

F U S S I



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**The Quarterly Newsletter of the
Flinders University Speleological Society Incorporated**

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Photo Credits

Front cover photo: Clouds over camp at Old Homestead on the Nullarbor, looking west.

Photographer: Heiko Maurer

Surface Trogging in the Junee-Florentine

Text: Clare Buswell, photos: Ivan Riley

Heiko Maurer, Clare Buswell, Ivan Riley.

December 30th 2006.

This was meant to be a trip into the Ida Bay area and a de-rig of Chicken Bone Cave. Although the rigging crowd did manage to find Chicken Bone after a couple of hours of bush bashing, they then decided that they were too knackered to enter it and went home. So we changed plans and areas and managed to reach the end of the Quarry road around lunchtime. (Had lunch at THE coffee shop in Maydena. Old reconstructed hippies do have new lives as latte shop owners!) We set off on the 'highway' to find Khazadum JF 4-5, or KD as it is known. Now the bush around here is meant to be wet and full of leeches, but nothing like this was evident. Rather we had dried out moss, leaf litter and little fungi - odd indeed for Tasmania! The walk out to KD basically follows the contour on a well-marked track. Near KD are two other caves, one tagged and the other not. No water drains into them - well at least not at the moment. The doline of KD is large-ish, and water falls over its cliff edge, pools, then descends into the cave, where it sinks and then re-emerges near two pitches of 28 and 50 metres



Water falls over the doline of Khazadum JF: 4-5.

Surface Trogging in the Junee-Florentine

The cave was the centre of exploration in the 1970s when ladders were the main method of dealing with pitches. A total depth of 253 metres was reached and KD became the deepest cave in Australia. By all accounts the early trips into KD and its connecting cave, Darrowdelf JF14, were epics both in getting all the gear to the caves and then dealing with laddering up wet and cold pitches. Trips of 17 and 21 hours set depth records and exploration ended with the diving of sumps and subsequent discovery of a series of mazes named the Depths of Moria.



Clare in the Doline of Khazadum. The cave entrance is on the left.

The three of us spent time trying to get GPS locations of the doline, and saying our farewells to Stuart Nicholas, who was responsible for the exploration and mapping of KD. His ashes were scattered here in 2005 and his helmet is perched at the entrance of the cave.

After a while we trundled off to find the entrance to Darrowdelf. The entrance shows the vertical and cold nature of this cave with condensation coming up the entrance shaft. There are six pitches all told: 22m, 21m, 55m, 14m, 37m, and 67m, all of which have been recently

Surface Trogging in the Junee-Florentine

re-bolted. (See *Speleo Spiel*. 350. Oct. 2005. p. 12.) Mind you, getting to the bolts on the entrance pitch is interesting to say the least, having to rig across the pitch before you can reach the bolts on the further wall.

We left JF14 to walk back along the track and find Cauldron Pot, JF2, and consistent with its spectacular waterfall running down one wall of the doline into the 41m entrance pitch. Cauldron Pot is 263m deep with lots of wet pitches and is a serious undertaking as you will stay wet for the entire trip. However, when it was first explored progress was halted in 1969 at the end of the first pitch, due to the water at its base. In 1971 a dry bypass was discovered and Cauldron Pot joined the ranks of great sporting caves.



The Entrance Waterfall to Cauldron Pot. JF2.

Trogging around the entrance certainly reinforces this image and we will be back to confirm it. We trundled off back to the main track and headed for home. It was a great little outing to see some speccy dolines and wonderful forest.

FUN AND MUD IN THE FLINDERS

Clare Buswell and Heiko Maurer

Present: Clare Buswell, Heiko Maurer, Bronya Alexander, Mooi Sian Lee, Yi Le Ng, Le Qing Ng, Le Care Ng.

June Long weekend, 06.

Camped on the Eregunda Creek about 12km from Blinman, where the road crossed the wide Creek bed, and watched all these clean 4WDs go by after the rain. Our two 2WDs were balls of mud by comparison, so we speculated that 4WDs never go on dirt. The plan was to search an area of Wilkawillina limestone and see what comes up or goes down for that matter. The first thing to do was to locate F200, Second Glance Cave and then walk further south checking out the limestone as we went. Easily found Second Glance Cave, excavated the goat shit and other not so nice smelly bits and then managed to enter it. Yep, it was a cave typical of those in the Flinders: dusty, dusty and did I say dusty? When you think of it, this cave runs off the bottom of a cliff face and the entrance is level with the creek. So it would be interesting to be around when the creek floods! We continued down the creek walking around the hills on either side, but the limestone seems closed, no big boulders or slabs lying around, or remnant speleothems to be seen on the surface, as you find further south in Wilkawillina Gorge itself.

