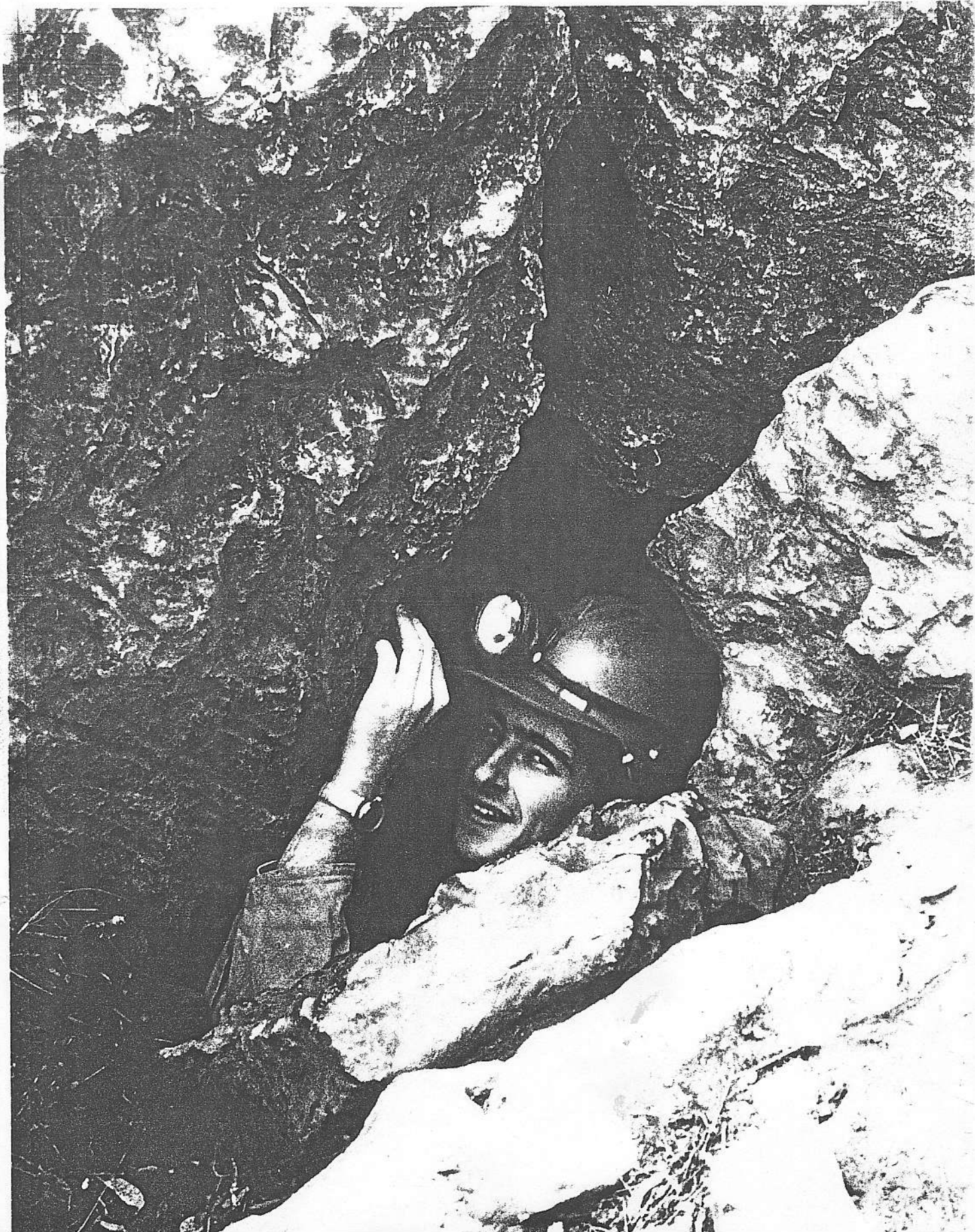


SPELEOGRAFFITI

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Society, Inc

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NUCC ANNUAL 1983



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S P E L E O G R A F F I T I 1983

Journal of the National University Caving Club

Committee members

President	A Butt	
Secretary	M Carson	(MAR-OCT)
	A Caldwell	(NOV-MAR)
Treasurer	G Anderson	(MAR-SEPT)
	R Pax	(OCT-MAR)
Equipment Officer	P Hardiman	

Editors

R Pax,

J Butt

Photograph

J Butt,

R Pax

PRESIDENTS REPORT -- 1983

The past year was one which saw not only new faces making an appearance in the management of the club, and club trips, it also saw us begin to expand our horizons in terms of where we actually did our wombat/rabbit/misc. burrowing animal impersonations. Trips to Buchan and Cooleman were arranged, as well as to the more mundane Wee Jasper, Bungonia, and Wyanbene.

Particular caves of note were:

Buchan - from all accounts, all of the caves visited at Buchan are worthwhile, that's why I'm going on the second Buchan trip.

Bungonia - A descent was made into Drum cave, and several people discovered that a 150' abseil in and ladder out was nothing to be trifled with.

A trip was also led into B72, which gave the free climbing addicts (lunatics?) among us a new playground. If they want a better cave for this, I recommend B4-5 without ladders, just don't stand under Craig Petteerd while you're doing it.

Wyanbene - I am led to believe that one of our trips finally made it to Frustration Lake, my congratulations to the trip members, I wish I could have been there.

