



THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

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

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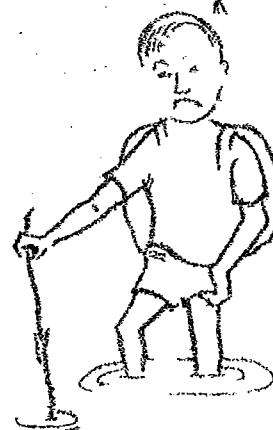
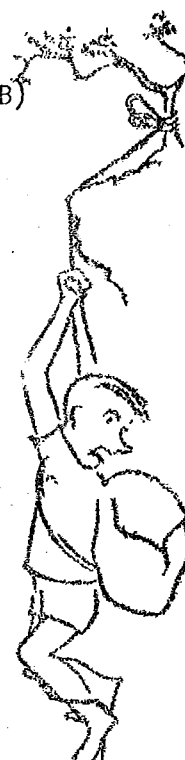
AUGUST

365

Price 1/-

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EDITORIAL.

Many bushwalkers are skiers and are therefore concerned at the complete breakdown in transport to Smiggins and Perisher this winter. Last weekend (July 18) Garth and Margaret Coulter and their children tried to go to Perisher for three days skiing. They spent all day Saturday waiting for transport but retired to a motel at Berridale Saturday night. On Sunday they rejoined the queues and reached Perisher by nightfall. On Monday Garth skied for two hours and then began the day-long journey back to Waste Point.

The Park Trust is the scape-goat for a great deal of criticism, much of it unfair and unappreciative. One is therefore loathe to add to these attacks. But on the question of transport they do seem to be at fault. The 10 miles or so of road to Smiggins is guarded by about half a dozen snow ploughs plus a couple of bulldozers and graders; it is inconceivable that this armada cannot cope with the problem. One can only conclude that it is inactive while the snow falling and that only when the storm is over does it charge, like Don Quixote, at the accumulated and consolidated snow banks.

In America, whole states receive more snow than Kosciusko, yet these areas are inhabited and the airfields, highways, secondary roads and suburban streets are kept open. One might think that this was achieved by great expertise, an abundance of expensive and sophisticated machinery, and an infinite highway budget, but this is not so. In most areas there is perhaps one simple snow plough or street brusher per 50 miles of road and this continuously patrols its section whenever snow is falling. Used this way few storms have any chance of getting ahead of it.

There is a second fly in the ointment at Perisher. A private firm has monopoly on public transport into the area. This firm has interest in making conditions for motorists as intolerable as possible and in pretending that only tracked vehicles can negotiate the trip. Because they are not confined to roads, those snowcats are destroying vegetation in the early part of the season. We would not like to see Kosciusko become one large car park, and we sympathise with much of the Trust's policy. But if cars are to be kept out a reasonable bus service should be provided.

Congratulations to Arnold and Gisela Fleischmann on the arrival of their daughter - Helen Marion.

THE JULY GENERAL MEETING.

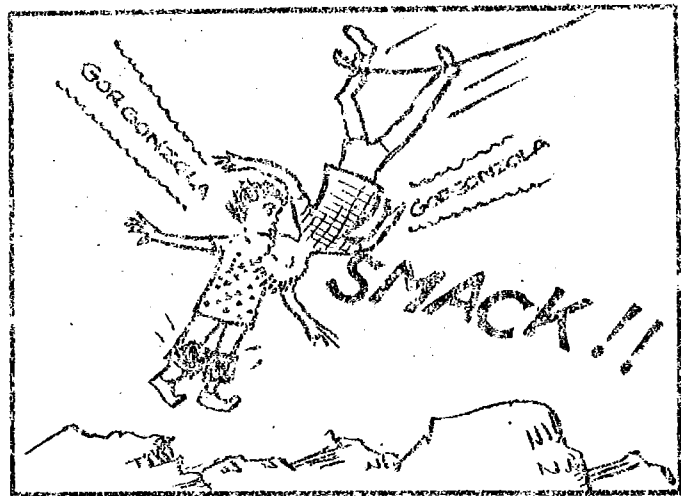
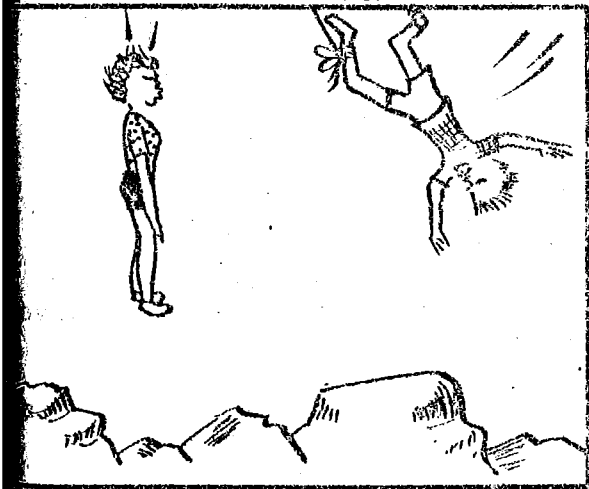
The July general meeting was short and peaceful. Miss Heather Joyce sat in the Chair, Mr. David Balmer read the minutes and correspondence, and Elizabeth, looking absolutely scrumptious, took a few notes.

