

The Sydney Bushwalker

A MONTHLY BULLETIN OF MATTERS OF INTEREST
TO THE SYDNEY BUSH WALKERS, BOX 4476, G.P.O.,
SYDNEY, N.S.W. 2001. CLUB MEETINGS ARE HELD
EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING FROM 7.30 P.M.
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EDITORS: SPIRO KETAS, 104/10 WYLDE ST. POTTS
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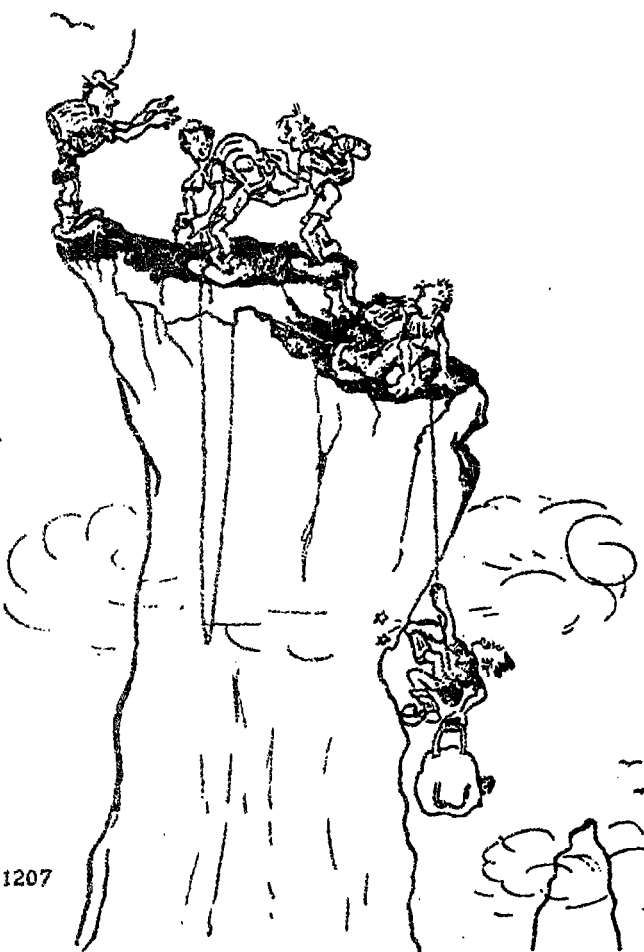
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TAEKER.



Drawing by Dot Butler, The Bushwalker 1937.

DECEMBER 1985.

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EDITORIAL ~

As the end of the year and the festive season approaches, bushwalkers will be preparing, in their own individual ways, for the traditional northern hemisphere feast of roast turkey and plum pudding, with nuts and bon-bons, brandy sauce and Santa Claus all thrown in. Or perhaps it will be cold chicken and the bush flies down at Era. It's a time when many extended trips are undertaken, thus benefitting from the long holiday period. After all, bushwalkers are basically simple folk, and it's more likely that the quiet and solitude of the bush will suit many far more than the noise and jangle of traditional fare. However you choose to spend your Christmas and New Year, may we wish you a happy and satisfying holiday season.

It would be remiss of the editors, at the end of the year as it is, to omit to express appreciation for the efforts of those who contribute so much to the successful production, month after month, of this magazine. Particular thanks are due to two individuals who are to a large extent the unsung heroes of the magazine. Firstly, Kath Brown, who does just about all the typing and who has to suffer the rush every month arising from the editors' "last minute mentality". Secondly, our able duplicator operator, Frank Taeker, who works unaided to print the magazine on time, is owed our sincere appreciation. On more than one occasion Frank has had to sacrifice his weekend to ensure timely issue of our unworthy rag. Then there are the many who gather monthly to fold, stamp, staple and wrap what eventually is delivered to you by post in the form of a Club magazine. Thank you one and all.

Last, but most certainly not least, are our writers. Without you we are nothing. Please keep up the good work.

If you are trying to formulate your new year's resolutions at this time, spare us a thought. One magazine article a month would do nicely thank you. Just one alone would do! Please??

So that's it for another year. Have a very happy Christmas one and all, and may the new year bring satisfaction and well-being to you!

MOONLIGHT AND SUNLIGHT TO THE BLUE BREAKS.

by Spiro Hajinakitas.

