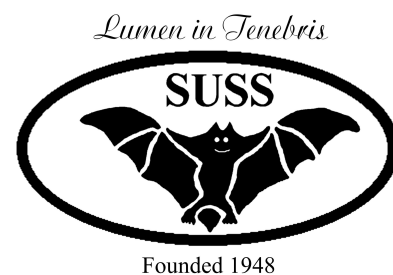


# *SUSS BULL 44(2)*

*JULY — SEPTEMBER 2004*



Bulletin of the Sydney University Speleological Society

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## He Comes From a Land Down Under

Sydney Morning Herald, August 28, 2004

by Justin Norrie

On the other side of the globe, nearly two kilometres beneath the earth, in a cold, gloomy chasm, you can find a small slice of Australia.

The sheer plunge near the bottom of the world's deepest cave, in a remote part of Georgia, doesn't automatically instantly inspire comparisons with Alan Warild's home country. It's bitterly cold, forever dark and usually damp. But since the veteran caver climbed to its dank depths last month it has incongruously borne Australia's name.

The 49-year-old from Newtown was invited to lead a 25-strong team of cavers from Russia and Ukraine on a world-record 1830-metre descent into the Krubera-Voronia cave in Abkhazia, Georgia.

At the end of the nine-day journey down the corkscrew-shaped hole, the triumphant team told Mr Warild it would name the final drop "Viva Australia" in his honour.

"One of the Russians had the idea to name it in my honour since I was the first to go down – I suppose I was pretty chuffed," the self-effacing caver said.

"It's not my favourite cave, because it's about 3 degrees at the bottom and it's muddy and you have to dive in one part. But it's a great challenge and a bit of a thrill to stand somewhere where no human being has ever stood before."

The previous world record for the deepest caving expedition, 1710 metres, was set in the same cave in 2001. But Mr Warild and his fellow travellers took a different route, passing through a sump filled with icy water to descend 120 metres further. "We went as far as we could, we hit a pit full of water and decided to leave it for another trip."

The Australian Speleological Federation said it had received an unconfirmed report that a team of Ukrainians was currently attempting to better Mr Warild's record. But the name for the drop would remain, it said.

"People like Alan are the modern-day equivalent of the explorers in the 19th century, others like me follow in their footsteps later," said federation president, John Dunkley.

"That name will stay and be put on maps of the cave in future. It's a significant achievement and shows the respect Alan has overseas. He's a well-known name and one of the top three in the world when it comes to deep and difficult caves."

Mr Warild discovered his unusual hobby when he was 13, on a school excursion to the Wee Jasper caves near Yass. Since then he has explored deep caves around the world.

"Australia doesn't really have any deep ones," he said. "The deepest is in Tasmania, almost 400 metres. The best, in my opinion, is Muruk, in New Guinea. It's about 1250 metres.

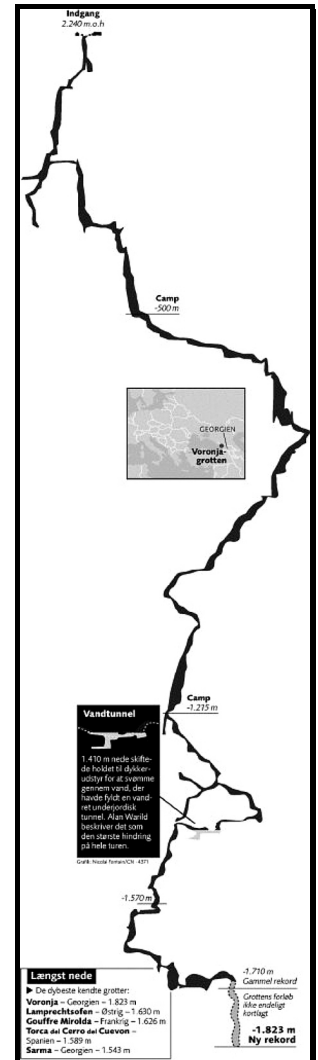
"I grew up in the Sutherland Shire and I always loved the outdoors. I think that's the only way I can explain it."

## Unearthly Experience

In the 1960s Anticline Cave at Wellington (about 5 hours drive from Sydney) was buried to make more space for caravan park development. The cave is developed on a beautiful anticline, Its entrance descends almost immediately to a calcite covered lake. The doline and lake have been polluted with rubbish and debris.

In the 1980s speleologists, with the aid of a Wellington Council long reach digger and an 1895 survey by Oliver Trickett, excavated and exposed the entrance to the cave. The fenced doline has occupied the centre of the caravan park for about 15 years with not much done to it.

Recently the new Wellington Caves Manager, found an associate with a digger to bench the sides of the doline and excavate the rubbish. Some members of the Wellington Council are keen to see the cave filled in being worried about possible costly development programs. At yesterdays Wellington Caves advisory meeting, fiery debate saw the cave rescued from burial by only a few votes. At least for the time being.



Voronia Elevation

To secure the cave and establish it as a valued item of cultural heritage we need manpower and womanpower to restore the cave. We need to remove a number of tons of debris that has slid into the entrance, remove rubbish from within the lake (getting wet time) and excavate and trace an historic staircase.

On the 13th and 14th of November a long reach digger will mysteriously be operating very near the entrance of the cave. The driver apparently likes to drink beer after a day's work. (Bring beer and meat/veges for a barbequeue) We need 50 or so people to join scheduled workgroups to move debris from inside the cave (about 6 – 10 meters distance) to where a digger could, if it were so inclined, remove the material to an equally mysterious skip.

There is some potential to discover more cave. It is common knowledge in the district that when the cave was buried there was a robbery at the local golf club and many cases of whiskey went missing. The locals believe that the whiskey was hidden somewhere in the cave and has to date not been found. I have found many empty bottles in the cave indicating that the whiskey cases are not far away!

If you can come on this weekend it will be a lot of fun but more importantly will help to save the cave. I also need a few trip leaders to help manage the people. They have to go through an Occupational Health and Safety induction so as to be covered by Wellington's volunteer insurance.

Please send me an email and let me know if you can come. Let me know if you will camp or will need a cabin booking and I'll try to reserve appropriate accommodation.

*Keir Vaughan-Taylor*

### **CP132/CP133 Cave, Cooleman**

To: carollayton@bigpond.com

Subject: Stream Cave at Cooleman

Hi Carol

I am writing to you in relation to a new stream cave that SUSS reported at Cooleman some time ago.

Ian Cooper wrote a small piece in the SUSS Bulletin Vol 39(2), back in 2000, I think it was. From the article I understand you were also on the trip and I am contacting you as I happen to have your email address.

It was some time before CSS became aware of the article and there was a further delay in organising a trip to look for the cave. We finally managed to locate it last weekend and wish to confirm that it is a cave that had not previously been numbered or recorded.

To refresh your memory, Ian indicated the cave was in a doline about 1.5 km NW of the Cave Ck/ Goodradigbee Junction and that it had an active stream sink, a higher level dry entrance and a total passage length of about 150 m.

We (as numbering coordinator for the area) have now tagged the stream sink as CP133 and the upper level entrance as CP132. I would be grateful if you would pass the info on to those who may be interested.

Regards

John Brush

CSS Inc

### **Missing SUSS Equipment**

The following equipment was missing at the equipment audit on 14th August 2004:

- 2 x 1.1 m ladder traces
- Tapes: 2.2 m 25 mm tubular white, 2 x 3.2 m 25 mm tubular white, 6 m 50 mm flat black, 10 m 50 mm flat purple, 10 m 50 mm flat orange, 12.4m 50mm flat purple
- Petzl Vertical caving helmet, 3 x Petzl Ecrin helmets, Arete climbing helmet
- Medium Spelean cave pack, yellow
- FX-2 Batteries: SUSS 10, SUSS 15, SUSS 18, SUSS 20, SUSS 23, SUSS 28
- FX Headpieces: SUSS 3, SUSS 10, SUSS 12

If you are holding any of these items, or know where they are, please let the President or Equipment Officer know ASAP.

*Steven Contos*





**Downunder at Dover: ASF Conference 2nd – 9th January 2005**

Tasmania has it all! Australia's deepest caves, some of the longest caves, certainly the most sporting, the prettiest and some of the most biologically interesting caves. Tasmania has classic karst, interesting hydrology and wonderful tourist caves.

Visit the Caving State in 2005!

CaveMania is conveniently located in Tasmania's picturesque south, close to the Southwest Wilderness World Heritage Area.

