



# SEGMENTS

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## *Travels in France*

### *An account of a rather traumatic journey through the South of France*

**Chris Wright**

I felt compelled to write this down because nobody could believe the combination of circumstances that can hit a traveller out of the blue. The experience reminded me of playing one of the Labyrinth computer games, where you have to go through doors and tunnels, beset all the time by combinations of difficulties and with constantly changing sets of problems. Travelling in France is more difficult if you don't speak French, and after an initial visit a year ago, I had made considerable effort to try to learn enough of the language to be able to cope. It is one thing to know how to say what one wants, or ask a question, but quite another to somehow comprehend the torrent of language that is launched back at you, and out of which somehow you have to extract some useful meaning.

I have done a lot of travelling over the years and have experienced the ups and downs, the frustrations, the delays that inevitably occur from time to time when, for whatever reason, the carefully made travel plans are disrupted. So it was in this rather philosophical mood that I started my journey from the village of Lectoure, in the South of France, by bus to Agen, train via Toulouse to Carcassonne where I intended to catch

a flight back to Stansted and on to Dublin. The trip would normally take a day to complete the journey and I had a TV interview on Floods lined up for the following day, to be held in the studio in Dublin.

Tuesday morning, 26 th November 2002

Early this I had to complete my packing, take the family Labrador for a walk, and then grab my bags, lock the door and put the spare key through the letterbox. There was just time to call in at the bakery and pick up a fresh loaf of bread for lunch, packed into my backpack and sticking out the top. We had bought salami the day before at the Supermarket in Fleurance, and since one are not allowed to carry knives on planes, I borrowed the kitchen knife and I sliced it up this morning. There was news of a lorry drivers strike on just now and apparently they were blocking the roads and there were no groceries getting through to the Supermarkets, and they were running out of yogurt, horror of all horrors. With a bottle of water and some apples, I intended to enjoy a traditional French lunch while I wait for the flight from Carcassonne.

I travelled to Agen by bus from Lectoure, managed to find the bus

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stop, and find out from the other passengers which side of the road to stand on, and where to load my guitar and suitcase. The journey to Agen took a slightly nervous hour when I was absolutely sure that the bus was going to be late, I would miss the train, and then the flight from Carcassonne. There is only one daily flight! Anyway as it turned out, despite having to stop for roadworks, and having followed several huge trucks full of gravel, there was still just time to buy a ticket, and have about three minutes on the platform before the train arrived, phew!

From Agen the train took me through Toulouse to Carcassonne in about 2 hours, with a few stops en-route. There was enough room on the racks over my head to put my guitar but I decided to put my case in the luggage racks at the end of the compartment and spent the journey quietly writing up my thoughts on the recent family visit. All very leisurely and organized. As the train got near to Carcassonne I got up, put my bag on my back, pulled the guitar off the rack and went to the luggage rack at the end of the corridor to collect my bag. It wasn't there! Shock horror, I knew exactly where I had left it. Gone! When the train stopped, I told the guard, who was sympathetic, but told me to go and report it to the police. The police station is at the other end of town, but I walked there quick smart because I did not want to miss the flight. As I walked, I noticed that my wallet was missing, another catastrophe, I still don't know how it happened, someone did brush against me in the compartment, but it could also have slipped out of my pocket. And like the Labyrinth game, my supply of resources was suddenly depleted with the loss of about \$200 cash and disastrously my American Express Credit Card.

Fortunately my passport, travellers cheques and a bit of Aussie money were still in my money belt, quite safe. More shock. The Police were very helpful once I had worked out how to get through their security door, and duly provided me with a report, to give to the insurance company. Anyway, then I needed money in a hurry for buses and taxis,

