

GROSE VALLEY

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bush Walkers, Box 4476, G.P.O., Sydney, 2001. Club meetings are held every Wednesday from 7.45 pm at the Ella Community Centre, 58a Dalhousie Street, Haberfield (next to Post Office). Prospective members and visitors are invited to visit the Club on any Wednesday. To advertise in this magazine please contact the Business Manager.

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JANUARY, 1988.

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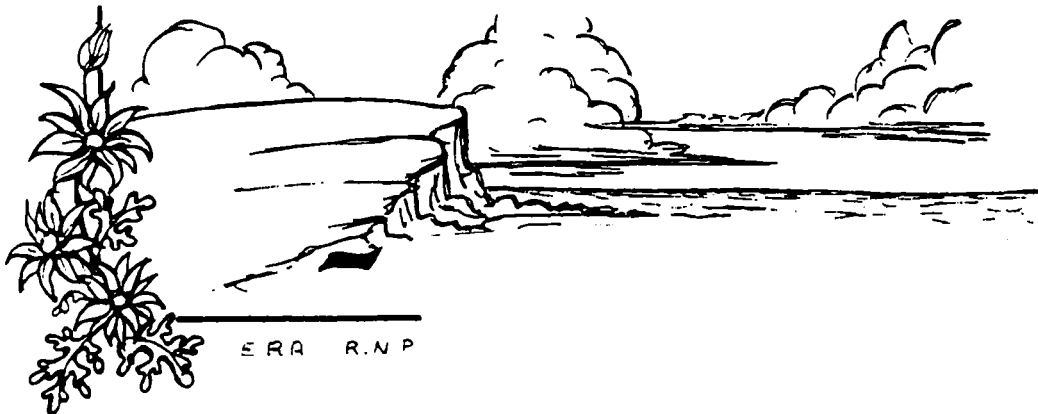
Included so you can practice and learn the words  
and have it right by January 26. Australia is  
only 140 years older than SBW.

## THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

### **ADVANCE AUSTRALIA FAIR**

*Australians all let us rejoice,  
For we are young and free;  
We've golden soil and wealth for toil;  
Our home is girt by sea;  
Our land abounds in nature's gifts  
Of beauty rich and rare;  
In history's page, let every stage  
Advance Australia Fair.  
In joyful strains then let us sing  
Advance Australia Fair.*

*Beneath our radiant Southern Cross  
We'll toil with hearts and hands;  
To make this Commonwealth of ours  
Renowned of all the lands;  
For those who've come across the seas  
We've boundless plains to share;  
With courage let us all combine  
To Advance Australia Fair.  
In joyful strains then let us sing  
Advance Australia Fair.*



MOUNTAIN IDYLL.

by Brian G. Harvey.

Perusing our 60th Anniversary History Book, my attention was drawn to the caption accompanying the photograph of the "Tigers" opposite Page 48 in which Mr. Norbert Carlon was described as the Founder of Carlons' Farm.

Together with my brother Perce, my first visit to the Farm was on that rainy St. Patrick's Day of March 17, 1936, when we had come up from Konangaroo, it being our first trip down Cox's River and one month before we became Prospective Members of the S.B.W. We were made warmly welcome with tea and a batch of freshly-made scones which were very acceptable after some days in the rain. We had a long conversation with Norbert awaiting abatement of the pluvius and learned quite a lot about his holding and local lore. He had been there, I think, about 15 years, having purchased the 600 acres (94% of a square mile) from the original holder and builder of the homestead, whose surname was Teutonic and by virtue of his having named the property "Tyrol", was undoubtedly of Austrian origin, being influenced by the steep grades which rise in all directions from Galong Creek.

The house had been built 40 years earlier, that is about 1895, and still bore the original galvanised iron roofing and which, to the best of knowledge, still exists today due to an honest coating of zinc lamentably absent in today's manufacture. It then was the only building on the property which was reached by a one mile bridle track down which all supplies had to be brought in by pack horse, Norbert riding over once weekly to Megalong Post Office for mail, which in turn had been brought down from Blackheath by the then Postmaster, William Kirby, also on horse-back! Them were the days!!! The Megalong Creek crossing was just slippery river stones and at times impassable. The Megalong Post Office was connected to the Katoomba Telephone Exchange by a sine-wire telephone line which I fancy could only be used for morse code.

On that historic day, the present proprietor of Packsaddles Pty. Limited, Bert Carlon, together with his sister Bernadette, were engrossed with their Correspondence School lessons on the cedar table in the common room by a roaring fire. Later married, Bernadette lived in Parkes to become the proud mother of eleven children! We were introduced to Norbert's cousin, Bernard O'Reilly, who was apparently having an unintentional working holiday for he was down in the muddy cow-yard in bare feet doing a spot of milking. He later was to become famous when he located the crashed "Stinson" air-liner up on the Lost World Plateau out from the now well-known guest-house which he founded at Lamington.

