

NEWSLETTER OF THE TASMANIAN CAVERNEERING CLUB

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EDITORIAL

People, people everywhere and not a trip report in sight... (see below!). Of late, our little Club has been inundated with bodies anew, almost to the point of silliness! Oh well, it is coming up to the end of the decade. The what? Well, back in the dim dark ages of nearly twenty years ago TCC was subject to a similar invasion of its ranks by keen and eager cavers and cavers-to-be from far and wide, all eager to subject themselves to the rigours of the underworld. Strangely, about ten years ago exactly the same thing occurred!

In the few years immediately following each invasive period, major discoveries were made, thereby perpetuating the situation and keeping the people responsible captivated by the dark unknowns of caving for the next few years following.

What will be found in the next couple of years? Will finds as momentous as those of the late sixties / early seventies and late seventies / early eighties be made or even upstaged? No matter how many times and how systematically a cave or area is looked at, a new pair of eyes frequently finds something hitherto unseen... (see below... Cauldron Pot boils again!).

Perhaps big finds are being made at this very time. With (apparently) many trips going but few resultant trip reports appearing on my desk, who knows??? What about it, you "raiders of the lost dark" - we all need our monthly trip on cave words...

On the subject of things literary, as can be intimated from the number on the front of this issue of our mighty mag, and its spiffy cover, this is a slightly special edition of Speleo Spiel. You are in fact reading **Edition Number 250**. Quite an achievement for any club and one that speaks highly of the efforts put in over the years by the cavers of TCC to discover and explore Tasmania's underground heritage and then document the results of their efforts. Well done folks!

Stuart Nicholas

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VERTICAL VERNACULAR**akthroughbreakthroughbreakthroughbreakthroughbreakthroughbreakthroughb**

- Old caves never die, they just get bigger... A sporting pot that's been on the back burner exploration wise since a major breakthrough in December 1972 and subsequent bottoming in January 1973 has hotted up again to reveal a little more of itself. Yes, folks, despite the Au Cheval pitch of Cauldron Pot leading "...into several hundred feet of passages with no future prospects." (Peter Shaw, Speleo Spiel 76, February 1973), the passage has relented to some persistent crawling. Grovelling in a low crawl gravel bed enabled a team to push through to intersect an unknown stream. Downstream from here led to another pitch... This is the most significant find for many years in the Florentine Valley as the cave is between KD and Junee and is a major stream sink itself. Joining with another stream (from KD?) makes one's caving light boggle! Apparently the downstream area goes through some very low and wet passage before reaching a strongly draughting rockpile. This was looked at but without success. Further exploration "may have to wait for the next generation..." because of the nature of the area. The extension was surveyed in a twelve hour trip and the cave derigged - all we need now is the original survey data to hook it onto! The next Spiel will have the indepth trip reports... (Pity there aren't some more about other trips!)

- Our esteemed secretary, a man of the (under)world, is off again. This time Europe is targeted for a visit by Stefan in order that he may Czech out some of the world's name cave systems... always Hungary for adventure is this boy! The main aim of this sortie is to attend the 10th IUS Congress to be held in Budapest during August as well as some of the field trips. All that preamble is to indicate the need for a temporary secretary of TCC from about mid July for a couple of months. The great advantage of this job is that you get to read all the interstate and overseas journals first after collecting them from the Sandy Bay mail box. If you are interested, see Stef (I think you're too late..) or Trev at the next meeting. Taking the job on now could be good training... Stef has indicated that he won't be doing the Secretary thing after the AGM next year!

- Again on the subject of things secretarial... Does anyone have the TCC copies of Descent No. 86 (Feb/March 1989) and No. 85 (Dec 1988/Jan 1989)? The magazines bought to club meetings are free for perusal and borrowing, but don't borrow them for too long. Return them after you've borrowed them and also please let Stefan (or the stand-in secretary) know which ones you've borrowed!

