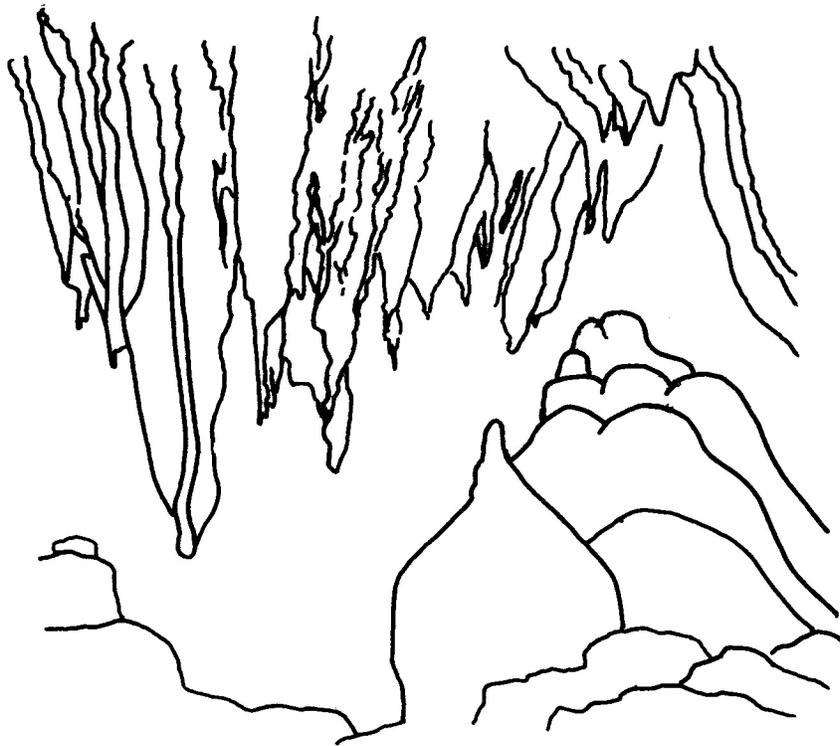


SAGRAG

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1997

VOLUME 16 NUMBER 1

NEWSLETTER OF THE SHASTA AREA GROTTA
NATIONAL SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY



Best drapery in Discovery Three 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: For several years the SAG RAG has been reprinting articles from other Regional newsletters as a service to the readers. The Grotto is a small one, but widely distributed geographically. It is difficult for most members to visit the Grotto archive at the Wolff's house in McCloud. We are happy to keep the Grotto current with reprinted articles, and are thankful for the forbearance of our fellow Grottos with this process.

Recently the idea of reprinting articles has been lamented following an unfortunate circumstance. A Grotto reprinting an article was mistakenly given credit in the SpeleoDigest. The Grotto that really originated the material did not get the credit that they deserved. Remember, the SpeleoDigest is an international level publication, and the material in question was of the highest quality and interest.

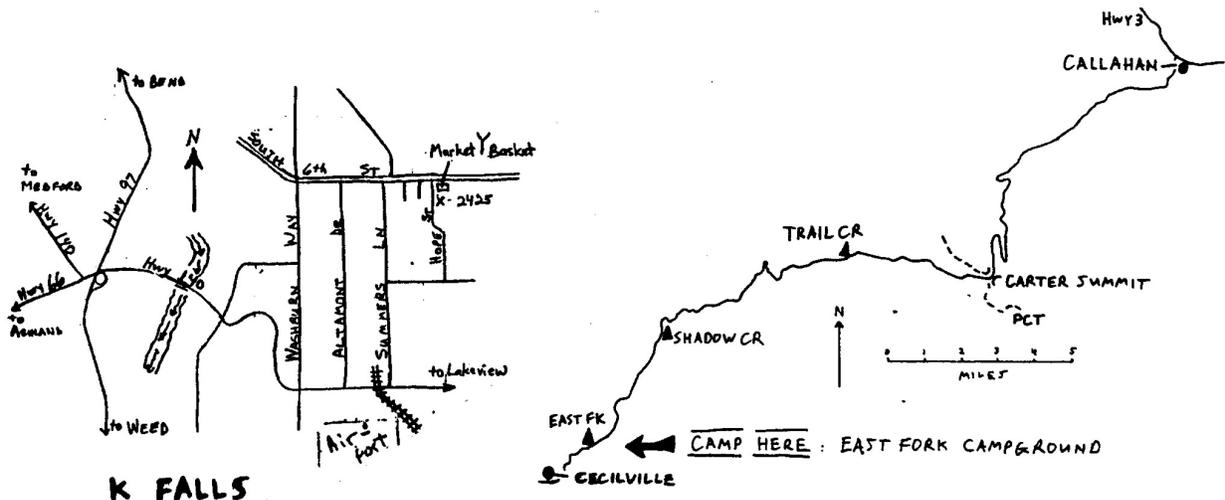
Potentially, similar circumstances could occur in the future, not only in the SpeleoDigest, but also with the NSS News and the Cal Caver. To avoid this, I propose the following editorial policies. First, to clearly mark and credit all reprints. Second, to send only original material to compiling publications. Not only will this avoid any possible confusion, but it will also decrease the burden on the compilers, and save SAG a little bit on postage. I would welcome any comments about this, or any other aspects about the newsletter.

