

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A MONTHLY BULLETIN OF MATTERS OF
INTEREST TO THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKERS,
NORTHCOTE HOUSE, REIBY PLACE,
CIRCULAR QUAY, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

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EDITORIAL

FLANNEL FLOWER, FLANNEL FLOWER, CRUELLY WE HAVE DECEIVED YOU!

On page 3 (opposite) of this Magazine is the text of a full page advertisement which appeared in the "Australian Financial Review" on Thursday, 16th. July, 1970. The Flannel Flower is close to the hearts of most Members and ex-Members of the Sydney Bushwalkers because of its association with our Club. The advertisement is printed here without comment, purely for the interest of those people who wish to read it. The individual can make up his own mind as to what to think of it.

THE SHAREHOLDERS' ASSOCIATION

Following the publication in last month's Magazine of an appeal to Members to take up one or more shares in Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers (Australia) Limited, a number of people are now shareholders in the Company.

The benefits of becoming a shareholder in the company are many. As outlined last month, you will receive two dividend cheques of 3 cents each (costing the company 5 cents in stamp duty and a similar amount in postage as well as the expense of registering the transfers). You will receive a one-share Share Certificate which will probably become a collector's item in the future, and on top of that, you will be invited by the company to attend their Annual General Meeting.

For those people who did not apply for a share last month, the application form is again included in this Magazine on page 25. Give it your serious consideration. For only \$3.00 you will be helping the Colong Committee in particular, and conservation in general.

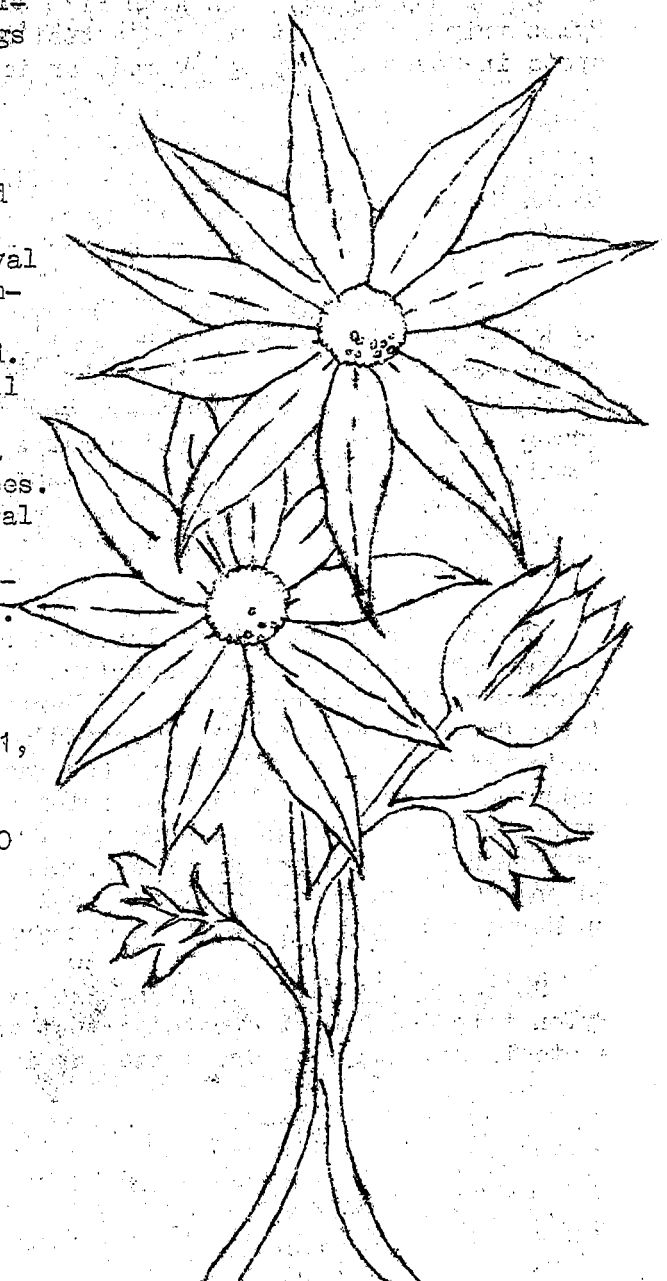
RALLY AT CONSERVATION HOUSE

On page 6 of this Magazine is a notice which should be of interest to all persons interested in conservation, and particularly those who work in the city or can be there on Tuesday 28th. July. A rally is being organised outside Conservation House, which is on the corner of Harrington and Essex Streets, Sydney. The time is from midday until 2 p.m., so most people should be able to give over some of their lunch hour to the cause. Mr. Jack Beale, Minister for Conservation, has refused to reconsider the issue of logging licences for the clearing of Boyd Plateau to plant pine. The purpose of the rally is to draw the Minister's attention to the fact that many people are interested in the subject. Nancye Alderson or Mike Short can give you further details if you are interested.

WHY DOES A MINING COMPANY SPEND\$ 300,000 GROWING FLOWERS?

To keep Australia beautiful? To conserve Australia's natural vegetation? To stop the ravages of erosion? To increase profits? 'YES' is the answer to those four points.

The mining company is AMA the world's largest producer of mineral sands who added over 15 million dollars to Australia's export earnings last year. AMA figure it's good business to restore the regions they've finished working. That's why they spent over \$300,000 on growing native flowers, shrubs and trees last year. AMA have their own nurseries to ensure the survival of natural species. Take the flannel flower - doomed by AMA many conservationists loudly proclaimed. Not so. Today it is alive and well in its original topsoil in AMA's rehabilitated sites...along with a lot of other native shrubs and trees. AMA have also co-operated with local councils in the planning and construction of golf courses and football fields in rehabilitated areas. Now...here's a few facts for those people interested in conserving Australia's natural vegetation. Last year AMA spent a total of \$331,000 on land rehabilitation. That accounts for some 563 extra acres of good land. And more than 35,000 young trees. At a cost to AMA of \$590 per acre. For a big mining company, AMA have pretty green fingers.



ASSOCIATED MINERALS CONSOLIDATED LIMITED

THE JUNE GENERAL MEETING

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

Four new members graced the opening of the June gathering - Helen Leary, Julie Frost (another second generation representative), Greg Thorne and Steven Guthridge.

