
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.

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OCTOBER, 1974.

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THE HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING.

by Jim Brown.

A moderate number of people rolled up for the September meeting - about 50 at the peak - and four out of the five new members admitted a week earlier put in an appearance to be welcomed. They were Penny Gailey, Fazeley Read, Stephen Gray and Hans Stichter. The minutes of August were confirmed with no aftermath, while correspondence contained two significant conservation matters which had been referred to Alex Colley, the Conservation Secretary, for examination. One related to a proposal for a National Park in the Deua/Tuross country, and the other to a suggested policy for fire control in National Parks and Natural Areas. In addition the Kamerula Club had advised that a film produced by the Ansett people "Walking in the Wilderness" (South-west Tasmania) be screened on a date suitable to members of the sundry walking groups - and the first Wednesday in either November or December was suggested: no doubt there will be further information on this later.

The Treasurer presented his story up to the close of August, showing a closing balance of \$1,418 in working funds, and then we were up to Walks Report, the first weekend under review being August 16-18, when a proposed car swap trip in the Wolgan/Capertee area was amended by George Gray to a Kangaroo Valley setting in view of the likely scarcity of petrol. Various evidences of the Shoalhaven water supply project were found before the journey wound up after dark on Sunday. Bill Hall's Sunday walk was amended owing to curtailed rail operations but was still in the Waterfall area where heavy bush growth made the going solid enough to merit its classification as a test walk.

For the following weekend (23-25 August) it was understood Tony Denham's Myall Lakes trip went forward but details were not available; Wilf Hilder's ski tour was postponed, while Helen Gray's day trip into Dharug also failed because flooding of the Hawkesbury made the river crossing impossible. Meryl Watman's alternative Sunday walk from Heathcote went as programmed and was reported as uneventful.

Thus to the end of August, and first a cancellation of Mike Short's proposed Nattai River trip. The other Friday nighter was Peter Miller's venture on to the plateau downstream from Glen Davis: there were six starters, but the way down into the Wolgan valley proved elusive and they retraced their path along the Capertee. Phil Butt expressed surprise that this trail, regarded as the cattle-duffers' Hume Highway, was not located. Sunday was a two-day-walk occasion, with Gladys Roberts making 14 to the Kuring-gai Wildflower Garden - a very easy jaunt, while 11 appeared on David Ingram's Bundeena-Mudley day test through another garden of bush flowers.

The new programme began with the Sept. 6-8 weekend, when Bob Hodgson conducted a team along the lower part of the Colo Gorge, finding recent floods had prostrated the scrub in a downstream direction. Instead of getting back on the ridges at Parr South, they persisted along the river, finding a cold swim necessary late on Sunday. Alastair Battye reluctantly cancelled his day walk by Saturday afternoon for lack of starters - then a stream of phone calls came at night: he proposes to attempt the

trip on another occasion, preferably after hearing from his party somewhat earlier. The other Sunday trip was led by Margaret Reid out from Glenbrook and had to be curtailed when Fran Christie sustained a nasty cut to the head in a fall in a creek branching off Campfire Creek: the group included 22 people.

A Federation Report was not available so the President sought nominations for a replacement Lady Committee Member - and newly enlisted member Fazeley Read stepped into the breach. He was unable to get a taker for the other vacancy of Federation Delegate.

So we reached the Constitutional Amendments on the agenda and it soon became evident that the support for changes was pretty meagre. Committee had considered the first proposal, but had not come up with any recommendation. Judith Rostron referred to other walking clubs which catered for people who did not wish to undertake overnight trips. Ray Hookway believed it maintained the Club's status that all members must participate in some activity lasting more than one day, and it gave some assurance to leaders that members should be capable of completing a trip. Kath Brown felt that the present membership qualifications set a pattern for the Club - everyone at least knew what it was like to join in weekend walking trips, and Alex Colley said the weekend test walk had been adopted early in the Club's history to sort out walkers from people doing mass "mystery hikes" in the depression era. Alastair Battye agreed that the amendment could destroy the long-established character of the Club. The mover, Frank Roberts, in reply felt this was too drastic an assessment of the probabilities, and suggested that it should be left to Committee to decide in each case whether an overnight trip should be required: the proposal was put to the vote and lost.

Immediately the bush lawyers began to operate on the second listed Constitutional change (that test walks be not obligatory) by proposing that such relaxation apply only to members of recognised walking clubs. The mover of the original proposal accepted this amendment and its inclusion was carried, but the whole project was cast out after further debate.

