

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 GPO, Sydney.

'Phone JW1462

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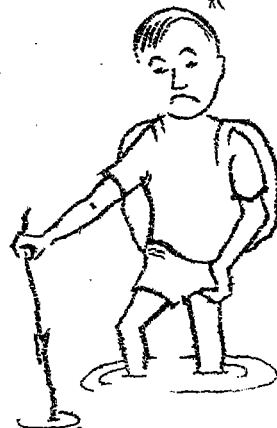
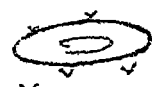
MAY 1963

Price 1/-

Editor: Stuart Brooks.
Business Manager: Alex. Colley.

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Hi,

The telephone is no longer the servant of man, it is his master. Its metallic clamour demands instant satisfaction; it is a typical and insidious part of the supercharger of modern life. From one who has spent a decade and a half tearing up the streets in an abortive attempt to satisfy the insatiable cry for more and more telephones, this may sound a little hypocritical. And I must admit that the old handset can be the medium for some rare and pleasant conversations, but males in particular regard it as a potent menace, and usually the harbinger of bad tidings.

Fortunately, there are no telephones on the Gangerangs, down the Kowmung River nor yet at Woods Creek. Though possibly not consciously considered, there is a subconscious realisation of this when one totters off the train at Katoomba and heads into a damp pea-souper. Suddenly, the tensions ease - you feel as though you are becoming alive again. Prospects of being lost by the leader, (or losing him altogether), of the alternatives of 'going hungry' or forcing down squelchy DV stew, of walking all day in cold, wet clothes, of sleeping on a 30 degrees rocky, waterless slope are all distinct possibilities but, at this stage anyway, are dismissed with a light shrug and a carefully composed show of indifference.

Such are the joys of walking. It is, after all, the most complete escape from the regimentation of a complex civilisation that one could devise. A bare minimum of equipment, clothes, and alas, food, counterbalanced by an abounding surfeit of indecision, argument, exhaustion and relaxation can only make for an existence that is thoroughly enjoyable.

There is only one thing has me tossed.

In a city of millions, why is our membership a scant two hundred odd? And why do so many of those who grace us with their presence for a year or so, up and disappear? This, to me, constitutes the great unsolved mystery of the S.B.W. Somewhere in our makeup is a weakness that we should endeavour to analyse and eradicate. That we as a club do, in fact, offer the interested individual all the joy and relaxation of an uncomplicated way of life would be hotly asserted by most of our members. Why then the anomaly? For what they are worth, here are my thoughts on the subject. You undoubtedly have your own.

1. We have the appearance, at our meetings, of a fairly stiff organisation. To someone looking for a group of companions who laud the simple way of life, we could well be a great disappointment. First impressions and all that.
2. The hall at Reiby Place is suave enough but hardly conducive to the appearance of a relaxed atmosphere.

3. As a whole, we tend to ignore the newcomer and sit around in tight, private groups. A little overwhelming for all but the hardiest of newcomers.
4. Our walks programme is haphazard.

This is what we want, but it can be a poor introduction to the novice. Only recently we had the spectacle of the probation period being extended. We should devise half a dozen graded introductory walks for prospectives, designed to introduce them to the pleasures of bushwalking without the accompaniment of too much suffering. This can come later. These could well go on every walks programme in addition to the normal odd mixture. All that would be required would be leaders each time, and this would not be difficult once this became recognised as a club responsibility.

Recently, we had enquiries from 150 teenagers, most of whom would be searching for something we could perhaps offer. It will be interesting to see how many of these are members of this club in, say, three years time.

July

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THE APRIL GENERAL MEETING

Jim Brown

Unless one is totally jaded by meetings (like immediate Past Presidents and Secretaries) there is always a pleasurable thrill of anticipation at the first General Meeting after elections. Will new brooms sweep clean? Will the President prove a procedural fanatic and refuse members their third or fourth speech on the same motion?

April opened dramatically enough - the President belted the gong at 8.20 p.m., knocked it over - knocked a torch off the table and shattered it into its component parts. After a few protesting cries of "not ready" the business got under weigh. The two new members summoned were frauds - both were carried forward from previous meetings and weren't there anyway. They'll keep.

After a suitable correction to the subscription rates for Non-active members as recorded, the Minutes of the Annual Meeting were confirmed, and the President announced that a list of Assistant-Officers elected by Committee was posted on the notice board. At request from the body of the meeting, he read the list, and particularly called attention to the appointment of Lola Wedlock and Elayne Metcalf as sellers of Christmas cards and miscellaneous publications.

At the beginning of Correspondence, the influence of the new Committee began to appear - in future it was proposed routine business letters would

not be read out, and the Secretary would present only items of real merit or interest. The meeting concurred and the abbreviated correspondence included only a few matters. One was a suggestion from Hon. Member Roy Bennett that some moves be initiated to secure a National Park or Faunal Reserve in the Upper Macdonald River area. The idea had been discussed with Allen Strom, whose view was that there was little risk of development of this wilderness area at present and it would be better to concentrate on regions where human incursion was likely. In any case, so far it had not been feasible to gather much data on an area that should be preserved and it was agreed to outline the position in the magazine in case any member had the requisite knowledge of the country.

Correspondence also contained a cordial invitation from Tony Carlon of Barralier to any walkers passing who may care to call in at his farm.

