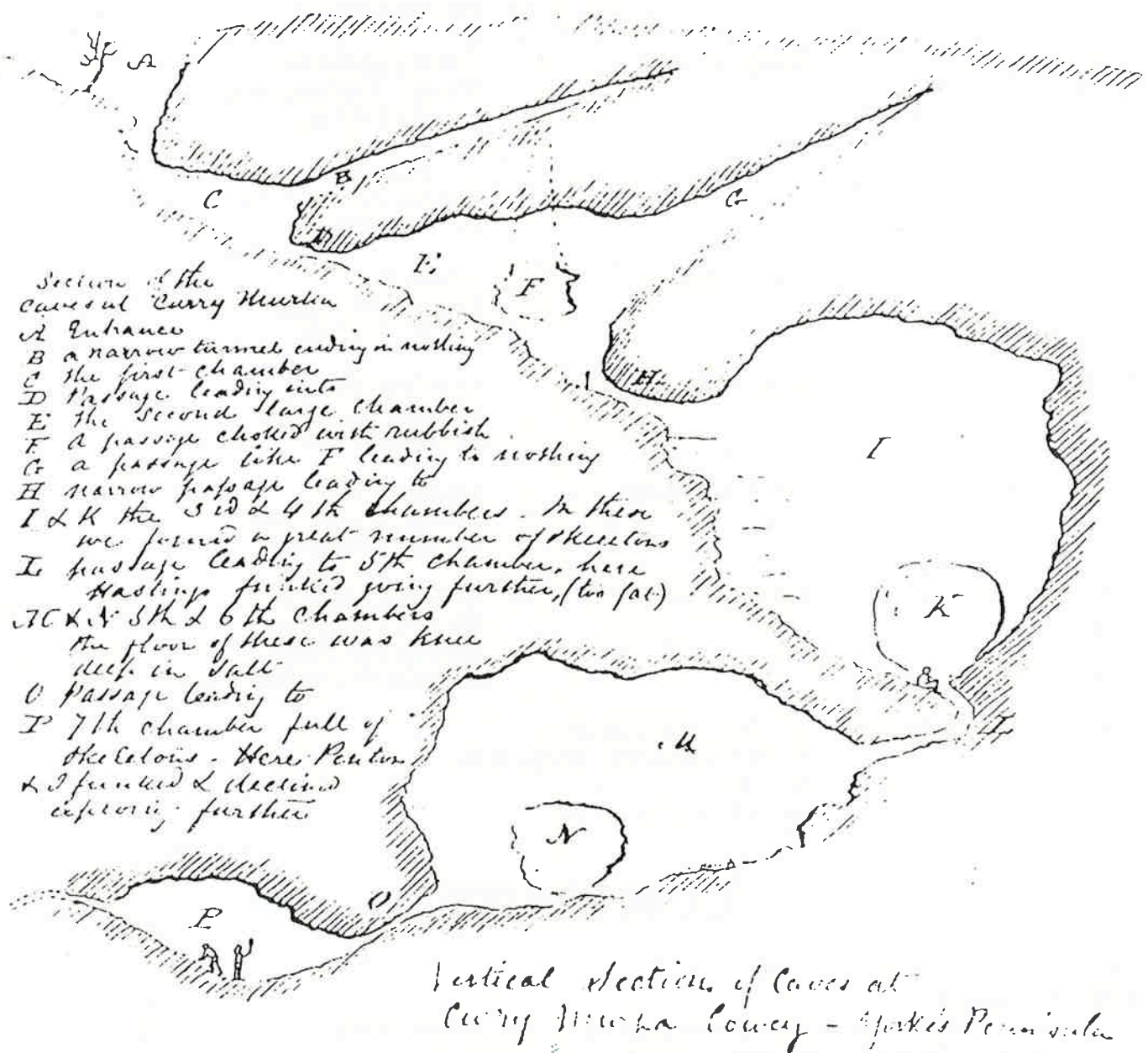


Since  
See you  
Sunday?  
Clare

# FUSSI

VOL 2 NO 4 NOVEMBER 1990



THE QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER OF THE FLINDERS UNIVERSITY SPELEOLOGICAL  
SOCIETY INCORPORATED.

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# Bumps, lumps and joyous grinds from the depths of Corra Lynn.

**Present were;** Keven, *hat on the wrong end Cocks*; John, *find the long way round Callison*; Ian *Hoppalong Cassidy Callison*; Tania *Grumpy/sneazy? Wilson*; Simon *Snoozy Schmidt*; Adam *Spiderman Pentland*; Dave *Mad dogs and Englishmen Brinsley*; Craig *Hobbles required Williams*; Di *Beewise Brinsley*; and not to forget Mavis who kept the whole town awake with loud nasal rumblings.

(What a bloody racket) By Keven

Many of us arrived before others as is the usual way in which FUSSI trips often begin. Keven in true form, thought he knew the location of Simon's house, consequently he was half way out to Port Wakefield before acknowledging that to ask directions may have been a good idea. We did arrive, with lateness excuses well rehearsed, unlike some who had the cheek to send their excusses via other people. Matt offered a relayed excuse that went

something like this; "I was cutting down a tree and I fell out of it and did some form of damage to my knee". Well, we considered the likelihood of such an accident befalling (*I couldn't resist ed.*) Matt and concluded that at the earliest possible moment we should instruct Matt (with the aid of diagrams) on the importance of standing on the

correct side of the limb that is being cut down.