and guess what, the banks were closed for lunch. So I had to negotiate with a fortunately understanding taxi driver to change 20 Pounds Sterling out of which he took the fee for getting me to the airport. We got there in reasonable time, despite the delays. Guess what? The air traffic controllers at the airport were on strike and the flight was cancelled. The staff at the desk assured me that the flights were fully booked until about Friday. So no planes, no money, what to do? I caught the bus back to Carcassonne, it costs 56 cents as opposed to 12 Euro by taxi and decided to travel to Toulouse and try to get a flight out to London, somehow. Train tickets are only 11 Euro so that was OK, I went into the town centre to change the money in the now open banks. Guess what? They won't change travellers cheques these days and sent me to the Post Office, which I finally found and what then? The post office clerks on the Bureau de Change were on strike! After that the problems were minimal. The toilet at the station was bust, and wouldn't let anyone into it. However the lady at the desk in the station told me to go down to MacDonalds, across the square, they obliged and I was much relieved. I will have a soft spot for MacDonalds in the future. I then decided to send a text message to my son, Andrew in England to explain the problem and get him to phone my sister-in-law, Kay waiting in Dublin, however, I did not have mobile cover, I think my credit must have run out, and I was unable to recharge it. While waiting for the train to Toulouse, I realised that they had not stolen my Telephone card, so could ring and leave a message. While waiting for the train, I decided to sit outside the station by the taxi rank, and enjoy my traditional French luncheon, very much appreciated after the events of the day. While munching away at salami and fresh baguette, I pondered over what to do next, maybe to try to get to Toulouse Airport where there was sure to be a Bureau de Change, then when I have some cash try to get on a flight to London or Dublin or wherever. Of course the other complication has been to converse in French, but people have been helpful and didn't actually collapse on the floor laughing when they tried to work out what I was saying!

The train from Carcassonne to Toulouse was uneventful, except for the

fact that I inadvertently sat in First Class. The conductor was very understanding of foreigners, and gently herded me into the right spot. Anyway, I arrived at Matabiau Station (Toulouse), and after wandering around rather aimlessly, noticed a window with SOS on it. So went in and found two old ladies, without a word of English between them, however, I told that that I was "en panne!" which they seemed to understand. They told me (quite correctly as it turned out) that there was no point in trying to get out to the Airport that night, and pointed me in the direction of a hotel, saying that travellers cheques would be OK for payment. The hotel was beside the station. By the time I got there, they were fully booked, but the girl at reception phoned their network and found one on La Place Wilson, and told me how to get to it. It was night by now and the middle of Toulouse is chaotic with masses of construction plant in the streets, part of the new Underground Railway currently being built. In the end I think I did three full circles, and asked directions from a Police Station where my advisor spoke even worse English than I speak French! Even that didn't get me to the right spot, and it was more by good luck than good judgement that I found the front door, and I had already passed the entrance three times. The map the girl had given me was such small scale that you really couldn't make head or tail of it.

So in through the revolving doors to Reception, where they were rather wondering what had happened to me. The girls behind the desk were quite helpful, but my travellers cheques weren't any good because the denominations were large (\$US100), and they weren't allowed to give me change. The room rate was 110 Euro, which under the circumstances was not too bad. In the end I let them take the cheques, signed, as a deposit, and agreed to change money the next day, pay cash and redeem them. They sent me up to my room on the 1st floor, comfortable medium range business style, adequate but unfortunately no tea-making facilities, just the usual range of junk food and alcohol in the bar-fridge. Dinner was a slight problem because there was no restaurant in the hotel, and I didn't

have any cash to go to a restaurant. Thanks to Tessa's foresight, however, I still had much of my loaf of Lectoure bread, some salami, and an apple, so with that was able to dine in reasonable comfort. At that stage I was happy to stay in the room and use the phone to let the family in various parts of the world know where I was and what was going on! A short call to my wife, Patricia, at 4:30 am Adelaide time was wonderful (at least for me), and she was kind enough not to complain about the awful hour to receive a phone call. Cancelling the AMEX card was an important consideration, and was easily done in Adelaide (in English). I tried to do the same in Toulouse, and the girl on switchboard gave me the number but it kindly told me in French "Our offices are now closed, please contact us between 9:00 and 5:00pm between Monday and Friday." Fat lot of use that was! I didn't have the travel documents with me that had the AMEX emergency number. Phone calls to Kay in Maynooth, and to the family in Lectoure were a relief to me, and Tessa kindly offered help if I needed it, Rory told me to come back there and stay with them, which I would have loved to do.

