

Published by the Tasmanian Caverneering Club, Box 641G, G.P.O.,

Hobart, Tasmania, 7001.

Registered for posting as a periodical - Category "B".

Annual subscription \$1.00.

Single copies 10 cents.

Pres: Albert Goede, 8 Bath Street, Battery Point, Tasmania, 7000.

Sec: Noel White, Geology Dept., University of Tas., Sandy Bay, 7005.

FORWARD PROGRAMME.

- August 14,15 - Weekend. Junee area including placing of bolts in Khazad-dum. Bring a rake or mattock for clearing of camp site. Leader: Phil Robinson.
also water tracing to establish connection between Khazad-dum and Junee. Leader: Albert Goede.
- August 28 - Saturday. Weld River. Surface exploration.
Leader: Albert Goede.
- September 1 - Wednesday. General meeting 8p.m. at 8 Bath Street, Battery Point. Bring slides, etc.
- September 4 - Saturday. Junee area. Further exploration of Niagara Pot. Leader. Peter Shaw.
- September 8 - Wednesday. Session of French(caving) films which we hope to borrow from the French Embassy. Place and details to be announced at the next Gen. meeting(Sept.1).
- September 11 - Saturday. ANNUAL DINNER. The event of the year. The Place:- Prince of Wales Hotel, Hampden Road, Battery Point. Meet at 7.00p.m. Dinner at 7.30p.m.
- Sept. 18,19 - Weekend. Mole Creek. Acting Leader: Kevin Kiernan.
- Sept. 25,26 - Weekend. Exit Cave. Leader: Bill Lehmann.

EDITORIAL.

Ida Bay seems to have been the focus of attention in recent weeks. Trips have gone to both Exit and Mystery Ck. Caves but the long sought for connection still continues to elude us. Use of the climbing pole in Mystery Ck. demonstrated the usefulness of this piece of equipment enabling exploration of two high level passages not previously entered - unfortunately no major discoveries resulted.

Our secretary ran a special trip to Hells Half Acre(Newdegate Cave, Hastings) to discourage a number of prospective members. Although he tried very hard the list of new members in this issue shows that he did not succeed in discouraging them all.

A trip to Junee resulted in the exploration of Niagara Pot to a depth of some 300 ft. and it is still going. Also a surface traverse was run from Niagara to Cauldron Pot as a first stage of our plan to determine cave locations in this area more accurately.

Annual Dinner - Prince of Wales Hotel - Hampden Road - Battery Point - 11 September, 1971 - 7.30p.m.

This year is a VERY SPECIAL OCCASION to mark our first quarter of a century of caving.

Cost: \$4.50 per head covers a four course meal and birthday cake.

Do come along and bring your friends. Please advise either Therese and Albert Goede(bus.ph. 23 0561 ext. 415) or Janet Stephens(ph. 27 8204) if you are coming not later than Friday 3rd September. Payment before the dinner would be appreciated and money or cheque may be handed or posted to the Goede's, 8 Bath Street, Battery Point. Cheques to be made payable to T.C.C.

Club News.

+ The material for rungs for our new ladders has now arrived and has been cut into 6" lengths by Denis Seymour. A working bee will be held on Sat. 7th Aug. - first at Denis' workshop to drill the rungs and then at his home to start assembly of the new ladders.

+ The following new members were accepted at the last general meeting: Graeme Watt, 16 Pottery Rd., Lenah Valley, 7008.

Nick Cummings, c/o Hytten Hall, Uni. of Tas., Sandy Bay, 7005.

Graeme needs no introduction as he has already had extensive caving experience with S.C.S. Nick is a keen photographer and if his recent photographs in Exit are any indication we can look forward to

seeing some really outstanding cave photography.

+ Cave numbering. A swallet in the Junee area now officially known as Niagara Pot was numbered JF 29 on Saturday, 31/7/71. Number on rock face to right of waterfall.

+ Cave naming. The name Niagara Pot was accepted by majority vote at the last G.M. as the official name for JF 29.

