



# Cascade Caver



Newsletter of the Cascade Grotto of the National Speleological Society

Volume 32, No. 3

May/June 1993



# Cascade Grotto

Regular grotto Meetings are held monthly at 7:00 PM on the third Friday of each month at the University of Washington, room 6 in the basement of Johnson Hall. Business meetings are held on odd numbered months immediately following the regular grotto meetings.

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All materials to be published and exchange publications should be sent to the Editor.

Subscription requests and renewals should be sent to the grotto Treasurer.

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*On the cover. Paul Lindgren at Red Fish Cave. Photo by Scott Davis*

## Trips & Events

**National Cave Management Symposium, Oct. 27-30, Carlsbad, NM.**-Spend some time learning valuable cave management techniques, presentations from top cave management experts.

Direct Questions to: Jim Goodbar (505)887-6544, Dale Pate (505)785-2232 or Ransom Turner (505)885-4181

**Windy Creek Cave, August 29-** Cold, wet alpine caving at its best. Remember to bring along a size large, plastic garbage bag. This trip has been moved out one week but it is a go.

Contact: Bill Bennett CG, (206)255-1466

**Papoose Cave, Idaho, Sept. 3-6-** Annual labor day rendezvous near Riggins ID. Hosted by our friends from the Gem State Grotto. Vertical cave with super formations.

Contact: Jim Harp CG, (206)745-1010

**Grotto BBQ, Sept 11, 3 PM on.** Food fun and bring your favorite caving videos, at Christine and Bill Bennett's home in Renton/Fairwood. Bring your own beef and beer and a dish to share. We will have a projector and are working on a tree for vertical practice. For more details contact Bill or Christine at (206) 255-1466

**Cave Ridge, Sept. 17-19-** Cold, wet and vertical. This limestone weekend is planned especially for out of towners. Out of towners will be given preference over local area cavers when group size is limited.

Contact: Mike Wagner OG, (206)282-0985

**Cascade Grotto Annual Field Trip and Potluck, Oct 2-3-**Come join in the fun, caving and meet your fellow grotto members. Upper Deadhorse Campground at Trout Lake. Potluck starts at 5:00 p.m. Bring enough food for 1.5 times the # of people in your party.

Contact: Bob Brown (206)569-2724

**Oregon Cave restoration, Nov 5-7-** A small amount of work nets you a tour of the WILD areas in this great cave. Look for good food and camaraderie. Contact: Mike Compton CG, (206)535-5144

It should be noted that while some trips die for a lack of interest, many more successful trips happen on the spur of the moment without being announced in the caver. Please contact the trip coordinator regarding any trips being planned or with a request regarding a trip that you would like to happen. Members and family of any recognized caving organization are encouraged to join us on our field trips. Non-affiliated participants are by invitation only. For additional information call:

### **Jim Harp - Trip coordinator**

Home (206)745-1010

Work (206)388-3585

Work 1-800-562-4367 ext. 3585 or 3436

The toll free number works only from limited areas in Washington State.



## Bat Boy Speaks

Greetings from your chairman.

I've received two complaints since I last wrote to you. First that there have been no programs at the last two grotto meetings. Some members drive quite a long way to attend the meeting. Some form of formal program helps justify their attendance effort. The second complaint is that the Caver has not been published in two months. To address these concerns I will try to implement some minor changes in the format of the meetings. First I will try to get a commitment from individuals attending the meetings to bring slides or some other program to the subsequent meeting. Second, I will a backup program (typically of a practical nature). Third I will try to see that the caver is published (even in abbreviated form) and mailed out before the meeting so those attending will know what to expect. I hope to include the secretary's report, the subject of the program covered during the last meeting, the subject of the program for the next meeting and the subject of the backup program.

Attendance was light at the last meeting but we did have one volunteer for a slide show for August and I will bring some slides of Hawaii which includes a not yet cool lava tube. We may be able to show videos on the A/V equipment in the room. I will look into this further. I have a preference for programs that cover experiences of grotto members. If however someone has a burning desire for some of the canned programs from the NSS I would certainly encourage the scheduling of an NSS program and grotto funds can be made available to procure the programs. I urge anyone attending the August meeting to bring some slides or photos. There is almost no chance that too much material will show up for us to be able to show but if they do we can always schedule them for another meeting.

The backup program will be on non mechanical alternatives to prussic ascenders. If for some reason we are without a program we will experiment and familiarize ourselves with the prussik, the kleimheist, the French prussik, the kreuzkleim, the bachman, the alpine clutch, and any other systems the attendees can cook up. This is ONLY if no other program shows up.

I urge anyone doing anything of general interest to take

pictures to pass around or slides to show at the meetings and to write up a paragraph to include in the caver.

Turning to other news Howard Hoyt has remembered the grotto in his will. I have filled out the paperwork and the estate should settle within the next few months. If anyone knows any good Howard stories it would be nice to include a few in the caver for those of us who only knew him briefly.

I was contacted by Eric Larson with the department of natural resources. We will be receiving a draft copy of the cave management document for the department of wildlife. We will discuss this further at the August meeting. Mike Compton should also be receiving a copy.

Bob Brown is organizing a field trip and potluck to Trout Lake in October. The details are enclosed in this issue of the caver and will be repeated.

