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## THE SYDNEY BUSH WALKER

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

POSTAL ADDRESS: Box 4476 G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. 2001.

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

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MAY, 1974.

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THE APRIL GENERAL MEETING.

by Jim Brown.

It was not really a very favourable night - it was raining heavily at times, and there was a petrol drought - and Easter only two days away. So the gathering was less than 25 at the beginning and rose to little over 30 at the peak. Our new President, Barry Wallace, and Secretarial team Helen Gray and Margaret Richards were in the pulpit, and later Barry was heard to aver that he had in mind bringing the chair to the floor of the house.

Two new members had been admitted but were not present at that time; minutes of the Annual Meeting were endorsed; from correspondence we gleaned that Rolf Janssen had switched to non-active, John Redfern and Tom Wenman were the new members, and the River Canoe Club appreciated our donation towards their clubhouse fund. A new procedure was adopted in that the 28 publications received were not specifically named.

The Treasurer said the working funds had risen to a closing balance of \$882, the new year's subscriptions being partly the cause of the increase but also expenditure for March had been "Nil", owing to payments approved by the retiring committee.

Mike Short reported briefly on the Federation assembly of March 19, where a draft policy on admission of people to National Parks had been presented and would now be referred to the various Clubs for comment. Checks are to be made on the numbers of people visiting the Kanangra/Boyd region in support of the conservationists' bid for its preservation in a natural state.

Introducing his walks report, Bob Hodgson observed that very few written reports had come from the trip leaders. The first item was the Annual Re-union which had been blessed by kinder weather than the City had that weekend, and brought out a total attendance estimated at more than 80: major events were recorded in a pictorial summary by Don Matthews displayed on the notice board.

The following weekend (March 22-24) saw an amended version of Bob Hodgson's Colo River trip. There was a good deal of rain, the river rose about 6 ft and the proposed li-lo jaunt had to be abandoned; the party returning on foot up the swollen Angorawa Creek. Kathie Stuart's Lockley Pylon/Blue Gum party also found conditions damp and camped at Syncarpia to get away from the crowd of scouts and schoolboys at Blue Gum. Alastair Battye was not present to tell of his day trip in the Bantry Bay area recently vacated by the Defence establishment, but John Broome reported some roughish scrub, interesting overhangs and a "natural bridge" worth seeing. Because of the proximity to other sporting parklands he wondered if the new ground may be better devoted to such purposes instead of an undeveloped area. Sam Hinde had the other day walk leading about 8 folk on an easy trip in the Berowra area: evidently the most exciting event was a raid by police as the party was arriving back at Mount Kuring-gai.

On the last weekend of March Bill Burke and party of 10 were on the Shoalhaven making the acquaintance of a hermit residing near Cedar Flat

before coming out up Barbers Creek. This was the weekend that Frank Taeker's party went down the middle part of the Grose, three of the team walking far into Sunday night, and arriving home in the dawn of Monday, while two camped at Linden Creek, coming out on Monday. The few S.B.W. who went to the Federation Re-union were rewarded by the spectacle of two male streakers - but you had to be up very early to see the display. That Sunday Margaret Reid's day walk in the Garrawarra country started with 26, but 9 withdrew at Burning Palms to retreat via Garie.

The beginning of April (5-7th weekend) began with Alan Pike's Korrowall Buttress jaunt, reported by Mike Short. It was distinguished by one member, who normally urges a party to keep in touch, but this time became detached, waited for the crowd and finally didn't come up with them until they were dining back at Katoomba: otherwise an excellent trip, said Mike. Rod Peters' trip was cancelled, and on Sunday Meryl Watman led a party of about 20 along Heathcote Creek in an uneventful trip.

In General Business, Alex Colley reported the activities of the Colong Committee, which had approached the Minister for Pollution Control over the Boyd Plateau dispute, and was finding growing support for its campaign to preserve the natural forest there. If necessary some "sitting in front of bull-dozers" may be undertaken to gain publicity. So far as the Bungonia limestone mining is concerned, the Committee is writing to B.H.P., which has a controlling interest in the cement manufacturing company concerned.

Kath Brown raised a question as to the cost to be set on the magazine for those who were not club members, and a figure of \$2 p.a. (12 copies at 10 cents, plus 80c postage) was adopted. One additional item of correspondence came under notice - a circular from the Australian Conservation Foundation inviting individuals to become members. It was mentioned that large-scale changes in the structure of the Foundation had made it much more of a truly representative conservation organisation.

Thereat, and with the time only 9.15 p.m., the April meeting ended and we all went off into the rain wondering what would happen to our Easter plans.

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ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS: The amount of subscriptions for 1974 has been determined as follows:-

Full Members	\$7.00 p.a.
Married Couples	\$9.00 p.a.
Full-time Students	\$3.50 p.a.
Non-Active Members	\$1.50 p.a.

Members are reminded that these fees are due and payable.

Subscribers to the magazine (apart from Full Members) are reminded that the Magazine Subscription is now due:-

12 months (including postage) \$2.00

A LETTER FROM ANTARCTICA.Mawson, February, 1974.

by Wade Butler.

Dear Sydney Bushwalkers,

I'll start this letter with the trip down. Basically the Nella is a good ship in the ice, but on a cross swell she rolls and rolls - sleeping is difficult, first on your head then on your feet and a 1 ft. slide in between. The further south we went the rougher it got until the ship was rolling up to 50° either way. After about 10 days we reached 62°S and sighted the first iceberg - it wasn't much but after that they came thick and fast. Some were large tabular bergs a few miles long, others were smaller with caves eaten from wave action, others were jagged with several peaks and looked really beautiful.

Incidentally, I didn't get sick at all, and after the third day, didn't even think of it.

Christmas had come, we were amongst the icebergs and Sven, the chief steward, put on a really good meal for us - as soon as we finished one serving there was another waiting. I didn't stop until I was really about to burst! Guess what! - Santa Claus came - I even got some presents - lots of them. A monster T-shirt (I'm wearing it now, hut-bound at Rum-doodle in terrific winds and white-out conditions), a book, a diary, a game of Feudal (was playing that on the ship all the time after Xmas - not a bad game either), coloured pencils and drawing paper, a German reader and tapes. Thanks velly much - I believe in Santa Claus now!

