

NEWSLETTER OF THE TASMANIAN CAVERNEERING CLUB

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President:	Trevor Wailes, 47 Waterworks Road, Dynnyrne, Tas 7005	Ph 34 4862
Secretary:	Phil Hill, c/- 7 Rupert Avenue, New Town, Tas 7008	Ph 39 1221
Treasurer:	Mike Edwards, 334 Davey Street, Hobart, Tas 7000	Ph 23 2520
Editor:	Stuart Nicholas, 7 Rupert Avenue, New Town, Tas 7008	Ph 28 3054

FORWARD PROGRAMME

July 25	Beginners cave introduction 'do' at Andy and Jeanine's joint in Lenah Valley somewhere! Ring someone for info.
July 28	Udensala!!!
August 4 or 5	Iles des Phoques sight seeing/diving trip. See or ring Phil Hill 39 1221.
August 1	General Meeting Stuart's place.
August 4	Peanut Brittle survey trip - not for the feint hearted.
August 11	Party thing at Stu's place - the TCC HQ. See Stu for more info! Be there!
August 11	Growling Swallet look see trip.
August 15	Committee Meeting Stuart's place. BYO.
August 18	Stef's birthday trip?
Coming in September	<u>Annual Dinner</u> - when and where? Let's hear your ideas.

EDITORIAL

Once upon a ski field there was some snow. Unfortunately that snow melted and has not been seen since - pity about the ski trip to ENZED by yours truly! Maybe the water will form another cave some place.

Old caves never die, they just get bigger. Funny how caves that have been known for yonks (quite a long time, as well), recently have revealed more passage, some of it quite significant. First Growling, then Slaughterhouse, Pendant and now Udensala. Pity it's an opposition hole, but still, a hole's a hole! I guess even Junee would rate as well. Why weren't these discoveries made during the 'early seventies', the previous wave of major exploration? Makes one wonder what may be found in the next wave. Maybe it's all been found - I seem to have heard that before somewhere! Maybe there won't be another wave - we could have just experienced the ultimate cave wave!

STUART NICHOLAS
(EDITOR ETERNAL)

SILLY BITS AND OTHER GARBAGE

- * How low can you go? A recent edition of Australian Penthouse must have been hard up for articles and particularly photos ...! The grotesque face of Bunty, one of those Sydney persons, was pictured behind a tube of toothpaste. There were other pictures of the whole of his body as well! All in the name of media melodrama and Himalyan climbing, of course. Congrats Bunty, no offence intended.
- * Everyone knows that a good bowl of Weetbix is essential for, among other things, building one's strength for those epic cave trips. Well, included in the Weetbix "Spectacular Sports" card series, card number 10 in fact, is caving! The blurb on the back talks about Australian caves and Speeleo, Spealee, Speili, they can't even spell it! The picture looks awfully like something in Atea Kananda in PNG. Pity it's not from Growling or Serendipity or somewhere actually in Oz.
- * More media madness A recent phone call from the Examiner asked for information on "what has been happening in caves recently?". A brief resume was given which will be combined in an article for a major feature on something to be published later in the year by that newspaper.
- * Recently a member was seen grasping a thick object close to his body and uttering words to the effect that "I am going to get a shaft!". What more can be said?!
- * Quartermaster bits: Oldham cap lamps are great things but the QM is getting sick of draining the batteries after they have been submerged. If you think the battery may be taken swimming at any stage, please block the air vents with plastic rivets, BIC ballpoint end plugs or just stick plenty of tape over the holes. Deep wading is enough to flood the cells, so please do something about the batteries before looking at that sump pool, taking a bath, or whatever. If you charge your own lamp, do remember to take the plugs out first in order to avoid a rude awakening during the night!
- * What do you do first thing out of bed each morning? One rather prominent member of the opposition is reported to rush with much haste to the kitchen and build a mega-meal. Only after that do showers and so on occur. All part of night starvation I suppose?!
- * If this thing is out in time, on July 25 at Andrew Brigg's abode there is a beginners caving "do". I believe it will involve some food, grog, etc, but will be aimed at introducing a few potential new members to gear, other people, etc. If you're new to our group, or just totally confused as to why Jumars go up and Whaletails go down, go along, have a good time and learn about the social habits of typical TCC bods. BYO.

