



FUSSI Newsletter

Vol. 26 | No. 3 | 2014



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C O N T E N T S

So, Where are the Keys?	p. 3
Corra Lynn and Designer Fashions	p. 6
Who was Leo Hoad?	p. 8
Wooltana, Narrina and Other Things	p. 13
A Sandy Fox	p. 15
Future Trips	p. 20

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SO ... WHERE ARE THE CAR KEYS?

Aimee Leong

Lower Flinders Ranges trip: 30th June-1st July 2014

Clare Buswell, Thomas Varga, Neville Skinner, Daniel Dingwall, Jenny Doswell, Aimee Leong

It all began (again) on a dark (but not stormy yet) Friday night - most of us leaving work a little earlier and meeting at 5pm. As usual, it was all the logistics which we had to organise - cars, stuff, more cars, more stuff, food, stuff. There was a usual food pit stop in the township of Clare; whereby we (actually!) sat down and had Indian curries and rice and all, which was gladly hoofed down by all of us. It was a mixture of palak paneer, butter chicken, mango chicken and garlic Naan... Mmmm!! After a quickish feed, we were on our way to meet Daniel, who was meeting us at the Orroroo pub. Typical country pub - Jenny and I proceeded to wander into the pub to use the ladies; once we walked in, EVERYONE turned to say hello to us (as we were wandering around looking for the toilets); and there was an inkling of guilt that lingered as we didn't actually stop and have a drink there due to time constraints and the danger of hitting roos at that hour of the night. The light rain that had begun on our way had turned into fat pelting drops, and by the time we arrived it was moderate rain.

Saturday 1st July

It was an early-ish start - and a nice way to wake up to the smell of fresh roasted coffees at 8am (the walls of the hut were really thin!!). It was a short drive to Clara St Dora, the first cave we decided to do for the trip and is an ex-guano mineshaft. There were a few strategically placed skeletons at the base of the mine shaft - a couple of skeletal roos and a lizard, that seemingly are placed to represent the Australian emblem. Clara St Dora is a 3



Ladders Suck! Photo: Aimee Leong

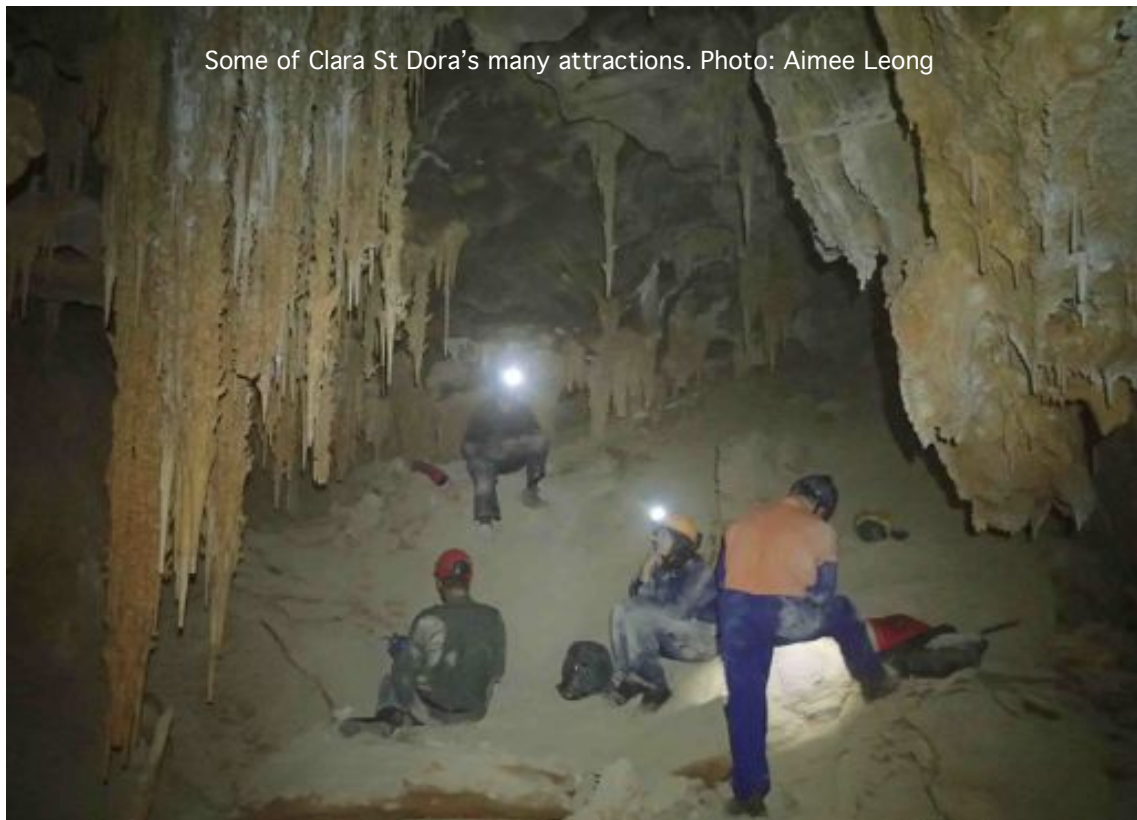
chambered cave, with many upper sections that would require at least a rope/handline for some sections as they were quite hairy. The first chamber had many large stalactites which Daniel and myself were trying to photograph in a professional manner (not sure if we were successful with it...), and the walls of the 2nd chamber were beautifully decorated with cave coral. There was also a letterbox rift (aptly named) which we passed, which in a past trip Clare had been down to explore; and something on our list to continue to explore in future trips.

It was then back for lunch, then to pick up the cars and head down to Mt Simms cave. It was an eventful trip; as along the

way we were told to stop as the farmers (whose property we were on) were hunting for two

SO ... WHERE ARE THE CAR KEYS?

wild dogs. Both cars were literally stopped in their tracks, with both cars unable to move for a good 45 minutes. None of us occupants in the car daring to step out of the car to use the bathroom in the event we were accidentally shot. Not sure if we represented a dog - none of us or the cars had tails!



