



THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to
The Sydney Bushwalker, The N.S.W. Nurses'
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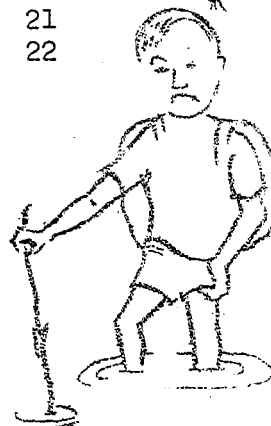
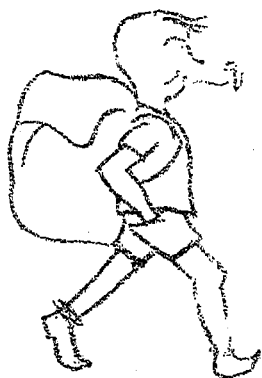
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JUNE 1964

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THE MAY GENERAL MEETING.

Jim Brown.

About 8.10 p.m. the ear-bashing session for May got going, first business being a welcome to a lone new member, Peter Carrington. We were advised that letters had gone to the Lands Department (i) saying we disagreed with the Bulgo land being added to National Park and (ii) what price the bit of land on the Kowmung we were after. So far we had not written to the owner of the Bendethera property, because we couldn't trace his address.

Esme Biddulph recounted something of her stewardship at a Parks and Playgrounds meeting, where the filthy state around Karloo Pool was reported, and interest was shown in the depoliation in Blue Gum Forest wrought by small tomahawks. The Movement will write to the suspected offenders. (but no names please!)

Mick Elfick reported that the new walks programmes displayed on the Notice Board was short of Sunday walks and the President added that there was increasing trouble in getting Saturday starts, but some very good Friday evening trips were included. After hearing a summary of the Federation bulletin (published in the May magazine) the sundry reports were received.

So we came to General Business, preceded by a statement from the Chair. Heather announced that in order to clarify the present membership admission procedure, Committee had requested that the facts of prospective life be made known. Broadly, there were two issues - the time of prospective membership and the walks requirements. The minimum time is three months, and normally the maximum is 6 months. The Club considered it was not asking a great deal in requiring prospective members to complete the three test walks needed for qualification in that period. Committee may grant an extension of time, but it was not to be regarded as a right.

So far as the test walks themselves were concerned, these were indicated on the programme and were trips coinciding generally with certain "pattern" walks determined many years back. Generally they were of a fairly easy standard, and suitable for newcomers to the game. However, it was desirable that members should try more ambitious trips if possible. There were often trips on the programme that were not marked as test walks because they may be rather severe for new walkers but these might be accepted by Committee as test walks. Also, prospectives who carried out only weekend test walks would find these were acceptable in place of the day walks mentioned in the constitution.

There may be occasions when a leader would decline a request (especially from a newwalker) to join a rather difficult trip. Heather emphasized that her remarks applied to the present system - Committee had been asked to look into the whole question of membership, and this could possibly lead to changes later.

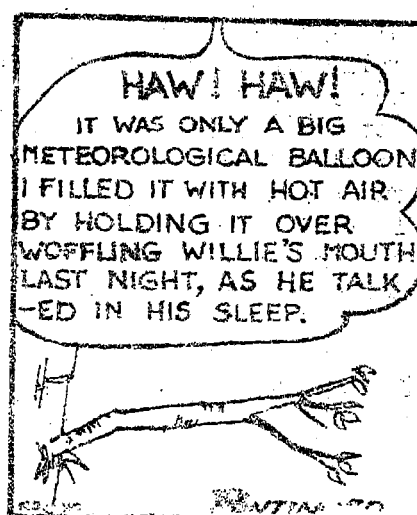
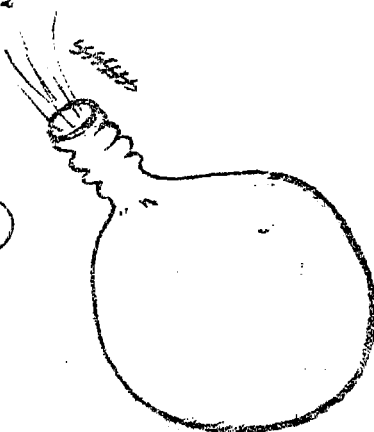
Now Frank Ashdown had a problem - if prospective members, applying for full membership had to indicate that they subscribed to the aims and objects of the Club, how could they know the aims and objects without a copy of the constitution. Heather Joyce pointed out that a document titled "Hints to Prospectives" was given them, and outlined our creed. Frank felt they should get a copy of the constitution on first coming to the Club.

Ramon U'Brien suggested, if the whole scheme of membership admission was under review this could be one of the facets to be considered. Jack Wren felt it would be a good move if any member with some ideas on the subject of membership put it in writing for Committee to consider. Ron Knightley clarified the position, quoting that prospectives had to indicate support of aims that were mentioned in the "Hints".

New member Peter Carrington said, judging from his experience in another organisation, a prospective could be disqualified on grounds which were perhaps quite reasonable, but unknown to him, whereupon Heather suggested a copy of the Constitution on the Notice Board would suffice. Wilf Hilder said he understood it was difficult to get prospectives to read the "Hints" - what hope for the Constitution? Audrey Kenway reported that the stock of "Hints" was low and proposed they be revised before re-issue and on a motion by Alex Colley the original motion was adjourned until Committee presented its report on membership generally. Wilf Hilder rose to comment that the question of reports from Federation delegates was a matter he wished to bring up. A Club which sent delegates to the Federation should receive reports over and above the bulletin. At this stage the President intervened to point out that the Federation Report had been received and dealt with earlier in the meeting, and after a few exchanges, the discussion lapsed.

All that remained was the usual sequence of trip announcements, and a report by Stuart Brookes that he could obtain supplies of Volley sandshoes by a "famous brand" maker at 25/- a time, when Room Stewards were posted, and we closed the record at 9.0 p.m.

LIL SWEETIE NUGGETHEART 2



THE MOUNT BANKS CANYONS.

By Paddy Pallin.

