



# THE CASCADE CAVER

International Journal of  
Vulcanospeleology



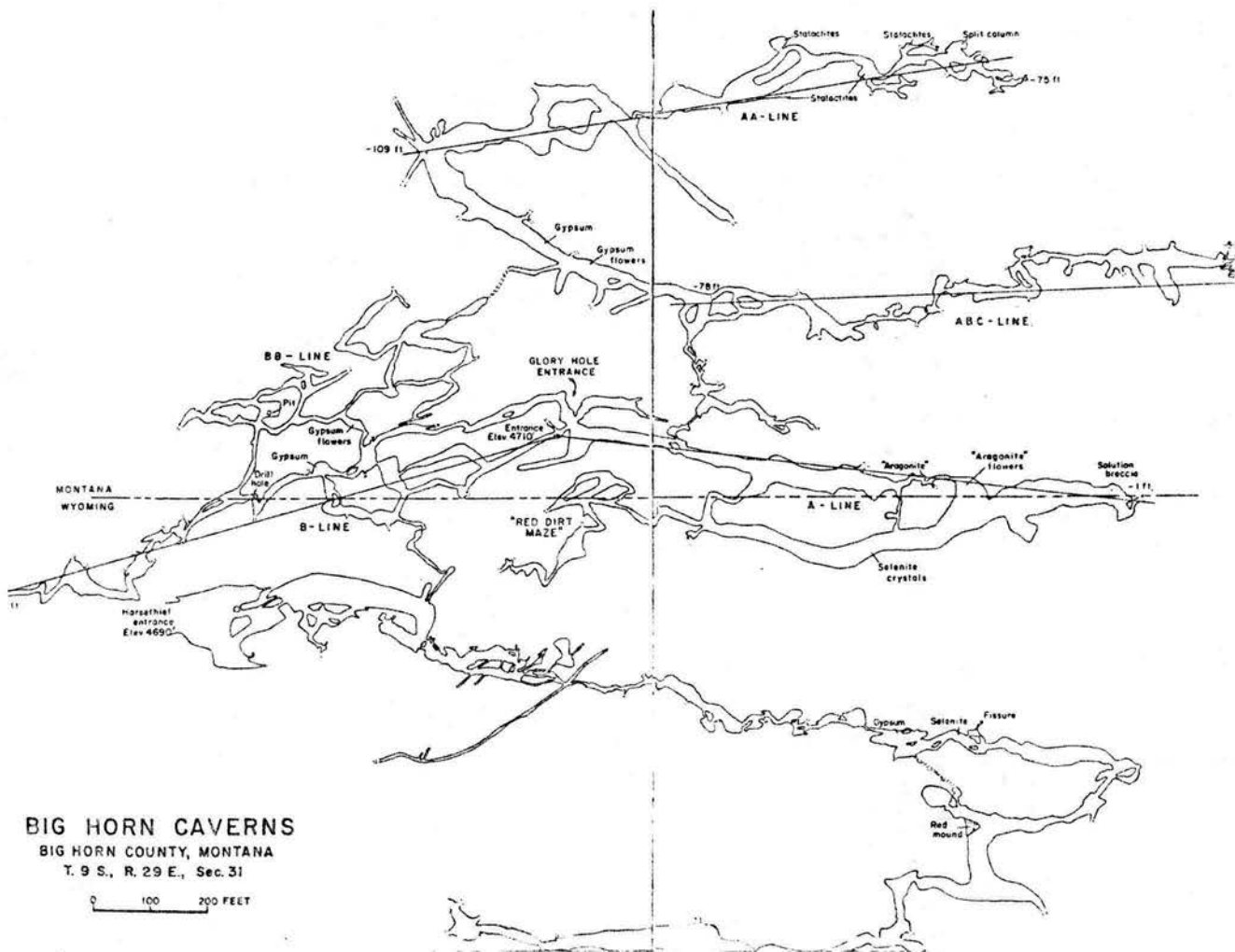
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COMING EVENTS

