

SPELEO SPIEL

Newsletter of the Tasmanian Caverneering Club

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NEWSLETTER OF THE TASMANIAN CAVERNEERING CLUB, Inc.

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FORWARD PROGRAMME....!

SOON: Another Wherretts bash - look further around left from the landslip and all points between. There's got to be an entrance there somewhere that goes.... See Bob Reid, Nick Hume or Dean Morgan about this.

Christmas / New Year: Possible PB Expedition... Main aim is to look around the hills at the head of New River Lagoon. Joy flights also available!! See **Nick Hume** for this now annual extravaganza - phone 251934 (ah).

January 6 - 10, 1991: Venture Scout Jamboree - see below for info on how you can help!

Probably late January / early February: Major cave rescue exercise. This will take the form of a complete vertical rescue operation, probably in Big Tree Pot at Ida Bay. The aim will be to retrieve someone from the bottom (probably from along the horizontal passage beyond the last pitch) in a stretcher and get them to the surface in one piece. The exercise will continue non-stop until the job is done (or people are absolutely knackered and safety is jeopardised). Later on the Sunday a BBQ will be held! See Stuart Nicholas about this - it will be the exercise we never hope to need!!

EDITORIAL

Things have been fairly quiet on the caving scene of late owing, earlier on, to the snow we have had this winter. Everyone has either been skiing on it or avoided it completely by staying home! Various studious type things seem to be having their usual 'near end of year' effects as well. As many people will be aware, Kubla Khan at Mole Creek has been closed by Parks, Wildlife and Heritage pending the completion of a management study and plan. The cave will be closed to all except those involved in the study for some months. This is certainly a first in Tasmania. It is to be hoped the management plan that eventuates will be positive and contribute to the preservation not only this magnificent example of cave development but other cave and karst sites in Tasmania also in need of some control, whatever that may mean in this context.

A few trips have gone up the Wherretts Lookout landslip, mainly to the left from near the top. Quite a number of entrances are known in that area, both from past exploration and more recent work by our club. Up until now, none have gone beyond about 60 to 70 metres depth, despite good draughts, stream sinks and general "feel", but there is still plenty to do up there, in particular by looking still further around at "contact" level (ie. further to the left from the slip). Many small stream sinks exist and they all must drain somewhere - all we need to do is find a way into such a conduit (must be positive here and assume it exists!).

Stuart Nicholas

VENTURE SCOUT "VENTURE" - ESPERANCE CAMP

This is a national event, apparently of considerable significance to the Scout movement. We have been asked to assist with guides (of the caving, not the female variety!) over the period of January 6 thru 10, 1991. Four people are needed (not necessarily the same four) for three types of cave trips, ie. hard, moderate and easy, viz. Midnight Hole, Wolf Hole and Entrance Cave.

Food, accommodation and fuel will be provided and/or paid to those lucky people to be involved with this exercise. Steve Bunton is the man scouting around for help here so contact him if you are able to assist, even if only for a day or so.

TO THE BOTTOM OF NIGGLY CAVE - 28 APRIL 1990

12.30pm: Five of us - Leigh Douglas, Stuart Nicholas, Nick Hume, Stefan Eberhard and I - finally arrived at Niggly Cave. The entrance stream was carrying slightly more water than previously, with overcast conditions promising further rain. A variety of bulky ropes were stowed into even bulkier cave packs and we proceeded underground.

2.00pm: Having negotiated the two short pitches and winding narrow passages of the entrance series, we all assembled at the top of the big pitch. Nick had descended this on the last trip, finding it a spacious drop of 70 metres*. Below this he descended a short drop to the brink of a further shaft.

The plan was for Stefan and I to go down and continue exploration, while Nick, Leigh and Stuart would work on the all-important survey. The survey that had been started on the previous trip ended some distance short of the 70m pitch, and there were some major side passages that also required surveying.

3.00pm: Dragging a huge pile of coiled ropes behind us, Stefan and I reached the exploration front. To avoid the water we chimneyed up above the pitch, finding a small balcony overlooking the shaft. Stefan placed a bolt here for the 30 metre abseil to the bottom. From here a meandering canyon led on. After a couple of short cascades the passage opened out into a chamber above a further pitch. Another bolt was used to rig this 25 metre drop.

