

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

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

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

Enquiries regarding the Club - Mrs. Marcia Shappert, Tel. 30-2028.

JULY, 1974.

Editor: Spiro Ketas, 104/10 Wylde Street, Pott's Point, 2011.
Tel. 357-1381 (Home)
Typist: Kath Brown
Duplication: Frank Taeker
Business Manager: Bill Burke, 3 Coral Tree Drive, Carlingford, 2118.

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THE JUNE GENERAL MEETING.

by Jim Brown.

The approaching winter solstice was celebrated by a descent from Olympus - with the President and Secretary seated at tables at floor level instead of in the pulpit. Three new members were named - Ailsa Hocking and Cec Putting, together with Judith Rostron, who was unable to be present.

The minutes for May were signed as O.K., and after hearing of a small budget of correspondence, resolved to renew subscription to the Australian Conservation Foundation. The Treasurer advised that the working funds at the close of May stood at \$1154, having risen somewhat as a result of annual subscriptions.....unfortunately, very many were still unpaid.

Quite early in the evening we were at the Walks Report, a sorry account of almost incessant rain and abandoned trips. On the weekend of 17-18-19 May Frank Taeker headed a party of 5 down Springwood Creek to the Grose and back to Faulconbridge: there was rain, the going along Springwood Creek rather slow, and night camp on Saturday made in an overhang. Hans Beck, scheduled to conduct one of the day walks was abroad, but Meryl Watman's National Park trip went, although details were unknown.

The same lack of information applied to Malcolm Noble's Carrington Falls trip, postponed from 17/19 May to 24/26 May. The other two weekend trips set down for 24/26 May were plagued by dirty weather, which induced David Rostron's party to switch from the Guouogang area and join Jim Vatiliotis' team at Kanangra. Here storm and tempest and even some snow put paid to any idea of doing the planned trip and most of the crew retreated on Saturday. The same weekend Paddy's Orienteering contest was truncated because of shocking weather, but 17 people competed and veteran "orienteerer" Phil Butt was numbered amongst the winners.

There was no report of Bill Hall's Sunday walk from Waterfall, but it was known that Barry Zieren had cancelled his West Head jaunt, mainly because of storm damage at home during the savage Saturday night.

For the opening weekend in June, with conditions still exceedingly wet and the country mostly awash, Bill Burke cancelled his Splendour Rock exploit, and Wilf Hilder's proposed ski tour was also abandoned. On Sunday, amongst intermittent showers, Carl Bock took 11 people on his Dharug Park walk, and if the episode of "stealing" oranges can be overlooked, it was a successful venture.

For 7-8-9 June Jim Vatiliotis had Barrington Tops in his sights, and went there with five citizens, and actually covered most of the trip despite another snowfall. (Is "Vatiliotis" the original Abominable Snowman?) Peter Miller's trip also made it to Devil's Rock (or was it Devil's Rock, asked the reporter). Anyway there was a rock with some fine aboriginal carvings. Finally Sam Hinde's trip had some 18-20 people on an easy stroll along Cowan Creek, with an uncommonly early finish about 3.0 p.m.

Practically all the remainder of the meeting was taken up with discussion of Federation's proposed statement on its conservation objectives. These had been pre-considered by our Committee and the Conservation Secretary, and there were comments on each of the six major points in the Federation proposal.

General agreement was to be found for Point 1, that the principal goal should be preservation of areas of bush parkland, while Point 2 was accepted as a statement of method rather than policy. On Point 3, relating to development of existing bushland parks, the view was taken that the target should be acquisition of additional bush reserves while land was available, rather than expenditure on facilities in established parks. Point 4 - fees for use of parklands - brought comment that it was difficult to define the status of people entering bush parks, and perhaps not our function to advise the Parks Service, but a case might be made for small entry fees for those who obtained passive enjoyment, as compared with motorists, whose activities required expenditure on certain facilities. In Point 5, the Federation sought a policy of equality for all - if limitations had to be imposed on the number of parkland visitors, then it should be "first come first served": this brought some debate in which it was suggested that Federation's aim was to get away from preferential treatment of any group or type of park visitor. Our general feeling again was that the walker or preservationist should perhaps receive some favoured consideration over, say, a trail-bike rider. With Federation's final point 6 we were in full agreement - maintenance of liaison with the Park Service in order to express walker opinions and also to obtain notice of proposals to restrict usage of parks or portions of parks (e.g. camping at Burning Palms).

