



# NEWSLETTER

## **Cave Exploration Group**

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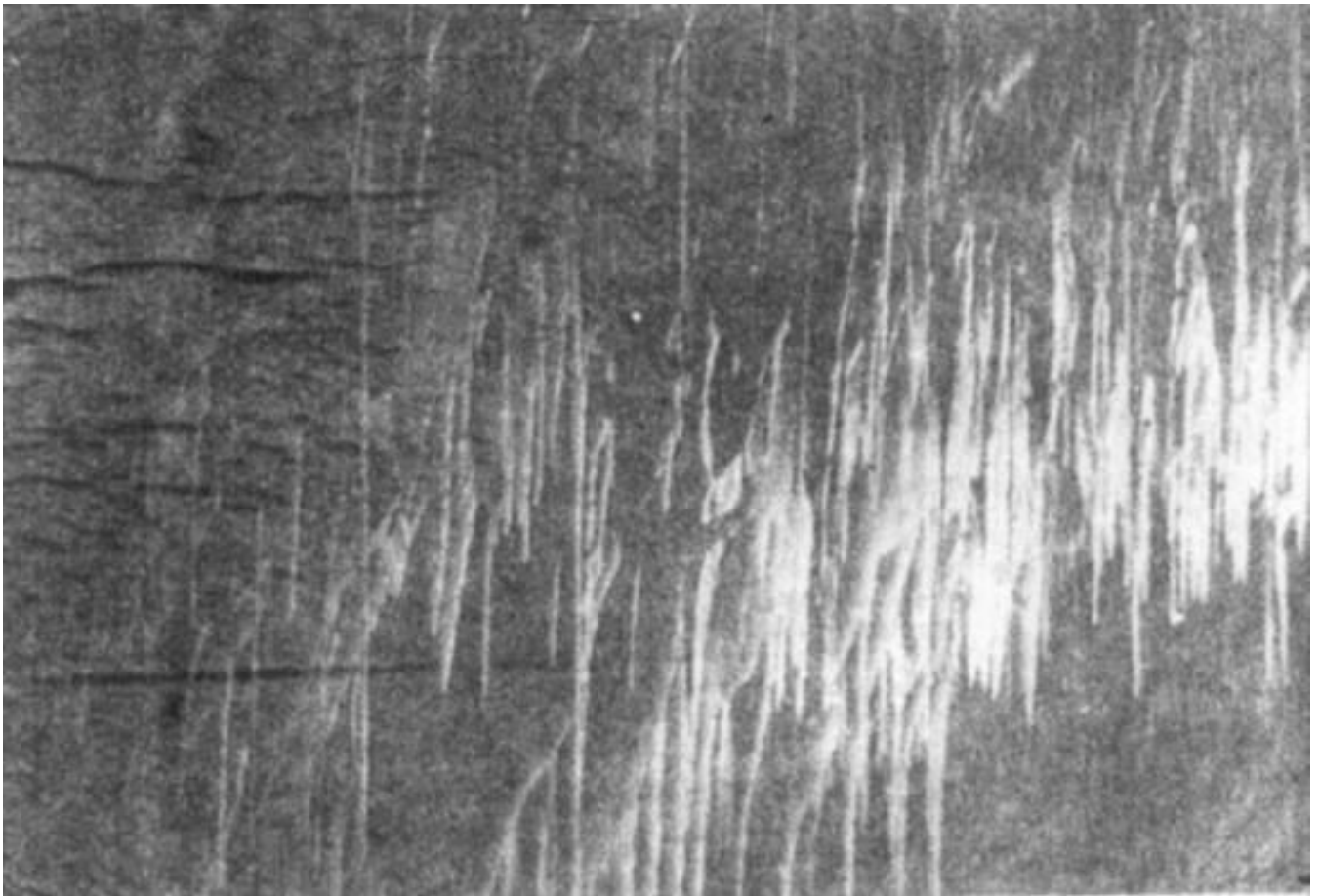
### ***South Australia***

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DEEP IN FOX CAVE, NARACOORTE, S.A.

