

#### AT THE FEBRUARY MEETING.

Jim Brown

With President John white away Interstate, Jack Gentle settled into a chair that must have almost conformed to his shape by now, and dispatched Ernie Farquhar to silence the numerous and vocal Noises Off Club. Two new members — well one really new (Barbara Mackaness) and one (Victor Trett), who had been away from Sydney for several months — were welcomed, minutes read and confirmed with one minor amendment.

Correspondence told us that Taro had accepted Committee's offer of Honorary Membership: that National Park Trust hoped to exercise better control of campers at Era by Patrols from Garie, that Federation Reunicn would be at Ingar Picnic Grand (south of Wentworth Falls), while there was an array of circulars from N.P.A. It was reported that dirty camping and cutting of branches and palms was still going on, one party at Australia Day weekend leaving a plastic bag of sausages which had become activated by the following weekend.

Also in correspondence was an invitation from Federation to send a delegate to Conservation Bureau's Meeting on February 14 to discuss the National Parks Act. Ron Knightley foreshadowed certain motions to be put forward later with the target of defining Club policy on this question. Alex Colley was nominated as SBW delegate to the meeting.

Finances were rising mostly because outgoings had been dealt with previously and there was no expenditure in Janaury. Current funds stood at \$316 and Treasurer Gordon Redmond announced his intention of quoting only even dollars at future monthly meetings.

Federation Report contained mention of a submission to the Taxation Department, for expenses incurred in S & R activities to be an allowable deduction. Two new mobile tranceivers for S & R have been purchased. The Publications Committee had word from a publishing/advertising firm that it was not prepared to produce a free journal on bushwalking topics, but Federation had asked the Committee to consider other means of publishing a "lesser" magazine. Stan Cottier has been appointed a Trustee of the Royal National Park. There was then a long summary of Federation's discussion of the National Parks Act, in which conflicting opinions were expressed. Some considered that Federation should not press for immediate changes in the Bill: others had pointed out that, while the Labour Party looked like blocking the Bill in the Upper House, there was an opportunity to seek alterations before the Third Reading, and before the Government obtained its expected Legislative Council majority. As a result it was decided in Federation to invite a representative from each interested Club to attend the Conservation Bureau meeting. It was clear that there was some conflict in NPA on the same issue.

Parks and Playgrounds Report said the Annual Meeting of that body was occupied mainly with formal business.

Before calling for the Walks Report, the Chairman stated that after last-minute additions, the March/April/May programme was now in reasonable shape. He invited leaders to provide more detail as to route when placing walks on the list. Don Finch then reported on January activities, which started badly with "no starters" on a couple of jaunts. However Bill Gillam had 22 people fishing on Lake George, and Don himself lead 19 to the Wollongambe Croek. In the heat of January 22, David Ingram's Era party was 20, and on the same day Roger Lockwood led 7 on a walk in the Blackheath area. Over the Australia Day weekend the walk in the Boyd-Kowmung country attracted 14, but the lazy beach weekend folded up - no starters.

Jack Gentle extended a welcome to an ex-Hobart Walking Club member who had come to Sydney and proposed joining our ranks, and it was Jack who fell for the position of convenor of the Reunion Organising Committee.

The big business of the night was a discussion on what we should say about the National Parks Act, and Ron Knightley led off with a resolution that we write the Premier, commending many features of the Bill, but expressing our concern over others. The points he suggested we should regard with doubt were -

- (a) emphasis on "preservation" of wild life instead of "conservation" without similar provision for flora. Thus fauna may become so numerous as to destroy or damage plant life, but the latter was unprotected.
- (b) the Advisory Council should have greater power and the Minister should not have full executive control
- (c) the panel to advise on structures within parks should include interests other than architects.

In the ensuing discussion, Wilf Hilder mentioned that a complementary Bill w uld be forthcoming and amendments to the present Bill made within reasonable time. For this reason it may be inadvisable to criticise the Legislation now under dealing. Alex Colley felt the representation should not be sent to the Premier, after our previous dealing with the Minister for Lands, which had obtained quite good results in the present Bill. He believed we should not at this stage press for changes. Frank Rigby considered amendments at a later stage could rectify flaws found in the present Bill, but Gordon Redmond was all for instant action, including the presence on the Advisory Council of a Bushwelking as well as a National Parks delegate.