We got a pamphlet from Allan Strom about the faunal ravages of feral cats. Committee decided to ask for 2 dozen more, and for advice on possible practical solutions.

Another letter, from Mr. Rankin, told us that the land on the Duea River is leased until March. The meeting moved to reply to Mr. Rankin, saying we will write again in January regarding a possible lease or purchase, and asking as an apparent afterthought about the terms of the option.

Gladys Roberts, John Powell and David Ingram volunteered as room stewards, and the meeting then closed at 8.50 p.m.

WEETIE NUGGETHEART 6.



CONTINUED

Letter from Dot Butler.

Greetings to all meinen Freunden, mes amis, my friends.

Having aquired a passport with a pale-eyed replica of myself peering forth from it, a great wad of tickets, "Point of Departure - Sydney: Destination - Sydney" (in other words right round the world), a World Health Booklet to tell the world I have been dealt with Smallpox, typhoid and cholera-wise, not to mention a visa for Russia, we set off from Sydney, first stop Wellington N.Z. Here I left Ira to attend Banking Conferences while I took off for the South Island to attend Sue Coombe's wedding. Sue (ex-S.B.W. and Sydney University B'Walkers) came on our N.Z.A.C. Instruction Course, Xmas 1963, met a handsome young local lad in the snow, and has now become the wife of a sheep property owner. The wedding was one of the biggest social events in the district, hundreds of guests and a whacko wedding-breakfast on the lawn in a giant marquee.

There was, of course, the preliminary of being made man-and-wife in the local church. The groom wore an impeccably cut tailed suit in a new char toning, neatly offset on either side with the new matching narrow lapels. Nice symmetrical pockets gave a focus of interest to the coat. His shoes were in black - very fashionable - and his tie was a delicate shade of grey. His hair was neatly set in a casual-looking, off-one-eye. His striped trousers demonstrated the Italian influence with their new 16" cuffs, while his white shirt set off the rest of the outfit to the best advantage. White gloves, and a lovely white carnation buttonhole completed the picture of sartorial elegance.

The bride wore a simple dress of 'Enery 'Iggins just you white. We fed on wild geese which old man Hamilton himself had shot, and wild red lobsters which his Maori gardner had caught, and frozen mutton from his own frozen lambs in his own frozen pastures - Sue is now partly responsible for the welfare of 6,000 sheep, feeding up and down the steep snow-covered ranges.

I left the South Island and headed north where I rejoined Ira and we toured towards Auckland, spending a day at Chateau Torgariro and climbing Ruapehu (by chairlift). I must say the luxury of the Chateau was a bit different from our last time there when we camped out among the grey wacki boulders under the beech trees and had our bath in the snow-fed rill nearby. (Ask George Grey and Snow about it).

From N.Z. we flew to Fiji where we arrived at midnight and left 20 minutes later so I can't tell you much about that, except that it's hot.

Next stop was Honolulu. The Kahala Hilton Hotel was a great monster down the far end of the island, with its own coral sand beach set with palm trees. All very Gaugin-ish.

August, 1964

The Sydney Bushwalker

15.

Beach-side properties with glorious gardens of trees, lawns, frangipani orchids and flowering shrubs would set you back \$500,000 dollars (about £250,000). Waikiki beach would come about 50th on the list compared with our beaches.

First port of call on the American continent was Vancouver - probably the only place in the world where you can be skiing on the snow-covered mountains and five minutes later be swimming in the sea. While Ira conferred with representatives of the Bank of Canada I hired a push-bike and cycled all round and through Stanley Park - some hundreds of acres of natural forest land - beeches and elms and native pines haunted by grey squirrels and almost completely surrounded by beaches as it is practically an island. Vancouver in the summer is the nearest thing to perfection a Sydney person could hope for - in winter it might be a bit wet and cold, but plenty of snow.

After 3 days of perfect weather we boarded the Canadian Pacific for the long trip right across Canada from West to East (3,000 miles). I spent most of my time up in the Viewer's Dome - all glass, including the roof so you can see the snow-covered tops of the mountains and the sky. Compared with the Mount Cook area in N.Z. the Rockies appear much older and worn-down, and although thousands of feet higher, there wasn't one we saw from the train that wouldn't be a walk over. Spruce and willow forests clothe the foothills and all is green and lush. After two nights in the train, we stopped off at Banff, a picturesque little Alpine resort. One day we went to the top of Sulphur Mt. (7,500 ft) - the easy way, in a gondola skyway, which soared up over the forest and deposited us at the beginning of a walking track through patches of snow and a bit of rock scrambling to the summit. A big-horned sheep took off when he saw us coming.

We climbed down the mountain - down a zig-zag track through beautiful forest carpeted with blue orchids.

Into the train again and several days across the endless prairies to Ottawa, the capital, established in the 1600s and full of picturesque old buildings. Some 14 miles out is Gatineau Park, 75,000 acres of natural forest and 40 lakes, which is still being added to as the National Capital Commission resumes adjacent freehold properties. We stayed at the forest lodge of the Deputy Manager of the Bank of Canada - a charming big cabin with views of Lake Meach, viewed through a forest of silver birch, maple and pines. The temperature was 96° and we spent a lot of time swimming and canoeing in the lake, and after 5 near-fatal drownings I mastered the art of water-skiing and sped round the lake like an expert. The family we were with were outstanding in that all 6 were athletic.

