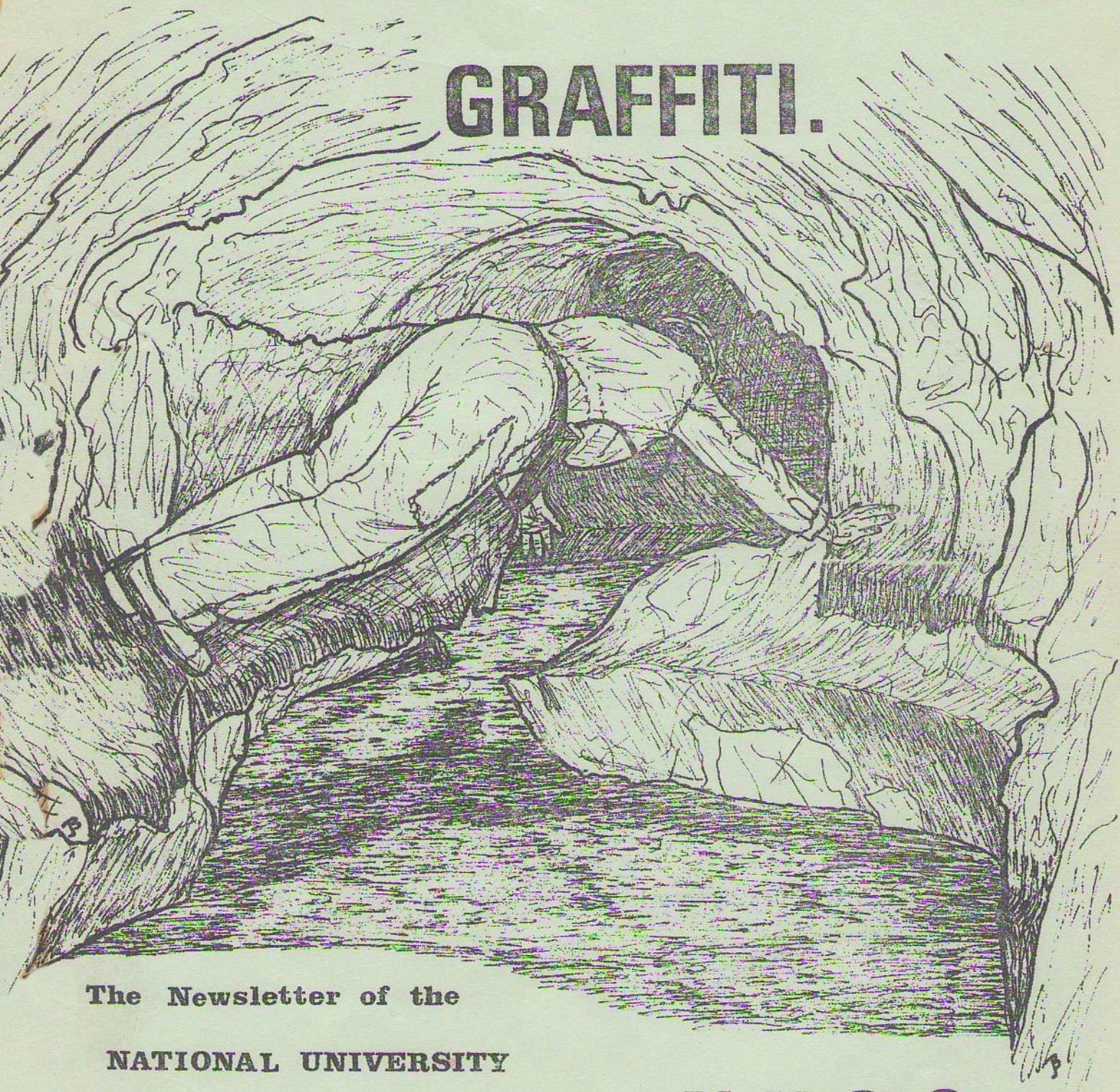


SPELEO-

Vol 9. No 1.

April 1972.

GRAFFITI.



The Newsletter of the
NATIONAL UNIVERSITY
CAVING CLUB.

N.U.C.C.

The newsletter of the National University Caving Club.

Cover Design: By J.B. from an original slide entitled "Help, shark! Oh.... it's my reflection".

