

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER.

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest
to the Sydney Bushwalker, The N.S.W. Nurses'
Association Rooms "Northcote Building,"
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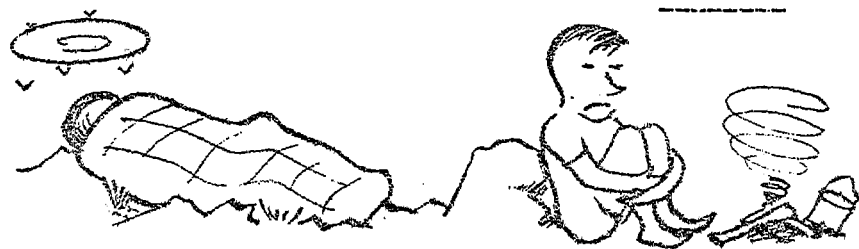
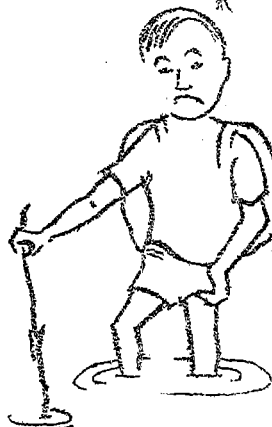
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JULY 1963

Price 1/-

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Hi,

When we were young blades around the village, our good President and I were accustomed to exchange confidences in the way young b's do and I don't think I am being overly indulgent when I say that such confidences were never betrayed.

But he should realise that circumstances have changed and that confiding in someone who has a monthly magazine to fill is attended by a certain amount of risk. I have no qualms therefore in letting you know that our Pres. recently confided in me that he was worried about what he described as the declining role of the club as a catalyst in the age-old reaction which normally culminates in that peculiar condition our society is pleased to call matrimony. In short, there is nothing like a good old-fashioned wedding and Ron feels we're not turning on enough.

The blame for this he lays at the feet of the eligible bachelors of this club (a fine body of men) who, he claims, are so interested in maps and mountains that they fail to realise that club members come in two varieties. In addition, he continued, the number of eligible males in the club is far less than the number of the opposite you-know-what. Well, what a sorry mess!

It is common knowledge that of all the walks this club turns on, the one down the aisle is the toughest and the hardest to get starters for despite the substantial saving in the combined subscription currently offered by our benevolent treasurer. But, despite this, throughout our past history, the bells have chimed rather regularly.

I don't profess to know whether this should be considered a necessary part of the functions of this club, and whether, as a consequence, Presidents should get worried about a supposed falling off of activity in this direction. But a rough survey I have carried out supports the less hysterical viewpoint that everything is about normal. Do you know that in the past two years we have seen five weddings, and even to the casual observer it is patent that there is a number of romances blossoming forth around us at the present time. It is doubtful that even in the good old days of SEW would the situation have differed from the above in a way that would be statistically significant. So I think the President should put away his bow and concentrate on the brushing up on his rules of procedure for debate, as it seems clear that points of order will be of more concern than Cupid's arrows at our coming meetings.

At your request, for our mutual benefit, we re-print this month, Alex Colley's original lucid article on how to get on at meetings. From there on in, it's up to you.

AWG

THE JUNE GENERAL MEETING.

Jim Brown

The old hands at the June General Meeting found it very reminiscent of days back at Ingersoll Hall, when business meetings were frequently far more animated than they've been over the last few years. It even began with what sounded like a revival of the unlamented Noises Off Club - a coterie assembling just outside the doorway and talking loudly during the debate. The President went to the door and presumably told them to come in or get right out - after which the tumult subsided - for a while.

We welcomed two new members, Jenny Grace and George Mobberley, and were told, arising from the minutes, that a N.P.A. nomination of Allan Fox for The Fauna Protection Panel had preceded ours. Correspondence contained an appeal for Scouters from 1st South Punchbowl Troop, advice from a Mr. Hauber of Moss Vale that he was organising canoe trips down Shoalhaven River, from Denise Hull with a price list of aboriginal crafts from the Mission at Darwin where she is now working. There was a resignation from Enid Hallstrom and a letter from Esme Biddulph about leading of Sunday walks. Expatiating on this item, the President pointed out that a walk attended by large numbers did tend to become unwieldy, but reminded leaders of the need for whipper's-in and keeping tabs on prospectives so they wouldn't feel lonely in the crush.

There was also a letter pointing out to Consolidated Press that if they meant what they said when they invited people to contact them about joining a walking club, then they could pay for the postage we had incurred. (I bet we don't get a cent - let alone a Royal). There was also a letter from Roy Craggs, saying that some slide nights proved very full, and suggesting perhaps the material to be shown should be vetted by the Social bodies. The President said Committee had answered this, pointing out that it was just not practicable. Frank Ashdown said he had always told newcomers that slide nights were an opportunity to show their slides, good or bad, and other speakers agreed that you couldn't have a sneak pre-view arrangement.

From reports we discovered that a neat excess of £6 income over expenditure had lifted the "ready-use" fund to £221.8.7.

Already we were at the Walks Report, which was (not unreasonably) well padded with "owing to the weather" or "because of the flood" or "as the road was impassable." However Stuart Brooks got through his Dungalla Falls - Kowmung River - Chardon Canyon walk of May 3-5, with a party of 10. The Murrumbidgee Creek trip flopped - road impassable. Jack Perry with 8 did the programmed Cowan - Gungah Bay walk on May 4-5, reporting some scratchy new growth and a camping place east of Edward Trig. Ern French (party of 12) went from Waterfall to Audley along tracks that were awash on May 5.

The following weekend Wilf Hilder abandoned his Three Peaks venture (floods) and took over the leadership of Reg Meakins walk from Rocky Top - Boyd Ra - Kowmung R. - Cambage Spire - Kanangra. Four in the party and a

cold swim of the flooded Kowmung. Also over the May 10-12 weekend Geoff Boxall took a team of 6 down Starlight's Track and back, and reported track clearing very desirable (a track clearing week-end is down for July 12-14). David Ingram had 16 out on George's River on May 12, but varied the route to avoid crossing the flooded stream and followed the west bank from Bushwalkers Basin to Peter Meadows Creek.

