



# Mendip Caving Group Newsletter

July 1982

No. 154



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CAVING ACCOMMODATION is available at the MCG cottage on Mendip:

Nordrach Cottage, Charterhouse on Mendip, Blagdon, Bristol, BS18 6XW  
Map reference is NGR 5147 5605 (OS 50,000 first series sht 182).  
Guest bookings should be made with the Cottage Warden.

WEEKLY MEETINGS are held every Thursday from 8.30pm at:

The Fox and Hounds and Mawson Arms, Chiswick Lane South, London, W4

MCG MEET PROGRAMME.

Meet	Leader	Base
Jul 17 Lamb Leer	D. Walsh	MCG
Aug 14 Giants Hole	G. Barton	Orpheus
Sep 18 Dowber Gill Passage	T. Knibbs	NPC
Oct 16 Rhino Rift	J. Miriam	MCG
Nov 20 Agen Allwedd	P. Ingold	
Dec 18 Eastwater (Primrose Pot)	I. McKechnie	MCG

LAMB LEER MEET 17th July: Don't forget this chance to try out SRT without pain. For the traditionalist, an opportunity to practice on a 65' free-hanging ladder. Derek is rigging the pitch both ways, so you can take your choice. There's still some room at the cottage, and it should be a good weekend.

DERBYSHIRE MEET 14th August: Geoff will be wanting names soon, so let him know if you want to go. (On Thursday nights, or phone Weybridge 49241.) If any non-cavers (or lazy cavers) would like to go horse-riding, this can also be arranged with advance notice.

YORKSHIRE 18th - 26th September: Those of you who haven't booked a holiday yet, or want a second one - why not a week in Yorkshire following the Dowber Gill meet? There will be various activities as well as caving - see Tony Knibbs for more details.

TRAINING WEEKEND 24th - 25th July: Martin Rowe's training weekend looks as if it will be very popular. In addition to the training seminars, a start will be made with a survey of the Bleak House area above Blackmoor, which has many mine-shafts, and as far as we know has never been properly surveyed. As well as bodies,

additional surveying equipment may be useful - see Jon Roberts if you can offer either.

The FLYING WEEKEND is now set for 7th August - there were problems with the earlier date. Final arrangements will be made in a few weeks, anyone else interested contact Ian McKechnie. Flights will be wherever you want to go over Mendip or thereabouts, three passengers at a time, and as long as you want - charged at cost. You should be able to get a good trip for around £10.

#### MEMBERSHIP NEWS.

This month we welcome the following new probationary members:

John Felton, of Basement Flat, 7 Sinclair Rd., London, W14.

(introduced by Phil Eliot and Tony Knibbs.)

Neil Hutchinson, of 15H Gloucester Avenue, Camden Town, London, NW1.

(introduced by Tony Knibbs and Phil Eliot.)

Andy Wynn, of 26 Sutton Court Road, Sutton, Surrey.

(introduced by Phil Eliot and Tony Knibbs.)

CONGRATULATIONS to Clive Towner who has now been accepted as a full member.

Regrettably, Arthur Cox has indicated that he does not wish to continue as a member. Rosemary Wicks has decided not to continue her associate membership this year.

The MEMBERSHIP LIST has been brought up to date (we think), and is published elsewhere in this issue. If you notice any errors or omissions, please tell the editor.

COVENANTS have been received from some members. If you haven't sent yours to the treasurer, please do so now. Full details and a blank form were included in the June newsletter - please ask the editor or treasurer if you need another form.

CAR FOR SALE - Pete Goddard is selling his 1977 Lada 1500 ES estate. Only 40,000 miles, towbar, ideal for caving junk. Don't miss this fantastic offer. £850  
Phone Charlbury (0608)-810382

APPROVED LEADERS for Dan-yr-Ogof are John Miriam, Tony Knibbs, Greg Smith, Bill Jones, Denise Samuel. For OFD1; John Miriam, Tony Knibbs, Greg, and Denise.

BRUCE DEAN and GREG SMITH are putting their jointly owned house up for sale. Greg has found a cottage to his liking in Lancashire, and Bruce will reside "with friends" until he can find suitable employment in Cumbria or Scotland. Should members know of anybody who may be interested in a two-bedroomed terrace in Hayes, then here are the details\*\*\*\*\*

Situated in a quiet road off High Street, within 5 minutes walk of shops, buses to Heathrow, and main line station to Paddington.

Lounge, dining room, kitchen, 2 bedrooms, bathroom - many rooms recently decorated, as is exterior.