It was a latish start to the cave (about 3pm?) and whilst Clare and Thomas were wrestling with the gate in the cave that took 30 minutes to get open, Fiona (one of the daughters of the farmers) popped her head into the cave and said a cheery hello to us. We had borrowed one of the steel ladders (2 ½ meters long) from Clara St Dora to assist us up onto the ledge to the entrance of the cave. This was followed by a crawly, squeezey passage that began with a steep downhill. It was followed by lots and lots of crawly passages.

The main attraction of the cave was 'scratchings', which were found on the wall in one of the back chambers, known as the White room. There were many, many of them, and unknown as to what actually did the scratchings (animals or humans?) as well there was a possibility that there was an unknown entrance nearby. I disappeared up a hole in the White Room, which I thought ran parallel with it, however I did not explore enough to see if it did. Clare and Thomas were busy surveying the scratchings wall. There was also another lead that seemed to go somewhere - and was just a bit too tall for any of us to climb up it - very smooth and no holds. I attempted to get up on Thomas' shoulders to crawl up; however I found it very difficult as there were no hand or foot holds available. In the end, it was Thomas standing on Daniels shoulders, and then disappearing up the tunnel another 10 metres or so; when he discovered it went up again; another 2-3 meters and needed either a ladder/scaling pole or someone else to climb up with the aid of a shoulder. For a future trip!!

As we exited the cave, it was dark and we celebrated with a few beers. We also observed lightening over the hills; and on the way home we observed two possums chasing each other around, one most probably playing hard to get with the other one. Dinnertime was late, us

SO ... WHERE ARE THE CAR KEYS?

eating about 10pm, after cooking and drinking wine and beer, accompanied with non-stop talking for a while.



Markings on a wall in Mt Simms Cave. Photo: Clare Buswell

Sunday 2nd July

Sunday brought about a beautiful sunny winter's day and a trip into Mairs cave. Mairs cave is a 17 metre abseil (tall for South Australia!) and again Clare and Thomas went a bit earlier to rig up, and Jenny, Daniel, Neville and myself trooped in a bit later. Whilst standing at the entrance of Mairs cave, Neville spotted a feral cat skulking around our cars - he, Neville that is, was quite excited about it. Upon entering Mairs cave, we ended up in the catacombs section and had a ferret around. Thomas was looking for a small squeeze - an 8 ¼ inch squeeze, and then made us all go through it. Jenny, Daniel and myself then went for a wander and explore; and found a relatively spacious rift that went ... nowhere. Needless to say, back out it was for us! We then proceeded to head towards the back of the cave to the Christmas tree extension, however ran out of time and had to exit so we were able to pack up and head back home to Adelaide.

Getting back to our temporary home, we all madly rushed to pack our gear and give the place a good sweep. Whilst packing and loading up Clare and Heiko's ute and whilst trying to do final tarp tie in, Clare managed to lose the car keys. It was then a mad look around; followed by a systematic unpacking of everything that had been loaded into the ute. We then found the missing car key, sitting on a plate in one of the crates in the back. Thank goodness for clear plastic crates! Clare is now banned from holding onto car keys, (in fact any keys) as well as spoons. Hehe ☺ (*it is Thomas who has the spoon problem ...Ed*)

It was an uneventful journey back home (and a very enjoyable drive back through the southern Flinders ranges) - few things to note (read: IMPORTANT!!): The coffee shop in Orroroo closes at 5.30pm on Sunday (there are two of them) and its handy to wash cars at Jamestown car wash on the way back, so that cars are somewhat clean when heading home to Adelaide. Thanks once again everyone for an enjoyable trip; until next time for more adventures!

CORRA LYNN & DESIGNER FASHION

Rita Mallinson

Present: Rita, Wendy, Daniel, Jenny, Thomas all from FUSSI
Tom, Chris, James and Graham, all from CEGSA
June 2014.

Sunday morning began very early with a lot of sleepy people driving for three hours to Corra-Lynn cave. The first leg of the journey was bit of a blur up until we stopped off at a cute little bakery in the middle of nowhere for a cup of coffee, where we met up with the eight other intrepid explorers also heading underground. There we signed forms, studied maps of the cave, and got to know each other a little, and drove onwards. Corra-Lynn, which used to be a tourist cave back in the day, is on private land. It has been extended to 14km from its original 4km, largely by the work of one of the cavers who came with us (Graham?), who



Such a warm day to go Caving!
Photo: T. Varga.

spent his time doing maintenance work around the entrance.

Much struggling with equipment later, we geared up, took a "before" photo, and headed down, with me wearing elbow pads on my knees and, for a while, two left gloves. Thomas, who was our trip leader, was keen on all us newbies remembering the routes we were taking, and explained the best way of remembering which way we'd come, since he'd be asking us to direct the group later...

The first loop we took was Bushwalkers Run to Bushwalkers Chamber, visiting Crystal Chamber in between, which was a channel with a beautiful crystal-like ceiling, and scrambling back again to a four-way intersection called Central. The second loop took us to Rope Crevasse, which we all bravely made our way down by rope. Then the less sensible among us went and climbed back up again, some with the grace and ease of some rare breed of cave-dwelling rock spider – and others, a little less so (yes, that means me!).

Then it was time for lunch, right next to the cave entrance as it was too cold and windy to

CORRA LYNN & DESIGNER FASHION

venture too far from the cave.

Our third and last loop was through a squeeze called Beard's Squeeze, which made the bearded members of our party a little anxious. We went through a number of progressively tighter squeezes, which led to not actually realising when we'd got through Beard's, where, I am happy to say, everyone's beards remained intact. We got to Lower Woodside, where everyone promptly scattered off exploring various mysterious passages for a while (I'm pretty sure I found a dead bird!), and then we headed back to the surface for a very filthy "after" photo.

Then came the long drive back home, wearing a kindly-provided garbage-bag skirt as I forgot to bring a change of

clothes. Remember folks, you saw it on me first! All in all, there was much exploring, interesting people, good conversation, and cool features - a good day underground!



Just Sitting Around.

Photo. T. Varga



The Crew and Their New Clothes. Photo: T. Varga

WHO WAS LEO HOAD?

Neville Skinner



The 1894 Graffiti Found Near The Y5 Cave Entrance

Recently I wrote in the Yarrangobilly Trip Report that one of our group (not myself) had discovered a rock with the name of “L. Hoad” scratched on it, and the date “8-1894”, inside the entrance to 2Y-5 cave.