We soon reached the pack ice, first quite thin, then it gradually got thicker. Progress was very slow - about 10 miles a day nudging through thick pack. 66<sup>10</sup>/<sub>2</sub>° South, we pranged into the Antarctic Circle (nearly sank the ship!) and after much calculating, refraction, declination of the sun, dip in the horizon etc., we concluded we'd just get a midnight sun at 8 min to 2 a.m. ships time. Sure enough at 10 to 2 the sun was still up, due south and scraping the horizon.

About New Year's Day the ship anchored to fast ice 30 miles N. of Mawson and unloaded the fixed wing aircraft. There were lots of penguins looking on wondering what the big red animal was doing in their territory. It wasn't eating penguins so it wasn't all that bad, and after some contemplation they lost interest and waddled off to one of their rookeries, perhaps 20 or 30 miles across the frozen sea.

The 2nd Jan. I was told to have everything ready in half an hour as I was on flight 213 departing the terminal for Mawson at 11.15. I checked my baggage in, took my seat beside the pilot, put on the crash helmet and we were ready.. Errol is a good pilot and after a brief warm up, he opened the throttle and we were on our way bouncing across the rough ice, then up. After a short while we could see the offshore islands, then there was Mawson. It didn't look much from the air - I couldn't see the drive-in theatre or the swimming pool or the cricket ground but they must be there somewhere! We landed at West Bay and after a bit of unloading and refueling I was free to explore this place that would be home for the next year.

Mawson is on half a mile of ice-free rock and to the east and west there are ice cliffs and at the moment there is liquid ocean to the north with many icebergs and offshore islands. To the south it is all ice - hard slippery stuff - for about 10 - 20 miles, and after that it is hard, wind-driven snow that has never melted in the summer sun. The Carey, Massan, David and Mt. Henderson Ranges start between 10 and 30 miles away and finish at about 60 miles away.

Work is quite good, when Dave leaves on the ship I'll have about an hour each day of routine stuff - writing down daily totals, checking telescopes against each other and getting the data tape down to the radio office. Once my two Jupiter telescopes are complete (they nearly are now) and a few modifications to some others are finished, I'll have some spare time to learn German, build igloos, go on dog trips, etc. Usually I get up about 11 a.m., work till dinner time at 6, and if the weather is rotten I'll work right through to about midnight. If the weather is good I often go walking after dinner and come back about 10 or 11 as it doesn't start getting dark until about then and even at midnight these days there are only a few stars visible through the twilight.

The first two weeks here were particularly warm, in fact we had a heat-wave and had the maximum ever recorded for Mawson,  $10.6^{\circ}\text{C}$  - everyone was running around in shorts. Meltstreams were in flood and it was so hot I had to go for a swim to cool down - well, er - - - I went for a swim, anyway, in a meltstream. Brrrr - that was cold! and I soon jumped out again. That was so much fun I jumped in again. I've been swimming four times now, but soon I'll have difficulty finding liquid water to swim in.

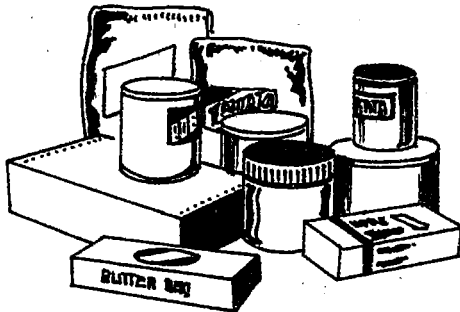
I've been out walking a lot. Before the sea blew away I waded and slid and skated and crashed and walked out to Welch Island where I found a penguin rookery with 10,000 penguins (I counted them). There were fluffy black lumps with a beak at the top end and two feet sticking out the base. These were penguin chicks - they were all over the place. I was dive bombed by skuas all the time I was on Welch Island. They are worse than magpies but none actually collided with my head - lucky for them.

About three weeks ago there was a lot of pack ice to the west. It was great fun jumping from pack to pack - some of the lumps of ice were quite small, and if you didn't jump off again mighty quick you'd be in for a swim. I did this for a mile looking for a way up the ice cliffs onto the firm ice. It was really great fun but don't tell Basil (he's the bloke in charge) otherwise he'd have a fit and tell me a wind might come up any time and blow everything out to sea, including me. Don't worry - I wouldn't do anything stupid!

The biggest adventure so far is the one I'm on now - out to Rumdoodle via Mt. Henderson. John and I left at 2 p.m. and walked continuously for  $9\frac{1}{2}$  hrs. before reaching the hut. Almost all the way was with crampons on blue ice - a feature of the coastal area where the sun melts the top layer, which refreezes to hard slippery blue ice. We climbed Rumdoodle the next day and raced down a terrific 700' scree slope back to the hut where two helicopters just landed to take Craig and Rex back. The next day the sky

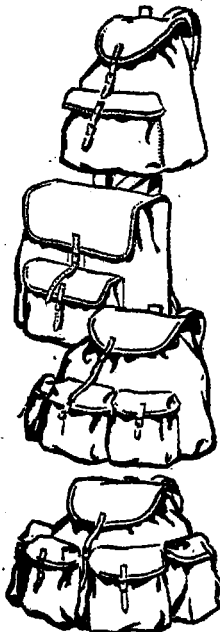
# Paddy's

Lightweight bushwalking and camping gear.



## FREEZE DRIED AND DEHYDRATED FOODS

Now, the bushwalker can fully equip himself with the aid of Paddy's range of lightweight foods. Beef curry with rice; sweet and sour chicken with rice; chicken curry with rice; instant mashed potatoes; Surprise peas; Surprise peas and carrots; butter concentrate in tubes or 12oz tins; condensed milk in tubes; mixed vegetables; Kraft onions, Ovaltine energy tablets; freeze dried egg powder; Staminade; Kraft personal servings of jam, tomato sauce etc; army ration biscuits; farmhouse stew; savoury mince; beef curry; chicken curry; sweet and sour chicken; chicken supreme; 4 serve packet soups; Alliance beef steak stew; Alliance beef mince; Kendall mint cake or Kendall rum butter candy.



