Speleo Spiel 366

May - June 2008

Newsletter of the Southern Tasmanian Caverneers Inc, PO Box 416, Sandy Bay, Tasmania 7006, AUSTRALIA ISSN 1832-6307

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Front Cover:. Calcite crystals in Bohemia Chamber, IB-10 Mystery Creek Cave. *Photo by Alan Jackson*

STC was formed in December 1996 by the amalgamation of three former southern Tasmanian clubs: the *Tasmanian Caverneering Club*, the *Southern Caving Society* and the *Tasmanian Cave and Karst Research Group*. ***STC*** is the modern variant of the Oldest Caving Club in Australia.

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Editorial

I have nothing to say really, which admittedly is very out of character for me. Rolan told me the other day that he doesn't even bother reading my editorials anymore, so why should I bother continuing to write them? Without his attention my life amounts to nothing. And anyway, after deciding which of the 319 photos Arthur sent me for the Wolf Hole trip to use, I'm a little burnt out!

Alan Jackson

Stuff 'n Stuff

VANDALISM IN GROWLING SWALLET – A recent trip to Growling Swallet has found a number of arrows drawn on the walls in the Dry Bypass with fluorescent pink spray paint. Hopefully they can be easily removed with a wire brush and some elbow grease.

ELECTRONIC ARCHIVE UPDATE – Ric, our illustrious electronic archivist, is planning to update members with a revised copy of the archive. To receive this update you will need to be a signatory to the STC data use and copyright agreement and have approval from the committee. Contact Ric ASAP if you wish to receive a copy.

BOB WOOLHOUSE DEPARTS – Long time caver Bob Woolhouse recently died. He was active on the Tasmanian scene from the 1950s, particularly in the north of the state. Northern Caverneers will be commemorating Bob's life and achievements in a special issue of *Troglodyte*. Anyone who would like to contribute should contact Cathie Plowman.

WOMBEYAN CAVE RESCUE – SSS member Geoff McDonnell got himself into an embarrassing and life threatening situation recently in Bouverie Cave. Geoff's experience was an excellent lesson in why not to cave alone and why it's a good idea to let someone know where you're planning to go! It was an outstanding effort by local cavers, NSW Cave Rescue Squad and other emergency services to find and rescue Geoff. It was also a great opportunity for the opinionated and the righteous to peddle their views on Ozcavers.

KARSTAWAY KONFERENCE – The 27th Biennial Conference of the Australian Speleological Federation is currently being organised by VSA and CCV (and others). The conference will be based in Sale, Victoria and will run from January 4-9th. Full conference information and registration forms will appear in the next issue of *Caves Australia* (174) – which should be out in July (2008!) Alternatively, information is currently available at: http://www.caves.org.au/conf2009

CAVE AND KARST MANAGEMENT PLAN FOR SOUTHERN TASMANIA – Lifted from the Dept. of Environment, Parks, Heritage and the Arts *Planning for Caves and Karst in Southern Tasmania* information sheet;

The Tasmanian Parks and Wildlife Service in conjunction with specialists from the Department of Primary Industries and Water has begun the process of preparing a management plan for the [reserved] caves and karst areas of southern Tasmania. This plan will guide the future management of these caves and karst.

The first step in preparing a management plan is to find out what people think about the caves and the way they are managed, what they want to see improved and to get an idea of where they see future use and management heading.

We are seeking your views on how to better manage these caves.

For more information on how to have input into this process contact Alan Jackson or go straight to the horse's mouth:

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Trip Reports

IB-45 Holocaust – and a surface wander

Amy Robertson

27 January 2008

Party: Serena Benjamin, Sarah Gilbert, Amy Robertson

IB-45 Holocaust has a spectacular entrance, a real rock-dropper's dream. So after locating it many months ago, we just had to go back with a rope long enough for the 42.3 metre entrance pitch. (On the previous attempt to do so, we'd brought a shorter rope and so diverted to find the Hooks Hole extension instead.)

We headed up the Moonlight Ridge track and turned off just before the tree-fall, still heading pretty much straight uphill (not too far east or you'll miss it). There's a huge tree trunk lying straight downhill about 80 m up from the track and it hides the eastern end of the hole – you need to be careful not to fall in as you approach it! Serena rigged off a tree on the western side and with a bit of a redirect off one edge of the hole we were in. The pitch is good, you feel like you're entering a huge cave system and it's then a disappointment when all the floor area at the bottom actually goes nowhere. But worth a look at least.

After derigging, we decided to head across-slope towards IB-11 Midnight Hole. MadPhil had run a traverse across here, but there were apparently more unlocated known entrances in the area, and it would be good to get our bearings on this part of the hill.

I'm a little vague now, but as we headed across to Midnight Hole, we passed a number of features of interest (these may be a little out of order). We skirted around the top of the IB-28 Gollums Grovel doline, probing a recent (< a few months old) 1.5 m deep collapse in its headwall. I think then we found the 'Big Doline' (IB-126? – didn't locate tag), and then dropped into the gully that runs down directly east of Gollums. There were numerous small rifty

entrances in the eastern wall of this gully, including the tagged IB-123 (not yet surveyed/GPSed in – will have to go back). Beyond the gully were IB-122 Mudstone Cavern, IB-12 and then across and a little downhill IB-11 Midnight Hole.

We completed a leisurely day by returning down the Midnight Hole track, Sarah encouraging me to continue involvement in caving throughout my pregnancy, even if that just means being a track bulldozer in my third trimester once I've got a bit more weight behind me. At least she cares: Serena's just leaving me. At least there's much more surface work still to do here on Marble Hill – mapping, tagging and still finding more entrances.

Postscript: Holocaust's entrance pitch is worth 1 point according to Ric and Janine's pitch-bagging guide, but does it give Amy 1.2 points credit for having completed the pitch with an extra 0.2 person on board? Alternatively, is Amy's unborn now the youngest person with pitch points in the club? The ethical dilemmas continue …

Sarah Gilbert commences descent of Holocaust.

Farewelling IB-1 Revelation Cave … for a while

Amy Robertson

2 February 2008

Party: Ken Hosking, Amy Robertson

We're not normally snobs, but today Ken and I were ignoring the social trend and heading the opposite direction to the rest of the club, who were destroying pampas at Benders quarry for the greater good. I felt I had a good excuse – possibly my last proper underground trip for a year to come – but I think Ken was just after the glory of that northern connection to Exit.

We headed off with Ken carrying most of the rigging gear (at least he'd earn the glory if it was to come) and turned off the normal Revelation track just past Con Cave. Heading along the western side of the Hooks Hole gully and crossing the bottom end of the Revelation gully, we then turned uphill and found easy walking on the high ground out of the gully. Once above the base of the landslide, it wasn't as easy negotiating through its debris and onto the slip, but then we were at the entrance – much quicker than the usual route, it seemed.

Ken rigged us down uneventfully, though damage in the rope found midway down the free-hanging second pitch was of a little concern (Alan has later declared the rope still safe, minor sheath damage only). At the end of the passage, we found our familiar tunnel and looked at widening its end to improve the forward view and remove some dirt that had slid in since last trip. Time passed quickly and it became clear that a couple of larger rocks in the floor and roof would need to be moved in order to clear the way into the narrow chute that ran upwards and potentially onwards from this point. This wasn't within our means or our charter. I peered sadly up the chute (not drafting much today) with my neck twisted between the offending rocks and thought forward to the future of my caving career – sadly not much in the near future, but I've scheduled a return to IB-1 in 5-10 years time, with a mini-caver alongside that I will prod up the chute to tell me if it's worth continuing to pursue.

The outward trip involved lots of puffing – I was feeling weary and I think Ken was too. But good excuses – I was two months pregnant and Ken was past peak caving age and carrying most of the rigging gear. We followed the same new route back to reach Blaineys quarry just before dark and agree that it's the superior way up to this part of the hill. Hopefully people (probably not us) will use it again in the near future. Revelation is a great beginner vertical cave with heaps of character and a variety of rigging techniques to keep the leaders entertained too … and a lead that I do still believe shows promise to connect into that holy grail of Ida Bay. (It would be nice to come back in 5 years to find someone else had done the digging though!!)

IB-38 Milk Run – "Don't kill the new guy"

Matt Cracknell

8 March 2008

Party: Matt "the new guy" Bruer, Matt "the one they call the President" Cracknell, Sarah "debris flow" Gilbert, Jane "gee this rock is heavy I'm gonna have to let it go" Pulford, Tony "you missed me" Veness

The Francistown weekend was upon us and six intrepid cavers had set off for the vertical delights of Milk Run in the Ida Bay Karst. Matt got the job of rigging while Jane and Tony, the club's new super safety people, gave the other Matt a quick rundown on how to use a Stop and a couple of Jumars to get in and out of a cave.

Pitch by pitch the party descended into the muddy depths of Milk Run. At the bottom many pics were taken of various bodies (alive) on rope (hey Tony where *do* all those photos go?) while onlookers munched Mars Bars. On the way up things – if I remember correctly – it was so long ago – started to get exciting. So exciting that cavers began throwing rocks at one another down the pitches. There were a couple of beauties, bouncing all the way from the series of small pitches below the entrance, down the 20 m, pinging their way around the corner and sailing off into oblivion down the 50 m. It was almost as if we had started

naming each other "below". Everyone that is except Tony, we just called him "target". Thankfully our aim was pitiful – we couldn't even hit the new guy.

H-8 Wolf Hole

Matt Cracknell

9 March 2008

Party: Matt Bruer, Arthur Clarke Matt Cracknell, Sarah Gilbert, Jane Pulford, Tony Veness, Geoff Wise

We had all survived the night at Arthur's place. Our dreams pleasantly nurtured by many glasses of fruit wine (I reckon Arthur drowns his guests in these alcoholic delights so they can sleep through the possum buzzer!) Anyway we awoke fresh and invigorated.

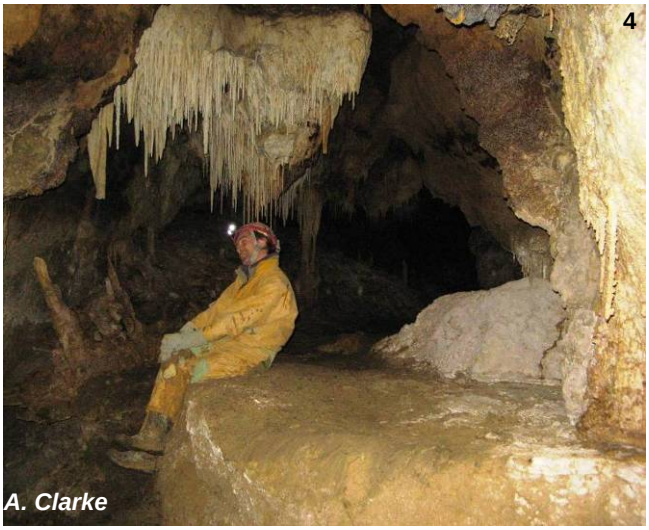
The group reached the entrance before midday, I think? It took a while for us all to get down the entrance pitch, so a few of us had another rummage around in the entrance chamber. A couple of sketchy climbs up slick mud walls led to the finding of a series of abandoned high level small chambers with lovely laminated iron oxide? stained lacustrine sediments. [*There he goes again with his big words – Ed.*]

Once we were all together the group headed for big chambers past where Serena got her strange mineral specimen from – the one that we have not heard anything about since. In the big chambers some of us went this way and others went that way. Matt had his Jeff Butt aided sketches and was doing a bit of ground-truthing for the map. In a chamber at the northern limit of the cave big huge massive gigantic incised mud banks (the more adjectives the better) sit quietly waiting for the day some geomorphologist sticks a corer into them so they can start talking. [*And he accuses me of cave vandalism! – Ed.*]

By this stage Arthur had the camera out and was attempting to blind us all, so we all ran away to Lake Pluto. At the lake, Matt and Sarah waded carefully across to the other side so they could have a look at the other lake, Lake Charon. The route to Lake Charon had, once upon a time, a translucent flowstone floor, now covered in crap. Would it be feasible to give it a clean?

The water wasn't quite cold enough in Lake Pluto on the way back so Tony asked Matt to stand in it for 5 minutes while he took some photos. Once this was finished the group walked back to the entrance and waited one by one for their elevator ride out. Judging by the look on his face, Arthur must have had a good time and so did everyone else for that matter.

1. Looking out H-8 entrance.
2. Arthur reaches the top.
3. Matt and Sarah admire a false floor.
4. Matt seated under a cluster of straws.