The venue at Far South Wilderness Co. offers a relaxed bush setting, waterfrontage and spectacular views of the surrounding mountains. Caving is close at hand at the Hastings and Ida Bay areas.

Visit the Conference Website for details: <http://www.tesa.com.au/stc/cavemania/>



*Ghengis Khan – Megan Pryke enjoying Tasmanian Caving*

*Photo Alan Pryke*

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## MAMMOTH CAVE PROGRESS AND WHAT'S NEXT

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BY PHIL MAYNARD

Mammoth cave is the biggest cave at Jenolan outside the tourist cave system. There were a multitude of maps produced of this cave during the years leading up to the publication of the Yellow Book<sup>1</sup>. So why would anyone want to re-map the cave?

Well, the cave keeps getting longer. Since the second edition of the Yellow Book, the following sections have been discovered (North to south):

- Streamway to Heaven – the extension of Central River downstream from Twiddley-Om-Pom.
- Risky Business – extension of Central River upstream from Oh-Me-Knees squeeze.
- Central River – connection through Overflow sump. Also, a small extension downstream from Central Lake.
- World of Mud – Large eastwards extension off Ice Pick Lake area.
- Ice Pick Lake – Extensive dive continues. Approximately 150 m of line laid underwater in two dives to date.
- Helictite Hallway – Decorated passage extends south from Horseshoe Aven
- Ooloop – Meandering phreatic tube connects route to Lower River into the back of Pisa Chamber.
- Upstream Lower River – Difficult diving, with about 50 m of line laid.
- Ice Age – extends north west from the route to Slug Lake. Possible bypass of Lower River upstream sump? Possible inlet of Dillon's Ck?
- Slug Lake – Very extensive dive continues. Surface chamber discovered and aid climbed (Gargle Chamber). Large phreatic passages unexplored. Deep passage followed to -96 m continues.

There are so many areas in the cave with new passage and new surveys since the 1970s that it makes sense to tie it all together with a new survey of the main passages as well as the extensions.

*So where have we got to so far?*

The skeleton map on the next page shows what's been done to date. The first surveys (in Conglomerate Cavern) were done on the 2nd of December 2000. Since then, we've surveyed 4.05 km of cave, with an estimated 6+ km to go! There's only a couple of hundred metres left to do in Southern section, and a little bit still to do in the Entrance chamber and Sand passage. Then there's probably another 800 m to do around Railway Tunnel, and finally the northern half of the cave.

Highlights to date: The survey of Pisa Chamber and the Oval (9/12/2002) was a thirteen hour epic trip with Steve and Annalisa Contos, Alan Pryke and me combining a survey of all the major chambers plus the side passages at the back of Pisa Chamber plus connecting in Ooloop with a photography session in Pisa Chamber. Another trip that was a standout was the forestry compass survey down through Debouchment Detour, connecting in Railway Tunnel with Central River (12/6/2004). This trip consisted of Ian Cooper, Annalisa Contos, Simon Goddard and me, and pushed the limits of what a forestry compass can do!

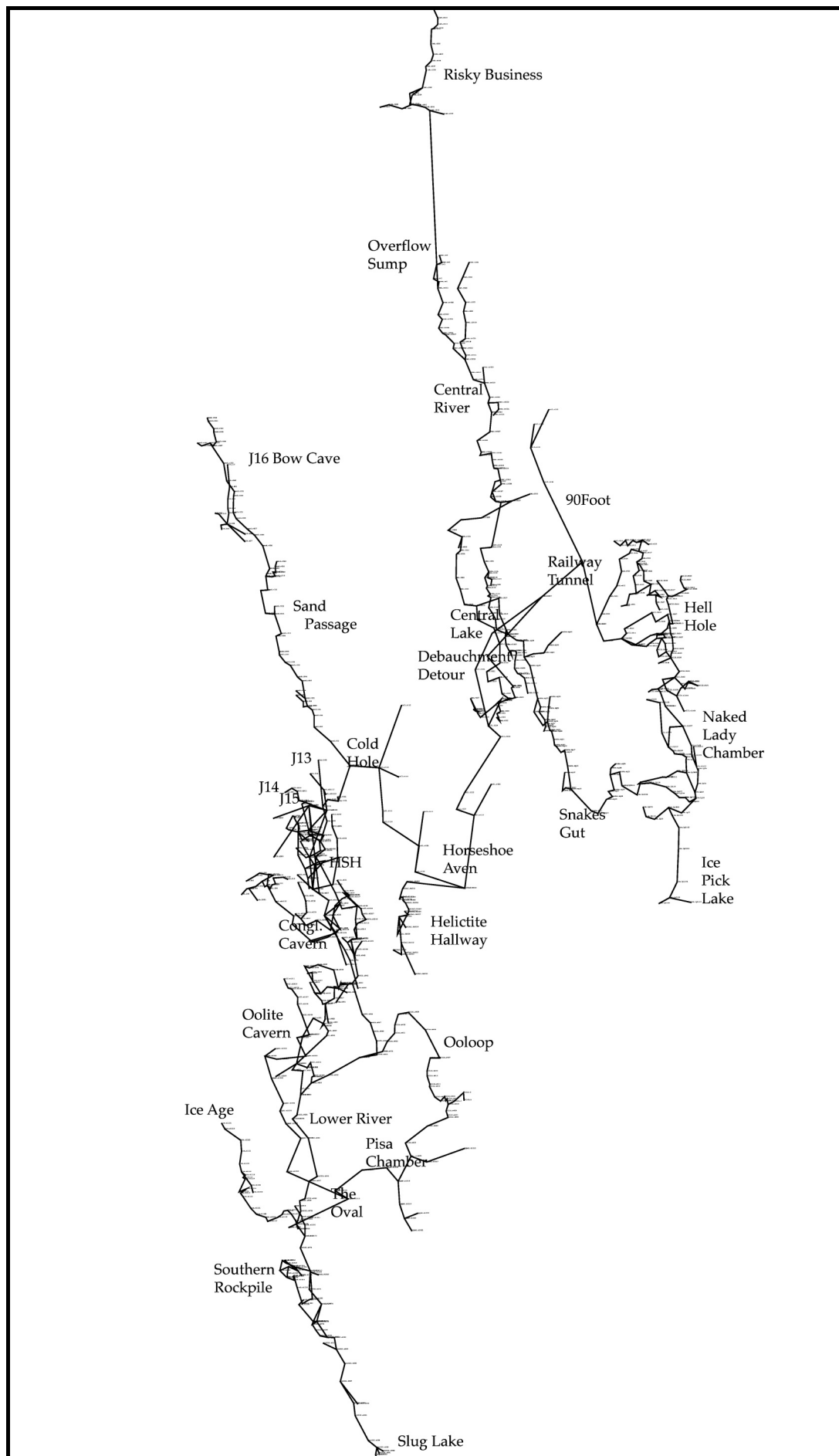
*So what's coming up next?*

We're going to finish Southern section over the next few Jenolan trips. That means doing Smirnoffs (any volunteers?) and the muddy bits at the top of the climb out of Oolite Chamber. We also have to finish the very extensive rockpile near Slug Lake. Looking a bit further down the track, we need one more trip to finish Sand Passage, plus some annoying rockpile bits under the Entrance chamber. Then we can get stuck into the very complex area between Debouchment Detour and Unsurveyed Connection and Skull and Cross Bones.

Thanks to the 36 surveyers who've helped out so far! Anyone else who'd like to have a go at surveying in such a fun cave, come along on a Jenolan trip some time soon – or some time not-so-soon, since our ETA at a final map is about 2010! Anyone who would like to learn how to draft a map is also welcome to take on some of the cave – this cave is never less than a challenge to plot.

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<sup>1</sup>"The Exploration and Speleogeography of Mammoth Cave, Jenolan", John Dunkley and Edward Anderson, second edition 1978



***Mammoth Cave***

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## “EAST DEEP CREEK CAVE HAS A KEY?”

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YARANGOBILLY 9 – 12 APRIL, 2004

BY BRETT DAVIS

PHOTOS ALAN PRYKE

**Participants:** Richard Pfeil, Martin Pfeil, Tamar Ziv, Jen Li Yeo, Michael Bosman, Verity Morris, Stan Ghys, Ian Cooper, Mark Staraj, Wendy Staraj, Matthew Staraj, Claudia Staraj, Mark Lowson, Max Midlen, Christine Lum, Simon Goddard, Brett Davis, Glenn Smith, Alan Pryke, Megan Pryke, Matthew Ridley, Shannon Crack, Isabel Chu, Belinda Adam, Catherine Vogler

Cameo by: Martin Scott and His Mid-life Crisis Bicycling Band.