Karl Steinke.

## Words From the Editors

Well it has been a long time since the last caver was published and we apologize for the lapse. For those of you who don't know Christine and I have recently bought a house in Renton, gotten married and gone on vacation. But enough of all that silly stuff we are back to doing the important things like publishing the Caver.

Speaking of having a house now, Christine and I are willing and have plenty of room for the grotto library. Our place is a bit more centralized than Steve Sprague's office. We always will welcome cavers to come out to use the library. Unless someone has any objections Christine and I would like to adopt the Grotto Library within the month.

We owe Chuck Crandle some credit and an apology for leaving his name off of his Lechugillia article last issue. Sorry Chuck.

To help out the editors in their quest to publish the Caver there are some things that you can do to help us. First of all the Caver always is in need of material. Any bits and pieces that you may have are always helpful. Secondly if you have a computer feel free to send us a disk, we can accommodate almost any format. But if you do use a computer remember that it is not a typewriter; please do not hit return at the end of every line and do not double space at the end of a sentence. All of those extra spaces and returns really slow things down because we have to remove them all to get the articles to look nice in the final format. Photos are also great to put into the caver, prints are the easiest to deal with. Well thanks for letting me ramble on.

# The Ridge in Winter: Heaven and Hell

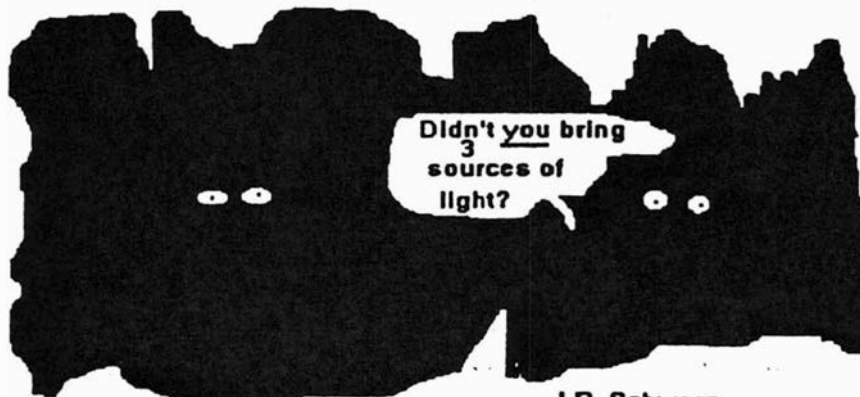
by Scott Davis

John Wade and I were sitting around after an aborted mountain bike trip wondering what to do. It was March 28th and it was turning into a beautiful day so we HAD TO DO SOMETHING. John said, "why not do cave ridge?" and we were off. We stopped by REI and rented snow shoes and ice axes. We got to the Alpentel Ski area at about noon and headed up what we thought might be the trail. Our normal route was now covered by about 6 feet of snow. Several Mountaineers in training had made some tracks up toward Guye Peak so we followed those. The snow shoes turned out to be a bad idea on such a steep slope. We struggled till sweat was pouring down our face with the sun beating down for 30 minutes. We looked back and could still see the license plate numbers on the cars in the parking lot. This just wasn't working. Then we got the brilliant idea to take them off. Then it was incredibly easy! The slope had been pre-post-holed by the climbers and it was even easier than the trail in the summer time. Charged by the sunshine we zoomed up the mountain much further than we thought we were going to get that day. We reached the saddle between Guye and Cave Ridge and broke off the main trail and headed up to the left. We soon lost sight of any other tracks in the snow and were just making our own. We came up over a ridge and got near the top of cave area and then tried to orient ourselves.

Everything looked so different with snow covering everything. Just 70 feet in front of us we finally recognized the rock face of Cascade Cave. That must have meant that Lookout Cave was somewhere..... right under our feet. Even though there was no chance of the 8+ feet of snow collapsing into the narrow vertical entrance of the cave we quickly moved on. At first it looked like the entrance to Cascade was completely buried under the snow. After examining the area we noticed a large separation of the snow pack from the rock face to the left of the cave entrance. I crawled in and found a nice 5 foot snow tunnel to the main entrance of Cascade. The cave was fairly dry but I only poked around a little as we needed to get back down before the early sunset. As it turned out we had plenty of time to get down. We discovered the joys of glissading. Otherwise known as sliding on your butt in the snow. We literally screamed down the mountain. (loudly at times) A couple of trees were used as bouncing boards when we got a little out of control. A record time was set at 35 minutes to get off of cave ridge. It took us 3 hours to get up. It was such a great and easy (once you loose the snowshoes) experience that I wanted to do it again a couple of weeks later. This time I talked Wendel Pound into making the ascent with me. The trip turned out a little different than before. The biggest difference was the weather. It was raining steadily from the start. But we were prepared with rain gear and supplies. Half way up the rain turned to snow. Near the top the wind was raising a blizzard. The snow was much softer than before and we sank up past our knees on every step. Now those show shoes would have been very usefully. We were soaked to the bone and starting to shiver. Within 30 minutes we would be entering the first stage of hypothermia. Turning

## Bat Droppings

*Bat Droppings is a column of bits and pieces of useful caving information from a variety of sources and any suggestions for future droppings is appreciated.*



