FUSSI

The Quarterly Newsletter of the

Flinders University Speleological Society Incorporated

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Photo Credit:

Front cover photo: Karen Magraith Out in the Wombat Runs. Corra Lynn. Photographer unknown.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT SPELEOLOGICAL MEANS

by Joanna Molloy

Scarily, if it wasn't for reruns of "The Goodies" on ABC television I would never have known what a "Speleological Society" was - let alone handed over my precious money on Clubs and Societies open day. I'm glad I did both.

Hidden behind knowing the definition of what a rather large "S" word was and a great deal of curiosity, I took my first, tentative steps to subterranean adventure.

It had always been in the back of my mind to somehow learn how to traverse caves. As a child I incessantly bugged tourist cave guides "where did this tunnel go?" and "could I crawl in and have a look just in case I find something more spectacular than you are showing me?"

Shortly after joining I attended a briefing on the societies next caving expedition. There I met Clare - a very down to earth woman (no pun intended) who has a wealth of experience and information to share in this unique sport. Myself and other interested students were instructed on what was expected of us, what we could expect and purchasing the various important bits and bobs so as to ensure not only your safe entrance to a cave but your actual re-emergence as well. The caving trip would take us to Millicent and other areas around Mount Gambier and the Naracoote environs.

I feverishly ran about collecting a overalls, decent hiking boots with good tread, an endless supply of batteries and torches while balancing my contact time and out of hours study which is no small feet on a full time Uni student income. The night before the trip I was up repairing an old tent so I'd have somewhere nice to crash after the foreseen exertions.

Finally the weekend came. I was picked up at my unit along with all my camping and caving regalia by two extremely friendly Germans, Mark and Jan who have a love of wine, caves, good food and very fast cars.

Our trip took some hours. Arriving at the Millicent caravan park I met up with the others of our small party. It was there I met with Glenys and Adrian making up our fantastic team of six.

After we pitched our tents in the dark we all sat around and planned our caving adventures for the next two days. It was a very cheery group and as we poured over maps, we sipped red wine - ate fat juicy kalmata olives, pizza, chocolate and brie and just generally had a friendly relaxing evening getting to know one another with lots of laughing and interesting tales. Then it was time for bed.

The next morning we were all up early to maximize our time out caving and we were all on the road early. I was amazed to learn that there were many, many caves that the club knew of that were not tourist caves and were not known by all and sundry. The adventurer in me got very excited, it was like going hunting for hidden treasure.

The evening before Clare had shown me a book full of caves that people had mapped out and explained that they had a numbering system for caves and indeed they were not all known about and that caving clubs were some of the privileged few that were given permits to access them.

The first cave we were going to find was in a pine forest. After a bit of driving Clare located the cave very quickly. We soon arrived and began to pull on our overalls etc and pack our caving goodies. Then we stomped off into the undergrowth to where the opening of the first cave was.

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I admit to being unimpressed when I saw the small hole with a cage and iron gate over it and a big padlocked chain - I was spoilt with tourist caves of the South West of Western Australia with their spectacular large entrances. However I thought this is the first one I have ever gotten to go in and explore properly so my initial reaction was quickly hushed. Clare is the keenest safety officer you ever saw and with this sport you can never have too much. She organized lines and ladders and ensured they were all secure and that we had several options for leaving the cave as well as entering.

Then came my first attempt at wearing a safety harness. This ungainly contraption is definitely not flattering - neither is it comfortable but it's the thing that prevents you from plummeting to your death so I wasn't about to argue. As I had never abseiled before, and the others had, I was looked after very well and climbed down a steel ladder. This is a very narrow ladder that you can unwind and plop down into the cave. I think if you can make it down and up this ladder several times a day without falling off - you are a born caver.

Clare ensured that the other four had abseiled down safely and then clicked a safety line to me and I stepped over the edge with my heart in my mouth and climbed down as she belayed me. The steel ladder requires some mastering. If you don't try and maintain an upright position you can end up climbing down the ladder horizontally as well as swing around precariously. Another thing I learnt pretty quick is not to look back up on your way down as sand and bits of tree and all sorts of detritus like to slowly rain down on you as you descend. In fact when you get to the bottom there is a neat conical pile of debris - mostly sand, bits of wood etc and some things that should not be there. What I found very annoying when exploring some of the caves was rubbish - mostly beer bottles which left me contemplating some peoples evolution. Several of our caving team made an effort to remove this stuff, but the distressing thing is that it is there to have to be removed in the first place.

