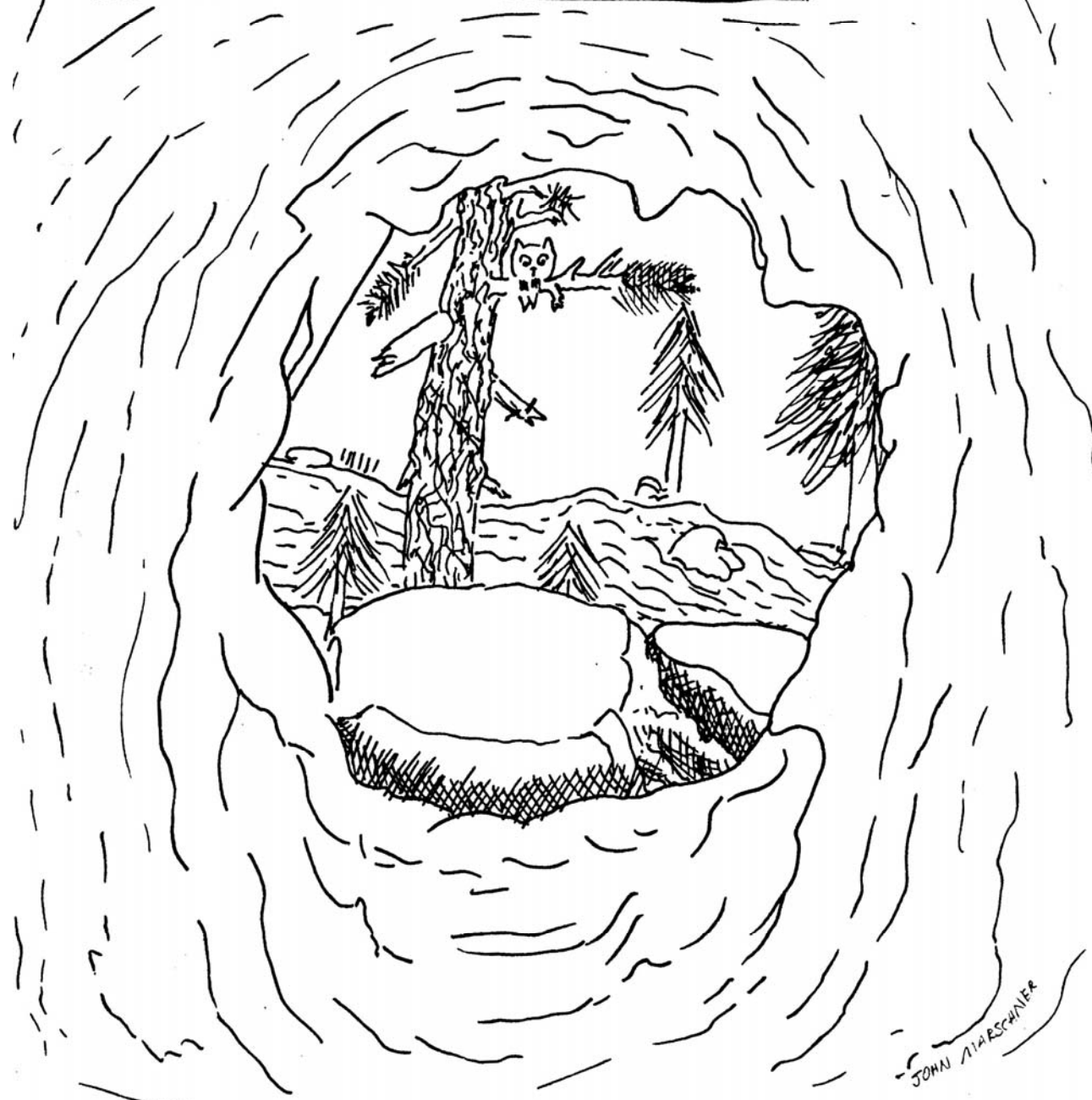


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on the Edge, Sag-Ragged Edge<sup>o</sup>  
SAG RAG Vol.7 No.2



