



Judy Broeckel in Marble Mountain Quarry Cave, drawn by Liz Wolff.

SPECIAL ISSUE: MARBLE MOUNTAIN QUARRY CAVE

The SAG RAG is published by the Shasta Area Grotto of the National Speleological Society, Grotto meetings are held at different locations the fourth Friday of each month at 7:30 p.m. Meeting locations are announced in the SAG RAG, Membership dues are \$6 dollars per year and include newsletter subscription. Original material not otherwise noted is copyright to the SAG RAG. Such material may be copied with credit given to the author and the SAG RAG. For use outside of the caving community, please seek the permission of the author or editor first. Send material for publication any time to Bighorn Broeckel, 2916 Deer Meadows Road, Yreka, CA 96097. Material intended for the next newsletter is due by the 10th of the even month.

**EDITORIAL:**

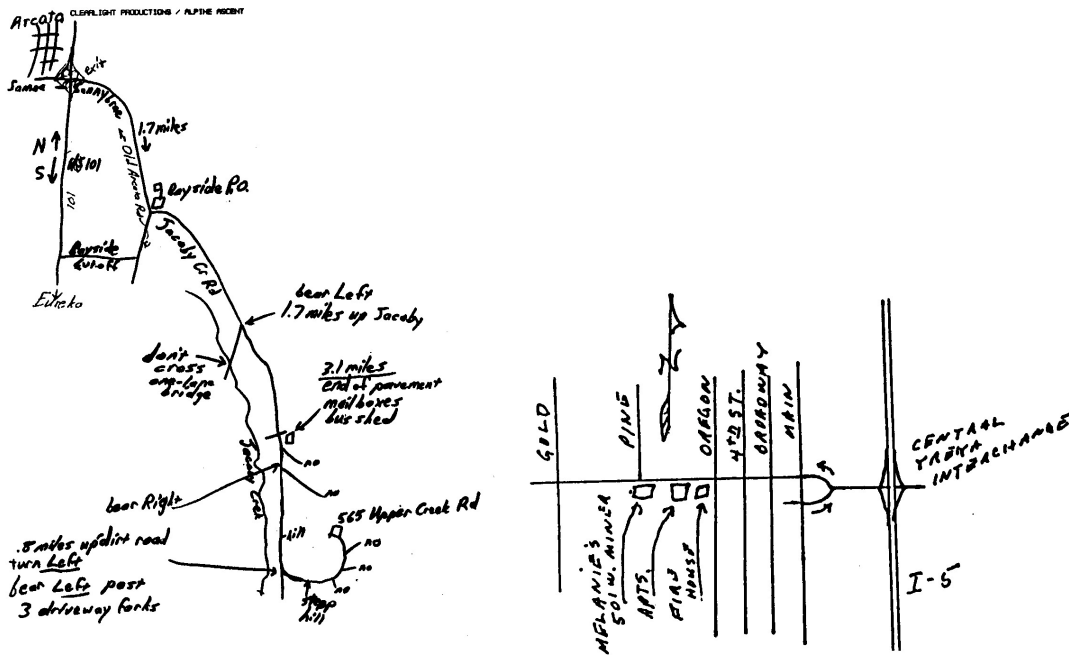
With a positive response from the McCloud District of Shasta-Trinity National Forest, changes are expected at Bat Cave. Chalk up a lose for easy access recreational caving, but a win for the bats. Look for the installation of a cave gate at the unnatural roadside entrance soon. The cavers who suggested such a closure are hoping for increased bat counts in the cave. This would enhance their credibility with the ranger district. The bats, however, may not have the political savvy to immediately congregate in the cave.

Meanwhile, it is important to remember that the cave itself is also winning here. The roadside closure is absolutely vital to the restoration of Bat Cave, and to the prevention of future vandalism to this vulnerable lava tube. Please note that all cavers are asked to impose a complete and voluntary closure on visits to Bat Cave, at least for the time being. The bat biology people will be monitoring for changes in the use of the cave by the bats, and by people as reflected in the cave register. In keeping with the current situation, I would suggest continuing use of the name "Bat Cave", and not "Half Mile Tube".

This issue of the SAG RAG is devoted to Marble Mountain Quarry Cave. I'm very happy to be done with the map, as it was a long project. On to the caves.... **BB**

**CALENDAR**

- Nov. 4, 1995      SAG meeting at Mark Fritzke's house in Arcata. Meeting to follow potluck supper, with Linda cooking a turkey. Call (707) 822-8566 for details.
- Dec. 1, 1995      SAG meeting at Melanie Jackson's house in Yreka at 7:30 PM. Refreshments.



## SHASTA AREA GROTTO MEETING

September 8, 1995

The meeting was called to order at 8:00 PM. at the Wolff home in McCloud. Present were: Liz & Jim Wolff, Bill Broeckel, Niels Smith, Melanie Jackson and guest Cindy Nichols.

Minutes: The minutes of the August meeting were approved as amended.

Treasurer's Report: \$527.08 Sept. Balance. There was \$62.55 in bills for the SAG RAG. \$30.00 was paid and \$32.55 is still owed to B. Broeckel.

Correspondence: 2 copies of the National Cave Management Symposium XI Oct. 27 - 30, 1993 in Carlsbad NM have been received and one will remain in the Grotto library. There is also a copy of the USFS Cave Eco System. Management Direction from the Lincoln National Forest. NSS News and Cal Caver issues were passed around. The Arizona Highways Magazine carried an article on its front cover of Kartchner Caverns SE Corner. It is in the September 1995 issue. The Redding Record Searchlight of 8/27/95 had an article on enlisting bats and bugs to fight mosquitoes. National Public Radio (NPR) on 8/25/95 at 7.45 A.M. did a piece on frog eating bats in Panama. The moral of the story being: the classier and louder frog may get more than he is counting on.

Old Business: B. Broeckel sent a letter to the Red Butte Ranger District thanking them for trying to keep the cows out of the caves. He also nominated Sinking Water Cave for protection.

New Business: S A significant cave listing of S. W. caves was passed around. There was a list of caves submitted for protection (1,583 caves). The caves were listed by State and Region. The response was modest with most submissions coming from Oregon (over 500 caves). In August there was a breakthrough in Oregon Caves. The breakthrough was on the River Styx upstream. It was found on a dig by Steve Knutson, Bill Kenney, and Bill McGahey.

The grotto needs to schedule some cleanup trips for Barnum & Sand Cave and for Pluto Cave. No dates have been scheduled yet. There is an ice cave that needs surveying. It is Twin Peaks Ice Cave near Doe Peak. Rubber boots, crampons, and rope or a ladder will be necessary. No date set yet. The Environmental Assessment for the Bat Cave Project is nearly done. Ken Showalter is in charge of resources and the named keeper of the cave resources. Alternative A for 2 gates was chosen. One gate this year next to the road. Dave Pryor will build the gate. There will be restricted entrance for research only to protect the bats.

Trip Reports: SAG members present at the Speleo Camp Sept. 2-4, 1995 were: Jim Wolff, Bill Broeckel, Dick & Evan LaForge, Mark & Linda Fritzke. A resurvey of Little Neffs Cave was completed. Found was Lost Wallet Cave, and there was a rescue practice in Bigfoot Cave. Mark Fritzke stayed for the whole week and Bill Kenney went the weekend of Sept. 8-10. Liz Wolff and Melanie Jackson helped Jim Wolff sherpa cave stuff out of the Marbles Sept. 4. Evan LaForge did Upstairs-Downstairs and a Bigfoot Trip.

The meeting was adjourned at 9:05 PM.

Respectfully submitted, Melanie Jackson

## MARBLE MOUNTAN QUARRY CAVE

### RETURN TO MARBLE MOUNTAIN CAVE By Bill Fitzpatrick

I became a Grotto member in Nov. 1992 and almost immediately began hearing references to a cave called "The Big One". In the summer of 1993 I spent time in Grants Pass doing historical research, and found references to several other caves in the area, all of which I had already known except one: Marble Mountain Cave, aka Crystal Cave, Ideal Cement Company Cave, Beaver State Cement Company Cave, etc. It was described as being large and well decorated, and even included some limestone stairways cut by members of the CCC back in the 1930s.

