

SPELEOGRAFFITI.

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June 1972.



The Newsletter of the

NATIONAL UNIVERSITY CAVING CLUB.

The Newsletter of the National University
Caving Club.

Editors: J.Furlonger, J.Brush, K.Palmer.

Graphics: K.Palmer, J.Furlonger.

Typing: The above and Marj Coggan.

Cover Design: J.Furlonger. From an original
slide entitled: "...so what if
they're a funny shape, at least
I have two of them".

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EDITORIAL

The club is presently passing through a phase through which it has passed previously on a number (2) of occasions. The "heavies"* in the club are concerned about the lack of enthusiasm exhibited by the "lighter" members.

We have reached the stage where the heavier members are content with their surveying and other vaguely scientific activities. Obviously, not everyone in the club is so absorbed in this aspect of caving and this leads to indolence amongst the lighties. After several years of using caving as a sporting outlet the attitudes of the longer standing members have slowly changed until their prime interest is now in the speleological aspects of this pursuit. It is hoped that a similar change will take place over the next few years in the outlook of those who are presently the newer members of the club. (And who in fact form the bulk of the club.)

In an attempt to bring about this metamorphosis we would like to recommend that some of the lighter members familiarise themselves with more of the local caving areas. The way to do this is to get out there and lead a few trips yourselves*.

The club has a fairly comprehensive assortment of equipment of the use of which members should avail themselves. The club records also contain a fair amount of information on local caves (and others) which is presently being catalogued.

* The more knowledgable and experienced members of the club.

(The Concise Oxford Dictionary defines it otherwise;

7- clumsy in appearance or effect; (of persons)
intellectually slow; unwieldy; dull; tedious; oppressive;
grievous; despondent; doleful; drowsy.).

* Assuming you have the qualifications, and a number of you do!

MODIFICATIONS TO ESDAILE PRISMATIC COMPASS FOR
CAVE SURVEYING.

By: Kenneth Palmer.

The club recently purchased a non-liquid prismatic compass and tripod for surveying. The compass was manufactured by E. Esdaile and Sons Pty. Ltd. of Sydney. It was decided to modify the mounting of the compass to make it more suitable for use in cave surveying.

The tripod had legs approximately four feet long. These were shortened to one foot six inches, the brass tips were replaced on the shortened legs and the leather securing strap was moved to about a foot from the top. A padded canvas pouch was fitted to protect the swivelling ball joint at the apex.

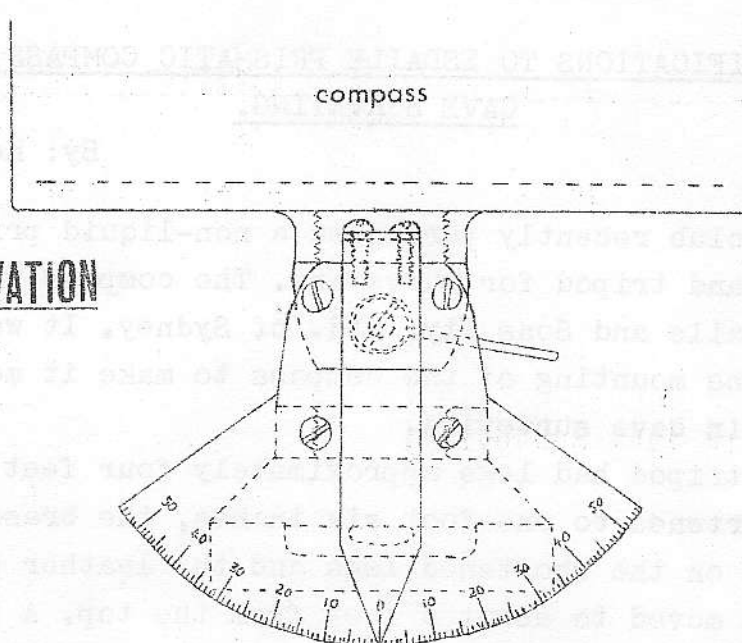
To enable inclination and declination readings to be obtained using this instrument, cross hairs were inserted in the second sight and a protractor was fitted to the base of the compass. Great care was taken to ensure that the line of sight was accurately horizontal when the protractor indicated a reading of zero degrees.