17 June - "Tarn Creek Swallet", Whitewater Caving.

Those involved: Martyn Carnes and Nick Hume (both SCS)

Tarn Creek Swallet is in a "largish" doline to the right of the retaped Rescue Pot track. On the day we decided to pay it a visit, heavy rainfall had swollen the normally placid stream that sinks here to one of ominous proportions. However, we decided that the conditions were no match for Martyn's new, post punk, black fibre-pile suit and proceeded into the entrance gravel.

It's possible to stay absolutely dry for the first few metres, before encountering the first "bath" (I prefer the word bath to the more usual "squeeze through tight river passage"). Several more immersions were encountered to the previous limit of exploration; this enabled us to stay completely clean throughout the cave. A right angled squeeze was negotiated by removing helmet and battery, care was required to prevent these from being washed away! Pushing this squeeze opened up a relatively

large passage at the end of which the stream abruptly sumped. A further squeeze into a breathing passage led to a chamber full of very fresh and muddy breakdown, the draught emanating from tiny slots in the ceiling, finished, kaputnik!

Emerging, half frozen, from this horrible hole our enthusiasm for doing a push trip in Rescue Pot was considerably dampened. We eventually drove up Nine Road instead to check on "Udensala", this is located in an impressive doline, that again, accepts copious quantities of water under those conditions. Martyn commented on the absence of loose rock in the entrance series, normally threatening the first pitch. Presumably this had been washed downward by recent floods. A return visit would be worthwhile, preferably in drier weather.

NICK HUME

PENDANT/GROWLING CONNECTION

Introduction

Pendant Pot has been known for many years, however, the initial exploration proved disappointing. The promising rift entrance led only to a mud and boulder choke not even beyond the sight of daylight. It was not until March this year that Trevor Wailes and Nick Hume decided to have another look at Pendant, and climbed to a higher level in the entrance chamber. Following the strong draught, a short section of passage took them through two squeezes to the brink of a pitch, apparently leading into a large chamber below. Considering Pendant's strategic location above known sections of Growling Swallet, and it's close proximity to Slaughterhouse Pot (linked to Growling several months previously), it was assumed a connection was imminent.

The following weekend a team of five pushed Pendant down four pitches in quick succession. Each new pitch that was reached looked as though it must lead into one of Growling's many areas, and thus it was somewhat of a surprise when an enticing sump was encountered at a depth of 192 metres. Pendant was left rigged and Nick Hume, Martyn Carnes and Rolan Eberhard later returned and surveyed the cave. It was theorised that a tributary stream (blocked upstream by a sump) in the Black River Series of Growling, may originate in Pendant Pot. When the Pendant survey was plotted, the deepest point and sump appeared to be roughly 20 metres horizontally from the Black River tributary.

