

F U S S I



Vol. 14. No. 3. 2002

The Quarterly Newsletter of the

Flinders University Speleological Society Incorporated

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Front Cover: Lin Onus. Australian. 1948-1996.
Fruit Bats. Polychromed Fibreglass Sculpture.
Polychromed Wooden Disks. Hill Clothes Hoist.
Art Gallery of New South Wales.
Image taken from a post card.

CORRA LYNN CAVE

By Jo Sullivan

Those present: Joe Sullivan,
Kirsty Kitto, Clare Buswell
and Paul Pavelic.
June 9th 2002

It was a cold morning around 8, when a group of cavers including Clare, Kirsty, Paul and myself set out the front of Kirsty's house with the desire to seek out the magic and mud of Corra Lynn cave. The journey to Yorke Peninsula was travelled in the comfort and "True-blue Aussie" style of Paul's classic Holden Station wagon. All the while coffee flowing freely from thermoses. Cakes, pasties and pies were also purchased and no one was unsatisfied. We were Yorke Peninsula bound.

Without the usual problems of the bastard lock, we entered the cave by about eleven and were on our way. The destination we were heading for was the Dreamworld, which is a fairly new and pristine section of the cave, owing to the fact it was only discovered in the eighties. To reach Dreamworld one makes their way along what feels like kilometres of low and sometimes tight crawls through the unoriginally named mailbox and then even more crawling.

The geology of Corra Lynn is quite fascinating and leads to the formation of a number of parallel tunnels intersecting at almost exactly 90 degrees by numerous other tunnels running off in both directions.

It gives one the feeling of moving through a well-organised tunnel system of an artificial design.

Time just seemed to disappear into irrelevance, so I'm not sure how long it was before we reached a section that involved a vertical climb. Fortunately, previous cavers have attached a rope around a huge boulder wedged at the top of the climb, making the ascent possible without the aid of other climbing gear.

Kirsty, being the climber that she is, was straight up, assuring us that all was easy, a 'fact' to which the less experienced Paul was soon to attest. Having made his way about halfway up Paul had found himself stuck with little or no suitable footholds available. After about five minutes of unsuccessful attempts I volunteered to climb up and try to provide a boost. The boost ended up being my knee, head and shoulders, however Paul was up and away and the subterranean journey continued.

Soon after the vertical climb one finds oneself in what appears to be a much more pristine section of cave. There are numerous tunnels leading off in a predictable and monotonous manner. Here also were beautiful untouched sediment cones, with evidence of fossils protruding from their sands. Clare also spotted a bone wedged high

in the ceiling of one section. This is what I love, the Dreamworld, the silence, the depth and the darkness. Time stands still and nothing moves, just as it may have seemed over a million years ago when the sediments and fossils were being deposited.

Kirsty and I did a little further exploration just to confirm the obvious fact that the cave continued on farther. Still it's hard not to look around just one more corner. By this time, whatever it was, all felt a little tired and it was decided we should head back. Crawling, crawling, crawling, then some climbing, then more crawling, crawling, crawling until finally we were out. It was now, to my great surprise, after 5 o'clock and the weary party began its long trip home.

That night there was at least one very satisfied caver drifting off to sleep, heading for another Dreamworld, and remembering the silence, the depth and the darkness.

FLINDERS RANGES

By Jo Sullivan

August sometime.

Those Present: Clare Buswell,
Joe Sullivan, Corey Trezise,
Maressa Pollen, Heiko Maurer

Due to a healthy respect for the damage that a kangaroo or emu can inflict upon a car when travelling at any reasonable speed, it was agreed by all that we should depart early on the Saturday morning rather than risk the dark roads of the Flinders at night. This also provided me with the opportunity to watch Port Adelaide get beaten by Collingwood in the first of the Footy Finals. At least the Australian cricket team keeps winning.

Anyway, the plan was that Marissa and I would drive up together in her car and that Clare, Heiko and Corey would travel in theirs. However whilst meeting up at Corey's, Heiko saw an opportunity that no one else could see, and managed to pack the luggage of all five of us plus ropes, food, etc. into the poor little Subaru station wagon. This was good for the environment and good for the wallet but I think it was Marissa's car that probably appreciated it most.

About 3 hours later we were crossing Goyders line and passing through Orroroo. What was most striking was how dry every thing was. It should be remembered that this was just at the end of what should be the wettest time of year and yet there was no sign of anything green, even

the weeds had failed this year. Emus were everywhere in groups of up to 20. We disturbed a group of Wedge-tailed eagles that had been feeding on something just off the road, one flew in line with the car for a few seconds displaying its huge wings, beak and even scarier talons. We drove on, picked up the key and arrived at the hut in time for a late lunch and then an afternoons caving.

