

NEWSLETTER OF THE TASMANIAN CAVERNEERING CLUB

Annual Subscription \$7.00, Single copies 70¢, Non-members \$1.50

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FORWARD PROGRAMME

Saturday 12 May Serendipity to push and retrieve SSS equipment.

Wednesday 16 May Committee Meeting, Stuart's house, 7 Rupert Avenue.

Saturday 19 May Yet another attempt to push and retrieve gear from Serendipity.

Thursday 24 May Fireworks and bonfire at Ferntree. Details bottom of this page.

Saturday 26 May Slaughterhouse Pot through Growling. Exploration and survey.

Saturday 2 June Tarn Creek Cave! Survey-push trip.

Wednesday 6 June General meeting - slides, stories (some whoppers), complaints, subscription paying, etc. BYO.

Saturday 9 June Novice trip into Growling, possible dive in Black River sump.
(long weekend) Homestead renovation.

Queen's Birthday

Saturday 16 June Any suggestions? More explorations in Slaughterhouse! Tarn Creek! Pendant! Growling!

Wednesday 20 June Committee meeting, 7 Rupert Avenue. BYO.

EDITORIAL

This issue of Speleo Spiel contains some of the best reports so far this year; that's not to say the previous Spiels weren't upto much, but that this one is exceptional. When it looks as though enthusiasm is flagging, the odd (!) discovery gives everyone a lift. Ice Tube push trips in the upper series led to a 70 m pitch, more passage and a link with the large chamber above the Fabulous Spangly pitch. Pendant Pot rewarded minimal effort by sumping out at just short of -200 m. New holes in the Ida Bay area provide challenging exploration down some deep sporting vertical systems. Tasmanian caving still has so much potential in so many different areas. All that's needed are a few more willing people to get off their arses and join in the excitement of discovery!! Don't just read about it - join us doing it!!

TREVOR WAILES

TCC MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS AND SPELEO SPIEL SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE NOW DUE!!!!!!!

HAVE YOU BOOKED FOR YOUR "PEA NO SLIMEA" YET?????

Fireworks and bonfire at Ferntree. Attila Verana's property, Summerleas. Drive down from Ferntree tavern Road and look for signpost approx 1.5 miles.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT 1983-84

Caving

The year started well enough by extending the Australian depth record to -372 m in Anne-a-Kananda on Mt Anne. After that epic Easter, things seemed to quieten down somewhat. The fervour diminished with the winder and unfortunately never seemed to pick up again. Growling Swallet was pushed through River Lethe and doubled back on itself into "Frownland". A passage was forced through to the bottom of Ice Tube from Growling Swallet (Mainline) and so gave a second entrance and a very sporty through trip which took a long time to initiate. A trip in Slaughterhouse Pot proved a third entrance to Growling Swallet but, again, the through trip took many months to eventuate. The actual surveyed length of Growling Swallet is now 8 km, with the knowledge of another 2 km in bits and pieces here and there. Other caves were surveyed - Serendipity, Lost Pot, Owl Pot and Tassie Pot - tedious work, but very rewarding to see drawn up showing relationships between different systems in the same area.

Ida Bay area has been looked at anew by members living in the area with time to spare; new caves have been found and old systems pushed deeper. The incentive in this area is to find a back door into Exit which would provide a sporty through trip under Marble Hill.

Mt Anne saw much enthusiasm but has unfortunately yielded little. The effort put in by Club members was amazing, and the results disappointing, and this has taken the edge off the incentive to climb the mountain with heavy gear packs.

Economics

The year has seen a large amount of expense on rope and other ancillary equipment. Our Treasurer did an extremely good job keeping our spending in "check". Because this was such a heavy year on spending, this following year should prove quite thrifty as our magazine (Speleo Spiel) now almost pays for itself after the initial capital outlay, and as with gear (ropes, etc), little more should be spent for the next two years!!

In short, the Club is well equipped with rope, ladders, helmets, lamps and carbide (where are the new members?). An injection of valuable capital came from the Government Division of Recreation which will stand us in good stead for the immediate years to come.

