



Cascade Caver

Newsletter of the Cascade Grotto of the National Speleological Society

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Cascade Caver

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All material to be published, subscription requests, renewals, address changes, and exchange publications should be sent to the Grotto address.

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. Subscription via email is \$11.00 per year.

GROTTO ADDRESS

Cascade Grotto; P.O. Box 66623, Seattle, WA 98166.
This post office box should be used for both the grotto and for the *Cascade Caver*.

GROTTO OFFICERS

Chairman	Jon McGinnis	(206) 246-7388
Vice Chairman	Mark Sherman	(206) 365-5386
Sec/Treasurer	Aaron Stavens	(253) 946-3431

OTHER POSITIONS

Trip Coordinator	Mike Fraley	(425) 398-3799
Librarian	Stuart Monsoon	(425) 271-2258
Regional Rep.	David Hopf	(360) 766-6770
Editors	Mike Fraley	(425) 398-3799
	Email: evil_gypsum@hotmail.com	
	*Mark Sherman	(206) 365-5386
	Email: mark.sherman@fluke.com	
	Steve Sprague	(360) 387-3162
	Email: ssprague@whidbey.net	
	* Editor for the current issue.	

MEETINGS

Regular grotto meetings are held monthly at 7:00pm on the third Friday of each month at the Mountlake Terrace Public Library, 23300 58th Ave. W. Please see the map on the back cover of this issue.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Please notify Mike Fraley at (425) 398-3799 of any upcoming trips.

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|---------------|--|
| December 15: | Grotto Christmas Party.
6:00 Lake Stickney Community Center, Everett. Contact Jim Harp at (425) 745-1010 or JHarpJ@aol.com |
| January 19: | Grotto Meeting. 7:00 p.m.
Mountlake Terrace Library |
| February 16: | Grotto Meeting. 7:00 p.m.
Mountlake Terrace Library |
| October 2001: | 10 day caving trip to England, contact Jon McGinnis for information at (206) 246-7388 or email at mcginnis@quidnunc.net |

COVER: The cover photo is a by Jon McGinnis of Aaron Stavens and Trapper Robbins rappelling off a cliff near Bat Cave (Senger's Talus Cave).

Cascade Grotto Christmas Party

December 15th at the Lake Stickney Community Club.

The Cascade Grotto's annual Christmas party & Speleo- Rendezvous of good cheer, will be held on Friday, December 15th, at the Lake Stickney Community Club, 1428 South Lake Stickney Drive, Everett.

Happy hour will start at 6:00 p.m. with a potluck dinner starting at 7:30. The Grotto will be springing for a ham, you bring a potluck dish and BYOB. In order to purchase the right amount of ham we need to have an estimate of how many are coming. Please RSVP to Jim Harp at: (425) 745-1010 or email: JHarpJ@aol.com

There will be squeeze-box contests every hour (don't eat too much!) and slides and a Chinese auction throughout the night. Bring slides, and if you have anything you are interested in donating to the auction please contact Jon McGinnis at (206) 246-7388.

To get to the Lake Stickney Community Center, take Exit 186 off of I-5, onto 128th St. SW in South Everett. Proceed west over the freeway about one block. Turn left on 8th Ave W., which is the first light after McDonalds. Turn right on 132nd St. SW, which is a tee intersection. Turn left on Lake Stickney Drive, which again, is a tee intersection. Go a couple of blocks and on your left is the clubhouse. An American flag marks the spot.

If you want to spend the night, bring your sleeping bag since the place is ours for the night.

We hope to see you there!

New Grotto Address

The Grotto has a new PO Box starting in November. Please send all correspondence to:

Cascade Grotto
P.O. Box 66623
Seattle, WA 98166

Cascade Grotto Meeting Minutes

October 20, 2000

By Aaron Stavens, Secretary-Treasurer

Attendance:

Mike Wagner, Steve Sprague, Jim Harp, Ryan Harp, Paul Lindgren, Mark Sherman, Stewart Monson, Mike Fraley, Janet Lowe (almost new member), Chris Hogan (new member), Julie McGinnis, Cameron McGinnis, Trapper Robbins, Jon McGinnis, Chris Wittenbrink, Jeff Page (visiting from Kansas), and Aaron Stavens.

