

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to
the Sydney Bushwalker, The N.S.W. Nurses'
Association Rooms "Northcote Building,"
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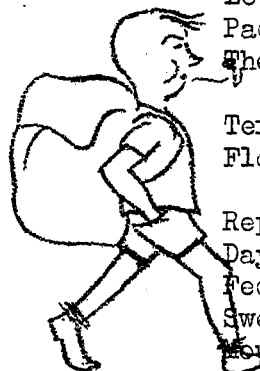
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MAY 1964

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THE APRIL GENERAL MEETING.

Jim Brown

Well, the new President struck the gong with the Bone to call the meeting to order - and the gong fell over with a clatter. This drew sufficient attention and let it be recorded the official group on the dias thereafter carried off business with such aplomb that you'd imagine they'd been at it for years. There were three new members to be welcomed - Bill O'Neill, Graham Hogarth and Peter Colwell and once we had corrected the previous minutes in regard to gear hiring charges they were duly signed and put with the archives.

The President announced the Assistant Officers elected by Committee and sought volunteers for sales and subscription jobs. Betty Farquhar undertook the job on our own magazine and Denise Hull accepted the work for other outside periodicals. Ron Knightley had advised that he would be unable to do Federation delegating, and John Holley was appointed in his stead.

In correspondence we had replies from the Scouting Movement regretting the tree cutting incident at Era, and from the National Park Trust in appreciation of our advice and explaining that copies of the Park By-laws were sent to scouting bodies known to be camping in the area.

Jack Wren had written to Committee on three counts. (1) Woods Creek was becoming depleted of fire wood and it was suggested that we look for alternative sites (a) complaining of discourtesy at the camp fire, and (3) referring to several cooking fires which were left alive at the end of the Reunion weekend. There was a letter from Thistle Stead concerning the proposal to establish the David Stead Memorial Research Foundation at Bargo, south of Picton.

The Sydney University Rovers were seeking information and old club magazines in connection with maps of the Kowmung-Kanangra-Bindook area they are preparing. At this stage, as correspondence was being received, the Literary Editor, clutching a large and apparently empty glass jar, attempted to leave the auditorium quietly, but was recalled to receive what we hope were contributions, and not accounts for payment.

The Treasurer reported a closing balance at end of March as £82, and indicated that subscriptions would be very welcome. Mick Elfick presented his walks report, but with the Reunion and Easter both falling in March, and several trips not yet reported, it was difficult to judge how active the period was. Federation report was covered in the April magazine, but it was good hearing that the Federation Annual was again underweigh, and that the editorial office was in S.B.W. hands, with Geof Wagg and Bill Gillam forming the team.

Information was to hand that the Royal National Park Trust had gazetted several areas as "Wilderness Areas" including North and South Era. If the term "wilderness" seemed rather inappropriate to the South Era shacks,

at least it suggested an intention of keeping the region roadless. Also added to the National Park were two land portions, lots 9 and 10, Parish Bulgo, which lie south of Garrawarra. This information inspired some discussion, as endeavours had been made to have these lots added to Garrawarra in earlier years, and their present inclusion in the Royal National Park suggested that the independence of Garrawarra was threatened. Ron Knightley proposed a letter to the Lands Department conveying our views, and his motion was adopted.

Mick Elfick, armed with a map, told us he had been on the Deua River at Bendethera over Easter, and had been shocked to find a rough road leading right down into the valley. As might be expected, there were people in there with Land Rovers and rifles at the holiday weekend.

Tracing the recent history of the area, he said that the valley was comparatively unspoiled, and some years ago a Mr. Rankin had purchased quite cheaply a number of key blocks in the valley near Bendethera. Most of the rest of the area was either the Caves Reserve or unclaimed Crown Land. Mick suggested it may be a suitable destination for the Era funds, and once in possession of the crucial blocks, the whole valley could be controlled and probably preserved. His motion, that we enquire if Mr. Rankin were prepared to sell and how much he would want gained support from Alex Colley who added that the Kowmung project raised at the Annual Meeting should not cost much - we could probably get a very cheap lease if the land was to be placed at our disposal. Frank Ashdown protested that the Deua River was too far off, but Heather pointed out that the motion was purely investigation, and it was then carried. Mick Elfick said the June-August walks programme was in preparation and trips were wanted.

Heather Joyce announced that Tony Queitsch had left for the country (Bellingen area) and would be out of walking circulation for a while.

Bill Gillam said it was hoped to produce the 1964 Federation Annual in November, and items, preferably of about 2000 words, with maps and photographs were needed by the end of May.

Jack Wren amplified his statement that we should look elsewhere for a Reunion site, and suggested that there may be places in the Kurradjong-Bilpin area, which would still be within reasonable travelling distance.

This took us off for another month, with hour only 9.15 p.m.

SOCIAL NOTES FOR MAY

Recently we welcomed home Joan and Frank Rigby after living abroad for some time. Between jobs they visited some places of great interest to bushwalkers and since I have seen many of their delightful slides, I can recommend the "Bushwalker Abroad" on May 20.

A group of ten Bushwalkers enjoyed a three weeks' holiday early in January this year on Lord Howe Island. Since the Social Secretary was one of the ten she can completely vouch for the quality of entertainment on "Lord Howe Night", May 27. If you hear any noises off they will be coming from the mutton birds. So wear your shifts, don your oleander lei, fasten your hibiscus behind the appropriate ear and enjoy the fun on 27th.

