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Speleological

Society



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NEWS HEADLINES

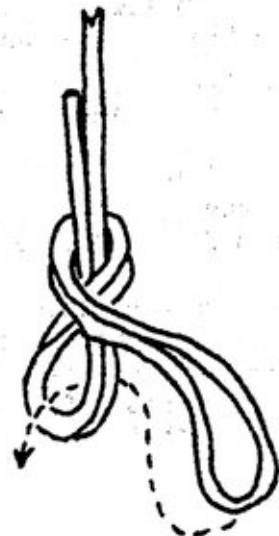
JENOLAN -- Easter saw the South Australian divers back at Jenolan. The river had flooded the previous weekend, and water levels were high. Pirates delight was a duck, and no diving took place in Spider or Mammoth.

However, they dug through the connection between the "Culley's Pipe" side passage and Jubilee Cave, so that normal mortals could get there once again, and (by free-diving Sump 5) into the main river passage. The divers pushed up the side passage, and reached a point close to Rho Hole, which is not far from the sinking point of the stream presumed to feed the passage.

EQUIPMENT - A recent report in Caves and Caving reports a problem with CMI ascenders. The spring in the left hand ascender tends to distort or even pop out, in which case it will not return the cam. For this reason the left-hand ascender should be used as the foot (top) ascender in the frog system, and the RH ascender as the body ascender. If the spring fails in use, the ascender will still work if the thumb is used to return the cam.

Spring problems have also been reported with early Jumar 79s, but this only affects the safety catch, not the normal operation. The manufacturers will replace the spring free of charge with a modified version. At present, we do not know if the large batch bought by SUSS last year has the original or the modified springs, but no failures have occurred.

KNOTS - The 'Figure 9' knot illustrated here is said to be the strongest knot yet developed for tying a loop in the end of a rope, giving 70 - 100% of the rope's breaking strain (recently reported in Spelunca, but no details given of the tests).



JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH

by J. NOLAN

The story begins in Sydney, when Professor Shannon and his nephew Pike discover an old parchment in a 19th century chronicle called "A Tourists' Guide to Jenolan Caves". This parchment, when decoded into Physics and translated by Pike, proved to be written by a tourist guide of the past and read as follows:-

"Descend into the crater of Jenolan,
over which the shadow of John Culley falls,
before the Kalends of July, bold traveller,
and you will reach the centre of the earth.
I have done this."

- JEREMIAH WILSON (alias "Ron Newbould")

So the Journey began from Sydney to Jenolan. The two men finally reached their destination after being thwarted in the attempt by SSS who tried to buy all the necessary gear from Caving Equipment. Once there, they descended into the head of the valley where they saw a channel of water flowing into the earth. Fearlessly, they followed it.

Following the stream downwards, they entered into a large cavern which they named "Watersend Cave". After looking at this cave, they proceeded to follow the water once again, which this time lead them into a vast system of passages and chambers; after finding the initials of their ancient predecessor carved into the wall, they called the cave, "Wibunds Lake Cave".

Proceeding downwards over rocks and blocks, they again encountered a small chamber - "Century Cave". Still further downstream they found themselves in more vast openings under the earth - "Maiden Cave", "Hennings Cave", and the "Serpentine Cave". At the end of this cave the passage split into two. Professor Shannon intuitively chose the left tunnel and proceeded, and shortly they found themselves in a huge maze of tunnels and caverns. They named this extensive system "Mammoth Cave".

Pike, upon hearing the sound of water, ran down a side passage and relocated the river again. Seeing a rusty tin upon its shore, they knew they were on the trail of Jeremiah Wilson once again.

Following the river downwards, they encountered many other cavities. They named some of these, "Henrys Hole", "Frenchmans Cave" and "Spider Cave" - where Pike suffered hallucinations of seeing giant spiders in the cave.

After losing the river, the two were forced into higher level passages, where they encountered marvellously decorated chambers - "Rho Hole", "Aladdin Cave" and "Glass Cave".