+ Unfinancial new members. The following have been accepted as new members but have not yet paid their subscription. Laurel Norbury, Shirley Tarburton, Henk van Twillert and Nick Cummings. Please pay your sub. either direct to the treasurer (Ian Farley, 49 Wells Parade, Blackmans Bay) or to the president.

Norman Poulter's Swan Song.

(Presented by the author at his farewell party).

First of all I wish to thank you all for coming and to Albert and Therese for staging this farewell party for me. I must also acknowledge special thanks to Brian and Jeanette Collin for taking me into their home when the gear box of the Quiet Rover decided to blow up in February.

To a foreigner from that place up north called Australia with its multitude of caving clubs, I must say that Tasmania with its small number of clubs tends to be more harmonious both on club level and individually.

Tasmania and T.C.C., in the six months that I have been here have taught me many things.

Only in Tasmania could you have a government commission seemingly more powerful than the government bent on drowning the state's scenic assets.

Only T.C.C. has a chainsaw as standard caving equipment and compete with the Public Works Dept. in the construction of highways and the Hydro Electric Commission in the gouging of waterways into rivers. T.C.C. - the club that has more disabilities in vehicles than in men and more bolts in caves than cars in mobility.

Through T.C.C. I have learnt how to go to Hell without really dying, how to become exhausted and saturated before you even reach the cave, spend a cold weekend underground when it is perfect weather outside, and how to make Blackberry Soup.

Through me T.C.C. has learnt such things as how to peel Landrovers off hillsides and out of bogs, repair gearboxes and broken axles, how to worship the Great God of Warmth and make perfect potato chips.

I can well imagine that the Tasmanian economy will suffer greatly with my departure as will T.C.C. in general. 101 ft of ladder for a start not to mention a vehicle to carry it in. Quite a few members will have to get used to sleeping on air beds again, cooking on choofers and sitting on logs instead of cushions. One thing they will not miss however is the Quiet Rover's ability to inflict seasickness on its passengers.

To a quiet traveller Tasmania and T.C.C. combine to create a very hospitable environment. I have lost count of the times when that friendly phrase "would you like a cup of coffee?" has been terminated by a cup of coffee and the unhesitant helping hand extended to you when the fickle finger of Fate decreed that trouble descended upon you once more.

Many years ago it was said "I will return". I too shall return, I don't know when. To some people this statement may make them shudder and think about putting Tasmania into a suitcase and stealing away. In the six months that I have been here I have said a few words out of place, made some objectionable manoeuvres. To any and all whose feathers I may have ruffled I wish to apologize. Putting all these and my Pentax aside I have enjoyed my stay in Tasmania with T.C.C. and hope that my machine was not too overbearing on the skyline.

In years to come I shall look back and remember these past months. I shall look back with fear and ecstasy, sadness and mirth, but most of all friendship. I shall not look back with regret of having been here. I thank you one and all.

Yours

Norman Poulter

The Quiet ROVER

TRIP REPORTS.

Exit Cave - Sunday, 27/6/71.

Party: Bill Lehmann(Acting Leader), Noel White, Nick Cummings, Mike Tarburton, Delia Maloney, Dot Boulter, Ron Ekhurst.

Leaving Franklin Square almost on time we travelled to the jump off point in reasonable weather. The journey along the track, which was fairly damp, was uneventful except for Delia trying to duck dive into every second or third puddle and succeeding on most occasions. We used the high level on the way in as the creek was up from the rain of the previous few days. The shorter members of the party had a few problems with the water level as we had to wade in a couple of places on the way in.

As this was basically a photographic trip we took it slowly and succeeded only in getting to the beginning of the talus, but as this was far enough to visit the side passages leading up to the Colonnades and the Pendulum there were no complaints. The trip upstream was spiced with comedy at two points, 1/ the crossing of the D'Entrecasteaux River resurgence inside the cave where several members came to grief by falling into the water, 2/ the other incident being Noel's famous hairygoat type demonstration of how not to jump across a stream at camp 1. He succeeded in slipping and falling into water of such depth that only the very top of his helmet showed. The comedy of this incident was somewhat tempered by concern for his camera gear but a quick inspection showed that no water had entered his pack. When we got to the pretties the cave was lit up by flashguns as the photo bugs got down to the business of trying to record that part of the cave. The non photographic types sat around with bored looks whilst all this was going on.