After May's minutes had the meeting's blessing, Spiro told us a letter had gone off to Shoalhaven Shire Council raising the question of legal access to the Club's property, and an application form to make the land a Wildlife Refuge was being completed. Enquiries were also afoot about the printing of the Walks Programme, several quotes had been obtained, and already there was one barely half of the latest impost by our current publisher. Phil Butt contributed that the Kosciusko State Park did NOT intend to demolish huts in the snow country, except Rawson hut, which would probably be removed next spring.

From correspondence we learned that Ross and Margaret Wyborn were being reinstated to the active list, and Paddy Pallin had been well pleased with S.B.W. representation at the orienteering contest, where a clean-up of rubbish dumped by non-walkers was also undertaken by our people. The Treasurer's monthly report, covering this period of high income, disclosed a current operating balance of \$1,326.

Alan Pike's walks report covering a lively period in May, starting with Pat Harrison's trip over Wanganderry Plateau. Some magnificent views over Lake Burragorang were to be had, there were ten people, and differing views on whether there was water or not for Saturday night's camp. Same week-end and Sheila Binns had 14 folk over Mount Solitary - Committee had accepted this as a test walk for any prospectives present. And still the same week-end, your reporter had 15 people on a day walk in Euroka and Campfire Creeks, and this too had been acknowledged as a test walk.

On the second week end Alan Pike-conducted a tour from Kanangra to Katoomba which had nine starters, while Peter Franks Splendour Rock jaunt was attended by eight, and Barry Zieren with a day walk in Calna Creek brought in 21. The middle week end of May was Laurie Rayner's trip to Yengo and Warong (or was it Warrung? - one of the members asserted that was how his abo. friends wrote it). Anyway, ten people, evenly divided between members and prospectives, not all of whom actually topped Yengo. Another nine people were abroad on Don Finch's Mt. Colong, Colboyd Range trip, and no less than 24 (with 7 prospectives) on Meryl Watman's day jaunt in Kangaroo Creek.

So to May 23/24, when Alan Pike extended his Blue Gum - Lockley's Pylon trip and had it created a test walk. The amount of litter at camp spots in Govetts Leap Creek made an impression on the party, as did

Craig Shappert's two impromptu dips in the creek within a few minutes. David Ingram's Sunday tour of Mt. Westmacott and Woronora Trig topped the score with 27 (9 prospectives). On the last week end Ross Hughes had only one visitor for his Ti Willa journey, but there were 18 out on Jim Callaway's Helensburgh-to-Heathcote canter: Jim suggested the growth across some of the tracks in National Park is getting denser.

Reporting for Federation, Jim Callaway said organising volunteers for the Ball Committee were still wanted, an approach is being made to the Government Insurance Office regarding insurance cover for search-and-rescuers, Federation had nominated Bob Sneddon and himself as trustees for Heathcote State Park, and club member Wilf Hilder had pressed at Federation for the creation of a Commonwealth-wide walking federation. After some discussion of the merits of this last proposal, it was moved and agreed that Wilf should be asked to address the Club on the question.

In General Business Dot Butler recorded 8 folk at the Kangaroo Valley working bee, although Bob Duncan's 9-months old infant wasn't disposed to do much work. Some exotic plants had been removed, also fallen timber along the fence line, and it was decided future work should include prevention of erosion from developing along places where timber had been cut out. Dot also reported that a considerable area behind our block had been reserved for public recreation, while Mr. Holland had not yet been granted lease of the adjoining Crown land.

A letter from Nancy Alderson, acting Conservation Secretary, mentioned her attendance (on the night of the meeting) at a gathering organised by several Sydney Municipal Councils to discuss pollution of the Parramatta River: there was also report of the doings of the National Parks and Wild Life Foundation, which had marshalled over \$500,000 for conservation measures.

As we came to the topic that promised to have the sharpest responses of the evening, naming the Kangaroo Valley land, Don Finch said he was getting in first with a nomination of "Coolana" translated as "happy meeting place of the future." And, what-do-you-know? - half a dozen others seconded it enthusiastically, there were no other nominations, and in about twenty seconds flat, "Coolana" it was.

Cheated out of a subject of debate, we almost had one when Dot Butler told us she had heard from a friend that in a radio programme the compere John Laws had said some nasty things about walkers littering up the landscape, and making silly protests (like the Colong affair). The meetings first thought was to reply rather strongly, then moderates prevailed - "he probably wouldn't know a real bushwalker if he saw one".... "he talks for the morons"... "only open the way for him to sound off again". So we decided to do nothing.

After all the chatter about cleanliness in the bush, we heard as a finale for the evening, a quotable quote from Phil Butt, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness, except at Newcastle where it is next to impossible." The time was 9.20 as we closed down.

COLONG RALLY

TO ALL CONSERVATIONISTS

WILL YOU PLEASE TRY TO BE PRESENT AT A GATHERING TO BE HELD AT -

CONSERVATION HOUSE,

CNR. HARRINGTON & ESSEX STREETS,

SYDNEY

on

TUESDAY, 28th JULY FROM 12 - 2.0 p.m.

THE AIM IS TO IMPRESS ON MR. BEALE (MINISTER FOR CONSERVATION), WHO HAS HIS OFFICE IN CONSERVATION HOUSE, THAT THERE ARE A LARGE NUMBER OF PEOPLE INTERESTED IN CONSERVATION.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED PLEASE COME, IT WILL HELP SUPPORT OUR CASE FOR CONSERVATION IF A LARGE GROUP IS PRESENT.
YOU CAN'T COME? PLEASE TELL A FRIEND.