When all that was said, we could call a closure with the clock showing 9.20 p.m.

FEDERATION NOTES - JUNE.

by Mike Short.

Federation of Bushwalking Clubs meeting held 18th of last month:

1. Lithgow police have roomfull of gear donated from 300 cars in the area. Please contact the Lithgow Police 063-512-229 or Lithgow 2229.
2. Storage of log book on Cloudmaker will be improved by C.B.C.
3. The Federation conservation committee will re-hash its policy on Parks.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS:

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.

EASTER QUINTET.

by Judith Rostron.

Nobody was really optimistic about the weather for our trip to Jagungal, as dark forebodings had been relayed over the media for the past few days. However, our spirits were high as David and I collected Malcolm Noble from his home in pelting rain and we proceeded to Jindabyne where we were to meet up with Spiro Ketas and Rosemary Edmunds. We all breakfasted and tried to make jokes about the weather as we looked across the lake at Jindabyne -- or I should say, where the lake should have been, because it was raining so hard that all view was obliterated!! However, it was decided to go to Mungyang Power Station, and at least, in whatever weather (!) walk up the Schlink Pass to the Schlink Hilton. Here at least we could pass the time playing cards, reading or whatever, and no matter what the weather did we would have dry beds and luxuries like an inside loo, and we wouldn't feel we had come all the way from Sydney merely to turn around and return.

There was always that remote possibility of course, which we didn't like to think about too much, that the weather might actually clear. Superstitiously we didn't discuss this matter very much in case we jinxed ourselves.

By the time we reached Mungyang the weather had given way to only occasional spitting showers, but still looked very threatening and dark. It was sufficiently cold that we didn't suffer very much from overheating when we made the steep climb up the pass. We were very well equipped at this stage to meet all eventualities -- we had brought a pack of cards and a few books, and the others had brought reading matter as well. Rosemary was most considerate and brought her umbrella!!! She reasoned that if we were going to be stuck in a hut all weekend in the rain we might as well have an umbrella for brief forays outside without having to get completely rigged up. Still, we had quite a laugh, because there is no doubt a bushwalker strikes quite a comic figure wearing a haversack and carrying an umbrella!

The Schlink Hilton looked most welcoming and was fortunately empty when we arrived. After a couple of hours we felt quite at home and rather possessive with all our things scattered around and a warm fire glowing in both the kitchen and the living room. Between us we must have had about enough food for 20 people because I think we had all felt that eating would have been a very good way to spend some of the time in a hut all weekend. This thought must have jinxed our solitude because about 4.00 p.m. in trooped six people -- three couples, who as well as being very noisy, seemed to have twice as many things as we did. Confusion reigned. We finally sorted ourselves out, but by then about another four very wet people staggered in and the whole process was repeated. We managed to prepare a meal and scuttle out of the way as quickly as possible. Unfortunately the three couples hadn't done much walking before and had come prepared to really LIVE IT UP, and had brought with them quite a few bottles of wine, liqueur etc. to help them recover from the rigors of their walking. So they caroused until quite late and must have felt rather annoyed when we disturbed them early in the morning.

