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Alaskan Caver, Volume 24, No. 1, January 2004

Diane Raab

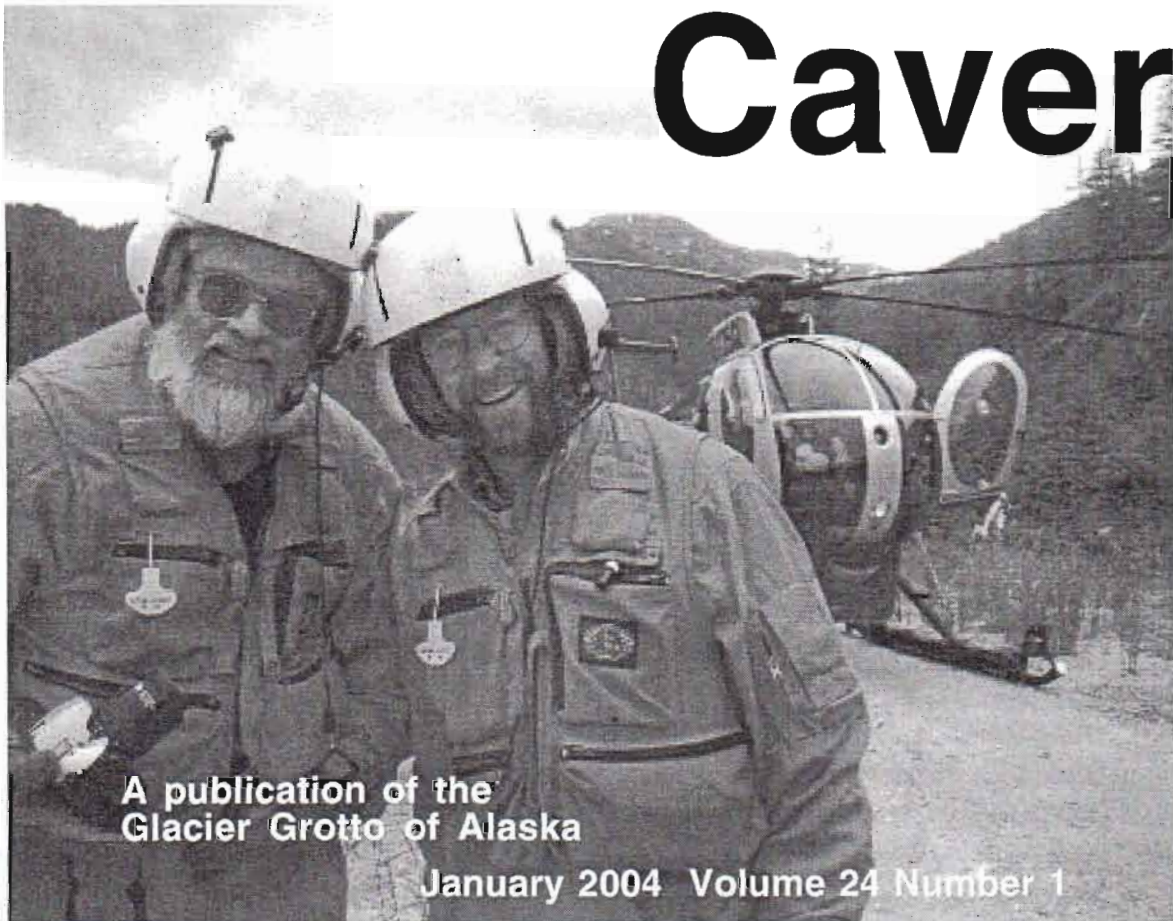
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The Alaskan Caver



A publication of the
Glacier Grotto of Alaska

January 2004 Volume 24 Number 1

IN THIS ISSUE:

- This issue dedicated to Bruce Brewer.....page 2-3
- Expedition yields big, booming cavespage 4
- Baker Island comments needed ASAPpage 7
- Scientist Love's impressions of caves..... page 10-11
- Whojigger Gone Missing, Part 2.....page 8-9
- Summer Expedition 2004 dates setpage 12-13

**THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF
BRUCE BREWER**

The Alaskan Caver

Glacier Grotto
P.O. Box 9062
Ketchikan, Alaska 99901

Editor -- Diane Raab
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Deadline for next issue:

March 15, 2004

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Tongass Cave Projects: Pete Smith, Kevin

Allred, Steve Lewis



BRUCE BREWER 1970 -2003

This issue of *The Alaskan Caver* is dedicated to **Bruce Brewer**, a longstanding member of the Glacier Grotto. Bruce caved for many years in Southeast Alaska with the United States Forest Service, and has caved extensively in Florida, Georgia and Hawai'i.

Bruce Brewer worked as a freelance photographer, specializing in cave photography.

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Send dues to: Glacier Grotto Treasurer, P.O. Box 9062, Ketchikan, Alaska 99901 USA

PRESIDENT'S CORNER

By David Love



Many of us in the Grotto were shocked to hear of **Bruce Brewer's** death in Climax Cave, South Georgia on July 12, 2003. His death hits too close to home, still seems surreal, hard to believe it happened.

Grotto members greeted the news with great sadness. Bruce was a good caver and photographer whose articles and attractive photography about Southeast Alaska caves in *Sierra* and *Alaska* magazines have helped spread the word about conservation of karst resources in our area. The article he authored for *Sierra* magazine can be read at <http://www.sierraclub.org/sierra/200303/caves.asp>.

He was a competent caver and demanding photographer, whose hard work produced attractive photography under often demanding and frustrating conditions. My hat is off to his professionalism and dedication to his chosen professions. Bruce worked as a freelance photographer for the Associated Press and the *Tallahassee Democrat* and was a published writer in several magazines, as well as an alumni and instructor at Florida A&M University in Tallahassee. He is reported to have been respected by colleagues, faculty and students. A portfolio of his journalism, and his cave (and other) photography can be viewed at www.brucebrewer.com. We will miss you, Bruce, on the caving expeditions. The next cave I explore will be dedicated in your memory.

Instead of flowers, Bruce's family has asked that donations be made to **Southeastern Cave Conservancy, PO Box 71857, Chattanooga TN 37407-0857** or on the web at www.scci.org. This organization helps to preserve, purchase and manage caves and provide cave access in the Southeastern U.S. through membership dues and donations. Connie LaPerriere is sending \$50.00 from the Glacier Grotto in memorial.

This tragic news highlights our need as a caving group to have another cave rescue session. I suggest we have a cave rescue workshop during the spring of 2004, prior to the caving season (or possibly immediately before the USFS cave expedition next year). Given the remoteness of the caves we explore, maybe the most useful topic may be self-rescue or rescue training involving three to five people. Although Alaska Cave Rescue is no longer active, we do have a sked, some equipment at Thorne Bay and some money in the ACR account we could use to pay travel for an instructor. If anyone else has other suggestions as to timing or topics, please let me know via email at pandalid@yahoo.com or via phone 1-907-772-2283.

Finally, this will be the last issue of the *Alaskan Caver*, if no one else volunteers to take on the responsibility of being the editor. I am sad to say we are losing our talented and articulate editor, Diane Raab. She has worked hard and I hope you all will join me in congratulating her on a job well done! Time commitments to graduate school and teaching must take priority over producing the *Alaskan Caver*. If any of the membership can spare a few hours of their time every few months to volunteer to be the editor, please let me know ASAP.

CAVE SAFELY!

SUMMER EXPEDITION STARTS OUT WITH TWO INTREPID CAVERS, ONE BIG CAVE

By KEVIN "KEVY" CASEY
Man Without a Country

I was being frisked by a very intrusive yet personable older gentleman the other day at the Canadian Consulate General (which for those of you who are interested can be found at 1257 Avenue of the Americas in Manhattan) when I began to wonder to myself, how is it that I ended up here? And on September 11th, of all days. How I got there and why it was necessary for me to be there is a story that can better be told in person. During times of duress ones mind often tends to seek refuge in calm and pleasant memories and on that particular occasion my mind began to wander back over my various above and under ground exploits of the previous months and I was overcome with a sense of calm abiding. Now, I doubt what follows here will provide anyone else with just such a psychological benefit -- after all, you all probably have your own happy places to go off to at such times. I have been asked, though, to write a little about the various caving projects I was involved with this year, of the good fortune I had to spend time underground with a cast of assorted and unsorted characters in various caves. I'm not sure if I'm the best one to tell this story, being a rather new comer (a "rank amateur," as some would say) and not much experienced in writing caving articles. So, take what follows for what it's worth and, if you find it to be worth very little, be content that at least for a brief moment these stories provided their writer with a needed escape from present troubles.

PRINCE OF WALES CAVING

As many of you know, I had a little difficulty getting folks to sign on for this year's full length expedition. The tardy announcement and the fact that many of you didn't know who the heck I was made it difficult for people to fit it into their schedules. The only person who managed to commit to the entire three weeks, after some arm-twisting, was **Sarah Cervone** of Gainesville, FL. Not daunted by the lack of company, Sarah and I launched an expedition of two in early June. We staked camp at El Capitan and set about doing some preliminary work for the NPOW Road

Karst EIS (more on this later) and looking for caves in the general area. After a day or two piddling around in the second growth and on the salt water, we decided to walk a few muskegs south of Twin Island Lake. We promptly followed a stream off a five acre plus muskeg into a large walk in cave entrance concealed in a 30-ft. collapse sink. A cursory examination showed that it continued to go big and we returned the next day to begin the survey.

Constantine's Cave, as it came to be known, proved to be a challenging and exhilarating project. After mapping five hundred or so feet of horizontal stream passage, the bottom dropped out and the stream continued down a series of cascading waterfall pits to a total depth of 424 feet. A bit intimidated at first by the rigging of the initial drop, we enlisted the help of **Pete Smith** one evening who led the way with his trusty Hilte and helped us negotiate the first few waterfalls. Surveying progressed slowly as most of the time we found ourselves having to survey in the waterfall spray, as it was difficult to get out of it and we always seemed to be running out of rope.

The survey of Constantine's continued into mid-June, when Sarah and I were joined by **Marcel LaPerriere**. The three of us pushed Constantine's to the edge of a large 100-ft. waterfall. There, Sarah and Marcel sat perched on a ledge smack in the middle of the water, trying to figure out how to rig the next drop out of the water. Both Sarah and I had dry suits, but poor Marcel -- not only did not have a dry suit, but he'd forgotten his cave suit in Ketchikan and was wearing an old suit of mine which was a poor fit, covered in raingear that by that point seemed to be more holes than suit. A rope was rigged and both Sarah and Marcel attempted to descend but found the rope hung directly in the water and had managed to hang up in a knotted mess. Both made it about 40 feet down before returning. Overcome by mocha madness, we decided to return with a bolt kit another day. (This particular phenomenon seems to arise late in the afternoon. Symptoms include loud and resonant exclamations of "mocha" and an unquenchable desire for said drink.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 5

Surveying progressed slowly as most of the time we found ourselves having to survey in the waterfall spray as it was difficult to get out of it and we always seemed to be running out of rope.

PRINCE OF WALES YIELDS BIG CAVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

The next day the three of us changed gears and left with **Jim Baichtal** to spend a few days tracking down some caves in the Calder Bay area. We spent a wet night camped on a landing overlooking Shakan Bay and the next day ventured up to the plateau above. Jim led us to a very large sinkhole, probably at least 100 ft. deep and several hundred feet across, which took a stream off an avalanche shoot and boasted a very impressive headwall and cave entrance. This was not the first time Marcel had gone searching for this cave on a lead provided by **Jim Baichtal**, in fact I don't think it was the second either, but this time Jim lead us right to it and Marcel christened it Elusive Cave. Unfortunately, the large entrance did not lead to a large cave. It appears that frost shatter was largely to blame as the cave choked after a few hundred feet. Another cave was found and surveyed, Joachim Cave, a very large and impressive fossil phreatic passage, but it too soon became plugged in frost-shattered breakdown. Though neither of these caves went they both provide some tantalizing clues as to what lies below the surface of that plateau, should we ever find a way in.

We returned to Constantine's the following day to find it gushing after the recent rains. After descending the initial drop and being pummeled by the heavy flow, we decided to retreat and wait for another day. Casting about for something to do, Jim guided us to a cave which apparently was just recently exposed in a small sink in an area that has come to be known by those around here as "the Great Depression." The Great Depression is a several km square closed depression that sits on the karst plateau between Neck and Twin Island Lakes mostly to the west of the 20 road. The Seven Dwarfs are located there and it boasts some large, impressive sinks taking healthy amounts of water. There are precious few cave entrances in the area due to the presence, I believe, of a thick mantle of glacial till. This area appears to have seen prolonged glacial activity during the Wisconsin glacialation. There are thick exposures of till supporting extensive muskegs and all the major sinks appear to be plugged with glacial debris, some perhaps deposited by the glaciers themselves with additional material slumping in from their margins. The sheer amount of water that runs into the various sinks in this depression suggests the presence of a substantial subsurface drainage system. The Depression also may be the recharge area for a series of springs found to the southwest of this area which, if they are all associated as I suspect they are, would also point to a large, well developed system subsurface. Dye is in the ground as I write and we should know soon whether or not these features are related.

Anyways, it appears that a stream flowing from a muskeg into one of these plugged sinks eroded through the till mantle and was pirated by a young vadose insurgence. The entrance was for a time concealed by a fallen log and a mat of moss but apparently this log rotted and collapsed, exposing the entrance. The cave, named Qul Huwa Allah Cave (Say that He is Allah), begins in a narrow, twisty passage which drops off and bells out in a beautiful 40-ft. well. The water then enters a very tight and nasty vadose canyon. Sarah and I surveyed about 40 feet with much difficulty and came to a turn that would require some serious contortions beyond which we could hear the water cascading off a drop of unknown depth. I knew it was time for me to quit for the day when Sarah, who is hardly large in girth, began disrobing in order to proceed through the tight passage. Overcome again by mocha madness, Marcel and I led the retreat from Qul Huwa Allah that day. Though I haven't been back this year, I look forward to pushing this cave in the future in the hopes that it may eventually hook up with the older drainage that undoubtedly underlies "The Great Depression."

Much to my and Sarah's dismay, Marcel left us the next day to return to Ketchikan. Once again we found ourselves reduced to an expedition of two. The preceding days had allowed the water in Constantine's to drop a fair amount so we decided to try to continue the survey. We rigged the 100ft drop as far out of the water as possible and after lowering the rope carefully to keep it from hanging up, proceeded down. Despite our best efforts, the rope hung pretty much right in the middle of the water which wasn't so bad now that the rope wasn't a knotted mess. The drop ended in a large open chamber and the cave continued horizontally for a short period, then down one more 40-ft. drop before ending in a sump. We finished the survey and with some sadness began the final climb out, de-rigging as we went.

Before I put everyone to sleep, I should probably quit for now. Next edition we'll pick up where we left off, that is, with what you've all been waiting for, the Carroll Inlet expedition and jamboree. Perhaps by then we'll have some pretty maps we can throw in the mix as well ...

Rope Cutter

Dear Rope Cutter,

I was recently on a caving trip and got suckered into a dicey situation by some seemingly innocent words. The person leading said "It's just two moves and the rest is easy." What he neglected to mention was that that two moves were at the top of a substantial cliff, and the handholds consisted of poorly imbedded moss. How can I avoid this in the future?

Signed,
Icy Dicey

Dear Icy Dicey,

I would suspect from your letter that you are one of those innocent people who also believe your parents when they said "We're almost there," or "I can' almost see it from here." I do hate to admit it, but I have also fallen into this trap. I once went through a tight spot based on the following statement: "I know you can fit." After I got through, the next statement showed me that I had just fallen for a sucker line, hooked like a giant halibut. He then said "Geez, I can't believe you really did it!" I only see two choices to avoid these pitfalls. One, only do easy caving. Two, stay in the lead. That way, it can be you casting those sucker lines as you reel in the fishy. I actually like lines like this.* They herald adventure like poison ivy heralds itching. Then they become the stuff of legend.

Yours,
Phreada Phreatic

**Hey y'all, watch this!*

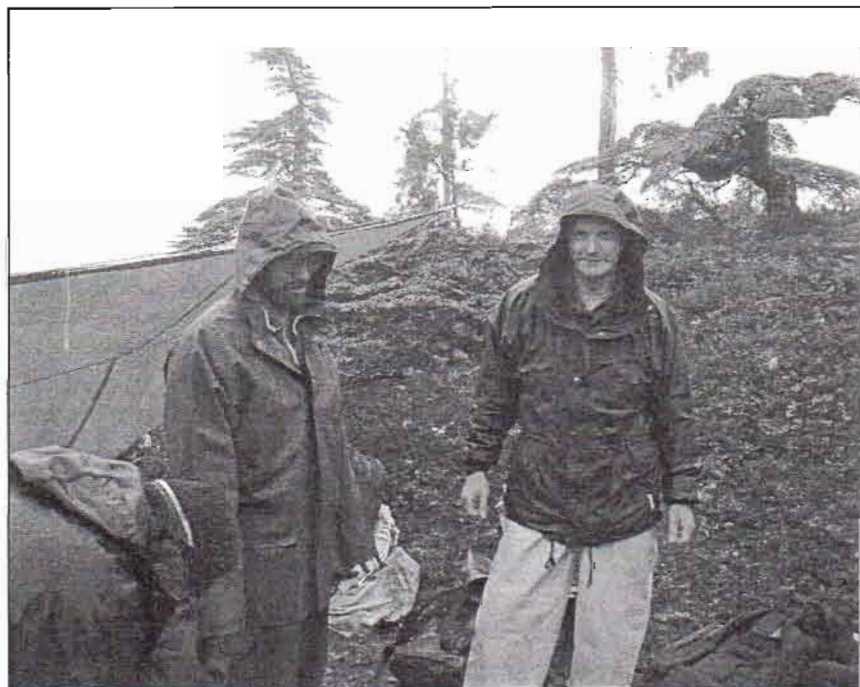


Photo by Diane Raab

The Alaskan Caver is still in need of a new editor. Until the current editor moves back to Alaska, or graduates, no more publications will be forthcoming until further notice.

Dave Love and Daniel Monteith find it impossible to stay dry in the muskeg after a full day of caving in waterfalls. Caving in Alaska is not for everyone!

Baker Island Recreation Trail needs caver comments immediately!! Deadline: Feb. 14, 2004

Dear Friends,

The Craig Ranger District of the Tongass National Forest in Southeast Alaska, has published an "Environmental Assessment" to construct a two-mile trail with access dock on Baker Island which is an outside island located west of Prince of Wales Island, Alaska. Baker Island contains a number of sensitive caves and should not be developed in any way.

Alternative 1 is the "no action" alternative.

A 30-day comment period is now open with a deadline of February, 14, 2004.

Comments should be sent to:

**Norm Matson
P.O. Box 500
Craig, AK 99921-9998**

He can be reached at (907) 826-1608. Electronic submittals will be accepted at **comments-alaska-tongass-craig@fs.fed.us**





The project name is "Baker Island Recreation Trail".
If we can not stop this project we should try to limit its scope as much as possible. Your comments would be appreciated.

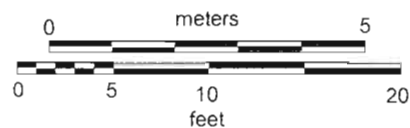
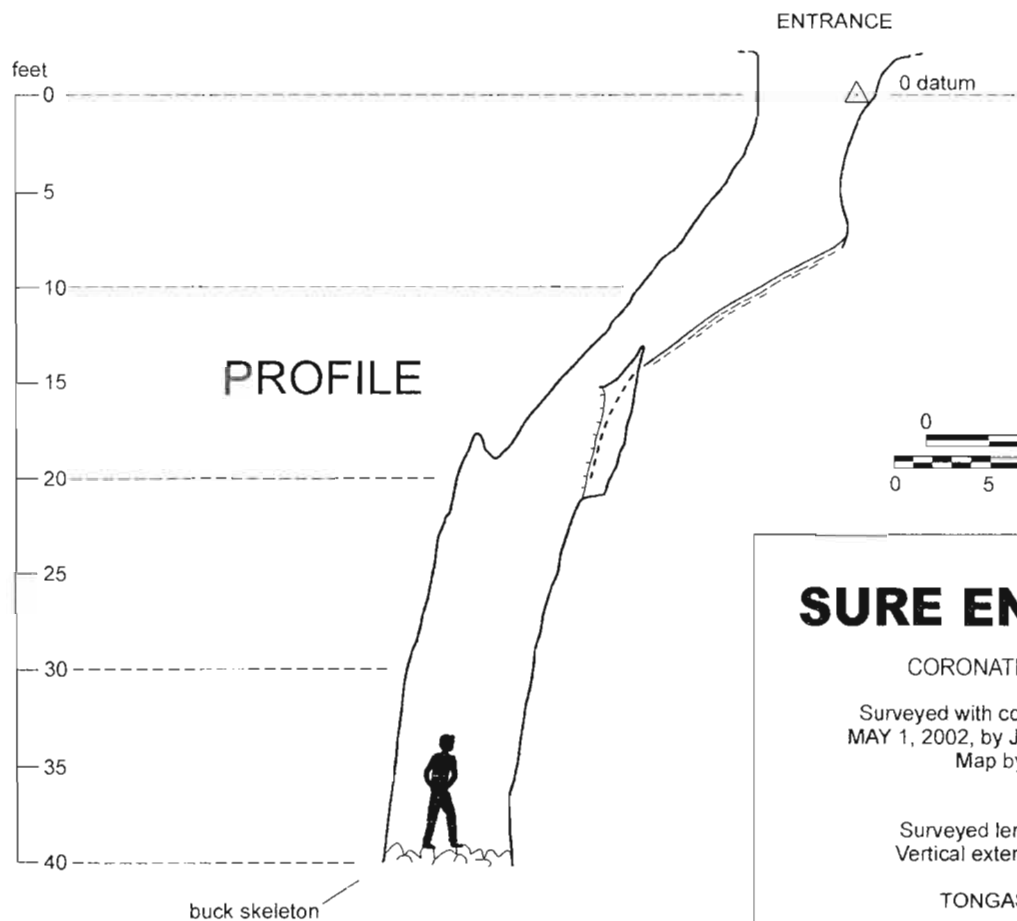
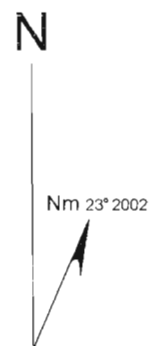
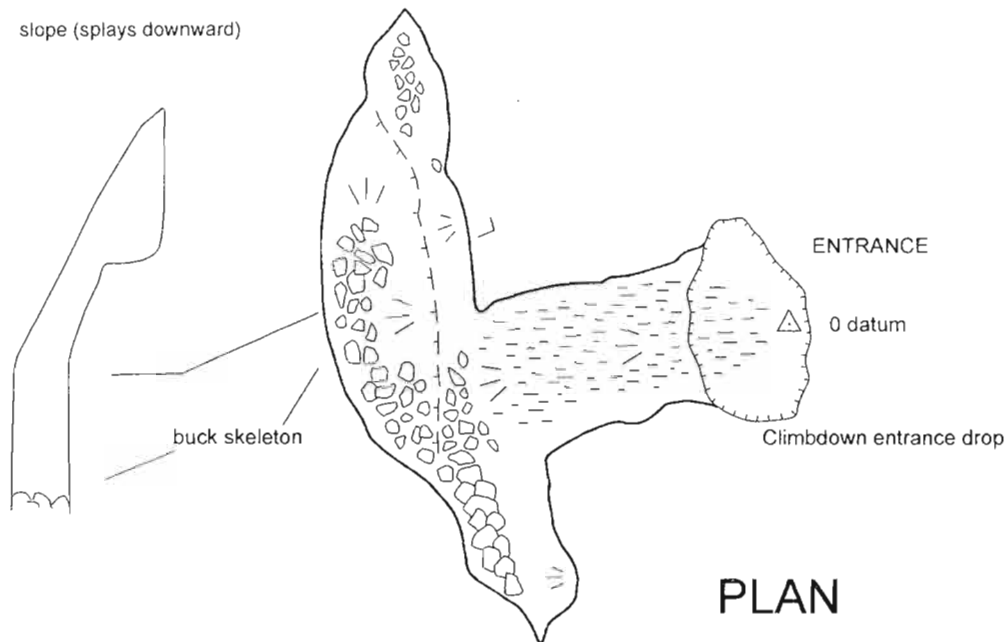
Sincerely,

David M. Klinger

P.O. Box 537,
Leavenworth, WA 98826-0537
(509) 548-5480
dklinger@rightathome.com

LEGEND

-  passage wall
-  rock fill
-  organic soil
-  slope (splays downward)



SURE ENOUGH CAVE

CORONATION ISLAND, ALASKA

Surveyed with compass, clinometer and tape
MAY 1, 2002, by Jean Krejca and Kevin Allred.
Map by K. and C. Allred.

Surveyed length: 66 feet (20 meters)
Vertical extent: 38.6 feet (11.8 meters)

TONGASS CAVE PROJECT

Bedrock is Heceta limestone

SLANT CAVE

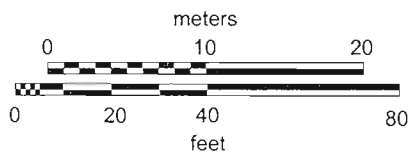
CORONATION ISLAND, ALASKA

Surveyed with compass, clinometer and tape April 30, 2002,
by Vivian Loftin, Kevin Allred and Jean Krejca.
Map by K. and C. Allred.

Surveyed length: 206 feet (62.8 meters)
Vertical extent: 11.6 feet (3.5 meters)

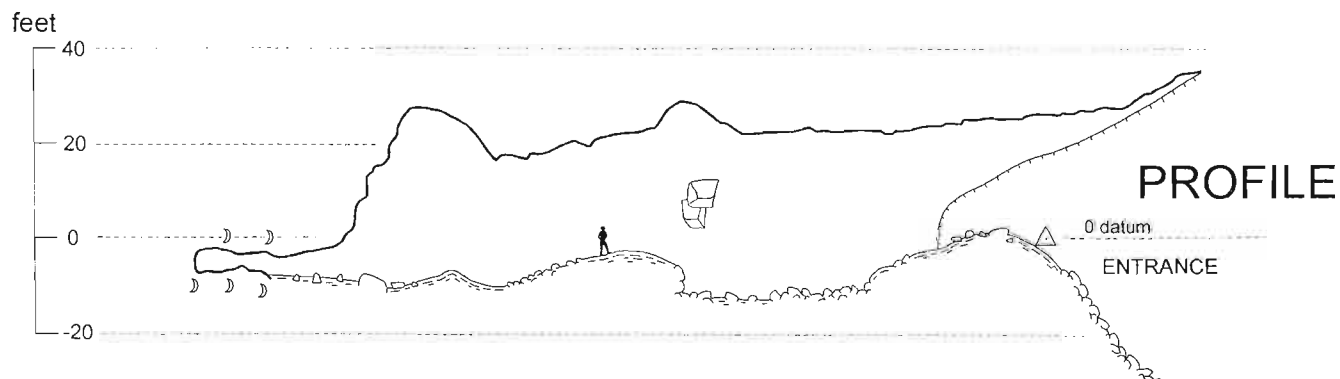
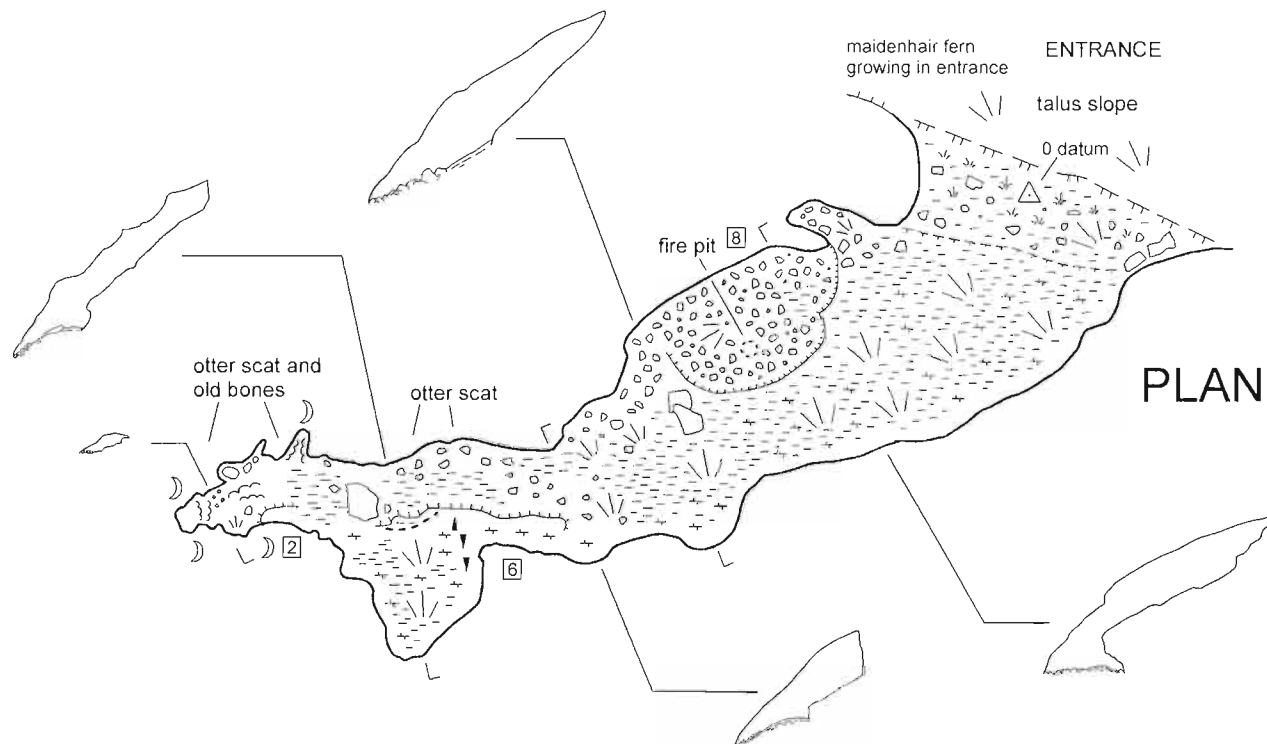
TONGASS CAVE PROJECT

A littoral cave formed in Heceta limestone



N

Nm 23° 2002



LEGEND

- | | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------------|----------|
| entrance dripline | Higher change in ceiling height | Grass |
| passage wall | stalactites and draperies | pool |
| rock and cobble fill | stalagmites | moonmilk |
| silt and mud | flowstone | bedrock |
| slope (splays downward) | | |

Whojigger Gone Missing Part Two

THE GREATEST ABOVEGROUND MISADVENTURE OF ALL TIME

By Bruce "Whojigger" White
Ketchikan, Alaska

(During the Kosciusko Island caving expedition of 1999, Bruce White got lost among the muskeg and spent a long night alone. At long last, we finally find out "What could he possibly have been thinking?" Here is Mr. White's own version of the tale, in his own words. This is a TRUE STORY, and all the cavers in the story are real people. 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 Whojigger's misadventure.)

I started talking out loud to him and he became as real as I am to myself. I I talked to Him and I answered for Him. "OK God, it's just you and me. I guess you want my undivided attention, so I'll just walk a while, talk a while, and see what it is you need me to hear ...

As the creek became a stream, I found walking on a log laying in the creek was easier than wading 2 foot pools of water and mud. One of the problems with that plan is the bark tends to slip off as soon as you put weight on your log foot. I made a couple major missteps before I prudently decided **not** to travel by logs; I couldn't afford to get hurt -- I had to make it to the beach in one piece where a plane could spot me.

As I picked my way through the log jams and through waist deep pools, the stream split in two. The left hand side looked a bit easier to walk in but by this time I was having a running conversation with God.

"Hey man, which way should I go?" All I can say is about then in my walk with Jesus he was answering me. I can't say for sure but he seemed to have a Texas accent. Maybe that was because I couldn't get a song by Tanya Tucker out of my head. I can't remember the words just right but it said something about "When I die I hope to go to Texas, cause Texas is as close to heaven as I've been." I sort of got a guiding hand laid on me and moved me to the right side. Some things are foolproof because fools are so creative. On the right side of the split about half way down the dry bank island, I came across a sight of civilization. Caver flagging in a tree!!! I looked around and saw a collector bouncing in the current, a sure sign that Fearless Leader had been there doing dye tracing for the caves of the "Hot Spot." I critically looked for his trail, but here in Alaska, all sign is washed away in a day or so. I left a message tied to the tree telling Fearless Leader that I was walking the stream down to the mouth, then heading East till I arrived back at Edna Bay. I wasn't sure which stream I was on but I knew it drained South, and most likely East of Edna Bay. I celebrated with another Powerbar.

I have to admit at this point that I am one of the worst high-graders of the Powerbars as the expedition gets started. I pull all the berry and banana bars, then squirrel away the yogurt and almond bars, saving a few of the brownie bars just in case. I normally carry 10 bars in my pack just in case I get real hungry and my peanut butter and jelly sandwich gets smushed into a muddy blob while pushing a squeezezy mud choked lead. I thought to myself as I chowed down with three bars left in reserve, "I will hold my head up high as I lie straight-faced, "Not me" at the caustic demand of "Who took all the good Powerbars?"

I did a little mental calculation of the evidence before me. Fearless Leader must have come down from above like Moses on the mountain carrying with him the instruments of divination in his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

WHOJIGGER CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

cave pack. He most likely took the most direct route so he must have come down the right bank from the ridge above. I'm getting a little ahead of myself now as I didn't know that ridge was there until 4 days later when Fearless Leader led me down there on a short leash to make sure I didn't get lost again. At that point of the game I was 3 miles from the Morgan's, 200 meters directly below the ridge and not more than another 75 meters from the road. God was keeping that little piece of information to Himself, I guess he still had a few topics to cover with me. After weighing all the information, I decided to error on the safe side and continue my walk to the sea.

I packed up my stuff and trudged on. By this time the creek was getting to be a real river. I thought about that and decided I was at that big stream that emptied into a shallow bay on the South side. I guessed I had about 4 hours walk to the ocean and maybe 10 hours walking the shore if no one spotted me on the beach. I could save time by swimming the narrow bays and cuts, but I figured I better err on the prudent side again and just walk the shore. The sun was shining now.

I set stones in the pea gravel beach above high tide spelling out “Lost Caver”

It was getting hot by the time I reached the mouth of the river. I guessed it to be about 10:00 AM by the angle of the sun. My navigation skills started kicking in as I smelled the sea spray mixed with the iodine scent of seaweed. I triangulated my bearings from the maiden head cliffs on Marble Island and swagged a rough guess at 3.28 nautical miles, West by Northwest to the entrance of Edna Bay.

There was a big driftwood log on the beach which I decorated with caver survey tape in 3 sets of 3 streamers of the red polka dotted flagging.

I carried 3 big stones and set them out in line on the log too. I gathered dark colored driftwood and made a 20 foot arrow pointing West at right angles to the log. I set stones in the pea gravel beach above high tide spelling out “Lost Caver” just below the log and arrow. I found a big chunk of cardboard and used my survey crayon to write out a message saying I was walking the shoreline, heading West. I signed it with the date and approximate time and headed down the beach.

I made it to the far side of the gravel beach before I realized what lay ahead of me. Scanning the shoreline as far as I could see, I only saw rocky shoreline and cliffs going straight into the water. This wasn't going to be as easy as walking the river. I was facing heading inland and through the bush for significant stretches or swimming along the shore. I stood there. Nothing is foolproof.....

As I stood there contemplating which way I was going to go, I saw a speck of blue and white spray come rounding the edge of the shore. In a flash I realized it was a Lund skiff traveling “Beach-combing slow” LOOKING FOR ME!!!! I ripped off my pack and pulled one of the 3 miniature aerial personal flares I keep -- just in case. I ripped off the lid and pulled the lanyard on the flare all the while waving and yelling. The boat saw me, heaved to and made a course for me. They made it to me just as I got the damn flare to fire, just in time for the roman candle ball to make a sickly “poop” and belch out of the holder, arch 3 feet into the air and land 5 feet in front of me. Maybe outdated flares aren't a good thing to depend on. Like I say, nothing in this world is foolproof.

Post script. The choppers were called back before they even started to search and I gained a lasting reputation. One good thing -- I'm never left alone in the woods.

BRUCE “WHOJIGGER” WHITE LIVES IN KETCHIKAN NEAR THE BEACH, FROM WHICH HE CAN BE RESCUED IF NECESSARY. HE IS NEVER LEFT ALONE IN THE WOODS.

My Impressions of the Caves on Revillagegedo

By Dave Love
Petersburg, Alaska

USFS Expedition 2003:

Generally the formation of the voids in this rock was different than most other caves I have seen in Southeast. It appeared that the non-carbonate generally weathered more slowly than the mica/schist layers to either side resulting in large blocks falling out of the ceiling and from the sides of the cave. This means that the passages were in some places stacked piles of chockstones and very unstable. Moving through the passage required great care so as not to kick anything loose. Dye tracing would be very interesting to determine if the various features we were able to get into are somehow interconnected. The cave passage in all the entrances that went any distance seems to trend in the same general direction along the bedding. That is just my amateur opinion. I'd love to get the Geologists' take on this system.

Three small vertical sinkhole pits that we explored contained bone, all of which appeared to be deer. The largest cave in the area, Foggy Breakdown, had the most interesting deposit as the bone was far back into the cave in one of the large, older canyon passages below what appeared to be a now sealed sinkhole or sinkholes. We were not able to get up into these high ceiling passages but my impression was that we were fairly close to the surface given the presence of woody debris, spruce cones and bone collected in the passage below. This may mean that the bone was not exceptionally old, but one never knows. Aging of some of the bones would tell us when the rockfall occurred in some of the areas. Most of the bone was scattered across the floor passage between, on top of, and beneath breakdown blocks ranging in size from cobble to school bus. This indicates differing deposition events through time. Both deer and bear bones appeared to be present. Extensive sediment deposits were not abundant, with most of the bone on or under rockfall. However, there is one narrow fissure between two large breakdown blocks at the top of the first drop (an upclimb of about 4 m), upstream from the stream passage, that had what appeared to be a thin bed of deposited sediments. I believe that **Kevin Casey** knows which area I am talking about. We tried to avoid walking on this section, instead bracing on the opposing walls so as to leave the sediments as undisturbed as possible. We flagged what bone was evident on the surface of this section.

When transiting the stream passage just upstream of the 22 m rappel be very careful not to disturb the cobbles in the stream riffle. I found several aquatic invertebrates in this section, including Plecoptera (stone fly), Ephemeroptera (May fly) and also Planaria (free-living flatworms). We did not find Stygobromus amphipods. We named this pool & riffle area, Platyhelminthes Pool, after the white flatworms I found under one rock there. At first these invertebrates did not seem exceptional to me, as the likely just washed into the passage from the surface insurgent stream above, but when I got back to Petersburg and looking at them under the microscope I noticed that the Ephemeroptera were white, generally lacking in pigments on the body and had somewhat reduced pigments in the eyes as well.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

This stream sources in the cave at a several meter deep sump upstream and disappears into the gravels and cobble on the floor at the lower terminus of the cave passage/canyon downstream so the entire length of stream flowing through accessible void is fairly short.

The invertebrates I found were the same species I remember collecting from Blue Marble cave, and likely came originally from the insurgent stream. However, unlike the Blue Marble invertebrates, these were in a fairly enclosed space from which the adults would have had to make a somewhat convoluted exit to leave the cave. This is only conjecture, of course, but these Mayflies may go through their entire lifecycle underground in this void. We saw several adults flying in our headlamps, but I was unable to collect these. I did collect larvae and Pupae from the riffle area and I have contacted Kent Carlson about getting them identified. He has not replied to my email as yet. Would make for a great bit of natural history, if they did prove to be cave adapted. What really struck me was that I don't remember the mayflies I collected from Blue Marble cave being white. I would like the opportunity to do another collection from the area and possibly the identification if these do indeed prove to be troglobitic. I feel pretty strongly that the watershed draining into this system should be protected, regardless if the invertebrates are indeed unique.

Arizona Cave Film now available: Cave of the Winding Stair

In late 1967 Stanley Ulfeldt, the Southern California Chairman of the National Speleological Society, proposed the making of the documentary film Cave of the Winding Stair.

A shooting script was drafted and the first filming began in 1968. Ulfeldt's selection of 16mm high-speed black and white film allowed the use of only one auxiliary light during filming. The bulk of the picture was made solely by the caver's headlamp illumination. Ulfeldt's dedication to authenticity produced one of the most realistic films on caving made to date and also the first major caving film ever made in the Western U.S. All of the vertical techniques and equipment in the film are authentic to the period and Cave of the Winding Stair is a remarkable historical document of the period of changeover from the 1950's cable ladder era to the beginnings of modern single rope techniques.

An actual rescue during one production trip also became the first confirmed cave rescue ever to be filmed in the U.S. Ulfeldt's remarkable foresight has created a lasting document of the cavers and the techniques of 1960's caving in the West.

This film is now available on DVD and VHS. To order, write to:

Myke C. Ray
P.O. Box 5725
Mohave Valley, AZ 86446

*\$24.00 plus \$4.00 shipping and handling Make check payable to Myke C. Ray
Please allow three weeks delivery time.*

Prince of Wales Island Expedition 2004: (Including Heceta and Kosciusko Islands)

Mark your calendars for June 14-July 9

By Kevin Casey
Fearless Leader 2

This year's expedition will take place on Heceta and Kosciusko Islands from June 14th through July 9th. Heceta and Kosciusko Islands lie off the western coast of Prince of Wales Island in the Alexander Archipelago of Southeast Alaska. Although both have been visited on previous expeditions they still hold significant potential for new and large cave systems.

The first half of the expedition will be spent on the northern flank of Mt. Francis, overlooking Shipley Bay on Kosciusko Island. Cavers have only briefly visited this area and noted perched muskegs (peat bogs) draining into several large pits. The area between Mt. Francis and Shipley Bay in general holds great potential for karst development and one of the goals of this expedition will be to perform surface reconnaissance to locate and catalogue significant karst features.

Heceta Island has been visited on several past expeditions. Many significant caves have been surveyed there, including the deepest yet discovered in Alaska. This year we will focus on exploring leads between Timber Knob and Bald Mountain and collecting GPS coordinates of known karst features for an island wide database.

A three-day clinic in small group self rescue techniques will take place June 15th-17th, led by instructors from **British Columbia Cave Rescue**. I strongly encourage attendance at this clinic for those who wish to join the expedition.

SCHEDULE:

The start and finish dates are firm, as are the dates for the rescue clinic. Other dates are subject to change.

June 14th Arrival. Pick up provided at Evening Ferry arriving in Hollis, 9 pm.

June 15th-17th Small group and self rescue clinic led by British Columbia Cave Rescue.

June 18th Departure for Kosciusko Island.

June 25th Return from Kosciusko Island. Stay night in Thorne Bay or Naukati.

June 26th Departure for Heceta Island.

July 7th Return from Heceta Island.

July 8th Rides will be offered to Hollis for the morning ferry.

TRANSPORTATION:

Participants are responsible for transportation to Prince of Wales Island. To get there, it is easiest to fly to Ketchikan and then take a float plane to Thorne Bay (about \$100 round trip) or take the Inter Island Ferry to Hollis. If you plan to take the ferry, you must schedule your arrival on the evening ferry on the 14th of June or the evening ferry on the 20th of June, as those are the only times when a ride will be provided to take you to Thorne Bay. For those of you who are unfamiliar with travel in SE Alaska, please or email me for help with arranging transportation.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13

PARTICIPATION:

Participation is only open to cavers who have previous experience with vertical caving. We will be offering a refresher session in SRT, but this is meant to be just that, a refresher and a chance to get familiar with different techniques and with each other.

For those who have not been on the expedition before, caving in Alaska is not a walk in the park. Our caves are cold, wet and vertical. Accommodations will be primitive and the weather will certainly be rainy. The terrain is challenging and the brush is thick.

Those who have participated in past expeditions please reply as soon as possible if you plan to attend the 2004 expedition. IF YOU HAVE NOT BEEN ON THE EXPEDITION BEFORE, please contact me if you are interested in participating. Space is limited. Spaces on the expedition are reserved for those who have participated in past expeditions. Preference will also be given to those who can attend the whole expedition. If you cannot attend the whole expedition, it may be possible to join the expedition or leave from the expedition during the June 25th ñ 26th break between the Kosciusko and Heceta sections.

RESPONSES:

All responses and questions should be directed to **Kevin Casey** at the following address: kevycasey@hotmail.com or phone number: (416) 691-6879.

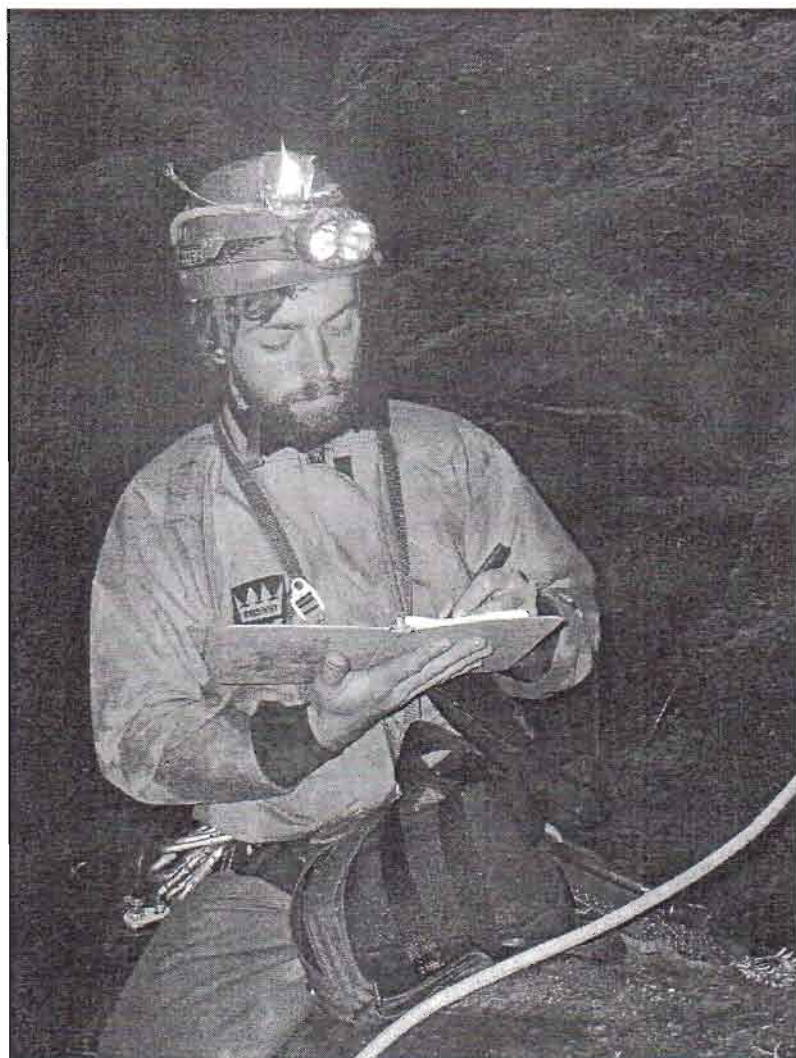


Photo by Diane Raab

Kevin Casey
sketches at the
entrance to
**Howlin' At the
Moon Cave**
on Revillagego
Island,
June 2003.

The Alaskan Caver

**P.O. Box 9062
Ketchikan, AK 99901**

Address Service Requested



Bruce Brewer, Daniel Monteith, Gino Albert, Diane Raab and Bruce White get ready to find big caves on Kosciusko Island in 2002. Bruce Brewer died in July 2003, and this issue of The Alaskan Caver is dedicated to him.