The next day we moved onto Narrina station itself and set out to find F57 Little B cave + F61 Opuntia cave. Navigated our way down a spectacular creek with lots of wildlife, big river gums and some understorey. The limestone here reminds me of the area around Eyrie Cave, with evidence of remnant caves on the surface. We found F57 cave, also at creek level and Heiko went off to find F61 He was not successful as the lateness of the day intervened, mainly because we had spent time exploring the creek on our walk from the cars.



Le Qing at the entrance of F57

On the Monday we packed up and on our drive back to Adelaide, visited F33 - Yellow Foot Rock Wallaby - just because we needed to have our final dust bath. The mummifying kangaroos are still in the entrance area and you have no choice but to climb over the smelly remains. We exited after about half an hour, had lunch and then drove the 400kms back home. It was a great, relaxing weekend of walking and sitting round the campfire at night. The frosts put ice on the tents every morning, but the stars were well worth standing around and freezing for.

YARRANGOBILLY IN THE DRY AND SMOKE

Clare Buswell and Heiko Maurer

December 11 - 19th 2006

Members Present: Clare Buswell, Heiko Maurer, Mooi Sian Lee, Yi Le Ng, Le Qing Ng, Chris Wood, Paul Waclawic, Debbie Callison.

We left immediately after picking up Mooi and her two children (Le Qing and Yi Le) in Robert and Anama's blue Subaru (they had kindly offered to let us use it, since Mooi did not have her own car) and meet the rest of the group (Paul, Deb and Chris) in Crafers at 1:30. We then drove eastwards aiming for Balranald on the western end of the Hay Plain. We made our rest area just on dark and had our only mishap of the trip when Mooi's old tent tore in half. She and her children slept in the shelter area after we had a fine evening meal.

The next day we drove to Yarrangobilly. We stopped in Hay for showers and a second breakfast of pancakes and raspberries. The day was kept reasonably cool (thankfully, as the blue Sube had no air-conditioning) in part by the smoke haze drifting up from the Victorian bushfires and reducing visibility to 1km at times. We shopped for supplies in smoky Tumut and sent Paul and Deb up the hill to fetch the cottage key from the Yarrangobilly Ranger's, office which closed at 5. (The fires were in pine plantations on the western side of Tumut). We then settled into our accommodation at Cottrill's cottage. As Heiko had managed to take the toenail completely off his big toe two days before we left, he settled into three days of not doing much, not being able to put a boot on his foot. Mooi settled into her routine as chief cook and spent hours making delicious egg, rice and noodle dishes for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Mothers are wonderful.

Due to the drought, there was no running water from the spring that usually feeds the kitchen sink at the cottage, so water carting from the River became the order of the day. The Yarrangobilly River was very low (and warmer than usual). (The day before we left, the campground saw the arrival of 15 kids from a Sydney school, who had come to go fishing. I reckon the fish were well and truly gone with the lack of water!)

The next morning the group went into Coppermine cave Y12, while Heiko did a ground reconnoiter for Easter cave as best he could with his injured toe. Eventually, he got some accurate GPS co-ordinates for it, taken when Sydney Speleological Society re-discovered the cave after the fires of summer 2003 had cleared the vegetation. We had been within 20 metres of it in 1995, but could not find it in the thick scrub.

The water level in Coppermine was low, that is, you did not get completely soaked going through the last duck under. Most of the time I had been in it the level was between ankle and knee deep, this time it was just above ankle deep. The cave itself remains one of those of rich rewards for little effort: lots of pretty things to look at and photograph. The fires had not beaten the spearmint that grows at its entrance, despite the fact that the surrounding gorge had been burnt in 2003.

