

## NEWSLETTER OF THE TASMANIAN CAVERNEERING CLUB

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### FORWARD PROGRAMME

Weds 3 Oct      General meeting at Stuart's.  
Sat-Sun 6-7 Oct Growling Swallet tying some survey ends up.  
Fri 12 Oct      TCC Annual Dinner  
Sun 14 Oct      Peanut Brittle Pot  
Wed 17 Oct      Committee Meeting - Stuart's.  
Sat 20-21 Oct      KD. Many people have expressed interest. Martyn Carnes hopefully  
will take the initiative.  
Sat 27-28 Oct      Weather permitting - Serendipity.  
Sat 3-4 Nov      Back to Growling Swallet hopefully to finally finish the survey of  
all that is not known!  
Sat/Sun 24/25      Practice rescue Florentine (S & R Squad). Phil Jackson of SCS  
proposed and will organise this event for both Clubs and Police  
Squad.

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### EDITORIAL

Not much has happened since SPIEL 200 as this is being written only a week or so after that one hit the streets. Buckets of rain have fallen on Maydena which has dampened most caves somewhat. Maybe we're in for a wet summer instead of a dry one which could make Speleomania interesting. I seem to recall that it poured with rain during the 1970 conference, so maybe it's an omen or something.

In this issue there are reports from Nick Hume, Nick Hume and Nick Hume about a holiday at Mt Gambier, as well as looking for a lost pot in Sesame Street. He should have more time at home now that he's nearly married so we can expect more literary snippets from him. Rolan has been drifting in Rift and Mike's been looking at Flick Mint's pot! There is even an up to date (sounds like a potato!) deep caves list thanks to Rolan. Owing to the rain, this should remain current (pun?) for a while!

STUART NICHOLAS

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Nov 3      Jeanine Davies 21st Birthday Session 22 Athleen Ave  
SAT.      Lena Valley BYO T.C.C. and associates welcome.

CLUB BITZ AND OTHER NOOZ

- Scene: A recent Committee meet at Stu's place.  
Action: Our Secretary Phill (from the hill) lying in a somewhat rigid and plastered state on the floor going through the inward correspondence: "Here's a journal from the Launceston Walking Club. It's got a few amusing articles in it!"  
  
Martyn, that lover of the bush, trees, soul and so on remarks: "There's nothing amusing about bush walking."
- Still on the subject of our Secretary, he has written to a supplier of printed T-shirts in the States. This guy sent back a catalogue with his reply and Phill is keen to get a few shirts from him. If you're interested (shirts getting a bit thin, perhaps torn or even just dirty?) contact Phill. Some of the motifs are quite excellent!
- Once again from Phill - apparently the State Library Railway has a film or two on British cave rescue which are both interesting and funny. This or these will be shown at the October 17 meeting at Stu's place, courtesy of the Police S & R squad. For a good laugh (and education too) make sure you're there.
- A few of the "elder" bods around TCC are running fairly frequently with the HashHouse Harriers. The runs are basically social and last for upto an hour or so and, being centred on a pub, involve some apres run socialising. They are held every week, Monday nights starting 6.30 pm at various pubs around Hobart. Get in touch with Trev, Stu or Nick if you're interested in joining the TCC bods Running Today/Tonight Club.
- Feel like cruising some Saturday night? Go on a river cruise and help the recently formed St John Derwent Diving Division. On Saturday October 6 there is a cruise on for the meagre cost of \$10 per head. The rest of your body can go along for nothing! I don't know any more than that yet, but contact Dr Jane Gleeson at Repatriation General Hospital if you're interested. Maybe we could run (float?) something similar?? There will probably be a Midnight Hole trip during that day for some of the Antarctic Division bods.
- Don't forget the TCC Club Dinner.  
  
Location: Good Woman Inn  
186 Argyle Street  
  
Date & time: Friday night October 12  
Be there before 7.45 pm  
or you won't get any food!  
  
More info: Phone Trev 34 4862
- Should you ever be required to know, or find it, the Police S & R store is now located at 19 Paternoster Row, coincidentally just up behind the Good Woman Inn. The actual S & R squad office will probably move there soon as well, while the new Police Taj Mahal is built.
- That bastion of SCS, 83 Montague Street, has finally been vacated and the occupants reluctantly now live separately in various obodes around southern Tasmania! Surprisingly they weren't evicted - the owner just wanted his house back.
- Welcome to a couple of new bods who have paid their subs and hence instantly become members! Both are Telecom employees and I believe were taken to Growling

by Rik Tunney a few months ago as well as having been to Exit (I think).