Wednesday 27th November 2002

Anyway, after a fitful night with my brain going round in circles at 100 miles an hour, and not much sleep, I was up reasonably early. It was a relief to be able to enjoy a good breakfast, despite a rather sombre setting of grim looking business men and women, with not a smile between them. I went for a walk around town to find where the banks were and when they opened. I found the Air France office, and got their "all hours" booking number. So I thought it would be worth ringing them and finding out if they could get me to Dublin. The girl was very helpful, found me a flight and would have got me to Dublin about 7:00 pm. The only trouble was that the one-way ticket HAD to be Business Class and cost a cool 650. Euros (ie \$AU1,200.) I explained the difficult circumstances and that I didn't have enough money. She looked at other options, the best being an Economy Return, which still cost nearly 600 Euro. Again I didn't have enough money to cover the cost. I decided to

go out to Toulouse Airport anyway and try my luck. I cashed some travellers cheques at Barclays, at what I think was an exorbitant discount, but who was I to argue, paid the hotel, and recovered my cheques on deposit. The hotel reception girl had given me what I had hoped was a complimentary bag with a razor and toothbrush for emergencies, but in fact they charged me 8 Euros (no freebies with Accor!). I caught the Aeroport Navette (Airport Shuttle) bus, which goes from the Station every 20 minutes, a good service and not very expensive. At Toulouse Airport there was a Buzz flight about to leave. Buzz is a cut-price airline, like Ryanair and Virgin, and does not have a booking desk, so I waited patiently in line and when I got to the desk explained my predicament to the girl at check-in. All would have been fine, and she would have stretched the rules and given me a seat, which would have got me to Stansted, however, when it came to paying, I didn't have a credit card, and Buzz would not (could not) accept cash. I offered Patricia's credit card number as an option, but as the girl said, "That is just a number." This rather ignores the fact that they take bookings over the Internet with "just a number", but I do see their point. She advised me to go to British Airways and ask them. This turned out to be excellent advice, because the lady behind the counter at British was marvellous. She understood the problem, looked sympathetically at my police report, and pressed buttons on her computer, pulled strings and managed to squeeze the price down to 454 Euros, which I could just afford, booked straight through to Dublin, with a short stop at Gatwick. There must have been something funny about the booking because she told me "You are not officially booked on the flight, but in fact you are. I will ring the check-in desk and tell them!" That is what she did, and the check-in was fine. So at last I was in the position to get home, and could cover the cost. I cashed the last of my Travellers Cheques at the Bureau de Change with absolutely no problem, even though they had already been signed for the Hotel, the lady just asked me to sign on the back for proof. After that, any further difficulties were miniscule by comparison. It turned out that all

flights out of Toulouse had been cancelled the day before, due to the strike, and my SOS ladies at the station were dead right. There was some consequential disruption on the schedules the following day and our flight was late leaving by about 80 minutes. In view of my experiences of the past 24 hours or so, I didn't have high hopes of catching the Dublin connection at Gatwick. But in the end, there was just time to  
\*pick up my boarding pass,  
\*zip through Immigration (the marvels of having an EU passport),  
\*change a few Euros enough to  
\*ring Kay in Maynooth and ask her to  
\*arrange for Brendan and his unmetered taxi to meet me,  
\*dive through the airport security checks, and not leave anything behind in the rush, and  
\*have a full 10 minutes to spare before the flight boarded!

We arrived in Dublin on time. I was then able with my few remaining pennies, go to the Vodaphone desk and buy enough credit to be able to use the mobile phone again, and send off a shoal of text messages to the family, telling them to stop worrying about me. Brendan was caught up in the inevitable Dublin traffic, but I would only have waited 10 minutes for him. The relief of being home, and being in a place where you could natter away and not have to worry about every word of every sentence, in French, was overwhelming. I think poor Brendan suffered the whole history of my life and times, a flood of conversation all the way home. Incidentally, it was rush hour by then. The traffic in and around Dublin is horrific and he took us home by the by-roads, a circuitous, narrow, and generally traffic-free path, that took about an hour, pretty good under the conditions. No sooner had I got home than the phone started ringing, with rapid changes of plan to reschedule my interview for the Thursday and arrange for meetings and talks to the Irish Meteorologists on the also to be held on that day.

