

Newsletter of the Tasmanian Caverneering Club

Established 1946

SPELEO SPIEL

"GROWLING SWALLET ENTRANCE"

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NEWSLETTER OF THE TASMANIAN CAVERNEERING CLUB

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FORWARD PROGRAMME

Wednesday 2 November General meeting, 7 Rupert Avenue, New Town.
Thursday 3 November Police S & R training exercise to Growling Swallet.
Saturday 5 & 6 " Serendipity - fun trip to survey a kilometre and push on into Growling.
Saturday 12 November Sesame I & II - with the new ladder it's now possible.
Wednesday 16 November Committee meeting, 7 Rupert Avenue, New Town, BYO.
Saturday 19 November Growling Swallet - a trip for everybody and anybody.
Saturday 26 November Unplanned as yet, but a trip/s will go with someone.
Wednesday and Thursday nights - social drinks at Winston Churchill or Duke of Wellington.

EDITORIAL

Now that the worst of our winter weather is behind us a bit more action should happen. As you read through this the latest Spiel, you will see that things are indeed picking up; many trips have been executed and unfortunately not reported. Those published here prove that we have many proficient persons still doing it; trips to Dwarrowdelf and new discoveries in both Growling Swallet and Slaughterhouse pot. Surveying is in progress in many areas, and one group of star-gazers that noticed an upsurge in vegetation.

A new cover is in production but whether this Spiel will be covered by it at the time of writing this is still uncertain. The Club Dinner passed almost as planned and it was good to see some of our longer serving members there as well as a few guests, eg, Andrew Pavey and Andrew Skinner.

On a rather sad note it is with regret that the much beloved Junee Homestead is in ill health after a particularly violent attack of vandalism. Should this old refuge be nursed back to health or cremated? It is possible that in the not too distant future access to the area will become stricter for all with the gating of the track which should add some protection. A decision has to be made and effort expended by people interested enough to care. Visiting mainland groups use the property annually, and if it was left to rot the inconvenience would be profound both to them and to us. Volunteers wanted if only for a decision!!

CLUB NEWS AND OTHER TRIVIA

- Many things have been happening over the last few months, even if there haven't been very many Speleo Spiels (I haven't got time!!). The TCC international skiing branch did its thing in two raids on NZ during the winter. Both were most successful with much socialising and some skiing taking place on one raid, the other one specialising in rental car abandonment on an infamous piece of road near Mt Cook.
- During the middle of this month an Australian expedition was organised to further explore Cocklebidy, a record breaking cave dive on the Nullarbor. A French team had explored to a limit of 5.86 km in from the entrance but the local boys were keen to better this. Stefan Eberhard was invited to participate as a slave diver, ferrying tanks through the first section of the cave. He has returned intact after what can only be described as a breath taking experience and with luck some sort of report may be forthcoming on the trip.
- We finally have some new ladders which are now in service and will no doubt be welcomed by the GS brigade to replace those rusty remnants in situ in that ever expanding cave. Hopefully more will be made fairly soon to build up our somewhat depleted stocks. Currently an idea is about to go back to the rope ladders of yesteryear for fixed ladders in GS, using of course synthetic rope and probably aluminium rungs. These would have a far greater life in the wet environment of GS when left in there for a year or two while we work on multiplying its length a few more times!!
- Plans are well under way for another push in the Junee Resurgence by the adrenalin junkies. Various bits of gear are being made and adapted in order to make the task a little easier. Following Stefan's Cocklebidy experience, no doubt more ideas will be forthcoming and with any luck a really major discovery may be made this summer.

THE LAMP SITUATION - AN ILLUMINATING ARTICLE

During the last few months there has been some discontent over the supply and use of the lamps available from the gear store. Hopefully this little epistle will shed some light on the situation.

Most of us refer to the lamps as "club lamps". This is incorrect - all but one are privately owned. TCC only owns ONE lamp. Soon after electric lamps became de rigueur, it was found desirable to keep all the lamps at the Quartermaster's residence together with a multi-point charger built by one of our members. Hence the lamps effectively became communal property with cavers using any one that came to hand during early Saturday morning gear sorting sessions prior to trips. As a matter of interest, most trips used to leave at 7.00 am in those days, and leave they did, on time!! Various members owning lamps have dwindled away leaving their lamps with the club, to the obvious advantage of those too tight to buy their own.