Old Business:

1. Paul Lindgren contacted the University of Washington about a new meeting place for the grotto meetings. The University of Washington's event room is significantly more expensive than what we are paying now. Classroom rentals are \$8 however, we must be affiliated with the University of Washington or sponsored by someone at the university. Aaron Stavens will contact Rod Crawford at the Burke Museum to see if there are any possibilities there. Jon McGinnis will check with other libraries, community centers, and schools.
 2. Dave Hopf has generously donated a full computer system to the Cascade Grotto. Aaron Stavens has the computer and is **entering the grotto's financial records.**
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3. Current nominations for next year's officers are:

Chairman	- Jon McGinnis
Vice-Chairman	- Jim Harp
Secretary-Treasurer	- Aaron Stavens

There were no new nominations. Nominations can still be made at the November regular grotto meeting.
 4. In September we were not allowed to have our regular meeting room in the library. Aaron Stavens contacted the library. Turns out nobody gets the room in September and we did not pay for the room at that time. Also, we will not be meeting at the library in December.
 5. We still do not have a location for the grotto Christmas Party in December. Any suggestions are welcome.
 6. The Oregon Grotto has volunteered to assist in updating the cave register signs. The current

plan is for Cascade Grotto to provide the Oregon Grotto with the updated signage and they provide the labor.

New Business:

1. Mike Fraley's employer has agreed to let Mike use his laser printer to print the *Cascade Caver* as long as we pay for the cost of supplies. According to Mike, a toner cartridge is somewhere around \$80. However, the cartridge will print somewhere around 1 million copies. The *Cascade Caver* currently costs about \$56 per month to print and mail. Mike's plan will pay for itself in two to three months.
2. Dave Kesner from the Gem State Grotto has volunteered to give a 3D-slide show for the Cascade Grotto. The grotto voted to sponsor Dave's airfare. Airfare should be approximately \$100. Jon & Julie McGinnis volunteered to house Dave while he is in town. Jon is going to suggest the February grotto meeting to Dave.
3. The grotto has lost its old post office box. The new address is:
Cascade Grotto
PO Box 66623
Seattle, WA 98166

Past and Upcoming Trips:

1. Mark Sherman visited Cave Ridge last month. The wasp nest on the trail, despite the can of RAID Wasp Killer from a previous trip, was alive and well. Parasailers were using Snoqualmie Mountain as a jump off point.
2. Steve Sprague was at Windy Creek for the big dive. Unfortunately, the underwater passage went only ten feet.
3. Dick Garnick, Rose Garnick, Aaron Stavens, Mike Fraley, and Janet Lowe did a trip into B.C.. There are some promising karst areas.
4. Dave Hopf, Jon McGinnis, and Aaron Stavens checked out a limestone area near the Washington Monument. The limestone quality was poor. Jon and Dave did a rappel to check leads. Jon was the first one down. He found the rope tangled in the roots of a very large fallen tree. The tree was on a steep slope and quite unstable. Had the tree fallen it would have taken the rope and Jon with it. As a matter of safety, Jon suggests paying out rope during the rappel when rappelling over a blind drop.

5. Mark Sherman, Jon McGinnis, Trapper Robbins, and Aaron Stavens did a caving presentation for the Boy Scouts on October 16th.
6. There is a vertical practice tomorrow, October 21, 2000 at Steve Sprague's dam site.
7. The Canadian Cavers are having a meet on November 4th. Jim Harp is looking for traveling companions.
8. It appears that the planned trip to England, including airfare, will run about \$1000 for the week. The airlines take reservations only 10 months in advance so nothing much will happen until January.

We finished up the meeting with knot practice and the customary visit to the pizza parlor.

Lava-Tubin' at Last

by Van Bergen

Labor Day Weekend, 2000

Dave Hopf, Trapper Robbins, Eileen Bergen,
Teela Bergen, Van Bergen

I couldn't believe we were actually there, in a lush campground in the Gifford Pinchot National Forest, in the shadow of Mt. Adams in southern Washington, getting ready to go caving. I'd only been out here a month, and assumed we'd go to a grotto meeting in Seattle and meet some people, and eventually get invited on a trip if we were lucky. But we didn't make it to the August meeting; we got stuck in traffic and missed the ferry, found an hour-long waiting line for the next one, and gave up. As it turned out, the meeting had been cancelled anyway, because most of the grotto members were on a survey trip.

Fortunately, thanks to modern technology, I had been corresponding with a couple of Northwest cavers via e-mail. One was Jim Harp, courtesy of the Cascade Grotto website. Worried about whether there would be any caves here, I started contacting people even before I moved from Ohio. At the time, I was in the middle of a 12-weekend run of cave trips and didn't think I could handle a cold-turkey withdrawal. I had also met Rob Stitt at the NSS Convention, after asking all over the Convention grounds if there were any Washington cavers in attendance. At least I knew there were caves here, which made all that packing and moving a little less painful. Come to think of it,

packing that U-Haul truck was a little like caving – dark, cramped quarters, using muscles you didn't know existed, crawling past dangerous piles of breakdown, hours and hours of hard labor....

