

SAG RAG

SEPT-OCT 1992

VOLUME 11 NUM. 5



The SAG RAG is published bi-monthly by the Shasta Area Grotto of the National Speleological Society. Typist: Judy Broeckel, 524 Annie Street, Yreka, CA 96097-3015. Newsletter Review Editor: Dick LaForge, 450 Redmond Road, Eureka, CA 95501. Printing: Bill Broeckel. Grotto Meetings are held the second Friday of each month at 7:30 pm. Meeting locations are announced in the newsletter. Membership dues (including newsletter) are \$6, due January 1, and prorated by quarter. Uncopyrighted material may be copied, with credit given to the author and the SAG RAG.

CALENDAR

- Nov. 13, 1992 No meeting scheduled. See next item.
 Nov. 20-22, 1992 Oregon Caves Restoration Project. SAG will conduct a November meeting.
 Dec. 11, 1992 Grotto meeting at the Fritzke/Villatore home in Arcata.
 July 1993 Kalmanshellir Project (Iceland).
 Aug. 2-6, 1993 NSS convention, Pendleton, Oregon.

MAPS TO THE MEETINGS

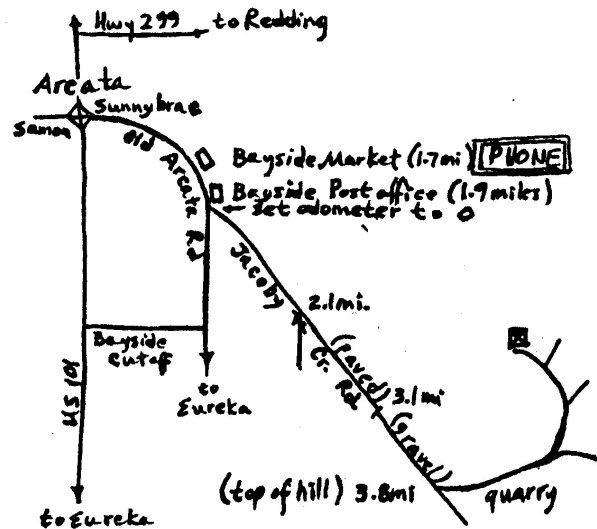


OREGON CAVES RESTORATION

Nov. 20-22, 1992. If you want to go on this trip, you must call Liz Wolff (916) 964-3123. There are good paved roads all the way to the cave entrance, although the last 8 miles are narrow, winding, and interesting in snowstorms. Plan on good food, shelter, camaraderie and plenty of cave work.



Paradise Lost



ARCATA CHRISTMAS DINNER MEETING

Dec. 11, 1992. Address: 565 Upper Creek Road, Bayside, CA 95524. Phone #: (707) 822-8566. Linda is baking a turkey! The rest of the meal is potluck, so bring something to share, and please call Linda if you are planning to come. Parking at the house is limited, so unload at the house and park at the quarry. Also consider bringing vertical gear for a practice session.

TYPITORIAL: As Christian cavers, your SAG RAG production crew is under obligation to put in a good word for God. For if we remain silent, the very rocks and hills will cry out the truth, and therein lies a tale. God Himself made the caves!

The ocean wave, the water drop, the melted rock, the frozen matrix, the weaknesses of the substrate, the chemical thermodynamics; these are all God's thoughts in action over time. They are tools in God's hands, and He wields them as surely as if He plunged His hands deep into the substance of the earth. Remember, this is the same God who wrote words in stone with His fingertip.

So go caving, my friend, and see the great things He has done for yourself. Record it, if you will, and share the wonders with others. These are the reasons we cave.

“I will call to mind the deeds of the Lord;
yea, I will remember Thy wonders of old.
I will meditate on all Thy work,
and muse on Thy mighty deeds.
Thy way, O God, is holy.
What god is great like our God?” PSALM 77:11-13

(Watch for more Bible passages for cavers from Bill & Judy Broeckel.)

CAVE RESCUE IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA by J, Wolff

Cave rescue in northern California is a very real prospect. There are a lot of new, inexperienced, young and energetic cavers starting to show up in our midst in recent years, and ultimately there will be an accident in one of our more remote caving areas, where a rescue of unknown proportions will be initiated to remove the injured (or body) from the cave. Will we be ready for it?

Recently there are motions towards getting prepared for this ultimate and inevitable worst-case scenario. There has been a committee formed to be a liaison with local Search and Rescue (SAR) organizations, and commitment from other cavers to put together first aid equipment, and yet, we need to get a whole lot more done, just to be minimally ready for such occasion as cave rescue. There needs to be a training program in each grotto, safety awareness should be everyone's priority on each trip, and each caver must also make a personal and honest evaluation of his/her own physical abilities (or disabilities), their caving skill level and knowledge of the equipment that is being used.

Rescuing someone from a cave like Bigfoot would be a major effort indeed! Alpine caves are much colder and have a tendency to be located far from any road or phone.

COVER: Marble Mountain cavers will recognize this wooded junction that comes early on the hike up Canyon Creek from Lover's Camp. The packs are heavy, and the trail is long, but well worth the effort involved. The following Marble Mountain articles are presented in chronological order. Also, regarding last issue's cover (Rusty Cave map), N and Nmag were inadvertently reversed [Note: this was corrected in the pdf version – pdf ed.].

WEEKEND AT THE MARBLES by J. Wolff

Over the weekend of the 7th, 8th and 9th of Aug., Bill McGahey, his dog “CD Mon”, Jim Wolff, past SAG member Claude Smith and his son Patrick, all showed up at the cabin around dark. It was going to be a loosely organized weekend, with nobody (except Claude) having any idea what was to be done that weekend. Plus, we were in for a few surprises too

I kinda wanted to go into Upstairs Downstairs Cave, but everybody seemed to have had their fill of the cave (temporary feeling), and wanted to do other stuff, perhaps something new for a change. We all agreed Saturday morning that we’d go up to Black Mtn. and check out some pits and digs. But during breakfast we started to see arrivals of people that we hadn’t expected. One group we had met at the trailhead Friday night; Travis Deem and three other friends from the coast, told us that they had met up with two “strange guys wearing sidearms, professing to be cavers,” and they also claimed to know Jim Wolff!! As it turned out, it was Dave Pryor and Dennis Rowland, from Redding, who I met a few years ago Well, when these gruff fellows had showed up (while we were gone to Black Mtn.) wanting to be shown the entrance to Bigfoot Cave, Travis and his crew were taken aback by their appearance and straight-forwardness, and didn’t oblige the request. This must have been quite a scene and could have turned into a “stand-off” (not shoot-out!) at the OK Corral II , but everyone was just too hot and tired, so went to their separate camps to rest. Since most of these new people arrived in the heat of the day and separately decided to go caving in the evening – which bring us to the part in this story where some real caving actually gets done!

Since Claude is “**THE DIGGER**” of great renown, he had to show us the two digs that he had near Crystal Drains Cave. I happened to have a blowing hole near the same cave that interested him, so that’s where Bill, Claude and myself spent a good chunk of the day, digging and poking into holes. Patrick and CD Mon spent the day together chasing after each other, checking for caves too! On my dig, Claude and Bill got a finger smashed each, when they were digging there. With that, Bill and I wanted to check out two surface pits in the same area. The first one was about thirty feet deep (we didn’t survey this day), and was a blind pit. The other I went down first, whereupon descending this tight opening I turned my head to have a better look at my situation, and banged by eyebrow on the corner of a sharp rock, cutting my brow. With my face a bloody mess I continued the drop to the bottom, having no other alternative but to return to the surface from this, another blind pit. The only two participants that survived the weekend were the dog and the kid – the only smart ones to stay out of those dangerous holes in the ground!

