



SEGMENTS

Journal of the
Scientific Expedition Group



MINNAWARRA BIODIVERSITY PROJECT

Autumn survey April 13–16, 2007

Report written by Richard Willing

This survey was held at the end of a long dry spell which was part of the worst drought in recorded history. In spite of this many mammals were trapped. This may reflect the fact that locally there had been 50 mm rainfalls in January and March. The weather was warm and dry, bringing out a large number of skinks, and frogs were plentiful. Bats were not recorded on this occasion.

A small number of volunteers including the Furler and Tugwell families worked hard to complete this survey. Animal identification was done by Loraine Jansen, Janet Furler and Richard Willing. Our regular birdos, Claire and Frances could not come during the survey, so birds were counted on a separate occasion on May 4, 2007 by Duncan MacKenzie and Richard Willing.

Mammals: 162 mammals were captured, of which 73 were new animals and 89 recaptures. Bush rats (*Rattus fuscipes*) were most common (45 new, 32 recap). Antechinus (*Antechinus flavipes*) had a mini population explosion (new 31, recap 11), while Swamp rats (*R. lutreolus*) loved the bait (new 26, recap 34).

Reptiles: The weather was warm and skinks were numerous: The most commo was the Garden skink (*Lamprolis guichenoti*) 78, but a few Southern grass skinks were also captured (*Pseudomoia entrecasteauxii*) 8.

Frogs: Brown Froglets (*Crinia signifera*) 17 were seen and heard frequently.

Birds: When the survey was done three weeks later the weather had changed. 90 mm of rain had fallen since the main survey, and the day was cold with a strong wind. Not surprisingly birds were scarce and only 17 different species were recorded – half of what is usually seen. No unusual birds were seen.

Summary

These findings suggest that seasonal conditions play a large part in the number and type of animals captured. The isolated rainfall episodes in the previous 3 months no doubt had a significant impact on the fauna recorded. It reinforces the need to maintain records for a long period before any trends in populations can be identified with certainty.

Next survey:

The next Minnowarra Biodiversity Survey will be held in the October school holidays. Normally this would involve the first weekend with the public holiday, but this years October survey will have to be later than this because most of the equipment will be returning from the expedition to Scrubby Peak on northern Eyre Peninsula.

The probable dates of the next Minnowarra Survey are **October 25-28, 2007**, to be confirmed.

*****SEG 2007 Calendar*****

July

July 13-19 GRaSP July Trip

August

August 18-26 National Science Week – SA Museum display by SEG

September

September 16-29 SEG Scrubby Peak Expedition
Sep./ Oct GRaSP Spring trip

October

October 5* or 12* SEG AGM, Unley Civic Centre
*Exact date of AGM to be provided in September issue of SEGments
October 25-28 Minnowarra Spring survey

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SA MUSEUM - SCIENCE WEEK
Display
Saturday 18 to Sunday 26 August

Once again SEG has decided to mount a display for the SA Museum Science Week event. The display area will be in a marquee on the lawn in front of the Museum building on North Terrace.

Help is needed to staff our display, particularly on the two Saturdays and two Sundays. The idea is to talk to people as they go past and give them our brochure if they seem interested. While it is difficult to measure responses to advertisements, we have had some positive results!

This year the Museum plans to make a special feature of Australian Antarctic explorers. This is well beyond SEG's territory but should be worth a visit.

Please respond to jllove@internode.on.net

John Love, Secretary.

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VULKATHUNHA-GAMMON RANGES
SCIENTIFIC PROJECT
Friday 20 to Wednesday 25 April 2007
Report written by John Love

Participants: John Love, Christine Arnold, Lisa Colby. (Ray Hickman had to withdraw because of a bad back.)

I left Adelaide about midday on Friday and stayed the night at Christine's house in Port Augusta, as did Lisa, who had been doing university field work at Middleback station. We left Pt Augusta at 8.15 am on Saturday, refuelled at Hawker at 9.30 and arrived at Copley Bakery at 12.00.

