

S P E L E O G R A F F I T I

The Newsletter of the National University Caving Club

VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3.

JULY, 1969.

EDITORIAL

My apologies to those members who forwarded material for publication in this edition. I have delayed the newsletter as long as possible but couldn't wait any longer. Doubtless these articles have been delayed in the mail!

Many members would be interested in seeing the results of the many photographs taken on various trips, so how about all photographers bringing the best of their slides to meetings in the future? The old hands might get some original ideas, and it will at least give us something of interest to criticise.

Finally, Paulette Call, who prepares the delicious supper for General Meetings has said that anyone who wants coffee only has to bring a bash hat, mug, dead marine or other drinking utensil and their thirst will be slaked.

I'm sure everyone appreciates Paulette's efforts in this regard, and considering the amount of time she spends preparing the food, she ought not be left at the end of meetings to clean up on her own, as has happened before.

THE EDITOR.

SOME THOUGHTS ON CAVE NOMENCLATURE

One of the problems (?) encountered after finding a new cave is attaching a suitable name tag. As this club has more or less come to life this year, with some original work being done, this aspect of caving ought to be taken into consideration. It is tempting to name a cave after some incident associated with its discovery; e.g. Wallaby Cave, Wombat Cave, Camp cave etc. This practice is common in Great Britain, where names such as Nod's Pot, the Drainpipe, Raw Egg Cavern and the like, occur frequently. These doubtless mean much to those who coined them, but to cavers in general they have no meaning and are not remotely hopeful. Possibly, naming a cave after some local feature, so that it is to some extent descriptive is one solution. Obviously the same principles ought apply when naming underground passages. The urge to choose bizarre names is particularly compelling here. If these also give some indication of the nature of the feature named, then this is ideal. Wyanbene contains some very aptly named pots such as Diahorrea Pit, Caesar's Hall, and the Chamber Pot. These are both original and quite descriptive in contrast to rather mundane attempts such as 40' Pot etc. Admittedly it is rather hard to combine practicality with an unusual name, but if enough people in the club give some thought to this matter, surely one enlightened creature with a vivid imagination will be able to come up with something.

- What the preceding blurb is trying to convey in a very verbose manner is that we have discovered a new cave at Yagby, and we don't know what the hell to call it. Read the accompanying trip report and shower the Editor with suggestions when you send your usual deluge of articles for publication in the Newsletter).

M.J.A.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON THE YAGBY TRIP30th May/1st June, 1969

Members Present : Pip Wisdom, M.G.W. (TL), Ken Palmer,
 John Furlonger, Bill Campbell, Jim Curtis,
 Noel Call, John Brush, Maurice Bell,
 Mick Alting and Byron Deveson

The party of 11 was divided between 4 cars, drivers
 being :

Holden F.C., Noel Call; Holden (1963)
 Mick Alting; Rover, Bill Campbell;
 Toyota Corolla, John Furlonger.

The first three cars with their loads set out at
 approx. 8 p.m. on the way to Caves House. For a while the
 story will be of the exploits of the Rover.

After a chilly trip to Cooma (the heater didn't
 work till the return trip) we enquired after chains at the
 fish-shop in Sharp Street, where we were told to get them at
 the '4 mile'. On pulling out of parking, we literally nearly
 ran into Mick Alting's car! No chains were to be had at the
 4-mile, but we were told here that we would get through O.K.

