



FUSSI Newsletter

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GYPSUM SPELEOTHEM IN MURRA EL-ELEVYN CAVE, COCKLEBIDDY, W.A.

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Front Cover Photo: Speleothem in Murra El Elevyn cave, Cocklebidly.

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A message from your Editor:

Welcome to the new look magazine!

Okay, so I didn't change much, but I felt obliged to change a few things, so readers could see something was different (knowing there would be some that would be checking).

I have added a FUSSI membership form to the last page, which can be easily copied and given to any friends you might think would be interested in caving. And if removed, it will provide the up & coming trips programme on the flip side.

This quarter has seen some great trips, with several new members contributing to the newsletter for the first time; sharing with us their perspective on their first encounter with caves. Welcome to the club Annie & Dee, and thanks for sharing your stories with us.

I have also added an article about a personal visit to the Rapid Bay area with friend Steve Reynolds, to seek out a cave(s) that was observed on one of the clubs boat trips this year. One week later we returned with a Singaporean student (Adelaide Uni), Felicia Lee, who is very interested in caving (our next newest member?). Felicia also wrote an article for this newsletter - I think you will agree it is a wonderful, humourous article that makes for a very enjoyable read.

After that, Thomas asked if he could share a story on a personal trip he also did to Rapid bay with his sea kayak, to check out the caves!

One feature I would like to see is a single-page picture gallery for your cave pictures. So get out those cameras (or smartphones) and start shooting – your fellow cavers want to enjoy your pics too.

Also, we recently had a cave rescue exercise in Fox Cave, run by the CFS (South-East), and involving the CFS, SA Police, Naracoorte Caves staff, as well as CEGSA, FUSSI, Scouts caving groups. This will be reported on in the next issue.

CAVING WITH THE CANBERRA MOB

9-10th May 2015

Written by Clare Buswell

Photos by Neville Skinner

Way back in May of this year, FUSSI offered to help run some pre-ACKMA conference trips around some of the caves at Naracoorte. Time soon passed and one Saturday morning we found ourselves at the entrance to Beekeepers Cave with a bunch of cavers from CSS and other across-the-border immigrants. FUSSI members Clare Buswell, Tim Featonby, Thomas Varga and Neville Skinner led the following around the place: Dirk Stoffels & Lilly Petrovic, both Canberra Speleo Society members, Nick Heath, a guide at Kelly Hill caves, Anne Musser (Palaeontologist) & Ted Matthews who are guides at Jenolan caves, and Savannah McGuirk, an ex-Australian National University caver. If I have missed anyone I'm sorry.

As per usual the entrance to Beekeepers took a bit of time to negotiate, but once all were safely down the pitch, we trundled off to allow our visitors to experience the soft, flakey, white/creamy coloured limestone that forms Naracoorte's caves. This is all very different from that hard, black or grey stuff that is found in NSW caves around Jenolan or Yarrangobilly. As such, South Australian cavers get used to bits of the walls and ceilings coming along with you as you cave around the place, but not so those on this trip.

We walked and crawled our way to a section of the cave with lots of scratching on the walls. Here, those present put forth various theories on what caused these odd markings: this ranged from possums, people, bats, megafauna cockroaches, or thylacines. Discussions on this topic continued over the course of the weekend.

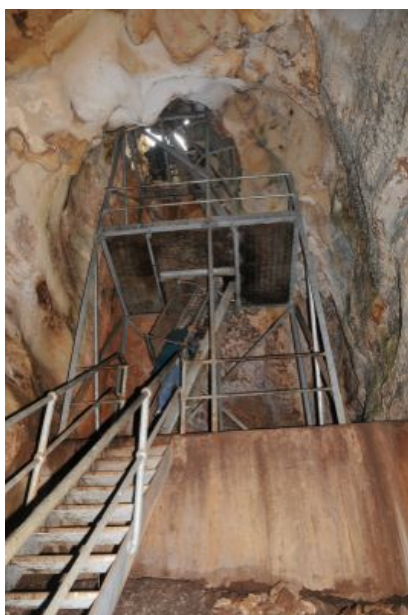
Beekeepers Cave consists of three walking size passages running parallel to each other, joined by short crawl-ways.



