



# *Cascade Caver*

Newsletter of the Cascade Grotto of the National Speleological Society

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# Cascade Caver

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## GROTTO MEMBERSHIP

Membership in the Cascade Grotto is \$15.00 per year. Subscription to the *Cascade Caver* is free to regular members. Membership for each additional family member is \$2.00 per year. Subscription to the *Cascade Caver* is \$15.00 per year. 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	Van Bergan	(360) 779-7837
Vice Chairman	Jim Harp	(425) 745-1010
Sec/Treasurer	Aaron Stavens	(253) 946-3431

## OTHER POSITIONS

Trip Coordinator	Dana Poss	
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	* Editor for the current issue.	

## MEETINGS

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

## UPCOMING EVENTS

March 15	Grotto Meeting. 7 p.m. Mountlake Terrace Library
March 16	Lake Cave, WA Contact Aaron Stavens(aaron.stavens@nmwco.com)
March 30-31	Devil's Well, WA Contact Dana Poss dana.d28@hotmail.com
April 19	Grotto Meeting. 7 p.m. Mountlake Terrace Library
April 27-28	Succor Creek Rappelling Trip, ID Contact Jennifer Dorman at idahocaver@gemstategrotto.org
May 25-27	NW Regional Shoshone, ID Contact Jennifer Dorman (see above)
June 6-9	Ely, Nevada Contact Jennifer Dorman
June 24-28	NSS Convention, Camden Maine
July 4-7	Bighorn/Horsethief Contact Jennifer Dorman

**COVER:** Dana Poss took this photo of Guye Peak from Cave Ridge during the January trip. Please see the trip report later in this issue.

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## Cascade Grotto Officers for 2002

Aaron Stavens  
Secretary-Treasurer, Cascade Grotto

Four ballots were returned. The vote was unanimous.  
Effective January 10th, 2002 the grotto's officers are as follows:

Chairman: Van Bergen  
Vice-Chairman: Jim Harp  
Secretary-Treasurer: Aaron Stavens

Thank you Jon McGinnis and Jim Harp for your service to the grotto during this last year.

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## Cascade Grotto Meeting Minutes

January 18, 2002  
By Aaron Stavens, Secretary-Treasurer

Attendance:  
Van Bergen, Tish Korbly, Aaron Stavens, Chris Wittenbrink, Dana Poss, Jeff McClelland, Steve Sprague, Eve Proper, Larry Christian, Erin Robert, Marjorie Bluestein (visitor), Stuart Monson, Jim Harp

Old Business: None

Trip Reports:  
Aaron Stavens, Julie McGinnis, Danny Miller, Eve Proper, Dr. Daniel Zak, Lloyd Stevens, and Mike Lindbloom took a winter trip to Cave Ridge on January 5<sup>th</sup>. Aaron Stavens reported that Danger Cave blows open in the winter.

### New Business:

1. Aaron Stavens gave a short description of the Cave Ridge Exploration Project. Read the article in the December 2001 *Cascade Caver* for more information.
2. Van brought up that the grotto might have extended a free membership to lapsed members in the past. The hope being that it would encourage those members to continue their membership in the grotto and pay the next year. No motion or second was made to take that action.
3. Van Bergen past around a sample survey for comment. The survey is intended to get a reading on the grotto membership's interests. The results of the survey can then be used to tailor the grotto's activities. Van intends to include the survey in the Jan/Feb issue of the *Cascade Caver*.
4. Van is looking to fill several coordinator and committee head positions. He had an excellent response at the meeting.

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## Grotto Committees

By Van Bergen

The grotto committees for 2002 are in place and are listed below. If you would like to help with any of these, please contact the committee chair. If you have any suggestions or ideas - at ANY time - please let one of the grotto officers or committee chairs know.

Trips and Activities Coordinator - Chair: Dana Poss (Jim Harp will assist) This committee will recruit trip leaders and post a list of scheduled trips & activities to the Cascade and NCA yahoo.groups and the NWCavers mailing list, and also publish the list in the Cascade Caver. Interest in grotto trips is on the rise; please contact Dana and volunteer to lead a trip, before she has to start calling you!