The 1984 Cave Rescue weekend at Bungonia is coming up shortly, and for the sake of those attending, I hope that it turns out a little better than last years, where quite a few people did not make it underground for the entire weekend, since the cave we were to do our practice rescue in was short on both space and breathable air. For those who have never been to one of these weekends, it will be worth your while attending, if you get the chance, as having to assist in a cave rescue is something that could happen on almost any trip, with very little warning. Such joyous episodes are also possibly not as uncommon as the lack of reports would seem to suggest, since most rescues involve not hordes of 'skilled' personnel, but whatever poor fools happen to be on the spot at the time - so in those immortal words, 'when you least expect it, expect it'.

With a bit of luck, some of our own rescue practices will get a little further off the ground this year than they did last year, but that is up to the club, and to the 1984 committee.

I would like to thank last years committee for the efforts they made, until pressures of work/study overcame them, and I would particularly lik' to thank those people that took over those jobs when the original incumbents could no longer perform them, you know who, you are, so I wont mention a long string of names, on the chance that I may miss someone.

On that note I say fare well to my place on the committee, for this year at least, since I feel that I need some time off to recoup my energies, rather than hanging around like a lead weight, I will therefore not sit for a committee position this year, but instead will offer my advice to the new committee (if they will take it), and will lead a few more trips (you've got no choice about that)

Yours in Caving

Tony Butt

TREASURERS REPORT

Although the club was in a difficult financial situation at the beginning of the year, it has ended successfully with most of out helmets, ladders and lights replaced. In addition new gear was bought for abseiling. These purchases have been the result of two independant items of income. First, the sports union grant of March 1983 (gear arrived December 1983) and secondly a request to sports union for extra funds (gear arrived February 1984). Below is the balance of accounts March '83 to February 1984.

Balance as at 22nd February 1984

	\$ (Debit)	\$ (Credit)
Capital (Mar '83)		367.88
Dues		141.00
Grants		1,045.69
Interest on accounts		24.17
Equipment Purchased	1,182.25	
Sunday items	264.57	
Balance Bought Forward	<u>131.42</u>	
	<u>\$1,578.74</u>	<u>\$1,578.74</u>

RANDOLPH PAX
(TREASURER)

EQUIPMENT REPORT

Well as you all know, during 1983 a lot of our equipment either became, or was found to be, unserviceable. This did curb some of our trip potential, however, thanks to some hard work by Randolph we now have enough funds to carry us over until further gear can be purchased with the 1984 grant.

Following is a list of serviceable equipment:-

Karabiners -	10 screwgate 1 snaplink
Whaletails -	2
Rappel Racks -	4 large 1 small
Harpoons	
Stichplate -	1 with spring (lost at Buchan, fell over edge of pitch in honeycomb cave).
Jumars -	3 pairs
Gibbs -	3 individual (spring loaded)
Helmets -	12 (all with light brackets)
Caplamps (lead acid battery)	- 7
Rope -	Bluewater II - 45m Bluewater III - 2 x 45m (Belay ropes only, too slippery for abseiling) Handline (9mm) - 1 x 15m No 4 Nylon (laid) - 2x20m
Ladders -	1 x 17 feet
Ladders -	1 x 30 feet 1 x 50 feet
Caving Packs -	2 (vinyl)
Tape (nylon) -	2" - 1 x 2m, 1 x 4m 1" (tubular) - 1 x 2m 1" (flat) - 1/2m
Battery belts -	8 (nylon) 6 (leather)

Equipment Report Cont'

Rope Protectors	-	2 (vinyl with velcro fasteners) 2 (canvas with velcro fastener and clog ascenders attached) 2 (hosing with tie on cord)
'Busy Bee' Overalls	-	1 pair (medium size)
Rubber Dinghy (with Oars)	-	1
Transformers (12v)	-	2
Charge plates	-	1 x 2 plate charger
First aid kits	-	1
Scaling Pole	-	1
Carbide Lamps	-	8
Prismatic Compass	-	1
Measuring tape	-	1 (30m)
Steiger Klemme	-	1 pair
3 loop descending device	-	1
High beam bulbs (spare)	-	10
Low beam bulbs (spare)	-	1

IN AND OUT OF HOLES

As a complete fresher to caving I had better say a few words for people who think they might be interested. Wow! Great! Fantastic! Amaazing!!!! Now I suppose you would like some sentences?

The reason I joined the caving club was because I was looking for something different to do. Caving certainly is that, and much more. I'm certain everyone has a different reason for doing caving, but they all boil down to the same thing - to have fun. I find that with each trip my interest and awareness of all my surrounds grows.

My introduction to caving was on a rainy weekend in March at Wee Jasper. After spending a night in a tent (needless to say it developed a leak directly over my head!), walked into Signature Cave had a poke around and left.

Following this came trips to Bungonia, Buchan, Wyanbene, Cooleman, and (of course) Wee Jasper. Each of these trips I remember for different reasons. For example:

1. In Devil's Punchbowl - standing at the foot of the abseil in, looking up at the ceiling (which seems miles overhead), lit by the daylight creeping in.
2. Wyanbene - kneeling in a low tunnel in a few inches of water.
3. Dip - lying in the Rathole listening to the bats flying around in extension 3, and hearing the occasional bat flying past you.
4. Cave 29? in Buchan - at the bottom of the final ladder looking at the stream a little way further on.
5. Barber's Cave at Cooleman - the cavern with the shawl running down its side.
6. Right Cooleman - seeing a Wombat!!!
(The poor wombat must have nearly died seeing Randolph in its home.)

The last trip was to Cooleman, and with a trip like that I can hardly wait for next year.

(Enough Said?!!!)

PS. Your not living if you haven't been SIX FEET UNDERGROUND!!!!



WELL, LETS HAVE A LOOK!



Or....

THE ABC OF LEAD ACID BATTERIES

This time honoured subject of the maintenance and care of our respected (and indeed they should be respected) friends, the lead-acid battery, deserves again the stage. Currently retailing at about \$140, the lead acids are the life line between underground and the outside world.

