

NEWSLETTER OF THE TASMANIAN CAVERNEERING CLUB

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FORWARD PROGRAMME

Weds 5 Sept General Meeting, 7 Rupert Avenue.
Sat-Sun A more detailed examination of the pots and area around B & H
8-9 Sept series.

Sat-Sun Growling Swallet, Serendipity, The Chairman - who knows?
15-16 Sept

Weds 19 Sept Committee Meeting at Stuart's. All welcome. BYO.
Sat-Sun Weld River Arch and environs. Cave hunting, bring your bow and
22-23 Sept arrow or what ever you use. See Andrew Briggs for further info.
Also Peanut Brittle Pot survey trip.

Sat-Sun Any suggestions. A sport trip or maybe some exploration bush
29-30 Sept bashing.

Weds 3 Oct General Meeting at Stuart's.
Sat-Sun Growling Swallet tying some survey ends up.
6-7 Oct

Fri 12 Oct TCC Annual Dinner. See back page for details.
24-25 Nov Practice Rescue Florentine.

Wednesday's and the occasional Thursday, TCC unofficially meet at the Doghouse Hotel for chats, arguments, boasts and drinks often amusing rarely boring.

Please note weekend dates are shown as access restrictions could occur on Saturday's making the trips only practical on Sunday's.

EDITORIAL

As the foundation Editor of the Spiel, I am honoured to write the editorial for this special occasion - the publication of Speleo Spiel No 200. Regular publication began in April 1966. Our aims were to ensure that new discoveries were recorded and documented, and to keep members in close touch with the Club's activities. We had no idea that we would be starting something that would still be going strong eighteen years later. During this time several generations of cavers have passed through the ranks, and the Spiel has become an invaluable record of our activities over the period. An impressive number of discoveries have been announced in the Spiel - Kubla Khan, Exit Cave, Mini Martin, Khazad-dum, Growling Swallet, Ice Tube, Serendipity, Ice Tube and Ann-a-Kananda, to mention but a few.

It is interesting to reflect on changes in caving techniques since I joined the Club in 1954. At that time caving was a cheap sport. Personal equipment was absolutely basic and consisted of a pair of overalls, a pair of Army surplus boots with triple hobs or starmuggers added to the soles, and a pressed cardboard miner's helmet that had to be painted to withstand wet conditions. The headlight was either a clip-on bicycle lamp which tended to drag one's helmet down over the eyes, or a

classy spotlight for the more affluent, that required a bulky 6-volt dry cell battery to be carried in a pouch on a belt around the waist. This turned out to be a real obstacle in tight squeezes. Even if one succeeded in getting through, it often meant ripping the contacts out of the battery. In addition to headlights, carbide lamps were standard equipment. Wet suits were unheard of. The cotton overalls we used quickly lost their warmth when soaked and hypothermia was an ever present danger on long, wet trips.

As far as other equipment was concerned, when I joined the ranks the Club had just written off the last of its rope ladders with wooden rungs and replaced them with wire ladders with hollow lightweight alloy rungs. They differed from today's ladders in that the rungs were held in place by winding copper wire around the cable on each side of the rung and holding this arrangement in place with solder. Making ladders was a very time consuming process. Also, the copper wire had a tendency to become unstuck after a while. It frequently ripped one's overalls. Rungs were also known to fail - to slide down the cable until held by the next rung!

In 1954 the Club had just bought its first nylon climbing rope for belay, but some hemp ropes were still in use. I still remember staggering along under the weight of 30 metres of hemp! This rope had a very limited life and required careful washing and drying after every trip.

There was not much change in equipment until the late 1960's that saw the introduction of the climbing pole and the first use of loxens to provide artificial belays. The exploration of deep caves such as Khazad-dum, Mini Martin and Kellers Cellar saw the perfection of laddering techniques but required large parties. Gear and manpower often had to be borrowed from other clubs. The first bottoming of Khazad-dum took 24 hours and required 24 bods to get a party of five to the bottom. Wet suits came into use about that time.

A major advance in the early 1970's came with the introduction of single rope techniques using abseiling devices such as the whaletail and rappel rack and mechanical prussick devices such as jumars. It made the exploration of deep vertical cave systems very much easier and allowed the use of much smaller exploration teams than before. The last few years have seen the emergence of a strong diving team within the Club. The rewards have been several new discoveries. The saga of exploring Juneec Cave still continues.

The latest innovation in vertical techniques appears to be the 'amazing'cord technique described by Rolan in the last Spiel. It makes solo exploration of deep caves a real possibility, although hardly to be recommended for that purpose.