Claude, Patrick and the dog took of surface checking while Bill and I set off on a tour of Crystal Drains, with hopes of finding the crystal. That was not to be the case, as I hadn’t been in the cave for nearly ten years, and the cave was more complex than I remember (actually, I was following someone and not checking out the surroundings as we went in), so had a bit of a time finding passages that I clearly remembered from my earlier visit. One thing for sure, the cave was very dry, with no running water seen in the passages we saw. Upon leaving the cave, I had some trouble route finding again, and crawled into a few places that weren’t necessary – but, of course that’s how new things are discovered, right? Anyway, we had a great time.

WEEKEND AT THE MARBLES, (continued)

On Sunday, Claude, Patrick, Bill & “CD Mon” the dog went to Claude’s dig that he had been working on for two or more years. He quit after four or more hours of heavy labor, just where one can see into going passage of comfortable height. He figures that another trip or two will be enough to stabilize and remove the rest, before a caver (him) can get in patience and plenty of time will yield another cave. The air blast was very strong coming out of the dig. Good luck ol’ buddy! It was good to be with you again!



Cave dog “CD Mon”



Jim Wolff considering some of the modest show of decorative items found in Wahahshun Cave.

**CAVING IN THE MARBLES IS LIKE GOING TO SCHOOL
YOU LEARN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!**

by J. Wolff

I've been a caver for long enough, you'd think I would have learned most all there is to know about caving and caves – but, NO! My recent trip to the Marbles this month brought on a new reality to me, and that is each and every cave trip in “the Marbles” is a learning experience and a humbling one for folks like me!

On a trip during August 21st to “Richardson's Cave” or- “Richardson Caverns”, whatever this fine cave is going to be called, I had the privilege of taking the “dumb-end” of the survey tape into virgin territory, during the initial part of the mapping that was done that day. On this, the second trip ever to go into the cave, cavers Rich Sundquist (our leader), Bill McGahey, Claude Smith and myself mapped 300+ feet through some very nicely decorated and generally, friendly passages.

The cave was much drier than when the original crew went into the cave when the stream was up. Plus our PVC-suited cavers Rich and Bill would have the opportunity to push up and downstream in the cave now that the water was low; only we had to save this wet fun for last.

Although the number of cavers in this trip were almost too many, efficiency-wise, for a trip of this kind, we made use of our first “rear-guard” scout, Bill and “volunteered” him to do the dumb-end of the tape as reward – mainly because Claude had more than his share of awkward positions to assume over the survey station as the instrument person during most of the day anyway. Rich kept book while Bill just looked around. No one complained about their assigned jobs, we were very happy to be there! At one side lead we had to map, we turned around at what I think is a most beautiful flowstone-covered balcony, one with dripstone clear as glass, and it overlooked a walking-sized passage. It even had some echo when I yelled down it too. We all decided to see if we could first discover the passage from the other side, then lower the tape past the formations to continue our survey there – but we never did find it. Next time though.

About six hours into the trip Claude and I got cold, so we told the others, and headed out. Bill and Rich then went up and downstream, mapping as they went. Claude and I (rather “I”) had a bit of a problem in route-finding at a few points on the way out, but got to the roped pit near the entrance with no further incident.

Claude went up first, which I'm glad he did as it turns out, because when I went up I had a devil-of-a-time getting over the lip of the pit! My conversation with the rope and my vertical gear is unprintable here, but the outcome was that my spare jumar sling wasn't adjusted to the right length. I couldn't unweight the original upper ascender to pass the part of the rope where it had my full weight against wall! Claude assisted with encouragement and suggestions. He also took my pack farther up towards the entrance, which was a lot of help – as I was pretty tired after my efforts getting to the top of the rope! I had to trigger my jumar's cam to be able to push it up that fuzzy old rope! Finally after reaching the lip of the pit, I had to literally spin the rope in clock-wise fashion, and walk the walls horizontally (!) to gain a chimney position in order to get the weight off the rope so Claude could move the upper jumar. This, rather **Spiderman**-like move was done in a few minutes, but it seemed like forever!

After reaching the top, there is a crawl that heads towards the entrance from the edge of the pit, so, I had to take off my vertical gear there. Boy, was I happy to just to get out of that cave! Rich and Bill showed up at the bottom of the pit just when I got off rope.

I learned that I was way out of shape for this kind of trip. At my age, I should make it a lifestyle to keep healthy and strong. My spare jumar wasn't tested for usability and I hadn't practiced a change-over in years! (The unforeseen happened to me, but it shouldn't happen to you, if you are prepared for any possibility!) I got cold because my clothing didn't allow me to stay dry and warm during a long stay underground. These things I pick up as I go caving, but if it comes to learning the hard way, well, let's hope that never happens! Please, learn from my mistakes, ok?!



Bill McGahey (left) and Bill Kenney (right): Wahahshun Cave.

COLUMBUS DAY SPELEOCAMP

By Bill Broeckel

Perfect Indian summer conditions prevailed for October 1992 Columbus Day Speleocamp in the Marble Mountains. I for one was certain I had died and gone to heaven. 18 cavers from various affiliations camped in Marble Valley, including McGahey's dog "CD Mon". So what does the CD stand for anyway? Cave Dog?

Both SAG and JSG were well represented. The SAG cavers included a strong contingent from the coast. Here goes a list of names: Jim W., Greg Cotterman, Claude Smith, Bill & Cheryl Kenney, Joel Despain, Rich Sundquist, Steve Knutson, Bill McGahey, Mark Fritzke, Julie Donovan, John Bair, Cindy Wright, Bonnie Crystal, Cynthia Ream, Linda Villatore, and me and CD Mon. Wow! That is a good sized group.

Some of the KMCTF cavers had just recently been camping and caving in a remote area of the Salmon-Trinity Mountains (French Creek). Our understanding of Frenchhorn Cave and its surrounding area was increased by the efforts of this trip.

Now with lots of people in Marble Valley, we were able to divide up on a number of different KMCTF project related caving activities. Basic survey data was regained for Streamway Cave so that it can now be added to the computer generated master cave sheets that show the relationships of all the known caves in the Marble Valley area. Digging and exploration trips went to the High Karst, including a new area referred to as "High Anxiety". These trips were of technical difficulty and physically demanding.

COLUMBUS DAY SPELEOCAMP (continued)

I opted for an easier trip to Sinking Stream Cave. Steve Knutson kindly offered us a chance at a good lead he knew about in Sinking Stream. Claude Smith showed us the way. He is now conducting a dig in a promising stream passage in this cave, a passage that is filled with coarse sand.

Jim W., Cheryl Kenney, Claude, and myself sorted our gear and prepared to wiggle in the small entrance. A cool cave wind poured out through the spaces between the rocks. We crawled for a long time over and through a variety of surfaces: wet rock, cold mud, gravel, and cobbles. In a few places the cave would open up a bit, including the larger "Mud Room". In one upper chamber, above the high water mark, we found a pure white column and attending soda straws sequestered back in a crevice.