Two amendments to the "write a letter" motion were adopted: first we would write to the Minister for Lands, not the Premier: secondly we would say we felt "concern" over certain clauses - not "serious concern.". In this form the motion was carried.

Ron now presented his separate points (a), (b) and (c) above, and after discussion the first and second were darried and the third lost. Gordon Redmond followed up with his suggestion for a Walker representative on the Council, and this, too, was supported, though Wilf Hilder felt it would be a miracle to obtain Ministereal agreement to such a change now.

Alex Colley pointed out that, although willing to write the letter and to attend the Conservation Bureau, he did not feel at all happy at expressing opinions he did not fully support. After a little discussion he resigned and nominated Ron Knightley, author of the resolution in his stead. He was duly appointed. In the speaking Barry Wallis made the point that the Club delegates would not exercise a vote at the Conservation Bureau meeting, but would simply voice Club views. In answer to a question by Phil Butt whether the SBW delegate should receive further briefing, the Chairman said every aspect could not be covered, but a general policy line had been set out in the motions.

With the evening ebbing away, Wilf Hilder reported on new maps - a large group of north coast 2" to one mile sheets covering the Dorrigo, Comboyne country behind Wingham were ready or coming forward. Neville Page reminded that magazine subscriptions were due. Owen Marks said everyone must come to the Swimming Carnival - there would be a 21st Birthday party as well on the Saturday evening. Wilf Hilder added that a dispute over place names was developing between the Geographical Names Board and its advisory Council and he would advise on later developments.

which brought to a close a long, sometimes rather confused, but generally amiable meeting - something that can't be said for some other organisations at this time. It was just 9.50 p.m.

#### REUNION DAMPER COMPETITION

Don't forget this gastronomical event being organised for the Reunion.

Above all don't forget to bring your flour and any other secret ingredient necessary for success.

Talking of dampers, we must apologise for an error in reporting the previous competition: we said that Betty Farquhar had been the winner when in fact it was Gladys Roberts. Who is going to beat Gladys this time?

ALSO THERE WILL BE RACES FOR CHILDREN AND PRIZES.

#### KANANGARA GORGE, OR WAS IT DANAE BROOK?

Brian Harding.

It was a typical Kanangara morning, humid and wet; however, this did not deter the eight members of the party, Johanna Hallman, Dot Butler, Ross Wyborn, Frank Rigby, Don Finch, Paul Hinkley, Roger Gowing and myself.

The programmed trip was Danae Brook, but Ross suggested that the Kanangara Gorge might be the driest under the present conditions. The leader agreed after a short struggle. After breakfast the party set off across the tops and scrambled into Kanangara Creek. The first waterfall dropped rather sharply, about 500 feet into a deep pool. This is how the conversation went as the party peered nervously over the edge.

Ross: "If we tie two ropes together we should be able to drop down onto that little ledge, and with a little luck we might get a piton in and rope down the rest of the way."

Frank: "What! a piton will never hold in this type of rock."
Ross: "Well send all the heavy bods down first to try it out."

Ross and Paul began to get out ropes, while Frank lit up several cigarettes and the rest of the party kneeled facing east and prayed. Our prayers were answered; as it turned out we were the victims of a practical joke.

Climbing back up out of the creek some one casually asked, "Which canyon are we going down now?" "Danae" replied Dot laughing loudly. Everybody was now thoroughly confused. After sidling around some distance we scrambled down a slippery side creek to the base of Kanangara Falls.

The creek was falling like a stone, and a short abseil brought us further into the canyon. Around the next corner we were faced with a short swim, or a slippery climb around the pool. The leader and a few hardy types took to the water, while the rest of us "piked out" around the side. The next drop was short on belay points and the ledge resisted attempts to put in pitons. After lunch a detour was negotiated and after two abseils we were rock-hopping down the main creek again.

The next fall encountered was a beaut; two 120 feet ropes were joined, looped around a small tree and lowered over the edge. The rope only reached a small ledge some 15' above the water. Ross went down first and bombed down from the ledge hitting the water as gracefully as a drunk albatross. The rest of the party climbed along the slippery ledge rather than take to the water, and then dropped down another rope to the bottom.

Frank and I had managed to keep relatively dry, however our luck was about to change as further down stream the rope dropped down into a deep pool with no way out but to swim. The water was rather cool at first but very refreshing. Dot had shot off ahead and had found a camp site under two large stinging trees.

