

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 6.

December, 1969

Editorial.

That " Have a good Christmas and a Happy New Year" season is upon us again so all are urged to have a good (???) Christmas and a happy New Year. As an extra treat for those who have nothing better to do than read this rag, this issue of the newsletter is the special bumper sized holiday reading bonanza crammed with articles of general interest as well as the usual exciting and fascinating accounts of the club exploits over the last few months.

Unfortunately, all is not well in this season of goodwill. It appears that another blow has been dealt to the N.S.W. caves which one would think would be the best protected in the state. This time the Department of main roads is the culprit. This is of vital interest to the club, so if you read nothing else, please read the next few pages. Its too early to come to any definite conclusions yet but there will probably be cause for alarm latter.

As regards club activities, this has been a somewhat important year for NUCC. While the club is still more or less a sporting one, the increase in both numbers, and more importantly, activity has lead to the club having one of its most successful years so far in its rather short history. Most of the original work was done at Yarrangobilly, where two new caves (y58, y59) were discovered, and what may be a new species of Thylacine has been found. A complete summary of the years work will appear in the next issue. As there are many members who will be in Canberra over the Vacation period there probably be trips on every weekend, so dont assume that just because uni. has packed up, the club has too. A list of future trips (or at least those that have already been arranged) appears at hte end of the newsletter as usual.

If you think the typing, spelling (or, more correctly, misspelling) is bad, you are dead right. The Sports Union has packed up for Christmas, hence honourable editor has gone into publishing buisness. Thanks to all those who helped with the typing, and to J.F. for doing the duplicating.

The Editor.

The Yarrangobilly Road.

As some of the members of the club know already, the N.S.W. Dept. of Main Roads is rumoured to be intending to reconstruct part of the Tumut-Kiandra road, following the 3600' contour through the yarrangobilly limestone. This would neatly wreck the Deep Creek complex, and many more. For the benefit of those members who are not familiar with this matter, the correspondence between the club and K.N.P. is reprinted below.

The Superintendent, KNP,
Dear Sir,

Concerning the proposed new road between Kiandra and Tumut, we have recently heard news that it is to follow the 3600' contour line through the Yarrangobilly limestone area. This contour line almost passes right through the entrances of the best caves on the plateau: eg. all the Deep Creek systems, including the Y58 extension, Eagles Nest, Coppermine 1, Restoration, Bath House etc.

Indeed, it was even reported that the Coppermine 1 sink would have to be filled in! Even if no direct damage is done to the caves, which is unlikely, the indirect consequences will have profound implications. The creeks will become silted, constructional activities will probably damage formation, as well as tend to make some of the rockfall entrances more unstable. These activities would also affect a bat breeding cave on the plateau.

Paramount to all this is the effect of increased accessibility, resulting in vandalism and desecration of the caves.

Surely, this is against all the aims and objectives which are associated with the Kosciusko National Park. Already, thoughtless activity like this is threatening the Boyd National Park and associated Colong Caves. Marulan is being mined away, and other caves in south-east Queensland will soon be obliterated.

Will you please verify or deny the above rumour, and inform ourselves and the A.S.F. of your intentions, if the rumour is verified.

Yours most sincerely,

K. Palmer,
Secretary,
N.U.C.C.

P.S. Let's not have another Colong debacle, there are few enough good caving systems in N.S.W. as it is.

Mr. Ken Palmer,
Secretary,
National University Caving Club.

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your letter of the 9th October 1969 and your interest and concern over the proposed new alignment of the highway, but I can assure you that no caves will be damaged. Already there have been several site inspections with the Dept. of Main Roads engineers. At these inspections the specialty of these caves has been described, and in some cases, shown to the D.M.R. personally. The plan with all caves marked on it has been given to their design staff and special surveys have been taken by the Dept. to ensure that no cave is on the road alignment. There have been several changes of alignment due to site inspections and as a result of these surveys.

When the final alignment is known I will let you know.

Every effort is being made to protect the caves from damage of any type. The D.M.R. has been asked to build siltation traps on the downstream side of all earthworks, on all streams to ensure that siltation levels do not reach the level to harm the caves. We have advice from Dr Jennings of the ANU that the siltation level should not go beyond 200 ppm.

