

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A Monthly Bulletin of matters of interest to the
Sydney Bushwalkers, Northcote House, Reiby Place,
Circular Quay, Sydney. POSTAL ADDRESS: Box 4476,
G.P.O. Sydney, N.S.W. 2001, Australia.

MAY, 1970

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IN THIS ISSUE

Editorial	Page	2.
At The April General Meeting	Jim Brown	3.
Flannel Flower Pass & Lacy's Ck	Pat Harrison	5.
Paddy's Ad.		10.
One More Month	Observer	11.
Notices		12.
Sydney to Lightning Ridge and Back		13.
Coming Walks	Alan Pike	16.
Mountain Equipment Ad.		18.
Mount Solitary in May	Romanticist	19.
Federation Notes	Jim Callaway	22.
For Sale Ad.		25.
A Name for our Land		26.

EDITORIAL

On 1st. June, 1931 the first issue of "The Sydney Bushwalker" (then simply called "The Bushwalker") was published under the editorship of Marjorie Hill, with a Publishing Committee consisting of Dorothy Lawry, Brenda White, Rene Browne, and Myles Dunphy. The purpose of the magazine was stated briefly in that first issue:-

'The aim of "The Bushwalker" is neither ambitious nor comprehensive; the main endeavour being to place before members accounts of trips which otherwise would not be so readily accessible to them. Such accounts will be more or less detailed and contain more of the personal element than can be the case with the Club's official records.

This first publication is brought forward with the hope of future continuous help and patronage of our members; and in this respect the Publishing Committee invites them to consider their various experiences in the light of common interest to fellow members, and to hand in clearly written accounts, in serious or humorous vein, together with personal items or jokes concerning members or walking. Constant features of future issues will be reports of social events and equipment section. '

That was very nearly 39 years ago, and the magazine came out once every two months. Today it is a monthly, but the present aims are very little different from the aims as stated above. The venture that these people embarked upon 39 years ago has proved a continuing success, and this speaks highly of their ability to recognize a need that existed.

Now, just as then, the magazine depends upon a group of people putting their own time and effort into producing something considered worthwhile. Every person who has written for this magazine, whether their name appears or not, has made his or her contribution. If you haven't yet written up a walk, or subscribed a few phrases of interest to walkers, why not have a go! Contribute something yourself. If you can't write (and you'd be hard put to be convincing there) plenty of other things have to be done, like duplicating, sorting, collating, binding, wrapping, and posting. The next magazine night is at Jim and Kath Brown's place (see the social notes) and your assistance would be welcomed. Another way to help is to offer your home as the venue for putting together the mag. Owen Marks will be more than happy to hear from you.

Remember, the only way the magazine can be successful; indeed the only way it can survive, is to make it a combined effort, involving as many people with as many skills as can be brought together to work with a team spirit.

AT THE APRIL GENERAL MEETING

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

The new President, Spiro Ketas, beamed at the gathering, tapped gently on the gong, and declared the April meeting open at 8.23 p.m. There were no newcomers to welcome, and the lengthy minutes of the Annual Meeting were accepted without demur. In answer to a question, Spiro said Federation as yet had no advice on the legality of lighting cooking fires in the National Parks. It has been resolved at the Annual Meeting that some proposals for the Kangaroo Valley land put forward by the retiring Management Committee would be debated after publicity had been given in the magazine: however, production of the magazine had been delayed, and it was therefore suggested that the discussion be held over until May.

Correspondence included a reply from Harold English, the agent who had negotiated the Kangaroo Valley purchase, in acknowledgment of the Club's letter of appreciation: saying he had been happy to assist, he mentioned as a possible name "Koolani" (at least, that's how it sounded to your reporter's dim old ears). The National Parks Assocn. advocated that conservationists everywhere write their local parliamentary representatives supporting the Budawang National Park proposal. The Dungalla Club endorsed the scheme to spend their donation on plants for the Kangaroo Valley area. And, wonderful to relate, the Federation financial statement for the year ended 30th June last was received - if nothing else it indicates perhaps the trouble Federation has in getting workers.

The conventional monthly reports were rather light-on. The Treasurer was just back from holidays, and had not been able to complete the March statement. And apparently walks leaders had been remiss so that Alan Pike (to his considerable relief, as he had a heavy cold) made his walks report brief. It covered mention of Ramon U'Brion's walk of 6-8 March, with admiration of the glow worms in Neate's Glen: of Anne O'Leary's jaunt with nine people on the Kowmung on 20-22 March, when there were numerous snake sightings and a muddy river: of Barry(s) Pacey and Wallace and their Instructional, attended by 12, including five prospectives: and finally of Sam Hinde's day walk to Burning Palms on March 22, with 22 people, all of whom managed to avoid being misled by white blazes on trees which went in the wrong direction (the blazes were in the wrong direction, not the trees).

Don Finch now arose to report on Frank Rigby's Easter-Deua River jaunt, with a crush crowd of 31 starters, and complete with intervention by shooters, people living off the land on water melon, eel

and sweet corn and mushrooms and figs, and the collection at an abandoned property of a 15lb. butter crock. Not surprisingly, all still had food left at the last lunch. Alan Pike returned to remind all of his new walks programme, and the 1970 orienteering competition May 23.

In the absence of a written Federation Report, Phil Butt commented briefly, and said there was a need for organisers for the Ball in September. Pat Harrison mentioned an appalling array of litter at Batsh Camp on the back road to Colong, and suggested a Federation-organised clean up weekend. Phil said he would bring this up next meeting, and mentioned that a GWW party spent a half-day twelve months ago trying to purify the same spot.

Now General Business, with Dot Butler telling us the Deacocks had purchased an additional block at Kangaroo Valley, contiguous with the Quakers and of 89 acres at a price \$1,000 higher than ours. She also mentioned that this was Marie Byles' 70th birthday, and the meeting enthusiastically took up her suggestion of a congratulatory note.