So who was “L. Hoad”, and what right did he have to mark the cave in such a manner? Was this just an early example of another mindless act of vandalism that we see so much of today? After some research, I discovered “L. Hoad” was Leo Hoad, but to appreciate the full story, one must go back in time ...

Leo’s father was Walter Hoad, born in Feb 1856 in Tumut where his parents had settled after immigrating from Sussex, England in c1854.¹ Walter Hoad owned a farm at Yarrangobilly, and was also a well-known prospector in Kiandra.² Leo’s mother was Olieve Brownlie, born in Victoria in Jan 1857. Her parents moved to Talbingo where her father, Alexander Brownlie, established the first hotel in 1861. In 1866, the bushrangers, Patrick Lawler and Patrick Gateley, stuck up Lampe’s Talbingo Homestead. Alexander Brownlie had used this homestead during the days of the Kiandra gold rush as a hotel.³

Gold had been discovered in Kiandra “by mountain cattlemen, the Pollock brothers, and by March 1860, some 10,000 miners and storekeepers had raced to the scene. Initial returns were very good. A 9 kg nugget was discovered in river deposits under what became known as New Chum Hill. Kiandra post office opened on 1st June 1860 and it is estimated that the area at its peak accommodated around 15,000 people, served by 25 stores, 13 bakers, 16 butchers, 14 pubs, several banks and four blacksmiths. Nevertheless, by 1861, the Sydney Morning Herald was reporting a “mass exodus” and the easy pickings were exhausted.”⁴

Leo's father Walter married Olieve Brownlie in Tumut in 1880 and later came to live at Yarrangobilly (Village). In:

¹ http://suzieq.net.au/HTMLFiles/HTMLFiles_39/P2153.html

² Ibid. See also <http://trove.nla.gov.au/ndp/del/article/98550624?> & <http://trove.nla.gov.au/ndp/del/article/138560641?>

³ <http://www.brownlee.com.au/Pages/Charts/Chart%2010142.html>

⁴ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kiandra,_New_South_Wales

WHO WAS LEO HOAD?

Neville Skinner

"1890 he built a two-roomed hut for his family near the Yarrangobilly River. This hut was replaced in 1898 by [what is now known as] Cotterill's Cottage, built by Walter, Harry (?) and son Leo Hoad. The Hoad's new home had nine rooms, internal fireplaces, large windows and verandas and housed Alexander and Olieve Brownlie until their death."⁵

In total they had 10 children - Leo James Alexander in 1881, Olieve in 1884, Muriel in 1884, Gertrude Isobel in 1885, Eva P. in 1887, Ruth Ashley in 1890, Sylvia H. M. in 1892, Walter in 1895, Florence Gladys in 1897, and Edna in 1899. All were born in Tumut except for Walter (Jnr) who was born at Yarrangobilly.⁶ It is worth noting that, in 1894, at the time Leo scratched his name in the rock, he was just 13 years old, and had 6 sisters - Olieve, Muriel, Gertrude, Eva, Ruth & Sylvia. No wonder he took up caving!

It wasn't until the following year that his one brother, Walter (Jr) arrived. I imagine that



Cotterills Cottage, February 2014
Photo: Clare Buswell

during this time Leo would have done a lot of exploring on his own, since in those days girls were not permitted to dress like 'tomboys' and wander through the bush on their own, especially as there would have been many transient miners wandering through the hills, as well as bushrangers. I read that when Leo was just 10 years old he made his first pair of snow skis, having learnt this skill from a Norwegian friend of his father. Leo became an avid skier and made skis for others to whom he sold the skis to for 10 shillings a pair.⁷

⁵ <http://www.brownlee.com.au/Pages/Charts/Chart%2010142.html>

⁶ <http://wc.rootsweb.ancestry.com/cgi-bin/igm.cgi?op=GET&db=monaropioneers&id=I118237>

⁷ <http://trove.nla.gov.au/ndp/del/article/138560641?searchTerm=leohoad&searchLimits>

WHO WAS LEO HOAD?

Neville Skinner

Alexander Brownlie constructed the Telegraph line from Adelong Crossing (now Tumblong) to Tumut and on to Kiandra in 1888-1889. He then went on to become the postmaster at Yarrangobilly until 1904, when he handed the job to his daughter Olive, so that he could accept the appointment of caretaker of the Yarrangobilly caves. The caretaker position had been put out to tender and Walter Hoad (Snr) had won it from a field of 176 applicants.⁸

Alexander Brownlie died in 1917 (aged 96 years) and his wife Providence died in 1906 (aged 89 years). Both are buried at the Yarrangobilly General Cemetery, which is off to one side of the Glory Hole farm walk and can be seen when taking this walk.

Beyond the Glory Arch, the Castle Walk features dry-stone walls built from hand cut limestone. Work began in 1905 and reached the Harrie Wood Cave in 1911. Anthony Bradley and Walter Hoad, who were guides at the caves at the time, built the track with some help from Kiandra miners. (The Glory Hole farm was an important part of the mountain community and supplied Kiandra miners with fresh meat.) The track was later extended to the Castle Cave.⁹

Leo Hoad now 38 years old, married Alice Hewitt in Sydney in 1919, after meeting her whilst working at Jenolan caves for an extended period. Alice had two sons, Bruce, born at Nurses Crossing, Hurstville Sydney¹⁰ and Colin. By this time Walter Hoad (Snr) would have moved to Murray St., Cootamundra, where he lived the rest of his life until his death in 1943. Leo's siblings were leaving home to be married, so Cotterill's cottage was no longer required by the Hoad's.

In the 1930s, Yarrangobilly village consisted of approximately ten houses and was later a part of the Jounama State Forest. Cotterill's Cottage was used from the 1930's until the 1950's by Forestry.

The Sydney Morning Herald in 2009 promoted the Hoad legacy:

"Entering Yarrangobilly Caves the visitor passes through stone gates which commemorate the contribution made to Caves history by Mr Leo Hoad. The gates were opened in 1957 some years after Hoad had retired as guide. He was caretaker of the Yarrangobilly Caves from 1919 to 1946 but remained at the caves (his sons became guides after him) until the mid-1950s when he retired to Tumut.