Bob Hodgson, Richard Windthorpe and I were the only starters to go on Peter Harris' trip to the Blue Breaks leaving Sydney on the 19th September. The walks programme described the trip as 58 km Hard, thus we looked forward to a long, no-time-wasted couple of days in this spectacularly beautiful area, usually undertaken on a long weekend or on an Easter weekend.

The drive to Kanangra was marred only by me becoming car sick near Jenolan Caves. We arrived at Kanangra at 10.00 pm to be greeted by a bitterly cold wind. Our leader had planned to negotiate the Gingra Track down to the Kowmung by moonlight, and as the moon was full he anticipated that we would not require the help of our torches. And except for the rare occasions when the track was mislaid, Peter managed almost to achieve his objective. Of course on the occasions that Peter shone his torch both Bob and I chided him mercilessly for destroying our night vision. The cry of "Switch that light off, I can't see where I'm going, there's too much light," from either Bob or me prompted our not too popular leader into drastic action; he would turn upon us with his huge emergency lamp and shine the very powerful beam into our eyes.

Indeed it was a refreshing change to walk the Gingra Track at night, the moonlight adventure succeeding in minimising the boredom of a long walk down a very long ridge. Although it was rather cool, unlike Kanangra Tops the ridge was entirely free of wind, and our small party eventually reached the Kowmung and bedded down for the night on Gingra Creek. The time was exactly 2.00 a.m. Peter was up at 6.30 a.m. and we followed suit at about 7.00 a.m.

After breakfast we waded across the rapidly flowing river then onto the four-wheel-drive road and proceeded up onto Scott's Main Range. Peter puzzled as to why Scott's "Main" Range was so named, but we were busy admiring the view back to Kanangra and the Gangerang Mountains dominated by Ti-Willa Buttress. A five minute rest was had at the old Aborigine camp "Bran Jan" before heading off down the Stringybark Range. Lots of navigational advice was forthcoming as we found ourselves in heavily wooded country. Our valiant leader somehow managed to heed the right advice and halted us on Butcher's Creek for either a late morning tea or an early lunch according to one's whim as it was now about 10.30 a.m. The remains of a cattle fence actually pointed the correct direction down the ridge we had just descended, but not a complete guide as it peters out here and there.

Walking down Butcher's Creek after lunch we surprised a giant lizard that was basking in the midday sunshine. Although quite aware of our presence this prehistoric-looking creature chose to ignore us, and even when Peter's and Richard's cameras were poised just millimetres off his head he remained as still as the rock he was lying upon.

We began the climb up the nose of the next ridge. By now it was

quite warm as the early spring midday sunshine streaked through the branches of the magnificent iron-barks. We paused to admire these towering specimens and the glorious mint bushes and the various numerous wildflowers, including some very pretty grevillias. Our next objective, the Broken Rock Range, loomed auspiciously in the background as we slowly made our way towards its shimmering limestone cliff-face. The closer we advanced the steeper became the terrain and eventually we had to sidle around its cliff-base for about an hour in order to find a break in the cliffs. Finally, and with some difficulty, the party succeeded in reaching the top, and only after everyone had been hauled to the top, Richard discovered that a few metres further down we could have easily ascended without the use of Bob's rope.

It was here on the Broken Rock Range that we were treated to the most beautiful views of the whole trip. Panoramic vista in the true sense. We found ourselves literally surrounded by heartwarming rather than breath-taking scenery. Wide sweeping valleys, long green wooded ridges, blue - really blue - distant mountain ranges, sparkling red and gold cliff faces, and the afternoon sun creating a contrast of shadow and light enhancing each and every picture with just the right amount of light or shadow. Once again nature had warmed our hearts, our minds, and our souls.

Lunch (our second) was had at a very shady little glen about three-quarters of the way down the narrow neck of the range. After lunch the problem of how to get down was solved without too much difficulty. A negotiable route at the furthest end through the cliffs and then on to a scree-slope was discovered. By this time it was about 4.00 p.m. so we decided to forego Green Wattle Mountain and the party headed down a long gentle ridge back onto Butcher's Creek where our leader anticipated to camp on a very comfortable camp-site. His prediction proved correct. Bob entertained us with his harmonica-playing after dinner and Peter demonstrated a new chemical light he had purchased for \$1.40. It was very small and light, enclosed in plastics and gave off a weak yellow light, even under water, for eight hours when the inside element was snapped.

