

The Federation of Bushwalking Clubs , N.S.W.

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BUDAWANGS SEARCH 22-23rd February 1984

On Thursday, February 16th, 1984 Laurel Heath and Ian Robison left their car at Newhaven Gap for a four day trip via Mt Tarn to Mt Cole and The Valley of The Monoliths. Heavy rain moved into the Budawangs from the 17th until the 22nd February. Ian had some bushwalking experience but had never walked in the Budawangs.

They camped in the camp cave at the northern end of Mt Houghton for several days before attempting to return via their access route. However as they were coming off Mt Houghton in the mist, with a heavy right foot, they veered too far east and skirted the top of Holland Gorge. They essentially ended up below a cliff line under Sturgiss Mountain. during a break in the weather they thought this was their location but were reluctant to move.

Since this was a four day trip the callout was delayed until they were 48 hours overdue. The S&R base was established at Tanderra Camp after negotiating atrocious muddy road conditions.

Six parties were sent out early on Wednesday, 22nd February to search the main access routes to Monolith Valley. The fire roads around Quilty's Mountain and Mt Hoddie were also checked in case the missing couple had wandered out a different way.

Their log book entry on the way in at Styles Creek was found but no other entries were found.

A Navy helicopter did one sweep of the area during the day. Ian and Laurel heard it but were unable to get out of their shelter to a high point quickly enough to be seen. A second sweep (weather permitting) would have found them and saved a great deal of further effort.

Obviously an area cannot be said to have been adequately helicopter searched unless two sweeps are made.

The weather was appalling all day and the high quality of searching was a tribute to the skill and keenness of the walkers. The bad weather naturally reduced the distance that shouting could be heard. A search party passed by on the negotiable route above Laurel and Ian but was not heard.

Next day was a fine day and fresh walkers entered the field to expand the search into areas away from the main access routes.

During the morning the WIN Channel 4/IMB helicopter assisted in searching and transported a search party into the Bibbenluke Walls area.

Around midday a large ie. noisy navy helicopter arrived and quickly located Ian and Laurel although they were nearly 10 km. out in the location of where they were found. The fine weather had allowed Ian and Laurel to be in position waiting to signal a helicopter.

They were dropped off at Tanderra Camp so that they could pick up their vehicle and were in good condition as Ian had taken vast amounts of food.

The WIN 4/IMB helicopter picked up the search party they had dropped in but no others. The Navy helicopter for unexplained reasons gave no help in the return of search parties, one of whom was at Mt Cole.

As no walkers could check out till all parties were out of the bush we felt very much abandoned. A feeling that was not helped by waiting till 7:30 pm (Most of us did not get home till midnight+).

Laurel and Ian waited till all parties had returned so that they could personally thank them. S&R gratefully acknowledges a donation they also made.

Had the weather not improved we would have continued to have little or no helicopter searching. As helicopter searching becomes more common S&R's work will become concentrated into times of bad weather. It is planning to be able to say that our search plan was expanding in such a way that Laurel and Ian would have been found by Friday at the latest.

There was only one small sour note to this search. Some probably flippant comments and in-jokes made at the Nerriga Hotel by a returning search party were misinterpreted by the locals. Our Field Officer for this search, Tony Parr, now lives near Nerriga and had some difficulty in calming the locals next day. They feel threatened by encroachments of the National Park onto "their land". Also the Sydney media contacted Nerriga Hotel about the search and obviously got a very wrong picture.

In order for S&R to retain its respected position with the NSW Police and the VRA (Volunteer Rescue Association) ALL parties returning home from a search need to be careful in their comments that can be overheard. If S&R loses its identity as a responsible organisation it will not be requested or permitted to operate. We only found out about the bad impression left at Nerriga through Tony Parr. What bad impressions have we left elsewhere?

Finally, please remember to politely point all media people towards the S&R committee for comments. Their questioning is often difficult to handle and you can easily be trapped into saying the wrong thing.

