

NEWSLETTER OF THE TASMANIAN CAVERNEERING CLUB
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FORWARD PROGRAMME

It seems to happen regular as clockwork every year, that strange phenomenon of short days, cold weather, high water levels, and the absence of enthusiastic cavers. In Tasmania we call this phenomenon 'Winter'. However, this year shouldn't prove any different to those past. Trips will be run although where to and when at this stage is entirely up to those keen enough to brave the elements. Track cutting and surface surveying is primarily a winter task, and a day in the wet bush can be quite invigorating as well as miserable.

Committee Meetings will be held at 7 Rupert Avenue on Wednesday 15 June and 20 July. General meetings are held on the first Wednesday of the month - 6 July. On most Wednesdays (after meetings) and Thursdays, the TCC meets at the Winston Churchill in the Public Bar (quite exclusive) for a social drink and gossip; Fridays occassionally in the Fern Tree Tavern. A phone call to one of the above will tell you what's happening and when.

EDITORIAL

Well folks, it's another rainy night in town and with no new records having been set or massive cave systems found in the last couple of weeks, things are getting a bit boring. One found, lost, found again cave with an impressive walk-in entrance in the Serendipity area was pushed but bottomed out at less than 200 m in a spectacular chamber.

The drawing up of the Growling Swallet survey is progressing at a steady rate, and is beginning to look like one of those drunken ink-producing art trails that one occasionally is unfortunate enough to encounter in appropriate buildings as objet d'art. This project was helped by the loan of the 'Muller 82' Sharp PC1500 'pocket' computer recently brought down by Al Warild for which those concerned are very thankful, even if the program supplied was a bit lacking in some respects! Roll on surveying robots!

STUART NICHOLAS

CLUB NEWS AND TRIVIA

- * The TCC held an impromptu Bonfire which was relatively successful as no-one knew about it! Thanks to ex-member and genial host Attila Vrana.

- * As usual, the TCC Annual Club Dinner comes around in September. Anyone with any ideas please contact Trevor Wailes. This is usually a successful happening and there should be more information about this in the next Spiel.
- * The latest Caving Equipment price list is now available, and Stuart Nicholas will help with any enquiries and orders (but probably not financially).
- * The new 200 m Bluewater reel has been cut to two 45 m, one 50 m, and one 60 m, ropes plus a 7 m shortie - oops!
- * Chris Davies is planning a bush walking/cave finding trip (expedition) to Federation Peak at Christmas. Anyone vaguely interested should contact him through the usual channels (Winston's Thursday night), for more information. Anyone with any relevant information that could assist would be gratefully listened to!
- * The Search and Rescue exercise held a couple of months ago in Cauldron Pot was well received by both Police and Ambulance. A second exercise will be held early October to hopefully do more and involve radio and cliff rescue bods. On 23 July there will be a cliff rescue exercise on the Organ Pipes co-ordinated by Glenn Kowalik of the CCT. All cavers are invited and should make an effort to attend - after all, we have rope skills far in advance of most other bods and could well be called upon in a moment of need. Contact Stuart if you are interested.
- * Many thanks to the VSA and NCC for their trip reports helping to pad out our sagging literary content. It appears that the VSA thoroughly enjoyed themselves if somewhat uncomfortably (cold, wet, long deep trips), and hearing first hand from the NCC on the work they did in Anne-a-Kananda. As the NCC do not publish a newsletter, we the TCC, will willingly publish any material that they feel is of significance to Australian (Tasmanian) caving, as some of their more recent finds at Mole Creek are still unheard of.

SATANS LAIR 6/3/83

Party: T Wailes, N Hume, C Davies, R Hortle, A Briggs, S Eberhard, John McCormack (CEG, SA).

"They delved too greedily and too deep,
and disturbed that from which they fled ..."

Satans Lair is one of those caves, possessing a certain aura of obscurity and intrigue. It was first explored by SCS (RIP?!) many, many years ago, and since then has been very rarely, if ever, visited. With such a provocative name and scant knowledge of the interior we went well prepared with some rope and various other appropriate items in order to pay sacrificial tribute to HIMSELF.

