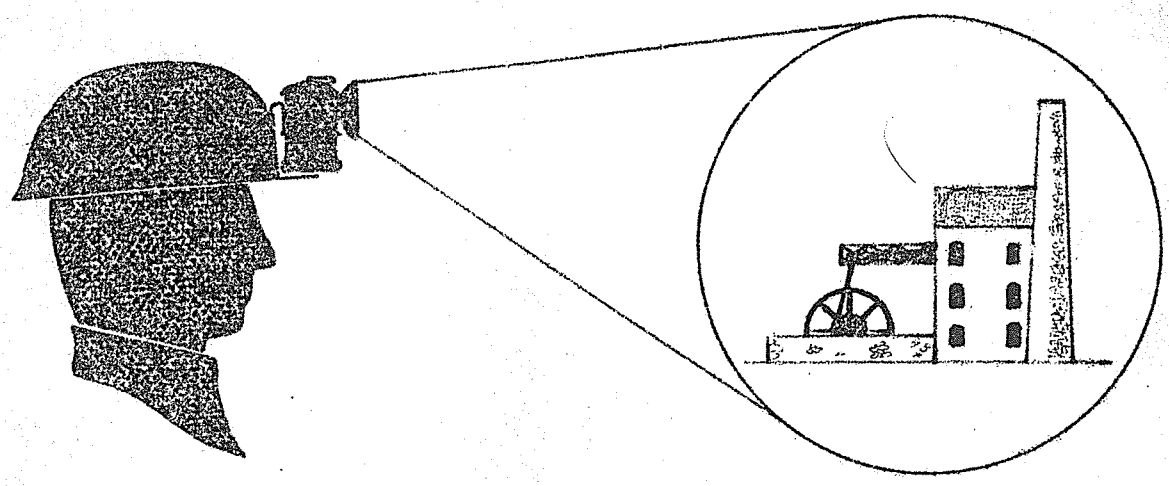
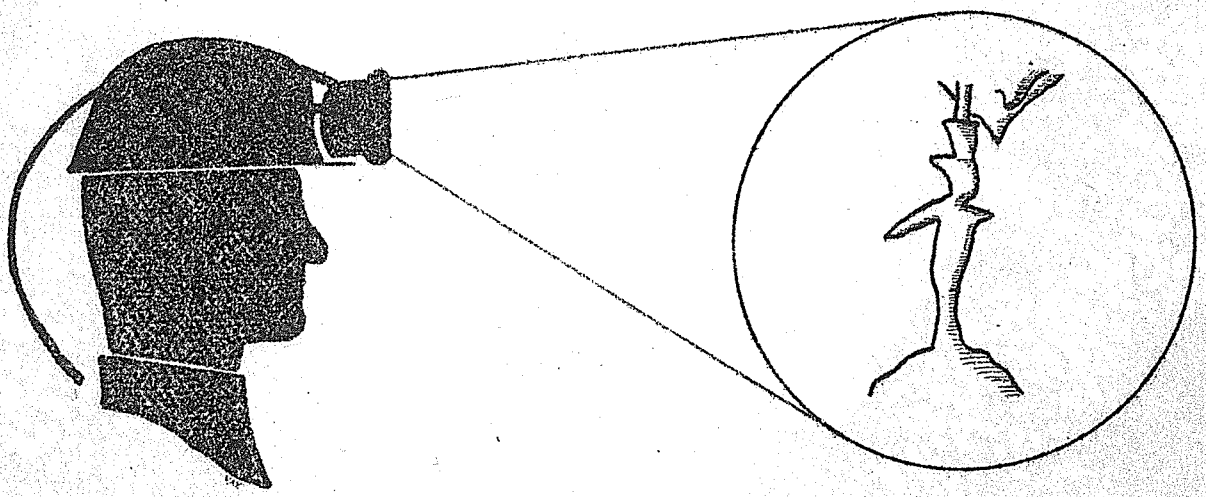
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No 27



PLYMOUTH CAVING GROUP.



PLYMOUTH CAVING GROUP.

Newsletter & Journal. Number Twenty-seven

December 1967.

Apathy ?

The Editor wishes to apologise for the long delay in publishing this newsletter, but the recent change in Editors, and even more important, lack of material has prevented earlier publication of the same.

It appears that there is slight apathy amongst some members or rather an 'I can't be bothered' attitude when it comes to writing articles, and I am quite sure that everyone of us is able to put pen to paper.