Consideration was given to a site for the 1975 Reunion and three places were advanced - Woods Creek: Coolana: Woodhill Gap. By vote, Woods Creek was adopted.

In General Business two items cropped up - volunteers were required (under 21 years) for attendance at a Civic Reception and dinner for young people engaged in outdoor activities: Penny Gailey and John Broome were proposed and accepted. The other related to a scheme put before Federation by the Victorian Federation that a "National Walking Movement" be established - with representation of walking organisations drawn from all States. S.B.W.'s reception was cool, members referring to the problems of organising meetings and the fact that the main objectives would probably be conservation matters which would be better handled by the Conservation Foundation. We therefore decided to instruct our delegates to oppose the scheme.

With the clock standing at 9.50 p.m., closed another half yearly meeting.

* * * * *

TASMANIAD - PART 4.

by Kathie Stuart.

The story so far: George has been missing for $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours. I am sitting in the bushes at the perimeter of penetrability, one of a long line of brush-beaters in vocal but not visual contact with one another. We are conducting a full-scale "methodical" search. Now read on:

Three of the brush-beaters got together and began exchanging complaints, banalities and reassurances. There was a muffled cry from somewhere else - depending on location (impossible to determine) it could have been someone keeping voice contact with his neighbour, or a command from out on the heath. So we had a shouting match, till one of the three, with better ears presumably than the other two, assured them that the uproar did, in fact, signify the discovery of George.

Down at camp we had afternoon tea (a kind of swap - cheese for us, soup for George) while we plied him with questions. Apparently he stopped to do up his shoelace (so he says) and then headed down to the beach on the other side of the rocky mid-beach outcrop to the side we were on. This was a couple of miles away, and when after arriving and exploring the beach and viewing the scenery for half an hour or so, he noted the absence of footprints other than his own, he decided to come to the other beach, round the rocks. Only this wasn't possible, even at low tide, so he stopped for lunch in one of the coves, long enough to be caught by the tide, thus justifying a daredevil attempt on the cliff. After that some other interesting interludes coincided with an attempted shortcut across an overgrown gully. For a while he was hanging above the chasm, waving his legs in the void for a foothold to get up the other side, but gave up after about 20 minutes and walked the two or three miles round. This apart from covering (so it seemed) every square metre of heath in case we were hiding in some little hollow. The general consensus of opinion was that George hadn't been lost, he'd only lost the party.

Our half of Louisa Beach stretched out in a big concave curve, with our freshwater supply in the middle of the curve, us at the western end (roughly) and Louisa Island joined by a broad flat spit of sand to the other end of the curve.

After tea (about 6 p.m. Daylight Saving Time), some of us went to investigate reports of penguins on Louisa Island. On the way we met Peter and Bob coming back with a suspiciously down-covered beanie. They had found plenty of "nests" (i.e. holes in the ground); we came across only one inhabitant, but only investigated down near the beach because of nettles growing on the slopes. Our legs, thoroughly zer-scratched by fierce bushes during the morning, had been subjected to further ordeals as we waded to the island. Shallow waves swept over the spit from both sides, meeting in the middle (where we were) in beautiful, complex patterns of compression and rarefaction, and flinging salt-spray of considerable potency at our wounds in the process. A "Chinese-torture-type" tingle persisted for about 5 minutes after completing the crossing, and no one felt like risking any remaining of their overworked nerve

cells on the nettles.

Our little penguin was only a baby, very determined to defend itself (the parents were nowhere in sight). When approached it did not, as expected, come running into the arms of the would-be cuddler; instead it gave out a panic-stricken combination of a honk (goose) and a grunt (pig) and threatened us timidly with its beak.

Tuesday 26th: Slept in again - it was so very cold in the night that I couldn't even get out of my bag to get some clothes, so I only went to sleep when the sun rose and it got warmer. Nevertheless there was still time to make use of two billies of water (hot and cold) and one of the caves down on the beach while those who hadn't seen the island yet (and some who had) went to look it over.

Breakfast was suggestively labelled "egg crud" (egg powder disguised as pancake by the addition of flour and powdered milk and water, with honey, sugar or salt on top), but was a great improvement on the usual brew of watery curds with herbs in. Possibly the good old outdoorsy flavour (i.e. charcoal-coating) was a better disguise, because more familiar and more potent. A little charcoal once in a while does one good, it makes you think you're eating fresh (as opposed to reconstituted) food, e.g. the steaks on the first night or the fish at Granite Beach - a nice change from the usual gelatinous goo of beans and Paddy stews, which were never popular enough for the utilisation of the burnt bits to be necessary, anyway.