Politics

The year has had its problems. A green magazine cover did not help during a year of green controversy; this was indeed unfortunate, totally unforeseen or planned. Access to our major caving area came under, as we saw it, unfair restrictions, which was one of the major reasons for the relatively quiet year at a time when so many of us were so very keen. These problems are now alleviated to some degree, and the terms of access must be treated with sensitivity.

The National Parks and Wildlife service brought in a permit system for certain caves to ease the problems found more on the Mainland than here. This is another potential restriction and, unfortunately, we have to toe the line no matter how inconvenient. The policing of these permits seems a little heavy handed; do we really have to scribble out a trip report in the rain on a car bonnet before handing the permit back to the ranger in charge? Do we have to receive threatening letters when reports are sent in later and mislaid in the Government system?

All in all a moderate year which hopefully will be improved upon now that we are better equipped and, hopefully, better understood. On behalf of the present hierarchy of the TCC I would like to thank the outgoing office bearers, in particular Rik Tunney for looking after our financial interests, the present

management of ANM for their patience and understanding, the gatekeepers for the same reason, Ken Britton and staff of the National Park Hotel for fast friendly service, Roy and staff at the Maydena Deli for coffee and rolls, the management and staff of the Dog House which has become a popular venue for Wednesday/Thursday social evenings, and certain youths of Maydena for letting more light and air into the Junee Homestead.

TREVOR WAILES

JF 39, 25/3/84, sundry other dull and boring karst features, plus the all new "Pendant Pot".

Members: Trevor Wailes and Nick Hume

Meeting up with Jacko, Martin and Russell was the only interruption to the automatic bit between waving goodbye to Stuart and arriving at the end of Eight Road. They were going to the slip area for yet another look at certain mystery holes. What is really up there I wonder?

After some minor track clearing we had a look at JF39; a choked fossil entrance some 50 m east of Growling proper. Apart from a bit of a draught emanating from some tiny slots, this feature holds no promise at all, unless someone fancies digging it out with a traxcavator. A promising climb into the roof revealed nothing more than a startled colony of spiders.

Trev was struck down with lassitude for some reason or other, so we ambled above and along the ridge from the Growling entrance. A rather warm task for me as I was still in full caving gear and it was a stiflingly hot day. Trev stumbled on a mega-doline that impressed even him, but unfortunately it proved to be one hundred percent choked off. Nearby I bounded from slab to slab drooling at the eroded "RILLENKARREN" and marvelling at the total lack of obvious caves. This area must have been very impressive once, but is now chronically infilled thanks to frost shatter, etc; then again, we explored only a very small area.

Imminent hyperexia and a possible lead drove us downhill to the cool confines of "Pendant Pot". Down the entrance mudslope, two obvious ways on present themselves, it was here that Trev suspected a third way, hidden from the undiscerning eye by a nasty little climb. With care plus a few grunts I freeclimbed to the roof where I could feel a breeze even before sighting the narrow rift that continued on. A hollow resonant echo indicated a chamber not far in and with a chilling gale blowing out of it, Growling had to be in there some where. I rigged some rope down the climb I had just done, then enlarging the rift in one place, squeezed through to a room sized chamber that had delicate floor formation. The draught exuded from breakdown on the other side of this, and as Trev had just caught up we both struggled with a few boulders to clear a way through. Eventually a gap was made sufficiently large to accept young Trev's non-childbearing hips, where he reached a point above a 20 metre pitch, overlooking a very sizeable chamber. The 5.00 pm deadline on the gate forced us to retreat at that stage. Little did we realise what we would find here the following weekend!

NICK HUME

CLUB NEWS - NOT SO TRIVIA

Unfortunately it was not only the TCC that was active over the Easter break. Thieves had quite a good rewarding trip after removing glass panels in the window of Rik Tunney and Janine McKinnon's garage, and breaking into a wonderland of subteranean delights. Police have a full list of missing (stolen equipment). If any one is offered any of these prominently marked pieces, please contact the

Police or Rik and Janine. The equipment is all specialised to either skiing or caving.