The next morning we walked up Butcher's Creek about three kilometres before ascending a suitable ridge that took us back to the road on Scott's Main Range. Soon after starting on the road light rain began to fall and a few times we disturbed some very healthy looking kangaroos of various sizes and colours. At about Mt. Feld we stopped for lunch before descending the Denis Range to the Kowmung. By now the rain had stopped so, after crossing the Kowmung, we lit a fire and made a large billy of Earl Grey tea. Peter suggested that we mix a little Drambuie into our tea which was not really such a good idea. Over tea we remained silent for a few minutes to listen to the many and varied bird calls. Our leader identified most of the calls and made the observation that he had never before seen or heard so many birds on a single weekend. We readily agreed as we had sighted many of our fine feathered friends ranging from tiny little finches to great big wedgetail eagles.

After tea we began the long slow climb up Root's Ridge occasionally

pausing to admire the beautiful views of the seemingly distant Kowmung River as it twisted its way through the mountain ranges. At the coal seam cave we stopped for a rest, thankful for the plastic bin full of cool water. At Kanangra we lingered to marvel at the never diminishing grandeur of Kanangra Deep, awed by the sculptured ridges and the bottomless ravines. It was now about 5 p.m. so the setting sun shone only onto Kanangra Walls creating an atmosphere of muted magnificence on the silent darkened valley so far below us.

Reluctantly we left the tops and proceeded on to the car, each member of the group tired yet unquestionably happy with a sense of contentment and fulfillment that only lovers of the bush could understand.

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME?

by Spiro Hajinakitas.

When I first joined the club many years ago, I introduced myself to everyone as "Bill Ketas" - Bill being a "nick" name and Ketas an abbreviation of my real Greek surname Hajinakitas. I was at the time embarrassed at having such a tongue-twister of a name, adopting my "nom-de-plume" for convenience.

Since then attitudes have changed and long foreign names are quite commonplace, and in fact I've become rather proud of my ancient family name. Thus I have decided that in the future I would present myself as Spiro Hajinakitas.

(Formally known as "Spiro Ketas")

NOVEMBER GENERAL MEETING.

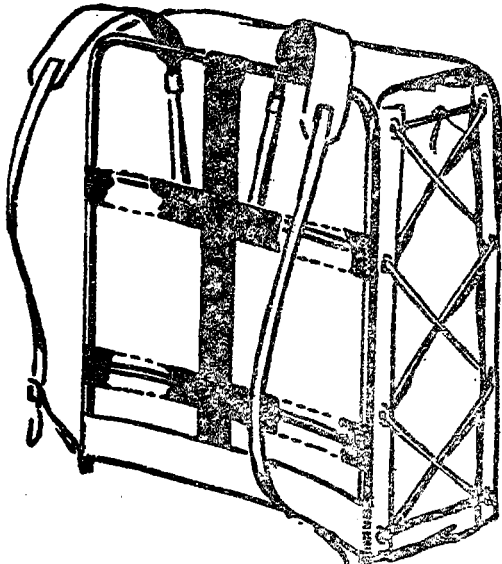
by Jim Brown.

It was not quite true that the larger-than-usual roll-up of almost 50 for the November meeting was due to the number of new members to be welcomed. However they did represent a sizeable body, including Stephen Knightley, Michael Doyle, Gary Moffatt, Carol Gibbons and Rudolph Werner, while an admission from a previous month, Klaus Lievert, also received his badge. Not present were Sally Burke and Magdi Hammoud.

No one stirred the ashes of October's minutes, and in Correspondence we had, in addition to the usual circulars and journals, a request from the Endeavour Club (Sydney Grammar School) for permission to camp overnight at Coplana on 13th December during a canoe trip - granted. We had been invited by a semi-Governmental committee on tracks and bushland to provide some comment; but on finding we were the only walking organisation contacted had referred the question to the revived Federation. From an erstwhile

