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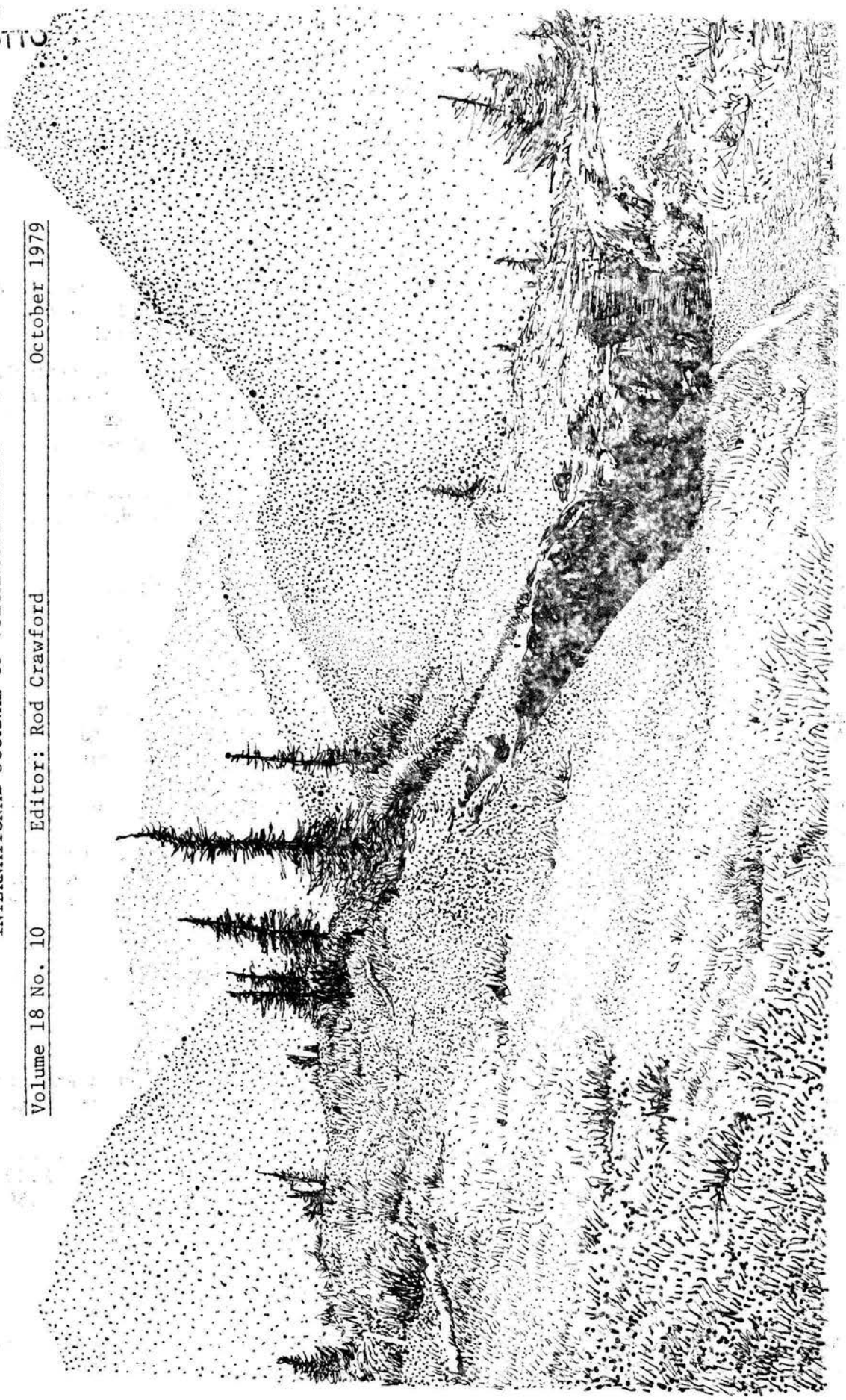


THE CASCADE CAVER

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

INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL OF VULCANOSPELEOLOGY

Volume 18 No. 10 Editor: Rod Crawford October 1979



THE CASCADE CAVER is published ten times per year by the Cascade Grotto of the National Speleological Society. Subscription rate is \$4.00 for one year's issues. Full Grotto dues are \$4.50, and family memberships (not including subscription) 50¢. All payments should be made to Grotto treasurer Craig Hansen, Rt. 3 Box 118, Cheney, WA 99004.

COMING EVENTS

For information on rides, etc. on any of the following events you may contact Trip Coordinator Chris Burdge, at 775-6724. Please call Chris also if you're going somewhere or can offer a ride on a planned trip. Please!

November 24, Saturday. Eastern Washington Unit Meeting, at the Kennedy Library, Eastern Washington University, in Cheney, 8PM. Subsequent Eastern Washington Unit meetings will be held at the Kennedy Library, on the third Friday.