What can we expect next. As a budding armchair caver I am looking forward to the days of Speleorobotics. Imagine having your personal robot doing your caving for you! You can sit at home in a comfortable chair with one hand clutching a tinny and the other on the control panel directing all the action and excitement. At the same time you will be able to watch it all on your panoramic technicolour 3-D TV monitor. Roll on, new technology!

For this and other exciting new technological developments in the future, continue your support of Speleo Spiel brought to you by TCC for only \$7.00 per annum. And, while you do, spare a thought for those who have laboured so hard and so long to keep it going over the years. They need your support and contributions.

ALBERT GOEDE

* Please return all club lamps to stuwarts, Several have not been seen for weeks!

AND NOW A FEW WORDS FROM THE EDITOR

For a magazine of any sort to reach edition number 200 is quite an achievement. For a caving club journal to reach that number is downright amazing. But TCC has struck again and here we are with SPELEO SPIEL 200.

As mentioned by Albert Goede, the "Spiel" was started in 1968 to enable the recording of the Club's activities and provide a means of disseminating information. To that end I consider (biassed view!!) that it has far exceeded the thoughts and hopes of those involved in its commencement. Our magazine is frequently late, often contains trip reports from months earlier, is known to be occasionally controversial, but is probably one of the most widely read Club magazines in the country, a record of which we can be justly proud. Roll on the next one hundred issues.

Needless to say, none of this would be possible without the continued support from you, the members of the Tasmanian Caverneering Club. Over the years, the caving members of this Club have proved themselves to be the equal of any, and the continuing achievements in the unseen world below the ground testify to this.

Since writing an editorial some years ago, "pending the appointment of another editor", something like sixty issues have struggled out from beneath my pen and now, word processor. Thanks to modern facilities and the foresight of some members, the Spiel has gone from a stencil duplicated publication with a hand drawn cover produced by the same means, to an electrically typed, offset printed "magazine" complete with cover photo. It's not put out on super glossy paper and we don't have a centre-fold either, but who cares, we're cavers not magazine publishers.

The unsung heroes of any club publication are the typists. Speleo Spiels have been, and still are, typed in homes and businesses all over Hobart, no doubt unknown to most of the bosses! However, we all owe our long suffering typists many thanks, there would be no Spiel without them - may their fingers not get tendo-sinivitus!

In closing, I sincerely thank all those who have contributed to our worthy publication, assisted with its production and put up with my idiosyncrasies over the years. I would also like to thank all the previous editors, and particularly those who had the foresight to establish the magazine in the first place. Despite remarks to the contrary, I do enjoy editing Australia's best caving mag. Thank you TCC!

STUART NICHOLAS - Editor eternal of SPELEO SPIEL

UNDERGROUND TRIVIA FROM ALL OVER

- * Who is the phantom surveyor?? On a recent track (road) clearing trip to Chrisps Road in the "valley", the two logs removed by the chainsaw freaks within TCC had nails in them. Nothing amazing about that you say. Well, they were marked with flagging tape, as were all the others hammered into trees for a distance down the road and probably up the road too. Who's up to what?? Maybe the data should be given to Stuey for incorporation into the Florentine survey data. Hopefully we have not disrupted someone's project too much, but why put stations on logs across access roads?
- * The bodies on the trip mentioned above managed to clear the logs from Chrisps Road as well as cook and consume sausages, many cups of tea, bread and crumpets during the day. Just as well since it rained most of the time and sawing logs is a fairly vigorous activity. Besides, there's nothing wrong with hot crumpet on a cold wet day is there?!
- * Question: What wears a skin tight pure white towelling gown when walking around during the night?
Answer: A Member Of Opposition, or MOO for short!