The trials and tribulations of those two days will be with me in my memories for many years. Despite the shock and at times despair, I suppose you could call it a "Character

Building Experience!" Times have changed and it seems that travellers cheques are not favoured by banks these days, and they charge a very heavy discount. It was my money belt around my middle that had my vital resources, passport and emergency money in it, that saved me. It would have been better to have carried spare US dollars or Euros, rather than travellers cheques. Plastic credit cards are a vital resource, if you don't have one, you are in grave difficulties in

paying for anything. Next time I will keep mine close to my heart! I was very fortunate in that I had delivered most of the really important items of luggage to the family and what I had left was only personal effects and clothing, readily replaced, however, if your luggage won't fit in the racks above the seats in the railway compartment you have to stack your bags on the racks at the end of the carriage and hope for the best. The police were excellent at

producing the required report for the insurance company, but were not interested in trying to catch the thief. It would also have helped to be able to speak French with greater fluency. All in all, despite the trials and tribulation, I will be very happy to visit the South of France again, and will do so with a lot more confidence and perhaps a little more caution.



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## ***RAINFALL IN THE GAMMON RANGES***

Sarah Jewell, a second year civil engineering student at the University of Adelaide, has prepared a follow up paper to that prepared by Holger Maier some years ago. Her conclusions are very interesting.

The full paper will be posted onto the web site as soon as possible but to whet your appetites set out below is her Abstract.

### ***Analysis of Rainfall in the Gammon Ranges of South Australia: 1992 to 2002***

S. A. JEWELL

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C. J. Wright

Engineering Hydrologist, Bureau of Meteorology, South Australia

H. R. Maier

Senior Lecturer, School of Civil and Environmental Engineering, University of Adelaide

This paper is the result of a study of temporal and spatial rainfall distribution patterns in the Gammon Ranges, and is an attempt to relate the observed distributions with causative climatic factors. The study is based on rainfall data obtained from four pluviometers in the Gammon Ranges, and five others installed in adjacent catchments southwest of the Gammon Ranges, recorded over a continuous period of more than nine years from November 1992 to January 2002. This is intended particularly as a follow-up study from a similar study based on rainfall data from the years 1989, 1990, 1992 and 1993. An important finding of the current study is the great variability in both temporal and local rainfall distribution patterns from one year to another in this region of South Australia, due to the climate patterns typical of the region. Findings of this study highlight the need to continue rainfall recording in the Gammon Ranges for many years to come if it is desired to reliably determine any effects of local topographic conditions on rainfall patterns in the Gammon Ranges. In contrast to earlier findings, this study demonstrates that summer rainfall has a notably greater significance than winter rainfall in the Gammon Ranges. This accords with local experience in the region, and is a result of both the occurrences of heavy localised falls due to late spring and summer thunderstorm activity, and the infrequent but important influences of slow-moving tropical low-pressure systems, which can produce extended periods of well-above-average rainfall during mid to late summer. This study also questions the importance of orographic uplift on rainfall distribution during the winter months within the Gammon Ranges, because, unlike in the earlier study, rainfall data analysis for this study does not show evidence for this.

# **EXPEDITION WITJIRA 2003**

## **12 -25th JULY 2003**



This is the International Year of Fresh Water, so it is appropriate that the next expedition of the Scientific Expedition Group is to Witjira Conservation Park. This remote area in the Australian desert (the "Dead Heart of Australia") is notable for the numerous mound-springs arising from the Great Artesian Basin. Situated northwest of Lake Eyre, the Park is on the western side of the Simpson Desert and includes ruins of the old Dalhousie homestead, founded in the latter part of the 19th century. The early settlers and Afghan camel drivers distributed seeds of date palms around many of the mound springs. These have flourished over the past century, and many springs are now crowded with palms that have become feral, as happens so often with introduced species.