A total of 52 walkers attended one or both days of this search and the committee would like to heartily thank them for their loyal support. Clubs present were Camden, Canberra, NPA, Ramblers, Span, Sutherland, Sydney University and Three Peaks.

Keith Maxwell
Search and Rescue Committee

VANS D 4

YERRANDERIE BOOK

From the Waysider, May 1984

Part Two of a series on Yerranderie has been published. Part One, published last December was about the mines. This new booklet deals with the township itself. The sixty pages include 13 pages of photos as well as numerous maps. The cost is \$5 + post. It can be obtained from the Oaks Historical Society, c/o The Oaks Post Office, NSW 2570.

An 1899 newspaper account develops a picture of the early town, mentioning names familiar to us today from place names on maps of the area: Inglis, Byrne, Feld, Maxwell. In 1904 the town was still officially The Peaks Mining Settlement, although the name was coming into use. By 1927 there were still 500 inhabitants, but the boom had passed, and the Depression finished the mining. The construction of Warragamba Dam sealed the town's fate.

Many buildings are still standing although often on private land. In a series of paragraphs the author surveys the town, and finishes with a friendly account of a visit arranged with Val Lhuede, who owns a substantial part of the area.

The only major criticism is of the numerous misprints; it seems the printer declined to proof read the work!

You need not have visited Yerranderie to enjoy reading its story, but those who have visited will most appreciate the book. As the author says, it is a small contribution towards the town's history. But with so little available about the area it is certain to be as popular as Part One, which sold out in eight weeks.

Vince Murtagh.

PADDY PALLIN FOUNDATION

The S&R was fortunate to receive funding for three projects which it is hoped will aid both walkers and searchers in the future. The first is to reprint a calendar with provisions for a person to record his/her club's S&R contacts. The second is a call-out manual for those club contacts. Basically it is felt that the club contacts should be made more responsible and to improve their job, a set of instructions/information will be prepared. The manual is not intended to be a "how-to-search" such as one used by the Victorians. It is only by attending S&R practices that techniques and skills are attained - actual searches are not the time to teach newcomers. The third project is to produce a pamphlet on action to be taken in the case of getting lost, caught in bushfires, aerial searches, etc. It is hoped that this can be printed on waterproof paper ensuring its protection and long life.

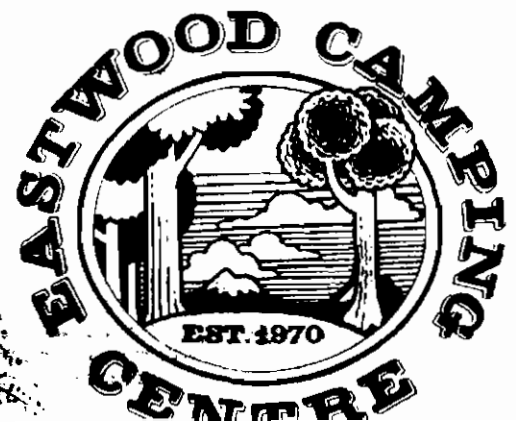
WARRAGAMBA CATCHMENT

The MWS&DB still maintains a firm grip over their exclusion of everyone within three kilometres of stored water. Breaches used to carry a penalty of 50 pounds, but now this has been raised to a maximum penalty of \$10,000. The old signs are gradually being replaced. (I wonder if in a few years these signs will become collectors' items?)

Rumoured tours being run in the Kedumba Valley are apparently not so: The Water Board still maintains control over this area and the Blue Mountains City Council (who reportedly approved the tours) does not have the authority to permit access through Medlow Gap and the land to the south of Mt Solitary, with the Blue Mountains National Park. Similarly, vehicular access to Kelpie Point (and down White Dog) is illegal.

Unfortunately the Water Board still refuses to approve pedestrian access to the Nattai River (round Sheey's Creek) so that anyone found walking there could be rather heavily fined.

