



CASCADE Caver

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Cascade Caver

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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. Subscription via email is \$11.00 per year. Members can save \$4.00 per year by subscribing to the e-mail version of the caver

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MEETINGS

Regular grotto meetings are held monthly at 7:00 pm on the third Friday of each month at the Shoreline Community Center in the Hamlin room. The Community Center is at 18560 1st Ave NE in Shoreline. Please see the back cover for directions.

UPCOMING EVENTS

2/16/07-2/19/07 Oregon Caves Conservation Trip.

\$35/person for the food. Contact Hester Mallonée

3/17/07 WVG vertical practice in Troutdale Oregon.

Contact Vertical Bob.

5/6/07 Cave Ridge Gear carry up

5/21/07-5/22/07 Lava Beds for Western and NCA combined regionals.

5/27/07 Cave Ridge Gear Carry up, backup

6/16/07-6/17/07 Danger Cave Survey

7/14/07-7/15/07 Danger Cave Survey

Around August 15, 2007: Trip to Lagufer Gieser Montanta

Contact Ron Zuber.

8/18/07-8/19/07 Danger Cave, etc.

9/15/07-9/16/07 Lookout, etc.

10/13/07-10/14/07 Cascadia

11/03/07-11/04/07 Cascadia

COVER

Dave Decker strikes a pose in front of the waterfall in one of the seasonal ice-fall caves at Big Four. Photograph by Jansen Cardy.

Welcome Back to the Cascade Caver

By Michael McCormack, Editor

At some point I allowed myself to be talked into assuming the role of editor for the Cascade Caver. There had been a long lapse in the Caver publications because people were simply too busy to publish it. The Convention in 2006 took a phenomenal effort by those involved and because of this, the publication was one of the first victims of the time crunch.

It is my intent as editor to print 11 editions of the Cascade Caver (12 content permitting) by the 21th of every month except for December. Provided I have the materials this shouldn't be a problem, however without your contributions, there is no way to achieve these goals. This issue is the "Lost Trips Issue", trying to get all the trip reports from 2006 into a single issue. To this end I would like to suggest content that YOU our valiant member could write or contribute for the Caver.

1. Trip reports with photographs. This is the simplest of all Caver articles. Just let us all know what you're doing!
2. Scientific reports on caves. There hasn't been much in the nature of scientific endeavor over the last couple of years, but I will have at least 1 issue set aside for science articles and I would LOVE to have more than 1, and instead have a regular cave science section. Archeology, geology, biology, whatever. You don't need to be a scientist, just interested in the science of caves.
3. Exploration reports. We are starting to really ramp up in this area. Maps and reports on new finds. There have been 5 new discoveries by the Cascade Grotto in the last 2 years. I have a feeling we are just getting started, so let's publish them!
4. Book reports, movie reviews, gear reviews and other commentary. Let us know what you think.

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I've just had the experience with a couple of vertical devices that I intend to write up a review for someday. How about you?

5. Visual medium of any sort. Art, photographs, collage, maps, or other, we need it all. Suggest a cover and I'll do my best. With visual medium, quality is important. My mailbox can support attachments up to 5mb in size. Don't skimp on quality.

I look forward to serving as your editor and fully intend to release and mail these regularly throughout the year.

If you, the faithful readers of the Cascade Caver wish to see something different about it, or wish to help in any way, please let me know. The Cascade Grotto, and by extension the Cascade Caver, is run by volunteers. Without those, we are unable to continue to serve the membership.

Step up. Get involved. Cave!

Michael McCormack - Editor

Ice Caving at Big Four

Text and Photos By Jansen Cardy

On July 1, 2006 I got to experience caving of a different kind when I visited Big Four Ice Caves in the Mount Baker Snoqualmie National Forest.



Decker, Ron Zuber and Maggie Li approach the ice field

Technically, these are not actually ice caves but glacier caves – although this isn't a real glacier. Each winter, snow flows down avalanche chutes and forms a thick 'debris pile' of snow and ice in the bowl-shaped cirque on the north face of the mountain. In the spring, snowmelt from higher altitudes flows down the same chutes and goes under the ice. Warmer air gets drawn into the water-fed cavities under the ice, and the caves walls and ceiling slowly start to melt. This cycle begins every winter, and by late summer each year the last remnants of ice have usually melted away.



