

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A Monthly Bulletin of matters of interest to the
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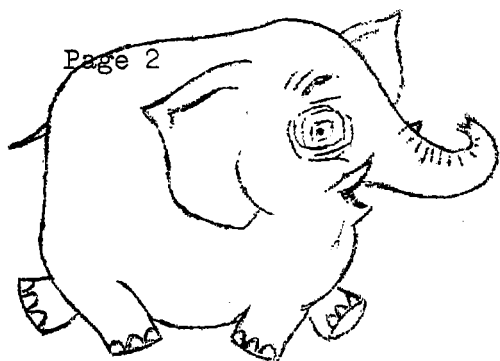
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APRIL, 1967. NO. 389

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EDITORIAL

What has an elephant got to do with an editorial - especially an editorial in a bushwalking magazine? Elephants just aren't bushwalking material. No, this elephant isn't supposed to depict the editor.

My ten stone frame is most unelephantine, in fact, and likewise I have a shocking memory. Which reminds me - what am I writing about anyway? What is an editor supposed to write about? In fact, what does an editor do? Simple! He edits! That answer's no good at all. The philosophers and logicians would tell us we're talking in tautologies. Well, what does the dictionary say on the subject. The Oxford states that an editor is "one who prepares the work of others for publication". That sounds great. Others do all the work and the editor just prepares it. The editor also determines editorial policy and writes editorials. A good editorial should provoke thought on a particular subject; it should not be too one-sided; it should be controversial without being dogmatic.

Well, Mr. Editor, what have you got to say to all this! Here we are half-way down the page already without saying anything with a bushwalking flavour, and not a single word even slightly controversial. How about some world-shattering statement on editorial policy - easily fixed.

NOW HEAR THIS: World shattering statement on editorial policy:-
"The editor regrets that he cannot guarantee publication of any articles, stories, poems, cartoons, song, letters to the editor, reports, etc., which may be inadvertently mislaid in the last-minute rush by contributors to submit their work by the deadline date."

Impressive, but hardly significant. Do we have a deadline date? Indeed, do we have any contributors? Let's hope we do. The deadline for submission is the first Wednesday of each month - that is, the evening of the Committee Meeting. The contributors are you, the readers. Does the magazine have any particular objects? As the official organ of the Sydney Bushwalkers, the objects of this magazine must, by necessity, be the same as those of the Club. Those objects are five in number, namely:-

1. To amalgamate those who esteem walking as a means of recreation.
2. To form an institution of mutual aid in regard to routes and ways and means of appreciating the great outdoors.
3. To establish a definite regard for the welfare and preservation of the wild life and natural beauty of this country.
4. To help others appreciate these natural gifts.
5. To promote social activity amongst members.

ANZAC AND BUSHWALKERS

(This tribute was compiled by Jack Gentle at the request of the Editor)

"Their Splendour Shall Never Fade."

At sunrise, in the heart of the Wild Dog Mountains, on April 25th, 1948, a simple bronze plaque commemorating those bushwalkers who gave their lives in World War II was unveiled at Splendour Rock on Mt. Dingo. Those familiar landmarks - Mt. Cloudmaker, the Gangarang Range, Mt. Paralyser and Mt. Guougang - surely the spiritual homes of the Bushwalkers - all lie within a single sweep of the eyes from this lofty point. How often had our comrades gazed in happiness upon this scene that we still enjoy?

Upon this crag, as sunrise tinted the cliffs they loved so well, did we place eternal record that we honoured those named below, and the unknown Bushwalkers, who gave their lives that these beloved ranges might be ours to roam forever.

BRUCE ELDER	Coast & Mountain Walkers	R.A.N.
ARNOLD RAY	Coast & Mountain Walkers	R.A.A.F.
CHARLES ROBERTS	Coast & Mountain Walkers	A.I.F.
GORDON TOWNSEND	Coast & Mountain Walkers	R.A.A.F.
REG. HEWITT	Sydney Bushwalkers	A.I.F.
GORDON MANNELL	Sydney Bushwalkers	R.A.A.F.
NORMAN SAILL	Sydney Bushwalkers	R.A.A.F.
GORDON SMITH	Sydney Bushwalkers	A.I.F.
KENNETH GRENFELL	Rucksack Club	R.A.A.F.
GEORGE LODER	Trampers Club	R.A.A.F.
JAMES McCORMACK	Y.M.C.A. Ramblers	R.A.A.F.
MAC NICHOLS	Y.M.C.A. Ramblers	A.I.F.
JACK WALL	Campfire Club	R.A.A.F.

IN MEMORY OF
BUSHWALKERS
WHO FELL
IN WORLD WAR II
THEIR SPLENDOUR SHALL NEVER FADE.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Jim Brown.

At a casual estimate, about 65 people were present when the Annual meeting was called to order at 7.45, and after welcoming Ilsa and Herbert Pakleppa, Jolana Broztl and Geoff Vercoe, we charged headlong through minutes and the formal motions that the Annual Report and Financial Statement be accepted as read (having an item of \$552 in magazine cash sales amended to the less dramatic figure of \$52).

Standing orders were suspended to allow the election of officers to proceed during the transaction of other business, scrutineers were appointed, the method of voting determined (as of yore), Edna Gentle took up her position as score-keeper, and all of a sudden we had Frank Rigby elected unopposed, and moving forward as President-Elect to occupy a metal chair (reserved for white ants) on the dais. A list of the other office-bearers and committee appears elsewhere in this magazine.