### BUNYIP RUCKSACK

This 'shaped' rucksack is excellent for children. Use-full day pack. Weight 14ozs.

### SENIOR RUCKSACK

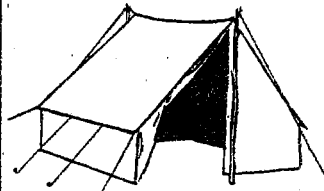
A single pocket, shaped rucksack. Suitable for over-night camping. Weight 1½lbs.

### BUSHMAN RUCKSACK

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

### PIONEER RUCKSACK

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



### 'A' TENTS

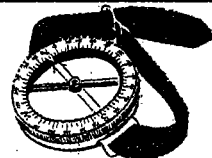
One, two or three man. From 2½ to 3½lbs. Choice of three cloths. Supplied with nylon cords and overlapped doors. No walls.



### WALL TENTS

Two, three or four man. From 3½ to 4½lbs. Choice of three cloths. Supplied with nylon cords and overlapped doors.

Everything for the bushwalker, from blankets and air mattresses, stretchers, boots, compasses, maps, books, stoves and lamps to cooking ware and freeze dried and dehydrated foods.



# Paddy's

69 LIVERPOOL ST. SYDNEY - 26-2686 61-7215

was dark, the wind was blowing, the hut rattling and bouncing and much snow was drifting around reducing visibility to almost nothing - that is today. I've been writing letters and cooking a monstrous steam pudding today. It is now late, the wind is dropping, the sky is clearing and it looks as though we might get back to Mawson tomorrow.

Later: That was right, we left the next day and returned via the crashed Russian aeroplane. Apparently it blew away while parking at the Rumdoodle airstrip. After that we headed into a big field of slots. Some were very big with very flimsy snow bridges - we didn't go down any as it was quite easy to see where they were.

The ship is due in tonight. The tractor train should be back from the Prince Charles Mountains tomorrow, so the next week will be very busy unloading the ship and Mawson will be overpopulated.

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RE-UNION 1974.

By Your Travelling Reporter D.B.

With so much rain threatening to wash out the event there was some doubt as to whether we could get cars to Wood's Creek, but on Saturday morning the flung goat's entrails and observed flights of birds (i.e. the auspices) were favourable and 25 cars at least found their way to the parking spot. Seventy or more people braved the small creek crossing loaded with more gear than one would normally take on a bushwalk, and here's good old Bob bearing on his shoulder a case of apples for everyone from his father's orchard at Hartley.

Tents soon dotted the scene in the usual gregarious clump except for five small maidens who camped alone in exciting remoteness down at the far camp spot above the river, all helping one of Kath and Bruce McGuinness's daughters to celebrate her birthday. Anyone who is thinking of buying a dish-washing machine might care to consider the alternative thought up by these younglings - they toted the whole of the wash-up down the steep river bank, loaded it into a rubber floatboat, and waded out to a sandbank in midstream where they happily did the washing up, then switched the whole operation into reverse and got all of it back again up the bank to the tents.

Around the village encampment the usual fraternising took place - people getting up-to-date on their friend's movements: how the children are growing up, how the payments on the house are going, how often they got away from the week-end junior basket ball, cricket and football to go on a decent bushwalk, etc. etc.

The evening campfire's gleam lured everyone away from their eating and the night's entertainment was on with ex-President Bob Younger wielding the baton, ably supported by curvaceous Kathy Stuart. Bushwalkers are being influenced, perhaps unconsciously, into conservation patterns, and as a result the fire was small enough to sit by comfortably without being burned to a crisp, besides leaving wood for future campfires; maybe another reason was that there were fewer hewers and haulers of firewood than in previous years.

The assembled multitude soon warmed up to the songs and rounds that the Bushies have come to expect, kept in time (more or less) by Bob Hodgson's mouthorgan. There were choir renderings and jokes perpetrated by the younger generation while, towards the other end of the age group, Jim Brown, Geoff Wagg and Don Matthews brought back memories of the dim dead past when the Crown Street Composers were at the height of their career rendering their Chronic Operas.

The new President, Barry Wallace, was inaugurated without benefit of emblems, which had been (inadvertantly?) left back in the boot of the car and it was too far to go back and fetch them. Maybe we have evolved past the God-King-and-Country-and-three-cheers-for-the-British-Empire stage and can do without this 19th Century panoply. Barry still looked properly married to the office of President without the usual wedding ceremony. Will this create a precedent?

After supper of cocoa, coffee and so on people began to seek their sleeping bags, leaving the few die-hards still singing amongst recumbent bodies sleeping beside the fire.

Morning. Breakfast, and some more of Bob's apples. Those who felt like an early swim went off through the long grass to the river. Others loitered around their campfires and supervised their toddlers.

A call went out for entrants for the damper competition to prepare their mixtures. About half a dozen entries were mixed, patted and petted, put into billies or aluminium plates and carefully laid in the ashes of the previous night's campfire. One competitor who lacked a container just tossed her concoction into the ashes. There was much consulting of watches till time was up and the masterpieces withdrawn from the ashes and laid out on bracken for Marion Ellis' judging. The verdict was a tie for Joan Rigby's and Spiro Ketas', the one for texture, the other for appearance. All the onlookers crowded around when sample pieces spread with butter and golden syrup were handed out. The winner of last year's competition drew the booby prize with a black-bottomed dusty dollop that was unceremoniously passed around as a football, a tent-peg hammer and knuckle-duster before its owner got it back into her possession and thrust it down her shirt for safe keeping where it sat on her collarbone and did service as a bosom - or half of one at least.

After lunch tents were pulled down and packed, the campsite was cleaned up and little groups began drifting back to the cars after another fine gathering of the clans. Time marches on. The S.B.W. will soon be 50 years old. Every year's Re-union shows us a little bit older and a little bit wiser, but always the old friendships go on and new ones are formed. Let's hope the pattern continues for many centuries to come.

