

CTCG

NEWSLETTER

capital territory caving group

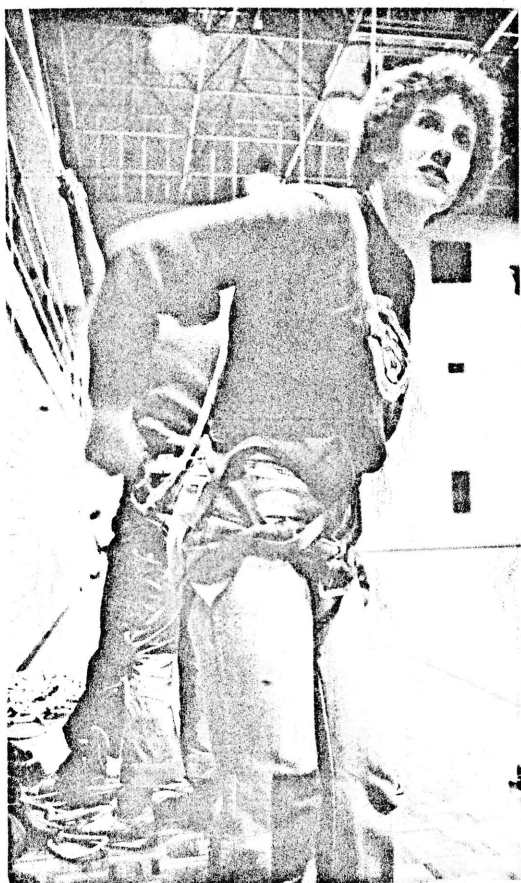
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## S.R.T. DEMONSTRATION

On the weekend of the 19th and 20th of May, Judith Bateman and Phillip Toomer of Caving Equipment in Sydney came to Canberra to give a display and demonstration of the best of the currently available gear and the most popular techniques of using Single Rope Technique (S.R.T.).

The first session, on Saturday night, included a description of the basic gear and techniques, with a special emphasis on the evolution and development of S.R.T. in caving. These were illustrated by excellent colour slides and diagrams. The descriptions by Judy and Phill and the discussion afterwards brought many interesting points to light. This was followed by slides of the successful and spectacular 1978 Atea Kanada Expedition to the highlands of Papua New Guinea, and the incredible British "Hole in the Wall" Expedition.



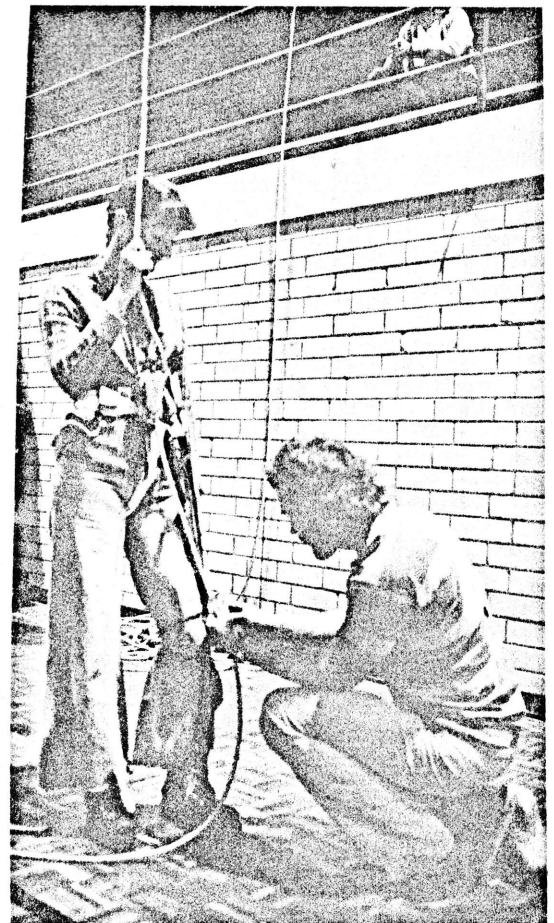
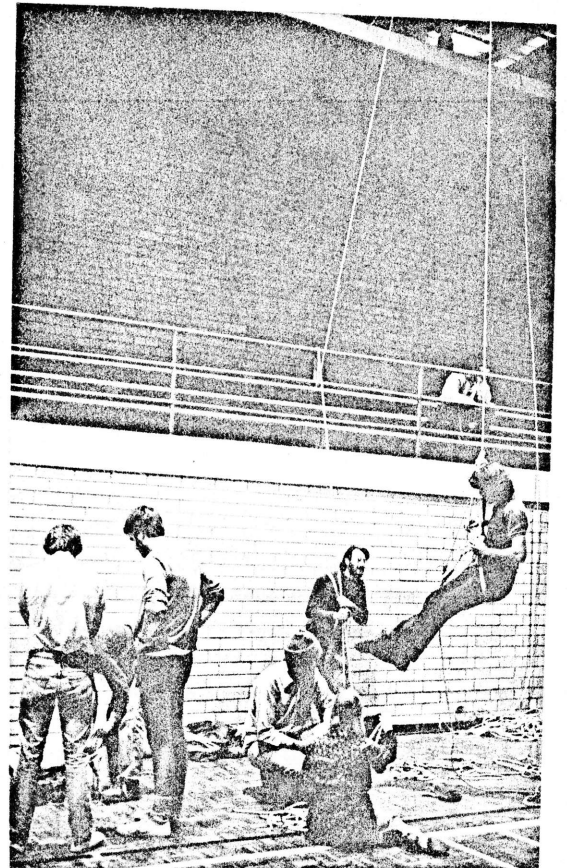
The Sunday session was held at the climbing wall in the A.N.U. Gymnasium. This started with basic knots used in S.R.T.; the double figure eight, the alpine butterfly, and the double fishermans, followed up with simpler, then more complex ascending systems. Every person attending was encouraged to try each system for themselves, to compare their various merits.