The next day looked rather brighter and we thought it was worth while

pushing on towards Jagungal - anything to escape the overcrowded hut. So we set off along the road and soon turned off to go cross-country over the Kerries and then to Mawsons Hut. Mawsons Hut made us realise what luxury we had experienced at the Schlink Hilton. None of us wanted to think about what it would have been like to spend the night at Mawsons Hut with 15 people! There were some interesting old maps and photographs at Mawsons which provided a diversion, and we also discovered some very old tins of bully beef which must have been rations left over from the last war. Pity help the poor desperate souls who have to resort to them! The weather at this time was breaking, with patches of sun, although it was still very cold.

We crossed the Valentine River and found a truly beautiful camp site in amongst the snow gums within sight of Jagungal. This was bliss after the musty mattresses and dust of the huts, even without an inside loo. We had to dive for cover now and then from icy rain, but I'm sure we all appreciated the tranquility of this lovely spot.

We set up camp and after lunch we made for Jagungal, and had fine clear views when we reached the top. Of course we had the odd bit of sleet, but I found myself more affected by the altitude than the weather. I had to stop every 20 yards or so going up the steep grade to catch my breath and everyone else left me way behind. However I took advantage of these enforced stops to take some photographs which later turned out rather well.

We didn't take long with our climb, and managed to get back to the camp before dark. We had the most magnificent dinner. All I seemed to do all weekend was eat, and actually came home weighing more than when I left, despite all my exertions! As there were only five in the party there was a lot of pooling of food which made life more interesting when you could taste a bit of everything, and everyone joined in the conversation without anyone staying in the background just listening..

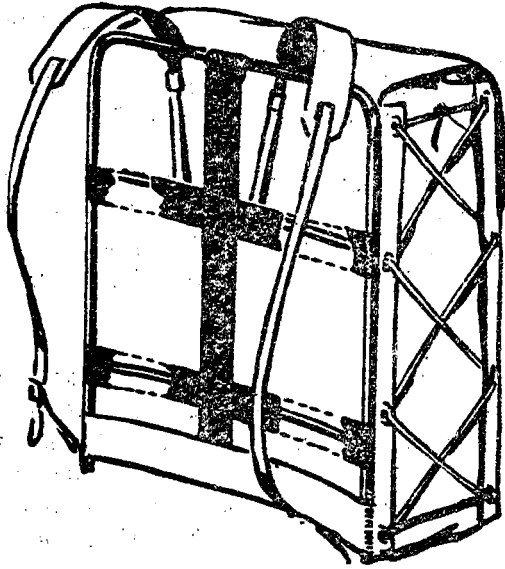
On the Sunday morning the weather was bright and clear, although our tents had frozen stiff overnight. I wasn't as clever as David who had put his shoes under the groundsheet, and I found that even though my shoes had been actually inside the tent, they were frozen too. I then discovered that it is very difficult to put on frozen Volleys, and there was many a huff and a puff before I could stagger around with my shoes on, creaking at every step. The Finches had offered us the hint that if there was snow on the ground, wearing plastic bags over your socks kept your feet dry walking in the snow, even though the shoes still became wet. So we had come prepared with our plastic bags, and these kept our feet protected from the frozen shoes.

We took off towards the Grey Mare Range and felt as though we were on top of the world. Walking along we noticed that some ice crystals had been raised 4" off the ground by the frost. With the weather bright and sunny we couldn't have hoped for anything more. Jagungal seemed to change in shape and colour from every aspect and I collected quite a few photographs of its different moods.

