

A Monthly Bulletin of matters of interest to the Sydney Bushwalkers, 8 Reiby Place, Circular Quey, Sydney. Postal Address: Box 4476, G.P.O. SYDNEY.

JANUARY, 1968

10 Cents.

IN THIS MONTH'S MAGAZINE

Editorial The December General Meeting Wanted to Buy How to Make a Million	Jim Brown.	Page 1. 3. 5.
		5. 6.
A Letter to the Editor	Anonimous	
Under Canvas	Anonymous	· 8.
The Sightseers	Alex Colley.	10.
A Pageant of Progress		17.
Christmas Camp at Merry Beach		21.
Additional Walks		22.
Socially Speaking	Owen Marks	23.
The Auction Sale		23.
One More Month	Observer	24.

EDITOR: Neville Page, 22 Hayward St., KINGSFORD, Ph. 34-3536. BUSINESS MANAGER: Bill Burke, Coral Tree Drive, CARLINGFORD. SALES & SUBS.: Alan Pike, Sumbeam Ave., ENFIELD.

EDITORIAL

Being January 1968, and therefore the first "Sydney Bushwalker" for this year, it seems an appropriate time to consider just what members expect of their Club magazine. There are those who believe that the purpose of the magazine is to provide an outlet for the literary and creative talents of Club members. Of course, there are some months when it would seem that literary and creative talents are non-existent in the Club, but this is a problem which can be easily overcome by use of a little duress in certain directions. Others feel that the main purpose of the magazine is to facilitate communication between members, and so keep them in touch with what is going on. During 1967 we have attempted to integrate these two functions, and thereby offer a balanced publication. We have presented accounts of walks, a bit of something controversial, a little farcical nonsense, walks details, social announcements, members: private notices, and Club gossip. We proudly believe that we have something that is a peg or two above the average club magazine. But in our case there exists a glaring anomoly which is absent in other clubs. Our magazine is received by less than half the Club members. A large proportion of postal subscribers are outsiders and past members who have an interest in our activities. As for the situation in the Club room, we have magazines being sold on Wednesday nights in a manner disturbingly reminiscent of the Domain on a Sunday afternoon, with some bloke flogging around the "Tribune", or maybe the "Kings Cross Whisper". Having had the job of selling "The Sydney Bushwalker" myself, I know what a humiliating experience it is. The time and effort of far too many people goes into producing the magazine for it to be treated in such a degrading manner. The magazine has served the Club well, and the various magazine staffs in past years have made one of the greatest single contributions towards the solid foundation which the Club now has. Due to their efforts we have in our library a documented history of The Sydney Bush Walkers covering the past 36 years. The first magazine appeared (in the face of opposition) in 1931 as a quarterly. In December 1937 the present cover design was adopted and it became a monthly. To my knowledge it has not missed an issue since. This is a magnificent effort, yet to all intents and purposes, the magazine remains a separate entity from the Club proper, left to fend for itself as best it can. Our so-called "rival" club, the Coast and Mountain Walkers, distribute their "Into The Blue" magazine to every member as part of their annual subscription. So does the National Parks Association and most other clubs. I feel that our magazine should receive the same treatment and be posted to everyone, even if subscriptions have to be raised to cover it. The magazine is a valuable asset of this Club, and I put it to you that it is about time it was given the status it has earned and so well deserves.

DECEMBER MEETING

******************* By Our Political Roundsman, Jim Brown ***

There were four new (member's) faces at the December meeting; Jean Pavey, Ruth Caldwell, Rodney Grossell and Sam Hines. After we had heard November's minutes, Frank Ashdown was able to confirm the latest procedure on snake bite treatment with a background of authority from Dr. Bob Binks, not to mention the St. John Embulance First Aid text book. Incising seems definitely out. Cleansing around the punctures, rest and a moderate ligature are the acceptable drill.

Correspondence contained an enquiry from the Director of National Parks on species of plants and animals deserving of protection: and from a Volunteer Rescue Organisation which appears to have no official standing with Police and S & R. From Colo Shire Council there was advice (apparently in reply to a much earlier enquiry from the Club) discussing access to the Woods Creek Reserve: there had been a proposal to tar-seal some of the side roads in the area, but lack of funds may delay this.

The Treasurer told us funds in the working account were down to \$320, after payments amounting to about \$245 on the Anniversary Dinner and \$88 for reprinting of the Constitution. Frank Ashdown asked whether it was unwise to reprint the Constitution when it may be amended again in March. The President pointed out we were out of stock, and since it may undergo amendment at intervals of six months, this was an opportune time as any.

November had yielded quite a reasonable amount of walking activity, including Frank Leyden's jaunt out from Newnes Junction to look at the wild flowers in some of the wildest country etc. etc. (5 members and one prospective). There was too, the Mittagong-Katoomba cycle tour, with one renegade who walked all the way and got in first (John Scott). This trip was featured on T.V. Jack Gentle led the Sunday trip in the Burning Palms area on the same weekend.

Ivy Painter's trip in the Pigeon House area brought out 24 people, one of whom sustained a sprained ankle and was carried down a rough creek. Jim Callaway and 4 people were on the day walk on Kangaroo Creek, Roger Lockwood on the following weekend inherited Alan Pike's walk around Bindook, where a landslide on Tomat Creek aroused a deal of excitement. Burning Palms again featured in a trip led by Frank Leyden. Finally Don Finch took over a trip into Jerrara Creek, with 15 people, most of whom set off down the wrong gully, to the bewilderment of those who took the right way.

The President pointed out that there had been some criticism of the current summer programme, but generally speaking, the programme could only reflect what people did about it. The autumn programme was now being prepared and deserved better support.

Owen Marks indicated a profitable period in the Social field. The Music Hall Night was profitable, as was the Christmas party: 86 people paid to attend this latter event, but he suspected some stowaways may have been there. Total attendance, including children, was estimated to be 110.

Michael Short presenting Federation Report, brought a pleased buzz from the meeting when he said that the ancient ulcer cause d-by the occasional clash between Reunions had been cured: in future, when Easter falls in March. Federation will re-une two weeks after Easter.

