

The Sydney Bushwalker

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

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Meetings at the Club Room on Wednesday evenings after 7.30 p.m.

Enquiries regarding Club - Marcia Shappert, Tele. 30-2028.

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Editor Spiro Ketas, 104/10 Wylde Street, Potts Point, 2011
Tel. 357 - 1381 (Home)

Typist Sheila Binns
Duplication Jim Vatiliotis

Business Manager Ramon U'Brien, 7/25 Dartbrook Rd., Auburn,
Tel. 888-6444 (Business)

IN THIS ISSUE.

From the Editor		Page 2
At the February General Meeting		3
Federation Jottings	Heather Williams	4
Land of the Altjira, Part II	Dot Butler	5
Paddy's Advertisement		6
Fon Don's Trip to Kosciusko	Spiro Ketas	9
The Genuine Cabbage Tree Hat		11
Ausventure Advertisement		12
Obituary for Minard Crommelin	Dorothy Lawry	13
Coming Talks	Pat Harrison	14
Federation S & R Meetings - new style	Owen Marks	15
Mountain Equipment Advertisement		16
Club Officers, 1972 -3		17
Membership Notes	Geoff Mattingley	18
Federation Reunion, 1972		18

From the Editor

Parting Shot.

Because of time factors the March magazine necessarily falls between two stools. It is produced after the Annual Meeting, and so carries the name of the new Editor as well as (we hope) a complete list of the other incoming office bearers. But the initial moves towards the compilation of the March Issue obviously have to be taken by the retiring team.

What then should an Editor say who will certainly not be Editor by the time the magazine is in the hands of the readers? Of course, it would be a wonderful opportunity to utter one's most provocative thoughts regardless of whether they would upset some susceptibilities. Sort of going out with a bang instead of a whimper.

Looking back on the past twelve months, however, it seems we have been provocative on one or two occasions while still in a position to have to face the consequences, but there do not appear to have been any serious repercussions. Probably, like the editorial page in most journals, it is the least read part of the publication.

That being the case, we may as well refrain from stirring the pot, and simply go along with a nice, well-intentioned whimper.

In each year there are quite a few good walks into new or almost new country - and of them perhaps one quarter are reported in the magazine for the benefit of others who would like to cover the same or similar ground. On practically every walk there are humorous incidents or quotable remarks which would make delicious gossip paragraphs - and almost all go unrecorded.

There is a real danger that the magazine will become more and more an instrument of the Club, bearing announcements, reports on conservation activities, and a lot of other useful information, but losing its character as a living record of what people in the Club at this time are doing and saying. The kindest thing you can do for the new Editor is to give him the material that will allow him to make the magazine a really interesting account of the Sydney Bushwalkers and their activities in 1972.

The February General Meeting

Coming after the surprisingly well-attended January get-together, we could marshal only about 30 people (less at the outset) for February's business meeting. Three new members were welcomed, Paul Harmata, Bernard Rostron, and Bob Hodgson, and another, Valerie Hannaford was named, but not present. During the course of the meeting it was made known that the cloth badges for attachment to packs, clothes, etc. were now available at 85c. per flannel flower.

Preliminaries were disposed of quickly: no one disputed the January minutes, or wanted to bring up any matters arising: and the Secretary expressed regrets that the correspondence had not been brought in, but outlined the significant items - none of great moment. The Treasurer filled us in with financial matters, and told us the end of the Club year on January 31st saw \$791 in kitty. A few questions were posed as to whether some of this should be invested, and it was explained that we already had something in bonds, and received interest on the Club's special cheque account.

Pat Harrison presented the account of January's walking, which was better than one might have expected in the almost record rains of that month, although it had led to cancellation of three trips. Peter Levander's Kanangra/Christy's Creek trip over New Year week-end brought out 9; the next week-end Barry Wallace's two-man team found high water in Jenolan and Little Rivers, and Roger Gowing's proposed trip to Mount Wilson was diverted to a trip down Claustrol Canyon (8 people present). The vigorous day walk in the Nattai country taken by Peter Levander had 11, including 8 prospectives.

Came the middle week-end of January, when Don Finch's trip was abandoned owing to acute dampness, and so was the Shoalhaven River jaunt to be led by Alan Pike. The day walk was Kath Brown's to Burning Palms, with 5 starters, and the trip amended to avoid wading the flooded Hacking River. Things were still soggy by the 21/23 January week-end, so that Ross Hughes altered his Morong Deep trip to Cox's River, and five went along. Peter Levander proposed a lilo trip based on Mount Wilson, and the party of five actually got that far before abandoning the project. It was understood Roger Gowing's day walk carried on with a total of 16, but details were unknown.