The first snow was 15 miles from Cooma but no
 Service Stations were open at Adaminaby - so press on regard-
 less. Soon after this, snow settled on the road, and we fol-
 lowed Noel's and Mick's tracks, the Rover soon displaying an
 alarming amount of tail drift in spite of its weight. It
 finally came to a stop with wheels spinning on the first major
 range of hills. After much push, shove & dig, the top was
 reached where a halt was called whilst John Bush's chains were
 fitted to Mick's car. The inevitable happened 50 yards past
 Alpine Creek Snowplow Station. We ran out of traction and
 despite much willing pushing and shovelling, only 50 yards
 were gained and the two of us bedded down for the night in the
 car: time, 2.15 a.m. After a comfortable night, we rolled
 back down to the clearing shed where John Furlonger & Ken
 Palmer passed by without chains. They passed us again shortly
 going back to Adaminaby and lightened us of \$15 for chain
 hire. Following the snow plough we gained the last hill before
 Kiandra where conditions proved difficult for us again, holding
 up Noel, a Panther Tours bus and several other vehicles until we
 moved onto the uncleared side of the road where we became well
 and truly snow-bogged. After about an hour some rangers helped
 push us out, and we made it up the hill as by now rain had
 melted the ice.

John caught us up at Kianara where we fitted the chains for the dirt road. In about 10 minutes we caught up to the grader which had a line of buses and cars trailing along behind, but they kindly let us past a few miles short of the Yagby turnoff, so we were glad of the chains - don't know how Noel made it without them!

After arriving at Yagby, seeing about lunch and setting up camp (sic), we went up to Jersey Cave and viewed the effects of the new lights, then tried to find a way in to the North Glory. After going down an old tourist path, Mike Webb tried to force a muddy squeeze at the back of the tunnel; however, it didn't appear to go anywhere without further digging. A couple of others went down another hole to one side, to a small chamber which didn't go anywhere either. All other likely looking holes above 3" in diameter were investigated without success. I penetrated a rock fall which led up to the viewing platform, but with a hammer it could possibly be forced further. We gave up the attempt at about 4 p.m. and went back to camp for tea and a real good party which started at 6.30 and ended about 11 p.m.

Surprisingly we managed an early start on Sunday, and by 9.30 a.m. had entered South Glory by the new tunnel, which was blasted in near the daylight chamber. Progress through this chamber is easy since the '6 months hard' boys have been laying concrete paths etc. for the tourists.

The aim of the expedition was to find a connection between North and South Glory, in order to save \$400 worth of lighting cable. We passed over or around (according to inclination) a small lake which was about 2 - 3' lower than normal, and after Ken, the Head Ranger, had pointed out the most likely way and gone round into North Glory by the more conventional route. After a few 'hellos' and light flashes, contact was made through two 4 x 6" holes at the one time, Mike and I shaking hands with Ken who was in Queen's Chamber in North Glory.

Feeling justifiably pleased with ourselves, we entered North Glory and again tried to find a way up to Jersey, but being unsuccessful we climbed the Rockpile into the upper river passage, but did not try it in the interests of cave preservation. Noel, John Brush and I went up into a rockpile which supposedly leads to Y55 and managed to penetrate 20-30'. The Head Ranger, Maurice and I investigated a fissure on a 75° slope in North Glory and after much squeezing, came upon some lovely shawls, rimstone pools, etc. at the top. The squeeze fissured out in all directions, so we returned and were out by 5 p.m.

The trip home was uneventful as the road was cleared all the way and Canberra was reached by 10.30 p.m. in time to have the usual post-caving adventure into the tub.

TRIP REPORTSMT FAIRY 29/5/69

After contacting Major Broadbent and obtaining his permission, John Brush and myself drove out to the Mt. Fairy dolomite quarry. After seeking information about the precise locality of the cave at the head office a young employee offered to drive us over. We all climbed aboard the Toyota four wheel drive which took us to within a hundred yards or so of the main cave. While he was with us he spoke of a cave about two miles long which had its entrance in a small 1st outcrop near the quarry, needless to say we were somewhat sceptical. He also claimed there were caves at Windellama though he had never visited them, he said he had worked in the area and if we asked the farmers they would show us where they were. (Windellama is east of Lake Bathurst and there is a rather large 1st. outcrop). The main cave was explored to the sump and we exited via the mine adit. A couple of other caves were examined up the valley, a well preserved skull was found belonging to some species of carnivore. After lunch we walked over the hill and found a strongly flowing spring which probably drains the sump and the rest of the 1st. Later after receiving directions as to the location of the 2 mile cave we found ourselves in a small outcrop of 1st. which was surrounded by volcanics, some holes and fissures were found but nothing else. Then it started to rain, we took another track out which was worse than the way in but eventually arrived home safely.