Currently, Oldham or MSA lamps cost about \$100. With reasonable care they will last up to ten (yes 10!) years. Certainly their useful life is five or more years. Surely about \$20 per year is a small price to pay for the convenience of having your own lamp and knowing its characteristics. In fact, its about time some bods in this club got off their backsides, stopped wingeing about lack of gear, poor lamps and so on and did something about it themselves. But that is another subject.

A lot of money is needed to buy the gear necessary for modern caving, and overall the price of a lamp amounts to the same or less than that of a full set of SRT gear. Why not save our Quartermaster a lot of hassles by saving a bit of the folding stuff each week for a while and buying your own lamp. It is my opinion that the club should not be responsible for buying lamps which in general are used by the same bods every week. The club funds should be used to buy "club gear" such as ropes, ladders

and so on which are used by all and sundry. It is generally impractical for individuals to own enough tackle to do all they wish to do - surely that is why we join clubs in the first place. But lamps I class as personal gear, just like helmets, boots and so on, and just as necessary, if not more so. Obviously new members and prospective members cannot be expected to buy their own lamps until they have at least given the sport a try. However, most of our active members at this time are far from beginners and should have a full complement of personal gear. So fellow cave bods, get out your wallets and go buy yourself a lamp. Another point - the club does not have belts for loan - they are a very cheap item and it is definitely your responsibility to supply your own; that applies to school groups and so on as well whether "club lights" are used or not.

Borrowing lamps for school trips and such like is another thorny topic upon which I shall briefly dwell. In my opinion, the first in is the best dressed in this case. If you have a trip planned for a particular date and the night before wander around for six or eight lamps, to find there is only one there, there is no one to blame but yourself. The same thing applies to tackle - there seems to be two "rival" groups operating within TCC at the moment, which is all to the good in some ways but the rivalry seems to be getting a little out of hand. This has led to some unnecessary hassles within the club over tackle. We all should be proud to belong to a club doing so much exploration - it's a veritable bonanza and the big finds have only just begun.

Enough is enough - I hope this little article does not cause too much argument, but if you can't sleep tonight maybe you will see the light

Letters to the Editor on this or related topics are most welcome.

STUART NICHOLAS - QUARTERMASTER, EDITOR, ETC

"KUBLA KHAN"

Trev's sub two hour through trip 14 August, participants: Trevor Wailes, Mike Edwards, Nick Hume.

A fluid Saturday night in the Mole Creek Hotel had anaesthetized us to the extent that even Gavin didn't disturb us the following morning. Repeated moaning and a slow motion breakfast gave us sufficient enthusiasm to clamber up the hill and rig "Kubla's" bottom entrance.

We left the cars at 11.00 am and using my 9 mm dynamic (pardon the cramponed bits!) literally flew down the three pitches to "The Khan" in considerably less time than on the previous day's photographic epic. We sidled "The Khan" enjoying numerous downclimbs, through "Stalactite Shuffle", bypassing the "Pleasure Dome" on up the streamway. Heading upstream we stayed mostly high and dry, climbing through the top of the rift, descending on occasions to cool off in the swirlpools.

Trev, on this his third trav, had no trouble locating the exit point at the bottom entrance, a quite superb spot in its own right. He took off to placate Sue, who was waiting at the cars, leaving Mike and I to derig. We were out by 12.45 pm, end of a very pleasant weekend.

NICK HUME

TASSIE POT - 25/9/83

Party: Rik Tunney, Andrew Pavey, Mick Flint, Janine McKinnon

Rik and I had been planning to finish the survey in Tassie Pot on this weekend but we were beaten to it by the industrious lads of the club a fortnight before.

We got a call from Andrew Pavey in Sydney, however, to say he was coming down for a few days and would like a vertical caving trip, so we decided we may as well make it Tassie Pot. None of the party had been down it before, so it would make an interesting trip for us and also scratch one off our list of "caves to do".

We got a relatively early start and I was descending the entrance pitch around 10.00 am. Andrew followed, then Mick, with Rik protecting. On reaching the top of the third pitch I wasn't too sure if it was the start of a pitch or just a climb, so Andrew went down for a look and I rigged the pitch and threw the rope to him when he decided halfway down that it was a pitch really.

For the final 220 footer, I carried an extra 15 m rope just in case the rope we had used wasn't quite long enough, but fortunately it wasn't needed. I hadn't been remarkably impressed by the cave up until now, but that final pitch made it worthwhile.