ALL PLACARDS WELCOME

OUR PACIFIC HOLIDAY

DOROTHY NOBLE

***** OWEN MARKS *****
FRANK TAEKER

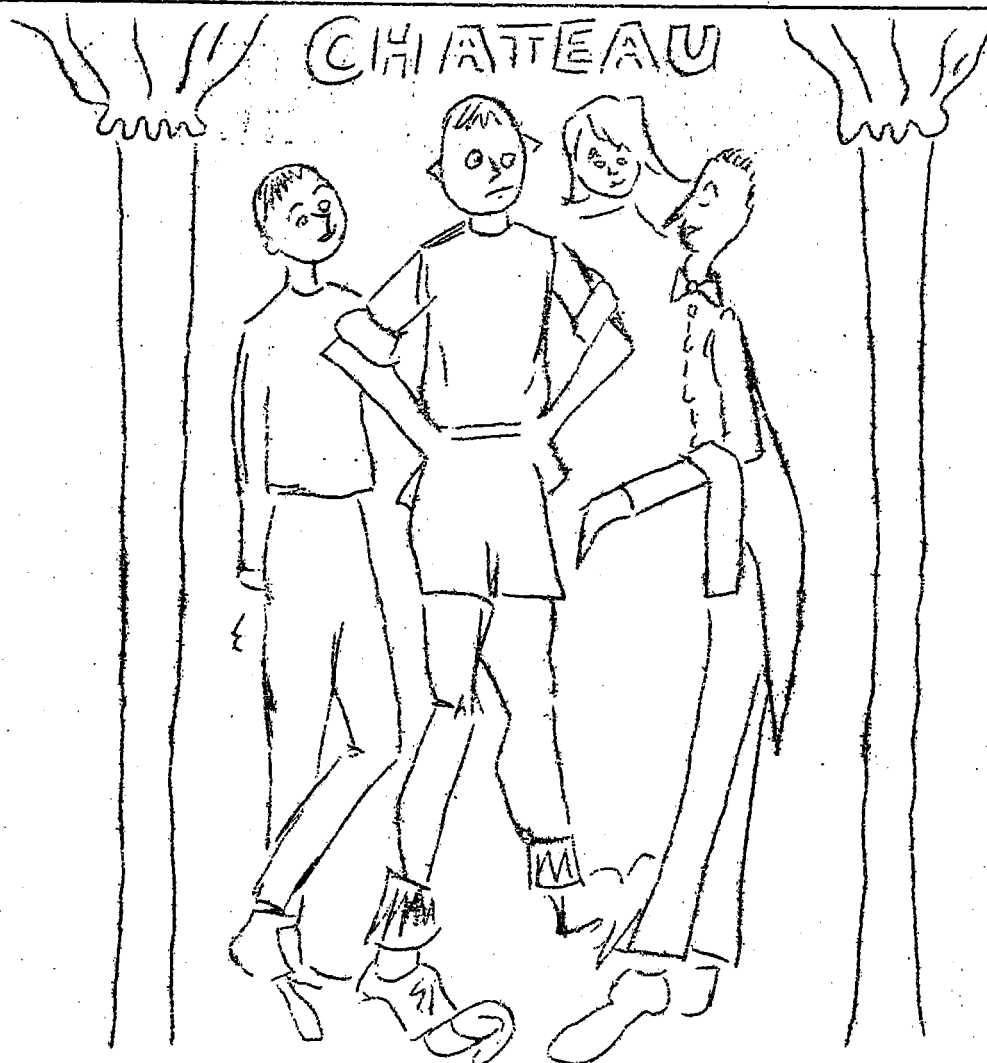
Here is a brief account of our recent tour of the South Pacific: we hope that the information will be of some practical use for those that may be interested.

Leaving Sydney on a Sunday, our plane (U.T.A.) to Tahiti stopped overnight at Noumea, where we were given free accommodation and meals at the posh Chateau Royal. As the airport is 30 kms from the town, you can see a sample of the dry side of the island which is New Caledonia, thanks to Captain Cook. The scenery is quite similar to Rockhampton with a ti-tree type of eucalyptus, and as such is very dull. The hotel is Noumea's best. Functional modern bedrooms with broken air conditioning, with a Louis XV dining room that opens incongruously on to swaying palms. Frank was refused entry, "No shorts" seems to be the rule. Unfortunately Frank had no other pants, and the waiter refused to serve all 3 of us in our rooms (we stuck up for Frank, and asked that if he was served in his room, then we all would). Eventually we were stuck in a corner and served a most wonderful meal. Superb French cooking- the only flaw being that our U.T.A. chit enabling us to meals covered only one course, and we had to guzzle water and attack the bread with a vengeance. After dinner all the guests watched T.V., we presume that it must be quite new, but who knows? Who cares? Breakfast is served outdoors in the garden not 10 ft from the lapping lagoon. From the look of the other guests we were lucky to be leaving that very day. We had 3 hours in Noumea town-ship before the bus departed for the airport; and even this is too long. A dirty city, dull and smelly and awfully expensive as all French colonies are. So good bye and good riddance to Nouvelle Calédonie and Tahiti here we come.

5 hours after a brief stop in Fiji we landed at midnight in Papeete. The immigration authorities would not let us through until we had booked at a hotel, and a list was shoved in our faces. We said we were going to such and such a hotel, they said "good" we said "au revoir" and 5 minutes later we were on the main road facing the airport. All was pitch black and we had no idea where to go; we could hardly see. We decided to head away from the town and so into the unknown we headed.

At the first road junction (1km) there was a street light and a water bowser that the tankers fill up from. We filled our water buckets and decided to head along the side road that headed for the hills.

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300 yds along the road climbs and eventually curls on itself and stops. If you scout around within a 20 ft radius you find a large flat area, that could have been a gun emplacement during the war. Anyway this was our base camp, and only 20 minutes away from the airport. If you camp here there is a bonus- at first light the view is of Moorea Island and behind you the cloud topped peaks of Tahiti. A superb spot. Next morning we caught a bus at the water tap and 15 mins and 20c later we were in Papeete, the tahitian capital. There is a great similarity between Papeete and Noumea- they are both fit for atom-bombing. We spent our second Monday (date line mees up) and Tuesday around and in Papeete. We bussed down late in the afternoon to see the "Marae of Arahurahu". This spot only 45 kms away (35c in the bus) was where Captata Cook watched the human sacrifices.. We decided to camp here, and it was a lovely place indeed. Water galore but we didn't think much of cooking with coconut husks. Another drawback is that the area is patrolled by the spirits of seven widows who are forever seeking the souls of men,

but only on moonless nights. We didn't read the notice until the morning and there was no moon either, so Dorothy assured us we both looked the same with or without souls so we had to leave it at that.

