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Search and Rescue
Jenolan -- 23rd-24th August 1982

This a personal account of the search for and consequent rescue of David Sima from Aladdin Cave (J19). The search operation was coordinated by the NSW Cave Rescue Group and David was actually found by Paul Greenfield, Kristin Young, Ross Newbery (SUSS) and Mark Bonwick (SSS).

David Sima went to Jenolan on Monday (23rd August), primarily to visit the tourist caves. David had had a past history of "exploring" the mines in the Blue Mountains and was interested in doing some illegal exploration at Jenolan. At about lunchtime David went off with a box of matches and promptly disappeared.

After early attempts at finding him had failed, the Cave Rescue people were called in early on Tuesday morning. Police Rescue were also involved about the same time. These groups, together with the guides, conducted a search through the day on Tuesday, covering the tourist caves, the Devil's Coach House and the northern and southern valleys.

News of the search was on radio and television news on Tuesday morning and was noticed by Malcolm Handel who thought that perhaps SUSS should be involved. Malcolm rang Randall King and together they organised a SUSS contingent to go up that night. Malcolm rang me about lunchtime and Kristin (who just happened to walk in at the right time) and I then rang everyone on the SUSS address list whom we knew. Unfortunately, being August and still slightly white, almost everyone was out, away skiing or learning to hang-glide. Arrangements were then made to leave Sydney later that afternoon after checking with Grace Mattes that the boy was still lost and that we were needed for the search. The CRG and police had decided at a meeting at 4.00 pm that afternoon to call in the caving clubs, considering the increasing seriousness of the situation.

All of the SUSS groups arrived at Jenolan at about 8pm on Tuesday night and were told to get ready for a short search that evening. When Bruce Welch arrived, we went through the Northern Limestone book, drawing up a list of all caves that Bruce considered at all worth searching. At this stage, David had been missing for 30 hours and 'grave fears' were held for his safety. It was decided that the search would be continued until lam that night by groups of four cavers each searching about 8 caves fairly thoroughly. If this search had failed, an intensive search was to be started at dawn on Wednesday. The Tuesday evening search groups were all composed of experienced Jenolan cavers which made them far more efficient at searching than the groups during the day. Many of the caves to be searched are hard enough to find by inexperienced parties even during daylight. The knowledge of Jenolan possessed by the caving groups meant that the search parties could find the caves on their list without much difficulty, even on a dark night and having found them could conduct a thorough search without having to turn it into an initial exploration as well.

My group (Kristin Young, Ross Newbery, Mark Bonwick and myself) were assigned the Aladdin Bluff caves, mostly because I knew where J168 and J170 were to be found. We set off down the valley from search control (No. 2 Carpark) at about 9:30pm and soon crossed the creek which was my cue to start looking for J168. It was very dark on Tuesday night and consequently most of the landmarks that would normally

be used to locate caves were themselves hard to locate. Nevertheless, we found J168 almost straight away and Ross conducted an exhaustive search. Two minutes later (it's not really what one would call a big cave, not until we connect it with Jubilee, that is) we headed up the hillside to find J170. I quickly found this cave too, after Ross had walked right past it while looking for it. Mark quickly explored this cave and it too was empty of missing people. Mark then went off to find Bonwick's Dig and I started wandering along and up the hillside. While Mark was still searching, I came upon the entrance to Aladdin Cave. Aladdin is an old tourist cave and still has the original gate. The distributed key has not worked for years and the normal method of entrance has been to move the loose rocks to the left of the entrance and squeeze through. Speleo groups are normally very careful about replacing the rocks and leaving the entrance in pristine condition so as not to attract casual visitors. As such, it was immediately obvious from the disturbed rocks at the entrance that someone had been through recently. This was a case where local knowledge of the area was of great benefit. Previous searchers had looked at the entrance, seen that the gate was still locked and assumed that the cave was not worth further investigation.

I called the others over and Ross Newbery and Kristin squeezed past the gate. They immediately found a sloppy-joe and I radioed back its description and it was confirmed as being similar to that which David had been wearing. When we first started searching, the general feeling was like the one that one gets on every southern limestone search. You expect to spend much time and effort absolutely fruitlessly. We were also not expecting David to be found safe and well after being missing for 30 hours; at best we thought he might be lying injured somewhere. As a result, uncovering evidence that we may have actually found him gave all of us a distinct sinking feeling; who wants to have to recover an injured person? How badly injured would he be? Would he still be alive? We all suddenly felt the extreme seriousness of the situation and realized the responsibility it involved.

Ross then started heading into the cave and promptly found a trail of burnt matches. Kristin then waited while Ross started searching. After only about a minute of searching, Ross had voice contact with David. This was somewhat of a relief to our group as we now knew that not only had we found David but he was also conscious. Ross then reported that he had found David and that he appeared uninjured. This news was then radioed back to search control and Ross and Kristin helped David out of the cave. David was quite glad to see us (almost as glad as we were to see him) Ross had difficulty keeping up with him on the way out. He was in excellent condition for having been underground for 32 hours, just feeling tired, cold, hungry and thirsty. When he was out of the cave we gave him what ever food we had on us and some spare clothing (it was a fairly warm night by our standards). After ensuring that he was capable of walking back, we radioed back that we were returning and walked back to the car park. We had spent no more than about half an hour for the whole search and rescue, returning with David about 10:15pm.

