

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. at The Wireless Institute building, 14 Atchison Street, St. Leonards. Enquiries concerning the Club should be referred to Mrs. Marcia Shappert - telephone 30.2028.

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APRIL 1977.

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E D I T O R I A L.

We are now into the new club year and the Annual General Meeting has come and gone, producing a new crop of office-bearers, with fresh ideas and enthusiasm for the year ahead.

One of the special challenges of 1977 will be the occasion of the 50th Anniversary of the founding of the Sydney Bush Walkers. This will take place in October and should be a wonderful opportunity to bring together different aspects of our club.

One particular characteristic of members, observed by many outsiders, has been their natural ability to bridge the so-called "generation gap" in pursuit of a common interest. Perhaps when we come together to look back over our fifty years of walking, we will be able to bridge a further gap and enjoy glimpses into different eras of bushwalking, and those who walked fifty years ago celebrate with those who walk today.

Part of the celebrations of particular interest to us (the Editors) will be the production of a special Anniversary Issue of our magazine. With the help of contributions and ideas from as many club members as possible, we should be able to produce a souvenir worthy of the history of the Sydney Bush Walkers.

* * * * *

CLUB AUCTION.

Keep 27th April free for this annual event which has become a part of the club tradition.

Come along armed with all your useless artifacts and watch the scene as your lace doilies, second-hand toothbrushes, leaking ski-waxes and potted prickly-pears are snapped up in the heat of the moment by the avowed enemy you bought them from last year.

Entertainment guaranteed to participants and observers alike.

CLIMBING THE REMARKABLES
(SOUTH ISLAND - NEW ZEALAND)

by Dot Butler.

Folklore is a very persistent thing. Willie Burke and Klaus and I had just come thundering down 3,000 ft. from the Mueller Hut to which we had climbed as a relaxation from our 8-day exertions on the Dusky Sound Track. The bus to take us back to the Mt. Cook Hermitage was waiting but Bill and Klaus decided to walk on to the bar for a beer, while I relaxed into a seat in the bus, took off my boots and socks and wriggled my toes. The only other occupant was an elderly lady who already had the driver's ear. "You know," she was saying, "I was here on vacation during the War years. There was an Australian girl here - a Guide with the Mt. Cook National Park. You know, she had climbed the Remarkables barefoot!"

How astonishing - the old story still going round after all these years. I put my bare foot across the aisle into her lap. "Behold," quoth I, "The same foot 37 years later." "Have you ever been back there?" she asked. "I was climbing the Remarkables only a couple of days ago," I said. It will take more than an hour for the rest of the passengers to come down off the mountain so you might as well settle down and hear the story." - - -

Twice we had been through Queenstown and each time, on looking at the towering jagged wall of the Remarkables, Klaus had become eager and restless, which is a sure sign of love at first sight. "How high are they?" he asked. "Aw, I don't know," said I, recalling the time Bert Esquilant and I had sprinted up it one morning. "It's not all that high; you could do it in half a day." Klaus was duly impressed. "We will do it, Dot? Yes?"

So there we are down at the Queenstown bus terminal bright and early, trying to find transport to take us the six miles to Frankton, and then hope for a lift for a further 3 miles to the foot of our climb. A Sunday morning hush lay over the terminal; the buses snoozed in their stalls. A cleaner held out no hope so we set off walking about 9.a.m., hoping to hitch a ride. No luck, until, with Frankton in sight, we got a short lift and were dropped off at the Airport. A mile across the valley our mountain stood out clear and sharp. Would we follow the road like law-abiding citizens or would we take a short cut across the golf-links?

