



Speleo Spiel 423

November–December 2017

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Front Cover: *In a desperate effort to feel tall Janine resorts to caving with a ten year old. Serpentine Route, KD*

Photo: Alan Jackson

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



Speleo Spiel

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Editorial

There are lots of good trip reports, as usual, in this issue to keep you entertained and informed on what the active members of the club have been up to. It is good to see the new, (very) young guns doing lots of caving, building their skills and experience, and most importantly, showing initiative and motivation in planning and running their own trips on occasion. We haven't seen this sort of enthusiasm and pro-active self-starting by newbies in more than a decade by my reckoning. It bodes well for the future of the club, and caving in southern Tasmania. Long may it continue.

Christmas is nearly upon us. The year has disappeared at the ridiculous rate that it does for people of the age of this editor. Research suggests the subjective speed of time's passage only increases as we get older (something to [not] look forward to then). It might be a bit early for the end of year wind-up but there isn't another *Spiel* until the new year, so I have to do my end of year bit now. So here goes:

It has been an active, productive, and at times very interesting year (occasionally not in a good way) of caving for STC. New caves have been explored, maps created, training done, fun trips had and a reasonable amount of socialising done. There's plenty of life left in the old club yet.

See you all in the New Year.

For the Record:

The following two statements were made by Janine McKinnon regarding the rescue from IB-11 Midnight Hole undertaken on 13 July and reported in Speleo Spiel 422:

"our first accident in Tasmania requiring a full rescue"
(Editorial, p 3)

"This is the first actual cave rescue of an injured person that has occurred in Tasmania" (p 15)

Deb Hunter has submitted the following correction:

In 2003, in MC-44 Honeycomb Cave, a vertical rescue was successfully done. Three members of the Mole Creek Caving Club (MCCC), Northern Police Search and Rescue (SAR) and Deloraine/Northern State Emergency Service (SES) personnel attended. The patient was a client of Project Hahn with a fractured clavicle. They fell at 3.20 pm and Project Hahn called 000 at 8.30 pm. MCCC members arrived at 10 pm. It was a 5 hour rescue, including digging a way through to the network of passages to look for the patient, locating the patient, stabilising the patient, setting up equipment, awaiting arrival of the approved police officer and winching both up 13 m to the ambulance just after 3.00 am the next day.

I was obviously not aware of this rescue and I don't think it was published anywhere, or generally known about in caving circles, or at least not in the south. Of course someone might pop up to correct me on this one too!

The sketchy details related here pose quite a few questions, including why do you need a full rescue for a fractured clavicle, why did they have to dig to look for the patient, and why wait for the police? The last query shows what an innate anarchist I am - Ed.

Stuff 'n Stuff

- A gigantic cave of crystal has been discovered in an old silver mine in Spain. The report is found in the link below:

<https://www.geologyin.com/2016/10/enormous-crystal-geode-discovered-in.html>

A photo from the article, below.



- The next cave rescue exercise will be Nov 25/26 and Dec 2/3. As usual the first weekend will be on the surface practising rigging, stretcher lifting, etc. The second weekend will be an in-cave rescue. STC also has some Michie phones now which we'll have a play with. And maybe some capping. To make it easier for the people coming from far away, we'll try and have big days on Saturday and finish not too late on Sunday. – Andreas Klocker
- Alan Jackson has offered to run training sessions on Friday evenings at Fruehauf, by arrangement. Contact Alan if you have a particular date and skill set you want to work on. He's very flexible, so anything from basic SRT through advanced rigging and rescue rigging. He will consider other days and times too if they fit into his busy schedule.
- EuroSpeleo 2018 will be held at Ebensee, Austria from August 23-26 2018. These events are held every two years at differing venues in Europe. They can be a great way to go caving, socialise with cavers from across Europe and attend interesting talks. More details can be found here: <http://www.eurospeleo.at/>
- The STC Christmas BBQ for this year will be held on Friday 15th December. The venue is where we have held it for the last few years; Mt Stuart park, off the end of Benjafeld Terrace. There are gas BBQs and tables. It is a small, quiet, intimate little park, just right for our small, intimate event. BYO grog, of course, and meat/vegie whatever for cooking, and salads/nibbles/fruit/bread to share is nice. Prior discussion of share food would be good. Or just be self-sufficient if you prefer. Whatever, just come! Details closer to the day.

Trip Reports

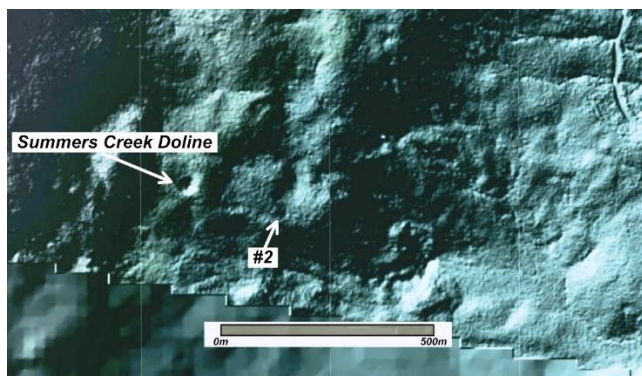
Summers Creek Doline

21 May 2017 and 6 August 2017

Russell Fulton

Party: Russell Fulton, Greg Jordan

The Lidar imagery for the Lune River area shows a doline-like feature at an altitude of about 310 metres, less than a kilometre north of Mystery Creek but located on Permian sediments. Given that the geological mapping is quite old and the best published map is at 1:250,000 scale we thought that the feature may be closer to, or even at the edge of, the Permian-Ordovician limestone contact. Google Earth imagery suggested our route would be in tall forest almost all the way from the parking spot on a spur of the South Lune forestry road, if we didn't stray too far onto the Permian.



Summers Creek karst feature.

Lidar imagery courtesy of the LIST

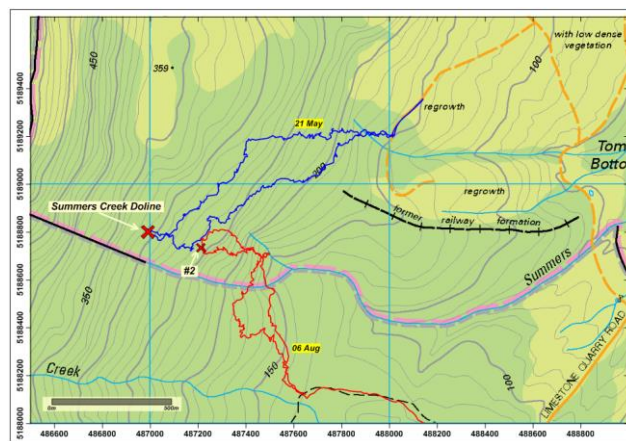
After a little bit of messiness scrambling away from the light at the roadside we found ourselves in relatively open, tall forest. It wasn't nice open forest with a mossy floor but rather it was a bit scungy with numerous fallen logs, the result of an old fire. The area had been logged in ye olden days and there were some impressive shoe-marked stumps as well as the remains of a large log tramway. The tramway is marked on the Leprena 1:25,000 map sheet but not where we crossed it, which was quite a bit further uphill. We climbed past the limit of logging but perhaps a bit too high as the slope flattened out and we were slowed by patchy horizontal and other scrubby species.

The drizzle intensified a bit so it became a progressively damper affair as well. We traversed around towards the south-west through tall forest with patchy scrub until we reached our goal.

The feature was indeed an impressive doline, about 50 metres across and maybe 15-20 metres deep. Sadly, it was filled with vegetation and there was no hole of any size nor was there any outcrop.

We returned to the vehicle a little lower down the hill, but still no outcrop. In fact, we saw no outcrop all day.

Inexplicably, we decided to return to the area in August to investigate a secondary potential karst feature which we missed on the May trip but this time accessing from the Mystery Creek track. The weather was better but the scrub worse. We quickly ended up in an unpleasant patch of horizontal and fallen logs which took a while to negotiate and then we picked our way through better tall forest to the secondary feature. Nothing of interest this time and, again, no outcrop to be seen. We probably won't go back.