C E G S A   N E W S L E T T E R

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## EDITORIAL

Am I flogging a dead horse?

The editorial in the last Newsletter invited members to submit suitable photographs for use as Newsletter-cover illustrations. The only good thing one can say about a nil response is that it is unanimous. I know getting on the front cover of the Newsletter doesn't automatically bring fame and fortune, but it's a step in the right direction; and who knows? You may achieve the pinnacle of success and your efforts appear on the Adelaide telephone directory cover!

The Annual CEGSA-VSA Dinner was again held in the Naracoorte Hotel. The festivities started on Saturday, 29th June, 1974, and finished (so I am told) around 2.00 a.m. the following morning. About seventy guests assembled to eat, drink and ..... !! Judging by the frequency of electronic flashes seen throughout the evening, many of the more bizarre activities were recorded on film. Perhaps these will eventually be submitted as Newsletter-cover material? They would be a change from the usual speleothems, squeezes, lakes, etc.

Apart from the dinner and associated activities, one of which is described in greater detail elsewhere in this issue, the weekend also included some caving. Both days saw trips into Blackberry and Victoria caves. The latter received the most attention, with a start being made on surveying the Ossuaries, and further digging with the jackhammer to ease access into the L.H. extension. The object of all this digging in this particular area is the eventual linking of the L.H. extension to the existing tourist part of the cave. This will provide the tourist with a circular tour of double the existing length, and will include several large formation-chambers, thus enhancing the tourist potential of the reserve.

E.H. Bailey

## TRIP REPORT: TANTANOOLA, EASTER, 1974

(Addition to Grant Gartrell's report in the May Newsletter)

The solution tube on Max Clark's Tantanoola property has been excavated to a depth of 7 m. Digging is now somewhat more difficult, as the apparent surface diameter of 1 m has unfortunately decreased to about 22 cm. Nevertheless, with work still passing through soft sand; anybody with a good vacuum cleaner should be able to get some more fill out yet.

The hole will be re-examined later to see if the winter rise in water table level has caused further subsidence.

Gordon Ninnes

A SHORT NOTE ON THE  
UNEXPECTED PYROTECHNIC CAPACITY of the SAFT RECHARGEABLE HEADSET

On a recent trip to Curramulka, the unexpected happened!

For some time now, part of the Gartrell range of caving paraphernalia has been a pair of SAFT mining cap-lamps, complete with re-chargeable, sealed nickel-cadmium batteries. These have given several years of reliable service, and were much admired by those who still cooked with carbide, even by those using the more conventional, but bulkier, lead-acid cap-lamps. One could leave them on the shelf in a fully-charged, or even fully-flat, condition indefinitely without deleterious effect — unlike the lead-acid battery, which gives most faithful service only if religiously put through a charge-discharge cycle once a week.

One day at Curramulka, one of these prized SAFT lamps developed what appeared to be an intermittent contact between the terminals in the battery pack and the top of the polypropylene case. The top of the case was removed and the terminals inspected and cleaned. As the problem was in a spring contact button, it was necessary to slide the nickel-cadmium cells gently out of the case along with connecting wires and protective diodes; whereupon one sprang to the exposed metal side of one cell and proceeded to generate sparks. Now, the only limitation specified by the makers of the cells is that they should not be charged at rates exceeding 0.5 amperes. At this rate they can safely dissipate any heat build-up in the cell. What was not mentioned — and under normal operating conditions, it would be unnecessary — was that the same should apply for discharging the cell.

That seems, anyway, to be the logical explanation. While holding the cell in one hand, and trying to pull back the wretched, springy, sparking wire with the other (and surrounded by a horseshoe of interested spectators), I was more than mildly surprised by a loud explosion and by the fact that my hand, which had been holding the battery, was still intact; even though the battery had blown the plate off its top and shot its contents all over the place. Luckily no-one was standing in the line of fire, and all spectators reported that the ringing in their ears had substantially abated twenty-four hours later. Presumably the rapid discharge had caused the battery to over-heat.