An extra yoke piece attached to the ball joint enables the compass to be pointed up or down to sight on a station. The yoke is first levelled using the spirit level fitted to one side. The compass may then be clamped in any position relative to horizontal (up to ± 55 degrees) while the reading is taken on the protractor. The yoke piece then allows the compass to be brought back to the horizontal while maintaining the original bearing, thus ensuring accurate bearings. Using this method, bearings are easily made to $\pm 1^\circ$ through the prismatic sight.

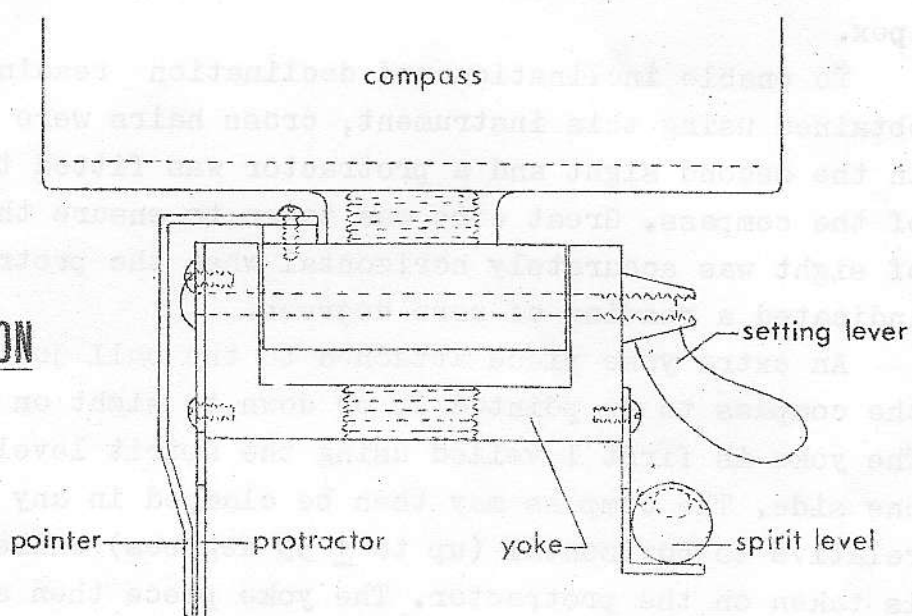
To further facilitate readings, a light bulb on a bracket was attached to the same point as the clinometer pointer and in such a position as to illuminate the compass. The wires for this light were twisted together to avoid interference due to electromagnetic flux. Batteries for this light were mounted on one of the tripod legs.

The unit as modified is suitable for CRG grade 5-6 surveys. (See also attached diagrams).

END ELEVATION



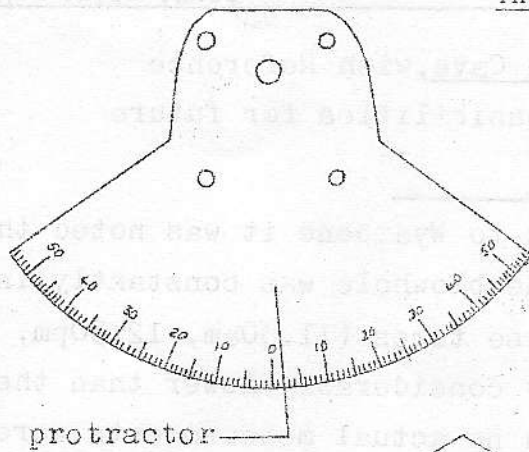
ELEVATION



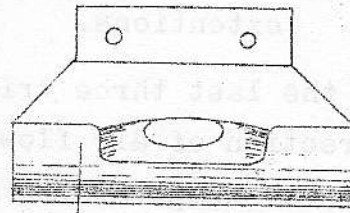
MODIFICATIONS TO ESDAILE PRISMATIC COMPASS.

inclinations, declinations, illumination.

