

# SPELEO SPIEL 367

July - August 2008





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**Front Cover:** Shawls in the upper level of the Mystery Creek Cave extensions. *Photo by Gavin Brett*



# Speleo Spiel

Newsletter of the

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**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

No room for an editorial this issue. My apologies (I know how much you all love them).

Alan Jackson

## Stuff 'n Stuff

**MADPHIL ON THE NET** – Arthur found a bio for Madphil recently from a China expedition webpage: “Madphil Rowsell has been caving and digging for over 25 years. He spent 2 years caving in Tasmania (2000-2002). He has been on expeditions to Dachstien, Austria (2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006); Hirlatz Austria (2005, 2006, 2007); Matienzo, Spain (2004, 2007); Peru (2004), and China (Tianxing 2005). Phil led the Hongchiba 2006 expedition.



Phil speaks basic Chinese [*he speaks pretty basic English at times too* – Ed.]. He is a Mountain Rescue Casualty Carer and a MRO warden.”

<http://www.hongmeigui.net/members.php?member=philrowsell>

**A PITCH BAGGER'S DILEMMA** – In *Speleo Spiel* 366, Amy Robertson advised she had done the 42.3 m entrance pitch into IB-45 Holocaust. This pitch is worth 1 Pitch Baggers' Point. Amy was 0.2 of the way through her pregnancy and she wondered if that meant she was entitled to 1.2 Pitch Baggers' Points.

Unfortunately for Amy, she didn't realise that Pitch Baggers' Points are quantised into integers. More unfortunately for Amy, she has been caught by the (hitherto) unwritten “Unlawful Assistance” rule. Amy was helped by the additional muscle power of her foetus and receives one penalty point. This means she receives zero points and has to do the pitch again.

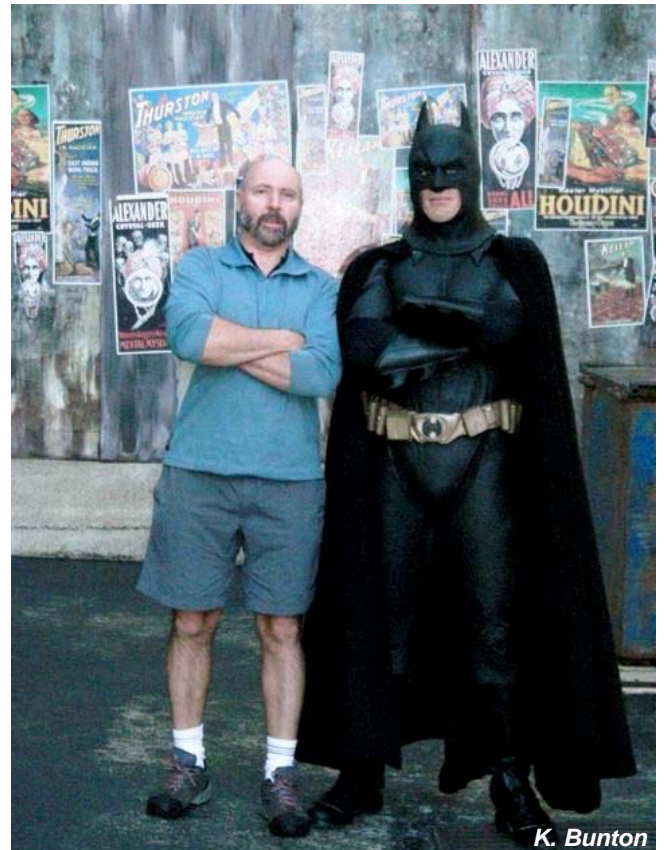
Let this be a warning to pregnant STC members!

**Ric Tunney**

**BUNTONWOOD ON THE GOLD COAST** – During the May-June holidays the Buntons visited the Gold Coast to do “the worlds”. They caught up with the Morgans and Dean was delighted to hear that Alan had taken over *Caves Australia* [*‘taken over’ might be going a bit far. I prefer ‘put back on the right path’* – Ed.] Steve thought that many of the Wet and Wild rides would be great if they were rigged as caves and done as a bounce trip, although the possible name Underground World is more likely to attract gangsters. He therefore ran the idea past a well known crime fighter (see photo). As a Biology Teacher he should be able to claim Sea World as a tax deduction and as a Physical Science teacher he's claiming all the rest of the rides, if only Tony [Culberg] gives him the nod.

**Stephen Bunton**

Kathy Bunton attempts a subtle gag (and pulls it off) at GC1 - Cave of Waves. →



Subterranean superheroes Batman and Fatman (aka Buntman) – Batman also known as ‘very well endowed man’.



Next on the SSS list of lame caves to survey – Wet and Wild's “Cave of Waves”





## Trip Reports



*T. Veness*

*Jane, tree roots and an impressive cavern in the Bullita Cave system, Gregory National Park.*

### **Kimberly Expedition – May 2008**

#### **Jane Pulford & Tony Veness**

In May 2008, Jane and Tony drove 4,800 km from Darwin to Broome on a 5 week trip, caving and hiking along the way.

Two days were spent in Gregory National Park, exploring the Bullita Cave system south of Limestone Creek and observing the changes to the environment since Tony's previous visit – he had been on expedition here with CSS and NUCC some 10 years earlier.

The last two weeks of the trip were spent on a caving expedition to the Napier Range, Kimberley region of WA. We met up with Ross and Jay Anderson from WASG and assorted hangers-on from CLInc, NZ and NSW. WASG expeditions typically happen every two years and involve a number of scientific and exploratory projects. We spent ten days exploring known caves, locating new karst features and collecting cave fauna for the WA Museum.

The Napier Range is a Devonian reef, standing some 40 m taller than the surrounding plain. At Windjana Gorge it presents some impressive cliffs, while in other places it is much more broken down. Surrounded by spinifex, spear grass, eucalypt and boab trees, the range forms part of a

striking landscape. The weather was cool at night, but 33 – 38°C during the day, making an early start and water provisioning essential.

Some days we climbed up onto the top of the range, carefully negotiating the razor-edged karst towers and trying to avoid the spinifex 'cushions' in between. Many caves are found amid the tower karst, some involving abseiling pitches of up to 15 m to get inside. One area we visited involved wading across the river in Windjana Gorge itself, just metres from several dozing freshwater crocodiles. Fortunately, they're not interested in eating humans.

Given that the limestone here is riddled with holes, there is enough work to keep future expeditions busy for many years to come. We thoroughly enjoyed our time with the group and are considering returning to the area for the next expedition – and next time we want to stay longer!





1

T. Veness



2

T. Veness



3

J. Pulford



4

J. Pulford

1. Jane atop the tower karst in Gregory NP
2. Shawls in the Gregory NP karst
3. Tony (aka Solo Man) emerges from a grike in the Napier Range
4. Tony and friend cross Windjana Gorge

## IB-27 Chicken Bone Pot

Janine McKinnon

15 June 2008

**Party:** Sarah Gilbert, Janine McKinnon, Ric Tunney

We could not find any record of a trip down this cave since the original exploration and survey in 1984 (see *Speleo Spiel* 199) (There is another report of Tom Porritt and Gavin Brett going some unspecified distance, almost certainly only down the first pitch, a couple of years ago.)