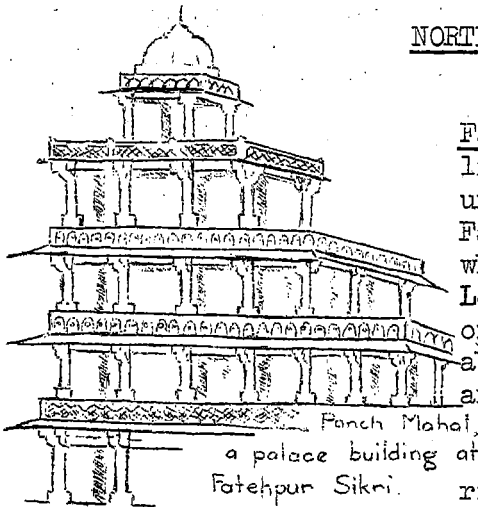
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DENNY KING'S HUT APPEAL: The Editor will be collecting donations towards the Hobart Walking Club's appeal for funds to assist Mr. Denny King build another hut at Malaleua Inlet, Port Davey, Tasmania. Although the existing hut is of sound construction and will last for many more years it cannot cope with the demands placed upon it.



NORTHERN INDIA (PART 2).

by Helen Gray.



Fatehpur Sikri. 26 miles west of Agra lies a former capital of the Mogul Empire, unaltered since it was built in 1569, called Fatehpur Sikri. (Elizabethan Englishmen who visited the city found it far exceeded London in population and splendour). After only 17 years of habitation, the city was abandoned, probably through lack of water, and left in solitude.

Fatehpur Sikri lies on a narrow rocky ridge about 2 miles long. At the foot of the ridge, but no longer to be seen, was a lake of about 20 miles circumference forming one side of the city, while massive walls protected the other sides.

Before the great city was built, a Moslem holy man, Salim Chishti, lived in a village on the hill. The Emperor Akbar visited Chishti because he had no son - the holy man blessed Akbar, who in turn was blessed by a son. So not only did he name his son Salim, but moved his whole capital to the hill.

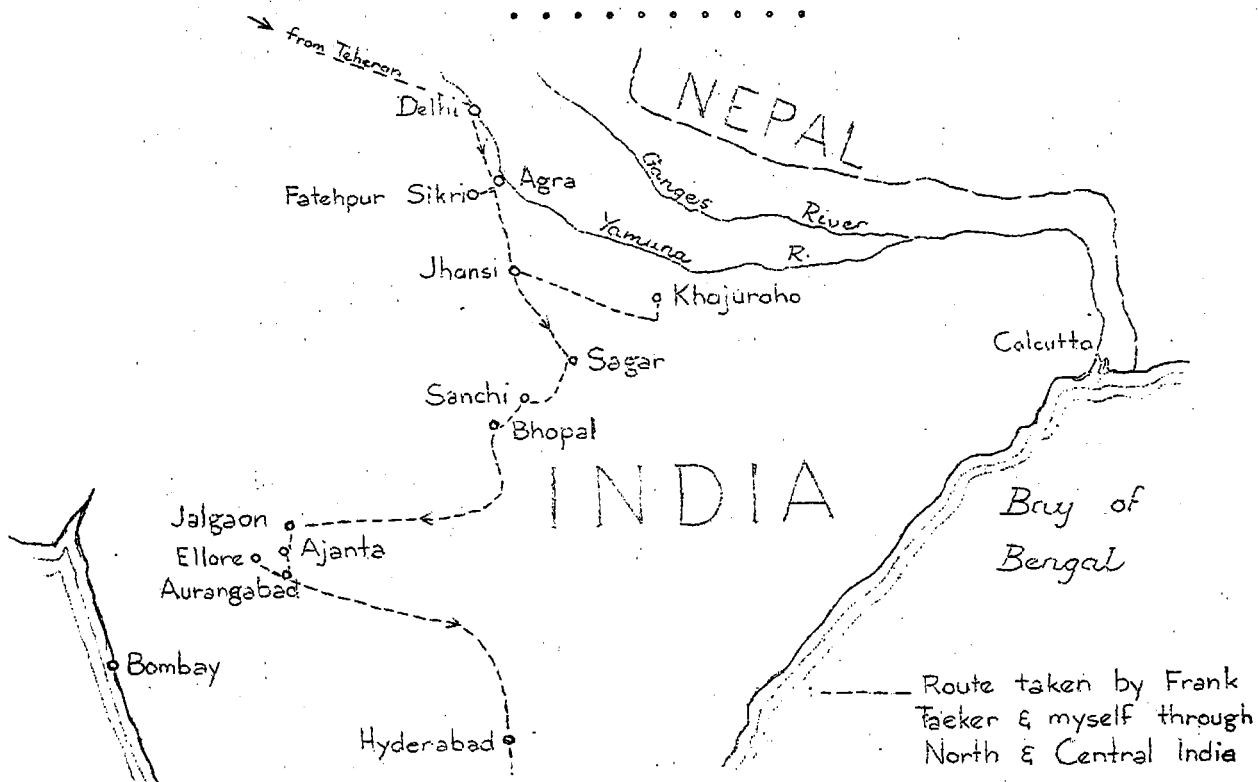
When Salim Chishti died, a white marble tomb was built for him within the city's mosque. The outer walls are made of screens of marble lace, the larger screens measuring 10' x 10' and 2 inches thick. That they could be carved at all is remarkable, and that they are still absolutely intact is astonishing! Chishti's body lies under a canopy of mother-of-pearl mosaics. Every year thousands of women without sons visit the tomb. I refused to buy a "prayer-string" to tie on the tomb; explaining that I already had two children - daughters - and that was enough. "But you only have girls!!?" This exclamation was typical throughout India. Despite such intensive publicity for birth control, and the ideal of two children per family, population control in India will fail while the son is considered a necessity. Even when "blessed" by a son, most Indian couples have more than two children. One's children are the only means of support in old age, therefore the more children, the better one is looked after.

Our day at Fatehpur Sikri was one of the highlights of my holiday. We wandered through the mosque, tombs (there is even one for Akbar's favourite elephant!), magnificent palace buildings, and lonely crumbling buildings in the outer city.

(In the heat of the day I had discarded my long trousers and donned Frank's sarong - a souvenir of Tahiti complete with hibiscus flower pattern. My bushwalking shirt and sandals completed what I thought was a relatively inconspicuous outfit. A young woman came up to me, bowed a greeting, and said, "Excuse me, but I find your dress very strange.")

