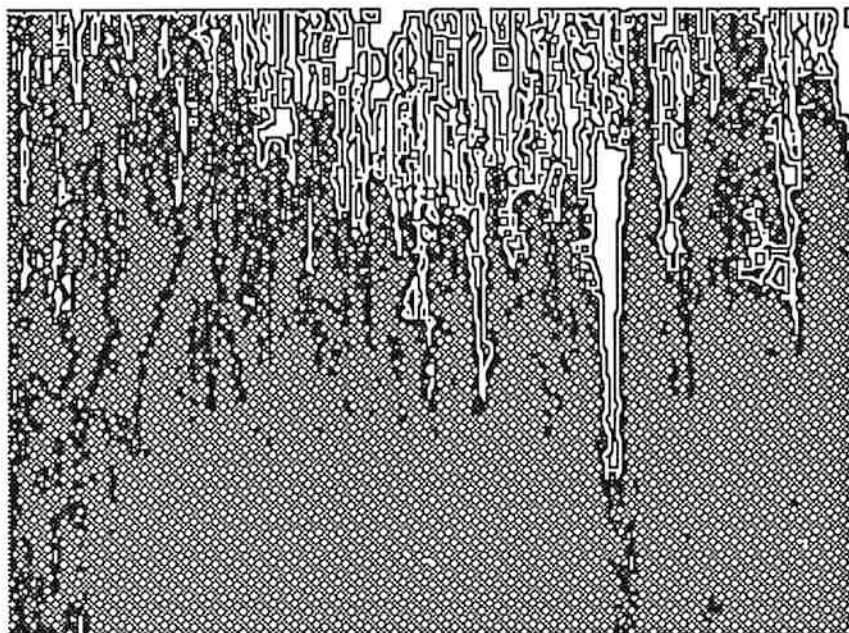


# ***F U S S I***

Vol 5 No#2 July 1993



The Quarterly Newsletter of the  
**F**linders **U**niversity **S**peleological **S**ociety **I**ncorporated

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**Editorial Discussion:** As the new editor I decided to more fully make my acquaintance with FUSSI history and I went to the Log Book of Trips, the most extant historical record of the clubs activities. What became apparent was that the information within the Log Book would have little disseminated information, and in conversation with Clare 'long in the tooth' Buswell that the function of the Log Book as a record of 'trips done by the club' had shifted to the Newsletter. This is obviously an improvement for those who have minimal contact with access to the Log Book. So as a word of encouragement to those who may think of the trip report to be nothing but a chore or a social necessity, please reconsider. Much of the observations of cave 'livestock' and other scientific observations only come to be recorded in the diaries of the club Trip Reports, so give it a go, even if the notes and observations are only part of the whole trip, any information which continues to contribute to our knowledge of the underground is to be applauded. I'm currently working on an article which may throw some "light" on the influences you should consider when making decision about your choice of lights. It may turn out to be more confusing than illuminating but I will try and give some technical information and formula to help you with the difficult decision.

Regards Keven

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## Nullarbor Trip '92

Written by Eric Schulz  
and Belinda Skuja

F.U.S.S.I. conducted a trip to the Nullarbor plain from the. - 26th. of July ;1992. Three car loads set off from Adelaide ( very early! ) [ed. they obviously failed to alert Mavis of there plans. ] We travelled separately and rendezvoused at the Ceduna Caravan park for out first communal night. The park manager found it hard to comprehend eight people sleeping in a caravan set up for six (he was to be even more astounded later!).

The sardine crew, Belinda, Clare, Eric, Leila, Mark, Richard, Sally and Simon; had dinner at the pub and an early night.

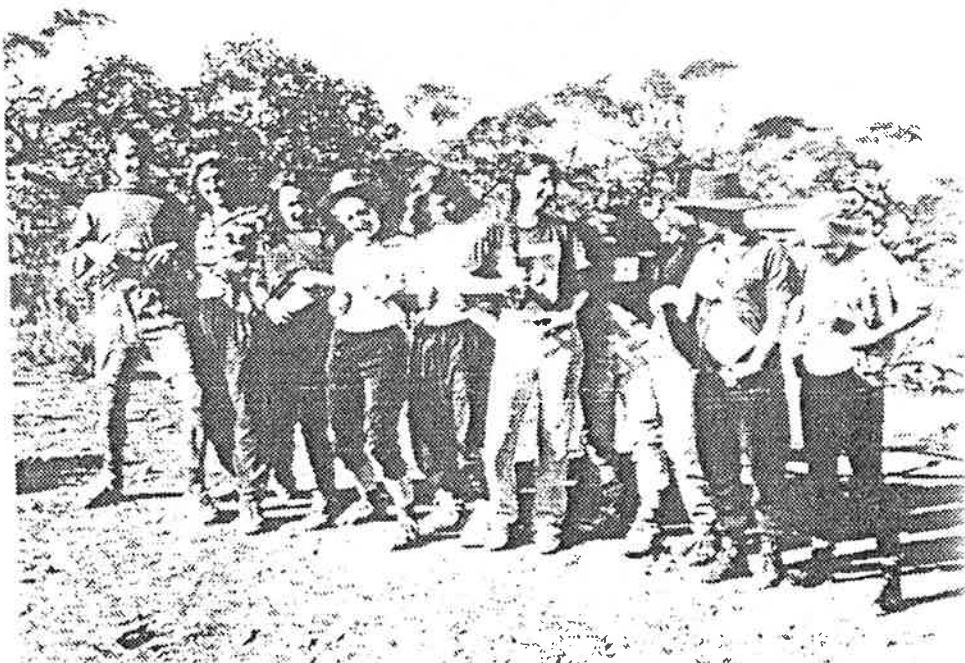
**Day 2** began with an early morning dip in the icy ocean for certain BRAVE ( read 'foolish' ) souls, [ed. wasn't the punishment at the pub enough for these numb souls ] , then back into our cars for the second leg. We set up camp at Weebubbie cave, inland from Eucla, and used that as our base for exploring further.

**Day 3** Weebubbie lake was once used to supply the town water for Eucla, and is beautiful to swim in, it is crystal clear and a lovely blue colour. The lake floor consist of large blocks of stone and must have plenty of nooks and crannies for cave divers to explore. We also visited Abrakurrie and Winbirra caves .

**Abbracurrie** was an hours drive north on a bush track but well worth 'eating dust' for the sight of one main, monstrously large cavern. It is very impressive and must be large enough to turn a Jumbo Jet around in!. We met two people from the Australian Army at the cave, they were using an optical method to determine the volume of the main chamber.