- * Aside from giving the chainsaw gang within TCC opportunity to exercise their skills, ANM are granting us \$200 in return from some publicity, as a contribution towards the replacement rope. A most generous offer and one that we cannot be too thankful for. Thank you ANM - may your logs be solid and chainsaws sharp!
- * The first roll of new rope should be here shortly (probably by the time you read this it will be due for replacement)! At a recent meeting a decision was made to initially buy 11 mm Bluewater for "general" Club use. Further rope will most likely be 9 mm, but will be bought with personal contributions rather than wholly Club funds. To this end, get rid of the moth food in your wallet and give our ever enthusiastic Treasurer Mike Edwards \$20, or more if you can, to fund the rope. The sooner you pay the sooner we can buy the rope and start real caving again!! Thanks must go to Mark Fowler of Paddy Pallin in Hobart for assisting us in this hour of need.
- * No doubt the owners of the Doghouse Hotel welcome our frequent patronage. They have been generous to the point of allowing us free entry on nights when a special band is playing, and we are now issuing all financial members with TCC Membership cards to facilitate this. However, they should only be used on Wednesday and Thursday nights and are not intended to enable holders to go to the Doghouse for the music. If you are taking your girlfriend, wife or whatever (even just yourself), to the pub for the music, please be a little generous and pay the required cover charge. Remember the free entry is a privilege bestowed upon our Club members only, not all our friends, relations and other hangers on!
- * A new member - well almost new anyway, Murray Crosswell, one of Nick's cronies - actually he's not a bad guy - has at last joined our ranks. I believe he has been underground a few times and hopefully he may go again!
- * New cover time again. This one is a dive shot just for variety as diving seems to be in vogue at the moment. The cost has been substantially reduced over the last one thanks again to Trevor. I don't know where the pic is or who it is of, or anything really, but it's there for the next year or so anyway. Maybe in that time I'll find out something about it.
- * From the editor's old age party thanks must go to N,M,&MM for giving me THE BOOT(s). Just what I always wanted - two old boots complete with spider webs and hook to hang them from. Maybe we can start a geriatric's branch of TCC and hang our boots up together and talk about caving instead of actually doing it - in fact, that's about what a lot of people do now! And they're not even terti..., thert..., threet..., what was that word??
- * Once again from the editor's old age party, thanks must go to all those crazy bods signing (and modifying) that card. It's just great to be pect'ed!
- * As you no doubt know by now, the fifteenth biennial conference of the ASF is to be held in Tassie early next year. Since the number of visitors will be fairly large and a lot will be unfamiliar with local conditions, there is a good chance that a rescue will be needed. To this end, a rescue exercise is to be held over the weekend of November 24 & 25 in the Florentine Valley. The cave or caves to be used have not been determined yet, but the show will enable cavers, Police and Ambulance bods to at least gain some appreciation of each other's gear and abilities. Despite your undoubted reluctance to attend such things, this is the year when a real rescue could be needed and it is most important that this exercise goes ahead and that YOU are there. After all, you will be there when the real thing comes along, why not get some practise first?! Don't forget it - November 24 & 25.
- * The US version of ASF, the NSS runs a book store and we have a somewhat abbreviated catalogue which details some of their stock. Most of it is applicable to the Stateside caving scene but some may be of interest to our bods. See it at Stu's place.

MIDNIGHT HOLE : Murray of the Underground - 22 July 1984

Those involved: Andrew Briggs, George Albion, Murray Crosswell (new member) and Nick Hume.

This bludge trip was intended to introduce Murray to the social aspects of vertical caving. As it turned out, it was also an introduction to "Midnight Hole" for Andrew and George, who surprisingly had not been there before. Needless to say, the pace of the trip was downgraded several orders of magnitude by Andrew's picture-taking and the author's abysmal memory regarding pitch details.

For the three shorter pitches a 50 metre 9 mm rope was carried for the convenience of rope handling, while a 120 metre rope (borrowed from SCS) was used on the two big pitches. Murray, being the novice, reluctantly carried this up the hill. I double roped the entrance pitch of 21 metres, then tied one end to the eyebolt above the short, second pitch. This allowed the others to descend utilising figure of eights, whaletails and sundry other antique devices. Pulling down the 9 mm rope, we used it again on the second pitch of some 11 metres.

None of us could remember the length of the third drop, so wisely we decided to use the longer rope. Very fortunate in the event as the 50 metre one would have left me high and not so dry on this 39 metre pitch. The arrangement I had made left one side of the doubled rope some 3 metres short. I yelled to Andrew to undo the knot and make the slight adjustment, thereafter the others followed on a single strand by utilising the "knot jammed up against the eyebolt" theory of one way caving!

A short drop leads directly to the 49 metre, final pitch and Murray led off tentatively, but was soon highly impressed by the classic abseil. Considerable aven photography ensued (one or two shots of which turned out quite well). I led through the deceptively spacious "Matchbox Squeeze" and hauled various packs through on the 120 metre rope. Following a couple of interesting detours we exited "Entrance Cave" to the wetter delights of the Dover Hotel. An easy day which was unanimously enjoyed.

NICK HUME

(Editor's note: I wonder what they did with the other pitch or two??)