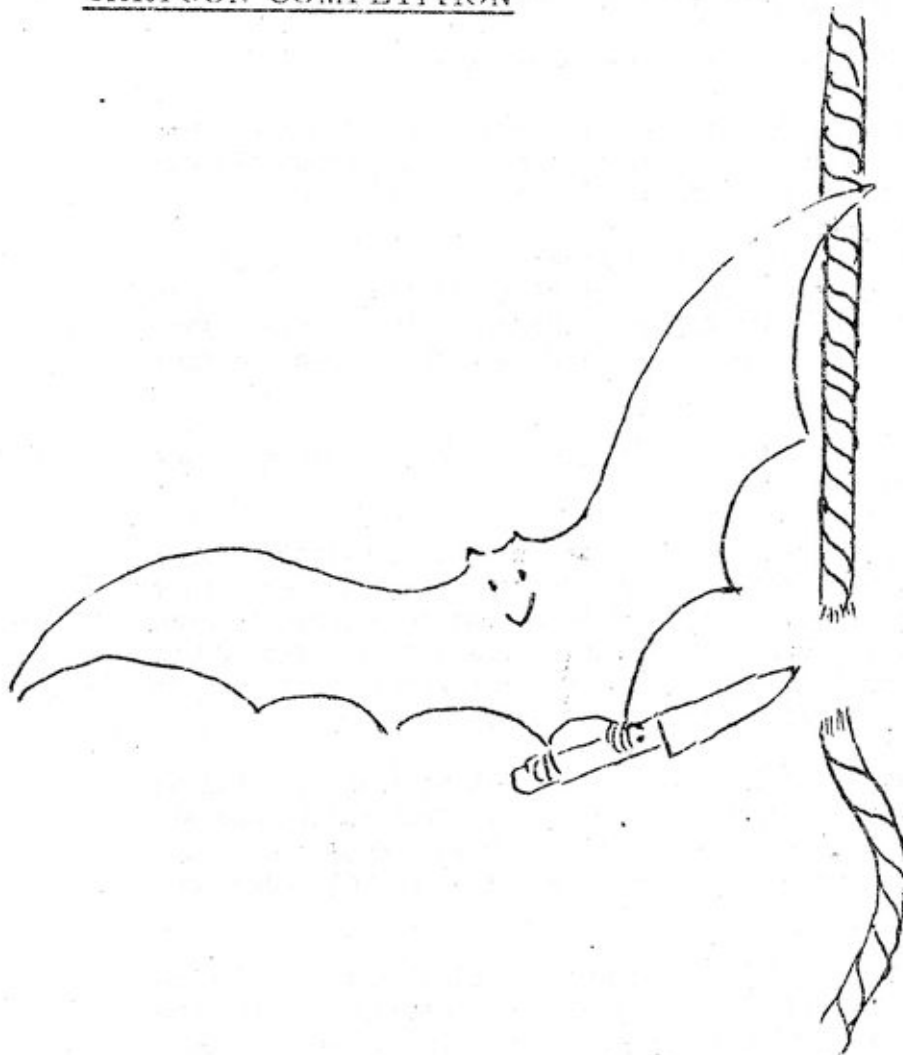
Upon reaching the river again, and the initials of Jeremiah Wilson, they continued, once again entering another system of passages and chambers - Imperial Cave. Following this cave and its strange floor decorations of cement, they continued downwards, to reappear in a vast cavern that was lit by a strange light and was full of strange animals.

They named this cavern the "Grand Arch" and postulated that it must surely be the centre of the earth. They were the first people to reach the centre of the Earth.

Or were they? A closer inspection of the animals revealed that they had been beaten to it ... by the dreaded tourist!

* * * * *

CARTOON COMPETITION



Supply a caption for this cartoon. Best (and worst) captions will be published in the next Bull.

* * * * *

Badger PM?

LONDON, Sunday.—A party with considerable faith in the political sense of animals is fielding a dozen candidates in next month's county council election on a platform which includes a call for badgers to be given key Cabinet posts. The All Night Party also wants the right to vote for all pets and domestic animals.—AAP-PA.