David had started looking for caves in McKeown's Valley about 1pm on Monday and had seen something that appeared to be a cave entrance on Aladdin Bluff. He had climbed up and found the entrance to Aladdin when the first attraction turned out not to be of interest. He had noticed that there were loose rocks beside the gate and had squeezed in to the cave. He had tried to buy a lighter from the kiosk earlier

but had had to make do with a single box of matches instead. So equipped, he went in as far as the steel cable and decided that he was getting low on matches and should start turning back. David was quite lucky as Aladdin gets a bit trickier from that point on and without adequate equipment would have likely to have injured himself. Near the bottom of the first climb down, he realised that he was slightly lost. Just after this he ran out of matches and being lost in the dark decided to wait for rescue. Thirty two hours later his wait was ended.

When we first arrived that evening, the place was crawling with television news people and so we expected to be swamped when we came over the hill. Instead the car park was almost deserted and it seemed that no one was really interested in our discovery. We took David into the search headquarters where we were thanked and David was warmed and fed. We told our story for the first time then. Shortly after, the hordes descended (they had all been waiting in Caves House) and we gave our first interview. We then waited around being debriefed, giving more interviews, talking and eating. We left for Sydney about 12:30 and were back by 3am.

A few comments about the search and rescue effort:

- Some of the organisation was quite good. The way that the search parties were allotted caves on Tuesday night by Bruce was a good use of local expertise.
- The use of radios by search groups was also good.
- David Sima should have been found at least 12 hours earlier. Aladdin Cave had not been checked thoroughly by anyone with local knowledge. In any future such searches all groups should have at least one local "expert" with them. The search on Tuesday night would have thoroughly covered all of the likely caves in the northern limestone in only about three hours, because the search teams knew the caves they had been allocated. In searches, local knowledge is far more important than general caving ability or skill in rescue techniques. Would a group of non-Jenolan cavers have realised that someone could be inside Aladdin despite the gate being locked? As a result of this search I would recommend that Cave Rescue should rely much more on the caving groups with local expertise for searches.
- The ASF safety rules about carrying multiple independent sources of light were proved to be right. David should have been carrying at least three independent boxes of matches (or lighters).

Paul Greenfield

CAVE CRICKET?



(WHERE'S KERRY...?)

SYDNEY UNIVERSITY NSW 36/33 4.30P

POST

MR MICHAEL LAKE

SYDNEY UNIVERSITY SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

31 CRESCENT ROAD CARINGBAH



CONGRATULATIONS TO YOUR MEMBERS ON SUCCESSFUL PARTICIPATION
IN SEARCH AND RESCUE OPERATION LOST YOUTH JENOLAN CAVES
YESTERDAY

WESTLAKE ACTING REGISTRAR UNIVSYD

COL 31

*University News
31 August 1982*

SU SPELEOLOGISTS RESCUE BOY LOST AT JENOLAN

The Sydney University Speleological Society played a major role in the successful search for a fifteen year old boy who was lost for more than 30 hours in the Jenolan Caves last week.

Three of the four members of the search party which found the boy, Paul Greenfield, Kristin Young and Ross Newberry, were members of the Society. And the Society's book, *Caves of Jenolan (Vol.2 -- the Northern Limestone)* was used to work out all the possible caves in which the boy could be lost and to assign caves to search parties.

About fifteen members of the Speleological Society volunteered to assist with the search, and arrived at Jenolan Caves at 8pm on Tuesday night, 24 August.

'We organised five search parties, each with two or three of our members and one or two other volunteers', said Paul Greenfield, a lecturer in the Department of Computer Science.

'After an hour or so getting organised we

set off and luckily our group located the boy in the third of the eight caves we had intended to search that evening. We found him just after 10pm, tired, cold, hungry and thirsty but otherwise unharmed.'

The boy, David Sima, of Blackheath, had been missing since 1.30pm on Monday. He apparently squeezed through a wire grate to explore Aladdin's Cave (Cave J19) and ran out of matches when he was about 30 metres inside.

The successful search party had searched caves J168 and J170 before trying Aladdin's, which is an old tourist cave now closed to the public.

The SU Speleological Society has around 300 members, and conducts trips away nearly every weekend. It was founded in 1949 and is Australia's second-oldest speleo society, next to the Tasmanian Caving Club that started in 1947. Anyone interested in joining the Society can ring Michael Lake on ext 3145.

STOVES

The following are three of the more popular lightweight stoves suitable for bushwalking, ski-touring and general lightweight camping. These descriptions should be helpful for anyone who is considering buying a stove, and who doesn't know where to start.