Claude commenced digging at his sand fill while the rest of us continued deeper into the cave. Where was Knutson's lead? First we found the stream that is the cave's namesake. What a fine thing to hear the busy music of the running water – caves are often so silent. Eventually the cave really opens up into large walking stream passage. Steve Knutson recalls that this was a matter of no small excitement during original exploration.

Suddenly, however, the cave reaches a T junction and goes on to "end" in a complex area of canyons, chambers, breakdown, and domes. Perhaps an elusive continuation remains to be found. Claude says an interesting loop can be done around the back of the cave. We saved the loop for later, and set to work on our assignment. I for one was feeling a bit tired out at this point. Consider the drive, backpack, caving, and adapting required to reach such a point deep in the Marble Mountains!

We took some survey shots down the walking stream passage. These were needed to tie in the map of the known cave with the new data we hoped to soon acquire. I was glad for the chance to tryout our survey in relatively spacious conditions.

The lead itself turned out to be a grim prospect – a low gravel squirm headed down and out. Cheryl pushed left, moved some of the gravel, and popped into going passage. That is to say, Cheryl saved the day. Jim and I followed along, found ourselves well off the map, and all of a sudden I wasn't so tired!

The lead divided. Cheryl said one way led to a pool. We went the other way and followed a canyon into a jumble of big nervous breakdown blocks. all set at odd angles and some loose. We went as far as we dared, then turned to survey back out. So 128' of new passage went home, just a drop in the Marble Mtn bucket, but it seemed significant to us personally.

While waiting for the tape to go through the crawlway, I amused myself by blowing steam breath down the other passage and watching it blow back out. I told Cheryl I was going to take a minute to check this other passage (scooping). I passed the pool, found myself in some really wet mud, and then on the shore of a wall-to-wall pool. This seemed to



COLUMBUS DAY SPELEOCAMP (continued)

be a lower level, one of the places the sinking stream sinks to. At least 50 feet of passage were visible over the water. Wetsuit country, this watery passage might represent a way this cave continues on past the terminal breakdown area.

Soon we put away the survey equipment and went to find Claude. Outside we emerged to see the last glimmers of sunset. By Marble Mtn standards we returned to camp at a very civilized hour. None-the-less, I felt caved out and ready for a good sleep.

The next day we made a quick trip down Wahahshun Cave before going home. This time the “we” also included Bill McGahey, Cindy Wright, Bill Kenney, and CD, who helped guard our stuff. Trips of this sort are discounted as “cave bopping”. But for me this cave was a giant step – I finally gave in and used my own personal vertical gear in a real cave. And a clumsy bit of work it was, I gave myself a C-, managing to get down and up with some help. Bill K. seemed to have the situation figured out pretty well, with a Texas system utilizing a shoulder mounted Gibbs and leaving one leg free to climb on the wall

I was so involved with all this that the beauty in Wahahshun took me by surprise. One dome-pit had a false floor of calcite crystal, and downstream the cave decorated with moonmilk and a modest display of speleothems.

So some of us hiked out that day, but others were able to stay for more days of good caving. An “old” cave with lost data was re-surveyed and renamed “Beartooth”, for a bear jaw bone and tooth were found inside. More work was done to push the limits in High Anxiety. 850’ of new passage were added to Meatgrinder. The new part is just as rigorous as the rest, lending an unofficial name The Other Meatgrinder. This find adds passage to the master cave Bigfoot, right? Lastly, and perhaps best of all, 950’ of new passage were added to Corkscrew, including areas decorated with carrot-ended soda straws (very delicate) and a segment of borehole headed straight for Brokedown Palace.

Over the years a tremendous amount of knowledge has been gained about the caves of Marble Valley. It is good to see the process still continuing, and to realize that there questions remaining to be answered and discoveries yet to be made right here in the Marble Mountains.



These members of the Canyon Creek Grotto are going home for the winter. Watch for the trip reports in the grotto newsletter, “THE COW CAVER”.

GROTTO NEWS – GROTTO NEWS – GROTTO NEWS – GROTTO NEWS

by Bill Broeckel

BREAKING NEW GROUND Mark Fritzke represented SAG at the Western Regional in September. He also presented a topic entitled “Cave Digging Safety”, which was well received and included some original ideas as well as interesting anecdotes. In the October NSS News, Mark’s ingenious Alpine (chest) Box gained a favorable review from none other than William Storage. A picture of the innovative device appears later in this issue of SAG RAG.

SERENDIPITY Ben Sutton and Gary Clark were looking for Bobcat Cave, took a wrong turn, and ended up finding a new complex of lava tubes. A volcanic vent in midflow serves as a good landmark for the entrances checked so far. Already this promising area has yielded the yet-to-be-named walking cave previewed in this issue, and also an ice cave surveyed to 143’, with more to come. Nice find!

RESTORATION Liz Wolff says that the Oregon Caves Restoration weekend Nov. 20-22 is already nearly full. So if you want to go you better call right away. Even now it might be too late. This project at Oregon Caves has been popular and represents a major part of SAG’s cave conservation efforts.

MILLINERY It is not too late to get your T-shirts in to the Wolffs. Both the old and the new logos are shown below for your comparison and enjoyment. Remember, these items are definitely destined to become valuable collector’s items as the years go by. Jim and Liz Wolff, our illustrious cartographers, silk-screeners, and graphic artists can be reached at (916) 964-3123.



ORIGINAL SAG T-SHIRT LOGO



10TH ANNIVERSARY SAG LOGO

GROTTO MEETING REPORTS

SAG MEETING SEPTEMBER 11, 1992: Present were Ben Sutton (host), Neils Smith, Bill & Judy Broeckel, Jim & Liz Wolff, Ray Miller, and visitor Gary Clark. VP Jim W. called the meeting to order. Treasurer's report: \$477.82. Old business: Newsletter typist – Broeckels are ready to give this job to someone else. Ben Sutton may volunteer if he can set up his word processor, and find space for it. One suggestion: one page calendar bi-monthly with a big issue twice a year. Logo: new image approved. We will be getting a new screen and keeping the old. Correspondence: Interior Dept. sent a Kings Canyon/Sequoia NP cave management plan for comment. USFS requests comments on timber sales in Stanislaus NF. Jim K. replies that we are too far away to offer specific recommendation. New Business: SAG has stuff to send to the Western Regional auction (Bosted photos and Billy Post). A new grotto is forming in Redding. NSS inquired re: caver relations. SAG responds with positive comments. New member training: workshops, vertical, ropes, knots, lighting, clothing, ... to meet after meetings. Oregon Caves trip: Oct. or Nov. November date preferred. Caving tomorrow: Jack Jones to finish survey. Meeting time: 45 minutes.