Out of the reading of correspondence there was a resolution that we contribute to the replacement of walking gear lost by Tasmanian walkers in the recent bushfires. An original vote of \$20 moved by David Ingram was increased on an amendment by Gordon Redmond to \$50, and carried, despite a suggestion that insurance should cover some of the loss. Kath Brown drew attention to facilities for addressing envelopes available at a reasonable cost from various copying firms, and suggested such action be taken by the incoming committee to ease the way for the Secretary. Frank Ashdown, while agreeable to the merit of helping the Secretary, pointed out that the envelope-writing group was still willing to assist, but Gordon Redmond opposed the scheme as unnecessary, and said the commercial preparation of the annual report had been costly. David Ingram said the scheme was a workable one, and Jack Perry said if we could donate \$50 we could afford about \$15 a year in secretarial aid. Then the motion was lost.

The Treasurer's monthly report showed a closing balance of \$265 at the end of February, and he followed this up with a statement on financial results for the year and a motion of adoption of the Annual Statement. Frank Ashdown warned us to remember the remarks when we came to consider an increase (possibly) in subscriptions.

There was no Walks Report, and advice from Federation dealt mainly with the meeting of the Conservation Bureau on the National Parks Bill.

Quite a number of amendments had been suggested and when those adopted by Federation had been collated, we would be given a copy, and the proposals would be submitted to the Minister for Lands.

Parks and Playgrounds Report was a lengthy one, much of it relating to city parklands, but with decisions to make representations over the abolition of the position of Chief Guardian of Fauna, and again opposing the mining of limestone at Colong.

Normal business being at an end, we heard the Treasurer move that subscription and entrance fee remain unaltered. Jack Perry moved an amendment for a reduction in view of our past profitable year and was supported by Frank Ashdown. After the Treasurer's comment that membership cost less than 10 cents a week, the amendment was tossed out and subscriptions left unchanged.

Jack Gentle referred to a meeting at Woods Creek with a gentleman who claimed to be one of the Trustees and who had voiced the opinion that there was no reason why Scouting parties should not cut a reasonable amount of green timber. We decided to write to Colo Shire Council to find if this policy had their blessing before going further.

Brian Harvey suggested that, to overcome the impasse over clashing Federation and S.B.W. reunion dates, our delegates move that, whenever Easter occurred in March, the Federation hold its reunion a fortnight after, instead of before, Easter. Carried.

With this scalp on his belt, Brian went on to move that a celebration of the Club's 40th Birthday be held later this year, and that it be in a form that would allow very old members to attend. Mouldy Harrison suggested a bath chair rally, and it was agreed that Committee should look into the proposals and report to the May General Meeting.

About this stage the patter of rain on the windows, a sound that had been familiar for some weeks, inspired enquiry about our moves for the Reunion if the site were inaccessible due to flood. It transpired that the alternative site in Kangaroo Valley may be equally doubtful. This discussion went on for a long time, but was fruitless, both at the time and because we did go to Woods Creek. It was terminated only when retiring President White presented the Swimming Carnival Trophies, and uttered the familiar Annual hunting call "Let Us Re-une!"

APRIL'S QUOTABLE QUOTE

The tree which moves some to
tears of joy is in the eyes
of others only a green thing
that stands in the way.

William Blake.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE.

Ken Chapman's speleological trip to Wee Jasper at Easter certainly catered for all types. Activities, far from being confined only to the underground type, included a dinkum Aussie buck-jump show, a country social and a picture show. Below, Lesley Brown records her recollections of the Sunday evening dance, both in words and by illustration. It is hoped that accounts of various other aspects of this action-packed trip will be forthcoming for inclusion in future magazines.