We made our way to the foot of Valentine Falls. I felt like some

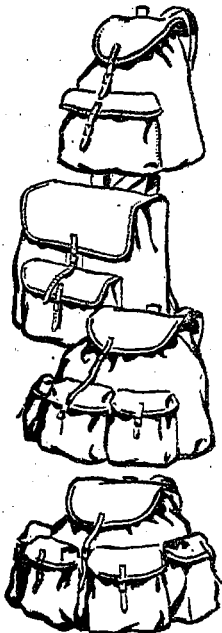
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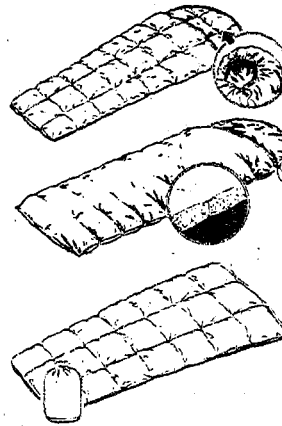
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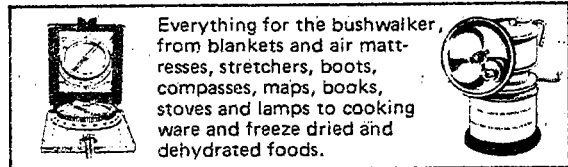
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Paddy Pallen

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explorer breaking unknown territory. They seemed so remote and wild. We had lunch at the foot of the falls to prepare us for the ghastly scrub bash up the side of the falls. This was my unfavourite part of the weekend, and I won't dwell on this dreadful ascent. Enough to say that the falls were a sight that made it all worthwhile.

Our campsite for Sunday night was back past the Schlink Hilton and right up on the Pass. Again we were in amongst the snow gums but we were in a more sheltered spot and didn't suffer quite so much from the cold weather this night.

Monday morning was spent walking across the Rolling Grounds. Again I had the sensation of walking on top of the world. It was just delightful to be able to walk over grass, grass and more grass in every direction. Sudden outcrops of huge rounded boulders were grouped in such a way that they looked as though they were holding "conference" on the top of hills. We came across a lot of what looked like huge telegraph poles. What were they? Where had they come from? We speculated as to how they had even got there, but couldn't come up with any constructive ideas.

We were walking up the side of Mt. Tate when all of a sudden David said he was in the most awful pain. In fact he lay down in the dead snow daisies and looked as if he was in absolute agony. It seems he had hurt his back some way or other and all at once he couldn't lift his feet without experiencing very bad back pain. However, after a while, he said he could go on slowly as long as he didn't try to lift his feet, but just slid them along the ground. (Think about trying to climb a mountain without lifting your feet!) I took over his pack and Spiro very kindly took mine (which was lighter), and eventually we arrived at a sheltered spot where we could have some lunch. We left David wrapped warmly in a sleeping bag, lying down, while the rest of us climbed Tate. Another clear blue day and we had excellent views looking down onto Guthega Dam.

After lunch David said he would go on ahead while we cleared up, and would meet us later. So when we took off we couldn't see him at all. Eventually we scrambled down through horrible thick damp scrub and arrived hot and muddy at the stream at the bottom of the ridge. All this time we were thinking, "Poor David having to stagger down through all this ghastly scrub". Poor David nothing! He had managed to find the ski tow route which was a cleared path straight down the next ridge further around!! So luckily he had been able to come down without too much pain.

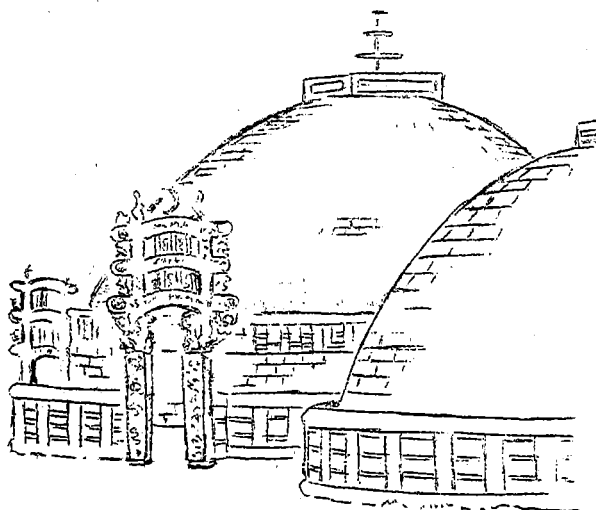
Rosemary and I were feeling rather tatty after our rough scramble down, so we sent Malcolm and Spiro off to where David was and plunged into this very inviting little pool to try to freshen up a bit. We didn't linger there - I really felt I might have frozen solid if I had stayed any longer! It was a most invigorating dip and we both felt much better for it.