This expedition will be conducted in close collaboration with the National Parks and Wildlife Service (NPWS) of South Australia. Their core research involves mapping the date palms, and developing techniques for long term monitoring. It is thus hoped to develop a rational management plan for the palms. Fresh water ecology will be addressed with chemical and biological monitoring of springs under the

supervision of an aquatic biologist. Other activities include vegetation surveys, bird counts and mammal trapping, including searching for signs of the rare kowari (a marsupial rat found sparsely in SW Queensland), all with specialist supervision.

Home to many indigenous Australians, Witjira is managed jointly by the traditional owners and NPWS. As well as the scientific aspects of the expedition it is anticipated that participants will be involved with aspects of Traditional and European history.

Access to this remote location for a party of this size is by road. Witjira includes the spring creek flood plain and modest rain can turn it into a bog, although it usually dries out quickly. It is possible that rain while we are there could delay our return home by some days. Heavy rain just before we are due to enter the Park could result in a late cancellation. The chances of this happening are small.

SEG is a volunteer, non-profit organization that relies on sponsorship, donations and fees to cover the costs of its expeditions. Because of the distance and remoteness involved this will be more expensive than usual SEG expeditions, the final cost depending on how much sponsorship is obtained. In spite of some guarantees of sponsorship so far, SEG organizers are still actively seeking more sponsorship, so costs are a guess. It is likely, though, that the cost will be in the vicinity of \$600-700 for each participant (let's hope that we can reduce this a bit more!)

The party will be limited to 25 participants. It will not be possible to attend part-time. Watch the SEG website for further details over the next few weeks, when details of leaders and scientists involved will also appear.

If you are interested, please contact SEG on email [segcomms@telstra.com](mailto:segcomms@telstra.com) to be included on the Witjira mailing list.

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## **MINNAWARRA BIODIVERSITY PROJECT**

### **AUTUMN SURVEY**

The next survey of the Minnowarra Project will take place from 24th April to 28th April 2003.

Set up will commence on the Thursday before Anzac Day and it is hoped that all pitfall lines will be opened that day. As much assistance as possible is requested to ensure that the survey gets under way smoothly.

We have decided to make a request for a donation of \$10 to attendees at the survey to cover the costs of baits and other consumables.

Please contact Richard Willing on 8558 6381 or Mobile 0408 807 517 or at [willingr@comstech.com](mailto:willingr@comstech.com) if you can be of assistance.

# **GAMMON RANGES DATA RECOVERY TRIP**

## **12 to 15 February 2003**

### Party Members

Linton Johnston (Party Leader)  
David Sandison  
Andrew Hughes  
Ben Aplin  
Kent Wilson

### Wednesday 12 Feb 2003

We left home at 6.35 am and after brief stops at Jamestown, Parachilna, Leigh Creek and Copley arrived at Arcoona Creek Base Camp at 2.20 pm.

We changed the Base Camp Exclusion Zone pluviometer data logger and the water level recorder then did a yellow footed rock wallaby survey by completing the circuit up Wallaby Creek and down Evasive Creek. Two yellow footed rock wallabies and several euros were sighted and Linton found a skin shed by a carpet python. Linton confirmed that CDMA contact was available from the crest south of the saddle.

After enjoying a spectacular sunset, we were back at Base Camp by 8.10 pm. The temperature was 29°C with some light rain (about eleven spots - just enough to cool things down a little and to make the air humid).

The calls of a couple of boobook owls lulled us to sleep.

### Thursday 13 Feb 2003

After a 6.30 am rise to beat the worst of the heat, we left for Vandenberg Camp. When we reached the junction of Arcoona and Wallaby Creeks, we left our rucksacks and conducted a morning yellow footed rock wallaby survey. We saw a couple of euros but no yellow footed rock wallabies. The survey was complete and we were back at our rucksacks by 11.30 am.