- Meeting in style (or the VSA in action!). Recently Stu the editor had an opportunity to attend a VSA meeting in Melbourne. Quite an education... Pub meal beforehand was not out of the ordinary (either in concept or execution), but having a tea/coffee break during the meeting was a somewhat different experience! Dropping cups from eighth floor windows is also fairly unusual! Fund raising is all the rage, with a small raffle being held at the meeting - an idea TCC could usefully pirate, particularly as we meet in a pub and could possibly sell to some of the other patrons. Worth thinking about...

- On the subject of fund raising, the all-singing-all-dancing TCC raffle is under way. The main prize is a **gallon** bottle of Dewars Scotch Whiskey!! Wow! There will also be some minor prizes. If you

haven't any tickets to sell, contact Trev now. Price is \$1 and the bottle of many "wee-drams" will be drawn on the evening of Wednesday September 27 at The Doctor Syntax Hotel in Sandy Bay. With that sort of prize, someone might need a real doctor! There is some talk of a low key social meal to be had beforehand also at "the Syntax" - stay tuned for that one.

- There seems to have been a plethora of parties and house warming type things of late. Must be something to do with the economy - cavers are supposed to be poor and decrepit individuals... Oh well, looks like there's another on the way (read that whichever way you wish!). Steve Bunton has moved from the cloistered halls of the New Town retired caver's residence to his own house in North Hobart. His new address is 33 George Street, North Hobart... just around the corner from the Wagon & Horses pub! Telecom have let him have a 'phone and his number is 343789. Stay tuned for the party date!

Naming of caves

At the last meeting of the Nomenclature Board of Tasmania on June 15, 1989, several aboriginal cave names were recorded and one aboriginal name was approved.

Judds Cavern (C1). This remains its official name but the aboriginal name of Wargata Mina was recorded by the Board. Two names for chambers Judds Cavern were also recorded:

Dregena Lewnana (Hand Den) - the first chamber inside the entrance of Judds Cavern.

Mawbank Lewnana (Black Den) - the second chamber well towards the back of Judds Cavern.

Nunamira Cave (JF53). The name means "sleeping place" and is now the official name of the small cave in the Florentine Valley that for some time has been unofficially known as Bluff Cave. The cave was excavated last year by Richard Cosgrove of Latrobe University, Melbourne. It was found to have aboriginal occupation dating from 30000 until about 11600 years ago. This makes it one of the oldest archeological sites in Tasmania.

Mt Anne area

Three names for surface features in this area were officially accepted by the board. They are: No Mans Land, Gomorrah and Sodom.

Albert Goede

The Mt Etna situation

CQSS in Queensland have been fighting to save the Mt Etna limestone from mining by Queensland Cement Ltd for many years. Recent planned legal action lapsed owing to lack of funds and immediately following that, at least one important Ghost Bat site was destroyed by blasting. The planned case was probably the most important legal case yet in conservation. Something like \$300,000 has been spent so far by CQSS and members over the years in attempting to defend the Mt Etna area from destruction, but with basically no success. Donations are being

actively sought for the continuing campaign by CQSS and you can contribute by sending your cheque or money order to: The Mt Etna Committee, PO Box 538, Rockhampton, Queensland 4700. Do it now!

the burning house...the house that burnt down...the house that was burnt...burning down the house?...

..... a Trip Report

23 April, 1989

Burners: Vicki Bonwick, Greg Jordan, Jeff Butt, Leigh Douglas.

After finding Greg and Jeff had gone off without me, Nick very generously drove me to Burning Down the House which was a slight detour from his trip to Growling Swallet. When we arrived, Greg, Jeff and Vicki were still getting ready. Jeff was keen to get into the surveying and headed off with Vicki, while Greg waited for me as I didn't know where the entrance was.

