

SAGRAG

The Shasta Area Grotto's Newsletter

May-June 1993

Volume 12 Number 3



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NOTES FROM YOUR EDITOR

A current list of members should be out in next issue. So if anybody as any changes that need to be updated, send them to me.

I changed the cutoff date for material to be put in the SAG RAG to the 10th of the month. I ran into some problems this month I had not expected and got behind in getting out the last issue. I hope the extra days will insure everyone gets and issue in time.

If you want to put your art on the front page of the SAG RAG it must fit in an area 7" x 7".
Look for some new maps and trip reports from the Double Hole flow in the next issue.

C A L E N D A R

- July 9 SAG meeting at Bill McGahey's.
- August 20 SAG meeting at the Wolff's (note date change).

**Shasta Area Grotto Meeting
May 14, 1993**

Present: Bill Kenney, Jim & Liz Wolff, Ray Miller, Neils Smith, Jim Kottinger, Bill Broeckel, George & Dorothy Reel, Dave, Ellen, & Dawn Pryor.

Chairman Jim Wolff called the meeting to order. The minutes were accepted as corrected. Treasurer's report showed a balance of \$525.17.

Old Business: KMCTF rescue cache: SAG will continue to restock the rescue cache medical supplies. There will be 2 trips per year to inventory and resupply the medical box.

– Cave register use permit or Memorandum of Understanding: USFS would prefer a MOU, special use permit cost is \$30. The paperwork is in the SO now for approval after district approval. Mike Burns (USFS) would prefer to have under a volunteer program or MOU rather than Special Use Permit.

– T-shirts: logo is ready to go. Dave suggested that we come up with a Marble Mtn. rescue shirt logo.

New Business: Potter Creek Cave project with Shascade Caving Society: test pits were never to have been left after the 1965 dig, USFS says. Documentary video and pictures, map of cave then later fill holes with piles of dirt. Dave wants SAG people to teach surveying to SCS May 15. Meet 9-9:30 at Holiday Harbor, be ferried over & picked up at prearranged time.

– Jim W. talked to John Bair about putting 30 – 35 registers in the Marbles caves. Jim K. has plans for registers & John wants each grotto in the region to make/supply register canisters, at \$6-10 each.

– Mark Fritzke & Linda Villatore got married May 8. Roger Jones graduates from Humboldt State Univ. on May 22.

– SCS invited to June 18 campout meeting. Ray sez watch for banded bats in that area.

– SCS invites SAG for advanced vertical rescue training led by Dick Laughlin, June 12-13. Maximum of 15 people. Paperwork to do ahead. Six hours of class work, then practice simulated rescue in Samwel cave. Bill K and Neils are planning on going. See the next SCS Dweller for more info, or call Dave Pryor 222-4805.

– Jefferson State Grotto announces NCRC training level I in Salt Lake City end of July. Tuition \$105, 75 openings.

Neils moved, Liz seconded, the meeting adjourned at 8:57 pm.

Shasta Area Grotto meeting June 18

Present: Jim Wolff, Jim Kottinger, Melanie Jackson, Bill & Cheryl & Joel & Zane Kenney, Bill & Judy & Becky & Benj Broeckel, and the Suttons (who needed to leave early).

Chairman Jim Wolff called the meeting to order at 9:39 PM by lantern light at Chirpchatter Campground. The minutes were not read, the treasurer's report was not available, and there were no committee or newsletter reports.

Trip Reports: Jim Wolff visited Adam's Homestead Cave and Harris Mountain Cave with a biologist from the USFS to start a cave life inventory. They were looking for bats, worms, and bugs, and found some of the above.

Potter Creek Cave Restoration Project: Bill K. and Bill B. reported on this project started by Shascade Caving Society. Work toward a detailed map has been started. Ultimately, this project is intended to repair damage done by an archeology dig in the 1960's.