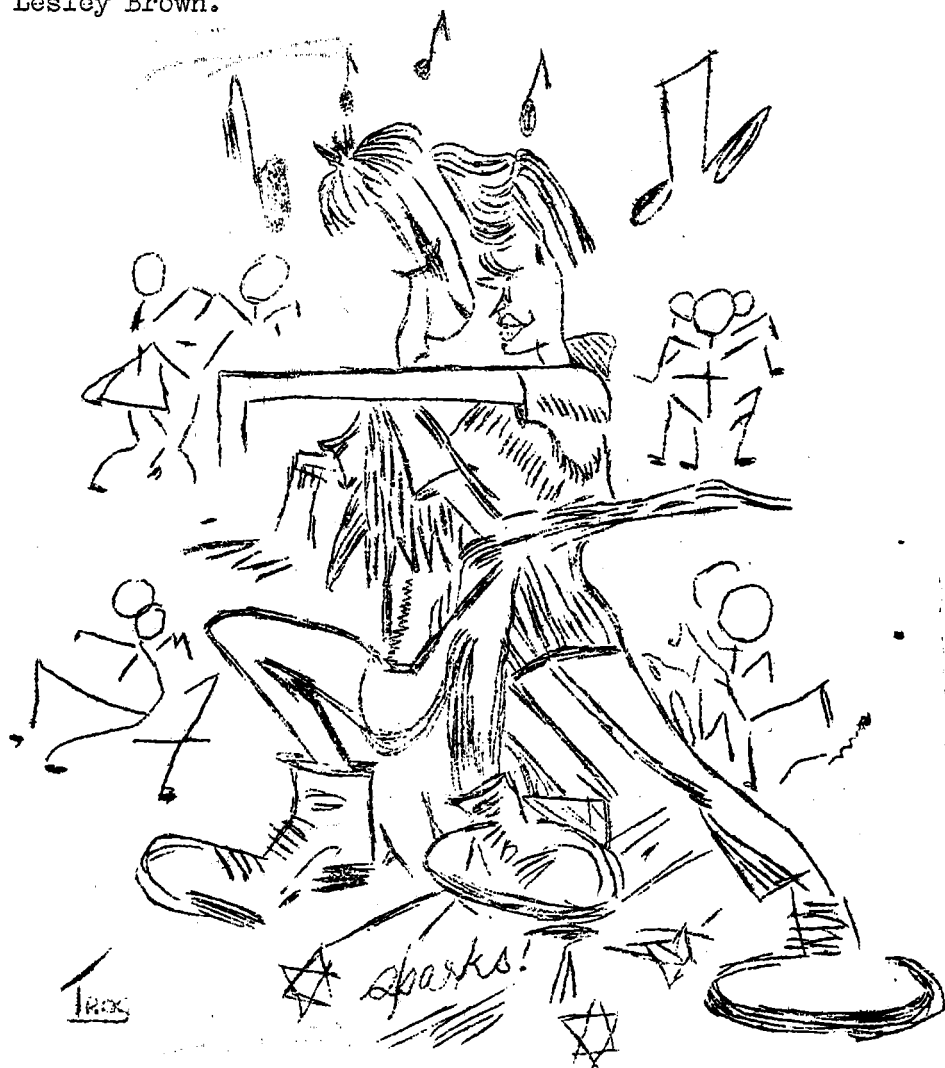
Wee Jasper Au Go Go~

by Lesley Brown.

Following an exciting rodeo, a dance was staged by the locals to help pay off the Wee Jasper Memorial Hall, the venue for all social functions in the area.

We arrived in all our splendour with gym boots, dirty jeans, bedraggled shirts, and even a pair of clod-hopper type boots (worn by Twinkletoes Ken Ellis himself). In contrast to the sartorial elegance of the locals and other visitors present, we looked like what we were — cave dwellers, (straight out of a Hollywood epic maybe).

The band struck up a bracket of quick-steps, a peak-hour Canadian Three Step, and the inevitable Barn Dance. The beat was assisted by the thundering thuds of boots, softened by the gentle cadence of mud blobbs. This raised such a dust that



the bar had to be opened at 10 p.m., quickly attracting a number of eager bushwalkers led by that old master of the art, Barry Pacey, whose face rivalled the sunlight on Splendour Rock.

A most excellent supper was provided, which was all inclusive in the entrance charge (40 cents for ladies, 60 cents for others). Your scribe observed two chickens (poultry, NOT birds) being rescued by a couple of hob-nail characters with mud in their hair. By way of explanation, the chickens were the product of a couple of lucky spins on the Esmarelda wheel.

2 a.m. saw the night out, and we left the dance hall just as five bags of oats went up for auction (following the disposal of a ton of lucerne, several bags of wheat, and five tons of sawn wood by the same method) and plodded our weary way back to camp. Such was the excitement of this once-a-year social occasion in a small country village --- Mmmm !!!!

OFFICE BEARERS AND COMMITTEE FOR 1967.

PRESIDENT :	Frank Rigby.
VICE PRESIDENTS :	Dot Butler, John White.
SECRETARY :	To be elected.
TREASURER :	Gordon Redmond.
Asst. SECRETARY :	To be elected.
WALKS SECRETARY :	Don Finch.
MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY :	Betty Farquar.
SOCIAL SECRETARY :	Owen Marks.
CONSERVATION SECRETARY :	Alex Colley
COMMITTEE MEMBERS :	Margaret Dogterom, Muriel Goldstein, Alan Pike, Phil Butt.
FEDERATION DELEGATES :	Muriel Goldstein, Gordon Redmond, Barry Wallace, Michael Short.
LITERARY EDITOR :	Neville Page.
MAGAZINE BUSINESS MANAGER :	Bill Burke.
AUDITOR :	Brian Harvey.
SOLICITOR :	Colin Broad.
PARKS & PLAYGROUNDS DEL. :	Margaret Child.
KEEPER OF MAPS & TIMETABLES :	John Holly.
PROJECTIONISTS :	Frank Ashdown, Peter Lannigan.
SEARCH & RESCUE CONTACTS :	Heather Joyce, Elsie Bruggy.
TRACKS & ACCESS DEL. :	Phil Butt.
EQUIPMENT HIRE :	Barry Pacey.
LIBRARIAN :	To be elected.
TRUSTEES :	Maurice Berry, Joe Turner, Brian Harvey.

LI LOS ON THE LOWER COX ?

by Lyre Bird.

Have you ever lain low on your li-lo ? As I was to find out later, we were going into new and exciting country which had not been explored by club members for quite a number of years.

Early Saturday morning (8 a.m.) we packed our rucksacks on McMahon's Lookout, when Thingthong had a wild idea about not taking our sleeping bags.

"What; without sleeping bags ? What are we going to use for cover on these freezing nights ?" I asked.

