



Cascade Caver



Newsletter of the Cascade Grotto of the National Speleological Society

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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.

GROTTO CHAIR Paul Ostby	(206)823-5107 (home)	<u>NORTHWEST CAVING ASSOCIATION (NCA)</u>	
VICE CHAIR Tom Strong	(206)938-3957 (home) (206)822-8880 (work)	CHAIR Dave Klinger Leavenworth, WA	(509)548-5480 (home)
SEC/TREAS Bruce Nagata	(206)706-0339 (home)	VICE/CHAIR Ben Tompkins Seattle, WA	(206)546-8025 (home)
EDITOR Dick Garnick	(360)671-1066 (work) (360)671-1926 (home)	TREAS Phil Whitfield B.C., Canada	(604)372-5079 (home)
ASSIST. EDITOR Larry McTigue	(206)850-8614 (home)	SEC David Kesner Boise, ID	(208)939-0979 (home)
REGIONAL/REP Ben Tompkins	(206)546-8025 (home)		
TRIP COORDINATOR Jim Harp	(206)745-1010 (home) 1-800-562-4367 (work) ext. 3585 or 3436	<u>NATIONAL CAVE RESCUE COMMISSION (NCRC)</u>	
LIBRARIAN Bill & Christine Bennett	(206)255-1466 (home)	<u>NORTHWEST REGIONAL COORDINATOR</u>	
CAVE & TOPO MAPS Rod Crawford eves. (U.of W./Burke Museum)	(206)543-9853 (work)	Rick Rigg Idaho Falls, ID	(208)524-5688 (home) (208)526-6816 (work)
CAVE REGISTERS Mike Wagner	(206)282-0985 (home)	<u>NSS DIRECTOR (Cascade Grotto)</u>	

**Grotto address
P.O. BOX 75663
Seattle, WA 98125-0663**

**Editor's address
Dick Garnick
1101 N. Forest
Bellingham, WA 98225**

**Assistant Editor's address
Larry McTigue
2713 Meadow Ave N
Renton, WA 98056**

1991-1994 Bill Halliday
Nashville, TN (615)352-9204 (home)

NSS BULLETIN ADVISORY BOARD

CHAIR Tom Strong (206)938-3957 (home)
Seattle, WA (206)822-8880 (work)

NSS CAVE CONSERVATION & MGMNT. SECTION

CHAIR Rob Stitt (206)283-2283 (home)
Seattle, WA

NSS GRAPHIC ARTS SALON COMMITTEE

CHAIR John Baz-Dresch (509)663-7173
Wenatchee, WA or 663-1428

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Dues which include a subscription to the *Cascade Caver* are \$10.00 per year. Additional members in the same house hold are \$2.00. Subscriptions only are also \$10.00. 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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LAST MONTH

NOTE--(LAST MONTH'S COVER PHOTO WAS TAKEN BY CHARLIE & JO LARSON. IT WAS REPRINTED FROM THE JUNE 1972 "CASCADE CAVER"). THIS MONTH'S COVER IS OF "LITTLE RED RIVER CAVE" IN WINTER BY FRED HALE..

The joint Cascade Grotto/Puget Sound Grotto Christmas Party on December 17th at Bill and Christine Bennett's house was well attended. Both grottos were well represented. After talking to Christine on Thursday night before the party, I was beginning to think no one would show up. There was new snow in the mountains that week-end and I knew some planned to go skiing instead. As it turned out, we even had some show up who hadn't come for awhile. We watched cave videos, talked a lot and ate good food. We all enjoyed ourselves.