MSR

The MSR stove (Mountain Safety Research, Inc., USA) is efficient (boils 48 litres of water with one litre of fuel, or 1 litre in about 3 minutes, which means you carry less fuel) and lightweight (about 500 grams) and runs on various fuels. The G/K model, commonly available here, (G model available in USA etc) has two interchangeable jets. The G jet may burn shellite, petrol and aviation fuel, the more volatile and more dangerous to use fuels (i.e. in tents), and the K jet burns kerosene, deodorised preferred, with equal efficiency and greater safety. This unique variability is an asset in out of the way places, where fuel availability may be limited. Fuel is stored in the fuel tank itself, an aluminium Sigg bottle in 600 ml and litre sizes, which directly fit the stove at the pump, and is disconnected when not in use. A strong steel fuel line leads to the compact 9cm high burner from the pump/bottle assembly, giving a stable outrigger effect. The distance of the tank from the burner also minimises risk of explosion from an overheated fuel tank. A windshield and heat reflector are placed around the burner for maximum efficiency. The stove is small and easy to store and carry. To operate, one pumps to low pressure first. When burning the various gasolines (auto or aviation fuels, because of their additives, are not preferred to shellite), preheat fuel is released from the tank and is lit by the built-in sparker. When using kero, a wick is saturated and lit with a match. One can use shellite instead of kero as preheat fuel in the squirt bottle provided and then the sparker may be used. Once the stove is primed, the valve is opened further and the stove goes, maintained by occasional pumping. The stove burns noisily on two basic speeds, fast and turbo. One can simmer only if the pressure in the tank is low enough. However, the stove was primarily designed for speed. It is advised that roughly 300ml of fuel per person per day be allocated when snow is to be melted, half this, if not. This stove, unlike, for example, the Trangia metho stove, has numerous small parts and technical problems occasionally occur, but the user is supplied with a maintenance kit, spare parts and detailed instructions, and most repairs may be done in the field. Many problems merely arise from lack of experience in using the stove. Practice with the stove before you really need it is advisable to get the best out of it. This year's model is supposedly an improvement on previous ones. If around \$80 isn't too much too pay and you aren't perplexed by technology, the MSR is a very appealing investment.

Optimus Svea

This stove runs on white spirit (shellite) and is useful for bushwalking and skiing trips. It is very reliable, providing the gas jet is kept unblocked. This is no problem since most stoves have an inbuilt, self-pricking system. The stove is fairly economical - I have found that mine will run full blast for 45 minutes on a full tank. Spare fuel is easily carried in an aluminium fuel bottle. The stove will boil a billy (approx 1 litre) of water in 8 minutes (longer

for snow, of course) and simmering uses very little fuel, since the stove can be turned down very low. Greater efficiency in windy conditions can be achieved by the use of a windshield, which can easily be made out of cardboard covered in aluminium foil. For backpacking, the stove is a good choice, since it fits well into a billy. Its main disadvantage is that it must be primed (heated - usually by burning some fuel in the spirit cup above the tank) before being lit. I find that meths is better than white spirit to use for this - less explosive. Once warm, with enough pressure built up, the stove can be relit after turning off without further priming. Altogether it is a good stove, though not as cheap as it used to be - it now costs around \$40.

