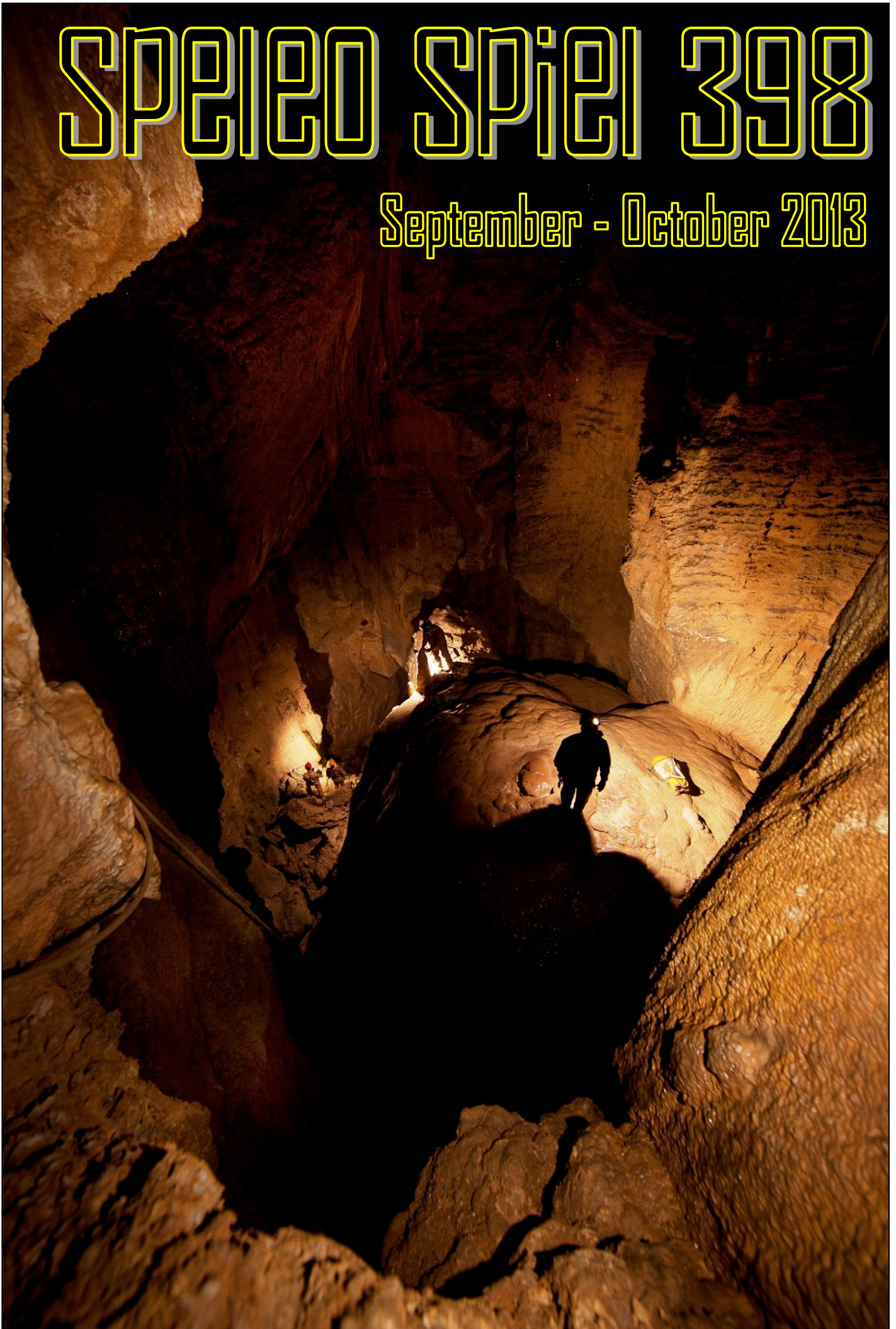


SPEIEO SPIEI 398

September - October 2013



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JF-463 Hang Glider Pitch
Photo by Liz Rogers



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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

Spiel 398 may seem a little familiar to some readers. That might be because the majority of it contains material written by the previous editor. Having said this, there is something for everyone in this edition ... except maybe those who like overhangs or caving anywhere other than the Junee-Florentine?

We initially hear about the plethora of caves located amongst the idyllic pine forests of the Settlement area in the Junee-Florentine. This is followed by the final instalment of Ric and Janine's Caving in Europe saga, which swings wildly from the mundane to the downright terrifying. Alan and his trusty band of mercenary cavers try to give us a sense of the euphoria experienced when caving with heavy machinery. The last trip reports read a little like a visit to a Gold Coast theme park and spruik the joys of walking in circles, through dense scrub alone.

Other Exciting Stuff documents two trips from the Archean. These reports are accompanied by a couple of beautiful surveys of Mersey Hill Cave, drafted back when nobody had even heard of a computer. This edition closes with a number of surveys, big and small that are sure to delight.

Matt Cracknell

Stuff 'n Stuff

BELGIAN VISITORS

There will be two Belgian cavers visiting the State from 7-November to the end of the month. They're keen - if anyone has trips planned, feel free to contact them kjel_dupon@hotmail.com.

Sarah Gilbert

GAY PRIDE

Greetings from Amsterdam [yep I forgot to put in the last *Spiel* – Ed.]. We're not stoned, just very tired. We found these pixs stuck to walls all over very gay Amsterdam. It's gay pride week soon and we're looking forward to Bunty's appearance on the float.

Tony Veness



Miss Bunty

NATURE VS NURTURE

Ben loves helping me wash my caving gear. The great thing is that by the end he's just another bloody thing to wash. Here are some shots of him assisting with the clean up after one of the August Constitution Hole trips. I promise you that I didn't steer him towards the drill and capping gear – it's in his blood.

Alan Jackson



A. Jackson

The Jackson boy and his toys



S. Bunton

Settlement Area, Junee-Florentine

Trip Reports

Settlement Area with Norske Skog

Alan Jackson

28 July 2013

Party: Yoav Bar-Ness, Stephen Bunton, Sarah Gilbert, Alan Jackson, Amy Koch (Forest Practices Authority), Chris Sharples, Petr Smejkal, John Webb (Norske Skog), Eric ? (friend of Amy).

John Webb was planning some more pine harvesting in the Settlement area and had spent many days wandering the plantation locating potential karst features that needed to be avoided or managed during harvesting. He recorded a large number (200+) of features and whittled that down to an estimate of 29 potentially enterable caves (his concept of what was enterable had been broadened after seeing the size of the things we squeezed through the last time we were out and about – Jackson 2012) and about 15 that might actually yield real cave. John had produced a great map, provided GPS coordinates and even organised a sunny day, all of which made the day efficient and pleasant.

We accessed the area via What-U-Callit Road, then took the first spur to the right. First cab off the rank was '105' (all '####' numbers in this trip report are the feature numbers assigned by John Webb). This cave was a medium-sized doline with large logs and other logging debris pushed into it (from when it was first harvested back in the '70s or thereabouts). The cave proved to be a steeply-descending rift about 14 m long and 10 m deep. It had a wombat and brushtail possum skulls at the bottom. It was tagged JF-465, on the left about three metres into the small entrance chamber, before the tight climb down to the lower passage. Enthusiasm was high at this early stage and since the DistoX is so easy to use I surveyed it properly.

Some nearby potential features were visited and dismissed as unworthy. The next 'real' cave we found was '19'. This was a very narrow rift entrance. I had a go with harness on and didn't fit but Peter managed it just. It was essentially a 3 m climb down with a small chamber off to the side. Petr sketched it for me, we tagged it JF-466 on the southern side and moved on.

'196' and '197' were two entrances within/beside a ~40 m long linear collapse feature. Yoav climbed down the ~2 m entrance of '196' (at the north-western end of the collapse) and popped through a narrow side passage to intersect slightly roomier passage. At one end it ascended to a small daylight hole and the other narrowed off too tight to pass. I joined Yoav and sketched it while Bunty tagged it JF-467 (eastern side, just down inside the entrance). The others checked '197', which was located halfway along the collapse feature, but up on the western side (away from the nearby road) of the adjacent limestone bluff. It went into the bluff for a few metres, then turned left and went a few more metres. It was tagged JF-468, on the right a metre inside the entrance.

By the time I reached '61' it had been deemed too tight by Sarah and the others. It was tight, but not too tight, and I managed to get in without dislocating my shoulder entirely. It descended down a clay slope gently to the north, then narrowed and meandered once or twice before becoming too tight (but continuing) about seven metres in. It was tagged JF-

469, right over the top of the small entrance on a limestone headwall.

Nearby '67' was quite a sight. It was a good-looking entrance so John and possibly others had marked it very well with various colours of flagging tape. To me the entrance looked like the collection of prayer flags you see in Nepal/Tibet etc. – masses of colours flapping in the breeze strung up everywhere. A few metres down a large rock blocked progress. John managed to move it a bit, then I managed to get it to fall down



JF-466 Petr in a very tight entrance



JF-604 Tibetan Prayer Flag Cave

the ~6 m climb the other side of the narrow bit, then Petr managed to squeeze through onto the climb. He reported a little bit of passage, some straws and not much else at the bottom. We tagged it JF-604 (yes, the JF-46# range has now been filled in) on the right side of the entrance and christened it Tibetan Prayer Flag Cave.

Down the hill from here was '73'. After shifting some dirt I just fitted in and the cave proved to be triangular in plan, low of ceiling and descending down a clay slope to a choke about five metres from the entrance. It was tagged JF-605 immediately over the top of the entrance.

To the west John guided us to '65'. This was quite an inviting-looking entrance in the side of a small residual limestone bluff. Since it didn't involve nasty climbs or squeezes I suggested Amy have a turn at going first. She disappeared, calling back that it was going nicely. Yoav dived in after her, then I followed quickly deciding that this one was worth digging the instruments out for. Before long everyone was in this nice little horizontal cave. There was a small side chamber just in the entrance but the way on was up to the left, which then turned back the right, then left, then a climb down of about 2 m at the end. There were pine cones at this point, which suggested another entrance up above somewhere in this vicinity. Yoav got excited about maclurites fossils in the nice phreatic passage in the middle of the cave (which we now know all about thanks to Bunty and Chris – Bunton 2013). Sarah and I surveyed out from the end and it proved to be ~33 m long and ranged through ~5-6 m in the vertical plane. It was tagged JF-606 on the left. When Bunty later sent me entrance photos he'd labelled this cave 'All In' and I thought that was a pretty apt description of what happened, so that's its name forever and a day (or at least until Rolan changes it to 'In Cave').

'12' proved to be enterable by Petr but all that resulted was a steeply descending tube about 7 m long. It was tagged JF-607 on the small headwall over the entrance.

'42' looked a bit more impressive – a linear feature along the contour with a small cliff on the uphill side. On the SE end it seemed blocked but there was cave at the NW end. I shifted a large rock and squeezed past it into several metres of more passage, which ultimately turned left (downslope) and terminated – about 15 m of passage all up. It was tagged JF-608 in the middle of the main collapse entrance (there was a smaller entrance above the rock I shifted also). Bunty had labelled this cave 'America' in his emails and had commented

during exploration that the sparse pine forest scene was just like North American conifer forests, devoid of understory vegetation. Along this theme I've assigned the name Pine Barren.

'84' and '85' were both just caves and were about five metres apart. '84' was extremely tight but I got in and dropped down ~3 m to no real continuation. '85' was more pleasant and yielded a few metres of horizontal passage. We tagged the '85' entrance and included the '84' entrance on the sketch/map. It was tagged JF-609, on the left.

'89' was more typical of entrances in the Junee area – a vertical solution tube/pot about 5 m deep. All I found at the bottom was a vast collection of small flying invertebrates so I made a hasty climb back out. It was tagged JF-610 over the lip on the southern (downhill) side.

Just ~30 m downhill from JF-610 was '101'. This was a rift cave with a ~3 m climb a few metres down inside the entrance. Petr explored and sketched it. I tagged it JF-611 on the northern, uphill face just inside the entrance.

'95' was nearby and looked a bit treacherous – an earthen funnel lined with slippery pine needles leading to a 5 m pitch. We whipped out the ladder for the first time all day and Petr headed down, followed by John and Amy (keen for their first subterranean ladder experience). There was a short horizontal rift at the bottom but little else. It was tagged JF-612 just over the lip at the base of the needle funnel.



S. Bunton

JF-608 Pine Barren



C. Sharples

JF-606 All In, Yoav and maclurites



S. Bunton

JF-612 John Webb on ladder

'92' (we were getting sick of it by now) was a very tight entrance sitting over a 7 m chimney. A bit of hammer work allowed Petr to fit in and at the bottom he headed off in a rift in two directions, but neither went far. It was tagged JF-613 on the back (uphill) wall of the entrance.

'33' was a tight slot entrance that belled out underneath into a 4 m drop. It required a ladder to negotiate. A step down in a narrow continuation enticed me briefly at the bottom but it was a no goer. It was tagged JF-614 on the right hand side of the slot (photo in the archive shows it better than I can describe it).

It was getting on and the troops were getting weary of little grot holes but John assured us that there was only one left, that it was very close and that he'd saved the best till last. All day we'd be giving him a hard time by commenting on the plethora of pinecones that we were finding at the bottom of every cave – a result of John's method of depth-sounding each cave as he found them. One could gauge how excited John had been about each hole as he found them as it was directly proportional to the number of pine cones he'd tossed in to assess depth/dimensions. He assured us that this last cave was a 'twenty pinecone' cave, such were his hopes for it. It certainly was a good-looking entrance when we stumbled into its doline. The small entrance led to a wide but low descending ramp with a vadose channel on one side. Numerous pine cones were found strewn down the ramp, in the channel and at the bottom, about 7 m down, where the passage opened up into a large chamber (10 m L x 6 m W x 3 m H). It was quite pretty too with small shawls and flowstone-encrusted surfaces. I called the others in. At the far end of the chamber was a continuing passage which I followed carefully (delicate floor) for about 10 m before it opened out into another chamber with an obvious passage continuing off the far end. At this point I decided it needed a proper survey and that it was going to take longer than we had left that afternoon. I headed back to try to control the increasingly large mob of cavers assembling in the first chamber. That many people, several of them non-cavers, were likely to trample all sorts of delicate stuff so I tried my best to convince them to enjoy the view from the start of the chamber but not clamber all over everything. All complied except for Petr – Czech's have to spend years digging, sluicing, building dams and other engineered structures in order to find new passage in their home country, so having one served on a



JF-615 Twenty Pinecones, Amy Koch in first chamber

platter in front of him was too much for Petr to handle and, disappointingly, he was off. We quickly sussed a side lead off the first chamber which had no obvious end and then started to make our way out of the cave. Petr emerged eventually having pushed beyond the second chamber into various small grotty leads.

It was a nice finish to the day but meant we'd have to return to survey it properly so John could assess if his existing management boundaries/exclusion zones around the entrance are sufficient to protect the cave during harvesting. There are other caves and features located by Chris Sharples in a study for Norske Skog a few years ago in the area that need looking at too, so there's another day of work in the Settlement area in the not too distant future.

Thanks to all those who assisted on the day. John Webb was very appreciative.

[Surveys from this trip can be found on pages 25-34 – Ed.]

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Caving in Europe 2013 – Part 4: International Union of Speleology (IUS) 16th International Congress of Speleology, post-conference caving trip – Aggtelek Karst, Hungary

Janine McKinnon

29 July – 1 August 2013

The caves in this area have been listed as a UNESCO World Heritage site since 1995. It was about a six hour drive from Brno to Aggtelek, by bus. I won't bore you with the organisational stuff-ups and time wasting, however after eventually getting settled in our accommodation, we all went to do a short evening caving trip.

Day 1: Vass Imre Cave

(STC) Party: Greg Middleton, Janine McKinnon, Ric Tunney.

We were a party of 16, plus one local guide. Luckily it was a short, very easy cave. Our guide assured me that this was purely a private caver's cave, with no tourist (money making) trips taken there. So I was amazed at the work that has been done in it. In hindsight, I don't know why I was surprised. This is still Eastern Europe, and I had already experienced what they do in Czech Republic. For a start, the entrance was a 2 m by 1m metal door through blasted out rock and artificial tunnel for several metres. All easy walk through. The original entrance, a small hole several metres away, dropping 4 m to the cave floor, was pointed out. Inside, we found electric lights, wilderness caving this is not. The cave was horizontal with some nice decorations along the way. There is a sump at the end. The whole trip took about an hour. Not much else to say really.

Day 2: Baradla Cave

(STC) Party: Greg Middleton, Janine McKinnon, Ric Tunney.

This is the best known, longest (25 km) and most protected cave in the country. Interestingly, a 5.3 km section of the cave goes under Slovakia, so you can be caving in two countries on the same caving trip, in theory, although access is denied. It is big, very big. Exit main passage style big. It is also a tourist cave. Tourist access is possible from both ends of the system, but regular tourist trips do each end as separate trips. The main passage, between the two tourist entrances, is 7 km long. Tourist trips access about 1 km each. The 5 km of passage joining the tourist paths is also available for tourist trips, but only of the “wild cave” guided variety. All of this through trip is easy, walking passage.

We were doing the through trip. All 16 of us started off together, with the same guide as yesterday (who also arranged the accommodation, cooked our meals, organised transport etc.)*[You'd think, having done all that, she could have recorded his name! (It was Szabolcs Leel) – Sub Ed.]*. We wandered through the standard tourist parts for an hour. It is quite an impressive cave. Large chambers, good decorations, plastic chair seating and music and light shows in the large chambers, as you do. Dams built to create pools from the stream, and control the stream in floods. I really was getting used to this scale of cave engineering. Actually, I tell a lie, it still boggled my mind.

Eventually we reached the end of the concrete pathways. Wild cave now, I thought. Not quite. Eastern Europe, we are in. We walked for a couple more hours along large passage with flat, packed earth floors, concrete bridges over the meanders in the stream and various other bits of infrastructure. It is a very highly decorated cave though, and well worth seeing.

We stopped for lunch at the official “wild cave tour lunch spot”. Why was I still surprised when I saw the picnic tables?

After lunch we broke into two groups. Ric and I went with the hydrophilic group up a side passage for an hour. This was much smaller passage, a couple of metres wide and several high, on average. It also involved waist deep pools to wade through in places, and wading almost all the way at knee depth. The passage was undamaged, unaltered and highly decorated. It was beautiful.

We eventually re-joined the other half of our troupe in a large chamber of the main tourist section at the other end of the cave. They were watching/listening to the light and music show. Nice to see standardisation of experience happening.

It was at this point we discovered a slight problem. One of us was missing. Apparently, he had started to follow our group into the side passage, changed his mind when he saw he had to get wet, and turned around to follow the other group. He never joined them. After a couple of anxious hours, and several phone calls, he was reported to have arrived at the entrance we started from. Obviously his navigational abilities were less than wonderful. The total trip time had been 6 hours.

Day 3: Trip 1 – Szabo-pallagi Shaft Cave

(STC) Party: Janine McKinnon, Ric Tunney (half-way).