Premier Carbide	1 x 50 m Climbing rope
3 Oldhams, 2 with battery belts and Halogen globes	2 Whillans
2 CMI 5000	2 Gibbs
2 CMI shorti	1 rope pack
1 Fig 8	Tents
1 Rack	Sleeping bag
1 Whaletail	Skis
2 x 45 m Bluewater	Diving gear
1 x 25 m Bluewater	

Most of the caving tackle is marked with fluorescent orange paint, and Bluewater 11 mm is pretty easy to spot. The Club would appreciate any knowledge of rival caving clubs coming into existence as there seems to be enough gear stolen to start one!

- A note for any groups planning a through trip in Ice Tube. There are no bolts or hangers, or rigging gear left in the system. Every scrap of useful garbage has been removed. Please bear this in mind.
- WANTED: Anyone wishing to contribute to the forthcoming "TCC Early Eighties Journal" should contact Trevor Wailes as soon as possible. All copy should be completed and forwarded to the Club by early September at the absolute latest.
- Lost: One copy of ULSA Review, Blackshiver Pot, Marble Sinks, etc. Please return to Trevor Wailes.

PENDANT POT - 31 March 1984

Members: Trevor Wailes, Stefan and Rolan Eberhard (TCC), Nick Hume (SCS) and Alberto (I.T.)

End of Eight Road yet again!; I was chattering away to Stef on the subject of what chocks to throw in, when all of a sudden he stood bolt upright, eyes bulging, gulped several breaths of air and scurried off to the car for a cigarette. Funny things, growing pains.

Trev SRT'd the short entrance rope left in situ from the previous weekend and replaced it with ladder, thus saving time. This rare keenness did not stop there as he moved quickly on to the 20 metre drop and rigged more ladder before down climbing to new ground. This pitch opens into a huge breakdown chamber, loose in places, that narrows down to a small lead, where we eventually caught up with him. He, along with Rolan and Alberto pushed this until it ended in right rift. Nearby, while leaving my mark upon the cave, I noticed some waterworn flutings that indicated a second downward lead, and followed this through various loose blocks to a narrow 20 metre pitch. After telling Stef about the find, he proceeded to downclimb it!, triggering considerable rockfall and earning the pitch name "Pandemonium". He discovered a further pitch of 50 metres before we hastened back to get some gear plus the others.

Downclimbing "Pandemonium" could only be done one at a time because of rockfall danger, hence was slow. Totally out of character; Rolan decided to rig the big pitch from an interesting flake rather than use a perfectly good bolt, however, he eventually succumbed to temptation and placed one as a tie off, half way down. I suggest the name "Balthazar" for this pitch, as it's my favourite word of the moment and desperately in need of application somewhere.

Below this a large chamber seemed to fizzle out, with water disappearing into a

small hole that did not look promising without major excavation. Rolan checked a possible continuation into awkward ascending rift, but reported this to be hopeless. It was smoke from Stefan's cigarette, disappearing into another small hole, that signalled a possible way on. Strangely, this hole was sucking in, contrary to the exhalation at the caves entrance, which made the following discoveries all the more surprising.

Removing a few key blocks below the lead caused an abrupt slumping of mud etc, thus clearing a way into the navigable passage beyond. I crawled over the debris cone into a small chamber that looked as though it could be "it", however, poking my head into breakdown on the opposite wall, I found myself staring down a 20 metre drop. Tearing back to the others shouting "a pitch, a pitch, and it looks like Growling" was a mistake I soon realised, as once rigged, there was a bit of a problem with three people trying to get on the rope at the same time. Trev had crawled through the rockpile below me and was clipping onto the rope, while kicks to my helmet indicated Rolan was bridging into the rift above, preparing to descend. Sandwiched between all this urgency I suddenly realised that I had left my rack in another part of the cave!

