

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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MAY 1977.

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LA BELLE HELENE.

by Kath Brown.

By a happy coincidence the Sydney Bush Walkers and the River Canoe Club both have women presidents this year. And by another coincidence they are each called "Helen".

The most famous Helen of history that comes to mind is the celebrated Helen of Troy, of whom the poet Christopher Marlowe asked, "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?"

Helen Brownlee of R.C.C. would no doubt be delighted if during her regime her club "launched a thousand (little) ships", i.e. canoes. But Helen Gray of S.B.W. would probably be content if during this second year of her term the club "launched a thousand trips".

Perhaps the poet was exaggerating - a thousand may really mean "many". In any case, both clubs are to be congratulated on each having their own "Belle Helene" in charge this year.

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THE APRIL GENERAL MEETING.

by Jim Brown.

A fairly normal roll-up of about 40 people were in occupation at the Wireless Institute as President Helen Gray opened the April meeting with a welcome to new members Debbie McInnes and Richard Ferguson (quite a Scottish note in those names). Those people who could remember the Annual General Meeting saw no reason to quibble over the minutes, but it was announced that the proposal to draft a club policy on Conservation and National Parks had not developed as the mover, Gordon Broome, had not been able to be present at the April Committee Meeting to discuss the question with the Conservation Secretary.

Out of correspondence we learned that the Dept. of Lands, faced with conflicting applications for the piece of land adjoining the southern limit of Coolana, had decided the ground should be reserved for recreation: all applications for ownership had been refused, but we would probably be offered a Permissive Occupancy (no doubt a symptom of the Permissive Society). Our application fee for possession was being returned to us.

Since the Treasurer's Report, which followed, showed a considerable decline in our liquid funds - mainly due to a purchase of over \$700 worth of magazine covers - perhaps it was as well we weren't able to buy! At the close of February our working balance stood at \$1565.

The Federation matters reported have been covered in most cases in the newsletter accompanying this magazine. However a couple of additional pieces of Federation news related to an intention to discuss a policy

on huts in parklands - notably Kosciusko area - at the next meeting: and news that the Southern sector of the Blue Mountains National Park is likely to be dedicated this year, but will probably have one boundary along the middle of Narrow Neck plateau. It was also reported that there had been some fairly warm discussion in Federation over the organisation and management of the Search & Rescue activity, in which it had been suggested that the relationship with the Police Rescue team was not as good as it had been previously.

As a matter arising, it was mentioned that S.B.W. delegates in Federation had formed part of the minority vote on the desirability of rebuilding a hut destroyed by fire in the Alps. Club opinion was sought on the proposed Blue Mountain Park boundaries.

So we moved on to the Walks Report, bracketing the period from the Annual Reunion with an attendance exceeding 100 (all reported in the last magazine) to the weekend after the Easter holiday. On March 25-27 Bill Burke's Yerranderie trip was known to have gone forward, but details were not yet reported. The same weekend John Redfern with a party of 15, including 11 prospectives, tackled the Broger's Creek/Budderoo area: the weekend was enlivened by a wild storm on Saturday morning, and a steep descent in the gathering night on Sunday into Broger's Creek. The visit to the Hunter Valley Wine Festival was cancelled, and about 18 people went with Barry Zieren to West Head peninsula on Sunday 27th.

Rock climbing tuition on the following weekend under a guest instructor was reduced to a Sunday outing, and included some climbing in places classed as "exposed". Hans Beck had 6 folk along to Splendour Rock and Cox's River, glorious Indian summer weather and a pleasant trip. Len Newland reported that a multiplicity of fire trails caused some changes in his day walk of 3rd April, which proved to be an easy day walk with a good many dips in Kangaroo Creek.

So to Easter - quite a memorable one for members of three parties. The Snowy Mountains party - no less than 35 people - struck real snow on Good Friday: one member found it so bleak he retired to his sleeping bag at 3.30 p.m. and didn't emerge until 7.0 a.m. Saturday. The snow vanished overnight, but a considerable group of the party retreated to the Kybean Range for the balance of the holiday: some found the area pleasing, but others were not so readily satisfied. There were five on the Grose River exploit led by Victor Lewin, and after a taxi tour by night of the Lithgow-Hartley Vale area they successfully went through to the Nepean, without crossing horns with either landowners or bulls, unlike a previous party in the same territory. As to Tony Denham's Nattai River trip, a full report of the misadventures is published in this magazine; it was quite a weekend for the would-be "fixed campers" involved. No news was to hand of Ray Carter's Easter Sunday day walk out from Helensburgh.