Another one of those rare 'five minutes off the road' wonder caves, BDTH has a nice sloping walk-in entrance which narrows down to approximately 20 metres of phreatic passage leading to a small greasy climb. Following this is a tight downclimb which opens out below. A ladder was used here as the climb was somewhat greasy from so much recent 'human traffic'. From here it was easy walking and a bit of ledge shuffling to the first rockpile. Squirring through rock piles brings out my sense of self preservation as I delicately tiptoe over boulders and try to hurry at the same time.

From here the cave continued on as a passage which at some time must have taken much water as it is perfectly cylindrical and has typical tell-tale 'scalloping' in the walls. Most of this passage required crawling or back bending but thankfully it opened out to pleasant stream passage. Greg had been designated 'messenger boy' and charged on ahead to give the SCS crew off Jacko, Nathan Duhig and Don Hudspeth the surveying gear. I wandered on finally catching up with him emerging from the second rock pile. We decided to make our way out and look at side passages along the way.

Greg climbed up a few things for a looky but the most significant was under a non-descriptive part of the passage wall, about 40cm high. This opened out into a large chamber of very old rotting upturned flowstone with some decoration. We tiptoed around and up to a junction. Here Greg went left while I went right. Greg's lead terminated with a delicate rock pile. We both looked at the other lead which ended in a hole probably needing a ladder. I was relieved at this as I was afraid we'd keep finding new passage! We headed back to the stream passage and decided to do a little surveying from our find to a known survey station. I couldn't remember how to survey and could barely read the clino or compass for the mud, resulting in Greg freezing almost solid! So we gave that idea away and decided to go on ahead to meet up with Vicki and Jeff and see how they were progressing, before heading out.

Back at the second rockpile we found Vicki and Jeff lunching by candlelight. They had surveyed quite a bit of cave and were getting ready to head out themselves. On the way, Greg showed us a few secret finds. One was a bone pit at the base of an impressive shaft which

must have had an entrance hole above at some time. Some of the skeletons were well preserved and in their original place. Another interesting find was an indiscreet side passage which apparently went through a wet flattener into another cave where footprints were noticed. It was at the entrance of this passage that Vicki and I left Greg and Jeff to survey. We had a leisurely stroll out. Greg and Jeff surfaced at around 4.20pm and we headed out of the Concession to Steve Somers' place where Greg and Jeff had been staying. Not long after, Nick and his gang turned up after a successful day's caving in Growling. Thanks to Steve for copious cups of tea and to Greg and Vicki for an enjoyable trip.

Leigh Douglas

ENTRANCE CAVE & ENTRANCES NEARBY

There are some of us who could claim to be professional cavers; we earn our livelihood going underground. In this capacity we are generally engaged in showing other people Mother Nature's deep black holes. I can think of other professions more lucrative along this line but caving does earn the guide a little greater prestige. With it comes a sort of commitment, people expect you'll take them caving and because you've already said "Yes" in the past it's assumed you'll say "Yes" in the future. It's one of life's easier treadmills to run with! So it is that I record more trips each year into Entrance Cave and Midnight Hole than to all the other caves I visit, put together. These two facts rolled together indicate nothing more than impending middle age.

One might, however, assume from the above that I know that system inside out. Not so! On May 13, for the first time, I found my way to Matchbox Squeeze from Entrance Cave - one can't fail to find it from Midnight Hole! Even after doing an abseil through trip with an expatriate Kiwi climber a few weekends before didn't help much. Loss of short term memory is another symptom I'm told! On that trip I did, however, grovel down the streamway beneath Matchbox Squeeze following that inlet passage's stream to a sump. My thoughts at the time were, in order of decreasing immediate importance:

- (1) How the hell do you get out of here?
- (2) This is pretty interesting!
- (3) This place needs a thorough survey!

Stephen Bunton

TASSIE POT

14 May, 1989

Participants: Bob Reid, James Davis, Leigh Douglas, Dean Morgan, Mark Bryce and Nick Hume.

