
Alaskan Caver

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February 1999

Alaskan Caver Alaska Caver

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The **Alaskan Caver**

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Dalene T. Perrigo - Editor

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Cover Photo : David Klinger prepares to make the initial drop into Annie's Cave on Prince of Wales Island, Alaska. Photo: A Murray

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- Anchorage Meetings: Call Jay Rockwell, 277-7150 or e-mail Harvey Bowers at agate@alaska.net
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The karst of Southeast Alaska has many challenges for cavers. Photo: Kevin Allred

July 12-16, 1999.....NSS Convention. Twin Falls County Fairgrounds, Filer, Idaho. David Kesner, PO Box 1334, Boise, ID 83701 208/939-0979, drdave@micron.net

Ketchikan Area Grotto meetings are the first Monday, at 7 pm at Ketchikan Public Health Center 3050 Fifth Ave. 907/247-1559 or kavesp@hotmail.com

Alaska Cave Rescue.....meets each Tuesday at 7 pm, at Kave Sports, Ketchikan. Frequent rope practice sessions. Sonnenberg 247-1559

Southcentral Area meetings: Call Jay Rockwell at 277-7150 or e-mail Harvey Bowers at agate@alaska.net.

Glacier Grotto web site:

<http://www.caves.org/grotto/glacier>

THE GREATEST UNDERGROUND ADVENTURE OF ALL TIME

by Marcel LaPerriere

Installment IV

(The following story is just that, a STORY. All the cavers in the story are real people, but the story is total BS. No attempt was made to change or alter names, and no harm was meant by using real names. The author is totally responsible for the story and in no way is the Glacier Grotto, the NSS, or members or officers responsible for the content. The intent of the story is to have some fun through total fantasy. Marcel)

As everyone stood around looking at the gaping hole in the Karta Bay's hull the dull groan of an airplane could be heard in the distance. Soon everyone's eyes went from looking at the damaged hull to an area in the sky where the shape of a Cessna 185 was coming into view. The plane flew low and banked to the left obviously looking the bay over before landing.

"Jezz! I wonder who that is?" Rob said as he spat out some chew.

"I don't know," Kris answered in his slow, deep voice, "but whoever the passenger was, he was waving at us."

Five minutes later the 185 was taxiing, not to the Camp Island dock, but right up to the beach where all the cavers now stood around the nearly mortally wounded hulk. As the plane's prop quit spinning the floats gently nudged up onto the beach.

"Holy smokes!" Alan said. "Look at the passenger."

Up to that point everyone had been concentrating on the pilot, and not paying much attention to who was sitting in the passenger seat.

As everyone saw who was getting out of the plane, a bleak day suddenly got brighter, because the passenger was none other than the now famous Russian caver Sergey Levechev.

Sergey reached into the back seat of the plane and began dragging out several old and tattered packs that he threw onto the beach. As Sergey reached into the back for one final package the pilot went over to talk to Rob.

"Don't drop this one," Sergey said in his heavily accented Russian voice as he handed a rather large and heavy box to Amy. Bruce perked right up, even

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PRESIDENT'S CORNER

by David Love

Recently, I received the news that I had been elected president of the Glacier Grotto. I supposedly won by a "landslide," although I still haven't seen the vote count. Interesting that some political appointments are often compared to catastrophic mass-wasting, erosional events. Hmmmmm, food for thought.

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though he had never met Sergey. He had heard stories of the Russian caver arriving in camp with an ample supply of Snake Bite Medicine. And everyone knows the best cure for an Alaskan cave snake bite is a good dose of Russian vodka taken orally.

"Holy smokes!" the pilot said to Rob. "What the heck happened to your boat?"

It was obvious to all that Rob and the pilot knew each other.

"Crap, Ed," Rob answered. "You know how I've been working on this tub forever." Rob had said tub with a fond affection in his voice. "I guess the one thing I didn't work on was the hull plank fasteners. I've got a hundred pounds of galvanized boat nails aboard, so I figure the next few days I better put in a bunch more nails."

The pilot couldn't help laughing.

"You know Rob, I think it's going to take a bit more than a few nails to hold your yacht together." The pilot laughed at his own joke, but all the cavers remained silent. They had had too close of an encounter with death to laugh at Rob, or his boat.

Over the next few minutes Rob and Ed talked about the Karta Bay and the close call that all had experienced.

"Should I call the Coast Guard?" Ed asked.

"Na, it's too late now," Rob answered. "I'm sure I can fix her up good as new and get her back to Craig."

The cavers all admired Rob's optimism, but none of the cavers with the exception of Sergey believed that Rob, or even God himself could ever "fix her up."

The pilot turned the plane around, and everyone joined in giving the plane a nudge into deeper water as he cranked up the engine. Ed pushed the throttle forward and for a few seconds the cavers felt the fine mist of salt water blowing from the prop wash. In less than 30 seconds, the now nearly empty plane, was airborne. Ed circled around dipping his port wing in farewell.

The next day noone, not even Alan felt like getting up early. It was later debated as to whether it was the previous day's harrowing experiences or the ample supply of Russian vodka that the cavers drank around the camp fire that was to blame for everyone's lack of enthusiasm.

Finally around 10 A.M. Rob wiggled his way out of his sleeping bag and started the coffee. Usually, it would nearly take a cold day, you know where, before either Rob or Alan would sleep that late. But what was even more surprising, Alan asked Rob for a cup of coffee.

"Gad, I haven't drank like that since I was a kid," Alan said as he held his head and sipped on the hot coffee.

"That was nearly a century ago," an unrecognized voice said in reference to Alan's remark about youth. It was heard coming from one of the many tents.

Even in their hangover state, at least one caver still had it together enough to sling an insult at Alan.

It was afternoon before everyone was up and the tents collapsed.

"Here is what I think," Kris said. "Rob has decided to spend the next couple of days working on his boat. I think the rest of us should move our camp up to the rock quarry near Icy Fate. Then tomorrow Erin can lead a team to explore the lead he found last year in Arabica. I'd like to head down to the lowest levels of Icy Fate."

Everyone was still moving a bit slow, but all agreed.

Sergey spoke in his broken English, "I would like very much to go with Erin."

Again everyone shook their heads in agreement.

"Tomorrow, I stay here and help Rob, then the next day I go with Erin." This was no surprise since Sergey had been the first person to enter Arabica. And, in fact it was Sergey who had named the cave after his Russian caving club.

No one else volunteered to help Rob, and who could blame them.

The rest of the day the cavers spent ferrying equipment up to the new camp.

Unlike the night before there was no party and no vodka. Well at least not at the upper camp on the flanks of Bald Mountain. But, Rob and Sergey figured they'd better test the Russian spirits once again "just to make sure the clear liquid hadn't soured in the last 24 hours."

The 19th dawned clear with just a hint of high cirrus clouds. In contrast to the previous day everyone in the upper camp was awake by, believe it or not, 6 A.M. Of course, Alan had been up much earlier, and by 6 had already eaten and rigged the first drop into Icy Fate. If anyone would have seen him, they would have all agreed that he looked like a forlorn little boy waiting for Christmas to arrive. Then when he saw Kris walking out of the muskeg upstream of the Icy Fate Pit, Alan's drooping face lifted and he was then as excited as a 8-week-old puppy. Alan knew he was going underground.

Unbelievably, Alan was overly gracious when he offered to let Kris be first in rappelling down The Fridgidare Passage. Anyone who has been into Icy Fate during a couple of different caving seasons agree that being the first person to drop the Fridgidare Passage any year is just like entering a virgin cave.

That is because the ice formations within the cave change so much from year to year that the scene is always a surprise. Alan knew the previous winter had been a long, cold snowy one, therefore it was likely that the ice chandeliers were going to be even more magnificent than they had been in years past.

Alan's hunch had been correct.

Kris had been on rope for less than two minutes when his Petzl Acteo carbide light started reflecting off the tons, and tons of ice. There was little doubt in his mind that anyone had ever seen this much ice within the labyrinths of Icy Fate.

Five minutes later Kris was standing at the entrance to W passage.

"Off Rope," he yelled. Ten minutes after that, Kris and Alan were calculating about how to proceed down W passage because the entrance was nearly 100% iced in.

Much to their disappointment they had to spend the entire day chipping ice. Fortunately, Kris had had the foresight to bring not only an ice ax with him but also a small ice climbing hammer. By the time the two intrepid cavers had chipped their way into W passage, it was time for the 15-minute ascension out of the cave. Both cavers hoped that Erin and the rest of the Arabica team had been more successful than they had.

As it turned out the Arabica team had been very successful, very successful indeed!

To be continued

Continued from President's Corner page 1

Nevertheless, I thank you all for your vote. I am honored. I look forward to a more active role in the Glacier Grotto and with the Alaskan caving community. I follow in the footsteps of two able past presidents, Alan and Marcel and will surely be comparing notes, now and again.

I have lived and worked in a variety of places in this great state including Kodiak, Seward, Prudhoe Bay, the Bering Sea and finally Southeast Alaska. Alaska is my home.

How did I get started in this crazy sport that has been one of my chief involvements for the last seven years? That's a question cavers sometimes ask themselves while sliming through cave passages with names like "Sewer Line" or Slurpy Survey" or rappelling just a bit too fast for their figure 8 down black holes like "The Great Abyss." (Someone should write an article just about the inspiration behind so many of the areas cave names.) Although, this might only confirm the fact that cavers are a strange lot. Or just crazy.