**Winbirra** had a large 'rock slide' entrance that threatened to avalanche at any moment as we clambered down. It consists of

**Day 4** The brave among us ( once again ) said good-bye to Weebubbie with a last early morning swim [water-babies !] before the group headed back to Eucla to meet Darryl, Helen and Pam. After a successful and punctual rendezvous [obviously Mavis was left languishing in Adelaide ] , the convoy continued west along the highway, turning inland at Mundrabilla Station for the road to Old homestead cave. We had to drive up a steep and rocky



one main chamber with some narrow climbs down to ground water. The rock surfaces are very sharp and serrated with a thin disguising cover of dust.

escarpment onto the Nullarbor plain and then travel 60 km. on a very rough track. It took us a total of five hours to reach our destination, this included a  
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# Big Tree Pot

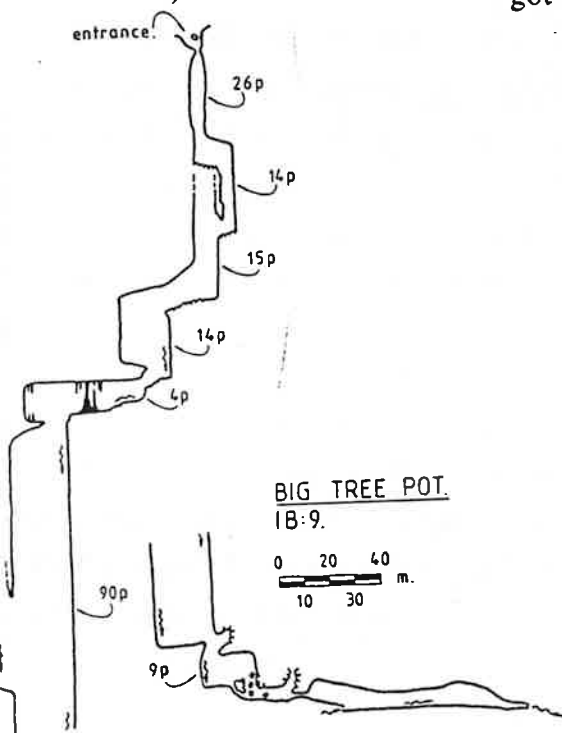
IB-9

Tasmania 92/93

I am, like others, fairly keen in SRT's so when a trip to Tassie was organised I was hopeful a multi-pitch deep cave could be visited, Ida Bay area was selected and Big Tree Pot was the nominated cave.

Paul Harper and Chris Hales from C.E.G.S.A. organised to meet us and form a team to tackle the cave. Paul and Chris did a lot of homework and preparation for this trip and through their efforts the trip was certainly successful.

Locating caves in Tassie is somewhat different to other places I have been. We walked through a lovely rain forest along a wide trodden colour coded track till we found the cave. (ed. absolute luxury, is this the 'path' we should be taking with S.A. cave locations?) We were so far



ahead of time we returned to camp, collected our gear and visited IB-2 ..... cave as an appetiser; we ate mud.

Next morning the trek began. Life was made much easier by having a large group to support

three of us on the trip. The walk in was excellent but I was wondering if I had enough porridge, I had never tackled a 90 metre ascent before.

Paul and Chris had organised the equipment into the packs with the rigging and ropes for the pitches in the order they will be required on the way down. Paul clipped in and waded through the mud performed a 'reverse birth' (it was a tight squeeze!) and started down, Di Brinsley followed, looking quite serene, I suspect she, like me, was doing a "Swan" (serene on top, but paddling like hell underneath).

I descended through the first half of the cave and met Di and Paul at the pitch head of the 90 metre free hanging pitch, I had the ropes in a huge pack so we got rigging. Paul expressed his disquiet at standing over the pitch whilst screwing a bolt into the wall, very colourful! My 3% bodyfat is not the required equipment for the seeping cold, in spite of thermals, gloves, beanie, waterproof suit and space blanket, I was pretty cold. I was not alone Di was starting to look a bit blue; Paul whistled "clear" (off rope) and Di clipped in and started to descent, She said later that she wasn't feeling so cold once she started to abseil. Di whistled clear; I clipped in and found the stretch in static rope becomes more apparent on the slightly longer pitches. On

reaching the bottom I found the others freezing cold saying "what kept you", I said "it was the knot in the rope."

Paul started his ascent; we sat and froze watching the total inactivity of the glow worms on the wall. Later, Paul told me

the uppermost thought on his mind was, had I placed the rope protector correctly, I had. He whistled clear and Di started with her usual smooth action on the way up an out. She said later that she was not as calm as she looked but like the rest of us, she was into new territory.

I sat and froze, while I wondered if I would ever be able to move again. Di whistled and I moved, after a short distance I was sweating, it was dripping out of my socks, after what seemed like ten minutes [they said it was an hour], I met the rope protector and unclipped. Since the trip had taken so long we decided we would exit and derig the next day. Dave Brinsley, Matt Merrick and Chris were relieved to see us, coffee and a night walk back to camp. Next day we revisited the cave. Paul and I derigged and the equipment was returned to camp where a marathon clean-up began.

The obvious lessons for me from the trip, were, ensuring that everyone is SRT competent and capable of working on their own. Collect as much information as possible about the cave and how to locate it. Ideally find the entrance while carrying light packs, this ensures a better energy level for the actual cave visit. Clothe in layers and be prepared to dress and undress as required; carry food and water, more than enough for the trip.

We were fortunate to have the support of our friends for moving equipment and for that I extend my heartfelt thanks.

Big Tree Pot was one of the many highlights of this Tassie trip, Cradle Mountain, Mole Creek and the fantastic Island scenery were the others. Caving is about going into dark holes, sure, but it's living!!

John Callison

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## Caving? Abseiling? Me?

I was asked to write my thoughts and feelings about the new experiences that I would encounter throughout the weekend. I kept a diary for each of the days happenings and hope that you will enjoy reliving my very exciting weekend.

Sharon Smith

09.04.93

Oh what a shock to the system. It all started with a telephone call from Mum and Dad. Di and Dave Brinsley. Want to go caving and abseiling this Easter?

6.30a.m. start - your joking?

I was warned to bring old but warm clothes and sturdy shoes. I thought, "What am I letting myself in for?"

Well I was up and ready for 6.30a.m., they weren't. We set off about 8.30a.m.

*In the back Mum and me.*

*In the front Dad and J.C.*

*Breakfast at eleven.*

*Oh what heaven*

*Time to stretch our legs and have a smoke.*

*Something to eat and tried not to choke.*

Set off again with stories of past trips. Umm, what were they doing, trying to build my confidence or scare the hell out of me? Being a complete novice at all of this I was excited and frightened at the same time.

Statements of "Once you're on your way there's no turning back"

Be up at 6.30a.m. every morning with a run up the hill before breakfast"

Bloody hell, they're trying to tell me that I will have a good time. Sure!