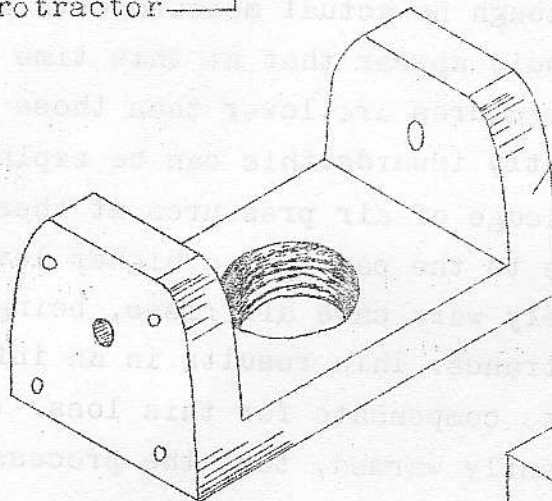
MAIN INDIVIDUAL PARTS:



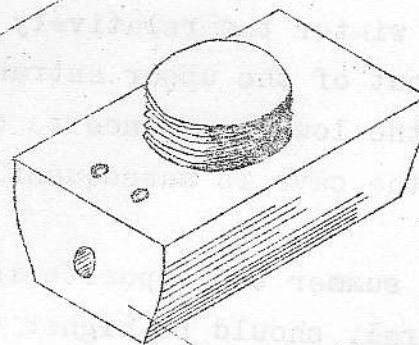
protractor



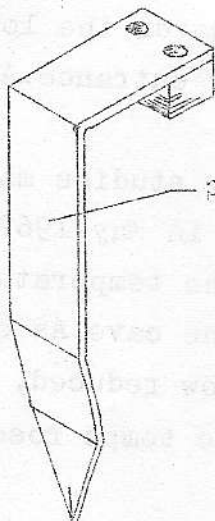
spirit level



yoke piece



pivoting block



pointer

Drawn approximately correct size, dimensions may vary depending on materials used in construction. (Brass or aluminium should be used).

Some Notes on Wyabene Cave, with Reference
to Air Movement and possibilities for future
extentions.

On the last three trips out to Wyabene it was noted that the direction of air flow at the blowhole was constantly inwards. The outside temperatures at these times (11.30am, 12.30pm, 3.00pm, 7.00pm, 11.30pm.) was obviously considerably lower than the air temperature in the cave, though no actual measurements were taken. From this information it would appear that at this time of the year, when the outside temperatures are lower than those in the cave the airflow is constantly inwards. This can be explained (perhaps, without any knowledge of air pressures at these times) if we have another entrance to the cave at a higher level. Thus in winter the relatively warm cave air rises, being less dense, out of the upper entrance. This results in an inflow of air at the lower entrance to compensate for this loss. The cold air in the cave is subsequently warmed, thus the process continues.

In summer the opposite is true. The outside temperatures, in general, should be higher than those in the cave. Thus the cave air now being more dense, flows towards the lower entrance, this results in an outflow at the lower entrance. Air will then flow in at the upper entrance.

These observations are supported by studies made by Ian Wood with MSS in 1967, 68. Here he found that in May 1967 (winter) the flow at the blowhole was inwards, with the temperatures for most of the thirty hour period being lower in the cave. As outside temps approached those of the cave, the airflow reduced, and a small reversal even occurred as outside temps rose above cave temps.

In February 1968 (summer) Over a similar period the flow was outwards, with temps outside being above those of the cave.

All this suggests that there should be another entrance somewhere above the present one. But where is it? -If it exists. There are a few small caves and shallow depressions in the limestone on the ridge above the cave. Perhaps the most likely

of these being Ridge Mine Pot(Wy-3), a 110' deep pothole on the East side of the ridge near the southern limit of the limestone exposure. However as far as I can determine, there never been any references to vast quantities of air rushing out of the entrance.

It is likely that the surface connection is via small, impenetrable cracks and fissures which have developed along joints in the rock.

We can also speculate as to where the air leaves the cave as we know it. Here places that immediately spring to mind are the avens (including Gunbarrel). Caesar's hall could also be included. But here we have a problem, the avens appear to run out of limestone towards the top (Shale fragments are to be found on the floors of these avens.). Thus the possibility of surface connections here is fairly remote, or at least connections of any size.

The Northern end of Caesar's Hall is also very high (say up to about 300' above the stream at the bottom), though proximity to Gunbarrel suggests much the same problems as we do there.