- OCT ?? Searching for Glacier Caves on the South side of Mt. St. Helens. The date has not yet been set. Call Bill Halliday for details at 324-7474.
- OCT. 14-16 Trip to Cody Cave in British Columbia. This will probably be the last time we can stay at Phil Whitfield's house before he moves to Kamloops. Contact Bob Brown (569-2724) or Mark Sherman (524-8780) for more information.
- OCT. 18 Grotto Meeting 8:00, 1117 36th Ave. East, Seattle
- NOV. 12-13 Deadhorse Cave and Three Sinks Cave (Trout Lake area). Call Bob or Mark for details.
- NOV. 15 Grotto Meeting 8:00, 1117 36th Ave. East, Seattle
- NOV. 23-27 Big Horn and Horsethief Caves on Thanksgiving. Five miles of warm and dry passages in Montana and Wyoming. See the cover of this issue for the map of these two beautiful caves. Call Bob Brown or Ben Tompkins (524-9526) for more information. We need to know by the October 18th meeting so we can send for the permit.
- DEC. 20 Grotto Meeting 8:00, 1117 36th Ave. East, Seattle

Herman

by Jim Unger



ADDRESS CHANGE

Tom Miller  
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"People are beginning to complain about too much violence on cave walls."

## NOTES FROM THE 1983 REGIONAL

This years regional was held in the Lehman Cave area, of Nevada. The Salt Lake City Grotto was the host, and there were cavers there representing VICEG, and the Cascade, Gem State and the Salt Lake City Grottos. Besides seeing old friends, starting up some new friendships, and seeing some fantastic caves, there was quite a number of business topics that got acted on.

Phil Whitfield was again elected chairman of the North West Caving Association (NWCA). He must really be doing a fantastic job because everyone was afraid to run against him. Phil was also presented with the original NWCA charter that Earl Peterson found buried in his house.

The NWCA has over \$800 sitting in a bank account somewhere. Bob Brown suggested that this money be invested in a high interest account, and that the interest be used to help finance future Symposiums and Regionals. This was approved by everyone.

Phil Whitfield announced that Bill Halliday, Jerry Thornton, and the Cascade Grotto were award winners from VICEG's Rennie/Clark Memorial Fund. The Cascade Grotto will receive \$125 for the Cave Register Program. Bill's award was for his work in the Mount St. Helens area.

Terry Chapman of the Gem State Grotto announced that next Labor Day, Gem State will be having a cave rescue practice at Papoose Cave in Idaho. It was then suggested to Terry, that Papoose would be a great place for next year's regional. After some thought, Terry volunteered Gem State as the host.

### NON-CAVING FEMALE MEETS CAVING MALE = SURPRISE!

#### A Trip To New Cave

By Dede Brown

Now, when I first met Bob Brown we had a lot of things in common, caving was not one of them. My vast knowledge of caves was what I had learned via the movies. First there was always a big hill or mountain. then in the side of this hill was a big hole you walked into. A lot of times that was the home of bears, wolves, bats and other things that make your skin crawl (or bleed if you were not so lucky).

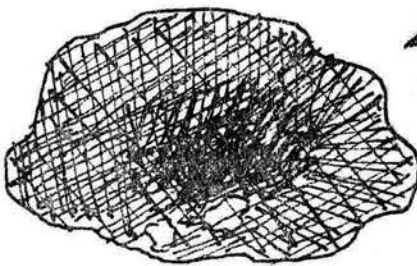
Bob, after a lot of laughter, assured me that there were no bears or things to fear in the caves. The first thing that came to mind was a movie I had just seen on cable TV called "Boogalins". I had my doubts but since this caving trip also included a camping trip, I decided to give it a try. What the hay, he's cute.



The first thing I needed was boots. Not the kind of boots I would think of, but BOOTS! Then I learned that I'd also need wool pants. He would get me some. I don't know how many of you have any idea just how surprised I was to find us in an army surplus store shopping. Oh well! Now we were looking for a pair of pants to fit. It did not take Bob very long to find out that this was easier said than done. It seems that I'm not built like most men. It only took us six stores and half a day to find a pair that were small enough to take in.