Over the weekend 15-17 April Peter Harris had four afield in Bundundah Creek near Yalwal - a pleasant walk bringing the party back to the cars by mid-afternoon Sunday. We got the impression this team moved pretty

briskly to cover the ground. Having no starters for his Bungonia Gorge trip, Ian Watt went it alone and recorded it as an interesting and reasonably energetic journey. The Sunday walk was led by Joe Marton into Campfire and Euroka Creeks from Glenbrook, with 18 people, a few of whom took an easier way out during the afternoon.

Your reporter's notes disclose that a few announcements followed, and the meeting at its closure had taken precisely one hour, from 8.17 to 9.17 p.m.

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"..... IT SHOULD BE FINE IN THE KYBEAN!"

by Christine Kirkby.

The weather looked very promising indeed as the sun shone on the large army of people eating breakfast at Smiggins Holes on Good Friday.

However, as often occurs in this area, the tables turned. Half way up Disappointment Spur, it became necessary to light several fires and we huddled around them - all of us very cold. Light snow began to fall. I experienced that, "On, no, not again" feeling as I recalled a similar occasion several Easters ago.

David Rostron, as our leader, was in rather an invidious position as various members of the party uttered their opinions as to what we should do next. Some hardies wanted to continue into even more unpleasant conditions, others wished to remain by our blazing fires and yet others wanted to drop to the comfort of the lower altitudes. The latter course, which really did appear to be the most sensible, was eventually adopted.

By three o'clock, there was a bright array of orange tents dotted over the white ridge and the party settled down to a somnolent afternoon. Eve Walker and I took the opportunity of continuing the Scrabble Championships; one gentleman decided to catch up on his German homework.

As the weather had not improved the next morning, we decided to return to the cars at Munyang. I felt rather forlorn at the prospect of abandoning the trip, even though our attempts had been thwarted. How cheered we were by David's saying, "We'll go to the Kybean Range!"

Most of us had never heard of it before but the fact that the weather looked good over in the east made it sound appealing.

By now the party was greatly reduced. Some went home; others hadn't had enough of snow walking in sandshoes, so they moved back up to the tops.

We were soon speeding through beautiful grazing country. From

where we left the cars at the Tuross River, we could see the bony outlines of the Kybean Range. The weather was now delightful. That night we found a perfect camping spot for our still quite large party. While Spiro made Greek coffee for everybody, Rod Peters passed around his delicious home-made apple wine. Having exhausted the singing abilities of the party, it seemed that some people were eager to tell jokes. Laughter and frivolity accompanied our going to bed operations after Gordon Lee had told his tortoise and the drunk joke.

Peter Miller's bellowing smartly woke everyone the next morning. After wading through a swamp and speeding up the fire trail, we gradually climbed until the top of the range was reached. The delightful weather allowed us views of the sea and the rich coastal grazing areas. That day we clambered along the heath-covered spine of the range; occasionally we would descend to a grove of tall eucalypts in a small saddle. However, there was a dearth of camping spots so we dropped into a small creek for the night.

It seemed that this night would not produce the hilarity of the previous night; some people were a little tired. Suddenly a black spider, quickly identified as a funnel-web, scuttled along the ground close to John Redfern's foot. The quiet atmosphere was shattered as the party, in unison, sprang to its feet. Torches flicked as ground-sheets and feet were examined for the family of the poor spider who had unwittingly crashed into our midst.

It quickly became obvious that spiders were not some people's favourite topic of conversation. Mutterings of "I'll brand the next person who mentions that word" were floating in the air. Some brave people ventured to sit down again, only to be quickly reminded by Peter Miller that some more of the black creatures might be on the prowl. The previous night's hilarity was being repeated - gurgles of laughter accompanied quite a few people to bed that night.

Whether or not to go to Wadbilliga was the question being discussed the next day. The enthusiasts were outvoted in view of the rather long drive home so we dropped off onto the fire trail and ate a leisurely lunch. It didn't seem to take long to reach the cars where people prepared once more to enter civilised society by bathing in the river.