My experiences with caving started while hanging (or rather spinning wildly) from my descending gear blindfolded from three-strand halibut downline hung from an old growth spruce. I wanted to practice passing knots without looking. My Mom was not too excited about this event, not only because I was spinning 20-feet above her kitchen window at her cabin on Spruce Island near Kodiak, but also because as she puts it, "I suppose this is something you just HAVE to do, isn't it?" Some stories you just shouldn't tell Mom. Well, it's not all my fault, I rationalize. Had her genetics not led her to homestead in Alaska 25 years ago, I probably would never have come here in the first place.

So, why was I hanging from this tree in the first place? To make a long-winded story shorter, I had grown restless at my job as a research biologist at Auke Bay Laboratory, National Marine Fisheries Service in Juneau after an intensive four-year research project on the

pathology of a disease in Tanner Crabs that turns the animals to aspirin-tasting mush (fortunately it doesn't affect people). I needed an outlet, a challenge, and/or a new physical activity. I somehow heard about the caving expedition on Prince of Wales Island, which of course was being organized and led by Kevin Allred. I wrote to Kevin, he sent me a gear list and Bob & Bob Catalog and I spent my first \$600 on cave gear. I also traveled to Haines to meet Kevin, tie up a Mitchell system and absorb as many pointers as I could from he and Mike VanNote. I really didn't have a clue as to what I was getting into.

During my first rappel into a "who-knows-how-deep" blackness, I sweated uncontrollably. An avid backpacker, hiker, kayaker, and fisherman, I had little rockclimbing experience. After the first week caving got easier. I loved it! So much so that I turned down year-round employment as a biologist (my career and other passion) so that my summers are free to go caving. It really is a sickness!

What got me interested in caving in the first place?

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David Love caves in Southeast Alaska. Photo: P. Smith

Introducing a new feature in the Alaska Caver.

The Rope Cutter is a place for cavers to voice their concerns, ideas or gripes. Please send your entries to PO Box 9062, Retchikan AK 99901 (oops! Make that Ketchikan). The answers and ideas in no way reflect any view of the Grotto as an entity, and may not even represent a sane viewpoint at all. We reserve the right to ignore, gloss over, edit or just plain plagiarize any entry.

To the Rope Cutter:



It has recently come to my attention that a certain ethereal mouse may have sold out to corporate sponsorship. In addition to the times when "Skippy" possesses some cavers minds causing them to start bridge burning, mind boggling

weird expeditions, I heard that he has been taking monies from commercial sponsors. Could this be true of that most evil ghost of a mouse. It's bad enough that he causes rocks to fall, and cavers to do bizarre things, but I think I'll start finding a new sport if it is true. What to do?

Signed, On the Edge

Dear On the Edge:

It took me quite a while, I had to tap all my most secret sources, eat a lot of Peanut Butter, and even bring home a favor or two to find the answer to your query. Yes, it is true. Skippy is in the process of signing contracts with Major Sponsors. However, If you act with great speed you can take measures to counteract these evil acts. Right now you can purchase (for the low price of \$16.00 + \$3.00 for shipping) a Glacier Grotto Shirt without the corporate sponsor logo. It is rumored that in the future the shirt will have the usual good looking Alaska logo drawn by the renowned Carlene Allred, but alas the back will say "Just do the real thing" with a picture of a tennis shoe drinking a soft drink. We also unearthed some other rumors that Skippy will soon be releasing his unauthorized autobiography as soon as the lawsuits from Skippy Peanut Butter™, and Psychics® on line, come to trial. Even worse my sources revealed that the evil fiend is also working on several other unauthorized biography's.

What to do? Buy your Grotto T-shirt now. It has been shown that next to wearing tin foil on your head the best protection against a possession by the fiendishly evil mouse is to wear a Grotto T-shirt. Wearing one too long can also prevent any close personal relationships, but for me, I know the fear of Skippy is worse.

Yours, Phreda Phreatic

Remember the motto of the "Rope Cutter": "We won't leave you in the dark"

Dear Rope Cutter,

I am a highly educated individual (Ph.D.). What I can't figure out is why each time I go underground I feel as if I've reverted back to the simplest life form. Also, when around other cavers I find myself talking like an uneducated hillbilly. Is this normal? Why do I enjoy caving so much when I feel as if my IQ has been quartered?

Signed, Dr. Clampett

Dear Dr. Clampett:

The answer is so simple that perhaps it has never been a part of the mensa quiz. Life is simple underground. All our worries and cares are left behind on the surface. Life reverts to simple worries:

Is my sandwich totally squished?
My hands are blue, why did I forget my gloves?
This dirt tastes great.
Are you sure that the bearing is 460 degrees?
etc.....

These are the same kinds of things that the little cave bugs are also thinking.

As to why you start talking like an uneducated hillbilly? I believe that this is because all caves lead to the center of the earth. The air that blows out of caves comes from this place. How do you think they got that great accent in the Southern states in America? It's because they have such great access to caves and exposure to the underground wind.

For a guy with a doctorate you seem to lack some common sense. The only cure, I see, is for you to keep caving until you no longer feel the need to ask why you do this. By then, you won't have any IQ left.

To the simple life, Phreda Phreatic



The Never Ending Survey

Text and map by Alan Murray - Photo by George Shaffer

This story is 2 years and 7 months in the making, and it isn't over yet.

Several years ago I approached members of the Glacier Grotto and proposed that we survey the Deer Mountain Trail. Nobody seemed to know exactly how long it was, and estimates ranged from 2 to 3 miles. A common question asked of me while hiking was "How far to the top?" I knew that a survey would finally answer that question. I wanted to see where different parts of the trail were in relation to the trail as a whole.

I also thought that it would be great if there was an accurate map available since this trail gets a lot of use, especially in the summer months. I hike it 40-50 times a year: it's a great way to stay in shape. By doing a map of the trail, grotto members who had never surveyed would have a chance to use the survey instruments and see how to create a map. And since there aren't any caves nearby, this seemed to be the best alternative.

We started the survey on March 24, 1996. As you might expect, the people who needed the practice the most were the hardest to get to show up. For three weekends in a row we met on the trail for a few hours and added several hundred feet each time. On one occasion a large group met at night and that felt more like being in a cave. The only problem then was that it had snowed, making it impossible to sketch any details. We surveyed anyway, but I had to stop our project, wait for the snow to melt, and then go back and resurvey that section. I couldn't use any of the previous data collected for that section, but it was quite a sight to see the woods light up at night.

Grotto members began to lose interest and so I recruited nonmembers. After one-half mile, it became apparent that if I was ever going to complete the map, I would have to do it solo. During 1997 and 1998, whenever I had a chance or suddenly had the urge, I would hike up the trail and add another section to the map. Some days I only added a couple hundred feet. Towards the end, in September and October of 1998, I would spend most of a day on the mountain and add over 1,000 feet each trip.

Finally, on October 11, 1998, I was only a few hundred feet down the trail from the summit. Marcel met me and helped me finish the last of the survey. Later that day, 11-year-old Jesse Goffard helped me survey from a monument marker to the start of the trail so I could establish the elevation of the trailhead and, ultimately, the elevation of the mountain.

This is how the survey was done and some of the results of the data. When I was not solo, we would use two 5-foot stages that were marked in one foot increments. This way we could always take our clinometer and compass readings without having to lay on the ground. It also made it easy to stay in the center of the trail. A fiberglass tape was used to measure between the staffs, and all data was recorded on waterproof paper. When I went solo I used a bipod made of plastic pipe with a T-connector at one end. I could set rocks on the "T" to keep it from falling over. After taking my sightings from the staff to the pipe, I would anchor the tape and take the measurement. Like I had done since

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the beginning, I would sketch the trail while the tape was stretched out giving me accurate locations of all features. Then I would leapfrog past the pipe and reset the staff up the trail for backshots. After sketching out the tape and measuring and sketching, I would pick up the pipe and leapfrog the staff and repeat the process. By making every other shot a backshot, I hoped to cancel out any compass errors I might be putting into the data.

I did the sketching at 10 feet to the inch, which meant that the map was extremely detailed. Anything bigger than one foot was easily sketched, which proved to be a real "pain" as time went on. Once I had started with such detail, I didn't want to change the way the rest of the map was done.

After entering the survey data into a cave mapping program (I had to enter phony left, right, ceiling, and floor measurements) I drew the map at 20 feet to the inch. Connie LaPerriere told me to draw it in ink, but I wouldn't listen!

The map was on 8 1/2 x 11-inch sheets that I taped together and rolled around a 6-foot piece of plastic drain pipe. Eventually the map became too large to fit on the pipe and I couldn't move the furniture far enough apart to roll out the map in my living room. I had to separate the map into two pieces and roll it onto a second pipe.

When I went to make the first copies of the map I discovered that the pencil drawing wasn't dark enough, so I darkened the whole map using a softer pencil. I still wasn't happy with the results so I then traced the map onto 11 x 17-inch sheets, using ink this time.

Most of the survey data work was taken care of by the computer, but I had to manually add and enter the total distance and elevation at each individual station so that when the data was printed out I would have a running total. All together, I spent somewhere over 400 hours hiking, surveying, sitting at the computer, and drawing. I don't have a total of the hours that others spent, but I would estimate between 40 and 50 hours.