After some discussion and h2o indulgences it was decided to try and use not our memories of the cave but **The Maps** to guide us to Bandicoots Bypass. With 3 maps between us we left Ian *blisters Callison* on top with our instructions for lunch. It had been well over 12 months since I've been in the cave, (*my first experience*) yet some of the passages are still etched into my memory. It's marvelous what

fear will do! John *Long way round* led us with unerring accuracy down to Grand Central. In fact he was able to do this with often repeated accuracy. At times we did begin to wonder what the map makers had in mind when they determined the difference between one level and the next. In trying to match the map reality with where we were at the time gave us the opportunity to trog those obviously dead end holes.

Undeterred we pushed on following the

I discovered that there are better people to go behind than Clare (*kick the rocks into the center of the Bypass*) Buswell. It was almost a joy!! Clare was eulogized in her absence with liberal smatterings of her favourite sayings. Among the lulls in verbal banter, there was heard mutterings from the rear.

Having given up on convincing herself that she was really enjoying this crawl, a siren like voice reached my parched and sweaty

ears with tantalising images of beers (ice cold of course) on a nearby beach. This image produced a definite low ebb in my resolve to feel good about not having Clare's rocks to roll around on. (*I would like to make a suggestion that in future all conversation relating to cola beverages of the amber variety not be indulged in whilst within the confines of Bandicoots Bypass ed.*) It was a low blow!!!!

Eventually we all survived the long crawl. Tania had the only casualty with her runny chocolates in the top pocket syndrome. Hot bodies, chocolates and



*The second chamber & looking towards II*

map which took us out as far a Narracorte before swinging back in a graceful curve, to approach Bandicoots from the opposite direction. Like eager beavers crossed with rats we eagerly went up the drainpipe, more commonly known as Bandicoots Bypass. We began the slow crawl with varying degrees of enthusiasm with our favourite (*no longer sneazy*) Secretary taking up the rear. I heard mumbles to the effect that she may slow people down but I discovered there were devilish plots being hatched at the end of the line.

Bandicoots Bypass don't always mix.

BB is still an exciting and good strain, both on the mind as well as on the body. John and Simon scaled the exit of Skeleton Crevasse and went in search of the entrance to collect a rope. While waiting, some slept and others explored the diggings in the side passages. Even with a rope there is always the difficulty of getting that initial purchase on the ledge but we had fun trying. After a good old fashioned crawl and grovel we emerged at the overhang near the entrance. It is at this

## Lumps and bumps continued.

point that I had wished I had worn my helmet on the other end. As we emerged bets were taken as to our lunch orders being fulfilled, Yes, Ian was hard at work getting a suntan on his feet.

After a leisurly lunch and much conjecture over the map, Dave joined us on the quest for Hitch hikers Run. I lost count of how many times we went back to our fixed point on the map *ie the famous Grand Central* but through the superior map reading skills of all concerned, a bruised, scraped, battered and somewhat weary group caught their breath in a area taller than a matchbox. It was decided not to push on and try for Gravity Cavity but to follow the map out.

( I will refrain from mentioning the short cut ).

After a weary tea we decided to camp at the Minlaton caravan park, the main attraction was the "hot showers" with unlimited water!!!!

and a coldbeer.

Mavis seemed to be everywhere !!! The clumsy person that Mavis is damaged tent poles and dashed off ahead of us to the pub. We could tell by the confused condition of the person serving behind the bar. Not content with such shenanigas,

Mavis had proceeded to chew the plastic flight from one of the darts. The net result of this clandestine behavior was to cause the dart to take a sudden upward curve just before hitting the board. Having proved ourselves superior

to anything that Mavis could throw in our way we wandered (*the shortest distance*) back to camp. Again Mavis seemed to get there before us. As I bedded down, the lights of the town were seen to light up. Local townsfolk were obviously woken by the resonant slumbering tones of the infamous Mavis snore.

Sunday saw us all bright eyed and bushy tailed. Most of us awoke to the dulcet tones of John, (*doesn't he ever feel tired, particularly in the mornings?*). Some a little less bushy tailed than others but the feelings of wanting to get back into the cave were still present.

The Corra Lynn wind and a swarm of bees greeted us as we parked beneath the welcome shade.

Fearless, John "Long way round" Callison, began with an encouraging entreaty for company to Gravity Cavity. There were a number of nontakers to his exciting offer. Some cited sore tailbones,

others more pressing things to do like swim, read or sleep.

John's merry little bunch of adventurers went off with a couple of maps in hand while the serious cavers stayed topside. (*just in case they got lost following the map. Someone had to be topside to listen for their cries as they emerge at the town well, or more likely the pub cellar, ed.*)



For us on the surface, life was intense; the bees kept buzzing, the flies flew and the sweat poured while books slipped from dozing fingers. Wow, was that a tough day!!!!

Do you  
want to know  
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S. A  
or  
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# Travels to the Deep South West

by J Aardvark and L Coshell

## The Abstract---

The 'South West' of Western Australia is wonderful. Go there.