EASTER AT THE WARRUMBUNGLES.

Dot Butler

Every Bushwalker was happy when the Warrumbungles area was declared a National Park. It would be unreasonable not to expect people to use it, and as the 4-days holiday of Easter offers the best opportunity for such a long distance trip (340 miles from Sydney; 500 odd from Brisbane), then Easter is the time when hundreds of people will be camping there. However, don't let this upset you. If you are the solitary type there are about 20 square miles of country in which to lose yourself, and if you carry your own drinking water you can camp almost anywhere away from your fellow man. Those not quite so anti-social can still escape the tourist atmosphere lurking around Camp Pincham (at the end of the motor road), by upping packs and walking 2 or 3 miles up the ridge to the Dow hut with its magnificent view of Crater Bluff and Beloungery, or to the shelter hut at the top end of the Breadknife. Only the walkers and climbers get this far; for the ordinary tourist it is much too much of a slug.

Our S.B.W. party of 10 (if you count Peter Cameron who hasn't yet paid his annual sub), being social animals who love their fellow man (in small doses) decided to make base camp at Dow hut. The first car load, with leader John Powell, Ross Wyborn and Foxa Butler, left Sydney about 11 a.m. on Thursday and arrived about 9 p.m. Joe and Jerry and John Worral joined them early the next morning at the Dow hut, but when the third car's travellers (Brian, Allan and Dot Butler) got there about 11.30 (having camped the night en route from Dubbo in a thistle and burr paddock - 57 varieties), they found the site deserted and a sinister message scrawled on a square of toilet paper nailed to the hut door, to wit, they had heard 120 scouts were going to camp at Dow hut - could anything be worse? No, not even the Sydney Rock Climbers, so they had gone down to join the Rockies at the new hut above the Breadknife and please follow, and P.S. Bring this bit of paper along as it would be needed. So we pocketed the paper, had lunch, then lugged our heavy packs down to the Breadknife site.

In the dry dust of this Arab-type encampment was the scattered gear of some 20 Rockclimbers, half a dozen Brisbane University Mountaineering Club members, ditto of Brisbane Bushwalkers including some very charming lasses who brightened the predominately male scene, and soon after we arrived and bagged what was left of the level ground, including the wood heap for Ross, a select party of Armidale University boys, having cast their eyes over the rugged terrain, decided they could exist limpet-like on the slope of the ridge if they braced themselves against trees - which they did. So you will see we were one large, matey party. We cooked at our separate fires (more or less), but communed at a common campfire at night. This togetherness of kindred souls was a good thing - there should be more of it.

The first afternoon the early arrivers of our S.B.W. party did a grand tour of Crater Bluff while the late ones accompanied a climbing party of Sydney Rockies on a reconnaissance up Belougery. When we got to the perpendicular pitch half way up the "tourist route" Brian and I went no further as we hadn't brought our rope with us, but sat in a patch of sunlight and watched the experts go up, with Allan on their rope too. Then we sauntered back to camp.

A full Easter moon lit up the scene that night, but most of the party retired early to recover from the long car trip, and be up early next morning for a climb of Crater Bluff.

Saturday morning. We were away about 8 a.m. We climbed up by what is now known as the Tourist Route, i.e. probably the easiest known ascent. This is not quite the route taken by Dr. Eric Dark and myself on the first ascent some 26 years ago, as it does not take in the long ledges across the South-east face which so thrilled my green youth, but from the waterfall chute onwards the route was the same.

Inside the crater, what had been a slim green sapling was now a rather battered and broken tree. The green glacier of tree ferns which had poured down in a thick gleaming cascade is still there, but a stoney line runs down the centre of it, caused either by a rock chute or the boots of climbers. However, although not so unsullied as the first time climbers ever set foot in it, it is still a mighty fascinating place. We climbed out onto the rim to a burst of sunlight and a moving wind - a contrast of life after the stillness and shadow of the green crater. The whole of the park lay spread out around us, and beyond lay the lighter coloured plains and the bluish pilliga scrub away to the north-east. A solitary eagle soared in the blue.

No one was in any hurry to descend, but at length we started down, and decided to abseil out via the short north-east face, the same route I had taken 26 years ago. I don't know what we tied our rope on to in the past - there didn't seem to be much offering in the way of a belay - so Peter hammered in a piton and an expansion bolt for good measure, and down we went one by one. We picked our way down a narrow crack with a bit of vegetation in it. This was not directly below our belay point but some distance towards the right. There was an exciting moment when Brian slipped out of the crack and swung like a pendulum on 60 ft. of rope, right across the face, and was finally able to retrieve his fortunes on a ledge below. Later Allan did the same thing in an even more spectacular fashion.