Anniversary Party Committee - Chair: Glennis Monson (Stuart Monson, Dana Poss, and Tish Korbly will assist) This committee will plan and run the Cascade Grotto 50th Anniversary Party. This is the grotto's big event of the year, so please volunteer to help!

New Member Committee - Chair: Julie McGinnis  
This committee will make new members feel welcome, invite them on trips, and generally make sure they don't feel left out.

Conservation Committee - Chair: Eve Proper  
This committee will monitor cave conservation issues in the state, region, and beyond; represent the grotto's position; and maintain good relations with government agencies on conservation issues. It will also investigate the nomination of limestone caves for Significant status; begin an effort to get a Washington cave protection law passed; and work with the Cave Resource/ Data Committee to have the rumors in the Unchecked Cave Rumors file investigated.

Cave Resource / Data Committee - Chair: Steve Sprague. This committee will maintain a list of all grotto publications, videos, maps, etc. that are available for check out, post the list to the Cascade Grotto yahoo.group files section, help to create a web site where materials can be checked out by members and tracked by the grotto, and maintain a file of all Unchecked Cave Rumors in Washington.

Safety / Vertical Training Committee - Chair: Jon McGinnis This committee will make sure the grotto is running safety and vertical training programs, provide training materials to the grotto, and acquire and maintain a set of vertical gear that can be loaned to new members.

Program Committee - Chair: Jim Harp  
This committee will coordinate programs for the

regular meetings and recruit presenters.

Cave Register Committee - Co-Chairs: Aaron Stavens & Julie McGinnis This committee will replace outdated cave signs with current versions, provide a visitor register in caves the committee deems necessary, and provide grotto pamphlets in caves the committee deems necessary.

NCA Regional Representative and alternate – Dave Hopf. This representative will submit the grotto report (current officers, NCA rep & alternate) to NCA by 1/15 each year (done for 2002), and represent the grotto at the NCA Regional (Memorial Day weekend in Shoshone, ID this year).

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## Cascade Grotto Balance Sheet December 31, 2001

ASSETS	
Checking	611.05
Saving	1306.53
Total	1917.58
Other Current Assets	
Petty Cash	23.00
Total Other Assets	23.00
<b>TOTAL ASSETS</b>	<b>1940.58</b>

## Cascade Grotto Profit and Loss January through December

Ordinary Income/Expense	
Income	
Total Contributions Income	1,050.54
Membership Dues	523.91
Total Income	1,574.45
Expense	
Dues and Subscriptions	35.00
Grotto Holiday Party	229.20
Postage and Delivery	1.18
Printing and Reproduction	85.97
Grotto Web Site	10.00
Meeting Room	416.00
P.O. Box	45.00
Supplies	126.71
Entertainment	18.08
Meals	26.00
Travel	198.00
Total Expense	1,191.14
Net Ordinary Income	383.31

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## Cave Ridge Winter Trip Report

January 5, 2002

By Dana Poss

### Attendees:

Aaron Stavens (trip leader)	Danny Miller
Julie McGinnis	Ever Proper
Dana Poss	Dr. Daniel Zak
Lloyd Stevens, Jr.	Mike Lindbloom

"They" told me I could ramble a little, as long as the report gets written. "They" didn't know what they were getting themselves into...

My first Cave Ridge experience was in July, 2000. Going up was bad. To quote Danny Miller, "It's just a wicked hike." Coming down, with a wailing 1-year-old in my backpack, in the dark, for 3 hours, with my knees screaming in protest with each leaden step was worse. I vowed, then and there, "I'll NEVER come back here again."

But it ate at me--in the way that battery acid will. So when Aaron started making plans for the winter trip this year, I told him to count me in. After all, I'd lost 50 pounds, I was working out, and I was in much better shape. Besides, it felt like I had a score to settle. Aaron, knowing just how much I hated that climb, looked at me with a little apprehension but agreed to send me a gear list. I got ready. Finally the day came. But I'm still a little ahead of myself.