SAG MEETING OCTOBER 9, 1992: Present were SAG members Bill B., Bill & Cheryl Kenne, Mark-Fritzke, Linda Villatore, & Jim W. KMCTF cavers John Bair, Julie Donovan, Joel Despain, Rich Sundquist, Steve Knutson, and Claude Smith. Bill McGahey, Cindy Wright, and dog CD Mon arrived after the meeting but in time for refreshments. Previous minutes and treasurer's report were not available. (The meeting was conducted by VP Jim W. around the campfire in the Marble Mountains). Old Business: T-shirts can now be printed at the 1982 price (\$3), bring your own shirt, black ink only. New Grotto: already has been formed in Redding, and has had their first meeting. No name yet. NSS convention 94: John Bair suggests Arcata as a site – good luck John! First Aid Kit in grain shed: credit to Bill B. and SAG. Rescue equipment needs: Heat packs, pulley system, rescue stretcher, backboard: Mark Fritzke will custom design a cave backboard. MREs (meals ready to eat) donated to KMCTF rescue cache from Neils Smith's daughter, a large box. New business: Nov. meeting at Oregon Caves on the restoration project weekend. Limit 20 people, with priority to SAG. JSG and KMCTF cavers are also invited. Elections coming up and ballots forthcoming. December meeting at the home of Fritzke/Villatore on Dec. 11. Potluck with turkey supplied. Meeting ends at 9:18 after 38 minutes.



Jim Wolff coming down Wahahshun Cave.

A REVIEW OF A GLOBAL POSITIONING SYSTEM by Liz Wolff

The Global Positioning System (GPS) is designed to tell you where you are on the world within 100 feet. It does so by satellite positioning. Ray Miller and I set off to see if the model made by Trimble Navigation was as accurate as advertised and to see whether we had done a good job of surveying the Freudian Complex cave system.

Some of the features of this particular Global Positioning System include: present position and elevation; time of day and if programmed, projected arrival time; present direction and speed, and if programmed, aberration from a straight line course to destination and the vector required to get to your destination; satellite availability and accuracy achievable with the present "view"; a set up panel with read outs in metric, English or nautical distances, bearings or azimuths in true or magnetic North; a screen enabling you to describe and save or change up to 999 waypoints; distances and directions can be read between waypoints in whatever units you choose to use.

The GPS unit itself is about 6 X 8 X 2 inches, and weighs less than 5 pounds. It comes with a 12-AA battery pack, a 12 volt car adapter, and a handy carrying case. There is an internal 7 year battery that maintains the memory. An internal antenna as well as an external one that mounts on the roof of a vehicle are included.

Over the cave readings were taken at all the major surface junction points of the Complex and a few other points as well to satisfy curiosity. Each point was saved in the machine as it was taken. We did have to fudge a couple of points to get away from trees that blocked reception of the signal. Seldom did we have a long wait to take a shot, but occasionally we had to wait for a third or fourth satellite to be in "sight" of the receiver for the degree of accuracy we wanted. A nice mannerly machine, it told us when there were only 2 satellites in view so that accuracy was plus or minus 300 feet, or more, instead of plus or minus 100 feet.

As readings were taken over the cave, we plotted the coordinates on the UTM (Universal Transverse Mercator) grid on a 7-1/2 minute topo sheet to see if we were really there – or maybe somewhere else?? A smaller transparent grid was used to divide the kilometer square grid into a 100 meter grid for more accurate positioning on the topo sheet.

After returning home the waypoints (stations) over the cave system were retrieved from the machine, as well as distances and azimuths between any 2 points we wanted the data for. Using the 0, 0, 0 point of the Freudian Complex survey as the starting point, coordinates were calculated for the GPS points. Plotting them on a draft of the Freudian Complex showed that our survey was very accurate, with all but one point being less than 40 feet from where the GPS said they were, or vice versa. The one odd point was 55 feet off. The elevations were quite a bit off though; they ranged from 20 to 110 feet away from the plotted elevations on the topo sheet.

There are a few draw backs to the GPS. The battery must be changed every few hours, and if it is not accomplished within 15 seconds, the machine must go through a warm up routine that takes about 10 minutes. By the time you add together all the batteries and the miscellaneous maps, grids and whatever you take, the load can be quite heavy, not to mention bulky and unwieldy to carry. Occasionally a wait of a minute or two was required for the machine to track more satellites. Saving the waypoints can be time consuming; individual characters to describe them are chosen from a line up that shows one letter, symbol or digit at a time, and there are a limited number of spaces available for description. Only one elevation out of 15 points given by the machine agreed with the topo sheet. The view screen is small but easily read. Distances between waypoints are given in kilometers or miles which is not a real problem. One of the biggest drawbacks, for the cave mapper, is that it can't be used underground; the satellite signal can be blocked by trees, buildings, or

(Continued on page 14)

JACK JONES CAVE IS FINISHED! by J. and L. Wolff

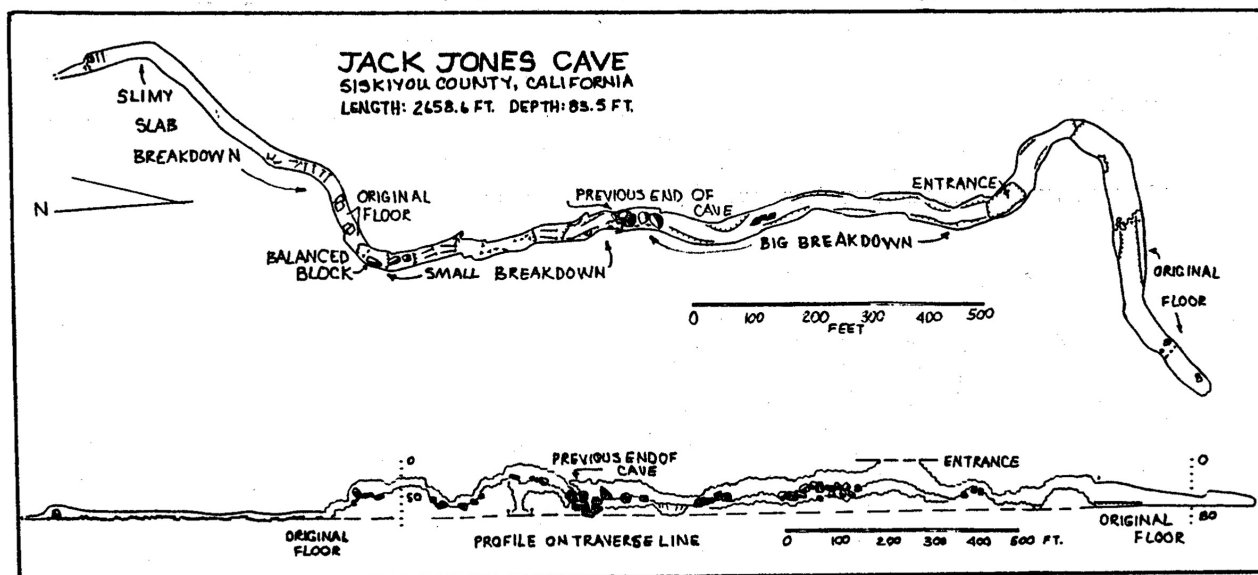
In August of 1985 Jim Kottinger, Ray Miller and Liz Wolff began the survey of Jack Jones Cave. It was literally blocked after about 1400 feet by two behemoths of breakdown that filled the entire passage except a small hole that swallowed any light shone into it. During a bat count expedition one winter a group managed to find a way around and through those two monster breakdown blocks. Another trip was planned after the September 1992 grotto meeting to finish the survey. Who would have guessed it would take us seven hours to do it!? Cavers Jim Wolff, Neils Smith, Ben Sutton and his cousin Gary said that they wanted to help Liz finish the survey of the cave.

After finding the right road to the cave we rigged the entrance sink to gain entry to this rather large lava cave. We were using my Wellington Puritan rope, which has seen a lot of caving. It turned out to be a good thing too. Down we went after lunch.