In the afternoon, Paul, Deb, Mooi and Clare went into Easter Cave for a look-see. However, Clare stood on the track below the red cliff and swore blind: "that Easter Cave is not here and that she was not going to go down this slope". "I have searched this area and it looks just as bad as ever." She did however trundle off and immediately found Y145. "Yeh, well I've been here before!" she said pouting! The GPS co-ordinates were for the top of a 10m cliff 20 metres to the north of Y145 and it was only when Paul went to the bottom of it that he saw the small entrance hole. Given a bit of vegetation (as in before the fires) it is little wonder we didn't see it the first time. Clare wandered down and looked at the entrance, "grotty bloody hole!" she said. Everyone went in for a quick recce trip and decided they needed a hand-line

YARRANGOBILLY IN THE DRY AND SMOKE

for the shaft to the lower level. They spent a bit of time looking through the entrance rockpile and associated chamber and then exited.

That evening, Clare twisted her ankle through a mis-step on the broken concrete of the path leading to the entrance to Cottrill's cottage. It is now known that Mavis has a foot fetish. So the next day (Thursday) she and I drove down to Tumut to pick up the new rego label for the blue Sube from the post office, while the rest of the mob went into Y4-5. Mooi and the girls were a little caved out by Friday, so Heiko took them to Canberra, while Clare, Chris, Paul and Deb went into Y1-3. On the way to Canberra we met a (750 head) mob of cattle being driven along the road from Braidwood to Cooma. The cheery drover was happy to answer our questions and pose for photos. We also came across an Echidna to show the girls. Canberra was pleasant and we had a free stroll through parliament house before heading home via the roadside Cherry stalls.

Y1-Y3, The Eagles nest system, is one of the larger systems at Yagby. I (Clare) had not been in it for ten years or so and my memory of it was hazy at best. We GPS'd our way down to its entrance, walking through forest that is closing up due to revegetation growth brought on by fire. Mind you the blackberries are still around in abundance in the saddle before the entrances are found and around the entrances themselves. Chris, Deb, Paul and I trogged up and spent some time wondering around the Y3 entrance chamber, coming to the big drop down into the second level. There is a bypass here somewhere but I could not remember where it was. We called lunchtime, decided to have a look in the Y2 entrance and go the other way. Now here was a small problem, in that the last time I was here, I navigated via the water coming in, but this time there was no water within coo-ee, so we just went with the rock pile. Big mistake! should have turned right at the entrance and stayed up high. But Mavis had joined us and decided that our lights needed repairs, rather than thumping them to keep the connections working! We left for home. Just so you know what we missed from a previous FUSSI trip report: 'large white flowstone walls, red and orange crystal floor beds, straws that are so fine you don't dare breathe around them, silt formed "sand castles", and large chambers full of decoration'. How about Easter for a return attack, should have fixed my light by then!

We returned to Cottrill's, had a yarn to George Bradshaw, the new Caves Manager at Yagby. He told us of his plans to do up Caves House, and of his battles with NPWS upper level money allocation pen pushers. We wish him well and wait to see what eventuates.



Stals and fossils in Easter Cave Y61.

YARRANGOBILLY IN THE DRY AND SMOKE

The following day saw a return to Easter cave, with camera gear, and a set of etriers. After descending the climb down the shaft, and a detrog of boots etc, we carefully made our way in groups of two down the decorated stream passage. Cameras and flashlights got a good workout, with Paul's recently acquired digital learning what it had to do. Or was that the other way around. After satisfying our photographic lust, Chris decided that he would exit first and he was heard cursing his way up the no footholds shaft. Yep, we all reckoned it would be a bastard of a 3 metre climb, and it was! Paul got the worst of it, as he had nobody to do as he had done – provide a shoulder to stand on. Heiko had remained at the top of the shaft, gear hauling, so missed all the grunting, sweating and associated bruising.

The afternoon saw us go hunting for Y16, Helictite hole, the scene of a bit of searching last time we were here. GPS co-ordinates were obtained from two sources: NPWS and ours. Both of which turned out to be wrong. We got some directional intelligence from Hannah, which proved to be the most useful of all. "Go north-west from Y8," she stated, as she read from a SSS report. Hmm ... After a good couple of hours of wandering around in the above direction we did find it. The doline is nothing like most of the others around, in that it really is a hole in open ground. No big rocky outcrops near it and no cliff faces to be seen anywhere.

It has a good couple of trees for rigging off, (bring lots of long tapes), and a nice simple clean pitch to descend down. Mind you, you need rope protection on the lip and on the tapelines. Helictite hole is full of great decoration, with well, helictites, everywhere. There is one main chamber split in two by the entrance shaft. You finish your descent by landing on the silt that has fallen down the shaft, after that it is a matter of looking at all the pretties, photographing them and heading out. All in all a very satisfying, easy bit of caving. We GPS'ed it correctly this time, with about 8 or 10 satellites at our disposal rather than the three we had ten or so years ago, when satellite reception was limited by what war was going on, or some such thing.