The night was clear and the majority of the party fell asleep around the fire. At about midnight rain began to fall, lightly at first and them rather heavily, stirring even the heaviest sleepers. The camp became a hive of industry, Jo, Ross and Paul stumbled into my tent, while the others clad in their night attire ran around in the nettles looking for tent poles. A quarter of an hour later all was quiet, except for the rain drumming down on the tents.

After a cold breakfast in bed the party set off rather early (ll am) down past Kalong Falls and up Murdering Gully to the Kanangara Cave.

A mixed lunch was eaten including Ross' fermented grapes and well matured sausages, Jo's tinned meat, Roger's soup followed by wet biscuits and ovaltine. After all this was consumed we set off back to the cars, then to the A.B. for further refreshments. Back at the A.B. the leader was still not sure which canyon we had gone down. Never mind, Jo, it was a beaut trip which ever one it was.

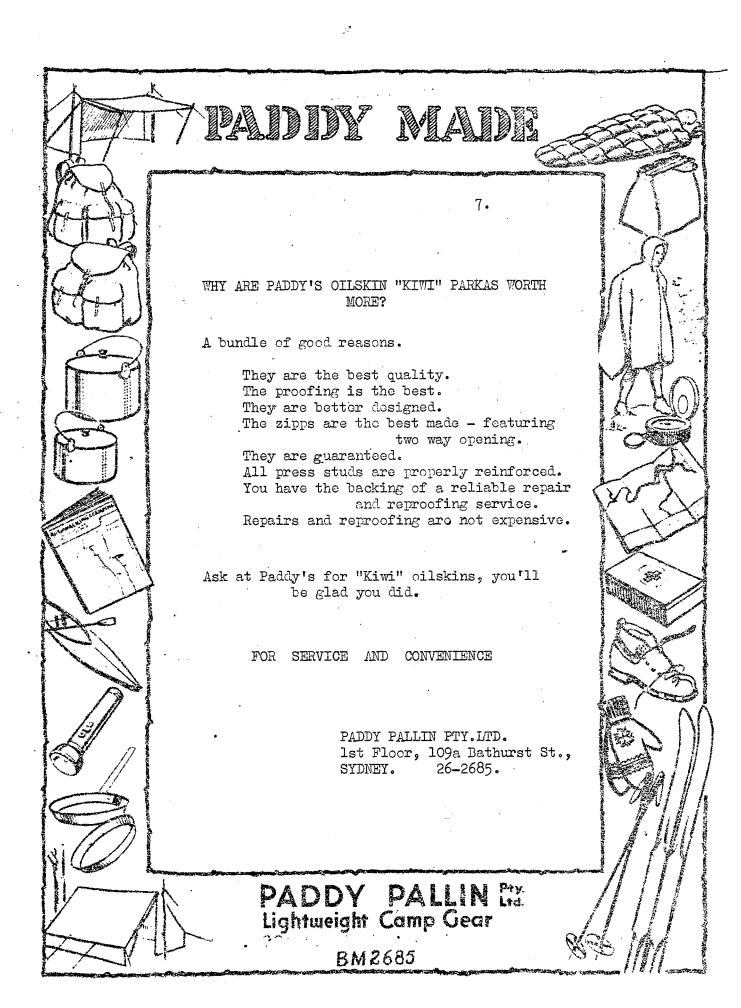
#### ONE MORE MONTH

"Observer"

We haven't heard of this happening in a long time. A Certain Leader who programmed a trip from Mt. Victoria to Blackheath via Blue Gum actually covered the route the week-end before. What, no excitement of uncertainty?

Two walks with lots of inbuilt leisure came out of February. Don Finch reported that the Cox was ideal for a Li-Lo trip - apparently you just had to lay on the thing and the river did the rest. Bill Bourke's Bawley Head to Pebbly Beach coastal walk was all of eight miles - there were swims, morning and afternoon teas, two hour lunch stops and underwater exploration sessions. Getting from one beach to the next without stopping was considered pretty good going.

Li-Los are now really IN! What with recent pneumatic jaunts down the Wollangambie, the Kowmung and the Cox, and now the Swimming Carnival Races, Paddy will have to start thinking about a bushwalkers' extralightweight super-special model with an inbuilt recess just big enough for a rucksack.