The weather was still crook on May 17-18-19 and Ross Wyborn revised his walk to Clear Hill - Duncan's Pass - Fire Trail - Carlon's Head. Ross and his one companion put in some hours improving the landscape by digging out the overhang below Clear Hill to make it a 12-man cave. Same weekend Dot Butler was obliged to abandon her jaunt in the Budawang Range - too wet. Dorothy Knightley and party of 12 was afield in the Terry Hills area as programmed (except that their Roach Trig isn't the genuine Roach Trig). What with floods and a minor navigational error, a savage walk was led through dense scrub and up waterfalls.

Weekend of May 24-26 saw Sandra Bardwell and party of six down Dunphy's Pass ("a grassy amphitheatre which breaks through the top cliff-line. A cliff edge is then followed on a fairly broad ledge to the second gully, where the ledge peters out, and the gully runs through the next cliff-line - a rope is not needed") - then Glen Alan and Breakfast Ck to the Cox - Harry's River Canyon - the Cox again and Galong Creek - Carlon's Head - Katoomba. The crossings of the Cox were described as "frigid."

Lola Wedlock with "X" members and 25 prospectives and a sheep's carcass assembled for the Instructional Weekend on 25-26. Barbecued lamb was fed to prospectives to strengthen them before being instructed.

Ted Child and party of 9 carried out the programmed day walk for May 26, Waterfall - Mt. Westamacott - Myuna and Heathcote Crks - Heathcote. Somewhat scribbly - but the party was through by 4.15 p.m.

With the end of this recital it began to appear we could all go home and sleep in peace. The President told us John Scott had manufactured a new and ornate cupboard for storage of camping gear (applause), then Alex Colley was on his feet and urging us to spend real money. The old typewriter, he said, was finished, it wouldn't do a decent job on stencils, but for the modest outlay of £65 to £90 we could get a suitable machine. He moved we approve expenditure up to £90. With bushwalkers it is best to hit them with fair-sized figures - they will always quibble over a fiver. As soon as a healthy sum was mentioned there was an audible sigh of relief and everyone jumped on the band-waggon. The one critic (Bill Burke), whose tongue was crowding his cheek, suggested the existing machine and magazine typist were good for another 10 years or so, and the motion was carried.

This set some others thinking, but while they marshalled their thoughts, Jack Gentle spoke of a need for speakers to attend two

organisations anxious to hear about walking practice - one from the YWCA, and the other from a Church Fellowship group at Concord. Bob Godfrey also put up a suggestion that the Walks Programme might well go all lavish with 4 walks each weekend, and Alex Colley gave his blessing with the suggestion that the additional trip be a second Sunday Walk during the autumn-winter-spring period "if leaders could be found."

By now the spendthrifts were ready and Frank Ashdown tried to prevail upon us to get a loud speaker device to aid the larynx of lecturers. The reception was mixed and Dick Child proposed we borrow a loud hailer from S. & R. Gordon Redmond "favoured the proposal in principle" but said in effect, not to night. A convenient motion to defer consideration until costs etc. were available was carried.

Once again it looked like a close, but Ramon U'Brien had a vexing question. He proposed that the Club promulgate a list of its standing orders governing meeting procedure. The President pointed out that the Constitution already said "parliamentary procedure" and thereby really bought an argument. Ramon said the rules of debate should be distributed to every member, and was supported by Bob Godfrey, who said people with more experience in debate were able to defeat motions which may be beneficial.

Some side issues were introduced, and to demonstrate that we do sometimes follow the elementary rules of debate the President insisted that several speakers indicate if they were speaking for or against the motion. Frank Ashdown was prodded into saying he was "for" and made some observations on the manner of conduct at meetings. The President again checked him and took umbrage at the reference to Rafferty Rules. The exchanges sounded almost heated, yet the meeting was laughing uproariously. Then Frank got to the crux of it, and said a list of rules would prevent "it being put over us as in the past."

On a point by Frank Barlow that this was a criticism of the Chair, it was hastily moved, seconded put and carried that this remark be withdrawn. Frank obliged, and said he hoped we would buy a copy of the rules of Parliamentary Procedure and make it known to members "so it couldn't be put over us." To this stage the whole thing had been treated with some hilarity, but a few speakers now pointed out that Parliamentary Procedure was rather a variable matter, that it would involve a good deal of study to comprehend all its points, and it was questionable if the standard books on the subject were, in fact, available. During this discussion, the fact was brought out that the Club magazine, some years previously printed a potted version of the main principles of debate, and the rules concerning procedural motions. Kath Brown now moved as an amendment that this (or a revised version, if desired) be printed again.

The President was most punctilious in explaining that he would accept the amendment, which was duly carried. Don Matthews felt a list of the basic

principles should suffice, while Frank Ashdown thought it would be worthless - people had already forgotten the previous magazine summary. Then and only then (with an amendment already carried!) Ramon U'Brien had his right of reply and said he thought he should withdraw the motion. Happily Bob Godfrey (as second) wouldn't be in it, or we would never have got home once the constitutionalists got to work in this last development. So the amended motion was carried, and we went our ways, feeling there was yet a hope of hearing a motion that something be not now put.

DAY WALKS GUIDE.

- JULY 14** Cronulla - Ferry to Bundeena - Marley - Wattamolla - Curracurrong - Garie.
 Scenic walk on the seaboard - all new prospectives are advised to take this trip.
 Leader John Holly. BU5585. (Business). Fares - Rail 6/- . Ferry 3/- .
 Tickets to Waterfall. 8.50 a.m. Elec. to Cronulla.
- July 21** Cronulla - Ferry to Bundeena - Jibbon Lagoon - Marley - Bundeena.
 Another seaboard trip for new and old alike - go along and have a good day out.
 Leader - Margaret Wilson. XMO444 Ex. 228.
 Train - 8.50 a.m. Elec. Fares: Rail 5/6 Ferry 6/- approx.
 Tickets to Cronulla.
- JULY 28** Waterfall - Kangaroo Creek - Audley.
 A good day outing in National Park and although not a test walk is a good exercise for newcomers to walking.
 Leader - Dick Child - LLo411 Ex.66 (business)
 Fare 6/- . Train 8.20 a.m. Elec. Tickets to Waterfall.
- AUGUST 4** Wahroonga - The Ponds - Bobbin Head - The Sphinx - Turramurra.
 Good day walk in Kuringai Chase and highly recommended for an excellent days outing.
 Leader - Stuart Brooks 299-5252 (business)
 Train - 8.10 a.m. from Central. Tickets to Wahroonga via Bridge.
 Fare 4/9.