TASSIE POT : Martyn Shoots His Bolt - 9 August 1984

Those involved: Martyn Carnes and Nick Hume

Martyn had prerigged the cave in a solo effort during which he placed one bolt below the lip of the first pitch, and a second bolt out in the rift above pitch two, to achieve a freehang. He had then stashed SCS's 120 metre rope at the top of the third, awaiting a return trip (due to a SCS light failure). Thursday found us once more descending this well trogged hole, to continue the bolting exercise and check a few leads.

A grimacing possum corpse greeted us in the mire below the second pitch, but we rigged my Beal rope on the next drop anyway. This required me to manufacture a marginal tie off, half way down, to eliminate rope abrasion. Martyn was sufficiently moved by this arrangement to make various utterances of amazement. We very soon found ourselves above the final pitch and after inspecting some alternatives, Martyn decided to place a bolt in the block to the left of the "window". This allowed an 8 metre freehang to the bolt tie off, placed by Rolan on the previous trip (this is on the right, descending). He continued down to the steep slab, located approximately half way, and placed a small angle piton in a crack, one metre from the edge and in line with the rope. Though there was still some potential for rope abrasion here, we dispensed with any protection, thus eliminating this ancient

practice from the entire cave.

Some SUS "bull" (April-May 1984) had alluded to the discovery of a 40 metre virgin crawlway, terminating in an 8 metre undescended pitch. This lead was meant to originate in the ground above the rockpile, though try as we might, Martyn and I could not relocate this. Shaking our heads profoundly we moved on through the rockpile, the squeeze, and (after a quick look downstream) on into the upstream section.

We rechecked and pushed the unpromising and loose leads along the two right hand branches of the streamway. Martyn looked at smaller inlets, beyond the squeeze in the second rockpile, before balking at the climb over the collapsed floor. This signalled the onset of chronic slackness amongst both of us and fuelled by the need of an early return to Hobart, we retreated. I derigged the pitches, leaving the hanger on the tie off bolt of the bottom pitch, but removing all others. We regained the surface before 3.00 pm.

NICK HUME

SLAUGHTERHOUSE POT SURVEY AND THROUGH TRIP - 11 June 1984

Party: T Wailes, N Hume, R Eberhard

Following Slaughterhouse Pot's recent admission to the "let's join it to Growling Swallet Club", an accurate survey was deemed necessary. A rather rough survey published previously in this magazine shows the terminal chamber to be at 63 metres depth. Since the time of that survey the talus below the prematurely labelled Final Chamber was pushed. Fifty vertical metres of climbing through talus saw the connection with Growling made.

Our descent was smooth and uneventful, although somewhat handicapped by the surveying. Having pulled the rope down from the second pitch we plunged into the extensive rockpile below the final chamber. Following numerous cairns that mark the route we eventually arrived above the Windy Rift section of Growling Swallet. We descended this pitch using the couple of bolts in place. Our exit through Growling was purely routine. In conclusion a productive and enjoyable day.

Pitch details

Pitch 1: 25 metres. Southgate Pitch. A length of old Bluewater rope left in place from a previous trip was used.

Climb: 9 metres. In order to reach the top of the second pitch it is necessary to climb down a steep rift below the Southgate Pitch. This was shown as a pitch in the previous survey.

Pitch 2: 18 metres. Some tape around a boulder wedged in the rift was used as a belay point.

Pitch 3: 19 metres. A short piece of tape and two bolts (hangers currently in place) were used. An alternative pitch of 16 metres is passed shortly before the bolts are reached. This leads into a parallel aven that connects lower down. A large talus block could be used as an anchor point for this pitch.

ROLAN EBERHARD

LAWRENCE CREEK RISING

Party: N Hume, S Eberhard, R Eberhard

Lawrence Creek Rising is a large resurgence located in the Florentine Valley. The

main source of water is apparently Lawrence Rivulet, which collects water from Mount Field West and the Rodway Range. It flows into the valley and sinks in the limestone close to 5 km from the rising. Lawrence Creek Rising and June Cave are the only known major resurgences in the region, and at one time it was speculated that Growling Swallet may contribute water to Lawrence Creek Rising. Geological mapping and fluoroscein tracing later proved Growling and other nearby sinks feed the June resurgence and not Lawrence Creek.

The rising is only some 100 metres from the road and at first glance large fallen logs appear to block the source of water. It is possible to climb under the logs where the water can be seen welling with some force from the base of a low rock wall. Although the water flows through an area of relatively low relief and hence dry cave seems unlikely, the prospect of diving somewhere new prompted Stefan, Nick and I to give the rising a look.

16/6/84 - Stefan dived first and Nick and I watched with envy as his lights and bubbles disappeared beneath the swirling water. Some 25 minutes later he surfaced after penetrating approximately 70 metres into the rising. He reported relatively enjoyable cave diving conditions with good visibility aided by a strong current that kept the passage generally free of silt. Stefan left the linereel at a depth of 20 metres, the passage still trending deeper.