The basic points that came through from the demonstration were that each system will work a little differently for each person, so there is no set "correct" technique, and that each harness/ascender rig must be assembled, adjusted, and fine-tuned for the particular person that is to use it. Each member must assemble his or her own kit of gear, set for their own physical size and requirements, and become thoroughly familiar with its use. Members must realise their obligation to other members of the club to attain the highest possible technical standards that they can, to make trips involving ascent and descent as fast, safe and enjoyable as possible.

To Judy and Phill go our deepest thanks and gratitude for coming so far out of their way to present this demonstration. I feel that their efforts are going a long way towards maintaining the excellent safety record that caving enjoys in this country, and I look forward to thier next visit, to be held at Wee Jasper early in December.

CHRIS NICHOLLS, Safety Officer.CTCG





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DEUA AND WADBILLIGA NATIONAL PARKS  
WORTH THE THIRTEEN YEAR WAIT

The Minister for Planning and Environment's 22 February announcement of the establishment of two adjacent national parks in the southern coastal ranges was the best news conservationists in this state have had for along time. With a total area of 156 000 hectares, the two parks are exceeded in total area by Kosciusko and Sturt National Parks.

The two parks are also particularly significant because: Most of the Deua and Brogo Wilderness areas as defined by Helman in 'Wilderness in Australia' are included.

The whole of the Brogo River catchment is included in Wadbilliga. This is by far the largest complete river catchment to have been included in any national park in the state, and perhaps the largest pristine catchment left.

They include a wide range of vegetation types and species which are characteristic of the region. There are large areas of open forest and woodland, and heaths. The swamps and strips of temperate rainforest are equally significant.

This is a spectacular area of rugged mountain ranges and dissected plateaux tall eucalyptus forests and windswept open heaths. One of its best known features is Tuross Falls with its free drop of thirty-five metres into a long narrow gorge in jointed granite. Another is the remarkable ninety-six metre deep Big Hole, apparently the result of the collapse of an underground cave system. The same limestone strata is responsible for the nearby Marble Arch and the Wyanbene and Bendethera Caves.

Dedication of the parks was not won easily. The story started in 1966 when NPA sent the then Minister for Lands (Mr Lewis) a proposal for Deua-Tuross National Park in the large tract of vacant Crown land between Braidwood and Bega. The Minister instructed the National Parks and Wildlife Service to investigate and report on the proposal.

In the years that followed, the concept of the park was extended to include Brogo River catchment to the south, and hence became known as the Deua-Tuross-Brogo proposal.

As more time passed most of the problems were solved including agreement with the Forestry Commission. However, one problem remained - the politics surrounding the future of the proposed east-west through road which would bisect the park near Belowra. The ultimate result was the creation of two parks instead of one, separated by a quite unnecessarily wide gap. Even after agreement appeared to have been reached, dedication was a long time coming. Successive ministers promised quick results, but it was not until Mr Landa



assumed responsibility that effective action was taken.

Proper planning of natural reserves demands selection of boundaries which follow the ridges which form watersheds, so that complete river basins are enclosed. Good features of the final boundaries are the inclusion of the Brogo Riber, Nelson Creek and most of the Wadbilliga River catchments.

