

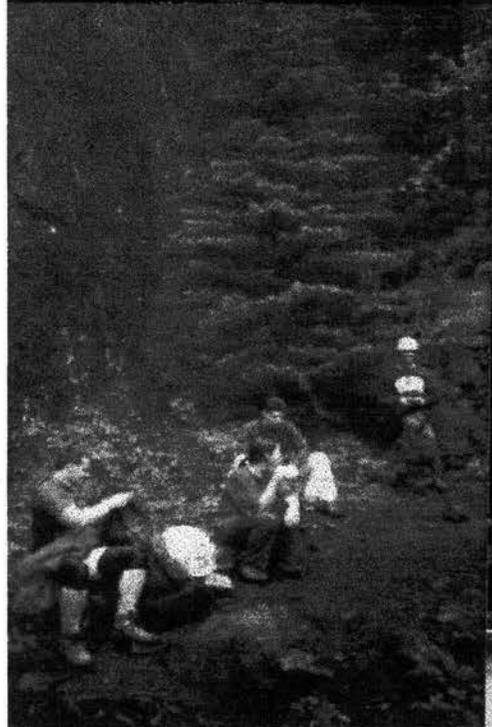
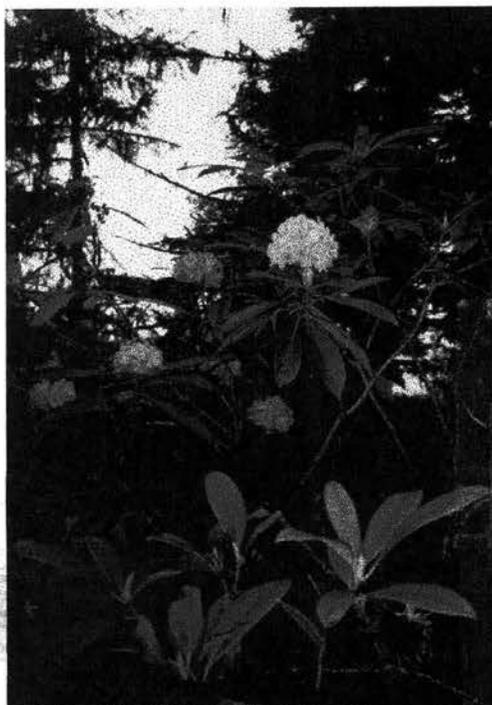


# *Cascade Caver*

Newsletter of the Cascade Grotto of the National Speleological Society

September 1997, Volume 36 No. 8

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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.

## GROTTO ADDRESS

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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 (206) 745-1010 of any upcoming trips.

Sept. 19	Grotto Meeting 7:00p.m. Program: Identifying new potential cave areas.
Sept. 20	WVG Speleo-Treasurehunt campout at Trout Lake's Peterson Prairie Campground group camp. Tom Kline (503)786-0592
Sept. 27	Cave Ridge Scott Davis (253)862-1035
Oct. 7-10	1997 Karst and Cave Management Symposium Highlighting Forest Karst Ecosystems - Bellingham, WA Rob Stitt (206) 283-2283 Email: <a href="mailto:rstitt@halcyon.com">rstitt@halcyon.com</a>
Mid Oct.	Windy Creek Jerry Thompson (360)653-3790
Oct. 17	Grotto Meeting 7:00p.m.
Nov. 21	Grotto Meeting 7:00p.m.

## 1998

Mem. Weekend Regional - Bend, OR. Jointly hosted by Puget Sound and Cascade Grottos.

**COVER:** Photos of the trip to the Tubal Cane mine and B-17 crash site earlier this year. The trip report is on page 51. Photos by Robert Mitchell, scanned by Scott Davis.

**Correction:** The contour lines on last month's cover were identified as being 20 feet instead of the actual interval of 40 feet. Only the 5,000 foot line was labeled correctly. The contour labels at the top and bottom of the map should have been marked as 5,160 and 4600 respectively.

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## Tubal Cain Mine:

### Cavers Save a Life

By Scott Davis

#### The Mine.

A total of 14 people showed up Saturday morning at the trailhead for the Tubal Cain Mine and B-17 crash site hike. This year the trip was timed perfectly and all the wild rhododendrons were just blooming for the first 2 miles along the 4 mile hike in. At the 3.2 mile mark we were at the Tubal Cain Mine just off the main trail. Most of our hiking group entered the mine but only about 6 people made it all the way to the back of the mine. There were a couple of spots that turned people around. The first was an area where the water got over 8 inches deep. In most of the cave there was gravel filled in between the old wooden rails with iron slats on top. The water that leached into the mine just ran down the outer sides of the rails most of the time, providing a convenient dry trail. Farther into the mine there was a spot where several cracks along the ceiling had water vigorously spraying from them. Those still willing to push on ducked down and ran through it. Along the length of the mine were some artifacts remaining from the days when it was being actively worked. Beside the old rails there was some brass pipes and valves that may have been used to bring steam into the drills. Along the length of the ceiling there was a one foot diameter pipe, probably used to bring fresh air in. Rats had obviously been running along the length of these pipes as rat droppings could be seen sitting on top of them. Some even had lovely white molds spores that were two inches tall. That was the most decorative formation in the mine.

#### The Plane

Another mile up a steeper trail led to the crash site of a B-17 bomber. Apparently it had crashed in 1952 while returning from a boat search and rescue in the gulf of Alaska. According to reports their altimeter was broken and they were flying too low to clear the Olympic Mountain Range during a snow storm. Amazingly most of the crew survived as the plane disintegrated only 200 feet from a miners cabin. There were many recognizable large parts strewn about the meadow. We found a couple of the engines, a wing assembly, the landing gear, and a lot of assorted aluminum parts.