## The plot---

In the true FUSS tradition we left Perth a week late, and spent nearly two weeks exploring the area in the now amazingly rusty Cortina, travelling as far as Albany. Of this time we spent about a week in the Margaret River area (where the caves are).

## The Geology---

The caves (at least 350) are located along a thin coastal strip between Cape Naturaliste and Cape Leeuwin (see map), and are developed in Pleistocene age limestone composed of cacareous shell fragments and variable amounts of quartz sand (eolian calcarenite). These limestone deposits are the remains of extensive coastal dunes that accumulated during an ice age when sea levels were much lower than they are at present (at times more than 100m lower).

Rock porosity is relatively high and this combined with the very high rainfall has led to extensive karst formation, including individual caves with spectacular decoration.

## The Caves---

We visited 5 caves during the trip. They were (in the order we visited them):

**Yallingup:** one of the four tourist caves in the area, Yallingup is unusual in that the tours are self-guided; you pay your money and then explore the cave at your own pace. There are two guides stationed in the cave at strategic location, to answer questions and keep an eye on the riff raff, but as long as you keep your hands off the formation you're left alone to explore. The cave is large, hot and beautifully decorated. Highlights include the upside down mushroom formations, the giant cauliflower formations, the back end of the elephant formation (seriously..)

(was that a pink elephant?) and The Perfect Shawl.

**Lake cave;** This is the smallest and youngest of the tourist caves (~3500 years old). The entrance is a spectacular 45m deep doline complete with lush vegetation and a huge 1000 year old Karri tree. The cave itself features lots of beautiful white, active formation and a 7 tonne upside-down table suspended over the lake, formed by the lake eroding underneath a large pillar and surrounding flowstone.

abandoned tourist caves nearby which the two of us could safely explore, Giants cave and Calgordup(?) Cave.

The next day our extremely friendly and helpful CALM ranger told us some more about these two caves. Apparently they are regarded as "*sacrificial lambs*"; and are open to members of the public who want an introduction to wild caving. People who want to do more usually go on to join one of the caving groups operating in the area.

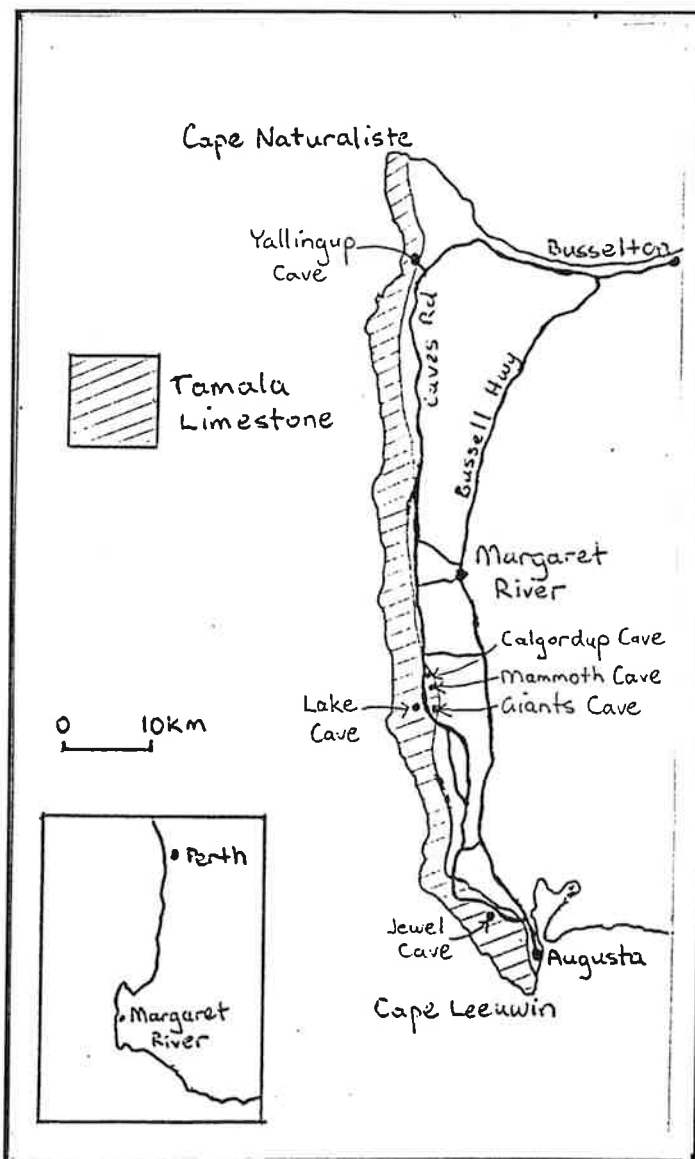
**Giants Cave:** as the name suggests, this is a fairly big cave. It is entered via a smaller version to the Lake Cave doline; after several large chambers the cave looks like it peters-out. However a well disguised chimney climb leads to another two large chambers before you reach the alternate exit.

CALM have put in some stairs and walkways near the main entrance, and keep a register in the carpark where groups sign in and out (very considerate of them we thought, as they don't make any profit out of these caves). Unfortunately vandals have long ago broken off most of the formation in reach, but there is still enough active formation left to make most S.A. caves look pretty squalid. Not bad for a sacrificial lamb.