This was a day of vertical caving, and thus the group was much reduced. Happily for me. We started with six cavers and a (different) guide. Miklos, our guide, had driven the 4 hours from Budapest for the day.

We had an hour and a half walk to the cave entrance, which was a small, dry vertical pot. Miklos went first to start rigging, and everyone decided that I could go second and carry the bag of 100 m of rope, and help Miklos rig. I'm not sure why I got this dubious honour. I had planned a pleasant stroll down the cave, sans heavy pack. I demurred, but, oh well, it seemed ungracious to argue too much. One of our number fell out of the trip at this point as he discovered he had left his helmet at the car. Down to six.

The cave is pretty much three parallel shafts, with a couple of connections. The standard route down involves crossing through these windows to reach the deepest point of the cave.

All went smoothly as we descended, from my perspective. Miklos was fast and efficient at rigging (he knew the cave well) and nothing unexpected happened. Some of the rebelayes were interesting though. The cave itself was unremarkable in nature. We arrived at the bottom after about an hour and gazed at the muddy hole that constituted the dig being periodically pushed by some optimistic and brave souls. There was no way I was climbing down there.

The others could be heard coming down and after ten minutes, or so, Mu and Yoxz (real names) arrived. Then we waited for Ric and Krista. Ric was being “tail end Charlie”. We waited some more ... and some more. No sounds. Finally we decided (after about 20 minutes) to start out. We sent Miklos up first, just in case something needing youth and strength was required. Mu went next, and Yoxz wanted to de-rig, so I went ahead of him but as a pair.



Hyping up for the trip, Baradla Cave



Baradla Cave, Ric in the "Red Passage"; decorated, wet and natural side passage

We found Ric and Krista at one of those tricky rebelay. Krista had got caught up on it and Ric had spent half an hour getting her unstuck. She was exhausted. She, Ric and Mu continued up and out and Miklos stayed with me as Yoxz came up this pitch.

Then things got really interesting. We all know that if you try really hard prusiking, that you can find yourself upside down on a rope, hanging by your feet. I haven't actually ever seen this though ... until now. Yoxz was using his long cow's tail as his top prusik safety. He had trouble crossing this off-set rebelay. So, to cut a long description short, he took this off his top prusik, whilst also moving his chest prusik to a much, much lower traverse line. He promptly dropped onto this with his feet above his head, caught in the foot loops. It took some effort to get him sorted. He decided at this point that he had had enough de-rigging and I got the rest of the job, about half the cave. This was fine by me as I like coming up at the back de-rigging.

We were all out after four hours underground, with no further dramas, thank god.

Trip 2 – Almasi Shaft Cave

(STC) Party: Janine McKinnon.

We still had lots of day left, and Miklos was keen, so we headed off for another pit nearby.

It took a bit of finding, but eventually we assembled at a small hole (with yet another World Heritage sign, they all seemed to have these very flashy signs). Then the troops started piking. Ric and Krista weren't going ... down to four.

Mu dithered. She got kitted up and was ready. Miklos started in, rigging. Mu got on the rope, and then decided she wasn't going ... down to three.

Just me and Yoxz to follow Miklos. I found this reticence surprising as the cave was all vertical (again), only 100 m deep, dry (again) [*we are not all machines like you Janine – Ed.*] and was reputed to have fine fluting on the bottom 40 m pitch. Anyway, we went down and joined Miklos at the bottom. He was also surprised at the large number of mutineers.

The fluting was very impressive. It went the full length of the pitch, off to one side, so it was still pristine. It was certainly worth the visit. After we'd taken a few photos it was decided that Miklos would go up first and I would de-rig. The trip out was as undramatic as the descent and we were all out after 2 hours.

Day 4: Radoczi Cave

(STC) Party: Greg Middleton, Janine McKinnon, Ric Tunney.

This was the day we drove to Budapest. The drive was going to be four hours and so we had time for a quick cave along the way.

Radoczi Cave is accessed through some abandoned mine workings. It is only 80 m deep, and has all that wonderful infrastructure I was coming to expect in Eastern Europe; blasted out entrances with locked metal doors, artificial tunnels to access the natural cave, iron ladders, metal platforms, lighting ... The attraction of this cave was twofold. It had highly decorated walls, with cave corals, helictites, aragonite, and the usual cast of pretty characters. The best decorations I have seen in Europe. It also had two sump pools, copper blue, crystal clear and stunningly beautiful. Actually, the majority of the cave is underwater developments from these pools. The cave only took an hour to tour, despite our cast of 16.

This endeth our cave wanderings for this holiday.

JF-463 Constitution Hole – August Blitzkrieg

TRIP 1

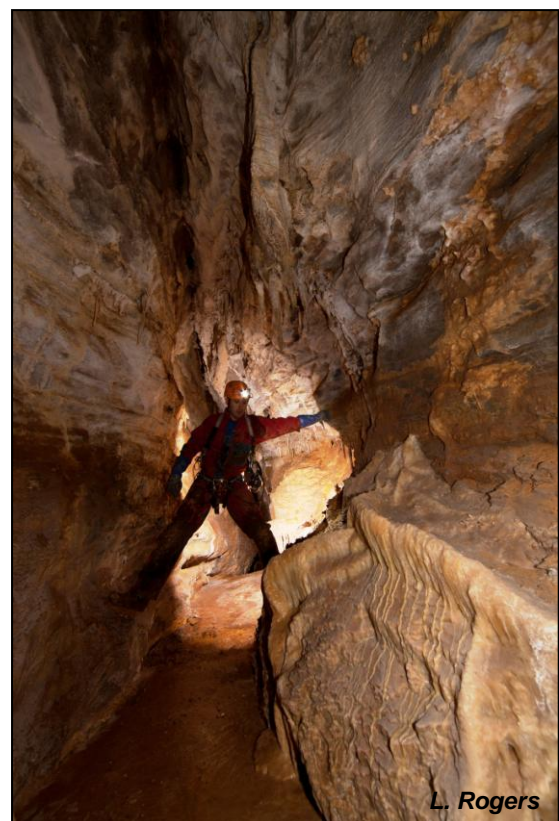
Alan Jackson

3 August 2013

Party: Alan Jackson, Andreas Klocker, Ken Murray, Liz Rogers, David Taberner.

The story of exploration in this cave to date has been punctuated with long periods of idleness. The fact that the cave's discoverers/pushers have been based anywhere but Tasmania, combined with an absence of an immoral lead-stealing local caving scene has been the cause. The last effort was a single trip in May as an aside to the big effort in JF-382 Dissidence. That trip left several wide open leads. Now that Andreas is back in Hobart he has sped progress up a bit more, with three consecutive weekends planned to target the cave.

This trip saw three imports from the mainland. Both Liz and Ken are accomplished cave divers who dabble in dry caving (usually only when they have to in order to reach a sump). Liz is also more than accomplished when it comes to photography. Andreas has been diving with them quite a bit on the mainland and was keen to lure them to the dark side of dry caving. The trip had principle aims of getting the cave rigged/optimised for a big push the following weekend, and to get some good photos. Exploration of new stuff was a lower priority.



Dave in delicate passage, JF-463



Andreas in First Meander, JF-463



Andreas ascends bottom section of Hang Glider Pitch, JF-463

The entrance pitch was still rigged from May. First stop was at Swiss Squeeze in the first narrow meander to make it a bit more caver friendly. It is now a much more pleasant obstacle than it was. Progress from here was slow but steady as any decent photo opportunities were taken, including a final side trip into the pretty section after the second pitch which we'd marked as out of bounds after our initial exploration/survey back in March. Hopefully this section won't be visited again, as the floor and walls are very delicate.

While photos were happening we sussed out the strange perched lake beneath this passage. In previous trips this had been a 5-6 m drop with a splash at the bottom. Today it was a 3 m drop with a deep lake, so we abandoned any attempt. Instead I headed down the first two bits of Hang Glider pitch/chamber (already rigged). This was all new to me so I took my time and toured about. I pushed some of the smaller climbing leads

off the northern end and there are still some question marks but not overly exciting ones. Upon my return the others had arrived and Andreas headed down to rig the second ~20 m section of the pitch. This proved to be quite drippy (the previous night's snow was melting rapidly and falling out of the trees on the walk in). At the bottom is a quite large chamber with lots of flowstone/calcite coatings on the floor under the big flowstone dome overhead and then masses of huge boulders in other areas, with numerous potential ways on between them.

The May push trip had surveyed most of what they found but hadn't left any labelled re-locatable stations so we figured we'd head down to the previous limit of exploration and start re-surveying back, pushing side leads if they tickled our fancy. We followed their old route, via a pesky chimney/climb with a handline, as far as a sketchy traverse over a ~4 m drop that uses patches of sediment cemented to the walls as foot holds. Not possessing the drive provided by virgin passage that the original explorers had we conferred and decided that perhaps a bolt and a rope wouldn't go astray here. There was an obvious survey station/cairn from May at the edge of the drop so we used this as an excuse to start surveying, hoping we'd be able to deduce which station it was when processing the data at home. David and I crunched the numbers while the other three went searching for photo opportunities and leads in the upstream direction. They turned left at a junction (now labelled station XX12 with a pink tape) and climbed into larger passage. Another junction here was encountered (pink tape station XX17) and the turn to the right proved to be a nice large flat and easy route back to the base of Hang Glider Chamber without the crappy handline climb. Beyond the junction was some rockfall with a side passage on the right (north) that had a ~30 m pitch. Beyond the pitch was another apparently separate fossil drainage system that looked like

needing a rope too. Some went for the drill/rope back in Hang Glider while Liz and I climbed down the alternative ‘pitch’ and found ourselves over the top of a real 8 m pitch (i.e. not climbable). When the others returned with the gear we whacked in a bolt on the big pitch, tied it back to a small stal, installed a redirect a couple of metres down, then installed a bolt redirect about 7 metres down. I reached the end of the rope when still about 10 m off the floor but it looked good for continuations at the bottom.

Three of us picked up the survey again to see if the rockfall would yield to our efforts while Ken and Dave retrieved another rope to see if they could outsmart the pitch. Dave descended and tied in a 9 m rope but was still left 3–4 m off the floor ... In hindsight I don’t know why we didn’t just ping it with the Disto and get sufficient rope right from the start. Ah well.

The pitch was abandoned, as was the survey into the rockfall. We could see large open spaces above and beyond us but some of the access manoeuvres would require protection so we left it for another day. We had more photos to take in Hang Glider and Liz and Ken, being relative SRT novices, were sent to the ropes to make a start. In the meantime, Dave and I surveyed the nice connector passage from station XX17 to Hang Glider

and then commenced the survey off into the yet unexplored northern reaches of the Hang Glider basal chamber. Skirting over enormous mud-covered boulders we hit what looked like an end about 30 m along. We left a marked station then decided to have a quick scout ahead. About 60 m of ‘scouting’ later, in 6 m wide passage that terminated in a very pretty plateau perched over a ~20 m pitch, we decided to stop scooping passage and return to photo duties up the pitch.

Lots of flashes later we started heading out of the cave. The flowstone chimney/traverse was gushing with water by this stage (snow melt) and the perched lake underneath had risen a further metre or two. Weird. Will have to have a look in dry conditions but presumably it has a very small outlet/seep at the bottom which is overwhelmed in high flow conditions to generate a huge perched lake.

We headed for home, making slow but steady progress. It was wet, miserable and almost 9 pm when we got back to the car.

It wasn’t an overly productive day in terms of survey metres collected (~185 m total but including ~40 m of re-survey of ‘old’ passage), especially considering the amount of new passage waiting to be pushed and surveyed, but the trip’s main aim was photography so the results were a good compromise in the end.

JF-463 Constitution Hole – August Blitzkrieg

TRIP 2

10 August 2013

Party: Nat Brennan, Stephen Bunton, Mark Euston, Laure Gauthiez-Putallaz, Mark Hassell, Alan Jackson, Andreas Klocker, Dickon Morris, David Taberner.

Team 1

Alan Jackson

A cast of thousands (well, nine) would head underground this day. I headed up early with Bunty, Dave (who’d flown in the night before), Dickon (a pom based in Launceston) and Mark H. (a West Australian, who has spent a lot of time in Canada, and knows Jane Pulford, now living in Launceston). Dickon had caved with Madphil a lot, Mark had caved with Madphil in Peru in 2001 (Snablet, who helped push JF-463 in May, was also on that Peru expedition) and Dave had recently returned from last year’s Peru expedition (led by Andy McKenzie). So, the short and dry of it is that the international caving scene is as small and incestuous as a Tasmanian country town and we all had lots of things to talk about. Generally though, when we weren’t winding up Dickon (proud poms are soft targets), talk revolved around Madphil and what an interesting and polarising character he is. The others were flying in from Sydney that morning so Andreas was collecting them then heading straight up an hour or two behind us.

The modified squeeze allowed Bunty to pass, which was a relief, but the tight pitch head on the second pitch wasn’t so accommodating. Luckily I’d foreseen this event and had come prepared. While it was made Bunty-friendly Dave and Mark headed further in to start re-doing the Hang Glider Pitch rigging, which was still in exploration mode, not ‘thirty-odd cavers in two weekends’ mode. Instead of going down the first ~8 m drop, then wandering up and over the flowstone dome, then down the far side via a hard-to-access natural rebelay,

then cut back under the dome for the main drop, I rigged a direct route from the base of the initial 8 m drop. There was no bedrock here, only thick flowstone. I bridged out and lassoed a stal up high, then whacked in a bolt beside the bottom of the tape (thankfully the flowstone proved to be thick and sound, not just a thin veneer over mud and shit). Keeping in mind we were liable to traffic jams on this pitch I placed a rebelay half way down using another tape (this time on some bedrock) and another bolt into thick flowstone. This rigging allowed for three people to be safely on the pitch at a time and only three seconds of hanging in the drips as you swung into and off the lowest rebelay.

By the time four of us had descended the others began arriving at the top of Hang Glider – great timing. Bunty, Dickon (what were his parents thinking?!) and I took one set of survey kit, bolting kit, rope etc. and headed NW into the stuff Dave and I had half surveyed/half scooped the week before. The other six planned on breaking into two groups of three to drop the two undescended pitches from the week before.

My team surveyed effortlessly to the previous week’s limit of exploration (left a pink tape with XX48 here). Dickon wisely suggested we check out some down leads back from the limit to see if we could get down the two big pitch options without using so much rope. A few minutes later his voice was clearly echoing up the left (narrow) pitch head (not the main open flowstone-lined pitch on the right). So we surveyed down that route, doubling back under ourselves via a series of small climbs and steps. Dickon placed (i.e. wasted) three bolts on a five metre pitch (one bolt would have done it) and I launched into a tirade of pom heckling – it’s so much fun, as they always bite and defend themselves.

The cave was getting pretty vile and mud-coated by this point. Several options existed from here. Up was some passage that was not free-climbable, probably connecting back to known passage above and thus ignored. To the right was a narrow clean-washed rift that ascended to blockages but had a short pitch in the floor. The obvious way on/down was a short climb

down to a round pot with masses of flowstone coming in on the other side (presumably the bottom of the flowstone pitch from up above). A narrow continuation, away from the flowstone, led us down to a small base level streamway. Looking up made it clear that the small pitch noted in the clean-washed rift above was going to connect here, so that didn't need to be dropped later. It crapped out downstream pretty quickly, but went for several tens of metres upstream till it reached a low spot that could be passed if some time was spent digging cemented cobbles from the floor (but that was a pom's appraisal, and they're at the far end of the 'is it worth digging' spectrum). One junction in this upstream section led to passage heading up into space above which would need aids to climb, so we left a pink tape here in the hope we'd find it from the top one day and be able to survey it in without passing through it.

Back at the base of the flowstone stuff I surveyed the ascending flowstone passage and shot a leg up the aven while Dickon machined off some flowstone to make a body-sized window into continuing passage. He succeeded in re-intersecting the base level streamway again, below the previously explored bit, but it soon crapped out in both directions with no other leads down there.

Bunty had left earlier, cursing the vile crap we were covered in. I headed up next and left Dickon to de-rig his bolt-fest. While waiting for him I checked a side lead (heading off at pink tape station XX44) and ascended through flowstone-covered rockfall to well above several drops to who knows where. We then joined up with Bunty in Hang Glider Chamber and hatched a plan. Bunty was keen to get going so as not to hold people up (he was concerned he was going to have an epic), so he departed while Dickon and I headed back to survey my little scoop and see what else we could find. Back at station XX44 Dickon got distracted by the space up above and started climbing up through the rockfall, ignoring the stuff I'd scooped off to the side. We soon found ourselves in a very large chamber (30 x 30 x 30 m) with an active inlet in the ceiling, flowstone off to the side and two ~16 m drops over the far sides. While surveying our way back to XX44 I spotted a possible way to skirt the pitches and we did just that once we had tied back into XX44.

We found ourselves at a junction of two very large passages (~5 m wide, 20+ m high). We went left first, which turned to the right and descended, ultimately leading into more confined passage with lots of broken rock on the floor. We cursorily checked these but once it started looking like we would be pushing shitty little pitches in the mud-coated lower levels we left a survey station (XX101) and joined the survey back up to the larger upper levels. We then returned to the big junction and went right instead. A short distance on was a window with a drop on the right, through which I could see the XX48 station (where Dave and I got to the previous weekend). We linked the survey in (Distos are very handy sometimes) and continued on. A short climb down led to a couple of ways on. Back under to the left Dickon found himself in a quite pretty, low, wide chamber with lovely sediment floors and lots of pretties. We terminated the survey here (XX111), had a quick look at the pretties and called it quits for the day – my brain was about to implode from all the sketching of such elaborate, interconnecting passage. There are good leads still in this section.

We cleaned ourselves up back at Hang Glider, could see no sign that the others had left yet (it was about 7 pm and we'd set an approximate evacuation time of 8 pm), so we scampered

around to the new pitches to see if they were there. Mark H. and Nat were at the top of the bigger pitch and Dave was derigging it. The other three were down placing some bolts on the dodgy sediment bank traverse in Happy Ending in preparation for the following day's assault. They'd found and surveyed quite a bit of complex lower level (i.e. muddy) passage between them, but I'll let them tell their own story.

I showed Dickon the good climb lead in this area (up the rubble slope from XX19) and then we headed for home to try to get up before the queue started growing. We all spewed out onto the surface and traipsed back to the cars in dribs and drabs over the next couple of hours.

