



NEWSLETTER

Cave Exploration Group

South Australia

C/O SOUTH AUSTRALIAN MUSEUM NORTH TERRACE ADELAIDE

JANUARY - MARCH 1970

EDITORIAL

Phew. That's another decade safely negotiated, and, believe it or not, the old Group looks like it will be around for quite a few more decades. Even if it were just to muddle along it couldn't go wrong with the interest created by our tremendous rate of new discoveries, and yet the fine example set by our recent work in the Victoria Cave at Naracoorte shows clearly the tremendous potential our Group has, and the worth of careful thought and organization in everything we do.

The next decade will be particularly important in deciding the future of many of our caves. In the past the majority of our caves have survived through good luck and inaccessibility, while those in more developed areas capable of having a truck backed up to them nearly all contain piles of garbage to prove it.

The allied problems of conservation and pollution control have over the last year had far more publicity than ever before. It is likely that public awareness of these problems will grow sufficiently over the next ten years to bring about a new and enlightened way of thinking or at least some more positive controls to curb our national vandalism. It is largely up to CEGSA as to whether or not this thinking and these controls will extend to our caves.

The wrong sort of publicity can do caves and caving much harm, but without any publicity at all we will lose our caves one by one until there are not any left. Even our tourist caves need publicity to attract visitors. If they shut down what hope is left for the others!

So it seems that the right sort of publicity is good for the caves (or at least less damaging than none). Publicity such as our Group has gained with its work in the Victoria Cave is invaluable. Don't take anybody else's word for it. Explore those caves thoroughly and carefully yourself, and remind yourself and the rest of the world that even the seemingly insignificant little caves may one day reveal a Victoria Cave.

G.G.

THE VICTORIA CAVE and all that

It is possible you don't know the significance of the mentions of the Victoria Cave in the editorial harangue, although it is hard to imagine where you've been all this time if you really and truly don't know but since it hasn't appeared in print before .. here goes...

I think it all started when the Minister for Lands (and Conservation and Tourism), Mr David Brookman, graciously accepted our invitation to open the Australian Speleological Federation Conference at Goolwa just over a year ago. At that stage it is doubtful if he knew quite what he was letting himself in for, but anyway, even if he had not heard of C.E.G.S.A. before that (and few people have) he certainly knew about us afterwards.

The scene changes to Naracoorte where as usual a few bods are having a quick look through a fairly small easy cave before packing up to return home one Sunday lunch-time (all our good discoveries are made at Sunday lunchtimes). This particular small easy cave was the Victoria Cave (yuk - a tourist cave no less - how lazy can you get?) obviously well gone over hundreds of times before (its number S2) and yet G. Gartrell vanished into one low crawl and started to pull rocks out to pass the time, besides there is always a faint breeze in those places if you have a good imagination. By the time the others decided to forcibly extract him so they could all go out and have some lunch it was, inevitably, too late. All they could hear were his footsteps and hollow cries echoing in the great unknown ahead. So they followed to get him back, but it wasn't bad so they had a look, and then they found all this sand with all these bones sticking up and a lower jaw of a Thylacoleo so they gasped and sat down and carefully looked and even as they looked bones seemed to materialize out of the shadows and Rod Wells almost started to cry and kept telling himself that it couldn't really be true and then Bob Henzell got all excited on account of a large Thylacoleo skull he had just found lying like a wrecked galleon in another corner of the sand deposit so everyone quietly and firmly all went straight back out the way they came in and had lunch, before the urge to race around and dig up handfuls became too strong (before the numbness subsided).

Now the Victoria Cave she is a Tourist Cave as was said above and under the loving care of Ern Maddock, who quietly wondered to himself whether we were exaggerating ten times or only three times-when we told him. So it wasn't long before another trip was arranged to the cave for Ern to have a look, and for us to see if we were really just dreaming

Anyway the outcome was obvious, because, as you know, we never exaggerate. Ern immediately saw the potential for a new dimension in Tourist Cave-ism, and so did Mr. Brookman.

It wasn't long after that that the unsuspecting Mr. Brookman donned overalls and CEGSA-embled helmet, grabbed hold of his carbide lamp and plunged into the crawlways with the best of them. He too was most impressed by what he saw, and the T.V. and newspaper coverage of the occasion was jolly useful publicity all round. Probably from now on every time he has a stiff back it will remind him of C.E.G.S.A.

The upshot of all this is that the Tourist Bureau has put Rod Wells in charge of the bone excavation work and is even giving financial assistance towards costs involved and necessary gear. The Naracoorte Chamber of Commerce has made an offer of assistance, and has even extended an invitation to CEGSA to a dinner at Naracoorte sometime... and so it goes on.

