

CAVE EXPLORATION GROUP SOUTH AUSTRALIA Inc.

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N E W S L E T T E R



THE COVER

Walkunder Cave in Walkunder Tower, Chillagoe.

Walkunder Cave is one of the more striking of the Chillagoe Caves and gets its name from the obvious fact. If you remember an earlier article about Chillagoe, then you will realize that the area is one of Tower Karst i.e. the limestone rises above the ground in majestic towers. In this case the particular Tower has taken its name from the same feature as the cave.

Photographed by Joyanne Smith
Printed by Dale Arnott.

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Registered for posting as a Periodical, Category B.

EDITORIAL

Well, another S. & R. Exercise has been and gone and I was extremely impressed; not by the organisation (it was great, Kev); not by the observers and patients (they were excellent); and not by the efficiency of the teams (it had improved). Yes! The most striking aspect of the day was, without any doubt, the new height to which CEGSA has now climbed. Yes. CEGSA has reached a new height in Apathy.

Apathy on two counts.

Firstly the low attendance seemed to indicate that you were either of the opinion that you knew it all or that you didn't need to know it. And that certainly doesn't need any further comment.

The second point is just that I am still quite clearly remembering all the cavers who were shocked at their own lack of first aid knowledge, their self admitted inabilities and their avid declarations that they were going to learn some first aid. I can still remember printing the list of First Aid Courses and I can still remember Kevin pleading with people to go to a course with him, he even offered to provide transport. A year has now passed and not one member has bothered to learn first aid.

I can't help but wonder what it takes to get some of you moving, an exercise isn't enough, so I suppose it will have to wait until a caver ends up in hospital. Or, Dead!

JIM CUNDY.

TRIP REPORTS

ADELAIDE-CUP WEEKEND TRIP TO THE FLINDERS.

<u>PRESENT:</u> Museum personnel,	John Glover (Curator, Ichthyology)
	Tony Sim (Field Assistant)
	Neville Pledge (Curator, Fossils)
CEGSA personnel,	Dot Peisley (Leader)
	Ron and Robin Allum (Divers)
	Phil Prust (Diver)
Visitor	Brian Burford.

The essential purpose of the trip was to investigate reports of aquatic life in Narrina Lake Cave in the Flinders Ranges.

It was arranged, after much preparation, that the Museum would provide a four-wheel drive vehicle and a station sedan. Other gear such as nets, traps, capture bottles and other sundry necessary items were also to be provided by the Museum.

The divers, Ron, Robin and Phil travelled up in their own Kombi Van since this was the safest way to keep their gear. John and Terry drove up in the four-wheel drive and the rest in the station wagon.

On Friday night all vehicles left separately making their own way up. First stop for the Holden and Toyota was the hotel at Quorn. Booking in for the night (wow! caving in style!) I found my room had 3 single beds – spoilt for choice! A couple of nice warming brandies topped the evening off nicely whilst the characters propping up the bar eyed our somewhat merry band rather suspiciously.

Next day, bright and early, we set off for the cave, stopping to take photographs along the way. Beautiful warm weather and clear blue sky seemed to be a good omen. Arriving at Blinman we drove to Oratunga Homestead to see the owner of Point Well Homestead to gain permission to camp. This later proved unnecessary but was a good move public-relations wise. We were able to drive right up to the cave where the Kombi and crew were patiently waiting.

Opening the gate proved difficult at first. The padlocks were a little tricky but not too stiff but the hinges had rusted and it took a bit of tugging to get the gate right open. Donning just helmets and lamps (er - ordinary clothes, I mean) we all descended with the aid of a rope to have a quick look around and check the water level.

Water level has dropped about another six feet in the past year and a gauging station would give us some interesting readings.

Back on the surface we quickly set up camp, pitching tents and having lunch. A portable generator was set up with cables running into the cave to light up the first chamber. The divers quickly geared up whilst the others descended once more, this time trogged up. We took collecting bottles, hand nets, fish traps and camera gear.

We also took our air-mattresses so that we could get a better look.

Humidity was 90% and cave temperature was 23°C. Water surface temperature was 21°C and at a depth of 12 metres the temperature was again a warm 21°C. Water flow was negligible and large calcite flakes were present floating on the water.

At a depth of 10 metres large limbs of trees were found and deeper still bones were found. The bones proved to be a young wallaby and a very young kangaroo. The jaw had the first molar and the second one appearing. The deciduous molar was functional.

However it was most disappointing to find there were no signs of fish or other aquatic life. The divers were most comprehensive in their search, and took hand nets in case they found anything. Silting became a problem in the smaller passages and most of the searching had to be confined in the large chambers. Compass readings were taken and Ron will return with his underwater R.D.F. to make a survey of the water passages as these have not yet been mapped.

Whilst the divers were gone, the rest of us busied ourselves on the surface. Air mattresses were blown up and launched and we paddled out into the water. With the level down we were able to reach quite a long way and looking down through crystal clear water we were able to see footprints in the silt 10 metres down on the floor of the cavern left by the original survey party. With the generator light shining into the water, it reflected the stalactites in the pale blue water most attractively. We all had cameras and many shots were taken with both flash and time exposure, hopefully they will turn out well.

Floating about on the air-mattresses, arms and legs dangling in the warm water was most relaxing. We could see the divers lights as they moved around in the passages off the main chamber, and hear the gurgling of air bubbles as they reached the surface.

Around the campfire that night we discussed the days' activities. Although we had not found any signs of fish or other life at least we had been able to negate persistent rumours.