To conclude, there were two programmed jaunts for the Australia Day holiday, one taken by Ross Hughes in the high mountains south-west from Canberra. Sixteen people went, but churlish weather resulted in some amendment of the plans. For Don Finch's leisurely beach week-end on the South Coast 7 S.B.W. and 6 visitors were along, braving heavy rain on the forward trip on Saturday, but having two bright days for surfing and fishing thereafter.

Ray Hookway gave a brief run-down of Federation doings, which have already been covered in magazine reports, after which we were already at General Business, with Dot Butler canvassing single shares in Mineral Deposits Ltd. so that we could embarrass the rutile miners in the same was as the projected Colong limestone quarriers. Dot went on to report on affairs at the Club's Kangaroo Valley Property, Coolana. Some unresolved problems of access remained, and when Dot had sketched the situation on the blackboard it was resolved to ask the Lands Department to allow us lease of a small area (about 3 acres) along our southern boundary to facilitate this. It seemed that the problem arose mainly from the fact that the official entry was not in fact usable, and the trail we are using is highly irregular - it should actually pass through the kitchen of the homestead just beside it.

Arising from a subject first mentioned in January, Pat Harrison presented some information on the feasibility of the Club's producing a printed magazine. Indications were that about 1000 copies could be produced for roughly \$300, but if 5 advertisements at, say, \$30 each could be obtained, and the publication qualified for the book bounty, the price could come down to about \$400. Pat proposed selling at 50c. per copy, and went on to move that the Club set aside \$500 for a first issue, and earmark \$1 from each member's subscription in the coming year (possibly for a further issue). Dot Butler here intervened to suggest the proposal may be better held over for discussion at the Annual Meeting, and this was agreed to. Lesley Wood observed that a magazine produced by the Speleological Society had been experiencing financial troubles.

As the meeting closed just before 9.30 Nancye Alderson mentioned the relief we must all feel at the abandonment of the Clutha South Coast proposals. Arising from this it was said that it seemed unlikely that fresh mines would be opened in Burragorang in the near future, although production from the existing collieries would continue.

FEDERATION JOTTINGS

by Heather Williams.

Reclamation of empty cans - Gadsden Hughes Ltd., Queens Road, Five Dock, accept empty cans - cans must be clean and labels removed.

Kangaroo Orphanage - Garth Moreland at Dural, runs an unofficial Kangaroo Orphanage. He has lately had to add extra land for this project, and donations would be helpful.

Nature Conservation Council - Two vacancies exist on the executive of this body - suggestions of people who could be co-opted would be welcomed.

Myall Lakes Committee - Mineral Deposits will hold its Annual Meeting on April 18 at Surfers' Paradise. Shareholders should try to be present.

Paddy Pallin's Orienteering Contest will be held the last week-end in May.

S & R MEETINGS - see Page 15: Federation Re-union - See Page 16.

Journey through the Land of AltjiraPart IIDot Ritter

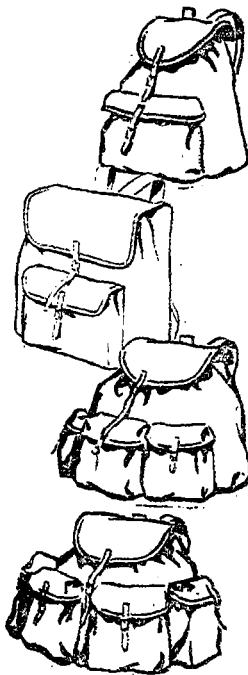
But there was to be no dallying in the fleshpots. Next morning, having packed up our food, we were in the taxi again, this time heading for the Ormiston Gorge towards the western end of the MacDonnells. We camped for the night in the upper part of the Gorge; there were carcasses of dead cattle in the lower part and a keen wind made it somewhat unpleasant. This night wind, the catabatic wind, blood brother to the Willy Willy, we got to know quite well. It comes skirmishing over the land just after sundown, swoops like a mischievous spirit upon the camp blowing awry the neatly laid groundsheets and sleeping bags, upending billies and flinging harsh scatterings of sand into the food. With eyes squinting half-closed for protection we would rush to rescue our gear and weigh it down with stones, then return to our cooking fire. One morning we spent a good hour hunting up and down the gorge for Joan's aluminium plate. We simply had to find it as it was the lid of the utensil in which she made the daily damper.

That night, sleeping in sandy wallows amongst the scattered stones, I was awakened by the sound of hooves stumbling among the stones. I sat up and found myself staring into the lowered head and startled eyes of a big black bull. He crashed away and the sound of irate bellowing diminished in the distance. The next night he came creeping back very quietly and carefully, perishing for a drink. These wild scrub animals are man-shy as they are not very frequently handled.

The next day, while the others were photographing, I went up the north tributary of the Ormiston River, which developed into a steep rocky canyon, and I counted the pools which appeared to be permanent. There were 13, the last quite a deep circular pool in an amphitheatre at the base of a 100 ft. high dry waterfall chute. Digby, who has a talent for coining telling names, called this the Canyon of the 13 Pools, and the huge rock wall on its right he called the Red Wall of China.