Return of explorers at 20 to 11, Rosemary suffering from penguin-bite and perhaps hypothetical rabies. They's found two penguins in a hole and photographed them ad nauseam - the penguins got quite annoyed with them in the end and retreated, and it seems Rosemary was elected to push them forward again from the other side of the hole.

The earlier part of the morning was fine with the occasional patch of sun, and by mid-morning there was more sun than otherwise. The plan was to head back to the track (bearing slightly left, to cut corners a bit), have lunch on top, and camp at "the further campsite at Cox's Bight", which is the larger one. We expected to pick up the track on the flat, but bashed buttongrass for at least an hour before eventually discovering it winding through the foothills. It was hot work, and at rest stops there was always a couple of people with their protective nylon overpants down round their ankles, cooling off after a mini-sauna of the nether regions. We were all sure that coming in to the beach the day before had been easier, despite (or perhaps because of?) the miserable weather, but that just goes to show how quickly the mind modifies or forgets unpleasantness.

Lunch at Louisa Creek was enlivened by the sighting, during the latter part of the meal, of a large Black-Bodied, Red-Legged, Black-and-White-Crested (the classification can be tailored as desired) French-Canadian Photo-Bird busily emitting its characteristic "click click" sound from a tree above us. This was the shortest lunch yet - it began at 1.00, and ended at 1.30 when Gem, as soon as she had finished, set off so as to get a head start before

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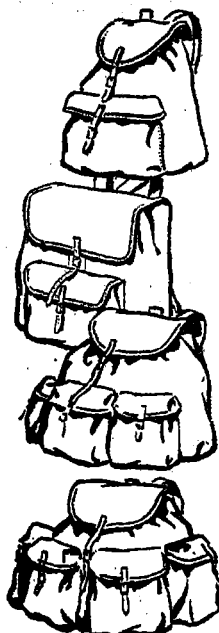


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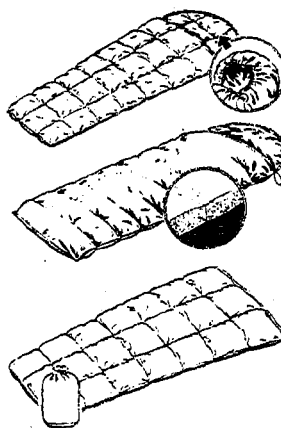
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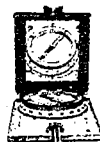
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Paddy Pallen

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the fast ones started. Naturally, a few other people who would have been content to sit for at least another $\frac{1}{4}$ hour (among them some of the party's de facto leaders, who shall, however, remain nameless) immediately rushed to their packs and were several yards along the track before their packs had properly settled on their backs.

There was an interesting bridge over Louisa Creek to the lunch spot: two 5" logs, the "handrail" above and slightly to the side of the actual walking-on log, and the whole setup about 10 ft. above the water.

On the way out, Theo (who was having trouble with his shoes - they needed retreads, and restringing, daily or oftener) slipped on another network of branches (an entire tree lying across the creek this time) and almost went in - but took it all with his usual good humour. From L. Ck. we walked about an hour to the top of a saddle providing panoramic vistas all round, comparable (with a bit of imagination and slight adjustment) to Wyoming, Kosciusko, etc. etc., depending on where you had been. After that it was all downhill except for the occasional rise of a couple of metres. The party was very widely spaced, enabling one to enjoy the scenery rather than contemplate the back view of the walker in front. A new method of drinking from streams, without the tiresome bother of removing and replacing the pack, was perfected (subject to width and depth of watercourse): kneel in stream facing upstream, then bend forward to drink, using hands for support. Needless to say, this method is suitable only for situations where immersion of feet, knees and hands (and nose and chin) in the water is not objectionable - such as in the case of reasonably clear S.W. Tassie water of bearable temperature on a hot day. Care must also be taken that one is not accidentally mistaken for a colourful stepping-stone by following walkers; or worse still, for a large, exotic turtle by some trigger-happy photographer; or even (worst of all) for both simultaneously!