We ducked through the barbed-wire and set off over the putting greens. Crawling through the far fence we found ourselves on the Airport runway. Through the next barbed-wire entanglement and we are in among a flock of sheep. Taking it quietly to the next obstacle and we enter a plantation of field peas which crackled underfoot. Then, skirting a field of barley we are in further green paddocks. "The house will be just over there behind those pine trees," said Klaus. "The farmer will be waiting with his gun." "Nonsense!" said I, "This is New Zealand, not East Berlin! There will be no one there." And there wasn't. Through the next barbed-wire fence - easy, easy, don't rip your trousers! - and we are in a wild growth of prickly gorse, such as one finds on the wasteland bordering

streams. As we picked our way through this the first misgivings began to assail me. Sure enough, on emerging from it we found ourselves on a precipitous embankment, and hundreds of feet below wound the mighty Shotover River. We were cut off!

"We could tie our clothes on our head and swim it," said I. "My camera," mourned Klaus, "It would get wet." So, we walk.

A short sortie upstream revealed no bridge so we changed direction and followed downstream although we could see for miles and there was no bridge. Eventually we plunged down a loose hillside to gain the river level and continued on till we came to three curious looking muddy lakes. Skirting these at close quarters it soon became apparent that there was 'something rotten in the State of Denmark.' You've guessed? We were passing through the Queenstown sewage ponds. Increasing our pace and breathing shallowly we passed through this hazard and crawled over a locked gate which bore the notice "Trespassers will be Prosecuted". Then in the distance a bridge but it only spanned a tributary of the Shotover.

After a further road bash we enquired at a house and received the information that the next bridge was about 7 miles further on. On getting to it there would still be a 7 mile walk back on the other side of the river. Our hope of climbing was getting more and more remote. We were told to make enquiries at the next farm half a mile away as to whether the farmer had a flying fox over the river, so on we trudged. The farm, on the banks of the river, was set well back from the road. As we wandered through a green paddock towards the house we were escorted by a long line of geese. The farmer told us there used to be a flying fox, but it had been removed. We thanked him and trailed back to the road.

It was now going on for 12 o'clock. Right, we decided, lunch at the next suitable spot and then we'll try to hitch back to Queenstown. Just then a young Australian couple offered us a lift, and took us right back to our starting place by the golf links. We now discovered that if we had gone half a mile down the road instead of through the golf links we would have come to a bridge and would have had no problems. We also learned that daylight saving had ended the previous night and it was actually only 11 a.m. Our friends left us at a quarry a little way up the slope, so now the climb was on after all.

About 1,000 ft. up we stopped and ate lunch and took a swig from the water bottle, then, giving the remainder of the water to Klaus I told him to go on and I would wait and watch and give him a cheer when he reached the top. It was 12.30. Klaus set off at a fast pace towards the skyline ridge and soon disappeared from sight, while I settled down in the sun, with my back to a warm rock, for a pleasant three or four hours wait. I must have gone to sleep. When I awoke on the steep hillside the sun was getting low. I browsed over the slope eating snow-berries; there were millions. A cold wind sprang up. When is Klaus going to turn up? At last I heard a shout from the ridge which I answered with enthusiasm and relief. But what's this? It's some other climber, not Klaus.

When the boy got down to me he told me he was one of a party of four; they had been to the top and they had not seen a sign of anyone else on the mountain. This was all very puzzling. Could it be that Klaus had already

come down another ridge and was now hitching back to Queenstown? Six hours had passed since he had left me. We waited another half hour but no sign of Klaus, so at 7 p.m. the boys gave me a lift 3 miles to Frankton. From them I learned that the Remarkables are 7,500 ft. high. As Queenstown is at 1,200 ft., this means 6,300 ft. of climbing.

I had hardly left the first car when two dear old ladies stopped for me and gave me a lift right back to the door of our motel. Our room was deserted; Willie Burke and John Campbell were hitting the town's high spots and no sign of our lost mountaineer. When the others returned about 10.30 they decided it was too late to think of a search party. We would go to bed and give the matter some thought in the morning.

There we are all peacefully snoozing when there came a scratching at the door. 11.30 ! In limps an apparition bleeding profusely from cuts and scratches but shouting with excitement, "I did it! I did it! I had stood on the summit!" and he launched into his great story. How some people do burble when they're happy - can't hold their beans. "Go to sleep," said Billy Burke, interrupted in mid-snore. "Tell us about it in the morning."