Jim had already invited me on a trip to Papoose Cave for Labor Day weekend, but I declined because it was a permit-only trip, there was only one slot available, and I didn't want to abandon my wife and daughter on our first long weekend in Washington. Then Jim decided to do some GPS entrance locations in Washington with Dave Hopf instead. He invited us to come along. Jim and Dave sent directions and said they'd save us a campsite. Jim had to cancel at the last minute, so we said we'd just find Dave at the campground. We had never even corresponded with Dave before, so he sent us a picture of his van.

It was a beautiful weekend, but our caving and camping gear was disorganized from the move and we didn't get on the road until Saturday afternoon. Mt. Adams was huge, snow-covered, and ominous – an obvious volcano. Big trees and big mountains were a nice change for us; we lived in Colorado for a long time, but spent the last 10 years in Ohio, where the highest point in the state is a little hill with some industrial buildings on top. But even Colorado didn't have these huge volcanoes. Dave and someone else were already caving, but they left us a note on a paper plate tacked to a tree. We set up camp and had dinner, and as it started getting dark we wondered just how long our hosts would be underground. Dave and Trapper finally came by around 9 p.m., and we sat around the fire talking about caves, and about life, the universe and everything.

We stayed up too late and slept way too late. Although we missed the massed katydid chorus that always lulled us to sleep in Kentucky, the breeze in those towering Douglas firs had the same effect. After a communal breakfast with way too much food, Dave and Trapper took us to Dynamited Cave, the biggest lava tube in the area. I had already heard about Dynamited from a Willamette Valley Grotto member, Claude Koch. I had met Claude on the Ohio discussion board run by my old grotto, IFONet. IFO means "Idiots from Ohio" – a nickname graciously bestowed on us by some Tennessee cavers – and I guess Claude considered himself and IFO(region). Actually, I've had discussions with a couple of Northwest cavers in IFONet, which started as a parody of TAGNet

but has become a national resource. We later found out that Claude and other WVG people had been in same area that weekend, but not in the same caves. I expect I'll run into Claude underground someday.

Dynamited Cave is a rare collection of stacked tubes with three drops, the longest being about 55 feet. It had once been blasted shut, but a new entrance was dug open. It was only a short drive from the campground. We followed a short trail, lined with delicious huckleberries, to a hole in a pile of volcanic rocks. This was prime huckleberry season, and the majority of people in the forest were probably there to pick berries. There was no one else at the parking area, so we had the berries and the cave to ourselves.

We climbed through the hole and slid down a big flat rock into a room at least 30 feet high and 60 feet wide – a giant tube, full of breakdown, that kept going and going. The breakdown rocks were all volcanic and relatively dry, so footing was solid. It was like walking around inside a giant barbecue grill. For those of us used to wet, slippery midwestern breakdown, it was a nice change. After a while the tube pinched down to about 15 feet in diameter. There was a delicate lava bridge near the ceiling, and lots of sparkling water droplets. Weird colors and velcro surfaces were everywhere. In places the walls were lined with lava from later flows; some of these wall linings were separating and collapsing, creating all the breakdown.

This level ended at a 15-foot drop-off. We could climb down from a ledge along the left wall. Eileen elected not to try the climb because she was spacey from some medication she had been taking for a sore back. She and Teela went back outside to check out the abundant flora and fauna. Dave and Trapper and I climbed down into another big breakdown room. There was enough weird stuff in this cave to keep me occupied for days. My Ohio friends had told me that lava tubes were boring. Liars! They were probably trying to talk me out of moving, or else they just don't know any better.

In the second level, the walls were so black they seemed to swallow our light. Since we hadn't brought vertical gear, we had to leave most of the cave for next time. Instead, we followed another level right back underneath the entrance passage. This tube had even more bizarre lava features: lots

of little lavacicles hanging from the ceiling; piles of bright orange rocks; and an area of shiny black walls and ceiling, with gray flecks, that looked like the inside of an oven.

The best part was the sand castle area. Water dripping through cracks had deposited weird piles of sand on the floor; later seepage had sculpted them into even more fantastic shapes. There was a whole roomful, with walking paths marked with flagging tape. Dave sat on a rock while Trapper and I continued to the end of the tube, testing the range of Dave's walkie-talkies. They worked a long way in the straight tube, but not all the way to the end, especially after a couple of short climbs took us out of the line of sight.

