

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to
the Sydney Bushwalker, The N.S.W. Nurses'
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MAY 1965

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THE APRIL GENERAL MEETING.

Jim Brown.

The shouting and the tumult of the March and Annual General Meetings were over and the April meeting was positively beatific in its calm. The new President dealt with matters with a practised mien that would suggest (if we didn't already know) that he had done this kind of thing before.

Terry Norris was welcomed to the membership, and the minutes of the Annual meeting swiftly disposed of. Jess Martin was ushered in as Assistant Secretary, and who would be so bold as to challenge her election when it bore the imprimetur of the Secretary?

Correspondence contained some useful publicity from JAX Marine, who had sensational offers to make for aquatic bushwalkers, and there was advice of a Guide Book from Brisbane Bushwalkers - one copy was being acquired for the library and others were offered for sale (at 11/6 per copy) to interested members.

The Treasurer's Report told us we were on the up-and-up, with income for March boosted by the annual subscription receipts to twice the amount of the outgoings, and a balance of £235 in current account at the end of the month.

Bob Godfrey presented the walks report, which indicated a moderate amount of activity during March, starting with Jack Perry's trip to Porto Bay on March 7 - dry conditions reported - while a party of 13 stalwarts prepared the Reunion Campsite for a Reunion that wasn't held. Kerry Hore had a party of 5 on a jaunt into Jenolan River that weekend, and on the following Sunday Jack Perry was again to the fore with four folk to Lake Eckersley.

Having had a non-Reunion weekend, we found the next attraction was Bill O'Neill's walk from Catherine Hill Bay to the south via the beaches, with 5 in attendance, and his own (Bob Godfrey's) Euroka-Erskine-Warragamba trip, with 8 present, took place the following weekend. On Sunday 21st Jim Callaway's party of 10 passed through dry and burnt country en route from Heathcote to the coast. Sharing the last weekend of the month, Don Finch altered his Wild Dog Mountains walk (details not known) and John White's day walk from Terry Hills brought out 14 people into more droughty conditions.

Spilling over into the first April weekend, Bob reported 37 SBW attending the Federation Reunion and 15 people on Edna Garrad's Sunday walk from Otford. Jack Wren's trip to Blue Gum Forest brought out 24 people, including 19 coming down from Mount Victoria. John Holley's St. Helena walk was also quite well attended with a party of 13, and it was reported that St. Helena was burnt out.

As the Walks Report closed a protest was raised at the noise being caused outside the Club Room by the noise off club, and someone went out to suggest they either join the meeting or remove themselves altogether.

Federation's Report informed us that Allan Stom was now a member of the Blue Mountains National Park Trust, and that the tracks to Glenbrook Causeway and McMahon's Lookout were being improved. An addition to Heathcote Primitive Area extending it southward to the Woronora Dam road was proposed. Coming events included the S & R Practice weekend on July 16 - 18 and the Annual Ball on September 10.

In the Parks and Playgrounds report there was mention of an item from a local Sutherland newspaper indicating that some elements in the Shire Council had ideas of securing parts of the National Park for housing and suggesting that Governmental support may be given after the coming State elections.

Jack Gentle advised of certain offices filled by Committee, including the S & R contacts, Elsie Bruggy and Heather Joyce; Assistant Walks Secretary John Holly; Assistant Social - Margaret Child; Assistant Membership Eileen Wren and Betty Farquhar; Assistant Treasurer - Audrey Kenway; Librarian - Ernie French; Maps and Timetables - John Holly; Projectionist - Frank Ashdown (plus power to co-opt); Magazine Sales and subs - Kerry Hore; Equipment Hire - Frank Ashdown.

Advancing to General Business Jack Wren proposed we should move on the proposed infiltration of National Parks and suggested a letter to Federation. Edna Stretton said that, as a Sutherland Shire resident, she knew many people who took the view that the Park burned every year with danger to surrounding habitation. Bill Burke moved that we attack by suggesting that alienated but undeveloped areas on the fringe of the park be added to Royal National Park. This proposal, together with the thought that National Parks Association be advised, was carried, and, with the customary announcements, brought a nice early close to the year's first general meeting.

SOCIAL NOTES FOR MAY

Alan Strom needs no introduction to Bushwalkers. Under the title of "Nature Reserves" he will be presenting slides and commentary on May 19. Recent discussions have revealed a difference of opinion concerning the nature of reserves and Alan's viewpoint, representing as it does the Government's attitude towards these areas, could clarify any possible misunderstanding.