So we decided it was about time to have a look. Actually, we had made this decision a year ago, but after the party spent several hours bashing through the bush with heavy cave packs trying to find said cave, we all had lost the enthusiasm to enter it when we did finally locate it. So here we were, with a significantly reduced party, having another go. This time we had the advantage of knowing where it was.

As usual in winter, there were a few tree falls along the Skinner Track, but nothing very big. The tree with the marker for the track junction had fallen down though, so

we'll have to fix that up at some point. It's just before what had been the "crawl under log", which became the "squeeze under log" and is now the "climb over with great difficulty" log. Progress up the hill was slow as the route is steep but we eventually arrived at the cave entrance 75 minutes after leaving the cars.

The first pitch is pretty straightforward and while the others descended behind me, I went looking for the way on. The obvious route was down a very steep dirt and rock slope but after only a few metres the way on disappeared into blackness. There was a passage leading off to the right a few metres below me, but the slope was sufficiently steep and loose that I didn't want to continue any further down it without some sort of safety line. It would be very easy to slide straight over the edge. The exposed climb to the right looked to be the original way on, as described in the original trip report, but they had also described an alternate way closer to the bottom of the first pitch. They had found a phreatic tube and used this as well. I went looking for this tube and found it right at the base of the short climb just below the bottom of the first pitch.

The others had arrived by now, and being a notorious wimp, I decided that I would like a belay to get across to the entrance to this tube. It looked a bit of a stretch for short arses. We decided that I would put in a traverse (safety) line for the climb. We used the end of the rope from the first pitch, but it took some time as I had great difficulty finding something to attach to. Like many phreatic passages, it was quite smooth. The few projections I found decided they didn't like my attentions and ran away. I finally found a solid anchor at the far end of the passage, just within reach of our rope.

The way on described in the original report involved a free climb down 6-7 m. I had a go at this but the start of the climb was through a very narrow hole which my body completely filled (the climb belled out below this tight start). I then couldn't see down to find the (very small) foot hold I had identified as my first target. It was lower than I could reach without committing beyond my ability to get back up, so if I missed it as I dropped it would be straight down. There was a really good foot hold another few feet further down, but there was no way I could hit that on the first move. This is a long-winded way of attempting to justify pike two of the day. I wasn't doing well so far today in comparison with the old guard, or, if viewed from the wimp-meter, I was doing very well. Just another reminder, I suppose, of my second rate skills compared to some of the cavers of yesteryear.

I offered the others the opportunity to have a go at the free-climb, but they all demurred. There was an alternate way down a few feet away that would need a rope, but was bigger and easier to negotiate, so we went for that option. This used up the rope we had brought for the bottom 8 m pitch.

The way on down from the bottom of this climb was tight, but soon opened out into a lovely wide drop of 32 m. There is a ledge 5 or 6 m down (Chicken Roost), to which I descended first on a short rope, and stopped. There was nowhere to rig from on this ledge. The rock was very friable and mud encrusted. We decided to rig the full pitch from the belay point I was currently attached to and then put in a rebelay to get past the rub point on the edge of the "Roost". The previous party, having done the cave in the

days of IRT, would have just used rope protectors. I spent quite a bit of time looking around for a natural rebelay but could find nothing with any hope of staying in place so I continued abseiling to the bottom and Ric was to follow last and put in a bolt at an appropriate spot.

The way on from the base of this lovely pitch quickly degenerated into a steep, tight crawl. On reaching "Mason's Rock Squeeze", a vertical squeeze, I made the mistake of thinking I could fit through with all my hardware on. My spatial judgment was obviously off as I got caught by my croll. After a fair bit of grunting and struggling I hauled myself back up and out of the squeeze. If we wanted to continue we would have to take our kit off. I crawled back up to where the passage widened enough to fit two people and waited for Sarah. I must admit to losing enthusiasm to continue at this point. There wasn't too much of the cave left to do, it had been a slow trip so far and there weren't any prospects of extension at the bottom, this was purely a "look see" tourist trip.

Ric arrived and we discussed options. Sarah went to look at the way on and returned with a decided lack of enthusiasm in her voice for continuing. Ric was happy to go with the flow, so we decided to head out. It had taken us 3 hours to get to this point. Quite a long time to go not very far.

The trip out was done in about 1.5 hours, a surprisingly slow exit, however the cave was very unstable and we all (well, the two below the top person) spent a lot of time hiding until the person above had moved past the rock fall danger zone (this had happened on the way down too, of course).

This is certainly not a cave for inexperienced cavers, from the safety perspective. There are lots of chances to get hit by falling things if you are not very careful. There were very few signs anyone had been in the cave before, so the rocks and mud have not been consolidated or pushed out of the way by lots of passing people.

We were out of the cave by 4pm and made it back to the car on last light an hour later.

We decided, as we walked back, that we couldn't think why we would ever feel a need to return. The two main pitches were very pleasant but the tight passage in between wasn't. However, on reflection, and after another look at the survey, I have realised that the pitch leading down the main route from the other side of the Chicken Roost has never been descended. There is an aven on the other side of Mason's Rock Squeeze which is penciled in as being that pitch, but the connection has not been proven, nor the pitch length measured. So maybe we'll do one more trip, to tie these loose ends up.

#### **Partial Rigging Notes:**

- *P1 24 m (29 m rope used).* Belay from rock spike 2 m above pitch head. Redirection 5 m down on LHS avoids rub-point where pitch constricts at 7 m. Extra rope can be used to climb around into phreatic tube.
- *P2 32 m (40 m rope used)* Belay to rock spike 5 m above Chicken Roost. Rebelay to bolt LHS just below lip of Roost.
- *P3 14 m* (From *Speleo Spiel* 199) Bolt (spit?) gives "almost freehang".
- *P4 7 m* climb
- *P5 8 m*

Notes: All directions looking down. Bolt on P2 is 8 mm x 90 mm SS Throughbolt, hanger removed.



## **IB-10 Mystery Creek Cave – Adding length on the shortest day of the year**

**Alan Jackson**

**21 June 2008**

**Party:** Guy Bannink, Arthur Clarke, Sarah Gilbert, Alan Jackson, Janine McKinnon, Jane Pulford, Tony Veness, Geoff Wise.

It wouldn't be a true Midwinter Extravaganza at Francistown unless the weather was awful. Luckily, after a week of fine, calm weather, the heavens opened and the temperature dropped just in time – all the prominent peaks had a nice coating of snow. A cast of thousands (well, eight plus one) gathered at the carpark and gear for the climb/traverse was distributed amongst the punters. With the exception of Ric (who was off for a day standing in the rain) we headed in with the rumble of thunder overhead.