NEW OFFICERS

December 31st, 1994 was the deadline for submitting ballots for the election of new grotto officers for 1995. The ballots were all counted and the following people were elected to positions this year:

(CHAIR)	Paul Ostby
(VICE-CHAIR)	Tom Strong
(SEC/TREAS)	Bruce Nagata

1995 GROTTO TRIP & ACTIVITY CALENDAR

DATE	EVENT	LEADER	CLUB
Jan 20	Cascade Grotto Meeting (Seattle) (7PM)	Paul Ostby	CG
Feb 4-5	Mt. St. Helens Ski-In A cross-country ski trip to Little Red River Cave. Jim and Libby Nieland have graciously offered to let us crash at their place on Sat. nite. Bring your favorite wine for the spaghetti feed.	Jim Harp (206)745-1010 (800)562-4367 (work)	CG
Feb 17	Cascade Grotto Meeting (Seattle) (7PM)	Paul Ostby	CG
Feb 21	Puget Sound Grotto Meeting (Fed Wy) (7PM)	(?)	PSG
Feb 25	Cave Ridge A trip up to Cascade Cave. If conditions are ideal this could prove easier than in the summer. Sliding all the way down.	Wendel Pound (206)863-1649	PSG
Mar 17	Cascade Grotto Meeting (Seattle) (7PM)	Paul Ostby	CG
Mar 21	Puget Sound Grotto Meeting (Fed Wy) (7PM)	(?)	PSG
July 17-21	NSS Convention/Blacksburg, Virginia These former locals are going to show us the caves of the Blacksburg, VA. area.	Jeff Wheeler & Dawn Kiss (206)925-1748	PSG
Oct 7-9	Regional Cave Meet The WVG is our host with the most at Lava Beds Nat. Monument in N. Calif.	Jim Harp (206)745-1010	CG

NO MORE TOURIST TRIPS!!

Besides laziness and procrastination, perhaps the third most important reason for not writing a trip report to be published in the "Caver" may be the simple fact that nothing noteworthy "happened" on the trip to report about in the grotto newsletter. "We've been to the same cave a dozen times before and this was just another tourist trip". We need to break the "tourist syndrome" and set some goals and objectives for each cave trip we plan. Why spend our time just visiting a cave we've already seen several times before when we could actually accomplish something worthwhile during our visit to that cave or some other cave? Why join a caving organization like the Cascade Grotto or NSS if all we ever do is "tourist trips"? Shouldn't we be involved in new exploration, conservation, surveying, vertical and rescue training and other equally important aspects concerning speleology and the study of caves? **NO MORE TOURIST TRIPS!!!**

From now on whenever you plan a trip choose one or more of the following objectives as a main goal to be accomplished during your visit to a cave:

- CAVE REGISTER MAINTENANCE.....(take new pencils and register materials and replace as needed)
- LITTER CLEAN-UP.....(bring large plastic trash bags)
- GRAFFITI REMOVAL.....(proper tools and technique should be used so as not to damage the cave further)
- CAVE SURVEY OR RESURVEY.....(cave has never been surveyed or if previous survey is in question)
(turn in all cave maps with your article for publication in the grotto newsletter)
- RIDGE-WALKING/SEARCHING FOR CAVES.....
- SURFACE SURVEY.....(using compass, tape, clino and/or cave radio to plot surface features above cave on topo map)
- DETERMINE EXACT LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE TO NEAREST SECOND OF CAVE ENTRANCE.....
.....(using GPS or over-land survey with compass and topo map)
.....(this info. will be added to the Washington State Cave Database)
.....(contact Ben Tompkins for a list of caves whose exact locations need to be determined)
- INVENTORY CAVE RESOURCES.....(using cave map to show their locations where appropriate)
.....(include speleothems, significant speleogens, flora, fauna, lakes, springs, creeks flowing thru cave)
.....(sand castles, mud speleothems and ice formations should be included where present)
.....(significant deposits of animal bones and human artifacts such as indian arrowheads and spearpoints should be left where
.....found and reported to the proper authorities for preservation and study purposes)
.....(contact Ben Tompkins for a list of caves that need to be inventoried)
.....(this info. will be added to the Washington State Cave Database)
- PHOTOGRAPHY.....(if used to record significant cave resources to be included with state cave database or to record vandalism)
.....(one exception we will allow to this rule for recreational photography is if you bring back a good photo we
.....can use on the cover or inside pages of the "Cascade Caver" accompanying your trip report. We are in desperate
need of good quality photos for the newsletter)
- ANY OTHER WORTHWHILE PROJECT YOU CAN THINK OF THAT IS SANCTIONED BY THE GROTTTO.....(be creative)

Then, when you get back from your trip write up a report and send it to the editor to be published in the "Cascade Caver". ---(see Cascade Grotto Trip Report form for ideas on what to include in your report) Anyone caught cheating and going on a trip and not filing a report afterwards will have their caving license revoked. Any and all grotto members knowing of such clandestine and subversive activities are urged to report all violators to the editors. All persons caught will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. Remember, the night has a thousand eyes. We know who you are!!!