There has been no rain since we left home. The temperature is distinctly Summer - "hot all the way through to Australia" is what they say here. Tomorrow we leave for Montreal and the U.S.A. I'll send another instalment later.

Dot.

DAY WALKS

NEW MEMBERS, FOR WHOM THIS INFORMATION IS INTENDED IN PARTICULAR, SHOULD NOTE THAT THEY ARE REQUIRED TO ADVISE THE LEADER OF ANY WALK OF THEIR INTENTION TO ATTEND. NOTIFICATION SHOULD BE GIVEN NOT LATER THAN THE WEDNESDAY PRIOR TO THE WALK, PREFERABLY AT THE CLUB'S WEEKLY MEETING.

AUG.16 Waterfall - Uloola Falls - Audley - ferry to Cronulla. 8 miles. A pleasant walk along the Western Spine of the Royal National Park. Some of the early wild flowers should be in bloom particularly at Uloola Swamp. It will be necessary to maintain a reasonable pace to catch 3.30 p.m. ferry from Audley to Cronulla. Train: NOTE CORRECT TIME 8.50 a.m. Cronulla train from Central Electric Station. CHANGE AT SUTHERLAND for rail motor to Waterfall. Tickets: Waterfall return @ 6/- plus ferry fare about 4/-. Map: Port Hacking Tourist or Port Hacking Military. Leader: Dick Child.

AUG. 23 Windsor - bus to Scheyville - Cattai Creek - Long Swamp - Cataract Creek - Scheyville. 12 miles.
The country around Cattai Creek is different from that encountered on most of our Walks, but it usually turns on a good display of wattle at this time of the year. Train: 8.9 a.m. Blacktown train from Central Electric Station CHANGE AT BLACKTOWN for rail motor to Windsor. Tickets: Windsor Military or Hawkesbury River Tourist. Leader: David Ingram. Leader will meet party at Windsor Station.

AUG.30 Brooklyn - Oporto Bay - Edwards Trig. - Cole Trig. - Cowan. 12 miles. The scrub could be thick in parts and there is some hilly country on this walk. The area is noted for the wild flower display that occurs about this time each year. Good views over the Hawkesbury River. Train: 8.30 a.m. Wyong train from Central Steam Station. Tickets: Hawkesbury River return @ 12/3. Map: Broken Bay Military or Hawkesbury River Tourist. Leader: Evelyn Elfick.

SEPT.6 No walk offered for new programme at time of going to press.

SEPT.13 Wondabyne - Kariang Trig - Lyre Trig - Koolwong. 8 miles. This is a special wild flower walk through the recently created Brisbane Waters National Park. The walk is intentionally shorter than usual to enable some study of the blooms. Train: 8.30 a.m. Wyong train from Central Steam Station. Travel in the rear carriage as Wondabyne platform is short. Tickets: Koolwong return @ 16/- Map: Gosford Military or Hawkesbury River Tourist. Leader: David Ingram.



PADDY MADE

7.

WHERE IS ALL THE WALKING GEAR?

Well, we must admit the place seems full of
ski gear and skiers these days,

but

we haven't forgotten our friends the walkers
and climbers.

If you don't see walking gear when you look
casually around, press on to the walker's
end of the shop. It's quieter here and you
can look through maps, club notices,
publications or select your requirements
in walking and climbing gear from the
best available.

P.S. We have just landed some special
P.A. Carabiners and Pitons and climbing
accessories.

PADDY PALLIN PTY. LTD.
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Lightweight Camp Gear Ltd.



MAGAZINE REMINISCENCES.

Alice Wyborn.

Way back in the dark days of '42, I became co-producer of the magazine, with Yvonne Rolfe, well known to older Club members.

We had trouble in getting articles for the magazine at times. Most members not away with the Services, were caught up in associated wartime activities, and our time for walking trips was not so plentiful. We had a lot of correspondence with the Lads and Lassies (members) overseas, and this was in the capable hands of "Dunky" (Fin Duncombe). One of our most prolific writers was Bill Burke (where's all that literary talent now Bill?)

The old machine was kept at Yvonne's home at Bardwell Park, and I would cart the paper over there per bike and spend a day - usually the Wednesday or Thursday before the Friday the magazine was due out, in the old Hamilton Street Clubrooms.

That old machine was certainly temperamental. If it didn't play up in the morning, we usually finished up having a fight with it before the day was out. Sometimes in disgust we would give it a good kick or punch which seemed to make it change its mind and behave.

Then there was the exciting journey to and from Bardwell Park - leaving home early in the morning, I would ride through the peaceful rural areas of Mortdale, Forest Road and Stoney Creek Road. Sometimes I would be forced to walk the bike behind a herd of dairy cows - yes it really was countryside in those days!

Ever been attacked on a bike by six dogs at once?

