

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A Monthly Bulletin of matters of interest to the
Sydney Bushwalkers, Northcote Building, Reiby Place,
Sydney. Postal address : Box 4476, G.P.O. Sydney.

EDITOR: Neville Page, 22 Hayward St., KINGSFORD, Ph. 34-3536.

BUSINESS MANAGER: Bill Burke, Coral Tree Drive, CARLINGFORD, 871-1207.

SALES & SUBS.: Alan Pike, 8 Sunbeam Ave., ENFIELD, Ph. 747-3983.

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EDITORIALTHE NOISES-OFF CLUB.

If you don't know what the Noises-off Club is, the chances are that you're new to S.B.W. or you don't come to meetings very often, particularly the General Meetings. The Noises-off Club is a group of unidentified individuals who gather in the ante-room at the Nurses' Association Hall of a Wednesday night, and talk while the Sydney Bushwalkers are having their meeting inside. This noise can be heard in the meeting room, and is most annoying to those people who are interested in the proceedings. The general result is that the meeting is interrupted, and its natural course and continuity are disrupted. Also out of this arises a disunity within the Club. Quite apart from this, the perpetual din of loud conversation just outside the door is a gross insult to the Chairman and to any guest speaker who has given up his own time to come along and address the Club. The activities of this Noises-off Club seemed to reach an all time high at the January General Meeting, and something must be done about it.

The difficulty is in determining where to start. Who or what is at fault? Observation will reveal to anyone that the persons causing the noise are not the same from week to week, but just happy people who, like all Bush Walkers, love to talk to their friends. Their only fault is their thoughtfulness, and who of us can claim to have never been guilty of this misdemeanour at some time or other. Thoughtlessness is hardly a punishable crime, so we must look elsewhere for an answer. Can our procedures be revised? Here may lie a simple solution to a serious problem. This is only a suggestion; it has not been tested, and in fact may prove unworkable. It is as follows:-

1. All magazine selling and equipment hiring should be completed by 7.55 p.m. In this way, the magazine seller and equipment hire officer could lock away their gear by 8 o'clock, and if not interested in staying for the meeting, they could go. Prospectives could be made aware of this arrangement, and it would be their duty to hire gear before 7.55.
 2. The door to the storeroom should be shut and locked at 8 o'clock. This would stop people from congregating around the map cupboard.
 3. At 8 o'clock an announcement should be made in the ante-room, in a loud voice, that the meeting was about to commence.
 4. The outer pair of doors be closed, but the middle doors be left wide open.
 5. The lights in the ante-room should then be turned off.
- Late-comers and visitors could come through the outer doors by opening them, and then they could enter the meeting without making the middle doors squeak. The big ash-trays should be moved out of the wall aisles so that people don't trip over them.

The above plan may not be practicable, but on the other hand it may be. It would possibly push the Noises-off Club outside to the top of the staircase, and hopefully downstairs into the street.

Neville Page

AT OUR JANUARY MEETING

***** By Alex Colley *****

The meeting commenced with apologies from Ivy Painter, Gordon Redmond, and Jack and Edna Gentle, and a welcome to new members Les Davidson and Barry Zierer.

At this point attention was drawn to that ever-happy band, the Noises-Off Club, who sounded to be celebrating something, or perhaps holding their monthly reunion, in the ante-room. Ern Farquar was despatched to deliver the time-honoured ultimatum to shut up, come inside, or go away. In response to a suggestion that they be permanently banned, David Ingram reminded us of a motion to this effect, moved by himself somewhere round 1949.

In correspondence was a letter from the Newcastle Bushwalking Club, inviting us to participate in a 24 hour bushwalk to be held in May. A list of rules was attached. Rule 3 is that "competitors must run, walk or crawl the whole journey, according to the state of exhaustion." Rule 5 obliges competitors to visit two hash houses for periods of 30 minutes at each house. It was decided that May was still a good way off and we would be in a better position by March to accede to a request to let the Newcastle Bushwalkers know how many teams we would be entering.

A letter was received from David Ingram, who was unable to attend the December meeting, on the subject of the summer walks programme. It was not intended as a letter of "complaint or criticism", but rather to "draw attention to the scrappy walks programme just issued, and to protest that such a sad, limp effort should be offered to members". David drew attention to the lack of day walks for the benefit of the inexperienced and those who do not yet have weekend equipment. "Surely", he wrote, "this is the time when it would not be unreasonable to expect some of our new members of the past 12 months to offer some easy walks which they should, by now, be capable of controlling". Several walks which had been offered were left off the programme. In conclusion David himself offered to lead a walk from Governor Game lookout to Era, Bald Hill and Stanwell Park on 25th. Feb.

The President said that the Walks Secretary had done his best to induce members to put walks on the programme, but the programme must be as good as members cared to make it. He hoped David's letter would "prod members' consciences". It was regrettable that three walks offered had been missed on the programme. This was due to an error in transfer from the draft to the printed copies. He pointed out that the programme had to be reproduced rather hurriedly in the spare time of those who did the work.

The Treasurer's report revealed a healthy balance for so late in the financial year; \$271 after meeting expenses of \$106. The 40th. Anniversary celebration cost \$724.71, reduced by the sale of tickets (\$393) and the orchid raffle (\$33) to \$298.71, or \$1.29 below the Treasurer's budget estimate. This inspired the comment "Money well spent" from Frank Ashdown and the reply "Yes, for those who ate the dinner" from you know who.

The Walks Secretary's report started on an aquatic note. Twelve "bods" had attended the fishing expedition to Berowra Waters. Fish were few (when pressed, the catch was given as 2). Drinking (soft) then set in (because of the heatwave conditions), and surprisingly led to a discussion on devaluation, its effects and repercussions on both the devaluing and other countries, its advantages and effectiveness, as well as the economic and moral issues of the matter. Roger Gowing, Neville Page's co-leader, paddled across Berowra Waters on his li-lo, sharks notwithstanding, to join the party. Twenty-five, including 16 prospectives, went on Jim Callaway's walk to the Woronora on December 17th. Over Christmas Roger Lockwood took a party down Kosciusko way and did day walks from a base camp. Ramon U'Brien led a small party down the Kowmung, where they met Frank and Joan Rigby. At New Year Barry Pacey took a party to Pretty Beach for spear fishing. A "few" fish were speared and one was given to Frank Ashdown, who immediately dug a hole in the sand and buried it. Not as silly as it sounds; the flies couldn't get it there and it was cool. On New Year's Eve another party of Sydney Bushwalkers (as reported in January's "Bushwalker") came around from Merry Beach, and some 60 persons in all celebrated the occasion. On the following weekend Doone Wyborn took a li-lo trip down the Kowmung.