Ron Zuber in the first ice cave we visited

It was a picture-perfect day. After picking up first-time caver Maggie Li near Seattle, I headed north to join the others. In the town of Granite Falls we met up with Dave Decker, Jeff Dwyer, Jeff's girlfriend Laura, and Ron Zuber. We then drove the scenic Mountain Loop Highway up to the parking lot, before hiking up the half-mile tourist trail that leads to the ice field. It should be noted there are signs posted that warn against entering the ice caves – there was a fatality there once when a cave collapsed. Proceed at your own risk!

After donning helmets, headlamps, and rain gear (it 'rains' constantly in these caves), we checked out our first cave. Making our way up the slope under the ice, we emerged at the base of a cliff near the top of the ice field. After a few photos, we headed back down and

hiked to the next cave. This one was impressive! It was a large tunnel in the ice that was only a few hundred feet long, but it ended at a giant waterfall chamber. The waterfall was bathed in the cool, blue light typical of ice caves. There were side passages to explore, and more photos to be shot.



Ron Zuber assists a young friend filling his water bottle.

We were constantly mindful of the possibility of ceiling collapse, particularly near each entrance. Some others were not quite so astute. On that day we were sharing the area with several dozen other hikers and families, a few of whom were letting their children play on the thin ice above the cave entrances. One young explorer wanted to enter a cave and refill his water bottle from the dripping ceiling. Ron promptly assumed the role

of caving educator and safety advisor. With the loan of one of our helmets – and always under the watchful eye of his parents – the boy stood inside the entrance and happily filled his bottle. Another future caver, perhaps?

These caves are interesting in that each year they are totally erased and reformed. Some of them were mapped by local cavers decades ago, and it's interesting to see the overall cave structure – despite being renewed annually – is still remarkably similar. At around 2000 feet elevation, Big Four are apparently the lowest altitude glacier caves on record anywhere in the US. They certainly did a good job of entertaining us for a day!

More information on Big Four Ice (Glacier) Caves can be found here –

http://glaciercaves.com/html/bigfou_1.HTM

Cascade Grotto's Lost Trip Report Year

Text and Photos by Van Bergen

Wow, I haven't seen a trip report for a while. Too many Cascade Grotto members were too busy with Convention to go caving – or at least to write about it. I promised to write a bunch of trip reports in 2005, then blew them all off as Convention got closer. Now I've forgotten the details of those trips, so here's the best I can do. I know some other people went on some different trips, so maybe they'll write something too.

Nov '04 – Blak-T, Vancouver Island

I drove up to the VICEG Annual General Meeting on Saturday, via the Coho ferry from Port Angeles, with my daughter Teela and new grotto member Larry Dobson. The meeting was at Lake Shawinigan, and afterwards we all piled into Rick Coles house nearby to watch cave slides and drink beer and eventually crash on the floor. The next morning we got up way

too early to drive to Ken Loree and Linda Brown's house in Port Alberni, where a big group was gathering for a trip to Blak-T. Ken and Linda discovered Blak-T, as well as a bunch of other caves in the Alberni area, and they're gracious hosts. The group included many Canadian cavers as well as Scott Linn and Matthew Farnell and his sister from Oregon, and Larry McTigue from Washington.

Ken and Linda and another Alberni caver (Chris, who is a Mountie in his non-caving time) brought their quads and started ferrying everyone's packs up the trail from the parking lot. In fact, Ken and Linda do a lot of "ridgewalking" on their quads and call themselves the Quadwranglers – check out their frequent trip reports in the B.C. Caver. This made the hike a lot easier, and it got easier still when they came back down the trail and started giving rides to all the hikers. Despite Ken's admonition not to worry, since he built the trail, riding behind him was a lot scarier than any cave trip. But we all arrived at the entrance unscathed, and split up into smaller groups.

Blak-T is a beautiful cave, dark limestone with lots of sculpted stream passage and some nice formations. A few climbs, a few crawls, some nice waterfalls. It reminded me of a Kentucky trunk cave, just a little bit colder. At one point we lost track of Larry Dobson and asked if anyone had seen "Larry", to which someone answered, "he's right behind me." But that Larry turned out to be McTigue, so I went back to look for the Dobson one and found him quite a ways back toward the entrance, happily snapping photo after photo. He wasn't lost, just busy. Our party had a great trip, and the other parties we passed at various points appeared to be having the same.