As such, they deserve as much care as our ropes, ladders and other assorted hardware, which makes caving what it is, a joy, a passage to the wonders of natures' drainage systems.

The club has approximately 16 sets of lead acid lighting systems, of these 7 sets are in excellent condition and the rest are in poor or unservicable condition. Basically if the remaining sets are allowed to deteriorate faster than the normal aging process dictates, the club will find itself in the dark, soto speak, as our finances will not allow replacement of batteries en mass. For this reason it is urged all members read the following article on the are & maintenance of lead acid cap lamps (which has seen widespread use in speleo - magazines) and encourage all to put the maintenance recommendations into practice.

J.B. & R.P

INTRODUCTION

Care & Maintenance of Lead Acid Cap Lamps.

1. General.

Good reliable lighting is essential underground both for safety and moral. The most reliable and efficient lighting available at this time appears to be the miners Lead Acid cap lamps. Lead acid has many advantages over other types of lighting equipment (electrical): high electrical efficiency, low cost, high power to weight ratio, flat discharge voltage, easy to recharge from car or home power and low electrolyte danger. Disadvantages are that batteries may be ruined by Sulphation or overcharging. Sulphation occurs when a battery is left for long periods in a discharge state or when a lamp is repeatedly completely discharged without proper recharging. This may be avoided by always storing batteries in a fully charged state and performing a discharge-charge cycle at least once a month. If a battery has been completely discharged it must be completely recharged as soon as possible to avoid sulphate hardening.

Overcharging causes violent discharge of gas and high temperatures within the battery. High rates of gas discharge will dislodge small particles of material from the plates which reduces the efficiency of the plates and also forms a deposit at the bottom of the battery which can eventually short circuit the plates and ruin the battery completely. High temperatures can have a similar effect by buckling the plates and allowing some of the plate material to be lost from the plates with the

same disasterous results.

2. Charging

From these observations it is obvious that correct charging of Lead Acid batteries is essential. The old method of charging was to apply a constant current of 1 amp to the battery until the voltage reached 4.6 volts and then reduce the current to 0.5 amp until the voltage reached approx. 5.3 volts and then switch off. It can be seen that this is a rather Cumberseome method and is not easy to do at home as it must be attended continually so that the current can be reduced at the correct time. If it is not reduced violent bubbling occurs with the aforementioned results. The system that is now used almost exclusively is the Current Limited Constant potential method.

A constant voltage of 5 volts is applied through a series current limiting resistor to the battery. The internal resistance of a discharged battery in good condition is approx. 0.2 ohms and its open circuit voltage is very close to 4 volts. Therefore if we use a current limiting resistor of 0.33 ohms then the initial charging current will be approx. 1.8 amps.

$$\text{Current} = \frac{\text{Voltage Drop}}{\text{Resistance}} = \frac{1.0}{(0.33 + 0.2)} = 1.8 \text{ Amps approx}$$

As the voltage of the battery rises with charging the voltage drop decreases, therefore the current also decreases until the battery voltage rises to 5 volts when the current is approx, 0.1 amps, and the battery is fully charged. The battery may be left on the charger in this condition for several days without any danger of damage even though the battery should be charged in about 12 hours.

A circuit for a suitable charger which can be used from either a 12 volt car battery or 240 volt AC home power is given. If a charger to operate from the car power only is required then only the part of the circuit to the right of the dotted line need be built.

The LM 323k voltage regulator should be mounted on the metal case of the charger so that the heat generated within it may be dissipated. When using the charger with other than Oldhams cap lamps the top of the battery may have to be removed and the charger connected directly to the battery terminals with small alligator clips or some provision made on the battery cover for connecting the charger.

3. General Maintenance

(a) Electrolyte: Never add acid to a battery to increase the level always use distilled water and only fill to the line on Oldhams Type T or to the bottom of the holes on other types of batteries. Levels should be checked every 2 months.

(b) Terminals: Remove the battery cover and check the condition of the wires and screws that hold the wires to the terminals at least every six months. If the terminals are corroded there may be an acid leak which should be repaired (see reference). Finish by covering the terminals with a smear of Petroleum Jelly and replace the cover.

(c) Cable: Check the cable for cracks and damage, particularly where it enters the battery or lamp. If it shows damage of any kind it should be replaced (use only genuine replacement cables manufactured specially for maximum flexibility without straining the internal wires). Never pick up a battery by the cable as this can strain the wires.

(d) Bulbs: The bulbs used in cap lamps are manufactured to withstand hard knocks so only use the correct replacements. Unless a faulty bulb is used a lamp should never fail if the bulb is replaced after about 400 hours or 2 years. Care should always be exercised when handling lamps in the off condition as the bulb is most susceptible to mechanical failure then.

(e) Reflectors: Never try to polish the reflector as most lamps have a vacuum deposited metal coating on a plastic backing and this may be rubbed off thus ruining it. If a reflector becomes dirty then wash it with soapy water (not detergent) using a soft camel hair brush and rinse in distilled water afterwards.

(f) Lens: Always keep the lens glass free from dirt and scratches as a thin smear of mud on the glass can reduce light output as much as 25%.

(g) General: Always keep battery clean as any damage is much more easily seen and can be rectified before complete failure occurs underground. Use low beam as much as possible as on most lamps the discharge time will be twice as long as using high beam. If the battery discharges to the point where it is too dim to see by, switch it off and wait for half an hour when the battery will regenerate enough to give at least another 15 minutes of useful light. (1 hour should give about 40 minutes). This can be repeated several times but with less useable light each time. However use beyond 9 hrs is not recommended.