The roads are all narrow with masses of colour - bouganville, hibiscus gardenias and other flowers. The air is always perfumed. Each side of the road has a different aspect; one of mountains, green gullies and mist shrouded peaks; the other of lagoons, palms and the dreams of dreams, Moorea. One major disappointment is that the entire foreshore is privately owned and "tabu" and "entree interdit" signs are literally on every plot and the only chance views of the ocean are between fences or over bridges. Another tragedy, there is no age limit for a permit to drive motorized bicycles, with the result young kids of 10 or so go whizzing along the roads which are never footpathed all the time. The whole of Tahiti is noise; the natives were unfriendly (they wouldn't even talk to us until they realized we weren't French. The only course left for us was to flee and that we did. Every Tuesday evening the \$3 mail boat sails for Bora-Bora and arrives on Thursday morning some time. The boat passes Huahine, Raiatea and Tahaaa, all these being in the Society Group. The boat stops irregularly for 2, 3 or 4 hours or more at the various ports and all is perfect peace. There are absolutely no tourists any here; just Primitive Polynesians that pay 50c Aust. for mangos! Too dear for us; thank God beer was only 25c a large bottle. From a distance Bora-Bora looks magnificent, a volcanic plug rising sheer out of the lagoon. (If you have seen that horrible film called South Pacific and can recall the view of Bali Hai then that is Bora Bora).

The first day we walked around three-quarters of the island. Remember Faanui- here at the village you can find a little track that climbs a saddle near the volcanic plugs and a view to last a lifetime. On this saddle we met our first and only friendly natives. They were flabbergasted to see me in my orange underpants and when we asked for water they whizzed into the bush and brought back coconuts. They pointed out all the rare wild orchids and even gave me some bulbs which I kept for a while until they started to smell, and then I pitched them.

Walking around Bora Bora is not a waste of time but rather pointless. Dead coconuts, trees, Woy-Woy style mud and crabs everywhere, and filthy houses. We camped on the southern-most tip of the island, firewood, lagoon, coral reefs, fresh water, and best of all, perfect peace. There is even a shower place for the wealthy jaded tourists that we saw later in the one and only hotel on Bora Bora. (I don't think many of us bushwalking types would want to stay there. The charge is \$40 a night and there is a minimum of two nights only.) One needs money to relax; certainly there is an abundance of beach boys for the wealthy American ladies. The shop stocks bottled water from France, and yet across the road are waterfalls crystal clear and sparkling, coming from the perpetual cloud cover on the uninhabited interior. We camped at this idyllic place for two nights before we had to drag ourselves back to reality and head for Tahiti island again.

We left at 6 a.m. for our six mile walk back to the harbour for our plane. The landing strip is out on a coral reef, and the boat chugs out over the lagoon. Leis are thrown by those wealthy and stupid-enough to buy them, onto the blue waters and soon you are at the airstrip for the ride back to NOISE. That day, after arriving at Papeete, while Frank was swimming, Dorothy and I decided to visit POINT VENUS. The view of Matavai Bay is remarkable in that the sea is practically the same as when Melville and Bougainville first arrived there. The local buses are rather wild and risky; our bus decided to make a two and a half mile detour just for us both. All the other passengers were passing around bottles of beer, but earlier when we had first boarded it, the passengers wouldn't make room, so I told Dorothy in a loud voice to sit on the floor. Suddenly all the women were shouting to the men to make room for us and baskets of fruit yanked away and we were all seated.

Later that day we all went to pay our respects to King Pomare. He died many years ago, and his grave is surmounted by a gigantic Bourbon bottle; it seems he drank himself to death. Frank happened to sit on a pile of stones a few yards from the tomb, and was then approached by a taxi driver who told him in French to get off. "Tabu". It turned out, or so it seemed from our terrible French, that the King's wife had rent her shirt and it was buried there and naturally it was taboo. A load of rubbish.

Our last night was spent at base camp which was marred by a downpour of five inches which fell in a few minutes and all was mud. We had to evacuate to the airport; me, in mud splattered u/pants and umbrella, Frank in S.W. Tasmanian wet weather gear, and Dorothy in a wet and filthy sarong all askew, and dragging along the ground... The American tourists gaped and the Tahitian ladies that sold shells and assorted junk were full of sympathy. It took all day to dry our gear, tent and clothes all spread over the airport. No-one seemed to care. Our plane to Samoa was leaving in six hours, so we decided to walk three miles to a cemetery. Tahitians seem to love fiddling around cemeteries. They doll up the graves with flowers, paintings, portraits, models of ships, streamers even corrugated fibre glass roofs. Babies a few days old have their own tombs. There are some very interesting grave stones in English (Tahiti was nearly an English colony except the British Crown couldn't be bothered doing anything about it.) and all the usual odd sailors that died in Papeete (we hope that it wasn't caused by the delayed action of the smell, otherwise we would never reach home.) Walking back to the airport we all barged into a shop to spend all our coinage, and the busy shop all gasped when they heard that we intended to walk to the airport. "a pied". They had never heard of such a thing; the funny thing being that it wasn't more than two kilometres away. (No buses run on Sunday. Curse the missionaries!)

Back at the airport we were again adopted by the souvenir ladies and mangos were brought out and I had to escort one over to the Ladies Room by the arm. She said that everyone would think that I was her husband!

July, 1970

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When our plane was all set to go they gave us five or six leis each as a farewell present. The correct price to other tourists was five a dollar. And so we said farewell to Tahiti and the Society Islands after our eight days there. We intended to stay two or three weeks but it just isn't worth it. Unfriendly, expensive, over-commercialised, over-rated and unimportant. We boarded our Boeing 707 and with the other sixteen passengers lost in the immense plane, we stretched out and were soon fast asleep, destination Samoa.

Here endeth the first part. More in the next Magazine.

BLACKHEATH TAXI & TOURING SERVICE,
246 GREAT WESTERN HIGHWAY,
BLACKHEATH 2785

24th June, 1970

The Secretary,
The Sydney Bushwalkers,
30 Hannah Street,
BEECHROFT. 2119

Dear Sir,

I would like to draw your attention to the fact that I have taken over Gledhill's Taxi Service of Blackheath, and would like to continue with your custom.