Dodging foxes and sheep we came across

Thinking of the sleep that I had lost

Flinders Ranges, a glimpse at last

Hope we get there real fast.

We arrived. Hooray

13 Emus visited the camp site-great Camp set among masses of thorns and rocks. Sturdy shoes? should have bought army boots, the thorns were really sharp The owner of Hollowilena paid us a visit. Lisa had some problems with

her tent but it was gallantly fixed by Dad (Dave Brinsley and J.C. John Callison.

*The fire in the creek bed was made*

*whilst Dad, Matt and J.C. tried to behave*

*(ha! ha! ha! )*

*Dinner was done, yum yum*

*Night fell, the stars abright*

*Everyone gathered around the camp site.*

*J.C. fell through his chair and landed on his behind.*

*Guess after drinking Port and Beer, it was the only excuse he could find.*

*As the night went on*

*and it turned bloody cold*

*Stories of our lives began to unfold*

*We finally went to bed*

*Glad to rest our poor weary heads.*

10.04.93

7.00a.m. - morning arrived to the tune of a bird that sounded like someone laughing. Someone was telling me to get up ...Me!...7.00a.m. go away!!

So much for a relaxing Easter weekend, I was b being conned. I tended to agree with the bird. What a joke!!

Breakfast was pancakes and Nuttella... sounds awful but it didn't taste too bad at all. Everyone gathered around whilst plans were discussed of what was going to happen for the day. Lisa (another beginner) and I just looked at each other in complete dismay, terms of "spouting cave", descending a ridge' made us both wonder what we were doing here and do we really want to do all of this or just stay behind and vege out. Off we went, Mum assured us we would have a great time. I didn't have a chance to change my mind.

Each part of the Ranges appeared to change colour and to be different in some ways,

but alike in so many others. The foliage and sparse land formations are something I have seen little of.

Two Eagles appeared with wing spans of approximately 4-5 feet hovering over one side of the hill. A single sheep was lying down (We later found out she was protecting her dead lamb and her new born that had survived, it was quite a sad happening)

A group stayed at Sims Cave, our group travelled onto to Good Friday Caves. THEN... the trek started 40 minutes walk, through a dry creek bed and up the hills. A big 'Roo (approx. 6ft. high ) decided to check us out. On arrival at the cave all I saw was this hole in the side of the hill, not quite what I imagined a cave to look like. Matt and Mum went in first whilst we got 'dressed' (knee pads, elbow pads, helmets and torches ) wondering why we would need all of this gear.

I felt excited, yet frightened at the same time, I'm sure Lisa was feeling the same. Warning us of the pitfalls and where to place our feet we were wondering what it was going to be like.

Down we went. Feet first, s.....bloody scary!

Being told where to place my feet, I was expecting a large rock, not a tiny ledge less than the size of half the width of my foot! Down a steep descent, about 5 ft, then a hole that appeared to go on for ever in total darkness. First seat felt like heaven, my heart was pounding, I have never done anything like this before in my life.

Lisa and Dad descended.

Torches on, is that all we've got to see by; where's the light switch?

Quite spooky! Into one hole, through another.....WOW!

Formations of crystals shone out. I had only seen pictures of this

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## Caving Absellong and Me?.....Easter in the Flinders Ranges

before, I was starting to enjoy myself and relax a little.

Matt found a baby Kangaroo who had fallen down only a couple of days before and unfortunately had an accident and died. Matt removed it from the cave and rejoined us. The stench from the poor creature permeated the cave, but it soon became anonymous as the magical atmosphere became unveiled. Different shapes and sizes of stalactites and stalagmites were everywhere. Every place was so different I was now starting to understand why people, ( who I used to think were crazy to go down what appeared to be dark, dreary holes ) could actually enjoy themselves caving. Mum said "OK get yourself in a comfortable, safe spot and we will turn off the torches"

'WHAT..... no lights?'

We were told to try a small test of placing our hands in front of our faces and place our index finger on our nose and then b e t w e e n o u r eyes.....spooky..... we could sense our fingers between our eyebrows before they actually touched our faces!

A squeeze..haven't we already been doing that? Obviously not, we were then told to lie on our backs and worm our way through a hole the size of 20-25cm high and approx. 60cm wide, talk about trusting someone!

We came back through the hole feet first, what a difference, we honestly thought we couldn't get through the way we had. Matt decided to check a small crevice, Lisa and I though we were starting to feel a little more confident until then.

"Up there", said Matt.  
"But, it's all sand".  
"No problems", said Matt.  
The more we climbed, the more we seemed to slip backwards, mind you laughing didn't help either.

"Through there", said Matt.

"O.K." we said.

"Oops, another dead end, back

up" Matt said.

We explored the cave and made our way out. Fresh air and perhaps a mixture of relief and an amazing sense of "WOW did we really do that?"

What a thrill, got to do some more. Everyone out and Matt said he knew a quick way back. (learnt very quickly who to trust and believe, if Matt says this is a quick way back or J.C. says it is only a little way; then I knew I had to ask my Mum!)

Matt led us through spinifex grass and masses of spider's webs. But the view was absolutely magnificent. Once back, exhausted, but ready for some more, we met up with the other group ready to do Good Friday Cave.

Back to camp for lunch, I was starving, we all ate well. After a brief rest, it was time (so everyone said) for Lisa and I to experience ascending and descending on a rope. We watched Mum ascent to the top of the tree and attach the tapes, pulley, ropes etc., she made it look so easy, oh yes I can do that, no worries!!!!!!

Out came the harnesses, talk about uncomfortable, any tighter and they would have cut us in two. Chest ascenders on. "You have to know what to do for tomorrow." said Mum.

(I have never experienced so many new things in such a short time)

Dad set up the 'belay line'. Out came the steel wire rope ladder.....OUCH.. doesn't do much for the inner thigh

Up we went, down we came, up we went.....change over to what did you say? "Stand on what and do what and how ?#\*^+##? Get lost !!!

Mum said, "If you don't , you don't come down, it's as easy as that"

And I thought Mum was my friend.

We sort of mastered it and we were feeling quite satisfied that we could do what they wanted us to do.

Hot Potatoe Curry, Vegetable

Curry, Spaghetti Bolognaise, Pumpkin Soup , Ginger and Garlic Chicken, followed by a fresh fruit salad was the evening meal, or should I say feast. ( *ed. it sounds like a right pig out, in keeping with FUSS tradition.* ) Mum supplied Easter treats for everyone. It was great, we all chatted around the campfire and got to know each other better. What a great day!

