

# The Sydney Bushwalker

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A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bushwalkers,  
14 Atchison Street, St. Leonards.

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## IN THIS ISSUE.

From the Editor		Page 2
At the November General Meeting		3
The Middle Colo	Pat Harrison	4
Mountain Equipment Advertisement		6
Echo from the Past "Bivouac"	Kath Mackay	8
Nice Country - Farther Out	Jim Brown	9
Additional Day Walk, January 9th		11
Coming Walks - January, 1972		13
"Ausventure" Advertisement		14
Membership Notes	Geoff Mattingley	15
Federation Notes	Ray Hockway	17
Wanted! Evidence on Bungonia		18
Enquiry into your Social Life		19

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Enquiries regarding Club.... Marcia Shappert Tel. 30-2028

From the Editor:The Season to be Jolly.

What with summer sloth and the pressure of other activities, the December issue seemed a good one to play it lazy. Why, we said in effect, work the brain to the bone trying to write something of consequence or literary value, when other Editors have certainly said everything appropriate to the Festive Season. However, when we came to look back through some 26 or 27 years of December magazines, we found those embittered and disillusioned men who have by this time in the year edited at least eight issues, have very little to say about Christmas. We suspect any jolliness and good-fellowship has been thoroughly exorcised by December.

In fact, during the years 1946 to 1957 inclusive, the only Christmastide message was a rather dour one we had ourselves written during a previous stint as Editor, and appeared in the 1952 issue. The burden was that "if the day does come when it seems to bushwalkers to be unreasonable to spend Christmas slugging it out in Tasmanian mud ... then you may write "finis" to the game of walking".

However, in 1958 the irrepressible Geoff Wagg was Editor and put it in verse:

Walkers Christmas, Christmas cheer:  
Cold tinned pudding, hot tinned beer.

Ham and chicken(sausage) too, or perhaps a D.V. stew.  
Bad luck that the sweets you brought were  
Made unfit to eat by water.

So a nut we try to crack.  
Place upon a rock and whack -  
First blow - nothing: cursing louder,  
Second blow, it's crushed to powder.

Still the dinner's not a failure  
Tastes like the Hotel Australia.

In 1962 and 1963 Stuart Brooks was in the saddle and, as a father, could scarcely be oblivious to Christmas, even if he wanted to. He also chose verse for the December 1962, issue:

When Xmas comes around each year  
We're drenched with honeyed phrases  
And everyone's enforced bonhomie  
The spice of life erases.

But when I think of all the bills  
That in their wake will follow,  
I must confess my greetings kind  
Are really rather hollow.

This Xmas message thus will be  
Like molasses - unrefined.  
"Until the infant year appears  
Let joy be unconfined".

The strain was too much, of course. In '63 he was writing with the same mixture of gravity and hope that had touched me 11 years before:

"Christmas, unfortunately, has been commercialised to a degree where the amount of thanksgiving and joy engendered is becoming proportional to the glamour and cost of the gift bestowed (under advertising pressure, it must be admitted).

"Only in clubs such as ours does the power of the dollar recede. It would be quite impossible, I am sure, for an observer ... to decide the relative opulence of a group of say a dozen battered, be-spattered walkers, and herein lies our real strength".

We presume there is some profound moral or message in this generally irreverent Editorial approach to the joyous occasion of Christmas. If you can find it, hug it to yourself. Some day you may have to write the December editorial.

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THE NOVEMBER GENERAL MEETING.

It was a short-lived meeting - about 35 minutes - with 40-odd people there at the beginning, and perhaps a few more later. The one new member for the month, Peter Munday was not present, but we did catch up with one admission of several months ago, Ross Wilson.

Arising from the Minutes it was announced that Heather White had offered to undertake the position of Federation Delegate that had fallen vacant, and she was duly appointed. Correspondence told us Dorothy Lawry had accepted Honorary Membership: there was a letter from George Dibley seeking donations to a memorial fund for the late Keith Hindwood: and news bulletins released by the Department of Lands which stated some of the Myall Lakes mining leases had been granted by previous Governments.

From the Treasurer we heard that we had \$1092 in the working funds at the end of October, and thus are in a fairly healthy position till the new year's subscriptions begin to roll in.

Pat Harrison presented his account of October's walks activity, starting with the Holiday week-end, when Doone Wyborn went to the snow country with a party composed of members from various clubs, including 4 S.B.W. On the Sunday were two day walks, one of modest proportions in the Heathcote Creek area conducted by Meryl Watman, and another quite vigorous

essay in the Megalong Valley led by Peter Levander and attracting 14 people. The second week-end saw Jim Vatiliotis' jaunt into Kanangra Creek, the party of ten arriving back to the cars about 3.0 p.m. Sunday. Bill Hall had the day walkin Polona Brook and to Garie Trig, 15 people spending the day "mostly off the beaten track".