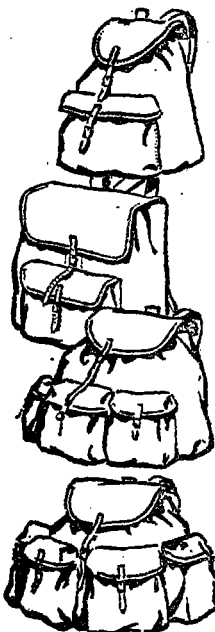
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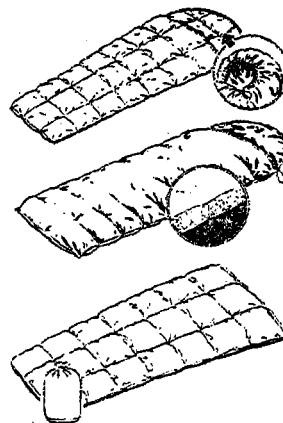
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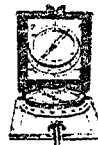
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prospective member, Ronald Blanch, there was a letter referring to the deterioration of trails and camping places in National Parks and suggesting the Minister for Lands be approached to establish a body of volunteer uniformed Rangers. Those present had mixed feelings, especially over the "uniformed" aspect, and it was agreed to reply saying there was some support, but the writer should approach the Minister initially.

The Treasurer could point to a working fund of \$1585 at the end of October, and then, although the Walks Secretary was not yet to hand, the President thought enough leaders were available to give a reasonable account of the last month's trips. Frank Tacker started the recital with his account of a trip in the Upper Grose valley on October 10-12, a pleasant weekend except for the overflowing rubbish pits and worn appearance of Blue Gum Forest. He understood it was intended to prohibit camping there for a period beginning in December and there had been some clearing and construction of fire places at nearby alternative sites. The Sunday of that weekend had two trips, Bill Hall's from Waterfall to Otford which had gone forward with about 16 people and David Cotton's "Bee" trip with a very large attendance and a co-operative reception from some rangers.

On October 17/19 Ron Knightley's Shoalhaven River journey was enlivened by a fire bug who lit a series of scrub fires along the valley: the party of 19 extinguished some and reported the event, and at midday Sunday cheered the onset of a steady rain. Ian Gibson's Capertee Valley (Crown Mountain) walk was inherited by John Redfern and it was understood 5 people attended. Hans Stichter's walk was postponed to the following weekend. Of the two day walks programmed, Peter Scandrett's was cancelled owing to illness, and there was a misleading rumour abroad that David Ingram was unable to take his Wondabyne walk: actually it went as intended, but a little trouble was caused by unannounced visitors who were in a group that became detached. It was emphasized that prospective members should NOT invite visitors without the leader's express consent.

At this stage Bob Hodgson arrived from a daylight saving yachting escapade and took over command of the reportage, with Bill Burke giving an account of the flooded streams that caused some variation to the programme on his Wollondilly walk of 24-26 October. He also reported the recent death of honorary member, Tony Carlon of Barallier. The party's deviations included Wombeyan Caves, with some ranger trouble, and a visit to Joadja. Meryl Watman's Royal National Park party was known to have gone as planned: details were meagre, except that several species of wild life (both alive and dead) were observed.

At the opening of November Bob Hodgson had 5 folk on his Mt. Colong journey, with everything going so well that some galloped down to the Kowmung River and Church Creek Caves. After rain on Saturday night the visit to Chiddy's Obelisk on Sunday was made in cloud before heading back via Colong Caves.

Hans Stichter's deferred Mount Solitary trip went forward on weekend 25/26 October in extremely violent winds which had the party guarding their step on the Knife Edge. At least Kedumba Creek presented no crossing

problem.

A report of Peter Miller's trip in the Mount Banks area was given by Jim Vatiliotis, the programmed route having been considerably doctored. Sunday 2nd saw Sheila Binns, standing in for Kath Brown, headed for Marley, the original party of 16 being reduced to 13 by defectors when early rain set in. The day remained showery and an early return was made. Earlier the same morning Joe Marton also started from Bundeena with 22 folk aiming for Otford. A few withdrew as intended at Garie about 3.30, but the main body had no difficulty in making the intended train about 7.00 p.m.

No report was available of Roy Higginbottom's trip into Whalanian country on 7/9 November, but Wilf Hilder reported it had evidently gone as he had noted the party's cars along the Kanangra Road. Bob Younger's group to Splendour Rock made out satisfactorily although the Cox River was high, and were early back to their transport at Carlons, and on Sunday 9th Fran Christie's Burning Palms party numbered 20: the report came from a prospective member who had found it all quite enjoyable, though cool weather meant that only a few took to the surf.