.

Well, this is Klaus' story. After leaving me he rapidly gained the skyline ridge and got onto the other side of the massif. Here was a marked track, very rugged, which led up and down over steep rocks, with some intrepid climbing thrown in. Time was getting on but the top was in sight so he kept going and at a quarter to five stood on the summit. A strong wind was blowing as he came down, running and leaping. Sometimes it nearly blew him over. He quenched his thirst with water drips from the snowfields. Darkness overtook him on the skyline ridge. He missed the spot where he had come up and continued on down another flank of the mountain. When he discovered his error he climbed back up again some distance, then decided to traverse across towards a light he could see at the quarry site. This proved to be very difficult as in the gulch between the two flanks flowed a creek and the whole area was thickly overgrown with that prickly scourge of New Zealand, matagauri. The thorns tore his legs and arms and chest, and a false step into a hole resulted in a painful sprained ankle. At last he reached the road but his troubles were not over. No one was going to pick up in the dark a great wild hairy monster with blood all over him.

So poor Klaus had to limp the whole 9 miles back to Queenstown except for a short lift of about half a mile. And then he couldn't find our motel and did a grand tour of the outskirts of the town before he sighted it and limped through its welcome door at half an hour to midnight. But he had succeeded in climbing his mountain!!

And 12,000 ft. of climb in an afternoon (6,000 up and 6,000 down) - with 20 miles of walking thrown in for good measure, is NOT BAD GOING by any standards! So - another mountaineer is born.

* * * * *

THE 50TH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS.

by Helen Gray.

A letter from a long-standing member, suggesting ideas for the 50th Anniversary Celebrations, made me realise that there are many members who wouldn't know what was going on.

Here, briefly, is what we have planned.

21st October (Friday night, and the actual Anniversary date): Dinner at the Menzies Hotel, Sydney.

22nd and 23rd October: Camp-fire Reunion at Pennant Hills Boy Scouts' Camp.

(Don't knock it! It's on the edge of Pennant Hills Park and is in natural bush with gullies, cascades, tall trees, etc.)

Some of its advantages are - it has dormitory accommodation in a hut for about 40 members, tent space for hundreds, and it is close to the city. Those of us from S.B.W. and Dungallas who inspected the place agreed that the area should suit everyone from the fittest to the feeblest.

In the coming months, regular notices will appear in this magazine, giving more details.

But for the moment - KEEP THE 21st - 22nd - 23rd OCTOBER free.

* * * * *

THE 1977 RE-UNION.

by Observer.

Once again it is my pleasure to report on the yearly re-union at our own land "Coolana" in the Kangaroo Valley. Weatherwise it was touch and go all the weekend. The Friday night starters were washed out and the eleven people who stayed at George and Helen's Woodhill property slept in to 11 a.m. Saturday owing to the rain on the tin roof lulling them on forever. Sydney's weather was good, therefore the Saturday starters arrived down in high spirits, with much talk of the intermittent rain on the way.

The car park filled slowly and the tree growth in the neighbouring ex-gravel pit should block this area from the bitumen road. Gordon Lee, who hadn't been here before, was told to drive until he came across the other cars, but as he was the first to arrive he went all the way down looking for the cars until he came to rest two metres from the shelter shed. Would he ever get out again in his little Honda? Of course - but it kept him worried all the weekend.

By evening about 110 people had pitched their tents on all levels of the land. About 13 on the river flat, 19 near the hut and the rest spreading off both sides of the track between the hut and the camp fire site, which was in the same place as last year. Not many prospectives this year and lack of new members, makes it imperative in the coming year to instill in our recent members the gentle art of mixing in with the older members who have much to impart. Personally I think that by having the tents spread all up and down the track in little alcoves does NOT encourage new members to meet old members, but bushwalkers, always individualists, will put their tents where they will, and pick their own favoured spots.

