

COOL LIT E



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COLD CAN DO YOU IN.

Hypothermia, the lowering of the body's inner heat, perhaps by no more than 3.5 degrees, can cause death.

The temperature of the hands and feet can drop 20 degrees below the normal 37 degrees C without lasting harm. But a relatively small drop in the temperature of the body core will kill you; it makes no difference whether you're in water, the wilderness, a house without heating or a car that has run out of petrol.

You can survive three weeks without food, and three days without water, but without warmth you will be lucky to last three hours.

Hypothermia is a danger even in mild temperatures - say, between ten and zero degrees. Indeed most cases develop in this seemingly harmless range. Being wet and in the wind at such temperatures can be fatal, for the thermal conductivity of water is 32 times that of still air at the same temperature.

The moment your body begins to lose heat faster than it produced it, hypothermia threatens. According to recent research, the body reacts in a series of predictable ways - Around 1.5 degrees below normal, shivering begins - an automatic body process to create heat. But it takes energy to shiver - comparable to what is expended sawing wood - and the heat loss continues. The more the core temperature drops, the less efficient the brain becomes.

At 35 degrees body temperature, dexterity is reduced to a point where you cannot open a penknife or light a match. At 34.4 degrees, you will stop shivering, but every now and then will experience uncontrollable shaking. Your system, automatically getting rid of carbon dioxide and lactic acid, also releases blood sugar and a little adrenalin, giving you a surge of energy, which causes the violent shaking. This last desperate effort by the body to produce heat utilizes a tremendous amount of energy.

By this time if someone was to ask you your name and telephone number, you probably wouldn't know them, for the brain has become numb. If nothing is done, death may occur as soon as 1½ hours after the shivering starts.

The speed with which Hypothermia develops depends on the amount of energy available to start with. The trick is to conserve your energy by limiting muscular action and reducing body-heat loss.

There is no clothing that is effective in every situation. Duck down, best for stopping wind, is no use when wet. The clear plastic which protects against rain is not, by itself, a good insulator against cold. Wool has the peculiar virtue of drying from within, keeping the body warm even when wet. Never wear jeans when there is any possibility of exposure to cold. Loose woven, the denim of blue jeans not only allows water to penetrate but permits wind to blow away warm air. Cotton absorbs water like a wick, and quickly becomes soaking wet.

If you find yourself without proper protection, use your wits. Pad clothing with any soft, fluffy or relatively bulky material. Dry grass and moss can be used as emergency insulation. Pieces of paper packed in side your clothes are also helpful.

Most of all protect your head. The head is the most efficient portion of the body's heating system. A person who leaves his head unprotected may lose up to half the body's total heat production. There is an old mountaineers saying "When your feet are cold, put on your hat."

Dry clothes and adequate shelter are the keys to survival. If a person is showing the warning signs to Hypothermia which include - shivering, poor co-ordination, stumbling, thickness of speech and loss of memory, the ideal procedure is to submerge the victim in a tub of water heated to 43.5 degrees and if he is conscious force him to consume large quantities of warm heavily sugared liquids.

If in the field, replace wet clothing with dry, move to warm sheltered spot and put as much insulation as you can between the victim and the ground. Try and keep him awake, as you lose more of your body heat while sleeping than when awake, and administer fluids.

Remember it is not always the strongest that survive. Most likely it will be those who think clearly. Your brain is your best survival tool.

Anon.

HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT

The Yerranderie township, which once produced the richest silver in Australia, is to be restored and reopened as a tourist attraction if plans of a Sydney architect are fulfilled.

The township, which was once a thriving community, it now a collection of broken down buildings and water-filled mines.

However, Miss V. Lhuede of Sydney, along with a young cousin have big development plans for the area.

The restoration of the original buildings does not pose a great problem, but an access road to the area does.

The area is controlled by the Sydney Water Board which would like to keep Miss Lhuede and her company, Tonalli and Engineering Company, out.

However, the area borders onto the Wollondilly Shire Council and Miss Lhuede is trying to get the Council to open up a road into the site.

She is determined woman and came from Sydney last week to attend the Wollondilly Shire Council to make application for a road and to request assistance.

However in spite of three weeks of negotiating with the Shire Clerk, Mr. R. I. Love, and other Council staff, she was not given a hearing.

The only entrance into the old township is via the Great Western Highway and then over a Land Rover track, a distance of more than 100 miles.

If she could get Council assistance for a road in from its southern boundary the distance would be cut down to well under 100 miles.

Miss Lhuede said a mining company had already pumped one of the mines clear of water and there was still rich silver in the mine.

Already she has taken visitors into the area and she believes that the township would become a major tourist attraction once she gets it developed.

Last weekend another group visited the area.

"This is going to be a tremendous thing once we get it off the ground," Miss Lhuede said, "In a direct line it is only 60 miles from Sydney and if I can get the Council to help me with a road it will give the people of Sydney somewhere close to go to see something of historical interest instead of having to travel hundreds of miles."

ELECTRONICS HELPING THE WOMBAT.

The slow moving Australian wombat may owe its continued existence to the wonders of the electronic age.

C.S.I.R.O. researchers have electronically monitored the wombat and the climate inside its burrow to determine how it lives and where it will live best.

The C.S.I.R.O. says that the result could lead to improved management of future nature reserved where wombat colonies will thrive and the security of the species guaranteed.

In the Putty area, near Sydney researchers from the C.S.I.R.O. division of wildlife research have been monitoring wombat burrows in a study lasting 12 months.

Using radio transmitters and sensing devices the team has been able to accurately record burrow climates.

They found that in summer when outside air temperatures soared to 40 degrees Celsius the burrow remained at about 20 degrees Celsius.

In winter, when outside air temperatures dropped to freezing, the burrow remained above seven degrees Celsius.

Humidity in the wombat's home remained in the region of 70 to 100 per cent year round.

The wombat's body temperature has also been monitored by a small radio pill inserted in the neck.

DINGOES MAY NOT BE DOGGED BY KILLER TAG MUCH LONGER.

A C.S.I.R.O. team is in central Australia on a study which could clear the name of the dingo.

Preliminary findings throw doubt on the popular image of the dingo as a cowardly, vicious, sharp-toothed carnivore that should be wiped out, and show that the graziers' traditional alarm could be unfounded.

Results show that the dingo's diet consists mainly of small game - rabbits, rats, lizards and birds - with wallabies also being a major item of the diet.

In the south-east area, only 4 percent of the dingo's diet was sheep. Sheep and cattle were eaten only when there was no other food - and cattle only when they were dead.

Clever

The team's study also shows that the pure dingo faces extinction, particularly in the eastern highlands where an estimated 75 per cent are already crossed with domestic dogs.

The team, led by Dr. Alan Newsome, of the Wildlife Research Division in Canberra is completing field work in a 10 year study.

Mr. Lionel Hudson, author of the book *Dingos Don't Bark* and soon to make a documentary film on the dingo, said: "The dingo is the smartest animal I have encountered.

"It has keener senses of sight, smell and hearing than most other animals and, with the right training could be of great value to man.

"I know of a dingo that was taken into a supermarket on a leash. A mother asked her daughter in a stroller to pat the 'doggy' and the dingo licked the baby's hand. When told the animal was a dingo, the mother ran screaming from the shop."

Mr. Hudson said it was impossible to get evidence to prove the dingo is a wandering killer.

The C.S.I.R.O. study suggests that dingoes rarely wander far from home and hardly ever live in packs.

"No wild animal should have to justify itself to man," said Mr. Hudson, "but we should treat them with respect."

He said it was probably the purest breed of dog - not having mixed with other breeds from the time Australia was isolated from the land to its north about 12,000 years ago, to the coming of the white man.

More than \$1 million is paid every year for dingo scalps.

Preserved.

And the 9660km dingo fence through N.S.W., Queensland and South Australia, designed to protect sheep, is the longest fence in the world.

But the dingo has survived the fences, guns, traps, poisons and its own bad name.

Few people dispute that it has taken a toll of stock during droughts, when there is little else to eat, but conservationists argue that even this could be beneficial - it helps stronger sheep to survive.

Mrs Bernice Waiters, a dog breeder at Bargo, N.S.W., said: "Laws should be relaxed so dingoes can be studied and trained in captivity by selected individuals."

HOME-MADE AMPHIBIAN A VERSATILE FISH CATCHER.

Laboriously hauling dinghies on and off trailers and up and down beaches made me think there must be a better way. The obvious answer was an amphibian - something that would take itself into the water and out again - and so I decided to build one.

Fellow fisherman Max Terjesen and I, in two months of long days and late nights, designing and redesigning, and building and rebuilding, finally produced exactly what was needed - a 5 m, go anywhere, four wheel drive boat.

Now, instead of towing a dinghy to the beach, lifting it from the trailer, carrying it across the sand, loading nets and launching into the surf, and then repeating the whole process in reverse, we simply drive to the beach, across the sand and into the water without missing a beat. At the end of a day's fishing we drive the boat home again and park it in the garage.