Jim Vatiliotis gave a summary of events at the last Federation meeting, which had been quite enthusiastic at the newsletter scheme of keeping Federation's doings before member clubs. He mentioned (and Wilf Hilder later confirmed) that access to the Budawangs via the Wog Wog property was available - cars should be left on the Mongarlowe Road and the old right-of-way through the property followed as far as practicable.

Frank Roberts referred to a number of outstanding subscriptions which should be settled if members were to avoid being crossed off, and as the evening ebbed away, Wilf Hilder told us Roy Rudder, an early Mountain Trail Club member, had died recently; that efforts were being made to have a projected coal washing plant at Newnes Junction sited so that more filth would not be swept down Wollongambe Creek, and that the Water Board was concerned at large cracks appearing in parts of the Illawarra Scarp due apparently to subsidence near coal mines. Concern was also felt in case similar cave-in tendencies appeared near the Burragorang mines lest they lead to inundation from Warragamba Dam. Apparently the Board would welcome information of any such openings noticed by walkers.

The clock now pointed to 9.20 p.m. as the President called closure to the meeting.

* * * * *

BITS AND PIECES.

by Alice Wyborn.

It all happened because of the weather! During the recent spell of wet and windy weather, I came inside for lunch one day, and afterwards slouched back in my chair - for once the sun was shining through the window and a delicious langour overtook me - no more going out to work in the gale that was blowing outside - I would be lazy and read a book! So many of the books we had brought home from our overseas trip had not even been opened, as we have been so busy settling into our new life.

I chose a Scottish one, and looking through the beautiful pictures, came to one of sunset over Schiehallion and Loch Tummel, in Perthshire. Now this set my mind drifting back, as Schiehallion was the one and only mountain we got to climbing in Scotland. Yes - Allan had written something on it for the magazine - and I should be doing something too - after all, I had plenty of material to choose from about our long trip.

Perhaps something of all the funny, exciting little things - like the day when I stayed in the van because I had a fit of sneezing! For hours it had gone on - perhaps hay fever of a kind - who knows? We were in Arches National Park, Utah, U.S.A., and Allan went off to explore. A hot sunny day, which I spent alternately sneezing and snoozing, until Allan arrived back with a young couple from Brisbane. Yes, they had met photographing one of the Arches and recognised each other's Aussie accent. We spent a couple of happy days with them and later in the year visited them in their home in Michigan.

Then there was the time in Dawson City, Alaska. We had pulled into the main street and the place seemed deserted, and then we spotted a young couple walking towards us - Aussies, of course. We introduced ourselves and they did the same. Then David said, "I went to the University of N.S.W. with a Ross Wyborn - any relation?" Of course we laughed and explained he was our son, and with them we also spent a couple of days camping and got to talking. They were on holidays from Fairbanks, where David was doing some special studies, and we told them we knew another Australian couple there, Gwen Shaughnessy and husband (Gwen was Gwen Ward of the New Zealand Alpine Club), did they know them? Of course they did - lived in the next door flat in the University housing area. It was agreed we would all go on to Fairbanks together, meet Gwen and have an Australian re-union. This we did and Gwen cooked a beaut roast leg of lamb to make it an authentic Australian gathering.

Another time in Casablanca, Morocco, we had pulled into the camping ground and I rushed off for a shower. Coming back to our V.W. van, there was another similar, parked next to us, but no one in sight. Allan said it belonged to two young Australians who had also gone for showers. He had spoken to them and the conversation went like this - "Hello, see you're from Australia too!" - "Yes, what part?" - "Sydney." - "Oh, we are from Sydney, too. What suburb?" - "We (Allan speaking) come from Oatley." - "Oh," said the boys, "We are from Mortdale." Well, well, wherever we went we met Aussies - the great travellers.

