



SPEIEO SPIEI 375

November - December 2009

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Front Cover: 'Bacon' shawls in Kubla Khan, Mole Creek. *Photo by Ric Tunney*

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.



Speleo Spiel

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Editorial

Wow, TWO letters to the editor – I'm spoilt this issue. To be honest, I'm disappointed that I hadn't received one earlier (and no, the occasional email from a disgruntled reader doesn't count – it has to be an official letter to the editor to make me really happy). In fact, the spoiling doesn't end there – we are privileged to have an article contributed by the one and only Rolan Eberhard. Predictably and disappointingly it is in regards to cave conservation and management (yawn) but that's as good as it gets from the 'once were hard men' brigade these days. Gone are the days when the Eberhards would contribute gripping accounts of exploration in exciting new systems. It's all just minimal impact caving and invertebrate killing these days. Alas. I guess the dark side of caving beckons to us all in the end as we mature. I plan on avoiding maturing for as long as I can hold out.

Merry Christmas, Happy New Year and all that other festive guff.

Alan Jackson

Letter to the Editor #1

Dear Editor

In the latest Speleo Spiel you wrote that 17 people and one child participated in the car rally. But you were not actually participating since you were the organiser. Hence, come confusion!

Then Grace Bunton thought that child referred to her. She was shattered, given that she is bigger than some of the people who turned up on that day and that she is indeed a person, and a decent one at that. Grace's parents assured her that the child reference must have applied to someone like Ric.

However, if Grace is the said child ... we paid full price for her when registering and are therefore due a refund.

Please clarify this issue and hand over our refund promptly.

Regards

Kathy Bunton

Editor's Response

Dear Kathy,

Firstly – please refer to me as 'Rally Master', not 'organiser'.

Thank you for bringing this to my attention. While I must disagree with most of the assertions made in your letter, I must humbly admit that there was oversight on my behalf – Ric is indeed best classified as a child and my account should have described 16 adults and 2 children (not including myself).

Rest assured, however, that at no point was it my intention to brand Grace Bunton as the child (although it should be stated that the concern she has demonstrated at being labelled a child simply highlights her obvious insecurity regarding her age/status). Based on this reaction alone it would perhaps be reasonable to suggest that she is still more 'child' than 'adult'. As for your size argument – being bigger than Janine is no great feat and hardly worthy of bragging.

The following list contains the individuals who participated in the Car Rally whom I considered 'adults':

1. Stephen Bunton
2. Kathy Bunton
3. Grace Bunton
4. Arthur Clarke
5. Siobhan Carter
6. Chris Chad
7. Ric Tunney
8. Janine McKinnon
9. Geoff Wise
10. Sarah Gilbert
11. Amy Robertson
12. Serena Benjamin
13. Julie Hunt
14. Gavin Brett
15. Claire Brett
16. Ken Hosking
17. Christine Fitzgerald

You will note, thanks to the conveniently numbered bullets, that there are 17 alleged 'adults'.

Now this is where I freely admit my true oversight: while I boldly (and correctly) stated that 17 adults and one child attended the car rally, I failed to list the identity of the child. There was a fourth member of the "I Wouldn't Have a Clue" team – Chris Chad's son, Toby – who, at the age of one, can quite confidently be classed as a child. Please view the photographic evidence included with this response. It is also worth pointing out that he appears in three of the photos included with the report published in SS374: on page 15 his face can be seen over Geoff Wise's left shoulder during the team briefing; on page 16 he can be seen on his father's shoulders at the Domain; and on page 17 he can be seen standing in the entrance of Sixpence Cave, behind Siobhan. Admittedly, if you insist on reading a low quality black and white print out of the *Spiel* then Toby is difficult to spot. I recommend the colour electronic version to all readers.



What would appear to be a small child at the Car Rally.

Perhaps if The Stygs had paid a little more attention to their fellow competitors on the day, instead of the ultra-competitive, ‘win at all costs’ approach they demonstrated, then you may have not only saved yourselves from the embarrassment of the false claims made in your letter but also had a more rewarding experience in whole.

As for money and refunds ... to compensate me for the time wasted dealing with your petty and erroneous complaint, I expect I shall receive free entry into the second STC Car Rally to be held in 2010, which I understand is to be organised by you.

Yours Sincerely,

Alan Jackson (Editor, Rally Master and Most Venerable One)

Letter to the Editor #2

Dear Editor,

I was disappointed to read parts of Stephen Bunton's 'Tassy Touring Highlights' article in the last Spiel (374:18-19). While I'm happy to hear about the karst features he encountered during his holiday, the Spiel is not the place to spout his anti-forestry politics.

This is our caving mag and allowing non-karst-related politics or campaigning to filter into it is wrong – especially if the material incorporated is incorrect or unsubstantiated. I'm not going to buy into the argument and put any pro-forestry stuff here, but if anyone wants to ask me and I feel like giving up some of the recreational/social time that I enjoy spending with you guys to explain it, then I will go through what I know is incorrect or unlikely of the material Bunty presented.

Alan, please maintain the high standard of the Spiel and keep it caving-related in the future. The caving is what we members have in common, and there's enough politics in that!

Regards,

Amy Robertson.

Editor's Response

Dear Amy,

I'm afraid you might be barking up the wrong tree on a few points (a common complaint with forest industry workers, I hear):

You state that “this is our caving mag ...” – incorrect (it's MY caving mag).

You suggest that incorrect or unsubstantiated material shouldn't be incorporated – where does an editorial approach like this lead to? *The Mercury*, for one, would be a very thin publication if they adopted such principles.

Good published material is not about whether it's on or off topic – it's about whether it's interesting or not. I agree with you that Bunty clearly has a personal agenda against Forestry Tasmania. I personally find it very entertaining (much more

entertaining, than say, a long list of Mars Bars recipes). As long as I have full editorial control then the *Spiel* will be as entertaining, shocking and outrageous as I can make it, regardless of its relevance to matters caving. One only has to look at *Caves Australia* to see what adhering to stringent editorial guidelines does to a magazine – on topic, but boring as bat shit (and quite often about bat shit!) But my dad always told me that “if you don't eat, you don't shit, and if you don't shit, you die.” Therefore shitting regularly is important, which is why I'm doing my best to get *CA* back on a regular time frame.

Worst of all, you assert that I am guilty of maintaining a “high standard of the *Spiel*”. I assure you that this is not my intention and I am obviously going to have to try harder. The ‘Buntoon’ below should be a step in the right direction.

Yours irresponsibly,

Ed. (not the ‘famous Mister’ one).

Stuff 'n Stuff

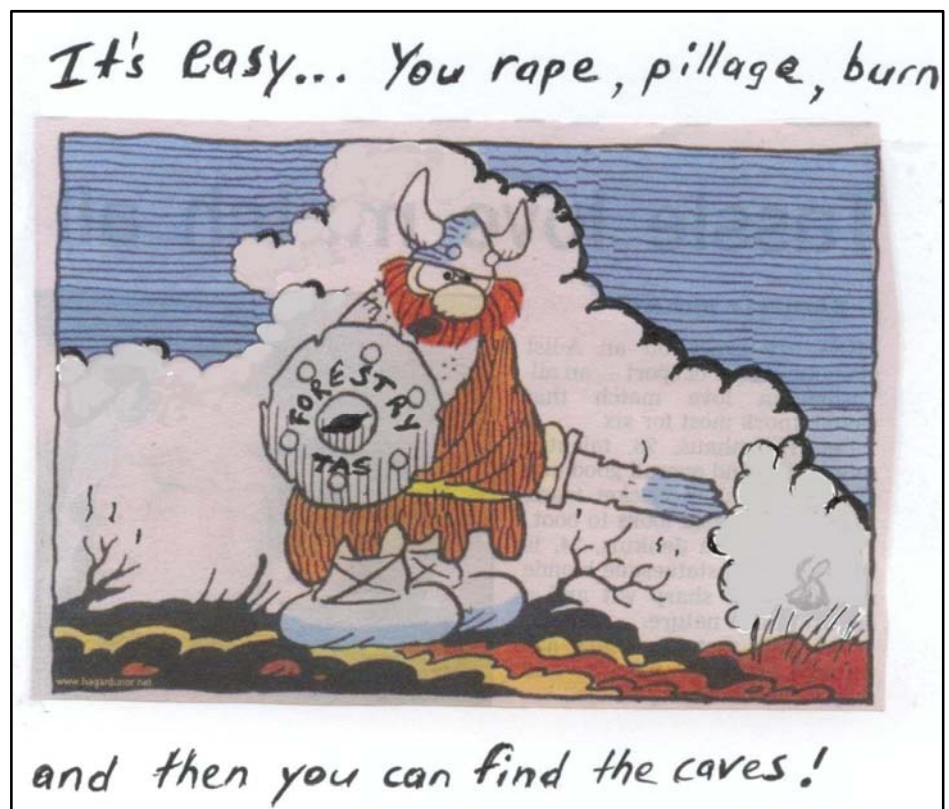
TRAINING

Training officer here, reminding you all that I exist. Customised services provided to all clients. Call me with your individualised requirements. [This includes pillow-fight training – Ed.]