Another time after a particularly frustrating day with the old machine I left for home just on dark - a cold winter's evening, and after a couple of miles along the old gravel road that was then Stoney Creek Road, the old bike developed a bad flat tyre, which forced me to wheel the thing home the rest of the way laden with a huge pile of magazines. Allan was home long before me, and frantically wondering what had happened - there being no telephones to get in touch in those days.

Then there was the day, on returning home late in the afternoon, I was caught in the open by a severe summer hailstorm. With the Mags. safely covered with a Paddy-made ground sheet, like the old saying - the mail must go through - so did the magazines - to be taken into the clubrooms by Allan on the Friday. They were enjoyable days - and we liked having first chance of reading the latest reports of the Lads and Lassies, and the partnership of Yvonne and myself developed into a firm friendship.

DIARY OF A DOCTOR.

Monday.

When I opened the surgery door this morning young John Batdun crawled in on his hands and knees in a most extraordinary posture.

"What's your trouble", I said. "Cave crouch", he grunted, "went caving last weekend and now I can't stand up." "Mum said you could recommend an osteopath to me". "That will not be necessary," I replied, lifting him onto the examination table. ----- Kneeling on his thighs and pressing firmly, with my hands on both shoulders, I attempted to straighten his spine. Very little improvement and a cry of pain resulted. Examination soon revealed the problem; his beard was caught in his trouser zip, evidently the result of negotiating a squeeze-hole.

It is not generally realised how many troubles can be caused by unsatisfactory or poorly adjusted clothing. In these days of pointed shoes, stove-pipe trousers, and string singlets, it is doubly necessary to ensure that no part of the body is strained, twisted, or ensnared in any way.

Tuesday.

"Congratulations! I said to young Mrs. Mary Lollilegs this afternoon when she walked into the surgery.

"No need," she replied, "Ate a tin of fizzle guzzle on the long walk last weekend, thinking it was glucose. Had a drink this morning, and now I've blown up." "Treatment for bloat", I said, "is more usually the province of the veterinarian, but I think I can handle your case."

In past years bloat was usually treated by puncturing the stomach wall with a sharp knife, so allowing the entrapped gases to escape. Now it is known that grasping and firmly pulling out the tongue will usually result in the gas escaping via the mouth. This treatment plus a sharp punch in the solar plexus proved effective in Mary's case. Used in moderation "fizzle guzzle" or health saline is a valuable addition to the bushwalkers pack. Most bacteria are killed by the digestive juices; health saline added to drinking water from contaminated streams stimulates the flow of these juices.

Wednesday.

The first person to see me today was Patsy Potholer. "You look fit and healthy", I said. "Well I don't feel it," she replied, and stripping off her blouse she revealed an ugly red band of blisters encircling her waist.

"Aha," I said, "A classic example of shingles or herpes zostra. A virus infection of your nerves is the culprit. Tradition has it that when the band completely encircles the waist the victim dies, but tradition is wrong, and you have nothing to fear. The condition usually cures itself, but it is now claimed that these new methothioglauconate pills will speed the process. Try one," I said, "popping it down her throat."

"You're wrong you know", Patsy replied "Stinging nettles; Colong's lousy with em, and my sweater was a bit short on the trip last weekend. I'll wear a shirt next time."

I tapped her shoulder as she turned to leave, "The methothioglauconate pill. Five guineas please."

Properly used, stinging nettles are an invaluable aid to the bushwalker. They may be eaten, and beside reducing the weight of food which must be carried, supply essential vitamins to the diet. Cooked, they are said to taste like curried spinach.

Thursday.

When I saw the Junior Surgeon this morning his face glowed like a stop light. "Acne rosea", I opined. "No," he replied "Foot n Mouth Disease; everytime I open my mouth I put my foot in it. When I told nurse, I wanted to see her more intent, how was I to know she was a bush walker."

It is not known why embarrassment causes dilation of the capillary. It has been suggested that the augmented blood flow was originally a preparation for combat.

Friday.

Bracket fungus found growing on dead stumps was the accepted preventative medicine amongst bushwalkers last century for the malady which has been variously known as Starlight Shudders, tremor fatalis, and Glassner's Disease. No cases have been reported since 1870, when Glassner showed that it was caused by fungus poisoning.

THE MAGAZINE STAFF I.

Mrs. Shirley Dean.

Shirley lives at 30 Hannah Street, Beecroft and can usually be seen at Club meetings. Besides looking after Kevin and four young children, Shirley is one of the hardest working members of the magazine staff. She worries people for reports and adds, really the editor's job, and types all 20 pages of it. Then she often lends a hand in putting it together. You can take advantage of Shirley's zest for work by writing reports of all your walks.

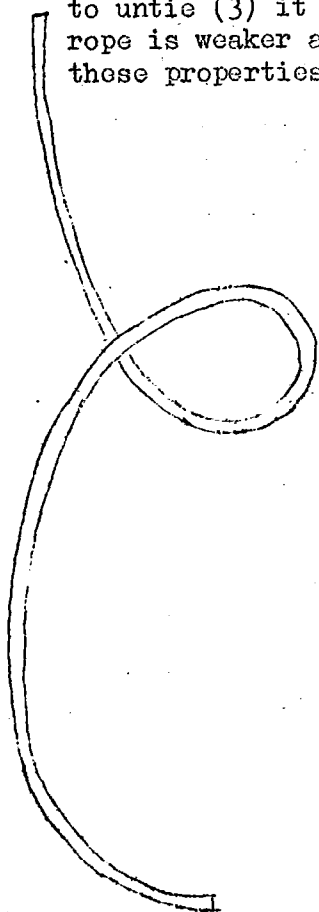
KNOT FOR YOU?