Full gas C.H. Completely rewired throughout. Small front garden & 60' rear garden.

£28,000 01-848-3340

\*\*\*\*\*

Additionally, until such time as Bruce moves North, he and Derek Walsh have combined their skills to offer a consulting and contracting service in the installation and maintenance of electrical, plumbing, and heating systems. They will be known as D.W.Services, and are once again obtainable on 01-848-3340.

CHARTERHOUSE MANOR is still proving popular with MCG members for meals, drinks, and cream teas. However to drink there without a meal, you need to join their

club. They have offered MCG members half-price membership at £10 - full details are on the cottage noticeboard. But we need 20 people to take advantage of this, and several people have asked if anything is being done to collect names. So if those interested will give their names to the editor, he will co-ordinate as necessary.

PETE VIRGO has moved - his new address is: 11 Clarence Road, Windsor, Berks.

### COTTAGE NEWS.

COTTAGE FEES are charged per caving day (ie Saturday morning to Sunday night is £2 to members, although it's only one night.) Visitors who use cottage facilities (eg a shower after caving) but are not staying at the cottage usually wish to make a contribution towards cottage running costs, and for this purpose, a donations box will soon be provided in the lounge. Although there will be no set charges, it would be reasonable to suggest half the daily fee, ie 50p for members, and 75p for non-members. The box should be emptied at the end of the weekend by whoever is collecting fees, and added to the amount sent to the treasurer.

COTTAGE INCOME AND EXPENDITURE from Jan 1st to June 30th this year shows a healthy surplus:

Cottage fees:	£898.50	(guests £453.50, members £445.00)
Cottage running	<u>£471.70</u>	
Excess	<u>£426.80</u>	

Expenditure figure includes household items (eg washing-up liquid, toilet rolls etc), gas, insurance, cess-pit emptying, water rates, electricity, sewerage, rates, dustbin emptying, etc.

This figure does not, however, include capital expenditure which goes towards continual improvement of the premises. Examples are anti-roll boards for the bunks, tree stump removal, pipe insulation, library shelves, car park scalping, fireplace accessories, trowel, coat hooks for dormitory, floor tiles etc. Total £231.74.

In addition, the final building invoice has been paid, amounting to £641.35, and an outstanding invoice of £55.78 for the earth leakage trip installation in the shower.

Summarising, the income from the cottage fees is nearly twice expenditure during this period - but we have not bought any coal, and have had no unforeseen expenses. We are keeping to budget, and use of the cottage by members is increasing - a good sign.

### COTTAGE BOOKINGS

July	October
16 MEMBERS W/E (Lamb Leer meet)	1
23 Training Weekend	8 Jon Roberts + 15
30	15 MEMBERS W/E (Rhino Rift meet)
August	22 Jonathan Austin + 11
6	29
13	November
20	5
27 Alan Mellon + 9	12
September	19
3	26 Dave Higginson - Ealing College
10	
17	
24 Dave Gibson + 12	

ROCKSPORT should be open again in 2 to 3 weeks, (subject to the decorators finishing on time), says Chris Bradshaw. Initially, stocks will concentrate more on caving equipment and less on other items.

## TACKLE NOTES.

HARD HATS and LAMPS have been provided in the cottage for the use of members' visitors. These are part of the club's equipment, and should be kept in the tackle store when not in use. The lamps are renovated headsets and cables with no battery attached, but with terminals on the end of the cable to allow a dry battery, provided by the user, to be connected. Unfortunately, the first three lamps to be provided were used once and never seen again. I should like to think that they have either been "tidied away" in the cottage, or someone has taken them home by mistake. In either case, please look out for them, and get them back to the tackle store as soon as possible so that they are available for use when required. In the meantime, we have two new ones, so we should end up with a total of five.

A TYNINGS BARROW KEY is now in the possession of the club, and will shortly be added to the key-board in the lounge.

## THE MCG SOUTH WALES MEET, JULY 1982.

Introduced by Martin Rowe

After a series of sparsely attended away meets in recent months, the MCG trip to South Wales was very well attended. A total of 22 members were there, plus Denise (SWCC), and 3 prospective members. Incredibly, the SWCC cottage coped with us all, plus their own members and another club from somewhere North of Watford.

On Saturday, Tony Knibbs and Denise led parties of 7 each in Dan yr Ogof, while John Miriam took a group of 7 through OFD from bottom to top and Brian Terry went into OFD1 with a fourth party.