At the entrance the creek was low despite the rain (I guess most of it was still frozen as snow in the upper reaches of the catchment). We made a smooth trip to Matchbox Squeeze. Here we divided Arthur's possessions amongst us so he wouldn't have the added burden of a pack for the snaggy crawl of Plague and Pestilence. We charged in and eventually reached the first chamber with Arthur still in one piece. This was about to change when Alan tore strips off him when he put a foot out of place and dirtied some crystals. When Alan's tirade was complete and instructions for finding all the good stuff in Bohemia Chamber were provided (preferably with their eyes and not their feet), the climbing team set off for Expletive Hall. But then we realised that some of the essential gear hadn't arrived yet. Where were Tony, Jane and Geoff? Alan raced back down through the rock-fall and located them at the initial ladder climb. Tony and Jane were waiting for Geoff who had unwittingly found himself at the back of the group, not knowing how nasty the crawl was going to be in terms of snagging bags. He had photographic gear in a large Pelican Case and had experienced extreme 'square peg, round hole' problems on the way in. He had died a death of a thousand square edges and he was wasted. He was relieved of his pack and guided up through the rockfall to Bohemia Chamber. A full complement of climbing gear was then compiled and the climbing party departed.

I placed the most vile-looking chock in a slot at the bottom of Nutburn and used it as a foot-loop for getting started on the climb. I couldn't believe I was free-climbing this bastard again. At the edge, about 5 m up, I placed two bolts and tied a rope in for the others and then scrambled up the slope to the big rock spike embedded in the floor and rigged a line here too. The others joined me and then we prepared for the traverse. It started off on a nice broad ledge with a slabby wall above it that you could lean into comfortably. About 10 m along the ledge narrowed but it was still slabby so it was relatively easy. The main concern was the alternating bedrock and flowstone and choosing acceptable bolt placements to protect the traverse. About 5 m from our target the ledge disappeared completely and a sheer, blank arête barred the way. Fortunately, due to the height we had started at, I was able to swap to 'abseil and pendulum' mode to make sideways progress. Two ~4 m abseils were rigged which allowed us to swing over each time and access the base of a large boulder slope that led up into the target passage. The whole traverse consumed all of our 40 m rope. Somehow I calmly stayed put and waited for the other two to join me before scaling the slope and checking if the passage was a goer or not.

It was indeed a goer. Words can't really describe the passage but I'll provide a few key ones; huge boulders fallen from the ceiling; massive voids below the fallen blocks, exquisite mud and calcite formations on the floor, roof and walls; a stunning vadose canyon with a pitch off to one side ... We carefully picked a line of least damage through the talus until we got to a cross canyon that barred easy access. To scale this some damage would need to be done so we decided to call it quits for the day and check all alternate routes to avoid this on a later trip. The others had headed out by now and the day was getting long (and there's only so long the shortest day can get). We retraced our steps exactly, reversed the traverse and headed out, reaching the entrance in a little over an hour.

All future trips in here need to exercise extreme care. We will make sure we track mark as we go to minimise our impact on the delicate floors. The contrast between the heavily impacted surfaces of the lower areas of this cave with these pristine new areas couldn't be more stark. We must do everything we can to make sure no more than a 0.5 m wide section of this passage ever looks like the lower levels.

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## **IB-10 Mystery Creek Cave – Surveying and exploring the new stuff**

**Alan Jackson**

**29 June 2008**

**Party:** Gavin Brett, Stephen Bunton, Rolan Eberhard, Alan Jackson, Janine McKinnon

As usual, the approach was vile, painful and forgettable – though watching Bunty's harness and attached bag progressively work its way off as he (slowly) proceeded through the crawl was memorable. The stretched out party reassembled in Expletive Hall and devised a plan of action. Rolan and I would head to Nutburn and Mississippi to do track marking and sketching while the others headed over

the traverse to install a direct line down (to cut out the traverse for any future trips).

I happily sketched away and Rolan disappeared into the Boeing Flattener towards Mississippi Chamber. Eventually I joined him to discover that he'd been pushing his pack ahead of him and that he'd pushed it down the 7 m pitch into the chamber. Amid fits of laughter I managed to ascertain that Rolan was rather peeved with the situation. More laughter followed. He grumpily headed back to get a rope while I continued sketching.

When I returned to the top of Nutburn only two of the other three had made it up. We left Bunty and Rolan to place track marking in this section while Janine, Gavin and I traversed. In the end all five made it across the traverse before we could get some bolts installed for the direct

route down to Expletive Hall. The other four all sat very patiently while this job was completed, resisting the urge to run down the new stuff without me (though Gavin did have an initial 'eager' moment when he first arrived, but he was forced back by the impenetrable forest of decoration).



*Bunty recovering in Expletive Hall, looking like a man who really enjoyed his crawling in Plague and Pestilence.*

Gavin and Janine took the lead with Janine supplying advice on the route we'd taken last trip. Gavin took photos and they both placed a few bits of yellow tape to keep the rest of us on the chosen path. Bunty, Rolan and I surveyed along behind them. It was my first survey trip with my new Disto and it generally worked very nicely. It was great to not have to worry about indiscriminate damage occurring when traipsing a tape around the place, feeding it out and winding it back in. The whole passage was full of delicate pretties trying their utmost to be broken off.

We reached the mini ravine that we had stopped at last trip, chose a spot to climb up and soon came to the edge of a 15 m drop off. Rolan had his SRT gear on and a bagful of rope (he's a cunning bastard) and started devising a strategy to get down it. Gavin and Janine headed back to attempt a lower traverse to avoid the pitch (but which would require negotiating heavily decorated areas). Bunty and I just sketched and fired the Disto off in every direction we could (partly for fun and partly to determine passage dimensions). All the crystals were creating knife-edge rub points for Rolan's rope method and the low road party beat him to the spoils. We all then followed Gavin's taped route to the base of the big rubble slope, which started at the bottom of the 15 m drop Rolan was trying to rig. Each step was a calculated risk. Tripping over or stumbling would not only break countless bits and pieces but also hurt like hell (sharp crystals and needles everywhere – worse than Bondi Beach).



*Rolan inspects (a small portion of) the wall of coraloids.*



*Gavin sinks his fingers in to demonstrate the depth of the coraloids (rest assured, without touching anything).*





*Janine is dwarfed by the towering calcite encrusted walls of the lower canyon (not that it takes much to dwarf Janine).*

It was a joy to get on the rubble slope with no pretties to avoid on the floor. The walls were another matter, with most covered in coralloid growth over 150 mm deep. I think in total in this whole passage there would easily be in excess of 2000 m<sup>2</sup> of coralloids. Just in this rubble slope area alone the roof is 15 m up and over 30 m of the wall is covered with it (on both sides) – that's 900 m<sup>2</sup> just there! At the top of the slope, predictably, the floor reached the roof and a couple of tiny ways on into the fractured rock zone presented themselves. Neither held much promise and we about-faced. Rolan found a big chunk of heavily fossiliferous mudstone that must have come from the surface (which is about 100 m from this point).



