

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

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

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THE FEBRUARY GENERAL MEETING.

by Jim Brown.

The first meeting of the Club's New Year (bearing in mind that all our accounts and reports for the year wind up on January 31st) swung into being at about 8.15 p.m. with about 40 people present, and apologies from several office-bearers who couldn't make it. Immediately male supremacy took a bashing, the February admissions of new members being five to three against - Shirley Allen, Anne Morgan, Marlene Anderson, Margaret Smith: and Neil Brown, Roger O'Grady, Brian Willis - the last named not being present.

January's minutes were a tame recital with no business arising. Correspondence contained a resignation from Alan Hedstrom, owing to a protracted illness; a complaint from David Ingram over the condition of the "kitchen area" and the scattering of cups around the Club Room one evening in January; and an enquiry from a member of the Forestry Department at the Australian National University - seeking some information as to the degree and nature of walking activity in the Kosciusko area. Suitable replies were going out on the last two items and members were requested to replace cups in the proper area in the Club Room and not leave it to the locking-up people to clean up after them.

Although the Treasurer was not in the offing, a statement of finances showed that we ended the Club year with a working capital of \$1,231, after meeting the normal end of year expenditure and making the donation to the Colong Bulletin funds as voted in January. A Federation Report was not available, so we struck out on walking activities, commencing with Hans Bech's Little River journey of January 10/12. The trip was executed to programme and if no blackberries were to be had along the Cox a couple of fig trees were found in fruit. Sunday, January 12 was Joe Marton's Blue Gum day walk, with a goodly roll-up about 20, and a satisfactory day's trip, which Joe considered an adequate test walk.

For the 17/19 January weekend there was Barry Wallace's Murriun-Tomat area jaunt, under fine warm conditions. On the way back on Sunday the lotus-eating Pikes and Owen Marks were joined on the Wollondilly and all were feted by Tony Carlon on arrival at Barrallier. The Sunday trip in the Glenbrook region was taken over by Joe Marton, 18 came along, and it was rated "a good day's outing for beginners" by Joe.

Then to the Australia Day holiday when Helen Gray's leisurely camp at Coolana brought out some 30 members, some of them visiting the Club land for the first time, and being very favourably impressed. David Rostron's projected li-lo trip down the Cox was abandoned owing to low water and a substitute day trip down Claustal Canyon was arranged. Bob Hodgson and a small group (4 in all) carried out the programmed trip in the Yalwal-Ettrema territory, an account of the opening day having been published in the February magazine. On the Sunday there was Bill Hall's day trip on the Woronora - one of those present on the walk reported laconically "usual walk- nothing happened": attendance was recorded as about 12.

To commence February John Campbell led a party down Jerrara and Bungonia Creeks, and at one point some of the more daring made leaps estimated at

60 ft into a pool. Blackberries and nectarines were available, and it was reported that there are notices covering some 700 metres along Bungonia Creek warning of rock falls during blasting at the limestone quarries above. Ray Hookway said conditions were very hot for his Faulconbridge-Grose River walk, attended by 7 people. A lot of time was spent in shady spots drinking tea - in fact it was quite a gourmet weekend. Barry Zieren's day walk produced a big assemblage, about 33. Slightly more ground was covered in the West Head area than that originally programmed, despite hot conditions, and the walk ended about 5.0 p.m.

The final weekend for the period included Owen Mark's Burnt Flat Creek - Wollondilly camp. Conditions were again very hot, and the swimming in the clean but rather weedy waters of the river was welcomed. An unusual discovery was a rather large egg (perhaps a swan's) on a collection of midstream boulders. Twelve people went to Little Marley Beach for Elaine Brown's "pleasant lazy camp", and there were six people on Alastair Battye's Wollongambe Creek li-lo day trip. The stream was reported as low and still somewhat muddy from work being carried out higher up near Newnes Junction.

We came then to General Business, and first heard three draft letters prepared by Alex Colley and protesting to (a) Shoalhaven Shire Council, (b) Minister for Lands, (c) Water Board about Council proposals to establish a rubbish tip on the higher ground overlooking the Kangaroo River and adjacent to Coolana and the Quaker property. Amongst the arguments were the effect on the strip of land which had been purchased as nature reserves; the effect on our water supply at Coolana and the bigger question of pollution of the dam. We agreed to the despatch of the letters and as a side issue the President said it was understood the Water Board would permit boating, but not powered craft on the waters of the dam.

Gladys Roberts referred to a group of children from the adjoining "Lazy Days" holiday area who were riding across Coolana at the Australia Day weekend and farming by the Quakers in our area. She felt we should ensure we had insurance cover against any injury that might be sustained on our land. Kath Brown observed that the cows from the Quaker property were proving a very efficient lawn mower in keeping down weeds and long grass, and the question of insurances and indemnity against injury were referred to the Coolana Committee for investigation and comment. This took us off with the clock standing at 9.22 p.m.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

At the Annual General Meeting held 12th March (see next month's magazine for meeting notes) the amount of Annual Subscriptions was determined as follows:-

Full Members	\$7.50 p.a.
Married Couples	\$9.50 p.a.
Full-time Students	\$4.00 p.a.