It has been evident in the past that the majority of articles which go to form YOUR newsletter have been written by the same few people each time. If the club is to continue in an organised manner it needs help from YOU -so let us eliminate this indifference now.

During the first few years following the formation of the P.C.G. it was anticipated that the Newsletter might be published on a once a month basis, but if the present situation continues I can foresee a once a year newsletter.

Remember - it is up to YOU to make the Newsletter a worthwhile piece of reading matter. Send in your contribution NOW.

Finally, ending on a more cheerful note may I wish everyone A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The Editor.

FUTURE MEETS

IN VIEW OF THE RECENT FOOT AND MOUTH EPIDEMIC IT HAS BEEN DECIDED TO SUSPEND FUTURE MEETS UNTIL THE DANGER OF INFECTION HAS PASSED.

Odds and ....

Committee Changes.

As two of our committee members have gone to further their studies the posts have been filled as follows:

Hon. Recorder

Dave Curry,
32, Park Avenue,
Devonport.
Plymouth.

Hon. Editor

Patricia Evans.
I, Erne Gardens,
Efford,
Plymouth.

....

Change of address.

Howard Morgan's address is now:

2, Meavy Villas,
Yelverton.

....

A.G.M.

The A.G.M. will be held on January 4th. 1968 at 7.30pm. Virginia House.

If you have anything you would like brought forward at the A.G.M. please send it with the names of the proposers and seconders, to the Hon. Sec. as soon as possible:-

Les. Rainsford.
28, Mt. Batten Way,
Plymstock.

....

Cave Rescue.

Please will members return the above questionaires as soon as possible to:-

Norman Gay
441, Blandford Road,
Efford.

so that a practise rescue can be arranged in the near future.

....

Special Publication.

Despite the fact that the first of our mining publications 'All that Remains', was not completed for the B.S.A. Conference as originally hoped, we are pleased to say that it is now ready.

If you are a Full Member and have not yet received a copy of the publication, or if you know of anyone interested in buying a copy, (price 10/0d please inform the Editor.

....

Lost.

It appears that Dave Hobson's book, 'Vanishing Cornwall' has...well...vanished. Please does anyone know where it is ?

....

Litter-bugs.

Steve Poole has reported that members of a certain University in Devon have been leaving spent carbide and empty cigarette packets in Judge's Chamber, Baker's Pit.

It appears that the days of the 'litter-bugs' are with us once again.

Caves are important places for scientific study, and festering mounds of carbide does little to preserve the majority of cave life, as well as looking unsightly.

As for litter, I can only hope that our subterranean galleries will never become duplicates of refuse dumps.
TAKE YOUR LITTER HOME WITH YOU. DON'T LEAVE IT BEHIND.

....

It has come to my notice that several items which were left in the clubroom have apparently 'walked off'. These include a nife cell, a sling, and various rawlbolts. Can anyone throw some light on the natter?

....

A Deep Shaft near Gunnislake.

We know fron records that this particular shaft is about 480ft. to adit. On a previous visit a level at 200ft. had been reached by the use of a winch. We now proposed to ladder it, but as we only have 210ft. it would mean lowering then to the 200ft. level in order to descend further.

We had intended to go underground by 11pm. but of course we didn't, it was well past 1am. and freezing cold. At last we all reached the 45ft. level plus a huge pile of tackle consisting of:- 150ft. of ladder, 300ft. of ulstron,, 150ft. ulstron, 300ft. sisal (for lowering and belaying the ladders) slings, krabs, pitons and a hammer. At this point Dave decided to go back up to the surface and kip. The remainder of us began to rig the rest of the pitch with another 90ft. of ladder which was more than sufficient to reach the top of accumulated rubbish, so that we were able to remove the botton 15ft. for use further down. We found the shaft to be very wet. Howard was wearing a wet suit and was not affected. I abseiled down thus managing to keep fairly dry whereas Rod used the ladders and got soaked. Colin started down but decided against getting soaked so retreated to the 45ft. level where he, Pete, and Clive remained, after having lowered the 150ft. rope and the remaining 60ft. of ladder to the rubbish pile.