5.00pm: At the bottom a rubble slope descended to the edge of yet a further pit. Here the system seemed to suddenly become bigger, much bigger in fact. Across the pitch the cave walls receded out of sight into darkness. Looking down revealed

* A later survey revealed that the pitch was in fact 85 metres deep.

little - the shaft was far too deep to see the bottom. Rocks fell for five long seconds before hitting the deck, so we figured that it must be around 100 metres deep. Luckily we'd brought plenty of rope and here was an opportunity to relieve ourselves of the burdensome load.

Stefan took the initiative, making a precarious traverse on rope around the edge of the pit to a small ledge that seemed a promising take-off point. Here he constructed a "Y" belay that hung the rope more-or-less down the middle of the shaft and well away from the walls. Meanwhile, trying to keep warm. I knotted the ends of our remaining ropes together and fed them down the yawning gulf below. The superb abseil that followed was at least 100 metres long.

At the bottom was a scree slope leading down to another drop, though only short this time. Stefan already had it rigged by the time I arrived.

7.00pm: After a 15 metre abseil we had eventually reached some sort of base level. All along I'd been expecting to land somewhere near Tiger Mountain in Growling Swallet, but no familiar features were to be seen. A talus slope led upwards and we followed this before branching off into a broad horizontal passage. The floor was a smooth undulating surface of mud which it seemed criminal to deface with boot prints. Feeling slightly guilty we pressed on, passing a shallow pool and crevasse-like rifts in the floor. Ahead was a wall of tumbled blocks barring the passage. Prospects here didn't look too good so we retraced our steps to the initial talus mountain.

The long plod up the rockpile brought us into a huge domed cavity. It was of quite stunning dimensions, being about 20 metres wide and with a steep slope of jumbled boulders leading downwards to a continuing gallery. At the top of the rubble cone the view was quite majestic.

We followed the wide passage below for some distance before it petered out in disappointing fashion. Ferreting around down fissures in the boulder floor was not particularly rewarding, although the sound of gurgling water issued from one very narrow crack. We were running out of time by now, so decided to head back to the rope.

One last look in a corner of the initial chamber revealed a further pitch that we hadn't noticed before. It was only short and with a waterfall entering from one side. At the bottom a passage beckoned. It was too good a lead to leave for the next trip so we rigged our very last rope and I slithered down. The passage at the bottom was narrow and low, forcing me down on my side into the water. Fifteen metres of sideways wriggling brought me to where a murky sump blocked progress.

9.30pm: Shortly before we started our ascent the roar of the waterfall suddenly increased in volume. Presumably it had been raining outside and a pulse of water had just come through. Thankfully, the 100 metre shaft was rigged well clear of the water, though the twenty minute prusik to the top left me damp with perspiration anyway. The 70 metre pitch was far more taxing, and fatigue had obviously started to creep up on us. By then it was clear that water levels were well up. The final ladder - normally bone dry - was now concealed under a column of falling water.

By 12.30 am we were back on the surface. It was raining heavily and the walk back through the forest proved to be a small epic in itself.

2.00am: We finally arrived back at the car. A note from Nick told us that the others had already headed back to Hobart. We consoled ourselves with beers and considered where best to put the tent up and spend what remained of the rest of the night.

POSTSCRIPT:-

Subsequent surveying puts the depth of Niggly Cave at 371 metres - third deepest in Australia after Ice Tube-Growling Swallet (375 m) and Anneakananda (373 m). Of particular interest is the fact that a major stream was discovered at the bottom of Niggly on the survey trip. It seems likely that this is water coming from Growling Swallet, though Porcupine Pot is also a possibility. Either way, Niggly Cave is a very significant component in the hydrology of the area. A survey of it will be published in a future edition of this magazine.

Rolan Eberhard.

LOOKING OUT ON WHERRETTS LOOKOUT (OR Slipping on the Slip!)
PARTY: Dean and Simon Morgan.