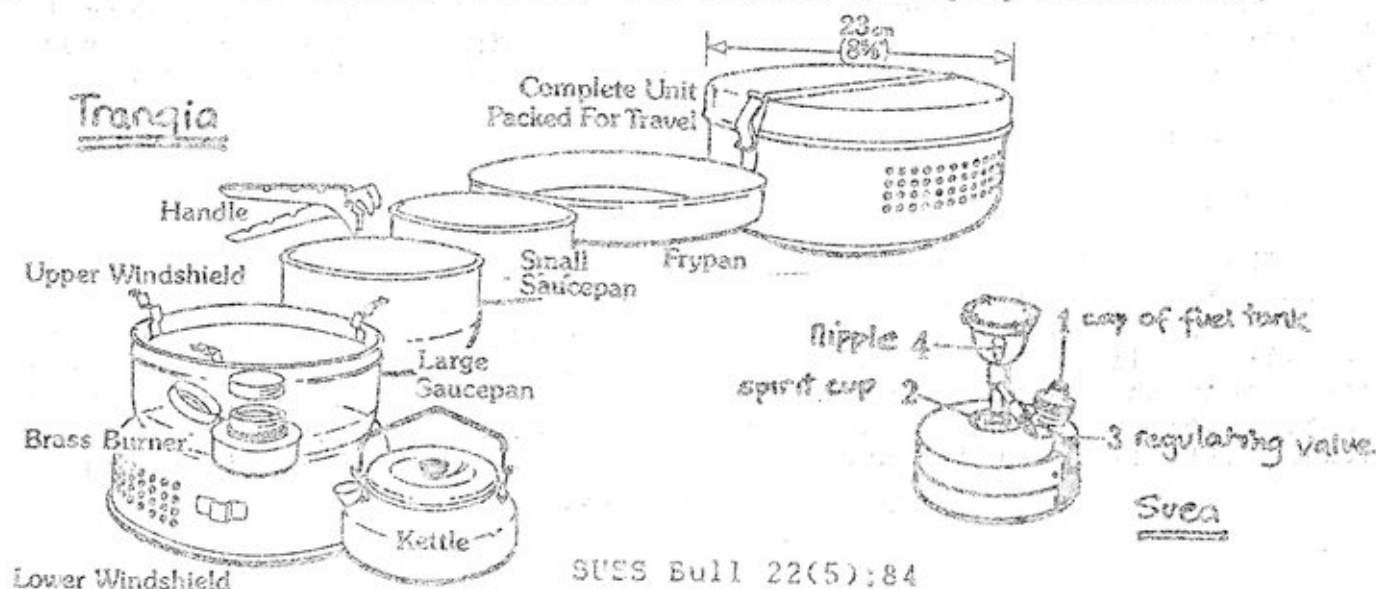
Judy Clarke

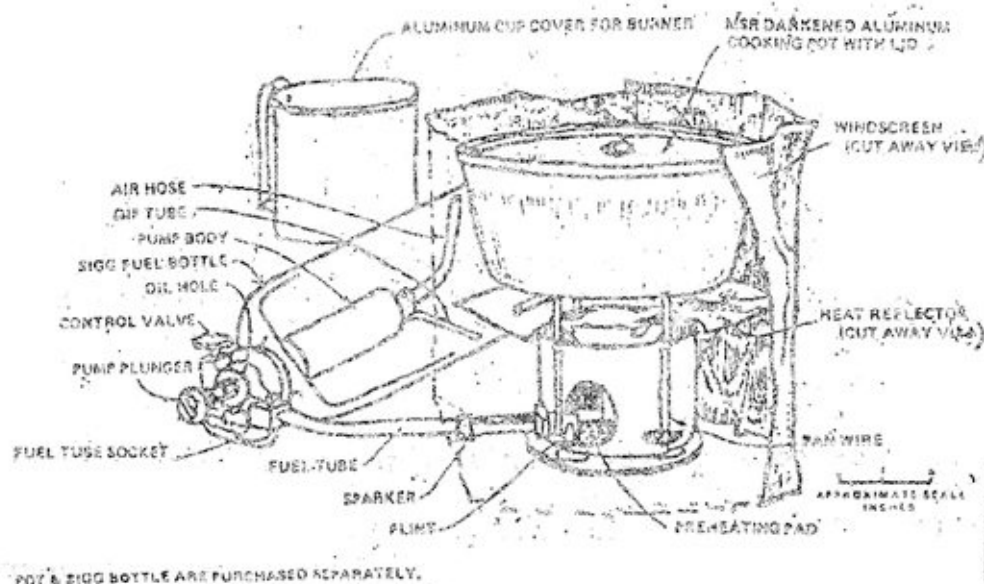
P.S. Other Optimus stove models have a similar burner etc. Optimus also make kero stoves as well as shellite.

Trangia

The Trangia is a methylated spirits burning stove of reasonable efficiency and weight and is amazingly simple and reliable. The basic Trangia stove consists of a base with air holes, the actual burner and the pan holder/windshield. It is designed to work under all conditions and the harder the wind is blowing, the faster it will cook. The wind shielding is so effective that with any reasonably high wind there is more of a problem stopping the Trangia from cooking too quickly. Trangias come as complete cooking kits with saucepans and a frypan all packed into the space of the various shields and supports. A complete Trangia (1-2 man) packs down in cylinder 19cm diameter by 10cm high and there is then no need to take any other cooking gear such as billys. A complete Trangia kit costs only about \$40.

The main advantages of the Trangia are its simplicity (no moving parts) and speed. By the time you have finished mucking around priming and pressurising other stoves, the Trangia will have boiled your water already. The main disadvantage is the lower heat available from metho as against white spirits but this is compensated for by the design of the Trangia. The saucepans are buried inside the stove and consequently very little heat is wasted. Trangias seem to be about as efficient as any other stoves; on a recent Tasmanian trip, two of us used just over a litre of metho on an eight day trip using a 2-3 man Trangia for all our cooking and water boiling. Methylated spirits also has the advantage of being fairly innocuous, less harmful to the contents of your pack than petrol. If you want an extremely simple, compact and stable cooking system, the Trangia is highly recommended.





A Message from Your President

I am pleased to inform you that S.U.S.S. is now a member of the Sydney University Sports Union, so the club's future now looks secure. All members are covered with accident insurance (more details later). The bulletin will still be produced regularly, with thanks to those few dutiful workers, Paul, Kristin and Twiggy (and others -ed.) As usual, material for the Bull is scarce; what has happened to all those grand schemes certain people once boasted, and those new ideas you "freshers" had? You can go caving with a pen as well as with a light - besides it fills in the daylight hours.

This leads one to the realisation that very few people out there are deserving of being called S.U.S.S. members. A club is for leisure, sport, relaxation and, yes, even scientific advancement and research, but without effort being put into the whole club, it will sooner or later dry up. It is disappointing to see that, during my absence, very little caving or related activity has been going on. Once again it has been left up to a few people to do all the work. Sooner or later those people may give up carrying the rest. So get up and show a bit of enthusiasm for the society. Caving is a team sport. If the team doesn't work together, go solo caving, but, since we don't want a rescue every weekend, do your bit - hassle a trip leader, organise a dinner party or a BBQ. Or get married. Some of the team members are forming matrimonial teams, and this should be an example to the rest. You don't have to be active, but you do have to be interested in what's happening around you and your fellow cavers.

This leads to formal congratulations on behalf of S.U.S.S. to those getting married and those just born or being reborn as well as those in S.U.S.S. who rescued the boy from Aladdin Cave at Jenolan recently. But could the rest of you rescue a fellow caver in difficulty? It is your obligation to be able to do so.

Enough of the pep talk. If you are tired of caving, you still haven't cracked Jenolan yet, or been to Danee and then there is always China, or else get satisfaction helping others. So for once be serious, let's keep S.U.S.S. number 1 in N.S.W.. Let's get this team working....!

Guy McKenna

Trip Report
Wellington Caves
14th - 17th August, 1982

Present: Tony Allen, Allan Skea, Bruce Stewart, Mike Lake, Ian Mann, Rosie Carson, Guy McKenna (member of the floppy hat brigade), Marnie Holmes.

Saturday

Wellington is located about an hour's high speed drive north of Orange (Mike Lake's driving standard). The road is sealed all the way to the well-equipped camping area. Supplementing the hot shower facilities and 240 volt AC power on site, there are coin-operated electric barbeques. The caves are all located in a small hill adjacent to the camping area. There are two tourist caves, Cathedral Cave and Gaden Cave, which we visited on Saturday night.