The only other thing I found distressing - even outrageous and I suspected that they were connected with the above beer drinking grubs was that someone had apparently smashed some of the formations near the entrance that had taken many, many years to form. I felt sick that someone could destroy something so beautifully formed so quickly and thoughtlessly. Fortunately in this cave it was only at the entrance.

When I finally got myself unhitched and the restrictive safety harness off I began to look around. The smell of a cave is very interesting and I found it somewhat calming. I felt it had a smell like the fertile loam of the farm on which I grew up. There is a deep earthy, slightly clayish, acrid aroma, it is damp to the touch and the surrounds have a very muted silent atmosphere. If you sit still enough I really think you can hear the pine trees growing above you, through their many roots systems all about us. It was strange to see a forest of roots almost as thick as the plantation above.

Glenys, who was already down in the dark showed me an area close to the entrance after I wormed my way through a tiny opening where water was trickling and some small yellow and red formations sat on the other side of this opening. We waited for Clare to descend.

I peered through the bleary dark and Clare pointed out cave crickets to us. There were many of these small slightly creepy and very leggy crickets looking blankly at us as we shone our headlamps at them. Many more female crickets than males - and I thought to myself that the male cricket was pretty lucky - he had his own personal harem. However, when Clare pointed

out they ate cave debris and one another when things got rough I soon thought - maybe he's just very lucky.

The ceiling of the cave was a fair distance above our heads and as we began to make our way further into the cave it got higher at some points and then great tendrils of pine roots would hang down like long writhing snakes. The roof occasionally had fractures and rocks appeared to be wedged into other rocks from some collapse eons ago. Surprisingly I did not find the caves eerie or distressing and did not have the feeling that something nasty was lurking anywhere - they were remarkably relaxing. This cave had a long passage leading mostly in one direction. Above us we saw some shawls and in some areas we saw flow stone. Clare directed us not to touch any of the wet stone as our hands could damage the formations irreparably.

Some of the wet areas were marvelous to look at as nature slowly did her work and left mineral rich deposits of many colours behind as the water meandered slowly permeating the earth. For such a dry area the caves of this area leave little doubt of the existence of copious ground water. This was a fairly short cave and finally after a bit of chocolate we decided to go back up. Imagine my surprise when we found we had been down there for hours and it was lunchtime. Time doesn't seem to exist down in caves at all and there is so much interest and wonder that time races by similar to when I was a child.

We had a hearty lunch and Clare talked about the next cave she wanted to find. This one was in a much more vague area and it had been years since it was visited. We drove around more pine forests and Clare looked at horizons and maps with small penciled marks. We walked 6 abreast through large pine stands looking for the cave opening - Mark saw a snake. We met up again,itchy from pine needles, got back into the cars and drove some more. We all got out and started peering through the forest again and Eureka - we found a fenced off area - when we approached we discovered the cave.

Since the time Clare had last been here a pine forest had been harvested and a new one was growing all around - the only thing left of the tree that had once been a strong place to rig caving gear was nothing more than a rotten log. Clare worked out what needed to be done and hitched up a new safe rigging. She squirmed down the funnel shaped entrance with a few cusses on the way which we didn't understand - and soon came back up saying it all seemed fine. We all got our together again and one by one went down - we soon knew why she was cussing - I of course had to climb down on the ladder again.

This cave was a complete shock to me though. Climbing down over the edge of the entrance it started out large and then became more and more funnel shaped. I still don't know how some of the others made it through the hole, as it was a very awkward squeeze getting in. At one point my leg got stuck - then my boot got stuck and you just have to get your act together and try a different angle - getting past the bend in the funnel where a rock had wedged itself, was the hardest bit. Then it got easier and before I knew it I was suddenly swinging out into space – a huge dark cavern enveloped me - I could not see the floor - in fact with my dim headlamp I couldn't see any sign of the floor. Grasping the ladder more firmly, I took deep breaths and worked my way down to the encouragement of those below.

It was very good when I got to the cave floor, which was a mountainous pile of sand and debris, and I saw the sand pouring down like an hourglass from above me. I still could not see the way down very clearly and it looked as if the ledge I was on would send me into the abyss if I walked out any further. In the end it was just a trick of the light and shadows and a lesson in cheap batteries for me. In fact the cave had a very stable path and it went quite deep into the earth.