JF-293 Whistler, JF-296 Scrubwren Swallet, JF-373 Punishment Pot

Alan Jackson

12 April 2008

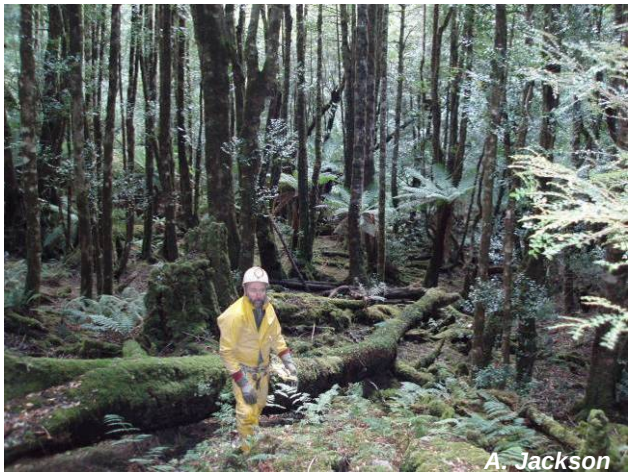
Party: Stephen Bunton, Alan Jackson

Nine cavers were assembled at the end of the Eight Road. Fortunately seven of them were heading into Slaughterhouse. We exchanged insults and parted ways. On the way to Whistler we took entrance photos of the new tags on JF-344, 346, 433, 434 and 435. We also gathered a selection of rope from the Dissidence derig stash for use in Whistler.

At Whistler we trogged up and headed in. The tree roots at the entrance provided a back-up for the large boulder in the little chamber and I descended the annoying little postbox-slot first bit of the pitch. Here I placed two bolts and started traversing. The first bit was tight but then it opened up a bit with a convenient ledge. I had initially anticipated dropping the pitch from here but it still looked uninvitingly tight below me. I placed a bolt to protect the traverse a little better and then looked further along the rift. The way on at the end of the rift looked widest so I climbed up to place another bolt to allow access to this area. After testing the rock I discarded the hammer and reached for the hammer drill. It turned out the hammer wasn't clipped in and it bumbled down the pitch. Bugger! With no suitable material for an improvised hammer we cut our losses and exited the cave. Bunty didn't have far to go because he hadn't managed to get past the skinny approach to the pitch head yet! A rather disappointing display from both of us really.

Alan emerges from Whistler (sans hammer).

We discussed options and came up with a new plan. We dumped our bags at the Serendipity stream and headed up the valley to JF-296. This had never been surveyed. A group of scrubwrens weren't terribly happy with our presence and tried valiantly to drive us away. The cave is essentially a good sized doline with a thru-trip created by a huge boulder jammed over it. A tight drafting lead at the bottom was excavated and a small chamber with evidence of previous human activity was accessed. This cave was investigated to this point in October 1982 (see *SS*181:5) I did some more squeezing into what appeared to be virgin ground and found myself in rock-fall immediately below the first little chamber. I shifted a few rocks in the lowest point while Bunty attempted to enlarge my access point but we both failed. There was a bit more to this cave than I had expected. I sketched it and Bunty suggested it be named after our ambitious avian friends twittering at the entrance. Scrubwren Swallet it was.



A Bunton in the bush is worth two in the cave.

Next we headed uphill a bit and then traversed back to Punishment Pot and JF-374. We had our plastic suits on so we headed in to investigate. Before we made it to the waterfall sinking point we were almost blown sideways by the draft emanating from the small hole on the left hand side. I didn't remember any mention of this feature in old trip reports, only the digging and winching efforts under the waterfall. I climbed in for a look and found several metres of det-cord not far down. It was tight and shitty in spots but I continued down into bigger and better cave, rejoining the water several times and eventually finding no way on in very loose rock-fall. I must have gone close to making it 30 m down. Bunty, on the other hand, had failed to fit through the blasted area just below the entrance climb … Three caves in one day and Bunty didn't fit into any of them – Bunty the Barrel Boy.

Back at home I found a trip report of Rolan's describing the 1985 trip that broke through into this bit of Punishment Pot (*SS*212:5). He described his inspection as superficial and that another was warranted. I can find no record of a subsequent trip. My inspection was also superficial and I shall return to survey it and push it properly (preferably with someone smaller than Bunty). Vertical Euphoria (the 55 m pitch in JF-382 Dissidence) sits right under this cave and has the right amount of water pouring in so a connection is possible and would be great. JF-373 sits about 190 metres above Vertical Euphoria, so there's still a good 150 m to go, but a connection would make the combined system some 315 m deep.

On the way out we photographed the entrance to JF-436 and tied the new tags on JF-344 and 346 into the surface network (via the red star picket number 007).

JF-337 Slaughterhouse Pot – JF-36 Growling Swallet thru trip

Sarah Gilbert

12 April 2008

Party: Guy Bannink, Sarah Gilbert, Klaudia Hayes, Andreas Klocker, Jane Pulford, Ivan Riley, Tony Veness

The day started with a 7:30 am pick up and we happened to meet the other carload at the shop in Maydena, before continuing on up the 8 Road. As we finished getting ready in the car park, AJ and Bunty arrived, off for a day of 'Secret Caving Business' at Whistler. We left the car park shortly after 10 am with AJ performing a bit of amateur brain surgery on Bunty (well, on his helmet at least).

We stopped to stick our heads into the entrance of Growling to check the water level on the way past. With only light rain during the night the creek wasn't as high as it had been when we were last there in February and it seemed to be on the way down, which was a good sign.

We then headed on up the valley to Slaughterhouse for a lesson in double checking the number on the tag and not believing a GPS. We passed the Slaughterhouse entrance and since the track didn't follow the description in the notes we had and Ivan's GPS said we weren't there yet, we assumed it was Pendant Pot and buggered off following the tagged path up the hill. After a bit of futile walking following the GPS we came back to actually check the tag and realised we had wasted the past hour. We finally geared up and made it underground at 12 noon.

We headed through all the crawly bits at the entrance and squirmed or way through the constricted rift passage before the cave opened out into the Rescue Room at top of the first 25 m pitch. The abseil through the rift at the top of the pitch was pretty straight forward, before it opened out for a good free-hang into the aven. Ivan, Guy and myself sat chatting on the boulders at the bottom for a while waiting for the others to descend, but since the only person that had been there before was at the rear of the party I went exploring and found the way on through the small rift/rock-pile at the bottom of the chamber. We followed the small down-climb through the boulders to top of the second pitch.

Similar to the first, this pitch went down through a slot and passed a redirect into a good free-hang in a large, impressive aven. At the bottom I checked out the nicely bedded limestone which was exposed only on one side of the chamber near where the streamway trickles in. But I was in exploration mode, so after only brief speculation of the faulting we continued on along the streamway running down an unstable talus pile into the large sediment sump.

We found the large cairn next to a very small slot in the floor at the end of the sump just before the chamber opened out, which marked the way on into The Rock-pile. We wiggled and squirmed our way downwards following the trog-marks, cairns and dripping water. We stopped for a short time, while I paused to contemplate the top of a 4 m down-climb. I was in the lead so we rigged a hand-line since I hadn't been there before and couldn't have known that there were good footholds concealed below the rim which you only found once committed to the climb. The hand-line made life easier, but in hindsight it wasn't really necessary.

We continued our way down through the rock-pile to meet up with the old stream passage below, and checked out the good exposures of ammonites(?) and other fossils. It was good to be on solid bedrock again, although with all the traffic over the years the rock-pile is not as unstable as it once was. We sent a few echoing shouts down the alternate pitch and continued along the short section of passage to the head of the third 19 m pitch. Each pitch was more impressive than the last, with the final pitch being an even nicer free-hang into an even more impressive aven. At the bottom there was good evidence of faulting and calcite veining which dominates the orientation of the aven and the passage towards Windy Rift.

We stopped here at about 2:30 pm for a well-needed lunch and a photo opportunity. After a bit of a rest we headed off into Windy Rift, checking out the other aven, sending echoing shouts upwards. Big and impressive. We made it down the two ladders with no dramas but when we got to the top of the climb into Windy Rift, Tony (who hadn't been through that way before) at the lead, decided it looked more like a pitch than another climb. We buggered around for a bit, looking at maps and looking for an alternate route onwards. Not finding one and seeing trog marks down in the climb, Andreas and Klaudia belayed Jane down to see if it looked familiar from her previous visit. Luckily it did once she got onto the traverse across the two chock stones. The rest of us proceeded down the nasty looking vertical climb, which wasn't so bad and across the not-so-bad looking traverse, which was nasty. We all made it across with varying amounts of swearing and without loosing any new club members down the rift. The passage on the other side opened up to a raised streamway with large flood-deposited sediment banks and the roar of the Growling streamway to be heard in the distance. We marveled at the amount of water that must go through the system in flood, it would be pretty impressive and daunting when overflowing into Windy Rift.

We followed the streamway upwards, bypassing the waterfalls. The overflow passage that lead up to Glowworm Chamber had accumulated a lot of fresh flood debris and sediment in the recent past, maybe from the heavy rain in February. We continued through the chamber and along to Stal Corner where Tony pointed out the route up to New Feeling, and we kept following the streamway up the Cascades. By this stage I was sick of pissing around keeping my feet dry (and not as proficient at clinging to the walls as the climbers in the party were) I took the knee deep plunge to fill my boots with water. It was much quicker going after that …

Heading upstream we didn't see the Dry Bypass so kept following the streamway up the wet route. The first waterfall climb caused no problems other than giving a good soaking. The second and final climb was not so straightforward. I took a small fall, landing to sit waist deep in a puddle. Luckily my pack cushioned my fall and nothing was injured other than my dignity. Andreas then rigged a hand-line, and cursing my lack of arm strength I made it up, slightly shaken and thoroughly soaked, to flop relieved under the waterfall at the top.

It was then only a short, easy walk out to the fading twilight at about 6 pm (no more daylight saving - sigh). By the time we had congratulated each other and posed for group photos the light was gone and we walked back to the car in the dark. After finally getting further than just the entrance into the Growling system (third time lucky for me) I can appreciate that it isn't one to be in when flooding! I was thoroughly impressed with the awesome, large stream passages, powerful waterfalls and sculpted ceilings but seeing the fresh flood debris in the high overflow/bypass passages and the amount of sediment accumulated over the years, the system obviously takes a huge volume of water at times. Pretty humbling to think about.

We were back at the car by 6:30 pm to change into warm dry clothes. Although we left Guy, Andreas and Klaudia to 'camp the night' still keen for more mud on the Sunday, Guy's 4WD managed to pass us twice on the way back to Hobart.

Gormenghast or New Feeling or Tim Shea lookout or the Big Pike

Guy Bannink

13 April 2008

Party: Guy Bannink, Claudia Hayes, Andreas Klocker

TV and JP kindly provided lots of helpful info on the above options although they forgot to mention that before ***Gormenghast*** was ***Titus Groan*** and after this ***Titus Alone.*** Concerned about being alone, and having observed a small groan (wince perhaps) in Growling we figured on the Big Pike, (not to mention that Gormenghast has 2 Gs and an H – you should never do a cave with 2 Gs and an H on a Sunday the 13th, especially when you are wet, hungry and tired) and ended up facing the Hog's Breath on our return.

Not being absolute slackers, and determined to work on improving skills, the group decided on some training at the Organ Pipes. On Sunday at 10:30 am we left the Tavern and headed to the Organ Pipes. On arrival, Guy in his usual excited state was so anxious that he could not look up - in fact he was wishing he had a club light on a caving trip (you can see no more than 3 m at the beginning of the trip!). Claudia led the climb, and with extraordinary skill fly-walked up the wall. Guy followed carefully not looking down until he got to the Pulpit. With encouragement he continued on to the belay point secretly using his knees on two occasions! Andreas followed quickly and continued up the next pitch, making the climb last as long as he could. Guy, followed by Claudia, also finished the climb without major incident. The view was amazing and after a while Guy's vertigo settled and he felt a bit like he was BC (although he had nearly returned to his incontinent infancy on the way up!). The abseil down was a buzz with the light, the height and the luxurious comfort of a climbing harness as opposed to the meagre seatbelt harness. We returned to the Fern Tree Caff at 3:30 pm.

IB-10 Mystery Creek Cave – a little more surveying

Alan Jackson

20 April 2008

Party: Alan Jackson, Amy Robertson (and Junior Robertson)

A sedate but adequately productive day in Mystery Creek Cave. The new IB-242 tag (daylight-hole entrance) was surveyed into the IB-10 tag. Amy then kicked back and relaxed while I made my way to the upper (fossil) entrance to tag it and similarly survey it back into the IB-10 tag. The resident lyrebird, who has claimed a bit of real estate atop the large block just inside this entrance, wasn't overly impressed with my presence. The nest was freshly lined with moss and the like but no eggs or chicks could be seen. Maybe it's just a bachelor pad for impressing the ladies. I affixed the IB-243 tag on the right hand wall (when looking out the entrance). It has a bit of blue tape behind it and is clearly visible from down on the IB-10 entrance track. We also created a loop by surveying the last survey station from our earlier survey of this passage back into the IB-10 tag.

I headed back out to the main passage, Amy headed bush for her fifteenth toilet stop for the day (these pregnant ladies are a liability) and then we toddled in. First stop was the short (~15 m) side passage that heads off at right angles from the glowworm viewing chamber (opposite station 10). Second stop was to survey the high level side passage above station 34. This is located halfway down the route on the right hand side of Skyline. By scrambling up the largest sloping block on the floor you can then step across onto a narrow crumbly ledge. This allows access to about 40 m of interesting little rift-like development off the side of the main passage.