Members were reminded of the approach of the Reunion and a convener for the Reunion Committee sought. It was decided to ask Jack Gentle to do the job again, if willing.

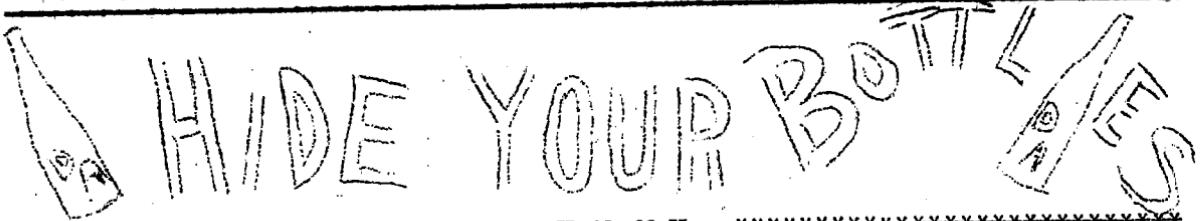
Wilf Hilder drew attention to several new maps: a 1-250,000 of the Dorrig and Hastings, a number of new Victorian maps, 4 provisional 2" to the mile Moss Vale maps, a colour 2" to the mile of Burrier and a 1-50,000 of Bendethera.

At the conclusion of the meeting the President referred to the editorial in the December Magazine, on the subject of including magazine subscriptions with Club fees. He asked members to give the subject some thought as it would be debated at the Annual General Meeting.

QUOTABLE QUOTE

The woods are made for the hunters of dreams,
The brooks for the fishers of song;
To the hunters who hunt for the gunless game
The stream and the woods belong.

.... S. W. Foss.

A hand-drawn illustration of a bottle with a label that says "HIDE YOUR BOTTLES". The bottle is tilted to the left, and the text is written in a stylized, hand-drawn font. The bottle has a cork and a small label on the neck.

***** By Kath McKay *****

At the end of every Walks Programme there are instructions to walkers, ending with the words: "Hide your bottles just as though they were your sins."

Thereby hangs a tale.

In Summer, 1932, Marie Byles and I went camping at Kosciusko. We journeyed first to Betts Camp beside the main road, and joined sundry members of Marie's family and friends for a night, then went off on our own for five days.

The family drove us to the top of Kosciusko, whence we plunged into Wilkinson's Gully, at the back. The going looked deceptively easy, but proved to be a mass of large boulders masked by low growth, so we made slow progress. We could hardly find enough level ground to pitch our tent the first night; I lost my tooth-brush in a mountain torrent and honey escaped all over my pack.

Next day we made Geehi Flats. Now, they tell me, you can drive there easily and it is all very civilised, but in those days it was quite in the rough. Grazing cattle wandered up to stare inquisitively at these strange creatures, and black snakes abounded. It was lovely weather, and warm in those lowly regions, so we rose early and dried the little bluebell tent as well as we could after the heavy dew. Marie was noted for getting up early. There used to be a joke in the Club: "Why doesn't Marie Byles use plain flour? Because she knows all about self-raising!"

We toiled up Hammel's Ridge, therefore, in the early morning, with a little billy of water and a slab of chocolate to sustain us. Ganggang parrots cocked an eye at us as we struggled up through snow-gum saplings, and our fly-veils protected us but little from the besieging multitudes. We met a lone cattleman miraculously steering his horse down the 500 feet to Geehi, and arrived, distinctly warm, near the summit of Townsend in the early afternoon.

We camped there on violets in bloom - all the flowers were wonderful at Kosciusko that year: they probably still are, despite the roads. There is a small creamy-yellow flower growing in tight cushions on the ground, and it smells heavenly. The tame perennial phlox is like it. When I take a whiff of it I can say, "Thank goodness; now I'm going to Kosciusko."

By Albina and Blue Lake we came back eventually to Betts Camp and human society. I don't know what the place is like now, or whether it

still exists, but in those days it was a primitive wooden structure with bunks in two tiers, American style cooking stoves and (a gracious touch this) a bathroom. A snow stream, shudderingly cold, was piped into the tin bath and splashed away continuously. To have a bath, you had merely to put in the plug till there was enough water. There was no danger of the tub overflowing, as you were only too glad to pull the plug out again at the first possible minute.

Betts camp, sad to say, was in a state of grime and disrepair when the Byles first came. Walkers were generally in a hurry and used the Camp merely as a stepping stone to heights beyond. In residence, as it were, the Byles family had made marvellous improvements. On our return from the wilds, Marie and I and the others tabulated the results in verse, which were, I believe, nailed up for the edification of future walkers.

We all contributed lines - ("To make it scan," said Marie's father anxiously) but I am happy to say that the concluding words are mine:

If you feel inclined to chuck
All your rubbish and your muck
In the little stream aflowing past your door,
Check the impulse - think again,
For with all our might and main
We have tidied up the gurgling streamlet's shore.

When we came back from our tramps
Dad had cleaned up all the lamps
And Dave had soldered damaged kitchenware.
Mum had tidied up the store
And had done odd jobs galore
While Dad made safe the broken front door stair.

When YOU come to Betts Camp
Follow well our good examp.
Burn or bury all your rubbish and your tins.
Scrub the tables, sweep the floor,
Leave it neater than before,
AND HIDE YOUR BOTTLES AS YOU WOULD YOUR SINS.

THE REUNION - A FEW NOTES

This year at the Reunion there will once again be a special treat for the children. Races as usual, and there will be a prize for every one of the contestants. Races will be on for the oldies too, but prizes only for place-getters.

Another regular attraction will be the damper making competition - so bring along your flour. A new innovation will be a sand-modelling competition; this will follow the damper judging. Any questions should be directed to Betty Farquar.

