



NEWSLETTER

Cave Exploration Group

South Australia

C/O SOUTH AUSTRALIAN MUSEUM NORTH TERRACE ADELAIDE

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LOOKING OUT FROM THE ENTRANCE,
MULLAMULLANG CAVE, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

C E G S A N E W S L E T T E R

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

i	Table of Contents	
40	Editorial	E.H. Bailey
40	Subscriptions Due Notice	I. Lewis
41	Radio Detection in Corra-Lynn Cave	I. Lewis
42	Trip Report: Glenelg River 12th – 14th October 1974	I. Lewis
44	Trip Report: Mairs Cave, Bagalowie 7th Dec 1974	T.J. Bailey
44	Trip Report: Kangaroo Island 28th Dec 1974 to 9th January 1975	G. Gartrell
46	Editorial	E.H. Bailey
47	Programme of coming events and contact lists.	

EDITORIAL

Do you think Birthdays are occasions for celebration? If so, you will be interested to know that in 15 months time the Newsletter will carry the significant number "Vol 21, No. 1". What form of celebration (if any) would you like to see at this time? Any suggestions-will be welcomed, but, please be prompt with them, so that planning can proceed during the next 12 months or so. Here are a few suggestions to start you thinking:

- (1) The publication of an occasional paper on Corra-Lynn, or Naracoorte, or the Nullarbor, or - you name it.
- (2) A mammoth dinner, starting with the established VSA - CEGSA blowout and ending six months later with our own annual one in December.
- (3) Mapping all the caves on Kangaroo Island!
- (4) Publication of a special Commemorative Newsletter.

Now start thinking!

Thanks are due to the late Alan Hill for the illustration on the front cover. The lack of response to previous invitations for members to submit photographs for Newsletter front covers, has resulted in some of Alan's excellent camerawork being unearthed for this purpose. More of Alan's work will be appearing in later Newsletters. It's an ill wind ... etc.

The Editorial in the previous Newsletter included a brief footnote to the effect that a working party had been assembled to prepare a submission to the Federal Government for developing the tourist potential of the Victoria Cave, Naracoorte. This submission has been completed and is now before the Government for their consideration. So everyone keep your fingers crossed!

Ed. Bailey

(but don't hold your breath! signed "The Phantom Pessimist")

SUBS DUE - SUBS DUE - S U B S C R I P T I O N S D U E - SUBS DUE - SUBS DUE

MEMBERSHIP -

There are more members or interested people attached to CEGSA at present than for several years and I am in the process of replying to several more who approached the Group just before Christmas. I think that now is the time to remind everyone that

ALL 1975 FEES FALL DUE FOR PAYMENT AT THE FEBRUARY A.G.M. !

Full Members	\$5.00
Assoc Members	\$3.00
Country Members	\$3.00
(Full & Assoc.)	

Please pay up by cheque, money, etc. etc. (no chooks or coloured beads) before Feb. 26th, since so much time is spent chasing up odd subscriptions that the lists aren't cleared up until June or so.

Anyone on the Committee will be pleased to get their grasping hands on your money and it will be forwarded to me (in theory).

Ian Lewis.

RADIO DETECTION IN CORRA-LYNN CAVE

As most people know by now, the last stage in the production of a very high-grade, well-detailed map of Corra-Lynn is taking place. With the bulk of the surveying done, I have been concentrating on the extremely tedious task of matching up all the adjoining sections of cave side-by-side, and tying the 3 main levels together so that on the completed metric map sheets they will lie one above the other in exactly the correct relationship.

To achieve this, many dial surveys have been run and re-run through the main sections of the cave over the last twelve months. These surveys were still not satisfactory for a number of reasons so I decided that a more sophisticated technique was needed. Peter Robertson was approached and kindly made available the R.D.F. or Radio Direction Finder which he built and uses up and down Victoria with the Victorian Speleological Association. Peter brought the R.D.F. to Naracoorte for a brief trial on one occasion and its performance was most impressive.