J.P. Schwarz  
Age 10

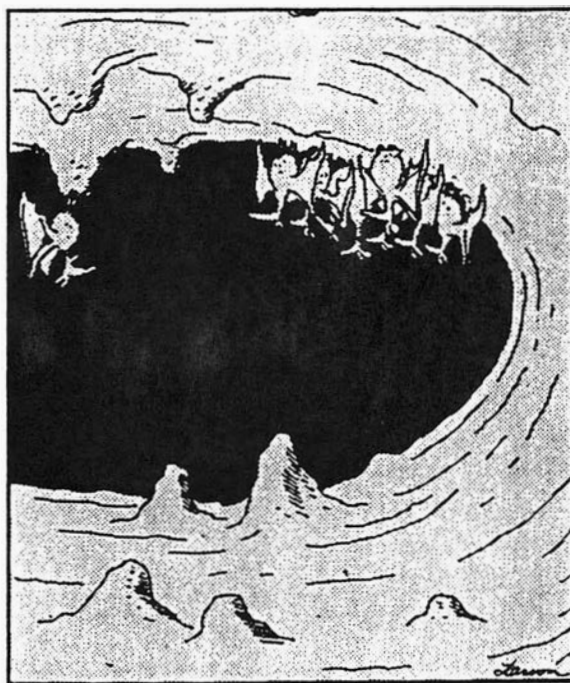
back was considered but we decided to head up to Cascade Cave and warm up. This turned out to be a life saver. We got inside the snow tunnel and had plenty of room to change our clothes, eat, and warm up by the fire. Glissading was used again to get down the mountain. But this time there was a lot of snow melt. In some places the snow gave way and we ended up sitting in a stream that had been melting off the snow pack from below. Wendel hit one of these and then waited behind a tree just to watch me do the same thing. I saw the gaping hole at the last minute but there was nothing I could do. Plop, in I went, hard. Wendel sat there laughing hysterical at the last minute expression on my face. We made it to the bottom in about 55 minutes. It took about 2 hours and 30 minutes to get to the top. We were so happy to make it back that we forgot about the hardships and were glad that we had gone. (Maybe we did get a touch of hypothermia.) It was amazing how different the trips were and only a couple of weeks apart. Spring melt off is now making the ascents a bit too dangerous. I think I'll wait 6 weeks before attempting another run at cave ridge. What will it be like then, Heaven or Hell?

## Vertical Practice at the Red Barn

by Scott Davis

What happens when it rains for a month solid so you plan an indoor activity? You guessed it, the sun comes shining through. Well at least now we know how to get that stubborn Northwest sun to come out. This was the situation at the Big Red Barn Vertical Practice held May 2nd. Sorry about the short notice of the event. I was trying to get it together before the weather changed. I was one day too late. Next time there will be much more advanced notice. In fact here it is. Next spring I'd like to plan a practice in the same place for April 11th. Someone one may want to plan a similar activity for you Northerners. Despite the sunshine about 17 people showed up at the barn for the practice session. Another challenge was that a part of the instructions on how to get there were chopped off, but the error was within sight of the barn and the map was an accurate backup. (At least everyone that showed up found it! :) I wasn't actually able to participate as I sprained my knee the previous day in a mountain bike excursion. So free cookie were used as bait to get people to help rig the barn for me. With this I was able to hook Bill Bennett, Michael Compton, Wendel Pound, and Chuck Crandell. The rigging was fairly simple. We had a static straight repel line, an endless ascent rope on a pulley, and a

fixed ascent with a re-belay. Again I'd like to express my thanks to those people who donated gear, time, and brawn to rig and de-rig the barn. The old rope hands gave some good demonstrations of their different techniques. Mike had a modified Texas system that seemed to do well. For long speed ascents Chuck showed off his rope walker system. Bill showed a good process for taking an unconscious person off the rope. Paul Ostby volunteered his body for the role of the injured caver. Robert Michell demonstrated how one can get entangled to the point of immobility with a frog system. Steve Hoefel gave a demo of how the rock climbers do it. Several people stopped by to be indoctrinated into the world of vertical rope work. They were Jim Goodwin, Dawn Kiss, Rhonda Newton, Rebecca Hartzell, Laura Lasater, and Deric Lasater. They all seem to take to the rope well. (Almost as if they use ropes a great deal in their spare time?) Laura made 2 points during a rappel. The rappel line was rigged very near to the basket ball hoop because of the access points on the 40 foot ceiling. She neglected to push off the backboard and instead put herself part way through the basket. (Didn't she also win the x-mas squeeze box competition?) After a day of practice they were all thankfully no longer verti-virgins. The person to drive the furthest for the vertical practice was Roger Cole. He drove all the way from Vancouver, WA only to stick his car in the ditch. His prize is a free copy of the video tape of the event. If others want a copy they can send me \$5.00 or a blank tape and \$2.00. A copy will also go to the grotto library and may even be shown at one of the meetings.



"And, during my term, I'm looking forward to a kinder, gentler cave, with a thousand points of darkness showing us the way."