Mick decided to head out at the top of this pitch as he hadn't had a lot of prussiking experience and he thought the rest of the cave was enough for one day.

I think that two protectors should really be put on the bottom lip of this pitch instead of the one in the gear list, as we found a tendency for it to bunch up and not properly protect the point. (Ed's note: It really needs a bolt on the lip to tie off the rope and hence remove the need for protectors).

The only hassle on the way out was that nasty third pitch; I'm sure it must be infamous by now.

We passed through the gate right on the dot of 5.00 pm, and we tried to convince Noel this was due to our excellent planning and organisation. Somehow, I don't think he quite believed us.

JANINE MCKINNON

DWARROWDELF (JF14) - 8/10/83

Party: Rik Tunney, Janine McKinnon

We expected this trip to necessitate an overnight stay, but decided on an early start anyway, (probably so we wouldn't have time to think twice about it!), so we were through the gate at 8.00 am. We took our time getting trogged up, putting off the inevitable moment when we'd have to shoulder our packs containing 3 full rope packs and 3 coiled ropes.

After a 20 minute stagger through the rainforest we arrived at the entrance, and whilst Rik rigged the pitch (very artistically making it a free hang, but requiring a Tarzan swing to get going) I put on all my hardware.

It was a bit awkward descending with 85 m of rope in a pack on my back and 40 m coiled over one shoulder, but I consoled myself with the amusing thought of Rik protecting behind me with 2 rope packs and a coiled rope.

The second pitch had a nice belay point right above the drop, and on reaching the bottom I dropped my rope and pack and went charging off down the obvious route looking for the next pitch. Several strenuous minutes later, after grunting up and down a few false leads, I came back to report I couldn't find the way on (and did we have

the right cave?) only to find Rik preparing to rig the next pitch! It was carefully hidden by all that rock around the place and the fact that it was a pretty small miserable start to a 180 ft pitch. There were 3 bolts in various spots (why 3?) around the place, but having no hangers we had to find something else. This presented itself not as the obvious boulder in the middle of the chamber 15 ft away. NO. Rik (I can't take any credit for this) liked a small keyhole of rock at the top of the pitch. I wasn't altogether confident about this but Rik reassured me, promising to tell me if it gave way as I went down (?). Much reassured I headed down, cursing (again) all the gear required for these vertical caves.

Rik followed, protecting, and we started to get a bit anxious when we saw how many protectors were left at the bottom for this fourth pitch - 1.

We used a rope pack and the last protector at the top of the last pitch and I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw it was a free hanger all the way.

We spent half an hour or so having lunch and looking around before I started up. Pulling all the gear out of the cave behind us was a bit tiring, but nowhere near as difficult as I'd been expecting, and we found ourselves standing at the entrance all packed to go by 3.45 pm. Actually, going was another matter! My pack was too heavy for me to pick up so Rik had to lift it onto my shoulders. His was no better but at least the trip out was downhill and relatively short. (At least I kept telling myself this as I went). As extra consolation we made it out by five and had a refreshing stopover at the pub on the way home.

JANINE MCKINNON

"VICTORY '75" - LIFE IN A DAY

31 July, participants; Nick Hume, Phil Hill, Mike Edwards and Alec Marr.

Early morning in Maydena and a car full of Eberhards screeched to a halt outside Roy's shop. They were actually on the way to 'Welcome Stranger'!!!!..... a tragic sight! Anyway, Alec and I went to the homestead to collect Phil and Mike and drag them up the Junee Quarry Road to find 'Victory '75', no small task in itself.

The track was badly overgrown and after a moment's reflection over the 'Chairman' we left it and followed the fall line for five or ten minutes until intersecting an old forestry track. We assumed this rejoined the 'Chairman' track way off to the right, so turned left to search for our cave. We kept on this track for half an hour or so without sign of cave, which did not seem right, and after deviating from the track to locate a stream we could hear, decided to head back towards the 'Chairman'.

Phil noticed a red marked tree off the forestry track and we followed similar markings, with great difficulty, to JF 112, 'Victory '75' at last. I sat around watching the others get into their SRT gear and when that was over, I sat around eating while the others were getting into their SRT gear, finally after lighting one up, I sat around smoking while the others were getting into their SRT gear. Mike and I eventually rigged a handline into the steep rift of the entrance by which time the others were almost ready.

