

Volume 22

Number 1

April 1982

# BULLETIN *of the*

## *Sydney*

## *University*

## *Speleological*



## *Society*

Annual Subscription

\$4.50



## Editorial

Welcome to the first issue of volume 22. As this is the first issue under my editorship, I would like to make all the customary pleas and acknowledgements.

Preparing this issue has been fairly easy as there was a slight surplus of publishable(!) material. In order to maintain this very happy state of affairs, I would remind you of the pleasure to be had in writing trip reports and articles for the SUSS bulletin. Not only do you see your masterworks in print (with only minor censorship) but you can be assured that they are being saved as part of Australia's cultural history in the various libraries that receive free copies. I would appreciate it if you try to write your parts of the forthcoming deluge in reasonable English (Mike, Guy and Guntz -- please note). The best way of handing over your next contribution is to come and see me in my office and type it in yourself (free instruction available). Failing that, any form of legible, English copy will do and our hard-working crew of typists will typeset your scribblings using the marvels of modern technology.

Currently the Bulletin is produced by a group of well-paid professional volunteers. If you would like to join this group and learn new skills and visit exciting places, just contact me at work or in a SUSS meeting and I will see where we can use your particular gifts and abilities. I would like to thank the current Bulletin group for their work in the last year and, in advance, for this year. They are: Mark Twigg (printing and everything else); Guy McKenna and Kristin Young (typing); Grant Elliott (wrapping and posting) and lots of others. Why don't you offer to help as well?

Paul Greenfield

Room LG21  
Madsen Building  
Sydney University

Some Comments on the SUSS Prussik System  
A Critique by Steve Bunton

I don't mean to be a knocker but SRT efficiency only comes from constructive and repeated criticism. Well done Guy - you've invented the Warild system. The basic system is basically useless for the reasons stated in the article.

- 1) It is restrictive in movement. The chest harness shown if not modified causes restricted breathing, cyanosis, unconsciousness and finally death although you can sit in the seat harness.
- 2) You do need your arms to stand upright and gain full stroke length. Hunchbacks prussik slowly.
- 3) There is no way to give yourself bottom weight which is important in expedition caving.
- 4) You cannot, as stated, cross knots in descent, and only dangerously going up. You risk hanging by a knee and sit harness together - i.e. your knee would be near your ear.
- 5) This, the hopeless basic system, is the one used by 5000 U.S.Americans. C-Clips are an advantage. They allow versatility and increase the speed of putting-on and unclipping the rig from the rope both at the pitch top and passing knots.
- 7) Have you ever caved in it? You can't move from one pitch to another with an ascender on your knee without tearing your other leg.
- 8) I have watched some SUSS cavers (possibly 5 years ago), in particular Geoff Innes, prussik with this system and his knee-mounted Gibbs ate big holes in the leg he mounted it on.

The only thing going for this rig is its versatility if you convert it to a compromise between the sit-stand system and the rope-walk system shown (this is the system I use).

The "no-hands sit-stand" system isn't the best because:

- 1) With the two feet tied together and to your knee, you've got about as much flexibility and mobility as a caterpillar. You can't separate your legs to use one to push off the wall or far wall to pass obstacles on the pitch or overhanging projections (don't blame the editor, he just typed what was there). You also can't bridge to get off the top of pitches with fearsome lips or

very low tie-offs. A person using this system could easily come unstuck on such a belay and possibly crater out after removing his upper ascender.

- 2) Long shock cords are horrible to have attached to you when moving between pitches. I saw one such unfortunate person get his cords caught in a squeeze and then released. The result was a bleeding nose.

The problem with the two desirable forms of this rig is that they are untidy with relic pieces of cord and junk hanging everywhere. My thoughts -- get rid of them, use C-clips and neaten the rig.

### The Warild System

This uses 3 ascenders. One on a chest harness and seat harness (either Jumar, CMI or shortie). Above this is a Jumar or CMI ascender with two leg stirrups with C-clips to reach foot-loops. These can be used for a conventional frog system though longer ones are best for conversion to a rope-walk system. For the rope-walk system connect both foot stirrups into the one foot's C-clip. The other foot should have an ascender with a C-clip attached to it. This ascender (Gibbs, CMI shortie or Jumar) is attached to the waist tape with a fairly stiff shock-loop (a loop for double elasticity). When not being used this ascender hangs no lower than an ascender.