Our final cave for the trip was Y50, Restoration cave. This is near the Y4-5 doline and is in a large doline from which other caves (Y259) run off. Y50 is limited to 1 or 2 trips a year, is track marked and reasonably decorated. There is one main chamber, which is very deep, descent is slippery and requires care. Other leads come off this higher up, but are muddy and this doesn't make for untrogged walking around the main chamber. The photographers were out in force again and in general we took our time looking around and marvelling at the underground world that most people never see or imagine. Mention caves and they immediately think small, claustrophobic spaces from which they may never escape. They couldn't be more wrong.

Next day was pack up day and drive to our respective destinations, Melbourne and Adelaide. We drove in convoy back as far as Albury, via Corryong. At Albury it was back into smoke haze and by the time we got to Melbourne, it was like driving around in the murk of Mumbai. So bad, that you could not see any of the city buildings and it was lights on in the middle of the day. It was a great and wonderful trip, just a pity that we all had to go home, but we will be back, sooner than the last trip, ten years ago.

YARRANGOBILLY CAVE HUNT NUMBER TWO OR THREE

Reprinted from FUSSEI Vol. 7, No. 1, 1996. p. 16-17.

Subject: Y61 Easter Cave.

Feb 17th – 20th 1995.

Person in charge of survey: Tania Wilson

Person in charge of the plot, which he frequently lost: Eric Schulz. **Person to blame, but not accepting responsibility:** Kevin Dixon. **Real persons to blame:** Tania Wilson and Clare Buswell.

Equipment we had: A couple of black berry bashing sticks, two 30 metre tape measures, one 70 metre tape measure. One set of Suunto instruments, 20 odd survey pegs, camera gear, and the four of us.

Equipment we wished we had: Flame thrower, napalm, a machete, theodolite, a few dozen Grunts from the army to carry the flame thrower and the theodolite, GPS, a few more Suuntos and Eric and Tania's compasses, which we believe Mavis pinched.

FUSSEI meeting Feb 7th 11pm. "What about a weekend trip to Yagby?" I asked Kevin and Eric. I must admit, that my mind was little clouded after an evening spent eating and drinking. "A weekend?" said Kevin, "Yeah, four days; drive over on the Friday, and return Monday. We would fill one car" I said. Pause. "Well Eric," I continued, "we've got to find Y61, it can't be that lost! Tania's keen to surface survey the area where we spent eight hours looking for it two weeks ago. On top of that there is the cleaning we should have a go at in Y4-5 or Y2".

"Whose car are we going to take?" "Something other than mine" said Kevin. (Kevin owns a Datsun 180B) "Uni car", I suggested. Long pause, as we all lusted after the luxury and comfort of university cars, remembering the difficulty of getting access to one. "Which weekend could we go? I'd prefer to go before uni goes back" said Eric. We all nodded in agreement. Then Eric said, "I've got all these peaches that need eating" ...

That's more or less how this idea got underway and we found ourselves, at 7am, eating peaches out on the road to Yagby, in the uni car on Friday the 17th of Feb. Twelve hours later saw us in Tumut, collecting the last of the food supplies. (Thank Mavis for late night shopping on Friday nights in NSW). Up the hill, and finally Cottrill's came into view, along with the gaslights of heaps of weekend campers. This sight gave one a view of what Yarrangobilly Village could have been like in its heyday a century ago.

We met, in Cottrill's, three seed collectors who were moving on to Round Mountain, deeper into Kosi National Park, the following day to continue with their work. Some discussion on the value of seed banks and types of seed being collected ensued, but the collective brain power, shut down and went to bed.

Sat 18th, 7am.

"Does anybody want a peach?" asked Eric, Eric's home grown peaches we had been eating since we left Adelaide and it seemed that they just kept multiplying no matter how many we had eaten. "I'll have mine for lunch," I replied. "Well" said Eric, "Tania did not have her 'before going to bed quota' last night, so I'll give her this one". He added the extra peach to the lunch bag. I had seen Tania a minute or so before searching for the loo paper in our gear supply. How many more peaches were left I wondered.

