

No.8.

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Next General Meeting.

Tuesday, December 6, at 8p.m. in the Geology Department, University of Tasmania.

Hastings Hut.

Some energetic lads from Dover have asked permission(!!!!?!!) to clean up the hut and build a new fireplace(under Roy's supervision) All they need is the material, so if anyone has spare bricks, paint or sheets of iron, hardboard etc. taking up space, contact Albert or Joan and it will be collected. Ron Kent has kindly donated a stove which will be installed as soon as the power point is fixed.

Bar - B - Q.

A barbecue will be held at Marion Bay on Saturday, 10 December to cater for the junior members who missed out on the annual dinner. Everyone invited, bring the family and make a great day of it. Supply your own food and refreshments. Come when you like and leave when you like.

Coming Events.

Early in the New Year we lose our last single cave girl, Sally Salier to cave man Clive Morris. There should be a pre-wedding celebration early in January so keep tuned to the Spiel.

We commiserate with quartermaster Bill Hodge who took the news so much to heart that on the last trip to Mole Creek he camped in splendid isolation on an island in the middle of Sassafras Creek. A certain insurance company is investigating the possibility that he tried to commit suicide by rocking Peter Harrold's car on a sharp corner.

The Farleys have moved to Savage River and Ian is busy building a landing strip out the back. The stork is expected to make the first of many landings in mid-May. Rumour has it that Ron Kent might have something to do with the stork. Congratulations to both couples and - RON.

We can also blame Ron for a sudden lack of interest in caving from Bill and Rodney. It seems that under his misguiding influence they have discovered girls but it had to be in Queenstown of all places. You'd better come back to Hobart, Ron.

Last General Meeting.

Members were given a look at the designs submitted for the A.S.F. badge and expressed a low opinion of most of the designs. Anyone who thinks he or she can submit a better design is welcome to have a go. Leave your artistic efforts with Albert before Christmas. The night's entertainment was provided by Bill and Mike. Bill proudly showed his first "colour" film of the last trip to Exit Cave. He is now seriously thinking of mounting a jar full of glow-worms on his camera to get better illumination. Mike gave an illustrated lecture on the breaking strain of camels' legs in front of the pyramids before passing on to his main topic "The change of the seasons in a Canadian Town."

"North Island" Visitors.

Last week we welcomed Neil and Carol Anderson from C.S.S. Canberra. So far they are impressed with our caves but do not like the climate. Neil has already earned himself the nickname "Twinkle-toes" Anderson for his exploits at Mole Creek.

John(Dick) Marshall from S.S.S. made a quick trip to Tassie and dropped in on Albert. John, who is a Tasmanian by birth but migrated to Sydney, is coming to work here next year and hopes to do some caving with us.

Lucky Escape -(or - Button Grass Plain The Hard Way.)

Mike Hall had a close shave when a helicopter in which he was a passenger made a crash landing on a buttongrass plain somewhere in the south-west(not on the way to Exit.) Glad you are still with us Mike. You could have fallen into one of those large sinkholes on Mount Anne.



Resurrection of a possum.

The papers recently reported that a live Burramys pigmy possum had been found in a ski hut on Mount Hotham in the Victorian Alps. Quite a find when you consider that the animal had been thought to have been extinct for about 20,000 years and was known only from remains of a skull and jaw bones from the Wombeyan Caves in New South Wales and the Buchan Caves in Victoria.

TRIP REPORTS.

Exit Cave - 3,4 Sept.

Party - Brian Collin(leader), Bill and Rodney Hodge, Rodney Hughes, Peter Harrold and Allen Johnson.

Entered cave about 2p.m. after setting up camp at the usual site. Considerable difficulty experienced with lights both electric and carbide, however survey started from entrance, through by-pass and across creek to first scree slope, at this stage the creek was noticed to be rising rapidly and survey work was suspended. Bill and Brian returned to entrance and fixed emergency exit rope with loxin and eyebolt whilst remainder of party explored the cave. At 6p.m. water still rising although no rain falling and an early camp was made.

Allen encouraged some of the party into singing foreign(N.S.W.) uncensored songs on the usual subjects for a considerable part of the night. Rodney Hughes again tried and again failed to light a fire. Sunday occupied with a quick trip into the high level passages of the cave and return to Hobart.

Survey stations marked by numbers stamped into aluminium tags fixed by gutter bolts driven into 5/32" holes drilled in the limestone.

Instruments used, 100' fibre glass tape, oil damped interior lighted hard held prismatic compass, abney level.

