

DOUBLE LIFE



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Blue Mountains Speleological Club

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O O L I T E

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CONTENTS

Page

REPORTS FROM 11th A.G.M. FEBRUARY 1979.

President's Report.....	2
Secretary's Report.....	3
Treasurer's Report.....	4
Equipment Officer's Report.....	5
Safety Officer's Report.....	5
Journal Editor's Report.....	5

TRIP REPORTS

Bungonia June 17th -18th, 1978.....	6
Glenbrook October 29th, 1978.....	10
Glow Worm Tunnel November 11th 1978.....	10
Jenolan November 25th-26th 1978.....	11
Jenolan November 25th-26th 1978.....	11
Cliefden March 3rd-4th 1979.....	12
Cliefden March 3rd-4th 1979.....	12
Jenolan 21st-22nd April 1979.....	13
Cliefden March 31st- April 1st 1979.....	14
Little Wombeyan Creek April 7th 1979.....	14
Results 1979 Photo Competition.....	16
Review.....	16
Caving at Wee Jasper.....	19
Hidden Tribe Found.....	20
Cave Divers.....	20
Viewed in a Dream.....	20
Trip Leader Requirements.....	21
Conquest of the Kokada Trail.....	22

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REPORTS FROM 13th ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 11th FEBRUARY 1979.
PRESIDENTS REPORT.

I would like to welcome members and visitors to this our 13th Annual General meeting. With your indulgence I wish to present an overview of the past year's activities.

During my association with B.M.S.C. I cannot recall a year to match 1978 so far as pure activity is concerned. You may not realize that some 34 trips were organized, culminating in a Tasmanian venture by 7 of our members.

No one can dispute the fact that there were not enough trips, unfortunately not all members participated in this activity.

Breaking up the trip program were field days and social activities, superbly organised and enjoyed by all who participated.

B.M.S.C. was most fortunate to have 2 benefactors who generously donated \$100.00 each towards the cost of purchasing our own duplicator. To the Coburn Family and Karl Bilger go our thanks. The results have appeared through our journal during the year. It is most heartening to hear our Journal Editor state that he has enough material to enable a journal to be published. Dilite is our journal your contributions make it so.

B.M.S.C. has been represented at many speleo functions during the year, with 2 of our members taking on additional responsibilities in organised speleology viz Ian Bogg - President N.S.W. Speleo Council and Carol Miller - Secretary.

This continuing interest in organised speleology and conservation throughout the year has culminated with B.M.S.C. making a detailed submission based on extensive field work regarding the gating of caves at Jenolan. This submission has been well recieved by the Management Authorities. This represents a lot of effort by a few for the majority both present and in the future.

A lot of effort has been put into the club behind the scenes, particularly by our committee and office bearers all of which has helped to make 1978 a good year.

In closing I take this opportunity of thanking all members for thier support and interest to make B.M.S.C. what it is today.

I Bogg

President 1978.

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SECRETARY'S REPORT

During the past 12 months the club has been involved in some areas quite new to most of us; namely Canomodine, Kempsey, Wellington, Wombeyan and Mole Creek. Wee Jasper was honoured by our presence once again and of course there were the usual Bungonias, Cliefdens, Jenolans and the odd Yarrangobilly. This accounted for 28 trips, some of these were split into two separate trips to allow for the varying capabilities of some members. In addition survey trips were held as well and good progress is reported here.

Field days were held on three occasions whilst other social experiences included an excursion to Mangrove Creek Ghost House, a number of 21st birthdays, abarbeque at Paul's, a bowling night, a two day car trial a fancy dress party, a night at the movies, a printing night and of course the regular Annual Dinner and Christmas Party.

Meetings were held as far afield as Jenolan, Abercrombie, Mt Tomah and Warragamba in order to include those of us who either cannot make it to a more local Blue Mountains venue or to support those who are always travelling our way.

In the latter part of 1978 two more editions of Oolite hit the streets, thanks to our newly purchased duplicator and increasing work by our editor and his small band of helpers.

Membership has remained rather static with 21 full members, 17 prospectives and 2 honorary. In itself the static membership is satisfactory at around forty but unfortunately when activities are arranged attendances have at times been disappointingly poor.

B.M.S.C. is undoubtedly not alone with it's problems of effective active membership. At least those who did involve themselves in one way or another had, I trust, a very satisfactory and successfull and memorable year.

I take this opportunity to thanking those of you who not only supported the clubs activities, speleo and social, but also assisted me in the role of secretary.

T Matthews

Secretary.

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TREASURER'S REPORT

Income:

| | \$ | |
|---------------------------|-----------------|----------|
| Brought forward I977 | 147.63 | |
| Subscriptions | 292.00 | |
| Badges and Tapes | 7.00 | |
| Trip Fees | 209.00 | |
| Social Activities | 44.65 | |
| Sundry Income | 243.70 | |
| Sale of Oolite | 5.00 | |
| Bank Interest | 1.60 | |
| Building Society Interest | 18.54 | |
| Building Society Deposit | 59.91 | |
| | <u>1,032.57</u> | 1,032.57 |

Expenditure:

| | | |
|----------------------|---------------|---------------|
| A.S.F. | 129.50 | |
| Bank Charges | 2.50 | |
| Library | 24.50 | |
| Secretarial Expenses | 61.40 | |
| Oolite Expenses | 56.74 | |
| Equipment | 258.30 | |
| Misc Expenses | 197.66 | |
| | <u>730.30</u> | 730.30 |
| | | <u>302.27</u> |

Total Income 302.27

202.25

100.02

Total Saleable Assets

24.00

I would like to thank anyone who has helped me in the past year in my position as treasurer.

Our income this year consisted mainly of subscriptions and trip fees. We also had 2 donations of \$100.00 towards the purchase of our Gestetner.

The Gestetner and A.S.F. Capitation Fees were our biggest expenses this year. Having had a financially successful year I suggest that membership fees remain the same as 1978.
ie: Family \$12.00, Single \$10.00 and Student \$5.00.

C Miller

Treasurer.

EQUIPMENT OFFICERS REPORT.

Allequipment is in good order and clean , an accurate record has been kept of the use and user of the various pieces of equipment during the previous twelve months. A comment was made to me recently concerning the ages of all the ropes, there was concern regarding the wear rate, actually all the ropes are in good condition. The ladders are also in good condition despite heavy usage.

I would like to thank all who used the equipment for the consideration given to the maintainance of this esential gear.

J Charley

Equipment Officer.

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SAFETY OFFICERS REPORT.

The past year was a good one, field days were well attended particularly by prospective members. The objective of showing these members more about the equipment being used was successfully achieved. No accidents ocured during the year so uor record remains high thanks to the active participation of our members.

K Bilger

Safety Officer.

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JOURNAL EDITORS REPORT.

Thanks to generous donations the club was able to purchase a new duplicater. Alas our troubles were not over, the type-writer now broke down. Repairs having been effected, progress is now continuing as evidenced by the copies of the journal. Thanks must also go to my able helpers and those who donated articles.

Hopefully the journal will continue to prosper.

K Bilger

Ed.

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A cople of books recently added to our library:

SPELEOLOGY

The Study of Caves

Habitat

by George W Moore

Vol,6 +2.

G Nicholas Sullivan.

TRIP REPORTS

BUNGONIA. 17th 18th June 1978.

Aim: Familiarisation.

Members present: I Bogg TL, Joel Charley, B Skinn, C Miller,
T Matthews, M Sammut, R Sanderson, A McKendry,
E Go@win, G Bracken.

Visitors: B Burrows.

Caves Entered: Grill B44, Fossil/Hogans B4/B5.

Saturday morning saw the late arrival at Bungonia Of the older members due to the necessity of having to vote in the State Elections. Our campsite at the new camping area was selected as beeing the driest available, everything was saturated from the previous weeks rain. Good muddy prospects for caving. Eventually, after establishing camp and partaking of an early luncheon, some trog gear began to slowly attach itself to its owner in anticipation of the afternoon events. Slowly but surely troglodytes began to appear as the members gave an exhilarated exhibition of Suburbia Dressage Exfoliation. The transformation from "Pierre Cardin" to "King Gees" with matching accesories of monogrammed, colourful underwear, tight cutaway or split action shorts and B.M.S.C. emblematic teen tops tee shirts, was wonderous to behold. Things began to take on a serious note when all of a sudden size 9 sherpa soled Dunlop boots found their owners and laced themselves around their feet and provided the motional stimuli first one foot then the other and suddenly mobility.

Suffice to say we eventually entered the Grill Cave at 12.20 Hrs. through the B44 entrance. Although no rain was falling when we entered large volumes of water were entering the cave along the Left Hand Wall particularly as far in as the top of the long ladder, with a mini waterfall in evidence down the canyon. The party then slid, scrambled or in manner made their way down over the boulders, albeit very cautiously as they were obviously very wet and slippery as this region is the collecting point for the water. Upon reaching the mudslide area progress was halted owing to the high water level. We then returned to the horizontal ladder and followed the high level route. At this point the party was ably led by Robert who managed to (intentionally) by-pass the 9ft ladder down to the mudslide chamber by following a joint/ bedding plane controlled passage. Ably supported by Carol they eventually succeeded in having the members with lesser experience going

round in circles. It is surprising how many times one can pass a pack round the loop. Brian's small yellow pack (the only one) was passed around once, then supposedly with camera equipment, then a third time supposedly with tucker. At this point in time some members could not contain themselves any longer and burst forth with hiliarious, sardonic, ridiculous laughter much to the displeasure of the members caught up in the circumnavigating, pack passing debacle. A short R&R stop at the top of the mudslide enabled all members to regain some semblance of sanity. As an organised speleo group, professional in attitude, professional in action, professional in skills and techniques, professionally led, professionally responsible body, Whose kidding who? We then made our way down to the Junction and it was evident on the way down that the cave was remarkably clean with no foul air being noticed. The Bungonia Foul Air stories must keep the match production lines fully utilised. Following the left hand branch we made our way down to the small sandy floored chamber below the "Rift" and the CO2 warning signs. Brian, endowed with the quality of many years of Tasmanian Caving experience, was all enthused. He, like many others had not been this far down the Grill, took off, with many followers chanting "the sump - the sump- we gonna see the sump". Alas it was not to be, he rapidly returned and enthusiastically enounced with such enmity- BAD AIR; The air of despondancy was so thick you could can it and make a fortune. In true mountain spirit, borne of high nobility we overcame the feeling of despondancy, frustration, ennui, fear, enmity, and displaying an attitude backed up by years of speleological enlightenment- we ran like hell.