29 April 1990

It seemed that most members of TCC have been to Wherretts Lookout on various occasions, but rarely has the same route up been taken. This trip was no exception, with Dean and I deciding to walk all the way up 'The Slip'. We were surprised at how open and easy this walk was and it didn't take us long at all to reach the top area of the slip as seen from the road. I walked up the middle of this huge gully formed by the landslide while Dean thought the bush to one side looked easier. I think I made the right decision. A short way on I was astounded to find the top of the slip was not smoothly carved out and shallow, as I had expected, but was in fact a series of huge cliffs with waterfalls running over them. It actually resembled a quarry. I reached the base of a large drop which was perfectly smooth and basically unclimbable.

Dean noticed a Pink (Nick Hume style) flagging tape on a tree on the right side of the slip. We assumed that this marked the contact and decided to follow around to see what could be found. Less than 50 metres from the tape we found a cave in the form of a small doline with water running into it, but ending after only 2 or 3 metres. Ignoring some other entrances, we walked around further until finally finding a more promising 10 to 15 metre entrance shaft. Dean went down this pitch, reporting after a few minutes that it went down some climbs, but choked off. From here we decided to look at the LHS of the slip, not knowing of anyone who had looked there.

On returning to the open slip area, we could see the day had deteriorated as the surrounding hills had disappeared from view. After ten minutes or so of unsuccessful looking, it seemed like a better idea to go back over to the right hand side again! Crossing back, a brief chocolate fest was had in the now heavy rain on the slip.

This time we looked at everything while retracing our steps around the contact. Another shaft was soon found in a long cliff line. Rigging this looked rather tricky and we decided to look for another way into it. Dean headed down the mudslope, while I headed about 10 metres uphill to another huge cliffline with a surface waterfall and a few different entrances, all of which had some water in them. Unfortunately all but one choked off. This one comprised a short vertical rift with smooth walls which I decided to let Dean climb if he wanted to. I climbed back out and followed along a bit further, finding another pothole type entrance, this one with a number tag "118" on it.

Dean soon came back up and said it the needed a rope as the last 4 metres of the mudbank entrance to the same cave, which he had apparently climbed out of, with the comment 'It was bit hairy without a rope...'. Unfortunately the cave choked off at

the bottom. Dean and I prusiked out to be greeted with some hail, or was it snow? Whatever, it dampened our enthusiasm somewhat and we headed back to the car.

Driving home we noticed that Mt Field had snow on it which was not there earlier that morning, which led us to the conclusion that it may very well have been snow after all!

Simon Morgan

WHERRETTS LOOKOUT - Surface Bashing and Surveying

5 & 6 May, 1990

People: Leigh Douglas, Bob Reid, Dean Morgan (and Scott Morgan on Sunday).

Bob had a couple of holes high up on the slopes of Wherretts Lookout just above Niggly Cave that he had found on a previous trip and today was the day to check them out. As usual it was a miserable day although Bob had promised us that there would be blue sky and sunshine.

The track up to Niggly Cave is well marked with tapes now and we also put in a few more so there should be no trouble following the track now, even at night.

The first hole was a shaft around 30 metres seep and while Bob was rigging this I went down the hill a bit to the other one he had found. This was a freeclimbable hole that only went down about 10 metres to a tight squeeze. I poked my head into this but there was nothing after it and also there were a few bones and a skull that I didn't want to touch. I then found another cave which was a rift half a metre wide and 4 metres long. Chimneying down this for about 12 metres I found three passages leading off, but all choked within 10 metres. I returned to the surface to see how Bob was going.

Bob and Leigh descended the entrance pitch of the hole he had been rigging, which apparently was quite impressive, but again it soon choked off. Wandering off in the direction of the slip, we found nothing during 30 minutes or so, gave up and returned to the track near Niggly finding one very large steep sided doline which unfortunately was completely blocked. We then picked up our packs and headed back to the car which only takes 35 to 40 minutes now with a marked track.

The next day Simon and I with some help from Scott, surveyed the Niggly Cave track. The marked survey stations are: a marked orange tape where the track turns off the slip; a marked tape around a big tree about halfway to JF398; the JF398 tag; a marked tape around a tree a few hundred metres up the hill past JF398 and the JF237 tag (Niggly Cave). The total track length is about 2100 metres.

