

C O N T E N T S

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A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to the Sydney Bushwalkers, Northcote Buildings, Reiby Place, Circular Quay, Sydney. Postal Address: Box 4476, G.P.O. Sydney.

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AT OUR MONTHLY MEETING

January 15

The meeting opened with the Vice-President in the Chair and apologies from the President Frank Rigby, who is holidaying in Africa.

Five new members were welcomed: Margaret King, Anne Ireland, Meredith Lynch, Peter Oberli and Ralph Malcolm.

Minutes of the last General Meeting (11 Dec.) were read and received. In "Business Arising" the Treasurer rose to his feet and asked for elucidation on the loss made on missing tickets at the Federation Ball. The answer was that Federation has not yet had a meeting since our query arose last month, hence no reply will be forthcoming until after the meeting next Tuesday.

In the matter of new club rooms, Owen Marks and Raymon U'Brien are looking into the matter but as yet have nothing to report.

In "Inwards Correspondence", a letter was read from Brian Harvey suggesting that the young marrieds are a lost group in the Sydney Bushwalkers and that the Club should cater for them with an occasional short day walk on the programme. It was moved that the Secretary acknowledge Brian's letter and say that it will be the subject of discussion at the next meeting of the Committee. Joan Rigby gave it as her considered opinion that the young family groups organised their own joint outings satisfactorily and would not be particularly interested in a Club function. Dave Ingram said that nevertheless, as a trial, 5 or 6 mile trips for family groups and 'oldies' will appear on the Walks Programme, scheduled for the second Sunday in each month, commencing from next April.

Margaret Childs (Parks & Playgrounds representative), sent a cutting from a St. George & Sutherland local paper, on the subject of the bush on the perimeter of the Royal National Park being resumed by the Council for recreational space - golf courses, recreational areas, etc. The matter was passed over to the Conservation delegate to bring up at the next meeting of the Federation.

Bulletins and Bi-monthly reports were acknowledged from the National Trust and the National Conservation Council.

In answer to a letter from the Commonwealth Bank re Conversion of Bonds - representing the North Era Trust Funds - the Treasurer reported that the \$1,060 invested in Bonds maturing on 1 January 1969, has not been transferred to the next series (Series R), maturing in 7 years time.

A letter was received addressed to the Club, asking that we forward it to the Gould League of Bird Lovers. It appears that this

League is now defunct, or rather has changed its name to The Junior Tree League of the Department. The League was reconstituted and duly succeeded on its way.

Treasurer's Report: This was the second-last report for the Financial Year. The closing balance at 31 December was \$334. The report was accepted without discussion.

The Walks Secretary gave his usual interesting run-through of the month's activities:

Pat Harrison's walk in the Yaouk-Mt. Morgan-Mt. Bimberri area enticed out 6 hardy members all with the right idea about mountaineering; they arose at 4.30 a.m. each morning, found plenty of snow about, and climbed two 6,000' peaks.

In contrast, Ken Ellis' walk in the Mt. Wilson area with 12 starters was very hot, and they only ice they saw was ice creams.

With Doonee's boy away earning big money (I hope) as Assistant to a Geologist during a University Vacation job, Don Finch led his walk down Davies Canyon. There was plenty of abseiling and bombing of pools from great heights. In a narrow part of Davies Canon the party had apparently driven a rock wallaby before it onto a high rock ledge. The little creature panicked and leapt into space, injuring its leg as it landed on the rocks below. Let's hope Nature has healed its wound by now.

The Christmas Camp at Wolondilli/Tomut Creek area as a change from Fra, and a chat with Tony Carlson.

Don Finch took his Instructional to McArthur's Flat. He reports on the National burnt out. All creeks are very low, and lots of dead cattle. There were 4 Finches on this trip. Frank Ashdown begged leave to ask a question: "could this be called a 'covey' of finches?" No one had the answer.

The Barrys Wallace and Pacey captained a skin-diving Instructional at Henry Beach and Betty Beach. There was a little bit of spear-fishing and a lot of sunbaking.

Ted van der Hale's Caving trip to Ice Jasper enticed out 6 starters. They had 51 hours of caving in 8 days. The day they surfaced and went for an overland trip to Tumut Ponds Dam and Kiandra happened to be one of the wet days.