Frank Ashdown spoke of the possible high shire rates on the Kangaroo Valley land, and asked Dot if she had any solution: Dot said the Management Committee was looking to it, and would have proposals at the general discussion on the land next month.

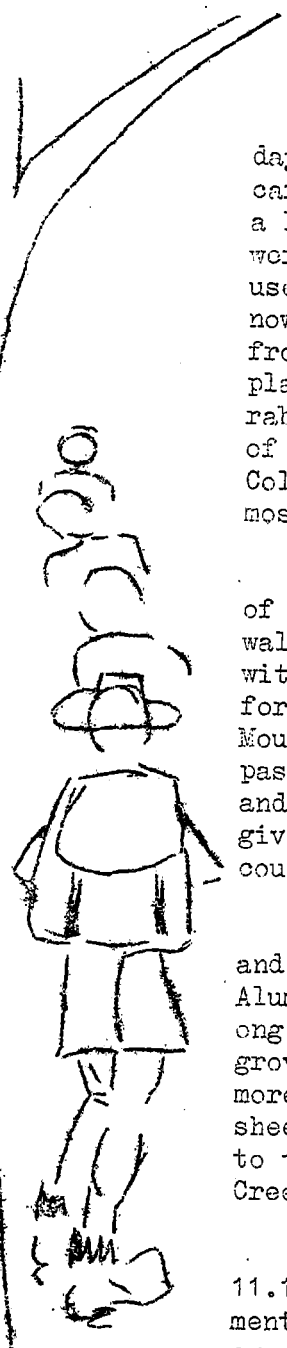
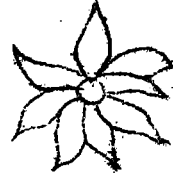
Phil Hall told the meeting of a Save Kurnell Committee, with the objective of preserving Towra Point, Kurnell peninsula and the intervening bays in as unspoiled condition as possible: there was to be a public meeting at Gympie on April 15. Phil Butt contributed some news of the attempt to retain the liquor licence of the old Newnes Hotel.

To wind up the night, Owen Marks referred again to his theory that burn bash and bury should be up-dated. If bottles and the like were to be interred in great numbers at popular camping spots, the whole place would be defiled. From such places, litter should be carried out. As a first move, the present slogan, on the walks programme should be changed. Dot Butler mentioned a visit to Kath Mackay, the author of the original verse: Kath had agreed that some change may be desirable, and was prepared to revise the wording. It was agreed in the meantime that the slogan be deleted from the walks programme, until Kath's amendment was received. As a footnote, Phil Butt said all rubbish would be carried away from Federation's reunion on the following weekend.

And we buried the April meeting at 9.15 p.m.

FLANNEL FLOWER PASS ANDLACY'S CREEK

By Pat Harrison



It was clear moonlight at 1.10 a.m. on Good Friday when four of us reached Batsh Camp. A few other cars were already there and the Troglers were making a lot of noise, so much so that by 2.00 a.m. our hackles were up and they were told to cut it out. Batsh Camp used to be a beautiful sub-alpine camping ground, but now it has become a garbage dump, with refuse ranging from gootball socks through empty demi-johns and plastic bottles to putrefying foodstuffs and dead rabbits. Any uncommitted person who sees this scene of shame would not be impressed by the fight to save Colong; and of course the mess at Colong Caves is almost as bad.

After a short sleep of very doubtful value because of the activities of persons unacquainted with the Bushwalking Code of Ethics we were on the track by 7.50 a.m., with the bluest of blue skies overhead and high hopes for its continuance. Our route was across Kooragang Mountain to a pass at GR134816 (Pindook). This is a pass which we discovered on a previous Club walk, and as it does not appear to be named or known we have given it the name of Flannel Flower Pass so that it could be associated with the Sydney Bush Walkers.

The peninsula near the pass is flat and narrow and gives good views across to Bull's Knob, Little Rick, Alum Hill, and the cleared ground around the old Colong Homestead. Flannel flowers grow nearby under a grove of Casuarinas, so the name is appropriate in more ways than one. The pass is a narrow gully in the sheer sandstone, and from the bottom we sidled around to the point before dropping down to Barralier's Creek for a welcome drink of fizz.

We reached the dilapidated Colong Homestead at 11.10 a.m., expecting to gather quinces to supplement our rations; But alas! they were all gone, bot even one lying on the ground or nodding on the topmost twigs. Cows not being able to climb trees, we can only assume that the Lady of the Land goes around

each year and gathers in the harvest: for indeed the trees were laden a little while ago. Doug Frewer, a man of wonderful discipline in the matter of food, was somewhat disappointed, for one of the inducements to get him to come on this walk was these very same quinces, and Ray Hookway and I had been raving on ad infinitum about their quality and sweetness.

We all, by the way, marvelled at Doug's monastic frugality during this walk, for he carries the exact amount of food and that's that—no succumbing to temptation and eating all his goodies at once, unlike young Peter Franks who was 'light on' for tucker by Saturday night. For example, Doug's quota of stewed peaches for the four days was four pieces, and each night he would remove one piece from its container and eat it without even the slightest trembling when he replaced the lid. Doug is a placid and undemonstrative gentleman, consequently he did not bat an eyelid when I produced 12 bananas; but "even the ranks of Tuscany can't forbear to ceeer" and when I went on to produce 3 packets of Scotch Finers and 2 pounds of Grapes, he was unable to control a slight raising of the eyebrows.

Lunch was a drowsy and slumbrous time of 90 minutes under the Ribbon Gums at Colong. There is something ineffably sad about a tumbledown human habitation, and you find yourself wondering whether it ever held happiness and whether children once played nearby or ate green quinces and suffered for it.