HCC have detected air movements in Caesar's, thus the connection could lead off further in. Possibly the most likely place is at the Southern end of Caesar's (just above the the descent into diarrhoea pit) where the roof level rises sharply into a high aven/fissure. I suggest this is also the place to try and extend the cave laterally, as it could represent the continuation of the old high level stream passage, for which we have plenty of evidence in the upper parts of Caesar's (northern end) and also of Rockfall, but none whatsoever south of here (ie. between Caesar's and Frustration lake. The water must have come from somewhere, and it seems reasonable to assume that the present stream passage would roughly follow the same route as it did in the early stages, as it does in other parts of the cave.

Thus to find out where the air goes, and where the water comes from, I suggest climbing this aven/fissure, any other takers!.

REFERENCES.

Wood, I.D. Conditions in Wyanbene Cave.

MSS Journal, Vol.3 no.3 pp3-10. June 1969.

See various Wyanbene trip reports this issue.

J. BRUSH.

MOUNTAIN OF DEATH.

Adapted from an article by D.Browne
in Walkabout, June 1972.

It is located south of Cooktown, North Queensland, it is visually awe-inspiring - black, bare and sinister, a 1000 foot high pile of enormous boulders two miles long, rearing out of the rainforest.

Black Mountain - to which many men have gone and never returned, shunned by native inhabitants.

"The formation of these mountains is unique, their appearance grotesque. Mountains of huge boulders full of chasms that go down to unrecorded depths."

The ridge is honeycombed with caves, nearly all unexplored. They dip down below ground level but nobody knows their extent or what they contain.

One of the few men to enter the caves and live, tells the tale:

"Armed with a revolver and a strong electric torch I stepped into the opening. It dipped steeply downwards, narrowing as it went. Suddenly I found myself facing a solid wall of rock, but to the right there was a passage just large enough for me to enter in a stooping position. I moved along it carefully for several yards. The floor was fairly level, the walls of very smooth granite. The passage moved this way and that, always sloping deeper into the earth.

Presently I began to feel uneasy (indigestion). A huge bat beat its wings against me as it passed, but I forced myself to push on (what courage?). Soon my nostrils were filled with a sickly, musty stench (he chuckled -Ed.). Then my torch went out (where were his three independent sources of light?). I was in total darkness. It was inky black. From somewhere which seemed like the bowels of the earth I could hear the moaning of bats. This was followed by the flapping of the wings of thousands of bats.

I began to get panicky as I groped and floundered back the way I thought I had come. My arms and legs were bleeding from the bumps with unseen rocks. My outstretched hands clawed at space where I expected solid wall and floor. At one stage where I had wandered into a side passage, I came to what was undoubtedly the brink of a precipice, judging from the echoes.

The air was foul and I felt increasing dizziness. Terrifying thoughts were racing through my mind about giant rock pythons I had often seen around Black Mountain.

As I crawled along getting weaker and losing all hope of ever getting out alive, I saw a tiny streak of light. It gave me super strength to worm my way towards a small cave mouth half a mile from the one I had entered.

Reaching the open air, I gulped in lungfuls of it and fell down exhausted. I found I had been underground for five hours, most of the time on hands and knees. A king's ransom would not induce to enter those caves again....."

The mountain is composed of huge granite boulders covered in black lichen. The complete black surface coating may be uncommon but the boulder pile is less so. Near Chillagoe and at other locations in North Queensland similar phenomena exist. They must have been produced by the rapid erosion of a skeletal soil profile. Many soil profiles contain fresh rock kernels in them and removal of the soil component would produce a boulder pile. But such removal usually takes place so slowly the kernels also weather completely.

Any party that decides to unravel the mystery of the mountain will need to be very carefully organized to meet any hazard likely or unlikely - not forgetting the possibility of meeting a real python.

Anonymous.

~~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

Congratulations to Dr. Joseph N. Jennings on his recent admission to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy by the University of Cambridge.

Professor D. Walker, Head of the Department of Biogeography and Geomorphology at the A.N.U., explained last week that when Dr. Jennings had been ready to submit his PhD thesis he was disqualified by a technicality. It seemed certain that at that time the rules had been wrongly interpreted. Six years ago Cambridge University altered its PhD regulations. Professor Walker pointed out to Dr. Jennings that he would now be eligible on the basis of his published work and an oral examination.

From A. N. U. Reporter.