The middle week-end of October included Bill Gillam's reconnaissance in the Bylong-Growee country, and despite the unco-operative attitude of some land-owners, prospects for further jaunts were found. Doone Wyborn's trip into the Kowmung Valley was cancelled, but there were 21, including 11 prospectives, out on the Instructional week-end held on this occasion on the slopes of Mount Banks. At the S. & R. demonstration total attendance was unknown, but only two S.B.W. were reported present. The day walk on 17th October, by courtesy of Alan Hedstrom, was altered to go from Glenbrook to the Red Hand Cave, 10 people going along.

So to 22/24th October and June Tuffley's trip in the Budawangs, 14 present. The trip went as programmed, and as only one of the party had been there before, it was a memorable experience for most of the team. Details of Helen Rowen's "Bong Bong Races" party were not yet known, while Peter Levander had another energetic day, this time altered to cover a length of the Colo near Boorai Creek. For the final week-end there was Bill Burke's crew of 13 making their way down Little River, and on Sunday Jim Brown's leisured prowl around the back of Stanwell Park to see (from a distance) the gully where the Clutha people may dump their coal behind Coal Cliff - party of 25.

This came close to winding up the evening. There was a Federation Report (which was covered in last month's magazine), but no general business whatever, and after the customary announcements, we wound up just after 9.0 p.m.

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### The Middle Colo

by Pat Harrison

(A log-book account of the official trip of November 12-13-14 from Culoul Range - Boorai Creek - Colo River to Angorawa Creek - Drip Rock - Putty Road)

#### Friday, November 12.

8.10 p.m. Swapping cars at Gerry Sinzig's at Windsor. Bill Gillam, Helen Grey, Neville Lupton and I set out for the Culoul Range, while Don Finch's party, Gerry Sinzig, Tom Wilhelm and Barry Rowe, set out for the head of Angorawa Creek.

10.40 p.m. Reached our campsite near Hollow Rock on the Culoul Range. I slept in Don's van, the others slept out. A clear night of stars - a good augury for tomorrow. Bill unperturbed by browsing cattle.

Saturday, November 13

- 5.50 a.m. Up to a cloudy morn and drizzling rain. Bill lit fire, boiled billy. Not sufficient rain to wear parkas.
- 6.55 a.m. Away.
- 8.10 - 8.20 a.m. Smoko near a fine grove of young Blue Gums in Boorai Creek. Drizzling rain.
- 9.25 - 9.45 a.m. Dooli Creek. Treacherous footing on wet and mossy rocks in Boorai Creek. Honey and orange juice. Sky now beginning to clear and a good change coming from the west.
- 10.15 - 10.55 a.m. The Colo at Boorai Junction. Large sandy beach. Now a lovely day of sun and blue sky. Glorious scenery.
- 11.10 a.m. At reference 527912 (Mellong 1:50,000). This creek flowing and although quite small seems permanent. This creek might "go" for it makes quite a gap in the plateau.
- 11.45 a.m. - 12 noon. At 534903 (St. Albans 1:63,360)
- 12.40 - 2.20 p.m. Lunch at reference 545903. Wide sandy beach about 400 yards long. Magnificent scenery. Clouds now coming up. Hitherto had been very hot with heat reflected from the white sand in great intensity.
- 3.0 - 3.15 p.m. At 555887. Now heading west. Creek on eastern side at corner of this bend looks a "goer". Map does not show creek reaching river, but it does. St. Albans map often has this characteristic in the Colo Gorge. High ledges all along the river are carpeted with massed flannel flowers. Banks handsome with water gums, bottle brush, red tea-trees, trigger plants and an occasional flooded gum and turpentine. Big creek at 544887 has a good run of water and has thrown a rocky barrier almost across the Colo to form a large and beautiful circular pool.
- 3.55 - 4.05 p.m. Food and drink at 545874.
- 5.25 - 5.55 p.m. At the big bend at 568860. Another glorious stretch of sand. Access can be gained to Grassy Hill from here, via the steep slope at 568860 or via the second creek downstream (the one which the map shows ending at a junction and not reaching the river). Incipient rebellion in party. Some want to camp, but I relied on meeting Don between here and Tambo Creek, so we carry on. Scrub increasing.
- 6.20 - 6.25 p.m. At 552861
- 6.50 p.m. Met Don at 550858. Slow going in this bend on right bank. Lawyer vine, myrtles, fallen timber and assorted scunge. Good overhang at back. The Colo a big pool in front of us. Don and I greeted with a warm handshake. I addressed him as Field Marshal this time, which makes amends for only conferring a General's title on him last time. Everyone swam and washed. I made Don a cup of tea which he later repaid with a cup of claret.