At the organised camp fire the community singing was rather erratic, and there seems to be a need for an M.C. in the tradition of Paddy Pallin, who with his strong voice, his knowledge of all the songs and his gusto and ability to control the unruly mob, used to bring pleasure to us all in bygone days. Not that this was a dull campfire; not at all. Dot Butler and her acting crew presented us with a tale of maritime woes by John Masefield, Jean Ashdown sang the strangest song ever sung, and various other people got up and "did their bit". All this time our present Laureate, Don Matthews, who had written a song for the occasion, was sleeping in his tent (rumour had it from a surfeit of plonk, but of course he would deny it).

President Helen Gray was reinvested with the symbols of office by a group of five Past Presidents. Shortly afterwards supper was served by Spiro and his band of willing helpers - coffee, cocoa, biscuits and the very popular hot sausages with sauce. Whilst this was going on the club glutton was observed sleeping by the fire and so missed out altogether; probably worn out from his endless talking on India.

All the babes and toddlers were bundled off to bed before midnight, but Bob Hodgson, the official accompanist, led the choristers until 1.45 when a tree branch fell with a mighty crash in the surrounding bush, which caused Colin Putt to comment on the similarities between Bob's mouthorgan and the trumpets of Jericho.

Next morning, after a heavy downpour at dawn, the sleepers in the hut were invaded by the bedraggled, and much talk of the greenness of the surrounding bush. However, the campfire embers, easily stirred into life, provided a breakfast fire for those camped nearby. Swimming was decided on by some, and with much whooping the Kangaroo River was invaded by the active, whilst back at the tents chatting occupied the lethargic.

An exciting new competition this year was a paper plane throwing contest. This was for children only and was a great success, which only goes to show that with a bit of adult supervision and encouragement the kids will have such a great time, that they will bring back their parents next year.

Then came the Damper Contest. Maybe it was the witch-doctor (Colin Putt) who awed the timid, or maybe it was Dot Butler whose breast plates would have made Cleopatra envious, that shocked our Judge into such a state that at the end he awarded himself second prize, but where Dot got the rock melon has not been disclosed. Our Interstate Canberra Columnists

Frank and Joan Rigby, whose expertise is world renowned in the Damper World, had coached their two small nephews which caused Scott to be the outright winner.

Late arrivals at Coolana were the Editress, Dot Pike, and her family who joined the other family groups by the river.

The Golden Jubilee Reunion at Pennant Hills Scout Camp later on in the year was on everyone's lips, and those who couldn't or wouldn't come to Coolana would be able to get there easily and renew old friendships.

The weather in Kangaroo Valley turned magnificent by lunchtime and a lovely afternoon made the day, indeed the weekend, complete. Thus ended the '77 Reunion.

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CONTACT - Pete and Dot Stitt - Phone 869-2964.

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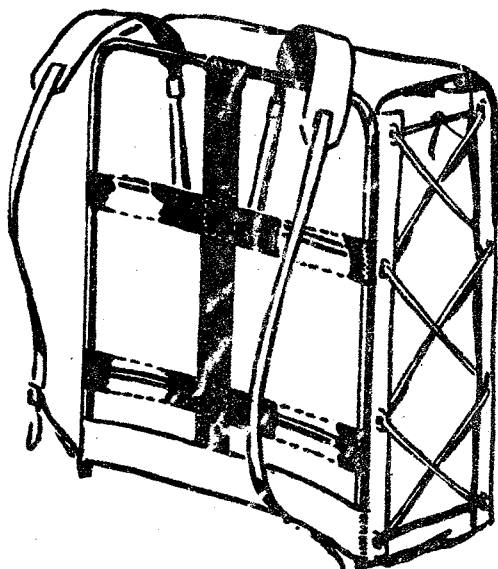
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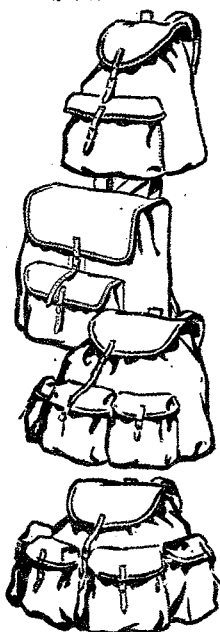
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SENIOR RUCKSACK

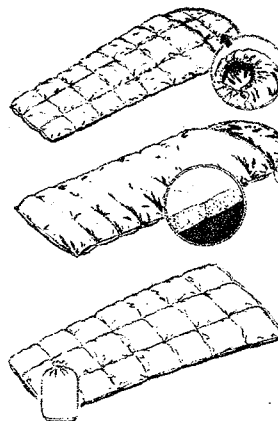
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LIVING OFF THE LAND AT NEWMES.

by Kath Brown.