The most cumbersome part of the rig is the top ascender with its long stirrups. When not in use it can be hung on a krab on your belt and the two stirrups threaded through the chest ascender if they are made of 6 or 7mm cord.

This is a far neater system, always at the ready going up, down or between pitches. It's even better if the descender is attached to a second krab on the seat harness. There is nothing worse than descending 40m down a 50m shaft and then having to assemble a messy rig whilst hanging in mid-air.

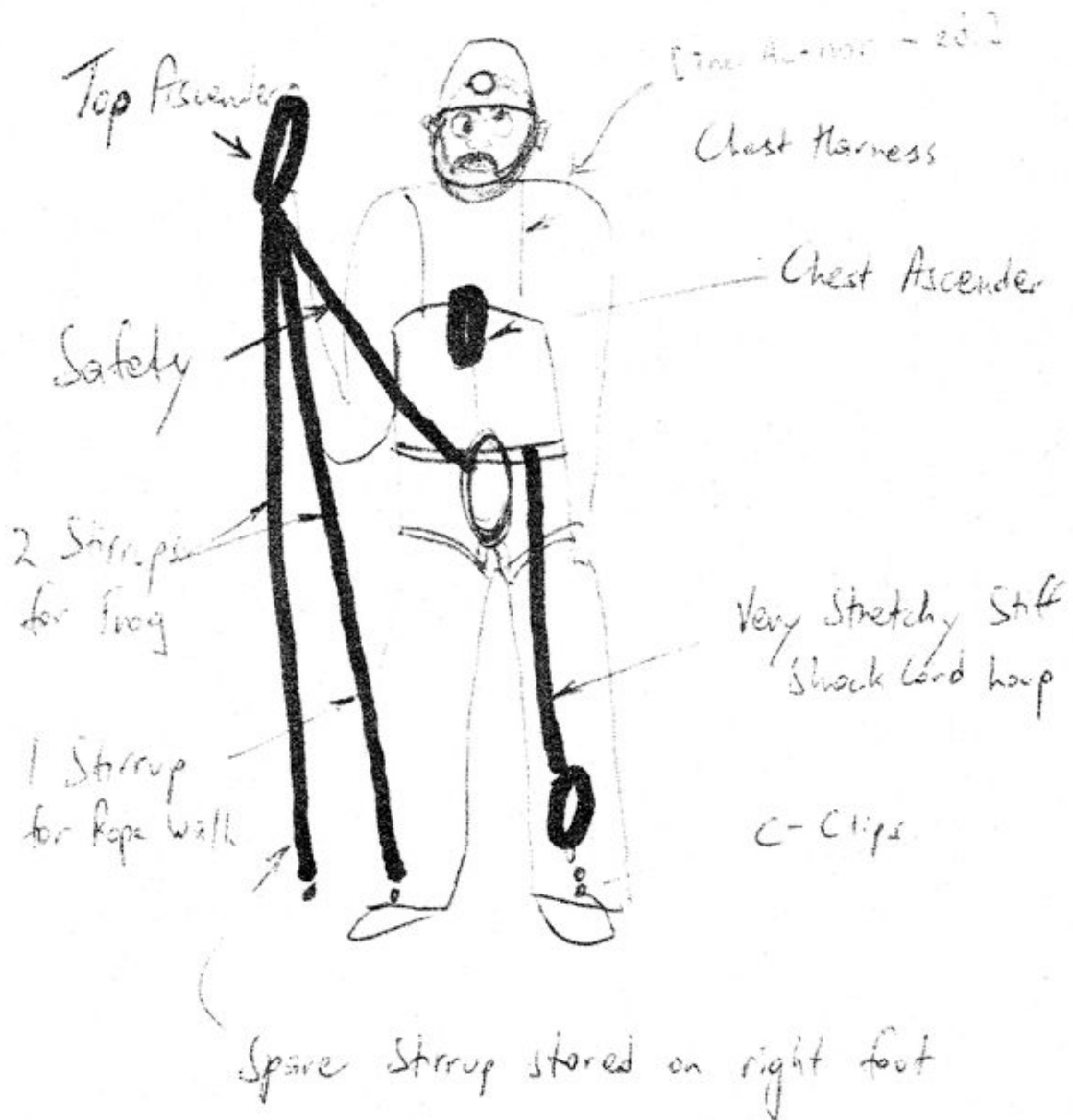
Anyway, full marks to Guy McKenna. Continual revision of techniques is always necessary to keep SRT efficient. It's just a pity that these paths have been trodden before.