# Mountain Equipment.

There's an old saying:

HE TRAVELS FASTEST WHO TRAVELS ALONE.

That may be true. It can also be rather lonely if you're a "togetherness" type.

BUT.... It certainly is true that -

He travels most comfortably (AND PROBABLY PRETTY FAST) who travels light-weight;

See what we can do for you in the way of lightweight walking gear at

MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT.

167 Pacific Highway, NORTH SYDNEY,

Telephone 929 - 6504

10.0 p.m. Rain began, so we all head for the overhang.

Sunday, November 14.

6.00 a.m. Up to another cloudy morning, but no rain.

7.35 a.m. Another rebellion. My projected early start not achieved. Neville and I away through the scunge around the bend.

8.10 - 8.25 a.m. At 555852. Another sandy beach about 400 yards long. Neville takes photos while Bill and Helen catch up.

8.55 - 9.10 a.m. At 558837

9.45 - 10.20 a.m. At Tambo Creek. Good flow. More rebellion. Fire lit. and billy boiled. If you want to keep to a schedule, always (1) confiscate matches: (2) cigarettes; and (3) never stop to look at your map when in view of the party.

11.25 - 11.45 a.m. Very close to Main Creek. Stood and watched numerous large bass lazily cruising in big pool. Nice area at Main Creek.

12.30 - 2.0 p.m. Swim, lunch, sunbake at Angorawa Junction. Now a fine sunny day, but thunder rumbles in the distance.

2.45 - 3.45 p.m. And then it happened - THE STORM. It came upon us with great suddenness, and violence as we reached the end of the flat rock section of Angorawa Creek. Barely time to crouch under a rock as huge hailstones as hard as rocks and formed of clear ice, roared down upon us. Our meagre shelter inadequate. Made a quick dash for a commodious overhang. Temperature dropped about 20°. Bitterly cold. Lit fire. Hail covered everything so thickly that we seemed to be in the midst of an English Christmas scene. Waterfalls began roaring down the cliffs. Angorawa Creek rose several feet in no time at all, and now looks highly dangerous.

5.05 - 5.20 p.m. At 597837 after a slow journey up Angorawa, crawling over and under fallen trees and rocks. Crossed with the aid of large boulders and water gums. Bill very sick.

5.55 - 5.45 p.m. Atop the first rocks. We could still see the foaming water below through the mist. Rain ceased for a little while but began again as we got up the next cliff and stayed with us thereafter. Steered our way along the ridge, through the saddles and wet scrub, and over frozen hailstones, with the darkness coming down. Bill becoming worse.

8.30 p.m. The fire road near Drip Rock. Bitterly cold. Shivering sets in if we stop for any length of time. Bill now in bad shape.

10.0 p.m. The Putty Road. Kind hearted Bill and his trusty Toyota drove us all home. The travail of the storm and the flooded creek and the wet and scrubby ridge were quickly forgotten

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And thus, in two week-ends we covered the Cap-tee from Glen Davis, the Colo to Parr West, as well as the Culoul Range, Boorai Creek and Angorawa Creek. Next winter we hope to make an assault on the ridges across the Colo.

ECHO FROM THE PAST

(Several months ago we promised that we would re-print a poem by Kath Mackay which in our view is the best thing ever written for the Club magazine. Originally published in January 1950, surely the December/Christmas issue is the best time to introduce it to present members, some of whom may feel as I do that the final "stanza" is the nearest to a Walkers' Creed they have read)

Bivouac

Here for a span of three short days was home,  
these few square yards of canvas, and some cord  
tautened by casual sticks and metal pins,  
the earth itself our anchor. Here we lived,  
tramped the bush tracks, prepared prodigious meals,  
pursued our pleasant necessary tasks,  
ate, drank, were merry; and when evening came  
stretched limbs well-wearied to the friendly fire,  
and warmed our hearts in kindly comradeship.

Now, we depart; and on the springing turf  
scarce lingers yet the imprint of our bed.  
Only a whisp of fern, some blackened stones  
remain, mute witness to our sojourn here,  
and in the sunlit silence blue wren flits,  
prospecting with his little brownie wife  
for morsels hidden from the human glance.

There have been conquerors who strode the earth,  
and men acclaimed them; but the embittered soil  
brought forth no harvest where their feet had passed,  
and the torn hills might wait two decades long  
before the deep woods clothed their flanks again.