It is curious how, for years, we write off a piece of country as of no importance. Then a party explores the area and finds that what was regarded as just a "bit of bush" is packed with interest. It is only a couple of years since a Kamaruka Club party started exploring the Canyon country just East of Mount Banks, and since then I have heard the young fellows describe this fascinating area. Yet so inadequate are words to describe the extraordinary that I could not build up a mental picture of the area, and I was not satisfied. I wanted to see the area for myself, but, to tell the truth, was somewhat scared to face what seemed a hazardous undertaking. The matter was clinched, however, when Ric Higgins offered to make up a party including me to go through one of the canyons. A date was fixed and it was to be a day trip. There was some vague talk of a 60 foot abseil, so the week before I got son Bob to accompany me to Lindfield rocks to get in a little practice.

At 4.45 a.m. the following Saturday Ric picked Rob and me up. The party eventually assembled consisted of two John's, Dave Roots, Ric, Rob and me. John Hodgson and Dave had their portraits published that day in The Sydney Morning Herald showing them in the act of abseiling down the face of a building in the University of N.S.W. The building was 200 ft. high (so it said in the "Herald") so I reckoned they'd have no trouble with a 60ft. drop. Apart from their known prowess at rock climbing.

Having disposed one car at the Mount Banks turnoff, (for the return), and the other at a fireplace about a mile west of Mt. Charles, at map reference Katoomba 362528, we went about south along a ridge thence down an easy spur into Thunder Creek. It was a typical creek of the sandstone area, with steep but not precipitous sides. In the first pool we saw a yabbie - only a small one, but the first of dozens of yabbies of all sizes from little nippers (how well the word fits) to sturdy veterans who challenged our right to disturb the serenity of their private pools.

We started to wade. Imperceptibly the stream lost height but the sides did not and soon we were in a canyon only a few feet wide with almost vertical walls 100 feet high. The going became rougher and the gorge deeper. For the rest of the day we were hemmed in by almost unbroken vertical walls, varying between 100 and 200 feet in height. We got no sun, of course, but it was a pretty sight to see ferns on the lip of the cliff glowing gold and green in the sunshine. The going now was over great boulders green and slimy with moss. It would have been hard going with the extra weight of camping packs, but we were travelling light, with minimum clothing, lunches and ropes. (In deference to my years I was excluded from taking my turn with the pack.)

Presently we overtook a C.M.W. party consisting of Ray Jerrems with Joy and Meg who were handling things very competently. At about this stage complications set in. The creek which had somewhat impatiently been

wending a tortuous way around boulders, suddenly got fed up with things and disappeared through two holes in the ground. More slippery boulders in the dry creek bed, and then suddenly appeared our first abseil - an easy 20 ft or so. A few yards ahead was a real drop of 60 ft. We knew for certain it was 60 ft. plus because the 120 ft. doubled nylon rope failed to reach bottom by 3 or 4 ft. However Ric assured us the rope would stretch that much, and so down we went. I went down foot by foot cautiously, but Dave and John who had the previous day been romping down the face of a 200 ft (alleged) building took it with gay abandon in eagle-like swoops. At the bottom was the creek pouring out of a great black cavern which went underneath the rock from which we had abseiled. No wonder my young friends could not paint a picture of this area. Words somehow seem inadequate to cope. We waded waist deep in the ink-black water following upstream. Ahead of us we could hear the roar of the stream as it plunged into the subterranean grotto. Two members of the party swam right up to the plunging waters. When all the party was down and ropes put away we proceeded downstream. The going was now pretty difficult. My sandshoes were smooth soled and slippery which made things worse. Having descended the drop we were now forced to keep going as we could not return. Only pretty skilled rock climbers could have scaled any of the walls, so a normal party of walkers must keep going until a break in the walls is reached. Ropes were used several times for tricky descents, and we had some deep wades. Presently we came to a pool too deep to wade, and we had to swim. The water was cold and John Hodgson gave tongue and emitted a mighty bellow which was magnified ten times in the echoing canyon. From that time on it was easy to gauge the depth of the particular pool John was in by the amount of noise he made.

The walls closed in further and further until we were in a dark tunnel swimming towards a gleam of light at the far end. The cold was intense, but suddenly, as I came round a bend I was rewarded by a wonderful sight. At the end of the tunnel was a small sandy beach and on this spot Ray and the two girls were standing. A ray sunshine was slanting down on them like a spot light, illuminating their hair into golden haloes and highlighting a cloud of water vapour which was rising from them after their immersion. It was one of those vivid scenes which become etched on the memory to be recalled again and again with pleasure in the years to come.

At this spot Claustal Canyon comes in from the left so we dropped packs at the junction and went upstream. Claustal is even deeper and darker than Thunder. We pursued our way in a dim twilight which made the very air seem colder. There were numerous deep wades and a few swims. At first I took off my shirt and swam with it held up in one hand. Alas! The effort was wasted. Ray had the best idea. He wore a woollen sweater which though wet gave some warmth. Near a waterfall coming in from the left down the face of a cliff (which we were told was the way into Claustal Canyon, we went off to the right and into Calcutta. What an apt name - we were soon to see the Black Hole. This new canyon grew narrower and narrower and finally we finished sitting on a boulder at the entrance to a dark cavern from which gushed a swift stream of inky water. One by one we plunged into stream

beating up against the hurrying water. It was completely dark now, with only enough room for one at a time. After 30 or 40 feet of swimming the channel turned and came to an end in a circular chamber. Far above was a gleam of daylight illuminating the stream as it plunged a few hundred feet from the sun drenched world above. This was a fittingly dramatic climax to a distinctly different sort of trip. But we were in no mood to dwell on these extraordinary sights for by this time we were all pretty chilled and conversation went something like this "Wah-wah-wah Terr-err-iff-iff-ic" "Yea yea yea wu-wunderful". The effort was too much and conversation lapsed to sign language and even that stuttered because our very bodies were convulsed by shivering. So we lost no time in retracing our steps to the junction and going a little way downstream to Glow-worm cave where the gorge widened and the warm sun reached the floor of the valley. How glad we were to soak up warmth from the sun while the billy boiled. It seems all enjoyment depends on contrasts. How welcome a cool plunge after heat, and how good the sun after our cool plunge.

Glow worm cave is hardly a cave, but a sandy floor about 30 ft. above river level at the foot of a 100 ft. cliff which had a slight overhand - sufficient they say to give protection in all weathers.

After lunch we descended to the creek and a couple of hundred yards further on we came to another tunnel swim. The water seemed colder than even after warming up in the sun. However, it was soon over and the going was now easier. The gorge widened out and after another hour or so of rock hopping we came to a break in the cliffs on the right bank.