All kidding aside, if we want to have a good quality newsletter, we all have to pitch-in and help create it. By making plans ahead of time and setting worthwhile goals and objectives for each trip we take, we will make important accomplishments in cave exploration in the Pacific Northwest and further the work of Speleology in this area of the world. If we don't do it, who will????!! Make your mark in history. Publish an article or trip report in the "Cascade Caver". **"NO MORE TOURIST TRIPS"!!!**

(The following story is from a letter Bill wrote to his dad a few years ago when he first started caving. Bill was on an oil exploration assignment at the time on the island of Trinidad which is off the N. E. coast of Venezuela.)

CAVES OF TRINIDAD—by Bill Bailey

I have found a new love -- caving. In the past two months, I have been in six caves in Trinidad and what I have seen, I had never seen before. The headlamp that you bought me is working great. I put it on my hardhat and it never comes off.

The first cave I went to find was the Oropouche Cave, in Trinidad's northern range. I took a girl with me for company and off we went on narrow winding roads over mountains and thru the wet tropical valleys. We got directions from a farmer, parked the car at his house and hiked into the jungle on a bush trail for an hour, till we heard...it.

I was leading the way when I heard the roar. It sounded as would a rapid, small stream from a distance and I paid small notice. But, upon a gain of yardage, the sound resolved itself to be the cry of animals in trees. I squatted, motioning my companion to do the same. "Monkeys ahead and big ones!", I whispered. I scanned for swinging limbs, moving trees, dark shapes in the green. Nothing. Yet, the screams were above in the canopy.

Now, not being one to jump to conclusions, I ruled out UFO's and Russian warfare teams. We crept ahead 20 yards. The damp decaying vegetation on our jungle floor breathed a musty, satisfying odor.

Two hours of daylight remained but, the canopy blotted out even the noon's sunlight and the darkness crept in on us. This area smelled different than the rest of the jungle. Hair rose on the back of my neck. Visibility was 20 feet, no more. Primeval instinct gripped my thoughts. I looked behind and my rather tan indian girl was now a caucasian complexion.

The screams cried on as if a hell had opened revealing a hundred creatures in pain. To our left was a green-blue limestone cliff and the source of the sound. Of course, the sound must be a herd of beasts somewhere on the hillside above the cliff but, out of sight. I took her to a tree and told her to climb up into it where she would feel safer.

Light was failing. I could hear better. I was conscious of smells I had never noticed before. My heart pumped adrenalin and I was tense and ready to jump at any moment. I moved ahead quickly, a few paces, a few more: each time I picked a tree I could escape to. At the cliffs now, I could see a stream. The screams cried all around, louder. Along the cliff's base, I sprinted. (There are times in your life when if you were viewing events happening to someone in a movie, you would click it off and seek more realistic entertainment. But, this was real and I couldn't just turn it off.)

At the stream now, I looked up. At this point, the stream disappeared into the cliff and the cave entrance yawned 40 feet high above me. The screams came from inside to echo in the forest. Birds, hundreds and hundreds the size of hawks, milled inside. Breeze born from wings inside the cave pushed back my hair. It was near nightfall and they were hungry, excited to soon leave into the coming darkness. I figured I could decrease the

odds by half that they ate me so, I went back to get the girl.

I was very concerned for her safety. She should walk in front where I could keep an eye on her, I suggested. No, she wasn't swallowing it. I had to go first. We clicked on our lights and waded upstream into the breeze...

Ever since this experience, I've been addicted to caving in Trinidad. Another cave I was at was discovered by a zoologist last year when he was in the jungle looking for bat roosts. He found a six-foot ovular hole in the top of a hill that looked to be 40 feet deep. I was in the Trinidad Biology Dept. asking directions to other caves, when he approached and asked if I had any climbing equipment.