A few training runs are in order, to build up a little fitness and where-with-all to do an intended Ice Tube through trip in the coming months. Tassie Pot is an ideal location, being right alongside the Nine Road and featuring a reasonable sort of pitch of around 70 metres. Pretty well dry, cavers are more likely to come down with

heat exhaustion, particularly when moving through the wide stream passage at the basal level, than to suffer for want of clothing. We nearly had seven people on the trip, so there was no shortage of starters. As it was, the group had to be split into two parties at the bottom of the cave - an exploratory party and a back-up-the-pitch party, to minimise waiting time.

The 7am start augured well for an enjoyably un-rushed day. A little drizzle whilst changing tested the fortitude, but once underground things went very smoothly indeed. The basic idea was to have two people ahead, partially rigging the pitches so the main group could abseil directly down an uninterrupted strand of rope. A rigger followed behind, setting up re-belays for the ascent. This resulted in a considerable saving in time and was not at all detrimental to safety due to the all 11mm rope that was used.

Two bolts are present some 8 metres below the edge of the first pitch. The lower one was the better set into the rock and a Y-belay was arranged here while Jim and Dean were rigging the pitch below. Mud and dead animals create a malodorous cesspit at the bottom of pitch two, an area we were glad to get away from by crawling down through the rock slabs in the boulder pile. A handline was tied off by Leigh, helping us gear haul and downclimb into the passage below.

The sloping passage leads directly to Goodbye Chamber, a large and comfortable spot to await the rigging of the final 71 metre drop. Bob had been lugging the larger rope through the cave and was glad to be finally rid of the burden. Well, someone has to suffer! Leigh had a main lightbulb failure and decided not to go any further. There being no spares carried unfortunately, she eventually retreated to the surface on low beam assisted by a back-up torch.

The hanger at the edge of the pitch was backed up by a 20 metre rope looped around the major block in the center of the chamber and the main rope fed out. The group descended in quick time, racing away to look at the intercept streamway beyond the boulder pile. One re-belay was set up on the bolt located 8 metres down the shaft and another was rigged from a rock spike at the ledge about halfway down. A bolt was present at the very edge of this lower obstacle, but was not used on this trip because of the shortage of one final hanger.

Bob and Mark shed SRT gear and went down to where the rift passage, below the boulder pile, starts to become tight. Being mindful of time, they returned to the base of the pitch without going through to the major streamway and began the protracted ascent. Jim and Dean had gone through the squeeze and traversed the entire upstream passageway to the breakdown chamber, checking the terminal boulder pile in the process. Nick met up with them on their return to the pitch and had himself looked at numerous side leads, though a general absence in the division of the airflow along the streamway held little promise for further continuations.

Nick then wandered past the junction of the entry route finishing at the large chamber downstream. This is a very inactive sort of spot, there being no draught and extensive mudbanks attest to sedimentation accrued behind a general blockage of the further downstream area. Prior digs here were unsuccessful, there being little potential left now.

The retreat began. Two people ascended the major pitch concurrently, it being split into two sections with the re-belay halfway up. A few shoves and grunts later, the derigging trio of Jim, Dean and Nick were back in Goodbye Chamber, man handling their burdens towards the entrance series. Mark, Bob and Leigh were on hand to pull most of the rope up from the surface, simplifying the job enormously. Roll on Ice Tube! Apologies to the ANM gate-keeper, Noel for being several minutes late.

Nick Hume

Lew, Chew & Spew - Chairman derig

21 May 1989

Present: Steve Bunton, Lew Mitchelmore and Dean Morgan.

Like all TCC trips, even if planned in advance, they turn into frantic last minute fiascos which almost get everybody and their correct gear to the cave in question. The day started with Dean needing a cave pack and trying desperately to find a descender. I'd already packed a spare for Lew remembering his Figure-8 follies at PB. The descender de Dean wasn't at Bob Reid's nor Jim's at Westerway and now Jim wasn't joining us for the day. Westerway was Lew's breakfast stop, having missed out when we'd woken him at home at the pre-arranged meeting time. To say he looked unwell was an understatement soon to be proven true when the Junee Road bends proved too much for his fragile stomach.... Westerway's fare was sprayed down the outside of Deans' car in a pattern to rival a Jackson Pollock.