There was the Thursday before the trip. I took my 14-year-old daughter to a piercing salon and we got our noses pierced. Now, if anyone ever told you this hurts; they lied. It's worse than that. During the drive home Skyla said, "Mom, I think we really got our "man-balls" tonight." Definitely.

Now it's Saturday and I'm sitting at McDonald's in North Bend waiting for the rest of the gang, having coffee, and thanking Buddha that my nose doesn't really hurt too bad anymore. I'm sitting and sitting and sitting. No one shows up. I start to wonder if I was supposed to be there early, if they've left already, if it's too late for me to catch up--because BY GOD, I DID NOT spend 3 months getting ready for this trip to not go! Suddenly, there they are, pulling into the parking lot: Aaron, Julie, and Eve. They missed the exit and had to turn around at Hyak. (This will be important to note later on.)

After breakfast and pit stops and carpool arrangements, we finally hit the road again. On the way to Snoqualmie, I relate the man-balls story to everyone in the car and instantly regret it. The jokes are quickly

forthcoming. Finally, my torment is ended when we make it to Snoqualmie, get geared up, and go meet the last of our party, Danny Miller. He's there, waiting on us. He has no snowshoes. He's going to "posthole" it, and ski back down. Sheesh, I'm feeling like a wimp already.

We hit the trail, wending our way through Commonwealth Basin. It's an absolutely gorgeous hike, which eventually runs alongside Commonwealth Creek. The creek, which, within 5 minutes, is our nemesis. Turns out, we're supposed to be on the other side. It isn't wide necessarily, or deep to be sure. However, there are 4-foot tall snow banks on each side.

Considering the variety of personalities on this trip, EVERYBODY'S got a solution. "Let's build a bridge!" "Let's walk further upstream and look for a better place to cross." "Let's wade in." Basically, everybody begins to scatter to find their own way. I notice the other two females have left. They apparently saw a good place to cross back downstream. Danny is building a bridge. Aaron has disappeared. Dr. Zak is already on the other side (I think he just materialized over there.) And Lloyd and Mike just decided to wade through and force a trail. I saw them and asked them where they had crossed. They offered to come back down and give me a hand. Basically, I was tossed across the stream. (Thanks Mike, thanks Lloyd. Couldn't have done it without you!) Finally we all converge on the far bank, having gotten across one way or another, and set off again.

There's nothing too amazing here for a while. Just the usual navigational conversations and a fairly moderate trail. We crossed a snow bridge and got a look at a frozen waterfall. Then I realize we're going up this hill. The fun is beginning. (I say this with the utmost sarcasm.) Okay, as hard as scrambling up Cave Ridge was--especially the damn boulder field we all know and love--this is worse. Every step I take forward has to be done at least 3 times. There's about 2 feet of powder sitting on top of the crust, and my snowshoes just can't find purchase. To top it off somehow Lloyd, Mike, Dr. Zak, and I have gotten separated from the rest of the group. I can hear my radio and a not-too-happy Aaron wanting to know where we are. I swear I can hear his foot tapping. But what I'm thinking is "In relation to what? Well, we're on the side of this bitching slope, to your right, somewhere, heading toward the saddle of these mountains." Aaron wants us to work our way over toward them, but we can't because of the slope. Dr. Zak says we should switchback to the right more, away from them, and then head back in that direction. We radio back that we'll meet them in the saddle. I don't know how long we're on this slope, because it feels like forever; but in truth it is probably 30 minutes. I'm really starting to feel like a wus now. Where exactly did my man-balls go? Finally, we arrive at the

saddle. Aaron's party arrives a few minutes later, devoid of snowshoes. Why didn't I think of that?