Trevor wasn't very keen after an energetic trip the day before, but we eventually coerced him into showing us the way (he didn't know he was going to be the virgin)! Half an hour's trek later we were standing at the entrance so we slaughtered one of the wild goats, cut off its head, and thrust it into the gaping mouth of the enormous entrance pit.

"You're all sinners", exclaimed Trev as he waved his holy cross symbolically through the air and splashed hole-y water over everything. Nick, characteristically in control of himself, donned his Nazi combat helmet and re-checked the firing mechanism on his Petzl in case of any underground resistance. With uncommon atheistic enthusiasm, Chris attached his new "trident" rappel device to the rope and

disappeared into Avernus itself. Several anxious minutes passed before Chris's voice uttered up from stygia, claiming that there were no writhing snakes at the bottom but another pit.

The rest of us followed closely but in the chamber below the second pitch John Mac's light was possessed by evil spirits so he was forced to retreat to the real world. Richard accompanied him because he is "possessed" anyway!

A grovel down through a jagged talus pile gives way to a steeply descending stream canyon interrupted by another four pitches. The final 22 m pitch drops into the large terminal chamber.

A productive trip into a 3D world of flashing lights and technicolor hyper space. Although the cave didn't measure up to its "severe" reputation, we did manage to survey it despite a clinometer that refused to respond to gravity.

PITCH DETAILS

- P1 (8 m): No protectors are required if the rope is rigged from the log over the entrance. A 15 m rope allows for some aid as a handline immediately below the pitch.
- P2 (14 m): Belay a 20 m rope to the spike high up on the left hand side. Re-belay with a No 4 hex. opposite the ledge. No protectors.
- P3 (20 m): Anchor 22 m rope with short tape to rock projection low down at lip. Re-belay 8 m down with a tape or trace.
- P4 (6 m): 8 m rope rigged from jug on left hand side.
- P5 (8.5 m): Belay 12 m rope with a trace around block in roof. No protectors needed.
- P6 (22 m): Anchor a 30 m rope to trace around ballard on right hand side. Pitch can be rigged free-hanging by traversing out above shaft and re-belaying with a No 6 hex. and a short trace.

STEFAN EBERHARD

KHAZAD DUM - 12/3/83

Party: Andrew Briggs, Chris Davies, Mike Edwards, Rik Tunney, Janine McKinnon.

Being full of the boundless enthusiasm known to all we cavers, we'd agreed to meet at the log near the Homestead at 8.00 am. Unfortunately, Chris's car was not used to such early starts and voiced its disapproval in the traditional manner of the working majority - it went on strike. Hence, at the more usual time of 9.00 am we started up the road to the KD carpark with Chris, Andrew and Mike bouncing along in our trailer.

At 10.30 am we started into KD after a pleasant morning tea of cheese and grit sandwiches (Chris had dropped his lunch over the floor of his car. He wasn't having a good start to the day!).

The trip down the streamway was pleasant and uneventful (except for the fact that Rik and I had slightly miscalculated the length of the 70 ft rope and it was 7 ft or so too short), but our laddering technique could do with a little polishing up! We'd decided to ladder all the streamway pitches with the exception of the 45 ft pitch. We'd (erroneously) thought that short 30 ft (or so) pitches would be done quickly and easily on ladders (unbelayed, of course). But we SRT exponants are a

little rusty on ladders, particularly ones under waterfalls. (The fact that there wasn't enough rope available to do the whole cave SRT did contribute a bit to our decision)! Still, no-one fell off, so we didn't do too badly.

A bit of time was lost trying to find the bolts on a couple of the pitches - notably the pitch where the bolt is about 15 ft up the wall and around a projection of rock. We'd forgotten about that one, and spent 10 minutes looking around everywhere but the right place until we remembered where it was.

On reaching the Brew Chamber, Andrew started up the choofer whilst the rest of us did the final 135 ft pitch. After a good look round, I started up first and arrived back in time for a lovely hot cup of coffee with lunch. ~~We're~~ a hard breed!

Andrew and Mike started out first and waited for the rest of us at the top of the first streamway pitch. We all did pretty poorly on the ladders again. Definitely a bit more practice required here. Trevor will have to give us some pointers on technique.

