

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER.

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to the Sydney Bush Walkers,
The N.S.W. Nurses' Association Rooms, "Northcote Building",
Reiby Place, Sydney. Box No. 4476 G.P.O., Sydney.
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JUNE 1961

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2.

SOCIAL DOINGS.

- JUNE 21ST John Bookluck will give an illustrated talk on his recent overseas trip, including the epic Landrover adventure "Overland to England", which was described by Lyn Baber in articles in The Sydney Bushwalker during 1959.
- JUNE 28TH "Sailing to Tahiti" with Kevin Ardill. We can guarantee that this will be a beaut. Don't miss it! Kevin's Kodachromes will warm you on the coldest night. Bookie's will be tops too, but proba ly better clad.
- JUNE 30TH Mid-Year Dance.

' COME AS A SONG! '

at

NORTH SYDNEY COUNCIL CHAMBERS.

Pleasant surroundings

Handy to Transport

Plenty of Parking Space

Full Moon.

If you're coming, let the Social Secretary know right away so that catering arrangements can be finalised.

AT OUR MAY MEETING.

- Alex Colley.

The meeting commenced with a welcome to three new members - Ron Kennealy, Ted Boronovskis and Alex Theakston.

Arising from our resolution at last meeting to obtain a cover for the projector, Jack Gentle told us that he had found that a case would cost us £9. 2. 0. He intended, therefore, to get an ordinary suitcase, which would do the job just as well, and glue some felt on the inside.

Brian Harvey told us that the Nurses' Association had given us permission to put an additional small cabinet in the cloakroom.

Wilf Hilder's walks report revealed an epidemic of basiphobia, which recurred with monotonous regularity of Friday evenings. But most of the Saturday and Sunday walks had gone as per programme. Popular leader of the month was Greg Grenman. Seven members and three prospectives went on his Sunday walk on the 9th and a week later 6 members and five prospectives attended his Saturday walk in the Blue Labyrinth. Wilf specially thanked Jess Martin for her "excellent typing of the Walks Programme".

On a motion by Brian Harvey, it was decided to write to the National Parks Association asking the Association to draw the attention of the Kuring-gai Park Trust to the defacement of scenery in the Refuge Bay area by yachtsmen writing the name of their boats on rocks.

Federation representatives informed us that Mr. Lang of Bindook, although he might have good reasons for not wanting the road on the stock route through his property used, since he maintained it himself, had no right to deny access. He was to call on the local Pastures Protection Board and discuss the matter.

A letter from the State Youth Policy Advisory Committee (Chairman, Judge Adrian Curlewis) was discussed by the meeting. The Committee wanted one or more representatives of the Club to discuss with it the need for a youth policy, the causes of that need, and related problems of organisation. Although some members thought we should seek more specific subject matter for the discussion, it was decided to appoint a Club committee of five to meet the Youth Committee. Arnold Fleishmann, Alex Theakston, Bill Rodgers, Heather Joyce and Alex Colley were appointed as our representatives.

Brian Harvey informed us that he had found a buyer prepared to give £10 for our old $3\frac{1}{2}$ " slide projector, and sought the meeting's permission to accept the offer. It was readily forthcoming.

The President told us that Committee had decided to ask Frank Ashdown, Brian Harvey, David Ingram, Colin Putt, Ron Kennealy and Alex Colley to undertake lecturing on bushwalking when requests were received.

Jack Wren suggested a working bee at North Era to provide a new rubbish hole. A number volunteered to attend, and Jack undertook to organise the diggings.

Concern was expressed by Allan Hardie as to whether Paddy Pallin's tenancy at C.E.N.E.F. House would be affected by the Public Service Association's acquisition of the building. David Ingram said he had been told that Paddy wasn't very worried as he had a 3-year tenancy and hoped to extend it.

With the election of Brian Harvey, Greg Grennan, Ron Kennealy and Bob Godfrey as Room Stewards, most of the meeting repaired to the "Satellite" cafe, which, Brian informed us, would not continue to open for our benefit, and pay overtime to the staff, if we didn't patronise it.