Next day most were up bright and early and we went back down the cave. Humidity was up to 95% and water samples were taken. These will be analysed and reported on later.

Neville donned a floatation vest and went for a swim whilst, more photos were taken. Photography was quite a problem because the high humidity caused fogging of lens and view finder.

This area has had two quite dry seasons and this is evident in the drying up of larger decoration and former pools up higher in the bank. The fluting in the roof, perhaps as a result of phreatic action, is most pronounced and the "coral" effect on large decoration is present throughout most of the cave.

On the surface we walked for a short distance to determine where the water came in but no obvious run-off could be seen, nor any sign of the supposed collapsed other entrance. This cave is interesting because the water contained in it is above the natural water table.

Having collected all the samples and taken all the measurements, we packed up. The Kombi and crew set off to do some rock climbing in Wilpena Pound and the rest of us made for Brachina Gorge. Our intention was to visit Thunderdrum Cave but on my directions (geographically embarrassed don't you know!) we drove enthusiastically past. Having driven right through the gorge we doubled back and decided to go on a fossil hunt. John and Terry picked out a camping spot near the water and we set up

With a cold howling wind whistling through the gorge we all huddled around the campfire telling yarns and imbibing to keep away the frost. Potatoes were thrown on the coals and toast was made. Since it was so cold, Neville, Brian and myself shared one tent which threatened to blow over many times. However I was warm, I had my HOT WATER BOTTLE! Everyone laughed at me but guess who wheedled "just one little minute" with my "hottie". Pass the hot water bottle became the game of the night.

Next day, up at the crack of dawn, packed and waved goodbye to Terry and John who were due back in Adelaide by noon. We spent the morning visiting places where some excellent fossils were evident and more photos were taken of these.

The rest of the trip was a leisurely drive through Moralana Gorge and thence to Adelaide.

When the tests are complete on the water samples to determine the mineral content and bacterial content, it may be possible to carry out a unique, experiment. After talking with John it was thought that since the cave is an enclosed environment and the ecological environment of the cave is stable, it may be possible to introduce some kind of fish life to determine if they can survive and breed. Ultimately, of course, in future generations, adaptation to cave environment could be observed. At present this is only an idea and more samples and studies would have to be done before this could be implemented, but it would be a very interesting experiment if it could be done.

DOT PEISLEY.

PARTY: D. Arnott, N. Smith, H. Baker, K. Mott (CEGSA)
P. Hutchinson, J. McLaren, P. Robertson (VSA).

CAVES VISITED. U17, U23, U24, U37, U63, U71, U101, U113
plus associated features.
Properties: "Carinya", "Avonlea", and "Penzance" near
Joanna were also visited.

CAVES TAGGED: U23, U24, U37, U63, U71, U101, U113.

With the meteorological bureau prophets of doom issuing the inevitable gloomy forecast for the southeast, speleo's from both sides of the border travelled to Naracoorte to warmly welcome each other.

Saturday morning dawned on time and the speleo's slept on (the majority). Harry's arrival in time for a pot of coffee about 8.30, signalled the start of a campaign to gently beat the others out of insensibility. Those poor unfortunates who sleep in after 7.00 a.m. miss the highlight of the day; several swans showing the National Parks staff just who is boss in the fauna park.

The days caving eventually commenced at 10.30 with one even then being delayed. Together with the owner we visited U101 to do the usual photo/locate/tag thingo. Several nearby depressions were caves filled in by the owner several years ago. Harry tried to SHORT cut through the leccy fence but was thrown off by the idea.

Next stop was at a property called "Avonlea" to check on a cave reportedly used as a sewer. The cave in question has since been well and truly cemented over as it is under a pathway between the houses. Kitchen refuse is poured down the cave. The owner, Harold Langeluddecke, told us of numerous small holes that had opened up at various times but had been filled in or built over. The water table is only 8 feet below the surface. At the moment a cave is collapsing in near his shearing shed. This was not looked at. We then visited "Penzance" to check the status of a hole Peter Rob found while we were tying in U101. This apparently is also a recent collapse. The owner knew of no caves here but there were numerous small cavities in the scarp at about the water level of his adjacent lagoon. Whilst digging, a bore at the back of the house he broke into a cavity at -15' feet. No development was found from this cavity.

The next place produced the coup-de-grace, ultimate satisfaction and crowning achievement of the trip. There was a cave reportedly used as a sewer on a property called "Carinya". The owner's son informed us that the toilet was built over it. After calling for some illuminatory source a delegation of P. Robertson and yours truly decided to investigate. After the removal of a lawnmower from the edifice we brushed past the hedge and entered the loo to the warning cry of "... not too many people the floor's not too good". Each having examined the feature in detail, it was declared not worthy of passing through.

Anyway we had officially "done the loo". As compensation we were shown a real cave, now numbered U113, this was on the crest of a small rise with a window entrance 1.0 x 0.5m and 0.8m to the floor of the cave. The major axis was oriented at 005°M. The chamber below the entrance extended for 2.0m in a southerly direction before terminating and 1.5m in an easterly direction. The easterly direction was not pushed but apparently enters a flattener section. Average roof height was 0.5m. A dead sheep was peacefully putrefying in the entrance. U23 and U24 were then tagged and a flying visit made to Robertson's Cave to see what progress had been made in the dig there.

Cave Park was then visited and U37, U71 tagged. Because of low light photography was abandoned till Sunday. Saturday night entailed giving the Naracoorte Hotel the once over prior to placing our seal of approval upon the establishment.