Back at the junction we entered the Right Hand Branch which leads through a pressure tube into a narrow rift and ends in a sudden drop into a pool. A significant volume of water was flowing down the far wall, however this did not prevent an attempt to push upstream, one cannot go far. Frustrated, we returned to the Junction where one adopted a position of comfort while partaking of light refreshment and espousing the virtues of females, female cavers that is. Interestingly enough, one female member, who shall remain nameless, was observed partaking passionately, patiently, peaceably of a patronising, palatable, peace offering, peculiar, perishable prune, as a practical, panacea primer for a passive problem. A phenomenal, prosaic performance. Which was to be

repeated at every R&R stop for the rest of the weekend, an experience to behold. A prune powered sprog? And female at that. Whether it worked only Monica can tell.

Our timing for departure from the Grill was excellent, for, as we made our way towards the entrance some 30 other assorted cavers in 3 groups were making their way in. The more adventurous types made an exit via the sink hole (BII8) in true blue B.M.S.C. fashion, do everything the hard way.

When Carol and Erica they were accompanied by Ted who headed back to camp to get a brew going and supper ready. Unfortunately for them the remainder were so exuberant that the TL attempted to pampen their enthusiasm by a quickie through B4/B5.

We made our way into B5 and successfully negotiated the short 5ft climb with Brian belaying all members up due to the "greasy" nature of the climb. Brian led the way through the Cement Bag and on to the Hairy Traverse. At one stage it sounded as though an Aboriginal Corroborree was in progress, it was not so, it was just the lesser experienced members doing the knocking knees/teeth chattering performance. After being pyhsiced up and belayed by Brian, a cautious descent was made by all. With all members except Brian at the bottom we were once again to witness an exhilarating display of a Tassie Caver's technical expertise when Brian demonstrated the Classic Abseiling technique. Again during R&R stops our prune powered sprog could be seen promoting prune power by offering them around.

We then headed down the rift into the Rat Hole and headed out with some difficulty, as a long period of absence from B4/B5 by the leader, and others, resulted in memory lapses of recall. The only recall being "thats the wrong way". All members successfully freeclimbed their way out, to their amazement. Which could have been due in part by "prune popping" at the R&R stops. We eventually emerged at 2010 hrs with members expressing a desire to return next day via the B4 entrance.

when we returned to camp Ted and the Girls were not at rapt at missing out.. However, we were forgiven and during the evening an impromptue concert followed, around the campfire. Eventually members resplendant in their night attire made off to tent city to find noddly land. A new concept in sleeping arrangements evolved with bundling being the order of the day, with 7 up in Geoff's tent trying to sleep on 5 airbeds. Apparently some felt a little let down during the parting of the airbeds. No difficulty in the morning, except that our trusty secretary

(Ted) was last, and failed in his demands to secure the time honoured tradition that went with his position (horizontal). Breakfast in bed.

SUNDAY

Again a late start, we eventually made our entrance into B4/B5 at 1125 hrs. As a prelude we had broken camp and packed up, so that we would not be faced with this on our return.

Our party was split into two with Brian and Robert equipping themselves to tackle the vertical face above the pipe belay at the top of the Hairy Traverse in B5. The others were to carry out general exploration in B4.

The main party had no trouble climbing down to the stream passage floor. Some members experienced varying degrees of difficulty in the awkward hole at the end of the stream passage and apprehension at the upper level squeeze at the other end of the chamber. All members were encouraged to attempt the squeeze without assistance, none had any difficulty although somewhat tight for the larger members of the party. Considerable time was spent in the King's Cross area probing the many passages with many unorthodox techniques being displayed. The lower level had some water but not as high as anticipated, and the gravel was set aside for the next trip. This free exploratory period exemplified the more courageous leader types and worked out the stiffness of the previous days activity.

From King's Cross we headed for the rift connecting B4/B5 from which some members proceeded down to the start of the extension for a looksee. We eventually made our way into B5 to see what the Dynamic Duo had achieved.

They had reached a point some 10 M. above the belay without much difficulty, however the face must be fairly loose judging by the amount of rock on the chamber floor. After wishing them well we followed the girls on the outward journey.

It was good to see the improvement in ability and confidence in the newer and less experienced members, as a result a good weekend's caving was concluded over a light meal and cuppa.

GLENBROOK 29th October, 1978.

Aim: Field Day.

Members present: K Bilger TL, Jack Charley, Joel Charley,
B Skimm, C Miller, C Olsen, E Morgan-Thomas,
A McKendry, P McKendry, T Mathews, E Godwin,
A Tremble, R Sanderson.

This field day was run on similar lines to the previous one, with one main change, this entailed giving authority to organize the various exercises to two new trip leaders. The result was not as good as expected, but given consideration, was not too bad for their first effort at organization of a large number of people.

As a result of the day most people present learnt a lot about ladder climbing in difficult places.

K Bilger.

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GLOW WORM TUNNEL/WOLGM VALLEY 11th November 1978.

Aim: Socializing.

Members Present: Jack Charley TL, Joel Charley, K Bilger,
E Godwin, C Miller, T Mathews, G Cummings,

Visitors: R Duddington.

As the weather was unsuitable for paddling in the Wallan-gambe River the alternative was a trip to the Glow Worm Tunnel at the edge of the Wolgam Valley. We met at Mt Wilson and then proceeded on to the Tunnel, arriving at the washout at 11 AM. As we walked the last half mile down the road we encountered massive damage caused by the floods at Easter. A large washaway on either side of the tunnel made it impossible to get any vehicle near it. However some industrious people have cut a track in from the old coach road to the south and this connects just above the tunnel, this gives access to anyone game enough to try this very rough track.

There were a good display of worms present, the best I have seen. Judging from reports I have heard the number of worms present vary considerably with the seasons.

We walked through the tunnel and along the old railbed to a vantage point overlooking the Valley. On the way back to the cars we followed the canyon around the tunnel. Back at the cars lunch was eaten.

Some of the group wanted to see the old kerosine tanks at Newnes Junction so this was our next stop. On arriving at the site of these tanks everyone was astonished at their size, we had been told that their capacity was approximately three million gallons each and there are three of them. By this time it was 4.30 and starting to rain so we all left for home. A good time was enjoyed by all.

J Charley.

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JENOLAN 25th 26th November 1978.

Aim: To reach Great North Cavern.

Members Present: K Bilger TL, Jack Charley, G Powell,
G Cummings.

Saturday morning we quickly reached the Gravel Grovel and continued our search for the way on, it was eventually found with much elation following. We encountered no further problems until the final squeeze was reached and here I stayed as the dreaded claustrophobia set in. Graham got past what is known as the Flowstone Impasse and now has the nickname "lizzard guts".

Sunday morning we visited Lower River, Smirnoff's, Skull and Cross Bones and the Ninety Foot.

K Bilger.

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JENOLAN 25th 26th November 1978.

Aim: To visit Upper Oolite Cavern.

Members Present: T Matthews TL, T Ellis, E Godwin,
C Olsen, A McKendry, M Roach.

Access to Mammoth was via the newly gated lower entrance we formed a group of not so keen Gt. Nth. Cavern explorers. Our first technical error was to turn left in the passage to the Railway Tunnel and so went Sth. instead of Nth. There were speleos everywhere, us pretending to be lost, Cave Rescue Group with support pretending someone had a broken leg, Ryde Baptists pretending they were S.S.S. and S.S.S. younger set pretending they weren't there.

One is forced to ask oneself if all this would be going on together with undoubted cave damage if access were still by 70 ft. ladder? Possibly yes but not all on one weekend surely. Despite all these people between the rockpile and the Oolite Chamber we all got on very well.

Photography was the order of the day and all were impressed by this beautiful cavern.

CLIEFDEN 3rd, 4th March 1979.

Aim: Surveying in Taplow Maze and Exploration in Murder..

Members Present: K Bilger TL, Jack Charley, G Cummings.

Saturday morning we were up early, being the only people on site. We were about to leave the hut when Ian and Kids arrived. After a short chat we continued on to Taplow, leaving the Van at the Silo and walking from there. On the way down the hill the Rains came and did it rain. Graham and I had our oilskins but alas poor Jack did not, no prizes for guessing the result. This trip proved no different to previous ones as again we found extensive sections of cave previously unknown to us. We may finish this survey one day. Back for tea after 10 hrs work.

Sunday we went down to Murder accompanied by Eleri, Debbie, and Chris all of whom had arrived later Saturday in company with Ted and kids. We shot into the left hand extension to to have a look at a hole which looked like leading to a previously unknown section, alas we found ourselves back at the start again. Chris then showed us a hole which Ian said led to some cave we had not yet seen, after cajoling, wheedling, threatening, etc. we got Debbie up the chimney. When I arrived at the top she was flatly refusing to move any further. A short time later after being berated by McDermid (alias Eleri Morgan-Thomas) she decided to move. We found to our delight this section of cave revealed some great mud grovels and a mud slinging contest ensued, luckily in an undecorated area. After a swim to wash of the mud accumulated from the various novel caving techniques developed by Debbie and Eleri we walked back to the silo and the cars.

This weekend would have brought fond memories to Greg Powell as he was wont to remark before he departed to Newcastle that Cliefden wasn't right unless it was raining and there were lots of kids around. We had sufficient of both to satisfy him.

K Bilger

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CLIEFDEN 3rd 4th March 1979.

Present: T Matthews TL, I Bogg, C Olsen, E Morgan-Thomas, G Cummings, K Bilger, Jack Charley, D Malcom, Amanda Bogg, Andrew Bogg, V Matthews, L Matthews,

3rd March we arrived. All were there by 10.00 am. We were

all underground at about 1.00 pm. The childrens cave was lovely. We all had a rest for a minute. We proceeded into Murder, it was very muddy. A few low crawls but we managed it all right. The last chamber was the muddiest of all we couldn't stand in one place to long or we would get stuck. Ted, Chris Debbie and Eleri went on for a bit and found a bit more passage way while Ian, Amanda, Andrew, Vannesa, and Lara stayed in the last chamber. We were all very tired and muddy and sick when we got back to the house. Jack, Karl and Graham didn't go into Murder they went into a different cave. Overall it was a great weekend.

Amanda Bogg

age 11.

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JENOLAN 21st 22nd April 1979.

Aim: Familiarization of Northern Limestone;

Members Present: B Skinn TL, C Miller, T Matthews,
B Richard, L Baker, Jack Charley,
G Cummings,

After our mid morning trog up we started the scenic walk up the valley to J68 which we found pleasantly cool, but as a cave it's got nothing going for it. It's two or three entrances do command an excellent view of the valley as they are high up on the hill.

Serpentine attracted our attention next, especially the top entrance, J 125, which we found after a concentrated search. After a good squeeze in J125 which only Ted and Graham could negotiate the rest of us went to J61 hoping to meet somewhere in the cave, but it was not to be. When we returned to the surface Ted and Graham were waiting with lunch written all over their faces and as Barry had to return home to eat lunch was partaken at Mammoth Flat.