By the time we were all down it was lunch time, then with a whole pleasant afternoon ahead of us we prospected new routes round the base of the peak. About 4 o'clock we decided to amble back to camp, but just then Peter and Allan found themselves on a route that would "go". It went in a long diagonal right across the West face to within about three pitches of the summit. Here it was practically vertical. Although so late in

the afternoon they decided to give it a try. We others climbed up to a good viewing position above the Breadknife and had a grandstand view of their progress. Two ropes of senior scouts were just negotiating the final vertical pitches and all their friends were watching, some through binoculars and one through the telephoto lense of a movie camera. He was making a record of the climb to horrify their mothers when they got home. We borrowed their binoculars for a closer view every time things got interesting. Our boys made good time to the tope of the diagonal, but found the going very severe on the vertical pitch. Peter, as leader, slipped twice. Luckily he was on a safe runner (i.e. a short rope sling hooked over any projecting belay, equipped with a karabina through which the climber passes his rope as he proceeds.) He only fell about 6 ft. but hanging upside down hundreds of feet from the ground can be a bit unnerving, so they decided to give it away. We watched them descend till dark, by which time they were off the worst of it. When we couldn't see them any more, we returned to camp.

Sunday morning we planned to climb Belougery. There were already parties of Sydney Rock Climbers either up it or on their way when our 10 arrived with two ropes between us. By following the route taken by the S.R.C. we got ourselves on to the Tourist Route when it would probably have been better to follow Dr. Dark's route - it would have been less cluttered up.

Our Sydney Bushie method of setting up only one rope at each difficult stage and having all the party climb on it brings smiles of derision from the highly technical Rockies who climb only two to a rope. Perched at the top of the first vertical pitch with John Powell as he belayed up our party one by one, I felt guilty as I saw other parties arriving below us. We let through the leader of one rope but with our ten strewn all over the place like a monkey's breakfast there was no space for his second to come up. Things began to look rather messy and complicated with festoons of ropes winding themselves around John's belay tree, so when Foxa said she was felling sick and would rather go down I made this my excuse to pull out too, and together with Brian and John Worrall we descended to a nice sunny shelf where we could lie and watch the others climb. Dislodged rocks came crashing down with monotonous regularity. One lass from the S.R.C. - a little pixie type called Shirley - was hit on the head just as she was about to embark on an abseil and knocked unconscious. Luckily her partner on the rope had all his wits about him and grabbed her just in time.

At length the other six of our party reached the summit, via a squeeze hole called the "Anti-Marilyn" because if you aren't as slim as a pencil you can't get through it, and were welcomed by a number of disgruntled wasps. They viewed the view for some time, then abseiled down and joined us on our sunny ledge. The newcomers hoped to find their lunch goodies still intact, but some, I fear, were disappointed.

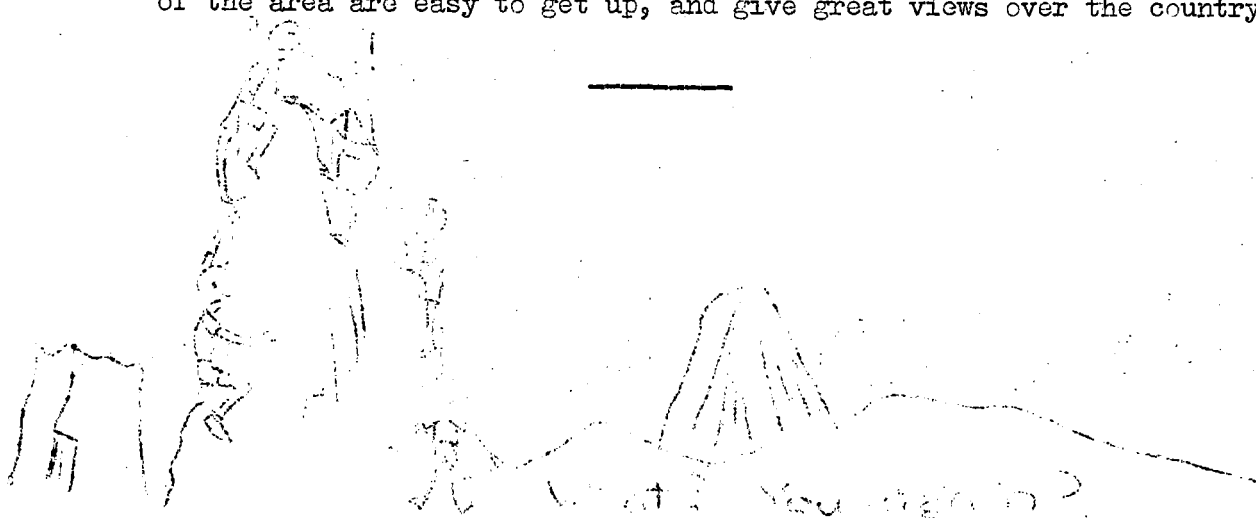
We made our leisurely way back to camp in the warmth of the westering sun with plenty of time to prepare the evening meal by daylight. All the Rockies returned in small parties with exciting tales of their intrepid climbs, and we all merged in the communal dust heap for a camp-fire sing-song that night. "Singing!" said one philosopher among them - "The substitute for thinking!" Well, your brain is entitled to a rest some time.

Monday morning we left about 9 a.m. for the pleasant walk back to the cars, following down Spirey Creek with its Cypress Pine, White Bloodwoods, Brigalow, Iron Bark and Box trees. The trees of the dry Western areas provide a welcome change from the coastal Eucalypts to which we were so accustomed. There are koalas and many types of marsupials to be seen by the quiet walker, but I would suggest some other time of the year when the Park is quieter.