# ANNUAL CASCADE GROTTTO FIELD TRIP AND POTLUCK

OCTOBER 2 & 3, 1993  
UPPER DEADHORSE CAMPGROUND



COME JOIN IN THE FUN, CAVING, AND MEET YOUR FELLOW GROTTTO MEMBERS. TROUT LAKE IS A GREAT PLACE TO VISIT IN THE EARLY FALL: WEATHER SHOULD BE GOOD AND THE VINE MAPLE WILL HAVE CHANGED COLOR FOR YOUR DRIVE DOWN. AS A CLUB WE SHOULD TRY TO GET TOGETHER ONCE EACH YEAR. THIS IS THE WEEKEND TO DO IT! THE POT LUCK WILL START AT 5 P.M. AND WE WILL HAVE A GENERATOR AND PROJECTOR ON SITE. BRING YOUR SLIDES AND BE PREPARED TO SIT AROUND THE CAMP FIRE. THE AREA OFFER'S MANY CAVES AND OTHER ATTRACTIONS. CAVERS FROM OTHER GROTTTO'S ARE BEING INVITED, BRING YOUR FRIENDS. FOR THE POT LUCK BRING ENOUGH FOOD FOR 15 TIMES THE NUMBER OF PEOPLE IN YOUR PARTY. FOR INFO. CALL BOB BROWN 206-569-2724.





## Cascade Caver Publishing and Deadlines -1993

<u>Issue</u>	<u>Deadline</u>	<u>Publishing Date</u>
Sept./Oct.	September 3rd	September 17th
Nov./Dec.	November 5th	November 19th
Jan/Feb	January 4th	January 21st

## Bonanza Queen:

### It was to be a bolting expedition

by Bill Bennett

Paul Ostby and Steve Sprague have long been searching for the ever elusive Bonanza Queen Mine. This has been a project spread over several years and many trips to the alleged sight. Well after hearing that they had found both the upper and lower entrances to the mine I decided to join the expedition. Paul and I set up a trip for the 23rd of May, to bolt the top of what was to be a 300 foot drop the mid section of the mine where it is said there is natural limestone passage.

On the morning of the 23rd I drove to Paul and Katrina's house, in Kirkland, to catch a ride with them. After a bit of gear sorting. We were off to Seattle to pickup Bruce Nagata. After picking up Bruce we were off into the beautiful blue skies of the day. We drove up to Silverton. The parking lot where we were going to meet up with Jim Harp and Mike Compton, but as we were running a bit late they had already driven further up the road. We met them up higher on the road and proceeded up to the mine.

After a bit of debate on where to park and where exactly the "trail" should start from we got out and started sorting gear. We decided to take enough rope and vertical gear to rig the drop if we made it to the top in good time. So with a roto hammer, one 300 foot rope and several shorter ropes and full vertical gear we started up the mountain.

Well actually down first, the hike starts by heading down to the creek, then up the far bank, up the ridge line and then contour around to the upper entrance, simple right. Wrong, the first challenge was crossing the creek. The water was up considerably from when Paul and Bruce were there last fall. After searching in vain for a dry crossing, we all stripped and waded the better than waste deep creek. We did use one of our many ropes as a hand line and a zipline for packs.

After dressing on the far bank we were on our way up the hill. Bonanza Queen sits on a very steep and thickly wooded hillside, so the going was rough and slow. We pulled ourselves up on trees and bushes as we went.

The plan was to go up the "ridge line" to about 3400 feet, according to Paul's previous trip records, and then start back across the face of the slope. After about 4 hours of hiking we came to the 3400 foot level according to the altimeter and decided to start our traverse. After hiking across the hillside for about a half hour or so we came to a small stream. There we ate lunch and rested, all that rope and vertical gear was starting to get heavy. After lunch we continued on for a while until the hill side started to slope much more steeply below us. Then in front of us a canyon appeared. At the edge of the canyon we debated on what to do next. Neither Paul nor Bruce could remember any thing like this from their last trip. We decided that we must have gone too high and the altimeter agreed that we had drifted up several hundred feet as we had traversed. So we back tracked down through thick trees and brush to a point where the hillside was less steep below us. After descending to where we expected we could cut across, we again went forward. Unfortunately we again came out on the same canyon this time with an even larger cliff and a nastier looking drop.

We sat and debated what to do next, it was starting to get late in the day. We decided that we were running out of daylight and needed to start back soon. We left flagging tape on a tree so that we could spot it from the road below when we got back to the car. We also took a compass bearing on the quarry so we could sight back to our flags.

We hiked back down the ridge following the flagging we had set on the way up. Clinging to trees for dear life at times we made our way down the slope. At the river we again rigged one of our many ropes as a hand line, boy am I glad we decided to take all of that vertical gear and over 450 feet of rope. Our skinny dip in the river felt good after the days hike, but Mike I am not publishing those pictures in the Caver.

Once back at the road we drove to the quarry we had sighted on from our turn-around-point. We looked at various outcroppings near where the upper entrance to the mine is but could not find the flagging tape we set out. Katrina took the reverse sighting from the bearing we had recorded earlier. This bearing put us nearly off the mountain! That could not be right, we all thought and continued to look near the center of the mountain. Then after another ten minutes of scanning with Jim Harp's binoculars someone found the flagging tape. Way off to the left, almost off the mountain, right where the compass said they should be.