Both the Buckalowie Creek caves are within a short walk of the hut and so we walked over to Clara St Dora cave, Heiko staying behind. It's a great little cave, the entrance is more reminiscent of a Western American goldmine than a cave, revealing its historic links with Guano mining. Just inside the door are some mummified kangaroos welcoming all that come to visit. This is a really good cave for beginners there is nothing too strenuous and yet it seems to offer small sections that give you a good feel for caving. Having been here once before I was still quite struck by the beauty of the decorations. On the way out we somehow got briefly separated from Corey. Although it is such a small cave and there was really no danger it was my first real taste of the difficulties that must face all cave rescue efforts. The lack of distance that sound can travel underground truly impressed me.

That first night, Marissa and I decided to sleep in the fresh air of the veranda, a bad move as it was freezing and we both confessed in the morning to having laid awake for much of the night, too cold to sleep but too cold (and stupid) to move inside. I awoke early and went for a walk up to the highest ridge in sight. It was a delightful walk, with a beautiful view and the sun was sweet relief from the night before.

Today we were caving at the Mairs cave, which required setting up a belay line and descending on the permanent steel wire ladder for about 30m. This cave is far larger than Clara St Dora cave and is basically just one large chamber following the ridge under which it has been formed. The size of the chamber is a reminder of the dramatic changes in climate that the region has endured. There are also a number of smaller sections that lead off from the sides of the main cavern. We began by exploring one of these side tunnels. Before making our way as far along the cave as is permitted. Very delicate and pristine cave formations lie beyond this point. A very small number of the decorations actually had water droplets on their ends, which seemed almost impossible when considering the dryness of everything above ground.

The floor of Mairs Cave is covered with

FLINDERS RANGES

By Jo Sullivan

boulders and rocks that have fallen from the ceiling, large dry decorations hang solemnly from the walls and ceilings waiting for water to return and restore life to the cave. These caves appear old and largely dead, and yet they still hold much beauty. They have a wonderful ambience and their history is on and carved in their walls, always reminding one of a time when water in the Flinders Ranges was abundant.

Leaving a place like the Flinders Ranges is always hard and one often questions the merit of living in the city, however this time it was hard for a different reason. Corey packed the bloody hut keys in his bag, which was at the bottom of the boot. This meant unpacking the car, getting the keys and packing the car again. But it was not to be the last time. About half an hour after our departure the poor old Subaru got a flat. We

unloaded the boot, again, although this time with our previous experience it was not long before we were on the road and heading for home.

WHAT'S ON

FUSSI End of Year Dinner.	Dec.7th 6.30. pm.	Kirsty Kitto's Home. BYO plate of food, wine, knife, etc, wine glass and chair. ring Kirsty to let her know what you are bringing. Ph: 8132 0091. hm.
Australian Speleological Federation Conference.	Jan. 2-8th 03	Margaret River. Western Australia. Plus caving trips on the Nullarbor on the way to and from the conference.
Yarrangobilly. NSW.	12-20th Jan 03	Great Caves, Fabulous sub alpine area in the northern section of the Kosciusko National Park. See this issue of Fussi for details. Clare and Jo Sullivan co ordinating. Contact them as soon as possible if you want to go. Clare, ph: 83889516. Joe: Ph: 8322 6374.
Lower South East.	Mid Feb	Kevin Cocks co-ordinating. kevevcoc@tafe.sa.edu.au

FUSSI MEMBERSHIP LIST 2002

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Gear List for Yarrangobilly Caves

Average temperature of the caves is 10 degrees. However, Y1, Y2 and Y3 are around 4 degrees. A number of the caves are out flow caves and the water is freezing. So the aim of the exercise is to keep yourself as warm and dry as possible.

Clothing

- *Thermal underwear: Peter Storm brand. Don't be sold on the lighter varieties, Peter Storm is more expensive but it is worth the money. (You will have to shop around for it and probably have to have it ordered in.) If you have woolen thermals that will be fine, they will just take a little longer to dry out each day if they get wet.
- *Gloves, rubber for general use. Obtain the strong rubberised type used for protection when spraying herbicides etc. Make sure they are tight fitting. Thermal gloves are useful if they fit under the rubber gloves.
- *Beanie that fits under your helmet.
- *Fibreglass jacket or old woollen jumper.
- *Walking boots are fine, but in a couple of caves your feet are going to freeze without some sort of wet suit boot protection. A fair amount of walking to and from caves and along the odd river is part of caving at Yarrangobilly so be prepared.
- *Wet suit booties not slippers. Booties provide far better protection for the soles of your feet than slippers.
- * Normal caving overalls are fine.

Optional

- *Waterproof overalls.

Caving gear

- * 3x Caving lights. Make sure they are water proof.
- * Spare bulbs for all torches
- * Spare torch. e.g., Petzl Zoom
- * Batteries for spare torches.
- * Caving gear bag
- * Light charger from a car battery source. There are no recharging facilities at Yagby.
- * Medical cards. eg., Medicare.

Rescue

- * Light weight space blanket or
- * large plastic garbage bags (the orange ones) if you have to bivvy or wait around for a while.
- * First aid kit in a water proof bag. heavy duty snap lock bags are good. Available from the super market.
- * Triangular bandage, crepe bandage, etc.

NOTE: A spare sleeping bag is to be carried to cave entrances at all times.

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of KOSCIUSKO
NATIONAL
PARK