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Credits: Typing: J.Brush, J.Clark, D.HUGHES, M.Coggan, E.Collins,
J.Furlonger, M.Ellis

Collating: Most of the above.

Editors: G.Keppie and M.Ellis.

EDITORIAL.

Here it is! After 14 months of intensive research which precedes every Speleo G., we have finally approved publication of this noble edition.

Even as I write, the click.....click of four typewriters in the background inter mingled with the earnest murmuring of the typing pool can be heard. Queries are flowing back and forth across the room... "Who's Mich Ellis?", "How do you spell fourth?" Informative observations are made.

"This fool typewriter types bigger than mine!" "Well it's going to be a miracle if we get this out to-morrow-- fifteen stencils at one stencil an hour!"

Anyway enough backchat. Let's get down to the meat of the editorial.

Firstly, Ken Palmer should have written this editorial. Secondly, I'll be glad to terminate this irresponsible ranting and raving.

But that's not the is it?

What's more important is what follows in this edition of Speleo G. in the way of committee reports, trip reports and dirty jokes. So slide on dear reader and sample some of the slime and mud beyond...

Ed.

Caving Club President's Report.

Year ended 16th March 1972.

The years' activity started on what seemed to be a highnote- namely a record club membership. However elation over this fact was short lived due to the problems encountered in handling parties of up to 45 persons. This situation lead the committee to legislate to limit future party sizes for safety and sanity reasons.

After weathering these initial difficulties the club settled down to a more enjoyable form of caving to complete the year with the following record.

26 trips, confined mainly to first semester were organised. Most of these trips were of the tourist variety with notable exceptions being a "dig" at Buchan, an exploratory trip to East Deep Creek (Yarrangobilly) and an Easter trip to Limestone Creek in northern Victoria.

Comparison with recent years shows a decline in total number of trips and while I place no significance in this fact alone I think it does reflect a fault in the club's structure- namely that established trip leaders no longer have the inclination to organise numerous trips and no new people have come forward to fill their place. Efforts to rectify this situation in 1971 met with little success.

I should now like to mention a few specific items.

Safety- 4 incidents occurred during the year to mar our safety record; 2 incidents were due to substandard leadership and were dealt with by the committee; a genuine accident resulting in a broken ankle and the fourth a minor incident.

Newsletter- Publication of the club's newsletter Speleograffiti was continued in 1971, though on a more irregular basis. I expect the new executive will make a plea for enthusiastic editors shortly.

Other activities- Beside caving, the years activities included a golf day, bowling and squash night and a basketball team which came second in the intracampus competition.

Finally, I would like to thank trip leaders for their effort, the committee- particularly John Brush and John Furlonger for their help and all members who combined to make this an enjoyable year.

Noel Call.
Present.

Statement of Income and Expenditure for 1971-2

INCOME

49 membership fees @ \$1.00.....	\$49.00
Equipment hire.....	\$13.80
Supper receipts.....	\$ 8.81
Refund of A.S.F. fees.....	\$65.00
Bank interest.....	\$ 0.99
Sale of Mt. Etna stickers.....	\$ 1.20
Total....	<u>\$138.80</u>

EXPENDITURE

Use of Mr. W. Bell's telephone.....	\$ 1.00
Air splints & repair kits.....	\$27.35
Supper supplies.....	\$13.57
A.S.F. fees @ \$1.00/member.....	\$65.00
Equipment maintenance.....	\$ 2.35
Pentel pens.....	\$ 1.50
"Keep Bungonia Gorgeous" stickers from S.S.S.	\$ 5.00
"Stop mining Mt. Etna caves" stickers from U.Q.S.S. ...	<u>\$ 4.00</u>
Total....	<u>\$119.77</u>

Bank balance at 16.3.71.....	\$42.60
Petty cash on hand at 16.3.71.....	\$ 2.43

(Total income + balance at 16.3.71) - (Total expenditure)
(\$138.80 + \$45.03) - (\$119.77) = \$64.06

Bank balance at 16.3.72.....	\$56.74
Petty cash on hand at 16.3.72.....	<u>\$ 7.32</u>
	<u>\$64.06</u>

John Furlonger (Treasurer 1971-2)

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$&*****
\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

The new treasurer for 1972-3 is Garth Keppie (Garran Hall, Room 283)
He has now become keeper of the Bungonia and Mt. Etna stickers if
anyone out there still wishes to purchase one of these useful
and desirable items.