Next day we walked six miles across the desert to Mt. Giles (Aboriginal name: Ltarkalibaka), with the Red Wall of China on our left and the Three Old Maids on our right. We camped in a dry river-bed where there was more room for manoeuvring than up in a nearby gorge which we called the 2-Pools Gorge. We had to climb up here for our water. Gerry, doing a bit of reconnoitring up the gorge, had to detour up a rock wall to avoid a tree-choked area. He found himself eventually so high up the mountain that he carried on and climbed to the top of Giles that afternoon.

That night, snug in my dry-leaf bed in a sandy watercourse I revelled in the luxury of our lives. Talpa, the moon, sailed majestically across the sky.

**BUNYIP RUCKSACK**

This 'shaped' rucksack is excellent for children. Useful day pack. Weight 14ozs

SENIOR RUCKSACK

A single pocket, shaped rucksack. Suitable for overnight camping. Weight 1½lbs

BUSHMAN RUCKSACKS

Have sewn-in curved bottom for extra comfort in carrying. Will hold 30 lbs. 2 pocket model 1½lbs 3 pocket model 1½lbs

PIONEER RUCKSACK

is an extra large bag with four external pockets and will carry about 40lbs of camp gear. Weight 2½lbs

MOUNTAINEER DE LUXE

Can carry 70lbs or more. Tough lightweight terylene/cotton, proofed fabric with special P.V.C. reinforced base. 20" x 17" x 9" proofed nylon extension throat with double draw cord for positive closure. Flap has full sized zip pocket of waterproof nylon. Outside pocket. Bag is easily detached from the frame to form a 3' sleeping bag cover for cold, wet conditions. Weight 6lbs

MOUNTAINEER

Same features as de luxe model except for P.V.C. bottom reinforcing. Weight 5½lbs

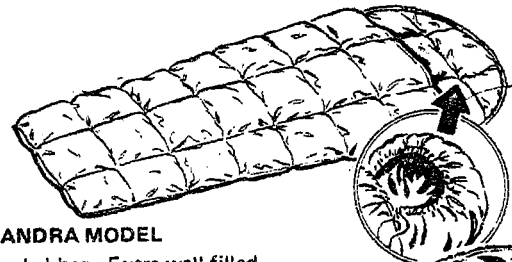
TRAMPER FRAME RUCKSACK

Young people and ladies will find this pack a good one. It will carry sufficient camping equipment and food for 3 or 4 days or more. Has 3 pockets, capacity about 30 lbs. Weight 4lbs.

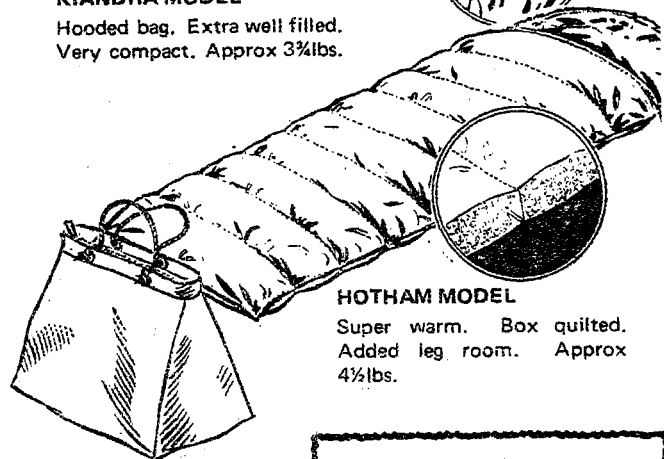


Paddy made

Lightweight bushwalking and camp gear

**KIANDRA MODEL**

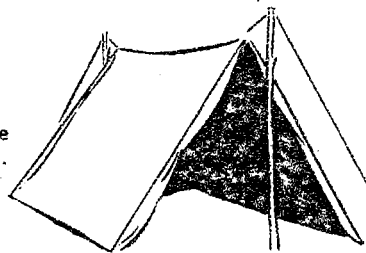
Hooded bag. Extra well filled. Very compact. Approx 3½lbs.

**HOTHAM MODEL**

Super warm. Box quilted. Added leg room. Approx 4½lbs.

CARRYING BAGS

P.V.C. or nylon.

**'A' TENTS**

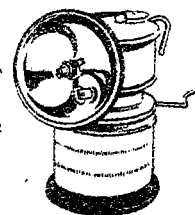
One, two or three man. From 2½ to 3½lbs

**WALL TENTS**

Two, three or four man. From 3½ to 4½lbs



Compasses dry, oil filled or wrist types.
Maps. Large range.
Bushwalking books.
Freeze dried and dehydrated foods.
Stoves and lamps.
Aluminium cook ware.
Ground sheets.
Everything for the bushwalker.