JUNE 23-24-25

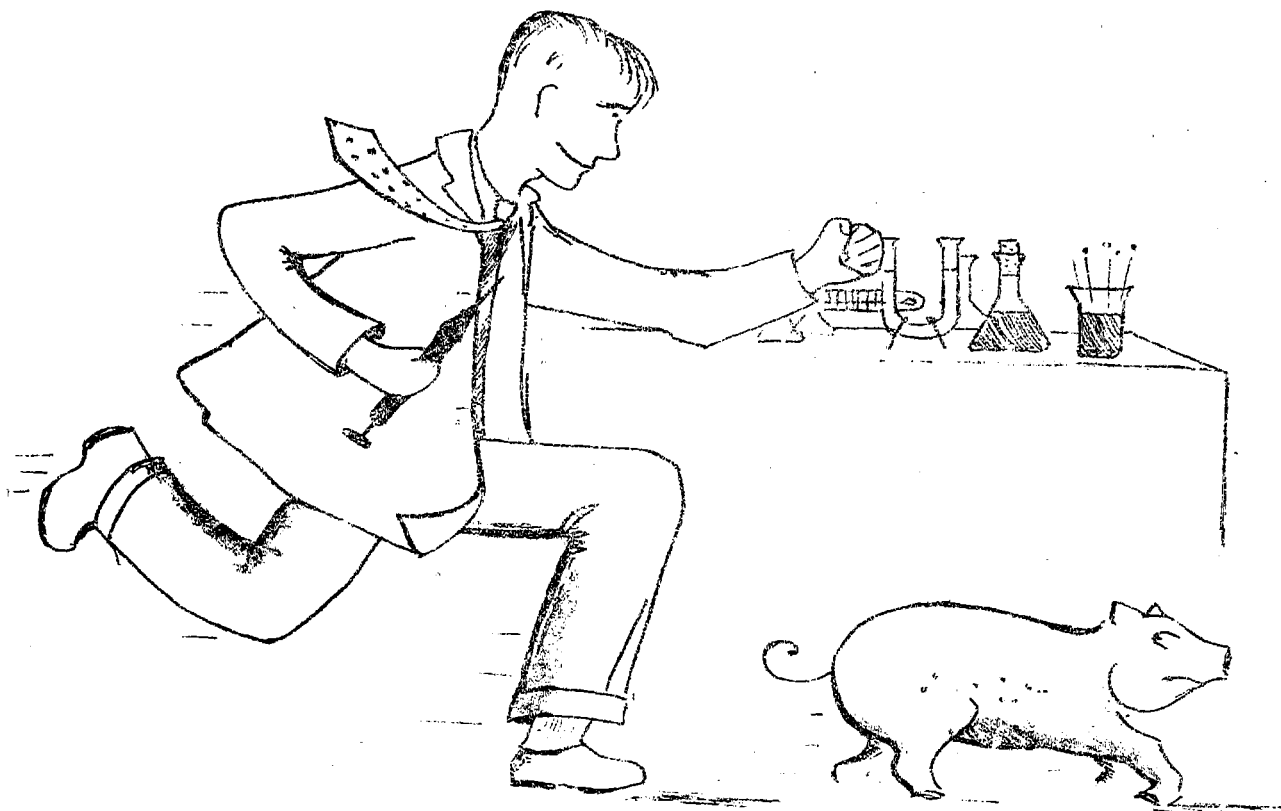
Blackheath - Car to Carlon's - Breakfast Creek - Cox's River - Galong Creek - Nellie's Glen - Katoomba.
Pleasant walking in Breakfast Creek and on Cox's River with some scrambling and river crossings. Beautiful Gorge scenery in the Grand Bluffs. Excellent camping. Galong Creek is mostly rock-hopping for about 3 miles; then climb and rock hop through the Box Canyon, past seven waterfalls flowing crystal clear over pink granite.
Maps: Jenolan Military & Myles Dunphy's Map of the Gangerangs.
Leader: Arnold Fleishmann.

JUNE 24-25

Wentworth Falls - Kedumba Pass - Mt. Solitary - Katoomba.
Good camping on Kedumba Creek. Long, steep climb onto Solitary. Extensive views of the Blue Mountains area and of Warragamba Dam (now to be known as Lake Burragorang).
Scramble down the knifeedge, then easy walking along the track from the "Ruined Castle" to the Scenic Railway.
Maps: Jenolan Military & Myles Dunphy's Map of the Gangerangs.
Leader: Pam Baker.

4.

We have it on good authority that the "food and supply" expert of the R.Z.A.C. New Guinea Expedition has been practicing the application of life saving drugs - on pigs..... For Putto's sake, we hope that these highly refined techniques do not become necessary, or (see page 8)



PROSPECTIVES!

If you wish to borrow equipment (Groundsheet, Tent, Frame Packs) see Frank Ashdown.

A nominal charge (1/- per article) is made for Tents and Packs to cover repairs.

According to a recent News Item certain parts of Jenolan Caves, which have become grime encrusted by years of Tourist activities, are to be cleaned up by scrubbing with soap and water. Here, so to speak, is mud in the eye of Underwater Cave explorers

Note:- Secretary David Ingram has a new Business Telephone Number

MMF 0341.

BEN RICKETTS REVISITED.

- Kath McKay.

Five years since I had been there, and what changes time had brought!

Our party of seven arrived late on a Friday night, but Peter was up to welcome us, though Ray had gone to bed. We drove through the gateway to the cabins across the road from the Pages' own house, and rubbed our eyes at the dazzling sight. Both cabins had been freshly painted white and were brilliantly lit by electricity. There was a refrigerator, two electric jugs, running water: all mod. cons.

The bigger cabin had five bunks and as there were only four women we had plenty of room; indeed, Jess Martin had a little room all to herself. The three men of the party bunked in the smaller cabin, but foregathered with us for meals; and we all sat down for a cuppa before turning in. There was a slight hitch because someone had forgotten to press down the button on the electric jug and the poor thing could not boil, but the matter was soon adjusted.

There was also an alarm in the midst of supper, caused by swallows roosting on the verandah. Being self-respecting birds, they had been in bed some hours and naturally resented the sudden illumination. They flew about in distress, so we turned off the verandah light. One swallow promptly darted through a two-inch aperture at the top of the window and swooped wildly about the room. "Each man cover his tea!" was the command, and by a masterstroke of strategy the verandah light was switched on again, the roomlight extinguished, and the swallow flew outside to the brightness. The window was hastily shut, the curtains drawn and all was peace.

After a pleasantly warm night, how luxurious it was to lie abed while John White, bounding with energy, brought us a cup of tea and started the primuses!

There was an early contretemps with the refrigerator, which was not fridging. How could it? It was plugged in to a plaque that had two power points, and the vacant one had been switched on. However, the meat survived and no harm was done.

The men of the party were most willing and helpful with household chores. True, there were a few setbacks such as bringing down rod and all once or twice when curtains were drawn; and when swishing the wash-up water on the sward a few pieces of cutlery and the grey mouse (steel wool) lay star-scattered on the grass; but these were mere details.

Saturday was a trifle hazy but fine. Mellifluous tinklings filled the air as the goats walked in procession down the road and the poddy calves near the house wore bells that went pleasantly tonk-tonk. Ray as usual had several cats, and a black cattle dog named Trigger had adopted the Pages and showed no inclination whatever to go to his own home on a nearby farm.