On Sunday, another party led by John visited DY0, Jon Roberts led a trip in Ogof Nedd Fechan (Little Neath), and Tony took six down Pant Mawr. Added up, this comes to around 200 caver-hours in one weekend.

Besides these 7 trips, a few other highlights of the weekend stand out. For example, Gordon's attempt (on Saturday evening) to drive his car along the quarry railway to the cottage; which only failed when he turned up onto the station platform instead.

Or the incident involving a party from BEC in Dan yr Ogof - which you will find detailed elsewhere in this issue, and can laugh over at your leisure.

But sadly ironic was the tale of the caver from Macclesfield who had to be taken away by ambulance. After a weekend of caving, he slipped a disc while tying his shoelace. There must be a moral there somewhere.

## SATURDAY, DAN YR OGOF, FAR NORTH (ALMOST)

by Tony Knibbs

Party: Tony Knibbs, Roger Wallington, Phil Eliot, Jon Roberts, Bob Varley, Ian McKechnie, Geoff Barton.

The weather forecast was for bright periods and occasional showers, with the possibility of thunderstorms locally later - tolerable if the Llynfell river was not already high. Our arrival at the entrance at 10.30am confirmed an acceptable water level, so we set off accompanied by Denise's party, dire warnings from one of the cave guides still ringing in our ears. (Apparently he always predicts the worst)

Water level at the lakes was estimated to be only two or three inches above normal and both parties continued en masse into the Long Crawl. It seemed a long time before everyone assembled below the pitch in Gerrard Platten Hall - bulb failures being mostly to blame.

Leaving the others at Flabbergasm Chasm, we made more rapid progress via the too-cold Green Canal, a silly detour off Go-faster Passage, Rottenstone Aven and Bat Chamber (bats?) to reach the Rising. The dilapidated condition of the 20ft chain ladder here provided some hilarity, and the 25ft free-climb in an inclined rift above it gave rise to amusement of a more personal sort.

In the Windy Way which followed, TK opted to use the ladders (two) to descend the bifurcated shaft, while PE proved his superiority by a traversing free-slimb. Leaving a double rope on this pitch, we took the ladders along to the 45ft pitch down into the Great North Road.

In view of the way time was slipping by and the 8.0pm ETR on the SWCC notice board, it was decided to press on until 4.0pm and review progress then. So the long trudge Northwards began.

Passage size was impressive and the party moved at a steady pace. The problem of route-finding over or under the huge piles of breakdown boulders absorbed time and strength. By almost 4.0pm, we had passed Pinnacle Chamber and North Bypass, and slumped down on the lower dunes of an enormous sand choke. Chewing on a scrounged Star Bar (filling extractor) and a piece of pork pie, TK decided that he was quite sure where he was, but not so sure of the location of North Aven from which Overpass Passage continued towards the Far North only some 400yds away. So near, yet so confused.

But time was running out and it was decided to beat a retreat. No problems were encountered until the ladder climb into Windy Way. Here, it was obvious that some of the party were beginning to tire. A pause at the foot of the next pitch gave IM a chance to photograph some very fine helictites (and a very fine Tony Knibbs). The descent to the Rising found one member's abseiling technique totally lacking.

From here on it was all straightforward - a swim in the canal, some more photographs, a thrutch through the crawl, more swimming, then out of the cave via the river exit, the show cave having closed for the day. We reached Penwyllt at 7.45pm after a very satisfying return trip of almost  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles caving.

SATURDAY, OFD BOTTOM TO TOP

by Roy Kempston

I had been told that this was a trip that should not be missed, as these were "real caves". Then I saw the advertisement in the June newsletter and knew that I must give it a try. After a week of rain the prospect of a sporting weekend had arrived but with a fine Friday night and Saturday dawning bright, hopefully there would not be too much water. (After all, only recently had I read of a party having to sit it out in a flooded OFD.)

A through trip bottom to top in OFD was to be my first non-Mendip cave and so off we trudged (John Miriam, Gordon Lister, Neil Hutchinson, Adrian Duckett, Mick Lowe, and self.) At the cave entrance it was down three fixed ladders, along some passage, and into the streamway. The water was running fast and furious (this isn't like Mendip) and the noise was deafening. Mick Lowe fell off the pipe across one of the four deep pots but luckily (or unluckily) a leg went either side - ouch. The stream is full of holes & we fell into these repeatedly, usually catching our shins on the upstream lip. Adrian almost disappeared in one - I thought he had heard Gordon's warning - and I fell flat into the stream after nearly missing another.