B.Collin.

Pillingers Creek - 8 October.

Party - A.Goede(leader), M.Jagoe, B.Collin, B.Hodge, A.Johnson, P.Harrold, R.Wallace, R.Hughes, J.Plaister, S.Vince, and some of Mike's boys from New Town High.

The trip to Maydena was uneventful until we arrived at the barrier and discovered that Peter Harrold was missing although last seen at Maydena. He was eventually found firmly bogged on the road to Junee with no oil in his sump as the plug had fallen out. After his rescue we pushed on but were stopped on the Styx Road by a four foot deep and three foot wide trench where the new P.W.D. road crossing is being built. Mike bravely jumped into the trench discovering too late a 1' thick layer of oozy mud in the bottom. Vagrantly perfumed he, and the rest, moved on. We returned to the barrier and after consultation with the gatekeeper were given the key to another barrier and eventually we made the old Pillinger's Road. The collapsed bridge has been by-passed and it is now possible to drive the cars right to the beginning of the track. The cave was located and the party soon reached the shute below the chockstone. Those who went down first were greeted by a hail of rocks as the others came down. Brian and Albert collided head on when they dived for shelter under the same rock. Brian, Albert, Steve and Peter pushed on ahead and poked around in the sand of the terminal chamber. They then headed back to try and locate the place where P.Rose reported an extension in 1959 which was blocked by a collapse as they tried to explore it. Since the whole cave is one big collapse we could not locate the right spot. As we climbed around we were greeted by much abuse and a hail of stones as Mike and the rest of the party descended through the ceiling down an improbable looking chimney having been unable to find the "easy" way down.

On the way back Brian, Steve and Albert had a quick look at the side passage shown on the A.S.F. map but were eventually stopped by a vertical shaft. The cave is well worth another visit for those who are tired of living. It has the best collection of talus of any cave in Tassie.

A.Goede.

Exit Cave- 15-16 October.

Party - Brian Collin(leader), Bill Hodge, Rodney Hughes, Bill Peterson, Clive and Sally.



West Coasters - Ron Kent, Bill Surtees, Janet Goyne, Wendy Reid, Peter Reid.

T.C.C. Sunday Only - Albert Goede, Peter Brabon, and Hank Meerding.

Ex. Hobart 7.45a.m., left cars 10.45a.m. entered cave 4.00p.m.

The main purpose of the trip was to establish the practicability of using a base camp inside the cave as an aid to exploration in lieu of camping outside with its obvious disadvantages.

The camp site chosen was approx. 1,000 feet (20 mins.) inside the cave on a large sand bank adjacent to and about 10 feet above the creek. The cavern at the camp site being approx. 70' high and 100' wide. After a shadow display and a game of naming the formations the majority retired to sleeping bags about 9p.m. some glow-worms giving the effect of a starry night.

The party rose about 7a.m. with difficulty, maybe due to the "cave" effect, or to inherent personal characteristics. After breakfast all visited the "colonade of columns" and then the west coasters retired and the weekend T.C.C.'s continued on to the known end of the cave (Sib's signature.) and on returning to the high level system met Albert, Peter and Hank. After lunch at the sand bank left cave at 4p.m. and returned to Hobart via a welcome tea and coffee break at Roy's.

Conclusion: Camping inside the cave is practical but of doubtful benefit to exploration, possibly a smaller cavern would be better suited for a camp site.

Observation: The creek had risen some time in September to within 12" of covering the camp sand bank, i.e. about 9' above normal level.

On The Side: The west coasters were full of admiration and expressed great joy (in admirably phrased four letter words) at being given the opportunity to walk along the Brooker Highway; however they will no doubt express their full appreciation of the T.C.C. in the next West Coast Outdoor Club circular. Apart from their over exuberance about the track they proved to be a great bunch to cave with.

B. Collin.

#### THE TRUTH??!!

Exit Cave - 15-16 October( + 14th & 17th).

(Special edition to convey the Truth, before the T.C.C. fabricate a dastardly pack of Lies!)

Five members of the W.C.O.C. have completed a trip that will go down into living History - Not for us the dry pages of history books - our trip will be a legend - told about the camp fires for ever - the names of the great shall be forever our companions; for compared with the trip to "Exit", Bourke and Wills went out on a Sunday School Picnic.

Lured on by T.C.C. propaganda (their circular claimed they had cut the track), we headed for Hobart on Friday night and billeted with Clive Morris - an evening that was spent in comfort and gave no hint of the sinister schemes that lay before us.