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This cave was covered in great deposits of sand - I guess it had come through the entrance and from all the activities with the pine plantation above when it was being harvested – I did think ruefully however that if one of those men in the harvesters had seen what he was driving over he might have had second thoughts about driving anywhere near this huge cavern. I kept heading downwards with the others and found at the bottom beautiful live formations that unfortunately prevented us from moving any further through the cave. On the alternate which had probably fallen in and laid down to die in this little nook starving. I could certainly see why you would want several ways of getting out of caves as well as lots of lighting and vittles.

Getting out of this one was a big job for me let alone one of the other large but not overweight cavers who got stuck on the way out. Caving I learnt is a true team sport. That I could make a difference being there and being encouraging when I was fairly new so a more experienced caver had something to focus on as he twisted and turned to get his body out of the hole he was stuck in was also a learning experience. When all of us had climbed out of this hole I think I could safely say we were all pretty exhausted. It was getting on towards evening and we chewed on some more nibbles and drank water. Then stripped off our caving gear and put that into plastic bags to stop the filth getting over Jan's and Glenys's car. It was agreed by all that it had been a good day and we headed back to the caravan park for a hearty meal and a hot cleansing shower.

Jan had made a lovely pasta salad and Clare directed us in what to do to help her make a fabulous vegetarian spaghetti bolognaise. It was delicious - and I must admit much better than any normal bolognaise I have ever consumed with oodles of mushrooms and practically an entire shrub of basil. In no way does the FUSSI club false advertise when it comes to fun and good food!! We spoke for a while about life, the universe and everything and about packing up in the morning and visiting the last cave before going back home to Adelaide. It was a very good feeling of exhausted contentment as I crawled into my sleeping bag.

The last cave we visited before going home was in another pine plantation. This plantation had been harvested recently and was strewn with stumps and logs. A big sign warned us with bold universal graphics of a stick figure man falling with arms waving in panic "Danger Will Robinson" style as two or three rock shaped objects fell in after him. The sign screamed DANGER in big red letters. You got the idea that what we did was dangerous without suitable care.

The entrance to this cave was wide and vertical and not that deep compared to the others. Again Clare hooked up several sturdy riggings - checked our harnesses and down we went. The coolness of the cave was a welcome oasis from the outside heat that had climbed well into the 30s that morning already. This cave was damper than the other two - you could feel it on the breeze that was flowing softly through it. I found this cave the most interesting one out of the three, as it had many interesting formations and features. The passages were fairly wide, the coolness was lovely, there were roots of the trees that no longer existed hanging down everywhere but the feature of this cave that made it different and exciting were its extensive honey combed passages. A reminder that when caving one should stick with a group - this was a cave that if you ever did get lost in you'd have a lotto winners chance of getting out of again but it meant a lot more passages and nooks and crannies to explore.

Sadly, this cave had been attacked by idiots with cans of spray paint who scrawled their inane messages over almost every surface. If there was or is a way to remove this I'd be first to go on an expedition to remove it. But what I felt was the true highlight of this cave was a small pond that was located in a far corner of its deep tunnels - it was incredibly clear and cool and I so

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wanted to have a drink. It made me wonder how far further the cave went as I could not clearly see where the water went to as it seemed to get darker and deeper - then I started thinking that Golum could pop out at any minute with a fish in one hand and I had the urge to get back exploring with the others. This one was my favourite cave - with fresh water and everything. We sat for a while in the dark before heading back - it was safe and still and calm. I really was impressed with the quiet wonders of the earth.

Our trip home was relatively uneventful but I did get to see the Coorong which was a life long dream of mine since reading Storm Boy when I was a child. Sadly we did not have the time to stop and even more sad was to learn of it's current ecological destruction. Another problem we have to face and resolve just like the mess a few individuals had made of some of the caves.

I gained a whole new appreciation of earth and its marvels, of nature doing its quite long work over time. I appreciated human use of these places in prehistory as they were quite safe places - not womb like at all - still, quiet, and somewhat reverence inspiring. I feel no one really could appreciate what I saw thanks to the people of FUSS and I hope in the years to come as I become a more experienced caver that nature lets me see more of her wonders and experiments in chemistry. I encourage people to take an interest in caves and their systems and the flows of their dripping water, life blood flowing through the veins of the earth. From both a scientific or more spiritual nature and understanding of these beautiful systems is something that I hope others get to share as I did. I am glad I know what Speleological means and decided to look where others have not. Thanks very much Clare and the other FUSS Members.

