



Cascade Caver

Newsletter of the Cascade Grotto of the National Speleological Society

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Cascade Caver

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GROTTO MEMBERSHIP

Membership in the Cascade Grotto is \$15.00 per year. Subscription to the *Cascade Caver* is free to regular members. Membership for each additional family member is \$2.00 per year. Subscription to the *Cascade Caver* is \$15.00 per year.

GROTTO ADDRESS

Cascade Grotto; P.O. Box 75663; Seattle, WA 98125-0663. This post office box should be used for both the grotto and for the *Cascade Caver*.

GROTTO OFFICERS

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Vice Chairman Mike Fraley (206) 934-7890
Sec/Treasurer Lane Holdcroft (206) 783-6534

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MEETINGS

Regular grotto meetings are held monthly at 7:00pm on the third Friday of each month at the University of Washington, Room 119, in Johnson Hall. Please see the map on the back cover of this issue.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Please notify Jim Harp at (425) 745-1010 of any upcoming trips.

May 23-25 NCA Convention hosted by the Gem State Grotto at the Lincoln County fairgrounds in Shoshone, Idaho. Jennifer Dorman (208)-331-0279

June 7-8 Tubal-Cain Mine and B17 crash site Olympic Mountains near Sequim Scott Davis (253) 862-1035

June 20 Grotto Meeting 7:00 p.m.

June 13-22 Big Horn and Horsethief Caves Lovell, Wyoming. Space limited must pre-register. Wendel Pound (253) 863-1649

June 28 Cave Ridge a non-vertical trip Scott Davis (253) 862-1035

July 3-20 Vancouver Island
40 new entrances and pits to explore. Bob Roel (509) 476-3229

July 18 Grotto Meeting 7:00 p.m.
Marymoor Park Climbing Rock

August 15-18 Eagle Cap Wilderness area. Searching the limestone in the Wallowa Mountains of Oregon for virgin caves. Jerry Thompson (360) 653-7390

August 15 Grotto Meeting 7:00 p.m.

October 7-10 1997 Karst and Cave Management Symposium Highlighting Forest Karst Ecosystems - Bellingham, WA
Rob Stitt (206) 283-2283
Email: rstitt@halcyon.com

COVER: This photo was taken in Jewel Cave, South Dakota by Mark Sherman.

June & July Meeting Location Change

The June 20th and the July 18th Grotto meetings have been moved because of conflicts in Johnson hall. The June meeting will be held in room 111 of Johnson Annex, which is just west of Johnson Hall. The July meeting will be held at the Marymoor Park Climbing Rock in Redmond. This will give people a chance to enjoy the nice evening and practice their vertical technique. Come at 6:00 and bring a picnic dinner and the climbing will start around 7:00. Please contact Mark Sherman at (206) 524-8780 if you have any questions or need directions.

Last Issue of the Caver

For the people listed below, this will be their last issue of the Caver until they pay the 1997 dues. Please contact Lane Holdcroft, Grotto Treasurer, if you have any questions.

Bill & Christine Bennett	Eugene Chevalier
Tami Cobb	Rod Crawford
Scott Davis	Steve Fogdall
Ken Hartman	Steve Hoefel
Greg Hollenbeck	Rosalyn Mansour
Caleb Schaber	Karl Steinke
Jennifer Smith	Rob Stitt
David Thomas	Richard Walter

Chilliwack Valley

By Larry McTigue

The trip took form one weekend when I had both Saturday and Sunday off from work. Dick Garnick wanted to make an overnight trip up to the Chilliwack Valley to check out an area he had found some years back and to possibly check out some new areas. One of the Fourth Corner Grotto members, Dave Hopf, was interested in going along, so we decided to meet him in the valley on Sunday when he could make it up.

The weather for this weekend was great! However, it was a little too great. The 85 plus degree weather made hiking with heavy packs excessively tiring and brought out some of the largest swarms of killer bugs the world has ever seen. I thought I was prepared for the bugs, I bought some back country bug repellent which sported a 100% active ingredient label. Little did I know that even this was not enough for these bugs! The heat and the bugs combined with the altitude to make for a thoroughly miserable time.