This device has a transmitting loop and a receiver with earphones and is powered by a 12 volt battery. The transmitting loop was set up in the cave at 25 strategic points from Gravity Cavity through to Hawaiian Tub Hill, according to a pre-arranged time schedule, with a transmission time of 10 minutes for each point. Progressively, each point was located on the surface to within 5 cm (the accuracy was that good!) and a stake driven into the ground until we had the entire cave "staked out" across Don Correll's hill, over the wheat fields. In a way it was a strange sensation to actually see the cave as a whole, rather than perceiving it as an endless crawl.

A theodolite survey was made of all the stakes and fence posts in the immediate area and a cross-check of distances measured between stakes in a network. The result has been two months (so far) of calculating data and checking, checking, checking until all points were finally plotted on a set of the new CEGSA metric master sheets. With some localised exceptions, all that remained was to trace the cave onto and over the theodolite survey network, and to date, almost the entire northern half of the cave has been drawn up. The southern half will shortly also be completed.

Throughout the two years' work the accent has been on ACCURACY, as the whole point of the exercise is to scrutinise the maps when completed, in order to select scientifically the most significant dig sites, and really go to town on the cave ("go to Town Cave" - get it!!!? Got it Gasp Groan Gurgle Aaargggh!!! — It's not me it's the typewriter wot has the delicate sense of humour, and if you don't believe it has a will of its own try typing on it sometime, sgd typist) Already some strategic sites are coming to light.

Finally, the cave is mapped in three separate sheet systems - one for each of the three main levels. Those of you who have seen the red/black/blue ink triple layer systems of the old maps that I have been working from will simply not recognise the cave map when it is reduced to each primary level, with the other two totally removed from it.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Max Meth, Anne Wilson and Tim Burke for their help with the tedious chaining and recording tasks associated with the RDF work, and particularly Graham Pilkington for successfully undertaking the exhausting "underground shift" with the transmitter. It is my intention to have the completed originals available for the Annual General Meeting in February almost exactly 20 years after CEGSA visited Corra-Lynn on the first official CEGSA trip.

Ian Lewis

WHY NOT PUT A BLACK AND WHITE (ALIAS MONOCHROME) FILM IN YOUR CAMERA THIS YEAR AND HAVE A SHOT FOR THE NEWSLETTER. WHILE YOU ARE ABOUT IT THERE WERE ONLY THREE ENTRANTS FOR THE PHOTO COMPETITION IN 1974. I SEEM TO RECALL A FEW TIGHTS TITES AND MITES STILL INTACT CRYING OUT FOR A CLEVER CAMERA. ANY TAKERS?

Sgd. Phantom Phlasher

TRIP REPORT: GLENELG RIVER - OCTOBER LONG WEEKEND, 1974.

Ian Lewis and Barry Clugstone (Leaders)

Rod McDougall, Timothy Burke, Anne Wilson, Gilbert Sare, Irene Kiripolski, Nick Hazebrook, Joy McCann, Graham Farrell, Alice Green, Annetta Crichton, Jeannie Clugstone, Joan Lewis, Jane Wilson, Kingsley Head, Helena Kiripolski, Annette Harding, Dick and Chris Pailthorpe, Andrew ? and wife.

GENERAL -

The Glenelg River runs from Victoria's Grampian Ranges to the sea at Nelson on the S.A./Vic. Border in the lower South-east. The last 60 km or so are controlled by the tide and often it's easier to canoe upstream than down! For much of its length it cuts through limestone country, leaving cliffs up to 40 m high exposed, in which a number of significant caves can be found e.g. Amphitheatre Bend Cave, Sleeping Cave, 1886 Cave and Princess Margaret Rose Cave (the back end only). The Vics (V.S.A.) have done a fairly systematic search of the exposed river cliffs from Nelson to McLennan's Punt and several decent caves were found. The object of the CEGSA trip was to explore the river further upstream from McLennan's and to investigate any holes found, with abseiling ropes from the cliff-tops if necessary. The boat party was to keep in contact with the land-based team by 2-way radios to make exploration and co-ordination easier.

SATURDAY -

Odd vehicles started arriving at the P.M.R. campsite from half-way through Friday night until mid-Saturday - I lost count of them after about six even though I was supposed to have organised them myself! Barry Clugstone, a ranger in the Lower Glenelg National Park and the organiser of the local end of things, arrived about midday with a boat but no motor - this stymied any cliff examination because the one canoe we had was not going to be fast enough to get much done. Thus a "touristy" was thrown in for the morning to keep everyone occupied and to introduce them to local conditions, as most were new to the area.