Members are reminded that these fees are due and payable.

Fees of Non-Active Members will be determined by the Committee and advised later.

THE GHOST OF PIGEON HOUSE.

by Victor Lewin.

It's strange how circumstance can bring about a chain of events, as though it seems I was destined to become a member of the Sydney Bush Walkers.

It was Easter 1972 down in the Budawangs where I met a member of S.B.W., Elaine Brown. Two and half years have passed before phoning Elaine about joining, and the recognition after all that time I found very gratifying.

My first contact with S.B.W.s, however, was on the Anzac long weekend 1971, where I had returned, after my previous adventures at the Castle, to do Part II in a slide film series, this time covering the area of Pigeon House Mountain.

I will take up the story from the car park at the south-west end of Pigeon House Plateau. I loaded my pack with camera, food, water, etc. and made a calculation of the time and distance to get up and back before sunset. By 2.30 Saturday afternoon I was on my way.

It was not long before I came across a group of bushwalkers who had apparently left just before I arrived. We made introduction and discovered they were the S.B.W.s. I am not certain but I think the leader was Barbara Bruce, the name seems familiar anyway.

I proceeded on to the foot of the final section of the climb and stopped for a "blow" and was about to rest my size nine foot on a boulder when an unusual pattern in the rock caught my eye. I brushed some of the sand off and there in the rock was a perfect fossil of a shell with its corrugations in exact form. With further examination it was obvious that this entire boulder, about two metres across was riddled with all kinds of sea shell creatures.

The Budawang Ranges are basically sandstone and have been part of the ocean floor at some time or other. There is a lot of evidence of quartz pebbles scattered about either in layers in the sandstone or on the surface. As there is basalt further south towards Batemans Bay it would suggest the Budawangs have been lifted up due to nearby repeated volcanic activity of a mammoth scale. I think these mountains and many other parts of Australia tend conclusively to support the theory of the Great Continental shift, that the earth's crust is continually being ploughed in and turned over like the hand of some unseen farmer tilling his land.

I seem to be getting off the beaten track - - After photographing my find and showing it to the S.B.W.s who by this time had caught me up, I continued on up to the summit.

The top, no matter how large or small a mountain may be, is always a challenge that gives a tremendous feeling of self-esteem, a certain satisfaction of having conquered, not the mountain, but one's own self. And the rewards of Nature's Beauty is inexplicable.

I climbed over the last few boulders to the trig station marker and signed the log book. I found the atmosphere polluted with smog from Wollongong and restricted visibility to about twenty kilometres with any clarity. At that moment I was disappointed but above me was a small amount of high level cloud which extended to just beyond the western ranges. It looked as though the setting was right for a good sunset, so I stayed on.

The S.B.Ws. came and went, but I was soon joined by another two lone walkers from one of the Uni's in Sydney. After the formality of introduction, a bite to eat and drink, we were ready in expectation.

The sun was sinking lower towards the horizon, glowing like a ball of white hot metal and shimmering red towards the edges. The cloud above had turned scarlet while all ground was drenched in an eerie bright orange hue.

We had positioned ourselves on a shelf some three or four metres lower down from the top on the down-wind side (S.W.) as it was getting very cold. It's incredible, but there are very few words to be spoken when sharing that common feeling that seems to come upon the soul of man, when watching the Grandeur of Nature. I clambered up to the extreme top for a better camera angle, when I noticed the most inspiring sight I'm sure I have ever seen in my life. I turned around just in time to see the shadow of the mountain lift off the earth's surface and the ocean beyond and project infinitely into the atmosphere. So there I was standing on top of that mountain looking out at what must be the longest shadow of man. I called the others up to witness the unique phenomenon, The Ghost of Pigeon House. The only place in the world that this ghost would be visible is in the plane of the projected image where we stood and only at this time of the year due to a gap in the western ranges, to allow a low enough angle for the sun's rays to pass through.

The climax was over - and all too soon it was time to start back. Four kilometres down that mountain slope, covering the last section in the dark, we were soon back at the car park. The coffee tasted good.

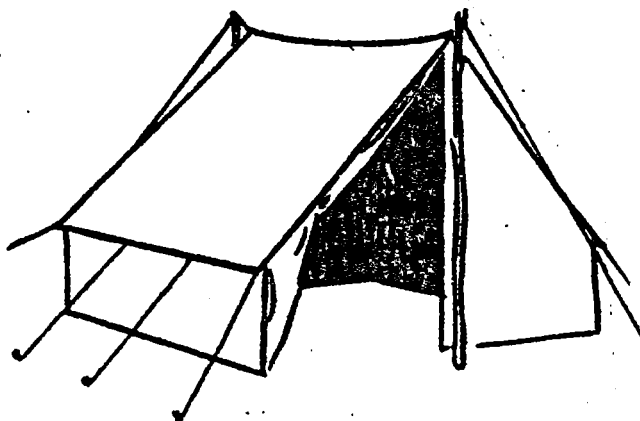
Sunday morning was beautiful and clear, the smog had completely cleared overnight. A quick breakfast and packing enough provisions for the day, I set out back up to Pigeon House again to see and photograph what I could not the day before, still haunted by the memories of that sunset.