The park is currently taking siltation counts on all major streams running into the limestone area to determine the natural count now. Natural may not be the correct word to use here as we already have a road in the area, but it is as near as possible.

We will continue to take siltation counts during construction and if it goes beyond the recommended value we will ask the DMR to stop work and rectify the situation.

The National Parks and Wildlife Service is vitally with the protection and preservation of these caves and you may be assured that no effort will be spared to ensure that damage is not occasioned during the proposed road re-alignment works.

Yours Faithfully,

N.C. Gare
Superintendent

Fungi Associated With Stalactite Growth

abstracted from Science
166(3903) pp 385_386

During an Aerological and an Ecological survey of Lehman Caves, in the Wheeler Park area of Eastern Nevada fungal hyphae were found to be regular inhabitants of all walls , stalictites , and other limestone structures.

Observations were made in situ with a specially designed microscope. On the surface of active stalictites and stalagmites , very short, thin, hyphae were found to extend outwards perpendiculary . Crystals then tend to grow along these hyphae, which in turn allows the orderly growth of the stalagmite

The nutrition of the fungi must depend on organic materials that are leached from the soil and percolate down into the cave.

LIFE WITH THE GENUS "SPELEOLOGIST" (common name "Trog")

I wonder how many of the readers of this newsletter are non-cavers? I am for one (possibly the only one). Anyway, all members of the species please take note.

My week starts on a Monday, when the trog comes to pick me up. What am I greeted by on a brisk sunny morn??.....a yawning haggard face and complaints of hang-overs, stiff bones (those that aren't broken or bruised) and how tired he is. There's more to come yet - - - We reach the car, which is mud bespattered outside and almost as bad inside. The seats are littered with dirty belongings - bash hats of every colour of the rainbow (luminous ones included), dirty boots, assorted rags - the lot.

The trip to work is most interesting. I am entertained with stories of what a smashing (litterally) time they had at ----- pub and how he drank X under the table (pool) plus the gory details of the morning after. Once I was also treated to the delightful noise of a tape-recording of one of these wild nights (sounded like hooligans at work.)

For the remainder of the week I am even allowed to forget the past weekend but am treated to the delights of their crawling into muddy tunnels next weekend. Being one of the few with a car, this trog often has to organise transport, gear etc. Naturally, all this is taken care of in working hours, where one can use the 'phone free of charge.

On the Friday the theme is - sorry, I won't be able to(and so follows a whole list of things I now either can't do or have to do on my lonesome). The car is again full of messy, repulsive articles : bash hats, snowchains, tape-recorders radio, wire ladder, rope.....The whole car seems to be one big mass of everything. My lunch hour is dominated by trips to various shops - sports, supermarkets and the like, to find small articles he

decides he would fancy or needs very badly. Then of course his "bar" has to be replenished.

After work I'm held up for fifteen minutes while he talks to an old trog friend from Sydney Uni. club (SUSS -Ed.) and then a further half an hour I wait while he ties his skis in a most intricate manner, with rubber tubing, rag and string, to the side of the car.

As one final pleasing result of all this preparation I am now enjoying(?) a very quiet weekend alone to do as I please or, as I seem to have fallen into the hands of the caving club, to write part of their newsletter (HE -Honourable Editor- even tried to con me into writing the editorial..)

I'm due to attend the next meeting, so the next you will probably hear of me is when I appear on a coming trip (Heaven help me - the trogs probably won't after this).

A.C.T.

Editor's note: Come on the next Yagby trip.

THE FASHION PAGE.

With the Christmas period looming on the social calender NUCC. is beginning its flutter of activity. It was an ocassion to celebrate and they did just that when Ken Palmer, John Brush, Maurice Bell, Jim Atkinson, and John Furlonger and Noel Call departed for the warm, much talked about and mythical (to some) Bendethera Caverns.

Weeks of preparation went into the delightful ensembles which graced those stoney hills with their very presence.

Leading was that epitome of masculinity, Ken Palmer bedecked in a delightfully simple Guano-grey trogging suit, and contrasting sly-blue cap which had a narrow upturned rim, tall crown, and was elegantly monogrammed with ruby-red scotchlite tape matching the kinky red compass hanging purposely from his neck.