As the seasons change,
we will meet your needs



A month or two ago S&R lost a tow - our regular vehicle had problems and our standby machine was off the road. Whilst this time it meant a loss of publicity, it could happen again in the future when the specialist gear contained in the trailer will be needed to save lives. We would like to hear from anyone who has a 4wd with a 50mm tow ball and a 7 pin connector plug (but we do have an adapter) who would be willing to use their vehicle (in case of emergency) to haul S&R's trailer. It is not intended that anyone who volunteered would be called upon regularly to participate, rather they should only be considered as a standby. The owner will be recompensed for the fuel used. Anyone who is in the position to offer their vehicle can contact the S&R at the Federation's postal address, giving details of vehicle (make and towing capabilities), their phone numbers and where the vehicle is usually housed.

S&R ALERT 15th MAY, 1984

On Monday 14th May four adults and four teenagers walked from the causeway in the Blue Mountains National Park on Glenbrook Creek to Red Hands Cave. The route of their day walk from Red Hands Cave was to follow a track down into Camp Fire Creek and up the creek till the track went up a ridge to The Oaks fire road.

Somewhere on the way down into Camp Fire Creek the adults and the teenagers became separated. The track was vague half way down the ridge into Camp Fire Creek and some time (and direction?) may have been lost here by both groups.

The adults (who were parents of the teenagers) eventually took a short cut up a ridge to The Oaks fire road as daylight was running out. They drove around several fire roads to see if the teenagers had walked out a different way. They then alerted the Police.

During the night the Police helicopter, Polair, unsuccessfully scanned the area with its "nightsun" light and the Police drove round the fire roads sounding sirens and using bullhorns. The teenagers heard them from where they were in Camp Fire Creek but were unable to make themselves heard.

There was a full moon and a small party of bushwalkers (if sent) would have easily found the missing party on the track. The night was a comparatively mild May night and the teenagers were not unduly cold as they huddled together.

At 6:30am 30 bushwalkers were briefed at the National Park Headquarters and were away by 7am. We planned to establish our S&R base at a helipad near the Euroka Clearing turnoff. However as we were still driving to this site the missing party was located by Polair.

All parties were back at base by 8:30am and many walkers were able to return to work for part of the day after the debrief.

My thanks (along with the rest of the S&R Committee) as usual go to many clubs who this time were asked to provide three to five bushwalkers only. This system worked very well and will be used more often in the future. Clubs which assisted were Mt Druitt, Span Unlimited, Three Peaks, Macquarie University Mountaineers, Sydney University Bushwalkers and the Ramblers.

Two things could have probably helped avoid this callout. Firstly if the party had stayed together - a principle every club and S&R always stress. Secondly, matches would have allowed the missing party to light a fire and in the unlikely event that they weren't seen by Polair they would have been much warmer. They were fortunate that it was fine and mild as they were not equipped for bad weather.

MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT NEWS..



Dear Reader,

Did you know that at MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT we are offering you a total of twenty-one different combinations of ski packages, completely tailored to your requirements and needs.

Our range of Cross Country Ski Gear and prices will surprise you - They are the best you will find!

Compare our range of snow tents:

MACPAC OLYMPUS	\$420.00	LOWE ALASKA	\$495.00
SALWEA SIERRA	\$355.00	LOWE L.W. ALASKA	\$425.00
BERGANS TUNNEL II	\$384.00	MACPAC NEW HORIZON	547.00

And for limited snow use our 4 season ECO TUNNEL \$159.00

Compare our sleeping bag gargains for the month of August:

BLUE RIDGE HONKER (rated -15 C)	\$218.00
BLUE RIDGE JANNU 800 (rated -10 C)	\$208.00
BLUE RIDGE JANNU 900 (rated -15 C)	\$228.00
VERGLAS CORNICE (rated -12 C)	\$239.00 (normal retail \$276.00)

AS SPECIALISTS WE CAN OFFER YOU THE BEST SERVICE, BEST ADVICE AND BEST PRICES SO WHY NOT COME AND SEE US SOON.