Back in the main stream passage an experimental shot with magnesium ribbon was taken to show the massive size of the chamber. This later turned out very well except for the fact that we lacked anything to indicate the scale.

As we had overstayed our time in the cave the trip out along the track was done at a slower pace in the dark. On reaching the cars some warm eatables were cooked and then we headed back to Hobart.
Bill Lehmann.

Exit Cave - 9-11/7/71.

Party: Bill Lehmann(Acting Leader), Phil Robinson, Norm Poulter, and Kevin Kiernan.

This trip was originally planned for Mt. Anne but the weather forecast cast doubts on the advisability of doing this trip so we opted to go to Exit Cave as an alternative for Norm's last caving trip in Tasmania. As it turned out it might have been better if we had gone to Mt. Anne.

The trip started out on Fridaynight in the usual T.C.C. manner of being approx. 1 hour late in starting. This got us to the start of the track at approx. 11.30p.m. The trip in went reasonably well except for the discovery that the rope used on the high level traverse at the entrance was worn two thirds of the way through and as this could dump one in approx. 12 ft. of water if it broke a temporary handline was rigged using Bill's spare waist loop. We arrived at camp 2 at 4.15 a.m. Thus the normal 2½ hour trip took us nearly twice that time but as we had all weekend we were not in any hurry.

A quick meal was had and then everybody got down to catching up on some sleep. We arose about 12 noon and after a meal headed upstream towards the Conference Concourse. As this trip was for photography and sightseeing without serious exploration in mind we took our time wandering along the passages using the map produced by UNSWSS. after the conference trip. Several interesting leads were noted for future exploration and the camera bugs were busy recording the interesting parts of the extension on film. One thing recorded on film was the skeleton of a frog approx. 3 inches long on a white formation in one of the decorated sections. A couple off side passages were looked at without success but very happy with what we had seen and photographed we returned to the camp at approx. 9.30 p.m. During the meal a bit of excitement was caused by Bill's choofer blowing up with a spectacular boom and flash of light. The party then turned in. At about 8 a.m. the next morning(Sunday) Bill, Norm and Kevin headed across from the camp to Edie's Treasure for some more photography while Philip who did not have a camera stayed in camp and slept. He joined us a couple of hours later as we were finishing up the final photos. About 12.30p.m. we returned to camp for another meal and packed up for the trip out. This passed fairly uneventfully with a

stop in the main passage near camp 1 for a few last photos. The trip out was a lot easier as the river had gone down while we were in the cave so we used the new low level track to bypass the D'Entrecasteaux River and the bridge. Norm and Kevin headed off down the track while Philip rerigged the high level entrance traverse with a length of rope recovered from camp 2. We arrived at the camper at approx. 6p.m. and after changing headed back to Hobart. Bill Lehmann.

(There follows in Bill's report a detailed description of misadventures with the camper on the return journey to Hobart but due to lack of space this can not be printed.) Ed. (See page 6 for cont.)

Hastings - Sat. 17/7/71.

Party: Noel White(leader), Kevin Kiernan, Therese Goede, Richard Bloomfield, Graeme Watt, Geoff Davis, Justin Fuller and Nick Cummings

This trip was designed to show Geoff and Justin what caving is "really" like. The others tagged along to see the cave, or parts they had not seen, or to collect bugs. Just to prove it was not to be an easy touristing jaunt we set out at 6 a.m. This had one beneficial result, as it discouraged some lazy types from coming. (Stuart take note!)

When we arrived at Hastings, most of us allowed ourselves to be locked in Newdegate Cave by Kevin, who then went off to King George V Cave with Richard and Therese for the purpose of debugging(the cave, not them). Our party of five entered the stream from the tourist section and proceeded up to the "Pop Hole". Through it we explored the Christmas Cave with its impressive display of straws. We then went downstream to the sump, then retreated thoroughly muddled and wet to the tourist section for lunch.