Finally it was reported that, following publication recently in the Sunday Telegraph of an article on bushwalking (with specific mention of the Club) there had been a spate of enquiries, which the newspaper had forwarded. The list numbered about 130 people, including some 50 whose enquiry indicated they were under the age of 16. For those young hopefuls Irene Pridham and Reg Meekins had developed a plan and they had been invited by circular letter to attend a special meeting at 6.30 p.m. on April 17. It was felt that, if the response was worthwhile, something in the nature of an "apprentice" group may be formed. So far as the enquiries over the age of discretion were concerned, they would be sent a letter inviting them to come along, just like any other individual who contacted the Club.

Some discussion followed on the propriety of the Club hogging all this potential track-fodder, but a motion that we tell them there were other walking clubs in Sydney was defeated. Then the general principles announced by the President (as outlined above) were adopted.

Coming on to Reports, it became clear that the new Committee was seeking to streamline the General Meeting procedure by reducing the formal reports to a statement of significant points. This recommendation also gained general endorsement, though a few laments over the abolition of the Walks Report were heard. The President consoled the complainants with the remark that the un-read reports would be "blackboarded" (reporter's correction of "tabled") before each General Meeting.

Of course, the Treasurer's report could not be so treated and disclosed that income during March was well ahead of expenditure (as it should be!) and we finished the month with about £185 in the working account.

The Social Report was breezed over, but the diehards were not to be readily deprived of their summary of walking activity and Wilf made a final appearance (we hope not) at public request to tell us what we really did

in March. There follows a summary, and your reporter gives due warning that, if the Walks Secretary is to be gagged at General Meetings, the summary is liable to become more fulsome in future.

A belated February report covered Bill Burke's trip of February 22-24 from Barralier via the Wollondilly and Shawney's Creek (locally known as Shawnine Creek) on to the Gullnigang Range and over to Bindook Chasm; Bindook Mt. was followed to Murrain Creek and so back to the Wollondilly where Tony Carlon extended his welcome to all passing walkers. Bill Burke recommends that walkers should carry Club badges as Water Board vigilantes have posted the area with Prohibition notices. He also suggests parties going into the area should write Mr. N. Lang of Bindook station, to maintain the Club's good reputation with him.

On the Royal Tour Holiday Frank Leyden again took to the Kowmung River, starting from "F.C.I." and following Boyd Creek and Morong Falls to the river. The trip went down the great granite gorge through Hell Corner to Hanrahan's Creek and come out via Megalith Ridge and Boyd Tops. There were 5 members on the trip and despite bad weather on Saturday and Sunday, the trip went well and the climb out via Megalith Ridge was a good one. Other reports of the Holiday weekend are still to come.

The track marking trip set down for March 8-10 was cancelled owing to lack of starters, but some useful work was done at Woods Creek in preparation for the Reunion. Gordon Redmond's trip on March 8-10 from Little Hartley via the Upper Cox River, Chaplowe Creek and Devils Hole to Katoomba brought out 2 members and 3 prospectives. The going on Saturday morning was scratchy but there was good swimming in the River. On Sunday 10, Margaret Wilson and 6 members and 3 prospectives and 1 visitor went from Otford to Burning Palms and Garie. There were 3 women in the party, which encountered a violent hail storm at Burning Palms and fed a multitude of hungry leeches.

The reunion fully occupied the following weekend, but on March 22-24, Richard Plantinga took a party of 2 members and 1 prospective to the Shoalhaven. On Saturday the River was up about 3 feet, and there was light rain, but this did not prevent the party visiting the Block Up and swimming and scrambling through until Paradise Creek could be seen. Camp was made at Tolwong Mine ruins and on Sunday morning the old mines were explored - the shafts were up a very rough creek. The river had risen 5 ft. overnight and was negotiated by swimming at the head of Lake Louise. Alan Round had a plan to explore the tops near Bungleboori Creek on the same weekend, but owing to bad weather, Alan and his 2 members limited the trip to a walk out along the main ridge and back. Frank Leyden's Frazer Park trip was cancelled, but David Ingram's day walk to George's River went, being altered owing to the flooded state of the River. Four members and 7 prospectives attended and the leader reported that the curtailed trip was up to test walk standard because of the watery conditions. Bushwalkers Basin was almost twice normal size.

Federation Reunion occupied most of the last week-end in March, but Grace Rigg's day walk on March 31 attracted 2 members, 5 prospectives and 1 visitor to go from Waterfall via Heathcote Creek to Engadine. The weather was perfect and "Uncle David" Ingram and Paul Barnes gave map reading instruction en route.

From Federation Report came a request from the Organiser that prospective searchers telephone their own Club's Contact Man and not clutter up his line with inward calls when there was an emergency. There was also a question whether we wished to protest against the closure of the Kedumba Pass Road. Some members held that the quicker the road was closed the better, and the Club finally decided to enter no objection. Unfortunately, the text of the question was rather vague and time prohibited a request for further information, so it must be hoped that "closure" of the road doesn't mean that it no longer qualifies as a public right of way.

Wilf Hilder reported some worthwhile extensions of the Kanangra-Boyd National Park. The President told us our Annual Reunion brought out about 100 (including 35 children) for the Saturday night, and day visitors on Sunday brought the tally up to about 125. At the Federation Reunion 15 SBW plus 10 children appeared: our party cleaned up the area - not too onerous as most Club groups were tidy - and generally the Federation camp was a well-behaved one.