"Cold nights here ? It doesn't even rain" Dingdong sang out. "If it does get cold we could use my Sydney Morning Herald - Dot reckons it works," he added.

Leaving compass, maps, sleeping bags and any other unnecessaries behind, we pushed off, though at this stage the weekend plans were still very vague to me. Food etc., including potato and various fresh vegetables were taken, part of it to be cooked in aluminium foil that night. "No more dehyds. for me." I had heard someone say.

Looking down the steep ridge the lower part of the Cox seem very flooded. Reaching the bank of the Cox (?), we saw a tremendous volume of water stretching away into the distance. Luckily for us we had all brought our li-los, and thus we crossed in style, since it may have been a little too far to swim across.

Without compass or map, few arguments arose over the navigation of our little fleet. So off we paddled towards a ridge somewhere in the distance, which was to lead us to Bimlow Peak. Our speed was measured in minus-knots, the distance between our li-los and the shore neither increasing nor decreasing. Arms slowly turned to jelly and gave way, so some goodies of chocolates etc. were eaten three-quarters of the way across.

Nearing the water's edge, Dingdong noticed a distinct hum on the lake (? - editor's question mark). In vain he searched the sky for a

plane, but no -- it was only a little white boat (patrol) coming around the peninsula towards us. (What !! A patrol boat on the Cox ??)

"Head for shore", yelled either Thingthong or Dingdong. We did; our speed increased ten-fold, and waves of our own making lapped the shore. We finally reached the safety of the solid ground when Dingdong whispered hoarsely ; "Quick, follow me."

Leaving no time for questions we sprinted up the ridge, dripping wet and with li-los tucked under our arms. It seemed that Dingdong had seen V-ripples, presumably from the seed-boat coming quite close to shore.

I was most disappointed, as we had just missed out on meeting the captain, but one never knows; another day might bring him close enough for introductions all round.

The following hours were taken up by our eating of lunch, having a couple of swims, and crossing another inlet. By this time clouds were seen on the horizon, and gusts of wind created a rough trip across. After encountering a couple of three foot waves I gave up trying to keep my pack dry, and to cap it all, my li-lo pillow was slowly but surely sinking. There was no hope left for my dry pack.

The shore was reached safely for the second time, and li-los were deflated (if not already so) for the clamber to the top of the ridge to see if Bimlow Peak was in sight.

"This must be the right ridge for Bimlow Peak," Thingthong declared. It was becoming dusk, and no closely available water was in sight, so we made tracks straight down the side of the steep ridge.

Camp was set up, and after a swim and a good baked dinner, we built our cooking fire into an enormous heating fire for the night. It was a clear and starry night so that I had no real trouble staying warm without the Sydney Morning Herald, wet or dry.

Waking up earlier than usual we pushed off (after breakfast of course), straight up the ridge to Bimlow Peak. When I reached the top, disappointed grunts greeted me. Here we were on a little outcrop of rock above the whole ridge, with Bimlow Peak about another mile away. The distance wasn't the real trouble, but there were vertical gullies separating us from the peak.

We agreed to try again another day. But all was not lost, as on top of the rocky outcrop we found a bottle with a wet piece of paper inside, reading : "26 APRIL, 1947 - MOUNTAIN TRAILS CLUB". No pencil could be found to add our names to the list, so we quickly headed back to camp, packed our gear, and started on our second last paddle.

With li-los blown up we walked to the water's edge: an overcast sky and a strong wind greeted us.

"We'll go straight across; that's the shortest way", someone said. Famous last words! Little did we know that the wind was whipping up possible surfing-type waves. I made straight for the other bank as I had a feeling that the main part of my li-lo had a puncture in it. With pack on back, laying half in, half out of water, I paddled as fast as I could across the wide expanse of flood (?) water.

The three of us had started off together but the wind soon made good use of the other two well blown li-los. Battling to keep going and stay afloat, my curiosity led me to peer over the waves to see where the other two were. It was a sight worth remembering. I had to look hard to locate them, but eventually I spotted them right in the middle of the great expanse of aqua pura. Were they travelling towards the wrong side? Splashes alongside were occasionally seen but they seemed to be making negative progress.

Fortunately we met on the correct side of the water, one hour after we had commenced the intrepid journey across.

As it was well past my usual lunch time, I thought they may have had a little snack on a little island on the other side. Paddling towards the others, I headed for a roaring fire which soon warmed our chilled bones. I've seen some odd places for a fire, but this one really took the cake. When I arrived a log slowly moved downhill. We played fireman for a while, but after that we got down to the serious business of eating. Lunch was soon gobbled up.

My arms turned to jelly (Acroplane kind) as I looked through the mist at McMahon's Lookout. Thingthong then had the ingenious idea of putting up a sail, and sail-a-li-lo across. Two straight sticks were chosen and a groundsheet was used as a sail. The three li-los were bound together with ropes which were supposed to support the structure. Gusts of wind blew us around until finally we were making some progress towards land. With the help of the stick attached to the sail, and a sudden strong gust of wind, Dingdong punctured his new li-lo.

Suddenly a distant hum was heard; it could not be mistaken. But the sky was completely devoid of any aircraft. Suddenly two speedboats roared into view.