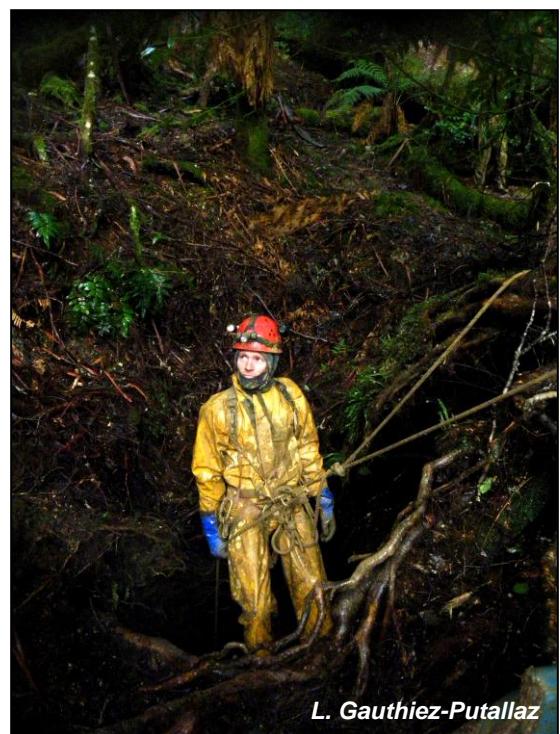
Team 1 racked up 410 m of survey data.

Teams 2 and 3

Laure Gauthiez-Putallaz

The day started at 4 am for me, huddled in my sleeping bag on Nat's deck in Sydney, when one of her housemates came back from work and decided to have a shower. Onwards to packing up the camping gear, calling a taxi to the airport, rummaging in the bags to extract lighters and tape spare batteries in the required arrangement. We found ourselves in Hobart at 8 am, welcomed by a very motivated Andreas who drove us straight into JF, after securing supplies from Jackman and McRoss.

Constitution Hole entrance was way bigger than the 10 cm-wide blowing hole found in February, more sodden than ever. The first pitch greeted you with slumping black mud, which made every one quite fast at freeing the rope – the name Diarrhea Pitch has become a strong candidate here. We moved down towards Hang Glider Chamber, where we were to meet the others (Alan, Dickon, Bunty, Dave, Mark H.). Indeed Dave and Mark H. were waiting for us to go and drop the Sleeping Dragon pitch and its twin shaft (downclimb and two pitches). One hour of rigging and survey faffing later, we meet again at the bottom of Sleeping Dragon pitch. These two pitches drop



Mark Euston at the entrance to JF-463

into a maze of small active streamways and slightly bigger fossil meanders. The two teams (Mark H., Dave and Nat; Mark E., Andreas and Laure) followed different leads in multiple upstream and downstream directions, that all crapped out in horrible tight and wet passages. Mark and I pushed the downstream through a pretty nasty helmet-off squeeze in the streamway that led to a climb to about 20 m of walk-through fossil meander, clogged both ways by mud, from top to bottom. Going out and definitely giving up on surveying that bit, we found Andreas again and surveyed the human-sized galleries. The biggest upstream way led into a small aven that crapped out as well.

It seems that unlike other caves in JF, the active base-level is not where you want to be in Constitution Hole. There is a huge discrepancy between the size of fossil passages and the active

streamways carved by the dispersed trickles of water that flow through the cave nowadays.

After this excursion in the Sleeping Dragon guts, we made our way back to Hang Glider Chamber. Equipped with drilling gear, we proceeded to drop a rope in the Happy Ending traverse (now called Virgin Fever Traverse by the previous weekend's party, who refused to chimney on bits and pieces of mud stuck to the meander's walls). That task accomplished, we called it a day and returned to Hang Glider Chamber. A mob of cavers suddenly appeared from all directions, reporting tales of huge passages and hundreds of meters surveyed. Happy to meet the Tasmanian team at least once in the trip, we had a chat and started up the pitches. Back at the car at 10pm and in Hobart at 12 midnight, it made for quite a long day!

Teams 2 and 3 racked up 230 m of survey data.

JF-463 Constitution Hole – August Blitzkrieg

TRIP 3

Nat Brennan

11 August 2013

Party: Nat Brennan, Mark Euston, Andreas Klocker, Petr Smejkal

Our second day we planned to get up and pick Petr up around 6:30 am. A couple of hours later we pulled up the front of his place before heading to Constitution. The walk in was quick and we were soon all standing in Hang Glider Chamber as Petr, who was new to the cave, got acquainted with it and brought up to speed. Today's mission involved going across the Virgin Fever Traverse, which was the 1.5 m wide, 2 m high, 5 m long traverse on bits of mud that looked like it was in two minds about staying up on the wall. Most of us did this as a descent that Mark, Andreas and Laure rigged the previous day, then a climb back up, because going straight across was bloody crazy, which of course did not deter Mark who waltzed over.

We then went up to Happy Ending that Mark and Andreas had previously visited and named on their May trip, to explore and survey some leads. There were a couple of climb downs and one in particular that started with a rock choke that Andreas had kindly made bigger last trip. This was rigged as a short ~3 m pitch that goes into a downward passage. Mark and Petr started surveying in the passage just before the pitch and followed Andreas and I down. We waited at the top of a two-and-a-bit-metre slide with a room off to the left of us with a rift/stream passage beneath us. There was soon a bit of exploring around this room while we waited for Petr and Mark. We followed the rift up and to the right where it immediately choked. Andreas and Petr explored this room later in the day and found nothing, though it still needs to be surveyed. Mark and Petr were not too far behind, since we had the luxury of Alan's DistoX this trip.

I then got pointed down this horrible 2 m slide to check that it did in fact choke up. From the top it looked like a pointless endeavour but once down the bottom there was a small hole going down tucked behind a corner. This then went down and looked like it choked again, but luckily I double checked and there was a neat little passage that headed off and came into a room with a high roof with a few leads, one of which was going down.

Andreas and I had a small incident involving an 'Alan tape' being casually chucked across a small hole and subsequently dropped just out of reach. After a good 15 minutes of trying to scrape it out we cut our losses and left it, naming that section Just Out of Reach. The drop down, on which were going to use the tape, was climbable in the end and choked up. Andreas followed the stream passage, which had a bit of water, down to another intersection where there was a hole that dropped straight down and a passage that went up to a large chamber that was also 'just out of reach' but ended up connecting back up with another chamber. The next few hours were filled with the four of us trying to understand this bit of cave as bits joined up to other chambers, and holes and rifts went down to the next level of cave, similar looking to what we were in yesterday (shitty, wet, tight stuff). The best bit was the large 30 m aven we found that went straight up and had a little water running down, with incredible acoustics. Once this section had been thoroughly explored and no further leads could be found Mark and I set about surveying it all, which didn't take too long.

That called it a day for us, especially after the effort it took to get back up that 2 m slide! So out we all headed, naughtily skipping out on surveying the little room off to the left [*Alan does not take prisoners – Ed.*] Our back to the car exit time was not too late, and it was lovely being welcomed back to Andreas's house to a delicious dinner Laure had cooked.

200 m of survey data were collected.

JF-463 Constitution Hole – August Blitzkrieg

TRIP 4

Chris Coxson

12 August 2013

Party: Nat Brennan, Chris Coxson, Mark Euston, Laure Gauthiez-Putallaz.

My sixth Australian caving day got off to a distinctly slow start, with a car load of sleepy cavers appearing outside of my Hobart student accommodation at the civilised hour of quarter past nine in the morning. After a quick detour to Kingston [!? – *Ed.*] (the combined navigation skills of three mainlanders and a Canadian fell short of the mark) we were on our way to



JF-463, down the rabbit hole



JF-463, second rebelay on Hang Glider Pitch, on the right is the boulder wedged and cemented by flowstone into the centre of the pitch

Constitution Hole through patchy showers and some snow on the higher ground. By 1:00 pm we had made the trek through the Florentine valley's rainforests to a tiny, muddy shaft entering the side of the hill. Down the rabbit hole and squirming through the tight entrance series we went. The deep-water solo just above Hang Glider Chamber provided entertainment in the form of a small waterfall dousing us just before the tricky traverse moves. The cave was wetter than usual that day: water cascading into the centre of Hang Glider Chamber provided a handy pressure wash for our muddy SRT kit.

After some discussion, we headed down and left from Hang Glider, entering a passage around six metres wide and fifteen high, filled nearly to the roof with a complex boulder heap. Some scrambling and squeezing got us through to a widening of the passage before it emptied into an enormous room, with a loose jumble of enormous boulders filling most of it to nearly the roof. This was where exploration had terminated last week, with the active streamways at the bottom of the chamber being found too tight and nasty to push at the present state of exploration. Scrambling through the pile and some twenty metres lower, we found a five metre pitch bolted from the previous weekend, and somewhere above it, an outlook on a wide, deep drop. The two didn't seem to connect, so the next hour was spent rigging and dropping into what turned out to be a beautiful, flowstone-covered pitch of 25 m or so. I went down first, but wasn't comfortable with the redirect options available to stop rope rub over a sharp flowstone flake some eight metres down, so Mark descended with the drill. Meanwhile, Nat and Laure were huddled above the muddy pitch head, warming up with tea light candles held inside the front of their cave suits. I joined the party as Mark finished the pitch and hollered up the occasional update. A few minutes later: "I'VE... FOUND... A ... STATION!" Bummer.

We headed back to Hang Glider to regroup, making an unsuccessful attempt to find a way into the upper levels of the boulder-filled chamber. Large open passage could be seen up there – it would be explored the next weekend. Heading right from Hang Glider I dropped another pitch from a



JF-463, Exploration rigging past Hang Glider



JF-463, Dogtooth spar at the terminus of our passage

boulder in the centre of the main passage, redirected off a chockstone into a wide vadose passage some twenty metres down. Laure followed, and soon had disappeared ahead of me into a tight squeeze leading from a side passage lower down. We found ourselves in a beautiful series of vadose canyons interspersed with two or three metre diameter, clean cut avens and another low crawl. Some nice helictites and fat-bottomed soda straws hung from the cemented roof covering part of the canyon passage. Water flowed from just past the first squeeze, through the winding passage into a larger room with a floor of breakdown, out of which led several passages. I was pretty happy with our find, but Laure really made my day by demonstrating just how stoked I ought to be by it – a bit of whooping, hollering and hugging proceeded before we headed off to find Nat and Mark.

It turned out that the canyon we had rappelled into was accessible via a long loop past Happy Ending passage, which had been explored to just before Laure's initial squeeze the week before. Bringing Nat and Mark through our find, we quickly ascertained that the lower passages in our final room were unlikely to lead anywhere, but that the higher one continued. I climbed up a steep flowstone slide into narrow passage and then emerged into the largest aven of the series – a high, smooth bore hole with water tumbling down the centre. Ducking through a hole in the far side, we found the terminus of the passage at a small room spectacularly decorated with bacon strips, stals, and a shelf covered in rosettes of dogtooth spar.

Out of time to start a survey of the new passage (I returned the next weekend to complete the task), we collected our spotlessly clean gear from the base of Hang Glider and started the climb out, pausing to admire the trailer-sized rock wedged into the centre of the shaft and iced with flowstone. I emerged a while



Chris stoked for the snow [obviously it is not Chris taking the pic– Ed.]

later to find Nat admiring a coating of fresh snow on the rainforest greenery around the cave entrance. It was around 8:00 pm and quite dark, and the contrast by torchlight between the spotless snow and the mud-coated cavers admiring it was comical. It was a perfect ending to the day: no huge amount of passage found, but a tonne of fun had in some of the best company I've caved with. Thanks guys!

70 m of survey data collected.

JF-463 Constitution Hole – August Blitzkrieg

TRIPS 5 & 6

Dickon Morris

17-18 August 2013

Party: Seamus Breathnach, Chris Coxson, Anna Ekdahl, Andreas Klocker, Janine McKinnon, Dickon Morris, Petr Smejkal (17 August)

Party: Seamus Breathnach, Andreas Klocker, Dickon Morris (18 August)

After an exciting few weeks it seemed that Constitution Hole was in the process of crapping out. We had a big mess of passages going in most directions from Hang Glider Pitch. Several levels of development were apparent with the most exciting being the large meander heading north from the base of the pitch which I had the pleasure of exploring on my first weekend of Tassie caving. However, like every other promising passage at this level it shortly dropped with all the enthusiasm of a flaccid phallus into a miserable set of rifts ending in a low streamway that even this Pommy caver, drunk on virgin passage, was reluctant to survey. The presence of Alan 'Survey Nazi' Jackson on that trip meant that pushing the terminal squeeze would have resulted in a frigid virgin experience while the dimensions of said passage were recorded. Therefore a grotty lead was left for a future trip that for the sake of the cavers involved I hope never happens. The

whole miserable series (did I mention that it was unpleasant) was named 'Disappointing ...' after the favoured post trip utterance of the never satisfied fellow Pom, MadPhil Rowsell.

The second part of that first trip was somewhat more successful. A beckoning black space spotted in the roof was gained after some tortuous squirming around boulders. This turned out to be the type of virgin passage that you are happy to come back to after the initial entry. An aven soared 30 m above our heads while two large passages led off. This was partially explored on that first weekend and seemed to have multiple leads.

And so it was that on 17 August 2013 (exactly 82,392 days after a fellow named Arthur Phillip founded what is today the world's largest prison island [*This passage of text has induced fervent comments amongst the, apparently growing number of, Sub Editors – whom I sincerely thank for their input. The bulk of these comments centre on the hope that an Englishman can't possibly be right when it comes to counting above 10, suffice to say that we can add ± 1 to the statistic just to make sure we have said something – Ed.*]) seven intrepid explorers returned to push these remaining leads which promptly crapped out completely. A route down was followed but connected back to 'Disappointing ...'. All of the high level passages closed down. The whole series had the feeling of being nothing but a very large chamber filled with a chaotic jumble of boulders.

After a balanced lunch containing the three speleological food groups (chocolate, caramel and hard jelly) we split into two

groups. A group of four would finish the survey of Happy Ending and push it further while myself, Andreas and everybody's favourite leprechaun, Seamus Breathnach, were to investigate Andreas' big lead. I had viewed this the previous weekend and could not deny that it was a good one. A (very) bold step led to a space that, even with the powerful and long lasting beam of an elegant and intelligently designed Rude Nora, was totally black. (Ah screw it, might as well complete the shameless plug www.littlemonkeycaving.co.uk.)

While Andreas tried to determine the best way to get to the black space and Seamus dug a pot of gold out of the mud I investigated the boulder choke to the left of the bold step. Here an awkward squeeze that spat stream cobbles (fortunately nothing larger) at each challenger, led to the large black space that Andreas had spotted, by another route.

Given that this was Andreas' lead I called out my discovery and waited for the others to join me. Seamus passed the squeeze with some difficulty, hindered by the coins flowing from every tear in his, ironically, yellow PVC oversuit. With a wide grin on his mud-spattered face, Andreas surveyed the enormous catacomb that we had broken into. "Three leads!" he announced. "Let's take the easy one first!"

The easy lead was a wide, ascending, inlet rift with a floor of small, angular boulders sitting at their angle of repose. The walls were clean-washed and this served to lay bare the rock's impurity, dark bands of mudstone slashed the pale limestone like deep claw marks in a defeated lion's hindquarters. The passage opened into a large aven and appeared to choke at the far side, however a way was found through the boulders into a continuation leading to another large aven. Beyond here a couple of terrifying rift climbs on rotten rock, another choke and two squeezes eventually led to another section of ascending passage. We were getting extremely excited by this point, all dreaming of finding an alternative route to the surface, something that is surely an ultimate goal of many cavers. The passage terminated at another rotten rift climb that Seamus and Andreas both baulked at. Displaying a characteristic lack of interest in my physical health I stepped up to the challenge and chimneyed my way up, ensuring that there was sufficient redundancy in my body position that if a hold were to break I wouldn't suddenly convert all of my potential energy to kinetic energy and initiate Tasmania's first serious cave rescue.

The climb led to a tight narrow passage that rapidly became too tight in all directions with the widest of a number of rifts being choked with dolerite boulders. The survey would later show that we were less than 10 m from breaking out. This does not seem far but when you consider the proportion of dolines that are choked it becomes clear that our hope was a pretty vain one!

The following day the three of us returned to the cave alone to survey what we had found and to push the other leads. The cave was significantly wetter than it had been the day before. A vicious punishment prepared by Alan's favoured cave gods in retribution for our joyful and shameless passage bagging of the previous day.

After completing the survey of the inlet we had bagged the previous day ('Uphill Gardner', another rather juvenile pun) - a task akin to standing at a bus stop in a winter rainstorm

wishing you had not been too lazy to get out of bed for the previous bus - we turned our attention to other leads. One of the climbs led to a pleasant fossil meander which crossed the meander to Happy Ending high up in the roof before connecting to a window in the wall of Hang Glider Pitch spotted that very day. This created a survey loop, something that I imagine will excite Alan almost to the point of dirtying his computer monitor.

The final tantalising lure was a huge black space; the third lead that Andreas had noted upon our first entry to the series. Unfortunately it was at the top of an overhanging pile of boulders large enough to make several widows with a single movement. The others thought that this death trap should be left for another day, I disagreed and managed to persuade them to allow me to have a go. It was possible to scramble along the ridge of one boulder and then slide down into the slot where it was wedged against another particularly humongous flowstone-covered specimen. From here a short vertical wall led to what appeared to be an easy slope.

What followed was one of the dodgiest and most exciting manoeuvres that I have ever attempted. My safety net was static rope connecting me to Andreas (as a continental the most disposable team member) who acted as a counter weight on the other side of the massive perched boulder. If I were to fall I would end up in large hole between the boulders while my counter weight was slammed into the side of the boulder over which the rope ran. From this position I was able to climb a little way up the flowstone-coated boulder to a point where I could hold myself in position using a knee bar and under cling while holding the drill above my head to put in a bolt in the only decent bit of rock in sight.

With the bolt in I ran the rope through it to protect me and then also used the bolt for aid. Fortunately the calcite slope was reasonably solid and easy and I gained the top of the boulder pile feeling that I had used another of my seriously diminished stock of lives. Fixing a static rope in place allowed my companions to join me and we proceeded to explore what we had found - the rig is not ideal and will need to be rerigged if it becomes a trade route.

It proved to be another very large aven, around 20 m in diameter and 50 m high and floored with enormous boulders. Several trickles entered, the largest from a very sizeable passage in the far wall that would require a fairly lengthy and systematic bolt climb to reach unless one was a world class climber with little desire to continue living. Given the risky manoeuvre required to enter the chamber my highly witty companions decided to call the chamber "Dick 'n' Balls". The aven was named Mega-Space.

At the far end of the aven a high clean-washed meander leads off, this was not pushed but Alan, in a typically sporting gesture, has declared that he will steal the lead on the next trip. In a similarly sporting spirit I hope that the passage craps out immediately.

225 m of survey data collected by Dickon, Seamus and Andreas, while the others got 75 m in their bit.

Total length of the cave at the end of this three weekend push is 1985 m, with ~40 m of doubled up survey - more or less a 2 km long cave at this point in time.

JF-615 Twenty Pinecones

Alan Jackson

25 August 2013

Party: Stephen Bunton, Alan Jackson, John Webb (Norske Skog)

It was survey time. We commenced at the entrance, traversed the first nice chamber and into the second. Three ways on were noted here so we started with the easiest on the right. A third (small) chamber was encountered with numerous narrow, mud-floored passages radiating off. None went for more than ~10 m before becoming too narrow or choking with sediment. One headed up in the ceiling and clearly got close to the surface (roots and a faint draught). Evidence of Petr was found in all but one of these passages.