December Sometime: Senger's Talus Cave mapping trips: contact Kevin Allred, 852-1058, or Rod Crawford, 543-9853.

December 1-2. Northwest Washington Unit trip to Vancouver Island. Contact John Hart, 384-0865, or Wes Gannaway, 384-4209 (both Bellingham numbers).

A visit to the caves of the Gordon River area is planned.

December 8, Saturday. Woodcutting in the Elbe area for the ailing Grotto treasury. It's fun--honest! Contact Bob Brown (Elbe), 569-2724, or Wally Bosshart (Seattle), 323-0831.

December 15, Saturday. Official Grotto trip to Big Four Glacier Cave in Snohomish County. A visit to the nearby Bonanza Queen Mine is also a possibility. Contact Rod Crawford, 543-9853.

December 18, Tuesday. Regular monthly meeting at the Hallidays', 1117 36th Ave. E., Seattle, at 8:00 PM. Doors open at 7:55. Program: NSS film strip, "Exploring the sacred Mayan Well." The meeting will feature voting on the Trip Report Contest.

December 21, Friday. Eastern Washington Unit meeting at the Kennedy Library, as above, 8:00 PM. Program: "Exploring the Sacred Mayan Well."

January sometime: Trip to Gordon River area, Vancouver Island; contact Brown.

January 1st. Deadline for mailing abstracts for the Symposium in February.

January 11th. Deadline for getting any presentation on the Symposium program (contact Brown or Crawford).

January 15th, Tuesday. Regular Grotto meeting, same time and place.

February 16-18, Presidents' Day Weekend. The NWRA Symposium on Cave Science and Technology, to be held in Seattle.

Proposed Amendments to Grotto Bylaws

At the November meeting it was proposed that the Grotto dues and subscription rate be raised to meet rising expenses. The following three alternate proposals have been made for voting at the January meeting:

| | | | | | | |
|-------------|----------------------|---------|--------|---------|--------|---------------|
| Proposal 1: | Regular and Assoc. - | \$5.50; | Sub. - | \$4.50; | Family | \$1.00 |
| Proposal 2: | " | " | 6.50 | " | " | 5.50 " " 1.00 |
| Proposal 3: | " | " | 7.50 | " | " | 6.00 " " 1.50 |

NEW PHONE NUMBER

Rod Crawford: 543-9853

THIS MONTH'S COVER is a drawing of the sinkhole entrance of Lookout Cave on Cave Ridge (see feature article), by Carlene Allred.

F E A T U R E

PROPOSED MANAGEMENT PLAN FOR CAVE RIDGE

Proposal Submitted to the Mount Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest

by William R. Halliday, M.D.

At the present time, the western boundary of the Alpine Lakes Wilderness Area angles irregularly through the southern, southeastern, and northeastern portions of Cave Ridge. Informal discussions with several staff members of the Mount Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest suggest that the only management plan for Cave Ridge is an informal one of acquiring the old mining claims which extend up onto Cave Ridge from the Alpental property to the west. These mining claims, now private land, cover much of Cave Ridge with some interspersing of federal land. At one time, there was consideration of a tramway from Alpental to Cave Ridge, with subsidiary tramways to Guye Peak and Mount Snoqualmie, but these plans evidently are in abeyance, at least for the moment. The boundaries of the wilderness area are such that tramway stations could be built on the western margins of these adjoining mountains, however.

At the present time, management plans for the entire national forest are being developed. No input has been requested or obtained from the local speleological community. Therefore this proposal is presented for the purpose of assisting the development of both long- and short-term management plans for Cave Ridge and its individual caves by the staff of the national forest, taking into account the unique features and problems of the area and the major contingencies which must be considered here.

Cave Ridge is a topographic and geological unit located between Mount Snoqualmie and Guye Peak, in section 28, T23N, R11E, about one and one-half miles from the eastern boundary of King County, Washington, about two miles north of Snoqualmie Pass and about 50 miles east of Seattle. On the north and northwest it is separated from Mount Snoqualmie by the gorge of an unnamed creek which flows from northeast to southwest through the mid-point of section 28. The gorge tops out at a narrow saddle a few dozen yards north-northeast of point 91 on current maps of the wilderness area boundary. This is at an elevation of approximately 5,200 feet. On the south, it is separated from Guye Peak by an even narrower saddle at an elevation of about 4,650 feet. The ridge consists of several benches at different elevations with moderate to steep slopes above 4,600 feet, and steep to precipitous slopes below this elevation. Most of the area consists of alpine meadows, and with the possible exception of some of its eastern slopes (in the wilderness area), no timber of commercial value is known above 4,600 feet.

