



# THE CASCADE CAVER

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WINDOW ON THE W. LINE (BIGHORN) LINDA C. HESLOP '85

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The CASCADE CAVER

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The Cascade Grotto meets at 7:00 pm on the third Tuesday of each month at:  
1117 36th Ave. East, Seattle.

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GROTTO MEETINGS

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GROTTO EVENTS

NOV 9-11 Papoose Cave Idaho  
Call Bob Brown 569-2724  
NOV 19 Grotto Meeting 7:00  
DEC 17 Grotto Meeting 7:00

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This month's cover was drawn by Linda Heslop (VICEG), from Victoria BC.

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\*  
\* I am running low on things to print in the Caver. \*  
\* I know several of you out there have been caving \*  
\* so please write up some trip reports and mail them \*  
\* to me. -- Mark \*  
\* \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## GROTTO NEWS

Next month (which will be November, I'm just a tad bit behind with the Cavers) we will have nominations for next year's officers. Anyone who would like to run for office please contact one of this year's officers. If you for sure don't want to be nominated, I would suggest that you attend the meeting at 7:00 on the 19th.

We are still looking for a place for the Grotto to meet. If you know of anyplace please let me know. Mark

Please look at your dues expiration date which is listed in the upper right-hand corner of the mailing label. If your time is up please send your renewal to Alan Lundberg. His address is listed on page 44.

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### LAVA TUBIN' IN WASHINGTON

By Linda Heslop (VICEG)

We left Victoria Thursday evening, catching the 5 o'clock ferry from Swartz Bay, and spent the night at Larabee State Park. Most of Friday was spent shopping in Seattle. Ben Tompkins and family extended their hospitality to us for a pleasant evening at their home which included a delicious roast beef dinner. Along with Ben and his two boys we left Seattle in a typical Puget Sound drizzle and drove down to Cougar on the freeway then took the scenic, forested road to Little Red River Cave.

After gearing everyone up we entered the cave about 2:30. As far as lava tubes go Little Red River Cave has a lot to offer. Just past the entrance there is a 20 foot drop to the main passage. A short by-pass

doubles back to a crack in the wall halfway down allowing for a 10 foot climb to the passage floor. Apparently there is usually an old tree angled into the crack to simplify the climb but by some mysterious means it was no longer there.

Having foreseen problems in negotiating the climbs with the children Ben had brought along a length of rope. After belaying Ben down we tied up each child and more or less lowered them down to Ben. This proved to be a simple exercise. Coming back up was a little trickier however as the opening at the top is quite narrow. It was a little like pulling a cork from a bottle with Sarah as she was unable to assist herself in climbing up.

From the bottom of the drop the passage continues downward fairly steeply over loose dirt and breakdown. At this point the passage opens up into a large subway type tunnel. The floor is covered in frozen lava splashes and bubbles and the walls (approx. 15 feet apart) are glazed near the floor and ridged from the various levels of flowing lava. The passage then narrows, to disappear down two 45° angled chutes to continue 50 feet below.

These chutes were great fun. Although the walls were glazed and slick there is a granular flow down the centre which resembles small steps, making an easy descent. We emerged from the chutes into a large tunnel full of breakdown where a climb through a hole in the ceiling allows further travel. There is another narrow fissure adjacent to this hole which the smaller children wriggled through and up. Being small and a fool for sticking myself into small places (traits which have on occasions that I will not humiliate myself in recounting here, have got me in trouble) I thought I would try coming back through it. Dropping down feet first, folding at the waist to get my legs up and out at the

bottom I soon discovered that my helmet does not flex like my body. It jammed tight, and worse than that my bum did likewise. I unstrapped my helmet and yanked it loose then wriggled myself out gracelessly, happy that my six year old daughter had been my only audience.

There is further subway passage with a small stream running along the centre leading to a pool at the end of the cave. We turned around before the pool as the children were tiring. They had less energy and enthusiasm than on the way in but considering it was 7 p.m. when we emerged and the youngest was only 3 years old we felt they had done well.

The sky had cleared whilst we were underground so we came out to a beautiful evening with the setting sun bathing the snowy slopes of Mt. St. Helens in a rosy pink glow. A short drive up the road brought us to a clearing in the forest where we set up camp and spent a cheery evening around the campfire.