Since we were running short of time we decided against having the pitch unrigged and all the ladder sent down as we had originally planned. We did find that we could remove the botton 15ft. of ladder, which allowed us 75ft. of ladder altogether and 150ft. of rope for a 280ft. pitch ?????? We were hoping to reach good fixed ladders after the first 30 or 60ft. The next section of the shaft was again very wet so Howard went down first. After reaching the end of the electron he started to use the fixed ladders, which were made up of three sections joined end to end by wooden fishplates. Although the ladders thenselves were in reasonable condition the joints were very weak.

Just before Howard reached the next platform the ladders folded up at the joints and crashed down the shaft leaving Howard dangling with his toes just touching the platform. He promptly shouted for slack and was lowered onto the platform, he then climbed back up the side of the shaft to the bottom of the electron and then to the 200ft. level.

The ladders and the 150ft. rope were taken to the top of the rubbish pile and sent up to the 45ft. level. Here we joined the rest of the party in sending the tackle to the surface.

By the time we had sorted out all the gear, changed and packed, it was 7 a.m. on Sunday morning.

H.J.B.

Mount Wellington Mine.

August Bank Holiday weekend saw a large party of PCG members, old and new, in the Camborne-Chacewater areas. Keith Loze, Terry Barbour, and Mick Carter travelled in the Landrover. Steve Poole, Pat Evans and myself were driven by Lou Fletcher....He's back ...., plus a horde of rugby players and divers who followed in two other vehicles.

We went underground at 2 o'clock Sunday morning to take photographs for the Conference, surfacing again at 6 am. But it was never worth it because we were shattered for the rest of the weekend.

On our way to Mount Wellington Mine we passed right by Black Dog Shaft (Wheal Busy Sett.) It was now about 8 am. and we were just about awake after having negociated a roundabout the wrong way

We decided to look over the edge of the shaft - most impressive. The collar has collapsed leaving only the bob wall standing. A 30 ft. ladder was put over the edge , Lou, Steve and myself taking turns to look over and throw burning paper down. The paper stayed alight on the botton - A dry trip at last

After brewing up and sleeping at Mount Wellington hut we returned to Black Dog Shaft for an all out assault. The plan was to make good use of the manpower available to lower someone on the 300'ft. ulstron. To do this we put 60 ft. of ladder over the edge of the shaft and hung a pulley from the bob wall of the engine house. The 300 ft. ulstron was passed through the pulley, a wooden seat being attached to one end, and the other end was taken across the shaft to a telegraph pole where it passed through a braking device for energency use.

At this stage it was a case of.."it's your ?@?&& idea so it's you down first." However, as Mick volunteered we tossed a coin. I lost so Iwas still first down. After bobbing up and down a few feet to see that all was in order the descent began. At a depth of about 200 ft. we ran out of rope with another 50 ft. to go. The shaft, appeared to be blocked with rubble, and 40 ft. above the botton there seemed to be a level on the northern side..However as I could not reach it Iwas hauled back to the surface.

It was Mick's turn to go down and as he made ready we set up a second brake and tied an extra 60 ft. rope onto the end of the 300 ft. The descent was without incident, although we had to abandon our elaborate safety precautions when joining the two ropes because we could not get a tarbuck knot to hold on the new rope. We thus ended up freeing the end of the 300 ft. rope from its brake and

joining the ropes with a double sheepbend. Mick then investigated the possible level which was nothing to speak of, and then went to the botton of the shaft but no way on was found.

After Mick's descent most of the rugby players wanted to have a go. Rod went down next and all went well. The trouble started when Lou went down, or rather when he came up. Anyone over 11½ stone should be banned from the club@@?@?@. The real trouble was the nethod we were using. Certain nenbers of the team who are not very keen on nanual haulage refused to tie on and walk away, prefering to stand still and haul by hand. After this we decided to change hauling nethods and found it much easier, which was just as well because Mick, Keith and Terry had to leave for Plymouth. We did a few more descents before the light began to fail.

Back at Mount Wellington we set up camp, and some of us decided to go for a drink, whilst Lou, Pat and nyself started brewing a nassive stew, (which was revolting.) I'll brew for nyself next time.

On Monday norning we could not decide what to do and were discussing the possibilities of Tolgus adit, when Rod thought that one of the shafts outside the hut would do nicely. The one we chose is between the shed and the road and was capped. It is divided into 3 compartments, two are skipways and the third is a compartmentsto take pipes and cables.