"How about going to Newnes in the Wolgan Valley for the January long weekend?" I said to Jim. "We could pick blackberries, there are always lots of them around the old ruined mine buildings."

"Too early for blackberries," said Jim. "We could go there at the end of February."

"It would be good to get some other club members to go too." said I.

"I'm not running a weekend trip." said Jim. "Organising all that car transport, worrying about tents for prospectives, I'm just too busy at work for those sorts of extras."

"Well," I said, "I'll get Owen to run the trip - he loves organising people."

So I approached Owen. Yes, he would like to arrange an easy fixed camp trip to Newnes, but not specifically for picking blackberries. "Map instruction for prospectives!" he said. (This followed on some earnest discussion at the Club meeting - and perhaps in the committee room too - about map instruction - or the lack of it - for our prospective new members. They are expected to pass an oral test on this subject before being admitted to membership.) "And blackberry picking, too." said I.

We chose the first weekend in March, so that it could go on the next programme. Jim agreed to give the map-reading instruction.

As club members will recall, the beginning of February was sunny and very hot, we were all wilting, but about the middle of the month the rains came, on and off for a couple of weeks, and the 1st, 2nd and 3rd of March were very wet days indeed. Owen phoned me on Thursday, 3rd of March. "Not one starter," he said, "and I don't really want to go if it's wet."

In anticipation of a really relaxing weekend Jim had asked for the Monday as a leave day (he had a lot of days due to him), and this was all fixed, so he and I decided to go anyway and hope the weather would improve. We left about mid-Saturday-morning, no hurry, no one to meet or camp with. The weather was doubtful but our Kombi campervan is especially designed for retreating into in bad weather.

It looked as though we were going to be lucky. As we drove westwards there was lots of blue sky, also lots of broken clouds touching the mountain tops, but no rain until we were past Lithgow. Then we decided we were not going to be so lucky, because the rain started, first showery and then a deluge. The skies seemed to open and we were nearly washed off the road. The thought of that winding dirt road (with at least one probable splash crossing) from Wolgan Gap down to Newnes dismayed us. Getting your vehicle out of greasy mud should it get stuck is one of the least attractive ways of spending a lazy camping weekend.

We drove as far as Wolgan Gap. The rain had eased considerably but the road we were on was streaming with water. "Not Newnes today," we both agreed, so we turned off on a side road (a dirt one but with a firm gravel surface showing through the covering water) and drove a few hundred yards to park on the bush flat just below Blackfellows Hand Rock, which we had heard of as a place where bushwalkers often camp on the Friday night before continuing on into the Wolgan valley. About this time the rain stopped so we went for a short walk, found the quite extensive overhang under the Rock, a great place to shelter on a wet night, then continued up the gravel road (which was flowing freely with water and looked more like a stream than a road) till we came through a gulch in the rocks and thus out onto the top of the Rock. Then back to the Kombi, and an early and cosy night in the vehicle.

We awoke on Sunday to a bright and shiny day. All the leaves on the trees and bushes were glistening in the sun after the previous day's rain. ~~Everything looked different under the brighter weather conditions~~ and we started down the Wolgan Road to find that it was firm, in much better state than we had expected, with puddles and potholes but no difficulties. The Wolgan valley is very green and pretty, and the cliffs, golden in the sunshine, have a broken edge with many headlands and gullies, and are close, so that every vista includes cliffs, wooded slopes, green fields, and looks very beautiful. The road winds down to the floor of the valley, and then continues on to the old township of Newnes, about 16 miles from the Gap.