JOHN A. HARSCHNER

## SHASTA AREA GROTTO 1988 MEMBERSHIP

<u>Grotto Member</u>	<u>Phone</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>City</u>	<u>State</u>	<u>Zip</u>	<u>NSS</u>
Boatwright, Rick	(916)243-8439	5761 Jubilee St.	Redding	CA	96001	
Dawson, Mark	(916)926-5682	POB 659 1033 Nixon Rd.	Mt. Shasta	CA	96067	
Everest, Glen	(916)246-7548	2233 Butte St.	Redding	CA	96001	17903
Fritzke, Mark	(707)822-8227	POB 4836 1227 Bayside Rd.	Arcata	CA	95521	16064
Henderson, Al	(916)527-7513	14500 Kenney Ave.	Red Bluff	CA	96080	25329
Hesseldenz, Tom	(916)926-4366w	POB 409 McCloud River Preserve	McCloud	CA	96057	20516
Horner, Clarence	(916)938-2167	7900 Ponderosa Way	Weed	CA	96094	
Jenkins, Norm	(916)827-2082	POB 136	Herlong	CA	96113	23942
Jones, Roger	(707)722-4185	POB 26	Redcrest	CA	95569	22350
Knutson, Steve						5433
Kottinger, Jim	(916)926-3975	1922 Highland Dr.	Mt. Shasta	CA	96067	26621
LaForge, Dick	(707)443-2626	450 Redmond Rd.	Eureka	CA	95501	16560
Marschner, John	(916)938-3347	777 S. Weed Blvd.	Mt. Shasta	CA	96067	
Miller, Ray	(916)926-2440	POB 475 1870 Highland Dr.	Mt. Shasta	CA	96067	25724
Molter, Joe	(916)243-8924	2871 N. Bonnyview Rd.	Redding	CA	96001	6531
Quinton, Don	(619)247-7814	14122 Pawnee Rd.	Apple valley	CA	92307	18354
Reel, George	(916)938-4078	7908 Oakridge	Weed	CA	96094	
Rich, Tim	(916)275-6200	5563 Creek Trail Rd.	Redding	CA	96003	24897
Smith, Niels	(916)254-6764	721-155 Alexander Way	Standish	CA	96128	23836
Smith, Claude	(916)246-3942	131 Oleander Circle	Redding	CA	96001	11980
Sobol, Todd	(707)822-1751	3235 Janes Rd.	Arcata	CA	95521	28471
Stoute, Mark	(707)	933 E St.	Eureka	CA	95501	20600
Tenscher, Max	(916)926-5164	2122 Hill Rd.	Mt. Shasta	CA	96067	28397
Turin, Jake	(916)275-4521	2862 Manzanoaks	Redding	CA	96003	24770
Tyler, Tom	(701)882-1574	2607 Lukens Lane	Carson City	NV	89701	
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The SAG RAG is published bi-monthly by the Shasta Area Grotto of the National Speleological Society. Editors are Jim and Liz Wolff, PO Box 865, McCloud, Ca. 96057. Grotto meetings are held the second Friday of each month at 7:30 pm. Meeting places are announced in the newsletter. Dues are due January 1. Subscriptions are \$4/year.

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**CAVING CALENDAR**

May 13 Grotto meeting at the coast. Campout in Big Lagoon County Park, north of Arcata. On Saturday Mark Fritzke will be leading cave trips to sea caves and/or earth crack caves (like Patrick’s Point). That evening we will be having a slide show at his house: 1227 Bayside Rd., Arcata, (707) 822-8227. More caves Sunday.

Memorial Day Weekend Marble Mtns. trip. Several SFBC people will be attempting to get to Marble Valley and caving.

June 10 Grotto meeting, Tombstone Mtn. Call J. Wolff (964-3123) or C. Smith (246-3942) for location info. Trip to try and locate, on the ground, a cave that Jim Kottinger saw from the air. Dry camp and trip, bring lots of water. 4WD’s needed.

June 27 – July 1 NSS Convention, Hot Springs, S.D.

Late summer Lakelevel Cave; mapping and further exploration. Plan on camping at the cave. More information in the next RAG.

\* \* \* \* \*

**News from our Southern-most caver ....**

Don Quinton writes: I’m just a sherpa on unit #23 Winding Stair Rescue Team. We had a meeting in San Bernardino and about 60 people showed up from various rescue teams. Bill Maher ..., who has been training cavers for ... Square One Adventures was the speaker on the hazards of Winding Stair Cave, and men and equipment required to pull off a rescue.