Sunday morning dawned crisp and cold and soon turned into one of those bright, clear days that make autumn in the mountains a real joy. The red and yellow trees in change mingled amongst the green firs were almost brighter than real. We drove around Mt. St. Helens to the side that had blown apart and up past Spirit Lake to the closest viewpoint. We were overwhelmed by the extent of the area devastated by the eruption. For as far as the eye could see in all directions there was nothing but bare hillsides, dead trees and gray ash. It was interesting to note that not only had trees been snapped off by the blast but in many cases had literally been ripped from the ground by their roots. The whole area was eerie to say the least and overlooking it all was St. Helens itself with a gaping hole emitting a steady cloud of steam. After eating lunch in this barren landscape we headed back to the green forest where we said our goodbyes to Ben and

the boys and drove back to Vancouver for the ferry home.

#### NASHVILLE WEDNESDAY NIGHT CAVING

By William R. Halliday, M.D.

The Nashville Grotto runs Wednesday night caving trips two or three times a month, and on June 12, 1985 I finally got a chance to go along. We left the parking area of a shopping center near our rehab center at 6:20 p.m. and ten minutes later, parked alongside a golf course on a state highway I often use to drive home. Just across the highway and railroad, and about 100 meters uphill was a pretty little sink hidden in the woods, with a vertical limestone wall and the low entrance to Vaughn's Gap Cave. A nice little single passage cave leading in both directions from the entrance, with some massive pretties and a black-spotted orange salamander. Only about 300 feet of passage but fun to visit.

Next was a drive of all of 20 minutes to a cave recently discovered by Jeff Noffsinger, our trip leader, which he called Clambake Cave. He knew someone had been in it before, but even though it is right above US Highway 70 about 20 miles from the heart of Nashville, it wasn't in Caves of Tennessee or its supplement.

Clambake Cave is just 50 feet long. It has one pretty flowstone wall, a flat floor, a pleasantly wide room and is only a 10 minute hike from the parking area through a magnificent stand of poison ivy. So we all agreed that Jeff had made a fine discovery, that is until I discovered the smoked inscription ROY DAVIS '52.

Jeff and some of the others decided to spend some time enjoying a clambake in Clambake Cave but Mark Miller, Denny Burnham and I wanted to



see Parachute Cave about 1/2 mile farther east and visible from US 70. its 18' chimney is easily climbable though we had a hand line, and the cave was much prettier than I had expected from its description in Caves of Tennessee. The waterfall domepit at the rear is really impressive even though the waterfall was minimal at the time of our visit. We left at 9:00 and I was home before 9:20. They may not be the largest caves in Tennessee, but I could get to like these Wednesday night grotto trips.

We need to find out from Roy Davis the real name and history of "Clambake Cave." Like Parachute Cave it supports a moderate biota (snails, spiders, etc.) and needs proper recording.

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Not that we're complaining, mind you, but there has been a dearth of trip reports lately. The following reports are a year old, ancient history to many of us by now, and our apologies to Tom for the delay in printing them.

Vancouver Island Speleofest, 1984  
By Tom Miller

I left Cheney late on Thursday afternoon, Aug. 16, and drove to Bellingham. The following day I drove to Vancouver, B.C., did some shopping, then caught the 5 p.m. ferry to Nanaimo. From there I drove north until I got tired, then pulled off by the roadside to sleep.

August 18. I reached Gold River about noon then drove to Paul Griffith's house to find out the proposed scheme of operations. There was certainly a crowd of people around on opening day, about 30, some from as far as Quebec. The latter were headed up by Daniel Caron, who I remembered from Castleguard in 1980.

My old buddy Pete Shifflett had flown up from the caving wastelands of southern California with Mark Tillman and met up with Sheila Balsdon from Seattle.

Crusty old Tich Morris of Vancouver was supposed to be in charge of the Speleofest but in spite of that everything got squared away. We made camp 1500 feet up the mountainside leading to Q-5 cave at the end of a steep logging road. Most people had to be ferried up by the 4WD vehicles, leaving the 2WD's parked below.

Windy Link Cave  
Sunday, August 19, 1984  
T. Miller, S. Balsdon, P. Shifflett  
Time under: 16.5 hours

While a party of cavers headed up to Q-5 on the top of the White Ridges, other groups were scheduled to push upstream in Quatsino Resurgence Cave and both directions in Windy Link Cave. As reported in the Cascade Caver last year, a connection of all three would result in a cave 2,150 feet deep, the deepest in AngloAmerica. The results of recent plotting of the survey data by Griffiths showed that the downstream sump in Q-5 and the upstream sump in Windy Link were at the same elevation and scarcely 200 yards apart horizontally.