We put 120 ft. of ladder down the shaft, and Lou volunteered to descend first. He reached the botton of the ladder which was 60 ft. short and stood on a stull. Then Rod, Dave and Steve went down to join him. Whilst they stood on timbers we lowered ladders on a rope. Rod and Steve went to the botton, and the ladders were raised for Pete and Barry to descend and for Lou to come up.

AA short preliminary exploration was carried out before the whole party began to nove upwards. One at a time they reached the surface, getting soaked on the way up by gallons of dirty water being tipped down the shaft by their 'friends' on the top.

It was a nost succesful trip. The botton party reported finding a large stope and that the nine looked nost promising. I began to wish that I had'nt chickened out of the climb.

H.J.B.

Nife Cells.

An increasing number of nife cells are being used in the club, so a few facts about them may well be useful.

The electrolite used in nife cells consists of a solution of potassium hydroxide with a small quantity of lithium hydroxide added, and cannot as a rule be obtained from the local garage. During the life of the cell three different electrolite mixtures are used. The first fill electrolite consists of a 21% solution of potassium hydroxide with 50gms/litre of lithium hydroxide added.

Refill electrolite consisting of a solution of a 21½% potassium hydroxide with a reduced amount of lithium hydroxide, is used to replace spilled first fill electrolite or to refill cells which have been drained of first fill electrolite and stored or shipped dry. The correct amount of lithium hydroxide is equal to that found in the original electrolite after forming, although a figure of 25gms/litre would seem to be near enough for general use.

Renewal electrolite is used to replace the previous solution when the lowest limit of specific gravity has been reached, and consists of a 25% solution of potassium hydroxide with 15gms/litre of lithium hydroxide added. The increased strength of this solution compensates for dilution caused by old electrolite retired in the plates.

The specific gravities of the electrolite before use should be as follows:-

First fill	I.228 to I.230	
Refill	I.212 to I.216	at 60°F.
Renewal	I.248 to I.250	

Electrolite should be replaced when the specific gravity has reached I.160.

When the specific gravity of a cell is to be checked the electrolite must be at the correct level and well mixed by giving the battery a full change. Correction must be made for temperature if the measurements are made at other than the standard of 60°F.

When the electrolite is to be changed the cell should be fully discharged at the normal rate and then short-circuited for 2 hours. The old electrolite should be poured out while the cell is shaken to rinse the plates. Further rinsing with water should be done. The cell should be refilled immediately and put on charge at the normal rate for 15 hours, (with temp. not exceeding 115°F.)

EElectrolite should be stored in air-tight containers to prevent absorbtion of carbon dioxide from the atmosphere. For this same reason the filler caps should not be removed

or loosened during charging.

Charging at much less than the normal rate may be ineffective, as much of the energy may be wasted in gassing.

And finally a word of warning. The electrolite used in nife cells is very caustic and can thus cause nasty burns if not washed off quickly. If any is splashed into the eye immediate action should be taken to thoroughly rinse the part with plenty of water. Immediate medical attention should follow to avoid permanent damage.

....

Not so long ago....

On September 19th. 1953 work had begun as usual at East Pool Mine, Camborne, with the Cornish beam pumping out water to assist the engines at South Crofty. There suddenly followed cracking noises and the pithead gear ' began to sway in an alarming manner '....

The engine was subsequently halted and upon inspection it was found that the timbers adjoining the engine house had buckled.

Pumping was suspended in order to inspect other faults which may have appeared, and also as a means of protection to the smaller winding gear which operated the cages used by the maintenance staff.

The engine itself was fortunately not damaged , and it was not long before the pumps recommenced working in helping to keep Crofty clear of water again.

The engine and engine house are now the property of the ' Cornish Engines Preservation Society, and form part of Trevithick Society.

Following is a list of Bean Engines preserved by the Society:

80" diam. cylinder pumping engine at Robinson's shaft.

90" cylinder engine at Taylor's shaft, East Pool and Agar Mine, Pool, Redruth.

30" rotative winding engine at East Pool, Redruth.

22" single active beam engine, now in the Holman Museum, at Camborne.

24" rotative winding engine at Levant Mine, Land's End.

Wheal Betsy Engine House, (Mary Tavy) ,is also preserved by the Society.

Mendips.

Meet Report.
Leader, R.Cawthorne.
The meet was attended by N. Gay (driver) of a landrover, did you know he had a landrover. Well it is a short wheel base petrol engine soft top. (chuckle). And T. Barbour as navigator,well he would if he could see over the dashboard.Speaking of Terry,did you know he has a Cresta? Well if you don't MARGARET does.Then there was Keith,driver(second class,according to NOrm)of a short wheel base,Series II ,diesel landrover.
Norm:"Did you know that a petrol landrover was more powerful?"
Terry:"I had not noticed."
Bob:"But I thought Keith's was a diesel".