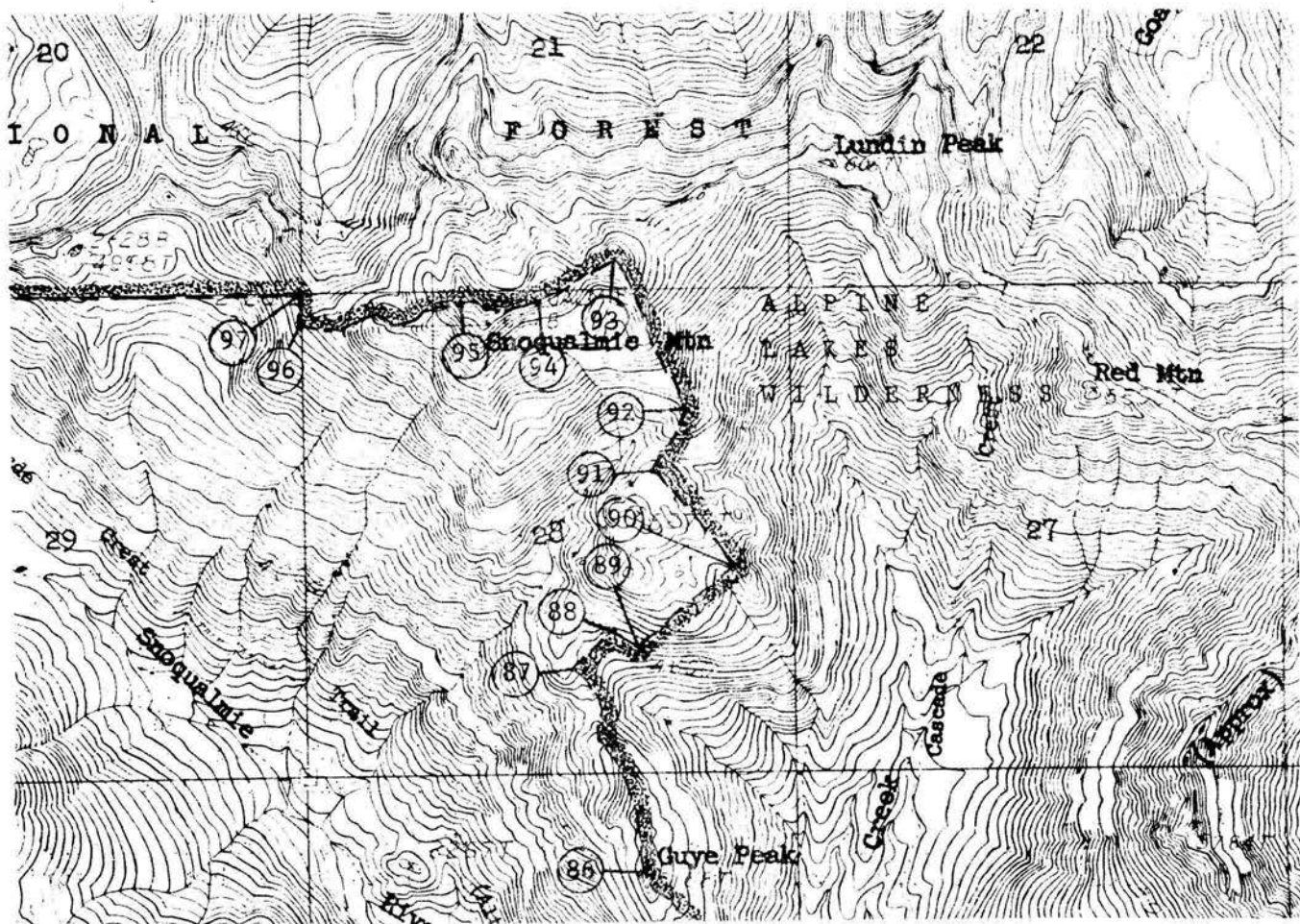
Cave Ridge received its name because of the presence of a cavernous alpine karst of exceptional importance. The caves and karst known to date occur above 4,600 feet, in limestone of the Denny Formation of late Paleozoic age. It has been intruded and recrystallized by granodiorite, with mineralization that may be responsible for the speleogenesis which is unusually extensive here for limestone deposits of the North Cascades. The mineralization, however, is too minor for commercialization. Despite 25 years of intermittent study, the full extent of the caves is not yet known. Maximum depth to date is 500 feet; maximum length, well over 1,000 feet.

Aside from speleologists, the area is visited only by climbers and hunters. The latter are very few because of the lack of game in the area, but the debris

of a plastic hunters' camp is present at the northwestern corner of the western tongue of the ridge, on a climbers' route which ascends the unnamed section 28 stream into a hanging valley between Cave Ridge and Mount Snoqualmie. Some climbers also traverse Cave Ridge from Guye Peak to Mount Snoqualmie. It is not a climbers' goal per se.