More than enough excitement for one day! But — having retreated to the safety of the cave with the spare SAFT lamp, we were sitting around beyond the Big Stalagmite philosophizing about misspent youth, when the keen Gartrell nose suddenly smelt burning. "Is anyone sitting on their carbide lamp?" A quick search was negative until someone noticed that the smoke was issuing from, would you believe, the super Gartrell SAFT nickel-cadmium battery pack; and when rapid inspection showed a red glow to be coming from the heart of the semi-translucent battery pack, the claims of the quick-release waist-belt manufacturers were abruptly and violently tested. The rest of the party, meanwhile, had flung their bodies flat on the floor and their hands tightly over their ears, impelled by technicolour memories of the morning's explosion. A repetition of this, loud enough in the open air, would in the confines of that particular railway tunnel have had effects in a completely different dimension.

No immediate bang occurred to annihilate us; but the pouring smoke threatened despatch by the alternative of asphyxiation, and immediate evacuation was ordered to leave the lamp to its own devices for several hours. (It was later recovered, intact but for one wire which had burnt right through, the cause of which is yet to be investigated. Enthusiasm for the investigation is still low ..... perhaps next year ..... )

Had the battery exploded underground, the story might not have had a happy ending. Apart from that violent percussion of eardrums, an atmosphere sprayed full of the vapour of sundry cadmium salts would not be expected to promote health and vitality — people who eat chops barbecued on cadmium-plated steel are usually lucky if they die outright.

The surface demonstration shows that the batteries can explode when they are shorted, and the underground demonstration shows that shorts can develop "out of the blue". It is therefore recommended that in their present form the SAFT lamps not be used underground, and that champions of electric headsets stick to good old sulphuric acid or caustic soda trickling down their backs.

Grant Gartrell

### "RECORDS" REPORT

Due to the work involved during the last three months in preparing for the new edition of A.S.F. Handbook, data sheets on all C.E.G.S.A.'s recorded caves and karst (a total of 510 karst numbers); and to the lack of support in the updating of our records from people who profess to be cavers, little has been achieved since my last report.

I wish to thank the following people for their valuable help:

- 1) Hugh Sangster, for his years of work on which the proposed new records' system is based;
- 2) Ian Lewis, for assembling the revised karst-number list and re-organising the South-East area into "M", "U" and "L" areas;
- 3) Dennis Matthews, for the drafting of the Standard Mapping Sheet;
- 4) Ann Pilkington, for indexing the new Cave Folders;
- 5) Denis Burke, for printing the trial Trip Cards;
- 6) Gordon Ninnes, for printing the trial Cave Report Sheets;
- 7) The small group of people - Max Meth, John Young, Bob van den Berg, Wayne Goedecke, Dot Peisley and Tony Lake - for volunteering and supplying their time and effort to complete A.S.F. Cave Summary Sheets.

The map cabinet that was donated to the group has been renovated to pass as a piece of furniture, where the group's maps, now sorted into areas, have been stored. It is obvious that quite a few cave-maps made by individuals have not reached records, or have been loaned out and not returned. If you possess any cave maps, could you please let C.E.G.S.A. have a copy to avoid resurveying of caves and so that unsurveyed caves can be more promptly attended to.