Cave Rescue Exercise: Bill K. reported on a recent rescue training event by the Shascade Caving Society drawing on the expertise of the North American Wilderness Academy of French Gulch. Dick Laughlin gave above ground instruction while Travis Hull conducted underground exercises in Samwel Cave. This included handling a stokes, sked, and a backboard in Samwel's deep pit.

Two recent SAG trips to the Double Hole flow yielding new lava tubes.

Old Business: Cave Rescue Attention drawn to call for comments regarding NCRC regional coordinators in recent NSS News.

Cave Registers: Bat Cave and Three Level Ice Cave registers have been completed and have been replaced.

Marble Mountain First Aid Kit: Melanie Jackson has finished 6 3/8" triangular bandages, and Bill B. has a set of six

inflatable splints ready to be hauled up to the grain shed as soon as the snow melts. Cost of the splints is \$100, Melanie did the bandages for free (Thanks Melanie).

New business: July Meeting second Friday at Bill McGahey's home.

August Meeting third Friday at Wolff's. This is an extra important meeting with the USFS invited to attend, including new District rangers. They will be ready to field our toughest questions on caves.

Matt Wolff's wedding planned for the second Saturday in August.

Hat Creek rangers sent thank you for our help with the Subway Cave ranger tour talks this summer.

NSS convention: Jim K. and Broeckels planning to go.

Meeting adjourned at 10:26 PM.

NEWSLETTER REVIEW MARCH-APRIL by Dick LaForge

There are many interesting things going on in the caving world as brought to me by the March and April newsletters. For an example with local interest, there is "Limburger Cheese Attracts New Species to pit Traps at Oregon Caves," in The Speleograph (Oregon Grotto), March 1993. I am asking our editor to reprint it, so we can appreciate the variety of life in Oregon Caves. This is worth thinking about when we clamber around disturbing things. One restoration trip we saw what looked like a daddy long-legs (of which there are plenty), but with a black duck-bill attached to the front(?) of its round body. Mark Rosbrook said it was a pseudo-scorpion, which he had seen in much larger species in Mexico. It was a strange critter, who knows if it had been observed in Oregon Caves before?

The Underground Express (Willamette Valley Grotto) Summer 92 has an article by Bill Holmes named "The Caves of Portland and Vicinity". It is what it says. These are small and are lava tubes, talus

caves, and man-made tunnels. For example: "Mt Tabor Lava Tube System – It was broken into in 1911 by a contractor's crew engaged in digging a cistern for the telephone company... An enormous void opened up at the bottom of their excavation and ate some of their equipment. After finding they could not even measure the size or depth of the hole, it was closed up and is now a parking lot." And – "An identical occurrence took place 76 years later. A Portland Dept of Sanitation crew broke into another 'enormous void' while replacing a sewer line, at about 72nd and Belmont." This too was closed, with a steel plate, and work went right on. Others are more accessible, though generally smaller than "enormous". If you are in Portland and have time for a short trip, see Bill.

San Francisco Bay Chapter newsletter, Feb. 1993, has an account by Peter Bosted of a Jan 93 exploration trip to Lechuguilla Cave. You probably knew it was closed for the last 1.5 or so years. Now it is opened up again, and trips are organized either through LEARN, the new Lechuguilla cavers' organization that takes the place of the LCP, and also by groups that propose individual trips with the Park Service. LEARN has had 12 trips organized for 1993, and one has already taken place. Anyone who has ambitions to go to Lech is advised to join LEARN. Membership does not guarantee you a spot on a team, but of each 20-member team, three are to be newcomers. Of course, even a newcomer should be somewhat experienced at mapping, climbing, and other cavery skills, be in excellent physical condition, and be prepared for underground camping. But then you are rewarded by a completely awesome caving experience.

To join LEARN, you must be sponsored by a LEARN member, or if you don't know any, write to your LEARN regional representative, who is Carol Vesely, 817 Wildrose Ave., Monrovia, CA 91016 (818) 357-6927. For a membership form, write to myself or any LEARN member for a copy. Cost is \$10/year.