Nick dived next and found the way on involved passing through a narrow constriction, a feat I decided not to attempt with a back mounted tank. In order to pass this squeeze I dived with two side mounted tanks. I followed the passage down to the end of the line, finding it generally open but with two sections of low bedding plane rift. The squeeze proved awkward but not impossible and beyond it, at a depth of 25 metres, a spacious tunnel led on. Swimming straight into the strong current I laid an extra 20 metres of line before tying off to a rock projection on the wall and heading out.

23/6/84 - I dived with a geological hammer in order to attempt to enlarge the squeeze so a diver with a back mounted tank could pass. The rock proved quite solid, however, it was possible to dig away some of the cobbles on the floor. I was able to wriggle through without too much difficulty and continued laying line beyond.

Nick dived to the limit of exploration but was unable to make much progress as the line became tangled on the reel. He could not fix the problem without cutting the line itself, and he left the reel and returned to the surface. Stefan spent several minutes cutting the line and tying it off to a rock before continuing. A short distance further on he found the passage starting to ascend steeply.

We shall return!

ROLAN EBERHARD

"LOO LANE" - 5 August 1984

Persons involved: Paul Riviere, Marella Byrne and Mick who headed out in the bush of Marble Hill. We looked into many a hole on the bottom side of the exit track, about 10 minutes from the Benders quarry.

Paul abseiled into a 25 metre shaft to find a pit with nowhere to go.

Next thing we found a doline with a cave entrance. Bit of a dirty start down a muddy slope then a climb down to a 25 metre pitch. This opened out into a spacious cavern with decorations, then a narrow passage to a breakdown chamber, and so endeth 'Loo Lane' total depth of about 80 metres from the top of the doline.

MICK FLINT

MIGRATING SOUTH FOR WINTER

Mainland Birds Anne Grey (wonder woman), Steve Bunton (old woman) and Alan Warild (new woman).

IDA BAY - Sunday 5 May 1984

Having driven down from Hobart the previous night, we started off early for Big Tree Pot. Rolan's review of the cave was "I can't remember if I enjoyed it!". I had to see it anyway.

The objective of the trip was to test the new technology on Tasmania's not so deep caves; Al and I had already done the deep ones to death. Anne wanted us to do KD in record time, but being male chauvinists we only used her used her as a model for our photos. Photography was objective No 2.

Big Tree Pot is no disappointment. It is an excellent cave. Good for photos, every pitch a lovely one and the big one is great. A circa 100 m pitch underground is as good a reason as any to visit a cave.

Monday 6/5/84 - we must have been keen. After leaving our rope atop Marble Hill the previous day, we retrudged our steps to do Mini Martin. I had done it before, but the others were keen to see Australia's second largest (by 3 m) entrance pitch. Al placed a bolt at the top of the second pitch.

June-Florentine - Wednesday 9/5/84 - Owl Pot

Again this is a superb little cave. The entrance series is somewhat disappointing, but the main streamway is spectacular. Rigging the last pitch dry is quite a challenge but worthwhile. We rigged the handline at this pitch, and can't really see how anyone could contemplate doing without a "lifeline".

Thursday 10th Ice Tube

Neither Al nor I had done this cave on conventional techniques. Al had cord-techniqued it and I'd passed through enroute to Growling. Al knew all the belays intimately, and we rigged it free and mostly dry. The round trip took 11 hours, probably a record but a pretty meaningless one.

The cave is quite filthy away from where the spray of the waterfalls washes. The trip somewhat bugged Anne who uttered "I always wanted to do a cave I could only just manage". Philosophy which succinctly states the tenet of all challenging and adventurous sports.

Sunday 12th: Welcome Stranger

The day of the second great Serendipity pike. The previous Saturday our excursion to Big Tree Pot precluded us from the first attempt to remove the Barlow ropes from Serendipity. Today the rain and the "prospect" of being flooded in stopped us yet again. A leisurely photo trip into Welcome Stranger was a poor substitute for us.

For Stuart and Martyn a walk in the light green near Satans Lair was a promising alternative.

Sunday 13th: Ice Tube (yet again)

On last "Friday is washday" we noticed we didn't have a bolt kit to wash. It could only be at the top of the second pitch in Ice Tube. We went back to find it. This presented the ideal opportunity for Al and I to get some good photos of Malcolm's Cuss. (Anne flew back to Sydney, having got a lift to Hobart with Stuart and Martyn the previous day). At the bottom of the first pitch I couldn't find the bolt kit and was in the process of rigging pitch 2 when I put my hand on a piece of most

peculier mud. It felt peculiarly like a bolt kit, in fact it was, so cleverly can Ice Tube mud camouflage and conceal its intruders.