Next we went up the Laundry Chute and into Confusing Chamber. We surveyed down the far wall of the chamber, creating a loop between stations 45 and 50. We then took the high level traverse above the Laundry Chute area and thru the crawly bits into the top end of the Railway Tunnel. I had intended collecting some detail in the strange phreatic zones just after the traditional climb-up spot into the Railway Tunnel. I double-checked Jeff's original sketches and decided they were adequate, so we just touristed a bit and headed out.

On the way out I climbed high on the left wall (as heading out) just after you regain the main streamway – above station 12 (i.e. upstream of the narrow passage separating the glowworm chambers and the Broken Column/Cephalopod chambers). I had been up there once before. There is a lot of decoration, a high aven coming in (the source of the water for the decoration) and a lot more to the passage width and detail than is appreciated by walking down the streamway only. A few survey legs up there would be worthwhile, but not this day; the fat lady had sung.

Other than the section described in the previous paragraph, I think the only bits I need to revisit now are the upper level extensions Gavin and I found a few years back. The

surveying was done but the floor detail wasn't adequately recorded.

On the drive home we stopped at the still-burning logging coupe on South Lune Road. Amy said her Forestry colleagues had reported a very large limestone erratic that had presumably rolled down off Lune Sugarloaf. That would mean outcropping limestone on the eastern flank of Lune Sugarloaf so we went for a look. One can actually see the large boulder from the end of the coupe access road. We wandered over, discussing (and inhaling) the merits of forestry burns, only to find that the boulder in question was of igneous origin, not limestone.

Post-trip survey crunching:

For a while I've had difficulty understanding a particular section of Jeff and Madphil's survey and I'm now confident enough to boldly state that they stuffed up a leg (shock horror!) The area of concern is the section between the Railway Tunnel and the Laundry Chute (high level). Most people aren't very familiar with this bit so I'll explain better: To access this start at the top of the Laundry Chute and head towards Confusing Chamber/Matchbox Squeeze. About seven metres after the top of the funnel into the Laundry Chute (and about five metres before you can stand up straight again after the low bit into Confusing Chamber) there is a passage off to the right (same side as Laundry Chute). There is also a low passage heading off to the left at the same point, but it's nowhere near as obvious. One must bridge a narrow crack at the start, then pop over a rock, avoid the pit on the left and then you come out into a largish room with straws and other pretties in the roof and a sloping floor that drops away six or so metres back down to the area near the bottom of the Laundry Chute. Traversing the ledge ultimately leads to a tightish crawl that breaks out into the Railway Tunnel. If you enter the survey data as written on Jeff's original bookwork (from 19/02/2003) then the plot doesn't line up with the sketch. My hypothesis is that the leg between stations MCC135f and MCC135h has an incorrect bearing. It is written as a back bearing of 121° which converts to a forward bearing of 301°. This places station MCC135k way out to the north over the lower reaches of the Laundry Chute whereas the sketching (and common sense) says it should be located at the top of the Laundry Chute. In fact, due to the last leg (MCC135j to MCC135k) being such a short dinky little leg that doubles back on itself I reckon that MCC135k is actually MCC44 which creates a survey loop. Jeff would have remembered his station location from a previous survey trip (14/10/2002) and did the funny little double-back leg to tie back into it but couldn't remember the exact station number at the time. So I have changed the bearing for the leg in question from 301° forward to 30° forward. This places MCC135k very close to MCC44 and the line plot matches the sketch and cave layout. I have since changed MCC135k to MCC44 so OnStation creates a loop and closes the ~1 m error. So, if you're ever dinking around with the MCC survey and discover that the electronic data differs from the original hand written notes then that's why! If anyone can come up with a better way of sorting this anomaly out then I'd be keen to talk to them.

The current survey stats:

Total shots – 459

Underground shots – 450

*Length of underground system – 3399.8 m

**Surface shots – 9

Length of surface survey – 98.7 m

*There are about 5 or so underground legs which have been excluded from the 'length of the underground system' total as they are duplicate legs created while tying side passages into known stations – i.e. the same bit of passage has been surveyed twice.

**The surface shots are legs tying in the stairs/walkway and three entrance tags.

A Wyld Goose Chase and JF-X64 becomes JF-437

Alan Jackson

28 April 2008

Party: Stephen Bunton, Alan Jackson

We had two targets for the day; one at either end of the Junee-Florentine. Many years ago Nathan Duhig had told Bunty about a cave he'd found when working for the Forest Practices Board up in the Coles Creek area. On the way we stopped and located JF-6 Cashions Creek Cave (I'd never been there before). We then continued to the Tiger Road (via a brief excursion down a wrong turn onto Dawsons Road …) Arriving at our destination, we took a photo or two of the impressive looking Wylds Crag and then went bush. Bunty had failed to find this cave once before and we failed again, even with better instructions from Nathan. Oh well, it was a lovely bit of bush (magnificent eucalypts – the ones they didn't cut down) and an interesting drive.

With plenty of time left in the day we locked onto target two: the Sunshine Road, and more specifically JF-X64. This is a cave Andras and Dave found back in January 1999 (see *SS*312:10). We parked where the road hooks

A brooding Wylds Crag, some fabulous old forest and some 'new and improved' nitens plantation.

right through the saddle with Nichols Spur and headed west into the scrub. Limestone abounded the whole way but there is a distinct lack of holes. The GPS lead us to a spot about 40 m up the eastern side of the bottom of the gully. No cave could be seen. Bunty dropped into the base of the gully and headed up hill while I stayed higher on the eastern bank and did the same. Bunty soon found the offending hole. The description matched and then we found the yellow tape with the date on it. It was about 70 m further up the gully than Raschy's coordinates suggested (but I think his coords were pre selective availability switch-off). We affixed the tag JF-437 on the cliff face overhanging the entrance and trogged up. Bunty's 'new' light wouldn't work at all (it was my old one I had given him … whoops) and I'd brought all the survey gear except a pencil with which to write the data down … whoops again.

We did one leg down the entrance slope (compass 355°; clino -42°, tape 13 m) and committed it to memory. I won't bother describing the cave again as Andras' description in *SS*312 is pretty accurate. The only thing I'd add is that the first squeeze is too small for Bunty. That makes it four caves in a row for him now. Poor old bugger. A sketch of the cave appears on page 12.

Bunty affixes the tag to JF-437.

JF-36 Growling Swallet – Yorkshire Drain

Janine McKinnon

3 May 2008

Party: Sarah Gilbert, Janine McKinnon, Amy Robertson, Ric Tunney

Amy wanted to go caving and was hinting that this might be her last trip underground until her bub was ejected. We were just back from South America, hadn't been caving for four months and wanted an easy trip. Sarah just wanted to go caving, anywhere/anything. So a leisurely trip down the Yorkshire Drain, in the entrance series of Growling Swallet, was planned. The interesting thing about the Yorkshire Drain is that it starts as a right anabranch of the main stream, passes under the main stream and then rejoins as a left anabranch. We had never done the whole length of it so it seemed like a good way to spend a couple of hours.

The drain starts in the daylight zone, a bit before the turnoff to the dry route, and the first pitch (10 m) is found after a short distance. This pitch was very wet. (The whole drain was very wet.) It was taking a significant amount of the stream and by the time we had negotiated a couple of easy climbs and a bit of leaky boulder pile Sarah, who doesn't have a plastic suit, was quite wet. The rest of us were only damp from the bits of water that leaked through the gaps in our plastic suits.

We followed the Drain down to near its junction with the main Growling streamway but we didn't have another rope for the final (short) waterfall pitch, so retraced our steps back to the horizontal junction some 20 m back upstream.

After a break in the Glowworm Chamber we headed out via the standard dry route, with me collecting the rope from the pitch on the way. A pleasant 2.5 hours caving!

JF-293 Whistler & JF-353 Pitta Patta Pot

Alan Jackson

4 May 2008

Party: Gavin Brett, Ken Hosking, Alan Jackson

Gavin wanted to redeem one of his four caving vouchers for the year and Ken had somehow been lured away from the dark side (Ida Bay) for a day. The drive up was a lesson in why not to get into a confined space with two people who work together – all you do is listen to them talking about work.

Gavin timed the walk in at 1 hour 5 minutes – annoyingly long. I headed in to continue rigging the traverse while the other two mingled with the bush. Gavin joined me a while later and Ken filled in time by getting lost. At the exploration front I was happy to discover that the traverse had paid off and the far end of the rift was indeed a pleasant width. After hammering in the bolt I'd failed to complete on the last trip I traversed into the little dripping pot, tied off a tape to a buttress and started heading down. A few ~3 m steps got me to a bigger step. The previous anchor wasn't suitable for continuing so we decided a bolt was required. The hole in the right hand wall was drilled far too quickly (Gavin suggested it was chalk) so one was also placed on the left hand wall. It took much longer to drill and met with a nod of approval. A y-belay got us down this ~5 m step to the top of the pitch proper (by now we were almost directly back underneath the entrance and the start of the traverse overhead). Discussions about rebelays versus redirects ensued. In the end the available rope selection steered us toward a rebelay. Two bolts were placed on the right hand wall over the pitch head and a new 30 m rope tied in. The pitch marked a change in character of the cave. It was still a seemingly endless rift but it was much more spacious and traditionally JF-like. It was 15 m.

Numerous options presented themselves at the bottom. The most inviting was the pitch development at one end. We had enough rope to get down the first ~6 m but couldn't do the last ~3 m. The way on didn't seem obvious but a well aimed rock suggested that it kept going down around the

corner a bit. Back at the 15 m pitch base we slipped in under the huge slab on the floor and found another way down which proved to be connected with the base of the other partially descended pitch. It was not free-climbable though. A further 20+ m of down was evident from rock throwing. There were also a few tight rift traverses at the other end that could be pushed much further with SRT gear off. We needed more rope so we headed out.

Back on the surface Ken had returned from his sabbatical. He'd found Kangaroo Cave but nothing new (although he had managed to forget that we'd looked at Slimy Slot on the way in and thought he'd found something pretty good there). The day was still young so we toddled round to Pitta Patta Pot as I'd always wanted to check this one (Stefan's map of the cave suggests a second pitch below the choke). On the way we briefly entertained the idea of excavating a small narrow entrance associated with the Hedges Pot doline. After much grunting we managed to squeeze our heads in only to see an impossibly narrow tube heading down. Pitta Patta was then dropped via some rather amusing rigging. I could find no evidence of the inaccessible pitch on Stefan's map. It was pissing down by now so we headed for home.

JF-345 Ice Tube – JF-36 Growling Swallet thru trip

Alan Jackson

10 May 2008

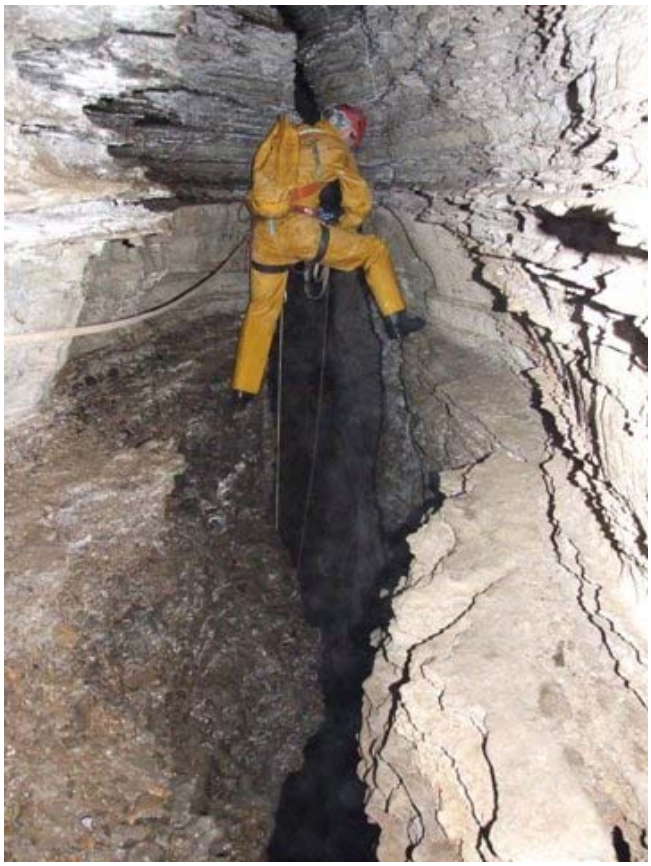
Party: Arrin Daley, Sarah Gilbert, Alan Jackson, Ciara O'Hagan, Niall Tobin

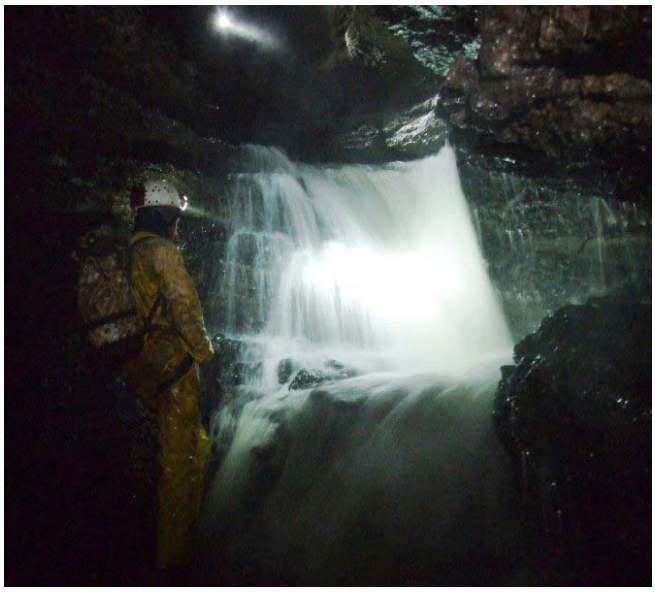
The Irish lad Niall was back down for a caving holiday and he'd brought his wife, Ciara and fellow NUCCer Arrin along for the ride. In the previous week they'd visited Midnight Hole/Mystery Creek, Mini Martin and Owl Pot. Now it was time for a proper trip.