Janine McKinnon

McTINNEY LOGIC

Geoff Wise found it amusing at the recent December General Business Meeting that Ric and Janine were agonising over potential date clashes between a planned bushwalk and the late January/early February dates for Serena's proposed Arrakis, yet moments later used the excuse that “we don't plan that far ahead” when asked to set a date for an Exit Cave trip in early January. As usual, the world of the McTinneys makes perfect sense ...



Trip Reports

Sunshine Road Surface Work

Alan Jackson

22 October 2009

Party: Stephen Bunton, Alan Jackson

We started at the usual spot on Sunshine Rd (after clearing a few tree falls), “Canis Horribilis Track Start”. Fifty metres or so short of JF-426 Canis Horribilis, we ‘straight-lined’ it to JF-444 Bunty Goes Down (no point going the same way all the time and never finding new holes!) We found one small thing of modest interest, but it was only a couple of metres deep. Then down to JF-445 Michael Jacksons Comeback Tour, which we GPSed (had forgotten to do this when we found it) and then surveyed the tag into the surface traverse we’d placed many weeks earlier (which passes about 40 m up the gully – we had left pink tapes with station numbers written on them, which was handy).

Next stop was ‘Hole 35’ (from SS320:17-18). There is a yellow tape from the Butt/Rasch era on a sassafras on the western side of the doline. I scrambled down into it and checked the two possibilities for real cave. One was a no hoper but the other, which sits under the large block of mudstone/conglomerate/parmaneer group shite wedged in the doline could do with a better look. I didn’t have a trogsuit on so didn’t go groveling to move the mud/gravel necessary to squeeze in. We numbered this JF-472 (tag was placed on an undercut face of the large mudstone block described earlier (facing south) and surveyed the tag in to the surface network (which was located at the pink tape on the same sassafras with the older yellow tape, numbered as before).

Now for the day’s true mission – locate JF-19 and 20 (further east) and link the surface network from there to the JF-447 Pitfall Pot area. We figured we’d find JF-19 *et al.* first and then survey back, to avoid surveying off in the wrong direction inadvertently. On the way, on a lovely open ridge with sparse tall vegetation (but it’ll be hell in a month or two once all the ground ferns spring up ...) Bunty was traversing higher than me (too high in my opinion) and stumbled across an obvious cave entrance. He then spotted a large rectangular tag of 1970s style. We were beside ourselves with excitement as Butt/Rasch *et al.* had not found a tagged cave in this spot and we were desperately hoping that it was the elusive JF-15 Hairygoat Hole. Alas, it was only JF-17, but refinding that was still great. Bunty trogged up, explored and sketched it.

Another 50 m or so east the ground fell away in the next gully where we promptly located the very large doline associated with JF-19. JF-20 was supposed to be nearby and I found a hole that seemed to fit but couldn’t see a tag. There was another hole not far away which I assumed was Hole 23 from the Butt/Rasch era. We also located what we suspected to be HOLE11A downhill from JF-19 but couldn’t find the alledged yellow tape. We set a pink tape (numbered) traverse line from JF-19 to JF-446 (the cave just up from JF-447 Pitfall Pot). Then we set about relocating the very large blind doline that is south-east of Pitfall Pot. This was tagged JF-473. I wouldn’t normally

have tagged this kind of thing but it was assigned an X number (JF-X104) by Arthur in his ‘A Complete List of the Known Caves in the Junee-Florentine Karst’ report in SS318:13-27, so we figured that in our mission to get rid of as many X-caves as we could, it had to be done). The tag was placed on the western wall (cliffed side) just above head height to the north of the little cave-like alcove in the cliff. We then surface surveyed (numbered pink tapes again) back to JF-446.

Surveying the already set traverse from JF-446 to JF-19 (via JF-17) was a delight – so fast when the stations are already chosen and marked. Back at JF-19 we bumbled down to what we assumed was HOLE11A. There is some level of confusion with many of the waypoints derived from Dave Rasch’s GPS from the Butt/Rasch era. There are some that are prefixed with ‘HOLE’ and some that are prefixed with ‘HOL’. In many cases there are both HOLES and HOLs with the same number (sometimes close by and other times separated by several kilometres ... Argh! The sooner we eradicate all the bloody things the better!

We still couldn’t find the yellow tape that was allegedly placed beside the doline which marked the final survey station. We could see there was an 8 m vertical circular shaft followed by a ~4 m drop to out of sight. There was a hideous three metre long log precariously jammed in the entrance that threatened to kill anyone that descended below it. Eventually a selection of well-placed feet and hammer blows sent the killer down the pitch. The ladder we had with us wasn’t long enough to get down the second drop so Bunty didn’t bother going right down. He just went down far enough to place the JF-474 tag on the north-western side of the shaft about two metres down from the muddy lip. The cave was called Conspiracy; first the log was out to get him, then the ladder tangled and after all that, the ladder wasn’t long enough – add to this the confusion with the existence of three Hole 11 variants in the GPS. Later research has led us to believe that this cave is synonymous with JF-Z7 from Rolan’s Forestry report. We surveyed this tag back to JF-19.

We then did some reverse engineering of the old surface survey between JF-19, JF-20 and HOLE23. The hole I’d looked at earlier and suspected was JF-20 was in the right spot so I tried harder to find the tag. It was found hidden under a pile of fallen fern fronds. I was about to happily proclaim that therefore the next little hole along must be HOLE23 when Bunty suddenly recalled a JF-20 description that said it had two entrances. He checked his notes and confirmed this. More reverse-engineering of the survey was undertaken and I located the real HOLE23 a little further around and up the hill (complete with yellow tape with ‘Hole 23’ written on it). We figured that most other caves with more than one entrance had a number and tag assigned to each entrance, so we tagged the JF-20 upper entrance with JF-475 – on the left side of the little cliff face, in under the overhang. While I did this, Bunty threw the ladder down HOLE23. The top 5 m of the cave is formed in the shitty mudstone stuff and not suitable for tagging so the tag (JF-476) was attached about 6 m down the cave in the first of the good quality limestone. The tag is on the northern side of the passage (uphill side) and can

be seen from the entrance (with a torch!) This cave was first mentioned in Noel White's trip report in SS56:3-4. It had not been tagged at the time "because of a total lack of anything to attach a number to." We also believe this hole to be JF-Z10 from Rolan's Forestry report. We then surveyed the JF-476 tag to the HOLE23 yellow tape (old survey station which links to JF-19 and JF-20) and then from there down to the JF-475 tag. It was around 4pm so we made our exit plans.

HOLE 36 and HOLE 34 are located down the gully from Pitfall Pot *et al.* so we decided to go down that valley, find them and then traverse out of the gully to the end of Sunshine Road. Not far down the gully we located two entrances in the valley floor about five metres apart. One had a yellow tape over it with 'Hole 33' written on it. We didn't have a GPS waypoint for a hole 33 ... We GPSed it (them) and then continued down. HOLE 36 was located (yellow tape again, but with no number written on it) up on the little plateau to the east of the gully exactly where the

GPS said it should be. We then followed the GPS to where it placed HOLE34 (and HOL34 not far away) but found nothing – though enthusiasm was exhausted at this point and we didn't really look that hard.

Finally we could head straight for the car. We traversed the ridge separating our gully from the end of the Sunshine Road. Lots of exposed limestone but few caves – with the exception of the one I found unexpectedly. I stepped on some vegetation/detritus that looked benign enough but it was disguising a narrow slot over a small chamber. I lost my left leg right up to the top of my thigh – my pelvis being the first part of me that didn't fit in the hole ... Fortunately I didn't hurt myself (or find a bigger cave!) The small chamber under the slot didn't warrant being called a real cave so we didn't tag or GPS it. Soon enough we popped out exactly onto the end of the road and we hobbled the 150 m or so to the car. We were both pretty wrecked after a long sunny day in the scrub.