Following Kenny-pu (affectionately known) came William James Atkinson Esq., whose plain bottle-shop grey outfit was offset by cathy bat motifs, and obnoxious orange belt and head gear.

Enhancing the captivation of the previous two came Noel Call preferring the rustic more conservative style, in his choice of a grey one piece suit rolled immaculately to the knee revealing faded blue denim panti-hose, which seemed reminiscent of last season's fashions.

Following Noel Call came John Brush who sported a nifty little outfit in tantalising tangerine which further enhanced John's ability to clash colours, by combining it with a racy rupture-red and yummy yagby yellow cap. Compleating this eye-catching ensemble John had boldly printed numerous black uni-directional arrows on his posterior.

Succeeding this tradition of fine fashions created in exclusive designs came Maurice W. Bell. who searched the world of art for inspiration and finally decided that gay informality dramatises the most sedate costume; with his petite pink Bell-bottomed pants, combining black cuffs and a splurge of anterior arrows he looked the pure essence of caving (?). (dirty and grotty and with pretty formation). To shelter this beauty from freckling, Maurice finished with a rudolph-red and yuk-yellow helmet overembroidered with captivating cartoons of snoopy.

Last in position but first in fortification came Furlonger, one John Robert; his torso- hugging outfit combining a Punce-purple pant suit with Toohey's gold Perm-protector, motiffed with monogram and dirty anagrams produced a demi-god of pure

archaic or earthy character.

So the ocassion ran, high in spirit, with each one of us already cunningly contemplating what to wear when next the NUCC. brothers seek exposure.

JOHN BRUSH AND MAURICE BELL.

T T T T T T T T T T

As you may have already guessed there are a number of spelling and typing errors in this Newsletter, this due to the fact that the Sports Union has closed down for the year, sothat in order to bring this masterpiece to you J. Fuflonger, J. Atkinson, J. Brush got together with Mick Alting in his room (together with numerous bottles of Sparkling Rinegolde and Bacardi) and spent the evening of the 18th of Dec. typing what you are reading now.

(for examples of the numerous errors see above).

J. BRUSH.

THE DETECTION OF CAVE-SURFACE CONNECTIONS BY RADIO.

Michael G. Webb.

This is intended as a supplement to the paper "Possible Methods Of Cave Detection" presented to the 7th Biennial Conference of the A.S.F. December 1968.

Limestone is an electrical conductor with a resistivity varying between 4×10^4 and 7×10^4 ohm-cm. Consequently, its effect on electromagnetic radiation is to reduce the amplitude. A convenient measurement of the attenuation is the skin depth, D, which is determined by the following equation;

$$D = \frac{1}{(C \mu f)^{\frac{1}{2}}}$$

C = Conductivity

μ = permeability

f = frequency of emf

The skin depth is the distance over which the amplitude of the wave falls to $1/e$ (0.378) of the initial amplitude, and the received intensity falls to 0.136.

The permeability of limestone can be treated as constant over the radio spectrum as the only variation is in the susceptibility which is of the order of 10^{-6} E.m.u.s. The conductivity may also be considered constant, as variation with frequency over a factor of 100 range (100kc/s to 10Mc/s) is less than 3%.

Values for the skin depth then become:

Table 1.

f	D
27 Mc/s	2-3 metres
8.5 "	4 "
3.7 "	6 "
100 Kc/s	36 "
10 "	113 "
1 "	350 "

Consider a radio wave of frequency 3.7 Mc/s, transmitter aerial power 10 watts, After traversing 6 metres of unfractured limestone, the received signal power would be 1.36 watts, so we get:

Table 2.

<u>Distance from XMTR through pure limestone</u>	<u>Received power</u>
0 metres	10 watts
6 "	1.36 "
12 "	0.185 "
18 "	0.025 "
24 "	0.003 "

Therefore, the signal is likely to be attenuated until it is inaudible after a very short traverse through pure limestone.