The caves of Cave Ridge therefore are overwhelmingly the dominant resource of this area, and it should be managed primarily for the preservation of the caves and of the alpine karst of which they are the most significant part. For many years northwestern speleologists have urged U.S. Forest Service acquisition of private land on Cave Ridge; when this is accomplished Cave Ridge should be incorporated into the Alpine Lakes Wilderness Area as a whole. A very high priority should be given acquisition of this private land. While negotiations are proceeding, a specific management plan should be developed for each significant cave on Cave Ridge, in cooperation with northwestern speleologists, to insure that access to each is compatible with preservation of their present values and resources. Serious consideration should be given to adding the south side of Mount Snoqualmie, also, so that the wilderness area boundary would extend northwest from point 96 to point 93. In the interim, the Cave Ridge management unit should include those portions of Cave Ridge as defined above which lie above 4,600 feet elevation.

PORTION OF ALPINE LAKES WILDERNESS BOUNDARY MAP
(Redrawn)



TRIP REPORTS

Paradise Ice Caves, September 29-30

by Eckart and Wolfie Schmidt

Participants: Eckart Schmidt, Wolfie Schmidt, Andy Schimdt

On the morning of the 29th, we packed up our regular gear minus vertical equipment and headed for Paradise. We showed up in the parking lot at about 9:15 and waited. And waited. And waited. So we took a vote and headed for the hills at 10:30, without the N.S.S.

We had been at the caves once before (ten years ago) and it was surprising to see how much they had changed in the years between. This year the caves were in pretty poor shape, with absolutely no snow on the headwall, the glacier divided into three parts, and the first cave completely collapsed.

The second cave was better, as it still had a roof. This cave was bifurcated and had a total length of about 400-500 feet. In places the blue light was exceptionally clear. There was also a slick side passage with a diameter of two feet, sloping down at 45°. Needless to say, we gave up that one, since it would have been a one-way dead-end slide.

The last cave had the main creek pouring through (probably the Paradise River). We explored the north fork as far as a fallen flake about half the size of your average condominium (no exaggeration!) which blocked further progress. This also was abandoned due to lack of crampons and our basic sense of self-preservation.

When we got back from the caves to the Paradise parking lot at about 4:30, we saw another lost refugee from this trip, our resident Schweizer Wally Boss-hart, with Arline Taylor. We then stopped over at Bob Brown's for fried chicken and to figure a few things out. Our trip leader had not even been seen or heard of that day, and Bob had some maintenance to do on his house. There is a possibility, however, that some confused caver is still up there, waiting...

1979 NSS Convention, Pittsfield, Mass., August 5-12.

by Bill Halliday

Although the attendance may not quite have reached 600, the 1979 NSS convention was very enjoyable. Many considered the first day to have been the best -- an exceptional speleological field trip led by John Mylroie across the Hudson River to the most celebrated (by cavers) of the caves east of Albany: caves like South Bethlehem, Onesquethow, the McFail's Cave system, owned by the NSS and the largest and finest in the northeast. Before and after the convention there were speleocamps for visiting McFail's, and more cavers visited the cave than in its entire previous history. A later history field trip took some of us to the little water-polished marble caves near Pittsfield which played a disproportionately large role in the early days of New England caving and in the foundation of the NSS. It was the first time I had been in this area, and the caves and their surroundings were not at all as I had expected. The convention published guidebooks for both field trips and I recommend their purchase by anyone planning to visit this important caving area.

The sessions presented the usual problem: too many different things going on at the same time and I missed one day (Monday) because of getting a cold on the geology field trip. Perhaps the most outstanding session I attended was a slide show on the Lucayan Cavern on Grand Bahama Island off Florida. Most of the cave is 70 feet below sea level; nearly all of it is filled with fresh

water although there is a connection to the ocean. A small pond gives access to a huge water-filled entrance room, beyond which tighter passages have been explored and mapped for several thousand feet. Because of the fresh water, the impressive speleothems (left over from earlier times when the sea level was lower) have not undergone biological degradation as in caves full of sea water, and the slides of divers swimming through thickets of speleothems were truly incredible.

Regarding the 1980 convention, it turned out that a group in St. Paul, Minn. had an active proposal for the convention to be there, not just a stopgap proposal as had been ours and that of one or two others. Although Ellen Benedict made an additional proposal--Bend--St. Paul was selected. It is an easy day's drive beyond Jewel Cave, and I suggest you start your planning now. There is nothing anywhere like the NSS conventions.

Cave Round Up
Sunday, July 15, 1979

by Walter Bosshart

Participants: Bob Brown, Rod Crawford, Frank Bauer, Geary Sanders, Walter Bosshart, and Cas.

Sunday morning...Bob's pickup pulled up in front of my apartment. Geary and Frank were already inside. After picking up Rod we were on our way northbound. Our first stop, as usual, was the Timberline Restaurant. Later, after throwing up some dust, we were at the entrance of Jackman Creek Cave. This was Geary and Frank's first visit, so they went in all the way. The rest of us worked on the cave register and sign. Outside we met a man from Scott Paper. We received a new cave lead and info on the use of a gated road giving access to Windy Creek Cave. Further up the road we were to locate the entrance of Webber Creek Cave. Rod, Geary, and I tried our luck at rock scrambling in search of a cave. Several holes, but nothing really cavy! The wonderful wet of the creek donated relieving refreshment after the search. Two culverts under the road offer excellent practise for stoopwalking. We left, notebooks empty, to check a legendary cave lead--Clearcut No. 2. We got there with our lungs full of dust and Bob's pickup was more brown than blue. We let our eyes drift over the large, steep clearcut. Where was the sign: "Cave Here" (with arrow)? Where was the large sinkhole even someone blindfolded couldn't miss? Where was the limestone cliff with the dark opening or resurgence of a creek? Well, for today, we would bag it.