Employing physical threats to appeal to Trev's better nature, I managed to bypass him (using his rack) into a sizeable chamber. At the base of the pitch two obvious ways on present themselves, Stef checked the higher of these and reported "railway tunnel" type passage ending in a rockpile, this could still go. Around the corner in the opposite direction was a delightful hanging lake, with distinct layers visible in the clear waters. It was hanging over a 30 metre pitch! Bridging over the lake revealed master cave size passage below, apparently some 20 metres wide, at that stage feelings were very high for an exit out of Growling.

A paucity of decent belay points around the lake led Rolan to push us aside and whack in a bolt, a move that prompted Trev to mutter "Boltezar", for some reason or other. Rolan, cackling, descended, then ran off down passage identical in size and shape to main stream Growling. It was the cackling that upset us, and in a high degree of agitation we fidgetted with gear and descended into "Fossil Growling" at an estimated depth of 180 metres.

Alas our ecstasy was short lived, "upstream" was closed off by massive breakdown, though an exposed 10 metre climb may open up a lead. "Downstream" finished in a superb sump fed by a small upstream sump via a short side passage. This downstream sump has the same size and character of the "Black River" sump and could be a diveable connection from that side?!

Considering the 6.00 pm deadline on the gate, plus the requirement of a return survey trip, we left the cave rigged. This was small compensation for our disappointment after the previous "rushes". "Surfacing" was uneventful, except for an interlude where Trev tried to convince Alberto that Stefan was behind him somewhere, whereupon a confused Alberto insisted that he was the "... ultimate man".

"Puller, puller bat chain puller"; our apres cave celebrations, finished up at Jacko's party, where Trev sat smirking in front of Martin's stereo, while I pondered the affections of an aggressive eighteen year old. "Not a bad days caving" was Trev's final coherent statement; he was right.

NICK HUME

(Ed's Note: The survey of Pendant Pot will appear in a later issue of Speleo Spiel)

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GROWLING SWALLET - 1984

Party: Paul Spence (Craner Pothole Club), Mike Edwards, Rolan Eberhard

Earlier this year a side passage from the Mainline streamway in Growling was explored. Not far downstream from the start of Mainline, a rockfall on the left hand side locates the passage. Muddy walking type cave carrying a trickle of water leads to a talus blockage. This can be negotiated by a crawl in the mud underneath, or a climb through the mud higher up. On the other side, a narrow and also muddy passage continues, becoming cleaner as one progresses upstream. A few short climbs later, a large chamber above the stream level on the left hand side is reached. I set off to check out the chamber while Mike continued upstream in search of a short pitch that a previous trip had found.

At one end of the chamber a passage could be seen entering some 10 metres up a blank wall; at the other end two other passages led off in different directions. One was blocked a short distance in and I followed the other along a dry and open passage (a mini Dreamtime) that opened out above a large stream passage, presumably somewhere in the ceiling of Mainline. Upon returning to the chamber I found Mike disguised as a Leprechaun perched in the passage above the other end of the chamber. So much for the pitch lead, we grovelled back to Mainline and with Paul headed back towards the entrance.

ROLAN EBERHARD

MOLE CREEK MAINLANDERS' TOURIST TRIP

Those included: Stephen Bunton, Geoff Innes (SUSS) Ev Innes (WASG), our local guides Martyn Carnes, Trevor Wailes (TCC).

Monday 26 December 1983 - we drove up to Mole Creek from Hobart delayed only by a faulty water pump which caused the car to break down in the middle of nowhere.

Tuesday 27 December 1983 - this day set the trend for the rest of the trip. The Mainlanders seemed to be on a different time zone than the locals who often slept in, ie, to a later hour than everyone else. The mood of the trip was that of a holiday. We consoled ourselves with the fact that the sole reason for going caving is to have a good time. We did.

We introduced ourselves to the Chief Ranger, a most friendly, polite, considerate and helpful man called Chester Shaw. He gave us the key to Croesus Cave. We spent an hour in the cave photographing before the locals caught up to us. They exited before we finished our photographic folly.

Wednesday 28 December 1983 - we did Wet Cave but neither party could find the way through to George's Hall.

That night after bashing around the scrub, we found Genghis Khan, and spent an hour or two and a film or two on its pretties.