*Coral encrusted stalactite of sorts – interestingly with rounded white nodules on one side and black feathery needles on the other. Total length of stal is ~300 mm.*



*More pretties.*

We surveyed and investigated the western side of the passage on the way out, finding yet more exquisite coralloids, black needle covered helictites and superb calcite encrusted rock faces. It was about 4:30 pm so we decided to head for home. I derigged the traverse while the others bombed down the new easy escape route, and then the hideous crawl commenced (Gavin admitted to almost stopping and crying at one stage, his knees hurt so much).

With the survey data now entered we're 150 m or so closer to Exit Cave. The new passage trends almost due south, while the 'Back End' of the lower levels of the cave (heading toward the Labyrinth) trend more southwesterly. The nearest point in Exit Cave is in the direction of a bisector of the two MCC passages (in a south-southwesterly trajectory). The distance separating the two caves is about 160 m. The side canyon we found on the first trip into this passage sits directly above the very similar looking canyon that branches off Bohemia Chamber. They almost certainly are one and the same. It may be pointless to drop this pitch as significant damage to decoration and delicate mud floors would almost certainly result and finding anything of significance is unlikely. This also raises the question of conservation and ethics for the whole passage. It is truly magnificent and terribly fragile. To quote Rolan from an email sent the next day, "the coralloids in the new passage are simply outstanding, both aesthetically and in terms of geodiversity conservation i.e. best known examples of this feature in Tas - their conservation is a real priority." And in my words – the decoration in this passage makes sections of Kubla Khan look like a pawn shop. So what's the best way to protect this area from damage while still allowing access? The crawls, grovels and free-climbs to access this passage are certainly enough to keep all but the most hardened of cavers at bay, but even hard cavers transport mud and can break things.



*A strange speleotherm – more like a sessile marine polychaete.*



## IB-10 Mystery Creek Cave – The only way is up

Alan Jackson

13 July 2008

**Party:** Damian Bidgood, Gavin Brett, Matt Cracknell, Alan Jackson, Andreas Klocker, Ivan Riley

Numbers for this trip rose and fell like the tides. In the end there were six – three for the climbing team and three tourists. The climbing team's aim was to gain access to the large phreatic hole up in the ceiling near the start of the recently discovered passage.



*Andreas leads up the flowstone of Viennese Waltz while Gavin belays attentively.*

From the bottom the first bit looked hard and the second bit looked like a relatively simple scramble up flowstone that could be protected with a few bolts into bedrock on the side wall. Looks can be deceiving. First job was to lasso the big knob of rock about 10 m up. A steel karabiner on the end of some light cord eventually settled in the right place (Gavin determined a little earlier that his face was not suitable for a misdirected high speed karabiner) and we then dragged a more substantial rope up and over and tied it off to a large boulder. It looked like there was a good notch behind the knob to hold the rope in place but one can never be sure from 10 m below so we also belayed Andreas (our hotshot Austrian climber) on dynamic rope as he half prusiked/half climbed the flowstone face, placing wires and tape threads for protection as he went. About 2 m below the top of the knob the gear placements ran out so he placed two bolts in a suitable place for a free-hang down to the floor, tied in the rope that was used as the 'up and over' and descended back to the floor. I suggested the name Viennese Waltz for the climb.



*Ropes everywhere as Andreas heads up the climb.*

Hard bit done, easy bit to go (we thought). I saw the opportunity to scoop the booty and headed up for the next bit (too many trips with Rolan of late). I tied into the belay line (several bits of pro before the bolts had been left in place) and prusiked up to the bolts. I then passed the bolts and continued ascending the 'up and over' rope. This allowed me to assess just how good the 'notch' was that we'd been relying on so far. The appearance of a notch was created by the presence of a small pile of detached crystal, dust and other such crap. It was actually a gentle slope providing very little protection from gravity. Shit! I installed another bolt and then continued up and gained the target ledge atop the knob (about 1 m wide and 2 m long). From here I cautiously stood up and climbed a few good steps to place another bolt as high as I could reach (about 5 m above the last one). While I scoped the next section Gavin ascended with extra gear, stripping the natural pro on the bottom bit.



*We had assured Andreas the climb was 'clean'.*





*I. Riley*

*Pretties in the mega passage below the climb*

The next bit wasn't looking so simple anymore. It was actually a 70°+ slope (we'd hoped more like 50° initially), with very vague protection options. The main problem we faced was a lack of bolting gear. We'd started the day with only 8 bolts (time to visit the Hilti shop again!) We'd already gobbled up four; we'd need two for the main anchor atop the climb. That left two to play with to securely protect the next ~15 m. Gavin arrived and demanded a second bolt at the chosen rebelay spot – he wasn't overly fussed if all my runners popped and I fell to my death, but we were now high enough that I wouldn't reach the ground before loading the belay point and if the single bolt failed then I'd drag him down the first 15 m as well. He presented a reasonable argument so I installed a second bolt! The climbing was pretty easy (chunky rounded knobs of flowstone and lots of foot sized steps and ledges to stand on) but the protection was terrible. I was putting in pro everywhere I could (every metre in a few spots) but they were mostly very marginal tape threads around the narrow bottoms of flowstone ribs (down to ½ inch diameter!) If I fell it would at least sound nice as the decorations ripped out. About 7 m up the vertical flowstone ran out and a rounded sloping ledge (with absolutely no pro options at all) kicked in. We played our last good card and installed a bolt into a nice bit of bedrock that conveniently presented itself. With this in place I heaved up and over and scrambled up the slope to a small decoration encrusted alcove (about 4 above the bolt placement). A couple of marginal naturals gave me psychological protection while I placed bolts.

I must have installed in excess of 100 bolts over the years without a single cock-up. Why now, when I needed two

bolts securely installed with only two bolts in my bag, did I cock it up? I under-drilled the hole so the bolt bottomed-out with 15 mm of thread still protruding. This meant that while banging it in I had given the nut a big whack with no give (i.e. inward movement) and I damaged the thread. The nut wouldn't turn (the whole bolt rotated instead) so I couldn't tighten it up. Shit, shit, shit. It wasn't completely useless (still stronger than any of the threads I'd used on the way up) but the pressure was now on to get the second (and last) one right. Thankfully it went in like a (wet?) dream. A big sigh of relief. I assured Gavin that one bolt was good, the other was at least 50% full strength and that the two naturals I had found combined to about another 50% of a good bolt. He wasn't impressed but he ascended to me anyway.

This was meant to be the end of the climb and start of the running passage. It wasn't to be. Instead, a perilous 6 m traverse was required which was achieved by abseiling down a few metres off the bolt (and a half) and then swinging across, scrambling up using a diagonal fracture in the flowstone and then gentle crawling with fingernails fully engaged. We'd been running short on gear all day, and now it was really lacking. The static rope we'd been tying in as we came up wasn't going to reach the huge stal on the other side of the traverse (base diameter of about 2 m) so we had to tie in the dynamic lead rope. I also slinged a smaller stal to secure the traverse line, as the back of the big stal had some nasty sharp bits. I then spotted a fairly solid wire placement half way between the two end anchors and tied it into the middle to avoid the enormous sag. Gavin tentatively joined me and we shook our heads in frustration at the next obstacle. We'd reached our goal but it turned out that another 6 m of steep, featureless flowstone barred the way. One slip would have resulted in 30 m of bouncy freefall. We had nothing. A few photos were taken of this remarkable bit of passage. It was about 8 m wide and the same high with an enormous pressure-dome-like phreatic ceiling (but I don't know enough about these things to theorise with confidence). It was getting late now (about 5:30 pm) so we bailed out, tidying up the rigging on the way down. Next time ...