BIG BOGONG

Stuart Brooks.

Narrandera Walking and Recreation Club has 1 member and 2 prospective members. However, on each of its two walks to date there has been an attendance of two thirds of its complement which must be just about an Australian record. I was fortunate enough to be present on their most recent walk through the Bogong High Plains in the role of a visitor. Actually the two club representatives were pretty fortunate to get along too, as it was only after the exercise of considerable will power and a two-day struggle that we were able to escape New Year celebrations in Narrandera.

Finally, though, we were off on our 6 hour drive to Harrietville after an exuberant farewell from 3 wives, 12 immediate offspring and 20 or assorted juveniles.

Harrietville is a charming village. Once a thriving, bustling gold town, its main industry now is tourists seeking a breath of the past or perhaps a sample of real gold which can still be washed out of the river silt without too much effort.

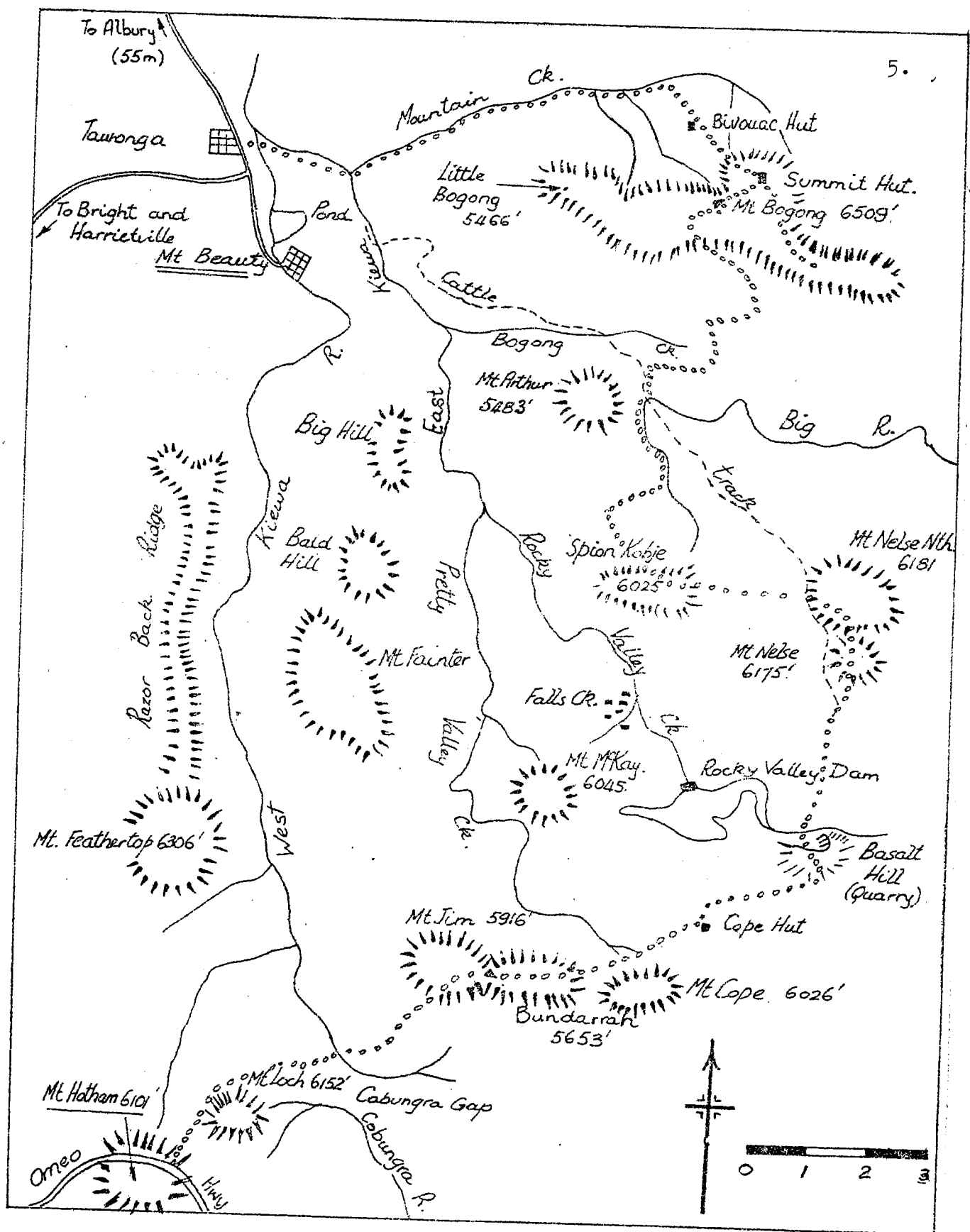
The large number of campers on the river banks was certainly indicative of an active interest in trout fishing and gold panning. Rupert Hoskins is a leading light in Harrietville and a patron of the Narrandera B.W. and R.C. He entertained us with stories of the past, illustrated by an amazing collection of old photographs during our brief overnight stay in Harrietville. Next morning he drove us up to Mt. Hotham where the serious business of walking was to start, and arranged to pick us up at Mt. Beauty in five days time.