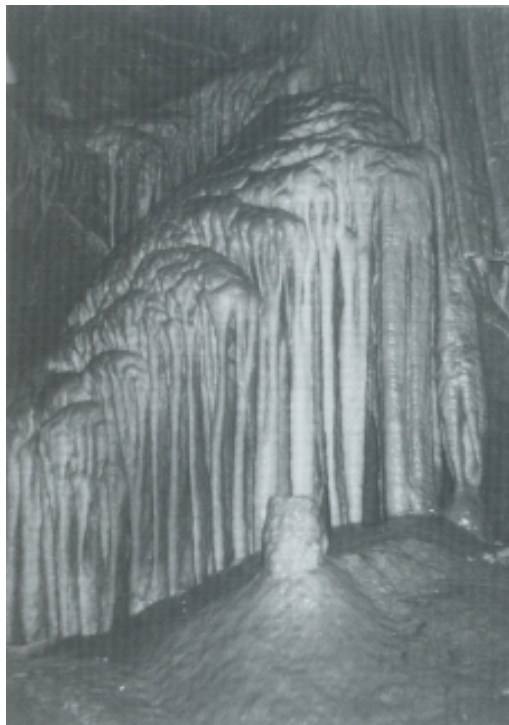
After doing more research, I finally made connections with Brice Campman, owner of Campman Calcite Company who also owns the Marble Mountain Limestone Quarry where the cave is located. I requested and received permission to poke around the quarry. Shortly after, my sons and I began our search. After about 2 hours, we found the right cliff face. My heart sank when I saw the amount of rubble that had been piled up. But upon closer inspection, I was surprised to find a 2 foot hole going straight down through the rubble next to the cliff.

"This must be a cave" I thought, "for someone to spend the time to dig out the entrance in all this rock!" Sure enough, within minutes we were caving! We bopped for several hours, exploring several passages, impressive rimstone pools, and one multi-level cascade in the rear of the cave, the finest I've ever seen! I was disturbed by the vandalism we saw in the cave.

Later, I informed Brice of our discovery. He asked me to accompany Frank Hladky of the State Geologist's Office who wanted to visit the cave before Brice closed the entrance.

In the Spring of 1994, Brice called as promised and told me that he had dug out the entrance and that I was free to schedule a grotto trip. On April 30 (my son Drew's 13th birthday!), 17 of us explored the cave, including Brice and his son Cam. Later Bill McGahey contacted Mike Sims of Willamette Valley Grotto who kindly provided the 1977 Underground Express article and map of the cave. (Ed: Mike also has 1977 color slides of the cave.)

A second grotto trip consisting of 20 cavers was held on May 21. Again, several hundred pounds of trash were removed. I had the opportunity to sit for about 30 minutes in a totally white room marveling at the pure white draperies, magnificent stalactites and soda straws, and thousands upon thousands of calcite crystals sparkling in our lights just like diamonds! But that's another trip report . . .



This formation is not far from the entrance.

Ed: This is a condensed version of Bill Fitzpatrick's MMQC experience, with the complete version on P5 of the July 1994 issue of Gollum's Grumblings. The Nov. 1994 issue of the SOG LOG contains a more detailed account of the May 21, 1994 Grotto trip. Southern Oregon Grotto kindly invited SAG on all MMQC trips.

## **MARBLE MOUNTAIN QUARRY CAVE (Marble Quarry Cave, Ideal Cement Cave)**

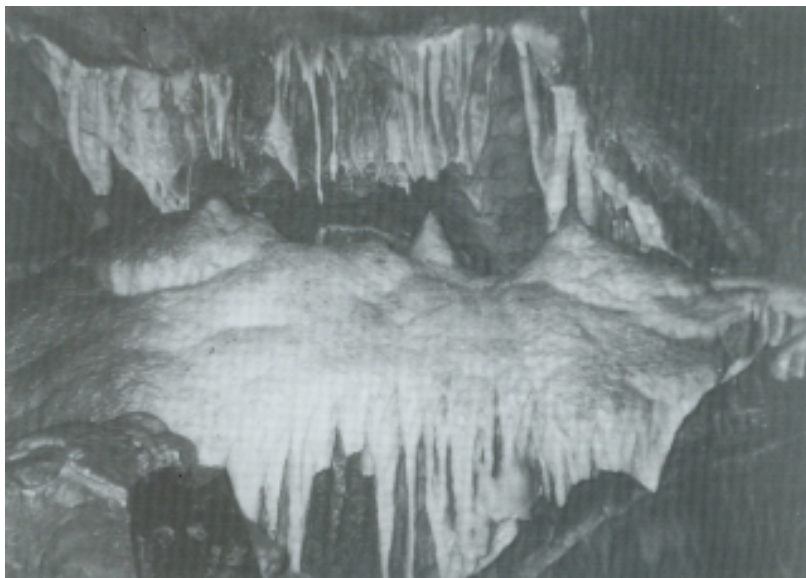
By J. and L. Wolff

A few months back, Bill Fitzpatrick, of SOG and SAG fame, had arranged to have Marble Mtn Quarry Cave available for several reasons, some of which included restoration and remapping. It was certainly a unique situation, the quarry owner was willing to open it to working cavers after it had been closed for years. The quarry and environs are under consideration for a land exchange by the BLM, and the owner wanted his cave cleaned up and a map made.

Marble Quarry Cave had at one time been considered for commercialization by an earlier owner. The cave had been a beauty when it was discovered, tons of formations must have been mined from the cave. Hundreds of stumps attest to the formation mining, yet thousands more remain intact. Batteries had been dumped into a pool turning the water a deep green. Debris removed from the cave included newspapers, shaky redwood scaffolding with a 500 lb boulder on it, and boards used as walkways over voids in the cave floor. The cave was ours for the weekend – to do what we could in the time we had.

All in all, there were 26 cavers that showed up Saturday, March 11, 1995: SAG members Jim & Liz Wolff, Neils Smith, Dick LaForge, Mark Fritzke, Bill Broeckel, SOG members Ernie Coffman, Vicky Sykora, Jennifer Gould, Bill Fitzpatrick & son John, Ron Osborne & son, Oregon Cave guides Paul Showalter, Dave Stepp, John Dodge and 1 other (ED. Dave Hodges. Also, SOG member Caroline Rathman was present on the Mar 11, 1995 trip.), Shascade Caving Society member Jim Dancy, unaffiliated cavers Dave Paine (USFS), Lee Rosenberg (discoverer of Scorpion Cave), John Hastrom (neighbor of Dick), and 3 friends of the 2 sons and Jennifer's friend. Bill McGahey made a cameo appearance. Sunday the 12th, a skeleton crew was joined by Bill Kenney. It was good to see Lee Rosenberg again – it has been nearly twenty years since Jim caved with him.

A crew set to removing the boulder, tearing down the scaffolding and constructing a set of steps to take visitors into an upper level leading to most of the known cave. Others removed rubble. Liz, Jim, Ernie and Vicky surveyed the upper portions of the cave, while Bill B, Dave S and Paul surveyed in the lower part of the cave. Dick and Jim D did nothing but take lots of pictures, Mark and others checked out every little hole to find the fabled crawl that goes 6000' through the mountain.



Many areas of the cave are densely decorated, often broken, but much still left behind.