Later we were in the little picturesque town of Filzmoos, Austria, and intended to go up into the mountains to camp. Light rain started falling as we drove up on a dirt road towards the Bischofmitz Mountain 2600 m. so we decided to pull off and camp for the night and proceed the next day. Shortly after a car came down from the mountains and passed us, then stopped and backed up. A tall handsome man got out and came over to us. "See you are Aussies," he said in a deep voice (we had an Australian NRMA sticker on the back of the car). He was Donald Shanks, the opera singer from Sydney and was a guest of a Mr. Bruckner, who owned the car and who invited us to "come back and camp at our place". After a little persuasion we agreed and followed the car back into the town of Filzmoos. Here we arrived at a delightful chalet-type cottage beautifully furnished and we were invited to partake of supper with Herr Bruckner, his wife, mother, and two of his children, Donald Shanks, his wife and two little boys, Peter Berne, an orchestra conductor and his little son, and a French girl. We found out later this chalet was only a holiday home, the Bruckners lived near Frankfurt. We were made very welcome, and in the course of conversation, Allan found he and Herr Bruckner had mutual business acquaintances, and settled down to talking engineering, when Allan discovered Herr Bruckner was the manufacturer of certain machines, the agency for which was held by Allan's firm in Australia. After tea we had a delightful musical evening, with Peter playing the beautiful grand piano and Donald singing from various operas, including some he was to sing in the London season in the following month. How was that for Aussie good fortune?

Another strange coincidence, which dated back to about a year before we left Sydney - Allan answered the front doorbell one Saturday to find a young man collecting for the Spastic Centre. He produced his card of authority, and guess what? The name on it was Mr. R. Wyborn! Of course a long talk ensued and we told him we hoped to visit England the following year and Allan was keen to look up his ancestors' whereabouts whom we understood came from Kent. The young man, whose name was Robin Wyborn, gave us his mother's address in Torpoint, Devon, who he said might be able to help us. In the course of our travels we did call on her and from some information she gave us eventually visited Sholden in East Kent. Here we met the vicar of the Church of England who showed us tablets to four Wyborns in the church, which was partly demolished by a land mine from a German 'plane during the war. Then he took us to Hull House half-a-mile away and showed us around. Here lived the Wyborns 150-200 years ago. It was very old, but modernised, and used to house university students. We camped that night under lovely old trees in the grounds surrounding the house and our thoughts were of the days gone by and of the Wyborns who had lived and died there.

So much for some of the little anecdotes of our trip.

I must say that our Canadian number plate caused a lot of interest wherever we went. It did not state it was Canadian, only - Alberta, Wild Rose Country, and the number. Of course people asked where was Alberta? Allan sometimes jokingly said it was a state of Australia - don't you know?

Once we were parked in a little town in Morocco and a crowd had gathered around the V.W. and were looking at the number plate. In Morocco the parking "police" are usually elderly gentlemen dressed in Biblical robes who expect a good tip when they direct you to a spot or "mind" your car while you go shopping. This particular time I arrived back from the shops first and the "car-minder" was talking to some of his cronies - they all seemed to be puzzled by the plate and wanted to know where we came from - but as they didn't speak much English it was difficult to get through to them. I eventually made them understand by imitating a kangaroo hopping along and midst peals of laughter we drove off with people smiling and waving to us.

On reading this over, there doesn't seem much of interest to Bushwalkers - but the Editor did say he would be pleased to receive anything.

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THE S.B.W.'s OWN LAND - COOLANA.

by Marie Byles.

Dot's car dropped us at the electric tower at the entrance above the cave Dot discovered. It was nine years since I had been able to camp out, sleep on good mother earth under an abdulled tent, with stars above and bush sounds all around. I still dream about it now even though I have rocks of my own at home. What glorious rocks there are above the Kangaroo River! Glorious eucalypts of many species, turpentines, wattles then in full bloom, and flowers I had never seen before! I expect that Joan Bradley, the authority on bush conservation, would say that we ought to start taking out the dandelions which have started to sprinkle the upper slopes, blown by the wind from the cow pastures below. But was it not lucky that the Electricity Authority placed its tower just where it did to mark the way to newcomers! Have we written to thank them, and tell them we needed no compensation for their kindness, unless it were to spend the compensation moneys on keeping the bush beautiful?

The camp hut for cooking in summer had been started, just the right height above the river even when it is flooded. There will be swimming and canoeing and walking. To my mind it is a site far more desirable than was Era, and will remain unspoiled forever - provided we take out the dandelions of course! How did it all come about? Dot's pertinacity, I expect.

PASTURES OF PEACE.