# SWIMMING CARNIVAL RESULTS

N. Page.

After going into temporary retirement in 1966, the annual S.B.W. Swimming Carnival once again reappeared on the walks programme, and on Sunday, February 19, the 1967 carnival was held under the joint leader—ship of Nan Bourke and Owen Marks. A great deal of publicity preceded the event this year with the result that sixty—two bushwalkers and friends turned up to participate and spectate. Family groups were present in abundance including the Wyborns and daughters, Ashdowns and daughter, Bob Younger and son, Don Finch and young sister, Margaret Dogterom and young nephew, plus others whose names escape my memory for the moment.

Proceedings got under way at the scheduled starting time of 11 a.m. A colourful scene was presented with myriads of balloons floating around Lake Eckersley. Margaret Child did a sterling job paddling around on a li-lo trying to keep the balloons under control, since the breeze was tending to blow them upstream.

The results of the races, in the approximate order in which they were run, are as follows.

FARQUHAR CUP. This event was run for the first time this year, due to the generousity of Betty and Ern Farquhar in donating a trophy (to be retained by the winner). The idea of the race is for the contestants to wrap up their packs with their groundsheets, then swim across Lake Eckersley and back towing same behind them. Points are awarded for time taken and dryness of pack afterwards. This provided a good start for the carnival, and resulted in a close finish. Unfortunately my pack sank completely on the swim back, slowing me down considerably. Place-getters were:-

1st. Kath Brown

2nd. Mike Short

3rd. Margaret Dogterom.

#### MEN'S FREESTYLE.

1st Lawrence Quaken

2nd. Rolfe Janssen

3rd. Don Finch

### WOMEN'S FREESTYLE.

1st. Nan Burke

2nd. Ros. Painter

3rd. Gladys Roberts

MEN'S LONG PIUNGE. The idea of this event is to dive from a point on the lake's edge and glide for as long a distance as possible without using the arms or legs. Due to someone's incompetence or otherwise, the measuring cord was laid along the water backwards, so that the contestant with the smallest reading was the winner.

1st. M. Roche 50 ft. plunge

2nd. Rolfe Janssen 38 ft. plunge

3rd. Don Finch 35 ft. plunge

#### WOMEN'S LONG PLUNGE.

1st Nan Bourke 41 ft. plunge

2nd Margaret Dogterom 38 ft. plunge

3rd Wendy Battye 37 ft. plunge.

MANDELBERG CUP. This race is a mixed relay in which the women swim one way across the lake and touch their partners, who then swim back.

1st E. Ashdown with R. Janssen

2nd N. Bourke with O. Marks

3rd M. Dogterom with R. Gowing

#### PEANUT SCRAMBLES.

Children: lst. R. Bourke
Women: lst. N. Bourke
Men: lst. A. Billings

MEN'S LI LO RACE. In this race the contestants lined up with their li-los on one bank, ready to paddle across the lake and back again. Some people from the All Nations Club Walkabout section were encamped on the opposite bank, and the direction to the contestants was to pay their respects to a certain lady wearing a certain hat in the party before paddling back. The race proved to be an exciting one, with each person shaking hands with this lady before returning. Results were:

1st. Rolfe Janssen

2nd. Neville Page

3rd. Don Finch

WOMEN'S LI-LO RACE. The rules for the women were the same as for the men, except that the direction to the contestants was to kiss the gentleman with the bald head (unbeknown to the said gentleman) before paddling their li-les into the home stretch. The lock of surprise on that gentleman's face as he was smothered with kisses was quite something. Placegetters were:-

1st. Wendy Pattye (I think)

2nd. Margaret Dogterom

3rd Muriel Goldstein

After lunch the prizes for first place in each race were awarded. Prizes (other than cups) were provided by Owen Marks from his library, following the same pattern as prizes on the gournet weekend. The Henley Cup, which is presented to the person gaining the highest point score in the whole meeting went to one of the leaders, Nan Bourke. Other prize-winners and their prizes were:-

Kath Brown: "The Debates between Arnold Toynbee and
Ben Gurien"

Lawrence Quaken: "A book of Contemporary Ready-Made
Speeches."

Nan Bourke: "A Guide Book of Delhi"

"Aboriginal Place Names"

One Bottle of Beer.