**11.4.93** Morning came all too quickly.

Ouch!!!... ^had a few aching bones and bruises that certainly weren't there yesterday. They did tell me I would enjoy this weekend, they didn't tell me I would feel like this though. But it didn't deter me, I was ready to go again. **Clara St Dora and Mairs Caves** were caves for the day. A fair bit of travelling to from the campsite so lunch was packed and off we set. I had no idea what was ahead of me. Our group did Mairs first. The descent into Mairs was via a 52ft ladder!

I felt quite confident I could handle this after the introduction to caving yesterday....THEN... we saw the entrance to Mairs. The confidence that Lisa and I built up shot through. First words were S#\*#\* do we have to go down there ?

We were told we would be fine, but somehow those reassuring words didn't help. Mairs Cave should be renamed 'The Bl. Hole'.

No ridges, no nothing, just straight down."A 'fixed' ladder had just been attached so it should make it easier for us", was what we were told.

Harnesses on and J.C. fitted me with a new style chest harness to attach my chest ascender.

"Breath in", he said "and stop your bloody whinging".

The chest harness was cutting me in two. "MUM", I yelled, "what's he doing to me?" I could breathe in...but.. I couldn't breathe out.

Retied I was ready. (You wouldn't want to go to the toilet after getting rigged up in all of this, it would be a nightmare). Mum

## Caving Absellong and Me?.....Easter in the Flinders Ranges

abseiled in first, once again she made it look so easy. I was connected to the belay line, taking deep breath ( to try and **Caving Abseiling Me? cont.**

stop shaking) I manoeuvred myself onto the ladder. Slowly, and I mean slowly, I went down the ladder one step at a time.

Mum called out to stop and turn around so that she could take my photo.

"NO WAY". I wasn't going to turn around and look down. After some persuading from Mum I did as I was asked. Finally I reached the bottom of the cave. My legs were shaking like a leaf. Mum checked me out and made sure I was O.K. Good old Mum. Lisa was waiting at the top for her turn, she had been laughing at me as I was making my way down, now it was my turn to laugh.

Everyone down we made our way into the cave. I was looking forward to this as I had been told so much about it. It was enormous, so much to see. The formations of shawls, halectites, stalactites, stalagmites were fascinating, no two items were the same. The temperature was quite warm. The decoration was 'live'. To see this actually happening in front of my eyes was absolutely spectacular. I saw a crystal 'straw' for the first time, now I can see why my Mum gets so excited about caving. No book or photograph can depict the colour and finesse of these decorations. It has to be seen to be believed. Lisa and I were in awe of everything around us. The others I guess were watching us and having a quiet little giggle at some of the things we were saying. They kept telling us to hurry up. I guess we did stay in the one spot for some time but we were enjoying what we were seeing, we could have stayed in the one spot for hours. Imagination can set in when you are looking at this sort of thing, I could see where artists can get their ideas from for childrens stories and films.

We saw something called a "Grotto" and then something that J.C. said would take our breath away, he sure was right when he took us to '**Christmas Tree Extension**'. The formations were like a row of Christmas trees, when the light shone on them the crystals sparkled as if they were the Christmas lights. In one area the crystals had formed a pool of what appeared to icing or smooth flat snow.

Through some more squeezes we were shown several new caverns which had a magic of their own. Then it was time to head back.... oh now, that bloody ladder again.

Rigged up, Mum ascended beside me on another rope whilst I tried to ascend the ladder and stop it and my legs from shaking. I really enjoyed this cave it was so different from the one yesterday

Lunch... but it was 4.30p.m. I couldn't believe it. I was hungry and tired and ready to have a rest. I was weary when I woke this morning and now I was absolutely stuffed.

So exhausted and with my body aching, we had lunch and coffee and a short rest. Clara St Dora here I come. My body was disagreeing with me, but what the hell, my mind was active and ready. Only a very short walk, thank heavens for small miracles. The entrance was an old mine shaft. A sigh of relief must have been very obvious from Lisa and myself..no climbing, no harnesses..we just walked straight in... Hooray !!! No effort needed at all, if only caving could be this easy. If you're very fit or not, no amount of exercising used all your muscles like caving does.

So here we were again on our knees and crawling through holes. The temperature in this cave was very cool and quite refreshing after feeling no sign of this over the last two days. The entire surrounds of this cave sparkled. The cave was full of calcite crystal in every direction. What a beautiful sight. It was

everywhere."We are going to go through what is called a 'letter box', you'll find this interesting", said John.

"A letter box- interesting". I recalled Mum's words, "If J.C. tells you something is interesting then it usually means it is quite difficult".

Turn this way, bang your helmet, scrape your ribs, don't lift your head, don't lay on that rock, twist this way, twist that way..... hey I'm supposed to be having a good time remember.!

I had no ideas I could use my body so much. The caverns were well worth the effort of all the work, they were amazing.

At one point, Dad, Lisa and myself lay down on the cool rocks to study the different effects. J.C. and Mum went chimneying to find some spiders. We turned off our torches and lay in the peaceful darkness. I found myself thinking of that poor baby Kangaroo in Good Friday Cave. You could only try to imagine how that poor creature was incredibly lost and in complete disarray in the total black of the cave.

After relaxing, Lisa and I decided we were confident enough to do some exploring ourselves 'True Explorers', what a terrific feeling, leading the way without knowing what was really ahead of us. Never in my life have I felt such different levels of achievement. Mum found the spiders in the same place as she had found them on a previous trip, J.C. had not seen them before before, they were really pleased with this discovery. It was so different to enter a cave in daylight and exit at night. The trip back to camp was eventful with a water stop and a dip in the concrete water tank that was full of slime, grime, and greeblies. Apprehensive at first, but the thought of that cool water and having some description of a was was too much to resist. So a few of us went in, it was great.

## Caving Abseillong and Me?.....Easter in the Flinders Ranges

Back to camp and another late dinner.

12.4.93

Last day, exhausted, sore, but absolutely excited at a stupen-

dous weekend. Pity it had to end so quickly. Thanks to my Mum and Dad for talking me into it. Thanks to everyone at

FUSS for making me feel so welcome and for a great time. TO SUM IT ALL UP CAVING IS NOT AN EXPERIENCE TO BE MISSED!!

# 1992 Treasurers Report

FLINDERS UNIVERSITY SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY Inc.

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31/12/92.