Arriving at Camp Pincham a most edifying sight met our eyes. Despite the fact that hundreds had been there over Easter, the camp area was spotless - no scrap of paper even the size of a tram ticket sullied the spot. All the rubbish receptacles provided were filled to the top, and neatly stacked by the side were heaps of bottles and cardboard boxes. Hats off to the Rangers responsible; if they can educate all those people in one week-end, who knows what this leaven may do over a period of years. Before leaving our campsite we had had a great burning, bashing and burying, and it was good to see that everyone else had shared our enthusiasm.

We returned to Sydney via Mudgee, stopping off at that town for lunch in the willow park by the river, then had a swim (in other words, a much needed bath) in the Olympic Pool before taking the long road home. We managed to beat the homing traffic from the Bathurst Car races by getting to Lithgow before 5 p.m. so had a relatively painless return trip.

The Warrumbungles would be a mighty place for a good old genuine bushwalk - as distinct from rock-climbing - preferably in the winter when the weather would be cooler. Some of the high eminences on the other border of the area are easy to get up, and give great views over the countryside.



LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,

My attention has been drawn to an article appearing in your magazine of April, 1964, headed "Nadgee at Christmas" by your correspondent Wombat. In the first paragraph Nadgee is referred to as a "coastal National Park."

I was very surprised to note that the Sydney Bushwalkers Club, with a long history of valuable assistance to wildlife conservation, would make the error of publishing an article which provides the wrong title to one of our most important Nature Reserves. Nadgee is a Faunal Reserve dedicated under the Fauna Protection Act with a very special purpose. This purpose is the "preservation, care, propagation and study of fauna." It is administered directly by the Fauna Protection Panel and provides an opportunity for preserving the habitats which are characteristic of this part of the coastline, for the retention of the biota in the interests of scientific investigation. Human usage of a Faunal Reserve is intended to be very limited and only those aspects of recreation which fit into the definition given above for a Faunal Reserve should be permissible on Faunal Reserves. Admittedly it is extremely difficult to secure recognition of this new concept - perhaps not new to bushwalkers but certainly extremely new to the greater part of the public and certainly to many of our administrators. Under these circumstances, there are always very considerable pressures put upon such areas, and the Fauna Panel is doing its best to ameliorate the pressures in an appropriate direction.

On the other hand, the term "National Park" is still a misnomer in this State because no act uses the term and there is no definition of what purpose a National Park shall serve. Admittedly the various Nature Conservation Societies and I am glad to say, the Fauna Protection Panel, have made a strong contribution to the present atmosphere which looks like enabling a suitable Act to be brought before legislature in 1964. However, a National Park will always have to provide public recreation and whereas the accent on scientific is implied in a Faunal Reserve, the converse will be true of the National Park. Not only is this view borne out by practices interstate and overseas, but I can see it as apparent in the writings coming from the Department which will manage our National Parks in the future.

Perhaps, Sir, your worthy magazine and organisation could be sufficiently pedantic as to ensure that terms are carefully used in order that the significance of the areas which they cover are appreciated.

ALLEN A STROM.

Chief Guardian of Fauna.

Editor's Note: The editor, and the author of the "Nadgee" article wish to apologize for their inaccurate description of the Nadgee Faunal Reserve. We agree with views expressed in Allen Strom's letter.



PADDY MADE



9.

REMEMBER THE TIME ——— !

The trips we all remember longest, are those that were very hard and we wondered, when in the middle of some very trying period, what the heck we were doing there anyhow.

Someone once said, that one half the fun of a trip, is planning it, the other half is talking about it, after it's over. The middle part cannot be left out, it is necessary so we are able to talk about it later.

To make the middle part more endurable, make sure your equipment is 1st class.

Paddymade equipment is 1st class and is the choice of most walkers, mountaineers and outdoor adventurers.

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The Sydney Bushwalker

THE 1964 SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN EXPLORATION EXPEDITION.
"This decades most audacious adventure."