The two guys are

Mark Stanford  
63 Strickland Avenue ("The brewery end!")  
South Hobart  
Phone: 23 1416

and

Garry Johnston  
37 Hillborough Road  
South Hobart  
Phone: 23 1744

If you're running a trip that's not in the "epic to end all epics" class, give these guys a call as they are both enthusiastic to get underground.

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### Mt Gambier - TCC Goes on Holiday - 26 April to 15 May

Those involved: Attila Vrana, Chris Davies, Phill Hill and Nick Hume.

"... and what do you do for a living, Sarah?"

"Painting"

"Landscape or abstract?"

"Male nudes"

"... oh, right!"

We drove to Devonport and loaded Phill's car onto the "Empress of Australia", then settled ourselves into its crowded bar. Gulps of tepid beer abbreviated our study of diving manuals in preparation for a Cave Divers Association, category two, test to be held in Melbourne that weekend. Next day, we teamed up with Chris (Captain Australia) who joined us as part of his epic circumnavigation of the continent, on motorbike.

We stayed with Peter Rogers and Cheryl Bass who were our CDAA examiners, this was useful when doing our homework! The next few days involved us in practice sessions at Brunswick Pool, interspersed with visits to diving shops and some restaurant assessment in Lygon Street.

The exam consisted of theory and practical, the theory involving decompression problems and the like, while the practical was carried out in the pool and tested our fine buoyancy control and line reel work while under a simulated task loading. The examiner would randomly remove masks and regulators from us pupils usually at the most critical moment, and observe our attempts to handle the linereel while buddy breathing. This wasn't easy without the benefit of sight. I managed to capture some of the practical on film, my fellow participants will probably never forgive me!

Fortunately we all passed, Attila being dux of the class. We said goodbye to Pete and Cheryl and drove the Great Ocean Road to Mt Gambier; they would join us for some diving, the following weekend.

"I would like to hear some of Handel's Water Music for a change".

"Won't that make us want to urinate"

"Better that than this other stuff giving me the shits!"

Our first dive was in "Little Blue" sinkhole and the bottom, at some 36 metres, was littered with all sorts of rubbish due to the cave being next to the road. Beer bottles, cars, traffic signs, even a concrete penguin caused me to think of it more as a "junkhole". Phill stuffed about with an open linereel for several minutes before I attached the loose loops with a diveknife, thereby solving the problem. Silt almost claimed him when he sank headfirst up to his shoulders in the gooey stuff.

We finished the day with a night dive in "Gouldens Hole", a thoroughly enjoyable dive with numerous side passages to explore. This was the stuff of real cave diving.

The following day Chris bought a closed type linereel from the Mt Gambier dive shop - this was to prove far more successful than the type we had brought from Tassie and will provide a useful model for future constructions. After ordering tank fills and pies from the Allendale takeaway, we explored the "Two Sisters", sinkholes, that is again situated conveniently close to the cars. We followed this with a night dive in the spectacular "Ewens Ponds". It's small wonder that the locals rarely bother to dive in the sea, swimming through the weed forest of Ewens, experiencing quite the most incredible visibility I have ever seen, was unforgettable.

Talking to the owner of "The Shaft" brought the whole Mt Gambier experience home to us. Four divers perished here while diving to 200 feet, some ten years ago. Peering down the entrance hole we imagined what they must have gone through. We returned to "Little Blue" lake for further exploration and a photographic session that included the concrete penguin, noticed earlier. That night was spent in the local hotel mingling with various property owners, a mistake in such a small community as things we said got back to CDAA!

"Ten-Eighty" was like caving with an antigravity device, swimming amongst huge breakdown boulders in perfect seeing conditions. The cover of Spiel 200 carries a photo of Phill suspended in this huge place. Though the cave goes to over 50 metres it was our dive plan to limit ourselves to 40 metres to allow us another dive later that day. Phill was all set to pursue a lead without the safety factor of a linereel, but I physically reminded him of our position with a kick and some appropriate hand signals. We exited with understandable reluctance.

With the arrival of Pete and Cheryl, six of us teamed up to do "Picaninnie Ponds" after obtaining permission to do so from the local ranger. Much is said of this show place of South Australian caving and it's all true! I attempted some photography while trying to absorb the visual enormity, a difficult task. The weed forest above the "Chasm" is a charming place where schools of trumpeter and eels swim the brackish waters. This drops away to some 270 feet but connects higher up to "The Cathedral", with its white sculpted walls and sense of space. A photographer's delight or nightmare, we vowed to return a couple more times to more truly appreciate its beauty. Deceptive and dangerous, it appears a harmless swamp on the surface yet has been the site of numerous drownings.