INSURANCE, THE ASF AND YOU

Since the withdrawal of FUSSI from the Public Liability component of the ASF insurance scheme the issue of coverage for FUSSI members has become more complex than the mud at the bottom of the Torrens.

The situation is now as follows.
The ASF has had to link its public liability and personal accident insurance together so that it could get some sort of coverage. As FUSSI no longer is paying for this section of ASF insurance none of its members are covered for either of these insurances FROM THE ASF.

However, as members of Flinders University, FUSSI has public liability insurance for all of its members in pursuing any of the club's activities.

The situation for personal accident insurance is as follows. If you are a student of Flinders University, that is you are enrolled in a course, then you are covered for personal accident insurance. The university insurance policy covers you for what Medicare will not.

If you do not fit this category, that is, if you are a staff member of the Uni or a paid up member of FUSSI who has also paid your membership fees to Clubs and Societies then you have **no personal accident insurance at all, only Public Liability.**

The executive of the Club is meeting to discuss this matter as, at present we have a number of members who are not students. If the Club were to re join the ASF public liability scheme then the cost to the club is considerable and would more than likely consume half to three quarters of our annual budget. We need feed back from members on this issue please let us know via email or phone what you think by the 10th of July.

FLINDERS RANGES FOR THE SUNSHINE

by Bronwyn Turner

May 15th – 17th 2004
Members: Clare Buswell, Ivan Riley, Jan Schmorrtte, Mark Adams, Bronwyn Turner

Drove to Hawker, picked up water and fuel and then drove out into the Flinders Ranges. The first stop for the day was Yellow Foot Rock Wallaby Cave. The limestone was extremely fragile; touching a section of wall often resulted in it crumbling in your hand. To enter the cave, requires a caver to negotiate a passage between and over some dead kangaroos (not quite beyond the smelling stage).

The next cave for the day was Oraparinna. We set out from the car park, cross-country to the entrance which was relatively easy to find. We entered for a brief look at this cave as there was food and drink to be had later at camp. This cave is a maze through which Jan lead. On the way out, other members of the trip (with the map) decided that Jan had better lead on out (without the map). There were surprisingly few detours on the way back despite mutterings about other cavers with the map.

We then decided that it was time to make camp. We drove to the first site, were welcomed by the neighbours and then ten minutes later or so, told to go away. They "wanted to get away from it all". We found a better campsite up the road after looking at several other sites. It was 9pm by this stage and we were getting hungry. Camp was set up and the food and wine routine began.

The next day was a trip to Eyrie cave. We started our trek through the Yellow Footed Rock Wallaby reserve, leaving the cars at the gate. The fence was no where it was marked on the map so our cross-country route was slightly longer than it could have been. We had to stop along the way for a bee sting on my ear, which made my ear swell. (It was swollen for over a week and three weeks later the lymph nodes were still swollen). Lunch was had on the top of the hill before entering Eyrie.

Eyrie was entered and found to be actively growing. Strange noises were heard in the cave (sounded like the roof was falling in), and we were passed by a Yellow Footed Rock Wallaby exiting the cave. The cave had a fine layer of dust that made exploring a hazard. Jan and I went down a passage that had promise (went off the edge of the map) but had to turn back due to suffocating dust. Ivan decided that the camera required a workout and was seen moving around the cavern taking many photos.

We then retraced our steps back to the car. Back at camp, the usual wine and dinner routine was began and was finished with a cake made by Mark.

The next day was spent showing Mark and I the major sights of the Flinders Ranges as we had never been there before. On the return journey, a stop was called at Orroroo for tea and coffee. And then it was back to Adelaide.

DID YOU PUT OUT THE BAT, DEAR?

Clare Buswell

The dwellings of owner builders are quite often homes to various species of fauna long before the builder actually moves in. Our house was no exception: as soon as the roof structure was in place kestrels used it as a vantage point from which to hunt out prey. When the iron was finally in place but the lock up stage had not quite been reached, bats came to live and have been resident ever since. This has pleased the owners no end as these tenants earn their keep by keeping the mozzie population at close to extinction level around the house. There are times however, when they really do push the boundaries of the tenancy rules. This usually happens when one is just about to drop off to sleep and you feel a rush of wind pass across your face. This is followed by a discussion on who is going to get up and let it out!

Bats are mammals, and are the only mammals capable of sustained flight. Bats make up about 20% of all the species of living mammals. The bat species that occur in South Australia are all insect-eating, sometimes consuming over half their body-weight in one night. Unlike that of bird flight patterns, bat flight is erratic. Bats are not blind, but don't need their eyesight to navigate when flying. Instead they use a process known as echolocation.