We were also told that Secretary Colin Putt would be leaving on an overseas tour later in the month and Heather Joyce, the New Assistant Secretary - would fill the dual role for a couple of months.

The revival of the Club library which has languished in a private home for several years because of dearth of space in the Club Room, was also discussed. It was agreed to prune the dead wood of the Library and try to accommodate the reduced stock and Alex Colley forcast a motion to set up a sub-committee to examine Library affairs and rules when the space became available. About this stage attention was called to the snide attempt of Committee to foist on us an Assistant Secretary who had not been duly elected. Having confessed that the whole procedure had been somewhat unconstitutional (a dirty word in bygone days, but treated with unseemly levity now), the President yielded to argument and allowed Heather Joyce to become an honest woman by general vote.

Awkward questions were asked about the unfinished business from the Annual Meeting - the proposed switch to quarterly Walks Programmes. The President blandly indicated that there was yet time to deal with this, and a subsequent meeting could get its teeth into the subject. After which Grace Rigg, Wilf Hilder and Stuart Brooks accepted office as Room Stewards to bring the whole affair to an end at the respectable hour of 9.30 p.m.

Letters to the Editor.

Reading your March issue, I could sympathise with your correspondent who prophesies a diminishing future for the bushwalker and expanding horizons for the motorist.

Might I remind him, and your members, of the Gundungura Area, south of Kanangra Tops where the only roads open to the public are the Kanangra Road and Lang's Road to Bindook; both of these serve as a beginning and end; the former by geography and the latter by Mr. Lang, through whose property it eventually passes. However, having reached the end of these roads, the bushwalking opportunities are infinite and undisturbed; Colong Caves, Bindook Chasm, the Gulf, the Blue Breaks, Kowmung Country. The Uni. Rover Trail from Rocky Top has cut walking time from the road to the Kowmung at Lannigan's Creek from twelve hours to four, thus enabling quick entry to or exit from the central part of this area.

The only fire road contemplated in this area is to join the Kanangra Road with the Cedar Road via Gingra Range which itself is an old stock route, but as presently understood there are many difficulties in crossing the Kowmung River, and in leaving Kanangra Walls, with the result that work may not start on this for some time.

The Gundungura Area is a haven for those who wish to leave motorised civilisation behind. I urge your correspondent to make himself acquainted with its walking potential.

Donald Bryson Taylor
University of Sydney Rover Crew.

Here are some figures that will cheer up Mr. Alex Colley, as they demonstrate that the motorist is not getting away with anything for nothing.

Taxes paid by Australian Motorists 1961-2.

1.	Custom duty on petrol	£7m.
2.	Excise duty on petrol	£57m
3.	Custom duty on imported parts	£6m.
4.	Sales tax - new cars	£43m.
5.	Registrations	£37m.
6.	Drivers Licences	£3m.
7.	Miscellaneous	£12m.

Mr. Colley. Grand total cost £165m. for the pleasure of upsetting

Hitchhiker.

It is another of the "sou'wests" mysteries that while the Frankland Range abuts Lake Pedder, its major peaks are not frequently climbed. Certainly the peaks near the Lake are visited by many day climbers and certainly Coronation Peak and its guardians get occasional visitors - but it is still a relatively neglected area overall.

This year I led a party of seven in via the Hydro-Electric Commissions Bombardier Track to the Serpentine River, traversed the Franklands in their entirety and headed home for Adamsfield and civilisation via the Sentinel Range. The Franklands Traverse turned out to be a delightful trip with a superb area in the central section near the Citadel and very fine scenery at both the Frankland Peak and Coronation Peak ends. Portions of this route have been done in the past, but we would be most interested to learn whether other parties have attempted the full traverse, since lack of signs of other groups and one or two technically difficult sections make us believe that there have been few or any visitors in parts. I would not rank the route as technically tough or scenically superb as the Western Arthurs traverse but for a delightful holiday it's strongly recommended. Should any mainland parties be interested, I would be pleased to supply route details.

Funnily enough, the section near Pedder turned out to be one of the main problems - due to lack of tent poles and wood on top of the range!

Bruce Davis.
..... Hobart Walking Club.

THE HAZARDS OF MOUNTAINEERING.

Alex Colley.

To the perils of climbing on Sydney's highest Peak - the spiked flora growing on the main approaches, the barbed vines and the pitches of smooth conglomerate surmounted by overhangs - has been added another hazard; a financial one. Merely to set foot on the mountain will cost the climber £50 if he elects to climb without a guide. There is a further penalty for dropping things. Should he lose his ice axe this will set him back another £50. Climbers will therefore need not only their hacksaws, but their cheque books. If they don't come good when required even the S.& R. may not be able to reach them.

"Must we go on impressing ourselves on every space on earth, on mountain and desert, forest and river, and now even on Arctic and Antarctic? Must we put our hands and our bulldozers on everything, regardless of sense and beauty? Can we discipline ourselves to direct our efforts where they are most economic and productive, not only in terms of money, but in terms of the conservation of the Earth and all that it holds?"

..... Dr. H.O. Frankel, 1962 Farrer Oration.

May, 1963

The Sydney Bushwalker

9.

BARRALLIER - BULLINIGANG RIDGE - BINDOOK HIGHLANDS -
MURRUIN CREEK - BARRALLIER. - Bill Burke.