The Bogong High Plain is, as the name may suggest, a high plain; what the name doesn't tell you is that it is heavily dissected with deep gorges clothed in very thick forest and undergrowth.

This we quickly discovered as we crossed the West Kiewa River near Cobungra Gap. We were fortunate enough to pick up a cattle track on the North side or we may still have been there. Once on the tops the walking is very pleasant. Open undulating alpine meadows and the crisp air at 5000 feet made for real enjoyment.

To the west the magnificent Feathertop dominates the scene, while to the north Mt. McKay, surmounted by a fire-spotting station provides a towering landmark. We followed the snow poles to Ccle Hut staggering into this haven about 5 p.m. This is a well kept hut and even has running water and a shower (temperature about 1 degree above freezing.)

Next morning, we carried on across the High Plains to Mt. Nelse Nth. Here the Big River lays a 3000 feet deep gorge across the north-bound traveller.



Being very cunning we did a smart left turn and continued across the tops to Spion Kopje. Here, a sharp ridge runs parallel to Big River for 4 miles, ending on Mt. Arthur. The first mile of this ridge is above tree level and provides easy walking and spectacular views of the waterfalls in the upper section of Big River, and the Kiewa Valley, 4,000 feet below.

Then the ridge perversely drops 500 feet and immediately is clothed in a tangle of sally scrub and mountain holly. In the next three hours we made about half a mile through it. Scratched, bleeding and profane we decided to abandon the ridge and head for Big River. Who wanted to see Mt. Arthur anyway. As if in atonement, we found a delightful campsite on Big River. Next morning, we followed Big River down. This meant walking straight down the middle come what may, as the banks are generally so tangled that walking on them is impossible. Another two miles in four hours. All this country is under the control of the Electricity Commission of Victoria who, unlike Kosciusko State Park Trust, permit cattle grazing on the thick grass as the upper levels. As a result, the huts generally are in good repair, and here and there are well-worn tracks from one area to another. Such a track we found at the bend in Big River. Later, we were told that this track ran right back to Mt. Nelson and we could have followed it all the way down.

The 3,500 ft climb up to Bogong is fortunately well-graded, taking 8 miles to reach the summit from Big River. Here and there are vestiges of tracks but generally one is walking through head high scrub. The 8 miles took us 5 hours and we fell into summit hut just on dusk. Summit hut defies description. It is built on the steep slope under Mt. Bogong and propped up with logs to prevent it being blown off the windswept hillside. It is small, ramshackle and filthy but we loved it. With the old iron stove alight, the hut was full of smoke and it was quite impossible to see anything. We ate our tea outside, overlooking what must be the most panoramic view in Australia. Away in the distance the setting sun picked out the snow on the main range at Kosciusko. Once the smoke had cleared we crawled back in and slept on the rough hard boards that formed the "sleeping platform."

Next morning, leaving our packs at Summit hut, we strolled around Bogong Tops, getting some further extensive views to the South. Here we could trace out almost the whole of our trip to date. The 5000 ft drop from Bogong to the Kiewa River is along a good track all the way. Half way between Summit Hut and Mountain Ck, on Staircase Ridge is Bivouac Hut. Here we had lunch. The day was hot and Staircase Ridge dry and dusty. Mountain Creek was still a long way down, so we were mighty thankful to find water at Bivouac hut. Later we found out that the Electricity Commission ranger packs the water in by horse so as to keep the hut tank full for walkers, skiers and sundry travellers.