Balance carried forward from previous year: \$695.23

### Income

Membership \$428.00  
Fundraising \$353.40  
Grants \$800.00  
Interest \$19.38  
Miscellaneous \$260.00  
  
Total Income \$1860.78

### Expenditure

Gov't Fees \$8.05  
Postage/Phone \$132.95  
Equipment \$911.72  
Fair Days/meetings \$298.55

ASF M'ship \$120.00

SASC M'ship \$100.00

Subscriptions \$78.00

NSW Cave Rescue Rego \$160.00

SASC/NPWS Minutes \$80.00

ASF Conference rego \$90.00

M'ship to Clubs/Soc \$75.00

First Aid

Mask \$21.00

Miscellaneous \$132.66

**Total Expenditure 1992: \$2089.48.**

Less 15.16 Cheque 011687 not presented.  
Add \$24.00 Cheque 011662 17 Dec 1991  
Add \$24.00 Cheque 011664 17 Dec 1991

Actual expenditure 1992: \$2122.32  
Operating loss \$261.5

**Balance carried forward 1993: \$433.69**

Tania Wilson FUSS  
Treasurer 1992.

\*

The books have been audited and found to be correct

Find a description of where to use your equipment!!!! buy a copy of the

## Karst Index

with descriptions of cave types, identification numbers and lots more!!!

Get your copy before stocks run out.

See Clare or Keven for your copy.



## NULLARBOR TRIP REPORT; ( OR DRIVING ,DRIVING, DRIVING ! )

or how the Hoon- machine survived the Nullarbor.

**PRESENT:** Paul Harper, John Meikle, Fern Raintree, Max Meth, Ian and Susan Charlesworth, Sue McCormack (all CEGSA), Clare Buswell and Heiko Maurer (FUSS).

We (Clare and I went and joined 7 friends from CEGSA on the Nullarbor they'd been there a week when we arrived ) for some time off for fun and caves, leaving at 7.15am! on 10/7/93

We travelled until sunset and stayed at Fowler's Bay, where it DIDN'T rain, then got to Cocklebidy pub by sundown the next day. Naturally we found our mob in the pub (claiming to be there for showers). Camp site was at **Tommy Grahams** cave. That was Sunday. Looked at three caves (**Tommy Grahams, Murra-el-Elavyn and Capstan**) on Monday. Tommy Grahams and Murra-el-Elevyn both contained cave crickets.

Next morning it started raining and we packed up quickly and got out of there (we were 16km off the highway ). It was FUN! There were several claypans to cross, with only the roughest of tracks. Claypans are wonderful in the dry because there are almost no rocks, and you can gain a fair bit of speed, but in the wet , clay gets VERY slippery and the danger of getting bogged is ever present and with the rain coming down the chances of getting unbogged quickly approached zero. So it was a good learning exercise in coping with wet clay, spinouts and steering into skids; as well as avoiding car eating rocks.

We made it back to the Cocklebidy pub (and its resident Goat!) safely and headed east for Mullamullang cave. The main track was rather dug up, so the farmer advised a detour, via Erosion Blowhole and a fenceline, which was fine, but a bit long and go us to our destination from the north. We set up camp in the dry and gave our gear a chance to dry out.

Heiko and Sue set our early next

morning to 'do the Dome'. This still (drats!) [ translated as 52 rock piles ] involves 5 km of very solid rock scrambling through the railway tunnels , which took just on 8 hours. Then you have to go back the same way! That took 4.5 hours. It was quite and epic and the other seven in the party just had a 7 hour wander into the nicely decorated **Easter extension**. THEY started at midday. We poked our heads into Ezam maze, up on the left hand wall, just before the dome looked very promising, but Mullamullang seemed smaller than I remember.

There is a rope at the drop-off, but it is advisable to bring your own for a handline, particularly useful on the way back when your KNACK-red. The bit past Camp 1 seemed particularly hot, humid and wearing.

Next day was recovery day and we had a dinner party (complete with stripper?! and balloons) to celebrate Bastille day (only a day late).

**Friday** we headed off to view and abseil into a couple more caves (Kestrel No. 1, Spider Sink) and camp by **Erosion Blowhole** which members of the CEGSA group had earlier visited and discovered new passages therein.

Alas it started raining again that night (after three gloriously sunny days) and we had a wet and uncomfortable packing of the car the next morning, including a flat tyre which was pumped up enough to get us out of there. The rest of the group stayed to continue exploration ( once the weather cleared) , but we did get an escort the 15km to the highway, to make sure we got out safely. The gates were the biggest problem, since I had to stop to let Clare out and open them [ed. what a gentleman! i I suppose it is the price one has to pay , if your a passenger ) and restarting on wet, boggy clay was not real easy. A earth leak somewhere in the electricals

resulting in a flat battery did not help matter either. The odd spinout and a tailpipe pushed out of muffler by rocks/bushes/mud did not help, but we made it eventually.

The aim was to meet the group from FUSS who were suspected of arriving that evening at Weebubbie, 12.4km north of Eucla. So we headed of to Eucla, getting there by 1 and waited while we wrote up field notes and dried gear. We'd just started top leave when we saw them arriving, so we went and stayed at **Weebubbie** (road is just as bad as we remembered it ) . That night we had a communal meal with Darryl cooking and then retired, while they (Simon, Darryl, Lauren, Russel, Tim, Roger and Paul) entered Weebubbie ( the poor twisted silly fools). By next morning, **Sunday**, it had started to rain again, but we packed more or less dry and left more or less quietly at sunrise, 7.55, getting to Eucla at 8.15, Ceduna at 1 , Port Augusta at sunset (5.35), Adelaide 8.40 and Nairne at 9.15. 1010km as the crow flies (we had a GPS, ie. Global Positioning System, with us), but it was more by road- we averaged over 100 kph for 13 hours, including stops - EGAD!! So, you can see what you have missed! Still, the Nullarbor is beautiful and I'm very much refreshed and recharged ( and back at work)

Cheers, Heiko

# GLOBAL SATELLITE POSITIONING on the NULLARBOR.

The caves of the Nullarbor are isolated and in many cases difficult to locate. The Plane Caving Group of Western Australia has been finding caves by using ultra-light aircraft over the past few years and the local farmers find caves during the annual muster of stock. A lot of the time caves are found, then lost due to no documentation being made at the time, a lack of coordinated mapping and published documentation by speleos over time. This results in the re-invention of the wheel.

I decided that on this trip to the Nullarbor I would try and begin the task of obtaining GPS locations for some of the lower order number caves. I talked to Guy Bannink of TESS, and Rauleigh Webb of WASG, about the problems associated with GPS and hopefully learnt of a few of the pit falls, number of satellites needed, 2D and 3D mode operation. Guy has been

using GPS in the Territory and has been operating generally on 4 out of 5 satellites to get locations with reasonable accuracy. (See Australian Caver No132.)

Getting hold of the required technology required a bit of polite liaising with the Earth Science Department and we obtained a portable GARMIN GPS 50. This Navigator almost lets you know when your next meal will be cooked! It gives you details of Latitude, Longitude, altitude, number of satellites tracked and available, (usually 7 tracked out of 8 available. Back in Adelaide we were getting 5 satellites tracked out of five available. Trees and houses are not a problem on the Nullarbor!): quality of signal, accuracy of the location in meters, storage of way points, calculation of distance travelled in a straight line, estimated time of arrival at a destination and it does all of this continuously.