Dean Morgan

BUSH BASHING UP JUNKE QUARRY ROAD

3 June 1990

Participants: Dean and Simon Morgan.

After loading up with ropes and gear we were off to find some new caves between Dwarrowdelf and Cauldron Pot.

The first thing we noticed after getting on the KD (etc) track was that someone had removed all of the track marking tapes. We found them all thrown down a hole near the start of it!! Luckily the track is well worn and we know it fairly well so were able to get to the Dwarrowdelf turnoff easily. We re-taped the tree with three tapes as before and put a few tapes on the Dwarrowdelf track, although most of those

were still in place. Once at Dwarrowdelf we headed right, roughly in the direction of Cauldron Pot and soon we were finding caves!

The first couple were just small free-climbable shafts that only went 10 metres and chocked off, with the next one being 20 metres but also blocked at the base with a small stream sinking into the floor. Next we found JF41 and JF42 and 5 metres away a large rift that probably has a number tag but we were not able to see it. We thought we would look up the entrances in the Karst Index and come back if they sounded promising. Another further 20 metres further down we came across the Cauldron Pot gully which was a bit of a surprise as we only about 100 metres from Dwarrowdelf and we thought it would have been much further down. Our plan then was to drop into Cauldron entrance shaft, have a go at following the stream through the rockpile and perhaps find a way of bypassing Bills Bypass. Simon wasn't too keen after seeing the amount of water going in, so I went down to have a look anyway.

After shedding SRT gear at the bottom, I went towards the end of the chamber to have a look at a point about 10 metres before the bottom. About 30% of the water sinks down the left wall and after pulling a few rocks out it was possible to squeeze through and get under a few of the boulders. Fifteen metres of rockfall later, and just when it started looking promising, it chocked off with only a couple of tiny ways on, although there was a strong draught in the rockpile. No other leads were noticed on the way back. Back in the main chamber, I looked further down where the remaining 70% of the water sinks through rocks 4 metres before the wall. Right up against the wall there was a small body sized hole which looked vaguely passable, although the draught wasn't very strong. It was necessary to move a loose boulder in the squeeze and after twenty minutes of digging I was able to get a piece of wood next to it as a lever. Unfortunately, the boulder just fell into the squeeze, although with the aid of a crow-bar it would be possible to move it.

Nothing more was found so I headed back up the pitch to where Simon was waiting. We taped the Cauldron Pot / KD track junction with two tapes where they had been taken off, then crossed the track into the bush to find more caves!

Soon we reached a ridge and the bush looked a bit more friendly down the back so down we went to a dry gully. Following this up we found a large blocked doline and the head of the gully, so wandered back down. There were a few more blocked dolines and a small blocked entrance but nothing else except increasingly impenetrable bush. I found one small cave by falling in it and breaking one of my pack straps, so decided to call it a day, being out of the gate by 3pm.

Dean Morgan

KUBLA KHAN - MOLE CREEK

9 June 1990

Party: Doone Pearce, Paul Tabart, Tim Sprod, Brian French and Dean Morgan.

We all got severely "leached" on the way to the cave and for the first quarter of an hour were busy picking them off each other. By the time we were down the second pitch, we were starting to enjoy the cave instead. After packing away ropes and SRT gear we were off to do the usual through trip. "Oohs" and "aahs" were emanating from different bodies all the way (especially Doone's!) and with the exception of Doone trying to get me into a photo and me trying to explain my allergic reaction to flashlights, it was a very enjoyable trip. The usual detours into the Silk Room, Jade Pool and the Pleasure Dome impressed all, although the Pleasure Dome had been ruined a bit by some irresponsible person not taking off their dirty clothes and boots and hence spreading mud all the way through it. The only other letdown was that the sun wasn't streaming through the bottom entrance as it was gloomy outside and it didn't look anywhere near as impressive as I had seen it at other times.

Brian was impressed enough to finally join TCC after coming caving with me on a few other trips over the last couple of years (to say nothing of my continuous has-sling!).