Seven "bods" in all finally elected for the trip to Bindook. A good fast run to the Royal George and a quiet cold ale while we awaited the rest of the party. No excuse for a second as the Land Rover was right on our tail complete with Wilf Hilder who somehow had managed to miss his train and was hitchhiking to Tallong - what some people won't do in the interests of economy. Off again to the tunnel. Bullio and the long winding downhill run to Goodman's Ford. Good fun if your nerves and stomach are in good condition. Apparently some weren't as I did hear some comments from the back seat about sea sickness, big dippers, Luna Park etc.

The Ford - a pot of tea and the cot by midnight.

7.30 a.m. and we ventured down the track to Barallier. Crash! Bang! Wallop! The car shuddered, I shuddered; petrol tank capacity undoubtedly a gallon less. We creep along to find Alan R. - forward scout in the Land Rover - parked at the top of the steepest pinch. He pulled every lever in the blessed thing before deciding to pull the top out of a tin of petrol and give the old girl a drink.

Barallier and John and I crossed the Wollondilly to pay our respects to Tony Carlon. Time flits by - a cuppa of Bushells and biscuits; two kinds no less and idle words on Shire rates, mutton birds (seasonal workers) Temples in Thailand - Tony had just returned from a month's trip to the Phillipines, Thailand and Malaya - feet under the table at Raffles (anything those millionaires can do I can do too) and b -- one meets wherever one lives and travels. We could even be one ourselves were the final conclusions.

Tony extends a welcome to one and all to drop in for a yarn - tea provided - and to see his slides of the East.

Packs on 9.15 a.m. and down the river to Shawney's Creek. Rock hopping up the creek to an 11.30 a.m. lunch by the spring of clear cold water pouring from under a jumble of moss covered boulders. Straight up the ridge on the left to the tops - a 25 minute scramble for a reasonably fit party. Along the ridge top to the gate in Neville Lang's Shawney Creek paddock and then generally N.N.E skirting the heads of the side creeks to pick up an old timber road. Another gate and follow the road to the Talavira saddle. Over the fence and a short walk through the timber to the N.N.W to pick up another road leading to the Oberon stock route and the camp site at 4 pm.

A sylvan glade, a chilly pool to wash off the dust and grime and revitalise a weary system; loafing, dreaming, nattering, eating, drifting time in an emerald green fairyland. The camp site on Wattle Creek is a must for any walker passing that way.

Sunday down the road to Bindook Cree; dropped our packs and drifted up to the homestead to see Mr and Mrs Lang. Enquired after the health of the daughter of the house who has made a grand recovery after a recent heart operation; was asked if we had seen any of the new Water Board signs - £50 fine for entry by unauthorised persons anywhere from Mt. Werong to the Wollondilly to the Wombeyan Caves; talked on the dingo menace - traps are harmless to human beings; were shown a dozen or so magnificent pelts - blues, tans and black and white - en route to Sydney to make a rug and passed on Cattle news from and received some for Tony Carlon.

Back to the creek, a looksee into the Chasm, across to Bindook Peak where we pointed out Mt. Colong, the Gangerang Range and other landmarks to Ian our new Scottish prospective and then down the ridge to Murruin Creek at 11 a.m.

A lazy wander down Murruin Creek in brilliant sunshine midst limestone splashed rocks, granite sections and deep blue green pools and a four foot black snake for Ian - his first on his first walk. Half walking, half swimming we meandered along to arrive tired, contented and waterlogged at the Wollondilly at 4 pm.

So long readers, I hope this has made you as contented as we were.

SOCIAL NIGHTS FOR MAY.

The social programme for May offers plenty of variety. On 15th we will be entertained by George Dibley's commentary and slides entitled "Heron Island Nature Study." Those of us who have had the pleasure of seeing George's previous work are anticipating another exhilarating experience. The appearance of an "old" name on the social programme should bring in some members who have been associated with the club for as long as George.

Debates are always good fun and we are expecting some hilarity on May 22. Remember that famous debate of yesteryear, "The Club is Dying on its Feet" or did I hear Frank Leyden say "The Club's Badge should be a Pansy."

Members' Slide Nights have proved so popular that there are two on the current programme, one on May 29 and the other at the end of August. We feel that the support these nights are given as shown by the numbers of slide exhibited as well as the large audience is sufficient indication of the members feelings about such nights.

Don't forget the Colour Slide competition at the end of July. You still have three months in which to take your masterpiece.

PADDY MAIDE

11.

WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

FOOT BASINS FOR FADED FEET, OR SOMEONE'S KITCHEN SINK?

Well, although they do for either purpose, they are really prospecting dishes designed for separating gold from gravel. All it needs is a flick of the wrist and a shovel full of the right gravel. If you've a yen to try your luck sling one in your pack and away to the hills.

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT.

Two sizes - 14/3 and 16/6.

Prospecting is some fun, devotees tell us, but it's bound to be a wee bit on the cool side these coming nights. Thoughtful walkers or prospectors wishing to spend a snug and comfortable night of sleep are turning their thoughts to a winter sleeping bag.

A 'Hotham' bag is the one to get, it's worth its weight in gold dust. We have a heavy demand, so get in early.

For walkers who go skiing we have some accommodation bookings available for this winter but it's going quickly so don't dally, solve your holiday problem now.

Now available, our latest catalogues for walkers and skiers.