Paltry ambition this, and negative,  
but fame enough: when we pack up at last  
our bivouac of threescore years and ten  
sufficient if we leave no hurt to mar  
earth's face or man's: but only, where we lived  
may there be sunlight and such sense of peace  
that wanderers who come upon the place  
must pause, and say "Someone was happy here".



"Nice Country ... Farther out".

by Jim Brown.

On the Sunday of the June holiday week-end I was returning from Mount Pomany to Nullo Mountain feeling quite pleased with myself. On this, the third time at Pomany, the weather had been kind, I had seen the views over WiddinBrook and the valleys to the north, and taken a few slides which I felt might be good. I had no other immediate territorial ambitions in the Nullo-Widdin-Pomany country, and was just a bit sad at the thought of not coming back that way for some time.

Then, as I climbed out of the amazing saddle between Mount Cox and Nullo, I met a chap on horseback, heading outwards to Pomany with two dogs and about ten head of cattle. We exchanged the usual pleasantries, and he put the usual question "What are you looking for out there?"

It's an awkward one to answer, so I simply said I thought Pomany and its surrounds were amongst the most attractive parts of the Northern Blue Mountains. He nodded speculatively, and replied "there's some nice country further out ... we used to have a track about 4 or 5 miles on past Pomany".

I meant to ask what he considered "nice country", but somehow the topic changed, and we didn't get back to it. Afterwards, when I thought about it, I became curious about this "nice country". Was it, I wondered, like parts of Nullo and Cameron - high basalt crowns, parklike, with grasses and scattered forest. Another inducement was the fact that it was probably almost untrodden by other walkers. At all events, it was a good excuse for going back into the region, and furthermore it allowed me a chance to try finding the Cedar Creek route down into Widdin. Two years before, having read in a National Parks Association journal of a bush road from Nullo into Widdin via Cedar Creek, I had tried to locate it, and instead reached Widdin by a jeep trail taking a longer route to the north west down Myrtle Creek.

Thus, on the same week-end in mid-September when the Finch/Harrison two-way assault on the Colo was mounted, I took out a day's leave on the Monday, and Saturday morning saw me glissading northward along the basalt mud of Nullo, finally deciding it was discreet to park on a firm patch a few miles short of Mannie Morrison's property at the end of the road.

Rather, it used to be the end of the road, but when I passed Morrison's gate at 11.15 a.m., the bush road bore evidence of regular use, and there was a string of new telephone poles partnering it. About  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles along, the trampled mud surface ended at a most elaborate fence 8-ft. high, with a lower apron of rabbit-proof mesh. A notice said the key to the gate could be obtained from the homestead, but I felt convinced that, if there were a side trail into Cedar Creek, it must diverge hereabouts, so I elected to skirt around the fence to the east.

When I rejoined the main trail some  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile onward, I was pretty certain I wasn't going to get down into Cedar Creek but would follow the Myrtle Creek road once again. Well, it's a pleasant walk anyway, mostly over agreeable basalt country, but finally diving down into Myrtle Creek through some wildly dissected sandstone ridges.

About 4.0 p.m. I was out in the clear part of Myrtle Creek, following the smoothly contoured grasslands down towards Widdin. Myrtle Creek flows almost east at this point: the cliffs on the northern side form a high escarpment, broken by some small gullies, but on the south the cliff wall has broken into a chain of monoliths, all of which were glowing with late afternoon light. "Myrtle Glen", the first (and only) property in the creek before you join Widdin, came up just before 5.0 p.m., and with it some illumination. The owner said there was an old horse trail (not a road) down Cedar Creek, but it branched off well before Morrison's place, and to the best of his knowledge hadn't been used for some years. Apparently the story of a bush road down Cedar Creek really related to the Myrtle Creek trail I had twice followed.