The day was bitterly cold. The drive up from Hobart was a corridor of fog and frost inches deep. There was snow on Tyenna Peak and residual stuff on the ground where we changed. Numb hands coaxed metal objects into packs... mine that is... Lew didn't have one either! We warmed up as we trudged to the cave and by then we were hot. Real hot! Uncool!

Dean descended first, being match fit. I declined the offer to "lead", having not been on a vertical rope since PB. A sheepish cry from below indicated that Dean had stuffed up on that outrageous redirection. (Surely they hadn't used it again!) Exchanges confirmed he was OK, ie hadn't stuffed up terminally, but his predicament is both a source of inspiration for a cartoon and a lesson to all leaders that they had better carefully explain deviations to beginners and in great detail! This particular redirection had been responsible for irreparable damage to my psyche on a previous occasion and nearly the sole reason for a return visit to this cave. The other reason was that I'd been within one pitch of the bottom of the cave and therefore not glimpsed the streamway which is quite large here but nowhere else.

It took us no time to get down to the streamway and we spent even less time looking at it since we were determined not to crawl anywhere. The derig occurred in a flurry of rope pulling, stuffing, climbing, flicking and unclipping. Sometimes I think all caves are the same - a blur of activity, vertical limestone and sweat which condenses and chills as you wait for the person in front to prusik out! They never seem to go fast enough, then neither do you... 10, 15 rest...

After whipping these boys into a frenzied pace for the day, we were therefore spared the horrendous walk out in the dark, having dispensed with the cave in four and a half hours.

Stephen Bunton

DWARROWDELF

27 May, 1989

Party: Nick Hume, Paul Baustead, Simon Morgan and Bob Reid.

Another one of those cold yet remarkably fine late Autumn days in Hobart gradually deteriorated to a fairly typical Maydena type day - with light rain and even cooler temperatures. Nick graciously led the way along the track, removing most of the water from the bracken ferns and undergrowth in the process, and enabling the rest of us to stay relatively dry. Luckily the rain was only short lived and by the time we had reached the Dwarrowdelf turnoff had stopped - hopes of a "dry" trip were boosted.

Everything proceeded smoothly until the bottom of the first pitch where Paul's (TCC) light decided it was time to start behaving like an Aldis lamp, due apparently to a faulty cable or battery connection. On this basis he decided to continue using his backup Petzl light and only stay briefly at the bottom before returning to meet Simon who was doing some SRT practice on the top two pitches. The following pitches provided some good abseils (even the "grotty" third pitch) and the last 67 m was really spectacular and not too wet! Nick was last down each pitch, rigging rebelay and protectors as necessary.

Partaking of some food in the dry chamber near the last KD waterfall helped our enthusiasm and while Paul started back up, Nick, Dean and myself tried grovelling in some muddy crawls past the first KD sump. Having succeeded in getting a liberal coating of high grade mud, we then proceeded out, finally gaining the surface almost on the dot of 7pm as had been predicted by Nick earlier in the day (he must have practised before!).

Some entertainment was had on the walk out due to the track losing itself amongst recently fallen trees, but undaunted, our trio finally made it back. A great trip!

A word of thanks to Nick and others who have regularly headed trips for the newer club members and in so doing, provided us with valuable guidance in rigging techniques etc.

Bob Reid

THREEFORTYONE AND ALL THAT...

June 1989

Participants: Leigh Douglas, Dean Morgan and Nick Hume.

Following some of the varied trips over the previous weeks, such as Owl Pot, Tassie Pot and Dwarrowdelf among others, we opted for some typical "winter Sunday caving" for this day. JF 341 seemed a harmless choice and there were parts of the new extensions that none of the

trio had seen before. There would be some novelty value in going there at least.