M. Roche: Something or other published by the
Arab League.

#### OUR CONSERVATION IDEALS GAIN ACCEPTANCE.

By Alex Colley

Call it what you like - a "primitive area" - a "wilderness area", a "natural park" or a "roadless area" - the ideal of large tracts of bushland permanently protected from exploitation or "improvement" has been the S.P.W. goal since the foundation of the Club. We didn't create the ideal. It came direct from the Mountain Trails Club, many of whose members, such as Myles Dunphy and Alan Rigby, were foundation members of the S.P.W. In the early days we were almost alone in our objective and it is only in very recent years that it has gained wider acceptance. Now, with the presentation of the National Parks and Wildlife Bill, the statutory framework for its realisation is being created.

It was fortunate that, some three years ago, the Club decided to clarify its National Parks policy. A small committee was elected to draft the policy as they understood it, and present it to a General Meeting for discussion. This was done, and the greater part of our meeting of 10th June 1964 was given to discussion of this draft policy. Several very effective amendments and additions were made to the policy, which were then approved by the meeting.

When the Minister for Lands invited us to discuss the proposed legislation with him, the same Committee was appointed to represent the Club. It held several meetings to clarify the details and logic of \$\frac{1}{2}\$ts approach to the Minister, but there was no need to re-examine the main principles. As a result our case was presented clearly, and it received a sympathetic hearing. Just how sympathetic may be gauged by the similarity between our policy and the wording of the Bill; and by some extracts from the Parliamentary debate.

The influence of the S.B.W., not only by direct representations but through members working in other organisation, may be gauged from the following passage from the Minister's Second Reading speech:

"Organisations which have been consulted include the National Parks Association of New South Wales; the National Trust of Australia, New South Wales Branch; the Wild Life Preservation Society of Australia, and many other individuals and local organisations. Some of these, including the Calcola Club and the Sydney Bush Walkers have done much to foster the objects of this bill. Reference must be made to the now defunct National Parks and Primitive Areas Council which, for many years, was active in initiating moves for the creation of parks and nature reserves. In particular I must mention an individual - Mr. Myles J. Dunphy. The work of Mr. Strom, Chief Guardian of Fauna, has received the commendation of conservationists and the public".

Our policy stated that "National Parks should be principally places where man can enjoy nature" and we said that "at least 50% of all National Parks should be left in its primitive condition." The Bill provides that, in preparing a plan of management, the Director of National Parks shall have regard to "the preservation of each national park in its natural condition" and "The setting apart of the whole" (not just 50%!) "or part of a national or state park as a wilderness area."

Roads, we said "should be kept to an essential minimum." This is what the Minister said about roads -

Mr. Lewis (Minister for Lands): "Where any area is set apart as a wilderness area in the plan of management, it is intended that the wilderness area shall be kept and maintained in a state of nature and that buildings, ski tows and other apparatus, except simple and essential survival-huts, shall not be erected or constructed therein."

Mr. Simpson: "What is a wilderness area?"

Mr. Lewis: "It depends where it is. It may be a national park and may be a small area. We are talking about wilderness areas only within these parks; wilderness areas are zoned within the parks.

Mr. Simpson: "That means that no road can be put through?"

Mr. Lewis: "As a rule, yes"

Mining, we said, should be "excluded from all National Parks by appropriate legislation." The Bill provides that "The land within a national park, state park, or historic site is hereby exempted from occupation under miner's right or business license issued under the provisions of the Mining Act, 1906." On this aspect the following exchange is revealing:

The Hon. J.D. Kenny: Is the Ministsr saying that Parliament should tie up land forever?"

The Hon. J.B.M.Fuller (Minister for Decentralisation): "I am suggesting that very thing."

The Hon. J.D. Kenny: "Is it constitutionally possible?"

The Hon. J.D.M. Fuller: "If this bill is agreed to there is no objection according to the constitutional experts. The charter of the National Parks Service of Canada is expressed in these words —

'The National Parks of Canada are areas of natural beauty and special interest that have been dedicated to the people for their benefit, education and enjoyment. Established primarily for the preservation of the unspoilt natural landscape and for the protection of the native wildlife, they are to be maintained and made use of so as to leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations.'"