Suppose, however, the limestone above the antenna is fractured. As any fractures will be small with respect to the waveguide dimensions no preferential transmission will occur, but transmission along fractures and joints will be high compared to that through the limestone. Due to the extreme difference between the skin depths of air and limestone.

Therefore, if a transmitter is placed inside a cave, and a receiver on the surface at a distance, from the transmitter, large with respect to D , and a strong signal detected, with a loss of signal strength caused by moving the transmitter or receiver, there must be an airspace connectoin between the two points. The greater the signal strength, the larger the airspace.

Note, however that unexplored shafts and tunnels are often blocked by rubble and clay. D for clay at 3.7Mc/s varies between 1cm and 1m depending on the quantity of water in the clay, and that consequently high transmitter powers are likely to be required to force a signal through any appreciable distance of clay.

It is necessary that voice modulation be available. In fact the human ear is very insensitive to voice frequencies at low levels, and so a weak signal received is likely to be missed if it only carries voice. However, a frequency of 2Kc/s can even be painful at high levels and is still very noticable at low signal levels, so a 3.7Mc/s carrier with 2Kc/s modulation is probably a good combination. If high power is available, higher frequencys are preferable, as although D is smaller (some penetration is necessary to penetrate rock chokes.) directional antennas are smaller. During consideration of this system, I decided a carrier of 14Mc/s and antenna power variable up to 50 watts wsa probably most convenient. At this frequency, a half wavelength antenna is 10.5 metres. If the folded half wavelength antenna is used, the radiated power function is $\sin^4 \theta$, where θ is the angle the relevant directoin makes with the antenna, which is the most desirable direction.

(Note that anything other than the 27Mc/s band is illegal, but a transmitter just powerful enough to penetrate through a fissure to the receiver is not likely to be detected elsewhere, as limestone is good sheilding against electromagnetic radiation.)

Trip Reports

Wee Jasper

9-10 August 1969

- or a funny thing happened on the way into Punchbowl

present... Maurice Bell, Mary Smith, Jim Curtis,
Pip Wisdom, Marianne Posthumus, Ken
Palmer and Myself.

Left Canberra at about 6.30a.m. (of all unearthly hours to leave for Wee Jasper) and both cars had arrived by 8.10 There was also a group of civil defence bods from Young already there and they beat us up to the tip of the pitch into Punchbowl. By the time we had finally got into our gear and got our gear into position there was a clutter of equipment in the pitch (namely I rope ladder used by the bods from Young, I NUCC wire ladder, I belay rope from Young, I NUCC brlay rope and I double rope for abseiling.) The group descended either by rope or abseil until only noble leader was left.

Noble leader decides to demonstrate his expertise at the abseil and promptly gets himself tangled in the rope ladder . Much disrespectful laughter from below. Showing great daring, courage, and skill, fearless and intrepid leader extricates himself from ladder and continues his descent. Then follows a most unfortunate incident. Noble leader's spectacles take a sudden dislike to his handsome countenance and decide to evacuate the vicinity thereof with great rapidity. The foolishness of this action is soon impressed on said spectacles by a most abrupt and glass shattering halt ay bottom of pitch. Further disrespectful mirth at noble leader's expense. Fearless and cool-headed in the face of all adversity and despite and wishes (??) to the contrary, noble leader reaches the floor with his skin still unpunctured. Jim Curtis dutifully returns to the surface to get powerfull and all-knowing leaders spare spectacles--- " Foresight."

At this stage, the spare spectacles being somewhat lower in strength, and not having seen a great deal of Punchbowl before, noble but non-focusing leader lets Ken Palmer go to the fore and lead us on a guided tour of Punchbowl. (i.e. through to far chamber, through the Strawberry shortcut into Loxin and out again via the Slippery Dips.) A delicious lunch was had by all down by Wee Jasper C reek and it was then decided that a quick trip into Dip would be in order. With Morris Bell leading the way, we all wandered through into Dip 3, where Marianne and Jim discontinued

their trip, and on into Dip 4 and 5.

After two hours underground we emerge and beloved leader heads for his food box with the intention of slaking his thirst. But alas... Oh cruel fate... A horde of thirsty travellers hath descended on said food box and plundered the one remaining can of soft drink, leaving sad and thirsty leader to contemplate his fate before venting his spleen on the no longer thirsty hordes' wallets.