MARTIN'S CREEK, NATTAI RIVER AND THE ELUSIVE SURVEYOR'S CRAG

***** By Mike Short *****

The party consisted of Lorraine Mackaness, Lyn Drummond, Joanna Short, and yours truly.

Foraging amongst members on Wednesday night produced one maybe and one certain for an Australia Day weekend trip: Starlight's Trail - Nattai River - Sheehy's Pass. We were going to take two days to go from Macarthur's Flat to Martin's Creek, on the third day the driver returning to collect his car, the rest of the party proceeding onwards to Sheehy's Pass where they would be picked up by the exhausted driver. I had had the Nattai Tableland in mind. But, scrubby and dry, it is not recommended in the summer. However, it being cold and wet on the Friday, I thought that I would change the trip to: Nattai Tableland - Martin's Creek - Nattai River - Starlight's Trail.

On Thursday the maybe rang to say that he was going to Fiji for the weekend, so my thirteen year old sister was readily conned into coming along to make up a threesome. I called at Lorrie's place on Friday night and found Lyn and her car there. Lyn had thought that she had to work this Saturday but, on return from her holiday, found that the hospital roster had been changed so that the weekend was free after all. She wanted to go to Hilltop via the Hume Highway but was persuaded to go via Wallacia, this route being the shorter one from Blacktown.

We set off at nine fifteen, finding our way to Wallacia easily. However, after passing through, we made an unscheduled visit to Warragamba township. After finding Silverdale Road again, we made no more mistakes, but proceeded straight to Hilltop and then to the turnoff to Coates' Farm, arriving at about midnight. The stars had decided to come out so we didn't bother to tent ourselves that night.

Next morning, after breakfast, we proceeded by car exactly one mile back towards Hilltop. The fire trail was found a few yards further on. At this time, nine fifteen, the weather was overcast and cool. We parked our cars a short distance along the fire trail, off the road, and set off.

The road is level and follows constantly in the same direction as shown on the Mittagong Military map. This fact was a help when we came to forks. Near the end of the road we came across the army, engaged in digging trenches. Shortly after we were passed by a jeep, and an officer jumped out, telling us that there were three patrols of eight soldiers in the scrub. On no account were we to engage in conversation with them.

Shortly after, the road ended. We headed off in the calculated direction and ended up on a spur overlooking Martin's Creek. This served to show us that we weren't far enough advanced in the direction of the road. We readjusted bearings, and it was an easy matter following the ridges northwards.

We came across a lone soldier in our travels. Walking together in the same direction, we maintained the code of silence when suddenly he broke it, asking whether we had seen a patrol. We told him no, but that we had passed through the camp. He was very glad to know where he was, and the direction of the camp.

It wasn't very hot weather, as there were scattered clouds in the sky. As a result, we didn't need any of the two pints of water we were carrying. Our progress through the moderate scrub was good, being about two miles per hour.

At eleven thirty, we were on to the Lands Department's two inches to the mile Nattai sheet and overlooked Martin's Creek and one of the larger tributaries coming in from the right. We had to proceed up this tributary for a short distance in order to miss the low cliff on either side of both the tributary and Martin's Creek.

Lunch was had at a pool not far down Martin's. A large black snake with yellow spots and yellow underside overlooked the pool. It was unmoved by our swimming.

There were many small yabbies in the creek which were conspicuous because of the clearness of the water. The larger pools were of a turquoise hue. The creek fell gradually for a time, with shallow, sandy bottomed pools and many ferns. But it was not long before the boulders and waterfalls made themselves known. We found a splendid swimming pool further down with two small waterfalls feeding into it. With an early start, it could be reached for a one o'clock lunch.

Reluctantly leaving this spot, we pushed onwards until five thirty, when we happened to be near a camp spot. This was in the vicinity of the canyon section which, however, we did not realise was a canyon. There were many dry leaves on the ground, so we cleared a large area around the fire. After the main course, bananas cooked in the ashes were enjoyed for dessert. Lyn had much to tell of her experiences in New Zealand that night. My sister and I retired early, leaving Lyn and Lorrie talking until all hours.

In the morning we were woken by a female lyre-bird which was making her three different natural calls in a tree fifteen feet above us. Shortly after we set out at eight, we came across the much better campsite that is always just a little further along the creek from where you think the best campsite is. It had a stoneless, thick green bed of grass and tiny ferns, and was close to water.

It is very easy walking in the lower section of Martin's Creek. Long grassy flats with Paperbarks and Wattles are common. We reached the Nattai at ten. The day, Sunday, was already very warm, and frequent spells we had from here on. The river was very low and we waded through it, going inland only to cut across Colley's Flat. At twelve o'clock we came across a pool deep enough for a fifty yard swim, and twenty yards wide. So here we stayed for two and a half hours, swimming and lunching. Instead of flies, we had little black ants as lunch-time guests.

After leaving this pool, our next objective was the Allum River. Thinking that we were further down the Nattai than we were, we expected to see the Allum very shortly. But it kept on receding into the distance. We did eventually catch up with it and promptly lay exhausted in its few inches of water. Lorrie supplied us with grapes from a floating bowl. When sufficiently recovered, the party reluctantly dragged itself from this refuge and made tracks for the creek junction three miles below Macarthur's Flat which we will call creek X. It was four o'clock and we had four long miles to go.

We ground to a halt at X at seven p.m. I went up X to try and find water, as the Nattai is polluted by Mittagong sewage. A pool was found thirty yards up. The girls lit the fire that night. We camped in the middle of the river bed one foot above water level. Luckily there weren't any local thunderstorms at Mittagong overnight!

Next morning at a quarter to five, we were woken by a shower of rain. A tent was hastily put up high above the water level. I thought that I would shoot up to The Surveyor's Crag that morning, so, after a breakfast of raw porridge, milk and raisins, I left the others to sleep in and make their own way back. Up creek X I went without pack. The creek soon became steep and choked with giant blocks of sandstone which made the going slow. There were many Bellbirds and a Lyre-bird in the lower section. After an hour and a half the creek flattened and became very leaf-mouldy and shaded. It was here that I heard a second Lyre-bird, and crept up within sight. It was a male, with long tail feathers. He gave half an hour of song, imitating a dozen different birds but sometimes spending only a few seconds on each call.