Ramsey Cave lay ahead. Hidden under some branches, a manhole like entrance to a solution cave. Gravel floor--sand in places. Twigs, leaves, etc. hanging on various rock protrusions and cracks indicated that the cave must contain considerable water at times. Today it was dry. We made our way to the terminal room. This room, according to Rod, was once some 10 m (30 ft) high, now only 1.5 m (3.5 feet). A small vertical lead was plugged with mud and sand. Another hole in the wall led to the top of a narrow dome. The top part was covered with slippery clay. Some water trickled in from a tight passage forming a mini-waterfall. The dome was approximately 8 m (25 feet) deep. While Bob and the others installed a cave sign (register), I climbed into the dome, checking the water lead first. It went for about 10 m (30 feet), then funneled below human dimensions. Being narrow, the dome could be chimneyed. Rod kept in contact through the hole. There was a strange smell--something between old and dead. I was about to step onto the sandy floor when my eyes caught numerous salamanders. I counted 4 Ensatina escholtzi and at least 16 Ambystoma

gracile, some of which were close to 15 cm (5 inches) long. I also saw two frogs. Possibly they drifted in during flood and were trapped. Toward the entrance, the smell of freshly fried sausages drifted inward. Bob had some REI matches burning gungho to melt some polypropylene cord to hold the register jug. Smoke at the entrance passage hung so thick one couldn't see his hand in front of his face.

We checked the gated road leading to the Windy Creek area. We would have to write for permission to use it.

The newly gained cave lead would have to wait, as it was getting late. We dropped Frank off in Lyman, and listened to the Presidential speech on the way home. Will we get cave gas?

Venezuela, Feb. 14-22, 1979*

(Continued)

by William R. Halliday, M.D.

Tuesday afternoon saw me back at the hotel, too late for the beach, but in time to organize for the next day. We had to leave our rooms at midnight Wednesday night, but one of the members of the SVE had a jeep and thought that would leave us plenty of time for a quick trip to the second longest cave in Venezuela, Cueva Alfredo Jahn, even though they normally don't try to do it in one day. So we were off early Wednesday morning, heading east away from the beach resorts, along a dirt road that winds up and down along the ocean for many miles. Unfortunately, it had rained, which slowed things down considerably, but eventually we met the paved road that curves inland along the other side of the coast range. Another hour saw us parked at the end of a mountain road he said was about an hour's hike from the cave. Probably it is, for the SVE, but it took me half again that long. A beautiful jungle trail, part of it dating from the 1500s, crossing crystal-clear streams and winding through tall, mossy trees. Occasional clearings permitted views of patches of flame-colored bucare trees on the far mountainside, beneath a deep blue sky. Along the trail we passed numerous paisanos, often with a burro, invariably courteous and pleased that we were going to the cave, which clearly is a source of pride locally. All carried machetes, almost as if their hands are uncomfortable empty. Soon we saw why: an ominous patch of bright-red blood in the middle of the trail. A few yards further, a rattleless rattlesnake about five feet long and perhaps four inches thick was still writhing in its death throes: Bothrox, the local pit viper and more deadly than its American counterparts. Its huge mouth opened to almost 180 degrees, and the fangs were larger than I cared to acknowledge. The jungle is so beautiful that it is easy to forget it is deadly.

Soon we left the main trail, passed a couple of small, overgrown pits, and descended into a large one, so densely shadowed that the wide cave entrance was hard to visualize. Ferns grew on a large, thin stalagmite in splotched sunlight. Everything was bone-dry despite the recent rain; normally there is a deep pool here, much beloved of the SVE who pitch camp and string hammocks under the sloping overhang.

Time was short, but we hurried. First into a large, dry room with few speleothems but some interesting insect life. Popping down an obscure hole, we were at the stream passage which we followed for several hundred yards past beautifully decorated walls. One near-duckunder enlivened the trip. So did

*The first part of this report was published in vol. 18 no. 1-2, pp. 7-9.

numerous confluent stream passages, as it was not always obvious which one we wanted. We took the correct choices, however, and soon were at our goal: La Chaguarama, a tall, graceful thin column with thick films of water coursing down its sides--unlike any other I have ever seen. Along the way, faults and folds were evident in the banded marble walls.