BB

CAVE CALENDAR – 1997

- Mar 14 SAG meets at Kenney's house in Klamath Falls, 7:30pm. Lava Beds on 3-15.
 Apr 12 SAG meets at camp near Cecilville, 7:30pm Sat. night! Insanity Culvert.
 May 23-26 NWCA regional at Shoshone ID, hosted by the Gem State Grotto. Contact Wolff.
 June 23-27 NSS convention, Sullivan, Missouri. Contact Pam Saberton (314) 772-6956.
 July 18 – Aug 15 Ketchicave Expedition. Contact Steve Lewis by Mar 1. (907) 479-7257.

MAPS TO THE MEETINGS



Shasta Area Grotto Meeting – December 13, 1996 8:28-8:58 pm

Present were Ray Miller, Bill Kenney, and Jim & Liz Wolff who were hosting the meeting at their home in McCloud. Minutes were approved as corrected. Treasurer's Report: \$509.59.

Correspondence: The Annual Report form was received from the NSS. The Ukrainian/American Youth Caver Exchange Foundation sent a request for support. The High Country News (USFS publication) had an article about Oregon Caves.

Old Business: Two more caver questionnaires were received. Bat Cave moratorium letters were sent to all Western Region Grottos. Nominations: Melanie declines to be chair. Ray moved and Liz seconded nominations to be closed and passed. Postcard ballots to be prepared and mailed by Melanie by year's end.

Bill Kenney helped with a dig in the South Room of Oregon Caves netting 26 feet of new cave. Following air flow brought him to a three way blockage. Bill Broeckel and his boys went into Del Loma Cave as far as the top of a 20 foot pit adorned with a knotted rope.

LW**Shasta Area Grotto Meeting – January 10, 1997** 7:47-9:14 pm

Present at Broeckel's office in Yreka were Bill & Zane Kenney, Don Gibson, Kyle Haines, Bill & Judy Broeckel and children, Ray Miller, Bill Fitzpatrick, Jim & Liz Wolff, Jim Kottinger, Tammy Steelman, and Melanie Jackson. Minutes were approved as read. Treasury: \$559.59.

Correspondence: Received from McCloud Ranger District a response to the Chippy Spur logging project, with a 16 page environmental assessment incorporating suggestions from SAG. Ernie Coffman sent an article about WWII bat bombs. The article was given to Ray Miller.

Old Business: The Annual Report deadline is 1-15-97. Missing membership applications will be re-issued. Bat Cave: access maintained this winter, with the road still open as of 1-6-97. Jim Wolff and Ray will be checking for bats. If there are no bats, the gate job has been contracted and installation should take about four days. Broeckel has reported to Lassen National Forest on cave restoration activity and two new cave nominations.

New Business: Jim Wolff discussed the Grotto outlook, and would like to see more work done in the field. Specific areas mentioned were in lava flows east of McCloud, and opportunities near Lake Shasta with the Shascade Conservation Task Force. Jim would also like to see more camp-outs, training sessions, programs, slide shows, videos, and any other ideas the members may have. Future meetings were planned. Dixie Pearson has funding for bat projects in Northern California. Ray Miller needs all our reports on bat sightings in mines or caves for these projects. He needs exact locations, and promises to publish this information only to the quarter township (9 square miles). Deadline is April. Election results: Chairman Jim Wolff, Vice Chair Bill Broeckel, Secretary Melanie Jackson, and Treasurer Liz Wolff.

Trip Reports: Bill K., Bill B., and Jim Wolff went mapping in the Discovery Caves. Fitzpatrick caved with Colorado cavers in Williams Canyon, including Huccacove and Narrows Caves. Bill F. gave vivid descriptions and commented on the positive teamwork and enjoyment of the project. A slide show program featured local caving over the past few years, and there was also an unmentionable item that Ray Miller brought . . .