The Connection

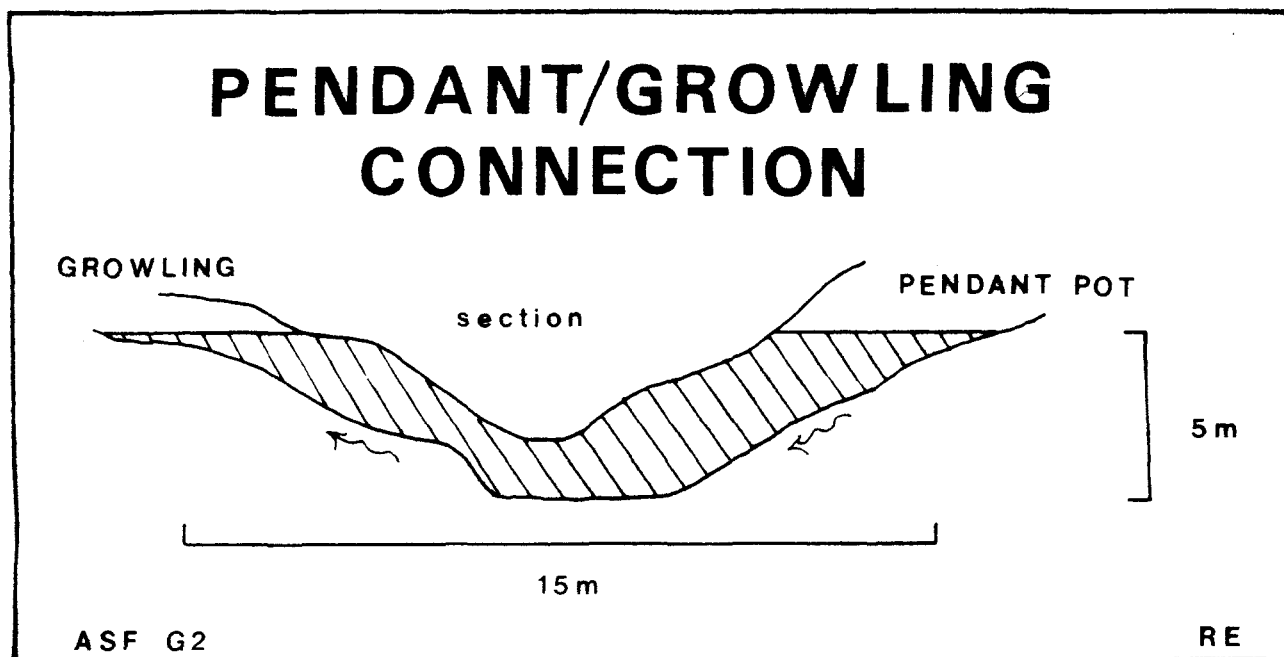
On the 2 June, Mike Edwards, Nick Hume, Trevor Wailes and I set off down the main Growling Swallet streamway, bound for the Black River. Despite the fact that we had minimised gear to the bare essentials for one diver with a single 29 cubic foot tank (loaned by Frank Salt - thanks!), with the addition of individual SRT rigs, everyone had a very full cave pack. These were the subject of many harsh words as we made our way through Windy Rift, across the Trapdoor Stream and into Destiny. Although Trevor is not normally given to such aberrant practises, he recorded and also slightly contributed to our hardships with his efforts to photograph various parts of the cave.

It was pleasant to allow gravity to do most of the work and abseil the fine 40 metre shaft that brings one down from Destiny to the level of Black River. Soon we were clambering over a large mud covered rockfall and wading through crutch deep pools of water on the last leg of our journey. Finally we arrived in a small chamber before the tributary sump. While I got into my wetsuit, Nick went to retrieve some diving weights that had been stashed in Black River last year in preparation for a dive in the main downstream sump.

The passage before the sump is quite wide, but low enough to make crawling necessary along the final section. At first glance the sump also appears low and shallow,

however, upon closer inspection it can be seen that on one side it is deeper, and an underwater tunnel descends at a moderate angle.

With the guideline firmly anchored to Trevor, Nick gave some last minute advice as I sank into the cold clear water. At first visibility was excellent and I followed the tunnel over a floor of smooth boulders to a silty bottom at a depth of 5 metres. From here, the passage started to ascend and swimming upwards I recognised the spacious Pendant Pot sump before reaching the airspace ahead. The connection was made, and



feeling very satisfied, I tied the line off and swam the 15 metres back through the sump to Growling. Before starting the all too familiar grind back to the entrance, Nick donned the diving gear and went through the sump as well.

Conclusions

The Growling Swallet system, or more correctly, the Growling/Ice Tube/Slaughterhouse/Pendant system, now has a total of four entrances. The connection will add some 350-500 metres to the total surveyed length of the system. It will provide the opportunity for perhaps the most varied through trips yet in the State (Ice Tube/Pendant exchange?). Pendant Pot itself is a very worthwhile trip, with the depth to the sump being 192 metres. A depth from the Pendant entrance to the deepest point in Growling has not yet been calculated. The connection is a very satisfying conclusion to the work of many people in the exploration and surveying of both caves. It is also rather rewarding to close a survey loop and find an error of only 5 metres - insignificant over a surveyed distance of several kilometres. All in all, a very happy end to the story!

Pitch details: Pendant Pot

Pitch 1: 7 metres. Climb up in entrance chamber.

Pitch 2: Penthouse pitch: 18 metres. Belayed from a rather dubious boulder held in place with moonmilk.

Pandemonium Rift: Possible 15 metre handline or climb down a vertical rift a metre or less in width. Half way down the climb it is easier to traverse to one end of the rift before descending. Great care should be taken as loose rocks knocked down from above are a definite hazard to anyone on the climb.

Pitch 3: Pel Mel pitch: 39 metres. Initially tied off to a rock bollard a short way along the rift above the pit. Rebelayed to a bolt (no hanger) on the opposite wall just below an obvious ledge 15 metres down.