*Simon in the river near Coppermine*

### **Thursday, 8 April, 2004:**

When travelling along the Snowy Mountains Highway on a Thursday night before the Easter Weekend, one of the last things you would expect to see would be a red traffic light, but that is what I encountered on the Yarangobilly River bridge. Due to work to replace the safety barriers, the bridge was reduced to one lane being controlled by portable traffic lights placed by the RTA. After waiting for the green light, I checked that no one was already at Cotterill's Cottage, and then went to the Yarangobilly Caves Guides Office to collect the keys. On my return to the cottage and unpacking, I selected my favourite room – 'The headless baby ghost room' and went to bed. I found the generator running the traffic lights rather intrusive but finally fell asleep.

At about midnight, my sleep was disturbed, not by the disembodied gurgling of a spiritual apparition or by the generator kicking to life, but by the dulcet tones of Alan Pryke's voice threatening to do violent acts to the generator and by the clumping of Simon Goddard's commando boots on the floorboards of the cottage. Good sense prevailed

and the generator came to no harm over the weekend, unfortunately, the same cannot be said of Simon's choice of footwear – he continued stomping all weekend.

### **Friday 9 April, 2004:**

Friday morning was clear and frosty, much the same as the rest of the weekend to follow. Those present at this stage were Alan, Megan, Simon, Glenn, Mark Lowson, Shannon (who had been dropped off by his father who continued on to work on one of the huts on the NSW/Victoria border), Max, Christine and me. Sharing the Cotterill Cottage property but not the cottage, were a group from SSS which included John Bonwick and his wife and the one and only Geoff McDonnell.

The morning proceeded like any SUSS caving weekend, with much coffee drinking and discussions of which caves to visit. At about 10.00am, it was decided to visit Inn Stable Cave. At 1.00pm, Alan, Megan, Simon, Glenn, Mark, Shannon and Max left for Inn Stable Cave. The delay can be attributed to too much coffee and whether to wait for more members to arrive.

After their departure, Mark, Wendy, Matthew and Claudia Staraj arrived and commenced to set up their family tent by the Yarangobilly River. The Staraj clan were planning on arriving earlier, but had to turn back at Goulburn when it was realised they had forgotten the tent pegs. Ian Cooper also showed up and opted for a tent outside rather than what was to become a crowded cottage. After setting up their tents, Mark and Coops entertained themselves with a game of Frisbee golf, one hole was my car. Finally at 2.30 pm, the Pfeil boys showed up in what appeared to be the TARDIS by the number of people it seemed to hold. It was actually a Volkswagon Transporter and it disgorged what appeared to be 20 people but was probably closer to 7 or 8. The last of our group, Verity and Stan also arrived at this time.

Once everyone had unloaded, Martin and five others went to have a short visit to Old Inn and Inn Stable Caves before dinner. Mark Staraj and family and Richard took a group to the thermal pool to enjoy the allegedly 28 degree C water as it was getting rather late for any significant cave visits. Those of us left at the cottage continued on with the morning's activities.

First to return to the cottage were the thermal pool group closely followed by most of the group that visited Old Inn and Inn Stable Caves except for Max, Glenn, Shannon and Simon who remained in Inn Stable pushing a lead. On their return, Stan and Verity stopped at the old pine plantation and collected a car load of fire wood which turned out to be very popular as each night was very cold. Max, Glenn, Shannon and Simon returned safely at 7.30 which was just as well as none of us would have been sober enough to mount a rescue having started drinking at 5.30. They reported successfully pushing a rock pile in Inn Stable Cave and found about 60 metres of passage that isn't shown on the map. Simon asked me to report that it was due to his heroic actions, negotiating the extremely dangerous and unstable rock pile, that they were able to find the passage although Max, Glenn and Shannon may dispute this.

### **Saturday 10 April, 2004:**

With such a multitude on this trip due to Richard's inability to say no, or an expectation that half would cancel, and the permit limited to 15, it looked like it may have been a bit tricky organising groups to go underground. Numbers on trips were successfully organised each day with five of those attending not planning on doing any caving and enough of the others not wanting to go caving each day so the permit number wasn't exceeded.



*Janus shawl*



*Megan goes for a swim in the Yarrangobilly river*

At 10.00am, Alan, Mark Staraj, Shannon, Verity, Stan, Richard and I set off for Eagle's Nest Cave. Another group consisting of Megan, Mark Lowson, Matthew, Martin, Simon and Coops went to visit East and North Deep Creek Caves. Those left were going to play tourist and visit the Yarrangobilly show caves and Kiandra.

As those of us on the way to Eagle's Nest passed the locked gates on the fire trail, a discussion commenced regarding the keys to the cave. On Thursday night I had picked up the keys from the guides but there was only one key for Eagle's Nest. Richard had the Eagle's Nest key from the cottage but Alan said there were two keys, one for the gated entrance and one for Hughie's Dig. When I had picked up the keys, I knew there were two locks but since the guides had left one key, I just assumed both locks were keyed the same. The question was now who would return to the cars and drive to the guides and pick up the Hughie's Dig key.

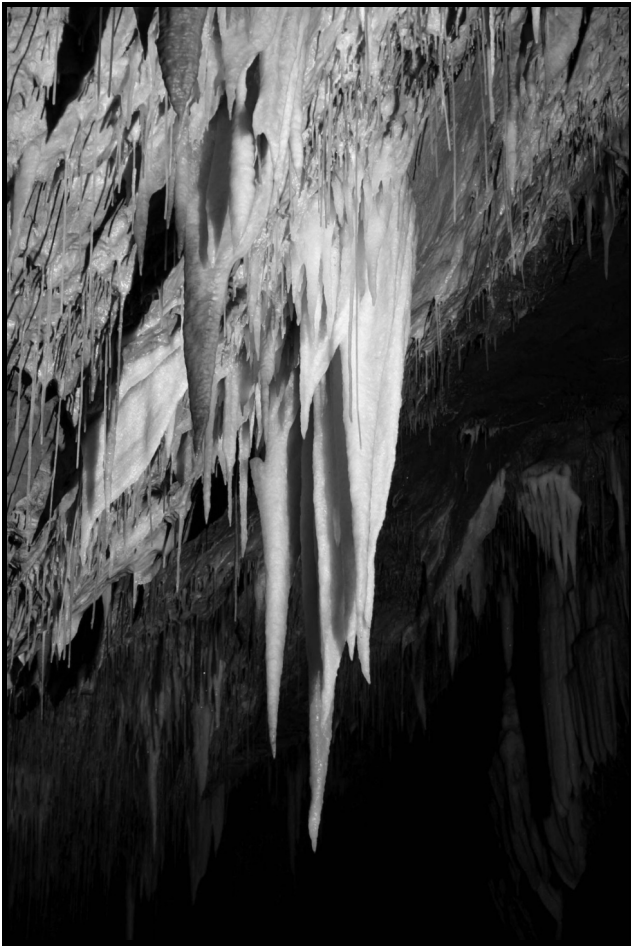
Stan volunteered to drive Richard, but as it was his first SUSS trip, that didn't seem fair, especially as I picked up the keys but didn't make sure on Friday we had all of the required keys. Richard and I walked back up the hill, passing the SSS group, who were suitably amused and confirmed for me that we needed two keys, and drove back to the guides' office for the key.

On the return to the Eagle's Nest parking area, I decided to opt out of the caving for the day. I had suffered a massive tick attack, courtesy of Steve and Annalisa Contos' abseiling cliff a couple of weekends earlier and my thermals were causing some rather distressing itching over most of my body. I returned to the cottage, took some more antihistamines and had a good scratch.

After Richard met up with the rest of the group outside the entrance with the offending key, they finally entered via Y2 close to midday. A fairly uneventful trip ensued but a stream way passage, not recorded on the map was found above the Y2 entrance after some exploration. Due to the drought, Eagle's Nest Cave was much drier than usual with Hughie's Dig, which is usually damp and muddy being very dry and dusty. Lunch was at the Junction and the opportunity was taken by those with cameras to photograph some of the brilliant formations in the area. They continued on through the Railway Tunnel, up the rock pile to emerge at 4.30 p.m.