Views expressed by Mr. Earl, on the evils of high speed roads through parks, would have found ready acceptance in any S.B.W. meeting. He said:

"Super roads and other amenities must be kept on the outskirts of the parks. The parks themselves must be kept in a primitive state for the enjoyment of lovers of nature. The person who wants to whizz through a national park on a well-formed road at 50 miles per hour is not a true lover of nature. People who are really interested in the parks will enter them by shanks poney or on horseback. The true lover of nature must be given every facility to explore and enjoy the national parks. It would be ridiculous to put through a national park a first-class road that would take thousands of cars through, as from Sydney to Parramatta. People who expect roads and expressways through these areas do not appreciate the requirements of a national park, which are not for people who whizz through and do not enjoy the country at all."

So it looks as if we have won, if not the war, at least a battle. And our next goal is clear. It is to find and describe areas suitable for national parks. This is no longer the time consuming and difficult job it used to be. We have been told that if we put up a good case for an area, departmental officers will do the technical work regarding land tenures, costs etc.

This is a challenge to leave the beaten track and seek out "new country" - surely the goal of every true bushwalker.

#### SOCIAL NOTES FOR MARCH

March 15th. Burragorang - John White and Frank Ashdown.

March 22nd New Zealand - Club Members.
March 29th Ski Touring - Paddy Pallin.



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# MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT COMPANY

# Circular from Warwick Deacock.

Tel: 326922 (Business) 967677 (After hours)

P.O. Box 54, MOSMAN.

Dear Sir,

The enclosed card explains "On the IN Side" and the combination of interests indicates that this show is simed at stimulating interest in creative activities. Our audience as far as can be ascertained is drawn from families with adolescent children in the main.

I am writing to you to invite you to place before the members of your organisation my invitation for ideas that might be included in the activities section of this programme. Normally I have a guest with me who can explain with films or still pictures an event or pursuit in which they are involved. A fee is payable to those who appear and the actual recording of the show is done between 9.30 and 2.30 on a Sunday — at the same time I think you will agree that an opportunity to publicise worthwhile spare time activities is of value and should not be missed.

Once a month I make an outdoors broadcast, either filming myself or with the assistance of an A.B.C. cameraman, and should your organisation be interested in creating a film (in one day) of some activity, I would be very interested to discuss this.

If you have a magazine or a newsletter, I would be very pleased if you would indicate the contents of this letter. These opportunities have only recently been developed through the A.B.C. and afford a very valuable medium for interesting all age groups in the worthwhile occupation of their leisure time and, at the same time, might assist Clubs and Organisations to tell their stories to a broader public and discover new members if these are needed.

Yours sincerely,

Warwick Deaceck.

("On the IN Side" is presented on ABC-TV on Sunday Mornings. Ed.)

DON'T FORGET - CHILDREN'S RACES AT THE REUNION.

#### WATSON'S CRAGS THE HARD WAY.

Don Finch.

The tales that come back from snow and ice trips to Watson's Crags are so filled with suffering that one wonders why people go back year after year and why more people go every year. Last 8-hour weekend there were fifty three people on the trip, coming from nine different walking and climbing clubs. However, this trip was to be different; this trip was going to be something special compared with other attempts at Watson's Crags because this time we were going in a bus. The reason for hiring the bus was that the drivers of the cars were always tired on Saturday after driving all night into the large hours of the morning. This of course has no effect on the passengers who sleep all the way or at the worst wake up severaltimes as the early morning system dictates. As my last trip was in Wozziborn's car with Ross and Gerry Sinzig as drivers I was left with no other sensible alternative than to become a dictated passenger. The next day I was as fresh as a daisy while Ross and Gerry were showing the ill effects of the long drive by slowing down to a pace which I could manage without undue effort.

Now this arrangement as you can see is most desirable as far as the passengers are concerned but the drivers were willing to try anything to get out of the long drive down, even the more expensive bus trip. Well, since the drivers wanted to go by bus and although in a minority it is clear that passengers can't be passengers without drivers so we went by bus - clearly a dictatorship of sorts was afoot.

The bus was to leave Strathfield at 6 p.m. sharp. Dorothy kept on flogging this bit of news for weeks before. 6.15 p.m. Friday September 30: No bloody bus with drivers tripping over their faces and all the passengers in the pub. 6.25-41372 p.m. bus stops in front of the Melba - passengers tripping over their faces and drivers in the pub. After we all learned how sundries are packed we moved off around about 7 o'clock. At this stage there was an excess of several passengers on the bus with packs taking the back portion plus several bods on top of the packs. There were also several car loads going. We picked Duncan up at Camden along with Kathy Dawson and Roslyn. As if we weren't disorganised enough as it was Duncan brought three boxes of food about a cubic yard each marked Saturday, Sunday and Monday respectively as well as H-frames, ice axes and the like. After a while it became obvious that it was hopeless to get comfortable on the seats so down onto the floor with the drum of the wheels and the whine of the diff. in your ear and a forest of seat supports to get tangled up in. Thus we slept.