Once back at the cars the ranger pulled up and told us that the weekend before some "yobbos" had cut through the lock on the gate to the cave and put their own cheap lock on. Luckily some SCS cavers were camped there the next night and stopped them from getting to the cave as they were, quote, "Looking for a party" and had come all the way from Devonport to have it in Kubla Khan!

Dean Morgan

IMPRESSING POMMY POTHOLES

16 June 1990

Party: Tim Flanagan (the Pommy potholer) and Dean Morgan.

Trevor had phoned me late on Friday night saying that he had an English caver coming down over the weekend who had been caving around Europe and was keen to do some here. Would I take him caving? I had only planned to go to Gormenghast with the SCS as most of the good TCC ropes were (and still are... Ed) in Niggly Cave from the bottoming trip.

I picked Tim up from Trev's house the next morning and after meeting the SCS people told them that we would go ahead and tape a track to Gormenghast, go to the bottom and then go to Growling Swallet. Usually Gormenghast is 15 minutes from the car park, but after an hour I had succeeded in putting tapes all over the hill but hadn't found the cave, despite having been there before! Finally we gave up and decided to go to GS instead having followed our tapes back and removed most of them. The area is neck deep in bracken fern making the whole process fairly difficult. There was no sign of the SCS group at the car park and we assumed they may have gone to Burning Down the House instead.

As it was very wet and the track was boggy I thought that there would be a lot of water going into Growling, but there was only the usual flow plus a bit more. After following the stream to the sump, Tim was very impressed with Tasmanian caves as he thought that all Australian caves were the same! Continuing on through Windy Rift and the Trapdoor Streamway as far as Herpes, we then went back up into Destiny, through Hyperspace Bypass as far as the pitch down to Black River. We headed out as time was running short. Tim commented that he couldn't understand why caving wasn't the national sport of Tasmania with such fine world class caves as Growling Swallet. I had to agree, as I don't understand why everyone doesn't go caving!

Hello to Tim who now receives the Speleo Spiel in London and should be reading this!

Dean Morgan

LOST WORLD - MOUNT WELLINGTON

23 June 1990

An extreme attack of boredom had me up at Lost World for a bit of caving and a bit of SRT practice for the afternoon. I spent the first half an hour brushing up on my knot crossing technique as it was a bit rusty in Niggly Cave a couple of weeks before. Then went down to have a look in the caves below the cliffline. A couple of hours were spent poking around in these "caves" under the fallen columns and then came out for bite to eat. After lunch I did a bit more SRT and then lazed in the sun before walking back through the snow to the car. I will admit that the SRT was more exciting than the caving, although it was a good way to spend an afternoon.

Dean Morgan

TROGLOBYTING WITH A PURPOSE

24 & 25 June 1990

Arthur Clarke needed some live Harvestman specimens caught from Loons Cave and Arthurs Folly for someone in Melbourne and it sounds like a good way impress friends - telling them I was on a scientific bug collecting expedition, so I accepted the mission.

I collected a few specimen bottles from Arthur and then headed into the vertical entrance of Loons Cave. Once into the stream I went about scouring the walls and pools of the cave wondering how many fancy words I would be able to learn on the weekend. Alas, after only one anaspides and 70 metres of cave passage, the main globe in my lamp blew, causing me to resort to my backup light. It looked like my bug spotting time was up for the day. I stayed at Arthur's that night and he loaned me his lamp for the next day.

Arthurs Folly was targeted for Sunday with a decision to have very specimen bottle over-flowing with Harvestman before I reached the main streamway... By the time I had reached the end of the cave, it was apparent that my chances of finding employment at the Uni Zoology department with Stefan as a cave fauna expert were rather slim - I hadn't seen a thing except a couple of millipedes! I was surprised at how 'dead' the cave seemed. On most cave trips you seem to see lots of creatures and on this trip I was not leaving a stone unturned. Perhaps they all knew I was only a Pseudoscientist!