Your newsletter reviewer went on a trip there in March, with Mark Fritzke and 11 others. We took two three-day trips underground, and discovered, mapped and photographed over a mile of new cave, putting it over the 100 KM mark. We found four new or very unusual cave formations, including subaqueous helictites growing up from the floor of a pool. A major discovery was a series of three dome rooms totaling about 500 ft in height, with huge red flowstone cascades and curtains down all the drops. The whole thing is boots-off.

One should realize that Lechuguilla is by no means the only exciting cave project around. Helping out in a cave project is a great way to get wider caving experience, meet cavers from all over the country, and last but not least, see and explore some of the greatest caves of the United States. An example is the Bighorn Cave Project, which is asking for expeditioners for August 9-15, conveniently after the NSS Convention in Pendleton, Oregon. A fuller description is enclosed for publication.

Cave Rescue News: The Marble Mountains Rescue Group has been relatively inactive, due to Spring Projects, trips to Lechuguilla, and Mark Fritzke/Linda Villatore's upcoming wedding (on May 8, at the Fieldbrook Winery, near Arcata). Congratulations, Mark and Linda! Your correspondent has a brochure describing the NCRC Cave Rescue Classes to be held at Vernal, Utah on July 24-31 this year. As you know, this is a yearly event and is the best way to learn cave rescue and officially work your way up through Levels 1 through 4. I hope somebody from N California/Oregon can go to this. Contact me for more info and/or a copy of the brochure. Next, remember that there was to be an organizational meeting for a Western Region Cave Rescue organization at Sequoia Park on March 27? Well there was, and a short description from The Stanislaus Cave Examiner, Jan-Feb 93, is included. Our Newsletter Editor Ben Sutton attended this meeting and may wish to add a few words of his own. We

are working sort of in parallel with this group, and expect to eventually join in some sort of overall organization.

Lastly, some food for thought – A new direction in hypothermia prevention/treatment: a short article in Science News, April 10, 1993 (page 237), summarizes studies done on rewarming of cold people. Suppose you have someone in incipient hypothermia, still able to shiver. These persons warmed just as fast by being insulated (sleeping bag) by themselves as when a warm person got in with them. In other words external warming did not help. For a person too cold to shiver, however, a warm person would at least help keep the hypothermic from getting even colder. But the most interesting finding was that an anti-obesity drug containing caffeine, ephedrine, and theophylline caused subjects who were in a cold environment to increase their bodily heat production by 20% (compared to those who took a placebo pill), by burning more body fat. This has the obviously interesting possibility for use as a hypothermia prevention in cold caves. It would be very interesting to know if this drug combination would increase heat production in persons already hypothermic.

This month's major feature is not strictly about caves at all, but as lava tubers we should really appreciate it. The article is by Hawaii caver Teddi Stransky, and was printed in the Ka'u Landing, a local newspaper on The Big Island. You have walked on lots of cold frozen lava. How would it have been to walk on it while still mostly liquid? How about at night? How about at night and in the rain? Read on...

Bighorn Cave Project Scheduled by Bob Brown, Project Coordinator

Eight years and nine projects later, the Northwest Cave Research Institute will return to Bighorn Cave, Montana. The

CCRI and NSS CTF worked at Bighorn Cave in 1985-87 and surveyed more than seven miles of cave during three field work camps. Between 1987 and 1992 the CRI held six additional field work camps at Jewel Cave, S.D. and in the Pryor Mountains of Montana.

Last year after completing a survey of the caves of the Pryor Mountains the Institute decided to return to Bighorn Cave. The NCRI holds one or two field work camps each year. The purpose of the projects is to bring a diverse group of cavers together for approximately ten days, to work on a common project. Over the last eight years the NCRI has held nine work camps and had more than 150 individuals participate.

The field camps provide cavers an opportunity to meet other cavers, work on a common project, learn new skills, help the federal government in their cave management, and have a good time. Project participants are accepted on a first come, first served basis. The usual mix at the field camps has been experienced and less experienced cavers from several states and one or more foreign countries.