MJ

DISCOVERY CAVES

By Jim Wolff

DISCOVERY ONE "Discovery 1 is a limestone cave that has an entrance drop of around 50 feet. The cave is made up of four rooms on three levels. There are abundant deposits of guano, bones, and snail shells that may provide paleontologists with hours of fun. Discovery 1 is located on U.S. Forest Service property." (1990 Convention Guidebook, P. 106).

It all started many years ago, when Claude Smith showed me a cave's pit entrance that was nice and deep – but we didn't go down it that day. After all, "we had better things to do....!" But, that's another story. Anyway, we had a profile map that was done by the now defunct spelunker group from the 70's, the Shasta Speleological Society. The map wasn't even adequate for anybody's purposes, except for theirs, so it needed to be re-done.

So now it was 9-14-96, the day after the grotto meeting, and Steve Dagitz and his caving buddy, Dave Nicholson and myself set out to re-map Discovery 1 Cave. Dave was really gung-ho and ready for a cave trip, so I suggested the cave, having just remembered certain details about finding the cave. I just knew I could find it again.

We reached the area and soon found the cave, going back to the vehicles to get our gear. After rigging the pit we then went down in stages, stopping first at the big ledge to the real pit below. Starting from the entrance, we dropped 25 or 30 feet down to a real steep slope of breakdown, then down a vertical pitch of about 20 feet to the opening of the room below. We had to pendulum over to a ledge room where we regrouped. Since I was still on rope at the last, I stayed on and went the rest of the way down the pit.

Dropping through the roof of the next room was a free 50-footer! And boy, did this place stink! There was a dead salamander that had met his fate long ago, but this little guy shouldn't be the **whole reason** why this place was stinking like crazy! So, after we regrouped again, we headed for the back of the cave.

Passing up and through the window in the far wall of the pit room, we entered a canyon-like passage and soon found the source of the stinkiest stink. It was a very dead mouse! I guess the little lower level that it lay in could be called a "mouse-oleum", eh?

round the corner from that we found a dome-pit. The little nuisance drop of 11 feet was unclimbable, so we had to go back and fetch the rope, thread it back through the top of the MOUSEOLEUM passage and then around the corner to the drop. We didn't even touch any of the formations in that area with the rope.

Anyway, once in the very end of the cave we found a live mouse that sure wanted to get in our packs and/or vertical gear. It was not afraid of us, and crawled all about, even over my survey book as I tried to sketch. He even tried to get in my pack, which had food. So, with this insistent pest, I gave up, got my vertical gear on, and chose to catch up with my book at the top of this drop.

The way out went rather smoothly, with the only true hang-up being the rope. I had forgotten to untie the knot at the end and it promptly got stuck in the rocks that hung over the entry to the lower room. So, somebody had to get back under the fall line and un snag the thing. After that, we untied the knot for the rest of the trip out.

DISCOVERY THREE CAVE "Discovery 3 was found in 1974 by the now defunct Shasta Speleological Society. This single chamber cave has a thirty foot entrance drop, with a 6-8 foot cone of soil and bones. There is another entrance that gives access to this room, without using ropes. Discovery 3 is located on U.S. Forest Service property." (Ibid. p. 107).

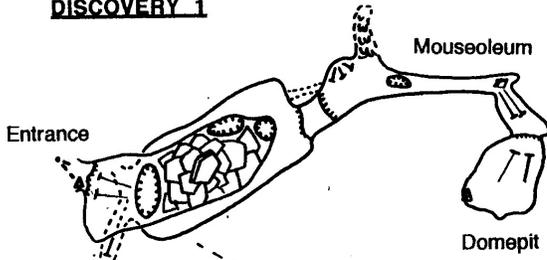
Once on the surface, we went and surveyed over to the other two entrances on the other side of the ridge. The largest of these was a free drop to the floor below, maybe 30 or 40 feet down. There were a couple of bats circling the room near the entrance, so I must have disturbed them as I called out to my survey crew behind me, to come in my direction. Good thing we didn't enter this cave this time!