Back out at the second chamber we climbed the fallen blocks to access a spacious fourth chamber with copious quantities of muddy sediments (and no Petr footprints). A passage to the right terminated after ~15 m. To the left were two ways on. The narrowest closed off quickly but had plenty of old pine needles rotting on its floor. The wider one (~0.7 m) ascended steeply up a mud slope, then doubled back on itself. At this corner was a lower passage which had a small collection of fairly recently deposited pine needles and manfern fronds. It looked like the beginnings of an animal nest. The higher passage descended steeply (after we negotiated the very large epigeal centipede looking to hitch a ride with us) down a flowstone chute till it terminated in a mud/sediment blockage.

We retreated to the second chamber for lunch with the leeches (not sure if they came in on us or were already in the cave chasing the wildlife that appears to frequent this cave) and then I pushed the third lead in this chamber, which drops down in the floor. A side branch dropped lower still to a mud choke while an upper branch terminated in a tall, skinny, inclined rift heading back in the direction of the entrance.

The only lead left was the side passage off the very first chamber. This only proved to go ~15 m (almost connecting to the inclined rift off the second chamber). Job done, we regained the surface in the rain and abandoned our earlier plans of visiting a few nearby entrances to tag and document them. It was quite a civilised outing, returning to Hobart before 4 pm.

The number crunching revealed ~230 m of data collected and a maximum depth of 17 m; quite a pleasant little cave. John said the entrance sits about 40 m above the Florentine River, so we



JF-615, Steve & Alan [aka Fat and Skinny – Ed.] surveying the second chamber



JF-615, sediments everywhere

didn't get down to the water table or intersect any streamways. With the cave now comprehensively documented I'd like to think that there is no reason for future recreational visits. It's quite a delicate cave (pretties and mud/sediment banks) that would degrade very quickly with more visits. Someone with an interest in studying the deposits might find it a worthwhile exercise, as they were extensive throughout the cave and a couple of metres thick in places.

[Surveys from this trip can be found on pages 35-36 – Ed.]

JF-463 Constitution Hole – Clean Up Crew

Alan Jackson

22 September 2013

Party: Alan Jackson and Janine McKinnon

With the frenetic pace of the three August weekends over it was time to head back in, with a small party, and adopt the Tony Abbott 'calm and methodical' approach to governance – i.e. start fixing up all the fuck ups from the recent past. Like Tony, there was only one woman on my front bench.

It's been hard work for me watching this cave being pushed without strict Alan supervision. But it hasn't been the missed

virgin passage or the 'you rigged it like that?!' side of things that have challenged me – it's been the surveying and overall 'project management'. The good (or arguably bad) thing is that this cave is proving to be very interconnected so the opportunities to close survey loops and assess closure error is frequent.

First job today was to resurvey from near the bottom of the second pitch to the bottom of the third pitch (Hang Glider Pitch). This was originally done back in May and the drawing was done with a very blunt pencil. We shot from LH28 at 'Skeleton Corner', through the wet traverse and down the new rigging to XX30 in seven easy legs. Hanglider is a 40 m pitch (Ric and Janine had better update the Pitch Bagger's List).

Next we headed up into the north-western passages, which I think I'll refer to as North by Northwest from now on, to survey the side passage I'd explored on my own and never surveyed on the second August trip (with Dickon and Bunty). We headed right from the marked station XX44. The passage soon widened out into a large chamber which clearly connected with the flowstone-coated pitch down to the lower levels. I fired some splays around the chamber/pitch and then we continued round the back of the chamber to the climb up muddy flowstone to the upper levels. First we surveyed into the pretty dead end I'd checked on the previous trip. At the end of this is a clean, dry flowstone ramp heading up and to the right. I'd not been up there, as my muddy boots were going to make a terrible mess. It looked like it might go so I took my gumboots off and climbed up. The first move failed and my handhold snapped off, causing me to take plenty of skin off my palms and knuckles ... ouch. The second attempt was more graceful and I made it up (and down again) without muddying the flowstone or losing any more blood. It didn't go further than the 7 m you can see from the bottom.

A short distance back was an ascending passage I'd not looked at previously. Janine led the way over breakdown and popped out into a window overlooking a pink tape labelled XX91. We'd found a new way to the rockfall ascent Dickon and I had made on the second August weekend. We tied in the survey loop and moved up into the vast chamber above. This worked out well as my next job was to resurvey the loop we'd done earlier as it had a shocking mis-closure (I'll blame Bunty, as he did half of those shots). After a quick look at the stuff Dickon, Chris Coxson and co had surveyed on a trip subsequent to mine we redid the survey loop (XX48 to XX106 to XX95 to XX91 to XX-44 back to XX48 – listed stations all pink tapes). Then, while at XX48, which is on the Pretty Plateau above the flowstone-coated pitch Mark and Co. dropped, I recognised a rock half way down the pitch which I'd used as a station for a splay shot earlier in the day, so I was able to close another loop – I love DistoX! I am happy to report that both loops closed superbly.

We headed back to Hang Glider to have a bite to eat and then I shot a leg down the pitch under the waterfall here to allow me to check Chris Coxson's data that is apparently below this pitch. Then we commenced a resurvey of the original (May) exploration route from Hang Glider to Happy Ending, removing the handline from the sketchy climb along the way. The plan then was to link in Chris (and Janine's) survey of 'Geologists Treasure' passage which had never been linked into the main survey network. I thought this would be a simple process, since Janine had been in the original survey party, but I vastly underestimated Janine's ability to recall details of anything longer than 15 seconds ago. We stumbled from one half-memory to another and eventually found a pink tape but were unable to be sure if this marked the start or the middle of their survey. To make matters worse, everything but the date

had been rubbed off the pink tape. I launched into a tirade about what a bunch of useless frigging twats they all were, which I'm sure Janine appreciated. Once I'd calmed down we decided to survey from the mystery pink tape back out to our earlier Happy Ending traverse and hoped we'd be able to match our sketches and line plot with Chris's sketches and line plot and positively identify the tie in point. Later analysis indicated we'd got it right and hadn't resurveyed anything unnecessarily in that section, which means there a couple of side passage still to do.

Before heading out we had a quick look at the Happy Ending meander, as Janine had not been along this passage. We marvelled at the widest y-hang known to mankind, stripped my corroding crabs off the rigging (but left the rope) and headed for the surface.

We emerged into daylight (yes, daylight!) and cheered the coming of summer and longer days. It was only about 4 pm so I pulled a Madphil stunt on Janine and suggested we just run a 'quick' surface traverse from the entrance to JF-366 Asteroid pot so we had the cave tied in better than the GPS coordinates allowed (particularly in the vertical plane). Starting at the JF-463 tag, we bumbled down the taped route to the McCullums Track, where we tied in the top of the orange star picket installed there. Then we slogged down the track till we reached the orange star picket at the Serendipity track junction. Janine had had enough by this stage, so we didn't get up to JF-366. This means the survey is still floating (as the Serendipity star picket has not been tied in to the existing network yet). Next time.

A big thanks to Janine for enduring my tantrums and assisting with this important trip. It wasn't overly exciting, and only ~20 m of virgin passage was deflowered, but the data we collected has worked wonders at pulling the survey data into line. We collected 380 m of data underground (about 120 m of previously unsurveyed stuff and 260 m of resurvey). Then 760 m of data on the surface. Not a bad effort for what was a pretty short day. As always, there's more to do – both tidying up and exploration. The surface data proved interesting, and at first I thought there was a major error in the compass bearings in one section (there had been one moment when Janine pushed some wrong buttons and made the DistoX display 0 for all compass and clino values which was remedied by a battery disconnect). I presumed the McCullums Track would more or less run in a straight line from the Serendipity junction to the Constitution Hole junction, but there is actually a near right angle bend a third of the way along from the Serendipity junction. With the JF-463 and new surface data hanging off a GPS coordinate the Serendipity junction appears within 20-30 m of where it should be when thrown in with the other JF surface data so I think it's correct.

The system is just over 2.16 km long so far and resembles an upturned bowl of spaghetti in plan view.

JF-237 Slaughterhouse/JF-36 Growling – Wet 'n' Wild

Matt Cracknell

5 October 2013

Party: Matt Cracknell, Chris Sharples and Petr Smejkal

I had promised Petr a Slaughterhouse/Growling thru trip because the last time he went, which was one of the first Tassie

trips he had ever done, the water was too high and they (Ric and Co.) retreated up Slaughterhouse. It had been raining a fair bit during the previous week so we headed out to the F8 east road expecting the worst.

The walk through the forest was pleasant enough. I was expecting it to be damper than it was. At the Growling entrance the water was high, moderately spilling over the indicator rock, so I decided that we would head in and assess water levels in the Growling streamway.

The trip down to Rescue Aven was relatively uneventful. We stopped for lunch and commented on what a cold and drafty place it would be to be camped out.

Heading down toward Windy Rift I noticed that the bottom ladder had been jammed into the slot to the left. Although there was a healthy coating of silt that made the approach to Windy Rift slick and uncomfortable negotiating the rift was not as difficult as I remember. The cave was literally throbbing with the noise of the river.

The river was high at the junction to the Growling sump, but not as high as I have seen it before, however, on that trip particular trip we retreated up Slaughterhouse. The noise and power of the waterfall near the bypass climb was exhilarating. In fact the majority of the trip back up the streamway was no

different. Some of the cascades were flowing fast enough that one was aware that a mistake would end badly.

I managed to get bush-wacked upstream of the chamber with the big waterfall not far from the entrance. The reason was that the way on seemed far too dangerous, so I was convinced that there was an alternative route. Eventually Petr free-climbed the waterfall and set up a handline for Chris and I. We made it back to the surface having been underground for about 3-4 hours.

Petr compiled a neat video of the trip that can be viewed @ www.youtube.com/watch?v=REIAnsa8cI0&feature. It gives you a fair idea of the water levels and a real sense of why this cave is called Growling Swallet.

McCallums Track, Junee-Florentine – We are not alone!

Stephen Bunton

20 October 2013

Party: Stephen Bunton

I used to joke about going solo caving and meeting a better class of person but now I am not quite sure.

The object of this day's little foray into karstlandia was to see if McCallums Track could be traced north from The Gap so as to provide an easier access route to areas south of Constitution Hole.

As I crossed The Gap, I noticed a pink tape off to the right. I did a U-turn and parked at an apiary site just south of The Gap. I followed the pink tapes gradually uphill until I got to a place that was very strange. Aliens had been here. There were many tapes, a few short yellow tomato stakes that had pink hoops painted on them and nearly every tree was painted with a number in either; pink, red or yellow. Obviously there was some strange science or other, more sinister ritual happening here. At The Gap there were a number of tracks, that looked like skidder tracks and I could not be sure whether any of these were indeed McCallums Track.

I decided to continue uphill since the whole aim of the exercise was to eventually get to the contact somewhere. Before long the going got quite steep, there were little cliffs and the vegetation had degenerated into a dogwood-sapling mirror-maze. I then headed north and diagonally downhill believing that I would recognise McCallums Track when I intersected it, which I did. At this point I started taping and punched the position of the first tape into the club GPS as McTRACK01.

I followed the track north for a few hundred metres. It was reasonably easy to follow and I taped it as I went. At the first dry valley the track was a little overgrown but once I was out the other side I was happy with the progress I had made. I stopped taping and marked the point McTRACK02, almost halfway to Four Rd Swallet, before retracing my steps. At this stage I thought that I might have been the only person to walk this bit of the track for almost 100 years.

I was able to follow the track back to The Gap quite easily. At one point where the route up from the right looked open and easy I double taped the track horizontally around a large sassafras tree. I marked this McTRACK00 thinking this would

be a good starting spot. Within 30 metres I came to a red wooden post with some letters carved into it (see photo) I marked this McTRACKgapMARKER.

It wasn't long before I came back to voodoo land. Now that I had the lie of the land, I could easily follow the real track south. I continued around the hill hoping to follow McCallums Track south and around towards The Slip. I put in another GPS point as McTRACK03. Around this point there were a number of stumps where a few trees had been removed; bits of myrtle, sassafras and celery top. I guessed that this particular place was once targeted by a few craft-wood getters.

Eventually the track ran out where the embankment of the new Florentine Rd intersected McCallums track. I could see my car almost opposite me but few metres below, on the other side of the road. I marked this final point as McTRACK04. I climbed down the steep embankment and was ready to call it quits but for another bit of unfinished business.

I drove down the road to just beyond the old Forestry Tasmania interpretation nature trail and parked on the west side of the road again. I was looking for JF-231, which Alan and I had tried to locate before. Supposedly the cave is 15 m of inclined passage.

I bashed up the creek on the northeast side of the road. In fact the most cave-like thing I saw all day was a small depression that contained a corrugated iron pipe where the culvert under the road began. There were no other features in this gully as I bashed uphill. Eventually I reached McCallums Track where I



McCallums Track marker

found a nice 1927 model longneck beer bottle with very square

shoulders. Confirmation that the last people in the area were from the early days of last century.

The track at this point is very well defined. I put in a final waypoint of McTRACK05 and then descended the south side of the gully. Near the road in the vicinity of where the cave is allegedly located, I scouted around the tops of bluffs and

looked under little overhangs that might shelter a potoroo on a wet day, but JF-231 proved elusive yet again.

I didn't find any caves on this little excursion, but I did realise that somebody else goes out into karst areas and does strange things there as well.



Other Exciting Stuff

In Jackson (2013) I mentioned some old trips reports and a map that Albert Goede gave to me pertaining to MC-75 Mersey Hill Cave. I mentioned I'd write the reports up one day. That day is today.

REFERENCES

JACKSON Alan 2013 Australia Day Long Weekend – Mole Creek. *Speleo Spiel*, #394:14-20.

Tasmanian Caverneering Club

Private Trip Report (ex letter 1/8/1958)

Party Leader: J. Wanless

Cave: Mersey Hill Cave

Date: 1957 (several trips)

Party: (Hours underground ?) J. Wanless, T. Adams and others

Equipment: ?

Weather and General Conditions: ?

Surveying: Two maps were made – a location map as well as a map of the cave itself. These maps are now in the club's archives.

New Names: Dog Face Corner, the Scenic Railway Tunnel, Porcupine Tunnel, Dachshund Tunnel, the Dungeon, Holey Corner, Creek Corner, the Cloisters, Senate Alley, Senate Chamber, Sloppy Joes Corner, the Hanging Curtain, Roman Wall Grotto, Nutcracker. [*Additional feature names appear on the map – Ed.*]

Scientific Report: None

General Report:

Location – Ken Miles' property, Mole Creek, quite close to the Mersey River between "The Den" and Alum Cliffs. Ref. 373849 on Middlesex Sheet, Scale 1: 63,360.

The entrance looks like a hewn tunnel with a smooth rock wall and soft gravel floor. The creek could be likened to Long Ck. in Maracoopa Cave i.e. nearly dry in summer and prone to flooding in winter or after heavy rain. When dry you pass through a dry syphon to Dogface Corner where the cave opens out a lot more. Three offshoots from this were investigated.

(i) The Scenic Railway Tunnel – a piece of false floor 18" wide and 3" thick winds around touching the walls in a few places. This led to a small animal cave and two small outlets to the surface?

(ii) Porcupine Tunnel – contains numerous clusters of stalactites – tunnel slopes at 45° upwards with a hard smooth limestone floor – i.e. a watercourse.

(iii) Dachshund Tunnel – reached after climbing up 10' from the main cave – part leads towards the surface – the other section downwards under main floor of cave. At the end is a small cave (too small an opening to enter) which has bones scattered over its muddy floors. (c.f. "The Dungeon" which as a result of our survey we think lies very close to this bone cave).

Next along the main cave is Holey Corner and then onto Creek Corner where the main creek is reached. From here on the cave follows the creek with only a few exceptions.

Between these last two corners lies an upper gallery which leads to "The Dungeon" a small cave below floor level which contained numerous animal skeletons, including that of *Phascolumys tasmaniensis* – the common Tas. wombat. In the gallery leading to the Dungeon are many helictites and long needle clusters (?aragonite – as this seems to be fashionable at the moment).

At Creek Corner the cave follows the creek downstream for 27 feet – the roof gradually lowering until the creek seeps away under the gravel. From Creek Corner upstream we go through the Cloisters to Senate Alley, an offshoot to the Senate Chamber 15' x 15' x 11', further on there are more offshoots right and left, and one eventually leads back to the Senate via an upper gallery.

All along there seemed to be this upper system displaced slightly to the left side of the creek i.e. West. Some were full of straw stalactites and were hitherto undisturbed. At Sloppy Joes Corner we first got really wet – not being able to avoid a deep pool. Then we came to a double passage separated by a rock wall roof to floor.

Much further on "The Hanging Curtains" form a similar division except that the bottom has been eroded by the water. From there a crawl through a pool took us to a dry sandy edge and the end of our first survey 945 feet inside.

The cave continues past the Roman Wall Grotto and without much variation also two frozen waterfalls: one white, one brown, and a floating stalactite.

A belly crawl through wet gravel is just a preliminary to the "Nutcracker" – a crawl with a vengeance. About 15" in height and at least 9" of this water (at that time) the clearance being diminished by small stalactites. 1343 feet second survey.

Further on the cave makes a detour for 135 feet from the creek and opens out into a larger system with many galleries (not fully explored).

The "end" of the cave is reached after further crawls, near a white flowstone below a lot of talus and then an earth tunnel towards the surface and 100' above the creekbed. The water meets roof height and there is no reason why the cave shouldn't continue past this distance of 1778 ft. (+ a third mile) but diving gear would be needed as it should never get much dryer than that.

A depression (382841 Middlesex) should link up with this and is probably the main drainage for the creek. "Locals" think Mersey Hill Cave runs into the Den Cave and thence into the Mersey River.

J. Wanless

Tasmanian Caverneering Club

Trip Report

Party Leader: A. Goede

Cave: Mersey Hill Cave

Date: 28/12/1959

Party: (Hours underground 3) J. Peterson, Miss E. McIntyre, A. Goede

Equipment: None

Weather and General Conditions: Fine, cloudy day. Creek in cave very low.

Surveying: None

New Names: None

Scientific Report: See General Report – cave fill, false floor.

General Report:

Directions were obtained from Mr. Ken Miles. The cave is not difficult to find although last time we went astray looking for it. (See Den Cave Report, 24/5/59). After crossing the crest of the hill we went down towards the Mersey following the fence bounding the Western edge of a strip of grassland on the Northern side of the hill. The entrance to the cave is at the head of a steep gulley right on the fence. Location is 374851 ref. on Middlesex Map (not 373849 as stated by J. Wanless). The entrance is a tunnel approx. 5' in diameter with a dry creek bed going from the mouth of the cave down to the Mersey. A crawl over an earthy floor brought us to Dog Face Corner. Several tunnels leading up off to the left were explored – presumably the Scenic Railway and Porcupine Tunnels. The Scenic Railway Tunnel contains a remarkable false floor consisting of ancient, consolidated cave fill. It is only a few inches thick, about 18" wide and winds from one side of the passage to the other touching the wall in only a few places. As we did not bring the map and report by J. Wanless, the Dachshund Tunnel and the Dungeon were not seen. We soon reached the creek, which could be followed downstream for only a few yards before becoming too narrow to follow. We then explored Senate Alley, Senate Chamber and Senate Gallery while J. Peterson explored the Bandicoot Tunnel as far as possible.