*G. Brett*

*The next obstacle – a six metre wall of flowstone.*

All in all an enjoyable day. Hopefully some good photos taken by Ivan and Matt; my first trip with Andreas – with a bit of SRT/rebelay fine-tuning he'll be a fine asset; and always a pleasure to berate Damian – it'd been a long time between drinks.



## MC-64 Tailender Cave

Alan Jackson

9 August 2008

**Party:** Paula Barrass (NC), Steve Bunton, Alan Jackson, Geoff Wise, David Wools-Cobb (NC)

This was a Karstcare trip timed to coincide with the Tas Speleo Liaison Council meeting in Deloraine. It started badly for me. All my caving gear is currently piled in the corner of the gear store (no, it's not for general hire) so I didn't have much time to double check things before I headed north on Friday after work. I forgot my trogsuit ... Fortunately? Dave WC had a boot full of overalls for his beginner caving trip the following day. I was privileged enough to wear Dave's old Cordura suit. It was a little short in the legs but did the job. Unfortunately the photo didn't turn out, so you'll just have to believe Bunty when he tells you how funny I looked. I declined his offer of some cotton overalls as I really didn't feel I was tough enough to cave like the hardmen of decades past (at least not without the full gamut of ladders, cardboard helmet, candle and beard). I also discovered that I only had one pair of socks with me, so Geoff Wise kindly donated his spare pair so that I wouldn't have to go sockless on the drive home.

The plan was to tart up the rigging on the (up) pitch, conduct some cleaning, install some protective matting and a boot wash station. This made for a lot of gear for five people, the worst of which was the boot wash station. It was very light but also very big and inflexible. Some very creative and persuasive techniques were engaged while traversing the tight bit ...

We lost a lot of time at the aforementioned tight bit, so by the time we'd ascended and fixed up the rigging on the pitch time was running short. The wash station was put in place, the challenge of the cleaning and matting was considered and then a quick tourist of the pretty sections was conducted. With a meeting to get to we turned around, leaving the hard work for a later trip.

On the way I attempted a dodgy climb up into a possible lead that Dave had pointed out on the way in. Dodgy wasn't really the word for it. Horrendous would be more fitting. Despite this it was scaled and ~30 m of new passage was inspected. It was typical Mole Creek stuff – pretty, fragile and nerve-racking to traverse without damaging. Boots off, tiptoeing down flowstone, the passage lowered (but not impossibly) – getting wet feet isn't an issue when you're caving in borrowed socks! No real conclusion was reached but not being up to speed with MC exploration ethics I turned back with several question marks remaining. Reversing the climb in a conventional fashion proved impossible, so I just jumped instead!

## IB-10 Mystery Creek Cave – Up, up and away

Alan Jackson

17 August 2008

**Party:** Gavin Brett, Alan Jackson, Andreas Klocker

After coming agonisingly close to our goal on the last trip, we finally headed back. The novelty of 'new stuff' must have started to wear off, as we only had three for this trip. All the hangers on must have got their fill!

With all the recent rain our worst fears were realised – the two ditches at the start of the crawl were brimming with water. With some creative manoeuvres we all managed to get through with only a wet glove or damp foot. Up at the coalface I started up the flowstone obstacle. Two bolts and a couple of lassoed stalagmites later and I was up. I rigged a line off a collection of large stals and the others joined me. The passage was a huge phreatic borehole with a steeply sloping flowstone floor; huge stals on the floor and smaller feeder stals and straw clusters on the ceiling. The ceiling was terrific with abstract lines, colours and phreatic features. I commented to Gavin at the time that I felt like I was on the cover of an issue of *NSS News*, such was the size and grandeur of the passage. A cool draft was detected, which was exciting when you consider the dimensions of the passage. We picked a route up the slope and the passage slowly closed in. A short steeper section of flowstone with a low roof looked ominous but once up the ceiling jumped up again to around 12 m high. Another 10 or so metres on the horizontal passage terminated in a spectacular display of shawls. Once again, the way on was up. We were disappointed, as our geological expert, Matt,

had assured us that the cave would become 'blocky' at this level and that we were wasting our time. I love theoretical cavers.



G. Brett

*A crap photo giving an indication of the size of the phreatic passage. Two more people in this photo and we could have called the passage Abbey Road.*

Three options were examined. Gavin free-climbed (with the aid of a few backs, shoulders and hands) what looked like was the way up to a simple traverse. This proved not to be the way. Instead we threw a rock tied to the end of a rope up and over a bridge across the passage so we could tie one end off and ascend the other. From Gavin's higher position he flicked the rope into place and then attempted his descent. A hand hold failed unexpectedly and he came crashing down onto his two spotters. I managed to cop an elbow to the face and nose (a hard target to miss, admittedly) and strained my pinkie badly on the floor.



Gavin, unfairly, was unhurt! Not the place for a serious injury.

Gavin then headed up the rope, traversed the arch and suspended block onto the large Africa-shaped slab. Again the way was encrusted with pretties and bloody hard work to negotiate without damage (impossible in fact). The wet sticky clay building up on our boots wasn't helping. Gavin confirmed that the north trending bit of passage closed down and that the southern direction was the go. But it was going to involve a sketchy bolt traverse. This exploring caves from the bottom up is far more labour intensive and challenging than the traditional top down method. With time against us we opted for surveying out instead – 110 m of passage was recorded, including the 30 m climb/pitch up into this section.



G. Brett

*Superb shawls at the end of the lower level of the phreatic passage.*

The way out was reasonable with the exception of the artificially raised water levels in the pools near Matchbox Squeeze. Some smartarse on the beginner trip simultaneously running in Mystery Creek Cave thought it would be funny to build a dam and make our exit a little more unpleasant. I still managed to only get one wet gumboot. Andreas and Gavin were less fussed at this stage of the trip and took the plunge with reckless abandon.



A. Jackson

*Gavin atop the Africa-shaped slab after completing his climb.*

So, MCC keeps going up, up and away. The new phreatic mega-passage is running due south slightly east of, but essentially straight over the top of, the underlying mega-passage we found a few trips earlier. We're still about 30 m short of the fault area where the underlying passage terminated in a huge rockfall. Vertically the story is far more intriguing. Using the entrance to Midnight Hole as a zero point, we are now at ~40 m! We have climbed to somewhere around 120 m vertically above Matchbox Squeeze level. We're half expecting to breakout into the forest on the next trip, though we're south of the contact zone now, so this is unlikely. This possibly suggests that any draft we can detect is not coming from the surface.