Here are the numbers that came out of this project. The trail needed 637 survey stations that were from 3 to 100-feet apart. There were an additional five stations in the "monument" section leading up to the start of the trail. The elevation at the start of the trail in the parking lot is 347 feet. The length of the trail is 16,146.92 feet (3.06 miles). Trail elevation gain is 2,654 feet. The drawing length of the trail is 66 feet 1 1/2 inches. The drawing needs an area 20 1/2 feet by 13 1/2 feet to be viewed when assembled. It is composed of 31 sheets of 11 x 17 paper. The map is so detailed that a person can find their exact location by seeing only a few feet of the trail in either direction. Have you ever wondered just

how accurate your survey was, especially in a long and complicated cave? Well, using the same hand-held instruments we use on all our cave surveys and after a total of 637 stations and 3.06 miles, I compared my elevation with the topographic maps. Deer Mountain is listed at 3001 feet. I came up with an elevation of 2,996 feet! I had a mere 5-foot difference. That is less than 1/10 of an inch per station. When I manually added up the running total length and elevation for each station, I injected an error of 1/100th of a foot in elevation at each of the first 500 stations so that the published data would not be in conflict with the topographic maps. You can still see the true survey totals in the data, but the adjusted figures will prevent a lot of confusion.

So far I have not had the time to add loops to check the accuracy of the compass readings, and the cliffs on many parts of the mountain make that an unnecessary risk. At present I have not decided what to do about getting a finished map out and available to the public for use. However, I gave the Forest Service a complete copy of the map and survey data for them to use to prepare for next summer's maintenance on the upper half of the trail. I have been told that it is making their work a lot easier.

As if this weren't enough, I will be going back up this coming summer to add the section of trail that circles the face of the mountain and goes over to the cabin behind the peak. After that very short addition, I plan on heading over to Blue Lake and then all the way to the parking lot...at Beaver Falls! Now that will only be a line map with major features noted, not drawn.

The exercise and the beauty of the mountains are not the best reasons for doing this. There is something about have deer looking over your shoulder while you work, or a hawk slamming into a jay in midair about 10 feet over your head. I will see more bears next summer and be able to add goats to the list of often seen animals. There is one thing I am not looking forward to: being "bugged" by all the flies and no-see-ums. Any volunteers? (The map on p.8 is one of 31 sheets completed by Alan.)

The survey crew from 1996 to 1998: Tom Fouts, Jesse Goffard, Sharon Kelly, Zeke Kelly, Rob Knotts, Connie LaPerriere, Marcel LKaPerriere, Zack LaPerriere, Alan Murray, Holly Murray, and Lonna Murray.

One final, amusing note. On Jan. 15, 1999, I had a phone call from someone who wanted to interview me. I wasn't at work and they wouldn't leave their name or number, but said they would call back the next day. Early the next afternoon I received a long-distance call from Florida. He said his name and the magazine he worked for but all I caught was the name

"James." He wanted to record our conversation and I said that depends on what this is all about. He said he was working on a story based on a tip (for which they pay \$500) that he had about a mountain I surveyed and that it was creating a lot of excitement all over down south (the "Ketchikan Daily News" ran a story and photo the week before and an editorial two days later).

I said it was just a trail going up a mountain and it wasn't that big a deal. I explained about the Glacier Grotto and the N.S.S. to him.

Then he asked me if I saw any igloos up there! I laughed harder than I should have and told him we are about 1,000 miles too far south for that.

He said he was looking for any unusual angle that would really make the story catch the readers attention.

He then asked if I had read his latest story in his magazine...."The National Enquirer."

That's when he got to the real reason for calling. He asked me if I had also heard that Elvis had one hiked this trail? I really laughed at him how, said that this was more than I could handle, and hung up.

After getting my laughter under control I called Marcel and said, "Nice try."

Of course, he denied it all the way, but I have to admit that he is getting very original with his practical jokes and that this one will be hard to surpass. However, if I should end up in the "junk mail" at your local grocery store and somebody gets \$500, maybe they will use the money to get what they really need.

"Get a life!"

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Initially for me, caving was a means to an end, a way to help protect some of the last remaining primary stands of temperate rain forest in the world.

What I discovered was an underground ecosystem equally as vulnerable and unlike anything I'd ever experienced. Sure, I'd been into commercial caves such as Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico and Cave of the Winds in Colorado, but they seemed more like museums or carnival rides. I was not involved in their discovery, exploration, conservation, paleontological/archeological digs, and now politics (!) as am here. Caving became a vital component of my life. In the end, I discovered much more about myself and my relationship to the place I live. I learned that the caves themselves may be even more threatened than the forest systems above them.

Being the first person to stand at the bottom of an ancient flowstone falls, dripping around it's edges with stalactites, or contemplating the footprints left by muddy boots is both awesome and somewhat disconcerting. How old are some of these places we blithely traverse? How will our actions impact these fragile systems? I remind myself often to become better at what I do, leave fewer traces, fewer impacts. The karst systems explored by cavers demand our best, in turn these aesthetically valuable places deserve the best treatment we can give them.

Cavers must continue working together for this more-often-then-not under-appreciated resource.

You can help too, if you are not already a member of the Glacier Grotto, join now, become active in the annual expeditions, learn about this valuable resource and help protect these public resources.

Marcel LaPerriere and others have created an attractive web page for the Glacier Grotto, check it out! The Grotto's e-mail: <http://www.caves.org/grotto/glacier>. Write us a letter, or an e-mail, we look forward to hearing from you.

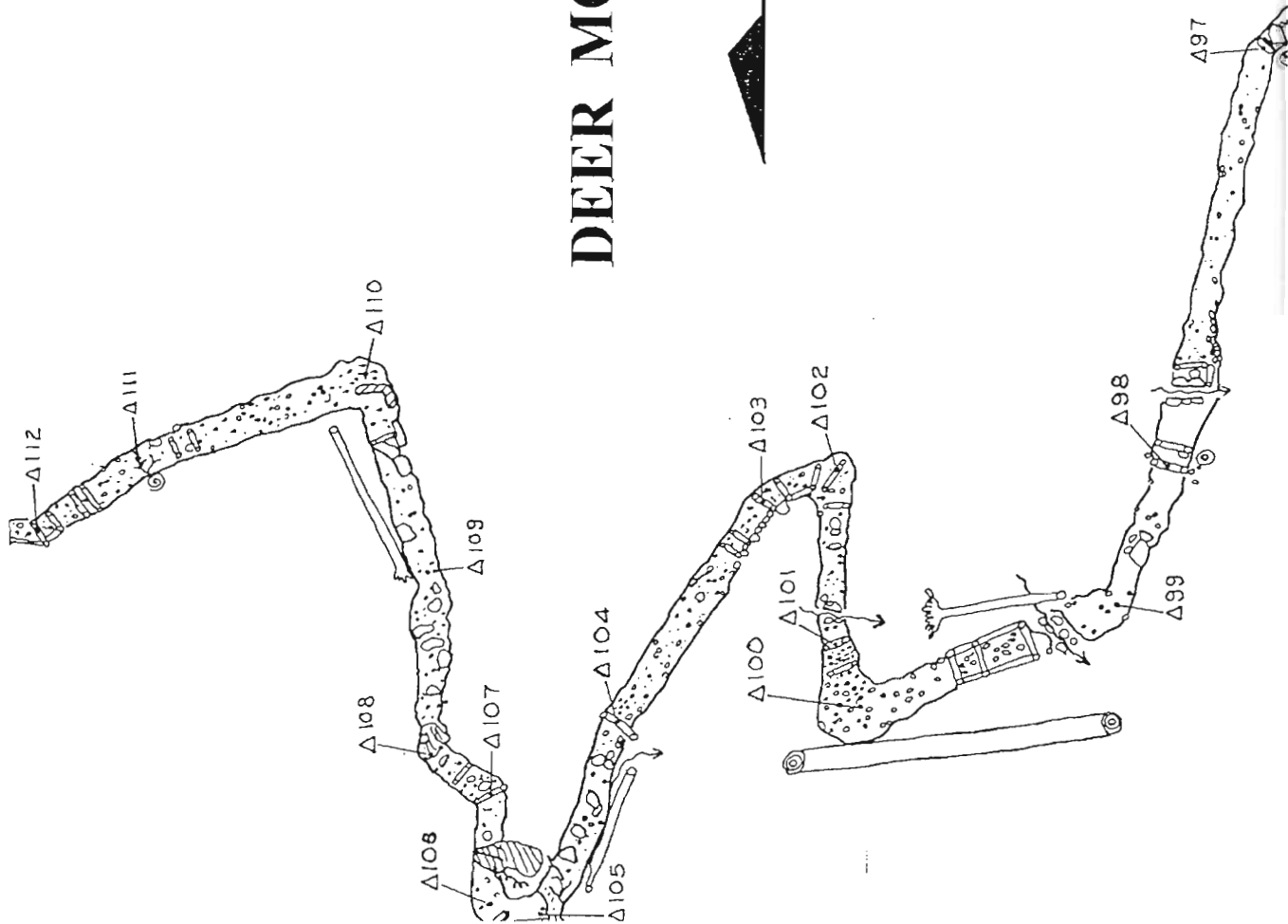
Remember, a 30-foot drop first thing in the morning is better than coffee any day of the week! Those of you that voted for me, thanks again and thanks to all of you for your continued membership and interest in the Glacier Grotto and the Alaskan Caver.