### Reply from GUY McKenna

Well done Bunty, at last there is more light coming forth (?) upon current trends in SRT. Something which is badly needed to dispel false conceptions about SRT rigs - such as "humpback" systems. Your reply is very much appreciated by all experienced SRT'ers and even WRT'ers that I have conversed with. I hope that other people will put forward their ideas on this and other related speleo subjects.

I must explain that the system I proposed, inferior though it is to the Warild system, was designed for "vertical N.S.W." only, and I had in mind people with little but some SRT knowledge who could use a versatile system to see what they wanted from their SRT rig. I myself

only ever use the shock-cord/no-hands system on long pitches and use the rope-walk/Warild system normally.





Trip Report: Wombeyan Caves with S.S.S.  
20th-21st March 1982

Guy McKanna, Richard McNeall and I were given the opportunity to go on this S.S.S. trip, led by Simon Bland, and we accepted it eagerly. Wombeyan is an interesting area and not many caving clubs get to visit it.

Saturday

Though the drive in to Wombeyan Caves via Mittagong (the shortest way) is only about 7 miles longer than to Jenolan, it is slower and more difficult. The road, now improved a bit, is notorious for being windy, poorly-made and very exposed. However, the scenery makes up for these difficulties. We arrived and met the seven people from S.S.S. who were camped in the main camping area, close to a good amenities block. After introductions, we eventually set off for Desperation Point Cave, in which Simon was organising some work. Like Jenolan, one does not wear tugging gear in the tourist area. A foot-track runs from the campsite, parallel to, but out of sight of, the tourist area. The walk to any of the caves is quite long. Once clear of the tourist area we branched off and looked for the cave entrance, a small hole on the south side of the hill.

Feeling very relaxed in the pleasant weather, we gradually entered the cave, first down a small climb then a 20 foot ladder pitch into a medium-sized chamber. The chamber is typical of Wombeyan in colour, and formation; grey/white matt formation, sharp crystals, pale rock, orange mud and rich, red-brown soil. Simon showed us around the cave, which was smallish and "bitty". It seemed to be largely formed on bedding planes and joints. One fun section extended from the bottom of the main chamber at the left. It was a phreatic section in grainy, white rock with a rich, earth floor, which made pleasant, fast crawling.

We split into two groups for the surveying work that was planned for the trip. We amused ourselves as we worked by imitating the Yorkshire accent of John, a caver who had just arrived from England the week before. We learned a bit about English caving, mainly how cold and wet it is, and how keen they are on Petzl equipment and Wellies. We also learned about the idiosyncracies of carbide lamps and how to burn blowflies. It came in handy when we found a pocket of CO<sub>2</sub>; the carbide went straight out. After making some progress in our work, we emerged to see a beautiful, warm afternoon.

The karst at Wombeyan is not unlike Jenolan in style, but is on a smaller and less obtrusive scale. It is marble, at least in part. We

visited Victoria Arch, after detrogging. It is fenced off, quite small, and has some huge old formations and some fine examples of vadose erosion around the dry creekbed. The evening was spent around the campfire, of course, telling jokes, finding out about Pommyland and listening to Simon's amazing laugh.

### Sunday

This day we had only six in the party. We set off along the same foottrack with Bullio Cave, a well-visited, old tourist cave, in mind. This track is part of an old track which serviced these old tourist caves in the Mare's Forest Creek area. Bullio Cave is on the right side of the track, over-looking the creek. It has a largish, semi-circular entrance. First we went right to see a medium-sized dead-end chamber and some pleasant formation. Then a wooden ladder to the left led up to a dome-shaped, earth-floored chamber which was beautiful in its neatness and symmetry. We made our way through a lot of white and orange-brown passage, some of which was phreatic and pleasantly decorated, and down a shaky, 60 foot tourist ladder which requires a belay rope. We dropped down to the river through some small cave, seeing small-scale, noteworthy formation, some muddy and damaged, all the way. The next trick was to bridge across the 6 foot deep river about 10 feet up. The prospect of falling and getting wet and humiliated spurred one on to do the irksome task without error. No-one fell, though I certainly contemplated it. The river pours out of this pool and soon disappears, but by walking on and taking a low right-hand turn, one can come to a pool at the bottom of a chamber. If one misses this turnoff, one can climb up into a pretty vadose section. Upstream of the bridging section, where Richard decided to have a swim on the way back, the river goes up for a couple of hundred metres. Richard, already cold and wet, swam in the deepish, canyon-like passage for about ten minutes. It was still going when he turned back.