Indians are good talkers, and good listeners too. We found that,

wherever we went, we were asked about ourselves and about Australia. The average educated Indian's knowledge of Australia and other countries put our general knowledge to shame. They are disarmingly direct with their questions. To Frank: "Are you married?" - "No." - "At your age! Why not?" - "Um... er .... I don't know .... um ...."



Christmas Eve was spent journeying to Khajuraho on buses (with two friends, French and German), stopping at little villages on the way. Everyone made us welcome by smiling and talking, singing songs, offering cigarettes, pan leaves and betel nuts. At one village, late in the evening, a handsome elderly man stepped out from the crowd and said "Tomorrow is your Christmas, a special day for you". Beaming at us, he started to give us tastes of spicy "things" off the street stalls. We were invited to sit down, given cups of tea, and finally asked to sing a Christmas song. "Silent Night" was the only one we all knew; we sang in unison, but each in his own language - French, German, English. Frank whistled. (He only knows the words of two songs, "Lloyd George knew my father," and "We're here because we're here because ...."). The crowd was puzzled but none the less pleased.

The bus arrived all too soon. I was sad to leave an atmosphere of such warmth and friendship.

At Khajuraho we encountered our first pure Hindu art. Here, between 950 A.D. and 1050 A.D. the Chandellas, a Hindu clan, built 85 temples.



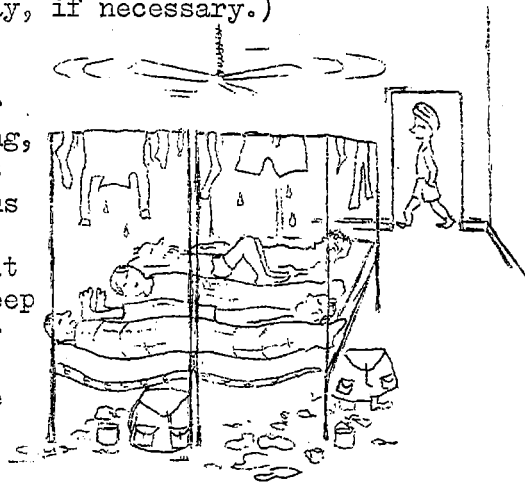
Although an important dynasty of North India, the Chandellas never united with the mainstream of Hinduism; their power declined even before the Muslim invasions and their temples were apparently forgotten. Thus the temples escaped the Muslims' defacing hammers, and were only rediscovered some 100 years ago, with twenty two still in excellent condition.

Here, sculpture and architecture are both one magnificent integrated art form. These sandstone temples must surely outdo Ancient Grecian art in their glorification of the human body. Walls inside and out, roofs and ceilings are one mass of sculpture. The first 20 feet or more of the outer walls are continuous friezes of human forms - female figures with large round breasts, slender waists and curved hips in the company of strong, sturdy male figures. All have faintly smiling mouths, beautiful faces and the most graceful limbs, especially hands. Some figures are making love, others are preening themselves before mirrors, a few removing thorns from their feet, others simply standing, relaxed. These stone figures, despite their explicitness, appear to have been sculptured with such unself-consciousness that they must surely be less pornographic than the repressive (and, amazingly, contemporary) art of the Medieval Christians.

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Accommodation. Apart from railway platforms and waiting rooms, or sleeping out, we could always find a lodging house in a town. The rooms, invariable furnished with two beds, a table with jug of water, and a large ceiling fan. Mattresses were usually grubby-looking but only, I think, from dusty bedding - our sleeping bags were no exception - being placed on them. The walls were always much in need of a coat of paint - buildings seem to deteriorate at an incredible speed. Despite the tatty appearance, we never found any dirt or dust nor any bed-bugs. (And we only paid about 60 cents Australian each for 24 hours accommodation, which meant we also had a place to leave our packs during the day, if necessary.)

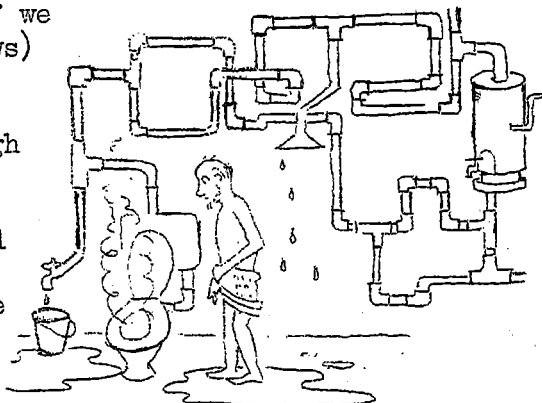
The mosquito-net frames on top of many of the beds made excellent clothes-lines for our nightly washing, and with the fan blowing, we could lie in bed and imagine it was a wet windy night on the Cox. When the five of us were together, we would push the two beds together, don swimming costumes or longis (it was very hot in the south of India), and sleep crosswise on the beds. If we left the door open for fresh air, we usually had people sauntering by, pretending not to look at the ridiculous habits of the Europeans.



Nearly every railway station has accommodation - a large room, sheets for the two beds, an adjoining bathroom, and sundry huge pieces of Victorian furniture such as hat stands. All this cost 5 rupees per person - about 40 cents.

In Agra our "hotel" room had an adjoining bathroom, apparently with the only toilet in the place, because if we left the door open (there were no windows) we had people walking through to use it.

Rooms rarely had hot water, although there was usually a non-working heater. (Some had obviously never worked.) In Ootycamund, George, who always inspected plumbing and electrical fittings first, triumphantly announced that although the shower was, as usual, cold, the toilet did flush hot water.



Illustrations also by Helen Gray.

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#### OWEN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

A barbecue to celebrate Owen's 40th birthday will be held at Helen and George Gray's home at 209 Malton Road, Epping on Saturday, 1st June, at 5.30 p.m.

Bring your own meat and utensils (and grog?), and phone Helen at 86-6263 if you are coming.

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#### PADDY PALLIN ORIENTEERING CONTEST.

This will be held on Saturday, 25th May, in the vicinity of Hazelbrook. The start will be at 10.00 a.m., late enough to cut out the necessity of camping on Friday night, but there is an excellent camp site in a pleasant area with good water and plenty of firewood for those who wish to camp on Friday or Saturday night.