We were surprised to find a short SRT pitch, just beyond this handline, contrary to advice, and considering the time and the single 60 metre rope we were carrying, became disillusioned with the idea of bottoming the cave. The looseness of the floor gave rise to an inevitable close encounter, namely a rock and Phil's ankle. He continued to rig the short pitch, without complaint, and we all ended up in an unimposing chamber with more scungy flooring. A retie to a piton enabled Phil and

myself to abseil/handline to a short, narrow pitch which we descended to the top of the 53 metre shaft and the end of our rope. This pitch could be rigged free, from a bolt and short header, and looks quite impressive.

A rapid withdrawal to the surface still did not give us too much time to relocate the "Chairman" track before darkness. We relocated the forestry track and on the assumption that it must rejoin the right track, followed it to a badly choked section where a couple of fresh blazes indicated uphill. It was the correct direction and up we went confidently expecting to intersect the track, despite there being no further blazes. After considerable climbing, without success, in the gathering darkness, we further decided to head back down to the forestry track and attempt to relocate the "Chairman" from our original entry point. Darkness thwarted this attempt, in fact we could have crossed these tracks without being aware of it. A council of war was held in which we decided to simply head west in the surety of running into the track, or at very worst, the Junee Quarry Road itself. Little did we know of the ensuing epic!

Maintaining a westerly bearing was relatively simple without compass, simply heading into the twilight was just fine. After twilight we followed the occasionally glimpsed Venus (the planet of!) with uphill to our right as confirmation. Eventually Venus set too (!), at which point a certain person began to lament our situation, though generally spirits were surprisingly high, in fact I was thoroughly enjoying myself. Phil, Mike and I, took turns to walk ahead with a single headlamp going to conserve our battery power. This was painfully slow and eventually most of us ended up using headlamps on low beam, except Alec who elected to do without, with interesting consequences while negotiating the horizontal, ten foot off the ground.

We staggered on guided by Scorpio at this stage, crossing a stream that looked suspiciously like the "Niagara/Cauldron Pot" area. It was Phil who first noticed an overgrown blaze on the tree he was leaning against! These blazes led uphill a short distance, but were obviously going the wrong way. We headed the opposite way in the direction of splashing water which sounded like and in fact was "Cauldron Pot". It was then we heard faint yells (this was Max Jeffries calling to us from some two kilometres away at the site of our cars!), and promptly yelled in reply. We quickly located "Khazad-Dum" track and came upon the road, some two to three hundred metres above the cars, our headlamps just beginning to fade.

A rescue party (!) and what a party it was. A beaming Chris Davies handed me a bottle of whisky while Rik Tunney had the glad news of my flat tyre and flat battery. Trev actually ready to go caving, flitted and clucked like a mother hen, Max smiled and borrowed a cigarette, Stefan muttered something about an FJ and Janine looked disappointed, who else was there? On behalf of the overdue party I would like to express sincerest thanks to - Noel the gatekeeper, for sounding the alarm; Russell Coker for waiting up half the night to ensure our safety; Max Jeffries for coming out once again; and of course Trev, Chris, Stefan, Rik and Janine. We humbly apologise for disturbing your respective Sunday evenings.

NICK HUME

P.S. Lessons learnt from this episode include -

- don't accept verbal advice on things as important as pitch details; get a survey/ description if at all possible.
- take track marking tape plus map and compass on trips to obscure caves, leave plenty of time to locate same, or limit objectives.
- declare intentions to the gatekeeper and leave a contact number in case of becoming overdue.

For all those who are interested in how our inefficient rescue call out works, here is a minute by minute account of what transpired on the evening of 31 July 1983. Our official SR coordinator was out of town so the initiative was left to the club as a whole. There are faults in this system, but as it turned out to be only an exercise in arriving at the rescue point, many possible errors did not arise.