OUT THEY GO

The annual cleanout of the SBW cupboard has revealed a number of copies of the Silver Anniversary Edition of the SBW mag. These have got to go to make room for our up-and-coming library.

They are too good to consign to the incinerator out of hand and are put up for sale for 6d. a time. If you are interested in the history of your Club, these are for you.

July 1963

The Sydney Bushwalker

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Letters to the Editor

Dear Ed,

Recently, a party of Hobnailers Club was two days overdue on a week-end trip down the Nattai. On their safe return, I was able to interview their leader.

"Wasn't your Mother worried and upset?" I asked him.

"Oh no," he replied. "She just said "I think your dinner is cold. It has been sitting there for two days".

Regards,

Paddy.

Smoke gets in your eyes.

Members will be interested to know that the problem of smarting eyes for camp-fire cooks has been solved.

Recently we were having a barbecue in the backyard and Sally was acting as cook with the usual, inevitable smoky tears. But next time I came out, she was pushing her head blithely into the thickest smoke with impunity.

She was wearing her underwater face mask.

Brian Harvey.

=====

The following book review should put complacent bushwalkers in their place. It came from the June 1963 catalogue of the Mary Martin Bookshop, Adelaide.

"The Bushman's Handbook - H.A. Lindsay - 13/6. Even in this jet day and age it is desirable for youngsters to know a little practical bushcraft.

WHY SHOULD ONLY BOY SCOUTS SURVIVE IN AN EMERGENCY?"

John Luxton.

QUEENSLAND - THE SUNSHINE STATE?

Denise Hull.

It went on raining - 13 inches in eleven days! Everyone said that it was most unusual of course, so late - but it still went on raining.

Cairns had "The House of 10,000 Shells" - of particular interest to those who knew anything of marine biology - their owner was a mine of information - and the Orchid House with its beautiful varieties of local and more distant orchids, some of them collected in the past few weeks in an extensive tour of New Guinea and exported all over the world. These two points of interest exhausted the potentialities of Cairns in the "wet" until some one mentioned a weekly tour of the Northern Australian Brewery that was available. Felt this might be really of interest to many members of the SBW, so along I went one wet Wednesday afternoon and it would have done your heart good to see men taking it in turns to sit in front of a moving belt of thousands of bottles of beer passing in front of a light and all they had to do was sit and gaze at this passing wonder, and if they didn't like the look of any of them just pick it up and throw it with a mighty crash into a receptacle especially provided. What a life! And at the end, this mighty stream of bottles thoughtfully packed themselves into cartons already for your consumption. I gave them my blessing for you as they streamed past me.

At last the rain stopped and I duly took myself over to Green Is. to gaze at the wonders seen from the glass bottomed boat - but actually was more impressed with the wonders seen from the underwater observatory - with its shoals of brightly coloured fish swimming in amongst the corals. I had not realised until then how many of the corals are the so called "soft corals" with their graceful sweeping movements.

It was an ill-wind that blows no where for with the unusually heavy rain the Barron Falls had a flow of water that had not been seen since the hydro-electric scheme was commenced 20 years ago. They were a magnificent sight and would be worth delaying return by the afternoon train so that one could walk down from the Barron Falls station to the foot of the Falls if there were sufficient water.

Next time I would like to take a leisurely car and or walking tour from Kuranda across the Atherton Tablelands and explore the many lovely spots that could only really be appreciated by walking I should think. Especially would I like to explore the jungle tracks around the Lake Barrine with the magnificent Kauri gums and Lake Hacham with its fascinating little turtles and the unlimited bird life so apparent in the jungle all around. At one point of the Mulgrave River Road on one side of the road was the peaceful rich cultivated paddocks and on the other side was the thick towering closeness of the jungle. It made one pause to think of the price that must have been paid by the early pioneers to cut and hack that no so rich country from the almost impenetrable jungle without the aid of bull-dozers and mechanical equipment that we know today.

And then as a complete contrast I headed across the dry flat arid inland to Cloncurry. Half a day by train to Townsville and an overnight stop and then a day and a night up the ranges to Charters Towers and across the so recently flooded flat inland area around Julia Creek to Cloncurry. It is difficult to imagine such a complete contrast to the rich tropical growth of the coastal area of Cairns and all for £8 of Government Railway including a sleeper for one night!

I took one look at Cloncurry and wondered why on earth I had decided to stop off there until the next train three days later, but after "listening in" to the School of the Air at the Flying Doctor Base I realised Cloncurry still had something to offer of interest. It was fascinating to listen to these unseen children reading, answering questions and greeting their teacher as though they were speaking to her personally and yet only a handful of the children had ever met Miss O'Sullivan who recently received her OBE from the Queen for her work for education.

The only other point of interest in Cloncurry appeared to be the model Uranium town of Mary Kathleen 40 miles away. Hearing so much about it I made enquiries with regard to the local drive yourself car and after an animated conversation with the owner thereof, I ended by being driven out there personally, apparently on the understanding that I should continue to converse in an intelligent and interesting manner. I had no doubt about my ability to converse but wasn't so sure about "the interesting and intelligent" part. However we had an awfully interesting afternoon and explored Mary Kathleen, built as a model town by the Rio Tinto Company. 235 houses erected in 233 days. No trees removed unless absolutely necessary and every amenity including an olympic swimming pool, playing fields, shops, pictures, excellent quarters for single men, but no single women allowed in the town unless the daughters of married couples employed there!! Even their own market garden and orchard. It's sad to think this little oasis is closing down except for a skeleton staff until the world demand for uranium improves.

Decided I had exhausted the possibilities of Cloncurry unless I went copper gouging in "them thar hills" - so took the plane to Mt. Isa for a modest £2.10.0 and arrived at 7 p.m. on pay night! Mt. Isa that night lived up to every picture on the movies one has ever seen of a mining town. A vigorous, vivid alive town - every hotel brightly lit with its doors wide open and bursting at the seams with men of every nationality busily spending their fortnight's pay and over all towering the mine with its tall stacks ablaze with a myriad of lights - a fascinating scene.