He discovered many caves in the area including the famous (some rate it as the best cave in the complex) Jillabenan Cave in 1910. Leo Hoad was a remarkable man. One of those true Australian pioneers who was always ready with a humorous story or an informative and entertaining anecdote. He spent his winter months around the kitchen stove drinking endless cups of tea and remained remarkably strong and fit even when he was in his eighties.

He was at the end of a tradition of Caves management which dated back to the nineteenth century. The caves were first discovered by the stockman, Mr John

⁸ <http://www.brownlee.com.au/Pages/Charts/Chart%2010142.html> [and](#)

<http://trove.nla.gov.au/ndp/del/article/138560641?searchTerm=leo%20hoad&searchLimits>

⁹ <http://www.environment.nsw.gov.au/resources/parks/08448.pdf>

¹⁰ The Sydney Morning Herald (NSW : 1842 - 1954) Saturday. 24 February 1923, page 14. Family Notices. <http://trove.nla.gov.au/ndp/del/correction/16058025>. Bruce Hoad was interviewed by Elery Hamilton-Smith Aug 1994, as part of the Caves of Australia Oral History Project. It is a 28 minute long interview. <http://catalogue.nla.gov.au/Record/4933841>. Both worked at Yarrangobilly.

WHO WAS LEO HOAD?

Neville Skinner

Bowman who, so the story goes, found some cattle sheltering in the Glory Arch. The year was 1834 and he explored the cave with bark torches.

The Jersey Cave was discovered by graziers in 1861 and by the 1890s the caves, although difficult to reach, were becoming a tourist attraction. In 1891 Mr Charles Kerry discovered a cave which he named after the Governor of New South Wales, Lord Jersey. The following year the Governor opened his namesake for inspection and four years later the Thermal Pool was built out of wood - it was enlarged and cemented in 1906. In 1901 the Caves House was completed.

The caves were closed from 1966-1968 while prisoners from Cooma Gaol modernised the facilities. The caves were rewired, the Glory Hole was made a self-guiding cave, new steps were built, and the old shed at the Thermal Pool was upgraded and improved. The area was reopened in 1968 by the NSW National Parks and Wildlife with the house where Leo Hoad had lived converted into an Information Centre and the Guest House converted into accommodation for Park Rangers. It may have been an improvement but a lot of charm had disappeared from the area."¹¹

On the 18th Nov 1947, The Tumut and Adelong Times newspaper carried a column:

Mr, Leo Hoad, chief guide and caretaker of Yarrangobilly Caves, has returned home from Sydney after receiving the Imperial Service Medal. The award has been made in recognition of Mr. Hoad's faithful service in connection with the conduct of Yarrangobilly Caves for many years. He is the only person associated with tourist activities in New South Wales to receive the medal. The official certificate and citation accompanying the award reads as follows: "Central Chancery of the Orders of Knighthood, St. James' Palace, S.W.I, 20th December, 1946. Sir, - I am commanded to forward the Imperial Service Medal which His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to award to you in recognition of the meritorious services you have rendered. I am, Sir, yours faithfully, JOE La BERE, Brigadier, Registrar of the Imperial Service Order." It was reported that Leo was "the only person associated with tourist activities in New South Wales to receive the medal".¹²

This was the first time in our history that a public servant had ever been offered such an esteemed award.

On the 16th May 1952, the Cootamundra Herald credited Leo Hoad as saying "he is mildly shocked by people who tell him that caves are like circuses, and adopt a see-one-see-the-lot attitude. Caves, he tells such people, are like women. They all have the same basic structure, but Hoad's advice is that they are all different".¹³ With typical enthusiasm, he (Leo) finally tracked down the meaning of Yarrangobilly. After considerable research he decided it was a 'corruption of the aboriginal Jarrangobilly, meaning shifting'¹⁴.

In those days before his marriage, Hoad used to go exploring every Sunday. Hoad has been responsible for the opening and development of all the caves, most of it single-handed. Preparing one cave for visitors, Hoad and his helper worked solidly for nine months.

¹¹ Sydney Morning Herald Jan 1st. 2009. <http://www.smh.com.au/travel/travel-factsheet/yarrangobilly-caves-20081113-5yni.html>

¹² Tumut and Adelong Times. 18. November 1947. p. 4.
<http://trove.nla.gov.au/ndp/del/article/139314909?>

¹³ Ibid. p. 2.

¹⁴ Ibid. p. 2

WHO WAS LEO HOAD?

Neville Skinner



**Yarrangobilly Caves House: Photo is from:
www.environment.nsw.gov.au/nationalparks/parksAccommodation.aspx?id=N0018**

All excavation work was done by hand with heavy picks. Hoad worked eight hours a day for £2/2- a week.¹⁵ His exploring activities gave Hoad more than a sufficient knowledge to take over as a guide in 1911 at Sh11/6p a day.¹⁶ A few years later he was sent to Jenolan Caves for eight months to assist with improvements and found that Jenolan could offer at least one attraction that Yarrangobilly lacked. So he married her and took her back to Yarrangobilly when he became caretaker in 1919.

The Herald went on to explain how Leo explains on one of his Sunday walks, pushed his staff down a hole on the ground to see where it went, and that, that was how he discovered Jillabenan cave.¹⁷ It took him another eight weeks of chipping the rock away to make the entrance so the public could access it. The name Jillabenan, Leo explains, “was provided by an official whose knowledge of the aboriginal language was little enough to be dangerous” and was chosen because it was a pretty and phonetic name.¹⁸ “However, to the aboriginals it has a somewhat bawdy second meaning.”¹⁹

The aboriginal name Yarrangobilly, is ‘apparently a combination of the Wiradjuri words: "yirra" meaning teeth with "bila" meaning river. The teeth is obviously a reference to the stalactites and stalagmites in the caves and the bila refers to the rivers and creeks in the area.’ Perhaps

¹⁵ The Cootamundra Herald. 16. May 1952. p. 2. ‘Yarrangobilly Caveman Retires’
<http://trove.nla.gov.au/ndp/del/article/138560641?>

¹⁶ Ibid.

¹⁷ Ibid

¹⁸ Ibid

¹⁹ Ibid.

WHO WAS LEO HOAD?

Neville Skinner

the reference to “the rivers” refers to those rivers that formed the caves and actually ran out of the caves.’²⁰

Leo Hoad died in 1974, aged 93 years, and his wife Alice survived until 1999.²¹



Cotterills Cottage
November 2011, after a storm blew off the roof, destroyed the garage and surrounding trees. The building has since been re-roofed, but the interior has been extensively damaged.