Saturday found us dragged into the land of the living at the ungodly hour of 6a.m. By 11a.m. we were finally awake and standing by the cars on the Catamaran Road, with some repulsively heavy looking packs beside us. Our leader Brian Collin (T.C.C.) backed up by five other typical Caverneers, boasted that the record times for the track were 1 hour 50 mins. the shortest and three hours thirty mins. the longest. It was like a red flag to a bull - That record was going to topple - and a steely look came into Bill Surtees' eye, Wendy Reid slung her pack on as though it contained feathers (something that was not a fact as the shape of the kitchen sink could be clearly seen) and Peter Reid and Janet ? paired off up the road in fine style, while the leader cast a jaundiced eye on the Forestry track ahead and mentally composed letters to the Minister for Forests. Half an hour and one mile later, some deranged individuals with warped and twisted sense of humour, pointed to a solid, unbroken, impenetrable, tangled mess of scrub, and said "That-a-way!" Bill's steely look turned to jelly, Wendy wished she had left the kitchen sink, Peter was visibly shaken, at this stage it was evident that no minister this side of the pearly gates had a show of helping, and Janet - where the ----- was Janet?!

Four hours and 1½ miles later, we emerged. Perhaps the less said the better. Wendy proved a saviour on the last bit by coming



to the assistance of a great hulking Caverneer. Seems his pack was pulling him over backwards, and she graciously hitched her pack on in front of him and PRESTO - perfect balance. Unfortunately, no one else suffered from this unbalanced condition, for by this time I'd have given mine to my Grandmother to tote. Bill sat still while a snake wandered round him, but the snake wouldn't co-operate and bite. So he had to go on! And leeches! Cutting grass! Tea Tree! Bauera! Horizontal rotten logs! all added their subtle touch to that Saturday stroll.

The cave was inspiring, to those who were capable of being inspired, the glow-worms delightful and Sally's(T.C.C.) mushroom soup tea delicious. Bill Hodge(T.C.C.) took the absence of a certain curly haired W.C.O.C. member hard and settled for tea spiked with rum, just enough that it took a mug of cold water in his sleeping bag to wake him the next morning. The sunrise was fantastic as one troglamp after another was lit.

The trip out was enough to make a strong man cry - (it must have been the onions they left behind.Ed.) - the heroism that was displayed. I was all for staying there to die in a certain amount of comfort, but my party was strong, determined and courageous as they crawled on their hands and knees to the bush. If it wasn't for a certain bottle Janet produced the leeches would have had the last of our blood - as it was, one bite and they fell off hic-coughing!

Our thanks goes out to T.C.C. for a grand weekend and we look forward to being their hosts on the Kelly Basin trip. Also, we are duly grateful to the army for the use of their Land Mines, Booby Traps and Poison Spikes on the forthcoming Kelly Basin trip; but it is feared they will prove second rate to that ++?!+&£+?!@+?! track.

Anyone for Exit!!!

#### Mole Creek - 29-30 October.

Wrecker Harrold does it again.(for the last time) While driving to Kubla Khan Peter H. decided the road was not quite for him so he rolled his car three times and went over the bank. The Gods were smiling on Peter and his companion Bill Hodge as they walked from the wreck with-out a scratch(to themselves! - you should have seen the car). Their first remarks were (Peter) "Dad will hit the roof this time." and (Bill) "Aw, me eggs got broken!" The little Hillman Jinx is in its resting place at our beloved Mole Creek.

Sunday. After lending as much assistance as possible to the 2 boys, Joan drove out to collect the Hubby who was caving at Maracoopa, on pulling up at the cave she discovered a flat tyre, so in pouring rain decided to surprise Peter by changing it, so donning boots, overalls, gloves etc. she opened the bonnet and took out spare wheel, when 5 carloads of strapping young men arrived and rushed to her aid not bothering with the jack. They used brute force and lifted the little beetle off the ground and changed the wheel. The whole operation taking three minutes. Peter was very grateful as it was still pouring when he arrived back from the cave.

All round it was an eventful weekend.

P.Brabon..

#### Mole Creek - 30 October.

The party consisted of Peter Brabon(leader), Brian Collin, Albert Goede, and two visitors from C.S.S. - Neil(Twinkletoes) and Carol Anderson.

The object of the trip was to visit Devils Earhole and (time permitting) to put in loxins to reach the high level passage at the far end.