There was no doubt at all that the trip was just as enjoyable as it was totally unexpected!

* * * * *

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

The Editors would like to make a special plea for articles and/or bright ideas suitable for the 50th Anniversary Magazine (October). If possible we would like to have everything in by the end of July, which leaves only a couple of months for contributions.

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OUR CLUB AUCTION.

by The Happy Bushwalker.

The tables were being erected when I arrived and Owen Marks and John Fox were putting piles of books on one end, and Jack Perry was opening up an old rucksack filled with old maps, billies and mittens, which he poured onto the end table. Sheila Binns had a few "as new" fair-isle jumpers in immaculate condition, and before you knew what was happening there were ski boots, ski stocks, cameras and radios that may work (money back if they don't but Spiro's assurances were taken with cynicism by some members). There were pot plants, boots and rucksacks, old M & B tins from unknown people, and a lot more, but I can't describe everything or who brought what and which was sold to whom.

Spiro was the auctioneer and I must say a very good one too. Would sell only to his special friends who would give him a secret nod (he will deny it of course) but the best thing was the bargains to be had. Owen bought a pair of boots for \$1 that had been in the cupboard for 7 years or so, and Pete Stitt's skiing stocks went for 20 cents. No one would buy Jack Perry's old rucksack, so he has donated it to the club once the president's husband has repaired it. Many thanks, Jack! A pretty young slip named Belinda was trying on ski shoes, but alas her middle name must have been Cinderella. One leather glove had no takers so it went on special with the billy as a billy-lifter.

All the books went for 20 cents, and some one remarked that they were the same ones others had brought in the previous year, but still a cheap read. It was a shame that no one brought in fresh cakes. A camp stretcher was bought and George Gray remarked that he had had it for 10 years and never used it; no wonder - it was 3 ft. long.

The treasurer was a happy man at the end of the evening. \$51 was collected for club revenue; merriment was had by all, and another social evening had been a success.

BUSHWALKERS' RECIPES.

Bushwalkers are often on the lookout for something different to eat on walks, besides the old peas and deb. To this end we would like to print members' favourite recipes, so please send some in to us.

Alan Pike's Special Cream

Ingredients: full cream powdered milk
sugar
vanilla
water

Mix all ingredients thoroughly to a creamy consistency, adjusting quantities to taste. Allow to stand before use.

(This cream was invented on a long trip in N.Z. after many days on Alliance and Cabin Bread. The rest of the party searched in vain for the spent cream tin.)

Peanut Butter and Porridge Biscuits

- created from leftovers in French Ridge Hut.

Ingredients: peanut butter
rolled oats
brown sugar
water

Mix all ingredients together and fry in a little butter until dry.
Yum yum!

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X T C

Solution to
April Puzzle

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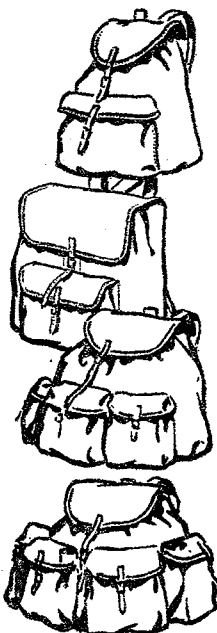
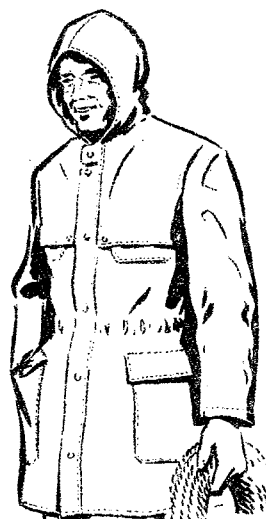


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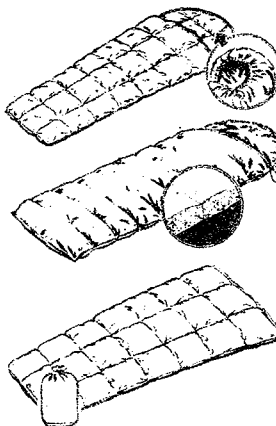
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Paddy's

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EASTER 1977: AN EASY WEEKEND WITH TONY DENHAM.

by Paul Mawhinney.