I was smartly brought to earth next day by being presented with a job as "Mother's help" to a young couple with three children under three years and the Mother just out of hospital after an operation. As a result I was collected next day by a very weary looking pair of parents and on reaching the house were greeted by 2 of the children who had been left in the care of a neighbour. Unfortunately the children in the meanwhile had discovered a particularly delightful mud hole. So it was somewhat difficult to see the children for the mud. As the dear little things had recently lost the front door key we all went round the back chatting brightly of this and that to be greeted by the week's washing disporting itself all over the back porch

and steps. Picking our way through this we reached the kitchen to see the breakfast and I strongly suspect the previous night's dinner dishes all stacked all over the sink! I am not sure what I tackled first, the children, the dishes or the washing - but somehow I staggered through the next three weeks and for some extraordinary reason thoroughly enjoyed myself. There was never a dull moment! In the middle of it all father produced and mother acted in "Blithe Spirit" for the local dramatic society and somehow I managed to sandwich a trip to the very pleasant oasis of the Lake Moondarra dam set 14 miles out of town amongst the arid hills - built by the Mines for their own use and as a water supply for the town and offering all the year round sports of swimming, rowing, yachting, water-skiing and fishing and playing fields for the towns people and also had a trip over the Mines. This though fascinating was somewhat bewildering with all the different processes for the silver, lead, zinc as well as for copper so that the children's father, being a maintenance engineer, spent the evening endeavouring to answer all my questions.

Tomorrow I head for Darwin by Connellan Airways armed with Blamey's "Mines in the Spinifex" which promises interesting reading of a fascinating part of the country and given to me by the children hoping that "your final impressions of Mt. Isa are better than your first."

And so to Darwin.

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KOSCIUSKO - THE COUNTRY OF EXTREMES. Edgar Yardley
(Reprinted from the S.B.W. Annual April, 1934.)

Editorial Note: We make no apology for reprinting gems of the past. Those who feel diddled may apply to the Business Manager for a refund (pro rata, of course).

A great deal of publicity was given a few months ago to a trip in summer from Kiandra to Kosciusko, along the Main Dividing Range. The same trip has been done by many walkers, including some of our own members. The following are the experiences in December, 1931, of a party comprising Win. Ashton, Marjorie Hill, Brenda White, Bill Purnell, Reg. Shortridge and Edgar Yardley. - Ed.

After inspecting the Yarrangobilly Caves, we returned to Kiandra, which as every schoolboy knows, or should know, is the highest town in N.S.W. being 4,600 feet above sea level. Kiandra used to be a big gold mining town, with a population variously estimated at between ten thousand and thirty thousand souls. Poor souls! When the gold went, they went too, leaving only about one hundred behind to sit on the pub verandah and talk about the good old days. Today the town consists of a score of straggling houses at the foot of a scarred hillside, surrounded by miles of bleak and barren upland and marsh.

Commencing our walk in earnest, we left the road and made good progress, following directions given us by Bob Hughes, the "Oldest Inhabitant": and did not get mislaid until after lunch, when we found that we were heading for the Tumut River. Repairing our error, we reached Nine Mile Diggings during the afternoon, and camped in a sheltered gully on the side of "Cabramurra" or Table Top Mt. Climbing Table Top the next morning, we met a boundary rider, who pointed out a prominent snow covered peak in the distance as Jagungal, or the "Big Bogong." Heading south we crossed Happy Jack's Creek, a tributary of the Tumut, traversed miles of grassy valleys, and finally halted on the lee side of a hill to shelter from an oncoming storm. From this time on there was never any sign of rain, the weather throughout the whole trip varying only from hot to very hot.

Every step we took brought those alluring snow clad heights nearer, and when on Wednesday evening we camped, we were abreast of Jagungal, which is about three miles west of the main ridge. The day had been spent in climbing steadily through sparsely timbered upland pastures, coarsely grassed and often swampy. The glass that night touched freezing point, and it is worthy of note that while the days were extremely hot and dry, the temperature always dropped considerably at night, and often a skim of ice was to be found on our water bucket in the morning.

On Thursday morning some of the party climbed to the top of the "Big Bogong," before resuming the southward journey along the range. Our packs were mercifully growing a little lighter by now; for owing to our meagre knowledge of the country quite a lot of unnecessary gear was carried,

making the early stages of our journey very arduous. A notable feature of this part of the walk was the keen, constant, westerly wind blowing hard and dry, which tempered the fierce heat of the sun. The wind was very severe on the skin, making us much redder on the right side than the left, and cracking our lips so badly that we dared not laugh. A pained expression in lieu of a smile was the best effort which some of us could make.

Christmas day was spent at Dicky Cooper Hut, which is several hundred feet below the summit of the range on the western side; and in climbing Gungahlin (the third highest peak in Australia). On regaining the range we had our first glimpse of Kosciuszko itself. Its bald rounded top did not look half so grand and majestic as that of the rugged Townsend, a mile or two to the west. In a little while we caught glimpses of the long serpentine road which climbs to the top of Australia's highest mountain. That night we camped on a small tributary of the Snowy River, between the road and the range, opposite a moraine of huge stones (evidence of one time glacial action, we are told), and only about four miles from the summit. The Snowy River is aptly named, being fed by the numerous rapidly melting snow drifts on the sheltered side of the range. Our water supply, a brawling torrent during the day, died to a tiny trickle after sunset.

On Sunday we left our tents standing, and became tourists, "doing" Hedley Tarn, the Blue Lake, Mounts Townsend and Kosciuszko. We indulged in toboggan races across the large snow drifts, using ground sheets as toboggans. This was fraught with much merriment and excitement: for sometimes a fair speed would be attained, and, the snow terminating suddenly, coarse grass and boulders would be all that was left to slide on. We caused mild excitement amongst the tourists when we explained that we had walked from Kiandra, and had not come from the hotel by car!

Our objective achieved, with lots of time to spare, we decided to take it easy for the rest of the time; but our little stroll down the Snowy River to Jindabyne did not prove as easy as anticipated. The Snowy, easy going at first, soon became precipitous and increasingly difficult to negotiate; so turning our backs on the river, we climbed over the Perisher Range, and so reached the road a few miles above the Hotel Kosciuszko.

A visit to the bar was followed by a visit to the bakehouse, from whence we emerged bearing twelve pounds of freshly baked bread, and an open go was declared on the tucker. Recovering from unaccustomed food, we took the road for nine further miles, and camped on the Thredbo River for the rest of our very enjoyable holiday.