# MARBLE MOUNTAIN QUARRY CAVE

JOSEPHINE COUNTY

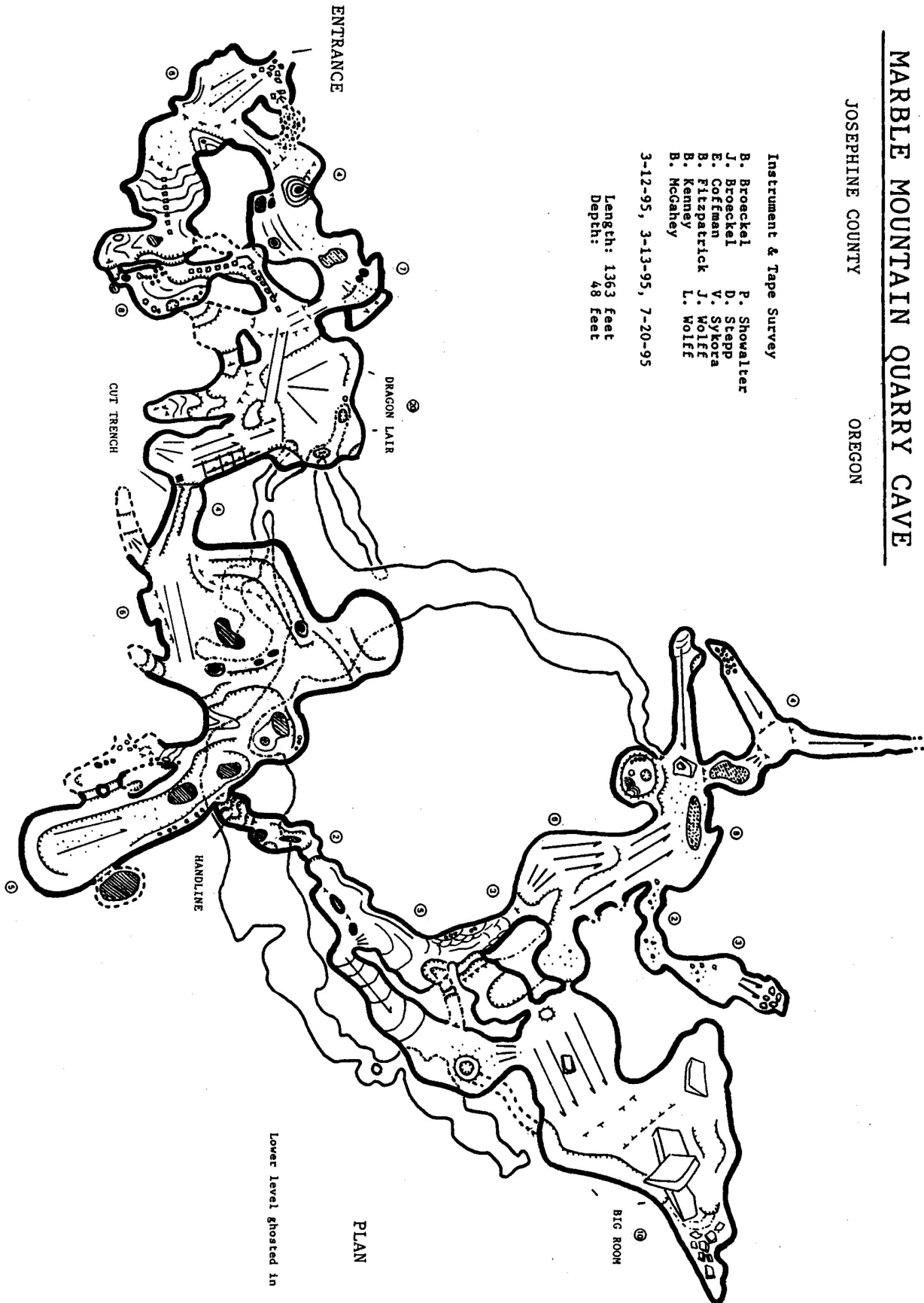
OREGON

### Instrument & Tape Survey

- |                |              |
|----------------|--------------|
| B. Broeckel    | P. Showalter |
| J. Broeckel    | D. Stepp     |
| E. Coffman     | V. Sykora    |
| B. Fitzpatrick | J. Wolfe     |
| B. Kenney      | L. Wolfe     |
| B. McCahey     |              |