Scratch marks on the walls in Beekeepers Cave (NS)

The group visited each of the passages then the final section of the cave with its drapery of ceiling to floor tree roots in the last rock pile. It was a nice, leisurely trip and by the time we all exited and packed up, a late lunch was the order of the day.

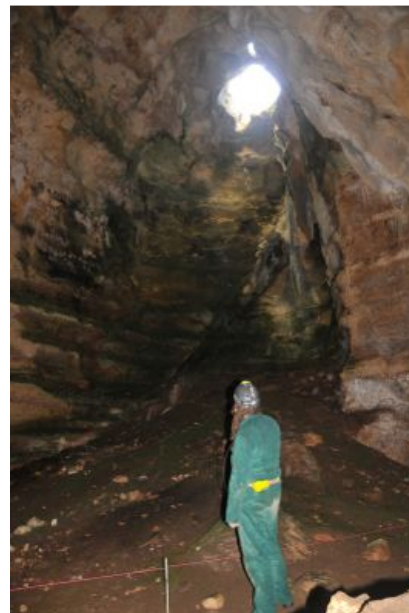
From here we trundled off to Cathedral Cave. The last time I was in this cave I abseiled in via the 20m long pitch that leads down to the main chamber. That was 30 years ago.



Entrance to Cathedral Cave



Walls of main chamber



Entrance once used to abseil in

At the other end of this large chamber, there is an imposing steel staircase to allow easier access. As abseiling is long banned, we took the staircase so as to wander around with Brian, a renowned Naracoorte cave guide, talking about how the cave connects into other caves in the area, and much more.

We retired to the Naracoorte pub for dinner, caught up with the rest of CSS and swapped yarns and lies and stories or otherwise about caves, caving and cavers, for a good couple of hours.

Sunday was to be a day in the Sand. Well okay, Sand Cave. FUSSI bods trundled out to rig its twisted 17 metre entrance tube, hoping not to stuff it up and get all the lengths wrong before the rest of the party turned up. Well, we sort of got there and about an hour and a half later we had managed to get all nine of us down the hole.



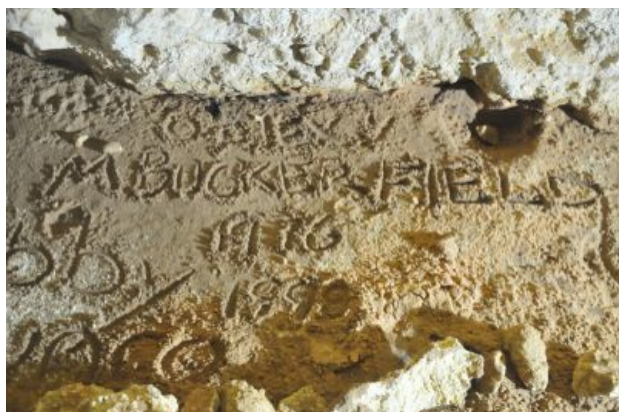
Ted Matthews, Lilly Petrovic and Dirk Stoffels pause to inspect the tree roots



Dirk stops for a macro shot of the tree roots, while Lilly holds the light

The group stopped to take photos of the large sand cones found in the first section of the cave. The largest sand cone now opens to the sky and is providing an access point for visiting bats. Unfortunately, this entrance also contains a large amount of farm rubbish and this is slowly slipping down the sand cone into the cave. It is an archaeological dig, complete with tyres, wire, shoes, dead kangaroos, tea pots, tins, and ... yep, probably the kitchen sink.

We travelled out to what is known as the 'Chamber of Signatures', where all sorts of history is recorded, including the signatures of 2 past FUSSI members from 1976.



M. BUCKERFIELD 1976



J. MARSHALL FUSS 1976

The signatures, of nearby property owners from the 1950s, other locals and cavers, are written in a red sandy floor and are 'fenced off' to protect them from visitors' boots. The walls, being that nice white flaking Naracoorte limestone previously mentioned, is fretting onto sections of this floor and slowly covering some of the signatures.