It was really hard to bestir ourselves after lunch, for the beautiful day was warmish for walking and we all lacked sleep, but we later learnt what wonders the few seconds of shut-eye under the trees had done for us. The rest of today's route was around the eastern side of Little Rick (looking for all the world like a tonsured monk standing on his head), up to clong Gap on the Mootik Wall, and across the tops to Yerranderie Peak. No one had been here since our last visit, and after sampling the grandest of panoramas for about half an hour we skidded and slipped our way down the steep pass and made camp near the church at 4.30 p.m. Needless to say, we were all in bed by 7.00 p.m. and slept like tops under the Wattle trees through a clear and dewless night until 6.00 a.m. on Easter Saturday.

We were on the track by 7.00 a.m., crossed the Tonalli, ascended the buttress to the tableland above Lacy's Pass (where we sat around for half an hour to take in the far-ranging views), headed north-east to the Amphitheatre Pass at GR293911 (Burraborang), and by midday were lunching on the banks of Lacy's Creek (South Canyon) in the most beautiful spot imaginable, with towering Blue Gums

extending for miles up and down the loveliest of valleys. The Amphitheatre Pass is a circular basin surrounded by low rocks and with a floor of well-spaced trees and green bracken, and you simply follow the creek through the slot in the sandstone and then walk down the slope to Lacy's Creek. The basin immediately to the west is a 'goer' also, I think --- at least, we could see our way down past the broken sandstone and beyond any difficulties that seemed likely.

After lunch on Easter Saturday there was good easy walking for a couple of hours under the Blue Gums to a point where the South Canyon swings around to the north and drops rapidly over boulders until it reaches its junction with the North Canyon. There are two waterfalls in this boulder section, one of them being about 50 ft. high and very scenic in the way it divides its water into two channels, some a sheer drop and the other a cascade. We kept to the eastern or right-hand side, sidling at time but generally keeping as close to the creek as possible, and we took an hour and a quarter to negotiate this section. It was near here that we sat and watched a Lyre Bird so unafraid of man that it unconcernedly scratched away in the leaf mould and ignored us completely, although we were but a few feet away.

We abdulled the blue tent between two slender Blue Gums just up the North Canyon from the junction. We really didn't need the tent because it was another dewless night, but the blue of the tent, and the white of the Blue Gums, and the green of the bracken created a pleasant and peaceful scene. And when the Easter moon came up over Mount Hoggett the wind waved the tops of the tall, slim trees in such a manner that the bright moonlight was thrown around as if a large searchlight played on our camp. As we lay there looking upwards, the trees were so straight and tall that the stars seemed part of them. It was such a sight that brought to mind the lines:-

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

It was good to be camping in a locked valley that modern life will never reach and spoil.

On Sunday morning we were away at 7.15 a.m. and by 10.00 a.m. had reached our proposed exit at GR314948 (Burraborang). A half an hour soon went by here in taking in nourishment, then we tackled the short but scungy rain-forest-type spur between the creeks up to the cliff line, not knowing whether it would 'go' or not. We knew, of course, that there was an exit across the creek to the north, but we

did not want to use it because it would take us off our course. When we reached the cliff line (which, by the way, is not shown on the map) we kept sidling right (north) and soon were pleased to see the cliff line break up and give us easy passage to the top. As we sidled our cliff we could plainly see two clefts just across the creek to the north. The second one of these (the westernmost one) gives access to the plateau and thence to Green Wattle Creek at GR321958 (Burraborang). From the top of our cliff it only looked a stone's throw to where we camped last night, but distances are deceptive in the clear air of the Burraborang country. The North Canyon was pretty good going, just the normal rock hopping you would expect — in fact, we were pleasantly surprised by the absence of difficulty.

From the cliff top at GR313949 (Burraborang) we steered west by north, and at 11.30 a.m. reached the fretted platform of sandstone which is spot height 2450 ft. (GR301952 Burraborang). This place was another pleasant surprise for us, the view being first-rate, for we could see something shining in the sun at Medlow Gap, while the tower on Narrow Neck and others at Katoomba and Wentworth Falls were also visible, to say nothing of all the country between. Peter built a cairn, Ray supplied an Ovaltine tin, I supplied pen and paper, and we all wrote our names and our route and left them in that little tin on Peter's big cairn on that lonely and unvisited part of Lacy's Tableland.

Honey Flower (*Lambertia Formosa*) was in bloom everywhere as we steered our way across the Tonalli Tableland to another memorable view from the cliff line near spot height 2570 ft (GR263925 Burraborang), and then on to Lacy's Pass.

The topography at Lacy's Gap cannot be deduced from looking at the map, for there is a completely isolated headland, then Lacy's Gap between it and the tableland, then Lacy's Pass (a short ramp) on to the tableland. The view from here was far-ranging — Lake Burraborang and valley, the beehive that is Mt. Jellore, the brown basaltic fields of Wanganderry, High Range (its name easily understood from this vantage point despite its modest altitude, for it rises above the plateau most noticeably and in a manner not expected), The Peaks, Yerranderie Peak, Byrne's Gap, and the great amphitheatre formed by the Tonalli River and the encircling Tonalli Range. Seen from here, it almost seems as if the amphitheatre had been created by some vast primeval eruption. The twists of the Tonalli, the old dark cliffs that front its turns, the chasms and gaps in the surrounding plateau, all lend credence to the fancy that a giant hand scooped it out while sitting here on Lacy's Head.

Such colours and no other but what the Burragorang offers were on the Burragorang Walls this afternoon as we trudged back to Yerranderie. Is there a more changefully beautiful region anywhere? And to think of those unimaginative Englishmen from the cement company who walked from Yerranderie to Picton and then said they could not understand why anyone would want to walk in this country! Their remarks remind me of what Toby said to Sir Andrew Aguecheek — if you pricked him you would not get enough blood out of him to clog the foot of a flea.

It was 6.00 p.m. and getting dark when we reached Yerranderie, so we gathered water at the Ranger's House and hurried on to the church to get away from the cold westerly wind. There was some rain after tea, but by 3.00 a.m. it had all gone and the sky was a beautiful mixture of moonlight and dark clouds and everything had a freshly-washed appearance. The morning turned out fine and sunny and we got away to an unhurried start for Batsh Camp via Colong Caves at 8.30 a.m. and were back at the car by 2.30 p.m.