Graham Pilkington  
Records' Officer

### FURTHER PROGRESS AT NARACOOORTE

Due to a phenomenal run of sunny weekends (with night temperatures down to a brass monkey's MINUS 4 degrees), work in the area has concentrated almost exclusively outside the Reserve, with a headlong assault on our old records. About a dozen maps have already been produced, and locations made at last. We'll keep on working outside the Reserve until we hit a downpour weekend, and then it's back to Cathedral and Tomato Stick! Results of the last three months' work:

1. The rambly rockpile passages in Saddle Cave prevented its being completely surveyed, although 80% has been done in cold, draughty conditions.
2. Tiny Haynes Cave was relocated and surveyed in twenty-five minutes flat to enable us to get back to hear Neddy, Eccles, Bluebottle and the boys in the Saturday-morning Goon Show (11.30 a.m. 5CL, folks!). A nearby numbered dirt tube originally excavated by the Field Naturalists was investigated and briefly scrabbled at.
3. Two more unknown holes have been discovered in a hill north of Naracoorte town, one of which probably has more rabbits in it than anything else at this stage, and is a small earth subsidence. Rod McDougal found the other hole, 20 cm in diameter and 1 m deep, which we quickly enlarged to human size (if you like behaving like a cork!). Much fun was had photographing various idiots stuck in this thing either going in or coming out, and head or feet first. It's now called "Middle of the Road" Hole.
4. Continuing the chasing of Naracoorte CEGSA history; VDC Cave was visited for the first time in umpteen years (thanks for your help, Harry), and surveying got going with a vengeance after a good old-fashioned tourist trip with the four? five? six? how many? youngsters of the local landowners. Work came to a rather abrupt halt when Max, who was crawling along some scungey squeeze, came nose-to-nose with a hibernating snake! As if that wasn't enough (ever seen a trog flat out in reverse!?), the "Fearless Leader and Cave Surveyor" stuck his inquisitive nose down the snake hole and dropped his compass on to it — that effectively stymied any more surveying! The compass stayed there. On the way out, Barry rescued a hibernating echidna who performed well, until he stuck his spines through the bag. More surveying to be done yet.
5. Two caves east of the Main Range known as Bone and Wire Caves have been relocated and visited. Wire Cave is aptly named — 20-odd tonnes of wire nearly obscure the entrance. Again, the cave was surveyed and a ripper rockpile dig at the far end revealed a paradox: we could see through an un-negotiable squeeze to a chamber containing a rabbit trap! Must have been another entrance once, or an Iron-Man rabbit (or J.M. 1908. Ed.). There is another dig with a decent breeze at the other end, too.

6. Bone Cave ought to be renamed something much better in view of its huge rockpile chamber, maybe 100 m x 30 x 10 m high. Very strategic digs at each end point towards Wire Cave and straight up the back of the ridge, offering high potential. The old name came from the artistic arrangement of defunct bovine mammalia (Dead Cows, mate!) draped across the entrance window. Max and Rod removed these with the aid of gloves and nose-pegs (to quote a boggle-eyed Max after it was over; "It was HORRIBLE!") to gain entry to a "You-Beaut" cave hitherto virtually unknown to the group. A dial will be necessary to survey this thing properly because of its size, and a survey was not attempted.
7. A map of Wombat Cave was knocked off by some incredibly keen trogs before breakfast one freezing Sunday Morning, and the draft is nearly completed. If ever a Naracoorte cave needs gating, this one does, because of its easy accessibility and interesting decoration.
8. The possums are back in the hut at full (regimental) strength, with the young one now able to screech as loud as its elders. Ah, well, it's only Beautiful Nature at work!

Ian Lewis

Footnote: Surveys of Joanna Bat Cave, Haystall Cave, Victoria Cave Ossuaries, Jam Tin Cave and productive digs in Corner of the Fence Cave have kept us busy on those weekends not mentioned.

S.R.T.

#### SCENE — GOON SHOW

Grytype-Thynne: "Neddy, I have certain information (which I've just thought of) which tells me that there is now a marvellous anti-gravity machine which enables you to elevate yourself 20 m above the earth without the aid of a mechanical device!"

Neddy: "I'll buy it!! Here's a £50,000 note! By the way, what's it called?"

Grytype-Thynnes: "A ladder!"