N.U.C.C EQUIPMENT REPORT March '71 - March '72

The club at present posses the following equipment:-

LADDERS

I x 27' , I x 17' , 5 x 30' , 4 x 50' , Total : II Ladders

All have traces, the newer ones being 8'. The '66 and '67 ladders have been officially discarded, The practically new '70 , 50' has a few broken strands, as a result of severe kinking on the field day last year. This will have to be watched.

ROPEs

I x 300' , 2 x 150' , 3x 120' , I x 90' all nylon and I x 120' manilla tow rope. Total : 8

During 1971 the ends of most ropes were dyed certain colours to aid in identification, and as this has worked very well it is suggested that the practice continues in the future. The '67 , 120' and '68 , 90' have been officially discarded and must not be used as safety ropes or in abseiling.

CARBIDES

The club possesses 2 x pinnacles and 8 x king carbide lamps as well as approx. 30pd of carbide.

KARABINERS etc.

II x Karabiners, 2 x clog prussikers- one has been lost? 23 x bash hats, 2 x First Aid Kits ,3 or 4 soft packs, I x 100' tape measure, I x "G" pick, and so on.

FORESHADOWS The club has decided to buy "lead acid" lamps rather than "carbide" lamps in future.--This should please those who at present travel on their backsides clutching a carbide in their sweaty hands, not to mention those who set themselves alight when climbing ladders.

John Brush.
Equipment Officer 1971-2.

.....oooOoooOOOH!

Kenny The Kaver

There was a young kaver named Ken,
For kaving he lost his great yen,
He was heard to protest
That it was such a damn pest
To get mud on his lilly-white pen.

Frank Bergersen.

.....oooOoooOOOW!

PRESERVE PEDDER.

Summary of the Year's Activities

This summary covers the period from January 1971 to January 1972. The places we went to and the numbers attending are listed below:

<u>Area</u>	<u>No. of trips to each area</u>	<u>Total No. Attending</u>	<u>Av. No. Pres- ent.</u>
Wyanbene	5	56	11
Bungonia	3	17	6
Buchan	2	13	7
Wee Jasper	3	79	26
Mt. Coree	1	45	45
Limestone Creek	1	4	4
Yarrangobilly	2	15	8
Tuglow	1	4	4
Marble Arch	1	18	18
Narrangullen	2	11	6
Jenolan	1	11	11

Total no. of trips = 22

Total no. of people attending = 273

Average no. of people per trip = 12.41

Due to our somewhat increased membership last year, we had a few problems with large numbers on some trips (e.g. 45 on the Mt. Coree trip) and this seemed to put off a number of people fairly early in the year. Consequently, our activities dropped off quite a bit in the latter half of the year.

Most popular areas last year were Wyanbene, Wee Jasper and Bungonia, while Yarrangobilly did not see nearly as much of us as has been the case in previous years.

The main features of the years exertions(?) were:

WYANBENE: The grade 4-5 survey of WY-1 was continued. The grade of the survey was dropped from 5-6 during the year due to difficulties with instrumentation. A new extension was discovered high in the roof of the section between Cleopatra's Bath and Helictite Chamber.

NARRANGULLEN: The downstream end of the cave was mapped during the year and a surface traverse was conducted between the two entrances. The sump at the lower end was partially drained and the next section was entered for a distance

of about 100ft. or so. Rather ineffectual use was made of a scaling pole on one trip here.

BUCHAN: We started a dig in the reserve in the Pot Hole area. For the location see SpeleoG. 8,2. The hole has reached a depth of over 30 feet and is still going strong.

LIMESTONE CREEK: An exploratory familiarisation trip was undertaken to this area. However, no startling discoveries were made.

YARRANGOBILLY: On a combined trip with C.S.S. in May, an attempt was made to extend North Deep Creek (Y-7) past the two duckunders which had been previously conquered by members of C.S.S. However, due to extreme cold and its resultant effect on morale no further progress was made. Another attempt is scheduled for the near future.