Barry ran one group through Snowflake Cave with its "meta-stable" rockpile and I took the rest through "S-161" (as it used to be known) - a cave with 6 entrances mostly choked with rubbish, iron bedsteads and wire. The others then joined us in a community cleanout of the largest bell-shaped entrance (about 6 metres deep) which was well stacked with long coils of fencing-wire. This was all removed and dumped in one of the other entrances - that sounds funny, but the second hole was so thoroughly blocked that it could possibly never be cleared, so no harm was done and a beaut entrance was re-shaped in the process.

The "touristy" in the afternoon turned entirely to Amphitheatre Bend Cave (1/2 km from the P.M.R. campsite) and took the form of a training run for ladder climbers and abseilers. Gilbert's canoe brought boatload after boatload of trogs to the cave from P.M.R. landing while the rest of us ambled down the 30 m dug vertical shaft half-way back inside the cave. There were no bats. Graham and I decided that the 2-way radios were not so hot underground (too much static and general racket), especially after we had to switch them off so we could hear each other yelling instructions up and down the shaft into the sets on how to operate them! Lack of time and a heavy shower prevented us from hauling out some of the logs and rubbish that had fallen down - an easy task next trip. A high potential dig was also only briefly poked at.

SUNDAY -

Some of the early birds visited P.M.R. tourist cave and were quite impressed, naturally enough. Barry arrived at 9.00 a.m. with boat and 4 HP motor (O.K. Editor what's that in metric units !?) (Editor's reply: The S.I. equivalent of H.P. is the Watt (W). As $746 \text{ W} = 1 \text{ H.P.}$, the figure you require, assuming you are quoting brake horsepower, is $4 \times 746 = 2984 \text{ W}$. You may now read on !) but an expected V.S.A. contingent did not. While efforts were made to find out where they were, Barry, Tim, Gilbert and Dick did a jumaring demo up and down a gum tree to the sheer amazement of tourists and. Kookaburras.

Finally, business began with the launching of "Trog's Tub" at McLennon's Punt with 7 scruffy cavers aboard and towing the canoe with 3 more somehow packed in it. This oddball aquatic phenomenon proceeded upriver (as I said, the easiest direction to go) for several km to Wilson's Hall while the land party, keeping radio contact, followed along the river's edge through beautiful scrubland, waiting for a call to drop over into a magnificent entrance above a gurgling stream. No such luck. We had picked a rather un-cliffy section which yielded nothing, so we amused ourselves by investigating some of the many dolines that head away from the river, to the disgust of one particularly alert black snake. Digs would be the order of things here -and there are plenty of good ones offering.

The boat party continued up to Little's Landing and Forest Camp, where we finally scored with a small cave halfway up the cliff. This was casually named "Lookout Cave" and had a length of 8 m and a sloping depth of 15 m with reasonable digging potential. Timothy ignored us clambering-about all over the cliff and started pulling rocks out of a small stream out-flow in the cliff-face - known as an "Efflux". When large hunks of flowstone started appearing along with an increasing flow rate of water everyone became rather excited and only the onset of darkness stopped us from really shifting some filling from the aptly named "Crawl up the Creek Cave". Another dig site not far away was located and also recorded before we all decided to return to camp, giving the land party the chance of a boat ride and a good scrutiny of the cliffs for themselves.

That night everyone descended on the Nelson Pub for a good meal and some tabletop dancing, showing the locals how it ought to be done, and carousing cavers were returning to the campsite all night !

MONDAY -

And with Barry unable to provide the boat or himself, the party split into two groups. Gilbert took one lot down river to 1886 Cave, where a strenuous time was had by all getting through very tight formation squeezes. This was capped off by tough flowstone digs. I took the rest down to look at a real cave - one with flowing water in it. G14 is a proper stream cave with a bowling current along most of its 200 m length and everyone had a wow of a time splashing about in it. The Fearless Leader didn't exactly cover himself with praise by roaring at everybody for rock-hopping instead of getting wet, - and then galloping off upstream throwing a wave of spray over everyone like a five-year-old kid who has slipped the leash!