The vessel is 5.2m (17 ft.) long, has a beam of 2.1 m (7 ft. 3 in.) and draws 0.75 m (2 ft. 6 in.) from wheels to waterline. Top speed in the water is seven knots and on land it is theoretically capable of 100 kph.

The vessel is powered by a six-cylinder petrol motor (Holden) through two differentials - front and rear wheels and four wheel drive gear box, and a 17.5 cm (7 in.) water jet from a power take-off shaft (PTO).

The boat has all the conventional transmission gears of a normal 4WD vehicle. The driver can select any combination of gears or jet to give high or low revs.

The particular fibreglass hull used was chosen for its full bilges, comparatively large carrying capacity, and easy adaption to a jet unit. A larger hull could be fitted but its beam might cause problems on the road.

The craft has been build round a Land Rover chassis and transmission. The differentials have been worked over to prevent water seeping in, and the wheel brakes replaced with pedal-operated transmission brakes.

The clutch, gearbox, brakes, steering and PTO are all inside the hull and need no special treatment. The tail shaft exit is covered by a fabricated neoprene rubber boot and a grease-lubricated stern-type bearing.

The front wheel axle is fixed to the hull. The rear wheels are attached to the hull like those on the front end of a tractor - hanging from a central point on the differential and thus able to more easily traverse rough ground.

The deck is self-draining, the engine box fitted so that it is waterproof yet with easy access, and the hull has two plugs fitted for convenient draining on shore. The vessel needs little more overall maintenance than a conventional four-wheel-drive vehicle or a 5 m boat could go, a one-metre surf included.

You simply drive to the beach, put the vessel into four-wheel-drive, and head into the water. Near the point of flotation you put the PTO in gear, put the wheel gearbox in neutral and steam about your business. You can also leave the wheels in drive to make the going easier in shallow water.

Leaving the water you put the gear box in gear and drive up the beach. Clear of the water you kick the PTO out and continue uninterrupted. It has a conventional steering wheel and a conventional radiator and fan.

We felt that in the Port Fairy area there was a need for a vehicle that could reach the out of the way and generally unfished beaches without the

problems of conventional boats.

Army duwks are far too large and unmanoeuvrable, not to mention unavailable, and the price of the Army's new 'Lark' is out of most people's reach.

By comparison the home-made amphibian was put together in a garage from a wrecked Land Rover and a fibreglass hull at comparatively little expense.

We have used it for rock lobster fishing, mesh netting and beach seining. I could also transport fish or gear to or from vessels moored in areas with no wharf facilities, and could operate as a rescue vessel during floods.

This vessel was a 'one-off' project but if reaction is favourable we will look at commercial production in the future.

From: Australian Fisheries, February, 1976.

A FREE ADVERTISEMENT FOR -

BLUE WATER, LTD. P.O. BOX 129, CARROLLTON, GEORGIA 30117.

Thank you for selecting Blue Water Rope as your caving rope. We at Blue Water Ltd. believe this rope to be most versatile caving rope on the market due to the fact that it was designed especially for caving and incorporates special construction features to enable it to perform well under the most difficult caving conditions. This is not a dynamic rope and should not be used for a static belay.

We do not manufacture our rope under the same production procedure that some of the larger companies use. Many allow a certain number of "defects" per length of rope and still consider the rope to be of first quality. We do not follow this line of thinking as we consider any defect important and scrap and rope that we can not consider to be completely suitable for caving. Every rope is made with a 100% nylon core that is free of any knots or splices. This insures that every rope has the specified breaking strength along its entire length. We realize that this is an expensive way to manufacture rope but believe that it is necessary in order to offer the best rope possible to our customers. We realize that the average production worker can not appreciate the importance of maintaining such a high quality standard and therefore use only cavers to make the rope. All of our rope is made by a man who climbs on the rope himself and can appreciate the importance of careful attention to the manufacturing procedure.

Many cavers have asked us how to care for their rope. We recommend that the rope be washed when mud or dirt becomes excessive as the removal of the abrasive material will lengthen the life of your rope. When washing your rope use cold water and a mild soap or detergent. Since washing the rope will result in the shrinkage of the nylon fibers, some stiffing of the rope will be noticed but most of this stiffness will disappear after the first rappel when the core strands are stretched almost back to their original length.

Many cavers wash their rope before using so that the outer sheath fibres are shrunk before use. This tends to close the sheath strands so that it is more difficult for dirt to penetrate the rope.

Another important factor in the care of your rope is the proper padding of your rope in the cave. Any rope will abrade if not properly padded at the point of contact. The tight construction of our rope resists abrasion better than other construction but the rope will still wear if not protected. The outer sheath is a protective covering and thus the load bearing strands

are protected which is not the case with a twisted rope. This gives you a much wider range of protection in the event that your rope comes off of the pad or if it is impossible to pad the rope at certain points. As you use your rope and some wear does take place, a fuzz will appear on the surface of the rope. This is normal and should be of no concern until the wear is so great that the white core shows through the sheath. Since the core strands contribute 70% of the breaking strength of the rope, wear of the outer sheath will not greatly affect the breaking strength of the rope. However, when the sheath strands are worn to the point that they can no longer protect the load bearing core strands, replace your rope.

Shown below are some of our tested results and specifications that should be of interest to you.

SIZE: 7/16" diameter,

MATERIAL: 100% nylon

CONSTRUCTION: Double twisted nylon strands in sheath - single twisted strands in core.

WEIGHT: App. 18 feet/lbs.

STRETCH: App 1% when weighted with 250 lbs.

SHRINKAGE AFTER WASHING: App. 5% MAXIMUM BREAKING STRENGTH: 7000 lbs.

BREAKING STRENGTH USING MIDSHIPMAN'S KNOT ON ONE INCH STEEL BAR: 5400 lbs.

MAXIMUM SHEATH SLIPPAGE WHEN ENTIRE SHEATH CUT AND JUMAR PLACED UNDER CUT AND LOADED WITH 250 LBS: 8 inches.

BREAK TESTS USING GIBBS ASCENDERS.

7/16" Goldline Rope broke at 1800 lbs. Rope damaged at 1300 lbs.

7/16" BLUE WATER II Cam broke at 2025 lbs. Rope damaged when cam broke.

THE GOULD LEAGUE

FOR CONSERVATION:

In this country, half a century ago, conservation was emerging. In fact, many aspects of the conservation idea are still being hammered out.

So the formation of the Gould League of Bird Lovers, back about half a century, was a most modern innovation. The Tree Warden's League came somewhat later. These organizations were designed to develop an interest by school children in birds and trees.

Today, events have proven that it is not possible to save birds without their homes; without soil most plants will die and without plants almost nothing can live. If air and water carries poisons, all living things are eventually affected.

All of these things: the soil, the air, the water, the warmth and light of the sun, the plants and the animals, make up the world we live in. This is our habitat, our environment.

The art of taking care of our habitat is called conservation.

It would not be sensible to think only of saving the birds, or only the mammals, or only the soil, or only the trees.

For this reason the Gould League of Bird Lovers and The Tree Wardens have decided to merge. Members of both organisations will become members of The Gould League.

An exciting future.....

Hold your wrist so that you can feel your pulse beat. Do you know that

each beat of your pulse happens at about the same time as an extra human is born. Another human that will need fresh air, water, warmth, space, food, shelter, work, and interesting surroundings.

Unless each of us thinks hard and works hard in taking care of our habitat we will all get less and less fun out of living.

Today's and tomorrow's Gould League members have an exciting and important part to play in looking after our habitat. Before we can do that properly, we must learn its secrets -

- * the part plants play in keeping our air supply in good condition;
- * how man and his industry pollute the air and water;
- * how garbage and sewage changes the fresh water into a fluid that can't support fish;
- * what plants, birds, mammals, insects, and all other animal life need from their habitat;
- * how each living thing is part of an immense web of life;
- * what conditions keep the soil healthy.

When we begin to worry about what makes up our habitat we find no shortage of interesting problems to study.

The world is our home and our habitat; the forests, the fresh air, the birds, the mammals are all part of it. Whatever we do to it will affect each one of us - only we can look after our home, the Earth.

THE SADDEST TALE

Whilst on a hike one Summer's day
We found a Refuge by the way.
An unfrequented clearing in the shade,
Where birds sang and wild life played.
And here in this sheltered wood,
This restful haven. Here we stood.
We listened to the merry throng
Of chirping, chuckling birds in song.
But we knew (and it's to our shame)
That as soon as other people came,
That they would do their very best
To ruin this secluded place of rest.

The hikers track became a path -
The path in turn became a road.
And then in one long endless stream,
Cars and caravans could be seen.
People travelled in their cars
So that they could sleep beneath the stars.
They hungered for the country life,
Free from cares and city strife.
But though they longed for quiet bush days,
They brought with them their city ways -
Their blankets, mattresses and tents,
And all their civilized implements,
Transistors and radiograms,
Canned foods and babies prams,
Hunters guns and fishing gear,
And various kinds of bottles cheer.
The frightened bush life moved away,
And left the humans to their play.
They shot the ducks in and out of season,
And chopped down trees without rhyme or reason.
And so by vandalism and desecration,

A haven was turned into desolation.