PADDY PALLIN Pty.
Lightweight Camp Gear Ltd.
201 CASTLEREAGH ST SYDNEY
BM2685

CLIMBING MOUNTAINS, ANYBODY? OR, AIMEZ VOUS CUIRACORANG?

"Scrutator"

There is a dichotomy in ones motives for joining a walking club and the motives for continuing to walk. Obviously one who wishes to see "the angophoras preaching on the hillside" may not be so enamoured of miles of blackthorn and might reasonably be expected to take his preaching in a different parish or find a fire-trail taking him to the (accessible) heart of the matter. Such methodism could lead one to an adoration of syncarpias, rejecting as heresies blue gums for the sake of the extra thousand foot climb. People with a penchant for waterfall scrambling or river running, a different fetish to the angophora men, will not stop when all the rivers have been run. Presumably if the compulsion is strong they will find Mozartian variations on the theme. Friends of mine have done the Kowmung so often, I am thinking of seriously applying K nos. with which they can preface their discourses thus avoiding preliminary remarks such as frightful food-glorious weather, glorious food-frightful weather. Tales of Dame Brook would need a different catalogue system - Study One of Book One. Latter embellishments would be permitted - Rhapsody for Large Orchestra and Chorus from a theme from Study One Book One.

It would need a sophisticated analysis to find original motives and then perhaps the results would be covered by privilege. Casual observation leads me to the conclusion that those who join from an excess of energy are to be avoided while those who join from sheer boredom are to be welcomed with open arms. This latter category make wonderful travelling companions who will listen by the hour, by the day or even the weekend. Alas the advent of television. People with motive nowadays to join are likely to perceive invention immediately and to say so with great candour. Some, of course, see through the whole fabric which makes walking tolerable.

Having a motive for joining the new member is likely to be caught by what I would term the apostolic succession and then his continuing to walk is assured. This succession works as follows. The new member looks at, say, Myles' map of the Kowmung and then, chatting to a grizzled member learns that the grizzled member walked with Myles in '27, when he was making the map. Oh, yes, it was really unexplored, unknown, in those days. No one walks there now and yet it is really very good country. No fire trails though. You would like to go there, well, yes, I will have a look at the map with you. This succession is irresistible. When one has walked with "greats", for want of a better name, the fact is a conversation piece. I cherish a photo I took of Ray Doyle complete with swag. The photo is crinkled and age-sepiaed. Ray is talking to Alan Rigby who is sporting a pack of very personal design. One gave his name to Glenraphael, the other draws superlative gum trees. We listened to Griffith Taylor reminisce of surveying the Upper Sheralhaven. G.T. picked over rocks with Scott, who served with seamen who were taught their trade by men who had been at Copenhagen. And those Copenhagen men knew Bligh in the West Indies. Who sailed with Cook the nonpariel. A friend of mine, in his cups, tells how he taught Hilary to climb.

The succession when applied to navigation does not always have good results. I have been told ten different sets of leading marks to find my way into St. Helena and yet only twice have found that haven. A farmers map scratched in the dust is not likely to be as embroidered as descriptions of prominent rock faces that informant noticed while searching for the right ridge. One must have accurate maps, landmarks as unmistakeable as light houses and a memory which is no more than accurate and preferably prosaic.

At a very impressionable age I was introduced to the apostolic succession of places. At Glenbrook Creek I was told I should see Blue Gum. In the depth of that forest it was whispered to me that Joadja when the frost lightly touched every tree was a thing of beauty. Freezing there a cheerful year-round swimmer said Tallong was the most miserable place to spend a cold night. At Tallong I learned that my education as an SBW was not complete until I had drunk a glass of beer at Yerrandrie on a warm Sunday afternoon. In that mellow and departed atmosphere I was taken aside and told that the most superb place on the coastline on this most scenic of States was Curracorang. My informant waved a hand at Byrnes Gap and the mysteries of Scotts Main Range. He nodded his head disparagingly at the Kowmung. A few moments earlier I would have lived and died at Christie's Creek.

"Mountains." The malty voice cut them down to size. "Dry camps, rivers, leeches, nettles, wild cattle. (I had seen him cross flooded rivers, brave leeches and disregard nettles to avoid wild cattle.) This place Currocorang is wonderful. Went there with H... years ago. A gully leading down through the cliffs, a little beach, fishing, a dry cave." The malty voice honeyed into my ear. "Its just the place..." He lacked words to clothe his vision. "Its just the place to go to with a redhaired woman."

One goes bushwalking. Whatever the reasons they are likely to be as profound and as varied as the bush. And of course as subtle and inscrutable.

FOR SALE - TENTS.

- | | | |
|---|--------------------------|--------|
| 1 | 7 x 5 white japare 2 man | £4.0.0 |
| 1 | one man willesden | £2.0.0 |

BOTH TENTS ARE 7 YEARS OLD AND ARE IN
GOOD ORDER.

See Jack Perry, 1 Holmdale Ave, Bexley North

FEDERATION REPORT - MARCH 1963

Visitors Books to be reinstalled at Cloudmaker and Mt. Guougang in place of those damaged.

Upper Capertee Valley. The Kameruka Club's map of the area is on sale at Paddy's shop.