The 1993 Bighorn Field Camp will be held August 9-15, 1993, the week following the NSS Convention. The first forty qualified cavers to apply will be accepted for this year's project. A project fee of \$100.00 will cover all expenses for the seven-day project. This year's project will focus on survey, inventory and photo monitoring. Two miles of cave will be mapped, inventoried and photo monitoring points installed.

If you would like to live in Arm Pit, Wyoming for seven days and work eight hours each day in a fifteen mile long cave system, this is the project for you. Keep in mind that your will work, live, and eat with many strangers from across the country and around the world. Remember that at Arm Pit a cool day in August is 100 degrees F.

For information call: Bob Brown at (206) 569-2725 after 6 PM PST.

Limburger Cheese Attracts New Species to Pit Traps at Oregon Caves

by John Roth

Resource Management Specialist
Oregon Caves National Monument

Compared to most surface environments, caves tend to be low energy / low food environments. They usually lack much wind, light, freeze-thaws, or organics; thus it is species with low metabolism that normally thrive underground. Foot traffic, lights, clothing lint, tunnels, and vandalism are high/energy/food impacts on caves. Visitors or altered airflow bring in skin flakes, dust, spores, or detergent-rich lint, all of which foster exotic plant growth.

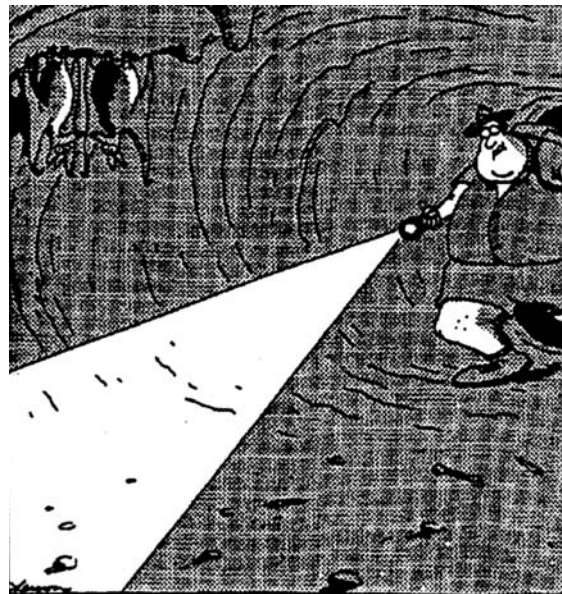
In Oregon Caves, Carlsbad Caverns, and probably many other commercialized caves, exotic animal communities have developed on lint deposits and exotic plants. Studies in Carlsbad Caverns and Mammoth Cave indicate that an unnatural increase in food causes the "paradox of enrichment," where surface-surface-adapted insects move in and out compete smaller and slower moving cave-adapted insects. The extinction rate from these impacts depends in part on whether caves are evolutionary "islands" or whether most of the recruitment of species occurs from small cracks surrounding the cave. Finding out which of these biogeography models best applies to cave communities is a hot topic of current biospeleological research.

Year-round baselines are needed to understand the evolution of cave communities and human caused impacts on them. Unfortunately, until a few months ago, all that was known about Oregon Caves' fauna were records such as "small white spider seen in Neptune's Grotto." The first macroinvertebrate survey of Oregon Caves began in late August 1992. Eighteen pit traps were placed in the cave to help determine the effects of cave

entrances, humidity, and nearness to the trail on cave populations and species composition.

The use of limburger cheese as an attractant already has yielded some 20 species, at least 2 of which are undescribed and are among the most restricted endemics in the Park System. The first endemic is the genus *Speoseya*, a millipede genus known by only 2 other specimens. The second is a water mite which probably is parasitic on an unknown animal. The traps are sampled and reset every 20 days. This will continue until summer 1993, when the program will be tied to a 5-months-long Earthwatch project.

Reprinted from Park Science, Winter 1993.