Except for several "comfort stops" for the benefit of those who brought their own refreshments the bus pushed on to Cooma for a meal. There was some doubt as to whether we could get over Dead Horse Gap so the longer but surer alternative route through Kiandra was taken. Dawn broke somehwere along this road and it was around 9 a.m. when we went through Bella Vista. The road on the other side of Bella Vista is rather steep down hill and the driver had two looks before he started on the descent.

After 2,000 feet down we started on the up. After a few miles of up we came to a part of the road where men were laying pipes. The road at this section was churned up to one big mud pie 6" deep. It also went up and around a bend and it was on this bit that the bus gave up. So everybody out, slosh through the mud to the edge of the road and cheer as the bus backed off and took another go - also unsuccessful. How far was it to the tunnel? About 15 miles, really just a biscuit toss. That grass over there looks nice and soft, the creek is just over there, plenty of fire wood. Here comes the bus again wider this time and a bit faster; into the thick stuff, the wheels are spinning and slowly over the hump and off the hill. Maybe the grass isn't that soft after all!

The bus could only take us as far as Canyon Camp which is about 2 miles from the tunnel entrance. This tunnel is the Geehi pressure tunnel bringing the water from Lady Northcote's Canyon to the Geehi-Murray tunnel. The tunnel runs right through Watson's Crags and although the tunnel is complete the lead up at either ends are not, leaving an easy and convenient access to a suitable climbing base in Lady Northcote's Canyon. The other alternative is to park cars at Olsen's Lookout and after a long 6 hours arrive at the camp which takes only 2 hours through the tunnel.

Two men in a SMA utility truck passed us on the road and they took most of the packs up to the tunnel entrance. After Dot had invited the two men to come up the mountain with us we set off through the tunnel. The tunnel takes about 45 minutes to walk through and at the other end there is a walk down a road for several hundred feet, then up the other side for several hundred feet and you're there. There! now where exactly is "there" in relation to luxuries like fire-wood, as you can imagine 53 bods building camp fires can make quite a mess of even the most abundant firewood supply. Now since this particular campsite had been used a number of times in the past, the natural fire-wood supply was in a sorry state. However the SMA had apparently pulled down a few huts, the timbers of which were in easily accessable piles conveniently placed around the campsite. The toilet which didn't have a door and which was placed at a respectable distance from the camp commanded an interesting view of the lower part of Lady Northcote's Canyon including Olsen's Lookout in the distance. The water supply was in fact in three places - every time the water bucket had to be filled an agonising decision between the three alternatives had to be made. The alternatives were (i) to go back down the road towards the tunnel dropping several hundred feet down to the creek and consequently up several hundred feet; (ii) to continue along the road for half a mile on the flat and level to where the creek crosses the road (iii) to drop straight down to the river behind the camp, an extremely steep and loose bit of ground where the risk of spilling the water often turns out to be more than a risk.

The weather was overcast with a light mist hiding the summits of the surrounding mountains. After lunch we went up the main gully to practise on some steep snow. We climbed until we were just below the level of the mist. Here we roped up into twos and started moving together across the slope taking it in turns to fall off while the other person arrested the fall with a dynamic belay incorperating the ice axe driven into the snow with a boot against it and the rope running around the ice axe

and over the boot for friction. The idea being to slow the falling person up gradually and not pull the axe out. The other method practised was the self-arrest method which meant manoeuvring around until you were sliding down feet first on the tum and gradually digging the pick of the ice axe into the snow at shoulder level. After an hour or so of sliding down through the wet soft snow we were very wet. Then a light breeze sprang up and made conditions cold and miserable. We moved off down the mountain—that is, sliding down on our back sides with arms, legs and ice axes flapping around in the breeze. This method of descending makes for a quick trip and we were soon back at camp cooking dinner. After dinner (the dessert of which was un-seasoned) we went to bed as we were still quite tired from the bus trip down.