It was a gloriously peaceful place at that time, with the big green willows down by the creek, fruit in the orchard with chooks and turkeys picking about. With no road in, it was an isolated pocket very remote to the tourist world of Blackheath and Katoomba near and yet so far. No telephone, no radio, kerosene lamps, no frig! The only "disturbance" was the occasional party of bushwalkers, it being a Standing Order that they should call in to be welcomed by that great tradition of the bush, a friendly cup of tea, a yarn, and to convey the latest news for papers were few and far between.

Norbert Thomas prided himself that he was a Burragorang Valley cattle-man and not a farmer with the result that he did little cultivation on his property, which, with its granite gravel soil on steep slopes was anything but conducive and just produced sufficient grass for his couple of horses and a few milkers. He held Department of Lands grazing rights for the Cox's River and it was on the alluvial banks of that stream that his cattle fattened up for market and breeding, he riding down there regularly for inspections and counting, sometimes taking along young Bert. His favourite horse was the faithful "Black Mary", which, despite the fact of having only one eye, was extremely adept on difficult slippery river crossings and rocky ground.

This was to be the first of 42 subsequent visits either to or through Carlons'. Mrs. Carlon "put up" boarders for the modest sum of 30/-d (\$3.00) per WEEK, all found, and many happy weekends and holidays were later to be spent there, all before the present road was formed when the charm of this wonderful haven disappeared and with the advent of electric light and a telephone line. Before that, walkers often prearranged that on the last day of their trip that they would have lunch there, which always was a huge meal of either roast turkey or fowl with lashings of baked vegos and wonderful "puds" - to give them strength to ascend Nellie's Glen or the Devil's Hole. In those days we always WALKED to and from Katoomba. I doubt if many of today's motorised walkers have ever been up or down the two routes mentioned.

Which reminds me that Mrs. Carlon - a small figure made of spring steel, when she had business to do in Katoomba, would whizz up via Nellie's Glen and back the same day in time to knock up the evening meal! Notwithstanding her hard life, she lived to the ripe old age of 92!

Norbert's father was a Burratorang Valley cattle-man, along with other Irish/Australian early settlers, so cattle were in young Norbert's blood. It had been the practice to drive cattle right up the Cox from the Wollondilly to Megalong which then was known as "Medlow" - hence "Medlow Gap" and "Medlow Bath" which originally was a spa. This was a long and arduous drive with many river crossings and a shorter route was sought. Old Mr. Carlon acquired the assistance of a local friendly Aborigine who led him, on foot, up a steep and rocky ridge from below the Kowmung, and it is a historic fact on gaining the top, Carlon Sr. had remarked: "That's a "black dog" of a track, Jackie," as the former had always travelled on horse back and was not accustomed to "mountaineering". It seems that "black dog" at that time was used in a derogatory sense and for anything uncomfortable or of a hardship (synonymous with a "Black Day" on the Stock Exchange!). And so it became the "Black Dog Track" and which undoubtedly influenced Myles Dunphy to give the other ridges spanning out from the Wild Dog Mountains their colourful names, and whose early maps show Carlons' Farm as "Tyrol".

Incidentally, about 800 metres along the Black Dog Track from Carlons' boundary fence on a little saddle there is/was a fairly open area on one's right, covered with cutty-grass, known as "Norton's Swamp". Norton hailed from Camden and took unto himself an Aboriginal wife and lived with her family group at this swamp, later to move to Bathurst where he became a magistrate. The full story can be found in our "Bushwalker" of the early 50's, no doubt before some of my young readers were born! Alex Colley would have that magazine, and, as there would be a good deal of pedestrian traffic along that Track, the article is worthy of re-printing, the title being "The History of Norton's Swamp", related to me by Norbert Carlon. If one examines the rocks not far off the track, on the right, spear-sharpening grooves will be found. How many times have you unknowingly walked past them?

I am grateful to the 60th Anniversary History Book for the revival of nostalgic memories of other days and happy times.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### I REMEMBER NORTON'S SWAMP.

by Kath Brown.

In 1957 or '58, I went on a weekend walk led by Brian Harvey and I'm sure we camped for the Saturday night at Norton's Swamp. There was a big party (members liked Brian's "easy" weekend walks) and we travelled by train to Katoomba on the Friday night. Although it was "easy", we still walked for several miles along the Highway, down Nellie's Glen, and put up our tents at the "Pub Site" in Megalong Valley. A fire was lit for that late "cuppa" and we turned in about midnight. I had brought a thimbleful of rum to help me sleep on a cold night, and I still remember my embarrassment at the potent odour of the rum when I opened the small container. Someone else in the party, however, had brought a hot water bottle!

