



THE CASCADE CAVER

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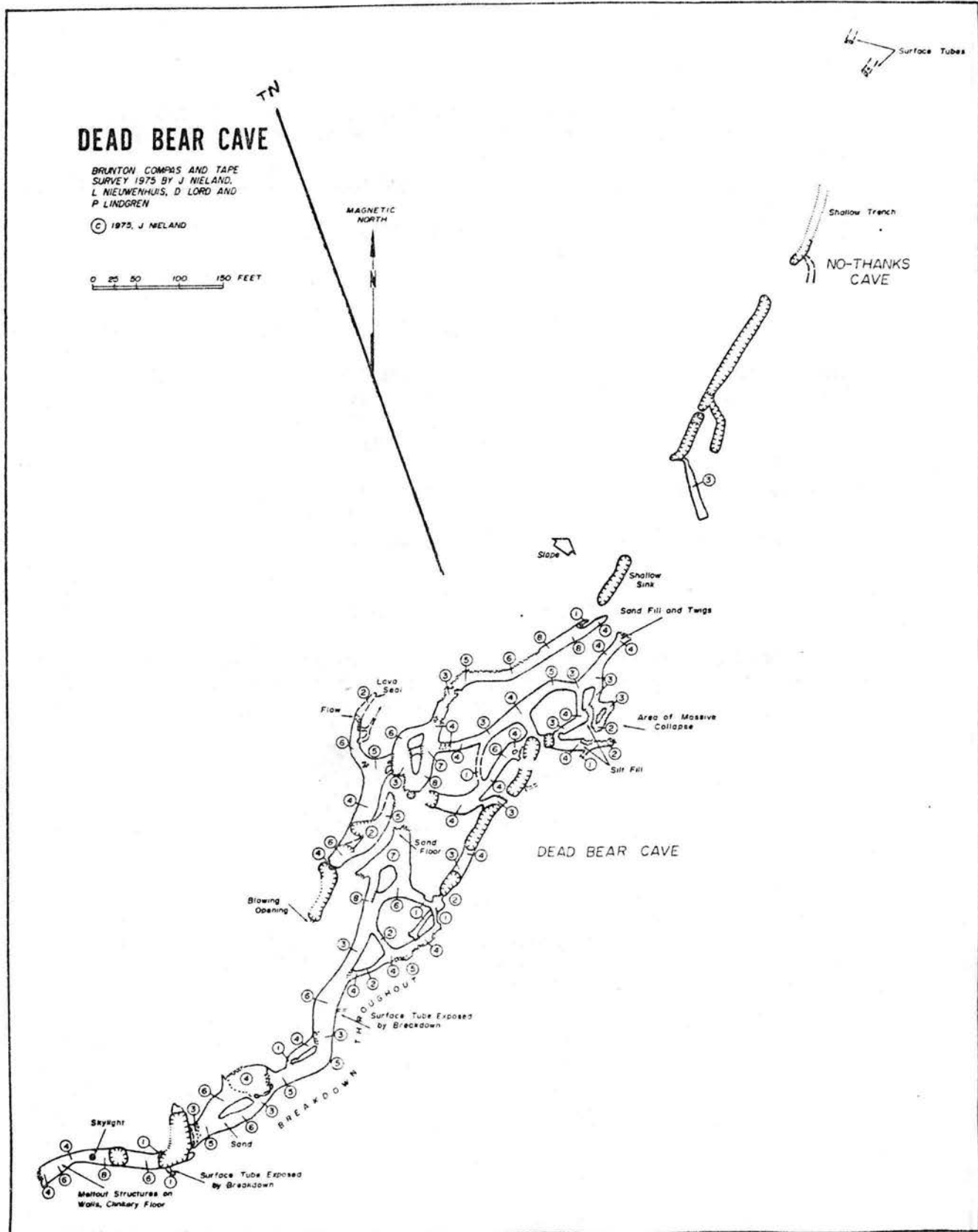