I sat for an hour or more on top of that mountain drinking in the beauty that surrounded me. The Castle, standing majestically in the distant west, Tabourie (Crompton) Island on the east coast and the Clyde River valley to the north. In the afternoon, I hiked out to one of the plateau ramparts (Hume Head) to see the Clyde River and the valley floor below. Out there all alone, I felt like an astronaut who had walked out from a space module to see some distant crater and to ponder in awe.

Pigeon House Mountain will always have a special fascination for me, how about you?

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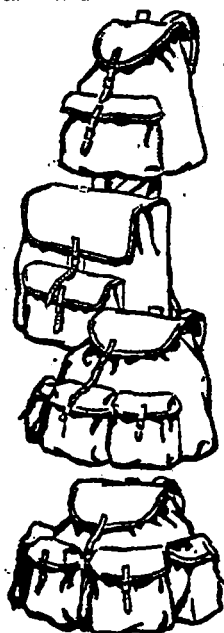
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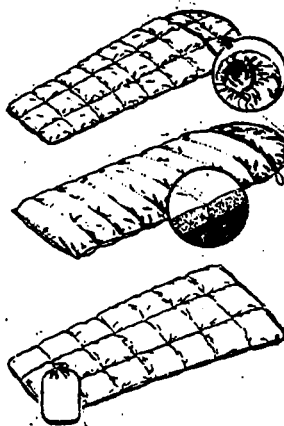
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MEETING BY YADEBORO CREEK.

by Jim Brown.

Whilst "Last Tango in Paris" was screening in London, the magazine "Punch" used to remark in the "short review" reprinted weekly that, although a good deal else passed between the principal characters, they never exchanged their names. Something like this was true of my meeting with three walkers at the foot of Kalianna ridge, so rather than call them A, B, and C, I shall - - - - but wait! I'm getting ahead of myself. Let's start at a logical commencing point.

The last day of a jaunt in the Budawang Mountains dawned wet. It was hardly surprising, Monday and Tuesday had been showery; Wednesday, which I had spent prowling around Mt. Owen and environs, finally camping in Monolith Valley, had been fine and mild. But the last day, Thursday, came in with rain. I first heard it pattering on the tent about 3.0 a.m., and when I could no longer put off movement - around 7.0 a.m. - it was still raining steadily, with visibility less than 100 yards (or possibly about 90 metres).

I managed a sort of scratch breakfast without leaving my sleeping bag, then divested myself of everything but shirt and shorts, assembled all my gear around me and lined the inside of my pack with a fortuitously available garbage bag. Into this went everything that might suffer from excess damp - food, camera, torch, spare clothes, sleeping bag. Into the pack pockets went containerised food, cutlery and the like. I scuttled outside, lowered the saturated tent and stowed it in another garbo bag, which was wedged into the pack on top of the rest, and at 8.0 a.m. was away heading into the familiar rift between Shrouded Gods Mountain and Mt. Mooryan.

Not much need be said about the wet trudge down the cascade at the east end of the slot, or along under the cliffs of Mooryan to the Castle saddle. At one brief pause in an overhang I was surprised to find pack and shirt still tolerably dry, despite wet bushes thrashing up under the skirt of my groundsheet. However, I wrung out a handkerchief I had left in a shorts pocket.

The descent from the Castle Saddle was one I had never essayed before. Once, 13 years previously I had come up that way and always suspected I had mislaid part of the accepted route. I guessed the increasing foot traffic of the intervening years would have reduced the likelihood of errors, but resolved to go warily. This was no time to be untracked and thrashing about in wet bush.

In fact, this care was justified. After six hours of steady downpour (and following a protracted wet spell), the whole hillside was a series of rivulets, all cascading down towards Oaky Creek. Which was track and which was streamlet was not easily determined and twice on the descent from the Neck to the foot of the second cliff line I went too far down a gutter, and had to turn back uphill, to find where the track left the watercourse, hidden by some rain-flattened heath.

It was quite a relief to come to the long sidle below the second cliff line of The Castle, and now I could begin to brood over things other than

the trail immediately ahead. The cliff had become a series of huge waterfalls, many of them carrying as much flow as the better known Blue Mountain falls in a normal season. Where the rock face above me was smooth, it was covered with a film of falling water. The cloud wrack had thinned enough for me to see the eastern cliffs of Mt. Owen and there I could count more than 20 good-sized waterfalls. Most spectacular - But where was all this water going? Why, into Yabboro Creek of course, and at some stage I would have to get across it.