Next,Hugh just back from Norway you note.We wonder how he finds these blondeScandinavian pies(Sorry it should read 'pieces'-Ed.) He is carefully looking after his Norwegian suntan.No doubt Pat likes it????

Pat came (of course)aactually she wanted to go to Cornwall. Hugh introduced her to mother-in-law. Her first comment was, "Oh,I thought you were a boy".
Pat is now known as 'Patrick'.
(Incidentally Pat wants Hugh's beard off.)

Gordon.He is Welsh you know-'bach'.Hence he is referred to by Hugh as Irish, no doubt because of his strong Scottish accent.

Paul.One of the 'Ickles',very quiet.A potential Queen's scout-he can't make coffee either.(Who's the other I wonder?)

Phil.Turning into quite a bully-had Roy in haiHalf-nelson,twice.

Steve (Poole).Was able to detect a .0053 mm.rise in the water-level over two and a half days...
As there was no water in the Forty we hurried around Swildons.

Roy.Appears to resemble some farm animal or other,at least Norm seems to think.

Howard.-as usual no handkerchief-awoke at 6.30 on Saturday.So did everyone else within 3 miles.

We had a difficult time picking Hugh up on our way to Mendip,as we did not have a strong enough microscope to find Chagford.
We arrived quite late,to find the other landrover already there, as Keith does not like driving in the dark.
Catherine was there greeting everybody as they crossed the border.

We went to bed late and made a lot of noise and kept everybody else up.Then we got up early and made a lot of noise....
Hugh then gave Terry a strict telling off.....
"Yes Hugh".
"No Hugh".
"It's bloody serious".
Eventually we were all up and ready to go to Priddy.
On arrival Norm shouted at Steve (Poole),and said he had decided to have an off day as he was not going underground.I mean not go underground because he wanted an off day.
We are being subtle there.

Actually he requires a lot of time with his abacus,and by Sunday

night was able to confirm that the petrol money would be proportional to the number of miles travelled.

Swildons was disappointingly dry.The majority of us did a Sump I trip,but Hugh andHoward went through I and II,and Hugh freedived III,which is quite a feat.Congratulatinns to Pat who has (we believe) been helping him in hyperventilating exercises.??????

We emerged after about 5 hours,meeting old Sealhanians and hauling a carcass up the Forty.We had to help Roy as well.

There was alot more water coming down the entrance when we came out.Steve(Poole) got approximately a bath full over his head.

We then returned to Border ,and ate (Roy's a cannibal,he ate some BACON.) Then we set off to the Hunters.The hardened drinkers,Roy,Phil,and Paul came in and sipped lemonade.
But everyone was really too tired to enjoy the songs-or were they?

On returning to Border we were(bloody serir~) quiet but the noisey (Eric) Border (mob) kept us awake.

Eric."Long journey ?"

Norm:"Oh arr..yes,bloody long drive back."

Keith:"No".

Bob:"Oh I thought you meant to Hunters."

Terry:"I tell you Iccan vault over the Jags."

Phil:"Get down on your knees Roy."

Roy:"Oh, well reallyy,I say you chaps."

Pat:"Oh stop it -you're tickling Norm."

Hugh:"Yes Eric.....ye.....
Oh.....yes Eric.....

In the morning we were up by II'o'clock (well some of us).
Roy had square beans for breakfast.
Pat took Steve into a corner for a chat about Louis.

Norm and Eric by the landrovers.

Norm:"Yes that's Keith's short wheel base SII hard top,did you...

Catherine:"By jove ..yes..hmm..actually..well..indeed..no..hmm...

Norm:"Did you know I've.....