Yerranderie! What memories around it cling! Of other days and other walkers! And where are they now? The Post Office has been repaired and painted and is occupied. Alas! what was once a free chalet for walkers with scenic views from the balcony is now out of bounds.

The Hebe at Oberon was confused by the request for one pint of Toohey's New, one pint of Anything, one schooner of Toohey's Old, and one schooner of Resch's, but she managed it. The next one was easier for her — 3 pints of Anything (Ray was forbidden to have a second one because he was driving, but he took a major part in the demolition of 10 packets of Potato Chips).

And thus ended another good Easter Walk, a walk which took us into some of the best walking country in the Mother State, to a place where you can camp with the feeling that you are away from it all, a desideratum not easily achieved in these days of 'progress'.

FROM "THE SYDNEY MORNING HERALD" , Saturday, 16th. May, 1970.

"Sir Garfield Barwick, in his role as president of the Australian Conservation Foundation: 'Man has got to find a new balance of nature. In the old days the surroundings kept him in check. He couldn't move mountains; now he can. It is an awesome responsibility to use these new powers, these new tools, with care.'"



PADDY MADE



IT'S THE LATEST AT PADDY'S

It is scarce because every time we display one it gets sold. It weighs 2 lbs. and packs into 6" x 12". Demand to see one now! What are they? The long-awaited superlight summer weight sleeping bag in superdown and blue terylene at \$32.00.

We have two winter specials for keen buyers. Blue poplin anoraks; heavy quality:- \$10.00 to clear. Also famous New Zealand "Mountaineer" wool shirts in blue or red checks:- \$12.00

Skiing is in the air again. Book equipment and accommodation at Paddy's before too late.

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ONE MORE MONTH

***** By Observer *****

Seen in the Club room at the last General Meeting (13th. May) was Tim Coffey, who has been reinstated as an Active Member of the Sydney Bushwalkers after an absence of about 20 years. Tim is well known to the older Club Members and we are glad to hear that he will be back in circulation again.

Snow Brown is beaming proudly these days; and with good reason too. Clarrie this month presented him with a bonny, bouncing, nine-pound baby boy - Ivan Graff. Congratulations and best wishes from S.B.W.

Who were those two wandering vagabonds in the Club room last Wednesday, you might ask (if you're a newcomer to the Club). Why that's only Tweedledum and Tweedledee, alias Roger Gowing and Ken Ellis, back from their various and separate wanderings. Ken has been working (?) right up there on the top of Australia at the Weipa bauxite mining project, while Roger has been tramping between Kempsey and Tasmania. The two of them are now off on tour by bike, initially through Asia and Japan, and later on to who-knows-where.

Also on the going-away list are Craig and Marcia Shappert, who are going home to the States to show little P.J. (Peter Jerald) off to family and friends, and to transact a few business odds and ends. Marcia leaves this week and Craig will follow later. They'll all three be back soon though, provided they don't draft Craig into the army whilst he's there.

The weekend of 21st - 23rd May should see a group of walkers witnessing a re-enactment of the murder of Fred Ward, alias "Thunderbolt" at Uralla. Jack Perry was organising the trip, and intended to camp on a sheep station there. Unfortunately this magazine is too late to give any advance publicity, but it should be a good time for those attending.

Who was the Member who spent the WHOLE WEEKEND walking in her pyjamas. From where Observer sat it looked very much like Heather Smith, but then, he could have been mistaken; or could he!

OBSERVER (CONTINUED)

Wedding bells are in the air around the Club again. Members Brian Griffiths and Anne Rutherford are to be married on Friday, 21st. May. Congatulations and best wishes to both of them.

A letter has been received from Margaret and Ross Wyborn who are now living in Vancouver, Canada. Ross led the Australian Andean Expedition last year (see Scial Notes, 24th. June) and with Margaret is now working in Canada where they say "We are finding the choice of exciting trips very good and never ending". In next month's magazine there will be an article describing some of their wanderings.

Who was the bod who booked his seat for "Canterbury Tales" at the Theatre Royal in the S.B.W. party, and then turned up for the show a week early. None other than President Spiro I'm told. Another mystery is, what happened to him on the actual night; he didn't turn up.

NOTICES

DUNGALLA CLUB

On Friday, 10th. July, the Dungalla Club will be holding its Annual Club Dinner and Social Reunion at Ye Olde Crusty Taverne, 255 George Street, Sydney. Members of the Sydney Bushwalkers have been invited to form a party and attend this function. Tickets are \$3.00 each, and the Reunion will last from 6.30 p.m. until 10. If you are interested in this function, give your name to the Social Secretary, Owen Marks.

CLASSICAL MUSICEVENING!!

Owen Marks is organising an evening of classical music at the home of Jim and Kath Brown .

TIME: 7.30 p.m.

DATE: Friday, 19th. June, 1970.

ADDRESS: 103 Gipps Street,
Drummoyne

If you enjoy fine music come along and have a good time; if you don't enjoy fine music, come along and be educated. Bring your own cheese. WINE & BISCUITS SUPPLIED. If interested ring either Owen (30-1827) or Kath (81-2675)

LIGHTNING RIDGE - AND BACK.

We left about 8 p.m. on Thursday and drove through the mild and starry night to a meeting point, eleven miles beyond Orange. Three cars arrived about midnight. The fourth was somewhat late, having taken a wrong turning and come via Singleton, Muswellbrook and Rylstone. Having driven for three hours over dusty unmade roads, the weary all night drivers camped at the appointed place about 4 a.m. They were given a small compensation by sighting Bennetts comet, impressively large and beautiful, heading into an eastern sky just showing faint traces of dawn.