Eventually Tourists will be able to see an on-site display of Australian marsupials (remains of) and to inspect the actual bone dig and even on rare occasions see CEGSA bods engaged in the digging work. Somewhere in the deposit we hope lies the rest of the Diprotodon whose teeth and vertebrae are starting to appear. Even as it is the enormity of it all makes the mind boggle.

Then again the large chamber also has quite a pleasing display of formation in one area. Grant Gartrell and Peter Robertson disappeared somewhere behind this looking for a chamber found by Malcolm Macdonald and emerged in one altogether new with much better formation still. It wasn't till a later trip that Grant noticed a crawl disappearing off this chamber, and dropping over a few rock ledges emerged at a low flattener with a strong and intermittent breeze blowing through. It was a bit too narrow to get through, not much - but enough, but a small low chamber could be seen on the far side. A return trip was necessary to chisel out a bit of the floor, but even that was easier said than done with the crowbar too far away and the attempt was abandoned for the time being, besides the great breeze was for some reason not blowing that time and not providing the necessary incentive. Later on, however, on the same trip, Bob Henzell had a crack at the squeeze and just managed to slip through, leaving Barry Wright on the outside, unable to follow. After a while Bob returned with a big smile to say that he had followed a tunnel for possibly about 200' and that there was a bit of nice formation and a number of other alternative tunnels he could have taken.

Well - he went back over Christmas and disappeared in there with Tom Persson for so long that even those that knew him thought he must have come unstuck, but when they finally went to look for him there he was with a smile even bigger than Tom's making his dazed way out and mumbling incoherently.

That flattener is not so flat these days and others can get through which is just as well. What lies on the other side we will have to let Bob describe to you in his own words, but from what he has said so far it seems that it is big (very big in places) has about 2000' of passage so far without being more than just looked at, and other obvious tunnels not yet touched, and that one needs to be extremely careful in there and in fact in certain spots the floor must be covered with plastic sheeting to keep it clean.

If it keeps going the same way, the Victoria Cave will end up just an extension of the Cathedral Cave, which would save one walking along the mile of road in between. Do you seriously think that is too far-fetched? Have a good careful look one day and think again.

SELLICKS HILL

Funny isn't it how those prophetic statements often come true. A lot has happened at Sellicks Hill since the last Newsletter went to press. Some clots have been at work in the bottom hole and large boulders have poured down the entrance. The Highways Department has undertaken to concrete the entrance with a gate and give us a key, and you are urged to assist the Committee by keeping it informed if you notice any changes or bods interfering with the Highways Department's temporary cover.

The prophesy bit concerns the other hole in which we were coming to a dead end and just about ready to give up, when Malcolm Macdonald dug a handful of rocks out of the floor only to lose a lot more into the depths which suddenly appeared below..... since that day an incredible amount of work has gone into making that hole a safe size for transmission of the human frame including the temporary propping of uncomfortably large boulders with large jarrah beams and the subsequent concreting to make the structure more permanent and more fool-proof. The job isn't finished and you are requested to keep out until it is, and only go to this cave at all if you are equipped to do some work in it. Below this constriction the cave drops about thirty feet through a massive rockpile to a small chamber with a steeply sloping dirt and rock floor. At the bottom of this slope, there is a further hole through which rocks drop reassuringly and from whence issues a good breeze. It should be possible to get through with a bit more work, but the rope for hauling up-the buckets full of dirt is getting pretty long these days. It is seeming more certain the deeper we get with the breeze coming still from below that the breeze comes from a deep cave down there somewhere. Even if progress only continues at the same rate we'll have the deepest cave in Australia in twenty years.

CAVING - SWISS STYLE : Tom Wigley speaks to you from darkest Europe.

Having a few days to spare after the International Congress of Speleology in Stuttgart, 'Mo' Marriot suggested that Charlie Brown (real name Michael Charles Brown), Tony Waltham and I might like to head south into Switzerland for a day's caving-in the Grotte de Milandre near Bon Court. 'Mo' an ex-Mendips caver, has been living and caving in Switzerland for the last few years and was able to obtain permission for us from the local speleos. A good sporting trip we were promised together with the offer of floor space at Mo's flat near Zurich for kipping; how could we refuse? And so, bright and early on Saturday morning, with the clocks just booming nine we piled wet suits, lamps, boots and bodies into the Minis and headed east.

Four hours later we were at the cave mouth. The 'wild' parts of Milandre are reached through a tourist cave to which we had been given the key with instructions to take our boots off before coming out through the commercial section - a weird instruction it seemed. Milandre is Switzerland's second longest cave with over 8 km, of surveyed passage (a long way behind the longest, the Hölloch). Most of the cave is developed along a joint controlled river passage which was initially discovered some years ago by diving a couple of sumps. Since then a bypass has been blasted out which we were soon crawling through into a chamber full of four foot and longer straws from the roof down and one foot and deeper mud from the floor up. Fifteen minutes of squelching - stooped walking to belly crawling - later we could hear a distant roar from the river passage. A few more minutes, two short fixed ladder pitches, and we were into the stream and the start of a fantastic upstream trip.