Once we had fortified the inner man, we set off once again, this time through the tunnel to the Binney Cave. As we rigged the ladder pitch down into Mystery Chamber Kevin and Richard joined us for the slosh through Hells Half Acre. With a little diabolical sabotage from the intrepid leader Kevin was persuaded to push a tight and extremely wet(and unnecessary) squeeze. Notwithstanding a couple of entertaining diversions of this kind we went right through to the high chambers at the far end of Hells Half Acre.

The return to the surface was uneventful apart from some unscheduled backsliding by some members of the party when muddy patches were encountered, which was all the time(thanks to more sabotage by the leader). All told ten hours were spent underground and most of Newdegate was examined. Geoff and Justin now know what caving is really like and why the club's motto is what it is. It was a most enjoyable trip, at least all us masochists thought so - don't you wish you had come?

Noel White.

(Editor's Note: Some would say that the leader was a sadist rather than a masochist).

Mystery Ck. Cave, Ida Bay - Sunday, 25/7/71.

Party: Albert Goede(leader), Bill Lehmann, Graeme Watt and Henk van Twillert.

The object of the trip was to explore all high level passages leading off from the eastern side of Mystery Ck. Cave to try and link up with Exit Cave using the climbing pole wherever necessary. The party turned out to be a convenient size for the job to be done. We left Bath Street at 7.15 a.m. visiting Brian on the way to collect the climbing pole and related bits and pieces. The first excitement of the day was a little past Fern Tree where we struck black ice on the road in a hairpin bend. After some breathtaking moments we breathed again and continued in a more leisurely manner. At 9.45 a.m. we left the car and were at the cave before 10.30. After a snack we left our equipment at the entrance to go on a familiarization tour as only the leader had been in the cave before. The morning was spent climbing up to several east trending high level passages - the longest went for about 50 ft. Two others were noted as climbing pole prospects. We then made a detour via the Skyline to the Midnight Hole passage where Bill and Graeme braved the Matchbox Squeeze to see the bottom of the 180 ft. shaft. For Bill this entailed much scraping, grunting and groaning. Once through the two got quite excited and we could hear their voices reverberating up the shaft. The shock of the squeeze must have turned their heads for they then started to sing Hallelujahs. After they returned we went via the "natural arch" to the shute and back to the main cave which we followed as far as survey station 38. Then back to the entrance for lunch, exploring on the way. While having lunch we were

surprised to see a young couple with two small children enter the cave. Mum and the children stayed near the entrance while Dad went to have a look at the glow worms with the party's one and only torch.

We continued our explorations. Two high level passages close to the entrance were reached by climbing. The next two were accessible only by climbing pole. This proved quite a useful piece of equipment once we discovered the technique for getting it upright but it requires a team of four for efficient operation. The only finds of interest were biological for the leader collected two live Idacarabus beetles - the first to be found here since the 1950's. All passages petered out after a short distance. We returned to the car at about 5.15 p.m. The trip home was uneventful with stops at Geeveston and Huonville to keep the wolf from the door.

Mystery Creek was very low after a fortnight of almost no rain. The only likely prospect left for linking Mystery Ck. and Exit Caves is the Canyon at the far end of the cave. All high level passages trending east between the entrance and survey station 38 were explored.

Albert Goede.

Niagara Pot - 31/7/71.

Party: Peter Shaw(leader), Phil Robinson, Kevin Kiernan, Graeme Watt. Albert Goede and Brian Collin surveying.