On the way out I got to within 30 metres of the entrance and I could hear heaps of water flowing, although there was none flowing in the cave and 10 metres from the entrance there was a waterfall coming in through the roof. I had visions of being trapped in the cave as the entrance is a squeeze which usually has a few inches of water in it. Luckily when I got to the entrance there was a couple of inches of air space so I took a deep breath and grovelled through. I walked the 10 meters back to the car in the torrential rain and then I spotted where all the water was coming from. The road had just been graded and all the water was running down the shoulder and there was a gap where it was all rushing through and into the cave. Perhaps it was Gods way of telling me to leave his bugs alone.

Terminal depression had set in by now so I decided to go back to Arthur's and break the news to him. I think cats and dogs are better than troglodytes and anaspides anyhow.

Dean Morgan

FROST POT

1 July 1990

Participants: Dean and Simon Morgan

A last minute change of plans had us with nowhere to go and after scraping a couple of short ropes out of the boot of my car, we decided to go and have a look up towards Serendipity. This was an area that neither of were familiar and I also wanted to locate the track up to Lost Pot for future reference.

It was a cold day but clear as we headed off up towards Serendipity and apart from some very confusing double tapes near Asteroid Pot the track is very easy to follow with only a couple of overgrown sections. Fairly soon we were at the entrance of Frost Pot which is also the start of the track to Lost Pot - we had achieved our main objective for the day! A quick look in Serendipity was decided upon so we left the packs outside and headed in. It was very wet inside with a healthy stream flowing, soaking and chilling us to the bone so we headed out for a quick thaw!

There was still snow on the ground, so the majority of the water would have been snow melt - hence the temperature! We went down to Frost Pot and after evaluating the rope situation, we decided to have a go at getting to the bottom. I ended up rigging both of the pitches as one and our ropes only just touched the bottom with one metre to spare. After a quick look around we went out as there was still a lot of water dripping down the last pitch.

After packing ropes away we went down and had a look at the water going into Growling Swallet and back along the track to where we saw a fair sized stream running down a normally dry valley. We followed this stream down for 3/4 of an hour, hoping it would sink into a large swallet, but couldn't see any limestone so ended up back tracking and going back to the car where we ate Simon's food.

Dean Morgan

FOR SALE.. (this is an advert., not a tri. report!)

Glug Boots - size 10 (suit a normal foot size of 10½ to 11, non-steel toe cap, yellow-sole type. These are brand new (too big for the owner!) - bargain at \$20.

Canoe, fibreglass Polo Bat - essential if you fancy taking up canoe polo (which is actually great fun!). Easily manoeuvrable and recommended for steep white-water runs and is the best boat in which to learn/practice eskimo rolls. Removable flotation.

Assorted leather **Mountaineering Boots** - with full length steel shank. These have received various degrees of wear: a pair of size 11½ Galibiers for \$20; a pair of size 11 Scarpas for \$60. For these prices you could wear them on an overseas trip and not bother to bring them back (bring yourself back though!).

PHONE Nick Hume on 251934 (now, what else have I got...).

LOST... (another classified advert....)

- One only **Peter Storm** roll neck thermal top - dark blue, medium size....
- Approx. 30m 11mm **Bluewater** rope, also near new....

If you find these items in your draws, please give Stu a call... He wants them back!

TUBE TALK.... (soluble snippets??)

- The now not so recent Annual Dinner was a great success, thanks to the organisation of Steve Bunton. Pity there weren't as many people as there could have been, but anyway, they missed out... An almost impromptu, but very welcome, guest speaker in the form of Andy Spate made for laughter as well as providing some food for thought on conservation issues affecting us all. The venue for the mini-rage was the Black Buffalo Hotel and it proved to be the best for many years, despite the occasional spillage of drinks by the staff!! The aftermath at Bunty's was good too.... I think?

- The next journal (#4) of the Tasmanian Cave & Karst Research Group has been out for a while now, but copies are still available and certainly make for good reading! There is a good spread of articles and interesting speleological information. Contact Arthur Clarke or Albert Goede (437319) for your copy - only \$5.00.

- Some may recall the Speleo Project calendars, a few of which Stu had for sale early this year. Well, orders are being taken for the 1991 version and order forms may be obtained from Stu either at a meeting or by giving him a call on 283054. The price is still a mere \$17.50 (plus postage from NSW).

