



THE CASCADE CAVER

International Journal of
Vulcanospeleology



Published by the Cascade Grotto, N.S.S.

VOLUME 21 NO. 10

Editor: Mark Sherman

October 1982



COMING EVENTS

NOV. 16 Grotto Meeting 8:00, 1117 36th Ave. East, Seattle
NOV. 25-28 Thanksgiving Trip to Pot of Gold and Hell's Canyon
DEC. 11 Grotto party at Dr. Halliday's 6:00 Potluck dinner BYOB
DEC. 21 Grotto Meeting 8:00, 1117 36th Ave. East, Seattle
FEB. 19-24 Ski touring trip to Yellowstone.

For information on any of these trips contact:
Bob Brown at 569-2724

GROTTO NOTES

There will be a party on December 11, at 6:00, at Dr. Halliday's house. It will be a potluck and everyone will supply their own drinks. For more information call Carolyn Moore at 938-1148.

1982 CASCADE GROTTTO FISCAL REPORT

From Treasurer Alan Lundberg

Beginning Balance on Jan 1, 1982	-----	\$439.24
Garage Sale	expenses -----	\$102.40
	income -----	\$428.50
Cascade Caver	expenses -----	\$425.00
Dues	income -----	\$253.50
Cave Registor Program	expenses -----	\$ 54.07
Socials	expenses -----	\$427.77
	income -----	\$356.00
Other	expenses -----	\$ 64.52
	income -----	\$ 43.65
Ending Balance on Oct 15, 1982	-----	\$447.29

PROPOSED REVISION TO THE BYLAWS

The Cascade Grotto Bylaws, Part II now reads in part: Dues for regular and associate members shall be \$7.50 per year. Subscription rates for Grotto publications shall be \$6.00 for one years issues.

The proposed revision shall read: Dues for regular and associate members and subscription rates for Grotto publications shall be \$7.50 per year.

Two of our members have left the Seattle area, hopefully for just a short period of time. Andrew Foord has gone back to New Jersey and Chris Burdge has left for Houston. We wish the both of them the best of luck and hope they come back soon.

The cover for this month's Caver was drawn by Steve Sprague.

A BOY AND HIS CAVE (SENGER'S TALUS CAVE)

By Matthew Carson

Being of sound mind and body, I wonder why I'm doing this. In three years of college, I have successfully avoided writing a single composition or term paper. It must have been all those rock fumes. To get started anyway, I left Seattle about 7:00 am, along with 3 others, Rod Crawford, Andrew Foord, and Mark Sherman, who was driving. We drove up Chuckanut drive south of Bellingham and parked. After a 2 hour hike, we found ourselves on a huge pile of rectangular blocks, staring at the entrance to Senger's Cave. Then we remembered that we were supposed to pick up Jim Harp and his daughter Amanda back at Lake Stickney (actually, we grabbed them when we were supposed to). We entered the cave about 11:15 AM. Rod, Andrew, and Mark went off to do some mapping while Jim, Amanda, and I searched for "The Trap" which was a lost passageway that I rediscovered on my last trip. There was a tight triangular doorway off of this passageway that I wanted to check out. It was no good. I also noticed that all of the walls were wet and beaded, unlike the last trip. After dragging Jim and Amanda to the bottom of the thin down-slanting passageway, we came to a small lake, with a soaked log in it to walk accross on. The only problem was that the log was cracked in the middle and most of your weight had to be supported on the walls by the arms. If the log were to break I'd be waist deep and ice cold. After half an hour, Amanda decided not to risk it. I had already crossed but I found an overhead passage that spanned the lake and came out above where Jim and Amanda were standing. It was only Amanda's second cave, I think, and here first tight one but with Jim's encouragement we got her up to where I was and worked our way back to the entrance.