We had been the last group into the cave, and it was dark when we came out. It was raining lightly but we were soaked with mud & sweat so it didn't matter. Ken and Linda piled our gear on their quads and headed down the trail. They said they'd be back to pick us up, but it wasn't cold and we were enjoying

the evening and said we'd just as soon walk down. That would allow us to stretch our sore legs, and would be less terrifying than riding downhill in the dark with the daredevil Quadwranglers. So they took off with our gear, which we immediately realized included all of our lights. No problem, we all have good night vision, right? About half way down, my right leg went into a hole up to mid-thigh. I wonder if anyone went back later to check out that hole. Could be big cave!

The Quadwranglers had piled our gear neatly next to our car, so we changed out of the muddy clothes and drove to their house for the after-party. We crashed on their neighbor Mike's floor and drove out to Tofino the next day. It was a pretty drive and the wild coast of Pacific Rim National Park was spectacular. We came back on BC Ferries from Nanaimo, and got home really late. Boat rides, a meeting, parties, great cave trip, and the beach, all in 3 days. We love Vancouver Island!

Feb '05 – Oregon Caves Cleanup, and Oregon Coast Sea Caves

This year's Oregon Caves cleanup trip was a lot like last year's, both organized by Hester. There was a different ranger, a few different attendees. There was however, the same disgusting people-goo to scrub off the formations, same drinking games in the evenings. Aaron and I spent a lot of time hanging in harnesses next to the stairway to Paradise Lost, hosing and brushing black crud off the



Kim Luper helps clean up in Oregon Caves.

flowstone. That cave needs an annual cleanup (yeah, I know, it's getting them, but I missed the '06 trip). A couple of differences from '03: Kim Luper showed us his cool videos of flowing lava that he shot in Hawaii. I spent a lot of time videotaping the cleanup, hoping to get some useful footage for the Convention promotional video. And the ranger took us on a different off-trail trip, which was even better than last year's.



Hug Point Sea Cave.

I took a couple of extra days off and drove home via the Oregon coast. First I headed south into California, which is the only way you can get to the Oregon coast at the border. The coast was incredibly beautiful, and almost all of it is accessible to the public as the entire waterfront was declared a state Park. The highway is right next to the ocean most of the way, and there's a state park with beach access every few miles. I stopped at almost all of them, and I also stopped at a park that had a big patch of rare pitcher plants – the ones that trap bugs and eat them. That night I spent the night in a campground at Oregon Dunes National Seashore,

where I could hear the surf as I fell asleep, and there were no other campers. There were few people on the roads and beaches too; this was in February after all, but the weather was warm and sunny, so I think I had a rare treat those two days. Kim had told me where to look for sea caves and I saw several, along with the usual coastal prettiness.

Sea Lion Caves, a commercial enterprise well worth the admission fee: a huge sea cave filled with crashing surf and hundreds of barking, grunting, thrashing, stinking sea lions. Kim especially recommended Hug Point State Park, site of the sea cave that was featured on a postage stamp several years ago. He said you could only get to it at low tide. Lo and behold, I got to Hug Point at low tide – and just before sunset.

I had hoped to reach Washington by dark but blew that off just to watch the sun go down on Hug Point. The cave was there, just like on the stamp, with a waterfall next to it, luminous in the setting sunlight. You can go in it but it's very short; its real appeal is as part of the beach scene. There were several larger sea caves nearby, including one that *almost* had a dark zone. So I watched the sun set over the sea from inside a sea cave. Then fought to stay awake the rest of the way home, but it was worth it.

March '05 – Trout Lake Snow Trip

Once again a bunch of us visited Trout Lake in winter to check out the ice formations. Most of us stayed at the Trout Lake General Store as usual. My memory is fading, but I think we filled up the place and someone actually camped out in the town park. As usual, the plan was to ski or snowshoe to the caves from the Atkisson Sno-Park (sort of across the road from New Cave). Just like 2004, the snow was bad – thin and icy this year, as opposed to almost non-existent in '04. So once again, we put on the hiking



Aaron Stavens entering the Ice Rink.

boots and walked. We visited Ice Cave, Big Trench (a nice spot for lunch in the sunshine), and the icy entrance area of Ice Rink Annex, which we didn't penetrate far because it's a bat hibernacula. As usual, I had a hard time finding that one and most of



Aaron Stavens admires an ice stalagmite.

the group had bailed by the time Aaron, Jennifer and I got there. Shot some potential Convention video there, and at the entrance of Ice Rink, which had great ice stalagmites with drip pools at their tips. Back to the store to crash, had good meals at The Logs restaurant in BZ Corner and at the little café in Trout Lake, where no fights with the waitresses broke out this year. Guess they didn't recognize us.