Time was running short, but we took time for photos, then hastened back to the entrance--one of 16 recorded entrances, incidentally--then to civilization without complication. Until we were about two hours from Caracas on the paved road on the south side of the coast range, that is. There the jeep blew a tire. Which put us into Caracas at the height of the rush hour. Which put us at Macuto at 8:20 PM. No time for a nap, but certainly one of the most fantastic days of my life. Presumably there is such a thing as leisurely caving in Venezuela, but I'll have to go back to find out.

Windy Creek Cave Nearly Devours Cavers
October 6, 1979

by Carlene Allred

Early Saturday morning we got off to a late start because I had trouble finding the Coughlins' house in the fog. Our group included Chuck and Mary Coughlin, two of Chuck's friends, Wally Bosshart, and me. The flagged trail is now getting much easier to follow, thanks to Kevin and Wally for their previous work on improving it. Mary fell into the river on the way to the cave and was completely submerged.

As we were preparing to enter the cave, Chuck discovered that his carbide lamp was broken, so I lent him one of mine. This left me with only two light sources, and at the time I thought nothing of it because there were six of us together. Our objectives were to connect with Roberts Cave and to explore and drop into the new domepit discovered last week by Kevin. First we stopped at the area around the waiting room to see if we could find a way up into the domepit from below. At one place in the Waiting Room Wally bridged up quite high, but was unable to get into the top of the stream passage. Chuck and another guy then took Mary out because she was getting cold (probably).

Our next stop was another domepit. Wally wanted to check out some leads in the top, so he made several attempts to chimney up the slippery slimy walls. Then Chuck's light appeared in the lead at the top. He had returned and was in a remote corner of Mitch's Mud Room looking down on us. [Editor's note: this dome pit has since been named "Wally's Folly".] Wally was able to chimney all the way up, and we next went to the Lead Room, where I anchored the rope.

I slid down the 8 inch wide fissure and prepared to rappel while in the passage below. At this time everybody except for Wally decided to head back for the entrance. Wally followed me and we both rappelled down through the small mouth-like hole into the top of the domepit (see illustration "A", on opposite page). It was a spectacular drop: the walls were clean and wet and the banded limestone was beautiful. About two-thirds of the way to the bottom we got off rappel in a large side passage that connected this domepit with another one. The bottom of the pit was like a pothole with a concave bedrock floor. A shower of water fell into this pool from above and disappeared into a small passage leading off from the pit bottom. First we looked at the other domepit and then entered a large tube leading off from it. Soon afterwards there was a "T" junction. To the right we could hear a roaring stream echoing. We turned right and came to a round tube with a slot in the floor,

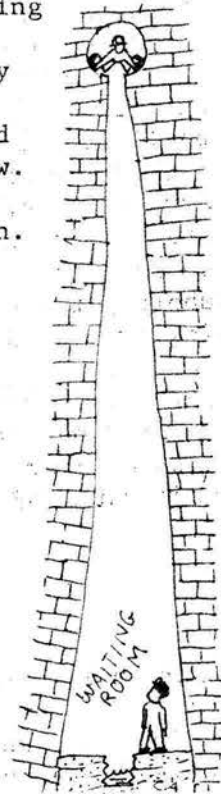


ILL. "A"

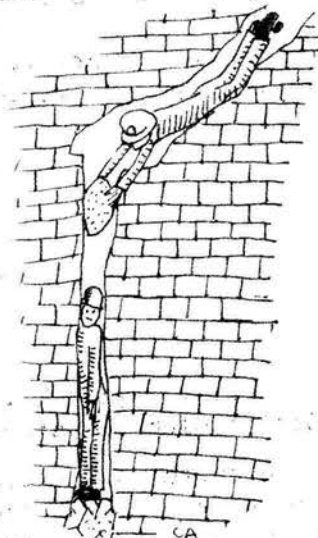
and far below we could see the stream passage. By now the other half of our group was passing below us and we made contact. They were in the Waiting Room exactly at the place Wally had tried to bridge up earlier (see illustration "B"). Further upstream Chuck found a place to bridge all the way up from below. Next Wally and I began surveying and we went down the left side of the "T" junction. We soon came to a place where a streamlet entered from a side passage, and the passage continued as a winding canyon about 3 feet wide and 8 feet deep. We mapped our way downstream but had to turn back soon because time was getting short and we had to meet the others at the entrance at

4:00. Also, we were getting cold. The area is still unexplored and the canyon seems to be getting bigger [Editor's note: this has since been explored, and rejoined the main stream passage]. We surveyed into the dome pit and ascended out. As Wally was about to start up he kicked my carbide lamp and broke the bottom off. I changed to another bottom but could not get it started because the lamp was now clogged throughout with mud and the striker was wet. I turned on my small flashlight on a string around my neck. Wally ascended up and then I started up. I had to go back down because I had forgotten my cave bag. We both had difficulty getting over the lip of the drop because the top of the dome was so confined.