Two weeks later, we were sliding on my rope into the hole. I went down first using my feet to push my body off the sides. Then, six feet lower, there were no sides and I was dangling in my seat harness looking in disbelief. This was no tube; this was an auditorium. I had just gone thru the roof of a vast room and was floating in a forest of stalactites.

I clicked on my light and looked down at a mirror-image of the ceiling thirty feet below -- stalagmites growing from ground up. Down another ten feet; stop. The walls were so far away, I could not illuminate them. I shouted up the hole. By the way my partner answered, I could hear him easily but, what I vocalized was turned into echoes. He couldn't understand a word, only twenty feet above me.

Twenty feet more and I was at the floor, rubble from an ancient collapse that opened this cavern. I tested the ground, then unclipped from the rope. Down he came and we both found ourselves in a place no man had ever been before. In a place no one could find us if something went wrong.

The floor was eaten by holes spiralling down thru the debris, some two, some three feet in diameter. We tested and walked, tested and walked. The walls were covered in an angel dust of white crystal powder. A giant broken stalactite spanning ten feet across lay there like a fallen mammoth tree. A hairy giant, for its sides have a growth of crystal fingers and contortions that resemble seaweed washed on a beach, dirty white in color and to breathe on them was to break them. We broke nothing.

At the auditorium's termination was a hole eight feet wide and straight down. Our flashlights could not illuminate its bottom. The sides were smooth and our lights showed a slightly spiralling path as far as they would shine. It was hard to tell but, we seemed to be looking down an elevator shaft with other floors, other caves, branching off below us. We threw a rock. It took roughly twice the time that a rock thrown down the entrance, we just used, took to hit. We had to come back another time. We had no more rope. (It turned out to be 80 feet deep, when measured on a later trip.) Two other rooms we named "The Throne Room" and "Dry Falls". We were up the rope four hours after the first man set foot in the caverns below. I'll have to bring a camera next time.

(As you can see, Bill's first experiences caving left quite an impression on him. It probably accounts a great deal for his continuing enthusiasm for the sport. Thanks, Bill. --the editor)

LITTLE RED RIVER CAVE/SKI TRIP

--by Fred Hale

Dec. 3, 1994 -- A day (like so many others) of firsts. Pam Cox, Bill Bailey, Bruce Nagata, Paul & Katrina Ostby, Jeff Wilson and Fred Hale journeyed by wheel and ski to Little Red River Cave at the base of Mt. St. Helens. (For many of those who attended this was either their first trip to the cave or the first time they had skied into it.)

But, first (the second first), we had to go to Whimpy's in Woodland for cheap bulk breakfasts. Bruce, Jeff and Fred ate three and Pam couldn't even finish one (she had just finished off a box of E. L. Fudge cookies). Third first -- Bruce is exposed to French Toast sticks.-- He wasn't sure what to do with them, initially.

The sky and roads were lovely and clear and the snow was lusciously responsive to our long, smooth skis and big, fat boots (Bill's feet are large enough to not need skis). Then, (fourth first) Bill and Bruce experience piggyback skiing. (Bill didn't bring any skis with him so, Bruce told him to jump on the back of his.) Fifth first--Fred experiences skiing (in any capacity) for his first

time. (When they arrived at the cave, Fred snapped the photo shown on this month's cover--Thanks, Fred--ed.)

In the cave the dark lava walls scintillated with tiny globules of moisture (sixth first -- Fred caves in a lava tube). The Little Red River was quite little and the riverbed was in many spots quite red. The cavers witnessed the antics of a white cave earwig (grylloblattid ?--ed.) and admired its apparent lack of regard as the quick chilly stream repeatedly tumbled him into rocks.

We leisurely trekked back to where the river sumped out, exploring small side passages along the way. It was about a three hour trip. While exiting, we were veiled in the ghostly mists of our own breath and body heat since, the rate of exhalation of the cave was the same as our rate of movement.