The first cave we visited was Tank Cave. This involves a short climb down past some possums, to reach a horizontal passage which ends in dirt fill. A bearing was taken to ascertain in which direction this dusty dig would lead. As it heads toward an area in the limestone hill where no caves are known yet, it might be a good prospect.

Peppercorn Cave entrance is next to a large peppercorn tree. We climbed down into extensive cave by Wellington standards to reach a ladder pitch overlooking deep blue water in which we intrepidly swam on Sunday.

The next cave we visited was of more recent formation, being a phosphate mine which had been dug into a completely sediment-filled cave. The geology is interesting and complex. In many places, the roof is supported by rotting collapsed timbers and we all moved with due care.

Wellington Caves are often plagued with CO₂ and Gas Pipe Cave has had CO₂ concentrations of 11% recorded in it. This originates from an innocent-looking hole in the floor, which we didn't put our heads into. Mitchell Cave was visited next. This involves an easy 20 foot chimney (the most technical climb we had to do all weekend!) which leads to some nice passage.

It was now late afternoon, so we retired from the caving scene and after a nice shower, we cooked a good meal on the electric barbeque. One 20 cent piece sufficed for 4 people to cook their dinner, which is good value indeed.

After dinner, we visited Gaden Cave, which is not very good as tourist caves go. The cave was very disappointing. Electrical cables for the lights had been placed right across flowstone sheets and held down every five feet or so by 6" high blobs of shovel-deposited concrete. Had there been CO₂ present, the haphazardly placed electric fans would have done a pitiful job of removing it. Generally it is the worst developed cave I have ever been into. Even on the surface; air ventilation shafts dug into the ground were covered by ghastly chicken-wire "tents". The Wellington Shire Council has a lot to learn about cave development.

We then visited Cathedral Cave. Entering the cave, one is confronted by a cleared chamber which contains an old rifle leaning against the wall and a campfire with a billy on it, accompanied by the sign "Ben Hall's Campsite". Further in one reaches a large cavern with a single large column extending to the roof, called "The Pulpit". From here, Guy delivered some "Hellfire and Damnation" verses from an old, weathered Bible of sorts. Most noticeable were the coloured lights and the brown streak down the side of the 50 foot high column. (A rusty water tank sits on the surface directly above). However I was still impressed by the nature of the pulpit and the surrounding chamber because of its size and shape. Numerous photographs were taken from many angles.

Sunday

Marnie Holmes arrived in the morning to increase our numbers, so we visited the Phosphate Mine and Gas Pipe Cave for a tourist trip. Tony Allen also had to collect a sample of calcite from a particular level in Phosphate Mine. Then we proceeded to Peppercorn Cave with wetsuits (two of us only had wetsuits). We descended the ladder pitch and swam along a narrow, low, stalactite-roofed passage. Towards the end, it sumped and we realised that the passage we swam in extended outwards below the water level. We were swimming close to the roof of a large passage, possibly even a large cavern. Eventually we headed back as some people were getting cold, except Guy and Ian. They had had a swim in the passage on Saturday.

That afternoon Ian and Rosie left, followed by Guy and myself, which left three cavers remaining.

Monday

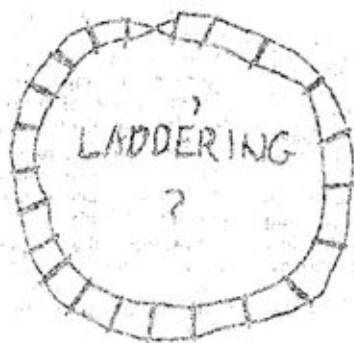
Bruce, Allan and Tony started to dig out two caves, one an unnamed cave and the other one called Kiosk Cave. This latter cave is named thus as it runs under the local kiosk. I wonder whether they were digging the floor or the roof.

Later in the day they installed some metal ladders in Gas Pipe Cave for the council. This cave may be opened up for a self-guided tourist cave in the future.

Tuesday

In the morning, the three remaining cavers drove down river and went walking. They found some new cave entrances which may be checked out further at a later date. They left around lunchtime.

Mike Lake



Trip Report
Jenolan
24th - 25th August 1982

This trip to Jenolan was organised at very short notice and lots of people were present. One major discovery was made.

We arrived at Jenolan on Tuesday evening at about 8.30 pm and parked in the number 2 carpark. We were surprised to find lots of other people there, some of them trogs, some not. Some were oddly attired in blue uniforms. We trogged up, and although we didn't have a permit, set off down the stairs to the caves.

We quickly found J168 in the dark, at around 10.00 pm. This was an improvement on the times taken to locate this cave, even in daylight, on other trips. A cursory inspection of this small cave followed, then we moved on to J170, another small cave nearby. Only one of the party entered and soon emerged with nothing significant to report.

We then moved along the hill in search of Bonwick's Blunder. As we approached the entrance to Aladdin Cave, which we intended to enter later, we noticed that the rocks were shifted from beside the gate. This is the customary means of entering this cave as the keys do not work. Although we had no permit, we decided to enter the cave anyway.

Contrary to the ASF code of ethics concerning littering of caves, a jumper and a line of matches were found left in the entrance of the cave. A short way in, at the base of a narrow 4m drop, a cold, tired, hungry, 15 year old boy was found. These three items were removed from the cave upon our exit.