Summers Creek trips (Background courtesy of Tasmap 1:25,000 Leprena sheet)

JF-268 Pooshooter

1 July 2017

Alan Jackson

Party: Alan Jackson, Michael Packer

It was a rather chilly start to the day and bags on the ute had a nice coating of ice in spots by the time we got to Chrisps Road. Following the previous trip's track-following epic we came prepared and invested a couple of hours fixing that situation. There was plenty of snow on the ground at the entrance and it was odd to clamber into the entrance and have your body interpret the draught as warm. I placed a single concrete screw at the entrance to replace the usual trace anchor to keep the rope further over and hence off the wall lower down. I also placed two screws at the top of the third pitch to eliminate use of the two naturals (the approach had a shitty rub). Andreas will be happier next time. The top of SOS is still a bit crappy but I left it as is to annoy Andreas. I installed a redirect off a natural on the last pitch to tidy it up a bit.

We spent 2-3 hours at the coalface and made good progress. Only a metre to go now. We emerged to the last light of the day and stomped back down the hill, not getting lost once!

Search for JF-459 Nameless Spring suspected master cave connector surface troglite trips

John Webb

Trip One: 9 July 2017

Party: Chris Sharples, John Webb

Having both failed to advertise this trip earlier, and to lure other cavers with the possibility of finding entrances to parts of the connector stream passages in a suspected “Settlement” Nameless Spring master cave between the spring and the various proven connector sinks, Chris and I set off on a very cool winter morning. Cool enough to have me skating on New Norfolk road ice outside Banjos. After a slow drive we were lucky enough to find the Florentine valley floor in full sun with the frost ice already melted from the forest. We wandered between possible leads in native forest silvicultural regrowth for a few hours following our map (STC archive) with features inspected offering a variety of non-target results including small caves mainly in soil and not worthy of tags (yet) (*they must be small, we tag almost anything these days-Ed*), large dolines and some previously tagged caves. A hand line was used on one potential feature as a safety precaution but as it turned out the fall wouldn’t likely have resulted in serious damage. After a quick stop back at the car we decided to look at some more western leads but at first some promising Lidar hill shade features offered nothing new. Then a quick jump on the spot, stick and foot dig in a smallish 5 m wide x 2 m deep doline on the way back to the car revealed an initially vertical shaft squeeze. I lost that longish stick in the emerging shaft and jumped less as a result. We assumed limited potential as a connector, with rocks dropped in (no pinecones handy in native forest) falling, rattling a while then thudding on sediment without a splash, and it had a modest breeze. The shaft needed SRT or a ladder and in my case more digging. We left the scrub for the car and headed for home at 3:30 pm with plans to return to the shaft when finishing possible connector lead surface inspections to the south another day.

Trip Two: 6 October 2017

Party: Peter McIntosh, Adrian Slee, John Webb

Having accepted an invitation to discuss the Settlement pine karst and fauna forest practices management issues on a planned FPA tour I accompanied the FPA Earthscience staff to the Florentine to select the discussion site. This done Adrian asked if Peter and I might help him briefly look for a cave he found but didn’t record when he was in the area a few years back. It turned out that we were soon back at the shaft as Peter announced he had found a vertical cave. I showed him on a nav. device that it was the same feature Chris and I intend to investigate. As happens we decided we should drop another rock in resulting in an unexpected big splash (sounds like a name). It turns out that roughly half the objects sent in produced a big splash.

Summary

Either we have a stream cave or another sump for the divers. Chris and I will try to get more lead advertising time in for the next trip on this feature and investigation of the southern potential connectors. Adrian’s lost cave wasn’t located on the day and may be in the southern area too.

JF-4 Khazad-Dum (KD):

Serpentine to dry top half exchange.

26 August 2017

Janine McKinnon

Alan had arranged to be a guide for some Victorian cavers coming down for their first trip caving to southern Tasmania. There were four of them, and a call went out for STC members interested in joining in.

We eventually ended up with a total party of ten, so an exchange trip in the top half of KD was decided upon. The new wet route was considered but with lots of water about and heavy rain forecast for Saturday afternoon we opted for a Serpentine/Dry Route swap over. I think this was a wise decision, as you will see.

The day got off to an interesting start, or maybe that is better described as a comedy of errors. First, after all meeting up in Maydena, everyone else (in three cars) drove off and left Abhijeet whilst he was parking the Victorian’s hire car. That was only discovered at the Juneee road gate when I checked the other cars for him (having become suspicious), so Ric and I drove back to town to get him. This was convenient as we were also able to get the key to the gate from the local that John Webb had arranged 5 minutes earlier, after Alan called him when he discovered that the key he had brought was the old one, not the recent replacement (confused yet?).

The day was really starting well. At least it wasn’t raining (as forecast). Ric and I (and Abhijeet) drove off up the KD road whilst the others got sorted at the gate (with the new key), but we quickly got stopped before the 341 track start by a small tree over the road. Good thing Alan always has the chainsaw with him.

Eventually, we were all safely parked in the usual spot.



Anna in charge of the paperwork. Photo: Alan Jackson

Then gear and groups were sorted. After a little personal shuffling around it was found the Victorians were all together with Ric. Interesting.

The only rules had been that Ric and I were in different parties and Alan and Anna would be together. It was thought by us locals, however, that this group mix wasn't a great idea, so after some reshuffling Rowan joined the STC party and Chris went with Ric. In hindsight, this wasn't the best plan either, probably. We should have put two of the Victorians in each group. To enhance speed.

After this slow start (which was also delayed by sorting gear for each group) we finally got underground around 11 am. The plan was for Alan (and Anna) to go with Ric's lot to the traverse at the bottom of pitch one on the normal route so Alan could put in a traverse line across using concrete screws. Then they would come around to the Serpentine Route to join us.

Party A: Serena Benjamin, Rowan Bulpit (VSA), Alan Jackson, Anna Jackson, Janine McKinnon

This is what transpired and we were just finishing rigging the first pitch when Alan and Anna arrived.



Anna in The Serpentine. Photo: Alan Jackson

Alan has never done the Serpentine Route and I was last there 6 months ago but hadn't been there otherwise for many years. I was being polite (by omission) in my last trip report (SS 421) about the rigging in there. This is a Jeff Butt P-hanger rigged route, meaning that minimal artificial anchors were put in. Naturals are fine IF they are good ones and in appropriate places, this is rarely the case on this route. The reason I mention this is that rigging off the naturals along the rest of the way down the cave proved less than ideal, and listening to Alan becoming more and more frustrated and irate as we progressed was very entertaining. I did share his frustration but no way was I letting him know that.

If you read the last trip report you will also see that I couldn't reach the P hanger Jeff installed as a rebelay on this first pitch, so Serena was called on to put it in this time. She managed, just, with lots of stretching and minor gymnastics, and she is 178 cm tall (vs my 160 cm).

Anyway, progress down the cave was uneventful (apart from hissy fits over rigging) but very slow. When we got to the junction with the KD stream we found the other party. We had expected that they would have been waiting for ages as they had the straightforward, fast route down the P hangers. Apparently not. They had only been there 20 minutes or so. I found this a bit odd, but not to worry, we passed each other and headed up.

Anna and Alan headed straight out and Rowan stayed within earshot of Serena and me until the top of the 70 Footer, then he joined Alan for the rest of the exit. Serena and I de-rigged from the top of the 70 Footer. All went smoothly, apart from my faffing at the climb at the bottom of the corkscrew. I must be getting old, I do it worse each time.

The others from our party were gone when we got out but Ric's party had not exited yet, as evidenced by their packs still at the entrance. Serena and I walked back to the cars in the drizzle and got back at 5:30 pm, in time to change clothes and get into the cars before the rain started soon after. We all then proceeded to wait for party #2...

For two and a half hours.