Owen Marks gave the highlights of one of the trips he was on. Enzo brought with him two dozen eggs. When he opened his pack, Horrors! six of them were broken. He placed the intact eighteen under a tree and that happened. Some snuffling beast took them all during the night!

Social Reports: The Social Secretary reported on the collected concertos from the musical library of Barry Pagan which were played by those who met in the Club room the Wednesday before Christmas, and foreshadowed a future musical treat on 22 January, sponsored by Ken Ellis. On 29 January Spiro Kostas will give a talk about his homeland, Greece, and its people, and a Greek Supper will be provided. If it's on a par with the last, be there, because it was MIGHTY!

On February the Club's COLOUR SLIDE COMPETITION will be held, with Henry Gold as Judge. There will be four categories:-

1. Australian Landscape
2. Overseas Landscape
3. Close-ups
4. Candid.

Federation Reports: There has been no Meeting, hence no report.

Annual Reunion, 15-16 March: Bob Younger will take charge of the organising. All those willing to help Bob, please contact him. Helpers required especially to setup the transport arrangements.

In General Business, Club members were exhorted to exercise extreme care in anyons. Over the past weekend there was an accident in Hay Creek Canyon in which a climber injured his shoulder. Although the accident happened on Saturday, the injured boy was not brought out till the following Tuesday. Luckily he could walk without help, otherwise this could have turned into quite an unpleasant incident.

Dave Ingram mentioned the Square Dancing classes that will be held in the Eastern Suburbs, probably at Bondi Junction, and probably classes will commence about the middle of March. It's all in the magazine.

VOLUNTEERS TO ASSIST BOB YOUNGER - required the weekend before the Reunion to prepare campsite, firewood, private transport.

At the Reunion to provide transport from Richmond Station to Woods Creek and return; to assist in preparation of supper; to assist in entertainment at campfire. Bob is waiting on 57-1150.

WAS CORNEBUS RIGHT?

Alan Pike sets out on 6 March to find out the truth. He is going to do the World circuit!

A MATTER OF TRAINS

Kath McIlroy

Last year Jim Brown gave us a very interesting talk all about trains, past and present, so I make no apology for writing of them now, even if locomotion, in bushwalking parlance, means foot-travel.

When I came to Western Australia, no one told me about the trains. "Oh, Perth is lovely!" they said, when they heard I was coming here. "You never saw such wildflowers!"

Wildflowers, yes; but no mention of trains.

I have come to rest in a peaceful suburb where the Perth plain meets the gentle foothills of the Darling Ranges. Farms and vineyards and orange orchards are all around us, and to get to the village we blithely take a short cut across the railway lines, six sets of them. In the spring the earth beside the track is a broad expanse of verdure and a kind of teasle grass almost the colour of pink clover, but in the heat of summer this herbage is burnt off, being a fire hazard, and the steel rails go shimmering nakedly into the far distance.

Giant gums and pines and cedar trees border the station, and as we emerge from their shade we find a space between parked trains obligingly left on the path pedestrians use. Mothers with prams, cyclists, matrons weighed down with marketing, we all take the short cut, but I still have a feeling of guilt, and gaze apprehensively right and left down the vacant permanent way.

Suburban trains are diesel burning, and generally short affairs, two or three carriages, very comfortable, natively painted in red, white and green: though the newer cars are a gleaming silver, air-conditioned, and beautifully upholstered. A conductor is aboard, as in a bus, ready to supply you with a ticket if you have not had time to buy one at the station where you entrained; in fact some platforms dispense with ticket-selling altogether and you buy one aboard. Also, they are points of no returns: only single suburban tickets are issued.

Country trains are of course longer, and painted in the same gay colours. Excellent they are too, graced with names like Australind and The Shopper, subtitled Hovea, which conveys passengers from Bunbury, a hundred miles or so to the south, to Perth and back, just for the day. But it is the locomotives that are the crowning glory.

In most places engines go by numbers, not by names: even Kipling's famous locomotive is .007 (- .007, not to be confused with James Bond); and in Perth the City Fathers or whoever is responsible for naming streets, show a regrettable lack of imagination and resort to numbers (I myself live in Fifth Road). But it is not so with engines.