JNJ JNJ JNJ JNJ JNJ JNJ JNJ JNJ JNJ JNJ JNJ JNJ JNJ JNJ JNJ JNJ PHD



"The First Aid Kit fell on him".

THE HIDEOUS EFFECTS OF CAVING

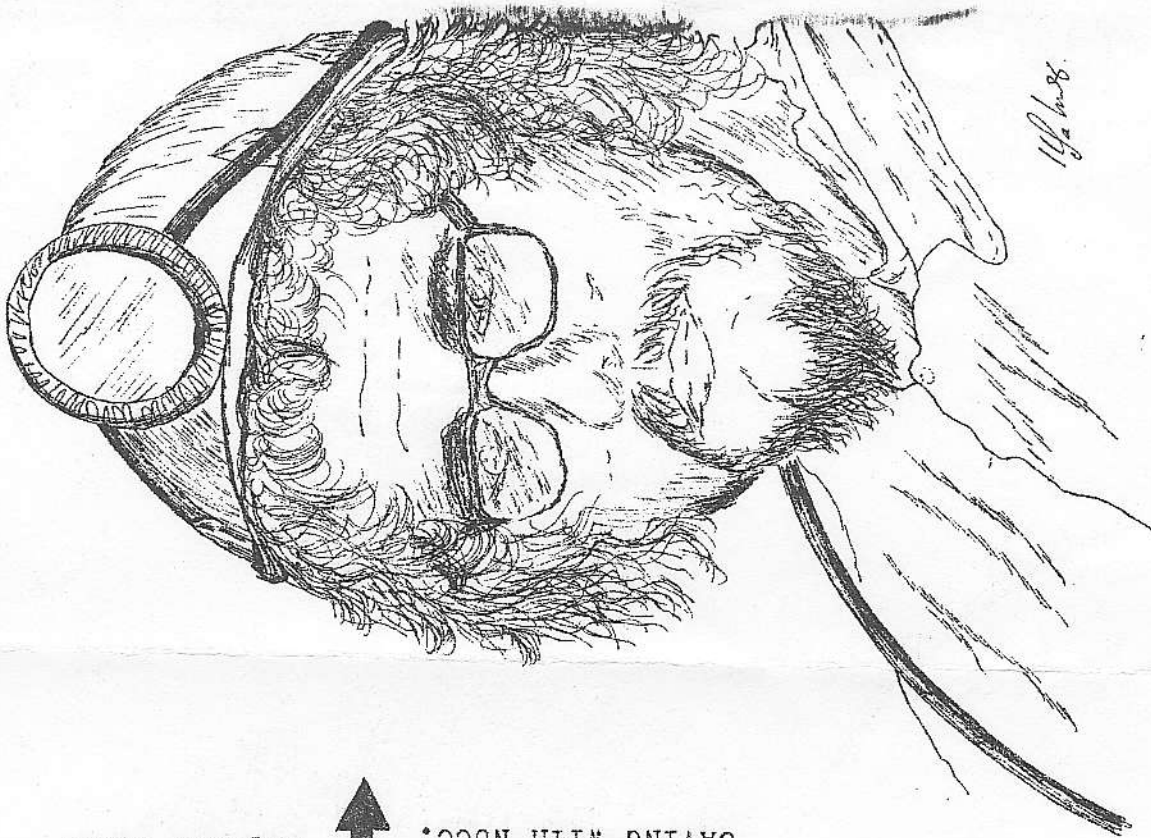
John Robert Furlonger,
fresher, clean, white
and virginal. A clean
cut, sober, counth
young lad.



LOOK WHAT HAS
HAPPENED TO JOHN
AFTER 4 YEARS OF
CAVING WITH NUCCI!



Fred Furlonger,
alias Furrydick,
Fuzzdick. Uncounth
bigoted wino.



11/2/28

Wine and Cheese. Tuesday 9th. May.

About 20 people, mostly hardy drinkers turned up at Bruce Hall to share the unlimited wine and the sumptuous array of cheeses.

People quickly began the assault on the red wine, (due to the absence of the white till a later hour) and cheese, with a few remaining faithful to the fruitjuices provided. Music was provided by Fuzzdick from a vast record collection and provided a peaceful background at first, later conversation became the order of the hour.