I have no idea what they were doing as their exit should have been quick; just de-rigging our slow rigging. Anyway they arrived at 7:56 pm. I remember the time precisely because we had decided that we would have to go back to the cave at some time to check and at 7 pm we decided that 8 pm was the deadline to get out of the car and start putting our soaking wet kit back on, in the constant freezing rain, and walk back, in the freezing rain, to go down the cave to find them.

Saved by 4 minutes.

They had had a minor "rescue" when one person forgot to disconnect his Pantin after a rebelay, but otherwise the time difference was just the speed that the Victorians moved at. We hadn't allowed sufficiently for that.

We were all staying at the Giant's Table for Saturday night so the drive back didn't take long, and a nice dinner was waiting for us there. So all was good.



Yet more Anna in The Serpentine. This is what happens when dad has the only camera.

Justifiably proud dad.

Photo: Alan Jackson

Party B: (VSA) Abhijeet Anand, Liz McCutcheon, Daniel Mitchell, (STC) Chris Sharples, Ric Tunney

Ric Tunney

Our half of the trip was to rig down the Dry Route to the Streamway, exchange with the other team and to ascend and derig the Serpentine Route.

Alan and Anna came as far as Pitch 2 to rig the traverse instead of the pitch. Alan had brought a drill along to clean out a drill hole, but he hadn't charged the battery which was flat. Nonetheless he managed to screw the bolts in. Despite my attempts to keep this pitch unbolted by asking for a bolted traverse line (and having people disagree), there are boltholes and a traverse line is often installed.

As I thought we had lots of time, I asked our mainland visitors to rig. This was a bit of a mistake as it actually took lots and lots of time. Tying knots can be difficult and getting the loading correct can be time consuming. So, after some four hours we made it to the Streamway.

I expected the other team to be standing, shivering at the bottom but, surprisingly, they weren't there. So we went down to the start of the Serpentine Route to have lunch where it was warmer and quieter. After about twenty minutes the others arrived, cursing about the rigging.

The parties crossed and we headed up. I thought we had lots of time. However, I had made some comments about keeping moving, loading a pack and moving out independently, being ready to prusik when the call came and other simple time-saving behaviour. This turned out to be of no avail. At the top of the bottom pitch we put the rope in a pack and I told the owner to move out of the cave. For the rest of the trip he was near the back. At each pitch we gathered, prusiked up, gathered and chatted, watched the derig and chatted and then moved on as a group. This was taking lots and lots of time, but not to worry, the other party had a 10 year old with them and would be slow, so we could afford to amble.

Along the way, we had a conversation about passing the croll before the top ascender at a rebelay. The mainlanders had been doing the opposite and had been experiencing lots of trouble.

The incident

The rebelay on the top pitch of the Serpentine Route is about 3 m off the fall line. So, it's quite offset but is not really difficult.

I watched one of the party pass the rebelay, but leave one foot behind. He ended up with his croll at the bottom of the rebelay loop with one foot level with his waist. "That's an interesting position," I commented. "I forgot to take off my pantin when I reached the rebelay and now it's jammed," he said. I wondered why he hadn't noticed that when he started moving up the rope above the rebelay and why he had gone so far before he did something. With a jammed croll he could not go back to the rebelay and with his foot jammed he could not go up. I prusiked up and untied the pantin.

It was taking lots and lots and lots of time, so we chatted.

From the top pitch we slowly moved out. The other team's packs were gone. We got back to the cars more than two hours after them. Our route was much easier with shorter pitches. My dreams of a leisurely evening of showering and drinking were dashed. But I never felt rushed and only looked at my watch at lunch and near the exit. I felt quite relaxed. (*Maybe you should have been just a little less laid back – Ed*)

Musings on the incident

- The caver is lucky he wasn't last with no one behind him to prusik up.
- We could have rigged another rope and someone could have abseiled to him.
- If it had been the bottom pitch with no spare rope in the party, someone would have had to down prusik and free him. This would take some time and the caver would be quite uncomfortable.
- Inexperienced people should not use more than basic prusik gear. The caver claims to be experienced, but had also been passing rebelays with his top ascender before his croll.
- As a thought experiment, think about what you would do if you'd been so silly.

JF-229 Welcome Stranger – VSA Warm down trip

27 August 2017

Alan Jackson

Party: Abhijeet Anand, Rowan Bulpit, Alan Jackson, Liz McCutcheon, Dan Mitchell

Snow and ice everywhere on Sunday morning in Maydena. Brrr. The mood was tested and the initial bravado subsided and the plan changed from something vertical to something easier (all mainlanders are the same). Eventually we settled on an attempt on Growling and if it proved to be too wet we'd lame it up in Welcome Stranger. Figuring Anna wasn't up to a freezing cold near-drowning in Growling I sent her home on the McTunney express to her mother.



Alan Jackson @ Growling Swallet entrance

Photo by Liz McCutcheon

Very pretty snow in the trees at Growling but it was all starting to melt and the first obstacle in the streamway was looking pretty marginal (the 'depth gauge rock' had three inches of water going over it). We retired to Welcome Stranger and had a delightful soft trip. Trip highlight for me was watching a white aquatic amphipod foraging in the rim pools of some active flowstone.

Welcome Stranger

Photo: Liz McCutcheon



MC-1 Kubla Khan

23 September 2017

Janine McKinnon

Party: Ben Armstrong, Gabriel Kinzler, Janine McKinnon, Nat Pausin, Chris Sharples, Ric Tunney

It had obviously been raining a lot at Mole Creek. The creeks were in flood and the place was waterlogged. This was Friday afternoon. It rained all Friday night and was still raining Saturday morning. It was meant to keep raining all day. With the expectation the River Alph would be in flood, or possibly sumped at Cairn Hall, we decided on a leisurely bounce trip to The Khan, rather than a rushed trip because we would be expecting to have to retrace our steps from Cairn Hall back to the top entrance.

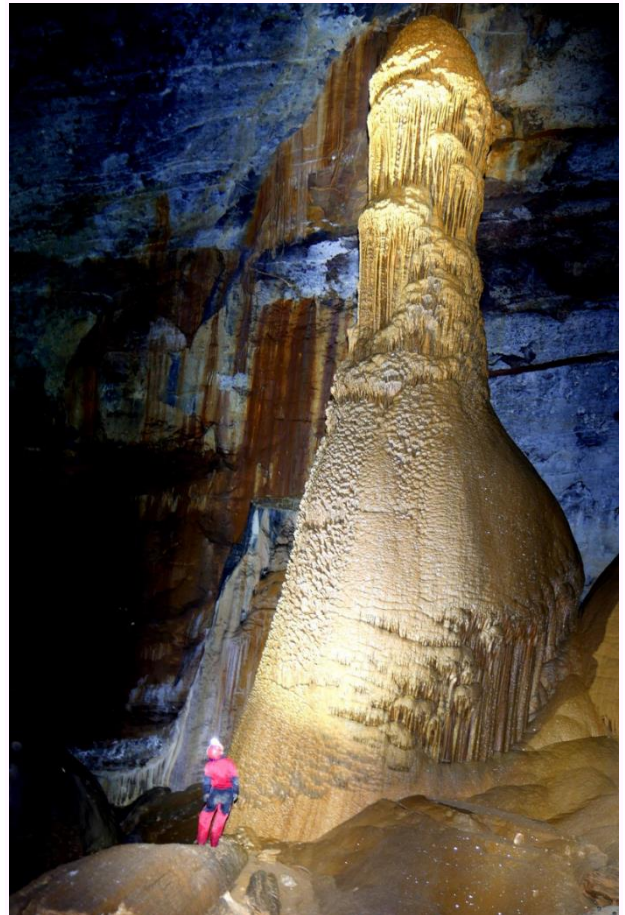
The Silk Shop-with water



Photo: Chris Sharples

None of Gabriel, Nat or Ben had been in the cave before, so time to really meander through the top sections was a positive consequence of the trip plan, thus we took our time taking photos and enjoying the cave. The entrance area was as wet as I have seen it, with all the pools full, water running down the flowstone and lots of dripping from the ceiling. This continued all the way through the cave. There were leaks in the roof I have never seen before.