There will be two courses, one comparatively easy and the other fairly difficult. The first will be open to teams of 2 or 3, one of whom must be a girl. The other course is open to any team of 2 or 3.

In view of the high cost of maps (\$1.20), the entry fees have been adjusted as follows:-

Entry fee 50c per team plus the cost of the map (Katoomba 2" = 1 mile) if the team does not already possess one. Sighting compasses will of course be required.

Come and have a pleasant day testing and improving your bushcraft.

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M O U N T A I N \*\*\*\*\*

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E Q U I P M E N T \*\*\*\*\*

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IF YOU ARE -BUYING OR HIRING  
BUYING OR HIRINGHIRING OR BUYING  
HIRING OR BUYING

GEAR FOR

WALKING	.....	CAMPING	.....	CLIMBING	.....	CANOEING	.....
WALKING	.....	CAMPING	.....	CLIMBING	.....	CANOEING	.....

THINK OF -

MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT -

17 Alexander Street, Crow's Nest, 2065.

(On the corner of Falcon Street)

Telephone 439-3454.

- - - - -

for

FAIRYDOWN SLEEPING BAGS

HIGH LOAD PACKS (Weight 3 lb. 10 oz.)

AND ALL THE OTHER THINGS YOU COULD POSSIBLY NEED

\* \* \* \* \*

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THE SONG IS ENDED.

by M. Bacon.

On Friday, 5th April, five rows of closely packed bushwalkers paid a final tribute to Rene Dagmar Browne. They were in the Chapel at Gordon listening to an organist playing appropriate music. The Rev. Alan Lang, who had not known Rene, spoke most feelingly about her. He had been well briefed by Rene's two nephews. He told of the work Rene had done in playing for the Red Cross, playing for the Services during wartime, and playing for the aged. He recalled many of Rene's remarkable achievements for her fellow man. He even got something of the lively cheery disposition that Rene had.

Older walkers will remember that Rene had six "adopted nephews" whom she used to mother. Five were present at the service. They used to take her cups of tea in her "bucket" and assist with camp chores. Some even played pranks. On one occasion Rene was returning from the Blue Gum Forest and as she approached Blackheath Station there were chuckles and giggles. Her "nephews" said, "Don't worry, they are just laughing at the strange sight of a woman carrying a pack". Rene was unaware that one of her "nephews" had very carefully draped a string of saveloy sausages around the outside of her pack, and as they dangled and danced they caused the amusement.

The Annual S.B.W. Concerts of years ago were arranged by Rene and Jean Austen. These swelled the club's funds and gave a tremendous amount of pleasure to club members and friends.

For many years Rene Browne was responsible for and arranged the Children's Christmas Treat. It was often held at Lilyvale on the banks of the Hacking River, and included games and races and an enormous picnic lunch. Rene liked to share with the under-privileged and make certain they were given of the best and had a happy day in the outdoors.

Rene had been known to sing far into the night - Gilbert and Sullivan songs, "She was Poor but She was Honest", and "Down in the Forest". Her clear true soprano helped many a camp fire. She sang until well into her 70's.

Over the years, Rene had entertained literally hundreds of bushwalkers in her home at Abbott Road, Artarmon. This she had recently sold, and moved into a modern unit at Lindfield. With the proceeds she was also able to achieve one of her life-long wishes - to own a grand piano.

The Dungala Club arranged a special slide showing in Rene's house just a few days before she went to hospital. Many of the older members were present and were delighted when Rene agreed to play her piano. It was one of those functions that had the spirit of the early gatherings. None of us knew it was in fact a farewell to Rene.

Rene will always live in our hearts and stir up feelings of nostalgia and happiness, joy, fun and laughter.

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CHRONICLES OF TASMANIA '74 - PART 2.

by Kath Stuart.

Wednesday 20th:- Today we walk (stroll?) the 3 km from Granite Beach to Surprise Bay. As usual the theory is "that you set off when you're ready", but also as usual, most people are bolting down breakfast and setting out quite early. Must be a hangover from the early indoctrination of bushwalking life: when in the midst of unsullied, "unaccommodated" nature, the immediate response is to race through, close as possible to the guy in front, eyes firmly fixed on his bumper bar (or equivalent) and not stop till the view includes a cosy cluster of tents. The tendency to compete was difficult to overcome, especially since the naturally more impingent "competitors" (as opposed to "non-competitors") exerted a stronger influence on the preconditioned unconscious. Still, by the end of the trip everyone had adapted to a greater or lesser degree to the easygoing "jest sets" state of semi-consciousness - or maybe they were just tired.

At first the trail is crowded by a primitive bracken and feet are invisible, but this is of no consequence since it is dry underfoot as yet. Later, up on high, level ground comes the morass: someone has packed it with hundreds of 2" - 3" logs, no doubt from the thickets of ti-tree and paperbark which now constitute the immediate environment. This is the real McCorduroy, in some places wide enough for a car. It's easy enough to negotiate when the poles are at right-angles to the direction of travel and can be gripped with the foot round the circumference, but in some sections they have been laid parallel to d.t., which means a tightrope act or sliding off into the gaps between. However there is at least some toplighting, unlike the dinosaur country of the previous issue.

Behold, as you break into the open, the panoramic vista of Surprise Bay, bathed in sunlight, with breathtaking views of the lagoon on the landward side and islands out to sea. Phil The Friendly Guide, who has just finished his spiel, is prevailed upon to repeat it for the benefit of the next group. The islands include those of the Maatsuyker Group and DeWitt Island, the places made famous by the Blythe Star and Jane Somebodyorother.

By lunchtime all bodies and several loads of firewood have arrived. Beds are much more comfortable because of camping on sand and the abundance of grasses. Shark is sought but not caught, although a very-ugh-dead bull-seal is found on the beach. No worries about the health hazard though; it is being actively and ably decomposed by the maggots.

It is fine again for the second whole day so far; we can thus enjoy both clean clothes and beautiful starry skies. Because it is Heather's birthday we cook the lobsters according to her strict supervision: she likes to be sure that fellow Pisceans don't suffer.