When we returned at a later day,
 We found garbage and decay,
 Broken bottles and empty tins.
 What an unhygienic mess the place was in'.
 Why is it humans only enjoy,
 Something that they can destroy.
 And if there's a moral in this tale,
 It's keep humans away from a Nature Trail.

from: the 'Gould Leaguer' Vol 1 No. 1 Feb. 1969.

SPELEOLOGY

From: Encyclopedia Britanica Year-book 1975.

In 1973 new discoveries and more surveying in the Holloch (the Swiss cave that is the second longest in the world) brought its length to 74½ mi. In the U.S.S.R. the Optimistitscheskaja Cave was explored to a total length of 57 mi. making it the third longest. A new plan of Organ Cave, in Greenbrier County, W. Va., showed it to be 34 mi. long. In England the length of the Easgill Cave system was extended to 17 mi. by the discovery of a new series of passages linking the bottom end of County Pot to the Lancaster Hole highway near Cornes Cavern.

A British karst research expedition spent six months in northwest Venezuela, investigating the area near Curimagua. Many caves were explored for the first time including the 1,000 ft deep Guarataro, the second deepest in South America. The abundant cave fauna was studied and also the hydrology of the underground water flows.

Bibima Cave in New Guinea was explored to a sump at a depth of 1,620 ft. by Kevan Wilde and others. It thus held the Southern Hemisphere depth record. A team from McMaster University in Canada descended into Yorkshire Pot, in the Rockies, the bottom of which they found sealed by a mud sump at 1,260 ft; it became the deepest American cave north of Mexico.

Several important deep explorations took place toward the end of 1972. The Abime Club Toulonnais found extensions in the Chourum des Aiguilles (Hautes - Alpes, France) that made it 3,215 ft. deep and thus the third deepest in the world. In the Gouffre du Cambou de Liard (Hautes-Pyrenees) a terminal sump was reached at 3,062 ft. A depth of 2,799 ft. was attained in the Sumidero de Callagua near Santander in northern Spain; the bottom of the cave was not reached, however, for the explorers were halted by a shaft for which they had no more tackle. Explorers from Trieste, Italy, were stopped by a lake at a depth of 2,411 ft. in the Abisso Enrico Davanzo. In the French Alps and three-man exploration team discovered the Scialet de Genieux, and by the end of the year they reached the bottom, at 2,215 ft.

A cave containing prehistoric wall paintings was discovered in the Alpes-Maritimes departement of France. The discovery was by experts from the Museum of Prehistoric Anthropology at Monaco. A museum was opened at the cave of Chou-k'ou-tien, near Peking the site of the discovery of Peking Man. (*Sinanthropus pekinensis*).

The year marked the 300th anniversary of the Count de Nointel's descent on Dec. 22, 1673, into the Antiparos Cave in the Greek islands. This was an ambitious exploration involving the use of ladders and ropes.

TRIP REPORTCLIEFDEN CAVES.

DATE: 25th - 26th October, 1975

AIM: General Caving

MEMBERS PRESENT: P. Coburn TL. Greg Powell, Ted Matthews + 2. Lewis Carey, Peter Payne, William Brown, Karl and Louise Bilger + 4, Jack & Alma Cummings, Tony Ellis, Allan Phillis.

VISITORS: Robert Ellis, Dianne Elliot, Tony Styan, C. Miller, Jim Rowe.

The trip started at the General Meeting on Friday night. Despite us trying to cut it short we still didn't get away till 12pm. Half way through the meeting we were invaded by a delegation of 6 from the small town north of Sydney called Newcastle - the ring leader being Greg Powell. Three of the number had decided to join the club. Our noble treasurer Gwen having been wakened up by this strange occurrence immediately extracted \$6 out of the three kids, with which they became prospective members with all the privileges this entails. Ha Ha.

Meanwhile back to the trip Karl, Louise & family and myself and Carol arrived at the shack about 3.15am to find Jack & Alma setting up residence, they left half an hour before us and beat us by 5 minutes - not bad considering the winds that was blowing us from one side of the road to the other.

Everyone then went to bed, for what it was worth.

Next morning, sorry later on the same morning, you guessed it those miniature 4 by 2 legged alarm clocks are at it again (for those not in the know, the Bilger Kids).

Karl and myself tried to get the hot water going but found the dam all silted up over the inlet pipe, we cleaned that but still found the pipe all clogged up. No matter what we tried we couldn't clear it despite Jacks help as well. We all went back and had breakfast. The Newcastle crowd had arrived, I had the room to myself and next minute there was 7, slightly crowded.

We went to Murder first, leaving the cars at the silo and walking the rest of the way in the pouring rain and the strong wind by the time we reached the entrance the rain had stopped but we were nearly blown off the side of the hill and we'd managed to lose about 6 bods. Eventually all and sundry had assembled, and the game called "find the gate" was attempted and achieved. The party consisted of 11 people, Dianne, Lewis, Tony (Styan), Peter, Greg, William, Karl, Jack, Alma, Carol and Myself.

The next couple of hours were spent exploring the left hand extension to the final chamber and the right hand extension with the skeleton. The shutterbugs were busily snapping away, also the prospectives and visitors were introduced to caving Cliefden style (watch it fellows the bug is catching). I ended up some ½" tunnel with three others while the rest of the party managed to take the low road instead of the high road to the

brought out a porta gas burner and proceeded to cook sausages, it had to be seen to be believed - in the entrance of Murder yet.

I gave Jack the key to CL 1 while we finished lunch and then wandered across to Main Cliefden and into the Main Chamber to find all told 15 people and Teds 2 children - talk about Pitt Street! There were bods everywhere. Photos were taken and I never knew we had so many posers in the club - if you wanted someone to fill a photo you only had to yell. Next thing you know they will be applying for member ship in the acting union. We proceeded onto the Boot Room and after answering all the questions as to why it is called the Boot Room we proceeded via the Laurel and Gong Rooms to Helictite Wall. The shutterbugs were having a field day with the usual CL 1 problem of lenses and viewfinders fogging up.

There is just nothing to compare to Helictite Wall anywhere for masses of helictite formations in such a small area. All of it is completely undamaged and a refreshing change from some of the mud slinging which has occurred in other areas. Greg tried to wrap himself around the floor after his feet decided to go another direction so he put his arm back in place and after a jelly bean/chocolate break we proceeded on to the sounds of Ted and the rest of the party coming up to the wall (Pitt Street again).

More stunning undamaged formations. We were gradually running out of words to describe it. On reaching a rock slab with a difficult climb and with no hand holes and an extremely slippery bit, the girls decided to leave the suicidal act to the fellows. So we went up to the slab.

Off to the right were a couple of dead end tunnels, one ending in a small room with lots of perfectly formed crystals up to about 10 cms long - there ended up quite a queue to look at them. But the way on was left, this area was very familiar as I'd been here over a year ago with members of OSS surveying. I am still trying to find the tunnel to the lower entrance and the Noonameena gate. We followed the very strong draught. Karl & Tony dissappeared into a tunnel and Greg and Myself into another and we traced the draught into a very crumbly area through an easy squeeze and then the dam thing vanished. We backtracked and found the draught again, tried some more side tunnels and still lost it, so we went back to find Tony, Karl and Lewis, following the tunnels which eventually led to where we went. Greg and I put out our lights and when Lewis passed underneath, Greg then jumped in front of him yelling Yowie! Yowie! The affect had to be seen to be believed. By the expression of terror and disbelief on Lewis's face and the application of reverse gear by said party we were not disappointed. Laughter was forthcoming and it was a good 10 minutes before we moved back the way Greg and myself had come in. We picked up all the stragglers and got everyone eventually back to the Boot Room, had a head count asking those not present to put up their hands. Proceeded in dribs and drabs to the main chamber then outside and locked the gate performing the usual gymnastics, approximate time out 6.30pm.

Back to the shack for the usual light snack and liquid refreshments.

Good start next morning underground by 9am. I wanted to go to Taplow but the river was swollen to 4 times its normal size and there were no takers to swim the river. So we went to CL 69 (Molongulli) party underground consisted of:- Dianne, Lewis, Tony (Styan), Peter, Greg, William, Louise, Jack, Tony, Robert, Allan, Jim and myself.

Everyone watched me wriggle down the CL 70 entrance in amazement and with a little encouragement followed. We spent the next 3 hours exploring the cave and noted that some more people had been climbing around the Barrier

Shawl leaving muddy boot and hand marks on the upper side - no reason for this as there is another way round. The sump level is about 65 cms higher than a month ago making the duckunder wet instead of dry. I'm happy to report that the Nazgal formation is still there and undamaged, mainly due to its difficult to find location and its hairy climb - and I mean hairy - up a slippery muddy flow stone. Next on the agenda was up to the upper level cave through some phreatic tunnels which makes for some good comments for the people who haven't been through them before. These come out above sump level and save going through the pigeon hole squeeze next to the sump.