RAMBLING ON THE CAPERTEE RIVER, MT. MOLONG AND
URATERER, 24th - 28th APRIL, 1963

Reg Meakins

This was Alex's trip but just lately he has been doing more than his share for the journal. By a superhuman effort I have aroused myself from my literary lethargy and here is the result.

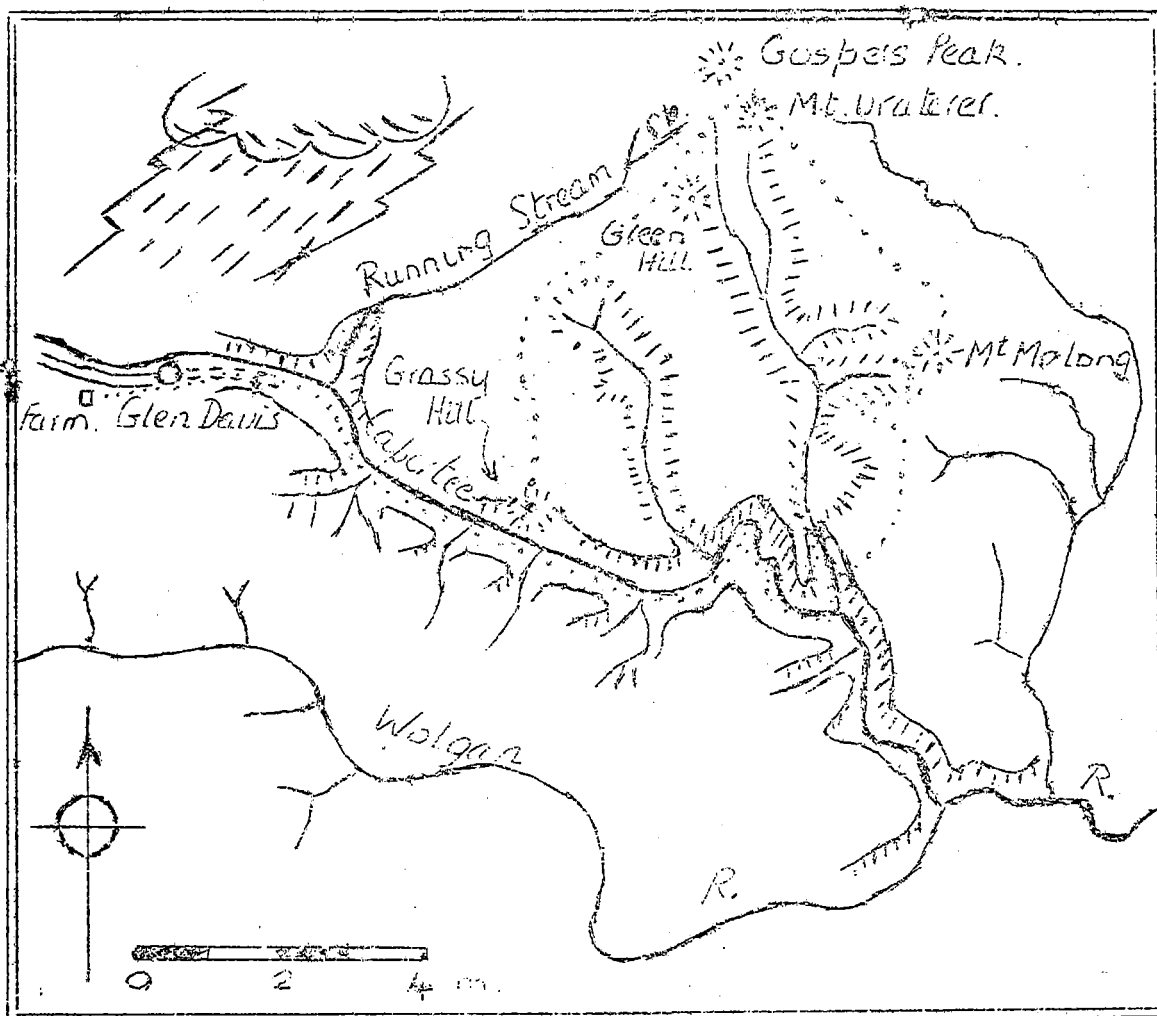
We had intended to camp on Wednesday night near Blackman's Crown but forgot to bring any water. After inspecting several creeks farther and finding them either too dry, too hard to get at or too muddy, we settled for Crown Creek beside the road from Capertee to Glen Davis. It was a comfortable camp and Alex commented nostalgically on the delightful odour of the eucalypts in the dry atmosphere, and how it brought back memories of his childhood in the country. Please note the word "dry". Little did we know what was in store for us.

It rained a little in the night but not enough to cause any apprehension about the trip. After all, we were west of the Blue Mountains and in a 20 inch rainfall area, so any heavy falls seemed unlikely. Moreover, a farmer whom we met at Glen Davis remarked on the dry weather and how badly rain was needed. We set out past the oil refinery ruins along a road paved at first with concrete, and later, with tailings from the oil retorts. The deciduous trees with their autumn colours were delightful in spite of the cloudy weather, but Bill decided to reserve his photography for the return trip when "it would surely be brighter." After 2 or 3 miles along the Capertee River the road gave way to a cattle track which alternately descended to river level and climbed high up the banks to avoid rocky stretches lower down. In this region the river valley is enclosed by high, sandstone walls, as imposing as any in the Blue Mountains. This must surely be one of the most attractive of our mountain streams.

We passed the wide gap through which Running Stream Creek enters and then after another 4 miles came to a region where basalt outcrops could be seen on the northern side of the river. This was to be our point of re-entry from the tops into the valley so we paused for a while to cross over and examine the area. A couple of miles farther on the river enters a large north-south-north deviation, with spectacular cliffs on both sides. After walking most of this part we camped for the night. Bill and I spent a rather restless night and by morning we were sure that Alex had pitched the tent on the lumpiest spot in the vicinity.

The weather was still fine but dull, and there had been a few showers in the night. We soon completed the second bend to the north and then regretfully left the river to follow a tributary heading due north. We intended to follow it for some distance but it was rather rough and we soon began to look for a gap in the cliffs above. A possible route was sighted within a few hundred yards and we decided to try our luck. It proved to be no more than a steep scramble and by lunch time we were on the tops within reach of a ridge system which should lead to Mt. Molong ("Green Hill" on the 4 m/inch Sydney Sheet).