The arrival of our vivacious secretary changed the atmosphere, and dancing prevailed with frequent breaks to allow partaking of the liquor. This burst of activity continued for some time, giving way to quiet conversation again later in the evening with only the "stayers" having the honour of cleaning up and dispensing of the ample wine still remaining.

It was disappointing that many more members were not able to attend due to prior engagements. If support is great enough another such function may be able to be arranged, (depending on the financial situation).

Marjory Coggan,

NUCC Social Commentator.

BATS STAB-BATS STAB-BATS STAB-BATS STAB-BATS STAB

A.J. Shearsby,

Yass Evening Tribune, Sept. 25th. 1902.

"Whilst engaged in examining this cave (Punchbowl) in which are to be found many little nooks of exceeding interest, we were startled with whining and flapping noises in the air arounds, and suddenly our lights were extinguished and we were left in pitchy darkness. It seems that we have disturbed a colony of bats which have made the cave their home, and startled with the noise and lights, they have dashed out of the latter and put them out."

- clever bats.

Yass Evening Tribune, Sept. 18th. 1902.

".....and there is no doubt that by carefully sounding the walls and floors, and judiciously using a pick in the likely spots, caves would be discovered opening off the main chambers, which would equal the others, with the additional advantage that they have not been disfigured by thoughtless visitors."

- new method of cave detection.

TRIP REPORTSWYANBENE

13-14 May

Present: Wayne Allen, John Brush, Chris Collins, Eugene Collins, Mick Ellis, John Furlonger, Alan Harding, David Hughes, Garth Keppie.

We finally left Canberra about 10am Saturday and after a leisurely trip out to Wyanbene, we went underground at about 12.45pm. The party went straight through into Caesar's Hall where we started to divide up to continue the survey of this chamber.

About this time we came to the most vexing realisation that in the rush to get underground we had left the tape measure out in one of the cars. After much cursing, Eugene Collins and myself went back out to get it. We returned in one and a quarter hours to find the survey (as yet without any distance measurements) in progress. Eugene and I then proceeded to measure everything in sight until we had caught up with the rest of the survey.

Meanwhile Garth had been brewing soup on a methylated spirits cooker which was minus one sealing screw. A piece of plastic had been substituted, but this melted fairly rapidly. (Suprise! -Ed.) Wyanbene mud came to the rescue and the hole was periodically stopped up with fresh mud from then on.

After the soup guzzling ritual, the survey was continued up into the highest (northern) section of the chamber. There are a number of holes up in this area which could well repay careful investigation sometime in the future. The roof in this area is quite high -much higher than the rest of the chamber. The roof heights will be measured on a later trip.

A second brew of soup was consumed before the party moved out of Caesar's Hall, towards Rockfall. At about 9.30pm the surveying for this trip came to an end at a point in the small chamber between Caesar's Hall and Rockfall Chamber. The point was marked by a copper nail carefully placed out of the way of interlopers.

A quick trip out saw us at the surface again by about 11pm -for a change it had not started raining while we were underground. After a few troubles with Mick Ellis' V.W., we had a not so leisurely trip home and to bed.

John Furlonger.

WYANBENE.

20,21/5/72

Party: Ken Palmer, John Furlonger And John Brush.

Well, the four year old record for the greatest length of time spent underground on a club trip has been broken. The Cave concerned is still Wyanbene and the record climbed up from 18 to 20 1/2 hours on this trip.

The three of us left Canberra on Friday afternoon, hoping to underground by dusk, however, as usual we were late and did not get underground until about 7.00pm.

After a quick trip through to Rockfall chamber we dumped most of the gear and continued into Caesar's Hall. Here we headed for the upper end and then into the old stream passage at the top. The main objective being to see where it went (M.G.W. and I first visited it in 3/69, but we had not been back since. See SpeleoG. Vol.6 No.1, p10.). After about 30' the stream passage degenerates into a rockpile, and here a drop-off was found. It looked and sounded about 40' (as Webb thought), however after throwing a ladder down, it was found to drop about 20' into a rockpile chamber approx. 15'x15'. Another way was then found to lead out into Caesar's. (on the E. side near the gigantic (FGBR to some) rock. This rock actually continues right back into the small chamber.).

After retrieving the ladder we headed back to the Nicholl's squeeze area and commenced surveying. The survey was then continued out into Rockfall and on to its northern end. A coffee break followed, then Meanders area and Barking Dog chamber, which was largely dry in the inner parts, was mapped.