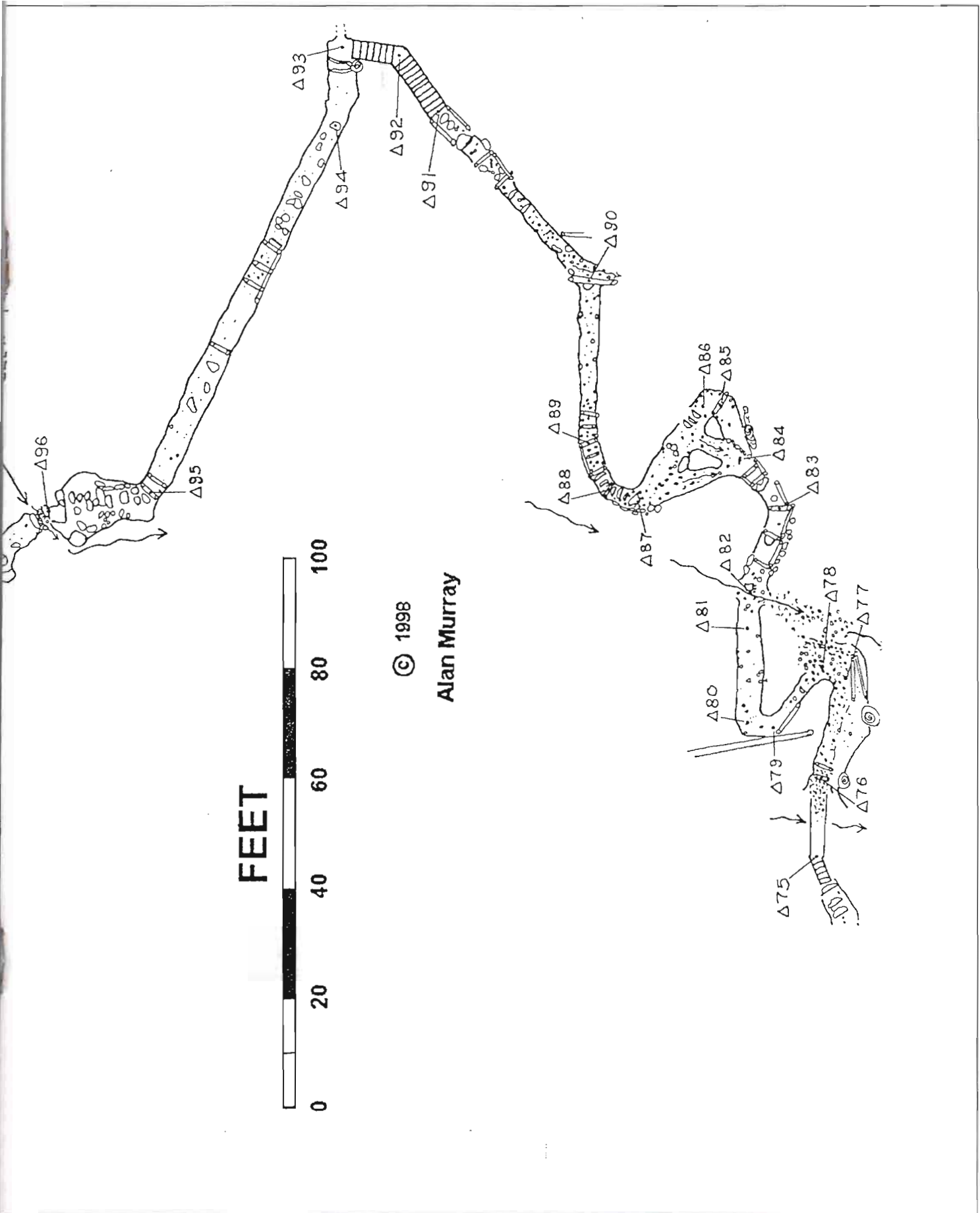
Glacier Grotto Balance Sheet

As of March 1, 1999

Assets	
Checking	\$1697.21
Alaska Cave Rescue	<u>-406.50</u>
Balance	\$1290.71
Income in 1998	
Back issues of the Caver	\$ 45.00
Dues	1076.00
T-shirts	<u>99.00</u>
Total	\$1220.00
Expenses in 1998	
Printing (Caver)	\$1722.62
Postage (Caver)	517.28
Bank Charges	15.93
Books (Caving Pamphlets)	12.00
Video Reantals (for meetings)	<u>31.00</u>
Tota;	\$2298.83

DEER MOUNTAIN TRAIL





ESCAPE TO PARADISE

by Carlene Allred

WEEK ONE

It was Kevin's idea to send me on the two week solo vacation to the big island of Hawaii. I did not argue but bought tickets for the first half of February (1999). I had never had the chance to get away from the never ending responsibilities of cooking and catering, laundry, etc., for our family of six for so long a time. For me it would be a self-rediscovery journey, and I am sure that the rest of my family was eager to get rid of me for a while.

Upon arriving in Hilo I rented a car, bought some food and drove to our property and fieldhouse in Hawaiian Acres. There I joined up with a group of cavers that had arrived the day before, lead by Don Coons and Pat Kambesis. I found the property very weedy as usual, and the fruit trees laden with citrus fruits.

It rained very heavily for the next several days, but that will not stop a dedicated group of cavers. We began mapping in nearby John Martin Cave wearing garbage bags and rain gear. One person used an umbrella to attempt to keep survey gear dry. This long sinuous cave is very much like Kazumura.

One rainy day I easily convinced Sue Hagan, Mick Sutton and Andrew Dubois into going with me over to the dry side of the island to finish up some tight leads in a cave and to get in some beach sun. Upon arriving at the entrance I discovered that I had forgotten to bring along my caving shoes! (I was wearing rubber thongs). So I borrowed some sturdy looking sandals from Sue.

Beach Park Cave was hot and dry and we became uncomfortably overheated while moving around inside the confining tube. I had promised them snorkeling after we were done. Unfortunately we could not finish the cave. Sue and I teamed up and spent most of our survey in a single low side passage that seemed never ending. The ceiling was covered with delicate white mineral "cotton balls" that needed to be left undisturbed. On the floor was a virgin blanket of white powdery stuff that was over an inch thick in places. With difficulty we attempted to crawl over this without disturbing it. We thought the stuff might be gypsum. One of the sandals I was wearing began losing its sole so I had to keep tying it up with the cord from my mini-mag flashlight. That sort of worked but the string kept coming off. Finally our low passage became too tight so we gratefully headed out.

Unfortunately it was dark when we reached the surface, so no snorkeling. The cool ocean bath by head lamp was refreshing, though after being so hot and sweaty all day.

Back at the fieldhouse everyone was tired of being cold and wet all the time, so the entire group headed for South Point, where it is very dry and sunny. We stayed at Rick Elhard's lovely oasis-in-the-desert home, and I spent the two nights sleeping in the entrance of his commercial cave he calls Kula Kai Caverns. Our mission here was to map the Maelstrom Section of the lava tube system.

I teamed up with Vi Schweiker and Ted Lappin, both from Colorado. Rick sent us mauka (uptube) from the main entrance and told us it would end soon, and to go makai (downtube) when we were done mapping in that end. The passage was large with much breakdown and ended at another entrance after a several shots. There was a high lead that headed to the left up a little lava fall. We began mapping in this and spent the rest of the day in low, braiding passages full of dead roots. A more recent aa flow had invaded over the pahoehoe above this portion of the cave, but had not formed plugs at the entrances.

The next day I teamed up with Mike Elble of Georgia, and we did a surface survey connecting Maelstrom up with the main cave and the road system. The two of us also finished up mapping in the area I was in yesterday.

WEEK TWO

I met Steve Lewis and Rachel Myron (Alaskan Cavers) at the airport in Hilo and returned my car. The three of us stayed at their friend's house near Pahoa. Our caving activities included another crack at Beach Park Cave, a partial through-trip in the Olaa portion of Kazumura Cave to study plunge pools, a walk into Kaumana Cave and a trip to Emesine Cave. Noone's caving activities included snorkeling, touring, beach walking, and trying restaurants.

We didn't finish Beach Park Cave but we did get out soon enough to do the promised snorkeling. The passage we mapped led us through what we called "The Invitation," which is a nasty belly crawl over aa. This led us into continuing breakdown-filled passage. We ended our survey at a place where it split into upper and lower levels.

For the Olaa study trip we began with a pull-down rappel into the scenic Dallas/Halliday Entrance. Mike Shambaugh was our gracious guide and our group consisted of Steve and Rachel, Cindy Walke, Cindy's husband and me. We closely examined the spacious circular plunge pools that had formed at the bases of the lava falls. These included impressive Skylight Falls (12 meters high), Wild Pig Drop (14 meters high) and several

others. This was for a study that Kevin (my husband), Mike and I are doing. Our exit place was a couple of miles downtube at the Tree Fern Terrace Entrance. Afterwards we entered the Sexton Section of the cave via the Ohialani Entrance, to take a look at 10-meter Eureka Falls. This is a most "perfect" lava fall and pours into a huge circular plunge pool chamber. The settled pool floor is flawless with no breakdown to mar it. Steve and I began descending to the sunken floor of the pool and were startled by the warning noise that the others behind us were making. There, trapped in the plunge pool was a live, black colored feral pig! Steve and I made a hasty retreat as the panicked animal darted about.

For Kaumana Cave we became "flashlight cavers." This tourist tube is located in Hilo. Since we were in the vicinity and did not want to go all the way back to Pahoa to get caving gear, we went to a department store and bought a two-pack of flashlights for about \$4. Rachel was wearing sandals. As we toured the easier parts of the cave we noted some unexplained mysteries regarding the cave's speleogenesis.