4. Conclusions.

If a Lead Acid Battery Lamp is correctly charged and maintained it should give many years of efficient and reliable lighting under the most arduous conditions of caving activities. I hope that the information in this article will be of some benefit to all cavers.

5. References.
1. MINSUP Information Bulletin, August 26th, 1969. Instructions for Type 6 Chargers and Oldham Lamps.
 2. MINSUP Information Bulletin, August 20th, 1970. Instructions for use of small chargers, charging etc.
 3. Trans. B.C.R.A. Vol. 1 No.4. pp. 199-214, December 1974. The characteristics and use of Lead Acid Caps Lamps, by M.F. Cowlshaw.
Reprinted from C EGSA Newsletter 21 (4) 1977.

CIRCUIT FOR CONSTANT VOLTAGE CHARGER

Connections for LM 323k

LM 323k

12v from Car

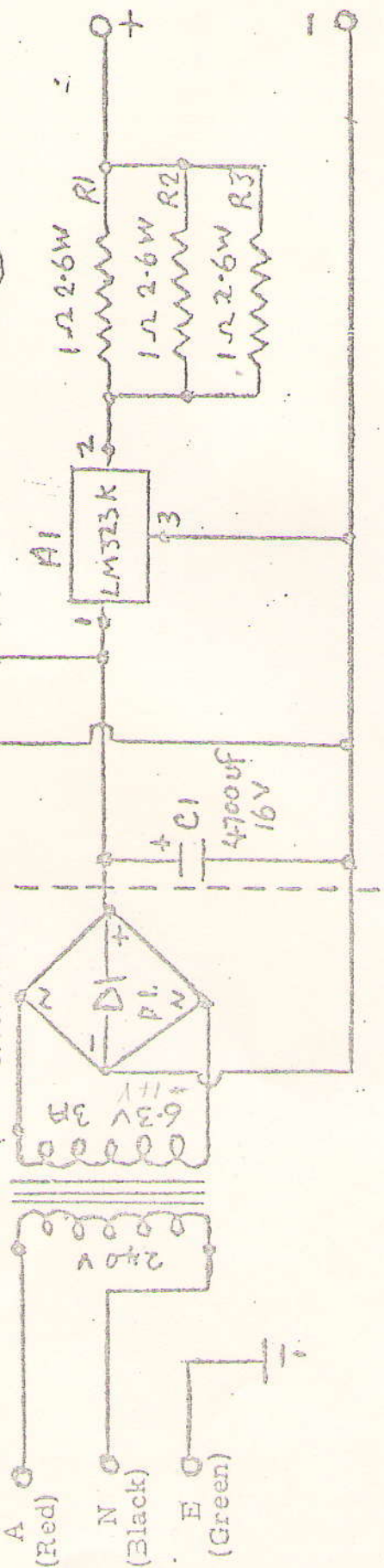
3 pin Mains Plug.
A (Red)
N (Black)
E (Green)

T1. 2.5 Amp Bridge Rectifier

6.3V 3A
= 11V

To Spring Contact (Oldhams)

To Key Contact (Oldhams)



PARTS LIST.

- T1 - Any Transformer capable of 6.3 V @ 3 Amps output.
 - D1 - Silicon Rectifier Bridge capable of carrying 2.5 Amps.
 - C1 - Electrolytic Capacitor 4700 uF 16V working.
 - D2 - Silicon Rectifier Diode Capable of carrying 3A (See problems of regulator)
 - A1 - LM 323k 5 Volt Regulator @ 3 Amps.
 - R1, 2, 3 - Resistor 1Ω wire wound (minimum 2 watts).
- Use 23/0076 Wire for all interconnection

IN REPLY TO A PREVIOUS TRIP REPORT.....

Many moons ago it was decided that the literary genius of NUCC members be exhibited in such a form as to be classified "viewing material" for the general public (ie. write something for the proposed "book" or else!!). And here it is, the night before dead line, so the last correspondance tells me, with whatever it was I was supposed to write still unwritten. Technically, I was supposed to write a trip report on a certain trip to Wee Jasper (21.3.83). So here goes.

Ah! The joy of getting up at 6 am!? Especially when there are other people to get out of bed also!! I DO NOT, however, consider the four stitches in my hand justice, rather, it was my own silly fault for putting it through a broken window. Contrary to general belief, certain occupants of a certain green "Escort" did not get impatient, but rather had a disagreeable nett resultant force act on them - gravity is like that you know!

I can only commend those around for helping out (especially Rod - if you ever need some haemorrhage stopped, he wraps a pretty mean bandage).

Caving that day was pretty minimal, although those doing "Dip" had a more typical day. Thanks to Wombat (Tony) for taking the more enthusiastic into "Dip". Many thanks to Alan and Anne for getting me home that day also.

Overall, I suppose I'm trying to say we should always be thinking "SAFETY", whether travelling to or from the caves or actually underground. Organising help/rescue is difficult enough when we actually have access to cars and telephones - without them potential fatalities can develop.

BE CAREFUL, because if you get yourself hurt, it may be quite some time before help arrives. Think of your mates: they've got to get you out and back home to Mum in one piece. And think of others that would have to be involved - Rescue, Police, Ambulance, etc., all because of carelessness. Rod and I had a close call - too close. Let's all make sure we ACT safe and THINK safe, so we can keep our 99.9% safety record.

MARK

WYANBENE CAVE

16 April 1983

Party: Mark Carson, Rod Horne, Jim Rouell
Brian Thompson, Jeff Butt.