"My sonar's got it at 12 feet away and closing
... 11 feet... 10 feet ... God, it's enormous! ...
Nine feet..."

Visiting Pele at Night

by teddi stransky

At 12:45am, it's easy to ask yourself: "Is this trip really necessary?" I slapped the alarm, rolled out of bed, tugged on jeans and a shirt. Lacing up my Nikes was about as complex a task as I could conceptualize. But shortly I was driving to Volcanoes National Park, and down Chain of Craters road in the dark. Believe me, that drive will wake you up.

I've seen the volcano videos, and they are beautiful and amazing. But they're videos, yah? Watch a volcano video right after any Indiana Jones movie. See what I mean? Even if you know it's real, it's still Special Effects.

No, I didn't see spectacular fountains, cascades of flame, earth-shattering eruptions. As volcanoes go, it's a pretty tame show right now. But meeting Pele on her own ground was a more intense experience than I had anticipated.

"Please let me tag along sometime," I'd told my friend, when she'd shown me some of her spectacular photos. She goes at odd hours, with little or no notice. But when she called that afternoon and said "Do you wanna go?" I hustled to rearrange things so I could say yes. I was accompanied by Ka'u Landing staff photographer Loren Heck.

If you've been around the Park, say, at Halemaumau, you know the smell – that sharp bite of sulfurous, just-struck-match acidity, the lung-catching reek of brimstone. If you've been down Chain of Craters when lava was flowing into the sea, you know the scent, and perhaps the sound as well, of boiling seawater.

But have you sat next to a lava toe, watching it creep almost imperceptibly along beside you, listened to its cheerily heathlike popping and crackling as it cools, oozes, cools? Have you seen the tiny flakes of shimmering crust popping into the air like tiddly-winks as the cooling skin expands and contracts? Watched foamy chunks of lava, their incandescent hearts

wrapped in black lace, surging in and out with the waves, glowing under the water like an invading horde of tiny bathyspheres? Friend, it is really something.

Is it dangerous? Well of course it's dangerous. 2,000 F of anything is dangerous. I wouldn't recommend it to anyone with children, respiratory problems, or common sense. The risks are great. Fumes alone can get you, if the wind turns – sulfur dioxide, sulfuric acid, assorted hydrocarbons, not good stuff to breathe. The crust can crack open under your feet; you might become a primary participant in the formation of a new skylight in an active lava tube. A shelf could shear off and dump you into the boiling ocean. Haole soup. Yum, yum. But then again, I've never really wanted to die in bed.

My friend and her husband enjoyed their role as guides, and offered a continuous and entertaining running commentary as we hiked down the trail in the rain, picking our way amongst the tufts of grass and old, dusty pahoehoe with the aid of flashlights. I gained a lot of information on that stroll, and the distinct impression that if I managed to hurt myself, they'd be terribly disappointed in me.

We paused at the crest of a hill, looking at the fantastic, alien panorama before us. Loren said, very quietly, "This looks more like hell than anything I've ever seen." The rain had stopped, and watching the streamers of fog, smoke and steam whipping wraithlike across a black and luridly glowing landscape, I had to agree.

Cautiously, we stepped out onto shiny, new pahoehoe, gleaming rivers of frozen silver. Each crack and crevice, as we progressed, sent up a stronger wave of heat. Soon they were all lit with glowing red at the bottom. Then brighter, hotter red-orange. Waves of heat combined with recent dampness, creating a gigantic, hazardous sauna. I looked back, at the

“safe” zone pylons. They seemed small and far behind us.

Then it started to rain again.

Visibility instantly went to almost zero. Cold rain hit hot rocks, turned to steam, and what had been glistening lava laced with glowing cracks suddenly became fast-moving, opaque cottony streamers, shifting, wavering, flowing past our knees like speeded-up clouds in a cheap special-effects sky.