Another (soup) break followed. By this time it was early Saturday morning, and apathy was beginning to set in, and the scheduled half hour break was stretched to over an hour before we got moving again.

The main stream passage at the bottom of Rockfall was our next target. It was here that we met the first of the hordes of 'Day Trippers', namely a bunch of scouts, groping their way up the stream passage (hasn't anybody told them there is an easier way). The surveying slowly progressed Northwards out of

the main rockfall chamber and on towards the Gunbarrel turnoff, where a permanent survey marker was placed, then down the mud slope. It was here, at the bottom of this slope that our problems started. Before surveying through the squeeze we sat down to let 3 bods through, who, without bash hats, suitable footwear, but with "2" (dim) torches between them, had managed to stumble their way to here. They eventually passed by. We were just about to move through when we heard more voices, it was a mob of 8 or so from BMSC and MSS, they soon passed through. We were just about to move through when we heard more voices, it was the scouts on their way out again, they eventually passed through. We were just about to move through when we heard more voices, it was the 3 bods (clods) again, apparently looking for a piece of rope (?). They eventually passed through. We were just about to move through the squeeze when we heard more voices, it was the Angels singing; there was nobody in the squeeze.

After getting through the squeeze we figured we had had enough, besides, it was now 19½ hours since we left the surface. So we banged in a nail above the pool (actually part of the stream) and left for the surface. At the blowhole, the ladder pitch was festooned with all sorts of weird and wonderful gear, and there was yet another group on the way in.

The entrance was reached at 3.15pm, after some 20½ hours underground. After a quick feed we left for home.

JOHN BRUSH. (TL).

~~*****~~

WYANBENE.

27/5/72.

Party; K. Palmer, D. Hughes, J. Furlonger, J. Brush.

What is happening to the world ? KP. was seen underground for the second time in two weeks, both at Wyanbene no less ! (After not having been under for over a year).

The Shoalhaven was even lower than the previous week, and the mud further on, even drier, and wonder of all wonders, there was no one else at the entrance.

We headed under at about 11.30am, arriving at the chamber near the Gunbarrel less than an hour later. Here we dumped most

of the gear and headed on into Caesar's to survey the stream passage downstream as far as possible. What a grotty place to do a survey! About 150' of passage was followed (through thick sticky mud and water) before the water was found to trickle down a small fissure in the floor- much too small to get through.

After a coffee break the traverse into Gunbarrel was commenced. JF & DH went in to Rockfall to take readings from the top entrance, while Ken & I went in the other way, surveyed the chamber, then started back out again, surveying as we went. Meanwhile John and Dave did some exploring in Rockfall and found a series of old stream meanders on the eastern side. These were followed back from opposite the Gunbarrel opening to just above the three large rocks in the centre of the chamber (ie. at its narrowest point). They then returned to the stove, had some soup and told us of their discovery. KP, JF and I then returned to the area and followed the fissures down through a rockpile and into the roof of the chamber near where the stove was situated. A hole in the floor was then pushed near hear and followed through a squeeze into the chamber on the Gunbarrel route.

After yet another Wyanbene soup episode, the survey was continued along the main stream passage from where we left off the previous week. This was continued to the inner end of Aitcheson's by-pass. Here, John and I volunteered to carry all the gear through the squeeze to make life easier for Ken and Dave who subsequently did a leisurely survey through the wet stretch. When we met up again the situation was weighed up. It was subsequently decided that after the physically exhausting effort of dragging all the gear through the squeeze, it would be a good idea if we headed for the entrance. The entrance was reached after some 12 hours underground.

JOHN BRUSH.

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YARRANGOBILLY.31/5- 4/6/72.

Party: Wed-Sun. John Brush, Marj Coggan, Alan Harding, Geoff Southwell, David Hughes (TL).

Fri-Sun. Jenny Clark, Wayne Allen, Chris Collins, Mich Ellis, Eugene Collins, John Furlonger, John Holland.

Sat-Sun. Visitors. Darrilyn Evans, Dave Shaw, Noel, Pau lette and Amanda Call.

Once again the club has run a trip to Yagby at the wrong time of the year. The cold can in many ways be blamed for the general reluctance of everyone to climb out of their sleeping bags and go underground.