There were rumours on the phone, for the word had passed around
That a young'n from out west had got away, where Gingra joins the Kowmung,
So all the tried and noted walkers from distances near and far
Had gathered at the clayhouse ruins overnight,
For these walkers love hard walking where the wild dogs are.

There was big Bertha, the stout woman
With her legs as white as snow,
But few could walk beside her,
When her blood was fairly up,
She could go where no man or trail bike could go.

And one was there, a small and weedy beast,
He was something like a racehorse undersized,
So slight and weedy, one would doubt his power to stay,
And the young Bertha said, "Those volleys will never do
For a long and tiring walk - lad, you'd better stop away,
Those hills are too rough for such as you."

Only Robert stood his friend;
"I warrant he'll be with us when he's wanted at the end,
For he hails from Kowmung River up by Ti-Willa side,
Where the hills are twice as steep and twice as rough."

So he went; they found the walkers by the big black stump,
And Big Bertha gave the orders, "Boys, no use for fancy walking now
Walk boldly, lad, and never fear the spills."
And off into the mountain scrub they flew.

The fast walkers went first, where the gorges deep and black
Resounded to the murmur of the breezes and the river on its bars,
With crags and cliffs beetled overhead.
When they reached Cloudmaker's summit even Robert took a breath
The wild mountain holly grew thickly and the hidden ground was full
Of wombat holes and any slip was death.

But the man from Kowmung River
Swung around and gave a cheer,
And he raced down the mountain
While the others stood and watched in fear.
He sent the siltstones flying but always kept his feet,
It was grand to see that mountain man walk,
He never drew a breath till he landed
Safe and sound at the bottom of the descent
And alone and unassisted brought the young'n back,
He was blood from hip to shoulder
For never yet was the mountain holly a cur.

And down by the Kowmung, with the vision splendid
Of the quartzite ridges extended,
Where the pools are clear as crystal,
The man from Kowmung River is a campfire word today,
And bushwalkers tell the stories
Of his many splendid ways.

Don't Forget!

The Bushwalkers Ball is on
September 21st at the Lane Cove Town Hall.

BOTTLED MICE

Whilst on a day walk in Kurlingai-Chase recently, a friend happened to find an empty (or so he thought) beer bottle (1975 vintage) wedged under a rock. In accord with the Flame, we were about to remove this litter from the bush, when there was a sudden rustle from inside. Further inspection revealed the cause - a marsupial mouse!

This enterprising little animal had carried leaves and twigs into the bottle and built a comfortable nest. Although enticed with morsels of food (carrot-cake even!) the mouse would not leave its safe retreat. We stared at the mouse and it stared back, both parties sizing each other up.

After agreeing that the specimen in the bottle was *Antechinus stuartii* we placed it and its bottle back under the rock, deciding that the benefits of this particular piece of refuse far outweighed the aesthetic disadvantages.

The find raised many questions:

- 1) How did the animal move in and out of the jagged bottleneck without injuring itself? We concluded that the animal must have been a 'youngster':
 - a) because the older males die immediately after mating (must be hard work) and
 - b) older females carry the young on teats underneath and could not possibly fit through the narrow aperture.
- 2) Did the animal use a bottle opener?
- 3) Do marsupial mooses prefer New or Old?
- 4) Are disreputable bottle shops selling beer to under-aged mooses?
- 5) Does this represent a response to overcrowding of the traditional mouse habitations of campcaves and overhangs? In any case, it represents a marvellous adaptation to modern living.

Thus, before you carry out any rubbish (particularly 'empty' beer bottles) from National Parks etc, make sure there are no furry inhabitants inside - you might be making a dreadful moosetake! (ed. that's awful)

PS. Beware of wombats hiding in old disused billies - their fur exactly matches the colour of the carbon coating. They can create a nasty surprise in your evening meal!