DISCOVERY CAVES

Shasta County California

PLAN

DISCOVERY 1



DISCOVERY 3

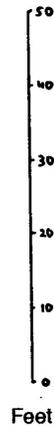
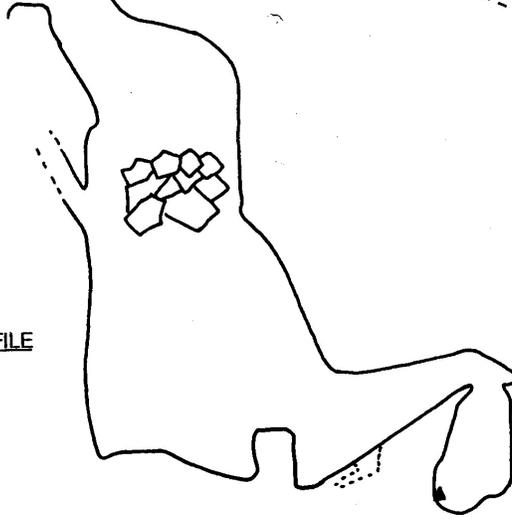


Surface Survey (9-14-96)

Entrance

Entrance

PROFILE



Skylight Entrance

Entrance

DISCOVERY 1 CAVE

Discovery 1 instrument and tape survey conducted on 9-14-96 by Shasta Area Grotto, National Speleological Society.

S. Dagitz	Length: 151 feet
D. Nicholson	Depth: 72 feet
J. Wolff	

DISCOVERY 3 CAVE

Discovery 3 instrument and tape survey conducted on 12-14-96 by Shasta Area Grotto, National Speleological Society.

B. Broeckel	Length: 189 feet
B. Kenney	Depth: 52 feet
J. Wolff	

© SAG

DISCOVERY CAVES

By Jim Wolff (continued)

Ed. Jim Wolff returned to the cave on 12-14-96 with another survey crew. The team surveyed into the non-technical entrance, down a muddy slope to the middle of the room directly underneath the skylight entrance. The soil cone is plastered on a floor of large breakdown blocks. Several short passages penetrate down into this breakdown, but no extended passages were found. The longest of the lower passages had some popcorn and flowstone, and reconnected with the main room via a 26 foot pit. The cave was wet and dripping following some recent storms, and we observed no bats. We got this survey work done just in time, because the big New Years Day storms wiped out the road we were using to approach the caves. Now it will be a longer hike to reach the caves.

The nomenclature of the caves was adjusted for this article, so that it would match the numbering found in the Convention Guidebook. There was some speculation about "Discovery 2." My guess is that Discovery 2 would be the skylight entrance to Discovery Three Cave.

The Discovery Caves are located in the Shasta Lake area. Jim Wolff reminds us that "All trips to the Shasta Lake area should be coordinated with Dave Pryor, of the Shascade Conservation Task Force, so they can keep track of the work that is accomplished."



Popcorn passage in Discovery 3



Bill Kenney on station in Discovery 3.

NEWSLETTER REVIEW FEBRUARY 16, 1997

By Dick LaForge

Hello Cavers! I am typing this from Wolff's house, as Kathy and I are here on a ski trip. We missed the meeting on Friday PM as we only got to Weaverville by 10 PM and decided to stay there for the night.

Caving news. Mark Fritzke is off in Borneo for 6 weeks, on the Joel Despain expedition. We have not heard anything from them since they left. We just hope they are having fun and not being bit by anything fatal. I myself got voted as Chair of the LEARN committee. Keep in mind I was the only nomination, thanks to Joel Despain. The job consists of setting up the meetings (Conference calls), and keeping track of the Agenda topics. LEARN had a quiet year in 1996 because Lechuguilla was closed to explorations. This year the Park has authorized three LEARN expeditions, which can have 12 persons each. Of the 12, only one can be a newcomer to Lech. That newcomer has to have a Sponsor, an experienced Lecher who is responsible for preparing the newcomer, and who is also responsible for the newcomer in the cave. With only three newcomers per year, chosen by lottery, it is obvious that the days of easy access to Lech have come to a close. It never was that easy, but remember that in the LCP days expeditions had about 60 persons, and before 1996 LEARN trips had 24 to 30. And there were more expeditions per year. All this reflects the growing realization by the Park Service that the cavers have caused unintentional and also some intentional damage. Also, there are fewer leads than there used to be.

Let's see, what can we filch from other newsletters to pad out ours?? First, there is "Lilburn Cave Cartography Progress in 1996", by Peter Bosted in the SFBC Newsletter, Jan 1996. We should be aware of progress in the Other Great California Cave, which added 4500 ft of passage in 1996, making it 15.83 miles. Bigfoot is somewhat under 15.

To show what lengths we (as a group, not myself personally) are going to, to add length to Bigfoot, there is "Idiots Assault Marble Valley", by Martin Hays, in The Valley Caver, Winter 1996. You have been on Trips from Hell, so it is fun to read about someone else's that you were lucky enough to not be on. I almost went on this trip, but couldn't. Of course, I would have enjoyed it, afterward. The same issue has a complimentary story by Scot Bernstein. Read it at Wolff's.