Photo: Regina Roach. Re printed with permission from ‘The Very Latest,’ the Journal of the Canberra Speleological Society.

Leo Hoad had devoted 50 years of his life to work associated with Yarrangobilly Caves as a well known resident and cave guide who had discovered as many caves, and I believe it more likely that the day that Leo placed his mark on the rock inside the Y5 entrance was the day that he discovered Y5. This was not an act of vandalism, but a priceless piece of history.

Having sat on the verandah of Cotterill’s Cottage to eat our meals, and having hung our clothes over the railings to dry out now means much more to me, when I think of the many stories I have read in writing this article, such as the one where on the 22nd Feb 1914 a man looking for his wife ran into the kitchen of the cottage brandishing a loaded rifle. He was tackled by Leo’s sister, Olive, with the subsequent assistance of Walter Hoad and Mr Adams, the schoolteacher. No one was shot that day but only because a defective trigger on the rifle had broken off!²²

WOOLTANA, NARRINA AND OTHER THINGS

Clare Buswell

It was a matter of getting up and driving, driving followed by more driving for the 4 of us who decided that a trip to Narrina Lake cave and Wooltana would be an excellent way to spend a long weekend. This was to be the happy state of affairs for the Saturday and the Monday. The Sunday as you will learn was to be slightly different.

After a good six to seven hours of driving we eventually set up camp near the entrance to Narrina Lake cave, got a fire going and discussed over the requisite glass of vino the deal for

²⁰ <http://www.aussietowns.com.au/town/yarrangobilly-caves-nsw>. This is disputed, see Hueneker K., *People of the High Country*. Tabletop Press. Palmerston. 1994. p. 280.

²¹ In 1970, Leo Hoad was interviewed by Greg Middleton, now a Tasmanian based caver. A full transcript of the interview was published in the *Journal of the Sydney Speleological Society* in 1985 29(8):145.

²² Adelong and Tumut Express and the Tumbarumba Post. 1914. February 24th. <http://trove.nla.gov.au/ndp/del/page/10761612>.

WOOLTANA, NARRINA AND OTHER THINGS

Sunday. We had decided to visit Narrina Lake cave on the Monday morning as we were not diving in it, so Sunday was set aside for Wooltana. Wooltana cave is not a cave for the inexperienced, it is 65m deep with 2 rebelayes, a couple of redirections, and a knot to cross. This all happens in a shaft that loves to spit bits of rock at you. As we still had another hour or so of driving to get there, the whole day would be spent on the endeavour. We decided that a 9.30 leave time would be OK.

So it was. On the Blinman - Wirrealpa Rd, which is dirt, we were overtaken by a couple of motorcycles, one of which was pulling a little trailer. They overtook us, no doubt, so as not to eat our dust. They looked pretty well equipped and in all likelihood, were, like us, heading towards Arkaroola. What we saw however was the trailer controlling the bike! They were soon gone from our view and we drove on, counting kangaroos, emus, cattle and other car attracted beings. We generally admired the views of this area of the Flinders and noted that the rabbits were back!

We turned onto the Wirrealpa – Arkaroola road, which is dirt, drove about 5 km and found that one of the motorcyclists has just fallen from his bike. It was the bike that was pulling the trailer. It was about 11.30/11.45. As we were the first on the scene, we began to render first aid, by which time, the injured motor cyclist's travelling companion arrived to see where his mate, in this case, his brother had gotten to. We had attempted to remove the injured person from the middle of the road but it was not possible as he was having problems breathing and complained of immense pain in his side and one foot. He could not stand although he attempted to. Well, motor cycle accidents usually result in any combination of: busted ribs, busted wrists, and broken ankles/legs. Just to name the minor injuries. So it was a fair bet that this person had at least some of those issues.

Within a couple of minutes of attempting to work out what injuries he had and make him comfortable, Ken was dispatched to get some help from the Wirrealpa homestead, which fortunately, was about 7 or so km back down the road. Ken also activated the emergency

component of his Spot Tracking device which sent out a signal to request help.



The Accident Scene.
Photo: Neville Skinner

He returned about 15 mins later, having used the farms' land line to call for an ambulance, and was carrying some blankets saying that the owners are with the SES and will be on radio

attendance if we need anything. The ambulance will be at least 2 hours.

So began 5 hours of assistance. The ambulance and police from Leigh Ck arrived around 2 pm. They spent an hour on the road stabilising the patient, then drove him to the air strip at

WOOLTANA, NARRINA AND OTHER THINGS

Wirrealpa Station, about 10km away, to await the Flying Doctor Service. Its plane turned up at 4.30pm and left for the RAH at 5.15 pm, by which time it was bitterly cold and getting dark.

A couple of us visited him in the RAH a few days later and we learnt that he had: 6 busted ribs, a collapsed lung, a busted left ankle and extensive bruising on the right side. He is a very lucky person in that he lived to tell the tale



A different type of plane trip.
Photo: Clare Buswell

considering where this accident happened. I also like to think that he was lucky in that he had a bunch of cavers with good first aid knowledge, knowledge of emergency processes and the invaluable help of ambulance officers, the owners and workers of Wirrealpa Station.

And the trip to Wooltana? Well the cave is still there and we will get to visit it sometime!

On the Monday we ventured into Narrina Lake Cave. Ken put on his wet suit and snorkelled around a bit whilst Heiko, Neville and I took photos. Great cave don't miss the opportunity to visit. We all thank Peter Horne and Athol Jackson from CEGSA for arranging access for us.

We spent the latter half of Monday morning driving down a nearby creek bed, checking out the odd cave feature - F57 & F61- and the weirdo geology. Then we began the long drive back to Adelaide finally falling into bed at 1am on the Tuesday morning. Big thanks to all on the trip and to Ken for the use of his vehicle. When shall we do some of it again?

Some thoughts on first aid equipment:

Space blankets in windy conditions rip apart. Use a sleeping bag if you have one to keep the patient warm and to help alleviate shock.