After lunch, we arrived at Pfitzner's well at 1.45. The road was no worse than usual. We changed the data logger but were unable to calibrate the instrument as there was no way of measuring the required amount of water. We returned to the homestead and took the road past Deception Creek to rejoin the main road near the turn-off to Maynard's Well. This road is rough in places. We did not see the Fergusons as they were in Adelaide. After a chat with Paul and Kylie Doran at Owieandana, we arrived in good time to camp at the usual site among the gums.

On Sunday we left our main packs at the mouth of Evasive Creek and returned to

Wallaby Creek to do the usual wallaby walk, changing the Arcoona Bluff data logger on the way. Two wallabies were seen. There was a shallow pool about 1m by 60cm, with green algae, at the foot of the waterfall in Wallaby Creek. As there was some water in Wild Ass waterhole, we hopefully took the net, as well as the photographic target and numbers, to Vandenberg camp, arriving at dusk. Finding Grandfield waterhole dry on Monday, we decided to omit Sambot.

After photographing the two botanical sites on the west side of North Tusk Hill (72 and 71) we bypassed the summit and proceeded to the mallee site (68), then to the Plateau sites. While Christine and Lisa photographed sites 66 and 70, I replaced the filter on the pluviometer and glued the memorial plaque to Louise Granfiled back on its steel base. This was rather difficult because the two bolts welded to the back of the plaque are longer than the two bolts projecting from the steel base, and small stones were needed to make up the difference. A whole cylinder of 'Liquid Nails' was used and adhesive tape applied in the hope that it would hold the plaque in place while the glue dried, but I fear Louise faces an uncertain future. After lunch and the human impact photos, we did the North Tusk summit and site 73 photos and proceeded down the ridge of North Tusk Hill, arriving at camp in the dark, the quarter moon being hidden by cloud.

Vandenberg camp and Wild Ass waterhole were photographed on Tuesday morning and Christine and Lisa did some water bug hunting. The Wild Ass water was murky, with hundreds of tadpoles, many of them growing legs, and numerous invertebrates. We camped for the night in what appears to have been a picnic area on the bank of Windy Creek. It rained steadily most of the night and at first light we shoved wet food, cooking gear and bedding into the car and returned to the Copley Bakery for breakfast at 7.00 am. The return to Pt Augusta and then Adelaide was uneventful.

Christine heard a rumble between 8.30 and 9.30 on Tuesday morning. She thought at first it might have been blasting at the coal mine but blasting is usually done at about 4.00 pm. Brad Doran suggested it might have been an earth quake. David Love, the seismologist, whom I met while returning the satellite phone on Thursday 26 Apr, appears to have reservations about earthquakes as causes of the Gammons rumbles.

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Expedition Scrubby Peak 2007

You are invited to join us on a biological survey of the little studied Scrubby Peak region within the Gawler Ranges National Park. The purpose of the trip is to add to the knowledge of all the different life forms and the geology of this unique part of the State.

This is a great opportunity for people of all ages and expertise to observe and participate in professionally conducted field survey work with experienced biologists and natural historians.

The survey will include surveys of vegetation, invertebrates, reptiles, mammals (including bats at night) and birds. Using standardised biological survey methods, animals will be identified, measured, documented and released. For those interested, there will also be a survey of mallee-fowl mounds in the area.

Dates: The expedition departs on Sunday September 16 and returns on Saturday September 29, 2007.

Costs: Transport, food and participation in all activities are provided for just \$500.

For further information and to register your interest phone Trent Porter on 8278 9078 or e-mail trentasaurus@bigpond.com

BE QUICK – SPACES ARE LIMITED !