The cave is pleasantly easy to rig. In fact it has been soloed in the past without any apparent trauma. Lugging gear through the squalid entrance series is the least attractive part of the exercise, but that is only of short duration. Indeed, once down the only major pitch of the cave (38 metres), all gear can be dispensed with and a nice bit of wandering about embarked upon.

From the flattener leading into the newer sections, we did a brief circuit of the first of the crystal pools with the water level well below the "high tide" mark. Surprisingly, some of the crystal I had photographed with a waterproof camera (underwater) on my last trip could now be taken in dry air! The appearance of the pool was probably similar to its state on the initial exploration. We then intended to head downstream but got sidetracked by the prospect of sidling up to another area of crystal pools, discovered by Stefan, Rolan and Trev, leading off above the left wall of a branch chamber.

The cautious wall traverse revealed a large side passage containing a "nest" of smaller crystal pools at its beginning. A climb over a mud bank led into the previously discovered chamber. This is a massive piece of cave. The far end of the area contains another attractive crystal pool fed by a tall white flowstone "hose". Mud drip-volcanoes abounded, the size of which must make them fairly unique. There is also a huge dark stained column against the right hand wall immediately at the start of the chamber, opposite which a side passage lured us into further exploration.

The passage followed an upstream course, most of the calf deep water being present in dams with very little flow evident. Some roof leads appeared to be meanders of the older course, but could not be reached. We arrived at a sunken chamber after some 100 metres or so, a lead to the right finishing in a well decorated aven. While Leigh and myself were admiring this, Dean noticed an untrodden tube leading into the roof, a probable bypass to the blockage of the stream at the floor level of the chamber. He managed a "chin-up" style contorted entry into the thing and yelled back to us that it intercepted some large rift passage via a downclimb.

The angular rift was fairly short-lived, but itself merged with a narrow piece of canyon, the left (upstream) branch being the only navigable way on. Dean led along this, past helictites some of which were stained a rare red-brown. The passage opened out somewhat at a chamber dominated by a white flowstone column, easily the most superb piece of decoration in the whole cave. The obvious way on was to the right of here, but appeared to narrow down to a roof climb. Checking this thoroughly was out of the question as there was a profusion of very delicate helictites and straws barring the way. From the closest vantage point we dared, it did not look all that promising in any case.

The draught seemed to indicate something special in the area and Dean noticed that through the "prison bars" of the lesser speleothems surrounding the column, a 5 metre drop could be discerned to what looked to be a fair sized bit of canyon on the other side. It was about two or three metres wide and though tantalisingly close, would necessitate unjustifiable damage to the columns to get through. We

immediately began climbing around in the prior-passage ceiling looking for an alternative way up, but the thing was flat roofed several metres up with no other development to be found. A bit of a pity.

Returning through the ceiling hole into the lead, we ventured off to the right of the main passage some halfway back to the massive chamber. A climb at the end of this particular lead revealed a narrow ascending inlet tube. This was followed for 70 metres or so to where it became too tortuous and constricted to be worthwhile continuing in. Back in the massive chamber, Leigh checked a passage winding its way through flat slabs of sheared-off breakdown, reporting that there appeared no end in sight. The lead had, however, been checked on a previous trip.

Having had our exercise for the day and the whiff of a bit of decent discovery, we headed back out. Threefortyone is a spectacularly varied bit of caving and far better developed cavern-wise in the newer extensions than I would have thought possible from the impressions gained on the first bottoming trip.

Nick Hume

BURNING DOWN THE HOUSE - Notes on the survey

Initially discovered and partly explored by the SCS in the early eighties, this mainly horizontally developed cave system provided a few surprises. The breakthrough came in 1988 when Martyn Carnes and Stefan Eberhard removed some decayed formation in a high passage to bypass a benched sump.