After washing the sand out of our shoes we started the ascent. The going was fairly difficult at first but ropes were not needed and finally we got clear of the gorge and merely had to contend with a steep slope. We had suffered from cold in the canyon, but as we ascended the air got warmer and warmer. Ric led us to the left at the base of a cliff, and we came to a small trickle of water. Large quantities of water laced with lemon and lime plus glucose revived us, and we soon climbed the rest of the way up to the plateau. Here we found the rescue track cut a year ago and 5 miles later we came to the Mount Banks turnoff and our car. The time was about 5.30.

So ended the Canyon trip. My description is inadequate but at least it is an attempt to put on paper some record of this unusual piece of country. Maybe it will inspire someone who wields an abler pen to go on this trip and do it literary justice.

Colour Slide Competition to be judged on 29th July.

Members are invited to enter a maximum of 6 transparencies. There are no categories. Slides, clearly labelled, are to be handed to Ed. Stretton no later than 15th July.

BONNUM PIC.

Peter Cameron.

Date:- Third weekend in May 1964.

Characters:- S.B.W.s and guests.

Snow Brown, Dave Rostrum, Ross Wyborn, Scruffy, Jim Jellybean, Alan Barclay, Peter Cameron, Michael Short.

University of N.S.W. Bushwalkers.

John Nagy, Paul Hinckley, Bill Dowd, Dick Marshall, Barry.

I told everyone to meet at Joe's Cafe in Mittagong, but when Alan Barclay, John Nagy and I got there in my Hot Hillman on Friday night we realised it was called "Charlies". The others took hours to arrive like stray cows so we passed the time drinking coffee and rock climbing on the Eastern Face of the council chambers. Getting desperate we finally went for a walk around Mittagong, and found Bill looking for Joe's Cafe - sure he'd seen all the packs and my car outside of "Charlies", but he thought it was other bushwalkers with a similar car ----. Finally the last man, Scruffy, arrived and we zoomed off for Wanganderry, jumped out of the cars and into our fleabags.

The next thing to be heard was Ross Wy-was-he-born trying to light a fire - his first effort for 18 months. Those who weren't woken by the noise were soon heard to make coughing noises as the smoke screen started to asphixiate them.

The early morning rise had disastrous effects on Snow and he became all energetic and frothed at the mouth; he wanted to go to Belloon Pass and back for the weekend. After we'd given him a sedative he settled for Bonnum Pic and we moved off towards the Wollondilly via Burnt Flat Creek.

About half way down the road we came across a coalmine - but this one was on fire, and has been burning for at least eight years! The roof was red hot and smoke was pouring out of the entrance. We arrived at the Wollondilly after a couple of hours so we had a half hour rest. Snow, Dave, Ross, Scruffy and Dick weren't going to bludge so they pushed on. But we caught up with them later and found them sunbaking, snoozing and bludging. Paul and Bill went for a swim and nearly froze. Snow claimed that all of his bunch had been in, but I don't believe a word of it, because it's a battle to get Snow into a hot bath!

After a short stroll we came in sight of Bonnum Pic. The sight terrified most of us and we had to sit down and recover but Wossiborn got all excited and wanted to camp at the very base so we could get an early start. This demoralised the party, but we managed to restrain him.

Being only 3.30 p.m. we decided to push on and after 300 yards or so we came to a very nice camp site with a view of the front of the Pic. The tents were pitched and a fire lit. Ross had to climb something so we walked up a hill nearby to see the sunset. An enjoyable tea was had by all and out of 12 walkers there was a dozen proficient bludgers. This made it difficult, especially for Jim Jellybean. However, the fire was stoked, the fermented prunes passed around, and the singing commenced. As the fire died, the cold forced us to go to bed. Those who slept (9) in Dave's abdulled tent, found next morning that the abdul stopped at their knees and the rest of their flea bags were covered in frost.

Dick and Wossiborn were so cold that they got up at 5 a.m. and lit a bonfire. Dick went to sleep by it and Wossiborn had breakfast and went back to bed. But got upset when his tent fell down and so the rest were forced to get up or get wet.

After a tasty breakfast we were away by 10 a.m. and headed for our objective - Bonnum Pic. It was a steep scramble with a bit of climbing thrown in to give the yaks a thrill. Wossiborn said the last pitch was up a chimney. I could only see two rocks about twenty feet apart and thirty feet high; I spent ten minutes looking for the phantom chimney. We finally made the summit after an airy traverse and a short slab.

After admiring the view we moved off over a Rum Doodle Paradise. But this was to end and the scrub set in. Dave led a party of four and Wossiborn (he's been here before) led the rest. I was with Wossiborn and after going round in three circles and two doglegs we sighted the cars about half a mile away. But a knee deep bog separated us from our vehicles. Dave and his followers had arrived half an hour beforehand and had eaten all the peaches and cream left in the back seat.

We moved off in dribs and drabs, had coffee in Mittagong and headed for home. However, Bill, Alan and myself dropped in to see R.A. (the Hon. editor) at Camden where we ate a saucepan of soup and a chocolate cake, the price of the meal being some padding for the magazine - "500 words per page, at least 3 pages, plenty of detail, bring it in next week....." was all we heard as we disappeared down the drive.

SOCIAL NOTES FOR JUNE.

On 17th June you are invited to share with the Brown Group adventures of underwater exploration in a coral domain that most people will never be able to visit themselves. The location is Lord Howe Island Lagoon, and emerging from this presentation in a way that lay minds will appreciate are interesting aspects of marine biology, botany, ecology and physiology. There are many excursions into the realm of natural science - with brief philosophical implications, that relate the work, with much of which is generally considered necessary for man's healthy, effective existence on earth.

Dave Ingram will present the second part of his holiday in U.S.A. on 24th June under the title "1000 Miles a week - U.S.A." Those who saw the first half of Dave's trip will be looking forward to this group of slides.

PADDY MADE

9.

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THE BUSHWALKER IN SOCIETY. I.

In this series of articles leading experts will examine the position of Bushwalkers in a modern Plural Society. In the first two articles the great pogonological psychologist, Have-a-lot Ellis, examines the question of the Bushwalker's proneness to distinguish himself from society at large by growing a beard.

The Psychology of Ziffs. -- Have-a-lot Ellis.

A beard is a natural adornment in company with the hair and eyebrows. Why then do some men shave? It is only recently that the question has been answered and the conflicting drives of pogonomania and pogonophobia understood. These drives are best understood from a study of case histories. We shall first study the case history of a well known shaven member of a much shaven club, the S.B.W. Next month we shall study the history of a bearded member of a much bearded club, the Kamerukas.