I love trip reports by beginners. It's always good for us jaded old-timers to remember that thrill of the first trips. Dave Furuyama has a well-written and informative one titled "Church Cave Report" in The Devil's Advocate, Jan 1997 (Diablo Grotto). It is discouraging to learn that people are still dumping carbide in caves!!!

That's enough thievery for this issue. To finish off, I will offer a trip report of my own, describing an exploration day in the Far East in Lechuguilla from December, 1995.

A DAY IN THE OUTBACK

We: Chuck Crandell, Kyle Fedderly, Greg Stock, Mark Rosbrook, and myself, were on a 7 day trip to the Far East, which is the camp most distant (in time) from the entrance. This means two travel days and 5 exploration days. Four of our five exploration days involved getting up in the usual pitch black, eating, and heading down to The Outback, a wild and rugged maze of large chambers, concentric rift-like shells, and twisting irregular passages that always yield more, though usually connections between known passages. The Outback is generally barren of flowstone formations, but does have some nice aragonite frostwork.

From camp, we hike out into the Grand Guadalupe Junction, long rooms so large that we feel we are walking in fields outdoors. Snow-covered fields, as these slanting rooms are floored in gypsum. A hundred feet away to the side, the rooms disappear into narrowing darkness. However, all this has been checked out. We make our way to a descending tube along a wall, with the aragonite shrubbery at the entrance that means air from below. It is

like a large toilet bowl, with two bowl-like short vertical sections. It is barely narrow enough to chimney down, with small, slick, downward-slanting ledges to help. There is a handline also. At the bottom is a short, tight switchback, presumably the water trap of the toilet bowl. Then we make a tight, descending, downward corner into a down-sloping fissure. Imagine very wide pancake room about 3 feet high, slanting downward at about 30 degrees. Imagine the floor coated with grease (gorilla shit). With a handline for control, we slide on our sides down . . . The height increases, as we traverse sideways and down across various greasy obstacles, with always the danger of slipping down into the pinched lower end. Having traversed enough, we follow a handline down where the end does not pinch; it dumps out near ceiling level of a huge chamber, the Ruby Chamber. Our lights are swallowed up. Trying not to slide right off the edge, we rig in 20 feet back, and one by one disappear over the edge. Descending about 70 feet towards the huge boulders on the floor, we see the old water level mark on the wall, like a huge bathtub ring. At some time in the cave's distant past, but after it was initially dissolved, it refilled with water to this level. Below, all the gypsum is dissolved – gone. There are calcite rafts everywhere, increasing as one approaches the lowest point, still approximately 500 feet further down. This water level is also found in other branches of the cave, and is one of its stranger mysteries.

The Ruby Chamber is so large that we cannot see its extent. Passages go off in several directions, but our route lies directly downward. It is not easy to find the route down between room-sized boulders. Once through this, we see that the Ruby Chamber actually continues down at a steep angle as a huge irregular tunnel. We can see literally hundreds of feet down with our powerful electric lights, with more darkness beyond. It seems more like a steep canyon in the mountains. We carefully work our way down, but only partway, to a horizontal section floored with breakdown. High above on the right wall we can see a large, wide fissure coming in. After an easy climb up a ramp we are in the gently upward sloping passage, perhaps 30 feet wide and greater in height. Yet it seems small overlooking the gigantic borehole below. We follow it many hundreds of feet to its end. Near the end, it narrows abruptly to a difficult, narrow crack, which we map as that had not been done. Returning to the larger part, we notice a hole in the floor about 10 feet in diameter, with aragonite bushes around it. This is unmapped and unknown. It is possible to climb down, but not easy, and we are in a vertical room that pinches at the bottom, perhaps 75 feet down. To the side, however, it continues irregularly, with good size, to several modest sized rooms, meaning 20 feet in diameter. The area really is a cheesework, making sketching interesting. We soon discover that the cheesework is really at the edge of the aforementioned "horizontal section floored with breakdown". We emerge into the larger space and tie in to existing survey. But the small rooms have body-sized holes in the floor. I climb into one, and find a narrow, twisting passage. It continues, low irregular rooms connected by tight squeezes. After a few of these, I call for mapping. This is more like a California cave! After hundreds of feet of this squeezing, crawling, short climbs up and down, we emerge from an awkward vertical body-size tube to find ourselves once again at the edge of the Borehole, but further down along it. We notice other small and similarly awkward holes nearby, but it is late and camp is a long way above us, so we call it quits for the day.

We feel like we have now been actually caving, in this cave within a cave. We have found and mapped what would be a good-sized California cave along the edges of the usual Lechuguilla borehole, which is more like hiking and mountaineering outdoors at night.