Steady rain persisted while I made the long sidle and started down Kalianna spur, then eased to sprinkles and the light improved. About 11.15 I came to Yabboro Creek and looked with dismay at the turgid, turbid flood. Prospects not good, but one must reconnoitre. Setting down the pack I tried the direct crossing and got about half-way. Slightly over hip deep, and getting stronger and deeper with small pressure waves, so I could barely keep my footing. Well, look upstream, where the watercourse is narrowing, but the river bouncing wildly along and there are uneven rocks on the bed.

Back to the crossing point to fashion a small cairn of rocks right at water level to judge the rise or fall. As the rain had practically stopped I decided to consult the map and as I bent over it something caused me to look up as three men came down the slope from Kalianna. First reactions? Well, in short order I think, "Oh, good, here are some others to work on the problem". Then, "These are rugged-looking young fellows who will probably just plunge in and swim the difficult bit", (something I knew I couldn't do). Then, "Well, maybe they'll take pity on an old codger like me and help out!"

Funny the way conversation goes in some circumstances. I realise now how remarkable was that famous introduction "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

One said, "Been here long? Where did you come from." I explained briefly. Another asked, "Have you tried crossing?" and I replied, "Got about half way, but it was getting too fast." Probably to square-off in advance I added, "I'm not much of a swimmer and I didn't fancy pushing off into this".

As I said, one can't just call them A, P and C. All were fairly tall, strongly-built blokes. One, the obvious leader or "ideas man" was lean with a hatchet face and tight eyes and mouth. The next was a younger edition of George Gray even to the piratical reddish beard and the attractive smile. The third was a younger version of Mike Short, complete to the smooth rounded face and glasses. So they will have to be Leader, George and Mike for this story. I never heard their names, although in snatches of conversation. About an hour I discovered they had come in from Wog Wog, and were to be picked up by car at Yabboro Flat the following (Friday) morning. Also, they had camped in a cave in the Monolith Valley area, where a rising stream had forced them to decamp about an hour behind me.

Leader and George waded out into the crossing. They got further than I had, and stood in midstream a moment while Mike squatted beside me and told me of their morning's departure and descent. Then the reconnaissance party came back, admitting the pressure waves near the

far bank were too much for a ford. We yarned for a while and mutually removed leeches from one another. I found a leech had attached himself to the middle of my back between the shoulder blades and the growing stain on my soaked shirt made it look as though I had been speared in the back. I pointed out my river marker, now almost submerged, and George built another which soon showed signs of being inundated.

At this stage I recalled I had been about to check the map and I opened up the garbage bag lining. George also produced a camera wrapped in an ordinary plastic bag and now I understood their reluctance to swim the flood - their gear was relatively unprotected. We looked at the map and I remarked on another crossing place about 400-500 yards downstream. Beader demurred and argued we should look at a crossing point upstream, above Oaky Creek which was considerably swelling the torrent in Yadboro. While acknowledging the sense of that, I was not taken with the idea of going further away from our destination.

There was now a period of relative inactivity in which they collected a fallen wattle about 20 ft long and up to four or five inches thick, then couldn't work out where to secure it. With the stream still rising, maybe a foot an hour, there seemed good grounds for trying to force a crossing, but we appeared to be running out of inspiration. Without much real hope I said suddenly, "I think I'll have a look downstream to see if the river widens and slows down a bit."

George said, "How will we know if you do any good?" and I promised "If I make it, I'll come back to the road opposite and give you a hoi."

For a way the bank was fairly densely grown and I had to keep up the hillside. But just around the first bend, only 300 yards down, were two casuarina trees which had fallen, their trunks 15 feet above the water on the near side and descending into shallows on the opposite bank. I straddled the first and biggest - it was more than four feet thick but getting slimmer further down - and started to leap-frog my way forward.

It was damned uncomfortable. The wet shorts stuck to the rough, wet wood, the sodden pack felt like a hundredweight, and worst of all, the shorts worked up and within a few feet my inner thighs were chafing.

However, from my lofty perch I could see a third tree down in the river, just breaking the surface, and extending all the way across except for the first seven or eight feet from the north bank.

I leap-frogged backwards, almost coming to grief on an upward jutting branch, descended to water level and tested the gap between the bank and the fallen tree. Good, there were some solid rocks where I could get a stance while I clung to a branch on my bank. Now quick, let go left hand, grab with right and I was clutching the protruding root of my tree. A laborious moment dragging myself upstream into the shelter of the log, then Glory be! I'm in only $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet of water upriver from the trunk and I can inch my way across with my midriff scraping along the timber. It took hardly two minutes to complete the crossing.