February 17 we met at Pisgah Crater and crawled around “Owie-Owie” lava tubes. They look the same as Shasta area tubes only smaller and dustier. Somehow I got “lost” from the 50+ people out there and ended up exploring some tubes on my own. One bat, one albino rattlesnake, and a lot of breakdown later, I managed to “find” the rest of the group. We went back to the vehicles and had sack lunches prepared by the jail trustees (I ate my own food prepared by my own trustee). I wore my “Bat Conservation International” t-shirt and had people standing around admiring my chest.

In talking to some of the people who had crawled through the tubes, they mostly had one comment: “WHY??” I considered it a good day; no one was hurt much physically, but psychologically, I can’t say.

A couple of friends and I spent a day at Randsburg, CA, home of the famous Yellow Astor Mine. We climbed down 90 steps on an old rotten ladder, and then down another 120 steps and explored the mine. I found one of the long rods that were used to clean out the drill holes and install dynamite sticks. In one area we found sticks of dynamite laying on the overhead timbers. I was climbing some shoring and my feet slipped and when I grabbed a timber, I heard a loud crack – it was my rib. It’s ok now – just a little pain.

**Farting Around on a Saturday** by John Marschner

We started out with a grotto meeting at the Reel's home, but the Reels weren't home. Anyhow the meeting was like a scavenger hunt with little notes leading scavengers around George and Dorothy's kitchen. One took us to the cookie jr. Even a lost and found section. The next day we met at Gil's Market in Weed to get a few supplies. The first vehicle out was a red Subaru with Jim & Liz Wolff, big Neil, and Jim Kottinger. The next vehicle out was the blue Chevy pickup with 6 wheels on the road, ready for anything, except a Subaru leading the way. The Chev was driven by me, John Marschner. Riders were my son Luke and Clarence Horner. About halfway to our destination another red Subaru comes in from behind. There I was boxed in with Ray Miller covering me from the rear. We were winding back and forth down a narrow canyon road chiseled from a sheer rock cliff. I had no choice but to go with the flow, and down stream it was. About 4 miles down river from Cecilville we parked our vehicles on the river side of the road where there was a shoulder Just big enough to get off the road.

It was 11:30 so everybody was into having a snack to restore themselves. We were just above the [Insanity Culvert Cave – pdf ed] cave site, and the scenery was stimulating as you could see the river and high canyon walls along limestone cliffs. After lunch we slid down a narrow dirt chute towards the riverbank about 200' below (150' maybe). Each side of the chute had a wall of limestone boarding its edges with a few bushes to hang onto. Not everybody went down the same way. I think Liz and Neil walked around the bluff from the far side. Apparently they entered the cave, but Neil came back out to join us to find some other passage for his bigger frame. There were several to choose from Jim W. climbed in one and immediately popped out just around the corner from where he started. We finally decided to go for the big one, a walk-thru opening about 20' above us. Just getting there was the only problem. But we managed by pushing and pulling each other over the parts we couldn't reach. Once inside, it was a surprise to see a shaft of light illuminating the chamber from an entrance clear through from the other side. In the center of the chamber was a large dome-like ceiling, with a corner passage out of it. I climbed upon the shelf with caution to see where the passage went. It was kind of interesting as it wound up and around in a comfortable crawl with a clean floor. At the end of the passage was a little window looking at a tall pine tree, almost handy enough to climb down, but just out of reach. When I looked back the other way I could see where we parked the cars. There was a little ledge leading that direction, but it was only big enough for a squirrel, and since I wasn't going nuts, I left it alone and went back to the others, only to split up again to explore more cave.

Some of us crawled down a narrow corkscrew passage to another large chamber where we all met again to converse about the cave. We also took a bat count and while we were talking, a bat woke up and flew out. We all left on that note as if a foul stench had materialized. Everybody moved quick. I held my breath as to not test the air until I was on the surface. Imagine a grubby pack of cavers crawling over each other trying to be the first one out, laughing and gasping for fresh air. But really we did leave in a hurry on account of the bats. It was too cold for them to come out of hibernation.

**Farting around .... The rest of the Story** by Liz Wolff

After leaving Insanity Culvert Cave to the bats we set out to explore the rest of the holes in the outcrop below the road. I set out with Neils and Luke along the river while Jim, Jim, John and Ray climbed. Lotsa holes were short and went through the rock to re-emerge within 10'. One went in and up through a tight spot with wedged breakdown overhead and then down to the left and out of sight. Neils tried to go first, but found the tight too much so. I slithered up to the tight spot and thru (piece of cake) to look down a mud slope. Luke could easily get through, but being only 6 years old wouldn't be much help in need. So prudence prevailed and I backed out. On along the cliff base, then up the side of the hill was another opening, high on the cliff. It looked climbable, so Ray who had joined us set out up the cliff. He managed, with the help of artificial footholds, to get up to the opening. Not only did it go, but John came out of it right then!