Emesine Cave was my grand finale. Rachel, Steve and I hiked in and began searching out on the barren lava flow for the Thin Arch Entrance (an entrance discovered last year), using our mapping gear. On the way I fell and bashed my knee hard into a rock. Afterwards I couldn't use that leg for either climbing or crawling. Upon locating our entry we went in and headed mauka through the low "hunchback" section. Our survey began where Kevin, Mark Fritzsche and I had left off a year ago. The shiny-walled tube continued as walking passage and we mapped our way to a fork. Heading left we came to another entrance. Steve climbed out and proceeded to get lost in the fog. After wandering around a bit he finally located us again and we named the place the Fog Entrance. Back at the fork we took the other passage, which led into a complex braided area that we call "ice cream junction." We named it for the rippled, colorful flow ledges. After some more mapping we left the cave via the Fog Entrance, making it out before dark. We needed daylight to see our way back, following along the lava flow.

As nice as Hawaii was, it was nicer to get back home to my family in snowy Alaska.

LOWER LAYER CAVE

Heceta Island, AK • Preliminary Report #267

Cave #10-5-4-368

Tongass Cave Project • NSS

by Margaret Drummond and Steve Lewis

February 2, 1999

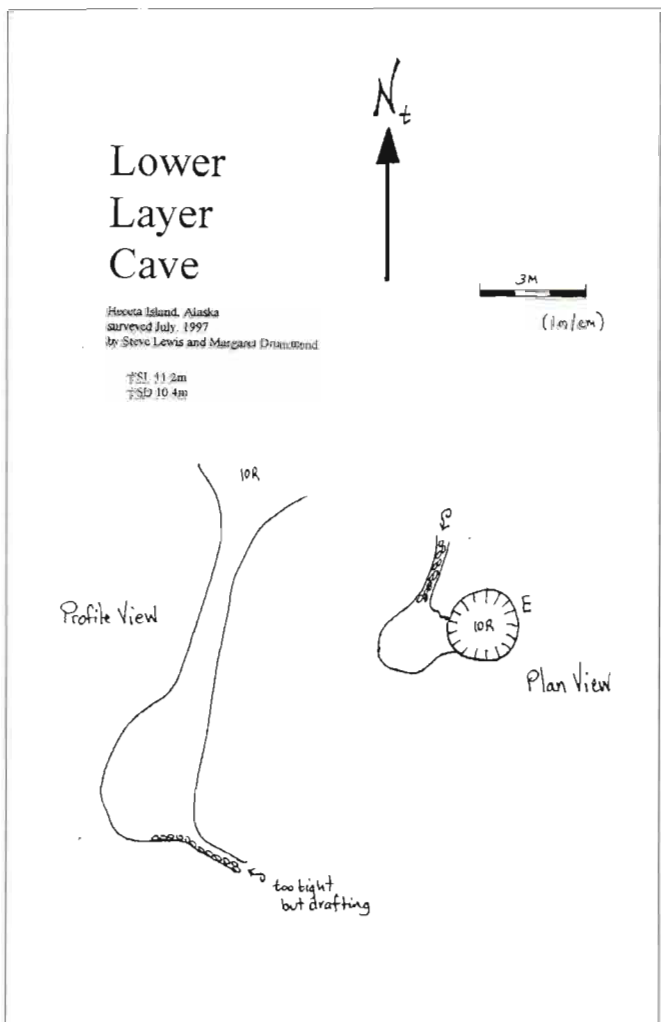
Description:

Margaret Drummond and Steve Lewis discovered and surveyed Lower Layer Cave on August 5, 1997.

Lower Layer Cave was named in honor of the bird's nest close to the ground at the pitch head. It is one of a line of small pits and chambers along the east edge of the muskegs. The pit bottoms to a few meters of gravel floored low passage.

Management Recommendations:

Lower Cave is relatively small, but part of a much larger system. This area contains an extremely high density of caves (likely over 100 per square mile) and overlies the deeper conduits draining Timber Knob, Bald Mountain, and Derrumba Ridge via Arabica Cave. Lower Layer Cave is significant on its own, but highly significant as part of this large and complex system. No further logging or road construction should take place in this watershed which feeds the highest concentration of caves thus far discovered in Southeast Alaska.



A SMALL KARST AREA IN ICY STRAITS

by Mike VanNote

Lemesurier Island is located in the middle of Icy Straits six miles Southwest of the mouth of Glacier Bay. With the exception of two private holdings near Iceberg Point and Willoughby Cove the island lies within the Tongass National Forest Inner Islands Wilderness Area.

I first visited Lemesurier about eight years ago while visiting friends who were building a place near Iceberg Point. We anchored at Jacks Cove. The surrounding cliffs were obviously limestone, and on the hike to their place we passed a number of sinks (plugged). I had decided that the karst potential wasn't terrific after doing a little hunting in the area and finding few other karst features, however, my friend, Mike insisted that there were small holes on the summit of the island 2,000 feet above sea level. Snow was heavy on the mountain and since we had plans to visit White Sulphur Hot Springs on the outer coast, I decided to wait for another opportunity.

In the ensuing years I have visited the island several times. These visits were invariably in the fall when poor weather and heavy snows discouraged me from further investigations into the high country. Last fall I purchased some unfished Halibut IFQ and with a friend from Haines, I returned to Icy Strait in November. The National Marine Fisheries Service hadn't completed my paperwork so we were left cooling our heels in Hoonah. We decided to do some hunting and after a couple of days of no luck we found ourselves at Jacks Cove.

It was a gorgeous day, rare for this time of year. I had already decided to hunt high on the island and so spent several hours working my way up to a broad band of slabby white cliffs that face southeast about 1,000 feet above sea level. I was able to ascend these cliffs with judicious route finding, and at about 1,500 feet entered a subalpine area of stunted trees, kwumholtz, and meadow. To my pleasant surprise, there were numerous sinks, grikes, and karren in all its various forms. Many of the sinks had small tubular shafts or open fissures in them. In many places the heavily pitted karst, meadow, and krumholtz form a confusing maze of features. I left a pair of glasses near one shallow pit which I chimneyed into. Later when I realized I had forgotten them I attempted to retrace my steps. Forty-five minutes later I gave up! Though I never saw a going cave and it is possible that this karst is too "young" to have a well-developed cave system, the possibility is certainly there. I made it to the top of the island, a small area of true alpine, to get a spectacular sweeping view of the I c y Strait area including the tremendous massifs of the

Fairweather Ranges. This view alone would make further investigations into Lemesurier worth the effort.

A second peak to the Northeast is nearly as high and should have a similar potential. The limestone appears to be very pure, crystalline and massive bedded - ingredients for good cave mainly. I descended via a long ridge, the upper portions which were well karsted. At about 1000 feet I shot a deer and so headed back to Jacks Cove ending my most recent foray on Lemesurier Island. It is nice to know that at least one small karst area has some Wilderness Area protection.

A visit here will be rewarding regardless of whether or not caves are discovered as it is an interesting island for other reasons. For example, because of its small size and distance from the mainland and neighboring islands, there are no resident bears or other carnivores. (Bears do occasionally visit the island. They just don't stick around.) As a result of this, the local deer population experiences cycles of boom and bust. Heavy browsing by the deer have created a very open understory beneath classic stands of big old growth. This makes travel in the woods relatively easy except for the fact that most of the island is vertically oriented. Oh, well! The western 1/3 of the island is granite and so, "caveless." A small lake above Jacks Cove drains underground having no outlet. Access to the island would be easiest from Hoonah via kayak, skiff, charter, hitching a ride on a fishing boat, or float plane. Anchorages are located at Willoughby Cove, Jacks Cove, an unnamed cove on the southwest corner of the island, between a small island and the north side of Lemesurier and possibly a nearby cove just east of that one.

Currents in North and South Passage can really get cooking as the waters of Glacier Bay, Icy Strait, etc. pour through. Whirlpools and boils, rip-tides, etc. can produce some nasty conditions even for larger boats. In other words, watch the weather, be careful, and be prepared as none of the anchorages are perfect. Someone should plan to stay inboard as a lost boat could be on its way to Japan before you realize it is missing. In conclusion potential visitors would be wise to consider why a few people might live on Lemesurier. Please respect their privacy. Anyone wanting further information may contact me via PO Box 26, Haines AK 99827.

P.S. Perhaps the real significance of this karst is what it indicates for potential karst areas to the north and south of it.

There are areas of limestone directly to the southeast on Chichagof Island. Nearby formations in Glacier Bay may hold karst as well.