Monday 19th: Satans Lair

The best cave in the world, not quite. The heavy rain stopped us from doing anything too adventurous. Satans Lair in flood is quite exciting enough. A trickle of water ran annoyingly into the entrance. Halfway down the cave where the map shows a trickle coming into the system we were met by a raging river. The last few pitches were fantastic. Probably this is the cleanest, most well washed and enjoyable small Junee Florentine cave.

Tuesday 15th: The Chairman

When Al first explored the Chairman in 1977 the access was from John Bull Road. We spent the morning of the previous day proving that this access option was no longer a possibility. Today I led the way in from Junee Quarry Road via the 341 track.

This is easily the most impressive JF entrance. The 88 m pitch is marred only by the fact that it is followed by a Bill's Bypass grovel pitch. The Tyrolean Traverse pitch is singularly spectacular and definitely worth shitting yourself over.

Thursday 17th: Sesame I or II or something

Rolan's already told you this story. Definitely, if not for the great discoveries, this was one of the first trips to use 6 mm rope on a free hanging (short) SRT pitch.

Friday 18th: Serendipity or Bust (I'll have a bust please!)

Nick, Stuart and Martyn all took sickies this day to let us drag the Sydney-siders ropes out and then dry them before taking them home to their owners. Serendipity would rate as one of the great deep caves of the Florentine. A wet squeeze to start, a scramble, a cursed crawl, a pretty and dry pitch, several wet pitches, a good series of rifts and stream canyons, some spectacular ariel skyways then a rockpile and a fantastic phreatic tubular section to finish. Serendipity has got it all, and I don't think it's as difficult as early reports made it out to be. I ought to write cave reviews like a film critic.