Next we had to get up the 8" crack. Wally climbed up with great difficulty, jamming his boots between the walls for foot holds. As I prepared to start up, a shower of rocks fell on top of me, the largest being 8" in diameter and falling squarely onto my hardhat. I fled for cover and Wally pushed the other loose rocks on through to prevent further hazard. Then I took off my helmet and began to squeeze my way up the crack. Since my boots were flimsy, I could not jam them for footholds. I got almost to the top, but could not squeeze past a large rock that had gotten jammed in the crack at the time Wally had moved the rocks. I slipped back down and Wally tried to move the rock out of the way (see illustration "C"). He wanted to push it on through but I could see that it was too big, so I talked him into trying to pull it out. He was in an awkward position so it was very difficult to move it. It only got jammed in worse, and I felt at that time like I was buried hopelessly in a stone grave. Finally, Wally put forth a giant amount of effort, and lifted the rock right out and moved it out of the way. Then, with a lot of help from Wally, I was able to get up out of the crack. When we were safely back up into the Lead Room, we found that my flashlight was half missing, and I was out of light. Wally's batteries were



ILL. "B"



ILL. "C"

almost dead, but he did have a spare penlight left. Half of Wally's Gibbs ascender was missing and the spring was stretched out to about 8" long. Also, the tape was broken, and my new coveralls were ripped up.

While Wally coiled the rope I was able to get my carbide lamp barely going. We started out and soon my lamp gave no light, and Wally's beam diminished to almost nothing. About halfway to the entrance we had to turn on Wally's penlight which was our last resort. By the time we finally got out, it was dark and everyone else had left. With the small light we climbed down the streambed, crossed the river, and started up the other side. The light was starting to dim, so we took a rest to eat and let the batteries rest. Wally changed to his other dead batteries so his headlamp again had a dim beam for short periods of time. Luckily we found the flagged trail and were able to follow it. As we got closer to the clearcut, the trail was very difficult to follow, because the flags were so hard to see. Then, to our delight, we saw a light below us. It was a campfire in the clearcut, and soon we arrived to find only two of our group there. Chuck and another had left but would return later with the car. We had arrived at the clearcut at 20 minutes to midnight, and I arrived home at 6:30 AM.

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AN OPEN LETTER TO VULCANOSPELEOLOGISTS

Dear Fellow Vulcanospeleologists:

Dr. Rane Curl, as president of the 8th International Congress of Speleology, has directed me to ask how many of the world's vulcanospeleologists would like to gather and/or present papers during that congress (in July 1981, in Kentucky, near Mammoth Cave). With "about 9 to 12 papers", a separate "event" can be scheduled. It may be possible to designate this the Third International Symposium on Vulcanospeleology.

Alternately, such a symposium might be possible as an event of the 1982 National Speleological Society convention in Oregon or Washington state.

In any event, special tours of lava cave areas in parts of the western United States and perhaps Hawaii will be possible before the congress in 1981.

Please inform me of your desires and suggestions--and those of other vulcanospeleologists not addressed by this letter--as soon as possible.

Sincerely,

William R. Halliday, M.D.