Two S & R activities, one on Jenolan River and another at Newne's were reported . S & R no longer holds with the view that a period of time should be allowed to elapse before notification of overdue walkers: on a normal weekend S & R should be informed on the Monday morning. Federation had adopted the principle that an Australian's hould be appointed Director of National Parks as soon as practicable, and had voted \$100 to assist the Nature Conservation Council in its appeal to a Warden's Court over limestone mining in Church Creek.

Federat ion is now publishing a quarterly bullertin and holding its meetings at 61. Market Street on the third Tuesday of the month. The Rept. of Mines is no t likely to permit beach mining of B ouddi, and the road constructed part way down Nellys Glen is reported in a dangerous condit ion.

Having appointed Roslyn Painter to the vacancy for Lady Committee Me mber which has remained open for two or three months, we came to the special business of the evening-i.e. a preliminary discussion of what should be done with the Era funds.

Brian H arvey first presented the basic case : for 15 years the fund has been held wit hout finding a purpose: the value of the money has declined. Real estate is not a very sound proposition — rates have to be met, perhaps special levies to I control noxious plants or creatures. Brian suggested perhaps the National Trust would be a fitting beneficiary to receive the funds when it was known some project we supported was being undertaken.

Frank Ashdown supported these views , and felt that the organisation selected should be informed so that it could keep the Club advised of its activities. Mention was made of an article in the December magazine in which Marie B yles also quoted the National Trust as a worthy group: aris ing from this the President read Marie's article, which varied from Brian's in one or t wo important features: first that the Club should find and acquire the land, then pass it over to the Trust, and finally perhaps lease it from the Trust. Furthermore, Marie said that as the Club was not a corporate body, no personal act ion could be taken against. The members or Committee in respect of any land it owned.

This raised something of an outcry in some quarters ,while Alex Colley said it was pretty obvious we weren't really trying to find s uitable land. G ordon Redmond was all for retaining full control of the use of the funds and anything obtained with them. He cons idered we should obtain fresh legal advice and again look for s uitable land.

Kath Brown suggested we had been looking for another Era, and should perhaps seek a smaller block, possibly in an attractive place where other walkers already had holdings. Some discussion followed on control and caretaking of any property, and your reporter, having heard three or four quite conflicting views, expressed as his own that there was small prospect of getting the requisite $\frac{3}{4}$ majority to amend the Trust Deed.

Various points were talked out at some length, and ultimately nothing was resolved. In response to a question by Owen Marks, Frank Rigby said that, when the Bendethera bid was being considered, promises of financial support up to \$4000 had been received. Depending on the appeal of the area, such a sum may be a guiding figure to the upper limit of our purchasing capacity.

When the tumult had ebbed away, Alex Colley said he proposed writing to the National Parks Association concerning an article which suggested mining of minerals vital to the national economy should be permitted even in National Parks. Alex didn't agree with this tenet and sought assent to his reply being forwarded as from the Conservation Secretary of the S.B.W. We readily agreed to that and the December meeting closed after a lengthy innings.

WANTED TO BUY GENUINE OFFER

In order to make up a complete set of "The Sydney Bushwalker" magazines, the editor requires a copy of issue No. 386.

He is prepared to pay \$5 for a copy of this issue; even more if it is in good condition.

If you have a copy of No. 386, get in touch with the editor and the money is yours. Please note, however, that the number 386 must be printed on the front cover.

HOW TO MAKE A MILLION WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

Are you a bit short on money at the moment? Need some? Well, here's a way to get it.

Dig our all that old walking gear and other valuable junk that could be of use to someone else, and bring it to the Auction Sale.

The date is WEDNESDAY, 17TH. JANUARY, 1968.

For full details, turn to page .

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

I must take issue with much of Alex Colley's letter, "The Things We Can't Do" (December issue of The Sydney Bushwalker).

Of course there are many things we can't or don't do, and shouldn't try to do either. The S.B.W. is a <u>Bushwalking</u> club, and always has been. We are certainly <u>not</u> a debating society, a restaurant, a ski club, an alpine mountaineering club, a rock-climbing club, a municipal library or a motorists' association. Whether we should even be land-owners is a debatable point. What sort of irrelevant comparison is Alex trying to draw by saying that "some clubs are open every evening, and serve meals"? We might as well say that these clubs, whatever they are, ought to be running two or three bushwalks every weekend - after all, what is good for the goose is good for the gander.

I feel that Alex is doing too much "knocking" without justification. He does not acknowledge at all the things we can do, and do very well too, i.e. bushwalking. In other words, we are specialists just as other sporting, social or recreational clubs are specialists in their respective fields. Someone ought to tell Alex that, conversely, he won't find any bushwalking done in ski clubs, social clubs etc. However, despite the fact that we are specialists, we have been reasonably successful "dabblers" in other pursuits, such as running a magazine, organising fairly intensive (for a walking club) social programmes, composing comic operas and fighting conservation battles, to name a few. Additionally, our Walks Programmes have, from time to time, furnished a refreshing breadth of activities going beyond the limits of pure bushwalking.

Perhaps in some respects we have failed to "move with the times" or to make Club life more attractive, The S.B.W., over many years, has shown itself to be somewhat conservative, and certainly the will of the majority has been frustrated on several occasions by the three-quarters vote required for constitutional amendments. Then again, it is surprising how many ordinary motions, which might have benefited the Club, have been lost.

Nevertheless, in spite of these possible setbacks, the Club has continued to thrive while other walking clubs have fallen by the wayside. The picture can't be nearly as black as Alex would like to paint it!

Signed:

Frank Rigby.

P.S. Many Club members do in fact have supper together after leaving the Club room. Perhaps Alex would care to join us?



Drop in any time to the Mountain Equipment Company to see our full range of gear for Walkers and Climbers.

We stock a full range of spares for Mountain Mule Packs - plus, of course, MULES and MULETTES off the shelf.

Don't forget too, that we have big stocks of MILLERS ROPES at special Club prices.

Other regular lines are oiled japara trousers and the revolutionary BEAR SPACE BLANKET; WOOL SHIRTS by KAIAPOI, and PULLOVERS and CARDIGANS made from greasy wool.