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Editor: Mark Sherman

JAN-FEB 1984



GROTTO EVENTS

FEB. 21 Grotto Meeting 8:00, 1117 36th Ave. East, Seattle
MAR. 20 Grotto Meeting 8:00, 1117 36th Ave. East, Seattle
APR. 17 Grotto Meeting 8:00, 1117 36th Ave. East, Seattle
MAY 15 Grotto Meeting 8:00, 1117 36th Ave. East, Seattle
MAY 24-28 Memorial Day trip to Nevada. Contact Bob Brown at
569-2724 or Mark Sherman at 524-8780 for details.
JUNE 23-JULY 8 NSS Convention trip to Wyoming and South Dakota.
SEPT. 1-3 NWCA meeting at Papoose Cave.

ELECTION RESULTS

At the January Grotto meeting, Al Lundberg reported the results of the 1984 Grotto Election. The 1984 Officers are:

Chairman	Frederick Dickey
Vice Chairman	Rod Crawford
Secretary/Treasurer	Alan Lundberg

TRIP COORDINATOR

We are looking for someone to be the Grotto Trip Coordinator. This involves organizing trips and being a contact for people who are organizing their own trips. If anyone is interested, please give one of the officers a call.

TRIP REPORT PRIZE

There are only 6 more months for people to get their trip reports in and qualify to win the first prize of \$50.00.

COVER

The map on the cover is of Dead Bear Cave near Mt. Adams, in Washington. It was drawn by Jim Nieland and was reprinted from the Speleograph, Vol. XI, No. 10.

Canada's Deepest Cave System

By Tom Miller

In earlier trip reports, I made some mention of the incredible caving to be had on Vancouver Island, for example the fact that with over 1000 catalogued caves, it had nearly as many as the rest of the NWCA combined. The deep caves are there as well -- three caves already that are more than 1000 feet deep -- as well as four caves with lengths in excess of two miles. For years, cavers had sporadically attempted to extend the 1000 foot depth of Q-5 cave on the northern end of the Island, or they had dreamed of extending upward through the boulder choke at the top end of Quatsino Cave -- connected up, the two would form a system 2150 feet deep, the deepest in Canada and the United States. It is virtually in the backyard of Northwest cavers. Well, the dream defied reality, until with an unexpected suddenness it was almost, but not quite, brought into focus this past summer...

Windy Link Cave Oct. 15, 1983 Time Underground: 4 hrs.
Party: Brian Bischoff, Eoin Finn, Tom Miller, Eric Von Vorkampff

We were up at 5 A.M. to catch the 7:00 ferry, and then began the long drive to Gold River. There, we bought food, then 4-wheeled it up to camp below the mouth of Quatsino Cave.

A couple months before, Tich Morris and two others had stumbled over Windy Link Cave midway between Q-5 and Quatsino. It was a tiny sink that dropped immediately into a 180-foot pit. Best of all it blew air. Subsequent explorations found two more pits dropping into a streamway mapped upstream to within 300 feet of the Q-5 sump, and downstream to a similar distance vertically above the breakdown in Quatsino Cave. The dye trace performed showed that the Windy Link stream was in fact the same water as that in both Q-5 and Quatsino Cave.

The purpose of our present trip was to try to establish a voice connection between Windy Link and Quatsino, through the boulder chokes at either end of both caves.

It was late in the day, about 3:30, before camp was pitched, and we were packed and ready to begin the steep, 1000-foot climb in heavy brush and timber to the mouth of Windy Link. Simultaneously, Tich and his son Duncan were to enter Quatsino, and proceed to the boulder choke to listen for our shouts and whistles.

We reached the entrance about 5 P.M., then waited for over an hour for Eric to pound in a bolt to re-belay the rope on the 180-foot pitch. At the bottom of the drop, the passage forked going downstream. Eoin and Eric followed the dry fossil to bypass the crawly stream passage that Brian and I took. Shortly after the two rejoined, the stream sumped in a 4-foot deep blue pool. An overflow route went perhaps 100 feet before ending in a drafting boulder choke. While Brian and Eric dug at the rocks, Eoin and I backtracked up the passage to climb into high-level unchecked leads to search for possible bypasses. Neither duo had any success, and we exited at 10:30.