The only real hold-up was encountered at the bottom of the 70 ft pitch where we'd all met up again, but the time wasting was well spent discussing the possible monetary advantages available from writing articles for Woman's Weekly style journals (or "Wild" - who says Steve Bunton is the only horse in the race?).

We reached the surface at 8.00 pm after a 9½ hour trip.

JANINE MCKINNON

1983 EASTER VISIT TO FLORENTINE VALLEY BY VSA

This Easter the annual VSA trip to Tassie was scheduled for the Junee-Florentine area. Eleven cavers and three tourists were going to despoil the countryside with their presence. Arriving late Thursday night from Melbourne meant that not much was going to be done on Friday.

Stuart Nicholas and Trevor Wailes on their way to Mt Anne dropped in at the Maydena campsite around midday to find the VSA still there and thinking about lunch. Stuart and Trevor cleared off after an hour, muttering about 4 hour hikes to the Mt Anne base camp, and the VSA cleared off to Cauldron Pot.

Cauldron was visited, the first pitch rigged then re-rigged, then left behind as everyone went back to camp for an early tea. "We'll give it hell tomorrow!" was the catch cry.

Stuart was back at the camp (muttering about 4 hour hikes in the dark and rain) with Andrew Briggs (who said he felt unwell) when we arrived. Stuart had decided to throw his lot in with us, but needed to go back to Hobart for gear. Lack of petrol stopped him going that night, so he resigned himself to wasting Saturday getting gear and hopped into the grog with the rest of us.

Saturday, Cauldron was bottomed (except for Aucheval pitch) and a tourist trip was led by Miles Pierce down Growling Swallet to the cairn at the link with the Trapdoor stream. We found Stuart back at camp raring to go. Ice Tube was mentioned, but it was decided that a deeper penetration trip into Growling was in order.

Sunday, six went into Growling, as far as the upstream reaches of the Black River series. This was pushed briefly to reveal two avens; both having dry leads heading off in the opposite wall. We didn't push these as two members of the party were beginning to feel the cold, so we began to head out. However, at the 25 m pitch up into Destiny, one member could prusik no further than 7 m. A spare rope and rescue pulleys were on hand so we soon had the victim to the top, and after stuffing him full

of chocolate and jelly beans, started him on the way out with Stuart while the pitch was cleared.

Everyone was out of the cave without further drama to make it a 9 hour trip.

Monday - two caving groups formed up. One went into Owl Pot to have a go at the 'Three Falls' Connection, the other went to KD for a tourist and photo trip down the Serpentine passage.

Tuesday - people left orders for the Speleo Spiel, and asked about fibre pile suits before leaving for Melbourne.

A trip that didn't achieve much in terms of exploration, but a valuable learning experience for some Mainlanders who have had things a bit too soft for a bit too long.

Ahh well! Next year we'll give it hell!

PETER ACKROYD

CAVE DIVING, FLORENTINE VALLEY - 10 APRIL 1983

Divers: Nick Hume, Rolan Eberhard

A nice, unhurried dive was made to the airspace to check on a couple of high level leads in "For Your Eyes Only". There was some optimism that these could connect with the surface some 100 m (?) above, thus eliminating the many logistical problems of entering this cave. A rather elegant invention in the form of side pockets on the author's air tank enabled various bits of climbing gear to be carried through the sump with complete ease.

Rolan "lassoed" a stalagmite some 7 m above the streamway and we both prusiked into the first lead with the single set of SRT gear we had brought with us. Prusiking in a full wet suit with someone else's rig was rather interesting. We tiptoed over dry, hollow flowstone to a squeeze, which we managed to enlarge with a lead weight. This led over more flowstone back over the streamway near the cascades, merely an "oxbow". No inlet tubes were found above the flowstone and we rappelled out of the lead on a double rope anchored to a handy stal, pulling the rope down behind us.

An attempt on the second lead failed after much effort to lasso a dubious nubbin high overhead. We reluctantly admitted the impossibility of this task and exited after some 3 hours underground.