It was a relief in a way to get out of the noise and go through the boulder chamber and do some crawling and climbing in the dry. Then there was a lot more streamway. Was the water rising, John pondered. No, we'll go on, he decided. After a while he pointed out where the marooned party had sat it out. (He knew one of that party very well.)

A long crawl, a lot of clambering about in a narrow aven, the sensations were

saturated and the limbs getting tired, then Gnome Passage, the Trident, the Judge, and eventually daylight on the top of the hill. What a cave. What a day. Thanks John for the trip of five fantastic hours, I definitely know I'll be back.

SUNDAY, OGOF NEDD FECHAN (LITTLE NEATH RIVER CAVE) by Mick Lowe

On the Sunday of the last South Wales meet, most people were looking for a trip that was not too strenuous. After various sporting trips on the Saturday, followed by a sporting evening in the "Ancient Briton", a short but interesting cave seemed in order. Jonathan Roberts agreed to lead a Little Neath trip, and the other members of the party were Martin Rowe, Ian Parry, Ian McKechnie, and myself.

The entrance to this cave is interesting; I don't mean by that it's difficult, it's just very wet. One just has to lie down in the stream and wriggle into the narrow aperture into which the water is also disappearing. After several feet more of crawling in a twisting and confined stream passage there is room to stand up. From here the way on is fairly straightforward, in and out of the main stream to follow the most direct route to the main chamber.

To the right from here we reached Sump 1 (not free-diveable) which leads to Bridge Cave. Retracing our steps we explored left and found the Canal. Now I was expecting something like the Green Canal in DY0 but this was completely different, a wide passage about 2 feet high with a flat ceiling and about 8 inches air space above the water. Crouching in the stream and directing our lights into the void I could see no sign of opening out further on and at first thought this to be another sump. However Jonathan entered and soon disappeared from view. Then Martin launched himself in and called back that progress was easy. He was right, it being possible to lie flat with the body afloat and propel oneself forward using hands and arms to push on the stream bed. Coupled with the comparative calm of the stream at this point and the very clear water, this form of locomotion was quite restful and provided a pleasant interlude before we again encountered the more normal form of stream passage. From here we reached Sump 2 (also not free diveable), and returned by the same route.

On reaching the surface, IM remarked that this was the most enjoyable trip he had yet embarked on - he's very fickle, I bet he says that to all the nice caves.

NB. This cave is subject to flooding. In the event of this the entrance series and Canal may sump, although there are many high points inside which may be gained in order to sit out the high water. But check the river level, weather forecast, and the previous few days' weather before you go in, and ensure you don't get caught.

SUNDAY, PANT MAWR POT by Tony Knibbs

Party: Tony Knibbs, Roger Wallington, Neil Hutchinson, Andy Wynn, Phil Eliot, John Felton.

A three-mile uphill walk is no fun in a wetsuit - that was the first lesson of the sabbath. This trip was one of the few where the approach march is harder than the underground excursion. Both ways, the walk took almost an hour.

However, exhaustion is only relative; no sooner had we collapsed, gasping, around the entrance, than RW set about placing the rawlbolt and lowering the 50 ft of ladder. At least we had gravity on our side going down.

A couple of boulder chokes were the only interruptions to an otherwise easy walk down to the sumped end of a spacious and impressive stream passage. There were several attractive stal formations to admire along the way, and many more in some overhead areas which we did not visit. In all, this is a very photogenic cave.

The  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile round trip took about two hours. An easier return walk was made by

following the relatively recent Forestry Commission track to Pwll Byfre and picking up the line of the disused railway track.

SUNDAY, DAN YR OGOF

by Roy Kempston

Sunday came round (and so did I) after a lot of stories over a lot of beer and a visit to a fish and chip shop with no fish. The limbs still ached and the bruises throbbed (as did the head at times) but after a hearty breakfast it was off to Dan yr Ogof with John Miriam, Gordon Lister, Adrian Duckett, Carol Nunn, Dave Shephard, and Bryan Terry.

Through the show caves and into the Lakes, where there's no way of avoiding the water (like on Mendip); at first it bites but soon all systems close down and it becomes bearable. Onward and upward, through the Cattle Trough (had Bryan been through here after his curry?) and into the Long Crawl. Doesn't it go on and on (etc)? Down into Gerrard Platten Hall on the ladder (which had to be pushed, thrown, dragged, all the way through the crawl) and into Flabbergasm Chasm. The decorations are amazing, the straws are long, and the cave sparkles.