A cool night with only a slight sprinkling of rain as Alan Fall, Tony Denham and I drove to Picton and a meeting with Hans Stichter and Margaret White, to be later joined by Jan Henson and her two companions. Hamburgers, coffee and a quick visit to the pub preceded the departure of the three-car convoy for Hilltop, reached, after a little confusion, by about 11.00 p.m. From there along the "this can't be the way" dirt road, following the occasional impressions of VW tyres through ruts and over bumps to the raingauge where Ray Turton and his passenger had settled. We did likewise; after some slight problems with an ant hill all was quiet, save for the snoring of the leader in his distant tent.

Good Friday morning brought a fire, breakfast, and more people. By ten all were present, so the cars were shifted to the junction with Starlight's Trail, where packs were hoisted for the two-hour descent to MacArthur's Flat, uneventful except for the foot-wetting involved in getting over to the flat itself. Once there, the weather caused some hectic tent-pitching on the fairly sheltered northern edge of the flat. Lunch was an indoor affair, the completion of which co-incided with the end of the rain and the start of a short ramble up the Nattai which was to be a scouting trip for a day trip to Russell's Needle scheduled for Sunday. Despite numerous river crossings there were no dunkings to evoke a wail of dismay and a howl of derisive laughter, but a few close calls showed that many of the party would have enjoyed the feeding of the lions in Ancient Rome. Back to camp, where Jim and Kath Brown had added their tent to the collection. A meal and a sing-song around the fire rounded the day off pleasantly before turning in on a cool clear night.

For Saturday Tony had planned a wander down the Nattai to the Wanganderry Creek junction, thence up the Wanganderry. The Nattai section was rather scrubby, but a two-hour plod found us on its more kindly tributary consuming morning tea. This event was to be the last gap of the easy, uneventful weekend on the Nattai. Half an hour after moving off, screams of agony from the rear of the party heralded the destruction of Janice Brownlee's left ankle as some small rocks gave way beneath her. Her injury was bandaged whilst the billy boiled, the subsequent consumption of tea guiding those pondering the situation to the conclusion that, given that the patient could not stand, let alone walk, she would have to be carried back to camp on a litter. Hans and I wandered off into the bush where we selected two strong shallow-rooted saplings which became poles about $2\frac{1}{2}$ metres long. To these was attached an early model Mountain Mule pack frame, webbing uppermost and padded with pullovers. With the patient placed aboard, the vehicle was ready for the slog back. The packs of the bearers were off-loaded onto others, the load was hoisted to waist height and the Browns went ahead to select a good route.

It soon became obvious that travel was easier in the creek itself rather than through the scrub on the bank; the absence of overhead

restrictions meant that the litter could be hoisted onto shoulders, whereby, with sufficient padding, greater comfort for the bearers and more speed could be attained. Frequent changes of bearers and positions, together with numerous rests and stops to remove gravel from socks brought the group to the camp after a three-hour haul. After depositing Janice at her tent, inspecting her ankle, anointing and rebandaging it, she was left in the care of Jan Henson whilst the rest of the party set about the evening routine of camp life.

Sunday dawned fine, but the ankle had not improved any, though the patient, after a painful and sleepless night, was still remarkably cheerful. Plans for the day were settled shortly after breakfast - Jim, Hans and Roy to conduct day walks, Tony to look after those remaining in camp, and three - Barbara Bruce, John and I to go to Hilltop to telephone the club's Search & Rescue contacts.

Don Finch got things rolling, ringing back to tell us that he had been able to round up six others ready to help, despite the dispersal of many due to the holiday weekend. He was, however, unable to get a proper rescue stretcher. So it was off to Bowral ambulance station, where we found the staff only too willing to assist. We were lent an old but sturdy ambulance-style folding stretcher, an inflatable splint, blankets and bandages, and given the use of the telephone to inform Don of our progress.

By this stage, it was 2.30 p.m. and becoming obvious that, short of a decided turn for the worse in the patient, the haul out would have to be left until morning. Our return to the camp at 4.00 p.m. co-incided with that of the day trippers; one of the party, Meriel Hilt, had injured an arm and later required hospital attention. Owen Marks had arrived with a pack full of tinned food, and as the light faded Don Finch and Bill Burke, the advance guard of the S. & R. team, arrived to assess the situation first hand.