After ingesting our additional water (brought for the purpose), we were on

our way again by 11.50 am. We were carrying 10 - 12 litres of water each, except for Linton who carried a hefty load of 15 litres.

After several goat sightings and lunch (38°C in the shade at 1.50 pm), we arrived at Vandenberg Camp at 4.15 pm. We relaxed and cooled down before heading off to service Sambot pluviometer. We also looked at Lower and Upper Sambot waterholes - both dry - before returning to camp by 6.55 pm.

Bats flying overhead and an informative astronomy lesson from David Sandison completed the evening on a high note.

### Friday 14 Feb 2003

Another 6.30 am start saw us walking by 7.50 am.

After a break on the summit of North Tusk we arrived at the Plateau pluviometer at 10.25 am, disturbing a lone goat relaxing in the shade. We changed the data logger and arrived back at Vandenberg Camp at 1.10 pm. As it was 39°C in the shade, we ate lunch in the caves which provided the only complete shade and respite from the heat.

By 5.40 pm and still 37°C in the shade we had packed again and left for Wagtail waterhole. Of interest was a moderate size goanna in the creek bed just west of Vandenberg Camp. At Wagtail we removed approximately 23 litres of water from the cache - thanks October trip people - while Linton conducted a macroinvertebrate survey.

We walked south towards Arcoona South pluviometer before camping in a pleasant creek bed - five naked men lying under the stars in 34°C heat.

### Saturday 15 Feb 2003

A final rise of 6.30 am and we were

walking by 7.40 am.

After a couple of goat sightings, we reached Arcoona South pluviometer by 8.35 am. In contrast to our previous trip, we walked straight to it. We changed the data logger and carried out the prescribed checks and were on our way again by 8.50 am.

We reached the junction with Arcoona Creek at 10.30 am and were at Base Camp by 11.30 am where it was a balmy 34°C.

We sorted and packed our gear and had left at 12.05 pm with a stop to pour our reserve water into the tank at the Park entrance.

We were back in Adelaide by about 9.00 pm and the expedition was over.

### Summary

A great trip with excellent teamwork and an impressive performance from inexperienced walkers in very adverse conditions.

The weather was milder than it might have been (although it was still hot enough - far too hot for comfortable walking) and very dry.

A dead juvenile wedgetail eagle in Woodcutters Well diminished the appeal of its water although a shallow pool at the lower edge outside the grid provided a small supply to animals, the water at Wagtail was rank but full of frogs and tadpoles and there was a hint of water at the Seeps - and that was all.



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## **A NEW PLUVIO FOR THE GAMMONS**

Preparations are well under way for a new pluviometer to be installed in the Gammon Ranges as part of the GRaSP project. The pluviometer which will be installed on a saddle below Arcoona Bluff will be solar powered and will be interrogated daily from the Bureau of Meteorology by telephone (hence the mention of a CDMA check in the report above). The pluviometer will be particularly useful for the research being carried out by Bob Henzell in his exclusion zones.

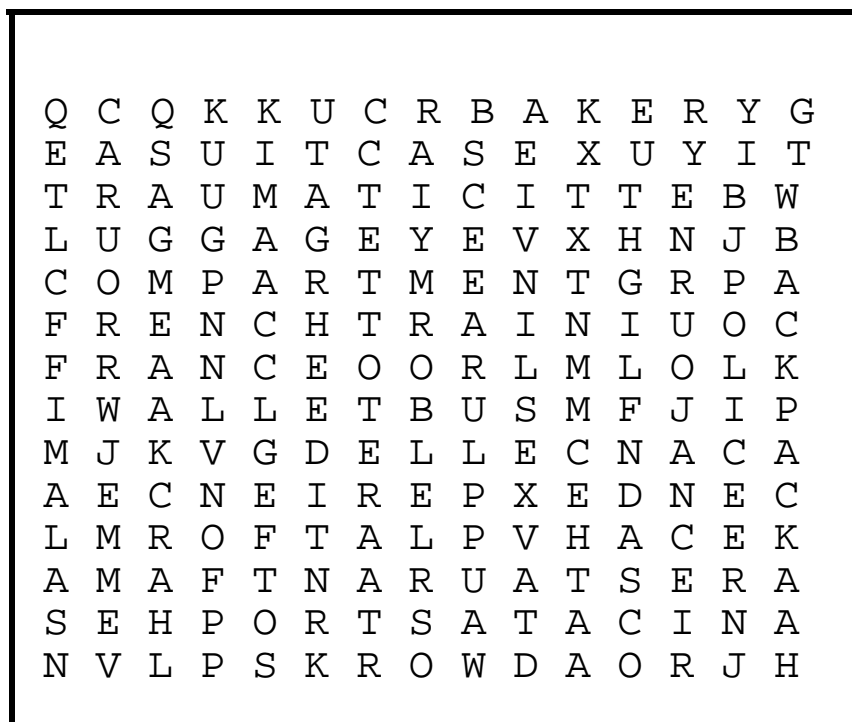
It is expected that the new pluvio will be installed and running by the end of April this year.