**Calgordup Cave:** also an abandoned tourist cave, with a lot of broken formation but still very good. There are several good crawls, a small lake with blood coloured water, giant Karri tree roots and millions of very active straws. The snake near the entrance was not appreciated.

**Jewel Cave:** this (tourist) cave is by far the most beautiful either of us have ever seen. The formation is everywhere, white.

active and over the top, with spectacular flowstone, helectites and straws. The last category includes one 5-9m specimen, and other "little" ones (about 3m) with softball sized lumps of crystal hanging off the ends.



The excellent Swiss guide liked the FUSS T-shirt Lee was wearing and made him parade it to the other tourists (tee hee). This led to us talking to her husband, (also a guide) who told us about two

# Travels to the Deep South West

(Con't from page 5)

There is about 3km. of passage, making it one of the larger caves in the area, and about 700m has been developed so far for tourism. The largest known cave, Easter Cave (~7kms) is nearby and fairly similar according to our guide. Easter Cave sounds like it would be worth going to.

## The Accommodation

We alternated between National Parks (for the scenery) and Caravan Parks (for the showers). The best spot was in the Baranup State Forest, a Karri forest soon to become part of the Leeuwin- Naturaliste National Park.

## The Climate

To support its giant trees and active caves the south west has a high rainfall (up to 1300mm from memory). Most of it appeared to fall during about half the days of our trip, but on the other days the weather was good, varying from cool to quite hot. It can get very windy on the coast itself, especially in the south.

## The Extras

On most S.A. caving trips, when you have finished caving for the day there is usually not much to do apart from fight over who gets the rock to sit on; (*have have you forgotten the port, chocolate, runny cheese, and the charm and wit of your companions?* ed.) so it was a bit of a shock to go somewhere where caving

was just one of many things to do. If you like caving, bushwalking, climbing, good beaches, fishing, huge trees (up to 90m tall), wildflowers or drinking then the south west has got it all. (*But not quite, since I was born in that territory and left it the south west has been slightly poorer as a result ed.*).

## The best parts

Highlights of the trip were the caves, particularly Jewel cave, Warren National Park, Porongorups National Park, and the giant rainbow trout caught behind Pemberton Caravan Park with a sea-worm for bait. Exact order of preference depends on which author you ask.



# TROG DELIGHTS

## LIBRARY NEWS.

RIMSTONE. Journal of the Top End Speleological Society. 14 July to Sept 1990.

List of trip reports;- Some refer to Karen, ( Sackie).  
(Who is this Karen person and what does she have to do with FUSSI??)"  
.... Karen recites 'new 'joke. More laughs at Karen telling the joke, than the joke itself. " (Is this the serious Sackie we sent up to the top end to represent FUSSI? Would the person who told Sackie a new joke please refrain in the future. The standing of the club may hinge on the outcome.)

## CEGSA NEWSLETTER

Volume 35. Number 3. Sept. 1990  
Editorial alluding to the extensive work load of committee members in negotiations with management authorities. Library acquisition list with interesting content details. Update on gear hire. Key hire fees for new padlock

system, more caves to be included in new system.

NARGUN. Newsletter of the Victorian Speleological Association (inc.) Vol 23 No. 4 Oct 1990

Activity plan from Oct to Dec. VSA news; Update on the 19th ASF Biennial Conference 1992/3 to be hosted by the Northern Cavekeepers of Tasmania. Kubla Kahn pilot study; Closure of cave while management strategies are determined. Successful dye trace carried out at Ida Bay, Tasmania. Part of study for Ida Bay quarry proposal. Findings so far indicate the major underwater stream origin comes from within the proposed quarry boundaries. Information signs to be erected at bat habitat caves. A proposal for bat management plan for Buchanan cave area. A largely completed task of putting records and field books of the club onto micro film. Search and Rescue questionnaire. Meet the press;

The things you need to know when talking to journalists. Rimestone Cooperative News: VSA's accommodation arm, 16th AGM.

JOURNAL OF THE SYDNEY SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. Vol. 34 No. 10 Oct. 1990

Club trip to Chillagoe Caves 7-25 January ( scientific) Trip reports, reprint from New York Times about exploration of massive Mexican cave system: Wagga Adventure Club discovers "Anniversary Chamber": JEN-OLAN spider web disappearing, possibly from high (12 times!!!) lead levels.

## TROGLODYTE,

Northern Cavekeepers Inc, newsletter. Historical perspective of the stages of discovery of KUBLA KHAN.

# Massacre at Hollowilina South.

**Cast:** Guy Smith, Nathan Watt, Ralph Richardson, Clare Buswell, Heiko Maurer.

My brief was to buy food for a bacchanalian orgy to round out a trip to Good Friday and Clara St. Dora caves. This having been accomplished via the central market, I met my fellow conspirators on North terrace at 6.20pm. The Magna took the five reprobate cavers and their gear in comfort and by 11.30pm we had reached Hollowilina South Station.