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## **IB-10 Mystery Creek Cave**

**Sarah Gilbert**

**17 August 2008**

**Party:** Matt Cracknell, Sarah Gilbert, Julie Hunt, Torsten Jensen, Phil McMichael, Cameron Watchorn

We started the day by meeting up at Banjos in Huonville, for a bite to eat and introductions. We arrived at Ida Bay with plenty of new gear on this trip, as well as new cavers (a recipe for disaster? Luckily, no it wasn't). I'd taken the new club lights out of their packaging earlier in the week, and fixed them onto shiny, unused helmets. The Apexes [*Apices?* – Ed.] all seemed to work fine underground, pretty bright for small lights, but the question of their waterproofness wasn't exactly tested on this trip. Also, I was trying out my new Scurion for the first time ... and I was impressed. It definitely out-shone the club lights and my poor, old, faithful Duo didn't stand a chance.

We headed in and stopped off to look at the glowworms, which was a first for a few people. They didn't seem as bright as normal (the glowworms I mean). Maybe due to the large amounts of water flowing through during the week, or maybe just because they had been blasted by my light (and AJ & Co half an hour or so earlier). We left the glowworms alone in peaceful darkness and headed down towards Cephalopod Streamway and looked at the waterfall, but decided there was just a bit too much water to continue on down stream. We went back up and along the low route and through to the chamber where the Cavex was last year. We had a bit of a poke around down there, then back along and up the Laundry Chute. I hadn't tried it that way before, and I must say it's much easier, and more fun, going down. We then stopped off in the start of the Confusing Chamber for lunch. I turned my light down to minimum, but I still got complaints about blinding people.

After a bite to eat, we headed off to Matchbox Squeeze, for a bit of real caving. There were a few nerves, but everyone



handled it pretty well. We stood under the dripping shower for a while and gazed up into Midnight Hole. Then back out and along the high route, pausing at the broken column for a few happy snaps.

We were back out at the car at about 3 pm, having taken about 4 hours underground. It was a good, relaxing day out. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves, and to round out the caving experience for our new members, we stopped for wood fired pizzas at Dover on the way home.



*M. Cracknell*

*Phil comes up the Laundry Chute.*



*M. Cracknell*

*Happy punters at Broken Column.*

## Cave Humour



When they stumbled upon their new discovery the troglodykes couldn't believe their eyes!



"Do you know what I fear most about old age?"

"No what?"

"Incontinence!"



## Other Exciting Stuff

### AUSTRALASIAN CAVE & KARST MANAGEMENT ASSOCIATION Inc

#### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, MAY 2008

**Pat & Tony Culberg**

LOCALITY Capricorn Caves, near Rockhampton

DATE Friday 16 to Monday 19 May 2008

PRESENT Many Tasmanians, including Arthur Clarke, Pat Culberg, Tony Culberg, Geoff Deer, Rolan Eberhard, Cathie Plowman, David Butler and Chester Shaw.

A large band of Tasmanians attended the conference. From what we saw they all enjoyed themselves.

As always with an ACKMA Conference there were many trips into the present show cave, an old show cave, some privately run, now closed, show caves and some of the undeveloped caves in the region. This area is unusual in that many of the caves are privately owned and run. Many of the old tourist caves are now closed. The only show cave was being set up for a wedding on the Saturday, and very well done at that. Red carpet, candles, music, great acoustics, pews – the whole kit & caboodle, and all for just \$699. The other notable feature is that the entire block of limestone has been tipped over, through 180 degrees, so the oldest fossils are at the top of the hill. There are plenty of little volcanic plugs around, and the upheavals must have been both immense and very interesting.



*Columnar basalt cliffs at Sawn Rocks, Mt Kaputar NP.*

One of the most important benefits of a meeting like this is the exchange of ideas and the often vigorous debate.

Field trips included tours of the old Queensland Cement quarry, a detailed history of the 40 year conservation battle, a trip to Bat Cleft at the top of Mt Etna, the main limestone outcrop. Qld Parks runs 4 trips a week in the bat roosting season, to watch the bats exiting at sunset. The track up to the cleft cost a lot, \$18,000 for a stainless steel wire safety fence, let alone the stairs.

Qld Parks also opened some of the disused show caves and generally treated us well.



*Viewing platform infrastructure at Bat Cleft, Mt Etna*



*The old Queensland Cement quarry.*



*Razor sharp karren in the Mt Etna karst.*

On the Monday there was a trip to Mount Morgan, about 35 km inland from Rockhampton. This was a mine, mainly copper with some gold & silver. It was an unusual area in that most minerals are usually found in igneous affected areas, while Mt Morgan has some sedimentary beds right alongside. One of these had a band of fire brick clay from side to side of the ridge. This was mined to make fire bricks for the retorts, chimneys etc. Pillars were left to support the roof. Later it was discovered that the very top



layer of clay had held dinosaur footprints, infilled by the layer of sand that washed in. These footprints are still visible and were a highlight of the trip. Photos are available.

Like ASF, ACKMA runs an AGM every year [wow, maybe STC should start running annual AGMs too; what a novel concept – Ed.], the AGM in even numbered years is a low key affair, the other has a conference attached. The 2010 AGM is tentatively planned for Mulu Caves in Borneo, and will have a longer program of probably a week, to justify the airfares.



*The picturesque Mt Morgan mine. Acid Mine Drainage at its best.*

The next ACKMA conference is at Margaret River, WA, in May 2009, the May 2011 conference has been awarded to Tasmania and will probably be based in Ulverstone. There will be the opportunity for pre and post conference field trips. Cathie Plowman is head of the organising committee, Tony Culberg is likely to be financial officer. Many delegates are fit and active cavers, although others are semi-retired. Offers to run field trips are welcome. The conference itself will spend time on karst features around Montagu, Trowutta Arch, Lake Chisholm, the mound springs and Dismal Swamp. A lengthy site examination and report on land management

issues at Mole Creek, where some caves are on private farms, some in National Parks and others on Forestry land, should be a feature

On the way north we detoured via Canowindra, where one finds a lovely museum on the Age of Fishes. If you are in the area it is worth the half day, to look at the museum and the original site of the excavation. It appears that a billabong was heavily populated by fish, and large ones at that. The water evaporated and the fish stew was covered by sand, fossilising a huge number of specimens of five or more species. The story of the major fossil dig is fascinating and shows what can be done when a community is involved.

On our drive back we travelled the shortest road, through towns like Banana, Theodore, Miles, Goondiwindi, Moree, Narrabri and Coonabarabran to Melbourne. In Narrabri we heard of some sandstone caves in the Pilliga Scrub, famous for producing lots of railway sleepers over the years. Despite the poor directions we found them, read the interpretation and did the walk. There are actual caves, in the sense that there are holes in rock enterable by man or woman. Again, photos are available.