Quatsino Cave Resurgence October 16 Time Underground: 5.5 hrs.
Party: Eoin Finn, Tom Miller, Pete Shifflett, Eric Von Vorkampff

Shortly after we rose, Paul and Karen Griffiths drove up to camp bringing Pete Shiffletts with them. Pete had been delayed by the airlines Friday night and had missed us in Vancouver. Now he watched as we milled around for a couple of hours arguing over who was to do what and with whom. Tich greatly desired a party of cavers to climb back up the hill in a repeat of last night's Windy Link trip. This was forgivably resisted by those who had participated in it, with the result that Pete and I accompanied Eric in to Quatsino to make the climb at the back end up into "Gateway to Heaven" to examine the problems of forcing a way with crowbars or dynamite up into Windy Link. Eoin, not having seen the cave, went with us as far as the climb, then exited to meet up with Tich, Duncan and Brian for the long drive back to Vancouver.

We entered about 2:30 P.M. and proceeded up the streamway to the climb, at which point Eoin left. Above the climb we scrambled up the rift at the top to its end, where an almost passable crawl blew a faint breeze. Blasting, it was agreed, would do the trick.

We descended, then continued further up the main stream to the "Tarzan Swing", a hand-over-hand up 15 feet, with the securing end looped loosely over a small stalagmite. Past this were some short climbs, easily done in what Eric said was low water, to the base of the Boulder Room. This chamber was unmapped, and rose some 100 feet total to end at the bottom of a massive rubble choke which formed the ceiling. The stream issued out of the breakdown about 40 feet up. We climbed to this point, then split up, each of us following our own multiple routes through the boulders.

The boulders formed a complex maze, with holes everywhere, many of them penetrable. After some time, I found a way around one blockage back to the main part of the stream. This led in a steep rift upwards for some distance. One wall was bedrock, the other side was massive boulders. Because I had to roll aside rocks to go as far as I did, it was certain that no one had seen this route before. Eventually, I stopped where the water came out of holes between easily movable rocks overhead. Alone, and having to get thoroughly soaked, I decided to go back for Pete, who was wearing a wetsuit.

I met Pete partway back, and like myself, he was by this time confused about the way out. With the help of some cairns I had built, we got back to the Boulder Room, to find Eric high overhead in the roof. He said he had found what he was sure was the other side of a hole he remembered seeing in Windy Link the previous night. He left some fabric from his coveralls for the benefit of anyone peering in from that side, and being cold and wet by this time, we decided to exit.

Windy Link Cave October 16
Party: Tom Miller, Pete Shifflett

Time Underground: 10 hrs.

After taking Eric Von V. into town the day before so he could return to Vancouver, Pete and I drove his 4WD truck back to the camp where there were now only two of us. On Tuesday, we packed and began the climb up to Windy Link. The rain which had begun Sunday held off just long enough to let us get into the trees before returning in earnest.

We entered at 1:15. On the descent, I pointed out to Pete the bear and deer skulls that were present in relative abundance on the pit bottoms. In the streamway, we first turned our attention downstream to see if we could spot Eric's piece of fabric through any of the holes in the rocks at the choke. We had no luck, so we headed to the upper end of the cave, noting that the recent rains had raised the sump level by nearly three feet.

Upstream, the water had cut to the underlying basement(?) rock, apparently a fine-grained mafic material. We climbed up the contours of this stone, over several cascade series formed by it. Although there was some crawling, most of the passage was easy to walk in and we made good time. A cable ladder at one point offered an easy way up a 30-foot falls.

The main way eventually ended in a possible fault rift, where the stream came out under breakdown. Eric had told of a possible bypass 100 yards before the end so we backtracked. Eric's turned out to be a high meandering fossil canyon. We began to survey at the point where it left the main route. It ended soon in a collapse, with no particularly obvious continuation. Ignoring a floor hole back a ways, and the breakdown, we followed the breeze down into another, more immediate hole in the floor where we could hear running water.