Next morning we walked at an easy pace to Carlon's where we had lunch. Then we went over the saddle into Carlon's Creek and followed it to where it joins Breakfast Creek, but here we turned upstream and then turned left into Norton's Gully. We reached the Swamp with its grassy flats and made camp in the late afternoon. By this time I had discovered I was getting a rather heavy head cold, so I turned in early, missing the campfire and in the morning any sight of the spear-sharpening grooves. Any spare time I had was spent in washing my handkerchiefs which I then hung on my pack with safety-pins to dry as I went along (no tissues in those days). But I managed to do the next day's walk, which was along to Medlow Gap, over Debert's Knob, up Taro's Ladders to Narrow Neck, quite a climb. We had lunch at Glen Raphael (another swamp), and then it was the long trudge along Narrow Neck to Katoomba. But with lovely views all the way. And home on the evening train.

This was a very pleasant trip but one that I have not seen on the SBW program for many years. It might appeal to some of our new leaders, especially people who like to travel by train. A round trip, and no car driving at the end of it.

\*\*\*\*\*

BUSHWALKS.

by Errol Sheedy.

Those walks, where soft ferns do lie,  
Linger in the memory;  
Odours, when sweet boronia sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken.

Bracken leaves, when they are dead,  
Lie heaped there for each walker's bed;  
And like our thoughts, when we are gone,  
The bush itself shall slumber on.

(With apologies to the orthometry of P. B. Shelley.)

\* \* \* \* \*

N.S.W. WILDERNESS ACT.

(Reprinted from the "Letters Page" of the Sydney Morning Herald, Wednesday 16 December 1987)

Sir: Congratulations to the people of N.S.W. and to Mr. Unsworth and his Government on their new Wilderness Act. Folk in all States who are struggling to have their wild lands protected have gained new spirit and hope from this decision.

Passage of the N.S.W. Wilderness Act - Australia's first - marks the extension in this country of a greater appreciation of the value of wilderness as a secure home to our flora and fauna, and an inspiring place for humans seeking respite from the pressures of our technological existence.

This new Act opens the way to the preservation, for future generations, of some of the most magnificent wild country found in Australia. The Act is a pace-setter for other States and the Commonwealth to follow.

(Dr) R. J. BROWN, MHA,  
Parliament House,  
HOBART (Tas).

FOOTNOTE.

It looks as though our drought of printers has broken, at least for the immediate future. SBW PRINTING welcomes back Moraq Ryder and also Kenn Clacher to the dirty finger brigade.

But don't change your mind, more printers are always needed as people have holidays etc. Phone Stan Madden on (043) 25 7203 . . . .

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WALKS NOTICE - Change of Date.

Please note that Kenn Clacher's canyoning trips to Bell Canyon and Rocky Creek Canyon are postponed one week to February 27 and 28 respectively.

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DIARY OF A TASMANIAN TRAMP.JANUARY, 1985.

by Emma Duncan.

WALDHEIM TO LAKE ST. CLAIR - PART 2.

Wednesday. When I rose in the morning, I saw the reason for the cessation of the rain; it had begun to quietly snow! SNOW!! In the middle of January!! I couldn't believe it. Because of the snow, wet sleeping bags and wind, we went back to Windemere Hut for breakfast and to dry off. The hut was crowded, but the Scouts soon left, lessening the crowd a little. As the pouring rain continued, we decided to spend the day in the hut.

The hut was built for about 40 people, but there were over 100 there that day. Every available space was taken up with drying clothes, sleeping bags, or people. As soon as the Scouts left, our group grabbed one row of beds (the beds were bare wooden boards at one end of the hut), where we spent the day huddled in our sleeping bags, as there wasn't room to sit anywhere else. I don't know where those without a bed space slept that night. Breakfast, lunch and dinner had to be cooked in turn, as there was no space for everyone to eat at once.

That day was one of the longest of my life. I read the entire log book; it had snowed on Christmas Day, and that week was very wet. The next week had been sunny, clear and dry; one entry doubted the tales of Tasmanian mud! In my entry I assured future walkers that the mud was no myth. One group of people in the hut belonged to a choir, and they relieved the boredom by singing. They were extremely good, and I enjoyed listening to them, but as the hut became more crowded during the day they decided to go on.

Going to the toilet was the worst part of the day. The toilet was separated from the hut by a creek, mud, and about 50 metres. I put off going all day, but eventually reached the stage where it could be put off no longer. As my socks and shoes were almost dry, I donned a parka and set out barefoot. As my feet were warm, it was all right for the first few steps. However, they soon cooled down, and each stone on the track felt like a needle. I jumped across the creek, landed ankle deep in mud, and squelched on towards the loo. My feet were by this time numb, so the terrain didn't worry, but they ached from the cold. Sitting in the loo was a relief not only for my bladder, but I was sheltered from the rain, and my feet were out of cold mud. However, I couldn't sit there forever and the rest of my body was growing cold. The trip back was worse. My feet ached so much I could hardly walk. I didn't have enough energy to jump the creek so I waded through - there are not words to describe the extreme cold and agony I experienced. At least the water washed all the mud from my feet and legs. Once back inside the hut, my feet felt as though they were burning; I couldn't even stand close to the stove to warm up because it hurt them, and it took ages for them to warm. I didn't go to the toilet again that day.