David and I then left for home and the others returned with Spiro in his car. I believe they had an interesting time comparing notes with S.B.W. members of Phil Butt's Woila party when they all met up in Goulburn.

CENTRAL INDIA.

by Helen Gray.

Illustrations also by Helen Gray.

Sanchi.

The temples of Khajuraho in Northern India were not the only ones "lost" for many centuries, escaping the Moghuls sweep of destruction. At Sanchi, in Central India, a group of stupas (large solid hemispheres containing relics of Buddha) was built about the 3rd Century B.C. A number of shrines, monasteries and temples were added over the next 1,000 years, and then.....? The rediscovery in 1818 gave "archaeologists" a chance to gather much loot. However, the remaining stupas, with their encircling stone fences, and gateways so intricately carved, are in remarkably fine condition today.

After leaving Khajuraho, Frank and I had spent the night perched on chairs (to get away from the rats) in a railway waiting room; by morning the night train was still not in sight, so we caught a bus heading south. On this bus we befriended a Sikh who, on being questioned about food cooking on street stalls, insisted on buying us samples. Of course we had to eat them - and they were delicious! (Since arriving in Delhi we had eaten only 2 breakfasts and 2 teas in 5 days, plus some bananas, guavas and peanuts, and those few "spicy things" - e.g. chillied potato crisps - given to us in another village.) After this day, we bought anything we saw and fancied, and never suffered a moment's illness. (Well, Frank did have stomach cramps after eating 6 unripe guavas, but India's hardly to blame for that.)

We changed buses in picturesque country towns, and had plenty of time to wander through the markets and talk to people. At Lalitpur, we had about 100 people encircling us, staring; they obviously saw very few Europeans. One young man who was talking to me casually reached over and pinched me hard on the breast, without even pausing in his speech! At the next village, Frank was given betel nuts with pan leaves to chew, and for the rest of the day had the bright red mouth and lips, and purple gums characteristic of the addicts, and looked just as repulsive.

The last leg of our journey to Sanchi, that night, was in a taxi (a minute car) with 7 others. We were soundly abused by people in the car and out for not moving up (where?) to make room for more; they shouted, we shouted, and the car radio, with a large speaker behind the back seat, played Indian pop-music at ear-hurting pitch. The yelling and pushing

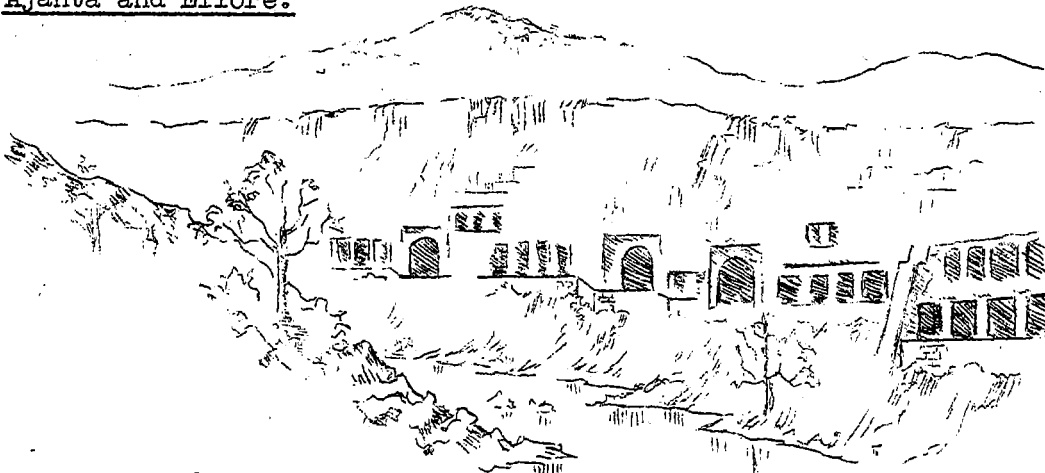
went on for half an hour, one more was finally squeezed in, and we moved off. That 20 minute journey - the crazy fast driving and the din - is probably my only really unpleasant memory of India.

