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FORWARD PROGRAMME

EDITORIAL

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## CLUB NEWS AND HAPPENINGS

- Stuart has become a wellie convert. Following Mike Martyn's example a pair was acquired and used on two trips to Welcome Stranger and a Chairman trip. Warm dry feet and clean sox are great mate, woof! Better still, wear wetsuit booties inside for deep water. Even better, a pair of wellies is about one third the

price of a pair of Blunnies (unless you win them in Bill Nicholson's raffle!)

- Within the next month, we should be purchasing the 200m roll of Bluewater rope if finances continue building as they are at present. Has anyone any thoughts on how it should be cut?

- Chris Rathbone (Ditto to those who know him), has been transferred to Hastings Caves and is working under (?) another ex-member, Andrew Skinner.

- If you're interested in buying any gear from Britain, now is the time to do it. The exchange rate between the pound and the dollar is very favourable our way at the moment. Stuart has a Caving Supplies catalogue so have a look at it and get some real gear from the home of grotty caving.

- An impromptu trip to Welcome Stranger happened a few weeks ago following an attempt at surveying the new section of Tassie Pot. A grand total of seven SRT cavers had dragged themselves up to the Florentine Valley one bright and sunny Saturday. Unfortunately, a minor hitch occurred in that one not so bright bod forgot to take the rope which was carefully sorted and stacked in his backyard! (Our editor is once again being unnecessarily modest.-Sec.) With all the slings, one short, private rope and a few bits of cord there would have been just sufficient to rig the entrance pitch.

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GROWLING SWALLET SURVEY

During January this year, low water levels made the pushing and survey of Grouling Swallet a more comfortable task than it would have been normally (ie wet and noisy). The survey coincided with a visit from WASG members who enjoyed the trip which was made to finish off the streamway survey. Visiting caver, Peter Downes and Phil Jackson of SCS assisted TCC members with the survey.

Side passages have been numbered to make reference to them easier and a small overlap has been allowed in the printed 1:1000 plan. At (1) further surveying is required. At (3) Andrew Briggs reports an extensive but low chamber. The rift at (6) has been pushed and reported in the Spiel recently. I would like to invite people who have information of any sort about the cave to write a few lines for the Spiel.....particularly some of the older members whom we rarely see and must have an amusing story or otherwise stashed away.

My thanks to cavers assisting in the survey and to Paul Stutter for photo-reducing the original plan. (Trevor is in the process of tracing the original onto one sheet).

Diana Davies.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS

To the untrained eye, this 168th edition of the Spiel would appear to have been typed with the usual amount of expertise and care on your average electric typewriter...WRONG!! This 168th edition of the Speleo Spiel is the inaugural publication to be produced on the latest model Correcting Selectric III IBM typewriter...owned wholly and solely by me! Does a pretty neat job, huh?

Well, this little beast cost much money and despite the fact that it does an excellent job of it, I did not buy it just to type the monthly newsletter. So, if you have any business-type correspondence, catalogues, manuscripts, theses or even a letter to a man about a dog - don't write it - have it typed professionally and cheaply. I am centrally located at 3/127 Augusta Road, Lenah Valley (sorry, no phone, with enough work maybe I could afford it.) SO KEEP IT IN MIND!

Sue Feeney, Typiste Extraordinaire

The back page is a catalogue for the information of members courtesy of Caving Equipment, Sydney. Those members who have used CE in the past have always found them to be most helpful and efficient.

TRIP REPORTS

Florentine Valley

Saturday, May 30, 1981

Party: Andrew Briggs, Geoff Fisher, Nick Hume

After a fruitless trip the weekend before, Andy was keen to explore the holes off the eastern side of the landslip on Wherrett's Lookout. Stuart and Andrew had played "hunt-the-slip", wandering through forest and horizontal scrub for hours. This time it was thought well worthwhile to consult Max and get a sketch map beforehand.

We set off up the slip with a pile of SRT tackle and eventually (ie. after a few rest stops) reached the first of the holes. Leaving our packs we decided to scout about and "viddy the landscape". Numerous entrances were soon located along the hillside, including one numbered JF118.

Rock sounding showed the caves to be fairly deep so with much excitement, we kitted up and rigged an entrance into one of the promising caves. Beyond the 10m entrance pitch we encountered a steeply descending rift, requiring a combination of abseil and handline. Despite the promise, we reached the bottom at about 40-50 metres.

