

NEWSLETTER OF THE TASMANIAN CAVERNEERING CLUB

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President: Trevor Wailes, 47 Waterworks Road, Dynnyrne, Tas 7005 Ph 34 4862
Secretary: Richard Hortle, 13 Fehre Court, Sandy Bay, Tas 7005 Ph 25 2124
Treasurer: Rik Tunney, 11 Conneware Crescent, Berriedale, Tas 7011 Ph 49 3222
Editor: Stuart Nicholas, 7 Rupert Avenue, New Town, Tas 7008 Ph 28 3054

FORWARD PROGRAMME

Weds 7 March General Meeting at 7 Rupert Avenue.
Weds 28 March Annual General Meeting - 8.00 pm, 7 Rupert Avenue.
Don't like the present committee or the way the club is run? Be at the AGM and get yourself voted in.
Weekend 7, 8 April Australian Sports Medicine Federation 'Wilderness Medicine Workshop' at Waddamanna Village. This year, caving injuries/medical problems will be discussed! See last month's Spiel and/or Stuart for details.
Fri 20 April to EASTER - where is everyone going, and with whom? What's happening
Mon 23 April or when they're there?
Weds 25 April
(inc Anzac Day)

With any luck caving will happen most weekends now that summer has gone and there is more chance to be really masochistic.

Don't forget we generally meet socially Thursday nights after about 9.00 pm at the Dog House Hotel. Business meets are still at 7 Rupert Avenue on the occasional Wednesday night.

EDITORIAL

Well folks, it's finally happened - the ultimate in committed caving - the Ice Tube/Growling Swallet through trip! We are lucky in Tassie to have a number of excellent possible through trips, but the feeling of commitment on this one must have been quite exhilarating when the top rope was pulled down. Congratulations to those who did it!

Last editorial, a mention was made of possible renovation of the Junee Homestead with ANM's assistance. Hopefully we can organise ourselves to help with this before winter, as long, wet and cold nights up there would be most unpleasant without that place. This is something worth discussing at the forthcoming AGM, so make sure you're there.

STUART NICHOLAS
(THE REAL EDITOR)

A.C.M. 28 / 3 / 84

Make sure you attend.

CLUB TRIVIA (AND EVEN SOME REAL NEWS)

- * Stefan is back from working in South Australia and Mike and Marilyn Martyn have returned from a year in Melbourne complete with a mini-Martyn now about eight months old. Mike has even threatened to go caving again after his final exams in April.
- * Shortly the next ASF Newsletter will appear (it is at the printers now), and in it will be a brochure detailing Speleomania, the next ASF Conference. If you are interested in attending please fill out the form and give it to Stu or Jacko (SCS!) in order that the files can be complete. If you don't attend, you may get dragged into helping anyway!
- * This mag contains more of Steve Bunton's ravings. The next will contain even more, as well as the rest of Arthur Clarke's article promised this month. First time through trips don't occur very often so that stuff took precedence.

CAVE NUMBERING - JUNE FLORENTINE

Caves were numbered on Tuesday 17 January 1984 by Rolan Eberhard, Albert and Judy Goede. We improved the marked route from Frost Pot (JF 347) to Lost Pot and also surveyed the route.

- JF 338 LOST POT: The entrance is found at the bottom of a doline. The sloping entrance is approx 1 metre wide and 1.5 metres high. Number was placed on rock face on left when facing entrance.
- JF 353 PITTA PATTA POT: Pot 6 of Benson and Hedges Series. The entrance is a shaft approx 1.5 x 3 metres across. The number was placed on the limestone wall of a small doline immediately adjacent to the pot as no suitable rock face could be found near the edge of the shaft.
- JF 354 Un-named pot. Pot 7 of Benson and Hedges Series. The entrance is a shaft approx 3 x 6 metres in diameter. The shaft is only a few metres away from the edge of a cliffed doline. The number was placed on a flat rock near the edge.
- JF 355 POX POT: Pot 8 of Benson and Hedges Series. Shaft has rift-like entrance 1 x 4 metres in diameter. Very close to JF 354. Number placed on flat rock surface near edge.
- JF 356 GUNGE POT: Pot 9 of Benson and Hedges Series. Shaft with triangular entrance about 1 metre in diameter set in armchair-shaped doline about 3 metres across. Number placed on steeply sloping rock in front of entrance.
- JF 357 Un-named pot: Pot 10 of Benson and Hedges Series. The entrance is a shaft approx 1 metre across. In absence of rock face number was placed sideways on a 10 cm diameter myrtle tree immediately above hole. Blue tape also on this tree with yellow tape on adjacent 5 cm diameter tree.
- JF 358 Un-named pot: Pot 12 of Benson and Hedges Series. Entrance is a shaft approx 2 x 3 metres in diameter and is the larger one of two. Number was placed on a sloping rock 1 metre from the edge. This shaft is surrounded by a number of as yet un-named shafts, including Gash Pot and three entrances to Menage-a-trois.