Meanwhile, Megan, Mark Lowson, Matthew, Martin, Simon and Coops were having difficulty locating the entrance to North Deep Creek Cave as SUSS does not visit this cave very regularly. I recall several years ago following Chris Norton through the bush north of East Deep Creek Cave trying to find the right doline but ending up circumnavigating it and never finding it on that trip although we were successful on a later visit. Once they had located the entrance, everyone laddered into the cave and not being very large, it only took a couple of hours for





*Janus shawl*

Richard, Jen Li, Tamar, Michael and I were feeling quite pleased that we were able to depart for East Deep Creek Cave by 9.00am which is early by SUSS standards. As we were walking down the ridge towards the cave, I thought I should make sure Richard had the key after Saturday's episode. Richard's reply was "East Deep Creek Cave has a key?" At first I thought he was joking but he wasn't. After some suitable expletives muttered under my breath due to the mixed company, I said I'd get the key but they made me promise to come back this time so I gave them my pack as a hostage.

Walking back to the car, I met Ian, Alan and Glen with the SSS cavers on their way to Janus Cave. Asking why I was going back, I explained how Richard hadn't realised we needed a key to see the pretties in East Deep Creek Cave. The SSS group were mightily amused that we had managed to forget to bring a key two days in a row. Let this be a warning, if Richard is leading, make sure he has everything before you leave.

Walking into the cottage, I announced that I needed a sharp knife to cut out Richard's liver and the East Deep Creek Cave key. Mark Lowson and Matthew Ridley had a good laugh about the second forgotten key.

By the time I was back at East Deep Creek Cave, it was 10.30. We went to the first de-trog section where we removed our muddy clothes and then inspected and photographed the formations. Richard, Tamar and Michael went onto the second de-trog section, but Jen Li had seen enough and I had run out of

them to see it in its entirety.

After exiting North Deep Creek Cave, the group walked back to the East Deep Creek Cave doline for lunch. After lunch, Martin, Mark and Matthew went into the cave while the remainder deciding to either return to Cotterill's Cottage or the Yarangobilly thermal pool. The group that went into East Deep Creek Cave reported there was no flowing water in the stream.

One of the more amusing episodes of the weekend was provided by one of SUSS's mad Englishmen, Max Midlen. Max was in Alan's car along with Glenn, returning along the dirt track from the thermal pool when they were caught behind a large bus travelling at walking pace. Max told Alan to stop, got out of the car and started running up the road until he caught up with the bus:

Max (yelling to bus driver): "Pull over and let everyone past!"

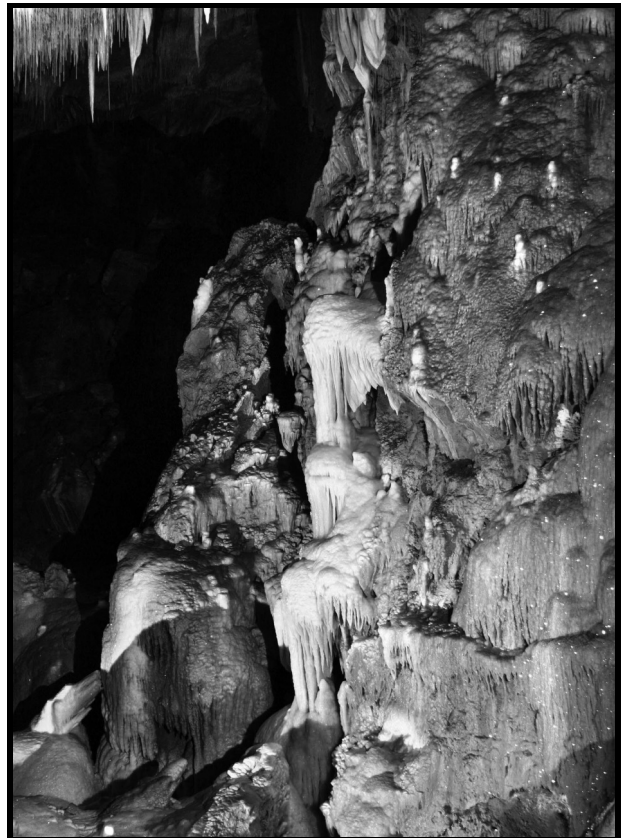
Bus driver: "What's your problem?"

Max (yelling and waving arms): "Pull over and let everyone past!"

Max didn't relate to us the bus driver's final reply (or I didn't hear it because I was laughing too much), but I would assume it was along the lines of: "Stupid bloody pommies!" Needless to say, the bus driver didn't pull over and they were forced to be patient.

#### **Sunday 11 April, 2004:**

Another busy day of caving was planned for Sunday, with trips to both sections of East Deep Creek Cave, Eagle's Nest Cave and three lucky SUSSLings tagging along on the SSS trip to Janus Cave – a well decorated cave, access to which is limited to one trip per year.



*Janus*

film so we left.

Richard, Tamar and Michael joined us on the surface at 1.00 pm where we had some lunch in the sun whilst beating at some persistent mosquitoes. After lunch, Richard took Jen Li, Tamar and Michael into the downstream section of the cave whilst I returned to the cottage to thankfully remove my thermals.

Mark Lowson, Mark Staraj, Martin, Megan, Catherine and Isabel went into Eagle's Nest at 11.00 am and after the usual through trip, emerged at 3.00 pm. Those that didn't cave that day did a tourist trip to Kiandra then went across to the cafe at Cabramurra for coffee.

Alan was very popular Sunday night with a group of us crowded around him like a bunch of blow flies around a fresh turd. He had spent his time well in Janus and took some brilliant photos of the formations and due to the wonders of modern technology, was able to show us the photos that night on his laptop computer.

### **Monday 12 April, 2004:**

During the previous week, I had been in contact with Martin Scott, an old SUSS member who said he would probably be passing by Monday morning during his epic push bike ride from Orange to Bega. Sure enough, Martin and his three mates arrived at 9.00am and like most bike riders after a long ride, enthusiastically accepted cups of coffee. After chatting and drinking coffee for about an hour, they said their goodbyes and continued on their way.

With all of us returning home today, there wasn't any major trips planned with people already leaving, starting with Verity and Stan at 7.00am then Mark Lowson and Isabel left at 9.30am. Those still keen to cave were Martin, Megan, Alan, Coops, Catherine, Jen Li, Michael, Glenn and Simon who went to Old Inn and Inn Stable Caves for a few hours. Richard asked if I could return the keys to the guides, but having picked up the keys Thursday night and having had to return to pick up missing keys two days running, I had had quite enough of keys for one weekend and suggested someone else could have the honour of returning them. The last of the group left mid afternoon, bringing to an end the largest and busiest trip I had ever attended at Yarangobilly Caves.



*Frosty morning at Cotterills Cottage*



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## CLOSE, BUT NO BANANA — JUBILEE CLOSES IN ON SPIDER CAVE

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BY MARK STARAJ AND SIMON GODDARD

### **Last Resort, Spider Cave**

This small offshoot of The Eyrie in the upper levels of southern Spider Cave was found in 1987 during yet another search for possible connection sites between Spider Cave and the Jenolan System (the Show Cave complex). The connection was found at river level the next year but interest in Last Resort resurged in 1994 after the SUSS breakthrough in the perched Watergate Sump. This is at the same level as Last Resort and a survey of newly discovered passages showed Last Resort was only some 10 m distant. The Watergate Sump is notoriously difficult for many reasons – not least because it has been passable only twice in a hundred years! The mud is another story.....

However in Last Resort there is a breathing passage blocked by rockpile heading directly towards the hidden passages behind Watergate Sump. The map shows the relationships between these passages, as well as Khan Passage to the north.

### **Sunday 8th December, 2002**

Chris Norton led a team including Alan and Megan Pryke, and Martin Pfeil into Spider. No significant progress was made at Last Resort but despite the drought it was found that a small stream was running out of Khan Passage.

A breakthrough in Last Resort is well worth any effort expended. Each visit to the passages behind Watergate was yielding more passage and the potential in this enigmatic area looked very good indeed with leads east towards Aladdin, Glass Caves and Rho Hole, and leads upwards to possible new entrances and levels. The lack of access through Watergate sump means that Last Resort would be a very good way to get to this area.

### **Sunday 5th September, 2004**

Sunday was a day specifically planned around Michael Bates training in cave diving. Rod and Paul planned a dive up Imperial Streamway from Sump 2 to Sump 4 to improve and test Michael's skills. The other crew led by Keir would rendezvous with them in Bell Chamber below the drum in the Jubilee section. This connects to Imperial Streamway via Sump 5 which presently has a handspan of airspace due to the prevailing drought. Members of Keir's team would have the opportunity to pass Sump 5 and see the truly spectacular streamway between sumps 3 and 4. The experienced duo of Paul and Rod would then pass the more difficult Sump 6 to explore Sump 7 in Far Country.