Paddy Pallen

On the ground under the trees the strong moonlight etched a delicate tracery of dark lines. Tjinawariti, the Southern Cross, wheeled overhead, turned over and dipped out of sight behind the dark bulk of a distant mountain. A haunting loneliness brooded over the moonlit sandhills. Gerry decided that next time he comes to Central Australia he will do all his walking at night when the moon is full. As I dropped to sleep I could hear the pounding feet of a kwalba (a sandhill wallaby ancestor) going past my bed.

Next morning we all climbed Mt. Giles, over 4,000 ft. high. Giles and Sondar are the most spectacular mountains in the MacDonnells. From our rocky summit we could see the beautiful shape of Mt. Sondar standing out clearly against the blue sky. Some of us had climbed it on a previous occasion. Always it will remain in my memory as "the pink marble mountain", home of dark-green callitris trees and small rock wallabies.

Gerry and Henry stayed on top of Giles to get photographs when the sinking afternoon sun would be painting the rocks with rich reds and purples. Joan and Frank and I started on the descent. We selected a flank of the mountain that looked to be a reasonable slope and not too overgrown, but when we got onto it we found the low green cover it supported was spinifex marching down the hillside and over the orange sand like a great army of grey-green hedgehogs. We danced a course down the slope dodging the spines till we reached a rocky gully filled with a type of burrawong palm, its large dry seeds scattered in sandy hollows and looking just like eggs in a hen's nest. Here, also, were some fine specimens of ghost gums with their peculiarly light-green foliage and their flat-white, matt-white trunks which look as though they have been freshly kalsomined. The whiteness is caused by a thin film of gum or resin which wipes off on the fingers.

Eventually we breasted a low sandhill and dropped into camp, and soon afterwards Henry and Gerry appeared with what they hoped would turn out to be spectacular photographs.

Next day we followed the Giles Range westward inspecting all the gorges for water. We found one of the loveliest gulches we had yet seen, full of well-grown trees but also full of the carcasses of dead brumbies and cattle. Here was a permanent spring of flowing water and bright green grass. Up the gorge a bit, past a rock bar which prevented cattle from getting any further, was a beautiful camp spot which would be big enough for 50 people. Retracing our steps to the mouth of the gulch, we continued along to the western end of the Giles Range and camped for the night.

Henry had decided that he was going to have nothing but beautiful pictures in his book, but Frank argued that it would not be true to life without some dead animals included, so early next morning we returned to the charnel house for photographs. It was not a place where one would want to linger, so some of us moved on. Suddenly Joan said, "Where's Henry?" "It's all right", said Gerry, "he's waiting back there to get the light right on a dead cow". Henry duly appeared and, contrary to his original squeamishness, gave us an enthusiastic description of a stark white rib-cage, black eye sockets and grinning teeth which should make a fine composition.

Many cattle-pads led to and from this permanent waterhole, the sandy loam churned up by the cleft hooves of mobs of wandering animals. We had been warned of the danger of scrub bulls and camels, particularly the latter. In the rutting season the bull camel is a terrifying and dangerous beast and will chase any man or animal which crosses its path. Would we be treed by such a one and spend days in the branches waiting for our captor to get bored and go away? As we wound our way along the cattle pads I kept an eye open for likely climbing trees, but the small groups of cattle we encountered all turned tail and fled at our approach. Besides cattle we saw some horses and a leggy foal, beautiful wild-eyed animals with long flowing manes and tails.

Twelve miles across the desert we could see the cleft of Ormiston Gorge, our day's destination. The Central Australian sandhill regions are not an unbroken waste of sand-dunes; many small rocky outcrops rise up out of them, amongst which we threaded our way. After a fortnight in this type of country we were all now seasoned travellers and each felt like testing his own ability at route finding. So we all went our separate ways, meeting up from time to time then parting again as some would decide to go over a low hill and others around it. Joan showed initiative by starting out to cut across a great fan of rocky outcrops rather than keep within it, and I followed her lead. However she was eventually lured back to Frank. I kept going across the grain, as it were, and found it led to easy going along a dry river bed which led all the way to Ormiston Gorge. Soon Gerry came steaming along too and we had time for a swim at Ormiston while waiting for the others to arrive.

We camped in the Upper Ormiston and in the deep waters of the gorge Frank found an improvised punt made of four drums lashed together under a framework of boards. We planned to float through on this next day. However, when the time came the boys were a bit chary about the risk of wetting their cameras and Gerry's sketches so they took the hard way and climbed over the mountain instead. Joan and I took to the water. Joan and the packs floated on the raft and I swam behind, pushing. The water was very cold but stimulating. The wind was behind us for the first part of the gorge, but when we had to make a right-angled turn it was against us and pushing the punt was hard work. At last we reached the sandy shore and crawled out. We dried off in the sun till we saw the boys coming down the mountainside when we had to put our clothes on.