The trees had grown amazingly in Alex Colley's orchard and round the Duncan's cottage. Ray's garden near the entrance gate was a tangle of growth and bloom, and on the gate itself was a neat legend: "Ben Ricketts" with "Mr. Peter Page" in smaller lettering underneath. We couldn't help feeling that there should be some mention of Mrs. Peter Page. Taro's work, we learned. He was responsible too for other labels - "Ladies" in flowing script; "Men" in firm upright characters.

6.

May and Paddy Pallin were at their shack and they and Ray accompanied our party on a picnic to Carrington Falls. We visited the Barren Grounds and saw the admirable shelter shed and the hut in process of completion. We went to the electricity transformer lockdown and gazed at the magnificent panorama of hills and valleys and coast up to Wollongong, with the electric towers striding away into the distance, cutting a wide swathe in the bush.

On to Carrington Falls, and prowled about looking at the rushing water there and in a natural swimming pool hidden away in the trees. After lunch (yes: it was Paddy who saw that the fire was put out) we drove to the Belmore Falls, seeing them first from the west and then from a lookout a mile or so away on the east. They are most spectacular, falling in a double leap down a deep gorge with the sheer cliffs and bush-clad slopes forming a huge amphitheatre. There is something fascinating about falling water, and we lingered long.

One of the cars needed some petrol, so we all drove to Robertson, wrapped in its Saturday afternoon calm. From there we came down to Jamberoo in the late sunlight, with the lush countryside around us and the sea before.

We were in time to see Ray's evening ritual of milking the goats and to admire Ben's successor, Paddy the Next Best Thing: smaller, but nevertheless a handsome beast.

At night, armed with cups (to save washing up supper things, as Ray said) a couple staying at the biggest cabin and all of us assembled at the Pages', and Paddy Pallin showed his slides of Tasmania and some local shots of the redoubtable Ben.

On Sunday the rain held off well, although clouds walked the mountains. The rest of our party, with Paddy and Trigger, went off to view the Gerringong Falls, but as this involved a walk of three miles I stayed at home and had a good gossip with Ray and May. The others told me that there was no railing at Gerringong Falls, and Trigger was much upset when Eric Adcock sat and dangled his legs over the abyss. He barked in agitation and refused to be comforted till Eric retreated to a safe distance.

The wanderers returned at lunch time and we ate and packed up leisurely. Regretfully we farewelled the Pages, said goodbye to the unchanging trees and mountains, to the sense of space and freedom, and shrank back to the narrow world of suburbia.

The homeward journey of Vince Aitken's BlueGum - Grand Canyon trip on May 27-28 was given a new twist by Vince and Alex Theakston who went through the Canyon Creek, that is, along the bottomless hole you look down on from the safety of the track. This route isn't used very often and if you want to know why, ask The Pioneers.

.....

Ron Kennealy must have found the Blackheath cold unbearable - stopped too long for a warmer, and missed the train. Rum show!

.....

Overheard in the "Satellite"

..... well, I haven't often been given a wrong steer on a cattle track

RARE FAUNA.

The Fauna Protection Panel's list of Rare Fauna has recently been enlarged, and the following statement has been issued by the Panel to assist in conservation.

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Section 20 of the Fauna Protection Act provides that any protected fauna may from time to time be proclaimed as "Rare Fauna".

If any person takes or kills or attempts to take or kill any proclaimed Rare Fauna he is guilty of an offence which carries a penalty not exceeding fifty pounds or to imprisonment for a term not exceeding six months, or to both such penalty and imprisonment.

The Fauna Protection Panel considers that any animal proclaimed Rare Fauna requires special efforts for its conservation and in consequence has selected the birds and mammals listed below.

BIRDS.