Sunday involved another major exercise to remove people from their state of somnia resulting in another late start. Cave Park was the only property visited and U37, U71, U63 were photographed, tagged and tied in. U37 was trogged by the Vics who reported a loose collapse in the western end. Because I dropped my prismatic down the shaft of U71 (reaction not suitable for publication) a quickie grade 2 survey was done. A further search of the property located U63 and another hole 200m west of U63. This had an entrance slit 1m long, 0.3m wide at the western end and 0.1 wide at the eastern end. The total extent of the cave was a chamber 1.2 x 2.5 x 2.0m deep. A grade 2 survey was done. The inevitable rain arrived at about 3.30 so the day was cancelled. Everyone returned to the hut to pack up and leave for home.

The S.A. contingent decided to examine the proposed hut site near Sand Funnel Cave. The site is a corner site approx. 100 x 150m. Sand Funnel is at the eastern extreme of the site. From a cursory examination the western edge of the block at the edge of the scrub would appear to be the most suitable spot. In departing the site I managed to successfully mount a tree stump with the front of the car, become temporarily airborne and the central part of the exhaust somewhat modified. Thanks to Neil's hydraulic jack and an hour of work, the car was eventually manoeuvred off the stump and back onto 4 wheels. One problem - having removed the exhaust from the tail-shaft to make the vehicle relatively quietly mobile - it was found that any speed in excess of 35 kph produced wild vibes due to a not quite so balanced tail-shaft. It was decided to abandon ship at Harry's place and we travelled back to Adelaide in Neil's car, pausing for a comfort stop at the famous Coomandook Country Club.

A new log book was placed in the hut during the weekend to replace book No: 2 which was full, mainly due to pages being used for other than their required purpose. Please don't pull the log book apart - its a history of the group and also contains observations by people, study aspects of the caves, their life, geology and formation. It also records how much we do and don't do at Naracoorte.

KEVIN MOTT.

LOST!

A Suunto Clino, in a brown leather case with a blue cord. If anyone has any idea please contact Kevin Mott.

PRESENT: Max Meth, George Parker, David Turner.

PURPOSES:

- 1) To stabilize soil in doline.
- 2) Re-open the Cauldron.
- 3) Exploration of cave to locate sites for possible expansion.

Corra-Lynn Cave consists of a series of intersecting passages on 3 main horizontal levels. The cave is formed in dolomite rock. The entrance is formed where ceiling rock was too thin over a series of upper level passages and a collapse occurred. Approximately 4 metres of earth-type material overlays the dolomite, and a large doline has been formed as this material has been washed down into lower level passages by weathering processes.

Some passages near the entrance are now blocked either partially or completely. If the weathering continues in the doline, the single remaining entrance may become blocked. With the unusually dry conditions of the past 3 years, the problem of weathering has worsened. This is because of grasses which normally help bind the soil together.

As an experiment, several plantations of ground cover plant, pig face, have been established on the doline slopes. A colony of rabbits living in burrows in the doline have been exterminated. The rabbits were eating not only what little grass there was in the doline, but also chewed up the pig face! The burrowing of the rabbits was itself a problem of erosion, which has now been solved.

During a recent rainstorm, a quantity of mud was washed into the cave and lodged in a low level passage. This passage, leading to the CAULDRON, was blocked. The mud was removed to a higher level passage nearby.

Graham Pilkington, who was advertised as trip leader in the Newsletter, could not attend. In his absence our small group explored the new maze of passages on the upper level adjacent to the BIG STALAGMITE. A faint breeze was detected in one passage but it could not be traced to any particular blockage.

The problem of erosion in the doline should continue to be considered; and other native shrubs and trees may be desirable. Eventually it may not be necessary to dig 2 or 3 hundred kilos of rubble off the staircase each time we visit the cave, and it may not be necessary to dig out the CAULDRON each time it rains.

If anyone is interested in a digging trip to CURRAMULKA, I understand there are a couple of good sites in CORRA-LYNN Cave.

MAX METH.

PARTY: Peter Field, Lyn Ellis, Noeleen Kelly, Trevor Kelly, Sue Jones, Geoff Hocking, Peter Knapp, Dave Trueman, Brian Shepherd, Gill Sinclair, Russell Starr and Kevin Mott.

Well it appears that the smell of caving must rub off onto those we come into contact with. Those infamous draft-persons in Gazettal Section of the E.W.S. Dept. finally pressured me into taking them on an introductory caving trip to Curramulka.

On Friday night after an extremely harrowing experience of trying to organise gear and fixing the trailer wiring I finally managed to make an 8 o'clock departure. Pretty close to 6 o'clock. The trailer which was used to cart a load of bricks, sand and cement proved very useful for carting firewood. Halfway between Virginia and Two Wells (that magic locality; see previous Newsletter) the headlights started flashing. Their being no female cars about I decided Claude the ..**.. Cortina was sick. The removal of the connecting lead to the trailer soon solved that problem. Not as much fun as driving back from the CEGSA - VSA dinner without any lights though.

On arrival at the cave Max Meth, George Parker plus 2 others were firmly entrenched in their campsite. Access to the usual camping area was blocked by a fence. Max has been busy over the past few weeks planting new trees and succulents in an attempt to regenerate soil cover lost during the drought period. He has also laid steps down the doline to prevent further erosion. Hopefully people visiting the cave will appreciate and respect Max's work by keeping out of areas fenced off for regeneration and using the steps to the cave.