Pete, Sheila, and I were to form one of the two parties pushing Windy Link toward Q5 and the other party was les 4 Quebecoises. They had been in the area for some days and had rigged the 180-ft, 40-ft, and the 80-ft drops from the surface to the streamway. They informed us that they had used a number of "re-belays" and "deviations" following French practice. Usually such arrangements cause problems for people with Gibbs ascenders in their vertical rigs so we had thoroughly cautioned Sheila about the perfidious French rigging.

We three Americans entered the cave about noon following a stiff

climb through beautiful rain forest up to the entrance. We headed upstream from the entrance to the Air Supply Tributary which was mapped by Pete and myself in October of 1983 in the last attempt to connect the pieces of the Q-5 System.

At the low duck where I had had problems with my Gomex suit last year we took instead a sharp left up the Freon Tube. This was a steeply inclined crawl-sized phreatic tube which drafted a high velocity of cold air. We were all quite cold by the time we mapped through it. We surveyed along in these old phreatic tubes above the stream until we connected with the Quebecois after 600 to 900 feet. They had gone to the "Super Dome" that Pete and I had reached the year before and surveyed out to meet us.

After the tie-in Pete and I had a quick look up a large, high canyon we had found trending west. High overhead we saw the Quebecois attempting to rappel from a lead they had gone to check into what they thought was virgin cave.

We headed out at about 22:00. At the entrance pits Pete went up first. Sheila was next but like the nice, trusting, ex-Texas caver she was, she had listened too well to our warnings about the French rigging. Problems began with her new ascending system and by the time they were worked out a cold and worried Pete had gone on ahead to camp. Thus when we finally reached the top and headed home we were met by a "rescue party" on the way up. They seemed most disappointed by our apparent good health and lack of need for a rescue. We thanked them and continued on to camp, appreciating their efforts.

Windy Link again  
Tuesday, August 21  
T. Miller, P. Shifflett  
Time Under: 10 hours

Pete and I hiked up to the entrance after a day of rest, Sheila

having returned to her job in Seattle. At the entrance we actually saw Tich Morris about to go underground. The Leader of the Speleofest was taking his son down the entrance pits. The legitimate cavers cooled heels at the top for an hour listening to the yells and clash of tempers down below.

Finally the cave cleared so Pete and I headed down and reached the Air Supply area. The Quebecois had finished our big canyon lead the day before but had left their own high leads unsurveyed. They had explored them but apparently did not believe they went anywhere. We first attempted to find the source of the breeze in the Air Supply section then trudged up to the highest levels in the area and began surveying.

This upper area is a fascinating section of very large, steeply-dipping phreatic tunnels so greasy with mud that we named them the Lube Tubes. Near the start we encountered a shallow lake too long to leap. Pete didn't want to get his feet wet in these cold temperatures (an ex-Montana caver gone soft after too long in Sandy Eggo). I was wearing my Gomex suit so I volunteered to carry him across. Things went fine until we got the center of the lake where the ceiling dipped so low that I couldn't lean forward far enough to get through with the monkey on my back. I leant further forward, further, until finally I staggered through. Pete, however, had begun an inexorable slide down my back.

"Don't drop me in the water!", he screamed. I was losing my balance, tipping backwards but at the last moment I backed into the wall, pinning Pete against it. We rested for a moment, rearranged, then made a lunge for the shore. The final score: one slightly wet left foot.

After 180 meters of survey, the floor became so deeply entrenched by a later event that the broad phreatic section was inaccessible. The bottom

dropped out shortly after into a canyon pit perhaps 65 feet deep. Without rope, we retreated. We had climbed a vertical distance of 200 feet.

Back near the infamous lake we surveyed a breezy side passage. Part of the wind came from a slot in the floor but just as we were leaving we found a small hole overlooked by the Quebecois. I crawled through into a series of rooms and avens which we decided were worth mapping later. By now we were familiar with the route out and it took us less than half an hour from the main to reach the entrance series. We were out by 22:00.

Windy Link Encore  
Thursday, Aug. 23  
T. Miller, P. Shiflett, M. Tillman  
Time under 8 hrs.