Well, we were miles away from the entrance of the mine and much too low. We did not get much done in the advancement of the Bonanza Mine project, but it had been a nice day and good company. Next, time we will get there!

# A Look Back Paradise Ice Cave 20 Years Ago

by Larry McTigue

The following is an excerpt from a letter I wrote my sister nearly 20 years ago of a previously unpublished cave trip report. I include it here purely for its historical and entertainment value. The part I quote begins as follows: "Curt Black's spaghetti feed bombed out and eventually turned into an ice cream feed down in Southwest Washington around Mt. St. Helens. The spaghetti is still in his mom's freezer in Tacoma." (No, I know what you're thinking. It's not still there!! Remember, this was 20 years ago.) "Curt has an apartment in the U district where he is attending Summer Quarter at the U.W. The ice cream came from the Cave Ridge Expedition which also flopped because of deep snow. Seven feet in late June!!

Yes, we did climb up the lower part of Mt. Rainier to the Paradise Ice Caves where we were initiated or, should I say 'baptized' into Glaciospeleology. Charley Anderson was the leader of our group of intrepid cave explorers (more appropriately termed 'suckers' since we didn't know what we were getting ourselves into). Eight people were able to come on this trip. Most famous was Clarence Hronek, a Canadian from Vancouver, B.C. He is considered by some to be the 'father of Canadian caving'. He is a kindly old gentleman with many strange and exciting stories to tell about his past caving adventures. If my memory serves me right, the others included Bill Halliday, Bob Brown, Jan Roberts, Curt Black, Rod Crawford and Mark Vining. The purpose of this trip was mainly to impress a park ranger with the size and complexity of the ice caves. Charley was doing this in hopes of increasing the federal money grant he was receiving from the Park Service to explore and map the caves. The Park wanted a map of the cave system in case a tourist got lost somewhere in its more than 10 miles of passages.

We picked up the ranger at the Paradise R.S. This was in August and there was still several feet of snow on the ground!! First time they had snow there in August since around 1920. Walking across the parking lot at the ranger station was like crossing a shallow river caused by all the melting snow. We had to go thorough long snow tunnels on wooden boardwalks to enter the Paradise Lodge and Ranger Station which were still surrounded by huge snow banks. There were even people still skiing the slopes at the ski area!! The elevation here is about 5400 feet and the caves are located another 1000 feet higher up. Once everyone was

packed and ready to go, we began the hike over hard packed snow up to the cave entrance. It was a long hot hike, since there were blue skies and a bright August sun baking us as we did the stiff trudge up to the Paradise and Stevens Glaciers which contain the large ice caves.

Upon reaching our goal, we were delighted to find the entrance to the main cave had melted open even though there was still several feet of unmelted snow at the ranger station. We brought small aluminum snow shovels fully expecting to have to dig our way in after the long hot hike up. What a relief!! The glacial melt-water was also very cold and refreshing to drink which helped cool us off.

Charley took the ranger through the cave first, while we stayed outside. The ranger was on a tight schedule so, they had to hurry. They set some kind of speed record as Charley put it when they returned.

The ranger was very impressed and Charley now has an oral promise of \$2,000 per year, a radio for use while in the cave to keep in touch with the ranger station, free accommodations at the Paradise Inn, free transportation to and from the park, use of park vehicles and other equipment and the service of all park rangers who are now required to help Charley explore, survey and map the caves!! The ranger left shortly thereafter and it was now our turn to 'experience' an ice cave.

Imagine for a moment crawling on your hands and knees up the middle of a freezing mountain stream at night and you have a pretty good picture of what it was like!! Most of the way was standing up but, it seemed like endless miles when we had to crawl.

Water is constantly dripping from the walls and ceilings of the passages and collects in the middle of the rock covered floor creating a raging torrent of water in every passage. The ice cold water also tends to drip off the ceiling and fall right down your neck and flow down your back!! A real spine-chilling experience.

We were told to bring rubber gloves, boots and a full rainsuit. But, the very first crawlway required us to get down on our hands and knees. The ice cold water from the stream we were crawling up flowed right into our boots and gloves and down our sleeves and pants legs!! Pure misery ensued. I thought we would all die from hypothermia and wanted to abort the trip. But, Charley told us he would take us to a big room where we could stand up and get out of the water. So, we kept going shivering violently with our teeth chattering all the way. What a horrible way to die!!

The cave is like a maze with side passages going off in all directions. At one junction, we counted five different ways in

which to go!! Charley knew this part of the cave well though so, we didn't get lost.

We finally arrived at a large ice chamber within the cave. Charley whipped out his beautiful Nikon and started snapping pictures of everyone, while I held his stroboscopic flash bulb unit. He got a choice picture of Clarence standing under a waterfall in full rain-gear and we are all crossing our fingers hoping it will turn out good. One of the first things we noticed here were the walls of this large room. They are made of thick deep blue glacial ice. At this point in the cave, we are so far underneath the glacier that the weight of snow and ice above us has compressed the ice walls so hard it has literally squeezed the air bubbles out of the ice!! The ice is so clear, you can shine your headlamp several feet back into it. While we were admiring the ice, Rod Crawford got out his collecting bottle. He started probing the ice with a pair of tweezers. I asked him what he was doing and he said he was looking for ice worms. Of course, I assumed right away he was just pulling my leg. That is, until he actually collected one and put it in a small bottle of preservative to take back to the Burke Museum!! That's right. They actually exist and live on nutrients in the ice. I know because he showed it to me!!