April '05 – Red Barn Vertical Practice

Yes, we had one, we rigged ropes from the ceiling and from the beams, had a lot of people getting their vertical thing on, it was fun, that's all I remember.

April '05 – Succor Creek and Fern Pit

When I first moved here in 2000, one of the first grotto meetings I attended included a stereo slide show by Dave Kesner. One of the slides was of Fern Pit, on the Jordan Crater lava flow in far eastern Oregon. It was so beautiful that I just *had* to get there someday. Well, it took a few years, but I finally made it. Gem State Grotto had its annual Kesner/Hathorn vertical class outing at Succor Creek, which isn't far from Jordan Crater. Jennifer was going to lead a trip to Fern Pit, so that sealed the deal. Long drive to just over the Idaho border, then dirt roads back into Oregon and Succor Creek, but SO worth it. There was no giant tyrolean this year, but the campground at Succor Creek is beautiful, and the Gem Staters are always fun to hang out with, so the campout is worth the trip all by itself. Hester, Josh, and I joined Jennifer and a bunch of Gem Staters for the ride to the parking area at the edge of Jordan Crater. It's a spectacular black lava flow as far as you can see. I don't know how Jennifer or Dave or anyone else who can find Fern Pit in the middle of all that can actually find it. As we trekked across the convoluted lava, we could see tiny figures in the distance. They turned out to be a group of scouts and scoutmasters who were in the process of climbing out of Fern Pit. By the time we got there, the process had come to a screeching halt, as one of the scouts was exhausted and unable to get over the lip on his improvised climbing rig.

The Gem Staters promptly rigged up and got the hapless, ill-equipped scout over the lip with a combination of coaching, loan of actual climbing gear, and pushing. The scoutmasters liked our gear and ended up borrowing some of it so they could see

the inside of the pit too (they had been too busy getting the scouts down and back up to go down themselves). They also told us about another cave that we checked out on our way back to the cars, which was cool. There are probably lots of caves on that flow, it's so huge.

Dropping into Fern Pit is like dropping into paradise. From the barren, sun-baked, windswept black lava, you descend through about a 5m hole that's really a very thin ceiling. The pit immediately bells out into a hemispherical chamber that's all lined in green. Green moss and algae on the curved walls/ceiling, and green ferns covering the nearly flat floor. It's not big but it's hugely beautiful. And there are several kinds of tiny little frogs hiding amongst the rocks and ferns on the floor. Brilliant shaft of sunlight coming through the ceiling hole and lighting up the pile of breakdown blocks you just landed on. You can see the whole chamber just by standing in the middle and doing a 360 with your headlamp, but we spent a long time just staring at the weird lava drip formations and the water drips and the green stuff and the ferns and the tiny frogs.

Back to the cars, back to camp and an excellent Kesner dinner. On the way out the next day, we stopped to hunt for fossils and found some nice ones.

May '05 – Issaquah Cliff Rescue Practice

Another fading memory; Aaron, Kaylee, Hester and I rigged the cliff and hauled Kaylee up a few times. Good practice, not enough people take part in these, we should do more. Same old story.

June '05 – Kent Rescue Practice

This one was on flat ground and was mainly Dave McElmurry showing us knots and haul systems, which we tried out by having people haul a person across the grass; the resistance was supplied by the hauled person leaning back and dragging his feet.

Even so, it was good instruction and needs to be done more often with more people. The interesting quirk about this one was that a bunch of Society for Creative Anachronism people were having battles in the park. Sword fights and rope practice – yum!

June '05 – Northwest Caving Association Regional, Hell's Canyon

I'd been to Hell's Canyon on the way back from the 2001 joint Regional in Utah, when Jon McGinnis suggested a scenic side trip on the way home. So I knew it was beautiful, and later I read about some caves there. It was the Cascade Grotto's turn to host the



The hike up the canyon

2005 Regional, so it agreed to host it in Hell's Canyon, which is in Idaho and Oregon. Go figure. A few Cascade members knew a little about Hell's Canyon, but they weren't going to the Regional. Fortunately, Dave Kesner supplied all the information about the caves and the campground, put up a website, and brought his camp kitchen to make dinner. So Dave Kesner actually hosted the event, but Cascade Grotto got credit for it. Thanks, Dave! Especially ironic is the fact that hardly anyone from Cascade Grotto actually made the trip.