The worst feature is the exclusion of most of the Tuross catchment. The river rises in alienated land, then forms the Wadbilliga National Park boundary. Much of the contiguous land is in Badja State Forest where future logging practice will determine what deterioration in landscape and how much siltation will occur. A major tributary of the Tuross, Woila Creek, rises in Deua National Park but then runs through alienated land before joining the Tuross on the boundary of Wadbilliga National Park.

Another undesirable aspect of the boundaries is the separation of the small part of Deua containing the Big Hole. It is to be hoped that the intervening land will be added to the park in due course.

Access to much of Wadbilliga is difficult. However, the western side of Deua may be reached from the Cooma-Braidwood road and in the east another smaller road follows the Deua River several kilometres into the park.

In announcing the parks, Mr Landa promised that draft management plans would be on display by early 1980, and that an Advisory Committee will be established to help the service draw up these plans. He also emphasised consultation with local residents.

The Service is negotiating with the Forestry Commission for construction of an all-weather gravel access road to Tuross Falls through Badja State Forest. A picnic and camping area would then be established near the Falls.

Other developments under consideration are:

Picnic and camping areas at Wadbilliga Crossing in Wadbilliga National Park.  
A picnic area on the Shoalhaven River in the Berlang section of Deua National Park.  
Camping areas on the Deua River.

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#### BRUISER POT - (2/4/79)

TROGLOXENES\*: Ian Brown, Bill Dobie, Dawn Martin, Greg  
Dave Morrison.

Martin,

Situated about 30 metres above, and to the north of the exit from the self-guiding cave at Yarrangobilly, Bruiser Pot is a classic example of an unstable, yet interesting, cave system where caution and a helmet with a good chin strap is essential.

The cave appears to have been created by the collapse of the upper ridge of the limestone cliffs. The huge slabs of limestone thrown together by the collapse now constitutes one wall of the main chamber.

Entry into the Pot is via an 18 metre ladder pitch with the able Mr. Ian (Dr. Friction) Brown assuming the role of the belayer ? extraordinaire.

And now the first note of warning. At the entrance there is a deceptively placed chock stone which at first glance would seem to be a perfect ladder attachment point. BEWARE.. This is not as stable as it appears and it is recommended that it not be used.

Instead, the traces should be attached to the large rock to the left of the entrance pitch, facing the cliff wall. The ladder descent requires that you climb down to a ledge about 4 metres from the belay point, and then climb down the "back" of the ladder to the floor. Care has to be taken that the belay rope does not become trapped between the ladder and the wall, and it is necessary to apply a rope protector at that point where you move to the other side of the ladder.

The ledge is strewn with loose rocks of varying sizes, and these tend to be dislodged by the ladderers, causing some consternation among those waiting in the chamber below. By the time Ian (on self-belay) entered the chamber the rest of the party had managed to find themselves suitable alcoves which afforded protection from the falling debris.

Having successfully sidestepped most of the "falling sky" we made our way down the sloping mud and rubble floor of the main hall into a delightful belly passage, this degenerates into a gravel choke after a very interesting crawl of about 30 metres through a rock pile held together (?) by a gravel-mud conglomerate. Dawn of course, loved every minute of this section.

As for the "pretties" the "cliff" wall of the main chamber was liberally coated with some very attractive flowstone, and many of the limestone slabs were underfaced with extensive moonmilk deposits. As well, some of the small passages in the rock pile were decorated with small shawls.

In all, the trip took two hours, with at least one hour devoted to entry and exit.

Providing care is taken with:

- (a) The selection of the belay or abseil anchorage point
- (b) The positioning of the rope protectors
- (c) The instability of the entrance pitch is appreciated,

Bruiser Pot is definitely worth a visit - with the permission of the Ranger of course (the cave entrance is in view of the Ranger Station.)

\* Troglomenes are animals (R Dempsey and R Bament please note) that occasionally enter a cave, but are not permanent residents - see "Caving Terminology" by the aforementioned Reg Bament in the June, 1978, issue of the C.T.C.G. Newsletter.

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## YARRANGOBILLY METEOROLOGY PROJECT

One of the difficulties in determining and investigating the ecology of a karst area is gathering accurate details of the climate of the area.

## CURRENT METHODS

Many attempts have been made to obtain reliable regular information from inside and outside caves by conventional means. These means are:-

- (1) By available chart paper recording devices
- (2) By manually recorded information.