It's lunch. We've earned it. We check out a map and see where we are. Everyone wants to know how far we've come. Except Eve, who says something about pretending to be sitting in a hot tub and not to bother her right now. I needed to get a visual. I needed to be able to say, "Hey, on paper, we're halfway there." Even though I know the climb and the real work has just begun. Anyway, we're taking lunch and you've really got to watch out for Danny and those skis sticking out of his pack. It could mean a serious beheading if you don't. Then I open up a chocolate pie. Eve says, "Hey, is that a PIE?" That statement just doesn't have a good ring to it. Danny chimes in "Pie? Who has a pie?" "Oh, what kind of PIE is it?" Err, I'm feeling a little surrounded now. Thinking maybe PIES are not a good idea unless you bring one for everybody. (Make note to self) Luckily, they stopped short of tackling me. Maybe everyone realized that splitting a frozen chocolate pie eight ways wasn't going to do anything but arouse their appetites, without bedding them back down. Danny also takes a moment to give us some words of wisdom. He says that we get extra points if we come back down the mountain with all 8 people. He says we get bonus points if they're the SAME 8 people we started with. In other words, no substituting in one of these wayward snowshoers or cross-country skiers out here for any members of our party that meet their untimely demise. Okay, was this SUPPOSED to make me feel better? I mean, after the chocolate pie, I was starting to feel my man-balls again. Now I'm not so sure. Oh well, time to hit the trail again. After all, we're almost there! (Sure)

We hit the next slope soon. Still a lot of powder, but for some reason, it's not as hard to get up this time. Maybe because we can see the top. It's much further away than it looks, as I soon find out. My legs feel like they have weights attached to them. It's as if my snowshoes weigh 20 pounds each. Then Eve says she can't go any farther. Julie decides to go back with her. It's my opportunity to give up on this damn fool idea, go back to the lodge, and get liquored up with the girls. But I don't. I keep drudging up the hill, one foot in front of the other and thinking nothing beyond that. Well, except for the fact that there aren't too many trees on this slope and just what was the avalanche danger again?

Suddenly, we're back in the treeline again, working up, but not at such a killer incline. I'm somewhere in the middle of the pack, alone with my thoughts, alone in the quiet of this dreamy, snowy world. Guye Peak is absolutely beautiful across the way. Then I see Mike on the trail in front of me. He says he and Dr. Zak have reached the top. I'm almost there! I find Dr. Zak, alone on top, calling his family to say "Hello, I'm in a

snowstorm on Cave Ridge. Thought you'd like to know." I think, unless they've been here, they just have NO idea. Danny's right, it's a WICKED hike. Pretty soon everyone else catches up. Aaron points out that we're sitting next to the entrance to Danger Cave. It's wide open!

We all take off to check a few more entrances before we have to head back down to beat nightfall. Danny points out that we don't have to hurry; we have 12 more seconds of daylight than the day before! Aaron and I find the trees that mark the entrance to Hellhole. The opening is completely obliterated. So, if you were planning on doing that one in the winter, bring a big shovel. Aaron trudges off to check out Cascade, which he also says is wide open. We also find some spots where there could be air--but they also could just be corniced areas. The general consensus is that we can't really be sure.

We spend about a half-hour up there exploring and walking around and enjoying the beauty and stillness. The clouds cleared away and the snow stopped just in time for us to get some great views of Snoqualmie Mtn. (6278 ft.), Red Mtn. (5890), Guye Peak, and Lundin Peak (6057 ft.). Seeing those big guys makes my man-balls shrink a little again. But I know I'd done a hell of a lot better than I did in 2000.

The test is, can I get back down? For some reason, this is a problem for me that no one else seems to have. My knees immediately start to complain. My snowshoes keep sliding through the powder. Only this time, instead of slipping up the slope, I'm falling down. And falling down. And falling down. Danny, the crazy man, has left us to SKI down on his own. He used the old "my-feet-got-wet" excuse; but come on, we were cramping his style! Anyway, this leaves 4 guys patiently waiting for me to fall down the mountain. Aaron gives me a quick lesson on how to stop myself if I go into an uncontrollable fall. This comes in handy about 2 minutes later, when I fall face first into the snow, start rolling, and can't really stop. I am Dana, human snowball! I work my way onto my stomach, dig in my hands and feet, and make like a cat. It works great! Although, in all honesty, I never really wanted to find that out. Dr. Zak tries to help by giving me pointers on walking. But, I'm just beyond hope. I step, step, fall. Step, step, fall. I finally give up and spend about half the time sliding down on my ass since I don't really fall that way. And guys, as annoying as I know this was to you--thanks for all your help. Especially Lloyd, who slid down the second really big slope for me and left me a butt track. I sat in it and slid down about 350 feet of mountain. It was GREAT. My personal suggestion for the COOLEST way to get down Cave Ridge! Hell of a lot easier on the knees, too.