Pitch 4: Ultimate Man pitch: 19 metres. Rope anchored around talus block. 2 protectors used.

Pitch 5: Boltezar pitch: 22 metres. Bolt (no hanger) on left hand wall.

At the closest end of the chamber above Pandemonium Rift, a short down climb leads to a 5 metre pitch. Below this a couple of very narrow rifts continue, apparently connected to Pandemonium Rift but too tight to be negotiated.

ROLAN EBERHARD

SATANS LAIR (AVEC LA TECHNIQUE CORDELETTE!) - 26/5/84

Party: Martyn Carnes, Rolan Eberhard

Despite the steady rain that soaked us to the skin, Martyn and I were not to be deterred. It was a truly miserable day in the Florentine, the track to Satans through chest high bracken concealing rotting logs did nothing to alleviate the depressive atmosphere. By the time we reached the entrance it was still pouring, and not through want of something better to do, we set off down the cave. The first three pitches were rigged using the amazing cord technique. This basically involves tying a thin cord to both ends of the rope, and after abseiling the rope is pulled down and the cord left in place. To enable an ascent the rope is tied to the cord again and hauled up the pitch, a knot jamming in a rapide at the top. In this way a single rope can be used in a multi pitch cave.

Upon reaching the active streamway below the third pitch, the water level appeared relatively low considering the morning's heavy rain. The final 22 metre shaft into the terminal chamber was rather exhilarating beside the thundering waterfall. Following the water to the deepest point in the chamber, it can be seen to sink in a squeeze between boulders. With the protection of a wetsuit, I laid down on my side and, refreshed by the cold water pouring into my face, squirmed through the squeeze. I was rewarded by a muddy constricted sump and more impenetrable boulders.

At the eastern end of the chamber is a nice flowstone wall. We both climbed up to a spacious ledge above this, and found some quite respectable formation in the form of straws, stalictites and flowstone. There was also a short drop on one side into a chamber with what appeared to be a couple of passages leading off. Unfortunately, our spare rope was at the top of the previous waterfall and there was nothing to do but go and fetch it (groan!). By now the amount of water coming down the pitch had increased somewhat, and the rope no longer hung in dry space. Martyn kindly pulled the rope free of the full force of the waterfall as I prussiked up. As it turned out, the new pitch (7 metres) led to nowhere in particular except a rock blockage heading down, and an aven heading up. After a brief look around the main chamber we started our exit journey.

The waterfall was well and truly pumping now, and Martyn prussiked up the rope at impressive speed. Upon reaching the top he explained he had to go fast in order to get out of the water and breathe again! Our ascent at the upper short pitches went smoothly, using the cord we hauled the rope back up each new drop before prussiking it. The surface was gained after a very pleasant trip lasting slightly over four hours. For the record, if necessary the first pitch can be free climbed. Anyone interested in doing Satans please contact the author, as I left some valued gear above the final chamber.

ROLAN EBERHARD

KUBLA KHAN - RESURGENCE TO AND FROM BOTTOM ENTRANCE EXCHANGE THROUGH DIVE OR KUBLA
VIA THE TRADESMAN'S ENTRANCE - 10 JUNE 1984

Those involved: Duncan Holland, Stuart Nicholas, Rolan Eberhard and Nick Hume.

A 6.30 am start together with good driving allowed us to breakfast leisurely at Mole Creek, where we met Mick Flint and Alec Marr, much to their surprise. After Stuart had eaten two of everything we parted from Mick and company, who went off to photograph some pretties, for you. Our own plans for Kubla were for a team of two divers to negotiate the resurgence series into the cave proper and exit via the bottom entrance. Meanwhile, a second team of two would enter the bottom entrance and, using the dive gear from the first, return back through the sumps. A pure and simple idea, though fraught with potential stuff ups.