After lunch we entered J41 and slowley found our way down to the "percolator" area were I got well and truly stuck, unable to return the way I had come, after much twisting and turning and help from Lionel I wrenched myself free. Having pushed another squeeze only to find ourselves back at the same place we gave up and went back to camp for tea.

Next morning we visited Henning's Cave with the only high point beeing the finding of the famous phalactite. A few small peices of Aragonite were found to offset the otherwise drab cave.

CLEIFDEN 31st March, 1st April 1979.

Aim; Surveying in Taplow Maze.

Members Present; K Bilger TL, Jack Charley, E Godwin.

Eight hours were spent surveying on Saturday. Sunday, we decided, was to wet to walk down to the cave.

K Bilger

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LITTLE WOMBEYAN CREEK 7th April 1979.

Aim; Familiarisation.

Members Present; I Bogg TL, K Ozanne, A Ozanne, B Skinn,
C Miller, G Bracken, T Ellis, T Matthews.
B Richard, K Bilger, Jack Charley, L Baker.

For a one day trip the roll up was rather surprising, maybe it was the prospect of 4 wheel driving cross country that provided the stimulus. Never the less it was good to see the support.

As planned we left the Richard's residence at Jenolan around 7.45 am. The route to Little Wombeyan was via Kanangra Walls Rd., Kowmung Fire Trail, Banshea Fire Trail, Oberon Stock Route, Fatigue Fire Trail and the down to the Little Wombeyan Creek.

It was a typical cool, clear, crisp, Jenolan morning as we departed, with some trepidation or concern being expressed by Brian Skinn as to the route to be taken. Was it that he feared the dreaded Kowmung River crossing, born out of his recent experiences of how to give a landcruiser a submersible river crossing. In true B.M.S.C. style (brave members suppress concern) he followed.

An uneventful trip out to Boyd Swamp followed, at this point a number of intrepid explorers (including Brian) tackled Parachute Hill while the more sedate members took the leisurely route via Boss Mt. It is rumoured that Brian's hands were devoid of any colour-they had turned white through holding the steering wheel so tightly while coming down the hill.

A stop was made at the Kowmung for pictures and for Tony to show the members how a Suzuki can change colour, from a road grime brown to a gleaming white, at least the bonnet any way. It was strange to see no other campers at the river, Did this mean Tuglow was on R&R break from cavers? This was not to be as we found out on our way back.

The party eventually made the Fatigue trail turnoff only to find that our forward scout (Karl) on his trusty steed (2 wheel motorized type) was not there. Apparently Karl, caught up in the spirit of adventure, with the exuberant feeling of the wind on the face rode past the turnoff (more likely he even past the junction).

So forming our own blockade (4 wheel drive not truck) we waited for the forward scout to return. 1 minute, 2 minutes, 5 minutes, 10 minutes, finally 20 minutes later he screamed to a halt in a 2 wheel sideways dust enshrouded drift.

The trip down to Wombat Pinch was uneventful, with the track showing signs of lack of maintenance. From Wombat Pinch the trip leader began to show the lack of memory recall so far as the top limestone outcrop was concerned. (well it has been 8 years since his last visit). After stopping and checking out three possibilities he eventually located the outcrop only to be overruled by the majority. They wanted to go down to the creek for lunch.

Traditionally one gets used to sandwiches and a cool drink on these types of sojourns, but not some of the members, they would put a cordon-bleau cook to shame with their "bush-barbie". "T" Bones, onions, eggs, pineapple rings, sausages and tomatoes were the steel plate treatment. With baked bananas to follow, washed down with genuine billy tea. For some that put paid to any caving activity, they had seen the limestone, dined magnificently, heard the usual stories about the wondrous caves that were to be found, they could die happy.

Undaunted, a few members managed to activate themselves and move off to the lower limestone outcrop with some holes being entered. Nothing very exciting. At the prospect of bigger things to come we made our way up to the higher outcrop which engendered a marked improvement in enthusiasm, particularly at the sight of the sink hole. So began the Heresa and Popin game, "heresa a hole pop in and have a dekho".

This top limestone region is more impressive than the lower one due to larger outcrops, sink holes, numerous caves and a good example of stream cave development. The creek in one part has cut through the limestone resulting in a series of through caves containing some seven entrances in a row. The largest cave provided a fitting end to L.W.C. with members

expressing their desire to for a leisurely weekend activity.

The group returned to Jenolan by retracing the mornings route.

As it was dark the Banshea Fire Trail provided some brief encounters, not the outer space kind, although some may have gone into orbit if they had hit the roos and wombats.

Eventually we made the Richard's Rest Home for Retired Sprogs where the gracious Lady of the house, Mrs Richard, the ever congenial hostess provided light refreshments. How she put up with our lot we will never know.

I Bogg.

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RESULTS OF THE 1979 PHOTO COMPETITION.

SECTION A Formations.....C Miller.

SECTION B Chambers.....B Skinn.

SECTION C Action.....I Bogg.

SECTION D Entrances.....T Matthews.

SECTION E Humorous.....R Sanderson.

SECTION F Colour Print

Formations.....C Olsen.

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REVIEW

POWELL'S PRUDENT, POIGNANT, PERCEPTUAL, PENETRATING, PERSUASIVE, PERAMBULATING, PENMANSHIP PROWESS PROVES PARTICULARLY PROSPEROUS.

He has done it again:

"Who?"

Greg Powell.

"Done what?"

Written another article in Australian Outdoor.

"Which one?"

Volume 58. No5. July 1978.

"Whats 'E ritten about dis time?"

Ghosts.

"Wadda ya mean GHOSTS: nuttin scares Me"

"Ghost roads of the Blue Mts."

"Ood ever erd o' ghost roads on da Mountains"

"Greg has"

"Wooden bloody s'prise me:"

This is the second installment in the review series of Greg's literary talents (it's costing me a fortune to keep up with him, so much for the free reviewer's copy.)

SCENARIO:

Imagine a dark, stormy, night with the wind howling and the rain beating down on the tin roof. Greg is sitting down by the flickering candlelight, the fire has just gone out, with his Marcel Bic-----

"Wid his what?"

"Marcel Bic."

"Wats dat?"

"His Bic biro from Woolies."-----

Some strange, unexplained, motive force begins to guide his Marcel Bic over the writing pad. Words begin to flow from his bic, faster and faster and faster, an unintelligible scrawl that only Greg can decipher.....

"Gees, it's scary ain't it."

STORY:

A bush ramble can become intriguing when you have something to search for and follow.....

"Must be two bloody bob or a bit-o-skirt."

Something that brings back to life, the drama and foresight of our pioneers.....

"Gotta be good old Bundy." (rum to the uninitiated)

Not far back beyond living memory.....

"Me cranial content's not that bloody good."

"Be quiet and listen."

"Awright."

The journey took years of frustration and hardship with the men tailing in harsh conditions.....

"Wat, ees been caving to as e?"

"Yes."

Experimenting and improving the road pioneered many years before, across the rugged ranges.....

"Now ees a bloody poet".....

With the ascent and descent causing the greatest concern..

"Did they have jumars in dem days or did they have ladders?"

"No:"

For those people who have the time, a fascinating experience awaits the curious according to Greg.....

"Sounds like me ole school teacher".....

With crumbling remnants of the bygone roads of yesteryear,
Roads that stand.....

"Oos ever erd of bloody roads standing, ees not a full
quid'."

"Just be quiet and listen".....

Roads that stand as mute monuments to the people who sought
to make our transport more bearable. Following the efforts
of Blaxland.....

"Hey thats where I live".....

Wentworth and Lawson in 1813.....

"Wadda ya know, if it wasn't fer these guys we wouldn't
get ta Cliefden wood we."

"Thats right."

Greg has presented a well documented but brief historical
artical with details of how to find the remnants and other
interesting features.....

"E couldn't find his way out of da mirror maze at the
Easter Show."

"Belt up and listen:"

Have you heard of Lawson's Long Alley Road, or Berghoffer's
Road or Cox's Road.....

"Erd of im."

Or Major Lockeyer's.....

"Major who?"

"Major Lockeyer."

"Major mad to think e got dough for dis."

"Belt up:"

Greg has given vivid accounts of these roads with his
article being supplemented with pictures and maps.....

"Bet e doesn't draw cave maps".....

"Look: if you cannot listen, go and read the article your-
self:"

"Awright, don't get snakey - say, would e rite sumpin for
Oolite?"

"I don't honestly know - ask Greg."

"Say did E ever find his two bob or da bit-e-skirt?"

"B-----Y hell, I'm going home."

This "masterpiece" of prose was written by Ian Bogg and the
editor accepts no responsibility.

+ + + + +

CAVING AT WEE JASPER

This poem was written under the inspiration of caving at Wee Jasper by Sharon King.

Getting trogged up the tension rises, ---
put on my helmet, adjust the sizes.
My overalls and belt must fit just right,
check my battery, test my light.

A deep dark hole is all that's clear,
I must descend into the dark and drear.
Knuckles and knees are bruised and battered,
but to get to the bottom is all that mattered.
The bottom is reached, a rest is taken,
sitting in the mud feeling slightly shaken.

The damp and cold begin to creep in,
and before to long I'm soaked to the skin.
Instead of feeling miserable because of the wet,
I feel really great because on caving I'm set.
Steam is rising from my wet overalls,
There's mud on my face from the squeezes and crawls.

In one cavern bats are flying around,
the smell is foul from guano on the ground.
In another chamber no water has been,
the air is stuffy rising dust is seen.

The formations are beautiful the 'tites and 'mites,
columns and flowstones beautiful sights.
A helictite is seen through a tiny gap,
the formation is pure there's been no mishap.

When I see a formation that's muddy or broken,
I think of the people who've taken a token.
A wishful thought that they'd never been touched,
but curiosity of feeling is much to much.

I sit on a rock the air is cool and clear,
at peace with the world no war down here.
Relaxed and calm I let my mind drift,
through happy thoughts my heart does lift.
I wish I could stay here forever my friend,
escape from reality till life does end.

HIDDEN TRIBE OF CAVE DWELLERS FOUND

A tribe of primitive cave dwellers has been found in the Philippine jungles, living in the crater of an extinct volcano. It is not known if the tribe has ever been in contact with other people.

The crater is located in the Palawan Province, a remote area surrounded by deep ravines and gorges and only accessible by helicopter.

The tribe which is called Taotbato or stone people, live in caves clustered at different levels on the walls of the crater.

The tribe grows root crops in the valley floor more than 300m. below the crater, for food.

The only clothes worn by these people were loin cloths made of pounded bark.

+ + + + + + + + + + + + + + + +

WE THE WILLING LED BY THE UNKNOWING ARE DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE UNGRATEFUL.

WE HAVE DONE SO MUCH FOR SO LONG WITH SO LITTLE WE ARE NOW QUALIFIED TO DO ANYTHING WITH NOTHING.....