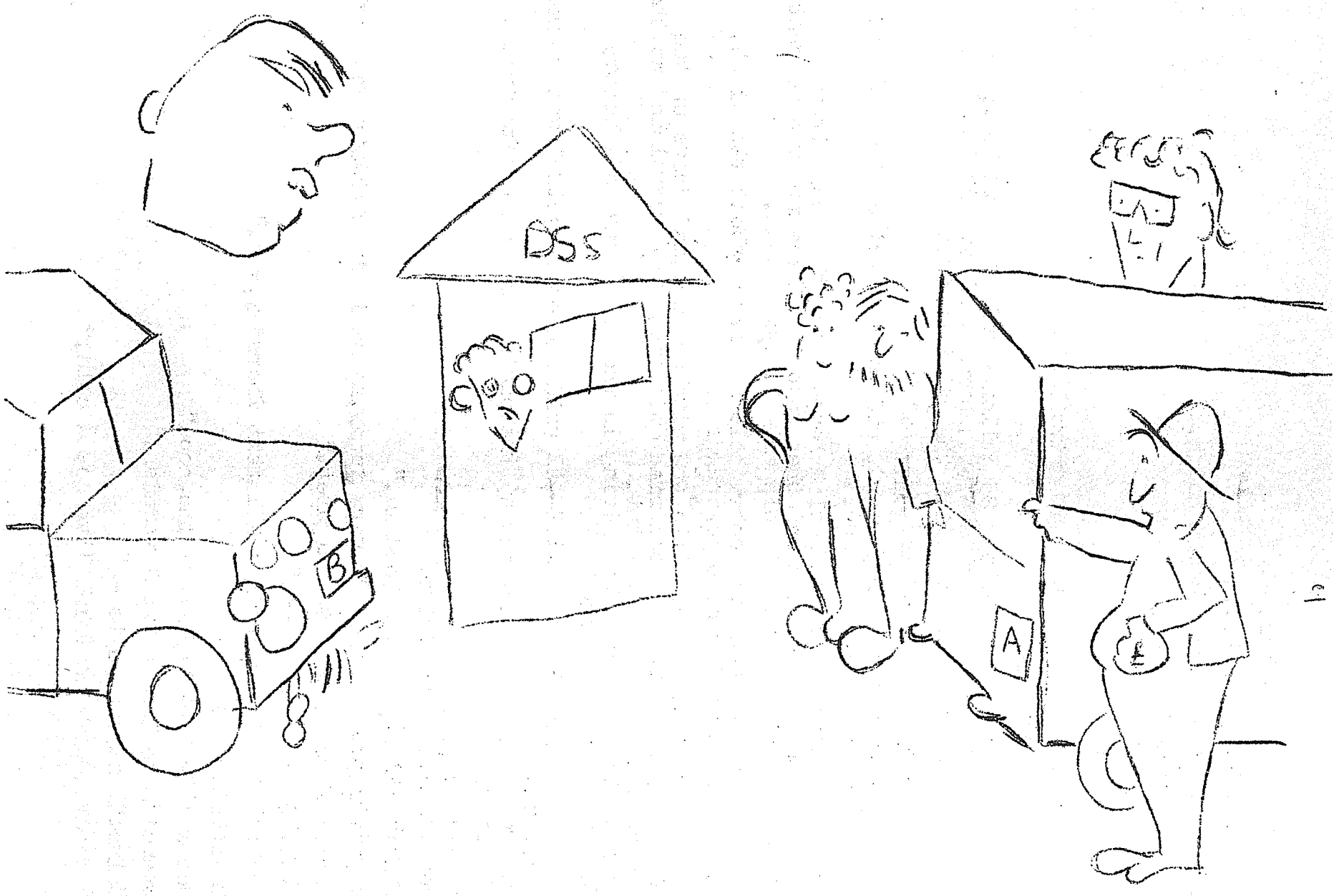
Eric:"Ha jove..yes..well..by jove..actually....

Norm:"No I've got a landrover...

Eric:"Ha jove..well..yes..isn't ..ha..no..ha..

Norm:"Well bleddy 'ell.."

We then had to decide what to do.
Hugh was shattered-after a hard day's night.
Roy was shattered.


DSS
B
A

Phil had a hang-over.

Pat.....No comment...

Bob :"Oh my kneecaps...cough cough.."

Terry:"Stoke LaneIII."

Hugh:"Sump."

Terry:"Oh."

Norm was considering the long drive back...

" Er 332 miles,

Call it 350, that's 25 gallons-call it 60 to be on the safe side....that's££15...Aarr...call it £20 that's £5 each,call it £10..with the oil that is."

Keith:"_- off with checking my-- oil."

Eventually Terry,Howard, and Gordon decided to do Swildons (again) no sumps - of course.

We went wandering around a slag heap- stone the crows they complain about the North and then make a beeline for the nearest slag heap.Keith was in his element- breaking coal.