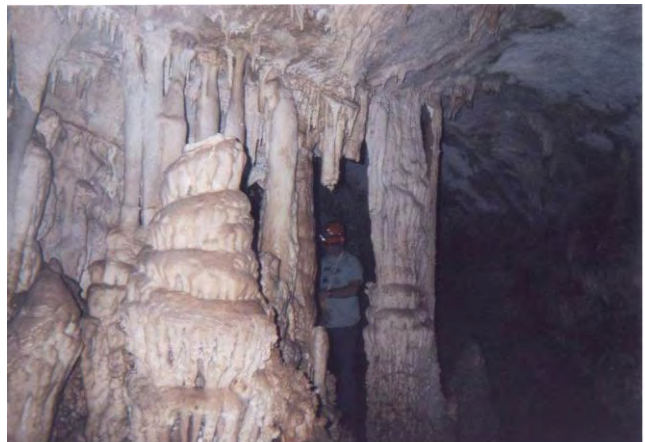
I drove out with my daughter Teela. The campground was surrounded by cliffs full of holes, but it was a long drive so there was no time for caving on Friday

night. There was time for setting up camp and socializing and eating Dave's great food. Several trips were planned for the next day, and we opted for the trip to Redfish Cave, which had been gated and off-limits for several years. This year, the BLM biologist-ranger wanted to check it out, so we got to go. She brought her young son, and the rest of the party was made up of Dave, Betsy and Mike Choules (who had just gotten married – this was their honeymoon trip),

Claude Koch, Teela, and me. We checked out a couple of other small holes on the hike up, and managed to avoid the poison oak. The cave gets its name from an ancient pictograph of a red fish just inside the entrance gate.

Before the Snake River

was dammed, there must have been a lot of salmon in Hell's Canyon. There were some nice formations in the cave, but unfortunately many were severely



Formations in Redfish Cave

vandalized. That's why it was gated. It was a small cave but a rare treat indeed. Who knows when cavers will be allowed in again?

On the trail back down, we split up while looking for other holes. Dave sucked me in to traversing a scary ledge to check a big hole in the cliff, when he already knew it didn't go. Further down the trail, several of us came upon Teela and Claude sitting on the opposite side of the creek. When asked why they were over there off the trail, they said that they had

come around the corner and found a bear in the trail right in front of them, so they retreated across the creek. Dave and Mike whipped out cameras and charged down the trail in the direction the bear had taken, while the rest of us shook our heads and called them crazy. They didn't find the bear, but people back in camp said the bear had walked right through camp, jumped into the river, and swam across. They also told us that Owen Jones, who had been water-skiing instead of caving (there's lots to do in Hell's Canyon) had dislocated his shoulder and been taken to the hospital.

That evening we had another fabulous Kesner meal, and then the NCA annual meeting. We actually had a quorum this year, so we elected Betsy Choules as Chair, Jim Hathorn as Vice Chair, Jennifer as Secretary, and Aaron as Treasurer. We also decided

not to have a 2006 Regional, and to have the annual meeting at the Bellingham Convention instead. The next day, Teela and I took the scenic back-road route home. At one of the overlooks at the rim of Hell's Canyon, we bumped into Claude, so we caravanned with him for the rest of the Oregon leg of the trip. Another long drive on a 3-day weekend, another great time.



The Redfish

July

'05 – NSS Convention, Huntsville, AL

The Huntsville Convention sessions were in a high school with a confusing floor plan that had many cavers lost. I thought cavers knew how to find their way out of mazes. Maybe that only works when it's dark! The campground was a park that had once been an airfield – flat, no trees. Since I needed to bring musical gear for the Terminal Syphons gig, and cave gear (which I didn't need in Maine, California, or Michigan), I didn't have room for camp gear. And

since the campground had no shade and it was July in Alabama, I elected to stay in the official Convention motel.