Now all that remained was for us to amble down the Gorge. The taxi we had ordered arrived at 2.0.p.m. and so back to Alice.

So the journey ended and next day we returned home. Work will engage our attention for another year, but some still morning we will awake to feel strong fingers tugging at our hearts and we needs must arise and go whither the Stranger beckons - back to the haunting hills dreaming forever under the sun, back to the benediction of clear waterholes scattered like song in the pink marble gorges, and back with the fine vital companions who love and have earned the respect of this land so ancient yet so new.

Fon Don's Christmas Kosci. Trip

by Spiro Ketas

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" chortled the drunk, peering through the VW's windows as we were about to leave Wynyard, after having stacked in four bods and four packs. "Give an old pensioner a few bob for Christmas".

"Here, don't drink it all," retorted Dot, "buy yourself some good food". With that we handed over 20c. each and set off full of Christmas goodwill to all men.

It was 8.15 as we drove off and, after a slow, wet journey, highlighted by spectacular thunderstorms, I and my three passengers, Dot Butler, Ian Younger and Allan Riches, arrived at the Berridale bull paddock at 3.30 on Christmas morning.

"Follow me!" shouted Dot, "I know where there's a good sleeping place". We vaulted the barbed wire fence and headed towards the centre of the paddock, only to be confronted by an enormous barricade.

"This wasn't here last time!"

We travelled east long it until stopped by the creek, then went until confronted by a huge hole, like a bomb crater, in the ground where a 200 ft. pine tree had been uprooted by a storm, and we gazed up 20 ft. to the top of its roots.

Three hours later we were awakened by the roosters and, after devouring two large jars of Dot's home preserved golden peaches, topped with cream, a fitting Christmas breakfast, we left the bull paddock, and about a mile out of Jindabyne spotted Don parked on the side of the road with all his doors opened and everything he possessed and Heather strewn over the roadside - a sight resembling the Georges River with the tide out.

"How much petrol have you got, Spyridon?" asked Don, approaching with a plastic tube at the ready.

"We'll swap you a cup of tea for a gallon", and as we sipped up the tea, he sucked up the petrol from our tank.

Later, at Charlotte's Pass, we were approached by the ranger, an American, who issued us with camping and walking permits, and instructed Don to report to their headquarters on completion of our trip. At 10 o'clock we started down the track, across the cold Snowy River and arrived at Blue Lake for an early lunch: as we were leaving, down came the rain out of a gun-metal sky. Off into the wind and rain the party headed towards the Crummer Range, at times walking, at times sliding over the unexpected snow drifts. These unusual summer snow patches really added an alpine

atmosphere to our trip, and our American friend, Cliff, was delighted to be experiencing a white Australian Christmas.

Camp was established on the south-eastern Twynam ridge under a clump of beautiful snow gums whose painted trunks were splendid cherry-red and green under the rain. Our tents were quickly pitched, and we retreated into them to escape the rain and to make up for our lost sleep. Two or three hours later, the rain having cleared, we emerged and prepared our evening meal. The white smoke from our three fires penetrated the snow gum forest and together with our pastel coloured tents and the aroma of cooking meat and fish, a typical bushwalker's scene added to, or detracted from, the natural beauty of the place.

A few hundred feet below us the Snowy River bubbled and twisted its way into the back waters of the Guthega catchment, and Illawong Hut could be seen snugly resting under the big shadow of the northern ridge of the Paralyser. Guthega village, clinging to the hillside, appeared rather inanimate without its accepted skiers and chimney-smoke. Once again we were forced to retreat to our tents as the rain and the wind, with full fury, fell on the earth.

It was dry and sunny when we arose for breakfast, and we ate in dry comfort and gazed at the view, appreciating once again the magnificent alpine scenery. At 9.15 we started off up the ridge towards Twynam, but alas, just as we approached Little Twynam, we were engulfed by a heavy mist. Don instructed us to keep together, and also strategically placed Peter and Allan where their step-kicking (as they were wearing boots) would measurably assist the party. Slowly, step by step, we fought our way against the wind towards the summit.

Near the trig station we noticed a funnel-web spider in the snow. Dot released one she had caught earlier, and placed it in the path of the other. They reared up at each other and embraced, so we left the frightening pair and headed towards Watson's Crags, where we had a dry morning tea break whilst admiring the view, which included the Grey Mare Range, the Geehi River 3000 ft. below, and Mount Jagungal in the distance.

Near Mount Carruthers we encountered Limited Migration Paul Sharpe, with only one immigrant, both wetter than wet, migrating over the snow fields. Due to the thick mist, we lost our leader, but after some love calls from Heather, Don reappeared from the direction of Carruthers Trig; then again due to the heavy mist we were astray until David Rostron realised we were at the top of Little Austria instead of heading towards Mount Lee and Lake Albina. Don corrected our course and in a short while we were sliding down the hillside towards our proposed campsite.