In the early 1900s Newnes was a fair-sized mining town, with a specially built railway up the cliffs to carry the shale-oil out, but as the need for kerosene diminished, and for other economic reasons, the mines were closed, the township gradually became deserted, in time most of the houses were pulled down and the bricks carted away, and now, except at the old pub, no one lives there. The levelled grassy sites where the houses used to be are now used by campers, and on the opposite side of the river the old railway station is also a flat grassy bank.

It was about 9.30 when we passed the old pub, and pulled up on a (wet) grassy patch. The river was running strongly and quite deep (for the Wolgan) and we decided it would be a dangerous crossing, so we left the car and set off to walk downstream on the near bank. A rough road follows the river, and we followed it till it finished, near a crossing which was also much too deep. There are other roads going up side gullies, and all about are evidence of the town that was - brick or stone chimneys, with only house foundations nearby, old garden plants and trees, an old road formation higher up the hill than the one we were on.

Jim was interested to rediscover the beginnings of the "Pipeline Pass" track. At one time a pipe came over the cliffs from the town of Glen Davis in the next valley, where they were also mining shale for oil. The pipe has now gone, but the place where it crossed the cliffs is a negotiable way for walkers, and is used often by bushwalkers on various trips. We couldn't find the track at first, although there were lots of pieces of old mining equipment about, but we didn't know whether they were parts of the old mines, or connected with the pipeline from Glen Davis, which came

later. We poked about, and at last found the track. It starts just near an old mine entrance, with some old iron axle and wheel parts nearby, so we now have a good marker to find the track another time.

The bright morning had given way to an overcast day, with a few slight showers, so that we were glad to find a large (very large) rock under whose slight overhang we first found shelter from light rain for our lunch spot, and then shade when the rain went away and the hot sun came out. The mixture of damp and sun made it very warm and humid and when we got back to the car we were glad to have a quick splash to freshen up in the side eddies of the Wolgan.

On the way back to the car we looked for blackberries. There were lots of bushes, but no berries. Either it was too late in the season or the bushes had been really done over by other pickers. It looked as though the original purpose of our trip to Newnes was a failure. "I'm sure we'll get some blackberries along the valley," said Jim. "Too many people camp near the old pub - we should go to a less frequented spot." Of course the old ruins on the far side of the river - where we had expected to do our picking - were not to be reached, owing to the fast flowing river.

Jim's prophesy proved correct. We left the next morning soon after breakfast to give us plenty of time for berry-picking, and in the last valley before the pass goes up to Wolgan Gap there was a big expanse of blackberry bushes covering old pastures. So we collected all we could conveniently carry home, and although some of the berries were starting to deteriorate as it was the end of the season, the ones we took home all cooked up well, and we were very pleased.

One further bonus which made us really feel that we were "living off the land" was that on the way out of the valley we saw and picked lots and lots of mushrooms coming up in the grassy cow-paddocks beside the road. We picked about 3 lbs of mushrooms, which were also very much appreciated during the following week.

Owen says that he doesn't like mushrooms much, anyway.

* * * * *

S.B.W.