JF-250 Scratch Pot *et al.* – more surface work and tidying up

Alan Jackson

1 November 2009

Party: Stephen Bunton, Ken Hosking, Alan Jackson

With our working area becoming increasingly more to the north and east we accessed the area from the Junee Quarry Road/KD track. We headed in as far as the Niagara Pot junction and then turned left into the scrub – there is a little dip in the track with a good looking (but caveless) doline on the left (west) just prior to this point. Once up on the flat scrubby ridge we narrowed in on the JF-250 Scratch Pot waypoint. Ken and I started circling but couldn't find anything cave-like in the general vicinity. Bunty kept going and dropped into the next gully to find JF-261 Itchy Cave – if we found that then we could always reverse the survey data to locate Scratch Pot. I located a very old pink tape (it seemed older than what I'd expect from a 1999-2000 era tape, though it was a fairly exposed and sunny spot). I figured it must indicate the location of Scratch Pot. I located a cave entrance a couple of metres downhill from the tape but it soon became clear that it wasn't the ~4 m entrance pitch we were searching for. The cave was a low entrance (~1.2 m) with 6 m of ensuing passage dipping down at ~30° to a narrowing rock choke. I didn't recall any mention of another hole out this way so I checked all the trip reports from the '99-2000 era (which we had with us). By now Bunty had located Itchy Cave and had come up looking for us. He theorised that it was one of Rolan's Z-caves but upon checking our notes it didn't fit any of the descriptions. We photo-tagged, GPSed and tagged it JF-477 (the tag was placed 1.5 metres inside the entrance on the left wall, down low on a flat, sloping bed of limestone).

We headed off to find Itchy Cave so we could reverse-engineer the survey to Scratch Pot. On the way Ken spotted another pink tape that was as faded and crappy as the one near JF-477. A few metres below it was a cave that fitted the description of Scratch Pot (3 m wide entrance, 4 logs obscuring it, 4 m drop etc). Albert's numbering report (SS317:4) said the tag was placed on the only visible limestone face; we couldn't see any distinct limestone face. We started sloughing of moss and bashing away ferns to

see what we could find. It is clear from the trip report that they didn't have any rope/ladders or the like with them, so the tag had to be somewhere easily accessible. I then spotted the tag under some fern fronds to the south of the hole. We tied some pink tape to it, photo-tagged the entrance and re-located the GPS waypoint (which was ~40 m out). The survey of Scratch Pot was published in SS321:7.



Alan has a scratch (and sniff?), pointing to the number tag while standing on the distinct stack of fallen logs over the top of JF-250 Scratch Pot.

We then ran a surface survey back to JF-477. Halfway there I found another crappy old pink tape. From it you could see both the other two tapes we'd found and there was no cave near this one. Because of this, and the fact that they were in a straight line, it would seem sensible that this

is the taped boundary between the national park and the state forest. It was just by pure chance that there were caves located beside two of them! So we decided that JF-477 was a 'new' cave (no previous 'hole', X or Z number).

We relocated to Itchy Cave and Ken and I both had a look. [I haven't ever found any documented explanation for the naming of this cave but I have always assumed that it's a *The Simpsons* reference (from the Itchy and Scratchy Show). Nearby Scratch Pot was named due to the prevalence of animal claw marks in the cave and Itchy Cave was found shortly after on the same day.] The place of interest is a drafting hole, which we both looked at. The hole is too small to fit your head into so investigation of the ~2 m drop on the other side is difficult. The rock barring the way is a fairly narrow slab which would yield to modern digging techniques very quickly – one to return to on a rainy day. We got a GPS fix, photo-tagged it, drew up a quick sketch and then had a scout for the 5 m deep hole reported in SS315:17-18. It was found ~35 m from Itchy Cave (more than the 10 m quoted by Jeff in SS315:17-18). We didn't drop it but it looked cave-like enough so we GPSed, photo-tagged and tagged it JF-478 (tag on the right hand wall, when facing uphill/up gully) at the downhill end of the slot. This tag is not surveyed into the surface network, although Jeff *et al.* did run their surface survey over it (station W3 or W4).

Next we traversed to Hole36 (re-found on our previous trip) which is on the same contour a couple of gullies across. It was located without major incident, tagged JF-479 (on the southern wall about 1 m down), renamed the GPS waypoint and photo-tagged it. This cave remains unsurveyed into the surface network. A sketch appeared in SS320:17-18.



S. Bunton

Alan fastens the number tag onto JF-479 (Hole 36).

Hole 34 (Claytons Nine) was our next target; we'd failed to find it last time. There were two GPS waypoints (HOLE34 and HOL34) which were about 50 m apart. Reports suggested it was a well obscured, but large, entrance. Bunty went down into the gully, I traversed the middle of the slope and Ken stuck to where the flat ridge dropped off into the gully. After much hideous vegetation,

slips and falls, I was ready to give up when Ken shouted out that he'd found a hole. He had descended the slope a fair bit and had found Hole 34 precisely 2 m from where I'd walked past only seconds earlier! Being above it, he had spotted what had, from my point of view, been obscured by the fallen logs. It was re-GPSed, photo-tagged and tagged JF-480 (tag placed on the right hand side above the entrance. A sketch appears in SS320:17-18. The prospect of surveying back to JF-479 was too much to contemplate (just walking it was difficult enough). About 3 m further down the gully from the cave a large eucalypt had fallen from up on the ridge above which had cleared a swathe in the vile vegetation (closely spaced dogwood spars). We exploited this weakness by surveying up the log to the top of the ridge, in the hope that the ridge top vegetation would be easier going. It was, vaguely, but not enough to raise enough enthusiasm. Instead, recognising the excellent GPS reception we were getting, we created a 'permanent' survey station in a rock in the ground in the spot where the aforementioned fallen tree had once been rooted. We placed a number tag plug/bolt into the top of the rock, with pink tape and built a circle of stones around the central stone. We got a ~15 minute averaged waypoint and labelled it C9D00 (Claytons Nine Datum Zero Zero). This would allow us to fairly accurately plot the station and hence the cave and it would also make it easier to locate the cave again (use accurate waypoint to locate C9D00, then follow the tree down into the gully till it ends and there's your cave!) At some point in the future we may survey between C9D00 and JF-479.



A. Jackson

Survey station C9D00.

We reconvened at JF-479, had a bite to eat and then toddled up to Hole 33, which we'd re-found last time. There are two holes here and we thought it funny that the description in SS317:11-12 doesn't mention this. Hole 33 is described as 'Knee Deep' with little prospect for continuation, but the ~5 m shaft only a few metres away is ignored ... surely not. I then spotted another yellow tape round a manfern (obscured under previous years' dead fronds) with Hole 32 written on it. Excellent! Hole 32 was bottomed, sketched, tagged JF-481 (on uphill side a metre or so down), GPSed and photo-tagged. Bunty later called it Waist Deep (nearby Knee Deep had been described as "... would need a dig to get much more than waist deep" in SS317:11-12 and it all just seemed to fit). In the meantime, I'd been poking about in Hole 33 (Knee Deep). There was a good draft and a mud slope leading to a ~3 m pitch – so much for "Knee Deep". The idea of 'mud slope leading to 3 m pitch' got Bunty and I thinking about Hairyoat Hole

again and I feverishly cleared dirt and litter from the limestone face. Alas, no JF-15 tag was found. We threw in the ladder and I squirmed my way in. The ~3 m pitch opened up into a little chamber (with avens going up to near-surface levels). The draft was issuing from a narrowing passage off the bottom of the chamber. Rocks rolled down there suggested a further pitch somewhere between 6 and 10 m. One could probably squeeze down to the pitch head in current conditions, but things would be greatly improved if a foot or so of the mud floor was excavated first. I headed out, earmarking it for another day. It was photo-tagged, GPSed, tagged JF-482 (on the small limestone face above the hole, in a little 'bowl' in the face. It is reported in SS317:11-12 that these holes (30-33) were surveyed together but not linked to the main network. I haven't located this data yet, but once we do we'll link it in.

Bunty and Ken headed up the gully while I packed up. On the top side of a large, ground fern-infested clearing I found a new hole. Bunty and Ken were 100 m away at JF-472 (Bunty was having one of those "have I been here before?" moments). I summonsed them to my new hole, which we explored (2 m long, 1 m wide, 2 m deep entrance pit with sloping duck-under into small mud-floored chamber with a couple of tight leads heading off – total depth about 4 m). It was pretty lame, but it was a cave of sorts. We couldn't find a number tag or labelled yellow tape (we are still looking for Holes 30 and 31 in this general vicinity). It was tagged JF-483 (on the uphill wall of the entrance pit, about 1 m down from the lip), photo-tagged, GPSed, sketched etc. Bunty was right and found JF-473 not far away, so we linked the JF-483 tag to one of the previous week's stations to tie it into the surface network.