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**Extract from South Coast Track,
Tasmania, February 2006 Bushwalk**
cont. from last issue of SEGments

Walkers: Phil Davill, Chris Wright, Janet Davill

Written by Janet Davill

*Sunday 12/2/06 Buoy Creek to Louisa River
via Red Point Hills*

I awoke to the sound of a grumpy bird twittering near the tent. We lingered in comfort until 7am and then decided we had better make an appearance and get on with things. While we are doing a post breakfast gear sort and tidy up, Norbert came by, all dripping wet. He had chanced the Black Cliff route in thigh deep waves and had slipped over. He inspected his pack and found that

no water has got in. He was walking in thermals so will dry off sooner rather than later. He was a bit chilled so Phil made him a cup of tea. On returning to camp, Norbert had gone on. I finished packing and then ventured back to see all the other walkers coming up the beach. Martin, Rob and the young couple arrived and stopped for a chat.

Then a single male walker appeared. He is French and charmingly introduces himself as Agoun (spelling unsure!). He does not tarry and heads off looking as fit as all get out. Two more gentlemen arrive – our campsite becoming a little like Rundle Mall. They all move on eventually after admiring our spot. Our departure time is at 9:20am, much later than really convenient. We headed out of the tea tree and through the button grass plain of the broad Buoy Creek valley.

The Red Point Hills loom ahead and we experienced alternate white gravel track and very squishy mud track surfaces. There is the occasional little streamlet crossing which calls for some considered negotiation of muddy wallows.

We can see the two men starting to ascend, being identified easily as one has a nice, bright yellow pack cover. Agoun has disappeared and Norbert must be well over the range by now. We started to climb too. There were a lot of lovely track work steps making the ascent much easier.

We had a 'packs off' sit down and drink about half way up before going on. The young couple were still well below us but have started to climb. The view back over the plain to the beach and the islands out to sea is stunning. The weather is alternately overcast and sunny again but no showers.

We gained the ridge top and paused for happy snaps of the view back towards Cox Bight. We could see the Ironbound Range looking formidable on the horizon to the east ahead and could just discern the track going up an extremely steep looking spur.

The other spurs also appeared insanely steep. The other side of the Red Point Hills is not as steep as the ascent and undulates up and down over knolly spurs – but mainly down.



Above: Chris Wright and Phil Davill on the South Coast Track Tasmanian walk. Photograph supplied by Chris Wright

Below: Rope crossing of Louisa Creek No. 1
Photograph supplied by Chris Wright

We crossed Louisa Creek No.1 using a fixed rope for support, although the level was only shin high. The track had many boggy patches in the button grass sections and Chris sunk up to his knees. I took the most un-environmental side tracks as a survival strategy to get around these bogs.



We got to Louisa Creek No.2 at 1pm and stopped at a well worn area which looked like another unofficial camp site for lunch. Just as we arrived, we spotted Norbert's bright red pack disappearing into the bush on the opposite bank of the creek. There were handy logs to sit on and devour our oatcakes, cheese and quince paste – washed down with a cup of tea. The delights of Tasmanian bush walking mean plenty of water for as many cuppas as teabags and fuel you can carry.

After lunch, we crossed the creek using another rope and negotiated the steep bank. We made our way up on a gravelly ridge and then started to contour around the base of the Spica Hills as we approached the Louisa River. We are rewarded with spectacular views out to sea, of the Ironbounds, Mount Louisa to our left and of the button grass plains ahead and sweeping down towards the coast.

Louisa must have been quite a woman. She has a creek, river, mountain, plains, bay, point, island and a reef named after her. She was certainly revered by who ever placed European names on the features around here, but does not appear to be mentioned in Deny King's biography.

After skirting the base of the Spica Hills, the track makes a sharp right turn and crosses a huge button grass plain. We encountered much appreciated two plank board walk for most of the way. There are gravelly high point knolls and ridges dotted like islands in the button grass sea and the track crosses them. We crossed four small creeks of varying size as well. Most required knee niggling descents into them and grunty hauls out. All the while, we view tomorrow's track up the Ironbounds ahead with trepidation. We stop at a creek about 1km from our Louisa River destination for a drink and rest and then press on to the river.