"Down Sails !" Dingdong yelled. As I was lying in the opposite direction to the other two, the groundsheet was thrown over my head. Visibility was nil and became worse. The sail was finally pushed out of the way, and then I saw the two boats racing towards me at a tremendous rate. They passed us as we lay low on our li-los. We tried to paddle to shore while they were lost from view but to no avail. We were just going around in circles. The excitement

hadn't passed, as one boat stayed behind and was then again followed by the other boat just across from us. Why they stopped we still do not know, but I am thankful that they didn't come any closer. Making the shore, ropes and li-los were untangled, after which we raced over the ridges to a spot closer to McMahon's Lookout.

The last lap of our paddling journey was over. In drizzling rain we built another fire to warm ourselves and dry out soaking clothes. An afternoon snack was declared, after which we scrambled up the steep ridge through lawyer vine and jungle growth, bringing to an end our exciting trip across the lower Cox.

Editor's Note: "Lyre Bird", "Thingthong", and "Dingdong" are fictitious names. To these persons, either living, dead, or otherwise occupied, who possess names bearing any resemblance to those used in this story, we offer our sympathy. Such resemblance is purely coincidental. The trip thus described was not an official S.B.W. trip. If you still haven't caught on and are wondering about patrol boats on the Cox, a small clue may be in order. Take a Burratorang map and follow the Cox downstream. Eventually you will find your finger in an area marked pink, annotated with something about prohibited area. Enough said!

VERY IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

PLEASE TAKE NOTE

Elsie Bruggy (one of S.B.W.'s Search and Rescue Contacts) advises that as from some time in late April, her telephone number will be changed from the present number (75-4914) to a new number (759-8915). The exact date from which the new number is to be effective will be posted on the club notice board when it is known. Please make note of this alteration so that the correct number is on hand should Search and Rescue assistance be required.

Our other Search and Rescue contact is Heather Joyce, and her telephone numbers remain the same at 531-1635 (Home) and ~~531-0111 (Business).~~

BE WELL EQUIPPED

Flat 1 is becoming a busy little place these days, and why not !

These days top gear comes from MEC - names like MAMMUT, FAIRY DOWN, MOUNTAIN MULE, and RELAX mean you are relying on equipment which enjoys world-wide reputation.

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It won't be the first time a VW has broken all known records from Gordon to Central Railway Station to deliver a vital piece of equipment at 7.00 p.m. Friday night for a weekend trip.

It's all part of being a specialist Mountaineering and ~~Walking~~ shop and we like the way our customers (who usually become friends) rely on us.

WHAT'S NEW ?

A big shipment of RELAX top line oiled japara parkas have just arrived. These tough imported oilskins feature double cuffs and front openings, re-inforced shoulders, and are generously cut to allow warm clothing to be worn underneath.

KAIAPOI, MOOSE LODGE, and HARRIS shirts are now in stock, thick bulky pure wool - and if you want to be even warmer there are the FAIRY DOWN duvet and alpine jackets.

If you would like a catalogue or would like to be put on our regular mailing list, just drop us a line.....

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor has a mania for mail. He has an uncontrollable passion for letters. If he is deprived of the unbelievable thrill and ecstasy of ripping open masses of crisp white envelopes containing letters to the editor, he sinks into the depths of melancholy. So please consider with compassion this poor soul and jot down a few short words over which he will go into raptures of joy. As that distinguished bushwalker, noted scholar, gentleman and past magazine editor, Don Matthews, once said, "Don't leave your litter in the bush, send it to the magazine editor".

Dear Sir,

On the Burraborang slide night, as I was leaving I spoke to a few who had been on the Watson's Crags trip. I said I had read the account by Don Finch in the magazine. It said it was one long day and night stretch of unmitigated misery.

ROARS ! ! !

"You're getting old!" (Arithmetic - stale stuff!!). But maybe they were right; still, there was one way for me to prove it. I counted the words in the story - over 2000, and in that 2000 there were only two words that carried any suggestion of pleasure; "COMFORT STOP!". Clubbies should again read those pages with the eyes of reason.

I am sending the maga. along to the prison authorities, suggesting they adopt some of the technique shown in that story, and that it would probably have a more reforming effect than the present arrangements. If a batch of female and male prisoners were set that task for one week-end; by day, by night, every leaf would be turned and a batch of respectable citizens would be thrown into freedom, prepared to do anything except join the S.B.W.

Many years ago I had an idea of building a HORROR UNIT. This would be a device situated in the club room, whereby members actually in the city could wallow in misery, without spending endless cash and travel time.

It would have a moving ladder with uneven spokes and strong brakes. It would be vertical, of course - a mini Eiger with some $1\frac{1}{2}$ " traverse sections just above strands of barbed wire, which would hold them if they fell, and thus save a Search & Rescue job down in some bottomless crevasse or valley. Wind up to 100 m.p.h. could be turned on, as well as jets of

water - down, up sideways. Stones of assorted sizes could cascade down in a shower by pulling the usual string. And as well, abseiling could be done by well greased cords.

Imagine it - all this in Reiby Lane with the cars of their cobbbers down in the street, waiting to take home the mess. There is room for more variation, but that could be left to the most savagely sadistic of these life triflers.

Once in the long ago, the S.B.W. was challenged by another club, and the classic answer remains with me. It was declined, with the reminder that "the S.B.W. was a club for recreation!" Now there is dignity. Re creation, one word or two; both right, both admirable - but today it is forgotten by the S.B.W. Pass the band-aids and the surgical kit!