Because of previous commitments the Gay Gazettalites left Adelaide much later to duly arrive at the cave at about 2 a.m. to a cup of coffee and "I didn't think the hole was that big". Sue nearly left a trail of fertiliser on the ground after a well aimed stone's trajectory intersected the spatial position of the toilet. One member of the troupe decided to stay overnight at Ardrossan and sneak in early in the morning to sabotage the camp. While sneaking in about 6000 r.p.m. and drunkenly saying "sshh, quiet lads" the gate was opened to allow him a safe entry. Peter "Toilet-Brush" Field then proceeded to fill tents with "pigeon bats". The highlight of the evening came when Toilet Brush ran into the trailer at full pace whilst being chased by a Mott clad only in jocks. Peter was duly evicted for failing to give way to a parked trailer. Young Geoff surprised us all by sharing a tent with two "ladies" (and didn't know which way to turn).

Saturday morning dawned cold and bleak and most people arose to find Max busily digging out rabbit warrens and filling them with petrol. After watching Mott demolish several indescribable jaffles the first of the subterranean escapades got under way. While most people familiarised themselves with the passages in the vicinity of Grand Central several of the more hardy types did a circuit through Beard Squeeze. With the group reunited we split into 2 parties; one visiting Crystal Chamber and Bushwalkers Chamber via the Ramshorns, the other visiting Crystal via the Rope Crevasse. The Rope Crevasse party then went back via the Ramshorns to the Cauldron, which appears to be filling up.

In the afternoon those who were still keen (wanted to get out of the cold and rain) braved the vast realms of the dark subterranean, cavernous labyrinth to visit Skeleton Maze, Limestone Bridge and Hawaiian Tub Hill. It was here that every body found the true delights of masochism and sadism; masochism - crawling through tight passages, climbing a ladder while holding a trog lamp, and climbing up mud slopes. Sadism watching Mott trying to unmottproof a hole while halfway through it. To quote our on the spot reporter - "Its just like watching a baby being born. ".... By the end of the day those who completed both trips felt they had really accomplished something; nobody knew what but it must have been something to make you feel so sore.

Saturday night everyone left Max and Co. to battle the elements and headed for Ardrossan. The one consoling fact was that although the rain was coming from the wrong direction (north) there was not the usual Curry Hurricane. Most people missed the turn off onto the Ardrossan-Minlaton Road with Trevor being unfortunate enough to find another car trying to occupy the same spot of road. Luckily the damage was relatively minor and no-one was injured. The venue for tea was the Royal House (Bottom) Hotel. Once again it was up to me to get the evenings festivities underway. The entrance to the hotel had 4 steps leading down to the pub. On reaching the bottom step my feet and head decided to swap roles resulting in me landing on end with my glasses (spectacles to those who don't know) doing a double reverse back flip then swallow dive to land in two pieces on the tile floor. By itself this would not have been too bad except I had no more plastibond with which to repair the already individualistic pair of glasses. Unperturbed I proceeded into the pub to order my meal wearing what was left of my specs. During the evening those who had to return to Adelaide slowly filtered away. After doing several traverses between the top and bottom establishments and Mott dropping and breaking what was left of the minor half of his spectacles, it was decided to head for the shack at Rogue's Point. The road's being slippery and certain elements of the group thinking they are Stirling Jack Moss Brabham the ensuing scene was similar to that of a rallycross crossed with a berserk big dipper and dodgem car spectacular. Toilet Brush then gave us an impromptu demonstration on how to tame a wild cat after interrupting its nightly extra curricular activity under the floor of the shack.

Sunday almost passed by without being noticed so everyone travelled back to Adelaide, civilisation, sanity and work.

Because of the rain during the weekend it was impossible to do any cementing so the bags of cement were left in the trailer covered with plastic. On Sunday when it was time to depart for Adelaide it was found that the cement bags suffered hernias and the cement was spilling over a wet trailer. After discovering this fact it was decided that super caving intelligence should be applied. Why cart a load of now useless cement back to Adelaide? We therefore cemented portion of the Rogue's Point Road. Eat your heart out local council.

KEVIN MOTT,

Sub-trip Report:

It has just come to hand that Davo Trueman gave Peter Knapp a lift to

Curry and from rumours being spread it was uneventful except for Peter trying to pull back the speedo on the M.G. and hanging 3/4 of the way out the window to see if all were in tow.

Apparently while Knappy was trying a one-handed attempt to clear the Cauldron, Toilet Brush was trying to fill him in. Late on Saturday night Dave on miss-advice from the Toilet Brush tried to practice 360° turns and became successfully bogged, it was hard to tell Dave and the M.G. apart.

KEVIN MOTT.

** (The Continent Conquering, Casualtic Kangaroo Cilling, Corona towing, Caving)

CEGSA – VSA DINNER

24-25/6/78

Well another dinner has been and gone, it was a real screaming success. The CEGSA members outnumbered their colleagues from over the border in spirit if not in numbers. The food supplied by the Naracoorte Hotel was good if you could guard it long enough to eat it, following that, Kevin organised some highly entertaining chaos. This wiggling, yelling, blind-man-bluff, sack race, steeplechase was followed by the more 'peaceful' overalls-cramming contest. VSA won the cram by the narrow margin of 12-11, just defeating the world champions. The celebrations and boozing slowly drifted back to the Naracoorte Hut and came to an end on about Sunday.

JIM CUNDY.

- P.S. Piss-pot of the Night Award was not given as no-one successfully wrote themselves off.
- P.P.S. Don't believe Victorian rumours about them winning all the prizes for the night - even if they did.
- P.P.P.S. Australia d. Greece; 6:4.