JF228 had also been explored by SCS to what was considered an impenetrable fall. This rockfall also "fell" to the determined effort of Martyn and Stef.

When MC and SE originally cracked the rockpile they followed the continuing shattered passage into solid cave which enlarged into more mature type passage. As the passage stabilised and grew in dimension it intersected a streamway. This was the real surprise - the size of the stream and continuing downstream passage had all the qualities of being a collector. When put in context with caves and systems nearer the unproven efflux, this could indeed be the main feeder for the Porcupine Pot upstream sump. If this is proven then the BDTH stream passage is the furthest known collector for the Junee Resurgence, about 18km distant! With all this supposition and theory the need for a survey was obvious.....

While the TCC deliberated over this requirement, the SCS began their own in-depth survey of the cave.

Our survey was conducted in a six hour trip. Surveying from BDTH number tag to the final chamber at the end of the flood overflow passage. A radiating shot was taken in the upstreamway in order to establish a better passage direction trend. Another traverse was carried out up the connecting passage to JF228. At the time neither Nick Hume nor myself knew about this second cave and were fortunate indeed to find and survey to an exit. Whether this exit was the one

used by SCS in discovering the cave is not known. We found no recognisable entrance or number tag.

Suunto compass and clinometer plus fibreglass tape were used and detailed cave sketches were taken during the survey with some additional exploration being carried out. The upstream traverse did not end at the conclusion of the passage. This had been explored to a sump, presumed to be a short duck which with a hammer could possibly be passed. Our survey of this area was perhaps a little rushed, but the passage was proven. This upstream section is low and wet with 95% immersion in at least 3 semi-flatout ducks. I eagerly await the SCS survey of the same area!!

The data was reduced by SMAPS survey data reduction software (see Speleo Spiel 249 for a review) and the traverse line printed at 1:1000. Detail was overlaid and traced on the line plot. An original 1:500 line plot would have allowed more detail to be added. The finished survey was photo-reduced 95% to fit A4 page format.

Many thanks to the in-cave crew of Dean Morgan and Nick Hume, and SMAPS driver Stu Nicholas.

Trevor Wailes

**A POIGNANT AND POINTED COMMENT FROM A YOUTHFUL, KEEN AND DETERMINED DEVOTEE
OF THIS OBSCURE SPORT - IT'S A SHAME IT SOUNDS FAMILIAR...**

THANKS TO NICK HUME by Dean Morgan

When I first started caving I was very keen to learn rigging and to find out where all the caves are. At first it was hard to get trips because no-one seemed keen to take learners. After a couple of trips people realised how keen I was. Since then Nick Hume has taken me at least once a weekend and he even got conned into one of my Friday night trips by taking me to Big Tree Pot. With the exception of James Davis and Trevor who have also taken me a few times, and Bunky who took me to De-rig the Chairman after Nick rigged it on the Saturday, it has all been left to Nick. I would like to express my thanks to him for everything he has done for me during the year and I am quite sure some of the other newer members feel the same. I just hope it isn't all left up to the one person when other newer members join the cub. So thankyou Nick and the others who have assisted in making me a better, safer caver.