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We woke early in Sanchi, and walked up an avenue of lemon-scented gums and silky oaks to the hill with the shrines. As Owen had promised us, there was no one else there. We each wandered in separate directions, enjoying the peace and silence, and the beauty of the stonework, and of the countryside below. The area has a religious calm even today.

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Ajanta and Ellore.



The 10 hour train journey across Central India was mainly in the night, perched on a slatted seat (already mentioned in a previous article). We were far from fresh when we arrived at Ajanta, although our sense of wonder was not diminished. Here the artists of 2,000 years ago carved temples out of solid basalt. In a horseshoe-shaped cliff are no less than 29 temples, some of the rooms spanning 100 ft. (George says it can't be done because rock has little tensile strength. Luckily, the sculptors knew neither physics nor George.)

In 1819, we are told, a British hunting party stumbled across this horseshoe-shaped gorge, with its waterfall and cascading river below. The gorge itself must have been a spectacular find, but the caves....! Even more exciting must have been the moment when they entered them and saw the wonderful wall paintings depicting the life of Buddha. The figures in the paintings are beautifully life-like; there are no rigid poses or fixed expressions, and the colour and tone is rich and bright. Even today the temples are not lit, except by hand-held lights, and as we wandered about with our torches we understood the excitement of that discovery last century.

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Our day ended at nearby Aurangabad, in a lodging house. Two of the rules of the house were: (1) Hot water for showers available at 7 a.m. (2) Premises must be vacated at 7 a.m. We were too weary to care.

When we flopped into our beds we had had 42 hours without a sleep.

Ellore cave temples are just as fantastic. The Buddhists, Hindus and Jains all carved temples here, 24 in all, once again in basalt. (Ever tried even chipping basalt?) Such religious fervour must surely have no parallel. Ellore has one temple that defies comparison. (As with the pyramids of Egypt, one doesn't even try.) It is the Kailasanatha Temple. Starting at the top of the cliff, the stone cutters removed some 3 million cubic feet of rock, forming a pit 107 feet deep, 276 feet long, and 154 feet wide, leaving a huge block in the centre, which was carved into a colossal temple. The temple itself is multi-storied, and has courtyards, staircases and balconies, and all are intricately carved.

At dusk, when all other tourists - and buses - had gone, we wandered (very slowly, as I'd fallen earlier and wrecked my ankle) past the temples and up and over the hills to an old Moghul town 2 miles away. From here we caught a bus - the first leg of our mad rush to reach Mysore, in Southern India, and meet George, Owen and Marion Lloyd.

1,500 kilometres, and 2 days to get there! Did we make it? See the next episode.

LETTER FROM ALLAN WYBORN (in NORWAY).

4th July, 1974.

S.B.W. Dear Editor,

Here with an offer for the magazine. We are 60 miles above the Arctic Circle, in dull weather, waiting on the midnight sun, which is supposed to shine 24 hours a day for 6 weeks. However, it is light all the time. As I write this in daylight it is almost midnight. We are camped in the wilds, surrounded by snow peaks. Outside our van, about 50 yards away is a magnificent silver-tailed arctic fox and three large cubs, running about and oblivious to us. Now a larger male fox has joined them with a large bird in its mouth. Norway is great, with fjords, lakes, waterfalls, mountains and fine forests. Animals are here but timid. We saw two moose only 70 yards away last night.