After lunch the weather deteriorated and soon our visibility was severely limited by rain and mist. The scrub was prickly and wet, and caused considerable damage to shins and knees. By late afternoon it was evident that something was seriously wrong, as we could see high ground, possibly Mt. Molong, looming up through the mist to our left, but separated from us by a "bottomless" gorge. Which way was it flowing and how could we get around? We studied map and compass, made a few guesses and began to retrace our steps. After a mile or so it was getting dark so we decided to camp on top of the ridge, hoping that the weather would be better by morning. Alex pointed out that as it was raining so hard we could fill all three water buckets from the tent run-off in a matter of minutes.



I had brought a nylon rain-coat and plastic rain-hat for use round the campfire, but in such heavy weather the water leaked through the seams of the hat and trickled down my neck. While preparing the meal I was considering other types of "goo" which might be effective for treating the hat. During the evening the rain stopped occasionally, and, for a few minutes, some stars were visible.

In the morning the weather was worse than ever and the process of lighting the fire was becoming quite difficult despite Alex's meta-tablets. We finally made a watery breakfast, reluctantly lowered our shelter, packed up and moved off. Within a mile or so we were rewarded by an encouraging find -- a piece of old cow manure containing some weeds of such species as would only be found, in these parts, in basic volcanic soil. We therefore assumed that we must be on a ridge within reach of Mt. Molong and, sure enough, we soon began to climb. Then we could see, a short distance above, the lush green growth typical of the basalt tops and soon we were fighting our way through it to the summit.

It proved to be a wide mountain top which, even in fine weather, would not be a good viewpoint because of the thick vegetation. The ridges leading from it are not at all obvious, so we just took a compass bearing and set out for Mt. Uraterer. We soon found some recent tree blazes leading in our direction and within an hour or two came to a camp spot. From the absence of any signs of horses, and some attempt at tidiness, we assumed that it had been used by a small army survey party known to be operating in that region. Much of their work is done by helicopter but so far no helipads had been constructed in this area. A side route from the camp led into a gully and here we found a dry cave which provided a useful lunch spot. From near the army camp to Mt. Uraterer the route was clearly blazed. There was surprisingly little disturbance of the bush, almost as though the army party had crept through on tip-toe. We crossed the top of Mt. Uraterer at dusk in a howling gale, rain and mist, and decided that we must find a more sheltered spot for the night.

The saddle between Mt. Uraterer and Mt. Gosper was better and as it was almost dark by then we decided to settle there. The wind and rain continued, interrupting the smooth performance of our camp chores. My own difficulties were increased by a breakdown in my torch but after a few minutes muttering some impolite remarks about torch manufacturers in general, I philosophically reflected that it was the last night, anyway, and I shouldn't need it again on this trip (or so I thought). We went to sleep that night uneasily wondering what would be the condition of the Capertee River, for our crossing on the following day.

There is a clear cattle track for 3-4 miles from this saddle, southwards to Green Hill (not shown on 4m/inch map) and from near Green Hill to the Capertee River we knew that Wilf Hilder had "twigged" a route. This was particularly welcome to us because of the poor visibility. Once again we found a cave for lunch. Alex's meta-tablets had all been used but Bill had a small piece of candle which helped with the fire lighting. After lunch it was difficult to leave the warm shelter of the cave but it was getting late and we were still worrying about the river crossing. The route down the hill is very interesting. It begins by negotiating the well-known sandstone faces, but then leads over Grassy Hill, a basalt pinnacle set in a valley opening to the main river valley below. It was rather slippery under the conditions of our trip but we negotiated it without mishap.

We reached the river after 4 p.m. and, as expected, it was in flood. Alex immediately stripped off and tried wading, but was out of his depth within a few feet of the bank. Bill was obviously uneasy and wanted to travel upstream past Running Stream Creek in the hope that there would be less water in the river above it. However, Alex and I were for crossing immediately as we were afraid that it was rising, probably quite rapidly.

We soon found a suitable spot and Alex stripped off, wrapped his pack and his clothes in his groundsheet and plunged in. There was no great difficulty in the crossing and he was soon ashore. My groundsheet had been snagged a little so I wrapped the pack first in my nylon raincoat, then in the groundsheet, and tied it into a suitable bundle. At this stage I reflected how one's nakedness seems very much emphasized by cold, clammy conditions and pouring rain. I waded as far as possible, tossed the pack forward, swam after it and was soon over. There had been no leakage and the pack was no wetter than before I wrapped it up. The worst part of the procedure is getting dressed again in the rain, while trying to keep pack and contents reasonably dry. Bill was still on the far bank, protesting loudly that this wasn't the way he usually did it. He was finally persuaded into the water and fished out on our side, still complaining. The light was beginning to fade so we moved off upstream without delay. Some of the tributaries which had been almost dry on the outward trip were now roaring torrents and within a mile or two we came to one which looked quite dangerous to cross. We edged our way along a fallen tree but that did not quite reach the other side. A little farther upstream Bill put down his pack and groundsheet, found a long stick and tried to wade but was in danger of being swept down among the rocks. I tried a slightly different place and just made it. However, it was now quite dark. In the excitement, Bill's cape had been mislaid and with the feeble glow from the two remaining torches it took about quarter of an hour to find it. Finally, Bill and Alex made the crossing.

We climbed the far bank of the creek and then found that we had lost the cattle track. We felt our way up through the rocks for some distance, then down to the river again, through blackberry vines and other hazards, but still did not find the track. Then, moving slowly upstream we came to a cave and had a serious discussion about camping the night there. Bill was worried about "the folk at home" and urged that we have one more try to find the track and, if unsuccessful, to try to retrace our way to the cave. After a further period of hazardous scrambling we found the track and set out again with a feeling of relief.

I found that I could manage moderately well, without too many falls, by watching the silhouette of Alex's legs against the glow of his torch on the ground and repeating his movements about five paces later. In the rougher places I moved a little closer. Ig was disconcerting at first because I seemed to be putting my feet down into a black pit, but I gained confidence as we proceeded. Eventually we came to the beginning of the shale mine road. Perhaps it should be recorded that this is probably the

only occasion when Alex has welcomed the sight of a road with obvious relief. Even now our difficulties were not quite over. On the way out Alex had reduced weight by hiding his keys under a rock and, in the dark, we missed the spot. He was eventually able to find them by retracing his way from the farm. While Alex was doing this I went up to the farmhouse to tell Mr. & Mrs. David Webb of our return. We were treated to the usual country hospitality - hot shower, tea and toast by the fire - and finally left about 9.30 p.m. The road to Capertee was rather slippery but presented no difficulty to the Land Rover. Enquiries en route produced conflicting reports about the condition of the Windsor Road, so we returned the long way round, via the Western Highway and the City.