KEN PALMER.

YARRANGOBILLY

31/5/69 - 1/6/69.

People: Mick Alting, Byron Deveson, John Furlonger,
 Jim Curtis, John Brush, Noel Call, Pip Wisdom,
 Maurice Bell, Bill Campbell, Ken Palmer,
 Michael Webb.

Friday evening: To Coora then we had increasing snow until we reached Adaminaby (snow down to 2800'). Between Adaminaby and Kiandra it got worse and worse until we lost the Rover 16 miles from Kiandra in a snow drift. (His third). We left it there to follow the snow plough through in the morning. Got back to Noel's car to find his passengers had gone Walkabout while he was with us in the Altingmobile (which had chains). Found them eventually but lost Noel's car 2 miles farther on. We drove on. Dug a bloke out of a snowed-in car (a snow drift with a slight shine of metal in the headlights) and took him to the Kiandra. He'd been there 6 hours. Had had a few too many and driven off the road. Reached Yagby with clutch trouble and all sorts of funny noises at 4 am and bedded down in the ticket office.

Saturday: Up at 8.45 am breakfast, then borrow Land Rover to get the lost cars. All back at Yagby at 1 p.m. Up to the Jersey and into the old right hand branch to look for extensions towards North Glory. Mick A. found a beautiful grotto off the RHB near the end, but it was impassible after a short distance. Bit of digging, but no go (2½ hours)

Party that night. I taped part of the party. Sounds like thirty elephants with stomach-ache.

Sunday: Looking for aforementioned extensions from the other end, in North Glory. In via South Glory, having a look at the lake in the Maze on the way. It still had water in it, but it was 2' down on last trip. Up through squeezes and pretties and eventually shook hands with Ken MacNee, who was in the Queen's Chamber in North Glory. Then on to North Glory to look for Jersey connections, but no luck. Located the Upper North (see last trip report for Yagby) again in several places. Out at 1.15 for lunch.

After lunch, a bit of mining in Y55, above Upper North. No go again. In through South Glory to North Glory for another look. Unfortunately nothing major found, except a pretty new grotto. Spent half an hour trying to start the standby generator as the main had packed up. Left for home 5.30 pm. Icy up to the main road, then OK once south of Kiandra. Home 10.00 p.m.

M.G.W.

YARRANGOBILLY

5/7/69 - 6/7/69.

People: Mick Alting, John Furlonger, Jim Atkinson,
Bill Campbell, Michael Caplehoun, Michael Webb.

Arrived at about 10.00 p.m. Friday night, and 12.15 a.m.
Saturday in two cars. Party.

In the morning start at 10.30 with South Glory for pictures.
The lake was up 2' on last trip. (1 hour).

Up to Harrie Wood for pictures. The beautiful stalactite
through the fence has been broken off 18" from the end. (1
hour). On the way back, into the hole in the cliff near
Harrie. No good. Full of dust and mosquitos. Two signatures
J.B. Clark, W.J. Littleton 1909 may be genuine. Inscription
"Dead end" is genuine.

Back to South Glory to take pictures of the lake (1½ hours).
Back for lunch.

After lunch, slides courtesy Stewart and Ken.

Up to the steam hole above creek near Caves House at 3.45 p.m.
There is a hole about 50' deep, 60' of ladder into it. Very
loose rubble, then a large chamber. Chamber is 120' long,
100' high, with a 45 degree sloping floor (mud and rubble).
Good decoration, but very loose walls and floor. Found a
fissure about 25' deep on north wall half way up. Choked
with rubble, then drops again at least 20' further. Out
7 p.m. after three hours, with three people out of five
injured by falling rock.