3-12-95, 3-13-95, 7-20-95

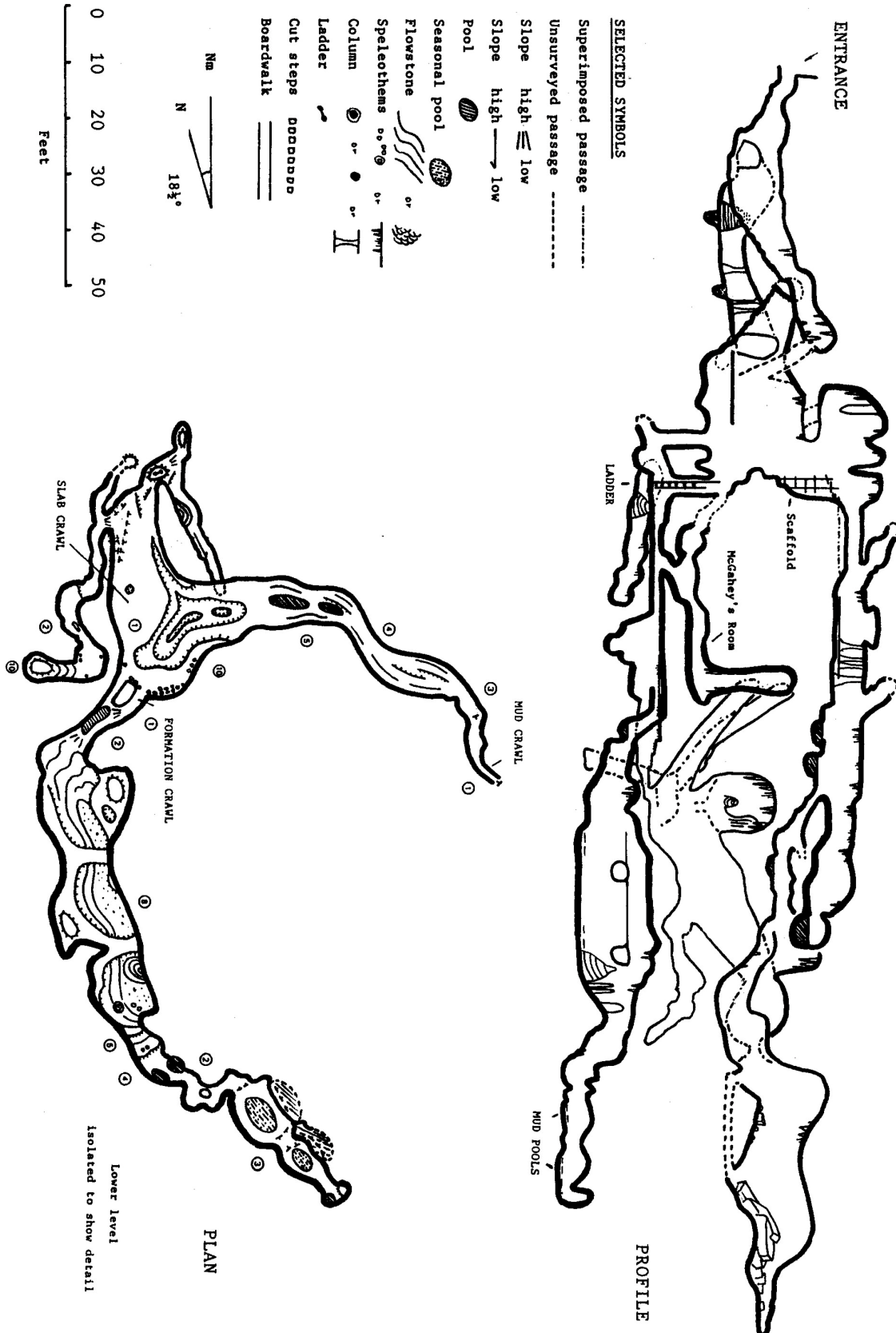
Length: 1363 feet  
Depth: 48 feet



PLAN

Lower Level ghosted in

Map: Marble Mountain Quarry Cave



Map: Marble Mountain Quarry Cave

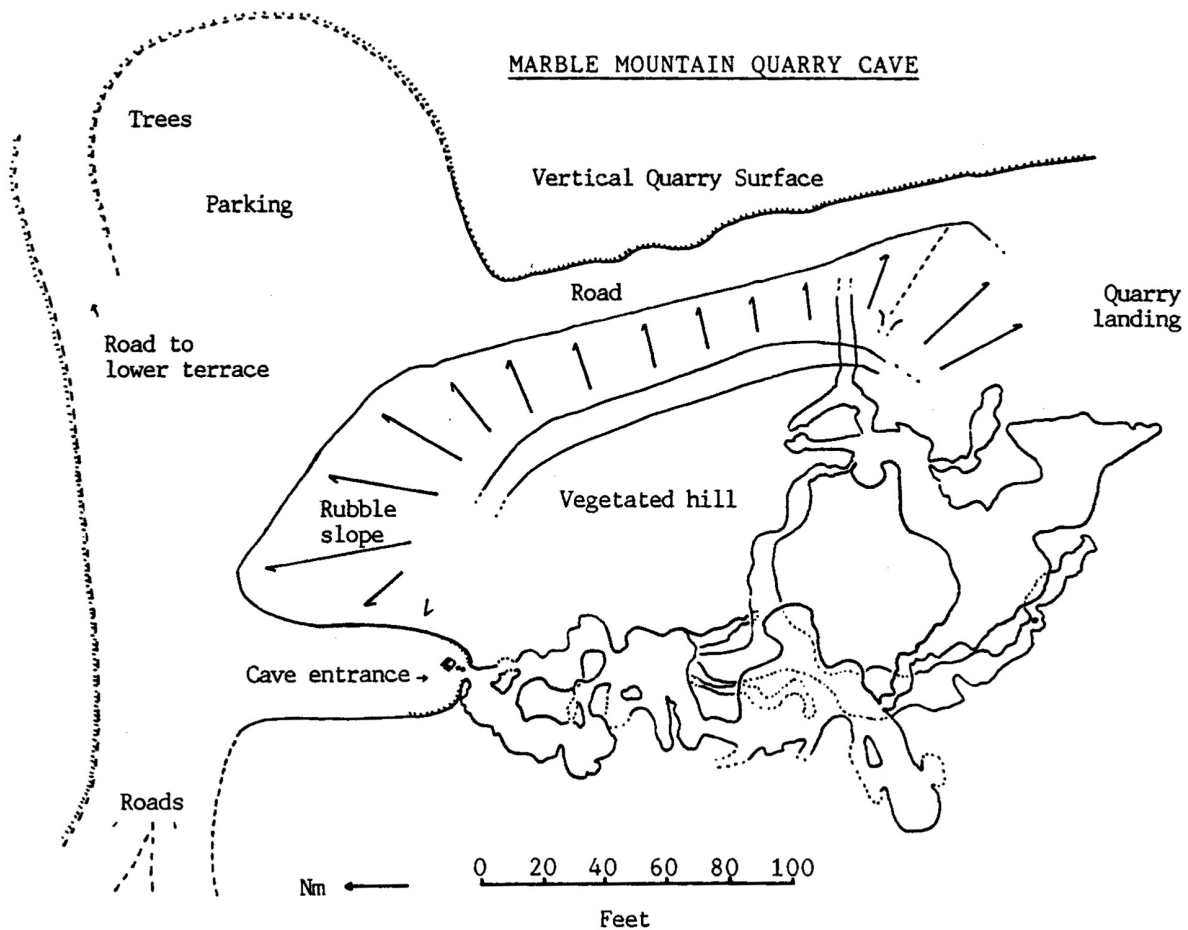


Figure 1. Relationship of cave to immediate vicinity of quarry.

Map: Marble Mountain Quarry Cave

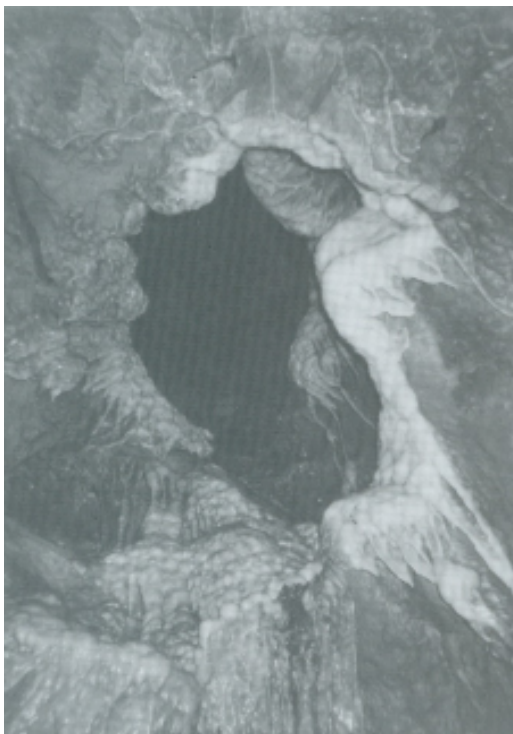
### Cave Description

Just inside the cave's crawl entrance the passage divides; one way going through a small spool room with flowstone everywhere, and the other going up and over the flowstone stairs where there are fossils. The 2 ways joined in the first room and crossed the top of a pit on a boardwalk. Climbing up the flowstone slope, where the scaffolding is no longer, and oozing through a narrow passage one enters the 2nd big room. The room is divided roughly in half by a line of columns and other formations. In the front half a climb goes up to pure white formations; in the back half, passages go right-left-down. The green pool that had contained batteries is located here. Descending "the rope", one finds himself in the lower levels, and a maze of interconnected passages. Here there be pools, domes, mud crawls, climbs, contortionists' delights, mud, and more of the inevitable formations.

Ed: The description was also written by Jim & Liz Wolff.

On Fig. 1, note how the south-eastern extremities of the cave extend underneath quarry surface at the "quarry landing". Relatively recent breakdown is present in the cave at these locations, suggesting that further quarry operations at this spot might damage the cave.





Hole in the ceiling of Dragon Lair.

Bill McGahey got up there by another route to see the pretties up above. Bill also found "McGahey's Room", a nice little spot that the vandals missed.

preserve the cave or because the limestone here was contaminated with serpentine. Vague community awareness of the cave persisted, and at least some of the rumors of "the other big cave" in Southern Oregon that persist to this day, are in fact references to MMQC.

The first visit by organized cavers that I know of was documented by the Willamette Valley Grotto in 1977 with an illustrated article and map published, summer edition of the *Underground Express*, Vol. 3, Num 3. Fifteen place names were assigned inside the cave, all based on a series of science fiction novels (*The Dragonriders of Pern*) by Anne McCaffrey. The first of these books (*Dragonflight*) was published in 1968, a sci-fi classic with numerous reprintings in subsequent decades.

The author of the WVG 1977 article, Steve Johnson, predicted that it would be 20 years before cavers would return to MMQC. Thanks to Bill F., it was in fact 16 years. Also notable is that a lower level passage does not appear on the 1977 map (more on this ahead).

The 1980s were tumultuous for MMQC. Access was poorly controlled and not responsible. Speleothem and crystal mining were allowed. Drinking parties were common, and the cave was thoroughly trashed. Inexplicable is the absence of graffiti. Crystal hunters appear to have led the charge, even to the extreme of using generator-charged power tools to cut up crystalline rock. An owner at last took pity on the cave and stopped this activity.

While the vandals did unbelievable damage to the cave, they also effected some other changes. At some point, the ladder was removed off the scaffold and placed down one of the pits in Dragon Lair. These pits lead to crawlways that would have been no use to the tour route. Without the ladder, the scaffold remained as a dangerously rickety climb to reach the extension of the tour route in the upper level beyond Dragon Lair.

Three 12 inch crawlways are key to entering the new lower level passage. The competent Portland cavers of the 1970s would not have turned back from these one foot crawls. Therefore, the mud crawl and the slab crawl were opened by the vandals of the

## CAVE THOUGHTS FROM MMQC

by B. Broeckel

Thanks to the diplomatic efforts of Mr. Bill Fitzpatrick, Southern Oregon Grotto, and due to good will on the part of the cave owner, cavers have enjoyed a window of opportunity at Marble Mountain Quarry Cave (MMQC).

Originally, I would guess that quarry operations opened up this cave. There is one entrance at a quarried surface. The quarry workers would have been the first to explore the highly decorated passages and were doubtlessly impressed. At this time, Oregon Caves was already a well known tourist attraction. The natural idea was to develop this new cave too.

The tour trail then was built deep into the cave, ending at the handline. From here the intentions of the developers are not clear. Perhaps trail construction would continue through the decorated areas leading to the Big Room, and ultimately up one of the far domes and out an exit tunnel to the surface. For whatever reason, construction was halted, and the cave was never opened to the public.

Quarry work continued over the years with periodic changes in ownership. The knob containing the cave was spared, to

1980s. Furthermore, formations appear to be broken from efforts to open the best side passage in the cave (formation crawl), something no caver would have done. Imagine the glee of the crystal hunters breaking into this virgin passage.

The ravages of the 1980s also included removal of the historical plaque previously observed in place over the entrance. A bare rectangle on the rock still shows the spot and marks the entrance to the cave. The name has been Marble Mountain Cave, or even Ideal Cement Company Cave. We have taken to calling it Marble Mountain Quarry Cave to avoid confusing it with caves in the Marble Mountains of California, there being no quarries in the Marble Mountain Wilderness. There will probably be some confusion anyway.

The major portion of the survey data for the map that accompanies this article was gathered on the weekend of March 11-12, 1995. A total of about 100 hours of cave survey time were expended. Liz Wolff kindly processed the data mess by computer, and made out draft plans at 20 feet per inch. This formed the basis of the final rendering. Liz deserves credit for anything good about the map, while I accept blame for all of the inevitable problems.