We found ourselves in a medium-sized chamber that the water exited in three tight rifts. We continued mapping upstrem, following the water. The passage split into upper and lower sections connected by 25-foot vertical manhole-sized shafts. We stepped lightly over some fine cave pearls in the upper section, then mapped down the last of the four manholes -- the upper section had ended, forcing us back to the water. Not far past this we encountered a low section with only a few inches of airspace, something the Gomex suit I wore couldn't handle.

We stopped the mapping here. Pete went ahead in his wetsuit while I attempted to lower the pool by digging. After a few minutes work I popped through to the other side. Figuring Pete had kept to the water, I climbed up into an overlying dry maze, and followed it for 2-300 feet. I met up with Pete soon after, where he had been forced by a sump in the stream. He told me of a fork in the streamway (which had seemed to have suspiciously little water in it where we had encountered it initially after leaving the fossil canyon). Apparently, we were in a major tributary that fed into the main Windy Link stream upstream of the breakdown-choked rift in the main stream passage coming from Q-5. It was now obvious that we had missed the main way on, if there was one. However, we had a breezy, unexplored, section of cave in front of us.

We pushed on through a tight, greasy fissure about 50 feet high. A small stream ran at the bottom of it -- I suggested against Pete's misgivings that we call it Shifflett's Riftlet, if only because it sounded euphonious, and for no

better reason. The stream dwindled below as small feeders came in, then abruptly, widened into a huge, high canyon. We followed this only 100 feet into an enorou aven, the Super Dome. The stream fell at least 70 feet from a large black hole to which the passage tapered upwards. For us at least, the overhanging walls were unclimbable. We headed out, exploring a half-dozen side leads on the way. They didn't end, and only impressed upon us the complexity of the area, which we decided to name the Air Supply Tributary.

We exited at 11:15, then began the long wet climb down through the forest to camp.

Quatsino Cave October 20 Time Underground: 4 hrs.
Party: Tom Miller, Pete Shifflett

It was still raining after five days. We were somewhat refreshed after spending the night in a Gold River cheapo motel, and replenished our store of food in the preparation for a trip to the resurgence.

After driving back to our soggy camp, we entered the cave about 3 P.M. We moved quickly up to the Boulder Room, finding the greatly increased water to be rather "sporting" on the pitches. At the Boulder Room, we surveyed to the top end of that section of the cave to provide an actual measurement for use in estimating the distance to Windy Link. Some work with a crowbar pointed up the task necessary to break through into Windy Link, and we pinpointed several areas where blasting could be useful. Unfortunately, the higher water prevented a return to the route through the boulders I had seen on Sunday. We exited at about 7 P.M., and abruptly decided to break camp and drive north to Arch Cave.

Arch Cave October 21 Time Underground: 6.5 hrs.
Party: Tom Miller, Pete Shifflet

After driving to Bill Bourdillon's the previous night, we said goodbye, and taking our brand-new VICEG newsletters and borrowed rope, we drove north from Campbell River to Port McNeil. At Port McNeil we gave Peter Curtis, a local caver, a call to see if it was possible for him to join us. It wasn't, but he urges calls from cavers passing through, just in case. It was another hour to the cave vicinity. The rain was beginning to seem almost tropical in its intensity and persistence. Fog was so thick that visibility was down to just a few yards, making the normal easy walk to the cave somewhat more difficult to locate.

We entered at about 4:30-5:00, finding the stream very high. A veritable spout poured down the first small 12-foot climb. More ominous was the large amount of water cascading down the normally dry 130-foot Block Pot. We pulled the old rope here and re-rigged it on the first of the pitches in the Triple Pot bypass route. Normally dry and easily climbable, this too, had water draining down it. The short crawl midway in this section, the muddy Wallows, was a trifle worse than usual. The water from the pitch we had just handlined was running into it. We dropped the next two pits on one re-belayed line, then re-emerged into the main stream, now a sporting streamway instead of the normal dry route. We left it at Window Aven to angle left to the new passages found above the

Mudfinger Series. To my surprise, a considerable flow poured down from Window Aven, probably enough to make it all the way to hitherto always dry Confluence Pot, although we didn't bother to check.