Call in some time, if just for a natter and a look around.

SHOWROOM HOURS: Saturdays, 9 a.m. - 5 p.m.

Tuesday and Thursday evenings
7.30 p.m. - 10 p.m.

30 MOUNT STREET, NORTH SYDNEY.

MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT COMPANY

************* An Anonymous S.B.W. **********

Out in the open and under a tent, A weekend away from home I spent. Burning Palms was our destination: Walked there from Lilyvale; six miles to location.

Y.Y.Y

So hot in the air, 'twas ninety degrees, Searching for shade under the trees. We finally reached our camping hollow; Changed into togs and went to sea for a wallow.

Leaving my clothes hanging from a bark
Two of us went swimming alone in the dark.
It started to rain, "She'll be right mate" I thought,
But alas! in the rain my clothes had been caught.

I changed into dry gear, the shorts were not mine, Then we cooked a meal as it was just on tea-time. Our fire was blazing, but the rain it fell good So we all stood around wearing a cape and a hood.

After the meal was over, our leader he talked; 'Twas about camp craft to us, on the walk. But nine o'clock came and the rain it was crook: We had to disperse to our own little nook.

Into the tent the three of us tramped; Our first with the bushwalkers that we had camped. Tents to the left of us, tents to the right; Sleeping bags out, it was a really good sight.

Now it was quiet, but not for too long. We decided to render the camp with a song. Laughing and singing - you know what I mean? Rain coming in and causing a scene.

Out there in the dark, I heard Kookaburra screeches While we were busy checking our leeches: Fat ones, thin ones, long ones and many; I was the only one who didn't attract any.

At a quarter to seven we arose in the rain Cooked breakfast and then our leader came. Mapping and First-Aid talks were to start, But because of the rain we had to depart.

All rallied round, packing our goods, Needless to say we were still wearing hoods. By eight forty-five all eighteen were ready To head for the station with our load that was heavy.

The walk wasn't easy as we headed for the station; In fact we had to change our destination. We were to clamber around by the beach But due to high tide 'twas impossible to reach.

So upward we went, sliding with ease, In single file only, mud up to our knees. What with the rain beating down and trailing thru water, "We've never had it so good" remarked your Granddaughter.

Going over the hill, the wind blew a gale; I must say it nearly blew me off the trail. But do not dispair about minor mishaps; Strength will prevail me when I walk more perhaps!

The road we approached and there did emerge; Eighteen were all present standing on the verge. Jack, that's our leader, without any fuss Instructed us to walk: save waiting for the bus.

Within thirty minutes the bus came into view. Quickly we signalled it and formed a long queue. We mounted the vehicle and went round the bend To Waterfall Station, what a terrific weekend.

A word from the mother
To wind up the tale—
Wet clothes, wet sox
Left quite a trail.
Mud in the bathroom,
Wet shoes on the floor —
Bush Walkers' weekend
Makes me also feel sore.



Finding a place to go for a long walk, and a party to go with, has never been easy since the bulldozer started to make roads of our walking tracks and motor cars to take us along them. Nevertheless there are some who will carry heavy packs still, and we found 6 potential starters for a 10 day walk in October.

It was agreed that the best place to look for new country was on the North Coast, which is beyond the scope of weekend walks for all but keen motorists. The first idea was to go from Kangaroo Flat to Kemp's Pinnacle, Banda Banda and Kempsey. A good look at the maps revealed that the only possible route was bulldozed. Next thought was the rocky or Timbarra River, which is remote from railways and main roads. Frank Leyden found out, however, that it was largely settled country. For a time it looked as though the bulldozer had beaten us everywhere. At this stage Frank made a wholesale purchase of maps, then, by dint of careful research. found a stretch where no roads were shown. This remarkable area was in the upper Macleay River Valley. Starting from Moona Plains, near Walcha, it was possible to cross a narrow saddle to an isolated tableland several square miles in extent. From there a descent to the Apsley looked feasible. Some 20 miles below this we would come to the Macleay, and 25 miles down the Macleay we would reach the Armidale-Kempsey Road at George's Creek. How long this would take we had no idea, but decided that 6 miles a day might be a good average if the river was rough.

After some juggling with dates we fixed on October 27th. for our start, a bit late, but the only date when a party could be organised. A fortnight before the 27th. Gordon Redmond and I visited Frank in Ashfield. In short time we were convinced that Frank's plan was a good one, and had arranged tents and food lists. We shared Frank's tent, but I didn't join in the food list because I can save weight on my own.

The three of us next met together on the Glen Innes Mail on Friday 27th. To catch a train fully equipped for a long walk is the culmination of a lot of work and organisation. To me it marks the time when work stops and enjoyment starts. It is a happy thought to be confident that all the party will arrive safely and rested at the right place at a given time.

Next morning found us at Walcha Road in summer morning sunshine. But the bus that once ran to Walcha, and the taxis we expected, weren't there, so we had to phone Walcha for a car. In the meantime we weighed our packs. After allowing for the distribution of tent weight, Frank and Gordon each had 44 lbs. and I had 35. Could they eat that much? I hoped not.

In Walcha we waited while Gordon transacted some business. The sudden materialis ation in Walcha of Gordon, height 6', weight 14.7. (heavyweight class) clad in shorts and gym boots instead of a dark business suit full of business and ready for instant action, must have been a stimulating experience for the other party. It was not surprising that the business was completed to Gordon's complete satisfaction in 75 cents of taxi waiting time.

Thence to Moona Plains, which, fortunately, was the home country of our driver, who knew all the tracks. Gradually improved paddocks gave way to unimproved, paved roads to dirt ones, and tree cover increased, until we came to the last house at the end of the road. Here we were introduced to Mrs. Jackson and her daughter, who was home from school in Armidale. Mrs. Jackson wasn't unduly startled by our project, and gave us a good description of the route through the Jackson property. The house nestled in a colourful garden beyond which was soft green grass and clover beneath tall pines - the sort of place that emphasises the silliness of sitting on chairs in air-conditioned city offices.