The section of the trip that Heiko and I attended allowed us to use GPS the following features and caves: Tommy Grahams, Capstan, Cocklebidy, Murra - el - Elean, Erosion Blowhole, N69, Joes, Spider Sink, Kestral No 1 and Kestral No 2, Mullamullang and Weebubbie. We also recorded the location of the tracks to and from each of the above caves. Lots more was planned but bad weather put a stop to that.

At this stage, I got back last night, I have yet to write up my field notes and do some comparisons of the data with club records. So this report will have to suffice as an initial one. I have included as an appendix notes on how GPS system works so you have some notion of what I'm talking about.

Clare Buswell.

## Appendix

Global Positioning System is a satellite based navigation system that provides precise position, velocity and time information. It is used in marine, aviation and land vehicles as well as by hikers and the military fascist pig dogs..... Indeed the number of satellites available at present depends on who is at war.

The heart of the GPS, when complete will consist of 21 satellites and three spares. Circling the earth twice daily, these satellites will be distributed among six orbits approximately 10,900 nautical miles above the earth. Each satellite continuously transmits precise timing waveforms and navigation messages including satellite status, orbital data and clock directions.

The satellite signal is modulated by two codes P code and C/A code: P code (protected code) is reserved for military use and the C/A code for public access. The signal is extremely resistant to interference from weather, earth based radio signals and electronic equipment.

Several ground stations are strategically located to monitor the satellites and accumulate ranging information from the navigation signals. This information is processed at the master control station for determination of orbital data which is then uploaded to the satellites.

A typical GPS receiver consists of an antenna, signal processing electronics and processor. The primary function of a receiver is to acquire signals, recover orbital data, make range and Doppler measurements and process this information in real time to obtain the user position, velocity and time. There are three main GPS receiver types. Continuous which consist of five or more channels with each channel dedicated to the tracking of one satellite. The advantage is that they provide the highest performance; but

## GLOBAL SATELLITE POSITIONING on the NULLARBOR Continued.

are large, expensive and consume excessive amounts of power. Not your average backpacker gear. Multiplex receivers traditionally consist of single channel which rapidly sequences through the satellites at a four millisecond rate. The limitations and advantages of this system is; high update rates but limited tracking sensitivity to tracking satellites at low elevation angles. Sequential Receivers typically consist of one or two channels which sequence through multiple satellites at a slower rate than the multiplex. The sequential receivers provide good signal tracking sensitivity at low cost, but lack high update rates of continuous receivers.

The actual accuracy of GPS depends in part on the geometric relationship between the transmitters (i.e., satellites) and the user. Errors in range measurement may result in disproportionately larger errors in position depending on the geometry of the satellites being used for navigation. When all GPS satellites have been deployed, 3D coverage with good geometry will be available 24 hours a day worldwide.  
source: GARMIN GPS 50 Manual pages E1-2 and pi

### BIG TREE POT IB : 9

Depth 190m



#### Pitch Details:

1. 26 metres Belay to chockstone in the entrance.)
2. 14 metres Pillar on the right.
3. 15 metres
4. 14 metres
5. 4 metres Can be climbed using a handline.
6. 90 metres Rock spike above pitch tied back to a large column. Free hanging below the initial edge.
7. 9 metres Blade of rock on floor.

# Equipment List

Item	Quantity	Year Purchased	Whaletail 4 1989/3x1992
<b>HELMETS</b>			<b>ASCENDERS</b>
Cassin 10 1990			Jumars 1 set 1979?
Petzl Vertical 2		1992	Expedition Petzl 1 1992
Bump 6 1989			Chest Ascender (croll) 3 1992
Hard hats 13 1978-83?			
<b>LIGHTS</b>			<b>TAPES</b>
Dolfin Torches 2 83?			Black 50mm x 5 metre 5 ????
Carbide Miners 9 78			Tube Tape 1" x 4 metre 3 ????
			Tube Tape blue 1" x 6m 1 1992
<b>ROPES</b>			<b>HARNESSES</b>
Bluewater 2 Static 1 1989			Spelean Multifit 2 1991
Bluewater 2 Plus 1 1991			
Bluewater 2 (50m) 1		1992	<b>LADDERS</b>
			20 feet 2 1978
Dynamic 1 1978			50 feet 1 1992
<b>KARABINERS</b>			Traces 2 1990/2
Screw Gate Stubai steel. 2 1989			
S/G Alum Alloy DMMLarge D. 3 1991			<b>MISCELLANEOUS</b>
S/G Kong Coloured D 1 1990			Compass Suunto 1 1992
S/G Alum Alloy DMM Med D. 2 1992			Spelean gear bag large 1 1992
S/G Alum Alloy Cassin D 5 1992			Backpack canvas small 1 ??
S/G Alum Alloy Bluewater D. 2 1992			25lt water Containers 4 1991
Snaps 5 1978			Drag matt 1 1989
Maillon Rapides Alloy 10mm D. 2 1992			Electric Lights camping 2 197?
			Card Index Boxes 2 given
<b>RESCUE PULLEYS</b>			Plastic Crate 1 1987
Riley 2 1989			Wooden Crate 1 1976
<b>BELAY DEVICES</b>			Leather Gloves 1 pair + 1 left hand 1990
Stitch plate (Salewa) 1 1989			Carbide Rock 10kg 1990
Stitch plate (Cassin) 1 1992			Carbide Granules 20kg 1989
			Carbide Light reflectors etc 10 1985
<b>DECENDERS</b>			
Fig 8 1 1989			<b>FIRST AID KIT</b> 1 ??

# TROG DELIGHTS

Mavis has been very busy travelling around the country. We heard that she was in Tasi and the Northern territory. Anyway, she did get some work done and left this with the new editor. She does however want our Treasurer to do a review of the book, *The Singing Mavis*. (available in the Flinders Library.)

*Caves and Caving*. Issue 59 Spring 93. The Bulletin of the British Cave Research Association. This edition is under the new editorship of Mark Dougherty.

Comprehensive coverage of Irish, and the Northern caving areas. a report on a national survey on radon levels in caves and a comment concerning the legal liabilities of professional adventure tour groups taking parties into caves known to have a high rating of radon present. Write up of trips to Nepal and China complete with some good photos.

Report of action taken after the death of two cavers in an area known as the Resurgence Pool in Porth - yr- Ogof. Put bluntly a leader taking inadequately equipped novices into the resurgence pool will be liable to prosecution for criminal negligence. We have not yet reached that stage in Oz, yet.