We left the cave as twilight darkened to night. The sky was clear and by the time we skied back to the vehicles, there were countless stars above. The day wound down with a round of genuine lumberjack pizza in Woodland and then, all went happily home to bed.



Bill Bailey Hitching A Ride On The Back Of Bruce Nagata's Skis -- (photo by Fred Hale)

CAVERS INTERNET E-MAIL ADDRESSES

<u>NAME</u>	<u>E-MAIL</u>
BENNETT, BILL & CHRISTINE	/ scruffydog@aol.com
DAVIS, SCOTT	/ sdavis@wdni.com
FRALEY, MIKE	/ mfraley@uw.edu
GRUNDY, STEVE	/ sgrundy@post.royal roads.ca
HOEFEL, STEVE	/ hoefel@net.al.boeing.com
JOHNSON, TERI	/ johnson_te@nwd002.enet.dec.com
KEEN, CLIVE	/ keen@unbc.edu
KOZSAN, RON	/ rkozsan@net.gov.bc.ca
MAGYAR, BOB	/ 76520.3720@compuserve.com
NAGATA, BRUCE	/ bb386@scn.org
NIXON, DAN	/ dnixon@wdni.com
OSTBY, PAUL	/ 74003.470@compuserve.com
POUND, WENDEL	/ pound_we@nwd002.enet.dec.com
SHERMAN, MARK	/ mas@tc.fluke.com
SPRAGUE, STEVE	/ 74362.2051@compuserve.com
TOMPKINS, BEN	/ bent@tc.fluke.com

FOR A LONG LIST OF OTHER CAVERS E-MAIL ADDRESSES
SEE PP. 191 & 192 OF THE 1994 NSS MEMBER MANUAL

IF YOUR NAME ISN'T LISTED HERE & YOU HAVE AN E-
MAIL ADDRESS, PLEASE CALL LARRY MCTIGUE AT:
850-8614 SO, I CAN ADD IT TO THE LIST. OR, SEND IT TO
ME AT: 2713 MEADOW AVE. N., RENTON, WA. 98056
THANKS.

MCLAUGHLIN CANYON CAVE VISITED

Greg Hollenbeck and his family are settled into their new home in Eastern Washington. They've been real busy but, he did say he managed to squeeze in a trip to McLaughlin Canyon a few months ago. He'd never been there before and being a rock climber, he was impressed with the high cliffs on one side of the mountain and the deep fissures which form the cave.

In order to make their journey more exciting, they even came across a small rattlesnake near the trail on the way up to the cave. They were able to avoid it and the rest of the hike was quite pleasant. Greg intends to go back whenever time permits, explore further and perhaps attempt to survey it. This fissure system is rather large and complex and as far as your editor knows has never been fully surveyed. Back in the '60's efforts were made by members of the grotto to map it but, due to the extent of the cave, they fell far short of their goal.

If you'd like to get together with Greg to explore the cave and help him map it, you can call him at (509) 485-2906. Or, you can

write to him at HC-71, P.O. Box 97, Oroville, WA 98844-9612 to find out when he might be able to get away for another trip. He also said he has 60 acres of farm we are welcome to camp on if we are headed over that way. It's a bit off the beaten track but, might make a good overnite stop on the way to Gardner or Cody Caves or the Crowsnest Pass caving area in Canada.