From here the group split into two with one group returning slowly to the entrance chamber taking more photos and generally discussing all things karst. The other group went off to the back section of the cave to find the site of a dig that took place about 50 years previous. Here, back in the mists of time, cavers followed a breeze and dug a section of the cave for about 6 metres. We found no breeze present when we visited, but enjoyed the clay figurines made by those who waited for their turn to dig.



Clay figurines at the end of Sand cave

The trip back took about 2 hours and we arrived just in time to find the last of the first group at the top of the entrance pitch. As all of us could SRT out, exiting was a breeze but it still took time as the tube is tight and twisting, so one is constantly negotiating with the walls of the tube with one's knees or feet or hands so as to get some lift in the system. All in all, a grand day of caving was had.

For FUSSI members it was time to pack up and drive for three and a half hours back to Adelaide. For the rest of the crew it was the start of the ACKMA conference, so they trundled off to 'Welcome Drinks' in the Naracoorte Town Hall!

CORRA-LYNN CAVE TRIP REPORT

Sunday 26th July

By Annie Morris (first time caver)

Photos by Neville Skinner

Trip participants: Annie Morris, Yvette Sim, Jodie Shi Hui Yeo, Neville Skinner, Nekane Reta Murua, Jon Urrejola, Ruben Lopez, Aimee Leong and Thomas Varga

As my alarm went off at 6am on a Sunday with the wind blowing outside I wasn't so sure that caving was going to be the activity for me. However, a couple of hours later with coffee in hand and surrounded by new smiling faces, things were looking up.

Our group of nine met in Port Wakefield to discuss the plan for the day. Experienced caver Thomas talked the group through what to expect and off we set to Corra-Lynn Cave, just outside of Curramulka township.

Having never been in a cave before I was somewhat hesitant about what lay ahead, but was also excited to explore this new underground world. Surrounded by several experienced people, I was confident that I would be well looked after.



First stop was Grand Central, to get our bearings

We started by making our way through some of the more open spaces of the cave. Walking and crawling through tunnels as well as larger spaces, I enjoyed looking at the different types of rock and various formations around us. As the day progressed we tackled increasingly challenging (read: increasingly small) spaces – including crawling and sliding on our bellies as well as trying some vertical sections.



L to R: Jon, Ruben, Annie, Neka & Aimee



Annie offers support to Aimee (Ruben, Neka & Jon in background)



The group planning their next trip

In one section we needed to manoeuvre ourselves one by one down a rope hanging between two close walls. As a novice, I was delighted to successfully negotiate this new challenge. As we caught our breath at the bottom Thomas suggested anyone feeling 'keen' could attempt to return back up through the way we came.



Climbing back up Rope Crevasse



Aimee divining which direction is North

With a mix of trepidation and bravado, approximately half the group decided to take up the dare. With helpful hints and supportive cheers from above and below each of us managed to make it back to the top!

As the day drew towards a close we embarked on our final path, heading through Beard Squeeze. This section posed a challenge for me, as I found myself increasingly anxious about the approaching narrow pass. With a few deep breaths and taking a moment to observe and enjoy the rocks around me I managed to distract myself from the worry. I reminded myself that if grown men could get through that space I should be able to manage it too! Off I went and using the tips from other people, out I squeezed into the more open space on the other side! Despite the narrow passage and the inexperience of some of the group members we all managed to make our way through without incident.





The fine filament type substance on the rocks

Through that effort we all enjoyed the more decorative parts of the cave, seeing some sparkly and shiny areas in the rock that weren't present elsewhere in the cave. We also came across a curious fine filament type substance that shimmered in the light. Although unidentifiable to us at the time, it was an intriguing (and pretty) substance to observe.

Emerging from Corra Lynn just on sunset, we cleaned up our gear and packed up ready for home. Despite the physical fatigue I was grateful for all the experiences of the day, not only of the cave itself but also of the warm and friendly people in the group. It was definitely worth that early start!

A big thank you to Aimee for inviting me along, as well as Thomas and Neville for guiding us and all the other people on the trip who made my first caving effort such a positive experience.