#### The Rescue.

On the way back to the car park, our group came upon another group of hikers with one member in trouble. The woman was complaining of being too tired to make it back to the vehicles. Robert Mitchell of the PSG noted that something may be seriously wrong. With his 1<sup>st</sup> Aid training he checked her vital statistics and found

her heart rate was at only 40 beats a minute. He immediately started treatment for shock. Upon further questioning, the 24 year old woman stated that she had an appendectomy two months prior. One possibility was internal bleeding, which she also stated as being a problem a few weeks earlier. An amazingly effective litter was made out of two external frame back packs lashed together. A cell phone was used to call out a full mountain rescue but Robert suggested that we work at getting her as close to the parking lot as we could. After a mile of packing her down the trail the first volunteer mountain rescue member arrived on the scene. They had radios to coordinate the response and oxygen to administer to the patient. After another mile the full mountain rescue team arrived with a great litter that even had a mountain bike tire to suspend the patients weight. Shortly after that the EMT arrived and put the patient on an intravenous fluid drip. As more and more qualified rescue personnel arrived, our group backed out of being active participants in the rescue. When the squad delivered the patient to the parking lot, there was an ambulance waiting to take her to the hospital. We were later informed that she was able to return home that evening after being treated.

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## 1997 Wallowas Expedition

By Brett Cook



Wallowas country Photo by Jerry Thompson

The '97 Wallowas trip was a success. The following people were on the team: Brett Cook (WVG), Tina Cook, Bandit, Lisa Emerson (WVG), Tom Kline (WVG), Jerry Thompson (CG), Nick Yost (WVG).

I'd like to first say thanks to Chuck and Pat Havens on behalf of the team for letting us spend Saturday night in their cabin near the trailhead. They were very kind and didn't seem to mind being invaded by a group of cave-junkies. Jerry also deserves special thanks for all the

effort he put out to make this a successful trip. His help in the planning stage was also invaluable.

Jerry hiked up Friday to drop off some gear. It rained that night (the only rain of the entire trip). He spent the night at the lake and hiked back down Saturday, running into Tom and Lisa at the trailhead. Tina, Nick, Bandit and I arrived at the trailhead Saturday night and met up with Jerry. He introduced us to his friends, the Havens', who put us up for the night. We hiked up together Sunday morning. Even though we got an early start, the afternoon heat slowed us down. The stream crossing also went a bit slow due to the increased runoff from this year's heavy snowpack. We arrived in camp at about 5:30 PM and set up the tent and cooking areas.

Monday morning, we scrambled up to the cave. We tried to avoid some snow and took a different route than I had used last year. This area required a bit of ropework, so we spent some time rigging anchors and rope. This didn't bring us to the cave, but we were able to check out some other holes in the area (no caves). Meanwhile, Tom went to check out some other areas that hadn't been visited yet (by us). I spotted the trail that I had used last year and we made our way down to it. After a bit more climbing, we made our way to the cave entrance. It looked different with snow in front of it than I remembered, so I crawled in far enough to verify that this was the cave and came back and hollered to the rest of the group. Minutes later, I was just starting to put on my coveralls when I heard Tom's voice. He had gone to the location we had been earlier, so we gave him directions to reach the cave.

As it was getting late, Jerry suggested that we might want to put off the survey until the next day and just leave the gear there. I wasn't about to leave the cave without knowing its extent, so I decided to explore a bit. I went around the drain in the floor and crawled up the passage I could see from the bottom of the cave. This passage ended in a chimney that was choked with rocks about 3 feet up. On the way back, I thought I was seeing double. There were two chambers where I only expected to see one. After a moment of confusion, I saw Jerry's light and began crawling towards the other chamber. I had crawled right past another room as large as the first! I worked my way down to it and began checking for leads. There were a couple of chimneys and another drain in the floor, which was also choked with large blocks. Water was running out of a chimney above the drain and had carved out good hand/foot holds in the marble. This led to two separate chimneys that each choked off after few feet. Towards the "rear" of the room was a mud shelf a few feet thick. Opposite this shelf was an undercut with mud under it. I looked below the overhang and found another passage! Crawling in, this

passage led to another chimney that made a "T" with the a gap between the bedding planes (too small for humans). Heading out, I heard Tom's voice. I guided him to the room. When he saw the chamber, his eyes got big and he started getting excited. My little 50' cave had just doubled.

Tom convinced us that we had time to survey the cave and started right away. No new passages were found, but the total length was now a little over 150'. The cave is named "Overlook Cave" as it would be very easy to overlook. It's also high enough on the ridge to offer a nice view.

Tom and Lisa had to leave the next day. Jerry, Tina, Bandit and I hiked up to Glacier Lake, and from there, up to Glacier Pass. The Lake was beautiful and the mosquitoes didn't seem to be as bad. Of course, we were all pretty well covered in bug dope. At the pass, we got a great view of the ridge with the cave. We could also see the extent of the marble above it, as well as the location of cirques, etc. We made a plan to explore the other side of the ridge the next day.