- An upgrade of computing engine by Stu now enables **YOU** to send your articles on IBM/DOS disks of either size / any capacity, or to be really hi-tech, by MODEM!! So, now there is NO excuse for not writing articles. This applies to either the Speleo Spiel or the TC&KRG Journal, both of which seem to be produced at Rupert Avenue these days.

- On the subject of computing, any old survey data from days gone by that you may have stowed under the bed, or in granny's wardrobe (or both!) would be most welcome. We are always eager to get hold of older data, if only to compare to some of the now repeated surveys, but more importantly, to avoid having to resurvey overland or underground. Send your data and notes to Stuart Nicholas.

- Everyone's taking up rock climbing... are we going up the wall or what? Even Rupert Avenue has its own climbing wall now!

- Some of our members are "going west" in the near future, to the ASF Conference at Margaret River in SW West Oz. Various Nullarbor trips are planned, as well as (dare I mention the word...) climbing at "the Piles" on the way to or from. Sounds goof stuff.

THREEFORTYONE (JF341)

July 6, 1990

PARTICIPANTS: Paul Tabart, Brian French and Dean Morgan

Even our Alpine start worked today as I pulled out of my laneway at 0600 to pick up the others. We were beginning to wonder whether we ought to have stayed home as we saw the water pounding down the Tyenna River but as long as we had got this far I wasn't going to let two weeks of torrential rain stop me from going caving. The track to the cave was fairly hard to follow through the snow...

The entrance and first two pitches were drier than I had anticipated but by the time we reached the 40 metre pitch things were getting very damp with a stream running over the lip... A lassooed redirection hung the rope all but clear of the torrent, although a minor hitch (or lack of one!) made for a somewhat damp return prusik!

At the bottom there were large streams everywhere and both of the crystal pools were overflowing. All the flowstone had water running over it, making for some impressive scenery. Unfortunately I was having flashbacks to the Growling Swallet flood of a few weeks previously and hence talked the others into not continuing the day's caving. I prusiked the 40 metre pitch first to clip the redirection to enable the others to ascend in relative dryness. After waiting for what seemed like ages in the spray at the top of the pitch for the other two, we pulled the rope up the next pitch to some drier ground. From here the going was a lot drier and more pleasant except for the drop in temperature through the entrance rockpile. Once out of the cave we didn't hesitate in making our way back to the car and off to the shop for some hot food.

Dean Morgan

ONE OF THOSE "NOT QUITE" TRIP REPORTS...**July 15, 1990**

Today was one of those days best remembered by the drive up to Maydena in the fog. Upon arriving at the ANM gate I was informed that the permit had yesterday's date on it, so it looked like a bash around above June Resurgence was in order. After loading up I walked into June Cave which still had a lot of water pumping out of it from the recent floods. Once at the entrance I decided that I would have a look across to the right as I thought that this might have not been looked at as much. Unfortunately after a couple of hours of bashing my way blindly through some very thick regrowth I hadn't even spotted a blocked doline. This left two options for getting in the dark - wait until after 6pm when the sun went down or go home and lock myself in a cupboard. Needless to say I decided on the cupboard...

Dean Morgan

(MORE) WHERRETT'S LOOKOUT BASHING...**29 July 1990****Bashers:** Bob Reid, Stuart Nicholas, Trevor Wailes, Dean and Simon Morgan.

Bob's plan was to try and locate some caves SW of the summit of Wherretts Lookout that had only briefly been looked at in the seventies. These caves were at an altitude of around 850 metres, making them the highest in the Florentine and worthy of another push.

We decided that the easiest way would be to go to the top of the slip and then contour around west before heading back down to the contact. This plan was followed and after a couple of hours we were following a stream down the hill until it sank into the limestone. There were a couple of entrances around where the water sank and as I was the only one with caving gear I set about exploring. Unfortunately they all choked off except for the spot where the water sank. To gain entry would require a lot of digging and Trev was the only one keen on that, so we taped the entrance and split up to have a look around. I soon found a small stream that disappeared in some thick scrub and into an entrance with JF135 tag on it. This was one of the caves we were looking for. The wet entrance came to the top of a 3 metre pitch but a dry entrance bypassed this pitch and down through a wet squeeze, but it choked off in rockfall after a few metres.