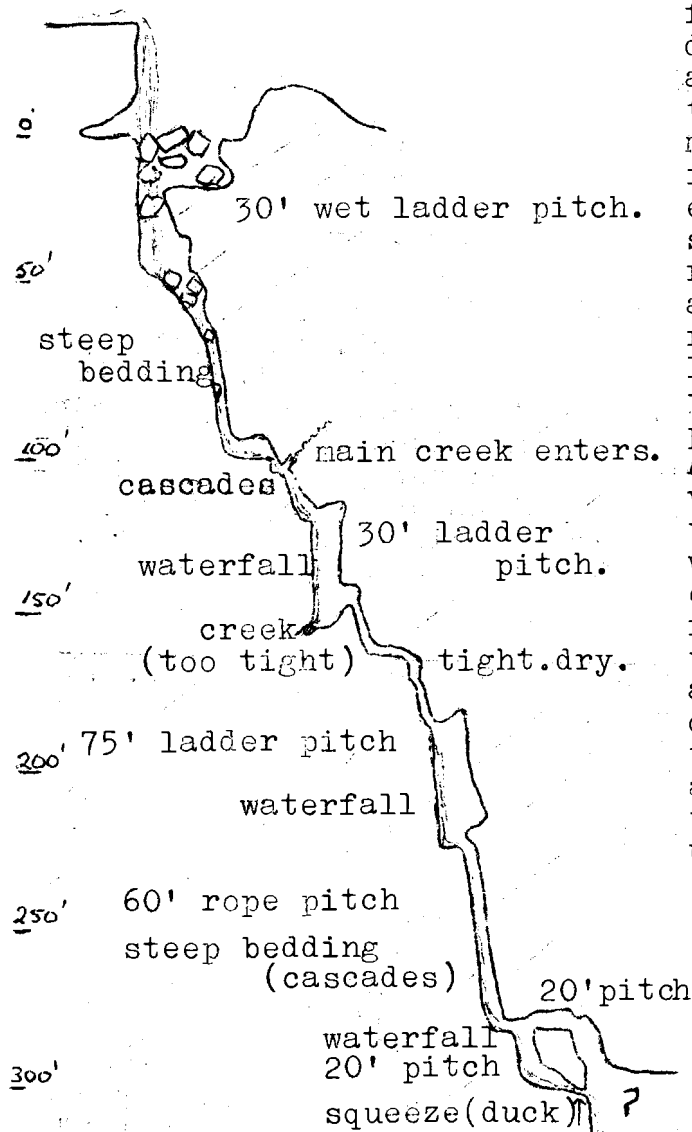
After a fantastic feat of navigation in re-locating the cave the four of us set off underground while Albert and Brian surveyed to Cauldron Pot. After descending through some very loose looking boulders for ten feet, we laddered a thirty foot pitch to reach the stream. This was followed for fifty feet down two small waterfalls to the next pitch. This was thirty feet with the bottom ten feet very wet.

The stream at this stage became impossible to follow so ninety feet of ladder was lowered down a drop in a small side passage. Phil and Peter descended sixty feet free to regain the stream where Phil managed to commit a breach of caving ethics for which he was apparently well known in England. The stream, at this stage, fell down a rift formed along the dip which was about eighty degrees. Sixty feet of rope was tied to the end of the ladder and with this we descended the rift to another thirty foot pitch which was the wettest of all. At the foot of this pitch the stream vanished into a narrow passage through which Phil squeezed in his wet suit to emerge on top of an estimated sixty foot pitch. After re-climbing the last pitch, Peter traversed into a side passage with a twenty foot pitch which was laddered. From here, the stream continues down a thirty foot pitch and out of sight. We returned to the surface having spent six hours underground.

Peter Shaw.

STOP PRESS - Herberts Pot.

An official invitation has been received from S.C.S. for a combined trip through Herberts Pot on the weekend of September 18-19. A chance to see the new discoveries made recently in what is one of the finest sporting caves in Tasmania!!



NIAGARA POT.

Grade 1 sketch.