Well, folks, you may not be sold a duff anti-gravity device, but if you want to ascend and descend cave shafts quicker and easier than ever before and in a spectacular way, then start thinking in terms of Jumars and Abseiling. If you're tired of getting the insides of your knees stricken with cable rash, tired of treading on your own feet rung after rung, and heartily sick of those permanent kinks in your arms from winding up CEGSA ladders, then SRT is for you.

"SRT" is "Single Rope Technique". It is perhaps not so useful in this State as in Tasmania and New Guinea, but it does enable rapid, safe access to and from caves with vertical or steeply sloping drops. A simple arrangement of metal loops (karabiners, as they should be known to most of you) strapped to a small body harness can be attached to a single rope in such a way that you — ANYONE! — can effect a controlled descent by letting the rope slide through the karabiners, using FRICTION to slow you down. This way of descending does away with all the inconvenience of ladders mentioned above, and leaves one arm and two legs unencumbered. You can thus also look around the tube or shaft much more easily and with more comfort — and even take photos!

If you really want luxury, a pair of "Jumars " will see to that. While abseiling (using the karabiner set-up) enables you to descend easily, you CANNOT ABSEIL BACK UP a rope! Jumaring or Prussicking are the methods for ascending, and they too are basically a one-way process (although there are ways of getting down with these if necessary). Simply, Jumars are metal rope-grips with hand-grips and foot-stirrups, and with a small one-way metal wedge, which enables you to push them UP the rope; but they cannot slip DOWN because of this wedge action. So, with a Jumar in each hand, both attached to the single rope one below the other, and with a foot in each stirrup, you simply WALK UP THE ROPE. You stand all your weight in one stirrup, lift the other leg and push the attached Jumar up half a metre or so, stand in that stirrup and bring the other one up. No more ladder blues, and a good view to boot!

Want any more information? Come along to one of the several planned Field Days at Reynella where CEGSA bods in the know can teach you on a selected ten-metre cliff face. A couple of hours is all that you need to catch on. Alternatively, write to David Hawke or myself if you can't get there.

—o0o—

Realise also, that because of their one-way wedge, Jumars can be used for belaying on ladder pitches, short or long, AND WITH MORE SAFTY! The Jumar takes the weight in the event of the climber's slipping, not your back as belayer. You can control the belaying with ONE FINGER, and watch your climber at the same time, if the shaft permits. Will they hold a human's weight? You can bet your life on it! Jumars will hold loads that would snap a first-rate climbing rope (and these kinds of rope will be dealt with in a later newsletter). Jumars will NOT HARM the rope either, be it a normal triple-laid rope or a sheath type.

The advent of SRT to S.A. caving will probably lead eventually to more vertical work at the Glenelg River cliffs, the Flinders Ranges, and certainly the Nullarbor, where we had a whale of a time on the 50-metre drop into Warbla Cave Sinkhole! SRT replaces hard work with easy work, drudgery with fun; and delay and inconvenience with time-saving simplicity. This gives you more time for caving and isn't this what it's all about!!?

Ian Lewis



TRIP RETORT: CURRAMULKA, 4th-5th MAY, 1974

Jane Wilson and Grant Gartrell (Ls.); Graham Farrell; Alice Simon; Anne Wilson; Sue Ellery; Vicki Buxton; Craig Buxton; Rob Morrison

For a group of ten, including four from Sturt C.A.E., for whom the trip was organized, the 4th-5th of May was a very relaxing weekend at Curramulka. I managed to co-opt Grant Gartrell's aid in running the trip, and needless to say, he made his presence conspicuous.

Saturday was spent in Bushwalkers, digging out a couple of holes in the floor, and filling in another when Grant's battery decided to erupt on us. As we didn't particularly want another explosion inside, like an earlier one outside, we made a hasty retreat, leaving the smoking offender behind, (it was later retrieved by Grant.)