After we left the cave, we detoured off the track down to the creek through Balcony Cave, a short, walk-through, ex-tourist cave. Vicky Bonwick led us through, running without lights. A small wooden bridge leads to a sandy-floored, fenced balcony which extends along the creek like a pillared verandah and looks straight over the canyon-like Mare's Forest Creek. We followed the cave down to creek level, lunched by the creek and swam and walked upstream. Parts of the creek are enclosed by vertical limestone or marble walls with cave entrances all over them. One swim in the dark blue water is at least as long and as narrow as the tunnel swim in Claustrol. Downstream later we met up with the old tourist path again and climbed up the right side of the creek. The path turned right and along an old, convict-built embankment to Basin Cave. This is easily found, because of its large entrance and collapsed gate. There is graffiti dating from the mid 19th century all through this cave, especially in the entrance, as it is also an ex-tourist cave. The cave is basically a series of large, impressive chambers linked by corridors and ladders. A tape handline is needed where one ladder has rotted. One chamber had a flat floor of old, shallow gour pools which would have been beautiful once. A climb up a very dubious ladder led us to a bat-filled chamber. More interesting than the bats, however, were the



huge calcite basins after which the cave is named. Some were 3 to 4 ft deep and all were dry and rather dirty. They extended into the roof, which bore clusters of white straws. There is only one place where you have to bend over in this cave. We also managed to further break a rotting ladder. This cave is pleasant though dirty and spoiled. After Spider, it is nice to see such large chambers.

There is no room here for clear cave descriptions and the caves are not exciting enough, relatively speaking, to warrant it. I believe that the Wombeyan book, by S.S.S., is now in the final printing stage. We saw a few other entrances and Simon told us of a few other caves in the area. We all agreed we had enjoyed the weekend very much and managed to get away early enough to do the worst part of the road in daylight. The weekend was pleasant and not difficult and hopefully further visits to Wombeyan will be possible.

Kristin Young.

Trip Report: Bungonia  
4th April 1982

An overcast and still evening (of Sat. 3rd April) presided over our party of six: Phil, Jenny, Karl, John, Margaret and I - last names can be assumed, deduced or forgotten and 'I' can be left to your imaginations - as we set up tents and ate at the Bungonia camping area. After Phil had instructed us all in the art of rolling up ladders and we'd practised said task on four rather dirty and dishevelled specimens, we retired for the night.

Morning arrived, bringing the fee collector much to our disgust and definitely providing an indigestible morsel at breakfast. On leaving the camping ground to start setting up ropes, etc. Ultimate Speleofallias US 118X rolled in bearing its master. . . Ian. . . not overly late.

With ropes and ladders in place, a demonstration of abseiling completed, and all victims suitably crippled by their harness and rearing to go, the thrills (no spills) began. John and Karl, having had some experience knew what was afoot; Jenny, Margaret and I had a new 'experience' to try. Speaking for myself, I'd say it was worth it: heaps better than the park swing, cheaper than the ferris wheel and much more superior to having to watch superman descend 3-ply sets; and with instructions from our wiser and more learned leaders, Ian and Phil, where could we go wrong? (Maybe that was the challenge!)

Anyway, a.m. passed with us gliding down ropes aboard figure-of-8s, harpoons or racks, clambering up the ladder and learning to communicate with our trusted companions on bottom, belay and ladder belay. By lunch time we'd decided that was enough practice to sort out the madly enthusiastic, non-committed and unenthusiastic persons one from the other. So after some organic sustenance we began an assault on B.22, Acoustic Pot, the main aim being to master a certain 106 foot pitch, as a reward for having learnt our morning's lessons so well.

To those who hadn't been caving, the narrow entrance and tunnel were a bit of a surprise, but with the passing of time and expenditure of energy and concentration on the matter in hand those taken unawares soon quieted. With all assembled and everyone suitably betaped, Phil descended to take up bottom belay. We, the pupils, followed in succession and were all suitably impressed by the overwhelming tingle of excitement that ran through us (well, me, anyway) as we slid, stopped, slid, slid, slid, stopped and slid down past the red-brown of the walls of the shaft and as the shadows from our lamps danced on the irregularities of the formations in one 'corner'. To stop, 50 feet into nothing, and watch the spot of light below, and the darkness above; what exhilaration. I should've been a poet!