The river was a substantial, broad but shallow (today) watercourse. The fixed rope is very useful as the river bed is covered in smooth and slippery rocks – about rock melon size. Agoun is on the other side, industriously building incredibly finely balanced rock stacks of fascinating artistry reminiscent of Easter Island. So clever and such an eye for design from the rocks at hand. He has used all manner of shapes and sizes. We case the joint and find a spot under a huge and worrying *Eucalyptus. ? delegatensis*. As we start to unpack, it starts to spit rain and so Phil rapidly rigs the cook fly as an A frame between two small trees that are miraculously growing in the right place.

Below: Another fixed rope crossing. Photograph supplied by Chris Wright.



As we are organizing things under the cook fly, Norbert came over to greet us and to beg for some hot water. He is very annoyed as his new MSR fuel stove has blown a seal and will not function. We immediately offer to

heat up anything he wants. He has been so forthcoming with track advice so it is the least we can do. He says just hot water will be fine. The Frenchman comes over too. He has discovered his old tent is raining on the inside and looks thoughtfully at our cook fly. It is raining fairly steadily but gently now and our old fly is also letting in water in many places. I point this out to him. He is philosophical and gives ze oh so Gallic shrug.

Below: The Frenchman's art work. Photograph supplied by Chris Wright.



I compliment Agoun on his stone art. He says he does it where ever he can and did I know about the 'non art' tradition? I say I do not but that it looks similar to Andy Goldsworthy's work (which I had been told about by one of the Skyline walkers some years ago). Agoun's visage lights up and says that Andy 'is the master!' I feel chuffed that I actually knew about the style and intent of this 'environmental art'. The Frenchman is impressed – it is always good to manage to impress a Frenchman. He discusses how it should always be non destructive, merely a re-arrangement of things and not meant to be permanent. His work down by the river will be re-arranged in turn by the river next high water for example. It is the pleasure of the moment of inspiration and interpretation and the exercise of the skill.

It has started to rain more in earnest so Agoun goes back to his leaky camp - near Norbert as it turns out. We hunker down under the sieve-like fly, picking places with the least drips clad in our raincoats. It is keeping off about 85 percent of the rain , certainly better than nothing. This is just the type of weather I expected to encounter and consider last nights camp was the honeymoon weather-wise and tonight it was over. Still, I am in good company and in such beautiful surroundings in the wet twilight. We

are surrounded by Sassafras trees, glossy green shrubs and masses of ferns everywhere. We have our cup of soup and do not feel cold anymore. Then we heat up the instant gratification *Tasty Bite* Madras Lentils and 'microwave' rice with some Surprise peas and corn. A bit watery but the curry has a nice bite to it. Then coffee, port and chocolate.

It is still raining well. Phil stows and arranges stuff outside and Chris does the same and then dives into his tent.

We actually have a last fleeting zap of sunshine before it drops behind the hills. I can see odd bits of blue sky between the clouds above. Phil considers this to be pre frontal rain and has been pondering the strength of the expected front tomorrow. I hope the rain holds off tonight for Agoun. I am being lulled to sleep by the rushing sound of the river.

Monday 13/02/06 Louisa River - Little Deadmans Bay via Ironbound Range

The alarm woke us at 6:30am. We needed to make an earlier get away today as it could 10 hours walking to tackle the Ironbounds and make it to the next camp spot. We aimed to have breakfasted, delivered some hot water to Norbert and be packed up ready to go by 8:30am. Norbert and Agoun left before us, coming over to say farewell beforehand. Norbert had loaned Agoun a bivvie bag he carries for emergencies, so Agoun had a mainly dry night. We headed off, making our way on a very mushy and muddy track through the exquisite rainforest that lines the river.

Then we climbed a little and came up and out onto a small section of button grass plain leading to the foot of the rapidly rising range. There was more board-walk along here – a really pleasant surprise. It must have been atrocious to walk through before all the track work.

We reached the start of the ascent all too soon. The first part was once again very track worked with retained steps. It is a savage grade but made so much easier and safer by the steps. The climb is divided into sections of steep climb interspersed with less steep saddle stretches. This provides good relief. As we get higher, the views become ever more stunning. It is sunny down on the coast and the white sand, surf and blue sea are lit up spectacularly.

