

SPELEO SPIEL[®] 383

March - April 2011



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Front Cover: The Pendulum, Exit Cave. *Photo by Sir N. Poulter.*



Speleo Spiel

Newsletter of the

Southern Tasmanian Caverneers Incorporated

PO Box 416, Sandy Bay, Tasmania 7006

<http://www.lmrs.com.au/stc>

ABN: 73-381-060-862

ISSN 1832-6307

The views expressed in the *Speleo Spiel* are not necessarily the views of the Editor, or of the Southern Tasmanian Caverneers Incorporated.

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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

As most in Australian caving circles would be aware, 29 year old Victorian cave diver Agnes Milowka drowned in Tank Cave in South Australia in February this year. At the Club's March meeting STC passed a condolence motion to her family and friends. Our thoughts were, and still are with those affected by her death.

For those who knew little of Agnes' achievements or the way she approached life then a perusal of her website, www.agnesmilowka.com quickly fills you in. As one blogger describes her, she was an "accomplished, charismatic, and widely-respected diver."

For all of us in the caving fraternity, Agnes' death brings our attention to the risks of the activities we partake of. Caving, particularly cave diving, is an inherently risky activity and I'm sure the majority of us realise this. But then so is driving a car, living in an earthquake prone area, eating factory farmed food ... living is risky business and ultimately you will die.

As with all deaths of this nature, the public comments section of online newspaper articles and blogs generated a number of responses expressing the opinion that activities such as caving are reckless and irresponsible, with participants placing themselves in unnecessarily risky situations. These people also like to point out the subsequent risk the rescuers and body recovery personnel are exposed to as a result of the initial participant's "selfishness". Fear and ignorance are rife in the community and these kinds of responses are predictable. At every turn Agnes was free to decide how she wished to pursue her dreams and good on her for going at it with such enthusiasm and tenacity. Similarly, everyone who assisted in the body retrieval (from the diving community and emergency services) did so freely. If rescue professionals like the Police didn't want to risk their lives retrieving bodies of perished adventurers then they wouldn't have signed up for the job in the first place.

Take risks in your life that you're personally comfortable with and expect others to do the same, but don't expect individuals' judgements to be the same.

I will never take up cave diving – I think it's too risky – but good on you, Agnes Milowka, for the way you lived and what you achieved. I admire you deeply.

Alan Jackson

Stuff 'n Stuff

JESSIE LUCKMAN GAINS MORE HONOURS

TCC foundation member, Jessie Luckman, already has a long list of achievements, many of them formally recognised. She now has another. Jessie was recently added to the Tasmanian Honour Roll of Women for service to the environment and the arts. Full details can be found on the Department of Premier and Cabinet website – www.dpac.tas.gov.au

MIDWINTER EXTRAVAGANZA

Tradition says we spend a weekend at Francistown to celebrate the 'shortest day of the year'. Technically the winter solstice is the same length as all other days but I'm not one to be pedantic so I'll leave that train of thought there ...

Arthur and Siobhan have kindly offered their humble abode to be vilified by the wider STC membership (though skinny members are welcome too) on the weekend immediately preceding the solstice – June 18-19th. Come one, come all and enjoy an evening of burnt quiche, driving rain and subterranean subtleties.

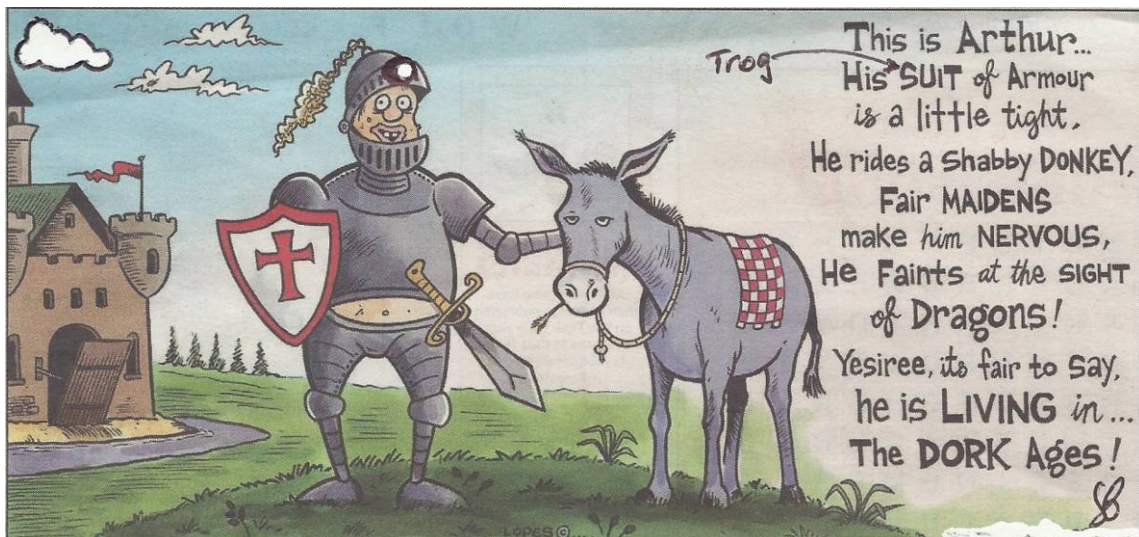
The editor won't be there, Chris loves 500 tournaments, Arthur is invariably generous with his fruit wines and liqueurs, Tony and Jane generally find something ridiculous to entertain the masses with and the smell of burning sump oil on the bonfire makes sure that every child wins a prize (even if it is cancer). With all these good reasons to come it is easy to overlook the fact that the caving at Ida Bay is horrendous, so come along.

JUNE GENERAL BUSINESS MEETING

Due to a variety of clashing events and overseas holidays the June meeting will be held on the second Wednesday of the month (rather than the usual first Wednesday). This makes it the 8th of June (8 pm at the Civic Club).

EXIT CAVE SURVEYING GRANT

Tony Veness, on behalf of STC, recently applied for an ASF Enviro Fund grant. The princely sum of \$2500 was awarded at the recent ASF AGM at Chillagoe. Well done to Tony for managing to get some money out of that black hole called ASF and hopefully the investment returns some valuable Exit Cave data in the future.



Trip Reports

JF-128 Deep Pot, Schmeep Pot

Chris Chad

4 December 2010

Party: Chris Chad, Ken Hosking

There are a number of small holes surrounding JF-147 Peanut Brittle Pot just around the contact from Rift Cave. I'd been meaning to get to them for a while now, and finally Ken and I made our way in, planning an assault on this cluster of numbered but un-mapped caves. Alan, Bunty and Serena had been through here a couple of weekends prior picking the low hanging fruit, but not descending any of them. At the top of my list was JF-128 which promised a pitch and a faint glimmer of hope that there might be a continuation at the bottom of it. I was also keen to check out JF-148 as it sounds like it could do with a closer look, plus both Ken and I were keen to understand Peanut Brittle Pot as that is a cave on the deepest list that doesn't have a particularly strong record of exploration.

JF-128 was pretty easy to find, and I had a quick scout around to locate JF-142, JF-146, and JF-147, an easy task now they sport tapes on their tags. Appropriate photos were taken and then we set to work rigging JF-128, a fairly straight-forward affair. I had a look for the tag which had not been spotted and which I was expecting to be tied to a tree root, but didn't find it, so descended the cave. It was a 13 m pitch but continued down a slippery slope to the end of our 40 m rope. I tried to post myself through the lead at the end but didn't get close to fitting. No draught either. I surveyed and drew it up while Ken came down and headed back out to have a look at the other short pitch within the same doline. That turned out to be 8 m or so deep and we avoided tagging it by reasoning it is essentially part of JF-128. Deep Pot, whilst not a bad cave, is a disappointment because it doesn't live up to its name at just 30 odd metres deep. What a waste. [See survey on page 26.]

I then took Ken over to see Peanut Brittle Pot, where we filled our water bottles. Despite heavy rain the night before, there was no sign of the swallet overflowing into the main entrance. We popped over to JF-146 which was either a 20 m unexplored pitch or a 7 m handline depending on your source, and Ken went down confirming an uninspiring and very wet 7 m free-climbable cave. [See survey on page 27.] We pretended not to see JF-142 (read

Jeff Butt's description and you'll understand) and headed over to JF-148, which was next on our list.

I headed in and got a bit excited, so Ken had to bring my bag in for me. I deemed the first pitch free-climbable, but the second pitch certainly wasn't. The rock was proving to be pretty crap and I wasn't happy with any rigging points, and, given the tightness of the pitch, I was feeling a bit out of my depth so I went back up the first pitch with a view of establishing a solid tieback. Ken had arrived and was more-or-less of the opinion that if I wasn't happy, neither was he, but we had a bit of a muck around, with the view of rigging the first pitch (the mud made it a bit challenging on ascent). I was standing on a step half way down while Ken fussed around looking for a rigging point when I heard him curse shortly followed by the impact of a football-sized piece of crap hitting me on the shoulder. I looked up with the intention of letting Ken know that hurt, and copped a further face full of crap, causing me to splutter and carry on. I looked up again with the intent to contribute some cursing of my own and saw the rock that Ken was grappling with trying to avoid its inevitable rendezvous with my head. I shut up and did my best turtle impression but quickly realised I had nowhere to go, but mercifully Ken had managed to get it balanced, and a quick retreat was made to the surface with quickened heart rates.

That was more or less the end of the day for us. I went to get a phototag, only to realise my camera had gone missing. A search was conducted to no avail, so if anyone finds my camera, I would be very pleased. We did a bit of half-hearted scrub bashing but found nothing except large trees tempting their downfall by dropping tonnes of highly flammable material, waiting for the inevitable hot summer day that will kill them all. They are just inside the National Park boundary, and so are screwed. Ken was pleased with his re-discovery of Peanut Brittle Pot. You don't want Ken on your team if you're playing "Memory".

Retracing our steps I happened across the JF-128 tag. I was tempted to chuck it down the pitch, but my conscience got the better of me and I geared up and descended the pitch far enough to get to solid rock and put the tag on properly (the tag can be seen from the top still). We headed home nice and early. For the second time in as many months a leech had latched onto my waistband, feasted on my blood, then crawled into my undies and snuggled up next to my nuts for a rest. Happy days.

JF-10 Splash Pot

Alan Jackson

27 February 2011

Party: Serena Benjamin, Gavin Brett, Alan Jackson

Gavin was leaving a vomiting child with his wife and Serena was coming off seven days in Exit Cave – why were these two so keen to go to Splash Pot? Freaks, the pair of them.

Water levels were medium low (moist, but not dreadful) and progress to the far reaches of the back end was as

painful as ever. We surveyed the new stuff found on the last trip and then created a little smoke. The passage was drafting the opposite way to last time (which was a good thing) but it was pretty unconvincing. It appears to be drafting into the most likely spot, which is unfortunately guarded by some large perched overhead boulders. It wouldn't take much effort to shift the boulders and open up the ascending passage beyond, but it would take an awful lot of effort to avoid being crushed by them once you'd shifted them.

We inspected some of the gnarlier bolt climbs on offer and while the prospects seem pretty good it is simply too far

into the cave to ever arrive at the bottom of the climb with sufficient enthusiasm to start climbing them. We continued out until we reached permanent survey station 279. An inviting looking slab with a cracking layback approach looked like it would provide access to a huge ascending rift. I free-climbed it and surveyed the scene from atop the massive perched boulders. Down the other side a bit it looked like an easier way to access the area was possible 15 m or so further down the streamway passage below. I left the others to find a way up while I powered off up the ~40° slope. Half way up I heard a massive crash of boulders followed by some reassuring “I’m OK” calls from below. Gavin had found the ‘easier’ way up, but it wasn’t necessarily safer ...

A junction with a passage to the right looked doable but it was partially blocked so I kept straight ahead and shouted back to Gavin to turn right when he caught up. My way continued up through fallen slabs and wedged boulders till it eventually reached the roof and got small. I didn’t push the last 3 metres as it didn’t look promising – do it on the survey trip. By now Gavin had reached the junction and had vanished out of sight up the right hand passage. This headed off perpendicular to the other rift but soon intersected a large ascending passage parallel to the first one. At the top of this sliding horror show the main passage was blocked and a small inlet came in from the right. It carried a small stream and had similar dimensions to Close to the Bone (which without a pack wasn’t so bad). It ascended steeply before turning into a long tight squeeze that opened out again invitingly. Gavin dismissed it instantly but I wasn’t so sure. Gavin dismissed it again but my exploration fever was coursing through my veins so I slipped off my harness and helmet and inched in. “Inched” is probably too strong a word – “millimetred” would be more appropriate. It was horrendous but I got through and explored another 20 m or so of ascending passage. It was narrower than before the squeeze, the kind of stuff you’d prefer to only do once while surveying it, so I turned around. We had done a huge amount of up by this stage and it will be very interesting to see where this sits in relation to KD and the surface. There were a few bones on the far side of the squeeze. I fear that even if it did connect

that it would be more unpleasant than Close to the Bone anyway!

Back in the second large ascending passage (the one Gavin broke into) the passage continued down below the junction. We didn’t look at this as we assumed it headed back down the underlying passages of MEAD, but it’ll need surveying too when we come back. All up I’d hazard a guess at 250-300 m of new passage discovered. Exiting via Gavin’s access route was going fairly smoothly until Serena stepped on something she shouldn’t have. She surfed a ~100 kg slab several metres down the slope and managed to hop off before it really got going and smashed into the ground below. The look on her face was utter terror – great stuff! We counted her limbs and got a full compliment.

We put our surfing gear away and slogged back out to Harrow the Marrow. I placed new stainless steel bolts on the big pitch for a future assault and we dragged our sorry arses out to the entrance. It took about 1.75 hours to get out from Harrow the Marrow and we were all pretty shattered. Serena was particularly so – Gavin and I had never seen her swear so much at inanimate objects. It was a ~10.5 hour trip all up. Gavin was pleased to discover that he hadn’t been divorced once on the phone at the car and Serena was simply pleased to be surrounded by plush padded surfaces and the opportunity to sit on her arse in a warm, dry environment with nothing to do for over an hour other than eat spicy broad beans. Yum.

The post trip survey data analysis revealed that we’d gathered 128 m of passage (which was really 115 as the first leg simply retraced previously surveyed passage from the permanent survey station). This tips the cave’s surveyed length over 3 km (3088 m). The passage doubled back on itself more than I was expecting, which means that the two potential climbs I’ve mentioned previously immediately downstream from the one we actually did are not really worth the effort anymore. We gained 33.5 metres of elevation, which means we’re 33.5 metres closer to the KD entrance series. Yet another good look in KD is required. It seems pretty likely that the new stuff we found (but didn’t survey) will go higher again, but most likely not in the area directly under the KD entrance series.