Next we followed the creek upstream. The first stretch proved rather easy going but we were soon forced to pass through

several crawls, one of them rather wet, another an awkward crawl on wet gravel. Further on the cave opened out on the right hand side, with a sandy floor and a wombat skeleton cemented into flowstone. A higher level could be seen about 15' up but can only be reached with rigid ladders. We finally came to a muddy passage off to the left and going up with a small tributary flowing down through it. At the far end is a beautiful white formation formed by water once flowing down through an aven in the roof. This formation in places has the same sponge formation as the Snowbank in Croesus. Unfortunately the formation had been muddied unnecessarily probably by J. Wanless's Rover Crew.

Climbing up to the left of the formation one could reach a high level passage but this was not done as climbing back would be extremely awkward. We went back to the creek and following it further we soon came to an impossible looking crawl, possibly the Nutcracker reported by J. Wanless? A strong draft came through the crawl which was no more than 12" high with stalactites on the roof. The only way through would be on your back with water running into your collar and stalactites sticking into your face. We decided to turn back here. On the way back the wombat bones were collected and these will be sent to Mr. E. O. G. Scott for examination. We then returned to the surface.

Features of the cave are the ancient fill which has become almost a conglomerate and has been cut into by the creek. There are also a number of tunnels generally sloping up steeply towards the South-West which usually soon peter out or become too narrow to follow. Several of these tunnels have been used as animal lairs which would indicate that they communicate with the surface. The creek would appear to be the same one which also flows through the Den Cave. If this is so there should be an interesting half mile of cave between the two which is at present inaccessible. It could possibly be reached either by digging out the creek bed in Mersey Hill Cave or by forcing the syphon in the Den Cave.

A. Goede

Party Leader

Surveys

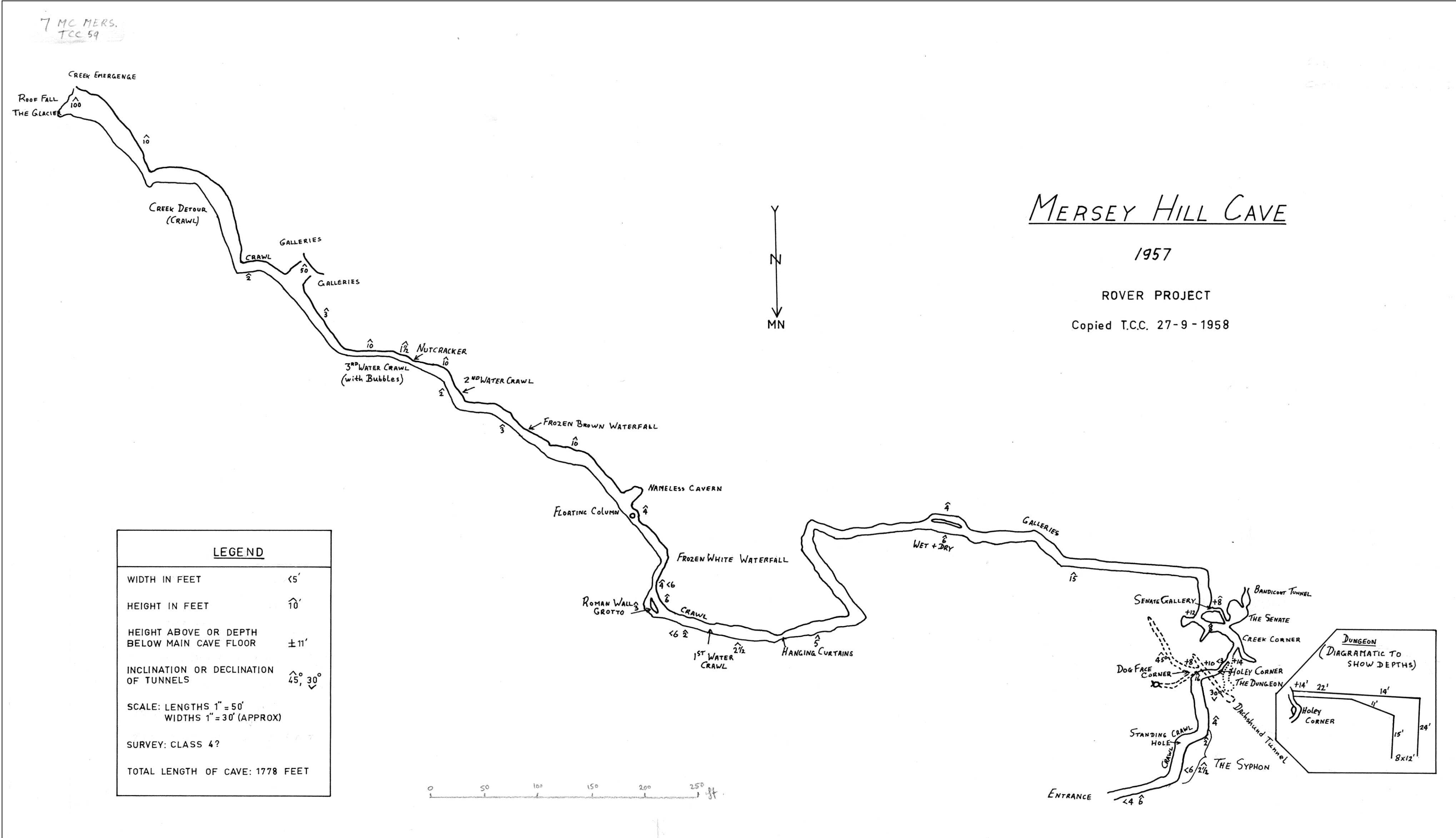
This section of the Spiel contains more than 20 surveys. These surveys represent:

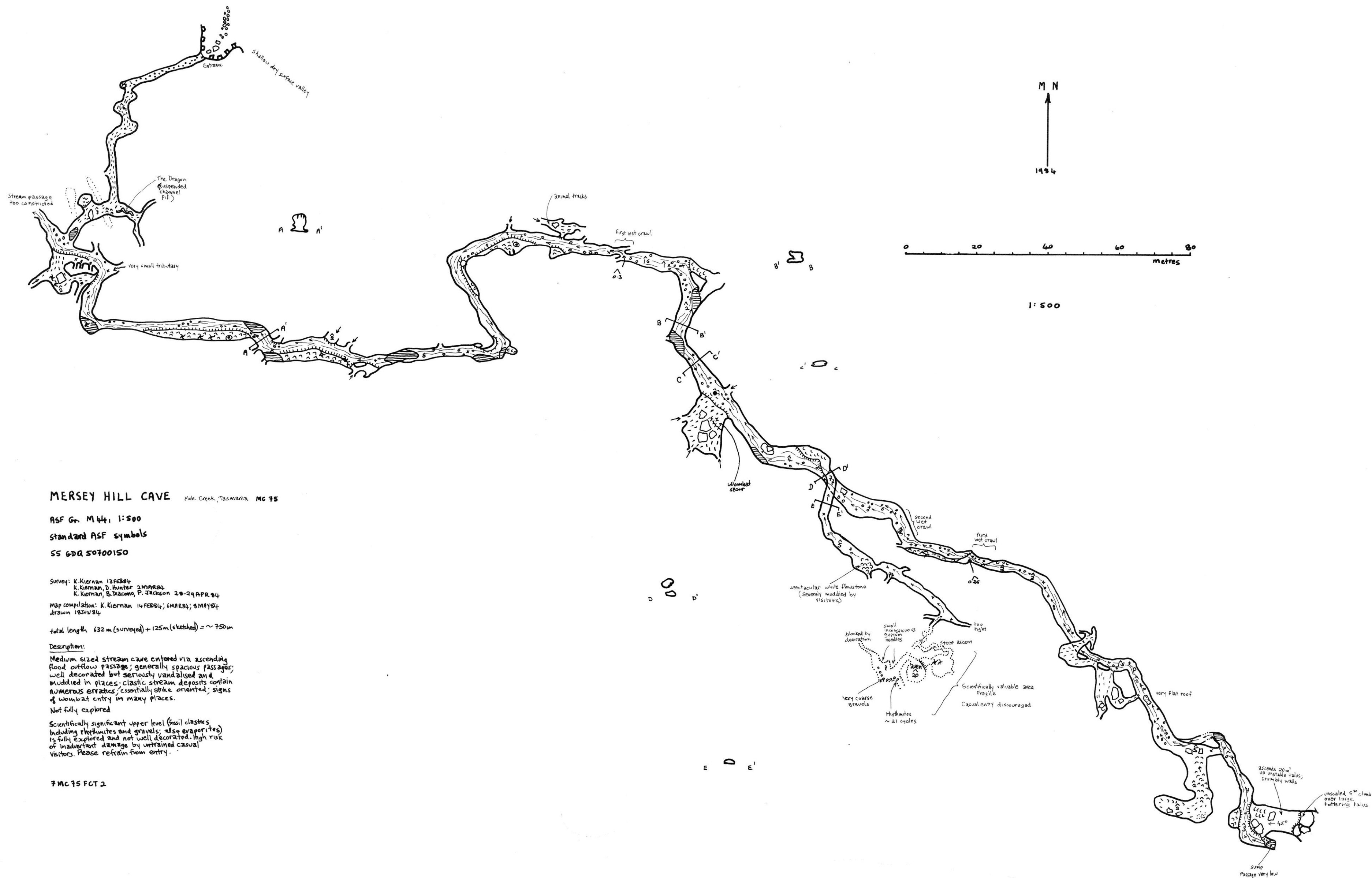
- Two surveys of MC-75, Mersey Hill Cave from different eras. The first is from the 50s and links to the trip report in Other Exciting Stuff (this is accompanied by a map that was not published, which shows the location of the entrance and is in the STC Archive). The second is the Forestry (Kiernan) map that Alan alluded to in his report in *Spiel* 394.
- 19 [!-Ed.] surveys of all caves great and small in the Settlement Area of the Junee Florentine, and JF-599 which is on Wherretts Lookout.
- One random IB-14, Exit Cave D'Entrecasteaux Sumps map from data collected on the underwater Russian roulette trip just before the last Exitraviganza.
- Last but not least Alan's latest version of JF-382 Dissidence.

High resolution files, if required, are kept in the STC Archive.



Space filler





JF-465

Junee-Florentine, Tasmania

7JF465.STC348

Southern Tasmanian Caverneers

ASF Grade 55

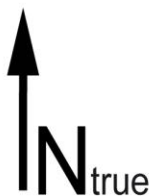
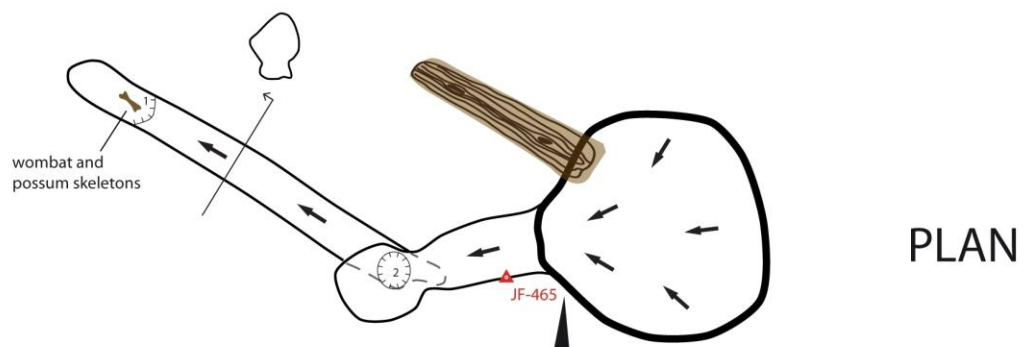
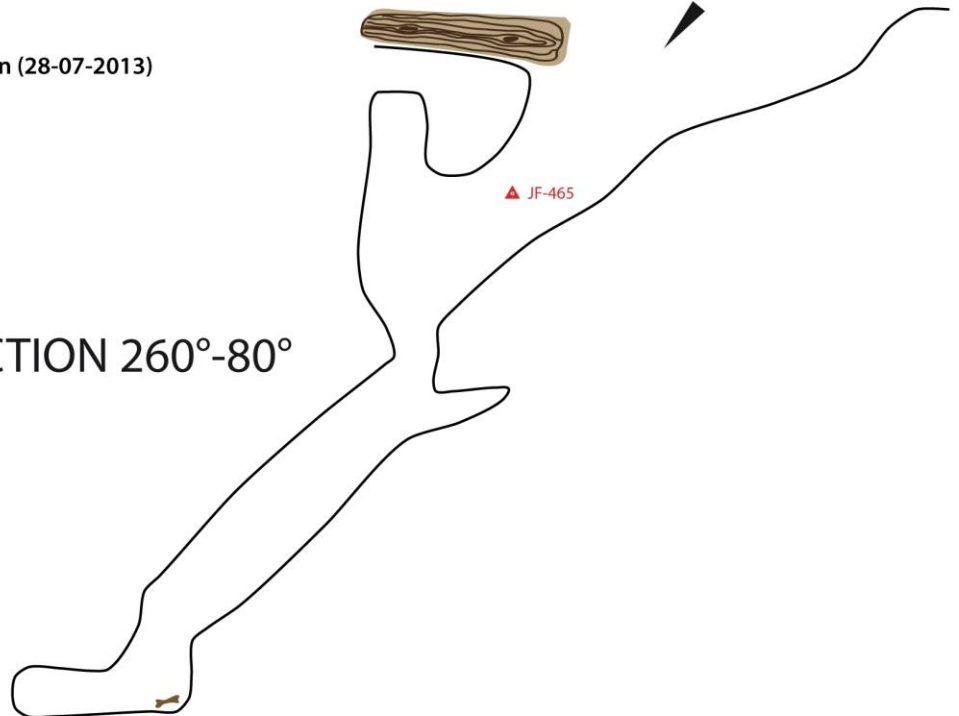
Surveyed by Sarah Gilbert and Alan Jackson (28-07-2013)

Drawn by Alan Jackson (2013)

Surveyed Length - 14 m

Surveyed depth - 10 m

VERTICAL SECTION 260°-80°



JF-466

Junee-Florentine, Tasmania

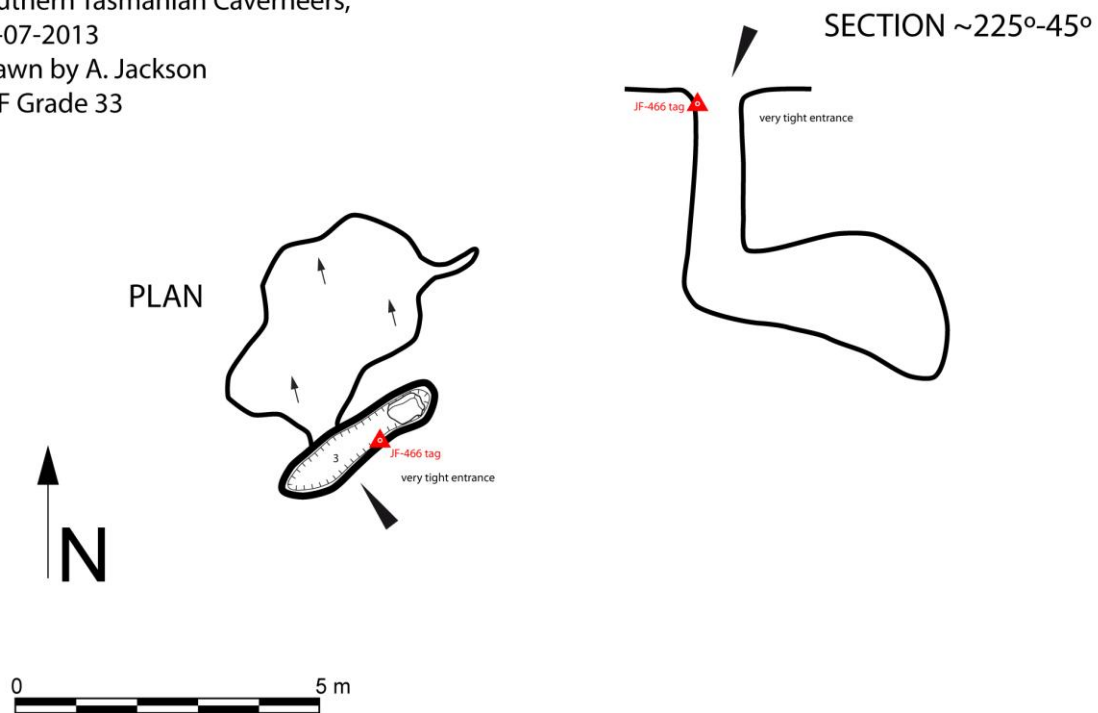
7JF466.STC350

Southern Tasmanian Caverneers,

28-07-2013

Drawn by A. Jackson

ASF Grade 33



JF-467

Junee-Florentine, Tasmania

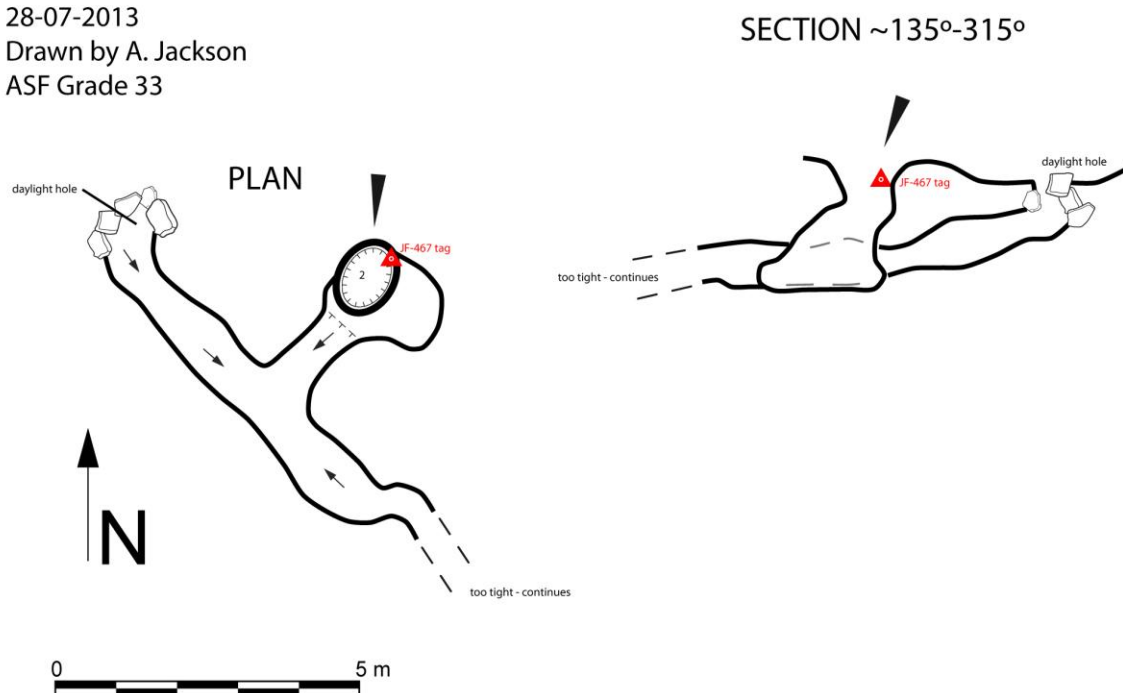
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Southern Tasmanian Caverneers,