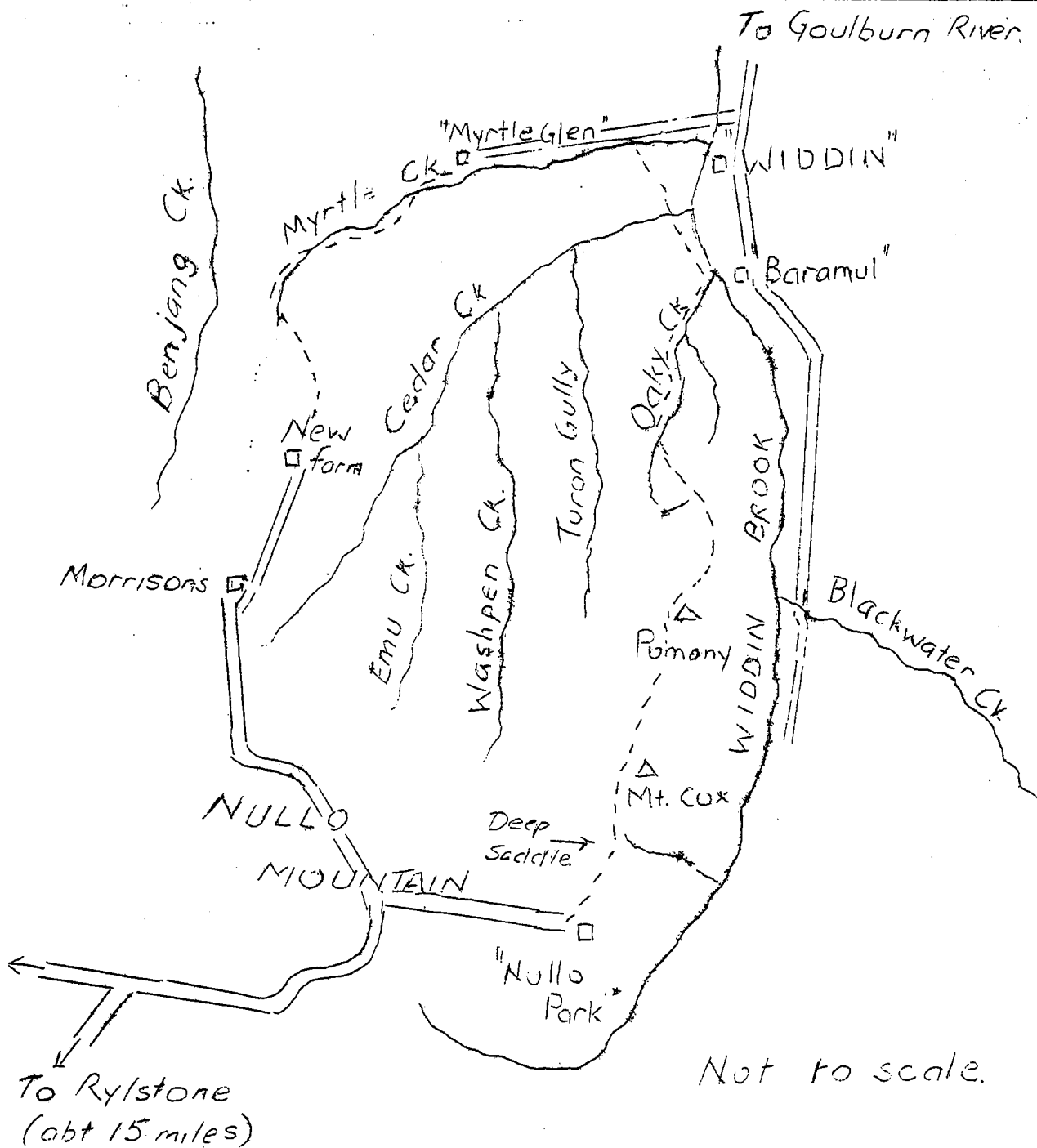
Now, about the way out. He couldn't recommend the places I had in mind, in the valleys behind King Ranch such as Turon Gully or Washpen Creek. Anyway they wouldn't bring me up to the "nice country" I had heard about. Yes, there was some pleasant country up there, locally known as the "Tidbinnings" (or he may have said "Tinbinnings"). It was, he told me, grassy highland country with box forest, and rather like some of the ridges I'd been over on the trail down from Nullo. Now, there was a way he'd heard about ... going up Oaky Creek, just behind the stud farm "Baramul" and a mile or two further up Widdin: it was reputed to be a fairly open gully.

I camped a mile or so further down Myrtle Creek, and made a point of being away at first light on Sunday. After all, if Oaky Creek didn't "go", I had a longish trudge back to Nullo. Instead of following the road all the way, I cut across the big grassland area where Myrtle Creek, Cedar and Emu Creeks combined all converge on Widdin Brook, and shortly after seven o'clock I had entered the tree line where Oaky Creek flows out into Widdin. Breakfast now, and off again before 8.0 a.m., with the creek rising steadily and curving back into the south-west.

As my informant had said, it is a fairly open creek, with little water in its bed. Generally the floor of the stream gave the easiest going, although the banks were reasonably good too, the only hindrance being a fairly solid growth of some thorny variety of wattle in places. In a few spots it was rock scrambling for short stages, but there were camp-able places at intervals all the way up. The creek made height slowly, however, and it was over two hours before it breached the cliff line. A couple of side creeks entered on the left, and because they seemed to rise fairly quickly they tempted me, but I elected to stay in the main stream until, about 10.30 a.m. it was obvious I had reached a way out. At this point a very small side gully came in on the left (east); and between it and the continuation of the main creek there was a steep, but obviously negotiable slope.