"O.K we may as well have a practice at reading the instruments on the flat of the car park so we can all agree on what we are doing". I suggested. Kevin had not read Suuntos before so we gave him the 'this is what you do lesson' and we all took a bearing off the right hand handle of the garbage bin. "179 degrees" said Eric and Kevin, "182 degrees", said Tania and

YARRANGOBILLY CAVE HUNT NUMBER TWO OR THREE

Clare. "Let's take another reading and this time don't call it out loud until we have all taken it" said Kevin. This time we didn't agree either, but it had nothing to do with incorrect sighting! (Lesson No 2: Don't sight off objects that move, even if it has not done so for 5 mins.)

"I don't remember it being so steep or having so much vegetation", said the Chief Surveyor as we scanned the 35 degree slope just below the Red cliff that we had come to work on. "I remember the blackberries" said Eric. Kevin asked whose idea it was. Nobody owned up.

We decided to start at the entrance to Y170 and work in ten by ten metre square grids running down to the Yarrangobilly River and then to the north. The aim was to search the area and plot any karst features and vegetation onto the grid in the hope of locating Y61. According to intelligence, (the Yarrangobilly Office karst map), Y61 was meant to be between Y170 and Y 171! But intelligence was one of those things that was usually wrong on this trip.

We spent the day leading out tape measures, taking forward and back bearings, clino readings, drawing in vegetation, photo tagging and trying to stay up right.

"Just stand there, Kevin so I can sight off you and I'll take a reading", said the Chief Surveyor. Kevin adjusted his position to try and avoid the spiky Grevillea and blackberry bush as he drove home the survey stake. He then disappeared from view. "***@#\$!@#! Hang on, Tania, bloody blackberries..." Kevin reappeared a few seconds later, "275 degrees", said the Chief Surveyor. Minus 34 was the next clino call. "That explains it", said Kevin. "No, it can't explain it", said Eric. "Explain what", I asked. "My inability to walk on flat land" said Kevin. "Oh, that. That skill is not much use here" I replied. "What was the Plot?", asked the Chief Surveyor. "275 degrees and C8 or D7", I offered by way of explanation. "Does anybody want a peach?" suggested Eric. That was the general lucid sort of conversation that kept going for the next eight hours.

We finished the day at 7pm, totally stuffed and having completed 15 grids, but still not far enough north to reach the cliff just below the track turn off to Castle cave. We decided to go and visit Nick Mayo, the Caves Manager, who had spent 4 or so hours to no avail, hunting for Y61 with us in January. We chattered with Nick and generally blamed the designer of the Gravi-meter for not making it useful on any slope greater than flat, for our lack of success. Nick opted for another day in the office and said that if we found it tomorrow, to let him know. Mmmm. We then collected a broom to clean up Cottrill's cottage and return it to the well-kept speleo cottage that we all know it to be.

Sat 18th 8.30pm.

"The problem with the beer", said Kevin, "is that it is not cold. It's about 35 degrees", he continued. There was silence. Somehow or other we had forgotten to put the beer in the 'fridge' (also known as the creek), before we had left for the days work and now all we wanted apart from a hot bath, all over body massage and two equal lengths legs, was a cold beer. "Well" said Eric, "we need some water, so I will go and put it in the creek for a bit". "I think you should swing it", I suggested. "O.K.," said Kevin whilst gyrating his hips, "I'll swing it!" This was the beginning of the evening's conversation and it got a lot worse.

Sun 19th 9am.

"We got up to row D," said the Chief Surveyor. "But the last lot of grids did not include Y171" said Eric. "So we are now to do E, at least that should put us into some of the cliff face". Offered Kevin, by way of enthusiasm for the days work as we stood back on the track.

YARRANGOBILLY CAVE HUNT NUMBER TWO OR THREE

So it all started again, laying out tape, forward bearing, back bearing, clino reading, what sort of bush is this? Have you photographed this? This looks like it would go if I had a flamethrower to clear away the blackberries. All complemented by the gravitational pull of the slope and subsequent falling over.

At 4pm we pulled out for lunch and a photo trip into Castle cave. We had not quite surveyed the area of Y145-Y165, but had found a number of untagged karst features most of which fitted up the local wombat population with a home. Only one feature looked in any way promising and it made the Wiggle Woggle squeeze in Y8 look like an easy straight forward crawl. Y61 was not found. Were we in the right area? The ground is scree slope in some areas and there are a couple of possible digs, but these are likely to be nothing more than a right wing plot against the communist aggressors. As far as the intelligence source goes it is not even worth one of Eric's mouldy peaches!