Case I.

Mr. F.B.A. is a robust man though rather razor scarred. There is no history of family weakness of any kind. His history is given in substantially his own words.

"Before the age of 21 I had never seen a bearded man, though, when visiting a circus at the age of 6, I had seen a bearded woman. I was particularly revolted by this sight, as the woman was fat and wore nothing but her sparse beard, evidently that none might question her genuine femaleness.

My father never told me the true facts about men, beards and shaving, and when at the age of sixteen my first bristles began to come through I was terrified. I imagined I had contracted some terrible disease as a consequence of my sin, and at first tried to hide the symptoms of this malady from my family by the use of the scissors and tweezers. The position soon became hopeless; for every bristle removed six would seem to spring up in its place and my face became quite weedy.

On my seventeenth birthday, a girl with whom I was acquainted gave me a shaving set, but I had no idea of its nature or purpose. On our next meeting she said "You WHISKERY ape, why the hell didn't you take the hint and have a SHAVE?" I had heard these two words only once before, and that in a lewd jest about the circus woman. I collapsed distraught, and this girl seized the opportunity to give me my first shave.

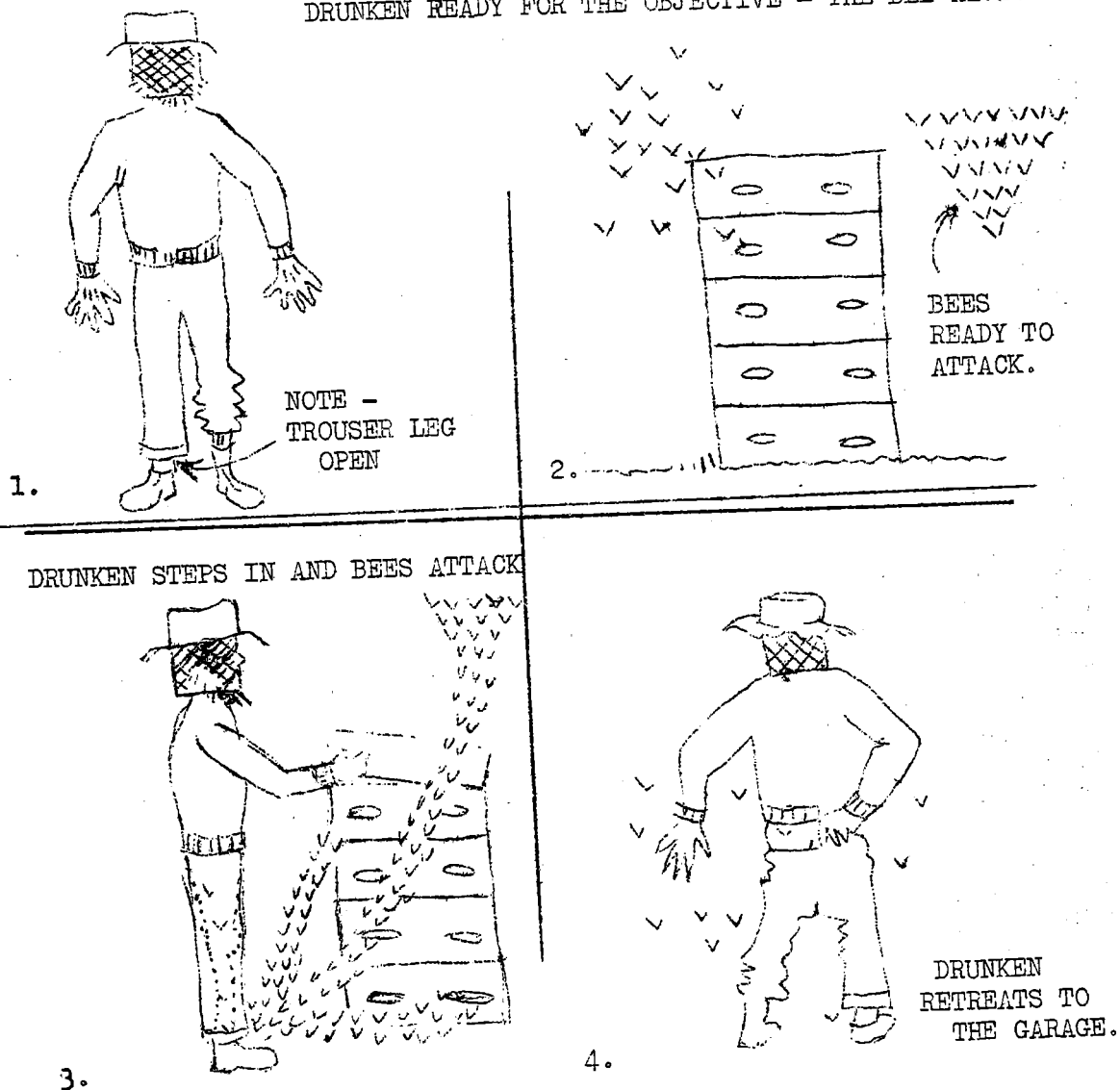
The experiences of my youth, and the manner in which the intimate facts about beards were first revealed to me have left me with a disgust of all things whiskery. All beards, hair brooms, poodle cut dogs and unmown lawns revolt me, and induce violent nausea.

I am regularly worried by dreams in which I am a laboratory attendant in charge of cultures of penicillium. I have been told that these dreams gratify a sub-conscious desire to grow a beard.

If this is so the craving is certainly completely inhibited during my waking hours; after my first experience I began the habit of having an all-over shave twice daily. I shall be 82 years of age next St. Patrick's day, but I have carried out this practice to the present time. Twice a day (and thrice on Sundays) I shave my whole body, save only my pate, where nature has long since given up the uneven struggle, and my eyelids, from which the lashes, proving troublesome to the razor, were removed by electrolysis at the age of twenty five."

ROSS WYBORN CONTRIBUTES COUNTER CARTOON.

DRUNKEN READY FOR THE OBJECTIVE - THE BEE HIVE.



A WARTIME TRIP TO THE WOLLONGAMBE.

Dorothy Lawry.

(Editor's Note:- Here Dorothy Lawry recalls an early trip of hers to the Wollongambe. This is topical, as the area is now receiving much attention. Alex Colley and Stuart Brookes are well known Wollongambe walkers.