Unknown to us, Jim W. and John had found the hole that went in up through and down and done just that, plus a lot of up and squeezing to get through a very tight spot near that upper entrance. Next challenge was to get back down.

While they worked that out, Jim K., Clarence, Luke and I went on around and up toward the road, to a tall, narrow slot opening. Clarence went in and chimneyed up the 10 or 12' to a ledge, and not seeing any leads without a lot of effort to them, came down again. I chimneyed up to see, and the only promising lead was to the right and another opening that we had seen from below but figured we'd never be able to get to. The way was mostly blocked with rocks too big for me to move, so another trade of personnel, and John had a go at the rocks. The space up there is only about 2' tall but fairly roomy otherwise so there was lots of room for the rock that John managed to move. He forced his way through to the ledge, and found those openings didn't go far. One only went about 5', the other had a little more. But it, too, ended.

While we did this small cave, Neils and Jim W. were continuing to look for more openings. Jim didn't find anything promising and Neils saw a spring (the glint of moving water) after he'd climbed back up to the road. It was late and nobody was interested in going back down to check it out. Along the road were some interesting looking, but very small holes that had had water running out of them. One came through gravels and looked like we could dig it open. Our success was minimal, as more gravels came out continuously. Oh well, we decided to leave the area to the fire salvage people for the day. Several trucks with charred logs had gone by as we poked along the road.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Brown's wHole Cave Revisited** by Jim Wolff

After the April meeting, the only member able to stay and go caving was, Mister Moleman himself, Claude Smith. And since he clearly prefers digging to anything else, we chose Brown's wHole as our objective for the day.

We had all kinds of tools, including a come-along, chain and cable to make the job "easier". But moving the half ton of rock ..., well, it clearly wasn't going to be an easy job. In the working space provided, I found it definitely wasn't easy, especially when I had to dodge all that flying rock that Claude launched at me. Pretty soon I had to find a new place for all of the rock I had just handled ..., sigh!

Continued on next page

Pretty soon we had a small hole in the bottom of our dig that revealed a huge void below our feet ...! Needless to say that we had that enlarged and our excavation groomed and stabilized enough for Claude to go through. I held my breath and said a prayer as he slipped by the largest mass, that was held together with mud and guano!

Claude poked around awhile and later came back to report that there were a few areas he hadn't checked well. So, after he got out of the way I went in too. I took an interesting lead into a real wet area, somewhere directly below our dig that was some ten-fifteen feet above me. While Claude continued to try all possible ways, he found that the only way on was another dig, which he started immediately. I tried a couple of openings that he thought I could fit, but my butt was too big! Ten inches is too small for me.

The dig was in loose cinders and progress was good. I was sent back to the entrance for the shovel, in order to hasten things a bit. Soon Claude was able to get past this next obstacle. There was standing room in a relatively large chamber where only one obvious lead was heading on, but looked very grim.

We had plenty of this cave for the day, and after picking up all the tools, left the cave to it's dark mood ....

\* \* \* \* \*

**IT'S A STRANGE WORLD WE LIVE IN**

[Contributed by Ray Miller – pdf ed.]

There are 365 days a year. You sleep 8 hours a day, or 122 days a year. That leaves 243 days for work. There are 52 weekends a year, or 104 days. That leaves 137 days for work. There are 25 holidays a year. That leaves 112 days for work. Even cavers have to eat, and an hour per meal or 3 hours per day adds up to 46 days. That leaves 66 days per year for work. Travel time to and from work averages 1/2 hour each way. That is 15 days and leaves 51 days per year for work. A person should have a half hour a day to sit and think. That adds up to 7 1/2 days and leaves 45 1/2 days a year to work. Most people get 24 days sick leave per year. That leaves 21 1/2 days for work. The minimum annual vacation is 2 weeks. That is 14 days and leaves 7 1/2 days for work.

WHY IS IT THAT EVERY TIME YOU TRY TO GET A MID-WEEK CAVING TRIP GOING, EVERYONE IS WORKING????

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THE SAG RAG / NSS  
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