Both of the above have advantages and disadvantages:

(1) Manual methods are not identical each time a measurement is taken; the environment is influenced by the measurer (eg the effect of body heat on temperature measured).

(2) Chart recorders are prone to mechanical failure in a high humidity environment; Papers are subjected to dampness etc; Information recorded has to be interpreted from the chart

(3) Whilst a chart recorder can obtain a continuous measurement, gathered information is usually infrequent and irregular (but easy to obtain).

CTCG has initiated a project to provide information from caves that fulfill the following criteria:

- (1) Accurate readings to .5%
- (2) Regular readings eg hourly.
- (3) Data to be stored in a useful form .
- (4) Little mechanical dependence.
- (5) Long life.
- (6) Portability by one person.
- (7) No affect on the measured environment.
- (8) Measurements of differing types to be used simultaneously.
- (9) To measure daily as well as annual variations of climate.

## DETERMINATION OF THE SYSTEM.

Some thought went into what can be done. It was decided to follow the steps as below:

(1) Obtain a permit from National Parks and Wildlife to conduct experiments in the Yarrangobilly caving area.



(2) Select a suitable Tourist Cave.

(3) Take monthly manual measurements of temperature and humidity and soil temperature for a period of not less than one year to obtain a mean.

(4) Design an electronic measuring system with a form of mass storage that will provide data for further processing outside the cave.

(5) Design a processor that will supply the data in a format that will be useful to the end user. ie. printed page - magnetic tape etc.

(6) Design a power source that will enable uninterrupted monitoring for a period of not less than one month.

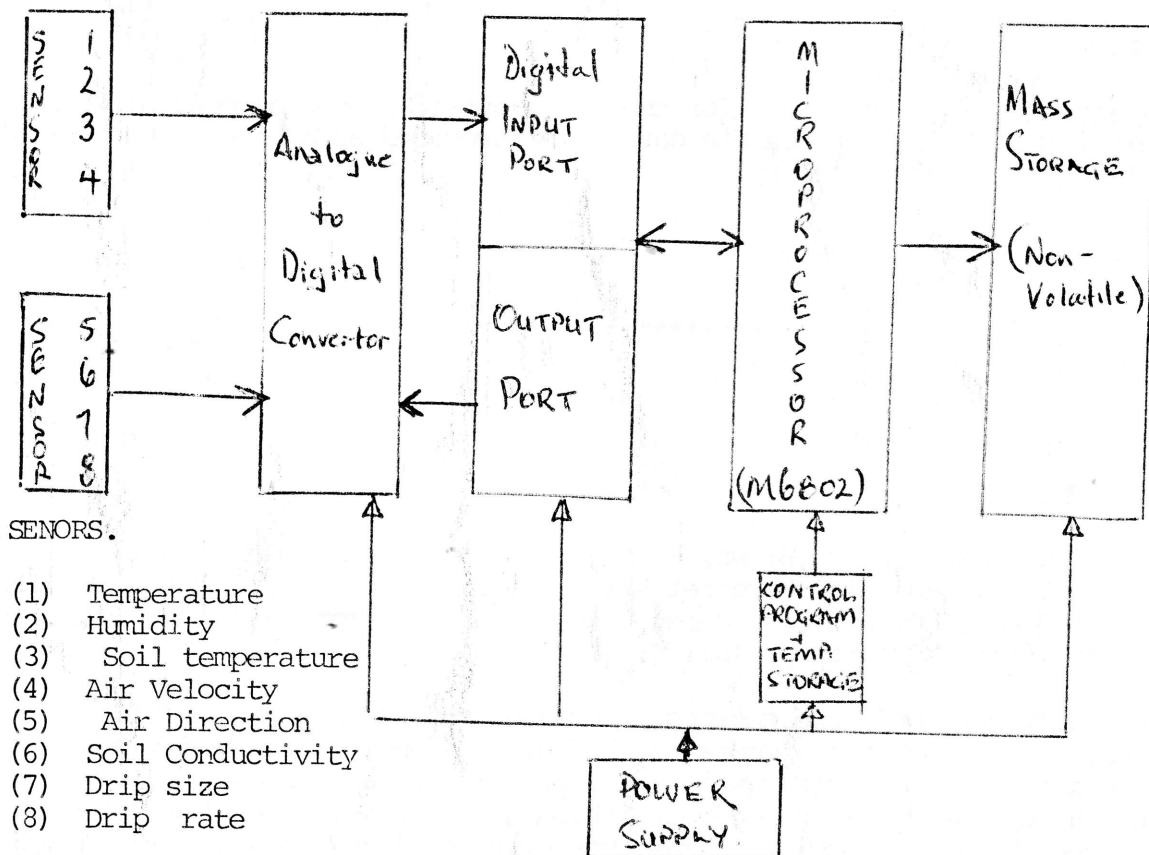
(7) Take measurement at least hourly for seven years. (8) Be inexpensive ..