As I was nearly up the main creek I decided to pull out up a side creek to the right. Unfortunately this one contained a waterfall, so, after unsuccessfully trying to find a break in the cliff I returned to the main creek.

I climbed out half an hour later, after having my last drink. After walking through moderate scrub, the main South-North ridge was reached where the scrub was found to be heavy. After proceeding through it for half an hour, I thought that I had better see if the ridge out to the Crag was on my right. There was a ridge to the right, and since it headed out for some distance it seemed to be the right one, when it suddenly petered out.

It took half an hour or so of studying the terrain and the map before I would admit that I could be in but one place, only half a mile as the crow flies, from where I got up. By this time the day had become hot.

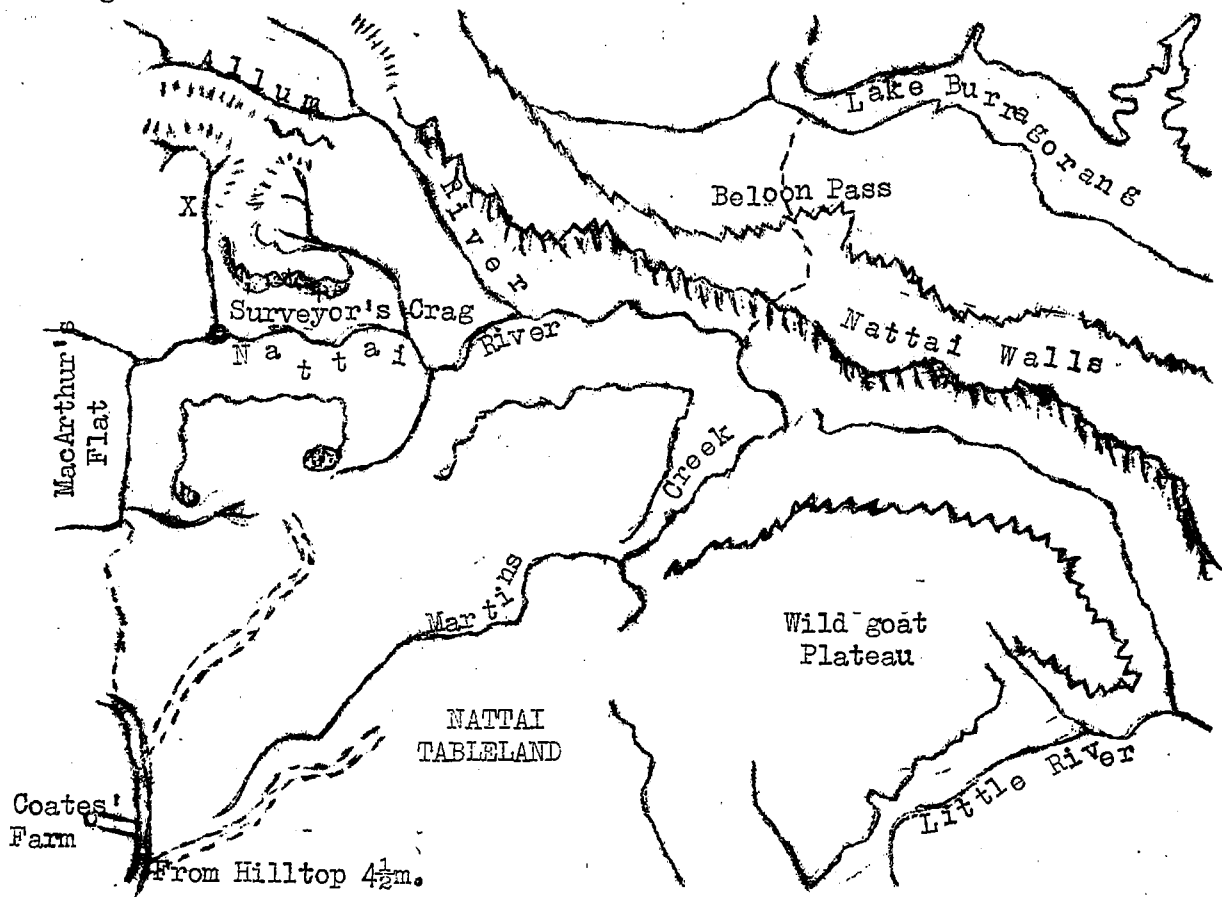
After returning to the main ridge and battling on a little further, I decided that the wisest thing would be to get out as soon as possible. Surveyor's Crag was as far away as ever and besides, this trip should never have been attempted in the Summer. On the back I stopped frequently for rests. Gullies going in the wrong direction were by-passed until a gully was found that could have been the one I had come up. Being too done in to go any further, I made my way slowly downwards in the creek bed.

Half an hour later, the creek was recognised as being the right one. Twenty minutes walking and ten minutes resting was done. I was nauseous twice during the painfully slow progress down the creek. In coming up, I had placed stones prominently where the best route had been found. These were a help on the return journey.

Laurie Rayner had warned me against this scrubby, dry country in the summer. He was so right! I've learnt a lesson that I won't forget too soon.

I arrived back in camp at half past five Monday night after twelve hours and rested. Another Lyre-bird gave song. After a light meal was eaten I made my way with renewed vigour to Starlight's Trail and the car, arriving at my grandparents' cottage at Mittagong at eleven p.m. The others had arrived at six.

So the last traveller returned from yet another interest-packed trip through the Nattai area.



PADDY MADE

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Once you've settled the major items

IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT MAKE THE DIFFERENCE.

Make sure you have the accessories of camping equipment etc. that make trips more enjoyable.

PADDY'S LIST OF THINGS.

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available)

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Orienteering at the Gallop

***** By Ken Ellis *****

Paddy Pallin must be truly complimented on the organisation behind his Orienteering Contest held on 28th. October, 1967. The whole day went off without a hitch, although these events are rarely concluded without a few harrassing moments for the organisers.

Although anxious to keep the S.B.W. colours flying, Messrs Janssen, Gowing and myself nevertheless entered the competition in spite of grave misgivings as to our map reading ability. We soon had no doubt that these were well placed as we were looking for only the third checkpoint when we scrambled up the wrong ridge, and the flag we had hoped to raise started to droop.