Water was the theme for the day. Growling was up and Ice Tube was wetter than on any of my previous trips. I mucked up Killing Joke pitch and placed too short a rope on it. As a result I got to stand in the waterfall on a ledge while the ropes were corrected by Niall. Both Killing Joke and Maelstrom were outrageously wet.

The traverse of Fallopian Rift and Mothers Passage took a little longer than anticipated but Mainline was reached soon enough. Mainline was also wetter than I'd ever seen it. To keep dry feet took care and some novel approaches. Bronchial and Necrosis were typically annoying. Avons Aven was the pits and Herpes III should be banned. Sarah lost a glove into the Trapdoor sump while refuelling on the other side of Herpes. Bummer.

The hum of the streamway was ominous as we scampered through Windy Rift. In the end it was very sporty but not dangerous. Some alternate routes were taken to avoid getting totally drenched or swept off one's feet. The tired punters emerged into the night after around 10 hours underground; a little longer than usual. Needless to say, they really enjoyed it and hope to get back in September to knock another few classics off.





Top – *Ciara traverses to the bolts on the first pitch, Phreds Downfall.*

Bottom – *Alan illuminates the Cascades in the Growling entrance series.*

Photos – Niall Tobin

IB-238, the Uvala and Surrounds – tagging, surface surveying and exploring

Alan Jackson

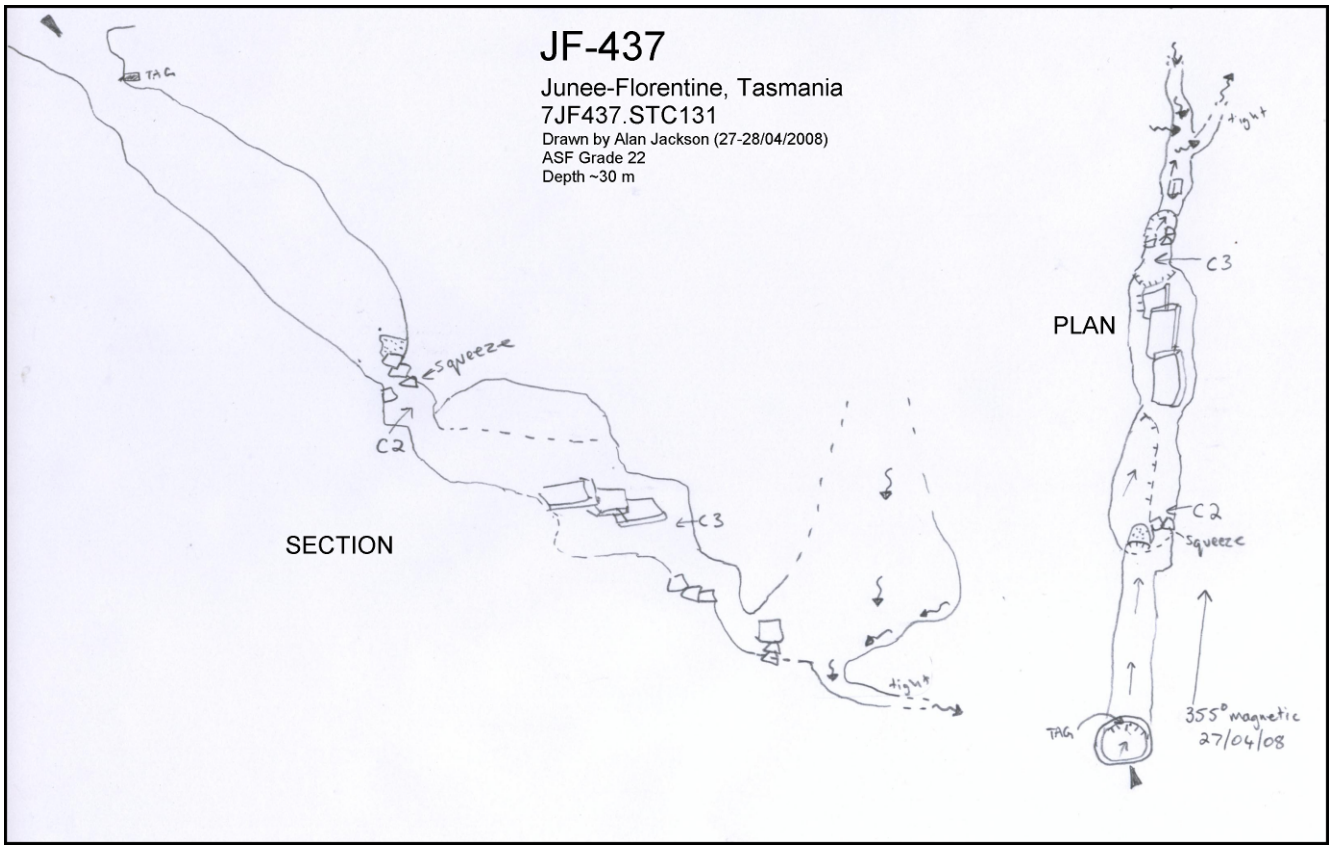
17 May 2008

Party: Ken Hosking, Alan Jackson, Janine McKinnon, Ric Tunney

We accidentally sailed straight past the turn-off point for IB-238 so we continued on to Mystery Creek Cave entrance and reversed the planned order of events. The new plan was to survey from IB-10 to IB-239, picking up stragglers on the way. Again we overshot the mark and went too far up the creek, failing to notice the turn up to IB-135 Beetlemania. We looped back around and found IB-241 most unexpectedly. With this tag tied in we quickly bumbled back down to the creek and located Beetlemania and tied it in too (this is one of the few caves Madphil missed). Next we headed straight up over the hill toward the uvala. Just up from IB-241 a small cave was found. It was line-ball but we decided to tag it – IB-244. We hit the uvala development at the remnants of the old tramway, downed packs and headed west to refind and tag the holes associated with the numerous dolines here. Uvala Cave was tagged IB-245, Tarzan Cave was tagged IB-246 (I did a bit more investigating and digging in there too but lost enthusiasm) and the cave in the middle of this large doline was also looked at and tagged (IB-247). This is the hole Amy had been keen on when she'd visited a few weeks earlier. In honour of Amy's work digging the entrance and it being the third feature we'd tagged in that one doline I suggested the name Third Trimester – I think Amy's close to that stage in her pregnancy. Tarzan Cave was named so because of a thick *Clematis* sp. vine that hangs over the cliff line right in front of the cave entrance. It is very tempting to swing on and holler apishly, though I fear it would break (the vine and both your legs). On our way back to our bags we also tagged another cave (mostly formed under a huge boulder jammed overhead), a cave Ken had spotted on the way into the Uvala from our bags (IB-248).

A few legs from the junction and we'd completed the traverse to IB-239. We scrambled up to the IB-238 doline and geared up. Ric stayed on the surface while the rest of us rigged and descended the cave to the previous limit of exploration. The 17 m second pitch is really quite nice. At the bottom the tight muddy rift Ken was keen to dig didn't really need digging at all. I slipped down the ~3 m climb and then down a ~7 m very tight vertical rift to a descending rift passage that choked. The cave was over. The smell of the anaerobic decay happening in the bottom of this cave was revolting and we happily exited. We got back to the car in failing light. Ken later decided to call the cave Yellowcake (thanks to the Uranium 238 connection). A survey of Yellowcake appears on page 15. The other caves tagged are too numerous and too crappy for me to justify the time involved in drawing them up properly. The sketches done on the day have been scanned and filed in the electronic archive.

JF-437 – Survey (from trip report on pages 9-10)



IB-10 Mystery Creek Cave – A return to the (now old) new part of Mystery Creek

Janine McKinnon

31 May 2008

Party: Alan Jackson, Janine McKinnon

WARNING: Some readers may find sections of the following article disturbing. (That's you males out there. The "M" issue is referred to.)

Alan needed to finish the survey in the areas of Mystery Creek Cave discovered a few years ago, by completing some wall detail and other sketching. I hadn't been there, so it was a good opportunity to have a look. No-one else was interested in going.

As we drove towards Huonville Alan realised that he had left his knee pads behind. As a rapidly aging caver, he has now joined the ranks of "those carrying injuries". To wit, a stuffed knee (permanent or temporary yet to be determined), which he finds painful to crawl on. As lots of crawling was part of the day's agenda, our conversation quickly turned to possible ways to solve the problem WITHOUT involving driving back to Hobart.

As I don't yet wear knee pads at all for caving, lending him mine was not an option.

What to do.

Hankies were considered and rejected.

More thinking.

Then I realised that I had my emergency back up (to tampons) sanitary pads in my cave pack, which I always carry with me (menopause. Don't ask). Perfect! Soft, padded, shape-mouldable and even more padded when wet! Problem solved.

I thought.

We left Ric's helmet and light with some workmate of Gavin's, who was taking a few visitors caving for the day with Ken Hosking, and headed on down to Ida Bay.

As we started to get organised at the car park Alan suddenly expressed a reluctance to use my (brilliant) knee pad innovation. What is it with guys and menstruation? They seem to have a pathological fear of anything to do with it. It's not like they were used or anything! He might have had some reason to complain in that case … So he came up with an alternative idea, which I must say was effective (but not as novel as mine!). He strapped a pair of explorer socks to his knee with a compression bandage. I had found a piece of surgical netting in my first aid kit and this held the whole thing in place very well.

Before heading to the back of the cave we finished a short section (4 legs) of surveying into a high side area of the main chamber of Mystery Creek Cave. Then it was on to the crawl.

I must say it wasn't quite as horrible as I was expecting, but it certainly went for long enough and was not enjoyable (and it was muddy). When we reached the climb up to the new section Alan climbed up and rigged a ladder for me. This was good. I didn't particularly like the look of the free-climb. Maybe I could do it. Maybe not. The ladder was a lot less traumatic.

We passed the infamous troll and continued through the grovels and climbs (and mud) of the rock-pile, to the first big chamber. This was worth the effort. A large chamber with big boulders everywhere, some lovely fluted rock walls and even some pretties (some lovely crystals and a couple of brilliant dog-tooth spars in a small alcove). I looked around whilst Alan sketched and then we both climbed down to a side area with some amazing "popcorn" covering large areas of wall. Alan took some photos and then we moved to the next big chamber.

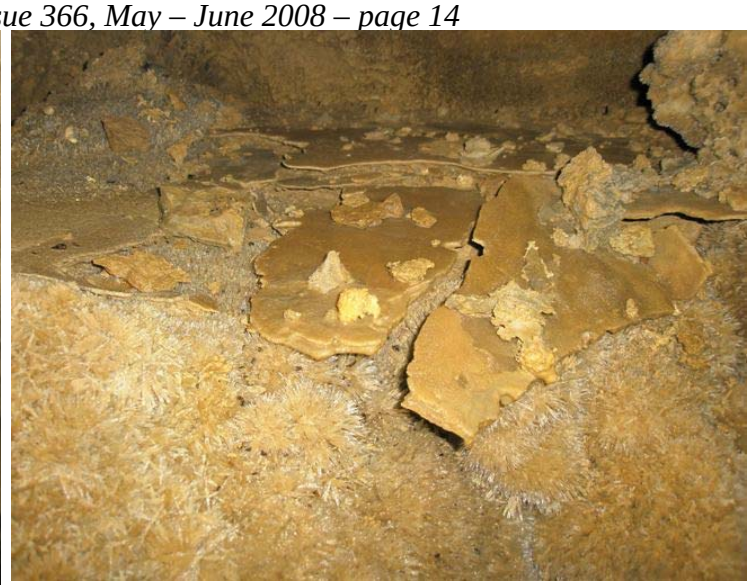
This was a bigger, big chamber! Even more worth the effort of coming here. More sketching. More photos (great coralloid/popcorn decoration on one wall). More looking around. We didn't move on to the last chamber as it involved a very hairy climb that I certainly couldn't do and Alan didn't want to repeat.

We moved back to the ladder, Alan sketching. As we packed the ladder away Alan mentioned that he wanted to sketch the 30 m of passage continuing along the initial crawl to the end. This did not look good. Just as small and narrow as the access passage, with the added attraction of deep, semi-liquid mud.