By 11 a.m. we were under way, carrying our heavy packs in the hot sun. Could we possibly lump these bundles through scrub, mountains and rivers for 10 days? Had I not known from experience that it is during the first hour that heavy packs seem heaviest, I would have answered "no". The finding of a few pools of water near the road was a good reason for stopping before 12 for lunch. Soon the billy was boiling, and we relaxed and started to feel we really belonged in the bush.

By mid afternoon we had followed the bulldozed track (not on the map) to the saddle which led to the isolated tableland. As we climbed the other side we came to a dam, a delightful discovery near the top of a ridge on a hot day. No sooner had the two black snakes which lived there gone into their holes than we were in the water.

The bulldozer that had built the dam had been busy on the tableland too. Hundreds of acres of trees had been scraped into heaps, encouraging a plentiful growth of sweet spring grass. The kangaroos had come from far and wide to enjoy it. There must have been at least 50 of them there. At the head of Paradise Creek, which we had figured to be the surest place to find water, there was a much larger dam, favoured by a much larger snake. I could see this one, with its head raised above the grass, watching me from about 50 yards away. Such an excellent swimming hole could not be by-passed, so we camped by it.

Next morning we were soon beyond the cleared land, walking through well-grassed, unspoiled, open forest country. Soon we came to the edge of the Apsley Gorge. Below were verdant flats through which meandered the Yarrawitch to its junction with the Apsley. Our first objective was Paradise Rocks, a series of quartzite outcrops 2,500 feet above the river. We had considered going over the rocks down to the river, but from the top judged it unlikely we could climb down, a decision which was proved right when we saw them from other angles. The rocks proved a fine vantage point. Looking.

down the river we could see more promising flats and stretches where the stream was entrenched within its own broad valley. Looking at our map and the country below, we decided to take a ridge to the east, which could bring us down over about 2 miles with only a couple of steep pinches.

There is only one thing worse than long downhill climbs with heavy packs and that is long uphill climbs. We had, of course, chosen the hottest part of the day to walk down a ridge towards the sun, and suffered accordingly. Halfway down a strap broke on Gordon's pack. It was repaired with a boot lace, but Frank and I were alarmed to find that all the leather on his pack was old and weak. Further down the heel of his gym boots started to lift. By the time we got to the bottom I had doubts as to whether his gear could possibly last the distance. If it didn't Gordon would be in a spot — a long way from Paddy or a boot shop, and no other way out but to walk. Moral: thoroughly test all leather before starting a long walk, and take freshly broken—in footwear.

It was a long hot trip down that ridge, but at the bottom paradise enow: A swiftly flowing river, some 40 yards wide. Cool water, not yet clear after the rains; and grassy flats on the other side where Green Gully Creek came in. But could we cross? Yes, it was easy. Depth less than 3 feet, and an easy river bed of small pebbles. Fine, warm, lots of time, and plenty of beautiful water. The horde of flies, which Kowmung experience indicated, didn't materialise. Flies were there, but they seldom annoyed us, except for march flies which bit us throughout the trip whenever we got wet or hot.

A long lunch, then down the river towards Paradise Creek. The heat no longer worried us. It seldom did during the afternoon, when clouds usually appeared, accompanied by light breezes. It was easy walking -no undergrowth, nettles or rock hopping. Although it was quite a river, with a flow nearly equal to the normal Shoalhaven level, and looked difficult to cross, we soon found out that it wasn't. The crossings were mostly wide, and the flow rate even, leaving a nicely paved bed of pebbles. We walked mostly on grass and cow pads, through a continual carpet of green, which didn't end on the mountain slope as it does in the Cox-Kowmung country, but covers the whole mountain right to the top. There is a nice balance of interests between the trees and the grass on these slopes. The trees, except for occasional patches of rain forest, are small and widely spaced, letting the sun through to the grass below. It is slate country which weathers into soil rather than stones and gravel. The river banks are not torn away like so many of our Sydney-side streams. Grassy banks and river flats were still in place on the inside of nearly every bend. We saw few rabbits. I doubt whether there had ever been many, because it is cattle country and the grass is not chewed down enough for the liking of rabbits.

For two days we continued down our lovely river. Not a tin nor bottle did we see, nor even the remains of a campfire. Here and there were reminders of the North Coast - stinging trees, monkey vines, cedars and patches of scrub forest. For several miles the river was lined with thickets of red bottle brush, all in flower. There was prolific bird life. As we

approached the Macleay the flats were larger and had been cleared. The more open valley here was very like Bendethera. We arrived at the Chandler junction on Tuesday evening. Here flood damage was extensive. All the flats had been carried away and the River, now twice the size of the Apsley, swept from side to side of a 300-year wide boulder bed which reached right to the foot of the mountains. To find a camp site we had to go half a mile up the Chandler, where remnants of a bank remained, separated from the river by over 100 yards of boulders.

Progress, at nearly 10 miles a day, had been much better than anticipated. Here we were, fully provisioned for a 6-day walk, in a place difficult to reach, and surrounded by new country. About half a day down river we would reach Kunderang West Station. In two days we would be at George's Creek. Up river were gorges no Sydney Bush Walker had ever seen, so we decided to go up instead of down, hoping that the Chandler would turn into another Apsley. And so it did. Although the banks had been washed away in the lower reaches, by the time we reached the Muddy River it was back to Apsley standard.

Near the Muddy junction I thought I heard a distant bark. Five minutes later there was a loud crack behind us. We turned to find that it came, not from a rifle, but from the stockwhip of Henry Kant, from Kunderang West Station. He and his offsider had been a bit puzzled at first to who we were. Obviously not fishermen, because we crossed at the rapids. "Sightseers", they decided; an apt description. In a few minutes we had told our story and learned all we could of the country ahead. Then Henry Kant, his mate and their five dogs went on across the river. The smaller dogs lost their footing and were carried down the rapids, but they soon caught up with the rest.

That afternoon we came to the best campsite of the trip. It was a green apple-gum flat facing a rocky jungle clad gully on the opposite bank. A small waterfall could be glimpsed through the trees. Behind us was a gently sloping ridge covered in bull oaks.