A location map and cross-sections of these seven potholes were published in Speleo Spiel No 185 (March 1983).

ALBERT GOEDE

CAVE NUMBERING - JUNEE FLORENTINE - 11/2/84

JF 337 SLAUGHTERHOUSE POT: This one is the one and only entrance to the pot. It is about 50 cm wide by 40 cm and slopes downward at a gentle angle. The number was placed on a rockface to the right of the entrance.

About a year ago I numbered the larger of the two entrances in the doline as JF 343 and incorrectly reported it in Speleo Spiel 185, page 3, as an entrance to Slaughterhouse Pot. JF 343 terminates in an impenetrable fissure after only 5 metres. Depth is estimated at 3 metres. It has no connection with Slaughterhouse Pot. Please correct your records.

JF 359 Small un-named cave approx 5 metres long and 2 metres deep within the Ice Tube doline. The entrance is a vertical slot approx 3 metres high and up to 1 metre wide. It is very muddy and may take some of the creek overflow under conditions of extreme flooding. The number was placed at eye level on the left wall when facing inwards.

JF 360 This is the upper entrance to Ice Tube. The entrance is within the Ice Tube doline but at a higher elevation than the stream entrance (JF 345). The entrance is steeply sloping and triangular in cross-section being approx 1.5 metres wide and 3 metres high. The stream can be heard through it. The number was placed under an overhang on the left wall when facing the entrance. Light from this entrance can be seen in the streamway when the cave is entered via the usual (345) entrance.

JF 361 Small un-named swallet close to Ice Tube. Some 100 metres before reaching the Ice Tube doline the track crosses a small trickle of water. The point is marked by a blue and orange tape on a tree. The entrance is about 5 metres downstream from this point and consists of a vertical fissure approx 1.5 metres long and 40 cm wide with the water pouring into it. The entrance pitch is about 5 metres. The number was placed on a steeply sloping face at the entrance. Rolan Eberhard tells me he has explored this hole and that it becomes too tight for further exploration after the entrance pitch.

Two other matters of interest:

- 1) I have re-routed the branch-off track to Slaughterhouse Pot through open forest. The turn-off is now a little further along the track but is still marked by double blue tape on a tree.
- 2) On the way back I had a good look at JF 39, the location of which was pointed out to me by Trevor Wailes. It is only about 50 metres from Growling Swallet but is on the opposite side of the stream from the track and rather well hidden from view. The entrance is a high fissure about 2 metres wide at the base. The lower part is completely blocked by sediments. The upper part has a definite entrance which could be reached by someone who is a better climber than I am. As far as I know it has not been investigated. It would be well worth a look as the fissure is obviously a fossil sinking point from the Growling Swallet stream. It may well lead into an upper level system.

ALBERT GOEDE

CARRY ON UP THE FLORENTINE!!

Actors and Jesters: Friday - Alec Marr, Stephen Bunton.

Saturday: Trevor Wailes, Rolan Eberhard, Geoff Innes and
Stephen Bunton

Friday 13 January 1984

The alarm sounded at 7.00 am in the Junee Homestead. I quickly arose, keen for an early start. We both breakfasted before Alec announced "if we are going to do Owl Pot then I need a few more hours sleep." I read about Douglas Mawson until he surfaced again and by 10.00 am we were in the ANM Concession.

I navigated to the Tassy Pot parking space up Nine Road, but let Alec direct us to Owl Pot. Basically, I knew where it was but when we got into the bottom of the doline there was no cave!! We bashed around the hill a bit and into the next doline - that was Three Falls for sure. It was too hot and in trog gear we were overdressed.