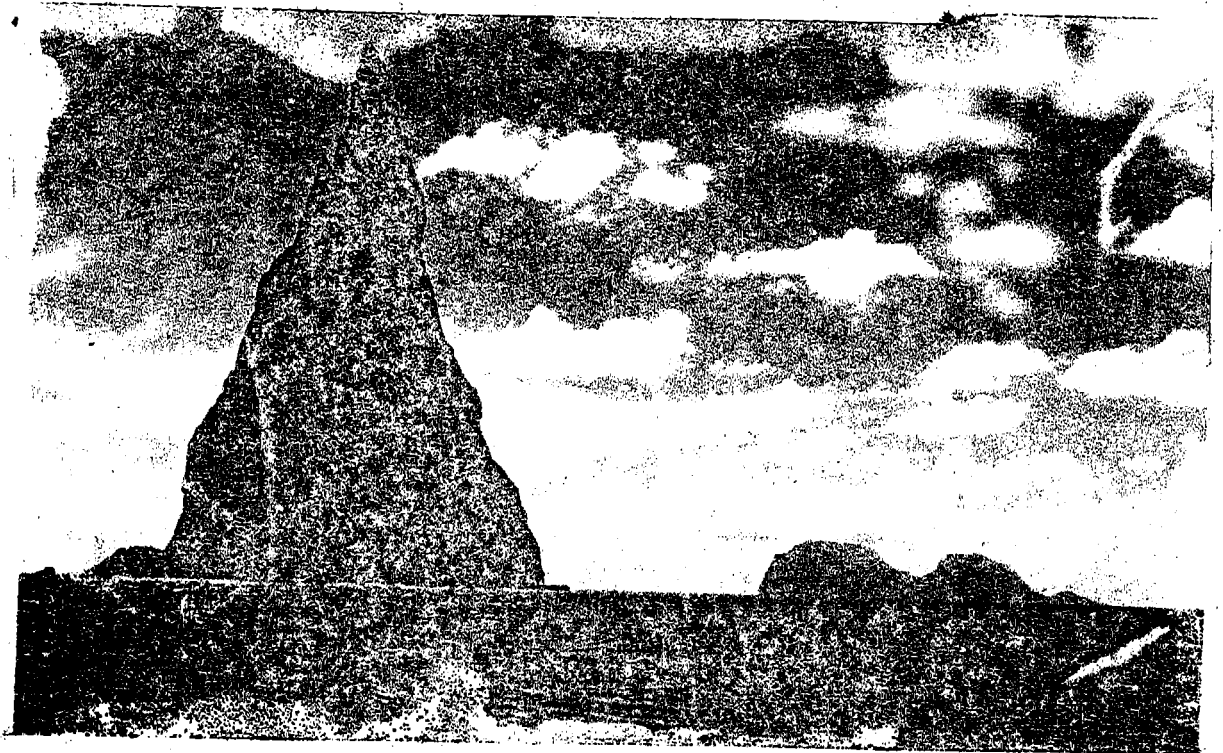


Photo by D.Morris.

This challenging expedition is to be made late this year to an as yet unconquered outpost of Australia. Ten young Australians will sail in the schooner "Frothy" to Ball's Pyramid, a sheer terrifying pinnacle of rock rising from the South Pacific Ocean at latitude 31.65, longitude 154°E. These modest unassuming young adventurers will conduct important scientific research and carry on the heroic traditions of Burke, Wills, Eyre and Sturt that have made Australia great.

NATURE OF PROBLEM. Ball's Pyramid, 12 nautic miles from Lord Howe Island, has an oceanic climate; bird lime falls on the Pyramid almost daily, and the Pyramid is as a result glaciated to sea level, greatly adding to the difficulty and danger of the expedition. The pyramid has never been scaled and until the Australian flag is shown on the summit Australia's claim to the rock will be insecure under international law. Furthermore the high flow rate of Big Ball's unique glaciation will enable the expeditions scientists to conduct invaluable flow rate research, which would take decades on a normal ice peak.

PERSONNEL. Every member of the team is a world expert in his field, and the knowledge and expertise of each member dovetails into that of every other member. There is no room for the merely good or even excellent on this expedition.

Dot-rot-they-Butler. Mem. N.Z.A.C. Brilliant climbing record in N.Z. and Australia; one time official guide Mt. Cook; first traverse of Remarkables in bare feet; with Bertram Equislant first ascent of Mt. Earnslaw (completed in 8 hours); first ascent of Carlons Head; with Dr. E. Dark, first ascent of Crater Bluff, Warrumbungles; etc, Lake Dot in Milford Sound area is named in honour of this famous climber. Expedition duties:- map reader, navigator, engineer.

May, 1964

The Sydney Bushwalker

11.

R.A. Drunken, Me. Am.Geo.Un., one-time secretary, S.B.W., etc.
Extensive experience in exploratory trips in Katoomba area; extensive experience in navigation under lost conditions. Many climbing attempts to his credit. Driven off Mt. Sneffels U.S.A. only by debilitating effect of pure American hamburgers diet. Expedition duties: Parasitologist and fund collector; probable member (climbing up rope fixed to summit by D. Butler in pilot climb) of final assault team.

Snowdon Allen B.Sc. Mem. K.B.C.; doyen of Australian rock climbers; editor of authoritative text book "Rock Climbs of N.S.W."; Olympic cyclist. In private life an electronic computer expert. Expedition duties:- Leader; liason officer between expedition members and natives on Lord Howe Island. Allen's cycling experience will be invaluable on L.H.I, where no other form of transport is available.

J. Pedigree, Me. K.B.C.; author "The Hilt and Scottish Vigour"; geneticist; extensive climbing experience in N.S.W. Expedition duties:- Emergency appedicotomist, geneticist, scientific research. Pedigree will follow up earlier studies which suggested that cold oceanic air blowing over Ball's is largely responsible for the maintainence of the erect form of the Pyramid.

Roamer Butler, Ass. Mem. N.Z.A.C. Some climbing experience in N.Z. An apprentice expeditioner. Expedition duties:- Base camp support to more experienced members of expedition.

FUNDING. The adventurers have themselves generously contributed funds sufficient to cover the ordinary costs of the expedition. However it is imperative that they be given such extra funds as will enable them to adequately represent metropolitan Australia on the nearby possession, Lord Howe Island, where entertainment costs are extremely high. You are enjoined to give your unstinted support to these modest, heroic, capable, and incredibly young adventurers, and complete the voucher below without delay.

1964 SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN EXPLORATION EXPEDITION

"This decades most audacious adventure"

Name

I herewith enclose a cheque for £100, £300, £500,
.....* in support of the 1964 South Pacific Ocean
Exploration Expedition, this decades most audacious
adventure.

Signed

Date

* Delete sum not applicable.

TERRA NOVA - CONCLUDED.