- 7.00 pm Stefan Eberhard calls to say Nick's father rang him as the party was overdue - he had been informed by Noel the gatekeeper at Maydena.
- 7.05 pm The gate at Maydena was contacted to obtain more information.
- 7.10 pm IF a rescue was imminent, rescuers would be needed. Stef, Chris Davies, Janine McKinnon and Rik Tunney were contacted and informed of the situation. All prepared themselves to make a move by 10.00 pm if the party was still missing.
- 7.30 pm Wives, girlfriends and parents of the missing party were contacted and put in the picture with the probable cause of absence put down to being lost in the bush!?
- 8.30 pm Chris Davies arrived and we were of the same mind that the thick rain forest and poor tracks in the area were the probable cause of the delay.
- 8.58 pm Noel called from the Maydena gate as pre-arranged. They were still missing and Max Jeffries had gone to check the campsite (the Homestead) to make sure that they were indeed missing.
- 9.05 pm The rescue party was informed to check with me before 10.00 pm and, if all was not well, we would proceed to Maydena.
- 9.10 pm Chris left to get his gear together at home. Stefan and I would pick him up on the way out of town.
- 9.15 pm The Police S & R squad were contacted but would return my call in due course.
- 9.30 pm Tony Power of Police S & R returned my call and was put in the picture. Everyone concerned was not particularly worried, but a move should be made by someone.
- 9.45 pm Max Jeffries called to say that the vehicles are still in situ and that there was no sign of the missing party.
- 9.50 pm Stefan left home to meet here. Janine & Rik will leave Hobart at 10.00 pm.
- 10.05 pm Stef Arrived and we left for Stuart's to pick up lamps, rope, etc.
- 10.25 pm We picked Chris up and relieved him of 8 gallons of petrol. Called my wife Sue to make sure they're still missing, and set off for Maydena at about 10.30 pm.
- Both Rik and myself had arranged to call Sue a couple of times on the way to Maydena, who would be contacted by the gatekeeper should anything happen, so that we could abort the whole affair if necessary.
- 11.00 pm Rik & Janine arrived at Maydena.
- 11.30 pm We arrived, and after conferring with Max Jeffries at the starting point on the track, we geared up for what could be a very long night bush bashing and, if it came to the worst, caving.

Max had thought he had heard an answering call to his coo-ees some time ago, but could not be sure.

Just before midnight as we were ready to set off, lights were seen on the road up ahead and the missing party was found. My wife was contacted to ring the respective next of kin and the Police were informed as to the outcome of our evening.

TREVOR WAILES

SLAUGHTERHOUSE POT - SUNDAY 19 SEPTEMBER 1983

This is a cave very aptly named which was put on our future trips list and actually eventuated only one day late. However, its notoriety was acknowledged by all so no-one volunteered; Stefan Eberard and Trevor Wailes were the only ones interested in finishing the survey and having a poke around in the terminal rock pile. Enthusiasm and confidence in finding anything new wasn't very high.

The entrance series was as torturous as ever, and heavy tackle bags were a nuisance in the somewhat confined crawls and squeezes. My carbide lamp was having an off day, but with persistence arrived at the comparatively roomy chamber above the pitch (Southgate 28 m). Using 9 mm rope on this pitch was potentially suicidal, but Stef redirected the rope half way down to avoid protecting about a third of the rope. I followed protecting the obvious with fingers crossed thinking Stef will be going up first. We didn't find the following 9 m pitch as we climbed down through rock pile to the top of the last 18 m pitch. This pitch can be rehung at a ledge half way down to avoid the use of protectors.

The two areas which I considered to have potential were looked at; the first a small stream sink which would have to be dug was dismissed as we could see the stream running below boulders a few metres into the rock pile which looked the more promising dig but still not very inspiring. The second area was at the deepest point of the cave; Stef forced a narrow slot between blocks as my carbide expired. I could hear him grovelling further on as I turned on my torch, which also expired due to bulb failure. Stef returned and reported a low crawl with all leads choked. We made our way back to the stream sink and removed the loose blocks to enable us to squeeze down a slot little wider than 250 mm by 400 mm. Not very appetising, but forcing myself into it I slid through with little trouble. Further down, after a short climb, another large block impeded progress. This I failed to move on my own so Stef stripped off his sit harness and joined me. Between us the offending rock was removed. Stef had got the smell of exploration and set off down a relatively stable rock pile. No solid walls could be seen and the blocks appeared to be getting larger with depth and the stream appeared and disappeared through the talus.