Sunday: Up 9.15 a.m. Clean up of the house, then up to cave
again. It was numbered Y59 half an hour after discovery. In
at 12.30, all down by 1.30. No injuries (good chimney sweep-
ing - if it blinks hit it with a 2 lb sledge until it drops
off, if it says anything, batter it into silence). Set up
30' ladder to the ledge, then another to one side. This may
have helped in preventing anyone from getting hit. Digging
in hole found on Saturday, but couldn't finish it. Nearly
got thumped by a goolie moved by John F. while trying to
extricate himself from a hole he was exploring.

PF100 photography, then out after 5 hours. Still no-one
hurt - remarkable.

Yarn with the Rangers, a bit of tea, finish cleaning up, then
leave for home, arriving at Canberra at 11 p.m.

M.G.W.

MARBLE ARCH
CHESTERMORE

12/7/69 - 13/7/69

People: John Furlonger, Jim Curtis, Ken Palmer,
Michael Webb.

Left Canberra at 8.30 p.m. Friday, and arrived at 11 p.m. after leaving Ken's Mini on the track near the last bog.

Saturday: Started with the Eyrie at 10.15 a.m. All in Eyrie by 10.30. Look around, then down to River Cave by Abseil. Through the cave. Saw about 200 bats in the cave, and about 10 bands. Managed to get the numbers on three:

20
09560

20
08643

20
08667

Abseiled out of cave a few times, then I prusiked up to the Eyrie, lowered the ladder to the others and brought them up while Ken belayed from the top.

Walked up the creek looking for caves. Found two small ones but nothing else. Back to camp 5.30 p.m. after 2½ hours underground.

Sunday: Up to north side of the gorge and abseiled down to hole opposite the Eyrie. It's about 3' deep. On down to bottom and up normal side again. Jim threw the ends of the ropes across to us, and then flying foxed across on the ropes. Abseiled into another entrance (The Rabbit Warren), but it's not of much interest. After all this it was still only lunchtime, so we had a field day. The abseil record is 9 seconds on the 110' drop (Ken and later me). Back to camp at 4 p.m. and left for home at five, arriving for coffee at my place at about seven o'clock.

M.G.W.

COMING EVENTS

<u>Bungonia</u>	26/7/69	Leader Noel Call
A trip down the Drum		
<u>Wyanbene</u>	2/8/69	Leader Michael Webb
Second anniversary of the infamous August Special.		
<u>Wee Jasper</u>	9/8/69	Leader John Furlonger.
<u>Yarrangobilly</u>	23/8/69	Leader Michael Webb
<u>Bungonia</u>	30/8/69	Leader Michael Webb
Hogan's Extension - the deepest cave on the Australian mainland.		
<u>Bunyan or Kybean</u>	13/9/69	Leader Michael Webb
Very beautiful cave near Cooma.		
<u>Colong</u>	27/9/69	Leader Noel Call.

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General Meetings.

Second Wednesday of every month in Room 8,
Physics Building, A.N.U.
Next meeting, 8 p.m. 13/8/1969.

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COMMITTEE MEMBERS FOR 1969

President	Michael Webb	Phone 42970 (AH)
	1/74 Ainslie Ave.	
	Reid.	489066 x 219 (WH)
Vice President	Noel Call	Phone 493009 (WH)
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Treasurer	Jim Atkinson	Phone 497352 (AH)
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Committee Members :	Paulette Call, 11 Renwick St. Chifley	
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	Phone 511053 (AH)	
	John Brush, 149 Mugga Way, Red Hill.	
	Phone 94610.	

9.

If you wish to go on the above trips, contact the trip leader by 9.30 p.m. on the Wednesday previous to the trip. Late bookings cause a fiasco in transport arrangements, and if the trip leader had a particularly bad night, he may not allow you to go if you get in late.

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Mr. J. Baugh.

149 Mugga Way.

Red Hill A.C.T.