Echolocation is the same process that submarines, in corny American way movies, use to navigate, making a "ping...ping...ping" sound. The bat makes a sharp, highly pitched sound that travels out from it in a wave. When the wave hits an object, some of it bounces back again, in the opposite directions to that from which it came, making an echo. The bat hears this echo and deduces where the object that caused it is located in a fraction of a second. Large objects respond well to lower-pitched sound, and small objects respond well to higher-pitched sounds. This means that bats that target large prey produce lower-pitched echolocation calls, whereas bats that target small prey produce higher pitched calls.

Each bat produces an echolocation call that sweeps the frequency range in which their targeted prey occurs. This means that they produce a descending tone, similar to that produced by a slide whistle. Furthermore, each of the bat species that occurs in South Australia produces echolocation call unique to itself, though sometimes hard to distinguish. Only two of these species produce echolocation calls that are audible to human beings. (*Chalinolobus gouldii* - Gould's Wattled Bat and *Tadarida australis* White-striped Mastiff Bat).

One method for identifying bats is through the analysis of their calls. This can be achieved by recording a period of bat activity using an ultrasonic microphone. The pitch of the sound must then be divided, usually by a factor of 16, so that it is audible to the human ear. In the past, identification was done by ear, but we can now use a computer to analyse the data with greater ease and accuracy. The data appears on the computer screen as a curve of frequency over time. As the shape and frequency of each call differs depending on the species, identification is relatively easy, though time consuming.

Below is an Anabat Data Sheet that shows the bat activity at Clare and Heiko's house at Bugle Ranges, South Australia. It was a warmish evening. Date: 10/4/04. Recording started at 6.12 pm, and finished at7.06 pm.

The data shows four identifiable species and one bat with a high call frequency.

Nyctophilus geoffroyi (Lesser Long-Eared Bat) weighs between 4-8 gms. It dwells in trees but has acclimatized to sheds and houses. Colonies tend to number between 5 and 30. Twin young are usual, born around late November and become independent by January. It is highly manoeuvrable in its flight patterns as it hunts for airborne insects or hovers to catch tree living or ground dwelling prey. They don't clean up their dinning table, leaving bits of insect debris around the place. As it rests on the ground between feeding bouts it is often caught by domestic and feral cats. It is common throughout Australia and at Bugle Ranges this bat is living in the northeast corner of the house in some wall space.

DID YOU PUT OUT THE BAT, DEAR?

TIME	TAPE	FREQ	SPECIES	BEHAVOIUR	FILE
6.12			START		
	014	24.5	M planiceps	5 Passes	
6.15	017	24.5	M planiceps	2 Passes	#Bugle .04#
6.15	022	25.5/27.5	C gouldii ?		#Bugle .05#
6.16	030	26.5	M planiceps		#Bugle .06#
		28.5	?		
	036	26.5/29.5	C gouldii ?	2 Passes	
	042	26.5/28.5	C gouldii ?		
	045		2species inc N geoffroyi		
6.17	050	26.5	?		
	053	24.5	M planiceps		
	061	24.5	M planiceps		
6.18	070	27	?		#Bugle .07#
6.19	075	28.5/31	C gouldii?		#Bugle .08#
6.20	080	28/31	C gouldii		
6.22	092	28	C gouldii	3 passes	
6.22	095	25.5	M planiceps		
	096	~37	Probably N geoffroyi		
6.24	101		N geoffroyi		#Bugle .09#
6.27	104		N geoffroyi		#Bugle .10#
6.27	108	~34	N geoffroyi		
	113	27	?		
6.30	116	27.5	M planiceps		
6.31	122		N geoffroyi	3 passes	
6.31	125		N geoffroyi	2 passes	
6.32	130	26.5	M planiceps N geoffroyi		
6.32	135	27.5	?		
6.32	140	27.5	?		
6.33	144		N geoffroyi	1 pass	
633	147	27.5	?	interference	
6.34	152		Bat	On tape from	
6.34	156	33	Bat	6.32-6.43	
6.37	167	26.5	M planiceps		
6.38	172	25.5	M planiceps		
6.38	183	28	?		
6.39	188	27.5/30	C gouldii		
6.41			bat		
6.43	201	27	M planiceps		#Bugle .11#
6.43	207	27.5	Several bats		
6.47	214	27	M planiceps		#Bugle .12#
6.48	217	27.5	M planiceps		
6.49	225	27.5	M planiceps	2 passes	
6.50	230	47.5	?		#Bugle .13#
6.56	235	26	M planiceps		
6.57	239	10.5	T australis		
6.58	241	28.5	C gouldii ?		#Bugle .14#
6.59	250	13	T australis M planiceps		#Bugle .15#
6.59		26.5	M planiceps		
7.00	258	26.5	M planiceps		
7.00	260	26.5	M planiceps	5 passes	
7.01	266	26.5	M planiceps	3 passes	
7.02	283	26.5	M planiceps	6 passes	
7.05	289	27.5	Bat		