THAT SUMMER

Buchan - Cave Convict - Buchan

The 13th Biennial Conference of the ASF

PRESENT

Ian Mann, Lord Roy "Foster" Winstanley, Ross Newbury,
Guy Cox, Bruce Downes, Rik Tunney, Phil Toomer,
Judith Bateman, and a cast of thousands.

The first day of this epic journey saw us driving to Pinch River via Cooma, Jindabyne and the Barry Way. Peter and I had begun the day before and camped overnight at the Cudgenby River.

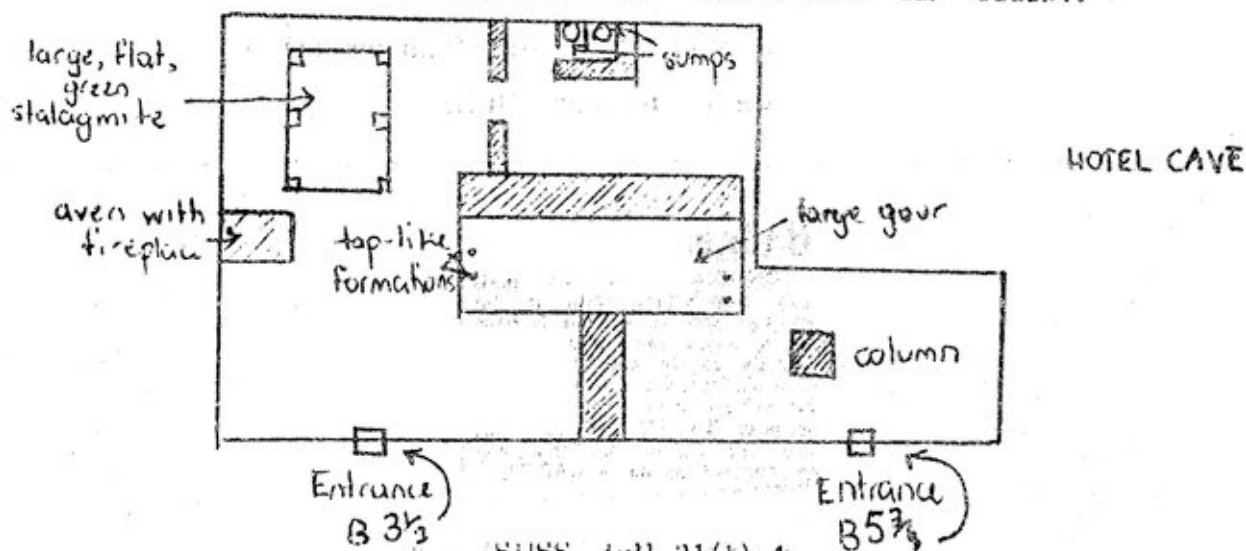
At Pinch River we met Helen and Ross Franklin and spent the afternoon swimming in the Snowy River (the Pinch River is too cold). For those of you ignorant of basic geography, the Pinch River is a tributary of the Snowy, and is crossed by the Barry Way as the road follows the Snowy River.

Ian and Roy arrived late that night while we were sleeping on the sand flats by the Snowy River.

In the morning we arose early, no doubt aided by Ian letting down the airbeds. Unhindered (as yet) by the wrath of grapes, we made a speedy departure towards Buchan. The road to Buchan is a nice drive on the whole, quite scenic, but the climb up the Suddan Suddan Range tends to make the passengers nervous. The driver quickly learns not to look too closely at the left hand side of the road.

On arrival at Buchan, we set ourselves up at Homeleigh, a stylish old guesthouse at Buchan, now run by the Rimstone Cooperative Society (affiliated loosely with the V.S.A.). Then Helen, Ross and I went caving in the Potholes area. A couple of small holes (M1, M29) were investigated.

Meanwhile, Peter, Ian and Roy had gone liloing down the Buchan River, explored a scatty cavity called Mabel Cave and investigated the speleological possibilities of Hotel Cave (see sketch map below).