This trip constituted the first NVCC pilgrimage to Wyanbene for 1983. Initially gathering sufficient pilgrims for the journey presented some difficulty, however the numbers eventually rallied forth.

The main aim of the trip was to visit the Gunbarrel oven. Three of our number had been to Wyanbene several times but had previously been unable to locate it.

On the way into the mountain being ably assisted by Brians' knowledge of the cave the sidetrip to the Gunbarrel was made. A spectacular oven it was, watching your high beam fade into oblivion somewhere beneath the ceiling (105m above) was somewhat eerie.

The oven itself is very appropriately named, being 105 m high and approximately 12 m in diameter, it possesses the aspect ratio for a barrel. In addition the 'ripping' marks on the walls also lends support to this idea.

Returning to the main cave we proceeded on to Caesars Hall where we lunched. Due to a general cool feeling (in typical Wyanbene style) we headed out after lunch. Our emergence ended our 6 hour underground stint. I would say that all found this trip to be both an interesting and educational experience.

Jeff Butt

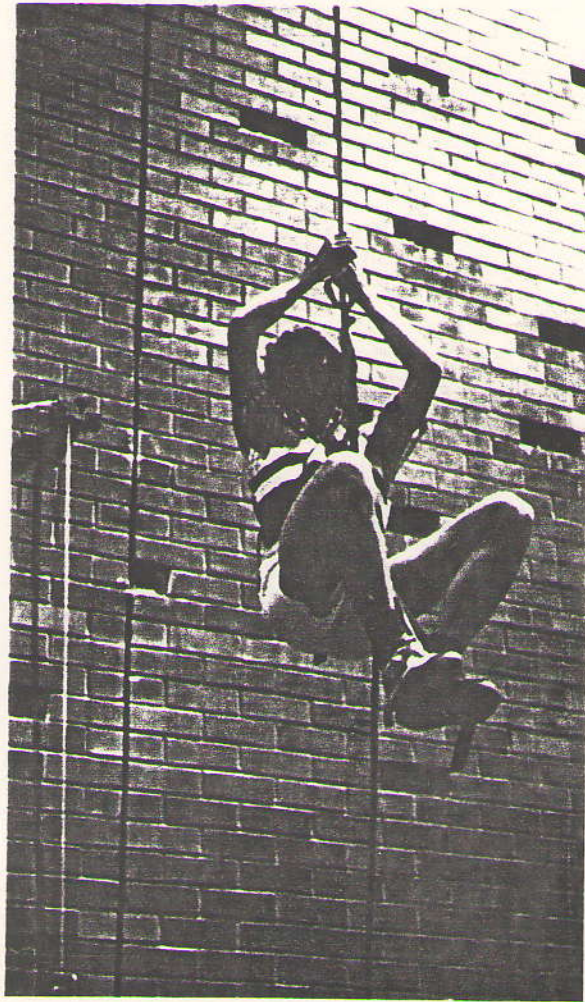


"A big a woman's place
is in the cave"



A DUBIOUS GAGGLE OF HUMANITY





WELL, YOU DON'T LOOK SO
GOOD EITHER!

B U N G O N I A

THE DRUM TRIP

May '83

Party: T. Butt (Wombat)
R. Horne (Aardvark)
K. Barney (legs)
A. Caldwell (Sloth)
A. Robinson
M. Carson (Lemming)
P. Hardiman
G. Brimms (2nd abseil)
J. Rowel (1st abseil)

FRIDAY (NIGHT)

This was just another ordinary night spent under the nylon and wide weave cotton of our tents, during which a furry, hungry (and toothy) four footed animal (of the genus Vulpes) uninvited himself to dinner by :

- (a) Sampling Sloth's foot through both tent and sleeping bag,
- (b) Attempting to sample Rod's foot thru tent and sleeping bag (he very soon found out that this foot kicked),

and (c) as dessert he decided that fingers Nos 1 & 2 on Allan's left hand (which were by now busily unzipping the tent in an effort to deter this somewhat unsubtle dinner guest) were just what the chef ordered.

SATURDAY

After a pleasant night's sleep (heh, heh) we rose nice and early (what do you mean midday isn't early?) and after a leisurely breakfast we set off to practice and teach (Jim) abseiling. This was carried out on the cliffs above B.5 (better known as Hogan's Hole). After some initial nerves and two falls on the face (not serious) everybody had completed one drop.

At about this time a rather less than sensible christian youth group announced their arrival to us by tossing large rocks over the cliff. This overly intelligent group put beginners on a double rope (one end of which ended 8 ft above the ground) and told them to copy the more 'experienced' members (if you could call them that).

Besides the entertainment of watching these poor beginners falling all over a semi rock/soil face, there was the spectacle of the more 'experienced' (heh, heh) members having abseiling races and of course that classic comment made by one super macho, (who abseiled into a patch of stinging nettles whilst wearing a pair of shorts); "Hey, these stinging nettles really sting."

We also noticed that Karnesses this group were using were tied up with reef knots and the only skid lid in their possession was being used as a sungat by someone sitting at the top of the cliff!!!! So, although I'm sure blood on rock is very pretty, we decided to leave before we were presented with such a picture.

During the afternoon we tried our luck in a rather wet and muddy Holland's hole (you know, the one with the tight squeeze), some members couldn't make the squeeze so we returned to camp for a good nights sleep before attempting Drum.

SUNDAY

This was the dry - a vertical pitch, 135 ft long with no resting ledges; no place to panic!!!

With these thoughts present, the two less experienced abseilers in our group were left to go walking/sight seeing on their own.