We took the tour around the Khan chamber on the new lined route. This is nicely done and allows cavers to see the decorations in the back of the chamber without risking adding damage to the cave. It also gives a great perspective on the size of the chamber, and the Khan and Begum formations.



The Khan. What can you say? It's big.

Photo: Gabriel Kinzler

We pretty much headed straight out of the cave from the Khan chamber, locking the gate around 4 pm after a 7 hour trip.

MC-120 Marakoopa Cave (I & II)

24 September 2017

Janine McKinnon

Party: Gabriel Kinzler, Janine McKinnon, Chris Sharples, Ric Tunney

It rained all Saturday night. Luckily it stopped just before we left the hut to spend what we expected to be a pleasant hour or two wandering up the streamway and back across country via Devils Pot, to show Gabriel the dolines.

Long Creek was up but luckily it doesn't have as big a catchment area as Short Creek, so it was only splashy, as opposed to Short Creek's high flow. We didn't get wet above our gummies, although it was a close thing in a couple of the deeper pools. The fossils were as good as ever and all the flowstone had water running down it from leaks in the roof, so it all looked very active and pretty.

The walk across country was uneventful, and more importantly dry. It started raining just as we got back to Mayberry hut for lunch.

MC-13 Croesus Cave

24 September 2017

Janine McKinnon

Party: Gabriel Kinzler, Janine McKinnon, Chris Sharples, Ric Tunney

The plan for the afternoon, before Chris and Gabriel drove back to Hobart, was Croesus. Well, it was a plan, then it wasn't, then it was to just look at the entrance, then it was on again, then maybe not. The vacillations coincided with the rain showers. Finally we all decided to walk to the entrance to see what the heavy flow in the Mersey River nearby meant for access through the entrance to the cave. It was pouring, Ric had already piked, Chris was teetering on the brink, Janine's enthusiasm stopped short of going in with just one other, so no-one was prepared to change into trog gear in the pouring rain for the walk to the entrance. Thus we went in gummies and raincoats.

The water level was up at the entrance but it wasn't impassable. We stood around and ummed and ahed and Ric finally said he would go caving. This was a surprise, but now there were three and the trip was on. Chris obviously didn't want to stay behind so all four of us actually went in. We all got wet to the neck crawling in the entrance and through the pool. After that the water levels were only about 3 cms above the rims of the pools. The whole cave was leaking through the roof and all the flowstone had water running down it. It looked beautiful. The Golden Stairs were running the strongest I've ever seen.



Random old photos in Croesus (just 'cause they're pretty)

Photos: Hills Speleological Society members



We didn't do any photography (well, Chris took a couple of quickies) so the trip only took two hours. It was still pouring when we got out however the water level at the entrance wasn't any higher. It appears that this cave is passable except in unusually serious flooding events.



Note: As a side comment. When Ric and Janine stopped by Parks headquarters at Deloraine on Friday afternoon to pick up the keys for the weekend's caves they arrived just in time to meet the new karst officer. His name is Chris McMonagle. He is fresh down to Tassie from Shark Bay in Western Australia.

On behalf of STC, I wish him an easy transition to Tasmania and look forward to a long and comfortable working relationship with him-Ed.

JF-341

30 September and 1 October 2017

Alan Jackson

Party: David Bardi, Alan Jackson, David Rueda-Roca, Sandy Varin

Some miscommunication led to me finding out I was guiding the VSA keen bunch through Ice Tube a few days before the trip. Water levels scotched that so I threw them at 341 instead. I've never seen so much water in the cave – everything was gushing (really gushing). I banged in a redirect and a temporary concrete screw rebelay on the last pitch to make the exit faster (and a lot drier). We looked at the 'SCS Extension', showed them the access point for Enterprise Streamway and beyond, then toddled 'Into the Dinosaur' for a squiz at the Milky Way and the Dinosaurs Mouth – i.e. the typical tourist route. The cave was left rigged for a return the next day. Dave, Dave and Sandy did just that, making it almost all the way to Enterprise Streamway before striking navigational problems and then enacting 'shit, we need to catch a plane' procedures.

Almost JF-387 Porcupine Pot but actually JF-36 Growling Swallet

1 October 2017

Alan Jackson

Party: Serena Benjamin, Patrick Eberhard, Alan Jackson, Andreas Klocker, Fraser Johnston, Petr Smejkal

It was attempt 37 at diving the upstream sump. It was never going to happen.

To my surprise we actually left Hobart and made it (almost) to the end of the Nine Road spur (tree down). The general JF water level horror stories I'd recounted from the previous day's trip in Hobart had been reinforced by seeing is believing on the drive up. The dive trip was canned and a survey trip the dry side of the wet crawl was mooted. Fraser and I gladly pointed out that we weren't needed for that (I really didn't want to be there) and we would head home, but the other four quickly realised that meant one of them would have to do book so they started squirming too – I don't understand this phobia of bookwork. Retards.

We tried killing the fallen tree to pass the time but that only resulted in jamming the bar. Andreas then suggested we check out Growling in the high water and Fraser could get some good footage. All were in agreeance. Growling was the second-wettest I've seen it, but it was low enough to be able to cross the creek above the entrance (so a long way short of the wettest I've seen). Gauge rock had a standing wave on it. Fraser did some filming while Serena and Petr went prodding about the 'other' entrance (the smaller hole on the western bank which takes water at higher levels). Suddenly Petr appeared below gauge rock

in a manoeuvre generally considered impossible. We all scrambled over to see if we could find where he went. Climbing down the corner between a massive fallen block and a wall we popped through a small hole then out near gauge rock. Yippee! The bypass to the main wet passage (via the narrow slot with slippery logs in it) was a torrent but it was passable by bridging over the top. The Dry Bypass proper was lovely and dry (and quiet) until the bottom climb, which had about 15 fire hydrants' worth jetting out of the crack on the ledge half way down. We turned around here. A return in similar conditions with a bit of gear to negotiate the wetter bits seems like a bloody fun way to pass a day in the future.

Next stop was lunch at the Possum Shed to bring a fitting end to a pretty pathetic day of caving.

JF-14 Dwarrowdelf

18 October 2017

Ben Armstrong

Party: Ben Armstrong, Gabriel Kinzler, Pat Kirkby

Having endured Alan's scrutiny at Fruehauf, newbie Pat was keen to get underground and more than happy to be "dropped in the deep end". Dwarrowdelf was selected as an appropriate Advanced Beginners trip and a good opportunity for me to improve my rigging skills. No-one in the group had visited it before.

We left Hobart at a leisurely 8:30 am and arrived at the carpark with minimal stuffing around. Due to the already soaring temperatures and my aversion to anything above about 15°C, I opted for the "Trog Superhero" look for the approach (shirtless with stripy pink and blue leggings, gumboots and a fetching trog suit cape) while the others stuck with more conservative attire.

Despite a map, GPS location, detailed written description and presence of two professional bushwalking guides, we managed to miss the glaringly obvious Dwarrowdelf turnoff and stumbled about in the bush for a while before correcting ourselves.

The descent of the cave went smoothly, apart from a minor diversion down the wrong hole at the bottom of pitch 2 (*you're not the first to do that-Ed*) and some confusion generated by the random piton on pitch 3. We had a brief lunch at the bottom of the final pitch then had a look at the quoll skeleton and the waterfall chamber. Pat went up the monster pitch first, compensating for his lack of SRT proficiency with fitness to make remarkably good time up the 67m freehang. I went last and derigged, strategically dumping the 100 m of 10 mm rope in Gabriel's pack. The bottom few pitches were considerably drippy, which was not so nice on the way down, but made the ascent a pleasantly cool experience. We got through the rest of the pitches with a reasonable degree of efficiency and emerged at 6 pm as the temperature was starting to come down, a shade over 6 hours after entering the cave.