The narrow horizontal rift which I had recently entered was now completely silted up and try as I might, it seemed too narrow now to go back through. My dive buddy behind me checked my regulator and gripped my hand to determine that I was OK. I felt alert but completely calm and persisted with locating the small opening. Eventually the line drew vertical and I could sense Phill on the other side. A few "bonks" and grunts and I was through. This was a classic linedrift situation and an object lesson in remaining confident whilst in a potentially dangerous situation.

"One Tree" was deep, very deep and sported a ditched combine harvester, upright, on the central boulder cone. I photographed Phill below this, where we met up with Attila and Chris returning from the gloom.

They had had a battery case implosion due to the immense water pressure and were suitably awed by the event. But "Black Hole" was even bigger and was deeper than any of us had dived before, resulting in the implosion of our second big light. With a 30 watt unit that was almost useless in a place of that size, we had to check on our helmet mounted ones to see whether they were really on, the light being entirely swallowed up. I reeled down to a tantalising chamber before turning back for a lengthy decompression. Twin tanks would be necessary to see much more of the cave.

We did another photographic trip in "Pics", staying as long as we could without going very deep. Phill posing, then ascending to breathe from air reservoirs in the roof of "The Cathedral". We decompressed on a ledge in the company of a friendly eel before swimming out with a Swiss Guy we had met up with while snorkelling the "Chasm".

At that stage we felt we had had enough of diving and Mt Gambier's fickle weather. Chris departed for the Nullabor and Attila headed back to Tassie and work. Phill and I "pub crawled" through the Coonawarra district en route to Mt Arapiles, a move that inspired us to camp on its very summit, just to catch the sunrise next day. This treat allowed us to shake off hangovers and set off to do some rock climbing in this, Australia's "premier rock climbing area".

The arapiles carpark/camping ground held many familiar names and faces. I ran into a climbing friend from New Zealand and met Brigitte - Rod McKenzie's girlfriend. We camped here for three days, right in the middle of a mouse plague. These pests left their mark on everything, unfortunately. The local "punk rock" climbing scene was quite a sight, guys wearing skin tight leotards and sporting pink hairdos and chalk bags, were seen "bouldering" at first light, every day. They, in turn, must have wondered at our van, surrounded by airtanks and so far from the sea.

We started on easy climbs with the intention of working up a higher grade each day. Climbing on the "Organ Pipes" and "Watchtower Face", etc, we were often accompanied by a guy called Rudi, who would climb through us, soloing. We rapidly came to the conclusion that the previous two weeks of diving was no sort of preparation for hard climbing, still, the leisurely belays in warm sunlight, gazing at the view and other climbers, made it well worth the visit. On one climb, a very greasy grade 14, we both "fell off" and ended up watching two guys succeed in a parallel crack line, a grade 21, both of them stoned (and not by rocks either).

The idea of returning to Mt Gambier for a "deepie" in "Pics", germinated in the National Hotel, near the "Piles", and became more attractive as we passed the days, unwashed, in the dusty carpark. Once more we loaded the van up to the courtesy light with our gear before heading off in the dead of night, to arrive at the "Picaninnie Ponds" carpark, in pelting rain at 2.00 am, wondering what made us want to come back.

Tying the line to a jug handle in the "Chasm", I reeled down to where two divers had drowned, entangled in their line, some two months previously. Somewhat affected by narcosis, I was less than overjoyed to find that Phill had carried a bit of slack line down to me. I carefully reeled in the loops, constantly monitoring the elapsed time and my air consumption. At the deepest point I noticed that my US Divers regulator was tightening up slightly and signalling Phill, who was above me, we began the lengthy return to the surface, and a twenty minute series of decompression stops.

We returned to Melbourne that afternoon for a brief stay with Pete and Cheryl and visiting various people, before loading onto the "Empress" and returning home. A three week break that was well spent, and many thanks to Phill for the lift.

Some of the essential differences between sinkhole and sump diving include:

- The unlimited space and visibility result in the necessity of an effective buddy system.
- For the same reason, high powered lights (30 watt plus) are required for effective diving.
- Greater depths necessitate care in air consumption or the carrying of a greater supply.

