp in northern California, and some in Japan, but not the very important work of Howarth in Hawaii. Nevertheless, it is likely to serve a very valuable function in encouraging the far-ranging McMaster and Co. teams to start looking in lava tube caves in Mexico and elsewhere instead of sticking to the all-too-familiar role of "limeys".

--- W. R. Halliday

Montoriol-Pous, Joaquin, and Jorge de Mier, 1970. Contribucion al conocimiento de las formaciones vulcanoespeleologicas de la Grindavikurhraum [Iceland]. *Acta I. Congr. Nacional Espeleol.* pp. 45-52.

Montoriol and de Mier describe an interesting partially roofed trench which appears to rise 5 to 6 feet above the surrounding flow surface. One photo shows roofing by raft incorporation. The longest of four cavernous sections appears to be about 100 feet; total length of the semisurface tube complex is about 700 feet. Part of the complex is also a very superficial complex void. The location is SW Iceland.

--- W. R. Halliday

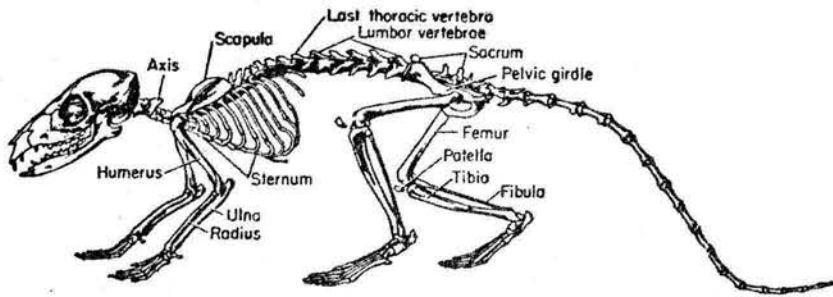


Fig. 1 The skeleton of a generalized mammal, the tree-shrew, *Tupaia*. (After Gregory.)

The bones of mammals are frequently found in Washington caves, particularly in lava tubes, but usually remain unidentified. No doubt this is chiefly because cavers are understandably reluctant to remove bones from caves, and few osteologists (bone specialists) are cavers. Nonetheless, I

think most would agree that cave bones ought to be identified, so the best compromise measure is probably removing them for identification and then returning them to the cave, unless they are to be placed in an accredited museum's research collection.

Bones find their way into caves in various ways. Occasionally, a cave dwelling animal will simply die in its natural home. This occurs most often with hibernating bats--rarely with pack rats or pikas. Others, such as bears and cougars, which enter caves only for denning or hibernation, are less likely to die a natural death there, but may fall down a pit, like the bear in Dynamited Cave. Still others, such as rabbits, various rodents, or domestic animals, may simply fall in the entrance or lose their way, and be unable to get out. When single or scattered bones are found they have usually been dragged in by scavengers or predators; this is the explanation for most bones of hooved animals--deer, cows, and so forth--found in caves.

The mammalian body contains a large number of bones (see fig. 1), but all keys deal only with the skull. It is barely possible for some people, notably archaeologists, to identify a headless skeleton, but any part of the skull, even a single tooth, is usually better. Removing a skull from a cave undamaged often presents a considerable challenge. If skeletal material is known to be present, it may be useful to bring a special small pack, containing some padding, to remove it in.

Reference to figure 1 may aid the curious caver in naming larger non-skull bones found in caves. For a more complete treatment, readers are referred to: Cornwall, I.W., 1956. *Bones for the Archaeologist*. London, Phoenix House. [U.W. Library 591.47/C816b].

(continued overleaf)

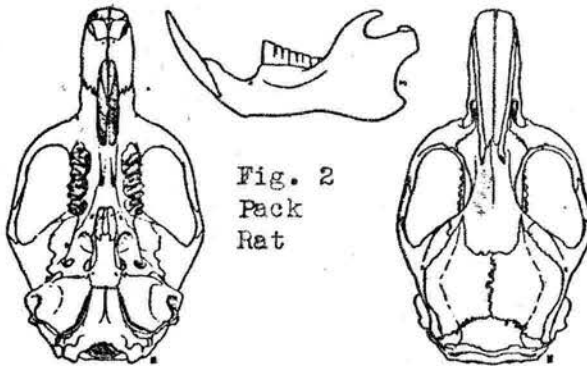


Fig. 2
Pack
Rat

Neotoma cinerea acraia, Baker Creek, 8500 ft., Nevada, No. 41994, M.V.Z., ♀, X 1.