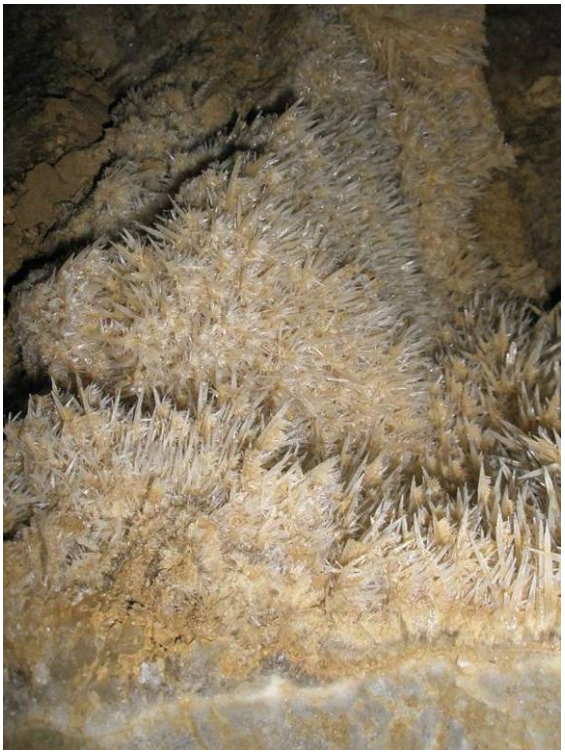
But I'm notoriously easy to con (just ask Ric) so after a few "it'll be great fun" and "it's not as yucky as it looks" type mutterings from Alan, I headed in. I was half expecting him to yell after me, "Ha ha, fooled you", but no, he followed, muttering something like "I'd forgotten how shitty this was."

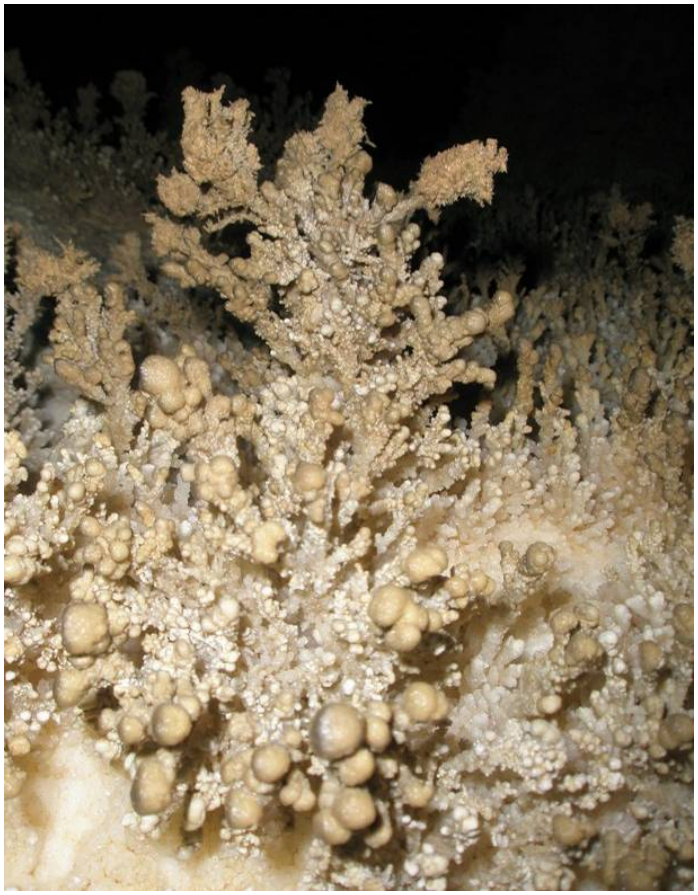
The depth and consistency of the mud reminded me of "Herpes" in the early days, before dozens of bodies scooped out a lot of the mud and took it out of the cave on their suits. At least we didn't have to roof sniff this lot, which is what I had found the most unpleasant aspect of the original "Herpes". And it wasn't uphill.

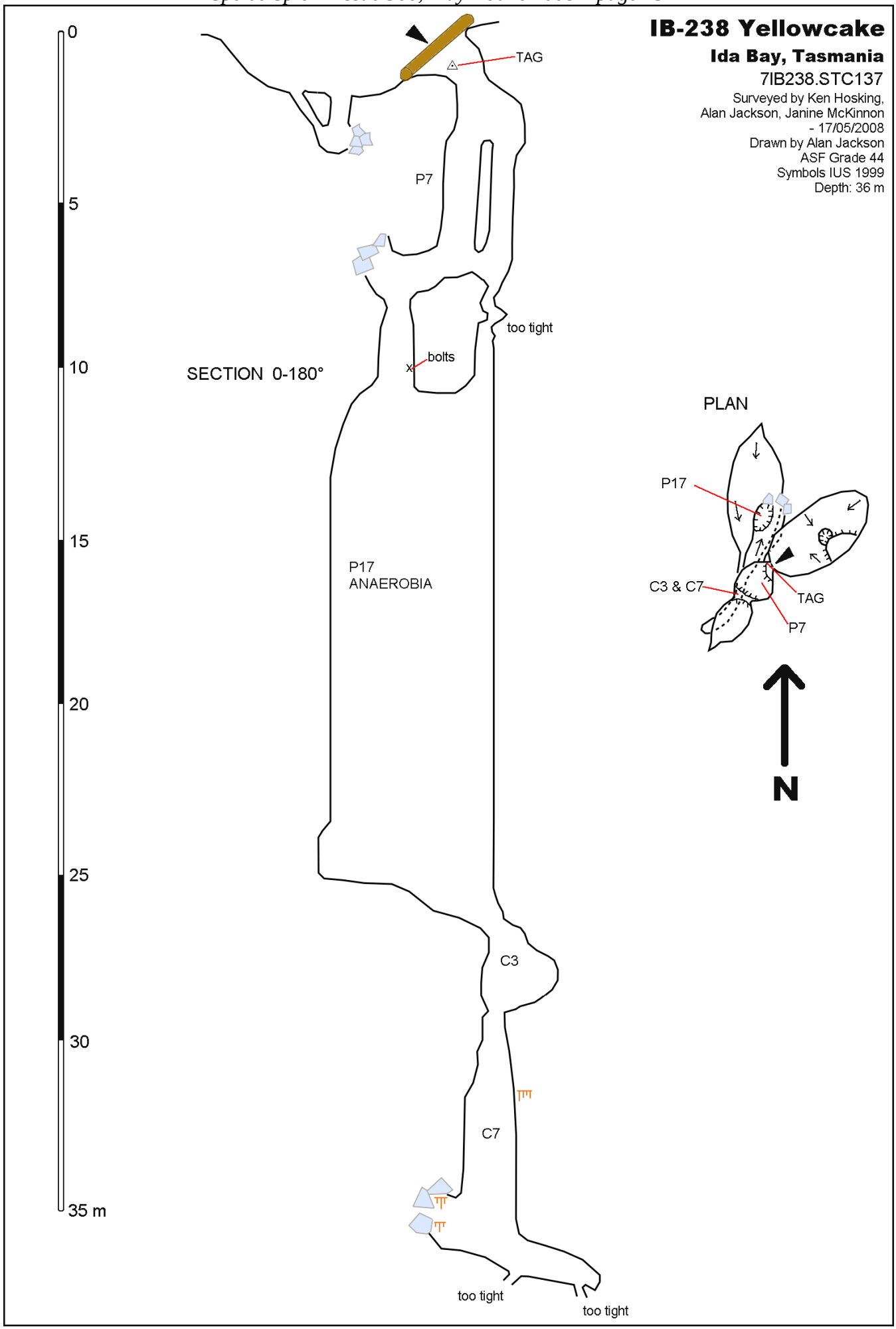
Alan did his sketching thing again, and then we headed back through the stuff and, after picking up the pack, out of the long crawl. As we headed out of Mystery Creek, along the low route, we heard Ken and his party moving up along the skyline traverse. We (Alan) found a way to climb up to meet them and we had a brief chat before heading out of the cave. We washed our gear at the entrance, which took quite a while, and still managed to exit the cave after (a very leisurely and relaxed) only 4.5 hours underground.



A selection of photos demonstrating the variety of exquisite speleothems and mud formations present in the chambers associated with the upper levels of IB-10 Mystery Creek Cave.
All photos on this page by Alan Jackson






IB-238 Yellowcake
Ida Bay, Tasmania
7IB238.STC137
Surveyed by Ken Hosking, Alan Jackson, Janine McKinnon - 17/05/2008
Drawn by Alan Jackson
ASF Grade 44
Symbols IUS 1999
Depth: 36 m
0
5
10
15
20
25
30
35 m
SECTION 0-180°
TAG
P7
too tight
bolts
P17
ANAEROBIA
C3
C7
too tight
too tight
PLAN
P17
C3 & C7
TAG
P7
N

Other Exciting Stuff

Equipment Review – Gonzo Guano Gear Kneepads

Sarah Gilbert

It's a topical subject in the club at present so here is a review of the knee pads I use (no knee injuries as yet).

Regular Knee Armor from Gonzo Guano Gear (America)

www.gonzoguanogear.com

Cost: US$32

Shipping: from memory about $20 but I haven't been able to locate the receipt.

They also have a 'behemoth' size for large-kneed cavers US$38.

Description

Large, red (always a good start), heavy duty Cordura knee pads with 3 straps - 2 wide, flexible elastic straps fastening above and below the knee, and one webbing strap around the top of the calf. Plenty of padding where needed along the entire length with double thickness in the middle for added knee-cap protection.

Pros

a) Having three straps they don't slip down or twist around and the wide elastic straps don't restrict movement or cut in.

b) Being open at the back they don't bunch up behind the knee.

c) The adjustable buckles don't work loose, although they can be a bit hard to tighten once on.

d) They have an extra layer of durable, black webbing at the front for abrasion resistance, but if worn inside a trog suit they are be pretty much indestructible.

e) They are easy and quick to put on after boots, and can be worn over leggings or over a trog suit.

Cons

a) Cost, it's a big one especially when adding in shipping costs.

b) Ordering from America, which adds time and cost.

Conclusion

For myself, who tends to use my knees a lot when climbing, enjoys a good, tight crawl and who bruises easily, they are invaluable and well worth the money. In fact they were one of the first things I bought when I started caving to help avoid those awkward questions from workmates: "What happened to you on the weekend?" subtext "What has your husband been doing to you on the weekend?" I would fully recommend this design. They're well padded, comfortable, non-restricting and they actually work.

The Gonzo Guano Gear 'regular knee armor' in action – photos and legs thoughtfully donated by the author.

Obituary – Doug Turner (1921-2008)

Albert Goede

With deep regret we announce the death of Doug Turner at the age of 86 after a long illness. Doug was a Foundation Member of TCC and was club president for a number of years in the late 1950s and early 1960s. He was one of the principal organisers behind the second Biennial ASF Conference in Hobart in 1956. He is survived by his wife Fay, daughter Judi, grandchildren Mandy, Heather and Matthew and also some great-grandchildren. Doug grew up in South Hobart and his first job was as a museum preparator and taxidermist at the Tasmanian Museum and Art Gallery. He served in the army during World War II.

After his return he joined the CMF and rose to the rank of captain. He was also actively involved in the Scouts and became a Troop Leader. That is when he met his future wife, Fay, who was a leader in the Girl Guides. He worked for various State government departments. His most significant contribution was his participation in the restoration of the Ross Bridge – the third oldest bridge in Australia. He also worked for the National Parks and Wildlife Service for many years and was involved in many other conservation issues.

Doug was a good organiser and arranged boats and outboard engines for our first cave exploration of the Lower Gordon River. I personally went caving with him on a number of trips to the Florentine Valley and Mole Creek. I will always remember a trip to Cashion Creek Cave in the Florentine Valley. We had been exploring a high level passage that rejoined the creek and I jumped down into the creek right in the middle of a very decomposed possum. Doug who was behind me thought this extremely funny. He laughed so much that his dentures fell out – right in the middle of the possum remains. It was my turn to laugh! It took Doug a lot of rinsing in clean water before he was game to put the dentures back where they belonged.

The club was represented at the funeral by myself, Arthur Clarke, Rien de Vries and Bob Cockerill. Those who went caving with him in the early days will remember him fondly. May he rest in peace.

Cavestrology – A Caver's Horoscope

Stephen Bunton

Aquarius

January 21 - February 19

You may be well advised to lighten your load by emptying your gumboots.

Pisces

February 20 – March 20

You may see yourself adapting to various novel situations with a loss of pigment and functional eyes.

Aries

March 21 –April 20

You may find yourself just following along with the rest of the party. Don't let them pull the wool over your eyes. Beware of cavers not wearing Polarfleece.

Taurus

April 21 – May 20

Take great care when you are in well-decorated chambers.

Gemini

May 21 – June 21

You may become unpopular; ASF Safety Guidelines require a minimum party size of four.