Finally we were ready for our big trip. He was kind to me this time, we didn't have to hike to my demise. Well, we arrived after hours of driving and stop in the middle of some brush and trees. "We are here" he says in delight. Two car loads of us pile out. Mark, a caver from San Francisco, was in the car with us. In the second car is a neighbor of Bob's and her son and his girlfriend. Only Bob and Mark are cavers (brave aren't they). Well, Bob and Mark start pulling out gear. HARD HATS?! What are we doing, going mining? Finally we are ready. Off we march behind the trees to where the cave is. Where is the hill? Bob pushes aside some bushes and says, "Here it is". He



has a great big grin on his face. I look up, look straight ahead, and finally down. YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING!!!!!! Here is this hole in the ground! "I thought we were going into a cave!" I exclaimed with a gulp. "It is a cave." Bob tries to convince me. "But a cave is a hole in a mountain that you walk into.", I insisted as I stared into darkness. I am flanked by our two dogs. Cass, who is Bob's dog, has been caving before. Saver, who is my dog, looks at me, looks down at the hole, watches Cass start running down into nothingness, looks back at me, and

whines. I know just how she feels. Bob starts ahead followed by his neighbor and her family, then Mark. Finally with a gulp and a quick prayer, I gingerly start after them. Saver looked down at all of us, backed up a few feet, and whined again. I knew she was saying "I'm not going!" We all did our best to coax her down. She made a few feeble tries then just sat down and whined. Mark finally lifted her off of her perch and carried her down. I guess I should have sat and whined then maybe Bob would have carried me down too. I wouldn't have had to take my life into my own hands climbing down.

At last we were once again ready to go. Bob had given me a darling little lantern and I was surprised at how much light it gave off. So this is a cave, I thought. Well, at least it's flat once you get in. Even Saver was getting into it. Using my cute little lantern, I looked around as best I could. The ground was rough so you had to watch where you walked. The real trick was to dodge the dripping water,



watch your head when the roof came down low, watch your step, try to see whatever there is to see, and at the same time, keep up with the others! Everybody else had already passed into another chamber when Bob came back to make sure that I was still coming. I was waiting until the others came back or at least until I heard the others and KNEW that there was another chamber. Again Bob assured me that it would be OK. I sure wish I had whatever Alice used to make her small. Wonderland was never like this. The caves in the movies weren't like this either! Bob was right about one thing, there weren't any bears or creepy things. Believe me, I was watching!

After crawling, scooting, and sliding across what felt like broken glass for what seemed like hours, we finally did reach a larger chamber. Not too large, but at least I could unfold. When we reached the end, everyone else was waiting for us, even the dogs. Saver looked at me smugly as if to say, "What took you so long, this is fun." We shut the lights off and talked.... well, they talked. Bob and I were still getting to know each other. It was really kind of nice in there; warm even.

By and by we started out again and how I dreaded the low parts. We got to them faster than I expected but the funny thing is, we also got to the entrance a lot faster than I expected. I wonder why that is? How come it took us an hour to get in and only 10 minutes to get out? "Gee," I thought, "That wasn't that bad." In fact it was kind of fun. At least as long as I can keep my feet on the ground. No hanging around on a rope for me. Yup. I think I might do it again.

I know you cavers are rolling on the floor thinking about when Bob gets me into a REAL cave, one with 15-foot drops and so forth. Well, I'm not going! I like BOTH feet on the ground. That is where I draw the line. It is bad enough that he's trying to make a mountain climber out of me. Just because I'm underground doesn't mean that I'm not mountain climbing. I'm not too fond of tight spaces either. What is wrong with just walking, anyway? But maybe I'll see you in a cave some day.



MOVIE REVIEW By Jan Roberts

Voyage to the Edge of the World Jacques Cousteau (1977)

The last half hour of this film features Cousteau's divers exploring an ice cave in an iceberg! The ice cave was entered above the water line through a passage which lead into a large room. The room was partly above and partly below the waterline and the underwater photography in the room is spectacular!

Horizons of the Sea, Documentary (1972)

This film is about scuba diver's explorations off the coasts of Australia. About halfway through the film the divers take the opportunity to explore an underground lake in Jewel Cave near Augusta. This is a 140 foot deep limestone cave that has been developed as a tourist attraction and has some well developed speleothems. The divers find bones in the sediments of the lake bottom that turn out to be those of a kangaroo and are estimated to be hundreds or thousands of years old. There are in all 10 or 12 minutes of excellent cave movie photography and about 4 minutes of underwater exploration in the lake.

Editor's Note:

I would like to remind everyone that there is a fifty dollar prize for the best trip report of the year. Please send them to me at this address.

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GROTTO MEETING OCT. 18 at 8:00