Fluted Capers – Search and Rescue, Bruny Island

Stephen Bunton

14 March 2011

Party: Guy Bannink, Serena Benjamin, Stephen Bunton, Sarah Gilbert, Jane Pulford, Geoff Wise

The six of us were a part of the search for missing backpacker Rachel Funari, an American citizen living in Melbourne. She had no outdoor experience and she was last seen in the area on the 3rd of March. It was thought that she went for a walk around the Fluted Cape walk and may have fallen over the cliffs. Our job was to search the ledges below the cliff top at places where there was a chance that she might have slipped.

A 4.30 start, for a 5.30 rendezvous at Police SAR HQ at Federal St enabled us to be on the 6.35 ferry feeling as though we had done a day’s work already. After getting rope and briefing from the constabulary we headed off on

the walk in a clockwise direction. We started at the north end of the cliffs and worked in pairs rigging an abseil and prusiking back out. Four climbers were also a part of our Cliff Party. When each pair was finished with their designated spot they leapfrogged to the front and started a new abseil. We continued in this fashion until we had completed a sweep to about 100 m south of where the track from Adventure Bay met the cliffs.

The top of the cliffs is a sphincter-tweaking 272 m above sea level. We were using 50 m ropes, with a knot in the end, which snagged in all the vegetation. Each abseil was like rigging a short vertical cave and over the course of the day the five pairs of VR searchers completed 49 abseils. That was like doing 5 x 50 m deep caves each for the day and we certainly enjoyed the practice. The tops of the abseils were GPS’d for Police records.

The only other excitement for the day was finding a hat caught in a tree. Originally we thought that the body may have been somewhere below but we were disappointed that it was an old hat that had been there sometime. It would

have been good to have the search resolved but in the end the search was scaled back and eventually called off. The missing person had not been found by the time I wrote this. [Nor at time of publishing – Ed.]



This image of Guy indicates how desperate the Police were for search volunteers.



Sarah dangles over a cliff and wonders what she has to do get a seat on the chopper.

JF-345 Ice Tube and JF-36 Growling Swallet

Peter Kleinhenz

20 March 2011

Party: Nicolas Baudier, Chris Chad, Ben Kaiser, Peter Kleinhenz, Janine McKinnon, Ric Tunney

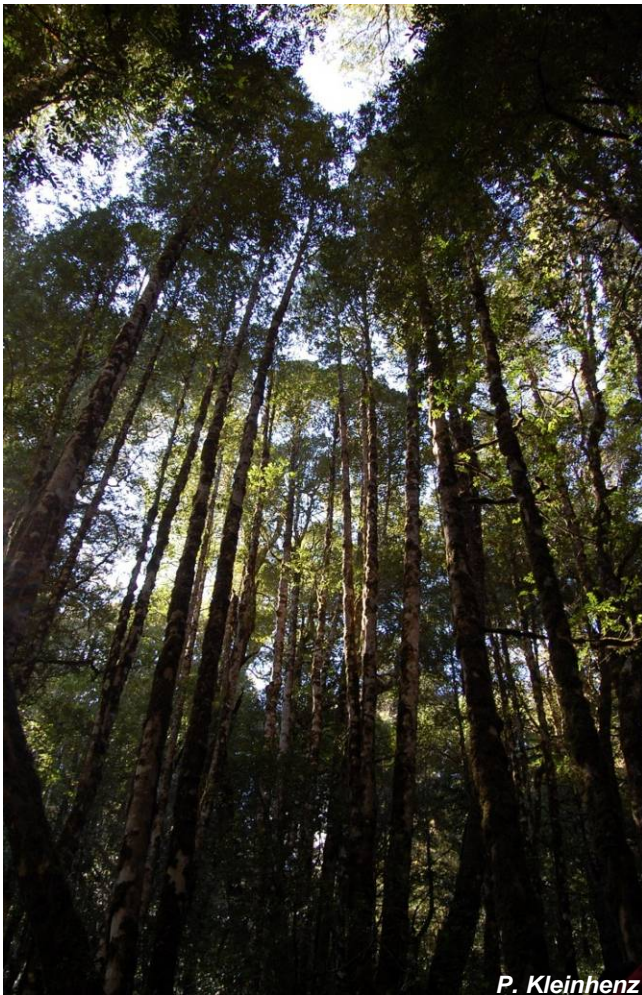
My first vertical caving trip of my entire life started out like every other caving trip I've ever been on: I was incredibly tired. Seriously, if I was not about to be caving halfway around the world I'm not sure how successful I would have been at getting out of bed. Luckily for me, Tasmania is filled with wonderful people, amazing food, and beautiful scenery so the drive from Hobart to the area around Ice Tube woke me up pretty effectively. Conversations about world politics and conservation, an apple cinnamon roll, and the sight of the massive trees and ferns cloaking the surrounding hills were all a welcome addition to the drive. For this reason, it seemed like we arrived on a back road inside Mt Field National Park in no time at all.

Our great [*sic*] in-car tour guide, Ric, pointed out the rock formations, where the caves were, and what was happening

with the logging situation in the forest as we wound our way through the park to the end of the road where the trail started. Some quick snacks, a clothing change, and a short introduction were all we needed before Janine, Ric, and Chris led the newbies (Ben, Nicolas, and myself) through the forest towards the cave. Janine mentioned how few people get to see this side of the park and I couldn't believe that. Here were massive Antarctic Beeches and Gum trees, which would have been the number one tourist attraction back home, being passed as if they were just your average trees. Nicolas and I hung back many a time photographing these magnificent giants and looking at each other like, "Are we the only people that have never seen trees this amazing before?!" I felt as though I were in some kind of medieval fantasy forest with all the ferns, moss, and epiphytes covering every surface available. As we walked and became a little ... er ... sidetracked along the way due to many missing pieces of flagging tape, I couldn't believe that there could be anything more interesting than the habitat that surrounded me. Incredibly, there was.

A quick snack and suit up underneath the enormous Nothofagus that towered over the blind valley was all that was needed before the descent began. The steep, muddy

climb was a fitting start to what would become quite the epic little day for me. Upon entering the darkness of Ice Tube I scanned the twilight zone for signs of life like I always do when entering a cave. Sure enough, an egg sac that looked like a golf ball was resting on a mat of webbing and was being guarded by the endemic Tasmanian Cave Spider. Cave crickets covered the walls which was not surprising considering the influx of food that has to wash down the steep slopes into the cave. Following the small stream down through a couple of narrow spots, I soon arrived at a narrow ledge where Janine was standing clutching a rigged rope. She told me to hook in my cowstails, walk over to where she was, and attach to the rope. Easier said than done, Janine! I began to shake as I climbed off the edge of the cliff and slightly down BEFORE attaching to the rope with my descender. I wouldn't have been any more apprehensive had I been about to jump out of a plane.

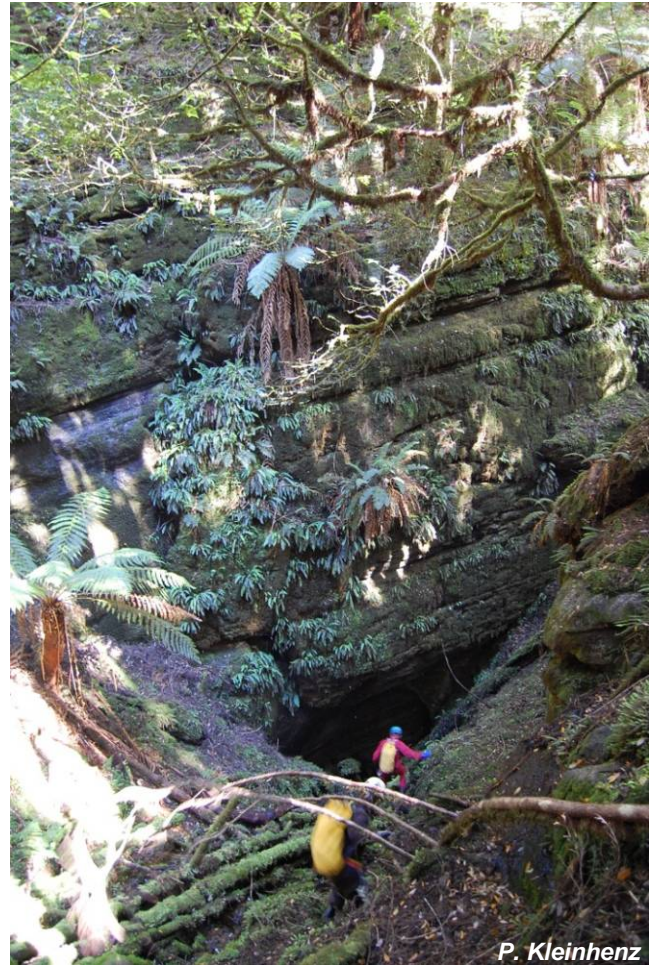


P. Kleinhenz

Trees (apparently 'amazing' ones).

The first descent went fine and I looked around to take in the sight of a massive hole carved out completely by the flow of water. Such sights never fail to instil in me why caving is the best hobby on Earth. I waited down below for Ben to come down in order to witness what had just happened from a different perspective. Seeing him come fluidly down only served to make me realise what a wimp I was. The next pitch was straightforward except for the freezing shower I got on my way down. I felt like whoever had told me Tasmanian caves "can be" wet and cold earlier in the day had withheld a bit of information. Chris was waiting for me and took me back further into the cave to where the next pitch was and, on the way, we had to

traverse a canyon with a 30 or 40 foot drop directly beneath us. I don't know how Chris felt, but I would just like to say that I was absolutely terrified. Ben and Janine came to join us but Nicolas just couldn't do it. I told you it was scary!



P. Kleinhenz

Outside Ice Tube.



P. Kleinhenz

Inside Ice Tube.

Climbing back up the ropes, especially through the shower that was the second pitch, was extremely difficult for me. I must just have no strength because I was taking break after break and here was Ric, much older than me, shooting up the ropes. I guess it really does come down to technique. Or maybe Ric is just that strong? Regardless, I tried much harder to keep my butt back and stand up straight when climbing up the first pitch, and found it far easier than my disorganized wriggling up the second pitch. After getting off the ropes and looking at my arms to see if my muscles had already grown, I went out of the cave to lie down on

the bed of moss beneath the beech tree. I was cold (it is named Ice Tube after all), wet, tired, and sore but I felt as though I had just been to another world and back. Before I had time to fall asleep, the rest of the group came trickling back in and we were off to explore more caves.

Chris has a keen interest in the caves of the region we were in and decided that he was going to drop into a small, mostly hidden pit to “see where it went”. Meanwhile, the rest of us discussed extra-terrestrials and the universe. Before we knew it, Janine was down the pit and back up to tell us that Chris had gotten stuck coming back up a narrow section and that she had helped him out. We all looked at each other as if to say, “Whoops”, and then witnessed a brown mass come out of the hole in the ground. Chris was wearing a smile and about 5 pounds of mud, and I can’t even imagine what he had gone through down there. I really admire his dedication to exploring any and all caves of the region. We had time for one more cave, though, and Ben, Nicolas, and I were very keen to check it out.



Growling Swallet entrance.

Growling Swallet, a major insurgence for the area, was next to be explored and I had never seen a more amazing cave entrance in my life. A pretty big creek just hits a slot in a wall of limestone and starts dropping down through the large chamber. We jumped from rock to rock in the small stream that flowed through the “Dry Bypass”. The wet route must have been pretty wet. Ric led the way down the wet drops, taking the rope that was meant to assist us on the sketchy climbs with him every time. Janine asked, “Ric, why do you have the rope down there when they still need to climb down?” His response was, “Ah, they’ll be fine.” We all appreciated that confidence when we were

holding onto one wet handhold looking down at a 15 foot drop. There were no problems, though, and a short walk led me to a large chamber with many routes leading in all directions. I checked one small crevice out that had a bit of water in the bottom and was able to find two mountain shrimp that had been washed all the way from the alpine tarns to this abyss beneath the ground.

A bit further down the stream passage, I ended up in a large chamber where Ric and Chris were already sitting with their lights off, waiting for us. Ric told us to find a comfortable place to sit and to turn off our lights. We did and, after just a few minutes, were able to see glowworms illuminating the entire ceiling. I looked behind me towards a narrowing passage that just had more and more distant lights showing the way to more cave and more adventures.

After getting back to the cars, and in a good mood from Ric and Janine kindly offering to wash our caving clothes for us, we believed that a volcano had erupted or something when we saw loads of smoke filling up the sky.



Forestry pyromania (a.k.a. World’s Best Practice).

Turns out, it was just a controlled burn of some clear cut but we had to actually wait in the road for Forestry to escort us through. Flames leapt up trees and trunks grew orange with embers all along the side of the road. This sight spurred conversations about the state of the world and what needed to be done to save it that lasted until we arrived back to Hobart. It was one of those good “drive home” talks that only strenuous caving trips can produce. Janine, Ric, and Chris deserve a huge thank you for taking the time to show Ben, Nicolas, and I around such fantastic places and allowing me to have one of the most amazing days I’ve had as an American living in Tasmania.

Surveying HO-X1, ASF Insurance Hole

Geoff Wise

26 March 2011

Party: Geoff Wise [*Please note that neither STC nor ASF encourage solo caving – Ed.*]

I needed to head into the office on Saturday to install some upgrades (apparently some people don't like the system being down when they are working!) so I thought I'd incorporate a trip to ASF Insurance Hole and complete the survey while I was waiting. I rocked up at HO-X1 in Davey St and started the work side of things. Then I pulled out information from the STC archive that I would need to complete the survey and started wading through at station SS376. Memories of tight bits in Little Grunt flooded back as I hit each twist and turn, was it horizontal or a surface bash? I knew this trip was going to be unpleasant and unrewarding.

Just as I got to SS377 my phone rang, I assumed it was the security company but it turned out to be Neil from VSA

who was organising a trip to the caving state next summer and was after some info. It was a welcome side passage to take for a few minutes. The never ending grovel then continued until I made it to SS379. It was lunch time. I decided to head to Salamanca (HO-X2) for a quick spot of touring.

Heading back to HO-X1, I finished off the last few shots to SS382 and tallied the results. Unfortunately Janine wasn't there so surveying the training passage would have to wait for the next trip. As I also needed to predict the extra length of cave that would be surveyed in the coming year I developed a special piece of trigonometry ($f(x) = \text{meh}(\sin^x \text{FOS})$) to calculate it. I'm sure the graph will appear during Alan Kohler's report on the *ABC News* some time soon.