A few hundred feet up and I was on broken basalt rock, which in places formed scree slopes a few yards in extent. This persisted until, something after 11.15 a.m. I emerged on the ridge top at a point where blue distances seemed to reach out on all sides, but the surrounding forest allowed only patchy views. Right on the crown of the ridge was a grassy area like a cricket oval, with a solitary tree in the centre. Clearly, I was in the

(Cont'd Page 12 - see also sketch map, Page 11)



Additional Day Walk, January 9, 1972.

An extra walk, not appearing on the summer programme has been set down for Sunday, January 9th. Details are:  
 Waterfall - Mooray Track - Morella Karong - Heathcote Creek - Waterfall.  
 Map - Heathcote Primitive Area. Six miles, Easy, with swimming.  
 Train - 8.20 a.m. from electric platforms. Tickets - Waterfall return.  
 Leader - Meryl Watman, Phone 57-8301 (Home).

"nice country", and it had to be admitted it was easy on the eyes, although the forest was less imposing than the big trees of some of the other basalt tops in the Northern Blue Mountains.

I dry-lunched in the cricket field, and began to work south, towards Pomany. Of course, the Singleton 1:250,000 map doesn't really tell you much, but somehow I had the impression I should angle a bit to the west around the head of gullies leading down into Widdin. In point of fact, I was so obsessed with the need to go westering home that I kept on blundering into the head of small streams all bending back towards the top of Oaky Creek. Once I found a small herd of cattle, and all the while it was this grassy landscape, lightly forested on the ridge tops, but moderately thick in some of the hollows.

In total I barged around for the best part of two hours without making much real progress, and was beginning to doubt that I'd even reach Pomany that night, when I topped another grassy ridge, followed it towards an obvious saddle ... and bingo ... a fine clear bridle trail waltzing away towards the south.

Almost immediately, however I was out of the "nice country" and back on the sandstone, but at least, there was no inducement for cattle to wander off the made trail in that harsher environment, and the track strode firmly along the ridge towards Pomany. Over the last mile or two there are a couple of basalt-capped hills, and these are carefully sidled by the track, which finally leads straight for the west-north-west wall of Pomany and emerges quite abruptly a few yards away from the rough hut at the base of the mountain. My arrival time was 4.10 p.m.

To all intents, that ends the tale of the "nice country", the Tidbiggings of Tinbinnings. Since there is water at the foot of Pomany - a rather rare thing in parts of the Northern Blue Mountains - I took my evening meal there, then notched up another couple of miles along the trail to camp in the dusk on the sidling to the west of Cox Mountain.

Monday morning brought me back past the deep saddle and up to Nullo, and at 11.0 p.m., almost exactly 48 hours after parking, I was back to the car.

It's all very attractive country, with more than its fair share of high parklike ridges. A reasonably strong party should have no great difficulty in covering it in two days, provided they were prepared to put in fairly long hours on both days, and if the cars could be deployed to save a couple of hours' trudge along the roads on Nullo. But ... I wouldn't recommend trying to reverse the direction of travel. Getting into Oaky Creek from the top could have some distinct problems, and you could wind up seeing only the nice country north from Pomany, and not all the other nice country that lies below and beyond.

Coming Walks - January 1972

by Pat Harrison

- January 7-8-9: Barry Wallace has a good walk which covers some grand river and creek scenery. Cobblestones in Breakfast Creek, green banks and casuarinas on the Cox, shallow water and a gravelly bed in the lower Jenolan River Canyon, fast-running water in Little River, and waterfalls in Galong Creek.  
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- January 8-9: Roger Gowing has a li-lo trip in Bell Creek. You must be able to swim and you must have a good li-lo (NOT a plastic one).
- January 9: Peter Levander has another of his better-quality day walks. This time he covers some old favourite ground in Rocky Waterholes Creek, Macarthur's Flat and Starlights Track - and only a couple of hours away from Sydney by car.  
Ø
- January 14-15-16: Don has a very nice river walk from Breakfast Creek to White Dog, being about 14 miles of the best river scenery imaginable. Lush campsites and good swimming holes. Don might tickle a trout for you.  
Ø
- January 15-16: This is the first Shoalhaven trip for some time. A Saturday start for those who are unable to get away Friday nights.  
Ø
- January 16: An easy day walk with Kath Brown with time for surfing on unspoiled beaches.
- January 21-22-23: A cascading trip through the Morong Deep with Ross Hughes. Waterproof packs - and you MUST be able to swim.
- January 23: A li-lo trip with Peter Levander - locality to be given. Good li-los and swimming ability essential.
- January 23: Swimming and sunbaking at Burning Palms with Roger Gowing.
- January 28-29-30-31: A car swap trip from the Naas River to Yaouk via Kelly (6001 ft.), Bimberi Peak (6274 ft.), Murray (6053 ft.) and Morgan (6147 ft.). Clear streams, alpine meadows decked with flowers, handsome snow gums, and crisp camps in a springtime climate. For those who want to walk.
- January 28-29-30-31: Don takes it easy on a south coast beach. Surf, sun, fishing, and the attendant sybarite pastimes. For those who do not want to walk.