The threats of Mud-Bogs-In-Which-To-Sink-To-The-Waist were finally given some credence by a very boggy patch just before the dunes of Cox's Bight. Just as well that we were so dispersed and not following in one another's footsteps, since the method of crossing was to find a leaping-off place which provided tussocks or branches at leapable distances from one another (for oneself, not necessarily someone else). This enabled one to cross without actually sinking in above the knee (though of course one got muddy there), if reasonable caution was exercised and momentum maintained, and one didn't stay too long on the one foothold. Since resistance of a water-laden clump of grass three inches below the surface was much less than usual, leverage was minimal and progress consequently dangerously slow. Hence the sudden credibility of the previously-discounted bog-horror-stories.

On emergence onto the beach, the same stream (doubtless) which was responsible for all the mud, now became handy to rinse out dirty shoes and sox. By the look of it we are now back to "cold tea" freshwater; for one day at Louisa Beach the brackish water from the soak was slightly coloured and the fresh water from a drip off the cliff was clear (very confusing after over a week of Tassie cold-tea fresh water and clear saltwater). From here there was a walk of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles (? - distances can be deceptive) to the near side of Point Eric, which divided the Bight in two. Arrived there

about 4 (?), to find a nice campspot, sheltered under trees and bushes but with plenty of headroom and tentroom, and bracken already picked for bedding by previous campers.

A few of us went in for a swim, but soon came out and rinsed off the salt in the nearby stream. The sun is getting too low for it to be warm enough, and besides, we've got out of the habit of swimming after all these grey days - perhaps the best idea would be to spend a large chunk in the middle of the day swimming, and walk in the early mornings and evenings - but that requires tiresome things like early starts and tea cooked in the dark.

Stayed up till almost midnight. The big talkers were in fine and esoteric fettle (technical, that is: e.g. why a 'plastic' bag should be called a 'plastics' bag, and how long it takes to screw up 4 screws). We tried to get back at them by being esoteric about things like classical music, but they ignored our puny efforts. Finally at suppertime we managed to provoke a topic of general interest (the morality of milo rationing) which was hotly debated.

Wednesday 27th. Up late (yes again, but after all, this is a bludge trip), but was lucky enough to get the last of the porridge as an alternative to beans for breakfast. Most people had gone off fishing or exploring (George, with the hatchet, amidst admonitions to return it before he went and got lost). It was a beautiful sunny morning, but too breezy for swimming (I was too used to clothes and my windjacket), so I eventually compromised with a skivvy over my costume. It was a very lazy day with nothing to do, and we wouldn't be leaving for another day or so - the exact how and when hadn't been decided yet. I couldn't work up the motivation to go exploring by myself, but was beginning to feel bored, when Heather strolled up with a handful of blackberries. Tina and I set off with jeans, shoes, wind-jackets and huge billies and picked the remaining ones - about two handfuls at most. By the time we'd tasted a few it seemed undiplomatic to take the remaining small amount back, so that we returned as we'd set out, with empty billies (I hope we didn't have purple lips and fingers).

As with almost all "rest days", food was the great milestone, the most interesting 'events' being food-oriented. The next comment recorded in my notes refers to the distribution of the "last of (the) scroggin" for morning tea. Then after lunch I went and collected mussels for about an hour over the other side of Pt. Eric, coming back at 3 or 4. I think mussels were first thought of at Prion Beach where we had the airdrop tins to cook them in, or you could just put them on one of the lids over the hot coals till they popped open and hung their tongues out, so you knew they were cooked (same principle as a hot-plate). I always felt sick of them after I'd had about five, but still, it was something to do to collect them, it gave you a sense of achievement, especially finding one about three inches long (and chock-full of mercury, probably - fortunately I was sick of mussels again by the time that one came to be cooked, and someone else had the dubious pleasure of sampling it.)

I was further fortunate in that a small expedition left a few minutes thereafter, for a look at some mullock-heaps (visible on the way down from

yesterday's saddle as whitish patches on the hillside above Pt. Eric - or reddish where there was ironstone). Mainly there were heaps of loam and quartzite, divided by channels and races (one sluice-channel was a deep narrow chasm with a recess for sitting in cut into one of the walls). There was a terrifically eroded creek, with while soil all around, it seems in retrospect, though, that would not have been quite the situation. Every so often we'd come across sections of old, rusted metal pipes, rivetted(!) and soldered where they were joined at all. Further up the hillside the aqueducts became more prevalent - the run-off of the entire hillside was collected by contour channels above the workings. Just about here there was also a horizontal mineshaft into the hill following a quartz vein (evident in the floor of the entrance cutting and in the "lintel" of the entrance itself). Then we headed downhill again, around the diggings to investigate a sole (and therefore very unusual) and un-Australian-looking tree. I think it turned out to be a banksia or bottlebrush, but we discovered some interesting water-filled sinkholes in the area.