Mud is soon washed off by the turbulent water and we tramp single file knee-deep in water along a fine meandering vadose canyon 5 to 10 feet wide and 10 to 30 feet high. After a kilometre or so we encounter occasional chest-deep pools. Then some spectacular cascades; miniature waterfalls up to ten feet high some of which offer interesting little climbs with only the risk of a ducking in the plunge pools at their bases if one should slip - but no-one did. A little later the passage sumps, but we quickly retrace our steps to a bypass and are soon back in the stream passage. Another kilometre and then another sump. This time the bypass is much longer and follows a dry parallel upper passage which intersects the current river course again further upstream. It is an interesting detour with a couple more fixed ladders and an easy though exposed wall traverse with the river rumbling some forty feet below. Further upstream deeper pools become more frequent eventually coalescing to form a section which requires a short swim and a longish wade through chest-deep water. After passing this section we enter a large room with the only way on being a tight dirty squeeze through a boulder choke. It has taken just over two hours to get to this point (apparently it is usually a much longer trip for most Swiss trogs; early expeditions had even set up a camp near the start of the second sump bypass) and less than a kilometre of passage remains before SCUBA gear is needed to continue; so we decided to head back out.

The trip out is a riotous full-speed splash down now familiar passage, until - the MUD. Four clean-washed bods transform to muddy blobs. By the time we reach the tourist section we are walking with spherical mud balls on our feet and the 'boots off' request is no longer so ridiculous. So we tiptoe boots(?) in hand out to the entrance and then straight down into the surface stream for a wash. Easier said than done since the mud is more like glue, probably a secret Swiss weapon. By the time we are clean and dry and the key has been returned to the cave owner it is after 6 p.m. The best is yet to come. We decide to stop for a meal first chance on the way back. In a few miles passing through the centre of Courtmaiche Mo's Mini screeches to a stop in front of me. He has noticed an old building with 'Restaurant de la Couronne' written outside it, so we hastily back up and park. Inside it is more than we had thought. This is the French speaking part of Switzerland and the inside of the restaurant is typically French - including the menu. I settle for Tournados a la mode du chef, Tony has Entrecote something or other and Mo and Charlie decide to split a Fondue Bourguignonne. And the food is incredible. The Fondue unbelievable. This dish is basically cubes of steak, cooked by the eater in heated oil over a small stove placed on the table, and eaten with a variety of sauces; but this one has no fewer than 16 sauces and extras

ranging from delicate cheese sauce to miniature thin-sliced champignons. The food is admirably supplemented by a vintage St. Emilion claret and capped with a delicious dessert (Coupe Danemark) of cream, ice-cream and melted chocolate. Altogether one of the best meals I have ever had and costing only about \$3 a head.

We stagger, bloated yet contented, to the cars and drive back to Zurich. So incongruous, a gourmet meal after a caving trip! If this is Swiss caving give me more (burp).

For comparison Bert Young washes down his caving trips with a good old fashioned dog's eye with dead horse or sores. (Translated that is a Cockney-Australian derivative of pie with sauce and just about as revolting whatever name you call it.)

Tom asks: "Why do cows wear bells?"

For those who were wondering whatever happened to the transcript of the A.S.F. Conference Proceedings which C.E.G.S.A. was producing perhaps this Trip(e) Report from Cynthia Clarke will explain a few things:

"Here We Go Round the Hilly Hacienda"

And a-collating we did go. - About 12 members assisted in the compilation of C.E.G.S.A.'s original, unprecedented, unique (by now - antique) volume summarising the 1969 A.S.F. Conference hosted by our Group. People ambled in at various stages of the proceedings most staggering under the burden of large brown paper parcels, containing nourishing beverages to ward off fatigue.

Wayne and Alan earlier positioned planks around the H.H's living room envisaging an efficient collation line. An obstacle course resulted, bods hurdling chairs, babies and barbie (does anyone want their shoelaces untied?) and being stuck in one horror of a squeeze, which rivalled the Mairs Cave 8¼". The skill and precision developed by various team members despite all adversities has been surpassed only by those talented participants in the Tantanoola Olympics (now held annually in the Tantanoola Cemetery).

However, the pile of volumes rose ahead of schedule on the table for a time, until page 2 was found to have been printed on the wrong sized paper. A quick trip to the local newspaper office and the use of their guillotine soon enabled proceedings to recommence. Compilation having advanced as far as possible due to the shortage of various pages, barbeques were lit and we retired outside to dine, the floor-show provided by that ferocious cannibalistic rooster which guards the premises. An enjoyable evening ensued and I would recommend the site be revisited at an early date. It goes!