Saturday night, unexpectedly, did not pass away graced only by the traditional jaunt to the Curramulka Hotel, with which it actually did begin. There we were invited to move on to a 21st party at Don Correll's, where the presence of the brandy soaked in peaches (or, should I say, "the peaches soaked in brandy") was interestingly apparent. Grant, perhaps in a manifestation of these heady peaches, seemed to feel that his own presence needed some emphasis; for, although Graham Farrell was quite happy to swim with only his jeans on, Grant decided that even they were just too much .....

Next morning, though none the worse after the previous night's entertainment, we decided to give Corra-Lynn a miss in favour of some groundwork. In fact, even this intention resulted only in an amble around the quarry, from where we all departed for Adelaide.

Jane Wilson

TRIP REPORT: NARACORTE, 19th-20th MAY, 1974.

Graham (L.) and Ann Pilkington; G. Gartrell and family (18-20);  
D. Peisley and family; R. Mack (18-19); D. Burke and family;  
I. Lewis; A. Wilson (19-20); M. Meth; T. Burke; J. Burke; J. Young;  
R. van den Burg (17-20); A. Shepard (19)

Friday

Max Meth, Tim and Jonathan Burke surveyed in Blackberry Cave, to CRG 6 standard, from the gate to S-8,

Saturday

A late start, thanks to Grant Gartrell's attempt to get us more palatial quarters!

Beekeepers Cave was visited by nine trogs. Grant, typically, disappeared into the wall at a point where no passage is shown on the map - in the section opposite the sump on the entrance side, which we found to be reasonably "pre-trogged". A breeze at the end made us persevere into further passage, after a few hours' delay at "tights'-stripping" squeezes, so that the path is now open for more cave; although more rock removal is firstly necessary. A quick look was taken at the area beyond the sump (containing 10 mm. of water at its deepest point, as against its dryness of 14th May, 1974).

Ian, Anne, Denis and co. arrived during the usual campfire evening.

Sunday

Two PRE-BREAKFAST TRIPS! (Was it an a.m. or p.m. breakfast? — Ed.) Grant and several others carted the jackhammer, cable, and other related equipment to the Fossil Chamber, Victoria Cave; while Ian Lewis and party surveyed the Entrance Chamber of Wombat Cave, to CRG.5. Just to put everyone in a good mood, the air temperature outside the caves was 4°C, and inside, about 20°C!

Max Meth led a party to Jam Tin Cave, which was opened and entered by Denis Burke. A CRG.3 survey was conducted by Graham Pilkington, including location of the entrance in relation to landmarks, before Ian arrived to upgrade the location bearings to CRG.6.

Ian and company's next efforts in Saddle Cave completed a CRG.3-grade survey for most of this cave.

Graham did a CRG.2 of a hole in the ground 100 m and at 150° from Saddle — has possibilities.

Surplus trogs from this Saddle-Cave exercise toured Fox Cave under Max's leadership.

During the evening Ian and party finished the Wombat-Cave survey. Grant led most of the others to be "jacked off" by clearing rubble from the jackhammer operations in Victoria Cave.

Monday

Because people started drifting home, the work peak reached the previous day was naturally not re-attained.

Grant, Ian, Anne and I viewed Hood's Cave entrance, then toured Robertson's Cave, where a sand/silt slump promises a good dig. Finally, we met Max, Tim and Jonathan in the Corner-of-the-fence Cave to continue a dig.

Graham Pilkington

TRIP REPORT: KANGAROO ISLAND, 13th-18th JUNE, 1974

Grant and Leslye Gartrell, plus infants; Max Meth; Tim Burke

The Gartrells were visiting the Island anyway; and as any time is always a good time to look at caves there, Max and Tim joined us for the long weekend.

We visited Robert Smith on Friday afternoon, just before he left for northern destinations unknown (somewhere in Queensland) with Fred Sanders, to be "educated" or "Freduated". Also invaded the Allen's at Kelly Hill and filled their house with nappies and screams. Haven't played with an electric train-set for ages.