I am available at the above address twenty four hours a day and would like you to know that I have a small shack in Blackheath that could be used without charge by your members. It is a little five bunk room with heating and cooking facilities, and if it is any of your member's wish to use it prior to a bush walk or after a spell in the valleys, please get in touch with me, telephone Blackheath 8152.

I would be much obliged if you would bring this to the notice of your members.

Yours faithfully,

L. Boilby.



PADDY MADE



Once upon a time!

The classical beginning to something that used to be.

Well, once upon a time there never seemed to be a shortage of such essentials as tent poles at most camping sites. For many, many years it was the unwritten rule never to use good tent poles for firewood. Nearly always one could look around and find a ready made tent pole that had already held up a score of little tents and when you finished with it you put it carefully and obviously where the next camper would find it and trust he too would preserve it.

Standards slip and so do ethics. Tent poles are scarce now where once there were plenty.

So the wise camper takes his own.

Buy from Paddys your own "Bulldog" telescopic aluminium tent poles and don't be caught with your tents down.

Sizes 4'6" ; 5' ; 6' ; 6'6" from \$2.50. Everything for campers at "Paddys".

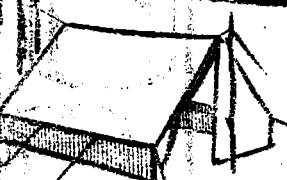

PADDY PALLIN PTY. LIMITED,
109A BATHURST STREET,
SYDNEY. N.S.W. 2000.

Telephone - 26-2685

PADDY PALLIN Pty. Ltd.
Lightweight Camp Gear

1st Floor, 109A Bathurst Street, Sydney

26-2685

PENANG

*****By Marlon Ellis *****

Like most people I have nodded and smiled knowingly when others have said that Australia is a big place. It certainly is. On the way to Singapore I seemed to spend most of the day flying over it! It was something of a relief to arrive in the city of Singapore and spend a restful night at the Raffles Hotel, a grand old place built when Kipling's boast of "dominion over palm and pine" was a reality. With three hours to spare the next morning I hired a taxi and saw a great deal of the city, a bustling place with busy shops, superb gardens and an enviable cleanliness achieved by the on-the-spot fine of \$40 for dropping litter—a practice we might well adopt in grimy Sydney.

After a short flight I reached Penang, where a highly excited nephew and his wife were waiting to greet me, and as I happened to be their first Australian guest they gave me a wonderful sight-seeing trip of the island of Penang and the Malaysian peninsula. Penang is everyone's idea of a tropical island, its beaches washed by warm seas and shaded by groves of palms. Its name comes from the Malay word for the betel tree, for betel nuts were the island's main product when the British rule; many fine mansions, churches and public buildings are jostled by Malay and Chinese houses and tenements in a typically Asian fashion. The same diversity applies to eating and transport: you can dine in luxury in one of the enormous modern hotels or buy a meal from a cart or a street seller; you can hire a modern tekxi or a trishaw—it is too hot to walk far, even though the streets are shaded with lines of trees.

The population is mixed, with Chinese, Malays and Indians predominating, though there are some Thais and Burmese as well. Most interesting of all for me were the Tamils, for my nephew's housekeeper, who is one of them, allowed me to "see inside" their faith and customs to a limited degree. The Tamils claim to be the first people to come to Penang from the sea, and they may be right, for they are still great travellers, and often return to India on pilgrimages. Their temples are the simplest of the many temples, churches and mosques that testify to the myriad religions of the island; they are usually to be found on the high places, and they are mostly dedicated to the god Lord Subramaniam. While I was there I was lucky enough to see a festival held in his honour, and part of it was the carrying of the kavadis, altars which are hooked to the flesh of the bearers with skewers and brass-hooks. Several young Tamils carried the kavadis as penance, and after a five-mile dance, with their cheeks and bodies skewered and the weight of the kavadi borne, it was clear, on their skin and flesh, they walked bare-footed into the temple over hot coals. To my amazement they walked jauntily away from the

temple after the kavadis had been removed, and showed not a trace of blood, or wounding, or discomfort. Whether this is the effect of their long fast and prayer before carrying their seemingly cruel loads I cannot say: all I can attest to is that they were carried as I have described, and that the bearers were unscathed.

We left Penang early one morning by car, and after crossing the ferry built by the Japanese, reached the mainland. The road runs through plantations of rubber trees, coconut and oil palms and pineapples, and these are the homes and work-places of the village Malays, happy people who do not have the business acumen of the more progressive Chinese, but are content to live as good Muslims in simple houses perched on stilts above the swampy earth. Sleepy water buffaloes are to be seen lying on the roadsides, or harnessed to ploughs or rough wooden carts.

A fine asphalt road built by the British leads up into the Cameron Highlands, threading its way between startling limestone hills crowned with patches of jungle. The faces of these hills are honeycombed with caves, which have become the homes of Malay people, and with the addition of wooden fronts, such places are probably quite comfortable. The road winds upwards through the thickest jungle, which is the home of the aboriginal people of Malaya, the Orangi Asli. They live in small groups deep in the jungle, gathering native fruits and hunting animals with their blowpipes and poisoned darts. By chance we saw such a group walking in file along the edge of the road, led by a truculent looking headman, who consented rather reluctantly to a photograph of his folk after Graham had spoken to him in Malay.

High in the mountains is Foster's Smoke House Hotel, a Tudor style inn transplanted to Malaya. After the clammy heat of the coast it was a delight to sit before an open fire in a comfortable bar, surrounded by all the appurtenances of English hospitality, and meeting interesting people from all parts of the world. The hotel has a fine garden, with lawns and dozens of roses in bloom, and a golf-course for those energetic souls who are not content to enjoy the blessed coolness and Devonshire Tea, but must be active.