JF-268 Pooshooter – Mining for truth and delusion

21 October 2017

Alan Jackson

Party: David Bardi, Serena Benjamin, Alan Jackson, Gabriel Kinzler, David Rueda-Roca, Sandy Varin

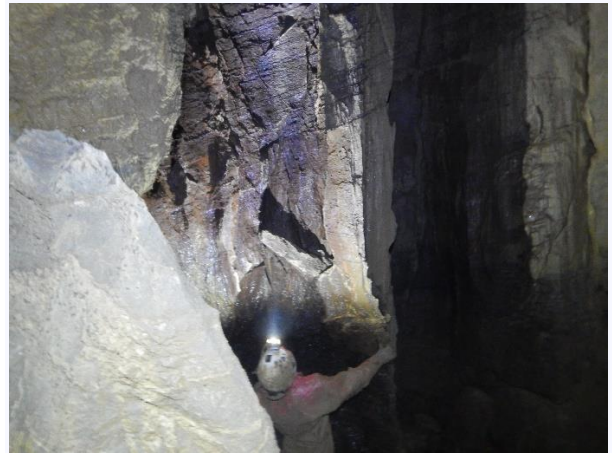
Act three in the mining effort saw a few extra actors tag along for the love of caving. Serena and I bombed in to the coal face and got to work. Gabriel joined us briefly to see what all the fuss was about then joined the other three who had come along for a general look about. They had intended touring to the old deepest point but I suggested they should also have a look down the alternative pitch off Long John Silver as I didn't think it had been looked at terribly well back in 2004.



Serena in dig.

Photo: Alan Jackson

The digging went well and the pitch head is now open (open enough to make me nervous and tie a rope around my middle). It's a magnificent shaft; circular, about 5 m diameter, a four second straight drop with another pitch after it and a healthy draught. Excitement levels are high for the next trip.



Now how do we get up there?

Photo: David Rueda-Roca

By the time Serena and I commuted past Long John Silver the others were on their way out too (in fact Gabriel had already left with a Sandy-induced banged up knee – Pooshooter is still pretty loose). They'd spent the whole time down the alternative route and had dug out some rocks and broken into a new small chamber with an aven and possible horizontal continuation part way up the aven (or something like that). Something to look at if/when the new pitch craps out.

Fun and games to come.

(On the following day D, D and S bottomed Owl Pot)

Mt Cripps Karst Visit

26-29 October 2017

Alan Jackson

Party: Alan Jackson, Anna Jackson, Janine McKinnon, Chris Sharples, Ric Tunney, John Webb (STC); Lyndsey Gray and Paul Darby (SRCC); plus brief cameos from Pat & Tony Culberg, their Polish friend Andrew, and Graeme, Jeanette and Claire Jackson.

Lyndsey and Paul of Savage River Caving Club had been inviting STC to visit their little patch of paradise at Mt Cripps for years. I figured I was now old and lame enough to appreciate the area with only minimum loss to my street cred.

It's a long way from Hobart to Mt Cripps (~4 hours behind the wheel. *Longer in the white slug-Ed*). People made their way over the course of Thursday. Campers and tents went up while Anna and I invaded Th'ut. Th'ut is a fabulous little hideaway with all the mod-cons and

exactly what STC needs tucked away in the JF somewhere. Very jealous. The rest of Thursday was spent talking about all things (caves, trees, ferns, politics, religion ... you name it).



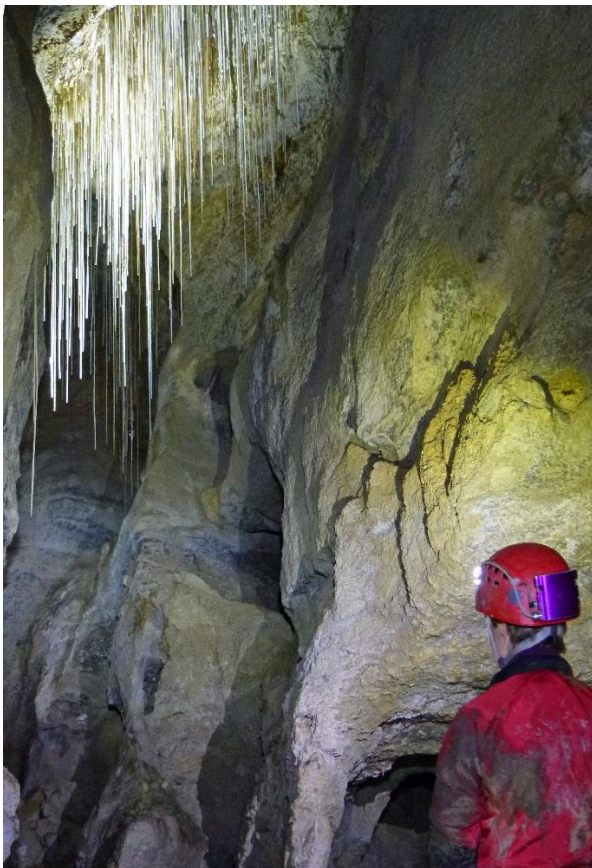
Th'ut-so civilised.

Photo: Alan Jackson

On Friday the weather was fine and sunny so we headed for a long walk to the southern part of the karst area, traversing a mosaic of fabulous callidendrous rainforest and recently burnt mixed forest. There was a lot of up and down, left and right and ‘fallen log hiding in ground ferns’ hopping. I’d been assigned the job of documenting ferns for Lyndsey, a task I enthusiastically embraced. At CP-100 Priceless Pot we trogged up for a brief sojourn underground. It was a cave. On our way back we diverted to a few known but unexplored entrances to get them recorded in the GPS and properly documented. Paul was suffering bad cramps in his thighs (poor old fella) so we abandoned the original plan of surveying these other caves. It was a reasonably long day out in sometimes difficult terrain and we were all pleased to get back to Th’ut and back into the talking.

Lyndsey had stayed at Th’ut all day and reported the Culbergs and friend had been and gone. My parents and sister popped by for afternoon nibbles and dinner before returning home to Devonport just before dark. All very social.

On Saturday, after a little overnight rain, we left Lyndsey again and headed east to CP-37 Philrod Cave (the longest cave in the area at about 650 m).



Straws in Philrod Pot.

Photo: Chris Sharples

On the way we detoured to see ‘the big tree’ – a massive stringy bark with an impressive basal buttress. The buttress easily had two dozen species of other plants growing on it and was an ecosystem in its own right (there were eight fern species alone). The *Eucalyptus obliqua* and *E. nitida* in the ~450 year-old forest were simply stunning – utterly massive trees. Philrod Cave was very

pleasant with a 4.5 m long straw.

The walk back traversed more amazing forest and passed various known cave entrances – one even had a ~40 m pitch! John and Chris departed around 3 pm while the rest of us settled in for a solid afternoon and evening of (more) gossip and games.

Sunday saw a relaxed breakfast and departure around the 9 am mark for the long drive home.



Synchronised banana eating-Janine fails the orientation test.

Photo: Chris Sharples

All in all it was a delightful weekend. It was as soft and lame as anticipated but I’d go back in a heartbeat to be in that forest (*me too-Ed*). I have unfinished fern business now and hope to get back early next year for another instalment. 27 species had been previously recorded from the area (by Jim McLeod and Sue Grey) and I found 25 species (there are only a little over 100 in the state) in two short days. Eight of those were new records for the site, so if the other ten can be confirmed then that’ll make for an impressive number of pteridophytes in one small area.



Anna giving scale to “the big tree”.

Photo: Chris Sharples

A massive thank you to Lyndsey and Paul for letting us in. We’ll be back.