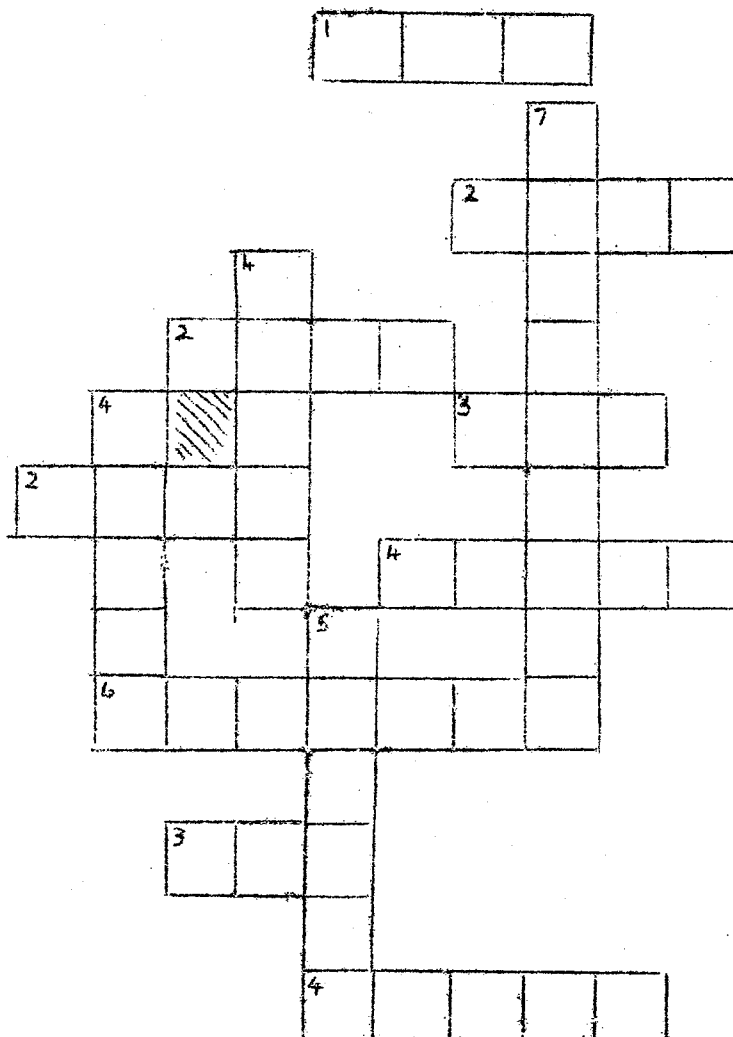
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1. Initials that read happiness.
2. Town in Nth. Territory.
2. Vertical piece of window or chimney. (architec. term)
2. Damp American saos _____.
3. Old English half farthing.
3. A flying mammal.
4. Holy gift.
4. Fruitful birds.
4. Opposite of waned.
4. Pronto.
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THE A.G.M. OF MARCH, '77.

by Barry Wallace.

The clock stood at 8.02 p.m. with about 50 members present, most of whom sat, when Helen called the 49th Annual General Meeting to order with a shatteringly loud gong, which evoked a series of duck-like squawks from the Pikelet.

There was a string of apologies (now everybody's trying to get into the act), most of which I failed to record. The ones I got were John Redfern, Ian Watts and Marion Ellis. My apologies to the others.

New members were Janice Henson and Paul Macwhinney who were duly presented with badge and constitution.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and received without comment. Correspondence included a letter from The Paddy Pallin Foundation reminding us of the closing date for grant applications, one from Shoalhaven Shire Council advising the granting of mining leases in the Yarramumun Creek area, a letter from Roy Cameron proclaiming the advantages of the Coolah area for walking activities and an answer from N.P.W.S. to our letter about Little Marley. There was the usual collection of mags. and circulars and, unusually, a \$20.00 donation from Kath McKay. Outgoing correspondence was limited to letters to new members and our Little Marley letter to N.P.W.S.

The Annual Report and Treasurer's Report were taken as read with a little to-ing and fro-ing over the value of the Coolah land.

With the trend in recent years toward uncontested elections for office bearers it seems redundant to move the suspension of Standing Orders to permit elections to proceed concurrently with normal business, but that's just what we did. You will all have read the results so we need say no more about it. You will also, those of you with a social conscience of some sort anyway, know that Annual Subs are now due and payable. Rates are:-

Ordinary member	\$8.50
Married couple	\$10.50
Student member	\$5.00

so make the new treasurer happy by paying early for once. The sub. for non-active members is decided by committee and will be advised later. Magazine subscription for non-members is \$4.00.

The walks report came and went (at last) which is more than you can say for the treasurer's report for the month. 'Twas all to do with James V. spending four weeks in the land of the long white whatsit, but it is promised for the April General Meeting, so watch this space!