The day was getting on now but we wanted to knock off JF-474 Conspiracy after having insufficient ladder last time. We headed over to it and rigged a rope. I bottomed the cave, which consists of a dripping 12 m pitch, with a sloping ledge 8 metres down. Water drips (uncomfortably!) into the final 'chamber' which consists of rocks and fallen timber. Through the detritus choking the floor one can drop rocks and see a further metre or two. A similar depth is estimated for a narrow side tube starting at chest height. The really keen could attempt to expand the tube or remove the logs and rocks, but it'd be pretty desperate stuff. Back on the surface Bunty managed to spot the yellow tape with 'Hole 11' written on it beside the

hole. There is some confusion with 'Hole 11', since Itchy Cave was the original Hole 11, but then this cave also got assigned the same name (though entered into the GPS as Hole11a). There is also a 'Hole11' waypoint in the GPS located back over near where I found JF-483, but I assume this was a 'bad' waypoint with low accuracy (which was subsequently replaced with 11a). Soon there will be no 'holes', only caves with official JF numbers and tags!



Ken tags JF-481 Waist Deep.

We packed up and opted to bomb straight down the dry gully immediately below JF-474/JF-19. Nothing of interest was found until we were within 200 m of the KD road. A couple of huge dolines in the gully floor were blind, as were a few smaller dolines on a plateau adjacent to the road. More good progress of tidying up this mess of 'holes' was achieved – a good day.

There are lots of little surveys that were meant to accompany this report, but slackness has prevailed. I shall endeavour to produce them and have then printed in the next issue or two (or three?)

MC-75 Mersey Hill Cave

Alan Jackson

14 November 2009

Party: Stephen Blanden, Alan Jackson, David Wooll-Cobb (and a tourist party)

Steve had mentioned MHC as a possible survey project when I'd gone caving with him at Gunns Plains several months earlier. The planets were finally aligned with a TSLC meeting coinciding with me being up north for work. The first section of the cave was surveyed by Albert Goede *et al.* in 19?? but it's the usual story ... where's the data? The 1990s extensions have never been surveyed.

The tourist crowd hurtled in while the three of us plotted our way methodically. We tied in the various side passages as we went. The cave is generally quite spacious and it made for pleasurable surveying. We met the tourist crew (on their way out) about 300 m along the main passage). They'd had a good day. We continued the survey up to the first of the low wet crawly bits and then called it quits. I entered the data during the TSLC meeting (in an attempt to make the meeting pass more quickly ...) and we'd racked up 450 m. Apparently there's about the same distance again to get to the old 'end' of the cave and then an estimated further kilometre or more in the 90s extension. Another 3-4 trips should see it more or less complete.

JF-110 Victory 75 – We Came, We Saw ... We Survived

Matt Cracknell

15 November 2009

Party: Serena Benjamin, Chris Chad, Matt Cracknell, Sarah Gilbert, Adrian Slee, Geoff Wise

Earlier in the year Serena and I made an attempt to locate Victory 75 and go caving. We got partially lost south of The Chairman and ended up stumbling about in thick vegetation, dodging snakes and looking in dolines. However, we did eventually find the entrance to Victory 75 and Serena put it down on her ever growing “list of things to do”.

Table 1 Perishing in caves – list of potential methods encountered this trip and applicable situations

POTENTIAL METHOD	THIS TRIP	COMMENTS
crushed by falling rocks	✓	multiple opportunities from a variety of materials
falling a long way	✓	courtesy of Matt’s dodgy rigging
hypothermia	✓	waiting at the bottom of the 60 m pitch
starvation	✓	waiting at the bottom of the 60 m pitch
over exertion (i.e. cardiac arrest)	✓	prussiking up the 60 m pitch
drowning	✓	in own perspiration (see above)
murder	✓	committed by members of the group on rockfall perpetrators

The initial series of small pitches and climbs in Victory 75 are reminiscent of Milk Run, consisting of a steeply descending narrow passage, the floor of which is covered in mobile angular boulders and cobbles. There were several moments where a large thud from above, followed by the desperate call of “BELOW ... BELOW ... BELOW” caused serious concern amongst Serena, Geoff and myself. This situation did not improve as I led the party down into the cave. The cave had developed as a narrow rift perpendicular to the strike of bedding and contained several tens of thousands of years’ worth of poorly sorted crap tentatively jammed together. On more than one occasion some serious gardening was necessary, often involuntarily as the floor crumbled and collapsed under foot.

A distinct lack of good natural anchors (I must use the damn drill one day!) led to some innovative rigging, often using rope protectors. The bottom pitch (57.5 m) was a doosy. Definitely a lovely shaft but with a horrible loose approach and a single (newish) spit as the main anchor. Serena assisted in choosing the tie-back anchor (rigged as tightly as possible to act as a back-up) based on her idea of bedrock. However, later in the day as I waited for Chris to labour up the pitch (sweating profusely and practically hyperventilating) I noticed that she had selected a large chunk of limestone that had once previously been connected to the cave wall. Like the bulk of dense and sharp objects in this cave it was wedged in the rift, thankfully not as mobile as some others.

The trip out was slow but rewarding (we all got out alive). The free-hanging rebelay most of the way down the bottom pitch caused a few problems for some of the newer members. Luckily lots of chocolate and beanies were

This time around we knew where we were going, or so I thought, and we had an armada of cavers to carry gear. Preliminary research suggested that the cave was abundantly endowed with loose stuff. As it turned out, this loose stuff came in a wide variety of shapes and sizes, making life rather exciting. In addition, a large range of potential life-threatening situations were encountered.

Table 1 provides a summary of seven possible methods by which cavers can perish underground. This table also presents an indication of the range of methods and their details which were encountered on this trip. The astute reader will notice that we experimented with the full range of STC member reduction scenarios. Despite this, STC membership has not diminished as a result.

available for people shouting instructions from below to hung-up cavers.

Some would say that I was a wee bit reckless in my choice of cave and party members; they may well be right. However, I did think long and hard about the pros and cons of the trip and came to the conclusion that I shouldn’t shelter the newbies from the potential to gain valuable experience underground. *[Of the two ‘beginners’ you had on the trip, I’d say both were expendable – Ed.]*



M. Cracknell

Matt in the very tight bit that only Serena could get through.

Kave Kleaning in Kubla Khan

Stephen Bunton

15 November 2009

Party: Stephen Bunton (STC) Stuart Reedman, Wayne Tyrell, David Wools-Cobb (NC) Linda Overend (NPWS – Mole Creek Ranger).

This was a Karstcare trip to follow the meeting of the Tasmanian Speleological Liaison Council meeting from the night before in the Mole Creek Pub. If I told you that General Business had to compete with Karaoke and that I saw Elvis, you wouldn't believe me. I could have taken a photo but the camera was in the car and beside, you don't want photos of Elvis in a caving magazine; a huntin', shootin' and fishin' mag maybe.

The objective of the trip was to clean a section of The Ridgeway where the track leads along the top of some enormous boulders covered in tall slender stalagmites in the chamber known as The Forbidden City. Unfortunately the route here was not obvious and before track marking, a fair bit of mud got tracked onto formations as people searched for the way on. The tricky bit of this cleaning job was to be tied off so that we didn't fall off what was not dissimilar to the ridge of a roof.

We headed in through the top entrance, which two years after vandalism, still does not have its gate restored because National Parks at Mole Creek does not have any money. Total cost would be about \$3,000 for the stainless steel. This is a total disgrace and an embarrassment not just to the state government but on a national level as well. I suggest that we hold a lamington drive to help them out!

Dave rigged the three pitches quickly and efficiently – he's had enough practice leading countless Karstcare trips into the cave over the last ten years. The rest of us sherpa'd in the remaining stuff. I had a rubber spraysack and a dozen or so nappies. The backpack sprayer I brought in had a few leaks in it and so was useless but the other ones were fine. The idea is that we spray, scrub, spray and catch the muddy runoff in the nappies before it runs streaks down the flowstone. This method and a bit of wiping, like you would a car with a chamois, proved most effective. After a few hours of housemaid's knee and scrubber's elbow we had the job done.

Dave is always keen to reward his helpers. This trip we were treated to a trip down into The Silk Shop, which was not far from our worksite. This is a part of the cave I had not seen before. The underside of the huge boulders, which we were scrubbing, hides lovely rashers of bacon-style shawls. From this delightful little spot there is an uphill extension, which looks like a mini Pleasure Dome and is called The Hall of Kings. This is a bit drier than I have ever seen The Pleasure Dome and the reflection from the facets in the crystals that make up the gour pools shone so brightly that the reflections were rather mesmerising. In fact, there were so many of these reflections that it was rather unsettling. I don't know whether it was a result of multiple LED lights or what but you could easily lose your depth perception. I commented that I was glad I was not an epileptic. This was a weird experience!