REPRINT REPRINT REPRINT REPRINT

Volume 40, Number 1, San Francisco Bay Chapter Newsletter

Lilburn Cave Cartography Progress in 1996

By: Peter Bosted

This was another good year for cartography at Lilburn Cave, in Redwood Canyon, Kings Canyon National Park, California. The CRF fielded six expeditions involving cartography: April 28-29; May 25-27; June 22-24; July 4; August 3-4; and November 9-10, 1996. There were a total of twenty-one trips into Lilburn Cave, with a total of about 4500 feet of new passage being surveyed using about 500 stations. The average shot length of only 10 feet is indicative of the relatively small and tight nature of the new passages being discovered. Another 800 feet of re-survey was done for various reasons (tie-ins to existing survey points, improving sketches, accidental re-surveys, etc.). The total length of Lilburn Cave(excluding redundant surveys and tie-ins) is now 15.83 miles (25.48 km), with a total of 7000 stations set. Most of the new discoveries in Lilburn were the result of having newly-available quadrangle maps of the relevant region. Having the cave split into various levels allows better determinations of what leads have been surveyed, compared to the previous map where all levels were put on a single map. At the very upstream end of the cave, several new passages were mapped in the West Stream area, and a new connection was made with the Kleinbottle Complex. An aid climb was made up a dome to reach several hundred feet of new passage that ended in granite boulder chokes. Several passages north of the Hex Room were surveyed, and another aid climb up a 60' chimney was made (unfortunately the passage at the top didn't go very far). Two new passages were found near the Lake Room: one with tantalizing air movement at the small hole at the end. Quite a bit of mop-up survey was done in the South Seas Junction area. The largest number of new stations set was in the southern end of the cave. The upper maze south of Davis exit was re-investigated after many years of no visits, and several connections were found back to the lower level. High level passages near the Yellow

Floored Domes continued to yield quite a bit of virgin passage (as judged by the extremely unstable boulders in some of these areas). A circuitous route was found on the last trip that led to a large room near the top of the Yellow Floored Domes. Many leads remain to be checked out in this area, although aid climbing may be needed to pursue the largest-looking one. One survey trip was made into the 140'-long, newly re-opened, Ellis Dig Cave, with a complementary survey being made of the surface terrain above this cave. The surveyors for 1996 were Peter Bosted (11 trips), Brad Hacker (10 trips), Merrill Proffit (5 trips), Jed Mosenfelder (4 trips), Joel Despain (4 trips), B. Frantz (3 trips), Boris Galistky (3 trips), Lynn Jesaitis (3 trips), Robin Beane (2 trips), J. Cherez (2 trips), A. Fortini (1 trip), M. Rames (1 trip), P. Nelson (1 trip), Bill Farr (1 trip), Carol Vesely (1 trip), Cindy Heazlit (1 trip), M. Reeves (1 trip), D. Reeves (1 trip), A. Sevi (1 trip), E. Gnos (1 trip), Greg Cotterman (1 trip), C. Plokar (1 trip), L. Wells (1 trip), and Mark Scott (1 trip).

The map-drawing effort continued well in 1996, with both Peter and Brad each producing about ten more quadrangles, as well as updating the existing quads with the new surveys. Jed has turned over the quads he was going to draw to Brad. Presently there remain about 10 quads to be drawn in the Attic area (part of the D series), three in the Curl Passage (F series), the Pandora area quads, and some of the River Pit quads. Thus the quadrangle project is about 75% complete. Plans for 1997 include finishing the quadrangles and making computer-generated color plan and profile maps of the entire cave to fit on an 11" by 17" sheet, with the colors indicated depth below entrance (for the plan), or distance from the viewer (for profile). This would be similar to the grey-scale map produced previously, but now using color.

Ed. This article by Peter Bosted is reprinted from page 3 of the January 1996 San Francisco Bay Chapter Newsletter. Volume 49; Number 1.

REPRINT

REPRINT

REPRINT

REPRINT

Idiots Assault Marble Valley

by Martin Hays

As many readers are probably aware, Rich Sundquist can sell just about anything. However, I believe his talents have been underestimated until now. Case in point: the November 1-3 Marbles Trip.

He called me at work Friday morning. I was planning to work a little late, then spend a nice weekend with Daniel and do some light caving, but Rich had a different idea: "Want to do something wild and crazy?" Of course he knows how to push my buttons -- wild and crazy are exactly what I'm not, though I like to try. What he proposed was not just crazy, it was insane: drive up to the Marbles (that night!), hike in Saturday morning, cave all day and all night trying to connect Big Foot and Trail Junction caves by radio, audio, and possibly handshake, then hike out Sunday and drive home. No mention of sleep in there, or the probability of snow in Marble Valley.