Deciding that we'd done enough caving for that evening, although one of us had not even gone underground, we returned to the carpark. We were delayed there by some of the people who were hanging around; they kept trying to start up conversations about speleology.

We detrogged and left Jenolan at about 12.30 am. We arrived in Sydney at about three after a short, but eventful caving trip.
Kristin Young

Boy found in caves

A 15-year-old boy was found by volunteer searchers in the Jenolan Caves late last night after a 30-hour search by more than 100 police and volunteers.

David Siena, of nearby Blackheath, had been missing since 1.30 pm on Monday when he left his sisters to explore the caves.

A police spokesman said David was found "alive and well" at about 10.15 pm.

"He had wandered about 30 metres into Aladdin's Cave and when he came to a drop he just froze and sat down," the spokesman said.

"He had been sitting there all that time."

David was found by members of the Sydney University Speleological Society, a caving group, and was taken to Oberon Hospital where he is reported to be in a satisfactory condition.

The cave he was found in had been blocked off from the public with a wire grate but David squeezed through and walked into the cave, one of more than 300 in the Jenolan Caves group.

When he realised he was lost David sat down and waited to be rescued. Searchers later praised his sensible attitude.

Although shaken by the ordeal, he was able to walk out of the caves unaided and was reunited with his parents at the old Jenolan school house.

SMH

26th August

Trip Report
Bungonia
10th - 11th August 1982

Present: Phillip Cole, Grant Elliott, Kristin Young, Anne Gray, Mike Garben.

Some people in SUSS are a bit obsessed with SRT and so, during the first week of holidays, we went to Bungonia to satisfy the craving, merely talking about it not being quite enough. Phil and Grant intended practising for a later trip to an unmentionable place, I wanted to see these caves at Bungonia that I'd never seen, Mike had nothing better to do and I'm not sure that Anne had a particular reason for going, except that, like the rest of us, she thought prussiking was such fun.

We arrived mid-morning at Bungonia, Mike and I having had a breezy trip in the beach buggy, the others having had a tyre shredded in Grant's Cortina. We decided to rig a rope and pulley in a tree (at the Lookdown for extra scenic value) to familiarise ourselves thoroughly with our rigs, which were in various stages of development, to exchange ideas and opinions and to argue (a bit). The ideal chest harness was not decided on, figure 8 being suitable for some and a buckling one for others. Jumars for the chest were favoured for their smooth running. Our new sewn legloops were comfortable and uncomplicated, and, combined with 3" tape waistbelts, made very good harnesses. After coming up with these and a few other fairly useful conclusions, we lunched at Adams' Lookout, decried the horrible mine, which advances, hideously, daily, and noted the lack of water in the creeks.

We went to Acoustic Pot, which was rigged nicely from two points using the alpine butterfly. We went no further than the bottom of the pitch, except for a cursory look around. Each ascent was timed, but no records were broken (naturally). I came up last, wishing I could effectively solve the problem of bottom weight with my otherwise good ropewalker, as it is much more fun than sit-stand.

We then wandered over to Drum which was very easily rigged by Anne and I. I also had my first experience of protecting a pitch. We did not explore further but waited around at the bottom, telling the worst jokes we could think of. Again we timed ourselves, ranging from ten to twenty minutes on the way out. There was a bit of an incident where one of my protectors bunched up above a rub point. The lesson is to make sure the protector has a bottom tie-off and, if it does, to tie it well. No damage to the new rope was done, however. I found my ropewalker good, except it's a bit hard on the knees when one prussiks against the wall, and kneepads might be a pleasant idea. Also, one must be thoughtful when using a Gibbs as the foot ascender; I've still got the bruise.

We returned to the campsite for a quick dinner on a small fire at around 7.00pm. We quickly got ready, after dinner, for the drive into Marulan in Mike's buggy to watch Brideshead Revisited in the truckies' cafe. We managed to irritate the waitress and one truckie; I think the show wasn't really to their taste. Grant and Anne abstained from this foolish addiction.

Next morning, we rose fairly early and threatened Phil with tent collapse to get him up. We went to Argyle and Mike and Grant went in first to start rigging. We arrived a short time later and writhed around at the top of the first pitch putting gear on in the constricted passage. The pitch ended up being rigged down the narrow slot rather than over the lip due to a judicious use of anchor points. Abseiling through this with a pack full of rope on was fun!!! We proceeded to the next pitch down the fairly constricted but interesting passage while Phil carefully protected the first. We looked around for anchor points and eventually the pitch was rigged by a combined effort. This second pitch is tight at the top but opens to a pleasant abseil.

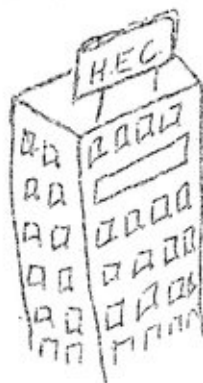
While Phil protected this pitch, we again looked around for anchors. Grant and Mike ended up abseiling off a reasonable single anchor, as the rope used was the rest of the rope from the second pitch. Anne and I waited around for a while and, when Phil appeared, a beautiful rigging job ensued. At the bottom of this pitch, we decided that, given our speed and the time, we would not bother with the fourth pitch. A very small amount of CO2 was noted.