With the pitch rigged a certain "Wombat" started his descent, testing for CO₂ on the eay (of course!!). On making it to the bottom of the pitch others rigged up to follow (Mark! do I hear a call of Lemmings off a cliff, or is that flying sheep??), After three people were at the bottom of the pitch, CO₂ was found a short way along the cave. On hearing this it was decided that all those who felt up to it would abseil in for the experience (and there I was, thinking I was going to get out of it!!!)

As I volunteered to go last, I had to abseil with the ladder to check it wasn't tangled. Naturally, about 30 ft down I was facing one very tangled ladder. I tried to kick the tangle out, but alas, this made no difference and I called out for my bottom belay to tie me off. Thus, rather nervously I let go of the rope with both hands (I trust my bottom belay, silly me) and proceeded to try and untangle the ladder. Much to my astonishment (and relief) the tangle fell (yes fell!!) out. So after being released by my belayer I continued down. About 70 ft from the bottom the wet walls contrived to soak the abseil rope and this added to the interest of the abseil. Especially, when standing on a rock five to six feet from the bottom I stepped and, without releasing any rope, ended up four inches from the ground (a lesson here in rope stretch remembering approx 1 - 3% in a static rope, over 150 ft, becomes 1.5 to 4.5 ft.)

After this it was a matter of eating lunch and then climbing out. Boring, you may think, definately not for those poor bastards (Rod & Myself) who had to belay anybody out. And naturally I was very appreciative of the person who suggested I pull up the rope with the gear attached to it (Kay lent some much appreciated assistance in this body building stunt, thanks Kay). Following this I was so endeared to the person who suggested I pull the ladder up that my halo almost slipped.

All in all a most exciting and interesting trip and I'm sure everybody enjoyed themselves.

BUCHAN WEEKEND

29-30th August 1983

Party: Anne Robinson, Alan Caldwell, Mark Carson, Gary Brims,
Jeff Butt, Rod Horne, Randolph Pax, Grant Anderson,
Janette Henderson, Ross Anderson.

Amazingly enough the organisational machine of NUCC got it all together and a trip to a new area eventuated. The weekend trip was in reality an hectic combination of driving, caving, telling jokes and the odd piece of sleep. Two vehicles left Canberra early on Friday with the third leaving late in the day. The trip down coincided with a wet weekend in the ACT and remarkably enough, dry weather in VIC.

Our accommodation for the weekend was the spacious VSA 'Homeleigh', which as any caver would agree had all the armchairs needed. Friday was late for all concerned, those that arrived early in the day were still up to welcome (or maybe they liked pissing on?) the late arrivals.

Despite the late night, Saturday morning saw an early start being made. With the assistance of a VSA member Peter and companions Linda and Nathan (who had their weekend's activities crashed by us) our party of 13 went on an exploratory venture into Honeycombe (m41) Seven and a half hours were spent getting lost and found in this delightful little maze.

Back at Homeleigh the evening meal was followed by a session in the comfortable lounge in front of a blazing open fire. The chief conversational topic was an amazing array of Irish/Dingo/Jack Newton Rastas etc, etc jokes and the occasionally odd caving comment.

Sunday saw us to another early start with our party splitting into two groups and visiting two caves in rotation, namely Dicksons and M65. Dicksons was basically a horizontal cave offering sufficient passage complexity for it to be a challenge to locate all its parts and the way out. All who visited this cave thought it a good little jaunt. M65 on the other hand was a vertical muddy wet pot with pitches of 15, 6 and 22 m ending at the bottom of 2 m diameter mud lined tube with a noisy rising streamway. There was some CO₂ present at the lower end.

After a clean up and tea the more sensible of us were relaxing and getting ready for a good sleep in whilst the more rushed of us set off for home. Needless to say little work was done by the latter group on Monday.

In summary everyone thoroughly enjoyed the trip though there were many comments alluding to the hectic nature and excessive distance involved in going to Buchan for a weekend. For example see the following trip agenda and statistics. However I'm sure that there will be future NUCC trips to Buchan.

Jeff Butt

AGENDA FOR A HECTIC WEEDEND

Friday: 8pm Depart for Buchan

Saturday: 2am Arrived at Homeleigh

 2:30am Off to bed

 7:30am Out of bed

 9:00am Off to Honeycombe

 9:30am - 5:00pm Underground in Honeycombe

 5:00pm - Tea and joke session

Sunday: 12:30am Back to bed

 7:30am Up again, already!

 10:30am - 1:30pm Underground in Dicksons Cave

 1:30pm - 2:30pm Lunch and changeover

 2:30pm - 5:30pm Underground in M41

 5:30pm Tea and clean up

 8:00pm Off for the ACT

Monday: 2:15am Arrived home

STATISTICS

In 54 hours there were:	12 hrs driving	(22% time)
	12 hrs sleep	(22% time)
	13½ hrs caving	(25% time)
	16½ hrs for everything else	(31% time)

SPELEOSPORTS

Come one, come all, to Speleosports!!!!!!

Speleo.....?!

Are you looking for a challenge?
Do you want more from your caving?
You need Speleosports, guaranteed to put the zing back into
your sport!!!!

But WHAT IS this Speleosports????

The recipe is:

- 1 Weekend in September
- 25 Teams of fun-loving, thrill seeking cavers and as
many cave-type obstacles you can imagine.

Still interested??? READ ON!!!

For a number of years, a weekend of fun and games has been organised at Macquarie University in Sydney. Teams come from far and wide to participate in this masochistic event. The course is best described as ... interesting, but the most fun is had by the spectators following the current team around the course.