I exited HO-X1 via the bottom entrance at about 2 pm and headed for HO-X3, The Telegraph Hotel, only 40 m away. This feature has been surveyed many times but the loop closures are appalling so it needed resurveying. This was a more worthwhile trip than HO-X1.

JF-10 Splash Pot

Alan Jackson

27 March 2011

Party: Serena Benjamin, Alan Jackson

No drills, no rope, no climbing gear – what bliss. Armed with survey gear only the trip to the back end was almost pleasant. Dumping SRT gear at the bottom of Tend'n Down pitch made for even lighter packs. Luxury.

We downed packs near station 279, at Serena's rock-surfing spot, and started surveying. At the first climb in the chimney between the right wall and vertical fallen slab I noticed a big window about 5 metres up the wall on the left. A good rock projection above it would provide an easy anchor to lasso and prusik up on to see what is happening in there. We did some lovely long legs up to the roof of the first ascending rift where Serena confirmed that there was no way on. We jumped back to the junction and two legs got us through to the next junction. We had not explored the down lead here as we had assumed that it simply dropped back in over the lower streamway where we started. Our assumptions were proved correct, with the passage terminating in a ~15 m pitch down to two small white packs lying on the floor. Despite this it proved to be very interesting passage as there were several small rounded pits in the floor that were quite intriguing. We didn't slide down any of them but from rock dropping they all appeared to be blocked between 3 and 5 metres depth and would most likely only connect to the known streamway below.

Two more legs saw us at the end of the nice big passage above the second junction and it was time to get into the narrow shitty stuff. We had an Indiana Jones moment when Serena dislodged a spherical dolerite boulder with a diameter only 10 mm less than the passage width. I was lying down at the time negotiating a shitty bit and the sound and sight of this rock rolling towards my head was a little nerve racking. Thankfully it jammed a metre before it smashed my head to pieces. The nasty squeeze I'd pushed

last time wasn't too hideous and didn't get any major complaints from Serena. The next bit of passage did though. We surveyed to the point I'd explored to on the previous trip and then sent Serena forward to determine whether it was worth pursuing. She toiled for 5 minutes but I never lost sight of her feet and she made it clear she wasn't really interested in exploring further, let alone surveying it. I had a go and managed to get through after ~4 m of hideous passage followed by another ~4 m of moderately nasty passage. It then opened up for another ~8 m before the narrowing down to sub-hideous levels again. Someone really stupid could probably push this in drier conditions, but it was pretty marginal. At the start of the wider passage an almost dry inlet was climbed ~5 m but it narrowed right off and is a no go. The draft was good in this general area.

The thought of heading back out and then surveying back in for a paltry ~25 m was too painful to consider so we marked the last station and headed out. Back at the junction of the narrow shit with the big passage I climbed up into the blocked ceiling. It was really nasty but half looked like it might go. Getting out proved much easier than getting in as half the floor collapsed under me and enlarged the access hole considerably. I still can't figure out why I can't get life insurance that covers me for caving. Weird.

We had half planned to survey the unexplored stuff in the GST on our way out but the water levels put paid to that. A lot of water was gushing out of this area and the nasty grotty access squeeze required lying down in the stream. We toddled out slowly, with our lovely small bags that could be lifted with one hand, and gained the surface (and even the car) with daylight to spare. Quite a sedate and short trip really.

The survey data has the passage trending towards the 'contact' zone between JF-40/JF-4 and JF-10. This area has a few known (but untagged) stream sinks but the whole area is covered in a deep layer of dolerite and clay and a humanly navigable connection would surprise me. We gathered another 200 m of data, increasing the survey

length of the cave to 3286 m. If the MEAD section of this cave was easier to access then I'm guessing it wouldn't

take long to crack 4 km as there are so many unchecked leads. We need easier access, hopefully from KD.

JF-4, JF-40, JF-562 & JF-563

Alan Jackson

2 April 2011

Party: Nicolas Baudier, Serena Benjamin, Gavin Brett, Ken Hosking, Alan Jackson, Janine McKinnon, Ric Tunney



A bunch of numpties prepare to embark on the track.

Ric spent the day working on the track, which really needed it in a few spots, and Serena, with her gimpy elbow (tendonitis) spent the day wandering the surface looking for hairy goats and anything else resembling a cave. The rest of us bumbled into KD. The water was pretty high. Gavin and I headed down the wet way to the first waterfall to have a look for anything that may have been missed over the years. Over the edge of the first waterfall I could clearly see the top of the second waterfall and nothing in between worth inspecting for leads so we shot through. Since JF-5 allows easy access to the second waterfall we figured there was no point placing short life bolts at the first to get there more directly. The other three spent this time inspecting the Serpentine Route looking for any leads.

Gavin and I headed down to the other side of the flattener/crawl to check out the lower levels of the passage between the flattener and the Dry 90' pitch. Plenty of scrambling up and down allowed access to various levels of the passage and some interesting viewpoints. We rigged our way down a ~15 m pitch which placed us at the bottom of the second waterfall pitch (maybe third?). It was a very wild and sporting bit of cave and there really should be a properly bolted route down the 'Wet Way'. The top of the next waterfall wasn't far away but there was also a fossil streamway passage heading off that led to a short pitch. I dislodged a couple of large rocks here that nearly fell on my legs – yikes! The rope from the pitch above was long enough to reach the bottom so we ignored the rubs (it was 11 mm rope) and popped down to check it out. It connected back into the large chamber that the Dry 90' pitch drops into (I could see the rope that the other three had started rigging on it), perched over the top of the active streamway again. There were no other real options, other than following the streamway, and that isn't worth doing unless sensible long life bolts are used.

Janine and Nicolas had dropped the Dry 90' by the time Gavin and I arrived so we headed down too to have a quick look around and confirm where the side passage I'd been

in earlier came in. We were now finished with KD so we left the other three to derig while we headed out to JF-40. We got distracted on the way by JF-69, which we had a quick look in. Serena was skulking on the surface and laughed at us as we skied down the mud slope in the entrance of JF-40. I placed a new tag on JF-40 as I can't find the old one (neither could Jeff when he surveyed it). I placed it on the rock spike used by Jeff as his first survey station (see the list of 'relocatable stations' on Jeff's survey – it is station 'a'). I'd seen 7 and 4 m pitches marked on the JF-40 survey (which we didn't have a copy of ...) but we decided the entrance 'slope' didn't look like a pitch so we slid down carrying a ladder with us for the anticipated 7 m pitch further in. It never eventuated, so we lugged the stupid ladder with us for no reason. JF-40 is a surprisingly complex and interesting cave. It is certainly as horrid as Splash Pot in places and a connection would certainly seem reasonable! I located the spot that Madphil had been digging. The water drops down into a narrow slot with loose rocks in the floor and Madphil had clearly been digging these out and stockpiling them above the slot on a sediment bank. I couldn't detect a draft in the floor but there was a strong draft issuing from above the sediment bank, so I re-located Madphil's stockpile and started digging there instead. I eventually hit bedrock and further progress would require more advanced digging techniques. The draft is very encouraging, as is the proximity to the back end of Splash Pot (~30 m), but the confined nature of the chamber adjacent to the dig and the streamway crawl required to access it makes it a little unappealing. Certainly a summer job but reasonably close to the top of my 'dig list' – the prospect of transforming a trip to station SP297 in Splash Pot from a 2.5 hour horror show into a 15 minute horror show is quite alluring.

By the time we tackled the entrance 'pitch' we had a full compliment of commentators cheering us on, much to my delight. The mud slope proved to be very difficult and I would suggest to future parties that a handline or ladder would be wise! A later check of Jeff's map puts the 7 m pitch at the entrance ...

The day was still young but people were getting a sniff for home and were a little toey. Since I had the tagging gear, I wanted to get 'Holes A1 and A2' tagged so I lobbied for some support and received it from a few. Janine and Serena wandered back to the car while Gavin, Nicolas and Ken helped me at nearby A1. This is the lower of the two nearby holes, closest to JF-40. I tagged it JF-562, on the 'uphill' face about 1.5 m down into the hole. I also dropped the hole on a ladder to check it out. It was a full ladder length (i.e. ~ 9 m pitch) and terminated immediately in a narrow slot – no draft (much as Dave and Jol suggested in SS315:14). [See survey on page 29.] Gavin and Nicolas abandoned me next but Ken stuck around to assist with the next hole, A2. It was tagged JF-563, again on the 'uphill' face about 1 m down (into a slab of mudstone bedrock). A large tree has fallen right over this hole, making it easy to rig but also full of soil and other crap. I eased gently down beside the other small root that bisects the entrance and the number of precarious blocks of mudstone that hang in the first few metres of the pitch. The pitch was only ~6 m but an adjacent solution pit/aven lead

to a drafting, low continuing passage. The floor was all muddy fill and would only take 2 minutes to scrape aside. This one is worth returning to with a spade. Dave and Jol give a similar description in SS315:14, but sans draft. [See survey on page 29.]

I managed to then convince Ken to just do one more little job with me! We surveyed from the new JF-40 tag and tied in the two new tags (562 and 563). We then wandered out the wonderfully clear track.

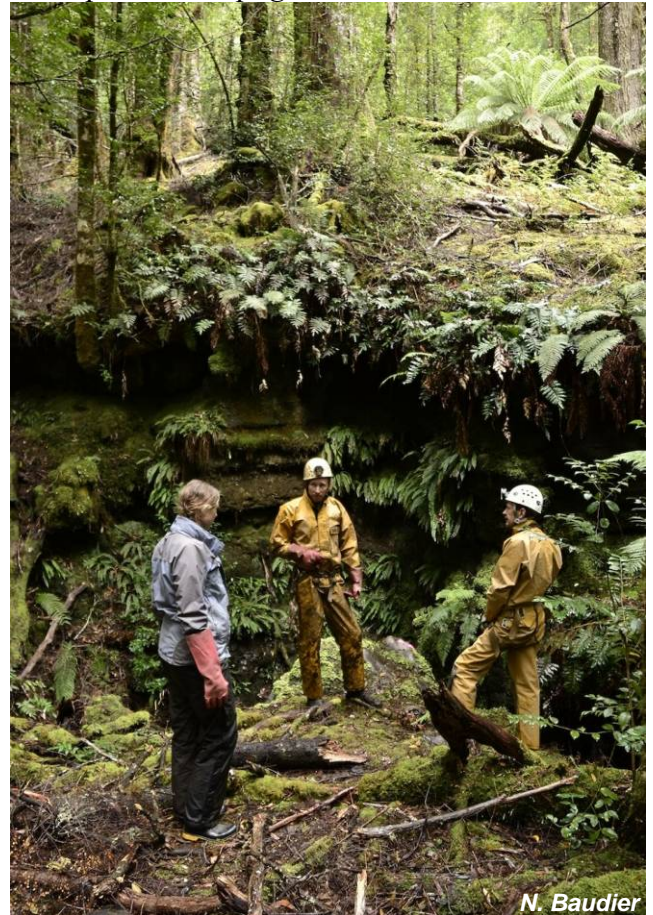
So no connection to Splash Pot (Gavin had made it sound like it was going to be so easy ...) but KD was great fun, JF-40 is definitely worth a proper digging effort (the more I look at the survey data, including the dodgy last leg in Jeff and Madphils JF-40 survey, the more I get excited about this one), JF-563 is also worth another poke and there are now two fewer JF-X caves and one fewer JF-Z caves in the system.

For the book keepers and nerds:

JF-562 is synonymous with – Hole A1 (SS315:7, SS315:14) and JF-X74 (SS315:15-16, SS318:25)

JF-563 is synonymous with – Hole 8 (SS314:16, SS315:14), Hole A2 (SS315:7), JF-Z9 (Rolan's 1994 Forestry report, referring to SS222:4) and JF-X72 (SS318:24).

If that last sentence doesn't inspire you to carry numbers tags with you on surface days then you are depriving a village somewhere of its idiot.



Post JF-40 conference.

JF-4 Khazad-Dum

Janine McKinnon

2 April 2011

Party: Ken Hosking, Nicolas Baudier, Janine McKinnon

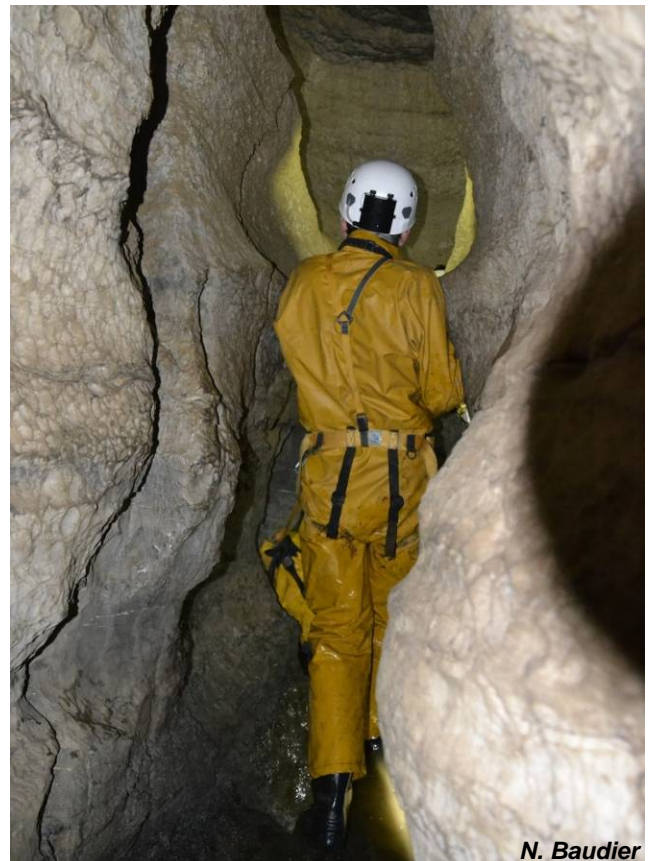
This is the part of the mass produced trip to look for the KD/Splash Pot connection that I was involved in. I won't bore you with the preamble before we all separated at the KD entrance. Just the bits different to Alan's trip.

So, we three headed into the Serpentine to look carefully for any leads in the entrance series. I climbed up at two spots to check obvious higher passage, but nothing went, as far as I could determine. We looked carefully at the side passages before the big hole in the floor where your step across. We turned back from there and went to the connection to the standard route down. We checked the small leads in the connecting passage from the Serpentine route.