Not having any wood at all close to camp, we all headed in various directions to gather firewood, and those not fortunate enough to bring tent poles had to walk a mile down the creek right to the tree line to find suitable sticks. After a great deal of trouble a fire was lit and immediately 24 billies were on

the fire. Everyone somehow managed to cook their food and once again we were forced to run to our tents as the Heavens opened, formed a spout, and dropped its all over Lake Albina.

We examined the clouds next morning, decided that the weather was unfavourable, and headed back to our cars via Lake Albina hut. On the way out we drove to the Tinderry Mountains, where we had a final lazy day making the most of the warm sun.

The Genuine Cabbage Tree Hat.

(The following, which was published in the January, 1972, Newsletter of the Royal Australian Historical Society, has been forwarded by Mouldy Harrison as an item that might be of interest to walkers. Acknowledgements are due to the author, Earle Hooper of the Shoalhaven Historical Society, and the Royal Australian Historical Society.)

The Illawarra district was formerly the main source of supply of these hats, but they were also made commercially in Sydney. They were plaited of "straw" made from the unopened bud-leaf, the centre of the cabbage tree palm, the same bud which was frequently boiled and eaten as "cabbage".

In making the hats the young leaves of the fronds (called "hands") were split up and then the hands were dipped in boiling water three times at an interval of three days, during which they were hung on clothes lines to bleach, and then cut into narrow strips.

A small steel tool (often home-made) was used to split the material into strips from half to three-quarters of an inch wide, according to the neatness required; usually the plait was woven in four strands, but more could be used.

The straw braid was then sewn round and round with a very strong flax thread. The sewing being a very particular job, a stitch was taken at each tiny point on the edge of the braid where the straw was turned - at about ten stitches per inch.

Almost anyone could prepare the straw but the plaiting was usually done by men at night or on wet days. There was a good trade also in "hands" in bundles of 50 to 100 and sold by agents. According to size (width of brim), prices varied from 30/- (\$3) to £5 (\$10).

The cabbage tree hat was in wide demand in the west as the coolest hat made and stood up to years of wear by drovers and squatters. As late as 1923 a prize was given at the Hawkesbury Show for hats. The Museum of Applied Arts and Sciences has a hat preserved which some claim once belonged to the famous coach driver "Cabbage Tree Ned".

Ausventure —

AFRICA -

Our first group has just returned from visits to Ethiopia, Kenya, Tanzania and Mauritius. This was a successful pioneering effort and based on this we plan a repeat in December this year. Walks are planned in the Ethiopian Highlands near Gondar, in Kenya in the Ngong Hills, Longuenot Mountain, Aberdares, and an eight-day walk 'round the peaks' on Mount Kenya. The itinerary is such that hardy walkers or gentler ramblers of all ages can enjoy this holiday, which will also visit Game Parks in Kenya. The leader will be Mr. John Bechervaise who led our 1970 Everest trek.

NEPAL -

Applications are now being taken for this year's departures to Everest - leader Dr. Jon Stephenson - and to Annapurna - leader Warwick Deacock.

Closer to home and cheaper, we plan walking groups to New Guinea Highlands in August - leader Laurie Jeays - and Fiji Viti Levu treks - leader J. Bechervaise - Drive/walk to Cape York, the Centre, etc., take place March - October.

For catalogue:

AUSVENTURE,
P.O. Box 54,
MOSMAN, N.S.W. 2088

Telephone; 960-1677

Minard Crommelin, M.B.E.

by Dorothy Lawry

With the death on 4th February, 1972, of Miss Minard Crommelin of Pearl Beach, New South Wales lost one of its most dedicated conservationists. She was never a bushwalker but a number of the older members of The Sydney Bush Walkers met her through the Wild Life Preservation Society of Australia or their membership of the Blue Gum Forest Trust and were honoured with her friendship.

For many years Miss Crommelin was postmistress at Woy Woy and then became a relieving postmistress at various places. In 1936 at the age of 55 she retired and sought the help of other conservationists in finding the right place to make her home. Joe Turner and Roy Bennett were among those who helped her at this stage. After she had bought 7 acres up the gully from Pearl Beach, Charlie Pryde, Maurie Berry, David Stead and Dorothy Lawry were among those who worked there and helped in various ways.

Having invested all her savings in this bushland sanctuary, Minard Crommelin was able to persuade the Government to declare a large area of adjoining Crown land as a park for the preservation of flora and fauna and she was a member of the Board appointed to manage that park.

Along the south-eastern boundary of her property Miss Crommelin built her home, "Warra", a cottage for visitors, "Wee Warra", and a still smaller cottage for a workman, "Wee Warrawee". "Warra" contained a library to house the many beautiful and valuable books on Australian plants, birds, and animals she had bought over the years.