Talisker Mine - Cape Jervis.

The abandoned mining ruin of Talisker, about 4 miles from Cape Jervis and less than sixty miles from Adelaide do not appear to have been appraised for caving purposes prior to a trip by a nameless (or at least anonymous) C.E.G.S.A. member on November 16th.

The ruins comprise three clusters of small stone buildings set in sharply pitching mountainous country offering superb views across Backstairs Passage to Kangaroo Island. Striking local sights include numerous "black boys" or yaccas (xanthorrea...) several times larger than the Adelaide species and soaring birds (not identified) of large wing-span.

The way to the workings is found by following poorly painted signs saying TRESPASSERS PROSECUTED, and INSPECTION OF MINES PROHIBITED. All iron mongery and shaft top gear has been removed and shafts vary from an estimated 150 feet (sounded with a stone) with clean sides to other lesser shafts in variable condition, some quite crumbly. Upper level horizontal tunnels were entered for a short distance from one of these.

Ed's note: Our anonymous friend was not aware that C.E.G.S.A. has visited the mine at one time on the invitation of the then lessee, Mr, Jack Spaar, for whom we explored various shafts and tunnels, and reported on the condition of the mine. The mine was quite large, maximum depth 432', of which the bottom 300' are now flooded, and just over 100 years ago employed in excess of 400 men. Times have changed. The lode was primarily silver - lead - zinc, with quite a high proportion of silver, but unfortunately also a high proportion of arsenic which at one stage rendered processing of the ore uneconomic. A further deep ore body is thought to exist below and nearby the old one, and I believe that Mines Department diamond drilling has confirmed this. Interest in the mine has been quite high from a historic point of view, and has flickered from time to time as a commercial proposition. Currently Jack Spaar has left, and a special mining lease for the entire area is out in the names Cacas, Trim and Powell. The lease is at present under suspension which explains the lack of activity in the area, but legally the position is that you may not wander round or climb into the mines or environs without the express permission of Messrs Cacas, Trim and Powell. Perhaps that is just as well. We all had a great time in the past draining a lake formed by a blockage on a river which flows from an adit into a valley at the 132' level and exploring the level by wading through orange mud along old train tracks and poking our fingers into apparently substantial 9"x9" shoring timbers with rubbery stalactites up to 3' long growing on them, and other good formation. - - but after contact with that revolting mud a layer of skin on my legs flaked off up to the mud level, and ever since I've wondered if the arsenic had anything to do with it.

Well - it has happened at last. Barry Wright has met his match.

He was never going to get married, but it seems Maureen changed his mind. He says he's not going to have any children either (he can't stand baby talk) but our guess is that he's all talk. Why fight it lad? Anyway – congratulations!

Congratulations also to Graham Carter and Rosemary on their recent wedding, and better late than never our congratulations to Bernie and Marilyn Dunn. Bernie is an old married man now, and in fact was the pioneer but one in the downfall of 413. Even Bill Daw has recently announced his engagement to Moira (or should it be the other way round?)

It is also known that others amongst us have been and are shortly to be married. To you one and all our good wishes. Just show 'em who's boss and don't let it interfere with your caving.

NEWSLETTER LAYOUT

As you may have gathered by reading this far, there is not a great deal of order in the layout of this newsletter. Things go in as they come to hand or to mind, and some gets forgotten altogether but I forgot wot... At least it makes for exciting reading - you never know what to expect next and you have to read the whole lot to find anything. A record number of contributions have been received for this issue and one or two of the more stirring ones have even been temporarily saved up for a while, for diplomatic reasons.

Tom's answer (from p.5): (You'll never guess)

"because their horns don't work"

JOYEUX NOEL to you all from JOHNNY OLAERTS. Johnny is a mad French-Belgian trog who made lots of friends on the big 1965-66 CEGSA Mullamullang trip. With Brian Lowry he set the World record for a trip out from Camp One in Mullamullang to the surface of 1 hour 21 minutes, after they both sherpa'd in hundred-weight packs and then went for a run to the Dome. (When Mad-dog Dick Heffernan was told this time he wanted to break the record but we restrained him forcibly in case he broke his neck instead.) For those who haven't done it, the run is usually considered a fairly gruelling 4-5 hour trip one way. Anyway - Johnny says Joyeux Noel because you can look his French up in a dictionary but his English has packed up so much through lack of use that even a Strine dictionary wouldn't help much on what's left.

IS C.E.G.S.A. A CLUB OR A BUSINESS CONCERN?

or WHO'S WHO AT THE ZOO??