Cancer

June 22 – July 23

Various structures may become vestigial over time.

Leo

July 24 – August 23

You may find yourself being replaced at the top of the food chain by an invertebrate predator.

Virgo

August 24 – September 23

You need to be aware of tearing the crotch out of your brand-new trogsuit.

Libra

September 24 –October 23

You will invent a heavy-duty tampon that can absorb mud and you will become very rich.

Scorpio

October 24 – November 22

Be wary of the final pitch in caves this month as they too may have some sting in their tail. Don't do Tachycardia.

Sagittarius

November 23 –December 22

You should visit Jenolan, Wombeyan or Abercrombie where there are lots of other natural arches.

Capricorn

December 23 – January 20

This is your opportunity to show leadership and be sorted out from the sheep. Run your own trip.

De-mystifying the boxwork and sedimentation at Hastings in terms of cold climate processes

Arthur Clarke

Introduction

During the recent trip to H-8 Wolf Hole at Hastings (Sunday March 9th 2008) with Matt Bruers, Matt Cracknell, Sarah Gilbert, Jane Pulford, Tony Veness and Geoff Wise, we explored a few sections of the cave that I had not previously seen. One of these new bits was an extensive and quite spacious area, located in an easterly direction from the base of the main collapse doline entrance. It was referred to as "The Catacombs", when surveyed a few years back by Jeff Butt and others in their efforts to update and map the known dimensions of Wolf Hole. Already quite a vast system of passages and chambers with two known lakes, Wolf Hole is probably now the longest cave at Hastings. One of the outstanding features in the Catacombs, are the deep and extensive deposits of finely laminated clays or silt, lying immediately beneath the "bats-wing" boxwork, itself generally situated in undercut passage or chamber walls.

A brief geological appraisal, north of the Wolf Hole entrance collapse

Prior to visiting the back end Catacombs section, we did a brief recce on the north side of the collapse doline entrance, just beyond where you drop your SRT gear. Matt Cracknell had climbed a semi-consolidated bank (coarse infill deposit) up to a small, new "untrogged" and decorated side passage. Not far away, Geoff Wise free-climbed down through some finely ground sediment into a 1.0-1.5 m wide rift. In Matt's opinion, it was quite likely that neither of these two "up" and "down" sites had been surveyed. Both these explorations involved ascent and descent through a mix of well-bedded and finely fragmented sediments sitting below some coarsely composed, unsorted and irregularly shaped cobbles or boulders in a clay-rich matrix. Some deposits were partially adhered to the dolomite cave wall; some were cemented by speleothem development; while other vertically bedded material appeared like a phyllite (situated in slickenside/ movement zones). The coarse deposits included a mix of angular and sub-angular boulders composed of a dark brown lithified siltstone along with other Permian type rocks including conglomerate drop-stones. The finer material – largely composed of small broken fragments of crumbly siltstone/ claystone – was almost certainly derived from a slurry of periglacial (perhaps frost heave) sediments washed in from the surface. Both the fine and coarse deposits provide evidence of likely cold climate processes.

Periglacial sediments in caves at Hastings

The finely chopped and broken fragments in a fine clay matrix in the areas of Wolf Hole initially explored by Matt and Geoff are probably periglacial sediments that have been washed into the cave during cold climate periods. These deposits are derived from seasonal cycles of freeze-thaw action on surface substrates that become mobilised by vast amounts of meltwater or heavy deluges of rain. Similar deposits form the loose substrate that comprises the shore bank beside the clear waters of the silt-floored Lake Pluto in Wolf Hole **(Figure 1)** and in the stream channel gully feeding the dark tannin-coloured waters of Lake Charon beyond Lake Pluto. These sediments are very similar to deposits found in the lower reaches of the tannin-rich streamway in H-214 King George V Cave that possibly/ probably feeds into Lake Charon. Aside from Wolf Hole, similar sediments are found inside four other caves at Hastings: H-204 Beattie Cave, H-5 Chain of Ponds, H-3 Lyrebird Lair and H-1 Newdegate Cave, plus further south at NL-3 Spider Den in the North Lune karst area.

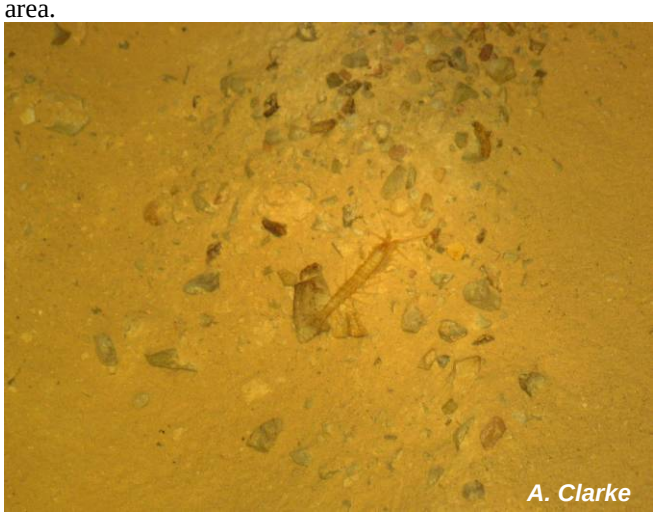


Figure 1. *Blind* Anaspides *in Lake Pluto, Wolf Hole, on silt and fragmented gravel bottom.*

As evidenced in Wolf Hole, Chain of Ponds and Newdegate Cave, underlying these finely broken probable periglacial sediments there are the more densely structured laminated deposits composed of fine silt, above which – when present – the "bats wings" boxwork is generally found **(Figure 2)**.

Figure 2. *Jane Pulford (walking over slumped sediments) passing silica boxwork in The Catacombs, Wolf Hole.*

Finely laminated sediments and associated deposits at Hastings

During the trip to Wolf Hole in early March, Matt Cracknell suggested that the presence of the laminated sediments observed in several parts of the cave night be evidence that the cave had once contained a series of pools or lakes that had subsequently drained. In several parts of The Catacombs, the laminated silt or clay appears to have

been laid directly above a much coarser substrate composed of sub-angular to sub-rounded fragments. Considering these coarser sequences include a few cobbles and boulders, it suggests they have been part of former drainage conduits, with the silt deposited above, providing a settling base for the formation of ponds or small lakes.

With a vertical relief of around 2 m in depth, the clay-rich laminated deposits in The Catacombs region of Wolf Hole **(Figure 3)** represent some of the thickest (deepest) sequences in the caves at Hastings. Similar, but less deeply deposited sequences, occur in King George V Cave, Newdegate Cave and Chain of Ponds. The laminated sediments in Chain of Ponds **(Figure 4)** take on the appearance of varves: the rhythmically formed annual layers generally considered to be derived from glacial lake sediments. Located adjacent to the upper reaches of Hot Springs Creek, the entrance to Chain of Ponds is quite elevated (c. 300 m) and it is likely to have been in, or near, an area subject to the effects of glaciation.

Figure 3. *Section of 2 m deep sequence of laminated sediments in The Catacombs, Wolf Hole.*

Figure 4. *Varve-like laminated sediments above angular fragments, Chain of Ponds.*

Despite no evidence suggesting the remnants of a glacial lake above Chain of Ponds, the laminated sediments in this cave may be derived from the settling of fine particles, dropping out of suspension in pondages sourced from glacial meltwater or periglacial processes. However, **as shown in Figure 4** the varve-like sediments in Chain of Ponds appear to be deposited above quite deep profiles of angular and sub-angular boulders, which may be the remnants of glacial till introduced to the cave during cold climate conditions. Downslope from Chain of Ponds and lower down the Hot Springs Creek valley, there is certainly evidence of what appears to be glacial till, forming a series of possible terminal moraines (Ian Houshold pers. comm.). Although a number of presumed glacial features were reported across the Lune River plains adjoining the lower reaches of Hot Springs Creek (Clarke, 1990), there is no conclusive evidence to suggest that the eastern end of the Hastings Caves Hill ridge has been glaciated in the vicinity of Newdegate Cave or Wolf Hole.

It remains unclear whether these laminated cave deposits are derived as clays from Pleistocene or late Tertiary glacial meltwater or periglacial activity or simply as clay-silt precipitating from lake "pondages", possibly formed above blocked cave drainage conduits. Nonetheless, these fine grained sediments are likely to be symptomatic of cold climate processes that occurred over a long period of time, when the exhumation of caves or their actual formation was similar to, or above, the regional base level of erosion.

The "bats wings" boxwork in caves at Hastings

The "bats wings" boxwork recently seen in The Catacombs is typically observed in several caves at Hastings. The long and broad, exposed and delicately thin veins of silica (as blades or sheets, like bats wings) are generally "blackened", most likely due to manganese staining. In Wolf Hole, the boxwork is particularly well-formed on the sloping and arched cave roof beyond the "Mud-brick Factory" on the far back side of Lake Pluto **(Figure 5)**. This dark-brown to black silica boxwork also occurs in King George V Cave, Lyrebird Lair, Newdegate Cave and Chain of Ponds.

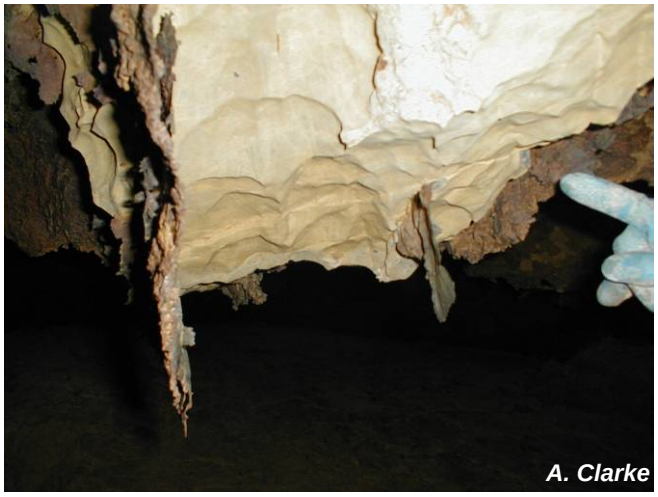


Figure 5. *Residual boxwork (with finger for scale) in the Mud-brick Factory, Wolf Hole.*

In all five caves, the boxwork appears to be situated immediately above the uppermost surface (or the former upper level) of the finely laminated layers of silt that form deep profiles in caves such as Wolf Hole **(Figure 6A)**. In at least three of the caves at Hastings, the boxwork appears to have formed in an alcove **(Figure 6B)**, where the cave wall takes an almost 90 degree arched shape, allowing the silica sheets to hang down at various angles from the inclined wall and curved ceiling. This arched roof or alcove phenomenon with the boxwork is most prevalent or pronounced in three caves: adjacent to the Mystery Creek streamway in Newdegate Cave **(Figure 7)**, the main easterly trending side passage in Chain of Ponds **(Figure 8)** and beyond the Mud-brick Factory behind Lake Pluto in

Wolf Hole **(shown in Figure 5)** and to a lesser extent in The Catacombs **(Figure 9)**.

Figure 6A. *Silica boxwork (below straws) in alcove above sediments, Wolf Hole.*

Figure 6B. *Sheets of silica boxwork in alcove above laminated sediments, Wolf Hole.*

De-mystifying the silica vein boxwork at Hastings

Not to be confused with the mineralised boxwork deposits produced by erosion in caves under the Nullarbor Plain or the more well known calcitic boxwork formed by aerial erosion in Wind Cave and other caves in the South Dakota hills of USA, the bats wings silica sheets at Hastings are formed in quite a different manner. The silica that forms the network of very fine criss-crossing veins in the dolomite at Hastings is generally considered to have originated in the Devonian era or in post-Devonian times. However, in recent discussion, Ian Houshold (Earth Sciences section of DPIW in Tasmania), related the isotopic work of Clive Calver from the Tasmanian Mines Dept. whose studies suggest that some of the silica in Tasmanian dolomites is a low temperature shallow placement that may have originated from palaeokarst deposits and vughs introduced during the relatively recent Jurassic or Tertiary times.

Although not "genetically" related to the deposition of the laminated sediments, the origins of the boxwork are indirectly related by virtue of the pondage of water formed above the silt or clay layers. The deposited sediment has effectively created a perched water table, with expansive pondages or lakes that have cut into (or dissolved) the surrounding dolomite cave walls. It is suggested that the origin of the boxwork could stem from a geological or geomorphic process known as paragenesis, where solution of the dolomite has occurred at the same time as sediment deposition (Ian Houshold pers. comm.). Perched above the layer/s of sediment, the ponding water has cut laterally into the cave walls, forming the arched or sloping roof.

Figure 7. *Looking up at silica boxwork (with finger for scale) beside Mystery Creek in Newdegate Cave.*

Figure 8. *Silica boxwork in main eastern passage of Chain of Ponds.*

The presence of the boxwork as residual features, "leftover" after solution of the surrounding dolomite, infers that the dissolving water was relatively still or quiet for an extended period (as low energy pond water is). If the water had been circulating or actively flowing, the veins of silica would have been knocked out or broken. In virtually all the locations at Hastings where the boxwork occurs, there is no associated speleothem development. As recently noted, in The Catacombs calcite speleothems have formed above the boxwork. The absence of speleothems at the same level as the boxwork provides further evidence of the presence of standing water for an extended period of time, along with the fact that the water was probably highly "aggressive".