Back at Homeleigh, the great Christmas dinner was cooked. Ian showed his culinary skill at roast lamb and vees, Roy tried his hand at Yorkshire Puddings (for which he couldn't remember the recipe) and Peter mixed up his first fruit cake, working with a recipe on the flour packet and plenty of imagination.

Halfway through cooking the Yorkshire Pud, Roy borrowed a recipe from the Homeleigh caretaker and found that Yorkshire Pudding only needs one egg, and not three. It tasted pretty good, but it had a strange texture. The whole process was smoothly lubricated by some Fosters, a flask and a winecask. Thus we set the tone for the rest of the trip.

Friday 26th - Boxing Day.

Boxing Day had a slow start, but eventually we got organized enough to set down Baby Berser. This is a fairly small cave, whose main feature is a magnificent 140' ft SRT pitch, with the first 100 ft free hanging. It goes nowhere, but is well worth doing anyway.

Baby Berser is at the moment threatened by minings. For some obscure reason, the Victorian Department of Mines let out a mining lease in the middle of the Potholes area, which has the greatest concentration of caves in the Buchan district (sound familiar?). Preliminary blasting has already started. The people who hold the lease have tried to prevent access to the cave by putting a grate over the entrance and pushing a very large boulder on top of this with a bulldozer. However, the ground around the grate proved quite portable and we passed down through a new, modified entrance.

That night at the pub, Roy became disgusted at the lack of any glass bigger than a middy. After a bit of vigorous demanding, we finally got the only pint glass in the pub. The locals were interested to see if he could keep up drinking pints - he did.

Meanwhile, Ian and I started up a pool match with the locals. This went fairly evenly, as the quality of play deteriorated at equal speed on both sides.

Halfway through the night we moved back to Homeleigh, due to a primitive and barbaric law which causes Victorian pubs to close at 10.30 p.m. After winding up the session on the Homeleigh verandah, we went back to our rooms.

Now, the rooms in Homeleigh all look alike, and the place is very dark at night. However, I was still surprised when I climbed into bed to find somebody already in it. Ross Franklin, who was already asleep, was even more surprised. A lively argument as to whose bed it was followed. Helen finally convinced me there was a faint chance my room might be next door.

Day 4 - Saturday 27

The morning saw us departing for Melbourne, somewhat the worse for wear. We quickly discovered that Victorian drivers are not only suicidal, but like to take a few people with them.

We arrived at Pharmacy College at 1p.m., in time for the opening of the conference. After the first session, we found a camping area and shot off to the first night's barbecue. After cooking our steaks and eating them, seconds were offered, accepted, and slashed in the esky for use the following night. Overall, a moderately quiet night.

Day 5 - Sunday 28

A day of papers, workshops, discussions. If you want to know exactly what happened, go find a copy of the proceedings.

That night the photographic competition winners were shown, the numerous section judged, and various caving films shown, while the audience sipped the appropriate beverages.

Day 6 - Monday 29

The morning program seemed a bit boring, so we hopped on a tram and went for a sight seeing pub crawl in Melbourne. We managed to get back in time for speleosports.

Here let me state that the Victorians aren't very good at running Speleosports. They had the ridiculous idea that it should resemble real caving closely, instead of being the mindless body-destruction-for-fun that it should be. Anyway, SUSS 2 (Phil Toomey, Judith Baleman, Guy Cox, Bruce Downes) came first and SUSS 1 (Ian Mann, Roy Winstanley, Ross Newbery, Peter Newbery) came second. A prussik race organised by Tom (Mr. Gibbs) Porrit went rather slowly due to the gross unfitness of most contestants. Ian Mann failed twice to get 30m up before collapsing.

The night was spent cooking another fruit cake on the fire, consuming ales and driving the neighbours crazy by talking to a crazy Kiwi couple camped nearby.

Day 7 - Tuesday 30

Most of the morning papers weren't very interesting so exploration of Melbourne, its beaches and pubs was called for. This was done by the excellent tram system.