There was movement up on Flagstaff
For notice had been posted
That the night search practice, S&R, was underway.
And some tried and tested walkers
From suburbs near and far
Had met upon the hill at end of day;
For walkers like hard walking, specially at night,
In interesting country: Bell and Wolongang
Be sure you're in the right night.

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MOON MADNESS
or S&R NIGHT SHIFT

(Apologies to Banjo!)

There we all were as darkness descended and the moon ascended waiting to be allotted our courses, all eager? to be on our way. A motley crew - there was one, a damsel, not even slightly undersized, who hailed from up the Novocastrian side all gathered for the fray (more apologies B!) I teamed with a keen and extremely capable lad, Doug Wheen, who I must admit, by the merest stroke of luck, happened to have a first rate knowledge of the area where we were to do battle. From there on we would be known by our Oddo Name, Party 7.

"Anyone for the 'Diehards' Marathon?" It must have been is a fit of moonshine madness that I heard us say, "That'll do us!" Though we heard not the bell it surely was the knell of doom. And what a hell of a knell it turned out to be.

The first bit was easy. After being dropped at a hairpin bend on the Mt Wilson Road at 8 pm, we took off on what turned out to be a track down to Du Faur's Creek. And there it was, our first "blinker". Let me explain. At strategic points on our selected routes there were located small blinking lights, something like checkpoints in orienteering. On getting to one of these each party had to radio base giving the coordinates.

Here Doug's knowledge came in handy in knowing how to negotiate the creek crossing. This was to be the first of many hand over hand rope descents and ascents we were going to make that night.

Having got down we had to get back up. We picked our way through a small blockup. It looked a sheer impossibility to go directly up the other side. Doug knew it could be done. A leg up to a narrow ledge, a sidle, a convenient sapling and we were up and on our way. Remember all this was done by moonlight and torchlight.

Then a tricky little bit of navigation and we were coming up on a spot height. Again Doug's intuition proved to be correct. "I'll bet there's a blinker on that spot height!" We came up on what we thought was the spot - no light. Got to keep going till the ridge drops away to be absolutely certain. You see at this stage we were on a ridge top marked only by a single contour. This meant the top could vary up to 20 metres (65'6"). (Ed. You sound like an engineer with that precision)

Slightly down and then up and there it was - a crimson blinking "egg". (Contemplate the confused confrontation in an Emu household.) We had some doubts as to position and thought the last bump we had crossed was really spot 912, for not far beyond our present position the ridge fell away. (It was confirmed on our return that we were right. We were sure after we emerged from Bell for then, in daylight, we could look across at the ridge and see for ourselves what should have been the correct position of the "egg".)

We radioed base. As it happened, that was the last contact for some time. Time also for a break. Nothing like a glass of wine, some chocolate and jelly babies to revive the troops. Time to take stock. Doubts as to position caused trouble because our course changed direction from this point. We chose to turn from the light and kept strict line by "leading through". We worked our way through minor cliffiness till - "How in hell are we supposed to get down there?" A drop in front of us - Bell. Blackness and the sound of falls to the right and to the left a sheer cliffline. The drop directly in front of us was broken by a ledge about 25' (7.5m) below. With us we had one sling and breakbar and 60' of bluewater. On closer examination of the face we decided we could down without rope. So down to the ledge.

Just as we were searching out the possibilities, lights appeared across the canyon. A call, then "You won't get down there! There's about 150' of cliff." Morale took a nosedive. But by luck we survived, for growing alongside the cliff was a very helpful tree. Only by getting into the lower branches could we get low enough to get our rope to reach bottom. First time I've ever abseiled from the branches of a tree - at eleven o'clock at night. Luck held again and we were able to get down to creek level without rope.

It's one thing to get down and in, another to get up and out. We didn't bother to look downstream having seen (not quite the right word) the blackness from above and heard the noise of falling water. So upstream it was, examining every option. Under or up and over huge blocks. Rockhopping by torchlight - not exactly a quiet Saturday night's diversion. And of course we were out of radio contact.