NICK HUME

MINI MARTIN - SATURDAY 21 MAY 1983

For over a week, maybe longer, tentative rumours hinting towards the suggestion that there just might possibly be, if it goes ahead, depending upon whether, or not, it eventuates and subject to the attendance of certain members, should they be both interested and available, a trip to Serendipity, or failing that option, somewhere else!

With these variables undecided, Nick Hume, Trevor Wailes, Rik and Janine McTinney and myself, trod the path of many bushwalkers before us toward Exit, then onwards and upwards along less popular paths to Mini Martin.

Our visit to Ida Bay quarry seeking access to the "new track" proved less than

successful when Trev, like a foiled angler, disappointed and frustrated, announced, "but, I nearly had him - it was so close". The catch was the Quarry Manager, who, in all fairness to Trev, held an advantageous position throughout the negotiation by virtue of his control over a potentially persuasive, if not intimidating tool in the form of a 20 Tonne shovel which doubled as the quarry's security barrier.

Arriving at the afore-mentioned hole-in-the-ground, Nick and Trevor started rigging (see separate notes), whilst the rest of us sat around chatting, eating and causing a nuisance with our occasional assistance.

Nick descended first, followed by Trevor to rig the next pitch which includes an innovative bolt hanger complete with cam assembly suitable for prusiking.

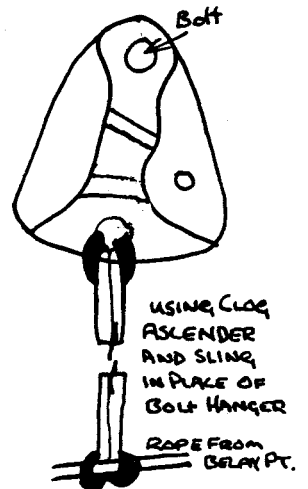
Janine discovered her CMI wouldn't tow-the-line, so Rik came to grips with the situation and in an unprecedented display of chivalry offered her one of his own, thus enabling Janine to make the ascent whilst committing himself to a watery exit from Exit. I personally found the entrance pitch interesting and educational not having previously passed knots (I've been meaning to ask Chris about those), abseiling on 9 mm rope with a whaletail or even seen such a deeeeepppp hole-in-the-ground, consequently I developed quite an attachment to the rope (particularly at the knot).

Our arrival at the main passage coincided with that of another party who after lunch graciously carried out our rope from the bottom pitch and provided Rik with an alternative to swimming, (but you can't help bad luck)!

The return prusik only reinforced David Attenborough's theories that the "Ascent of Man", or woman, is a slow business.

The exercise proved whether the prusik rigs (and occupants) were ropeworthy, provided sufficient stimulation to lure Trevor out of his threatened retirement (standard ploy of aging would-be media personalities) and more importantly was concluded before last orders at the Dover Hotel.

MIKE EDWARDS



TRIP REPORT - NORTHERN CAVERNEERS

ANNE-A-KANANDA 7-9TH MARCH 1983

Party: Jed, David & Robert Butler, Kendal Cocker, Elspeth Gibson, Michael Bauld and Rodney Hart.

Intentions for the weekend were to descend the magnificent 115 m entrance pitch of Kellars Cellar, have a look into Anne-a-Kananda and enjoy the magnificent mountain scenery for those not so keen to go underground.

That evening (7th) the more energetic cavers were keen to go underground, so after tea five of us descended into Anne-a-Kananda. Caving conditions reached an all time low, with smoke reducing visibility down to 2-3 m. This hindered exploration, but progress was made along the Organ Grinder and three subsequent pitches. At the base of the third pitch a rift led us to another pitch and adjacent chamber much larger than anything yet seen, which was not much due to the continuing smoke problem. Unable to descend this pitch due to the acute shortage of rope, a return to an even more smokey campsite was made.

Sunday morning dawned fine for those keen enough to get up and see it, persuading

Michael to attempt a sole trip without artificial oxygen to the summit of Mt Anne. Due to the promising nature and pleasant caving conditions encountered, the rest of us decided to return to Anne-a-Kananda.

Some enterprising chockstone placements by Jed, enabled us to re-rig and descend the 30 m Dessicator pitch. At the far end of this chamber a small squeeze was pushed, revealing the continuing rift system and another pitch.