If Dot started our own Kangaroo land, Peter and Ray Birt started Ben Ricketts above Jamboroo, which was a gathering place for bushwalkers thirty years ago, while Peter's cabins have been a haven for those not tough enough to camp and in later times for older bushwalkers. I called this haven the "Pastures of Peace" when I camped in the Lyre Bird Glade in those early days. Poddy cows mouched slowly round and I was always a little nervous lest they tangle their feet on the guy ropes. Peter's great joy were his cabins which he kept in spotless condition despite the absence of electricity and telephone. He kept chooks, and Ray kept her beloved goats and that popular but very jealous billy-goat which was apt to butt you if you paid too much attention to his mistress. Peter had a four-wheel-drive Landrover (I think) with the drive on the wrong side, and he would not let Ray drive it.

Perhaps today the grounds are a little more full of weeds than then, and Ray now drives the present vehicle perforce because Peter is no longer the stalwart man he was. Ray not only milks and cleans the goats' quarters, grows vegetable and fruit, does cooking and house work, but shoulders the cabins also.

I asked Ray, who is always smiling, what was the secret of happiness in old age. She replied, "Having plenty of work to do, and work you like doing and being interested in everything." Yes, even when you

fall over a precipice and have to be taken to hospital in a helicopter. During the three weeks she was there - and bushwalkers were wonderfully kind - things were carried on as normal, except for the younger goats who died of a broken heart - at least the Vet could find no other cause of their deaths. Ray is like a magnet to animals. The dog follows her about with adoration and even the wild cat is getting tame. I was told that the lyre birds came around her like chooks, but although I hate to spoil a good story, I merely heard them sing as I did thirty years ago, when I camped in the Lyre Bird Glade.

I do not know who inspires one most - Peter who smiles through very ill health and never complains, or Ray who smiles through very hard work and loves it all. I only know that the same "Pastures of Peace" are still there and that even the poddy cows seem to be gentle and friendly.

I visited the other cabins that bushwalkers have built there. They are all good, but none of them carry the same subtle serenity and peace and gentle joy of the Pages' Ben Ricketts.

I wonder if Coolana will gather the same spirit in years to come?

AN APOLOGY

In the October 1975 issue of the Sydney Bushwalker it was reported (page 11) that Ausventure had been charging people for trips in the Kosciusko area using refuge huts for en route accommodation. We wish to advise that this statement is incorrect, and that Ausventure is in no way connected with the trips referred to. We believe the Ausventure organisation to be of the highest integrity whose activities in no way resemble those referred to in our article, and we wish to apologize for any inconvenience caused.

CARS - SAFE IN BUSH FIRES.

(Taken from the "Bush Fire Bulletin", Autumn 1975)

Experiments carried out by the Forestry and Timber Bureau, Canberra, have confirmed that people caught in cars by bushfires should remain in their vehicles. The tests have proved findings from studies of some of Australia's worst bushfires that the safest place for a person whose car is trapped by fire is to remain in it with all the windows and vents closed.

The best place to shelter is beneath the seat level whether front or rear, preferably with covering such as a blanket pulled over the body.

Thermocouples (instruments to measure heat) placed inside a test car showed that the air temperature was about 51°C (125°F) - about the same as shade temperature on a hot summer day in many parts of Australia.

The worst part of the heat and radiation from a large bushfire which passes around and over a car lasts for only 3 to 5 minutes and a person who has remained in his vehicle until the fire has passed can get out of it and walk to safety over burnt ground.

Tests conducted at the same time showed that even fierce fires should not cause car petrol tanks to explode. Seven unprotected tanks of various popular model cars, each containing about 18 litres (4 galls) of petrol were placed on 61 cm (2 ft) thick piles of pine. None exploded as the timber was burnt. In each case, the heat forced petrol vapour out of the filler cap vent and this then burnt strongly. But no explosion resulted nor did the tank seams rupture. In tests involving the car, vapour from the petrol tank did not ignite.

The experiments were carried out in Stromlo Forest near Canberra. Flames 7.5 to 9 m (25 ft to 30 ft) high were produced when the timber fuel burnt most intensely. The tests disclosed that closing the car's windows cut down the amount of radiation entering the cabin by two-thirds.

The Acting Director of the Forest Research Institute (Mr. A. G. McArthur) said the tests proved beyond doubt that the safest action for people caught in cars by bushfires was to remain in their vehicles.

He said that the tests on petrol tanks had shown there was no need to fear explosions from this source.