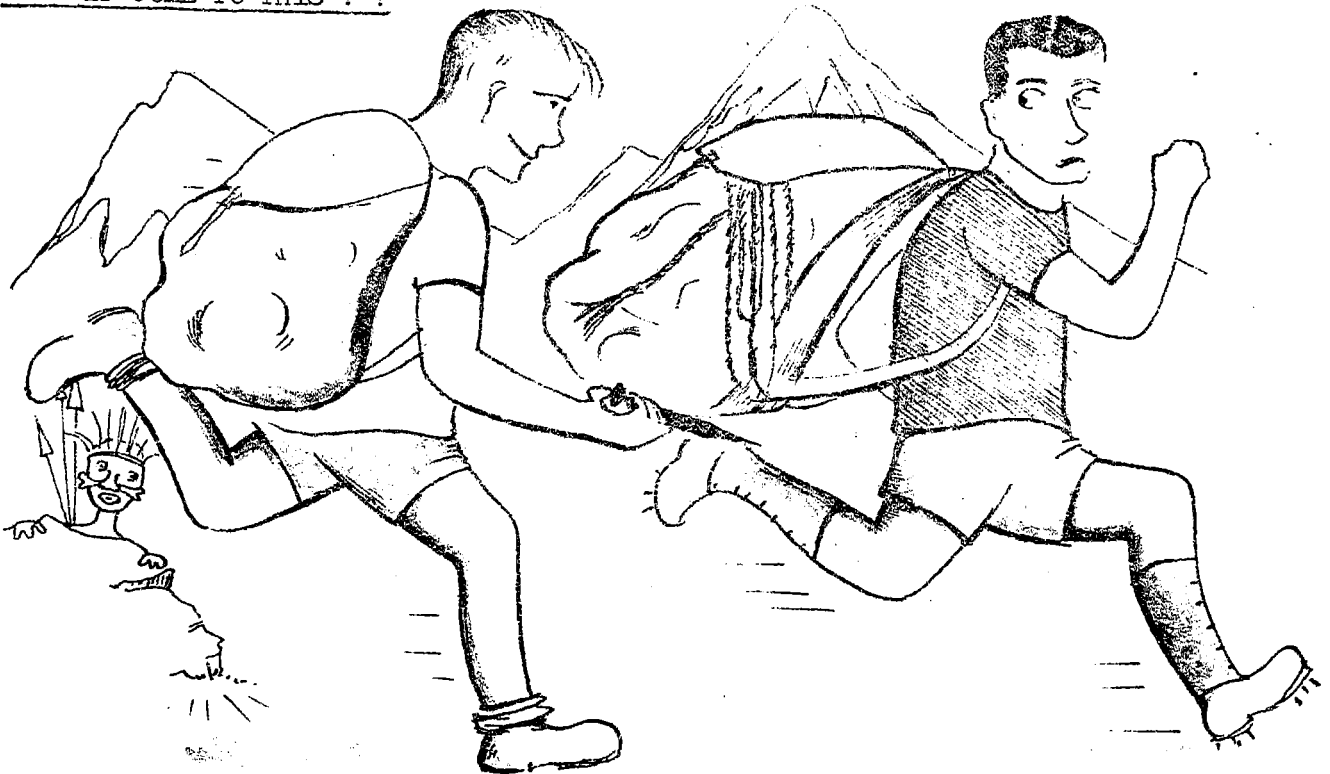
Red-crowned Pigeon (*Ptilinopus regina*)
 Plains Wanderer (*Pedionomus torquatus*)
 Gould Petrel (*Pterodroma leucoptera*)
 Turquoise Parrot (*Neophema pulchellus*)
 Bourke Parrot (*Neophema bourkii*)
 Elegant Parrot (*Neophema elegans*)
 Scarlet-chested Parrot (*Neophema splendida*)
 Blue-winged Parrot (*Neophema chrysostoma*)
 Orange-bellied Parrot (*Neophema chrysogaster*)
 Jabiru (*Zenorhynchus asiaticus*)
 Topknot Pigeon (*Iopholaimus antarcticus*)
 Wonga Pigeon (*Leucosarcia melanoleuca*)
 Australian Dotterel (*Peltodytes australis*)
 Painted Snipe (*Rostratula benghalensis*)
 Pied Goose (*Anseranas semipalmata*)
 Plum-headed Finch (*Aidemosyne modesta*)
 Squatter Pigeon (*Phaps scripta*)
 Brolga (*Grus rubicundus*)
 Spotted Bower-bird (*Chlamydera maculata*)
 Paradise Rifle-bird (*Ptiloris paradiseus*)
 Harlequin (Flock) Pigeon (*Phaps histrionica*)
 Superb Lyrebird (*Menura superba*)
 Prince Albert Lyrebird (*Menura alberti*)
 Lowan or Mallee Fowl (*Leipoa ocellata*)
 Brush Turkey (*Alectura lathamii*)
 Bustard or Plain Turkey (*Eupodotis australis*)
 Wompoo Pigeon (*Megaloprepia magnifica*)
 Purple-crowned Pigeon (*Ptilinopus regina*)
 White-headed Pigeon (*Columba norfolciensis*)
 Swamp Parrot (*Pezaporus wallicus*)
 Paradise Parrot (*Psephotus pulcherrimus*)

RARE FAUNA (Cont'd.)MAMMALS.Marsupials:

Native Cat (*Dasyurus quoll*)
 Yellow-bellied Glider (*Petaurus australis*)
 Long-nosed Rat-kangaroo (*Potorous tridactylus*)
 Rufous Rat-kangaroo (*Aepyprymnus rufescens*)
 Bridled Nail-tail Wallaby (*Onychogales fraenata*)
 Brush-tailed Rock wallaby (*Petrogale penicillata*)
 Yellow-footed Rock-wallaby (*Petrogale xanthopus*)
 Parma Wallaby (*Protemnodon parma*)
 Black-striped Wallaby (*Protemnodon dorsalis*)
 Pigmy Marsupial Mouse (*Antechinus maculatus*)
 Southern Planigale (*Planigale tenuirostris*)
 Eastern Jerboa-marsupial (*Antechinomys laniger*)
 Short-nosed Bandicoot (*Isodon obesulus*)
 Pigmy Possum (*Cercaetus nanus*)
 Koala (*Phascolarctus cinereus*)
 Whiptail or Pretty-face Wallaby (*Protemnodon parryi*)

Monotremes:

Platypus (*Ornithorhynchus anatinus*)
 Spiny Ant-eater (*Tachyglossus aculeatus*).

WILL IT COME TO THIS ?

Sanitarium

HEALTH FOOD SHOP and VEGETARIAN CAFÉ

F R O S T Y M O R N I N G S C A L L F O R
H O T C E R E A L S .

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 MEAL WEETGRIST - WITH HOT EASILY-DISSOLVED
 MILK - ECONOMILK !

13 HUNTER ST. SYDNEY. BW1725.

'CROSS THE COLO.

- Jim Brown.

(The first part of this walk can be followed on the
 St. Alban's, Mellong, and Wallerawang Military Maps.
 .. Ed.)

One overcast Sunday in November 1958 a party led by Alex Colley stood at the top of a ridge rising from the Colo, just north of Boorai Creek, and about six miles downstream from the point where the Capertee River and Wollerie Creek blend their waters to give birth to the Colo. Looking across to the west, beyond the Colo Valley, one could see several fairly prominent tops, and away beyond some mountains, obviously higher still. We conjectured whether the shaggy skyline was the tall wooded basalt crown of Mount Cameron, on the long ridge running north from Bell to a point above Newnes. We also discussed whether several of the steep creeks draining in from the west side of the Colo immediately opposite would "go" and give access to that labyrinthine pattern of ridges north from Tambo Creek.