Brand new unused rock piles of this magnitude aren't my favourite residence, and I hastily constructed cairns between Stefan's rather strung out markers to assist in the return. As I caught Stefan up a rumbling sound coming nearer was interpreted as one of my cairns collapsing, however, the debris went in another direction to us and we continued down many more climbs until Stef's voice boomed with the help of a large aven below him. We were soon stood at the top of an 18-20 metre pitch looking down at what we were sure was Growling Swallet connecting crawl series. A short passage led to another pitch of the same depth. We were in solid rock looking down into the 10 metre ladder pitch aven leading to the Trapdoor stream which we could hear booming in the distance. To be fair, it was a very elated moment - what we knew was possible had been proved. Disappointed that we had no rope with us to exit out of Growling Swallet, we made our way back up 40 metres of rock pile and surveyed from the rock pile entry slot to the base of the last 18 metre pitch in five legs. It was over, and we exited to the base of Southgate where Stef suggested that as I had protected I should go first!! Very gently I prusiked up and found to my amazement that the rope was not cut through or even chaffed. We derigged the pitch and made our way out cursing the bulging rope packs and the wet concrete squeeze. It had been a very worthwhile 6 hour trip.

The final conclusion

It is interesting to note that this sort of thing is possible in Tasmania in systems that have been known for years. A connection with Growling Swallet had been predicted (Spiels 178 and 189), but the rock pile did at first view look unpromising. It seems that if the effort is put in a certain amount of good luck will follow.

Slaughterhouse Pot is now one of the ten deepest caves in Australia at about 230 metres. The discovery makes the Growling Swallet system one quarter of a kilometre longer, and extends the total length to over 7 kilometres. Although Slaughterhouse Pot would be useless for rescue operations of injured parties, it could be useful to avoid a flooded sump section in the main Growling streamway. The Growling Swallet master system now has three entrances and is proving the potential of many more.

TREVOR WAILES

ZULU POT (JF 215) - SATURDAY 30 JULY 1983

Party: Phillip Jackson, Martin Carnes (SCS), A Pom (TCC)

Looking for a vertical trip, there was nothing for it but to join SCS for a day as Trevor was taking a CYSS trip while Nick Hume and the Eberhards were doing Welcome Stranger (JF 229).

Zulu Pot was first discovered by SCS in 1967, although not properly bottomed until July 1972, when fragments of bone were collected and later identified as belonging to Thylacinus Cyncephalus (Harris 1808). The full skeleton was subsequently recovered on a later trip (Southern Cavers Vol 6 No 4).

After meeting at the Maydena shop, Phill, Martin and myself set off to add yet another cross to our books of 'Where not to go in the Florentine'!

Upon arriving at the entrance, the first pitch (40 m) was rigged from a convenient tree which had fallen across it, allowing us to enter the cave. On reaching the bottom of this pitch we looked for a suitable tie off. This turned out to be the tail of the 40 m rope, the main part of the cave consisting of mud. A quick 10 m pitch and we could see the cause of our visit; a previously unclimbed lead starting approximately 6 m above the floor. The reason this had remained unclimbed was immediately obvious as it is vertical mud offering no apparent protection and probably would not go anyway. A maypole would be the obvious answer.

Leaving Phill's collection of chocks, Hexs and friends in his pack, we decided to make the most of things as they were. Phill bottoming the pot at a further 10 m of mud while I pushed a squeeze under some flowstone to enter a small chamber offering a few decorations and six small skeletons scattered around the floor, Martin following the most obvious pursuit of relaxation.

Feeling we had seen more than enough of Zulu Pot, we headed out and home, following Trevor's example by stopping in at the National Park Pub en route.

MIKE EDWARDS

WELCOME STRANGER!

Daaak, Daaak - What? Caaveman!
A timeless world, a black so black it
sends you tripping. Crawling, leaping
laughing through an amazing succession
of passages, streamways, pitches and
caverns winding and falling beneath
the earth in a maze of limestone.
A unique feeling of awe - millions of years
of steady dripping water, of floods and
drought produces a unique landscape
of rippled floors, stalagmites and stalactites
joined or hanging, swaying with the minimal
force of the gentlest breath - But don't blow too hard!
Forms and atmosphere exerting a unique power
which those who would an experience with
a powerful beam of light and an active spirit.
But where are we? Did we come this way
before? - Daylight!
I think we should go down another one -
Well let's have a smoke first and see how
we feel!

LUCY BINI

JET SET CAVERS - READ THIS!

The 9th International Congress of Speleology is to be held in Spain from the 15th to 21st July 1985. Jaca, the venue for the Congress is a town in the Aragonees Pyrenees 20 km "south of the border" with France and about 100 km from the Atlantic coast. A circular to be distributed at some stage will detail more info. So start saving your pezos now!