Any hours of laying on a hard surface, be it a road or a rock in a cave, saps body heat. We were lucky that we had his swag, and that we managed to get it somehow underneath him. In a cave a couple of pieces of mono-cellular foam rubber, the stuff that sleeping mats are made of and that you can cut up and help keep your daypack stiff, will serve the same purpose. Always carry it.

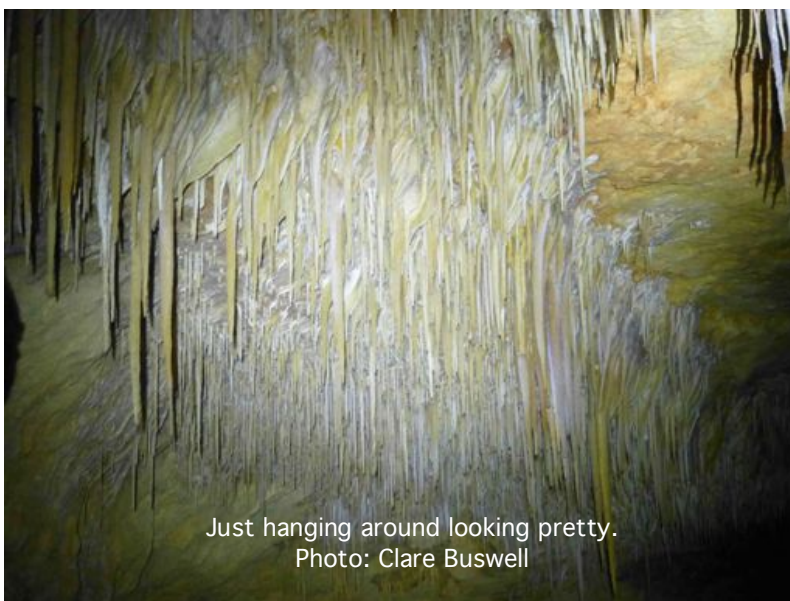
Do a First Aid Course.

A SANDY FOX

Clare Buswell

Accommodation booked, caves booked, people and cars sorted, what could go wrong!

The short answer is that the sport of eel wrestling intervened, whereby you take all reasonably defined understandings of "I'll be there" to mean, my pet kangaroo ate my caving gear. And so it was, numbers for the trip dwindled from 12 to 4 then to 7 and then to 8 and back to 7. We ended up with Dan, Clare, Thomas, and Jenny joined late Saturday arvo by two from the dark side -cave diving - reprobates Neville and Aimee, and later that eve by Tom Szabo, and a small cluster of Scout leaders at the pub. To top the craziness off we were joined by one of the Naracoorte guides Barb Lobben who we tortured through Sand Cave with inane jokes about being FUSSY. Oddly enough I'm sure the same crowd, and those that stayed at home washing their smalls, will be back for more. That is of course when they read about what they MISSED. FOOLS.



Just hanging around looking pretty.
Photo: Clare Buswell

Fox Cave. Wonderful cave, go there if you get the chance. It has it all, a disembowelling squeeze through a gate which at a crucial movement will either give you a mastectomy or castration. So equal opportunity is the policy agenda writ large. This kindness is immediately followed by a confined space twist with double pike so you can go down the chute feet first or if a fit of madness hits you, head first. Yep, there is ALWAYS one.

From then on you think you are in some sort of desert as sand cones pass by. A little detour up over a rock pile takes you up to the Edelweiss chamber where camera's come out and the odd ferret takes off into the rock pile in the quest for more.

A little time later, passing by and up another sand cone you come into the tree root chamber and try not to image chainsaws. We spent time here looking, talking speleo talk and wondering what happened to the bore hole data that was collected from the 3 or 4 bore holes drilled into the sandy floor near the tree roots. Maybe a small interp sign would come in handy here.

We moved on to look at what is called the Madonna Chamber, which is in need of a track marking make over. Once again cameras were out. Track marking talk discussed options which did not include the ways of the old - you know concrete floors and chicken wire barriers - but more aesthetic ideas including, electric fencing wire of differing colours, fishing line with tinsel on it, and bits of reflective road signs, were all given a claim to fame or not so.

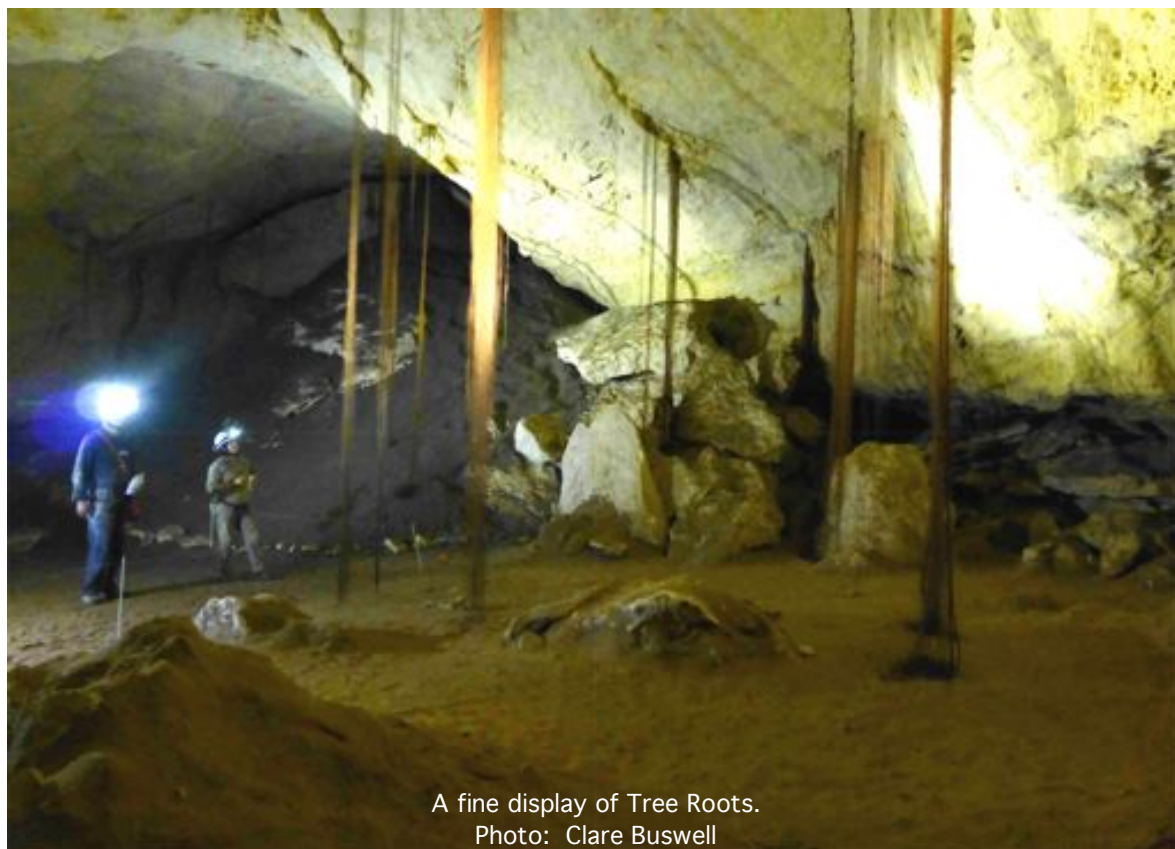
At this point it was leave for lunch time, so we did.