Emerged at about 12am to the pouring rain but every one being so muddy and beraggled we couldn't give a heck any way.

But showing true Cliefden style by the time we got back to the cars the sun was out, but on getting to the shack it started to rain again, just goes to show you can't win. Lunch was had, the shack cleaned out. Trip fees collected \$7.40. Hut Fees \$19 keys returned to Bruce and started home 3pm. A very successful weekend.

TRIP REPORT

WYANBENE CAVE

DATE: 18th - 19th October, 1975.

AIM: General Caving and Photography.

MEMBERS PRESENT: Lionel Baker, B. Richard, K. Bilger, L. Bilger, W. Brown, L. Carey, P. Payne, G. Powell, G. Miller.

A late start because of attending a car accident, meant arriving at camp at 4 am. The party entered at 11am, Barry staying out (because Louise had been sick the night before) and allowing Karl to go caving with the rest.

Laddering the first pitch then crawling through that terrible water crawl, we went straight into the Gun Barrel where first timers were amazed at the size and shape. Back out again towards Caesar's Hall the mud slope was used to the advantage of some bods.

The party moved off through Caesar's and on to Frustration lake where one person was not satisfied with the water crawl - he had to go in to explore the far side.

Having finished photos and swimming, we extracted ourselves from the cave by 7 pm.

On Sunday we all made our way to the Big Hole then spent an hour exploring Marble Arch where Lewis climbed up into a hole with a large volume of water coming out. Finding it did no go anywhere he returned.

A hole up high was noted for a later trip. With this we made our way home.

L. BAKER

TRIP REPORTCLIEFDEN

DATE:- 8th - 9th November, 1975

AIM:- Mini Conference/that wasn't.

MEMBERS PRESENT:- Phillip Coburn, Carol Miller, Members of UNSWSS, OSS, MUSIG, CSS, SUSS.

This trip was under an UNSWSS permit and although I'd heard that it was going to be a Mini-Conference it turned out to be a weekend designed to get people familiar with Cliefden from as many clubs as possible who were concerned with saving the area. Its under consideration as a possible dam site for the planned Bathurst-Orange growth centre. The possible sites being:- 1. The Needles (MR 818489) 2. Cranky Rock (MR 733545) 1 inch to the mile OS map Canowindra. Both on the downstream end of Cliefden. The former will flood Cliefden only, the latter will flood Walli as well.

By the time we got started it was after lunch about 1pm due to some bods who had gone missing, so when they turned up we all got started in a procession of cars. After permission had been obtained from the landowner we proceeded to the top of the ridge and hiked down to the creek and followed the Belubela (at a leisurely pace) to just past the Needles and proceeded back upstream having a quick swim on the way. The country side is extremely pretty and it would be a shame to drown the lot under 30m of water. Everyone proceeded back to the shack and did sweet all for the rest of the day. Some people went to continue a dig somewhere and returned in a grotty condition a few hours later.

Next morning it was 11am before we got underground. I'd persuaded 4 bods from MUSIG + Carol to go into CL 1 mainly for photography. Ian Wood took most of the rest of the party to Taplow and I believe spent an interesting couple of hours in the mazes. We spent 5 hours in Main about 3 hours photography 1 hours caving, 1 hour resting - the only way to cave! We went via Boot Room (Suffer Powell I found my way there this time) Gong Room (somehow missed the Laurel Room) Helictite Wall. One of the visitors wishes he left his camera in the Main Chamber but was glad he didn't, the wall is something incredible. The crystals in the crystal room absolutely blow their minds and leave the visitors lost for words. We emerged about 4pm and went for a swim (paddle) in Limestone creek to clean up, proceeding home stopping for tea in Bathurst. At least MUSIG is convinced that Cliefden is well worth saving that is if it is seriously threatened.

P. COBURN

TRIP REPORT

MAMMOTH CAVE JENGLAN.

DATE:- 15th - 16th November, 1975.

AIM:- General familiarisation of areas consisting of Entrance Cavern to Lower river, Oolite cavern also to railway tunnel, Skull & Cross-bones and 90'. Possibly to the middle bit if time allowed, or energy, whichever gave up first.

MEMBERS PRESENT:- Ted Matthews TL, Barry Richard, P. Coburn, Tony Ellis, Graham Cummings, Greg Powell. Lewis Carey, Peter Payne, William Brown.

Everyone turned up at Mammoth Flat Saturday morning. By the time tents were set up, gear sorted out, and everyone trogged up it was 10.30 am before we got started and 11am before we started underground. The pitch was laddered by everyone then Peter, Tony and myself abseiled in. We left a haversack and ket bag with extra food and jumpers and extra ladders and rope at the entrance pitch. What type of condition we would be in was doubtful when we returned so its better to be safe than sorry. Since Ted and Barry were the only ones that had been in Mammoth before 5 or 6 years previous, we came suitably armed with photostat maps (you've no idea how handy they were.)

Conglomerate Cavern was found easily enough. Ted and Greg went one way to the Mammoth Squeeze with one group, Barry and myself went to find the 40' with the rest of the party. All we found, was the said passage, numerous other tightish passages, and the way to the Railway Tunnel and Horseshoe Cavern.

Ted returned to tell us that the Mammoth Squeeze had 15cms of water in it. Being reinforced by extra food it still took us another 30mins. to find it or at least what we thought was the 40', we proceeded onwards poking into every tunnel in sight, with solution tubes and phreatic passages all over the place. Eventually we turned up in the Oolite cavern, lunch was devoured (my sandwiches turned out to be a dagwood but still eatable). I had a look at lower river where they do that big leg stretch, were one needs portable hand holds. They have got to be kidding no person in his right mind would try it, but I think the river could have been up probably about 1.5 metres.

Pictures were taken in Oolite including some multiple flash. Phill's flash gun dropped just over a metre and rolled about 3 metres but somehow it is still working. While this was going on Greg was climbing/trying to climb that slot into Upper Oolite, his comments I believe were well worth noting. A rope was secured and Ted followed. Next thing about 20 metres or so above us Greg appeared, it was quite eerie, Peter, Tony and myself followed if you think your good at climbing give it a try, it's bloody awkward. From this high perch you look down on the Oolite cavern far below.

From here we proceeded to the Oval and the Pisa Chamber but not before we detrogged, cleaning batteries, hands and feet, it was a funny looking lot of cavers that continued. The Pisa Chamber is a place that really cannot be described, words of any description would just not do it justice, photographs even could not convey the beauty of the area (but that didn't stop us from trying). Everything is truly immaculate, no mud, just crystalline flowstone, rim pools like you wouldn't believe, straws, stals, shawls, pools of crystal clear water surrounded by pool crystal. Walking on all this, even in clean bare feet seemed like an intrusion, old mother nature certainly worked overtime on this place. We left the area in awe.

returned to our gear and retrogged, signed the visitors book and returned to the others in the Oolite cavern. It is much easier going down the mud slot when gravity is helping you, even if one wondered how you got up that hole in the first place.

We returned from Oolite to the top of the 40' some bods going up the ladder. Ted, Greg and a few others of doubtful sanity went up the rockpile much to their later dismay. From here we went to the Railway Tunnel/Horseshoe Cavern/ Skul & Crossbones and Northern Railway Tunnel up to the 90' in that order, gazing in wonderment at the sheer size of the chamber, also the size of the aven in Horseshoe Cavern caught everyones breath.

Some photos were taken some of them multiple flash. There's a beaut mud slide near the Hell Hole which, as can be imagined, pleased some members of the party considerably. We returned to the entrance pitch and devoured what was left of the food.

I went out first, self belaying on a single jumar and set up the normal belay, Barry came next. It took just under the hour for everyone to come up and all the gear. But if every-one had a jumar it would take half the time. Interesting thought, yes. A 9½ hour trip and well worth the effort. Once back at camp everyone had tea and crashed, some more than others.

A rather slow start next morning, wonder shy. After our 2 hour multi course breakfast, Greg Took those interested (i.e. everyone except Barry and Ted) to have a look at Bushrangers. Greg then left mumbling something like a quick walk in the Megalong Valley? with Lewis, Peter & William in tow.

After much debate it was decided to have a look in J51 (Casteret) not far from camp. This turned out to be a 2½ hour jaunt into a tight beast of a cave about 70m long with some very good and quite unusual formations at the bottom. Equipment required was a 20m rope and one of the short 9m ladders.

The rope had to be tied off outside the cave because there is absolutely nothing (nothing safe) to belay off inside. The cave is reasonably tight but no problem except when you get about 10m in, there is a hole which seems about .75U. I got down with battery pack on but had to take it off coming back up.

Anyway we got back to camp about 2.30pm and proceeded home via Hampton Road House.