Apparently these diggings dated from 50 years ago (e.g. rivetted pipes, wooden sluice boxes) but there was evidence of later work too, such as a shovel and pick, a galvanized iron "bridge", the broken-off top half of a glass jar with the lid firmly screwed on, tied with plastic to a stake (apparently once containing the claim). There were even some prospectors (or so we assumed them) camping there at the time. We never saw them except in the distance, coming down to the stream each evening for a couple of minutes. They had some kind of vehicle with caterpillar treads, but they must have had to chop down every slightly largish bush that was in the way by hand. We walked along the road to their camp (they were off prospecting every day) on our way to the mullock-heaps; it must have taken them hours to cut it, through at least 100 yards of thick bush and saplings, well above head height. It would have been impenetrable even to someone on foot without a pack.

On our return, after 2 hours of investigations, we discovered that Rod had caught a small (grey nurse?) shark; it was only a baby - it still had a roll of "sandpaper" where it would eventually have developed several rows of teeth. This little delicacy was eaten for breakfast next day and the leftovers used to make a delicious (if you like fish soup) Spiro-shark-soup (heh! heh! you should see the photos - the resemblance is uncanny).

Tonight was a comparatively early night, the last leaving at 11.30. Blame it on Bob - he undertook to entertain us without once repeating himself, and he didn't either, but he only lasted 4 or 5 hours.

(To be continued).

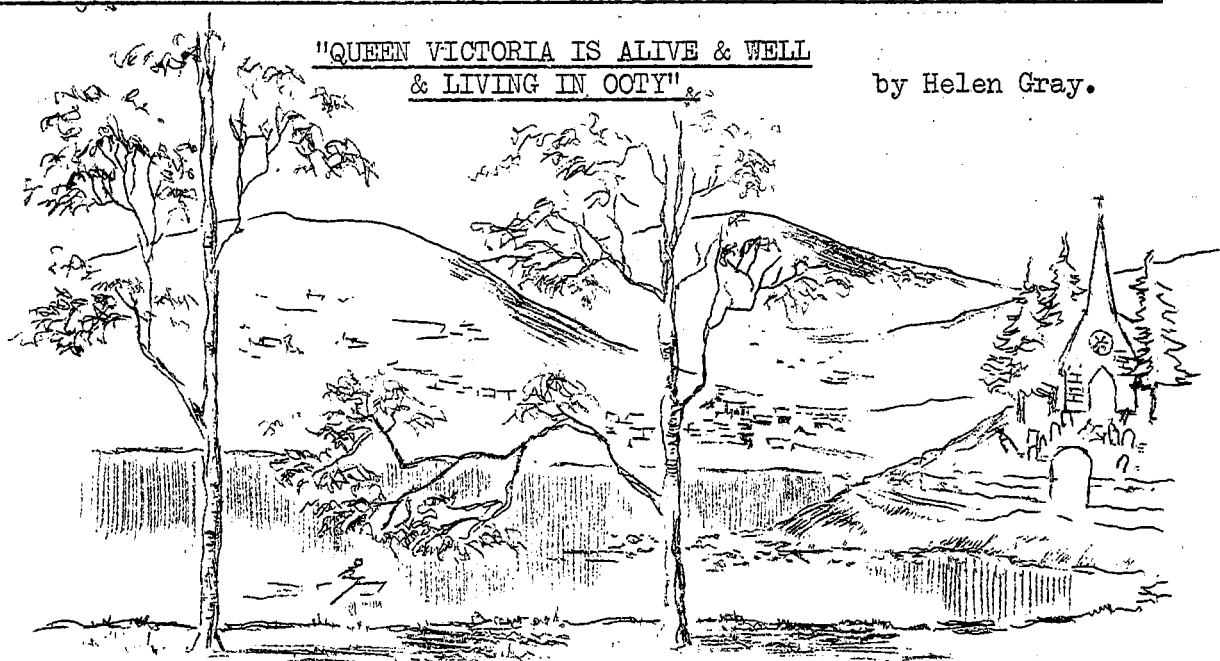
LETTER FROM U.S.A.

The Editor has received a letter from Dot Butler, who is staying with her daughter Rona at Altadena, near Los Angeles, California. She has been doing some tripping around, and has sent an article for next month's magazine. She hopes to be back in Australia for Christmas. She says Cheerio to all S.B.Ws.

* * * * *

"QUEEN VICTORIA IS ALIVE & WELL
& LIVING IN OOTY"

by Helen Gray.