There are little showers clipping through over us and the wind has swung around to be from the south. After the respite of the first saddle, the second climb is a stinker and takes us up under and around to the back of a huge rocky buttress. The wind is gusting strongly and nearly blowing me over – towards the slope, not away from it thank goodness. From time to time, we can spot Norbert's red pack up ahead – always on the next section. The 2 men have passed us a while back and turn out to be a father son combination from Ballarat. They are very pleasant and friendly. We can see their yellow pack cover ahead of Norbert now. They don't hang about!

We stop for a drink up behind the buttress and to put on our coats as wind stoppers as well as rain protection. The showers are becoming more frequent. Then we cross a saddle and have a short climb onto the tops proper. It is grimly bleak but paradoxically very beautiful up here – and very exposed. There is a surprising amount of duck boarding up here, as well as wooden stepping. This is again very, very welcome. The wind keeps trying to blow me sideways off the boardwalk and at one stage, I get blown around full circle. We can see the ocean on both sides of the range now.

Wally Mounster had told Chris the backside of the Ironbounds was horrible – and he is an extremely experienced Tassie walker, so it must be dreadful. However, for the time being it is fairly flattish to undulating up here with the wind roaring in from the south in express train gusts. We tackled one last knoll and started to descend on stepped boards down a bare spur. The slope down is gradual at first and then the track literally plummets steeply. The track work ceases at this point and becomes just rock, mud and exposed tree roots. At the plummet point, I spotted Norbert ahead, pack off and optimistically trying to ignite a ciggie in the brisk wind.

The track descended in huge steps down on very slippery rocks and roots. We were getting into the more mossy rain forest vegetation the further we went down. We walked through a variety of vegetation today with heath on the upslope, cushion plants and other alpine vegetation on the tops and lush forest down in the lee of the range. The struggle to get down without falling or slipping seemed to go on forever. It is unrelenting and very tiring with legs getting jelly-like. We crossed several creeks - so there were a few little ups too.

After an arduous time finding a lunch spot we decide it would be prudent to just stop on the narrow track and try and light the Trangia and get a hot drink and some food into us. At 1:30pm, we call a halt and do so in cramped circumstances. No other walkers that we know of are behind us so we sit on the banked edge of the track and spread out. We are in our raincoats and it is raining gently as we manage lunch. A hot cup of tea is heavenly and recharges my diminished batteries no end. It is a good morale boost too. It took us 4 hours to climb up and it will be 4 hours at least to get down.

Post lunch finds us still picking our painful way down for a considerable time. It comes to an end eventually and the agony stops and we hit unbelievably pleasant walking on undulating old sand dunes through coastal tea tree. The track is drier and sandy with a light covering of dead leaves.

I was amazed to find I could pick up pace and motor along. I think the elation of the descent being over carried me on! As we continued, we gained glimpses of the sea and could hear the soft roar of the breakers. Then we skirted a few little rocky inlets that are reeking of rotting kelp. 45 minutes after hitting the bottom of the range, we come to the prosaic, but succinct, dunny sign on the outskirts of the campsite.

Phil rigged the cook fly as drizzle patches were still blowing through intermittently. All was a bit moist but not pouring down like yesterday. We were all very tired and moving about rather slowly. I tried to help Phil put the tent up but I didn't make much impact on the procedure. Agoun was busy down on the stony shore of the bay, making beautiful arrangements. Some are in the creek outlet, some a little way out on wave washed rocks in the bay and some up on driftwood or on the sand. The best one is a simple egg shaped stone balanced on a driftwood log with a little pebble on top.

Once our gear was arranged, we huddled under the cook fly and I found enough energy to cook tea. Tonight's offering is Thai Green Tuna sachet curry and dried veggies (including home dried eggplant). I cooked 3 *Tilda* boil in the bag rices which will be way too much.