Two potoroos sat huddled in the rain and mud all day, waiting to be fed. I felt sorry for them; they looked miserable, but I couldn't face going outside. Dad gave them my dinner when he went to the loo that night.

Thursday. We rose at 6 am and left the hut at 8 am, determined to reach the next hut before dark. It was raining lightly, and was windy across the moors, but the parts through the rainforest were sheltered, and pretty. Because of the mist we couldn't see much, but I was aware that at one stage we were walking along the edge of a hanging valley, and at the base of mountains later on. After five hours of walking along the not too muddy track we reached New Pelion Hut. This hut was also in a beautiful position: on a grassy floodplain, with huge gumtrees scattered here and there, and a river (though I think it was called Pelion Creek) flowing nearby. On either side of the river valley were huge mountains, but their tops were under mist. The sun was shining when we reached the hut, and we had the hut all to ourselves.

Mum and Dad were having problems with their sandshoes; the high backs of the shoes were giving them blisters. Following Dot's advice, they had walked without socks, but this had made the blisters worse - they now had deep holes in their heels. After the shoe and sock wash in the river, we walked barefoot back to the hut. Dad looked at his feet and found about five fat leeches attached to his soles. That night we discovered that leeches popped well on pot-bellied stove.

Friday. We woke to glorious, glorious sunshine. Leaving the hut at about 8.30, we climbed out of the valley through beautiful forest to Pelion Pass, a high saddle between two mountains, East Pelion and Ossa. As we neared the pass we came out of the forest and into low scopari, giving us fantastic views of Ossa, West and East Pelion, and surrounding peaks. The sky was clear blue, though mist swirled around Ossa. We decided to climb East Pelion, as it was not under cloud and only a short side-trip.

East Pelion is a bit like a volcano in shape, with steep, grassy conical sides, and a rocky outcrop on top. We climbed up the steep slope; each step revealing a better view. After circumnavigating the rocky outcrop to determine the best path up, with frequent view-admiring stops, the bravest started climbing. I didn't climb to the very top because of the strong wind, the cold, and the fact that, towards the top, the route looked more and more horrendous. I scrambled back down to the base of the outcrop, and waited in the sun. After about half an hour, when the others had returned from the top, we ran back down the mountain (it was too steep to walk) and ate lunch in a clearing in the scopari. It was pretty, and beautifully warm.

As its top was still covered in cloud, we did not attempt to climb Ossa, the highest mountain in Tasmania, but instead slid down from the pass on a steep and muddy track to Kia-ora Hut. The Scouts passed us on the way down; they were having a mud fight. I was glad that so far we had not had to stay in the same hut as them; they were always one day ahead of us. The skies remained clear blue, and Ossa came out of the clouds. The Scouts were staying at Kia-ora Hut that night, so stopping only long enough to feed the resident potoroos, and for the Scouts to once more converge on Kathleen, we went on to Ducane Pass and Hut.

Ducane Hut was in a magnificent position. Sheer cliffs rose directly behind the hut, glowing pink in the setting sun. The hut was in a sloping grassy clearing, surrounded by rainforest, with a small waterfall nearby. The hut itself was just about ready to collapse; the roof sagged and was cracked, the walls leant in at an alarming angle, and the floor was mouldy earth. We camped out that night.

I decided it would be a good idea to wash myself; I had been wearing the same clothes for 7 days. I hadn't washed myself before because it had been too cold, but today was warm and sunny - ideal washing conditions. The waterfall had a pool at the bottom, giving me the choice of a shower or bath - I envisioned a long, relaxing, refreshing bath. After the sock and shoe wash, I stripped off, and splashed my way under the waterfall. Two factors made it an extremely short wash. Firstly, the water was so cold that I very quickly leapt out of the waterfall. Secondly, I smelt so bad that the thought of sitting down beside the pool and laboriously cupping water over myself was nauseating. I put my clothes back on, and returned shivering to the camp with only clean feet.

Saturday. As it was a fair distance to the next hut, Dad woke us early with his "BOKA-BOK-KERKULI", a sound a bit like a dying rooster, but which he thought wouldn't disturb another party camping nearby, and which would save him from quietly waking each tent individually. As we were leaving, a member of the other party asked Dad if he had heard the strange bird-call that morning, and did he know what kind of bird it was!