Ed - Further information about Corra-Lynn cave may be found here:

<http://www.abc.net.au/local/photos/2012/06/04/3517898.htm>

NARACOORTE CAVES TRIP REPORT

15th – 16th August

By Dee Trewartha (first time caver)

Photos by Neville Skinner

Trip participants: Dee Trewartha, Jenny Doswell, Thomas Varga (Trip Leader) & Neville Skinner

As a newly signed up fledgling caver on my first trip I had no idea what to expect (Or what to pack...). After a comfortable Friday night drive down to Naracoorte to the most five star bunkhouse I have ever stayed in (Wirreanda). The real adventure part began on Saturday morning with almond croissants and coffee at the Van Leuven French bakery, where we met up with the fourth member of our weekend group, Jenny. This brought the total to four, Neville, Thomas, Jenny and myself - Dee. Well-fed and fully caffeinated we headed out to Beekeepers for cave number one.

After a super wire ladder demonstration by Neville we navigated a short vertical descent without incident and proceeded into the heart of Beekeepers, complete with stalactites and stalagmites, crawl through passages and rock falls to negotiate.



Dee thoroughly enjoying herself

Thomas explained the map and helped me discover that my bearings underground (pretty reliable above ground) are nearly always the reverse of what they ought to be and lucky we weren't relying on me to find the way back out!



Jenny having a good time



Thomas, are you sure we're there... I think we're here...

After a picnic lunch we teamed up with John from the CFS, who came with us to have a look at Fox cave for the upcoming SRT weekend. A bit of off road adventuring across swampy paddocks got us to the walk in entrance that narrowed into a letterbox drop with a gate. (Neville said don't go head first, but Thomas did it anyway, so I felt fully free to choose either technique!) After some tight crawling Fox cave opened up into many chambers adorned with fossils (including a fascinating collection of teeth and jaw bones) and tree roots and stalactites and stalagmites. In one of the chambers the tree roots hung down like giant horsetails from a majestically high ceiling and sparkled like stars where the water droplets hung along them. Neville had spotlights that lit each room dramatically and as he moved them around to take photos we had the most impressive views of all the features.



Dee checking out the sand cone



Thomas, Jenny & Dee talking to John Probert

The colours were often spectacular, rich red ochres contrasting with striking white limestone. We made our way to the Madonna chamber (why are they all called Madonna?).



The Madonna Room



Dee takes in the beauty of the different colours & shapes of the Madonna Room

Finally we visited the Edelweiss chamber before John and I attempted to lead the way out.... and.... went entirely the wrong way (After three caves, much good instruction and armed with a map I still can't reliably find my way back out! Practice makes perfect, I hope).



The Edelweiss Chamber



Dee in awe of the beauty of the tree roots



I was amazed at how the tree roots sparkled in the light

We emerged from Fox cave in the near dark and turned our thoughts to hot showers and dinner, but the adventure was not over yet! On the way out of the paddock one of the vehicles got convincingly bogged, resulting in many sacrificial pieces of wood, spinning wheels and much spraying of mud before it finally got pulled out. If you are going to get bogged in the dark, getting bogged with a bunch of people with

headlamps is surprisingly useful. It was then we discovered the vehicle behind it was also bogged, so we had to go back for that one as well.

After a hose down and a spruce up we went out on the town, namely, dinner at Billie Macs (aka the pub). Being a vegan I was very excited to have a choice of tasty meals after expecting at best a hearty serve of roast pumpkin and pickled beetroot from the salad bar for dinner. After covering a vast number of dinner conversation topics including an analysis of the table construction and some general philosophy of life we headed back to the bunkhouse for a cuppa and attempted to use Google Sky Map with moderate success. I think we now all have a vague idea of where Hercules is and approximately what he looks like. It was good motivation to brush up on our Roman legends anyway.

Our final morning began in what seems to be true FUSSI style, with coffee and hot chocolate, this time at Wonambi, in the company of blue wrens.

We then headed out to S102, which is on private property and doubles as a shooting range, but not on Sundays luckily. It had a vertical entrance which was super fun, and very easy to navigate, thanks to the excellent instructions from Neville and Thomas.