This is a question that might well be asked by potential new members on their first few visits to our club-rooms. Admittedly this (*) impression is not gained at the beginning of a meeting for although we advertise as starting at 7.30 pm, it is often well after eight before the meeting gets under way. This delay can usually be utilised to advantage by old established club members but consider the probable discouragement to the visitor, who may have had to already kill time in the City after travelling in by bus, tram or train.

Having listened to the minutes of the previous meeting the visitors are often treated to a recital of various newsletters etc, received by the club and often referred to only by the initial letters, eg. C.E.G.S.A, N.S.S., A.S.F. etc, which mean nothing to the un-initiated. Then there is the possibility of a lengthy if seemingly pointless discussion on the purchase of apparently essential replacement equipment for club use, such as carbide, rope, ladder materials, etc; - or it may be the purchase of special items costing a percentage more than the fixed amount sanctioned by the club for committee expenditure.

During the course of the evening the visitor will almost certainly be regaled by speakers from the floor, who, invariably speaking without the Chairman's consent, embark on demonstrations of oratory ability or demonstrate their knowledge of protocol and procedure.

These tactics may arouse sympathy in the listeners for the enthusiastic hard-working people who sacrifice their leisure time by serving on the Committee, and who are usually too polite to put the offenders in their place, - but can only help to convince the potential new member that he has somehow come to the wrong place.

The above remarks are not intended as an insult to either the club or to any individual member. They are put forward as possible influences that affect our ability to attract new active members. Can we streamline the routine in any way?

By allowing more authority to the people who have the club interest sufficiently at heart to serve on the Committee, ... by accepting as read periodical titles and laying these periodicals out on a table for those interested to peruse or check?

Can we aim for an atmosphere where members are accepted as cavers irrespective of the "value" of their trips underground and where-in the club can appreciate that no matter how momentous a project might be, some members will have interests in other directions. Most newcomers arrive as potential explorers rather than as potential scientists. Let's arrange for them to explore, and then introduce them to the speleo sciences.

Jim Salvona

Ed's note: One or two points of Jim's discourse could do with comment.

- (a) We all like short meetings which start on time. When they are programmed for 8.00p.m. bods roll in around 8.30 p.m., 7.30 p.m. gets them there at 8.00 p.m. .. Many who go home to tea and then back to town have difficulty in arriving before 8.00 so that our compromise is to advertise that doors open at 7.30 p.m. and the meeting starts at 8.00 p.m. Constitutionally we need a quorum of Full-members to declare it open, so if you are going to show up at all try to do so by 8.00 p.m. or otherwise try to inform the Secretary.
- (b) At last the Group has Library shelves in the Lecture Room. The periodicals should be far more easily handled as a result of this, and the Library should be available for borrowing almost immediately.

It is up to all of us to introduce ourselves to anyone we don't know and to make sure that they feel welcome and are included in our activities at the meetings. Don't leave them like a shag on a rock for the membership officer to chase up. He cannot be everywhere at once. Most of you somehow survived the same ordeal yourself once upon a time, but it shouldn't be an ordeal. We may be a big Group but we aren't so big we don't all know each other, I think? anyway, get amongst it!

Are we?

Introducing our new serial: (?)

SPELEO SPYGLASS



- Ern Maddock: "... and he just couldn't get over that stone wall."
- Leslye Gartrell: "Have you heard this joke? If you have you're not allowed to say ...!"
- Gary (Lee Perkins) Havens: "Guess what! I ran out of petrol."
- Ron Galbreath: "Tea, anyone?"
- Rod Wells: Says nothing in particular but everything in general.
- Barb Dicker: The magnificent two.
- Barry Wright: Actions speak louder than words. (Esp when pertaining to the above!)
- Alan Hill: "He He!! I knew I'd solve that choofer problem."
- Grant Gartrell: "Cynthia, if you want some climbing practice, go and climb a b... telegraph pole."
- Toby McLeay: See him regarding maintenance of carbide flame underground.
- Peter Chappell: "Here, Toby - stand on my stomach Lordy!!!"
- Bob Henzell: "Dinkum's really a nice dog."
- Fred Aslin: Quote: I am monarch of all (caves) I survey. Unquote. (With apologies to W. Cowper.)
- Peter Robertson: Official photographer for the Tantanoola Olympics. (Incriminating photographs???)
- Wayne Goedecke: "Let's make like the fliglins."
- Neville Pledge "Make a note of those dental elements."

..... to be continued.

N.B. : Order of protocol has been abandoned in this article.

If your name does-not appear above or in subsequent instalments don't be offended, - just start going on trips or break, your leg or get arrested or something and you'll be sure to qualify.