By this time we had walked off our 1:50,000 map and had only the tourist map to guide us. On this only river junctions could be anticipated with any confidence, the rivers themselves being suspiciously straight. The next junction was with the Styx, a far cry from Paradise Creek, and one place we were sure of getting to sooner or later. We arrived there next day, evidently before our allotted time, because Charon was not there in his boat to meet us. The Styx was very like the lower Kowmung, but although much smaller than the Chandler, it still carried about twice as much water as the Kowmung. The lower part of the river was easy going on cow pads, but we knew that somewhere in the next few miles it would rise some 2000 feet. Gradually the banks closed in, rapids became too deep and swift to cross. We swam a couple of pools, then considered our future. The probability was that as the river narrowed we wouldn't be able to swim against it. Somewhere above too there was probably a big waterfall to stop us. Getting out wasn't easy either, as there were cliff faces above us. So we went back to the last

of the camping flats for the night. In the morning we went down to what appeared to be the first negotiable ridge and set off up it, once again in the hottest part of the day for the climbing of north-easterly trending ridges. It was negotiable, but only just. As Frank said, we could eat the grass standing up, and a slide on the loose slate particles would have been hard to arrest. It was straight up all the way. We were mighty glad to reach the top an hour and a half later. From there we could see our camping flat seemingly right underneath us. Upstream a little was a hanging valley over which poured a large waterfall. At first it looked like a side creek but there was too much water for that. It must have been the Styx itself. It looked as if we had chosen the last negotiable ridge. After a breaher we set off along our ridge, now almost level on top. There was a fence and some clearing, and we hoped for another dam, with snakes. Soon we were back in bulldozer land. About half an hour later we came to the bulldozer itself, alongside a shed and a dam (without snakes). Nearby two men were spreading fertilizer with a tractor. "What, are you lost?" they asked. "No," we answered, "our map doesn't tell us much, but we should be 3 to 4 miles from the Armidale road. "Yes, that is right," they replied, "we could take you in to the road after lunch." We readily accepted their offer.

At the Armidale road we once more appraised our position. We had 22 days to go and two more sights, not on our original programme, to see. The first was Wollomombi, 6 miles along the road, the the second Hillgrove, about 12 miles further on. Should we ring a taxi and pay a dollar each per mile to Wollomombi? Would anyone give us a lift? Gordon and Frank thought someone would. After all, Frank argued, who would the locals expect to find out there walking but professors from the Armidale University? On the other hand we lacked beards (although Gordon had half a beard). I was of the opinion that nobody who valued his safety and upholstery would pick us up. Even though it seemed obsious that the only institution we could have come from was the University, there was always a chance that we might have got out of somewhere else. A famile road walk was unpleasant, but not unthinkable. so we set out. Three miles along we came to a large dam crossed by a bridge. There were no "yer can't" notices, so in we went for a good long swim. On the other side of the bridge we came to the notices - all on the Armidale side, for which we were truly thankful.

We made the Wollomombi and a secluded, clover-covered campsite before sundown. Next morning was spent viewing the gorge. It is a great rock hole, perhaps 1000 feet deep, into which pour the Chandler, in a series of falls, and the Wollomombi, in one 500-foot drop. Most of the gorge appeared to be slate, weathered into purples and browns, with patches of blue-grey scree which may have been granite. The falls occurred where the granite met the slate. There must have been considerable variations in hardness, perhaps due to bands of quartzite, because three great curtains of rock buttressed the northern side of the Chandler. A very impressive sight, though as scenery I would prefer the Capertee and Wolgan gorges, with their contrast of vivid cliffs, heavily timbered talus slopes and river flats.

We had lunch overlooking the gorge, then considered the problem of how to get to Hillgrove without hiring a taxi. Frank suggested a 6-mile walk through the paddocks to the Ponds Creek and the remaining 4 or so

next day. Six miles seemed a reasonable afternoon's walk, so we set off. It was very pleasant walking through deep grass and clover, but it was largely uphill and we weren't feeling as fresh as we were. Somehow we crossed Ponds Creek without recognising it. Though we were tired and somewhat disgruntled there was nowhere to camp so we kept on going to the Hillgrove road. A patch of partly rung timber near a dam was the best camp site we could find. However, once resigned to our fate, we camped quite comfortably.

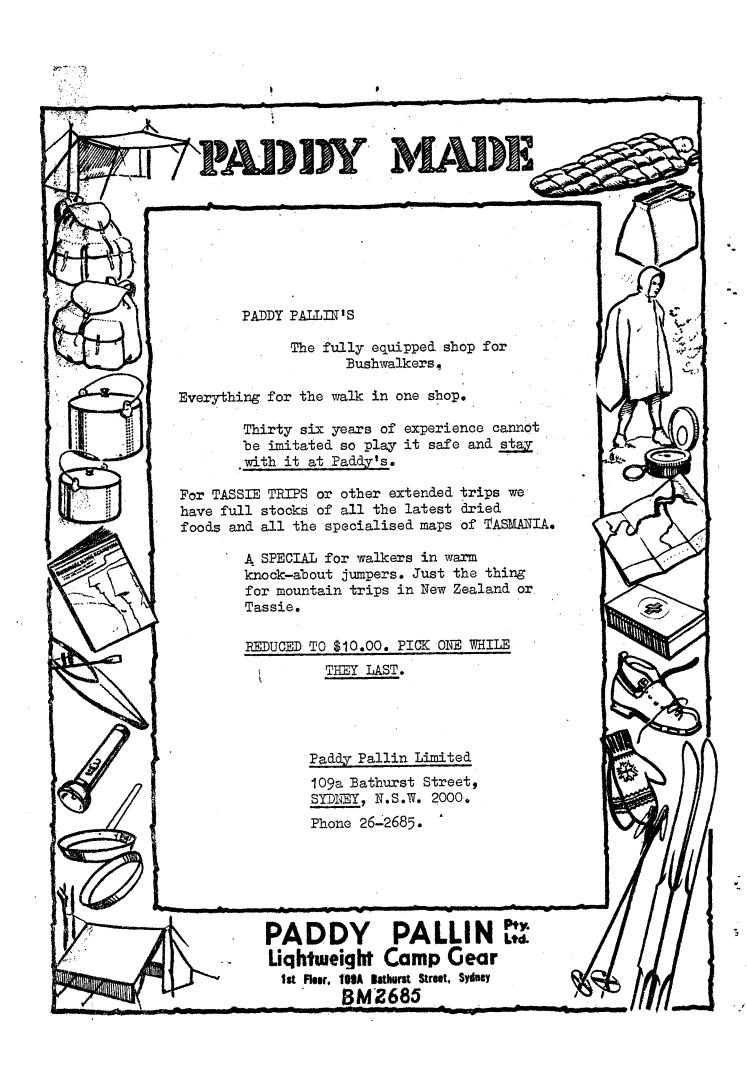
Next day we made for Baker's Creek falls and gorge. It was a steep granite gorge, but not particularly spectacular or attractive. We made our way round its edge to Hillgrove, an old mining town where many of the houses were still occupied, though what the inhabitants did for a living was a mystery. Being scattered, it lacked the atmosphere of Yerranderie or Hill End. There was not even a saloon with swinging doors through which obstreperous patrons could be ejected. But the natives, we were told, loved it, and many who now lived elsewhere returned often to the home village. Just beyond the houses there were mining dumps. In the timber round about was a great collection of rusting mining machinery to which the locals, logically enough, have added their own outworn plant. Ancient rusted tractors, heavy wooden trailers with iron tyres, boilers, batteries, heavy fly wheels, bearings, etc. abound. We didn't have time to see the workings below, though we had a good fossick round the dumps and got samples of stibnite, antimony and wolframite. A large mine dam provided a good lunch spot where we swam, lunched and cleaned up.