Thursday 30 December 1983 - we did Kubla Khan with Martyn. This trip took longer than anticipated. Steve was the only one who had been into the cave before. Having not done the cave for 3½ years, he forgot the sequence for the Stalectite Shuffle. On the way out we waded the stream - it isn't very cold, you don't get wet above the waist and it only takes 10 minutes. Why bother with the high altitude destruction of the Stalectite Shuffle?

Entering from the lower entrance, however, meant we had to climb the bolts up the flowstone wall. This is fairly straight forward but needs a longer handline than the 6 m we carried.

Including extensive formation photography, the trip took 8 hours.

Thursday 30 December 1983 - a slacker than normal start; some shopping and refueling, a trip to Deloraine and a counter lunch saw us start Lynd's Cave very late. It was a very hot day and we met a family of picnickers liloing around near the entrance. They informed us that we were the third party to enter the cave that day. This seemed strange since it is a "limited access" cave and requires a permit. It is not, however, gated. Once inside we met a group of three local lads who had been collected speleothems. They informed us that the souvenirs they carried were already smashed and lying on the floor ready to be collected!!!

Friday 31 December 1983 - Rest day; we climbed Cradle Mountain whilst Martyn and Trevor joined a VSA trip down Devils Pot and Anastomosis.

Saturday 1 January 1984 - An early start. We had one Victorian, Dale, join up with us to do Marakoopa. Again, we were treated to the tolerance and helpfulness of the Guides/Ranger at Mole Creek.

It seems that the NPWS has really got their act together in this area. Many of the caves are deemed limited access caves and require permits to visit them. These permits are readily available to members of ASF societies. On the whole this permit system works as efficiently as any I have met.

Those caves to which the "limited access" status applies, have signs indicating this. Some have been gated and keys need to be obtained from the Guides/Rangers on a daily basis. National Parks' signs explaining general rules and behaviour abound in the park. As such, the caves have been fairly well protected despite their fragile nature. I do, however, believe it is a matter of time

I have made these suggestions to the Chief Ranger in my report to him of our visit.
That - Both entrances of Kubla Khan be gated, the top entrance impenetrably.
- Genghis Khan and Lynd's be immediately gated.