Alan and Gavin had already rigged the first small pitch, so we followed them in. We met them rigging a drop at the start of the rift area near the 90 footer. I checked the climb downs in this section, as far as one could safely free climb. We decided to rig the 90 footer, and Nico and I dropped that, and then went as far as the top of the next pitch.

The derig/exit from the cave was straight forward.

Ken looking far too clean in the Serpentine Route. →



N. Baudier

Between Rift Cave and The Chairman

Chris Chad

10 April 2011

Party: Nicolas Baudier, Chris Chad, Trent Ford, Alan Jackson

The idea of the trip was to clean up a page full of old caves between Rift Cave and the Chairman from the '70s. I was also entertaining the idea of taking a quick beginners diversion down the Train Tunnel in Rift Cave. After a number of plan changes in the preceding days, 3 hammers and 4 brainless cavers (well the one who wasn't carrying a hammer probably wasn't too bad) were trudging their way in through the rainforest.

My suggestion on the listserver that the trip would be lame caver friendly was inevitably challenged with the argument that Rift Cave has an inclined entrance, and the through trip to Threefortyone isn't all that easy. Assuming that meant the cave had changed from ridiculously easy to almost certain death since I had last been in it a week after my vasectomy, we fussed around in a couple of holes above the entrance before deciding the weather was still good and provided a good opportunity to get some surface work in before the inevitable drenching.



N. Baudier

Worlds Slipperiest Log is still so.

I have pretended the holes above the Rift Cave entrance weren't there on a couple of occasions. On sending Alan in to investigate we formally concluded them to be part of the Rift Cave entrance complex, and thus not worthy of a tag.

They probably join up with the numerous tight ascending passages that head off the Train Tunnel.

We headed over to Alan's hot lead, JF-544 Chain of Krabs to see what was at the bottom of the entrance pitch. Not much other than disappointment it turned out. An awkward 20 m pitch to a choked bottom and a couple of straws extending into a little rift thing, was the only attraction, never-the-less there was enough enthusiasm for everyone except Alan to drop it. [See survey on page 28.]



N. Baudier

You can always pick beginners because they take sunglasses caving.

The unruly rabble then made its way past the other recent discoveries, fixing the odd GPS waypoint on the way and tagging JF-564 (previously JF-Z71) [See survey on page 30.] until a promising hole was encountered. I found the JF-126 tag in a very bizarre spot proving I can find a tag when I apply myself. I couldn't get the cave to go. Water does pour in and seems encouraging, however the original description of "lots of loose timber and rock throughout the cave" was quite apt. Trent managed to push a connecting tight rift more-or-less down to the same level to no avail. We also found another appalling rift entrance that needs a rope and thin caver, but we were distracted by brighter prospects and left it be. The JF-126 tag was affixed by only one dubious fastener, so was more firmly affixed this time round, but in the same weird spot.

Alan then displayed his own tag-finding capabilities at JF-125 with a tag that was similarly placed in an odd spot. I found this cave to be pleasingly regular, but it was

overshadowed by the more impressive hole nearby that could only be JF-124.

JF-124 was tantalisingly described as a 100 ft pitch leading to a sandy floor with some scope for further exploration. Whilst the first 15 m of the pitch was very pleasant with a lovely convenient tree over the entrance, the next 10 m led to a rotten chamber with a floor that stuck to my gumboots just like the clayey silt everywhere else. There were no further prospects to extend the cave, and we could not find a tag despite extensive searching. [See survey on page 24.]



N. Baudier

Nico found a large creature with stalked eyes behind a log but only managed to snap this photo of it before it scurried back into a cave. It is possible that it is the rare Sinatras pediculus, last collected in this area by Stefan Eberhard in 1984.



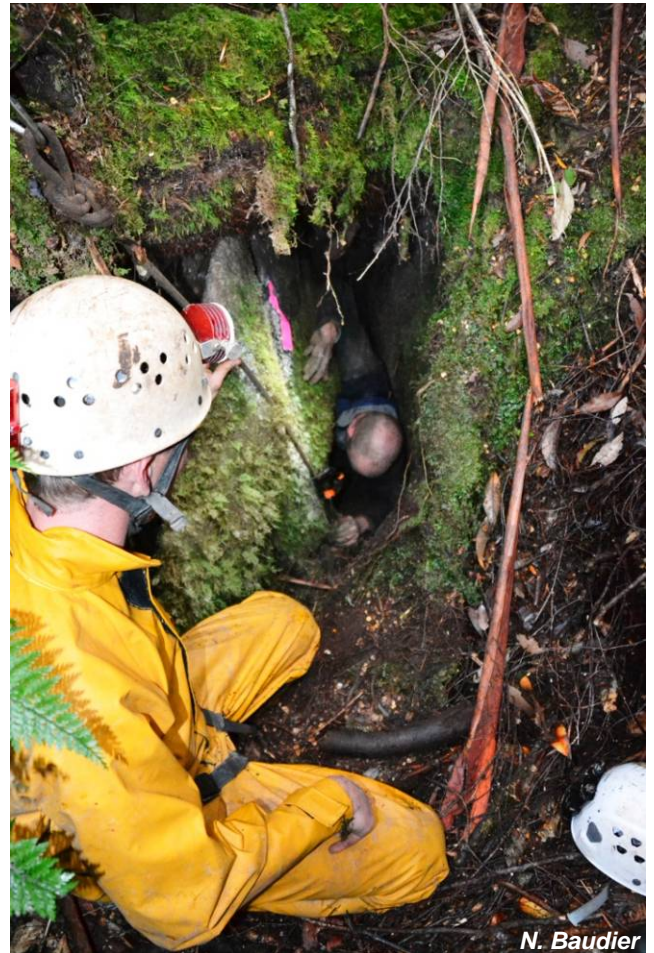
N. Baudier

Trent found a log over a large hole and proved his manliness admirably.

We then poked our way around towards JF-123 Deep Throat ... another name wasted on a disappointing cave.

On the way, Trent slithered down an impossibly tight hole that Alan had located earlier. As a result, we had to tag it. It is now JF-565. [See survey on page 30.] A couple of metres before Deep Throat is another similar hole. This time Nic was egged into having a go but promptly got stuck, and endured an onslaught of mockery and French jokes. When he popped out, Trent once again managed to do the impossible and disappeared for quite some time while we threw rocks down Deep Throat trying to establish a connection. In the end, Trent didn't encounter the water, but it seemed very likely that the connection was there, so we didn't tag it. Pity it didn't go, because it would have been named French Surrender.

We then headed over to the Chairman and lobbed a few rocks in. I hadn't read my notes properly, so was soon poking around above the Chairman looking for JF-111 Fifteen Seconds. Naturally I didn't find it (it should in theory be between JF-123 and JF-124 somewhere), but I was soon called over by the others who had found a pink tape next to a (uninspiring) hole labelled DW 6 June 2010. Who on earth could that be. With eyes narrowed we then went to where the GPS clearly incorrectly believed JF-124 to be, and confirmed it wasn't there.



N. Baudier

Still feeling the need to prove himself, Trent struggles out of JF-565 (only girls wear helmets).

It started to rain, so we made a bee-line to JF-341. I found the worst possible routes whilst searching for caves whilst the others plodded along behind Alan. My only reward was the odd snide remark yelled through the forest. Alan went down and picked up a glove he left at JF-341 last year, and then we went back to Rift Cave. I offered to take the group down, but when I saw that Trent and Nic went down for a look without their helmets and lights, I withdrew the offer

and sat around instead. I don't think they were prepared for the impressive entrance and are now much keener for a trip into the cave.

So a few loose ends were cleared up but I still have the following mysteries to solve:

JF-111 – Touted as being 120 yards NW of the Chairman. It sounds ideal for Trent. If the estimate is accurate, then it is probably somewhere in between JF-123 and JF-124.

JF-113 – Supposedly 60 ft from JF-124. There is a nice doline below JF-124 that seems a likely suspect. Alan had a look but didn't find anything.

JF-127 Murder Pot – It must be up above JF-128 somewhere. Sounds delightful and I won't be looking too hard for it!

JF-139 Snake Pit – Located “in the end of the ridge extending SW from Rift Cave. That kind of depends on what you define as this ridge. I haven't had a proper look yet.

JF-140 – “Cave with small entrance. Located in the ridge on from JF-99 towards JF-34”. Possibly the least helpful description possible. It could be anywhere!

JF-149 – I have a fair idea where this one is, and just need to get around to looking. I suspect that following the gully down below Washout Cave would get you close.

JF-235 – “Near JF-341”, whatever that means. It has at least a couple of pitches, but I don't like the chances of it being easily found.

Other Exciting Stuff

Coonabarabran Caving

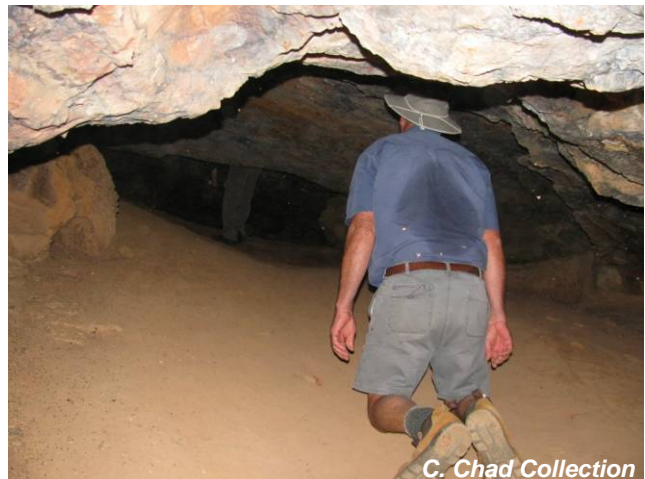
Chris Chad

Coonabarabran, the Astronomy Capital of Australia, probably is of more interest to AST than STC, but nevertheless the Chad family were able to enjoy a spot of caving on two separate occasions during a recent holiday to my home town. Indeed, it would seem that some of the regions lame sandstone caves are more popular with STC members than a good dozen of Tasmania's deepest caves, with two documented visits in the past three years (see SS367:15-16 for the other one).

Our first foray out into the Pilliga Scrub was Mum's attempt to instil some culture into her engineer son by travelling out to the “Sculptures in the Scrub”. We went out via Baradine so that Dad & I could whinge about how poorly managed it all is since the Labor Government shut down the sleeper cutters and saw mills and turned half of it into pointless National Park allowing devastating bushfires to have the opposite result they were hoping for. It turned out the area is not as badly managed as I imagined, and not such a huge area is locked up in National Park, but I still got some excellent snide remarks in about the sculpture trail. Frankly, all that stainless steel and bronze would be better applied to ship building.

Also out that way are the “Salt Caves”. These are simply sandstone caves (well, only one of significance). As legend would have it, rock salt had formed stalactites within the cave, which the early settlers had collected to cure meat and what not. There is no evidence of this now, but the cave is surprisingly extensive being a good 30 m long (and trending upwards which should lead to a spirited discussion between Rolan and Alan should they attempt to assign it a depth). In fact I was unable to explore it fully without a light, and as I hadn't been so optimistic as to bring a torch, I was forced to draw upon the wisdom of *The 100 Most Dangerous Things on the Planet*, a book I received for Christmas from my sister-in-law and worryingly categorised as “Juvenile Reference”. This book provides the helpful advice that if one is trapped within a cave, one could utilise one's mobile phone to help extricate oneself. So I did, and using my phone as a torch I managed to complete my exploration and safely find my way back out. The cave is out in the middle of nowhere, but there is a

nice little rest area next to it, so it wouldn't be a terrible diversion if travelling through. I believe I saw a sign on the Newell Highway between Narrabri and Coonabarabran.



C. Chad Collection

Chris & Owen Chad disappear into the bowels of Salt Cave. [This is Chris's way of saying it was shit – Ed.]



C. Chad Collection

The Chad family at Salt Cave. [If Chris is going to take his whole family caving then I really he think he should cough up for a family membership – Ed.]

A week or so later, I was forcing my artistic mother to have a sticky beak at the Australia Telescope, the big radio telescope array at Narrabri. We popped into the “Sandstone Caves” on the way (also off the Newell Highway). As the name would suggest, these are sandstone caves, some of

which are quite impressive. There is evidence of Aboriginal occupation in some of them resulting in some impressive gates. I was amused to learn that my Uncle Khan is responsible for building and installing them. If you had to choose, I would recommend the Sandstone Caves over the Salt Cave; once again, not an awful diversion and probably worth a look if travelling through.



C. Chad Collection

The Chad Family Gate at the Sandstone Caves. [Spare a thought for Rolan who is now trying to work out how he's going to get pages 14 and 15 unstuck – Ed.]



C. Chad Collection

Toby enjoying the Sandstone Caves. →

Bunton's World of Karst – Sightskiing in Europe

Stephen Bunton

Our family holiday sightseeing and skiing in Europe started well. As I looked out the window of the plane, I could see there had been a big dump of snow. Flying over Sophia in Bulgaria and later Sarajevo in Bosnia Herzegovina, I was treated to wonderful views of doline karst glimmering in the sun. It was as if someone had taken the landscape with a huge ballpein hammer. I was so mesmerised that I almost forgot to take a photo and in the end didn't bother. The Perspex of aeroplane windows is always scratched and I was looking south into the sun (Yes, we are now in the Northern Hemisphere!) it would have looked too glary and overexposed.

To get over our jetlag, we started our sightseeing in Rome. Many of the lovely buildings, statues and monuments are made out of white travertine. This looks like marble but is just flowstone that was quarried on the surface where it occurs at various springs. Depending on the way in which the flowstone "grew" it has lovely patterning and various mini-voids that eventually fill up with black grime. Of course I was tempted to say that "I have walked on better flowstone than that" even if it was no longer *in situ*. Over time some of the steps of buildings have worn down, under the action of millions of feet, in the way that some Hobart sandstone stairs erode.

Given the dates of construction for the various fountains, I was keen to see if there was any erosion by the constant stream of water they carry but there was none that I could detect. The filtered water that flows does not contain the particulate matter to cause any noticeable erosion over the last 500 years. Much of the erosion in a cave of vadose

nature is not by solution but from abrasion (corrasion, actually).

On the other-hand half a millennium is sufficient to see flowstone, or at least some calcite, being deposited. We had a close look at a couple of the fountains to our surprise under the chins of some of the "spurters" a cave coral-type decoration was starting to grow. The rate of this deposition is so slow that the formation was hardly noteworthy and I didn't bother to get a photo otherwise you'd have thought me a rock nerd or something.