We returned to "basecamp" up The City Wall. We then grabbed some cargo of mini plastic mats and headed off down through Xanadu Chamber and to The Khan where they were dumped for a future working bee. We returned to base again and collected some now unneeded equipment and began our way slowly out of the cave. I had only headed uphill through this section twice, in 1979 and 1980, when the route into the cave involved climbing the bolts in Cairn Hall. This means of access is no longer used, trips are all one-way from the top entrance to stop mud being trampled from the river, up into the cave. Our ultimate destination then was The Opium Den, as it was today. A quick look at the drug-crazed decorations was had before we left the cave.

I had never exited the cave via the top entrance so that was rather novel. Nor had I prusiked with a heavy bag of dirty wet nappies before. I am glad that we no longer raise our children in caves and that Neanderthals didn't invent disposables ... they wouldn't have carried them out and they would still be there in the archaeological record!

The others exited with their spraysacks and sundry other rubbish. The ropes were pulled and we traipsed down the hill after six hours underground. Not bad for seven hours driving! At least I got into a dark zone which is often more than happens on a Junee-Florentine pit-bombing tour, especially when they all turn out to be a "9 m deep pothole, no continuation".

MW-1 Arrakis – track recce

Serena Benjamin

21 November 2009

Party: Serena Benjamin, Kate Edney, Janine McKinnon, Jane Pulford, Amy Robertson, Adrian Slee, Ric Tunney, Tony Veness

It was an exercise in logistics just to begin – how many, how hardy, how to get there and when? The mission: a reconnaissance walk of the Mount Weld track to Arrakis. Eight troops gathered at the agreed assembly point – Banjo's, Huonville, 8 am. Besieged by domestic duties Chief Navigation Officer Amy (aka Master Key Bearer) was late [*you wouldn't read about it! – Ed.*]. Two vehicles advanced toward their target in the Weld Valley, only slowed down by two barriers along the way. A fairly non-

descript turn in the road was the staging area for the assault. Leaving the cars, the troops charged into battle against the forest and cutting grass which put on a resilient counter-attack. In single file they slowly advanced until they at last had successfully infiltrated the area. The impressive yawning pit of Arrakis opened before them and the troops encircled it carefully. A small bombardment ensued before plans began to be devised for a full-scale attack. A hasty retreat followed, though this was hindered by booby traps set amongst the cutting grass. After some seven hours in the bush stage one of the mission was deemed complete. Next stage soon to follow.



Arrakis – entrance arch.



Arrakis – perilously perched at the entrance.

Mole Creek Weekend Trip Report ... well, sort of!

Stuart Reedman [*engineer-come-poet – God save us – Ed.*]

28-29 November 2009

Arriving Friday night, as all the club was leaving.
For Mole Creek Pub they head, with empty tummies that were grieving.
Tent setup in haste, to the pub I then did chase.
To join in with the cheer, Tassie Tiger washed down with beer.

Up late the following morn, to Mersey Hill Cave under weather of scorn.

Dodging lightning we made our way, down the mountain to entrance way.

Splash, wiggle and skip (well maybe not), into two groups we did split.

Onward to the pitch one went, the other to side passages was the intent.

Until the river it did rise, small but instantaneous was the surprise!

Towards the exit we made our way, knowing the 2nd group to be not far away.

No more rise did occur, when re-joined we did concur.
Exiting into the sun, brought a smile to everyone.

After lunch to Honeycomb we did go, to wade through the current which put on a show.

Poking into tunnels here and there, taking in the views out into the sunlit air.

Many entrances and ravines did reveal, a cave of great interest, rough rock, almost surreal.

One mud patch we did indeed find, into which Sarah, Serena and Stuart did slide!

Sunday into Marakoopa one group went, to the end then over the fence.

Many pretties were photographed, and shallow streamways overpassed.

Lovely rock and crystals the geologist did find, while for the engineer a good nap it was time.

Back out and up onto the path, to the surprise of tourists who quizzed us on our task.

A great weekend was had by all, topped off by the Honey Farm to which we did call.

Loaded up with sugary delights, back to our homes before seeing the night.

Later tucked up in bed, with fond memories and bad poetry going around my head.

Hoping STC will do it again, a nice social play caving weekend.

[The comments I received from the sub-editor on this 'poem' were not fit for public consumption – Ed.]

MC-1, MC-29 Kubla Khan thru trip

Janine McKinnon

28 November 2009

Party: Guy Bannink, Kate Edney, Janine McKinnon, Jane Pulford, Ric Tunney, Tony Veness

As I lay in bed Friday night, listening to the rain pouring down on the camper roof, memories of last year's trip came to mind. At least the rain wasn't as heavy, or for as long, as last year and my accommodation was much nicer than the remarkably decrepit caravan the four of us rented last year. I don't mind tatty, but leaky is another thing. [*Ric had best maintain his continence then ... - Ed.*]

It was still raining, albeit intermittently, in the morning, so we decided that it was prudent to leave the top rigged, but attempt a through-trip. The River Alph seems to both rise and fall very quickly after rain, and the forecast of more rain through the day was the main reason behind the cautious approach. We don't know how much rain needs to fall to sump Cairn Hall, particularly after previous heavy rain, and we weren't keen to find out the hard way. With fine weather, and a dry day forecast, we would have done the pull-through.

We got away from the hut a bit after 8.30 am. Ric and I had rigged the bottom entrance the previous evening, so we were able to head straight to the top entrance once everyone was suited up in the carpark. The current "gate", at the top entrance, is a long piece of chain laced between 4 eyebolts, with 2 padlocks. This is the same arrangement we found last year, replacing the solid metal gate that had been removed by "persons unknown". I assume a more permanent structure will appear there sometime. [*According to Dave Wools-Cobb, Parks are citing 'lack of funds' as an excuse for having not satisfactorily replaced the gate on arguably Australia's most precious cave – Ed.*]

We had a group of Kubla virgins for this year's trip, but all people we have caved with before. This was a bit of a novelty for us.

The trip through to Cairn Hall was leisurely, efficient (i.e. everyone was competent) and included lots of photographing, as usual. I was expecting some water flow in the Silk Shop but was surprised to find it dry.

The Pleasure Dome had some water in the pools near the top but was otherwise dry. There was only a very small trickle of water coming in at the top, again surprising (to me, anyway) after all the rain in the previous 24 hours.

The River Alph was up moderately and we could see a large amount of fresh foam high on the walls as we made our way upstream to the exit. The flow was brisk but not seriously difficult to move against.

We were all back at the car park by 7 pm (I think).

Note: In the last 12 months "Parks" have put a gate on the track into the Kubla car park, just past the turn off from the farm road.



R. Tunney

'Bacon' shawls near the Silk Shop.

MC-75 Mersey Hill Cave

Matt Cracknell

28 November 2009

Party: Serena Benjamin, Matt Cracknell, Sarah Gilbert, Michael Helman, Adrian Slee, Stuart Reedman

Typical (?) Mole Creek weather in the form of torrential rain and intermittent thunderstorms greeted us as we cruised up the hill (Mersey Hill I suspect) to converse with a caver-friendly land owner. The "Beast" (Stuart's Landcruiser) was set up for some to change in relative comfort while the rest of us had to do yoga in the back of the Laser. About 30 minutes was spent trudging down the hill in search of the entrance. Eventually, in the wall of a

large doline/resurgence the cave was found (without help from one of the party members who had been there two weeks prior!)

Mersey Hill Cave is a moderately large and pleasant stream cave. The best bits about it (to a geologist's eye) are the numerous faults and monoclines exposed in the cave walls; others would say the pretties are good too. Some sections of the stream passage require one to grovel and carve their way through the gravel banks. In other areas, climbing up into suspected fault-controlled chambers gave us southerners some jollies.

Sarah, Serena and Matt split off from the rest of the group and explored a large, well decorated upper level chamber. We frolicked around here for a while, eventually finding

the pitch. A large and expansive chamber beckoned. If only we had some rope. Alas this was Mole Creek and we don't carry SRT up here.

On the way out Serena noticed that a previously dry flowstone wall on the way in was now a babbling brook. It seemed that the rain had finally filled up the caves above our heads. Fortunately this had only raised the main stream levels by an inch or two.

The promise of virgin cave was just too much for Mike as he poked his head into most of the tight rifts above the stream passage on our way out. Back on the Earth's surface we were greeted by brilliant sunshine, chirping birds and a steep walk back to the cars.

A decorated chamber in Mersey Hill Cave. [That must be a geological fault running through the bottom of the photo – Ed.]



M. Cracknell

MC-84 et al. Honeycomb Cave

Sarah Gilbert

28 November 2009

Party: Serena Benjamin, Matt Cracknell, Sarah Gilbert, Michael Hellman, Stuart Reedman, Adrian Slee

They certainly know how to make easy access caves up north. All you need to do is drive to the entrance, slide into a wet trog suit, take a few steps and you're underground. This was the second cave for the day and although our thermals were already soggy, I must admit I really enjoyed this cave. I guess because it has such a different feel to caves down south. The sunlight slanted in through multiple entrances and gave a tantalising light to aim for down the end of the tunnel. It's a horizontal cave and not technically challenging, but was good fun with the water pumping

from the rain over the previous few days. I'd like to go back and explore further down some of the passages someday when the water's a bit lower.