Grant went out first, as he was feeling the ill effects of a bout of flu, and I followed with my awkward cave pack. Phil had nicely redirected the rope at a possible rubpoint and I learned to cross with an almost failure. The rope on the second pitch had been redirected too. Above this, the rope occasionally got caught around the back or over the top of a bollard there. This should be watched. Getting off the top of this pitch is a little grunty. As the rope was rigged to drop free directly into the pitch, we had to do a little traverse in this awkward bit, using the rope going to the back belay. Without bottom weight, even with sit-stand, the first pitch was not smooth. Phil had placed two short protectors close together at the top in the narrow slot and crossing these was fun as one Jumar was always off the rope. When I came up, Grant left immediately with the rope I'd been carrying and had come to hate with a violent hate. I waited for Anne then surfaced. An hour later, the others emerged after Mike and Phil had derigged.

Now no longer convinced that vertical caving is really lots of fun, we went to Marulan for grease, etc. We were convinced however that it is a rewarding and satisfying sport, and a good way to see interesting caves. The planning and use of a prussik system also has rewards of its own; it's also quite a favourite topic for lengthy conversations.

Kristin Young

"CAVE WET'A?"



"CAVE
SINK?"



Trip Report
Skiing
15th - 22nd August 1982

During the winter months, the second S in S.U.S.S. might as well stand for "Skiing" as "Speleological". It is customary for many members to take up cross-country skiing at this time, though whether there will be any more this year, a record had one, is doubtful.

We started our eventful trip by crossing the Harbour Bridge 3 times early on Sunday morning. Judy Clarke, Phil Cole and I met Richard McNeill in Jindabyne later that morning, and set off for Perisher. We skied up the road to Charlotte's Pass on a small amount of snow, and enjoyed a cup of Gluehwein before returning by a silly, circuitous and very scrubby route. We piked off onto the road and reached a very icy Perisher at dusk. We spent the evening with Paul Greenfield in the flat they'd hired in Jindabyne and bored him and his friends with non-stop discussions of prussik systems and an extended rumble.

Next day we skied out from a dismally snowless Thredbo. After a stop to practice turns on the perfect snow in the perfect sunshine (which continued for the next 7 days), we lunched near Seaman's Hut and headed for Lake Albina. Once in the warm and luxurious Lake Albina Lodge (which is soon to be demolished) it is very hard to go out again, but in the early evening we skied up Mt Northcote and were rewarded by a magnificent view and a fair run down. The evening was passed with political discussions with the other occupants of the hut. Certain people found themselves rather right of the general tendency of the company. The stars that night were incomparably brilliant.

In the morning, we skied straight up Mueller's Peak (I actually walked up with crampons and ice axe!!!) and along the rocky ridge high above Albina towards Mt Townsend. As there was not a ski track in sight, we felt we had a small taste of what mountaineering might be like. The view from the rocky, conical peak of Townsend over Victoria etc was good. We then had a long pleasant run from there into Wilkinson's Valley, where the snow was deep and good but fairly wet. We played around here for a while but falling was so cold and soaking that we soon moved on. We followed around the back of Kosciuszko in the burning heat and climbed its south side. We lunched on the top after the numerous day-tourers had gone. We skied down the icy, bumpy ridge where I had a debilitating fall, then ended up having to jump over the cornice onto Mueller's Pass. It was so icy by now that walking down to the hut on crampons was easy.

Next day, we returned to Thredbo via Rawson's Hut and Rawson's Pass, after a quick ski along Lake Albina to look down Lady Northcote's Canyon. The ski track to Thredbo was about 30 foot wide, thanks to day tourers. At the pass, after skiing down towards Lake Cootapatamba to practice turns, we watched two guys on downhill skis jump off the cornice from Kosciuszko and do tight linked turns down the almost vertical slope. That night we met up with Graeme Galloway and Ray Williams from SUSS in Jindabyne pub.

Despite any ill effects from the previous evening, we rose early and went to Perisher for downhill skiing. Although it was costly and the little bit of snow there was icy, it was fun having that much control over one's turns. Touring, though there's less control, is still more pleasant. We had a six course meal at Paul's that night, after our most tiring day.

We were so slack the next day, we didn't reach Charlotte's Pass till lunchtime. The snow was melting so fast that you could drive all the way there. We left Judy's car at Guthega and arranged for Paul to drive Richard's Volvo (which shamed Paul no end) back to Jindabyne that night. The weather looked ominous, as there was fast-moving cloud and a strong, cold wind but it stayed fairly fine. The snow was sludgy. We skied straight down to Blue Lake to avoid the wind and set up the tent in a beautifully sheltered spot by the Lake. We built a snow wall for the tent from blocks cut with our ice-pick and also began our igloo, relying on Richard's engineering knowledge, as it was our first igloo. When night fell we stopped with the igloo unfinished and cooked dinner in the freezing cold, clear, starry night.

After a walk on the lake the next morning, to observe the blue-green, iced-up waterfalls (which seemed to form like calcite does in flowstone etc) we finished the igloo. It was small but sound. After lunch we headed up to Twynam, where it was cold and windy but very spectacular. Watson's Crags and the Sentinel looked stunning half in shade and brilliant sunlight. A narrow section of unpleasant cloud was advancing over Carruthers, so we decided not to climb it. The run down to the saddle below it was very slow but pleasant - those curved, totally white, wide ridges are a pleasure to traverse. The view from the saddle into the deep gorge was the best view of the whole trip, especially in the coloured afternoon light. We absorbed it for a while then skied down to the Soil Conservation Hut (which is also being demolished) for an inspection. We finished dinner back at Blue Lake after dark and piled into the igloo for the night. Four people playing cards in a two-man igloo, which had subsided 1 foot during the day, was an experience not to be missed. Our sleep was not the best; being trapped between Richard McNeall and his two smelly sleeping bags and the igloo wall, and being able neither to breathe, see nor straighten out, proved too much for me and I sought the luxury of the empty, airy, cool tent. The others ended up poking a breathing hole in the wall of the igloo.