*Sandstone 'caves' in the Pilliga Scrub.*

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## **Reality in Death – getting in early**

**Alan Jackson**

*Written in a (very) mild state of depression back in March 2007.*

Peak aerobic power decreases steadily between the ages of 25 and 65 years (LeMura & von Duvillard 2003). The downhill run has commenced. Gavin had been telling me this since I met him (generally as a retort to the constant 'old man' jibes that I plied him with following his numerous injuries and general gimpiness that ailed his frail 30+ year old frame). The cockiness of youth knows only one boundary – turning 25. Up to this point I mistreated my body with reckless abandon, lugging heavy packs and seizing opportunities to impress the aged with my boundless flexibility and strength. The seriousness of my predicament is now sinking in. My knees now ache after long trips, my neck is often stiff and as I write I am waiting for an appointment with the radiologist to assess the damage to my patella following a recent caving crash. The sure and steady decline that I am now experiencing causes

one to realise that at the bottom of the hill awaits death. Sometimes the hill is long and straight with death clearly visible from far away. Other times it is lurking around a tight bend and jumps out in front of you well before you realised the bottom of the hill was even close.

Once you're dead things are largely out of your control (some may argue otherwise but they're nutcases). What I find interesting is how death generally causes those you leave behind to take stock of your life, often feeling moved to write it down so everyone can see what a wonderful person they thought you were. In my opinion these eulogies often fail to present a true portrayal of the deceased. Inevitably the result is a rose-tinted appraisal.

Over the 2007 Christmas break my mother was happily informing me of a wonderful person she'd read about while in the UK; a clergyman at Durham Cathedral who gave everything away to the poor and local people and had not a penny to his name when he died. At the time I had caustically remarked that he had probably been a complete prick or womanising kiddy-fiddler but by virtue of his death was given a glowing report. Initially my mother was



dismissive but she made my point for me moments later when describing the engraving on one of her aunt's headstones. This aunt had been a particularly nasty old bag and very difficult to deal with over the years, (yes, it runs in the family), yet her headstone reads "she served her country and inspired her children." Admittedly it doesn't specify what she served her country with nor what she inspired her children to do, but one does get the impression that this is a positive message that suggests she was a legend of her time.

Being involved in a 60+ year old club has ensured that many long-term and influential members of the club have died and there's only going to be more of them. From what I've seen they've all received rather glowing reports in the *Speleo Spiel* or other publications of the time. Admittedly, of the many I have read, only a few have been people I knew well, but I've never been one to shy away from making ill-informed and rash judgments. Often private discussions with people who knew the deceased well will reveal the many negative traits that weren't discussed in

the eulogy. Why are we so afraid of throwing a bit of reality in? The subject is dead (not "passed away", "gone to a better place" or "taken from us.") You can be as rude to them as you like and you won't upset them! I guess there is the opportunity to further upset grieving family and friends, but you shouldn't let that get in the way.

Some may label me presumptuous, but I think I've been around the club in an active role for long enough now such that someone might be moved to write a paragraph about me one day in the *Spiel*. In the event that I don't live long enough to write my own eulogy, I ask that any would-be authors are honest and describe my negative traits in just as much details as any positive ones they may find. If you don't I'll bloody well come back and haunt you.

#### Reference:

**L. M LEMURA & S. P. VON DUVILLARD.** 2003. *Clinical exercise physiology : application and physiological principles*. Lippincott Williams & Wilkins, London.

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## The history of *Machete Pot* and the Kokoda Trail at Ida Bay

**Arthur Clarke**

Shortly before Greg Middleton headed off overseas to the 13th International Symposium of Vulcanospeleology on Jeju Island in Korea, several hours were spent searching through the STC Archives for early Tasmanian caving historical information, including newspaper cuttings. During the course of this search, Greg re-located the Ray Lighton scrapbook of etchings and paintings, chiefly from caves at Hastings, plus an undated *Mercury* newspaper article relating the TCC 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Dinner, showing a photograph of the famous (?) machete, lost at Ida Bay in late 1959 during construction of the Kokoda Trail track to *Exit Cave*.

The undated *Mercury* newspaper clipping, c. mid or late September 1986, with the photograph of "old Frank" Brown, Frank Hasler (surname incorrectly quoted in *Mercury*) and Arthur Clarke was taken at the TCC AGM Dinner celebrations (in the main front dining room at Shipwright Arms Hotel, better known as The Cellar.). The reference to *Exit Cave* in the photo caption is not correct. The hand-held slash-hook (or machete) had been accidentally dropped by Frank Hasler and was heard disappearing/plummeting down a vertical cave (after it fell out of his hand) while he was slashing through the top of a woody Manfern along the Kokoda Trail on the weekend of November 28-29<sup>th</sup> 1959.

This cave, whose discovery had been attributed to Frank Brown, was subsequently named "*Machete Pot*". A TCC trip report (in the STC archives) indicates that the two "Franks" (Hasler and Brown) were part of a six-person track cutting party lead by M.H. (Rein) de Vries and others including Albert Goede, D. Latham and H. de Vries. Armed with machetes, a half-axe, Bushman's saw and nylon rope, the party was cutting the route of a four-foot wide track to *Exit Cave* commencing from the eastern side of Blaneys Quarry (near *Mystery Creek Cave*), attempting to re-locate/ connect with another section of track that had already been blazed and partly cut-out from the *Exit Cave* end.

Although there are references to other planned track-cutting trips to *Exit Cave* or "Ida Bay South" in the TCC Circulars (e.g., 11th February, 1959), based on the actual archived TCC Trip Reports, this late November weekend was just the third and final episode of track cutting, along the route that became known as the Kokoda Trail; the "name" being accepted at a TCC General Meeting on September 25<sup>th</sup> 1959. On this same late November weekend in 1959, *Big Tree Pot* was also found; recorded as IB-X1, it was only tagged IB-9 when re-discovered in later years, but *Machete Pot* was not relocated, and for several decades remained a "lost" untagged cave, recorded as "IB-X4".

*Machete Pot* was re-discovered by Arthur Clarke in August 1986 and a few weeks later, when the cave was first descended on September 7th 1986 by AC, Jeff Butt and Russel Fulton and tagged as IB-107, the rusted machete was recovered barely a week or so before the 40th anniversary AGM dinner for TCC. The machete with its rusted blade partially encrusted by calcitic deposits was found lying on a sediment bank 55 metres below the surface, when the cave was being explored and surveyed. (At the TCC anniversary dinner, Frank Hasler declared that he didn't want the machete back, because it was too rusted and wouldn't work any more, so it is now resident at Francistown, sheathed in an old SCS or TCC canvas rope protector.)

The previous walking route to *Exit Cave* had been a long, slow and arduous route-finding exercise, initially following an old timber tramway running east of *Bradley-Chesterman Cave*, up the lower western side of Lune Sugarloaf, then onto the upper north-eastern side of Marble Hill. The first trip to *Exit Cave* was at the beginning of March 1947; it was a two day trip with five TCC members led by Leo Luckman and guided by Lune River resident Algie Smith, walking four-and-a-half hours in and out. The next trip was not till early 1954, when Albert Goede was in a party of nine TCC members lead by Edie Smith (and Leo Luckman); it was a four day trip from late January to early February, taking all day and a bit more to walk in and a day coming out.