With only 1 x 100 m rope left, a return to the surface was made for a tea adjournment. Our 100 m rope became 2 x 50 m ropes and a return was made into the again smokey but familiar environment of AK. A quick descent saw Jed, David, Robert and Rodney above the rift and ready to descend into the unknown again. This proved to be a 8 m pitch and a 30 m pitch very close together. Leading from the base of this pitch a narrow passage and 10 m pitch lead into another rift system. Rocks thrown down this would rumble down for over 10 seconds, and was completely out of the question with the remaining rope left. Leaving the cave rigged, four happy cavers returned to the surface sometime after midnight.

A leisurely start on Monday morning/afternoon saw us heading home with Anne-a-Kananda known and rigged to 200 m, and looking extremely promising.

TRIP REPORT - NORTHERN CAVERNEERS

ANNE-A-KANANDA 12-13TH MARCH 1983

Party: Jed and David Butler, Rodney Hart.

A much faster trip onto Mt Anne NE Ridge saw the above well fed and ready to descend underground with three more ropes at 2.30 pm. A short traverse along the rift previously discovered led us to an exhilarating 45 m abseil directly below the previous limit of exploration. From here two shafts were explored to another 40 and 30 m, with virtually no possibility of further extensions. Further possibilities existed but with the prospect of the long jumar out and de-rigging the cave, a slow retreat was made, and the surface regained at 1.00 am the next morning. The ropes were left on the wrong side of the Organ Grinder and would be the subject of yet another trip to Anne-a-Kananda. Although no survey equipment was taken into the cave, the estimated depth of the cave was now put at 300 m.

RODNEY HART

TRIP REPORT - NORTHERN CAVERNEERS

ANNE-A-KANANDA - 26-27TH MARCH

Party: Jed and David Butler, Alison Turner, Rodney Hart

A call for porters to collect ropes left near the Organ Grinder in Anne-a-Kananda proved a pointless exercise, with only one new-comer wishing to complete the climb onto Mt Anne NE Ridge. The trip was organised to retrieve our ropes as TCC planned an expedition into the area during Easter. Because of poor communications between the clubs, relationships had struck an all time low, with many TCC members extremely upset over our actions during the previous weeks. With the possibility of a combined trip politely put out of the question, and not wishing to disrupt relationships between the clubs any further, there was no option but to collect our ropes and head elsewhere during the Easter break.

The all-too-familiar Friday night drive and walk up Mt Anne was completed in

typically wet SW weather. A quick and uneventful trip underground soon saw us back at the campsite with our small mountain of rope. With three members of the TCC also in AK carrying up tackle for next weekend, a tense atmosphere soon developed. So after a quick bite to eat, we left with very little being said between the two groups. Two and a half hours saw us back at the cars wondering how deep the rift between Northern and Southern cavers would develop.

'NETTLEBED AND BEYOND' - SUMMER 1983 IN NEW ZEALAND

TCC members involved: Stefan and Rolan Eberhard, Nick Hume.

Trev would be proud of us, I thought here we were, three TCC bods, driving to New Zealand's premier caving area, on Christmas Day and we actually managed to find a pub that was open! We eventually staggered into Fred Kahl's place in Nelson, to mingle with vaguely familiar, slightly famous, and largely notorious people with whom we would share the next fortnight or so.

Boxing Day; a groggy battle with mountains of gear, mountains covered in snow, helicopters, fading light, blizzards, numb feet, together with the compulsory uncertainty as to what, where, when and for how? We tramped into the Arthur Range, to a place known as 'The Tops', which is directly above the massive 'Nettlebed' system by some 300 m or so. Here we spent a few days looking for an elusive surface connection without success, but had heaps of fun thrashing about in the scrub, 'bombing' new shafts.

We tired of the scrub and did a few sporting trips into the known caves closer to camp. One superb day we climbed 'The Twins' and partially explored what must be New Zealand's highest cave, at about 8,000 feet, complete with ice stalactites. Another day Stefan found an interesting shaft and promptly dropped his carbide lamp down it, at least providing the incentive to explore the thing.