VISITORS BOOK

A visitors book has been placed at Curramulka Cave, when visiting the owner, members are requested to sign the book so as an idea of the amount of visitation can be determined. If anyone knows of others who visit the cave would they please ask them to sign the book.

```
#####
#      YES!! This page is different. Yours truly messed up      #
#      the first stencil, so was forced to retype it on an        #
#      electric typewriter that works properly.                  #
#      If you ignore the errors and                               #
#      examine the quality                                         #
#      you can see why                                             #
#      we need a                                                   #
#      new one.                                                    #
#                                                                  #
#          WHAT FUN ?!?!                                         #
#          $$$$$$  $$$$$$                                         #
#####
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PARTY: F. Aslin, K. Mott, G. Pilkington, J. Cundy, D. Laslett, S. Bowley (N.P.W.S.) and C. Laslett (patient).

It was 2 weeks till the. S. & R. Exercise and Kevin had completed the final details on the Saturday (15th). So what better to do than run our own personal exercise, after all you were the lucky ones who were going to have the fun later while we missed out.

We decided on Tomato-stick cave and ignored the existence of the Tomato Entrance. Craig Laslett was our patient, and had fallen down a steep side passage off the Tomato entrance chamber. He had suffered a cut head (minor), broken lower right arm, sprained right ankle and bruised back. The patient had come to rest in an awkward position with his weight on the injured side.

In this particular case the patient was initially moved twice to get him onto the stretcher. The first move was necessary to immediately get to his broken arm and to take the weight off his ankle. His head had already been attended to.

The patient, with his arm splinted to a piece of wood, was then placed on the Paraguard Stretcher and strapped in with both arms out.

The first move, up the narrow sloping passage, was probably the most difficult as the remaining horizontal work was just a matter of following the correct procedure of small moves and watching the patient.

The vertical lift out of the Stick Entrance was set up in a moderate time. The major problem being the final last move of getting the patient from ground level over the cave to the actual ground. The reason being the lack of a pulley and a high point to attach our "pulley". The problem was soon overcome by transferring the load from the main hauling rope to two separate hauling ropes at the edge, for the last 1 metre.

Following our patient's great sigh of relief we bundled him over the fence along with miles of rope and set him free.

- Problems
- lack of manpower
 - lack of enough ropes and a pulley for the main haul
 - lack of thought before passing the patient over the fence
 - upon finding the patient, not enough details of name, history, contacts were asked
 - no written record of patients history
 - insufficient head protection for the patient (cut head so the helmet couldn't be replaced).

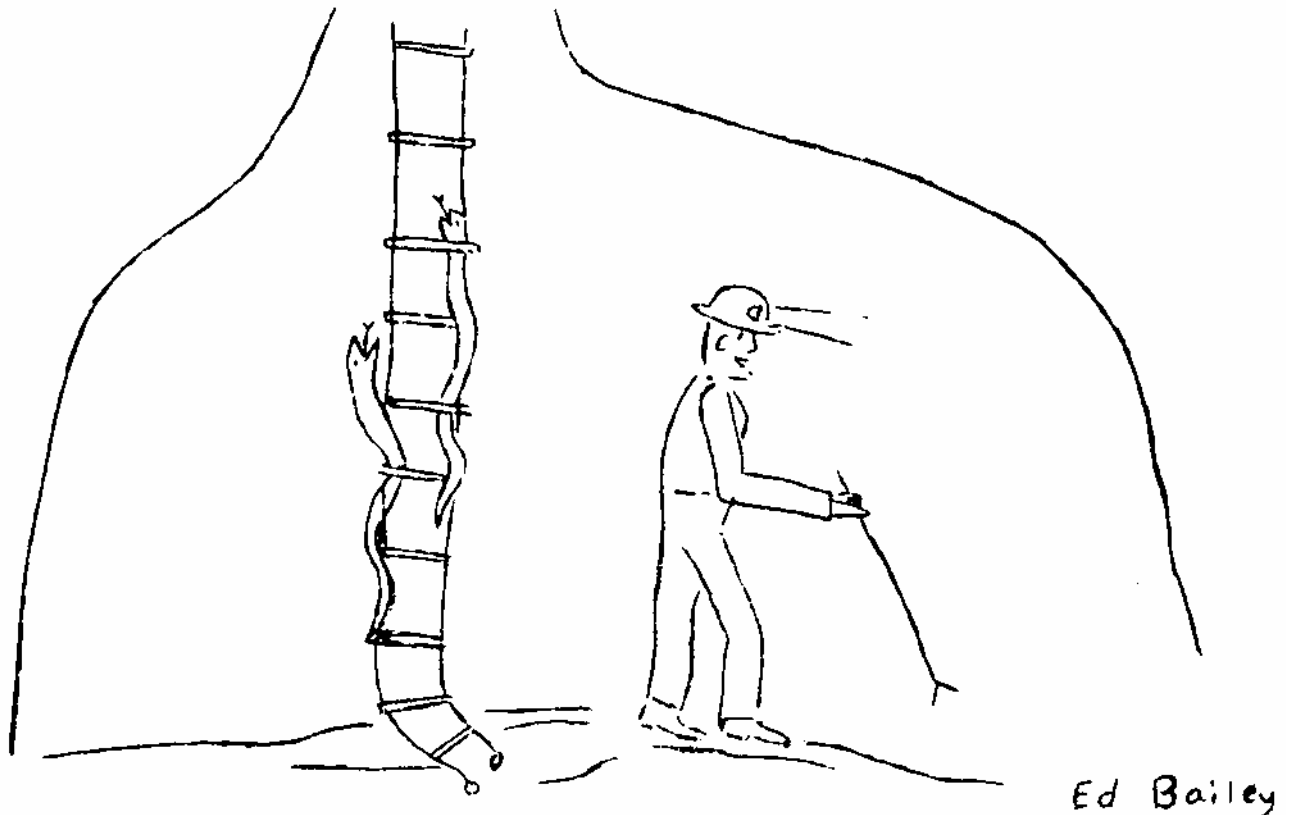
Conclusion.

The overall exercise was a success, in that many of our skills needed a bit of polish. There were no difficulties that we, couldn't overcome. The leader stated clearly and precisely what had to be done and this was followed.

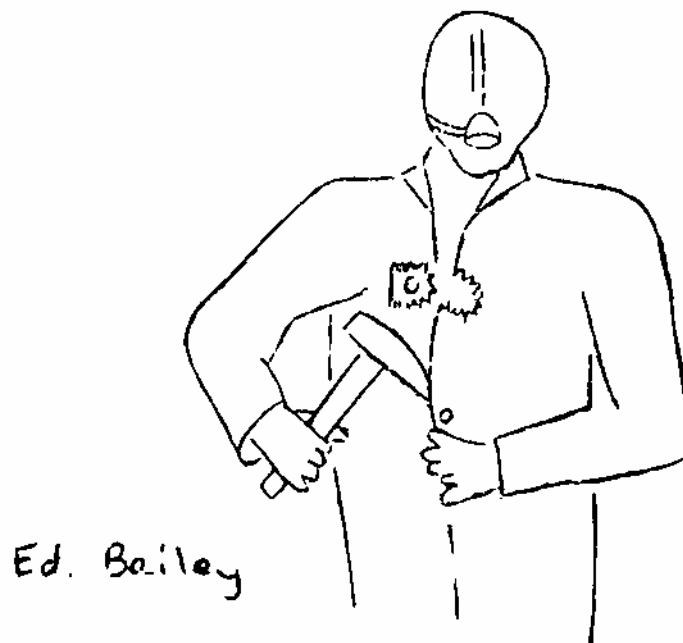
The orders were not the leaders alone but were usually decided upon by consultation with a 'scout' or the first aider, these discussions were short and decisions were easily reached.

A very rewarding exercise - thank you patient.

JIM CUNDY.



O.K. TO COME DOWN, THERE'S NO SNAKES!!



OTHER ARTICLES

WACCON.

Wacon stands for Western Australian Caving Conference, or in other words, the Twelfth ASF Biennial Conference. Reports from over the western border indicate that the plans are running smoothly and it should be one of the best conferences yet. The usual field trips, book stalls, numerous papers, photographic competition, boozy nights etc. will be present and I strongly urge you to attend.

Speaking of papers, I know of one CEGSA member already who will be giving a paper - how about you giving a paper on any aspect of caving you feel like.

Registration forms should be out soon so keep your eyes open, and in the meantime, if you have a question or a paper to submit, write to:-

Ken Lance,
37 Armagu Street,
Victoria Park,
W.A. 6100.

If you have a question about Nullarbor Field Trips, yours truly is in charge of them.