We walked up through a rainforested valley, with an unsuccessful side trip to find a big waterfall reputedly nearby. We walked up to and over Ducane Pass, crossing the main divide as we did so. The other side of the pass was much drier; the ground was dry (a welcome change from mud) and the forest changed to eucalypt sclerophyll. We followed the Narcissus River to Windy Ridge Hut, with fantastic views of the surrounding peaks and hanging valleys. The weather was uncomfortably hot and sticky.

We stopped for lunch at the hut. There wasn't a breath of wind, and the sun beat down relentlessly. I found myself thinking back to the former cool days; forgetting that they were actually freezing cold, wet, and generally unpleasant. Anything seemed better than the heatwave we were now experiencing. The toilets were revolting; the combination of heat and no wind had brought the blowflies out in full force, and the area immediately around the toilets stank. I was glad that we had not had to cope with blowflies before - they were gigantic and buzzed around the out-houses, making them extremely unpleasant.



Barbara and Dot went on to Narcissus Hut, on the shores of Lake St. Clair, while the rest of us took a detour to Pine Valley Hut, as we wanted to climb the Acropolis. We continued along Narcissus River along button-grass plains. I had heard long debates about whether in button grass it was better to jump from clump to clump (the clumps are about thigh high), or to walk on the ground between the clumps. It is said that snakes like to sun on the clumps. If you walked between the clumps, the snakes are likely to bite your backside, if you jump from clump to clump, you either kill them, or the snakes bite your tough walking boots and not you, or so the argument went. As I was wearing sandals, I would have been bitten anyway, so I walked on the ground, as jumping was tiring. Nevertheless, I kept a wary eye out, and was relieved when we entered forest, where I could see the ground again, and therefore any snakes. The forest became rainforest again along Pine Valley Creek. The weather was still hot, and I found the tramp very long. There was no track in the rainforest; the route was marked by red metal discs nailed onto the trees. The discs were sometimes difficult to find, and there were several backtracks when we became lost, which made the afternoon even more tedious. I was looking forward to a swim in the creek; I was so hot and sweaty that I welcomed the thought of ice cold water.

We arrived at the hut in the early afternoon after about two hours of walking through the forest, but finding the hut small, gloomy, dirty and crowded, we set up camp in the rainforest on the bank of the creek. A huge fallen tree made a bridge, and served also as a table and sitting place. Unfortunately, despite the heat, the water was too cold to swim in. There were a lot of people staying in the area; more than we had seen, except at Windermere Hut.

Sunday. We rose at 5.15 am to Dad's "BOKKA-BOK-KERKUL", ate a hurried breakfast, and left the camp at 6 am to climb the Acropolis. We had a long day ahead of us: we wished to climb the Acropolis and then descend and head to Lake St. Clair to catch the 3 pm boat. We walked through the rainforest for a short distance to the base of the mountain, and continued climbing in the forest. The track was incredibly steep, but it took about an hour of climbing before we emerged from the rainforest. Here the vegetation changed to dry, low eucalypt. We were now on a high, narrow, flat ridge, with the Acropolis looming ahead of us. We walked along the ridge to the base of the final ascent.

The Acropolis is a mountain made of many vertical columns of dolerite, hence its name. It was a magnificent sight; the golden columns reached up into the clear blue sky. Behind us was Lake St. Clair, blanketed in low cloud, while the green carpet of rainforest stretched in all directions. As it was early morning, it wasn't too hot, making the walk very pleasant. After a long, steep walk through the scree slope, we finally reached the columns; it had taken us two and a half hours from the camp. The sheer rock faces towered over us; I had seen photos of George sitting on top of one of the columns, and I wondered how on earth he climbed them. No-one was too keen to climb them this time. I scrambled up some of the smaller ones. There was a small gap in the columns, which gave us a tremendous view of the other side of the mountain. Behind the columns on that side, a sheer rock face fell almost to the bottom of the valley, emphasizing how high we were. There were also cliffs on the mountains around the Acropolis, making a semi-circle of cliffs. After seeing this sheer drop, we were even less inclined to climb the columns.

We sat in the sun, or scrambled amongst the columns, admiring the view. The cloud over the lake lazily dispersed, revealing the sparkling blue waters. Although it was still early, it was rapidly becoming hotter, and the landscape began to shimmer in the sun. By now I was thirsty, but we had not brought water, so I searched for the small patches of snow hiding in crevices, away from the sun. I would have liked to stay for longer, but we hadn't much time and we had already taken more time than we had intended. I was sorry to leave; I had enjoyed the climb immensely, and the Acropolis was beautiful.

The climb down was hot and sticky, but we soon entered the cooler rainforest, where we stopped for a drink at one of the numerous small pools. We reached the camp at 11.30, quickly packed and immediately set off for Narcissus Hut on Lake St. Clair. The Grays packed the faster, and left a bit before the Duncans. The track wasn't too muddy, so we were able to walk fast. At lunch time we reached a fork in the track, where we found a note from the Grays saying that they had taken the left track. After a hurried lunch we continued down the right track, just to be different.