Cave waters are described as being aggressive when they have greater or enhanced dissolution power. Aggressive water generally equates to higher acidity levels. Although the acidity may in part be due to humic acid and tannin compounds derived from soils and surface organic matter, diluted quantities of sulphuric acid may also be present (derived from in situ sulphides or palaeokarst), plus dissolved carbon dioxide (forming carbonic acid). Cold

water is capable of dissolving significantly more gas such as CO_2, forming potentially greater concentrations of carbonic acid.

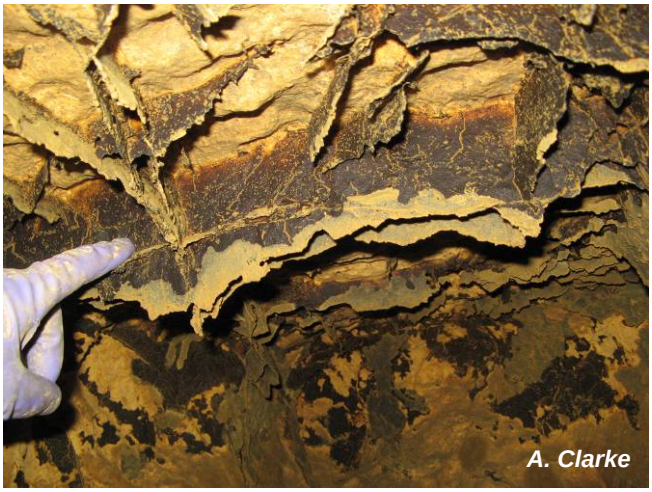


Figure 9. *Sheets of boxwork (with hand for scale) in The Catacombs, Wolf Hole.*

Given the extent of the boxwork in various caves at Hastings, where it is generally formed in these arched or sloping cave roof alcoves, it could be inferred that their formation occurred over a long period of time under the influence of cold (and highly aggressive) slow-moving or relatively stagnant waters. Cold climate conditions, particularly during glacial periods when there is only minor influx of meltwater, could provide an ideal setting for this solution to occur and the boxwork to develop. Similarly, the possibility of enhanced levels of humic acids in cave pond waters might be derived from cold climate peaty soils, together creating more acidic water capable of greater solution.

Reference

CLARKE, A. 1990 *Lune River Karst Inventory - Phase 1 (Tas. Karst Atlas Project) - a preliminary report on the karst (and glacial) landforms in the Lune River Valley.* A consultancy report to Forestry Commission of Tasmania; 48pp. plus figures and maps.

A SUSSpicious Karst of Thousands –

Sydney University Speleological Society 60th Anniversary Dinner

Caves House, Jenolan.

3rd May 2008

Stephen Bunton

I sometimes find it hard to consider STC as Australia's oldest caving club since it was rebadged only a decade ago. [*Well, you celebrated Kathy's 49th birthday the other day and she was rebadged a Bunton not that long ago. – Ed.*] On the other hand SUSS, the second oldest caving club in the country, has retained its name since 1948. As a former SUSS member I felt compelled to join the 60th anniversary celebrations, especially since the dinner was at Caves House, an establishment I could not afford to frequent as an impoverished undergraduate.

I flew up to Sydney ("Jet setting coon!" as Stuart Nicholas would say) on the Friday evening and was met at the airport by Geoff Innes. Geoff was my best caving buddy from my time in SUSS and accompanied me on the ATEA 78 expedition to Papa New Guinea. His wife Ev (nee Tulp) was with me on the MAMO 82 expedition. I spent the night at their place in Sydney before driving up to Jenolan via the Blue Mountains. This was a trip down memory lane. My other good buddy from this time, Graeme Smith, could not make it this weekend.

Our first objective was the photographic documentation of my exploration of Carpark Cave 1 and Carpark Cave 2 at Mt Piddington. See for yourself, Erik Halbert's documentation of these sandstone overhangs in *JSSS* (49(12):375-377) is a joke (photos on page 24). Both caves are of insufficient length to be considered caves. Believe me I have slept under both of them and got wet!

We then headed to Jenolan where I immediately encountered Kier Vaughan-Taylor. I last saw Kier diving on the Nullarbor in January 1991. Kier is the current SUSS President and was the organiser of the weekend. I thanked him for this thankless task and he invited me on a rigging trip into Glass Cave to carry scaling poles for a Chevalier trip the next day. I wormed out of any real caving and preferred to go for a nostalgic walk up McKeowns Creek through The Devils Coachhouse to Mammoth Flat where we formerly camped. The vegetation has recovered since it's no longer denuded by firewood collection. The stinging nettles are still there in abundance. I could spot the place where I first met Ric Tunney in 1974, where Jim (Seagoon) Seabrook burnt his car, where Randall King (RIP) repeatedly – weekend after weekend - tripped over his still unset jelly and where Anne Gray, on first meeting me proclaimed that I was "the most disgusting person she had ever met". Who knows, I may still hold this distinction.

On the way up the valley we met Kier and his party with their scaling poles and I thought "Lucky that's not me!" When we turned for home we met them again and found that they'd forgotten the key and so couldn't get into the cave. Almost all caves at Jenolan are permit trips and many are gated which no doubt makes caving a hassle. Nevertheless there seemed to be a very enlightened attitude to cavers who openly walked around in trogsuits in the "village", something which was forbidden years ago. Guy McKenna was in the party. He's just the same, as mad as ever. Having two daughters, a divorce and numerous diverse careers hasn't helped; neither has it seemed to hurt him.

Back in the village we waited for the 4.00 pm slide lecture in Lucas (tourist) Cave. Gradually people came out of the woodwork from all over. Geoff and Ev's good friend Roy Winstanley and his wife Cheryl arrived. I had not seen Roy since I stepped off the plane in Sydney after MAMO 82. Likewise I'd not seen Ivan Dessailley since we climbed Mera Peak on an expedition to Nepal just prior to the MAMO 82 trip. Ivan married Judy Strickland, another SUSS member, and they have a son Lachlan who was going on his first SUSS trip the next day.

Henry Shannon travelled up from Launceston and led a trip up the McKeowns Creek valley to where the water sinks. Nobody has really found where the water enters the Jenolan limestone and after all these years Henry was still as keen as ever to find out. Accompanying him amongst

others was John Dunkley, who didn't recognise me and then when I introduced myself, he confused me with someone else. Given John is the corporate memory of ASF, the person who knows the inside story or all the gossip behind the controversy, I reckon I'll take what he says with a bigger grain of salt next time. The other explanation is that; either I don't feature sufficiently prominently in the ASF thrust and parry to be notorious and I'll take his forgetfulness as a compliment or I'll explain it away as John was just knackered. John told me that the cold snap we had over the ANZAC weekend caused it to snow at Jenolan on the Monday and dumped sufficient snow at Peter Dykes' place at Jaunter (about 1200 m ASL), near Oberon to cut the roads.

Also on that daytrip was Bruce Welch. His energy and enthusiasm produced the Northern Limestone Book (Welch, 1976). Bruce was still as cheeky, mischievous and interesting as ever. He commented that all these people are either shorter or wider than they used to be. I claimed that it was because we all now appear in the new wide-screen plasma TV format. He wasn't convinced! Bruce brought the first Blue Water Rope into Australia but decided not to pursue a career in retailing and wholesaling like his now millionaire colleagues, Phil Toomer and Judith Bateman who started up Spelean. Phil and Judith were notable by their absence.

I didn't get the prize for travelling the furthest, this went to Judy Clarke who flew in from Perth (WA). Judy is well known to many STC people, recently carrying Stefan's diving bottles to the bottom of KD via Dwarrowdelf. She admitted that, after having not caved for so long, she was very nervous when she clipped into the first abseil. A healthy sign! Of her vintage was Phil (KD) Cole, who I can't help but think of every time the radio plays *Daydream Believer* by the Monkees. It became their celebratory song, as it was on the radio when they travelled back in the car after bottoming KD for their first time. When I mentioned taking a mudcake down KD for my 50th it sparked Phil and Judy to contemplate a similar reunion in KD for their impending 50th birthdays.

Al Warild and Julia James were there. They had just returned from Mt Roraima (The Lost World) in Venezuela, a huge dissected limestone plateau. Al had also been caving in Mexico again and pushed yet another cave to beyond 1,000 m. After not working since Christmas, like the rest of us he had to go back on Monday.

The slideshow in the The Cathedral in Lucas Cave was given by Ron Allum, a legendary cave diver who made various underwater connections between sections of the tourist caves and through to the others up the valley. Diving at Jenolan has now reached a depth of 97 m and has made the Jenolan Caves the deepest cave on the mainland. Ron has recently worked on dives to the Titanic with submersibles and ROV's getting live footage for the Discovery Channel at a cost of $7M per expedition. The video clips he showed were stunning and the first colour shots of any aspect of the Titanic, since it sunk before the advent of colour photography. He complemented the movie designers on their research because the real images confirmed the ones imagined for the production of the film. Various concretions on the wreck looked vaguely cave-like.

On the way out I chatted to Graeme Patterson from UNSWSS who was mainly responsible for the documentation of Cliefden Caves, which are some of the best-decorated caves in NSW particularly with respect to helictites – definitely a must see! We last met at Yarrangobilly after the Cavcon ACT 1976 conference.

We adjourned to our aptly named Bellbird Cottage for pre-dinner drinks and nibbles before dressing for dinner and returning to Caves House. This oldy-worldy hotel is just lovely and sufficiently auspicious for such an occasion. I caught up with Kristen Young whom I last saw in the tavern bar at Mt Cook in January 2000. Phil Maynard, Mike Lake and his wife Jill Rowling, the great SUSS stalwarts were there, of course!

Jenolan is such a significant area that quite a number of NSW clubs regularly run trips there. Quite a number of these club members joined SUSS in their celebration, including Dave Rothery (MUSIG) another PNG veteran, Garry K. Smith, Jodie and Michael Rutledge (NHVSS). Jenny and Gary Whitby (NHVSS) had recently been caving in the Ningbings, WA and spoke highly of that new area. Most of these people I hadn't seen since CaveMania.

Alan Pryke gave me more insight to the Bullita politicking and his controversial photo looking into the cave but showing underground passage. This photo apparently contravened the protocol of not publishing any photos of the caves but only photos taken on the surface.

The meal provided adequate SUSStenance, in fact it was quite SUSStaining! Jack Kelly, the first SUSS president, spoke during the dinner. As usual it was tales of the good old days but more than that - it had a message. He believed the value of university clubs was that they provided opportunities for students to get an education, not just a degree. For a club such as SUSS it allowed young people to take risks and learn valuable life skills from these.

Notable by their absence were the young people. Like most clubs, SUSS is attracting less of the younger generation. Partly they blame the abolition of compulsory student unionism. To raise revenue The Union now charges SUSS rent on the room they have used for free since 1948! Having to pay an increased membership fee may not necessarily be the reason. I suggest that the real reason is that caving is a bit old-fashioned and not as exciting as playing shoot-em-up games over the internet or attending rave parties. The concept of having to put-in (anything larger than a tablet of E) in order to get something out, does not seem to compute with the youngsters of today. Alternatively, the fact that all the good mainland caves have been found and there is no thrill of discovery left, means that whilst some people try caving there are no recidivists.

Also notable by their absence were a couple of my contemporaries: Peter Campbell who at one stage was the director of the Garvan Institute of Medical Research and Malcolm Handel who I recently found out, by virtue of my dicky knee, was a rheumatologist. This was a pity since I was hoping that I could have got a free consultation.

Pat Larkin, a noted environmental lawyer, spoke eloquently of his notable risk taking episodes. Kier finished off the evening with a fairly obscure quiz for the five spare places on the annual (one permit per year) Chevalier Cave trip. Joe Sydney was given one of the spots so as to demonstrate his Nicola Phone. Kier also payed

tribute to the SUSS trip leaders. He had obviously not heard about my draft rewrite of the ASF Safety Guidelines where the basic tenet was that people have to take responsibility for themselves and therefore not have to resort to suing someone, like the trip leader, if they stuff up.

We retired to Bellbird Cottage where Roy broke out a bottle of liqueur muscat he'd bought on the weekend when he, Geoff and Ivan first met. It was a lovely gesture. We all had a glass but were unable to bat on beyond 1.00 am. No stamina, us old blokes!

The next morning we collected our freebie tickets to the self guided tour through Nettle Cave. Entry was by bar-coded ticket and I noticed on the sign that I was not allowed to take my hot chips caving. Nettle Cave was one of the first to be developed for tourism. The cave is a series of alcoves and arches, accessed from high in The Devils Coachhouse. To guide your tour there is a narrative on an audiophone, which corresponds to various checkpoints. From this I learned that caving is "dark, difficult and dangerous". There was a lot of shiny stainless steel and brand new concrete walkway constructed through The Devils Coachhouse and Nettle Cave, as well as sensitive new lighting. It was good to see World Heritage Area funding being well spent, although the aerial spans and stairs were all supported by mild steel RSJs which certainly won't last as long as the handrails.