George Gray

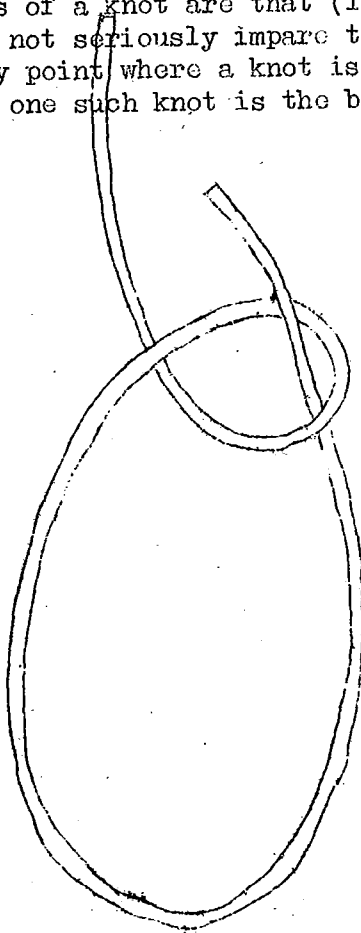
I have come to the conclusion that bushwalkers generally, have no aptitude for tying the right knot. On a recent trip no member of the party could tie a suitable loop around their waists when they were belayed up a small cliff scramble.

After eight times tying a bowline in the end of the rope and throwing it down while each in turn wiggled in and snugged it up, I have decided to write this article. Anybody can tie a knot that will hold if he makes it with enough twists and turns extra half hitches etc. but wait till he comes to untie it after it has been strained and perhaps is wet.

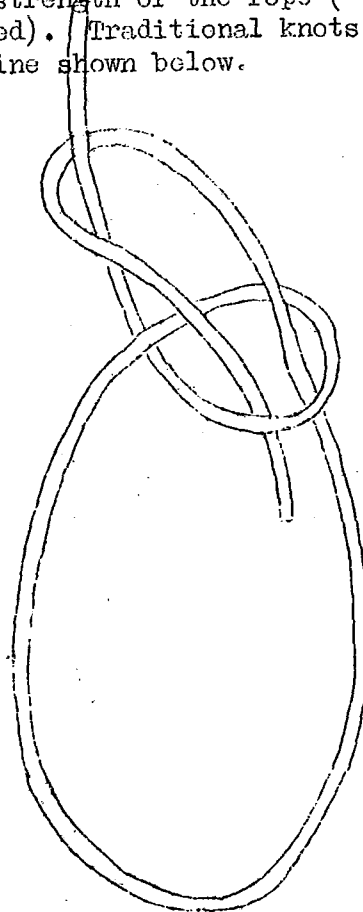
The requirements of a knot are that (1) It won't slip (2) It is easy to untie (3) it does not seriously impair the strength of the rope (a rope is weaker at any point where a knot is tied). Traditional knots have these properties and one such knot is the bowline shown below.



About four feet from the end of the rope form a loop and hold it in your left hand



pass the end around your waist and put it through the loop you have in your left hand



then behind the main rope, around it and back through the loop in your left hand.

A.S.M.E.

The name means AUSTRALIAN STAR MOUNTAINS EXPEDITION and stands for the strong endeavour of six young Australians to reach an unknown limestone area in New Guinea.

The Star Mountains fold over the centre part of New Guinea near the border and reach a height of 1,200 ft. There is every possibility that the world's greatest caves may be found within these unexplored ridges and peaks.

The aim of the expedition is to make an entry march of two weeks with a carrying force of twenty porters supported by air drops - to the flanks of the Stars. After that we will have about two months in which to traverse the mountains, survey the region's geography (for the area is a 'blank space' on the map) and set up camps from which to base attempts on cave systems. To add to the usefulness of the exploration we intend to carry out preliminary scientific work in the following fields: topography geological and cave surveys and with the assistance of the South Australian Museum, a cave fauna collection. While the expedition's final results will be invaluable to a major British scientific investigation of the Star Mountains planned for 1966, the A.S.M.E. is solely Australian, privately organized - and a unique adventure in the tradition of Shipton's 'small expeditions'.

The total costs of the expedition will not exceed £A3,000 but, at a pinch, we will run it for £A 1300 with all this sum contributed by the six members. However whatever money is raised will be spent on further additions of scientific equipment to our gear. This will greatly enhance the scientific value of the venture.

Please send all enquiries to: Tom Hayllar, 23 Burrawong Rd, Avalon
(official N.S.W. representative of
A.S.M.E.)

THE LEGION OF THE LOST.

Too bad that Heather Joyce, and others, spent so much time looking for Denise Hull on David Brown's recent instructional walk, when Denise was safely in camp on the Cox's River near Breakfast Creek where she should have been.

FAMOUS HISTORIC WALKS - II.