The map of Janus Cave (Y-58) was completed and a new extension (Glen's Grottos) was discovered.

JENOLAN: A party went into J-41 and was prevented from reaching the present end by lack of equipment. An extended trip into Mammoth (J-13/15) was also undertaken on this trip.

TUGLOW: The second trip to this area for the present members was quite successful and the party managed to almost reach the end and remain dry for the duration of the trip.

In addition to the above activities the club also held a number of social events, including a golf day, monthly general meetings, a combined squash/bowling night, and we competed (Successfully at last) in the scavenger hunt which is held annually in Bush Week.

In all, it may be said that the club had a relatively successful year.

John Brush and John Furlonger.

\$&¢\$&¢\$&¢\$&¢\$&¢\$&¢\$&¢\$&¢\$&¢\$&¢\$

Come again next year.

The Man From 'Bene River

There was movement at the Uni., for the word had passed around,
That a trip to Wyambene was under way.
It was to that place of torment that a bunch of us were bound,
To seek the slosh and mud in which we play.
All the tried and noted cavers from their homes both near and far
Had gathered to the carpark in the frost,
For the cavers love hard caving where the cold wet waters are,
And the leaders do their best to get us lost.

There was Noel who grew his beard when the days of NUCC were young,
The old man with his hair as red as amber,
But few could cave beside him when his blood did failly run,
He would squeeze and climb to wherever an could clamber.
And Brushy of Red Hill is always there to lend his hand,
Or hair (for rope) if things got tight,
And never a hole would stop him whilever his hair would hold,
He learnt to cave by crawling thrcugh a pipe.

And one was there a short one, in a small and dinty car,
He was hairy, like a wombat- oversized,
With a touch of commonsense, to find a cave he'd travel far,
And such are caving clubs most prized.
He was hard and tough and wiry- just the sort that wont say die,
There was alcohol-causing lightness of his tread
And he bore the badge of a hangover in his dull and glassy eyes
And the sag and general holding of his head,
But his light so dim and weedy, one would doubt its power to stay,
And the old man said, "That light will never do,
For a long and wet cave lad, you'd better stay away,
Or get another light which will beam true."
So he scraped and scratched and scrounged till at last he found
a spare,

"I think you'd better let me now," he said,
"I warrant I'll be with you and I'll make you stare
Once we reach the end I bet you I'll be ahead.

So they went, they found the cave, halfway up the limestone hill,
And although it was a grotty looking hole
The old man gave his orders- "everyone you must not spill,
Or damage anything beneath this knoll,
And Brushy- you must lead one mob and try to keep them all in sight,
Cave boldly lads and never fear the spills,
For never yet was caver that could pass the wet stretch right
And come out of there without their body chilled."

So Brushy caved to lead them, he was climbing right in front,
Where the best and boldest cavers take their place
And he came upon a waterhole- to the ladder pitch and space,
They halted for a moment while he hung the "climbing sash,"
Then he saw the well loved wet stretch just in view.

And he charged right down the ladder pitch and to the crawl he dashed
And off it to the long cold stretch he flew.

Then fast the freshers followed where the walls both low and black
Resounded to the splashing of their tread,
And the curses woke the echos and they fiercely echoed back
From walls and roofs just inches from there heads.

And onward ever onward the wild man pushed that bloody cave,
Where so sharp rocks and squeezes coincide,
Far back the old man muttered "we may bid that mob good day,
And save ourselves to push this caverns size.

When they reached the place called "Diarrohoea pit" even Brush's
face held fear,

It might well make the boldest hold their breath,
The thick brown mud looked silky and the water crystal clear,
To fall in there was a fate much worse than death.

Then the one with hair from face to thought he'd better
go ahead,

And onto his muddy back he flung his gear
And he tried to climb above that wet and muddy bed
While the others stood and watched in very fear.
He slipped at once and then again but twice he held his feet,
He cleared a rocky outcrop by his side
And the one with hair from face to never even wet his seat
Before upon a wet rock he did slide,
"Oh no," he screamed, "No not in there," but his cries were all in
vain,

Into that wet and muddy stuff he spilled,
And the sounds which issued from his throat weren't those of
dreadfull pain,
For he found to throw about this stuff held thrills.