I hemmed and hawed. He called back a while later to say that Cynthia and Mark had agreed to go, and that Scot was a maybe, and that he needed four people to make the connection goal possible. So I negotiated with Dan and agreed to go (I enjoy seeing Cynthia anyway). He played much the same trick on Cynthia. Like a circusman spinning plates, he managed to get me, Cynthia Ream, Mark Fritzke, and Scot Bernstein to go with him, all of us shirking responsibility to do it: Mark had been going to fix his wife's computer (which he broke) between important dinner parties; Rich left Midori to watch Forrest while they were both sick; Cynthia missed the memorial service for a dear friend; I missed my only chance to see Daniel; and Scot ended up being several hours late to a hot date. All due to Rich's devious orchestrations, though I admit that he succeeded in infecting us with "connection fever", that being the just cause of cave pushing to the exclusion of all responsibility, comfort, and sanity.

So I left work early, packed like a madman (debated not even bringing a sleeping bag), drove like the wind to meet Rich and Scot in Sacramento, and together in Rich's van Algae we flew north through the cold night. Around midnight while I was driving we ran out of gas, but AAA saved us, and we pulled up to sleep in Dunsmuir. Next morning after breakfast we stopped at an outdoor store in Dunsmuir, and Scot "Chick Magnet" Bernstein immediately struck up a conversation with a blonde clerk there. I don't even know if he succeeded in buying anything, they had such a rousing conversation about dogs, turtle sex and the like. Rich forgot to get gas, and we soon ran out again, luckily this time within

jogging distance to a station.

Meeting Mark and Cynthia at the trailhead, we all hiked the 5 miles in to Marble Valley, encountering only 2-4 inches of snow. Under clear but very cold skies, we stuffed ourselves with as much hot food as possible in preparation for the long night of caving, then donned several layers of clothing and split into two groups: Scot and Mark to Trail Junction, Rich, Cynthia and I to Big Foot. We left camp around 7 PM, each party equipped with a radio and a hammer, and instructions to try to make contact using both at half-hour intervals from 11 PM to 2 AM.

Sliding in a PVC suit down the snow into the creepy Big Foot sinkhole, I didn't dare think how long it would be until I struggled back out. Down the two ropes to the bottom, we found the cave wetter than usual, ruling out the low Lurking Fear passage. We took the circuitous (but tighter!) Hanging Rocks connection to the Terminal room. I tried to navigate but even after several times on this route I made several errors; it's an awfully big and complicated cave. Running about on schedule, we caved to our goal: the Little Toe Extension, being the closest point to Trail Junction Cave (according to the surveys).

The checkpoint came and went without contact. We listened to pure static on the radio (each of 3 channels for two minutes each), then pounded on the walls with a hammer and listened for a friendly response, but none came. We explored and poked around until the next checkpoint. Still nothing. Midnight rolled by, and nothing. We ran out of leads to poke and the 37-degree cold really started to creep into our bones, stealthily penetrating layers of polypro. Between stints up and down the passage to keep myself warm, I sat in the dark and dozed off. Rich still held out hope, but at 1:00, our radio hails still met with oppressive static. We talked about probable defeat, and Rich said he would have bet \$1000 that we'd make contact.

At 1:30, we hailed the other party again, waited for something from the other side. The static was interrupted by a slight quiver, then more static. Then another break, barely audible. Rich excitedly picked up the radio, sending his hopeful voice through unknown tons of rock. We faintly made out Scot's voice on the other end, and discovered that touching the antenna to the wall made it clearer. Contact!

Scot and Mark had encountered difficulties but were now on their way. They still hadn't reached the end of Trail Junction, so set another checkpoint for 15 minutes and waited impatiently. I congratulated Rich and we celebrated (as much as possible in a little passage). At the next contact, Scot's voice came through much clearer. Over the next three hours we tried connecting on various channels, from various terminal passages in both caves. Disappointingly though we never made audible contact no matter how hard we pounded with the hammer, though at one point both Cynthia and I thought we heard hammering; we both attributed it to Rich,

REPRINT REPRINT REPRINT REPRINT

(continued from previous page)

but now Cynthia thinks it was the other party.

Mark had put himself in a nasty dangerous squeeze, and he asked us to stay until he got out of it. As if we could really help him... though we were probably a couple hundred feet or less from him, it would take 4-5 hours to get out of Big Foot and another 1-2 to get to where he was in Trail Junction. But we stayed and waited for him, freezing our butts off. Finally we heard he was out and that we could go. Rich ended the last broadcast, "This is Radio Free Big Foot, signing off..."