Our desperate search for "Oil, oil, gasp Kero, oil, fuel, choke gasp petrol" saw us having a snack and re-fuel at the Mobil in Roseworthy (the 'occasional' allnighter at Orroroo is a Caltex), given that the status of the re-fuellers along the way was an unknown quantity (ditto the range of our transporter). As usual, we had tea at THE milkbar in Clare.

Once we got as far as 'Out-of-shires' shire, the bloodbath started with several near misses in the dirt culminating in the full frontal assault on our bumperbar by one defiantly suicidal member of the Lepus clan. An event greeted by gales of laughter and shrieks of delight from the farming contingent, and gasps of horror and howls of protest from the vegetarians (avoided dozens of others; rabbits that is - they were out in force). Honestly, we'd never seen so many rabbits. Later we'd find a large number of Lizards and Emus as well.

Next day we rose to almond kroyz ants, Nazi pears and toast, with a selection of marmalades, jams and sundry spreads. Tea and coffee oh! late rounded out brunch as champers was considered unseemly at this late hour. The obligatory game of crikkit (Guy was along after all) uncovered a shining new sporting megastar in Nathan who dazzled the crowd that'd come to watch, with his skilled acrobatics while fielding, bowling and batting.

We then girded our loins for the trip to Good Friday cave with only Guy and a map to show the way. While the rest of the group made incoherent noises and confusing signs over the

map, Guy did a brilliant job of appearing totally lost while heading straight for the cave entrance, guided only by his direction-finding duck and an arrow in the creekbed about 20 minutes' walk from the carpark. We took pictures of the approach (the getaway, the north-west corner, the south-west corner; not to mention the aerial photography) for future reference.

The entrance is a long fissure and leads to a series of maze-like cracks with awkward squeezes of a sporting nature. We poked Clare down one very narrow opening leading down and widening to a holdless funnel. Needs a ladder and seems promising, though there is only room for TINY people to get through the entrance. I could just get my helmet through. Good excuse for another trip even with the blowies that followed us in - I swear that they breed (or vacation) down there, as only three seemed to follow us in and I personally terminated fourteen with extreme prejudice. (Technical aside (for gear freaks): Swatting them into the dust results in quite a lot of prejudice, but also a lot of dust; better to use flyspray, mustard gas or NPWS approved cluster bombs.)

On the way back to the car Ralph deticked a few lizards (mainly Stumpies). Once back at the car we had our foursies with cucumber sandwiches and a selection of fruits and Brine Greasling. Driving back to camp, we passed numerous rabbit warrens and rabbits. Stopping at Mt. Sims cave for a peek, we all chased said rabbits, the country bumpkins throwing rocks, hoping to kill, and Ralph wanting to be kind to them.

An entree of (the by now mandatory) fried come on Bert with Cranberry sauce on a bed of butter lettuce, sumptuous feast of pasta followed by almond-honey and mango buckwheat pancakes washed down with sufficient quantities of red and dessert wines consumed around a warming campfire set the tone for the night and early morning.

Rising early, in keeping with the spartan athleticism (no, really! it was seven am - the sun was heavily on our tents)

was made easier by the Hollowilina Early Music Consort, a selection (thanks Nathan!) of Haydn concerti, and entirely out of step with the reality of the situation five hours before.

We packed up and headed for Clara St. Dora, where Guy continued reading the big book on the history of civilization, got a sunburn and nurtured his aching bones. The rest of us enjoyed the cave, particularly the formations, but could not penetrate through to the end as I had hoped. Maybe next time. After finishing off the leftovers (\$6 punnets of Strawberries, organic bananas, a selection of King Is. cheeses, chocolates and fruit tea with almond bread) we left at 3.30pm.

You would not believe how difficult it is to find petrol when you need it: Most service stations were closed. With the fuel gauge caressing empty we at last reached a Mobil that was open. But! pumps not working! Nothing for it, but to drive on. Slower and slower to conserve fuel. Fuel gauge still on empty, but steady. Is it accurate? A town coming up! Alas, no service station. Lively debate on whether to give up and go for a non-Mobil or keep going. Opinions run 50-50. How much further can we go? Next town. Is there a servo? Yes! is it a Mobil? Yes!!! Does it have unleaded? No!!!! What happens if you run out of fuel in a car with electronic fuel injection? Depends on the type: early models without a by-pass line meant you were cactus! Can you bump start an automatic? No. How much longer can the reserve last? Try slipstreaming to cut wind resistance and conserve fuel. Nerves are on edge. How far to the next town? There it is! Is there a servo? Yes!! Is it a Mobil? Yes!!! Is it open? Yes!!!! Do they have unleaded? Yes!!!! Do they accept credit cards? No!!!!!! (Just kidding!)

Got to Uni. by eight, home by nine. Great trip, good company, pleasant weather, picturesque scenery, satisfying caving and a cost of \$56 each for food and transport.

Heiko Maurer

# S.A. SPELEO COUNCIL: DO WE NEED ONE?

A few years ago an American economist by the name of Thurow, in an analyses of the changes taking place on the world stage, set out a few scenarios for the world economic and political situations. In relation to trade he put forth two options: increased protectionism coinciding with the rise of nationalism or the setting up of a truly global economy where the nation state played an enforcement role of international law.<sup>1</sup> In the light of Thurow's article it has been interesting to watch over the last couple of years the rise of nationalism in the USSR, the possibilities of the failure of the Gatt round of talks and the slide into protectionism and trade wars. Given the release of so many draft management plans and the draft policy on public access to SANPWS controlled caves, one cannot help but wonder that the current state of play in the world of speleos in S.A. is in many ways at a similar crossroads of such major change.