28-07-2013

Drawn by A. Jackson

ASF Grade 33



JF-468

Junee-Florentine, Tasmania

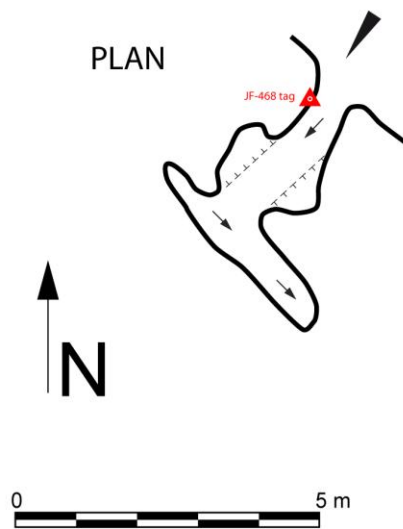
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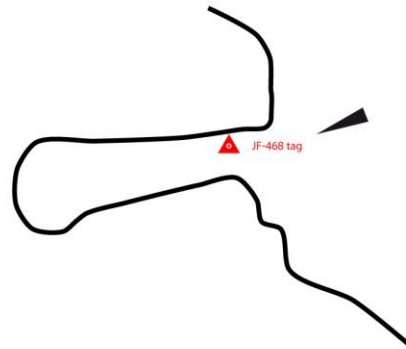
28-07-2013

Drawn by A. Jackson

ASF Grade 33



SECTION ~225°-45°



JF-469

Junee-Florentine, Tasmania

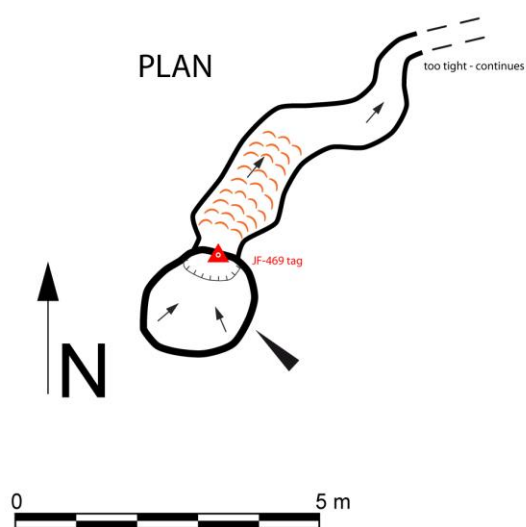
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Southern Tasmanian Caverneers,

28-07-2013

Drawn by A. Jackson

ASF Grade 33



SECTION ~225°-45°



JF-599

Junee-Florentine, Tasmania

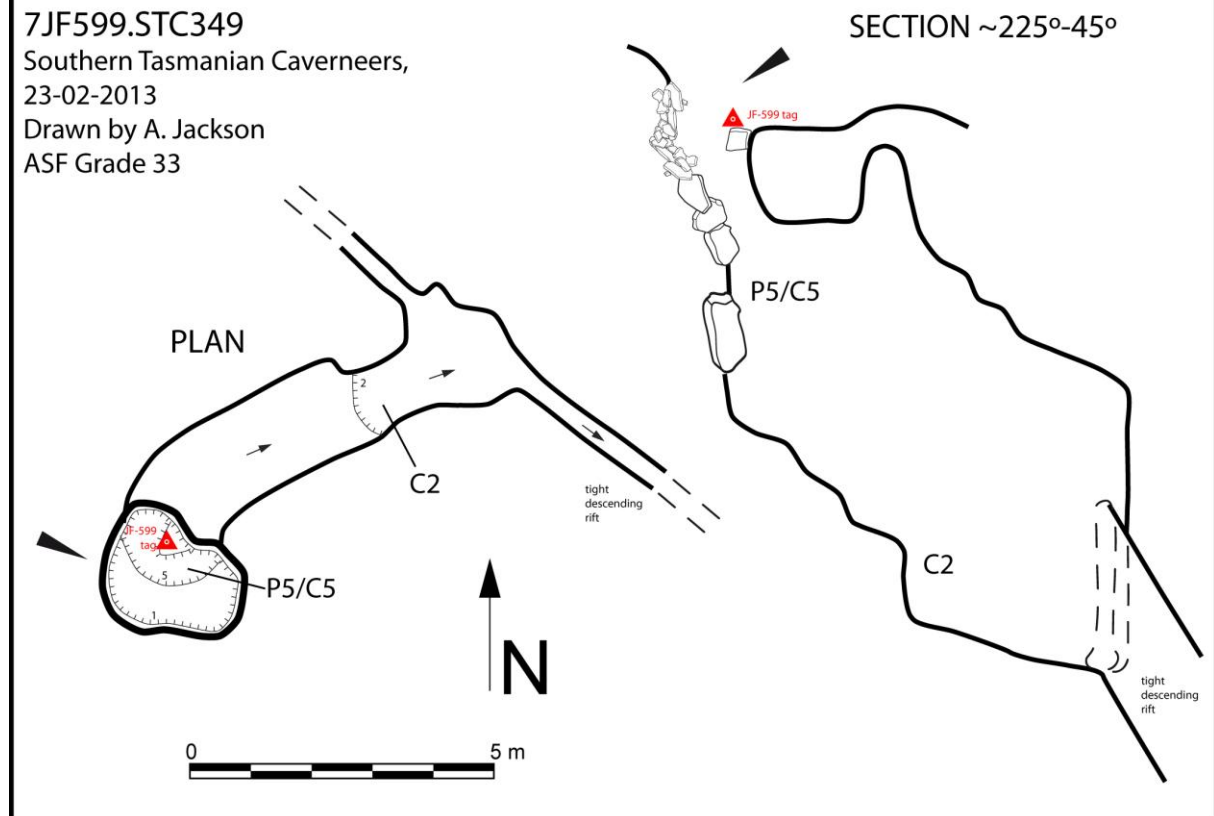
7JF599.STC349

Southern Tasmanian Caverneers,

23-02-2013

Drawn by A. Jackson

ASF Grade 33



JF-604 Tibetan Prayer Flag Cave

Junee-Florentine, Tasmania

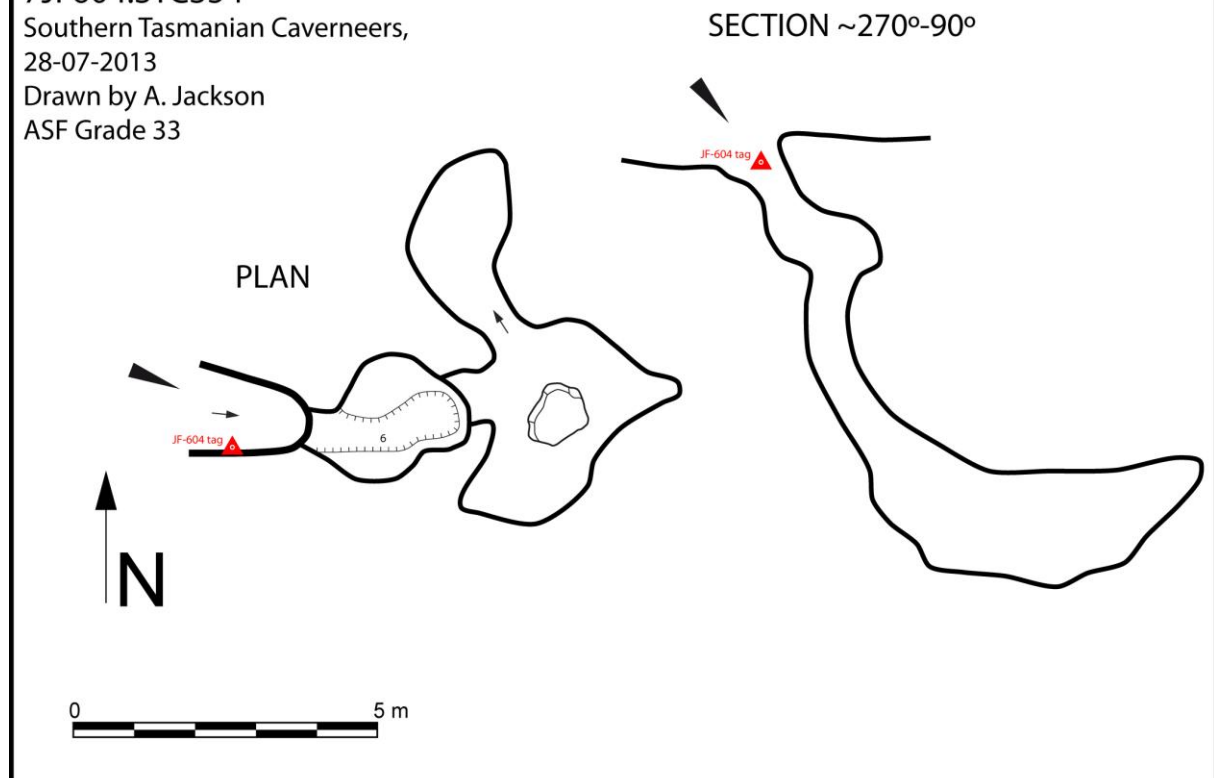
7JF604.STC354

Southern Tasmanian Caverneers,

28-07-2013

Drawn by A. Jackson

ASF Grade 33



JF-605

Junee-Florentine, Tasmania

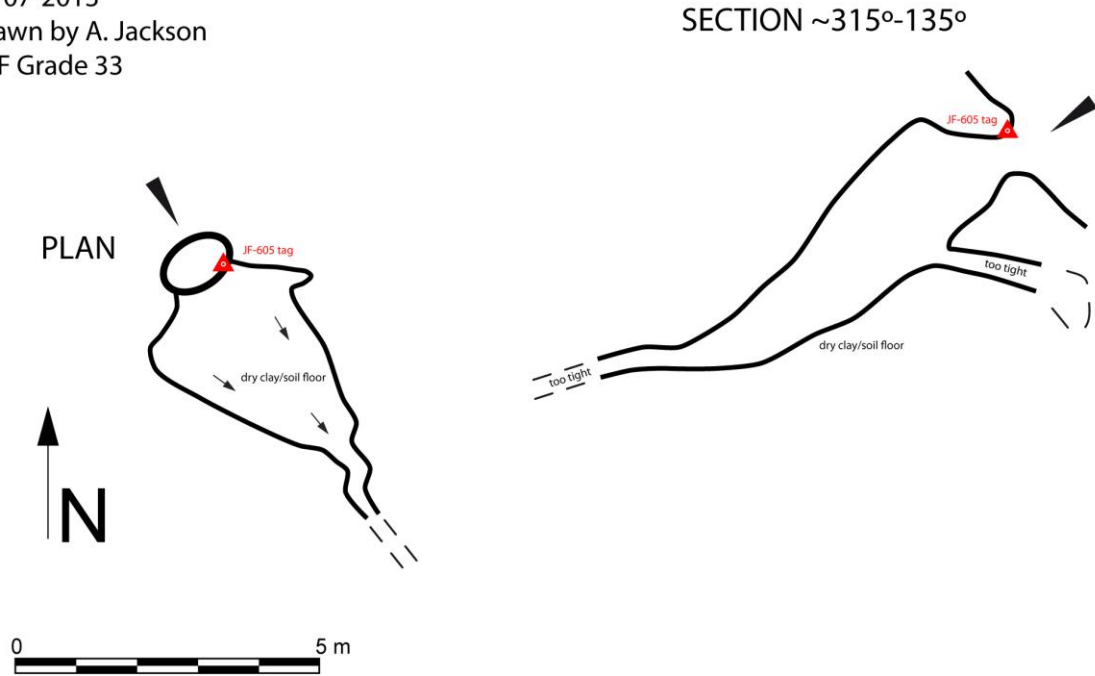
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Southern Tasmanian Caverneers,

28-07-2013

Drawn by A. Jackson

ASF Grade 33



JF-607

Junee-Florentine, Tasmania

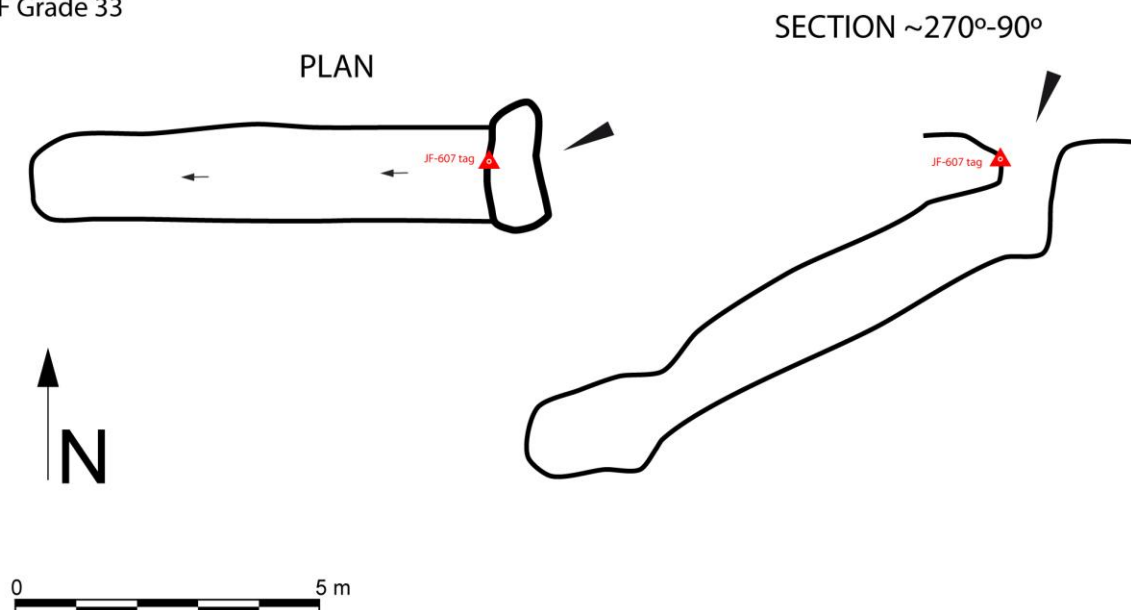
7JF607.STC356

Southern Tasmanian Caverneers,

28-07-2013

Drawn by A. Jackson

ASF Grade 33



JF-606 All In

Junee-Florentine, Tasmania

7JF606.STC347

Southern Tasmanian Caverneers

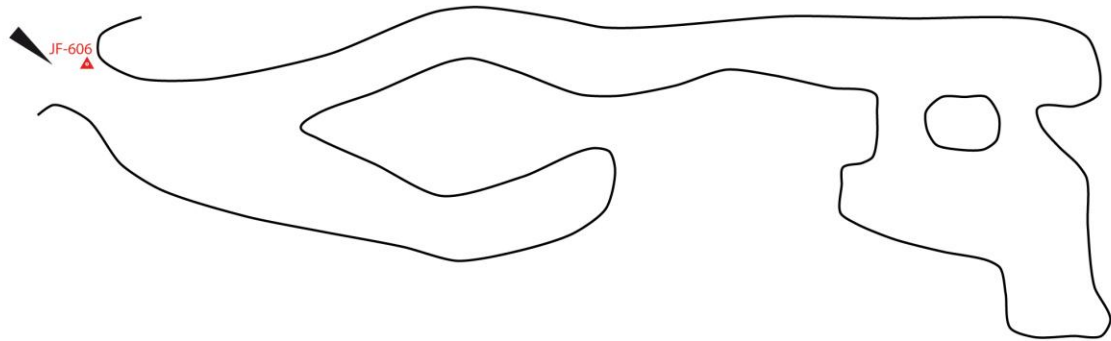
ASF Grade 55

Surveyed by Sarah Gilbert and Alan Jackson (28-07-2013)

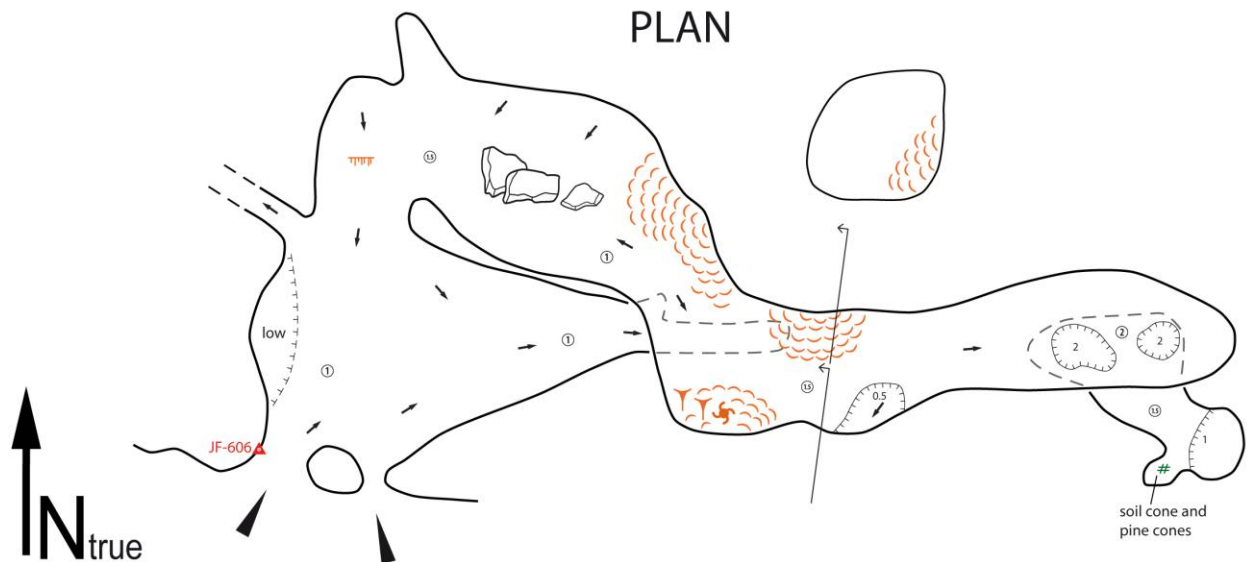
Drawn by Alan Jackson (2013)