The remainder of the group then set out for Canberra leaving Ken and myself to drown our sorrows while awaiting the dawn (luckily we still had some beer left.) Later in the evening a group of senior scouts from Balgowah were greeted by Ken and myself in the hope of replenishing our by now somewhat depleted stocks of liquid refreshment. They were, however, travelling dry and thus were unable to assist us, but it is hoped that nevertheless we managed to carry on a reasonably coherent conversation with them.

Suprisingly, on Sunday morning we were up fairly early (before 10 am.) Ken then spent an absorbing hour or so carefully planting empty bottles and cans, but despite his valiant efforts I don't think they will grow very well...its the wrong type of soil.

After thus spending the time fruitlessly awaiting the arrival of Mick Alting and Roger Curtis (who arrived later and went into dogleg(.?.) and Punchbowl, we headed off into the brush below Dip. A careful search of the limestone produced one possible hole, but a little later a short excursion into the bush, bearing all-purpose paper led to the discovery of two solution shafts which we later labelled WJ60 and WJ 61. The hole mentioned above was more fully investigated but was found to be not very extensive, and was allocated the number WJ 62.

A series of sinks in a field just to the north of Dip cave were investigated, and all could repay a little excavation. At this stage it was fairly late, so we abandoned further searching, and went home via Yass.

John Furlonger.

COLONG

27th September

The Mob . . . J.Curtis, M. Bell, J&L Ford, J. Furlonger, P. Sheperd, and 2 *BJ Brush*

In compliance with club rules, and after consistent nagging from the Editor, it is hereby reported that on the 27th day of the ninth month in the one thousandth nine hundredth and sixty ninth year of our lord a party from the National university Caving Club did partake of caving in the name of the said club at a place known as Colong.

Due to neglect on the part of the trip leader, complete details are not available; however his memory does permit the following points to be recorded;

- (I) we had a good time;
- (II) we arrived back safely;
- (III) the cave is not all iys cracked up to be.

CHEERS FOR : the piece of string that lead us in, and to Phil Shepherd for leading us out again.

BOOS FOR : the buggers that pinched the string prior to our return.

Noel Call.

TALBINGO

long weekend 4-6
October

Byron Deveson, Hans Bloom, Michael Webb.

We went up on the Friday night, checked with the rangers at Yarrangobilly and then went to bed. Saturday was damp, with rain in the offing, so we meandered down to Talbingo for a yarn with Dave Everall, the KNP ranger, for the area we were interested in. This led to a nice quiet day.

Sunday: up reasonably early and down the road to our patent lookout over Talbingo for a look at the scenery before

attacking it in earnest.. Then down long ridge to Jounama creek, traverse to Clive creek, and up the side of the main range for a bit. Walking across the most tremendous landslip, looser than the average scree run, and a bit steeper than many, cured us of that, and we went down to the level of a convenient creek, where we found limestone. Good limestone, assaying about 95% Ca CO₃. We found it difficult to get round the scrub, so we climbed the nearest hill, and had a look at the limes One through binoculars. Byron astounded us by announcing he could see a definite efflux further up the gorge, but tempus figits, so we had to leave it for another day. (see later in this issue- Ed.) After much display of erudition on the part of beloved leader, and much discussion of his guesswork by the other two peasants, it was unaminously decided that Black Perry mountain was about "1/2 a mile over there- just over that ridge. (all 600' high of it, then 600' down the other side of it, then 600' to the top of Black Perry .) Strangely, it was.

Black Perry is as loose as everything else, except for the lower slope, on which the ground scrub is probably the original ancestor of Jacks Beanstalk. The rest is rock. Cliffs, cliffs, cliffs. Except at the top, where, with 500' to the next bit of terra firma, more or less- mainly less, its like gravel. However at the top there is a fantastic view... Then back down to the side of Jounama Creek, which is quite a lifesaver after the trip over the p, then up 800' to the road, the car, and the beer.

Monday we recovered from the effects of much unaccustomed exertion at Yarrangobilly's thermal pool, then at Kiandra, then home.

M.G.W.