Tracks and Access. Compagnoni's Pass. The University of N.S.W. Bushwalkers have done a good job installing a 20 ft. chain and pitons. The Y.H.A. Ramblers have reopened the Palm Jungle Track near Burning Palms. Davies Canyon is reported to be definitely dangerous owing to the removal of a ti-tree used as a belay at the top of the second waterfall. The Goodman's Ford - Barallier Rd. is in very poor condition and suitable for 4 wheel drive vehicles only.

Search and Rescue. Terry Thomas of the University of N.S.W. fell in Thunder Canyon near Mt. Banks on March 17 and sustained injuries. There was an excellent response for volunteers to assist in bringing him out. The victim climbed out for part of the way to meet the rescue party. When a call goes out from S & R for assistance, Club members intending to go should ring the Club's Contacts for details of arrangements NOT the S & R Organiser (Nin. Melville). S.B.W. Contact: Elsie Bruggy - phone 754914.

Federation Ball. The Organising Committee for this year's function will be elected at the April Meeting of Federation. The Ball will be held at Paddington Town Hall on Friday September 20, 1963.

COMING DAY WALKS

- MAY 19. Pymble - bus to Warrimoo Rd - Cowan Creek Roach Trig - Terry Hills. 5 miles. Could be scratchy in parts. The area around Roach Trig is noted for the wild flowers and aboriginal carvings which abound. Even though it is not flower time, a few interesting specimens should be available. Train: 8.10 Electric. Tickets: Pymble via Bridge and return @ 4/9 plus about 3/6 bus fares. Map: Broken Bay Milit. or Hawkesbury River Tourist. Leader: DOROTHY KNIGHTLEY.
- MAY 26 Waterfall - Mt. Westmacott - Myuna Crk. Heathcote Crk - Heathcote. 12 miles. Mt. Westmacott is approx 880 ft. above sea level and affords good views in all directions. Pleasant walking along Myuna and Heathcote Creeks. Train: 8.30 Cronulla train Electric to Sutherland. Change at Sutherland for rail motor to Waterfall. Tickets: Waterfall return @ 6/-. Map: Camden Military or Port Hacking Tourist. Leader: TED CHILD.
- JUNE 2. Thornleigh - Elanora Reserve - Hornsby. 3 miles. A visit to the headwaters of Berowra Creek. The going could be scratchy in parts. Train: 8.24 a.m. Hornsby train via Strathfield to Thornleigh. Tickets: Hornsby return @ 5/6. Map: Broken Bay Military. Leader: STUART BROOKS.

KOSCIUSKO PRIMITIVE AREA.

Manhole.

A few weeks ago the Chairman of the Park Trust received a few letters supporting the Trust's stand on an unspoiled Primitive Area. He decided to have his Secretary duplicate them for distribution to each member of the Trust in view of their forthcoming meeting. The dear girl had just about finished when the next mail brought in a dozen or so more. Committed thus far, she struggled on with the duplicating, but when the next mail brought in another two score letters, this idea was given up as a fruitless task. In all, almost three hundred letters were received expressing support for the Trust's stand.

Such evidence of support was no doubt of great assistance to the Trust in maintaining their stand against the considerable (and vocal) pressure from Sir William Hudson.

The Trust is now irrevocably dedicated to the principle of a literally Primitive Area - no roads - no aqueducts - no dams. Sir William is equally dedicated to the complete realisation of the original plan of the S.M.H.E.A. The construction works that will affect the Primitive Area are a very small part of the whole Snowy Scheme, but nothing, according to Sir William, must be allowed to interfere with the execution to finality of the whole scheme.

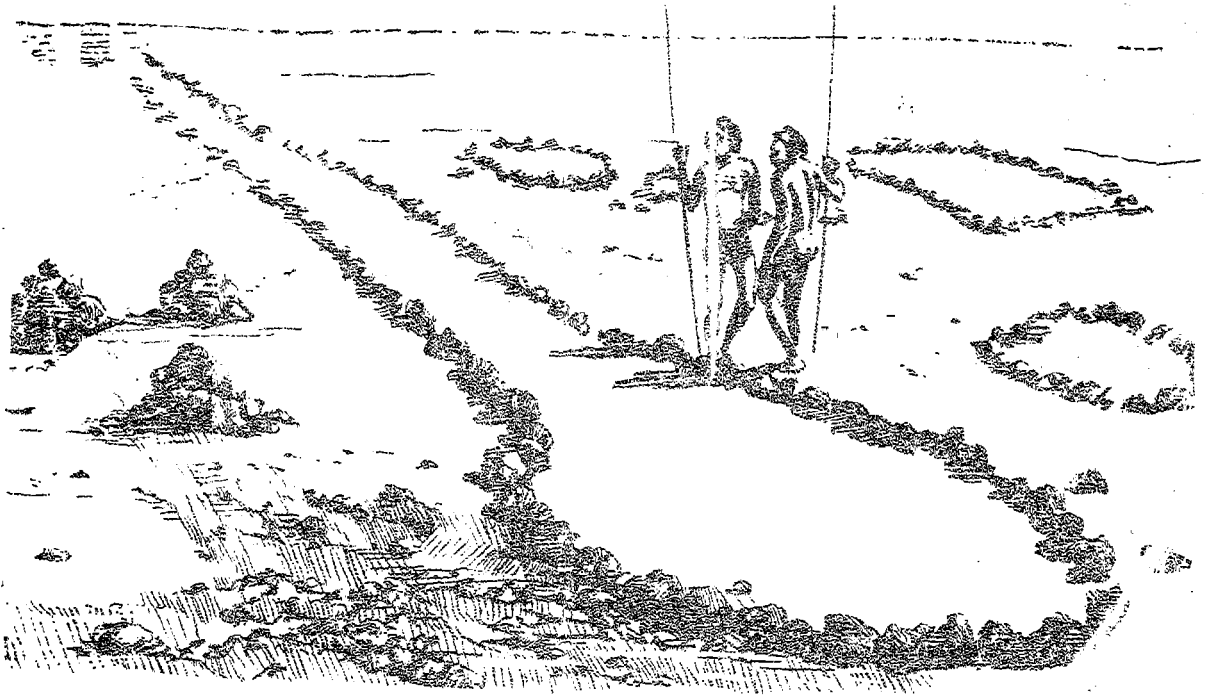
The argument, therefore, involves on the one hand engineering works that will provide some electrical power for N.S.W. and Victoria and on the other a virgin area of inestimable worth to the nation as a whole. It should be noted that the works projected in the Upper Area do nothing in providing additional water for irrigation, which after all, was the initial reason for the Snowy Scheme, but do increase the power generated by about 5%. With the rapid increase of power consumption (we double our demand approximately every 8 years) this 5% could well prove to be just peanuts and not worth all the argument going on.