J. Brown

I came to water within about 200 yards, disturbing a blase lyre bird, who clucked at my advance, and withdrew with poor grace. From that particular pool I dipped with a pannikin to avoid pollution, then, feeling quite heavy with the volume of liquid I had absorbed, carried on another 100 yards to a larger hole, where I passed a very relaxed hour, sometimes drinking and sometimes just sitting peacefully in the four or five inches of cool water.

Towards 3.0 p.m. I collected myself, and ambled toward Widdin, down the bed of the creek. Although it could have been little over half a mile it kept me occupied until after 4.0 o'clock and by the time I had crossed a paddock where wheat had been harvested not long before, it was 4.30 as I reached the earth road running up the valley parallel with Widdin Brook itself.

Except for the myriad flies you always find in cattle country in summer, and the nagging knowledge that I had to find a way out on the opposite side of the valley, it was almost a blissful stroll along the Widdin in the ~~ding~~ heat of the day, to a perfect campsite among some casuarinas. Cattle and horses were grazing by the stream, but it appeared that I was up river from the highest permanent homestead.

In the dark about 8 o'clock I removed the torn film and then settled for a restful night, planning an early start in the morning to get some climbing done before the full heat developed. As it turned out, it wasn't such a restful night, for about midnight I awoke with cramped and aching legs and stayed awake for an hour or more (it was only when the same thing happened the next night that I realised I had de-salted my system, swallowed a couple of pints of brine flavoured with lime cordial, and slept peacefully).

However, I was on the move soon after 5 o'clock and continued a mile or so up river before I selected a ridge that looked most promising. It proved easy and open until it was nearly a thousand feet up, then presented me with a cliff I had no hope of climbing or even sidling.

At 7.30 a.m. I perched on my ridge, which had grown steep and rocky, and took stock. Off to my left (south) there was a big creek coming into Widdin Brook. If my reading of the map was correct, it let up into the saddle between Nulls plateau and the next lump along the long ridge north from Mulls (Mt. Cox). If I could trace the creek up, getting through the cliff line, I should dodge the unnecessary 700 ft of climbing on to Mt. Cox and down into the valle. It seemed worth a flutter.

I remember saying aloud to myself as I started up the bed of the creek at 8.30 a.m. "This is a bit like starting to get up Devil's Hole, without knowing there is a way up!"

The creek, as it turned out, was slow going, but nowhere really difficult. A few times there were small waterfalls, with a dribble of water

actually running but it was always simple to clamber out on the side and outflank the fall. Shortly after 10.30 a.m. I was making my way up beneath the cliffs and a little later the creek valley began to open: a grassy steep slope with open forest presented itself between two arms of the stream and I took to it.

Several hundred feet up I could see blue sky ahead through the trees, and quite abruptly I stood on a saddle, with a decided stock trail at my feet. To the north the track climbed towards Mt. Cox - south it ascended Nulls. The time was 11. a.m. It looked as though the hard work was over.

There were still several miles ahead, while the trail wound up on to the wide basalt summit of Nulls. At lunch I found my cheese had not melted this day and could be opened. It must be a cool day - not much over 80° and lightly overcast with a dry wind.

About 1.30 I found a bull dozed trail skirting a fence on the eastern edge of the mountain; giving views out over the wilderness I had traversed, and just before 3 o'clock reached the first farms and a road - the Nulls road, perhaps three miles north of my start point.

I trudged down that road in an agreeably weary, dazed sort of way, pondering the stupidity of tackling this country in this kind of weather. All wrong, of course. It reduced the trip to a kind of battle against the element - no real pleasure in it at all. Agreed. But behind all that was the peculiar satisfaction and peace of mind that comes from a break through in Terra Nova.

MEMORIAL TO HILDA STODDART.

A ceremony of interest to many members of this Club took place at St. Paul's Memorial Church, Seaforth, on March 18, 1964. A new organ had been installed in the Church and, on that evening, was dedicated by the Bishop Coadjutor of Sydney, The Right Reverend M.L. Loane, M.A., D.D., in memory of the late Hilda Stoddart, who was organist at the Church for 16 years and a member of the Club for almost double that time. The dedication was followed by a recital on the instrument by the present organist, Mr. G. Cole. A well trained choir contributed items, also.

Amongst those attending were Club members, past and present, including Maurie and Mrs. Berry, Flo McKinnon, Jess Martin, Hilma and Frances Colley and Mary Eastoe (Stoddart). A feature of the church grounds was the Australian native trees and shrubs planted by the late Mrs. Stoddart and her helpers, who included several Club members.

FLOATING DOWN THE RIVER ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Kangaroo.

"You be at Mt. Wilson by 8.30 a.m. and don't be late" said Ross, so with this instruction plus a l'lo we hoped to float down the Wollangambe next Sunday. Ross had planned this trip to explore the canyon downstream from where he left the canyon a month previously.

At ten to seven I woke up. My first reaction was to roll over but with a painful calculation and a V.W. I might get there by 8.30. Grabbing a tin of sweet corn, 2 tins of pears, plus a can of beer, I zoomed out to the car without cleaning my teeth or attending to other equally important matters. John was still waiting at Granville (I had arranged to pick him up at 6.30) so we sped off hoping the other bods would wait.

We arrived a little after 8.30. All the other bods were there, Ross Whywasheborn, Brian Harding, John Scott, John Powell, Foxa, Rona, Wade or Norman Butler, plus Dot who was standing in the middle of the road modelling her gallygaskins. Gallygaskins are a woollen underbonnet worn by Queen Victoria and other ladies in a time that did not have the luxury of modern plumbing.