The morning was once again superb. Before breakfast had gone, the rest of the S. & R. people arrived - Snow Brown, Peter Levander, Gordon and John Broome and Roy Higginbottom. Janice was secured to the stretcher and the haul out, requiring a climb of some 1300 feet, commenced, the bearers and relief bearers being preceded by the main body of the party, which relayed the unrequired equipment of the former. The limitations of the track caused a gradual reduction in the numbers able to carry the load at the one time - four at first, then one at the back with a shoulder rope and two at the front, then one at front and rear. Frequent changes were needed, but the pace was quite respectable, helped greatly by those who brought water down and made tea at the point where the track approaches the stream - there a twenty minute break begrudged by none. Shortly after midday the job was done, the stretch from the top to the cars being gladly left to a 4 WD vehicle.

Having eaten and rested, the party left for Hilltop, where it split up. Janice, after thanking all concerned, went on her way to hospital in Sydney, driven by Jan Henson; some departed for home; the brothers

John and Nick to Bowral to return the borrowed equipment, and the majority to Thirlmere to see the steam locomotives and just possibly, with a great deal of arm-twisting, to have a drink or two at the pub.

Janice is reported to have had two bones broken in her ankle, necessitating some time in hospital and the insertion of a steel pin.

Taken overall, the retrieval was a well-organized club operation of which all participants may feel reasonably proud. To the seven who abandoned their Easter projects to help their fellow walkers out of a spot of bother we can do no less than offer our gratitude.

* * * * *

Two "thank you" notes have been received by the Club from Janice Brownlee. One was to thank the Search & Rescue men who came out on Easter week-end to carry her up Starlight's Track (as it happens, they were all S.B.W. members).

The other was to Tony Denham and his party, expressing gratitude for "the great help, kindness and consideration given when I was injured. As a visitor in your midst I can only have but the highest regard for the Sydney Bushwalkers. Many thanks to you all".

S.B.W. EPICURIANS

Dinner on June 8th (prior to the June General Meeting) will be at ABDUL'S LEBANESE RESTAURANT, Chr. Cleveland Street and Elizabeth Street. Meet outside at 6.30 p.m. All members and visitors welcome.

Chief Epicurian - Peter Miller.

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NEW ZEALAND.

A WALK TO THE CLOUDS.

by Robin Scandrett.

Two mammoth mountains beckoned through the starboard windows of the plane, rising straight out of the ocean and disappearing into the clouds above. Such magnificence!! These giant solid granite monuments were none other than Mt. Gower (2,840 ft.) and Mt. Lidgbird (2,504 ft.), dominating the southern end of Lord Howe Island.

Whilst engrossed in the scene below I hadn't noticed until now that our pilot had descended to only several hundred feet and there was only water below us. Salty water rushed up and enveloped the windows and fell away revealing a lagoon. We were afloat, and boats of friendly islanders greeted us and ferried us ashore. The plane was an old Sunderland flying boat which sadly flies no more to Lord Howe, and held its own for part of the fun of a trip to Lord Howe.

Once ashore and settled into "Pinetrees" Guest House I bought a map, hired a bicycle, and proceeded to tramp along all the paths which formed red dotted lines on the map, and many others which ought to have been on the map. Island transport is bicycle or biped-al.

On my trip to the Goat House - a large cavern half way up the northern aspect of Mt. Lidgbird, I saw a Bosun bird and chick which my parents and sister Sally had seen a few months earlier as Bosun bird and egg. They were subsequently delighted to hear about it.

The conquest of Mt. Gower still beckoned. Fully regaled with Dad's and Grandma's tales from Lord Howe and furthered by those from the Islanders at choir practice, I was primed and keen as ever. Hearing of a trip going next Saturday it wasn't long before I too was in that group.

At 7.00 a.m. a party of four, comprising myself, Garth (our islander guide) and two island schoolteachers I shall call Jenny and Sue for the want of remembering their real names. We took a jeep as far as we could down the lagoon road, and then commenced meandering over and around huge granite boulders on Salmon Beach until we approached a cliff we couldn't skirt at the base.