Signed: TARO (19.3.67)

IN THE NEWSPAPERS

THE SYDNEY MORNING HERALD, 29/3/67: Lithgow, Tuesday. The Prisons Department has imposed controls on the access road to the Glowworm Tunnel, a tourist attraction in the Newnes area.

An afforestation prison farm is being built in the Newnes State Forest and tourists and holidaymakers found during the Easter weekend that "no trespassing" notices had been erected beside the road.

.....The N.S.W. Comptroller-General of Prisons, Mr. J.A. Moroney, commented later: "Access from Newnes down to the tunnels in the valley for many years has been through the Newnes State Forest.

"Anybody wanting to go from the valley up to the tunnels can do so freely.

"But anyone wanting to go from Newnes down through the forest has had to obtain the permission of the Forestry Commission.

"It is no necessary to get permission from the Prisons Department"

.....

NOTE: This restriction should not affect bushwalkers, who generally walk up to the tunnels via the old railroad, or up the hill from the Wolgan Valley road.

SUTHERLAND LEADER, 15/3/67: A flash flood on Monday last week virtually ruined Garie Beach and severely damaged the beach access road. Beach Ranger, Mr. Jack Clunes said later:

"The water came down the mountain like a sea. It flooded my home and the beach kiosk to the depth of 1 ft. It completely ruined a once-beautiful beach - now it is covered with stones, earth and debris.

"One beach resident took an unofficial rainfall reading of 12 ins. during the rainstorm. A Weather Bureau official said later, however, that this estimate was almost unbelievable.



PADDY MADE



"The faster one goes the less one sees."
A solemn observation from a bored driver
to a torpid passenger.

Even "Burning" walkers have time to
observe and appreciate the countryside
through which they are travelling and
in the world of rush and bustle.

Bushwalkers are a privileged few who
have discovered the importance of walk-
ing and pitting themselves against the
elements, learning to be comfortable
where others would be miserable, and
discovering the value of good company.

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WALKS

i.e.
Don
Finch's
Department.

Certain changes have been made to the current walks programme due to postponements, cancellations, and alterations in the nature of some walks. Below is a list of such changes. Prospective members in particular should take note of those walks which have been reclassified as test walks. This should make it easier to chalk up the requisite number of test walks for full membership.

APRIL 7-8-9th

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Bill Gillam's trip marked on the programme as Splendour Rock - Carlon's has been postponed until the first weekend in May, i.e. May 5-6-7th. The walk will start at Carlon's Farm (reached by private car), thence to Medlow Gap, Blue Dog Track, Mt. Merrigal, Splendour Rock, Yellow Dog, Konangaroo Clearing, Cox's River, Breakfast Creek and back to Carlon's Farm. The walk has been re-classified as a TEST WALK, 23 miles medium.

APRIL 14-15-16th

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Taxi to Jenolan Rd., Gibraltar Rocks, Gibraltar Creek, Megalong Creek, Devil's Hole, Katoomba. The train leaves Central at 6.08 p.m. Friday for Mt. Victoria. The leader for this trip is Frank Rigby and he can be contacted at home on telephone number 39-2741. This walk will be a TEST WALK, 20 miles medium.

MAY 5-6-7th.

Don Finch's trip from Yadbora Flat, Mt. Pigeon House, Clyde River, Tolly Point, Sawmill has been cancelled and will be replaced by Bill Gillam's Splendour Rock trip. (See above).

MAY 19-20-21st

ø

The car swap trip to be led by Don Finch and Ross Wyborn has also been re-classified as a TEST WALK. The route to be taken will be Kanangra, Colboyd Ridge, Kowmung River, Church Creek, Mt. Colong, Colong Caves, Mt. Werong Road. Private transport will be used (naturally) so advise leaders early enough for them to organise who goes in what car, and which drivers swap with whom. Telephone numbers are: Don Finch, 71-1484 (Home) and Ross Wyborn, 57-5218 (Home). The walk is classified as 20 miles medium. (TEST WALK).

MAY 21st

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The Sunday walk to be led by Jack Perry from Cowan, Porto Bay to Brooklyn has now been classified as a TEST WALK, 12 miles medium. The train leaves Central at 8.30 a.m. on Sunday. Catch the train which goes via Strathfield (the silver train) from the country platform. Jack can be contacted at home on telephone number 50-4771.

DAY WALKS

A GUIDE TO SUNDAY WALKS FOR THE COMING MONTH

- APRIL 16th. This trip is to be led by Jack Perry (home telephone number 50-4771) and will run from Otford to Werong, Burning Palms, Era and Garie. This is a pleasant coastal walk traversing part of the Royal National Park. The walk is rated at 6 miles easy, and is therefore a good first walk. Map: Port Hacking Tourist. Train departs Central (electric platform) at 8.45 a.m. Buy tickets return to Otford.
- APRIL 23rd. A trip going from Waterfall to Heathcote via Mt. Westmacott, Ripple Hill, Woronora Trig, and Girronba Swamp is to be led on this date by David Ingram (business telephone number 635-7733). Train leaves Central (electric platform) at 8.20 a.m. The walk is over 12 miles, medium grade, and being a TEST WALK it should be of particular interest to prospective members.
- APRIL 30th. Another TEST WALK will be John Holly's excursion to the lower Blue Mountains. The route to be taken is Glenbrook, St. Helena, Lost World Trig, Martin's Lookout, Valley Heights. Return rail tickets to Valley Heights should be purchased. The 8.20 a.m. electric train will provide transport for those wishing to go. John can be contacted at home on telephone number 27-5585. The walk is 12 miles medium.
- MAY 7th. Jim Galloway will be leading a National Park walk to start at Garie Beach. Transport will be by the 8.20 a.m. electric from Central, thence by bus from Waterfall station to Garie Beach. The walk will be back to Waterfall via Garie trig, Bola Creek, and Courange Brook, and is graded 10 miles medium. Jim's business telephone number is 2-0961 extension 3077.