About 3pm saw us half-way through the rigging of S102 cave, when the land owner and his wife paid us a visit, saying that no one had been about for a while. Lots of chat later we

A SANDY FOX

Clare Buswell

continued on with our task and got most of us down the hole by 5pm. Aimee electing to stay on the surface on 'cow watch' and report writing duty. In S102 we followed the usual route up via the rock pile to the open chambers of the main passage way. There was a little dampness on the floor before the climb up the rock pile, and a small puddle a bit further in. So no rise in the water table for at least 20 years it would seem. Due to the fact we all had a dinner date at the local pub, not a great deal of time was spent in the cave. It was pleasant



A fine display of Tree Roots.
Photo: Clare Buswell

enough. Most of us were out about 6.30pm with the riggers packing it all up by 7.

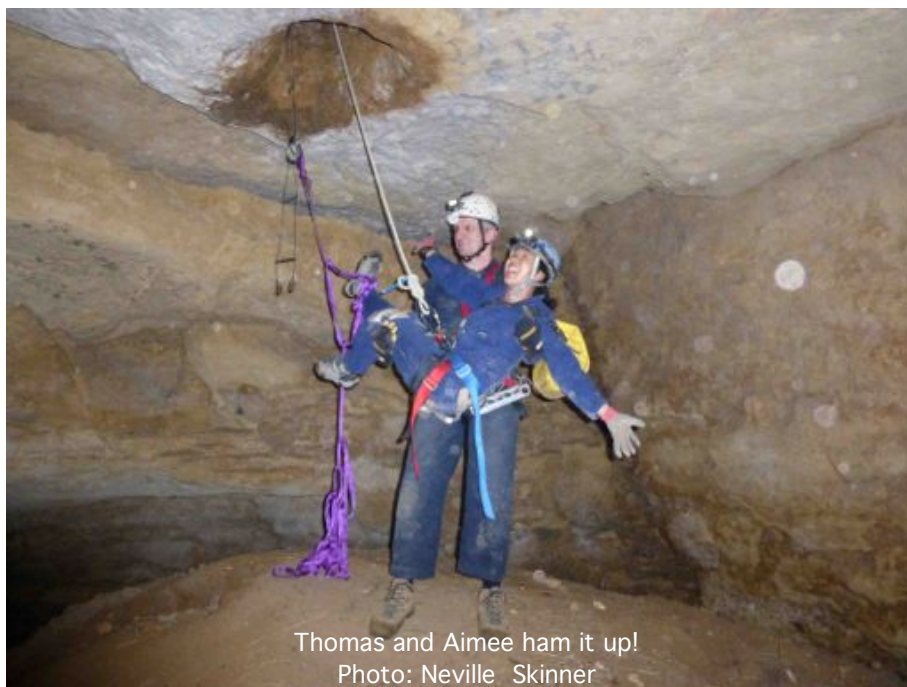
We trundled off to the pub to meet up with some Scout leaders who needed a bit of a sanity break after spending the day taking bunches of scouts aged 11 or so around small holes in the ground. It was a pleasant evening with some of us putting faces and email names together, generally telling tall tales and making plans for the future. We were the last to leave the pub getting back to the caravan park and falling into bed by 11ish.

Sunday, Barb joined us again for a trip into Sand Cave, a cave she has been wanting to visit since she came to be a guide at Naracoorte. The rigging crowd, Clare and Thomas tried to remember how deep the pitch was and came up with anything varying from: "not all that long", to 'about the same as S102', to 'it is a bas...d of a pitch". You get the idea, they could not remember, so had no real idea. We rigged. We sent Thomas down the abseil line first and about 6 metres from the floor he yells up: "the rope is too short". Thomas gets off the abseil line, hangs off the ladder whilst the abseil line is rearranged. He gets back on the abseil line and continues down and then yells: "the ladder is two or so metres too short!" Rigging is rearranged. This time by moving the anchor (the car, closer to the cave entrance solution tube! This resulted in the first rung of the ladder hanging about a metre below the entrance lip, but still leaving about a metre and a half between the bottom rung and the cave floor.

A SANDY FOX

Clare Buswell

Cavers, as you know, are a creative, versatile, belligerent, eclectic bunch of beings so Clare rigged up a set of Etriers, sent them down the hole and Thomas tied them to the bottom of the ladder. Problem solved! It was then everyone else's turn, so the belayer went to work with Thomas at the bottom of the hole directing feet into etriers and providing other support.



Thomas and Aimee ham it up!

Photo: Neville Skinner

Neville took the lead and went with Barb, Jenny and Aimee out of the entrance area and into one of the sand cone areas so as to get people out of the cold wind blowing down the entrance solution tube. They waited for Clare, and Dan to get down the hole and then we all trundled off into this fabulous cave. (Ask Barb if you fail to ascertain the meaning of my statement!)



Cave Models
Photo: Clare Buswell

The biggest sand cone is unfortunately also a rubbish tip or an archaeological dig depending on your view of the glass half full or half empty thing. You could take what you like IF you could get it back up the entrance tube! We trundled on to the chamber of Columns then went looking for

the Portagass Junction and Nullarbor Junction making our way just past the Mudcracks area. Once again time intruded and after a bit more of an explore around some rock piles, we retreated to a chamber with lots of straws for some photo ops. Grand stuff.