He was wet and brown and slimy as he climbed the further front
And the freshers on the stones still standing mute
Saw him ply his body fiercely, he made the top- 'twas quite a
stunt,

Then they bogged across the clearing in full pursuit.
And they lost him for a moment, where a muddy pitch did drop,
In the dark, but a final glimpse revealed in a dim and vacant
cavern the hairy one waited still,
With his sodden pack slung just beneath his heels.

And the mob reached the place of loose rock, the hole above gaped
wide,

He ascended like a rat up a drainpipe,
At the top he waited peacefully, then he turned to another side
And finally reached the end to prove that he was right.
But his scrounged and scraped up light, its beam began to fail,
He was mud from head to tail from the "pit",
But his pluck was still undaunted when "whoops" into the lake he
sailed,

For once again upon wet rocks did slip.

And in the depths of Wyambene his ghost its voice does rise,
His worn and muddy trog suit hangs on high,
Where the water's clear as crystal and the carbides fairly blaze ,
In the dark and humid air where voices cry.
And back around the Uni. the cavers drink and sway,
To the stereo and the influence of the grog,
The man with the hair from face to is a speleo word today,
And the cavers tell the story of his trog.

With apologies to A. B. Paterson via E. V. Collins.

100%100%100%100%100%100%100%100%100%100%

Trog-Fact or Fiction

There must be some basis of truth in the stories of a TROG in Australian Caving areas. There are continual reports of sightings of a TROG and/or his sign from sources which are both many and varied, and which come from within both the general public and the caving fraternity. Why do so many people avoid caves....could it be that they know something????

TROG has been variously described as simian in appearance, of short stature and covered either in fur or in a muddy brown TROGsuit-The reports vary in this respect. He is usually described as bootless and as being totally without any visible source of light. In fact he is reputed to avoid light whenever possible.

Members of this club have reported sightings at Wee Jasper (where, among other sightings, what must have been a young TROG wearing a red bash hat was mistaken for a mouse), Buchan and Yarragobilly.

The author would be grateful if news of any further sightings is passed on to him as swiftly as possible so that they may be properly documented. If at any stage it becomes possible to photograph one of these creatures from a safe vantage point such a contribution would be greatly appreciated as I am not sure if I believe in these animals yet.

David Hughes.

TROG TROG TROG TROG TROG TROG TROG TROG TROG TROG

Make a contribution-fill this space in the next issue of SpeleoG.

TRIP REPORTS.

YARRANGOBILLY.

29-30th May 1971.

Party. Noel Call (), John Brush, Marj Coggan, Roger Curtis, Neil Fisher, Frank Bergerson.

After collecting JB at 6.00am we headed for the Call Villa where the unique talents of pack-rat Brush were applied to the not too small task of cramming the gear into the back of the wagon.

The trip up to Yagby was uneventful and Noel and John provided the entertainment by playing telephones in order to establish a communications system for the assault of North Deep Creek.

We met the others at 10.00am, after having been delayed in Jindabyne due to lack of petrol.

After checking in at the ranger station we proceeded to the village where we set up camp in a hut. It had now started to rain, but we set off for NDC anyway.

After a short hike we reached our destination and disappeared into the gloomy depths, with hopes of achieving great things. The 30' pitch was soon reached, at the bottom of which was the stream passage. Some distance later the first duckunder was reached. Huge amounts of courage were mustered for the icy plunge. Twenty feet later the second duckunder was encountered, but with the help of JB's rubber duck, all made it safely.

The object of the trip was to eliminate an obstacle in the passage, but due to our dampened enthusiasms little constructive effort (or progress) was made.

Frozen and defeated we made our way back through the two duckunders to the surface, reaching the darkness at 6.30pm, only to find that it was still raining. With muttered curses we sloshed our way back to the cars. Recovery was rapid after a feed, and scanty plans were made for the next day.

Sunday struggled to begin in the continuing rain, and thus all ambitious plans were laid aside in favour of an assault of the tourist caves (Jillabenan and the Glory Caves).

The trip home was uneventful apart from some close calls in the freshly fallen snow.

FRANK BERGERSEN. (SUPER? CAVER?).

ACHTUNG EDITORS!!

NO Editing, Censoring, Cutting or whatever of this gem of wisdom!!! (please).