A comparison of waist mounted carbide generators from Spain, France Russia and the U.K. The Russians built theirs of titanium, the French of polyamide plastic, the Spanish of galvanised steel and the British of Coated Mild steel. The results were not good for any in particular, but the Spanish design was favoured by a short head. The French one used heated up and melted, the Russian generator was a bit too small causing the user to have to replace carbide frequently and the British one suffered from poor quality materials.

*Nargun*: Newsletter of the Victorian Speleological Society. Annual Report 1992 - 1993.

Reports on what this club did not do in the Jeffing of Victoria! A few problems with the Bentwing Bat and the Horseshoe Bat being listed as potentially threatened species. The major problem revolves around which caves the bats are uses as homes and the need to get some records on their activities.

The editor has had a great year, (how much of the V.S.A.'s budget went in bribes to get things written!), and hopes that Mc Nabb and others will continue to support him.

Seven VSA members were called out to search for a party of six lost cavers at Labertouche Cave. They lost party was found within 30 mins. and safely exited the cave. More search and rescue exercises planned for latter in 1993. the Report concludes with a full membership list.

*NSS News*. Journal of the National Speleological Society USA. Vol 51. No 5. May 1993.

The editorial deals with the importance of land owner relations. It asks, how would you manage a cave if you owned it. How would you deal with people driving onto your property, parking on grassy verges, walking through your crops, lighting camp fires and not introducing themselves?

The NSS Conservation Chair, Al Krause is asking all cavers to write to their politicians in support of the Lechuguilla Cave Protection Act, which aims at stopping drilling operation in Dark Canyon near Lech Cave. If this drilling goes ahead then the changes to Dark Canyon, the Lech system and the Guadalupe Escarpment will be disastrous.

A write up of the exploration of Papoose Cave in Idaho and the China/USA caves research project of 1998.

Chillagoe Caving Club. 1993 Annual Report.

Full of the annual reports of those poor sods who keep clubs organised. An interesting report on the Undarra Interim Management Committee dealings with the Dep't of Environment and Heritage. With N.P.W.S. wanting to restrict access to caves to only scientific trips as recreational activities where well catered for by the Undarra Lodge, a tourist operator. The Cavers pointed out that their idea of recreational caving and that of Undarra Lodge's was quite different. The reports concludes that a permit system, with reasonable notice, composition of party and purpose is now part of the access conditions. There is something very familiar about this!

*Cavers Chronicle*. Newsletter of the Speleo Research Group Western Australia. Vol. 20. No.1. 1993.

Editorial reprinted from the International Caver concerning damage to European Karst, by cavers and cave tours, (adventure training, youth groups business management courses etc.) The case of Belgium was cited as an example. Belgium has 2000 wild caves, only 100 are visited frequently by the countries affiliated cavers. This concentration of wear in just 5% of the caves is obviously a problem but it fades into insignificance when compared to the damage being caused by groups on non cavers led by tour operators. The figures quoted for Belgium are around 2000 people every week, mostly concentrating on just six or seven caves.

The rest of the volume is given over to trip reports on the Nullarbor (some track marking in Mullamullang), and re numbering of Pannikin Plains Cave, was 6N49 now 6N91, and Tommy Grams- was 6N56 now 6N93. Trips into Exit, Boranup and details of a permit monitoring weekend at Margaret River.

Mavis.



## A N.Z. tale or How Footrot Flats came to Corrra-Lynn

TRIPPERS-- CLARE, ROGER, RON, SHANE, PAUL, TIM.

It was with more than only a brief passing thought, to stay in my nice warm bed, that I dragged myself out of my covers and into my clothes.

Ten very cold minutes later I was in the car and on my way to collect the first of my passengers. My mind had just thawed and as a good boy scout I asked myself, "what have I forgotten?". As usual I packed to prepare for every possible situation that might occur; almost, not quite.

My first pick up went smoothly, having been able to contact him and advise of my arrival time. As we drove to the second pick up point (Gawler), I had my doubts that we would find him out of bed, let alone ready. But I was thankfully wrong.

So far the only mishap was a wrong turn at the new Gawler By-Pass, which was easily rectified with some cross country driving, the Nissan performing faultlessly, Nissan Pulsar that is ! (Sorry Sue)

After our uneventful trip down the Peninsula, our luck took a wrong turn, or rather I did ! Once again the Nissan performed gymnastics. (Sorry) On the right track now, I could smell the tension in the air, or was that methane?

At last we drove into town and located the bowling greens without too much trouble. Needless to say our fearless leader had not arrived yet. Quickly we camouflaged ourselves to look like humans, but Clare and co. could spot a group of cavers easily at 100 metres. Again than strange odour?

Insurance form in hand, we drove off to the cave. Formalities done, onto the dive site, errrr cave site.

Arriving we took stock of the situation, Clare gave us a quick rundown on do's and don'ts.

This is when we found the sheep !!

You see, there is a fossil dig near this cave, so we all went over to look. At the bottom of the dig ? YES, you guessed ! A



very, very dirty, hungry and thirsty sheep !

Clare ordered us to collect wood for a BBQ, but the guys refused to comply, saying that there wasn't enough meat to go round anyway. Only joking! We immediately implemented **SHEEP RESCUE plan 13 - PANIC !**

No rope, but we have tape. Tania's bag of gear, my new harness, bits of wood, arms, legs all lashed together in a valiant effort of **SHEEP RESCUE '93**. So about 20 min. later the poor defenceless Kiwi (read sheep) was dragged forcibly and unceremoniously from his [sic] (*ed. I have it on good authority, from the rams mouth that the sheep was a woolly ewe. So much for cavers ability to sex the livestock of cave environs*) hiding spot and thrown back in with the other Ewes. This left us with the choice, to leave one of us in the hole or to make some easy money ?

Money paid we were back to caving. Throwing all our garbage on, I found out my "NEW" overalls to be a very tight fit indeed ! Once we got our shit together, we were off to the cave entrance. Nobody told

me that a bee hive resided above the entrance, and me wearing my very attractive (to BEE'S) bright orange helmet.

Once inside I lost my virginity in the darkness, for this was my first time caving, in fact four of us boys had the same experience at the same time !

Lights on, heads down, bums up, more instructions, look left, look right etc. then it happened, we stopped. Group talk on reading maps,---go for it ! Two min.'s later I knew I was lost. Good fun ! Eventually we returned to Clare, having found our caving hands and knees.

The choice was to lunch or cave. Cave was it. We went at it for a good couple of hours some tight damp pieces, some open wide spots. I have to admit it was boring me, every time we were about to move on, they had to wake me up. I can't remember who wanted to, but we all crawled through to "**GRAVITY CAVITY**", fools ! That's when I formed my rules for caving. NO back pockets. NO tight overalls . GO to the toilet and GO on a diet ! But above all, practice sleeping for short periods in small lumpy tunnels.