A flip of a coin resulted in Stuart and myself entering the dingy sump pool to begin the epic dive. Each laden with twin air tank sets, linereels and a spare 15 cubic foot capacity bottle, assisted by Dunc and Rol, who then drove to the other side of the hill to do their bit. Water levels were obviously high, but little or no current was noticed in the broad, submerged passage. I finned off, laying line, with Stu hard on my flippers. A few slaps to the face convinced him of the virtues involved in following at a more conservative distance. Swimming in 1½ metre visibility (zero to half a metre for Stu) for over 500 metres settled me into a monotonous rhythm, one that caused me to miss the right hand turn up to the airspace, and finish in a dead end. Some minor line entanglements in zero visibility set Stuart to wonder what the hell was going on; I corrected the error and we both surfaced having spent some 30-40 minutes underwater, with more fun to come!

Resting briefly here I then split my twin set down to a fresh single tank and carried it the short distance to the next sump. For various reasons Stuey had to continue on with his twin tanks and spare bottle (he also had a can of Fanta somewhere on his person), a total weight of over one hundred pounds!

Our second dive was in fact some 117 metres long, though I had to lay 150 metres of line due to the paucity of tie off points on either side. This next air chamber is enormous and Stu thankfully ditched two of his tanks on its sandy dunes. He carried the baby bottle and linereel while I struggled with my somewhat larger burden along the half kilometre of relatively dry passage to the third and final sump. Two short free dives brought us to the headwall of our last swim. A pencil stuck in the wall here was a memento of the survey carried out by Stefan and myself several months previously.

A bag of mud from the walls was the only line tie off I could improvise, thusly we dived the remaining 20-30 metres into Cairn Hall. On the way I managed to get diverted by a convincing blind to the left - I must think "right" in future. Unknown to us at the time, a line snagged on some of our diving gear, dragging the mud bag a short distance along the submerged passage, with interesting consequences as it turned out.

Sounds of our self-congratulation alerted Dunc and Rolan who were waiting on the Kubla side. They yelled their presence and waded over to help us out of the water. Pleasantries, jelly beans and cigarettes were shared around, while we swapped diving gear for the more mundane accoutrements of dry, air caving. We in turn helped Rolan and Duncan prepare for their dive, Stuey performing an entertaining slip-slide act to humour them on their way. We then retreated upstream to the ladder placed at the bottom entrance before climbing out to a welcome beer and eats at the car.

Meanwhile, underwater, Rolan swam up to Duncan, at the displaced anchor bag, who was shrugging incomprehension. Rolan ascended into tight rift before suspecting the true nature of the problem, he then reeled ahead to the airspace. A less enlightened Dunc had some moments of cosmic awareness in the rift prior to following on. Collecting the twin set at the dunes they apparently completed the second dive without hassles.

Assembling the other twin set they set off on the long final swim to daylight, both had problems guiding along the cordline because of its relatively high coefficient of friction allied with its negative buoyancy and flexibility in water. Duncan found himself in something of a tangle and became disoriented while sorting it all out. Fortunately he guessed the correct way to go on, but wasn't completely sure until he sighted the orange coloured section that comprised the first 150 metres of line!

Stuey and I returned to the resurgence in time to see them surface. Rolan spat out his regulator and announced an interesting descriptive expletive of recent events, a word I won't reproduce here. By contrast Duncan emerged with a beaming smile and enjoyed a soggy cigarette. We pulled the line out, a seemingly endless task, abbreviated by a number of snags and snarl ups. Thanking the farmer concerned, it wasn't long before we arrived at the Mole Creek pub.

The trip was executed successfully, in spite of problems that could have arisen, largely because of the planning and competence of the people involved. We thoroughly enjoyed it, another TCC first, I believe, carried out by Epics Unlimited.

NICK HUME

JUNEE-FLORENTINE, Sunday, 15 April 1984

Party: Albert Goede, Judy Goede, Ben Goede

Our aim in the morning was to locate Ring Hole (up valley from Sesame) and place a number on it. Having received somewhat vague directions on how to get there, we parked the car at a likely looking spot along the east branch of Chrisps Road. We followed a steep logging track uphill until it petered out. At that stage we could hear a good-sized creek in a valley to the west. We taped a route down to the creek and then followed it downstream until it disappeared over the edge of a large doline. At the base the creek disappeared underground into loose rock. While it was possible to get in, it did not look very inviting. Convinced that this was Ring Hole we started to look around for a dry entrance. On the eastern side of the doline we found a triangular entrance about a metre high that had recently been dug out. It narrowed to a tight circular hole sloping downwards. Convinced that I had discovered the dry entrance to Ring Hole I placed a number to the right of the entrance (JF 364).