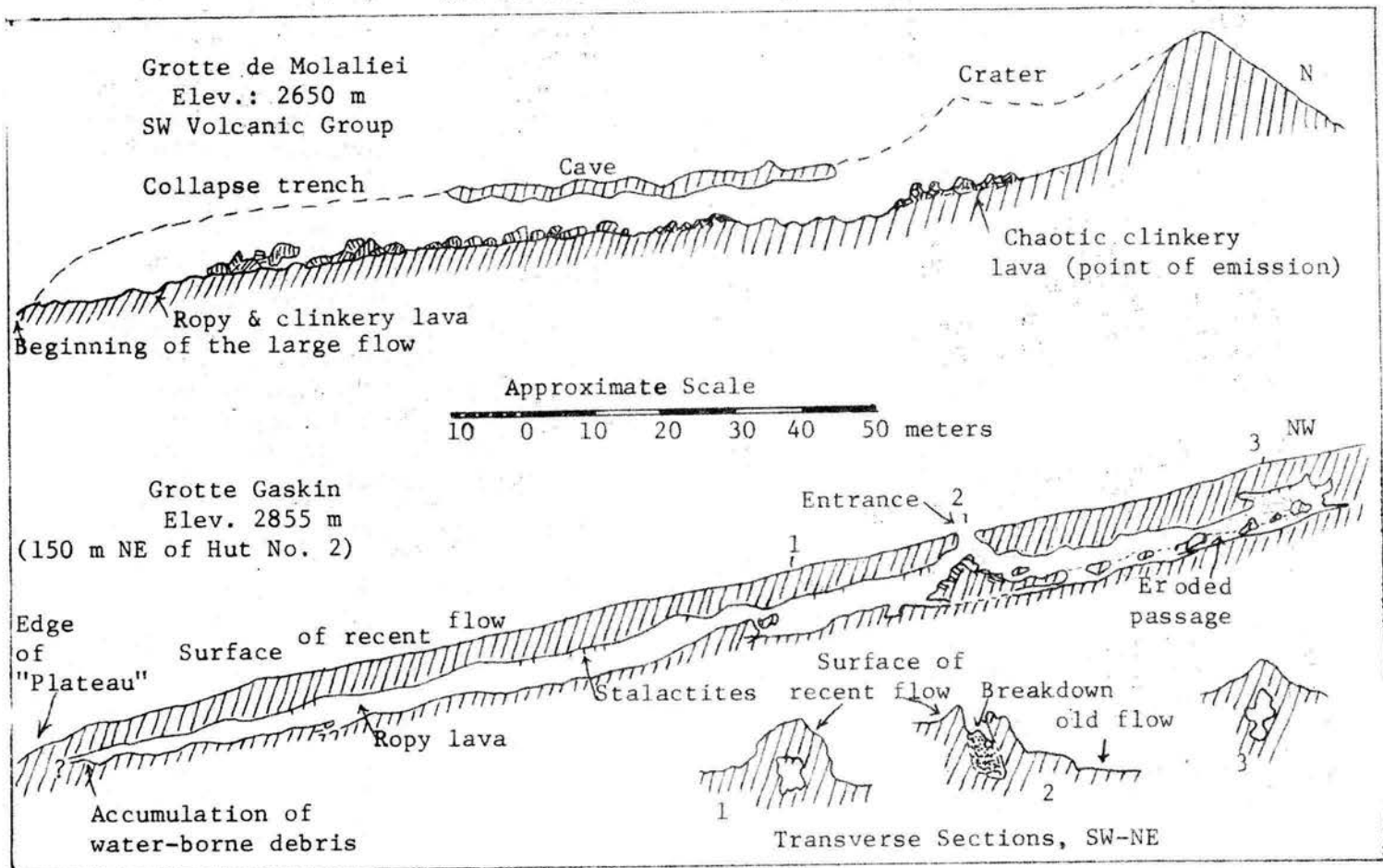
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VULCANOSPELEOLOGICAL ABSTRACT

Mills, Martin T., 1977. The subterranean wonders of Kenya. Shepton Mallet Caving Club Occasional Publication #8, 19 pp. Abstr. by W.R. Halliday.

A useful brief guide and bibliography of Kenya vulcano- and calcareospeleology if one can find a copy. According to the author, only ten copies were printed. References in the various publications of the Cave Exploration Group of East Africa are not included, but two in the Cascade Caver (on Mt. Suswa caves) were duly cited.

PROFILES OF LAVA TUBES ON MOUNT CAMEROUN
(NW of Douala, Cameroon, Africa)



From: "Grottes de tunnels de lave du Mont Cameroun", by Bernard Geze, in Spelunca, v. 10 pp. 1-7. Redrawn by the editor. See abstract in the Aug. 1978 issue.

THE FIRST WEEK IN SEPTEMBER



CASCADE GROTTO STORE

Chuck Fair, Keeper, (206) 832-3651
Route 1 Box 155-B, Eatonville WA 98328

Note: Carbide lamps, 4" reflectors, Justrite reamers and air cooled grips, Premier wing nuts, and felt holders are temporarily out of stock.

| | |
|---|---------|
| Construction hardhat (with lamp bracket and chin strap) | \$12.00 |
| Gloves (waterproofed cotton) | 1.65 |
| Chin strap | 1.10 |
| Kneepads (Judson Rubber) | 4.95 |
| Side Packs | 1.65 |
| Cyalume lightsticks | 1.50 |
| Plastic Storm Shelter | 1.40 |
| Justrite Electric Headlamp | 7.50 |
| Justrite Carbide Lamp Tip | .30 |
| Justrite Striker | .90 |
| Justrite 2-1/2" reflector | 1.95 |
| Premier Carbide Lamp Tip | .30 |
| Flints | 3/.10 |
| Gasket | .25 |
| Felt | .10 |
| <u>Caves of Washington</u> | 4.00 |
| Cascade Grotto Plastic Stickers | .30 |
| Cascade Grotto Patches | 2.35 |

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THE OCTOBER MEETING

Seventeen were present. It was decided to sell shares in the Grotto Store on an informal basis; further details will be announced. It was announced that Roger Silver and Patty Barnhart of the Oregon Grotto would be married October 20th. Slide show was the excellent "Caves of Oregon". The donation jug yielded \$8.29 at the September meeting and \$6.40 in October.

TRIP REPORT CONTEST CLOSED

The trip reports in this issue are the last that will be eligible for this year's prize. The earliest eligible reports are those in the "May-June" and "September-October", 1978, issues. Be thinking about which to vote for. Who will win? The suspense mounts!

PROPOSED DUES INCREASE

For details, see page 30.

Voting members--your grotto ballot is enclosed
THE DECEMBER MEETING IS TUESDAY DECEMBER 18TH
AND DON'T FORGET TO VOTE!