DID YOU PUT OUT THE BAT, DEAR?

Mornopterus planiceps (Little Mastiff Bat) is divided into two species that are commonly known by the names 'big penis' and 'little penis'. Identification in the field is by checking the length of the penis for males and via biochemical analysis of liver proteins and skull examination for females. They weigh between 9-15 gms. They usually live in trees but have adapted to living in houses and sheds. They are also found in urban areas. They forage for airborne insects above the vegetation canopy and feed and drink over water such as dams and creeks. They are good swimmers if accidentally knocked in to the water. Part of their call is audible to humans.

Chalinolobus gouldii (Gould's Wattle Bat) weighs between 10-18 gms and is common throughout most of Australia. They quite happily live in sheds, and houses (belfries and attics are included in their real estate choices). They eat everything from beetles to crickets to caterpillars and are the first species of bat out at night to feed. They hunt above and below the tree canopy. At Bugle Ranges they have taken up residence in the western wall of the house. We found this out late in November a couple of years ago when we were building on a pergola and pulled off some cladding from the wall. Heiko disturbed the colony, complete with young.

Tadarida australis (White-striped Mastiff Bat) has a white stripe of fur on the underside of its body along the junction of the wing and the body. It is common throughout most of Australia and weighs between 25-40 gms. Its colonies of around 20 individuals roost in tree hollows, usually of large red gums. They usually hunt above the tree canopy. Its call is audible to people with good hearing.

In the spring of 2004 it is hoped to do some catching with mist nets and an over night bat "detector" session. The data collected will go to the bat survey project known as BatWatch, being run by the Upper Torrens Landcare Group and the Mount Pleasant Natural Resource Centre. The aim of the project is to ascertain the diversity of the bat species that live throughout the Adelaide Hills. As very little base data is available it is hoped that the three year project will help us understand the importance of habitat on bat populations. The BatWatch coordinator is Helen Swincer and she can be contacted at the Mount Pleasant Natural Resource Centre on 8568 1907.

My thanks go to Dr. Ken Sanderson, School of Biological Sciences, Flinders University for the collection and analysis of the data.

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WHAT IS ON

July Sat July 17	**Corra lynn Cave Dream World extenstion**. Great one day of good fun sporting caving. BYO knee pads (and elbow pads i f you have them.) Contact Kirsty Kitto by Wed evening the3rd, so we can organise transport. BYO lunch and drink. Kirsty.kitto@flinders.edu.au or hm Ph: 8234 0663
July 16- 19	**Kangaroo Is. Kangaroo Is Trip.** CANCELLED
July 20	Tues 10. a m **FUSSI Library Bash** in Clubs and Socs. Come and help clean up the library and see what the rest of the caving world gets up to. Librarian is co ordinating
Tue Aug. 3 1pm	General Meeting: **So you want to be a trip leader.** This is the first of a series of lunch time sessions and weekend practical sessions to enable members to become trip leaders. Get some practical experience by helping with the organisating of the next trip. New members particularly welcome. Clubs and Socs Meeting rm.
Tue Aug 17th 1pm	General meeting. **So you want to be a trip leader part 2.** First Aid Intro and Search and Rescue techniques. Clubs and Societies Meeting rm.
Sun 29th Aug	**Kirsty has been kidnapped by Mavis.** Help, what do we do? **So you want to be a Trip Leader pt 3.** Search and Rescue practical day. Corra Lynn.
Sept18-25.	**FUSSI's 30th Birthday Celebrations. Nullarbor.** 8201 5382 Secretary to co ordinate. Put your name down now! You must have 20hrs caving experience before this trip.
Dec/ Jan	Jenolan and Bungonia.
New Year 2005	Australian Speleological Federation's Biennial Conference. Dover. Tasmania. Go there, it will be a A++ with the possibility of a distinction type of event.