As I recall, it was only about one millimeter long and its body was as clear as the ice it lives in. I tried looking for some and couldn't find a single one. I don't know how Rod found any. He must have the eyes of an eagle or hawk. The ice worms must have some sort of natural anti-freeze in their bodies and are able to somehow bore their way through the ice.

While Charley still had his strobe unit out, he had one of us hold it up next to a large column of ice in the middle of this ice chamber. He told us all to turn our headlamps off and then he shot off the strobe into the column. The ice glowed an eerie green color for several seconds after the strobe went out. Dr. Halliday was quite impressed with Charley's demonstration of fluorescent ice as were the rest of us. I'm sure there are many other mysteries yet to be discovered in this large cave system.

Charley has many other true and even hair raising stories to tell about his adventures in exploring this cave. He told us about one time when he and Mark Vining were in the cave. They were in a large room or passage. Mark noticed that Charley was standing directly beneath a large boulder that was stuck in the ice in the ceiling high above their heads. He suggested to Charley that it might be a good idea to move out from underneath the boulder in case it broke loose and fell from the ceiling unexpectedly. No sooner had Charley agreed and moved to a safer place than the rock came crashing down

right where he had been standing only a moment before!! He narrowly escaped being killed.

Standing still for picture taking tends to make one freeze in an ice cave so, about this time everyone made a mad dash for the entrance of the cave in hopes of finding the sun still shining outside. We were in luck. A change into dry clothes, eating some food and soaking up the warm sunshine helped raise our spirits quite a bit after such a chilling experience.

Another incident I forgot to mention was about the daypack I ended up having to drag through the cave. I packed everything in plastic bags so they wouldn't get wet. It was very heavy once I got everything packed into it.

The problem arose while inside the cave. I had put extra carbide fuel for my carbide lamp in a plastic bag (a dumb move as I found out later). The crawlways were too low and the pack too heavy to keep it out of the water all the time. So, I had to drag it along most of the way. Water from the stream got into the bag of carbide and started the usual chemical reaction giving off acetylene gas and a large amount of heat and slop.

Carbide looks like ordinary gravel until you add water and then it turns into a gross mush. I thought it was going to burn a hole through my pack but, luckily it didn't. The pack itself stayed quite cool due to the icy cold water it was being pulled through inside the cave. My pack held a variety of delectable foods. Because of the weight of the cave gear I had in the pack, I ended up with mashed banana for lunch along with a melted mess of chocolate chips caused by the long, hot hike up to the cave. After the pack went truckin' through the cave, the chocolate chips were quick frozen into a solid mass, my raisins were inter-mixed with sand and my plastic bag of dried apricots was flooded with stream water!! My sandwiches metamorphosed into flat pancakes turning the food I ate after exiting the cave into a meal fit for a king!! I'm sure ice caving has its good points too. At the moment though, my mind is a blank. Perhaps my brain still hasn't thawed out yet.

We all had a good time but, most vowed to wear a full diver's dry suit if we ever come back again. While the sun was still out, we enjoyed glissading back down the mountain to the ranger station at Paradise Lodge.

We hope to resurrect the spaghetti feed soon and try to make some money for the Grotto treasury. We now have the entire southern half of the Shakey's Pizza Parlor in West Seattle in which to hold our monthly grotto meetings. Sorry you can't be here."

The above paragraph is the end of the letter I wrote to my sister so many years ago. It seems like only yesterday but, is nearly two decades into the past now. My, how time flies!!

Things sure have changed since then. Most of the 10 miles or more of the Paradise Ice Cave System has collapsed and melted away leaving only a small remnant of its past glory as the longest glacier cave in the world. We now hold our grotto meetings at the University of Washington in a lecture hall with complete audio visual facilities and equipment.

Many of us have computers in our homes with desktop publishing software like what I'm using here to print this article. Some of us are starting to use cellular phones for communication and emergency use on cave trips. Dick Garnick took his up to Cave Ridge recently and was able to get crystal clear reception to Tacoma, Bellingham and Snohomish. A very valuable tool if someone got hurt in the bottom of Newton Cave.

Cavers all across the world are now communicating with each other instantaneously over computer bulletin board systems like CaveNet. The Iron Curtain has fallen and the Bamboo Curtain may soon fall as well opening up free exchange of information on caves and cave explorers in the former Soviet Union and the vast karst areas of China. What other great changes are awaiting us in the near future?!!

## Mapping Software Review

By Steve Sprague

I just ran across some interesting software that could be used to study the survey of mazy, complicated caves. Line plots of a three dimensional cave can be difficult to interpret because of the overlapping levels. One way to deal with this is to use a program like SMAPS to look at the survey from different angles, but at times this still leaves you feeling like you are looking at a bowl full of spaghetti.

Ever since I was knee high to a Viewmaster, I've enjoyed stereo photography. I get most of my stereo kicks these days viewing aerial photographs, but I ran across a catalog that sold stereo supplies for hobbyists and got hooked. One of the items they sell is a book and software combination called "Virtual Reality Playhouse". Most of the stuff is ho-hum, but I found one program that draws 3-D line drawings to be very addicting.