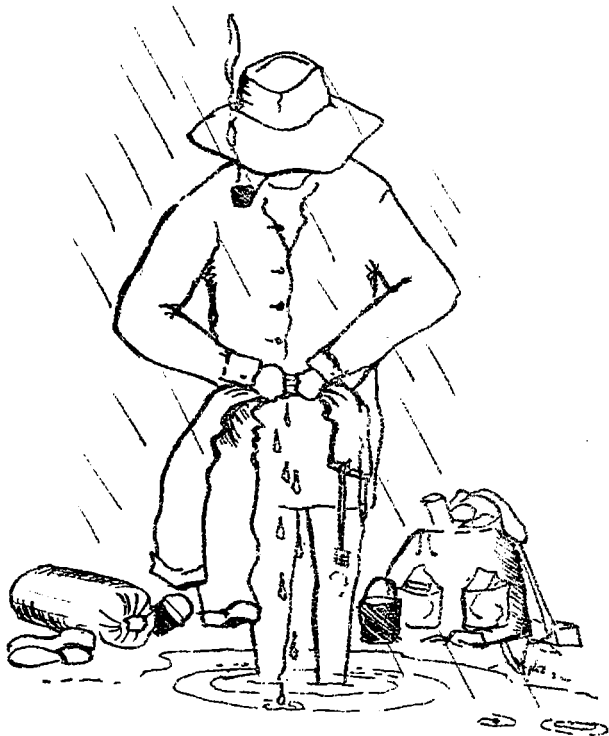
I thought one of them certainly would play: and immediately the germ of an idea which I had harboured for several years before began to take possession of me. I wanted to go west from the Colo, over the near hump of Mount Barrakee, west to the basalt crests of Tambo Limb and Cameron, and then out - to Newnes - to Lithgow.

It didn't really matter. Or did it? Once one brought a car up the Putty-Singleton Road and parked near Culoul Range, it would be sensible to come back to it. Well, then, on from Cameron to the Pine Forest road; down to Newnes, over the gap to Glen Davis, down the Capertee, up Grassy Hill, north to Uratere Mountain, and back out to the Putty Road somewhere north from Culoul. Make it a round trip. Wait, though! That was getting up around 120 miles - some of it, perhaps 30%, in slow, roughish scrub pushing country. Take a week - six days if all went well.

Which was why 2½ years and many gallons of Colo water flowed past before I parked on a side track off the Putty Road one April morning, took a cup of thermos tea, locked the car and hoped it would remain undamaged for a week, and pushed off along the timber road on Culoul in weather 80% unfavourable.

It was misty and drizzling: visibility perhaps 100 yards, and in a matter of four miles I had to take to the scrub, but one could always hope it would take up. When I came to the point of adieu to the deteriorating trail it was only 8.0 a.m., and still pretty bad, and in the saturated vegetation I was soaked to the hips in five minutes. There are vestiges of a trail for another 3 or 4 miles out to a richly grassed basalt hill, and the 1½ hours over that stage was just enough to work the oracle. The rain stopped, the wind rose to a mild breeze, and watery streaks of blue broke through the clouds. There was visibility, and I was still on the ridge followed by Alex.

Feeling that my valour in starting in such wretched conditions had earned a reward, I plodded on, catching a first glimpse of the Colo at 11.0 a.m., but not reaching the top above Boorai Creek for another hour. Then the still wet scrub, richly laced with clinging vines, so hampered the descent that I didn't reach the river until 1.0 p.m. However, I was on schedule - lunch at the Colo. There a snap shower, blowing out of an almost clear sky, caught me (literally and metaphorically) with my pants down, as I was wringing out the legs, with my gear strewn all over a sand bar.



Target for the afternoon was the western tops of the valley and maybe a mile or so towards Barrakee. I resumed at 2.0 p.m. and tried the first creek upstream. Some time later I was trying the second (and very trying it was), and at about 5.30 (my watch stopped after a sudden immersion) I was camping in an overhang some 50 ft. above the river: very dirty and sweaty despite several showers: quite saturated myself from pools and waterfalls, and with several precious bits of shin rubbed off elbows and hands and legs - my gear all slightly moistened from being hauled up a small waterfall - before I discovered the impossible one higher up. I daresay any competent rock climber would make short work of either creek, but a solo walker who

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doesn't like heights - no, they wouldn't gee.

I think the thing that stiffened my resolve to try other avenues was the discovery during the night that my watch had dried out and was plugging on again. In the misty dawn of the second day I set the time by guesswork (and found later I was out by 7 minutes). Over breakfast I looked at the situation with refreshed eyes. It seemed to me that the ridge between the second and third creeks "leaned back" more than the others, and I was fairly sure I could see my way up the first 400' or 500'. On the Colo, the first 700' or so is the worst.

At 6.50 I set out to try it. An obliging series of zig-zag shelves carried me high over the river, and 8.15 finally saw me right on top, perhaps 1500' above the yellow ribbon of river - practically a "walk up".

The going became normal ridge top stuff - some cloying vegetation about feet and legs (long pants vital). It was thicker in some spots - usually the sheltered side of knolls and the south side of saddles, but it allowed the fairly standard rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ m.p.h. in Labyrinthine going, and brought me to a little rocky knob just north west of Barrakee at 11.0 a.m. I expected a basalt top, but Barrakee is pure sandstone: not so Tambo Limb, almost 1000' higher and some 7 or 8 miles west, the next target. Even from Barrakee I could pick the classic basalt crown formation.

West from Barrakee for several miles the ridge was wider and the vegetation fairly open. I took a dry lunch, and worked on steadily, purely on map and compass and "dead reckoning" of time and distance, for sight of the bigger tops ahead was infrequent.

Then I found "the track". A very distinct animal pad, which showed a tendency to sidle the ridge and dive down into any shallow gully where there was a bite of grass, but did generally follow my bearing and allowed me, for the first time in a day's march, to move without brushing through scrub. I stayed with it, and made quite fair progress until it plunged down into a parklike valley emptying to the north. There it played hard to find so I "over corrected" to the south-west and emerged on a rock face looking directly across to Tambo Limb, with the connecting ridge in sight not far to my right. According to the map I should find a track along the eastern face of Tambo, avoiding some climbing and leading to a stream marked "permanent water". It was about 4.0 p.m. and the whole thing working out admirably.