Good to my promise I went back to the crossing and hailed. They were starting on an improvised lunch - not surprising since it was after 1.30 p.m. I couldn't make myself heard across the rumbling of the water, but by dint of signs I think I conveyed the fact you could make it about 300 yards down at fallen trees. I hope they got the message. I was shivering too much to stay (although it was late February and the water not really cold). I just had to get some dry clothing out of my thrice-blessed garbage bag and then walk myself warm.

So I waved to Leader and George and Mike and turned east along the muddy road towards Clyde River bridge.

"COOLANA", KANGAROO VALLEY.

Helen's Holiday Week-end.

by Dot Butler.

This was held at "Coolana" on 24/27th January, and was enthusiastically voted by everyone present to be "mighty", thereby proving a long held belief of mine that it's not where the party goes, but who's on it that makes the trip memorable; all the best people were there. Early on Saturday Craig and Marcie arrived, plus two children and a niece from America. Finding nothing but my pack parked under a wattle tree they put up their large family tent nearby and proceeded to settle in. When I put in an appearance, having been out "beating the bounds" since dawn (I had come down the previous day) and told them I did not know exactly where Helen proposed to make the campsite, they began to look a little concerned. Soon after, the Gray contingent were seen on the opposite bank. Helen and the children waded across while George unpacked canoes, float boats and other gear (including Owen and Frank) from the capacious maw of his Kombi van. A number of us raced off in various directions to pick the best campsite and decided on a lovely stretch of grass under the casuarinas on the river bank - never mind the numerous cow-pats; George is bring a shovel.

Others had now begun to arrive, including eleven of the Bali contingent. The camp was a scene of unpreparedness when, without warning, the intense heat of the day vanished and a fierce cold wind hit us, accompanied by flurries of rain. Everyone hurriedly stowed their gear in the only tent standing and, through shivering teeth, uttered incredulous cries that it was impossible, that it was mid-summer, and that a thing like that would never happen in Bali. When the weather settled down a bit we hurried back to the Shapperts and induced them to tear down their home. It was transported over to the main campsite by many willing helpers, especially those who hoped to take shelter in it should the weather again deteriorate.

The rain eventually eased off and tents were soon up. The Club is at last discovering what an asset it has in "Coolana". About 40 people came before the week-end was over. The new F5 freeway is lessening travelling time - under three hours from Sydney. George does it in 2½ hours.

As a Fire Ban was in force most people brought ready cooked food. Those who craved a cup of tea were catered for by an ingenious little heating gadget like a tiny blow-torch. Our substitute for a night camp-fire was a lantern hung on a tree. As fire bans are likely to be regular affairs in the future we began to think of the advantages of building a shelter-shed with an inside fireplace for cold, rainy, fire-ban days (they do happen, as we had just experienced).

By evening the rain had vanished and a glorious full moon was reflected in the river. Large fish could be heard jumping out of the water and landing back with a plop. George thinks they were pike, but another expert says pike don't jump; they must have been trout. Some day we'll find out.

The days were spent swimming in the extraordinarily warm water, canoeing, talking to the Quakers' cows, exploring, walking and climbing over our now extensive land, and of course, plenty of base camp ear-bashing and gloating over Bali photographs. Bird life was prolific. Several flocks of ducks and shags were coursing over the water. Parrots, blue wrens and kookaburras were easily identified, and of course the crows. Down on our far western block wallabies have made their permanent hideout, and George, going for an early morning fishing excursion, sighted four platypus.

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HISTORY OF "COOLANA".

Many new members would like to know how the Club came to be possessor of 120 acres of bushland and steep escarpment on the Kangaroo River, so I have been asked to tell its history.

1969 was an eventful year. For one thing, we had the youngest President ever. At the Annual General Meeting, in a spirit of exuberance, a couple of us feeling that it was time for a change from the "father figure" had nominated young Donny Finch for President. "You've gotta be joking!" said Finchy when asked by the retiring President whether he was willing to stand. As this was a positive sentence - not a negative word in it anywhere - the Club put the broad interpretation on it that he was willing, and half a minute later an astounded Finch found that he was, like Julius Caesar, ruler of the then known world (Bushwalking). He was only 20.

The year was also significant in that I had realised a life's ambition of organising a mountaineering expedition to one of the highest mountain ranges in the world - the Andes of Peru. We needed \$20,000 to cover expedition expenses, and it was great to see how willingly people donated to a worthy cause. This "fund raising confidence" came in handy very soon, as you will see.

1969. Our President was urging everyone to look for a new venue for a Reunion site, so I went down to Kangaroo Valley to visit Warwick Deacock's newly established "Camp Chakola" to see what might be offering there. I wandered a few miles further downstream and came across what looked ideal for our purposes - lovely grassy flats among Casuarinas flanking the clean flowing Kangaroo River and bush covered hillsides surmounted by a fantastic rock escarpment. As the owner wasn't around I wasn't able to ask questions,

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so merely noted the place as a likely re-union site. Shortly afterwards my neighbours Hanna and Rudi Lemberg (ex-Bushwalkers) asked me to go with them to look at some land for sale on the Kangaroo River which the Quakers hoped to purchase. Imagine my surprise to find it was the identical spot I had visited earlier. Mr. Chambers, the owner, was home and we discussed price. He was asking \$10,000 for the 190 acres.