However, everyone enjoyed the wallowing and Tim, Rod and myself completed the exercise by attempting to enlarge the dig at the end of the cave through a nasty loose rockpile, half covered in water and gravel.

At the end of the day people began heading home via Pt. McDonnell, Naracoorte, Piccaninnie Ponds, Dartmoor (in my case) and Nelson. Anne and I joined Barry after he knocked off work and went for a fairly solid dig in 1886 where Gilbert had been working earlier. We finally broke into 10m of muddy, loose upper passage and 3m of tight lower passage with some delicate formations.

CONCLUSION -

A highly enjoyable trip, and in view of the lack of a boat for a large part of the time, a most successful one too. A fairly broad preliminary look at the area (which from CEGSA's point of view is poorly documented) and a constructive weekend with ladder practices and the cave cleanout. Thanks to Barry for all his work, help and advice, without which the whole trip would have been much less rewarding and interesting. Thank you also to everyone who came, especially for being tolerant of all the boat problems and the lack of cliff discoveries. Let's all go again sometime this year.

Ian Lewis

TRIP REPORT – MAIRS CAVE, BAGALOWIE 7th Dec. 1974

J. Pools (leader), H. Poole, G. Grandison, T. Bailey.

Having been stationed at Port Augusta for the past three years, and due to be transferred shortly, I eagerly accepted an invitation from a local caver to inspect Mairs Cave in the Buckalow Creek area.

After a two hour drive, we reached the cave entrance, only to find that after the ladder descent the main passage was blocked with water. This varied from ankle deep to above shoulder height in the most negotiable section. Judging by the population of frogs and tadpoles it had been there awhile, and it is estimated that it could take several months, perhaps years before this section becomes dry again. The bone deposits in the deeper parts can only be reached by diving.

However, by keeping well to the left this pool did not prove to be too difficult an obstacle, and the fine set of formations known as the Christmas Trees was eventually reached. After the customary photographs the party returned to the ladder as it was near lunch.

The nearby Clara-St. Dora Cave entrance was examined, but we did not proceed as it seemed quite slippery and wet.

Future cavers in the area take your bathers!

Trevor Bailey

TRIP REPORT: KANGAROO ISLAND 28th December 1974 - 9th Jan. 1975

Grant Gartrell (L), Leslye Gartrell, plus offspring Holly and Neil Gartrell, Joy McCann, Max Meth, Tim Burke, Anne Wilson and Ian Lewis.

In keeping with the tradition of extended trips to the Island, relaxation was the keynote. From the minute we arrived the spell was cast, some of us being so relaxed not having children to act as alarm clocks that we didn't even stir before midday quite often. Despite our caustic comments about late risers, folks, we were only jealous. One day we would like to sleep in really late, even as late as 8.00 a.m. perhaps ... Swimming and dangling rods in the water (much to the amusement of the fish) were favourite pastimes and the weather was perfect for camping. Kelly Hill is a beautiful place to stay, with blue wrens hopping around the tents in the day and the cry of sea birds on the wind at night. One day when the time comes to pack up and go home we just won't. We greatly appreciated the hospitality of Wendy and Bruce Allen and the Rayson family. Thanks for everything folks! We called on and phoned Robert Smith a few times but never managed to track you down, Bob. Just as well, since Bob likes to get started at 5am and our midday risers would have driven him mad.

Many hours were spent cutting tracks to a doline west of K1, and excavating buckets of dirt in pursuit of a strong breeze. One for the next generation, unless we get renewed enthusiasm. No other work in the sink-hole area was carried out, and there is plenty to do.

To tell the hole story, Geoff Rayson (hope you don't spell it Jeff, Geoff) mentioned holes well to the south of New Years Eve and New Years Day Caves but north of the small lagoon appearing on aerial photos about half a mile south of the road and just off the South-west River walking track. Time ran out with all that relaxation before we had a chance to walk over the area. Rocky Berryman, now at American River, mentioned seeing a number of holes along the edge of a valley-like depression north-west of K11 after a big fire about eight years ago. These also are worth keeping in mind but the bush is again nearly impenetrable and it would be necessary to fall down a cave to find it. While travelling to the Island by Troubridge a week or so ahead of the main party, I chatted to Ian Bunker, whose place is immediately to the north of Doug Seton's spread. Ian mentioned a hole in a limestone ridge in the south-eastern corner of his property which stones rattle down. Time was against us this trip but it will be worth a visit in the future.