I finally located the cave on the side of the doline we originally entered. The slightly (dare I say it) unfit Alec then had an epic to join me. At the entrance he announced he wasn't up to a 6 hour trip. At this rate it would have taken 10 hours. I wasn't willing to waste the day.

We contented ourselves with a slack trip through Welcome Stranger. Both of us contented ourselves with taking photos, happily shooting off a roll each - more money for Mr Kodak. I had the conceited task of posing for my own photos because, although he likes it a lot, Alec's reflective taped helmet and brown condura caving suit don't come up so well on celluloid.

Tomorrow we would do Owl Pot if the proposed Serendipity trip didn't come off. A typical Friday the 13th saga.

Saturday 14 January 1984

Both of us up early at 7.00 am. Well breakfasted we then began the long wait to see if anyone from Hobart was coming up the mountain. Trevor's car materialised shortly before 10.00 am with Rolan and Geoff in it. Trevor was going to show me the delights of his second favourite hole - Growling Swallet. Alec decided he'd rather go to Hobart than do Growling again, besides he'd been to the end so that's it.

Trevor is obsessed by length or at least Growling. As soon as we were inside the entrance he had some surveying for us to do. The water levels were down so the small, intricate Yorkshire Drains beneath the entrance doline were the target. These passages which spiral down to reconnect with the main passage have constant dripping of water from the ceiling. In high water they would be almost impassable.

Further down the cave it became obvious to Geoff and I that we hadn't done enough Growling trips. Rolan and Trevor flew through the cave but Geoff and I seemed to find the awkward way to do everything.

Our objective in the middle nether regions of the cave was to explore a lead off Necrosis. It was Rolan's secret passage (or whatever) so he had the privilege of putting in the bolt for the ladder pitch. 50 metres of Necrosis phreatic passage led to a deep floor canyon. We free-climbed down that before needing to rig the ladder from the bolt. This yielded more serpentinious stream canyon, abandoned and virginal. Downstream she was filthy like a French woman and upstream a mere 10 m away it ended. A huge cylindrical aven was the source of the water for this lower canyon which sumped in mud after a mere 30 m of passage. You win some and Rolan has lost a few since I've been exploring with him.

We returned to the cars and eventually to the gate, but alas, we were over time. I was under the belief that the 6.00 am to 10.00pm hours generously permitted for mainlanders applied also at weekends. However, at weekends there is no afternoon shift. We imposed upon the good nature of the gatekeepers to let us out, for which we were most thankful.

A quick trip back to Hobart allowed Geoff to pack his toys before an early flight home to Sydney next morning.

STEPHEN BUNTON

THE FIRST TRAVERSE I.T. - G.S.

Party: Steve Bunton, Phil Hill, Rolan Eberhard, Nick Hume, Trevor Wailes

When Ice Tube was initially bottomed a rather tight rift was looked at above the sump, but was pushed only a few metres until it became "impossibly" narrow. Growling Swallet had continued to expand beyond the Trapdoor Stream "sump" through Herpes III, Necrosis and on into Mainline where the most promising inlet proved to be the Ice Tube stream. This passage was forced and surveyed by Al Warild, Stefan Eberhard and Trevor Wailes. The connecting passage was called "Mothers" and the narrowest section named Fallopian Rift which ended at Shouters Corner.

Both of these events have been reported in Speleo Spiel and offered a through trip to anyone with enough confidence to pull down the first rope and commit themselves.

Steve Bunton's Tasmanian experience was drawing to its conclusion without having had a serious Florentine type caving trip. With lightening speed an Ice Tube-Growling Swallet through trip was arranged and organised. The possibility of a snagged rope not pulling down was very real so extra ropes were taken as insurance.

Spending Wednesday night at the homestead listening to various out of "tune" voices rendering choruses of "go home you mainland illegitimates" to the accompaniment of trail bike engines at 2.00 am gave us an early start for the trip. Organisation once in the concession at the end of the 8 Road was somewhat slow, but positive. The walk up to Ice Tube entrance was as much a grind as I remembered it to be. I still cannot understand the pleasure some people get from falling over logs, sliding on roots and generally crawling through the bush on all fours dragging a heavy pack with 100 m of Blue water wrapped round your neck as the loops catch on branches and threaten to hang you?! Now caving is something else which is fun!!