Castle cave provided a small challenge. Nick had informed us that the gate had been forced and one of the bars had been bent. We went to see if the gate was damaged enough to admit the odd human being without unlocking it. Eric and I applied our speleo skills and managed to get through with only a few grunts and groans. Kevin got half way through and called it quits. Tania took the key, unlocked the gate and walked in! We spent around an hour and a half taking photos and wishing we did not live so far away.

Cottrill's Cottage, 7pm.

There we all sat, digging the blackberry thorns out of our hands, legs and other body parts trying to find the energy to cook the evening meal. "This is the best cold beer I've had in a long time" said Kevin, as he sat on the back veranda taking in the evening. Eric wanted to know if anybody wanted any more peaches. "The beer is very good Kevin, not at all peach like" I said. Eric gave up and went and opened a bottle of wine. The Chief Surveyor put away the tape measures, took her boots off and picked up her beer. Dinner was going to have to wait.



Kevin Dixon and Tania Wilson on the back veranda of Cottrill's after a day of surface surveying.

BEGINNING AT NARACOORTE

Lisa Keefe

Naracoorte, March 2006

The crew: Chris Wood, Clare Buswell, Mooi Sian Lee, Yi Le Ng, Le Qing Ng, Le Care Ng, Bronya Alexandra, Browyn Bader, Roger Williamson, Lisa Keefe.

The First Speleo adventure out of the city for the year 2006, was to Naracoorte, a beginners must do. My first caving trip and only second whole weekend away from children ever!!! No better way to remind yourself that your alive then throwing yourself into a deep dark hole and crawling around inside good old mother earth (this point may well be disputed). I have to admit my great fear above ground was that I may have to pee in a water bladder but luckily my bladder did me proud (sorry, it had to be said!)

There were only a few moments of concern, firstly of Vampire bats (don't worry, there aren't any in Oz), and then noticing huge chunks of rock and Thinking they could FALL on my head at any moment trapping me under piles of rubble... Sometimes you need to surrender yourself to fate and trust in, well luck/fate/Goddess... As Chris kindly pointed out it would almost be an honour for the above to happen, though I'm not sure the Tassie Miners or I would entirely agree.

Since all good speleos are also very environmentally and financially aware, 10 of us managed with 3 cars. There were the pros - Clare and Chris, the semi-pros - Bronya, Bron (that's B1 and B2 by the way) and Roger, and the plebs - Mooi and her three children and myself. All putting our faith and lives in the hands of almost complete strangers. All caving crews are strange but they are also a highly organized and professional bunch. Although the weather was chilly we were one big happy and only slightly tipsy family for the weekend.

So what did we actually do? The plebs visited the visitor centre (as you do) while the pros rigged S102. This, our first cave for the weekend, was a fenced off hole in the ground in the middle of a cow paddock. The cows looked on and provided the entertainment as we all got prepared. (Unfortunately no abseiling this trip), and as "safety first" we had all the gear and climbed down a wire ladder to enter the cave. We then got to contort ourselves into strange positions, as we clambered and squeezed upwards under Clare's guidance, through the rock pile. To exit the cave, when we got to the end, was a repeat in reverse. So instead of climbing we got to slide. We were underground for about 4 hours.

Sunday's cave, Bee Keepers, was similar. This one is also on private property but unfenced. There were some deceased creatures (snakes) to be found and bat poo too. In this cave there was heaps of rubble and rocks and it was more open than the first. We explored a few openings but they all seemed to be dead ends.

It was really FANTASTIC and I'm ready to do it all again and you should be too. This could well be the last chance to take advantage of the insanely cheap membership prices available to students of Clubs and Societies before voluntary student unionism kicks in. JUST DO IT! (I am not quoting Nike by the way!)

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WHAT IS ON

Fair Day: Wednesday 28th Feb.

On the Main Campus. 11 - 2pm

Give Chris a ring to help out on Fair day, we NEED bodies on the stall. Chris Mob: 0407 861 148

Lower South East Trip: March 16th -18th

(Friday eve to Sun. arvo.)

Give Chris a ring if you want to go on the Lower South East trip. Chris Mob: 0407 861 148