- Total familiarity with decompression tables (particularly multiple dive calculations) is required for safety.
- Efficient (non jamming), closed, type line reels, carrying approximately 200 metres of line, are far more suitable than the open type with its attendant risk of spilling loose line and possible entanglement.
- Buoyancy compensators become mandatory because of the free floating nature of the diver and the great depth.
- Decent quality regulators are essential because of the greater depth of operation and the risk of uncontrolled free flow (or no flow!).
- Proper neutral buoyancy is recommended because of the usually unconstrained nature of the decompression stops.
- Very high powered flashes, suitably far removed from the camera lens, are essential for capturing these large, often dark walled caverns on film.
- Higher water temperature ( $14^{\circ}\text{C}$ - $16^{\circ}\text{C}$ ) allow the use of thinner wet suits than we were using, though some thermoclines were a bit of a shock.
- Constant tying off isn't necessary in the good viz, but is still recommended for any smaller passage.
- A compass is essential on shallow or reconnaissance dives where a linereel is not considered worthwhile.
- A single tank air supply is usual, together with octopus regulators for emergency situations.
- A compressor would be essential on any trips to the Nullarbor for tank refilling.

NICK HUME

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RIFT CAVE - 8/9/84

R Eberhard, A VanSchie

It was in heavy rain that we set out on The Chairman track from the June Quarry Road. The first section of track before the rainforest is reached is virtually unmarked, and this fact was remedied using the bright blue tape that seems to be in fashion at the moment. Although our main objective was Rift Cave, we walked as far as The Chairman in order to see what condition the track is in. Some more blue tape was placed and the route is generally well defined, unfortunately on the downhill stretch before The Chairman several large tree falls have obliterated the track over short distances. These will prove to frustrate tired cavers returning from trips late at night. After contemplating the rather awesome entrance pit, I decided it's nearly time to tackle those downstream rifts, crawls and squeezes again, it being a year or two at least since the last push of The Chairman.

Back at Rift Cave the precipitation remained steady and what is apparently only a small stream under normal conditions had swollen to a respectable size. The entrance is the most spectacular part of the system, being a huge ravine-like rift that earned the cave its appropriate name. We got thoroughly soaked on the initial climbs still in sight of daylight, and a handline must be recommended diving high water during levels. We followed the steep boulder slope down to the deepest part which a recent SCS survey established to be at a depth of 130 metres. According to previous reports the stream sinks not far beyond the entrance, however, presumably

due to the abnormal quantity of water present, the stream (or a portion or it) flowed to the deepest point and formed a small muddy sump. It is here that a strongly draughting hole has been reported, but considering the amount of rock debris that has filled the cave, a dig would probably be a major undertaking. Our return to the surface went smoothly except for a re-saturation on the last climbs at the entrance.

ROLAND EBERHARD

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DEEPEST LIST

The last list of deepest caves published in this magazine was in 1980 by Albert Goede (Speleo Spiel No 157). Since that time some radical changes have occurred in the caves and their positions on the list. All known caves over a depth of 100 metres are included, and there are currently 32 systems in this category. Some 13 new names appear, a mixture of totally new caves, old ones extended, and connections with other known caves. Tasmania can now boast the 15 deepest caves in Australia.

	<u>Depth (m)</u>	<u>Area</u>
1. Anne-A-Kananda	373	MA
2. Growling Swallet System (Ice Tube, Slaughterhouse Pot, Pendant Pot)	354	JF
3. Khazad-dum/Dwarrowdelf	323	JF
4. Serendipity	276	JF
5. Cauldron Pot	263	JF
6. Owl Pot	244	JF
7. Tassy Pot	238	JF
8. Mini Martin/Exit Cave	220	IB
9. Sesame II/Sesame I	207	JF
10. Midnight Hole/Mystery Creek Cave	203	IB
11. The Chairman	197	JF
12. Big Tree Pot	189	IB
13. Peanut Brittle Pot	186	JF
14. Udensala	185	JF
15. Lost Pot	175	JF
16. Three Falls Cave	158	JF
17. Kellars Cellar	155	MA
18. Niagra Pot	149	JF
19. Threefortyone	148	JF
20. Satans Lair	139	JF
21. Rift Cave	130	JF
22. Revelation Cave	130	IB
23. Gormenghast	128	JF
24. Victory 75	125	JF
25. Chicken Bone Pot	125	IB
26. Thun Junction Cave	120	IB
27. Col-in-Cavern	119	MA
28. Hobbit Hole	118	IB
29. Herberts Pot	116	MC
30. Bone Pit	113	JF
31. Rescue Pot	107	JF
32. Devils Pot	105	MC

MA - Mount Anne  
JF - June Florentine  
IB - Ida Bay  
MC - Mole Creek

Notes on Depths

- 1) Anne-A-Kananda. A VSA/CEGSA trip to this cave in mid 1984 claim to have

reached a depth of 396 metres. No survey was done and this figure cannot be substantiated.