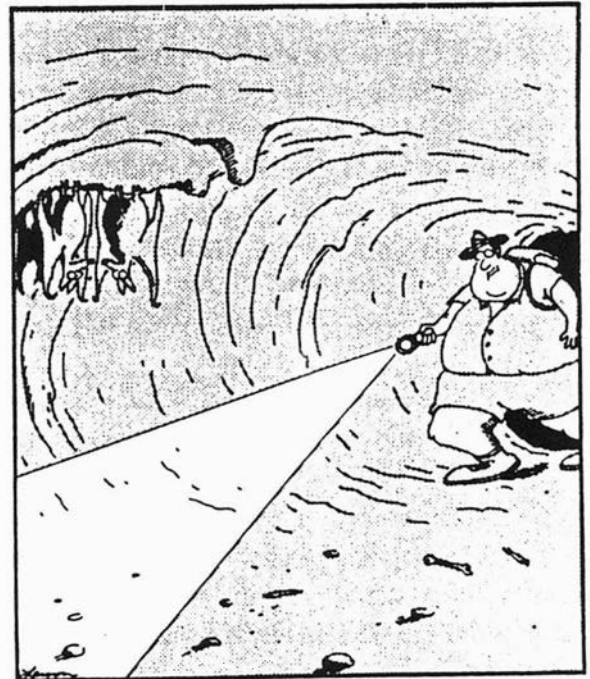
3-D drawings have been around since before photography was invented. The trouble is that they are hard to produce by hand since the line placement has to be exact and the geometry is fairly complicated. For a computer with a color monitor this is light work as long as the drawing isn't too complex. Briefly, the method the software uses is the one used by all those old 3-D movies in the 50's: Two images are projected in the screen and filters are used so that each eye

sees one image. The later 3-D movies used Polaroid filters, but that doesn't work on a monitor, since the light can't be polarized. The method utilized here uses those funny glasses with one red and one blue lens.

Suprisingly, it works well. What makes it interesting for a caver is that it can read an ascii file of x,y,z, coordinates. You can calculate those coordinates from your raw survey data with any decent mapping program or even on a spreadsheet. When the line plot is displayed on the screen, what you see is very similar to one that SMAPS would make, except there are two of them; one is red and one is blue (technically its cyan and magenta but it looks red and blue to me). When you put the red and blue glasses on you almost want to duck!

You can view the drawing from any direction by using the arrow keys on the keyboard. Essentially the survey line plot is now a 3-D model that you can roll about and view at any angle. The downside is that you can't display the survey stations and you are stuck with rotating around the origin of your drawing.

The book comes with a disk full of various graphics and a set of red and blue glasses mounted on a cardboard frame. It's published by the Waite Group Press and distributed to bookstores by Publishers Group West, P.O. Box 8843, Emeryville, CA 94662, (800)788-3453. I found it in a catalog published by Reel 3-D Enterprises Inc., P.O. Box 2368, Culver City, CA 90231. I'd be glad to loan anyone interested a demo disk as long as they don't copy it since it's copyrighted material.



• "My sonar's got it at 12 feet away and closing ... 11 feet ... 10 feet ... God, it's enormous! ... Nine feet..."

# Exploring the Flatiron Hells Canyon, Idaho

by Scott Davis

For Thanksgiving break Chuck Crandell, Paul Lindgren, and myself decided to pack up our freeze dried turkey and find some caves. We headed for the Flatiron, a side canyon range in Hell's Canyon Idaho. On the way there, we drove through Pendleton Oregon to check out the facilities for the up coming convention. From Pendleton we proceeded to Homestead, then north along the Snake River to Allison Creek on the right. To the left was a small campground with men's and woman's pits. A couple of miles south was a very inexpensive RV campground with life-renewing hot showers. We arrived at 3 A.M. it was 22 degrees out, the wind howling, and we set up camp.

The next day we headed for our trip's primary target, Red fish Cave. It was reported to contain drawings made by the Indians that inhabited them a long time ago. We went up the Allison Creek trail with the impressive Flatiron arm of the canyon on our left. About 500 feet up the trail ( just before it crossed the creek) we followed a faint trail up the Flatiron. This led to a ledge where the walk-in entrance to Red Fish was. It had a pathetic keyed cable net-gate. The entrance was controlled by the forest ranger stationed near Papoose Cave. Which is only a short 20 minute flight away, but a hellacious 5 hour drive all the way around the canyon. Luckily, we had previously contacted the rangers by phone and they indicated that the gate had been defeated (as it was). This year the new nearby ranger station by Hell's Canyon should be completed. We passed through the gate as easily as a barbed wire fence. Just 20 feet into the cave, we found the drawing of a red fish on the wall. A stick man could also be seen nearby. Even though it was below freezing outside it was nice and warm only 30 feet into the cave. Some of the side rooms there seemed down-right homey. Leaving the remnants of the previous inhabitants, we ran into the current inhabitants of the cave. RATS. They scurried deeper into the cave as we passed over there sturdy nests and scat piles. Following them deeper into the 800 foot cave, we came upon a large room. It had a tremendous slide of red mud in it. It also contained the premier limestone formation in the cave, the Christmas Tree. It was a 4 foot tall stalagmite wit calcite popcorn formed on it in a cone shape. There were also many presents scattered under the tree. Paul, who hand visited the caver some 10 years earlier, said there were many more formations on his previous trip. Vandalism was evident, but not too devastating. As we continued, the cave got very low. We slid on our

bellies over smooth flow stone and approached two thick columns. They were perfect for getting a good grip as you forced your body between them, only to discover the end of the cave.