Our decision to be different was a disaster. The track very quickly became deep, thick mud - luckily through rainforest, so it wasn't too hot, and it was pretty. I got stuck in a particularly deep mud pool; when I finally pulled my leg out, my shoe remained in the mud. As the mud was thick, a hole remained where my leg had been, so I was able to rescue the shoe. But if the mud had been sloppy.....

Our progress was painfully slow; Mum was in a state of panic, repeating "We're going to miss the boat, we're going to miss the boat." We finally came out of the forest, and then had to walk across a reed plain to the lake on a wooden boardwalk. At first I was thankful to be walking on the boardwalk, as it was much easier, but it soon became monotonous, and I couldn't wait to reach the end. After three hours we reached the lake, to Mum's relief, with ten minutes to spare before the boat was due to leave.

During the half hour while we waited for the boat, the Grays told us of their lovely, mudless walk, Dot and Barbara told us about the native cat they had seen that night, and Mum convinced herself that the boat was not coming for us, despite Dot's reassurance that it was. Finally the boat came; we loaded our gear, and sat back to enjoy the ride. Lake St. Clair is long, and the ride took about twenty minutes. The driver was proud of his speedboat, so he went as fast as possible, giving us an exhilarating ride. I was facing backwards, and watched the dwarfed Acropolis behind the forest disappearing in the distance. It was hard to believe that seven hours ago I had been up there.

POSTSCRIPT.

Once in 'civilization' at the other side of the lake, we pigged out on junk food; it was the best, and most welcomed meal of my life. We were all tired after our nine hour walk, so we camped on the shores of Lake St. Clair and went to bed early. The next day we caught the bus to Hobart to have a much needed wash, and to prepare for the next walk on the south coast; the walk where we had to battle with rain, cold weather, leeches, snakes, tent-eating possums.... but that is another story.

\* \* \* \* \*

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M A U R I E ' S M E A N D E R . . . . .

by Jim Percy.

The M. Bloom Christmas/New Year Snowy Trip 1987/88.

"The Pilot," says Maurie, "That's the place to go!  
 There may be sun and there may be snow,  
 But let me know if you want to show.  
 There may be rain, there may be shine,  
 So bring your hat, and bring some wine,  
 And I'll see you all at Jindabyne."

Deadhorse Gap is the start of the walk,  
 First night on the Thredbo, is the talk,  
 Next, Cascade Hut, then the Tin Mine,  
 Climbing The Pilot if the weather's fine.

The taking of packs to the Victorian border  
 Is not thought to be quite in order.  
 They will be left at Pilot Creek  
 And picked up later in the week.

New Year's Eve is at PinchRiver Hut,  
 Having done Cobberas, Ingeegoobee, the Little Tin Mine and all that.  
 If the weather's fine and all's going well,  
 One then decides between heaven and hell.

But New Year's Day will be no ho-hum!  
 For it's up and off to Jerusalem,  
 Which will no doubt bring on a Maurie-ism,  
 By then it's time for another decision. . . .

Back to Deadhorse Gap by the Cascade Trail?  
 (The shorter way - it's for the frail),  
 Or, take a punt and do something new,  
 Go by Brindle Bull and enjoy the view.

Maurie's spent a lot of time and effort as well,  
 Making sure the walk will gell,  
 He even promises that if we're up till eight thirty-eight  
 Bob Niven will sleep in, but knowing Bob, it won't be late.

We do appreciate these sheets of Maurie's,  
 Which take out all the planning worries.  
 He even types them - he's a real achiever,  
 And signs them: MAURIE BLOOM - Leader.

\*\*\*\*\*

FOOTNOTE.

After some years as Prospectives, we are pleased to announce that, after passing all Tests (practice makes perfect) VIVIEN SHEFFER and PETER CHRISTIAN have changed status. On Jan. 3 in the chapel of PLC Pymble Vivien and Peter were married. Our congratulations and best wishes for a long and happy future.

Peter and Vivien Christian will remain at 8/6 Coonanbarra Road, Wahroong. 2076, 489 6825 until their house in the bush at Hornsby has been built - about Easter 1988.

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

C  
&  
C



# CANOE & CAMPING

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THE ATOMIC SAUSAGES OF KANANGRA.

by Jim Brown.

What with all the hoo-hah over the last few months about things that happened aeons ago - Nostalgia Nights and the like - I've found old and treasured recollections crowding back into my mind . . . . among them the Atomic Sausages of Kanangra at Easter, 1947.