# Ausventure —

"Beauty, spiced with wonder,  
is the greatest lure to travel"

If you agree with that,

If you would like to know about our foot trips  
in Nepal, India, Africa, U.S.A.,  
New Guinea and Fiji,

Please drop a line to Ausventure, P.O. Box 54,  
Mosman, N.S.W. 2088.

or 'phone us at 960-1677.

W. M. M. Deacock,  
Director.

Membership Notes

by Geoff Mattingley  
Membership Secretary.

Well, once more we realise that yet another year has slipped by without anyone noticing. However, the objective of club membership was achieved by four people at the last committee meeting for 1971. Congratulations are in order for Deirdre Jones, Nora Freeman, Dennis Brown and Bill Terpstra. Dennis is well known in bushwalking circles having been a member of the C.M.W. for some years. Bill has been around so long that everyone thought he was already a member, but after a little coaxing he took the plunge and signed up.

We extend a warm welcome to the following new prospectives:

Alastair Battye  
George Hassapladakis  
Andrew Smith  
Jill Robertson

Ron Smythe  
Johanna van den Bos  
Peter Downes

Due to the Christmas break, I will list prospective members whose term expires at the end of December and also at the end of January. This means that they should either be ready to appear before the committee or request an extension of prospective membership.

Firstly, those in December (i.e. be ready by the January committee meeting):

Leigh Sheridan  
Lynne Carrodus  
Bronwyn Shelper  
Patricia Stewart

Pauline Brown  
Peter Miller  
Joamy Smith

Now, those in January - they should be ready to appear before the committee at its February meeting.

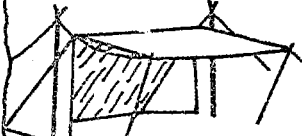
Robert Bagatella  
Beresford Carter  
Peter Etchell  
John Horrocks  
Johanna Powilanska

David Bover  
George Catchpoole  
Bob Hodgson  
Alan Miller

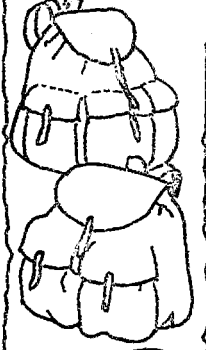
As before, I would be grateful if this information could be passed on to those concerned by anyone who is able to do so.

My saxophone is running out of ink, so I will stop playing and wish you all a Merry Christmas.

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# PADDY MAIDE

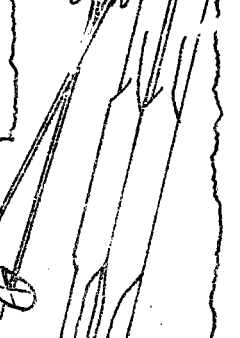
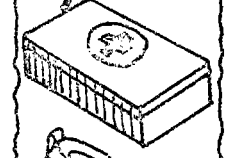
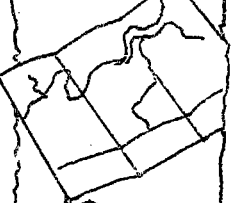
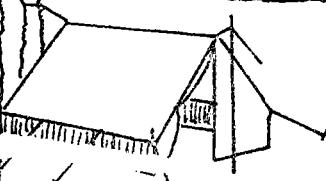
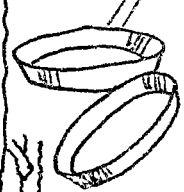
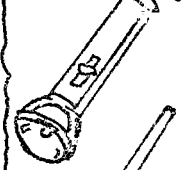
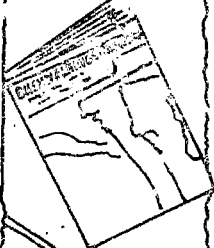
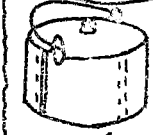
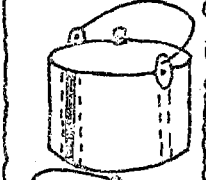


So, you're just about to set out on that long holiday trip... you know, the one you've had in mind for a year or so.

Well, may the weather smile on you, and may you find it all you've dreamed about.