The doline eventuated out of the rain forest and the final preparations were made. The guard we had left at the entrance had expired and the bloated half eaten carcass of a wallaby lay between dark dolerite cobbles in the almost dry stream bed, so unfortunately drinking the water through the cave was suspect.

With the water level so very low we were able to descend the first pitch "Phred's Downfall" without rebelaying over the knife edge of "Malcome's Cuss". This was a pleasant pitch after seeing it in heavier flow and knowing how unpleasant it could have been. At the base of this pitch Phil and I took a deep breath and with crossed fingers pulled the rope through. We were committed. Our original belay point for the second pitch had disintegrated!! Hence Rolan was busy placing a bolt out of the normal flow of the pitch. A long tieback to a flake of rock acted as a secondary belay. Rolan and Nick descended the pitch and moved on quickly to the "short pitch" after the "Placebo Effect" traverse. Steve followed but missed the route and started to descend a pitch in the wet route before realising his mistake and correcting it. Phil waited at the base of the second pitch "Degenerated Man" for me as problems arose at the top. The rope had twisted in the narrowest section and had jammed my rack. This was a potential problem for all using racks, however, with a few Armstrong moves I managed to descend and we both pulled the rope down and stowed it in a pack. The secondary belay had been removed and was packed for the Placebo Effect traverse. Route finding in this rift is to some degree intricate as the high level is followed to a mud fill where the descent is made to the second level. The route doubles back under itself to a chockstone that marks the next climb down into more definite fossil stream passage. It was at the chockstone where we were showered with debris from the passage above! Very strange, as it happened at the point where Phil who was on the climb needed full concentration. To one side the rift opens up to larger dimensions where in wetter conditions the stream "pumps" ominously and can be heard throughout the dry fossil section. The passage was followed down two short narrow climbs where bulging rope packs were cursed. The three dry pitches were efficiently descended with the pull down on the last "Ramp" pitch left to Steve and I. The

100 metre rope was pulled from here to the top of the "Fabulous Spangley" pitch where the other 100 m was joined and tied off through a crab for the 70 m descent.

Some time was spent here making sure the rope hung without twists or knots as the ledge 50 metres down would have two 50 m end ropes to lower over the next 20 m drop and this would take time. But these potential hazards were overcome and a smooth descent was made by all. The continuing passage to the next "Killing Joke" pitch usually needs a handline, but with the water so low the climb was an easy, relatively dry one. This was the pitch where potential major problems could have arisen on the spiral descent but again the rope test pull proved good and after all descending, the rope again pulled smoothly through.

Al Warild on his solo trip had placed a bolt on the penultimate pitch "Maelstrom", as far away from the main water flow as possible. This is in a rather novel position! The rock in this area is finely bedded with shale so the bolt was put in the largest area of solid rock available. It was an awkward take off and a back up sling was made from projections further back in the streamway. The sling acted as secondary belay and also handline which was removed with great care after using it to thread the rope through my rack! Well, it was my sling!! A strong draught waited to chill us as we stood examining the notorious "Fallopian Rift" at the far side of the final Ice Tube pitch "Never Forever". None of us had actually been through this supposedly nasty section of rift so we were not entirely sure of the entry point.

Above the connection rift there is a large suspected open passage. Very difficult to gain entry to, from this area but some concentrated effort could give some positive rewards.

The rock above the final pitch is quite shattered in the area where Rolan would have liked to have put a bolt, but a piton was used instead. Any future trips should not rely on this belay point. A small ledge was noticed in the rift that was thought to conceal the exit passage. Rolan pendulumed onto this ledge (the piton being eyed with concern by most of us) and his report was that this ledge was the crucial connection point. Nick prepared to follow Rolan by dumping all excess bulk from his pack. Needless to say the ham, barbi shapes and sardines discarded by Nick were carried through the rift in the respective stomachs of Steve, Phil and myself! It was noted that Steve Bunton's mouth size is directly proportional to the amount of free food entering it.