Having got this far, what better than a swim in the Green Canal? The water is cold and it really attacks the back of the neck. A quick walk on the other side and then back again (on the way wondering how many other people have weed in their wetsuits - voluntarily or not). (Editors note: report that man for pollution and filthy habits.)

Another fantastic day, and thanks for this one as well, John. A week later the aches have gone and the bruises healed, and the memories are better too. The lamp has been recharged - it's only for Mendip this time, but I'll get used to that.

#### THE BEC GET EVERYWHERE (THEN NEED TO BE "RESCUED")

While MCG were in South Wales on 26th June, so was a party from BEC. Tim Large and others were digging in the Tubeways in Dan yr Ogof. Their dig is at the foot of a blasted 40ft pot (Falklands Pot) where a low passage (Exocet Passage) ends in a sump (Galtieri's Grovel).

However, it appears that they were so engrossed in their digging that they didn't notice the time, and when they returned to the entrance, the show cave had been closed for the day, the door locked, and they had not brought a key for the river exit. A party from SWCC went down to the cave and realising what had happened, passed a key under the door. They arrived back at Penwyllt, we are informed, about 1½ hours overdue. Tut tut.

#### HEAVY RAIN IN SOMERSET.

On Monday last, 12th July, a large amount of rain fell in Somerset. This resulted in some surface flooding, and it is therefore possible that there have been changes underground. So look out when you go caving this weekend-- for loose rocks and for new holes!

#### KEEP ON CAVING - SUNLIGHT IS BAD FOR YOU.

Solar radiation can cause damage to the human body, resulting in discolouration of the skin, and often serious pain. The best cure for this is prevention - and the best metho of prevention is to go caving every weekend.

The truth of this has been amply demonstrated by Martin Rowe, who has been caving every weekend so far this summer, and suffered nothing worse than bruises, minor abrasions, and the occasional hangover. But last weekend he didn't go caving and as a result has been confined to bed for three days with severe sunburn.

Let that be a lesson to you all.



# Ronald Faux at Velvet Bottom Microlight aircraft put the farmer in the picture

Among centres of aviation, Velvet Bottom is not well known. It is a dimple in the Mendips combed by winds that blast from Devon and lift the wings of strange-looking flying machines, piloted by men who have the air about them of pioneer aviators.

The 51-acre pasture nearby is owned by Mr John Small and is perfect for these microlight aircraft, being broad, flat and surrounded by low hedgerows. There is very little to crash into and the Velvet Bottom flying machines, it was explained to me, are still experimental.

Mr Small was lyrical about them. They provided an excellent platform from which to keep an eye on his 1,500 sheep. He could circle above them like some celestial shepherd, spotting where they had gathered before the winter storms or photographing them, counting their number in the warmth of his farmhouse parlour. The planes would also make marvellous crop sprayers, he enthused, cruising inches from the ground at the speed of a fast tractor and bounding over hedgerows in a way no tractor could.

The machine flown from Velvet Bottom was a two-seater, ideal for training. Most microlight pilots were taught in single-seaters by an instructor bellowing or gesturing from the sidelines. The tyro pilot progressed from short hops to long leaps and ultimately to full flights, always on his own. Most would admit that there was a point along the learning curve where they wished there was someone with them who knew how to fly the thing.

Mr Graham Andrews at Velvet Bottom was particularly expert on microlights and confident about their safety. He talked about wing loadings, stalling speeds and stress factors with great authority. But could he fly a real aircraft? "Well actually, yes. I was chief test pilot with Rolls-Royce—used to fly Concorde", he said. I tried to think of another question.

The breeze gave the wings a vigorous rattle and the machine tried to rise. "Hold the nose", the pilot snapped to the ground crew. He might have been addressing a negligent groom. I was strapped in among the tubing

and hoses and steel wires that sang in the wind. The engine, mounted behind the wings, was started by yanking vigorously at a rope with a toggle on the end.

The pilot strapped himself in beside me. "Could be a bit bumpy up top," he confided, sticking the heel of a wellington boot into the ground. He opened the throttle, lifted the boot and the machine leapt forward. The air and the ground whistled past.

A small, flat wing in front of us tilted, lifting the nose and allowing the slipstream to strike the lower surface of the wing. The climb was spectacularly steep.

We made a couple of graceful turns over copses and barn roofs and upturned faces when there was a loud roar behind us. The pilot stifled a look of alarm and turned the engine off. The machine banked into the wind and sank gently to the pasture, touching down at less than 30 miles an hour and running to a halt after a few feet.