We all had a good poke around over a couple of hours, exploring the multiple levels of streamway passage, sticking our heads in to this and that passage, disappearing down a squeeze and re-emerging with the rest of the party in the next sunlit chamber. Eventually our feet got cold and there's only so many times you can push each other down a mud bank. We decided it was beer o'clock and made a beeline back to the car. The weather had cleared and we spent a social evening back at the hut, with hot food and a relaxing hot bath. Maybe we can learn a thing or two from our northern cousins, maybe there's space for a fire bath somewhere in Dover ...

Niggly Track Clearing

Alan Jackson

29 November 2009

Party: Stephen Bunton, Alan Jackson

An assault on Niggly Cave is planned for this summer so we needed to get the track tidied up before we start slogging up and down it with heavy packs on our backs and long trips under our belts. The track was wet underfoot and we had the occasional shower (which made Bunty even happier that he'd forgotten to pack his gumboots and had to go with his sandals ...). The first bit of track from the road to the slip was pretty badly overgrown and progress was slow. The section up the slip itself was even worse (with all the myrtle regrowth having reached head

height). A red star picket was installed at the turn off (from the slip into the rainforest), a turn off we would have had trouble finding if it wasn't for the GPS telling us it was there! Bushwalkers have obviously been using the track up the slip as recently placed pink and orange tapes continued on up the slip past the turnoff (which I followed some 100 m looking for the turn off).

We got another few hundred metres into the nice bit of track before we ran out of juice and enthusiasm. It looks as though the next trip will have to be more track clearing instead of the planned rigging trip. Bummer. I was absolutely bugged when we got back to the car (the life-sucking leech I found on my lower back probably wasn't helping things).

MC-120 Marakoopa Cave – Fireplace Extension

Michael Helman

29 November 2009

Party: Kate Edney, Sarah Gilbert, Michael Helman, Stuart Reedman, Adrian Slee

This was to be the first jaunt into Marakoopa Cave for all participants but myself; I had been through three or four times in my early 20s and was looking forward to seeing how severe a slump into senility I had progressed in my late 20s: would I remember the way?

I did.

Haydn (the ranger on tour duty that day) unlocked the door for us and we entered the show cave at around 9:15. As the first tour was not due till 10 am we spent half an hour exploring the cave, venturing to the upper cavern accessed from the long creek side of the cave before backtracking and moving up the other side towards short creek and the point where we would descend from the end of the show cave down into the streamway and on towards the Fireplace Extension.

We bybassed the obvious low crawl through the Fireplace to stop and admire the pretties (and cracked mud) in the dead-end chamber. We then slid through the Fireplace and progressed up the dry streambed to the large chamber with the active streamway. Stuart got out one of his 'toys', a pvc

pipe encased home-made torch, and provided a large diameter beam to light up the chamber.

We moved upstream and encountered the recently laid lines for track marking. My job as navigator was largely done; now all we needed to do was follow the lines. We climbed up to the high chamber and spent some time inspecting the aragonite and gypsum pretties. When the last oohs and aahs were spoken we were all happy to head back and out of the cave—the honey farm at Chudleigh was open after all and our minds were set on honey icecream. We stopped briefly just before the Fireplace squeeze to look at the pretties in a chamber accessed by a short up-climb.

We exited the cave at around 12:45 pm.

MC-130 Devils Pot

Janine McKinnon

30 November 2009

Party: Janine McKinnon, Ric Tunney

This trip was a way to amuse ourselves for a day before heading back to Hobart after the Mole Creek weekend.

We have long wanted to have a look down the access into Devils Pot via the stream. Just above the point where the track crosses the stream there is a small waterfall, where the stream crosses the unconformity. Just below the track crossing there is a 30 m waterfall into the limestone, a short sinuous canyon and then another waterfall into the doline of Devils Pot itself.

We were at the top of the doline by 9 am, on a beautiful sunny day, and took a few minutes looking at the best option for the descent. Straight down the waterfall didn't look like too bright an idea at the best of times, but the aftermath of the heavy rain over Friday and Saturday was still evident. It was really pumping. So we chose a spot further around the lip, away from the main blast of the water. This is an example of the finely tuned judgement one learns over decades of caving. This took us down the start of the canyon.

Ric went down first, and reappeared some 10 minutes later, declaring it a wonderful canyon but too wet to get off at the bottom.

I then went for a look.

Despite being some 20-30 m from the waterfall, the blast of air and spray coming from it, by the time I was 10 m down the pitch, was considerable. By the time I got to the bottom, hanging on the rope just above the rushing stream, I was quite wet. The serpentine stream canyon was

delightful but with the speed and volume of water rushing down it, the smoothly sculpted walls, and the next drop about 20 m downstream, I decided not to alight from my nice, secure rope. Yes editor, just a wimp. Or an old woman maybe, figuratively as well as literally.



Janine descends into Devils Pot 'canyon'.

Note to self: maybe don't choose to do narrow canyon streams shortly after heavy rain. That finely tuned judgement in full evidence here.

We had been planning to go to the bottom but the amount of water in the stream put paid to that idea. When I got back to the top I decided it was such a lovely spot that I'd go down again for another look, and so, reversed direction.

What a lovely way to spend a couple of hours on a sunny day.

A return is planned for a drier time period. More highly trained judgement being displayed.

More Niggly Track Clearing

Alan Jackson

6 December 2009

Party: Serena Benjamin, Stephen Bunton, Chris Chad, Alan Jackson, Geoff Wise

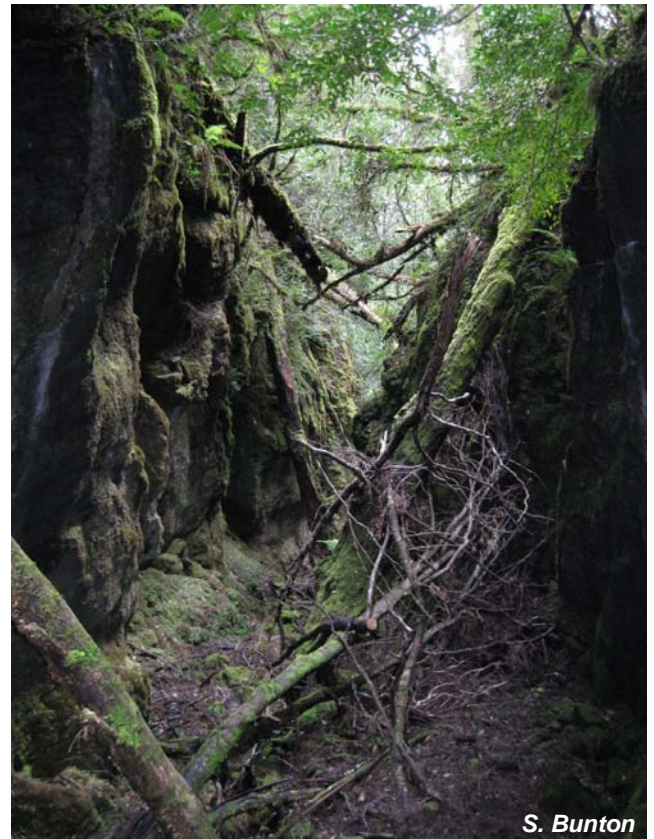
This was attempt number two at clearing the Niggly track. We hadn't got far past the slip on the previous weekend. This time we had extra people, extra weapons and extra determination. We made it to the Niggly entrance mid-

afternoon. The track is now 99% clear (we left a couple of things just to keep it interesting).

The JF-398 swallet (located on the Niggly track, about halfway along) is quite impressive, with a large cliffed outcrop of limestone with a natural arch of sorts in it. Apparently JF-397 is halfway up the cliff somewhere but we didn't find any tags, though we did find a few dark holes. JF-398 requires a lot of digging (even more than Andrew Briggs and co. threw at it back in the '90s).



JF-398 swallet and cliffs.



The canyon below Niggly entrance.



Other Exciting Stuff

Mars Bar Madness

Recipes compiled by Serena Benjamin

[Apparently we have a fine selection of Mars Bar-obsessed chocoholics in the club. Serena has provided an offering to the Gods to titillate our tastebuds. Hopefully this is cave-related enough for Amy – Ed.]