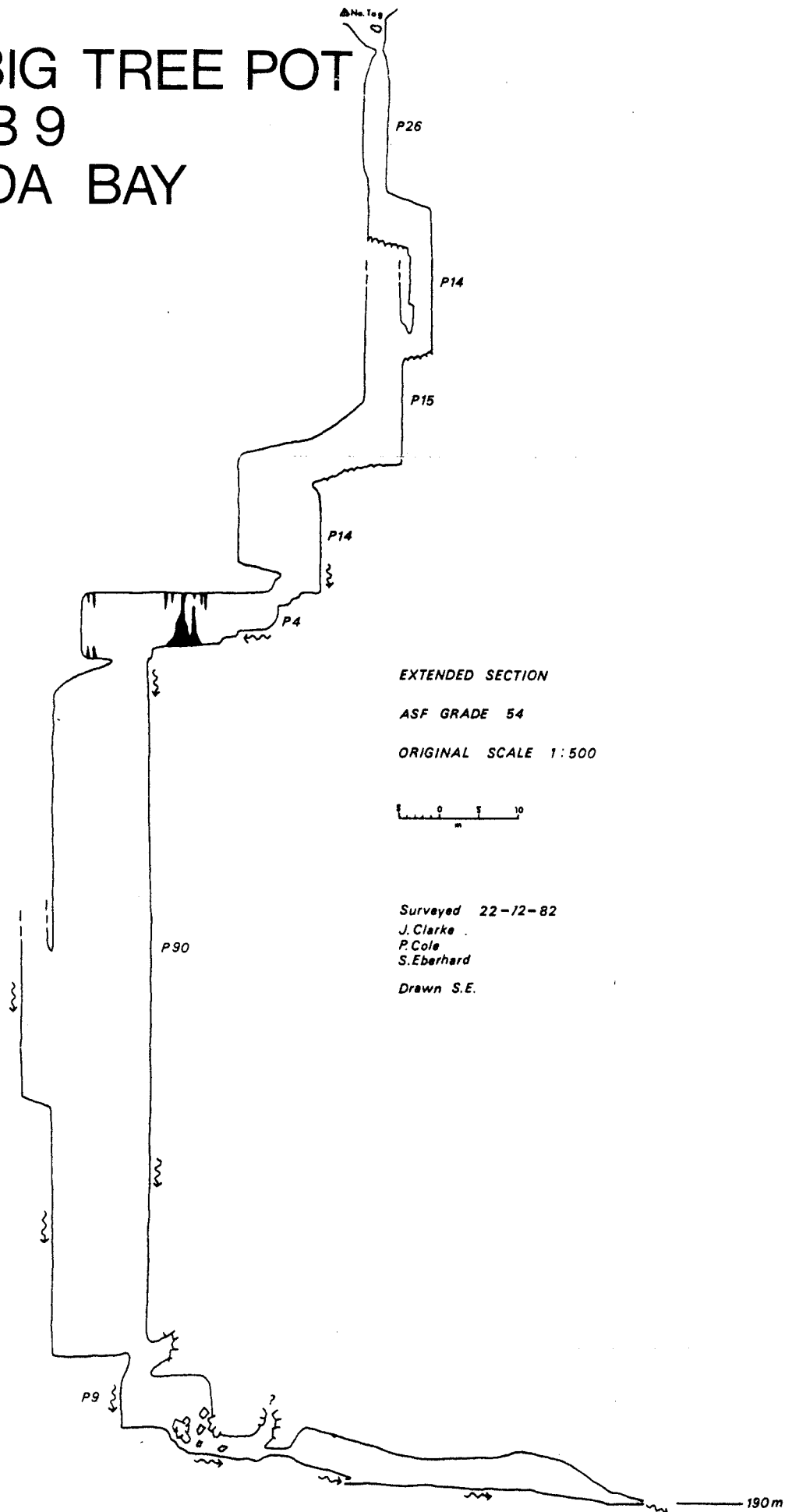


Our Tasmanian guide certainly is fast
on pitches!

BIG TREE POT

IB 9

IDA BAY



*BIG TREE POT (IB9)
IDA BAY*

Plan

ASF Grade 54

Surveyed 22 Dec.'82

J. Clarke

P. Cole

S. Eberhard

Drawn S.E.