"It's the ruddy exhaust", he exclaimed and wandered off to get some tools and a welding torch. After a hot cup of tea in Mr Small's parlour we were ready for take-off again. The wind had strengthened and within 40 yards the ground shrank swiftly beneath us.

We were still climbing when there was a loud bang from behind and a lump of engine landed in my lap. A look of alarm crossed the pilot's face and he again switched off the ignition. I looked round and saw the propeller had disappeared. The field rushed upwards, slowed and then rose gently to touch the wheels. We were on the terra firma of Velvet Bottom again.

"You okay?" the pilot inquired as I handed him the lump of engine.

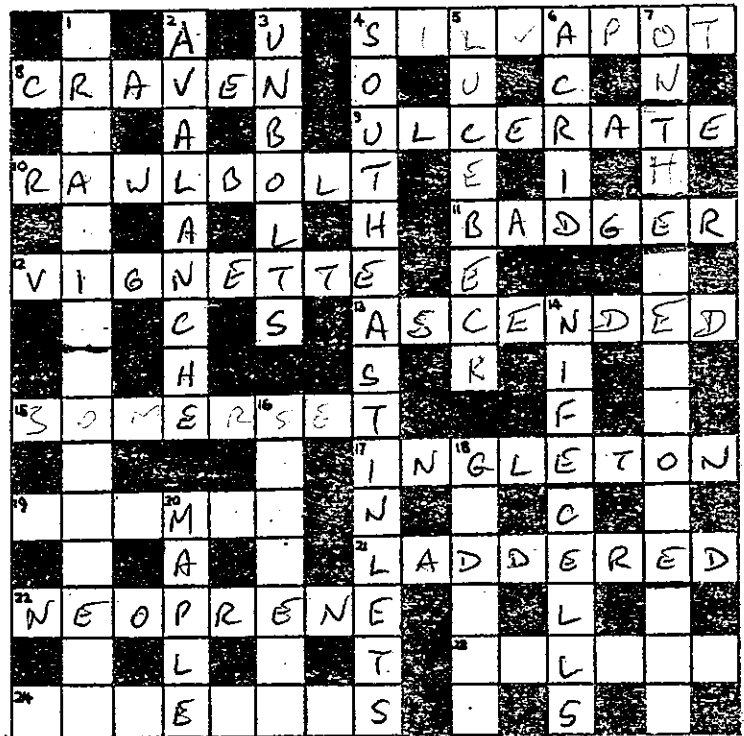
"Fine," I replied. "is it always like this?"

"No. I must say I'm pretty brassed off."

Two emergency landings in eight minutes' flying probably constituted a record in most branches of aviation, but in a paradoxical way the experience underlined the basic safety of the aircraft. Microlights fly slowly and land in very little space. They glide efficiently without power and you have to try hard to bend one.

## CROSSWORD No. 4

The first correct solution received by Bryan Terry, 54 Brunswick Crescent, New Southgate, London N11 will win 3 pints of beer.



### ACROSS.

4. Sounds like a precious utensil found on the allotment. (5,3)
5. Cowardly area in Yorkshire. (6)
8. Let a cure combine to form an open sore. (8)
10. Fastening device found in some caves. (4-4)
11. Omnivore found outside the Hunters Lodge Inn. (6)
12. Taking air from vinaigrette dressing leaves an ornamental illustration. (8)
13. Rose. (8)
15. A country right in the middle of a few and a collection. (8)
17. Lenin got confused in the Northern Dales. (8)
19. Clambers from a hundred arms and legs. (6)
21. Tackled a pitch with a snake in the forefront. (8)
22. Preen one material for caving apparel. (8)
23. Lame god found in Nick Pot. (6)
24. Estimates value from a series of directions. (8)

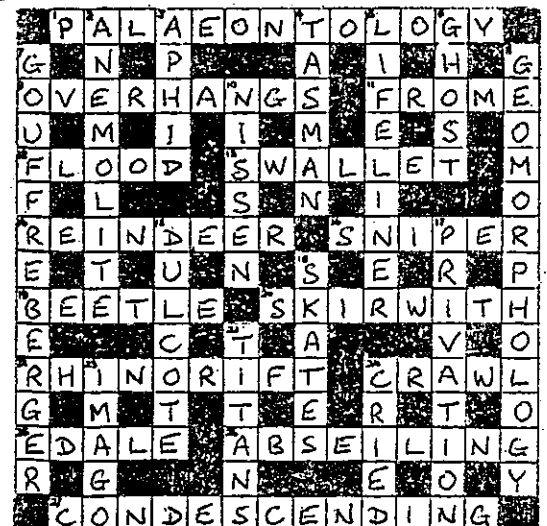
### DOWN.