Robert Smith had spoken to Peter Wilson, who came with wife and family to Rocky River on the Saturday morning to show us a "hole-too-small-to-get-into — don't-be-disappointed". It had attracted his curiosity because the grass in front of it was waving in the wind on a calm day. I knew the area and had walked it without seeing any caves; but the river flooded strongly two years ago, and obviously re-organised things a little. We were duly shown the hole and were not disappointed. About two metres above the river level and one hundred metres downstream from the Rocky River water-flow-metering weir in the southern bank, was a 20 cm diameter hole, with a strong draught emanating. Quite a lot of work was involved in removing obstacles and digging dirt out of the floor, with progress finally only about a body length; but the breeze persists, and there is certainly something worth digging for there.

Surface-searches for two possible cave entrances, sighted in limestone country on aerial photographs, were fruitless. One doubtful feature proved non-existent, and the other may still be hiding in dense scrub.

A quick visit to the enigmatic Mt. Taylor Cave gave Max and Tim an eye-opener. A search for extensions in a south-easterly direction was desultorily conducted, with a new small chamber discovered by Tim (who had overalls on).

Plans for a rope-and-bucket digging party to unearth a really first-rate breeze were formulated after inspection of the sinkholes immediately west of K.I. (Kelly Hill). A large rock was removed from a deep section of rockpile below a pipe entrance — possibly the "Deep Hole" — whereupon Max was able to crawl through and out of one of the K-3 holes to daylight. Sundry other giant sinks were looked at in failing light and pouring rain.

The weather for the rest of the trip was excellent.

Moves are afoot for a big post-Christmas trip to do a few digs and make the big breakthroughs (or breaks-through!). We camped in style at Bill Zinnack's cabins at Brownlow Beach, where we were looked after extremely well — fish for breakfast! etc.; and we'll take on any team of cavers in an eight-ball championship any time (particularly on Kangaroo Island).

Grant Gartrell

TRIP REPORT: PERCY'S PORCELAIN POTHOLE, 29th JUNE, 1974

Ed, Bailey (L.) and about seventy cavers from the  
Annual CEGSA-VSA Dinner, Naracoorte Hotel

This was not so much a trip to this unique feature, as an exercise in finding the right words to describe its appeal. Many attempts, ranging from the noble to the squalid, were composed; but none as yet has done full justice to this majestic edifice.

Dear reader, in the interests of conservation, it is regretted that the whereabouts of this magnificent structure, wrought by the hand of man for the benefit of mankind, shall remain concealed, lest mining interests foul and desecrate its pristine beauty.

A poster-sized coloured photograph of Percy's Porcelain Pothole was shown to the assembled guests, who were invited to compose suitable captions. An acceptable caption might then be used with the photograph to promote the image of caving. (For the benefit of those who were so misguided as to miss the dinner, the main features of the pothole consist of a delicately-proportioned column of porcelain rising vertically from a snow-white tessellated pavement, and finishing in a smooth basaltic-type plateau having a central cavity. Rising from the cavity are two hands in an attitude of supplication (or desperation, as the mood strikes you).

So that a wider audience can appreciate the hard work that the assembled cavers performed to further the aims and ideals of speleology, below is a selection from the one hundred and twenty-seven captions submitted:

"Pollution hasn't stopped caving yet!"

"I'll try the sink tomorrow!"

"God! I thought the letterbox was bad!"

"Come on in, the water's fine!"

"Share a hole with a friend"

"The Drain and Tunnel Club getting in some practice!"

"Get out of the gutter and join me in the sewer!"

"I still say we should take a ladder"

"It may be uncomfortable, but what a view!"

"Only three more hours and I'll qualify for my associate membership"

"Grant again!"

"It takes two hands to handle this whopper!"

"If you like the loo, caving's for you!"

"There must be an opening somewhere — Fred's just disappeared with a whoosh!"

"Hang on, I think we've made a breakthrough!"

"I can't get past the formation!"

"If you like to rush, then cave with a flush!"

"Royal Flush!"

"A bit of digging would improve its chances!"