ACHILLES HEEL CAVE

Heceta Island, Alaska • Preliminary Report #257

Cave #10-5-4-373

Tongass CaveProject • NSS

By Zach LaPerriere and Steve Lewis

February 2, 1999

Description:

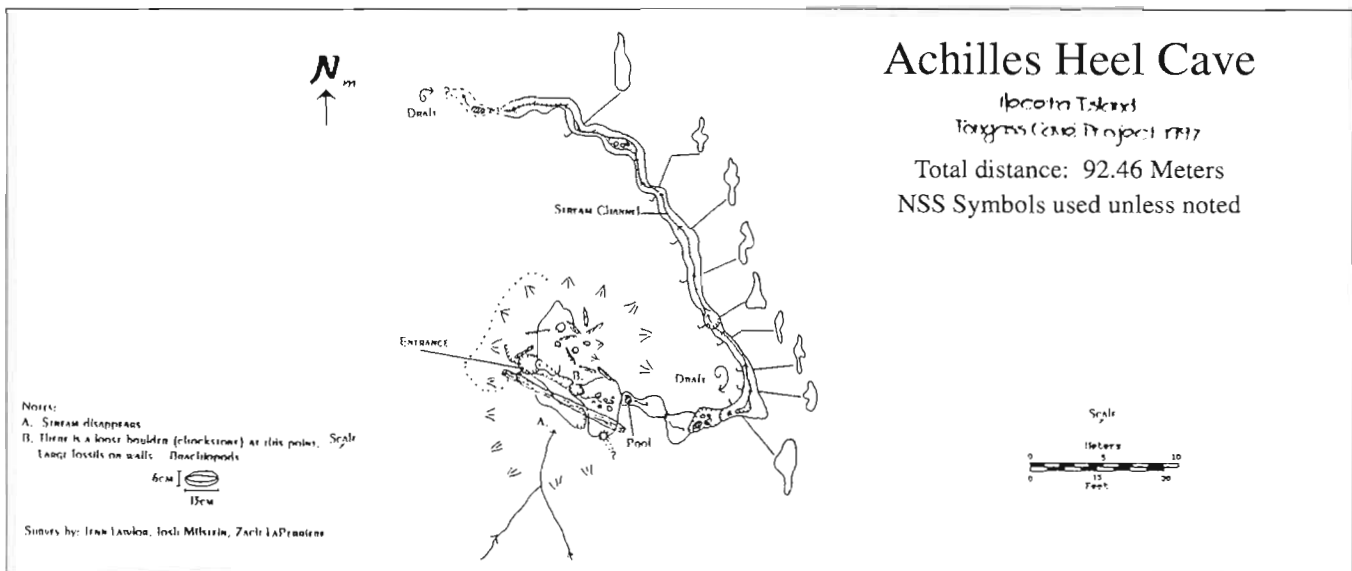
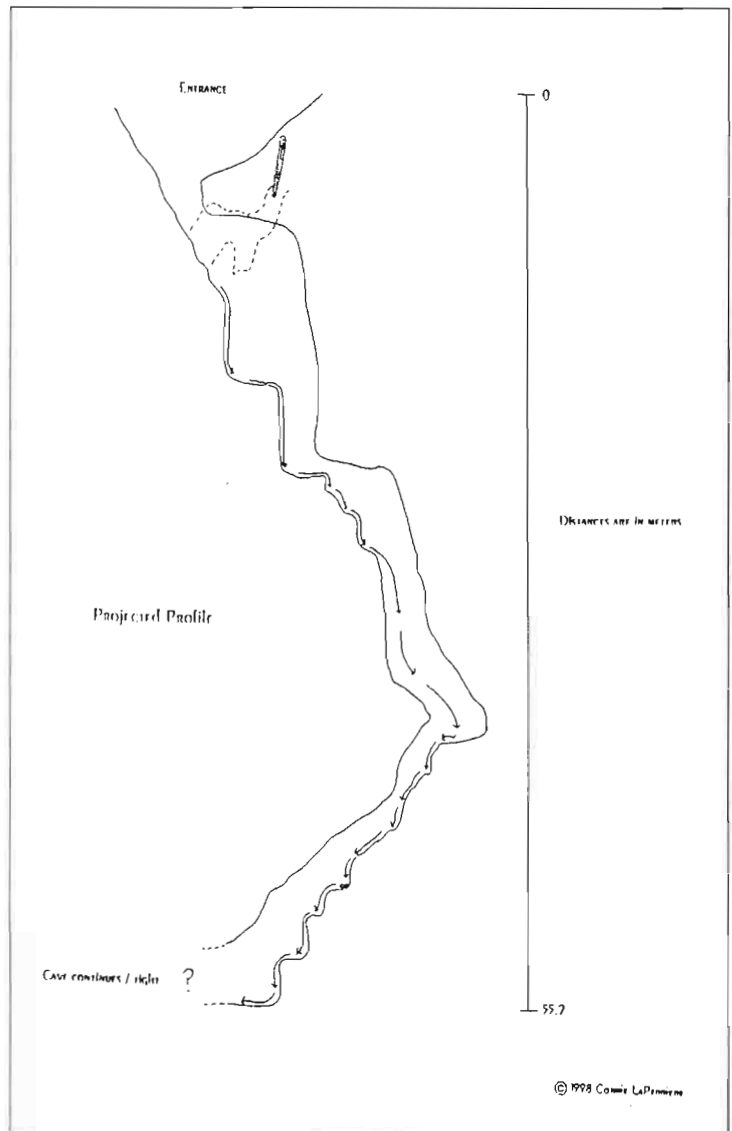
Achilles Heel Cave drains a clearcut. The entrance sink requires rigging from a hemlock on the edge of the sink. Three drops are best rigged together with a series of rebelayes and deviations. There is a large loose boulder atop the second drop.

The cave corkscrews and leads perpendicularly from the surface karst channel. The vadose passage becomes increasingly tight as one descends. This tight passage allowed cavers to detect an outflowing draft.

The crew surveyed 92.46 meters (303.4 feet) of passage to a depth of 49.5 meters (162.4 feet). The cave is clean and pretty, with colored fossiliferous and banded limestone. The cave continues beyond currently surveyed passage.

Management Recommendations:

The constricted and delicate nature of the lower end of this insurgence cave make it highly vulnerable to surface disturbance, with concomitant silt and debris. This cave and Where Have All the Sawflies Gone Cave, just upstream, are good examples of karst development in Heceta mid-volume forest. These caves and associated streams should be protected from surface disturbances.



WHERE HAVE ALL THE SAWFLIES GONE CAVE

Heceta Island, Alaska • Preliminary Report #324

Cave #10-5-4-334

Tongass Cave Project • National Speleological Society

by Steve Lewis
February 1, 1999

Description:

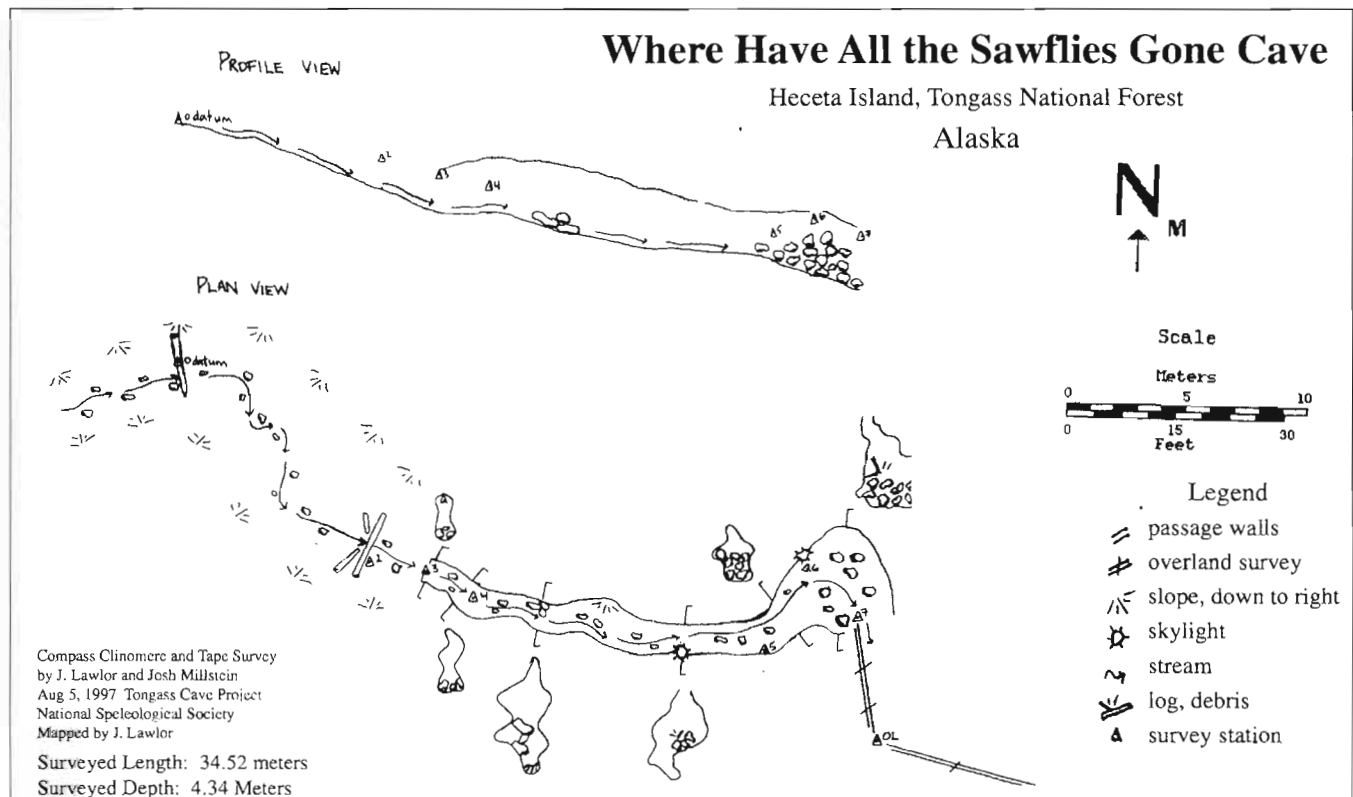
Where Have All the Sawflies Gone Cave was discovered (of rediscovered) by Steve Lewis and Connie LaPerriere en route to mapping No Bufferin Cave. Although Zach Mondry was probably the original discoverer. He had flagged several of the skylights in earlier karst surveys in 1996, but the cave had not been well protected in the proposed layout plan. The cave was named cynically after the song, Where Have All the Flowers Gone, with the timber sale in mind. It takes a small stream with several skylights opening to the surface along its 34.5 meters (113.1 feet) length. The stream disappears into the boulders on the floor of a low chamber, reemerging shortly to flow into No Bufferin Cave.