Arriving at Maracoopa we were lucky enough to meet a party of the northern cavers led by Bob Woolhouse who were taking through some members of the Young Liberals(What a way to treat your political opponents!!) We teamed up to make a lucky 13 and passed through Maracoopa 1 and 2. Bob made short work of finding Devils Earhole, which looked a most impressive sight even on a rainy day. The party quickly made its way down to the bottom and Brian started hammering in loxins while most of the others scouted around. Some of the northerners found a way up to the high level passage but on the wrong side of the large hole in the floor. However, they could look across from a piece of false floor to the other side and decided that the passage did not appear to go on so operation "loxin" was abandoned. Meanwhile Neil Anderson had discovered a small hole about 12 feet up on the opposite side of the chamber. After considerable acrobatics



he almost got through but the wet suit he was wearing was in the way. Up above appeared to be a small but promising passage leading on through the cave fill in the right direction. Due to lack of time no further attempts were made and the party retreated to the surface. Finally a quick sight seeing trip was made to Devils Pot before heading down all back to the cars. The northern mob have descended Devils Pot to a depth of 300' - 350' and are still going. A trip is planned for the first weekend in December and our members have been invited.

A.Goede.

#### Forward Programme.

November 16 - Committee Meeting at 8p.m. at 122 Augusta Road.  
November 19,20 - Kelly Basin, Leader - Ron Kent.  
December 3,4,- Mole Creek, Leader - P.Brabon.  
December 6 - General Meeting, 8p.m. in Uni. of Tas., Geology Dept.  
December 10 - Marion Bay - Barbecue.  
December 17,18 - Growling Swallet, Leader - ?

Christmas trip - West Coast. Areas to be visited: Bubbs Hill, Nelson River, Kelly Basin. Leader: M.Jagoe or B.Collin.

#### BEST WISHES.

Our congratulations go to Kay and Barry James on the birth of their daughter, Sharon Lee, on Nov.3. A future caverneer perhaps.

#### SQUEEZE ME PLEASE.

(This article for the benefit of new and junior members - you old hands should know this.)

The most important facts for a beginner to remember when faced with a squeeze are that his chances of becoming stuck are small, and that many people have been both through and back before him. When tackling a squeeze it is important to inspect it first and note its general shape. Then consider which parts of the body are widest - the hips and shoulders, for example - and enter the squeeze in such a way that the broadest parts of the body fit into the widest parts of the passage. In some cases it is possible to adopt any one of a number of positions, and where choice exists, that which will best aid movement should be adopted. Generally it is easier to move on one's front than one's back, and to go head first rather than feet first. When the squeeze is roughly circular with a flat floor, it is best to go head first on one's stomach. In the case of squeezes shaped like a slot the widest axis of the body should be parallel to the broadest axis of the tunnel. This may of course mean going forwards on one's side, and if so, then it may be best to adopt a somewhat different posture to the extent that the upper arm is trailed behind and used to push instead of pull. It is also important to think about the side on which it will be better to lie. This choice must, in turn, be based on careful observation of the squeeze or passage, and especially of the direction of any bends it may contain. The human body bends forward and sideways easily, but hardly at all backward, and the aim should be to go round bends so that the curve is a forward bend for the caver. This may mean that part way through a narrow bit it is necessary to turn round and face the other way for the next corner. While this manoeuvre requires a certain amount of space, few squeezes are so tight throughout their entire length as to prevent turning over at any point. More usually long squeezes consist of narrow bits interspersed with wider parts, and it is often possible to adjust one's position in the wider parts before attempting the succeeding tight section.