At that time there were seldom programmed walks over long holiday weekends, and for a prospective member of about three months' standing, it was just as well I had found a group of kindly and kindred spirits, three of them being budding Electrical Engineers from Garden Island Naval Workshop. At Easter 1947 we planned to spend a day admiring the views at Kanangra, followed by three days walking back to Katoomba via Gangerang, Gentle's Pass, the Cox/Kowmung Junction and Cedar Creek.

It was moonlit as we travelled out to Kanangra by taxi on the Thursday night, and there found the Dance Floor Cave layered thick with bodies, so we retreated to that lesser overhang that overlooks the track down from the road head. This cave gave just enough space for the eight in our party so long as one didn't mind one's sleeping bag rubbing against those of the neighbours.

Good Friday morning was showery as we set about cooking breakfast over a small twiggy fire on the narrow level bench just outside the overhang. We were vaguely aware that the rocks under and surrounding our fire were impregnated with rain water - but where else could we go?

"Up rode a squatter mounted on his thorough-bred" - well, a stockman who had been trying to trace some cattle "duffed" from out Oberon way. He and his horse looked wet and chilled, and he was accompanied by a sodden-looking dog. He gladly accepted our offer of a cup of tea when our billy boiled. So there's the setting. The fire is small but hot, the rocks are wet, and George Hallett is crouched over the fire with a pan of sausages. The handle of the pan has been sawn off and George has a stick thrust into the stub to allow him to hold it. At the other end of the fire a billy is simmering . . . .

Then "Who . . .oo . . .ah". The fire exploded and vanished in a cloud of ash and cinders. George is left holding a stick over the embers. The pan is down the slope, the sausages tumbling down towards the track over leaves and twigs. The stockman's dog is chasing the sausages but finding them a shade hot . . . Ken Meadows and I are also chasing sausages, snatching them almost from the dog's jaws, and then flipping them from one heated hand to the other . . . .

And Bob Younger, wiping a smear of ash from his cheek looks at Christa and murmurs "Atomic Sausages?". Oh yes, that's one bush breakfast I'll never forget.

\* \* \* \* \*

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

by Gordon Lee.

Now that the euphoria of the Club's 60th Anniversary celebrations has subsided it is time to think of a few things which the organisation and celebration brought to light.

Foremost amongst these to me was the harsh reality that the founders and original or early members of our Club are disappearing rapidly and since they are not immortal will eventually be no more.

If you, like myself, enjoyed the presence, company and above all the reminiscences of these remarkable persons then I would like to see, along with our other Annual events such as the Reunion and the Club Auction, one night each year set aside - A Night to Reminisce - call it what you will - so that our old identities can share their experiences of "the old days" with us.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE DECEMBER GENERAL MEETING.

by Barry Wallace.

There were 30 or so members present at 2018 when the President called the meeting to order and called for apologies. These were received for Fran Holland, Bill Holland and Bev Foulds.

The Minutes of the previous meeting were read and received with the only matter arising being advice that, with our incorporation accomplished, we were now transferring ownership of Coolana, the Club property, to the incorporated body.

New members Tom Mose, Margaret Corbin, Aruna Deo and Carole Beales were welcomed into membership and we proceeded to the correspondence. This comprised an outgoing letter to F.B.W. forwarding our donation to S. & R., various letters from public bodies acknowledging receipt of the SBW Book, a letter from Stan Madden resigning from his positions as Printer and Magazine Business Manager as from next March, a letter from F.B.W. asking member clubs to comment on FBW activities, advice of a Mittagong to Katoomba Walk Committee (something to do with the Bicentenary), from Ainslie Morris ref the Club archives (Committee advise that they have already dealt with the matter), outgoing advice letters to new members, a letter from Brian Harvey regarding the Splendour Rock Memorial and enclosing a copy of a letter to FBW suggesting a commemorative walk and wreath-laying, and last of all a letter from Frank Leyden requesting that we discontinue sending his magazines as he will be travelling over the coming months.

The Treasurer's Report indicated that we began the month with \$7,128, received \$1,515.40, spent \$2,562.27 and closed the month with \$6,081.21. There was also a report that the 60th Anniversary Sub-committee had shown a profit to date of \$169.00, excluding the costs of paper and printer usage for production of the book.

There was a Walks Report, a FBW Report and a Conservation Report.

General Business saw a motion that we write to Bob Carr and his Department congratulating them on the passage of the Wilderness Act.

Announcements brought thanks from Ian Debert on behalf of the 60th Anniversary Sub-committee and advice that the Club's Gestetner duplicator is to be offered free to associated organisations via the FBW Newsletter.

The meeting closed at 2143.

\* \* \* \* \*

N.S.W. Federation of Bushwalking Clubs - December Meeting, 15/12/87.

BY Spiro Hajinakitas.