Descending last to the ledge and being hauled in by Phil, markers were placed to make the entry point obvious for the next group to come through. With the rope packed away and all of us confronting "the" tube, slow progress was made. Rolan and Phil were already through down to "Shouters Corner". Steve had some disagreements with his pack as to the best way on. This short 15 m traverse is awkward - not tight, but small and technical. The large projections of rough rock snag clothes and packs, graze knees and hips and takes lots of patience and strength to get packs through. The descent is at the obvious point where the stream can again be seen; in time this will become smooth and treacherous as will the "Fallopian Tube" become slightly larger and less slippery. Once in the stream at "Shouters Corner" the trip is not "over". Mothers Passage is lengthy and small in dimension. Time and use may compress the mud slightly but also it will become more greasy and compact. The stream is not followed as the larger sections of the passage call for climbs up to more spacious sections of rift until finally emerging at "Potential Pot", the only real rest area after leaving Ice Tube. The ledges in the Mothers rift are thick with dried mud. Managing a heavy cave pack through this passage is the ultimate pain of the whole traverse between the two entrances, very tiring and time consuming, very little friction and with very few positive holds.

Once through into Mainline the going gets easier but do not underestimate the Growling Swallet complex - tricky climbs into Necrosis, pitches, crawls and narrow stream passages make for slow progress with cave packs begging to be discarded. The final climb up into the Slaughterhouse pot avens hurts as does the traverse of

the Rift series to the sump area of the Growling Entrance streamway. As always this 130 m climb to the entrance was the ultimate grind but from the incarceration of rock into daylight, spirits rise.

An excellent trip, Phil and Steve had a few problems following us out which slowed them some, but the ultimate through trip, being close to 3.5 km entrance to entrance, over. Half a kilometre of vertical range separates the two and encompasses an infinite series of cave experiences.

Vital notes to interested through trip parties

Our trip was run under perfect conditions with five members who were fit and capable. Times of traverse ranged between just under 8 hours to just over 9½ hours. The easiest section of the trip from the cars was the return walk from the Growling entrance closely followed by the bottoming of Ice Tube!! The trek upto Ice Tube entrance is only the start of a long day. Fallopian Rift and Mothers Passage should be taken with great respect with tackle bags as should Necrosis and the Rift series. It is essential to know the Growling system. It is permanently rigged but it is complex and not just a run through. Persons of bulk should seriously consider if it is worth a rescue. Fallopian Tube is not spacious and once beyond this section a rescue kit should include a lethal injection! However, it is a very exhilarating and satisfying grind/trip.

TREVOR WAILES

ICE TUBE/GROWLING THROUGH TRIP - A FEW HINTS

In February this year Australia's deepest through trip was completed for the first time. This involved a descent of Ice Tube (-345 metres) on double ropes, and then a traverse of perhaps 4 km of diverse horizontal cave to emerge from the main Growling Swallet entrance. It must constitute one of the most sporty and varied trips in the country. Considering the undoubted serious nature of the caves involved and its obvious appeal as a popular sporting trip, below are a few hints for would be through trippers.

A rescue from any part of the system would be a horrifying prospect and there is a good possibility that someone injured badly would succumb to exposure long before they could be extracted from the cave. Any through trip must be a well planned affair by preferably a small efficient team. Ice Tube can be excessively wet at times, particularly the lower shafts, and parties should be prepared to get a drenching if the water levels are anything but sub-normal. During the initial exploration in winter 1982 it was necessary to abseil and prussik virtually in the full force of 30 and 40 metre waterfalls. However, during the through trip very dry conditions and revised rigging of some pitches meant only a mild spraying was received. It should be born in mind that Growling has been known to flood to the extent that the main streamways are impassable. In October 1982 a party returning from a survey trip in the Black River were forced to wait three cold hours in the Windy Rift. Water had backed up from the first sump and flooded the lower section of the main streamway and the party decided to allow the water to subside rather than risk a swim in the strong current. What flow condition would be required to make Mainline impassable, or how badly the Trapdoor Stream floods is not known and it is probably best if it stays that way. The trip should not be attempted if there is any probability of heavy rain and, although extra gear is a disadvantage, spare food and an emergency space blanket would be appreciated by anyone forced to wait for one reason or another.