Three weekends ago (May 22-23) Ross Wyborn, David Palmer, Bob Duncan and Barry Higgins walked from Mt. Irvine to the Newnes Pine Forest via the Wollongambe - Bowen Creek junction, Mt. Mistake, Pommel Hill and Mt. Cameron. Another party set out on the same weekend to do the same trip in the opposite direction, but because of a series of bungles, the chief of which was to choose Dot Butler and Snow Brown as navigators, they failed to make it. The route now seems even rougher than it was in Dorothy Lawry's time; there is now no track from Mt. Irvine to Tesselate Hill and the Bluff.)

On Saturday, 16th May 1942, Edna Garrad, Grace Edgecombe (now Noble) and I - all of the S.B.W. - together with my aunt, took the district's only hire car from Bell to Mt. Irvine. Here we left my aunt to stay a few days at the guesthouse run by the Misses Scriveners in their old home. Their brothers had a sawmill and the sisters had the Mt. Irvine Post Office and the guesthouse. We had quite a consultation with them before leaving. They knew of 3 routes down through the cliffs to the Wollongambe Creek but these were all within a half-day's walk of their home. They also knew the Tesselated Hill but nothing of the wild country further out; they were interested in our idea of exploring out there with the help of two military maps - Wallerawang and St. Albans.

We decided to follow the ridge between the Wollongambe and Bowen's Creeks to the north over Tesselated Hill and on -- with an easterly zig opposite to Bungleboori Creek, then a north-north-west zag - until both ridge and Wollongambe turned east and then north-east (on the St. Albans map). Soon after getting on to this second map we should see a side creek (dotted in) heading north from our ridge to the Wollongambe. Here the contours were not quite so jambed together and we decided to try to reach the Creek by this route. Grace had suggested keeping on to the end of the ridge and going down to the junction of Bowen's Creek with the Wollongambe as there were no cliffs shown at this point. However, a closer look at the map showed a gap of 800 or 900 feet in the contour lines. We therefore decided to try the descent down the side creek and an ascent up the point. If this proved impossible, we could return upstream and out by the way we had got down to the Wollongambe.

Having promised to report back to the Scriveners on our luck and our findings on the trip, we set off and camped for the night at the first water after the road had degenerated into a track.

On Sunday, 17/5/42, after crossing Tesselated Hill by track and following it to the start of the main ridge, we made the mistake of leaving this track as it seemed to be continuing along the western side of the ridge while we wanted to get on top. However, we soon found that the eastern side was much too steep for comfort and had to clamber up a chimney and very steep slopes to the top of the knob (marked "bluff" on my map which I traced later from the two military maps). After that we kept to the top of the ridges without difficulty and made a dry camp at a flat rock at the point where we intended to turn north off the ridge. We had carried water all day so were all right for cooking that evening.

Monday, 18/5/42, Edna got up early and took the waterbags down to get water for breakfast. This job took her two hours, but she got good water at some small rock pools. The camp was at about 2,100 ft. and the pools about 1,500 ft. with the Wallangambe at this stage at little more than 1,000 ft. according to the contours on the St. Albans military map.

After breakfast we set off down to the pools. It was typical sandstone country with small cliffs interspersed with easy slopes and plenty of chimneys in these cliffs. Beyond the pools the creek (as it would have been in wet weather) flattened out and swung to the nor-west for a short distance. These two or three small pools were the only water in that creek at that time, being not long after the end of the summer, and we were lucky that its bed was bone dry for it turned north again and dropped over what should have been a waterfall. As these rocks were dry we were able to find footholds and climb down the waterfall till it dropped away on our right into a sheersided hole. We had no rope, of course, but found that by clambering out on the left bank we were able to descend by a convenient slope of talus and we reached the main creek in time for a bath and lunch. In the afternoon we rock-hopped what seemed like three or four miles downstream before camping on a sandy spot on the right bank.

There was a good flow of water in the Wollangambe and the rocks were large blocks that had to be clambered over so each crossing was quite a difficult one. Fortunately, in many places, these sandstone blocks were lying scattered on flat rock ledges which gave easy walking. My photos give a good idea of the nature of the gorge at river level at that time.

On Tuesday, 19/5/42, we continued rockhopping until we reached the junction of Bowen's Creek with the Wollangambe, then returned a little way upstream to a sandy spot for lunch and a washing day. During this return I slipped from the ledge on which I was walking but caught at a sapling and pulled up on the next lower ledge. Fortunately, no damage was done, except for a jar to my nerves. In the afternoon Edna and Grace prospected up the start of the nose of the ridge while I levelled the sandy floor of a good cave we found and in which we camped that night.

When Edna and Grace came back to the cave they told me they had been "nearly to the top" of the nose and it was a climb but negotiable. However, next morning I found they had only reached the place where we rested. The

worst and longest part of the climb was above this place. It was here that I got a bit of a shock -- I clambered onto a large block of sandstone to get a photo looking back upstream and showing the water at the foot of a sheer cliff on that side. The rock moved under my feet!! Hastily I stepped back to a safer position, but that rock did not go over the cliff that morning.

This day, Wednesday, 20/5/42, was still fine and we spent the whole morning climbing back up to the ridge, mostly on the Bowen's Creek side of the nose. In many places we had to pass packs and mine was so heavy that neither Edna nor Grace could lift it; neither could I lift it from ledge to ledge, so each time I had to take off the tent, which was rolled and strapped on the top, and the two gunny sacks that were attached to the front straps, pass these up to Edna separately and then heave the pack up to her before clambering up myself. Then, while I was reassembling all my gear, Edna would go on round the next corner and up to where Grace was waiting, try a bit further, come back and lead Grace on that bit which had been found to be all right. If I had not caught up by then, Edna would come back to see what was holding me up (probably a very narrow place where the gunny sacks were nearly pushing me off into Bowen's Creek) and so we proceeded.