I knew I was going to be busy during the week so I flew in on Saturday so I could go caving on Sunday. Lo and behold, there was one last slot on the trip to Stephens' Gap, a classic TAG pit that I'd seen many pictures of and always wanted to visit. Someone told me that if I ever made it to Stephens' Gap, be sure to drop in via the Keyhole. I asked the trip leader where he was rigging, and he said, "the Keyhole, of course!" Sunday dawned hot (what else?) and we sweated up the trail while dodging the poison ivy. Then we got to the pit and all was right with the world. It's a huge hole in the ground, surrounded by beautiful forest with shafts of light streaming through the canopy. Our fearless leader – "Mudpuppy" from the Birmingham Grotto – rigged the rope through the Keyhole, which is a tight little hole in the mud among some tree roots, out of sight of the edge of the pit. You get on rope and wriggle through this little tube for about 10 feet, then pop out of the flat ceiling of a gigantic chamber, with waterfalls at both ends and a rainbow in the one with the shaft of sunlight on it. So you just hang there and spin slowly for a minute, 160' off the floor, slowly repeating "Wow!".

About 40' from the bottom, there's a rock called the Pedestal that's within a few feet of the rope. You can swing over to it and get off rope and walk out if you want. Mudpuppy was there watching people descend, so I stopped to talk with him for a minute ("Wow, I can't believe how beautiful this is – lookit the rainbow in that waterfall - thanks!" "You getting off here?" "No way, I'm going down and hanging out down there!"). So I got off rope and walked around a bit, then hung out in a safe alcove to watch the rest of our party and another party on the opposite side bounce the pit. With the shafts of sunlight streaming all the way to the floor, the two waterfalls, the

formations, and the happy cavers, it was a great way to spend the afternoon. Bob Straub from Idaho was there too, and we checked out some horizontal cave for a while. The kid who ascended before me was the world record-holder for his age group; I had to puff and pant my way up and stop to rest, but nobody seemed to care. I was using my trusty old Mitchell system for the first time since I'd moved to Washington, so it wasn't too bad. It wasn't very cold, and nobody was in a big hurry to get out of there. In fact, once off rope, I ran down the horizontal passage to the Pedestal to watch the last of the party climb past.

Neither Michael nor I got to attend many sessions, because we were planted at the Bellingham Convention table in the hallway of the vendors' area. We did get to meet and greet a lot of cavers, which was fun in its own way. Michael did get to go caving the last weekend, and I think he got caught in a hurricane, but I was gone by then and he'll have to tell you about it. On the last day, I joined a big crowd of other cavers on a trip to commercial Cathedral Caverns, which was quite huge and spectacular, and the tour guide was hilarious. It was the best convention in years, with a lot of people – and real caves for a change. I wish I'd had time to get underground more, but such is the life of a Convention staffer.

July '05 – Trout Lake

Cascade Grotto's campout at Trout Lake was well-attended and spawned several cave trips. I brought along Alan Madera, the bass player from my band. Al is legally blind (he's allowed to drive during the day, but you really don't want to ride with him!) and is a very large guy, so I thought I'd take him in an easy cave. I wanted to go to Deadhorse but figured Al wouldn't fit through the Rat Hole, so we went in the other end. I had forgotten how much crawling there was at that end, so it turned out to be not such an easy trip for a big, sort-of-blind guy. Especially

since the light I loaned him was not my best & brightest. But he liked it anyway and wants to go caving again someday; in fact, he has since bought himself an LED headlamp.

Also on the trip was Paul Hill and his two boys, Richard and Arthur, who really had a good time; and Kate Waggoner, a Portland resident we met at the parking area. She planned to go on "Hester's trip" to Deadhorse, which Hester had only tentatively discussed and later abandoned for a different trip. Kate had not been to the campground to find out what trips were really going on; fortunately for her, there was the "blind guy" trip to Deadhorse. Well, it was the "blind guy and kids" trip, but of course the kids pushed harder and had more energy than any of

the adults. We explored a little of the main stream passage in both directions, then headed out; no way Al was going to get up the Rat Hole.

We also visited Cheese Cave, and Eileen went with us, her first time in a cave since she got sick. On the way home, we took the Lewis River route and stopped to look at the waterfalls. Just another excellent caving, sightseeing, camping, sitting-around-the-campfire weekend. No such thing as a bad one of those. That was my last cave trip until now, the week after Convention. Convention and band stuff took over my life about a year ago. I *will* get underground again before the snows of late 2006 arrive.

Cascade Grotto Business/Regular Meeting Minutes

October 20, 2006

By Aaron Stavens

Attendance:

Van Bergen, Dave Decker, Kari Dollar, Dick Garnick, Lane Holdcroft, Hester Mallonée, Michael McCormack, Nikki McCormack, Robert Mitchell,

Stuart Monson, Beth Rand, Aaron Stavens, Adam Zuber, Ron Zuber; and Guests Loretta N, Dennis, Rector, and Paul Segal

Old Business:

Treasurer's Report: \$2,388.31 combined savings, checking, and petty cash as of 9/30/6.