Mark and Andrew had been helping with the mapping of nooks and crannies near the entrance and were getting anxious for some return-to-the-womb darkness. I volunteered to guide four of us to Matthew's Misery, which is not named after me by the way. It is a tight miserly hole that drops down 25 or 30 feet and is the only known entrance to the middle levels. I found a passage that Rod wasn't familiar with and, being the masochist that I am, stuffed myself in and ended up in a large room. Rod declined to follow. The bottom of the room had some water, and I followed through a hole in one end of the room and found another room, with water, and a wall that came close to water on the other end. After doing the limbo until my back was touching the water, I found myself back in a mapped room. I worked my way back to Rod and told him. Then he derlated me by telling me that passage was already mapped.

Mark and Andrew did some more mapping with Rod while I headed outside. By then I had the screaming munchies. The last time I was here, I dropped my lunch down a hole but managed to get to it from an entrance 50 feet away.

After a group lunch in the Entrance Room, Jim, Amanda and I went surface caving towards the bottom of the talus pile, since I figured I had burned out this system. We found a large entrance and followed it north. I seemed to end, but a promising hole looked very deep. Again my penchant for crawling through holes where I don't fit overcame me and I went for it. After dropping straight down 20 feet, I moved some rocks and squeezed sideways into a room about 8 feet across. Another room was attached and looked promising, but I didn't want to go further without company and Jim wanted to grab Rod and the others. I went back up and we took another nice passage-way on the south end that eventually connected up with a central junction room in the mapped cave system. I later found it was all mapped except the Matthew's Misery Drop. It looked promising for a later trip, but we were going through lightbulbs like no end. In fact, our whole exploration near the last was done with a blinker bulb on my helmet. Do you know what it's like to jump onto a pile of jagged rocks and have your light go out in mid air? I finally got a new bulb from Andrew, after searching the cave for them. We found them mapping the Trap. Andrew really got a kick out of the log. He said when it busted we would replace it with an NSS stamped 2 x 6. I'll let him try to drag it down.

I finally surfaced for the day about 5:45. I think my sandwich was bad, because I was getting a bad case of lower indigestion and didn't feel like crawling anymore. In fact, I didn't feel like living anymore. The rest finally surfaced about 6:15. Rod said that they had added 206 feet to the map, bringing the total to 1756 feet. During one part of the mapping, I was told, Andrew's compass was wrong by 70 degrees. Sound's more likely that Andrew's personal compass is off.

FIRST MOUNT ST. HELENS GLACIOSPELEOLOGICAL ATTEMPT RAINED OUT

By William R. Halliday M.D.

On Sunday August 29, 1982, the International Glaciospeleological Survey made its first attempt to check the remaining glaciers of Mount St. Helens for glacier caves. Previous field work had been entirely by aerial reconnaissance without much of note except a photo by Charley Anderson in September 1980 that showed a recent collapse at the snout of the Swift Glacier strongly suggestive of a recent glacial outburst flood. On one of the aerial reconnaissance flights Charley received a compound fracture of the left forearm in a helicopter crash on Coldwater Ridge. The crash was a very near thing for all three in the chopper. On August 29th, Charley was just out of his cast and therefore stayed at the field base 2.2 miles north of Utterstrom's Road turnoff on Forest Service road 830. The field party consisted of Dr. Wayne Smith and myself with radio support by Don Krehbiel and George Milner of the Clark County Amateur Radio Club.

The field base point was as high on the south side of Mount St. Helens as it is possible to drive and close to the steep part of the mountain. At this point road 830 is blocked by a very large log but the road continues for another half mile after losing some altitude. In retrospect we probably would have done better to have hiked the road then followed the ridgelines. But following the first ridgeline from the clearcut worked reasonably well except that we broke out of the forest too high to traverse below the snout of the big dacite flow as planned. So we ascended the dacite flow which was larger than it looks. Because of the thick pumice it was easier going than expected and we were quite pleased with ourselves until we looked south and saw rain coming. We sat and snacked, thought for a while, and decided not to let judgement be swayed by desire but came back down. It was a good thing, too. By the time we would have been reaching the glaciers it was a filthy day; it was hailing even before we reached the cars.