The matter, therefore, has reached a deadlock and will become a political issue.

What can we do now to support the Park Trust? Each of us should write, and get others to write, to as many politically prominent persons as we can. These would include -

1. Your Federal Member. (If you don't know who he is, ring up your Divisional Returning Officer - see page 14. Telephone Directory).
2. The Minister for National Development.
3. The Attorney-General (incidentally, a member of the Park Trust).
4. The Prime Minister.

The latter three being C/- Parliament House, Canberra.

SCIENCE NATURALLYAboriginal Stone Arrangements.

A little known custom of the Australian Aborigines was to build rough cairns or heaps of stones, up to 10 feet or more wide and up to 5 feet high, to mark boundaries and sacred places. These are found on the ridges of the Great Dividing Range and in other localities, and some have been mistaken for surveyors' cairns, which, however, are much neater in construction. In some places as many as 20 or 30 heaps occur together, or there may be some in a line or other pattern.

In Western New South Wales, acres of claypans or tops of ridges are covered by stones set in circles, heaps, long lines and elaborate patterns. These arrangements like the art designs on the rocks, weapons and sacred boards, illustrate places, incidents and journeys of the ancestral spirits.

A good example can be seen on the top of Mt. Quilty several miles from the abandoned sawmill at "The Vines" in the Castle area. This is well worth a visit if you are in the area.

You can imagine our delight when a hitherto unrecorded cairn was recently discovered at a vantage point half-way down the ridge beside the Morong Falls. The excitement, however, was short-lived as closer inspection revealed a Mand B tin concealed at the base in which we discovered Wilf Hilder's name.

Discovery of authentic examples should be reported immediately to Mr. McCarthy of the Anthropology section of the Australian Museum so that steps can be taken to protect it as far as possible from damage by vandals and stray stock.

Dehydrated Katoomba.

You may not be aware of it but the Blue Mountains cities area is short of water and work is well under way to augment the town's supply.

To do this it is necessary to pipe water from Oberon Dam, as all available water supplies in the vicinity have been fully developed. This involves a £1,000,000 project to lay a steel pipe from the Oberon Dam through a tunnel 3,500 feet long under the Great Divide at Hampton and across some of the roughest country in the State in Kanimbla and Megalong Valleys. The line comes out of Megalong Valley at Narrownneck, where it runs vertically up a hundred foot cliff face onto the Neck and thence to Leura reservoir.

The water will be gravity fed from Oberon Dam to Leura Reservoir, and the pressure in the pipeline in Megalong Valley will be the greatest of any watermain in Australia.

The project will assure an adequate water supply to Katoomba, Leura and the lower villages for many years to come and will be of great help in the control of bushfires as stand-pipes are to be installed for the use of fire-fighters.

We might even get a bubbler on the top of Cloudmaker!

KANGAROOS, WALLABIES ETC.

There is no basic difference between Kangaroos and Wallabies apart from size, and the accepted way of classifying the sub-family Macropodinae into three broad divisions is by the size of the foot (excluding the toe nail.)

1. Foot length up to six inches - various small wallabies of which rock wallabies are the largest.
2. Foot length from $6\frac{1}{2}$ to 10 inches - large wallabies or medium size kangaroos. The choice of name is a question of personal preference.
3. Foot length over ten inches - the true kangaroo of popular conception.

"Wallaroo" is another local name commonly used for a medium-sized member of the sub-family which has developed a stockily built body due to having haunted the rough mountain regions for many generations.

THE 24th FEDERATION REUNION.

by The President.

As SEW had offered to clean up Euroka after the Federation Reunion, and as the ability to drive cars to the site foreshadowed liberal supplies of cans and bottles, a large number of SEW family types was cajoled into attending - mainly with the idea of having the breadwinners assist in the clearing up.

Jupiter Pluvius thought otherwise, however, and with floods on the North Coast, floods in the mountains and floods in our own back yards the majority stayed at home. When president and dormobile, with wife and kids, arrived at the top of the fire trail in Glenbrook Gorge on Saturday afternoon, the Editor's wife and family plus the Dean children were found cavorting round the parking area. The editor and father Dean were down in the gorge prospecting the road and crossing. Their verdict being blasphemous, we settled down in the bush nearby to uncork our supplies and have our own breakaway reunion.