On the way home we discussed ways and means. Rudi was sure the Quakers would not be able to raise more than \$5,000. Suddenly the bright thought came to me that the S.B.W. might be able to go halves in the deal; after all, there was the Era Fund money awaiting investment in just such a scheme. I could hardly wait to get home to ring up Donnie Finch. With Presidential authority I raced off a circular calling an Extraordinary General Meeting for the following Wednesday. Club members seemed willing to consider the project if I made myself chief fund raiser. The Era Fund amounted to \$1,500. The Club could add another \$1,000 held in a Special Fund, and it was left to me to try to raise the balance of \$2,500 and only 6 weeks to do it in!

I got my brother Harold, who is an Estate Agent, to bargain with the owner (a thing Quakers will NOT do), and he achieved a drop in price to \$9,000 cash. "Cash" is the magical word in land deals. By mutual agreement the Quakers were to take 100 acres at \$5,000, and the Bushwalkers 90 acres at \$4,000. Things began to look promising; it shouldn't be impossible to raise \$1,500 from Club members, notorious tight-wads though they be. I prepared a couple of hundred circulars which were handed out at meetings or posted to absent members, asking them to pay or promise what they could afford, and, to cut the story short, the week I was due to leave for Peru the total of \$1,500 was reached. When I returned a year later it was a "fait accompli". The Bushies, together with the wallabies, wombats, echidnas, bandicoots, lyre birds, ducks, parrots, etc. now had their own 90 acres of Australia, and the responsibility of protecting this bit of the environment for all time.

Now came the question of a name. At a Club meeting a number of names, mostly aborigine, were chalked up on a blackboard and the members voted on each in turn. The chosen name was "Coolana", which means "Happy Meeting Place", and a nameplate was painted and hung up just inside our entrance.

Working bees were held from time to time, mainly tree-planting with the idea of checking erosion on old timber-getters tracks. The Dungalla Club (a club of older retired Bushwalkers) donated money for trees, and Bill Gillam raised hundreds in tins. Unfortunately our first planting was wiped out by a bushfire, but subsequent plantings have been very successful.

We have had the land declared a Wildlife Refuge under the name of "Sydney Bush Walkers Wildlife Refuge No.383" (Govt. Gazette No.8, 25/1/1974). Cloth signs have been supplied to us and duly nailed up on all our access points.

And now to the Dam workings. The Water Board is constructing a dam downstream on Yerunga Creek, which will eventually raise the river level in front of our property to a wide lake. Because we will lose a certain amount of river flat, the Water Board agreed to recompense us by giving us \$700, plus another 40 acre block adjacent. It is extremely steep creek and gorge terrain - "useless" land from the point of view of the Lands Dept., but

marvellous for wallabies, wombats and Bushwalkers. For a nominal sum we lease back from the Water Board the river flat and have an Agreement with the Board enabling us to use the river for swimming, canoeing and general camp purposes.

The Club, at its Annual Meeting, appoints a "Coolana Committee" who keep their fingers on the pulse of what's happening in the Valley, and who hold periodic raffles and Club Auctions to get funds for future necessary work. One such project might be the construction of a shelter shed with an inside fireplace and a rainwater tank. Enthusiastic helpers are invited to the next working bee, scheduled for 2/3/4th May.

WALKS NOTES FOR APRIL.

1975

by Frank Taeker.

- 4, 5, 6 April - Jim Vatiliotis leads this trip from Kanangra Walls over Mt. High and Mighty, Mt. Stormbreaker, Rip-Rack-Roar-&-Rumble to the trig on Mt. Cloudmaker. The view from Kanangra Walls towards Thurat Spires early in the morning when the valley is full of mist, is breathtaking and the views from Rip-Rack-Roar-&-Rumble are without equal in the Blue Mountains. From Cloudmaker there is a steep drop to Ti-Willa Plateau with its 100 man cave, then a further drop to Gingra Creek which is followed upstream for a while, then a climb up Crafts Ridge to Pages Pinnacle and back to Kanangra Walls. This is a test walk. Phone Jim on 211-1555 during business hours for details and transport.
- Sunday 6 - After leaving one car off the Bell Road above Pierce's Pass, Peter Miller will lead his party down Victoria Falls track to the Grose River. The track along the river is level and fairly easy with grand views of the Birrabang Walls above. A steep walk up Hungerford's Track leads to the waiting car at the top of Pierce's Pass. Peter may be contacted only in the club, he will not be at work to answer the phone. Some members may like to start on Saturday night and sleep out at Pierce's Pass.
- Sunday 6 - John Campbell leads this weekend canyon trip. Arathusa is a most enjoyable canyon on a hot day - green moss covered rocks and deep clear pools. Abseiling and swimming are essential; also waterproof packs. John's number at home is 84-1996.
- Sunday 6 - John Holly is leading the other Sunday walk - starting at Tahmoor, then down to the Bargo River, through the gorge and back up to Thirlmere. Catch the train which leaves Central at 8.33 a.m. The train back will be latish. John Holly's number at work is 27-5585.