We then went to Wookey hole and heard about the Witch. (after despatching some postcards .)

We then climbed into the witches cars,and drove up the pig's ear road to the bacon rind Swildons, where we picked up the others and cleaned up the hut.
Then Keith (I don't like driving in the dark) set off before Norm (it's a long way back.)

We were back by II.30,(I said a diesel /petrol was more pwwerful,...
Twas very difficult driving up the pig's ear road tracks around Chagford.

A Good Trip.
Norm:"Bleddy long drive."

Phil:"I'll beat Roy's head in."

Roy:"(Twang) whistle, Oh very funny,ha ha is it really necessary?

Terry:"Ah well back to Margaret."

Bob:"Quack I'm a tree."

Hugh:"Well it's cheerio 'till next Thursday,Pat."

Paul:(silence)

Gordon:"Oh bach bejabbers the noo."

Steve:"I've lost my nail varnish."

Keith:"Norm can go to -."

Howard:..Sniff..I think I've got a cold."

Pat:"Well,Cornwall next trip."
Eric:"Cheerio chaps - see you later....bye...see you anon, cheers,...goodbye...Julian,what are they laughing at.....?"

....and yet again....

Mendip IIth. and I2th. November.

Party; Norman Gay,Roy Atkin,Phil Northfield,Steve Poole, Pat Evans,Dave Curry,Howard Morgan,Paul and Barry Plimmer.

The landrover arrived at Paignton at quarter past nine on Friday night.What a night.We cleaned out the carburettor of another landrover which had broken down,had a puncture in one of our own rear tyres,and then,after following the right road in the wrong direction and driving through Shepton Mallet three times we arrived at the Border hut.It was 3.20a.m. before the last had climbed into bed.

On Saturday morning those without wet suits decided to do some 'dry'caving at Burrington Combe, whilst those with wet suits and a couple of hard cases without, went to look at Stoke Lane. The water level was not exceptionally high in spite of all the rain a few days before, so Howard decided to lead a party as far as Sump I.

In the afternoon Dave Hobson arrived from Bristol just as Pat and I were brewing up for breakfast and dinner. I should have been finishing my new wet suit jacket but Dave dragged us off to look at a quarry near Radstock. On our way there in the van we met Howard, Roy and Phil on their way back from Stoke Lane.

Dave, Pat and myself searched the quarry face for fossils until the light began to fail. We then droveback to the hut, getting slightly lost on the way.

In the evening half the party walked to Oakhill for a drink. At about 9pm. Norm arrived back from Portsmouth after visiting his sister. As I had finished work on my wetsuit we both went to join the rest of the party at Oakhill. (The cider was lovely,@@&)

On Sunday morning Keith Loze arrived with some of his friends from the Teacher's Training College and said that they were going to Swildons.

When we arrived at Priddy we met Terry 'Fitz' Barbour who had come down from London. He told us that he had done all the caving he was going to do on the Saturday. Whilst we tried to get him to change his mind Keith's party returned saying that the water was too high for them on the forty, however, we decided that we would have a go.

We followed the short dry way in and found the Forty pleasantly uncrowded with only one small party going down in front of us, and a party of three coming up.

Howard, Phil, and Paul went down, followed by Barry who had to retreat and Steve who just went down to see what it was like. Phil also had to go out as he was suffering from the cold. With the pipe removed there is no hope at all of staying even partially dry. Dave volunteered to escort those who did not want to descend the Forty out to the surface.

Howard, Paul and myself set off from the foot of the Forty at a reasonable pace, descended the Twenty without trouble and went straight to Sump I, which we dived. At Sump II Paul decided to stop because he had not done any sump diving before. Howard and I carried on through Sump II into the Great Air Bell, and then through a short duck into St. John's Air Bell. Here Howard decided to stop while I did a quick trip through Sump III. We hope that under the guidance of Oliver Lloyd we shall dive Sumps IV and V in the future.

The trip out was uneventfull except that the Forty had to be climbed without a lifeline because the rope had twisted around itself and jammed.

On our way back to the hut we met Keith's party who had been down Hunter'S Hole. We impressed upon them the fact that Phil had descended the Forty without any real difficulty. A good stir.

At the hut we had a good brew up before packing our gear and cleaning out the place. We were on the road by 8.30pm. We have mastered Shepton Mallet at last.

H.J.B.