Yarrangobilly

Ist November 1969

Mick Alting, Sue Nicholls, Michael Webb.

Sue Nicholls phoned me up one day and how about a caving trip was the question she asked me. " Sure.. " Then "for the Canberra Times to write an article about ?" "Oh well, OK.

So instead of staying home and doing nothing we went to Yarrangobilly and did nothing. The weather was too good to do anything else bar swimming, and sunbaking beside the thermal pool. Oh yes, and when we got sick of this we did(??) the tourist caves, and the North and South Glories. The rest the Canberra Times was misguided enough to publish eventually.

DONT read it.

Michael Webb.

Bendethera

22,23 rd November.

Noel Call, Maurice bell, John Brush, Jim Atkinson and Ken Palmer. *John Furlonger*

After a bit of a mix-up with rendezvous, the two cars met on the Krawaree road while Noel was changing a punctured tyre. We had intended camping for the night at the Cruickshanks Road turn-off; finding what we thought was the right gate, we proceeded through, only to find it lead nowhere. Since it was now Saturday morning we decided to pitch some tents and get some sleep. While this was in progress, we were interrupted by a few locals, carrying spotlights and a shotgun, and wanting to know what the hell was going on. This little matter settled, we eased into our sleeping bags circa 1am. After a comfortable and highly restful 4 hours sleep, the still silence of the morning was shattered by the awakening of big Morry, and half an hour latter, we were again underway.

Finding the right road, we crossed a creek and cooked some breakfast. The track was then followed for about two miles, and, suprise, it lead us to the exact start of the planned walking route. Using a map which had been traced from air photos, we walked across some rather waterlogged country to the Shoalhaven River. Here the river was several feet wide and a couple deep. J.A. managed to fall in while crossing. We then headed for the ridge which would bring us to the top of the watershed, a little North of Con Ridge.

After walking through a peat bog, we eventually straddled the ridge. The view from the top is really tremendous, and we took a long rest. Almost all the limestone was visible, as were Con and Caves ridges, and flagpole flat, with the Deua River visible beyond; apparently there has been a bushfire through the area since my last visit. Con Ridge was somewhat steeper than I had imagined; we arrived at the limestone about 11am, and after finding a couple of shafts, we walked straight down the Northern side to a creek to have lunch. On the way we were entertained by J.F. who performed skillful acrobatic feats while carrying a 45lb pack. After lunch Noel and Morris walked back up the ridge to explore the shafts, while the rest of us tried to follow the creek down to flagpole flat. To put it mildly, it was rough going; after about a dozen rests and a lot of contouring, we reached F.F. After contemplating looking for Bendethera Cave in the dark, we decided against it (wise move) and went to water-hole cave instead, for what it was worth. We were all in bed (??) by 10pm on Saturday - strange as that may be for an NUCC trip.

We left camp around 9am on Sunday and headed for Bendethera Cave and Caves Ridge, the planned route out. We walked up the side of the ridge to where I thought the cave was, but alas, no cave. Since we were more than a little weary, we couldn't be bothered looking for it.

The ascent of Caves Ridge was a real killer, and as far as I was concerned was accompanied with much swearing, moaning, and groaning, and was punctuated about every 150 paces by a long rest. We had all reached the watershed by about 1.30 and were back at the cars by about 3.00pm, no trouble having been accounted on the three mile walk back from the cairn on the top of Caves Ridge. We decided to take the other track out, through Khan Yunis, and were told that we "had done well"

to get the cars out this way. This track is much worse than the other one, has several boggy patches and stream crossings and is generally a pathetic "road." After bogging Noel's Holden up to the rear axle, we eventually made Khan Yunis. This track is rarely used, and then only by Landrovers; Cruikshanks Road is preferable, having only one good ford across Currambene creek.

After finding the pubs in both Captains Flat and Queanbeyan closed, we all arrived home safely.

Ken Palmer.

TALBINGO

29th November

Rosemary Mathews-Drew, Noel Call, Michael Webb.

We arrived in the area about 1am Saturday morning, after numerous rabbit scares, a couple of roos, two of the most beautiful fox cubs you ever saw, but no wombats. Slept in the Pine Forrest.