“Wish I could get a shot of this.” Loren was staring into the wind, watching ribbons of ground fog whip towards us from some invisible point of origin. The light was too dim, the wind too fast – it would have taken special film to reproduce that scene. Even then, I don’t think a photo could evoke the thrill and the fright of such an eerie vista.

“Take your time,” said my friend. “Don’t move unless you can see where you’re putting your foot.”

“No-o-o problem.” We groped our way slowly across a Peter Lorre landscape, moving towards the distant glow of the coastline.

When we arrived, she immediately went into shotgun-mode, shutter snapping on her Minolta, auto-advance whirring incessantly as she followed a swell of glowing magma headed for the sea. With my beloved, manual-everything old Konica, I was somewhat more restrained – it took me ten whole minutes to go through my first 36-exposure roll. Loren, the only educated photographer in the group, was calmly balancing tripod and camera, seeing through his lens, looking for the best shots. I told him to watch his step.

“I just want to get right over there.” He pointed at a nearby hump. In response I pointed at a radiantly glowing crack.

“The fog is thinning,” I said, “But that crack is getting brighter.” He didn’t seem to appreciate the implication. Wading through the steaming mists, he hopped a few more crevices and set up his tripod. As he was shooting a passing finger of molten lava, I crept nearer and unslung my camera. Then I saw another ooze of lava breaking out, just a little further on. As I edged past

him, Loren said “Careful out there.” Moments later, he was sliding past me, on his way to yet another vantage point.

“Watch out,” our guides said, “It’s going to surge.”

“What’s a Surge?”

“Just set up and wait, but be ready to move.” They pointed up mauka. A half mile above us, a fresh cascade of lava had broken free. From where I stood, the open torrent looked about the size of a ‘59 Chrysler. It was pouring down into the tubes which were feeding the flow at our feet. As the new influx traveled toward us under ground, it was visible as an increasing brightness in the successive ranks of cracks and crevices in its path.

The flow we had been watching increased dramatically, pouring into the sea about 50 yards away, sending up huge clouds of steam and bursts of molten rock. We all began shooting. A few moments later, I glanced above and behind us (“Don’t turn your back on it,” my friend had said), and saw a fresh finger of lava extending, moving up behind us. We were being boxed in. I said to Loren, “Time to go.”

“Just a minute, I’ve almost got this.”

“No time, Loren, come on.”

He turned and saw the widening outbreak of orange sneaking up on us. “Whoops,” he said. “Time to go.”

It’s amazing how spry a tall man with a tripod can be when he’s inspired. We headed quickly for “safer” ground. As we trotted, I stepped over what I thought was yet another crack, glancing down to see the ‘glow below’. Instead, I was looking down through a hand-sized hole, at a flood of molten lava rushing through a tube just inches below my feet. It’s amazing how spry a fat lady with a backpack can be when she’s inspired.

We stopped again only a few feet from a meter-wide ooze of glowing, molten rock. It was rolling lazily down to hiss into waves already so hot there were no explosions, just a steady boiling, creating foamy “floaters” which broke off and rolled about in the surf. A wave picked up two pomelo-

sized pieces, tossing them nearly at our feet. Tentatively I nudged one with my toe, rolled it, pressed on it. It was surprisingly solid. I pressed harder, and noticed a rich, new odor. Burning neoprene? Oh yeah, Nikes have rubber soles. End of experiment.

I eased nearer, trying to gauge the solidity of the footing by the relative reflectiveness of its surface. The really *shiny* stuff was probably only marginally less hazardous than what I was already standing on, but examining it carefully made me feel like I was taking precautions. Like most adventurous idiots, I very rarely get hurt doing anything dangerous – it's stepping off my own lanai that does me in.

I could feel the heat even through heavy, loose denim and leather. When my jeans started to scorch, I stepped aside onto gleaming, just made black sand, which smoked under my feet. I sat on my heels and watched a small stream of lava puddle out onto the sand, then vanish in a whirl of foam and leaping, hissing seawater. Again and again the lava puddled out, again and again the waves quenched it, creating new, glistening black sand beach.