The bus moved slowly down the hill, past tall hedges partly hiding two-storied houses. Occasionally we glimpsed formal gardens, many "gone-to-seed", with old rose bushes running wild. As we drove past tiny well-kept churches with their surrounding graves, I wondered what size congregations attended these days. The centre of the town then came into sight, with its narrow streets, terraced houses, tiny shops, and beyond we could see the small lake and a boatshed with its brightly painted little pleasure boats. Overlooking the lake could be seen the holiday mansions of the very rich, with winding stone paths, beautiful shrubs, greenhouses, gazebos, boatsheds. It was mid-winter and all was quiet now; the race course at one end of the lake was looking rather overgrown, and the edges of the lake had become choked with water lilies.

It was hard to believe we were in Southern India.

Owen suggested we go to Ootacamund; he had been there 10 years before and remembered how peaceful it had been and how cool, and how he had found an old "Tudor" tea-house selling scones and jam and cream. Drunk with Indian food, culture and temples, we needed little persuasion. Ooty, as even the locals call it, is over 7,000 feet above sea-level, nestling in a small valley beneath high, rounded peaks. (The mountain range is called the Nilgiris, "Blue Hills", on the western edge of the Deccan.) The natural vegetation of the mountain tops has been almost entirely replaced by lemon-scented gums brought from Australia some 100 years ago and gone wild, or by tea-plantations. Over 150 years ago the British chose this area for one of its "hill stations"; a retreat from the heat of an Indian summer. (The Governors of Madras even built a Government House there for their "summer sittings".) The British

dammed the little valley to form the lake, and as well as houses for themselves they built exclusive clubs, libraries, churches, etc. - all more English than England.

Paradoxically, within a few miles of the centre of town, lives the Todas, the last remains of the aboriginal race of India. We saw a group of Toda men in the town, easy to distinguish by their long robes and hair in ringlets.

After the dust and heat of the plains, the cold air of Ooty was a shock to our systems. (There was yet another shock to our systems on our arrival. Amidst so much "Britain", and with a uniformed band playing "Auld Lang Syne", came a Hindu funeral complete with body exposed and surrounded by flowers and burning incense.) The Public Works Dept. bungalow that was our home for the next two days is a large house on the lake edge, with views across the water of the town and surrounding mountains. The house, costing a total of 90 c. Australian for two days, has two large bedrooms with adjoining bathrooms and verandahs, and a living room. The furniture is large, heavy and dark-stained - there are also 23 doors!

We arrived at 3 p.m., but Owen, Frank and Marion decided the beds needed testing immediately, while George and I walked around the shore, passing the occasional canoeist or horseman out for an afternoon canter. Back at the bungalow at dusk, we found our friends still in bed, Owen snoring heavily. I suggested we climb the nearest hill to see if the comet Kahoutec was visible; George said it was a fools errand and Frank agreed, so naturally that decided me. I wandered up the hill, through an old cemetery, and along tiny hedge-lined lanes to the top. And there in the western sky was the comet, faint but plainly visible in the still orange sky.

Owen snored peacefully on as I told the others of the comet. Finally the snoring ceased for about two minutes and Owen sat up and said, "I don't know what's wrong with me tonight - I haven't slept a wink".

- - - - -

The next day we lost one another as easily as usual. (Now that we were a group of 5 we seemed to lose one another, but at least we all had different stories to tell at the end of each day.) We lost Marion in the first hour in the Botanical Gardens, and Frank and then George somewhere in the hills while looking for a Toda village. Owen and I went back to the outskirts of the town and found a small, beautifully kept Anglican church, brass work gleaming, family pews, highly-polished wood, and superb stained-glass windows made many years ago in England and shipped out at great expense. Outside, beneath large pines, are many graves; one, simply "Major, Governor of Madras. Killed by a Tiger".