I 'choppered' down to Nettlebed campsite and was immediately sucked in to cook a meal for 40 with, of all people, Mank 'Monologue' volunteering to help me. A rescue call from the cave saved me from this fate worse than death. The diversion was in the form of a girl, found staggering around the cave in bare feet, and dead drunk! She was alternately fainting and spewing up, a fairly standard, straightforward cave rescue situation really! It was New Year's Day.

The following day we left this mayhem to go to the far end of the Nettlebed system for a five day bivouac and some exploration. The bivvy site was sadistically named 'Soft Rock Cafe'; more than once I noticed Tony White removing lumps from his sleeping slab with a lump hammer. Apart from Tony, the other members of the push team were; Al Warild, Cathy Handel, Jean-Paul Sounier, Don Fraser (ex TCC), plus Stefan, Rolan and myself; quite a lot of expertise.

Nettlebed is a classic cave, on a big scale. Its stream passages take enormous quantities of water at times, most impressive. Fossil passages have collapsed to form the huge chambers of 'Hammer Heights' and 'Salvation Hall'. Unique speleothems in places add to the great diversity of the system. I found the whole thing quite an eye opener after the small time of Tassie caves.

Five days underground is a lot of caving and we lapsed into a pattern of sleeping in, in the 'mornings', caving late into the 'night'. Time lost its meaning exploring, grovelling, surveying, moving to stay warm, cooking a meal, relaxing with a precious cigarette.

The passage trend at this furthest known extent of the cave is bisected by 'Thorps Fault' and many leads we checked were through eventually unnavigable breakdown. Nevertheless, Al and Jean-Paul bolted an aven at the end of a new passage to increase

the cave's total vertical range to approximately 660 metres.

We returned to the surface stunned by the effect of the rainforest on our colour starved eyes. Drugged by the light and the trip. The expedition finished off well, with us packing off to Nelson for a wild booze up.

Cleaning and repairing, switching off in a magazine, barbecues, civilisation became boring again after a few days. We packed a rent-a-van to its roof with food, caving gear and escaped to Able Tasman National Park for some of New Zealand's classic holes, interspersed with sessions at the Rat Trap Hotel.

Rolan's preoccupation with "gash" was fulfilled beyond his wildest imaginings when he took a fall near the entrance of "Little Harwoods" and received a gash to the head worthy of several stitches, blood in the scroggin. "Little Harwoods" is very pleasant caving with just the one pitch of 90 m, at its entrance, leading to easy passage. It had been very dry enabling us to push some new ground beyond what is normally sumped. I've forgotten the excuse for not surveying this extension!

Suspended by 8.5 mm bluewater on the 176 m abseil of "Harwoods" is one of those rare experiences, relaxed, detached, "frozen flying". The entrance pitch is only part of the buzz for in the cave proper are myriad blue rim-pools, lying between hills of starlight flowstone. This decoration permeates the entire system. Stefan and Rolan elected to prusik up the big pitch, while we emerged in the valley floor with a long bushbash up to the entrance.

Freediving the clear waters of Pupu Springs provided some diversion. Considerable quantities of water percolate from the riverbed, setting stones dancing. The effects of refraction in the perfect clarity were interesting and must be comparable to the Mount Gambier experience.

Jean-Paul, Cathy and myself rigged "Green Link" to the sumps, while Al, Tony and Stefan came down some hours later with flippers, etc, to freedive these, drop the final pitch and generally explore the place. This turned into a 20 hour epic for them, in which they pushed a rockpile to find considerably more passage, eventually halted by a 20 m pitch and no gear. Al got lost on the way out and Tony, following up, missed him and proceeded to derig the last two pitches on his own. It was some hours before anyone noticed that Al was missing!

The group broke up after this with Al, Tony and Rolan pursuing further masochism in "Green Link". I had had enough caving so headed off to Mt Cook for a month, with Stefan, to what turned out to be a successful season.

From Speleo Spiel's New Zealand correspondent,

NICK HUME

LOST

Stefan Eberhard is missing a black 5 mm wetsuit top (neoprene outside and nylon inside) with a zipper down the front. Does anyone (eg, Trevor!) know of its whereabouts? Phone 396448.