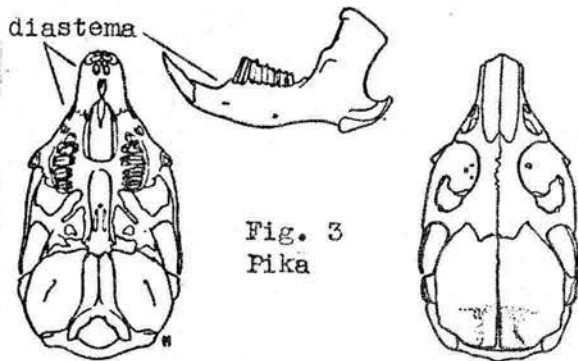


Fig. 3
Pika

Ochotona princeps tutelata, Greenmonster Canyon, 8150 ft., Nevada, No. 38519 M.V.Z., ♂, X 1.

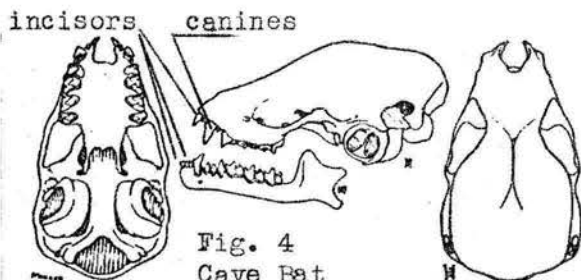


Fig. 4
Cave Bat

Plecotus townsendii pallescens, 7 mi. S Cleveland Ranch, White Pine Co., Nevada, No. 45899 M.V.Z., ♂, X 2.

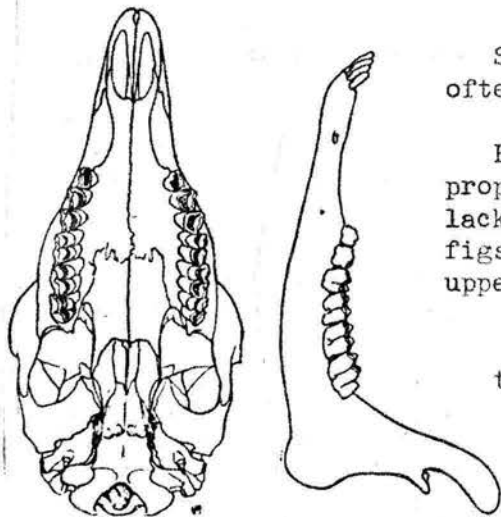


Fig. 5, Mule Deer, male, Nev.
Odocoileus hemionus (x 1/2)

Skeletal remains of the following orders of mammals are often found in caves.

Bats (CHIROPTERA) can often be recognized by the disproportionately long bones of the wing. The skull, fig. 4, lacks a diastema (long space between front and back teeth, figs. 3-8), has distinct canine teeth, and two pairs of upper incisors between them.

CARNIVORA (not illustrated) lack a diastema and have three pairs of incisors between the upper canines. Of carnivore bones, those of bears are most often found in caves; bear bones with water-eroded gnaw marks have been removed from McQuinna Cave, Vancouver Island, and a complete bear skeleton is below the 15' drop in Dynamited Cave. There is a dog skeleton in the Red Room of Pillar of Fire Cave.

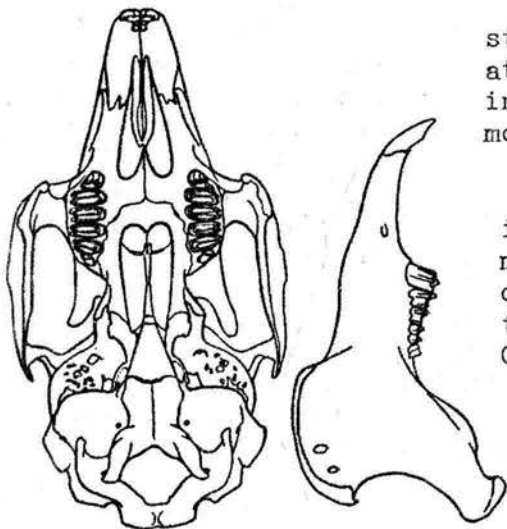
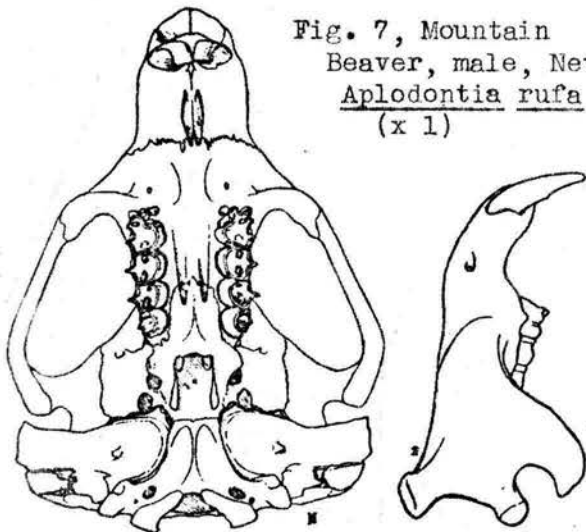


Fig. 6, Snowshoe Hare, male, Cal.
Lepus americanus (x 1)

Hooved animals (ARTIODACTYLA), fig. 5, have a diastema; in front of it, on the upper jaw, are no teeth at all except in the pig. Deer bones have been found in B. C. limestone caves, but cow bones seem to be more common in Washington lava tubes.