By now I'd lost Owen, but he reappeared in time to take me to the library. The librarian sat behind his high, solid wooden desk. He was dressed in a black double-breasted suit with a stiff collar; he seemed pleased at our interest. The main room is spacious and not unlike most

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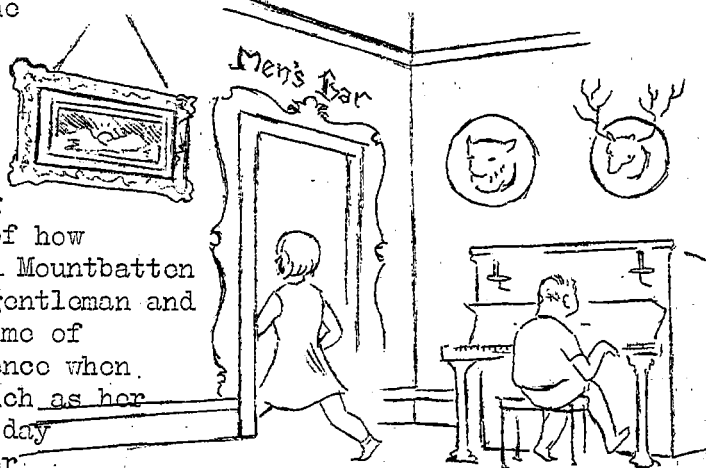
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libraries except for the types of books in their glass cases, such as "Letters from the East India Co. to its Servants" in four volumes. But the adjoining reading room was a delight - old furniture, deep comfy arm-chairs, lamp stands, ceiling fans, mounted antlers, heavy dark curtains and a huge fireplace and above it, dominating the room, the full-length portrait of Queen Victoria, with brass plaque proudly stating "...commissioned by the People of Ootacamund". Above these rooms, up a narrow staircase, is the book storage area. Again, dark-stained wooden bookcases, the categories lettered in gold leaf in Olde Englishe. Under "Romance", long-forgotten novels by such authors as Miss Brown, Miss Pringle. There were hundreds of books, all leather-bound, and the smell of old leather and mustiness was almost overpowering. The atmosphere was, for me, both exciting and sad.

We found the others (an easy task) by late afternoon. (Marion's blonde hair always stood out like a beacon; George, Owen and I were many inches taller than the Southern Indians, and of course Frank's height and colouring enabled us to see him half a mile away.)

Together we made our way to the Ooty Club, where the English caste system has not yet disappeared. We passed through the gateway and walked up the long driveway where we met an English lady, quite old and stooped and requiring a walking stick, and dressed in a tweed suit. We asked if we could enter the club; she agreed, with hesitation, that we could do so as her guests. As we walked up the stone stairs and into the entrance foyer I was conscious of just how grubby and untidy we were. We walked through the large rooms, looking with horror at magnificent stuffed tiger heads and remembering that the Indian tiger is almost extinct. The old lady talked to us of the good old days, when Mother and Father were alive, when there were servants, and flower shows and balls, and important people living in Ooty. She talked of how proud they were of Lord Mountbatten because he was such a gentleman and so handsome; of the time of Partition and Independence when the future of people such as her was so doubtful; of today when she would no longer go down into the centre of town "because of the Indians, you know". We agreed with everything she said - what else was there to say? Her world was a foreign to us as the Indian villagers' or the Hindu priests'.



While she talked, Owen discovered a piano. His Beethoven Variations and Mozart Sonata were never more pleasing to my ears or more in keeping with an atmosphere. Marion had discovered the Men's Bar and had marched straight in. "Good gracious," said our old lady, "a woman hasn't dared go in there in 150 years!"

Queen Victoria's reign will indeed be over when the old lady and her friends are gone. I'll certainly not easily forget my glimpses of that era.

N.S.W. FEDERATION OF BUSHWALKING CLUBSProposed Policy on Camping in National Parks etc. - Draft 3.

(The following draft was presented to the October General Meeting of the Club for consideration and comment. It has now been handed over to our Conservation Secretary, Alex Colley, for his views.)

1. The principle goal of the Federation shall remain the securement of the best possible sample of the remaining natural country for the use of walkers.
2. The Federation acknowledges that the achievement of objective (1) depends largely on continued electoral support for government conservation policies, and that this depends in turn on public appreciation of natural areas already reserved.
3. In pursuit of (2) and to further the present interests of bushwalkers, the Federation recommends to the N.S.W. Government that the respective authorities responsible for reserved public property, such as: National Parks, Nature Reserves, Lakes and Reservoirs, Roads and Verges, Recreation Reserves, Forestry Reserves, Streams and Foreshores, Travelling Stock Reserves, etc. - shall facilitate legal public access for the purposes of walking, rock climbing, ski-touring, canoeing, pack camping and light-weight motor camping.
4. The recommendation of (3) above is subject to the following conditions:
 - (a) That in the allocation of funds and manpower to the development of visitor amenities, there shall be no reduction in the priority afforded to acquisition of lands.
 - (b) That in no case shall visitor amenities significantly impair the natural values of the place.
5. That if in the administration and protection of natural areas the responsible authority finds it necessary to require permits for access to such areas, then permits should be granted according to the following principles:-
 - (a) Permits may be conditional on the applicant providing evidence of fitness, suitable equipment, ability and adherence to regulations.
 - (b) Membership of a club affiliated to the Federation shall be regarded as sufficient evidence to satisfy 5(a) above.
 - (c) That any fee payable shall be based upon a realistic appraisal of the cost of services provided.
 - (d) The necessity for permits should be restricted to trip leaders.
 - (e) Permits should, wherever possible, be available on a perpetual or failing that, an annual basis for broad areas, rather than for a certain time and place.
 - (f) Revocation of permits, in the event of the holder being caught in breach of regulations, shall be subject to appeal.