Our first stop on Saturday was an area known today as Pendulum Karst. The area got its name from an old tree that snapped off at its base, but became tangled in the branches of a nearby tree and was left hanging in mid-air. The trunk of the tree now hangs 4 feet off the ground next to a large sink hole. Pendulum Karst consists of an area of insurgences at the head of a long sunken valley, and the resurgence comes out three quarters of a mile down the sunken valley and 400 feet lower in elevation. The resurgence area is impressive. To reach it, you hike up the sunken valley, through marshes and meadows and over the cave system beneath. Eventually, you break out into a large meadow with small depressions in the ground that appear to have streams running into them. Once you approach them, you realize the depressions are actually steep sided sink holes, some with rock walls. There are three major sinks taking water that I saw, and Dick said there were more higher on the hill. One of the largest sinks has a noticeable draft of cold air flowing out of the rocks at the bottom. It appears collapsed shut but could potentially be opened with the help of some digging, dynamiting and atomic bombing.

The largest of these sinks contains a small cave at its bottom. A rather steep climb down slippery limestone gets you to the point where you squeeze down a small hole with jagged points sticking you in the side and tearing at your skin. You can make your way down a short talus slope to the edge of a 10 foot pit. The lower end of the pit is where the water disappears down a long crawlway that neither of us had the clothes on to push. For a cave that was only 50 feet long at best, it was very interesting in the fact that you had to climb down further than you could crawl. We entered this cave more to escape the bugs than to see if it had opened up after the large November rains had cascaded down its entrance. When we exited the cave, the bugs knew they had us again, the temperature seemed to have climbed even higher, and I was hot and thirsty. Most of all, I needed a shower.

From our vantage point at Pendulum Karst, we could look out across a long valley that ran 10 miles almost exactly parallel to the U.S. border. The end of the valley is actually in U.S. territory. Quite a ways down the valley and on the other side, we could see a limestone area that Dick said no one had ever been to before to check out. The roads that access the area have gates on them. Luckily for us, Dick has the key!

After some thinking, I said go for it and off we went. After making it back to the truck and being welcomed by the million degree heat inside the cab, we hoped in and sped off to what could turn into an entirely new caving area. We made it through the gate and started up the logging roads, and to our delight, the logging road ended

about 1000 feet from the limestone and at the same elevation. We hiked all over this new area and found more sink holes than a man could count in a lifetime. A few of the sinks had active streams running into them as well. The area will definitely need further hiking to find the caves, if they are large enough for humans to enter.

We camped at the end of the same logging road that night. I don't think I closed my eyes for much more than about 2 seconds the whole night, but that is the way it goes when you are hot and dirty, and need a shower. We were greeted early the next morning by something I will not soon forget. The door of the tent was facing a very impressive mountain on the American side of the border which had a small glacier near its peak. When the sun rose that morning, it hit the rock and ice and began to loosen it. As Dick and I were talking and thinking about getting up, I heard a noise that sounded like a jet engine with all the crackling and popping. I looked out the screen on the tent, and there before our eyes was an avalanche cascading down a sheer, three thousand foot rock face from the summit to the valley floor below. I had heard avalanches at night before while camping near Mt. Shuksan, but I had never seen one, certainly not one on that scale.

We met Dave Hopf a little later that day. His small Volkswagen Rabbit made it up the logging roads despite my thoughts to the contrary. It was decided that we would enter Bog Creek Cave and go at least as far as the 40 foot pit. This was my first trip into this cave. I had been to the entrance once and was impressed by this huge pit with a large stream running down into it. On this day the stream was smaller, so the trip into the cave would be easier. After kicking the passage open, due to debris clogging it, we put on our gear and headed into the cave. We were immediately met by what I can only say is exactly what I envision hell as looking like. The passage was almost heart shaped and just tall enough to sit upright in. What was worse, it slanted steeply down into the earth at an uncomfortable angle and the stream, albeit small, was with us the whole way down. Not far into the cave, we had to climb down an 8 foot pit. Luckily, the stream is channeled out of the way by some grooves the water has cut along the side of the drop. Unless you drop the pit near the end, this is the only place you can stand up and escape the stream. After some more sloping, tight stream passage, the objective could be heard. The passage leads into a high dome pit, the height of which I don't know, but it is 40 feet from the stream passage to the bottom. Dave Hopf and Dick busied themselves with rigging the pit, so I put my vertical gear on from lack of anything better to do. I was raring to go when the rope was done being rigged.