Also, investigations of 1,200 cars burnt in the Hobart fires of 1967 had not shown that any petrol tanks had exploded.

WALKS NOTES

January 9-11. Who's for the beautiful Budawang's? Oliver Crawford will be your guide to the Castle and its magnificent panoramic views, weather permitting, and it should be at this time of year. This is magnificent countryside and shouldn't be missed, especially by those who haven't had occasion to walk in the area before.

Sunday 11. Two day trips on this Sunday - one 10 km, the other 18. Leading the easy trip is Kath Brown who will take her party to Deer Pool and Little Marley, after braving braving the dangers of the Cronulla to Bundeena ferry.

A bit further afield will be Hans Stichter's Blue Mountains day walk. Down Perry's lookdown to Bluegum Forest, returning through the coolness of the Grand Canyon.

January 16,17, 18. Here's a chance to bring out your carabiners, slings and swimming togs, provided of course you're prepared to risk it with the Walks Secretary (who, incidentally, has reneged on writing this column this month. Peter Scandrett plus one editor, over two cans of chilled KB are attempting to fill the breach). Davies Canyon and Whalanian Chasm should keep you cool this summer weekend.

January 17, 18. For the second weekend in a row, Bluegum Forest features on the programme. Barbara Evans leads a Saturday start medium to easy walk, returning on Sunday via Govett's Leap.

Sunday 18. Beautiful Pittwater views are promised on Barry Zieren's day walk around West Head and to the Basin. Swimming available provided you're not afraid of sharks.

January 23-26. For all those piker hikers who haven't been to Coolana, here's your chance to salve your consciences and make a worthwhile contribution, if you feel so inclined. If you don't feel so inclined, you can enjoy yourself just lying in the sun, swimming in the Kangaroo River, or whatever takes your fancy. Contact Helen Gray.

Sunday 25. For those walkers who aren't fortunate enough to have a long weekend holiday on Monday, Joe Marton will lead a variation of his walk from Narrowneck: Walls Pass, Cedar Creek, Ruined Castle, Federal Pass, Golden Stairs, Narrowneck.

January 30 - February 1. Another beaut summer walk, this time led by Alistair Battye starting at Mount Wilson and down Du Fours Creek, Clatter Box Canyon and to the Wollongambe River. It can get pretty cool down there, even on the hottest summer's day, even to the extent of requiring that an old woollen jumper be worn.

Sunday 1. Again walkers have a choice of Sunday walks, both rather advebturous and out of the ordinary. John Redfern will be leading a medium/hard walk up the back blocks of the Hawksbury River, starting at Spencer and taking in some aboriginal carvings.

Bluegum Forest shows up yet again, which only goes to prove that popularity of walkigg areas moves in cycles. Tony Marshall leads the third walk this month to Bluegum, abseiling down Mt. Hay Canyon and returning via Lockley's Pylon. Don't bother coming if you can't swim.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Unfortunately the company which prepares the address labels for The Sydney Bushwalker omitted certain subscribers in the months of May, June and July 1975. If you did not receive your copy during these months, and would still like to have them, please let me know.

N. Page
14 Brucedale Ave.,
Epping N.S.W. 2121.

SONG BOOK

At The Club's half-yearly general meeting it was resolved that we produce a song book. Exact text of the motion is as follows:-

" That a sub-committee of five persons be formed to produce a Club song book in good time for the Sydney Bush Walkers Fiftieth Anniversary celebrations in 1977; such sub-committee to:

1. invite members to submit songs for inclusion in the song book,
2. post on the Club notice board and publish in the Club magazine a list of songs to be included in the song book and invite comment,
3. report to the Club in General Meeting on quantity, style of printing, and estimated cost,
4. organize sale of finished song book at such price as would ensure recovery in full of production costs."

The song book sub-committee was appointed at the October General meeting and consists of:-

Peter Scandrett (Convenor)
Robyn Preston
Bob Younger
Hans Stichter
Neville Page.

All members are invited, in fact urged, to submit suggested songs for inclusion in the song book. Give your suggestions to one of the sub-committee members, or post your list to Peter Scandrett c/- Sydney Bush Walkers, Box 4476, G.P.O. Sydney. 1977 might seem a long way away, but time has a disconcerting habit of passing much too quickly. Put your thinking caps on now.