I arrived home at about 4.30 a.m. at the peak of the cyclonic disturbance. After a hot shower and drink I went to bed and awoke at about 10 a.m. to a bright, sunny day.

JUNE FEDERATION REPORT.

"Rangers". It is suggested that if apprehended by "rangers" in the Blue Mountains, Bushwalkers should ask the ranger for his warrant; the last ranger who chastised a member of our Club proved to be a coal miner from the Nattai coalmine.

Mt. Hay Shelter Shed. The Blue Mts. National Trust have invited a group of Federation executive members to assist in choosing the site for this shelter shed; this follows Federation offer of £75 donation. A further shelter shed at Hungerford's Gully is proposed.

N.Z. Working Holiday. Welders and sheet metal workers are needed for an air conditioning firm in New Zealand; fares paid one way. More details may be obtained from the Hon. Sec. of Federation, Grahame Mitchell of SABW.

Shooters at Kanangra. The Chief Guardian of Fauna replied to our letter reporting cases of animals shot in the Kanangra district and said that this area was a faunal district but not a wild life reserve. However members of Federation were invited to become honorary rangers and we have also offered to put up "No Shooting, Protected Fauna" notices in the bush.

Recrossing of the Blue Mountains. The President reported that the re-enactment of the crossing of the Blue Mountains proved to be good liaison and good publicity for bushwalkers and bushwalking.

Federation Ball. The Ball Committee reported that the Ball is to be held on Friday, October 11, at the Paddington Town Hall from 8.30 p.m. to 2 a.m. Tickets 22/6 each. Free tickets will be given to 4 volunteers who are willing to come along and assist with sale of tickets and "Competition" tickets; this offer may suit non-dancers who would like a night out in the company of their bushwalking friends. Bushwalkers are also invited to design caricature drawings of bushwalking scenes and personnel, for use in decoration of the hall; paper will be provided for any budding artists. Finished drawings may be any size such as 4 ft. by 4 ft or 7 ft by 1 ft. etc.

Search and Rescue reported two alerts for club parties overdue on the Nattai and the Grose. Practice weekend to be held July 19-21. (See club notice board for further details. Channel 2 has asked us to take part in a "Safety in the Bush" programme.

Tracks & Access reported that Carlons Head chains had been replaced and made safe.

SCIENCE NATURALLY.Mountain Lagoon.

Most of us have some locality or nook that holds that extra appeal over other, probably equally attractive places. Mine is Mountain Lagoon. Here I have found, perhaps fortuitiously, a mixture of experiences that approaches the ideal that each of us harbours, however deeply.

A small community of people all seeking contentment in simplicity; an area of rich geological interest; rich soil, bursting with life; unexpected fertility amidst the relatively barren sandstone ridges; a sense of remoteness; a sense of peace; and some rich personal encounters in delightful surroundings.

The leading local identity is a quite young 'retired' Sydney barrister who farms the land his father owned. After winning a simple living from his orchards, his main aim is the beautification of his land and he is currently engaged in planting avenues of trees that before long will be a site of rare beauty. Also, he has plans for cleaning and deepening the natural lagoon and stocking it with fish. But all this with supreme tranquility. When I first met him, he was standing by his muddled tractor, practising golf shots.

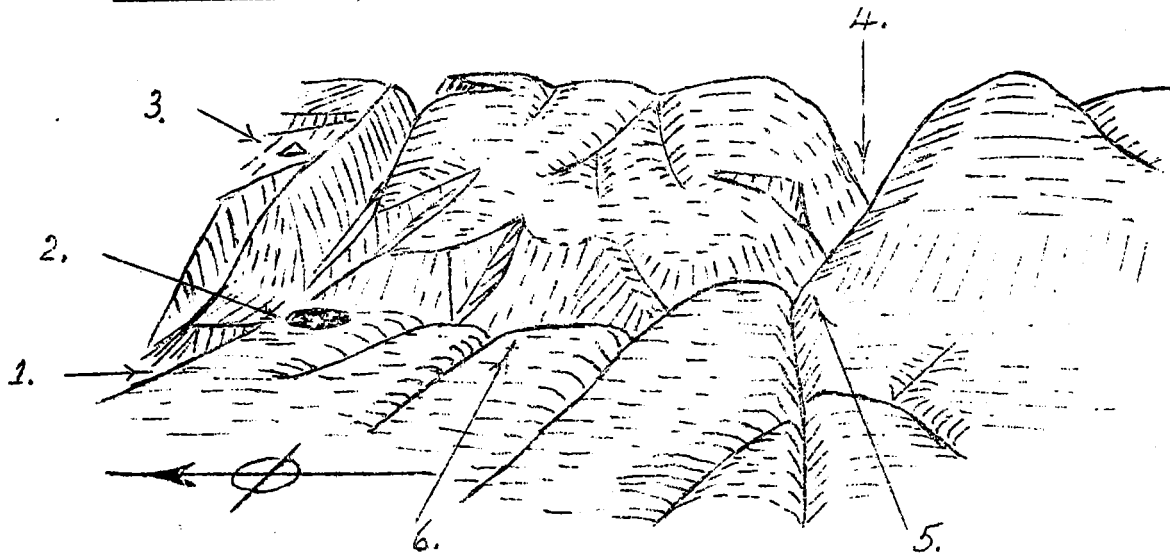
On one walk we were overtaken by a winter gale while still involved in the tangled mass of ridges and gorges between Mountain Lagoon and the Colo. We retreated and were fortunate to find a newly-erected and still unlocked dwelling, close to where we usually camped. It was good to sit back that night and listen to the howling wind and driving rain while we toasted our feet before a roaring fuel stove and baked our drenched clothes in the oven.

Subsequently, on a later walk, we met the owners, and, in fact, were invited to supper. They were delighted to solve the mystery of their unknown guests and intrigued with their first encounter with walkers.