Somewhere up on the ridge top my will o' the wisp track rejoined me, so I followed it again, and once again came to a valley flowing north - a steep rocky one this time. Not so good! There was higher ground on my left, and from that I should be able to view Tambo, so, with some imprecation about misleading tracks, I clawed my way uphill. Still no view of Tambo. There was a big wooded hill west of me - but not the characteristic hump I had looked at half an hour earlier.

Higher again. Now the ridges were falling away below, gold and blue in the afternoon. But agitation - now I could see west and south - I was practically at the top of the hill and I couldn't sight Tambo. It couldn't just vanish! Then I saw the tall straight trees about me, the rich chocolate soil and I knew where Tambo had got to. Thankfully I dived down to the grassy valley to the south west, where the "permanent water" flows out between Tambo and Cameron.

That night, Saturday, was fine and dewy, the only really fine night during the whole trip, but in the hour it took me to top Mount Cameron next morning my longs were again well soaked with damp scrub and it was a relief to get into shorts for the first time at the grassy top of Cameron.

This is, I believe, the loveliest of mountains, not because of the view from it, though that is extensive in some directions. It is a high park-like expanse, covered with short, improbably-green grass under tall straight forest. In the brilliant morning sunlight I dawdled over this verdant summit, thinking pleasantly satisfying thoughts about the almost untouched country I had traversed to get there, and I was almost sorry to start down the north west ridge to the hut and the beginning of the trail.

The one-time stockmen's track to Cameron is now a jeep road, a fire trail, and since it is fairly level I made fair time to lunch at the swamp east of the Pine Forest Road. Thereabouts I noted that the carefully planted pines seemed to have been thoroughly killed off by the fires of 1957-8, and a fine crop of eucalypts is growing.

After the bush bash of the two previous days Sunday was almost a rest day as I track-walked towards Newnes, first along the old railway formation and later on a bush fire trail which uses the old line, complete with cuttings, embankments and the upper tunnel. The road ended just above the Glow Worm Tunnel, and as the brilliant day had clouded over and there was a threat of rain, I stopped at 5.10 p.m. just beyond the Glow Worm Tunnel, where there is a generous overhang surrounded by tree ferns, and resounding with running water.

Despite the lush greenery and the running creek outside, I found the overhang

PADDY MADE

ON FINDING YOUR WAY.

The early walkers had no maps and felt their way with compass, chronometer and axe. As a result of their endeavours maps were gradually produced in the following years. As every bushwalker knows maps are of varying degrees of helpfulness and in brand new country where no detailed map exists the intrepid walker uses much the same system as the pioneers.

Paddy has always kept on the ball with the development of new maps and it may be helpful to bushwalkers to know what is available.

Military Maps: All produced maps in the following scales :-

1" to 1 mile; 4 miles to 1", 1 in 250,000, 1 in 50,000. Priced at 5/- each.

Interstate Military Maps available to order.

Lands Department Tourist Maps:

Port Hacking, The New Blue Mountains Map, Hawkesbury River, North East, South East, Central Northern and Central Southern Tourist Maps. 4/- each.

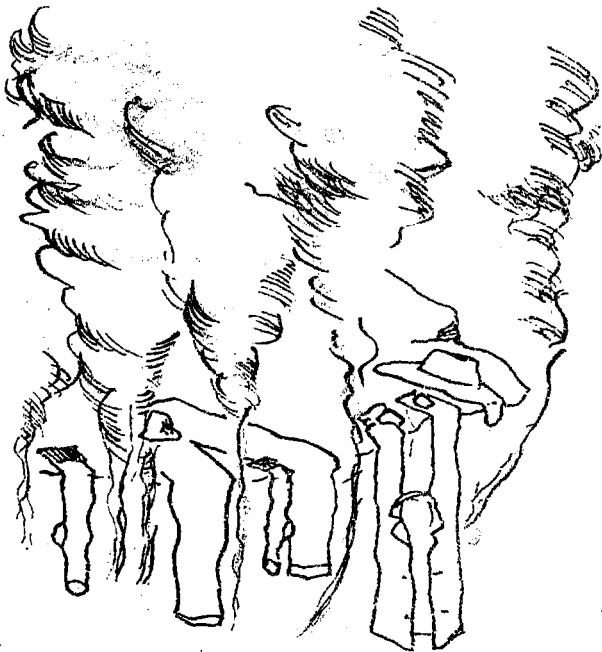
Sketch Maps produced by Bushwalkers for Bushwalkers:

Budawang (for Mt. Renwick & the Castle areas) 4/-; Wild Dogs and Gangérang 4/-; Nellie's Glen 2/-; Kanangra Tops 3/11; Kanangra Tourist 5/4; Colong Caves 6/9; Bindook 3/11; Barrington Tops 4/-; Beecroft Peninsula 3/-; Binnaburra 2/6; Bogong High Plains; Warrumbungles 4/-.

Add a "Silva" Compass (3 models from 21/- to 87/-) and the S & R mob can retire (perhaps).

If any of you find your way as far south as Gooma you will find a new Paddy Pallin Camp Gear and Ski Shop in the main street. Call in and meet the Manager - David Lorimer - and his wife, Molly. Hot coffee on the house during the ski season.

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surprisingly dry and comfortable, even if the wood I gathered for my fire was damp and burned fitfully with much smoke. When it was thoroughly dark I found there were glowworms on parts of the overhang as well as inside the Tunnel.