THE FAMOUS FIVE AT SCRUBBY CREEK

Beautiful Bovine Buchan buried beneath the Great Victorian Alps with its quiet green hills and its silvery streams. Earthy tracks laced with turds bend beneath the gums that lead to the town where the tumble of spon and the warm spongy odour of fresh loaves of bread fill the air. And at night the strains of minty laughter crack the melodic notes of the town's three-piece lady orchestra.

But Buchan for all its sunlit splendour holds much more beneath this fai frivolity – the glory that is Scrubby Creek Cave.

On January 1st 1970, five green leaved CEGSA Cavers drove in convoy round the curvaceous hills to the thistled entrance, where one dazzled chap, with eyes like revolving bottles of pink champagne, chose to sniff the air and guard the fort.

With Victorian born trogs to guide them our CEGSA quartet were shovelled down to the River level where with fairy feet they crossed on fixed iron bars to the safety of the dry side. A little way on they came to a waterfall which once marvelled on was forsaken for a magnificent rock-pile jumbling before them like a great dark three-dimensional jigsaw puzzle.

After grovelling-through this geological wonder they were confronted by a sinister looking sump which stretched before them like a wet, cold coffin with only a whisper of air between its surface and the ceiling. The first leapt in with great bravado and floated on his back through to the other side where he attached a guide rope. The next plunged in with doubtful haste clutching a waterproof box of goodies which he claimed kept pulling him under - but having been blessed with rather voluminous nasal passages had no trouble keeping up his chatter. The last two followed farewelling their Victorian guides whose twinkling eyes and teeth were soon to be lost in the void.

The Scrubby Novices sallied on till the mud set in. Then it was 'heel, toe, knee, thigh' for the 600ft that was the delight of Trogs Wallow. The four figures floundered their way slowly up the river passage - the last a little left behind, armoured by a borrowed wet suit arid finding the art of balance a little beyond her. She had thought of coming in in bathers and rubber thongs. Now as she dog-paddled through the mud she smiled to herself at what might have been.

At a little halfway picnic rock they paused for a mouthful of chocolate and raisins taking in the surroundings as the chosen site sank beneath their weight.

Once again they were off down the great slushy wallow till the bed became firm and the river clear. Then came a mad scramble over a large loose rock-fall as the way on was searched for. After setting in motion several rather large boulders and nimbly dodging them the way on was unearthed. So on they went following the river till the passage opened up and a long large cavern lay before them.

Eating time intervened and once again the damp cool void was full of the munch and crunch of little heavenly mouthfuls forgetting for a few moments their shakes and shivers.

Then onwards down a steep slope and along the river through another dome and on into a low jumble where they were thwarted by a gurgling rock-choke. With no energy to push it they started the enticing way back.

Back up the slippery slope, across the large rumbling-rock fall, slushing through Trogs Wallow, into the sump with its one inch to spare, weaving in and out of the rock-pile to the waterfall where a cleansing splash, was shared by all, across the green depths on the iron bars then up the narrow tunnel to the swaying thistles and the setting sun.

After our trembling trogs had partaken of a thorough wash in the creek the two gallant automobiles began the gruelling wind up the gulch to the main road. The tires spun in the slimy tracks as the rain drops dribbled off the trees.

Then the gloom crept in and the heavens opened up and our friends battled on, as if in a washing machine. "This way, That, To the right,. Left, No right you fool, Straighten her up, That's it, Yippie, Keep her going – Ugh! – Glug! - Glug! - Glug!

..... Time for help so one of the sprightly speleos spraint up the hill to the road. Half an hour later a mighty little short wheel based Landrover appeared with beedy lights, honking horn and gutzy revs.

Two hours later, smelling of soap and spaghetti, five little CEGSA trogs tucked down for the night to dream of quiet green hills and cows coming home in the twilight.

L. Gartrell.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE MERMAID OF SCRUBBY CREEK?

P.S.: The trogs were in order of appearance —

G. Gartrell (alias Mr. Mole) who didn't want to go but loved it; W. Goedecke who hit his head through the sump and suffered from headache all day; M. Lane who "is only a beginner but learning fast"; and the female Gartrell whose main ambition was to wear a wet suit and lose weight. The P.(oor) Chap (pell) at the top remains anonymous.

Mount Simms Trip: Long Weekend 11th-13th October '69.

Saturday was spent at Buckalowie Creek, visiting Mairs Cave and Clara St, Dora. The 8¼" Squeeze in Mairs Cave proved too tight for most of the party, but congratulations must go to Peter Chappell: it was his third attempt and he made it this time.

Congratulations too to Gary Lee Havens who, naturally arriving late, had to sleep for a few long long hours to get over his pyjama party the night before and yet was a very willing guide in the afternoon showing several girls through Clara St. Dora. (We took members of the Orroroo Youth Group through the caves, as this had previously been arranged.)