SONGS OF THE TIMES



Those persons who were at the Reunion will remember that Jim Brown, together with Don Matthews, presented a bracket of satirical songs. Since some of the subtleties and minor points of humour are quite often lost at a campfire performance, permission was sought from Jim to reproduce the words of his songs. This month we present "The Narks' Song", and others will appear in future issues of the magazine.

THE NARKS' SONG

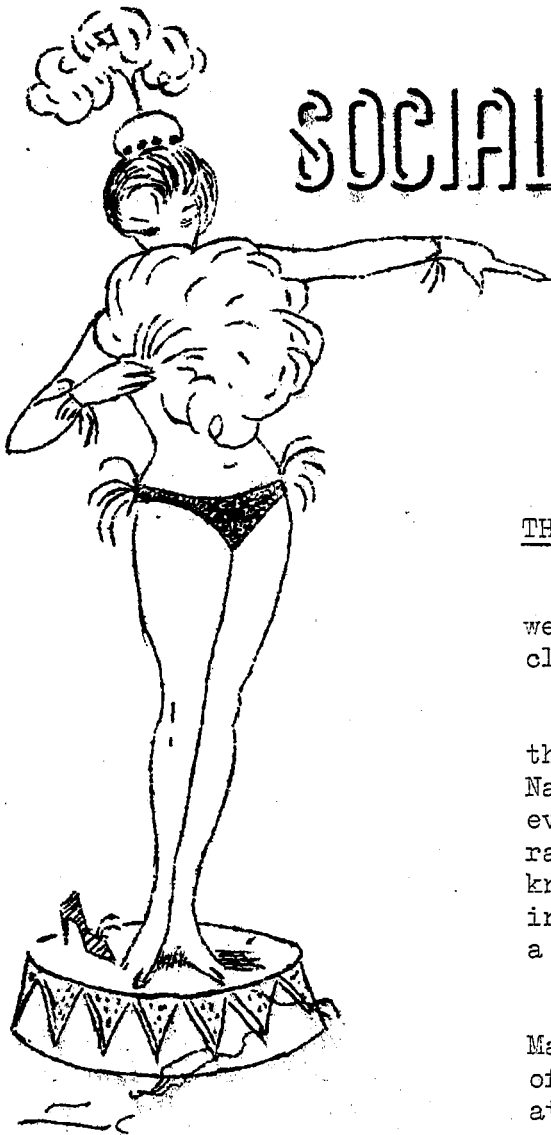
(Anthem of the National Narks' Association) ** by Jim Brown

TUNE: JUDGE'S SONG from TRIAL BY JURY.

VERSE 1: As Tweedledum and Tweedledee prepared to go to battle,
Said Tweedledum to Tweedledee, "You've spoiled my brand new rattle."
For folk who like this kind of scrap a club will soon be founded,
With acrimonious words on tap, and quarrels and brawls unbounded.

VERSE 2: At every meeting we'll demand the Treasurer's displacement,
And for activities underhand the President's abasement.
The Secretary will be accused of deepest, darkest treason,
And Committee members all abused without any rhyme or reason.

VERSE 3: Into the ranks of the National Narks we'll draw all rabble-rousers,
And on each other they'll strike their sparks, on their brother or
sister grouzers.
Of their quarrels there they will get their fill, and when other
clubs foregather,
The work will be done with a right goodwill and a minimum of blather.



SOCIALLY SPEAKING

With our Social Reporter,
namely OWEN MARKS.

THE SOCIAL PROGRAMME FOR APRIL

In the coming month we will be welcoming two guest speakers to the club rooms.

On 19th. April, Len Hainkie from the National Parks Association (not the National Marks), will be presenting an evening entitled "Western Australia" - rather a vague topic, but to those who know the way Len travels (poking his nose into all manner of things), it will be a most interesting evening.

A week later, on 26th. April, Paul Mascard will be showing us the beauties of Lord Howe Island. Paul was Mine Host at a guest house, and has a natural way of talking, which should lend itself well to an audience of bushwalkers. Come along and be enchanted !

THEATRE PARTY - 4TH. MAY.

If you haven't already heard, a theatre party is being arranged at the Music Hall to see a performance of "THE DREADFUL FATE OF THE H.M.S. REVENGE". Come along with your family and friends and form a table. You can boo the villain, cheer the handsome hero, and weep at the trials of the charming heroine. Please let me (Owen Marks) know by Wednesday 19th. April at the latest, how many tickets you require. Money must also be in by that date. The price of \$3.50 each, includes

a three course meal. This is our menu:-

Minestrone Soup or Fruit Cocktail

Roast Chicken - Barbecue T-Bone Steak - Fried Fillets
of Schnapper - Jumbuck Cutlets with Mushrooms.

or

Chicken Salad or Ham Salad.