Mars Bar Slice

- 3x65 g Mars Bars, chopped
- 90 g butter
- 3 cups Rice Bubbles
- 200 g milk chocolate
- 30 g butter, extra

Method

1. Grease a slice tray.
2. Combine Mars Bars and butter in saucepan.
3. Stir constantly over low heat, without boiling, until the mixture is smooth.
4. Stir in Rice Bubbles and press mixture evenly into greased tray.
5. Melt the extra butter and chocolate over hot water and stir constantly until smooth.
6. Spread the chocolate evenly over the slice mixture and refrigerate until topping is set.

Mars Bar-flavoured cupcakes

An original recipe by Not Quite Nigella

Makes 9 cupcakes

For cupcakes

- 100 g butter, chopped
- 100 g white chocolate chips
- 100 g muscovado sugar (or dark brown sugar)
- 90 mL hot water
- 1 tsp golden syrup
- 2 tsp vanilla extract
- 1 egg at room temperature
- 1 cup plain flour
- 2 tsp baking powder
- 1 Mars Bar chopped into 9 pieces

For icing

- 90 g/3 oz milk or dark chocolate
- 125 g/4.4 oz icing sugar
- 120 g/4 oz butter, softened

To decorate

- 1 large Mars Bar cut into slices

1. Preheat oven to 160°C/320°F. Line muffin tray with cupcake liners. In a small saucepan place butter, chocolate, sugar, water, golden syrup and vanilla and stir to melt, about 5 minutes on medium heat. Cool for 15 minutes. Beat in egg ensuring that it is thoroughly incorporated.
2. Sift flour and baking powder and stir into wet mixture until it is incorporated and there are no lumps. Pour into a jug and, using the jug, pour into the cupcake pan, about 2/3-3/4 of the way up. Place a piece of Mars Bar in each

cupcake so that it sits in the centre. Bake for 20-25 minutes until a skewer comes out clean.

3. For Icing: Melt chocolate in a microwave according to instructions (I do it on 30% or 50% power in 60 second bursts). Put icing sugar in food processor to get rid of any lumps or sieve in a bowl. If using a food processor, beat with butter and then cooled chocolate. If doing it by hand, whisk with butter in with the sieved icing sugar and then add chocolate and beat by hand using a large whisk.

Mars Bar Cheesecake

- 1/4 cup water
- 3 tsp gelatine
- 500 g cream cheese, softened
- 1/2 cup castor sugar
- 3 Mars Bars, chopped finely
- 1 tbsp MasterFoods vanillin sugar
- 250 g Chocolate Ripple biscuits
- 125 g butter, melted
- 1 tbsp brown sugar
- 20 g butter, extra
- 300 mL thickened cream
- 60 g milk chocolate, finely chopped

Preparation

1. Crush biscuits until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add butter and vanillin sugar process until just combined.
2. Press mixture evenly over base and up 1/2 the side of spring-form tin. Place on tray and refrigerate about 30 minutes or until firm.
3. Meanwhile combine brown sugar extra butter and 2 tablespoons cream in small saucepan. Stir over low heat, without boiling, until sugar dissolves.
4. Make chocolate sauce, combine chocolate and another 2 tablespoons of the cream in another small saucepan, stir until chocolate melts.
5. Sprinkle gelatine over the water in a heatproof jug, stand jug in a small saucepan of simmering water, stir until gelatine dissolves. Cool for several minutes.
6. Beat cream cheese and castor sugar in medium bowl with electric mixer until soft peaks form. Stir gelatine mixture into cream cheese mixture with sliced Mars Bars, fold in cream.
7. Pour half of the cream cheese mixture into crumb crust and drizzle the butterscotch and chocolate sauce over cream cheese mixture. Pull skewer backwards and forwards through mixture to create a rippled effect.
8. Repeat with remaining cream cheese mixture and sauces. Cover cheesecake, refrigerate for several hours or overnight until set.
9. Garnish with extra Mars Bars for effect.

Deep Fried Mars Bars

“Invented in Scotland, this dish has now become famous worldwide. It is an excellent source of fat, sugar and calories.”

Ingredients

- 1 Mars Bar or Milky Way
- 1 cup plain flour
- ½ cup cornflour
- 1 pinch baking soda
- Milk or beer
- Oil (for deep frying)

Directions

1. Chill the chocolate bar by keeping it in the fridge, but don't freeze it.
2. Mix the flours and bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) together.
3. Add milk (traditional) or beer (which gives a lighter result) until you get a batter with the consistency of thin cream.
4. Heat the oil until a small piece of bread will brown in a few seconds, but don't allow to smoke.
5. Remove wrapper from chilled chocolate bar.
6. Coat completely in batter.
7. Carefully lower into hot oil and fry until golden brown.
8. Serve, with ice cream or french fries, if you're so inclined.

Mars Bar Mousses

Ingredients

- 4 standard Mars Bars , chopped into pieces
- 50 mL milk
- 4 tbsp cocoa powder
- 3 large egg whites
- chocolate shavings, to decorate

Method

1. Put the Mars Bars, milk and cocoa in a heavy-based saucepan. Cook over a very gentle heat, stirring constantly, until the chocolate has melted. Transfer to a bowl and leave to cool for 15 minutes, whisking frequently with a wire whisk to blend in any pieces of fudge that rise to the surface, to leave a smooth mixture.
2. Whisk the egg whites in a separate bowl until softly peaking. Using a metal spoon, fold a quarter of the whites into the chocolate sauce to lighten it, then fold in the remainder.
3. Turn the mixture into six small cups, glasses or ramekins and chill in the fridge to set, for at least 2 hours, before serving. Serve topped with chocolate shavings.

Mars Bar chocolate brownie recipe

Ingredients

- 100 g butter
- 200 g sugar
- 2 eggs
- 65 g cocoa powder
- 125 g self-raising flour

- salt
- baking powder
- 3 tbsp butter
- 3 tbsp cocoa powder
- 1 tbsp honey
- 1 tsp vanilla extract
- 200 g icing sugar
- 1 Mars Bar

Directions

1. Preheat oven to 180°C.
2. Grease baking pan.
3. Melt 100 g of butter and put in mixing bowl.
4. Stir in sugar, eggs, 65 g cocoa powder and 1 tsp vanilla.
5. Cut Mars Bar in half so the caramel and nougat are two separate bits.
6. Cut the nougat half into chunks, add to mixture.
7. Beat in 125 g flour, salt & baking powder.
8. Spread batter into pan.
9. Cook for 25-30 mins, I turn it every 5 mins to get an even cook.
10. Icing – Boil saucepan of water.
11. Put 3 tbsp butter, 3 tbsp cocoa powder, 1 tbsp honey, to bowl above heat.
12. Cut caramel from Mars Bar into chunks and add to mix.
13. Add some of the icing sugar in and stir until mixed, repeat until it's all in.
14. Add icing when brownies are still warm.

Large soft Mars Bar cookies

Makes about 24 cookies

Ingredients

2 cups plain flour
1 1/2 tsp baking powder
3 tbsp cocoa
1/2 cup sugar
75 g butter, at room temp and cubed
1 tsp vanilla extract
1 egg
3/4 cup milk
8 funsize Mars Bars (8 x 22 g), chopped up

Method

1. Preheat oven to 175°C.
2. Sift flour, baking powder and cocoa in a mixing bowl.
3. In another mixing bowl, cream butter and sugar. Then add egg and vanilla extract and mix.
4. Transfer butter mixture into flour mixture and mix with a wooden spoon until combined. (Note: it may start to get harder to mix at this point. Like a thick gooey mixture. I had to exert quite a bit of energy to mix mix mix!)
5. Add in the chopped Mars Bars and mix some more.
6. Scoop onto a lined baking tray. (Remember to leave at least 2.5 cm between each scoop)
7. Bake for 20 mins.
8. Remove from oven and let cool for about 10 mins before transferring onto a cooling rack.

Mars Bar Sauce Recipe

Try this easy sauce, ideal with ice cream.

Ingredients

1 Mars Bar or similar confectionery, chopped

100 mL/3½ fl oz double cream

25 g/1 oz butter

Method

Place all of the ingredients into a small saucepan over a low heat and melt together, stirring occasionally.

When completely melted serve immediately with ice cream or other desserts.

Everyone will love your homemade sauce.

2 cups cream

395 g can condensed milk

3 Mars Bars

1 tsp vanilla essence

Method:

1. Whip the cream until thick. Add the vanilla essence and fold in the condensed milk.
2. Chop the Mars Bars well and fold into the cream mixture.
3. Place into a freezer-proof bowl and freeze overnight until set. Use within 10 days.

Mars Bar Ice Cream

Ingredients

Mars Bar Smoothie

Mars Bar, ice, caramel ice cream, chocolate ice cream, milk

...

Light Entertainment

Stephen Bunton

Hey Kids!

Come and play ...