- 2) Growling Swallet System. Some surveying remains to be done and this figure is not a final one.
- 11) The Chairman. Survey incomplete.
- 13) Peanut Brittle Pot. Estimate only, survey currently underway.
- 22) Revelation Cave. Estimate only.
- 25) Chicken Bone Pot. Estimate only.
- 26) Thun Junction Cave. Estimate only.
- 30) Bone Pit. An extension found in 1982 added an estimated 15-20 metres to the previous recorded depth of 98 metres (Speleo Spiel No 182).
- 31) Rescue Pot. Estimate only.

ROLAND EBERHARD

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#### "SESAME" - TREV'S RECURRENT WET SUIT FATIGUE

Those involved: Martyn Carnes, George Albion and Nick Hume (first party).  
Trevor Wailes, Mick Flint, Chris Davies and Paul Reviere (second party).

The first party opted for an early start, gaining entry to the system via the crawlways of Sesame I. The second party rappelled the short pitches of Sesame II, pulling the rope down behind them, with the idea of exiting from the other entrance. Both groups met up in "Sesame Street" where we had a short rest, Trev suffering from chronic wet suit fatigue, unnecessarily, as the cave was bone dry!

Our first group rigged a 30 metre handline below the awkward entrance series to the top of the 28 metre pitch. The pitch was rigged around an appropriate boulder, with steel header of such a length as to eliminate the necessity to protect. We dropped into a large, sloping chamber that descends to passageway hindered by considerably false flooring, but otherwise spacious, ending with a 9 metre pitch. This can be hung free from an obvious belay, but has a slightly awkward takeoff. Further on is a 6 metre handline giving access to sizeable passageway that slopes gently, getting bigger and better with each step. However, after some considerable distance this degenerates to the usual climbs, loose blocks, false floors, etc, with a terminal stream sink in mud and gravel.

Martyn noticed a higher level passage bypassing the sink and I floundered up a mud slope into this, finding a set of footprints (Rolan's from the previous trip) as I did so. A large chamber coated with "chocolatey" mud led to a flattener between almost horizontal bedding planes to yet another chamber. I ended up inside a very muddy boulder pile at the bottom of this where a tiny slot was carrying a discernable draught. Pushing this after a bit of digging, revealed a wide, but no more than 25 cm high, passage carrying virtually no water. Numerous constrictions along its 6-7 metre visible length, put me off the idea of exploring further. Martyn, George and myself then headed out, pleasantly unhindered by the need to derig.

The second party arrived about this time and had a look in this area with pretty much the same conclusion. They had the less envious task of pulling heavy tackle bags back through Sesame I, God bless their little hearts, and were considerably delayed by this. Both groups were met with sleet and snow upon reaching the surface, otherwise it was a tremendous trip, certainly one of the better sporting caves of the Florentine.

NICK HUME



"Lost Pot" - Apathy Gets Me Down - 16 September

Those involved: Martyn Carnes and Nick Hume

We met Stefan, who was sitting at the end of the Eight Road, waiting on the charge of the late brigade. We wandered up the "Serendipity" track with him, separating at the "Lost Pot" junction. He was eventually joined by Trev, Mike Edwards, Mick Flint, Gravity and Chris Davies to do some reconnaissance around the B & H series. The hills came alive with the sound of bushbashing.

Martyn and I glissaded the greasy mud slope of "Lost Pot's" entrance to the first short pitch (virtually a handline), which was totally devoid of rigging points. Down climbing a few metres revealed a suitable anchor block to which was attached some 12 metres of rope for the measly 7 metre abseil. Further in we encountered a draughting, vertical constriction that I succeeded in blocking up during an attempted clearance operation. Some one inch tape and considerable muscle was used to clear the offending block, the tape being left here to provide both a handline and also assist in packhauling. A useful, but not strictly necessary provision. The suddenly unblocked hole began draughting very strongly due to the reservoiring of air behind it.