Once out, I heard the others calling as they had found another cave. This one was steeply descending passage for 20 metres through a squeeze to where progress was halted by a rock blocking the way. It wouldn't require too much work to shift it, but there was no draft so it probably isn't worth while. Bob then showed me a huge cliff-lined valley with huge limestone outcrops and 30 metre high cliffs either side. Trevor and Stuart went down the valley but failed to find an entrance anywhere!

We then decided to tape a track back to the slip for future reference and in the process soon located another good sized stream sink. After a bit of clearing I squeezed down a vertical tube into the passage taking all the water. This was small and wet and went for about 50 metres to a spot that would need a fair bit of work to get through - more tight passage could be seen on the other side... Continuing taping back to the slip, we found numerous blocked entrances and a couple of choked swallets. I also nearly walked over the edge of another 30 metre high limestone cliff until we finally emerged in some clear bush at the slip. All in all a successful, if somewhat scrubby day!

Dean Morgan

OLD DITCH ROAD (IB131)

11 August, 1990

Participants: Trevor (spoof) Wailes & Dean Morgan

I had spent a few hours the day before telling Trev that words like "wonderful", "salubrious", "enjoyable", "brilliant", "incredible", "far out" and even the word "**FUN**" were the best ways to describe caving. It must have sucked him right in as he agreed to go caving with me! However, I did have to guarantee that the sun would be beaming down on us as we got changed down at Ida Bay. It probably was, you just couldn't see it through the clouds and rain... We did have the unusual sight of three salmon on the side of the road on the way down, though!

I had left all of my bolt hangers at home, but luckily all of the hangers were still in Old Ditch Road. Soon we were at the bottom and heading off to Hammer Passage for a good look around and to see if the circular route down near the end could be found. Both of us had forgotten how much warmer Ida Bay caves are and by the time we were through the squeeze into the newer (?) section, heat was taking its toll. This was my first visit to this area and we spent a few hours looking around, but only found 10 metres or so of new passage and not the vast expanses we had hoped for. Losing 15 litres of sweat and replacing it with 15 kilograms of mud was something different... Coming out, we spent a short time being lost, but decided that should we not find ourselves, the resulting media field day would not be a good thing, being President and Vice President of TCC.

A couple of hours later, just at dark, we were back at the car and then spent the rest of the evening replacing the lost body fluids. After that day's caving I learnt that the words Trevor used to describe caving are different from mine and often have only four letters.

Dean Morgan

RELOCATING OLD CAVES (should that be OLD CAVERS??)

18 August 1990

Relocaters: Chris Davies, Geoff Fisher, Doone Pearce, Bob Reid, Nick Hume, Mark Bryce and Dean Morgan.

We had rather an influx of people, old and new, turning up at Bob's place but after arming ourselves with directions on how to find a few old caves from JF135 (which we had found a couple of weeks previously) we were off up Wherretts Lookout again. Our taped track soon (?) had us at JF135 from where we continued taping a track until a few entrances turned up. Eventually we had located all the ones that we were looking for, plus a couple of new ones as well!

The only entrances to do anything were JF136 which was 60 metres of steep passage ending in a tight squeeze with a slight draught, and JF133 which was a climb down to the top of an 8 metre pitch with a reasonable draught. Mark and Bob descended this pitch and took off along some passage while Doone had a play around on the pitch. Half an hour later Bob reappeared needing some more rope... Coaxing from the others convinced me to take a look. After an 8 metre entrance pitch there was 30 metres of steep horizontal passage to a large chamber and tighter 5 metre pitch in the bottom corner. Another short passage lead to another chamber with a drippy 15 metre pitch off to one side. Unfortunately we were out of rope and time so this had to be left until another day. There was a slight draught but a return trip is planned for the next couple of weeks to finish exploration and look at some caves. Its almost worth the walk up there just to see the cliffs, karst towers and the view!

Dean Morgan.