JIM CUNDY.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

If you start caving, and diligently attending meetings regularly at the age of fifteen, and manage to keep on doing so until the ripe old age of eighty-five, you will have managed to waste the best part of two years of your life (admittedly evenings only) sitting on those bum-numbing chairs in the Museum Lecture room.

The only saving grace is you will have spent about 5 months of that time listening to the wise words of the great and venerable Gartrell emanating from the back row.

Life wasn't meant to be easy.

GRANT GARTRELL.

(Editor's Note: This is the shortest thing he's ever written!)

CAVE RESCUE - A CASE HISTORY.

PART 2: The Discussion of the Rescue.

Dow Cave, near KettleWell, Yorkshire, was discovered in 1852 and was the scene of the first cave accident in 1891 (Bogg, 1904). The Providence Pot extension was found in 1954, since when the system has become one of the most popular in the area. It has also been the site of more rescues than any other pothole in the district.

Although the injuries received and their treatment are not unusual, the manner in which they occurred illustrate well the difficulties of managing potholers' injuries underground.

Medical aspects of caving have been reviewed (for a lay audience) by Williams (1969) and the problems and techniques of rescue are well described by Robinson (1969). In brief, these difficulties are delay in summoning and receiving assistance, delay in evacuation, difficulties in immobilizing fractures, and the danger of hypothermia. Any method of immobilization of a fracture inevitably increases the bulk of the patient and decreases his flexibility which may seriously impede his progress through narrow and tortuous passages. Some degree of hypothermia is probably inevitable in a prolonged rescue, but it can be reduced by transfer of body heat from the rescuers, hot drinks, a change into dry waterproof clothing and the use of a specially designed exposure bag into which the patient can be placed.

A typical design of exposure bag (taken from Cullingford) is shown in Fig.3. It is made of ¼in expanded neoprene which is a good insulator. The bag is watertight, strong, easy to apply, and can fit almost any shape or size of person. It is big enough to accommodate first-aid dressings and splints and during evacuation it provides some degree of padding against hard surfaces. The head of the patient must be protected with a helmet and a visor attached to shield the face from falling dust and debris. One case has been reported of alkali leaking from a head-lamp battery spilling onto the victim's face as his rescuer was crawling over him in a very narrow passage.

Rescue teams must often improvise, and their stretchers and techniques must also match the style and type of potholing in their own district. In Yorkshire, for instance, most rescues involve several ladder climbs whereas in the Mendips, long cave passages and sumps are the commonest obstacles. Modifications of the Neil-Robertson stretcher have proved safe and effective. A detailed engineering blueprint of one of these designs can be obtained from the Warden of the Upper Wharfedale Fell Rescue Association in Grassington (Fig. 4). Drag stretchers are excellent for very restricted places and allow some flexibility during narrow crawls. They are normally made from ½in conveyor belting (Fig. 2). As with all stretchers used in cave rescue work, great care must be taken to see that the ropes and straps used to secure the patient are not so tight as to cause pain, interfere with breathing or the circulation in the limbs.

Some of the caves and potholes now being explored are so narrow and tortuous that it would be impossible to evacuate quickly a seriously injured patient from them. For this reason, doctors engaged in cave rescue services are considering the desirability of keeping the victim underground for resuscitation before attempting evacuation. The difficulties are obviously very great but by no means insoluble.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I wish to thank Mr. D.H. Wilson, the General Infirmary at Leeds, for advice and encouragement and for permission to publish; Mr. J. Cape, Airedale General Hospital; Dr. F.M. Parsons and Mr. P. Clark of the General Infirmary at Leeds; Professor J.S. Ellis, of Southampton for permission to publish; Miss M. Brown, Medical Artist at the General Infirmary at Leeds for preparing the drawing, and Mr. H. Huff of Grassington for the statistics listed in the table.

By: S.A. CRAVEN
Hon. Medical Officer to the
Upper Wharfedale Fell Rescue Association.

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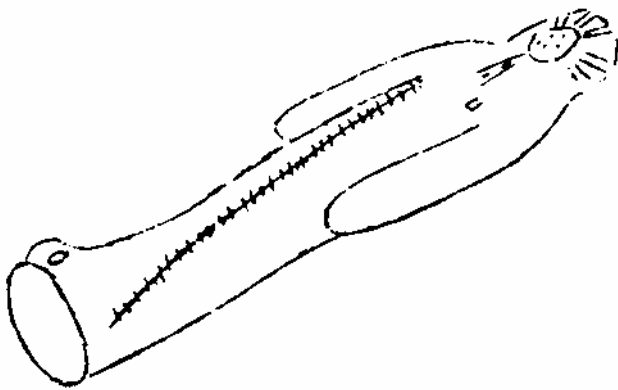