The checkpoints were ice-cream tins attached at eye level to trees. Searching for an individual tree in the Blue Labyrinth may sound like an onerous task, but with good references and general description of the area it can be located, although sometimes only after a half-an-hour-search-scrutiny.

Seventeen teams were started from Euroka Clearing at four minute intervals to do a round tour of specific trees in the surrounding hills.

Before we reached the first checkpoint we realised something else was lacking; not merely map-reading ability. This was speed. While looking for the first checkpoint we were overtaken by a jubilant Mr. Finch and Dot Butler who had covered the mile to this point four minutes quicker than we had. When the ice cream-tin was eventually located a shout went up and about four different groups congregated around it to sign in. On the way to the second checkpoint we were staggered to see groups actually running along the fire trail. It was a blazing hot day and the heat was overwhelming; far too hot for such exertion.

There was another shout as the checkpoint was found and again a queue to sign in. It was unfortunate that a certain nameless member of our party strayed in his search for "three red-gums on rocky outcrop", hence we were late leaving the checkpoint and did not see which way the other groups went, although it would have been impossible to keep up with them anyway.

The result was that we headed off at a tangent although, as we expected, we did cross a creek and started climbing. Unfortunately it was the wrong creek and wrong ridge. At the summit there was a road as per map but no ice-cream tin. It took over an hour to inspect all the trees in the area in order to establish this fact. We were lulled into a false sense of security, and, later, also comforted in our disappointment, by the fact that we met two other groups on this ridge wandering aimlessly in search of the elusive ice-cream tin.

The Light of Understanding had just dawned when we happened upon an innocent bystander. He was incredulous at the spectacle of people hurtling pell mell up and down scratchy hills in temperatures that must have been in the upper eighties. I was afraid that there is at least one Glenbrook local who is convinced that Bushwalkers are crazy. We left him standing speechless as we went careering down the same steep ridge to the beautifully cool water holes of Breakfast Creek where swimming could not be resisted in spite of the leader's call for supreme efforts on behalf of the S.B.W. Up the ridge from Breakfast Creek made us realise that it was high noon on a hot day; the refreshing effect of the swim were soon over. Outstanding map reading enabled the next two ice-cream tins to be found without much trouble in spite of the lack of other searching parties. Thus we soon dropped down again into Breakfast Creek (literally) to cool off. It was decided to keep to the creeks and gullies on the way to the lunch spot so that we would have the benefit of water and shade on such a hot day. However one rebel (there's one in every party) decided to go it alone over the ridge. Unfortunately he neglected to tell anyone with the consequence that the rest of the party spent a good half hour (and very welcome too) waiting for him to catch up. We eventually did arrive at the lunch spot, a gloriously muddy but cool dam but found it deserted. Paddy, who we had met on the roadside, informed us that, being three hours late for lunch, we could consider ourselves disqualified. Actually we were all wrecked and pleased that we had a good excuse not to finish the remainder of the course. However, to show initiative and fortitude, typical of S.B.W., we bashed down Euroka Creek to the clearing (not the road) and arrived by car at Ironbarks to clock off.

In spite of our failing in our mission, we had a really enjoyable day. When we enter next year we will apply all our gained experience; e.g. no packs, and running shoes with spikes.

In conclusion there are a few comments that should be made concerning the form and rules of the competition.

It is felt that too much emphasis was placed on the speed with which the course was completed. Final times ranged from 285 to 450 minutes to complete the course, whereas the penalty points were less than a quarter this, ranging from 50 to 100 minutes (although one party obtained 315). If the penalty points were increased it would give the slow, sure parties more of a chance - within reason, of course.

The essence of speed could also be reduced by placing more checkpoints and closer together so that the distance travelled between them is not far. It was apparent that the slowest job was finding the exact location of the checkpoint. Thus, if a party keeps up with the other groups, accurate map reading is not essential as, when the approximate vicinity is reached, several people are already combing the area looking for the checkpoint. All these people set off for the next checkpoint at a lot less than four minute intervals so that the advantage of the staggered start is partially lost. A crowded search for a checkpoint might be eliminated by starting each group at a different checkpoint from which they work in rotation, either clockwise or anticlockwise, round a central point. These modifications would not have helped us on this

occasion but it is felt that, if adopted in one form or another they would help to make the competition more interesting for more people.

Maybe we should have entered the Ladies' section ??!

WALKS

BY HONOURABLE WALKS
SECRETARY, DONALD
FINK (ALIAS FINCH).

On Sunday, 25th. February, David Ingram will be leading the following walk:- Waterfall - Bus to Governor Game Drive - Thelma Ridge - Era - Stanwell Park. The distance is approximately 8 or 9 miles. Time will be allowed for swimming at Era. Full details as regards transport times etc. can be obtained from the leader, whose telephone number is 635-7733 (during business hours). THIS WALK DOES NOT APPEAR ON THE PROGRAMME, so take particular note if you are interested.

The new Autumn Walks programme has now been completed, and should be in your hands shortly. So you can plan ahead though, here are the walks which are scheduled for the first two weeks in March.

1ST. 2ND. 3RD. Reedy Creek, Shoalhaven River and return. Ropework is involved and the leader is Doone Wyborn. The trip is classed as MARCH. 15 miles medium/rough and is a private transport trip. His home phone number is 57-5218.

1ST. 2ND. 3RD. Kanangra Road, Boyd River, Morang Deep, Lundrigans Creek, MARCH. Boyd Trail, Kanangra Road. This trip is also of the 15 miles medium/rough variety and is led by Ken Ellis (otherwise known as Twinkletoes). Phone number is 74-1201 (Business).

3RD. MARCH. A TEST WALK. Woodford, Upper Glenbrook Creek, Sassafras Gully, Numantia Creek, Linden. This is to be led by the mountain man, Karl Bossard. It is of 9 medium miles and is a test walk. Train leaves Central at 8.20 a.m. - buy tickets to Woodford. Karl is available on the squawk-box at Penrith 20712.