Chris stewed some of our home dried mango pieces in the little Trangia. Chris has also used the little Trangia to stew dried quandongs to put in a plastic screw top jar

for his breakfast, for the next day, each evening. We scoff all the curry and most of the rice. We then had mango and custard – which is a good taste after the curry. Phil made coffee and Chris delves into his mini bar and produces cognac.

Tuesday 14/02/0 Little Deadmans Bay to New River Lagoon

We had a more leisurely start today as we have only 9km to walk and a good deal of it is along Prion Beach. We had bandied the idea about of going 4km further to Osmiridium Beach but I think that when we reach New River Lagoon camp, we will be un-motivated to continue. An easier day is warranted. Phil had mused that the Lagoon would surely be a good trout area so we really should stop there - and Chris agreed. I wish we could have an extra day and camp at Osmiridium too but that is not possible.

Norbert, Agoun and the father and son headed off well before us. Agoun and the two men are going to push on to Surprise Bay beyond New River Lagoon and Osmiridium Beach. We will catch up with Norbert at the lagoon camp. We finally get our act together and leave at 10:20am – very late! The first bit is through an impressive patch of large and luxuriant ferns. Then we pop out onto button grass and head high shrubs. The track is a quagmire and it is slow going, testing the mud depth with our sticks – or by Chris falling in ahead of us. There is slightly hilly ground up ahead and on reaching this, find that is firmer.

Then it is up and over to the short beach of the actual Deadmans Bay. It is a good firm beach and pleasurable walking. We have a great view out to the Ile du Golfe island. The track dives back into tea tree forest at the beach end. There are masses of ferns growing under this canopy, along with plenty of *Gahnia grandis* clumps.

Just so we are not too bored with level walking, we travel up and over several small hills and down and up out of a few creeks. The descents are agony on my outraged leg muscles and the ascents energy draining. It certainly makes for a humble appreciation of any vaguely level surface. The vegetation becomes 'rain-foresty' and just beautiful. There are several fungi of assorted separate colours – red, orange, yellow and a pretty brown. The last bit down to the lengthy Prion Beach is savagely steep and correspondingly uncomfortable in the knee department. It is

the eastern side of a feature named Menzies Bluff on the map. At the base is a creek – Grotto Creek - tumbling down a small rock face and flowing out into Prion Bay. There is a phytopthera prevention stop here, with a supply of plastic scrubbing brushes and instructions to scrub all goop from bodies, boots, gaiters, clothing and tent pegs etc. We shed our footwear, socks and gaiters and give them a hiding in the creek outflow with the brushes.

We decided lunch would be good to enjoy after all this laundry and personal hygiene activity. Phil set up the Trangia in the shade over on the opposite rocky bank. Chris and I joined him but Chris must have lowered his core temperature a great deal with his foray into the ocean and elected to sit back out in the full sun to warm up. Eventually I do too, leaving Phil to chill out in his pozzie. We have the perfect means to wash our dishes in the creek after lunch. Chris' washing is dry and we all dress, boot up and re pack gear. Our socks may be wet but they are much cleaner than before. We need to time the breakers coming in to gain the beach proper, as the eastern rocky bank of the creek is part of a spur that runs out to sea slightly. We time it reasonably and get around the slippery rocks on sand and then over some flattish dry rocks and onto Prion Beach. The gleaming sand stretches away before us for about 3km. It is quite a sight. There is blue sky and ocean, a few white clouds and surf, golden sand, blue-purple islands out to sea and gulls and Oyster Catchers, paddling in the shallow ebb.

We set a brisk pace on this flat stretch, stopping for a few snaps. About ¾ of the way, Chris calls a rest stop and we spend a good 10 minutes, packs off, reclining on the sand, just gazing about. This is a beach equivalent of stopping to smell the roses I suppose. I lie down and stretch my upper and lower back resisting falling asleep for the rest of the afternoon. We then rouse and continue on to reach the end of the bank of coastal vegetation on our left. We cut left over the sand spit to the shore of the New River Lagoon – a huge body of water going inland. At this point it is narrow, but wide enough to be only crossable by boat.