Surveyed Length - 33 m

VERTICAL SECTION 270°-90°



PLAN



0 5 10 15 m

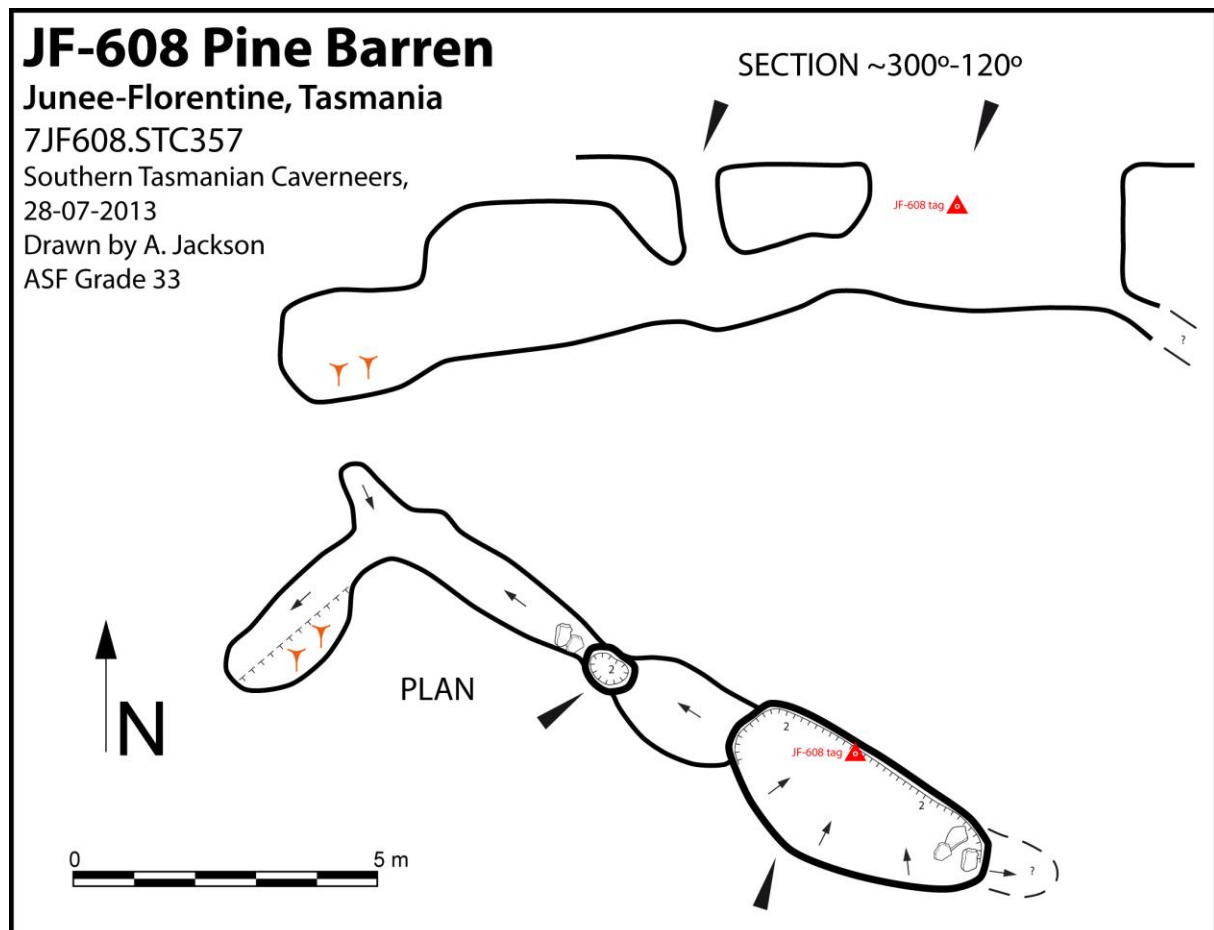
JF-608 Pine Barren

Junee-Florentine, Tasmania

7JF608.STC357

Southern Tasmanian Caverneers,
28-07-2013

Drawn by A. Jackson
ASF Grade 33



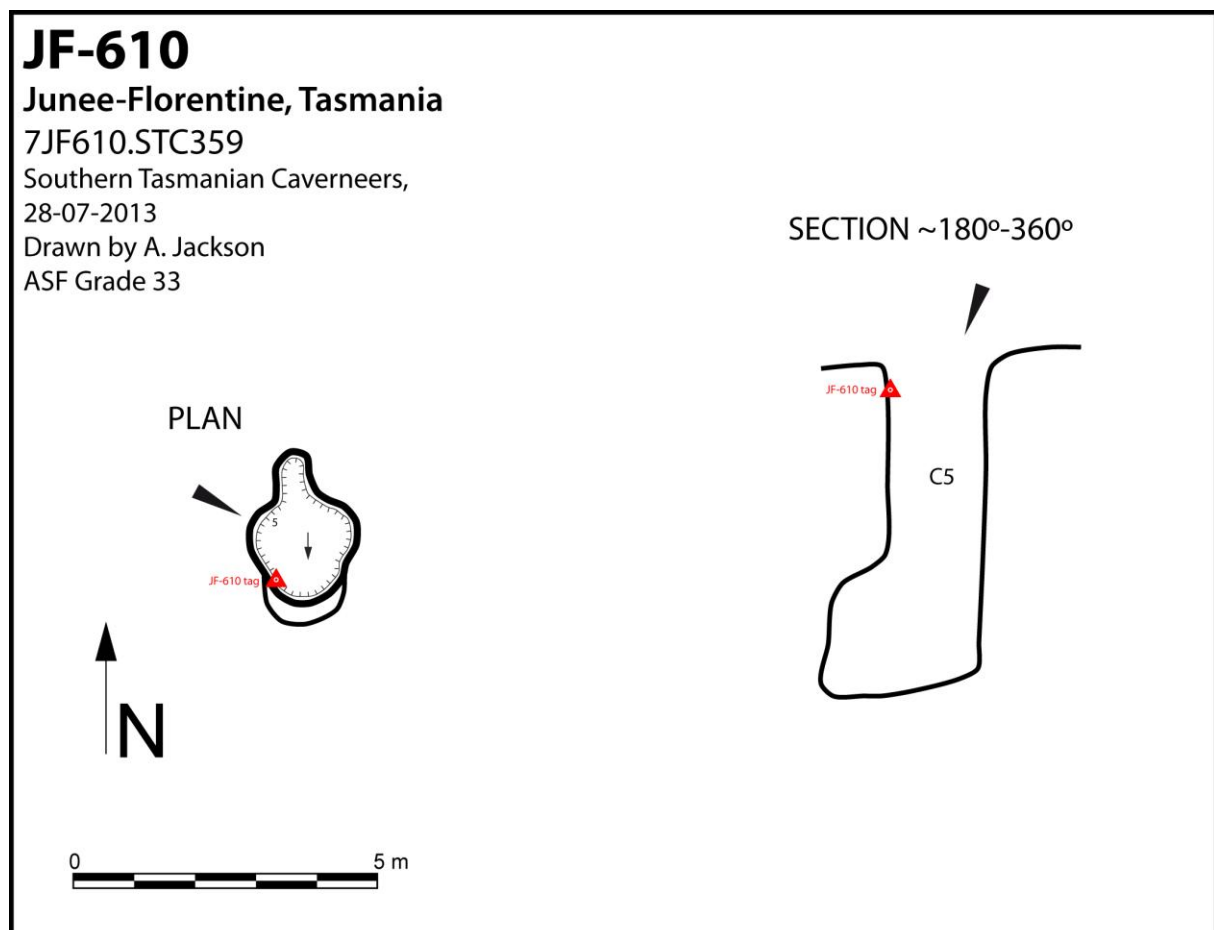
JF-610

Junee-Florentine, Tasmania

7JF610.STC359

Southern Tasmanian Caverneers,
28-07-2013

Drawn by A. Jackson
ASF Grade 33



JF-609

Juneeflorentine, Tasmania

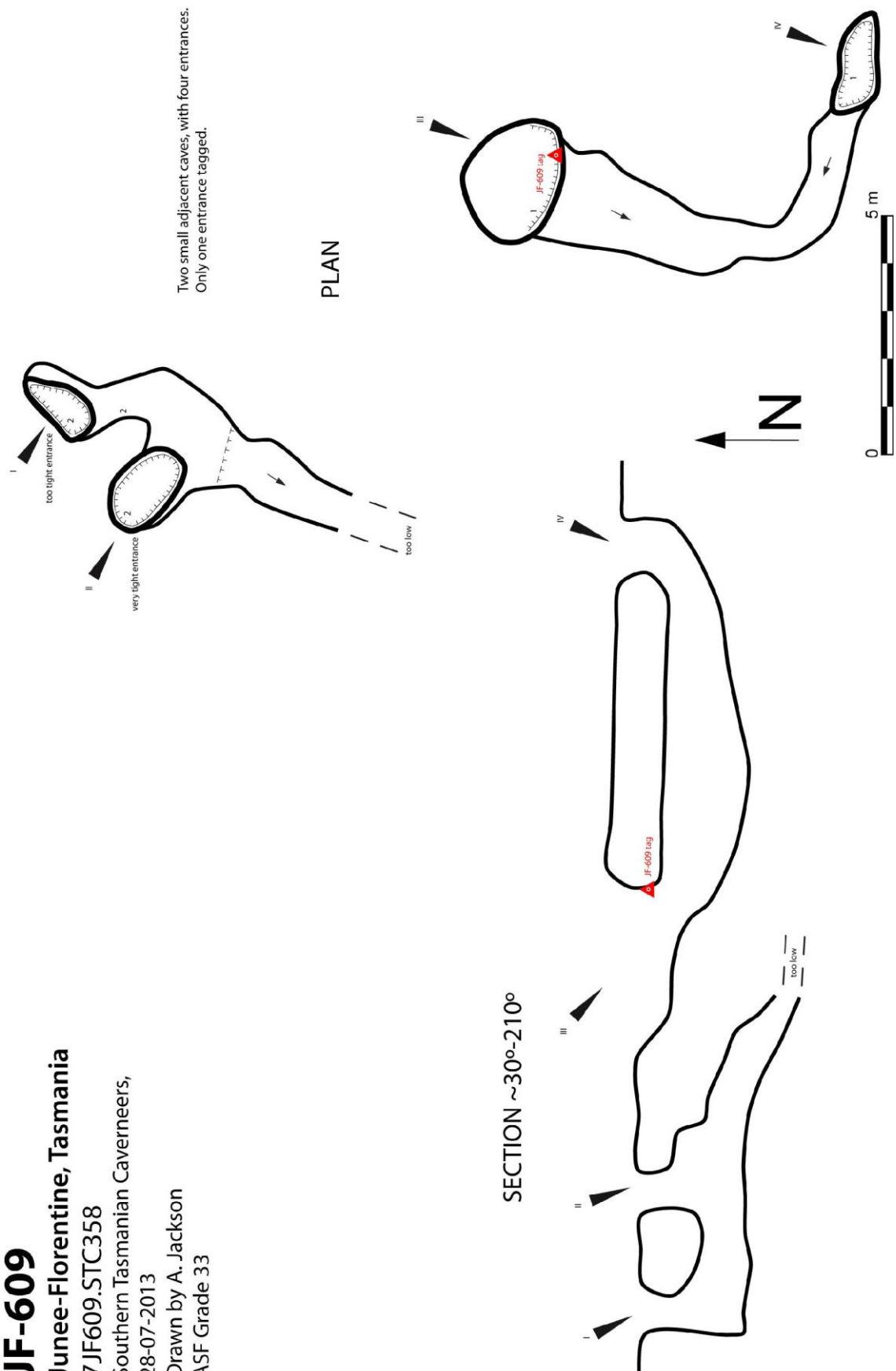
7JF609.STC358

Southern Tasmanian Caverneers,

28-07-2013

Drawn by A. Jackson

ASF Grade 33



JF-611

Junee-Florentine, Tasmania

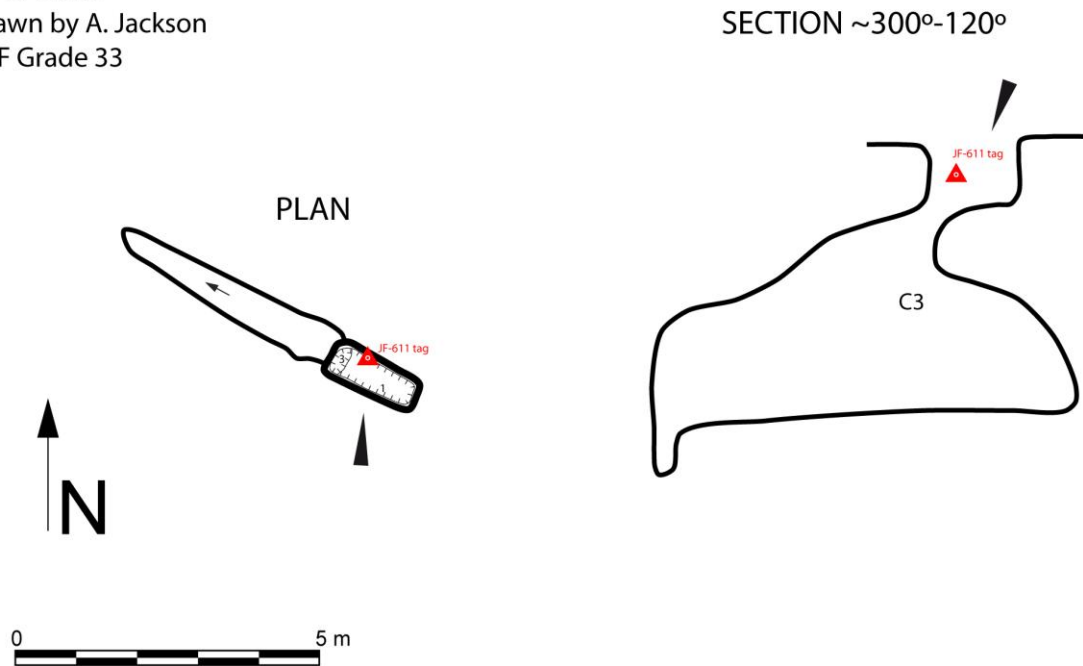
7JF611.STC360

Southern Tasmanian Caverneers,

28-07-2013

Drawn by A. Jackson

ASF Grade 33



JF-612

Junee-Florentine, Tasmania

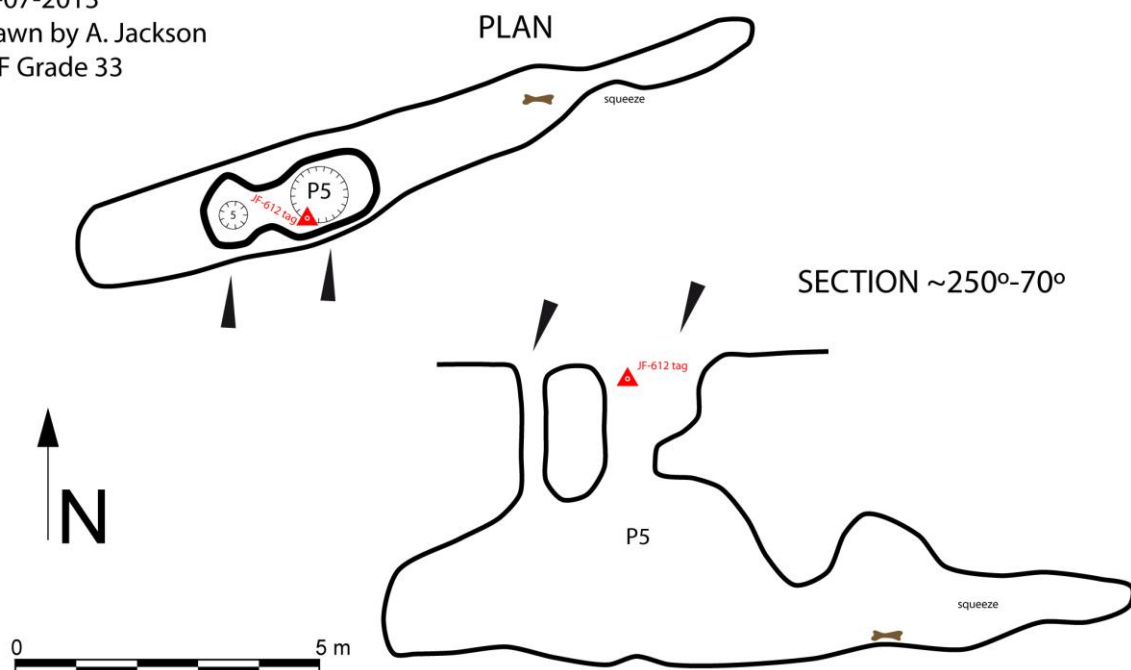
7JF612.STC361

Southern Tasmanian Caverneers,

28-07-2013

Drawn by A. Jackson

ASF Grade 33



JF-613

Junee-Florentine, Tasmania

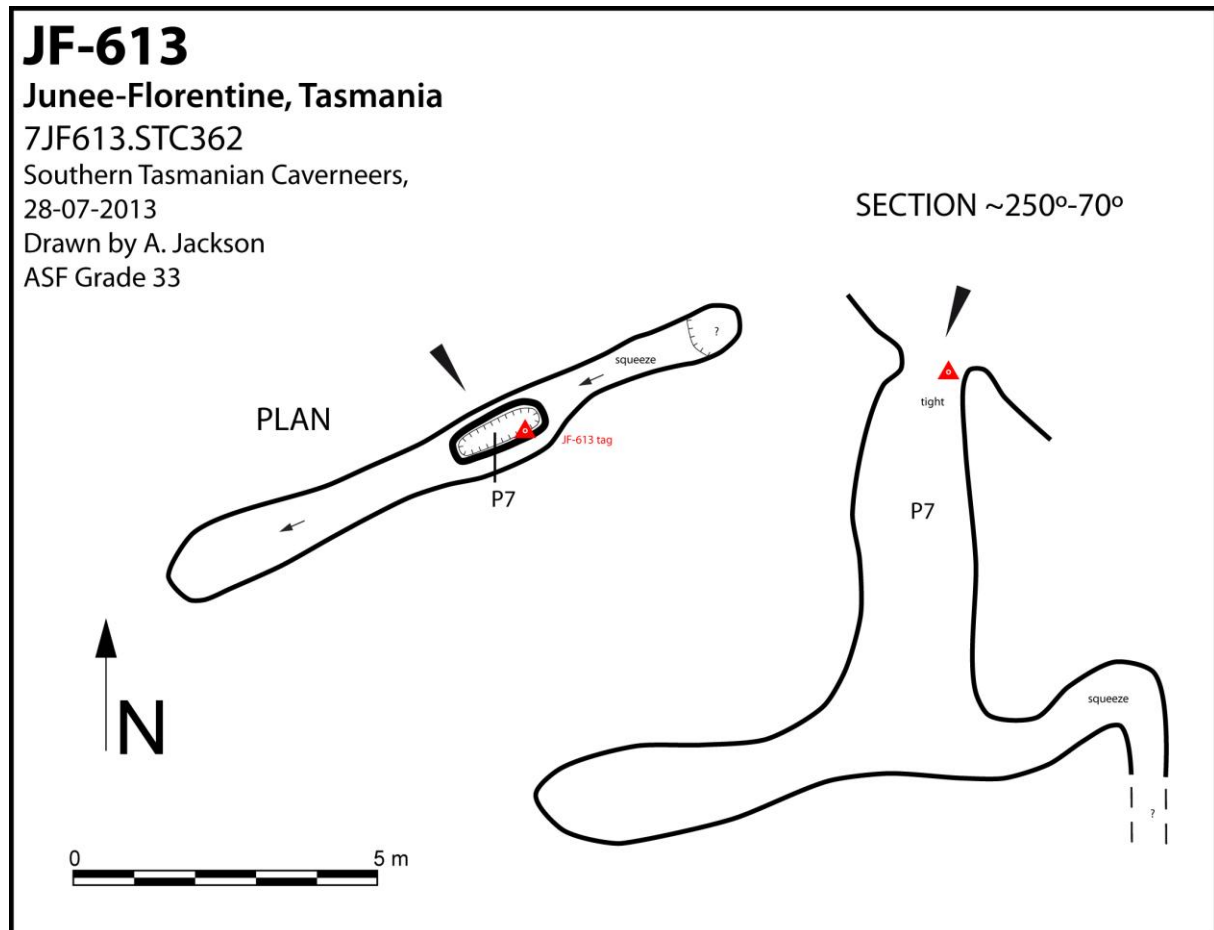
7JF613.STC362

Southern Tasmanian Caverneers,

28-07-2013

Drawn by A. Jackson

ASF Grade 33



JF-614

Junee-Florentine, Tasmania

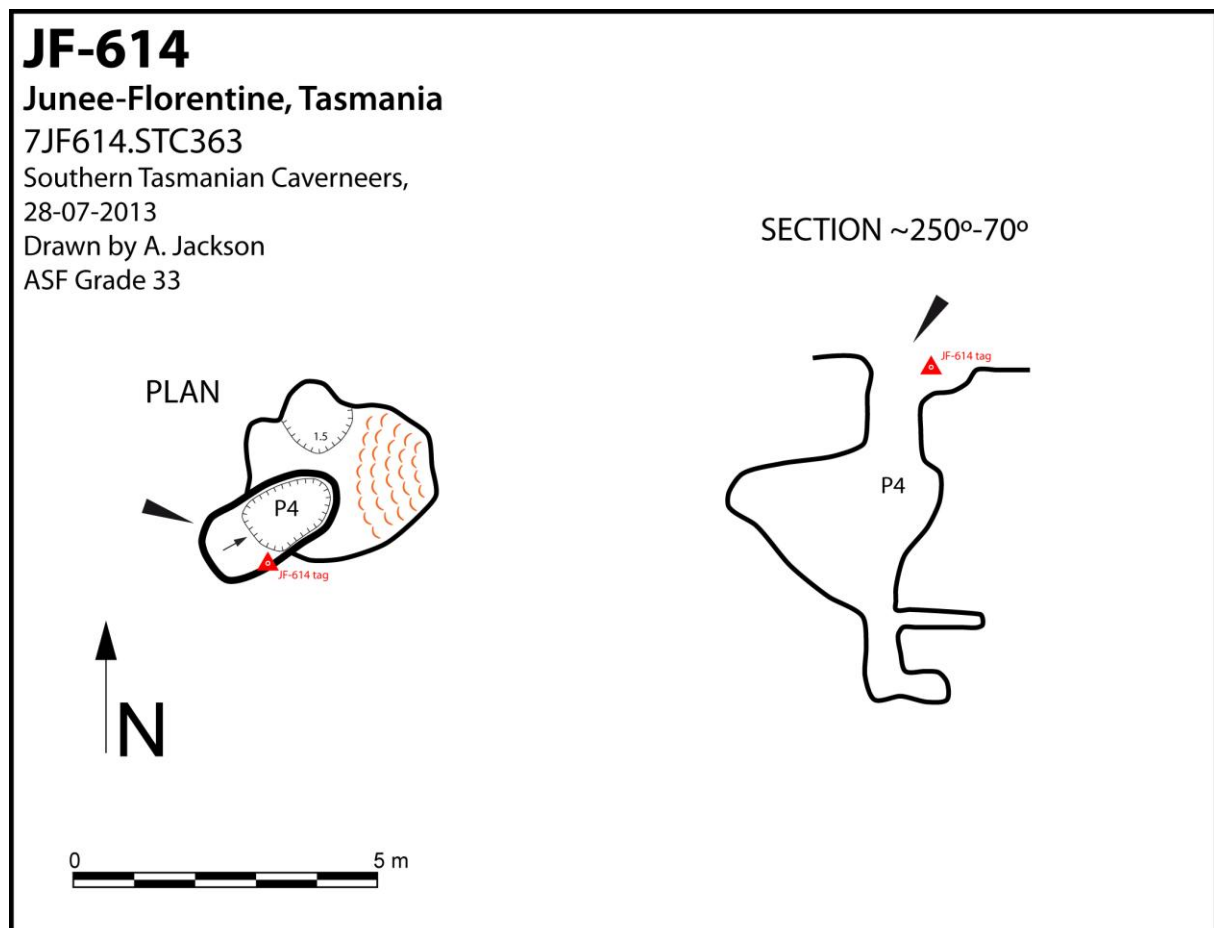
7JF614.STC363

Southern Tasmanian Caverneers,

28-07-2013

Drawn by A. Jackson

ASF Grade 33



JF-615 Twenty Pinecones

Junee-Florentine, Tasmania

7JF615.STC346