Our guide indicated a lengthening crack of orange light in the crust several yards above my little ooze-out. "It's coming again," she said. I rejoined her and within a few minutes the line suddenly became a spreading gush of fresh lava, as a surge from above broke through the partially cooled crust and started the building process anew. Liquid radiance poured over the blackness, inundated the sand, reached out to meet the waves. Billows of steam and smoke, lit from below with weird glows, ribboned out across the ocean. The sky became opaque, a spooky collage of lights and shadows.

Further down the coast, we could barely see a tube spouting lava off a high shelf into the ocean, causing some entertaining minor explosions and nightworks. There were at least two active tubes flowing under the apparently-solid

expanse of lava between "here" and "there". We elected to remain "here". There's nothing suicidal about People who Love Lava; as insanity goes, it's merely a beautiful, exhilarating, and rather artsy form of lunacy.

Dawn hid behind windward-side clouds, and the flowing lava changed subtly and continuously with the changing light. Halloween black and orange gradually became silvers and reds, iridescently reflecting a yellowing sky. Clouds of steam and smoke lost their night-enhanced eerie glow and became dramatically monochromatic white and grey billows streaking out to sea. As the rest of the world gained its daytime colors, the lava seemed to fade and pale, becoming dark grey and dull red, still fascinating, but somehow reduced. If I had seen it in this way the day before, I would have been awed and impressed. But after several hours in one tiny corner of Pele's nighttime inferno, the daylight version seemed wan by comparison.

After sunup, we walked across the recent flow to what remained of Kamoamoa Campground, admiring along the way a number of fresh tree molds and some interesting "coconut moulds", coconut-shaped holes with bits of charcoal in the bottom. At the campground we found an impressive "55-gallon-trashcan mould", the usual inundated stop sign (why don't stop signs burn?), and a six-foot buildup of lava which appeared to have been stopped by a two-foot stone wall.

What had been a lovely beach and campground was now a wasteland of burnt palm trees, twisted sheet metal, and bristling tangles of seared nails embedded in the new stone where once wooden walls had stood. Pele gives and Pele takes away; all we can really do is be grateful for the opportunity to behold her works.

Teddi Stransky is a graphic artist and avocational troglodyte who can usually be found wandering about in the a'a or exploring underground when she is not tormenting a computer for Ka'u Landing.

Regional Covers Gather to Discuss Rescue Organization

By Paul Lukshin
Stanislaus Grotto Member

Members of the Western Region attended a cave rescue organizational meeting held on March 27, at Ash Mountain, Sequoia National Park. The meeting, organized by Joel Despain and Peri Frantz, was attended by two dozen individuals representing the Western Region, Sequoia National Park, SFBC, Diablo Grotto, Mother Lode Grotto, Stanislaus Grotto, Shasta Area Grotto, Southern California Grotto and various search and rescue organizations. The Stanislaus Grotto was well represented by Jim Lakner, Mark and Sharon Bowers, Paul and Susie Lukshin and Terry Plett.

The goal of the meeting was to "begin the process of creating a structure or organization for cave rescue" in the Western Region. The emphasis was to start laying the groundwork while studying the feasibility of establishing some type of cave rescue capability in the future. Four major areas of designing a rescue group were discussed including organization, governance, training and financing. A steering committee was established to conduct a six-month research period to gather additional information. Joel Despain was selected treasurer of the steering committee and editor of the newsletter. Over \$100.00 was collected from those present to finance initial costs.

Additional members of the steering committee include Greg Gates and Mark Bowers who will research training programs, Bonnie Crystal who will manage communications and the member database, and Jessica Stevens and Chip Hoffman who will serve as liaisons to both internal NSS organizations (grottos, NCRC, etc.) and external agencies. There will be a follow-up meeting in six months to discuss the results of this initial research effort into cave rescue possibilities.

More Equipment Ideas. . .