By the time we were really on the narrow ridge, at about 1600 ft. it was 1 p.m. and we were all very tired and thirsty but we had no water with us so kept going until we reached our previous camp by the flat rock - at 2.45 p.m. It was easy walking up along the ridge but Edna and I lay flat on our backs for a while to get up strength to go down to the pools for water. Grace said she was so thirsty that water was the first thing so, without any rest, she took the two waterbags and set off at once for the pools. I promised to follow soon and help her carry the water back up to camp. To my surprise there was no sign of Grace when I reached the pools (where I had a drink from my hands) nor on the somewhat different route I took back up to our campsite, calling all the time. Then Edna and I took billies and went down again, searching all the way to the pools and back to our campsite, calling all the time. Then Edna and I took billies and went down again, searching all the way to the pools and back to camp - unsuccessfully. By this time we were very worried. At first I had thought Grace had made a very fast trip, until my return to Edna; then we feared she had twisted an ankle, or had some other sort of accident, but then we would have found her on our trip to the pools with the billies. Now, apparently, she was lost. Which way had she gone? Leaving Edna to erect the tent and get dinner on, I went searching and calling along the ridge westwards, taking a torch with me as by now it was about sunset. Soon I was delighted to get a reply from about a quarter of a mile further on from poor Grace, who came back still carrying two empty waterbags. She has no head for heights and after the strain of the climb, and in her exhausted state, she had not been able to find any easy chimneys to go down to get to the water. How glad we both were to see Edna and the fire on which dinner was cooking! Three very weary girls crawled into bed that night.

June, 1964.

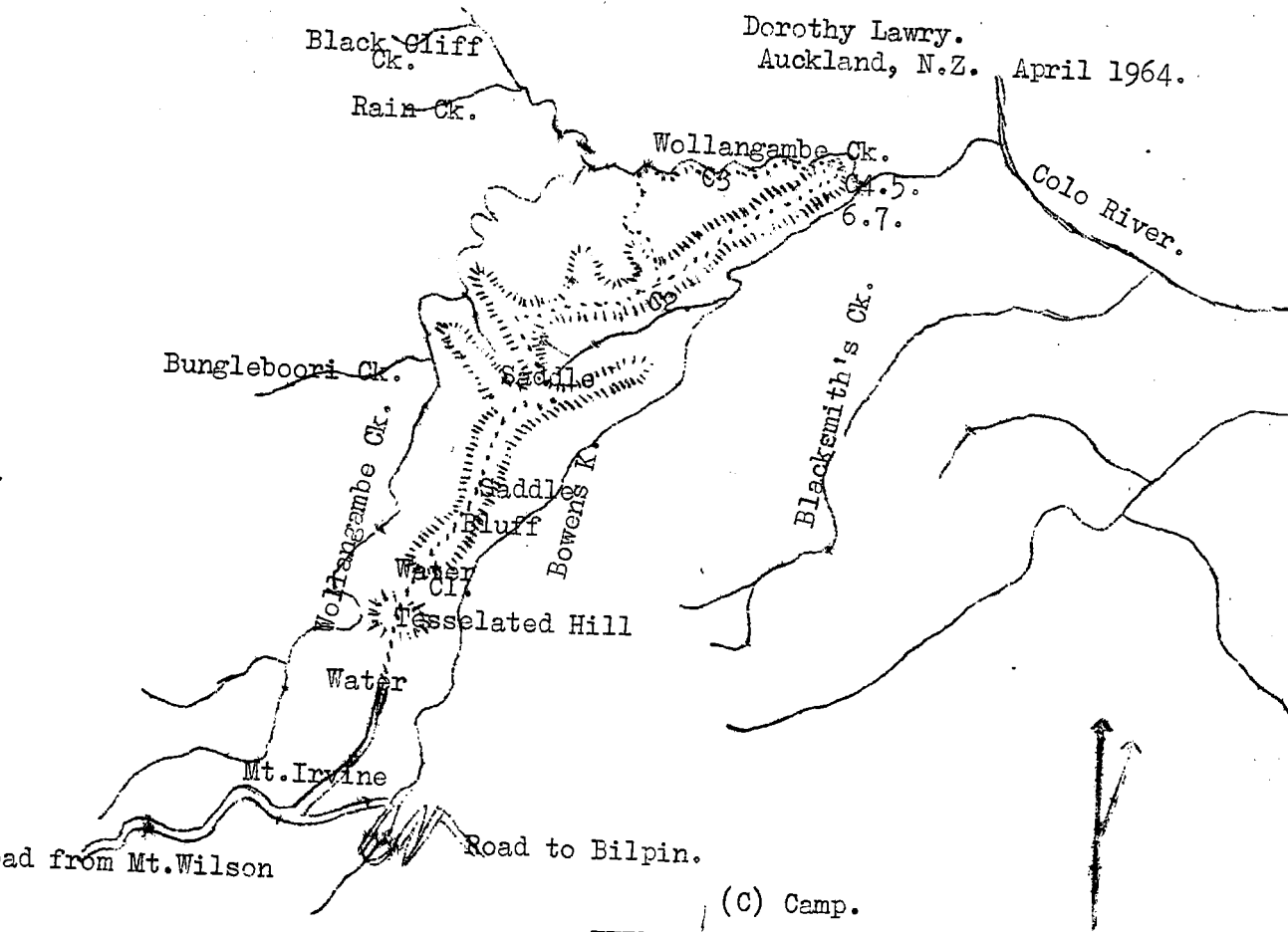
The Sydney Bushwalker

15.

On Thursday, 21/5/42, we made a late start after getting water from the pools for breakfast and laying out a diamond of large stones on the flat rock to mark the turn-off from the ridge. We carried enough water for lunch so, when we found we had gone a little too far on the southward section of the ridge before turning west again, we had lunch there before cutting back from the spur to the ridge. Before we reached the "bluff" we picked up the track which we had left on the outward trip and followed it up and over and down the western side to the water at the south of the "bluff", then on over the Tesselated Hill and into Mt. Irvine.

By now it was raining heavily so we decided to stay at the guesthouse for the night. What luxury! Hot baths, a delicious hot dinner and then soft beds - and our breakfasts cooked for us next morning before we gave the Scrivener girls a full account of our adventures and then set off for a working-bee in the Blue Gum Forest.

That King's Birthday Week-end Alex Colley and a strong party crossed Bowen's Creek to the ridge and dropped down the nose in about half an hour - they knew it could be done and they were razing the dark - to camp on the Wollangambe. The next day, I understand, they proceeded down the Wollangambe to the Colo River.



REPORT OF THE SYDNEY BUSH WALKERS SUBCOMMITTEE ON
NATIONAL PARKS.