I think this was my favourite cave of the weekend, with some fantastic upwards crawling through a twisting passage that I'm sure was made by a prehistoric anaconda, emerging into a magnificent cavern with a huge sand cone that Neville's flood lights gave a stunning dramatic edge to.



That's me inspecting the huge sand cone in S102 Cave



Dee checks out the shells in the limestone walls of a chamber in S102 Cave

Around the back of the sand cone ocean fossils studded the ceiling; coral and shells and tube worms everywhere. I was awestruck by the quiet stillness of what had once been turbulent passages of water and the teeming underwater life paused and set into stone. Like the evolution of the continent had been paused in a moment in time. And when you've had enough looking you can put the torches out. Caves seem to have their own kind of stillness, their own kind of deep dark, their own kind of ancient silence.

Needless to say I can't wait to go on another trip.

Thanks FUSSI! I'm fully converted.

**** Trip Leaders' note:**

We applied for access to Sand Cave for this weekend, however due to an ongoing research project, no access is allowed until November this year.

RAPID BAY KAYAK TRIP

April 2015

Written by Thomas Varga,
Photos: Thomas Varga 2015

Back in April, earlier this year, the weather was warm, the seas were calm and my kayak was gathering dust. Inspired by the joint FUUC/FUSSI trip we did earlier in January where we rode a boat along the shoreline of the Fleurieu Peninsula as well as a talk given by Steve Milner from CEGSA who looked at various sea caves south of Second Valley from a kayak, I decided to do something similar myself.

After the obligatory coffee stop at the Yankalilla Bakery, I arrived at Rapid Bay and launched onto the water amid pleasant conditions with just a bit of onshore wind.

I headed north towards Second Valley to do an initial sweep of what was on offer, as well as to warm up the long used paddling muscles. Once past the Second Valley jetty I turned back south, but came in closer to the coast and took my time just puttering around. Immediately past the outcrop at Second Valley there is a well-known sea cave, which I was able to comfortably get my (long sea) kayak into. It was an eerie feeling sitting on the water underground, light shining through the entrance onto the fish that could be clearly seen gathering at the opening under the water. Gentle



waves were slowly going in and out causing me to bop up and down, the sound of water against the rock walls reverberating, chasing out the silence I am so used to underground.

Back in the sunlight I continued slowly southward, coming in close to any crack or crevice that looked promising. I found many such openings, but most were just small enough to get the front of the kayak in, no more. I did come across a slit in the wall just wide enough that I could slide in by having my paddle resting on the deck parallel to the length of the kayak. I used my hands against the walls to slowly pull myself further in. After cca a full kayak length the opening took a right hand turn, however it was too narrow for me to take it, I could not even look down it as I had the front of the kayak up



against a rock wall. By pushing against the walls I reversed out, back to the open sea.

There were a couple of sandy coves along the way, some with cave openings at the back of them. I landed ashore at the largest one and consumed a pie and florentine for lunch that I bought earlier at the bakery. By that point the chocolate on the florentine had melted, resulting in me sitting in the sand, cave behind me, ocean in front of me, waves crashing at my feet and chocolate smeared over my face and hands. Happy days.

After a clean-up, I went for a wander on foot and had a look at the cave opening which went back a bit, gradually narrowing down to an end. At some places I found remnants of old speleothems indicating that a long time ago this used to be a 'proper' cave.



Parking the kayak to take a look

I clambered up over some rocks and looked out over the cove taking in the view of the St Vincent Gulf. Then it was back to the beach and on the water again.

Eventually I arrived back to Rapid Bay. Given that I had some more time (and was fuelled by chocolate), I picked the pace up, kept going and went past the old jetty out towards Rapid Head. As I was hoping, I saw some seals basking on the rocks in the sun. At the Head the water was less protected, larger waves were picking me up and taking me closer to the seals - and rocks - at times faster than I intended to. It was a balancing act trying to get close enough to have a look and take pictures but keep enough distance to not get splattered against the treacherous rocks.

As I turned back to head towards the car the headwind picked up a bit. Heading into the wind, focusing on using the core muscles and trying to maintain good form while getting sea spray in my eyes, I kept watching the quarry as it slowly passed on my right.