April

- 11,12,13 - A test walk led by Hans Beck, starting at Carlon's Farm (Packsaddler's). A quick climb over Ironpot Ridge, then down Carlon's Creek, over Breakfast Creek and up Black Horse Ridge to the Wombat Parade, over Merrimerrigal and Mt. Dingo and out onto Splendour Rock. After viewing the impressive cyclorama from Splendour Rock, there will be a steep descent to the Cox's River. On Sunday, the return journey will be along the banks of the Cox, up Breakfast Creek and back to Carlon's. Hans' phone number at work is 644-6633.
- 11,12,13 - Tony Denham is leading the other camping trip this week-end. Starting at Mt. Victoria, the walk will go down Victoria Falls Creek to the Grose River and follow the river downstream to Blue Gum Forest. Magnificent cliffs along the river and majestic trees in the forest. The return journey will be along Govett's Creek, then up Greave's Creek and through the Grand Canyon to Blackheath. This walk will be considered as a test walk after the leader's report is received. Tony may be contacted for transport details at home on 99-1246.
- Sunday 13 - A Sunday test walk led by Jim Brown. The walk will start from Warrimoo Station, down into Long Angle Gully and then along Fitzgerald's Creek (rock-hopping, or perhaps, boulder-hopping) to the Nepean River and back to Blaxland Station. Catch the train which leaves Central at 8.10 a.m. Jim's phone number at home is 81-2675.
- Sunday 13 - Bill Hall starts his walk at Waterfall station, down into Kingfisher Creek, then Myuna Creek and the Mooray Track back to Waterfall. Bill, who was one of the original 'Tiger Walkers' and has been a trustee of the Heathcote Primitive Area for years, can be relied on to show his party all the most interesting features on the walk. The train to catch is the 8.46 a.m. (Country) from Central. Bill's home phone number is 57-5145.
- 18,19,20 - Day walks around the Canberra area from a "base camp" at the home of Frank and Joan Rigby (77 Creswell Street, Campbell A.C.T.) Bring your own food and camping gear. For further information and transport arrangements ring Owen Marks at home on 30-1827.
- 18,19,20 - Caving trips are not very common on our walks programme, so if you missed out on the Bendethera Easter trip, or liked it so much that you would like another go, then here's your chance. Ray Carter is leading a trip to Wyenbene Cave and The Big Hole. Only a short easy walk and you're there. Ray's phone number is 522-6317, ring him to arrange transport and find out what equipment, if any, is required.
- 19, 20 - A Saturday morning start for Joe Marton's walk from Leura. Cars will probably be driven to the beginning of Lockley Track near the Pinnacles. Then it's an easy walk to Lockley's Pylon before the steep drop down Du Faur Buttress to the

- April
19, 20 - Grose River at Blue Gum Forest. Level walking along the banks of the Grose downstream to Rocky Points Creek. The return trip will be back up Lockley's Pylon. Joe's home number is 638-7353.
- Sunday 20 - A Sunday walk led by Gordon Lee starts from Govett's Leap, down the track beside the waterfall and along Rodriguez Pass to Junction Rock. A quick trip to have a look at Blue Gum Forest and then return along Govett's Creek, up Greave's Creek to Evans Lookout and then the cliff track back to Govett's. This trip is really scenic and may be accepted as a test walk.
- 24 - 27 - Anzac Week-end. Victor Lewin has a fixed base camp at Yadboro Flat in the Budawangs. There will be three one day walks from this base. One to the top of Pidgeon House Mountain, a magnificent cyclorama. Another, to the top of the Castle, a glorious view and worth every meter of the climb. The third trip is along Castle Creek Trail to Castle Gap and Deadman's Gulph Road. For scenery, this week-end's walks are hard to beat. Ring Victor at home on 50-4096.
- 24 - 27 - Anzac Week-end. Another mighty trip for this long week-end. Peter Miller is starting his walk from Bats Camp, then to Colong Station via Barrallier's Pass. From Colong Station the way is through Colong Gap, over Yerranderie Peak to Yerranderie. Interesting ruins in a beautiful valley surrounded by majestic cliffs. The return is made through Tonalli Gap, past Colong Caves and up the steep Acetylene Ridge to Bats Camp. Peter's phone at work is 211-4966.

GRAND TOUR - LAMINGTON NATIONAL PARK.

Walks Leader - Victor Lewin 50-4096 (H) - 3rd May to 18th May (school holidays).