On the way home we called to see the Boh Tea Plantation, where tea is grown, treated and packed all in the one place, after the pattern established in Ceylon and Assam. In fact, as in Ceylon, many of the tea-pickers are Tamils. This talk of industry leads me to attempt a summing up of Malaysia's prospects. While rubber and tin, the two main exports of the nation, remain the basis of the wealth of the country, they are not sufficient, it seems to me, to support a growing population. Even now there is a large number of people who are not productive workers in the strict sense, but make their living as servants or personnel in the foreign military installations in Malaysia. The decision of the British Conservative government to retain bases in Malaysia must be a

great relief to the leaders of the country, but in the long run such sources of employment must dry up. The solution appears to be the establishment of industry to employ the people and to earn foreign exchange, and this will require spending on education, to provide an educated work-force. At present the government is spending millions of dollars on schools, but stop-gap measures like the employment of men in parking lots to keep them in work cannot be effective for much longer. Perhaps we in Australia ought to be thinking of ways to help Malaysia improve her economy, if only for purely selfish strategic reasons.

On my last day in Penang we took the funicular railway to the top of Penang Hill, overlooking Georgetown, a favourite Sunday trip for the locals and tourists. It was a fitting end to a fine holiday--a final look at a town which I had grown to like very much. That evening, watching the sunset over the Straits of Malacca as we had our final dinner together, we all felt rather unhappy. Next morning I set out for home, with the good wishes of the family expressed in the saying Selamat jalan! "Good journey". It was a good journey; it was a good trip, because it not only gave me much enjoyment, it gave me much to think about. What began as a holiday ended in a much better thing: a quest, however limited, for understanding.

NEXT MONTH'S MAGAZINE

The August Magazine will be collated at Edna Garrards home, 8 Stott's Avenue, Boxley, starting at 7.30 p.m. on Tuesday, 18th. August. Anyone who is able to help should get in touch with Owen Marks either in the Club or at home (30-1827). Closing date for any articles or notices for publication is Wednesday, 5th. August.

The Dungalla Club is obviously throwing down a challenge to "The Sydney Bushwalker" with the renaming of its newsletter "The Dungalloper". We compliment them on the news content of their June issue and wish them all the best in their venture.

Mike Short, who is the Club's Conservation Secretary, has been away, and in his absence, Nancye Alderson has been standing in for him in matters of conservation. Mike would like to express his appreciation to Nancye for her good work on his behalf.

The Treasurer advises that there are still a number of subscriptions unpaid. Fork out now and avoid embarrassment later.

COMING WALKS

*****By the Walks Secretary, Alan Pike*****

August 7th, 8th, & 9th

This weekend, Bob Jones is contending for the "longest walk of the year" prize, a Friday night walk along Narrow Neck, should get his party into condition. Saturday, then, won't be at all hard as it's all down hill. Merrigal Creek contains a very nice out-crop of pink granite over which the creek drops about 200 ft in two falls. The Creek itself is rather slow going but once onto the Cox's it's lazy going down to Brown Dog. Sunday will be an early start, and then a short sharp climb of about 2,500 ft up onto Splendour Rock for the greatest view there is of the Gangerang Range and further. From there it's easy going. It would not be too difficult to reach Katoomba before dark.

Dot Noble's walk over Mt. Guouogang also involves a Friday night walk along Breakfast Creek, so bring a good torch. It's a very good track but some nettles here and there. Saturday will be an early start and then a long slog up to Mt. Jenolan and Mt. Queagong and finally Mt. Guouogang which is the highest peak in the Blue Mts., though not as high as one other part of the main divide. The scenery from these ridges is breath taking as you may imagine and from the summit it is possible to look straight down onto Danc's Canyon over 3000 ft below. Water should be carried on Saturday. The ridges to these peaks are quite open and easy walking. Sunday will be a nice bludge back up the Cox's River to Carlons Farm.

Even the Sunday walk is one for the keener walkers this weekend, but no-one should have any difficulty under John Holly's expert leadership.

August 14th, 15th, & 16th

If you want to go to out of the way places this weekend, try Don Finch's Walk - Glen Davis - Gaspers Mt - Grassy Hill. Not even Don has been to Grassy Hill so we don't really know what it's like. On the map it would seem to be very interesting country. He should camp on Gaspers Mt., Saturday night (plenty of water) and so give everyone a mighty view of the sunset over Tyan Pic.

Pat Marson has a nice easy walk starting Saturday morning. A full moon has been ordered so that Blue Gum Forest can be viewed in all its splendour for a full 24 hours.

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Jim Dawson's Sunday test walk is graded medium-rough which means that it's a medium trip, but somewhat scrubby in places due to absence of tracks, so, if you don't have hairy legs - wear your long strides. Glenbrook Creek is mighty!

August 21st, 22nd, & 23rd

President Spiro is running an instructional this weekend, which is also a very nice easy walk. Leaving on Saturday afternoon, the party will camp on the Cox's River that night. On Sunday the prospectives will lead the party back to Carlons. An unusual view of Narrow Neck can be seen from Black Horse Range (if they don't get lost.)

Esme Biddulph is leading an interesting little walk on Palm Beach Peninsula on Sunday. Bus to Avalon then a walk along the Beach to St. Michael's Cave (TORCHES). Then another bus to Palm Beach and lunch and walking on Barronjoey Headland.

August 28th, 29th, & 30th

If you've been to the Budawangs, you must have seen 3,711 ft Currockbilly Mt. It's mighty knife edge ridges give it a somewhat "Tasmania" look. This weekend, Spiro Ketas will lead a trip over Currockbilly (carry some water unless your mother was a camel) and back to the road via Wog Wog Creek. It's not often that we have a trip over Currockbilly so there should be a good roll-up. And if there are any new members who have not been to the Budawangs yet, - well you just haven't been bushwalking. The country here is quite different to the Blue Mts and other typical areas. The actual climb of Currockbilly from the road is only 1,500ft so don't be put off by the height.

And a really geat Sunday walk this weekend. Usually, when walking on the Grose River, heavy weekend packs are the rule. By doing a car swap trip, only day packs are carried and our feet will be as light as our hearts as we trip through the Blue Gums.

NEWS FROM THE TRAVELLERS.

The latest news from Ken Ellis and Roger Gowing who are on their way around the globe is that Ken has had his passport stolen. They are in the United States of America at present, and lack of passport makes it very difficult for Ken to leave the country.

MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT.