P. COBURN

TRIP REPORTWALLI CAVES - "BMSV THE THISTLES."

DATE: - 29th - 30th November, 1975

AIM: - General familiarization, exploration & Photography.

MEMBERS PRESENT: - P. Coburn, TL. Greg Powell, Lionel Baker, Karl & Louise Bilger & 4, Barry Richard.

VISITORS: - Carol Miller, Udo and Joan Kahl.

The trip started out on Friday night with everyone supposed to be meeting at Mandurama at 12pm only everyone turned up at the roadhouse at Raglan near Bathurst at 11:30pm. I think there is a communication gap somewhere? We camped by the roadside near Mandurama preparing a daylight assault to find the place since it had been quite a few years since Barry & Lionel had been there. Later on the same morning we preceded to the property of Mr. Rowlands but not before Barry & Lionel had missed the turnoff by 8 km, good trick? Some stupid excuse of someone moving the gate. Directions were obtained and we pushed onto the northern side of the Walli-canowindra Road. The track was relatively easy for a while until we had to go across a couple of paddocks with thistles in them, and I mean thistles! The flamin things were over 2 metres in height but we reached the campsite after Barry's rover had bashed a path through.

We pitched camp on top of the ridge including a tarpolon as a shade shelter, had breakfast and preceded underground about 11am going to Piano Cave WA 12 - 35. Although not a very big cave it does have some areas of good formation. It was beautiful getting into a cool cave as the temperature was getting into the high 30's outside. Most of the formation is dry except for one section of crystal rimpools and some rather delicate helictites.

The dry formations in the main chamber are quite impressive including a canopy of shawls and a set of twin stals. over a metre in height (similar to Castor and Pollux in B24 Oddesey). There are quite a few interesting side passages enough to keep an average bod occupied for a while, Lionel and myself were busy taking photos while the others explored further, although one local personage name of Greg Powell was seen sleeping on a ledge. We exited at about 1:30pm, had lunch under the shade shelter and decided on Oolite and Stovepipe system, WA 2-5-6-29-30, after lunch we wandered across.

Lionel tried to disappear down one hole and seemed to be having trouble so we all left him and disappeared down another (standing around in 100 degree F temp. is no fun,) sorry 38 degree C. Everyone eventually turned up down the bottom and we proceeded to explore the system finding further on downward Calcified Tree Roots over a small but high flowstone. From here we proceeded up another passage to a tunnel of railway (J15) similarity, although not the same proportions, it was about 70m long and approx. 5m high and 3.5m across.

Some photos were taken of flowstones which were various colours ranging from pure white to burnt orange and browns but all dry. Meanwhile Greg was playing about in a small passage on the eastern (I think) end of the 70m tunnel. This leads to the stovepipe and is about the tightest thing I have seen. Greg was mumbling about getting some claustrophobic feeling I was right behind him, yours truly was getting worried. All that I could see was his feet and hearing a great amount of effort being exerted and no apparent movement. He eventually got through and then unfortunately it was my turn. The squeeze turned out to be banana shaped and about 6 cms

shorter than my shoulder width. After much effort shoulder squashing and chest constricting, Phil also made it.

Karl had a quick look and beat a hasty retreat, Lionel came next and earned my 10 points for the most effort exerted to ground gained. The three of us (there were no more takers for the squeeze) proceeded to the stovepipe, had a quick look around, not being real keen on a 30m free climb, although as much as we could see it would not be too hard. We went back to the squeeze and negotiated it again with a little effort. Lionel took his overalls off and pushed them through the hole. Upon rejoining the rest of the party, a pose photograph was taken and everyone proceeded outwards back to camp about 6.30pm.

From there to a small - about 80 - swimming hold on the creek not far from camp, and by the time we'd returned to camp for tea the temperature had dropped quite a bit thankfully. Tea was had - everyone went to bed.

Next morning after breakfast of sorts, the Bilger kids didn't have to wake us up it was just too hot by 7am anyway. We proceeded to Deep Hole WA17, or tried to. Barry and Lionel couldn't remember where it was exactly so we spent over an hour in 35 degree temp. looking for it (a few people were not amused). The pitch was rigged from a convenient tree everyone was belayed down. Karl and myself abseiled in. I ended up parallel to the floor, 3 foot off the deck with the leg of my overalls caught on the ladder. Greg reckoned it was the untidiest entrance he had seen in years. It was a relief to get underground. It still took Karl and myself well over an hour to cool down.

By this stage people had disappeared up nearby passages and we proceeded to explore the system. There are some good dry helictites in one area. Also some dry flowstones very crystalline - in the chamber before the maze.

That maze is absolutely incredible. Passages going everywhere, side passages, ones underneath all inter connecting, all interesting and confusing. Bodies were coming and disappearing in and out of passages for half an hour until some resemblance of order could be resumed. There was still more passages to explore but we were running out of time. So proceeding back to the entrance pitch, Barry self belay'd out and belayed everyone out in turn, myself coming out last collecting Greg on the top ledge rolling the ladders and emerging after 4 hours underground. We returned to camp via the swimming hole, packed up camp and proceeded home.

Greg left just before everyone else and I heard later he got lost in the thistles and had to stand on the roof of his car to see where he was. (yes the thistles are that bad.) Mandurana Pub was visited on the way home or should I say assaulted, the first couple not even touching the sides on the way down.

All in all a good trip but a recommendation for future Walli visits, "NOT IN SUMMER", Its too Bloody Hot.

P. COOPE

TRIP REPORT.CLIEFDEN.

DATE: - 31st January, 1976 - 1st. February, 1976

AIM: - Cleaning of formations, Main Chamber CL 1, Barrier Shawl CL 69.
Further exploration CL 1, Location of lower entrance and photography.
Photographic visits to Boonderoo CL 3 and Trapdoor CL
Location of entrances to CL 13 Yarrowigah,
Location of entrance to CL 5 Taplow Maze and exploration if time permitted.

MEMBERS PRESENT: - Phillip Coburn TL, Greg Powell, Karl and Louise Bilger + 4, Tony Ellis, Robert Ellis, Peter Payne, Kevin Rugg.

VISITORS: - Carol Miller, Mark Dixon, David Anderson, Keith Yates.

Everyone had turned up by 8am Saturday morning, various cleaning materials were scrounged, buckets, brushes, rags and water containers for the assault on the formations. We proceeded to CL 1, underground by 9:30am. 11 bods. in all. The big stal. was attacked first and the twin stal. next to it. Kevin managed to climb the big stal in bare feet and perched himself on the top with a sling and scrubbed away merrily. Over the next 3 hours we cleaned, tried to clean, attempted to clean various formations around the fallen slabs with varying results. A lot of the dirt came off quite easily with the application of water and elbow grease, some difficult sections would require a high pressure stream of water, and are too hard to get at with a scrubbing brush. On the big stal. the mud, dirt and signatures which have been put on over the years, now has a covering layer of calcite which would need a light wire brush for removal.

From the main chamber we shifted to the Boot Room thence to the Gong Room to evaluate the possibility of cleaning the Ice Maidens. With hand cleaning a ridiculous failure, a high pressure hose would seem the best solution. From here we proceeded to Helictite Wall to show our visitors some of the wonders of Cliefden besides the mud. This part of CL 1 never ceases to amaze me everytime I see it and must be one of the most beautiful sections of the whole area.

This trip I managed to locate the lower entrance from inside the system, so finally the relationship of all the various tunnels and chambers and where they are located to each other starts to make sense. We went outwards at about 1.30pm and grabbed a quick lunch.

The whip had to be cracked to get the mob moving, we proceeded across the river (Dry) to Trapdoor, spending some three hours inside on photography, & General familiarisation. The sump has really been up (probable due to recent heavy rain because there were calcite flakes a good 1.5m above the water level. We were all taken back by the deep blue-green colour of the water it's certainly unusual.

After proceeding outwards just after 5pm, next on the agenda was to locate Yarrowigah CL 13/39 entrances for the next trip. The upper entrance was located relatively easily - jailhouse bars and all and if the lower entrance is a tight awkward S shaped tunnel, well we found that too.

From here we walked down stream to locate CL 5 Taplow Maze cave (only we'd forgotten the number at the time) and if we'd known how far it was downstream we'd have gone back to the shack before we'd started.

A good looking hill was found with cave written all over it and approx. where we thought Taplow was. Two entrances were located CL 31 and a wired up hole which no-one seemed to have been in for years. Greg and I proceeded in CL 31 via a small chamber then a tight squeeze into a rock area, a bit unstable where a ladder would be required for further progress, we had a little difficulty negotiating the squeeze (no footholes and its a shame one put gravity into reverse gear) much to the chuckling delight of Tony and Karl.

We all wandered back to the cars, but not until Greg after testing the stability of a log, fell flat on his face in the centre of the river umbrella and all, a perfect finish to a good days caving and trogging. Gear was cleaned and before long a couple of bods were seen floating downstream in various states of undress. All and sundry returned to the shack for tea and a good nights sleep.