Bits and Pieces in the Serendipity Area

5 November 2017

Alan Jackson

Party: Alan Jackson, Anna Jackson, Gabriel Kinzler, Nat Pausin

A day of mixed objectives arranged around teaching newbies to rig real caves. Job one was a quick trip up the Nine Road to retrieve the chainsaw bar I'd left firmly wedged in a fallen wattle tree a few weeks previously. We then relocated to the F8 East Road and waddled in to the Serendipity valley. McCallums track was in surprisingly good condition. (*That's because Ric and I cleared it a few months back-Ed*) The Serendipity valley track was a little worse for wear but not as ordinary as I'd thought it would be. It was interesting to see the Serendipity water had abandoned its route to JF346 as well as the streambed sinking point it carved for itself circa 2005 (?) and was pouring back into the JF344 entrance again (where it was sinking the first time I ever visited but wasn't when it was first discovered and explored). We made note that Gavin needed to come and do some maintenance on his infrastructure and moved on.

We toured past JF382 and I reminisced about all the good times had in there. Next we contoured east toward JF373 Punishment Pot. On the way we stumbled across a small untagged entrance which aroused vague memories in my head. I convinced Gabriel to trog up (he gets unwell if you don't find an outlet for all that enthusiasm periodically). Gravity assisted down the mud slope entrance and he had no problems progressing (coming out again was a little more protracted). A few metres in, out of sight, he reported a small chamber to a narrow fissure. Probably worth a tag if only to prevent some other poor sod from thinking it's new and worth squeezing in to.

There was a pink tape in a tree a few metres east of the entrance and I realised this must have been part of the surface survey Serena and I ran in the area in December 2007 (Jackson 2007). The trip report doesn't shed any detail on the hole but the survey notes in the archive do. At station 53 appears 'caves?' and that station is in the right spot, ~25 m east of JF381. A tagging job for the future.

Next I got a little geographically embarrassed based on the incorrect assumption that Punishment Pot is east of where the Serendipity stream crosses the contact. We found it eventually. I figured the blind shaft (JF374) immediately west of Punishment Pot was as good a rigging practice spot as any and I'd never been down it before to double check it was blind. Gabriel rigged, Nat and Anna popped down for a look-see and I went half way down to nit-pick Gabriel's rigging some more. Half way down a fissure leading to a chamber could be swung into so I investigated that (just a roomy boulder-strewn chamber with some narrow cracks to daylight and lots of crickets).

JF380 was the next target. I wanted to follow up on

Gavin's 2012 assessment of the dig (Hosking 2012). The pitch was pretty gnarly and a good test for Nat's turn at the rigging. The bottom half of the pitch was very unpleasantly wet. Gavin had told me the squeeze was only just too tight and the dig would be easy but he couldn't see round the corner to see if it was worth the effort and that it needed a camera on a stick. I had come doubly prepared with both a camera on a stick and an 11-year-old. The seriously unpleasant lower part of the pitch caused me to postpone the 11-year-old part of the plan – she would have been in no fit state to poke into a squeeze after suffering that pitch. Nat departed while I continued down. As always, Gavin's assessment was spot on. I could physically fit through the squeeze but couldn't get my legs to bend the wrong way round the corner after the squeeze. I tried posting my legs straight on (and up) instead into another opening but only succeeded in getting upside down, very uncomfortable and at high risk of requiring rescue. Anna would have fallen through it with ease. I pulled out the camera on a stick and poked it round the corner hoping it was filming the right bit.

Subsequent viewing of the footage shows several metres of continuing passage which isn't wide open running passage but isn't terrible either. It's hard to judge the width without a reference object in view with GoPro wide angle lenses but I'd say it was about 30 cm wide for the best part. Not a screaming high priority but certainly not thrown on the scrap heap either (*you need an older, more experienced, short, small, person then-Ed*).

Nat and Gabriel were still keen to practice so we fossicked about for our next targets. Nat was assigned to JF356 Gunge Pot and Gabriel to JF354. Not surprisingly no one joined Nat at the bottom of Gunge Pot. JF354 is a superb spacious 25 m shaft though so Anna and I bopped it for fun. It was around 5:30 pm by the time we finished all this so we made a move for the car. While traversing the southern slopes of the gully, between JF436 and JF382 I nearly stepped in a 3 m deep, 1 metre diameter shaft. No draught and clearly no enthusiasm from Gabriel and Nat though. Anna still had her trog suit on though (mine was all packed away) so we tied a rope to Anna and lowered her in. At the base of the drop the passage trended south-east down a gentle slope a few metres then reportedly narrowed of into ~15 cm wide passage. Anna managed to climb back out (on belay) and began agonising over what she might name the 'cave'. After a few false starts I persuaded the GPS to fire up and got a fix on the entrance (entered as 'Anna'). So, two little shit holes to come back to and tag in the area. Thankfully nothing else was found on the rest of the walk out.

Hopefully Nat and Gabriel learned something about rigging with each of them trying the lazy 'just whack in some bolts' and the 'get creative with dubious naturals' approaches.

Hosking, K. 2012 Day Trippers in the Hollow Hills (JF-436, JF-354 & JF-380). *Speleo Spiel* 389:13-14

Jackson, A. 2007 JF-381 and a spot of surface surveying. *Speleo Spiel* 363:16

Other Exciting Stuff

STC rope testing for 2017

3 September 2017

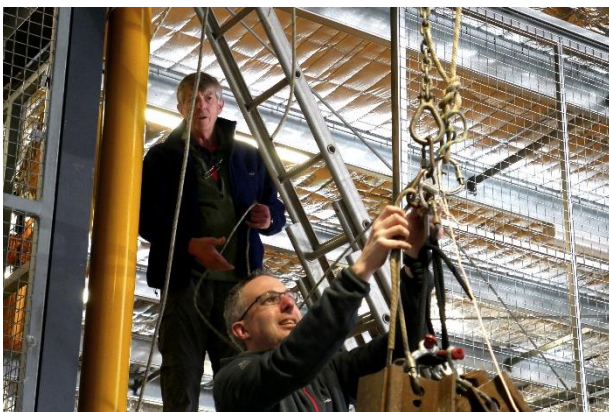
Note: We have two versions of this event. The truth is in there somewhere-probably closer to Alan's account, due to his notoriously good memory-Ed

Janine McKinnon – **Perspective A**

It was time again to see how the club ropes were holding up to wear and tear, and the ravages of time. Alan liaised with Geoff and Damian to get this show organised. Everyone was assembled by a little after 9 am in the large shed that Tasmania Police Search and Rescue (Taspol SAR) share with marine police and assorted other police. The shed is a couple of stories high so there is ample room to organise the drop test, and the roof supports are very sturdy steel beams, so they are suitable for the forces involved in the drop test of the ropes.

The club has used various venues, and methods, for doing these tests in the past but the basic principle remains the same: to drop a 70-80 kg weight from a height of 2 m attached to a 2 m length of the rope being tested. This simulates a fall factor 1. The drop is done a minimum of three times (we did four), assuming the rope doesn't snap before the third one is completed. If the rope survives the three falls it is deemed still very safe to use. If it fails on the third (as did the N rope) then we decide if we keep using it but with knowledge that its days are numbered, metaphorically speaking.

Each roll of rope has one sacrificial piece tested. If it fails (by breaking) then all the rope on that roll is thrown away. Of course ropes cut from a roll have different amounts of use over their life but it is too hard to test a piece of each rope, so this is considered a reasonable compromise.



The Set up

Photo: Gabriel Kinzler

Testing all the ropes took until late morning. We did do a piece of tubular tape too, for interest, and you will all be pleased to know that it snapped on the first drop. Nice to know we put our lives in the hands of these tapes. Also interesting was the very old piece of nylon rope that Tony brought along. At least 40 years old was his age estimate.

It survived four drops. The same could not be said for the two old carabiners that Alan found in a cave somewhere. The weakest broke on the first drop, although it must be said in their defence that they both held up under the static weight of the load.

Fun was had by all and useful work done too.

Gabriel took many photos, mostly of unsuspecting subjects. We all now know what it feels like to have paparazzi indiscriminately snapping away at you in public.

A big thank you to Damian and Josh for providing the venue, and helping with the testing. Also to Alan and Geoff for doing the lion's share of the organising and work on the day.