Once Dave had the pit rigged, he proceeded to lower the rope down the pit. The only problem, he literally

lowered the rope, putting it hand over hand down the drop thinking the water fall was pulling it all the way to the bottom. When I started my rappel, I immediately entered the waterfall and was glad I had my PVC suit on to keep from getting wet. Keeping my head pointed down to keep water out of my face, I made my way down as fast as I felt was safe. Before I got half way down, I looked down the drop and to my horror, I saw that the rope had not made it to the bottom and was in a huge jumbled mass and hanging from every conceivable piece of limestone that would hold it. The waterfall had not taken the rope to the bottom as Dave thought it would, and now it was beginning to find its way into my suit. I struggled and fought with the rope, kicking and pulling for what seemed like an eternity, trying to send it down the drop. Everytime I would free it, it would tangle further down. In my struggles, water was running down my sleeves and neck literally filling my suit up with water. My rubber boots completely filled and probably a little ways up my legs as well. I was soaked from head to toe at this point, and the water was spraying everywhere and reducing my visibility to the point where I couldn't see my feet any longer. After more kicking, I finally freed the rope and sent it the rest of the way down.

I must say that feeling the jerk from the weight of the rope as it fell was probably the most relieving feeling I've ever felt; knowing I could proceed at reckless speed down the rope. After I crashed into the bottom of the pit due to my visibility being taken away from all the water crashing down over my glasses, I got up and out of the waterfall. I was in sorry shape by that point. Not one inch of my body was still dry, and the wool cloths under my suit had become water logged and heavy. I had to empty my boots 3 times because the water in my clothing slowly made its way down the inside of my suit to refill them. I yelled back up that I wasn't going to be able to do the rest of the cave because I was becoming colder and colder by the minute. Dave Hopf came down the pit after me, and made it down without a hitch, not even getting wet. I had him give me a bottom belay so I could climb fast and I'm pretty sure I set the world record for ascending 40 feet. Dick followed me to the 8 foot climb to make sure I made it out, and once I was up the drop, I was gone. The intense heat and even the bugs were welcome after I exited the cave.

What is ironic about the whole ordeal, is that I had been whining all weekend to that point that I wanted a shower and would be willing to bathe in one of the cold glacier streams if I had to. I got my wish in a rather rude way. About the only thing I can say to mother nature for granting my wish is; a little soap would have been nice.

We had a nice lunch after we all exited since Dave brought along his camp stove. We ate a nice brew of beef stew and chili, mixed together in the same pot. It

was surprisingly good! We did some small checking of limestone deposits with binoculars on the way down, but didn't find any huge walk-in entrances. The weekend as a whole was good, but the real shower I took when I got home was the biggest and best one any human has probably ever taken.

Caving In Panama

By Bill Bailey

(ed note: This was from a letter to Jim Harp)

Dear Jim,

I went caving last weekend. I, the recreation director for the Special Forces base here and a girlfriend spent all day Saturday in the jungle, camped by a waterfall Saturday night, and went again all day Sunday. Saturday was spent entering and investigating 6 caves I'd found 3 weeks before. I've been doing it that way lately; that is, I spend one weekend just looking for caves, and the next weekend I go in them. This permits me to move fast and light looking for caves without being weighed down by vertical equipment and rope. I just bring a role of flag tape to mark the trail back to the cave for the next weekend, and the next weekend I can go straight to the cave loaded for action by a previously blazed trail.

Of the six caves, the first three squeezed out in less than 100 yds. The fourth we opted not to do because it was a really hard cave to enter and my two friends were beginners. It was in an area that was pockmarked with funnel shaped sink holes that are each about 60 feet wide and thirty feet deep. Most are too sealed with fallen trees or boulders to get into the hole at the bottom, except for this one. I think the odds are pretty good that there is a good cave system these holes are feeding into, so I'm anxious to get down it. But the entrance hole at the bottom of the open sink is only about 3 ft wide, though it appears to be about 40 ft deep and curves as it descends. It's like a long crack. I can hear running water at the bottom. But because the descent is tight, I didn't want to bring beginners down it. Hell, I've never repelled down something so narrow either. I have to wait till I have someone else with me before I do that one.