Next morning after waiting an hour for the rain to clear which it didn't we proceeded to Boonderoo CL 3 for photography leaving the cleaning of the Barrier Shawl in CL 1 for the next trip. Getting underground we proceeded via the rockpile (interesting squeezing) and some via the normal slide in route. It's certainly an extremely pretty cave the flashes having a field day. Our visitors quite impressed with the cave, we proceeded outwards about 1pm after 3 hours caving. Next came the fun and games driving back to the silo, lessons in 2 wheel drifts and sliding will be given by members on the next trip. After packing up we all left about 3pm for home. It was an uneventful trip home except for Phils Hillman Hunter undergoing some unintentional structural alterations at Katoomba, my personal thanks to Karl and Louise for staying and lending a hand and for Greg Towing me 26 miles home. I believe I owe Greg one free tow.

TRIP FEES \$4.80

HUT FEES. \$13

P. COBURN

POSTSCRIPT ON THE WEEKEND.

Although we achieved our original purpose of the weekend (i.e. cleaning of the formations in CL 1 Main Cliefden) the results however, pleasing as they were for time/energy expended and materials used. We did manage to clean quite well the formations that were descended upon, however, I believe that with a bit of planning we could achieve a lot.

Therefore I propose that the club accept as a project for 76' the cleaning of the formations in CL 1, It is not beyond our resources to adopt this and should be an interesting problem one might say from a technical/equipment viewpoint. But like any project it needs adequate support.

TRIP REPORTTUGLOW CAVES.

DATE: 29th February, 1976.

AIM: Familiarisation of area, Vandalism observation, Photography.

MEMBERS PRESENT: P. Coburn TL, B. Richard, L. Baker, C. Miller, K. Bilger + 4, L. Bilger, T. Ellis.

We left Springwood just after 7am. after a certain TL slept in and was 25 min. late. Everyone piled into Barry's Landrover and Karl's borrowed Suzuki Jeep, believe it or not. After debating which way to go it was decided to go in the back way off Bouchers Ridge via Shooters Hill. Mt. Werong etc. We stopped to look at Morong Falls, which has to be seen to be believed in flood, the whole falls was one sheet of water from top to bottom. After numerous pictures we proceeded to Tuglow arriving about 11.30am. The Suzuki just handled everything in its stride even with 3 adults and Karls 4 kids and gear, anyone who believes this thing is just a toy has not seen it perform in the bush.

Soon after we arrived and started to trog up a group walked up the gully from the Kowmung River, this bunch of Yobe cavers were actually contemplating going into Tuglow. They were so ill equipped that it was enough to make a normal spoleo quake in his boots and mumble incoherently and swear blind that he never wants to see a cave again (what a ridiculous thought.)

We spoke to the trip leader / chief fool i.e. the bloke that was carrying the large diameter rope (about 2 1/2" diameter) that said he'd been caving before at Tuglow (which was doubtful) Barry read them the requirements of caving in a National Park. Overall from the discussion and observation of the party they were:-

- a) Caving without a permit (we had the only one for the weekend.)
- b) Ill equipped (the rope they had I would not have trusted in a pink fit!) Only one person had a back hat, there was no other heat apparel worn by any other member of the party. Light sources consisted of 2 lucky lights. Clothing consisted of jeans, shirt etc. Most of the males had on shorts, one bloke thats all he had on. Shoes were mostly of a light nature (sandshoes etc.).
- c) Party consisted of a mixed group in the 18 - 23 age group, about 12 or so in number.
- d) Obviously ill led. Only one or two had been caving before and only one apparently at Tuglow.
- e) Later on Barry and Lionel were helping some of them down the ladder pitch and through to the top of the chimney and saved a couple of the party (female members - it figures doesn't it) from what could have been a rather perilous position.

I'll leave everyone to their own conclusion and assumptions but I can only stress that the N.P. & W.S. would extract the digit and give us the go ahead. Both for the caves protection (as its quite unique) and for peoples protection (to protect them from themselves) because that place is lousy with drops.

Anyway back to the trip, we proceeded in about 12 am, rigged the pitch with a ladder, had a look in the Diamond Mine, the N.W. end of here a solution tube goes down to the river level, one could hear the deep rumble of the water, almost deafening far below us. The rope was tied through the window and fed down the chimney and we all used the abseiling technique to get down to river level. The river was really flowing, water being

12 - 16 cm over the rimstone dams downstream from the entrance pitch. Coming down we noticed a lot of rubbish, cans, batteries etc., which there is absolutely no excuse for considering it hasn't been long since the place was cleaned out.

When Barry and Lionel finally put in an appearance after doing their chivalry bit helping the other party, lunch was had. We proceeded to the Book Room performing the usual gymnastics getting there much to the dismay of the Tuglow first timers. I wonder if those walls are getting further apart. Once at the Book Room the shutterbugs (Karl and myself) got busy while the rest just bummed around.

One photo was taken of the shawl (the one which some galah put his foot through) in the southwest corner for Barry's Tuglow submission. Although energy was willing time was not, this is as far as we went, we proceeded uneventfully outwards except for Carol getting a bit unnerved in the chimney, out at 5.45 pm.

We proceeded homewards getting to Springwood about 10.30pm. Lionel, Tony and myself had a drive of the Suzuki coming home which performed extremely well, all of us being suitably impressed, off road especially, it made it look easy. On the road it has a tendency to loose umph on the hills.

Next trip all the way to the left hand extension.

P. COBURN

TRIP REPORT

THUNDER CANYON TRIP

DATE: 7th March, 1976.

MEMBERS PRESENT: P. Coburn, G. Powell, G. Cummings, C. Miller, K. Bilger, L. Carey, W. Brown, W. Smith, D. Anderson.

Graham, Carol, Karl and myself piled into the Cummings Nissan Patrol and proceeded to Greg's place in Katoomba to meet the Newcastle crowd. We left for our jumping off point at Mt. Wilson, arrived 9 am to the creek and broke the ice just before 10 am. If you think I'm kidding I'm not, that water was bloody cold.

It's amazing how one can get used to shivering muscles, chattering teeth till one is no longer cold, you go beyond feeling anything but one does get used to it.

Floating down the gorge with sheer walls rising 60 - 70m either side is absolutely unreal, the long pools. Some of them 100 - 200m long. The types of weathering in the sandstone walls is incredible, scalloping of wind and water erosion must be unique. In one section about half way down, there is a large rock collapse about 100 - 150 square, which was once a natural arch over the river, really impressive some of the boulders are the size of houses.

Now, a little troublesome, Lewis tried one or should I say his airbed did without him. Greg got wiped out in some white water and lost his hat, Phil provided the spectacle of the day by writing off his airbed, going head over heels down a set of rapids with a deflated airbed and didn't get a scratch. I'm still wondering how

We continued downstream, myself continuing on just a pillow - I wouldn't recommend it. The rapids then became very interesting. My shivering by this stage was uncontrolled. Lewis tried to shake a tree to pieces. Greg doubled me on his airbed.

The turn off was reached after 4 hours in the water, everyone thawed out, had lunch and hiked out. The hike out taking 1½ hours. Everyone then proceeded home.

A very worthwhile trip, worth doing again, so next summer there will be more trips canyoning and li-loing to add some diversity to the programme.

P. COBURN

TRIP REPORT

BUNGONIA

DATE: 13th - 14th March, 1976.

AIR: HSMORG practise rescue weekend.

MEMBERS PRESENT:

P. Coburn TL	K. Bilger	G. Cummings
A. Fairweather	G. Fairweather	B. Richard
J. Cummings	A. Cummings	L. Bilger
A. Cummings	C. Miller	P. Sammut.
N. Sammut	+ 4 Bilger kids.	
G. McWilliams.		

VISITORS:

Everyone turned up Friday night. Alan and Gwan coming in at some ridiculous hour (3.30am?) after blowing a tyre near Mittagong. Things started at 8am next morning with the briefing of each group. I think there was about 10 from the various societies & other clubs. They had various incidents in 4 two hour sessions, to participate in on Saturday.

Each incident was under the guidance of an observer who outlined the incident (i.e. vertical lift, horizontal carry, squeeze carry etc.) injuries the patient/victim had. The observer from HSMORG had the final say on safety and was then to leave the group to their own methods of rescue. Phil ended up as an observer for the weekend. For the first two incidents in Grill Cave P44. (The top of Mudslide to Crystal Palace, Horizontal squeeze with stretcher of unconscious patient - Head injuries) and in the afternoon two incidents in Argyle Hole B31 (back up the flattener, Horizontal assist of injured patient along a squeeze passage - broken arm - observer patient).

Karl will submit a sub-trip report on the clubs incidents as I was kinda busy.

The first incident in Grill was relatively simple, with the patient strapped into the stretcher and kept as horizontal as possible. A rope belay brake was needed down the tight section to restrain the stretcher. Patient was secured by slings.