Four-and-a-half years later, Rein De Vries provides a graphic account of what was just the third trip to *Exit*



Cave, with their walk-in commencing on December 31<sup>st</sup> 1958, just after the “Federation” meeting in Hobart (the second ASF Conference). On this occasion Rein de Vries was party leader and Edie Smith was assistant leader; there were two others from TCC and four visitors from SUSS. Aside from the fact they had virtually no water on the walk in and out (eight of them shared two tinnies of beer on the first night), it took two days walking and scrub-bashing (and being lost) to reach *Exit Cave* and almost as long on the return, although they also took time out to commence slashing and blazing a route up the ridge from *Exit Cave*, towards the quarry. On the way to *Exit Cave*, the party also relocated a vertical cave behind the “new” quarry (later Benders Quarry); the entrance had been reported to cavers by the quarry manager (Mr. Donnelly). Subsequently explored to a depth



## Darkness holds no fears for explorers

AUSTRALIA'S oldest caverneering club celebrated its 40th anniversary last week.

The Tasmanian Caverneering Club is 35 members strong and nearly every weekend sees at least a party of them exploring one of the State's hundreds of caves.

Member Mr Stuart Nicholas said that most of the club's exploration was in new cave systems or extensions of existing systems.

“We were involved in some of the exploration in the cave systems at Hastings in the 1960s,” he said.

“The club has achieved a considerable amount.”

Most of the members spend their time in the Florentine Valley near Maydena.

“We are attempting to explore the drainage systems in the area, which are all underground,” Mr Nicholas said.

“There are no surface streams in the valley.”

Some of the stories the members share stem back to the club's beginnings. However, there are no original members still in the club.

These stories and plans for future caving expeditions were discussed at the anniversary celebrations held at the Cellar at Battery Point.

• Cavers Arthur Clarke, left, Frank Brown and Frank Hosler, swap yarns about a corroded knife. The two Franks claim they lost it in *Exit Cave* near Ida Bay in 1959. It was found recently by Arthur.

of 130 feet, it was named *ASF Pot* and can still be seen in vertical section, situated on the back wall of the front bench of Benders Quarry. The upshot of this unpleasant walking experience, “*being lost in the south-west*”, was the determination by Rein de Vries that a new dedicated track to *Exit Cave* was needed.

(When eventually more or less completed in late November 1959, it was estimated that the Kokoda Trail would take five hours walking in with heavy packs to reach *Exit Cave*, but 6-7 hours returning. In fact, an archived TCC trip report indicates that on the first official use of the Kokoda Trail in late January 1960, it took eight hours to walk in with heavy packs!)

### Reference:

DE VRIES, M.H. (1960) *Exit Cave, or Lost in the South-West. TCC Bulletin*, Vol. 1 (4) September 1960, pp.23-27.

From *The Mercury* (circa mid or late September 1986)

## Cavestrolgy – A Caver's Horoscope

### Stephen Bunton

#### Aquarius

**January 21 - February 19**

You could further lighten your load with a drain hole in the bottom of your rope pack.

#### Pisces

**February 20 – March 20**

You may consider taking up religion because there is a high likelihood that you will be caving in the afterlife. Many cavers take sardines or tinned tuna as lunch food.

#### Aries

**March 21 –April 20**

You may find that your next trip is thwarted by the farmer's fence but you are sure that other sheep have visited this cave, if only once.

#### Taurus

**April 21 – May 20**

You may well consider caving professionally as an adventure cave guide so that you can legitimately charge for your services.

#### Gemini

**May 21 – June 21**

You will attempt to improve your popularity by convincing others of the advantages of tandem prusiking.

#### Cancer

**June 22 – July 23**

You may find yourself expelled from your club but don't take it personally, these days cancers are removed routinely.

#### Leo

**July 24 – August 23**

You may find yourself carrying more than your fair share of the rope on the de-rig trips.

#### Virgo

**August 24 – September 23**

You will need to resist the temptation to use profane language after demanding caving trips. They just won't believe you.

#### Libra

**September 24 –October 23**

The cave politicians will require you to weigh up some serious proposals in the near future but as usual, you side with the heavies.

#### Scorpio

**October 24 – November 22**

The latest ASF stuff-ups really get your back up. Resist the temptation to strike.

#### Sagittarius

**November 23 –December 22**

You may need to visit the podiatrist and invest in some orthotics to fix those fallen arches.

#### Capricorn

**December 23 – January 20**

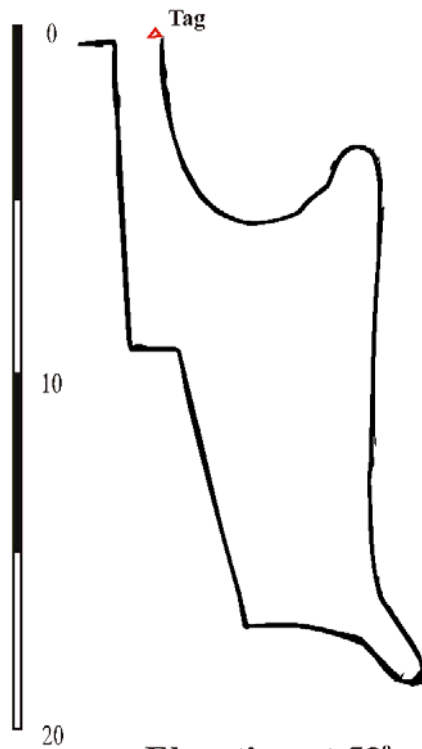
You may become stuck in the entrance of some cave due to an unfortunate typographical error in the management plan which “recommends that the cave is goats”.



**IB-184 Survey** – discovered and tagged 02/03/2005 (SS337:5)

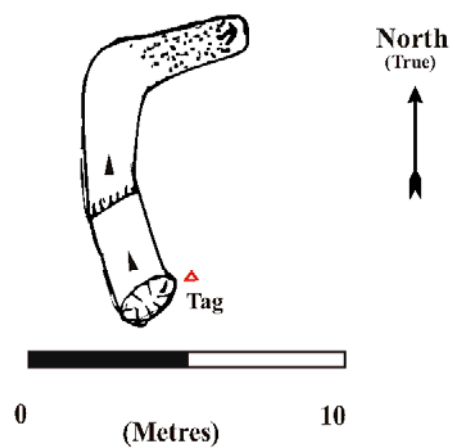
## **IB-184 Ida Bay**

Depth (m)



**Elevation at 53°**

**Plan**



**STC Map No:** 7IB184.STC111

**Drawn By:** Janine McKinnon & Ric Tunney (Dec 07)

**Surveyed By:** Janine McKinnon & Ric Tunney (Mar 03)

**Length:** 32 m

**Depth:** 18 m

**ASF Grade:** 4.3

**Symbols:** ASF 1999



*Speleo Spiel – Issue 367, July – August 2008 – page 20*

Given name	Family name	Postal Address	Phone (H)	Phone (W)	Mobile	E-mail
<b>Members</b>						
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Serena	Benjamin	Currently overseas				serenab@utas.edu.au
Damian	Bidgood	54 Cornwall St, Rose Bay 7015			0400 217 117	damian.bidgood@police.tas.gov.au
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