Bushwalking at its best - travel by car convoy - daily programme as follows:-

- Sat. 3rd, Sun. 4th - Car travel north Pacific Highway, camp at Nambucca Heads
- Monday 5th - Morning walk to Mt. Warning 3,800 ft. Drive to Binna Burra
- Tues. 6th - Shipstern Range - day walk 10 m.
- Wed. 7th - To Wagawn Look-out - day walk 12 m.
- Thurs. 8th - Drive to O'Rileys - afternoon walk 4 m.
- Fri. 9th - Lighting Falls Circuit.
- Sat. 10th - Walk to Binna-Burra
- Sun. 11th - Return to O'Rileys via Coomra Falls
- Mon. 12th - Free day
- Tues. 13th, to Fri. 16th - Retrace Bernard O'Riley's historical rescue "The Stinson Wreck" - 4 days 30 m.
- Sat. 17th - Car travel south via Mt. Kinsay & New England Highway
- Sun. 18th - Camp at Girraween National Park

S.B.W. OFFICE BEARERS - 1975.

The following office-bearers and committee members were elected at the S.B.W. Annual General Meeting held on Wednesday, 12th March, 1975:-

President	Barry Wallace	*
Vice-Presidents	Gordon Broome	*
	Neville Page	*
Secretary	Helen Gray	*
Assistant Secretary	Lesley Page	*
Treasurer	Frank Roberts	*
Walks Secretary	Bob Hodgson	*
Social Secretary	Spiro Ketas	*
Membership Secretary	Margaret Reid	*
Committee Members	Fazeley Read	*
	Frank Taeker	*
	Alistair Battye	*
Another lady committee member -	Position not filled	*
Federation Delegates	Alan Martin	*
	Victor Lewin	*
	Jim Vatiliotis	
	Geoff Bridger	
Substitution Federation)	Owen Marks	
Delegates)	Ray Hookway	
Conservation Secretary	Alex Colley	
Joint Magazine Editors	Spiro Ketas	
	Neville Page	
Magazine Business Manager	Bill Burke	
Duplicator Operator	Frank Taeker	
Keeper of Maps & Timetables	John Holly	
Equipment Hire	Frank Taeker	
Search & Rescue Contacts	Ray Hookway	
	Gordon Broome	
Archivist	Phil Butt	
Auditor	Gordon Redmond	
Solicitor	Colin Broad	
Trustees	Heather White	
	Bill Burke	
	Gordon Redmond	
Management Committee "Coolana")	Dot Butler	
Kangaroo Valley property)	Owen Marks	
	Spiro Ketas	
	George Gray	
	Bill Burke	
	Bill Gillam	

* Indicates members of the Committee.

OBSERVER'S NOTEBOOK.

Anyone hanging around in the vicinity of Brucesdale Avenue, Epping on the evening of Saturday 8th March would have witnessed a sight not often seen in those parts. It was the occasion of the big Bali Re-union, and the spectacle of such conservatives as Frank Tacker, George Gray, Peter Scandrett et al arriving in sarong and full Indonesian regalia was enough to start the neighbours talking.

The idea of the evening was to bring along photographs, slides, souvenirs etc. and to relive those four weeks spent in Indonesia together. The Page household that night was full of batiks, wooden carvings, silver from Tom of Jogjakarta and of course lots of talk, not to mention the nasi goreng, bami, sate, nasi putih, gado gado etc. which everyone brought along and then gorged themselves on. Heather Williams got the date mixed up with the Women's Day march and Geoff Bridger had to go and pick her up, whilst in the meantime everyone ate the special fruit salad (Indonesian style of course) which Frank Tacker had concocted.

And if anyone tries to say that Bushwalkers dislike watching slides, here's proof to the contrary. Getting into the projectionist seat at about 9 p.m. John Campbell got straight into overdrive and at the rate of one slide a second kept going with barely a break until 3 a.m. next morning. Owen Marks went to bed and woke up at 1.30 a.m. Finding the slide-watchers still going strong he put on another pot of coffee. Kathleen and Susan Gray in the meantime had curled up on the floor with their pillows and slept through all the laughter and hilarity.

If this was any indication the Club Indonesian nights on 16th April and 21st May should prove to be good shows.

CLUB AUCTION.

The buying and selling chance of a lifetime! Buy something you need, sell something you don't need. Here's a chance to empty out that attic. You may put a reserve price on items of value - anything received over this price goes to the Club. Profits are to help pay the rates on "Coolana", our Kangaroo Valley property.

Merchandise received for sale so far includes everything from books to sleeping bags.

The auction of the year at the Clubroom, 8 p.m. 30th April, 1975.

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FEDERATION OF BUSHWALKING CLUBS - The Federation Re-Union will be held on 12/13th April at Borec Creek, Morisset Military Map Reference 029-132. Contact Jim Vatiliotis (Phone 211-1555 B) for further details.