Fig 3 Exposure Bag



Fig 4 Modified Neil-
Robertson Stretcher

A DAY SPENT TOURING THE YORKSHIRE DALES IN THE POURING RAIN

OR

(You don't have to be mad, but it helps!)

The moment I awoke and looked out of my hotel room window at the heavily falling rain, I should have known that it was not the right sort of weather conditions to make a trip around the Yorkshire Dales to view its many fine karst features. However, in keeping with true British never-say-die tradition, I decided to brave the elements in case the opportunity doesn't present itself again in the future.

I had noticed an advertisement for the Stump Cross Caverns by the reception desk of this hotel and, after a good breakfast, I studied the location map on the poster for some time, trying to decipher it. Luckily, the local postman was able to help me out and gave me two sets of directions on how to get there - the direct route and the scenic route. I decided to take the scenic route and was rewarded with a dismal scene of clouds hanging low over the moors, plus the added bonus of narrow roads which meant that every time a lorry came along in the other direction I had to put the car into the hedgerow or half way up a stone wall to let it pass by.

After waiting some time for the owner to roll up and open the cave for the day, I stood at the end of a long line of giggling schoolgirls, rain trickling down my neck, as we slowly descended into the netherworld.

The cave is situated on Craven Moor, near Grassington, in a bed of limestone surrounded by beds of millstone grits and the area itself has been mined for galena, barites, fluor spar and calcite. It was in this cave that Geoffrey Workman spent 105 days in complete solitude to establish a World Record in 1963, which was broken, I believe, later on by Michel Siffre in Midnight Cave in Texas.

Over 3½ miles of cave have been surveyed so far, there being several levels to the system. The tourist section runs along a dry stream passage, which contains a few decorations and ends in a boulder choke. The rest of the cave descends to lower levels with active stream passages, given such apt names as Heaven and Hell and Diomal Junction. In 1955 a rich deposit of Tundra Reindeer bones was discovered in an offshoot of the show cave.

It is a mainly do-it-yourself type of tour, although the owner gave a short talk to the schoolgirls (including me!) on the, geology of the area and I watched as pencils flew furiously across notepads recording every precious word.

After a brief and fruitless trip into Bradford to visit some friends, I pointed the faithful Chevette north along the A65 to continue my search. I was still raining!

Settle was my next stop, the home of the Cave Rescue Squad and the "Cave and Crag" shop. There, at the latter, I browsed for some time looking at all the gadgets and other paraphernalia which is needed at one time or another by some potholer.

It was here that I obtained a large ammunition box for housing my camera, etc. in on underground excursions and, as I meandered back to the car in the rain, my mind pondered on the problems that I might encounter when I take the said box onto the plane which will transport me back to Australia (and sunshine I hope)!

Onward I travelled, along another narrow track on which were the inevitable road works to add more problems to my progress, to Horton-in-Ribblesdale. This small village lies near the bottom of Penyghent, one of the Three Peaks of Yorkshire. As, I might have expected, the peak was hidden by low clouds. However, whilst there I paid, a visit to Penyghent Cafe, the haven and refuge of potholers, climbers and fell walkers. That day I met up with several rather miserable looking walkers who had just come off the Pennine Way for a very welcome hot mug of tea. After commiserating with them, I left these convivial surroundings and off I went again. It was still raining!

I couldn't find Ingleborough Show Cave near Clapham! Never mind, the White Scar Caves just outside Ingleton, in the peak of Ingleborough, were clearly signposted so all was not lost. The entrance to the cave is quite unique as it passes through a bed of slate. The cave continues along a dry phreatic stream passage, when suddenly both the sound of the splashing of the First Waterfall and the smell of "Domestos" hit the unwary simultaneously! The guide, a chatty old chap who obviously loves his cave, explained that they use "Domestos" to kill off the algae growth on the decoration, caused by the use of electrical lighting.

