

SPELEO - SPIEL.

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Next General Meeting.

Tuesday, 4th October at 8p.m. in the Geology Department, University of Tasmania.

Lost, Stolen or Strayed.

One almost new survey tape in leather case. So turn out your garages car boots etc. and return post haste to the quartermaster as surveying time is here.

Also Lost.

A delightful little poem from one of our regular readers at Boat Harbour about the " Loss of Virginity." So if Mrs.F. could send us another copy it will be included in the next Spiel.

Life Membership.

The committee has decided to offer honorary life membership to Professor S.W. Carey, professor of geology at the University of Tasmania. We felt that the occasion of our 20th Birthday would be a suitable opportunity to honour the founder of our club and of spelology in Australia. Professor Carey first became interested in caves during the war when training commandoes to be dropped behind enemy lines because caves provided useful bases for small scale operations. When he came to Tasmania after the war he gave a series of lectures to outdoor clubs on cave exploration. Interest was aroused and the Tasmanian Caverneering Club was formed in September 1946 with professor Carey as its founder and first President. Pressure of work has kept him away from caves in recent years but others have carried on the work of adding to the knowledge of the Tasmanian "underworld".

Members return.

Welcome back to Clive Morris who has returned to us from Melbourne and also to Mike and Kerin Hall who have just come back ~~xxxx~~ after spending several months in sunny Rockhampton.

Why Pillingers Creek.

The reason why P.C.C. features on the forward programme is a letter from Paul Rose. Paul is a well known Australian caver who is now in Britain. In 1958 - 59 he came to the A.S.F. conference in Hobart and as a member of Bob Sexton's survey team helped to produce some very fine maps including one of Pillingers Creek Cave. This is what he has to say:

" On our visit to that cave in 1959 I entered an extension leading off the low level passage but a small scale rock-fall during this investigation prevented us pushing this. We mentioned the extension to T.C.C. members and I have often wondered if it had been investigated at a later ~~xxxxx~~ date.

Briefly the story is as follows: We had entered the low level passage from a point below the Devil's Spear and as I expect everybody else does we trundled along to the small cavern with the sandy squeeze. While some of the others played moles in the sand Dave Lanyon and myself returned to a point where I had noticed it was apparent that the stream had originally run down through loose boulders in the passage floor. We managed to remove some of these and I was able to squeeze down between the stable wall and the loose rocks into a small room. The rocks above my head were very loose and there was a large, rectangular chockstone wedged across an aven up on the left (more by faith than friction). Straight ahead a tube in solid rock led to a slot and progress here was halted by loose chockstone. Rather than tackle this alone I decided to get someone to back me up. Returning up the wall I noticed that some of the chockstones were very precariously balanced and later when Dave was climbing down there was one hell of a crash and the

lot fell in.

I am convinced that with a bit of effort the blockage could be cleared and the extension pushed. It is evident that this tube has been a conduit for water at a much later date than the sand squeeze and the possibility of extending the cave deeper would seem to be quite good."

Trip Reports.

Weekend 20th, 21st August.

The party consisted of A. Goede (leader), B. Collin, P. Brabon, R. Hughes P. Harrold, David Heap and Jim Coulton (both visitors from the mainland) and Roy and Andrew Skinner came on Saturday for one day only. Most of the party spent Friday night at the Hastings Hut while three of us left Hobart at 6.30 on Saturday morning. By sheer coincidence the two parties met on the Catamaran Road. We left the cars at 9.15 and most of us reached Exit Cave at 11.30 a.m. It was a pleasant day and the track was quite dry. Exit Creek was quite low and what had been a raging torrent a few weeks earlier was now a pleasant stream. Tents were pitched and while we were having lunch and discussing rescue plans for the two missing members of the party they miraculously appeared.

Some of us went underground at 12.30 p.m. to take Roy and Andrew on a quick tour of the more accessible parts of Exit Cave to give Roy an idea of the tourist potential of the cave. We also followed up a side passage where most of the water came from. At 2 p.m. Brian took Roy and Andrew back to the entrance while Jim, David and Albert went ahead to find a way through the talus at the "wind tunnel". Jim and David found a way to the creek while Albert went back to meet the rest of the party.