Ice cream with Sauce. Wines extra.

The date again is 4TH MAY. See me in the club room on Wednesday night,
or telephone me at home on 30-1827.

AT YOUR CONVENIENCE WILL BE ON AT YOUR CONVENIENCE

By way of explanation, "At Your Convenience" is the title of a new University Revue which has its premiere on 22nd April. Those people who like a spicy revue will know that, generally speaking, the best type of revue is University revue. "At Your Convenience" is being produced by the well-known Sydney producer, Roger Foley. The cast includes a lineup of stars including Geoff Borny, who is at present playing in "Left-Handed Liberty", Colin Anderson, whom you may have seen on the Mavis Bramston Show in the good old days, Robert Campbell, very talented and popular young revue actor, Lynece Harrison, the actress who played the stripped in "Dylan" at the Independent, and Svetlana Hotinski, who has just returned from Europe.

Price concessions have been offered to Bushwalkers (\$1.50 seats for \$1.00) and if sufficient persons are interested, a Theatre Party may be organised. It will be staged at the Jane Street Theatre in Kensington, and promises to be an entertaining show. See Neville Page for full details.

W A N T E D

People with IDEAS, IDEAS, IDEAS, IDEAS,
on how to make the Sydney Bushwalker
Magazine a more interesting publication
to read. Especially required are
ILLUSTRATORS. New themes for stories,
features and articles would be very
welcome. Are YOU craving an outlet for
suppressed inspiration? If so, speak to
Neville Page in the club-room, or telephone

34-3536.

WE NEED YOU!!



One More Month - by Observer

CONQUEROR OF EVEREST. On Sunday, 2nd April, the Australian Section of the New Zealand Alpine Club had along as guest speaker world famous mountaineer, Sir Edmund Hillary (who is the President of the N.Z.A.C.). The Nurses' Association rooms were full to overflowing, with a good scattering of Sydney Bushwalkers included, to hear Ross Wyborn (Australian President) introduce Hillary. The talk dealt mainly with a recent expedition to Nepal, combining an aid programme with some mountaineering (family style, since Hillary took all his family, including seven-year-old daughter, Belinda). Being the excellent speaker he is, Sir Edmund kept his audience engrossed for the whole period of the talk, which was well illustrated by slides. Especially interesting was his account of the building of a hospital for the Sherpas. The talk concluded with a bit of propaganda, and a fish story or two about the size of New Zealand trout.

WELCOMING COMMITTEE. Hoots and jeers greeted Rosso as he came in to the club room with Sir Edmund. The reason for the outburst was Rosso's attire. He wore a dark suit, white shirt, and tie, a sight very rarely, if ever, seen. What! Rosso in a tie - impossible! Dot Butler, Rosso and Margaret Dogterom joined Sir Edmund and his wife, Louise, with others, for dinner before the talk.

THE HOLE DIGGER. Seen in the darkest depths of the Dogleg Cave at Wee Jasper, a certain bespectacled gentleman (Twinkletoes Ken Ellis by name), busily occupied digging a hole in the sandy cave floor. Such a graceful motion it was, as he scooped the sand from the hole, tossing it onto the ever-growing heap at the side. Every five minutes he would stop, shine his lamp in the hole, shine his lamp at the heap, and set to work again. We were at the sand trap in the Dogleg and it was necessary to dig the sand out of the trap to get through to the cavern on the other side. But Ken was at the top of the trap - not at the bottom. Dare we ask what he is doing? "You don't think I'm going to dig down there, do you," replied Twinkletoes, "That place is full of mud. The sand up here is dry and much easier to dig. Besides, the light is better up here." We carried on with our game of noughts and crosses in the sand, and left Ken to his work. No one dared ask what he would do when the hole was finished. Was he going to carry it down. Just personally, I don't think it would fit - too much sand in the way.

BON VOYAGE. A large gathering of Bushwalkers, including a number of Committee members (what - the big brass!), were sighted one Wednesday evening after a club meeting at Jim Buckley's Newcastle Hotel. The occasion was a farewell to Peter Cameron, who is travelling overseas, and conversation was convivial as glasses clinked, wishing Peter all the very best.

YET ANOTHER BON VOYAGE. Wednesday, 5th April, saw Judy Simpson fly out of Sydney, headed for New Zealand, where she intends to work for a period of twelve months or thereabouts. Judy had intended to go with a friend from work, but do to last-minute changes in plans, her friend will join her later.

INITIATION. Who saw the President being initiated (unofficially that is) at the Reunion? Quite a sight it was, I can assure you. Firstly, Frank was rolled in the black, slimy mud, found around the Wood's Creek campsite, then covered in flour, and finally thrown into the Grose River after a hearty one, two, three. Frank's ever-loving wife, Joan, came to the rescue, but unfortunately for her, she joined her husband in the river.



IN NEXT MONTH'S MAGAZINE !

The Apsley Gorge trip.
"Vegetables All" by Alex Colley.
More about Wee Jasper.
Another song of the times.
Oodles of other interesting
scandal.

IS IT REALLY TRUE WHAT THEY'RE
SAYING ? READ NEXT MONTH'S
MAGAZINE AND FIND OUT FOR SURE !

P.S. Muriel emphatically denies it,
but Owen has reason to believe that
there may be some truth in the rumour.

FRUGGING AT
WEE JASPER.