Once the first rope has been pulled down, aside from waiting to be rescued, a party is committed to completing the descent and exit from the lower entrance. On the February trip two 100 metre lengths of 9 mm Bluewater rope and 50 metre lengths of Beal and Bluewater were taken. Theoretically, a single 100 metre rope

would be sufficient, however, the number of ropes allowed more than one pitch to be rigged and descended at the same time, as well as being a safety factor in the event of a rope becoming stuck on a pitch or similar mishap. The quantity of rope also proved a considerable handicap for the party of five during their exit through Growling. The pitches were rigged almost exclusively from bolts or tape anchored to natural belay points, and obviously all rigging gear remains in the cave. It should be understood that any future trips that utilise the gear, do so very much at their own risk as most of the tape and karabiners left were, if anything, of considerable age and their reliability cannot be guaranteed. A brief description of how the cave was rigged is given below. Refer Speleo Spiel No 177 for survey.

PITCH 1: 25 m. The rope was hung from a piece of tape and it was necessary to drop straight down the waterfall and not use the pendulum rebelay.

PITCH 2: 22 m. A bolt was placed at the edge of this shaft. A back-up anchor point would be desirable as the rock is not entirely solid.

PITCH 3: 7 m. Tape tie off.

PITCH 4: 19 m. Tape tie off.

It is possible to avoid P3 and P4 by a single 8 metre wet pitch in the streamway. This joins the bypass via an awkward rift and climb at the base of P4. The dry route is more popular.

PITCH 5: 29 m. Tape tie off.

PITCH 6 & 7: 60 m. These two pitches were rigged as one and tied off to tape anchored from the two bolts at the head of the pit.

PITCH 8: 44 m. Tied off to the bolts at the top. A bolt (no hanger) Al Warild placed half way down was not used.

PITCH 9: 36 m. Rope hung from bolt with a rather dubious tape back-up.

PITCH 10: 13 m. Instead of abseiling straight down this pitch, the rope was hung from a piece of tape and piton on the shorter abseil and pendulum to a ledge in the connecting rift.

Having reached the ledge (about 7 metres from the base of the rift) it is important to locate the correct point that leads into Growling. The start is aesthetically marked by an empty tin can and it is not difficult, although unpleasant, finding the way through the next 10 metres of tight muddy rift. This opens out and one is able to climb down to the base of the passage below at Shouters Corner. Getting packs and bodies through the so-called Fallopian Rift is probably the most arduous part of the trip and rope may be necessary when lowering packs at Shouters Corner. The main section of Mothers Passage (see Speleo Spiel No 186 for survey) that leads back to Mainline is also rather unsavoury in nature. It involves several hundred metres of grovelling and crawling until a dry aven is reached. This is a good place for a rest and there is time to consider that now there is only Mainline, Necrosis, Herpes III, Trapdoor Stream, Windy Rift and Growling Swallet between you and pleasant things like the outside world. A pre-requisite of completing the traverse is familiarity with most of Growling Swallet. This point cannot be over stressed, as the route is a complex one, especially through Necrosis. It is generally strenuous in nature and it is on the way out that bulky cave packs suffer heavy verbal abuse. All in all not a bad trip, in fact it's fairly amazing really!

ROLAN EBERHARD

DIVING GORMENGHAST - November 1983

Party: S Nicholas, M Carnes, R Eberhard

Gormenghast is a torturous, grotty cave in which someone very inconsiderably placed a sump, naturally right at the deepest point. This murky pool of water 130 metres under the earth was the reason we struggled with a small (30 cu ft) tank and associated diving paraphernalia into the depths of this nasty hole. The initial cave below the entrance is met, loose and treacherous, followed by tricky climbs and capped off by squalid crawls in the lower horizontal section.

We arrived at the sump, which is about as uninspiring as the rest of the cave. It looked narrow, decidedly unclear but obviously shallow. I generously offered the others the honour of submersing themselves in this delightful little sump. They too were generous and insisted I have the privilege - very noble of them! Thus, clutching the pony tank by my side, the regulator firmly clutched in my jaws, I tentatively inserted my body, feet first, into the sump. Stuart fed the line out, anchored around my waist. Absolutely zero visibility, the diving torch was obsolete as I felt my way along the constricted passage. Shortly my feet made contact with the ceiling and were kicking in air. I grovelled out of the water and surveyed the stream continuing its course along a cheerful walking type passage. Great! I gave the line two sharp tugs signaling to Stuart that I'm through. Dumping the diving gear I tied the line off and proceeded downstream along rather non-descript virgin but nevertheless comfortable passage. All to soon (40 metres later?) the ceiling lowered and there was another rancid little sump. A small but deepish pool of murky water, unlike the first sump it descends steeply. With my feet I felt a sandy bottom about 2 metres down and a narrow passage continuing apparently horizontally. Leaving this for someone who's really keen I headed back to the others.