Once she was properly settled in her new home, Minard Crommelin offered the use of the property and "Warra" as a research centre to the University of Sydney. At first the students who stayed there from time to time were rather a nuisance, but later they realised that the privileges carried the responsibility of caring for the facilities, doing the necessary chores themselves and leaving the house clean so the privileges were not withdrawn.

Some years ago Minard Crommelin was awarded the M.B.E. for her work for conservation and education. She continued to live in "Wee Warra" for the rest of her life - she would have been 91 next June - and, we understand, has left the property to the University of Sydney so that the study and research work there can be continued: it will be a monument to a devoted woman.

David Stead and Dorothy Lawry, who were able to attend the funeral service at the North Sydney Crematorium on Tuesday, 8th February, were pleased to see among the thirty to forty people there many of differing ages who appeared to be university people.

Coming Walks

Pat Harrison

- April 7, 8, 9. John Campbell, who also came to the rescue of the programme and for whom heavenly blessings are also besought, leads a Test Walk from Carlon's Farm by track up to the Tinpot saddle and down Carlon's Creek, then perhaps a moderate amount of scrub up the Black Horse Range to the front of Warrigal, whence there is a track to Splendour Rock and one of the eyes of the mountains. Merrigal Creek is not bad going at all, and as there has been a lot of rain since Christmas the main waterfall should be worth seeing. Pleasant walking along the Cox and Breakfast Creek to Carlon's Creek and the farm.
- April 9. Bill Hall has done so much walking in the Heathcote Primitive Area that he could lead this pleasant ramble blindfolded. A track all the way, with lunch probably being taken overlooking the pool and waterfall on Myun~~st~~ Creek.
- April 14, 15,
16. The Annual Reunion of the N.S.W. Federation of Bushwalking Clubs will be held at Sugee Bag Creek near Spencer on the other side of the Hawkesbury River. Sydney Bushies are notable for their non-patronage of official events (true New South Welshmen in respect of this characteristic), but perhaps this year they will turn out in droves. Remember! the President of Federation is Ray Hookway and the Secretary is Phil Butt, both members of the Sydney Bush Walkers.
- April 14, 15,
16. Good old (or rather young) Peter Levander never lets me down and here he is with a beaut exploratory trip down one arm of the Wolgan and up the other. The walk begins and ends near the Newnes Pine Forest, which is situated on the plateau between Bell and Lithgow. The rock formations are beautiful in the area covered by this walk and (unless the timber-getters have been there) there are usually fine specimens of Blue Mountain Ash (*Eucalyptus Oreades*).
- April 16. Owen Marks leads a day walk in the vicinity of the Federation Reunion. The focus of the walk will be the Aboriginal carvings that Owen will visit.
- April 21, 22,
23. John Campbell leads the walk for which Don Finch became famous a few years ago when someone planted his clothing. Perhaps he'll do it again! Carrington Falls are well worth a visit but more so are the beautiful Gerringong Falls near the end of the walk, while in between is the beautiful Kangaroo River and valley and a chance to see some rare Red Cedar Trees if you keep your eyes open when the party begins the climb out from Gerringong Creek to the plateau.

April 22, 23. Alan Pike leads the Saturday-Sunday trip by a good track down Lockley Pylon to Blue Gum Forest on the Grose River, with the probability of some kind of a track downstream to where he climbs out for Y Creek (or Byles' Pass as it has latterly become known). Up on the plateau it is heath-like country over Boorong Crags to Mt. Hay and its small area of dense grass. From Mt. Hay there is a track back to the cars at the tank where the Lockley Pylon track began.

April 23 The Sunday walk is led by Bob Younger and covers the less frequently visited parts of the Royal National Park at its northern end.

April 28, 29, 30. This is the second walk from Bill Burke in six months. Not many Walks Secretaries have achieved so much. Bill has been around so long that you can be certain he will never go anywhere that is not worthwhile: hence this trip which takes in the Shoalhaven Gorge, Lake Louise, Bungonia Gorge (which is what all the protest is about at the moment, so come and see for yourself), and the beautiful pools in Barber's Creek.

April 30 Autumn at Mt. Wilson. Is there anything more beautiful? Roger Gowing the leader.

April 30 Fear-away Jim Callaway went that-a-way - sorry, he's going from Helensburgh via Wilson's Creek, Bola Heights, Garie Trig and Red Bluff to a baked dinner in Bottle Forest Road. Clear the cholesterol out of your bloodstream by spending a day with Jim in his home stamping ground.

And thus ends my stint as Walks Secretary. For those who have come good with a walk I can no other return make but thanks, thanks, and evermore thanks (to quote my old friend of Stratford). Adieu!

FEDERATION S & R MEETINGS.

OWEN SAYS - Interested in S & R?