We noted no speleothems in the cave, but it does offer an intriguing look into the karst. It never goes much more than 10 feet below the surface, and the several skylights offer the explorer the opportunity to see how interconnected the surface and subsurface can be. The light that filters through these openings also permits the ex-

plorer to move through the cave without a light, although light is recommended for safety and to see into the corners.

Management Recommendations:

Where Have All the Sawflies Gone Cave and its surroundings should be protected from timber harvest and road construction. The area is replete with karst features including seasonal and permanent resurgences, nearby No Bufferin Cave, and several large dolines. Without these features it might only qualify as moderate vulnerability karst under current standards and guidelines, but with them it clearly should be considered high vulnerability throughout the area. This cave and its surroundings offer a good introduction to karst and its hydrology with generally safe and horizontal passages, good examples of numerous karst features, set in medium to high volume old growth. No further timber harvest should occur in the area.



NO BUFFERIN CAVE

Heceta Island • Preliminary Report #268

Cave #10-5-4-333

Tongass Cave Project • NSS

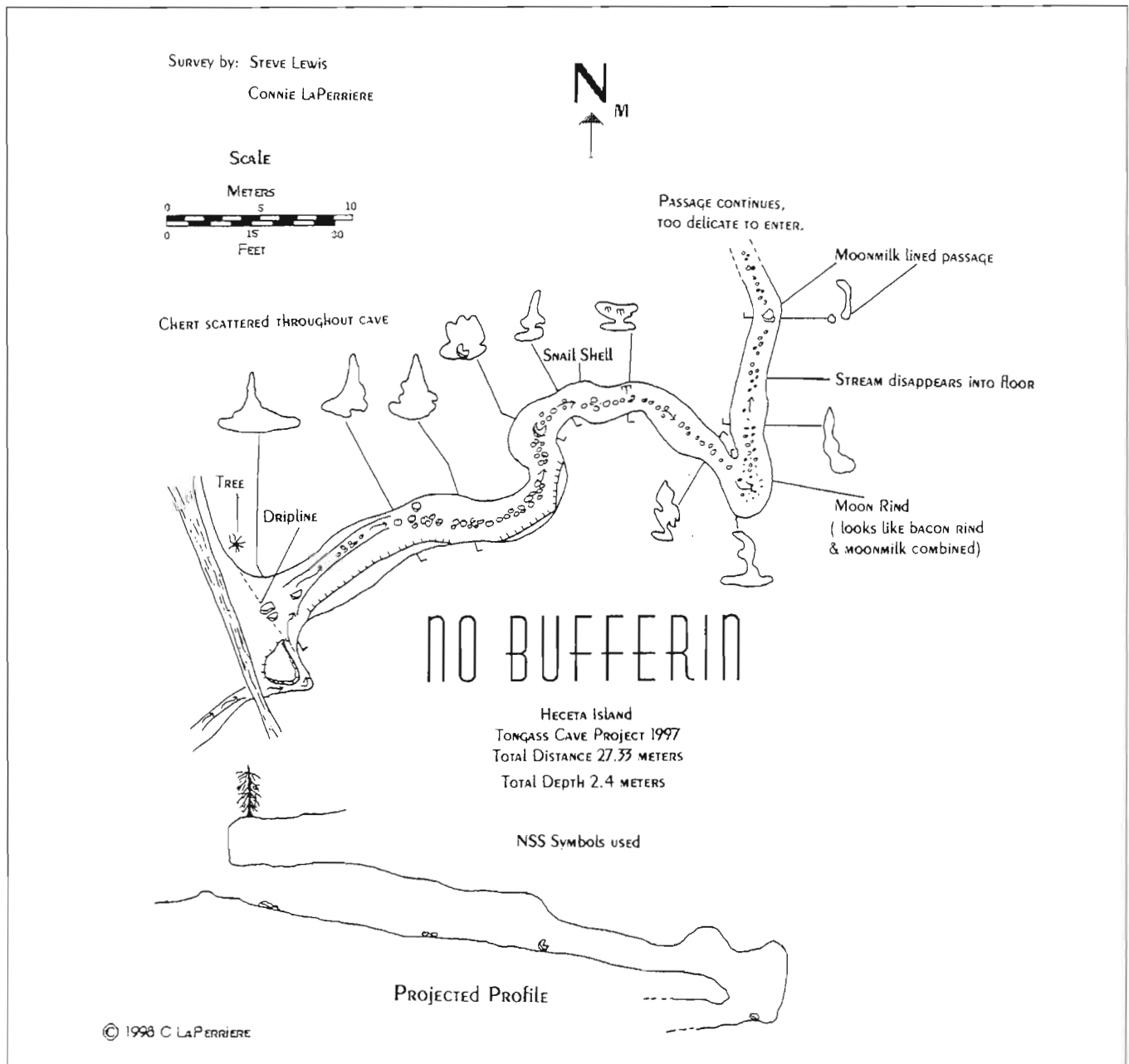
by Connie LaPerriere and Steve Lewis
February 2, 1999

Description:

No Bufferin Cave contains 27.33 meters (89.67 feet) of surveyed passage. This continues very tight and decorated, but too tight to continue without damaging the formations. The cave is classic phreatic tube with some interesting cross sections at the back of the cave. It also contains a formation that looks like a cross between moonmilk and bacon rind.

Management Recommendations:

The constricted and delicate nature of the lower end of this resurgence cave make it highly vulnerable to surface disturbance, with concomitant silt and debris. This cave and Where Have All the Sawflies Gone cave, just upstream, are good safe examples of karst development in Heceta mid-volume forest. These caves and associated streams should be protected from surface disturbing activities.



DEEP CRACK CAVE

Heceta Island, Alaska • Preliminary Report #261

Cave #10-5-4-342

Tongass Cave Project • National Speleological Society

by Jenn Lawlor and Steve Lewis

February 1, 1999

Description:

Deep Crack Cave was discovered by Kris Esterson, Jenn Lawlor and Zach LaPerriere on the return hike to camp after a dye trap collecting expedition to Warm Chuck Inlet. On the day of its discovery, Zach chimneyed to the floor but turned around upon seeing further passage. Jenn and Zach returned the following morning and surveyed a total of 68.9 meters (226 feet). The entrance sink drains a small, forested wetland that drops into a 20 meter (65.6 foot) pitch. A 25-meter (82 foot) rope may be used to drop the pitch from a hemlock above the sink with a minor deviation just inside the overhang of the cave.

The limestone of Deep Crack ranges from white to slightly blue and holds many fossils, mainly bivalve, some as large as 20 centimeters (7.9 inches). Delicate moonmilk and popcorn decorate much of the passage's walls below the drop. Much of this is peppered with guano. Strangely, the surface karst channel and the cave trend in different directions, roughly by about 150 degrees. A boulder choked a small stream passage and this stopped survey for the first day.

Jenn and Zach returned the next day to attempt to move the boulder. After hours of grunting in muddy, wet, cold, cramped space, they determined that the boulder must be large, something akin to hoisting an iceberg from a dory. A 3:1 system was slung from the natural anchors on the ceiling and walls the next day, and the boulder was lifted out of the passage.

Continued digging increased the outward draft to a frigid breeze. The sound of increased water flow could be heard beyond a sizeable drop and a stubborn plug. Time constraints precluded further exploration. The draft and unexplored drop suggest that Deep Crack Cave may enter a thus far unexplored lower system, perhaps the main drain for the entire Arabica, Sinuous, Vive Silva Cave System.

Deep Crack Cave is in the vicinity of Fatman Don't Apply Cave and Sunshower Cave and numerous unurveyed and unexplored sinks and potential caves dot the area. It is the longest surveyed cave that is relatively close to Warm Chuck resurgence, the major outlet for waters from most of the Heceta karst.

Biological Findings:

Several translucent "bug" were found 10 meters (32.8 feet) and deeper below the top of the first pitch.

Management Recommendations:

Further exploration of this system should be undertaken. The slopes around this cave are unquestionably karst of extremely high vulnerability and upland areas have already been heavily impacted by relatively recent timber harvest and road construction. No further timber harvest or road building should occur in the area of the cave or in its drainage basin. Because of delicate speleothems within the cave, its location should not be provided to the public.

EXCHANGES

CLEVE-O-GROTTO NEWS 44(6) June 1998 Frank Vlcek reports that a small band of Cleveland spelunkers had a stanglehold on the sun when they traveled to Horse Cave Kentucky to "work on the grounds of the American Cave Museum and Hidden River Cave." When the cavers arrived the rain stopped and the sun began to shine, and when they left, the sky clouded over and the rains returned. "To prove the strength of caverpower, the Cleveland Grotto repeated their performance the next day" at Mammoth Cave National Park. As a result they are being considered for a political invitation to Kentucky every spring when rain showers persist.

DC SPELEOGRAPH 54(11) November 1998 p.4 The DC area cavers have two big caving projects underway. They continue to assemble maps and descriptions of the caves of Pendleton County West Virginia in preparation for the publication of a book about the county's caves.

An information group of cavers are mapping Bowden Cave, a large and popular cave near Elkins, WV, to replace the incomplete map done in the early 1970s. Although there are monthly trips with multiple survey teams, completion of the project is not expected until late 1999. Bob Hoke (301-725-5877) has information on both projects.