The rest of the march down is pretty uneventful. Somehow, we never even have to cross over Commonwealth Creek again. We just had to endure some brats telling us to go away because we had crossed onto private property. I was so sore and tired and wet--I just wanted to smack them AND their momma, wherever she was.

For Aaron and me though, this trip just wouldn't end. We got to the car and found it empty and locked. Julie and Eve had taken off with the keys and we couldn't find them anywhere. We sat outside, near hypothermia, waiting for them, knowing they were somewhere warm, probably drinking and eating. All we wanted was to change clothes and go home. Finally they show up about 45 minutes later and tell us about what a great time they had, eating and hobnobbing with rich folks. Great. Just get me to my car at McDonald's in North Bend, please. We hit the road, I endure a million more bad jokes about my man-balls. Finally, the golden arches are in view. I close my eyes, already daydreaming about a bubble bath. I reopen them just as North Bend is fading from view. "Aaron. Did you just miss the exit again?"

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## Concrete Trip Report

By Eve Proper

After the January grotto meeting, most of us went up to Chris Wittenbrink and Dana Poss' new house for a housewarming party. We all had a good time -- especially Dana and Chris, who managed to pawn one of their daughters off on Tish Korbly for the weekend. But eventually the merriment died down, and most of the guests went home, with the exception of Van Bergen and myself; we had decided to spend the night there rather than get up too early for our trip to Concrete the next day. Although we appreciated their hospitality, 7 a.m. still seemed to come awfully early the next morning.

After breakfast, Van; Dana; her eldest daughter, Skyla; and myself piled into Van's van and headed for a northerly Safeway parking lot, where we acquired Steven Sprague (our trip leader), Lloyd Stevens, and his friend Janet He. After another leg we met up with Dick and Rose Garnick in Sedro-Woolley. Our group was complete and we hit the open highway.

The drive was scenic: Van was particularly taken with a combo espresso stand/bait shop we passed. Finally we arrived in the unprepossessing hamlet of Concrete, and Van proceeded to slowly drive his namesake vehicle up a snowy, windy hill, followed by the Garnicks. Progress was finally halted at a gate, and after fumbling around with our gear; we headed out for our first cave in months.

A group of us stopped in to see the landowners, but they didn't appear to be home. We later found out that the male half had been home but our knocking had been inadequately loud. So we proceeded directly to the cave. "Directly" here is used to mean "in the circuitous fashion that only using two GPS devices can produce." The rest of us elected to wait in one spot while Dick and Steve looked for the elusive cave, and, fortunately, they found it before too long.

The shallow snow meant that getting into Elderberry Cave was accomplished by sitting on a generous pile of mud and sliding. Once inside, however, we found a fairly nice, walkable cave – thanks to the digging of previous cavers. Although limestone, there wasn't much in the way of formations. There was a bit of popcorn, maybe three stalactites, and some white walls that might have been gypsum. Although there are some potential side passages, none go more than a dozen feet as of yet, and so the cave is a quick straight shot – until a narrow squeeze closes it down near the back. Dana and I squeezed through easily, and Van got through with a great deal of grunting. Not far past the squeeze Elderberry opens up again. There is another impassable side passage, and at the very end, a little stone seat next to a small grotto in the wall. The grotto holds a little stream with polished stones and is very meditative in a small way. After this point the way narrows down very far, and the stream runs along the floor of it. I contemplated pushing it, but that didn't seem like a good idea in cotton coveralls with a cold walk back awaiting us.

Van, in a nylon-caving suit, tried it, but could not get past a rock protrusion. Skyla had joined us at this point, and she tried but could not get past it, either. We headed back through the squeeze so that the others could have their turn.

On the way out of the cave, Dick let us try out a few side tunnels. Perhaps with more digging they might go, but no one had stowed a shovel in their pack. We all talked big, however, about coming back with a bucket brigade.