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SOCIALLY SPEAKING

***** By Owen Marks *****

FORTHCOMING THEATRE PARTIES

On Monday, August, 17th. at 8 p.m. a theatre party has been arranged for the Theatre Royal to see "SLEUTH", a murder mystery. Price is \$3.00 per person - a saving of one dollar.

The University of New South Wales at Kensington is the venue for the second theatre party arranged for Monday, 21st. September at 8 p.m. The attraction for this date is Tyrone Guthrie's production of "OEDIPUS REX". Price is \$3.00 per person, again a saving of \$1.

Both these plays should be worthwhile, so see or ring Owen and book your seats. Remember the motto "BOOK UP AND PAY UP!"

THE AUGUST CLUB-NIGHT SPECTACULARS!

On Wednesday, August 19th., Club Member Ramon U'Brien is going to lecture us not on Ikebana (which is flower arranging) but on Bonsai (which is tree dwarfing). Ramon has done weird and wonderful things with pine trees and eucalypts. Learn all about it and see a few of Ramon's gums. See also how to repot, wire branches, grow moss etc. Come along and be educated.

On Wednesday August 26th. Roy Higgenbottom's friend, Gavin Fox will give an illustrated chit-chat on "Camping in the U.S.A. and Canada".

MUSIC HALL NIGHT IN NOVEMBER

To celebrate our Club's 43rd. birthday, a night out has been arranged at the MUSIC HALL, Military Road, Neutral Bay.

"THE TRIALS OF HILARY POUNCEFORT" is an Australian colonial days melodrama. The price is \$4.30 per person and INCLUDES a good dinner (choice of meat, fish or fowl). It will have been 18 months since our last night there, and if you haven't seen the show yet, then come with your friends - your relations - your beloved ones.

The date is November 2nd. (practically an early Christmas party),

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and is far enough away for you to start saving. Everyone is welcome.

If you are interested in this function it would be appreciated if you would let me know as soon as possible. See me at the Club or ring me at home(30-1827).

FEDERATION NOTES

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

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed as amended. Federation is still looking for an auditor. An appeal was made for a Club auditor to volunteer.

The Wollongong University College Bushwalking Club has made application for affiliation. A copy of the Constitution was forwarded to them and the secretary was to ask when meeting were held. Nin Melville volunteered to attend.

Members are advised to boil all water on the Grose side of the mountain below Wentworth Falls because of sewerage works. The Department of Railways advises that concessions will only be granted to a party of twelve or more persons. A pollution seminar will be held at Sydney University on Saturday August 1st between the hours of 10.a.m and 5 p.m.

A letter was sent to the Minister of Lands asking for the names of the local committee who recently rejected the nomination of Mr. Lumsden for the Royal National Park Trust.

A member of an S.B.W. party sustained a knee injury on a walk. Sam and John Pickard took their land rover 177 miles to the rescue after cutting a chain on the gate of Mr. Lang's property. Scouts and the Y.H.A. while on a walk (Narrow Neck, Cox, Apple Tree Flat, Mt. Solitary) did not return until midday on Tuesday. Sydney Uni Bushwalkers while on Spotted Dog East lost one their party, a good walker but unfamiliar with the country. A search was begun at 7 a.m. on the day after the meeting. The purchase of a stretcher has been delayed by an influx of orders from the Navy.

The Search & Rescue practice weekend will be held in the Blue Labrynth area on the 17th, 18th & 19th July after a Friday night camp at the Iron Barks.

The National Parks and Wild Life Service has produced a roneoed map of the Kanagra Boyd National Park available from the Head Office or the Glenbrook Tourist Centre for 30 cents.

A map in colour of the Gibraltar Range National Park which shows road and walking tracks is now on sale. The Blue Labrynth (Lands Department) Tourist Map is now out of print and will be replaced by the new Blue Mountains tourist map. The Shooter's Hill 2" to the mile with full topographical detail is now available.

The maps of the Nandawars and Mt. Kaputar National Park is now available at 20 cents each. Also on sale, is the latest edition of the Gundungra map. The Budawang's map is out of print but the new edition is well in hand.

The proposal for an Australian Federation^{of} Bushwalking Clubs met with mixed feelings. C.M.W. & S.B.W. were not in favour of the idea but the Springwood Bushwalker's Committee were in favour of it. Other delegates were asked to bring back their Club's views to the next meeting.

The Macquarie University Mountaineering Society was accepted as an affiliated Club.

Paddy Pallin attended the meeting to give support to the inception of an Orienteering Organisation. He stated that he had run a contest for several years and last year 56 contested the event. In Europe such organisations have large memberships. He mentioned Norway Clubs had memberships in the thousands. So far as bushwalking^{was} concerned he thought that orienteering would be more beneficial to members than the instruction in mapping on which most Clubs insist. The points which Paddy raised were:-

1. Federation recognised that Orienteering is compatible with Bushwalking.
2. That Clubs encourage a contest each year.
3. That Federation obtain the minutes of meetings held by the Melbourne Orienteering Club.
4. That a small committee be formed for orienteering.

Owen Marks had made a suggestion that Federation hold a night at the Music Hall in late October, the cost to be approximately \$4 per person. It was moved that delegates take this matter back to their Clubs.

Bruce Postill asked for information on the building of a hut on the Hay Road. Paul Barnes offered to make inquiries.

Nin Molville brought to the notice of delegates that the National Parks and Wild Life Service intended to make Mitchell Park into a Zoo while increasing the fee for admittance from 30 cents to \$1. Laurie Rayner thought this was a good idea as those types of zoos, which he had seen in his world travels, were much better, for instance, than Taronga Park. Other delegates thought that the subject was outside the interests of Federation. The matter lapsed when Warwick Daniels moved that the matter be shelved.

Paddy Pallin stated that a new Trust is being set up for Davidson Park. He had written for permission to cut a track Douglas Street to Roseville Bridge.

The President announced that the Annual General Meeting would be held on the 21st of July and that neither he nor the secretary would be standing for re-election.

The Club was represented at this meeting by Wilf Hilder, Laurie Rayner and Jim Callaway.

EXPOSURE!

(Below is printed an article on the cause and treatment of Hypothermia, commonly known as exposure, published by the National Parks and Wild Life Service.)