Besides the map, much has been accomplished at MMQC. The scaffold was removed, and the climb out of Dragon Lair is much safer. Most of the trash is now out of the cave, including thick piles of mud saturated newspaper, dated in the 1980s. Rubble was cleaned out to clear the entrance passage. Mud was washed off flowstone, and some photography was done. Many cavers from the west coast were able to see and enjoy this cave, which is a good fun cave to explore.

The cave owner is currently resting the cave, but local cavers maintain hopes for the future at MMQC. One possible scenario involves a land exchange with the BLM. The BLM has recently acquired nearby No-name and Lake Caves, and has initiated cave management involving cavers in the process. At this time cavers are urged to write letters to the BLM in favor of BLM acquisition of MMQC (addresses below). We are hoping that it will be much less than 20 years before cavers can once again happily go caving at Marble Mountain Quarry Cave.



Exclamation point formation near the end of the richly ornamented upper level beyond Dragon Lair, and not far from the handline leading down to the "undeveloped" portions of the cave.

Dave Jones  
District Manager  
BLM Medford District Office  
3040 Biddle Road  
Medford, OR 97504

Bob Korfhage  
Grants Pass Area Manager  
BLM Medford District Office  
3040 Biddle Road  
Medford, OR 97504

## NEWSLETTER REVIEW

September-October 1995

by Dick LaForge

First, I have to complement our own Liz Wolff on her cover drawing for the July-August RAG. I have often recommended she send her drawings to the NSS News, and will continue to do so! What I mean is that they are certainly good enough, and very interesting, but if she doesn't want me to bug her about it I will stop!

Some of the newsletter articles I mentioned in the previous Review didn't find room in the July-Aug. Rag, so your editor Bighorn Broeckel is welcome to use them this time. Maybe you will get your Randy Rogers after all.

Weird stuff Deportment: Jon and Lynn next door brought me a new type of cave formation! While pseudo caving under their water heater they come across a pile of fallen soda straws up to 3/4 inches long, all cemented together! Several new ones were forming from the slow leak in a valve. A test with acid shows they are not calcite, so are probably a silicate of some sort.

Bill Fitzpatrick has informed me that he has ceased publication of the SOG LOG. He mentioned the lack of help from others, among other things. So, if you like reading about your local caving scene, remember to help with writing and putting it together! It's a lot of work. Appreciating your Editor is good, too!

Well, I finally got to go caving! Labor Day Weekend in the Marbles, for starters. It was great weather and good caving too. A large number of people were there, including a group from the Willamette Valley Grotto who brought a stereo set-up. I was coming down, with son Evan and a friend, well after dark on Friday, from a trip to Upstairs-Downstairs, and passed their camp in the upper meadow. "Don't trip on the SPEAKER WIRES", they warned. That's a new one for me in the Marbles, rivaling the time Bill Liebman brought up a dozen Jiffy-Pops and a case of beer (plus much else). Anyway, the Loomis Brothers, Sam and Mike, were there, for the first time since our Bigfoot trip into the Hanging Rocks Entrance and out the Discovery. In fact, they were describing it to the assembled multitudes as we walked up. That trip, just after Hanging Rock was discovered, was supposed to be down H.R. into Bigfoot and then return the same way, and was supposed to take 2-3 hours, according to Roger Jones. Well, it took so long to get into Bigfoot, and was gnarly, so we decided to come out the Discovery. It took 8 - 12+ hours, depending on who you talk to, and the Loomis Bros got very cold, not being prepared for such a long trip. Most notable was their enthusiasm, in spite of impending hypothermia. "This is a GREAT cave! I'm freezing my ASS off! What a GREAT CAVE!"

The next day, Evan and I and Bob Roe from Washington went caving in Bigfoot. We entered the Discovery entrance, went to the Big Room, and then fooled around in the Illusion area of Meatgrinder for a while. We had a great time. The Chicken Noodle Soup can at Chicken Noodle Junction (near The Banana) is leaking and should be taken out, even though it is a historical artifact! This was Evan's first trip into Bigfoot, and he was perfectly relaxed and competent. That was a thrill for me, having brought him up to the Marbles for the first time on his first birthday, and many times since. During the Trip we met a large group including the Loomis Bros, who stayed in until about 3 AM, and once again got suitably cold and wet and dirty.

That was that until the week of Sept 16-23, when Mark Fritzke and I drove down to Sequoia NP for the photo project in Hurricane. We had three trips during the week, and Jim Dancy (recently from Shascade Grotto but now moved to Tulare), Rich Sundquist, and Mark Rosbrook helped on one trip each. As mentioned before,

this cave's beauty is matched only by its delicacy. Joel Despain, the Park Cave Specialist, has to go on every trip, in order to see that we are careful and to guide us through the tricky places. He has been on nearly all of the trips that have been taken into this cave, and says that every trip has caused some noticeable damage. Part of this is that the definition of "damage" is very strict – such as any moving of even tiny pieces of mud onto flowstone. The Park is trying to prevent the minor, almost unnoticeable degradation that in most caves slowly accumulates until the trails are mud colored and the floors are all trampled. Next year, and after that, the management plan calls for only 4 trips into the cave, for photo documentation, plus 2 more for "administrative purposes". Having had three trips in a week, I will not be able to go in again until the year after next. Photographically, we covered only a small fraction of the cave, I'm guessing a tenth to a fifth. So, this project will go on for many years.

We did see and photograph some unusual things. There was a pair of worms, looking like small, thin earthworms, which they might actually be, living on and evidently eating moonmilk! They were mostly covered with worm casts (poops) made of moonmilk, and the rock face had trails of moonmilk casts in the crevices. Moonmilk is known to have a high bacteria content, so it is not unreasonable that worms could get nourishment from it. A new species? Who knows?

Also most unusual was a place where a small stream comes into a passage and at that point is depositing folia. Folia are multilevel calcite shelves rather resembling bracket fungi on an old log. There has been some controversy about their mode of formation, and this is the first case we know of where they can actually be seen forming. This stream is very depositional; calcite rafts form in the pools during the dry season, and they are washed away every winter when the rains come.

Fortunately, the photos from these trips, our excuse for being there, came out very well. Our job is to take 3-D pictures, and also 2-Ds of significant minerals and formations. I'll be looking for helpers again in about 2 years.

Newsletter articles. . . There are those leftover from last time. Maybe you will get your Randy Rogers, Cave Cadet. The Valley Caver, Fall 95, has lots of good caving stories from the Convention in Virginia, including Marianne Russo's account of breaking her wrist in Rehobeth Church Cave, on a trip led by Dave Cowan, formerly of CA but now of WV. Borrow this issue from the Grotto Library at Wolffs' and read the whole thing.

For reprinting I am offering another account of caving experiences at the Convention by little John Woods, from The Explorer, Sept. 95. It shows what fun you can have caving at conventions. They are a great way to experience caves outside of your usual territory. And, from within our usual territory, is Crystal 67 Revisited, by Richard Leet, in the Aug. 95 San Francisco Bay Chapter Newsletter. (Why is it a Chapter instead of a Grotto?) I have not been to Crystal 67 but it sounds like a great cave, with nice formations, a huge room, tricky climbs, and loose rocks. What more could a caver want???

Humor Department: Perhaps I have been too influenced by Bighorn's comic about caving in one's teeth, but here's one that popped into my twisted brain that also needs a drawing: Imagine a formal dining room table with cavers seated all around, ready for dinner. Two cavers are walking in carrying in a large tray upon which is a roasted caver, apple in mouth, etc. The caption beneath says, "CAVERS SERVING CAVERS". One advantage of drawing this is that you can sell it to Bob & Bob for their next ad . . .

*Cavingly, Dick*

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From The Explorer, Sept. 1995, pages 126-127

**Back to Old Virginee -- Brief recollections of the 1995 NSS Convention  
AS REQUESTED BY A DESPERATE EXPLORER EDITOR  
by "Little" John Woods**

My first observation upon arriving at the campground on the Virginia Tech campus in Blacksburg was the people camping in the lowlands. Remembering that it rains at virtually every convention I selected higher ground under the assumption of having good lake front property by Wednesday. I was right.