8TH. 9TH. 10TH. INSTRUCTIONAL WALK. Blackheath, Perry's Lookdown, Blue Gum MARCH. Forest, Govetts Leap Creek, Blackheath. It is 8 miles in distance and of medium type. The trip is to be co-led by Barbara Mackaness and Owen Marks. Their phone numbers are 622-1952 (Barbara at home) and 30-1827 (Owen at home). The train leaves Central at 6.08 p.m. on Friday night. Buy tickets return to Blackheath.

8TH. 9TH. 10TH. WEEKEND TEST WALK. Yabboro Flat, Kalliana Ridge, Oaky Creek, Seven Gods Mt., Angel Creek, Hollands Canyon Creek, Clyde River, Castle Gap, Yabboro Flat. The walk is of 20 medium miles and is to be led by Roger Lockwood. His telephone number is 20234 extension 2777 (Business). It is a private transport trip.

MARCH.

8TH. 9TH. 10TH. A working bee will be held on this weekend to prepare the Reunion site. Full particulars will be available after a Convener is elected at the next General Meeting.

MARCH.

ALL THAT GLITTERS By "Fly On The Wall"

Two Travellers arrived at Hill End one night,
Only to find there was no camp in sight.
So back to Sofala they drove in the rain,
No-one was there so they turned 'round again.

With Hill End in view, they decided
And make a new search the following day,
To complete this verse, as I have been told,
Neither of them had the time to find gold.

To end this sad story, I am happy to say,
They met with the campers that following day.
For weekends it's better - please take warning,
To leave Friday night and not Saturday morning.

OBITUARY

It is with regret that we report the passing of Mrs. Edith Truscott (Griff), who joined the Sydney Bush Walkers in the 1930's. She died in January, 1968 following a long illness.

To her friends and family, we offer our sincere sympathy.

NOW AVAILABLENEW FEATHERLITE MOUNTAIN MULE PACK

MOUNTAINMULEMOUNTAINMULEMOUNTAINMULE

MOUNTAINMULEMOUNTAINMULEMOUNTAINMUL

This is the new Lightweight 'Mountain Mule' pack that was especially designed for Sir Edmund Hillary's 1966 Himalayan expedition. Due to its immense strength and extreme lightness it was found to be completely satisfactory for the purpose for which it was designed. The suspension and weight distribution of the FEATHERLITE is the same as the Heavy Duty 'Mountain Mule', but the frame is made differently. The FEATHERLITE frame is constructed of Duralumin Alloy and it is Argon Arc welded to eliminate metal deterioration. Though the bag is slightly smaller, the synthetic cloth from which it is made is lighter and stronger than the ordinary canvas normally used in packs. The material is waterproofed and bags are available in bright colours (red, blue, green and gold). The strapping is of Terylene, which is stronger than leather, considerably lighter and is softer on the shoulders. It weathers better and does not stretch. Under the bag flap there is a nylon 'tie-up' extension. Models are available with nylon zip-fastening pockets fitted with waterproof cover strip.

PRICE: \$30.00AVAILABLE FROM:

MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT.

30 Mount Street,
NORTH SYDNEY, N.S.W. Phone 49-3329.HOURS:7.30 p.m. - 10 p.m. TUESDAYS & THURSDAYS.
ALL DAY SATURDAYS.

A PAGEANT OF PROGRESS

***** By Jim Brown *****

CONTINUED FROM THE JANUARY, 1968 MAGAZINE

(This is a serialised version of the Pageant which was performed at the Fortieth Anniversary Reunion held in October, 1967.)

1942. THE BOMBING OF DARWIN.

The President, Vice Presidents and Secretary were appointed black-out wardens on Friday nights.

Youth Hostels were being established, and the Club protested against the erection of one at Little Era.

The President pointed out that too many walks were being cancelled without sufficient reason.

1943. VICTORY IN NORTH AFRICA; INVASION OF SICILY AND ITALY.

Subscriptions were still at the rate of 10/-

In September a sub-committee was formed to look into the purchase of portion 7, Era to frustrate the possible "development" of the area.

In July a letter was sent to the Police complaining of the behaviour of some of the other tenants of the Club room building. Suitable action was taken.

Years ahead of everyone else, as usual, Myles Dunphy was proposing a National Park in the Clyde-Budawang area.

1944. OPENING OF THE SECOND FRONT IN EUROPE.

Emboldened by the successful approach to the Police over events in the Club building, some well-intentioned members invited the Police to look into the disgusting practice of nude sunbathing by some people at Era. The Police pounced, and captured two Club Members. With red faces the meeting agreed to defray their legal expenses if prosecuted. It cost £14.

If you go sunning on Era sands
You'd better go in disguise.
There's bobbies there with telescopes
And frightfully powerful eyes.
They're specially trained for crawling on sand
And spying on people who dress in what's banned,
If you don't watch out they'll catch you red-hand.
I warn you.....

I see a bareskin.
Only a bareskin,
Yes, it's a bareskin true.
Just wait a moment.
While I look again.
Ah me, there are bareskins two.

The Federal Treasurer wouldn't give consent to the purchase of Portion 7, Era at a price above the controlled figure, so a camping lease was arranged with the owner.

1945. VICTORY IN EUROPE; ATOM BOMBS ON JAPAN, THEN PEACE.

Or is it? Peace had its troubles as much as wars. Our landlords, the Royal Life Saving Society, turned us out onto the streets. Followed a couple of months without a permanent abode, then...

INGERSOLL HALL, Crown Street - the Rat House, not only because our new landlords were the Rationalist Association.

We remained there until 1959, and in those 14 years the place hardly changed at all. In 1958 we could sing:-

This place has hardly changed at all.
The dirt and stains still on the wall,
New walkers, new talkers,
The same old hall.
See the old tables there that always fall
And in each frame a shattered window
Held by faith alone - or maybe dust and cobwebs.
Still the same,
It's just the same as ever I have known.

1946. THE YEAR OF THE FIRST HOBART YACHT RACE.

The sub rose to 15/-. Mr. Ashdown was not a member and so did not protest. The President requested members to refrain from wearing hobnailed boots in the Clubroom because of damage to the floor.

It was resolved that Club members should not tumble in fireplaces at regular camping spots.

1947. INDEPENDENCE FOR INDIA.

At this stage the Club's weekly rental was £1. 5. 0.
Committee viewed with disfavour the practice of deliberate hitch hiking to and from official walks.