There is a dual wheel track all the way down Mountain Creek, which gradually develops into a passable road. Dirty, but unashamed, we were able to hitch the last few miles into Tawonga.



PADDY MAIDE



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WHEN AUTUMN COMES

CAN WINTER BE FAR BEHIND?

Well its the last month of Autumn and
Winter starts officially next month.

Paddy's shop for Bushwalkers and skiers
will look more like a ski shop for a few
months, for the snow will soon be here.

For skiing type bushwalkers and non skiing
type bushwalkers we have many things
stocked just for you. Call in and see
its still a good place to meet friends.
Skiers don't miss out - ski hire bookings.



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A CLIMBER IN THE FRENCH ALPS

- Ron Cox

This is the first of a series of very interesting letters from Ron Cox, who has met and done trips with a number of Sydney Bushwalkers, both in Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand and France. Ron is a Queenslander.

Dear Everybody,

Paris. 24th Feb.

I am going to Grenoble on March 2nd to start a four month stage in a magnetic resonance lab. By an immense amount of delicate wangling I managed to extricate myself from the awkward position I was in when I arrived in Paris, for though I came to France intending to do magnetic resonance at Grenoble, my scholarship was for semiconductor physics in Paris. However, I managed to con my organisation, the ASTEF, into letting me go to Grenoble. I went down for one day for an interview with the Prof. The place is fantastic. The interview went something like this:-

Prof; And this is our apparatus for high resolution electron spin resonance spectroscopy in

Cox (thinks): Struth, I wonder if that 500 ft. overhanging cliff I can see (out the window) across the river is climbable.

Prof: ...for high resolution paramagnetic studies in rare earths and transition elements.....

Cox (thinks): Not much snow on those ranges 10 miles away that I can see (out the other window). Pity it's such a poor winter....

et cetera. I'll keep you informed about my, I hope, many activities; but I can tell you now that it looks like Paradise Found. Must tell you about my introduction to French climbing.

Am now a 'Bleausard', having finally got around to going to Fontainbleau one Sunday. The CAF (Club Alpin Francais, popularly "le Caf") climbs there every weekend, and without any idea of what the organisation was, I went along hoping to be able to mix with them. Got an electric train at 8.30 a.m. all done up in my knee-britches and long socks. Didn't feel so conspicuous when I found about a thousand other Parisians, all wearing the same rig, on the train. Only a hundred or so of these were climbers. The rest dispersed in all directions at the town of Fontainbleau to go rambling ("faire la randonnee") in the Forest. 'Bleau is about half an hour by train from Paris and is the chief centre of bushwalking-type activities. I had no map, no idea what to do once I got to the town but followed along after likely-looking types carrying ropes and eventually started talking to a chap of about 55 called Charles who took me under his wing for the day. We walked for about 6 km, on tracks through the forest, to reach the boulders. There is a vast area of bush. You can get up on little eminences and see wild-looking forest to the horizons in all directions - rather surprising so close to Paris. The topography is almost dead flat, like say the city of Melbourne. The forest must be bloody beautiful in summer, fine trees with no scrub underneath, almost like a park. But in winter it's dead and grey, except

where there are evergreen pine trees. It's criss-crossed by hundreds of roads and tracks and burning along the track one passes boy scouts out on patrol, ladies pushing prams, people riding horses, etc.

Finally we arrived at the boulders ("les rochers"), which are rather weird. They lie in a belt a hundred yards wide which goes for miles across the forest in a straight line. They average 10-15 feet high, closely spaced, very similar in appearance to areas of smaller boulders at Wyberba. Charles and I met up with a mate of his called Jean, middle aged, a good climber, would easily lead VS's (Very Severses). They looked after me for the day. I met nothing but kindness. Actually I was a bit of an attraction; while I was climbing my friends would explain to anyone around that I was an Australian - which made me feel I was letting the old Patrie down every time I fell off! One climbs on individual boulders, or better, one follows a "circuit". We spent about two hours on the "Blue Circuit". For a circuit, one climbs up one side of a boulder and down the other, then moves to an adjoining boulder and so on. The routes are marked by small coloured arrows (blue for the Blue Circuit, etc.) painted on the rock. A circuit goes for perhaps 100 to 200 yards and the effect is of climbing many pitches of fiendishly difficult rock. The boulders are mostly so low that a rope is unnecessary; one learns to fall on one's feet in the soft sand.