I am told that 17 So. Cal. members attended the convention but our small encampment consisted of myself, Chad Horton our recent expatriot to New Mexico, Kate Bradley of New Mexico, and Brice and Walker Williams. Another small group of Californians established itself near the vendors in the "poor folks" campground.

True to his unique style, Bill Liebman's separate camp contained the largest remaining habitat of the Eastern, stitch-eared, pink velvet bat. Bill was in the midst of his bat census project, knee deep in pink velvet guano and seemed to enjoy it. Slides at the next grotto meeting.

I spent considerable time working the vertical sessions and witnessed a new world record time for the women's 30 meter mechanical. Being only 4 seconds off the men's record I suspect that next year we may have some deflated male egos. I did however, manage to do some caving.

I saw Newberry Bane cave before the convention started. One of the prime caves of the area (so I am told, not having seen them all) and well worth the visit. An excellent cave.

New River Cave, while considered one of the conventions "sacrificial" caves was a pleasant surprise. Only 20 minutes from camp, it sports a lovely view from the entrance, over 300 feet above the New River. At one time the cave must have been extraordinarily beautiful. Some vandalism was apparent but most of the "damage" is flowstone covered by layers of silt from successive refilling of the cave--nothing a good hosing down wouldn't repair.

The route to the waterfall room was flagged for self guided tourists like us (Myself, Lynn Fielding, Chad Horton, Kate Bradley Tomer ? from Israel and two others). The waterfall itself was a delicate veil-like steam spurting from the ceiling 50 feet above us. Absolutely beautiful.

A quick aside is necessary since it bears upon a later event: While we heading toward the waterfall we encountered a group of cavers returning from it. When we asked how far it was to the falls they replied "A ways". I asked how far "a ways" was and the answer was "Well... A ways!" and they looked at me as if I was deficient. By their assessment, I was, yet I did not know it at the time. More about this communication gap later.

A later trip to Tawny Cave, also very close to camp, was interesting for several reasons. Chad Horton, Lynn Fielding and I arrived to find about 50 people already in this very muddy cave. It was the first time I've experienced grid lock in a cave. A fringe benefit was with all those lights, we really did get a good look at the place.

While poking around the entrance chambers, waiting for the crowd to thin, Chad decided to investigate an ankle deep stream passage that had been carefully avoided by the hordes. I waited while the younger generation used up energy to determine if the passage was worth pushing. Avoiding the deep spots in an effort to keep dry, Chad disappeared around a corner, I saw his light wink out and heard a loud splash. A moment later an optimistic young voice called out "I guess I can push this passage all the way now...it doesn't matter anymore." I could guess.

Traveling off the main "tourist" route, We headed for the forbidden sinkhole entrance. We were informed that this entrance was not to be used since it required crossing private property. We,

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From The Explorer, (continued)

at least, could take a look from inside. The route, as directed by another group of local cavers, was directly through the stream. Chad was quite eager to pursue it, already being drenched.

It was worth the trip. The sink entrance formed a large natural arch framing the brilliant green vegetation. Cautiously we poked our heads out to have a look at the outside world and no shotgun blast greeted us. Taking a few pictures we decided to obey the rules and retraced our route back through the cave.

The local caves were relatively warm by California standards, temperatures running in the mid 50's. Most have some wet spots and often running (wading, crawling, and falling) streams. The water isn't too cold once you have decided to take the plunge.

One highlight of my trip actually began before the convention. I had stopped at Cumberland Caverns near Mc Minnville, Tennessee to take the commercial tour. A young guide named Keaton, informed me that he had found a large, three second pit on some property his grandfather used to own. He said it was virgin and would lead me to it. First, I asked him how fast he had counted this "three seconds". He passed that test and seemed to be a credible source.

Not wanting to miss this opportunity, I promised to return immediately after the convention. Chad Horton, Kate Bradley, Bart Rowlett, Lynn Fielding and I caravanned to Cumberland on the Sunday following the convention. We discovered that Keaton could not join us but the other guides at the cave could give us good directions.

In order to shorten a long story I will simply say that my first encounter with directions given in the unique language of "Tennessean" receives a definite thumbs down from me. I am going to write a book titled "What they really mean! A guide to Foreign Languages of the Southern U.S." The first translation will be the phrase "A Ways" which means any distance in any direction that cannot be seen or pointed at directly.

We spent a goodly amount of time seeking an elusive mailbox with "UT" written on it. I was frustrated, Bart, more fluent in the language than I, was trying to translate and eventually we ended up at Keaton's house waiting for him to return and show us the way.

By sheer accident, Keaton's father showed up and after Kate and Lynn helped him tend to the horses, Trent graciously offered to take us to the cave. By now it was dark (of course!).

We traversed a gravel road for "a ways", passed a mailbox with a Giant football helmet with "UT" on it (we weren't told about a minor landmark such as the helmet--it was lost in translation), parked my van and piled into Trent's pick-up truck. At last we would see this virgin pit. Although it was too late to do anything tonight, we could return tomorrow and drop it.

After bouncing along a 4-wheel drive road and just before we left the truck to hike to the cave, Trent stopped the vehicle so we could talk to "Buddy" since we were close to his house and he would wonder what was going on. I walked with Trent while the others stayed with the truck. In true ironic caving fashion, Buddy informed us that the McMinnville Grotto had dropped the pit last week and had found 1/2 miles of cave adjacent to the drop in another nearby hole.

We did get to the pit after a short walk through poison ivy (which we were also supposed to infer from the "Tennessean" even though nothing was said about it). The pit actually existed and was approximately a 2.55 second drop. Buddy said 90 feet which turned out about right.

Needless to say the enthusiasm had dwindled to a minor curiosity with the new news that the pit was no longer virgin. We did not return the next day to drop it, deciding that California was "a ways" away and we had better get going. Back where people spoke our language, where road names could be remembered and where distances are measured by minutes instead of football helmets.

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From San Francisco Bay Chapter Newsletter, Vol. 38, No. 8, pages 2-3

The program for the August meeting is a slide show on Caving in Thailand by Djuna Bewley (and maybe a few from Dave Bunnell). This one is not to be missed!!!!

### Crystal 67 Revisited

*Richard Leet*

On August 5th eight members of the SFBC visited Crystal 67. The fearless leader, Lynn Van Erden, was accompanied by Ruth Schwarz, Rick Niemi, Regan Barry, Richard Minert, Steve Micola, Jim Locasio and Richard Leet. Rick and Richard L. arrived at mid-day Friday to secure the LZ for the rest of the group. Having pick of the campsites was a treat along with the beautiful weather and the ancient Sequoias towering over the camp. We chose the campsites next to the giant sinkhole for the sake of conversation and promptly scrambled down to admire it. Right next to it was an even steeper sink that definitely lets you know that there is something BIG below camp. The Reganmeister and Richard M. and Steve soon arrived and started with the usual clowning and buffoonery, thus setting the tone for three very silly days. Dinner was barbecued salmon from the Monterey Bay and fresh corn on the cob which Ruth was lucky enough to arrive just in time for, followed by a homemade Kaluha coffee. (Food notes for Steve Ruble.) The Locasios and Lynn arrived during the night.

The following morning, we all assembled and drove down to the ranger station to sign the Forest Service waiver and were surprised by the rangers request to inspect everyone's gear. This was not standard protocol for this cave but we were happy to oblige. We ate and drove down to the cave entrance which is conveniently close to the road. Upon suiting up we took a few group photos with Jim's wife, Kathy. The entrance is set in a manmade culvert which has a steel door over a 25' climb down a steel ladder to a crawl where the cave begins. From there, one must climb down a chute which is fairly exposed, and from then on, the entire cave is quite spacious. There is a series of very exposed and tricky downclimbs with a great deal of loose rock before the party reaches a spot before the slot to rig up. We had to exercise extreme caution here, so as not to inflict cranial limestone poisoning on any of the party below.

For the uninitiated, the passage at this point becomes a slot in the floor about 2' wide with a 4" lip to straddle. Below this slot is a drop of 60' to the bottom of the "waterfall" pit. Luckily this year, there were no falls which was surprising due to the wet winter. The marble in this section was pure white with banded black vertical lines all running parallel, which always reminded me of ice cream. The rig point here is a scary spot for someone who may be uneasy on rope, as the bolt is below where one would sit to rig up. In other words you must commit your full weight on the rope before your descending device has tension. I've seen this spot unnerve many a caver.