The three of us guided Grundy, Evans, and Whitwell from VICEG up to the nether reaches of Windy Link for the last gasp effort to connect. Myself and the two from Sandy Egg-0 were to map into the lead I had found the previous trip. The others were to map from where the Quebecois had left off in the left-hand tunnel of the Lube Tubes, then drop the pit in the upper end of the Lube Tubes.

Ours was another cold, windy crawl. First, into a fault room, then along a muddy corridor before breaking into the avens I had quit at. Unfortunately, also right away, all the good leads vanished into the roof, from which the cold breeze (of Q-5) came. Without climbing gear and rope, we couldn't follow. Several leads led downward, but into known passage below.

We headed back to the Lube Tubes to check on the others, and if possible borrow the rope to go descend the pit at the upper end of the passage. But the others had already left, having found the mapping too dangerous, then descended the wrong pit. There was nothing for

us but to follow. At the entrance pits, we found their survey notes, which Steve had forgotten at the bottom. We were out by 22:00.

Friday, Aug. 24

We caught a ride out with Eric and Les Quebecois to Gold River. We spent the day cleaning up in our rented hotel room.

Saturday, Aug. 25  
Same Party as Thur.  
Time Under 30 min.

Drove SE from town to visit a valley with some ice field containing caves. They were large and constantly dripping. The first was 8-10m wide and 4-6m high. While the Quebecois mapped it (gluttons for punishment), Pete and I ran through with flashlights. There were several entrances upstream, with sporting waterfalls, a considerable stream and blast of cold air. I exited from the second entrance, Pete from the third, then walked back over the ice. We then headed for another, but much smaller, about 100m. While at the latter and preparing to leave, we saw a bear walking up the other ice field toward the upper entrance where we expected the Quebecois to exit. We wondered if it was pursuing froggies for dinner. A surprise for both was averted when the Quebecois exited via the bottom entrance. They reported a length of over 650m and a depth of about 230. All of us returned to Gold River for the meal ending the Speleofest.

Papoose Cave, Idaho

I drove south from Cheney, marvelling at the road improvements since 1971 that had cut 40 miles and 2 hours off the route to Riggins. There was a large crowd there, drawn by the rumor that Phil Whitfield, NWCA Chairman, might be going underground.

Papoose Cave, Idaho  
Saturday, Sept. 1, 1984  
T. Miller, S. Balsdon, M. Evans,  
O. Whitwell, John (?)  
Time under: < 5 hours

While the other people in the area commendably practiced for cave rescues that will probably not occur, the five of us headed for bottom. Our start was late, about noon, with dinner at six in the evening. I opted for the quick route down the Wet Way to the bottom.

After the abseil down the Wet-40, we took a short hand line for the Wet-Way pit. In my Gomex, I down-climbed it then watched the others perform various acrobatics on the rope to stay dry.

At the Rotten-50 Pit I rigged a hand line to aid in making the chimney traverse across the top of the pit to down-climbable terrain beyond. There was no longer a register at the sump. I was looking forward to seeing if any women had been to the bottom before Olivia and Sheila. Does any one know?

We exited via the same route. At the Wet-Way Pit, John was the only one who was tall enough to climb the drop and stay dry. In contrast to

last October, there was too much water pouring over even for the Gomex. We used the Wet-40 rope as a hand line and reached the entrance after 4 1/2 to 5 hours in the cave with plenty of time to make dinner.

At the meeting that evening, a large majority voted to have the cave access agreement re-worded to allow parties of two people into the cave. Parties of two, I should emphasize, found much of the cave originally.

Papoose Cave, Idaho  
Sunday, Sept. 2, 1984  
Same troublemakers as before.  
Time under: 30 min.

While Phil Whitfield allegedly entered Papoose Cave, we drove north to the the cave on John Day Creek. We were ready with wetsuits, Gomex, etc. Ollie stayed on the surface in the sun while the rest of us squeezed into the cave. The amount of water entering the ponor (that's right, look it up) entrance was several times greater than the year before. Steve and John quickly reached a sump only a short distance farther than I had gotten last time. With a lower water level, the cave could probably be penetrated quite a bit further.

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The Next Grotto Meeting is at 7:00 on November 19

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As of November 1, I have a new address:

Mark Sherman  
9417 8th Ave NE  
Seattle WA 98115