

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SYDNEY UNIVERSITY SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

Box 35,
The Union,
Sydney University
N.S.W.; 2006

```

SSSSSSSS UU UU SSSSSSS SSSSSSS
SSSSSSSS UU UU SSSSSSS SSSSSSS
SSS UU UU SSS SSS
SSS UU UU SSS SSS
SSSSSSSS UU UU SSSSSSS SSSSSSS
SSSSSSSS UU UU SSSSSSS SSSSSSS
SSS UU UU SSS SSS
SSS UU UU SSS SSS
SSSSSSSS UUUUUUUU SSSSSSS SSSSSSS
SSSSSSSS UUUUUUUU SSSSSSS SSSSSSS
    
```

Edited by Ron Murray

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by post as a periodical.

Volume 9, Number 4

October, 1969

FORTHCOMING ACTIVITIES

OCTOBER	18-19	SEARCH AND RESCUE JENOLAN	S.S.S.
NOVEMBER	6	GENERAL MEETING Top Floor, Geography Building	7.30 p.m.
DECEMBER	4	GENERAL MEETING Top Floor, Geography Building	7.30 p.m.
JANUARY, 1970		NULLARBOR SPECTACULAR	Rick Crowle 44-7415

TRIP REPORTS

MAY 10-11

COLONG

Ron Murray

Have you ever felt that you shouldn't have gone on a particular trip because everything went wrong? I had this impression on this trip.

On the Friday night two Landrovers left Sydney for Colong. (A seemingly innocuous event, you might say. It took an hour to find the other Landrover). After going by what must have been the most devious route possible, and after linking up with the S.S.S. contingent, we finally arrived at the Church Creek campsite (marked with the skeletons of two V.W.'s) at about 5.30 a. m.

What else was there to do? We went to sleep and woke at about 1 p.m., had lunch, and decided to walk to Colong Caves (the main caves, that is), do some caving, and walk back. The trouble was, none of us had been on this particular track before, and, in spite of the fact that we had a map with us, we sort of got lost and went down the wrong creek to the caves. It still got us there, but it was much more difficult.

Then some fool asked what the time was. With this came the realization that we were all too tired to walk back by that route that night, but equally we had little food or warm clothing --and Colong is notorious for its lack of firewood.

Forgetting about this for a while, we decided to do some caving, "catching up on some sleep as we went along". Some Joke. There we were, asleep at about 11 p.m. in King's Cross, when we were rudely awakened by this party of Boy Scouts going INTO the cave. Some bods are keen. Anyway we kept wandering about the cave until we were too tired to go any further, so we went out, lit a fire (at least that's what we called it) which smelt like nothing on earth (or off it either), and sat around it, sleeping occasionally, until about 6 the next morning, when we left, went back by the right creek this time (in fact, had we known it was so easy, we would have gone back the previous night), got back to camp, and promptly went to sleep again.

We had two plans for that afternoon:

- i) Looking at the Church Creek area; and
- ii) Examination of a Landrover track in the area.

However, since we didn't wake up until about 4 p.m., we had only enough time to eat lunch and dinner, and prepare to leave.

However, our troubles were not over, for there was more to come. I had a flat battery, so I had to push every time I wanted to start the engine. Later, peacefully driving along, there was a loud crunch. I had hit a wombat. No damage to the car, but it didn't do much for the wombat. We pressed on. Finally, just as I rounded the corner at Bell where the road

from Mt. Victoria joins the Bell Road, I suddenly discovered that I had no power. Thinking that it had jumped out of gear or something, I tried everything. Suddenly the horrible truth dawned. I had broken an axle (curse, curse). Anyway, after disconnecting the appropriate things, I was able to return home on front wheel drive.

Anyway, at least I got out of it alive.

ooo000ooo

OCTOBER 4-5-6

YARRANGOBILLY

Ron Murray

This was a much less eventful trip, again involving (dissolving, revolving?) the same two Landrovers., plus sundry other SUSS and SSS bods.

We arrived at the campsite about the middle of Saturday to find that the remainder of the SUSS party had departed for Eagle's nest, so we set up camp and waited (it is certainly worthwhile owning a Landrover if you can drive it down that (-----) hill.) After lunch we entered East Deep Creek for the purpose of photography, etc.

On returning to the campsite we prepared to have dinner and the remainder of the party arrived back from their sortie. They entered East Deep Creek after dinner while we were slothing outside (keen, aren't they).

After a late start the next day we all entered West Eagles' Nest via the Eyrie entrance with a view to reaching East Eagle's Nest. This through trip was completed in 7 hours, although much time was taken up with photography, getting lost, etc. Trouble was, it was dark when we got out, but with the help of our (t)rusty map and compass, we were able to navigate back to the campsite without too much difficulty.

The next day we decided to go back via the Brindabella track, so, after ferrying people and gear up the Hill, we left. At about 4 p.m. we decided to have lunch, so we did. Just as we left, Norm Heckenberg in the other Landrover had the same trouble that I had had on the Colong trip--a broken axle. Ah well. Anyway, we got back to Sydney very late on the Monday night.

Are you bored? Stuck for reading matter? Run out of Donald Duck comics? Then why not buy some old SUSS journals at the next meeting? Or why not some new ones for that matter?

Old journals 15¢

Journals 7:1 and 7:2 50¢

On the basis that no-one in their right mind would pay for them (or read them at all) we are offering old newsletters for nothing. Just tell me which ones you want and I'll see if they are available(they're just cluttering up my place).