Test results in Alan's version, below.

A selection of Gabriel's happy snaps also on the following page, below.

Video here: <https://youtu.be/Q1Uviz4IFjQ>

Alan Jackson- **Perspective B**

It'd been a while since we last did this and some of the club's 9 mm was making me nervous. We can all relax a bit now.

Results are tabulated below.

Rope	Drop 1	Drop 2	Drop 3	Drop 4
B75A – 10.5 mm	✓	✓	✓	✓
G1 – 9 mm	✓	✓	✓	✓
X1 – 9 mm	✓	✓	✓	FAIL
K7 – 9.5 mm	✓	✓	✓	FAIL
N2 – 9.5 mm	✓	✓	FAIL	-
F4 – 9 mm	✓	✓	FAIL	-
Tape – 25 mm	FAIL	-	-	-
Culberg – 9 mm	✓	FAIL	-	-
R&J – 9.5 mm	✓	✓	✓	✓
Culberg – BS No. 4	✓	✓	✓	✓

We started with 'B75A', which is some ancient 10.5 mm that was a member of the club before I was (i.e. it's

pushing 20 years old) and is getting hard to tie knots in. It was more about checking the test rig was set up far enough above the ground and in good working order. Unsurprisingly it lasted four FF1 drops with ease. We didn't test any of the other 10.5 or 11 mm rope as history shows us it just doesn't break.

The brand new Tendon 9 mm 'speleo' rope ('G' prefix) didn't break after four drops.

The 'X' rope broke on the fourth drop. This is 9 mm rope (of unknown brand) Trevor Wailes donated to the club a few years ago which he'd bought many years earlier for a Vietnam expedition. One tends to be suspicious when Trevor is generous with anything other than snide remarks so I've had some nagging doubts about this rope until this point. Failure on the fourth is a good result. I still don't trust Trevor though.

The 'K' rope is 9.5 mm Bluewater II purchased around 2007-2008. It failed on the fourth drop too. All good.

The 'N' rope is 9.5 mm Bluewater II purchased in 2009. It failed on the third drop. This rope has never been 'nice'. It creaks and squeaks under load and chatters through your descender. At the last rope testing it also failed on the third drop. I think this is just a dud batch of rope (but not so dud that it's dangerous). Failing on the third drop is ok and at least it hasn't got any worse.

The 'F' rope is Tendon 9 mm (standard, not the 'speleo' variant) purchased in early 2014. It failed on the third drop, which surprised me a little, but again, all good.

Ric and Janine brought some private 9.5 mm Bluewater II, purchased in March 2013 (not cut for 1 year) and it survived four drops. It doesn't get as much use as the club ropes.

Tony Culberg supplied two ropes. One was a 9 mm kern-mantle construction rope about 40 years old (when KM rope technology was new and exciting). It failed on the second drop. If Tony sells you some 9 mm rope in the future you'd be advised to only use it for securing loads on your trailer. Tony also supplied some 40-year-old 'No. 4' nylon climbing rope. It was a triple twist rope the hard men of yesteryear used to wrap around their testicles and natural abseil on. It was a good 12-13 mm diameter. It survived four drops and was still quite dynamic. It then survived another drop while testing some rotten crabs later on (see later).

All rope failures were in the knot at the usual spot.

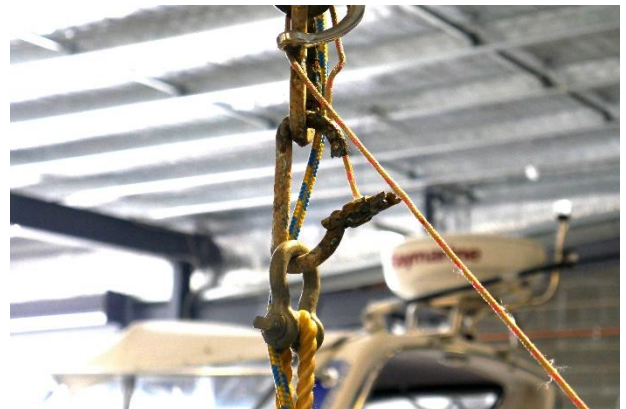
I also threw a bit of 25 mm tubular rigging tape in just to scare people. It was cut from a length I'd scavenged from the old natural anchors in Kubla Khan during the second round of bolting and chain installation Rolan and I did in 2014. It was in fair condition. It failed on the first drop, mid 'rope' (i.e. not in the tape knot at one end). The lesson: rigging tape isn't very strong and particularly dislikes shock loads.

For further entertainment I produced two rotten alloy carabiners I'd found a few years ago in some cave (I forget where). They looked awful with deep pitting and pretty colours all over. Nobody expected them to hold a static 80 kg load, let alone a FF1. The No 4 nylon rope

was still on the rig when we added in the two carabiners (they were joined when I found them and the screw gates weren't terribly operational so they had to stay combined). First they held 80 kg, to everyone's surprise, then I did a few 'reverse back then drive forward quickly to slightly shock load the system – still no problem. So we pulled the weight right up and gave it the full FF1 treatment with everyone hiding at a safe distance for fear of shrapnel. All that happened was the hinge end of one of the gates blew out and the gate burst open to right angles ('hinged' at the wrong end) but otherwise it held. Amazing. We were going to do a second drop but the coppers got nervous about all the expensive Police boats in close proximity and pulled the pin. Fun police. So, like cavers, old crabs don't die, they just get a bit crusty-looking.

Considering the F and N rope results (third drop failures), we should conduct another round of testing in 12 months' time to make sure they don't slip into 'second drop failures' without us noticing. By then all of Andreas's 9.5 mm should be out of Niggly and Porcupine and we can see what serious rope torture does to the results.

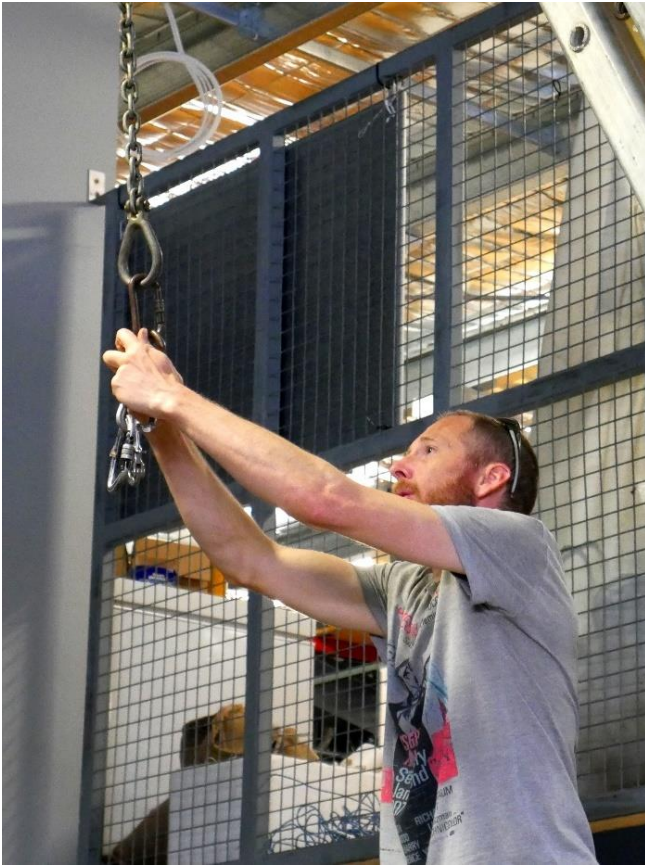
Thanks very much to Damian Bidgood and Josh Peach for allowing us to use the Police building for setting up the test rig again and to everyone who turned up to assist. Many hands make light work.



Those crabs obviously have lots of life left in them

Photos: Gabriel Kinzler





All photos by Gabriel Kinzler

Assorted action shots (above and right)

Some are more in action than others

Here's an interesting article for the more imaginative, science focussed and/or Science Fiction fans amongst you. What a pity none of us will be around by the time that caving is an inter-planetary sport. The discoveries that must be waiting to be made..