Further exploration of the doline revealed a small draughting hole near the southern margin of the doline. It was much too small to enter.

From the doline we headed east to intercept the logging track we had followed on the way up. In the afternoon we visited Welcome Stranger. The lower entrance was dry so we were able to follow the stream passage all the way. Further upstream the creek was running although the water was very low. The stream disappeared down a small hole in the left wall. Ben was very impressed with the cave as this was the first well decorated cave he had seen.

ALBERT GOEDE

P.S. I found out afterwards from Martyn Carnes that the stream we had followed in the morning was Tarn Creek and that Tarn Creek Swallet is where it disappears underground. The small hole we had numbered apparently does not go. The swallet has been explored for a length of 45 metres and is still going!

JUNEE-FLORENTINE, Saturday, 19 May 1984

Party: Albert Goede, Hilary Goede

We set off with the avowed intention of numbering Satans Lair, Ring Hole and Tarn Creek Swallet. The morning started badly. Halfway along the eastern branch of Chrisps Road we found the way blocked by a large fallen log. We set off to try to discover the beginning of the Satans Lair track. This took some time as it was badly marked. We finally found it at the last sharp left hand turn in the road before reaching the mast. It is now clearly marked with two blue tapes above a red one on a branch of a young Silver Wattle.

The track was not easy to follow as it was poorly marked and for the first part heavily overgrown with bracken fern. We finally made it to the main ridge, and from there descended steeply into the Satans Lair valley. After crossing the valley we found the tapes terminating at the entrance to the cave. The entrance is a near vertical rift at the foot of the hill and at the base of a 2 metre high cliff. The entrance is parallel to the cliff, up to 0.8 metres wide and 3 metres long and surrounded by fallen logs. The number JF 365 was placed on a rock face on the uphill side of the rift. We discovered that an old Myrtle tree near the entrance had the initials WH, MH and AR carved in it. I wonder who they were? As I could hear a running creek up-valley, I decided to investigate and found the water disappearing into a hole in gravel in the left bank of the stream.

We retraced our steps and reached the road at 3.00 pm in time for another attempt to find Ring Hole. This time we found the car park, and after some searching we managed to locate an impressive former swallet which turned out to be Sesame I (JF 210). Once again we could hear a creek upstream, so decided to investigate. This had to be the Ring Hole stream! But not so, the stream was found to go underground into a tight, steeply sloping passage. No number was found. A short distance upstream, close to the east bank I found the entrance to JF 209. This is quite a promising looking entrance, and should be investigated further as SCS records claim that it is only partially explored.

Once again we did not find Ring Hole as the nearby stream sink does not fit the description. Better luck next time.

ALBERT GOEDE

CHICKEN BONE POT

Party: T Wailes, N Hume, M Flint, M Carnes, A Pizza and the scant remains of a chicken's left leg.

Every now and again Ida Bay karst presents a welcome change from the Florentine, although the effort to gain access to cave entrances through thick bush remains the same.

This particular entrance was one of Mick Flint's big hopes, and the effort made to get there had to be worth it!

The entrance was perhaps a kilometre from the top of the quarry down the "new" Exit track and high up to the right on the contact. As the potential of this area has barely been scratched, hopes were high to find something significant. Other caves off from the track had been disappointing; all seemed to choke off at about 30 metres.

Equipped with 150 metres of rope, traces, slings and a bolt kit we descended the first pitch of 24 metres; the continuation presented a down climb of 3 metres where evidence of phreatic development was obvious. Small tubes ran off horizontally

too small to penetrate; the main route led to a serpentine bend with a sloping chamber leading sharply to a sizeable pitch. Rigging was difficult and a hand line was placed from the down climb round the serpentine bend across the top of the pitch to a small ledge with a narrow climb above. It was discovered that the hand line could be bypassed by climbing up into a larger phreatic tube overlooking the chamber, which led to a solution tube leading via some narrow climbs to the ledge above the pitch. Within these climbs, good rigging points were found and the pitch was readied for descent. The chamber where Martyn sojourned was susceptible to subsidence, and a steady rain of debris echoed constantly in the depths below - this was the main reason for rigging from the ledge. Nick descended first and reported a continuing narrow rift which draughted faintly. On descending other ledges were noted, which seemed to be created from high avens joining the impressive wide rift which formed the bulk of the cave so far. The continuing rift narrowed to almost impassable dimensions, and the job of excavating began.