We realized at this point that the tape had been left at home, but Neils offered his 50' nylon tie-down cord, the one he uses for his truck's tarp. Liz and Neils then divided it up with knots at 3', 6', 12', and 25' to be of some help with the short shots. Measuring later showed the rope to be 51 feet long, with the knots.

The survey was on, now we had to get to the last survey station to begin. On the way through the cave we counted two clusters of Plecotus bats and several single individuals roosting and flying. It was hard work picking our way through the chaos of huge rocks. The boulders got on toward house-size as we progressed. Each rock was a major obstacle! Finally we reached the last survey point, where the breakdown is truly huge. A crawl, slither and climb will get you to the top of the two rocks that block the passage. Ben explored up a breakdown chute that had been overlooked during earlier exploration. It didn't go far.

It seemed to take forever before we got a shot longer than 50 feet. Up this pile and down that one, being entertained by the placement of beer bottles and cans. Ben and Gary had gone on ahead to explore since they had to leave early, and about halfway through the survey we met them as they headed out. When we asked how much further we had to go, they said about 600 yards.



Map: Jack Jones Cave

JACK JONES CAVE IS FINISHED! (continued)

Dodging around the odd balanced block that could crush you before you knew what had hit you, we finally reached original unbroken lava tube – for 20 feet. Then began the section of slick, slimy slabs of breakdown. Here we got to take 100 foot shots and even one 150 footer! Really uptown! If it hadn't been for the slime everywhere this part of the cave would have been a real joy. We did find some small "mud-tites" hanging from the ceiling in one place, and probably wouldn't have noticed them except that a station was set right under them. The mud is evenly spread over the walls, ceiling, and breakdown slabs as though it was deposited underwater. This part of the cave is exceedingly wet, while the rest of the cave is dry as a bone. You have to "put it in 4WD" while stepping flat-footed over this entire section of the cave. Boy, is it slippery!

The last short section was low enough to stoop over in a walk to near the end. There, the caver is reduced to crawling for another 20' to where one would have to be a very determined (and small) caver to continue. There was no air movement at that point. The total length of the cave is 2658.6 feet and depth is 83.5 feet.

The long haul back was hastened by hunger and fatigue. We kept up a pretty good pace, with few rest stops, usually atop climbs. The entrance was first sensed with our noses, way before the moonlight.

Moonlight?? How long have we been in the cave anyway?! Let's eat! I'm hungry enough to eat a Hey! Some RAT has been chewing on the rope!!

A REVIEW OF A GLOBAL POSITIONING SYSTEM (continued from page 12)

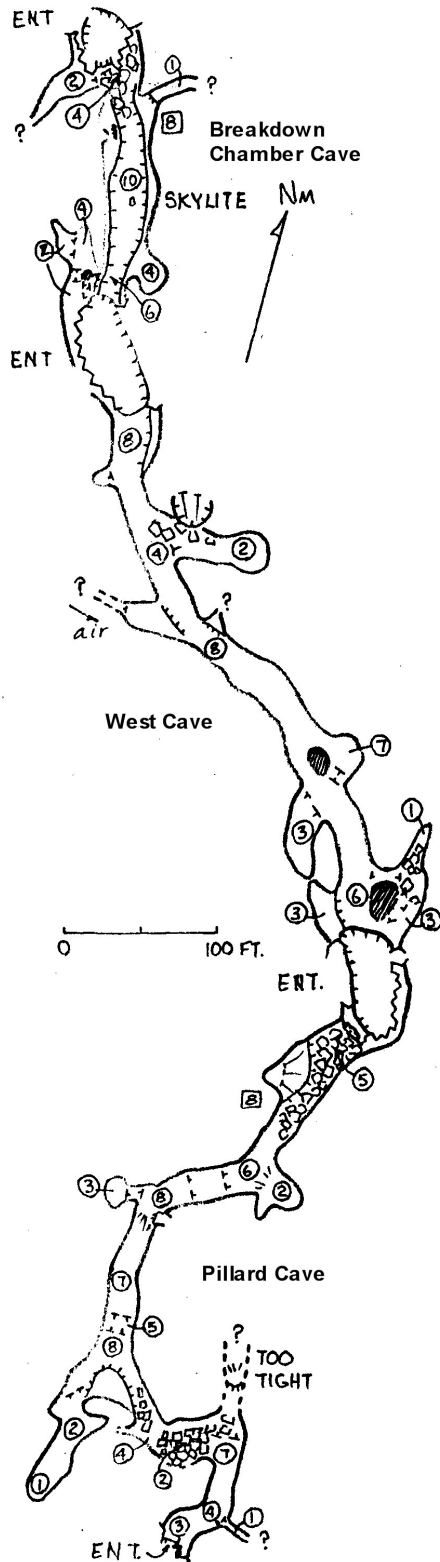
rock outcrops. Canyons, or other vertical topography can prevent getting readings too. Also (and unfortunately) the military controls the satellites; they have a bad habit of degrading the signal, leaving you with an accuracy of plus or minus 1000 feet. Somewhere within 3 football fields in any direction a lot of things can be lost.

The GPS is easy to use, it changes functions with a dial and individual readings with 2 toggle switches. All in all it is a pretty good machine. When the military allows, the accuracy seems to be quite good, except possibly the elevation readings. If the price could be brought closer to the finances of the average impoverished caver

Typist Note: Just another example of caving as a forum of original research. Like space exploration, caving serves as a proving ground in the practical application of innovative technology. If you don't believe this, then check out the article in the latest OUTSIDE magazine about Bill Stone and the caves of Mexico.

A NEW COMPLEX LAVA TUBE

By Jim & Liz Wolff



Map: Breakdown Chamber Cave,
Pillard Cave, West Cave

You can blame this one on Ben Sutton and his cousin Gary Clark. Not everyone goes out and finds another complex lava cave system, but that is what they did one weekend in September. The original tale was of an ice cave

The first week of October Ben Sutton, Ray Miller, and Jim & Liz Wolff went out to inspect the new cave. It turned out to be a series of cave segments leading around a crater/spatter cone/whatever in the middle of the lava flow, containing Jot Dean Ice Cave, from Double Hole Crater. While Ben, Jim, and Liz were occupied exploring one cave, Ray, not wanting to drag his GPS receiver through the cave, wandered down to what he thought was the next entrance. The three exited the cave and couldn't find him anywhere.

Jim and Ben entered the next cave in line that Ben was sure contained the ice, and Liz stayed out to find Ray. He had inadvertently found a parallel tube. Later, after regrouping and climbing the spattercone to see if there were any more caves to be seen, they did locate a black hole. Intrigued, they found a cave heading south, with another heading north from the same sinkhole.

The ice cave went down the east side of the spatter cone/crater/whatever, and Ray's find went down the west side. They began a survey of the western branch toward the north end. More cave continues to the south that they haven't seen.

The next weekend, Ray, Liz, and Jim Kottinger went out to continue the survey of the western branch. It is turning out to be a complex cave, with lots of side passages that don't go too far, but far enough to sucker one into surveying down them. At this time the cave remains unnamed. [The map at left has been updated to include the cave names – pdf editor.]

Typist notes: The map shown on this page represents a sneak preview of what this new area has to offer. It shows the cave referred to in the article as "western branch" and "Ray's find". The lead marked "air" is an excellent low lead, and this cave continually feels like it is trying to braid off of the main walking passage. Subsequent to this submission, the map of this yet to be named cave has been extended both north and south, with more sinkholes in line. Also the ice cave has been mapped and might appear in the next issue.