On Friday we covered the remaining miles to Lightning Ridge by 5 p.m., all powdered with red dust and panting in the hot afternoon sun. We had spent morning tea and lunch on the Castlereagh River, and whilst the water wasn't deep enough for swimming, we could at least lie in it and make ourselves wet. Although the Ridge is only about 40 ft high, it rose like a giant whale-back in the vast pancake-flat landscape.

We camped on bare red clay, hard as concrete, while around us red-backed parrots flew through trees and shrubs of species unknown on the coast. Dead timber abounded, and within minutes we had one of the famous Cotton crown-fires to singe our hair and char everything to cinders. The geologically minded picked like chooks at the ground and wondered what opal matrix nearly looked like. The rest of us lay watching sparks whirl up into the twilight and imbibing a little bottled grape juice to make the ground seem softer.

Early Saturday morning we went to the bore-water swimming pools. Hot mineral water is supplied free in showers and laundry for anyone who wants it. The largest swimming pool is about 20 ft in diameter and hot enough for a bath. Although slightly sulphurous, the water is drinkable and perfectly clear. Next came a visit to the town, where we sat on the Post Office verandah with the locals and waited for the Pub to open. The vital thirst - quenching over, we drove to the walk - in mine, about a mile from town. This is a tourist attraction constructed by one of the enterprising locals, it shows how a mine is operated and displays a selection of polished stones to tempt the affluent. Thus inspired, we spent some time browsing over the mullock heaps, in the company of about a hundred other tourist. The great mounds of pale yellow clay are a distinctive feature of the Ridge, visible from a considerable distance, with the tops of little trees poking out forlornly, like discarded feather dusters. Some of us found fragments of grey stone marked with specks of opal,



but after two hours of searching in the blazing sun we recoured once again to the Pub.

Between tourists and visitors to the Easter race meeting the Pub was rather full, but after a brief delay we secured our counter lunch. Suitably refreshed with beer and tucker we returned to the mullock heaps, this time trying a spot further from town. After more rock picking our intrepid leader sighted a nice little dam in the next paddock; so it was 'down tools' and more swimming, under the mildly astonished gaze of some local stock-ponies

Our camp was to be at Collarenebri, some fifty miles away, so we drove through the golden afternoon sun over back roads deep with gravel and russett dust. Navigators struggled to read the half - obliterated road signs. One struggled in vain: his car went to Goondabluee, thirty miles from the Queensland border.

Having waited an hour at the rendezvous without sighting the missing car, we camped on Moomin Creek, just outside Collarenebri. More hard, barren ground, enlivened by a few bull ants. Those with lilos were snugly comfortable, and those without found that some grape juice brought sweet sleep anyway.

The campers were up long before the sun, and the ashes of the previous nights bonfire revived for a leisurely breakfast. The missing car finally joined us and we continued over unmade roads to Moree where we stopped at a dry creek bed for morning tea. At Narrabri we refilled water bottles and petrol tanks, then decided to detour and visit the Mandewah Range. This small range rises steeply from the flat countryside, offering several peaks of around 4000 ft and quite a few nice little cliffs to tempt the rockclimber. A small national park and camping area is at the tip; complete with hot showers that are usually cold.

Here is splendid bushwalking country, with massive bluegums and all the dense flora of open heath. Before camping we had a short walk on Mount Lindsay, which is close to the camp area. This hill is topped by a little sandstone plateau, barren and beautifully

croded into fantastic shapes. At the top, we stood on the cliff edge and admired the tremendous panorama, golden and hazy in the late afternoon light. The ranges are a cameraman's paradise, with wonderful views of up to a hundred miles from some places. The chilly twilight sharpened our appetites, and a camp fire of noble proportions was accordingly built. The roar of burning timber seemed to inspire the campers. After tea a corroboree was held, so long and vociferous, it silenced even the bullfrogs.

Morning was heralded by flocks of currawongs and a heavy mist. The previous night there had been some plans to visit the old volcano crater, before starting home. Now, however, no-one was interested as the bone chilling mist drove everyone deeper into their sleeping bags. Only a blazing fire and cries of 'tea's made' could bring the reluctant ones from their snug nests. Huddled round the fire with hot breakfast and many pints of tea the frozen ones thawed sufficiently to vote we descend to a warmer climate at top speed.

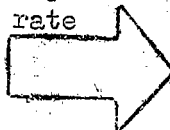
Some tried to do a little sightseeing on the way, and even climbed the track to the top of Mount Kaputar. Shivering in the piercing wind they waited hopefully for the mist to clear, but were driven down by rain and cold. Feeling rather cheated we drove down the dusty road and when rounding a sharp bend surprised a large kangaroo, which was standing on the track. Long-haired and nearly black, he showed up clearly in the scrub as he bounded up the hillside. By the time we were half way down the weather was beautifully warm and clear; only the peaks remained smothered in cloud.

Travelling fast in light traffic, the miles reeled away all too quickly. Showers began near Quirindi; and became progressively heavier and more frequent as we neared the coast. By nine o'clock the lights of Windsor welcomed us, shimmering wetly in chilly night.

A REMINDER !!!!!

Have YOU paid your s.b.w. subscription for the current year? If you are one of the many who are lagging behind, please cough up now! The Treasurer is anxiously awaiting your remittance with receipt book in hand. There's a rate to suit every pocket.

ACTIVE MEMBERS: \$6.00
MARRIED COUPLES: \$8.00
FULLTIME STUDENTS: \$4.00
NON-ACTIVES: \$1.00



COMING WALKS

***** By the Walks Secretary *****

5TH., 6TH., & 7TH. JUNE.

Many hands are needed to supplement those of Bob Younger, who is organising a Working Bee on our land at Kangaroo Valley. Come along and enjoy the social atmosphere whilst digging a toilet, or cleaning away rubbish. A happening for everyone - it occurs on the first weekend in June.

If you would rather have a very scenic and not too hard walk this weekend, consider Frank Taeker's trip on the Grose River. It took much persuasion to get this potentially great leader into action, so let's see what he can do for us.