A SANDY FOX

Clare Buswell

Thomas was on belay duty so he left us to SRT out and set up stuff. Fun was to begin at the bottom of the hole with lots of communication issues, belay rope hangups and re-rigging again. Much grunting later and we were all out. Thomas looked quite stressed by the end of it all, never wanting to send a belay rope down the hole again. For those of you who stayed away lost in your world of 'must do this's', you lost an opportunity, you may grumble and complain.

But we will not listen.

RIGGING Details:

Note the entrance tube is a narrow, twisting, body hugging, bit of work which likes to catch anything that is thrown down it. Ladders get caught half way down, belay ropes get hung up and are fiendishly hard to unhook. Depth of hole is about 17 metres. You can place a person half way down it if they are happy to be trodden on, kicked in the face and generally beaten up as people pass over them. The person in the middle does make rope work and communication a lot easier however.

Half a dozen tapes to rig:

- 1) A safety line for the belayer,
- 2) A handline for those laddering to hang onto as the ladder is hard up against the wall of the shaft for 3m at the start,
- 3) The abseil and belay ropes.
- 4) Couple of wire traces for the Ladder.
- 5) Ladders: 1x50' (15m) PLUS another to make up the difference.
- 6) Rope protection, and a bit of carpet to go over the edge of the entrance.

All rigging is from your car. The cave is locked.



This is what you missed.
Photo Clare Buswell

WHAT IS ON FOR NEXT FEW MONTHS

28 th August	General Meeting	Caves of the Bunda Cliffs: Steve Milner will talk on the exploration of caves on the Bunda Cliffs, Nullarbor. 6 – 8pm. Flinders Uni. Rm. 113 Humanities.
14 – 15 th Sept		Joint clubs come and play SRT weekend. Lower Flinders Ranges. Clare/Matt Smith/ coordinating. SRT competency needed. fussi@fussi.org.au
18 th Sept	General Meeting.	Talk & Demonstration on Rigging Trevor Arnold, State Emergency Service. 6 - 8pm. Flinders Uni. Rm. Location TBA

Mid Semester Break 22nd Sept – 5th Oct

3-6 Oct. 40th B'day Celebrations. Naracoorte Caves.
Be there or you'll miss the party of the year!
Go on, don't be afraid, get down, get dirty. Go caving.

23 rd Oct	FUSSI Library Cleanup and Post FUSSI 40th Birthday windup. Flinders Uni. 4.40pm - 8 pm. Meeting up details TBA. Pizza provided for the workers.
2 nd Nov	The Caves of Southern Adelaide. A one day trip with a cruise the along the cliffs, (maybe). Meet 9am, Myponga. Clare coordinating. fussi@fussi.org.au

Nov 8 - 22. Exams. General Feeling of Gloom.

30 th Nov	FUSSI fund raiser. Snag cooking at Bunnings. 8.30am-4.30pm. <u>Lots of Help needed.</u>
5-8 th Dec.	Mole Creek, Tasmania. Fly-in fly-out. Croesus, Lynds, and others. RSVP AUG 20 th if not before! Clare coordinating. Limited numbers. fussi@fussi.org.au

For the First Few Months of 2015.

7-15 th	Feb 2015	Buchan Vic. fussi@fussi.org.au
23 rd Feb	Orientation week	Flinders Uni. Sell caving to the world. FUSSI Stall. Helpers needed.
7-9 th March long weekend		Wooltana. SRT competent ONLY.
21-22 nd March		Wet and Wild Caving. Mt Gambier A fun beginners trip. Sea caves, Cenotes, and much, much more.

FUSSI 40th Birthday Celebrations Naracoorte 3-6 October, 2014

Registration and Order Form

Registration Details

Person one:					
Person two:					
Address:					
Suburb:		State:		Postcode:	
Email:					
Phone:		Mobile:			
Contact in case of emergency:	name:		phone:		
Club or affiliation:					
Special dietary requirements:					

I will attend Saturday night Dinner/BBQ @ \$20.00/person	Cost /p	No of people	Total
	\$20		
TOTAL A			

Accommodation

We have bulk-booked Wirreanda, the accommodation at Naracoorte caves. Cost is \$15/night/person for basic dormitory-style bunk bed in the Wirreanda house and Bunk House. Or \$7 per person for an unpowered tent site. If required, we can try to allocate families to a private room. Prices are per person per night. Please bring sleeping bag, pillow, towel etc for the rooms in the house/bunk house. BYO own tent etc, if tenting it.

Do you want Accommodation at Wirreanda camp Ground?	Cost pp/pn	No of nights	No of people	Total
Tent site unpowered	\$7.00			
Bunk bed in dorm (sharing with others)	\$15.00			
Family rm. One only available.	\$15.00			
TOTAL B				

Alternative accommodation:

Naracoorte Hotels: Or B&Bs (See the web). DO IT NOW as October long weekend in SA is busy.

FUSSI 40th Birthday Celebrations

Naracoorte 3-6 October, 2014

T-Shirts

We will bring ink - BLACK and silk screens. Bring along a plain T-shirt, overalls, kinky knickers, etc, and we will enhance their appearance for free with the FUSSI T-shirt logos. NO pockets on T- shirts please.

Wine Glasses

These are standard stylish red wine glasses embossed with the FUSSI logo (see picture of 2004 edition). Price is \$8 each or \$90/dozen:

Wine Glasses	Cost	No	Cost
Single	\$8.00ea		
Half Dozen	\$46.00		
Dozen	\$90/dz		
TOTAL C			

TOTAL AMOUNT DUE (total A + B + C)	\$
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Address

If you do **not** intend to register, but would still like²³ Glasses and/or T-shirts (advise how), please include a mailing address.

Address Line 1			
Address Line 2			
State		Postcode	

Payments

EFT.

BSB: 015-210

Account Number: 6150-00795

Account Name: Flinders Uni Speleological Society.

Please put an Identifier such as: J Blogs 40th.

Cheques.

Make cheques payable to: Flinders University Speleological Society Inc.

Cash on the day

Bring legal tender. Selling us your great aunt will not usually do!

Please return this form to: fussi@fussi.org.au with the subject heading FUSSI 40th

By the 4th of September.

²³ If you're not going to attend and would not like goodies: don't tell us.