Federation report brought the news that Len Newland has been elected Tracks & Access Convenor, that Canberra Bush Walkers have written to F.B.W. seeking support for their opposition to the re-building of Moulds Hut and that there was a S. & R. operation on the Shoalhaven recently. Federation are also seeking information on suspected core sampling activity in Rocky Creek and a gauging station on the Colo.

General Business drifted rudderless without a motion while Gordon Broome expounded on past, present and possible future usage of Kosciusko National Park (I think). We ended up deciding that Gordon, Alex Colley (the Conservation Sec.) and the committee should report to the next general meeting on a club conservation policy.

Nev Page got an unanimous nod for his proposal we make a submission to the Paddy Pallin Foundation for a grant of \$200.00 toward a 50th Anniversary edition of the Bushwalker. This edition would carry historical background information and be available for sale to the whole bushwalking community.

We then went through the rather awkward process of seeking an M.C. for the reunion campfire and working out who had charge of the various items of equipment required for the supper. And then it was just a matter of the Pres. saying the magic words "Let Us Re-une", gonging the gong and declaring the meeting closed at 9.52 p.m. Amen.

* * * * *

WALK NOTES.

by Len Newland.
Tel. 435860(B)

That rock-climbing instructional last month was a bit upsetting, wasn't it? Unfortunately, I didn't get the message about the alteration to a one day exercise until a few days before the event, so I didn't get a chance to warn anyone via the magazine. Those who came to the meeting on the Wednesday night were the only ones who knew of the plan change. Bryden Allen unexpectedly had to work on the Saturday afternoon, so the instructional was shortened to one day only. I hope no one was unduly inconvenienced in view of the announcements made in previous magazines.

Of course, since leading walks is purely voluntary, with up to four months' lead time, changes of plan must occasionally occur. Which reminds me, the walks programme for winter has to be completed and submitted to the committee by the first Wednesday in May, so would you please think about some interesting walks for the programme and let me know your intentions by then.

WALKS FOR MAY

Test Walks

- 6, 7, 8 - Kanangra to Kowmung River via Christies Creek and Gingra trail. Roy Higginbottom leads this walk in the rugged western mountains.
- 6, 7, 8, 9 - Kanangra Walls - Katoomba Classic. Victor Lewin's venue includes Gingra Range, Kowmung River, Medlow Gap and Narrowneck. Please note that you will need to take the Monday off work to complete this one.

WALKS FOR MAY (cont.)Test Walks.

- Sunday 15 - Heathcote - Engadine via Woronora River. Meryl Watman leads this one.
- 20,21,22 - Coates Farm - Nattai River via Starlight's Trail and Rocky Water Holes Creek. Hans Beck is the leader.
- 27,28,29 - Katoomba - Wentworth Falls via Mt. Solitary and Kedumba Pass. The leader is John Fox.

I would suggest to prospective members that you check with the leaders of the above walks (and all walks) to find out details of what to expect.

Day Walks.

- Saturday 7 - John Fox leads Bundeena to Little Marley. Ferry will be taken from Cronulla.
- Sunday 8 - Gladys Roberts' walk will be from Sphinx to Turrumurra via Cowan Creek and Bobbin Head Old Road, after a morning bus trip from Turrumurra.
- Sunday 22 - Bill Hall is back on the walks programme after a long absence, with a walk starting and finishing at Otford, seeing Werong, Coastal Rocks and Burning Palms along the way.
- Sunday 29 - If you feel like a northside trip on this weekend, try John Noble's Cowan to Jerusalem Bay walk.
- Sunday 29 - If you prefer southside, the same day sports David Ingram's Bundeena to Marley Beach walk (ferry from Cronulla).

Base Camp.

- 13,14,15 - Airly: Saturday - Airly Turret, the Diamond Mine, Genowlan Mountain. Sunday - Airly Shale mining ruins, Mt. Torbane. John Redfern leads this popular trip into the depths of the western mountains.

Caves.

- 13,14,15 - Wyanbean Caves, with Ray Carter.

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