After a while you reach saturation point with churches, religious icons, the depiction of biblical scenes and just the sheer volume of catholic art – a real contradiction in terms! There are however, some quirky things that I never cease to tire of; the depictions of Heaven and Hell (Hell is always more interesting), the numbers of men going into battle naked, the way fig trees just happen to grow branches at crutch height as if the trees are groping them, women with breasts that are incorrectly positioned or proportioned (the artists often used male models), and the way Jesus is always naked and everyone else is rugged up (every parent knows babies cool down faster than adults – it's a simple surface area to volume ratio thing). Nevertheless there are various famous must-see attractions and Michelangelo's statue of David is one of these.

Again, David has just slain Goliath, the most fearsome warrior of his time and David appears to have forgotten to get dressed for the occasion. This is a beautiful statue and some seem to even suggest it's a bit of a gay icon. "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery" – there are a few copies around, so beware of imitations. If I hadn't read the guidebook I wouldn't have been able to pick them apart. The stunning thing about *David* is that he is carved from a flawless piece of white marble. Marble is different

to limestone. It is calcium carbonate that has been metamorphosed (cooked) it is still calcite, a much more crystalline and pure form of the mineral which makes it more attractive. It still isn't very hard for those of you who remember Moh's scale of hardness or have ever drilled a bolt by hand, compared to doing the same in granite or dolerite.

Marble erodes nicely too and will form caves. Alan Warild once remarked that he went caving in marble caves near Pisa and that they were lovely, white, scalloped affairs. The Leaning Tower of Pisa is worth a visit just for the motion sickness as a result of climbing spiral stairs that slope in all sorts of disorienting angles. It is just one of a few buildings that glow white in the sunshine. Cave rocks are much nicer looking on the surface where you can see them!



S. Bunton Collection

A replica statue of David travelling lightweight. (His harness is strung over his shoulder.)

In Austria we skied at Stubai, looked across at the Silvretta and also skied in the Dachstein. I felt I'd ticked all the name brands for outdoor gear at this stage. The Dachstein also contains the world's best ice caves but ironically they are closed in winter.

The next piece of cave-related stuff that snuck up on us was in Slovenia, which we visited for a few days in order to visit Kathy's relatives. Kathy's Dad escaped from the former Yugoslavia, into Italy and finally ended up in Australia. We took a daytrip from Ljubljana to Postojnska Jama, reputed to be the best tourist cave in the world. Claims like this are rather meaningless and our guide Milo was quick to point this out. Certainly it is the most visited cave in Europe with an estimated 33 million visitors since it opened in 1819.

I had known of Postojnska Jama almost since I started caving, mainly for the fact that you ride through the first part of the cave on a train. The train first operated in 1872

and electrified in 1884. This was one cave experience not to be missed. Besides I had to visit "Yugoslavia" the land that gave the world the word *karst*, or as they say *kras*... somehow it's a term that is most appropriate.



S. Bunton Collection

Kathy and Steve as tourists at the entrance to a tourist cave.



S. Bunton Collection

Postojnska Jama Map

The train takes you the first two kilometres into the cave and you then have to walk the rest (bummer!). There are

two narrow gauge tracks, one in and one out, so the trains can pass. Luckily for tourism the entrance passage into the cave is basically horizontal. You can spot the places where the rock was hewn out to make headroom under overhanging walls, through formations and beneath the odd suspended boulder. At the end of the train trip we had to alight and find the illuminated sign that indicated the various languages spoken by the tour guides. Interestingly there was no Japanese on offer and they joined our English tour.

In winter the cave was effectively deserted with about 40 visitors on our trip, compared to the thousands they get each day during summer. The track through the cave follows a one-way path through some very heavily decorated chambers, with a few stalagmites about the size of Kubla Khan (17 m high). Again a bit of excavation joined two of the most distant sections of passage to complete a round trip. The end chambers were domed-roof jobbies with a fair bit of recent (geologically speaking) collapse and so the ceilings were devoid of formation. There is another section of the cave, noticeable to the trained eye, that was also not quite devoid of formation but rather it was blackened. The reason for this is that during World War II, the cave was used as a fuel dump by the Germans but the partisans managed to get in and blow it up. (Makes capping seem positively benign by comparison!) In fact the highlight for me was the caterpillar digger inside the entrance – it spoke volumes of cave modification on a massive scale.



S. Bunton Collection

Serious cave-digging equipment in Postojnska Jama.

Had I joined the Kiwi tour (yes, it's a separate language although not signposted as such) I would have got excited about the model sheep in the cave left over from the nativity scenes and such like that adorn the cave in the silly season. On other occasions they have concerts in the cave for audiences of thousands. Yes, this cave has to be seen, to be believed, not so much for its grand formations but for the reassurance that all the stories are true (and by the way, it is true that there are gondolas in Venice, we checked this out too, someone didn't just make it up.)

Possibly the best travel experiences are those that you don't expect; most of the time you know what you are looking for but occasionally you are surprised. This was my delight at the cave zoo – the Vivarium.

I knew that Postojnska Jama contained *Proteus anguinus* a blind, unpigmented, fully cave-adapted salamander, the world's biggest troglobitic vertebrate. It looks pink because its oxygenated blood is visible through the skin.

They were called Proteus because, in a time when people were really superstitious (even before the time they were painting church ceilings!) no-one went into caves because they feared evil spirits and the Proteus were initially believed to be the young of dragons that inhabited these places. You don't see any Proteus on the cave tour but they have them in the vivarium in tanks along with lots of other cave beasts.



S. Bunton Collection

Troglobitic sheep left over from Christmas celebrations. They obviously ran out of mint sauce!

Postojnska Jama was the world's first biospeleology hotspot, mostly because of the presence and recognition of the Proteus. As such a laboratory was set up in 1930 with glass tanks within the cave environment; constant temperature and no light. Gradually the experimentation declined and now the tanks house captive populations of lots of invertebrates. Having spent ages recently combing cave floors for pseudoscorpions it was good to just wander up to the tank and peer in and see isopods, amphipods and spiders just doing their thing. This was a real highlight. In fact Postojnska Jama is the world's most biodiverse cave, with the most number of recorded species. I suggest that this is more a function of how well-studied the cave is rather than a God's eye view of what is really there.

There was a list of caves, from around the world, each with the number of recorded species indicated. Queenslander Cave, at Chillagoe, was on the list but not Exit Cave. I suggest that the Slovenians have not heard of Arthur Clarke but I do know he visited there recently and hopefully he put things right.

The Vivarium was only part of the visitor interpretation centre. The other notable feature was the geological cross-section showing infill of some of the cave's entrance passage. Of note, for example, was the huge depth of glacial fill from the ice age. The other feature of this was the profiles, which indicated the presence of Neanderthals and also contained the bones of cave bears, which are now extinct. Bears hibernate in caves and this would have brought them into direct contact with the Neanderthals who also made their home in the cave entrances. In some ways this was rather convenient for the Neanderthals if the bears came to them to be hunted. Prehistoric meals-on-wheels?

Our last attraction was skiing in the dolomites. This is the area where Ric and Janine spent part of their European summer last year and that featured in SS380:19-22. The Dolomite pinnacles provide one of the most spectacular backdrops to any ski resort on Earth. The magnificent

geology has been exposed by glaciation, and is visible on slopes too steep to hold snow. Bedding, Dip, Strike, Faults, Folds even Overthrust Folds; you can't get better than that! (Matt, you'd orgasm!)

The Dolomites are named after the magnesium carbonate rock of which they are made and this was first identified by the 18th-Century French geologist, Dieudonne de Dolomieu. Not bad getting a rock named after yourself! (I await the discovery of Cracknellite.) It is a relief to know that Cortina is not named after a clapped-out '60s pommy sports car but in fact the reverse is true.

Again snow covered any trace of caves but there were a few things of interest to the karst enthusiast. Firstly down valley, below the town there were a couple of dams. Normally dams don't work in karst, the water leaks out of them and they become quite literally monumental failures.

Further down the valley where the landscape flattens out onto glacial outwash plains the main industry was concrete production, fabrication and the mining of aggregate. This meant that, despite the surplus of available raw material in the Dolomites, none of the mountains needed to be quarried. If only other karst areas were as lucky! The cement industry has been important in Italy because without good cement many of the ancient buildings, those dating to Roman times, would have collapsed.

The reason Hobart's old buildings are still in good condition is that in Tasmania we have abundant limestone and the cement was of good quality compared to that made in other colonies like Sydney. In NSW the cement was made from burning seashells and contained a lot of salt that weathered the mortar and accelerated the decay of the old buildings. That, and the prosperity which skyrocketed property values, meant that much of the original fabric of Sydney was lost.

It was this lack of suitable lime that also prompted Australia's first real cave explorer, Oliver Trickett, to leave the comforts of home and go looking for caves. Trickett's explorations were published as his book *Limestone Deposits of NSW*, which was effectively Australia's first caving guidebook. To put all this into perspective the Renaissance artists had been dead for two hundred years before Trickett did his stuff and the old buildings in Australia pale to insignificance beside the architecture of Europe.

At this stage we'd been away from the comforts of home for seven weeks and returned to the land of work, routines and the income needed to pay off the Visa card. It was interesting to note that even though we didn't go on a caving holiday somehow caves and karst just sneak up on you.



S. Bunton Collection

Tandem Single Rope Techniques for armchair cavers.

Sanctum – the movie: review of the diving bits

Janine McKinnon

About half of the club went to see this new disaster movie for our February social meeting. It has been much hyped in the caving community, as in the media, and I thought I would give a brief review of its accuracy from the diving perspective. I may not have done much for many a year but I have a reasonable idea of current practices.

(Disclaimer: I didn't take notes, so this is from memory.)
[*And we all know how reliable Janine's memory is, don't we ... - Ed.*]

Just to set the style first though:

Like all of these action/disaster movies aimed at a mass audience (of 16 year old boys), there are a lot of very improbable events, amazing luck (good and bad) for some of the characters, lots of good looking bare skin, and gruesome deaths. Times have moved on from earlier decades as the females don't just stand around and scream anymore. They are actually capable human beings. They still have to look good, and they all die (well, there were only two I think) by personal stuff ups, whereas some of the guys die by heroic gestures of self sacrifice, but it is a major step forward in the cinematic portrayal of my half of the species in desperate situations.

The diving sequence starts with two very experienced cave divers heading off on an exploratory dive. The first cave diving rule is broken right here. The female is exhausted, doesn't want to go, but does anyway. Diving solo is not generally pilloried in cave diving circles (although some frown on it), as in dry caving, and in some situations it is considered the safer option. So the male diver could, and should, have gone alone.

Although you'd think on an expedition of this size, and cost, there'd have been more than two divers.

They get to an unexplored, but very tight, passage. They take off their rebreathers and push them through ahead of themselves. Except they leave their bail-out tanks behind. Another broken rule; they now have no back-up. She follows right behind him, as stupid here as in dry cave passage. One person trying to back out of a tight passage that doesn't go is difficult, two is doubly so. Dragging very heavy rebreathers is plain stupid. She gets angry and loses her cool, another no-no for cave divers. They don't lay any

line (another rule gone), so how they would find their way back if they silted out the passage ahead would be a lottery. Of course when her rebreather fails, she dies (no bail-out tank).

Then there's lots of rain and the cave floods, so from then it is all emergency stuff and the rules can legitimately be bent. However at no stage do I see any line laid, which could be a death sentence for all behind the first guy in silty passage. Aren't they lucky they didn't have any?

All their "diving lights" are helmet mounted (good) standard dry caving lights (bad)! Petzl, I believe. They wouldn't last 5 minutes on a dive. Where were their canister cave diving lights? They also only had 2 sources of light, not the 4 for this sort of cave diving. (But sometimes when diving canister lights have magically appeared!)

This movie had a large part of the currently active, top line of Australian cave divers involved, if you read the credits. Apart from being stunt doubles, they do seem to have managed to get some accuracy into the movie. I was surprised to see the divers using the frog kick that is now used by cave divers specifically (although this was probably because they were the stunt doubles!). They did include bail out bottles in the diver's kit for the story too.

A lot of the diving gear looked OK. I noted that the obvious product placement got the diving stuff right. Not quite so successful with the dry caving gear. I've already mentioned the super-equipment claims (by use) of the Petzl lights. The same company that told Serena, when she complained after her light failed after 2 or 3 trips, that she shouldn't be using their (advertised for caving) lights in the damp environment of a cave! (Let alone under water!)

The cave diving advisers were, alas, obviously unable to stop the cinematic practice of having lights inside a full face mask. Just like in all science fiction movies with people in space suits. Who could possibly see anything with lights inside a helmet shining into your face? But then, the audience can see the actors' faces, and that is more important than common sense practicalities in a movie.

Willing suspension of disbelief. It's what the movies are all about. Entertainment.

They managed that well.

2010 Office Bearers' Reports

Various Artists

President

Geoff Wise (Il Duce)

It seems not so long ago that I looked the wrong way and ended up taking over from Matt as president of this fine bunch of reprobates. The year has seen STC continue on its merry way from the long term projects like Exit mapping and exploration in the Junee-Florentine to more social caving trips to Mole Creek and Arrakis. The Exit project continues to generate much data; thanks to Tony Veness and Matt Cracknell for their time developing protocols and

standards for data management and of course the big job of drawing up.

This year may have seen our nomadic ways, when it comes to meeting venues, end at the Civic Club. Thanks for this must go to Trevor Wailes for getting old and having a birthday party. Thanks also to Alan Jackson and family for allowing us to meet at their place up until June.

It is encouraging to see the continued willingness of STC members to give their time, expertise and assistance to others from outside the club, whether it be land managers, scientists, police S&R or visiting caver tourists to name a few examples. STC has an exemplary record in this area, may it continue for years to come.

Thanks to those members who have held positions in the club and those who have organised social functions, investigated funding grants and taken beginners on caving trips. My job is made fairly easy by others taking care of the actual work of managing money, gear and getting the minutes and *Spiel* out. I would encourage all members to consider taking on a position at the AGM, surely it's about time someone challenged Greg Middleton for Librarian ... (only kidding Greg, you still have my vote).

Hopefully this year will see me underground more often than last; I can dream I guess. I'm happy to continue to run meetings with an iron fist unless there are mass demonstrations from members in the Elizabeth St Mall and I'm forced to flee like Mubarak.

Vice President

Jane Pulford

I've been trying to think up a way to expand the Vice-President's Report for 2010, but yet again I have 'nothing to report' – thanks to Geoff's steady Presidency.