ROLAN EBERHARD

JUNEE RESURGENCE - 28/1/84

Party: R Hortle, R Eberhard

The day was planned to be another push in the guts of Growling Swallet, however, ANM for one reason or another had decreed that the Florentine Valley was out of bounds. Richard and I were both psyched up for something and we decided that a tourist drive through the first sump of the Junee Resurgence would suffice. An early afternoon start saw our arrival at the cave in question and a comparatively uneventful dive ensued. Extremely low water levels made for good visibility (10-15 feet) and the current was not noticeable. Once inside For Your Eyes Only, Richard lay down on a cobble bank beside the stream, no doubt stunned by his awareness of this cosmic experience, while I went for a leisurely stroll and swim upstream. Nothing much had changed and I spent a few minutes scowling at the enigmatic sump 2. The dive out was timed to take nine minutes.

ROLAN EBERHARD

JF 10 "SPLASH POT" - 6 March 1984

Party: Martyn Carnes and Nick Hume

I was rationalising a rather irksome task I would be faced with next day, when Martyn rang; "..... sporting trip, sounds good Splash Pot, haven't been there yet,". "The Great Excuse" had arrived.

Narrow, sinuous passage led from the six metre entrance pitch, down to pitches of

17 metres, 10 metres and 20 metres respectively, that were effectively one drop interrupted by two ledges. Sensible rigging avoided the need for rope protection altogether.

A lower than usual stream followed narrow rift to a strongly draughting slot that was very few inches wide. This could not be negotiated, but wider passage could be seen some 2 metres beyond. Quite a promising spot if some "bang" could be obtained, a lump hammer being insufficient to enlarge it owing to the general confinement of the place.

Dry, ascending rift continued over this for some distance before hopelessly choking off. No draught could be felt here contrary to remarks made by Stuey Nick & Coy on the original exploration done back in 1973! Martyn struggled with a tight lead, off the right side of this passage (indicated as "not explored" on the original survey) gaining some 20 metres before giving it away.

Both of us free climbed the short entrance pitch on return, preferring to risk death or injury than getting back into SRT gear. So ended a thoroughly easy four hour trip. JF 9 was looked into, followed by the return walk, during which great plans ---- for future caving were laid

NICK HUME

FROST POT - 1 March 1984

Party: Nick Hume and Martyn Carnes

Frost Pot (JF 347) has for quite some time now, tantalised many a caver with the possibility that it would really go places. Being about five minutes down the track from Serendipity, hopes were high of a connection between Frost and Serendip.

After having a look down there myself on the previous weekend, I concluded that the lead at the bottom was "tight" but probably worth pushing, as it was a tight serpentine passage beckoning with "cave siren" charms. After attempting to negotiate the passage I quickly became aware of the realities of getting seriously stuck, and in view of the fact that no-one knew exactly where I was, I decided to call it quits for the day.

To cut a long story short, Nick expressed interest in going back for another try, and as I was still intrigued we did. We descended the 35 m and 20 m pitches and both tried our best with the passage and were forced to conclude that it is humanly impassable. Frost Pot is dead.

Being out of the cave early, we decided to walk up to Lost Pot, where we poked our noses in as far as the first pitch. We then walked a little further past the taped route and found another entrance which I believe Stefan marked with orange tape. We spent an hour or so getting shitty up to the eyeballs and removing large boulders, only to conclude that for the second time in a day the cave did not go.

Although unsuccessful, we were consoled by the fact that at least we knew once and for all that these holes aren't worth bothering with.

I believe we are at the stage where we need to find something new, to re-kindle some caving fever. Unfortunately we must be prepared for scrub-bashing and seemingly mundane trips such as the one described above. But we aint gonna strike it big sitting at home, so let's get out and do it!

MARTYN CARNES