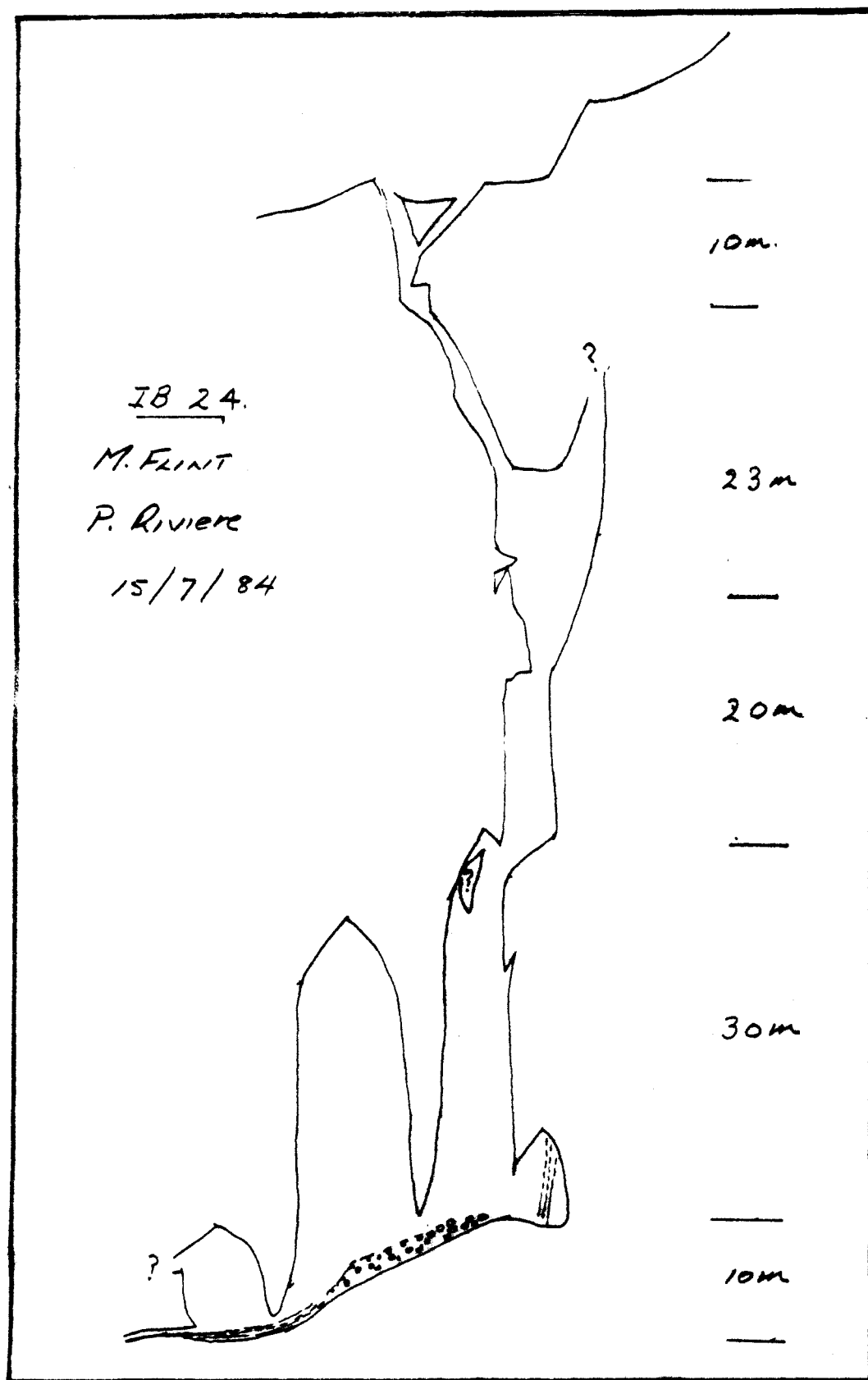
STEPHEN BUNTON

1B24

Yet another hole is found on Marble Hill. This once is 93 metres deep, was found, explored and drawn by Paul Riviere and Mike Flint on 14-15/7/84.

Up above the Exit track on the south side of Marble Hill are lots of holes that stop before they go anywhere but this one looked good.

So we came back on Sunday. After a narrow dirty little ladder pitch, we found a steeply sloping passage with a rather loose floor. 23 metres down, we rigged the next pitch and things looked better; there was a shaft to go down. This turned out to be two very enjoyable free hanging pitches, the lower one taking water. At the bottom of this, the cave looked like it was going somewhere. We walked through into the bottom of a 30 metre aven, and were impressed with our find. On down through a small rift where the water was going, and all of a sudden that was that. The water went through a small crack, and if you peered in you could see a small creek on the other side. Anyway, the return up the two shafts made for a good day's caving.



Pitch 1: 10 m ladder rigged off a tree, to a sloping floor.

Pitch 2: 23 m rope down a loose floor to a large block of rock.

Pitch 3: Two shafts were descended as one pitch. This was rigged from a sling around a large block of rock, back up to previous rope. The first shaft is 20 m and free hanging to a sloping floor. The second is 30 m to a large floor, quite wet. (Total 4 protectors).

MICK FLINT

"UDENSALA" - EVERY WHICH WAYS IS LOOSE - 24 June 1984

Those involved: Martyn Carnes and Nick Hume.

The entrance series is definitely wetsuit country, despite the fact that the stream was lower than usual, we got just as wet as on the previous trip. Triggering loose blocks provided some entertainment as we negotiated the treacherous upper levels of the cave to more spacious passage, containing a waterfall. A wet squeeze at the bottom of this looked too horrible to contemplate and our immediate reaction was - "this is the end of Udensala".

Further exploration back at the top of the waterfall revealed a loose down climb to the top of a 40 metre ramp pitch "Communication Breakdown". This was rigged from a couple of pitons driven into the left-hand wall and descended to a dubious looking squeeze. Entering this with fingers crossed led to a spacious, steep passage that went and went. Following the bedding plane, roughly north, led down more loose climbs to a large chamber "Culture Bunker". A phreatic tube passed from this to a big breakdown chamber with a few minor leads. This point was later surveyed at a depth of 163 metres.

I built a cairn and left for more pleasant environments, vowing not to return to this place for a long time. However, the warmth of the pub brought on plans for a return the following weekend.

NICK HUME

THE SAGA OF "UDENSALA" - EPISODE FOUR - 7 July 1984

Those involved: Phil Jackson, Martyn Carnes and Nick Hume (SCS and rigging party) with Trevor Wailes, Stefan and Rolan Eberhard (TCC and derigging party).

Funny how the passage of a few trogs can make a cave a safer place, in fact it was almost pleasant. A survey trip by Rolan and Martyn had located a further pitch, below the breakdown chamber, the previous weekend. It was the first party's intention to descend this and survey any new finds.

Martyn down climbed the lead while I followed. I watched him hug a huge block that suddenly displaced several inches, with appropriate responses from Martyn to follow. Sidling this hazard we rigged the pitch, of some 8 or 9 metres and abseiled into an unpromising looking chamber. The water led through some low mud banks to a squeeze choked by some unco-operative boulders. We spent some time attempting to move these before giving it away, at some 180 metres depth.