* There are 4 grades. The Blue Circuit is Grade II-III. I managed to get about two-thirds of the way round but had to omit several bits that I fell off repeatedly. Apparently above Grade IV there is now an infinity of "impossible" climbs made by the cracks. Even Grade IV looks impossible to me. The easy bits of IV are vertical with no holds; the hard bits are overhanging with no holds. To see these young Tarzans armpulling up overhangs off fingertip holds is quite a revelation. I could imagine doing one or two boulders of Grade IV but to do a circuit, such as the "Red Circuit", boulder after boulder for two hours, seems beyond possibility at this standard of difficulty.

There were perhaps 50 people of all ages, shapes and sizes climbing on this particular group of boulders. It was particularly mortifying to see delightfully shaped young ladies (and even more mortifying - others less well shaped) scrambling easily up Grade III moves that I couldn't do. Jean and Charles instructed me all the time in the very rudiments of how to put fingers and feet on holds; it was as if I was starting to climb all over again. The rock looks a bit like a limestone. There are few holds. The texture is rather smooth so that the angle of limiting friction is very low. This makes the climbs where one uses pressure of feet difficult because one has to get the pressure almost normal to the rock. P.A. (Pierre Allain types boots are very useful for giving the extra bit of friction you don't get from vibrams, in fact PA's were designed for 'Bleau. However, PA's are now obsolete; everyone wears the RD's (Raymond Delambert) which are similar, but being in suade leather, last longer. Some people, including traditionalists, still wear vibrams. I wore boots although I have bought a pair of RD's.

We gave it away about 2 p.m. and retired for lunch. Note that I had done all this on one plate of Kellogg's cornflakes. The Frenchman had done it all on a cup of coffee. Breakfast is virtually non-existent in France and yet they climbed until 2 p.m. without eating. By this time I was near starving. I ate with a group of climbers and the food and wine was liberally shared and passed around. They were all amused to see me drink orange juice which, along with milk, is only for children in France

The lunch was very matey and cheerful - I felt quite at home. They were interested in Australia of which they knew very little except that there are no mountains. Everyone in France, incidentally, has heard of Kangaroos but can't quite believe them. They ask you "Do you really have kangaroos" and when you say "yes" they laugh hilariously. Many don't know that Australia and New Zealand are independent of each other, and of England.

After lunch (2 hours) I walked back to the station with Charles on a rough track leading through the wild mulga. The weather which had been sunny turned to rain but this didn't damp my spirits. I had been pleased to have had some contact with French Climbers and have found no real difference (except from point of view of wine consumption) from Australian. Fortunately my French is now at a standard where I can communicate (with hesitation). It was very interesting to see what a fantastic training ground (and playground) for there are many non-mountaineering 'Bleau specialists' the Parisians have made out of this rather unpromising-looking pile of boulders.

GOING SKIING OR SKI TOURING THIS WINTER?

Then call in and see us because specialised clothing and sleeping bags come from MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT COMPANY

Tents, Parkas, mittens, Expedition Jackets, down filled trousers, ski pants etc. and of course FAIRY down sleeping bags, born and bred above the snowline.

MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT COMPANY - 12 ORTONA RD, LINDFIELD

Phone 46-1440 evenings and weekends.

NATURAL HISTORY - THE WAY IT IS IN THE SUMMER

The Editor.

The fire started near Punchbowl Creek. In the still air of the drought summer it burnt for three weeks so that in the mornings there was smoke in all the gullies and with the fire coming on the west wind, the smoke in the house in the mornings so that it was a domestic thing, the close personal smell of danger. One night we went along the old Illawarra road to Giles Junction with the wind in our faces and lit a break. When the break had burnt out for twenty feet the edges were hosed down and we went home very late.

The captain wears an old leather jacket. From my calculations he has had it for at least twenty years. It doesn't go with his horn-rimmed glasses. He is drawing a map on the blackboard from a pasted mosaic of aerial prints. We recognise the highway, the railway, the Heathcote road and the fire trails through the primitive area. All through the summer we have kept fires out of the primitive area. A matter of some personal pride; most of us can look into the area from our homes. There is a fire in it now, along the highway. The size of the fire rather frightens us. He finishes his map. The white chalk is finished. In purple, in a fine draughtsman style he prints the weather forecast. Westerly wind, temperature 90 to 95, humidity 10%. They are disaster conditions. The captain thinks it might be a good idea to record our names and check our insurance. He puts our name on the board and in a small notebook. He checks the tender. Everyone whose name is on the board has checked it already. The driver for the night is nominated.