P. Robinson, 3/8/71.

→ 200'

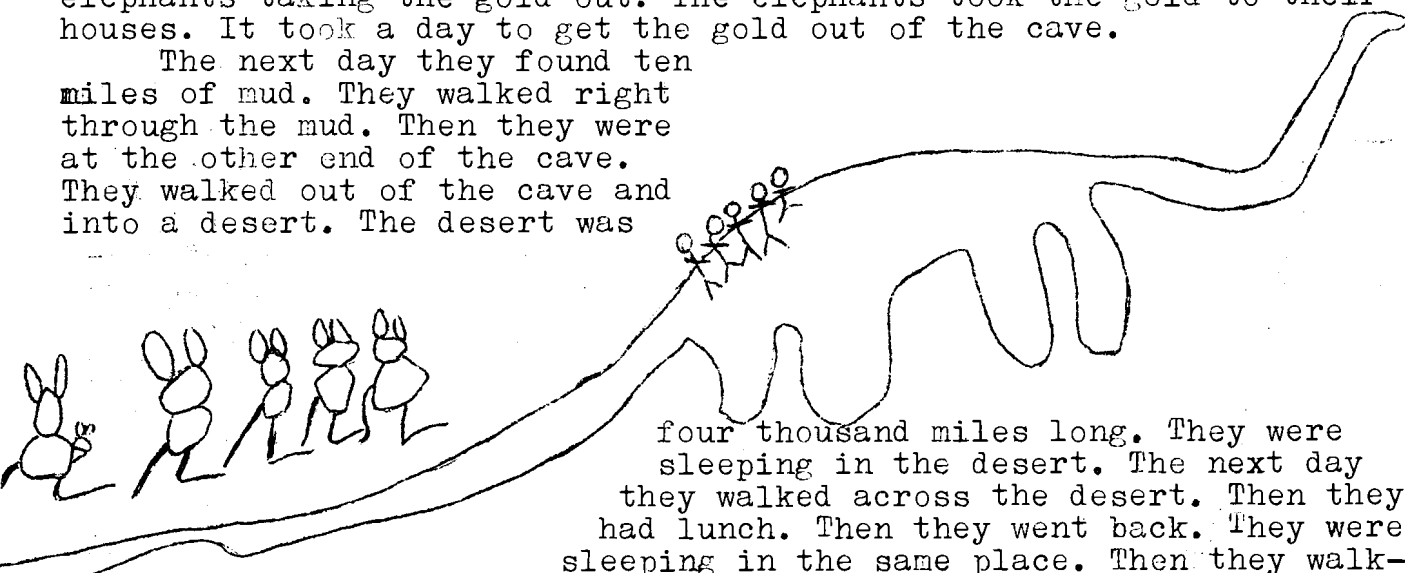
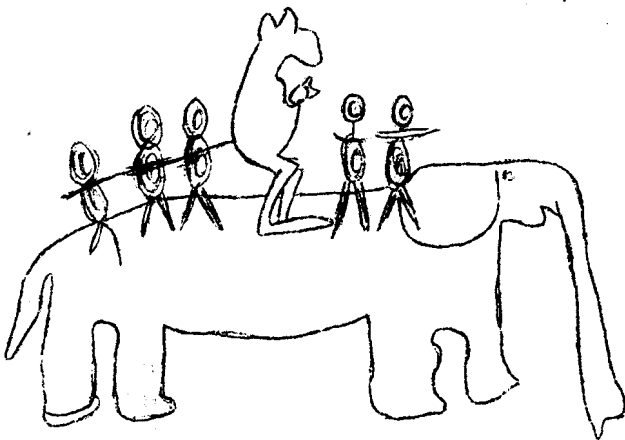
The following "trip report" needs no explanation except that it was written by a 7 year old boy whose only concept of a cave lay in his imagination. The "trip" makes interesting reading.

" The Secret Cave."

Damien Holloway.

One day a boy went to a cave with all his friends. One day when they were going to the cave they found a row of gold leading the way to the cave. They did not know that it was only lizards that made the tracks. They thought it was a man. When they got to the cave they found it was only lizards. When they got into the cave they found a torch and that's just what they needed. When they came out of the cave they built a house for their families, they only took one day to build the house. The next day they met a wallaby riding on an elephant. They rode on the wallaby, that was riding on top of the elephant. The elephant took them all through the cave. They found a big lump of gold that was twenty feet high. It weighed fifty pounds. It was the biggest piece of gold they ever found. When they saw the gold they saw one hundred elephants taking the gold out. The elephants took the gold to their houses. It took a day to get the gold out of the cave.