*** Geology and Geomorphology Bingo ***

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| <input type="checkbox"/> aragonite | <input type="checkbox"/> gypsum | <input type="checkbox"/> rugosity |
| <input type="checkbox"/> bedding | <input type="checkbox"/> hydrothermal | <input type="checkbox"/> sediment(s) / sedimentation / sedimentary |
| <input type="checkbox"/> calcite | <input type="checkbox"/> inter-glacial | <input type="checkbox"/> slickenslides |
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Just check off these technical terms each time you read any trip report. Some trip reports are a richer vein than others; some are a lode of old coprolites.

Both you and the author could be a winner!

TCC Woz Ere – Wallaby Cave

Rolan Eberhard

Smoked onto flowstone not far into Wallaby Cave (MC56), near Dogs Head Hill at Mole Creek, is the following: “T.C.C. 16.10.64”. Not quite as crass as the title to this article implies, but Adrian Slee and I were still somewhat surprised when we came across the writing in mid 2009. The graffito is about 200 mm high and most likely done using the flame of a carbide lamp. The affected flowstone was dry at the time of our visit, and the fact that the letters can still be seen 45 years later suggests that calcite is not actively depositing at this location. The somewhat faded appearance of the graffito may be due to dust fallout and/or the activity of possums and other animals.

As far as I’m aware, Wallaby Cave is one of only a few examples of caving club graffiti in Tasmanian caves. I recall seeing “T.C.C.N.B.” or something similar smoked on the cave wall near the most upstream entrance to Sassafras Cave. In this case the letters refer to the Northern Branch of the Tasmanian Caverneering Club, now Northern Caverneers. Needless to say, modern club cavers would not consider permanently marking a cave in this way (although they are happy to drill holes in them, for anchors and number tags). Notions of acceptable behaviour change over time or course, and some of the caving practices of earlier decades are frowned upon today. This doesn’t condone the damage at Wallaby Cave.

In fact, a “leave no trace” ethic has been around in one form or another for many years, but the practical expression of this in caving circles has progressed with time. In earlier years there was much emphasis on not damaging cave formations – protecting the “pretties” being seen as a self-evident priority. Club cavers still respect the formations, but nowadays generally also take care to avoid impacting a much broader range of features. For example,

exploration parties now assiduously string line off areas of undisturbed clastic sediment (“mud”), which cavers would have formerly trampled over without a second thought. We can only speculate what the caving norms of future generations will be, but it is inevitable that aspects of present day caving culture will seem highly primitive to them.

The egotistical urge to leave a physical reminder of one’s visit to a remote place, to claim it in some way, can be strong. People have been quite deliberately “leaving their mark” on cave walls for millennia now. In this context the amount of nationalistic and sentimental junk left at the summit of Mt Everest springs to mind. Now, while I’m happy to disparage mountaineers on this count, I recall that when Stefan and I reached the deepest point in Anne-A-Kananda we left a sheet of survey paper with our names and the date (April 1983). We did this partly to mark the last survey station and partly as a symbolic “flag planting” gesture, as we were confident that it was a new depth record. It didn’t occur to us to smoke TCC or somesuch on the wall, but a similar kind of impulse was at work. I recovered the sheet nearly two decades later, when the Desiccator shaft series was pushed through to join Heartbeat near to the deepest point in March 2002. The note provided useful confirmation of the connection, although we would have worked it out anyway.

According to Kiernan (1989), a human skeleton was recovered from Wallaby Cave in the 1970s. No other details are provided, except that it was an unidentified Caucasian. The cave comprises in the order of 100 m of horizontal passages, mostly somewhat muddy but with patches of formations. Not an iconic cave by any means

REFERENCE

Kiernan, K. 1989 *Karst, caves and management at Mole Creek, Tasmania*. Dept. Parks, Wildlife & Heritage Occ. Pap. 22, p. 67



TCC Woz (Also) Ere – Junee Homestead

Alan Jackson

Bunty dug out this treasure from his slide collection. It is a photo of a message spray-painted onto the external wall of the old Junee Homestead (a run down house between Junee Cave and Junee Quarry Road – now a Norske Skog pine plantation). It was used as a base for TCC (and SCS?) and interstate club trips, mostly during the '70s. Bunty took this photo during one of his early flying Tasmanian visits

in the early '80s. Periodically the house was 'raided' by the locals, much to the delight of cavers. For those with poor vision, the message reads: "If vandals who raided this camp are caught we can guarantee them a one way trip to bottom of K.D. so say good by to mum. T.C.C." Some graffiti are reckless; others are priceless.



The graffito.



The Junee Homestead in its heyday.

S. Bunton

S. Bunton

JF-415 Pol Pot Survey (from trip report in SS374:5-6)

JF-415 Pol Pot

Junee-Florentine, Tasmania

7JF415.STC147

Surveyed by Southern Tasmanian Caverneers,

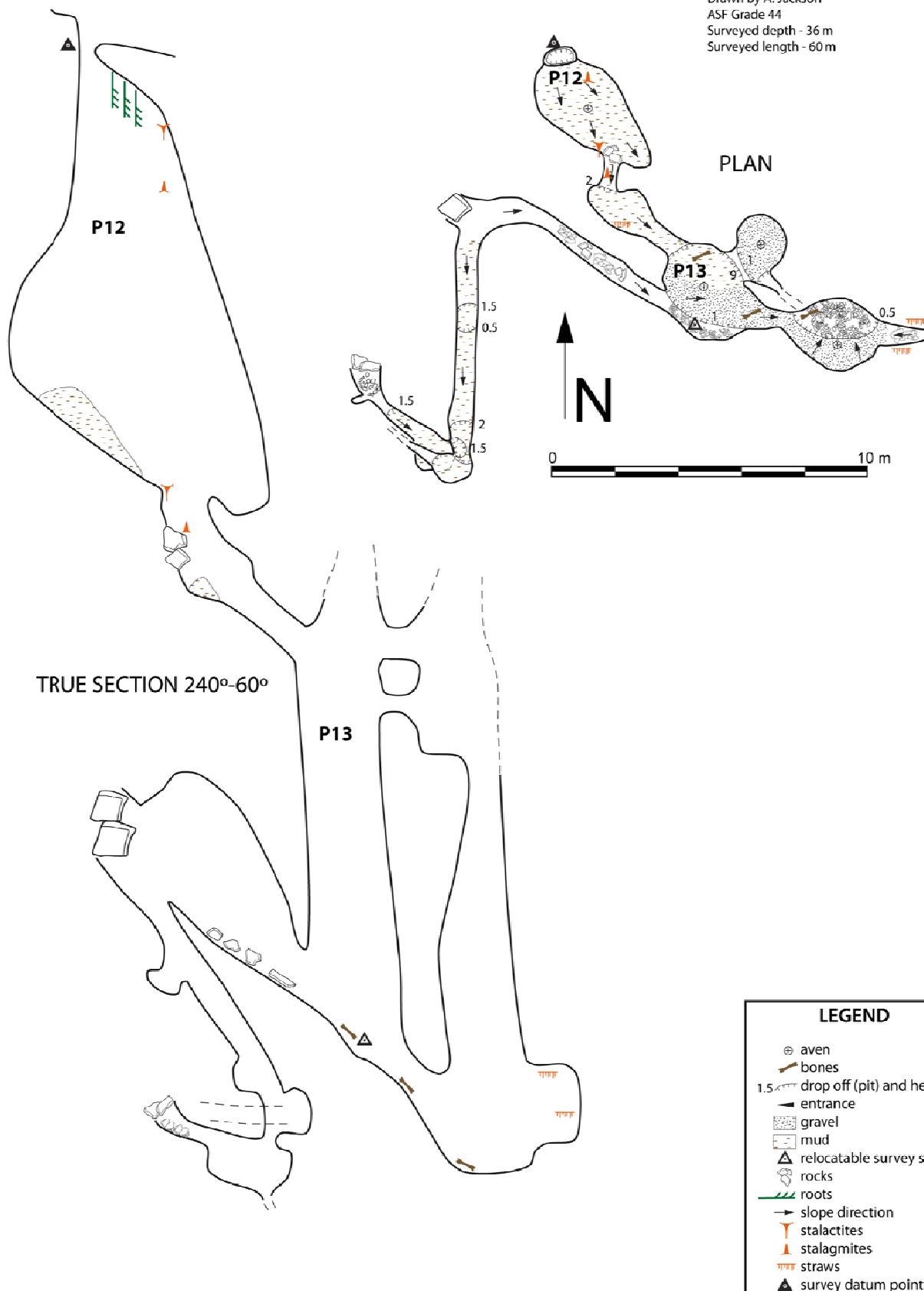
G. Brett, S. Bunton & A. Jackson - 23-08-2009

Drawn by A. Jackson

ASF Grade 44

Surveyed depth - 36 m

Surveyed length - 60 m



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