#### REALIZATION OF THE SYSTEM.

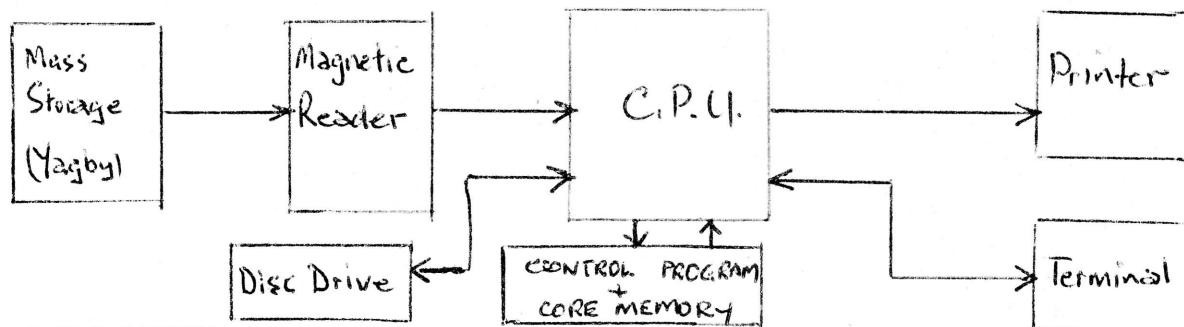
Firstly the permit was obtained by Ian Brown and a suitable cave was selected after consultation with the Senior Rangers.

Measurements by manual means have commenced while the instrument for inside the cave has been designed and constructed.

The instrument consists of sensor devices which feed relevant information to a control microprocessors which in turn stores the data on mass storage.



Once a month the Mass storage device is exchanged and then transported to the data processor in Canberra. This will make the data readable on a printed sheet; or format the data on to some other storage medium so it can be used elsewhere.



## CONFIGURATION.

The measuring instrument is capable of measuring eight analogue inputs and eight digital inputs every 1000 milliseconds (more likely set to one hourly rates). Currently the mass storage is a cassette tape which can be replaced easily. The control unit is an M6802 microprocessor with 256 Bytes of RAM and 1K of ROM. Depending on the programmed rate, after measurements have been taken the processed, sensors and mass storage will turn off, leaving only a small low powered control module keeping track of the time interval so as to conserve power. At the required time power is reapplied and measurements are taken.

## CONCLUSION.

This project is ambitious for the club, but if proved successful will enable large quantities of accurate data to be provided as a base to further work in the area of cave ecology.

PHILL BOWERS

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A JENOLAN JUNE.

TROGLOXENES: Robyn Brown, Ed Hodgson, Dawn Martin, Greg Martin, Chris Nichols, Jim Reid, Margaret Reid, Geoff Smith (all C.T.C.G.), Judith Bateman, Tim Daniels, Janet Ryan, Phillip Toomer, and Bruce Walsh and his spider cave troupe. (all S.U.S.S.)

You really have only two choices. Those of you who prefer the "ribbon of highway" may go through Yass, Cowra and Bathurst, spending five hours on the road. Those of you who don't own a V.W., or similar non-vehicle, will probably prefer the three hour dirt-bitumen route through Goulburn and Taralga. Either way, your destination is going to make you wish you lived much closer.

The Jenolan Caves limestone area is divided into three main limestone outcrops - the southern limestone (tourist caves), the eastern limestone (largely unexplored), and the northern limestone. (1) It was this latter outcrop that we visited during the June long weekend, in response to invitations from Judy Bateman and Phil Toomer, both members of S.U.S.S.

Caving at Jenolan is only by permit, and these permits are usually restricted to those clubs which have extensive Jenolan experience

The northern limestone is approximately 8 kilometres long, 300 metres deep, and has 186 tagged caves, ranging in length from 1 metre (wombat's latrine) to 3.5 kms. (Mammoth cave). During our stay we visited Mammoth Cave(2), Wiburds Lake Cave, and some of the Tourist caves in the southern limestone.