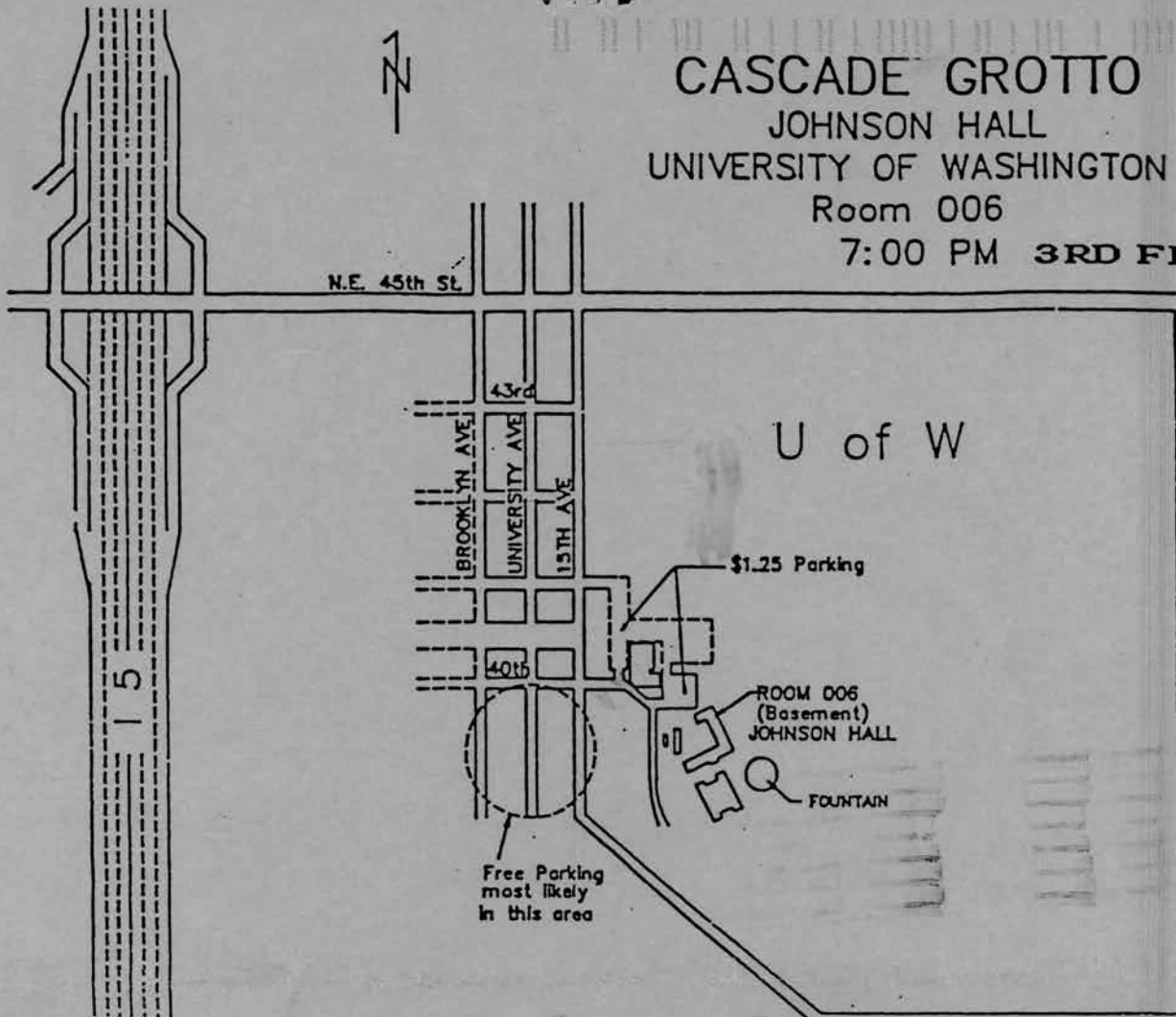
HAWAIIAN CAVES UPDATE

Dr. Halliday recently wrote to say that Kazumura Cave is unsegmented and 29.32 miles long and 2,912 feet deep making it the longest and deepest lava tube cave in the world. It is also the deepest cave in the United States. Kevin Allred, who made the connections which extended the limits of the cave is digging at the plug separating Kazumura from Olaa Cave, another multi-mile lava tube. Stay tuned... Bill also mentioned the pit on Hualalai Volcano that is the deepest in the U.S.--a 862 foot freefall. He says there's a deeper one on Molokai but, it's mostly full of water. (Any cave divers around?--ed.)

CASCADE GROTTO
JOHNSON HALL
UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

Room 006

7:00 PM 3RD FRIDAY



Cascade Cover
c/o Larry McTigue
2713 Meadow Ave N
Renton, WA 98056



Paid to 99/99
Windy City Grotto
c/o Ralph Earlandson
802 S Highland Ave
Oak Park, IL 60304-1529

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