NEWSLETTER REVIEW NOVEMBER 1992

By Dick LaForge

Your peripatetic correspondent tried to go caving several times this summer, with dubious success. Having completed pseudocaving under his house, he went in search of Paul Gibson Cave with Mark Fritzke, Mark Rosbrook, Melanie Shipp, and several rockclimbers who wanted to try caving. After turning off Hwy 299 towards Denny, we discovered that none of us knew Just how to get to the trailhead. Fritzke and I had not been there for over 10 years. However, not knowing the way is never a serious obstacle to real cavers; knowing the way just makes it less interesting.

From the trailhead it is a long hike to the cave, including a steep off-trail final descent into the canyon. Unfortunately, Melanie took a nose-dive into the stream-bed Just before reaching the cave – that plus the length of the hike limited us to an hour in the cave. We got back to the cars just at sunset, which was gorgeously enhanced by volcano dust. An entertaining incident happened on the way back up the canyon descent: the lead hiker unknowingly tromped over a bee nest. I was second and noticed nothing, but the next several people came flying by me at a rate at serious odds with their previously obvious fatigue.

One of the climbers packed to the cave entrance 18 cans of beer in an ice chest, ice included. Of course we had to help relieve him of the extra weight for the trip out.

Oh yes, I should mention that in the cave, Mark Rosbrook presented Melanie with an ENGAGEMENT RING, thus increasing the probability of their future marriage. Melanie, Just back from 6 months teaching in Costa Rica, got another teaching job in Carmel, and Mark has hastened after her and is gone from our vicinity.

After this marginal caving experience I decided to pioneer a new mode of visiting the Marble Mountains – not bring cave gear. Now I had thought of this idea before, typically while trying to find it the night before leaving, but had always decided against it. (Once I didn't bring my vertical gear, but that was an accident, and at the cabin spares were found.) This time, however, my vertical gear was still lost, and time was very short, so I decided to take long hikes and see parts of the Marbles new to me. Hiking up, the idea began to fulfill its promise – light pack, easy going. Hiking was fun again. Saturday (this was Labor Day Weekend) I went on a circumnavigation of Black Mountain with Cindy Heazlit into Elk Valley and then up the steep bouldery NE side of Black Mountain, ending up right below the cliff entrance of Upstairs-Downstairs. I climbed up the cliff partway to that entrance, enough to determine that it would be possible to reach it, and therefore also climb down from it, would it be necessary. But the rock is very shattery and covered with dirt and loose rock, very poor climbing and dangerous. Traversing northward around the cliffs, we reached the top (well, near it) of Black Mountain right at sunset, and then performed the usual lightless thrash down to the camp. This is a classic Marble Mountains hike.

Sunday socialized until 3PM (Dave Bunnell and Djuna Bewley had arrived) and then took off solo on the Pacific Crest Trail south. What a thrill to pass the turnoff to Sky High Lakes that we always take and head out on new trail, with new scene, different rocks, not knowing what might be around the corner. Past Gem Lake and Jewel Lake off-trail, and past Little Elk Lake after dark. Hiked until 11 PM, then up at 7 to climb Boulder Peak, at 8299 ft the highest point in the Marbles. It is at the eastern side of the range, with a great view of the Scott Valley, Mt. Shasta gracefully looming in the near distance. Looking back to the NW I could see Black Mountain and the entire marble exposure.

A drop of over 5000 ft in 3 hours brought me to Indian Scotty Campground, in time for a refreshing dip in the river before being picked up by Mark Fritzke and Linda Villatore on their way out from Lover's Camp. At the campground I talked with an ex-Scott Valley

rancher of 80+ years, who reminisced of the days he roamed the Marbles with his horse and cows. He talked of making a last horse-pack trip for a week or so, I hope he does.

Overall, I'd say the caveless caving can be a success, if you can't find your caving gear, and even has some advantages.

I hope this long-winded narrative leaves some room for material from other newsletters, because there is some good stuff. There is a story in the Stanislaus Cave Examiner, Sept. 92, by Paul Lukshin, describing in prose more florid than mine a trip by the Medicine Lake Highlands Totally Tubular Survey to, well, you guessed it, the Medicine Lake Highlands. Centerpiece of the trip was a continuation of the survey of Colorful Crawl Cave, apparently named from the language used while traversing it. It continues, but at an especially colorful spot the article ends with a plea for more victims or rather dedicated cavers to help the MELHITTS, so contact him to join the next expedition and help map colorful new cave.

For reprinting, I suggest "Goodbye From Gary Davey", from the Sept. 92 San Francisco Bay Chapter Newsletter. Gary is leaving for Las Vegas, and reminisces about his first caving trip with Derek Hoyle and Ken Miller. You are sure to recognize your beginner self in his experiences, and also to understand the fellowship he found in the San Francisco Bay Chapter. Anyone of us could write a similar article, if not as well as he.

If space permits, also include The Knot of the Month – The Prusik Knot, by Scott Schmitz, from The Explorer (Southern California Grotto), Nov. 1992. Every vertical caver should know this knot and know how to use it. Enough said.

Good Caving. Dick

REPRINT REPRINT REPRINT REPRINT

From SFBC Newsletter, Vol. 35, No. 9, September 1992

**GOODBYE
FROM GARY DAVEY**

It's Sunday, September 13th and it's time to pack up my computer. This open letter to all of the members of SFBC is my last correspondence before moving out of California. Even though I will still be a member of the grotto, it's important to me that you all know how I feel about you and the grotto.

About five years ago, I was entering my mid-thirties and realized that I was BORED! My life needed some ADVENTURE! So, I tried skydiving several times. It wasn't boring but my motion sickness ruined the fun. I gave it up.

Some months later, a conversation with a co-worker led me to the SFBC. I'd wanted to try caving for almost fifteen years! At last I could do something adventurous without getting an upset stomach.

I went to my first meeting and was really impressed. Everyone acted friendly and interested in helping. The slide show was great and the grotto was obviously going on lots of trips. I signed up right away for a trip to Cave Gulch.

The big weekend finally arrived. I had dutifully hit the surplus store and purchased a cheap plastic water bottle and a \$5 gasmask bag (unfortunately, with snaps which kept popping open). I dug my military combat boots out of a box along with my fatigues. Every time I'd ever moved, I'd told myself I'd use them someday for something. Now I had my chance. I also bought a heavy wool military surplus sweater and a waterproof nylon jumpsuit. I knew I got cold easy and I wasn't going to let that happen in a cave and ruin a trip for anyone. I was prepared!

I drove to Cave Gulch and met up with Derek Hoyle and Ken Miller. There would be just the three of us. I was pumped and ready. Derek was dubious and worried. He asked me about my sweater and whether it was surplus and whether it smelled of mothballs. He emphasized his sensitivity to certain odors. I assured him that I had carefully sniffed it before purchase and it seemed mothball-free. He asked me why I was wearing so many layers and I explained that I got cold easy. I think he discreetly sighed and rolled his eyes while saying okay. He must have figured I'd learn.

After a brisk hike to the mouth of the cave I was already sweating like crazy. It was late June after all. Still, I had read about how cold caves got and I was prepared!