In Mudfinger we rigged a handline on the nasty greasy climb up, then began surveying. We surveyed only 50 meters, but it was all nearly straight up, and every lead ended high in the top of wide canyons at the bottom of which we could hear water running. We had no rope to descend with, but it is likely these are simply the extreme upper parts of known areas.

We headed out, pausing occasionally to check leads. I went first up the bottom pitch of the Triple Pots, and while waiting for Pete decided to climb up the fissure passage leading into it. It had always been ignored before by people heading further in. It turned to lead to about 200 feet of nicely decorated meandering canyon, unfortunately ending in a small hole. At one point, it was almost possible to climb back over the next rope drop to the top, by chimneying in the ceiling.

Finished with the bottom two pitches, we coiled the rope and headed to the Wallows. I was surprised to find it mostly filled with water! The small stream we had noticed coming in had continued to pour into the Wallows and there were now only 6-7 inches of airspace left. That too, was a new phenomenon, but we were in no danger as it would have been easily bailed.

We stepped outside at 11:00 to another surprise: a perfectly clear, moonlit night. The mountains and bay were beautifully cast in silver, all of it nicely set off by piles of slash that still burned red in spite of the recent rains. All in all, a nice touch to end a week of caving.

The next day we drove south to put Pete on the plane back to San Diego, and myself on the plane to Spokane.

Papoose Cave, Idaho October 29 Time Underground: 7.5 hrs
Party: Bruce Anderson, Paul Bellamy, Bill Jones, Duane Lee, Ben Miller,
Tom Miller, Helen and Charley and one other.

Ben and I drove south from Cheney to meet up with Bill and Bruce in Moscow. We ended the drive reasonably early at the campground a couple miles below the turnout for the cave. In the morning, Duane drove in from White Bird, and the others from the Pullman, Washington area in another vehicle. We entered the cave at about 11 A.M., then split into two parties at the Wet 40. Bruce, Ben, Duane, and I chimneyed out over the pit to the Dry 50, then climbed up to the start of the Clearwater Passage. The objective was to check out a possible infeasible passage high above the short drop midway through. The sightseeing, of course, was worthwhile as well, especially the two or three nice large palettes (or "shields") toward the end.

The passage I was interested in had already been entered in the previous nine years since my last visit, but by breaking a path to it through some stalactites. However, this has unfortunately been the history of the Clearwater, including its discovery. We continued on through to Valhalla by means of a pulled-down doubled rope, meeting the others near the Sand Room. After lunch, our party continued on down the Wet Way to the Millrace Room,

while the others went to view Bluepatterwaterson's. In the Wet Way, my Gomex suit proved its superiority, allowing me to ascend the waterfalls, wade the pools and stay dry, while the others had to resort to a lot of chimneying.

Water levels were low throughout the cave, and it was a simple matter to hand-over-hand the Wet 40, and exit the cave at 1900 hrs. (The papers reported some aftershocks of the previous days earthquake while we were in the cave, but we felt nothing. No new breakdown was noted, either).

An Unnamed Cave Discovered October 30 Time Underground: 0.5 hr
Party: Bill Jones, Duane Lee, Ben Miller, Tom Miller

Bill, Ben, and I met Duane in the morning, then drove to a tributary of John Day Creek to check out a sinking stream shown on topo maps of the area. To our great surprise (since we had bothered to bring lamps, coveralls, and helmets) the stream sank into a cave entrance. After I had dithered about in breakdown on the wrong side of the sink, Bill found the right hole leading in. I slithered through, finding a nice three-foot diameter tunnel in grainy, sugary-textured marbled limestone. I followed this for about 100 feet to a point where a pool dictated immersion to a degree I found abhorrent. The passage continued as large on the other side -- crawly, but roomy. The apparent resurgence is just over 1000 feet away and about 100 feet lower in the same canyon -- it could easily be dug into and opened up. Barring quick complications, a virgin cave of as much as a half mile could result. Anyone interested?

Cascade Caver
207 HUB (FK-30) BOX 98
University of Washington
Seattle WA. 98195

Grotto Meeting: MAR. 20 at 8:00