The next day they found ten miles of mud. They walked right through the mud. Then they were at the other end of the cave. They walked out of the cave and into a desert. The desert was



four thousand miles long. They were sleeping in the desert. The next day they walked across the desert. Then they had lunch. Then they went back. They were sleeping in the same place. Then they walked all the way home. The next day five hundred kangaroos and a dinosaur came. The kangaroos could jump 4000 miles an hour. Each boy rode one kangaroo. Then the kangaroos and the dinosaur had a race. They both came first. They went home after the week of exploring the secret cave.

(Drawings also by Damien).

(Room was made so here is the rest of Bill's report cont. from p.4.) This is where things started to go wrong. When we were climbing the foothills of Mt. Wellington about four miles north of Huonville we ran out of petrol. A quick check of the spare cans on the front of the Quiet Rover showed that "the cupboard was bare". Norm then decided to back down the hill to a turnoff and then to a filling station that was situated at the bottom, but he got a bit too close to the edge of the road and the Rover developed one hell of a list to the horror of its passengers. Norm and Philip grabbed a can and hitched a ride back to Huonville to pick up some petrol. They returned about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour later in a car that sounded as though it was coming apart at the seams. After the tank was filled we discovered that the battery was flat and the engine would not turn over. We waved down a traveller from N.S.W. and with a pair of jump leads started the waggon. It was about this time that Philip produced the quote of the year in response to a passing motorist's query "Ya all rite mate?". Philip answered along the lines of "Yes thanks. The battery is flat & the waggon is falling over the bank but everything's O.K." The last incident of the trip was meeting up with the bloke who had given Phil and Norm a lift back from Huonville. He had run out of petrol. This was solved by Norm towing him over the mountain until he was on the downhill run into Hobart. Unfortunately on a downhill run he overran the chain and it locked around the wheel of his car. Memorable trip!

LIST OF FINANCIAL MEMBERS 1971-72.

F - full member J - junior member
 A - associate member HA - honorary associate member
 P - prospective member LM - life member.