Logistics are made easy in that speleo camping is permitted at Mammoth Flat, a drive-in camping area located about 100 metres from the entrance to Mammoth Cave. Apart from its excellent armchair caving locations, Mammoth flat also includes a water tank, a tap, and the occasional lyre bird.

Most of the C.T.C.G. contingent arrived early on Saturday morning, having been "advised" by our Sydney contacts that the Sydney trogs would be "definitely underground" by 9 a.m. "under sheets" was a more appropriate description. After much cajoling, we were led (my nose is still suffering) up the creek (Jenolan) by Messers (real messers, this pair) Bateman and Toomer at 2.p.m.

Following this brief reconnoitre we returned to the campsite to the campfire for the first night of gluhwine and pancakes.

At some strange hour during that same night the mighty Brown Smith "KWAKA" finally roared in from the south. Jenolan caving had entered a new era.

#### MAMMOTH CAVE:

TROGLOXENES - Robyn Brown, Ed Hodgson, Dawn Martin, Greg Martin, Chris Nichols, Jim Reid, Margaret Reid, Geoff Smith (all C.T.C.G.)  
Judith Bateman, Tim Daniels, Janet Ryan, Phillip Toomer (all S.U.S.S.).

Apart from familiarization, the main object of our visit to Mammoth was to allow Phillip and Judy to determine the prospects of carrying Ian Lewis's diving gear to ICEPICK lake and SLUG lake. Unfortunately Ian wasn't able to take part in the weekend and so we missed our first "cave diving" trip.

Entry into Mammoth was via a low, 1 metre long, squeeze which was gated, and led into a large daylight chamber. (upper entrance to Mammoth via a 15 metre pitch).

After finding the famous "jug-handle", we climbed down through the rockpile at the bottom of this chamber and came out at the "....." which was negotiated either by freeclimbing or detouring down a very tight crawl through a futher rockpile.

Our next port of call was Icepick Lake which was chimneyed by Ed (Super-Fly) Hodgson who, by his Jenolan efforts, must now be considered C.T.C.G.'s reigning rock-climbing champion.

The lake is approximately 8 metres deep, walled in by some very slippery limestone.



Having allowed Ed to play his little games, we moved further down the phreatic passage to the lower river where Chris, Ed, Geoff, Phil and Jim displayed their stream straddling techniques as they continued through to Slug Lake. Unfortunately for Jim his stream-straddling lost its "straddle" and he left Mammoth a little wetter than the remainder of the party.

Making our way back to the entrance we detoured into the very pretty Oalite Chamber with its red flowstone and finely formed "cave pearls". This chamber has a marked path, and care must be taken that no deviation from this path is attempted.

Before exiting the cave, Phillip took Ed and I into the Railway Tunnel, allowed us a few minutes to take in the dimensions of this seemingly endless passage, and then led us, craving for more of the mighty Mammoth, back to the daylight chamber.

I haven't attempted to go into great detail with this trip report as I would hope that you might be able to read this in conjunction with John Dunkley's excellent Mammoth Cave book - this book being the definitive collection of Mammoth Cave maps.

#### WIBURDS LAKE CAVE :

TROGLOXENES: Ed Hogdson, Dawn Martin, Greg Martin, Chris Nichols, Judith Bateman, Tim Daniels, Janet Ryan, Phillip Toomer.

Monday morning found us walking down McKeowin's Valley to Rowe Flat and Wiburds Bluff, a distance of two kilometres from the Mammoth Flat camping area. During the walk Phillip and Judy pointed out various cave entrances and we acquainted ourselves with many features of the valley by climbing up, over and around as many of the limestone outcrops as possible.

Wiburds Lake Cave lies under Wiburds Bluff, and has three entrances, with the J58 entrance being the most accessible, and the one used by our party. "The cave is developed on three main levels, and when present the intermittent lake floods two of these". Fortunately, due to the dry conditions, the lake had subsided completely and we were able to penetrate the various levels.

A main feature of this cave is the large passages with sand floors and numerous mud banks, suitably lubricated for extra traction.

From the entrance we walked down a steep rubble slope, squeezed down under a large boulder, and entered the lake chamber with its mud-sand floor. Our guides then took us down to the Yawning Gulch area where the broad passage degenerated from a series of mud embankments to a tricky mud climb down into the next level. The grotts were beginning to feel at home.

Making our way back to the lake chamber, we walked down the Dyke passage, which is quite large, and features a number of mud banks to be negotiated. After about 100 metres of "slip slidin away", we arrived at the Avenging Aven

area where the party split up - some climbing up and over the huge sand-mud bank, while others attempted to negotiate the north west passage. A bloody ripper. Narrow phreatic tubes twisting and turning, liberally coated with fine mud - a moaning, groaning section of pure speleo delight.