Thursday 21st:- 6 km to Long River Lagoon and Prion Beach. (All distances subject to change!) The beach is about 3 m. long, with the lagoon mouth at one extremity, then a mile of sandy spit between sea and lagoon, after which two miles of beach proper: i.e. backed by vegetation-supporting dunes. At the far end is the familiar tea-coloured creek and

the beginning of the track over the Ironbounds. Once again there is a spectacular view of the area just before dropping down to the mouth of the lagoon. It is difficult to judge the depth of the peat-stained water, but St. Christophorin pale blue swimming trunks wades across and plants his staff to guide us. We plunge in like so many sheep, packs on our heads to stop them getting wet. Dot is the shortest by half-an-inch and the water covers her chest, but the packs on top make for firmer footing. The current is strong here and the discoloration spreads a purple stain a fair way out to sea and along the beach.

At the beginning of the dunes are our 13 airdrop parcels, all neatly in line. There is speculation on how this is achieved; the pilot who flies us back to Hobart is enlightening. Nothing has expired on this side of the river, but those who went upstream to cross by boat report a few finds. Even this far up the lagoon is brackish so we move on to the campsite at the far end of the beach. Here be there sandflies, but only for an hour in the twilight (the next evening we congregate for dinner at a fashionable hour, when all good little sandflies are in bed). The airdrop carriers are rewarded with canned fruit salad and cream; everyone else gets theirs as a matter of course.

Most relegate the afternoon to (of course) fishing. For my part, however, the sun is out for once and the far end of the beach (like a couple of miles away) is very secluded. Though there is no one to see but the sea-gulls, I'm told (by that notorious little bird, Jonathon L. Seegull) there were others cultivating an all-over tan.

Friday 22nd:- Today we stay at Prion Beach, lightening our packs for the long haul ahead (the Ironbounds). Only Theo agitates for an early start; he seems to think that his sandshoes won't last another 24 hours whether he wears them or not; he is now busy lacing the uppers to the soles with binder twine and wire.

Meanwhile, I assert my independence by staying in bed until 11.30, then dignifiedly ignore derisive greetings as I shift sleeping bag and self to the snake-patch-in-the-sun. When it begins to rain I swap sleeping bag for wet-weather gear and set off for sights unseen: the rocks at the western end of the beach. On the strip of sand before them, Rosemary is building a magnificent Lion, of distinctly Babylonian extraction: 2' x 4' x 2' high, couchant in a shallow trench, back view very haunchy, very Rolls-Roycey.

On the lobster scene there aren't any, though not for want of experimentation. There in the distance one sees a Marvellous Lobster Crane consisting of 12 ft. poles, long ropes, and a hoop of metal with a Georgian net woven across it. It is this section, adorned with fish-heads, which is lowered to the bottom to tempt the crustaceans; its lowering rope passes over the top of the dipod, which is itself inclined seawards by a separate rope. Operating this complication of ropes, poles, and pulleys are half a dozen slaves and overseer. The air rings with shouts, grunts and the crack of the whip; all that is missing is the 80 cu.ft. menhir -- maybe the foundations are still invisible on the sea-floor; after all, Stonehenge wasn't built in a day, and that was on land. The complete megalith will



doubtless celebrate the births of Tina, Larry, and George Washington. First the lion and now this - we are getting monumental!

Saturday 23rd:- Left about 8.30 and walked 2 m. to Deadman's Cove. We did catch a glimpse of a couple of live ones shaking out their tent amongst the trees as we stepped onto the beach, but no, there was nothing directly significant, for those who have been wondering - - for those who have not didn't do their homework.

A recurrence here of Granite Beach stones, but occupying only the landward half of the width of the beach; and only a short section, from where our track attains the beach to the other side of the creek we camped beside. Driftwood aplenty, and campsites too, 'midst th' uprooted ferns. Our fire area is protected from the on-shore wind by a large prone ti-tree (grew that way?) and part of the side of a wooden boat. Nothing to do (maybe "dead" refers to the social life) until lunch, which is largely fruitcake and unshorn, dysentric cabanossi. All sorts of debaucheries (such as hair- and sock-washing) are being practised, so I beat a hasty retreat with Peter and Spiro who are going fishing at Lousy Bay around the next headland. After what we've been used to the name is extremely appropriate: dirty, cloudy water, and stone beach covered in olfactibly decaying seaweed. Only one fish is caught, by Rod, but he is an excellent (all things are relative) fisherman anyway - see last instalment. This rather unexciting event vies for position of climax (anticlimax?) of the afternoon with a short but painful incident on the return journey, when I am bitten on my bare foot by a bull-ant, the only such casualty, I am convinced, of the entire trip.

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WALKS SECRETARY'S NOTES FOR JUNE. by Bob Hodgson.

1974

- 31, 1,2 June - Bill Burke hosts a test walk in this well-trodden area of the Blue Mountains. Tracks most of the way, except Black Horse Range and Knights Deck.
- 31, 1,2 June - For all you Nordic Ski enthusiasts, a ski tour to the top of Australia. Wilf Hilder will be cracking his leader's whip and, we hope, not his ski tips on this moderately hard assault on our most famous mountain.
- Sunday 2 - Carl Bock assures that his Dharug National Park trip is easy and a refreshing change for our Royal National Park addicts. Beautiful Hawkesbury River views.
- 7, 8, 9 June - Jim Vatiliotis is determined to see everything of interest on Barrington Tops in one visit. Good tracks all the way. Beautiful rain forest near Guest House, breathtaking views from Careys.
- 8, 9 June - A Saturday afternoon start for Peter Miller's Devils Rock trip. Nice and easy, leave your pack at the camp for the assault on Devils Rock.