+ + + + + + + + + + + + + + + +

CAVE DIVERS

Recently in the Drome area in France a group of cave divers made a dive of 1,680 metres while exploring a cave system in this area. This dive was a world record at the time.

We have also had a very long dive completed recently here in Australia. This dive took place in Western Australia in Cocklebiddy Cave on the Nullabor Plain. The final distance being about 2000 metres, congratulations.

+ + + + + + + + + + + + + + + +

VIEWED IN A RECENT DREAM

A small number of B.M.S.C. members doing ladder and belay practice out of a 1 metre deep drainage culvert on the side of the road in flat, open country.

Annon.

+ + + + + + + + + + + + + + + +

TRIP LEADER REQUIREMENTS.

The Ad Hoc committee has made the following recommendations for the upgrading of Trip Leader Requirements, these recommendations were accepted at the October General Meeting for circulation in accordance with rules concerning constitutional changes.

The following changes were voted on and accepted at the November Meeting, (1979)

Change to 4a.

An Annual General Meeting shall be called by the Secretary sometime in the first three months of ~~each~~ year. At the A.G.M. the following Officers shall be elected by secret ballot of Full Members.

President

Secretary

Treasurer

to be nominated from full members of the club.

Equipment Officer

Two (2) Committee Members

Safety Officer

to be nominated from the trip leaders of the club.

Changes to Trip Leader Requirements.

A Trip Leader shall be a Full Member who has fulfilled the following requirements to the continuing satisfaction of the committee.

7 (e). Experience in caves and parts thereof not open to tourists, comprising a minimum total of not less than two hundred (200) caving hours, to be accumulated over a period of not less than two (2) years.

(f). He or She, must show to the continuing satisfaction of the Committee, that they have the necessary attributes of a competent Trip Leader. Namely:-

(h). That He or She is competent in the knowledge and use of the following:-

(a) Knots as specified for full membership.

(b) Belaying- 1) Knowledge of rope characteristics, construction and usage.

11) Selection of anchor points.

111) Techniques.

(c) Ladders- 1) Selection of anchor points.

11) Maintenance.

(i). Trip Leaders wishing to obtain Single Rope Technique Trip Leader status must prove to the continuing

satisfying of the Committee that He or She is competent in the use of Single Rope Techniques and that they are conversant with the A.S.F. Safety Rules for Abseiling, also that they are conversant with contents of the book Single rope Techniques by N. Montgomery.

(j). Applications to the Committee for Trip Leader status, having recieved approval shall be put before a General Meeting for final acceptance by the club.

Changes to 4b.

Add:- The purpose of these meetings is to formulate recommendations to be tabled at the following General Meeting for consideration by the club.

+ + + + +

CONQUEST OF THE KOKADA TRAIL.

Sometime ago Greg Powell and a group of eight from the Kotara Heights area near Newcastle returned from a gruelling trek along Papua New Guinea's infamous Kokada Trail. They said villages were spread out like beads on a string along the trail. Several had airstrips but most could only be reached on foot. The trail is slippery and more often than not defiantly steep. At every village they were offered fruit and if a camera was produced a gaggle of children would quickly gather in front of the lense. About two days walk from Port Moresby and half a days walk from the nearest village they came across a settlement of about 100 people, as they were leaving an older member of the settlement left them speechless as he dived into a hut and reappeared with an instamatic camera with which he took their photograph. The boys still don't know if he had any film in it or not.

+ + + + +

I hope that the readers of this edition of Oolite have enjoyed the sometimes informative, sometimes humorous articles contained within. I said in a previous editorial that I hoped to print Oolite more regularly but unfortunately Murphy's Law has prevailed, first the old Gestetner, then the typewriter then a shortage of stensils followed by a lack of enthusiasm by the editor, but at last the sun is shining and the words flowing.

Ed.

OOLITE

Journal of the Blue Mountains Speleological Club.

Post Office Box 37,
GLENBROOK. N.S.W. 2773.

VOLUME 11, Nos. 2 & 3.

JUNE, 1981.

CONTENTS.

| | <u>Page.</u> |
|--|--------------|
| COMMENT: Putting things into perspective | 23 |
| BATU CAVES: Awesome Malaysian Caves | 24 |
| Blasting threatens caves | 25 |
| An addendum | 25 |
| CAROL'S CONFINEMENT | 27 |
| ANNUAL CAR RALLY. | 28 |
| KUBLA KAHN. | 29 |
| SPROGWORDS. | 30 |
| GREG'S GENUINE GUIDE GERMINATES | 30 |
| WEDDING BELLS | 30 |
| SPROGWORDS No. 1 | 31 |
| A COW OF A DAY. | 32 |
| NEW VENUE for CLUB MEETINGS | 32 |
| UNDERGROUND EXPLORERS | 33 |
| COP THIS LOT | 33 |
| TRIP REPORTS: | |
| Wellington. June 1978 | 35 |
| Jenolan . February 1978 | 35 |
| Cliefden. April 1979 | 36 |
| May 1979 | 36 |
| June 1979 | 37 |
| Canomodine. June 1979 | 37 |
| Bungonia. July 1979 | 38 |
| Jenolan. September 1979 | 39 |
| Wyambene.. September 1979 | 41 |
| Narrengullen. October 1979 | 42 |
| Cliefden. November 1979 | 43 |
| Walli. November 1979 | 43 |
| NEW MEMBERS: A welcome. | 43 |
| HIGH EXPECTATIONS: A pregnant story | 44 |
| JACKS JOKES | 44 |
| THE "SKINN SHIFT" | 45 |
| A ROUND TUIT. | 46 |

COMMENT - PUTTING THINGS INTO PERSPECTIVE!

A drought or energy crisis undoubtedly means hard times for all and in this context OOLITE has been no different. You may well ask what has this got to do with OOLITE ?

To PUT THINGS INTO PERSPECTIVE let us consider these aspects for a moment

1. Drought means a prolonged lack of something.
2. Energy means individual powers in use.
3. Crisis means an unstable period of trouble or danger.

Putting these three elements together, they simply mean that by using your individual powers (energy) to make a material contribution, OOLITE will not be effected by a prolonged shortage (drought), thus avoiding an unstable period (crisis). Bearing in mind that OOLITE is YOUR Journal, YOUR contribution can take a number of forms and in particular.

- * Submitting a "copy", original or otherwise for publication, excluding the lewd and crude - if in doubt ask.
- * Providing physical materials such as stencils, paper, ink, or access to specialised facilities such as photocopy reduction, thermofax stencils, printing, donations (\$) etc.
- * As trip reports are a substantial part of OOLITE, a little thought before putting pen to paper will mean the difference between a good, publishable report or a bad, severely edited report.

This issue covering Volume 11, numbers 2 & 3 were combined to get OOLITE up to date quickly. Since accepting the position I was surprised to find sufficient material to enable this issue to be published.

No apologies are made for the liberal use of the "Edit Pen", particularly on trip reports. Similarly, trip reports that were lacking in that something, have been published deliberately, as a matter of record, and to illustrate their paucity !

You are "free to choose" as to whether OOLITE continues to survive and prosper, or, is allowed to disappear. The only person who can truly persuade YOU to be alert to possible articles, or to write original or abstracted articles is YOURSELF.

This is my first and last public appeal FOR MATERIAL via the Journal. However, for those who have not made a contribution, trip reports aside, expect the heavies to lean on you - you have been warned.

Law Begg

BATU CAVES

AWESOME MALAYSIAN CAVES

One hundred years ago the Batu Caves
11km from Kuala Lumpur, were in a thick
forest jungle where wild elephants, tigers
and bears roamed freely.

400 MILLION YEARS
IN THE MAKING.

The only humans there were a band of jungle people known as Besis.

Today, the 400 million year-old caves are a panorama of multi-coloured beauty visited annually by thousands of tourists and tens of thousands of Hindu devotees. On a day fixed astrologically usually between late January and early February, Hindus celebrate Thaipusam - the day on which the Hindu god, Lord Murugan, received from his mother an invincible spear or vel with which he overthrew the forces of evil.

Chanting "Vel, Vel, Vetri Vel" ("The spear, the spear, the invincible spear"), Hindu devotees surge up the 272 steps to the caves to pay homage to Lord Murugan in a specially built temple. Hundreds of Hindus in a state of spiritual ecstasy walk up the steps carrying wooden arches with their lips, tongues, cheeks and bodies pierced with silver spear-like skewers.

India has long banned the carrying these wooden arches and the piercing of the body. Malaysia is one of the few places in the world where Hindus still practise it.

The road from Kuala Lumpur to the Batu Caves is a flat highway and the awe-inspiring caves suddenly appear from nowhere. Wooden shop-houses selling tourist souvenirs and colourful Malaysian batik cloth are at the foot of the steps to the caves. Local superstition has it that once you take the first step there should be no turning back until the top or ill-luck will follow you for the rest of your life.

Geologically, the caves are fascinating. Fossils of animals prove them to be about 400 million years old. About 200 million years later nature in West Malaysia underwent a period of mountain building, changing lime mud into rock and crystalline marble. When the marble was uplifted to form mountains, it began to be eroded by rainwater and streams - widening and enlarging the cracks into openings that today are the caves.

Beautiful formations decorate the caves in the shape of multi-coloured stalactites and stalagnites. Two major caves confront the visitor at the top of the 272 step climb - the Temple Cave and the Dark Cave.

Temple Cave is wide open with the sun streaming into the area where Lord Murugan's temple is located. This is where all the action takes place on Thaipusam Day when devotees, each carrying a coconut, break it before the image of the Hindu god so that the water runs out symbolising libation.

It is in the Dark Cave that one experiences the immensity of the

Batu Caves. Visitors grope their way from one colourful wall to another as the sunlight casts a magic spell through niches. All the Dark Caves are not open to the visitors. The far interior is closed because it is the scene of intense research. Here is an even richer cave with flowers and plants that have been grown without having been exposed to daylight.

Malaysian Airlines flies between Sydney and Kuala Lumpur. This national flag line is renown for its service.

Sun Herald - 1980 undated.

BLASTING THREATENS CAVES.

M. G. Pillai

KUALA LUMPUR, Monday - The Batu Caves - the outcrop of limestone caves on the outskirts of Kuala Lumpur which attracts more than a million visitors annually - is in danger of being closed down.

Quarrying for limestones used for making cement has caused rock-falls and has now threatened the safety of the caves, a spokesman for the Tourist Development Corporation said today.

There is also a Hindu temple in the caves which attracts as many as a million people early in January for the annual Thaipusan festival of penance.

Fears of damage to the caves by quarrying for limestones have been expressed since the 1950's but little heed has been paid to them. There are three quarries in the area - one Government owned - and they use enough dynamite and gelignite to bring down 3,000 tonnes of limestone daily.