That night was the Cavemen's Dinner - an unsurpassed night of dining, drinking and debauchery. At this it was announced that SUSS had won 2 first prizes in the photographic competition. (A note - my own prizes -

Best paper - Henry Shannon's area description of the Northern Territory.
Worst paper - A mindless, incoherent heap of Jargon about something to do with blind valleys at Yarrangobilly. When questions were asked for about this study, one stunned listener said "Yeah, but what's the point of it all?"

Day 8 - Wednesday 31

The next morning we were all very subdued & late rising for the trip to Labertouche Cave, and thence to Buchan. After 3-4 hundred 3-point turns (not marked on our photocopy of a sketch map), we found Labertouche. Labertouche is a granite (yes granite) cave.

This is the cave to end all caves for boy scouts. It will wear out millions of brussel sprouts without showing significant damage. Apart from this, it should be forgotten. It consists of about 800 metres of

dark, dank crawling through a maze of rounded wet rough and gritty granite boulders. There is also a small stream and several slow worms. Whoopee!

Departing this paragon of pseudokarst, the SUSS contingent headed back to Buchan, becoming separated on the way. During this journey the Mighty Disintegrating Mazda showed its true form and began using a little oil. Several hours and 3 gallons of oil later we arrived at Buchan in time to welcome the new year with a few quiet ales at the local inn. Then the publican decided to shut up shop and join the rest of the town at the dance in the hall next door. We transferred our festivities to the Homeleish verandah. And so another day came to a somewhat fuzzy close.

Day 9 - Thursday 1st

Arising at an undodly hour (i.e. before midday), we demonstrated our burning desire to set down some Victorian caves by going for a swim in the Buchan River. This (and a lunch with suitable alcoholic adjuncts) took up most of the morning, so it was afternoon when we managed to get underground. This time it was Stirling Cave in the Potholes area. This had a 20 ft. ladder pitch at the top of which was a nice little squeeze. This made getting on and off the ladder a perfect, purified bastard. Below this was a 60 ft. SRT pitch to the lower level. These were tall vadose passages, largely filled with mud, many crinoid fossils and occasional patches of fine helictites.

Day 10 - Friday 2nd

The next day saw us organized and underground somewhat more quickly. This time it was Exponential Pot, so named because the amount of passage has increased exponentially since the original rabbit hole with a breeze was enlarged with a bit of plastic persuasion. A superb cave, protected by strict conservation measures and a bloody massive gate. A cumbersome vertical entrance squeeze opened out into a 90' pitch. This was ab-seiled in, but laddered out, due to the squeeze at the top.

After pitch, the cave was a maze of passages on two levels. There is approximately 4 km of passage contained within a 200 m square on the surface. The pretties are extremely beautiful and Exponential may become a show cave, if only to protect it from the mining operations near Baby Berger.

The activities of the day were surveying and photography. Surveying is slow, averaging about 60 m of passage on good days. This is due to the accuracy desired (Grade 5 with forestry compass and tape for most passages and grade 3 with Suuntos and tape for some light blind passages.) and to the conservation measures which require you to trog and detrog 15 times in 60m of passage.

That night's festivities were less civilized and refined than previously, with Lloyd Mills showing his prowess at being a gentleman caver.

Day 11 - Saturday 3rd

Amazingly, the start was not too late. Roy himself was hurried out of bed with a vengeful broom. Then there was a fairly long drive through properties and dusty roads to the start of the walk to Dalley's Sinkhole.

This is a large, unstable cave with several rockpiles and large collapse chambers. There is also a sizeable river flowing through it. The river and mudslopes provided some wet and muddy fun.

Down a putrid mud coated side passage there was a clear sump, with some examples of calcite rafts.

Leaving Dalley's Sinkhole, we climbed over the hill to Sub Aqua Cave. This is the resurgence of the Dalley's Sinkhole river. It consists of one chamber, almost filled by a deer pool. Here we were treated to the sight of nine helmeted heads bobbing around the pool and people doing crocodile style slides off the mud bank into the pool.

We returned along the river bed to the cars, stopping for another swim in the Murrindal swimming hole.