I am happy to continue in the role, if there are no other contenders.

Secretary

Janine McKinnon

It has been a fairly uneventful year on the administrative side of my secretarial duties. Early in the year I had some correspondence, and a meeting with, David Clarke (Department of Economic, Development and the Arts) on his request for us to provide cave leadership training for their leaders. They already take schools, and outdoor organisations, on caving trips, but with no specific cave-related training. A few permit requests have been sent and journals collected.

I was absent for several months and in that time my duties were undertaken by several club members.

On a personal level, I have found my first year as Secretary quite interesting.

I do not wish to nominate for the role in 2011.

Treasurer

Sarah Gilbert

Summary

For those that only read the first sentence, STC has made a surplus of \$289.19 for 2010, compared to breaking even in 2009 (Yay Me! for being a good Treasurer). In reality, this is mostly due to receiving grants from WildCare for equipment for the Exit Cave mapping project and the LandCare grant to help cover administration costs.

For the General Account the 2010 income was up from 2009, most due to receiving grant money. However, expenditure was also up due to spending the grant money. When it evens out the General Account (including Petty Cash) was up by \$115.25. The Science Account has been very quiet again this year. The income received has been entirely from interest to the Cash Management Account (\$173.94), and no payments were made.

I have been Treasurer for two years now and I think it's time to pass over to someone else. I wouldn't want to hog the most coveted Executive position, and studying part-

time while working full-time doesn't leave much spare-time for counting money.

Membership

STC had very few Introductory members in 2010 (total 9), and only one continuing on for a full membership (what did we do to scare them off?). Overall the total membership has fallen by 6, mostly due to fewer Intro members. See Table 1.

Income

Table 2 shows the actual income from 2009 & 2010 and the expected income from 2011. Income was slightly higher in 2010 due to receiving grant money from Wildcare Exit Cave Project and the LAP Grant.

Membership Fees

The Membership Fees are designed so the STC finances break even, which we have done (even though this is due to receiving grant money rather than from membership fees). Provided the ASF rates remain the same, I propose that the current Membership Fees remain unchanged for 2011. See Table 3.

Trip Fees

Trip fees were down this year – partly due to everyone going soft and not doing much vertical caving (myself included), but also due to fewer people actually paying ... it's not much to ask, people! Currently we are receiving enough in trip fees to cover 200 m of rope every 3 years. I propose that the current Trip Fees remain unchanged, since we would be breaking even at present if everyone paid and strongly encourage everyone to make prompt payments of Trip Fees.

Gear Hire Rates

The Gear Store has been fairly quiet this year, but somehow we still managed to receive more from gear hire than in 2009. I propose that the Gear Hire Rates remain the same. See Table 4.

Expenditure

Table 5 details the expenditure from the General account in 2009 & 2010, and the expected expenditure in 2011. The expenditure of gear purchases has increased in 2010 with the Exit Cave survey work, but this has been reimbursed from Grant money.

Speleo Spiel

Production costs for the *Speleo Spiel* were up slightly, but not by much.

I propose that the subscription rates for printed *Speleo Spiel* remain the same: at \$25 per year for non-members, and \$15 per year for members.

Summary of Motions – status quo

- I propose that the current Membership Fees remain unchanged
- I propose that the current Trip Fees remain unchanged
- I propose the Gear Hire rates remain the same
- I propose that the subscription rates for printed *Speleo Spiel* remain the same: at \$25 per year for non-members, and \$15 per year for members.

Table 1.

Membership Category	YE 31/12/2009	YE 31/12/2010
Household/full/student	47	45
Introductory	12	9
Life	9	8
Total membership	68	62
Friends	9	9
Total association	77	71

Table 2.

Category	2011 Estimated	2010 Actual	2009 Actual
Memberships (incl. ASF component)	\$3,300.00	\$3,228.00	\$3,346.80
<i>Speleo Spiel</i> subscriptions	\$75.00	\$100.00	\$75.00
Trip fees	\$300.00	\$284.00	\$314.00
Gear hire	\$150.00	\$192.00	\$167.00
Gear sales	\$0	\$0	\$388.50
Donations, Grants, Other	\$1000.00	\$1640.66	\$5.00
Cash Mgt Trust distributions	\$300.00	\$270.58	\$286.86
Total income	\$5,125.00	\$5,715.24	\$4,583.16

Table 3.

Category	STC membership	ASF membership	Total STC & ASF
Single (annual)	\$17.00	\$68.00	\$85.00
Concession (annual single student/pensioner/junior)	\$10.00	\$61.00	\$71.00
Household (annual)	\$28.50	\$121.50	\$150.00
Introductory (3 month, non-voting)	\$10.00	\$20.00	\$30.00
Life (conferred)	Nil	\$33.00 – inactive* \$68.00 – active*	\$33.00 – inactive* \$68.00 – active*
<i>Spiel</i> subscription (printed <i>Spiels</i> delivered)	\$25.00 (for non-members) \$15.00 (for STC members)		

*in previous years this cost has been reduced by \$33 as sponsored by STC.

Notes:

- Late fee of \$10.00 applies to all STC Single, Concession and Household memberships not renewed by 1 May each year.
- New members who join during the year will pay pro-rata for their annual category.

Table 4.

Item	Rate
Trip fee (vertical caves where a rope was used)	\$2
Light hire	\$4
Helmet hire	\$3
Full SRT kit	\$6
Pack	\$1
Trogsuit	\$1
SRT kit, light, helmet, pack	\$14
Descender only (depends on number of abseils)	\$3-\$5
Descender only (midnight Hole)	\$5
Harness & cowstail	\$2
Miscellaneous (eg. jammer, cowstail etc)	\$1-\$2

Table 5.

Category	2011 Estimated	2010 actual	2009 actual
<i>Speleo Spiel</i> production & supply	\$500	\$498.79	\$484.96
ASF fees for inactive life members	\$264.00	\$264.00	\$207.00
All other ASF membership fees	\$2,600.00	\$2,567.50	\$2,586.50
Gear purchases	\$600.00	\$1387.61	\$683.14
Equipment Officer Honorarium	\$170.00	\$166.65	\$227.25
Audit fee	\$80.00	\$78.00	\$71.50
Annual return fee	\$55.00	\$53.20	\$51.20
PO Box rental	\$140.00	\$137.00	\$130.00
ACKMA membership	\$55.00	\$110.00	\$55.00
Publications	\$50.00	\$0.00	\$0.00
Other	\$300.00	\$163.30	\$88.40
Total expenditure	\$4,814.00	\$5,426.05	\$4,584.95

Gear Store Officer

Gavin Brett

Gear was variously borrowed, returned, worn out, tested or broken over the last year. In general my laissez-faire operation of the gear store has worked, but I think it should have a bit more attention.

I am happy to have the gear store for another year, but as I am so busy with work, a fair bit (most) of the gear store organising is falling to Claire, I would like to pass it on the gear store to someone else within the next year.

Social Secretary

Guy Bannink

Another year of social activity has passed.

Unfortunately more socialising than caving for some. Hopefully this will be rectified in 2011.

All up social activities were held at GB's, Pizza parlours and the Club through the year.

The traditional winter solstice was held at AC's and well attended – thank you, Arthur.

The Xmas doo was also well attended at the Long Beach playground although I think the location was most enjoyed by AJ who had to be removed from the playground for hogging the slide – this did not do the club's reputation much good.

A February special meeting was held to view the new cinematic extravaganza *Sanctum* – this was viewed in 3D. I think there was some agreement that monsters should have been included and no-one should have survived so that a *Sanctum 2* could not be produced. The action and dialogue was obviously influenced by mainland cavers and caving practice.

Thank you to those who helped with organisation for the year - SB, TV and JP etc as well as those who contributed sustenance at the gatherings.

Happy to continue in this role with the usual supports.

Editor

Alan Jackson

Same story as last year: The editor continues to produce a punctual and impeccably presented, intellectually stimulating masterpiece every two months. Considering the average contributor, this is no mean feat.

I dream of a day in the future when I get to receive caving-related publications instead of giving them. Depending on who wants to take it over, I'm more than happy to give the game away - no tardy, illiterate bozos lacking a nasty streak need apply. Failing that, I'll do it again.

The position comes with a wholly capable miracle worker sub-editor in the guise of Greg Middleton and three issues worth of free tuition from the outgoing editor. I'll even hand over my vast collection of recycled postage stamps.

STC Science Officer

Arthur Clarke

Excerpts from the STC 2010 minutes:

MAY 2010 MEETING:

Discussion of the Draft Minimum Impact Code of Ethics for Scientific Investigation in Caves and Karst.

Matt Cracknell reports on the "new" Picton Valley karst: 2 small caves explored and surveyed

JULY 2010 MEETING:

Chris Chad saw a Masked Owl in the entrance to Exit Cave. Masked Owl roost sites in various caves at Hastings, Ida Bay and JF were mentioned.

Following testing of expansion bolts in Benders Quarry and the survey of IB-135 (Beetlemania), a small decorated fossil cave containing gour pools with dogtooth spar crystal was discovered further upstream at the base of some at a level above the upper fossil entrance of Mystery Creek Cave.

SEPTEMBER 2010 MEETING:

Discussion related to the cave fauna project proposed by PhD student (Danilo Harms) from the WA Museum coming here with Michael Rix to collect pseudoscorpions from Tasmanian caves for subsequent study, description and associated DNA work. If possible, Danilo wanted to collect from the followings sites: Bubs Hill: Main Drain and Thylacine Lair; Gunns Plains: Tree Root Pot; Hastings: King George V Cave and The Minerets; Ida Bay: Mystery Creek Cave; Junee-Florentine: Beginners Luck, Rift Cave and an unnamed cave JF-208; Loongana: Mostyn Hardy; Mole Creek: Baldocks Cave, Devils Drainpipe, Georgies Hall, Genghis Khan and Kubla Khan; Mount Ronald Cross (King William Saddle): Capricorn Cave. Various cavers volunteered to assist.

NOVEMBER 2010 MEETING:

Alan found a trechine carabid beetle for Stefan Eberhard in the lower streamway of The Chairman.

Matt went to King George V with Danilo Harms and Michael Rix. Subsequently joined by Arthur, a few cave-adapted pseudoscorpions were found after several hours of searching. While Danilo and Mike searched for additional surface dwelling specimens, Matt and Arthur got soaked while successfully relocating the lost Lyrebird Lair (cave), below the Permian mudstone contact. In a short horizontal passage beyond the entrance chamber the dome-like structures in Lyrebird Lair were of particular geomorphic interest to Matt.

NOTE: Although not recorded in the Minutes, Steve Bunton and Alan Jackson assisted Danilo and Mike in JF caves; Arthur Clarke and Siobhan Carter helped out at Ida Bay and Bubs Hill and several STC bods assisted at MC.

NEW TASMANIAN CAVE SPECIES FOR 2010-2011

New species of cave adapted pseudoscorpions (Genus *Pseudotyranochthonius*) were confirmed by Danilo Harms, along with a possible new genus from Mystery Creek Cave at Ida Bay.

Based on the collections by Arthur Clarke and Stefan Eberhard from Damper Cave at Precipitous Bluff, a new species of cave-dwelling, probably cave-adapted land snail has been recently confirmed; this will be the first known cave-adapted land snail from Tasmania. First collected by Arthur in 1988, it was incorrectly assumed to be an aquatic hydrobiid snail, giving rise to a passage named Hydrobiid Highway; further specimens were collected by Stefan in 1991 or 1992.

A RE-CLASSIFIED TASMANIAN CAVE SPECIES

Based on her PhD thesis (completed in 2004), Dr Claire Baker has finally published descriptions of the five new mainland Australia glow-worm species. Along with a redescription of several known species, her recent 2010 paper includes a revised classification and of the known Australian and New Zealand species into three sub-genera based on the results of a DNA study. Baker now classifies the redescribed Tasmanian glow-worm *Arachnocampa tasmaniensis* in the new cold climate subgenus *Lucifera*, which contains one other species: its nearest relative, *Arachnocampa buffaloensis* sp. nov., the Mount Buffalo glow-worm from a high elevation granite boulder cave. The two other subgenera are *Arachnocampa* and *Campara*; the former contains the one presently known New Zealand species *Arachnocampa luminosa*, whereas the latter contains the two previously described mainland species from NSW and QLD plus the four new species from Victoria, NSW and QLD.

See: A new subgenus and five new species of Australian Glow-worms (Diptera: Keroplatidae: *Arachnocampa*). *Memoirs of the Queensland Museum, Nature* 2010, 55 (1): 11-41

ANOTHER RECENT GLOW-WORM PUBLICATION
BY DAVE MERRITT AND ARTHUR CLARKE:

Predominantly based on the photo-monitoring of glow-worms in Mystery Creek Cave at Ida Bay, together with supplementary data from Sassafras Cave and Marakoopa Cave at Mole Creek, this paper describes several interesting aspects related to the rhythmic bioluminescence of the Tasmanian glow-worm *Arachnocampa tasmaniensis*. At Ida Bay, the major dark-zone cave populations of *A. tasmaniensis* maintain a high-amplitude 24-hour rhythm with the peak of bioluminescence amongst the higher level more or less connected cave roof colonies coinciding with the external daylight hours, typically early afternoon. However, conversely it was noted that in the darker zones of the cave, the smaller and more separated colonies show a peak of bioluminescence during the night, generally after midnight. Periodic monitoring of a single colony over several years showed that the peak of bioluminescence shifted from nocturnal to diurnal sometime between October 2008 and January 2009, possibly mirroring a change in prey availability or some other external meteorological factor.

See: Synchronized Circadian Bioluminescence in Cave-Dwelling *Arachnocampa tasmaniensis* (Glowworms). In *Journal of Biological Rhythms*, Vol. 26, No.1 (February 2011): 34-43. The online version of this article can be found at: <http://jbr.sagepub.com/content/26/1/34>

STC Librarian/Archivist

Greg Middleton

The Library received only 69 new journals in 2010, continuing a declining trend (89 in previous year, 95 in 08-

09, 113 in 07-08, 101 in 06-07, 168 in 05-06, 191 in 04-05). Our current holding is 4,592 (not including many duplicates). The decline is largely due to the trend for journals to be published on-line, and we now get very few from overseas.

The library received 5 new books, bringing our holding to 305. Four CDs were added to our CD/DVD collection bringing it to 38.

717 papers/articles have been indexed but many remain to be accessioned.

The publications are in good order but bundles of "archives" have still not been accessioned or otherwise recorded.

Lists of our holdings are available and members are welcome to borrow any time I'm home.