After lunch, we checked out JF118. Entry is via a nearly free-hanging 20-25 metre pitch. Inside, a mud slope, but this time ending in a level sandy floor, or so it seemed. It was in fact, mud, something like quicksand. Nick was most excited and rolled around in it, doing a passable hippo imitation. A tight vertical squeeze on the other side of the mud looked tempting so Andrew (miniature adult) went through, finding a rockfall on the other side.

On the way back to the car, we made a short detour through the forest, but didn't made any spectacular new finds. However, the area does have a lot of potential and warrants a thorough search.

Geoff Fisher.

Mole Creek

Long weekend, June 6-8

Now let's see, there was Andrew Briggs, George and Timbo Albion, Mark Whatshisname, Graeme Forget-the-name, and myself - I think - yeah!

Oh, what a beautiful day it was; it was too you know, so we cut down a tree and burnt it - that was Saturday.

Sunday, after the proverbial lay in (!), we visited Pyramid Cave where our animal instincts really came out, also Honeycomb and Wet Cave. Nothing really to write home about - that was half the day gone.

All of a sudden we found ourselves back at the hut cutting another tree down and burning it. Our activities for the night included a few friendly drinks and blowing up the fire - it was outside.

When we finally got up on Monday morning - or was it afternoon - well, anyway, we packed up and went home satisfied with a very relaxing time.

P.S. Blessed are the cheesemakers, for they will inherit the earth!

Bill Nicholson.

The Chairman

Saturday, June 20

Party: Andrew Briggs, Trevor Wailes, Nick Hume and Stuart Nicholas

A previous trip to this nasty hole had produced an upstream survey showing a low wet, grotty crawl to be directly on the line of the main passage further downstream. The upstream area being far more pleasant than the far downstream section, made it easy to find enough bods to push the crawl.

So, armed with the usual mountain of rope, Stuey's wellies, Andrew's jokes, Trev's wet suit and Nick Hume, we staggered along the track, rigged the pitches and eventually arrived at the crawl in question. Much discussion and looking for

alternative routes ensured until Andy was persuaded to do his "rat up a drain-pipe" impression. Too wet and too low was the result. More discussion. The combined efforts of our four brains conjured up the idea of excavating a large hole in front of the crawl and then breaching the separating wall to allow the water to drain off into the hole. Mud-pluggers Incorporated finally had an estimated one cubic metre hole dug and with no ceremony at all the wall was breached.

The water level in the crawl dropped by an estimated one hundred and fifty millimetres giving a suitable breathing space at the far end. However, all was to no avail as Nick found when he waddled through. A sand/mud bank blocked progress and the running water sound was coming from an arm sized hole off to the right. The entire area looks like a downstream sump rather than upstream, with passages floored by silt and sandy-mud. To quote a well known physics professor - "Why is it so?"

Back at the Homestead by about half-eight after the shortest Chairman trip yet, much chin-wagging and eating of food took place until the not very small hours of the morning. All in all a great trip and good fun was had by all. Nothing will be said in this report about the efficiency of Trev's SRT system!

Stuart Nicholas.

- P.S. i) I had dry, warm, clean feet at the end of the trip despite the mud plugging and the wet track, thanks to the wellies.  
ii) Anyone visiting the upstream Chairman area beware - the low wet crawl you may look at, suddenly gets very deep near the front end of it!

How to Pick up a Girl /or/ This Mud Smells Funny

June 21

Seven of us being myself, George and Timbo Albion, Graeme (newbod), and visitors Tim Warlord, Tim Hutchinson and David Jackson.

Being a fairly healthy party, we visited "Beginners Luck". Enjoyed ourselves silly for about an hour and also had some fun in avoiding the stacks of wombat shit that covered the floor of "Womguano".

After lunch, we raced off up Nine Road to where George had left his boots a couple of months ago - still there - beauty - no worries. We then strolled along to Growling Swallet for a bit of a visit and, except for a pint or two back at the National Park Pub - that's it.

Bill Nicholson.