The last night at Buchan was one of the most exuberant, with interesting acrobatics concerning chairs, matchboxes, coathangers and beer bottles. The West Australians played blues guitar and Lloyd Mills sang the exploits of Captain Cave.

Day 12 - Sunday 4th

This was spent returning home via Orbost, Cann Valley Highway, Bombala, Cooma and Goulburn. We had to stop every 50 miles to refill the Mazda's sumo. The Mazda's engine blew up just short of Goulburn so we completed the trip with four in Ian's van.

Day 13 - Monday 5th

This was spent returning to Goulburn with a car trailer and towing the Mazda home. Nine and a half hours to Goulburn and return - Ouch!

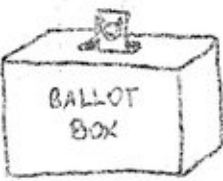


(P.S. It was later reported that the Western Australian team had passed through Mt. Eccles and spread vicious rumours that Buchan had degenerated into a debauched piss up.)

Ross Newbery

S.U.S.S. Intelligence Test
 So YOU think you're a smart caver - then try this quick

1. EXAMPLE STAND I Answer: I understand	2. R E A D I N G	3. WEAR LONG	4. hair —
5. escape	6. T O W N	7. 35 safety 792	8. ping willow
9. momanon	10. YOU J U ME S T	11. ESTIMATED I	12. milk
13. GROUND FEET FEET FEET FEET FEET FEET	14. right = right	15. 1. D 2. R 3. A 4. C 5. U 6. L 7. A	16. VLERTEAO
17. HE'S / HIMSELF	18. KNEE LIGHTS	19. clou	20. sugar Please
21. TRN	22. Ø Ph.D. MSc. LIB.	23. ECNALG	24. mornina

quick. See answers elsewhere.

25. m ce m ce m ce	26. <u>MIND</u> MATTER	27.  Wife	28. eyebrows
29. house prairie	30. animation	31.  Lost	32. MIRROR
33. age a g e age	34. i o n t i n a l f	35. g h i t t e g d a t t m	36. s d r s k n house
37. goodbye	38. socket	39. n i poorch	40. B L O U S E
41. bus	42. <u>MAN</u> BOARD	43. ca se case	44. S t o n e
	45.  SPORTS	46. WET	47. DRY

S.U.S.S.



Answers next month.

TRIP REPORT

BIG HOLE - WYANBENE 30TH NOVEMBER 1980

PRESENT: Mike Lake, Ian Mann,
Ivan Dessilly, Judy Strickland,
Kathy Handel, Ross Newbury, Roy Winstanley;
AND ONLOOKERS: Judy Clarke, Richard McNeill,
Guy McKenna, Phillip Cole,
Helen Turlon, Peter Newbury.

The rope for our descent was 110 m long with one knot to cross and ridded on the upper side of the big hole off a large tree. A tape sling from another overhanging tree held the rope reasonably clear of the rockface. I descended first using a whaletail and a spelean shunt belay which performed admirably during the knot crossing. All subsequent descents were bottom belayed. Ivan, who descended on a Spelean Harpoon, behaved more like an aircraft propeller! Each descent took around 10 to 15 minutes to reach terra firma, by which time our descenders had become mighty hot.

An excellent visitors book awaits one at the bottom. From above, the floor of the Big Hole appears quite flat, when actually there is a large hill of debris which is the highest near the centre of the hole. Rainforest style flora profusely covers the floor of the hole: many of the ferns are around 2 metres and more in height. The insect population density is enormous; within a 25 sq. cm. area, at the one time I counted 11 different species each bumping into the other as they went their own way. Birds (swallows, I think [what do you mean - an African or a European swallow? - ed.]) also abounded; apparently they also knew of the high insect population density. The daily input of the Big Hole is enormous: every second a leaf fell in; and every minute a rock.