I had had the chance to see the Imperial Streamway last year and rate it top of the list of the "must see" items at Jenolan. It occurred to me that we would be right nearby to Watergate Sump and that someone should check to see how low it currently was. I suddenly determined that if it was open then I would go through. I asked Keir, Phil, Simon and Brett if any of them wanted to make a team with me in case it was open. Keir had a far-away wistful look but knew he could not buy out of family responsibilities and opted to help Sue, Vince and the children get down to Sump 5. Phil had a look instead of wanting to be far away and disappeared outside to pack the ladder and rigging for the pitch down to Sump 5 – it might have been 10 years ago but the scars of two survey trips through Watergate in a week still take their toll. Brett made it clear that Watergate was never his sort of thing and left it to Simon. Simon made all the right noises of being keen – after all he missed the last attempt in 2002 – but when the important choices were there to be made it was clear his bravery to face the reported horrors of Watergate was firmly rooted in his belief the sump would be impassably full of water.

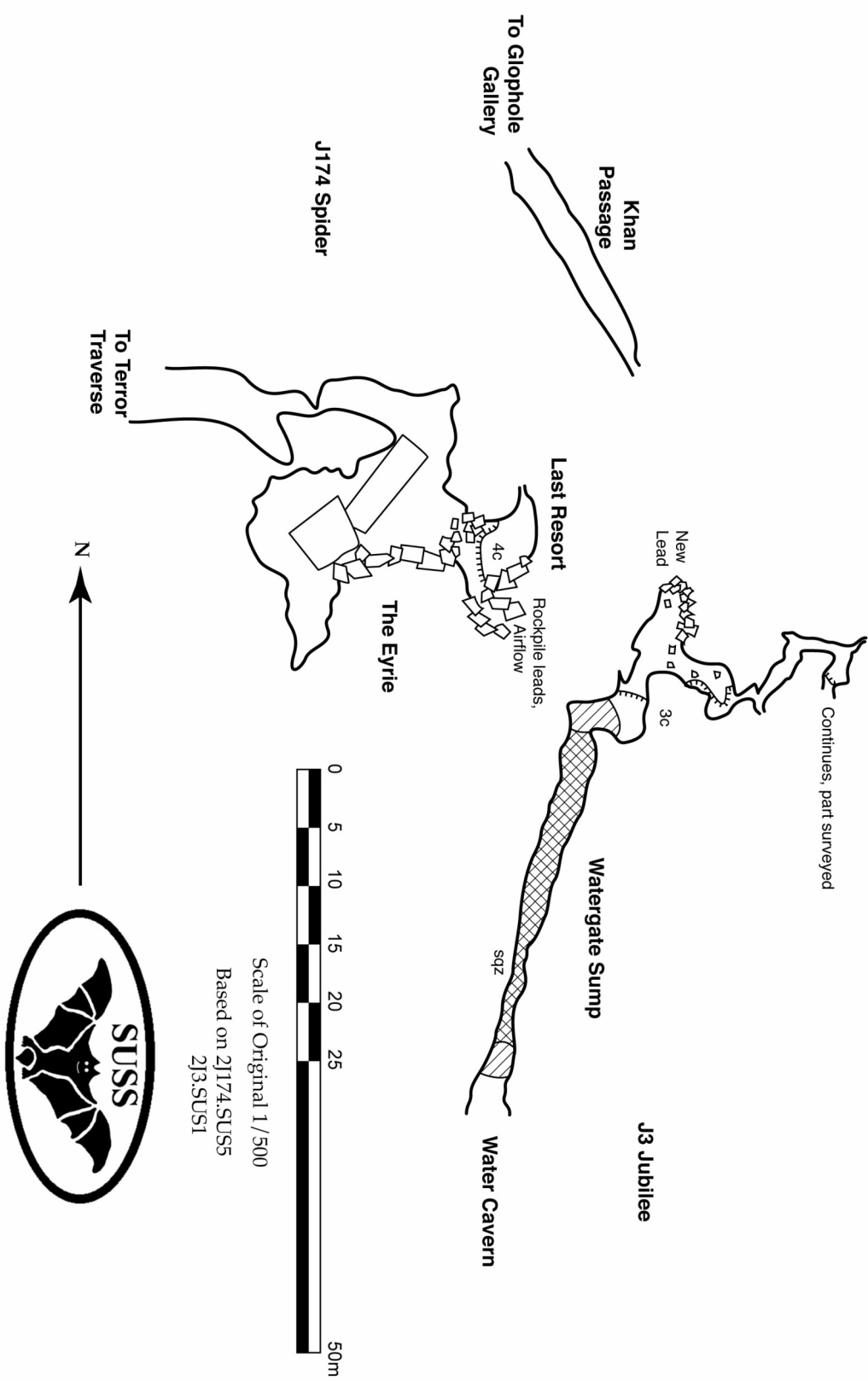
"Simon, have you packed a towel to clean the mud off afterwards?", or "Simon have you brought a full change of clothes for getting out the tourist caves afterwards?"; were all met with "No, but ok, ok I will. But Staraj, you and I both know that we won't be able to get through Watergate." "Simon, Simon! You can't think like that – its defeatist!"

With a pack full of caving gear and another of diving gear we followed the divers into Imperial. For some reason I mistook the noise of children down at the Imperial River for a side trip to show them the underground river and not for what it really was – the kit up site for the divers. So instead of following them down, Brett, Simon and I carried our packs onward to the drum in Jubilee where I supposed the pitch would be rigged and the gear chained down for the dive through Sump 6 into Far Country and the swim in Imperial. We arrived at the drum to find Phil and the rigging gear but no one else.

He looked at me and asked a very valid question: "Why did you bring the air tank here? The divers are going to need that at Imperial."

# Spider and Jubilee Caves

Jenolan, NSW



I quickly looked around at the others and realized I was the only one carrying scuba gear! What a dumbo! Couldn't they have told me? Thinking quickly I suggested Brett take it back while I carried out the immediately important task of checking the Watergate sump. Surprisingly he agreed! Luckily for him too Keir was already on his way to Jubilee to retrieve the errant tank.

In no time at all Simon and I were ready to venture beyond the tourist railing. I love this bit. The tourist track simply ends where the cave gets most exciting. After a long constricted passage past formations the cave suddenly breaks out into the start of a tall beckoning tunnel some 4 m across and 8 m high. It zooms off into the gloom and bends out of sight. This is Water Cavern and ever since I saw it as a kid the explorer in me chafed at the railing. Where did it go to?

Years later as a member of SUSS I got to see the that it ended after around 100 m in a large sump pool and then I frustratingly wondered as every serious caver did as to what lay beyond. Today we could see immediately that the pool was gone. This was fantastic news! Simon and I were about to be the first team since 1998 to get through! And perhaps only the 6th overall. Down at the low bit the breeze picked up markedly and the mud looked much dried out compared to my last time. Down on our stomachs we squirmed through – not hardly sinking at all. How easy was this! Great! I thought and then looked up to see my second mistake of the day. Yes we had passed a low bit but very clearly not the low bit. Make no mistake – the head was going to have to be shoved down into the floor to pass this squeeze at the bottom. Here the wind fairly howled through and blew past us making a sound like wind in the sails of ship. It was wetter here but not too treacherous and onwards we went until breaking out on the far side to be confronted by a tricky 3 m climb.

Phil's survey analysis showed the closest approach of Last Resort and Watergate was here at the base of the climb but there was nothing to be seen to hint of any passage.

Last time I was here the mud had been much worse. It had been so bad that I almost despaired of climbing this wall. A necessary move is to swing a leg up to a toehold – that day I found my leg and boot so weighed down in mud I almost couldn't do it. No such trouble today. Up we went and again started to look exhaustively at the left hand wall. Simon found a small pocket filled in sediment with a tiny gap above the floor. Maybe air was blowing from here – but maybe not. It was certain we would not be able to see it any better without much work so we moved on. The passage here was more of a canyon so I climbed up into the roof to look for possibilities – still none. A collection of boulders formed the middle of the floor and down through a gap was some space. Through it could clearly be seen the streamway that brings water into the sump. Just to be sure I left Simon peering in while I climbed over the boulders, through where the passage is pinched, to a drop down into the floor. At this point the passage onwards now turns sharply right and away from Last Resort. In the floor hole was again the stream passage and it led comfortably back under the boulders towards Simon. Still I went in to confirm what I already knew. After shining our lights at each other I turned around to head out and saw a small gap in the left hand wall. I looked in and saw to my surprise a gravel and sand floored streamway passage in solid rock heading away from known passages and out of sight after some 4 m. Whoa! Now we had something! It was not large but looked negotiable if we could only get in.