Enjoying our trip, we have already toured the Americas from Alaska to Patagonia. We came across from New York by boat to Spain in March, crossed to Morocco, then back through Spain, France and the British Isles. Back to Belgium, Holland, West Germany, Denmark and now Norway. From here, we are going south around the rest of Europe, before going to Katmandu.

Alice and I are both well, and having a great experience. Cheerio till 1975. (P.S. We will be at the following address till the end of September, if anyone would care to write. I would like to hear of the Club.)

Allan Wyborn, 40 Ludlow Way, Croxley Green, Rickmansworth, Herts, England.

"SURE BY TUMMEL - "

by Allan Wyborn.

Highland Scotland can be very beautiful in the spring and if the weather is good. The glens and vales have trees and grass of a soft green not usually seen in Australia. Offsetting this is the brown heather of the uplands, bare of trees, capped with light grey rocks under clear blue skies. The spring of 1974 in Scotland started out very dry and finished wet.

The turn-off to Loch Tummel and Loch Rannoch is two miles north of Pitlochry in the Scottish Highlands, and just before the beautiful pass of Killiecrankie. These names had been like a legend to me ever since I was a boy, and now we were about to see them. We had even just "come back from the Isle of Skye". The weather had been unkind to us at Snowden in Wales, at Ben Nevis and the Cairnghorms in Scotland - climbing in thick mist is never very rewarding - and now we hoped for some walking, as the weather was improving. A few miles along from the turn-off on a glorious late afternoon we had our first glimpse of Loch Tummel from the Queen's View, a wonderful sight, as the loch stretched away well below us for six miles through a wooded valley.

Camping by the loch shore that night at Ardgualich we had a marvellous view from a grassy bank one hundred feet above the water, and an island with many trees right in the foreground. Cows and black-faced highland sheep wandered at will around our van. The lambs were intriguing with their black legs and heads and snowy white body fleeces. It was still light at 11 p.m. as we walked around the loch shores and watched the colourful sunset.

Next day, however, the wind and clouds were there again, but without the rain. We drove on up the valley along Loch Tummel, the River Tummel and Dunalistair Reservoir, and noted several power stations fed by aqueducts from lochs high in the Grampian Mountains. Loch Rannoch then stretched about eight miles up towards the snow-tipped Grampians, and is about one mile wide. At the eastern end of the loch is the picturesque village of Kinloch Rannoch, with sturdy houses, hotels and a church all in grey stone. Walking along the north side of Loch Rannoch among beautiful trees and fern undergrowth, we looked back on the south side of the loch to see a sharp pointed mountain. Weather permitting we would climb this mountain. Returning to Kinloch Rannoch we made enquiries. It was Mount Schiehallion, a mere 3,547 feet high, but starting almost at sea level, it is quite something for Scotland. We crossed the river on a stone bridge built in 1704 by "express command of His Majesty King George III", and with "moneys extracted from surrounding estates", and drove seven miles east to a house called Braes of Foss.

The presence of half a dozen parked cars indicated this was the start of the walking track up Schiehallion, and although the weather was threatening, and it was 4 p.m., we started off, knowing there were still many hours of daylight. The sharp point of the mountain was not seen from this aspect, and it looked more like a heather-covered sugarloaf shape, with a relatively level top ridge about two miles long, barren and stony like

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most of the mountain tops here. The track up is well graded, and is a delight to walk on because of the heather, grass and soft earth underneath. Being May the heather was not in bloom, and was a drab brown colour. August is the time for their beautiful pink blossoms. On reaching the top ridge at about 3,000 feet the track became very stony.

The vistas opened up from here on both sides were very extensive, with Loch Tummel and Loch Rannock surrounded by heather-covered hills, pine forests and fields for many miles. Way over in the Lochaber district about thirty miles to the west was Ben Nevis, Great Britain's highest mountain at 4,400 feet. Although the weather was dull we enjoyed the views, but the cold wind coming over the ridge from the south was biting, and fog was starting to close in on the topmost point. It had snowed yesterday, and we had visions of more snow, so beat a hasty retreat to the comparative shelter of the north side of the mountain.