Wednesday, we hiked to the other side of the ridge and checked out a couple of springs. I also managed to crawl above a dike and look for places water could exploit. The marble here is very mixed up and ranges from low to high-grade. It also comes in a variety of colors. Jerry, Nick and I climbed up into a high cirque and looked into several holes, but none extended more than a few feet. As a matter of fact, the marble here was swirled around a crumbly, brown rock. It looked like someone had dropped chunks of chocolate into a vanilla-swirl pudding and stirred it slightly, then let it set. Where the brown rock had fallen out, there were holes left in the walls. Also, the marble beds seemed to be running more vertical here than on the opposite side of the ridge. The area we were exploring seemed to be scrambled. Just to the west of the cirque was an area of noticeable synclines/anticlines. Somewhat to the south, I noticed several colors of marble in the area, including black, brown, pink and white. Water running from springs had done a beautiful job polishing some of the marble. Even though we were running out of time, we felt happy that we had found another route up on top of the marble. There was plenty to explore.

We decided to hike down the next day to see a pit that Jerry had dropped the year before, but we were so tired by the time we arrived that we decided to "bag" it. I could hear pizza and beer calling by this time and, apparently, so could everyone else as we quickly reached agreement to go back into town. We nearly ran the rest of the way down the mountain and made it to the trailhead in good time. There was pizza and beer (for

those that wanted it) that night for dinner! So ended the '97 Wallowas Expedition

I should mention that there is now a usage fee for parking at several trailheads in Washington and Oregon, including the Wallowas. While not enforced this year, it is likely to become enforced next year. The fee is currently \$3/day or \$25/season.

The permit is good in both Oregon and Washington due to a reciprocal agreement. The trail this year was much improved over last year. Most of the fallen trees had been cleared out of the way, making for a much more enjoyable hike.

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## VANCOUVER ISLAND 97

(The Saga Continues!)

By Bob Roel

Participants: Scott Davis, Tom Kline, Dave Ek, Tony White, Bob Roel:

For you regular readers of the Cascade Caver, you'll recall in the March issue my report about our foray last September into the wilds of Vancouver Island's karst regions, and how we searched for and found the big entrance to the mysterious "Black Hole" (we'd already found the smaller back entrance on a previous trip and partially explored it). A place where big, black voids contain raging rivers cascading over cliffs into large dark chambers. A place where ordinary caver's lights won't reach the other side of the blackness to tell the explorer what's over there.

In addition to exploring the "Black Hole", my objectives on this trip were: dropping into the newly discovered Dreamtime cave (formerly Jurassic cave), which supposedly has the largest marble chamber in Canada, exploring and surveying some 40 new pits and caves that local caver Mike Henwood had discovered last fall, and exploring and surveying a new cave near Nimpkish lake that Mike, his wife Linda and I had discovered last year while canoeing

Anyway, at 12:30 AM, on Thursday July 3rd, with my wife Vera and our three kids in tow, we pulled out of Oroville and made the 6:45 AM Horseshoe Bay Ferry near Vancouver. By 2:30 PM we were at the Anutz Lake campsite up on the northern end of the island. After getting camp set up, we went and visited with Mike and Linda Henwood at their nearby camp where they take their clients out from for their tour business. It looked like Mike was going to be very busy for the time being with bookings for his tour business, and more cave

inventory work for the logging companies. Because of his busy schedule, we wouldn't get to cave with Mike on this trip, but nonetheless we would see him almost every day, and he would be very helpful in getting us pointed in the right direction for some of our objectives. All the survey work we intended to do would be done in conjunction with Mike's inventory work.

The next day was bright and sunny, but since we'd had a long, tiring trip the day before, we slept in and took the day off. In the afternoon we went and visited the nearby Huston Caves. Our reason's weren't necessarily the caves themselves because we've visited them several times before, but I wanted to take the kids trout fishing. Where the river starts to enter the caves, there's a canyon with lots of deep pools and rapids. It's kind of a spectacular place with the cave entrance swallowing up the river, but here the kids caught some rainbow and cutthroat trout. A little while after we got back to camp, a little blue ford car with Oregon plates showed up, and a guy with a "are you it?" look on his face introduced himself as Tom Kline. Tom got himself situated, then we went up to see if Mike was around. Mike wasn't back yet, but shortly after returning to our camp, a little black pickup with Oregon plates arrived and out jumped Dave Ek. Dave got himself set up and after dinner we went up to Mike's camp to talk about caving. That night we met Dale Chase, a VICEG member, and one of Mike's helper's at his camp. After filling up on more caving information, we decided that exploring and surveying new caves would be our major objective for the week, but the next day we would attempt to locate and explore Dreamtime cave, which is located in the mountains to the east of Nimpkish lake.

The next morning, we woke up to find Scott Davis' Ford bronco parked at the camp. Scott had gone on a kayak trip in the ocean near Port Hardy, and he had arrived at about 4 AM, but like always, he was raring and ready to go. Dave had gotten up early and moseyed over to Mike's camp where he talked Dale Chase into accompanying us up to Dreamtime. We were very fortunate to have Dale along, since he's one of the few people who've been to this particular cave.

Although the entrance to Dreamtime was discovered about two years ago by road engineers, it wasn't entered and explored until last fall by a group which included local VICEG members, Bill Nasby, Pete Curtis, Dale Chase, and Mike & Linda Henwood. As far as we knew, no one else had entered since then.