In 1983 the course was as follows;

1. Over a climbing net
2. Along a vaulting horse
3. Crawl through a road culvert - 24" i.d.
4. Along a simulated ledge, very difficult as no sense of balance after the pipe.
5. Ladder up the climbing wall on the gym
6. Abseil down same
7. Through duck-under
8. Crawl through a pipe 30" i.d.
9. Swim through the slop trough - aptly named, complete submersion
(Imagine a trench 12' by 2' and 1' deep, filled with water and stirred well!!!)
10. Enter the creek under roadway - 6' i.d.
11. Crawl up feeder pipe inside of creek pipe and chimney out of roadside grate
12. Down a second grate to commence the "Infinite Crawl"
As anyone who has survived the experience will tell you, a better name could not possibly be found.
It is a veeeerrry tight 18" i.d. pipe, approx. 120' in length and your crawl is assisted by a running hose placed in the pipe.
The one unforeseen problem is this; if you are behind someone fairly large they block the water flow like a cork and you gradually get into deeper and deeper trouble.

Speleosports cont:

13. The Crawl exits into the Aven (inspection shaft) which leads back to the creek pipe. For the spectators above the grunts and groans emanating from the pipe provide much entertainment.
14. Wade down the creek pipe and clamber up the bank (particularly smelly this year)
15. Wander along a nature path until the straws. Crawl down, under and up.
16. Swing across the flowstone on ropes being careful not to fall.
17. Walk (by now) back towards the first creek entrance and prepare for the flowstone. Remove shoes and socks and attempt to walk up soapy wet plastic sheet without falling over or touching the flowstone with any part of your very filthy body.
18. Stagger back to the finish (uphill).

During all these adventures the team is required to transport a raw egg, a piece of Caramello chocolate and a caving ladder. The egg is checked between 11 and 12 and is usually carried in a padded tin. In 1982, our first year, we wrapped the egg in a spare pair of socks and placed it between the net and shell of a helmet - improvisation at its limits.

In 1983 our performance was better than '82 and we attracted the least penalty points of all the teams. Points were awarded for unsafe practices and leaving your ladder behind (guilty. at the top of the wall with no means of recovery). Overall we came eighth; the winning team 7 minutes in front.

After all the strenuous efforts the presentation and barbeque. Memories of the '82 BBQ are of a tent which needed more and more support as the night wore on, and of a fellow, who in mid sentence, crossed his legs and fell over (thrills and spills !?!).

1984???

We Shall Invade And Conquer!!!!!!!!!!

I have had two doses of this strange tonic and am ready for a third.

If you're still interested remember this,

AFTER SPELEOSPORTS ANY CAVE IS EASY!!!!!!

ALLAN CALDWELL

WYANBENE CAVE

OCTOBER 30TH 1983

PARTY MEMBERS: Peter Hart, Randolph Pax, Grant Anderson,
Gary Brimms, Jeff Butt, Noel Gerrity,
Jeanette Henderson, Rod Horne.

Once upon a time nothing happened. And then it happened again, but then there was "Wyanbene". Two full car loads set off from the heart of the Metropolis of Canberra in the search of the wildness wetness(?) of the glorious depths of Wyanbene Cave in the wee hours of the Sunday morning. Having arrived at our destination, noting en route the relatively dry but rutted swamps of the road, we quickly "trogged up" and sputtered very, very slowly to the cave entrance. After suitable de-pletion we embarked on our journey to the depths, braving water, water and more water (gurgle).

There-after we investigated the mud chamber, blow (gale) hole and the Helictite Chamber. Afterwards the Aitcheson's Bypass (we thank you mate!!). The water was only ankle deep in the next section (relief!) but due to foreseen solid encumbrances this section had to be negotiated horizontally (ugh!). After having negotiated a somewhat tight squeeze (for some - no names please!), we picked our way to Caesar's Hall thru the rockpile.

Moving on down the precarious slope to far Caesars Hall we eventually reached Diarrhoea Pit (no comment). It was found necessary to use a ladder on the descent in due to the steepness and slipperiness of the slope. The various obstacles in our way to reach Frustration Lake were uneventfully overcome, even though the intimacy required to fit 8 people on the wall out of Diarrhoea Pit was a bit close.

The wonderful blue of Frustration Lake was duly noted and its surface seen to be approximately $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cubits (0.6 M) below its normal level.

Lunch by candlelight at Lake were had to the pleasant music of silence interrupted by the random grinding of 8 sets of molars.

After this pleasant interlude, we made our way quickly back to the entrance after nine hours underground, where we discovered rain and more rain. Fortunately the road out was passable and we headed home amongst derivatives of elephants and other assorted large mammals (heavy rain).

Once again nothing happened but it happened suddenly so no-one was really aware of it!!!!

CAVING CLUB

ANNUAL

COOLEMAN PLAIN 3 & 4TH DECEMBER 1983

PARTY MEMBERS: Randolph POx, Rod Horne, Jeff Buff, Gary Brims.
Allan Caldwell, Paul Hardiman, Anne Robinson.

I used to be indecisive and now I'm not so sure, and thus began this Coolemine Trip. The drive to Rules Point on the Snowy Mountains Highway was essentially uneventful. However, long plain road was interesting in certain bogs where upon our intrepid drivers showed their skill and also managed to drive across them!!! Upon reaching the turn off to Blue Water Holes we decided to camp on the intersection to the tune of a power generator in this wilderness. After promises of leaving the campsite at 7 am the next morning we finally retired.

Departing the intersection at 9 am after heavy rain during the night we reached the Coolemine homestead with some members showing signs of hard work due to walking. After being suitably impressed by the two seater convenience (togetherness?) and the craftsmanship in the construction of the homestead we pressed on for the last 3 Km to the Blue Water holes and set up camp, had lunch and frogged up to do Barker's Cave. After walking, climbing (crawling?) for an hour or so, we found a couple of entrances (CP12,13) both of which were determined not to go very far, even though CP13 had a 30° chimney to river bed.