The incident in B31 Argyle Hole however, was to get a patient with a broken arm back up the flattener. The patient in enough pain and weak enough not to be able to do much for himself. With a patient/observer, by the time I'd been dragged up twice I was wrecked. That area is flamin' tight so it was extremely difficult for the patient as well as the rescuing party.

Everyone crashed that night (I wonder why). Next morning the briefing was at 9am and lasted till after 12 pm. Every incident was described and observer comments given. With comments by anybody who wanted to say something. Also various people gave their comments including NSMorg. Safety Officer and Ray Tyson (ex police rescue squad) who is Volunteer Rescue Director of Training.

Points that came up for discussion were:-

2 sources (min.) of light to be carried.

Variance of knots - forms and uses.

Ropes - suitability for caving - uses and abuses (nylon, bluewater, marlow, terylene & kreans.)

Lack of personal slings and krabs.

First Aid treatment of patients.

We all adjourned for lunch and then proceeded into Grill for a quick tour through, with some bods who hadn't been caving on the weekend. Left about 5.30 pm for home.

COMMENTS:

The weekend I feel achieved a great deal we all learnt a hell of a lot. Lesson number one:- "Don't have an accident in a cave." Because its bloody difficult to get any one out. Even a relatively small injury which incapacitates a caver say to 50% of their previous mobility, is a major problem. Personal equipment i.e. slings and krabs are a must. With a dozen 4 metre slings and a dozen krabs, one can do a lot. A lot of parties on the weekend had difficulty were slings and drabs would have solved them or a major part. First Aid knowledge is generally lacking and should be improved on, patient care is most important and it seems that if a rescue should occur one or two peoples responsibilities should care of the victim, their morale and well being is of prime importance.

When the H.S.W.C.R.G. has it's observers briefing, their comments should be of great value.

P. COBURN

SPELEOLGY (cont. from page 10)

The two longest caves in the world were extended still farther by new discoveries. The Mammoth Cave - Flint Ridge system in Kentucky became 166 mi. long, and the Holloch cave in Switzerland reached a length of 76½ mi. with a total vertical extent of 2,887 ft. An international group broke the world depth record by descending to 4,363 ft. in a cave near Pau in the French Pyrenees.

Also in the Pyrenees, the Gouffre Andre-Tegya was explored to a depth of 3,064 ft. late in 1974, and the nearby Gouffre Krakoukass was found to end in a sump at 2,073 ft. Explorers from Lyons, France, also reached a depth of 3,054 ft. in the Gouffre Jean Bernard on Jan. 1, 1975. Late in 1974 the Monte Cucco Cave became the deepest known in Italy, at 3,025 ft., when a passage was found leading to a new high-level entrance. The Gouffre Cappa, close to the French border of Italy, ended in a sump 2,234 ft. down, and the nearby Gouffre des Perdus was blocked similarly at 1,772 ft.

More deep caves were descended in Mexico, including the Sotano Del Buque (1,647 ft.), Santano Itamo (1,470 ft.) and Sontano de Otates (800 ft.). The Sontano de Sendero (732 ft.) had a vertical entrance shaft of 712 ft., while that of the Sontano de Socavon (656 ft.) was 590 ft. In January the Alberta Speleological Society of Canada explored the 689 ft. deep cave of Sumidero Yochip in Mexico.

A French expedition in Guatemala finished exploring the Rio Candelaria Cave and mapped a total passage length of 15½ mi. there. In Brazil the Ouro Grosso River Cave was linked with a pothole above it and thus became the deepest in Brazil at 623 ft. The longest cave there was that of Sao Mateus (8 mi.).

A 24 man British expedition spent six months studying the karst regions of New Guinea and was reported to have found many large new caves there. In Jamaica another British expedition carried out water-tracing tests and also made first descents of four shafts. One of these, Morgan's Pond Hole, was established as the deepest cave in Jamaica, at 610 ft.

The polypropylene rope broke when David Huxtable, in December 1974, attempted to descent the 340 ft. main shaft of Gaping Chyll (Yorkshire), and he fell some 300 ft. to his death. In May 1975, T.G. Yeardon passed the 2,600-ft. long terminal sump in Boreham Cave (Yorkshire) and found approximately 500 ft. of open passage beyond, ending in a 20 ft. pitch that he did not descend. To reach this point involved a total underwater journey, in and out, of more than 1½ mi. In September two French potholers, trapped by rising waters after exceptional rains, died in the Gouffre Berger, southeastern France, and four British explorers were rescued after six days at a depth of 1600 ft. An international conference on cave diving took place in Barcelona, Spain, in September. Besides the formal proceedings, dives were arranged to explore caves and freshwater karst springs beneath the Mediterranean.

Dating of stalactites and similar formations was carried out by R.S. Harmon and others in several North American caves, using the thorium - 230/uranium-234 disequilibrium method. The ages obtained, which ranged from 8,000 to 204,000 years, were mostly beyond the reliable capability of the better known carbon 14 method. Thus they extended previous knowledge of the absolute dates of various Pleistocene phenomena such as river canyons and terraces, low sea levels, and glacial deposits, as well as rates of erosion and sedimentation and also the growth rates of the speleothems (cave deposits) themselves. Pierre Strinati carried out extensive biological collecting in the caves of West Malaysia and also in little-known caves in Thailand and the Philippines.

TRIP REPORT

COLONG CAVES - ANZAC WEEKEND

DATE: 24 th - 26th April - 1976.

AIM: Familiarisation, exploration & Photography of Colong. Location of Little Worbeyan Limestone outcrops, exploration of caves, if time and/or energy allows.

MEMBERS PRESENT: P. Coburn TL, K. Bilger, T. Ellis, M. Sammut, P. Sammut, J. Cummings, Alma Cummings, Ann Cummings, G. Cummings, B. Skinn, T. Coleborn.

VISITORS: David & Laura Noble.

We left Karl's place at Springwood at 8.30pm Friday night & arrived at Bats Camp about midnight. Camp was broken next morning & we proceeded to the top of Acetelyene Spur in Jack's Nissan Patrol, Paul's Toyota Landcruiser and Karl's borrowed Suzuki Soft top. The way that Suzuki treads its way through trees, has to be seen to be believed. Persons of faint heart beware. We moved down the Spur to the sounds of derogatory remarks at whoever thought of coming here and comments like "hey! we've got to come back up this bloody thing haven't we". Shortly afterwards the TL led everyone up the wrong creek (literally) sounds of rebellion were rising to the surface.

Anyway a quick lunch was had once we'd reached the right area below the arch, one had a feeling that this would be an interesting trip, as I'd only been to Colong twice in 8 years, last time being a year ago, and Jack hadn't been there in twenty five years.

We proceeded to Kings Cross and after wandering around for a while (nothing unusual) located the low tunnel route to the Sharks Mouth and Woofs. Jack took the party through the Terraces. Karl, Graham and myself located the High Tunnel and tried to locate the way down on to the Upper Terraces, Landslide, Sharks Mouth area but despite trying every hole in sight we just couldn't find it.

After joining the others we tried to find our way up to the High Tunnel and still no luck, extremely annoying. The way to the Sharks Mouth via the Terraces was found after talking to some scouts. We headed to Woofs but couldn't get some of the party across the difficult traverses through the rifts area. So we headed out for tea. All this wouldn't sound like much but it took 6 hours to do it all. Anyone who knows Colong at all can understand why.

An intrepid party of 4, namely Karl, Brien, Graham and myself headed back in at 7.30 pm, going via the Low Tunnel to Woofs, doing 22 minutes to the rift area from the entrance (we knew the way then). Numerous photos were taken here, pretties and numerous pose shots. We went to Woofs taking photos and almost missed the tunnel after the Cascades (it took me 20 minutes to find the bloody thing). The other three, members of the party were suitably impressed by the sheer size of the place, its amazing, because there is just one large chamber after another and then there's Beach Cave under all that. Briens, Braun flash gun really lights the place up for photography. Karl went down into an area and came back mumbling incoherently about drops all over the place (it can be upsetting). Being a bit wrecked by this stage we proceeded outwards, getting back to camp about 1.20am and crashed.

Tony rolled into camp next morning to find only one person up (wonder why). It was hard to get starters for Jack's photo trip to Woofs, but Karl, Graham and myself volunteered (Just suckers for punishment, I guess) plus of course Tony.

The rest of the "slackers" were to pack up camp leisurely stroll/struggle/crawl up that hill.

Anyway we proceeded to Woofs at a slow pace (by compulsion than choice) like homing pigeons I guess we knew the way. After taking photos merrily we decided or should I say I decided to exit via Beach Cave below Woofs, via an exit we found last year. Only we didn't find it, and the troops were getting restless so I found another way instead and proceeded onwards, emerging about 12.45 pm after 4 hours caving. Had lunch packed up and started up Acetelyene Spur meeting the rest of the party at the top. Times varied up the Spur from 23 mins. to 75 mins.

We proceeded back to Bats camp, had dinner around a good camp fire and crashed again.