The first group arrived on Wednesday and spent what was left of the day (after admiring the equipment at the SMA auction in Cooma) settling in to Cotterill's cottage (the old post-office) in the village. Here we established ourselves in one room and the kitchen. Despite all our blankets and sleeping bags, a very cold night was had by all.

On Thursday we managed to get underground by Midday. Among our aims was to see if Y-58 and Y-50 were gated, as we were informed they might be. However they weren't, and we spent approx 3 hours in Y-58 admiring the formation, the great chamber and the green paint trail. The photographers enjoyed themselves!

We then went to restoration and found the whole gate, not just the lock, had been cut through (VERY thoughtful of someone!). We spent about 2 hours here with the photographers again enjoying themselves. We returned to the car at about 6.00pm, and after collecting some firewood we returned to the house.

On Friday, after a quick trip to the Kiandra Pub (to use the phone), we went to Coppermine (Y-12), getting underground by 1.00pm. We emerged at about 4.00pm, had some lunch (?) up the hill from the cave, and found a grotty little hole that had a lot of air blowing out of it. Investigation showed a possible promising dig site for future reference.

After a quick visit to Trickett's Cave (Y-13), during which we did not see the possum (What has happened to him?), we returned to the car at last light and set about collecting firewood again.

On returning to the car we found Eugene and Mich had arrived and broken in - at least they had a fire going.

Saturday. Everyone arrived! John H., Wayne and Chris arrived after spending the night in the car near the tourist area, having successfully missed all our signs and mistaking the Caves house for Yagby village. Jenny and John F. arrived soon after (surprise surprise. Bets were taken as to whether he would arrive before ten. He must have got up early.). Dave and Darrilyn were hot on his tail, deciding to come and visit us before going skiing.

Once we had got everyone piled into the cars, we headed for Eagles Nest (Y-1, 2 & 3). Down that hill again, past Restoration, around the tombstones and on to Eagles Nest. Here we divided into two groups after having something to eat. One group, lead by John Brush., went into Y-3 and down into Y-1?, but ran out of time.

The other group lead by me decided to explore Y-1, but after Draping a ladder down the first pitch found we needed another one of 50', which we didn't have with us. We did find some interesting ice formations however, near the top of this pitch. With this attempt thwarted, we moved out and then into Y-2. Here we followed the trail- painfully marked in yellow paint (large arrows) through the rockfall and into a large chamber. We poked around in here for a while, and were just about to leave when Chris Collins found the route through the rockfall and down a tunnel which opened into the top of a chamber. A short ladder would be of great value in continuing down. This is as far as we got.

Both groups rendezvoused above the doline, then walked back up the hill.

We were all on the road collecting firewood when who should come along, but the Calls. Apparently a Ranger had been leading them a merry chase.

The rest of us then went down for a dip in the Thermal Pool which completely refreshed us for our visit to the Pub again to replenish our supplies.

Sunday. After John F. lost interest in a trip down East Deep Creek we cleaned out the house, packed the cars, and left for the tourist area. Here we visited Castle, ^{Glory Arch,} Grotto and Harriewood caves. Amanda came into her own here, being the only one to get through Grotto without having to crawl. Everyone headed for home at about 3.00pm.

DAVID HUGHES.

Well here it is folks, the page you have all been waiting for....

THE 1972 COMMITTEE

PRESIDENT.	John Brush.	149 Mugga Way, Redhill.	ph. 956610
VICE-PRESIDENT.	John Furlonger.	Bruce Hall. Room N22.	ph. 494240 (work)
SECRETARY.	Michelle Chamberlin.	Bruce Hall. Room X30.	
TREASURER.	Garth Keppie.	Garran Hall. Room 283.	
EQUIPMENT OFFICER.	Dave Hughes.	225 Beasley st., Mawson.	ph. 862942
COMMITTEE MEMBERS.	Marj Coggan.	Garran Hall. Room 340.	
	Sue Gibbings.	Garran Hall. Room 234.	
	Glen Murphy.	Burton Hall. Room 235.	
	
PUBLICITY.	Jenny Clark.	12 Hyde Pl. Hughes.	ph.814175.
RECORDS.	Gus Campbell.	Johns College.	
	

.....and so be it.