I climbed out of the floor hole and looked in the direction it was headed. Although the main route veered away behind me a portion of the passage did open back a little in the opposite direction. I could see a hole in the wall which I remembered peering through years before to see a small room in rockpile that we did not enter at the time but that I always intended to come back to.

After showing Simon the stream passage I checked one more nearby hole close to where the way on turns sharply again to be a narrow canyon – stones rattled down out of sight and possibly into this canyon. It could not be investigated further anyway so we now turned our attention to the rockpile room. A low gap hidden underneath the wall luckily provided a way in but the only way on from this room was into a tight flattener under a boulder that rested solely on the edge of a rock of insignificant proportions for the job. Squeezing under this was not a comfy thought but the 4hrs spent hunting through the Southern Section rockpile in Mammoth the day before had helped desensitize us to thoughts of collapse. Ahead it did not look promising – the 2 m squeeze looked passable (certainly for Simon, I reasoned) and opened up into a low chamber from which no obvious way on could be seen. To be certain, however, someone had to go in.

[Simon]: Mark had told me that we were looking for something off to the left, heading in the direction of Spider. He recalled a lead from last time and pointed it out to me. It was a squeeze under a large boulder and into a small open space within the rockpile. From here, I could see the way on over a flat boulder and under a large rock that was not held up by much at all. I was able to squeeze through the bottom over a flattener and into another small but open space. There was an obvious echo and as I looked to the left I could see through into a large open area.

To get to this area required squeezing beside a very large rock that seemed to be held up by pure luck. It was a nervous time but once through I found myself through the rockpile in large open stream passage. At this point the whole distance from myself to Mark could be no more than five or six metres, heading to the left. The passage was

VERY uncharacteristic of what we had come through. It was about three or so metres wide and four metres or so high. It was roughly triangular in shape and there was a ledge running up and along the right hand side of the wall. The passage narrowed and the roof dropped further on, but only to about five and a half feet before opening up again into dimensions similar to what I had emerged into. I paced approximately 10 metres to the drop in the roof and then a further seven metres to the next rockfall. The floor was dead flat the whole way and was a combination of dryish (i.e. not muddy) sediment and fine gravels. There were no large rocks, cobbles or pebbles. The first 10 metres of the passage after the Water Cavern rockpile trended left and then as the roof dropped down, it trended 45 degrees to the left again.

Seven metres from the bend I was stopped by another rockfall. This stretched up about 4 or more metres and looked more like a wall than a rockpile. The only possible way on was a tight triangular constriction wide enough for me to get two boots in and that's about it. There is a flattish rock stopping the floor from being dug out and it will in all likelihood require some effort to dislodge it as it is quite wedged. Likewise the right side of the constriction looks like it could be removed with tools, brute strength and the will. All I had with me was the will and a charming personality so I could only grin at it.

Through the constriction I could see into a room which was the continuation of the passage I was in. There was a wall or mud covered boulders on the other side. I could not see well enough. It looked, from the shadows, that the way on might be on the left hand side of this wall.

[Mark again] Simon now returned and I made a cautionary attempt to negotiate the flattener. At its exit point it narrowed to where exhaling was needed so I decided to leave a more serious attempt for next trip. With the time remaining I led Simon towards the waterfall room. He then climbed up and through the squeeze to have a cursory look at the large chamber ahead. With all the cleaning and changing still ahead of us, not to mention assisting the divers in hauling their equipment out of the cave, we left. Our merry mood sobered somewhat when we saw the state of the squeeze in Watergate. Since we had broken the surface on the way in the water had seeped back up and returned the squeeze to all its former glutinous, wet and muddy glory. By the time we reached Water Cavern we were thoroughly soaked and coated in the stuff, including our faces. The precautions we had taken for getting changed made the process of getting cleanly out of the cave quite easy although our packs as usual were considerably heavier. We reached the drum just in time to catch Keir, Phil and the others returning from Sump 5.

It appears we have found exactly what we wanted – a passage striking directly out towards a part of Spider Cave. It remains to be seen whether it transpires to be either Khan Passage or Last Resort. Khan Passage would be of little use to us other than for maybe completing an important survey loop because the extensive formations at its end choke the way on. I rather believe it's Last Resort and not Khan Passage as a stream flows down Khan Passage and into Spider whereas this streamway would flow towards Watergate Sump and away from Spider (I am here assuming the streamway I first spotted and the one Simon entered further on are one and the same). It's planned next trip to have teams simultaneously in both Spider and Jubilee to force the connection.

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## THURAT RIFT – SPRING CANYONING

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10 – 12TH SEPTEMBER 2004

BY MARTIN PFEIL

PHOTOS MARK LOWSON

**Participants:** Martin Pfeil, Max Midlen, Mark Lowson, James Tarrent, Andrew Zehn



*James tries to stay out of the Plunge Pool.*

Although the weather forecast looked a bit dodgy we thought we would chance it and go ahead anyway. So it was on! After all squeezing into one car at Strathfield Station we soon found our way careering up the all too familiar M4 in a crappy old VW Passat. There was nothing decent on the radio and the tape deck is rooted so we instead found ourselves debating where we should have dinner.

Oh how disappointed we all were when we rocked up to the Grand View with our killer appetites only to be told that the kitchen had just closed! Well we must have looked very hungry 'cause as we headed long-faced towards the door there was a sudden change of heart and, provided we didn't all order the well done steaks, we could have whatever we wanted! Excellent! Satisfied we were soon on our way again and somehow managed to avoid all the kamikaze wombats on the Jenolan Caves Rd. We arrived at our campsite, pitched tents and were all warm in bed shortly after midnight. I don't think everyone liked the idea of getting up at 6am but it had to be done!

We walked briskly along the King Pin Fire Trail, partly due to a desire to warm up and this cold, windy morning but also we knew that a long day lay ahead of us and if we were to have any chance of getting to a place to camp before dark we had to move quickly.

Our route soon took us off track and we made good progress until we headed slightly off course at one point,

but this was soon corrected and we were in the creek by about 9:30am. James & Mark had fun faffing about with their new toys (digital cameras), taking numerous shots of waterfalls, pools, ferns and the like. On arriving at the top of the big drop off into the valley we were relieved to find that the strong wind had now eased, probably due to us being in a more sheltered location. Mark was relieved for another reason; there was much less water flowing over the drop this time compared to his previous trip here when the party had an interesting time descending the canyon in flood conditions! We donned abseiling gear and organised the ropes. The first drop was about 45 metres and presented no difficulties to the party although Andrew spent some time in a position not too unlike that of

an upturned tortoise before jettisoning his pack. After some re-packing and Andrew now having a better grasp of physics we were on our way down the next abseil.

The abseils kept coming at us quick and fast and before long we had lost count of how many we had actually done!!! . The creek was very green with succulent like plants covering most of the waterfalls. There were also many tree ferns, and other rainforest plants shrouding the creek. The highlight was a drop of about 62 metres that we negotiated as 2 shorter drops via a convenient tree two thirds of the way down which we could re-anchor from. Well, we were all getting a bit hungry by now so we stopped at the base of this tremendous waterfall for a bite to eat, while Mark was left perched on a ledge contemplating the joys of coiling two tangled ropes. This waterfall was really beautiful with water cascading down through the green lushness before being deposited in the deep turquoise pool at the base. What a magical place!!!

Soon enough we were on our way again with many more abseils and scrambles down smaller drops making progress slow but interesting. Huey had decided to throw a bit of rain our way as well but it was only light and a bit on and offish so not too bad really. It was about 5pm when we reached a rather poor but adequate campsite. We had about an hour of daylight and I knew there was a better campsite “just around the corner”. Well half an hour later and after encountering the stinging nettles we reached Kanangra Creek and that presented much easier walking. Before we knew it a small campsite came into view and this was to be our final resting place for the day! We took advantage of a break in the rain to quickly gather firewood and erect tents. Before too long we were settled down in front of a roaring inferno cooking dinner. The heat of the fire seemed to magnify the stings on our legs leaving a strange half numb burning sensation.

Meanwhile, Andrew had other ideas, the lure of a nice warm sleeping bag out of the rain was just too great to ignore and he soon disappeared into his salubrious accommodation not to be seen again until morning. The rest of us sat around chewing the fat for a few hours before calling it a night too. By the way, the rain stopped and the stars came out in all their glory about 5 minutes after Andrew got into his tent.