After listening to the usual insulting remarks I received my lilo that Dot had purchased for 25/- so we then moved off down the road past an avenue of dying walnut trees. They had been recently ringbarked and presented a grim sight. A friendly bloke told us that the woman who owns the land had the trees ringbarked because people were climbing over the fence to pick up the walnuts. With horrible thoughts of what should be done to the owner we moved off down the ridge to the Wollangambe.

For the next few minutes puffing and blowing noises were heard as bods inflated their lilos which were in brilliant colours of red, orange, greens and blues. Then the canyon walls reverberated with shrieks and yells as bods launched themselves into the deep pool, sometimes on top of, usually under or around or besides the lilo; similar to staying on top of an empty beer barrel. After we had exhausted the urge to tip others base over apex, we adjoined to the end of the pool in the sun to watch Brian break in his craft by leaping over, under, everything except on to the lilo. He eventually made it so we sailed forth down the canyon.

The Wollangambe is ideal for this sort of trip - high sandstone walls rising straight out of deep water from 50 to 200 feet. There were two methods of riding the lilo (1). The sitting position similar to riding a horse. This was very stable, however all below the navel was under water (cold water) so that in long pools all the male members of the party soon adopted the second position. The second position was by far the best. Lying flat

along the lilo with the head bent 90° one could glide effortlessly along at high speed or just be on the lilo sunbaking depending on the mood. Occasionally we would link up head to foot, to form a long train floating along three narrow clefts and winding like a sea snake across wide pools. Some of the pools were 200 yards long, some longer so that swimming thru without a lilo would be painful, and with my swimming ability impossible.

At the end of each pool we ported the lilo over boulders and thru scrub. This was no hardship as they were always very short. On one portage Foxa was ruptured on a sharp stick. With a couple of band-aids we managed to make it air tight so off we sailed once more. However it was not long before we had another casualty. John Powell had developed a slow leak, but with another band-aid all was well.

With no watches in the party we simply had lunch when we felt peckish. We were fortunate to find a beaut sunny spot up the side of the creek. As I only had a tin of pears I managed to vary the diet with multilateral trade agreements (doing a Duncan). By mixing the Butlers loganberries with my pears we had a mighty combination. To the uninitiated who have never mixed pears with loganberries just try it once and you will like it. When the sun moved off our lunch spot we moved off also. Dot's gallygashin was causing a rash so I cheerfully accepted same plus some rude remarks. Having a thick hide I was unaffected.

By this time we had mastered the art of propelling our craft, lying flat on tummies and paddling with arms. Down this section of the creek the pools appeared to be getting longer and the and the canyon walls higher. Although the canyon walls continued uninterrupted the creek did not lose much height, there being no waterfalls, only small cascades, some of these we floated down.

We found a way out just when the sun was getting low. Our distance in the creek was estimated at 5 nautical miles plus 200 yards walking. Scrambling up a rocky ridge we came to the Mt. Irvine road with a short walk back along the road to our cars. As we were walking in our bathers we received the customary stares from the Sunday tourists and then we adjoined to the Mt. Wilson tea shop for apple pie and cream which finished what every bod voted the best paddle of the year.

A QUESTION OF IDENTITY.

One of the Prospective members was very disappointed when he boarded the train at Parramatta to find that Jim Brown's walk on April 19 to Long Angle Gully at Warrimoo was not being led by Snow Brown's brother.

REPORT ON NADGEE. - by Nail-tail Wallaby, our
Conservation Correspondent.

As reported in the April Magazine a party of S.B.W.s and Kamerukas visited the Nadgee Faunal Reserve, near Cape Howe, last Christmas. We covered the route along the coast-line from the Northern boundary to Cape Howe and then back along the inland jeep track to Morrica Hut. Wildlife was extremely abundant but here we describe only those animals which were obvious to amateurs.

The coastline consists of alternating headlands and bays with beaches, sandhills, lagoons and river estuaries. The headlands swarm with crabs and other critters; around Sydney fishermen have made a pretty thorough job of bait collection and it was an eye-opener to see all this rock life. A follow-up Kameruka trip saw a seal.

The sandhill lagoon country is the home of thousands of waterbirds; black swans are particularly abundant. We had seen nothing like the enormous sandhills near Cape Howe before. With their dazzling steep white slopes, cornices, and blowing summit sand plumes, they were reminiscent of the Kosciusko Main Range in winter.

In from the coast at the southern end are large areas of heath. Here grey kangaroos are common. As we walked through this heath country we constantly flushed up a medium size yellowish green parrot which rose like a quail and then dived for ground cover again a few yards ahead of us. These were ground parrots, a bird which is generally speaking very rare.

The Northern part of the reserve is deeply dissected and carries a heavy forest. Lyre birds and possums are the most conspicuous inhabitants. Nadgee, with 28,000 acres, is the largest of the three non-pocket-handkerchief N.S.W. Faunal Reserves. Wildlife is varied and abundant. But there is still need for public agitation to establish it securely. The original leaseholder still considers it to be his private grazing property. His improved pastures in the southern section probably do no serious harm, but his systematic burning off of the headlands in the northern section is terribly destructive. It does not even help his cattle; burning off is one of the perverse traditions of Australian graziers. The two parties we met in the Reserve were there illegally, one carting out a load of poached fish and the other carting in a rifle. The Faunal Protection Panel believe that these troubles can be corrected only by the appointment of a full-time ranger, but this needs state funds.