June Florentine - Owl Pot

Sunday, July 5

Party: Trevor Wailes, Alex Tubb, Len Smith, Peter Hutchinson, Dale Madden, Diana Davies

The cave was located reasonably quickly by Trevor, much to everyone's distress - we didn't even manage to leave the gear at home.

The pot is close to Tassie Pot. The entrance is unbelievably slippery and requires a hand line. A quick scramble through a few blocks in the floor of the entrance chamber and along a rift between bedding planes (dipping at about 60°) is the first pitch of about 100ft. The tie off point is a large chockstone about 30ft from the top of the pitch. The ladder was against the wall for all but a short free hanging section. A small amount of water was coming down the pitch but it was impossible to follow it any further than the climb down from the bottom of the pitch into a good sized chamber.

Up a bank and around the wall of the chamber closest the pitch, a small rift was located which looked rather hard to get out of once in. Trevor, minus caplamp and helmet, climbed in a short way, but decided to leave it. Dale had been poking around on the other side of the chamber under some blocks and had located a second chamber with an eighty foot pitch from a ledge which required a short ladder to reach. A lot of loose rock was kicked down before rigging but there is a lot left!

Time was running out so only Trevor, Pete and Alex descended the pitch. The cave apparently joins with the Three Falls Cave creek. On the way out Pete had his helmet dented by a flying rock when ascending the aforementioned unbelievably slippery entrance.....other than that the trip was incident free.

Diana Davies.

Florentine Valley - Welcome Stranger Sump Dive

Sunday, July 12

Cast: Trevor Wailes, Stuart Nicholas, Nicholas Hume

"So you're a cave diver are you? Doesn't your snorkel catch on the roof?"

This trip has been partially documented on movie film by Cecil B. DeWailles. His Florentine Road sequences at three frames per second are to be a highlight of his forthcoming picture. Along with "zooms" of road signs, dogs defecating... ahem!.....anyway, read on.....

The white cone of Reeds Peak to the west and Mt. Field West riddled with icy gullies (slurp!) towering overhead. Great day, fantastic.....to be anywhere else, but not underground. Much wearisome toil later, we had the entire contents of Trev's van transferred to the sump of Welcome Stranger, phew!

With Trev as anchor man, Stuey and I geared up with single, side mounted tanks (Stuey's invention or adaptation, or something), no flippers and matching canoe helmets for the dive. Stuart was kind enough to inform us that his thermometer registered 6°C when immersed in the streamway, whereupon with not excessive zeal I entered the sump and proceeded with some dying flounder impressions to amuse Trevor during his enforced vigil.

Surprise, surprise, instead of an easy duck to another airspace as I had hoped, there was a straight, silt floored, tube 1- 1½ metres wide and less than 1 metre high, disappearing into the murk at a 30° angle. Visibility was good, 1½ - 2m, with the usual subaquatic rumblings to entertain my imagination. I cautiously moved down, rattling my helmet along the roof, spilling mimi-avalanches of silt before me....fun, fun!

At 30 metres distance from airspace and 11 metres depth, I got a bit of a buzz as ahead appeared to be a passage running off upward! Acute disappointment as this turned out to be a high scallop in the roof. A few metres further on the tube ended, with the water flow entering via an approximately 15cm high crack to the left. Too narrow - unfortunate, as this crack tended horizontally to the limit of visibility. With no effective flow here to clear the tube, I felt disinclined to dig about, so I squirmed through 180° for the ascent.

No visibility.....glove up to facemask glass....can't even detect it! Which way is up?...down?....reference points please. Remember Stuey's untested line reel, held by a death grip in my right hand.....mmm, seems to work alright.... up I go. Ascending blindly to the flatulent accompaniment of my bubbles dribbling along the roof, sounds and pressure alter noticeably and pop, I'm on the surface yelling excited expletives.

Now for Stuey's turn, eh heh! After half an hour or so, waiting for the tube to clear, Stuey plunged in for a look see. Trev and I feeding the line out this time, seeming a simpler method in the circumstances. Unfortunately, Stuey had some buoyancy problems (like too much!) and did not get as far as I and was finally defeated by cramp in the jaw and the cool situation.

Then came the much dreaded epic of transferring the entire contents of Trev's van back to Trev's van (pronounced "vun") ending in hot peppered soup. Many thanks to Trev for portering and for soup. Stuey's line reel and tank mounts worked excellently.