We left for Mt. Simms late Saturday afternoon, arriving after a long dry drive. Thanks to Noel Ancell for burying all those dead rabbits I ran over on the way; he would have had his arms full if I had hit the kangaroos.

Sunday and Monday were spent surveying and exploring Mt. Simms Cave, - a mass of passages with one main chamber average roof height 6'. There are several small lakes in the large chamber and the cave has some formation. All of the known extensions of the cave-have now been surveyed including the surface survey by Alan Hill, but more remains to be explored. Strange unexplainable scratches have been found in one section of the cave and these will be photographed next trip for identification. One helmet has to be rescued from a hole. Once the fire danger season is over there will be many more trips to Mt. Simms Cave.

W.R.Goedecke.

Naracoorte Trip: 29th-30th November '69.

What a record! 31 on the trip - the attendance was helped along by some-members of the Adelaide Bushwalkers (ABW) - by Saturday night we had a few very tired bushwalkers.

Saturday saw 19 people into Sand Cave, taking 1½ hours to get all down the hole after having bowline lessons on top. We were under for 6½ hours, spending most of the time digging in a low 85' sandy crawl with "the Boat". The group was split in two, and while one went on a tourist run, the others sweated it out digging.

We were all out by 7.00 p.m. On the way back to camp we picked up some good campfire timber, - and what a fir! Peter Chappell and Ern Maddock were the main entertainment, with an in between poem from Theo Visser and much movement from the ring-side as each new log was added.

Sunday was spent down Sand Cave also, Rod Wells took a party down Victoria Cave again to continue the digging and exploration of the new extensions. Most of the Bushies were leaving early, so they visited a few of the caves near the camp with Bart Dasborough.

We continued the dig in the Sand Cave but soon became exhausted with only a few workers, so we decided to try for the end of the cave. We made it, but reached the surface very late which resulted in us not leaving for Adelaide until 9.30 p.m. All very tired.

W.R. Godecke

Tantanoola Trip: 1st - 2nd November '69

A large party, including several people from the Victorian Speleological Association led by Peter Robertson, met at the Lake Cave. Those who had not seen the gate on the entrance before were most impressed. We made our way slowly in with all our camera gear; there are many tricky parts before the ladder pitch. First bloke down the ladder cannot see anything but darkness, but once a few descend and move around the lake it makes a fantastic sight from the top.

It was a cave photographer's paradise, and most of the time was spent taking photographs and swimming. Mike Turner reported that there appeared to be an underwater extension leaving the northern side of the lake (roughly back under the entrance). After filling the whole chamber with Diprotodon smoke we decided to move out. On the way we met the V.S.A. group coming in to take photos. They were most understanding.

After we had visited the "Tantanoola Tiger" Saturday night the Tantanoola Olympic Games were held and judged ably by Miss Cynthia Clarke. This should become an annual event.

Sunday morning saw an early start with a drive to Mount Gambler to see the BROWN Blue Lake for the benefit of Gary. We called in for breakfast at Fred Aslin and were back at camp by 9.30 a.m. We visited many caves on Sunday, seeing many bad examples of pollution and vandalism, especially in Morgan's Cave. Many of the caves were at the water-table. One new cave was found with the assistance of a Forest Officer.

We also visited the tourist cave, thanks to the caretaker Mr. Lane. Arrived home 2.30 a.m. Monday.

W.R. Goedecke.

THE NEW NEW EXTENSION of VICTORIA CAVE

Those who squeezed into the extension before it was widened: Bob Henzell, Tom Persson, Marilyn Bateman, Grant Ellis and Greg Lawrence.

You could expect Grant G, deprived by a too thick chest of being the first into the new extension past the squeeze, to pre-empt much of what I was going to say. But what he didn't tell you about are the really good bits. Once past the squeeze, the extension forms basically a figure H, the longest single passage of the new cave heading in a north-west direction (i.e. parallel to the series of chambers which is the present tourist cave) for about 1200 feet. There is a side connection to another passage which runs for about 500 feet, also in a north-west direction, and displaced about 200 feet north-east of the previous section. The whole of this section appears to be on the one level. Just how much remains to be added to this is pure guess-work (although the magnitude of this find induces one to be very optimistic): exploration to date has been cursory as there has been so much new cave that we haven't had to look very hard. Numerous possibilities for further extension have been noted.

But it is the formation which is staggering: hundreds of square feet of dead flat smooth calcite floor, all active ... and one chamber about 100' x 50' where virtually every square inch is covered with active calcite in some form: a calcite roof which is so completely covered with formation that there aren't any places for more to start; the floor is entirely covered with flowstone, stalagmites, and occasional pools of water and the walls are mixtures of calcite, limestone and enormous active columns which separate this formation section from the rest of the

chamber. There are two other smaller chambers where the formation is as spectacular. Very enticing is an additional section which can be seen into past a column which blocks entry. There is plenty of formation in the restricted view one has at present. A sand dig heads in the right direction and may afford easier access.