Morning had broken and I was a bit reluctant to stick my head out of the tent for fear of being confronted by a sky full of black clouds. James was up before me attending to a call of nature. “Tell me we have clear blue sky!” “Yep it’s all clear.” “Bewdy!” Max already had the fire going again so that was a good excuse to get up as well. It was such a nice spot next to the creek we found it hard to get motivated and get going. When the sunlight finally reached us in the valley we decided that it was time to set off. By now it was 10am! So we headed downstream in search of a nice easy way up the hill. Hmmmmm, I guess it didn’t really matter which way we went we still had a climb of nearly 900 vertical metres to do and that wasn’t going to be avoided no matter what. Bugger!

We collected water and began our slow and steady ascent. The hard slog began to pay off as we were rewarded with view aplenty. Such rugged country; Steep ridges, deep gorges, many peaks looming in the distance. There was an icy wind about which made the steep climbing a little easier. On reaching the summit of Burra Gunama “Hill” we decided it was time for lunch. We got another fire going, Max organised a brew and we reflected on a great trip and absorbed the beauty around us. It was then that Andrew pulled out an enormous packet of ‘twiggy sticks’ which were quickly devoured by all! “What you’ve got a tin of smoked mus-sels as well!!!!” Needless to say they didn’t last either.....

The fire was killed and buried and we headed up the ridge for the 5km track/fire road bash back to the car. The rest is history. Except to say that the meal at the Hampton Halfway House was just about the best I’ve ever had. Maybe I was a tad hungrier than usual that evening!!!



*A top-heavy drink of water.*

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## A HUT TOO FAR

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### CROSS COUNTRY SKIING GUNGARTON RANGE

21 – 22 AUGUST, 2004

TEXT & PHOTOS BY BRETT DAVIS

**Participants:** Kevin Moore, Phil Maynard, Brett Davis

For something a bit different to the usual caving or canyoning trip, Kevin Moore offered to run a cross country ski trip to the Gungarton Range in the Kosciuszko National Park. Unlike Kevin and Phil, I had never previously done cross country skiing and only took up down hill skiing 3 seasons ago but have been keen to try it for many years but never had the opportunity. Unfortunately I caught the 'flu on the Wednesday before and thought I should cancel, but after some cajoling from Phil who also had the 'flu but was going anyway, and against my better judgement, I decided to go.

Phil and I departed into the worst of the Sydney Friday afternoon traffic at 4.30pm. After a lengthy meal stop at Queanbeyan where we waited an hour for our meals in a pub bistro, and picking up skis at Jindabyne, we arrived at the Island Bend camping area at about midnight. Kevin wasn't able to leave Sydney until 8.00pm so arrived several hours after us and just slept in his car rather than setting up his tent.

The weather Saturday morning was partly cloudy with snow flurries higher up and the occasional strong wind gust from the west. After breakfast, we drove to the Guthega Power Station and parked the cars at 10.00am. Due to the exceptionally good ski season we are having, the snow level was only about 100 metres above the car park, which is at 1300 metres, which meant we only had to carry our skis a short distance.



*White's River Hut*

It was only after a couple of hundred metres of carrying my pack on the skis and having to go up hill that I realised that maybe I should have stayed at home. I was managing the skis and pack well enough for my first time but my lungs were struggling requiring me to stop to catch my breath fairly regularly. I expressed my doubts about the wisdom of me continuing to Phil and Kevin, once I had caught up with them, but they were insistent that I'd be fine and to keep going.

At the top of a ridge, there was a sign pointing to a hut 500 metres away. I suggested that it would be a good idea for me to wait for them there, but that idea was also knocked on the head. We continued onwards, up and down the hills (but mainly up) and into a fairly strong headwind, with Phil and Kevin striding up the valley and me, swearing and wheezing behind them, stopping regularly to admire the views and catch my breath. I was expecting



to see only a few people, but we must have had at least 20 other skiers passing us up and down the valley during the morning which gave me more excuses to stop, chat and catch my breath.

Although the wind was strong, visibility was quite good which made the entire struggle worth while. With the large amount of snow that had fallen this season, the cover was very good and there were some very large wind-blown snow drifts. One of the more spectacular wind drifts was a cornice over 10 metres high over the first creek we crossed. I'm sorry now that I didn't make the effort to get my camera out of my pack and take a photo at the time but if I took off my pack, I might not have put it back on.

We stopped for lunch at 12.30 once we were in an area protected from the prevailing winds which wasn't a moment too soon for me. We then discussed our final destination for the evening which Kevin had planned on being Schlink Hut. After looking at the map and my right shin which had been rubbed raw by a poorly fitted boot, I suggested White's River Hut which was only half the distance away. We continued on and agreed to decide as we went depending on how fast I could move.

By this stage the track began to level out which made progress much easier than before lunch. The scenery was becoming more spectacular as we climbed and the vegetation thinned. On our west above us was the Rolling Ground with winds whipping snow off the peaks, back lit by the sinking sun. Clouds were slowly gathering as the afternoon progressed, bringing the occasional snow fall the higher we travelled.

Thanks to my slow progress, we finally arrived at White's River Hut at 2.30pm. Kevin wanted to continue to Schlink Hut, but I told them this was as far as I was going. If they wanted to go on, they could pick me up (literally I thought) the following morning on their return. We also had the hut to ourselves whereas Schlink Hut may have been crowded with some of the skiers that passed us during the day. Rather than split the group up, Kevin and Phil agreed with my excellent suggestion.



*Creek*



*Phil washes the dishes*

Both of them had plenty of energy still to burn, so after unpacking, Kevin and Phil put their skis on and went for a look at the Rolling Ground from higher up. I opted to look after the hut and drink some coffee. White River Hut was far more luxurious than I had expected. It was two roomed, with a store room for fire wood, a large iron fire place and was fairly wind tight although that may have had more to do with the hut having snow piled up several metres around its walls and up to a metre on the roof. Bedding consisted of four double iron bunks that appeared to have been made in 1850. There was also an overflow hut with another couple of double bunks



and a pit toilet. Pit toilets aren't usually too appealing but compared to squatting over a hole in the snow, it was luxury.

Phil and Kevin returned after about an hour to report on great views to be had of the Rolling Ground from the top of the ridge. With the clouds gathering and the snow showers becoming more frequent and heavier, we started a fire and Phil began preparing one of his culinary masterpieces. Phil also brought out a bottle of port before dinner which went down well.

Our only visitors were a young couple just before dusk. We told them there was more than enough room for them, but the boyfriend said he had bought a new tent and wanted to try it in the snow. His girlfriend did not seem quite so enthusiastic about the idea.

With the outside temperature well below zero and the temperature inside not much warmer, we all opted for the warmth of our sleeping bags by 8.30. I had set up my sleeping bag on a top bunk, but after seeing the amount of snow on the roof, and the roof's construction, I opted for a bottom bunk. The beds looked strong enough to survive an avalanche. We fell asleep to the sound of the snow beating against the metal chimney.

During the night the wind eased but the snow continued to fall into the morning leaving a fresh layer of 5 cm. The valley was now untracked as all signs of the previous day's traffic had been obliterated by the amount of snow that fell and the wind. With the sun slowly rising over Disappointment Ridge, you couldn't find many better views to enjoy over your morning coffee.

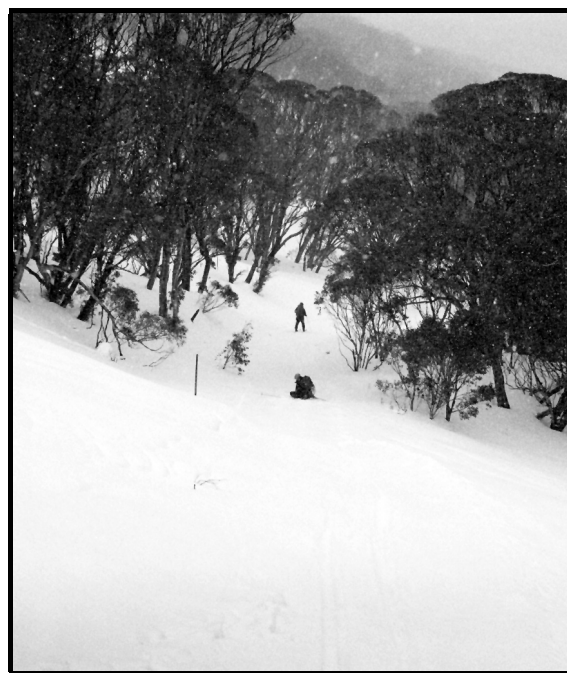
Although I thought the previous day was going to kill me, it appears the old saying of 'What doesn't kill you can only make you stronger' applied in this case. My lungs were almost fully recovered and I could take a decent lungful of air and besides the abrasion on my shin, I didn't have any sore muscles and was looking forward to the return trip which was 80 – 90% downhill. We had a leisurely breakfast and after finishing packing and several more cups of coffee for me, we departed White's River Hut at 10.30am. Compared to the previous day, our return trip to the car park was rapid. Entertainment was provided by Kevin on the first steep hill when he went arse up just as I was photographing him. I was finding even the up hill sections much easier as I was able to keep up a rhythm breathing instead of gasping.