What we found when we arrived was a rather nice looking, large opening in the woods with a downward sloping entrance zone which pinched downward about 30 yards in. At this point, a stoop was required to enter

through a low overhang and into another chamber where two crawl passages were located. Both went to the same location, and after a short zagging crawl we arrived at a chimney which was rigged with a handline left to facilitate a short upward climb into the above passage. Following this passage we arrived at the chamber where the rope was rigged for a 60' drop. At the bottom of this drop there were some more standing passages, one of which had two more crawl passages leading out of it. One of them led a short ways to the big marble chamber that I had wanted to see. The chamber was fairly wide, maybe 30 meters. It's height was difficult to determine because there was much breakdown and large boulders, but some places it was probably over 20 meters. As I recall, it's length was maybe about 100 meters. Somewhere at the other end of this room, we passed through a passage into another chamber and tied off for another drop which was only about 30', which was located in another fairly large chamber. At the bottom of this drop, we scrambled up a rocky slope, with some more cave going downward from there. Tom, Dave, and Dale explored the area some more, but we then decided to call it a day and head out. It had been a good shakedown cruise for working out the bugs, in preparation for the caving we would be doing later on in the week.

The next day, we decided to investigate and possibly survey some swallets that Dale had shown us the day before. There were two, and Dale and Dave went to one, while Tom, my 10 year old son Bubba, and my seven year old daughter Judy, and I investigated the other. The entrance to this cave was situated in a doline about 50 yards from a logging road. It was about 5 yards wide and slashed diagonally across the face of the cliff where it was located, and had a small stream running into it. Immediately upon entering it, it dropped down about 4 feet into a wide low room, with stream and crawl passages going in different directions. In some places one could stand upright. The kids immediately took off into one of the crawl passages, which was actually a phreatic tube about 6 feet in diameter, but was choked with sandy mud. The kids went in a short way, then returned and informed us that there was a larger passage beyond. Tom and I surveyed the large entry room first, then tried to survey the stream passage. It was about 6 feet wide, but only about 1 1/2 feet high, and exploring it would have required a crawl through icy water, (yes I whimped out) so we declined to survey this passage. We next tried the one the kids had explored. At one point the passage was only a foot high, but it was with relatively dry, sandy mud. We surveyed through some passage to where a 4 foot pit in the sand and a rightward turn in the cave was located. Above the far side of the pit was a sandy mound which was too narrow to pass by, but with a minimal amount of digging could have been

passed to the passage beyond which appeared to open up a bit. There was also a draft of air coming from this passage, but we weren't in the mood to dig, so we retreated. All the other leads seemed to choke off, so we left the cave and did an overland survey to the cave where Dave and Dale were working. Our's went in their direction so we speculate they may connect. Since there was some foam in the water in our cave we decided to name it "Foam" cave.

We next decided to see if we could locate the swallet cave that Dale had described to us near Dreamtime. On the way up there we met a group of three Canfor (Canada Forest Products) employees who had located and entered the entrance zone of Dreamtime. They told us they were experienced rock climbers, but didn't have much experience in caves. Dale filled them in on the peculiarities of caving and described the cave for them. Since they were determined to see the cave, Scott offered to accompany and show them the way. The rest of us went in search of Dale's swallet, but after 2 hours of searching we failed to find it in the woods and gave up. Scott had still not returned, so some of the guys returned to camp in my truck, while Tom and I waited for Scott and the rest of the group. About an hour later they returned, exhilarated by their experience in Dreamtime. We then left the mountain and returned to camp also, where my wife heated up some water on the fire and I took a hot bath to wash the dirt clods out of my hair.

On Monday July 7th, the weather dawned gray and ugly. A short time later, it started raining, and continued in a deluge for the rest of the day. Luckily, Tom had brought a 20'x16' brown tarp, and we had rigged it up over the camp. For the most part we were able to stay pretty dry. Because of the weather we decided to make this a town day, and go into Port McNeil and do our town business, like washing clothes, getting groceries, gas, ice, and forest company maps of the area. Tom and Scott, picked themselves up some rubber irrigator boots, which are almost an essential for the island's rainy climate.

The next day we woke up to gray skies again, but the rain had stopped. We went over and visited Mike Henwood. He said he had to go to Port McNeil that day, but in doing so he'd take the long way into town through Tahsis and Benson Valleys to the west of Nimpkish lake. By doing this he could describe and show us where the area of the new pits and caves was located. With Dave accompanying Mike, the rest of us followed in Scott's and my vehicles. Once we got to the area at the end of a logging road, Mike got out and pointed to the timber on a hillside above us. The pits were located on a bench about 350 meters in from the timber. There were twenty pits along this bench. Some were too deep to see the bottoms, and a couple had been entered by Paul Griffiths

and Brian Bischoff earlier. These two caves would have purple flagging tape at the entrances. Mike had flagged and numbered the pits with yellow flagging tape as part of his inventory work, but he had never entered, explored, or surveyed any of them. Except for the two that Paul and Brian had entered, the rest were totally virgin. Mike gave us a compass course to follow which he said would lead us to pit #1. From there, all the other pits would be strung out toward the north.

After saying goodbye to Mike, we put on our gear and moved out, thrashing our way uphill through about 100 yards of thick, new growth timber. The skies by now had cleared and the sun was out. At the edge of the old growth, the climbing became easier, but it still took us an hour before we stumbled onto (not into) the pits. I guess our compass calculations were off, because we hit pit #3. It was a neat looking thing going down deep and maybe twenty yards wide. I walked around it trying to get a look down to see if there was an opening at the bottom, but I couldn't see the bottom. We decided to fan out and check out some of the other pits before deciding which one's to try. Most of them looked pretty enticing. #7 was a banana shaped canyon looking thing which looked about 10 meters deep with a bunch of log snags and debris at the bottom, Scott climbed a little closer down and said it looked like there was an opening at the bottom. Tom and I continued onward and a few yards later found pit #8. This was the best looking one we'd found so far. It was fairly wide and had a small stream flowing into it. It appeared to be about 60' deep and a large cave opening could be seen at the bottom. Unfortunately (for us), this cave had purple tape tied near it, indicating that it was one of the caves Paul Griffiths had already entered. We continued on and explored all the way up to pit #15. My favorite of the bunch, was pit #11. I started calling it "gapping gill" after the famous pit in Britain which swallows up an entire river. Of course this pit only had a small, babbling stream dropping into it, but the shaft was a straight down, narrow (5 meters) looking thing which was too deep for us to see the bottom.