At least we learned quite a bit about the route and how to do better next time. We also had the pleasure of seeing a nice herd of elk and of eating the biggest, sweetest huckleberries that I can ever remember.

BRITIAN IN A FLAP AS CONSERVATIONISTS GO TO BAT

David K. Willis, Christian Science Monitor - London

The British, as is well known, fill their houses, gardens, cars, boats, caravans, cottages, countrysides, books, poetry, films, and paintings with pets - dogs, cats, birds, horses, guinea pigs, rabbits, hamsters, fish, and the like.

As far back as 1693, William Penn was writing that "men are generally more careful of the breed of their horses and dogs than of their children." He may have gone a little far there but he was onto something.

(Just to hand is more proof in the form of the latest book on Winston Churchill, this time by his daughter Mary. "I like pigs," she quotes her father as saying. "Cats look down on human beings, dogs look up to them but

pigs just treat us as their equals.")

But has this island race at last gone too far? It has now taken unto itself the bat.

Greater horseshoe bats, Daubenton's bat, Natterer's bat, whiskered bats, Bechstein's bat, the gray long-eared bat, the noctule, the pipistrelle, the brown long ear, the barbastelle - it makes no difference.

All 15 species here are now protected by the full force of the law, to wit, clauses buried deep in 128 pages of legislation called the 1981 Wildlife and Countryside Act.

Provisions protecting bats took effect at the end of September. Other clauses, protecting everything from the Glutinous and Carthusian snails to great crested newt and the black-veined moth, come into force every few months.

Britain rings with argument. Protecting moths may be all right, but bats have long had a public relations problem here. They get in the hair. They are seen as nasty, zooming things that hang eerily upside down in attics and dark places.

Once found in a home, they are often summarily dealt with by right-side-up Englishmen.

But now that has all changed. An Englishman's home may be his castle, but now he must share it with his bats. Molest a bat, even in his own attic or walls, and he is liable for a fine as high as \$1,710 per bat - and bats hang out in colonies of 500 at a time.

"We have courted publicity, in fact," remarked a bat woman at the government's Nature Conservancy Council. "The act says people must notify us and get a license before doing anything in their homes that would kill or interfere with bats."

An Englishman, a Scotsman, or a Welshman now insulates, or remodels at his peril.

But how will the Nature Conservancy Council know who to prosecute?

"Ah, well, that's the thing, isn't it," said the bat woman. "The act is to deter, in fact. That's why we want it known..."

"Under the previous Conservation Act of 1975, 21 wildflowers were protected. You couldn't dig them up without their owners' permission. But we only ever had two prosecutions.

"Still..." she brightened, "the law is there, isn't it?"

Nor is it just for bats. The otter is now protected in Scotland. The red squirrel is conserved, and the sand lizard, the great crested newt, the swallowtail butterfly, the field cricket, the mole cricket, the wartbiter grasshopper, and the sandbowl snail.

Yet it is the bats around which most controversy flaps.

The council's bat man, Bob Stebbings, says that even the greater horseshoe bat and the mouse-eared bat, protected since 1975, are down to 5 percent of their number a century ago. More common bats such as the pipistrelle are down by almost 50 percent in the last three years alone.

New construction and urban sprawl rob bats of their roosts and feeding grounds but the biggest culprit is chemicals lethal to bats regularly used to treat construction timber. More than 100,000 buildings each year are treated with such chemicals.

All of which explains the conscience-stricken tone of a 14-page color publication "Focus on Bats" and its enormous effort to make bats sound not only useful but also positively handy to have around the house.

Bats, the reader learns, do not chew buildings or paint. They don't even build nests. They simply hang. Moreover, they eat wood-boring beetles. The message is clear: Harbor a bat and save your home.

Bats like to eat canned pet food, scrambled eggs, and even chopped liver. They are also partial to mealworms.