AKHURST, Ron	26 Granville Ave., Geilston Bay, 7015.	P.
BLOOMFIELD, Richard	4 Wentworth St., Bellrive, 7018.	P.
BLUHDORN, John	Dept. of Zoology, Uni. of Tas., Sandy Bay, 7005.	F.
BOOTH, Judy	P.O. Box 339, Madang, Terr. Papua and New Guinea	A.
BOOTH, Robin	" " " " " " " "	A.
BOULTER, Clive	52 St. Georges Terrace, Battery Point, 7000.	F.
BOULTER, Dot	" " " " " " " "	F.
BRABON, Joan	Old Beach Rd./ P.O. Box 74, Lindisfarne, 7015.	F.
BRABON, Peter	" " " " " " " "	F.
BROWN, Frank	15 Harrington St., Hobart, 7000.	F.
CAREY, Prof. S.W.	24 Richardsons Ave., Dynnyrne, 7005.	LM.
CARPENTER, Wes	20 Wellesley Street, South Hobart, 7000.	F.
CHAMBERS, Judy	Pyengana, Tas. 7254.	F.
CLARKE, Arthur	62 Princess Street, Sandy Bay, 7005.	F.
COLLIN, Brian	66 Wentworth Street, South Hobart, 7000.	F.
COLLIN, Jeanette	" " " " " " " "	F.
CORBETT, Sib	18 Richardsons Avenue, Dynnyrne, 7005.	F.
CRIPPS, David	442 Elizabeth Street, North Hobart, 7000.	J.
CULBERG, Anthony	13 Neville Street, Outley, N.S.W. 2223.	A.
DAVIS, Geoff	c/o Hytten Hall, Uni. of Tas., Sandy Bay, 7005.	P.
DE VRIES, Rien	Ringwood Road, New Norfolk, 7450.	A.
ELLIS, Ross	52 Bundock Street, Randwick, N.S.W. 2031.	A.
FARLEY, Ian	49 Wells Parade, Blackmans Bay, 7152.	F.
FARLEY, Stella	" " " " " " " "	F.
FRANKCOMBE, Don	A.N.M., Maydena, 7457.	HA.
FULLER, Justin	c/o Hytten Hall, Uni. of Tas., Sandy Bay, 7005.	P.
GOEDE, Albert	8 Bath Street, Battery Point, 7000.	LM.
GOEDE, Therese	" " " " " " " "	F.
HENLEY, Peter	49 Bambridge Street, Weetangera, A.C.T., 2600.	F.
HERINGTON, J.	24 Balaka Street, Rosny, 7018.	HA.
HOCKING, Col	20 Banawarra Rd., Geilston Bay, 7015.	F.
HODGE, Bill	5 Bayley Street, Glebe, 7000.	F.
HOLLOWAY, Kerry	36 Lochner Street, West Hobart, 7000.	A.
HOWE, Bernard	46 McKinly Street, Midway Point, 7171.	A.
HUGHES, Rodney	c/o 7 ZL Transmitter, Private Bag 28, Ralphs Bay, 7021.	F.
JEFFRIES, Max	66 South Avenue, Maydena, 7457.	HA.
KAVALIERIS, Laimonis	4 Ellerslie Road, Adamstown Heights, N.S.W.	A.
KEDDIE, Richard	Storey Street, St. Marys, 7215.	P.
KENT, Ron	P.O. Box 111, Zeehan, 7469.	A.
KIERNAN, Kevin	10 Meath Avenue, Tarroona, 7006.	F.
LEHMANN, Bill	29A D'Arcy Street, South Hobart, 7000.	F.
MALONEY, Anne	16 Second Avenue, Springfield, 7009.	J.
MALONEY, Delia	4 Clarke Avenue, Battery Point, 7000.	J.
MATTHEWS, Peter	66 Frognore Cres., Park Orchards, Vic. 3114.	A.
MEERDING, Henk	6 Gourlay Street, Blackmans Bay, 7152.	F.
MOLLAND, B.G.	87 West Street, Maydena, 7457.	HA.
MORRIS, Clive	11 Church Street, Kingston, 7150.	F.
MORRIS, Sally	" " " " " " " "	F.
NICHOLAS, Stuart	7 Rupert Avenue, New Town, 7008.	J.
PARKES, Terry	4/38 Mellifont Street, West Hobart, 7000.	A.
PETERSON, Bill	12 Auvergne Avenue, New Town, 7008.	F.
PIERCE, Miles	1/72 Best Street, Fitzroy Nth., Vic. 3068.	A.
POULTER, Norman	c/o 21 Collins Cres., Yagoona West, N.S.W. 2199.	F.
RICHARDSON, T.	Mole Creek, Tas., 7257.	HA.
ROBINSON, Lloyd	167 Mt. Keira Rd., Mt. Keira, N.S.W., 2500.	A.
ROBINSON, Philip	5/282 Sandy Bay Rd., Sandy Bay, 7005.	F.
SEYMOUR, Denis	4 Clarke Avenue, Battery Point, 7000.	F.
SHAW, Peter	3/24 Broadview Cres., Trevallyn, 7250.	F.
SKINNER, Pam	Hastings Caves, via Lune River, 7116.	HA.
SKINNER, Roy	" " " " " " " "	HA.
STEPHENS, Simon	43 Seaview Avenue, Tarroona, 7006.	F.
TARBURTON, Michael	4 Barossa Road, Glenorchy, 7010.	F.
TURNER, Doug	79 Riawena Road, Rose Bay, 7015.	F.
WALKDEN-BROWN, Tim	c/o 496 Pittwater Rd., Nth. Manly, N.S.W. 2100.	A.
WALKER, Wayne	c/o Hytten Hall, Uni. of Tas., Sandy Bay, 7005.	P.
WATT, Graeme	16 Pottery Road, Lenah Valley, 7008.	F.
WHITE, Noel	Hytten Hall, Uni. of Tas., Sandy Bay, 7005.	F.