By Wolff

I see more and more electric covers now-a-days. So what most have or have had is the four D-cell battery pack headlamp, with the long cord. What I do to get rid of that pesky cord, that seems to get hung up at the wrong time. You just route the cord around from the back of your helmet, across your chest diagonally to the side that you would want it most of the time. If you find that the cord is not long enough, lengthen it by 12 or 18 inches – depending if you are a tall person or not.

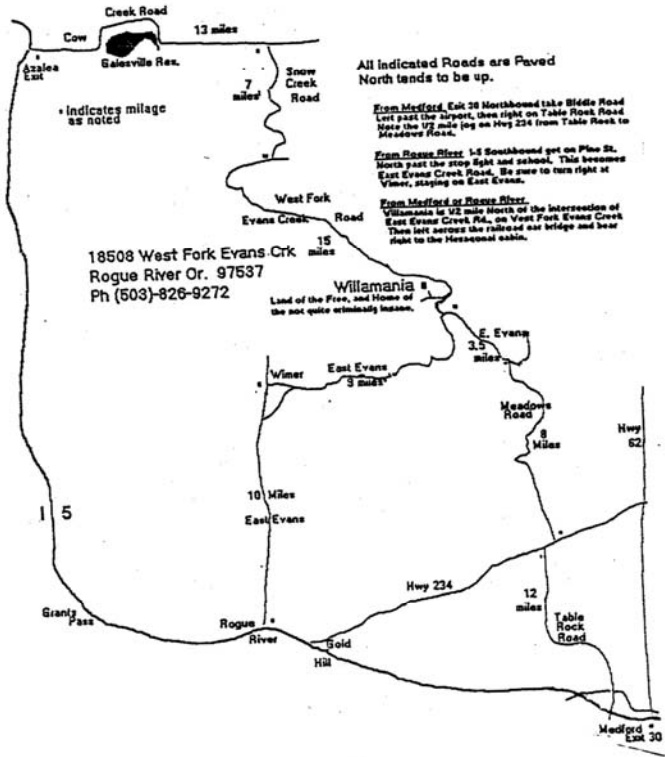
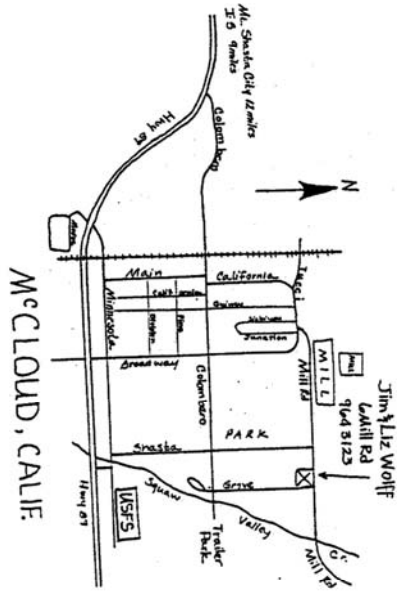
Reason why this is done is to keep the cord within sight, always aware that it might snag anyway... at least you won't get it tangled up in that nest of sodastraws that you might have to crawl under sometime. I have my battery pack rigged on a belt with a belt loop, so it can slide on the belt from one side of me to the other, front or back – depending if I'm going to be crawling on that side or not.

Another option is to have a short cord and pass it down to a chest battery pack harness near one side or the other – near the armpit. This method allows the battery the batteries to keep warm(er), thus giving longer battery life and no cord to deal with. Even with the smallest of places a caver can get through with it on.

The best set-up is the headlights with the batteries on the helmet too. This is handy, allowing the light to stay on the helmet while lit, even while passing the helmet ahead of you in a belly-flattener! No hassle! The drawbacks are having to drill even more holes in your expensive helmet and the lack of the usual clearance when passing a low ceiling... Then again, this battery pack on the back of your helmet acts like a counter-weight to the weight of a carbide lamp, plus other light sources on your helmet. You will have to choose what is best for your needs and the type of caving you do.

August 20
SAG MEETING

JULY 9
SAG MEETING



SAG RAG
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TO: