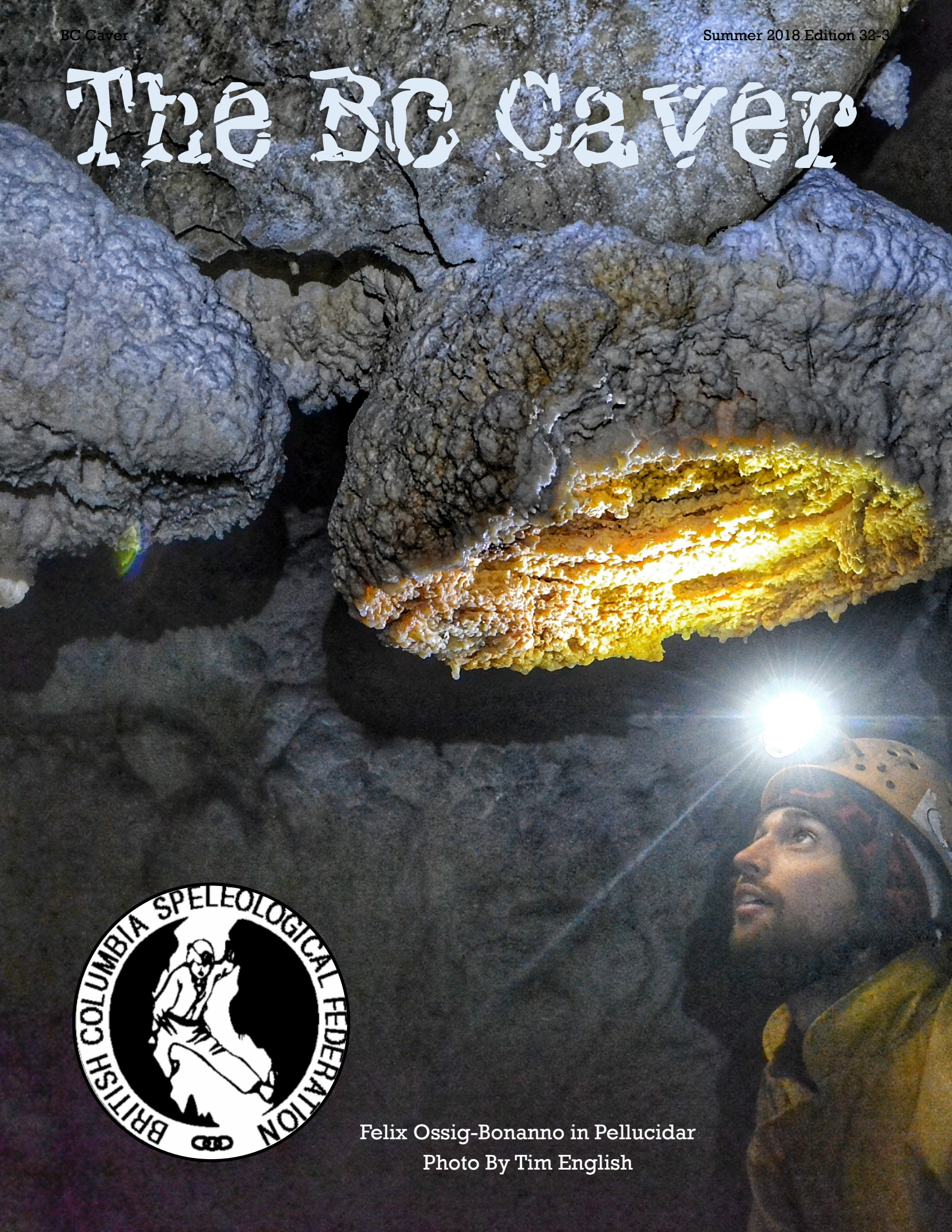


The BC Caver



Felix Ossig-Bonanno in Pellucidar
Photo By Tim English

Published by ...

The British Columbia Speleological Federation. The BCSF is the central organization for caving in British Columbia, coordinating the efforts of many in the fields of conservation, safety, rescue, education and technical expertise.

The BC Caver is distributed free of charge in an online version only to members of the BCSF and to members of caving organizations having exchange agreements with the Federation. Such members can obtain "hard copy" paper editions or CDs through the subscription address below. Including postage, print edition annual subscriptions for 2016 were \$32 for Canada, \$43 for US and \$62 for international, but with Canada Post rates rising, please contact the subscription address to confirm charges and place any orders.

Opinions expressed are those of the authors and not necessarily those of the BCSF, the editor, or the member groups.

Membership Applications

Anyone wishing to join the BCSF should contact Lorna Duncan (lorna.duncan@shaw.ca).

Editorial Team

Editor: Myles Fullmer, 1345 Dobson Rd, Errington, BC, V0R 1V0

Associate Editor & Subscriptions, Printing & Distribution:
Lorna Duncan, 3027 Armada St, Coquitlam, BC, V3C 3S4.
(lorna.duncan@shaw.ca).

BCSF Executive

President: Trevor Moelaert (alltmoe13@shaw.ca)
Vice-President: Dave Wall (da_wall2003@yahoo.com)
Secretary: Lorna Duncan (lorna.duncan@shaw.ca)
Treasurer: Bob Rutherford (bkrutherford@shaw.ca)
Officer at large: John Lay, Stuart de Haas, Andy Chapman-coombs

Standing Committees:

BC Cave Rescue: Doug Munroe, Robin Beech, Trent Blair, Dave Merritt, Trevor Moelaert, Michael Petherick, Cass Simpson, John Lay, Andrew Munoz, Andrew Clark and Phil Whitfield will be available for consultation.

Publications: Myles Fullmer, Martin Davis, Lorna Duncan, Sonya Fitzpatrick

Conservation & Management: Vacant.

Records: Trevor Moelaert, Gerry Fowler, Lorna Duncan, Martin Davis

Training Committee: Cass Simpson, John Lay, Peter Chiba

BCSF Member Groups

Association of BC Unaffiliated Cavers

BCSF Director: Cassidy Simpson

Chilliwack River Valley Caving Club

BCSF Director: Rob Wall (alternate: Doug Storozyński)

Northern BC Caving Club

BCSF Director: Trent Blair

University of Victoria Caving Club

BCSF Directors: Levente Buzas & Jules Paulsen

Vancouver Island Cave Exploration Group

BCSF Directors: Simon Amero, Charlene Forrest, Dennis Mitchell, Gerry Fowler

Commercial Member

Richard Varela

Contributions for future issues should be sent to the Editor at the address shown in the first column. Trip reports and any other written materials relevant to BC cavers should be sent by email to avoid re-keying. Surveys, photographs, and other graphic materials are welcome in electronic form, but contact the editor to check if you plan to use an unusual format. If posting materials, avoid sending originals, which may go astray in the mail.

Note 1: It is BCSF policy that an inventory form be completed for cave surveys published in the BC Caver. Forms are available online at <http://cancaver.ca/bcsf/bcsfcommitt.htm> and should be forwarded when complete to Gerry Fowler at gerryf@shaw.ca.

Note 2: BC Caver does not include trip reports that have previously been circulated through the BCSF or VICEG list servers. However, this does not preclude contributors from first distributing brief summary reports through the list servers, followed by a full report for the BC Caver.

Note 3: If providing photographs, don't forget to give the photographer's name and a brief description of the photograph.

Republication: Permission may be granted upon request for republication of articles providing publication and author credit is given and a copy of the publication is forwarded to the Editor.

Deadlines for Future Editions:

Fall 2018: Dec 31 Winter 2018/2019 March 31

Want to place an ad in the next BC Caver?

Please email Myles Fullmer at jsmfullmer@gmail.com

or Lorna Duncan at lorna.duncan@shaw.ca.

CONTENTS

Trip Reports

Minigill4

July Cave Diving....5

The Glory Story9

P3 Dive.....23

Fault Creek.....27

Bisaro Plateau.....33

From the Archives

Cerveza Cave.....36

International News38

Helictites in Pellucidar 3

(photo by Natasha Dickinson)

ISSN 1102-456-X

www.cancaver.ca/bccaver



Minigill July 2018

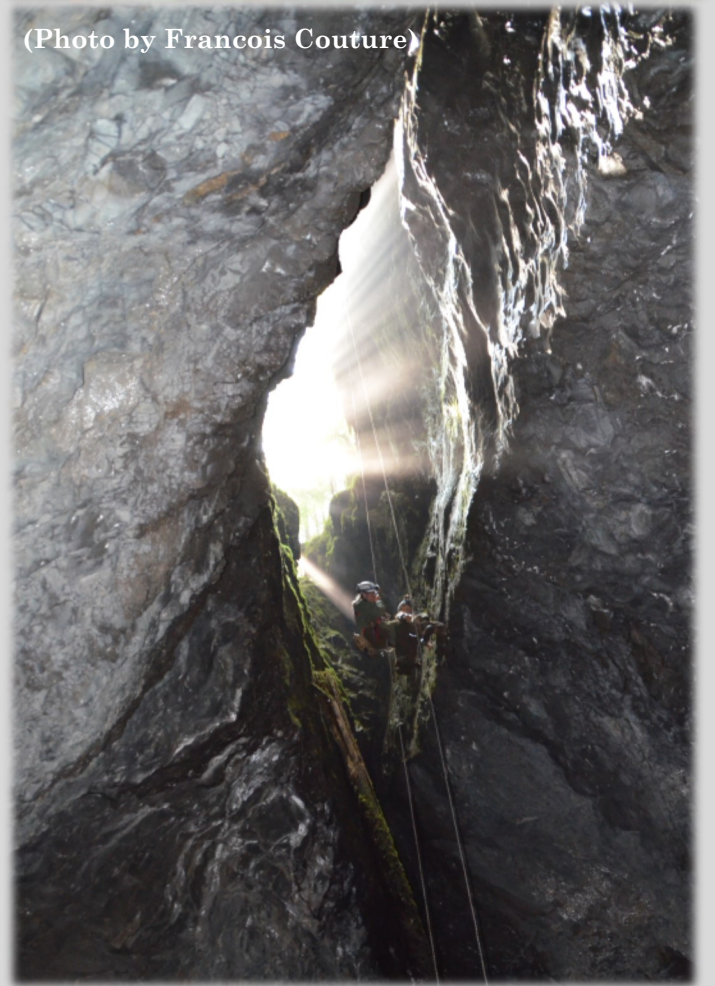
Party: Scott Mackenzie, Yann Hubert, Francois Couture, Lucas Ocean, Sarah Trask (r)

40M cave pits at age 5? Yes please! Thanks to the expertise and gear surplus of Scott Mackenzie, young Lucas Ocean was able to descend into his first cave pit entrance before his 6th birthday. Born to cavers and an experienced caver/climber himself already, Lucas was all giggles, smiles and wonder for his ride. Using his cave rescue skills to best use, Scott rigged a 3:1 haul system for the ride up but converted to a 5:1 mid-rise as our ropes became tangled at the edge causing additional friction. On the trip was also Yann Hubert, teen cousin of Francois. It was his first trip to BC and Minigill was his first cave! A high standard was set becoming a highlight of his visit and our summer. Thanks to all involved.

(Photo by Francois Couture)



(Photo by Francois Couture)



(Photo by Francois Couture)



July Cave Diving

Party: Peter Curtis, Natasha Dickinson,
Anders Torstensson, Richard Jack (r)

Coming from Washington State for North Island cave dives requires planning, coming with the specific intent of taking pictures of rarely or never-before-photographed underwater cave features requires even more planning. Even then, you might be surprised to learn that I started thinking about my last north island cave diving trip as far back as April – for Canada Day weekend. For many years I have been an “open circuit” diver, which is what you typically imagine diving to be, breathing in compressed gas from a scuba cylinder and exhaling bubbles. As of about 4 years ago, and partially in response to the logistics of doing open circuit cave dives on the island far from a dive shop, I added a “rebreather” to my stable of caving gear. Rebreathers recirculate the same gas and only add oxygen to make up for metabolism. What I used to take with me on a cave diving trip was around 750-900kgs of open circuit cylinders. Now the same trip can be accomplished with 80kgs of cylinders. Look at that, only 10% of the weight in my truck! One problem with my plan, my buddy Anders dives open circuit... So way back in April I started thinking about how many cylinders I could carry for Anders and for me, and since some of the dives we were thinking about entail depth and decompression, what gases to put in that 800kgs of cylinders. By late May, the gas plans have slowly firmed up and almost all of the cylinders are full. Alas we have a near last minute surprise, Anders scooter battery is tested at DiveXtras at about 24% of rated capacity. That just won't do for life support equipment nearly a kilometre back in an underwater cave. Thankfully I have a spot welder and we spent about half of a Saturday rebuilding his scooter battery. We tried to take it for a local test dive, but alas I had other gear issues and we didn't get to conduct a very thorough burn test of that newly rebuilt battery. My scooter got wet on this demo dive however (more on that later)...

Fast forward three weeks. The gases and cylinders are all in order, some of the major foods have been purchased, there's a pile of gear in my garage eager to be packed in my truck. And it's raining, not ridiculously hard mind you, just enough to make you wonder if we are getting blown out or not. I am hustling around the garage plugging in all my gear for a top off charge and what do I find? I forgot to disconnect my scooter battery from the electronics three weeks ago after that demo dive... One battery in the scooter is completely flat and it isn't even recognized by the charger. I frantically email the manufacturer, its 9pm at night 2 days before our departure. He replies!!! He's not sure if my batteries are completely destroyed or if he possibly upgraded them to include the newer lithium ion discharge protection circuits. Searching frantically through my ancient emails I discover that yes they were upgraded back in 2015, and also find the email describing the discharge protection reset protocol. These are giant 600Wh lithium ion batteries, 6 times the legally allowable size you can fly with. It's like about 10 laptop batteries. And I don't know if one is completely failed. Trying to charge a failed lithium ion battery can easily lead to a fire - a very big intense fire. It's midnight now, I plug the charger in. I don't sleep because I keep looking out the bedroom window to see if the detached garage is on fire....

Twenty-four hours later we are on the road, with two full scooter batteries, 800kgs of scuba tanks, boxes and boxes of camera gear, drysuits, tents, a canopy, stoves, and all the rest of camping and diving gear for a very long weekend. My truck is not happy despite the air springs I added in the back years ago. After crossing the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and being the last car through customs in Victoria, it's raining off and on the whole way up the island to Port McNeill. In the interest of efficiency, and due to a limited beer supply, we head out to dinner in Port McNeill with Peter Curtis. We sleep on Peter's floor to avoid having to set up tents in the rain.

Saturday is bright and sunny! For 15 or 20 minutes at a time at least. Since it's been rain-

ing 4 to 8mm a day for a week, we decide not to head out towards Zeballos and instead go to check out a known site near Gibson Hill. Gibson Hill isn't a new site, but it was still going the last time anyone was in it. Arriving at the roadside to the smell of scorched brakes, we start to unload our boxes of gear for the 40m hike upslope to the entrance. There is a suspicious looking 20cm diameter looking pipe running in the streambed. Within minutes of arriving an elderly couple pull up alongside us, turns out the stream is their drinking water and hydro-power source. Not wanting to make a big stink about who owns what, we pack up our stuff and head back the way we came for some other new holes to try.



Sump prep (photo by Peter Curtis)

Off we go and we setup for a new sump. It's not far from the road (80m) but we setup, and setup, and setup some more. Pretty soon we have 2 divers, one giant camera, extra strobes, mama mia we have a lot of stuff staged. We gear up, the reel is in my hand, I drop into the murky water. And can't see even a cm. The silt and clays settled on the crevices and ledges of the steep walls immediately rained down into the previously clear water below. It was a tight cave, with few tie-offs for the line, and now visibility was



No-go sump (photo by Anders Torstensson)

measured in centimetres. I've experienced caves like this before and they rapidly turn into a mess of tangled line, minimal exploration of a few metres, and no survey. I made it to 5.5m depth, straight down, and ascended back to Anders fins above me. This one wasn't going to go safely or very far. We pack all our gear back up the hill and back into the truck. Total time? 2.5 hours or 2m of cave per hour of setup. By now the day is shot and back to town we go.

Sunday we head off to try another flooded pit not far from Saturday's effort. We tromp downhill from the road to unknown flooded pit number 2. Before hauling dive gear to the entrance we wisely decided to hand line down the 3 metres into the mud-walled pit to inspect the sump a bit more thoroughly. Stringing together some 2cm webbing I dropped down for a peek. I carried with me a dive light on a cord. The plan being to: 1) see how much silt and clay the dive light disturbed and 2) get a better idea of how big it is and if it's worth trying to gear up in. There is near-vertical mud plastered thick on the wall as I back down. A few kilos of mud falls off from my boots. I drop in the dive light through a tree branch and the light disturbs a bit more silt. I quickly realize there is no way to get into this sump without unleashing a torrent of mud and debris into the pool which given the small size and vertical sump will make actual diving a tangled, unsurveyed mess. Another bust but at least we didn't haul all our diving gear to the entrance before scoping it out.



No-go sump 2 (photo by Natasha Dickinson)

In the interest of salvaging the past two days of not really diving, we head down the road to Devil's Bath, a system I have been fascinated by for a long time. Fortunately it's a drive-up site, and there are hand lines and ladders to descend the 45m "trail" down to the water's edge. Fortunately between Peter's gimpy shoulder, Natasha's ummpf, Anders' youth and my good

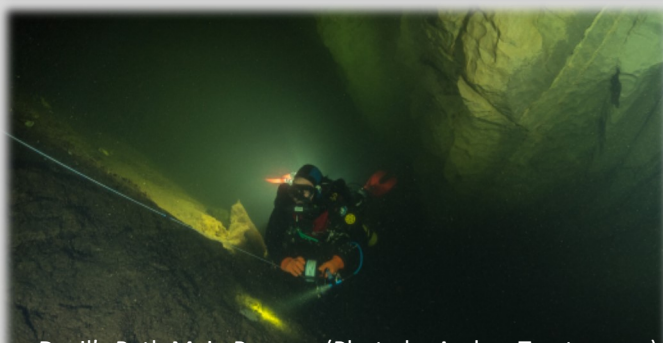


Devil's Bath (Photo by Anders Torstensson)

looks, we were able to get our gear, including the camera and extra strobes staged in shallow water at the bottom of the trail. While this cave is fully explored, there are few, if any, underwater photographs. The goal for the dive was to: 1) find the actual entrance 2) enter/descend to a maximum depth of 30m, but, if possible, stay shallower for a longer dive 3) take as many good pictures as possible to illustrate the character of the cave.



Devil's Bath Basin (Photo by Anders Torstensson)



Devil's Bath Main Passage (Photo by Anders Torstensson)

Turns out this system is a really dark green before we even get to the cave. The open water pool has lots of particulates and algae in it along with the visible logs. I tie off the guideline and descend into the tannic-stained water looking along the far wall for the opening to the cave. The strong flow gives it away and we quickly end up dropping at about 45 degrees to a depth of 28m. The marble is beautiful and sculpted but it's hard to stay still long enough to take pictures. We ascend up the cavern wall to duck out of the worst of the flow at 20m. After a few pictures, I head back to the headwall to try and find the side passage we saw on the billboard map. This was much prettier and easier to take pictures in without any flow at all. We didn't have a decompression from this relatively shallow dive so we hung around in the basin amongst the trees for a few additional pictures. Thankfully we had a little help getting the tanks and gear back up the "trail" afterwards.



Devil's Bath Side Passage (Photo by Anders Torstensson)

The next day is Monday. We decided the rain had been light enough the past few days to justify going out to Wet Dream by Zeballos. It's sunny and hot and the road is actually a bit dusty, this is a good sign. I haven't been here since the area was partially logged and the access road has changed. After a little bit of back and forth I discover that the old campsite at the gravel pit is a giant hole. We set up a nice camp within hiking distance of the cave (75m?) and get our equipment set up for an introductory dive for Anders. Since it had been awhile since anyone had dove here, I repaired the line from the entrance down to the 30m depth while Anders swam behind and took a few pictures here and there. We had 6 strobes between the two of

us, as you can see, lots of light. We spent the evening making camp and setting up our equipment for two long dives tomorrow.

Our last day is Tuesday. We are planning on two longer dives with Anders' remaining gas – me being on a rebreather is not a limiting factor. We are taking scooters to try and take pictures of the rarely photographed back of the cave. Anders straps the two extra strobes to my butt, and takes his camera, plus his tripod with 2 more remotely-sensed strobes on it and off we go on our scooters. I am towing a spare scooter, as well as using my larger one. The first dive is quite a pleasant experience, mostly repairing line, but we get several keeper pictures.



Wet Dream main line (Photo by Anders Torstensson)

We get out and do a quick recharge of Anders' strobes and scooter while eating lunch and get ready for a second dive. The objective is to photograph a window in the igneous rock layer that is approximately 900m back in the cave. Again we set off with a whole bunch of tanks, a scooter in my hand, extra dive reels, a backup scooter clipped to my butt, extra strobes on a tripod, more stuff than ever. After about 20 minutes of scooting and repairing one line break – we get to about the 650m mark and discover a giant sand bar. The existing line is buried in 20cm of sand. What used to be a 2m wide by 1m tall passage is now a 80cm wide and 25cm tall opening. In some configurations I could fit or dig myself through this opening, but



Wet Dream Side Tunnel (Photo by Anders Torstensson)

I have 2 tanks on my sides, a rebreather on my back, two strobes bungied to my back, a scooter in my hand, and another scooter behind me. This is the end of our dive. No big deal, it's best not to be too goal-oriented in cave diving anyway. We turn around and Anders hits the trigger on his fabulously refurbished scooter – which promptly sucks in a huge blob of loose line and it's done. That propeller is not going to turn again today. Good thing we spent that Saturday replacing the battery! Since the way onwards is blocked and Anders' scooter is fouled, I pass him the backup scooter off my butt and take his fouled one from him. We hit the trigger again to slowly exit from Wet Dream for the last time. We have plenty of breathing gas and time so we take our time exiting and take a few pictures along the way. Exiting the cave, we are greeted by a special sunset to pack up our gear for the 12 hour travel to get home.



Wet Dream 500m (Photo by Anders Torstensson)



The Glory Story

25 Aug to 3 Sept. 2018

Participants: Rob Countess, John Lay, Felix Ossig-Bonanno, Peter Curtis, Tim English, Dale Chase, Franck Tuot, Dennis Mitchell

A quick bit about the project and camp...

Rob Countess is leading the project. Dennis Mitchell is cartographer and has produced delicious 3d maps of everything. He works with Franck Tuot who does the surface maps. The project is currently working to connect Arch/Tunnel Vision, Resonance, and Glory 'Ole. All 3 of these are big passage caves with many unchecked side leads. Connections are enticingly close. All 3 of these caves are more than 300 metres deep. Glory 'Ole became 26 metres deeper on Sunday, 2 Sept., and longer, with more drafting leads in the main drain area. It's now rigged so that you can bottom the cave dry in normal conditions. Resonance gained 11 m depth and length was added and the resurvey finished. The potential for the title of Canada's longest is very real. There are other caves to explore and a number of potential surface digs and digs in short caves with big potential.

Camp this year was quite pleasant. Dale brought up a 10 x10 waterproof pop-up, and Rob brought a propane fire bowl. The fire bowl was a pleasant surprize. Even on low setting it gave a fair amount of heat with glowing hot lava rocks to simulate coals. No smoke. With the fire bowl in the pop-up tent it was cozy. We rolled one of the walls up on the pop-up to allow sufficient ventilation while

stopping the wind. Two 20 lb propane tanks gave us cozy evenings for 9 nights, and a couple mornings. Propane isn't free, but if we had to buy firewood bundles, the propane is probably cheaper, and legal even during fire bans.

Camp is at the Arch Cave corner. There is room for about 5 vehicles and good flat spots for tents. More willows could be cleared for more room if needed. One needs to bring drinking water, but there is a small quarry near camp good for washing cave gear, and presumably dish water at least.

Access is 4WD only. We've been working on the rough spot and now any 4WD with reasonable clearance can make it.

Like every caving project in Canada, the project is recruiting, especially strong, fit cavers and diggers. Talk to Rob if you are looking for magnificent caves with great potential.

Saturday 25 Aug, 2018

Resonance Cave

Rob Countess, Franck Tuot (r)

It's been a while that Rob's been talking about this big trip to the Glory 'Ole area. Here we are, the first day of it. As always, the list of things to do is big and Rob keeps adding stuff on to it. So today, the plan is to go to Resonance. In order, we want to:

Get the rope out of the Resin Chamber

Poke our head in one lead up in the Resin Chamber

Bottom the cave and finish the survey / re-survey

Go to Satan's Ass Crack. (Let's call it the

“French Connection,” it’s the name of the passage so far) and replace the dynamic rope with a static rope.

Poke our head in Peter’s lead that was flooded last time.

Just that.

Well, it’s not a surprise to tell you we didn’t even get to the third item in the list.

At the moment we climbed the Resin Chamber, we left our bags at the bottom. I brought my empty bag to fill it up with rope, and to carry the disto, just in case.

We get to the top, and poke our head into that lead. It was too wet before, but now it’s dry and drafting. It’s delicate but there is a way. We decide it’s the right time to push it. This is more likely heading to the surface and we can’t wait to find out. After a not-so-long belly crawl, the passage keeps going and getting bigger. It’s exciting. We get to a first junction. One passage is going up and seems to be a plugged entrance. There is a dead spider and crickets, also an empty snail shell. The other lead seems small but it leads to another junction after few metres. This is a lead going up, but we don’t have the gear to push it. Then another junction to the right, another bolt climb lead. We keep going in the main passage, it’s now a walking-size tube. It’s heading down, we are stoked. We are also cold, dehydrated and need to eat. But we need to finish the survey of this part of the cave. The tube is trending down and hits a grike. Now it’s horizontal and I push a very muddy belly crawl. This passage seems flooded most of the year, I’m lucky to have gotten this far. I have to turn around as the passage is filled with mud up to the ceiling. There is airspace and it’s

drafting. It’s a dig, a shitty one.

On the way out, there is a last junction to survey. It’s heading to the surface again... Rob moves one rock on a side passage and guess what... Another junction. It’s crazy. We get to a small room with a muddy vadose. It’s a mud choke.

That’s enough for today. We are exhausted. Apparently there is a week-long caving trip waiting for Rob, and we want to go in Glory ‘Ole tomorrow. I go first and wait for Rob at the entrance pitch. A bat decides to wait with me while I hear Rob 100m away trying to remove a rock in the 3 digs. He never stops. Northern lights welcome us at the surface, not the strongest ones but it’s a nice little show to end the day! We surveyed about 200m and time underground was 11 hours.

Sunday 26 Aug, 2018

Glory ‘Ole Cave

Rob Countess, Franck Tuot (r)

Late start today. It’s nice and beautiful outside, no smoke from the fires. We want to go in Glory ‘Ole and check some leads. I have one in mind since my first caving trip. A nice looking window with a stream coming out of it. Seems to be walking-size passage beyond. It’s also a bolt climb. Rob has another mission today: bring a safety barrel past the crawl, to use in case people get stuck by high water on the other side. There are 2 sleeping bags, 2 camping mattresses, 2 sets of fleece (pants and jacket) and a survival blanket. The drum takes some space and we are concerned it’ll be too big for the crawl.

It doesn’t take us too much time to get past the crawl. The barrel is deposited on a sandbank well above stream level. Everything went well. Except Rob. He feels dizzy and nau-

seous. We stop for a bit but I think he wants to give me a chance to check that lead today. Thanks Rob, but don't puke on me please. We get to the lead. It's shortly before the first rope drop. Rob broke my dream: "Oh, that lead!? I've been there before! Not from that side."

I'm so sad, but there is a B plan. One lead just behind, another bolt climb. Once I get to the top, I go for a short walk. There is proof that someone has been there before. I guess there was a better way, damn. I get to a stream and after two short climbs, there is another 8m bolt climb. No signs of invisible man, unless he went up there with a drone or something. Rob is good to continue and we put a few bolts in, just enough to get an okay look at the lead. It looks like a nice horizontal tube with a small stream, walking size. We need probably two more bolts to go in but we decide to do that another day. No survey this day. Time underground was 8 or 9 hours.

John, Felix, Tim and Dale (r)

Dale and Tim arrived midday at the crossover road in Tim's small right-hand drive pickup, LOADED. We stop to recce the road. It's only about 40 m long but a formidable barrier to this little truck. We got over it with only a dent to the oil filter. Not a game stopper, but it could have been. This place needs some TLC. BRING MORE ROCKS. Bring flat rocks. After setting up camp at the Arch corner campsite, we return to the crossover and start loading rocks. Peter drives up and heads into camp. We're unloading the first load when we hear voices at the other end. John Lay and Felix are receeing. When they see the rocks we've put down they help with 3 more loads of rocks. The rock source is better after the crossover. We dig out and remove a

couple of the biggest roots. They make it over with only minor scrapes.

Monday, 27 Aug, 2018

Dale has a look at Felix's tent and warns him to tuck in the tarp under the tent. Felix tucks in one end, but not the other.

To the Bottom of Glory'Ole

Rob, John and Felix (r)

First a note from Dale. Felix uses a rigging notation that I'd never seen so I thought it might be good to offer a translation. For instance (P2/P3 xx 10m ---> x 10m) means Pits #2 and #3, xx means two bolts, 10m=ten metre drop, ----> means a redirect, x is a rebelay bolt for P3, a 10m drop. CR means cave right, the right hand wall going down. CL is the left wall going down. X-x means a traverse, x-xx 10m would be a traverse to two bolts and a 10m drop. x-x-x would be a traverse with 3 bolts, 2 sections of rope. If a drop seems to lack a bolt or two, it means there are obvious natural anchors for back up. My only suggestion would be to add N for an obvious natural anchor. I think we could use this method. On with the trip report....

The survey on the survey disk is not really legible, luckily Peter had the original publication and Rob had managed to get an idea of the pitches in the cave. The goal of the trip was to get to the bottom avoiding water. We laid out all the gear we'd be taking in, making sure we had enough rope. We had 23 (18+5) bolts with hangers and could steal another three hangers from in the cave to make 26. We brought in John's hammer drill, a spare bat-

tery, some webbing, shelter & place, etc... and another Daren Drum with some more emergency gear to leave at the cache. Lucky me got to haul this in!

I'd never been to Glory 'Ole before and was impressed by its sizable entrance. We descended down The Ebony Way. I "flying an-geled" down the pitch at the bottom of which we emerged into the big room(s). Through the Crawlspace, ditching the barrel at the other side on a sandbank well above the stream, and we were in nice walking passage (well mostly) for the rest of the trip.

We soon (about 2hrs from the entrance) reached the Cascades (the part where the cave begins to get vertical). Climbing up over some old, giant chock stones we found some old pitons, some more recent bolting, and then a little further on a couple more bolts. We used these last two to descend down into some old stream passage with a sandy bottom (P1 xx 10m). We explored this looking for the best way back into the stream passage; continuing on seemed to lead further away from the stream (I believe Rob has surveyed this). I went as far as a junction, the right fork ended in a calcite plug with nice formations. Back towards the pitch, we ended up continuing straight until we were above the vadose with an active stream below and ended up bolting a Y-hang. There was some argument as to whether we should add a redirect to prevent rope rub, or if this would be an 'insult to the cave'... in the end a redirect went in and we moved on to the next obstacle. (P2/P3 xx 10m --> x 10m). Just downstream there was a Tarzan swing around a pool, a short drop followed by a much larger pool. The Tarzan swing had

actually been one end of a traverse line someone had bolted in... the other end was dangling from a hanger on the far side of the pool... what to do? It was a little too far to jump, but with a little more height... I stood up on John's knee pushing off a small rock ledge. I crouched whilst in the air to avoid a low hanging rock and landed on one knee on the other side of the pool. Success! I threw the end over and Rob joined the ropes back together (also put a butterfly on a threadbare section). (x-x)

Some nice stream passage followed but soon sumped, luckily there was a bypass to the left over an obvious dyke. To make sure it was the right way, I rapped down using Rob and John as a meat anchor and continued down to another small pitch and could hear water just beyond. We bolted both these pitches (P4 xx 4m CR, P5 x 3m CR), and used John's small blow torch to cut and melt the ends (this worked well when the rope was dry and not at all well on the Kevlar rope). We rejoined the main stream at a nice rock column with some pleasant cascades upstream. We glanced up at the "^60+' Aven" that looked like it had a promising lead about half way up (We returned to explore this on another trip - see below).

There was more scalloped vadose with several dykes cutting through the passage creating numerous shallow pools of water. Exploring some high leads at the next drop, I soon found a bypass up high to the right that then crossed over the passage via some chock stones. Climbing down and swinging around next to the waterfall, a tube led to some more tighter sections and a downclimb that enabled us to

bypass the 25' (7.6m) pitch marked on the original survey!

Just around the corner we found ourselves above the largest pitch yet! Some depths were yelled out; I guessed 22-23m... Rob pulled out a Disto to check... I was a little surprised when he read out a reading of about 22.5m! What a fluke! (This was the 75' (23m) drop marked on the original survey). John bolted in a traverse line followed by an equalised three anchor hang in the roof (P6 xx-x-xxx 23m). To reach the hang you had to shuffle out onto a musical finger of rock that looked like it might drop at any moment. As I threaded my stop, gear from my harness clanked on it, making it vibrate beneath me. The Beal Spelium rope we used was very bouncy and I wasn't a fan. Reading up on it later I found that whilst designed for caving, it was described as "semi-static". Stress on the 'semi'!



Rob at the 23m pitch in Glory 'Ole.

(photo by Felix Ossig-Bonanno)

The next bit of vadose was fantastic! It threaded its way through banded marble with a shallow stream creating a glassy surface along its base... it was short-lived and soon we were at another deep pool. There was a short climb (1.5m) followed by a deep pool that we weren't too keen on wading. I just managed to stem across up high in the passage and was able to put in a bolt on the far side (xx-x-x CL). A large room followed. You could traverse the slick rock just above the water, but again a traverse line was put in for ease of travel. We were working well as a team. Rob and I putting in the bolts on either end simultaneously whilst John always seemed to have the next tool we both needed ready to pass across. Another short pitch or climbdown (x 3m CR), followed by a ~5m drop into a deep pool (P7 x 5m CR). Hugging the right wall you could just get the rope up and over a horn. We were nearing the end of the cave, we climbed down a couple of metres (later a handline bolted) and peered down at a wide pool below. I figured I'd give it a crack and descended trying to trend left where the water was shallower, but with nothing to redirect the rope, it wasn't going to work. I tried swinging, but was too high. I descended further 'til my feet were just above the water and began running along the wall building up a swing, each time the waterfall spraying me more and more. With one final swing I pushed off the wall letting rope fly through my descender and managed to land in the one shallow spot in the pool, only a small amount of water entering one boot. A bag was lowered along the rope to me and I put in a bolt for the tyrolean, conscious of the final pitch to the terminal sump through the hole beside me (P8 x-x-x 3m+5m). We were getting excited; the end of the cave was just below. Would the water be low enough so that we

could extend the cave? There were two holes down to the sump, the larger being the most obvious and where all the water ran. Rob and I voted for the smaller hole behind this one that would keep us dry. John rigged the final pitch and I got to do the honours (P9 xx 10m CL). It didn't look good. There was a deep pool of water at the bottom with no air gap. We were soon all perched on a small ledge at the edge of the water desperately trying to find a passage that may be the source of the draft we



Rob looking down at what was then the terminal sump of Glory 'Ole.

(photo by Felix Ossig-Bonanno)

were feeling. It certainly couldn't in any way be created by the 10m waterfall beside us.... There was some discussion about free diving the sump - Rob even half convinced me he had a pair of goggles. But in the end everyone felt like we were a long way from the entrance, and that we wouldn't really be able to see any-

thing anyway. So back up we went. On the other side of the tyrolean, there was again talk about some high vadose possibly being a lead, but again I wasn't in a spot to take a good look at it. Maybe another time!

Did a small trip up the moon-milk river to check out the pretties.

Despite the lightened packs, it was still a slog out of the cave. It took hours. We got back to the vehicle at about 0330 and once reaching camp, I had some chips, drank a can of condensed milk and crashed.

Note from Dale:

There was some rain while they were in the cave and the untucked end of the tarp under Felix's tent collected enough water to provide Felix with a damp night.

To the Ballpark area.

Peter, Tim and Dale (r)

The Ballpark (a logger term) is the switchback on the road between Arch and Treasure Caves. In the big gully that seems to separate Pellucidar from the other systems, Dale remembers clearly that he saw a shelter cave, a possible entrance, with a frost shatter floor in 1990 or so and he put in his lead bag. Peter led us to what he figured was the feature I was remembering. Far from frost shatter, the floor was covered in big breakdown. We conducted a scientific search for some air draft, but there was no draft. We wrote this off. Either it was a different feature, or Dale's memory (could it be?) was faulty. Then to Treasure for some pics of the entrance passage. Then down to the Pellucidar parking spot to search for Tim's wayward GoPro. Didn't find it. Back to camp for lunch. Then went

to find something on the surface that might be directly over a drafting vertical lead in Resonance which Rob and Frank had surveyed on Saturday. Hmm, 95 m due west of the Tunnel Vision entrance and there it wasn't. Did a big circle search of the area and found no sink-holes.

Tuesday, 28 Aug

Rob, John and Dale (r) did a make and mend session at camp in the morning. Then we went to the crossover. We moved more loads of rocks, chopped and pried out roots, Removed the rock that dented Tim's oil filter. Rob chain-sawed the fender-bashing stump, etc. The crossover is dramatically improved, but still needs more rocks. BRING MORE ROCKS.

To the bottom of Resonance.

Tim, Felix, and Peter (r)

Over the last year or so, some of us hard core, no-nonsense types have been working the Glory 'Ole area and pushing caves, Rob Countess being the driving force. Today Tim's, Felix's and Peter's mission is to descend into the depths of Resonance to survey passage and look for leads. The cave has been previously rigged, thank God. The weather can't get much drier, so we expect water levels to reflect this, and maybe allow us to get into uncharted territory. Nine rope pitches from 3m to 47 m, and several hours later, we're standing at stream level. We check the upstream sump. It hasn't moved and looks about the same. Heading downstream, we survey (actually resurvey) parts of the passage that got missed from Rob's last trip due to higher water levels,



Peter Curtis rappelling into Huntington Hall
(photo by Tim English)

and then finally arrive at a duck, which is well beyond and deeper than anyone has been previously. Felix debates whether or not to wade through, as we shout "Go for it, Felix!" So he does, while we take photos. He gets pretty wet, and wades back to tell us there is a sump just ten metres beyond with no bypass, although we seem to think we feel a draft... may-

Felix in the duck (photo by Tim English)



be. You know how it is. Heading back up-stream Felix, who is now wet anyway, crawls up into a small tube that carries the stream and adds on a few more metres. Tim and Peter take more photos.....It's time to rout now...we're pretty dry, but Felix is somewhat sodden. On our way up, we pull the lower two ropes; a 20m and 25m, as we are most likely finished with this part of the cave...for now anyway. Now getting closer to the entrance, and near the Resin Chamber, Peter, while on rope, hears rocks crashing somewhere ahead, mingled with Felix's cries of "Rock!" What's going on? Turns out Felix, unfamiliar with the route, has climbed up 30+m of rope by mistake into the ceiling of the Resin Chamber, (which is pretty loose), instead of taking the nice horizontal way out. No, no, Felix, not that way! Another 45min. and we're at the entrance. What time is it? We guess around 10pm, but it's really 2am; a solid 14hr trip. We finished the resurvey of the bottom of the cave, about 200 m and I think we added about 11m of depth to the cave, and possibly 50m or so to its length. At this time of writing, the length of Resonance stands at 4590m, and the depth at 333m. For now.....stay tuned....

Wednesday, 29 Aug, 2018

In the morning some of us did something memorable, but I forget what.

In the afternoon, Rob, Dale, Peter and Tim did a beer and ice run to town, did some laundry, had a restaurant supper... etc.

To the Fecal Pot area of Arch Cave

John and Felix (r)

Rob's knee was still hurting, Tim was beat, Peter had appointments, and Dale wanted a pub dinner. That left John and I to pursue a lead in Arch. Rob described some passage to

John above Fecal Pot that required a bolt climb. I wish I was there to listen... or maybe not, things turned out okay. We brought the bolting kit – including the John John Bag and a couple of ropes. It turned out there was already one stashed at Bitch Pitch, but we needed the longer length for Block Pot. I'd only been a very short way into Arch (last year when Rob and I were doing a bolt climb in Tunnel Vision) and I quickly got disoriented in the overlapping maze of passages. We arrived at Window Aven and dropped down into The Lounge to get some more gear - Rob promised bolts... But there was only one to be found!

We headed back and continued down the canyon to rap into Fecal Pot to have a look at what our objective was... I hadn't listened to Rob in the morning, and things weren't lining up with what John was seeing, combined with the fact we only had three bolts, there wasn't high enthusiasm, and I wasn't about to talk John into bolting something he didn't have his heart set on. We had a bite to eat and then headed back up to Window Aven... it was the driest John had ever seen it - just a small trickle coming down where the bypass ropes for Block Pot were dangling down from a hole high on the west wall, a little dripping from up high onto the east side where our curiosity took hold. We climbed up a way onto the slick rock trying to get a better view, and then climbed up further, and further again. It began to get quite steep as I did a tricky traverse up onto the penultimate ledge leading to where we had both spied a possible lead. The last section was a near-vertical wall of hard dirt and rocks. About 3m to the top. I climbed down a bit and grabbed a good digging rock from John and began to studiously make

small platforms for me to stand on and then began carving more out on the vertical face, cleaning the top of the more solid rocks to create handholds. I stashed the rock, tested each of my placements and pushed off... I dropped a knee, got the other foot up and standing, I groped around above me with one free hand: nothing. I wasn't in a good place and it was hard not to panic. Deep breaths, Felix. I needed to wedge myself in, and clinging onto the face, slowly lowered a foot making purchase on another dirt wall. My footing held. Taking deep breaths, I took a moment to collect myself, before lowering myself back down. I knew with a few more options for feet and hands I'd be able to wriggle up the last bit... I got John to throw me a short length of rope so I could get back down and began making a bunch of new holds. 15 minutes later I gave it another crack and was soon at the top peering into a phreatic tube; virgin cave! I gave John an update and crawled into the decorated passage pressing myself hard against one side to avoid breaking some delicate straws. There was maybe 20m of passage before I was peering down into the top of deep vadose with no way on. I think we were above Fecal Pot - roughly where we had been trying to climb to! We decided to try and make a voice connection and John headed back to the top of the pitch. I could hear him easily way below me and we managed to get a weak light connection, it turns out I was at the far end of Fecal Pot, almost above Speakers Gallery!

To get down I created a cairn anchor and used the short rope to assist in lowering me down. We left most of our gear in Window Aven with the plan to return tomorrow to survey and drop in from the top.

When we got back out the others hadn't yet returned - still enjoying dinner at the pub. I was thankful for the load of washing they threw in for me!

Thursday, 30 Aug.

Rob, John, Felix and Dale (r) went to Tunnel Visionary (the dig near the entrance to Tunnel Vision where we took the pillow). Opened up the approach some, but no further advancement. This is a dig that's small. It would be very awkward to load a drag bag and the spill has to go around a 90 degree corner. Felix and Rob went in and surveyed to as far as possible. Not quite a write off, but it's moved down the list. Tim went to the entrance area of Arch for pictures.

Peter, Tim and Dale (r) went up one of the logging roads leading out of camp to look at some features Peter C had found on a previous visit. Took a wrong turn and found some things we weren't looking for... leads that Peter had written off. Then Peter sorted out the way to Thirsty Dog Swallet. This is a promising feature. It had some air draft down. By wriggling down between some big breakdown boulders you could see down to a steep, almost-but-not-quite blocked passage headed steeply down. Peter says it's enlarged itself since he first saw it! Even in these dry conditions there was a trickle of water. It would probably be a very big job, but it might be worth it. It's almost at the level of Arch cave and a couple hundred metres from known passage. It doubtless ends up in the main drain and comes out Tsultan Rising, but it hasn't been dye traced.

Then we went down below The Ballpark and worked on a trail to an unnamed fossil resurgence at the head of a gully. We had a brief look inside. One way on is boulder choke with no draft. Another way on is a tight bedrock squeeze that seems to enlarge further in, might need surgery. We'll keep you posted on this.

In Arch Cave, Fecal Pot Area Again

Felix and John (r)

Morning came too early, so as every caver does in the morning we dragged our feet. Felix and I got into the cave around noon and went straight to our gear cache at the bottom of Terror Mtn.

Felix grabbed his share of the gear and started up the climb. I packed away what gear was left and began the climb. "Thank goodness we won't have to climb down this," I said. I got to the gravelly bit at the top and soon realized that it was much more vertical than it looked below. I got halfway into the last bit and I looked down, (damn it). "Felix, I don't think I got it." I said. "OK, wait." Felix said.

After what seemed like eternity (1min) Felix threw a rope over the edge. "Can you reach the rope? Go ahead and grab it but try not to weight it too much, it should be good. It's tied around a rock...a big rock....here I'll sit on it." Felix said. To be honest he could have held it with his teeth, I was beyond holyshit. I grabbed the rope full on and got to Felix in seconds flat. "Thank f#@k we don't have to climb down that." I said.

We got out the Disto and began surveying right away. We got about 22m surveyed passage to the top of Fecal Pot. "Ok let's start back here with an RB so I can traverse out over the pit," I said. "Who has the bolting bag?" Felix asked. We looked in both packs and it was nowhere to be found. "Oh no, it's not here." ... Felix offered to down climb Terror Mtn to look at the bottom for the bolt bag.

"No bolt bag here...and I don't really want to climb up anymore... Are you ok with two packs?" Felix calls up to me.

After using the F-word in every phrase I possibly could, I started dragging two full tackle packs to the top of the climb. I couldn't believe that after two days of thinking about how I will never have to down climb this slope, I'm about to down climb this. I lowered the two packs to the first ledge. I then started down. I got half way when I realized the hand line only reaches half of the sandy climb. I didn't know what was next. Then a thought came to me. The two packs are heavy, but one is already in a crack. If I fall, that'll anchor me... wait... WHAT!?! Thank goodness my other side of the brain stepped in and I put a knot in the end of the hand line and I used another rope to twin rope down. "That was horrible," Felix said. I was speechless.

We later learned that we left the bolt bag at the bottom of Fecal Pot. I can't blame Felix, I left it behind when we had lunch and Felix has a hard time seeing bright orange bags in caves.

Thanks for the memories Felix!

Note from Dale:

Rob's bad knee has been giving him grief. He's stuck around a day or two to see if it will get better or worse. It's worse, so he packs up in the evening to spend some time at home with kids and family. We'll try to replace him with two men and a manure spreader. This trip was a bit of a jinx for Rob. At one point, he'd placed his phone on the tire of his truck. Forgot it when he drove off. When we got back there it was. Somewhat crushed, but still sort of worked.

Friday, 31 Aug, 2018

Peter C, Dennis, Tim, Dale (r) and Franck

Peter arrives in camp with Dennis and Franck. Franck has brought his magic map.

We did a recce back to the area we were at on Tuesday, above the passages surveyed by Rob and Franck on Saturday, but this time we had Franck and his Magic Map. Nothing can go wrong now. We went to the same area, theoretically, but this time found a sinkhole right over the end of exploration in a side lead off the top of the Resin Chamber in Resonance, which had crickets and snails. Right at the X on the map we found a smallish sink with a flat duff floor, no draft, but we dug at it a couple hours while Tim went off for a recce. We dug through 5 feet of duff, found a bit of bed-rock wall but no draft. We were getting discouraged when Tim showed up again and announced that he'd found a better entrance dig. We went to see it and it looked good. It seemed to be a fossil resurgence (maybe) at the head of a gully, not near any surveyed passage. We cleared enough to get down into the first small chamber, which had a soft dirt

floor. No draft, but it might respond well to a dig on another visit.

Franck went off with John and Felix to the bottom area of Glory 'Ole. Dennis, Peter, Tim and Dale (r) carried on. We still had Franck's magic map and decided to venture past Thirsty Dog Swallet. There was an unchecked feature to look at and Dale (caving genius that he is) was excited about an alcove in a cliff face. The alcove was a quarry for the road, and the feature was a nothing, but we cleared a path through the snow-down willows on the roadbed to make the area more accessible for future reces.

Then we went for a look at Sparkling Cave. There's been some serious work done there since my last visit, 25 years ago, largely by Dennis Mitchell and Dave Wall. It continues down in a pleasant dry dig with some rocks. The dirt is dragged up the slope and fills between the boulders on the floor. Scientific methodology revealed a slight but noticeable air draft down on this warm day. YES. I've spent the whole trip looking for which project to sink my teeth into, and here it is. It's a fossil swallet headed down, sort of reminiscent of the entrance passage of Resonance. The dirt fill is not tightly cemented, dry and fairly clean. It's a couple of hundred metres from known passage below. Dennis had a bucket and brought up one load of material.

Virgin Passage in Glory' Ole x 2!

John, Felix (r) and Franck

John, Felix and Franck went into Glory 'Ole to climb up the 22' Aven marked on the original

survey. It looked like there was a promising lead. We made good time, John and I taking special care that fresh Franck had a heavier pack than ourselves. It wasn't long before we were at the aven. Whilst John and Franck were bolting, I headed down to the terminal sump to pull some ropes... after crossing the tyrolean just above the terminal sump, I decided to have a look at the passage Rob and John were talking about on the last trip that might lead into higher passage. I skirted around the pool to a 2m climb. I can climb that I thought. It was tricky, but there was a perfect pocket on the right I could jam my whole fist into and up I went. It looked like it went! A 3m climb and I was walking through narrow vadose with a sandy bottom, and on it went. A lot of crawling, down into a muddy room, down and under, up and over, and then there at the bottom of a gravel slope was the stream. Looking up I could see the sump. I think I was the first person ever here! Virgin Cave Fever took hold and it was all I could do to stop myself from running down the beautifully sculpted passage, swinging around pools and with seemingly endless energy stemming over others. I scooped almost 250m when I found myself in a long room sloping downwards. Did it end? It looked like it might sump, but I managed to break free from the spell and headed (more slowly) back to the others. I had good and bad news, the good was obvious, and was all that was asked (the bad was that I hadn't brought any rope back).

John was almost at the top of the pitch when I returned (apparently only a half hour trip). It wasn't looking promising he said. One more bolt and we'll call it a day... but then "It goes!". He unclipped from the belay rope and was

gone. A couple of minutes later Franck and I yelled out for him. No reply. Off scooping we figured. We were both getting cold, and happy to see John's light come bobbing back into sight. "Well, we have a problem. We have two going leads" he said. We looked at the time. It made more sense to survey what was close at hand - Franck needed to get a lift back into town with Peter. We ascended up and began surveying. It was interesting passage running along a bedding plane dipped at about 30 deg. A stream had been running along, eroding weaker rock away and dropping down periodically creating a parallel passage with windows into the older fossil passages - hard to sketch. We soon arrived at a really decorated room. Unfortunately John had walked over the pristine flowstone leaving large muddy patches (should have removed boots?). We were careful not to damage any stals - there were some long straws with crazy helictites growing from their sides. We proceeded, soon finding ourselves in a waterfall room with a couple of leads. We decided to continue surveying the main passage which felt like it was heading away from the main part of Glory 'Ole... the interesting thing now was that the passage began to head back down! The waterfall seemed to feed both directions, though we were now in the dominant continuation. I was on point, and was soon above some giant breakdown with a possible void below, I let out a yell and the booming echoes from below sent chills down my spine. I hurried off to break the news! Returning, I scrambled back down dislodging a rock and sent it bouncing down a hole in the breakdown. Boom, Boom, one second, Boom, two seconds, three seconds, four seconds, Boom! It was a long way down. Standing up on one of the chock stones, I shot a Disto splay down as far as I could. I'm not

sure if it hit the bottom, landed somewhere on a wall down in a large room, or didn't even make it down the pitch but it got a measurement of about 26m. Quite a way down. You could rig the first couple of drops and then have a rebelay to drop the deep pit.... That brings me back to the bad news: I hadn't brought the rope back up. But we didn't have the bolting gear with us, and it was time to go anyway. We packed up and headed out excited to break the good news - and that would make our slight lateness okay.

Saturday, 1 Sept

Felix and Tim went to the Pellucidar resurgence entrance for photo phaffing (Felix's term)

John and Dale lolled about camp till well after noon and went to Sparkling Cave to dig. Felix and Tim showed up to help after their photo trip. We moved a lot of material.



Felix in Pellucidar (photo by Tim English)

Sunday, 2 Sept.

Dale (r) was alone in camp as everyone else was somewhere else. So I left a note in camp and went alone to Sparkling Cave, a six minute walk on the road and about 1 ½ minutes on the trail and 2 or 3 minutes in the cave to the end of the dig. I don't usually cave alone, but this seemed simple enough. No getting lost in Sparkling Cave and I could find my way out from the bottom with no light. I took Tim's big spud bar and loosened a lot of material. There's probably 10 or 15 loads of material awaiting the drag-bag. I love this dig.



Felix in Pellucidar (photo by Tim English)

Bottoming Glory 'Ole Again

John, Felix (r) and Tim.

After some arguing, I convinced John not to bring in bolting gear: We were tired, and the main goal was to simply survey the passage past the old terminal sump. John, Tim and I headed back into Glory 'Ole. Tim hadn't been in before and was thoroughly impressed; he went as far as the first pitch whilst John and I continued

past the end to survey the passage I had scooped on the last trip.

We left Tim and quickly descended to the bottom of the cave. I climbed up, dropped a hand-line and we were soon surveying the passage I had scooped. When we reached the stream passage, John headed to have a better look at the other side of the sump. There was a small air gap below a dyke crossing the passage. He let out a yell. It boomed beyond. There was a big room there. It was tempting to duck under and have a look, but there was surveying to do. John was surprised at how much passage I had scooped. And we began to rush to ensure we got at least to where I had got to last time (Dale was trained to use the Delorem, so we had a hard call-out to meet!). We got to the large room - managing a 20+m leg! - and were soon at the end, confirming my suspicions that it was another sump. Heading back, we climbed up high in the vadose confirming John's suspicions at upper level passage (I had been skeptical). Phreatic tube led off in both directions. I headed down, twisting and turning down circular passage of increasing diameter. Just past a small stream coming in from the left I hit another sump. Maybe just downstream of the one in the main streamway? I tried to find where the draft had gone... maybe into the side-stream? I couldn't be sure, and headed back, getting a little lost in the labyrinth of crossing phreatic tubes and ended up popping out just above the horizontal stick at the entrance to the big room. I climbed down and met John who had followed the passage up to a well-marked survey station we had left. We'd surveyed about 270m and extended the depth of Glory 'Ole by about 25m!

I acted as meat anchor for the 3m climb. I suggested climbing down and using the original tyrolean, but John wanted to try and cross over from our ledge. We looked for naturals. The one John selected looked a little suspect to me, and I may have voiced my opinion, but in the end it stayed, with me as the backup. The rope fully loaded and the anchor held. I was staring at the anchor, and seemed to have some strange connection with it I can't really explain, but somehow I knew it was going to fail. I braced myself and a second later the rock broke off. John fell a metre or two landing in the water as the rope tied to me went tight. Keeping the rope loaded, I yelled down to make sure he was okay. I got a reply. Good. The rock had missed him. John thought that maybe it'd got his pack. We re-rigged the tyrolean and headed back out.

I could feel my weary body complaining. Perhaps I'd done too much caving? But maybe not. After one rest day, it's been 5 more days back to back, albeit somewhat shorter trips to the ones this week!

Monday, Sept 3.

The worst part of any long trip. We packed up and left. Bah. But as a reminder that the fun never stops, on the way out Peter got us pole-sawing overhanging limbs off the crossover for a couple hours in hopes that it would dry up faster. The road goes on forever and the party never ends.



P3 Dive

Party: Franck Tuot, Coner Howard,
Tim English, Peter Curtis, Richard Jack,
Natasha Dickinson (r)

Just another day in July with a few cavers sitting around Peter Curtis's breakfast table.

I had just arrived and noted that Peter and Richard Jack were discussing the possibility of diving Sky Tub in Pellucidar Cave... Without even a "Hello" I sat down and declared "I'm going too"... The look on their faces encouraged me to continue with a desperate sales pitch... "It's been a dream since I heard about it" ... "and you really need two to do a good survey"....

The planning begins. First we need to contact Pat Shaw, who with Heidi Macklin dove the sump back in August 2002...then hummm what equipment will we need? With that information we can determine the minimum number of persons required to transport gear, in an effort to minimise the potential impact on the cave.

The date is set for 04 August 2018, and the persons who generously agreed to assist with the gear haul are Franck Tuot, Coner Howard, Tim English and the holder of the key, Peter Curtis. The divers will be Richard and myself, Natasha Dickinson, Richard has generously supplied the required dive gear.

The day arrives with an early start and the adventure begins, first challenge is getting

there through difficult road terrain, a long hike in through second growth forest, then unlocking the 'gate'. Prior to entering Peter provides us with the rules of conduct and what to expect while we are within the cave.

We work as a team to haul bags of dive gear down into the cave and continue on as directed, following the trail which is designated by reflective flags on each side of the path. Periodically you see some flagging tape marking a skeleton of some unfortunate creature. We traverse the river and up to the area of the sump. There is a room that Peter advises is where we would gear up, we drop the gear and crawl carefully down to the sump to really see what we've committed ourselves too. There are soda straws and other wonderful for-



Dive Preparations (Photo by Franck Tuot)

mations along the way and we must take great care to not do any damage. The bottom is sand, lots and lots of sand which continues down the narrow passage to the beginning of the sump. The line left from the last dive team is still attached and at first it looks like there is no way on, that at some point more sand had filled in the sump. Only one way to find out.

Once geared up Richard goes in first and reports back quickly. "It's a go." I follow



Richard entering sump of P2

after and soon enough surface into, is it Pellucidar III? The survey begins, we've committed to a five hour timeline and off we go, it's hard to focus on surveying when there is this expanse of fabulous formations. We continue on and do our best with a few opportunities taken for photos. We ended the first leg of the survey at a 4m climb, with no webbing, no air flow and neither of us was willing to risk injury in such an inaccessible environment. We surveyed



Upper P3, just past the sump (Photo by Natasha Dickinson)

some side passages, one ending at a 10 m drop to a mud plug and again no breeze to be had in any of the holes or passages we surveyed.

Soon our time is up...we spend time trying to get a few quality pictures then into the sump again. Now for getting out of the sump...the crawl is a long 45 degree slope with a 1m ceiling and the floor is sand, that awful sand that provides no traction at all.



Sky Tub Dive—Typical P3 formations (Photo by Natasha Dickinson)

Unfortunately Richard's camera did not produce any photos, and myself, I brought nothing to keep the camera clean from the copious amounts of sand, so most pictures have water spots or grit. The survey may have had a glitch also, while I was still in the midst of hypothermia, I may have pressed a button I shouldn't have. It is my understanding Richard has figured it out and we look forward to the survey.

Another wonderful experience North Vancouver Island.

WHILE THE DIVERS WERE UNDER

Peter, Franck, Conor, and Tim (r)

Now that Richard and Natasha were on the other side in P3, or Skytub or Pellucifar or whatever its called with an estimated return

time of 4 hours, we were all ready to explore and photograph P2.

Peter, Franck, Conor and I worked our way back towards the entrance taking photos at every possible opportunity we could, which was a lot. We pushed down every side passage we could find hoping to find that great breakthrough into virgin cave.

One of the formations we came to is called the thinking rock. It's a roughly one metre across oval shaped white rock with a blue tinge and what looks like a complete nervous system of brown nerve-shaped veins.

We found one section of cave that had different levels of crawl ways that all intertwined leading back into each other. Some of them had a great deal of water in them but Peter said it was one of the lowest levels he had seen here. Conor pushed a very tight tube



Tim English in P2 (photo by Franck Tuot)

which definitely wasn't going anywhere so unfortunately he had to reverse 10 or 12 body lengths.

Head-Smashed-In-Buffalo-Jump refers to a point in the cave where unfortunately lots of animals have lost their lives. This crack high above the cave entrance swallows large animals and critters and spits them out inside the cave with no way to escape. Several of the animals seem to have moved further into the cave possibly because of the fresh air being pulled through to the entrance.

In my opinion one of the most fascinating features of this cave is the amazing amount of bear paw prints and scratch marks. The newest bear skeleton found in the cave was dated at 8000 plus years old which would mean that they would be at least that age and even pos-

sibly a few thousand years older.

While exploring the Hall of the Dike, Frank found a lead going up a tube. It was a vertical dig leading towards the ceiling. As he was digging we could hear rocks tumbling down to the back of the room. "Hopefully it isn't another entrance," I said, as we would have to come back to gate it.

Conor decided to head back up earlier than us in case the divers emerged from their exploration. Roughly an hour later Peter Frank and I made our way back up to Head In The Clouds to find the divers had already emerged with stories and beautiful photos from beyond the sump..

I am so glad I got this great opportunity to really see and photograph one of the most beautiful caves in Canada and with such a great group at that.



Photo by Franck Tuot



Fault Creek Improvised Speleo-Fest

Friday, July 20 to Sunday July 22, 2018

Members: Franck Tuot, Dennis Mitchell, Rob Countess, Conor Howard, John Lay, Charlene Forrest, Dave Wall, Peter Clark, Peter Chiba, Tim English (r)

On Friday July 20th, a small group of cavers meet up on Fault Creek karst, north east of Zeballos. I (Tim English) am the first to arrive and spend the afternoon searching for pits and flagging a route to the southwest summit. I find a few good prospects to check out later but nothing too promising. Next to arrive are Charlene Forrest and John Lay, followed by Peter Chiba, Dennis Mitchell, and Rob Countess.

Saturday morning we awoke to a few more familiar faces: Peter Clark, Dave Wall, Franck Tuot, and Conor Howard. We now have a strong, motivated group of cavers which it's an honour to work with.

As Franck says: "It's the Fault Creek improvised speleo-fest!" Good vibes and atmosphere around the campground, it's great to be with others cavers in such a neat place. We can't wait to hit the ground and see what Fault Creek is all about.

TEAM 1 – Peter Clark, Peter Chiba and Tim English (r)

Our objective is to check out the area between the polje and the cliff face that mark the start of Fault Creek, then loop back to the camp via the southwest peak.



(Photo by Tim English)

The two Peters and I make the short drive to the highest vehicle accessible point, then follow a natural bench to the polje on foot. The bench is easy to navigate despite the constant distraction of the many pits along the way, most of which break down into boulder chokes. We have no trouble knowing when we've reached the polje about an hour later as a profusion of pits appear. In this area, there is a sinkhole nearly every 10 square metres but each with terrible frost shatter and most ending in frost shatter chokes.

Peter Clark finds one large pit that has a few handy trees at the top to rig to, so he quickly gets on rope. The cave leads to a large room but, disappointingly, it soon ends. Peter Chiba and I head further downstream to investigate other pits but find nothing of note.

The three of us then converge in the polje. Our primary goal on this trip is to search for an area we'd found on an earlier foray which had the water flow from three entire peaks draining into it. On that earlier trip with Peter Curtis, we had discovered a whirlpool that drained into a small pond and then into a

crack in the rock but this time, sadly, it is jammed deeply with sticks and debris.

The two Peters want to explore the cliff face, while I am eager to photograph the remains left by former mining operations, so we split up after agreeing to meet on the summit.

The entire hike up from the polje to the summit is strewn with remnants of mining – stacks of core samples in aluminum trays, old wood stoves, buckets, cook pots, and at least three cabins. The lower of these cabins is by far the oldest, now barely identifiable. The upper cabins still have OSB laying around so must be newer. Above the upper cabin, I find a series of man-made pits, likely the spot of the main focus of mining activities.

Peter Clark and I meet half way to the summit and start poking around some more pits. As I explore a horizontal entrance, I suddenly realize I am actually standing at Grand Opening Cave which we found on a late June trip. With snow on the ground, it is barely noticeable. This is a good reminder of the danger of hiking up there in the snow!



The Polje (photo by Tim English)



Core Samples (photo by Tim English)

I want to drop a pit that I dropped in late June to see if it continues. The pit has a 7 metre vertical drop, well-hidden beneath a lush blueberry bush and a shrub. I don't know how Peter Curtis even found it. Anyway, I suit up, rig the drop, and down I go. About half way down I notice big tufts of black (bear?) fur stuck to all the walls of the vertical shaft. This gives me pause, but I keep descending reasoning that it could in no way still be in there as the continuing passage would be pretty tight and rough for a bear. When I reach the bottom, I spy a very fresh pile of bear crap and an assortment of randomly scattered skulls, including a very beat up marmot skull. With the lingering thought that a bear could still be down there, I decide not to push on any farther. I have no desire to become a bear's last-ditch attempt for survival.



Rappelling into the 7m pit (photo by Tim English)

When I emerge I don't see the Peters but eventually find two packs lying by a horizontal entrance. Climbing in, I find they have already surveyed the main passage and are looking for more. I myself squeeze down a tube with a nice soft sandy floor to a small rope drop followed by a climb, then exit to retrieve their rope for them which is outside with their packs. The guys go down and I head

off to see what the pits look like without a layer of snow.

Nearly an hour goes by as I search the mountain top, all the while being eaten alive by the local bug life. As I'm slowly losing my sanity, I decide to head back to the cave. The rope is no longer in the cave but with their packs again. I think I hear voices below so I start bellowing their (shared!) name. Very quickly, I get a response from the same pit that the bear had fallen into. The cave they had entered actually snaked its way into that same pit. The guys are happy to see me, not wanting to go back the way they came, and, happily, their rope is with me now so I tie it off and throw it down. After emerging, they advised that, just beyond the bottom of the pit, they'd found a dozen or so deer skeletons. Appropriately, they name the cave Pit Trap Cave.

I spend the hike out hanging orange flagging tape along the route. We make it back to camp just as the sun sets.

TEAM 2 - Rob Countess, John Lay, Franck Tuot (r)

After splitting into different groups, John and Rob decide to follow me. I found some potential entrances with Peter a month ago, we dropped one of them a week ago (Double Barreled Shotgun) but there still are four entrances to check.

The biggest one looks promising; it even has a double entrance. Peter wanted to drop it but since he isn't here, well, we will poke our heads in it. This nice 25-metre drop turns out to be just a big room at the bottom, with some

nice white marble bedrock. Unfortunately, no cave here (I'm sure if we were with Peter it would have been different). I wish I had my camera, the light streaming through both openings is beautiful from the bottom.

We still have three more to check, which means more hiking, but we are motivated. I get to a hole we flagged with Peter. The opening is roughly 3 metres in diameter, with unknown depth. When Rob gets closer to the edge, I drop a rock in and, after eight to ten hits along the walls, we hear a loud boom, which more than likely is the bottom. Rob already has a big smile on his face and calls out "plinko." I didn't get it at first, but after some explanation, it seems appropriate.

I drop it first, get to the bottom, and follow two potential leads. I get back to the bottom of the pit and try to communicate with the surface: "Bring the rope! Bring the disto! Bring everything!!" We have a cave, a small one for now, but it leads off in several directions.

We spend the next few hours mapping what we can. One passage is a dead end 8 metre drop; another is a room that seems close to the surface but is plugged; another is unexplored; and yet another passage needs to be pushed. It looks promising but John is not too stoked about it, perhaps because the soles of his "new shoes" are slowly decomposing. He figures with the amount of gorilla tape he has, he can remove his caving suit, fix the shoes, and hike back to the camp with just one more fix on the way. The hike back to camp is nearly an hour long so we leave the cave, saving some daylight for the trip back. We made it, and it's

time for a good beer and some stories around the propane fire.

TEAM 3 Dennis Mitchell , Charlene Forrest, Dave Wall , Conor Howard (r)

After hiking in as a big group and a shoe mishap with John's "new" hikers we found ourselves at Double Barreled Shotgun. After a brief "safety meeting" and planning we decided that Charlene, Dennis, Dave and myself would do a long recce/ inventory up to the polje near the top of the mountain. Rob, John and Franck were keen on going underground and dropped into Double Barreled Shotgun.



John's new shoes
(photo by Charlene Forrest)

Dave has a background in professional karst work and suggests we do a rough semi-official inventory of what we find with our high tech ipad maps. After finding countless features (the entire mountain is a feature) we decide that a complex inventory is futile and we'll go on a long recce hike to reach our destination. We did drop one promising pit but this little cave ended in tight breakdown. I nicknamed it "Shoulda Suited Up" due to my ex-



Conor Howard in
"Shoulda Suited Up" Cave
(photo by Charlene Forrest)

citement I never put my suit on and I got 2 nice tears in my pants/shirt. Oh well, worth it!

We hiked and made it to the polje. It was a gorgeous alpine karst field that reminded me of the Rockies. Dennis and I hiked until we reached a stream that seemed to be directly on the contact. One side limestone, one side shitrock. Pretty neat... we also saw some old prospecting garbage left... looking for gold maybe?

We then met back with Dave and Charlene at the polje and poked around every feature we came across... endless features but no promising entrances. Dave found several features that looked intriguing but again no caves after first glance. We then decide to head back to camp for refreshments and food. Even with our fancy ipads we managed to overshoot the road and backtracked to find fresh forestry ribbon. Good, ol' forestry folk.

We were first back at camp and reflect about the day and ponder the future of the area while we wait to hear about the other cavers expeditions.

SUNDAY – DAY TWO

We split into three teams for the day's activities.

TEAM 1 – Rob Countess, Peter Clark,
Charlene Forrest, Tim English (r)

Our team elects to check out a drop into a seven-metre pit that I had found on the Friday. It looks promising until the very last second when I reach the bottom and realize that it's clogged just as the alpine pits were. I think our only real hope for this part of Fault Creek is finding a horizontal entrance.

TEAM 2-- Peter Clark, Tim English (r)

We return to camp for a quick lunch, then and Peter Clark and I head out to what we were calling "Skinny Person Slot" or "Crack of Thunder."

We arrive after about an hour of bush-whacking. The sound of running water is still thundering from the cave, almost as forcefully as the first time Peter Clark and I had been there in June when Peter Curtis had shown us the entrance. Peter rigs the drop and I descend first. I estimate it's a 7 metre drop into a large room of roughly the same diameter.

We had returned to this cave because when we reached the end of the cave in June, a gushing waterfall coming out of the big hole didn't provide enough room to get through. Now the water levels are lower.

From the bottom of the rope we do a two-metre ascent into a round, scalloped, white tube which gradually widens until we reach a large room with beautifully pressure-washed, white-scalloped marble and horns protruding upwards on both sides.

Peter investigates the rock, looking for a good point to start a bolt traverse over to a small passage at the top of the room. To his astonishment, there are the remnants of two bolts in the wall and the ceiling. These bolts are quite the mystery as both Peter and I thought this was all virgin cave. But someone had actually climbed up there from the road and bolted the wall. Hopefully, someone reading this article knows who had been in the cave before us.

Peter placed 2 bolts to access the high hole in the dike and squeezed through. He emerged a few minutes later with the news that it quickly chokes off.

Peter and I spend the rest of the day hiking the steep north slope of the fault looking at possible entrances, most of which end quickly. But we all know after Double Barrelled Shotgun that this area has plenty of potential.

TEAM 2 – John Lay, Peter Chiba, Franck Tuot (r)

John wants to go caving and Peter is keen to come with us. Seems like I'm the new-by in the group, once again. So why are these experienced cavers with me? Could it be because I know the cave they want to go to?

It's time to go back in Double Barreled Shotgun. We discovered that one a week ago with Peter Curtis and Tim English. It's a good size cave with several big rooms, one hell of a draft, and a promising lead in one of the biggest rooms. We quickly get to this lead. Tim took a look at it the last time we were there and said it was looking good. Peter rigs the drop and gets excited as he's going down. The tube gets large, heavily scalloped all around, and continues down for a few metres. Then the passage seems to have filled up with sediment, mostly mud. After a short crawl, we get to the

end of it: a sump. The water is clear but it's surrounded by mud, lots of it. Too bad!

While mapping this passage, John looks at another one, the end of the big passage. Tim was the only one there last time but hadn't seen the lead. But John looks at one small drafting passage and figures I could get through it. There is a small room on the other side and I see a gravel pit with a hole at the top, drafting. I decide to dig for 10-15min and Peter comes to help me. We break through and get to another small room with a drafting lead, more likely another small dig.

We decide to call it a day at that point. Peter is freezing and we want to be back at the camp on time. I'm curious to know what the temperature is in these caves, but between the elevation and the significant draft in Double Barreled Shotgun, it's probably really cold.



Photo by Tim English



Bisaro Anima and the Bisaro Plateau
August 2018
By Jesse Invik

I was incredibly fortunate to be included in the August expedition to the Bisaro Plateau and the Bisaro Anima cave, currently the deepest cave in Canada. This was a humbling experience, as I was surrounded by cavers of international reputation from across Canada and the United States. The expedition was co-lead by Jeremy Bruns and Christian Stenner, two cavers that I have known and admired for sometime from my involvement with the ASS in Alberta. They did a spectacular job of organizing this trip and keeping a large crew of cavers happy and productive for the duration.

I arrived in camp with the early crew and helped set up a fairly extensive base camp including a large canvas tent (complete with extra windows provided by pack-rats), camp chairs for everyone, a proper biffy with the best view in the country, and an amazing



World's best biffy (photo by Kirsten Mathison)

amount of group gear. Mounds of rope and hardware came and went from the tent all week long. The tent was like CIA command central, complete with tables, computers and a charging centre. A generator down the hill with a ridiculously long extension cord ran for



Surface camp (photo by Kirsten Mathison)

a few hours every night and charged an array of gear including computers, hammer drill batteries and cell phones. Jeremy made sure that everyone entered their activities in the log, and a large database of potential cave entrances with coordinates and a high resolution drone-made map helped organize our exploration.

I was stoked to be chosen to be part of the first team heading to a deep camp, and I am still unsure how I managed to secure such a position, but it was a dream come true. I have wanted for so long to get into Bisaro Anima, and especially to get a chance to sleep in one of the deep camps. I was also nervous as hell about the big pitches and how well I would perform. One of my biggest fears is holding people up and making a fool of myself on one of these trips, risking a lack of future invites. Alas, I did manage to make a fool of myself, but not in the way that I had expected.

The first long pitch we encountered was 60m and the second was 110 m. Together these pitches are the equivalent of a 45 storey building, but inside a mountain. The thought of that is a bit mind-boggling to me, but the reality is, unless you have a spectacularly bright caving light, it is really hard to visualize more than 20 or 30 metres above or below you, so you really don't feel like you are in that large of a space. Although these pitches were challenging, it was the cold and the wet that I found the most difficult to manage. After the big pitches, there is a lot more terrain to cover, including Sketch City, where giant

boulders are poised and ready to turn you into a human pancake, and quite a few places where a short person like me could really use leg extensions to bridge across chasms gaping below you in the passageway. There are numerous shorter pitches and a few tight spots, plus a beautiful underground river.

Just before you reach Camp 1, you rappel through a waterfall, which I am told is not nearly as miserable in the wintertime, when the water volume is a lot lower. I arrived in camp last, teeth chattering and feeling pretty wrecked, mostly just from being cold and wet. Opening my bag, I realized that I had neglected to put my clothes in a separate dry bag, and everything I was wearing and everything I had to change into was soaked. This was a good lesson to learn, and one I will certainly never forget. The only way anything dries out down there is through body heat. The trail to the pee area needed some improvement, so the answer to my wet clothing was: put on wet clothes, move rocks until the clothing is dry (ish), and repeat.

Opening up the bins containing the sleeping bags that first night, I was disheartened to see the outside of the bags slick with water. Whoever purchased these bags bought very high quality ones though, because despite wet clothes and a wet bag, I not only slept, but I slept quite comfortably in the tippy hammock, and was warm(ish) all night. With the exception of the terror I felt at trying to navigate over boulders to the biffy in the middle of the night, I think sleeping in that cave has to be my new favorite thing to do. It was a surreal experience to have no way to judge the passage of time. The sounds of the nearby waterfall started to sound like a conversation, and I felt comforted and safe in my ancient and enduring surroundings with two of my favorite cavers, Christian Stenner and Chantal Templeton.

One of the more miserable jobs in camp involves, once again, the waterfall. Collecting water for drinks and cooking involves wrapping yourself in a tarp and walking down to the waterfall to place bottles under it, and

then back later to collect them. There was no way to do this without being right under the brunt of it, and even with the tarp on, it was a wet, cold experience.

The trip back out to the surface didn't seem nearly as difficult as the trip down to Camp 1. As I mentioned to my companions, on the way in I was questioning, as I often do, am I up for this? Have I bitten off more than I can chew? There is no such questioning on the way out, there isn't a choice, you just have to go. I enjoyed the two big pitches on the way back, relishing the physical challenge, not to mention the opportunity to feel warm(ish) for awhile against a backdrop of struggling with the cold and wet for 3 days. Although not a terribly decorated cave, it has a beauty of its own, and as you move through it you constantly experience new and very different terrain. It is a cave of great variety, and the sheer size of it made me feel tiny and awestruck.

We popped out onto the surface into warm sunshine and quickly had beers in our hands. Initially I thought I would want a rest day after my 3 days in the cave, but hearing about all the exploring happening on the surface, I was keen to join the others and see what we would find.

The rest of the week went by far too quickly. I wandered the plateau and dropped into holes with a variety of people. Christian and I discovered a small cave that we named "Elsa's Frozen Hole", a mostly vertical cave, the last few metres of which are a nearly perfect circular tube of ice,



Elsa's Frozen Hole

(Photo by Jesse Invik)

which was a nice break from the heat above. I developed my surveying skills with the help of Henry Bruns, Mary Claude, Jared Habiak, and Christian Stenner and helped survey four other small caves. Unfortunately the goal of finding another entrance to Bisaro Anima was not realized, though we left behind a few possibilities that were still going (and Vladimir Paulik left behind part of a finger) but these leads are going to require some rock breaking on a future trip.

This trip has to be one of the highlights of pretty much my entire life. I met so many talented and passionate cavers, learned more on this one trip than many of my other trips put together, explored new passage, got a much better handle on surveying and really pushed myself. I am grateful to have been included, and can't wait to get back up there again.



Victoria Cavers (Photo by Kirsten Mathison)



Just out of Bisaro Anima (Photo by Jeremy Bruns)

From The Archives... by Lorna Duncan Cerveza Cave

Cerveza Cave is located within a thick layer of Quatsino limestone in the Ida Lake / Bonanza Lake region of northern Vancouver Island. According to Peter Curtis, in an article entitled "Quatsino Limestone near Bonanza Lake" (BC Caver 24-01, Winter 2009), "over the years, cavers have explored the area, even documenting several caves, but a fair bit still remains pretty much unexplored due to access problems and difficulty negotiating the thick second growth."

Cerveza Cave was found by Kirk Safford in March 1991 when the caving party he was with (including Mark Shubrook, Wesa Gleave, Steve Grundy, Ron Kozsan) got lost looking for Glory 'Ole. They stumbled across a large exposure of limestone above the eastern shore of Ida Lake. Recceing the area, Kirk found a resurgence at the base of a cliff, just below spur road 16-J3. The cave was explored for a distance of several hundred feet before they decided to return next day to undertake a proper survey. According to the trip report, "surveying the cave was quite pleasant, particularly so if we kept things up in the roof and above the twisty vadose lower down." They explored upstream through clean vadose passage to a sump, then checked another, inactive, vadose passage to a beautiful V-shaped chamber decorated with moonmilk. At the end of this room, they found several skeletons which they were unable to identify. The presence of bones led them to think that there must be a nearby upper entrance so Kirk pushed high into the cave's ceiling. However, he ran into slick mud which forced him to abandon his search for an exit. The trip report ended with the statement "After 175 metres, two (lower) entrances and some interesting artifacts, we called it a day, thoroughly convinced that a return visit would be well worth the effort."

However, while they did make a return trip to the Ida Lake area in April 1991, they did not return to Cerveza Cave (at least it was not re-

ported). No further trips to Cerveza Cave were ever reported by any one, just this one report was ever submitted.

In an effort to find out more information regarding Cerveza Cave, I searched beyond the published trip reports and looked through the entire archives. Unfortunately, no photos were found from the trip. Survey notes from Steve Grundy's donated files were found, and they provide a bit more information than the published survey (see survey accompanying this report). In the main passage upstream of the two sumps, there is a symbol indicating stalactite formations. In addition, in the same general area, is shown the start of a passage with the notation "inlet goes". The notes don't provide much more new information. A look at the new "public" version of the database recently made available to members, revealed that location coordinates are not available and that the inventory data regarding this cave is incomplete. The cave has been assigned a Management Category II with a classification of CW2. Category II means that the cave has hazards and resources calling for special surface and/or subsurface management issues. C is the resource contents classification and this indicates that the cave contains formations of such a type or location that they are susceptible to damage, and/or that the cave contains items of scientific value that are also vulnerable (e.g., stalactites, moonmilk and animal bones). W refers to the appeal classification and means that the cave is moderately attractive to cavers, i.e., it may contain sporting passages or interesting features. 2 is the hazard rating for the cave and indicates the presence of drops over 2 m in height, also the possibility of a risk hypothermia and/or flooding, etc.

This is the current extent of information available in the archives and data base for Cerveza Cave. A sad situation considering that the cave was found 27 years ago...

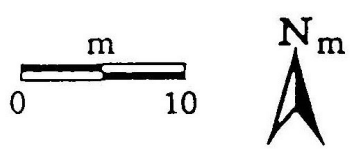
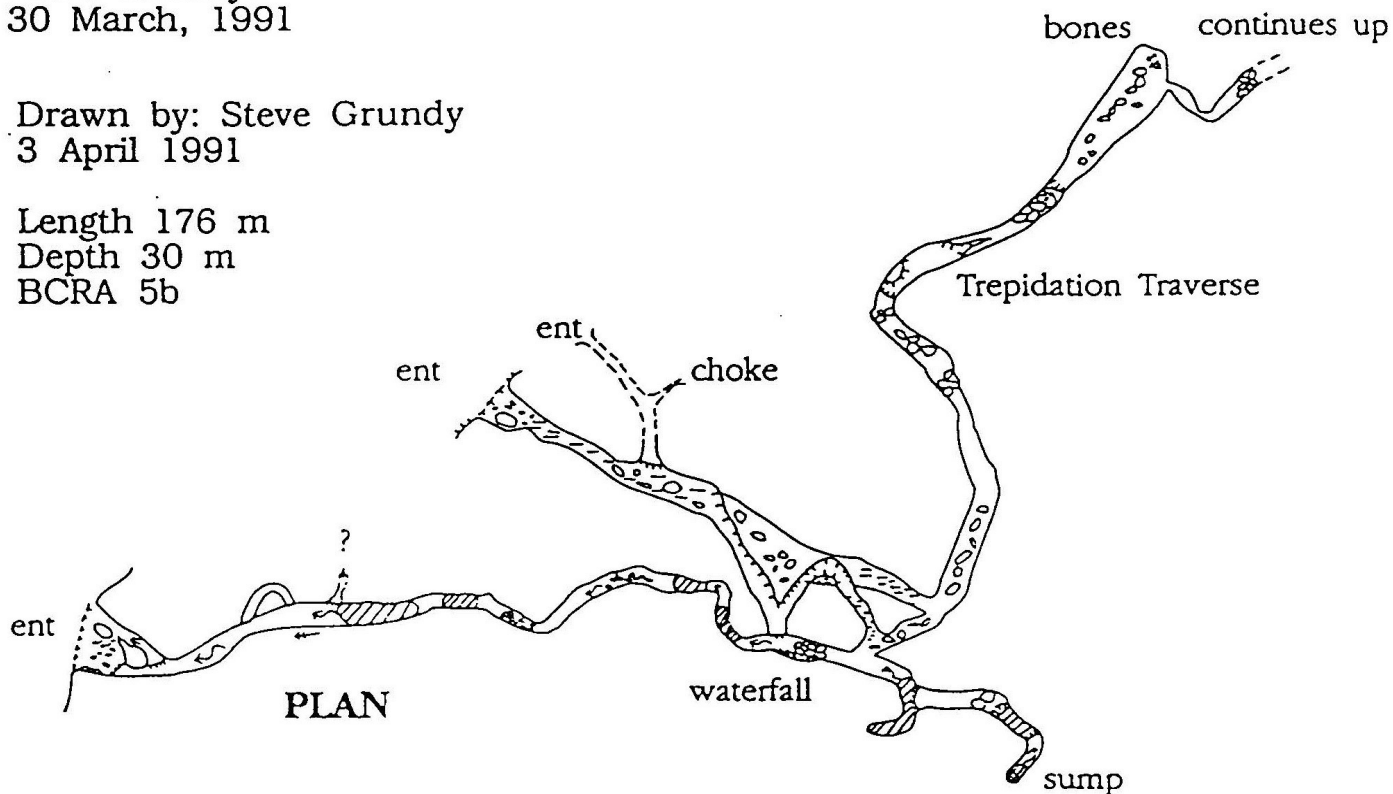
Cerveza Cave

Ida Lake, Vancouver Island.

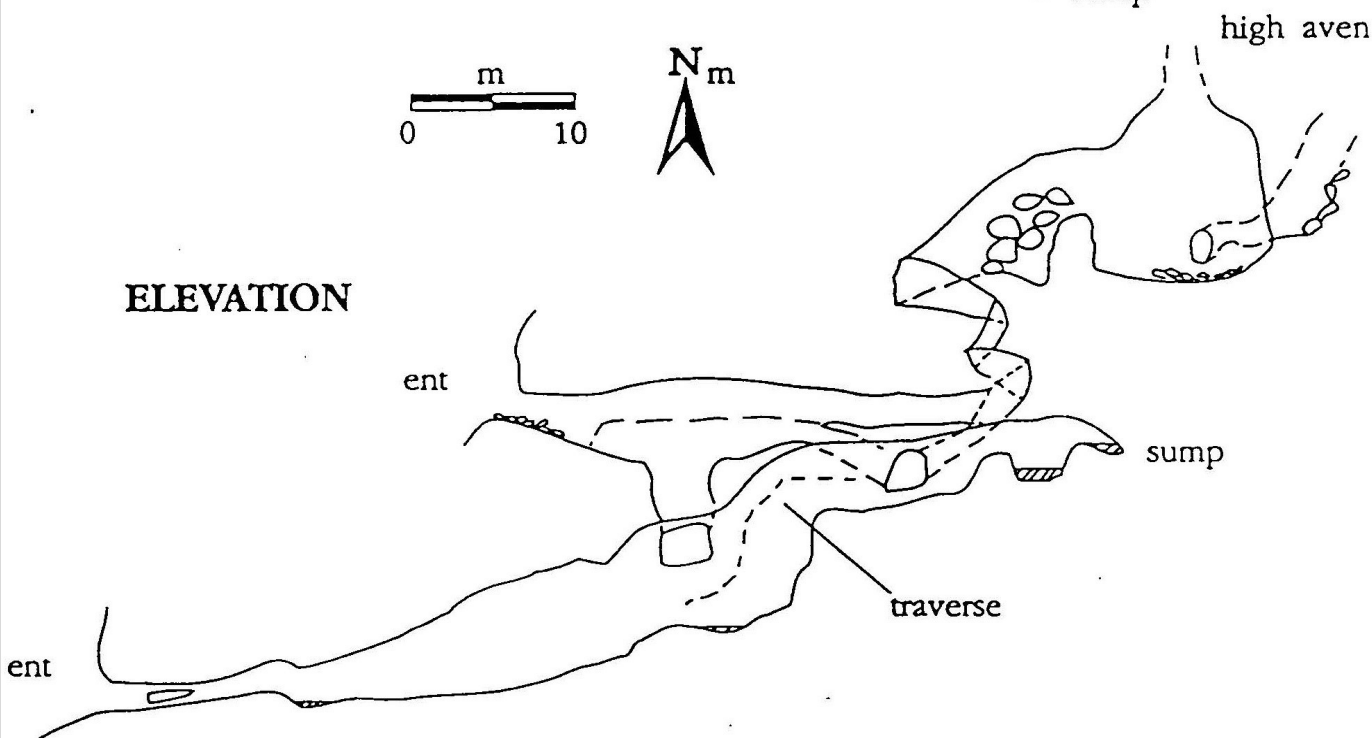
Surveyed by:
Kirk Safford, Wesa Gleave,
Marc Shubrook, Ron Kozsan,
Steve Grundy.
30 March, 1991

Drawn by: Steve Grundy
3 April 1991

Length 176 m
Depth 30 m
BCRA 5b



ELEVATION



International News, by Lorna Duncan

North America: White Nose Syndrome Update

White-nose syndrome (WNS) has continued to spread across North America. Bats with white-nose syndrome have now been confirmed in 33 states and seven Canadian provinces (Manitoba, New Brunswick, Newfoundland (& Labrador), Nova Scotia, Ontario, Prince Edward Island, and Quebec). In addition, the fungus that causes WNS, *Pseudogymnoascus destructans*, has been confirmed in three additional US states (Mississippi, Texas and Wyoming), but so far, no diseased bats have been found in these states.

India: New Species of Blind Cave Fish and Blind Freshwater Crab Discovered

A new species of eyeless fish has been discovered from deep within Krem Khung Cave, an extensive cave system in Meghalaya, northern India. The small, slender freshwater loach was collected from a small stagnant pool, located in a wet passage some 500 metres from the main entrance of the cave. Apart from the blind fish, scientists could see weakly pigmented crabs and crayfish, crickets, cockroaches and millipedes. Also found in Krem Khung was a new species of blind freshwater crab, the first truly troglobitic crab to have been identified in India. Two specimens of the crab were collected from muddy, waterlogged substrata about 200 to 500 metres from the entrance of the cave.

U.S.A: New Spider Species Discovered In Indiana Cave

A translucent sheet-weaving spider (*Islandiana lewisi*), was recently discovered in a single cave in Indiana. The tiny, 2-millimeter-long arachnid has been found in the flood-prone Stygeon River Cave of southern Indiana. A number of spiders were found along with a network of horizontal webs strung between the boulders of the cave's river. Examination of the spiders has revealed that the eyes are still well-defined and functional.

Kenya: Ancient Artifacts Found in Cave

Evidence has been found in the Panga ya Saidi cave network in Kenya's Rift Valley that its 1,076-square-foot main chamber has been occupied by *Homo sapiens* for 78,000 years. The oldest artifacts found in the cave are Middle Stone Age toolkits dating back to what appears to be the beginning of human occupation of the cave. In addition to the tools, an assortment of jewelry items (beads from seashells and ostrich shells, and carved bones), along with chunks of ochre have also been found.



Pellucidar 2

Photo by Franck Tuot