I was so intrigued with their names that I wrote to the Western

Australian Government Railways, and they sent me a dazzling list. Two classes of locomotives, 32 in all, are named after Western Australian Aboriginal tribes, and fascinating names like Bibbulmun, Kardagur, Arawodi, Yala gonga (he was Chief of the Oor-Dal-Kall tribe, wherever they may be located) flash past, boldly emblazoned in brass on the dark green engines. In this district I have seen only Ballardong, Mangala, Kardagur, Churoro (a lovely name for a locomotive!) and Bibbulmun, but am always hoping I shall meet with Kuri ra, Jargurdi, Marrangoo and all the rest of the colourful tribes.

Another class, ten of them, are named after mountains in Western Australia: Bruce (reputed to be the highest, height unknown), Hallowell, Dale, Egerton; and eighteen more are called after Western Australian rivers, Murchison, Gascoyne, Kalgan, and so on and so on.

The possibilities are endless, and one only wonders why other states in Australia do not show similar imagination. Wildflowers for instance, why could New South Wales locomotives bear names like Waratah, Boronia, Dillwynia? Surely they are worth publicising. Or bird names, Rosella, Kookaburra, Brolga, (but not Galah); or explorers, Sturt, Myre, Giles? But no, prosaic non-committal numbers are the order of the day.

Where I live, the trains are pleasantly audible, and the suburban services run so regularly that when I hear an apologetic "Toot!" I say to myself: "Ah, there goes the 10,30" and glance at the clock to see if it agrees.

Now, in the wide moonlit night, I hear a country train choofing round the foothills - who knows but that it is Churoro, wending his way south? Indeed, Western Australia has many things to recommend it, and not the least of them are its trains.

NEWS FROM GERMANY

The latest information we have about Roger Lockwood is that he is temperature controller of an ice-rink in Frankfurt, Germany. Possibly he uses his toes. We also hear that he has been sampling German grog.

February 1969.

The Sydney Bushwalker

7.

BUSHIES IN BARRINGTON

Margriet Nyborn

Who has been down Barrington River before? What a new and exciting trip for a long weekend! On our way home, walking to the car along the road, a farmer picked us up and told us of 2 young chaps who had been down the river 20 years previously. He knew of no one since.

The river falls 3,600 ft. in 7 miles. There must be some waterfalls around. At the last minute abseiling ropes were not taken. There were only 5 on our trip - Dot Butler, Gerry Sinzig, Norman Butler, Ross Nyborn, and myself. We picked a beaut camp spot very early on Saturday morning. It was next to a bubbling creek and under some scrubby gums on some private property, as we later found out. Early next morning we were rudely awoken by an irate farmer, (except for myself who only saw him disappearing into the gathering light) who remonstrated with us for putting a car in front of a gate which was next to a bridge. He apologised as we did not realise that it was a gate at 2.00 a.m.

Breakfast was munched 10 miles further along the road on Kerripit River where our trip was due to start. It looked like very wealthy grazing country there, even in the drought, but gum trees were scarce.

The actual trip started off by a most refreshing swim in an eel-infested pool in Kerripit River - a good beginning. For a mile we walked through grazing paddocks in the hot midday sun until they merged into dense rain forest vegetation which one would find along all creeks and rivers in this area. We plodded after Dot who was following a cow pad through thick vegetation which sidled high above the river.

Ross: "This is silly! We should be on the creek, not 500 ft. above it."

"Maybe the cows know where they are going", someone assis ed.

We came down into the creek (cutting off a bend) and immediately came upon a 4 ft. deep pool. We dropped our packs and jumped in. The water was surprisingly warm.

Here the Kerripit River is like the lower Kananara River, but overhung with vines, mosses and orchids hanging from trees. As we rock-hopped onwards the river began to steepen slightly with cascades on every bend. The swimming was tremendous. Ross had another try at his dam building at one of the cascades but he was quite unsuccessful in coering a small slippery dip with water.

Single clouds started drifting overhead, making us wonder what we were going to do without a tent. "Be prepared" is the Boy Scouts motto - ground sheets can easily be erected into a shelter and over-

hanging rocks (or bivvy rocks) can also be camped under.