In fact, while we're about it, here's to very good walking all through 1972.....

aided and abetted by packs, sleeping bags, tents, groundsheets and all the other walking and camping gear that is best if you get it from



**PADDY PALLIN**  
65 Liverpool Street, Sydney  
(not far down the hill from George Street)

Phone 26 - 2685

**PADDY PALLIN** Pty. Ltd.  
Lightweight Camp Gear  
69 LIVERPOOL STREET, SYDNEY  
26-2685



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Federation Notes, November 1971

by Ray Hookway

Fourteen delegates representing 9 clubs and two visitors attended the November meeting chaired by Gordon Edgecombe.

Concession Train Fares

A letter received from the Railways Department rejected a Federation application on behalf of the Bush Club for weekend concession fares for bushwalkers. The higher train fares are already having a noticeable effect on the attendances on some day walks.

Minto Wallerawang Power Line

In company with Federation Delegate Gordon Edgecombe, I attended a meeting with engineers of the Electricity Commission to discuss the proposed route of the above 330KV power line.

The line will probably not be built until 1973 and the final route will depend largely upon the views of both the Blue Mountains City Council and the Water Board, but the Electricity Commission engineers were very sympathetic to Federation views and agreed that strong attempts should be made to keep the proposed route away from Medlow Gap and the Wild Dogs area. The Blue Mountains City Council propose to upgrade the Narrow Neck Clear Hill road as a tourist road, and are concerned that the proposed power line will detract from the scenic outlooks.

The Commission stated that clearing would be minimal, any access roads would be temporary and used only during construction of the route, and that masts would be painted to blend in as much as possible with the background. The Commission would prefer to route the line along the railway line but the Blue Mountains City Council of course are very strongly against this route also.

Conservation

Meetings were held during the month to protest against the airport proposal at Duffy's Forest and against the sand mining at Myall Lakes. Club members are again requested to write to their local member and to the Ministers of Lands and of Mines, to protest against the mining in the Myall Lakes area.

Another possible attack on our national parks came with the news that Wattamolla is included on the short list of possible sites for Sydney's second airport. "Progress at any price?"

Mistakes on new Blue Mountains Tourist map

Two small mistakes on the new lands department tourist map have been reported.

Walls Pass is indicated in the wrong position. The recently revived Warragamba Club who have just marked Duncans Pass with painted

arrows, will also mark the correct route to Walls Pass via the second chimney on Clear Hill, not the first as shown on the map.

The road along Boucher Ridge shown on the new map as extending the whole length of the ridge actually only goes to the B on Boucher.

Next Meeting - The December meeting of Federation will be held a week earlier on Tuesday, December 14th in the second committee room of the Scots Church.

\*\*\*\*\*

CONGRATULATIONS are in order for ---

Dorothy and Alan Pike - married November 20th \*\*\*\*\*

Ruth and Bob Jones - married December 4th \*\*\*\*\*

Lesley Wood and Doone Wyborn - recently engaged.  
(My, what a geological partnership!)

\*\*\*\*\*

#### WANTED

Anyone who has been in Bungonia Gorge and seen actual evidence of damage from the spoil which is being tipped out by the A.P.C.M. Cement Company, or, better still, been hit by a rock from said tipping, is asked to get in touch with Colin Ferguson (Office telephone 80.0595) or Milo Dunphy. They are collecting evidence for an enquiry which is to be held on the subject in the Mining Warden's Court in the State Office Block, Sydney, in February. Col is the solicitor handling the matter for the National Parks Association. He would like as many people as possible to be able to devote 10 minutes of their time (at a date he will tell you, in February) giving evidence to the Warden at the enquiry. Note: This is not a Court case.

\*\*\*\*\*

MYALL LAKES: Stop the mining!!!!

Write to your Federal member lodging your protest!

Let us have a mine-free NATIONAL PARK.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### DON'T FORGET TO REMEMBER THAT

The Club Room will be closed on December 22, December 29 and January 5. So we'll all meet again in the new year - till then, happy walking.

Survey into your Social Life

It has been said that you can't please all the people all the time, but our Acting Social Secretary would like to please more people most of the time.

Hence this attempt to discover your preferences in this field of Club activities.

You are invited to complete this form, and return it to the Secretary, together with any ideas of your own to guide Spiro and future Social Secretaries as to the kind of social events you would like.

WOULD YOU RECOMMEND MORE -	<u>YES</u>	<u>NO</u>
(a) Members' Slide Nights .....		
(b) Talks by people from outside the Club .....		
(c) Free nights .....		
(d) Theatre Parties .....		
(e) Play Nights .....		
(f) Debates .....		
(g) Parties .....		

Any further comments? -