The security of the Reserve would be greatly increased if plans to flank the Reserve with a State Forest on the N.S.W. side, and a National Park on the Victorian side, could be realised.

DAY WALKS.

- MAY 17. Cowan - Cole Trig. Edwards Trig - Cliff Trig - Rock Carvings - Cowan. 12 miles. The leader vises that the walk will not visit Jerusalem Bay as shown in the programme. Good views over Cowan Creek. Could be scratchy in parts where gaiters would be helpful. Train: 8.30 a.m. Wyong train from Central Steam Station to Cowan. Tickets: Cowan return @ 7/4. Map: Broken Bay Military. Leader: Jack Perry.
- MAY 24. Stony Range Flora Reserve (Dee Why) - St. Michael's Cave (Avalon) - Exploration of Barrenjoey Headland (Palm Beach) 5 miles. A "look and learn" excursion to some of the more interesting parts of the Northern Beaches. Barrenjoey Lighthouse and the view from it over Broken Bay are very picturesque. Private transport - see the leader for bookings. Map: Any Sydney Street Directory or Broken Bay Military. Leader: Esme Biddulph.
- MAY 31. Glenbrook - Glenbrook Gorge - Nepean Lookout - Euroka Clearing - Glenbrook. 12 miles.
There are two day walks programmed for this week-end. That mentioned above includes a rock hop down Glenbrook Gorge and a scramble up to the Nepean Lookout from the Neapean River Junction. Could be scratchy thence to Euroka Clearing. Train: 8.20 a.m. Lithgow train from Central Steam Station to Glenbrook. Tickets: Glenbrook return @ 14/3. Map: Liverpool Military. Leader: Ernie French.
- Pymble - bus to St. Ives (Warrimoo Rd) - Cowan Creek - Bare Creek - St. Ives. Traverses portion of Kuringai Chase and Lady Davidson Park, including the headwater creeks forming Middle Harbour. Bare Creek could be scratchy. Train: 8.10 a.m. Hornsby via Bridge from Central Electric Station. 8.46 a.m. bus Pymble to St. Ives. ... (Warrimoo Rd). Tickets: Pymble return @ 4/9 plus 1/2 bus fare. Map: Broken Bay Military. Leader: Ron Knightley.
- JUNE 7. Engadine - Scouters Mountain - Eckersley Gap - Woronora Trig - Morella Karong (Myuna Creek) - Waterfall. 13 miles. Excellent lookouts on Scouters Mountain taking in the Heathcote Primitive Area. Parts of the trip traverse thick scrub and gaiters will be helpful. Not recommended as a first walk. Bring a torch. Train: 8.20 a.m. Cronulla train from Central Electric Station. CHANGE AT SUTHERLAND for rail motor to Engadine. Tickets: Waterfall return @ 6/-. Map: Camden Military or Port Hacking Tourist. Leader: David Ingram.

FEDERATION REPORT - APRIL 1964.

Shelter Sheds and Sleeping Huts in National Parks. Clubs are requested to give consideration to items to be included in Federation's policy on this matter. Federation will await this club's report on the question (in preparation) and hopes to be in a position to discuss it at the June meeting.

Search and Rescue. The Annual Practice Week-end will take place on July 17th & 18th, 1964. Federation would like to know whether our Contact Men are still the same.

Blue Mountains National Park. The addition of 60,000 acres is proposed giving a total of 170,000 acres. The new area will include Wollangambe and Yarraman Creeks (Bell-Newnes area north toward the Wolgan River.) Walkers may now cross the Cox's River at the Kowmung River Junction (within 2 miles of Warragamba Storage water).

The Sydney Rock Climbers Club has been accepted as a member of Federation.

Six Foot Track. The prohibition notices now exhibited along the 6 ft track west of the Megalong Rd. and the difficulty of access to the track in this area is to be brought to the attention of the Metropolitan District Surveyor.

Federation Ball will be held on Friday September 11, 1964. Members for the organising committee are required.

The Bushwalker Annual. Another issue will be published this year. Contributions are invited by the Editor before the end of June to C/- Box 2090, G.P.O. Sydney.

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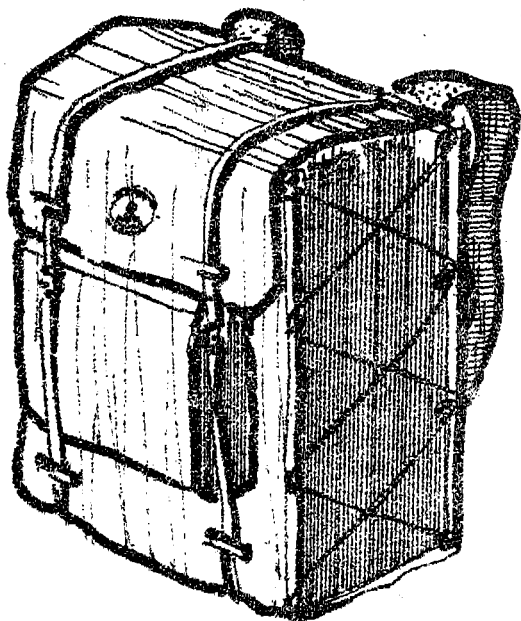
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