5. (g) Subject only to 5(a) above and the prevention of overuse, permits shall be allocated by impartial means to any citizen.
- (h) Wherever permits are required on a particular time and place basis, then club officials should be empowered to gather and present applications, preferably by telephone or mail, in lieu of individual applications.
6. Following any reprimand or revocation of permits, the Federation may represent or provide counsel for a financial club member to present an appeal.

WALKS SECRETARY'S NOTES FOR NOVEMBER.

1974

by Bob Hodgson.

November

- 1, 2, 3 - For an eventful weekend, be sure not to miss Alan Pike's Walls Pass, Mt. Solitary trip. Your chance to touch the view that all those tourists up on Echo Point can only look at.
- 1, 2, 3 - Definitely the best scenic trip in the Budawangs, along the tops from Wog Wog to Monolith Valley. Frank Taeker is giving you the opportunity to visit this very popular and excellent walking area.
- Sunday 3 - Ray Carter has emerged from temporary retirement, having been granted a day's leave by his recently married wife, and is using the time to lead you on a delightful National Park trip from Waterfall to Otford via Garie trig and the cliff track.
- 8, 9, 10 - Jim Vatiliotis is off this weekend to explore the very beautiful Beecroft Peninsular on Jervis Bay. This is a rare opportunity, so be sure to book early for this not-to-be-missed trip.
- Sunday 10 - The snow must be finished, Wilf Hilder is back in his running shoes for a quick dash around Carrington Falls. Wilf tells us he will be showing members of this party views of waterfalls hitherto unsurpassed.
- Sunday 10 - For those of us who are unable to leap tall buildings in a single bound, Bill Hall's more leisurely Otford coastal trip is for you.
- 15, 16, 17 - John Broome and Alan Martin have joined forces to give you an unforgettable "straight line" trip, river walking all the way from Jenolan Caves to Carlons farm, and vice versa. John's father did this trip some time ago and has never stopped talking about it, so they are going to find out why.

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- November
15,16,17 - The way the access roads are being put in you had better be on this walk with Ray Hookway to see Barrington Tops as they should look before "civilization" encroaches.
- Sunday 17 - A nice easy walk capably led by Sam Hinde from Bundeena around the north eastern corner of the Royal National Park.
- 22,23,26 - Hans Beck is leading the very popular Nattai River walk from Hilltop, excellent trails and scenery. It is obvious why this walk appears often on the programme.
- 22,23,24 - If you have heard about Tomat Falls but not seen them, this Barrallier trip led by Snow Brown is a must. Lots of other interesting sights as well. A good full weekend.
- Sunday 24 - Max Crisp is emerging from retirement especially to lead you on the much talked about Katoomba- Mt. Solitary walk.
- Sunday 24 - A good easy walk to Burning Palms led by Kath Brown. A very attractive area and so close to Sydney.
- 29,30,
1st Dec. - A variety packed weekend with David Gleeson out from Carlon's farm. Tremendous views of the Cox from Splendour Rock, beautiful river and creek walking.
- Sunday
1st Dec. - Our number one distance man, Joe Marton, is on the job again. This time it's a quick run from Bundeena to Otford, a good value walk.

SEDENKA INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCE GROUP.

"Sedenka" is a group of people who enjoy re-creating the dances of other countries and cultures. Although the group specialises in Bulgarian dancing (the only group in the southern hemisphere doing so) none of the members has any ethnic ties with Bulgaria. Dances from most European countries, the Middle East and America are included in the Groups' programme.

Every effort is made to ensure the authenticity of performances. Costumes are made by the members of the group copying original folk costumes when possible or detailed photographs when originals are not available. Music is obtained from imported records.

Sedenka International Folk Dance Group will be giving a performance at the club rooms on November 20th.