For lunch we stopped above a 15 ft. drop in the river below which was a swimming pool. Norm, our tree-climber, rushed up to scrubby tree tops traversing from one tree top to another, using thick vines as ropes. Ross also felt energetic. He followed Norm onto the first tree. CRASH! It was too much. The second tree also gave way.

Clouds changed from milky white to gray. Mist appeared and slowly but surely it started drizzling. Waterfalls 20-40 ft. loomed ahead making way for an interesting scramble.

We couldn't get much wetter as our swimming togs were still wet from the last swim. It was pleasant to feel the rain splashing in our faces after the hot weeks in the city. Rocks - slippery and wet, slowed our progress considerably. We clambered up and around 3 or 4 waterfalls about 30 ft. high and camped where the creek leveled out. At 3600 ft. it was rather cold for a summer's afternoon. A huge fire was lit, a feed cooked, and off to our fl a bags.

Ross built a shelter under some trees using long dead branches criss-crossing each other and covering the structure with a plastic ground sheet. It was a good substitute for a sutify old tent.

The next day was clear and we walked up the river until it was feasible to climb a ridge to reach the fire trail leading to Carey's Peak. Small trees and lawyer vines made way to a tall forest of eucalypts at least 100 ft. high and up to 8 ft. in diameter. Scratchings of lyre-birds or brush turkeys were seen. This area should be in the proposed Barrington National Park. Lawyer vines may have tripped us up, but it was little noticed as we felt so small among such giants.

The change in vegetation was interesting. From tall eucalypt forest the trees gradually became smaller as we climbed until at about 4500 ft. stunted blue gums and "snow grass" remained.

After 5 miles of road bashing and lots of sweat we stopped for a snack in the middle of the fire trail at a junction. Five minutes later a Landrover nearly ran over us, carrying campers who had driven up from Barrington House. Some minutes later we met two other jeeps full of housewifely tourists - a real highway! We trotted off to Carey's Peak (5 minutes from the road) and were rewarded with a hazy view of creeks and ridges from the top. Other creeks from Carey's Peak looked most interesting and jungley and the ridges looked reasonable going. Meeting another handful of tourists, we immediately left for the peace and

quiet of Barrington River.

Encircling a large swamp after walking along another fire trail for a mile, we started scrub bashing down a tiny creek. Frickly undergrowth and lawyer vines were abundant until we reached the Barrington River which was quite large even high in its headwaters. On our way we saved a trout (8" long) from certain dehydration in a tiny pool. Half an hour after a hot lunch we reached a swimming pool - the ideal lunch spot. What mismanagement!

Strangers in the camp - 2 trout fishermen were sighted. They had caught 3 but they were only 8" long. We couldn't quite make out how they reached the river apparently only walking a short distance. Before we reached a third fisherman, Gerry, Norm, and I bombed another two pools from 40 ft and 20 ft. up. I hope we scared the trout as they looked a bit undersized to me.

We camped a couple of miles downstream where the river seemed to disappear into a gorge between gigantic boulders. It was very misty that night. Luckily Dot discovered some overhanging rocks quite big enough for 5 but sojé may have got wet if it rained too hard. A second overhanging rock was found.

After our monstrous meals we took leave of the hot fire and cold rain for our warm sleeping bags. The roar from an 80 ft. waterfall 50 yards away drowsed us off into deep sleep. Dot told us next morning that Gerry had suddenly sat up in his flea bag during the night and shouted: "Who's that?" looking at lights across the river - no reply. Dot tried to look out of her sleepy eyes and saw only glow-worms between the rocks.

"Look at that!" Gerry exclaimed, "That is it?"

Dot explained to us that the whole river valley was mistily lit up by the moon trying to pierce through a bank of clouds. It looked quite eerie.

The next morning the two corners of my sleeping bag were soaked but none the worse for it. After breaky, we clambered around the side of a tree covered cliff-face to get down and around the waterfall. In actual fact it was a long slippery dip, 60 ft. long, 60° angle and a boulder at the bottom to stop you, just in case you went too fast. For the next 2 miles the going was slow. Huge boulders (house type) and small waterfalls which had to be scrambled around. Very similar to Bungonia block-up except that it was very slippery in the drizzling rain - lodgs were just not to be trusted. "Will I slip, or won't I?" "Is that green slippery growth on the rock or is that a green-coloured rock?" Three of the party took off their sandals and claimed a better grip on the rocks.