STEPHEN BUNTON

ICE TUBE 11 - 3/3/84

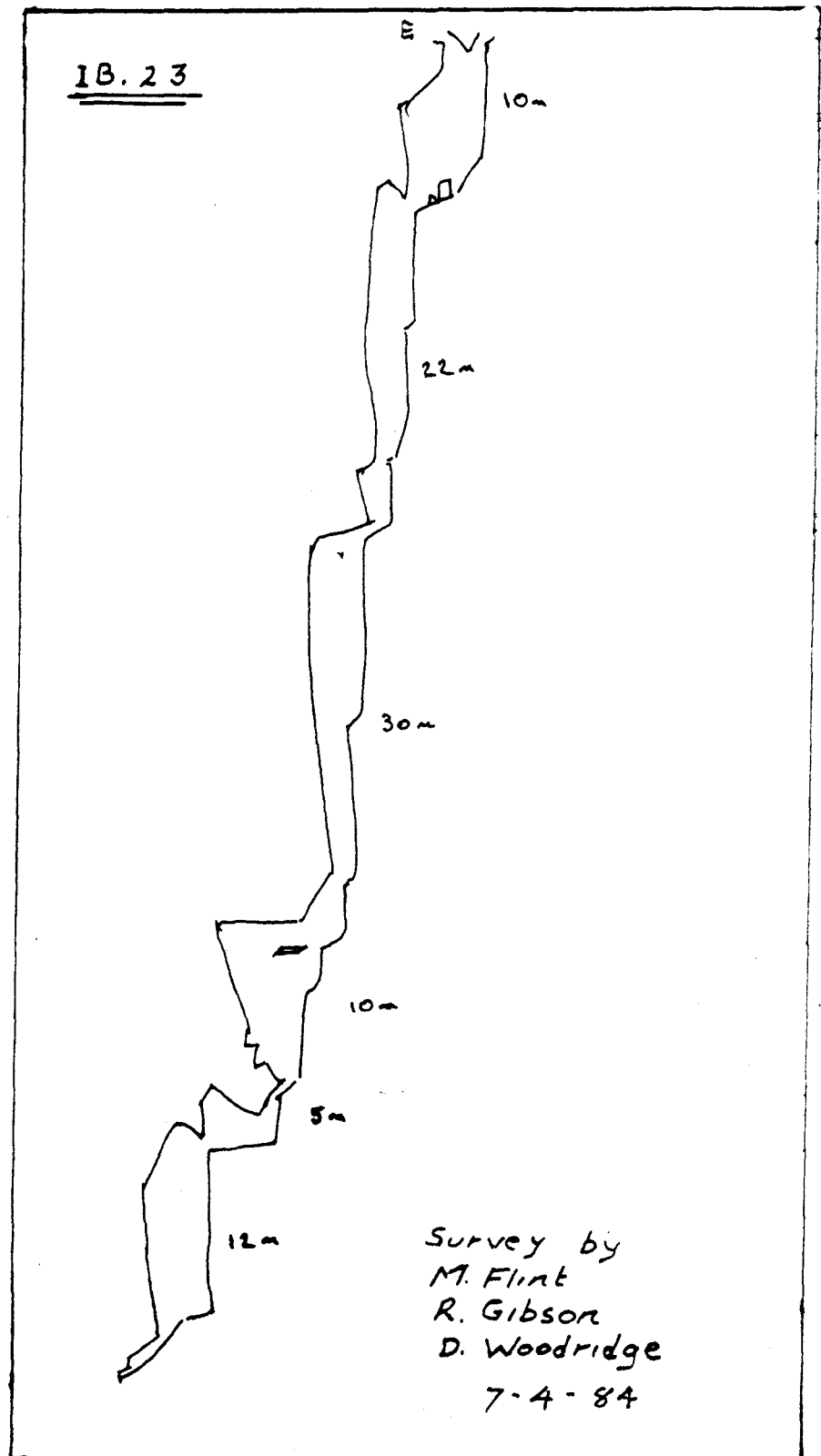
Party: T Wailes, N Hume, M Carnes, R Eberhard

On the last trip into Ice Tube a separate shaft parallel with the second pitch (Degenerated Man) was noticed. At the base of Degenerated Man a blank wall camouflages the existence of the second shaft, however, halfway down the pitch it is possible to look across and in the opposite wall is a gaping hole.

Our aim was to check this lead out, so for the second time in two weeks we set off along the track to Ice Tube. For novelty value we chose the higher of the two Ice Tube entrances; this joins the main stream rift a short distance inside via a 7 metre pitch. We then descended the first (or second in this case) pitch, not bothering to use the pendulum belay considering how dry the cave was. At the top of Degenerated Man a second look at the parallel shaft confirmed our suspicion that the best way to reach it would be a climb around to the right hand side at the top. With Nick belaying I traversed along a muddy ledge into a rather exposed rift above the shaft in question. A short distance below I could see a ledge and a climb down revealed a spacious area where a large block had fallen from the ceiling and formed a sloping but comfortable area. Here I tied the belay rope off and Trevor and Nick came through using it as a handline.

A few large boulders pushed off the edge fell for a respectable number of seconds before shattering with an impressive noise at the bottom of what was obviously quite a deep pit. I abseiled to a smaller ledge a few metres down and there spent

The third pitch (30 m) is similar to the second, 3 drops are descended as one pitch. This was hung from a (C) No 10 chock in a crack up to the left



of the pitch.

The fourth pitch (10 m) was hung from a wire sling above and to the right of the pitch, and backed up to the previous rope.

The fifth pitch (12 m) was hung from a small stalagmite up to the right of the pitch and backed up to a No 9 (C) Hex. This has an uncomfortable start through a small hole but soon opens up in a spacious shaft.

At the bottom of this shaft there is a narrow rift with a draught; it could possibly be pushed by a thin keen person.