Between 6 and 12 large rodent skeletons have been seen so far but have been-left undisturbed at present. They are all complete: traces of fur and remains of the gut cavity can be seen. A few other fossils are present.

In several of the big chambers there are passages which head up towards the surface. When the cave has been accurately surveyed (on the next trip) we will be able to look for holes on the surface above these points. It will also be interesting to see how close the 1200' of passage comes to Appledore Cave!

Bob Henzell.

See Ya, Bart.

We are sorry to lose Bart Dasborough, our illustrious President, who has been transferred to Sydney with his job. Thanks for steering the Group through a good year, Bart. We are sorry to lose you and hope it won't be for too many years.

We are sorry to learn that Barbie won't be able to stand as Secretary again next year. She did a darn good job, sometimes under difficulties.

It looks as though the Committee is going to see a few new faces, which is always a good thing in a healthy group. Election time will be with us shortly, and once again we will get the Committee we deserve. Think carefully and choose wisely. Please don't leave it to the others, even if you don't think you have the necessary experience. There is- only one way to learn how the Group ticks.

With the volume of work now handled by the Group, the time has long since arrived when we must streamline the Group machinery. There will be jobs for many not on Committee as well - assisting with the library - assisting with gear and so on. Many hands do make light work, and it's not bad fun, so please volunteer.

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Naracoorte; January Long-weekend 24th-26th

With fear of becoming monotonous .. this trip was concerned with the Victoria Cave.

It got off to a bad start with the evil influence of Ted Andersen, Ian Wood and Bob Chapman who passed through on the way to Melbourne and the ASF Committee Meeting and eventually to Sydney. These bods desired to see a Naracoorte cave, and didn't have much time, so on the arrival of the convoy at 12.30 a.m. Saturday morning, a small band of idiots were immediately swallowed up by the insatiable bowels of the Victoria Cave's latest extension. They emerged into the fresh morning air at 7 a.m. after seeing only a fraction of it, but duly impressed.

Despite the rigor mortis which inevitably follows such bouts of foolishness, the South Australian participants were able to crawl back into the cave and begin surveying. It seems that this may be a losing battle. Although about 1000' was surveyed, new extensions found during the weekend could potentially produce much more than this. Very interesting.

I must humbly apologise to Tony Lake and Greg Lawrence who helped me survey on the Sunday and spent Monday morning twice (once with me) going back over our entire course, looking under rocks and so on for two sheets of survey figures which weren't lost at all because they only existed in my imagination. The formation must have affected my brain, thanks chaps!

Grant Gartrell

C.E.G.S.A. PROGRAMME - JANUARY to MARCH 1970

Wednesday Feb 11th	Committee Meeting Starts 8.00 p.m.	66 Ashfield Road, Elizabeth
Sunday Feb 15th	<u>Punyelroo – day trip</u>	Leader: Wayne Goedecke
Wednesday Feb 25th	Annual General Meeting Doors open 7.30 p.m. Meeting starts 8.00p.m. Nominations close at start of meeting	Museum Lecture Room (at rear of S.A. Museum, North Terrace, Adelaide)
28th February - 1st March	<u>Naracoorte Trip</u> Primary objective to continue work in Victoria Cave	Leader: Rod Wells

Time and place of March Committee meeting to be decided by the new committee

Wednesday March 25th	General Meeting Starts 8.00 p.m. Members slide night, (Quality before quantity) Bring along a few of your good ones	Museum Lecture Room as above
March 27th - 30th	<u>Easter Flinders Trip</u> A chance to visit some of the best and least well-known caves in this area.	Leader: John Bishop
	<u>Easter Mullamullang Marathon</u> Aim: To have a crack at the Dome	Leader: Wayne Goedecke

Trip Contact List

Wayne Goedecke	225 Findon Road, Findon. (W) 45-2391 (H) 45-2411
Rod Wells	7 Parish Hill Road, Uraidla. (W) 23-4333 ext 2598 (H) 38-3150
John Bishop	11 Auburn Avenue, Myrtle Bank. (W) 63-4844 (H) 79-5907

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REMEMBER: ONLY. FULL MEMBERS CAN STAND FOR COMMITTEE. IF YOU-AREN'T BUT SHOULD BE ONE, FILL OUT A FORM AND GET IT IN POST-HASTE IN TIME FOR CONSIDERATION AT THE FEB. COMMITTEE MEETING. YOU SHOULD GET AT LEAST ONE VOTE IF YOU ARE A CANDIDATE, .WHATEVER SYSTEM OF VOTING WE USE THIS YEAR !!!