1. Perhaps caused by 2 down, but more usually of glacial origin. (7,8)
2. Disastrous pot found in Thrupe Lane. (9)
3. Appearing so blunt can lead to doors being opened. (7)
4. That stolen issue found in Swildons. (5-4,6)
5. A stream of Western Gragareth. (4,4)
6. Right in the acid may prove to be bitterly pungent. (5)
7. Made at home when you see your name here. (2,3,7,3)
14. Sounds like detention centres for cutlery - very illuminating. (4-5)
16. Accepted methods used to describe some cave passages. (7)
18. Bare-back rider not found in the circus. (6)
20. Survey the French tree. (5)

## SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD

### No. 3

The winner was Greg Smith.



Don Vosper was in China recently, and brought back a brochure on a show cave in Che-Kiang province, about 250 km SW of Shanghai. A brief description of the cave is reproduced below.

人们憧憬着有那么一个地方，遍地是玉石、玛瑙，到处是珠帘、玉幕；那个地方云霞起舞，奇峰突起，景色迷人，四季如春……有人问：这是天上，还是人间？我们回答您：这是人间。这个地方古人已经给它取了一个名称，叫做：瑶琳仙境。意思是：神仙游乐的地方。它距离中国著名的风景城市——杭州 85 公里，位于浙江省桐庐县境内。

瑶琳仙境系石灰岩溶洞，纵深二华里，有第一、二、三、四、五、六等“厅”。总面积约二万八千平方米，洞顶高处有三十多米。各“厅”有通道相联，大小穴室，不可胜数。洞内钟乳累累，石笋林立，峰峦重叠，奇石斗秀，峡谷幽深，清泉潺湲，深潭倒影。古书记载：洞有崖、潭、穴、壁，有五彩，状若云霞锦绣，泉有八音，声若金、鼓、笙、琴、人语、犬声，可惊可怪……游览者一进洞内，宛如移步“仙境”，目醉神摇，应接不暇。

瑶琳仙境早在隋唐时期就有古人游览，诗人它为它写了有名诗句，赞不绝口。可是在漫长的岁月更迭中，“仙境”湮没失闻，直到 1979 年 9 月，经过科学考察，肯定这里是全国第一流的洞窟，可与早享盛誉的全国游览名洞媲美。“仙境”又展现在人间。

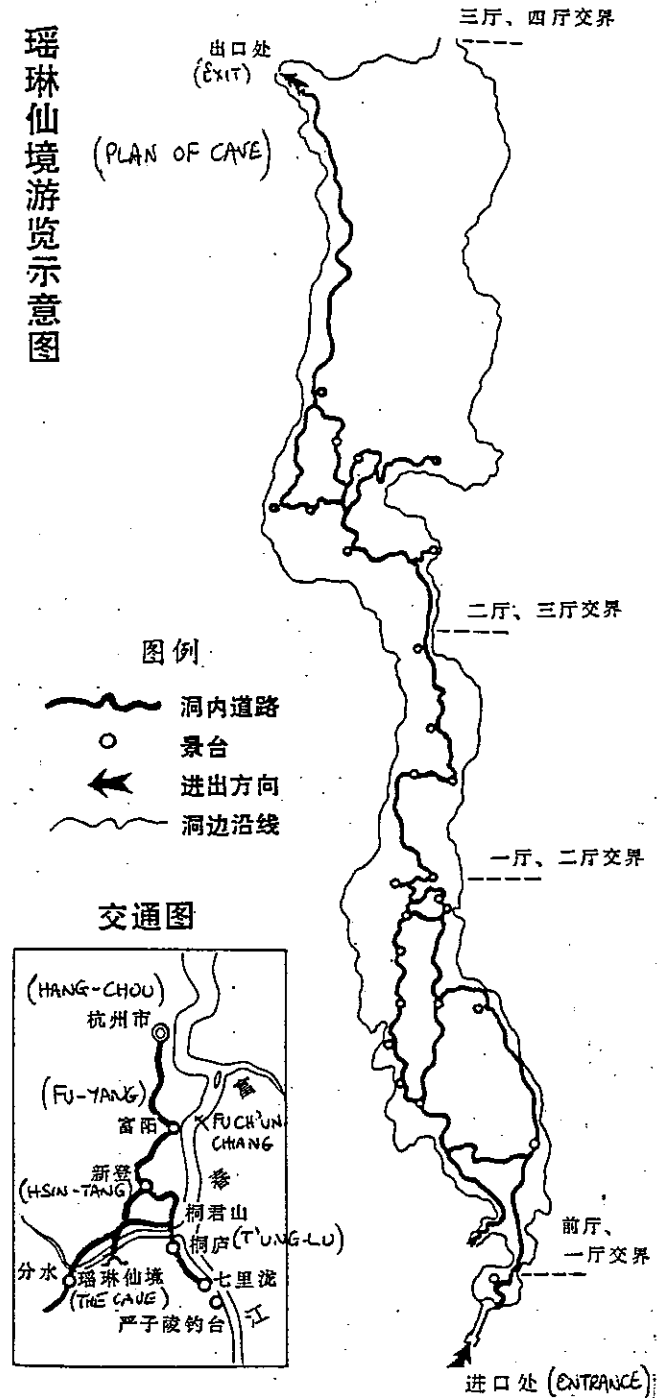
In case anyone has difficulty reading this particular Chinese dialect, here is a translation.