And so to Armidale by taxi and to Nick's cafe for a whole flounder each. Looking back we found it hard to realise that it was only 10 days since we had left Moona Plains. I think it was the constant looking ahead to work out our next move that made the early part of the trip seem so far away. But it is always so with a good walk. Back home the memories crowded in. Memories of smooth-flowing, clear sunlit streams, of steep grassy mountains, of riverside camps, of fireflies round the camp fire, of rocky gorges, and of repartee and discussion. These recollections we will take with us till we reach the Styx in a real heat wave on our final walk.

LOOKING FOR A BARGAIN. ?

Come to the Auction Sale on Wednesday, 17th. January. You never know what might come under the hammer: it may be just what you've been looking for for years. See full details of conditions of sale etc. on page 23.

COME ALONG AND BRING YOUR MONEY.



M

PROGRE WEE B

(This pageant was written by Jim Brown especially for the Fortieth Anniversary Reunion, where it received an enthusiastic reception. Because it contains such a large slice of the Club's history extending over the forty years of its lifetime, we decided that the information was important enough to be published. This was, Club members will have a permanent record of some of the serious events, together with some of the humourous . events, which go to make up our history. Please bear in mind though, that the work was written primarily for a campfire performance. It has been abridged and altered to make it more suitable for reading. Editor.)

1927. THE YEAR OF THE FIRST TALKIE FILM.

On 21st. October just 40 years ago, at a meeting of the Mountain Trails Club, which had discussed the formation of a walking club with a less rigid membership qualification, Alan Rigby moved . "That the new Club be formed here and now." The motion was carried, the M.T.C. meeting closed, and the first meeting of the new Club, provisionally called The Waratah Walking Club, opened immediately, with Alan Rigby as Chairman and Myles Dunphy as Secretary.

On 11th. November, an annual subscription of 10/- was fixed,

and the persons present deemed Foundation Members.

On 9th. December, 22 names for the Club were proposed. Mr. Gallop objected to the inclusion of the word "Club" as "suggestive of a gathering for drinking beer, etc." A name suggested by Maurice Berry, "The Sydney Bush Walkers" was chosen by ballot.

1928. A VINTAGE YEAR IN AVIATION - KINGSFORD SMITH, ULM & HINKLER.

In February Alan Rigby's design for a Club badge was adopted. However, in the Minute Book the emblem was described as a FLANNELL flower. Thus for about 40 years we have had as Club emblem a bloom as mythical as a unicorn.

> Flannel flower, flannel flower Cruelly we have deceived you. Of all flowers, you were ours So we've always believed you. In the book there's a double 11; Double 11 for flannell. Flannel flower, flannel flower, Double crossed by the walkers.

The Treasuror reported a favourable balance of £21. 1. $4\frac{1}{2}$. No-one asked him if he was advocating a rise in subscriptions.

1929, THE BEGINNINGS OF A DEPRESSION THAT LASTED ALMOST 5 YEARS.

In August £10 was voted to purchase Club maps. In August also, the Committee decided to leave in abeyance a question of Club members getting lost for consideration by the new Committee. Note that at that stage walkers got lost, not just mislaid.

Amongst those who did not get lost were Gordon Smith and Max Gentle, who were congratulated in October on the first ascent of the Gangarang Range.

1930 THE YEAR PHAR LAP WON THE MELBOURNE CUP

Economic conditions worsened, and in October there was notice of motion that subscriptions be waived at the discretion of the Committee in cases of known hardship.

In November Mr. Debert informed a meeting that Mr. Allan Hardy was lost on the Kowmung. The Secretary was instructed "to follow the matter up, and advise his people if he was not located promptly". You see, none of this nonsense about S & R and helicopters in those rugged days.

1931 THE GOVERNMENT SAVINGS BANK CLOSED FOLLOWING HEAVY WITHDRAWALS

One person who lost his job in these hard days was a Mr. F.A. Pallin, who turned his idle hands to manufacturing and selling walking and camping gear. We hope his dismissal has been as beneficial to him as it has been to 36 years of walkers.

In February Jack Debert complained of the lateness of issue of the Walks Programme. The President explained that the delay was due to the dilatory manner in which members undertook to lead walks.

> When I was young and innocent I thought the job was heaven sent. I thought it wonderful to be Elected as Walks Secret'ry.

I swiftly found it was a snare. Leaders of walks were shy and rare, And when a volunteer was found He only knew the same old ground.