I awoke the next morning to hear Ross running around getting the members of his party up. Since I was one of his party it wasn't too long before he was threatening me with all sorts of tragic accidents like a wet sleeping bag, fallen tent or no breakfast. After careful consideration I decided that it would be in my best interests if I got out of bed. The morning was fine except for a light overcast with patches of blue here and there. It looked alright so an extra effort was made to got up the mountain as soon as possible.

As fifty people cannot climb together the system used was to make up parties of about six persons with two relatively experienced people as instructors. These parties then took off and climbed by themselves where ever they pleased. Rosso's party consisted of Cathy Dawson, Bob Duncan and Ross on one rope with Ross's brother Doon and myself on another rope. We climbed back up the main gully to a point about fifty feet above where we had been practising the previous day. Here we roped and then moved off up a steep gully on the left hand side of the main gully. Ross had one half of a walkie talkie set which a fellow in another party was thinking of buying he was just testing it out for range etc. Now this other party were to go up Lady Northcotes Canyon and then up to the Sentinel. On one call as they reckoned they were approaching the summit of the Sentinal they were complaining about the mist covering the summit. As we could see the trig station or the Sentinal it was obvious that it was not covered in mist. After pointing this out to them we also added that Mt. Townsend was hidden by mist and we suggested that they take their bearings again.

In the meantime our gully had become increasingly steep. It was very slow going and with our progress punctuated by the half hour radio calls it was discovered that we were moving two rope lengths per half hour or about 160 feet per hour with about 1000 feet of snow to the summit trig. Across the fully we could see Dot Butler's party doing a rock climb up a ridge. When they criticised our climbing technique we were quick to point out that they could rock climb in the Blue Mountains without travelling four hundred miles to Watson's Crags. Fortunately for us our gully petered out and we found ourselves on a ridge which we were able to move up much faster. The mist began to envelop us and a cold wind blew a light drizzle this way and that. Then the slope eased off and we were walking on only a slight rise. Visibility was limited to about ten yards and we had just stopped for an unsuccessful radio call when a brief break in the mist revealed to us the summit trig about 100 yards away. A quick

bearing was taken as the mist quickly closed in again. Ross put the radio away and we moved off to the trig through the light grey swirling void. Lunch was eaten at the trig during which the weather again cleared. Some photos were taken of the Geehi and of the tunnel approach. A view of the lower trig about 500 yards away was enough to spur us into going down to it. The mist again closed in on the way to the lower trig, consequently we didn't see a bloody thing. After a few minutes there we came back past the place where we first saw the summit trig and onto the head of the main gully. Most of the other parties had already gone back to camp via the main gully. Most of them had slid down on their behinds and now there was a terrif shute to slide down. The idea was to lie down, pull the end of the parka up between your legs, stick logs, arms and ice axe up into the air and off. To stop you simple dug your heels into the snow, this sent a shower of snow all over the bod in front who in my case was Ross and as I was the last in line it was a case of "haul up the ladder, Jack". Arriving at the bottom we were once again sopping wet and after inquiring "how's your numb bum, chum?" we moved off rather disjointedly towards camp.

It rained off and on during tea which made things quite miserable. The other parties began to relate their stories of the day's climbing. The Sentinel mob reckoned they did climb it, while another party went over Twynam and out to Club Lake by which were pitched several tents. The others had equally incredible tales to tell but I can't remember them. That night despite all my clothese and my Hotham sleeping bag I was cold. I wish Paddy would put out an underwater model..

The next morning the weather was good weather for ducks. It didn't take experts to see that there would be no climbing today. So it was just an automatic procedure of packing up and moving off towards the tunnel. We moved off in dribs and drabs and I was with Alan Pike and Alan Round and we did pass a few others on the road but most of the fifty odd bods were missing. When we arrived at Canyon Camp we heard loud talking coming from one of the tin sheds and on entering said shed we found that this was indeed the pub. It was quite obvious who had arrived first and their order of arrival thereafter was gauged by the amount of glassiness of the eyes along with slow reflexes and incoherent speech. After several hours in the pub we again loaded our gear and ourselves onto the bus and once again that never ending trip had begun. Duncan sang some songs, in fact he sang many songs which I have no doubt that he didn't learn in Sunday school. After the entertainment had exhausted itself, there was nothing to do but go to sleep or wait for time to get us home.

We arrived at Strathfield at some time in the early hours of Tuesday morning and so ended yet another episode of the Ice and Snow Instructionals, Australian style.