### Yaolin Wonderland

People long for a place dotted with jades, agates and pearls, a place of enchanting scenery with dancing clouds, grotesque peaks and springlike weather all the year round. "Is that a place in heaven or on earth?" people may ask. It's here right among us, we assure you. Our forefathers named this place Yaolin Wonderland, meaning a place where celestial beings amuse themselves. It is in Tonglu County, Zhejiang Province, 85 kilometres from China's most famous picturesque city—Hangzhou.

Yaolin is a limestone cave formed by corrosion through the ages. Developed one kilometre in depth, the cave covers an area of 28,000 square metres with a ceiling 30 metres above the ground at the highest. It consists of six "halls" interconnected with passages and numerous chambers. In the cave, there are stalactites, stalagmites, peaks, stones in fantastic shapes and colours, as well as murmuring streams, pools and canyons.

### 瑶琳仙境游览示意图



According to ancient books, the cave contains cliffs, ponds, chambers and walls in a riot of colour and in the shape of rosy cloud and beautiful brocade. The springs in the cave give out a variety of sound: some sound like that of a gong, or a drum; some emulate the notes on the "sheng" (a gourd-shaped instrument with a cluster of bamboo pipes) or on the "qin" (7-stringed Chinese harp); others resemble human whispers or howls of animals; still others strike a queer or alarming note... Inside the cave, you feel like wondering in a fairyland, dazzled by the grotesque sights that meet the eye.

This place began to attract visitors as early as in the Sui and Tang dynasties (A.D. 581—907). Ancient poets wrote verses to extol its beauty. But the wonderland was buried in oblivion for a long, long time until September 1979 when a scientific expedition rediscovered it and placed it on a par with any other magnificent caves in China. Since then Yaolin Wonderland has been drawing a continuous stream of tourists.

# MCG Members List July 1982

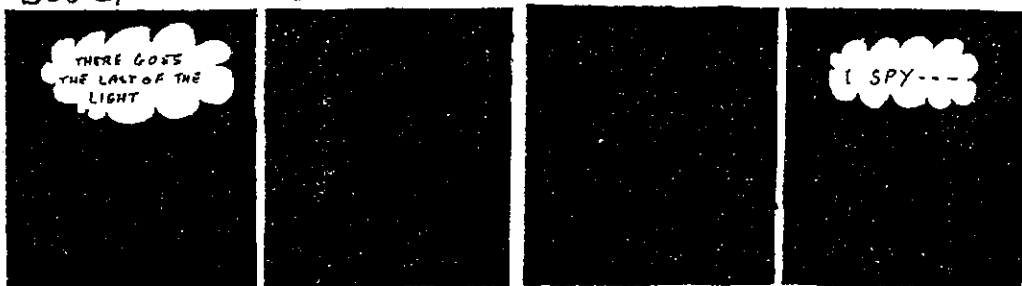
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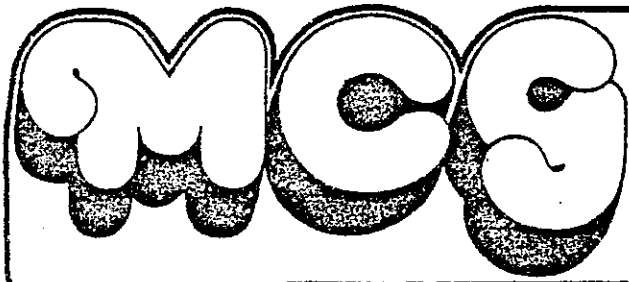
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(From an idea by Clive) B



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