At Waterfall the fire is already in the backyards and their own brigade is exhausted. There is a firebreak to be cut to the edge of a cliff. Two hundred yards of fern and blackberries and then tea tree. The edge is lit and the ready-use hose run out. We need not have worried about the fern; it doesn't burn. Then the fire front is among the tea tree and people are calling for hoses, the step-down coupling, watch the kinks, come on, wait, its caught I'll have to go back, alright now, water. The lit break and the fire front join and die down. The hoses are recovered and stacked in still awkward lengths on the tender. The hose will need to be dried tonight, for tomorrow. For the disaster conditions. In an hour, two hours we will be home.

The radio in the truck crackles. The driver has had the easiest time tonight. He calls the captain. Amplified the two voices carry to everyone. We are to go to the Garrawarra Hospital, secure it, and then prepare to stop the fire on the Water Board road. What fire is this, Ray? Helensburgh. There is a southerly front passing up the

coast, forty miles an hour, expected eleven o'clock. That is now. The army is coming over, estimated midnight. In the trees, in the strange backyards, the leaves rustle. It is cooler. All the bright points of fire glow white. There is ridge after ridge of steadily glowing lights. I have eight men in the wagon. It is very hard to drive. We following the revolving light of the tender to see nothing falls off. And to discourage people from overtaking the tender. There is a great sullen light in the south. The headlights form-well focussed cones in the smoke.

Under the pine trees the bright dancing sparks float horizontally. I don't want to be under the pine trees when they catch. Where are the old patients, it's a Geriatric Centre. Someone says they were evacuated, will be evacuated, there are ambulances coming to look after them. The glow is brighter. The driver wants to turn round. He will have to go across a flower bed and through a wire fence. There are angry words with someone. Caretaker? The wind is bitterly cold on wet overalls. Boltcutters are produced, fence is cut. The old patients are in the new brick buildings. "About two minutes." What in two minutes? In the pine trees in two minutes. A siren sounds on our left. Who is that on our left. Near the brick buildings? That is the nurses home. Well, where are the old people. I don't want to stay here, under these pine trees. The smoke is too thick to see far. The dark shape of the pine trees, a small shed, the glow of the fire. It is safe now. The fire is out on the front, the glow is coming from further back. It won't get into the pine trees now. The wind has dropped. Listen, we will get this hose back on and get down to the Water Board road. Its too late. Yarrawarra pulled out when it went across the road. Across the Water Board road? Not the highway? The Water Board road. This is disaster. In this wind.

The radio has brought all the Brigades. The last arrives at two o'clock. Everyone is thinking of what areas have been burnt, of their houses. A southerly like this. Now. We thought it would come from the west. They picture the fire coming over the skyline in the west. In the dark, tired, cold, confused from lack of sleep or the recent awakening from sleep, no one can recall what hazards they are from the south. Has someone got in touch with Engadine, with Heathcote? The wind is dying. The glow is brighter now where the fire has passed us. The radio. There is no threat to the towns. The fire is well into the Primitive area but is stationary. The brick building is the nurses home. There is coffee and sandwiches there. Is there anyone who would like some drops in their eyes. We all line up. The captain remembers his list of names.

Along the Water Board road the dead trees are burning steadily in the first light. There are rocks and sand and as the light grows stronger the sand is very white. There are few trees. There is no undergrowth. A notice board gives details of the Area. It hasn't included the latest addition of land. The tender stops on the pipeline road. Someone grinds out a cigarette. Tomorrow, it is decided, we will go along the Eckersly Fire Trail to Giles Junction. That only leaves Scouters Mountain. It is a long way from the River to Giles Junction. Firing, walking, washing out the edges. About five miles. Say ten hours. Tomorrow? Sorry, today. After breakfast. No, make it midday.

Tomorrow. Today. In the summer.

MORE SOCIAL NOTES FOR MAY:

There will be a welcome to Mouldy Harrison on May 26, following a recent trip to South America. While there he observed the "Aztecs, Mayas and Incas," and these fascinating people will be the subject of his talk.

An important date to remember - 18th August. This will be the night of our coloured slide competition - 12 transparencies per person.