One large stubborn boulder prevented progress, and each of us in turn kicked, pulled, pushed, rocked and swore unnatural obscenities at its unrelenting presence. The bolt hammer was used to no avail to chip flakes off it and the walls which held it pivoting in defiance. The passage beyond was wider and showed good signs of continuing, so finally, with the use of slings and an unaccustomed patience, the offending rock fell through and rolled away over more talus. This was the "rock masons squeeze" which we quickly grovelled through only to find another constriction barring the way into what was seen as large passage.

Ironically, the constriction was the same rock as before. With slightly more room to manoeuvre, the rock was moved to the side and the remaining talus kicked through into the "large passage" beyond. Entry was quickly gained, and the roomy void turned out to be the base of an aven. The steeply sloping floor of talus cobbles led into a second aven terminating in a rift which marked the take off point for the third pitch. A very dead decomposed echidna carcas lay prostrate on the cobbles, its life obviously terminated from its plummet out of the void of the high aven above.

With nowhere to rig from, a bolt was placed to give an almost freehang to the base 14 metres below. The passage continued below under more avens with steeply cobbled bases to a down climb under a large boulder; this marked the lowest point of the cave. No water was evident, but a mud gravel soak running off into an impenetrable rift marked the end. Very little draught was present however much we pretended it was, and the only way on was a 7 metre climb into what looked like another aven. Nick worked well to gain this ledge and to report a drop down a narrow slot. Following him, the drop was rigged and descended to more mud and gravel, and the finality of it was marked by a total lack of any air movement. But again, looking up past a slope of mud and talus, yet another aven was noted.

Our exit from the cave was uneventful, although the debris falling on the 32 metre pitch was unnerving, and retrieving the rope from the belay point below the solution tube resulted in a nasty gash from the razor sharp projections which looked like the perfect design of a huge cheese grater. Our emergence into the tinder dry rain forest was satisfying, and once changed for the trek back, we cut straight along the contour until we crossed the track. On reaching the openness of the quarry we were stunned by the view of the Hartz mountains and Adamsons Peak bathed in brilliant moonlight. Our lamps were flicked off, and the downward walk to the cars was well illuminated and quite stirring. The feeling of a minor achievement was there, although the cave had terminated at about 125 metres. It appears that the "system" has been created by a series of avens originating from the contact above, combining to form a large high rift appearance ending in a soak, which is only active in times of heavy rainfall. This is only one small section of the contact to have been explored, and greater potential could be found at another point further along the contact.

TREVOR WAILES

MORE WORTHWHILE TRIVIA

A meeting will be held on 13 August 1984 in the Mole Creek Hotel by the National Parks and Wildlife Service to attempt some sort of guideline for cave management. The "inquest" will start at 7.30 pm and include such major topics as cave permits for the "Speleomania" conference, the usual cave conservation which would be looking at routing paths through caves such as "Kubla", and a very important review of the NPWS cave permits situation.

Unfortunately, this meeting takes place on a Monday evening; perhaps it is only related to the Mole Creek caving area.

However, such questions could occur as "what are the penalties of caving without a permit", and after being caught, flatly refusing to return the speleothems found in your rucksack handbag, or false bottomed suitcase, to the place of procurement. It would appear that the only people to suffer from "permitmania" are active bonafide real honest to the earth cavers who, caught without a permit, bring the wrath of the NPWS down around their Club's ears. They are threatened with excommunication from mundane holes in the ground that have passed into the hands of a Government branch, who care not whether they are ever seen or heard of again.

If this was rock climbing, a whole area could be fenced off and a Ranger stationed to watch the cliff face for any sign of "peg" placement. Instead, we get gates that if determined beings wish to remove, it takes up to three weeks to even come to notice. Let's be fair, who gains from permits without prosecution "cavers" or "cowboys" - it's always the Club and their freedom that suffers!