A mad and exhausting scramble up an embankment carpeted with dead foliage and bracken was the most arduous part of the whole trip and brought us level with the cliff top - a climb of only 500 feet. Second thoughts were creeping in and ashamedly shed as our guide said, "Not to worry, folks, the worst is over". We followed Garth through palm glades and delightful open spaces. The other end of this track, properly called the Lower Road, led out onto a ledge which forms the start of a track across a precipice. A wire rope was our life line across this face and our guide cheered us by saying we would fall only 20 feet before the slack in the rope took up. Garth knew from experience and the two delicate schoolmarms giggled nervously.

The stillness of the air was only broken by the gannets which spiralled above us as we trespassed their cranneries. We watched the ledge narrow with earlier rock slides and widen again to our relief! Pebbles and rocks set in motion by our feet could not be heard to fall or bounce off the rocks beneath us; but the view was breathtaking.

Once into the Erskine Valley the scene was dominated by Mt. Lidgbird to the left and Mt. Gower to the right. The rain of previous weeks gave us a welcome cup of tea and the lush green vegetation we now saw about us. The stream we sat beside was the division of the two mountains.

Mt. Gower is only accessible by a spur running from the head of the Erskine Valley, and as far as we could see, except at this point, the mountain is surrounded by tiers of precipices. We were making our way up through the valley to arrive at this particular point on the saddle. There being no formed track we scratched our way through dense scrub, over rocky obstacles and hoped we were heading in the right direction. The two schoolmarms kept lagging behind.

Once on the saddle, we still had to encounter the "Get-Up" places. Even wild pigs which once ran amok on the island could never accomplish this feat. Garth went ahead over each "Get-Up" place and told us from above where to grab a hold, limb by limb, to ascend. All the while the wind whistled about our bodies and chilled us as we looked down at the ocean, a mere 2,000 ft. fall away to the left, and the craggy rocks of the Erskine Valley on the right. There were several of these "Get-Up" places to be tackled, and we really should have used ropes. Once up the spur we enjoyed a beautiful view of the entire island, and as we walked into the clouds we felt as though we were entering the land of the gods. Vegetation changes abruptly from palm glades and scrub bushland to a subtropical rain forest with mosses and ferns underfoot and embalming the trees.

When the cloud lifted towards midday we lunched beneath a canopy of vines and cast our gaze over the island, a view which probably hasn't changed for thousands of years. Jenny and Sue sank down and relaxed and decided the hard "slog" was worthwhile. They had never walked before.

Garth picked up two stones and began clicking them together repeatedly. To our amazement, out of the undergrowth peered equally curious woodhens, attracted by the apparent mimicing of their mating call. These delightful little woodhens of beautiful brown plumage with slender necks and bodies are in danger of extinction, numbering only 54. But there lies another tale.

The charm of the isle needs no telling to those who know her. The friendliness of her people make it unthinkable not to greet and converse with complete strangers. A return to the mainland then comes as a rude shock and is quite sad and depressing to all the holiday makers.

After a quick exploratory tour of the summit it was time to descend. It is important to cross the precipice by last light or remain on the

mountain overnight. We quickened our pace down the mountain and made the perilous crossing as the last rays of the sun beamed across the ocean to us. Lord Howe sees glorious sunsets.

Not to make an appearance in time sets the island search and rescue party into immediate action, the island council being pre-informed of all summit attempts. The rescuers met us as we made our way by torchlight to the jeep. However they were not concerned about us, but about another party which had failed to appear beyond the precipice. Until then we were unaware of sharing the mountain with another party, such is the nature of bush and the land form.

We turned to watch the other party crossing the precipice by torchlight. Well aware of the perils in full light, we couldn't move until all torchlights were twinkling their way safely across.

We had been keen to celebrate our feat. Choir practice had to wait however as we were far too tired, and I have hesitated to mention until now that I sprained my ankle on arrival and torn a ligament which temporarily grounded me and strapped my foot for a week!

"Choir practice?" you ask - a delightful island excuse for lending voice at the island's licensed bowling club: a wonderful union of kindred souls congregate at day's end.

* * * * *

S.B.W. FOLK DANCING & SINGING GROUPS.

-- Conducted by Christine Kirkby and
John Redfern.