Southern Tasmanian Caverneers

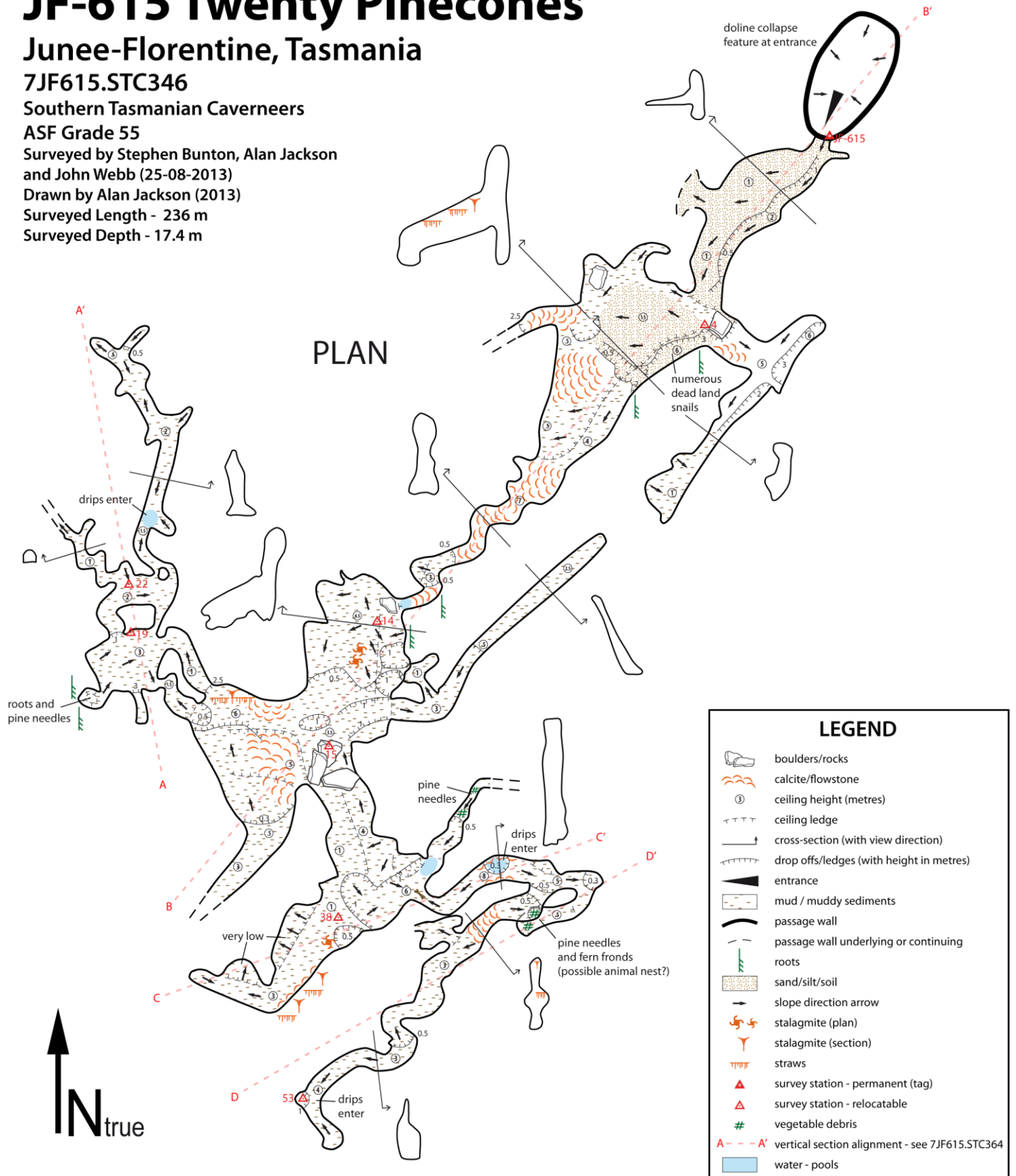
ASF Grade 55

Surveyed by Stephen Bunton, Alan Jackson
and John Webb (25-08-2013)

Drawn by Alan Jackson (2013)

Surveyed Length - 236 m

Surveyed Depth - 17.4 m



0 10 20 30 40 50 m

JF-615 Twenty Pinecones

Junee-Florentine, Tasmania

7JF615.STC364

Southern Tasmanian Caverneers

ASF Grade 55

Surveyed by Stephen Bunton, Alan Jackson
and John Webb (25-08-2013)

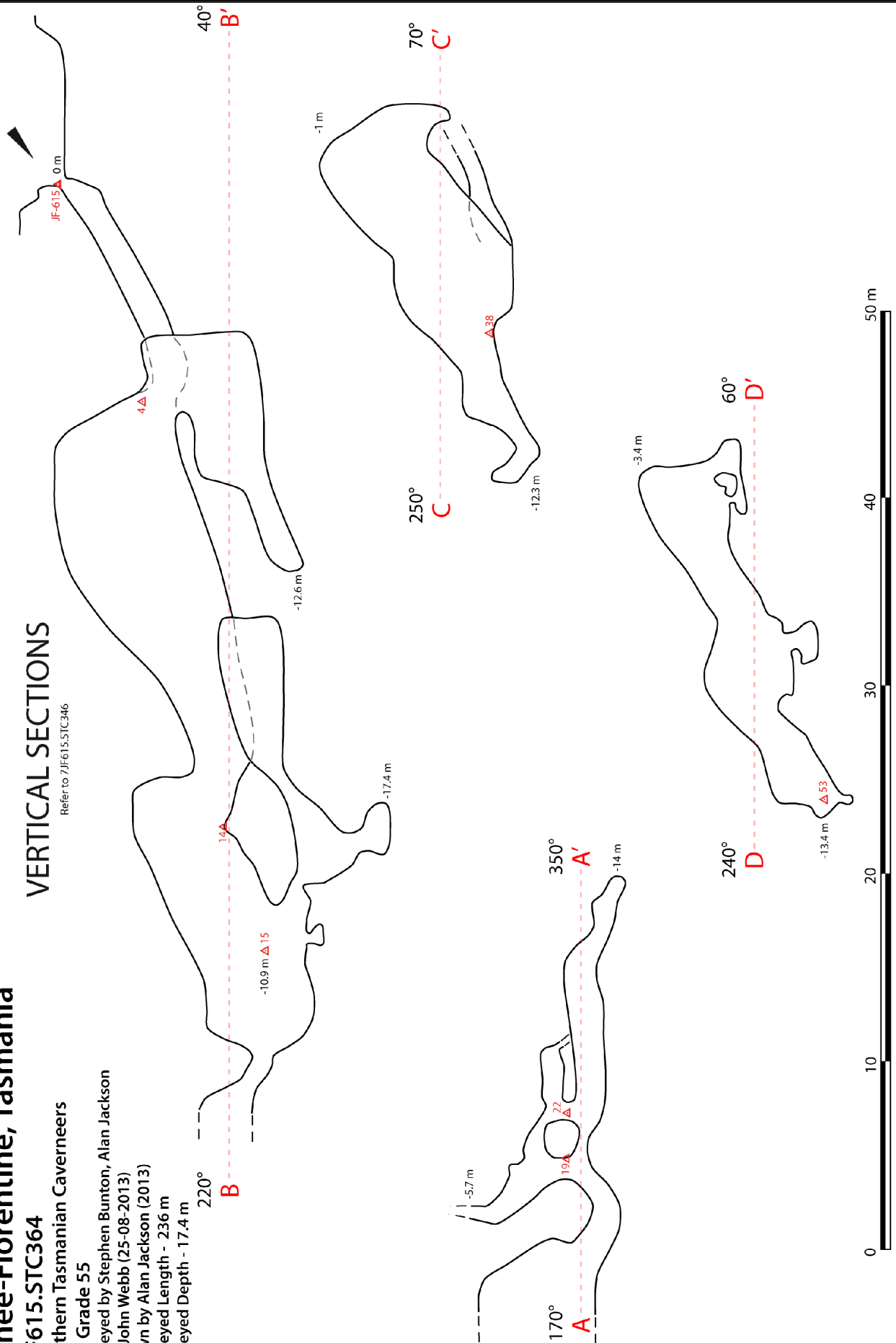
Drawn by Alan Jackson (2013)

Surveyed Length - 236 m

Surveyed Depth - 17.4 m

VERTICAL SECTIONS

Refer to 7JF615.STC346

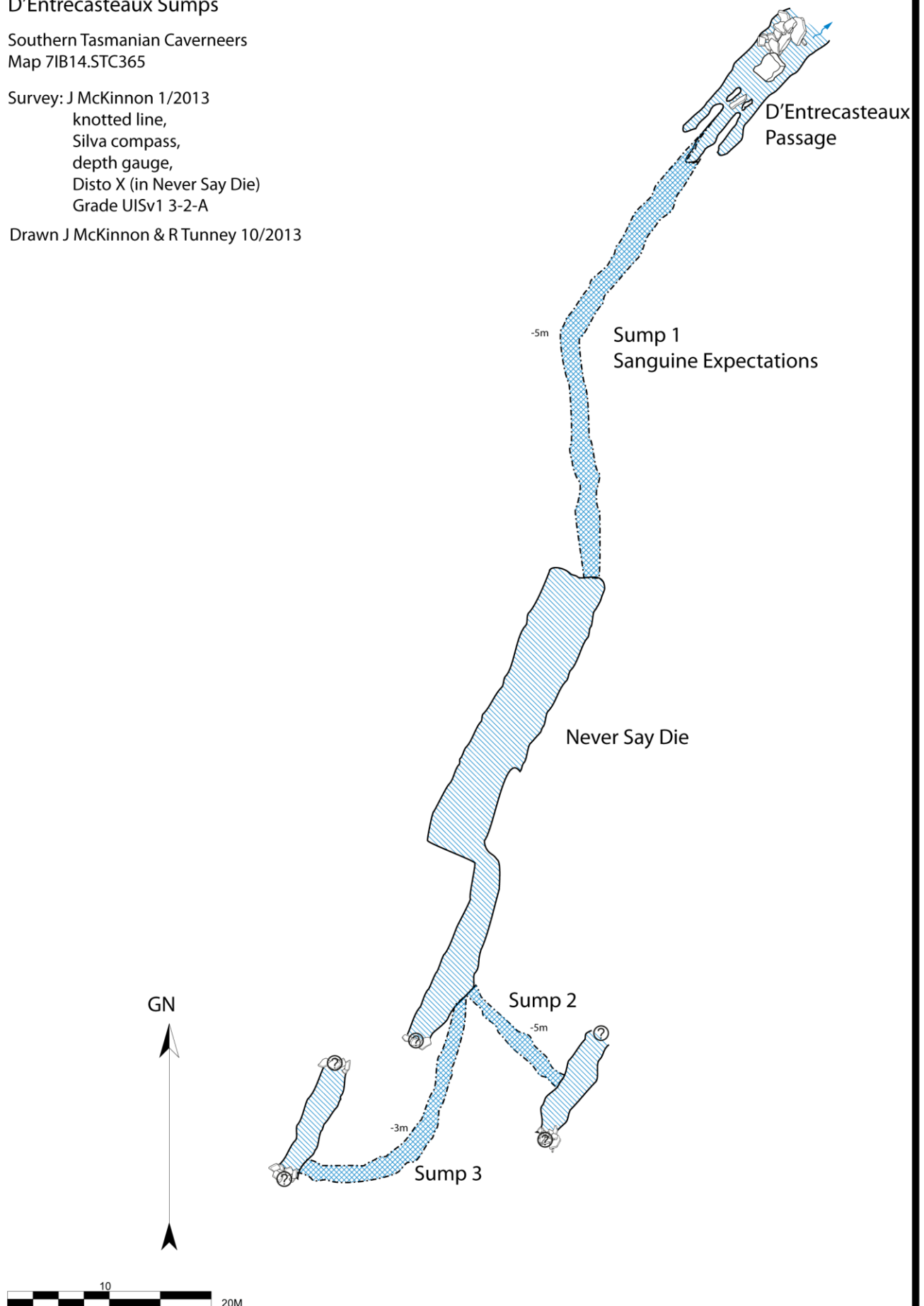


IB-14 Exit Cave
D'Entrecasteaux Sumps

Southern Tasmanian Caverneers
Map 7IB14.STC365

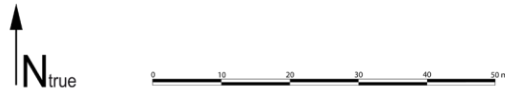
Survey: J McKinnon 1/2013
knotted line,
Silva compass,
depth gauge,
Disto X (in Never Say Die)
Grade UISv1 3-2-A

Drawn J McKinnon & R Tunney 10/2013



June-Florentine, Tasmania

7JF382.STC345
Surveyed by Southern Tasmanian Cavekeepers
Serena Benjamin, Gavin Brett, Chris Chad, Mark Euston, Trent Ford,
Alan Jackson, Andreas Klockner, Amy McKenzie, Janine McKinnon,
Grant Rees, Andy Robertson, Petr Smejkal, Niall Tobin, Ric Tunney,
Trevor Wallies, Geoff Wise (25-10-2007 to 20-05-2013)
Drawn by Alan Jackson (2013)
ASF Grade 44
Surveyed Depth - 321 m
Surveyed Length - 3455 m



PLAN

DEVELOPED VERTICAL SECTION