The old firm of Gentle and Smith did the Capertee-Colo trip.
In July a Committee was set up to enquire into the acquisition of Blue Gum Forest to save it from the axe.

1932 THE YEAR OF THE HARBOUR BRIDGE OPENING

The combined walking clubs of Sydney raised funds to purchase Blue Gum Forest.

A donation of £1.1.0 was made to the Native Flora float for the Harbour Bridge opening.

1933. ADOLF HITLER BECAME CHANCELLOR OF THE GERMAN REICH

In April it was suggested that a weekend camp be held for "old members" with the object of retaining their interest in the Club.

In August the petition to the Minister for Lands seeking resumption and reservation of Burning Palms (Garrawarra) had 3,144 signatures.

Reported at the July meeting that some members had accepted a lift in a motor car and requested the driver not to make public the fact that they were bush walkers.

And in October it was resolved "that this Club, although in sympathy with the removal of private residences and permanent camps from the National Park, considers this should be achieved by means other than legal action."

"Hey, what's in that bottle?"
"Petrol."
"And in this bag?"
"Gelignite!"
"What for?"
"I'm going to remove some shacks by other means than legal action!"

1934 THE YEAR OF MELBOURNE'S CENTENARY

In the Club, a year of sin, sex and sensation.

Nine members were castigated in January over events at the Christmas camp. One for nude sunbathing, three for insufficient costume, one for petting.....

"Why only one?...Surely it must have been two; like a quarrel!"
....and four for co-tenting;

In February a letter was sent to Carlons regarding two people who spent a week there purporting to be married and members of the Club, when in fact they were not.

"What? Not married?"
"No! And not members either!"

In May a member was reprimanded for attending a meeting in an intoxicated condition,

And in September the President called attention to the untidy state in which campsites were being left.

1935 THE YEAR OF THE "SHARK ARM" MURDER

In February the President informed the general meeting that "Club policy is against mixed nude bathing."

Miles Dunphy reported parties had successfully climbed Mounts Jenolan and Queahgong from the Cox.

In June it was resolved "that Mr. Chapple's nomination be held in abeyance for one month as he had been operated on for appendicitis on the previous Tuesday, and was unable to attend the meeting."

1936 THE YEAR OF EDWARD VIII'S ABDICATION

Two groups spent King's Birthday Weekend in working projects: one at Blue Gum, and the other clearing and improving the Black Dog Track.

The President pointed out that members going on overnight trips

should either take tents or arrange accommodation in advance. Recently a lady prospective had failed to do so, and said that someone told her "it would be all right".

It was reported that prospectives were taking around their own nomination forms seeking nominees. This practice was to cease forthwith.

1937 GERMANY AND AUSTRIA AMALGAMATE

In April the first Tiger walk: Wentworth Falls - Ti Willa - Strongleg - Carlons Head - Katoomba, was organised. Over the next fow years the Tigers became legendary for their trips of derring-do.

Myles Dunphy reported the reservation of 150 square miles of the Kanangra - Thurat area as a National Park.

In August we were having a brawl with Federation, and protested against the charging of camping fees at Garrawarra; also an increase from 6/6 to 7/6 in the price of Federation Ball tickets.

The November meeting was told that a leader had been unaware of the presence on his walk of a prospective member.

1938 THE YEAR OF SYDNEY'S SESQUI CENTENARY

In February a member was suspended for six months for cutting down a sapling at Burning Palms.

April saw the Club securing a lease of Morella Karong as a camping site.

But by September there were so many strangers penetrating the side track to Morella Karong that parties were advised to go there by different routes and a working bee was held to disguise the track.

If a camp site takes your fancy, And you want it for your own; You must hedge it round with dangers, And deter the wandering strangers With a trail that's overgrown.

Christmas - New Year saw the first "in the water" trip down the length of the Kowmung - organised by the Tigers, of course.

1939 WAR

Drought and bushfires caused havoc in Eastern Australia. Saturday, 14th January was Black Saturday, when Sydney's temperature touched 113.6 degrees.

In February Federation was asked to look into the possibility of acquiring Maynard's property behind Era, where the homestead had been destroyed by bushfire.

By November working bees were digging holes in the marches at Corral Swamp and Glenraphael to retain the water.

There was a protest to the Lands Department about a proposal to merge Garrawarra with National Park.

Scandal in May - a visitor to Carlons, in company with a Club member, was alleged to have removed a piece of bark 3 ft. x 2 ft. from a tree. On interrogation the member land all knowledge and the matter lapsed.

1940. BATTLE IN THE SKY OVER BRITAIN.

The drought worsens: Cox and Kowmung Rivers reduced to waterholes. In January it was decided that the subscriptions of members on active service be waived, and time in the forces not counted in the prospective qualifying period.

The President drew attention in April to the still existing bushfire danger. Unfortunately a fire had got out of control at

the Annual Reunion.

1941. THE YEAR OF PEARL HARBOUR ATTACK.

The June General Meeting was cancelled due to lack of a quorum. Subs of 25 members on active service were waived. The Club's military maps were stored in the bank vault.

Tidy campsites were still an issue. It was suggested that suitable slogans be reproduced on slides to be interpolated with other slides on

exhibition nights.

In March it was reported that people were indulging in night shooting of rabbits at Era. In view of the danger to walkers, Federation was asked to investigate.

TO BE CONTINUED IN NEXT MONTH'S "SYDNEY BUSHWALKER"

CHRISTMAS CAMP AT MERRY BEACH

By Our On-The-Spot Reporter.

This Christmas saw the usual influx of members to their pre-booked sites on the edge of the surf, which, over Christmas Day and Boxing Day was of mountainous proportions. The camp was reminiscent of an annual reunion with bods wandering up and down, drinking tea (and other beverages) and nattering the hours away. A large party from the camp went over to the official S.B.W. party at the adjacent Pretty Beach on New Year's Eve when there was a total of about 50 round the camp fire. Enjoyable instrumental music was turned on although there was some doubt about the quality of the unaccompanied singing of the visitors.

The big seas curtailed the excursions of the dawn fishermen but Stuart Brooks did bring back some nice fish in his aluminium craft.