Before long, the Stitts arrived accompanied by Heather, Snow and Lola. "What's the crossing like?" they chorused. "Water over your spark plugs," opined Brooks. "One bloke stuck part way down; another part way up; yet another on the far side; and an abandoned trailer in the mud beside the crossing," volunteered Kevin nonchalantly.

There then began one of those conferences that seem to beset the start of so many weekends. "We could go and look up The Admiral instead," suggested Snow. "But we'd miss supper," said Heather. "My pack's too heavy," wailed Dot. "Well let's drink it first," parried Peter. "Can I help?" asked Lola enigmatically. In less than an hour, however, their minds were made up; down cars, up packs and away. The rest of us returned to our breakaway campfire.

Soon after tea, a landrover arrived from Euroka. It was a Rucksack Club job with Frank Young as a passenger, and a sick RSC member and her husband headed for home and a doctor. Being invited to accompany the landrover back to Euroka, returning after supper, editor and president climbed aboard leaving wives in the care of Kevin and the children. As we had to travel light we took only essential luggage like Brooks' recorder and our mugs. "No need to carry refreshment - someone else is bound to have too much."

Arrived at Euroka, we found Stitts and Co. just finished tea and heading for the campfire, already in full cry under the baton of that famous music-by-moonlight conductor, Paddy. Pieter Rempt, Philip Bailey and Geoff Boxsell were there before us, so we settled down nearby after carefully noting the presence of CMW's Ninian Melville and a bottle of Scotch.

In no time at all, Ninian learnt the folly of leaving a bottle of Scotch momentarily unguarded in the presence of a certain SBW member, but with his excellent sense of humour he was later heard to remark, "Funny - this bottle must be leaking. You blokes like a nip before it leaks away?" With equal good humour we replied, "Rather than a nip after it leaks away." Reinforced by its warming influence, Brooks sought out the conductor in a quiet moment while some other club was giving an item. "We're on next," he announced on his return. Consternation. No item organised. No one yet in form (except the irrepressible editor). "We will now have an item by SBW," announced compere Paddy. "Can't," wailed a protesting voice. "We're not well enough oiled yet."

The honour of the State's premiere club being at stake, editor and president rose to the occasion with an off-beat, off-tune version of "They're diggin' up Father's grave to build a sewer!" The club's honour was no longer at stake - because the Club's honour was no longer. A while later, SBW again called on and honour was redeemed by a rendition of "Joie de Vie," with Dot Stitt as the "demure, shy prospective" and Pete as the "leader, tall and gangling."

Supper came and went, and RSC's Wally Dove was heard rounding up passengers for the landrover. Brooks? Where's Brooks? "Hey, Lola! Seen Brooks?" "Yes," said Lola. "Just saw him going that way with his recorder and the Y Ramblers' band." Exit Brooks from the landrover team. Going back over Glenbrook Creek, we noted that the water level had dropped considerably. Things looked promising for tomorrow. Next morning, we awoke to cloudless skies - and the editor snoring in the bushes about ten yards from his tent. "Couldn't find it when I walked back," he explained. "Goes to show the folly of a black tent on a dark night."

Breakfast over, we piled father Dean and children, the youngest Brooks and the presidential family into the Dormobile and headed for Euroka. All out except the driver at the crossing, and through the flood charged the Dormo - splutter, splutter, fizz-fizz, pfutt! Our luck was in, however, as the final pfutt occurred about two yards beyond the far side. A brief period drying out while Kev and Dot (mine, not the Sitts') ferried the kids over, and then we were away again. From here on, though, Kevin elected to walk. Chicken!

Euroka in sunshine - the lush grass, the growing wattles, the colourful array of tents and tins. What finer balm, after the rains all the month of March? Jubilant children and smiling parents; chit-chat with members of our own and other clubs; and Gordon Ballard with a greeting better left unsaid: "G'day, Ron. Haven't seen you for about twenty years!" Ere long, enter the Maddens' Holden, with family and Margaret Wilson. Good old Margaret - friend of all children. Someone to climb on, someone to jump on, someone to paddle in the creek with, someone to laugh with, someone to tickle - all thanks to the kindly heaven that sent our Margaret to the parents of SBW.

We lunched beneath the shade of a wattle by the creek and then began the clearing up. The job was easy, as tins and bottles had been left in neat heaps here and there, while some clubs borrowed our shovel to do their own disposals. Moreover, the Madden boy-scouts scoured the clearing, gathering all empty bottles and flagons to take home. All too soon, as always, the time came to go - but not before stopping at Glenbrook Creek for the kids and some parents to spend a lively half-hour in the water. Came the Madden Holden, charging through the mill-race with a bow-wave that would make a destroyer capitulate, loaded down with the empties, Snow and Lola (Editor's note: "empties" in this instance, refers to bottles). Splutter, fizz, pfutt, s-s-s-s. Water on the park plugs, water in the generator, water in the carburettor - but they, like us, were just lucky enough to reach the bank.

And so it was over. And you know, the sharpest memory I have is of the faux pas I made when gathering up tins to bury them. "Any rubbish or tins?" I enquired of Paddy and Robert, squatting by their fire eating lunch. "No tins at THIS campfire!" was the succinct rejoinder.

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