12TH. TO 15TH. JUNE. (LONG WEEKEND)

This weekend our Queen has generously provided us with an opportunity to see remote areas. Taking advantage of this offer is Doone Wyborn, who is leading a really fantastic, fabulous, and no doubt freezing ski-touring weekend. Judging by the programme, Doone is a JAGUNGAL MAN, and plans to do 21 icy miles starting from Ogilvie's Camp.

If deep freeze doesn't appeal, take the opportunity of going with Peter Franks to inspect the deserted silver mining town of Yerranderie, and visit the notorious Colong Caves. Any prospectives contemplating doing this walk may be interested to know that it will be considered a test walk by the Committee if the itinerary goes as scheduled.

20TH., 21ST. JUNE. This is the weekend to discover the truth! How does the Walks Secretary lead a walk? Follow him down Lockley's Pylon to enchanting Bluegum Forest and mighty Mt. Hay to find out. The full moon will no doubt be an asset here. Saturday afternoon start.

26TH., 27TH., 28TH. JUNE.

The Sydney Bushies and the Coast and Mountain Walkers are having a combined walk. See Owen Marks if you are interested in viewing the Sugee Bag Creek Aboriginal carvings. Expert on the subject, John Luff, will be co-leading the walk with Owen. Please note that it is very important that you have a good torch on this trip, as John has devised a special technique of studying these carvings under special lighting at night.

A SPECIAL NOTE TO LEADERS: Please present a report on your walk (on the necessary form, or not on the necessary form) as soon as possible after the date of your walk. This makes the job of Walks Secretary easier in compiling his monthly report of walking activity. Remember, PROMPTNESS PAYS.

ANY QUESTIONS regarding walks or the walks programme in general should be addressed to the Walks Secretary:

Alan Pike,
8 Sunbeam Ave.,
ENFIELD, N.S.W. 2136. Phone 747-3983 (H)

BURN BASH AND BURY, OR TAKE IT HOME WITH YOU.

Over the past few months we have had the continuing debate on whether the burn, bash and bury slogan is still relevant to our times, with regular camping spots being somewhat over-used. The general consensus of opinion seems to be that rubbish, particularly tins and bottles, should be taken home. Upon request, Kath McKay has submitted the following as a possible replacement slogan for the walks programme:-

The tins you carry in your pack
Are lighter on the journey back.
Though empties are a bore to hump,
The Bush is NOT a rubbish dump.

MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT.

NEW BIGGER SHOWROOM FOR WALKING GEAR.

"THE CANOE CENTRE", A COMPLETE DISPLAY
CENTRE FOR "GEOFF BARKER" CANOES, KAYAKS
AND ACCESSORIES.

HIRE YOUR FAIRY DOWN SLEEPING BAG, H?FRAME
PACK OR TENT FROM OUR EQUIPMENT HIRE
DEPARTMENT.

USE OUR NEW, FREE LIBRARY SERVICE FOR
WALKERS AND CLIMBERS.

And just to make sure we are giving you
top service we open at 8.30 a.m. on Saturday
mornings - you can park right in front so
make MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT your first stop!

165 Pacific Highway, North Sydney.

929-6504.

MT. SOLITARY IN MAY.

***** By "Romanticist" *****

Sheila Binns' Mount Solitary Walk set out on 2nd May with a highly compatible group of starters. There were 13 of us - our leader, Sheila Binns, Barbara Bruce, Les. and Mary Davidson, Lyn. Faithfull, Beryl Hand, Sam Hinde, Marion Lloyd, Barbara Perry, Jack Perry, Heather Pratt, Leif Samuelsson and Ramon U'Brien. Roy Higginbottom joined us at Chinaman's Cave on Sunday morning to make it 14.

The main body commenced from Central by train and collected the leader at a quarter to ten at Strathfield. It was beatific to once again be passing through the beautiful mountain scenery, at present turning from green to varying shades of gold and brown.

Leaving the Scenic Railway we sidled around the cliffs along the Federal Pass through lush fern scenery, highlighted in places by the golden afternoon sun, then climbed up onto Mount Solitary and Chinaman's Cave for tea and our overnight camp. On the way our unfortunate leader had three mishaps and now has the possibility of a few nice bruises on various parts of her anatomy. However, three is usually the grand total for such minor accidents and thereafter she suffered no more.

Fortunately, water was obtainable a hundred-odd yards away through the bush from the cave and our water bags were very handy.

With tea finished and the fire built up, everyone gathered round in a cosy semi-circle near the fire. The night was quite warm and still and stars twinkled brightly through the leaves. No moon was visible as yet.

Jack warned us of a prophecy in the Book of Revelations: "Unless we repent and see the light, we are all going to be the captives of Russia in a few years." (Ask him if you want to know the details). He also warned us that in five years' time mankind would all be cannibals - so start living while you still have a little time.

After a while Barbara Perry asked when we were going to have a singalong. Everyone by this time was relaxed and content so the suggestion was followed up with alacrity and enthusiasm, many an old and new favourite being recalled and sung. Oh, we were in fine voice, all right. Just as well we were out in the bush - way out.

Some of the subjects brought up around our campfire I feel may be of interest to all members. One is the Newnes Ball to be held later this year, but that's all we know about it yet ...

I would like to broadcast an idea which we decided to make effective on Sheila's next walk scheduled for the long weekend in June, to Syncarpia. The idea is for everyone to take one main meal with the intention of letting everyone else sample it - like a smorgasbord - to compare methods and ideas. This is not meant for gourmet style food, but is meant more specifically for dehyd's such as Farm House Stew and Sweet and Sour Chicken, for instance. A variety is available from Paddy Pallin's and is to be recommended. (This isn't a plug, believe it or not.) The principle is to let everyone taste everyone else's preparations and decide which they like and which they don't. If something takes their fancy, then they can buy it secure in the knowledge that they will like it, and vice versa. A bit of cooperation before the walk would be desirable from those who intend to go, so that each person might be asked to bring something different, knowing what the others were taking. In this way we would avoid unnecessary duplication as well as having the best variety available. This venture can be practical as well as fun, remembering of course that dehyd's are lighter to carry and are easy to prepare. All we have to do is add a pinch of party atmosphere.