The First and Second Ascents of Mt. Banks.

Gordon Smith. 1934.

All Bushwalkers of course know Mt. King George that massive mountain on the northern side of the Grose River facing Govett's Leap Creek. The first known ascent was made on 30th September this year by a number of the S.B.W. - viz; Jeane Friars, Jessie Martin, Gordon Mannell and myself. Contrary to its own expectations, the party managed to find a way up and reached the Trig Station after six hours. Unable to find the track back to the Grose River from the Bell road, they were forced to camp at the head of a gully, and to spend a cold, hungry and thirsty night. The next morning the landscape was draped with a light mantle of snow. Owing to the services of Mr. Pearce who lived at the first habitation, the party reached the Grose again and arrived at camp in the Blue Gum Forest to find that four search parties were combing the adjacent country.

Unfortunately no camera was taken on this trip, so I decided to do it again. The first available week-end was 25/26th November. The proposed itinerary was more ambitious than the previous occasion, for I reasoned that with a fast moving party, the climb, return to the Blue Gum and the walk back to the station could be accomplished in one day. Our proposed number was reduced somewhat at the last moment and only three of us, viz; Joan Fitzpatrick, "Jock" Kaske and myself caught the 5.30 a.m. train on the Saturday.

We had risen early 4 a.m. and in consequence were a little drowsy. I detached two seats from their framework and made an impromptu bed on the floor. The train was slow and we dozed a little. The countryside appeared unfamiliar suddenly, and imagine our horror when we discovered we were on the Richmond line. Alighting at Riverstone, after much delay we ultimately reached Penrith. Finding the most sandy spot on the platform we spread a groundsheet and emulated Bondi. Owing to the absence of any beach inspectors there was no audible comment on my missing shirt.

The 8.53 a.m. from town duly arrived, packed check-a-block and we were forced to spend our time on the carriage platform, more or less comfortable but collecting occasional cinders. We changed later and the sight of Joan in a well ventilated pair of sky blue shorts caused some consternation in the hearts of some elderly maidens (?) who had been "eyeing us off" for some time.

Leaving Leura at 12 noon, lunch was taken near a dairy $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles out. Gilbert Taylor and George Dibley had arranged to wait for us here, but their presence was hardly expected at this late hour. The day was rather hot and sultry as we progressed along the Mt. Hay track, passing through most uninteresting country. Although none of us had been in

that direction before, the dome of Mt. King George lay in our line of vision all afternoon. We did branch off a little too soon, and in consequence had to cross a gully but found Lockley Pylon without much difficulty. Here we had a little trouble finding the correct spot where the track descends, and much time was wasted. The slopes seemed to be endless, and the evening shadows lay heavily upon the leaf-strewn carpet of the Blue Gun Forest when we reached our destination. Here we found Gilbert, George and quite a number of Bushwalkers camped. Anticipating an early night we withdrew to a distance of some hundred of yards and pitched the tent. After a dip preparations were made for tea.

At 9 p.m. we crawled into our bags and I slept immediately. Probably the strains of "Danny Boy" and ten thousand other melodies were wafted along by the breezes at all sorts of ungodly hours in the morning; but I heard not, Morpheus and I were co-tenting.

The first twitter of the birds woke me. Joan and Jock looked so "dead to the world", so comfortable that I hadn't the heart to wake them for some time. The breakfast was nearly ready before they stirred and even then the lazy so-and-so's maintained the horizontal position as long as possible.

At 6.25 a.m. we left carrying one small pack with two cameras, a torch, first-aid kit and compass, matches, chocolates, raisins and fifty feet of rope. The ascent of the extremely steep foothills of the mountains was laborious but otherwise almost without incident; almost I say for during one "breather", much to my sorrow, but somewhat to the merriment of the others I was bitten on the right cheek by a bull dog ant.

After an hour we reached the base of the cliffs and skirted these until we were beneath the cliffs which presented the only possible route to the top. Immediately it was necessary to follow a ledge and zig-zag back. Afterwards it was possible as a rule to follow the cleft upwards. In places sturdy little suckers afforded fine handholds and at times we climbed with an occasional empty void of some hundreds of feet close by, the going never looked very dangerous. The rope was kept handy but not used much, when short rock climbs of ten feet or so entered the programme it was a different proposition. Usually Jock stood on my shoulders scrambled up and made fast the rope, Joan and I followed in that order. Once when we were all standing on a four feet ledge spying out the best way up, Jock tried to have "forty winks". Suddenly he swayed and very nearly lurched sideways into the depths below. On another occasion a large rock crashed down from above and hurtled past his leg. Taking an occasional photo we made steady progress and reached our last obstacle, a high rock with a sharply inclined top surface, slippery and bare. Fortunately there was no drop beneath us at that point, so we were able to experiment, Joan sat on my shoulders and Jock after standing on her shoulders managed to wriggle up. Joan kept one leg straight and I pressed her up a couple of feet above my head. After a short struggle with the rope we both in turn joined Jock.

The cleft for the moment was impassable - a tremendous boulder barred our way. Taking great care we wriggled around a short ledge, avoiding with our eyes the thousand feet of blue haze that yawned beneath. Now we were nearly on the top with nothing difficult ahead.