Towards dawn I was aroused by a loud crash, and fancied at first I was dreaming; when I went on at 6.40, pushing through wet tree ferns along the old railway in a gentle rainfall, I found a tree had been undermined by the night's rain and fallen over the rim of my cave from the forest above. A few minutes brought me to the point where there should be a spectacular view along the Wolgan, and I admitted to myself I was in for a day of rain - the clouds were eddying gently past the cliffs, the sky was completely closed in.

Down at the point where one leaves the old railway to join the Newnes Road I paused, and in a low tide of spirit, found an overhang, stopped and brewed some tea. In fact I holed up there for a couple of hours, weighing the possibilities and the wisdom of going on. I had already done the first and more venturesome part of the trip: the part which to my knowledge had not been covered by walkers. The rest of the way would include some new ground for me, but it was not so vital in my scheme of things. Here I could retreat easily up the road to Lithgow and - well, then I could work out how to recover the car.

Of course the rain eased at ten o'clock, so I walked on to Newnes: it rained en route, but stopped completely as I reached Newnes, now completely deserted. As I wandered around the partly demolished buildings, the sun glared through the cloud, giving me encouragement to go on. And go on I did at 12 noon, the rain generously letting me get almost up to the gap where the oil pipe line crosses into the Capertee Valley before it resumed.

High up there on the divide, which most offer some fine views if there's no cloud and rain, I met three stockmen from the Wolgan side: they had been looking for stray cattle and had chanced to climb up to the saddle. It seemed queer discussing our movements, standing high on that lonely range with water streaming down their oilskins and my groundsheet.

I had been warned that the track down the Capertee side is rather grown over. It assuredly is when you tackle it in searching rain. At times it was not easy to say which is the trail, and which the bed of the gully, and dripping scrub was overhanging it or them. So it took longer than it should to make the descent, and it was almost 4.0 p.m. when I came to the clear fields above the remains of the shale mining town of Glen Davis.

DAY WALKS.

- JUNE 18TH** Waterfall - Mt. Westmacott - Heathcote Creek - Miara - Heathcote. 9 miles.
 After the holiday weekend, maybe you'll feel like a day walk.
 Excellent panorama from Mt. Westmacott. Pleasant walking along Heathcote Creek. Suitable for new members.
 8.50 a.m. Cronulla train from Central Electric Station to Sutherland.
 CHANGE AT SUTHERLAND for rail motor to Waterfall. Tickets:
 Waterfall return at 5/9d.
 Maps: Port Hacking Tourist or Camden Military.
 Leader: Eileen Taylor.
- JUNE 25TH** Lilyvale - The Jungle - Burning Palms Beach - Lilyvale. 8 miles.
 The Jungle is an excellent samble of coastal rain forest. A rock hop around to Burning Palms with a steep climb out of it.
 8.38 a.m. Steam train Central to Lilyvale.
 Tickets: Lilyvale return at 7/3d.
 Map: Port Hacking Tourist.
 Leader: Stuart Brooks.
- JULY 2ND** Cronulla - launch to Bundeena - Marley - Deer Pool - Saddle Trig - Winifred Falls - Audley. 12 miles.
 A trip through the north-eastern corner of the Royal National Park. Marley Beach and Deer Pool are lovely unspoilt spots. The launch trip across Port Hacking is an attraction, too!
 8.50 a.m. Electric train Central to Cronulla.
 10 a.m. launch Cronulla to Bundeena.
 Tickets: Cronulla return at 5/4 plus 1/6d. launch fare.
 Maps: Port Hacking Tourist or Military.
 Leader: Bob Younger - meet him on arrival at Cronulla Station.
- JULY 9TH** Glenbrook - Glenbrook Gorge - Nepean Lookout - Euroka Clearing - Glenbrook. 12 miles.
 A rock hop down the Gorge to the junction with the Nepean River, then a scramble up to the Nepean Lookout. Across country to Euroka Clearing and track to Glenbrook. A good test walk.
 8.20 a.m. Mountains train from Central Steam Station to Glenbrook.
 Tickets: Glenbrook return at 13/9d.
 Map: Liverpool Military.
 Leader: Ern French.

OFF THE RECORD - Says Taro:

If you want to read about a great 2,000 mile walk by a great citizen, the brightest star that ever shone through the murky mediocrity of Canberra -
 Read the life of King O'Malley.

It hath also a tale of another great citizen of this country - one of the real owners, and in the best sense - aristocrats of this country. This dark chap nursed

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the light chap for 2 years, and coaxed him back to the health to do this walk AND - he had both feet and hands in the grave. And the charge - NIXIE. Tell this to your posh friends in Macquarie Street.

It is a great and moving story with four foundation stones to remind us - Comm. Bank - East West Railway. Canberra - Aust. House in London, and in not one any great building or monument or tiny suburban street is the name of O'Malley to be found.

How wise was the mind that coined this "Happy is the man who expects nothing - for he shall not be disappointed!"

Here is a little side scrap that blows a chill wind on the he-manity of the bush game. I was admiring a certain amber tent with alumin poles - and noticed the half-dozen cords were minus adjusting cleats, which allow pegs to be placed in most favourable spots. I scoffed at this omission, and then war broke out.

The owners - a M.C. (Imp.) tore into me - ROT! unnecessary weight to carry round - you must watch the ounces. When I recovered - tattered and bleeding - I swore I would weigh mine when I got home. Shade of Hercules - your attention please - I wish to announce these cleats are 10 to the oz!

To quote from "Love's labour not lost"

All the ussies say watch the ounces
Maybe O.K. when old age pounces,
But the only way to keep that at bay
Is to take all you want - smile - and away!

JUNE 30 - Junction of Lett River and Cox's River - along Cox's to the Six-foot track - Devil's Hole - Katoomba.
JULY 1 - 2 A fairly long and solid walk covering all types of Cox River walking and scenery (good flat walking, scrambling, rock hopping, wading). Varied river scenery includes the rugged granite boulders and troughs of the Billy Healy- Gibraltar Creek section.
Maps: Katoomba Military.