Once we were all back together again, we decided to drop pits #7 and #8 (even though #8 had already been entered). Dave and I would drop #7 with me going first. We rigged it up and down I went to the sloping bottom, which was only about 30' down. The crevice appeared to go forward and downward through some fallen tree snags and there appeared to be an opening leading down into a cave, but it was clogged with debris and would take much work to open up. Dave and I surveyed and decided to call it "Snag" pit, because of all the debris.

While Dave and I were doing the Snag pit, Tom and Scott were rigging Pit #8 for a descent. After we got

there, Scott dropped down to the bottom and entered the large opening. Once in a while as we were waiting, we could hear a loud "wew-hew" from Scott down below. Tom soon followed. I waited a bit then followed them, with Dave coming shortly after me. At the bottom, the cave spiraled and twisted downward, but it was walkable. As Tom and Scott were surveying, I passed them and followed the passage downward a short way. Dropping down a short waterfall (and getting a little wet), I came to a ledge where the stream was pouring down into a chamber about 30' below. My more experienced companions noticed that this passage was a high narrow one, so they climbed upward a little and straddled the narrow canyon to where a window and a short ledge afforded a straight drop down into the chamber away from the waterfall. Scott and I waited, while Tom and Dave rigged the drop. Since I was wet, and getting cold, I decided to make my way out (wimps out again!) and let those guys continue. As it happened, Dave dropped into the chamber and found a dome like room with two walking passages continuing on. One followed the stream and the other dry one, paralleled it for about 20'. Dave followed this, traversed another canyon, and emerged at another dome room which had a trickle of water cascading into it. Beyond it, the stream continued on in a narrow, high canyon passage which appeared to widen out beyond. At this point Dave retreated, and everyone made their way out of the cave. Since it was late, we headed back to camp.



Tom Miller checking out an entrance Photo by Scott Davis  
Kline

Since we (Scott and Tom) had only partially surveyed pit #8, we decided the next day to return and complete the job. This was Dave's last day of camping with us before he had to go home, so instead of coming with us to the

pits, he opted to explore and familiarize himself with the roads and other features in the area instead. Scott, Tom, and I would return to the caves, and see how much we could get done. As always, we sort of got a late start, but by early afternoon we were dropping the 60' down into the pit. This time, knowing what was ahead, I didn't remove my harnesses and descending gear. Tom moved ahead and rigged the rope to the window. While I was waiting for him to do that, I was straddling 2' of narrow canyon passage. A few feet below me, the chasm widened out into a black void. Shining my tag light down into it, I could see the bottom of the chamber about 40' below. Tom soon had the rope rigged and he called for me to come forward and drop down into the chamber. When I reached the bottom, I found myself in the same dome room that Dave had explored the day before. Tom and Scott were soon with me and we continued the survey.

We passed through the double passages and straddled the next canyon and went through the next dome room. Beyond this, was another canyon passage which had to be straddled. We came to another room where we were able to stand on the floor of the stream passage. Here we could follow the stream downward, but an upward passage looked more promising so we tried it. This passage only went a few feet and turned back to the right and down to the stream again. Here the cave twisted and narrowed, with the stream cascading downward. Another passage a few feet above the stream looked promising, but it reminded me and Scott of the nasty "Colon crawl" in Newton Cave. Also to pass through it would have required us to break some delicate looking soda straws that were hanging in it. At this point we decided we'd accomplished enough in this cave, so we headed out.

Since it was late in the afternoon, we decided to head out, but on the way we wanted to investigate Pit #1, since Mike had described it as being one of the more spectacular of this group. The day before, Dave had gone to Pit #2, but none of us had seen #1. After passing by the other pits, we came upon #1 and as Mike had said, it was the most spectacular. It looked to be about 80' deep, maybe 80' across and by far had the most promising looking cave opening in its bottom. We were kicking ourselves for not having come here first. We even debated dropping into it then, but since it was late, we opted to wait. It also had some purple ribbon tied near it, indicating Paul Griffiths had already been there.

On Thursday July 10, Scott woke up early and left to visit the nearby Huston caves. He and Dave were leaving that day, and Tom had decided to take the day off from caving and rest a bit. Around noon I cajoled Tom into making a canoe trip up to Nimpkish lake

where Mike and Linda and I had found a cave the year before. We set off around noon from the beach on Anutz lake where we were camping. Twenty minutes later, we were navigating the passage to Nimpkish lake. A short time after that we emerged onto the big waters of Nimpkish lake, and way in the distance, a few miles up the lake, we could see the limestone shoreline which marked the beginning of the cave country to which we were headed. Tom started bemoaning about how he'd been hornswaggled out of his day of rest. Well, maybe I did get the words "mile" and "hour" mixed up when I was telling him what was involved in getting here. Instead of 1 1/2 miles, I had meant to say 1 1/2 hours. Oh well, a sunny day and the scenery, with its spectacular glacier covered mountains, and chance to investigate another unexplored karst area, more than made up for any hardships that had to be endured in getting there.