The folk dancing night has been changed to the third Wednesday in each month, due to the present arrangement clashing with the pre-meeting dinners. Thus the next evening will be Wednesday, 15th June at 7 p.m. Everyone is welcome and there are plenty of easy dances, so come along and get fit for those winter weekend walks.

The singing group is now meeting on a regular basis and will be warming up the committee room every 4th Wednesday at 7 p.m., so contact Christine if you are interested, or just roll up at 7 p.m.

MOUNTAIN PTY. LTD. EQUIPMENT

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Scarpa Boots - Model Hercules (Lightweight) \$33.50
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WALK NOTES.

by Len Newland.

Ph. 435860(B)

Please put walks on the spring walks programme. Walks for June are as follows:-

TEST WALKS

- Sunday 5th - A brisk walk from Govett's Leap to famous Bluegum Forest in the Blue Mountains, via Junction Rock and Evan's Look-out. The leader is Gordon Lee.
- 10,11,12,13 - Newnes to Glen Davis via Pipeline Pass, and then return to Newnes via a lengthy trip to the junction of the Wolgan and Capertee Rivers, in the western Blue Mountains. Your host is David Cotton.
- 17,18,19 - Budawangs, starting from Yadbore Flat, and the itinerary including Kalianna Ridge and Monolith Valley, with the Castle or Mt. Owen lending status to the test walk. Jim Vatiliotis leads.

BASE CAMPS

- 3, 4, 5 - Bob Younger camps at Newnes, and his pleasures include a walk along the old railway to the Glowworm Tunnel, and an exploration of one of those many interesting gullies that flank the Wolgan River near Newnes.
- 10,11,12,13 - Myall Lakes sees another of Tony Denham's base camps. Little is known of the walking details, but "Big Gibber" is mentioned, presumably meaning a place to visit, and not Tony Denham.

WEEKEND WALKS

- 10,11,12,13 - Bob Hodgson presents a walk last appearing in the programme some years ago. The itinerary is Mt. Nullo, Mt. Pomany, Cattle Duffer's Trail, Widden Valley, Mt. Nullo.
- 25, 26 - Carlon's Farm is the starting point for Hans Stichter's trip, with a walk down to Cox's River via Tinpot Hill, and back via Breakfast Creek. The highlight will be an investigation of the canyon on the Jenolan River a little upstream from its junction with Cox's River.
- 25, 26 - Also on this weekend, a little closer to home, Hans Beck has a brisk exercise from Katoomba to Wentworth Falls via Mt. Solitary and Kedumba Creek.

SUNDAY WALKS - JUNE

- Sunday 12th - Sees Glenbrook revisited by Jack Perry, with Glenbrook Gorge and Mt. Portal the setting, and Lapstone the finishing point to the day's activities.
- Sunday 19th - An unusual walk presented by Peter Miller. The walk is from Palm Beach to Manly on beach sand as much as possible. For all those old salts.
- 19th - For those who prefer the south coast, Kath Brown leads her favourite trip from Lilyvale to Burning Palms via the Palm Jungle, returning to Otford.
- Sunday 26th - The Royal National Park also makes its appearance this month in the form of Ray Carter's walk from Waterfall to Heathcote, via Karanga Track, Forest Island, Palona Brook, Nicka Ridge, Uloola Falls and Karloo Pool.

ESME'S TRIP

- Sunday 19th - For those with a lazy day in mind, Esme Biddulph presents a short walk from Chatswood into Lane Cove River Park via Bluegum Creek, with a boat trip on the river to cap it all off.

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SOCIAL NOTES FOR JUNE.

by Christine Kirkby.

On June 15 David Biggs will give a talk on "Nordic Skiing in Scandinavia". He will also show some photographs of his recent ski trip to Scandinavia. He is particularly interested in discussing the differences between Nordic skiing in Australia and Scandinavia.

Dick Smith's "Antarctic Antics" are on June 22nd. Dick will show slides of his Jumbo trip over Commonwealth Bay and the Admiralty Mountains. Dick says that the sound waves from the Jumbo caused avalanches which he was able to photograph.

Sydney University Folk Dancing Group will give a display at our clubrooms on 29th June. This will be preceded by some folk dancing from our members, as the university group will be starting at about 8.30 p.m.

Don't forget 7 p.m. folk dancing on 15th before the lecture, and folk singing, also at 7 p.m., before the slides on June 22nd.

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