Anyway, once down, we had to get back up (although certain parties did briefly entertain other ideas) and to that end our carefully rolled ladders were joined and lowered, together with a belay, and one by one we ascended - some faster than others. Where before the walls of the pitch had been a blur of colour one was now able, or perhaps forced, to observe the pitted nature of this rock; an invaluable detail I'm sure. At the top you were landed at the feet of Father Ian, disconnected and set aside to derig while the next fish was hauled out of the depths. Once again everyone was reassembled, gear packed up and a retreat instigated.

Afternoon tea - cake and beverages of various sorts - was then partaken of in celebration of Phil's birthday.

Then off to see the pitch in Drum. . . alas, "This doesn't look like I remember". . . it's Argyle. . . never mind. . . let's go and look down the Lockdown. A magnificent sight to be sure.

Now the final retreat - Sydneywards - with the traditional refuelling at Berrima, savoured by all, despite the absence of the band.

It was a memorable day and thoroughly enjoyed. Special thanks must go to: Ian for putting off his departure to the southern Vineyards to come and advise and assist in his usual friendly manner; to Phil for organising, instructing and generally providing an atmosphere of calm and confidence where needed; and to Karl for the provision of necessary camping gear (thanks Paul, too) and transport.

Ruth Stanton.

---

#### APOLOGY

We apologize for the fact that as yet, there is no treasurer's report. However we hope that this will be more than compensated by the tremendous page 10 of this issue. So ...

PAGE 10 IS COMING IN ONLY 2 PAGES.

Trip Report: Jenolan  
Monday 14th - Friday 18th December.

Monday

Richard McNeall, Mark Hunter, Grant Elliot and myself arrived at Jenolan around midday, checked in at the guides' office, and then proceeded to search Aladdin Bluff for many hours. We were looking for J168 and J170 (Duckleg Cave). I did not realise at the time that we were looking too far along the northern end of the bluff and consequently we failed to find them. These two small caves are important as we wish to commence, if feasible, a dig, as they lie close to one of the extensions of Imperial Cave found by C.E.G.S.A. divers. We will have another look in a few trips' time.

Tuesday

Rather a wasted day. The tensioner on the timing chain of my Mazda came loose and the engine was burning oil. Lithgow N.R.M.A. was called and arrived after three hours to advise me to drive slowly on the way home and "check the petrol and fill up the oil". By this time it was already mid-afternoon, too late for any of our intended surveying in Spider Cave, so we proceeded to the Weir for a deserved swim.

Wednesday

This day we surveyed a reasonable amount of rockpile passage in the northern rockpile, north of the second upstream sump, at the lower level. To reach the region we used my elastic etriers to descend from the upper level. (I must remember to replace that dynamic cord with some static.) Surveying started from the bottom of the ladder pitch and we reached a point about five metres from the end. (Surveyed length was about thirty metres). This survey however, was only a traverse with no passage shape or details, which we will have to fill in later. The survey took two hours and we had no time left to do any new exploration of which so much abounds to be tackled, so we headed out.

Thursday

This was a Southern Limestone day with digging in Heffalump Trap being the main diversion. A profitable day's digging.

Friday

Back to the Northern Limestone today, journeying upstream to Wiburds and points north. Wiburds was fairly dry, no lake or stream. Most of the people on the trip have never seen the lake and probably regard it as a myth. We walked up to Watersend Cave after exiting Wiburds and then continued about 200m further north to where the stream was sinking. As some of the party wanted to get an early start home, we left after only a short day's caving. With the long walk from the carpark, forced by the present camping arrangements, we probably spend more time walking than caving on any trip to this part of Jenolan.

P.S. I have now drawn up the survey logs from the section we surveyed and have found some mistakes we need to be corrected on a future trip (any volunteers??). As usual, the surveyed passage length is smaller than the estimate made during the discovery trip.

Trip Report: Kanangra - or up the walls  
March 1982

Upon reaching Kanangra early Saturday morning we split into two groups after breakfast, one to journey through Danae Brook, the other to visit Kalang Canyon.