Leader: Alan Round.

JULY 7-8-9 Katoomba - Narrow Neck - Splendour Rock - Megalong - Katoomba. In 1948, a plaque was placed at Splendour Rock on the southern tip of Mount Dingo "In memory of Bushwalkers who fell in World War II. Their Splendour shall never fade". Splendour Rock is in the heart of the Blue Mountains and the views of the Gangerang and Kanangra Ranges are magnificent. Medium walking, largely on tracks.
Map: Myles Dunphy's 'Gangerang' Map.

Leader: Roy Craggs.

THE BAULKIER WALKS AGAIN.

- Don Matthews.

"I'll pick Heather up and call at your place at half-past eight in the morning", said Snow. "What", I said, incredulous "half-past eight?" "Well, eight o'clock then", said he. "No, No", I quavered. "I mean that 8.30's too early". "Oh, no" said Snow, "it'll be right, if you're not ready I'll go on and pick Dot up".

By 8.30 we were just finishing breakfast and thinking about packing. By 9 o'clock we were packed and waiting. I 'phoned Dot. No, all she knew was that she was being picked up at 8.30. "Righto, I'll come and get you". Home again. At 9.30, 'phoned the Stittery. "Mrs. Stitt, would you please see if you can get Snow Brown out of bed". "Oh he's up" says Mrs. Stitt. (Is he awake, though?) "Won't be long" says Snow, so we allow him half an hour to get here and sit back with a cup of tea. Half past ten, Snow and Heather arrive.

"Gooday" says Snow "where are we going? Isn't it beaut out on the lawn here in the sun, how about a cup of tea I'll put the kettle on" and bounded into the kitchen . . .

Dot had visions of this being a walk but was persuaded that the Grose between Faulconbridge and Blue Gum wasn't much chop especially when going upstream, and settled for proposed picturesque lunch at Mt. Wilson and an exploration of the Glow Worm Tunnel area on the old Newnes railway route . . .

The Glow Worm tunnel - 4 o'clock. "Look at that beaut cave up there". Alas, it had a horribly sloping floor quite unexcavatable, so with a sigh we upped packs and started walking through the tunnel, with pauses to admire the glowworms, and down the cutting. A delightful flat terrace was found below the track on a creek a few miles down, and a comfortable though windy night ensued.

At Breakfast time there was some disturbing talk about "What will we do today" which meant climbing onto the plateau again and finding our way back to the tunnel. With visions of Annie Rowan's Creek country in mind I was horrified. There were two gullies offering access. Innocently I suggested that the Western one (nearest home) looked the most promising, and to my great relief Snow declared that that was the one he'd had in mind. So we clambered into the gully and what did we find but the remains of a pipeline and a graded track which headed in the right direction. A mile or so later the track rose to a rocky eminence and we could look Westwards into a wide deep gully filled with fantastic shapes of rock.

It looked horribly rugged and the rocky barriers were quite frightening. "I'll bet you a milkshake" said Snow "that the railway cutting is just across that gully. "Rubbish", I replied, "I'll have a chocolate one". "Well", said Snow, "perhaps you're right, we must have come further than that". So we stuck to the track which ducked in and out of little valleys until it reached the level plateau again, and after about 7 miles reached Deane's siding and the main (railway) track. So we turned North and followed the fascinating succession of cuttings and embankments back to the Glow Worm Tunnel..

On the way we tried to pick out the route of our morning's walk and it now seems pretty clear that we had followed up the old road built by the Commonwealth Oil Corporation in 1906. This road (also known as the Old Coach Road) "followed" the

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ridge to a point about 20 miles from Newnes Junction, whence it descended to the valley by a natural pass, crossed the future railway location at the 26½ mile sign-post and forded the Wolgan River to join the Wolgan Gap road at a point a few miles above the township". It seems likely that this road was reopened when the pipeline from Glen Davis to Newnes Junction was put in during the war . . .

Therefore, I think Snow won the milkshake, but unless he reads this he probably won't wake up.

JULY 14-15-16 Kanangra - Dione Dell - Middle Christy's Creek - Three Waterfalls - Christy's Creek - Barrallier's Crown - Kanangra.

An area not often visited but deserving more attention. The rugged gorge scenery is aptly described by Myles Dunphy's inspired names for the various features, e.g. Wallarra Heights, Titan Slants, Tartarus Deep.

This trip explores the heart of the area.

(Note that Day Walks along the tops of the area are possible from the Kanangra Road - Myles Chasm can be viewed from Mt. Pindari and the top of Dione Falls is fairly easily reached.)

Maps: Myles Dunphy's Sketch map of Kanangra Tops and Environs.

Leader: Wilf Hilder.

PADDEY TAKES TO THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS :

We are pleased to report that Paddy Pallin has opened a shop at 57 Sharp Street, Cooma, in the Lower Snowy Mountains. Look for the sign "Paddy Pallin Lorimer Pty. Limited". This branch will specialise in ski gear and a large stock is available for sale or hire. It is possible to book one's requirements at the shop at 201 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, and pick it up at Cooma. For those who don't live in Sydney, this hire service will be a boon, particularly those enthusiasts in the Southern half of the State. Of course, walking gear will be carried too.

The Club congratulates Paddy and his staff in this expansion and wishes them, and the Cooma Manager, every success.

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CORRIGENDUM.

In the tense atmosphere of the production of the May issue of the Magazine, somehow the May copy got stapled into the JUNE covers. Might be a good idea to correct the date on your last Mag. to avoid later confusion. Sorry folks!

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CONGRATULATIONS to our ex-member Charlie Pryde, who attained his 80th birthday on Tuesday, 6th June. Good work, Charlie, keep those birthdays coming!