Eventually we had to face the daunting ascent. Even with a rope walk system in top tune, the ascent for me took 29 minutes while Ian Mannessed it in 17 minutes! Roy was last to ascend, but after having risen some 30 metres, those of us up the top noticed the rope had slipped into a position where there existed a possibility of rope abrasion. This point was some 60 m above so we instructed him to abseil down again whilst Ivan abseiled down and fixed some protection. Thus Roy did an extra enjoyable 30 metres. Rain started to fall lightly after several hours down a big hole which I intend to descend again soon.

MICHAEL LAKE

* * * * *

REMINDER - FEES FOR PROSPECTIVE MEMBERS
FOR 1982 ARE NOW DUE. THIS APPLIES ALSO TO
CORRESPONDING MEMBERS AND TO ANY FULL
MEMBERS WHO DID NOT PAY IN OCTOBER:

\$4.50 PLEASE, TO SUSS, BOX35, HOLME BUILDING

TRIP REPORT

BUNGONIA 3/4 JANUARY 1981

PRESENT: Mike Lake (T.L.), Guy McKenna,
Phillip Cole, David Cole,
Mark Hunter (Sunday only)

FRIDAY NIGHT

Thirlmere railway bridge, across the deepest railway cutting in the Southern Hemisphere, has for some become a classic entree for Bungonia trips. David had done little abseiling previously but had no trouble with the free hanging descent.

Cars zooming across the bridge sounded like a diesel train careering down upon us, while the lights of Picton glowed at the far end of the cutting. After a brief look round we all ascended to recommence the drive down to Bungonia.

SATURDAY

Blowfly cave (B16) was bottomed by laddering the first three short pitches and via SRT for the Aduatum. Finding the last ladder pitch took us quite some time as we did not know the correct way on. Phil eventually found the ladder pitch by one way and I later discovered the correct and easier way to it. Aduatum only required rope protection at the top which we had rigged with two independent belays. No trace of CO2 was evident at the bottom, although some hours later Guy, Phil and myself experienced mild headaches while David, who had not descended the last ladder pitch, was O.K.

SUNDAY 4TH

Sunday morning was totally overcast and second thoughts about doing Spring Creek Canyon entered my mind. Everybody else was enthusiastic though so we set off and the sky cleared up to be 100% blue.

Two cars were available so one we parked as close as possible to the walk in point, and the other we parked close to the walk out point - how lazy we are! Spring Creek was the same as it had been a fortnight ago - swarming with red bellied black snakes, Lure birds and slightly "off" water. We completed the superb pitches of this wonderful canyon in around 2 hours or so and spent some hours at the Shoalhaven river swimming. Guy discovered an eighth pitch of 20 feet which we did via his new technique of N.R.T. (January Bull.).

Finally we commenced the arduous walk out which, however, only took around 1.5 hours because we soon reached Guy's car.

Mike Lake

TRIP REPORT 14/15 FEBRUARY 1981
BUNGONIA - A CANYONING TRIP

PRESENT Mike Lake (T.L.), Judy Clarke,
Richard McNeall, Guy McKenna.

SATURDAY

Richard intended to lead us through Jerrara Canyon; however between him and Guy there arose some navigational difficulties which eventuated in our Kerillon Creek trip! We did three abseils in Kerillon Creek, none of which were the least bit interesting, and after some hours of minor climbs and scrambling we reached the muddy Bungonia Creek and proceeding downstream we soon entered Bungonia Gorge.

We had tremendous fun in finding our way in amongst the gargantuan boulders but our mood changed once we saw the blasting signs warning of possible rockfall - blasting, above the creek, usually occurs midweek.

After an easy walk out we reached our vehicle and returned to camp.

Sunday

We arose early to tackle Spring Creek Canyon with no suspicion of the vehicular catastrophes that would befall us. By the time we reached the second gate beyond Jones farm, Guy's Volvo had broken drivers seat suspension but we rushed on.

En route to the walk out point, Guy's car had a flat tyre which now used up his spare wheel. Leaving Guy's car here, we returned to the walk in point and commenced the canyon. The slippery dip was enjoyed by all although it required a little wetting as the water flow is rather small. Subsequent abseils proceeded smoothly with Guy demonstrating his novel NRT on a few short drops. At the completion of the canyon we all spent an hour or so at the Shoalhaven having a swim and practicing NRT again off a ledge around 8 metres high (I wish to state here that I did this under duress!).