Most of the mountains we have seen here are relatively easy going, having nothing very precipitous, with perhaps a few exceptions such as the Black Cuillins on Skye, and some of the Cairnghorms. The biggest hazard is fog, which is often present or closes in very quickly. Walkers often get lost for days in such conditions. To us the heights were very small after being at 17,800 feet in the Andes.

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

- 1974
- 2, 3, 4 August - Now that you have all got over that nasty flu, it's about time you got out there for a bit of exercise. And Kathie Stuart's test walk out along Narrow Neck to Splendour Rock is just the answer. Good tracks and terrific scenery all the way.
- 2, 3, 4 August - Come along and knock a little of that rust off your crampons with Malcolm Noble practicing ice and rock climbing techniques on his ski tour from Guthega to Blue Lake and return. Non climbers also catered for.
- Sunday 4 - Sunday is fun day with Owen Marks on his delightful day test walk out along the Wanganderry tops from Malcolm's Farm to Bonnum Pic, with its panoramic views of the Wollondilly. Owen intends to camp Saturday night at Malcolm's Farm.
- Sunday 4 - Sam Hinde invites you to accompany him on his Sunday stroll in the Heathcote Primitive Area to Trailers Lake.
- 9, 10, 11 August - Get away from it all for a weekend with Rosemary Edmunds in the ever popular Cox's River country. Camp at beautiful Konangaroo clearing - good tracks most of the way.
- 9, 10, 11 August - Wilf Hilder is off to the snow country, touring from Eucumbene to Mt. Jagungal, a long hard trip but worth every ache and pain on Monday.

- 1974
- 10, 11 August - A Saturday morning start on this classic test walk with Bob Younger over Mt. Solitary, encompassing the view from Echo Pt. to Wentworth Falls.
- Sunday 11 - David Ingram invites you to join him on a stroll out to Bushwalkers Basin from Minto, an excellent opportunity to revisit an old favourite area.
- 16, 17, 18 August - George Gray and Snow Brown each leading a party will plod off down the Wolgan and Capertee rivers respectively. If the cartographer and their cartology is correct they should meet and camp together half way.
- Sunday 18 - Bill Hall, that gentleman bushwalker, will welcome your company in that much walked area from Waterfall to Otford. Lots of fresh air and sunshine?
- 23, 24, 25 August - Myall Lakes again. If you missed the June trip now is your opportunity to join Tony Denham to visit this uniquely beautiful area with its aquatic wild life and breathtaking views.
- 23, 24, 25 August - A spot of ski touring up the northern end of the Snowy Mountains with Wilf Hilder from Kiandra to Nine Mile Open Cut. Book early for this trip.
- Sunday 25 - Helen Gray and Owen Marks are combining their talents on this Hawkesbury River views walk from Wiseman's Ferry.
- Sunday 25 - Heathcote to Engadine, a nice easy Sunday stroll with Meryl Watman along good tracks and pleasant Royal National Park scenery.
- 30, 31 August, 1st Sept. - Mike Short has selected his favourite walking country to welcome in the spring. The Nattai from Hilltop, returning by a route that Mike knows best.
- 30, 31, 1 - Spectacular views await the viewing on this Glen Davis, Wolgan and return by two different but energetic routes. Peter Miller will be there cracking the whip to make sure you derive maximum enjoyment.
- Sunday 1st Sept. - Gladys Roberts will be conducting a tour of the Kuring-gai Wildflower Garden on this, the first day of spring.
- Sunday 1st Sept. - Bundeena to Audley with David Ingram is the theme on this day test walk. Views of Port Hacking and the big smoke.

The Spring Walks Programme (September, October, November) is being prepared. Please see Bob Hodgson to let him know what walk you intend to lead. Or send details by post to S.B.W. postal address - Box 4476 G.P.O.2001.