The letter to Oregon Caves with the up to date grotto information and other letters will be sent out once addresses are gathered. Should be by end of November.

Annual reports are being assembled and will be completed this week by Dave Decker. To include Jackman Creek, Oregon Caves, Three Mile Creek.

Van Bergen will volunteer to be NCA representative unless he becomes the President. Then Michael McCormack will take it.

Patches. Did we decide anything? Dave suggested doing a black and white version and will start working on it. Motion passed.

Meeting location discussions – random discussion ensued. Motion made to keep this location at Shoreline Conference Center for another year. Then spend the next year to look for a more centralized location.

There was discussion if we want to keep Fridays as the meeting day and it looks like Fridays for now. Possibility of bringing up a student subgroup at UPS via Paul Segal.

Social gathering every three months or so moving around from place to place. We will start discussing online.

Caleb had his letter read by Van Bergen. He is now a war correspondent and bartender in Afghanistan and Iraq.

New Business:

Ron Zuber brought up a possible vertical work site near Mt. Erie (may do next month's program on this).

The grotto received an emergency request for help from 8-Rivers Safe Development Taskforce

back east. Motion was made to donate \$100.00 to this. Motion carried.

Trip Reports

Nikki and Michael McCormack took a new person (Rae Correnti) to Jackman Creek.

Michael McCormack went up to Cave Ridge with Jansen Cardy and Danny three weeks ago for a photo trip.

Ron Zuber passed around some photos of Geyser Cave in Montana.

Beth Rand took some people into Ape Cave as a beginner trip three weeks ago with Paul Hill. There were approximately five adults and eleven kids.

Hester Mallonée went to Lava Beds over Labor Day Weekend and did some cave sketching. There is a cave specialist now assigned there. He's working on the cave data. There is lots of volunteer stuff for decades. In the Spring, "The" Pat Kambesis will be doing sketching classes.

Weekend before Memorial Day next year NCA, Western Regional, NCRC, and Speleology and

Caving Classes. Basically all at once. Whole thing might run 30-40 bucks.

Rimstone project in Oregon caves will be worked on next summer.

Michael McCormack votes to have him/Cascade Grotto run the NCA hosting for next year.

Aaron, Paul Hill, and Kari Dollar went to three mile and got chased off by spraying so went to Jackman Creek instead.

Aaron Stavens and Hester Mallonée went to NCRC training and worked with "high lines".

Dick Garnick went to Three Mile Creek with his mother and some others. Saw a lynx n stuff.

Dick Garnick went to the Marble Range in Canada and found some possibilities. Putting together a trip next summer. Basically a new area.

Stuart Monson went onto a Cave Ridge trip and tried to use the back way. It didn't really work out.....

Adam Zuber went to Church Mountain Cave with friends. He found a green sprout in the back of it (complete dark area). Not sure how this got there and how it got as large as it did.

Ron Zuber helped build a cave gate for Skeleton Cave. Should be getting more funds for conservation in the area.

Dave Decker went to Clay Cave in California. It formed into volcanic tuft that changed to clay--likely a soil piping (mud) cave speleogenesis.

Upcoming Trips:

October 27, 2006. Three Mile Creek. Contact Kari Dollar.

October 29, 2006. Cave Ridge. Newton Trip. Contact Jeff Dwyer – vertically competent only.

November 11-12, 2006. Deadhorse 11th and Dynamited 12th, Contact Michael and Nikki McCormack – beginners trip.

December 2, 2006. Senger's Talus.

December 16, 2006. Grotto Holiday Party at the McCormacks'.

February 18-21 2007. Oregon Caves Conservation Trip. Contact Hester Mallonée.

The Cascade Grotto meets at 7:00pm on the third Friday of each month at the Shoreline Community Center. The Community Center is located at 18560, 1st Ave NE in Shoreline. To get to the Community Center from Seattle, take Exit 176 on Interstate 5 (175th St. N) and turn left at the light at the bottom of the off ramp. At the next traffic light (Meridian Ave. N) turn right. Turn right at 185th St. N (the next light). Turn left on 1st NE, which again is the next light. The Community Center is on the right. Don't get confused with the Senior Center, which is on the end of the building. Enter the building on the southwest corner and find the Hamlin Room.



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