Ramon - true to form - prepared an unusual nightcap made of heated water, a clove, lemon and lime crystals, rum and sugar. It was quite tasty, but rather sweet. He said it was much better cold, but it gave an appropriate finishing touch to the already pleasant atmosphere.

After a leisurely, unhurried breakfast next morning, everyone was ready to proceed five minutes before the designated time. We moved well along Mount Solitary to The Coll, Jack lugging his water bag so that if he got a chance he could make a cup of tea before we reached Kedumba Creek at lunchtime. When we stopped for a rest on The Coll's lookout and surveyed the Kedumba Valley below a few of us obliged him by having a drink and lightening his load.

From The Coll we started a rather steep and slippery descent, our path strewn with a thick carpet of gum leaves and nary a rock to use for foot support. Towards the bottom Jack announced he would push ahead to Kedumba Creek and, once again, start the fire. Following on his heels, we must have spent ten minutes cooeing him for his position, as we lost sight of the well worn track and thought we had better locate him before continuing down.

Reunited with Jack, we rockhopped along the dry creekbed to find a pleasant spot to lunch, with a bit of water as well. We came across some very well defined shell and small sea fossils in the rocky creek bed. An unusual feature of this particular side creek of Kedumba was that both banks were of solid rock and a third rock - that containing the fossils - completely cut off the creek to give the effect of a four foot deep swimming pool, minus one wall. It reminded me a bit of one of those ancient Roman or Greek baths, only the rock in this case wasn't marble.

Just down from the fossils, at the junction of the side creek with Kedumba, we camped for lunch. A huge tree had fallen across the mouth of the side creek, blocking the water from the main stream which Sam informed me was undrinkable, being polluted as it was with effluent from an upstream sewerage farm. Nevertheless, a few hardy members braved the cool water and had a refreshing swim before lunch.

When the time came to move on we crossed Kedumba Creek at its shallowest point about 75 yards from our picnic spot, before starting the biggest climb of the trip, the second part of which was on a steep and winding four wheel drive dirt road. As we climbed this road we could see a splendid mountain panorama which took in Rip, Rack, Roar and Rumble and Mount Cloudmaker.

Reaching the Queen Victoria Hospital at the end of our climb we knew we were on the last leg to Wentworth Falls station, and home.

I think I can speak for the others as well when I categorically state that it was a grand weekend, in every way.

THE CONSERVATION OF KANGAROOS

"The Foundation (Australian Conservation Foundation) can see no moral argument against the economic utilisation of native animals, provided it is carried out under strict control and is based on biologically sound management procedures."

This is an extract from a booklet entitled "Conservation of Kangaroos" published by the Australian Conservation in 1967, the first in their "Viewpoint" series. Demand for it has been great enough to commission a reprinting, together with a supplement - "Second Thoughts and Suggestions". The booklet, together with the supplement can be obtained, free of charge, on application to:-

The Director, Australian Conservation Foundation,
191 Royal Pde., ELKVILLE, Vic., 3052.

FEDERATION NOTES

***** Reported By Jim Callaway *****

SEARCH AND RESCUE

Two false alarms were received. One walker had gone out on the Three Peaks walk solo, and was overdue. The alarm was raised on Monday night, but he returned safely to Katoomba that night with a sprained ankle. In the second case, a gentleman went for a walk around Govett's Leap. He checked the time of departure of the last bus. When he didn't return on Sunday night his wife raised the alarm, but fortunately he reappeared. It appears that because of domestic friction he became mislaid. Colin Putt called requesting assistance: a Colonel Price, 70, was missing from Matraville. He was found at Pagewood with a few injuries. Again it was diagnosed that domestic trouble was the cause of him being lost. The insurance policy will be discussed at a convention of Rescue Clubs and Police. A spare microphone was purchased for the main radio set. A shortened name for the New South Wales Federation of Bushwalking Clubs Search and Rescue Section was sought. A new stretcher will be purchased shortly.

REUNION REPORT

Two hundred and five people, excluding the President, signed the new Visitors' Book at the annual Federation Reunion. The billy boiling competition received very little enthusiasm until a first prize of \$5 was offered. The competition was a draw, so \$4 was presented to each winner. Half the prize was donated by Paddy Pallin and was represented by goods to that value from his store. The President read out a list of lost property, comprising:-

2 torches	pair of sandshoes	white tent fly
pipe stem	cape with hood	glass tankard
plastic cup	green cape	handkerchief

A letter of appreciation was forwarded to Mr. C. Akins for the use of his property. The Walks Secretaries' meeting decided that Clubs should exchange Walks programmes and Magazines, and also that at next year's reunion a similar meeting should be held. The time was set at 3.30 p.m. on the Saturday. It was felt that there should be some combined walks between different Clubs, and film nights by combined Clubs. Subjects such as Orienteering, Map Reading and Ski Touring were suggested. People showed great interest in rockwork during the S & R demonstration. The approximate result of the Reunion from a financial point of view was: donations - \$36; outgoings - \$32.

BALL COMMITTEE

A grant of \$25 to cover petty cash expenditure in respect of the ball was made. A request for volunteers to serve on this Committee was made.

GENERAL INFORMATION

There is a good publication on the Victorian Alps available. Several new maps have been released on 1:50,000 and a few Lands Department 2"-1mile. Yerranderie has been altered to show variations to the Scotts Main Range road and the Cedar road to the Gingra Junction.