Rodents (RODENTIA), fig. 2, 7-8, have only the two incisors in front of the upper diastema. The largest mammalian order, it includes many species whose bones can be found in caves. Pack rats inhabit many Washington caves but only occasionally die there. Beaver Cave, Mt. St. Helens, is named after a Mountain Beaver skeleton. Field mouse skeletons are known from Tooth Cave (named for a bear tooth) and porcupine skeletons from Dynamited Cave.

Fig. 7, Mountain
Beaver, male, Nev.
Aplodontia rufa
(x 1)



Pikas and rabbits (LAGOMORPHA), fig. 3, 6, have four teeth in front of the upper diastema. Pikas are familiar with caves and rarely die there. Cheese Cave, Mt. Adams, contains several skeletons of young Snowshoe Hares near the artificial entrance; probably, they fell in and could not climb back out.

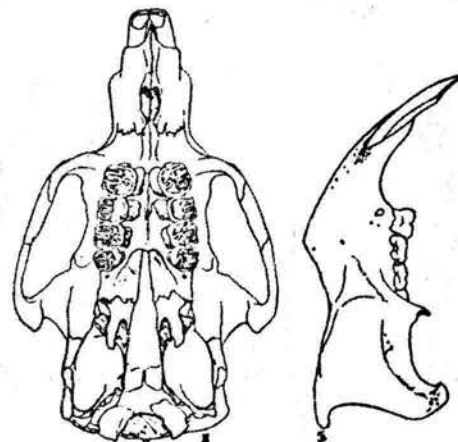


Fig. 8,
Porcupine
male, Nev.
Erethizon
dorsatum
(x 1/2)

SOME TRAITS IDENTIFYING THE SUBSPECIES Homo sapiens speleos clodus*

or

CAVERS WE WOULD ALL RATHER NOT HAVE KNOWN

by William Mixon

This brief paper presents an incomplete list of characteristics which distinguish members of the subspecies clodus from other members of the subspecies. Although the group is rare, it is widespread; to the author's personal knowledge the range encompasses at least the middle west, and considering the mobility typical of the species, I suspect its occurrence is much more general. While the general public is probably unaware of the existence of this variety, clodus causes no small annoyance to the other members of the subspecies speleos, with whom it shares a frequent habitat. For this reason sure and early identification of clodus is of interest, and the author hopes the traits listed below may be of use.

1. "Oh, I don't need a canteen. There's plenty of water in the stream for my lamp," When the specimen then proceeds to devour all of your drinking water, its identity as clodus is established.

2. "I'll leave my pack here and crawl in. If I'm not back in ten minutes, follow me and bring it along." Comment: Grrrrr.....

3. "Have you got a clean felt I can borrow? I'll give you one when we get back to the car." This member of Clodus evidently uses them chiefly as spare parts for his carburetor.

4. "Huh, I'm not a novice anymore, am I. Huh, huh?" This member of clodus still has the potential to metamorphose out of his sorry state: namely, when he learns that he will remain a novice so long as he wonders if he still is one.

5. "Wait here. I'll see where it goes, and be back in ten minutes." If the ten minutes turns out to be an hour, you know you are in the company of a clodus. Actually this trait is probably dying out. It is hard to imagine the survival of a feature so obviously designed to provoke violence on the part of fellow speleos.

6. "Oh, come on. The novices can find their own way out." This is one of the clodus' advantageous traits, for it helps keep down the population of competing types of speleos.

The author would like to think that his researches in this unpleasant area are finished, but fears that inevitable future contacts with members of the subspecies clodus will bring to light still more of their characteristic traits. If this should happen, they too will be published in this place, to help others detect, and avoid this creature.

From: THE WINDY CITY SPELEONEWS

vol. 4 no. 1 p. 6.

*Actually, this would be a sub-subspecies, and invalid in zoological nomenclature.-RC

For those of you who have been wondering where N.W. Caving is - it's on its way. Rod Crawford has taken over the Associate Editorship from Mary White, thus getting everything together in Seattle where things should be rolling much more smoothly now that I won't have to be hitchhiking down to Vancouver quite so often.

I would like to thank Rod again for volunteering to type the entire Cascade Caver; perhaps in the future it will be free of typos (TYPOS...) --C. B.

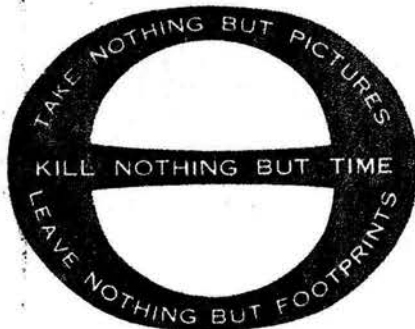
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