For -what appears to be the first time in CEGSA history anyway we walked east along the flood flats north of the Kelly Hill ridge for about half a mile or a bushy's kilometre into the late Max Flavel's place. A succession of minor inflow cavities at plain level heading under the ridge were noted but not entered. For some reason these features are rarely fruitful, but are good indicators that collapse entrances should occur higher up the ridge. A relatively brief search revealed five or six such cave entrances, several with breezes and one requiring five metres of ladder. Several possibilities and promising digs in these caves have yet to be investigated, and some interesting chambers of limited extent have already been found. More entrances could be expected to be found for about another kilometre or so along the ridge, probably in clumps near the various stands of sugar gums. Entrances higher up the ridge and further south, like K1, might also be expected.

Since Max Flavel's recent death there has been talk of obtaining the land for addition to the Kelly Hill Conservation Park. The land contains a significant amount of the Kelly Hill ridge system and our preliminary investigation shows that it would be a most important addition to the Park. If for any reason the NPWS is unable to find the funds I would recommend that a consortium of beekeeping cavers be established to buy it. It seems likely though that this will not be necessary.

The bees are there already, by the way, in one of the caves. That well-known caving apiarist discovered this fact by sticking his head into the new hole, a little larger than head-size, and retracting it rapidly with about thirty beestings. With a further fifty bees entangled in beard and hair and none too pleased about it, and another 10,000 in hot pursuit a hasty retreat was beat through tripping-up-type fallen timber. Oh for a movie camera. The performance must surely have won at least second prize. The offending stings were rapidly removed to prevent swollen head, and at present the bees have all the beautiful formation and three km of river passage with lemonade waterfalls undoubtedly in there somewhere all to themselves.

Mount Taylor Cave was visited again and Tim's new extension turned out to be as big as the main chamber. In fact it was the main chamber. Indeed a fine rockpile, Tim.

K11 or Frosted Floor Cave was visited. One big fat tiger snake about to strike with flattened neck fortunately had its neck flattened even more by Geoff Ray son's first shot with a jenny bar, and several cavers' heart rates dropped over a hundred r.p.m. Two large goannas were most professionally loaded into a rucksack by Geoff and returned to the sun none the worse for their experience. We then set off for a quick look at the cave. Bruce turned back at the squeeze most reluctantly to go back and help look after the crowds of visitors to the tourist cave, and then the rest of the party plunged onwards, saying if we weren't out in half an hour we might stay for three days. A strange cave, since, after a lacklustre start, the further we crawled the greater our enthusiasm became, until at the end, G. Gartrell was chipping towards a new chamber after a breeze, bloodied knuckles but slaving at the thought of success. Ian Lewis, may his socks rot, a little further back idly passed the time by crawling into a useless looking side tunnel. He returned gibbering some time later and we thought he must have banged his head. Dutifully we followed along a tortuous and most uninspiring path, our noses pressed flat to the ground, only to emerge into a couple of chambers that you could race a hatful of double-decker elephant giraffes in. Ho hum. Max sat quietly on top of an 8 metre cliff for half an hour gazing back into space, while Ian and Geoff vanished down a small drop-off in search of more. They came back to say that the rock had changed and tunnels were getting small again, disintegrating our dreams of walking all the way to the sea about 4 km away.

Reports from fishermen dating back a few years now, mention a coastal cave about 6 or 7 km east of Hanson Bay, which issued brown water forth periodically. This would be about the right spot for an outflow cave from the Kelly Hill and/or K11 system. With a cliff search we might yet one day complete the connection.

The latest maps have the legend "coastal caves" in the vicinity of Cape Vennachar in Flinders Chase. We drove to West Bay and hiked over the headland, a kilometre or so to the coast, armed with 30 m of ladder, ropes and so forth, in search of a roof window into a sea cave evident on aerial photographs.