Indeed, around the country there is much debate about cave classification, caver classification, access and management practices. Opinions differ about cave classification in terms of how to go about it, what the classifications should be, and who should be the ones to say that x cave or x site will be classified as wild or reference or dangerous or the full range in between. In S.A. it seems that a number of speleos have spent more time writing replies to Draft Management Plans than they have underground and they have this sneaking suspicion that next year is going to be no different.

Some of us in South OZ, whilst we sat up late into the early hours of the morn penning our replies to management documents, have thought about setting up numerous committees to deal with: cave/site categories, testing competent cavers, review procedures, setting up a VSA type structure and not having club-based organisations, or simply have a state speleo council so that it can deal with the lot. After a while sanity returned and the idea of the speleo council seemed to make the

most sense.

Three states in the country have some sort of state organisation, NSW has a Speleo Council (NSWSC), which meets a couple of times a year. It consists of two representatives from ASF Member organisations. Tasi has just formed the Tasmanian Speleo Federation (TSF), and Victoria has the Victorian Speleological Association (VSA). The VSA differs from the other two state structures in that it is the only caving organisation in the state. There are no speleo clubs as such.

South Australia, unlike NSW, is in the enviable position of having four caving organisations (FUSS, CEGSA, SCG, and CAVEX ),<sup>2</sup> which are all Adelaide based. We don't face the issue of having to travel all around the state to meet up with other organised caving groups, as is the situation in NSW. Thus, at this stage, the process of organising a State based organisation in terms of location is pretty simple.

## Structure.

What sort of structure could the council have? This depends on what it wants to do and how to best achieve it. Do we really just want to have joint meetings of the ASF member organisations so we can discuss problems that have come up over the last couple of months, or should the council deal with the issue of classifying sites in caves in all of S.A. NPWS controlled areas? Both would need to have some sort of structure and meeting procedure, but the latter may need to be a fully incorporated body as its decisions have far more impact than those made by half a dozen cavers at an afternoon chat over a cup of tea.

The NSWSC doesn't have a constitution but is run by a set of guidelines which outlines its aims, membership, responsibilities of the executive, meeting procedure etc. It's pretty basic organizational stuff. Could the council be run along similar lines?

## Cost.

One good thing about keeping

things basic is that it doesn't cost too much to run. In terms of cost, each organisation could share a third. For example, Fuss could provide paper, Cegsa could provide postage and the SCG could provide the printing.

An alternative is to levy members of each organisation a couple of dollars per head when needed or annually. Fees to join speleo organisations in S.A range from \$5.00 if you are a student at Flinders and join Fuss and \$25.00 if you are a Cegsa member. The Fuss ASF fee is subsidised by its "parent organisation", Clubs and Societies, so it could be that a State levy could also be subsidised in the same way. If you are a Cegsa member and another couple of dollars is tacked onto the existing \$25.00 then things could start to get expensive. Mind you if there are about fifty members per organisation (total 150 people), a fee of \$2.00 each is probably only going to pay the postie.

## Role

Well then, just what would this council do? There has been a tendency in the Hawke Labour gov't to deal only with, what are termed 'Peak' organisations, when it wants to raise issues of reform. The re-arranging of the tertiary sector is one example of this, Ctec was abolished and the AVCC became the body that the Gov't deals with in its negotiations with universities and colleges, (not that there are too many of them left). The council will probably never reach the dizzy heights of the AVCC but it could become the peak body that gov't deals with in terms of management plans and speleological expertise for this state. Do we want that to happen? Certainly, a state organised council could present a united voice for speleos. It should attempt to discuss problems that face the caving fraternity and solve them in a unified fashion. Replies to management plans certainly lend themselves to this sort of situation. Co-ordinating speleo trips to the Nullarbor and data collection are other possible means of involvement.

Keeping speleos informed of what is

# S.A. SPELEO COUNCIL: DO WE NEED ONE?

going on around the place is no doubt a major function of the council. Changes in locking systems, the need to work on busted gates or to negotiate with councils over using caves as rubbish dumps can all be more effectively done by improving the system of communication.

Should the Council decide, along with some suitably qualified NPWS people, the classification of sites within caves in the State? Or at least co-opt a committee to do so. If the caver accreditation system comes into being is it the role of the council to carry out the testing? Or should it set up a state training programme so that at a basic level of skill uniformity exists at a state level?

This raises all sort of questions not the least revolving around the issue of representation and how binding on existing organisations are the decisions made.