Nick Hume.

Next Episode - "June Resurgence". Don't forget - Cave Divers Penetrate Deeper!

TASMANIAN CAVERNEERING CLUB  
JF 36 GROWLING SWALLET ENTRANCE STREAMWAY

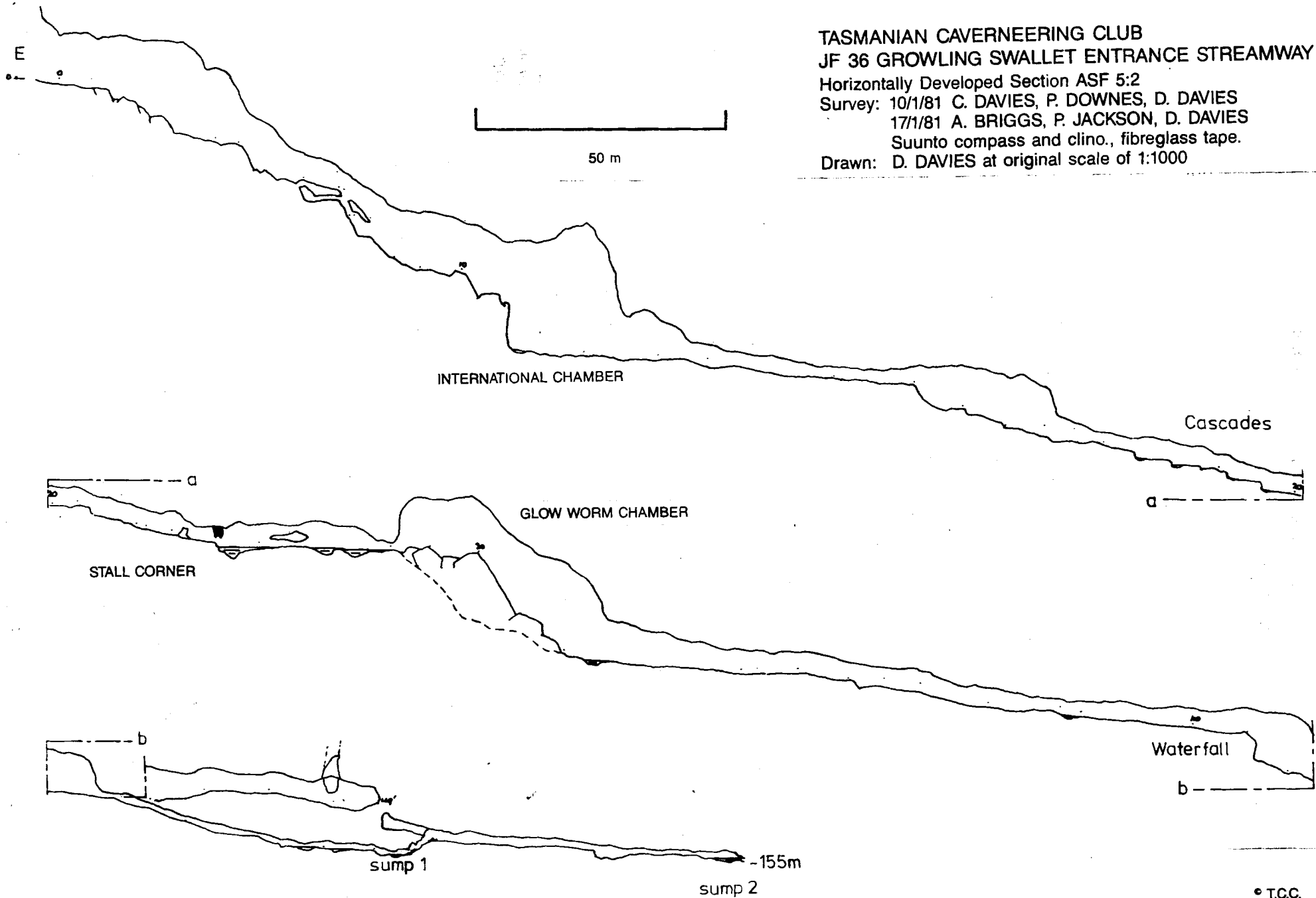
Horizontally Developed Section ASF 5:2

Survey: 10/1/81 C. DAVIES, P. DOWNES, D. DAVIES

17/1/81 A. BRIGGS, P. JACKSON, D. DAVIES

Suunto compass and clino., fibreglass tape.