The Sydney Morning Herald, Tues, March 4, 1980.

BATU CAVES - AN ADDENDUM.

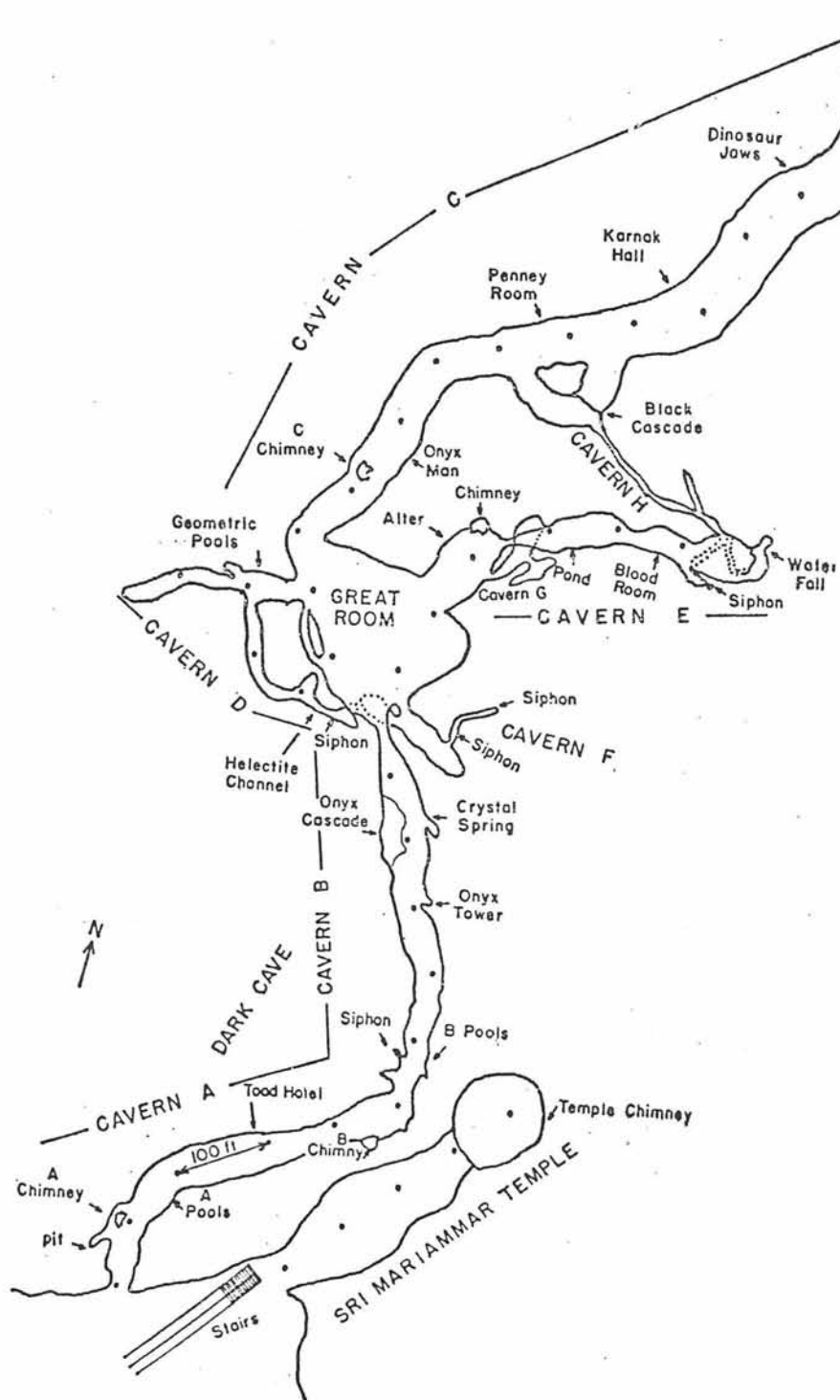
Ian Bogg.

The Batu Caves were first explored by H. C. Syers in April 1879 and reported to the Royal Asiatic Society by D. D. Daly in 1879.

Two caverns are open to the public. The smaller, which includes a vaulted chamber with a large collapsed room at one end, has been dedicated as the Hindu Sri Manian temple (Temple Cave) since the last century. A much larger and longer Dark Cave parallels and extends beyond the Temple Cave. These two channels and branches of the one cavern complex that opens at a height of 45 metre above the surrounding plain.

Cedric Dover in 1929 identified the separate channels and prepared the map whose system of lettering has been retained (refer map). Cedric Dover and Marcia Heynes-Wood fauna observations and collections were the most extensive up until 1959.

The caverns contain an extensive invertebrate population which in 1967 included 151 identified species of 94 families.



BATU CAVES

MALAYSIA

Cave Descriptions.

The following description of the caves correspond with Dover's nomenclature.

A short sunlight entryway opens into a large perforated chamber (Chimney A) from which Cavern A extends about 120 metres to another perforated chimney (Chimney B). Because of light seepage at either end Cavern A is in twilight. Since guano mining has removed guano and phosphate impregnated soils from the floor to depths of 6 - 9 metres, the original floor contours are now distorted throughout the lengths of Caverns A, B and C. Digging in Chimney A exposed a small room, the entrance to which had been blocked by mud and onyx, and is known as "The Pit".

The main channel (Cavern B) continues north from Chimney B for 150 metres before entering the Great Room. This corridor, 15 metres wide and as much as 30 metres high, narrows to about 5 metres in diameter at the Onyx Cascade, thereby creating a shaft through which air flows rapidly, usually in the Great Room.

From the Great Room which covers more than 2 acres (0.8 hectares) six channels radiate. Steep inclines drop down into Caverns D, F, and G, which extend beneath C and E which may be parts of the same channel buried when a rock collapse created the Great Room. A large perforated chimney at the end of the Room permits sunlight to enter. Cavern E extends beneath the chimney and is often flooded with water collecting from drip water pouring over formations, flows down a steep falls, into a pit 15 metres deep from which a small channel (Cavern H) extends to Cavern C and opens at the base of a large black flowstone falls (Black Cascade). Water from Cavern C once flowed down this channel into E from which a siphon that is now blocked, carried it further.

Cavern C, the main channel continuing in a northerly direction from the Great Room is the most massive corridor with 15 - 30 metre ceilings and widening to more than 30 metres in places.

It is of interest to see that the Malaysian Nature Society sponsored an effort to have the limestone massif containing the Batu Caves complex set aside as a national monument to preserve the caverns from destruction by quarries (McClure 1961)

References.

McClure, H. Elliot., Lim, Boo-Liat and Winn, Sarah E., 1967: Fauna of the Dark Cave, Batu Caves, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. Pacific Ins. 9 (3) 400 - 402

McClure, H. Elliot., 1961 : Batu Caves; Malaysian Nature, J. Anniversary Issue 73 - 78

CAROL'S CONFINEMENT.

Our first genuine B.M.S.C. speleo is soon to emerge from the union of Brian and Carol Skinn, who were the first B.M.S.C. singles to walk down the aisle.

Congratulations Carol,

Brian, you're nuttin but a D.O.M.

Car Rally

Carol Miller.

The Club's Annual Car Rally held on the 19th. and 20th. May, 1979 was a weekend of social enjoyment.

Saturday morning arrived with great excitement, every one turning up on time, give or take $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. For those who weren't members of the club they were quickly introduced so that everyone became acquainted

with each other. A quick run down on the do's and do'n'ts of the rally was given by Ted Matthews. When everyone was fully filled in with instruction sheets, questions and maps, all entrants lined up with full confidence in their navigators and drivers and for some entrants even passengers. AND THE RALLY GO SIGN WAS GIVEN the're off was the cry !

All 12 cars starting together with all 12 cars eventually finishing. It was an uneventful trip up apart from missing clues and control points and sometimes missing cars, and worst of all, a 2 minute lunch break for some participants.

All arrived safely at Barrington House our destination which is situated north of Dungog. The "House" is an out of the way place with a magnificent atmosphere of relaxation and enjoyment. Once everyone arrived, rooms were allocated, and luggage was moved in. Tea was served not long after which was delightful in all respects and after tea, Darrel, the Manager at Barrington House, showed us some slides of the property upon which the house was situated and clips from the movie "Duel" and also, our favourite cartoons ! Whilst all this was going on, the organiserers of the rally marked (?) all question sheets and arrived at a decision on the 1st., 2nd. and 3rd. place getters, and also our annual "mintie" award winners.

Before the awards were made, slides were shown on the actual answers to the clues on the rally. The results proved to be very exciting in two respects, just 15 points separated first from third and 2 out of the 3 place getters were club members. In 1st. place was Terry Pepper and Bernadette McMahon, 2nd. was Graham Cummings and Chris Olson and in 3rd. place were Karl Bilger and Eleri Morgan-Thomas. Last but not least the mintie award winners with minus 40 points were Kirsty Stewart and Craig Henningham.

Two raffles were held, one a refund of accomodation, won by Nell Matthews and the other, a nagnum of wine, won by Paul Sarrut, which was donated be Ethel Miller.

Sunday morning Darrel took the group for a ride in the house bus to the rain forest while the 4wd owners ventured in their own vehicles. Arriving back at the house and after an early lunch, we headed for home. For some people home was a long way off. Some got home that night and others the next day due to unforeseen circumstances such as breakdowns and forgetfulness.



KUBLA KAHN.

OR, A VISION IN A DREAM. A FRAGMENT.

Written 1798. Published 1816

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,

For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

.....
Editors Note:

This was provided by the inimitable Greg Powell who believes that an indigent B.M.S.C. needs a touch of CLASS and CULTURE !



"SPROGWORDS"

Fozzie.

I have accepted a commission from your Editor to provide "SPROGWORDS" for OOLITE on a regular basis (hopefully each issue), to improve your knowledge on the many aspects of speleology.

"SPROGWORDS" may be easy;

"SPROGWORDS" may be hard;

"SPROGWORDS" IS FOR CAVERS !

Who am I ?

Fozzie is a pseudonym to hide my real identity. I am known to many members of B.M.S.C., having caved with them on numerous occasions. Obviously, I am known to Ian (your Editor) who has assured me that my true identity will not be revealed.

Hope you enjoy doing "SPROGWORDS" as much as I enjoyed creating them.

Editors comment:

SPROG is a colloquialism for speleos and cavers used by the redoubtable George Knox, Superintendent at Abercrombie Caves.



GREG'S GENUINE GUIDE GERMINATES.

Greg Powell of Outdoors literary fame, contributor to OOLITE (when the Editor twists his arm), member of B.M.S.C., occasional cave party member - is his own fault that he likes Newcastle - HAS DONE IT AGAIN!