DEEP CRACK CAVE

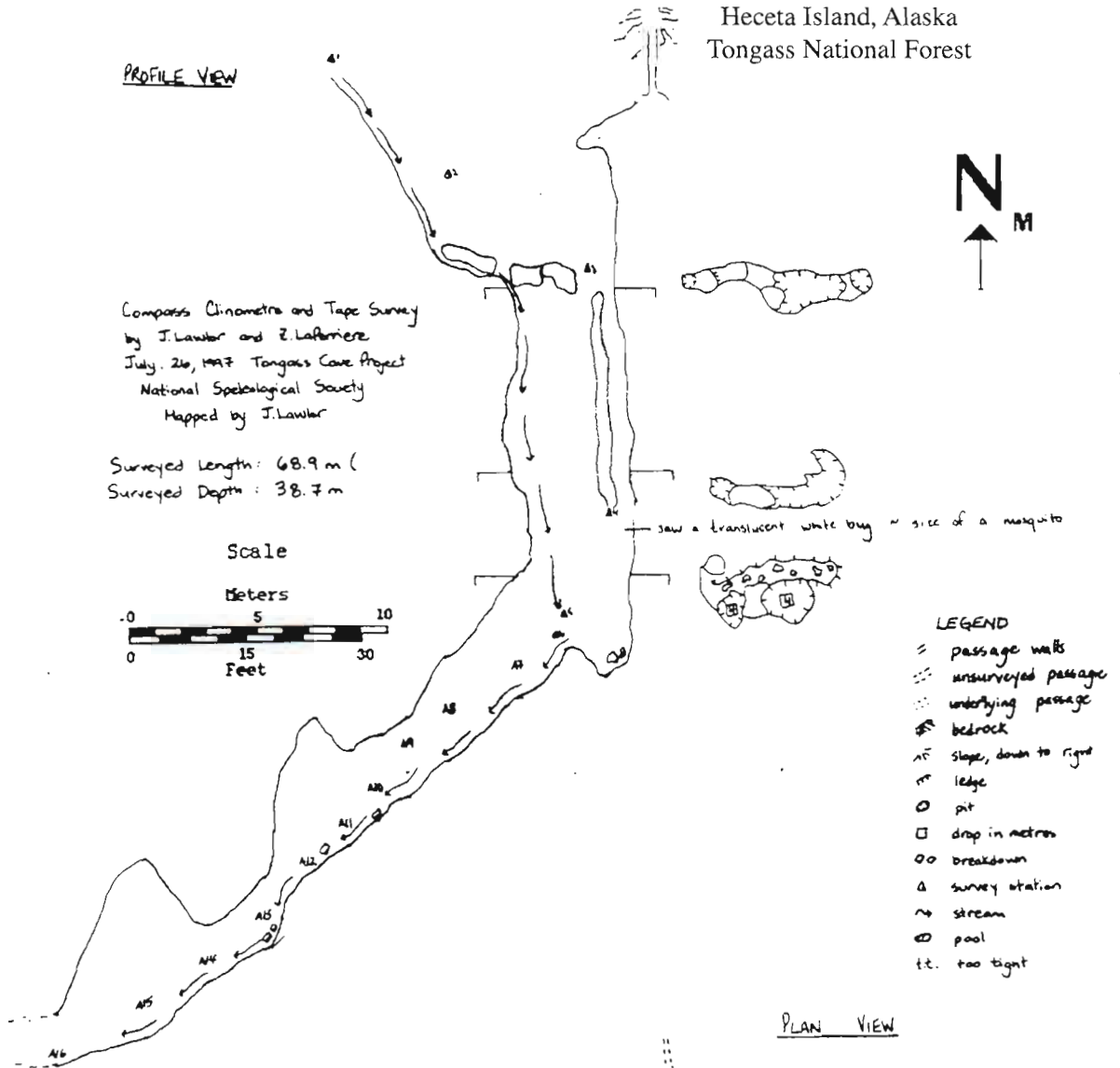
Heceta Island, Alaska
Tongass National Forest

PROFILE VIEW

Compass Clinometer and Tape Survey
by J. Lawlor and Z. Laferriere
July, 26, 1987 Tongass Cave Project
National Speleological Society
Mapped by J. Lawlor

Surveyed Length: 68.9 m
Surveyed Depth: 38.7 m

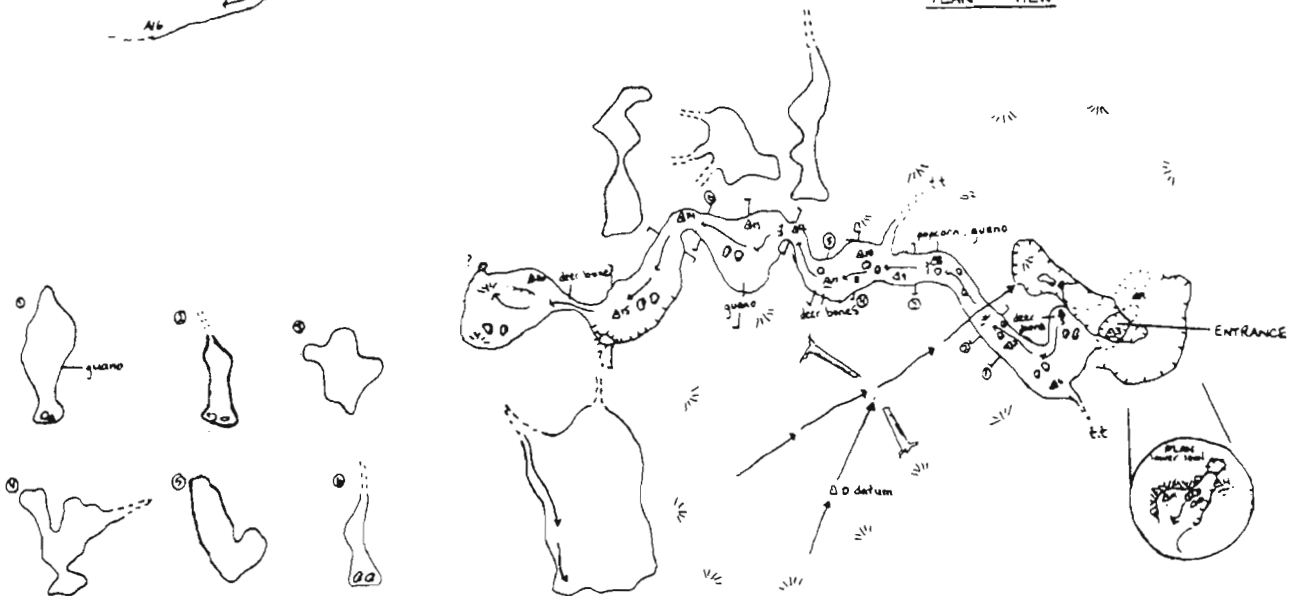
Scale



LEGEND

- ▬ passage walls
- ⋯ unsurveyed passage
- ⋯ underlying passage
- ▬ bedrock
- ↘ slope, down to right
- ▬ ledge
- pit
- drop in metron
- breakdown
- △ survey station
- ↔ stream
- ⊙ pool
- tt. too tight

PLAN VIEW



MISCELLANEOUS

William Vis telephoned from New Jersey concerning a change of address and general information. He is living at 30 Rockview Ave. 3d floor, North Plainfield, NJ 07060. Phone number: (908)561-BATS e-mail: guanoheap@yahoo.com

Vis teaches science at a voc/tech school His interest in bats (the creatures) and caving (he belongs to five grottos) make him somewhat different than the majority of students or teachers at his employment site. As a result his collection of bats continues to grow in an undirected manner and from undetermined sources.

Vis would like to come north.

"What does one need to cave in Alaska? he asks. "I'm sure Poly Pro won't do it." The editor assured him that it wouldn't cost an arm and a leg but he would like assurance from some of you. If you have time, please send him an e-mail message.

~~~~~

Congratulations to Karen Petersen and Jim Baichtal. Karen and Jim were married Feb. 14, 1999, in Ketchikan. They live in Thorne Bay where they are the owners of THE Liquor Store. As Jim says, "We are now the Beer Baron's of Thorne Bay."

In regard to his work with the Forest Service, Jim says, "My position has changed to being the geologist for all the Tongass." He is to assure that the karst and cave management standards are applied throughout the Tongass Forest. He promises Caver readers an update on Tongass changes.

~~~~~

Kevin Allred went on a solo multi-day ski adventure to explore and map a glacier cave. Details were not available at press time.

~~~~~

The Editor received an e-mail message from Denmark caver David Lazenby requesting information about caving in Alaska. He is a semi-professional nature/adventure photographer and writer looking for an exciting destination to do some articles for Scandinavian adventure, nature and science magazines.

He said: "Also I would be interested in doing some caving in karst caves particularly those that have ice formations. My primary goal is photography and I would be wanting to spend a lot of time setting up and taking high quality pictures.

Lazenby is a 34-year-old caver with 20 years of experience. "I have been caving in Britain, South Africa, Mexico (cave diving), Ecuador, Guatemala, Micronesia and Borneo," he wrote. "I have all my own equipment for basic and vertical caving for both tropical and alpine conditions."

The Editor sent his e-mail message to the cavers in the Caver e-mail bank. If others would like to receive messages of this type in the future please make sure I have your e-mail address.

If any of you have communicated with Lazenby and have news to share, please send it to the Editor for publication in the Caver.

~~~~~

In Search for History: The First Americans will premier on the History Channel April 26. The one-hour program features Denver Museum of Natural History Curator of Archeology, Dr. James Dixon, who served as consultant during production of the video. The video contains footage of Alaska excavations. Produced by Steve Muscarella of MPH Entertainment, Inc. for the History Channel the program presents and explores the exciting "revolution" that is taking place in North American archeology.

The Alaskan Caver

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