After the drop and around the corner is a fifteen foot nuisance drop down to a very loud and wet creek cascading down the left wall. Here one must straddle the wall or climb through the falls. (Short people have to straddle the wall and climb through the falls.) There was a lot more water in this section than usual and several of us got a little wet. (Ruth got more than a little wet.) Steve was being careful with his shoulder, which he injured in Lechuguilla and was supervised by Richard M. on the way down. They were the last to make it into the Mountain Room. The Mountain Room is one of the largest rooms in the Western states. It is about the size of a football field tilted at a 45 degree angle. It also contains some very LARGE unstable breakdown and is quite pretty in the upper reaches and has pockets of pretties scattered throughout. Here we stopped to eat lunch featuring smoked salmon for everyone and other culinary delights (eat your heart out Mr. Ruble). We stared to poke around the lower area and admired the incredible formations.

We decided to check out the upper part and proceeded to carefully climb upslope. Slim Jim squeezed into some upper chimney passage but they pinched off with tantalizing airflow. We all checked out the area carefully for new leads but came up short. While we were headed down to the register (lunch) area we decided to climb up into the side streambed passage and spent about an hour pressing around. Later we calculated that Steve Micola had got in or

near the Damocles Room which is only 20 meters from the entrance climb. The group split in two with one half heading out with some of the colder, wetter cavers. The other team went

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From San Francisco Bay Chapter Newsletter, (continued)

to the canopy pit and wormed around for a while. Meanwhile, Ruth, Lynn, Richard M., and Richard L. headed out up the passage. I was the first one up the rope in order to clip in an etrier which I had tied earlier in hopes of making the transition from rope to ledge easier. I had some difficulty with my pack so I left it on the bottom with the others. I had intended to haul it up with a hand line after I was safe.

At that time Murphy, our favorite Hodag, decided to pay me a visit and I watched my light go dead before my eyes. I was 10' down from the bolt when this happened. So I twisted the collar on my helmet mounted mini-mag and nothing happened, despite brand new batteries.

Cool heads prevail, I reminded myself, and continued ascending under the illumination of my stiff necked team mates' combined light beams which was adequate to see.

Next time I will use "C" cells in my Petzl Mega instead of AA's and carry a micro mag on a necklace. Note: I do not recommend using AA batteries with a halogen bulb for it tends to burn hot and bright but when they're at the end of their life the light goes out in an instant instead of fading down slowly.

After I was safe and clipped in the traverse line I waited for Ruth. When she got to the top she had a hard time and was very nervous trying to make the transition. With some positive encouragement (and a bit of whining and bitching) she did great and proceeded on only to have her Petzl Mega and backup fail on her also as she was climbing over a sharp fin. "OW!! I'm glad I'm a girl!!" Thanks for the warning, I thought to myself. I then hauled up my pack and dug for my carbide lamp and primed and popped it on by braille. AAAHH ...LIGHT!!! It was very pleasant to be bathed in bright yellowish warm light as opposed to the sterile white halogen. I promptly fell deeply in puppy love with my trusty old carbide lamp all over again. Trying to negotiate Ruth's Fin was difficult with full ascending gear and I almost screamed in pain myself. The other team at this point joined the queue and started up rope bringing the continuity back to the group along with the ropes. Heading towards the upclimbs towards the surface we had to belay at times but we were all on the surface within an hour, steamin' in our suits under the watchful gaze of

1000-year-old Sequoias everywhere. The trip lasted just over seven hours and we were grateful for the close teamwork in the cave.

At the surface Jim took a compass reading and aligned the map and we got a pretty good idea of the surface correlation. When we got to the cars and were getting ready to go Lynn found out that the hodags had their way with his VW bus and couldn't get it started. We push-started him down the road and left for camp to get cleaned up and cooking our three-course pasta dinner. Lynn never made it back to camp so Richard and Regan retrieved him in time for dinner.

(That night, Ruth had a dream where she was sliding on her butt toward a crack in the floor. As she neared the crack, she put out her feet to brace herself on the far wall to keep her from falling into the crack but the wall was too far a stretch and she slipped away into the pit.)

We had originally planned to go to Millerton Caves the next morning but ending up ridge-walking as a team the next morning.

Lynn started howling and we met him at the entrance to a small cave with formations. He and Steve explored it but it wound around but didn't go. I jokingly suggested that the cave be called "Farfrumgruven Cave" in honor of Lynn's bus and because it didn't go. We also poked around and found a few good digs, thus rounding out a full weekend of fun. I'd like to thank Lynn for organizing the trip and for his excellent leadership skills.

Notes: It is strongly recommended that an etrier be included on all future trips for the drop. A belay line is essential gear, too. It was also suggested that the cave be upgraded on the trip sign up sheet to advanced due to the amount of unprotected exposure and the instability of the breakdown as compared to other popular California caves. Is there any interest in forming the Mountain Home Conservation Task Force? There's a lot of marble out there.....

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From The Explorer, June 1995, page 89

## The Further Adventures of Randy Rogers--Cave Cadet

The loudspeaker blared "The gold medal in the team survey competition in this year's Speleo Olympics goes to the team of Rogers, Boyle, and Irving." Through thunderous applause, Randy drifted up to the top step of the awards pyramid. It was really happening--they had actually won! Mom and dad would be so proud, The first Freshman team to ever win the gold medal! WOW! NEAT! A young woman, dressed in Bob and Bob "Troggs-R-Us" coveralls with the steel reinforced seat, built-in elbow reflectors and the optional sonar guided, "Early Bird" rockfall warning system, approached Randy with the coveted medal. As he bent his head down to accept the award, Randy looked into the gentle eyes of the young woman and then watched in horror as her face blurred, melted and resolved itself as the angry visage of Mr. Halley, the instructor in his "Methods of Bureaucratic Manipulation" class.

"Cadet Rogers!" barked Mr. Halley "What is the first rule of profit in the A.S.S. Handbook of Caving Business Practices?" Roused from his daydream, Randy realized that the real Speleo-Olympics was still weeks away. To buy some time to think, he used the standard, catch-all caver response, "HUH?"

"The first rule of profit, Mr Rogers?" growled Halley. Randy snapped back to reality "The eh...first rule of profit is 'Paychecks preempt profits'"

"And how is this rule best implemented, Mr. Rogers?" Randy thought for a moment "I guess the best way to implement it is like the A.S.S. (Associated Speleological Society--Author's note). Run your organization like a business but always use volunteer help. That way you can turn a profit from your investments but don't have to pay any employees."

"How do we know that this approach is effective?" Randy reflected upon this "Well, the book says that the old N.S.S. failed because profit motive was submerged by conservation and restoration projects that didn't make any money. It was just a big folksy club where members picked their own projects and worked without pay because they wanted to help. It wasn't cost efficient, but it seems like the people were real nice--they didn't do everything for money or personal gain. But, by the time the big cave wars started in the 1970's, most of the N.S.S. hierarchy had been wiped out in the early coup attempts."

"That is correct Mr Rogers" Halley grunted with some surprise, then he elaborated on the subject. "When the A.S.S. was founded, caving finally became a profitable endeavour. First, the administration hired accountants and advertising agents, then they kicked out fools who believed that profit in caving was dangerous. The members-at-large failed to ask only one significant question; "If this is a business, supposed to be run like a business, then why don't I get paid every time I do work on A.S.S. projects?" Halley chuckled to himself, then continued "The Academy founder, Dr. H.B. Lowe was credited for this half business--half non-profit concept that has come to be known as "Half A.S.S.ing". It was this basic idea that encouraged only the most ambitious, self-serving and most ruthless cavers to rise to positions of authority in the A.S.S. Without the profit motive the A.S.S. would be just another profitless conservation group. This attitude helped make the A.S.S. the greatest power in the modern day caving world."

Randy digested this information, then asked naively "But why were the N.S.S. people suspicious of profits?" Halley laughed out loud this time "They thought that the spirit of caving might be damaged if profits motivated everything and foolishly cited all of history as an example. Their primary target was the Montaña Club which, through its aggressive publicity of the outdoors, became a successful, multi-million dollar business exploiting the very "wilderness" they were organized to protect. Modifications of Montaña club attitudes led to the A.S.S.'s unwritten rules of acquisition. Who can name the first three rules of Acquisition? How about you Cadet Boyle?"