When we reached the first limestone bluffs on the shoreline, the water was high enough for us to paddle into a cave opening that we had discovered the year before. The cave was obviously formed by wave action and only appeared to go in about 40'. We left and continued on to our destination, which we found a little further up the shoreline. We landed in a small bay, which was protected by a rocky outcropping. After tying off, we punched through some bushes and followed a small creek about 30 yards in from the shoreline to where it was exiting from the cave entrance. The entrance was about 10 feet wide, but one had to stoop to pass through it into the room beyond. The room was about 20 feet wide, but about 30' into it, the standup passage continued to the left. Before that, on the left side, was a large vertical exit that went upward into the forest beyond. Since there was water in there, we put on our waders and started surveying. The passage that continued to the left, turned out to be waste deep in water. There was a hole under water, in the floor of the passage, which appeared to lead off in some underwater passage. I straddled this and continued on a few feet more to the edge of another underwater hole. Here the cave sumped out. Shining my light down into the hole I could see it was a wide underwater passage that continued on. Tying a rock onto the end of the measuring tape I dropped it into the hole and measured its depth at 11'. After doing the survey, we took some pictures and passed out through the big slot exit into the jungled looking rainforest outside. We did some overland surveying to a nearby swallet and decided that it was going into the cave. When we had discovered this cave the year before, Linda had lost her Swiss army knife in this creek at a nearby waterfall. We had then named this cave "Swiss knife canyon cave". The survey showed we had measured about 60' of passage.

The next morning, with Tom still mumbling about his missed day of rest, I badgered him into making a return trip to the pits. Tony White and his family were due in that day, but since we didn't know what time, we decided to take off early, like 10 AM

With memories of the spectacular looking pit #1 and the deep, bottomless pit #11 in mind we decided to head that way. As we passed pit number #19, I took a closer look at it. This pit was slanting downward and what appeared to be a wide cave opening was visible at the bottom. It was just too much to resist, so I talked Tom into letting me investigate it. We tied off my 100' rope, and I more or less handlined down the slope and into the cave opening. The mouth wasn't wide like it appeared from the top, but it's passage was high and it slanted and twisted downward. I passed by some timbers that had fallen in and after jumping down a few small drops, I found myself standing in a chamber with a ceiling that was probably 60' above me. It wasn't very wide, but it did have leads going off in several directions. I decided to return up top and get Tom to come back down with me so we could survey.

We surveyed several passages, some dead-ended and some pinched off into tight narrow canyons. We surveyed into one passage that lead to an upward chamber. This chamber was about 6 or 7 feet wide and looking up it there were several large, sharp, pointy pieces of limestone that looked like stone spearheads. These were on ledges that were pointing upward, so I was able to use their bases as handholds to pull myself upward. If I would have slipped I would have been impaled like a piece of meat on a barbecue spit. Above these spearheads, the passage narrowed but it turned sideways and I crawled to a spot where a narrow, tight crawling passage intersected. Here I stopped and turned around. At the top of the passage with the nasty looking spearheads sticking out, (through which I was about to descend) I noted that it looked like the open mouth of a shark, which was about to devour me. I decided at that point to call this "Mako" cave, after the Mako sharks.

Tom and I surveyed this part of the cave and then retreated. Near the exit, we noted another passage, which was only a few inches wide, but widened out beyond the constriction. A little bit of pounding could open it up, but, that was going to have to wait. We made our way out, and decided to head over to the "gapping gill" Pit #11.

Even though it was already around 4 PM, we decided we wanted to drop this one. It was obvious that nobody had ever done it before, so the excitement of it was just too much to pass up. It was a very narrow looking shaft going straight downward, the bottom of which could not

be seen. A small stream was cascading down one side, so we tied off my 100' rope on the other side. Tom went down first, and a few minutes later I heard him call me to come on down and bring the second rope.

As I descended downward, I could see that my 100' rope just barely reached the bottom. We later measured this pit at 80' depth. I could see a nice cave opening to one side, though it resembled the other high, narrow, downward spiraling cave entrances that we had explored in the other caves of this system. Tom tied off the second rope, and we continued downward over several small drops. The rope was mainly for safety. We entered one chamber that had a domed ceiling that must have been 100' over our heads. We explored and surveyed several canyon passages. One lead to a chamber where we found some flowstone and small stalactite formations hanging from the ceiling. We tied a piece of flagging onto our last survey station and headed out. We put on plastic trash bags to help ward off the sprinkling of water from the stream that was falling. Tom went first, then I followed carrying the second rope. When I got back out, it was already after 7 PM, so we hurried on toward my truck. When we got to the edge of the old growth, we found our way to the truck blocked by a black bear. We yelled and screamed at him, and after a few minutes he moved on. When we got to the edge of hill where he had been, we looked down the hill and saw another one crossing the road back to camp. Anyway, much to the consternation of my wife, we made it back to camp (actually Mike's camp) after dark.

Tony White had arrived and was visiting Mike when we got there that night. On meeting Tony, it seemed to me that I had seen him somewhere before or maybe read about him or something. I just couldn't place it. Anyway, I invited him to our camp, so we could talk and make plans for the next day. Tony told me was actually British and had immigrated to Australia some years ago. He said he and his wife Fran had caved in various countries, and he also had his vertical caving gear with him, but due to lack of space in his luggage, he wasn't able to bring any rope. As he explained, this was a family vacation. Tony was accompanied by his wife, their two small children, and Fran's parents. He also said he liked big river caves with large passages, which suited me just fine, because I was still wanting to explore the Artlish and Black Hole systems.