One likely re-entry was searched at length. Two waterfalls up, no go. Then the dreaded - a pool. At one o'clock am it wasn't exactly my idea of an invigorating wallow, enjoying every splash. There was no alternative. So, unpack, proof, strip and stark bolickly, trip tippytoe into the icy waters of the Bell.

Just the other side a dry sandy bend with an overhang. There, a pair of sylphs flitting about in the diffused moon glow, gathering wood for warming and cooking, would have delighted the most purist nudist.

Then dress for dinner - prawns, dry toast (my marg. was still in the frig at home and Doug's in the car) and tea. We thought it an hour well spent.

Away again. With some relief the walls appeared to be lowering. A possible exit? The balloon burst. The damn thing closed up tight and - you guessed it! - another pool. A deepee, but there were underwater ledges both sides. Up to the surface still making contact. Out and there it was! A creek entrance, but with one of those nasty smooth 8' corners.

Standing on an 18" (500 mm) ledge as dawn was breaking, shivering, bracing a pair of sandshoed feet while staring up at a bare white bum, certainly could not be compared to the ethereal experience of gazing in awe at the Taj Mahal by moonlight. But it was a "goer", which Doug determined while I struggled into a dry singlet and shirt.

There in the picaninny daylight, in the comfort once again of dry clothes, we were certain we were out. Four hours in that blasted canyon. Space of course has not permitted me to recount the number of times we boosted up a problem climb necessitating the unpacking of the rope for pack hauling and assistance. All of this added up to the hours mentioned.

On the plateau we radioed in and were requested to make base by "the most expeditious (direct) route." "Over and out." No way! After all we'd been through the Diehard Marathoners would complete the course! Unfortunately the satisfaction of gaining the blinkers would be denied us for another party was picking these up on their way back. This information was gleaned by eavesdropping.

Maps out. Beaut! We were right on course. And so the rest is history. Into and up the Gamba 7 km

There we all were as darkness descended and the moon ascended waiting to be allotted our courses, all eager? to be on our way. A motley crew - there was one, a damsel, not even slightly undersized, who hailed from up the Novocastrian side all gathered for the fray (more apologies B!) I teamed with a keen and extremely capable lad, Doug Wheen, who I must admit, by the merest stroke of luck, happened to have a first rate knowledge of the area where we were to do battle. From there on we would be known by our Code Name, Party 7.

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Maps out. Beaut! We were right on course. And so the rest is history. Into and up the 'Gambe. 2 km and out, up and over and down once more to that damned Bell. Another abseil, then up and off to Flagstaff - well the road to be picked up. We'd done it!! We had been on the go for 14 hours. I must say that some of the troops weren't overjoyed at the delaying of debriefing till our arrival. All of this demonstrates that our S&R unit has the personnel, expertise, physical capability and determination to enable us to move at night in very difficult country.

This could mean our earlier contact with a distressed person or party, giving greater opportunity for lifesaving.

Perhaps a more extreme test, that of moving on a "dark night", could be tried at some future date??

This article is in response to article in the May Issue.

While perhaps very few walkers have had much experience in crossing flooded rivers in Australia, in New Zealand things are very different. River crossing is probably the most dangerous activity in the NZ mountains, as can be seen by looking at the regular accident reports in their FMC Bulletin. The New Zealanders are the experts and have put a lot of thought and experiment into devising safe methods. Admittedly it's a bit like snakebite here - a new theory comes along every few years which completely contradicts the old ones - and it's two years since I've been to NZ so I hope this note isn't completely obsolete!

Much of what follows is lifted from the NZ Mountain Safety Council's Manuals, which should be referred to if you want to know more. "Bushcraft" (2nd ed) has the most detail. (Comments in parentheses are mine.)