We played with my slave flash unit a little, and inspected more features, including some gypsum crystals on the walls. Out of passage and without vertical gear, we headed back out. Dave had given Eileen and Teela a third walkie-talkie, so when we got back to the car we gave them a call to come in from their plant-collecting excursion. I realized that Trapper was standing there in polypros and a necktie. He had put on the tie when we got to the end of the passage, and I didn't even notice until we got outside. I guess that black lava really does suck up light. Trapper was a new guy to the area too. He was a mountaineer who had been turned on to caving when his wife was a winter-season ranger at Carlsbad. He said putting on a tie was traditional when reaching a mountain summit, so he always puts one on at the turn-around point of a cave trip. By now it was late afternoon, so we decided to go back to camp for dinner before checking out another cave.

After dinner we drove down the dark road to Slime Cave. On the way, we stopped at a tube collapse right by the side of the road. It looked just like a Kentucky sinkhole collapse. Dave said there was a tube down there that you could get into and walk to the next collapse, then continue past that to another collapse, like walking under a row of skylights. But it was dark, and Slime awaited. A little farther on, we just pulled off the side of the road and walked up a trail to the Slime entrance collapse. It was a pretty little tube with thick ropes and swirls of lava all over the floor. Dave said it was Pahoehoe (sp? – pronounced pa-hoi-hoi?) lava; the chunkier, popcorny type is A-A (sp? – pronounced ah-ah). Hawaiian words for Washington lava. Since one of my Ohio caving

buddies just moved to Hawaii, I expect we'll be trading lava stories before too long. There was black slime on the walls; it was some kind of biological stuff that we weren't supposed to touch, but some idiots had written their names in it. At least it wasn't spray paint, like I'd seen so much of back in Kentucky.

Back at the cars, we stopped to look at the Milky Way and the satellites in the clear black sky. The road was a convenient window in the dense forest. It was absolutely pitch black. After a while, a guy came driving along the road on his way home from bowhunting. Surprised to see us, he stopped to talk for a while about stars and caving and satellites.

We went back to the campfire and stayed up late again. Dave knows so much about the caves – among other things – that we left several conversations unfinished simply due to lack of time. Dave studied my Premier carbide caplamp and said he's going to make his own. I'll bring my Justrite next time so he can check that out too. There's no place to get carbide around here, so I'm glad I stocked up. I'll eventually have to order a 100lb drum and go into business to supply all the people who buy the lamps Dave makes, unless he decides to manufacture carbide too. We're looking forward to seeing both Dave and Trapper again, and we also want to get back down to Trout Lake soon.

There were bats and spiders in the lava tubes, but no salamanders or crawdads. I will miss the little slimy critters, and the hordes of cave crickets. One bat in Slime Cave flew rings around me, like it was just checking me out. The weirdest thing is that water drips but there's no mud. We came out slightly damp but clean, and I even wore the same overalls around camp and around the house for a few days. I might have to retire the brown underwear I reserve for cave trips. Don't worry, its just cave mud; all of our Midwest caving clothing is permanently stained brown from all the mud. We'll miss wallowing in it, but I guess you can't have everything. At least I won't have to spend hours hosing down cave gear in the driveway. On the other hand, the lava is apparently going to eat up gloves and boots a lot faster.

We slept late the next morning, and our new friends were already gone when finally we got up. We explored some back roads on the way home,

looking for some of the many waterfalls in the area. The only one we found was a beautiful cascade pouring over a huge lava flow. We got lost looking for the next one, and put the little Escort station wagon into a wheel-eating rut; after shoveling logs and gravel under it for half an hour we got out and aborted the waterfall hunt until we get a better map.

Since Mt. St. Helens was on the way home, we decided to go check it out. But the fabled Washington rains finally came and soaked everything in, so we aborted that too. In Cougar, the first town we came to after leaving the forest, we stopped at a little restaurant. It seemed like the Washington version of our favorite Kentucky eatery, except the patrons were mostly bowhunters and it was a little farther from camp. Like about an hour farther. As beautiful as the Trout Creek campground is, I can tell I'm going to miss two things from our old camping area: the shower house, and a restaurant only a half hour away. Shower house, you ask? Our old grotto leased and managed the Great Saltpetre Cave Preserve in Rockcastle County, Kentucky. The Preserve was our home-away-from-home; it included one big cave and lots of smaller caves right on the property, a stream, a caver-only camping area, a shelter house – and hot showers. The 2001 NSS

Convention will be held there, and it's guaranteed to be worth the trip. Be there!