Being reticent types we asked Dorothy Dix to refer any enquirers to her lonely hearts column to Federation, not S.B.W.

Federal Treasurer consented to a new valuation of Portion 7, Era, which became Club property and was thrown open to all who used small impermanent camps.

In July it was suggested to Federation that a memorial to walkers lost in World War II should be a tablet at Splendour Rock.

1948. THE YEAR OF THE FIRST HOLDEN CAR.

Working bees planted trees at Era and hemmed them around with timber and wire guards. Cattle got through the guards and deer jumped over them. The trees didn't prosper.

At Easter a party going to Bendethra Caves was mislaid and three days overdue. Approaching civilisation, the leader sent several of the party on to report their safety. The "Daily Telegraph" reported:-

"HIKERS LEAVE SICK MATE IN BUSH"

1949. A YEAR OF INDUSTRIAL TROUBLE AND POWER BLACKOUTS.

In March the Reunion was deferred three weeks owing to torrential rain. Cries of "sugar babies" at the Annual Meeting.

The big issue was whether it would be a good thing for the National Fitness Movement to acquire all Era by resumption. Some feared S.B.W. might find itself excluded.

1950. WAR IN KOREA.

A year of massive rainfall: 25 inches on Sydney in June, 13 inches in July. No-one was game to move for deferment of the Reunion in March, so we went ahead and were washed out at Moorabinda.

The song of the year was:-

Oh what a terrible morning,
Oh what a horrible day.
I've got a miserable feeling
It's going to rain all the way.
All the walkers are huddled in groundsheets,
All the walkers are huddled in groundsheets,
And I guess if the rain doesn't stop falling down
The whole ruddy party is going to drown.
Oh what a terrible morning... etc.

Under threat of exploitation of Era by private enterprise, the Government acted suddenly and resumed the whole region.

A meeting in June lamented the dearth of enterprising walking, and one member described the Club as "a stagnant pool".

1951. A DRY YEAR LEADING UP TO DISASTROUS BUSHFIRES.

In March, S.B.W. joined with Federation in frowning on "marathon walks". Probably because we couldn't see ahead.

Portion 7, Era was dangled as a carrot before the nose of the Government - give Era to Garrawarra and we'll forego the compensation.

And, sad to say, a lot of the year's meetings were spent in rather acrimonious disputes. A year to forget, preferably.

1952. BUSHFIRES RAGE ON.

In April an extraordinary meeting resolved to hold the Era funds for use on a similar conservational project.

Subs rose to £1 with a special rate of 30/- for married couples. The Treasurer justified this on the score that there were "fifty two active people all married to one another."

In October the 25th. Anniversary celebrations and the first Chronic Opera. Arising from the Reunion campfire two members were asked to refrain from using explosives at Club functions. They got their revenge by proposing the use of explosives to blow up trees lying across the river at Blue Gum.

At Easter Paddy Pallin's "Old Buffers" opened new territory with a trip crossing Ettrema Gorge.

***** TO BE CONTINUED IN NEXT MONTH'S *****

"SYDNEY BUSHWALKER"

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

THE CLUB MAGAZINE.

The Editorial in the January issue of "The Sydney Bushwalker" on the status of the Magazine in the Club has provoked a great deal of discussion. Most of the opinion I have heard has been very definitely in favour of the Editorial's main proposition of including the magazine in the annual subscription, with a magazine being posted to every active member. The more one goes into the details of the scheme the more attractive it becomes, at least to my way of thinking. Perhaps the advantages could be listed and discussed as follows:

(1) The Club Magazine would be supported by all Club members instead of by merely some proportion as at present. All Club members contribute to the Clubroom rental (whether they use it or not), the printing and distribution of the Walks Programme, the purchase of equipment and so on. Why is "The Sydney Bushwalker" left out in the cold.

(2) As the Editor states, one purpose of the magazine is to disseminate information to members. This important purpose will be fulfilled only when the magazine is distributed to everyone.

(3) The "humiliating experience" (I quote from the Editor's own experience as a former Sales & Subs. Manager) of trying to sell the magazine to members in the Clubroom several evenings a month would be eliminated.

(4) There would be less wastage because the number of magazines required would be more accurately known.

(5) Clerical work would be generally simplified - only one subscription to the Club instead of two.

(6) The contributors, Editor and production staff who, as the Editor rightly says, put a tremendous amount of time and effort into

producing the magazine each month, would certainly feel a greater sense of satisfaction and reward. As one who has had a good deal to do with the magazine, I know that this psychological aspect cannot be overemphasised.

(7) Because the magazine would go to every member, Talks Programmes, Notices, etc. could be included. This would eliminate the unpopular separate enveloping and posting of these items each quarter. The extra organisation and work, as well as the stationery and postage costs involved, would all be saved. This procedure is, of course, already used by most organisations, and to my mind is a tremendous advantage indeed.

Now let's have a look at a few other points in connection with this proposal. Some arise only because of the unusual structure of our membership:

(1) True, more magazines will have to be produced. This will require only a little more effort for a production team which is already organised on a routine monthly basis.

(2) As married couples pay a lower subscription per person than other members, it would be logical to send only one magazine to a married couple.

(3) Non-active members who subscribe to the magazine would continue to subscribe as at present, their magazine subscription remaining optional. There would, of course, be no change for subscribers from outside the Club.

(4) A certain number of extra magazines would be printed for cash sale to prospectives and visitors in the Clubroom. These could be available from, say, the Librarian and need not be "hawked around". A Subscriptions Officer would still be necessary to maintain the posting list up to date, print the wrappers and look after posting as at present.

(5) Notices of meetings and the Annual Report and Financial Statements could become an integral part of the magazine. The Talks Programmes and Members List, items which it is desirable to have separate, could be included as inserts (This aspect has been checked with the P.M.G. Department and their inclusion will not invalidate the cheap "periodical" postage rate). The Annual Report would not have to be sent separately to those non-active members not subscribing to the magazine; as this involves only a small number of people once per year, this would be a small job. To suit the availability of the Talks Programme (once per quarter), it may be necessary to alter the time of issue of the magazine from the second Wednesday in the month (as at present) to a later date. This does not seem to be important.