STILL LOST -

EG Trevor saw it once but unfortunately someone was wearing it!!

Anyone desiring to hear about more Tassi caving should get hold of the latest SUSS Bulletin Vol 23 No 1. It seems some of our secrets are still not out in the open rather just under the rain forest canopy.

FINAL NOTE

With the advent of newly constructed electron ladder. The TCC will hold a serious non SRT caving trip down Sesame II in the very near future. If anyone is interested contact Trevor Wailes, phone 344 862. This is one of the few forward programme trips that will eventuate. A very worthwhile trip too!!

GROWLING SWALLET 16/3/83

Kevin Kiernan (TROG)*, Stefan Eberhard

Yet ANOTHER trip to Growling, to show Kevin through some of the newly discovered cave. An atypically early start (6.00 am) did not alleviate the boredom of the main streamway and the tedium of Windy Rift, and that wet and muddy swine of a crawl, HERPES III, was just as wet and muddy as usual.

At length we were into NECROSIS whereupon my light began to subtly extinguish itself as Kevin explained that this area previously represented an epiphreatic zone, ie, the top portion of the water rest, where the water still has enough energy to form the incredible three-dimensional mazes. The rock is very smooth and clean and scalloping on the walls indicated pressure flow uphill. As expected there had been extensive infilling of dolerite boulders and allumium during the Pleistocene.

We made our way down the main streamway then on into DREAMTIME where I had hoped to survey some more of the "railway tunnels", but my light was now nearly useless. We consoled ourselves with a brief jog around these tunnels, which are also large phreatic tubes, before groping toward the surface, mainly by brail but also with a little help from the glow worms. Although we didn't get into Black River, Kevin was still fairly impressed by the whole business.

* TASMANIAN REBEL OUTDOOR GROUP

STEFAN EBERHARD

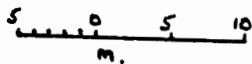
Coming soon to the Spiel :-

A full report and survey of Anne-a-Kananda.

Surveys of Slaughter House Pot, Serendipity.

more cave diving reports from the Junee and elsewhere.

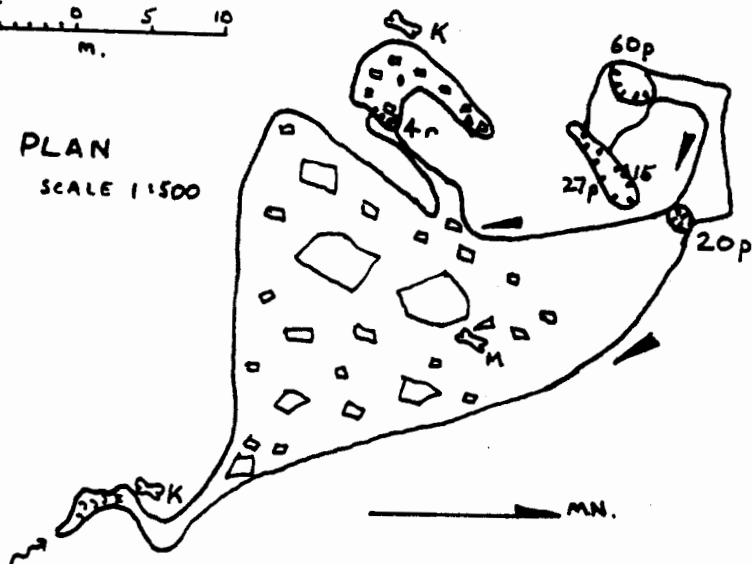
SPIEL AND T.C.C. SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE NOW OVERDUE.



PLAN
SCALE 1:500

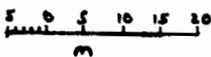
PSV 15 VILLA MARIA CELLARS II PEARSE VALLEY (N.Z.)

ASF GRADE 5.4.



EXTENDED VERTICAL SECTION

SCALE 1:1000



M MØL BONES
K KAKAPO BONES

SURVEYED 31.12.82
S. EBERHARD,
R. EBERHARD.

DRAWN S. EBERHARD