STREAM SEEN BETWEEN BLOCKS

FLOOD OVERFLOW

FORMATION

1st ROCKPILE

STAL S

THIS AREA SUMPS IN HEAVY FLOW

U TUBES

MAGNETIC NORTH

UPSTREAM CRAWL

UPSTREAM SUMP

ENT. JF402

ENT. JF228

JF402 AND JF228 "BURNING DOWN THE HOUSE" CAVE FLORENTINE VALLEY

SURVEYED 30 APRIL 1989

N. HUME

D. MORGAN

T. WAILES

DRAWN T. WAILES

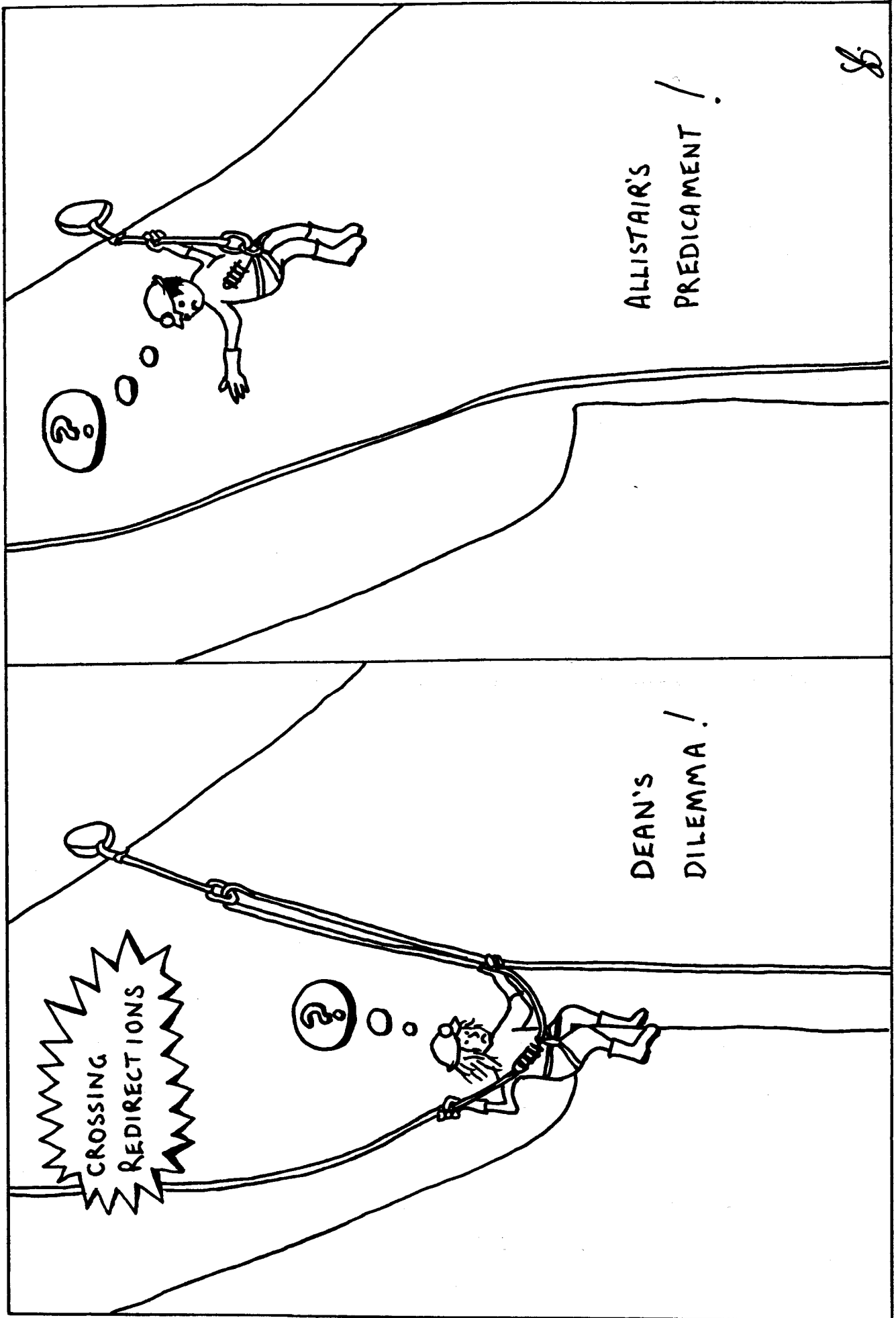
A.S.F. GRADE 4:3

PLAN LENGTH 820m

DEPTH 71m

PLAN

20m



ALLISTAIR'S
PREDICAMENT !

DEAN'S
DILEMMA !

CROSSING
REDIRECTIONS

S.