A tiny pool of crystal water invited the attention of our parched throats. We lay down, relieved, and made a vicious attack on the chocolate and raisins. Some while later we emerged from the shady fissure to the hot blaze of a mountain's summer sun. The trig was not in sight and we pushed on towards the first crest of the range, grazing downwards to the Valley of the Grose which lay on our left. Our coo-ees were heard by Hec Carruthers at camp, and his replies were clear enough. I'm afraid we wasted considerable time taking photos and in contemplation of the grand vista exposed to our view. Surmounting several crests of the range, the trig was at last visible and treading warily through prickles we reached the cairn, in 4 hours 35 minutes.

More photos followed and then it became necessary to think of the return journey. Jock selected a likely looking gully some few miles away and we followed the track from the trig to the Bell road. After a mile or two of road no track turning off was visible, and we decided to follow a ridge in the direction of the Grose. When some distance along this, Jock suggested descending to the gully on our right and suddenly - hey presto! in front of us lay a well defined and cut track. Our stocks soared high again.

Walking more quickly we followed the track which gradually descended and meandered first through a beautiful green gully comparable to the Rodriguez Pass, and later along the side of the Grose River but high up. In a delightful little angle of the track was some shade and a rocky pool offered an opportunity to slake our thirst. Joan and Jock scorned my suggestion of chocolate but I wolfed a full quarter of a pound.

Later the track was overgrown with prickly bushes and lawyer vine, so that at last in desperation we headed for the river, crossed and followed the track on the southern bank. Speeding up again we reached camp at 2.55 p.m. A dip apiece made a world of difference, and after consuming my share of nine eggs, bacon and etceteras, I felt almost a new woman. Time flew and when everything was packed, the watch said 4.20 p.m. There was a little more than three hours to catch the last train - 7.30 pm.

An average of four miles an hour was maintained along Govett's Leap Creek, but when after the Junction the track commenced to wind steadily upwards, our pace slackened. On the zig-zag to Govetts Leap my thighs felt like lead. There was no time for more than a couple of very brief rests and our second gears certainly gave us hell. At the Look Out only 35 minutes remained. Once on the flat again we quickened our pace and had the pleasure of seeing the train in sight as we reached the station.

FEDERATION REPORT - JULY 1964.

Search and Rescue. There were several alerts during the past month, but no searches were necessary. 101 attended the S. & R. Demonstration at Kuringai Chase on 18-19th. July. Members of two clubs, who have recently done the St. John's First Aid Course, gave demonstrations of their prowess. On 24th August 1964, S & R. Contact Men from all Clubs will meet in the Big Sister Room, Scot Chambers, Hosking Place, (Federation's Meeting Room) to discuss the demonstration to be held during October next. Any person with interesting ideas for the demonstration will be welcome.

Annual Ball. Friday, 11th September 1964. 8.30 p.m. - 2 a.m. Paddington Town Hall. Tickets 22/5 each. Attention was drawn to the fact that the Ball runs longer than most. Club Members, who are non-dancers, will be welcome, also, to assist with the running of the function. Ideas for decoration and posters are required. Best decorated table competition will take place.

Annual Meeting, was held at the conclusion of the Monthly Meeting.

President	Nin. Melville.
Senior Vice Pres.	Stan Cottier
Junior Vice Pres.	Bill Moore
Secretary	Graham Mitchell
Treasurer	Terry Thomas.

Details of the various positions filled will be included in the next Federation Bulletin.

Affiliation Fees. It was resolved that the Affiliation Fee payable to Federation by member clubs will be 1/- per member with a minimum of £1.

Film Night. A film night has been arranged by the Rucksack Club on Wednesday 9th September 1964 at Anzac House in aid of the South Indian Ocean Expedition to Heard Island.

DATES TO REMEMBER -

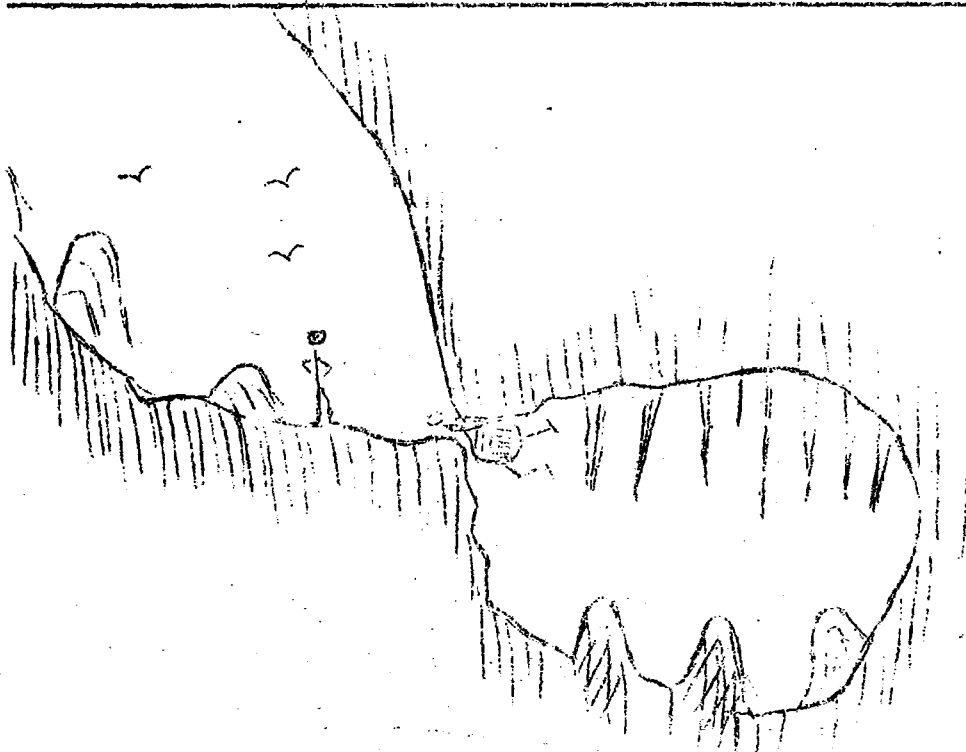
11th September - FEDERATION BALL.