Danae

I headed off to Danae with my camera and the others and though we left the cars a little late I thought we could make up time by taking a different route to the falls as suggested by members of another Speleo club. This was not to be- it not only took an hour longer than the direct route, but also a lot more energy and creek-bashing. (\* So much for listening to others- make sure the advice you are given is reliable...) Well we finally reached the falls at midday, two hours behind schedule, at least. I decided we might as well go down the canyon, believing the extra rope we had brought along and the 'strong' and 'experienced' party would recapture lost time. This was not to be so.

Danae Brook consists of ten pitches of varying length (140' to 20'), wetness and difficulty which end at a large boulder slope which ends with an 11th (handline) pitch. Everything ran smoothly until the sixth pitch when a delay was incurred in safely rigging this pitch (\* so learn how to rig efficiently, you never know when it might be essential....). Further delays were incurred with the slowing down of Mike Lake's metabolism due to the cold- an occurrence I had not accounted for.

We finally finished the pitches, climbed down the boulder slope and headed on down the creekbed. At this time the weather became overcast and dark, we pushed on regardless using cyalume light; however other members of the party found this going difficult in the dark (are they not trogs?) so we stopped half a mile/hour from the spur that leads to Kilpatrick's Causeway. If necessary we could have pushed on... So we laid upon the ropes on the side of the gully and lit a fire and covered ourselves from the drizzle with a space blanket, thanks to Mike Lake (\* always be prepared....) It was an experience that we had all wanted and a nice change from sleeping bags, and although the night was long, we all still had managed to enjoy the trip, as with the awakening of the dawn we set off up the spur and along the plateau to rejoin the others after a 24 1/2 hour trip. Though the awesome splendour of Danae Brook had been worth it. It is not only one of the most beautiful canyons in Australia, but also one of the hardest, one that creates legends....

Guy McKanna

=====

THIS IS PAGE 10!! Pretty good, isn't it!!!!!!



## Kalang

At about 10 am, Mark, Virginia and I left for Kalang Canyon. Mark had been down the canyon before but nevertheless was keen to do it again and I was soon to see why. The stream we followed is, to say the least, spectacular as it plummets down 7 waterfalls, beside which are the best abseil pitches. The steepness of the canyon is such that the abseils are separated by short distances only. At the bottom of the third pitch, we had a relaxing break beside a waterfall, lying on a sunlit rock (something we felt that the Danae party would be envious of by now).

After lunch we were continually plagued by small problems. Ropes tangles on several occasions and had to be hauled back up and painfully unravelled. On one pitch, as the rope was being pulled down, the last 20m somehow managed to tie a half-hitch around itself. This required a climb back up to untie the knot. Also, despite all assurances, on the last pitch the rope was about 7m too short. We decided to re-anchor half way down the pitch but once again the rope snagged despite a test pull we descended. This problem further slowed our progress.

The taps that we found on the ledge of this pitch could give any abseiler the shivers. The knot in this tape sling had been tied with a single fisherman's pulling against a half-hitch. This discovery just served to reinforce the view that belays left by previous parties should be treated with suspicion and probably best avoided.

By the time we reached the end of the canyon it was well into the afternoon. After a short rest we made our way back up Murdering Gully (aptly named) and returned to the cars. Even the difficulties encountered on the trip couldn't detract from the experience of following this scenic natural gorge.

Grant Elliott

---

### WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT PAGE 10

- "Disappointing" - Guy Cox
  - "Not up to previous issue's standards" - Ian Mann
  - "Wow!! Fantastic!! Tremendous!!" - Mark Twigg, B.A.
  - "Therefore unseen splendours" - Logan, C.J.
  - "For me, perhaps the finest [page] in the English language since Bleak House" - F.R. Leavis (in "Talking about Middlemarch")
  - "Not as good as page 11" - Grant Elliott
-



# COMMITTEE MEMBERS 1982

PRESIDENT Guy McKanna, 48 Vineyard St., Mona Vale.  
997 3758 (h).

VICE PRESIDENT & EDITOR Paul Greenfield, 89 Macaulay Rd., Stanmore.  
560 4952 (h); 692 3524 (w).

CORRESPONDENCE SECRETARY Ian Mann, 48 Gwydir St., Greystanes  
631 4321 (h).

MINUTES SECRETARY Richard McNeall, 49 Stanhope Rd, Killara.  
46 1847 (h)

MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY Phillip Cole, 12 Meldrum Ave, Miranda.  
525 2496 (h)

TREASURER Richard Mackay, 16 Northcote Rd., Lindfield.  
46 1740 (h).

LIBRARIAN Mike Lake, 31 Crescent Rd., Caringbah  
524 5229 (h); 692 3145 (w).