Most of you have been into IXL and know that about 50 feet in, you reach the Man Trap (truly a misnomer to any but the extreme novice). I was doing fine until I got there. As I watched Derek slip through feet first and drop down, I got nervous. As I watched Ken slip through and drop down, I got more than nervous.

I learned two things in quick succession. First, the claustrophobia I got when my big brother used to pin my arms to my sides was back. Second, in spite of the severe shakes and the cold sweat, I was being led by a great trip leader who represented much of what I later came to respect in SFBC members. Derek calmly talked with me and gave me all the time I needed to come to grips with my fear. Because he treated my fear with respect and understanding, I was able to work through my mental barriers. I got through the Man Trap in spite of not turning my helmet enough to keep it from catching.

Derek led Ken and me through the Corkscrew and on to the top of the pit. I guess that since I'd subdued my claustrophobic fear enough to get that far, he figured I could handle something more. We went down the pit and again, I learned something new. I'm mildly afraid of heights! I wanted adventure and I was getting it but I had that upset stomach back too.

We went through a side passage partway down the pit. It required scrunching into a tiny cubby, rotating around, and laying down on your side into a very tight squeeze passage where your arms couldn't move. I don't need to express how I felt about that twenty or so feet of passage at that point in my life. Even Ken was gracious enough to admit that he might not have gone through it if he hadn't known I'd just done so. Thank you, Ken, for reassuring me that I wasn't alone.

Well, we made it all the way to the bottom of the pit and back up. We even got partway out before the real problems started. No, it wasn't my fears this time...it was my sweater. With a heavy fatigue shirt, a heavy wool sweater, a waterproof nylon jumpsuit, nervous sweats, and exertion beyond my past experience...I was perspiring just a bit. And that surplus sweater I had so carefully sniffed before purchasing, turned out to have been stored in mothballs after

REPRINT REPRINT REPRINT REPRINT

From SFBC Newsletter, (continued)

all. I had been noticing wafts of mothball fragrance for a while but I kept hoping only I could smell it. Unfortunately, Derek finally had to give up on diplomacy when he started choking on the smell. He really was sensitive to the odor. So were the clouds of moths we had seen on the walls of the cave on the way in. I guess they felt the same way he did. Of course, they just left but poor Derek and Ken were stuck with me. And by the time I was so well simmered inside my waterproof outfit that I had to unzip the jumpsuit or risk heat prostration! Derek's eyes watered, Ken choked, and I just prayed I'd get to go on another trip again soon.

As it turned out, a week later I was in New Mexico visiting family and got to go caving in the GYPKAP. That two day trip resulted in me finding my first virgin passage, finding an unknown waterfall and being flooded out of a cave. That did it, I was permanently hooked on caving.

Now, over four years after my first trip with Derek and Ken, I've led dozens of trips, made dozens of new friends, and had far more adventures than fears. I still get claustrophobic when my arms are unable to move around but I rarely give into it. The need to know what's just beyond and the supportive understanding of SFBC cavers keeps me pushing on.

Before closing, I'd like to offer some specific thank yous. First, thank you Derek for my first trip, my first dig, my first secret cave, and my first of many trips out of IXL without a light on. Peter and Ann, thank you for so many overwhelming slide shows from so many places around the world. Bill and Peri, thank you for your hospitality on the long trip to New Mexico and for the use of your fleece coat.

I would have frozen to death without it. Bob and Victoria, thank you for all the help you provided when I first got my computer...and for quite a while after. Tom and Gail, thank you for being the most accommodating storekeepers any grotto could ask for. Ruth, thank you for your steady friendship. And you can use my head as a foot hold any time you need it. Chuck Sommerville, you may have dropped out of caving for a while but I thank you for being my caving buddy on so many trips together. I'll always trust my life to you in the future as we did in the past. Michele and Steve, thank you for your friendship, for the times you each opened your homes to all of us, and for your leadership of a great grotto. Finally, Bob Richardson, I know you can hear what my heart speaks. Thank you for sharing important parts of your life with me...your guidance and knowledge, your

family and home, and a meal at your table. I'll always remember.

I'll leave in a few days for Las Vegas, Nevada, a new job, and of course, a new grotto. I'm afraid it will suffer by comparison. Thanks to all of you for helping to put the adventure back into my life. Hopefully, I'll see many of you underground again. And, if you get to Las Vegas and lose all of your money, just call and I'll see what I can do to find a place for you to sleep. I'll miss you all.

P.S. By the way, if anyone is interested in a super deal, I've got this great, heavy, surplus sweater that's only been worn once...

SAMPLE LETTER RE: Gas Drilling in Dark Canyon (see next page)

Dear Joe Incardine, BLM:

This is an outrage! This Dark Canyon drill site is much too close to a major cave still in the process of exploration.

Lechuguilla Cave is already a national treasure beyond price. This is the best cave going in America, and it's headed right for you. Please take a few moments to look through the Lechuguilla Cave picture book. Imagine what a drill might do to something like this. You might just as well drill into the New York Metropolitan Museum, or into the Smithsonian Institution. You might just as well drill into your grandmother's china closet! Why take such a chance? Please take these engines of potential destruction elsewhere, somewhere with less chance of doing such damage beyond repair.

Sincerely,
Joe Caver

National Speleological Society

Pecos Valley Grotto

David McClurg, Conservation Chairman
1610 Live Oak Place • Carlsbad, NM • 505 887-5761
October 13, 1992

Summary of Our Opposition to Gas Drilling in Dark Canyon, Near Carlsbad Caverns and Lechuguilla Cave

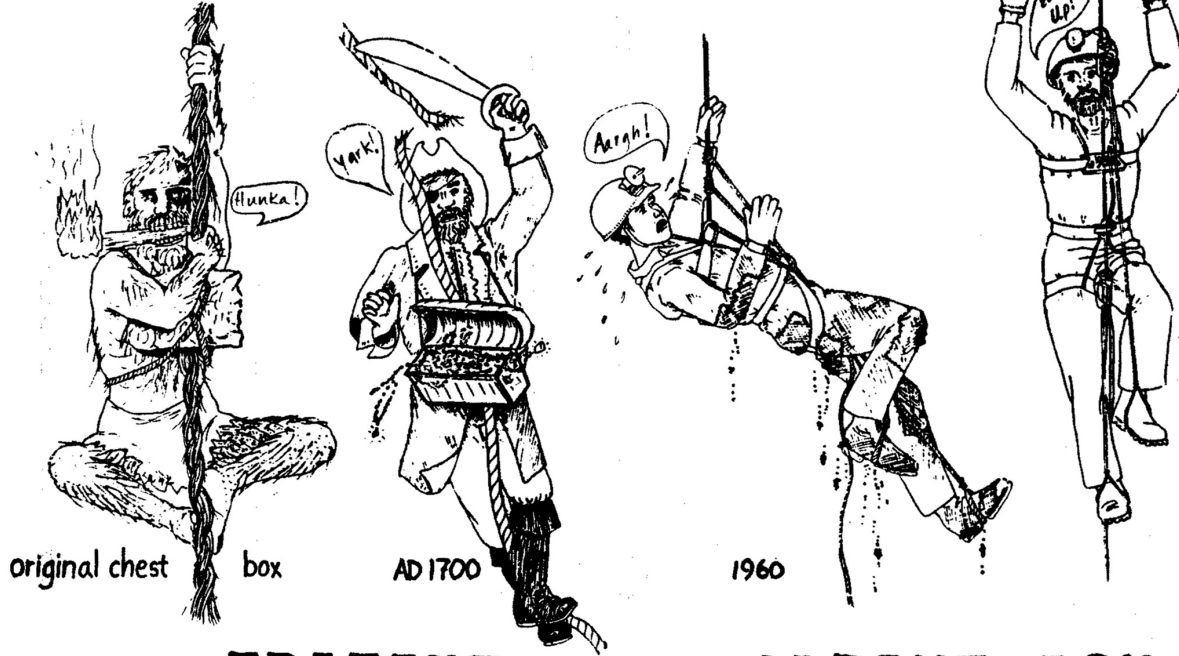
This is a summary of our opposition to BLM's plan to allow drilling at Diamond Federal No. 1 well. Approval of drilling is Alternative C in the draft Dark Canyon Environmental Impact Statement (EIS) issued September 1992.