I went under the old and then the new Rapid Bay jetties and made it back to shore, watched some clouds roll in for a while and then headed back home.

There is definitely more to see and do just on this short stretch of the coast, yet along further South past Rapid Head.

Looking forward to some favourable weather...

RAPID BAY DAY TRIP

Sat 22nd August

Written by Neville Skinner
Photos: Neville Skinner 2015

Trip participants: Steve Reynolds & Neville Skinner

It started with a comment on a Facebook page on 4th May, where Steve Reynolds (Scuba Divers Federation, Marine Life Society) said "I'm not yet a caver, but follow cave diving with interest. I've just been inside the cave at Rapid Bay though. What can you tell me about that?"

It was not until 7th August that I saw that comment, to which I responded: "There's some really interesting cavy coastline there. Go to the northern tip of the caravan park area and the cave there is interesting - goes back about 25m - need a torch to explore. Then head over/around the rocks near the water's edge (not for the faint-hearted) and keep on going..."

The next thing I know Steve is begging me when can we go? I must confess, my arm is sensitive to being twisted, and being male I have a low pain threshold, so I agreed that we could go on the following Saturday.

Once we arrived at the carpark, I set a small test for Steve to climb up the sloping side of one of the large-ish rocks on the boundary of the carpark to see if his footwear was safe on the rocks. His footwear passed.



The views as we head north to visit the caves (Steve in photos)

The trip required more climbing than walking, but the views were spectacular and well worth the effort.



Looking North



Looking South

(and, from same spot)

After travelling what seemed about a kilometre across the rocks, we arrived at the cave cove that I wanted to visit.

There were two caves in this location – one was about 25-30m deep with a large wide entrance, while the other was up in the rocks, and contained a small tunnel that appeared to go back some distance. However, I was not wearing overalls on this trip and was not about to trash the clothes I was planning to wear for the trip home, so I generously allowed Steve to take a peek. He called back that there was a tunnel that appeared to go for about 10m that he could see, and it was large enough to crawl through. However, Steve did not want to do it this trip as we had run out of time.



The larger cave with Steve at the entrance...



Looking out from rear of the cave



Climbing the slope to access the smaller cave...



and enjoying the view



Since returning, I realised from looking at some video I took from the boat, that there is a sea cave just on the other side of this rock, so these two must be connected by that small tunnel!

By now it was about 2:30pm and Steve needed to be home to get ready to go out that night. So we headed off in a hurry. I suggested we go further up the cliffs to avoid all the turns and extra distance when climbing near the water's edge.

View from the smaller cave – we arrived from half-way up the rocks on the left

It was not long before I started to regret that decision. By now we were high... very high, and we were moving into areas of loose shale. At one stage I took us even higher to get around the shale below us, with a cliff below that. The views were spectacular, but we had to remain focussed, lest the views change rapidly for the worse.



For the return trip back we climbed much higher up the slope

We could see a group of 4-5 boys coming toward us, but much lower down the slope. I did not want to attract their attention, as holding conservation at a time when our attention was totally focussed on what we were doing was a bad idea. The boys passed about 8m below us without seeing us. A few minutes later, the leading one of them looked back toward his lagging friends and spotted us, at which point he started calling out to them to look up at us. I can only imagine what they were thinking when they looked almost straight up and saw two old farts up on the cliffs above them. We ignored them for our own good and pressed on until we were able to safely drop in altitude.

I felt relieved and relaxed once we were back down low, and realised we had gained a lot of time. We pressed on and got back to the car in 35 minutes from the time we left the caves. I was pleased with that; we were now back on schedule.

Steve contacted me again later that week and asked if I would be keen to do it again the following weekend as he had two friends, Felicia & Allan, who he wanted to come along and share the experience with. Sure, I said... are they fit? Have they done any climbing before...?