WITH EAR TO THE GROUND DEPARTMENT - PERSONAL.

Richard Croker, a past president and "old hand", retired from business on March 31. Marjorie and he will sail for England on May 9 to join daughter Diana already enjoying the sights of London. We wish them a pleasant trip and a long and happy retirement on return to Killara. Overseas address: C/- Bank of New South Wales, Sackville Street, London. W.1.

Congratulates to Brian and Dawn Anderson on the arrival of their second child - a daughter, Ruth.

ONE DAY.

Ross Wyborn.

There was an air of excitement when the alarm rang at 12.30 a.m. on that Monday morning. I jumped out of my sleeping bag and tripping over packs and other assorted equipment made my way to the door of the hut. I lost my enthusiasm when I looked outside. The sky was clouded over and visibility was not very good. As I stood there debating whether to go back to bed or put on my boots, a wonderful thing happened. The clouds slowly rolled back and rays of moonlight pierced through them, illuminating the snowfields of the neve and the icy peaks which surrounded us.

We were in Tasman Hut which is perched high on a piece of rock which protrudes from the neve of the Tasman Glacier in the Southern Alps of New Zealand. We had walked up the glacier three days previous and had done some climbing since then on Hockstetter Dom, Aylmer and Mt. Walter. This day our objective was Elie de Beaumont, a wonderful snow and ice peak of 10,200 feet which stands at the head of the Tasman Glacier.

I was so absorbed in the spectacle I was witnessing I failed to notice the activity which had started in the hut. Already the others of the party were getting up and attempts were being made in the dark to light the small kero stove and the Aladin lamp. Soon the porridge was hissing merrily and everyone in the hut was busy getting boots on and getting ready their climbing gear. This had come practically routine over the last couple of days and by 2.15 we stood ready on the snow outside the hut.

We started out in three ropes of two and headed across the neve close to the foot of Hockstetter Dome. With some small deviations to get around crevasses, we made straight for the Anna Glacier which comes down steeply in a series of icefalls off the face of Elie. On gaining the lower portion of the glacier one of the party was forced to turn back, but we continued on up to the lower icefall. The first rays of light found us weaving in and out across snow bridges which spanned the black depths of yawning crevasses.

Having successfully found our way up the lower ice fall we started up the steeper slopes to the col between Mt. Walter and Elie de Beaumont. These slopes were cut by a sickle-shaped schrund (bergschrund, i.e., a large crevasse at the junction of a steep upper slope and a glacier) which we had seen from the hut. From a distance it looked easy, but when we got up to it we found that the upper

wall on the other side was soft and so difficult to climb. We finally crossed by digging a platform out of the upper wall large enough for a man to stand in. On gaining the col we had a short rest but the cool wind soon hurried us onto the next stage of the climb. This was a traverse across some steep icy slopes which necessitated a bit of step cutting near the end. This led us onto a small plateau at about 2,600 feet.

Two of the party decided to remain on this plateau while we pushed on up the final 600 feet to the summit. We cut steps in a zig-zag fashion up some steep icy slopes of a shoulder. When you chop steps up hard snow like this you feel a sense of pride at leaving behind a neat stairway carved from the ice. Our crampons bit firmly into the hard snow and using the pick of our ice axes firmly driven in for balance we felt a sense of security despite the 5000 foot precipice which dropped away sharply to the Ties Glacier on our left.

Soon the angle eased off and we continued cramponing up with cutting steps. After cutting a few more steps to gain the west ridge we cramponed to the top at 8.30 a.m. At 8.30 a.m. on Monday mornings I am usually starting work so this was quite a change from the daily routine. The summit was a small flat area unlike the corniced summit of Mt. Walter which we climbed the previous day. This allowed us to move around and take photos. There was not a cloud in the sky but a cool wind was blowing and after 20 minutes on the summit we headed down.

We wasted no time in joining the others and continued on down to the Anna Glacier. We found all the snow bridges still in good order but did not linger as by now the sun had loosened rocks on the face of Mt. Walter and every now and again when we heard a rattle and crash, we looked around to see a shower of rocks hitting the glacier. Once out of the danger area we laid down on the glacier and sunbaked (or rather burnt) in the warm sun.

We took our time on the weary plod across the Tasman neve and reached the hut at 1 p.m. where we spent the rest of the afternoon lazing.

DAY WALKS.