Since 2005 I have been producing *Southern Caver* in digital format, publishing otherwise unpublished or rare material. No. 65 was produced in 2010, featuring Matt Cracknell's work on Eddy Creek Karst. I remain open to suggestions for future issues.

I'm happy to continue in the position.

Electronic Archive, Surveying Archive and Map Archive

Ric Tunney

The electronic Archive now occupies 11 gigabytes storage. This is the equivalent of a single-layer DVD plus a dual-layer DVD. Thus a problem of distributing data arises. For one-offs, it is possible to burn two disks. For a general distribution of an up-dated Archive to all holders, it's becoming too much work. The last general distribution was almost three years ago. I'm thinking the next distribution will have to be by Blu-ray Disk; time to upgrade your PCs folks!

Last year, I anticipated I'd get lots of data from Bill Nicholson and Bill Jackson as they had reappeared. That didn't happen.

Thank you to the surveyors, who are sending me both scans and the original bookwork.

The map scans arranged last year by Matt and Alan have been added to the Archive.

Data back-up continues as I described in last year's report.

Paperwork is still at risk from a very large fire. Last year's project of digitizing all the paper records is still unfilled.

Arthur is arranging for the ASF cave data records to move into our house. These will need digitizing.

Last year, I asked taggers to actually tell me they have tagged a cave so I wouldn't have to extract the information from the *Spiel*. This has not happened. As a result, I can't guarantee that the cave-number master lists are up-to-date.

I am happy to continue in these positions.

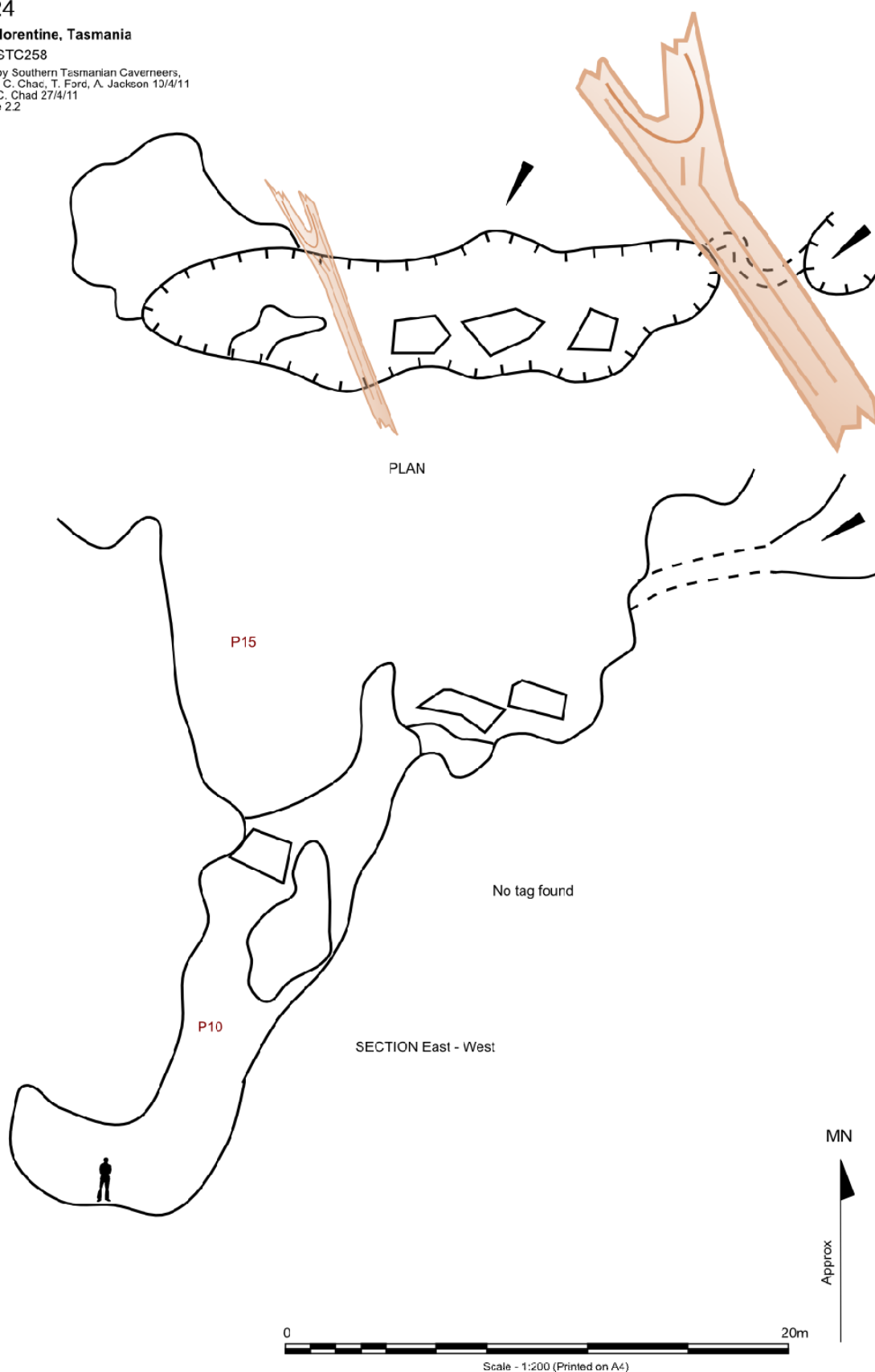
Surveys

JF-124

June-Florentine, Tasmania

7JF124.STC258

Surveyed by Southern Tasmanian Caverneers,
n. Bauder, C. Chac, T. Ford, A. Jackson 10/4/11
Drawn by C. Chad 27/4/11
ASF Grade 2.2

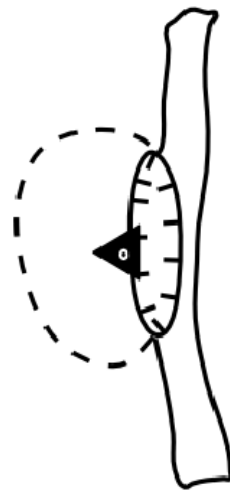


JF-125

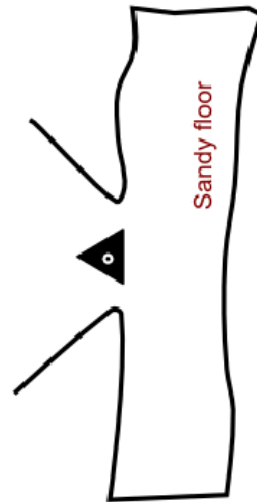
Juneeflorentine, Tasmania

7JF125.STC259

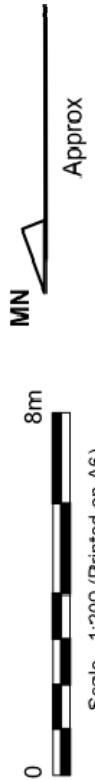
Surveyed by Southern Tasmanian Cavekeepers,
N. Baudier, C. Chad, T. Ford,
A. Jackson 10/4/11
Drawn by C. Chad 27/4/11
ASF Grade 1.1



PLAN



SECTION



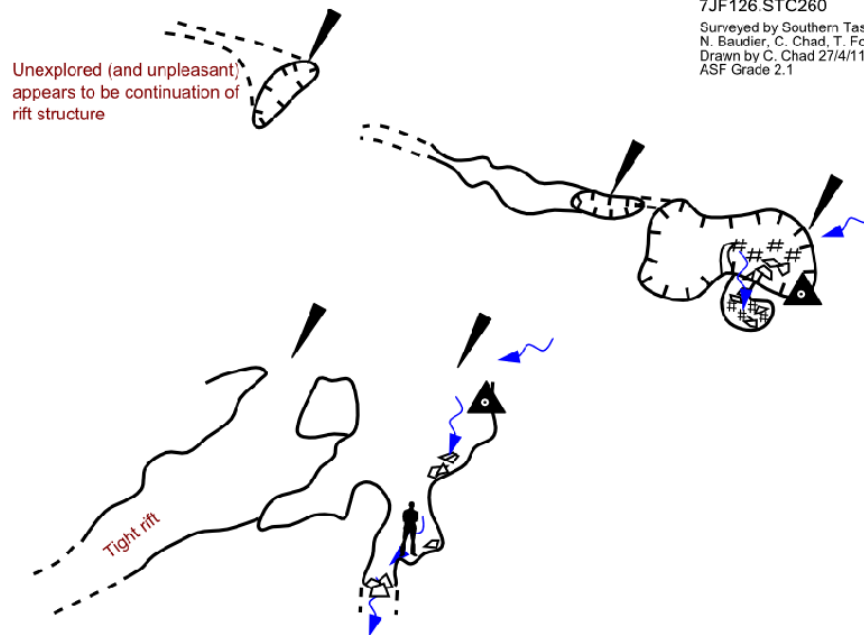
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JF-126

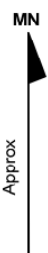
Juneeflorentine, Tasmania

7JF126.STC260

Surveyed by Southern Tasmanian Cavekeepers,
N. Baudier, C. Chad, T. Ford, A. Jackson 10/4/11
Drawn by C. Chad 27/4/11
ASF Grade 2.1



Scale - 1:200 (Printed on A6)

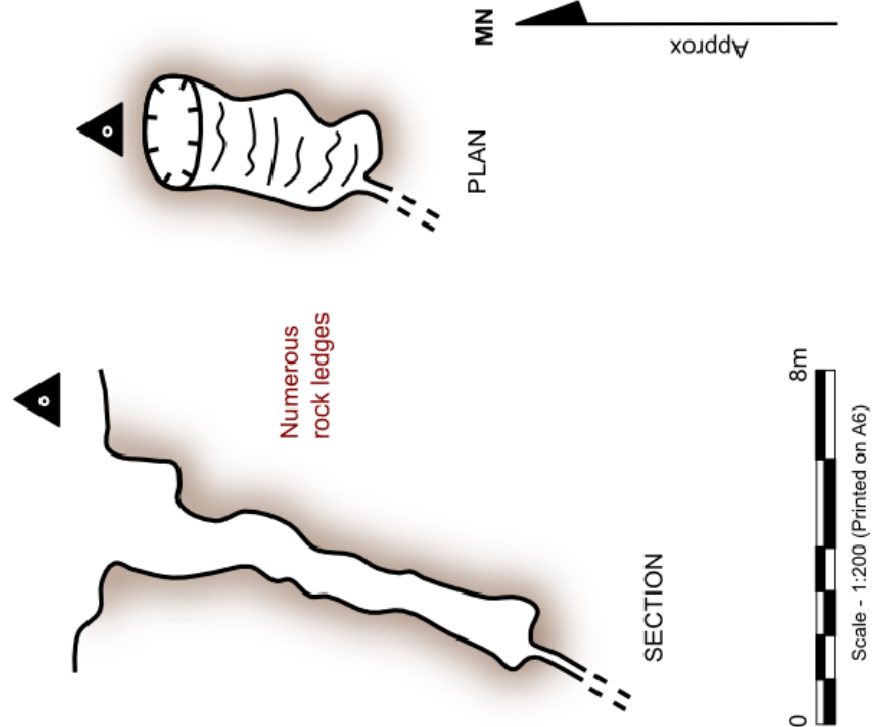


JF-146

Junee-Florentine, Tasmania

7JF146.STC237

Surveyed by Southern Tasmanian Cavekeepers,
C. Chad, K. Hosking 4/12/10
Drawn by C. Chad 9/12/10
ASF Grade 2.2

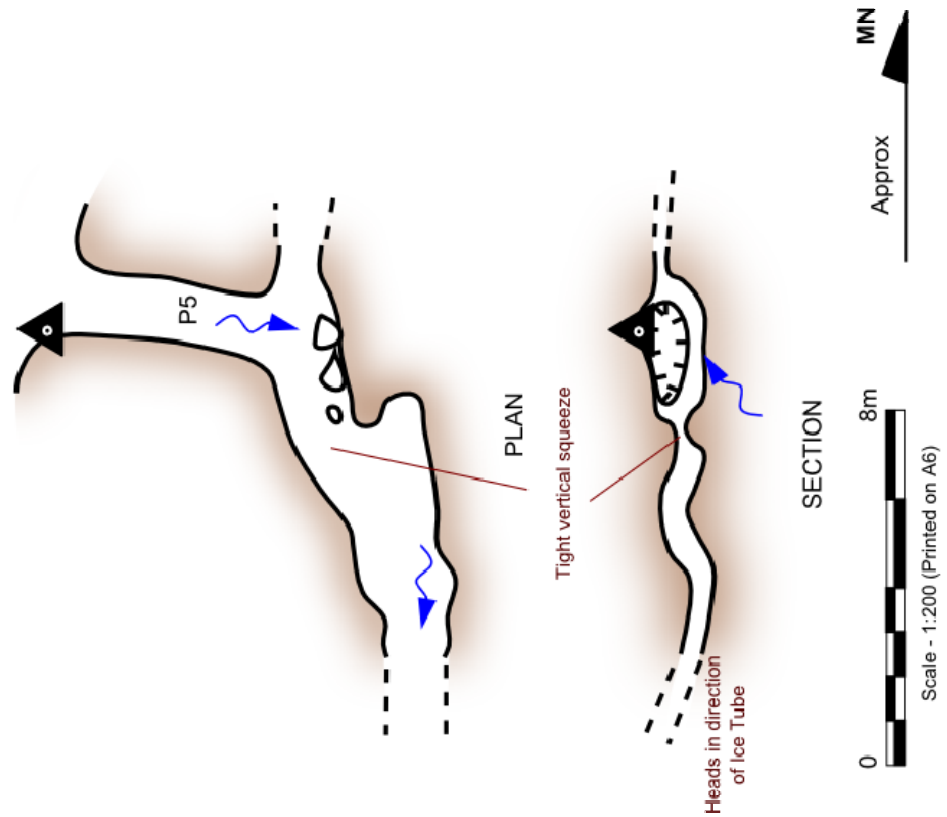


JF-361

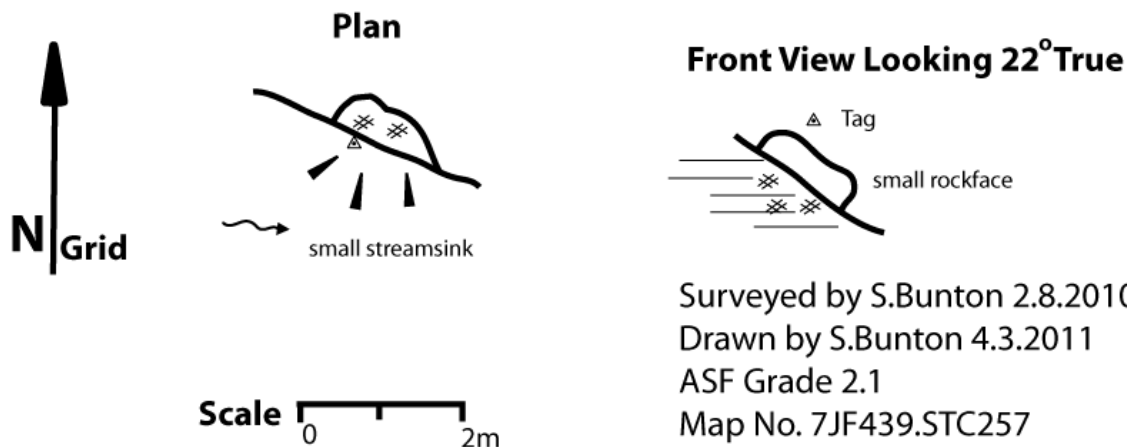
Junee-Florentine, Tasmania

7JF361.STC256

Surveyed by Southern Tasmanian Cavekeepers,
C. Chad, J. McKinnon 20/3/11
Drawn by C. Chad 24/3/11
ASF Grade 1.1