Most bushwalkers are unaware that on the second Thursday in the month Search & Rescue have a meeting. What is discussed? All and everything that happens on S & R.

Films are shown - doctors declaim on odd subjects - demonstrations of field radios are held - the Press and any other subject that pops up is discussed - even supper is served.

As everyone who bushwalks should be clued-up on what happens behind the scenes - COME ALONG TO THE NEXT MEETING THURSDAY, APRIL 13th (just before the Federation Reunion) - at Science House, Gloucester Street, City - 7.0 p.m.

MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT

QUITE A FEW PEOPLE TACKLE A FAIRLY STRENUOUS SUMMER HOLIDAY WALKING JAUNT -- PERHAPS IN TASMANIA OR THE KOSCIUSKO COUNTRY -- THEN PUT THEIR PACKS AND TENTS AND THE REST OF THEIR WALKING GEAR IN MOTHBALLS FOR THE REST OF THE SUMMER SEASON.

WITH EASTER, WALKING STARTS AGAIN IN EARNEST, AND THEN THEY MAY FIND THAT SOME OF THEIR EQUIPMENT IS NOT QUITE UP TO AN ENERGETIC WINTER OF WALKING.

THAT'S THE TIME TO COME TO THE HOME OF FAIRYBOWN AND OTHER LIGHTWEIGHT WALKING AND CAMPING GEAR, AT

MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT

17 ALEXANDER STREET, CROWS NEST
(On the corner of Falcon Street)

Telephonne 439 -3454

Officers appointed and positions filled at the Annual General Meeting, Wednesday, March 15, 1972.

PRESIDENT Bob YOUNGER.

VICE PRESIDENTS 1. Phil BUTT 2. Dot BUTLER

SECRETARY Sheila BINNS

Treasurer Alan HEDSTROM

Assistaht Secretary (not appointed)

Walks Secretary Wilf HILDER

Membership Secretary Geoff MATTINGLEY

Social Secretary Owen MARKS

Literary Editor Spiro KETAS

Magazine Business Manager (to be appointed)

Conservation Secretary Alex COLLEY

Committee Members 1. Peter LEVANDER 2. Bill GILLAM
3. Nancye ALDERSON 4. Gladys ROBERTS

Federation Delegates 1. Ray HOOKWAY (*) 2. Owen MARKS
3. Heather WHITE 4. Wilf HILDER
(*) - to sit on committee.

Substitute Federation

Delegates 1. Spiro KETAS 2. Pat HARRISON

Duplicator Operator Mike SHORT

Trustees 1. Heather WHITE 2. Bill BOURKE 3. Gordon REDMOND

Equipment Hire

Keeper of Maps & Timetable Laurie QUAKEN

S & Contacts 1. Heather WHITE. 2. Elsie BRUGGY
3. To be appointed.

Hon. Solicitor Colin BROAD

Hon Auditor Gordon REDMOND

Projectionist Geoff MATTINGLEY

Archivist Phil BUTT

Kangaroo Valley Land Management Committee

1. Dot BUTLER 2. George GREY
3. Spiro KETAS 4. Bill GILLAM
5. Alan WYBORN 6. Bob YOUNGER (ex-officio)

SUBSCRIPTIONS have been set at the same rates as 1971/2, viz.

Full Members \$6.00 p.a., Married Couples \$8.00 p.a., Students \$3.00 p a.

Membership Notes

by Geoff Mattingley.

For once, no new members were interviewed by the Committee at its March meeting. However, we have sixteen new prospective members to welcome:-

Wendy Palmer	Brian Hart
Sonja Hahn	Lenel Moulds
Leslie Powell	Margaret Reid
Michael McCarthy	Kathleen Tucker
Jock Hanning	Terry Robins
Peggy Andrews	Chris Colmer
Jenny Hutton	Kirk Thomson
Ray Dargan	Janet Thomson

And now the usual warning to prospective members whose term is about to expire. The following people should ensure that they have completed their membership requirements by the end of April, ready to be interviewed by the committee at its May meeting:-

Margaret Merrotsy	Susan Hancock
John Ellis	Jim Gardner
Janet Studdert	Anne Finedon
Clifford Jones	

FEDERATION RE-UNION (Tent City) 1972 - April 15-16.

NEW AND OLD MEMBERS EQUALLY WELCOME.

COMPETITIONS : - Damper banking - plain and fancy.
Tent erecting.

AMUSEMENTS : - Saturday night supper and concert.
Country dancing.
Meeting of Walks Secretaries

Volunteers needed for Campfire preparation and supervising the cleaning up (S.B.W. is in charge of arranging the toilet facilities) - For these matters please contact Ninian Melville.

Bottles will be collected by Jean Edgecombe for donation to a Hospital.

The location - SUGREE BAG CREEK, via Wiseman's Ferry and on April 15-16, 1972.