Wooden planks have been placed along the vadose canyon, through which the original stream still flows, to ensure that the tourists don't get their feet wet. (Having walked through such passages before, I can say that there is nothing quite like the feeling of your feet squelching in wet socks and boots when you climb out of the stream!) ** The show cave ends 1/3 mile from the entrance, although the rest of the passages continue for several miles. The cave floods easily as over 30 lesser streams feed the main one which flows through this system. Even from being in the tourist section for only a short time, I noticed that the height of the water level had risen quite dramatically. No wonder that the Cave Rescue Squad are kept busy in such weather conditions. It was still raining when I came out of the cave!

The last of the Three Peaks, Whernside, was also hidden from view as I continued north along the M6, and I occasionally glanced at the countryside I shall be returning to soon for actual caving purposes.

The rest of the journey was uneventful, apart from a few legs of lamb who hadn't learnt the Highway Code, and as I neared my destination, low and behold, IT STOPPED RAINING!

LINDA WHALEY.

Since writing this whimsical little piece of prose, the author has since taken part in a cave rescue course and has managed to get a great deal more than her feet wet!

SOCIAL AND FUNDRAISING.

Does anybody have any ideas for the social and fundraising Committee? ? The last function (the dinner) made a slight loss and the 'Pool Party' almost drowned so what can we do with the drunken cavers? If you have any ideas which could make some money or just give everybody a good time, please mention it to me or Kevin Mott. Do you have any unwanted items to donate for a raffle?

Keep thinking and looking,

MEREDITH REARDON.

RING AVULSION INJURIES.

Rings are ornamental, traditional, and currently fashionable. They can also be dangerous to your health.

Hand surgeons often see injuries caused when a person has slipped or fallen, and a ring catches on a small projection or a ledge while the person continues to fall. As the person's weight comes onto the ring, usually on the palm side of the finger, it angulates and rolls up a fold of skin on the finger just below the middle knuckle joint where the bones widen. Because the ring cannot slip off when it is angulated and a tremendous force is concentrating on a small area of skin, the skin gives way and rolls upwards just as if a glove were being pulled off the finger. This alone would be bad enough, but the skin almost always is accompanied by the subcutaneous tissues, arteries, veins, and nerves to the finger.

When this happens, any treatment, other than amputation, produces an unsatisfactory result in almost every instance. Skin grafts and skin flaps placed on the remaining portion of the finger leave a stiff insensitive finger that hinders the function of the hand. In some instances, a portion of the finger is completely amputated from the hand by the force of the avulsion injury. Although in recent years much publicity has been given to sewing amputated extremities back on the body by sewing the blood vessels together under a microscope, this is not possible with ring avulsion injuries because of the crushing damage to blood vessels.

We have seen ring avulsion injuries when rings have caught on a basket ball net, a door jamb, a window sill, a pick-up truck tail gate, and roof rain gutter. They have occurred as a result of trivial falls and slips. Minor slips on gymnasium apparatus, tree branches, and rock ledges can all leave the patient with a serious, permanent disability.

The moral is clear. Prevent this injury in the first place. Don't wear rings when you cave or climb.

Joshua J. Tofield, M.D. Tucson, Arizona
James E. Bennett, M.D. Houston, Texas.

FROM: OFF BEAM No: 31 February, 1977.

PROGRAMME

SEPTEMBER

Wednesday 13th	Committee Meeting	6 Hudson Avenue, Rostrevor.
16th - 17th	Corra-Lynn - Surveying	G. Pilkington
Wednesday 20th	Caving Fun Night	66 Eyre Crescent, Valley View.
23rd - 24th	Sellicks Hill	G. Pilkington.
Wednesday 27th	General Meeting - G. Pilkington on cave creation.	Museum Lecture Room.

OCTOBER

Wednesday 4th	Caving Fun Night	66 Eyre Crescent, Valley View.
7th - 9th	Flinders Ranges	A. Jackson
Wednesday 11th	Committee Meeting	10 Gordon Terrace. Rosslyn F ark.
Wednesday 25th	General Meeting - Neville Pledge on Fossils for Cavers.	Museum Lecture Room.
28th - 29th	Tantanoola Lake Cave	T. Reardon.

NOVEMBER

4th - 5th	Town Cave - Practice of vertical techniques.	N. Smith.
Wednesday 8th	Committee Meeting	5 Loxton Court\$ Hope Valley.
18th - 19th	Buckalowie - Introductory trip	T. Reardon.
Wednesday 22nd	General Meeting - Film	Museum Lecture Room.

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NEWSLETTER ARTICLES

All articles for Vol. 23 No: 4 must be submitted by Wednesday 1st November.