1974

- Sunday 9 - Beautiful Berowra with its views over Cowan Creek is your starting place with Sam Hinde for a days pleasure following the shores of Cowan Creek to Mt. Kuring-gai.
- Long Week-end (Queen's Birthday)  
14,15,16,17 June - Helen Gray leads you out Sassafras way to that area where even the rocks don't grow straight. Can you think of a better place to be than the Budawangs on a crystal clear brisk winter's morning? And tracks all the way! A camera must be carried as essential gear.
- 14 - 17 June - This chance to visit our aquatic wonderland is definitely too good to miss. Your guide Alan Hedstrom will endeavour to reveal to you the marvels of this unique Myall Lake area.
- 14 - 17 June - Hear ye, hear ye, all Nordic and would-be-Nordic ski fry, Phil Hall and Wilf Hilder are combining forces for a Ski Tour Instructional, and day ski tours to try out your newly learnt or re-learnt art.
- Sunday 16 - Meanwhile for all you less fortunates who cannot get away for the whole week-end, Joe Marton to the rescue! Joe did this trip to Mt. Solitary last programme - it must be good.
- 21,22,23 June - For all you people who were disappointed last programme that this walk was cancelled due to bad weather (or was it no petrol, or both?) Alistair Battye has sufficient affection for the Newnes area to resurrect it himself. Awe-inspiring scenery with a bit of scrub up Rocky Creek.
- Sunday 23 - Bill Hall is your genial guide on this pleasant ramble over Woronora Dam way. An ideal opportunity to rediscover the delights of this ever popular area.
- 28,29,30 June - Having had a taste of the Budawangs, Frank Taeker's trip will be irresistible, if not we can only tell you. Good tracks all the way with some of the most spectacular scenery in N.S.W., and no need to carry tents as the caves are the greatest. Needless to say, Mt. Owen has the most spectacular views in the Budawangs, and you will be going there.
- 28,29,30 June - The further you have to walk to Dead Horse Gap the better this hard ski tour by Rod Peters will be. Experienced skiers only on this trip, so better start waxing your skis.
- Sunday 30 - Jim Brown is your jovial host on this Otford to Otford Sunday stroll. Glorious ocean and coastal views and tracks most of the way. What more could you wish for?
- Sunday 30 - Fire extinguishers may be required for your sandshoes on this marathon by Carl Bock. But what a way to go! All the scenic grandeur that the Hawkesbury can muster, there before your eyes.

FEDERATION REPORTS.

by Mike Short.

Meeting Held 16/4/74.

The Conservation Secretary of Federation showed all the trips of S.B.W. through the Boyd Plateau for the last five years. He indicated the paths taken on a large-scale map of the Boyd which he submitted to the recent closed enquiry on the effects of the proposed pine planting.

Search and Rescue is obtaining a line-firing rifle. This is used in getting a rope across a flooded river.

It was resolved that time be allocated for discussion of the basic aims of Federation at the next four meetings, as this has not been done for many years.

Meeting Held 7/5/74.

It was reported that, at Barrington Tops, a six-lane highway is going through near Careys Peak -- the destruction is almost unbelievable.

For the numerous people wanting to help in Conservation activities and to man the Conservation Kiosk at Kanangra Walls, could you please ring Bruce Vote - 31-7101 (B).

A letter from Search and Rescue along the following lines is being sent to probable benefactors, such as cement companies:- "Massive cost increases necessitate us going beyond our usual sources of finance - the annual raffle and donations from friends and rescued parties, so could you kindly help out?"

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OFFICIAL NOTICE.

The Secretary advises that a motion moved by Wilf Hilder and seconded by Alex Colley, concerning suggested alterations to the way the Federation of Bushwalking Clubs is to be run, was deferred from the May General Meeting to the June General Meeting (12th) when it will be debated after any recommendations by Committee.

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NOTICE: ATTENTION ALL LOVERS - (Correction, all Theatre Lovers).

On July 2nd (Tuesday) everyone is cordially invited (with their \$1.60) to celebrate the opening of the new Nimrod Theatre, Goodlet Street (near Elizabeth Street and Cleveland Street, opposite Prince Alfred Park).

"The Bacchoi" by Euripides, directed by John Bell.

Please let Owen Marks know at the Club or on 30-1827 if you wish to come.

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EUROPE IN MIDWINTER.(From letters home by  
Frances Colley.)Scandinavia (cont.)

Today we caught a hydrofoil to Stavanger. We passed through a series of lovely islands - a rugged green coast with a number of small villages here and there. Much of it was like what we would imagine the Welsh coast to be - gentle green rolling hills without any snow. The houses here are mostly wooden and many to us look like dolls' houses - all two-storied with steep pitched roofs. We have noticed that most homes don't have any protection over the front doorways. They must all have foyers inside.

We caught an ordinary local bus for the tour round Stavanger. It reminded me in some parts of Kiama - lovely green fields with stone fences (no snow on the ground here). The only difference was when you looked beyond the fields to the fabulous snow-capped peaks of the fjords beyond.

Lovely little shopping area in Stavanger - narrow cobbled streets with dark green leaves and lights and big white Christmas bells hanging across the streets. No traffic allowed here, purely pedestrian and very pleasant too. We saw St. Nicholas walking around - and then he and his wife (?) both rode by dressed in red on dun-coloured Norwegian mountain ponies.

Arosa - Switzerland.

We had a wonderful day today. We caught the train to Arosa, a ski resort in the Swiss Alps about two hours from Zurich. We had a sleigh ride, a red sleigh with fur rugs, matched grey horses with bells and a ride along a beautiful road between high banks of snow and pine trees. Switzerland is everything in the photos only much more so in real life.

We also took a cable car up Mt. Weisshorn (8704 ft). Fabulous view of snow-capped peaks bathed in occasional sunlight with the village of Arosa way down in the valley. It looked a beautiful place to ski - the main area was well above the snow line without a rock or tree in sight - just well-packed dry snow, exactly what we dream of in Australia.

The mountain train went through the high grazing fields. They keep the animals in the valley in winter and in summer graze them in the high Alps.

Salzburg, Austria.

Today I had to agree with Mary that cities can have a special charm of their own. Salzburg is really lovely. The city has a river flowing through it with swans, ducks and seagulls. Overlooking the whole town is a large medieval fortress - parts of it dating back 900 years. In the town there are 40 Catholic churches, one Protestant church and one Synagogue. From high up the town is just one mass of steeples.

This afternoon we went on a tour to Berchtesgaden where Hitler, Goering, Borman and Eva Braun had their domain. We saw the ruins of their houses and of the Gestapo and S.S. Headquarters. The Conference House, Eagle's Nest, was on the very top of the mountain and all the houses were apparently linked by underground tunnels. We saw the Gestapo checkpoint as we drove down the road. Seeing it like this makes it all seem so real - Hitler, too.