The fifth cave was at the end of a small canyon that looks like it was a cave before the roof dissolved away. It ended in a squeeze that we needed to dig through. I went back out, cut a thick stick to a point, and returned to move some dirt. We could see to the other end of the blocked passageway. Dirt was piled five feet high in a 7 foot high tunnel, but the top two feet were too narrow to permit me or the rec. director to get through. So we sent the female member of our team through the

gap with the stick. She barely wiggled through and then came back saying that the end of the passageway drops off to a big black hole. We need to return with shovels, as the dirt moves easily and I feel we could clear the passage enough to crawl through with about an hours work.

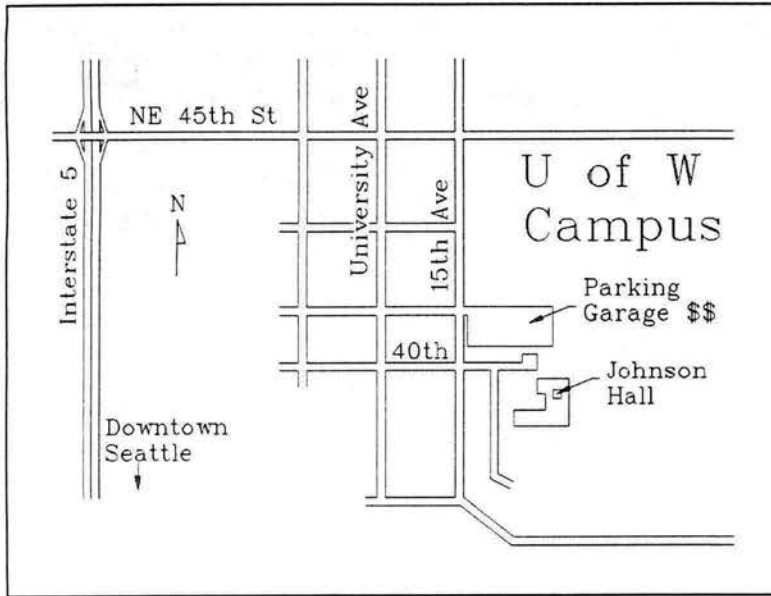
The sixth cave turned out to be a delight. Keep in mind these are all virgin caves. There was a fault in the limestone that caused an underground stream to take a 90 deg bend and turn back into a mountain. At that fault the stone has dissolved away to make a T-shaped entrance room. I dropped into the room after a free climb and discovered a skeleton of a tusked pig that had died in the drop. They are beautiful tusks as thick as your finger and almost four inches long. The cave itself was small, about a three foot diameter circular passage, but it went and went and went. The water was about six inches deep with a good crystal clear flow, and the stream was loaded with fresh water shrimp. I only explored the upstream direction, which was the smaller of the two passages. I crawled about 300 yards on my hands and knees, sometimes on my belly, always in the stream with these little shrimp investigating me. I began to notice forest debris like leaves and small twigs. This indicates an entrance hole upstream. The compass direction of this passage leads straight as an arrow towards the valley of the sinks about a quarter mile away. Finally my knees and palms got worn out and I had to turn around. I need kneepads for that cave.

The following day we traveled light looking for caves in another part of the hilly range. We only found one, but it appears to be larger than any I've found so far. All the water from this section of the valley seems to lead into this drop. One waterfall falls directly into the cave entrance. This cave has a 50 foot clear hanging drop, but I'm more afraid that's beyond the skills of the couple of people who have been going with me. I just can't find people to do these caves that are trained to go up and down the nylon highway. I guess I'll have to go in alone again.

Wish you could be here doing this with me. Life's an adventure.

Regards,

Bill



The Cascade Grotto meets at 7:00 pm on the third Friday of each month. Except for the June and July meetings this year, **we are now meeting in room 119** in Johnson Hall on the University of Washington campus. Please see the note on page 31 for the meeting places for June and July.

We look forward to seeing you at one of our meetings

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PLEASE SEE PAGE 31 FOR THE MEETING LOCATION CHANGES!!