I felt pretty thrashed on the trip out. Up and down endless breakdown, two short rappels, negotiating a hairy (for me) climbdown, and I made it to the Terminal Room where my light failed. Halfway out. Got it working again two sets of batteries later, and we continued retracing our steps, this time up through the Hanging Rocks connection (harder work than down). Rich teased me about my near-comatose stumbling condition, but I didn't have the energy to laugh with him. At each stop, I dozed off immediately, even standing up. Finally we made it to the Discovery Entrance and I quietly struggled my way up the two ropes to the long awaited surface.

The sun of morning shone between light clouds, and I sat in the snow exhausted while Rich and Cynthia pulled up and coiled the rope. As they left for camp I took a deep breath,

pulled myself to my feet (leaving a muddy spot in the snow), and trekked back to the grain shed where Scot had prepared hot water for us. After breakfast we were supposed to hike out immediately so that Scot could make it to his dinner date, but instead we drifted off to sleep one by one (Scot first), some in the sun, some in the grain shed, without care for time. A few hours later Scot roused us, and we packed up and left Marble Valley, hiked 5 miles to the cars and went our separate ways.

Scot negotiated via cell phone with his date for a later time as we began the 6-hour drive south. While one person drove, another would sit in the passenger seat to keep the driver awake, and the third would sleep in the back. South of Redding, I remember sleepily hearing Rich remind Scot a couple times to get gas at the next town, but in the middle of nowhere I awoke to Scot swearing: "Shit. Shit! Shit, I did it again! Shit!" It was Scot's turn to run out of gas, and AAA came to the rescue once again. Of course, the delay didn't help Scot make his date and we rolled into Sacramento just before midnight.

A couple weeks later, I talked with Rich about the trip. He said that the next day he felt totally thrashed. A day after that, he began to recover. Then he got to thinking, "Hey, that was a really gonzo trip." And before a week went by, he began thinking he might like do it again sometime...

Ed: This article by martin Hays is reprinted from page 11 of the Winter issue of The Valley Caver, newsletter of the Mother lode Grotto.

AMERICAN CAVE CONSERVATION ASSOCIATION
Membership Application

Is this application new? or a renewal?

Membership Category
(check appropriate box(es))

<input type="checkbox"/> Student	\$15.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Sustainer	\$100.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Regular/Subscription	\$25.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Guarantor	\$200.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Non U.S. Residency	\$30.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Benefactor	\$500.00**
<input type="checkbox"/> Family	\$35.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Patron	\$1000.00**
<input type="checkbox"/> Supporter	\$50.00		

** An individual becomes a Life Member of the American Cave Conservation Association upon making a one-time contribution of \$500 or more for membership dues or a specific project. Couples may hold a joint life membership for a single qualifying contribution.

Name: _____

Address: _____
(street)

(city) (state) (zip)

Home Phone: () _____ Work Phone: () _____

** ACCA membership entitles the member to complimentary admission to the American Museum of Caves & Karstlands, a subscription to "American Caves Magazine" to keep you up to date on ACCA activities and cave conservation news, voting privileges for the election of Directors to the association and discounts on ACCA events, publications and gift items. Family membership entitles the family to one copy of all publications, one vote in ACCA elections and complimentary museum admission for each family member.

Please make your check payable to:
AMERICAN CAVE CONSERVATION ASSOCIATION • P.O. Box 409 • Horse Cave, Kentucky 42749 • (502) 786-1466

Contributions and dues are tax deductible to the fullest extent of the law.

3/93

It is renewal time again. SAG membership dues and SAG RAG subscriptions are due Jan. 1. Same grotto, same RAG, same \$.

NAME: _____ NSS# _____

ADDRESS: _____

_____ SAG dues (includes RAG). \$6 per person or family .

Membership category (family or person)? _____

_____ I want the CAL CAVER too. Thats another \$6.

_____ SAG RAG subscription only without SAG membership. \$6.

_____ Total enclosed. Make checks payable to Shasta Area Grotto. Send to Liz Wolff, POB 865, McCloud, CA 96057.



SAG RAG
524 Annie Street
Yreka CA 96097

STAMP



TO:

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page 2	Editorial and Calendar
Page 3	Summary of meetings
Page 4	Discovery Caves By Jim Wolff
Page 7	<u>Newsletter Review</u> By Dick LaForge
Page 7	In the Outback By Dick LaForge
Page 9	Lilburn Cave By Peter Bosted
Page 10	Bigfoot Cave By Martin Haye

Remove Staple For Inspection