Due to a slight miscalculation in navigation (omitting to allow for magnetic variation in compass bearings) the feature sought was a few hundred metres south of the point at which, we hit the coast, and although we admired the view from the cliffs and were in fact looking straight at it, we could not see it from our vantage point and so began walking north. The further we walked the more obvious it became that we had missed it, but the coastal cliffs are absolutely breathtaking, so our 10 km detour right up to Cape Vennachar was well worthwhile.

It also seems upon reflection that 30 m of ladder would not be enough. Any party repeating the performance would be best advised to take more like 50 m for the roof window and nearer to 100 m for the cliffs further north. Good solid steel stakes would also be required to establish belay points on the sparsely vegetated surface.

Lots of things weren't done on the trip. West Bay Hollow was not visited, nor the Platypus Hole on the banks of the Rocky River. Nor did we attempt to check out vague reports of caves west of Hanson Bay and north to north-east of Remarkable Rock. Such reports tend to confirm the promising looking features observed on aerial photographs.

The Island will obviously keep future expeditions busy for years to come, particularly if we can't find much time for caving in between the swimming, fishing and snoring. Those clean white beaches, those beautiful turquoise waves, those lovely red ball-bearing roads, trees so full of life that they run across roads, the fabulous stars at night, swimming with the seals, the lovely fresh air. Paradise on earth. To quote Max "Come to Kelly Hill - sixty million mosquitoes can't be wrong!" To be fair there are plenty of mosquitoes everywhere at this time of year, but the Kelly Hill variety are only a tenth of the size of the big brutes marauding the mainland.

Once again returned to Adelaide via Troubridge at night equipped with airbeds and sleeping bags. A beautiful crossing with a sound sleep, ignoring the envious looks of those poor passengers who were only equipped to sit up all night. The night crossing really is the pick of the lot. Don't think the captain would like us to bang tent pegs into the deck.

Grant Gartrell

FIELD-DAYS FOR 1975

I can't remember how many Field Days we had at Reynella last year but I do recall how popular they were, even with the newcomers to the Group. Unfortunately this year David Hawke will not be able to help out but we concluded that enough people know enough about ladder climbing, setting up pitches, belaying and abseiling to instruct others in these basic techniques.

Therefore I plan to run at least 5 or 6 Reynella or Morialta days this year for anyone interested, and I encourage everyone who came last year to turn up again. Perhaps a day trip to the cliffs down on the South Coast or somewhere could be arranged for those who have picked up some experience in vertical work. However the emphasis of the Reynella days (from my stand-point, anyway) will be more teaching of basic techniques and safety to all learners who have had no practice with ladders etc.

So come along. Help out if you know something and learn if you don't! See the trip programme for coming Field Days and dates.

Ian Lewis

Footnote: There will also be several "Field Nights" where we can get stuck into the ladder construction. It is quite interesting and everyone is invited.

CAVE EXPLORATION GROUP OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Programme for February to April, 1975

FEBRUARY

8th-9th	Naracoorte (L) G. Pilkington	Monster digging exercise.
Wednesday 12th	Committee Meeting 8.00 p.m.	6 Hudson Ave, Rostrevor
Wednesday 26th	Annual General Meeting 8.00 pm Museum Lecture Room	Election of New Committee and discuss new projects

MARCH

1st - 2nd	Naracoorte (L) I. Lewis	Surveying
Wednesday 12th	Committee Meeting 8.00 p.m.	Venue to be arranged
15th - 16th	Town Cave, Curramulka (L) I. Lewis	Exploration.
Wednesday 26th	General Meeting 8.00 pm Museum Lecture Room	Details to be arranged
28th – 31st	Easter trip to somewhere worthwhile	Find out by going to General Meetings.

APRIL

Wednesday 8th	Committee Meeting 8.00 p.m.	Venue to be arranged
Wednesday 22nd	General Meeting 8.00 pm Museum Lecture Room	Details to be arranged

TRIP CONTACT LIST

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SEARCH AND RESCUE

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Ian LEWIS	see Trip Contact List above.,	

* Not available after April 4th.