The best lead is right by the entrance. In addition to being broad enough for easy crawling, it featured a variety of cave life – a slug, some daddy long-legs, and a profusion of gnats.

We headed outside and decided to look for Jenson Cave. It was in a part of the woods that had been clear-cut, however, and the opening was covered in logs and detritus. Dick also wanted to find another hole, so Dana, Steve and Skyla headed back while the rest of us followed Dick. But everything looked different in the clear-cut and snowy forest, so we eventually gave up and headed back to the cars.

Steve informed us we couldn't properly finish up our trip without a visit to Cascade Pizza. We were all cheered at the thought of hot food, and many of us admitted we wouldn't mind a beer either. Three pizzas later we got back on the road and headed our separate ways. Another day of caving was over – and on the way home we talked up all the trips we were planning for the future.

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## Description of a New Vertical System: The Krishna System

(This came from a friend of Van Bergan's, so you can blame him for this.)

I would not recommend this system to anyone who has not been on the Hatha Yoga path for at least 3 lifetimes. To use it correctly, one must first complete a wheatgrass-juice fast of 4 weeks duration. Then, as you all know, the standing line is swallowed and allowed to pass entirely through the body, which usually takes 2 days. At this point one may descend a pit of any depth, without any unnatural man-made equipment, using the lower intestine as a natural "rack."

You see the problem with this...if the body is not thoroughly cleansed beforehand, fecal bacteria can be carried into the throat & esophagus by the rope. I always recommend daily cayenne enemas in advance of the rappel for extra cleanliness; and if in doubt, do it "Australian style," headfirst.

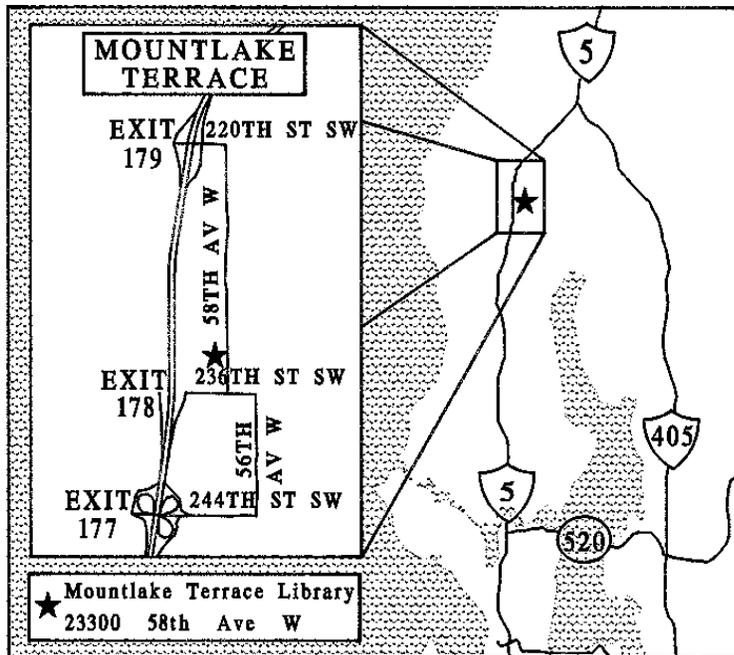
Speed can be controlled by either spraying virgin olive oil on the rope or simply clenching one's sphincter. After one has mastered this technique for a lifetime or two, one can easily acquire enough muscular control to ascend the rope in the same fashion, hands-free.

More information can be found in Chapter 12 of the 1999 NSS version of the Tibetan Book of the Dead.

Cave like an Enlightened Master, and you'll reach Nirvana faster,

Fully realized Yogi Swami A. C. Praphumamba  
[aka Steve Lugannani, Cincinnati, OH]

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The Cascade Grotto meets at 7:00pm on the third Friday of each month at the Mountlake Terrace Public Library, 23300 58<sup>th</sup> 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 19<sup>th</sup> Ave. NE (this turns into 56<sup>th</sup> Ave. W. at the county line). Turn left on 236<sup>th</sup> then right on 58<sup>th</sup> Ave. W. Go North 3 blocks.

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

Cascade Caver  
 P.O. Box 66623  
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