RAPID BAY DAY TRIP

Sat 29th August

Written by Felicia Lee

Photos: Steve Reynolds (SR) and Neville Skinner 2015

Trip participants: Felicia Lee, Steve Reynolds & Neville Skinner

This story started some time ago, a few months or so back, when Steve, Allan and I had gone into a cave at Rapid Bay, since the weather was not ideal for diving. I really liked it, and suggested that we should try and get into more caves. Little did I expect that Steve would actually take my suggestion seriously. After we walked into that small cave, I started to investigate caving on Google and thought “Wow! That looks like such fun”.

So, it was to be this Saturday morning. Steve wanted me to meet a little earlier at 9am, but I told him that I was out the night before, and so I suggested 10am. Eventually we came to a compromise and agreed to meet at 9:30am. I really liked going out on outings on Saturday mornings, but I did not want to give up going out on Friday nights either. I had arrived home at 2:30am the night before, so I slept for half the journey in the car. Steve thinks I am too old for going out at night to clubs, and that it is high time I found myself some “adult-like hobby”, words straight from the mouth of Steve (hint hint: diving/ caving) and wake up early to enjoy the Saturday. I would like to do that, but I like going out at night too! You simply can’t win, can you?

Anyway, we met up with the awesome~! (I add some superfluous symbols to emphasize his awesomeness, as he is the one who asked me to write this article and I hope he will let me come along with him caving. I better add that for Steve~! too or he might not invite me to go diving with him next time) Neville and went to the bakery to grab ourselves some lunch. It had been a long drive.



Felicia and Neville ready to head off (SR)

I had no idea what to expect, but Steve did tell me to bring boots for caving (which I did not have). When I arrived at Rapid Bay, the guys started getting all geared up.

First came the safety helmet and boots, which Steve had so kindly prepared. I tried on the boots; I was a size 5 and the boots were a tad loose for me. As I put on the safety boots (that were too big for me) and the safety helmet, I started contemplating what I was in for.

I was thinking of ways I could possibly fall while climbing the side of the rocks, and was wondering if the strapless helmet would hold its place if I were to land head first. With that in mind, I quickly adjusted my hair and tightened the knob of the safety helmet.

When we got there, I felt the need to double check with Steve and Neville. “Are we climbing the side of THAT? By the waves? Not the other cave?” I think I must have asked that question twice, as I pointed to the side of the rocks, a little incredulous, scared and excited all at once, at the infinite possibilities that it could mean. (The adrenaline rush of climbing the side of the rock and actually getting into the cave vs. the possibility of plunging headfirst and being wherever the hell death would bring me to.)

Anyway, we swiftly got onto it as it was getting late. Geared up with torches, little bags for torches, boots and safety helmet (that I wasn’t sure would be of any use if I landed head first). Neville gave me a couple of lessons on climbing these rocks. As I climbed the rocks, I was a little wary and made sure I had a very good hand grip each time. Neville pointed out the shale that I had to look out for, as it would crumble easily. Then he proceeded to tell me that this was the first to wear, from the weathering by storms, etc.



Steve & Felicia heading back to the carpark (NS)



Just as well I’m wearing a helmet! (NS)

I looked up at all the infinite heights of rocks up above and finally I understood what that safety helmet was for. Ah-haaaaaaaaa, it was to prevent rocks that were tumbling from hitting your head. Oh, how stupid of me.

Anyway, so we started climbing the rocks, up and down, sideways, sideways. Sometimes when we were stuck I would balk at the thought of having to climb higher and coming back down. I was horrible at climbing back down.

Neville gave me a short lesson about how four legged animals were always more steady than two legged animals, and therefore I had to ensure that all my limbs were steady and use my hands as feet. And sometimes three limbs are better than four (when the rocks were slanting sideways). I just needed my one hand nearest to the rock to steady myself, instead of trying to use both hands to steady myself.

Is this where I bleat to Neville, “Four legs good, two legs baaaaad” (possibly the only line I ever remembered from my year of studying Animal Farm back in middle school)? But I digress.

While climbing the rocks, the image of the mountain goat popped up in my head.

I wondered when I would ever reach such agility!! I tried to picture myself as the mountain goat, but I don't think it worked very well... I was clumsy as ever. Ehh... never mind. Still, a pretty image to have. I will always have the image of the mountain goat in my mind while climbing the side of these rocks.



Four feet are better than two!