Not all of us were involved in this *ats initio* exploration and some (A.C., P.H., A.R.) decided to head back to camp when it started to rain heavily. The rest went on to CP14, which was quickly determined to be the dry entrance to Barber's. After being very impressed by the magnificence and beauty of this cave and successfully finding other entrances/exits (CP15- CP17) and engaging in photography of passages and the super 6 area, we returned back to campsite. Most of us being "bushed" had tea and then hit the hay (softly!) for the night.

The next morning three of us (J.B., G.B., R.P.) decided to Cooleman and R. Cooleman Caves while the rest decided to head back to the cars. These caves were pleasant (?) low (crawl) caves frequented by copious quantities of mud and mud and water which had to be negotiated horizontally (R.Cooleman). The highlight of this cave was experienced when a close encounter of the 3rd kind was experienced with a wombat. Fortunately his/her concern of safety was greater than ours and also he/she was a pacifist. After exploring a couple of holes in cliff of opposite the campsite and decamping we also headed back to the cars at a brisk pace and arrived in Canberra at approximately 7 pm after a very enjoyable weekend.



Q: Do You Fit?

A: Some do others are
chicken?

TRIP REPORT: BUCHAN

27-30 JANUARY 1884

Rod Horne, Randolph Pax, Mark Carson, Allan Caldwell,
Jeanette & Kathy Henderson, Monica Gordon, Tony Butt,
Kay Borney, Paul Hardiman.

"BUCHAN CAVES" on "THE CAVE THAT NEVER WAS"

It began with a simple request for flex time: "Please can I have Friday off?" and in an unguarded moment the boss said yes!

Friday finally felled around: we knew something had gone wrong. We started off bright and darily, Rod turning up far too early, Mark having not packed and still devouring steak and eggs for breakfast.

A brief sojourn, out to Queanbeyan to renew Mark's licence found us pulled up in the main street trying to answer some very pointed questions about the supposed (?) baldness of our tyres to the nice interested man in the taxi with a blue flashing light. One on-the-spot fine and four new very expensive tyres later, we were on the way to get some (more) money. Finally picked up other two passengers (-2hrs late) and departed for the bright lights of Buchan, thriving metropolis of Gippsland.

All went well (despite Jeanette's driving) until 15 miles the other side of Bambala: after a particularly bad set of potholes, the back r.hand brake disintegrated. The local who stopped to help us find the new parts for the brakes said the potholes had been labelled "swimming and fishing prohibited", at one stage.

Mark, who went with Phil (the local) was subjected to many trials and tribulations in order to obtain the required parts: taken to Phil's place to rummage through his garage, being helped to search through the wrecker's, forced to drink beer and play pokies at Bombala RSL etc, whilst we amused ourselves by waving R P and making faces at the logging trucks screaming past.

Arrived at Buchan - 9 hours after we left Canberra (yes mum. it was a slow trip....), with others arriving at various intervals after that.

Saturday morning: what optimistic fool said we'd be down the cave by 9am???????(the bungalow lot slept in!) Everyone was up by then at least! Trogged "Honeycomb" for - 8 hours. Quite dry according to experienced persons and much more enjoyable second time around.

A horizontal cave by most of our standards (we probably have different standards to you) apart from some insignificant pitches at each end (especially the far end). It was, however, something of an expensive cave, costing 1 stitch plate (sacrificed in a Galilean type of experiment), Rod's divers watch (shock proof but not Lemming-destruction-test proof) and $\frac{1}{2}$ a pair of Randolph's Gibbs

ascenders, which had a nasty run in with a Combat Wombat who does Wing-Chun and kicked it over a 180' pitch - oh well, that's the way the karabiner bounces! After this cave, we retired to the Buchan Pub, (famed for its exciting night life) to commiserate.

Sunday: off to an early start - about 11am (guess which wombat slept in??). A short (2 km) wald to "Trogdip" we were assured by Rankolph - 3 hrs and several terrified snakes later we gave this "walking around the bush in caving gear" up, due to time running out for some. Hot, sweaty and more than a little thirsty, we retired to the Buchan Pub... Or tried to! Did you know Victorian pubs were closed on Sundays and that orange icey ploes are no substitute for a schooner of Tooheys Old.? However we did find out where the cave was (for next time?)

Undaunted, we arranged to go down "Dickson's Cave" that night, but the ensuing thunderstorm dampened enthusiasm and washed out all hopes of a pleasant easy trip, so it was called off and we went for a "swim" instead (ask "slug" Hardiman for details of swimming in a thunderstorm)

Monday: As per usual we all got up late (some didn't) (well it seemed late) and by the time we had finished cleaning up "Homeleigh" (the V.S.A. House at Buchan to the unititiated) there wasn't any time to get down the terrorist caves. Oh well..... let's go home.

Anyway, Buchan is well worth the trip: hope to see you down there next time.

Regards,

Lemming
Quokka
Hare
Aardvaark.

You own cut of SOMEONE . . .



make cut along dotted line

HOLE 23

The tripleader is my shepherd, I shall not stop,
He maketh me to lie down in Wyanbene waters:
He leadeth me not beside said waters.
He destroyeth my trog suit: he leadeth me in the
paths of grottiness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I climb in the shadow of Big Hole,
I will fear no slipknots, for he went before me
My belay line and my bash hat they comfort me.
He prepareth a pitch before me in the presence of
much mud; he annointeth my head with gibbers,
My blood runneth over.
Surely madness and folly shall follow me all the days
of my strife:
And I will dwell in the abode of the Trog forever.

Anon.