His G R E A T E S T achievement was published just in time for the christmas market

Look for an in-depth, penetrating, critique in the next issue



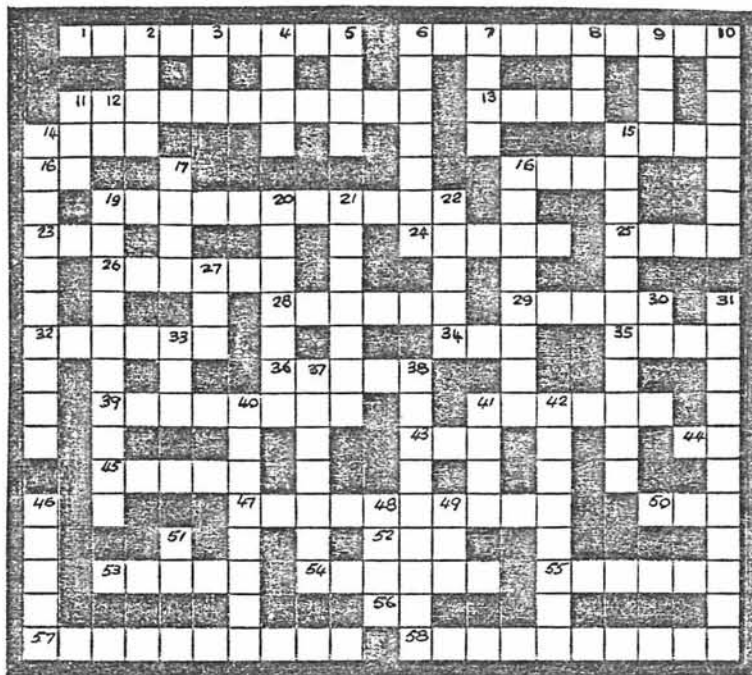
WEDDING BELLS.

Karl Bilger + Kathy Radatz = Mr. & Mrs. Karl Bilger



Congratulations and best wishes for your future.

Fozzie's 'SPROGWORDS' No.1



SOLUTION IN NEXT ISSUE

ACROSS

1. Place where cave roof dips under water
6. Partially submerged form of stalactites
11. Crystalline material in cave pool
13. Travertine related stone
14. Campfire _____ -a-long
15. Survey device
16. Physical training (abbrev.)
18. An opening
19. Formations
23. Permit
24. Gradient
25. Network
26. Controlled descent
28. Union of mites and tites
29. Dung accumulation
32. Cave party director
34. Exclamation of wonder
35. Form of trip report
36. Steep sided karst form
39. Arcuate river curves
41. Fixed object for belay
43. Troglone
44. Number (abbrev.)
45. Earth mantling limestone bedrock
47. Deposits from falling drops
50. Cave type with subzero temp
52. Uppermost part
53. Shallow closed depression (Aust.)
54. Compass type
55. Cave type with growing speleothems
56. Compass point
57. Point where spring surfaces
58. Shallow cavities - top of stalagmites

DOWN

2. Caver's surface exploration
3. Terra Rossa colour
4. Used in S.R.T.
5. Time before the present
6. Vertical parts below belay points
7. Rechargeably battery type
8. 4WD gear range
9. Soft porous vesicular CaCO_3
10. Cavers constriction
11. Deep vertical hole
12. Off (antonym)
14. Scientific study of caves
15. Nomenclature
17. Chiroptera (Pl.)
18. Domain below endogean
19. Speleothem
20. Principal limestone constituent
21. Cave type where stream enters (Pl.)
22. Cavers equipment
27. Organ of hearing
30. Suffix forming nouns
31. Water tracing measuring instrument
33. Epoch
37. Co-ordinate axes point of intersections
38. Pool deposit - calcareous speleothem
40. Dry/inactive cave type
41. Anonymous (abbrev.)
42. Characteristic features of minerals
46. Vertical fissure in limestone pavement
48. Overwhelm
49. Preference
51. _____ and out

A COW OF A DAY.

Harriet, a two year old heifer, was the centre of attention and a rescue operation on the Mayberry property, near Mole Creek, of her owner, Mr. John Logan.

IT ALL BEGAN ABOUT NOON ON MONDAY. HARRIET WAS QUIETLY GRAZING WHEN THE GROUND GAVE WAY AND SHE DROPPED 10m INTO A MARAKOOPA CAVE..

Mt Logan's wife, Marie, was out mustering cattle and heard Harriet's distressed noos. Within hours Harriet became the best known heifer in the area.

The Logans went to the Deloraine Police for help and they contacted the State Emergency Service. They suggested the co-ordinator of the Northern Caverneering Club (Mr. Roger Orr)

But by the time a rescue operation could be mounted it was dark.

At first light Helping Hefty way. Caverneering slipped a sling with the aid of a owned by Mr. Norm

HEADLONG PLUNGE INTO FAME

tried to haul her out. But the sling slipped and Harriet plunged back to the bottom of the hole. At the second attempt she was pulled to the surface with the only injury a broken horn.

"Operation Harriet" got under Club members under Harriet and skidder winch, Kelly, of Mayberry

She did not seem too happy about her ordeal, despite all the attention. "The ungrateful beast kicked me on the hand," Mr. Logan said.

Harriet is not the only cow the Logans have lost down a hole.

During the past years, they have lost 12 animals, but this time they're making sure they don't lose any more - they're going to fence off the problem paddock.

Advocate.

Wednesday, May 10, 1978.

XXXXXXXXXXXX

NEW VENUE for CLUB MEETINGS.

Members please note, that all FUTURE MEETINGS, both monthly and committee, will now be held on a permanent basis at

Springwood Neighbourhood Centre,

Macquarie Road Springwood,
(Next to Oriental Hotel)

3rd. Friday in each month normally. 8.00pm start!

UNDERGROUND EXPLORERS.

Courtesy of Greg Powell.

Were bandi oots in hobnail boots
we progress on our bellies
We grope around down underground
In haunts dark and smelly
And in a queer way with danger play
We work like human borers
And every crack will hold a pack
Of Underground explorers
When on top were talking shop
Of claustrophobic cubbies
And all the while with grimy smiles
We pass the bloomfield stubbies.

Its all a joke to the caving bloke
Theres no arse in his levis
From sliding down some jagged slope
In some internal crevice
Arms and legs ripped to shreds
And draped in battery cable
A battered helmet on the head
Completes the cavers label
They toss the pot and talk a lot
And there the best of buddies
As all explore a few more yards
On beer and bloomfield stubbies

An odour clings of bats and things
That flutter in the lamp glow
We wander aimless down below
All ankle deep in guano
Around the fires the shameless liars
Show off all their abrasions
But dusty throats those darling blokes
Will never risk while caving
They keep it clear with draughts of beer
They know from years of study
The caving bloke he can't go broke
On beer and bloomfield stubbies.

Greg says it isn't as effective when not sung, but.....?



COP THIS LOT.

Whose car is sporting the latest in bumper stickers ?

Keep your eyes open.

MOUNTAIN MEN LOVE MOUNTAIN WOMEN.

TRIP REPORTS.



UNLESS THE AUTHOR OF A TRIP REPORT IS SPECIFICALLY MENTIONED,
AUTHORSHIP MAY BE ASCRIBED TO THE TRIP LEADER.

WELLINGTON.

Date: 3rd. June, 1978

Aim: General Exploration.

Members Present: I. Bogg, T.L. and 6 visitors.

As no other club members were present (at Cliefden) the chance was taken to use the permit to undertake introductory caving to other interested mountain folk. The consent of the authorities in allowing us to use our permit was very much appreciated.

The Water Cave provided the ideal cave for the introduction with two ladders being used, particularly as safety measures, as the cave was extremely greasy owing to the preceeding weeks of rain.

This cave in a series of three drops, eventually reaches the two small lakes/pools ?, which were below the level when I was there some 15 months earlier.

The two pools had substantial pool deposits indicating the lack of water movement and/or relative stability. What decoration there was, was active, clean and intact! No foul air was present.

Some hours were spent in trogging the area during which time I was able to point out and answer many questions on speleology, mineralogy, regional history, fauna etc. A most enjoyable day, even though it rained the whole day.

It would be worthwhile for the club to make a visit to Wellington in the future. The Bone Cave and Series is definitely off limits.

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JENOLAN.

Date: February, 1979

Aim: Exploration in Wiburd's Lake Cave - J58

Members Present: L. Baker, G. Powell, T. Matthews, G. Cummings, T. Ellis, A. McKendry, C. Heywood, M. Hope, R. Sanderson, E. Goodwin, and E. King.

ON Sunday, 19th February, three separate groups of members in attendance at the 12th. Annual General Meeting, ventured underground under the leadership of

Greg Powell.
Lionel Baker.
Ted Matthews.

Groups were selected by these Leaders and visits to J58 were spaced so that at all times permit requirements would be met.

Members ventured into the caves as far as the Fracture Chamber to photograph the profusion of Aragonite Helictites. Water level in the cave was generally low.

T. Matthews.

xxxxxxxxxx

CLIEFDEN.

Date: 31st. March - 1st. April, 1979

Aim: Unspecified.

Members Present: L. Baker, T.L., P. Sammut, C. Miller, B. Skinn,
K. Bilger, E. Goodwin, T. Matthews, M & K Ozanne.

On arriving at the hut with Paul, we found Carol and Brian had arrived. Erica, Jack and Karl arrived later that night and the rest arriving next day.

Around 9.00am, Karl departed with the survey party to continue the Taplow survey, while the rest waited for the others to arrive. With a late start we made our way underground at 11.45am in search of the Laurel Room which was successfully found.

On passing through the Main Chamber we noted C.C.O.G.S.'s washing equipment for use in the Laurell Room. Surrounding formations were found to be vandalised, in the form of mud blobs and one had names all over it. This didn't go down to well.

"It's a pity people do things like this!"

After having been in there for a while, the party moved out. Carol Brian and myself took Mario Ozanne to the surface with Ted and others continuing on into the cave. After two hours to reach the surface, with Mario, we headed back to find Ted and the others near the Helictite Wall. At this point Paul and I continued to the far end to inspect the Jewel Room extension. On doing this we made our way to the surface, coming out at 6.00pm.

Returning to the hut we found everyone had arrived there OK. It rained overnight and the next day was a, it p'ed down Datson Cogs. We decided to head for home.

Some departed early, others an early lunch, the Ozannes bogged down, Ted lost his keys..... Paul and I left them and headed for home pushing Ken's car out on the way.

XXXXXXXXXXXX

CLIEFDEN.

Date: 5th. - 6th. May, 1979

Aim: Taplow survey.

Members Present: K. Bilger, T.L., E. Goodwin, Joel Charley and
L. Clark.

Friday Night. We arrived at the house around midnight after twice overheating the engine in the rain much to my consternation. At the house we discovered about 12 people from O.S.S. in residence and more coming later. So being a little perplexed, we decided to sleep in the van.