This place is the site of the 'two-row-boat-maneuver' part of the adventure. We can see the two boats, one on each bank. Chris unties the boat and turns it right side up and rows it down to our packs. There is a great deal of dead tea tree between the boat and

where we have come to the bank. It is easier



Crossing the lagoon with Precipitous Bluff looming behind. Photograph supplied by Chris Wright.

to get the boat to here than haul the packs through the tangle of dead wood. I suggest that Chris rows Phil and their packs over first. Then Phil can row back with the second boat (one is then secured on this side once again), then I can row Phil and myself and my pack back over. That way we all get a row. I had been looking forward to having a row – something I have not done for ages. The men agree and take off across, looking like 2 brave explorers.

Chris does not aim the pointy end upstream to allow for the current and cannot hear my shrieks of advice as I jump up and down on the bank. I give up after a while and just watch as they reach the opposite bank well down from the other boat mooring and have to row back up to it.

They organize the other boat and Phil rows back over with it in tow. Once the other boat is re secured, stored overturned and the oars placed back in the vertical poly pipe by the mooring post, we head off with me rowing. It feels good and I get into the swing of things, pointing upstream. I nail the landing point perfectly, having taken the current into account. Aquatic sports over, we all head up the path into the tea tree to a clearing where Norbert has a small cook-fire going. This is one of the allowed fire places presumably. He has a welcome billy of water heating for us to have a cup of tea.

The men wandered off on a recce for their desired camp spot. I walked over to the nearest, which looked to me to be perfect and plonk my pack down. Tents are set up and assorted gear and sleeping bags are set to air, draped over the convenient branches surrounding the site. We have no need of a cook fly tonight, it is a sunny late afternoon and very balmy. I am knackered and so sore – not a good sign, as it has not been an arduous day by any means. Apart from supplying us with instant hot water, Norbert

offers us a snack of fried bacon if we would like some. Hmm, meat and fat – yes please.

At 5:30pm, Norbert sets too and starts frying up bacon slices. Phil and Chris disappear to row out in the boat to get a photo of Precipitous Bluff looming majestically above New River Lagoon. They aim to be back in time for crisp bacon.

I sit with Norbert and yarn, while finishing off my excellent cup of tea. I score an extra bit of bacon as a consequence. Norbert also fries up chips of vita wheat in the bacon fat. This sounds evil but it is very tasty. This combination is what Norbert is having for tea. He keeps piling my bowl with crispy bits of bacon and cracker biscuit until I protest that I have had more than my share. Norbert has been and done a lot in his life. He has worked on fishing and prawn boats off Port Lincoln and the Gulf of Carpentaria and lived and worked in Sydney doing maintenance work for the ABC. Now he follows in his stonemason father's footsteps and sculpts in stone here in Tasmania. He says he shifted here to be closer to the good walking. I ask him if he has any children – after bending his ear about ours. He replies "Not that I know of!" His partner has a daughter and grandson so he says he has the joy of being a grandfather.

Phil comes back with two wineskins of fresh water from a creek up the way, one for us and one for Norbert's use and says Chris has gone fishing. Phil eats his cold bacon and deep fried snacks and admits that vitawheats fried in bacon fat are more delicious than they should be. We start preparations towards the meal.

Chris returned as promised for dinner. He actually caught one trout but released it back into the creek as it was the size of the average sardine. Norbert comes by to thank Phil for the wine skin of water. To thank him for bacon above and beyond the call of duty, I give him the rest of the orange chocolate from the Louisa River meal. He appears chuffed at the offering and makes off with it back to his camp site – a small one-tent space nearest to the lagoon. We settle down to gourmandise our mushroom risotto followed by Baileys Irish Cream from Chris' mini bar. It is another glorious moonlit night and I can hear swans calling over on the lagoon.

The September issue of SEGments will include the final extract from the South Track Walk.