Surveying back to the breakdown chamber found the second party relaxing on various bits of cave furniture. Our news painted an unpromising picture for further continuation, so our party headed out. Stefan and Rolan climbed a steep mud bank above the phreatic tube into more passage that ended in a 20 metre pitch, so a further return trip is highly likely.

Trev derigged the bottom pitch and bypassed the Eberhard's lead. When he caught up with me he moaned and lamented the possibility that they had been stranded below that bottom pitch. However, some long distance conversation between the top and bottom of the "Communication Breakdown" pitch, between Trev and myself, finally convinced us that they were OK and we exited - another easy day's caving.

Phil Jackson later drew a survey of the place, which suggests that the 20 metre pitch found by Stefan and Rolan rejoins the streamway beyond the choked squeeze. Any volunteers for episode five?

NICK HUME

TINDERBOX - SALT WATER AND DRY - 4 August 1984

Those involved: Stefan and Rolan Eberhard, Nick Hume.

This was our first test of the new neoprene dry suits and gave us a chance to investigate their pros and cons. Though we did not go deeper than 10 metres, it was possible to simulate an "inversion" (ie, excessive air migration to the feet) and practice getting out of the situation. Even with the minimum amount of air in the suit a reasonable degree of migration occurred and buoyancy had to be continually attended to. Further experience is required in this regard. We did not have ankle weights, but these could obviously, largely overcome the problem, and would be mandatory in cave diving.

The suits were superbly warm and certainly meet the requirements of deeper penetration diving in Junee Resurgence, Lawrence Creek Rising and elsewhere. They appear perfectly practical for deeper, open water diving, particularly where decompression stops are involved. A buoyancy compensator was not thought advisable as control is attainable using the suit's own internal inflation via scuba feed. In addition a "BC" would be a further burden on the diver and get in the way of this arrangement.

Approximately 27 pounds of lead weighting was required to achieve neutral buoyancy, though less would be required with more experience. A fibrepile jumper was worn underneath, together with a lycra suit and socks. Some water seepage was evident around the wrist and neck seals, this may be reduced through the use of silicon spray. Additional leakage occurred via the inlet exhaust valve, a better quality scuba feed arrangement may minimise the problem.

The hood supplied with the suit is a good fit but may be a bit thin for water of 6°C temperature, an overhood would solve this. Further open water diving with these suits is necessary before they can be safely applied to the more hazardous environment of the local caves.

NICK HUME

"SHIRLEY'S POOL" - GIVING UP THE WEED - 29 July 1984

Divers: Rolan Eberhard and Nick Hume with Phil Jackson, Duncan Holland and Brendan (?) doing some surface exploration.

The three hour drive along the Lyell Highway allowed us to escape Hobart's gloomy drizzle, to try and salvage something productive from the weekend. We were met with sunlight while approaching "Surprise Valley" and slightly further up the road we had our first sighting of the celebrated "Shirley's Pool", located near the start of the SCS track up Mt Ronald Cross.

This pool had been the subject of much speculation in the past and we had hopes of a "Picaninnie Ponds" style dive, awaiting us. This illusion was rapidly dispelled on our initial recce, for the place was almost entirely choked by waterweed, however, a small central clearing enticed Rolan and I to attempt a dive. Soundings and then diving proved "Shirley's Pool" to be nothing more than a shallow swamp, suffused with malodorous marsh gas, despite this we proceeded to thoroughly enjoy ourselves. Rolan festooned himself with weed fronds for the benefit of Duncan, the expedition photographer, mimicking a sort of Boy George of the chlorophyll set. Meantime, I floundered amongst weed and submerged logs which confirmed my first impression of the place.

Wandering around the lake revealed a bedrock of schist-quartzite, not the most promising media for extensive, submerged passage. Jacko and Brendan found a series of shallow dolines higher up, all choked. We toured our way to the Derwent Bridge Hotel for a meal and some social life; a nice Sunday drive.

NICK HUME

TCC ANNUAL CLUB DINNER

To be held at :

"The Good Woman Inn"

Argyle St., Hobart.

FRIDAY 12th OCTOBER

First course to be served at 7.45 (sharp), the cost being dependent upon what you eat. The highest fork out about \$14 and the lowest \$11; bring wives, girlfriends, boyfriends, family, friends or anyone who's hungry!

But be sure to ring

TREVOR (344862) five days prior to this gastronomic event if you intend to be there.