"At least you know when you're slipping", Gerry mentioned.

Dot's deciding factor was when she nearly took a sixer down a slippery log over a rocky pool. He tried to race down, around, and over the boulders but high speed was not maintained.

Along the river, vines draped their greenery over the trees. Orchids grew in abundance (although not in flower). As we descended the Barrington, mist rose above us, rocks dried up and the valley widened considerably.

Later boatmen beetles entertained during our lunch next to a long deep pool. The ridges covered with tree ferns and tall eucalypts slowly opened out and then suddenly we burst into the open paddocks.

We could now look back again being reminded of New Zealand. Heavily vegetated ridges hiding their mysterious tops in the forever overhanging mist and rain.

SEE THE MYSTERICIOUS CRATER

The Crater is shown on maps to be on the other side of Wollongambe Creek. Already there have been a number of attempts to explore this mysterious phenomena: all have failed. Lynne Wyborn leads the next attempt on 21, 22, 23 February. Contact Lynne on 57.5218 (H).

POSITIONS VACANT

The position of Editor will be open for the coming year since the present Editor is leaving for overseas. If you are interested let other Club members know.

We also need a Typist to assist the new Editor.

THE MAGAZINE IS A RECORD OF THE CLUB'S ACTIVITIES

- NOT MUCH OF A RECORD THIS MONTH!

Every trip should be recorded in the magazine. According to this month's magazine there was only one trip. So please write up that trip for the magazine. Remember you don't have to be a professional writer - just jot down your impressions and send it to the Editor NOW. A good way of recording a trip is for a number of people each to write about a certain part. Private trips should be written up as well as programmed trips!



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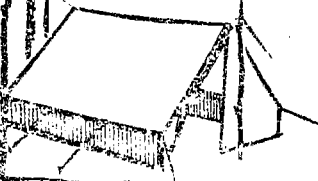