Crossing Places: It is worth spending sometime looking for the best ford. Consider the depth and the speed of the water, and the smoothness of the bottom. A slightly deeper but slower crossing will be easier than a shallower but swifter one, other things being equal. Preferably, the ford should have a bed of firm gravel with no boulders, mud, logs or snags. Good fords are often found where the river widens. When the river divides into several streams a crossing can often be made by fording each channel separately - but keep in mind the possibility of having to return if an uncrossable stream is met before the whole river is forded. Often shingle bars form where channels join which can sometimes be linked for an easy crossing. In general don't cross at a bend, as the water is usually deep and swift on the outside of the bend. Choose a ford with a good runoff, ie. with no rapids below the ford, so that someone who is swept away has a good chance of escaping. Avoid a difficult crossing of a side stream just above its junction with a main river.

Other Considerations: If a river is discoloured and running high, approach very cautiously. Don't attempt to cross if the bottom is shifting, or if boulders can be heard rolling (not uncommon in NZ, though I've never heard it here). When a crossing can't be made and there is no other route, mark the water level and also a point about a metre higher. Camp and check the water level the next morning. If rain has stopped falling in the catchment area the water level will drop quickly (if not, remember that a week or two without food never killed anyone) if it is late in the day and the weather is bad or deteriorating, don't camp before making the crossing, as it may rise during the night.

Swimming is barely mentioned in the NZ literature. Any New Zealand river deep enough to require swimming is probably moving at 100 km/hr and carrying house-sized boulders, not to mention occasional icebergs. However in Australia it is often useful. Choose a suitable place where the current is not too fast and there is plenty of runoff downstream. If in doubt, it is possible to estimate how far you'll be carried downstream by comparing your swimming speed with that of the current. Measure the current by timing a floating stick over a known distance. As for your speed, a good roughwater swimmer unencumbered, should do about 1 metre per second (most bushwalkers will be slower). With a pack or rope it's much slower, so it's worth doing a trial swim across and back first if in doubt, before taking your gear across. Take your shoes off to swim faster. The quickest way across is to swim at right angles to the current, letting it carry you downstream as far as may be. If you aim a bit upstream, it'll take longer, though you may not be carried down so far. Swimming your pack across can be done in several ways - with it on your shoulders, pushed ahead, or towed behind on a cord - the last is probably the fastest, as one can maintain a normal overarm stroke.

John Atkinson

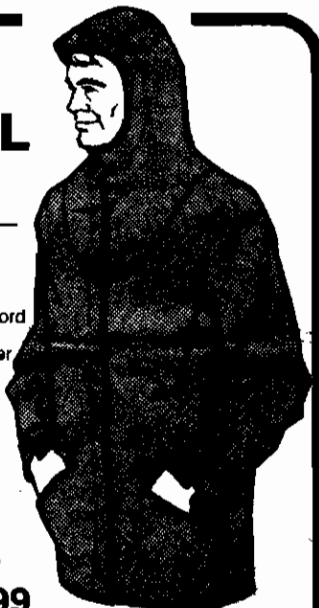
The rest of this article will be in the next newsletter including methods for crossing rivers, precautions to take and the use of rope.

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CANOE MARATHON FOR MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS

The 8th Outward Bound Hawkesbury Canoe Classic - the overnight canoe marathon to raise money for Multiple Sclerosis - will be held on the Hawkesbury River near Sydney on the 13th and 14th October 1984.

The 111 kilometre event from Windsor to Brooklyn is regarded as one of Australia's major marathon canoe races; it is also one of the biggest fund-raisers for the Multiple Sclerosis Society of NSW. Last year more than 400 paddlers started in the race and over \$500,000 was raised for the MS Research Programme.

Further information is available from the Race Secretary, phone (02)520.5634 or (02)699.2971.

Janet Muir (Publicity)

PUBLIC LIABILITY

At the last Search and Rescue activity at Kanangra Walls, the NPWS insisted that for this and future activities a public liability policy for \$5,000,000 had to be taken out. Now no matter who applies for whatever activity (camps, reunions, SAR emergencies) the Service will insist upon this protection. The attitude by the Service should be seen in the light of rumoured pending court cases