The Nature Conservation Council proposes to outlay \$5000 to employ a 1988 State Election Lobby Co-ordinator and a vote to pass the necessary motion was to be on 17/12/87. The Federation voted unanimously to write to NCC stating their objection to such a political motion.

Conservation - The Kowmung Committee is keen to learn of any information at all in regard to extensions to Warragamba Dam. Please contact Ian Wilson, 126 Gowrie Street, Newtown, 2042 or telephone 517 2962 (H), 27 7766 (W).

Tracks & Access - At present there is no access across WArragamba Dam. Clubs are urged to notify members not to plan start or end of trips across dam.

The unofficial sign at the first exit on Wollangambe Canyon has been removed again, and as many inexperienced people are now frequenting the canyon the following motion was passed:- "That we write to NPWS asking them to erect an exit sign at the first exit spot on Wollangambe Canyon".

It was also resolved "That we write to NPWS supporting the fixing of an additional spike at Taro's Ladders, Narrow Neck and also support work to stop erosion on track above the Ladders."

\* \* \* \* \*

ENOUGH TO MAKE A GROWN LEADER CRY!

Below is a report in the "Cairns Post" written by the leader of a day walk to Broken Nose (962 m.) about 60 km south of Cairns in August 1987.

The leader was supposed to meet the rest of the party at the base of Broken Nose after it had pre-assembled at Cairns Railway Station.

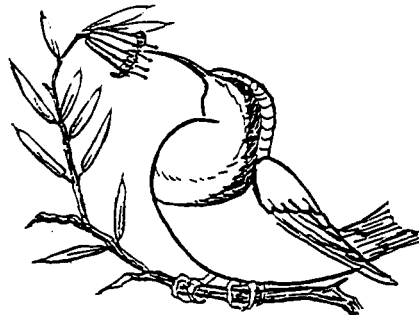
The "hierarchy" in the club decided at the railway station to abort the walk due to low cloud and take the party elsewhere, but were unable to contact the leader.

BUSHWALKING

What was probably the smallest number of people in the history of the Cairns Bushwalking Club walked on Sunday. One person went to Broken Nose. Two hours were spent on top, with three jumpers on to keep out the cold wind. I then made my way back to my car, which was reached at 3 pm. An enjoyable day was had by me.

This leader certainly has the sense of humour needed by leaders in any club.

\* \* \* \* \*



ANSWERS TO DECEMBER'S PUZZLE.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1. 26 Letters of the Alphabet.                | 13. 8 Sides on a Stop Sign.                |
| 2. 7 Wonders of the Ancient World.            | 14. 3 Blind Mice (See How They Run).       |
| 3. 1001 Arabian Nights.                       | 15. 4 Quarts in a Gallon.                  |
| 4. 12 Signs of the Zodiac.                    | 16. 24 Hours in a Day.                     |
| 5. 54 Cards in a Deck (with the Jokers)       | 17. 1 Wheel on a Uni-cycle.                |
| 6. 9 Planets in the Solar System.             | 18. 4 Digits in a Post Code.               |
| 7. 88 Piano Keys.                             | 19. 57 Heinz Varieties.                    |
| 8. 13 Stripes on the American Flag.           | 20. 11 Players in a Cricket Team.          |
| 9. 32 Degrees F at which Water Freezes.       | 21. 1000 Words that a Picture is Worth.    |
| 10. 18 Holes on a Golf Course.                | 22. 29 Days in February in a Leap Year.    |
| 11. 90 Degrees in a Right Angle.              | 23. 64 Squares on a Chess Board.           |
| 12. 200 Dollars for Passing "GO" in Monopoly. | 24. 40 Days and Nights of the Great Flood. |

The Puzzle was sent in by MARGARET WOOD.

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THE ANNUAL UPDATE of the Membership List is almost due, any and all changes should be sent to - SBW LIST,  
G.P.O. Box 4476, SYDNEY. 2001.

Please print or type and indicate if correction or change - if you make it fool proof it helps the computer.



Have we got a cartographer (mapmaker) amongst our members? If so, please contact for further information - G. R. LEITNER ("Jerry") on Tel. 607 7450 (Home).

\*\*\*\*\*

NEW MEMBERS. Four new members were welcomed at the December General Meeting. Their names, addresses and telephone numbers will appear on the next Membership List. They are -

CAROLE BEALES - MARGARET CORBIN - ARUNA DEO - TOM MOSS.

### BOOK ORDER FORM

#### **THE SYDNEY BUSH WALKERS - The First Sixty Years**

A history of the oldest mixed bush walking club in Australia, which coined the word "Bushwalker" A paperback book, it has 166 pages of text, 26 pages of photographs, plus other line illustrations. It is in a Limited Edition of 500 copies only. Price is \$10.00 if collected at the Clubroom. When ordering by mail please add postage at the rate of \$2.05 for one copy; \$3.15 for two and \$3.50 for two copies posted interstate.

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