I was given the job to lead everyone out, and of course did it with skill and the promise of food at the surface. It was a easy return to the surface except for the vertical climb which, I must admit, excited me to the point of thrill plus.

Outside in the fading light we could see that our "NEW" overalls were stuffed (later I got a refund at K-MART) so we changed, ate, drank and talked about the loss of our virginity.

The Kiwi (read sheep) appeared to have survived it's rescue and the threat of the BBQ.

Everybody was tired, the local Pub was in luck, we headed home to a hot shower and soft pliable beds.

Terry Subterraniarse  
Vol 5 No\*2 July 1993

## Names and Addresses of FUSS Members. 1993

Lauren Andrew	4/36 Esplande, Sommerton Park. S.A.	296-4470
Brian Anemait	10 David Cres, Christie Downs, S.A. 5164	382-7028
Guy Bannink	4/36 Esplande, Sommerton Park. S.A.	296-4470
Alan Branford	c/- Maths Dep't, Flinders Uni.	201-2036
Dave Brinsley	2 Helsinki St., Hackham West, S.A. 5763	384-4981
Di Brinsley	2 Helsinki St., Hackham West, S.A. 5763	384-4981
Clare Buswell	P.O. Box 131, Nairne, S.A. 5252	388-6685
	Politics Dept, Flinders Uni.	201-2606
Pam Carroll	32 Margaret Ave, Glenlta. 5042	370-2345
Deborah Callison	4 Coleman St., Christie Downs, S.A. 5164	384-1502
John Callison	4 Coleman St., Christie Downs, S.A. 5164	384-1502
Keven Cocks	10 Sloan Rd., Hawthorndene, S.A. 5051	278-3156
Lee Coshell	52 Main St., Henley Beach, S.A. 5022	353-6018
	Dep't of Geophysics, Curtin Uni., W.A.	351-2000 (Uni Switch)
Kevin Dixon	4/311 Young St, Wayville, S.A. 5034	271-0871
Helen Dunne	9 Hadson Ave, Rostrevor. S.A. 5073	337-3915
Richard Ewart	Unit 2, 1 Sandhurst Crt., Brighton, S.A. 5048	296-1581
Greg Johnston	33/2 Ayliffe's Rd. St Marys. S.A. 5042	276-9945
	c/- c/o Biology Dep't, Flinders Uni	
Lisa Johnson	1 Hover St, Blackwood. S.A. 5051	370-3561
Jenny Laidlaw	52 Main St., Henley Beach, S.A. 5022	353-6018
Gordon Lehmann	C/- 1 Ross St, Everard Pk. S.A. 5035	43-5653
Ron Lupp	37A High St, Burnside. S.A. 6066	332-8762
Heiko Maurer	Lot 10 Bugle Range Rd., Wistow, S.A. 5251	388-6685
	Computer Scisnce Dep't Flinders Uni	201-3138
Karen Magraith	29 Kapalga St, Tiwi. N.T. 0810	(089) 452 689
Matt Merrick	10 Sloan Rd., Hawthorndene, S.A. 5051	278-3156
Tim Payne	14 Light St. Exetor. S.A. 5109	2421016
	Dept of Electrical Engineering Adelaide Uni.	
Ralph Richardson	c/o P.O. Box 3, Aldgate, S.A. 5154	339-5048
Darryl Sharman	9 Hadson Ave, Rostrevor. S.A. 5073	337-3915
Simon Schmidt	Shepherds Hill Rd., Eden Hills, S.A. 50	277-0769
	c/o Biology Dep't, Flinders Uni.	201-2078
Eric Schultz	5 Frank St, Marino, S.A. 5049	377-0674
Belinda Skuja	69 Arthur St, Unley. S.A. 5091	271-2989
Paul Thomas	14 Edith St, Gawler, S.A. 5118	(085) 226-423
Shane Venning	32 Seaview Rd, West Beach. S.A. 5024	235-0187
Roger Voyle	64 Harrow Rd. College Pk, S.A. 5069	362-6719
Paul Waclawik	97 Marston Dve, Morphett Vale, S.A. 5162	382-3139
Jonathon Walsh	c/o P.O. Box 489, Stirling, S.A.	390-3010
Tania Wilson	90 Frederick St., Unley, S.A. 5091	274-1697

Contact Belinda, Simon, or Eric for trip organisation

**MEMBERSHIP FEES ARE DUE: \$10.00 for Flinders Uni Students,  
\$35.00 For Staff, Workers and Flinders Uni Union**

# Mid Semester Programme

Tue. 1st June.	6.30 pm	<b>General Meeting.</b> In the Kelly Morris Rm. A seminar on Basic First Aid: Bandaging, CPR, Hyperthermia. A Hands on workshop. Brian, John, Di, Belinda. <b>BYO Triangular Bandage.</b>
June 21		<b>EXAMS, depression, stress, etc.</b>
		<b>Mid Year Break</b>
		<b>3rd - 25th July</b>
Tue. 6th July.	6.30	<b>General Meeting.</b> Kelly Morris Rm. <b>First Aid Splints Plus CPR.</b> Nullarbor Organisation
16th - 25th July.		<b>Nullarbor:</b> Simon Schmidt 261-6497 and Tim Payne Co-ordinating.
Thurs. 29th July.		<b>South Australian Speleological Council A. G. M.</b>
Tue. 3rd Aug.	6.30	<b>General Meeting.</b> Kelly Morris Rm. <b>Guest Speaker on Cave Diving. Wine and cheese provided.</b> Also seminar on rigging, belaying etc in preparation for the following weekend.
Sat- Sun. 7th - 8th Aug.		<b>Hands on rigging, belaying, SRT. Cross Club Workshop</b> Naracoorte: John Callison, and Paul Harper co-ordinating. This is part of the ASF's Leadership Accreditation Programme.

## Mid Semester Break 18th September to 4th Oct

Tue. 7th Sept.	6.30	<b>General Meeting.</b> The Kelly Morris Rm.
Late Sept.		<b>Flinders Rangers. Spider Counting.</b> Co-ordinators: Eric Schultz 377-0674
Tue. 5th Oct.	6.30	<b>General Meeting.</b> The Kelly Morris Rm. . Snakes. A guest speaker from Pandora's Box.
Tue. 2nd Nov.	6.30	<b>General Meeting.</b> The Kelly Morris Rm. <b>Bat person is back.</b> Terry Readon talks about bat identification.

**24 - 25 Jan. ASF Council Meeting Jindabyne NSW.**  
**??? Yagby/Bungonia Trip. Needs an organiser ???**

**Bridge jumping and associated SRT Practice. Wednesdays after 3pm.**