



*Exitravanza 2014, Camp Gumboot.
Note the mozzie-proof "room".*



*Exitravanza 2014, the Devils Stove
Pipes, Western Passage.*

JF8 Junee Resurgence Finishing the re-line of Sump 1

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Party: Janine McKinnon, Michael Packer (Pax) & Ric Tunney.

The same team was back for the final trip to finish this job. We hoped. There had been significant rainfall since the last trip in mid-January (McKinnon, 2014), but the flow levels were back to a reasonable level again. I wanted to get the job finished before the autumn/winter rains arrived, which, as all we Taswegians know, can be any time from after February.

The same exercise of getting to the water as the last visit ensued, with two exceptions:

1. Pax actually stayed dry this time. New feet for his drysuit had fixed the problem of leaking.
2. I had strained my back watching rope testing the previous Sunday and wasn't game to carry tanks in to the beach, so Ric did both loads and I just carried the light stuff. He had to put my fins on too, which was a laugh.

Pax went in first this trip as I thought it better for him to have the clear water to finish the tie-offs, and he was faster with that than me stuffing and cutting that recalcitrant old line. I gave him 15 minutes head start and then followed. I had a close look at all the tie-offs on the way in to the end of the permanent line. I thought they all looked good and secure. Winter floods will determine whether I am correct.

The line removal went pretty much as last two trips. Stuffing, cutting, swearing as it tried to get out of the bag. As per last trips, I had my shears attached to a line (and me), the bags attached to me, and anything else I could think would float away, or disappear in the silt my work was stirring up, if dropped. After about half an hour Pax arrived from the For Your Eyes Only (FYEO) direction and signalled that he was heading out. I continued with my task, also having a good look at the new tie-offs as I passed each one.

I arrived at the silt bank rising to FYEO some ten minutes later, and pulled as much buried old line out of the silt as I could before cutting it. I also found large amounts of line floating half-way up the bank. I discovered what it was when I surfaced in FYEO. I had expected to swim as far up the stream as I could and then cut the line, leaving the last couple of metres for the next party in there to remove from the

rock in the chamber it was tied off to (so I didn't have to get out of my dive gear; yes, just lazy). This was gone, and was part of the floating line in the sump entrance. Pax had done the job of cutting it off the anchor rock. Good show.

I stuffed what I could into a bag as I knelt in the water, and then got organised to deal with all that floating line just inside the sump. Down again, more cutting and stuffing. I had filled the second bag as I finished stuffing the last of the line. Job done. Large amounts of silt had been stirred up, yet again, doing this, so I had a low visibility swim for the first part of the swim home. It cleared after 20 m or so, and was a pleasant swim out. I removed the final bit of old line, the 11 mm rope starting into the sump, as I came out. Alright, job finished NOW.

Pax was waiting for me at the beach. He helped by moving the invalided old woman's tanks from the water and getting the poor old dear's fins off (I couldn't reach them).

My dive time had been 65 minutes, and this didn't include the time in FYEO, or time to get kit on and off. So my total time in the water was more like 100 minutes. I was starting to get a bit cold by the end [*you should invest in a heat vest like everyone else – Ed.*], but nothing too drastic. This was probably because I had so much clothing on under my drysuit I felt, and moved, like the Michelin Man. Pax had found some time to check a few leads in the sump as he swam out, but found nothing exciting. I walked back to the car in my kit, minus tanks, plus rope bags, as per last trips. I started to get changed. Ric then went for my tanks, after putting on his wetsuit again, and found Pax had already carried one to the entrance! That is seriously beyond the call of duty. He had his own gear to retrieve unassisted. Lunch in the sunshine followed at the usual 2 pm.

Medical report: My back was significantly better at the end of the whole exercise than the beginning. Hydrotherapy anyone? I again measured the line when I got home, it was 65 m. So total line removed from the sump was measured at 215 m. I did not measure, or remove, tie-off loops and knots, or measure the lengths with precision. So I would allow for 10% more line to have been removed. This makes the total closer to 235 m. The survey length of the sump is approximately 230 m.

REFERENCE

McKINNON, J. 2014. JF-8 Junee Resurgence - Permanent line replacment, 11 Jan. 14, *Speleo Spiel* 400:10-11.