*

WEE JASPER.

6/3/72

Party- T. Bugg, J. Brush, A. Burton, M. Coggan, G. Campbell R.Croutch, L. Rink, R. Tait, A. Williams, B. Edgar, J. Friend, D. Gibson, J. Furlonger, J. Holland, G. Keppie, J. Mockunas, S. Robson, K. Palmer, G. Murphy, S. Nowrotzky, P. & R. Nicholson, J.Robson.

Once again Wee Jasper was chosen for the orientation week trip. Affluence at last appears to have reached the campus, as a multitude of cars were on hand to transport the party to its destination, where we immediately set about teaching people the intricacies (?-ed.) of the carbide lamp, the ideals of cave conservation and rudimentary rope and ladder work.

Groups, under the leadership of Gus Campbell Glen Murphy, Bete Nicholson, then proceeded to "do" Punchbowl Signature, Dip, and Dip 4 extension, all parties

reporting back to base by 6.30 as planned! The journey home was interrupted by a short stop at a certain establishment in Yass which is renowned for its hospitality and excellence of beverage.

N. Call

Trip leader.

MY AATH

I test the sump before I sit
And I'm always moved to wonderment,
That what chills the finger not a bit
Is so frigid on the fundament.

....with apologies to Ogden Nash.

12/3/72.

WYANBENE.

Party- J. Brush, J. Furlonger, N. Call, A. Coggan, J. Warman, R. Fussell, J. Holland, D. Gibson, S. Gibbins, G. Murphy, P. & R. = Nicholson, N. Malnic, P. North, D. Owensby, L. Rink, G. Campbell, N. Windsor, G. Keppie, A. Williams, H. Burmester, B. McGregor, R. Crouch, S. Rooson, M. Potter, R. Holland and J. Mockunas.

After meeting at the Zoology parking lot at 8.30am we left for the cave in 6 cars. After arriving at the river we discovered about 6 million others out there, and, much to our dismay, the river was up, thus we faced the 4 mile walk in.

Before commencing the walk we divided into 3 groups to prevent later confusion, however this was not very successful, due to the usual traffic jam at the blow hole, partly caused by the Illawarra mob, who decided to come out as we were going in *.

Noel and I meanwhile took our groups into explore (and observe) the delights of Mud Chamber, while Fredd's group waited patiently at the Blow-hole.

We all eventually made it through to Cleo's bath and Helictite chamber and to the start of the wet stretch, before turning around and heading out.

The walk out was uneventful, as was the trip back to the local at Captain's Flat, as was the trip home from there.

* I feel it should be pointed out here that an addition delay was experienced due to somebody in the out going group hauling out their ladder before all of their party had climbed it. This highlights the need for (1) counting numbers before entering the cave, and again on leaving it. (2) taking suitable action if there is a discrepancy. (3) Keeping the group(s) together, or in contact with each other, and (4) making sure that the person who de-ladders the pitches is actually the last one up the pitch.

JOHN BRUSH.

WEE JASPER.

20/3/72.

Party- D. Hughes, J. Clark, D. Watson, K. Hewitt, S. Davidson.

This trip was the second in a saga to find the laundry chute in Punchbowl (and they still haven't found it - Ed.), and to introduce some more people to the joys of caving. The format followed that of most Wee Jasper trips- ie. we went through Yass, arrived at Punchbowl Hill, and then descended the pitch at approx. 11.00am, and spent a few hours underground.

Wee Jasper cont.

After subsequent discussions with other club members, I feel confident of finding the elusive laundry chute.

After leaving the cave we had a picnic tea and returned to Canberra at 10.30pm.

DAVID HUGHES.

P.S. We found Eddies Grotto and Mud Crack chamber.

++*+*+*+*+*+*+*+*+*+*+*+*

RED ROCKS FIELD DAY.

22/4/72.

Present. N,P & A. Call, J.Brush, M. Coggan, J.Furlonger, D.Hughes, D.Shaw, J.Clark, G.Murphy, E.Collins, C.Collins, M.Ellis, W.Allen, P.&R. Nicholson, A.Harding and friend, D.Evans, N.Windsor, Jim & Irma, G.Anderson, J.Weddell.