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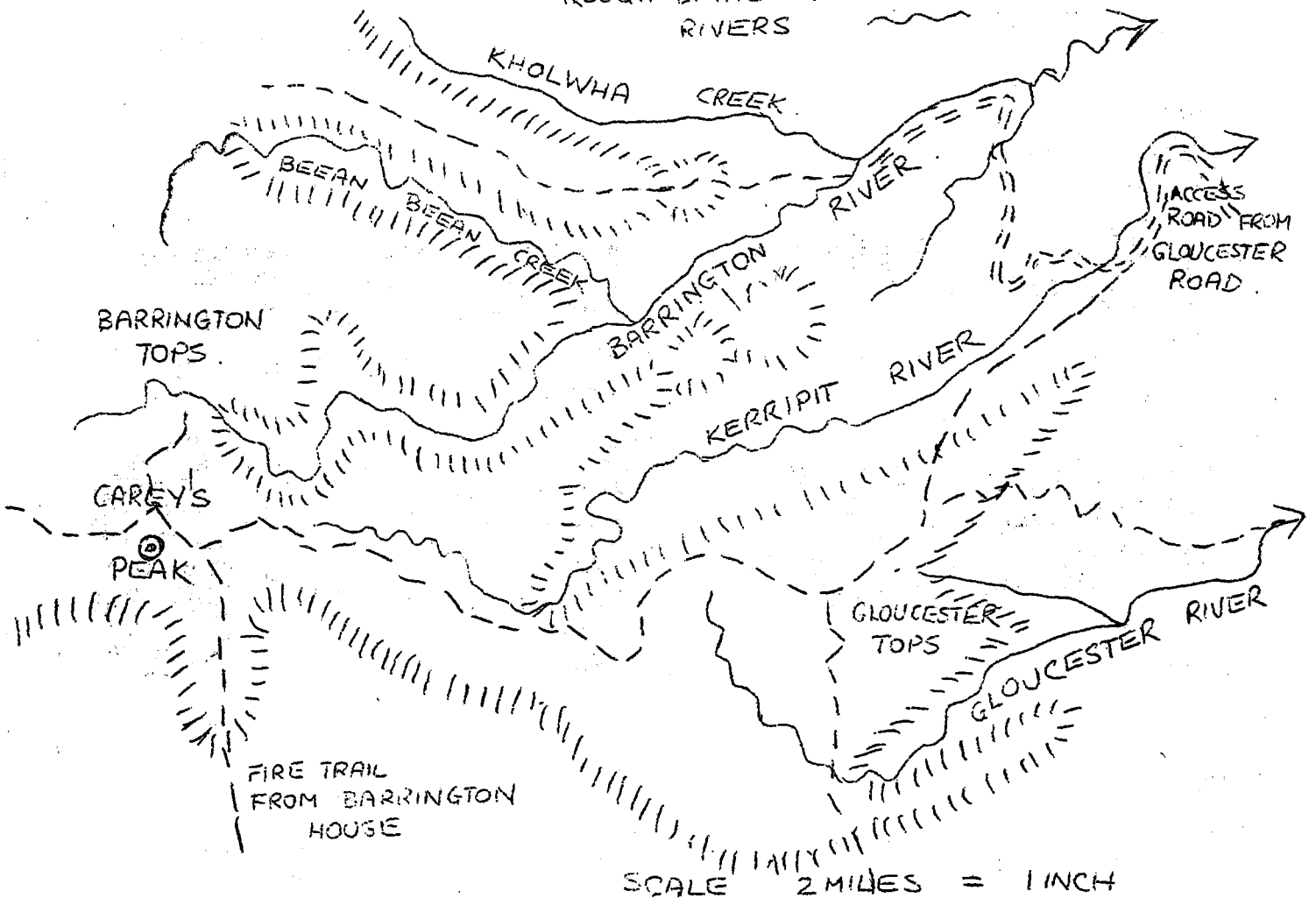
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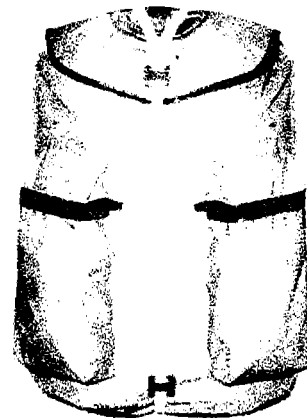
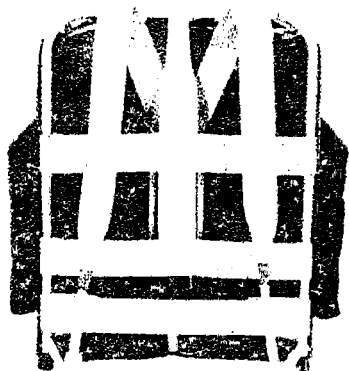
MAP of
BARRINGTON TOPS and GLOUCESTER TOPS

FILE ? TRAILS - - - -
ROUGH LIMITS OF TOPS - - - -
RIVERS



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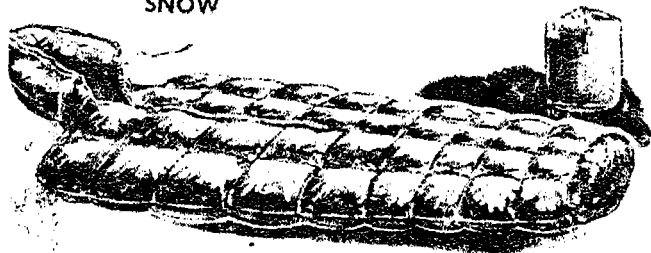
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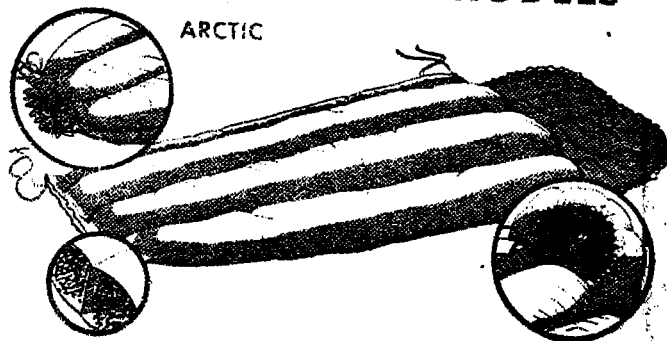
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