At our Annual General Meeting in March, Federation delegates informed the meeting that Federation desired to know the attitude of the constituent Clubs to National Parks management, in particular their views on buildings and other improvements in parks. The meeting appointed a sub-committee consisting of the Conservation Secretary, Wilf Hilder, Alan Rigby, The Club President, the Club Secretary and Alex Colley to formulate a policy and present to a subsequent meeting for discussion. The report of the sub-committee is as follows:-

General Principles:

We believe that National Parks should be principally places where man can enjoy nature. This means that the parks should serve the joint purpose of conserving nature and providing man with a natural recreation area and a sanctuary from modern civilisation with its accompanying noise, ugliness, worries and responsibilities.

In order that man can enjoy nature, we must ensure the conservation of the original and often unique Australian flora and fauna. This is desirable both for ascetic reasons and for historic, scientific, cultural, educational and recreational reasons. It should be regarded not just as an impractical aim of a few so-called "selfish" idealists, but as a very important and practical ambition of those of our present generation who are fighting to preserve the natural beauty of the Australian bush for future generations. We say "fighting" because this idea of conservation will inevitably conflict with private enterprise and commercial exploitation acting under the subterfuge of "progress" and "development", and with the Australian attitude of "If it moves, shoot, if it doesn't, chop it down", and even with the lazy attitude of compromise.

All National Parks should be complete sanctuaries for native fauna and flora. Protection should extend to aboriginal rock carvings, middens and other relics, fossils, rock faces, caves and all other natural features.

The degree of development of National Parks should be balanced between the conservation of nature and man's enjoyment of nature. We stress, therefore, that roads and buildings must be limited to inconspicuous areas on or near the perimeter of the park. All development should be kept unobtrusive and of material in keeping with its surroundings; the ruling that all ski huts be of natural timber and not gaily painted is preferable to the ugliness of the toilets recently erected at the most scenic spot at the Stanwell Park lookout.

Roads:- We recognise the need and even desirability of roads built to the perimeter of National Parks, but no road should penetrate far into the park. The building of roads within a park begins a chain of events which

inevitably leads to the splitting up of the park, the despoilation of the bush by fire and the creation of parking areas, erosion, dumping of garbage, cutting down of trees, shrubs and wildflowers and killing of birds and animals (e.g. the road to West Head).

Fire Trails:- As approximately 99.95% of fires are started by human agencies, it is our belief that keeping vehicular traffic out of National Parks will alleviate the need for fire trails, and that fire trails merely destroy bushland, create erosion and even actually encourage fires by creating access into a bush area. We advocate, therefore, that gates be placed at the access points on all present fire trails and that these gates be kept locked. We would stress the need for better liaison between Bush-fire Committees and National Park Trusts so that any fire trails built in the future will at least be properly surveyed, thereby avoiding unnecessary erosion and spoilage of the scenic bush.

Tracks: We advocate the building of a limited number of tracks to areas of interest, providing these tracks are narrow (less than 3 ft. wide) handmade, walking tracks. Along them signs may be erected to identify trees, and to illustrate the birds and flowers native to that district. It is our belief that the public should be educated to appreciate and enjoy the bush as it is in its natural state, not that the bush should be changed to suit the public. From education comes appreciation.

We are not in favour of the building of a multiplicity of tracks criss-crossing the park; it may be necessary to mark the beginning of a track by means of a cairn, but we do not think it necessary to completely mark the full length of every track in the park.

Buildings: Buildings should be kept outside the park, or in inconspicuous areas near the perimeter. We approve heartily of the building of educational centres of information around the perimeter of the parks, provided these buildings fit into the landscape and are manned by rangers. It is most important also that the effluent of toilets drains, where possible, out of the park and not into the park, thus avoiding pollution.

We object to development within the parks such as the proposed hostel and sports arena at the Ironbarks and the proposed swimming pool at Euroka.

Commercial Interests: No commercial interests should be allowed within the National Parks to exploit the areas. No public works should be allowed in National Parks. (One member of the Committee disagreed on these two points. He is of the opinion that a limited number of short, unsealed roads should be allowed to points within the park and that public works should be restricted rather than excluded). This includes repeater stations, aircraft beacons, Electricity Commission power lines, etc. Unfortunately, high peaks are regarded as the natural position for such erections, but generally it is possible at extra cost to build them elsewhere outside the parks.

Mining:- All National Parks should be exempt from the provisions of the Mining Act.

Timber Cutting:- No commercial timber cutting should be allowed in National Parks.

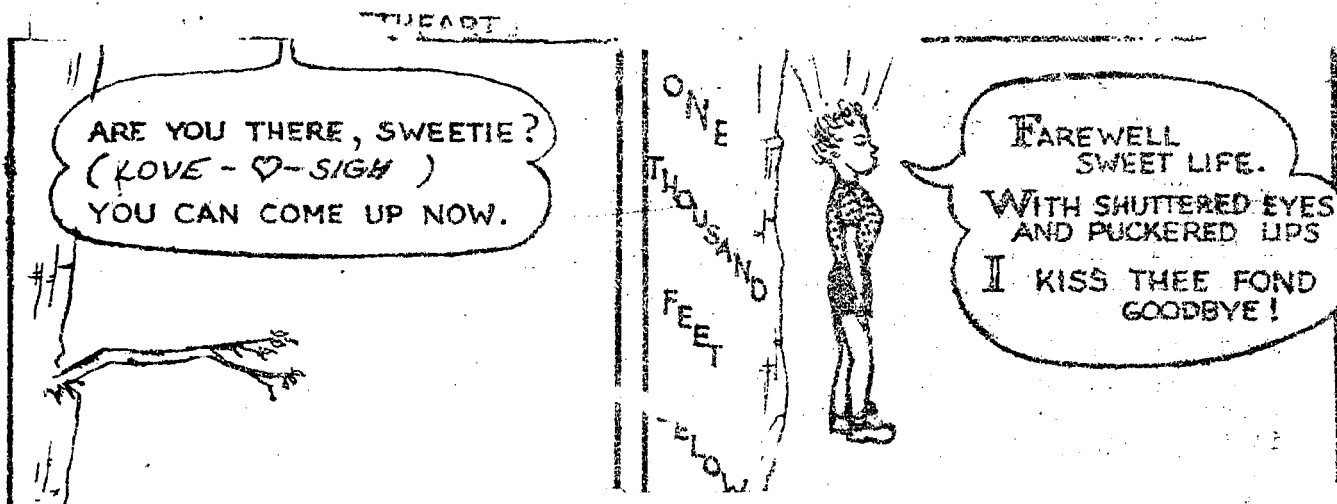
Stock:- No stock should be permitted to graze in National Parks and domestic animals should be excluded.