## The ASF

What is the relationship of the Council to the ASF? The ASF under section 16 of its Constitution outlines a charter for state liaison councils. The charter sets out what the purposes of the council shall be and what the representation from each member society will be. The council is bound to meet twice a year and the chairperson of the council is to report to the ASF Council at its meetings.<sup>3</sup>

## Conclusion

There is a need in the state for all caving groups to pass on information and to discuss issues which affect members' speleological activities. In particular the impact of the policy concerning public access to SANPWS controlled caves is one which goes across the boundaries of the current organisational structures. We need to be in a position to present an informed and unified opinion if speleo needs are to be met and understood by management. Setting up a state organisation doesn't necessarily mean that the needs of the clientele of individual

clubs are lost. It all depends on what we want and the structure we put in place to obtain it. We need to address the issue of increased numbers of people entering the sport due to the NPWS run 'adventure tours' and increased private tour operators. For some of these people speleo groups are the next logical step as they have the ability to train and educate people about what are more often than not seen, as holes in the ground.

C. Buswell

1 Thurow, L., 'A Time to Dismantle the World Economy'. The Economist. 9/11/85. p. 17 - 25.

2 There are about twelve user groups in South Australia including the above. The others consist of school groups, bushwalking groups and cave divers. Of the four organised caving groups two are full members of the ASF: Fuss & Cegsa. One is an associate member: SCG. The remaining organisation Cavex is seeking associate status with the ASF at the next ASF meeting in Perth. There are also I believe, a couple of smaller groups of cavers who go caving as groups of friends but who don't have firm constitutions etc.

3 The purposes outlined in the Charter include such things as the promotion of the ASF's aims, to speak on behalf of or to represent the interests of all member societies: to provide a forum for discussion of issues of concern to member societies and where agreed by the Council to take action on such issues: to arrange such joint activities or intergration of society activities: to provide a clearing house of the exchange of information or other communication between member societies and to undertake any other action or function agree to by member societies.

In the true  
FUSS Tradition  
The Annual

## Helmet Dinner Party

plus

the end of year  
celebrations

to be held  
at 52 Main St Henley Beach.

Sunday December the 9th  
at 6.30 pm.  
BYO part of the main meal

Ring Jenny to let her know what  
you are intending to bring.  
If everybody brings Gazpacho  
things could get very boring!

The wearing of traditional  
headgear is required as:

- A) Jenny hasn't paid her  
electricity bill 'cos she went  
to Margaret River instead!
- B) You won't be allowed in  
without it.
- C) It's legal, non-fattening,  
moral enough for Mudder  
Teresa, and
- D) It's the only thing that is not  
taxed by the Gov't.
- E)  
All of the above.

# GEOLOGIC AGE OF SOME AUSTRALIAN CAVERNOUS ROCKS

PLEISTOCENE	Basaltic lava of western Victoria; Einiasleigh - Mt Surprise, Queensland. Dune limestone in SW of Western Australia: Eyre Peninsula and Kangaroo Island, South Australia;
PLIOCENE	
MIOCENE	Nullarbor Plain, Murray Valley, S. A Cape Range, W. A.
OLIGOCENE	Southeast Province, S.A. Glenelg River, Victoria.
CRETACEOUS	
JURASSIC	
TRIASSIC	
PERMIAN	Kempsey, NSW.
CARBONIFEROUS	Texas, QLD,
DEVONIAN	Buchan, VIC, Wee Jasper, Timor, Wellington, NSW. Mt etna, Broken River, Qld Limestone Ranges, W.A.
SILURIAN	Yarrangobilly, Wyanbene, Colong, Cooleman Plain, Bendithera, Bungonia, Wombeyan, Jenolan, NSW. Chillagoe, Qld.
ORDOVICIAN	Mole Ck, Gunns Plain, Florentine Valley, Ida Bay, TAS. Walli, Abercrombie, NSW.
CAMBRIAN	Katherine, N.T. Riversleigh, Qld and Curramulka S.A.
PRECAMBRIAN	Coorow, W.A. Flinders Rangers S.A. Hastings, TAS.

## WHAT'S ON FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Sun DEC 9. 6.30PM    Annual Helmet and End of Year Party. Jenny Laidlaws house  
BYO Part of the meal. PLUS ANY CAVING GEAR THAT  
BELONGS TO THE CLUB.

DEC 29 Till mid January    ASF Confernce. Margaret River, Nullarbor.

Sun JANUARY 20th ,    General meeting. Henley Beach.

SOMEBODIES MIGHT GO DOWN TOWN WELL SOMETIME, ASK DI.

WHO HAS GOT THE LIBRARY COPY OF THE SPELEO-VISION FIELD NOTES?

# SPIDERS, THE NCRC, AND YOU

From: csdon@mtsu.edu

Date: Wed, 17 Oct 90.

Subject: Check out this story...

**Disclaimer:** The following story is told by the author's opinion. Whereas some people may find the following experience exhilarating, the author reserves the right to find those people insane!

How many of you have ever been to Texas? How many of you have ever been to an NCRC[1] seminar? How many of you have ever been to an NCRC SEMINAR IN TEXAS?

Well, the 1990 NCRC was held in San Saba, Texas, and it was an experience for everyone. One experience is related here. The members of this group were primarily Tennessee Central Basin Grotto[2] members, but also two instructors (Leroy and Rod), several Puerto Rico friends (Javier, Mimi, and Josie) and the Nashville Grotto Chairperson (Jody) were also there.

Much of the field work was done in caves located in Colorado Bend State Park, which is normally off limits. NCRC got permission to work there. This is where this tale takes place...