It appeared that the heavy snow we had experienced at the hut had fallen as rain below 1500 metres as the snow cover had noticeably thinned in several areas since the previous day. We had to remove our skis 100 metres further back up the road above the car park on our return arriving back at the cars just after midday which was much earlier than we had expected.

As we had returned so early, Phil decided to take the scenic route back to Sydney via the Alpine Way and the Murray Valley Highway as Kevin was going onto Mount Hotham in Victoria for a week of skiing. After returning our skis, we travelled along the Alpine Way stopping at Tom Groggin rest area for some lunch.

We stopped at a lookout after lunch to take in the western view of the Snowy Mountains. If you haven't seen this view in winter, I would recommend the trip as the view is spectacular with snow covered peaks rearing upwards nearly vertically for 1,500 metres. It is much more impressive than the view from the east. The Sentinel, which is a popular destination of back country skiers, stands out with its sheer sides and sharp peak. This is where we said goodbye to Kevin as Phil and I continued back to Sydney via Tumbarumba, Adelong then rejoined the Hume Highway at Gundagai, reaching Sydney at 9.30pm.

I was a bit of a pain on Saturday, so I'd like to thank Phil and Kevin for putting up with me and encouraging me onwards, as in the end, the trip was well worth the effort. Now that I have experienced it and know what to expect, I will ensure we plan a few cross country ski trips next winter – assuming global warming doesn't kick in too fast.



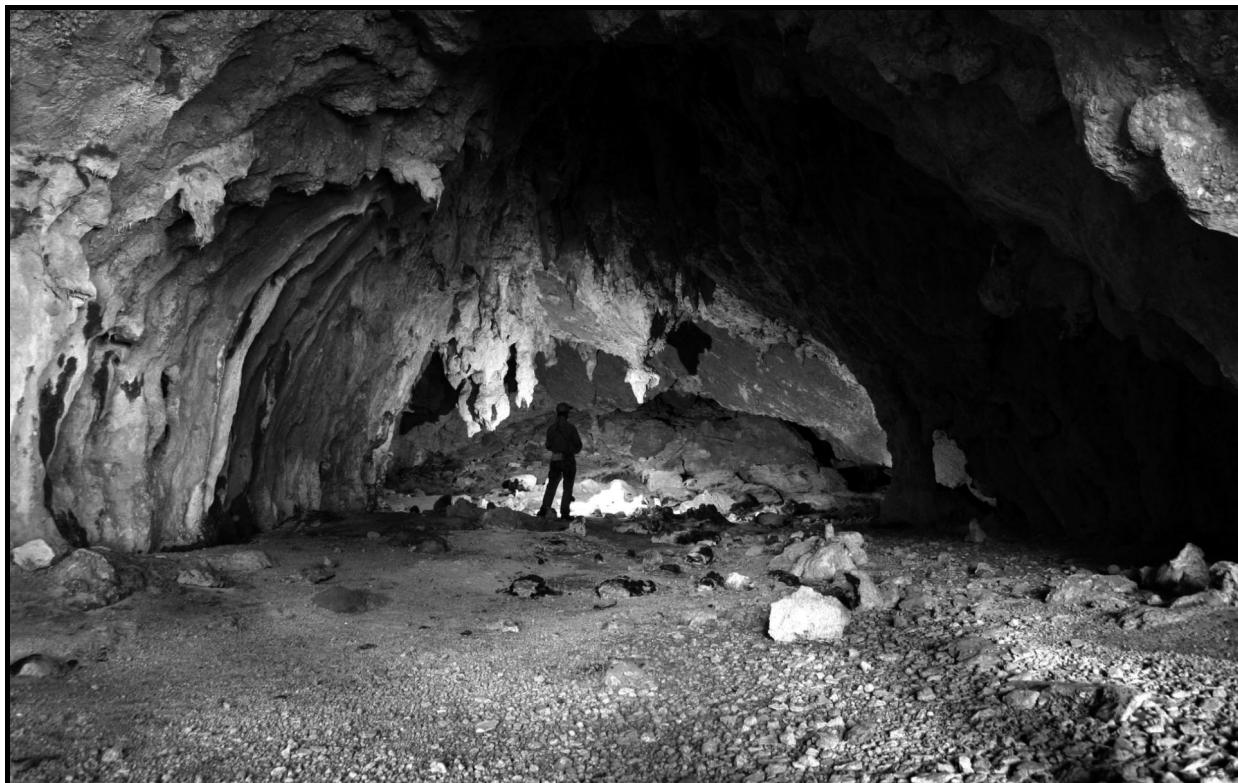
*Falling down*

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## PHOTO GALLERY

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Photos by Alan Pryke



*Ian Cooper in Tricketts*



*Dogleg*

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## PHOTO GALLERY

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*Megan Pryke Stal-scrubbing in Dogleg*

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## TRIP LIST: OCTOBER 2004

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SUSS General Meetings are held on the first Thursday of the month at 7:00pm (for a 7.30pm start) in the Common Room of the Holme Building at the University of Sydney. The Holme Building is close to the Parramatta Rd footbridge on the northern side of campus. The Common room is on the first floor (enter from Science Rd).

For updates to this list, check out the SUSS Website: <http://ee.usyd.edu.au/suss>. Detailed information on each caving area (plus other useful information such as what you will need to bring) can be found in the *Beginner's Handbook* section of the Website.

Please Note: it is YOUR responsibility to inform the trip supervisor of any relevant medical conditions which may in any way affect your fitness, such as asthma, diabetes and the like.

### October

**9–10 Jenolan.** Our regular trip to Jenolan is on again, accommodation at the Cavers cottage. Contact Phil Maynard [Philip.Maynard@uts.edu.au](mailto:Philip.Maynard@uts.edu.au) (home) 9908 2272..

**16 Multi Pitch Abseil – Castle Head.** Contact Michael Fraser [michaelfraser172@hotmail.com](mailto:michaelfraser172@hotmail.com) 9746 9782 (home).

**16–17 Jaunter – Hollanders.** Photo and exploration trip. Contact Andrew Trafford 9971 2693 [andrewtrafford@optusnet.com.au](mailto:andrewtrafford@optusnet.com.au)

**23–24 Canyon – Windows or Honeycomb.** Contact Michael Fraser [michaelfraser172@hotmail.com](mailto:michaelfraser172@hotmail.com) 9746 9782 (home).

**30–31 Wyanbene.** Contact Brett Davis [bdavis@ssc.nsw.gov.au](mailto:bdavis@ssc.nsw.gov.au) 9747 4818 (home).

### November

**4 General Meeting.** 7:00 pm Holme Common room. Scott Hall will present some videos of his adventures in Italy and Japan.

**6–7 Jenolan.** Our regular trip to Jenolan is on again, accommodation at the Cavers cottage. Trip Supervisor TBA.

**13–14 Wellington.** Trip to help dig out Anticline Cave, and possibly rediscover a long lost stash of vintage grog. Contact Keir Vaughan-Taylor [keirvt@optusnet.com.au](mailto:keirvt@optusnet.com.au)

**20–21 Colong.** Contact Alan Pryke [meganandalan@optusnet.com.au](mailto:meganandalan@optusnet.com.au)

**27–28 Canyoning – Kalang.** Contact Phil Maynard [Philip.Maynard@uts.edu.au](mailto:Philip.Maynard@uts.edu.au) (home) 9908 2272.

### December

**2 General Meeting.** 7:00 pm Holme Common room. The feature tonight will be photos and wild stories from the recent trip to the Gouffre Berger in France, which has the distinction of being the only cave in France named after a brand of paint.

**4–12 Jenolan Xmas Trip.** Time to get stuck into the project work and some snags and grog at the annual Christmas party on the 4th. Trip Supervisor TBA.

**18–19 Cleifden.** Trip Supervisor TBA

### January 2005

**2–9 Cave Mania.** ASF Conference. Dover, Tasmania. See the conference Web site for details. <http://www.tesa.com.au/stc/ca>

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