ASSISTANT EDITORS Mark Twigg, 46 Norfolk St., Killara.  
498 2996 (h).  
Grant Elliott, 2 Dobson Crescent, Dundas.  
858 1194 (h).  
Kristin Young, 8 Levick St., Cremorne.  
90 6867 (h)

EQUIPMENT OFFICER Judi Strickland, 10 Second St., Ashbury.  
799 7264 (h).

SAFETY OFFICER & ASF CORRESP. Roy Winstanley, 11/39 Station St., Auburn.

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

## JIM SEABROOK MEMORIAL COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Peter Campbell, 6/45 Albert St. Strathfield.  
764 1027 (h)  
Guy Cox, 150 Short St., Balmain.  
818 1896 (h); 692 3176 (w)  
Bruce Welch, 21 Thompson St., Marrickville.  
569 9928 (h); 660 2222 (w).

## COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Ivan Desailly, 7 Eddie Ave., Panania.  
773 3861 (h)  
Judy Clarke, 10 Holden St., Epping.  
869 1276 (h).

## REMOTE AND INACCESSIBLE PLACE SUBCOMMITTEE

Bryan Cleaver, Helen Turton, Geoff Innes.

## Future Events

### May

- Thursday 6th      General Meeting. Common Room, Holme Building, 7:30pm
- 8th-9th            Wyandene. Contact Mike Lake on 524 5229
- 15th-16th          Jenolan. All the normal places. Contact Mike Lake again
- 22nd-23rd          Wombeyan (we hope). Be on the first SUSS trip to this area for generations. Contact Guy McKenna on 997 3753

### JUNE

Probably lots of trips..... just that we haven't actually planned any yet. Still, its too early for skiing and too cold for canyoning so some saving trips are likely.

The only planned outing is abseiling Govett's Leap sometime in June. See Mike Lake for more information and enthusiasm (being driven to Blackheath by Mike is not compulsory so it may be a fairly safe trip)

---

### YES - YOU CAN STILL GET IT !

In spite of the rumours being put out by shops who don't want to sell what you want to buy . . . .

CALCIUM CARBIDE IS STILL MANUFACTURED

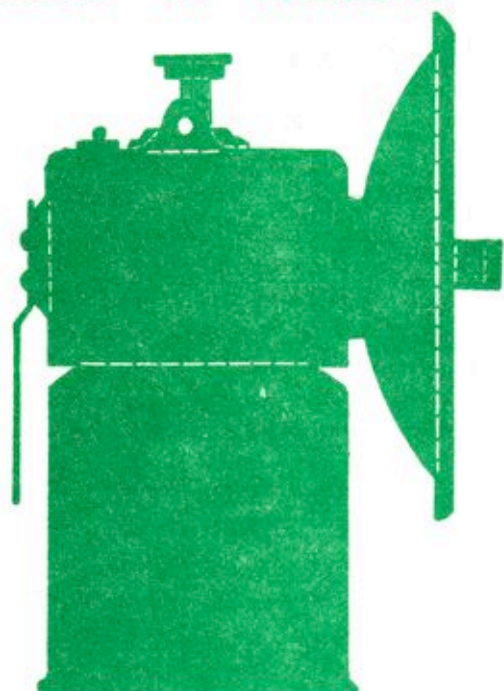
AND IT IS STILL AVAILABLE IN SYDNEY

Best quality Tasmanian carbide is available from Guy Cox:  
phone 692 3176 (uni) or 818 1896 (home) or call at the E.M. Unit -  
Madsen Building.

Price: \$1.50 per kilo

+50c per container (any size)  
(or bring an airtight metal or  
plastic container).

Substantial discount to SUSS members and to anyone buying over 10 kg



Volume 22 Number 1

April 1982

# SUSS

BULLETIN  
of the

SYDNEY UNIVERSITY  
SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

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

## Contents

### Page

1	Editorial
2	SUSS Prussik System
3	Reply to above
5	Wombeyan Trip Report
7	Bungonia Trip Report
8	Apology
9	Jenolan Trip Report
10	Kanangra - Danae
11	Kanangra - Kalang
12	Committee Members
13	Future Events + ad
14	Contents

Paul Greenfield  
Steve Bunton  
Guy McKanna  
Kristin Young  
Ruth Stanton

Mike Lake  
Guy McKanna  
Grant Elliott