After some fancy talus climbing we found a way back to the creek (no longer flowing) and Brian suddenly discovered that he and Reg Williams had explored the same section a fortnight earlier. We had a good look at this section which extends for some distance in the form of a high and in places rather narrow passage. A number of side passages were explored without much success. At the far end Brian discovered three initials scratched in the clay floor (J.F., E.M. (Sib) and M.D. 1961). The first sign that we were not in new territory and that this section had been explored by a party of university students who visited Exit Cave in 1961.

The party headed back to the main cave. Albert went back to camp with a budding 'flu while the rest of the party further explored the side passage carrying most of the water until they came to a siphon. They also explored another high level side passage and discovered some new territory. The main party returned to the camp at about 7.30 p.m.

The night was made uncomfortable by enough rain to make the bush really wet and since Albert's 'flu was getting worse the party broke camp at ten a.m. and returned to the cars.

Sunday 4th September.

Albert and Therese Goede paid a short visit to Flowery Gully on Sunday morning. It was discovered that the entrance to the main Flowery Gully Caves had been completely blocked by quarrying operations. No quarrying has been carried out in the past five years in the other quarry where Vanishing Cave is situated. It was good to see the cave is no longer vanishing and still contains some fine formation including the very unusual eggshells, fragile hollow shells of calcite up to several inches in diameter. The eggshells occur as incrustations on the walls of the cave. Two cave spiders were collected in Vanishing Cave and a third specimen from a small cave in a quarry diagonally opposite Beams' house. We saw Mrs. Beams who told us that her husband intends to reopen the entrance to Flowery Gully Caves now that the quarrying operations have almost ceased.

Forward Programme.

September 17 - Twentieth Birthday Dinner. (Where are all those replies?)

September 24, 25 - Mole Creek, including a visit to Kubla Khan.

Leader: probably P. Brabon.

October 4 - General Meeting, University Geology Department. Tuesday at 8 p.m.

October 8,9, - Maydena area. Trip to Pillingers Creek Cave. One or two days depending on the weather. Leader. A. Goede.
October 15,16 - Trip to Exit Cave. Camp underground if weather favourable. Leader. B. Collin.

A Sick Little Verse.

by Patient Nurse.

Poor Albert surely was a wreck,
When he swooned over Virus X,
And Peter being rather shy,
Turned a blind conjunctive eye,
But after a week of being "Oh so brave!"
These two little lads are ready to cave.

The following is reproduced with humble apologies and certain modifications from the circular of the Cave Exploration Group (South Australia).

THE CAVEMANS DREAM.

The caveman sat and took his ease
Among the stalagmites,
And gnawed a mighty mammoth bone,
And dreamt of hunts and fights.

His cave wife knelt and stocked the fire
Which burned beside the door,
His cave kids romped and yelled and fought
And tumbled round the floor.

Now in the corner of the cave
There was a narrow crack,
The firelight could not reach its depths
So menacing and black.

The caveman idly looked that way -
And saw a vision wierd,
Two bleary eyes, a big red nose,
A very muddy beard,

A helmet with a light on top,
Enormous boots below,
A trog lamp in its skinny hand
Gave forth an eerie glow.

This horrid form, this vision wierd,
The caveman did accost.
"Excuse me, mate", it hoarsely said,
"I rather think I'm lost.

I'm looking for the Exit Cave,
Where all my mates are still,
Trying to find a way down under
Instead of over the hill.

Two dozen bottles beer we'll get,
If we can find the way,
A promise made some time ago,
And Seymour's going to pay."

The caveman turned a ghastly white,
"The devil's come" he said.
"I'll never touch the mead again!
Oh, take my wife instead!"

The trog looked at the cavemans wife -
Then turned and disappeared.
The caveman howled and tore his hair
And pulled lumps from his beard.

His cave wife said "Don't be a nong,
Your mind is playing tricks.
You know T.C.C. won't be formed
Till nineteen forty six".

FAMOUS LAST WORDS.

What does not kill you - makes you stronger!