Those present included the Moppetts, Knightleys, Harveys, Brookses, Gilroys, Colleys, Higsons, Jim Browns, Waggs, McInneses, Ian Woodses, Pegram, and old hands Alders and Don Gordon. Notable absentees this year were the McGregors, sojourning in far-off Egypt and who hope to be back on deck next Christmas, and the Kirkbys, temporarily out of the firing line.



Please take note of the following additions to the current walks programme.

SUNDAY 11TH. FEBRUARY Jim Callaway will be leading the following walk:

Waterfall - Bus to Maynard's Track - Stevens Drive - Black Gin Range - (Curracurrang Track) - Curracurrang Creek - Curracurrang - Garie. Grading of this walk is 7 miles MEDIUM. Map to be used is the Port Hacking Tourist. The train leaves the electric platform at 8,20 a.m. from Central. Jim may be contacted on telephone number 20961 extension 3077 between 9 p.m. and 11 p.m.

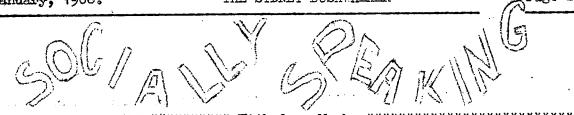
SUNDAY 18TH FEBRUARY. The Swimming Carnival.

The Walks Programme shows the carnival as a weekend outing under the direction of Owen Marks. For those who can't get away on the Saturday for one reason or another, Nan Burke will be leading a separate party on the Sunday only. This is the day when the actual carnival is conducted. Last year the carnival was a big success, with many faces seldom seen in the Club, attending. Family groups and small children are more than welcome, so whyb not make it a picnic day of it. The venue is Lake Eckersley, and further details may be obtained from either Owen Marks (tel. 30-1827) or Nan Bourke (tel. 53-9736).

SUNDAY 25TH. FEBRUARY. David Ingram will be leading the following day walk.

Waterfall - Bus to Governor Game Drive - Thelma Ridge - Era - Stanmore. Approximately 8 or 9 miles. If you feel that Claustral Canyon might be a bit much for you, try this pleasant day walk. There will be about 4 hours free to swim at Era and lounge on the sand, so if you like that sort of thing, the trip is for you. Full details of transport times etc. will be published in next month's magazine, but if you can't wait that long, David Ingram will be happy to fill you in. Tel. 635-7733 during business hours).

THE AUTUMN PROCRAMME IS NOW BEING COMPILED, SO IF YOU HAVE ANY IDEAS, THE WALKS SECRETARY OR THE PRESIDENT WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR FROM YOU. ALSO, THE SOCIAL SECRETARY WANTS TO HEAR FROM THOSE PEOPLE WHO COMPLAIN ABOUT SLIDE NIGHTS, SO HE CAN FIND OUT WHAT YOU WANT.



Well, a Happy New Year to you all from the pen of your Social Secretary. I hope you're all having a wonderful holiday, because by the time you read this I will be lounging on the sundrenched, golden sandy beaches of one of the tropical Fiji islands of paradise. This month's Social Programme contains the following attractions:

17TH. JANUARY. The long-awaited Auction Sale which will give you the chance to get rid of your junk, and pick up a bargain at the same time. See full details below.

24TH. JANUARY. "The Vanishing Race" is the title of this talk, and it is to be presented by Jim Brown. If you're wondering what it all means, you may understand if I tell you that it deals with Jim's favourite hobby, namely, steam trains.

31ST. JANUARY. Tom Hayllar will be relating his story of "Walking Across Nepal". This should be an adventure well worth hearing about.

THE AUCTION SALE

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Here, at last, is the opportunity you have been waiting for (pardon the grammar). All the years of accumulated junk can be brought into the Club and SOLD, SOLD, SOLD.

Goods and chattels should be divided into two categories:-

- 1. Walking gear and other valuable junk, such as cameras, bicycles and other items which may be of some use to someone else. These items will be sold on your behalf, and you may collect the proceeds if they are sold. You may nominate a reserve price (minimum), and if bidding does not come up to it, you will get the goods back.
- 2. "Nonsense" items. By this I mean things such as left-handed nail files and speleological sunglasses. These should be treated purely as fun things, and the proceeds will go into Club funds.

Last year 3 pickled funnel webs were knocked down for 25 cents; 3 Penguin books for 5 cents, and some idiot bought a beat-up, sat-upon hat for 15 cents. In Fact it was just like Paddy's markets (minus the livestock though). So dig out that valuable junk - Unwanted Christmas gifts, that discarded chastity belt, that rusty petard, in fact anything.

EMONTE MORE MONTH

The Stork paid a visit to the would-be Vazey family last month, presenting them with a strapping 11 lb. daughter. Brian was seen to be buying a bag of grapes down at the corner store before going out to the hospital to see Margaret - he had a smile that extended from ear to ear. Both mother and daughter are doing well.

Roger Gowing, Ken Ellis, and Lyn Bliss, supposedly on a walking weekend, spent Christmas in the grand old traditional style at Kempsey. I heard that they gorged themselves on roast pork (which was walking around the week before) roast turkey (strutting around the day before) and fresh milk and cream (same-day fresh).

Owen Marks and Frank Taeker are holidaying in romantic Fiji, with swaying palm trees and dancing girls, intoxicating kava, and all else that goes with a tropical paradise. They plan to spend three weeks away. The working class has never had it so good!

No need to be embarrassed again; Let it be known to all the world that Twinkletoes now has a pair of swimming costumes more befitting of the English gentleman that we all know he is. We are pleased to hear that he was presented with a new pair for Christmas, and the "ventilated" ones have gone west. We have also learned that Twinkletoes has shot his first Australian breaker, and just to celebrate he has gone north to Queensland — he'll be back in a couple of weeks.

┢╋╏┿┿┿┿┿╅╇╋╇╇╇╇╇

The Editor wishes to express thanks to:

JIM BROWN

FRANK RIGBY

ALEX COLLEY

BRIAN HARVEY

OWEN MARKS

LESLEY BROWN

AND ROGER GOWING, for their assistance in writing this month's magazine.