ILE DES PHOQUES DIVE

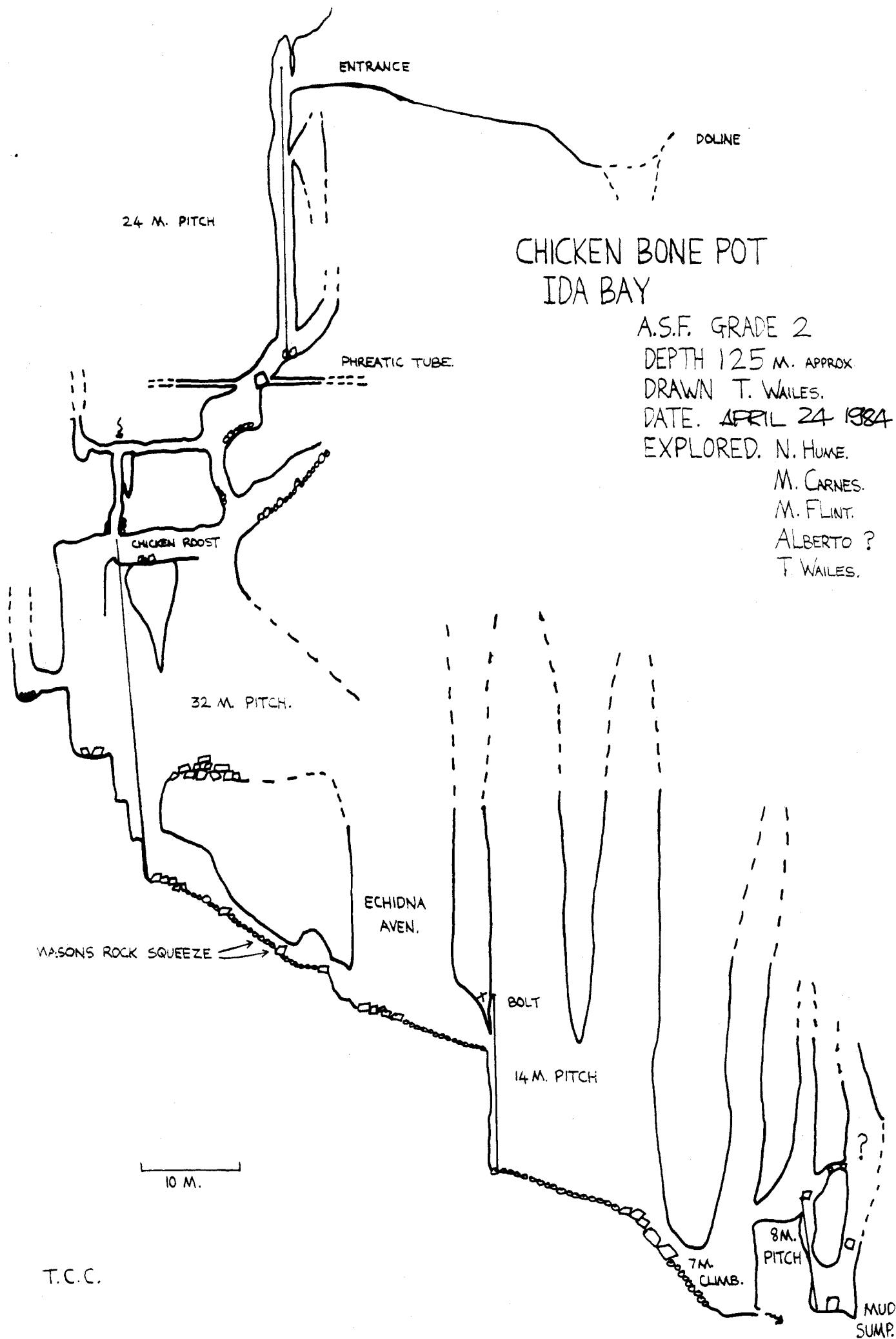
Will happen. Ring P Hill or Phill on 39 1221. On 2 August if you are keen, depending on the weather, the date could change but the cost should remain at about \$35. For the experience it has to be a bargain.

Please note the meeting at the Mole Creek Hotel is open to anyone interested.

A trip to 'Sesame' is being planned to happen before the ^{12th} of August any one keen should step forward or somewhere and contact T. Wiles.

Stewie says not to worry about the S.R.T. rope, it was an old one anyway!





CHICKEN BONE POT IDA BAY

A.S.F. GRADE 2
DEPTH 125 M. APPROX.
DRAWN T. WAILES.
DATE. APRIL 24 1984
EXPLORED. N. HUME.
M. CARNES.
M. FLINT.
ALBERTO ?
T. WAILES.

T.C.C.