The next morning, Tom wasn't budging from his rest but he did lend Tony and me his 180' rope so we could descend the 135' Minigill shaft. Tony had said he wanted to see and photograph some of the karst country, so we decided to take a family drive through the west Tahsis and Benson valleys and take in some of the more well known cave features of the area. We first visited the

well known Paradise Lost & Paradise Found systems (though we didn't go inside). We next headed for the Vanishing river. Tony was impressed by the roaring river crashing over a precipice into a black chasm, that to this day has still not been mapped and surveyed. During this whole trip Tony was taking many photographs. Sometimes he would have me or the kids pose in front of the cave openings or the limestone features we saw. We continued on to our destination of Minigill cave.

When we arrived I showed Tony the chasm that we were about to descend down into. He, Fran and I quickly put on our caving gear. Tony wanted to use the European style of rigging where the rope doesn't touch the edge. His proposition was to drop Tom's long rope down, then use my 100' rope to Y off from the other side of the chasm. I thought it was a little kooky, but Tony seemed to know what he was doing so I agreed to go along with it. Fran and I tied my rope off and dropped it down to Tony where he had it rigged in about 3 minutes. Fran told me that Tony was one of the best riggers in the world. I believed her, but when she said that, I started thinking more about where I might have known or known about Tony from before. I still couldn't place it, but seeing the way he did things I realized that he was a very professional, serious, and experienced caver.

After Tony went down, I followed. Fran talked me through the re-belay Y in the rope. A few minutes later, I was standing next to Tony at the bottom of the shaft next to the flowing river. The roaring waterfalls could be heard down stream further into the cave. We waited for Fran to descend. When she got there, we discarded our harness gear and went for a walk through the large passages that make up the Minigill system. I showed them the formations and the bed of cave pearls that I had seen in this same cave on a previous visit. Tony said the pearls were some of the best he had ever seen. We wandered around and crawled a bit just to explore some passages that I hadn't been into yet. After a while we returned down river and tried to reach the waterfalls, but the river was too high so we retreated out of the cave. Fran went first, then I followed, with Tony coming up last. By then it was early evening, so we decided to continue on into Port McNeill and do some town business. Vera and I washed cloths and got some more groceries.

On Sunday July 13, we all decided to take a day off from caving. Tom said his good-byes that morning and Tony and his family decided they were going canoeing at Atluck lake. The family and I decided to make a run up to Port Hardy and look around. That afternoon it started raining. That evening Tony asked us if we'd like to see some slides of some of the trips he had taken to other

countries. Since Mike had a slide projector at his camp we went over there and set it up in one of his canvas tents. I immediately recognized some of the photos as pictures I had seen in caving books. It turns out that Tony was the photographer for many of these pictures. He showed us a passage in Wales that he discovered which he said was his favorite. He said it was the largest known passage in the British Isles. He also mentioned his participation in the exploration of the Artia Cave system in New Guinea. I was familiar with that one because I have the video about that expedition. I was astounded when he told me he was in that video. Now I remembered where I had seen him before. He was in the climactic last scene where a caver goes by himself and discovers a large cavern full of formations. As if that wasn't enough, he soon showed us slides of caves in Borneo. When I mentioned that I had read in Time Life Books (Underground Worlds) about the expedition down there that discovered the largest underground chamber in the world (the Sarawak chamber), he confirmed that story was about him. I remembered that the Time Life book referred to Tony as "one of the premier cave explorers in the world". I thought to myself, "How'd ya like that!" Here I'd been caving with one of the most famous cave explorers in the world, and I hadn't even known it. I guess the only rope I was going to show him was my 100 footer, and that was puny one at that! It was really exciting for all of us to have Tony there. He continued his slide show, and showed us pictures of the many different types of people he's encountered in his travels. I soon realized that the pictures he took of me would probably be included in his presentation, right next to the guy from New Guinea who had a boar's tusk in his nose and a spear in his right hand. Tony's pictures would probably also be sent to the royal anthropological society in London so they could study this species of humanoid that's indigenous to the cave regions of the North American continent.

The next day would be Tony's last for caving on this trip since his family had him scheduled for other things for the rest of their vacation. Mike wanted to go up and show him Arch and Glory 'Ole caves which are described in the Atlas of Great Caves of the World (as well as Minigill). As it turned out, some of Mike's clients called up and wanted to go on a tour, so Mike wouldn't be able to make it that day. Since I wasn't familiar with those systems, that left us with the option of exploring the "Black Hole"! Well, as I said at the beginning of this story, I needed recruits to help me explore that place. Since my colleagues from the Cascade Grotto weren't able to make it on this trip, I guess I was just going to have to be satisfied with the next best thing: The world's premier cave explorer!

After parking at the end of a logging road, we set off through the old growth forest and followed the trail. 20 minutes later we were at the entrance to the Artlish cave resurgence and a large river was gushing forward out of it's mouth. Tony explored as far as he could inside, but he was only able to enter a few hundred meters. Beyond that, a rubber raft or dry suit would be required, but the rapids and waterfalls of the river could clearly be heard farther on into the cave. This was the type of cave that Tony really loved, with large passages and roaring rivers.