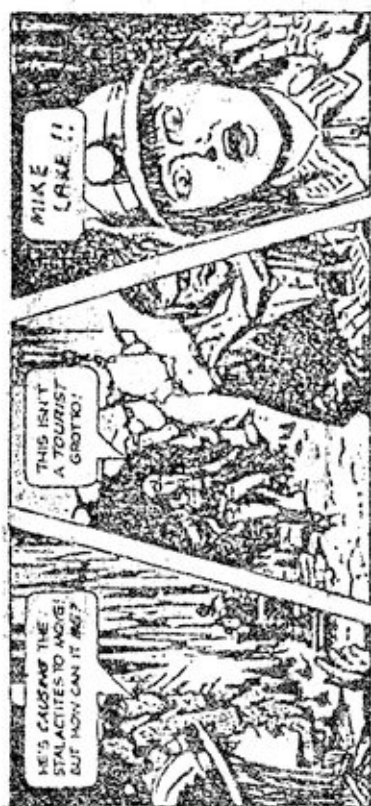
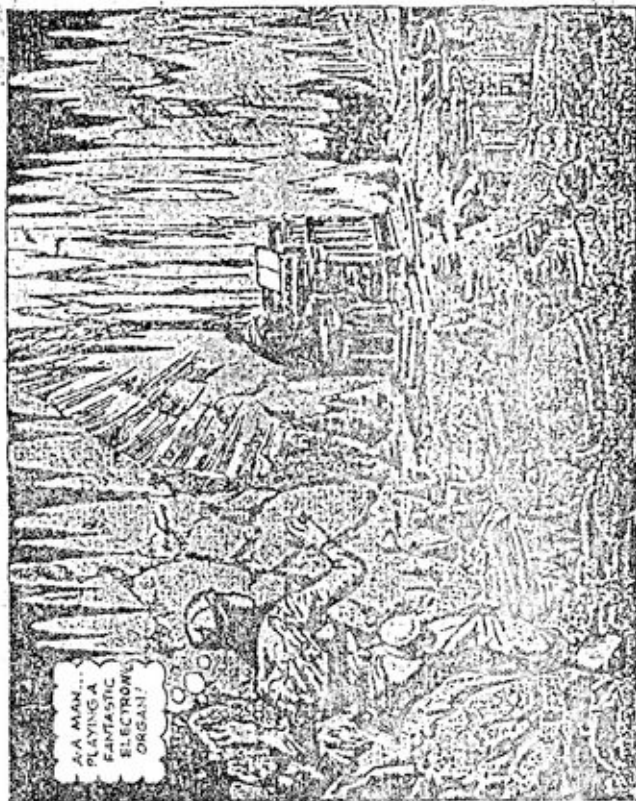
Next morning at dawn, another fine one, Richard and Judy were up, as usual, to climb Carruthers. I skied around the Lake which was so icy that I didn't even leave tracks. Later we stood on the igloo to prove its strength and to justify our deep pride in it. We also had a prolonged rumble in its confined interior. The ice was good ammunition in the rumble and it cooled us down ready for the hot ski to Guthega. We followed the Snowy River high up and ran into Ivan and Judi and their party. It was a pleasant run down to Illawong, where we lunched and lizarded for hours, but from there it was scrub-bashing, grass-skiing and water-skiing on Guthega Pondage. There was no snow at the resort. We returned to Jindabyne for a change of clothes and some drinks then drove to Cooma, Richard having entrusted the Volvo to me as he wanted to ride in the Corolla. We parted from Judy in Cooma and drove home, reaching Sydney in the wee hours after a very foggy trip.

This has been a long trip report but I could not see any way of shortening it without omitting any essential features of what was a really enjoyable, almost perfect trip.

Kristin Young

Last month,
our heroine
and hero
notice strange
sounds in
J 163. See
what they
discover in
this month's
instalment of
the S.U.S.S.
Super Speed
Serial....





What are the mad scientists' evil intentions?
Is this why Mike would never show anyone the way to J168?
Stay tuned for the next exciting installment in next month's Bull.

to be continued....

Future Events

September

- Thursday 2nd General Meeting. Common Room, Holme Building, 7.30 pm.
- 4th - 5th Speleosports, at Macquarie Uni. Everyone must come!!!!!!
If you can't make a team of 4, enter anyway. Contact Ian Mann for a registration form.
- 11th - 12th Jenolan. Mike Lake's birthday trip. Contact Mike Lake on 524 5229.
- 18th - 19th Wee Jasper. Vertical - but no experience necessary (using ladders). All welcome. Contact Richard McNeall on 46 1847.
- 25th - 26th Jenolan. Learn about scaling poles and do the dreaded Dwyer's Cave. Contact Judy Clarke on 869 1276.

October

- Long Weekend Bushwalking. Contact Judy Clarke on 869 1276 or Kristin Young on 90 6867
- Bathurst 1000. Contact Richard McNeall on 46 1847.
- 9th - 10th Canyoning. Contact Mike Lake on 524 5229.



SUSS

BULLETIN
of the

SYDNEY UNIVERSITY
SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

BOX 35, THE UNION,
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