27th November - Sydney Bushwalker Christmas Party.

SOCIAL NOTES FOR AUGUST.

There will be an alteration in the social programme for August. Denise Hull will be unable to present "Arnhem Land" on 19th, for the very good reason that she will be enjoying a holiday in the snow. However Len Hanke who was unable to visit us last month will be at the Club in the place of Denise to present "From Coast to Mountain". Len Hanke is well known as a member of N.P.A. and will be telling us about Nadgee and Barrington.

We are having films on 26th - three in fact. "Soa Road" is an impression of an over-night voyage from Melbourne to Devonport, Tasmania, on the vehicular ferry, "Princess of Tasmania". "Diavolezza" takes us for a trip aboard the "Diavolezza" Cable Railway, Switzerland. Scenes include views from the railway which are just short of breathtaking. "The Cattle Carters" is the story of a 800 mile trip in which cattle are moved from a large property in N.W. Australia to the railhead for shipment to southern and overseas markets.



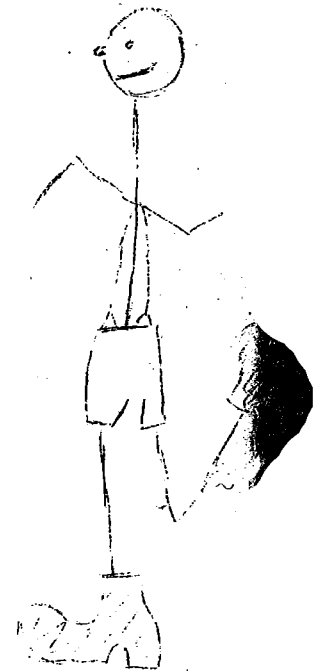
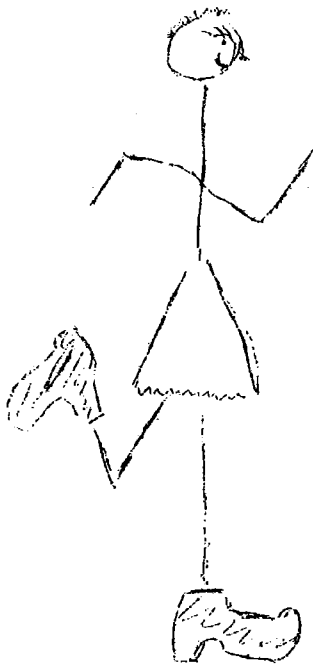
I TOLD YOU NOT TO DRINK THAT FIZZLE GUZZLE!

COME TO

THE

BUSHIES

BALL



FRIDAY SEPT. 11TH

LIL SWEETIE NUGGETHEART 2.

LIL
SWEETIE IS
HYDRAULIC
ALLY
LOWERED
ONTO A
BOULDER



THE
OSCULATIVE
IMPULSE
PROJECTS
CARROT-
NOGGIN
BACK TO
HIS TRAVERSE



LIL SWEETIE IS NOW
SERIOUSLY AFFECTED
NEVER BEFORE HAS
SHE HAD A KAMER-
GORGONZOLA KISS



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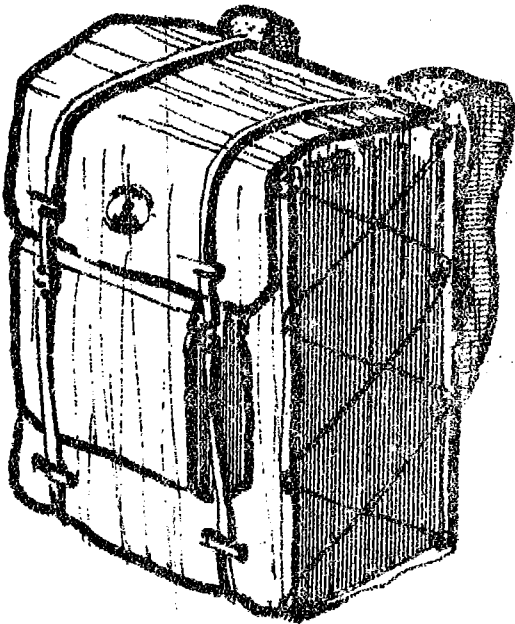
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