GENERAL BUSINESS

A request by means of a motion was made that people using Batsh Camp take their rubbish home as it is becoming a garbage tip. A warning was given on "slanted face" type carabiners, as they have a breaking strain of 250 pounds. It has been rumoured that the Tin Mine Hut in the Snowy Mountains National Park has been demolished and that Mawson Hut would soon follow the same way. A motion was moved that a letter be sent to the National Parks and Wildlife Service enquiring and protesting on this matter. A letter of appreciation was sent to Barry Dunnett, the past Federation Treasurer.

INTERESTED IN THE CENTRE?A NOTE FROM FRANK RIGBY IN CANBERRA

Anyone for the Centre? Who's interested in exploring some of the rugged country in the MacDonnell Ranges, Central Australia, this winter?

I've got my eye on some interesting mountains in the Chewing Range, not so far from Standley Chasm and about thirty-odd miles west of Alice Springs. I managed a quick look at this area in 1967 but didn't have the opportunity to actually get into it

I would not expect it to be a particularly hard trip - it could be mostly day walking out from one or two base camps, and - the scenery is superb! So I'm looking for a companion/s to share the experience. If interested, please contact:- FRANK RIGBY, 52 Glossop Crescent, CAMPBELL, A.C.T. 2601 (Phone Canberra 49-1198) so that we can discuss further details.

FOR SALE

OF INTEREST TO BUSHWALKERS
AND/OR OTHERS

As a means of income or for a retired couple, or even a a
haven for those wishing to get away from it all !!!!

FOR SALE

A SMALL CITRUS ORCHARD AND COMFORTABLE AND ATTRACTIVE
HOME AT MOUNT
WHITE

Just off the Pacific Highway at the Mt. White exit from
from Sydney-Newcastle Expressway.

20 acres Torrens freehold of which 5 acres
are under oranges with good prospects of a
good crop - navels, valencias. Good shedding,
tractor and other plant. Excellent underground
water supply; electric pump.

FIBRO COTTAGE, TILED ROOF, 2 BEDROOMS, LOUNGE
AND DINING ROOMS, KITCHEN, LARGE SUNROOM, HOT
WATER SYSTEM, SEPTIC SYSTEM, INTERIOR AND EX-
TERIOR TOILETS. NEW ELECTRIC STOVE, WASHING MACHINE,
SOME FURNISHINGS, CURTAINS ETC.

Delightfully situated with views Post Office
store and school are both close. Located in
the Sydney-Newcastle complex this property has
decided potential for increase in value.

PRICE : \$22,000

Enquiries in the first place should be directed
to J.V.(Joe) Turner, 46 Ocean View Parade,
Charlestown, N.S.W. 2290. Tel: (Newcastle) 4.1079
who is prepared to assist in arranging finance.

ENQUIRIES BY AGENTS INVITED

SOCIALLY SPEAKING

***** With Owen Marks *****

The new Social Programme is now out for the coming three months (included with this magazine). Here are some details of what can be expected during June.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17TH.

Dot Butler will be giving us a run-down on the feats of the 1969 Australian Andean Expedition. As most people will already know Dot was a member of the expedition which successfully completed a series of climbs in South America only recently. This evening is one which no Club Member or Prospective should miss.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24TH.

Our guest of honour on this evening will be the well-known Australian naturalist and author, Mr. Keith Hindwood, who will talk on "Birds of the Nadgee Area". This talk should be special interest to all bird lovers. Supper will be served on this night.

NOTICE TO ALL THESPIANS

On Wednesday, 22nd. July, Dorothy Noble intends to stage a play in the Clubrooms. If you have been nurturing a secret desire all these years to go on the stage, here is your opportunity to break into the world of show-biz. Ring Dot up immediately and offer your services. Her number is 84-4497 (at home).

CLASSICAL MUSIC EVENING

Do you have a free night on Friday, 19th. June? Do you enjoy listening to fine music? If so, you will want to come to the classical record evening which has been organised for this date. Full details are in the Notices section of this Magazine.

MAGAZINE NIGHT

The Magazine will be collated next month on Tuesday, 23rd. June at the home of Jim and Kath Brown. The starting time is 7.30 p.m. If you can help please ring me (Owen) or the Brown household (81-2675). This way you can have a night out and be of some use too. Its nice to be needed. If you can offer your house for collating some month, please let me know. Home number is 30-1827.

A NAME FOR OUR LAND

Following a proposal that a name be given to our land at Kangaroo Valley considerable discussion has taken place as to what would be a suitable title. The general opinion seems to be that an aboriginal name would be in order, and a motion to this effect was passed at the April General meeting. At the May meeting it was decided to publicize the various suggested names in the Magazine so that everyone would have an opportunity to form a considered opinion. Voting on a suitable name will take place at the monthly general meeting to be held on Wednesday, 10th. June.

Below are the suggested names with their respective meanings. These words are taken from the vocabulary of the Wodi Wodi Tribe, which extended from Wollongong to the Shoalhaven River area. The words themselves have been extracted from Rev. William Ridley's dictionary.

Banban	tea trees	Koondu	tree
Barima	ironbark trees	Kurco	cloud
(not to be confused with		Koondi	native hut
Berrima - towards the south)		Kuninda	bark
Birribain	emu	Koorifa	honeysuckle
Booloowa	paddymelon	Mirriri	sky
Bukurun	sun	Mumbara	swamp oak trees
Bunbari	boy	Murrung	ground
Booroo	kangaroo	Wonga Wonga	place of many
Gooralga	topknot pigeon		pigeons
Kanbi	fire	Wodi Wodi	name of local tribe
Wuranaing or Wuranain - boomerang			

Karinya	peaceful home	Kywong	resting or
Weerona	resting place		camping place
Wandandian	home of the lost	Coolana	happy meeting
	lovers		place of the future

Orana	home of the perch (an authentic aboriginal name from this location)		
Too Roo	bird	(similarly)	
Moollattoo)	nearby parish names		
Yerriyong)			

Another name which has been suggested for the land is "Banksia Terrace" because of the existence of Banksia Serrata which grows on our land in a series of terraces.