Sometimes I tried to reach for a steady rock, but I found that my leg was too short to reach it. I wished I had longer legs like Steve or Neville as that would make the climb easier. There was a narrow column of rock that was protruding. It was a tad harder. Neville reminded me that this would probably be the most difficult area to climb.

Everyone was watching me while I was trying to climb that narrow column of rock and the pressure was immense. Neville was guiding me where to place my shoe. I thought he was trying to tap my shoe to show me where the rock was below me (it was a little hard to see, there were some rocks blocking the way). I freaked out and insisted that he did not touch my foot as I was worried that I would panic and lose hold of my grip. Finally we got past that rock! And from then on, everything got subsequently easier!



On our return trip, back to the carpark (NS)



The image of the safety helmet not working during a head plunge onto the rock had vanished from the back of my mind thereafter! Yippee!!

On the way to the next lot of rocks (SR)



Although I had not made it into the cave, I had gained some confidence while climbing these rocks, and I am sure that will come in handy for the NEXT time we decide to try to get into these caves again. It was definitely an enjoyable experience for me, coming from Singapore (some call it the concrete jungle); to be able to enjoy the outdoors like never before in Australia.

Steve and Felicia rest on the rocks while admiring the view (NS)

All that sun and nature to frolic in and possible caves to explore!

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If you know anyone who you think might be interested in joining FUSSI, get them to email us at fussi@fussi.org.au.

We will ask for your contact details and then get back to you with details of our next trip(s), so you can join us on a beginners' trip, where you will be asked to submit a completed FUSSI Membership Form and pay your introductory joining fee before entering any caves.

As a member of FUSSI, you will also be member of the Australian Speleological Federation (ASF), which also means you are covered by the ASF liability insurance.

Membership fees and other details may be found at <http://www.fussi.org.au/howtojoin.php>.

We want you to have fun with us!

**FLINDERS UNIVERSITY SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY INC
MEMBERSHIP FORM 2015**

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

STUDENT NUMBER: _____ PHONE NUMBER: _____

EMAIL: _____

NAME OF NEXT OF KIN OR EMERGENCY CONTACT:

ADDRESS:

PHONE NUMBER: Mob: _____ Wk: _____

GENERAL INFORMATION:

DO YOU HOLD A CURRENT FIRST AID CERTIFICATE: Circle the appropriate: Y / N

Expiry date:

Any other current medical/first aid qualifications: E.g, Nurse, volunteer with St Johns or the SA ambulance Service:

*Do you have any medical conditions that require medications: Y/N

If so please state: Use separate sheet if required

Take your medication with you whilst underground/on a FUSSI trip. Please inform the trip leader of your medical condition.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

12-13th September: **Caving in the semi-arid Lower Flinders Ranges.**
A trip not to be missed!
Thomas and Aimee coordinating.
Email: fussi@fussi.org.au

**** THIS TRIP IS NOW FULLY BOOKED ****

Mid Semester Break: Sep 21st – Oct 3rd

Thurs 22nd Oct: **General Meeting “Heard Is and Antarctica”**
A special presentation by Tania Wilson.

Sunday 25th Oct: **Kongerati Cave, Wirrina and Rapid Bay cave.**
One day of surface exploration south of Adelaide.
Let's see what we find. Bring your walking boots.
Meet at Yankalilla Bakery. Thomas and Aimee coordinating.
Email: fussi@fussi.org.au

Gloom, Depression, EXAMS: Nov 7th – Nov 21st

Thurs 19th Nov: **Rigging workshop with Trevor Arnold (SES).**
State Emergency Services facility at Lonsdale.

Sunday 29th Nov: **River Murray boat trip - looking for caves south of Swan Reach.**
Thomas and Aimee coordinating.
Email: fussi@fussi.org.au

4-7th December: **Mole Creek caves, Tasmania.** Fly-in fly-out.
Numbers limited to 6 only.
Clare coordinating.
**** THIS TRIP IS NOW FULLY BOOKED ****

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR THE NEXT ROUND OF FUN ACTIVITIES

Easter, 2016: **Nullarbor Plains caves – the biggest chambers you’ve ever seen!**