"VSA-CEGSA 'Hands across the –water'"

"Hey Fred, what's a pale colour, 25 cm long, and got no eyes?"

"A blind mullet, of course"

"Illustration of a committee member — in it up to his neck!"

"Hey Dave, I know this is the right way out, but you're going to find this a bit hard to swallow!"

"So this is pee pot, the VSA flash-in-the-pan!"

"Anyone for seconds?"

"It's from the throne that caving's grown!"

"Plumb the depths with CEGSA!"

"Surely this is not a new extension to Trog Sewers?" (EB 10 Buchan)

"Who was the smart bastard who said the sump was dry?"

"Nothing wrong, just that bum above keeps dropping rocks!"

"Help! Where's the bottom rung?"

"It goes!"

"Growling swallet"

"It's no use hanging up there, the local yabbies can jump 6 m!"

"Quick, gate it"

"You, too, can be a Boglodite: join VSA"

"There's only the paperwork left to do!"

"If caving's your caper, you won't need paper!"

"There's a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow!"

"This is a hard bit — it won't go!"

"This is a most (w)holesome sport!"

"Beware waterfall"

"Go CEGSA, the friendly way!"

"Breezy down here!"

"CEGSA rising to the occasion!"

"Blast, I knew I shouldn't have tried it head first"

"We'll have to stop meeting like this!"

"There's a breeze, so it's got to go" (with apologies to Grant)

It is not proposed to publish any further captions as a trip report, neither will the whole exercise be published as a CEGSA Occasional Paper, in twelve monthly parts, profusely illustrated at \$3.00 per copy.

Ed. Bailey

CAVE EXPLORATION GROUP OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.Programme for AUGUST to OCTOBER, 1974AUGUST-----

|                |                                                |                           |
|----------------|------------------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Sun. 4th       | Reynella – Field Day<br>10.00 am onwards       | Ladder & Rope Techniques  |
| 10th-11th      | Tantanoola<br>(L) David Hawke                  | Working trip in area.     |
| Wed. 14th      | Committee Meeting 8.00 p.m.                    | 2 Boorman Ave<br>PASADENA |
| Wed. 28th      | GENERAL MEETING 8.00 pm<br>Museum Lecture Room | Films                     |
| 31st – 1st Sep | Naracoorte<br>(L) Ian Lewis                    | Surface work.             |

SEPTEMBER-----

|             |                                                |                                                   |
|-------------|------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|
| Sun. 8th    | Sellicks Hill<br>(L) Graham Pilkington         | Exploring & Digging<br>(Gibberologists Banned!!!) |
| Wed. 11th   | Committee Meeting 8.00 p.m.                    | 225 Findon Road,<br>FINDON                        |
| 14th - 15th | Naracoorte<br>(L) David Hawke                  | New Caves.                                        |
| 21st – 22nd | Curramulka<br>(L) Ian Lewis                    | Surveying in Corra-Lynn.                          |
| Wed. 25th   | GENERAL MEETING 8.00 pm<br>Museum Lecture Room | Dr. E. Whiteman<br>“Ladder & Rope Techniques”     |
| Sun. 29th   | Reynella – Field Day<br>10.00 am onwards       | Ladder & Rope Techniques                          |

OCTOBER-----

|             |                                                |                                  |
|-------------|------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Wed. 9th    | Committee Meeting 8.00 p.m.                    | 66 Eyre Crescent,<br>VALLEY VIEW |
| 12th - 14th | Glenelg River<br>(L) Ian Lewis                 | Exploring & Digging.             |
| Wed. 23rd   | GENERAL MEETING 8.00 pm<br>Museum Lecture Room | Slide Night                      |
| 26th - 27th | Fleurieu Peninsula<br>(L) Graham Pilkington    | Cave Search                      |

TRIP CONTACT LIST

|                   |                                       |                                     |
|-------------------|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
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SEARCH AND RESCUE

|                |                                    |                            |
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