While walking out up the old flying fox route we laughed at how funny it would be if poor Guy got another flat - well, the joke was on us. Guy's tyre was quite distinctly flat which necessitated a walk to Richard's car to obtain his spare tyre for Guy's car. On the way out Richard received a substantial dent in his now empty spare wheel compartment.

To top off a classic trip, on the way home around 11:00 at night Richard's car had a blowout. Richard hitchhiked back to Liverpool some 5 miles away while Judy and myself waited in the car for the towtruck.

Richard's father then kindly picked us all up at Liverpool and drove us to our respective homes for which we are all grateful. Thus ended a most disastrous weekend.

Michael Lake

COMMITTEE MEMBERS 1981 - 2

PRESIDENT Paul Greenfield, 32 Leopold St., Croydon.

797 - 6975 (h): 692 3524 (w)

VICE PRESIDENT Mike Lake, 31 Crescent Rd., Caringbah

& LIBRARIAN 524 5229 (h): 692 3145 (w)

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692 2351 (w)

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498 2996 (h)

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& ASF CORRESPONDENT Mona Vale 997 3758

EQUIPMENT OFFICER Judi Strickland, 10 Second St,

Ashbury.

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Peter Winglee, 25 Nowrahis St, Summer Hill

799 6403 (h): 230 0277 x 336 (w)

Peter Campbell, 6/45 Albert Rd Strathfield,

764 1027 (h)

Randall King, 89 Marian St, Enmore 519 5296(h)

COMMITTEE MEMBERS Phillip Cole, 12 Meldrum Ave,

Miranda. 525 2496 (h)

Richard McNeall, 49 Stanhope Rd Killara 46 1847

Committee Members (cont.)

Ross Newbery, 10 Asquith St, Oatley. 57 3434 (h)

Ivan Desailly, 7 Eddie Ave, Panania 773 3861 (h)

NEW ELECTIONS TO THE REMOTE & INACCESSIBLE PLACES

SUBCOMMITTEE: Bryan Cleaver, Helen Turton, Geoff Innes.

FUTURE EVENTS

MAY

Thursday 7th SUSS General Meeting, Common Room, Holme Bldg,
7.30 pm.

9th - 10th. Jenolan, Spider Cave (re-excavation ?).

contact : Mike Lake, 524 5229

16th - 17th Jenolan (wherever next !)

contact : Mike Lake, 524 5229

Monday 25th SUSS Committee Meeting. All welcome-

Richard McNeall's, 49 Stanhope Rd. Killara

30th - 31st Jenolan (gasp, surprise !) contact:

Mike Lake, 524 5229

JUNE

Thursday 4th SUSS General Meeting, Common Room, Holme
Building, 7.30 pm.

Monday 22nd. SUSS Committee Meeting.

SOMETIME - INDI, walking in from Dead Horse Gap. Long
weekend or vacation trip. Contact Guy Cox 818 1896 if interested.

IF you are interested in a trip, and there isn't one listed to the
place you want, or on the weekend you want, ring Ian Mann,
Mike Lake or Paul Greenfield to see what else is happening.



SUSS

BULLETIN
of the

SYDNEY UNIVERSITY
SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

BOX 35, HOLME BUILDING,
UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY,
N.S.W. 2006

CONTENTS

page

1	News Headlines	
2	Journey to the Centre of the Earth	J. Nolan
3	Cartoon competition	
	Badger PM?	
4	That Summer - Buchan/Cave Convict/Buchan	
		Ross Newbery
9	SUSS Intelligence Test	
11	Trip report - Wyanbene & Big Hole	Mike Lake
12	Trip report - Bungonia 3/4 Jan	Like Make
13	Trip report - Bungonia 14 Feb	Make Like
14	Committee members 1981/2	
15	Future trips	