Saturday. All awoke early, breakfast over, we headed down to Taplow, having to walk from the Silo. Luckily it wasn't raining at this time. After carrying Erica and Lisa across the river we reached the cave. Lisa, who had not seen the inside of a cave was becoming a little uneasy. This feeling increased rapidly when descending the short climb from the surface, she discovered the

hole in the floor. This obstacle is only understood by people of stature - legs longer than 168cms (5'-6")

Upon reaching the other side, further consternation occurred when it was found that we then intended going down. At last we got a point where I wanted to survey on from. When this work was done some 3 hours later, we went off for a look around finding several good squeeze and a certain hole in the wall which is murder on "boobs". Some hours later we returned to the surface which by this time Lisa was somewhat annoyed at being called "cheeky" - she split her jeans on the way in.

Taking a democratic vote, we camped at the Silo that night after an arduous walk back. Organising the van, tea was cooked in two shifts and enjoyed by all.

Sunday morning and another great democratic decision - stay in bed as it was wet and windy. Later with breakfast over, the van reorganised we headed for home. Packing was not without incident as Erica can testify. She found a field mouse in her goody bag!

XXXXXXXXXXXX

CLIEFDEN.

Date: 2nd. - 3rd. June, 1979

Aim: Photography.

Members Present: L. Baker, T.L., T. Matthews, P. Sinfield, C. Sinfield, K. Ozanne and family.

Saturday morning with no sign of the Ozannes, we got the keys for the weekend and headed for Murder. Just before leaving the cars to walk to the cave the Ozannes turned up. A quick trip to the Blue Stal and Ted set up his OM2 to photo same. (Magnificent photographs, Ed.) The rest explored side passages once finished here.

We then moved off to the Left Hand Branch to the new Crystal Room where more photographs were taken. Work now completed we made our way out having been underground for 7½ hours.

On Sunday a trip into Yarrowigga for more photographs near the sump area. Ken had trouble with the first squeeze so he stayed on the surface. The rest spent 3½ hours underground and on returning to the hut we cleaned up and headed for home.

XXXXXXXXXXXX

CANOMODINE.

Date: 16th. - 18th. June, 1979.

Aim: Familiarisation and photography.

Members Present: B. Spinn, T.L., G. Miller, L. Baker, R. Sanderson, T. Matthews, T. Ellis, J. Charley, E. Goodwin, G. Powell, P. McKendry, K. Ozanne and family.

Visitors: Ian and Collin (G. Powell's scouts)

The trip was, in our present fuel crisis, sheer over indulgence, but the ever calling comforts of home lured us to stay at the Cliefden Homestead for the weekend instead of the cooler open airs of a Canamodine Campsite.

Not so early Saturday morning we headed off for Canamodine. Arriving at the caves just after twelve after obtaining keys from Andre Baltins, we tugged up and started hole popping for the day. The first lasted 15 minutes, the second, $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours and the third 2 hours. Not one of them revealed any real beauty as we all know can be found, but the third did provide some thrills for some, especially "Greggy" whose life must have flashed before his eyes whilst being in a rather closed-in tight horizontal hole for a while. Not everyone ventured into the bowels of the cave, in fact only Robert and Ian found the sump while some found themselves near the entrance, not far from the ladder we erected at the entrance.

Summation for the day - an area with a bright future centred around many possible digs.

Saturday night back at the Homestead after tea, Cracker Night was celebrated around a large hot open fire in the back yard to the enjoyment of all, after which Ted and Paul arrived to find many in bed trying to keep out the usual winter Cliefden chills.

Sunday morning after talking with Andre, we again drove to the caves to do Diprotedon and Main Caves, two hours being spent in both. The Armchair Squeeze in Diprot., is a beauty, those who have been there can be my testament. Ken could'nt fit so remained outside whilst the rest either photographed or explored the rest of the cave to again the Armchair being a formidable obstacle on the way out. Main Cave's main chamber offered the possibly the best formation at Canamodine and in its own ways was spectacular but after a short time its importance was lost so out we all went up to the cars and back to Cliefden.

Monday, after a late start, Murder was entered, in two groups. Ted leading the Newcastle subsidiary to the sewers and beyond and myself and Jack leading our mob to the Blue Stal and beyond, then after a short time spent exploring we headed out exiting after two hours underground.

Back at the hut we packed up, cleaned the hut and went our separate ways.

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BUNGONIA.

Date: 21st. - 22nd. July, 1979.

Aim: Familiarisation with laddered caving.

Members Present: K. Bilger, T.L., J. Charley, Joel Charley,
C. Olson, E. Morgan-Thomas, K. Ozanne,
G. Cummings and T. Matthews.

Saturday: We headed for B16 and B50 noting a lot of activity. On arriving at B16 we found it occupied so we descended B50, a somewhat harder pitch. Ken decided that discretion was the better part of valour. Erica was hauled out and Ted was hauled up the last 10 metres. On reaching the top he was handed the rock around which the belay had been anchored. We then retired to B7 - B14

and found that some of our ladders and ropes only just reached the bottom. Eleri had a little trouble reaching the ladder 2 metres off the floor but finally got out.

Sunday: Those who were game enough descended into B13 and visited the Bat Chamber, then laddered out - not as bad as we expected. It was interesting to note peoples reaction to the difference to our old ladders and the "Bonwick" ladders.

In all a good weekend.

Some practice at different belay systems seems necessary. The stitch plate was used extensively and was very simple and easy to set up and use.

XXXXXXXXXXXX

JENOLAN.

Date: 8th. - 9th. September, 1979

Aim: Exploration of the caves in the Northern Limestone.

Members Present: I. Fagg, T.L., T. Matthews, T. Ellis,
R. Sanderson, K. Bilger, G. Cummings, B. Skinn,
L. Parker, C. Olson, K. Ozanne and J. Charley.

Saturday: With all members arriving at the Guides Office around that hour prescribed by the Leader, time was spent in the official formalities, obtaining keys, and generally being sociable.

Leaving the Guides to prepare for the multitude (Tourist) we left for Mammoth Flat. On arriving at the Flat we pitched camp, had a late breaky, and trogged up.

Yours truly, ever willing to delegate (some say he didn't know) seconded "The Rat" (Graham) to lead the group to Foz, J49. With some difficulty they eventually found J59, J59?, sorry, J49 - thanks very much. The troops were just stirring the Ole TL for his layback attitude.

The initial 3 metre drop was negotiated without difficulty. A small chamber at the bottom contains some very ordinary speleothem. A ladder was rigged for the 10 metre pitch using a jug handle on the left wall as the anchor, which was a bit hairy for some. Unfortunately, the main and obvious route downwards looks promising but for the unnegotiable boulder choke.

From Foz, we traversed around the hill towards Mammoth Cave to find Casteret Cave J51. By the time the heavies had arrived, the thinnies (rats) had shot down the entrance like b.....y rabbits. According to Jack, Casteret has an initial pitch of some 10 metres and then opens up, generally level, with some reasonable decoration.

Leaving the lads down J51, the rest headed to Bow Cave J16, only to find it still full of debris. A quick check on the Mammoth gate was then made - still there. At this point the rest of the group caught up with us.

We then headed up to J41 to continue exploration in the Upper Level. The three main passages leading off the Main Chamber were pushed with some three hours being spent in this section with no new leads. However, our overall knowledge has been greatly improved as a result.

Owing to the pangs of hunger, we headed back for light refreshments. Simple amazing what materialises in the way of gourmet delights. As we were to find out later, baked bean eating savers should be BANNED!

In the afternoon we familiarised some members with the topography between Mammoth Flat and the Aladdin area, as we headed towards the Rho Hole J20.

Rho Hole for me brought back memories of my first wild cave trip that I had ever been into. Little difficulty was encountered in finding our way down through the rock pile which was relative dry. Some detailed exploration was carried out as most of the party had not been into J20 before. There was no doubt that the group found the Mulberry Tunnel with it's black flowstone and white crests very interesting - somewhat different which is a stark contrast to the yellow and white formations at the end of the tunnel. Some members found difficulty with the climb up out of the Mulberry Tunnel with many routes being taken, some requiring considerable climbing skill. There is no doubt that because of its exposed position, Rho should be high on the gating priority.

Sunday: With some members suffering from the previous nights festivities, the group managed to get their act together by 9.30 am and made their way to the Frenchman's area. With only a general idea where J174 was, some time was spent in locating the Cave. Our efforts were made a little unpleasant due to a dreadful stench from a partially decomposed wallaby at the base of the outcrop near the cave, phew!

The entrance to Spider Cave is tucked away under boulders and is effectively screened by flora. A low dry solution tunnel leads to a small drop where one is greeted by the gate. Beyond the gate a series of small drops leads into the Main Chamber, which contains some speleothems, bone deposits, animal scratch marks on the far wall and a dry stream bed. Considerable time was spent exploring in and around this chamber which eventually disclosed Dingo Dig, the way on. Apart from nosing into the Dig, we did not proceed any further in this direction (Ethics you know) At the back of the Main Chamber a hair raising climb on the left leads up into the Jail which is a good vantage point to overlook the Main Chamber.

Leaving Spider, signing the book on the way out, we headed back to camp for a leisurely luncheon and departure from J.C.

Upon checking out of the area, we ran into some flack at the Guides Office. Apparently some tourists had reported people caving illegally and not advising the Guides of our intent. Our intent was recorded in the book on the Saturday morning and duly expanded upon on our departure. Apparently the authorities at J.C. that day had more than a fair share of trouble with the general public. The matter was resolved amicably, thus we were able to depart on a good note

Post script.

All Trip Leaders are strongly advised to ensure that their aims are clearly noted in the book on arrival and stick to them for the duration of the trip. Clearly summarise your work/findings/activities prior to your departure. This is part of the permit conditions anyway.

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WYANBENE.

Date: 29th. - 30th. September, 1979.

Aim: General exploration of area.

Members Present: L. Baker, T.L., J. Charley, E. Goodwin,
J. Shiels, P. Sinfield and P. Sammut.

Visitors: G. Walker and K. Walker.

Jack, Erica and myself arrived about 1.00am to find the camp deserted. Paul Sammut turned up about 4.00am and at breakfast Paul and John came in on foot, unable to start their car at the creek where they camped the night.

With the arrival of Kim and Graham at 11.00am, we followed the track on the left to treg the large bluff. Paul Sammut staying at camp. We found and entered No.6, No.4. The area is covered in digs.

We continued up to the top of the ridge where we overlooker the Bendeterra Valley and over to the ocean at Moruya. The view is worth the climb. We located Nos. 3 & 7.

Arriving back at camp we found that quite a few more campers had arrived. After dinner we headed into the main cave where we spent 1½ hours in the old tourist section.