Members will be able to check the daily rainfall in that part of the Gammons via the Current Observations page in the Bureau web site. More details in the next issue of SEGments.



# KID'S CORNER

This edition's puzzle has words taken from Chris Wright's article on travel in France hidden in all directions.



BACKPACK  
BAKERY  
BUS  
CANCELLED  
CATASTROPHE  
COMPARTMENT  
EXPERIENCE  
FLIGHT  
FRANCE  
FRENCH  
INSURANCE  
JOURNEY  
LUGGAGE  
PLATFORM  
POLICE  
RESTAURANT  
ROADWORKS  
SALAMI  
SUITCASE  
TRAIN  
TRAUMATIC  
WALLET

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## EDITORIAL

Another year has started for SEG and plans are well under way for the Expedition Witjira and as long as it doesn't rain too much the project is definitely on in July. Final details will be posted on the website so keep checking the latest details.

Also on the boil are the GRaSP Project with a new pluviometer being installed and the Minnawarra Project with another survey during the ANZAC day long weekend.

A Long Term Planning Group with me as the Convenor has also been set up to plan major expeditions for the next few years. If any members have ideas for sites for expeditions please contact me. We particularly want to know where the field scientists at the Museum and at the Universities want field work projects done.

Alun Thomas

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## **Gammon Ranges Project ANZAC Weekend**

This trip will take place, starting on Thursday 24th April returning Monday 28th April.

July Trip, starts Friday 11th and returns Tuesday 15th Paul Wainwright is the leader, Further information nearer the time.

October Trip, Starts Friday 17th October, returns Tuesday 21st. Graham Blair is the leader. This trip will focus on the rainfall data collection, but will include other projects of interest, such as Yellow Footed Rock Wallaby watch

For details on any of these please contact Chris Wright on (H) 8278 8818 or (W) 8366 2669.

## **SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION GROUP**

The Scientific Expedition Group came into being at a public meeting on 21st August 1984. Membership is open to any persons, family or organisation interested in the following aims:

The promotion and running of expeditions of a scientific, cultural and adventurous nature.

The furthering of knowledge, understanding and appreciation of the natural environment.

Promotion of the values and philosophy of wilderness.

Enabling people to learn the skills required for planning and running expeditions, and to develop sound field techniques.

Members will receive regular information on S. E. G. activities and expeditions

### SUBSCRIPTIONS (Including GST)

Working adult member	-----	\$16.50
Pensioner student or unemployed	-----	\$11.00
Family membership	-----	\$22.00
Organisation membership	-----	\$22.00

### APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP AND MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Telephone (H) ..... (W) .....

Email .....

Details of scientific, cultural, adventuring or other relevant skill or interests you may be prepared to share with the group:

.....  
 .....

Applications should be addressed to : The Hon. Secretary  
 Scientific Expedition Group Inc.  
 P.O. Box 501  
 Unley S.A. 5061



Patron: Her Excellency, the Honourable Marjorie Jackson-Nelson, AC, CVO, MBE,  
 Governor of South Australia



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