The party assembled at the Zoo. parking lot prior to our departure, and at around nine left for Kambah. We all eventually reached Kambah, regrouped and prepared to walk up to the cliffs.

At the cliffs (near Red Rocks) we divided into three groups (?) for instruction in rope and ladder work and knot tying.

After lunch members were left to pursue their own interests (!), activities indulged in included - abseiling, rock climbing, diving, swimming, eating, sleeping, walking and golf.

Around five we headed back for Kambah where a Beer-B-Que was held, along with the usual 'campfire' and (eventually) even jokes.

Fortunately, we all arrived home safely...

J. BRUSH & N. CALL(L).

OBOOBBOOBBOOBBOOBBOOBBOOBBOOB

GOODRADIGBEE.

29-30/4/72.

Party- K.Palmer(L?), J.Brush and M.Coggan.

This trip degenerated, through lack of interest, from a kaving klub bushwalk into a Geological field mapping trek for the benefit of a certain Mr Palmer who is doing his Geol. Hons. Thesis in the area.

We left Canberra at 6.30am and arrived at Mt. Gininni in the Brindabellas some two hours later, and commenced walking down Harry's spur almost immediately. A fire trail was followed right down the spur to Dunn's Flat, our campsite on the Goodradigbee River. The descent involved a drop of 2500' in less than 4 miles, the last 1000' being in less than a mile.

After erecting the tent and having a bite to eat, we headed off for the limestone gorge to the south east.

The gorge itself is fairly unimpressive and is composed of strongly recrystallised limestone forming cliffs up to 60' high. The floor is broad and dry, the only feature of interest in the area being a black wombat which was seen thundering about the bush at the upper end of it.

Further to the south more limestone was found in a broad flat valley. Here a number of sink holes were found, one of which contained a cave, and must obviously take a fair amount of water at times. The rock around the entrance is fractured and finely cleaved and the cave is probably Shatter Cave (CP-19).

We then walked south to the Goodradigbee (near the Downstream end of the main Wilkinson Limestone body), crossed the river and started to traverse along the hill back towards the camp. What a walk it was- steep hills, loose rocks, trees, shrubs, wild animals, natives etc. We eventually reached the flat around sundown, and after a feed, drink, wash, feed, drink, drink, we had a peaceful night's sleep.

Next morning, after we had got up, washed, had breakfast, pulled down the tent, killed the fire, buried the rubbish and packed, we were buggered. Then for the walk out! Ken bravely led the way, waded through the 2 streams and got wet, we didn't and stayed dry. The walk was a real killer, and it was many rests and some three hours before the car was sighted. We reached home at about five.

1. BRITISH (CHIEF SUPERVISOR).

Blue is the sky,
Green is the grass,
Down comes Ffred
Sliding on his ...

A decorative horizontal border consisting of a repeating pattern of asterisks (*). The pattern is composed of two rows of asterisks, with the top row being slightly longer than the bottom row, creating a symmetrical design.

Wee Jasper.

19.3.72.

Bods present J. Brush, A. Campbell (trip leader)

M. Coggan, E. Collins, C. Collins, M. Ellis, W. Allen,

S. Gibbings, G. Murphy, G. Keppie, K. Palmer.

We left for Wee Jasper on a day which many thought was too good to be wasted by going down caves. Marj Coggan was all in favour of soaking up the sunshing but with Gus Campbell to inspire us we decided to go underground.

On our way up to signature we dropped into Wombat N Mansion and Anemone and yours truly persisted in carrying both rope and ladder into caves which didn't warrant their use.

The next cave was Signature. Everyone set out to explore on their own and this method proved very successful and not unwise in a cave of Signature's size.

With Punchbowl next the most was made of the sun while the belay was being set up. Gus belayed one group of five down which started out while the others were coming. I started showing the first group around (however the situation soon became reversed). After going about fifty feet we came upon the result of a very depraved mind. Some animal bones were arranged in the form of human skeletons rather better endowed than in real life. We ventured further and apart from getting lost a few times, had a great time. A good thing about our group was that there was a great deal of mutual co-operation. This made the trip much more enjoyable. From what we heard of the other group and from how they looked, they appeared to have enjoyed them-selves too.

Back at the cars some good food didn't go astray. I had rather hoped that we could have called it a day at that stage, but Gus was keen to look for the Thermal Pit. However we had no luck and after a look into Humidicrib we called it a day.