On Sunday, those who stayed, made their way back into main, where at the ladder pitch we found two ladders down already. As we were descending a party of H.C.G. turned up, making four ladders down the pitch. With steady progress we made our way through the cave with a few moans and groans in the water passage. We first went into the Gun Barrel where a few bods were encountered climbing around higher up, with this we proceeded to the top of Ceassars. With a couple of dimming lights we made our way out of the cave.

With a wash and a clean up, Kim and Graham made their way back to Sydney. The rest of us made our way home via Captains Flat looking over nine tailings.

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NARRANGULLEN.

Date: 20th. - 21st. October, 1979.

Aim: Familiarisation.

Members Present: B. Skinn, T.L., C. Skinn, K. Bilger, L. Baker,
J. Charley, T. Matthews, T. Ellis and G. Cummings

Again using the B.M.S.C. bus (Karl's white flash) for carrying most everything, and it being backed up by the triple carbed 180B of Tonys' we made good time in reaching the Good Hope Caravan Park by 12.30 on the Friday night.

Most amazing considering the long drive, late night and little sleep we were up early, had breakfast and actually sloshing up the miles in the boats by 8.00am. 45 minutes later into view came a steep limestone hill come bluff with the most intriguing syncline and at the base was the lower entrance to the cave.

As the day was hot we unloaded the gear from the boats and rested awhile in the largish, cool entrance. We then trogged up and made our way slowly up the steep hill on our way to find the other entrance. The "split up - find entrance" technique was employed to locate the top entrances and to some degree of efficiency I must say.

It was a typical cave entrance with the typical dirt to mud slope leading down into the first chamber. It was here that we met our first and only problem - not being able to see. It was such a fantastic day outside that our eyes had all but closed up to minimise the glare and then WHAM, total darkness. But press on we did following the creek along, finding quite a few yabbies of varying size, till a small 3 metre climb loomed into view. Not to be daunted I found a way around it on sight, which I attempted. Graham and Karl had climbed up and over to greet me at the other side and find me stuck. So they pulled and pulled till they finally got me through. As the others were a little way back we directed them into the hole. Watching them was my reward.

In this cavern the roof was truly as stated around 50 metres high, with the cavern itself of large proportions. The next chamber, after a mud slide was also quite huge, with many bats in attendance. Trying not to disturb them too much we plodded on till we finally had gone as far as we could after finally finding the terminal sump. Our photograph experts, Ted and Tony, spent the next hour taking photos - four I think. Retracing our steps leaving Ted and Tony to the cameras, once again we exited and made for the boats and food.

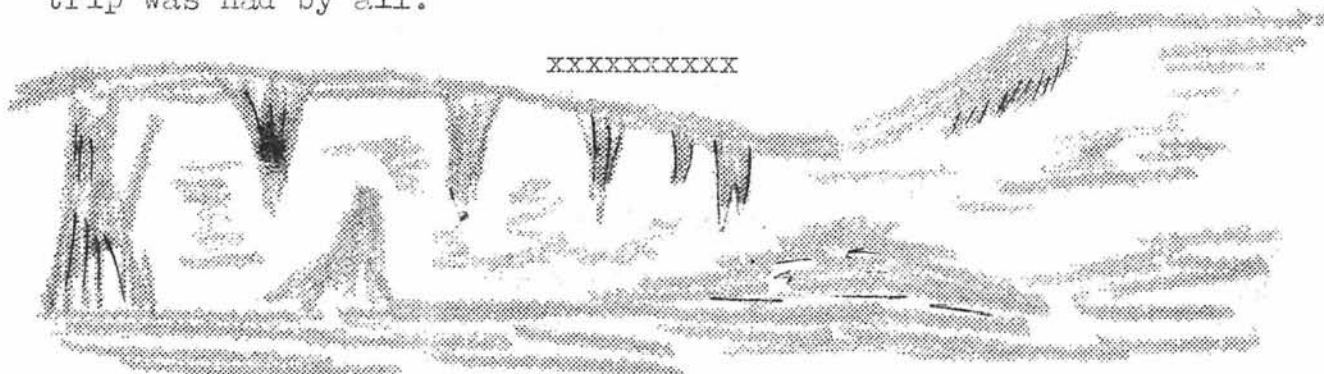
We had almost reached the relative safety of the next little cove up the lake when over the distant horizon loomed the two T's with their cameras, shaking fists, waving etc. Apparently all they could say was "I hope they forgot to take the food" - but they found that we had flogged everything. We returned to pick them up leaving Karl to find a sheltered, grassy bank. When we got back a lot of skinnydipping was in progress, which promptly ceased as we arrived.

After a peaceful lingering lunch, we trogged up and entered the lower entrance. We followed the stream up as far as we could go, then turned back. Like the other end of the cave, it followed the stream all the way with passages of a fair size, although not as large as the other end.

Back at the boats we packed up, decided to take a scenic to leisurely route back. The scenery is good, plenty of wild life, calm water, sun out in all its glory, you and the boat - adds up to a good time. Before we handed the boats back in for the night we did a boat trog of the limestone opposite the Caravan Park, of which there is plenty and wondered if

Sunday broke sunny and hot once more so we awoke early, packed up and left all agreeing that a most enjoyable, different type of trip was had by all.

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CLIEFDEN.

Date: November, 1979.

Aim: Cave photography.

Members Present: L. Baker, A & J. Cummings, K. Bilger, P. Lawson,
K. McKendry, G. Cummings, Ozanne family,
P, T., R., & D. Ellis.

For the photographic side the weekend commenced in Murder Cave, while Ken and Alex visited the upper section only. Karl and Graham surveying in Taplow (see Taplow Report.) During the afternoon some 3 hours were spent in Cliefden Main by most of the party.

On Sunday the majority drove down to the Bolubula River only to realise that we had been given the key to the Upper Yarrowigah entrance rather than the lower Cave entrance. Jack provided transport back to the farmhouse to exchange the key and so finally into Yarrowigah.

Ted Matthews.

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WALLI.

Date: 17th. - 18th. November, 1979

Aim: Area familiarisation and investigation.

Members Present: J. Charley, T.L., E. Goodwin, L. Baker, C. & B. Skinn, and G. Cummings.

After a non start on the Friday evening, we left Mt. Tonah at 6.30am Saturday, arrived at the campsite around 9.30am, trogged up and was underground by 11am. 2½ hours was spent in WA12 (Piano) and ¼ hour in WA14 (Bone). After lunch we crossed the creek and visited the Oolite System for 3 hours. We had a good look at the Oolite Stovepipe climb, but didn't go any further than the bottom of the chimney. We exited via WA5 to the delight of the flies at 6pm. Had a pleasant meal and fell into bed about 9.

Cave tags found so far were 2,5,6,7,12,13,14,29, 50.

Sunday we trogged the western side of the outcrop and found tags 25, 26, 27, 28, 34, 48, and 53. Spent about one hour underground altogether today, then back to camp, leaving at 1.00pm.

NEW MEMBERS.

Although somewhat belated B.M.S.C. welcomes into the fold, the following people and looks forward to their contribution

Dave Gardiner.

Wally Gabb.

Geoff baxter.

Kathy Raddatz.

zRicky Bret.

Bernie Stevers.



HIGH EXPECTATIONS

a pregnant story

B. C. Skinn



WENYA GONNA STOP
CAYING MUM?



RUMMM... VUMM... VROOM!
HEY MUM! DAD CAN SURE
DRIVE THE CRUISER. - GREAT

JACK'S JOKES.

At the annual office party, a clerks wife had a bit too much to drink. Suddenly, she charged up to a man who was chatting with some of the guests "You" she said "you're the boss"

"That's true" he said, "but how did you guess?"

"Oh, I recognised you easily because of the imitations my husband does of you, that the kids enjoy so much."

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Impatient diner to waiter: "Just how far south is that Southern fried chicken coming from?" "As nervous as a mother kangaroo in a room full of pickpockets" was the reply.

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Pantemonium

Pants for women, every red-blooded man does!

Hot pants are breeches of promise.

The latest fad is pants that are hot. Though they may be so, most figures are not.

XXXXXXXXXXXX

In a gift shop: For a man who has everything - A calendar to remind him when the payments are due.

XXXXXXXXXXXX

A university student left this placard on his door: "Call me at seven o'clock; it is absolutely necessary that I get up at seven. Make no mistake. Keep knocking untill I answer. Try again at ten.

XXXXXXXXXXXX

Bold man to his son: "Admire the foresight of nature, which removes a mans hair at that point when he begins to tear it in despair at the memory of his youthful folly.

Post script.

Editor accepts no responsibility - see jack.

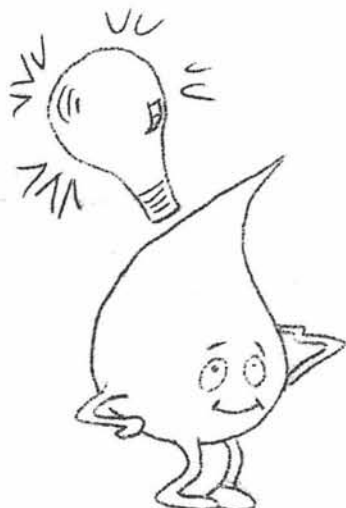
THE "SKINN" SHIFT.

During the christmas period Brian and Carol Shinn moved to the National Capital - not by choice. Brian who is with the RAAF was one of the lucky (or unlucky) ones in the "Transfer stakes"

Sniff, sniff, sorry to see you go. ♪ ♪ ♪ Boo Hoo

If you're ever down Canberra way Brian and Carol have an open house - the welcome mat is always out, - do drop in.

Brian intends (Carol permitting) to still go caving with us, on suitable trips



ARE YOU BRIGHT ?

ARE YOU SMART ?

THEN

SCRIBE FOR OOLITE!

A ROUND 'TUIT'

Cut along line.

YOUR COMMITTEE HAS DECIDED IN ITS
WISDOM TO GIVE YOU ONE OF YOUR OWN, SO
LOOK AFTER IT! THESE TUITs ARE EXTREMELY
RARE AND HARD TO COME BY, ESPECIALLY THE ROUND
ONES! FOR YEARS YOU HAVE BEEN SAYING "I'LL DO
IT AS SOON AS I GET A ROUND TUIT". NOW YOU
HAVE A ROUND TUIT OF YOUR VERY OWN, LOOK
AFTER IT. MANY THINGS THAT YOU MEANT
TO DO MAY JUST GET DONE.
SO GET TUIT!



INSTRUCTIONS.

Cut along dotted line.
Paste Tuit onto stiff pasteboard.
Cover both sides in clear contact.
Cut around perimeter.
Punch out hole and inset a suitable length of cord.
Tie Tuit around you neck.



WEAR IT WITH PRIDE - GUARD IT WITH YOUR LIFE.

Cut along line.