To add detail and background to this summary, we are attaching an article by Richard Bridges, that appeared in the October 1992 *Pecos Valley Grotto News*. This letter makes several additional points that can be included when sending your comments to the BLM. Bridges is president of the Lechuguilla Cave Project and a petroleum exploration consultant.

- We oppose drilling for gas in Dark Canyon. This region is an integral part of a well known cave and karst area. To allow wildcat drilling for gas reserves of questionable potential near cave resources of proven world-class status like Carlsbad Cavern and Lechuguilla Cave is not prudent land stewardship.
- The National Cave Resources Protection Act obligates the BLM to protect caves, including those intersected by drilling operations.
 - This legislative mandate has been totally ignored by BLM in the EIS.
- We (and many others, including the National Park Service) called for either a buy-back or lease swapping program for the Yates lease in Dark Canyon. This suggestion was brushed aside without proper consideration.
- The Environmental Impact Statement is purposely skewed to favor drilling.
 - Estimates of gas reserves are grossly exaggerated and are stated as fact.
 - The possibility there will be no gas reserves at all is not considered.
 - Typically, nine out of ten wildcat wells are dry.
 - No seismic or other geophysical data support the estimates.
 - Analysis of subsurface geology is optimistic and certainly debatable. It could as easily be interpreted to recommend against drilling.
 - Potential cave resources are ignored or heavily discounted despite hard evidence indicating large undiscovered cave passages in the EIS area.
 - Value of these potential cave resources is never discussed.
- Our written recommendation for the draft EIS was to give high priority to cave detection and avoidance before drilling commences.
 - This has been largely ignored, while new and debatable mitigation techniques during drilling are emphasized.
- Please voice your opposition. Send copies to your congressional delegation.

Remember, your comments must be received before November 20, 1992. Send them to Joe Incardine, BLM, P.O. Box 27115, Santa Fe, NM 87592-0115, with a copy to us. We need your help.

Evolution of the chest box



original chest box

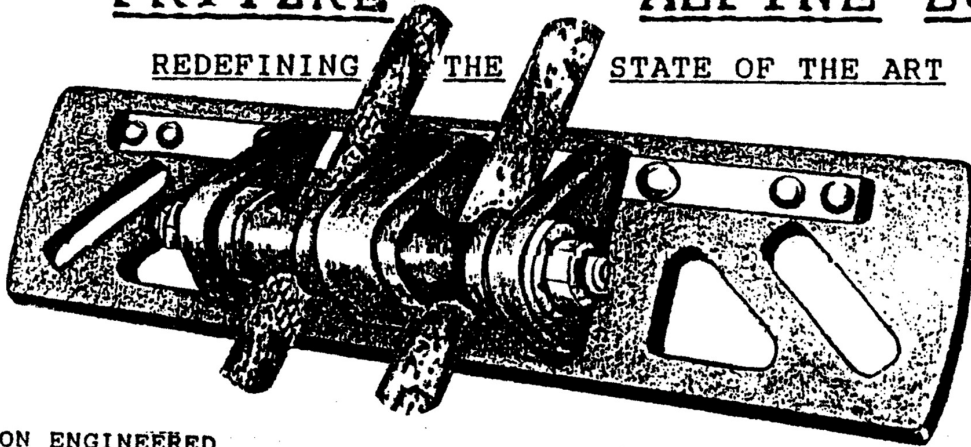
AD 1700

1960

FRITZKE

ALPINE BOX

REDEFINING THE STATE OF THE ART



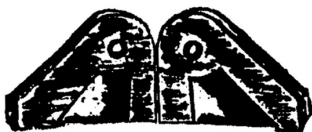
PRECISION ENGINEERED
 INDEPENDENT GATES
 LOCK WITH A SIMPLE "CLICK!"

SUPERIOR DESIGN:
 ANODIZED AIRCRAFT ALUMINUM (7075 T6)
 COMFORTABLE 8" WIDE CHEST PLATE
 VERSATILE DUAL ROLLERS
 SIMPLE SPRING LATCH
 LOW PROFILE
 WEIGHT: 10.4 OUNCES

FAST, EASY, AND SECURE
 ONE-HANDED OPERATION
 REGARDLESS OF WEIGHT ON ROPE.

INTRODUCTORY PRICE
\$105 (THRU 1992)

OPTIONAL HARNESS \$22
 U.S.A. Shipping & Handling \$5.00
 (CA residents add 7.25% tax;
 \$7.61 box, \$1.60 harness)



ALPINE ASCENT

FOR INFORMATION; CALL, WRITE OR FAX
 ALPINE ASCENT
 P.O. BOX 4836
 ARCATA, CA 95521
 PHONE (707) 822-8566
 FAX (707) 822-4454

REMINDERS

No SAG meeting on
Nov. 13.

Letters regarding
Lechuguilla Cave are
needed before
November 20.

Next SAG RAG:

Christmas Tree Cave.
Iceland.
Lloyd's Ice Rink – A
newly discovered ice
cave in Northern
California.!

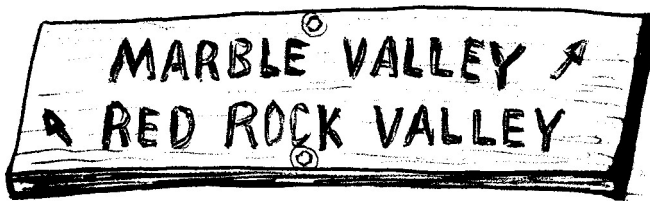


Moonmilk in Wahahshun Cave – marble Mtns.

SAG RAG
524 Annie Street
Yreka CA 96097

STAMP

TO:



Remove Staple For Inspection

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page 2	Calendar and meetings
Page 3	Typitorial – by J. Broeckel
Page 3	Cave rescue in Northern California – by J. Wolff
Page 4	Weekend at the Marbles – by J. Wolff
Page 6	Caving in the Marbles is like going to school – by J. Wolff
Page 7	Columbus Day Speleocamp – by B. Broeckel
Page 10	Grotto news – by B. Broeckel
Page 11	Sept. and Oct. meeting minutes
Page 12	Review of a global positioning system – by L. Wolff
Page 13	Jack Jones Cave is finished – by J. & L. Wolff
Page 15	A new complex lava tube – by J. & L. Wolff
Page 16	<u>Newsletter Review</u> – by D. LaForge
Page 18	Goodbye from Gary Davey
Pages 19-20	Gas drilling in Dark Canyon