MICK FLINT

ICE TUBE III - 10/3/84

Party: Trevor Wailes, Stuart Nicholas, Phil Hill and Nick Hume.

Phil and Stuart made the suggestion that the new extension be called "Intestinal Perfume" (ugh), an appropriate choice for them to make. In spite of all the farting about that occurred during our seven hours underground, we linked the partially explored lead back to the normal route and surveyed it, thus adding a bit more to the total length of the "Growling" system.

Meanwhile, back at the beginning of the day, Trev, Stuart and I were performing the usual ritual at the end of the Eight Road, albeit with less than usual enthusiasm, and were about to head off when Phil screeched to a halt in front of us Much, much later, rigging "Phreds Downfall" I asked Phil if he had any two inch tape, at which point a large yellow object appeared out of the rift above and hurtled past me, whang, sproing, rattle, rattle, rattle on down the 20 metre pitch. I gasped and yelled "what the shit was that?" Phil, replying quietly "my pack and the tapes were in it". "Oh! fine well I'll just have to use this bit of tape left over from the through trip". Things were degenerating fast.

Phil and Stuart were mildly awed by the greasy downclimb to the top of the 70 metre pitch, largely because it was their first trip to this part of the cave. All of us enjoyed abseiling this superb, freehanging drop. Being first down, I climbed up into the spacious rift and soon reached the 20 metre pitch that was left undescended from the trip two weeks earlier. There I waited for the others to catch up, and waited, and waited Eventually I detected gruntings and groanings coming from somewhere below, where Phil and Stuart were trying to negotiate a much narrower section of the rift. They joined me, aided by some advice, about the same time Trev arrived using the easier route. Phil exclaimed that they had just experienced something worse than "Mothers Passage", a proposition I found hard to believe!

I zoomed down the new pitch and arrived in comfortably wide passage that was taking a small quantity of water. Downstream I came to a window looking onto a huge aven; was it "Fabulous Spangley"? Was it new? Slightly impressed I scrambled back to get Trev, who pontificated for some moments before pronouncing it "... the big aven between Ramp Pitch and Fabulous Spangley". He sucked me into checking the truth of this and after some interesting rigging, I descended a 14 metre pitch to the floor proper and soon encountered familiar ground. Returning to the base of the pitch, I shouted, "you're right Trev" to which he replied, "gooo-ood! ... hang on, I'll throw you the end of the tape". So began the survey.

Back at the 20 metre pitch (that could be called "Pikers Pitch") we found that the others had selflessly left, leaving us with the task of surveying, packhauling and bridging the bottomless Intestinal Perfume rift, something that could become my favourite hobby. Once out of the rift, the going became much easier and ascending "China Crisis" a positive pleasure, particularly using the umpteenth

refinement of my ropewalking system (the new CMI shorti's with the "inverted" cams are brilliant). Here we caught up with Phil and Stuart who were enjoying a mild case of exposure having sat around for over an hour. They soon warmed up hauling both our packs up the pitch, god bless them, assisted somewhat by a pulley and jumar on the bolt. I retrieved the precious hanger, but unfortunately lost a pair of pliers down the pitch, thanks to the greasy mud.

Phil's attempt on the climb ended with him sitting heavily on his backside, back on the floor, then Stuey had a go. "Thising pack's the problem" was heard innumerable times before an enlightened Stuart decided to suspend the pack from his harness and move on. Phil balked at the traverse so Trev and I ended up surveying around him, and after more stuffing about we were soon in some danger of actually leaving the cave. Trev and I followed up, de-rigging, and found we didn't have enough room in our packs to stow the final rope. This I found somewhat amusing as, climbing out of the doline, tied to Trev in a tangle of spare rope, I was to overhear him threaten his pack and the rope with all sorts of unnatural actions.

Phil made the mistake of asking what Trev was upset about and was promptly told, after which we ran through the darkness, back to the cars, in what must be a record time of 35 minutes (according to Phil!). Even so, we were a quarter of an hour late for the 9.00 pm deadline on the gate. Next trip will definitely start earlier!.

NICK HUME