The most interesting features of the cave were the craybacks, large mysterious stalagmites, which grow in the twilight gloom of these arch caves as well as at Wombeyan and Abercrombie. I found out that these were in fact sub-aerial stromatolites, the result of deposition by cyanobacteria (blue-green algae to you commoners) using the carbon dioxide in the ground water and thereby precipitating calcite. This was realised only in 1982 by Julia James, Armstrong Osborne and Guy Cox. I remember the trip to Wombeyan when Julia first mentioned it as an idea.

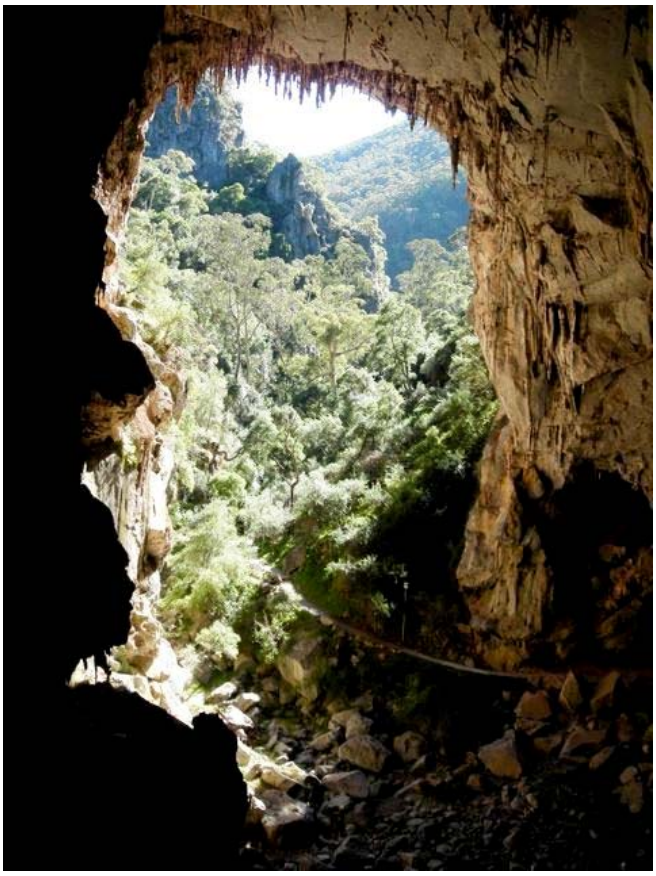
Guy, who is now retired, was head of the electron microscope unit and was the president of SUSS for much of the time that I was a member between 1974 and 1984. He also went to PNG on ATEA78 trip. By some strange co-incidence, Guy was enjoying the self-guided tour at the same time as us. The trip to Sydney and Jenolan was worth it just for that moment alone - to discover some sort of closure on the affairs that were current so long ago when I left. It also illustrates the point that science is not advanced by the tedium of countless measurements but by the occasional inspirational idea.

It was great to catch up with so many good old friends, albeit briefly. To chat to them about where they were along life's journey. It always scares me a bit that those silly, semi-irresponsible cavers of yesteryear are now occupying positions of respect in our community, that some of them are well-reputed and some have even made worthwhile contributions to society!

The trip down the Blue Mountains was beautiful with the exotic trees in their autumn colours. I survived the incompetence of Jetstar and returned home safely. The weather was kind all weekend. The crisp cool air is so similar to our climate here. Nestled in its lovely valley, Jenolan is a brilliant area. The bed of limestone is only a few hundred metres wide and about the same height and a few kilometres long. At its centre it forms a dam across the valley perforated by The Grand Arch and other arches formed in the Dreamtime by Gurangatch, a giant eel, a re-incarnation of the Rainbow Serpent … or that's what the audiophone stated. Sounds SUSSpect to me! You'll just have to check it out for yourself one day. It's worth the trip, if only for a weekend!

REFERENCE:

WELCH, B.R. (1976) *The caves of Jenolan 2: The Northern Limestone*. Sydney University Speleological Society / Speleological Research Council Ltd. Sydney.

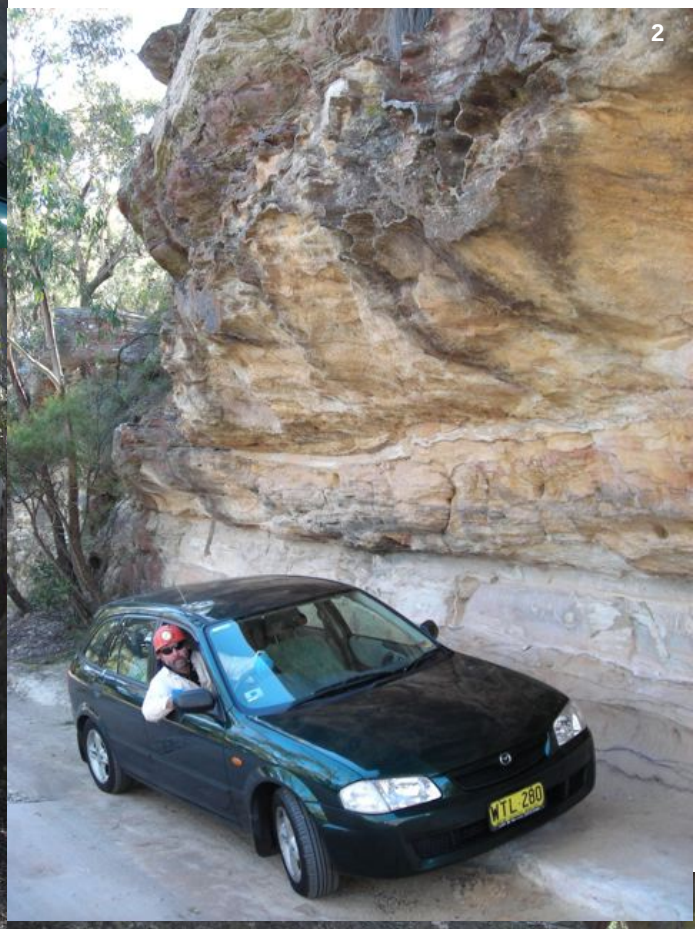


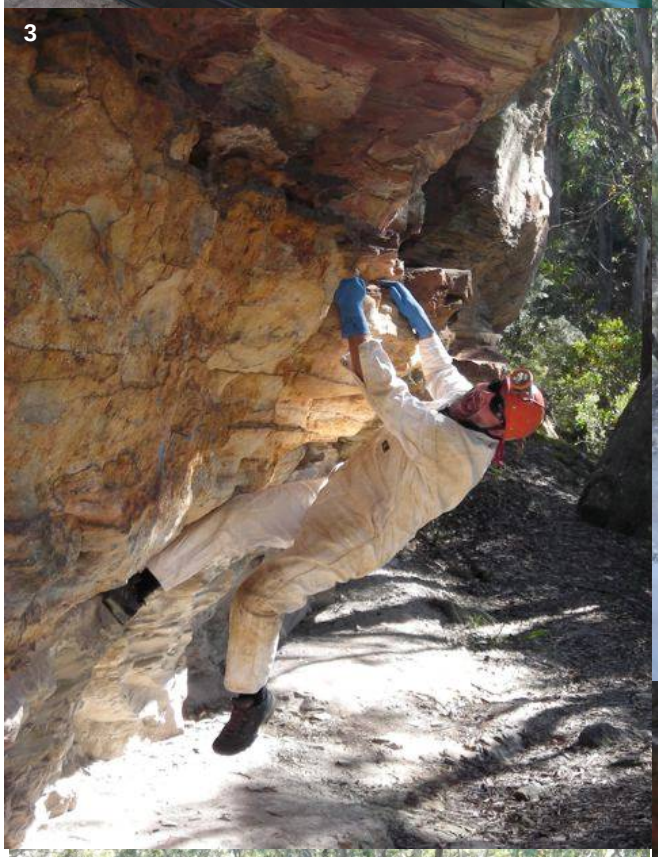
Left – *The 57 m high north entrance to The Devils Coachhouse from high in Nettle Cave.*
Above – *Ev Innes observing crayback formations in Nettle Cave under natural light.*

Photos – Stephen Bunton

Bunty Does Carpark Cave I & II

Captions on page 25





JF-382 Rigging Guide and Passage Notes

Alan Jackson

Finding the cave

Dissidence is located in the Serendipity Valley (access via Eight Road, McCallums Track, and Serendipity Track) on the southern side of the valley (right hand side when heading up the valley) approximately 140 m SSW of the JF-344 Serendipity entrance. The entrance is 60 m higher than JF-344. The route is not taped beyond Serendipity.

Entrance Series

Entrance Pitch (8 m) – A grotty, sloping mess of a pitch. Traditionally a ladder has been used on this pitch (this avoids unnecessary removal of SRT gear for the following squeeze). An abundance of trees and ferns provide natural anchors.

Bolting in the Name Of (8 m) – An excessive number of bolts are placed on this pitch (all bolts in cave are 8 mm expansion bolts with nut and washer in situ – but no plates – and fitted with reflective tag). Two backup bolts on the left wall allow one to bridge the drop to reach the two primary bolts a couple of metres out. These two bolts produce a rub point about two metres down. During exploration it took approximately 20 ascents to damage the sheath significantly on 11 mm Blue Water. Use fat rope and take care.

Sandwitch (6 m) – Natural backup in narrow preceding passage and large natural bollard overhead for pitch proper. The three metre climb that immediately follows can be descended on the same rope if desired (and if backing up the following pitch to this one).

Imperial Thirty (17 m) – Large natural thread ~3 m from pitch head to back up; two bolts placed either side at pitch head. In wet conditions a natural redirect can be useful to pull the hang out of the water (spike located at foot level a couple of metres out when standing at pitch head/bolts).

Pitch (5 m) – tie back into previous pitch. Single bolt on right hand wall over slot.

Spent Force (12 m) – tie back into previous pitch. Stay high in rift (don't follow water) and traverse. Single bolt high on left hand wall provides approach line. Two bolts on opposite wall at pitch proper.

Union Jack – mega vadose passage with numerous short climbs and bypasses. Approximately 15 m down take scramble down in small passage on left to avoid tricky 4 m climb in main passage. Immediately below the main showering aven avoid 7 m drop-off in main passage by taking steep narrow tube on the left. This bypass can be tricky to locate on the way out.

Punishment Series

Battery Point (8 m) – Two bolts low on right hand wall approximately five metres before pitch proper. Two more bolts on right wall (left when abseiling) a couple of metres over the lip and out from the water.

Vertical Euphoria (55 m) – Tie back into previous pitch. Two back up/approach bolts on left hand wall allows for careful traverse over the chocked boulder to a take-off platform. Two bolts on left wall provide a 55 m free-hang.

No Country for Old Men (21 m) – Can tie back to previous pitch (allow 10 m of rope). Two approach bolts high on right hand wall. Two primary/rebelay bolts also on right hand wall (left when abseiling) approximately six metres down.

For Everhard Series

This section is accessed via two successive climb-ups on the right approximately 15 m upstream from Battery Point pitch.

Negative Reality Inversion (42 m) – Single bolt and high natural on left hand wall at pitch head. Not ideally rigged due to rope restrictions at time of exploration. Approximately four metres down/out a single bolt for use as a redirect (with a short sling) keeps the rope free of the nasty rub on the approach to the rebelay. Two bolts on right hand wall (left when abseiling) down over the lip and above the drop proper.

Access to the For Everhard Series proper is via a climb up the vast fill-slope to the obvious high window. Stay high at the canyon drop off (by jumping over to the ledge on the right hand side) to access the upper passage (Death or Glory climb) or climb down to access the lower passages. In the lower passages, a short climb up on the left is required at a right angle bend to access the main passage.

Smooth Operator (23 m) – Natural backup to chockstones overhead and single bolt on right hand wall. A second single bolt is located approximately three metres out on right hand wall as a redirect (use short sling) to keep rope off lip. Two bolts on left hand wall (right when abseiling) approximately six metres down provide a free-hang to bottom

Run Rabbit Run and Vertical Euphoria connection

Pitch (13 m) – Two bolts on left hand wall at the lower side of fill-slope at base of Negative Reality Inversion pitch. These can be tied back into the previous pitch. Two more bolts on left hand wall located approximately five metres below.

Bull Rider Traverse – starting at the first two bolts for the 13 m pitch described above, traverse and mantle the huge chocked boulder to the left (over the 13 m pitch) A series of three single bolts allow a pendulum traverse to the passage connecting back into Vertical Euphoria.

Pitch (12 m) (VE connection) – single (maybe double?) bolts on left hand wall at pitch head.

1. Excuse me! Could you please tell me where I can find Carpark Cave?
2. Steve exploring Carpark Cave 1
3. Steve hanging out in Carpark Cave 2
4. Looking for Carpark Cave 2
5. Steve thoroughly dissatisfied with the experience

All photos: Stephen Bunton collection

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