Blackie hesitated only a moment before answering, "Yes sir! Rule number 1--'Money is spendable--Caves are not!' Rule number two--'Cut your overhead--Use caves on public land' Rule number 3--'Talk conservation--think exploitation'"

"Excellent, Cadet Boyle!" Exclaimed Halley "The essence of these rules is embodied in the A.S.S. motto: TAKE NOTHING BUT PROFITS, LEAVE NOTHING THAT'S TRACEABLE, KILL NOTHING BUT COMPETITION. The consolidation of these principles led to cavers who consulted for adventure shows. They talked about safety, ethics and the conservation of caves on camera, but when enough money was involved, they helped perform stunts that violated every principle of sensitive caving. Under the guise of 'educating the masses,' other intelligent cavers dragged hundreds of would be 'spelunkers' through fragile caves on public land for pay. Why should you buy a cave when so many can be used for free?"

"But the Montaña Club still does a lot of conservation stuff" Randy said defensively. "That's true" said Mr. Halley "and so did the old N.S.S., but I think that you should remember what happened to them. There is only one reason that the N.S.S. failed and the Montaña Club survived--the Montaña club understood the power of profit and changed with the times!"

Just then, as if to punctuate Halley's statement, the dismissal bell rang. Halley shouted at the quickly exiting students "Don't forget to read chapter 10, 'Pension Benefits For Your Post Physical Caving Years' We'll have a quiz on it tomorrow!" Randy mused over Halley's lecture as he walked back to the barracks. He wondered how the caving "greats" of the past would handle this "profit motive" question. Would the legendary Bob Leibman sell franchises for mere money? Would Bill Halliday write the book about it? Would Ernie Garza make the movie? Would Scott Schmitz eat the popcorn at the movie? Would Bart Rowlett give the film thumbs up or thumbs down? "Who the hell cares anyway?!" decided Randy "I've got enough to worry about with these Olympics coming up." and he walked on.

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From The Explorer, August 1995, page 115

## The Further Adventures of Randy Rogers--Cave Cadet

He came in a dream as he had so often come to Randy. The resonate voice speaking ever so slowly. So slowly in fact that if the dream had not been recurring, Randy never would have gotten the entire message. (Author's note--The recurring dreams will be condensed into one to facilitate the reading of this episode).

In the dream the shimmering image of the man stood before Randy, a half-filled water jug by his side. His scraggly beard, pale skin and clothing were stained with cave dirt and his eyes dilated in the manner of those who have spent more time beneath the ground than above it.

Randy's dream-self sensed that this was a ghost from the past--he had the haunted look of one of the unfortunate thousands who had perished in the violent cave wars of the late 1970's.

The apparition drawled "My... name... is... Donald...Davis".

Dream Randy trembled with fear, recognizing the name of the legendary explorer who was tragically killed at the battle of Lilburn in 1979 while attempting to push a crawlway held by C.R.F. forces despite fierce enemy resistance by I.S.E.S.

"Why are you here?" asked Randy.

"I...am...the...spirit...of...caving...Your...guide."

"Tell me what to do!" begged the dream Randy

"About...what?" asked the ghost obtusively.

"Some guide!" said Randy.

"Don't...be...discourteous" said the ghost "This... is...your...dream. I...don't...read...minds."

"And I don't get enough sleep to put up with this crap" thought Randy. "Tell me about the Olympics!" he begged.

"In...winning...there...is...loss" droned the spirit.

"HUH?" said Randy "What does that mean?"

"Life...is...like...a...box...of...chocolates." began the apparition, then he hesitated "No...that's...wrong." The ghost thought for a moment, then began again "Life...is...a...pile...of...guano. When...you...walk...away...from...it...some... always...sticks...to...your...boots."

"I want to wake up now" moaned Randy to himself.

"You...will...not...gain...what...you...seek" wailed the specter. "The...A.S.S....hole...will...conquer".

"Do you mean something bad will happen in the Academy cave?" Randy's dream voice quivered at the thought of an underground disaster. He remembered the stories of the loss of the senior survey team of '89 at the hands of a band of renegade N.S.S. sympathizers. The renegades had cornered the young team in a blind crawlway and told them stories of their ancient conservation accomplishments until the youths committed suicide. One boy lived long enough to tell the tale and had then mercifully expired. Randy shuddered inwardly.

"Do...you...want...an...explanation?" inquired the ghost.

"GOD NO!"shouted the dream Randy "I'll never finish this dream if I let you explain!"

"Then...be...warned!" said the figure "All..will...not...end ...as...you...think."

"SO WHAT'S NEW?!" screamed Randy and awoke with a start.

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From The Explorer, June 1995, page 82

## ELECTRONIC DIMMER SWITCHES FOR ELECTRIC CAVE LIGHTS

by Art Fortini, NSS 26189

As any caver knows, different areas of a cave and different activities within the cave require different lighting levels. A sketcher in a tight passage needs very little light, whereas the person on lead tape in a big room wants as much light as possible so he knows where to go.

In years past, the only way to control the brightness of an electric cave light was to either use a dual filament headlamp (such as a Wheat lamp) or to physically change the bulb to a brighter or dimmer one when needed. A wide variety of bulbs with an equally wide variety of brightnesses is available, but physically changing bulbs is cumbersome and inconvenient. (It also momentarily leaves you in the dark.) Switching brightness levels with a Wheat lamp is simple, but only two illumination levels are available: very bright and brighter.

By putting a variable resistor (potentiometer or rheostat) in series with the bulb, the headlamp can be made dimmable in a continuous manner. The drawback of this approach is that a lot of power is wasted by the resistor when the lamp is dimmed. Thus to go from 2 watts of light to 1 watt, you simply throw away 1 watt in the resistor. Very simple, but a tremendous waste of battery power.

Enter the electrical engineer. It is well known (by people who know this sort of stuff) that the power consumption and brightness of an incandescent lamp is determined by the RMS (root mean square) voltage across it. It does not depend on the peak to peak voltage nor does it depend on the exact waveform. The one requirement though, is that the applied voltage must change between its high and low states much, much faster than the temperature of the filament can respond. For example, if a 10 V battery is switched on and off 1000 times per second, and if it is in the off state 64% of the time, a 6 V RMS signal will result. If this is fed into a 6 V lamp where the filament response time is 0.2 seconds, the lamp will behave as though it were connected to a 6 V battery that was on 100 % of the time. There will be no difference in the filament temperature, brightness, or bulb life. If, on the other hand, we continued to keep the 10 V battery switched off 64% of the time, but only flipped the switch once every 10 seconds, the bulb would burn out in about 0.2 seconds.

So, if one could develop a switch that required very little power to operate, and if the switch could be turned on and off very rapidly, a highly efficient dimmer switch could be built. These, in fact, have been around for many years, but cost and availability have limited their widespread use. Thanks to a few industrious cavers, however, high efficiency dimmer circuits can now be purchased at a reasonable price. These new dimmer circuits can also do a lot more than just dim your light.

The ideal dimmer would provide a constant maximum RMS output regardless of the battery voltage - ideally, this would be something the user can set. By

selecting an output voltage well below the battery voltage, more energy can be extracted from the batteries. The ideal device would also have a dimmer knob to select 0-100% of that maximum. This will enable the caver to use only as much light as he needs at that particular moment. By being frugal when appropriate, battery life can be GREATLY extended. The ideal device would be >99% efficient, and it would operate at very low battery voltages so every erg of energy can be extracted. It would also be light weight, water proof, inexpensive, and reliable.

There are currently two devices that I know of that approach these lofty goals. One is made by Jim Sturrock and the other by Willie Hunt. I have experience with Jim's device but no schematic, and I have a schematic of Willie's device but no experience. I'm sure this will bias my review, but I'm not sure in which direction. The following table summarizes the facts.

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**TABLE OF CONTENTS**

Page 2	Editorial and Calendar
Page 3	Minutes By Melanie Jackson
Page 4	<u>MARBLE MOUNTAIN QUARRY CAVE</u>
Page 4	Return to MMQC By Bill Fitzpatrick
Page 5	Trip Report By Jim & Liz Wolff
Pages 6-7	Map By Liz Wolff and B. Broeckel
Page 8	Description By Jim & Liz Wolff
Page 9	Cave Thoughts By B. Broeckel
Page 11	<u>DICK'S NEWSLETTER REVIEW</u>
Page 13	Old Virginee By J. Woods
Page 15	Crystal 67 revisited by R. Leet
Page 17	Randy Rogers – Cave Cadet
Page 18	Randy Rogers – Cave Cadet
Page 19	Electronic Dimmer Switches By A. Fortini

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