Oh, well, the booklet concedes, there might be a few problems. Bat droppings are an excellent fertilizer and also build up into an excellent insulation material, but you might want to put down a plastic sheet.

But many citizens remain unimpressed.

"Certainly, no one warned me about this Draconian law," thunders the Rev. H. A. Jennings of Bicker Vicarage, Lincolnshire, in a letter to the Daily Telegraph.

"Every year in my parish, between June and September, we fight a losing battle to protect our ancient and beautiful parish church against these filthy little creatures...Fabrics, books, ornaments, and pews are soiled,...floors littered..."

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC REPORT

By Joel Skok

I finally have some very tasty news thanks to the notes sent me by Dr. Halliday back in May and some vague tales that I have heard from the Dominicans. I tracked down and explored quite thoroughly the largest known cave in the country with two other Peace Corps Volunteers and a flock of eager kids that lived nearby. Luckily, the kids tired quickly of the serious attitude and careful attention we gave to our surroundings and left us after an hour. We ended up spending 29 hours straight in there. Do you know how feet feel when the boots come off after so many hours?... Anyway, this cave, called Rancho de la Guardia, is one that caters to all. It is reached after a nifty rock pitch, has an easy walk-in entrance, squeezes, mud, a "puerta del viento" (door of the wind), bats, streams, caverns that look as big as the Kingdome. Also the densest collection of speleothems that my buddy has ever seen and he is a veteran of most of the largest caves in the United States. Lots of vandalism, though.

It didn't go its rumored 70 km. It was more like 4 km or less of easy walking distance. We pushed all but a few leads and managed to locate what we were sure to be virgin areas of the cave. My buddy was impressed. I was amazed! I'd never been in such a big cave. The temperature was maybe 65 degrees Fahrenheit and I did it all shirtless except when sleeping. I've got scratches to show for it and have spent more than a half hour trying to wash the cave slime out of my pants. It's sure tougher than superficial dirt, especially when I'm washing by hand.

Sleeping in the cave was also a kick. We chose a "lot with a view" jokingly referring to the Dominican sunrise we'd get. We went through 34 Ray-o-vac "D" cells. Each one costs 30 cents and is about as inferior as a battery can get. Other than that we travelled very light and as the food disappeared we moved almost without interruption.

The biology that we observed was minimal in variety. There were a few cave crickets which had gleaming green and yellow shells up to 3" long with transparent appearing legs and antennae. There were bats, a few of which hit us, which I thought was unusual. Some of them were up to one foot across and the whirring noise of their wings made us uneasy at first.

So that was our super trip. There was not enough squirming to rate it as my favorite cave but I'll certainly return to it someday.

NAKIMU CAVES

By Andrew Foord

Caving is like eating; even the most enjoyed foods pale without comparison. For those who crave caving, Nakimu caves serve excellent meals. After the N.S.S. convention a party consisting of Hood River's Bob Davis, Brian Judge from Toronto, and myself drove to Phillip Whitfield's via the North Cascades, arriving just in time to watch vertical practice and bark rappel. The group ate heartily, slept soundly, and drove smoothly to Cody's cave for a quick jaunt. Travel was thwarted by the concrete form of a gate and we were driving again with the day still young.

Under gray skies, the hike to the cave entrance was rain-free but more importantly, bear-free. After a tour of the surface features, Phil led the group to the Bear Falls entrance, a sinuous rodent run at a fair angle. Jabberwock Jump is an unendearing pit; all drop, all of it bathroom size with a stream at the bottom which runs noisily. The Backdoor is surprisingly sustained. An area of the cave called the Witch's Ballroom is well decorated with ice formation and in an area called the Turbine, the roar from the water pouring through it was impressive.

Nakimu Caves possess many tastes; no caver will visit without cackling heartily and "digging in".

Cascade Caver
207 HUB (FK-30) BOX 98
University of Washington
Seattle WA. 98195

GROTTO MEETING NOV. 16 8:00