As we had a return-to-Canberra trip ahead of us, we had to cut short our Wiburd frolics and return to camp.

After three days of beautiful surroundings, fine gluhwine, some great caving, and the prospect of some very exciting future trips, we left for home feeling as though we had just had a long weekend very well spent.

## NOTES:

1. The caves of Jenolan - 2: The northern limestone edited by B.R. Welsh. S.U.S.S. 1976.
2. Dunkley, J.R. "The Exploration and speleogeography of Mammoth Cave, Jenolan S.R.C. LTD 1972.
3. See "Caving International" No.3 for Ian Lewis's article on cave diving under the Nullabor.

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## JENOLAN TO YARRANGOBILLY -- A CAVING EPIC.

As the result of a monumental effort by two members of CTCG, the old myth that Exit Cave, Tasmania, is the longest cave in Australia, has finally and convincingly been exploded. In what must go down in Australian Speleological history as an all-time epic in subterranean endeavour, the incredible journey undertaken by members Russell (the Ampit) DEMPSEY, and Reg (the Frog) PAMTNT, in journeying from Mammoth Cave, Jenolan, to Jersey cave, Yarrangobilly, has increased the distance by an amazing 430 miles.

The preparation for the trip was not, as would be expected, particularly thorough. The original purpose for the visit was to prove the link between the Lower River, Mammoth, and the lake in the tourist cave, Imperial. Already proved by dye tracing, all that remained was to dive the river and follow it to the lake, a distance of about 1400 metres. Training for the trip had consisted of the usual diet of green or gold vitamin pills, according to taste, plenty of vitamin C in a grape juice base, and extensive practice in tight sections, perfecting the breath holding techniques essential in sump diving. (Anyone following the Demps into a tight section soon learns all about holding his breath). Equipment was minimal. 1 x 100 foot rope, and one section of ladder, to be used in the trip to the lower river, and de-rigged as we went, as it was

to be a one way trip. The trip started at 12 midday, Thursday, June seven, however no-one, in their wildest dreams, could have imagined what was to follow.

It began in fairly normal fashion, the river was reached in quick time, and the intrepid explorers, bursting with enthusiasm and last night's sates, jumped in. Immediately the lack of preparation and study showed. The river was about eight feet deep and flowing at about 12 knots. With hardly enough time for a terrified scream, let alone a deep breath, the river swept us away, under a rock, and into the water blackness beyond. Our bodies were hurled along at incredible speed. With lungs bursting we clawed our way upwards, only to be met by Limestone, worn smooth by time and the countless gallons of water that had flowed through. Time and time again we tried, until at last, when all seemed lost, a final, desperate, scrambling swim found us in air, and breathing with great gasps we sucked immense volumes of air into our lungs, and shone our lights around us. What an amazing sight. A lake, stretching as far as our eyes and lights could penetrate, lay around us. This must surely be the legendary lost lake reported by that doyen of cave guides, J.WILBURD, around the turn of the century. Congratulating ourselves, we began to swim in what we hoped was the right direction to take us to the edge and a possible way out. The river had a different idea, however, and we soon realised that our effort was wasted..... We were forced to float on our backs and see where the river would take us.

After about half an hour we became aware of two things. Firstly, a dull roar in the distance. Secondly, a faint glimmer of light on our far right. The water seemed to be carrying us towards both, and we began to swim towards the light. The noise grew louder, till finally, with a terrible shock, we realised it was a gigantic waterfall. In desperation we doubled our effort, and struck out grimly towards the lights, our only hope of salvation. We saw that it was the southern section of the lake in Imperial, and could even see tourists reflected in the water. All was in vain. The river had us in its grip, and dragged us further away from the light, and our only hope. With a final, defiant scream of abuse at a cigarette smoking tourist, we were swept away from the light, flung over the edge, and downwards.