We left and continued on the trail that crosses the ridge above the Artlish and goes toward the big entrance to the Black Hole. After crossing the ridge, we descended downward and came around a bend in the trail. Before we got there, we could feel a large draft of cool air blowing in our direction from the cave entrance. It felt a little refreshing in the damp, hot, jungle like rain forest. All of the sudden, we found ourselves standing in front of the gapping 80 foot high maw of the Black Hole's large entrance. We took a short rest, then geared up and made our way down a slope, and crossed the stream which are inside of the entrance zone of the cave. We continued up the other side to some large passages which I had seen and explored on my previous trip. A little while later, we were standing at the farthest point to where I had come on my last trip. Below us was a river, roaring through a canyon, with more black space beyond. This time I was armed with my 500,000 candlepower searchlight and I was able to shine it and illuminate the black mass that lay before us. On the other side of the river, we could see large chambers and passages that lead further into the cave. I could also see that the river plunged off the lip of a chasm and into a large chamber below us.

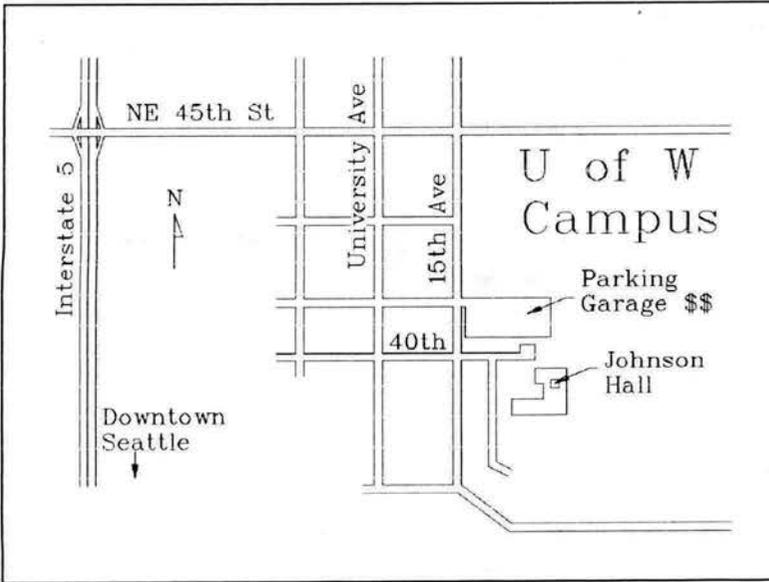
We made our way down to the river's edge and took a break, just soaking in the excitement of being in a place like this. Tony and I made our way over to where the river plunged over the lip. I shined the searchlight down into the chamber. It was very large with a large lake in it. Even the world's premier cave explorer gave a great big "WOW" when he saw that. We crossed the river and continued on through the large chambers beyond. At some point, (I don't remember when) the river diverged from the main large passage. We explored some side passages and sometimes found ourselves re-emerging in chambers where we had already been. The kids and I soon started recognizing places that looked familiar from the time we had been here the year before.

Tony showed me streaks in the muddy sand and on rocks that had been left there by dripping water. Some of these streaks were a foot long. He said that they often indicated the way to an entrance, because drafty air

would blow the water drops around, thus forming the streak and pointing the direction from which the air was blowing. We soon came to a large chamber with some house sized boulders. We had to crawl over and under some of these, but on the other side, the going became a bit easier. Soon we were going upslope and the cave was narrowing. A little ways further, and we spotted the sunlight coming in from the small back entrance. We re-emerged into the thick, damp air outside and continued up the trail. About 20 yards from the cave we came to a junction in the trail. I recognized this spot, because Larry McTigue and I had passed by here while looking for this cave the year before. Instead, we had found the Artlish river entrance cave which was a short ways down the trail in a canyon. We could hear the river down there, so we dropped our gear and headed in that direction to have a look.

On getting to the river's edge, I looked down river and saw the same large cave opening with the river going into it that Larry and I had seen the year before. As we were standing there, the kids pointed out a turtle that could be seen swimming across a pool in the river away from us. I didn't think much about it, until I talked to Mike later and he said there are no turtles on the island. He suggested that maybe we discovered new species. Who knows? Anyway, Tony and I decided to have a closer look, since this was the kind of place that just fascinated Tony (and me). Unfortunately, I had left my gear up the hill at the trail juncture, so we didn't have my big light to shine into the black depths of the cave. We jumped over boulders, and log jams and made our way in until we decided we couldn't go any further. To explore this place would be a risky proposition, since there's a sheer, slanting wall that has to be traversed with the river raging below. Mike has done it before, but he said it's a very dangerous trip. We retreated and headed up the trail and back to the truck. We got turned around a time or two, but we made it back to camp without too much problem.

The rest of the day we spent breaking camp and packing up. Since my wife had been a real trooper in putting up with me and the kids, we decided to leave early and go down and see Victoria, B.C.. Scott had also invited us to visit him at his house so we took him up on that, and went to a Mariners game in Seattle (they lost, blowing a 6 to nothing lead in the top of the 8th inning). Once again, I had managed to accomplish all my objectives for a caving trip, but also once again, those objectives just seemed to lead to more questions and other objectives that are going to have to be investigated in the future. Right now the only question is when? And the question about that is: This year or next? Stay tuned (or join me), cause the saga continues!



The Cascade Grotto meets at 7:00 pm on the third Friday of each month in room 119 in Johnson Hall on the University of Washington campus.

We look forward to seeing you at one of our meetings

**GROTTO MEETING ON FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19**

Program: Looking for potential new cave areas.

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