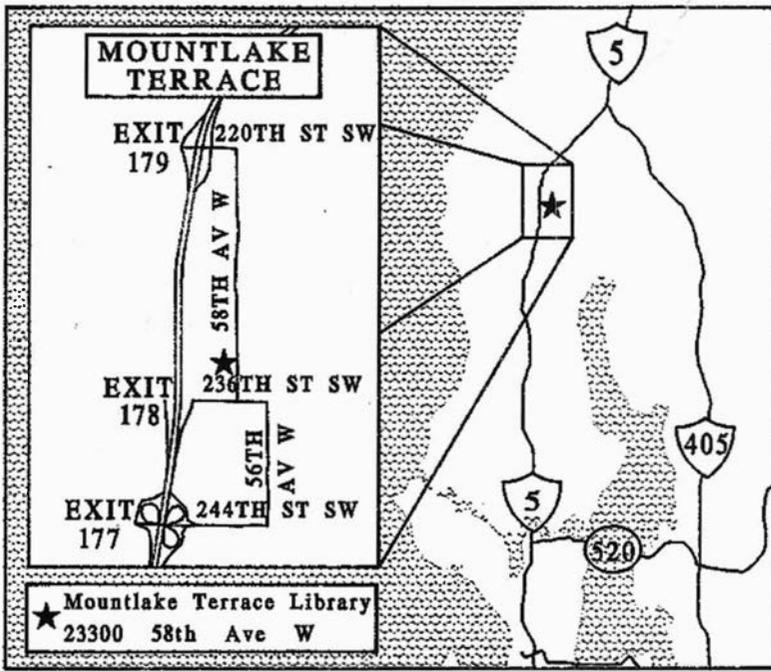
Bat Closures for Washington

by Mark Sherman

The following is a list of closed Washington caves, along with the county the cave is located in and the dates that they are closed. It is taken from the web site of Bat Conservation International (BCI), which is located at www.batcon.org.

The caves on this list are considered CLOSED during critical times of the year in order to protect the important bat colonies within. Many have access physically restricted by a locked gate or fence, and some are overseen by local management agencies. Many others have no such gates or signs, and the period of non-visitation is voluntarily enforced. Please cooperate with these seasonal closures. Entry at certain times may be extremely harmful to the bats therein, and may be in violation of state and federal laws. The information on this list has not been field-checked by BCI. Please send additions or corrections to jkennedy@batcon.org

Cave Name:	County:	Dates Closed:
Christmas Tree Cave,	Klickitat,	Nov. 15 - Apr. 15
Davids Den Annex Cave,	Klickitat,	Nov. 15 - Apr. 15
Madisons Fence Cave,	Klickitat,	Nov. 15 - Apr. 15
Poachers Cave,	Klickitat,	Nov. 15 - Apr. 15
Red Cave, System	Klickitat,	Nov. 15 - Apr. 15
Back Bone Cave,	Skamania,	Nov. 15 - Apr. 15
Big Trench Cave,	Skamania,	Nov. 15 - Apr. 15
Blue Ribbon Cave,	Skamania,	Nov. 15 - Apr. 15
Breakdown Cave,	Skamania	Nov. 15 - Apr. 15
Curly Creek Cave,	Skamania	Nov. 15 - Apr. 15
Dollar and a Dime Cave,	Skamania,	Nov. 15 - Apr. 15
Goose Cave,	Skamania,	Nov. 15 - Apr. 15
Ice Rink Cave,	Skamania,	Nov. 15 - Apr. 15
Ice Rink Annex Cave,	Skamania,	Nov. 15 - Apr. 15
Jug Cave,	Skamania,	Nov. 15 - Apr. 15
Little Peoples Cave,	Skamania,	Nov. 15 - Apr. 15
Oles Cave,	Skamania,	Nov. 15 - Apr. 15
Powerline Cave,	Skamania	Nov. 15 - Apr. 15
Prince Albert Cave,	Skamania,	Nov. 15 - Apr. 15
Spider Cave,	Skamania,	Nov. 15 - Apr. 15
Bat Cave,	Whatcom,	Nov. 15 - Apr. 15
Boulder Cave,	Yakima,	Nov. 15 - Apr. 15



The Cascade Grotto meets at 7:00pm on the third Friday of each month (except for December!) at the Mountlake Terrace Public Library, 23300 58th Ave. W.

To get to the Library from the Eastside, take Bothell Way to Ballinger Way. Head North on Ballinger and take a right on 19th Ave. NE (this turns into 56th Ave. W. at the county line). Turn left on 236th then right on 58th Ave. W. Go North 3 blocks.

We look forward to seeing you at one of our meetings.

Cascade Caver
 P.O. Box 66623
 Seattle, WA 98166



Danny/Cele Miller/Wolman
 5623 294th Ave. NE
 Carnation WA 98014