Saturday morning we left at about 10am and started walking down the short route about half an hour later. Around the side of Black Perry Mountain, then up and over the saddle that almost killed us last time when we were going up at right angles to our present course. It almost killed us this time as well, or at any rate Rosemary and me. Then down those grinding 600' through the fern forest to the limestone and the wonderful dreek. Lunch, followed by cave hunting. We found several, all were very small, but Byron was right. There was an efflux - with a 300lb boulder in it, which makes entry somewhat impossible at present. There is also an influx about 500 yards further upstream, also small. The water disappears into a rock choke. In the general area there are a whole group of sinks about 10' across. Very interesting. We also found four other very small caves in various places on the way up the creek. Since I had been brilliant enough to leave my torch behind, Noel did all the caving, and he wasn't very hopeful about any of them... Once again, the gods smiled on the Fuehrer's navigation during the long grind back, and we eventually arrived back at our starting point. This was very fortunate, since that's where the car was.

Last trip it took us 11 miles of walking and 3500' of climbing. We reached the same ends this trip in 6 miles & 1400'.

Sunday was thermal pool day, of course, plus a run through the tourist caves to show Rosemary what the dark is like when lit up.

WYANBENE

- 18 -

29th November

K. Palmer, J. Furlonger, N. Call.

The above party reached the cave entrance at about 11.30 am on a very wet day, after having walked down from the Shoalhaven ; the crossing was impassable ,due to the recent heavy rain.

Our activities centred on checking out some of the back alleys of the cave, which present members of the club seem to have little knowledge.

Although our investigation was personally satisfying, no extra footage to the system. With thoughts of the ale waiting for us at Captains Flat, we called it a day at the beginning of the wet stretch. The party surfaced after five hours underground to face a cold, wet walk back to the car.

During our time underground, comic relief was provided by J.F.'s immersion in Cleopatra's Bath, unfortunately without Cleopatra. Ken then gave a demonstration in making mud pies and sculpting various obscene statues.

Noel Call.

WEE JASPER

7th December

Maurice Bell, John Brush, Mrs Brush, Helen and Peter Brush, John Furlonger and Ken Palmer.

Arriving at the crack of dawn (8.00am) at Punchbowl Caravan Park, we were confronted by a city of canvas which housed thousands of Sunday Speleoes including a group from Cumberland Speleo Society/ Club, and also two intrepid cavers from that little known but well loved group - NUCC.

Slashing our way through the jungle of guy-ropes we made our way up the well-worn, but elusive to some, track up Punchbowl Hill

After an exhaustive search , we managed to find the sixty foot pitch among the many ladders, to which we added ours. Upon reaching the bottom , we headed for the Ballroom and beyond. When the beyond was reached, those present were quick to realise that one does not open one's mouth when one looks up at the bats.

Zapping on through to Loxin via the strawberry shortcut, we climbed the end wall and looked back into pitch chamber. Near here a small pool was encountered, the presence of which was mainly due to the bats. After a refreshing dip we retraced our steps to the slippery dips, then slid on to crystal. The laundry shute proved to many that one's posterior bruises just as easily as the rest of one's anatomy.

Moving quickly onwards, spirit undaunted but slightly bruised and dented, we retraced our way back to Pitch chamber and left the cave after three and a half hours underground.

After a quick roll under the trees, NUCC brothers and Helen left to do some excavation in church cave. This may be summed up in the words uttered by one of the party :
- "Icky-Poo, Kenny-Poo".

J. Brush & M. Bell.

20/12/69 Wyanbene
Leader - J. Furlonger

26/12/69 Yarrangobilly
-3/1/70 Leader Mick Alting

10/1/70 Warrangullen
Leader - J. Brush

24/1/70
-26/1/70 Buchan
Leader - Noel Call

ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ॥

If you want to go on these trips, contact the leader by the Wednesday previous. Remember also that impromptu trips are fairly frequent, so keep an ear to the ground.

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Repeat: Spelling errors in this issue may be attributed to typographical errors on the part of the publishers and not to the originators of the various articles (N.B. In some cases these are one and the same.)

NOTE: Typical typographical error:- attributed instead of
attributed above,

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