Thanks to Greg Middleton for spotting this and submitting it for publishing.- Ed

Discovery of 50km cave raises hopes for human colonisation of moon

The Guardian Friday 20 October 2017

Scientists have fantasised for centuries about humans colonising the moon. That day may have drawn a little closer after Japan's space agency said it had discovered an enormous cave beneath the lunar surface that could be turned into an exploration base for astronauts.

The discovery, by Japan's Selenological and Engineering Explorer (Selene) probe, comes as several countries vie to follow the US in sending manned missions to the moon.

Using a radar sounder system that can examine underground structures, the orbiter initially found an opening 50 metres wide and 50 metres deep, prompting speculation that there could be a larger hollow.

This week scientists at the Japan Aerospace Exploration Agency (Jaxa) confirmed the presence of a cave after examining the hole using radio waves.

The chasm, 50 km long and 100 metres wide, appears to be structurally sound and its rocks may contain ice or water deposits that could be turned into fuel, according to data sent back by the orbiter, nicknamed Kaguya after the moon princess in a Japanese fairytale.

Jaxa believes the cave, located from a few dozen metres to 200 metres beneath an area of volcanic domes known

as the Marius Hills on the moon's near side, is a lava tube created during volcanic activity about 3.5bn years ago.

"We've known about these locations that were thought to be lava tubes ... but their existence has not been confirmed until now," said Junichi Haruyama, a senior researcher at Jaxa.

Lava tubes "might be the best candidate sites for future lunar bases, because of their stable thermal conditions and potential to protect people and instruments from micrometeorites and cosmic ray radiation," Haruyama said.

"The same stable and protected environment that would benefit future human explorers also makes them an enticing target for scientific study.

"Careful examination of their interiors could provide unique insights concerning the evolutionary history of the moon."

The agency said the chamber could be used as a base for astronauts and their equipment, because it would protect them from extreme temperatures – ranging from an average of 107°C during the day to -153°C at night – and radiation from the sun's ultraviolet rays.

"We haven't actually seen the inside of the cave itself so there are high hopes that exploring it will offer more details," Haruyama said.

The discovery will boost plans by several countries to send astronauts to the moon almost half a century after the Apollo 11 mission.

from: https://www.theguardian.com/science/2017/oct/19/lunar-cave-discovery-raises-hopes-for-human-colonisation-of-moon?utm_source=esp&utm_medium=Email&utm_campaign=GU+Today+AUS+v1+-+AUS+morning+mail+callout&utm_term=248722&subid=479301&CMP=ema_632

FROM THE ARCHIVE

I thought that it might be interesting to see what was happening in the club, caving in Tasmania, and caving generally in Australia, at various times in the past. In that spirit, I randomly picked an old Speleo Spiel and started to read. This editorial is what jumped straight out at me. I was looking for old trip reports, however....Honest, it was the first thing I read, and I just couldn't go past it.

It should bring back memories for Albert.

Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose (for the literate amongst you).

This is rather depressing really, for those of us that have been around a while. Or maybe it is just very amusing. Depends on one's mood when reading this I suppose. It also shows how far back TCC/STC grumbles about ASF go.

For newer members, well, just ask an "oldie" about the history of the ASF magazine, amongst other things ASF-related.

Feel free to inundate me with "Letters to the Editor". We might get some interesting dialogue going, you never know—Ed.

Speleo Spiel No. 24, May 1968, P 1.

Australian Speleological Federation- MORIBUND OR DEFUNCT???

Our members have been asking - and with good reason – if the federation is still in existence. Its last newsletter was dated more than a year ago - April 1967. It was well and truly out of date by the time it was published. One of the main aims of the federation should be to keep member clubs in touch with each others activities by publishing a regular newsletter.

At the Victorian conference in December, 1966 the member societies reluctantly agreed to increase A.S.F. contributions to 50 cents (*note what inflation can do-Ed*) for every full member in order to enable the federation to finance such a newsletter. The newsletter editor convinced the conference that with more money a better job could be done. Instead things have gone from bad to worse.

At the Orange conference the club instructed its proxy to vote against re-election of the editor but nevertheless he was duly re-elected. Since then he has fully justified our opposition to his re-election by doing absolutely NOTHING.

If we know what went on at the Orange committee meeting it is thanks to our proxy, Ian Nankivell of the Canberra Speleological Society, who gave us a detailed report. Nothing has been heard from the new A.S.F. secretary. No appeal has been opened for the Edie Smith award established by the Orange conference (*This does now exist-Ed*).

The A.S.F. treasurer also has made no attempt to do his job. Ever since the A.S.F. committee was doubled in size the amount of work it has managed to do has steadily decreased. The only A.S.F. committee member who can be proud of his job is the handbook editor who has spent a lot of time and energy to make the A.S.F. handbook a reality. It is to be hoped that the Adelaide conference will take a good long look at the situation. It was here that the federation was launched with great plans for the future. May it not become its last resting place.

Albert Goede,
President,
Tas.Caverneering Club.

Next time I feel moved to do this sort of nostalgia (which could be soon) I might try to pick something more entertaining, less controversial, or at least uplifting-Ed.

Fun and Diversions

I have had only one entry in the photo caption competition. Thus, the winner is ...



"One does not simply walk into Rocket Rods Pot ..."
Alan Jackson.....

Photo: Gabriel Kinzler

Thank you Alan for making the effort.

This is obviously not a popular segment, so I won't be repeating it any time soon. Unless Alan tells me he wants to exercise his wit again.

Judging by the lack of response to both these features I begin to wonder if anyone is actually reading this magazine, or are you all just apathetic?

Ye Olde Farte Zone

I am calling for photos from reader's archives. Dust them off and email them to me, with captions identifying the people, place and hopefully time (aeon at least). You can put a brief description if you like. Photo credit too please, if possible.

Time period is from when TCC was founded until 5 years from current issue.

Email address: jmckinnon@caverneer.net.au

As I have received no submissions (again), here's another from the Tunney/McKinnon archive.



For those hot days when you really need a swim along the way.

The Forbidden City, Kubla Khan. 2006. Gavin Brett, Matt Cracknell, Janine McKinnon pictured. Sadly (or possibly not), the pool is no more.

Photo: Ric Tunney

Quick Book Quiz

1. Who wrote - "*The Darkness Beckons*"
 - a. Ben Jones
 - b. Martyn Farr
 - c. Robbie Stone
 - d. Joe Jennings
2. Who wrote: - "*Beyond Time*"
 - a. Michel Siffre
 - b. Max Planck
 - c. Andy Sparrow
 - d. Fred Hoyle

3. What is the name of the New Zealand cave exploration book by Moira Lipyeat?
 - a. *Delving Deeper*
 - b. *Into the Dark*
 - c. *Caves and Carbide*
 - d. *To the Bottom*
4. *Living Lights* was published in what year?
 - a. 1998
 - b. 2006
 - c. 1979
 - d. 2013

The Last Page

*This used to be a regular when we had printed spiels. Amusing photos were the norm.
Now I reinstall it, with occasional variations on the theme.*

Continuing the rope testing session pictography we have:

STC Facebook page. 3 September 2017.

[Gabriel Kinzler posted this photo.](#)



[Janine McKinnon](#) Good add (*sic*) for the Police

[Serena Benjamin](#) not with my ugly mug in it

[Janine McKinnon](#) What are you complaining about? His photos of you are fine. Unlike me looking an old dork. It's hard to con oneself when someone shoves evidence in one's face.

[Alan Jackson](#) The camera only captures what's there, you old dork.

[Janine McKinnon](#) [Alan Jackson](#) My point exactly. Self-delusion only works in the absence of evidence.

[Alan Jackson](#) I've stood that close to Chris before, too. Relentless is an apt word.

With witty repartee like this it's no wonder caving is such an obscure sport-Ed.