(6) Finally, it goes without saying that the Club Membership Subscription would have to be raised to cover the cost of the magazine. As the subscription rate is a matter for the Annual General Meeting in March, the whole scheme will depend on the verdict of this meeting. However, it should be remembered that for those members already buying the magazine, Club membership costs would remain about the same unless, of course, a general increase in fees was considered necessary for other reasons.

At present there is a Constitutional clause tying the prospectives' application fee to the annual subscription; as prospectives would not receive the magazine, it seems quite unfair to load them with its costs but a simple amendment would overcome this difficulty. In the case of non-active members, there is already sufficient flexibility in the Constitution to prevent this loading.

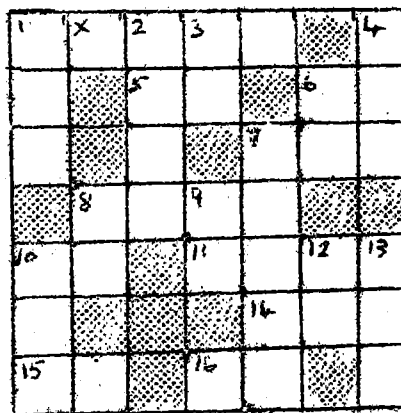
Summing up, I see nothing but good in this scheme for the Club as a whole. I hope that there will be many others sharing my view.

Signed: Frank Rigby.

HOW OLD IS MRS. BULLOCK?Submitted by
Ken Ellis.

The year is 1935. "Bramble Meade" is Squire Collings' Ancestral Mansion. Mrs. Bullock (his sister-in-law) lives with him and his family. It is the Squire's daily habit to walk three (3) times around the paddock which is rectangular in shape.

THE QUESTION TO BE ANSWERED IS:

HOW OLD IS MRS. BULLOCK?ACROSS

1. Area of paddock in sq. yards.
5. Age of Squire Collings' daughter, Helen.
6. Difference in yards between length and breadth of paddock.
7. No. of horses in paddock multiplied by 9 down.
8. Year when "Bramble Meade" came into possession of Collings Family.
10. Squire Collings' age (he is more than 3 times Rachel's age)
11. Year of birth of Rachel, the youngest daughter.
14. Perimeter of paddock in yards.
15. Cube of Squire Collings' walking speed in miles per hour.
16. 15 across less 9 down.

DOWN

1. Value of paddock in shillings per acre.
2. Square of Mrs. Bullock's age.
3. Rachel's age.
4. Value of paddock in pounds.
6. Age of Squire Collings' eldest daughter, who next year will be twice as old as Rachel is now.
7. The square of the number of yards in the breadth of the paddock.
8. The number of minutes the Squire takes to walk one and one third times round the paddock.
9. See 10 down.
10. 10 across times 9 down.
12. One more than the sum of the figures in the column marked x.
13. The time in years that "Bramble Meade" has been in the possession of the Collings family.

ONE'S PAGE

This coming month there is to be a lecture by a bushwalking botanist. Roger Carolin, a Prof. from Sydney University and a member of the Coast and Mountain Walkers, will be speaking on various matters, and no doubt some of you will be amazed to hear that the aborigines used to chew various leaves for their narcotic effect. This should be very interesting. There is a supper for the hungry ones, but hash and pot won't be provided.

Also on the last Wednesday of the month there is a MEMBERS' SLIDE NIGHT. This is the first Members' slide night since last May, so it follows that there will be quite a number of slides. Bring them all in, and help by participating, and not just spectating. Do YOU want to be known as a watcher but not a doer.

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Make a note of the SWIMMING CARNIVAL date! On Sunday 17th February, at Lake Eckersley in the Heathcote Primitive Reserve, our swimming carnival will take place. According to the walks programme, it is a weekend trip, but this is NOT SO!! All the races will take place on the Sunday, but of course there is nothing to stop anyone coming down on the Saturday and making it a restful weekend.

There will be li-lo races, a peanut scramble, the long plunge, a holding of breath comp. and even some normal races, like relays and suchlike. There is the Mandelberg Cup, the Henley Cup and the Farquhar Cup to be won, and the only way to win is to come along and participate.

Nan Bourke will be in the second carriage from the front and she will guide you all the way down to Lake Eckersley. If coming by car, yō drive past Heathcote station for about a mile and when the road does a little climb, you angle to the right, and park at the end of the road. P.S. Don't forget to bring a li-lo or something similar.

THEATRE PARTY TIME

PRICE: Only \$2.80 each (a saving of 70c. on normal price of \$3.50)

There are only 30 seats available, so BOOK NOW - Owen Marks, tel. 30-1827.

ONE MORE MONTH

***** By Observer and his Spies *****

On Frank Rigby's Instructional to Woods Creek, two members were seen with large black umbrellas. Alas, that isn't all. One of these members even managed to organise an umbrella carrier who dilligently followed the said member around all weekend keeping the rain at bay. Observer feels that this sort of thing is most undesirable on official walks, and particularly Instructionals.

+++++

Rumour has it that an Annual Club Dinner is being considered by certain members in the Club. A motion will be put to the Annual General Meeting, to the effect that another Crusty Cellar type evening be held. In any case, hold open the 30th. August.

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The Club lost another prospective meber at the weekend when Carole Richmond sailed for her homeland, South Africa, following an all-night bon voyage. We won't name the Bushwalkers who were last to leave.

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On a recent trip through Tasmania, a well known S.B.W. member was so exhausted at the end of an 8-day trip through the National Park that he only just managed to get to Lake St. Clair where he was helped into a boat by Lesley Brown, who also carried his pack the remaining 15 miles to the far end of the lake. The boat trip cost him \$1. He also obtained some information about the pump station on Lake St. Clair. Did you know that in that pumping station there ate four pumps, each painted red; each is capable of an output of.....

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: The Editor wishes to thank the following contributors to this month's magazine:

ALEX COLLEY
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OVEN MARKS
LESLEY BROWN

KATH MCKAY
MIKE SHORT
DON FINCH
JIM BROWN
OBSERVER.
AND FRANK RIGBY.

\$\$\$ \$\$\$ \$

If your name does not appear on the above list, your article will be gratefully accepted for next month's issue.