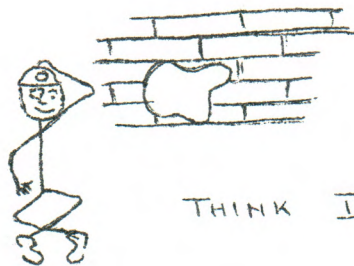
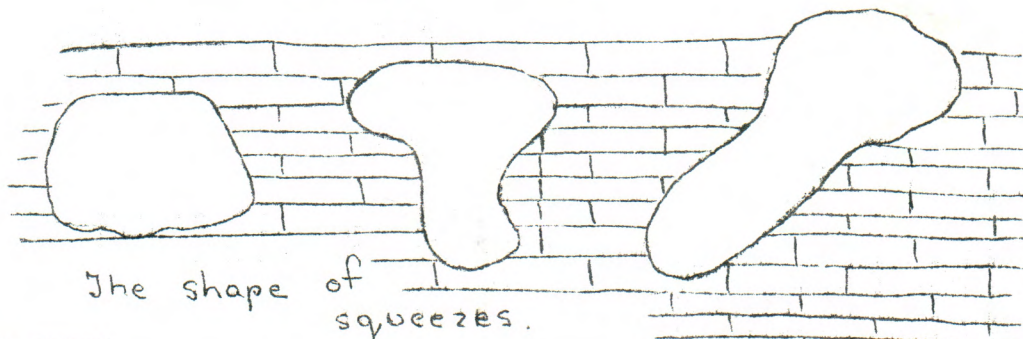
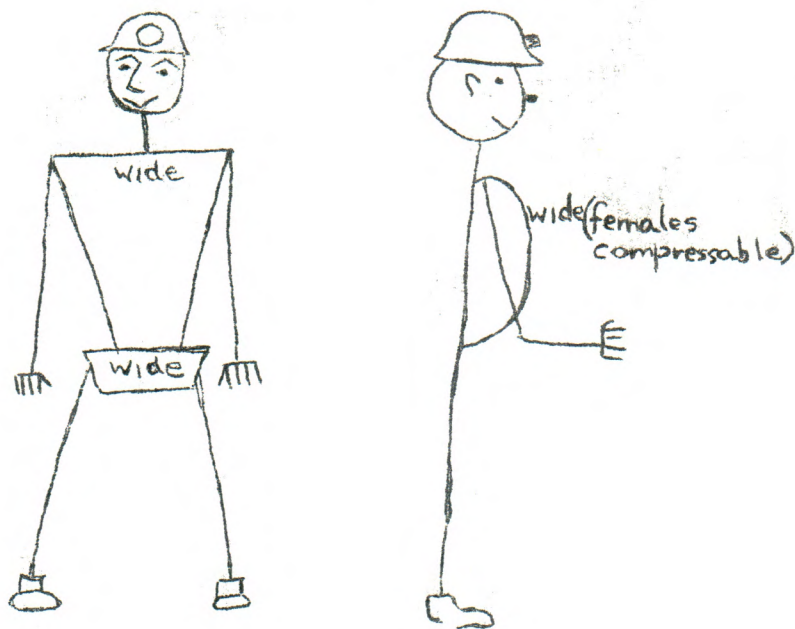
Where the squeeze slopes downward it is best to go feet first, because in so doing proper control of one's movements may be had by bracing against the sides and the roof of the passage. In this way any tendency towards an uncontrolled slide can be checked. Unknown squeezes which slope should always be tackled in this way, and unless the leader specifically directs it no sloping squeeze should be tackled head first. It is sometimes necessary to depart from this rule where extreme tightness or some other overriding consideration demands it. However, in these cases there will always be a level platform on the far side, so that no harm



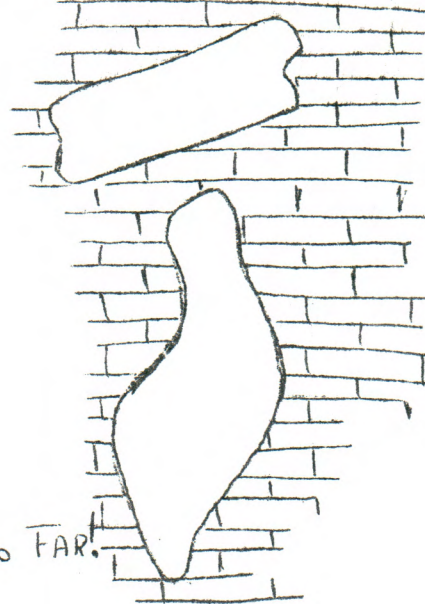
will come if the caver does lose control as he emerges from the squeeze.

(Next month - Movement in squeezes.)

### The shape of a caver.



THINK IF ONE FITS.



FINAL WORD.



DON'T PUSH THINGS TOO FAR!

This article was taken from the book "Cave - Craft." by David Cons. Apart from the article on Squeezes, there are articles on Climbing for Cavers, Caving Techniques, Cave Rescue etc. The book may be purchased from Fullers Book Shop for 28/-.

### STOP PRESS

Nov. 5 - 6 - A party of 7 went to Exit Cave and finally found a way through the talus. The cave is huge and the stream has been followed up for another half mile. Many side passages including one sixty feet high have not yet been explored. A full report will be published in the next Speleo - Spiel. Come on the next trip and win those bottles of beer. Anderson seems to be bringing us luck!