Next morning after shaking some muscles loose to enable movement, we left Bats Camp for Little Wombeyan. Jack's Nissan and the Suzuki taking the Limeburners fire trail and the rest of the party proceeded along the Fatigue fire trail meeting at the intersection. We found an interesting creek crossing to test the Suzuki and went across it four times to take photos. Just to find this area near the crossing was worth it, ideal for camping.

Anyway we found Little Wombeyan after a couple of delays like missing the turnoff off Fatigue, everyone having turns driving the Suzuki etc. We had lunch here and some intrepid ones did a trog of the area (namely Terry and myself) locating 2 limestone outcrops, some interesting weathering on the rocks and caves with Tag No. LW27, 30 and 1. We'll have to have a return as it's certainly a beautiful area.

Anyway we proceeded home stopping at Overon for petrol and tea, the only interesting thing happening being Pauls running out of Petrol before Oberon and having a blocked petrol filter after Overon. Arriving home about 9.15PM.

Don't anyone every say Phills trips are dull, its just not possible.

P. COBURN

TRIP REPORT

BULGONIA CAVES

AIM: Search and rescue weekend.

MEMBERS PRESENT: Barry Richard, Louise Bilger + 4, Karl Bilger, Alan Fairweather, Gwen Fairweather, Carol Miller, Monica Sammut, Phill Coburn, Jack Cummings, Alma Cummings, Ann Cummings, Graham Cummings, G. McWilliams.

The purpose of the weekend was to participate in four simulated rescue incidents. The persons attending were divided into club groups, our members were group D.

The first incident was to assist a person blinded by an assumed carbide lamp explosion. The first consideration of first aid was attended to although we were later criticised for insufficient assesment of injuries. (Which was a fauly with all groups due to lack of first aid experience.) The patient was then assisted out of the cave (B44 Grill Cave) from the horizontal ladder.

The patient was belayed onto another member of the party by a sling and then belayed indepentently with an eight metre tape using normal belay methods. No major problems were encountered. The patients condition was checked at intervals and the wet pad over the eyes was remoistened at several pools of water.

The second incident was again in B44 this time the problem was to get a person with a broken pelvis out of the daylight hole, a ten metre pitch in two stages. The pitch was laddered down by two members of the party and the patient. We then rigged a lifting point over the entrance using

three ropes anchored at different points. The lifting rope was run through a karabiner, attached to the stretcher, which was lowered down the pitch. The stretcher was then rigged empty to observe the difficulties involved. Problems overcome we decided to raise the stretcher with a patient in it. Graham Cummings was strapped and attached to an independent belay and hoisted up the pitch, the only problem encountered was the friction of the rope over the karabiner.

The exercise was reasonably successful, the patient would probably suffer considerable discomfort, but this is to be expected.

The third incident required us to assist a person with a deeply lacerated thigh out of a very tight squeeze and up a four metre chimney.

After assessing the extent of the injuries, the leg was bound up using a two inch wide tape sling and the rescue began. Everything went smoothly and the problem of getting the patient into the chimney through a hole one metre wide and a half a metre high was overcome and the ascent of the chimney was achieved by hauling on a belay line attached to the patient while he pulled himself up on the ladder set for this purpose. He was then hauled along about 20 metres of flattener to the entrance. This took place in B43 UNDERWSS HOLE.

The last incident was at the entrance pitch to B16 BLOW-FLY and required us to rescue a person suffering from two broken ribs and a ruptured spleen but as there were two observers on this incident there was some confusion over instruction on the nature of the injuries. Due to this we succeeded in killing our patient by using the incorrect method to move the patient up the twelve metre pitch.

In summing up the day there are several things which showed up:-

1. There was a general lack of sufficient medical first aid knowledge among all the groups involved.
2. There was some lack of communication as to what was most important - assessment of the situation and injuries or rescue of the injured person from the cave.
3. Some observers had conflicting ideas on what was safe and what was not in regard to belay points and belay methods and equipment used.
4. Our group was complimented on co-ordination of members during rescue and use of equipment on hand at the scene of the accident.

Recommendation arising from observation of procedures is that members become conversant with first aid diagnosis and treatment of injuries if they get involved in the C.R.G.

K. BILGER

TRIP REPORTWYANBENE CAVE

DATE: 16th - 19th April, 1976.

AIM: Exploration and Photography.

MEMBERS PRESENT: K. Bilger TL, L. Bilger, C. Miller, P. Coburn, B. Skinn, T. Coleborn, T. Ellis, M. Sammut, P. Sammut, L. Baker + 4 kids.

After a late start from the meeting place in Mittagong, we arrived at Wyanbene. We had some trouble locating the gate in the mist but eventually found it and the river crossing. Cars were prepared for the crossing and we proceeded across.

Tony got stuck in the middle and we had some fun getting him out. Louise led off in the Datsun while Tony and myself followed in the ute to collect firewood.

We found Louise and Datsun about 2 ft. deep in a mud hole and had to push them out. Then it was Brien and Tony's turn in the mud. In the process of getting them out Terry and Louise fell flat on their faces and were slattered with mud from head to foot. Finally the campsite was reached and camp set up. Time about 3.30am Friday 17th.

Later after some sleep and breakfast we trogged up for a short warm up trip. Louise stayed behind to mind the kids. We spent four hours exploring side passages as far as the water crawl, discovering some very interesting passages one of which led to a place called Cleopatra's Bath. Tony traversed across this ledge to reach the pool and to see if the passage continued past this, it did not go far. When he wanted to recross the ledge he found it a little hard, so we rigged up a running belay using our tapes. Several other small passages were explored and then we headed for camp and tea and an early night to get ready for our assault on Frustration Lake.

Paul decided against caving the second day as he could not see how he could keep his socks dry in the water crawl and Carol was minding the kids this time.

We trogged up and collected gear and headed for the cave with Lionel saying he wasn't going, but as soon as we were out of sight he grabbed his gear and followed joining us at the keyhole. This is the first ladder pitch, then onto the goal. The cave continues on to an awkward squeeze and into a small chamber where there stands "the man who made the caves." There are several ways from here to the dreaded water crawl passage which is about 250 ft. long and between 15" and 3 ft. high with about 5" of water in the stream is through a bedding plane and up through a short vertical squeeze. Then comes the flattener 20 ft long and down to 9" high. From here the way to the Intermediate Chamber and the Gun Barrel leads through some tremendous rock collapse areas. On reaching the Gun Barrel the shutterbugs got busy as Brien and Terry had brought along a flash gun to fire P.F. 100 flash bulbs, in an attempt to photograph this incredible solution tube. To reach Caesar's Cavern means climbing the mudslides and negotiating more rockpile. When we reached this immense Cavern everyone was awed at it's size, also at the prospect of climbing to the bottom, about 300 ft. down into the darkness. On reaching the bottom Lionel climbed the ledge with some difficulty and set up a ladder which the rest of us climbed. Then comes more mud slopes about 100 ft. of it to climb to reach the passage to the Diarrhoea Pot, more ladders needed here, one in, one out, and another down into another small pot on the other side. Then a difficult traverse where the girls

had some difficulty, but overcame it. Then another two ladders are needed one up the chimney, which I (brave fool) climbed first to set up and one down the other side again, then about another 100 ft. of passage a squeeze and there it is. Frustration Lake, very aptly named. Lunch time, then the shutterbugitis struck as two members decided to have a swim, one because she likes swimming in cold water and the other because he doesn't like to be outdone by any female even if he could only stay in for about ten seconds then in the rush to get out he slipped and had a second swim.

Then it was time to head out. Back at the ladder before Diarrhoea Pot we met a group of scout: coming in. Two of them decided to come out with us, one of them was a first time poor fool. And so after twelve grueling hours we reached the duckinder and the entrance chamber, to be greeted by a group about to enter. We were asked many strange questions, like, "Is it very wet in there?" "Is it very muddy in there?" I might add they were wearing things like furry jumpers, fur lined boots etc. Bash hats were noticeable by their absence and most only had torches. We did not answer their questions about mud and water as our overalls spoke for us. At last camp, a wash, tea and bed.

Next morning at breakfast it started to rain and looked like setting in so we packed up and headed out but only about 200 yds. to the first bog, about one hour later we had covered another fifty feet and passed the bog. The only other incident before the Shoalhaven was Phill getting stuck and pulled out by the Datsun. The river was crossed during another attack of shutterbugitis. We then headed for the Big Hole, more Shoalhaven to cross but no trouble this time, Tony was learning. At the Big Hole there was much activity, a group was just removing their gear after a trip to the bottom and another group from the Rover Scouts at Wyanbene arrived to have ago but on learning that they had insufficient ladder to climb out with, decided against it. More photos then back to the river and a break while Paul repaired his trailer plug wiring, then we headed for home with a stop for a snack at Goulbourn.

Louise and myself decided to have a change of scenery on the way home and came via Oberon.

Monday was spent cleaning gear with the help of Phil and Carol.

K. BILGER