We also checked out the nearby Stair-Step Cave just up the canyon. It had a water erosion tube corkscrewed like the lava tube in Beaver Cave near Mt. Saint Helens.

With Darkness arriving early in the evening we buckled down for the night. A large tree had blown down nearby. It provided the needed fuel to keep the fire hot during the very cold nights. Paul cooked up the delicious Thai food that I'd ever tasted. A note when caving: Always remember to pack a gourmet chef!

The next day we explored some caves along the road on the other side of the creek. Most of the caves in the area had names descriptive of something found in them. Trojan cave was non exception. (Sorry, no Roman military personnel were discovered.) Trojan Cave required a wide chimney climbup 15 feet then a shove-body-through-the-hole maneuver. It also had some impressive little formation rooms. The sky had decided to snow a bit that day, but it didn't slow us down.

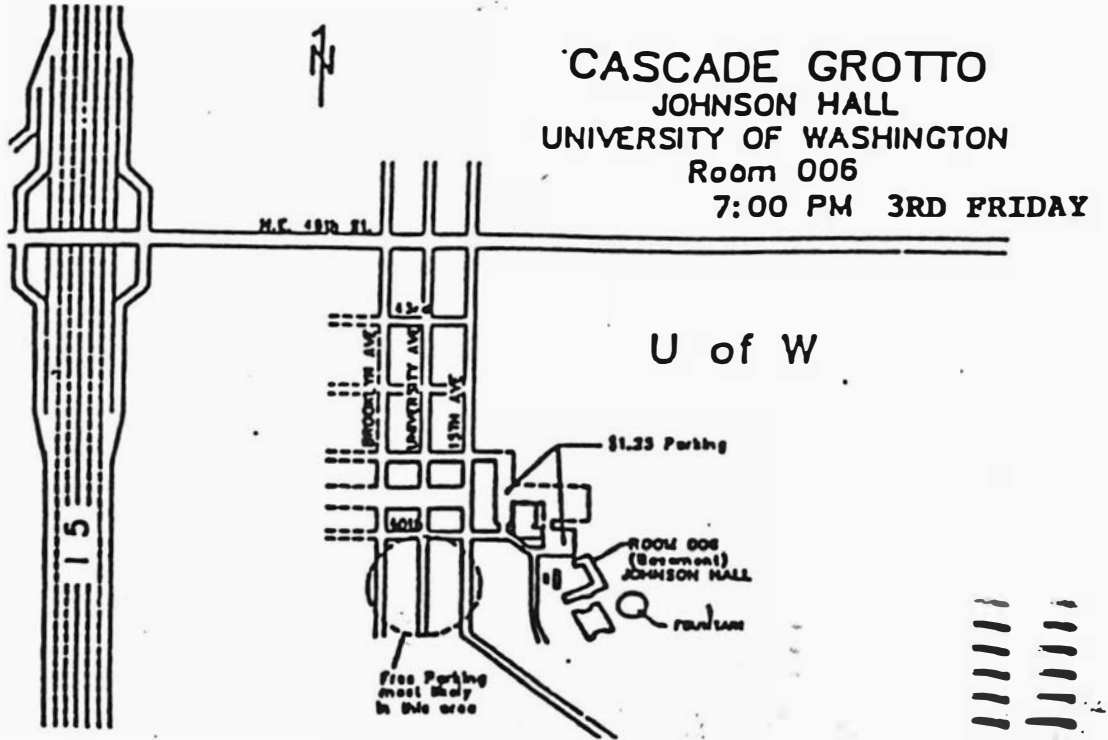
For our last day of exploration we set out to find Calendar Cave on top of the Flatiron. It was said to contain marking from each year that the Indians made their seasonal visit. We went much farther up Allison Creek that time. Just as the trail started to switchback up to the right, we headed up a talus slope on the left. It looked like the only reasonable way to the top of the Flatiron cliff. After a ling grueling climb we found the grassy plain that capped the aptly named Flatiron. To my astonishment we ran into a few range cattle. Damn how'd they get there when I barley made it? A food of snow blanketed the mesa. We dipped down the edges of and ran into many caves. Some were quite significant, but we never found the wall marking that we were looking for. One cave had a large steaming pile of cat scat that told us to leave in a hurry.

Driving out of the canyon, we spotted a cave entrance high up in a far cliff wall. This was Ash-Meads Cave, the longest reported system in the area. It was named after the two cavers that discovered it, then were subsequently killed in a car wreck on the way home. We passed on that cave as our group was small for such a vertical challenge.

From this trip it was clear that there are hundreds of holes to explore in the Flatiron. The biggest discovery there may be waiting to be made.

Thanksgiving 1993 will be the big push to Ash-Meads Cave. Brush up on your vertical and winter camping skills!





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