JF-439 Endpoint



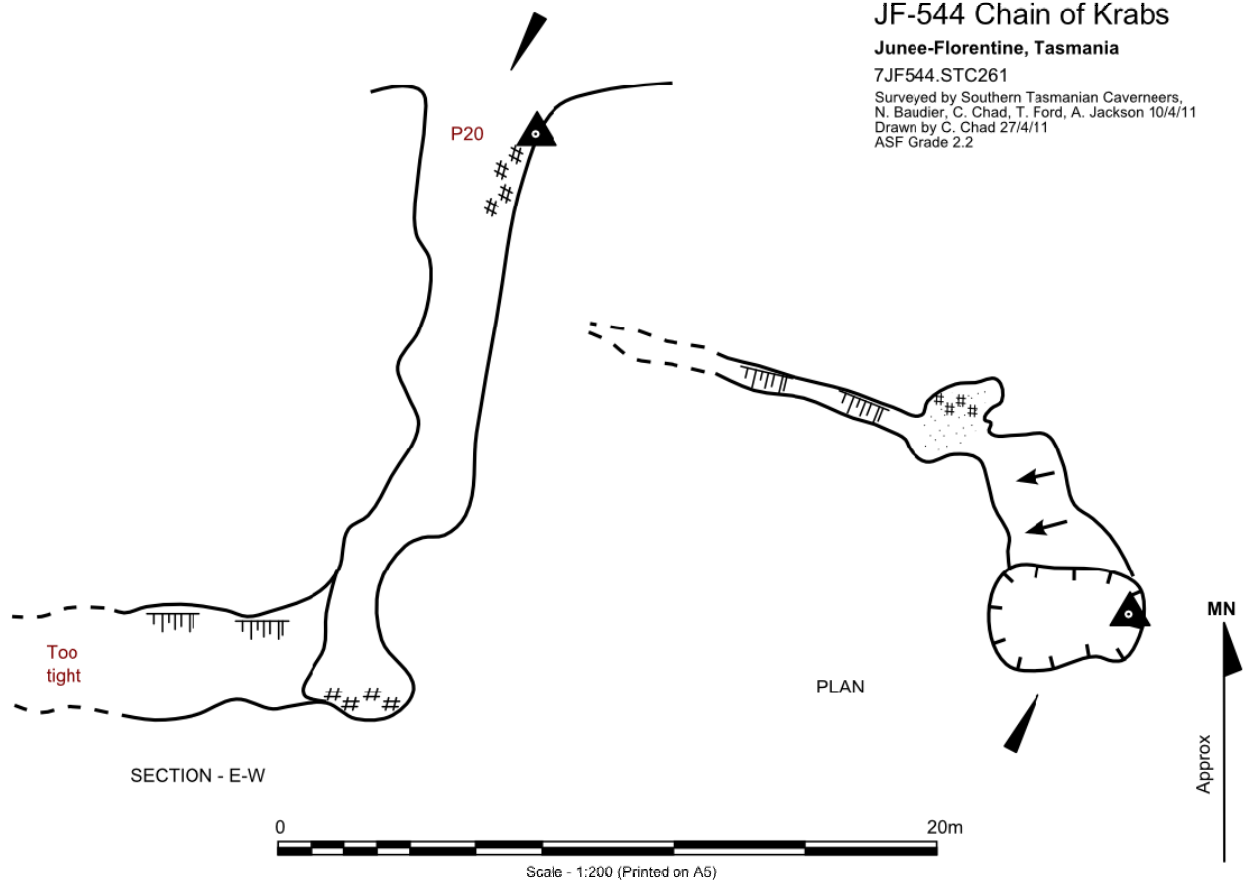
This pathetic excuse for a cave was discovered and tagged on a whim back in March 2009 (see SS372:7-8) as a convenient place to start an overland survey. In hindsight it should not have been tagged. This map uses the name Endpoint for the first time. Bunty is responsible for the name, which is based on the cave's job as an endpoint for the aforementioned overland survey. One could also argue that it symbolises the endpoint of the discoverers' credibility in regard to what constitutes a proper cave. AJ.

JF-544 Chain of Krabs

June-Florentine, Tasmania

7JF544.STC261

Surveyed by Southern Tasmanian Cavekeepers,
 N. Baudier, C. Chad, T. Ford, A. Jackson 10/4/11
 Drawn by C. Chad 27/4/11
 ASF Grade 2.2



JF-563 (Hole 8, JF-Z9, JF-X72)

June-Florentine, Tasmania

7JF563.STC265

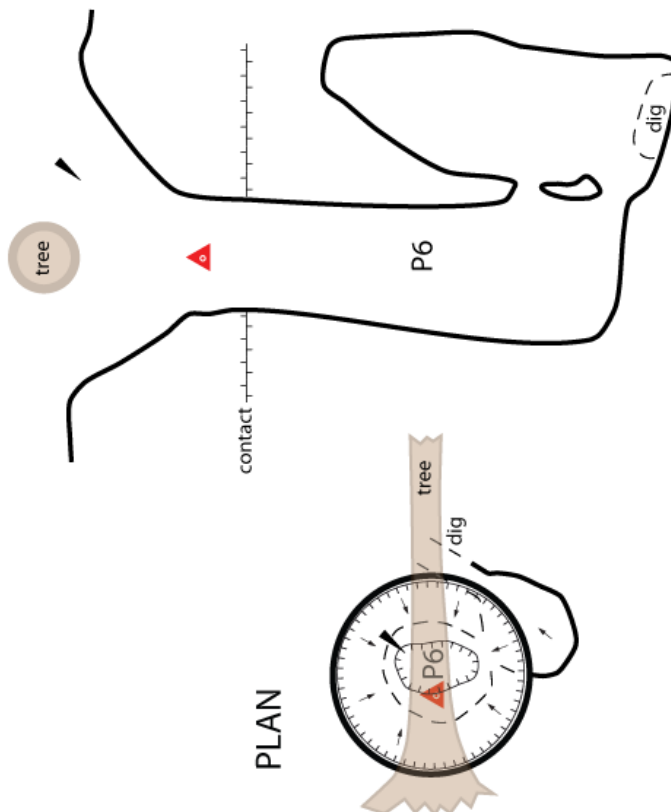
Surveyed by Southern Tasmanian Caverneers,

2-4-2011

Drawn by A. Jackson

ASF Grade 33

SECTION 330°-150°



PLAN

JF-562 (Hole A1, JF-X74)

June-Florentine, Tasmania

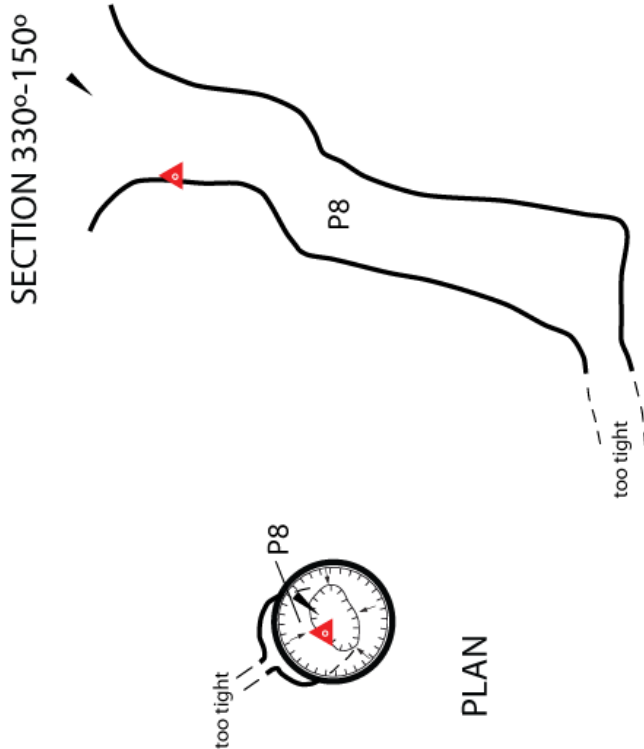
7JF562.STC264

Surveyed by Southern Tasmanian Caverneers,

2-4-2011

Drawn by A. Jackson

ASF Grade 33



PLAN

JF-565

June-Florentine, Tasmania

7JF565.STC263

Surveyed by Southern Tasmanian Cavekeepers,
N. Baudier, C. Chad, T. Ford,
A. Jackson 10/4/11
Drawn by T. Ford 10/4/11 C. Chad 27/4/11
ASF Grade 1.1



Scale - 1:200 (Printed on A6)

Dedicated to Rolan:
lover of hand-drawn maps

JF-564 (JF-Z71)

June-Florentine, Tasmania

7JF564.STC262

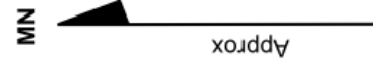
Surveyed by Southern Tasmanian Cavekeepers,
N. Baudier, C. Chad, T. Ford,
A. Jackson 10/4/11
Drawn by C. Chad 27/4/11
ASF Grade 1.1



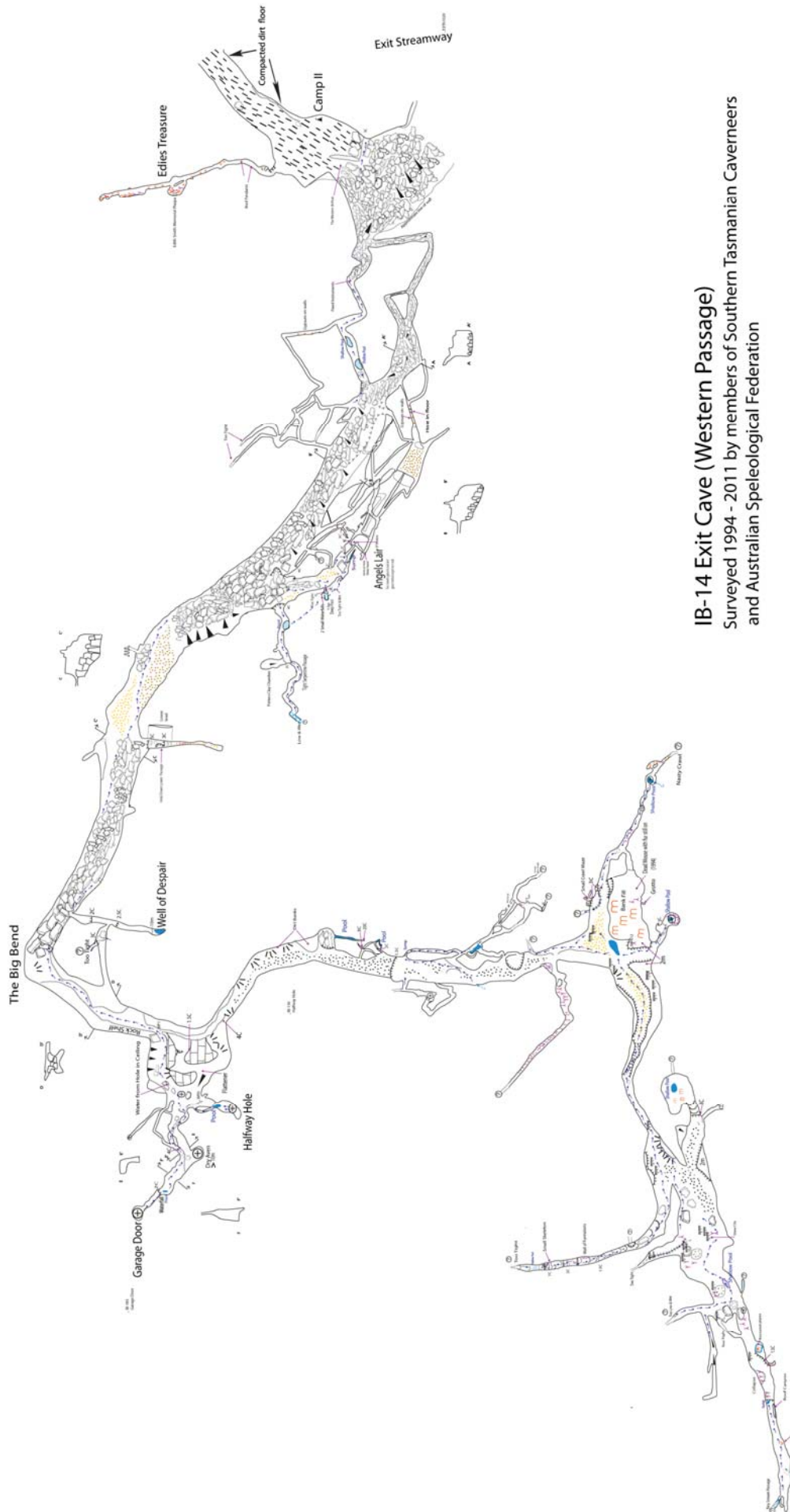
PLAN



SECTION



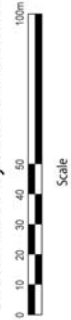
Scale - 1:200 (Printed on A6)



IB-14 Exit Cave (Western Passage)

Surveyed 1994 - 2011 by members of Southern Tasmanian Caverneers and Australian Speleological Federation

Drawn 2011 by J McKinnon & R Tunney



ASF Grade 4.4C (Hand-held compass & tape or disto.)
STC Map Number: 71B14.STC255



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AGD66

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