On with the story...

...We went to this one cave called Matt's Rain Drain. It was located in a gully in the desert that was over a half mile from the nearest 'road'. I had brought my video camera, but when I found out about the hike with rescue equipment, I chose to leave it behind. I wish I didn't! When we got there, there was this pit in the side of the gully. It was about 8 feet in diameter, and about 40 feet deep. At the bottom was a nice-sized room with some passage. The most outstanding thing about the pit, however, was the SPIDERS. Actually, they were granddaddy long-legs, but when there were THOUSANDS of them you really don't notice! All the walls of the pit were covered, to the depth of a couple of inches, with them. It looked as if the walls had grown hair!

Well, the instructor (Rod) said, "What are you waiting for?! Get down there and practice rescuing!"

Suuuurrreeee, we thought. We drew straws, and Jody and I won!!! We were to be the surface team. (Whew!)

Everybody else rappelled in. The entire walls were moving as they went down, and big clumps of spiders kept peeling off the wall and falling in. I must admit I found it amusing to hear the men in the team screaming just about as loud as the women were down there! ("Uuuuuuuuu--uh! Hey, get off me man! Whoa!")

Even though I was on the surface, spiders began crawling out everywhere onto me! They were everywhere. It was the wildest thing I've ever seen! Have you ever tried to concentrate on belaying someone when you're covered with spiders?

Down in the pit, Jeff Parnell said that when he looked up he could see spiders LEAPING off the walls and sailing into the pit. And whenever a washtub-sized gob of spiders hit you, he said it felt like being hit with a wet towel. He said after you got some of the spiders off (you never really got totally rid of those little guys), they would walk over to the walls of the pit, climb up, and LEAP off again. It was like they enjoyed it! He also said that there were so many spiders you could SMELL them---a sort of sickly sweet smell.

Then the rescue problems started. The 'victim' was Leroy, who had volunteered, but he didn't realize what he had volunteered for. After tying him firmly down in the rescue litter (arms at his sides), we began to haul him up. When he got almost to the top, it turned out that the team below had miscalculated and had tied the haul line too far from the litter. We had to lower him down and try again. All this time he was covered with spiders, and he wanted us to rescue him QUICKLY. (Imagine that!) We hauled him up a second time, and still the haul line was too far from the litter.

At about this time a big gob of spiders peeled off the wall and fell onto his face.

With no way to get them off, he began to try shaking his head and blowing/sputtering with his mouth. This worked somewhat, but somehow

not to his satisfaction! To our amazement, our victim then began twisting and turning, and then untied himself from the litter! He then climbed HAND OVER HAND out of the litter and out of the pit in an escape that would have made Houdini proud!

Beats anything I've ever seen.

Well, the instructor called the rescue off (time was short), and everybody began climbing out. They found, to their enjoyment, that the bouncing a rope makes during climbing helps even more spiders into the pit. One woman, Josie, used prussik knots in her Texas-Y climbing system (a system that is usually pretty slow when compared to rope walkers, and prussiks make it even more so). Slightly discouraged by Josie's progress, one guy from TCBG (Eric) could stand it no longer. "I'm climbing out behind you Josie!!!"

Within the space of seconds, he was underneath Josie! He really did climb FAST! (I wonder why?) As a matter of fact, he was so fast that the rest of us thought he was going to bring out Josie on his shoulders...

After everyone finally got out of the pit and gathered the rescue equipment, Jody said, "Now that wasn't such a chore, now was it?"

Jody spent three days in the hospital.

No, I'm just kidding about the hospital. But I must admit he did get some STRONG looks, if not laughs...

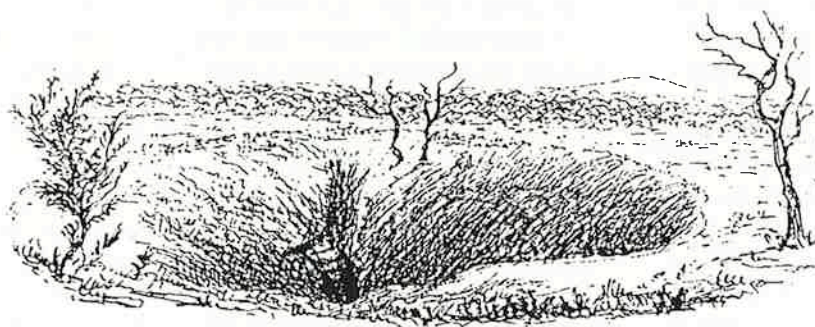
Well, hoped everybody enjoyed it! There are still many tales to tell, but that's for another day...

I know one thing: if I'm drafted I'm not telling the services that I have rescue training in the desert and that I have experience with rappelling and ropework! No sir, I was born in front of a computer...

**Don Lance**

[1] National Cave Rescue Commission.

[2] Grotto = US speak for caving club.



*Entrance to the Cavern*

*Line drawings taken from;*

The Life and Adventures of Edward Snell

EDITED AND INTRODUCED BY  
TOM GRIFFITHS

WITH ASSISTANCE FROM ALAN PLATT



and The Sydney Museum of Natural History

1985



*The first Chamber C  
looking towards the Entrance*