Surprisingly the waterfall pitch was not vertical. In a series of short drops the river lowered us rapidly, but without undue pain, several hundred feet, until levelling out into a fast flowing river once again. We struggled to the edge, and clambered ashore, collapsing with exhaustion. After a short rest, we considered our position. We could not go back, the return swim up the waterfall, in our present condition, would have been too difficult, and besides, there was no guarantee that the river wouldn't wash us back over the edge again. The only solution was to go on, and hope that eventually we would find some way out. We got to our feet and set off, making the best possible use of our light, and alternately walking and swimming, began to follow the river downwards into Mother Earth. The next 48 hours wholly justified that decision. Time seemed to stand still as we travelled, awestruck by the magnitude, the splendour of it all. Cavern after enormous cavern, each more beautiful, more inspiring than the last. Hunger and fear forgotten, we marvelled at the complexity of mother karst. Great cascading flowstones, some over 300 feet in height, 40 foot straws, stalagmites to make even the great Khan look puny, helicitites clustered everywhere like giant chandeliers, and everything glistening white, pure and



unsullied by human or even boy-scout hand. Mile after magnificent mile, and always, the river, thundering beside us, leading us, showing the way out.

We noticed as we travelled that small tributary streams occasionally joined the main river. It became obvious that some of these came from a great depth, as the water was very warm. With each passing mile, these small streams grew increasingly larger and hotter, 'till it became difficult to see in the steam. Our skin grew and puckered, wrinkled and white, like dishwasher's hands. Mud banks bubbled with heat, and the foul stench of sulphur filled the air. We came to yet another dead end and resigned ourselves to swimming in water nearly at boiling point. We entered the water, and became aware of a great suction, towards the rock face, like a syphon, drawing us under. With no alternative but to go with it, we each took a deep breath of sulphur choked air, and committed ourselves to what ever lay before us. We passed under the rock, and almost immediately felt our bodies begin to rise, with ever increasing speed, into a large tube. The heat of the water was almost unbearable, but with each passing moment seemed to grow cooler. Upwards we rose, kicking with our feet to help the water, desperately trying to reach the end. Ears popping, lungs at bursting point, we erupted, like gaint corks, into a small pool we scrambled to the chinks of light, clawing with our hands, trying to find a way out. We could not. The light taunted us, mocked our very efforts, but the rocks held firm.

It is impossible to describe the feelings of misery that swept over us. To have travelled so far, to have done and seen so much, and to be so close to freedom, yet unable to travel that last few feet, brought tears of frustrated rage to our eyes. Filthy dirty, hungry, eyes red rimmed with exhaustion, we sat side by side, sharing the last remaining glimmer of light, we decided to spend our last remaining hours of light exploring the chamber that would probably be the last one we would see. We began to climb up and around the chamber, and started to follow a small lead in the top left corner. It went on, so we followed, with nothing to lose. The passage grew smaller and tighter, till we found ourselves crawling on hands and knees. The light almost gone, we stopped to rest. Suddenly we could hear muffled voices. We scrambled a few more feet. Light suddenly appeared through cracks in the rock above our head. Elated, we saw that it wasn't rock at all, but concrete. The voices grew louder, and with a desperate heave I pushed on the concrete slab, felt it move, then give way under pressure. Blinded by the sudden rush of light, we clambered out of the hole, to find ourselves at the feet of a small group of tourists, under the control of a NPWS Ranger. Under a barrage of questions, we found that we had emerged in Jersy Cave, Yarrangobilly, at 1.46 p.m. on Sunday June tenth, 73 1/2 hours and 440 miles after we had entered Mammoth.

Looking back I find it difficult to believe the events described actually happened; Unable to photograph due to damaged gear, and survey impossible, even to a simple memory sketch standard. Understandably people refuse to believe that it is even remotely possible. Only Russ and I know the complete truth. We made the trip and survived, and we know that 440 miles of super cave really does exist. For those of you who do doubt our story, consider this, we know that countless millions of gallons of water disappear into the ground at various points between the two centres. Jaunter, Abercrombie, Cliefden, Wombeyan, Bungonia and Wyanbene, just to name the major areas, all lie in a belt between the two. We also know that the water that supplies the thermal pool at

Yarrangobilly rises over 900 metres, and obviously comes from a large and apparently unquenchable source. Having returned to the chamber that finally brought us to safety, and placed dye in the water, we know that the place is the side of the hill near the pool, and the water in the pool comes from our super cave. We have been there and seen it. You prove us wrong.

B.J. BAMENT  
R. DEMPSEY.

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BAMENT'S FAREWELL.

For those of you who attended the farewell Dinner and "presentation" given in honour of the soon to be departing Baments, I am sure that you had a roaring good time. Both Reg and Judy will be dearly missed from the local A.C.T. Caving scene and we wish them well in their new venture of opening cans of fish in the deep north of N.S.W. (Kempsey area) Watch out Kempsey Speleos, Reg might try to find the legendary connection between the Kempsey cave system and Yagby...