Back in Canberra Greasy Joe's did a roaring trade!

Garth Keppie.

BUCHAN

31/3/72-3/4/72

Present: Frank Bergersen, John Furlonger, David Hughes.

We left Canberra at about 5.00 a.m. on Friday and had a reasonable trip down via Cann River and Orbost, to arrive at Buchan just in time to have lunch. (Unfortunately, they had sold out of hot cross buns so we had to make do with the ordinary type.)

Quite a number of people were rolling into Buchan to attend the Easter horse trials/gymkhana/rodeo so we moved out to Murriodal and set up camp in grass about two feet high. Having decided that it was too late to do anything particularly constructive during what remained of the afternoon, we had a quick trip into Anticline (M-11) since D.H. and F.B. had not been there before. They were duly impressed with the ceiling of the main chamber and perhaps even more so with the hill on the way back up to the car.

On Saturday (April Fool's Day) we decided to try to keep reasonably dry, so after a very leisurely breakfast we set off at 11 a.m. for East Buchan. A number of holes were investigated in the vicinity of Hope's Cave and Didjeridoo. These included EB-16 and EB-18 (investigated mainly by D.H.). There then followed a wild blackberry hunt, during the course of which the rotting carcass of a sheep was found about two feet from the entrance to Hope's Cave (the TROG strikes again):

Since all this action had been somewhat ineffectual, we decided to do something a bit more solid and headed off for Trogdip (EB-10), encountering another dead body (walaby) on the way.

None of us having ^{been} into this cave before, we followed the path of least resistance until we came to what appeared to be a dead end. No way forward was immediately in evidence but we managed to find the way further on by following the trail of mud left by the many previous bogs in the cave. Soon after this, the going became quite muddy and a further five minutes saw us at the first sump.

A short debate followed, the outcome of which was that D.H. took the plunge into the icy depths in order that the sight could be recorded for posterity on film. He was quickly followed by F.B. and much more slowly by myself. The air gap here was quite large-about a foot or so. The mud in the section between sumps defies description (and at times movement!) About halfway

between the sums D.H. sank almost inextricably into one of the bogs and remained stuck while F.B. and myself continued on to the second sump. This looked decidedly cold and uncomfortable and wet andmuddy and besides we could not leave D.H. sinking slowly into the quicksand, so we turned around and struggled back uphill to dig D.H. out and return to the first sump.

Here we took a few more photos and then found our way back to the entrance. The sight of the Murrindal River at this stage was too much for our soiled and dirty bodies so we immediately plunged into the chilly waters to expurgate ourselves. Some ugly scenes ensued before we trudged off up the hill in search of our dinner with the sun setting behind us. That evening we went to the pub and watched the locals on the way to the rodeo dance.

After a late start on Sunday morning, we headed for the Pyramids area to look for some of the caves that we had not seen before. We managed to find M-68, where we succeeded in going around in a small circle, passing on the same tight squeeze twice before we realised what we had done.

We returned to the surface and then entered Charlie's Hole (K-39), which we found to be only about forty feet long and quite unimpressive. A quick dig at the bottom of this hole produced no startling new discoveries, as did a short search around the western edge of the doline in the top of the hill.

Upon returning to the car at the bottom of the hill, we were confronted by a mob of trainee geology teachers looking for (a) cave(s) to destroy in the interests of collecting samples (many) to show people what the inside of caves used to look like. We did our best to throw them off the track; I hope that we were successful in this.

On Monday we had an altogether uneventful trip home via Suggan Buggan, Ingebyra and Jindabyne.

John Furlonger.

COMMITTEE 1972

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.....Amen.

COMING TRIPS.

Sat. 13th May. WYANBENE. To continue surveying. See J. Furlonger
Bruce Hall R. N22.

Sat. 20-21st May. ?????? Contact J. Brush for details. Ph. 956610.
Sun.

Wed 31st May- Sun 4th June. YARRANGOBILLY. Contact D. Hughes.
Ph. 862942.

Tue. 6th June. GENERAL MEETING. Physics room 8, 8.00pm.
Bring 20¢, a mugg and your friends.
Attractions - Slides and/or films.