**Nominations for the 2007-2008
Committee**

The present Committee consists of :
President Dr Richard L. Willing, Chairman Mr Alun Thomas, Vice-Chairman Mr John Hayes, Secretary Mr John Love, Treasurer Mr Graeme Oats, Committee members Mrs Linda-Marie McDowell, Messrs Chris Wright, Trent Porter, Duncan MacKenzie, Bruce Gotch, Peter Love, Kevin Burrett, Dion Grantham, Adrian Sherrif.

All members will retire and are eligible for re-election.

Nominations must be signed by the proposer and the nominee and sent to The Secretary, PO Box 501, Unley 5061.

Nominations are to be received a month before the AGM.

John Love
Secretary

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FOR SALE

**Canon Compact Photo Printer SELPHY
CP720**

Contact Richard or Janet Furler 8379 8907

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A NOTE FROM THE EDITORS

Linda-Marie and Matthew McDowell had a healthy baby boy, Connor Alexander Cosmo McDowell, born on 1 May, 2007. Life has been very busy since the birth and we apologise for the late distribution of the June issue of SEGments.

The July GRaSP trip has now been held and a report has been written on the trip which will appear in the September issue of SEGments.

To make our job as editors easier could contributors please forward all SEGments articles to us a month before the next issue is due. For the September SEGments, we would like to receive all articles by early August if possible.

Regards
Linda-Marie and Matthew McDowell

Notice regarding SEG AGM

The 2007 Annual General Meeting (AGM) of the Scientific Expedition Group (SEG) is to be held either on October 5* or 12* at the Unley Civic Centre.

**Note: the exact date of AGM will be provided in September issue of SEGments.*

The speaker is to be Rob Lynn a South Australian botanist.

Kids Corner

The hidden words are taken from South Coast Track – Tasmanian walk article. The words are hidden in all directions. Can you find them all?

Word List

- | | |
|------------|----------|
| camp | ascent |
| bush | rocks |
| coast | slippery |
| vegetation | boat |
| cheese | row |
| cook | beach |

K	L	A	W	T	T	E	R	E	G	N	A	P	N	C
L	H	O	C	N	N	S	E	R	V	H	C	A	P	H
I	F	F	E	F	C	X	E	A	G	O	Y	N	D	E
N	E	C	A	N	N	A	L	G	E	R	A	A	A	E
D	S	T	O	F	A	L	M	K	E	A	T	R	A	S
A	C	N	B	O	J	E	S	P	A	R	T	A	W	E
M	A	W	S	O	K	R	P	B	A	T	C	M	O	O
N	A	T	H	R	V	I	D	R	T	Y	X	A	F	O
E	I	M	E	E	L	P	U	S	L	A	H	S	U	B
B	I	R	D	S	N	R	N	M	O	U	D	I	E	A
H	S	T	G	E	R	D	N	M	E	T	S	A	O	C
C	K	L	A	R	N	A	A	B	R	N	N	G	L	T
A	C	C	I	V	B	U	R	U	D	D	I	N	G	A
E	O	W	V	E	G	E	T	A	T	I	O	N	M	O
B	R	O	W	T	S	Y	S	O	C	T	S	A	O	B



SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION GROUP - Membership

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 receive regular information on SEG activities and expeditions

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

SEG COMMITTEE Office Bearers

President Dr Richard Willing
 Chairman Alun Thomas
 Vice-Chairman John Hayes
 Hon. Secretary John Love
 Hon. Treasurer Graeme Oats

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SEG WEBSITE www.communitywebs.org/scientificexpeditiongroup

SEG EMAIL ADDRESS segcomms@telstra.com

SUBSCRIPTIONS (Including GST)

Working adult member	-----	\$22.00
Pensioner student or unemployed	-----	\$11.00
Family membership	-----	\$27.50
Organisation membership	-----	\$27.50

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP AND MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL

Name

Address

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Telephone (H) (W)

E-mail

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

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Applications should be addressed to :

The Hon. Secretary
 Scientific Expedition Group Inc.
 P.O. Box 501
 Unley S.A. 5061