- MAY 16. Pymble - bus to St. Ives (Douglas St.) Middle Harbour Crk - Bungaroo - Lindfield Park - Lindfield. 9 miles.
A pleasant walk through the Lady Davidson Park, Upper Middle Harbour. An excellent first walk.
Train: 9.10 a.m. Hornsby via Bridge from Central Electric Stn. to Pymble. 9.46 a.m. bus Pymble - St. Ives (Douglas St.)
Map: Sydney Military or any Sydney suburban street directory.
Leader: Gladys Roberts.
- MAY 23. Turrumurra - bus to The Sphinx - Cowan Creek - Bobbin Head - Windybanks - Berowra. 11 miles.
A pleasant introduction to the beauties of Kuringai Chase, where it is proposed to improve and extend the present dilapidated walking tracks. Ideal as a first walk.
Train: 1.10 a.m. Hornsby train via Bridge from Central Electric Stn. to Turrumurra. 8.50 a.m. bus Turrumurra to Kuringai Chase Entrance Gates.
Tickets: Turrumurra return @ 4/9 plus about 1/6 bus fare.
Map: Hawkesbury River Military or Tourist.
Leader: Ron Knightley.
- MAY 30. Otford Palm Jungle - Burning Palms - Sidling Track - Burg Track - Helensburgh. 12 miles.
Through the Garrawarra Primitive Area with plenty of ups and downs. Mainly track walking but strenuous for newcomers.
Train: 8.42 a.m. Wollongong train from Central Steam Station to Otford.
Tickets: Otford return @ 8/-.
Map: Port Hacking Tourist.
Leader: Jack Gentle.
- JUNE 6. Cowan - Cole Trig - Edwards Trig - Cliff Trig. (Aboriginal carvings) - Cowan. 11 miles.
Excellent views over Cowan Creek. Gaiters recommended, also old clothes, as some of the area may be bushfire damaged.
Train: 8.30 a.m. Gosford train Central Steam Station to Cowan via Strathfield.
Tickets: Cowan return @ 7/4.
Map: Hawkesbury Military or Tourist.
Leader: Jack Perry.
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FEDERATION REPORT - APRIL 1965

Minutes Secretary. - Federation is still in need of a Minutes Secretary. A volunteer would be welcomed.

Central Burragorang. The Mines Department has been asked by Thiess Bros. for authority to prospect for limestone by drilling on 1190 acres of land which includes the Colong Caves Reserve (Reserve for Public Recreation and Preservation of Caves No. 68800, Parish of Colong, County of Westmoreland.) Federation will forward an objection to the suggestion to the Lands Department, and requests the support of all Clubs and interested bodies.

Blue Mountains National Park. Euroka Clearing. New track cut and signposted to the Nepean River. A new type fireplace (steel ring) has been installed and constructive criticism is invited by those who use them.

National Parks Association. Macquarie Marshes. Work has been done on a map of the proposed reserve.

Tinderry Mountains. Following a report by members of this club, the Fauna Protection Panel will press for the reservation of a large portion of the area.

Search and Rescue. Three alerts including one where three members of a party had to stay the night on Tyan Pic without a torch, matches or food. The President made special reference to the need to ensure that any party has essential items, especially with the approach of the Winter Season.

Annual Ball. An organiser for the forthcoming Annual Ball is required. Paul Driver, who has done so much in organising the function, has offered every assistance.

Tracks and Access: Committee will meet on May 24, 1965 at 6.30 p.m. at the Big Sister Room, Scot Chambers, Hoskins Place, Sydney.

NEWS FLASH!!

Yadborough House has been rejuvenated. It now has a blue roof, new stock yards, and a new owner who has cleared the blackberries and bracken. Timber is being cut on the eastern side of the Clyde.

Access from the new Forestry road is cut off by a fence at the southern end of the clearing.

Denise Hull has quit the Sydney Scene for Wave Hill, Northern Territory. She is the Mid-wife to the Aborigine and plans to stay two years. Anybody who wishes to write to Denise -

C/- Wave Hill Cattle Station,
Wave Hill, Northern Territory.

John and Laurie Wood recently held a barbacue in their grounds at Normanhurst where they entertained all the oldest and boldest S.D.W. River Canoe Club etc. Amongst those present were, Richard Croker, Win Duncombe, Ray Bean, Reg Alder, Tim Coffey, Ron Knightley, Tom Moppett, Brian Harvey, and Bill Burke.

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