Rangers:- All National Parks should have sufficient rangers to educate the public, patrol the park, prevent despoilation, rubbish dumping and other damage.

Summing Up:- All these points are important and should be given serious consideration by all those who love the bush and sincerely wish to preserve the native flora and fauna in their pristine beauty.

JULY INSTRUCTIONAL WALK - 3-4-5.

The instructional walk for July will cater for all tastes. Those who think 8 miles is about the right distance for a weekend will follow John White from Carlon's Farm down Breakfast Creek to the Cox. Those who like to stretch their legs will latch onto Snow Brown At Katoomba and chase him along Narrow Neck, out to Splendour Rock, down Brindle Dog and then along the Cox to meet and camp with the first party at Breakfast Creek Junction. On Sunday the united parties will walk up Galong Creek, the best granite canyon in the Mountains. Party 1 will finish at Carlons and party 2 will hike it back to Katoomba. All prospectives must attend an instructional so get ready for it. First aid will be in the Club Room at a later date.



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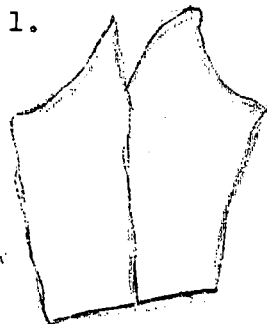
DAY WALKS.

- JUNE 21 Bundeena - Gibbon Head - Marley Beach - Bundeena. 8 miles.
A ramble along the coast near the entrance to Port Hacking, then across some of the heathlands of the Royal National Park. Marley Beach is mainly unspoiled and opportunity may be taken to have a look at the reconstructed Youth Hostel. Just the thing for new members.
Train: 8.50 a.m. Cronulla train from Central Electric Station.
Tickets: Cronulla return @ 5/9 plus 3/- return boat fare.
Map: Port Hacking Tourist or Port Hacking Military.
Leader: Margaret Child, who will join the train at Como.
- JUNE 28 Wahroonga - The Ponds - Bobbin Head - Mt. Kuringai. 10 miles.
This walk traverses part of the South-Western end of Kuringai Chase. Pleasant bush surroundings. Recommended for new members.
Train: 8.40 a.m. Hornsby train via Bridge from Central Electric Station. Tickets: Mt. Kuringai return via Bridge @ 6/-.
Map: Broken Bay Military.
Leader: Gladys Roberts.
- JULY 5 Lilyvale - Burning Palms - Palm Jungle - Otford. 7 miles.
Goes through the Garrawarra Primitive Area and affords some lovely look-out points. A steep climb in and out of Burning Palms. The Palm Jungle track is not as easy as the sign posts would have one believe, especially if wet. Suitable for new members.
Train: 8.42 a.m. Wollongong train from Central Steam Station.
Tickets: Otford return @ 8/-.
Map: Port Hacking Tourist.
Leader: Ron Knightley.
- JULY 12 Campbelltown - The Woolwash - Wedderburn North - Pheasant Creek - O'Hare's Creek - Campbelltown.
Once a favourite haunt of Club members, this area has been neglected somewhat of late. There are, normally, some beautiful pools of clear water in O'Hare's Creek. BRING A TORCH.
Train: 8.25 a.m. Goulburn train from Central Steam Station.
Tickets: Campbelltown return @ 7/9.
Map: Camden Military.
Leader: David Ingram.

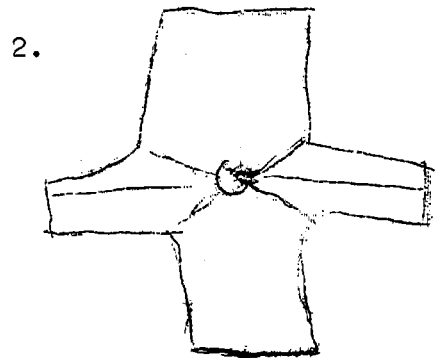
WANTED TO BUY - one second hand flea bag - contact Snow Brown - 251927.
WANTED - Keen Alert Mind to produce cross word puzzles with bushwalking flavour. contact Editor.
WANTED TO BUY - 1 pair of snow chains - suit Holden - see Editor.

WOMEN'S PAGE.

With the exciting skiing and bushwalking season coming on, young mothers everywhere are getting out their sewing machines and making parkas. Here is the pattern which kept Ron Knightley warm for one year on Blizzardly Macquarie Island.



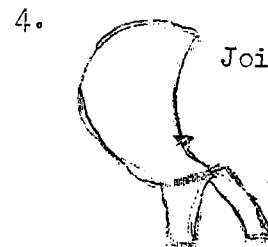
Join Front and Back of
Sleeves.



Join Sleeve to Front Piece and
Back Piece.



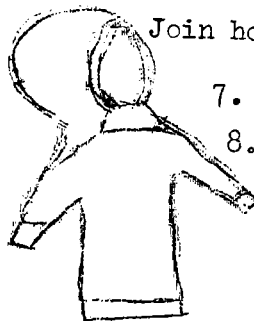
Stitch the line on
Throat Section



Join 2 sections
of hood.

5. Join Throat
Section to
hood.

6.



Join hood section to back and front.

7. Face hood with bias.

8. Join sides and under-arm seam last.

9. Finish wrists and hem.

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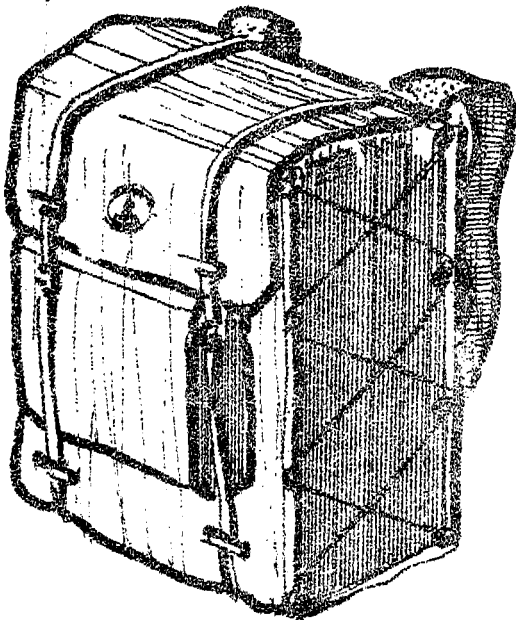
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