The walls of this cave are quite superb, all clean and solid looking, dark grey limestone. However, the floor is a different matter, with "largish" scree set at sufficient an angle to make life interesting on the drops. Above the metre (second) pitch we discovered that we hadn't brought a hanger for the bolt (placed on the one and only previous trip over a year ago). There is precious little else in the vicinity for a primary anchor point, though, after considerable procrastination, we eventually draped a short header over a passable "jug" backed by two very giddy pitons. I left my mark on the cave and on a resigned Martyn, prior to us descending to the top of the main pitch.

This glorious 70 metre pitch was rigged as before, with a long tape girdling the obvious sculpted column, together with a rebelay some 3 metres below. The rebelay consisted of a 6 metre header threaded through a hole in the right hand wall (facing into the cave), resulting in a frehang over the entire length. A sidepull rigged some 20 metres down on the last trip, was dispensed with this time, the rope dangled no more than a metre from the rock face at any point. Though damp, the pitch rates alongside "Dwarrowdelf" or "Fabulous Spangley" on a list of pleasurable abseils. Unfortunately we had to have a knot in it somewhere due to the Club's lack of rope and certain coincident borrowing restrictions. Our knot turned out to be one metre off the deck, which involved going over to jumars and then standing in a loop of rope to release these, a trick likely to leave you hanging upside down after unweighting the rope!

We left the constant drizzle at the base of this aven and wandered down to the final 7 metre pitch. Because of the total absence of belay points hereabouts, we resorted to using the rope intended for the pitch as a header on a block in the ceiling (there are plenty of loose blocks up there as well!), tying off a piece of the all new, 8 mm, SRT rope for the drop itself.

A lake in the terminal chamber is impressive and deep, thereby precluding a complete exploration of the extent, however, the angle of the bedding planes together with its draining into the boulder pile makes it an unlikely place for further continuations. I followed Martyn into the drainage squeeze of the boulder pile and slacked about in a breakdown room therein, while he pushed on to a squeeze in what he reported to be nasty, tight-wet, tube. This was probably the point reached by Rolan the previous year. Martyn considered it possible to pass the squeeze, with assistance, to a continuation visible beyond it. There was no draught whatever in the boulder pile, not a very promising feature ordinarily, though the proximity of the cave to the "Growling Swallet" system may be sufficient incentive for a return trip and possibly dig. (Separate rigging and derigging parties, both pushing, would enhance the

prospects for success, also even photography would be worthwhile).

Meanwhile, back in the cave, a mysterious crashing sound heard while ascending the 70 metre pitch, lent wings to our exit. Derigging was almost pleasant thanks to Martyn's 10 mm Edelrid. Wet, this rope is surprisingly lighter and far less bulky than 11 mm Bluewater. We met up with the crowd strung out along the "Serendipity" track before repairing to the National Park Hotel for an interesting night's entertainment.

NICK HUME

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FLORENTINE POT - FOUND BY MICK FLINT - Sunday 16 September

Party: Mick Flint, Alec Marr, Trevor Wailes, Chris Davies, Mike Edwards.

Was it the spring air, Mick's account of a new shaft or those inner mentors who press-gang us into acts of self-abuse, that oiled the cams of some rusty prusikers, self included?

Our arrival at the Eight Road nearly filled the carpark indicating a valley about to become infested with cavers. The lack of bodies being inversely proportional to the current shortage of rope ensured a delay whilst each of us waiting for someone else to pack it, before heading off into the forest at a blistering pace to compensate for prior slackness.

The entrance of this unnamed cave is quite a novelty being clear of undergrowth, clean and dry - maybe this is why someone left his trog-suit at home. The 45 m shaft bells out to an impressive chamber with a level floor and requires protection at a ledge approx one third of the way down.

A rift on one side connects an adjacent aven with a climb, which wasn't attempted, being the only obvious lead, whilst a low muddy grovel (the type that makes a trog-suit worthwhile) opens into a large chamber with a dead end rift and a second pitch of approx 15 m.

Below this, a short tight passage with a squeeze, blocked by a large but rotten boulder, was draughting, or more accurately breathing both in and out.

Without any tools there was little else to do but leave, at which point Stefan, who was checking out a nearby entrance, dropped in for a social visit and to enlist helpers to carry some rope.

Those of us waiting at the bottom of the entrance pitch were kept awake by dodging whizzing debris and receiving the occasional shock from the quiet ones which shattered on the floor without warning.

In all a pleasant Sunday outing finished off with a floorshow from a couple of inebriated regulars at the pub.

Anyone interested in "A day trip to Bangor"? How about six months in a leaky boat??

MIKE EDWARDS

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