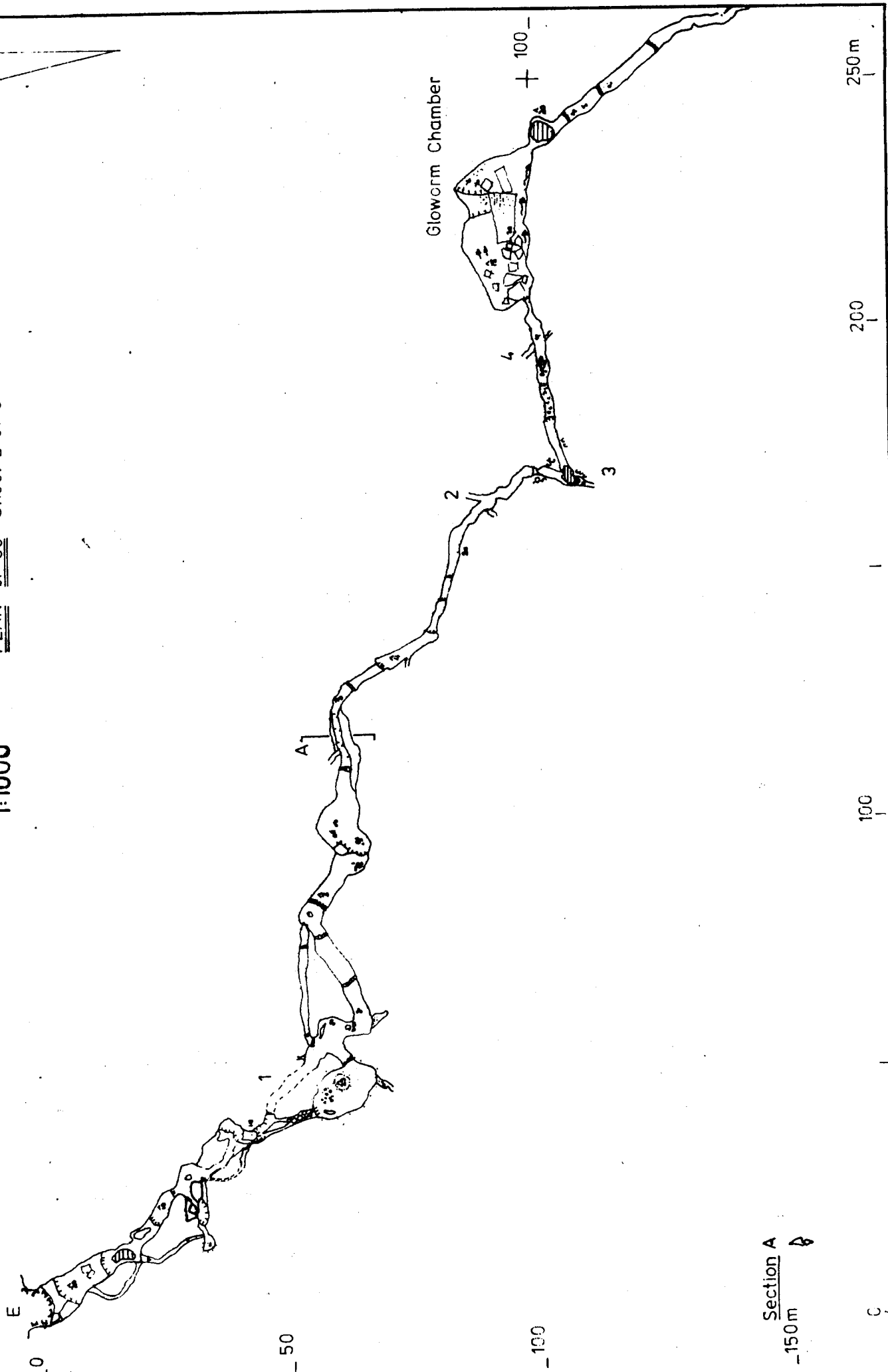
Drawn: D. DAVIES at original scale of 1:1000



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PLAN JF 36 Sheet 2 of 3

1:1000





1:1000

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