Beware of the evil combination of wet, wind and cold. Wet, cold, lack of food, weariness, lead to exposure.

CAUSE:

The cause is simply a drop in body temperature through wearing clothing inadequate for wet, cold and windy conditions. Exhaustion and hunger contribute to it.

DANGER SIGNS:

Hypothermia is not easy to recognise. The victim is exhausted, lags behind, stumbles, is reluctant to carry on and not 'with it' mentally. He may be difficult to reason with.

TREATMENT

Shelter from the wind immediately. Drop off a ridge to the lee side and look for shelter in tussock, scrub, bush, or behind rocks.

Put on extra clothing, have something to eat and drink, and assess the situation carefully.

Recovery can be swift but, if it has not occurred within 15 minutes or if the victim has collapsed, he will be past warming himself: you must do it for him. You must treat him on the spot; he may collapse and die if you attempt to assist him to the shelter of a hut. If practicable, change him into dry clothing. Put him in a sleeping bag and have a strong member of the party get in with him and/or have two fit people, both in their sleeping bags, lie close alongside him.

This is the only safe method. Excessive external heat such as a fire can kill him. Alcohol must not be given. In any case, your patient should not be moved (especially by his own efforts) until fully recovered or until you get medical advice. Meanwhile watch the rest of the party. Make camp immediately where you can get the most shelter.

These simple rules CAN SAVE YOUR LIFE

1. Whatever the length of the trip, prepare for it carefully. Do listen to and take heed of the weather forecasts. Take a parka on every trip into the hills -- EVEN FOR A DAY OR HALF-DAY Wlk.
2. For excursions on the open tops, add long trousers, gloves and a balaclava to your "MUST PACK" list. Wear woollen clothing; wet wool is warmer than wet cotton.
3. Have a good meal before setting out and frequent snacks during the day.
4. Plan your day so as to reach your destination with time to spare before nightfall. If the weather deteriorates, turn back, or take a safe alternative route which will provide all-important shelter.
5. Remember there is always a chance of having to spend the night in the open, and then a sleeping bag cover, a survival sheet, or plastic tube can save your life.
6. For safety, four is the minimum number for a party. Remember, one man cannot recognise Hypothermia in himself. A two-man party is too weak to help itself in a dangerous situation. If four are in the party, one can stay with a sick man while two go for help. NEVER TRAVEL ALONE.

THE FACTS OF LIFE

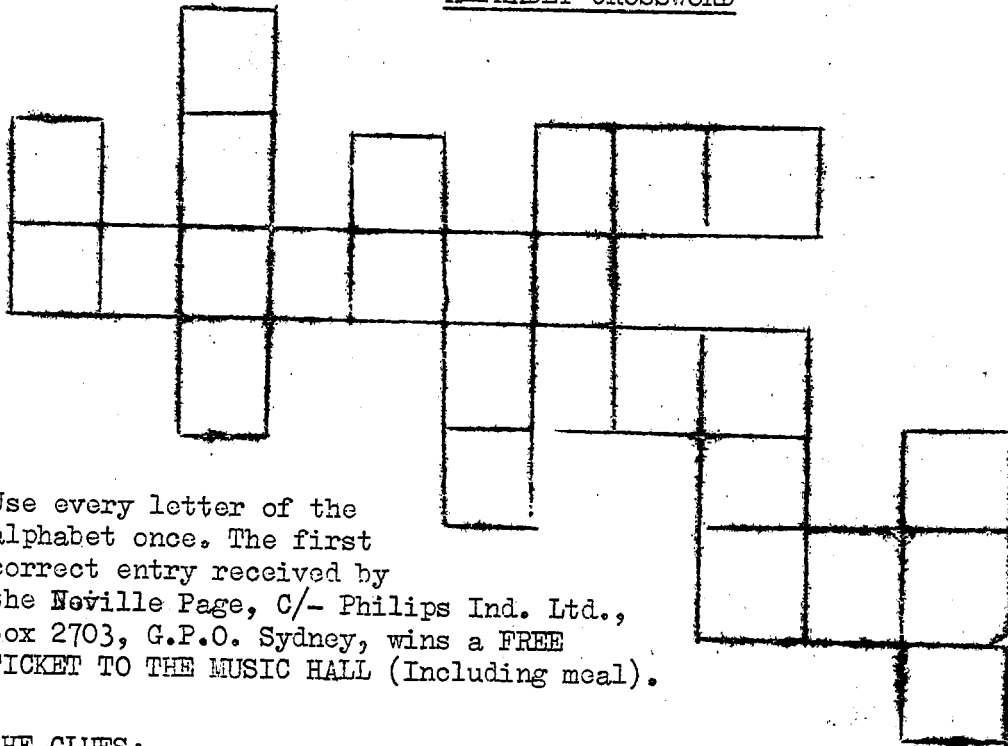
1. Hypothermia is a definite killer. The young, fit and healthy are certainly susceptible. Four high-school boys died from exposure in the New Zealand mountains in 1968. The onset of Hypothermia can be swift. If it is unrecognised by either the victim or his friends, death can follow in one hour.

2. The signs or symptoms are frequently mistaken for simple fatigue and the exposure victim does not realise his own plight. His condition must be recognised and treated urgently (even if he objects) by his friends, or he will collapse.

3. People have died of exposure without once complaining of the cold. Indeed, the real danger lies in the lack of recognition of the condition by either the victim or his friends, since frequently the whole party is more or less affected.

4. At 50° F, a wind of 30 m.p.h. produces the same heat loss from unprotected skin as would be lost in windless conditions at 28° F. Wet skin loses heat 20 times faster than dry. Damp, windy conditions when temperatures are around 40° F are the most dangerous.

ALPHABET CROSSWORD



Use every letter of the alphabet once. The first correct entry received by the Neville Page, C/- Philips Ind. Ltd., Box 2703, G.P.O. Sydney, wins a FREE TICKET TO THE MUSIC HALL (Including meal).

THE CLUES:

Two Letter Words -

Unpaid Witness
European Bug

Four Letter Words

An Enigma
An Animal

Three Letter Words

Ecstasy
Hobgoblin
Russian Secret Police
Not Sweet
Holds Water
Metal Tooth

Seven Letter Word

Speak Softly

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