This area owes its fertility to the thin layer of Wianamatta Shale still remaining on top of the more sterile Hawkesbury Sandstone. The main pocket of shale lies along the Bell Road between Kurrajong and Mount Tomah with the Mountain Lagoon area lying, oasis-like, nine miles to the north of Bilpin. The Lagoon itself was formed when a small, eastwards flowing stream was blocked by a land fault which developed at the edge of the Blue Mountains plateau. This fault runs northwards from Lapstone through Kurrajong, and is partly responsible for Kurrajong Heights being so much higher than Lapstone Hill. The fault occurred at the time when the land was being slowly elevated to form the Blue Mountains plateau.

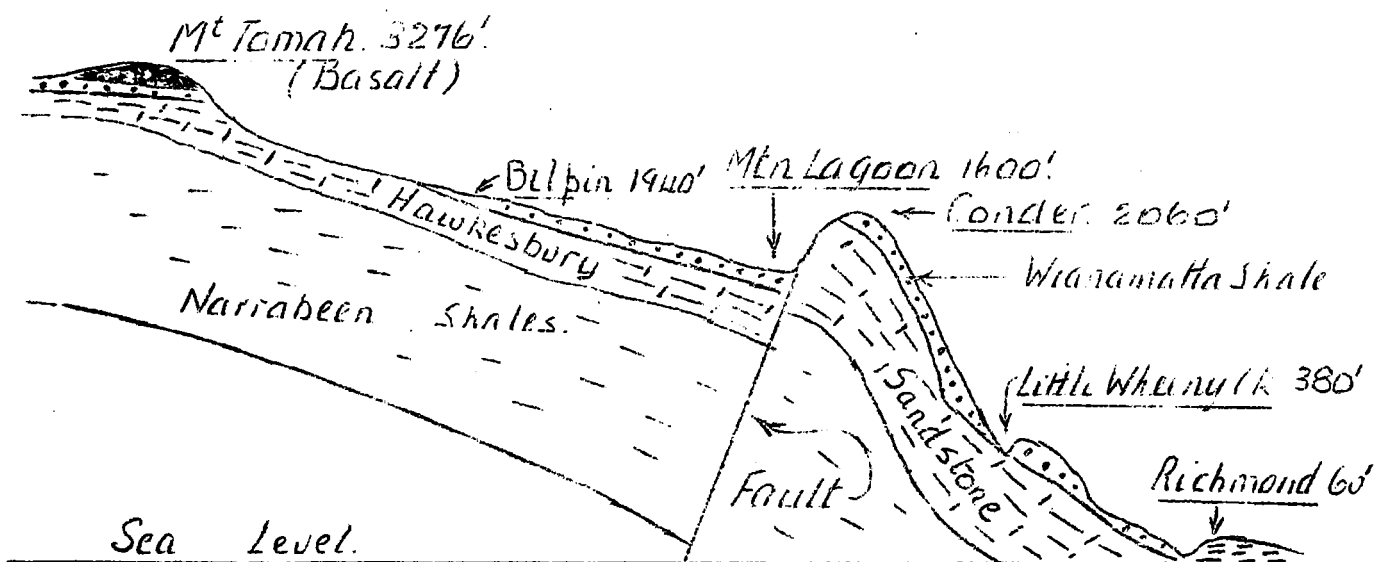
The upthrust of the plateau, and the superimposed faulting (or slipping) occurred so slowly that for a while, it was possible for our small stream

Mountain Lagoon



1. Cabbage Tree Ck.
2. Mountain Lagoon.
3. Conder Trig

4. Wheeny Ck.
5. Wheeny Gap
6. Lagoon Ck.



Section East to West.

to cut into the land mass being raised across its natural path. But it was eventually blocked, forming the lagoon, and leaving a dry valley running northwards for a short distance from the lagoon. Further northwards, the original valley has been taken over and greatly deepened by Gaspers Creek.

Through this dry valley passes the old road from Bilpin - Mountain Lagoon - Wheeny Creek. John Luxton tells me that a few months ago he was able to get his car along this old road, though he omitted to tell me in what condition his car arrived at Wheeny Creek. The little stream has long since disappeared, but Mountain Lagoon still remains to tell the story.

About four miles to the south of Mountain Lagoon, the same fault rose across the path of the larger and more vigorous Wheeny Creek. Unlike its smaller cousin because of its greater volume, it was able to cut through the slowly rising land mass and today we have the spectacle of the Wheeny Gap. Here, where Wheeny Creek cut through the fault, there is an impressive rock gorge, and a series of attractive, though small, waterfalls, when the several side creeks drop their last several hundred feet directly into Wheeny Creek.

SOCIAL NOTES FOR JULY

Recently Edna Stretton was abroad and included in her itinerary visits to East and West Berlin as well as the U.S.S.R. Her slides and talk should be of great interest to those people who would like to visit these interesting places and have not had the good fortune to do so. Her return trip via Panama took her to Trinidad, Long Beach, Vancouver and Honolulu and glimpses of these places will be shown to you. Ed. will be entertaining us on July 17.

On July 24 we'll be having a free night, the only one on the current programme. This will give members a chance to catch up on club gossip.

The Colour Slide Competition will be judged on July 31. The last date for receiving entries is July 17. You know the set-up - a limit of 6 slides per person, clearly named, no categories.

THE RISE AND FALL

We have had two falls lately, and one rise! Dot Butler and Snow Brown have each made like a returning astronaut-- Dot off a bit of rotten rock in Lindfield Park, and Snow out of his brother's car on the way to the Warrumbungles. The rise occurred in the number of patients at Hornsby Hospital where our two stalwarts ended up (literally, of course). Dot with a split libia, and Snow with a broken collarbone. Snow is out of bed, drinking vast quantities of milk to ready him for skiing in September but Dot is still in bed (i.e. at 3.7.63) madly flexing her lower limb to achieve the 90 degree flexure required by the resident M.O. before her release.

At our last meeting your Editor was instructed to reprint this article (February 1956) the further to enlighten members as to how to behave at meetings. In the absence of any worthwhile printable comment from our good President, the article appears unabridged in its original form - a tribute to Mr. Alex Colley's genius.

WHAT TO DO AT MEETINGS.

Alex Colley

The Editor tells me that some of the newer members feel at a disadvantage amongst the old foxes and bush lawyers at our meetings, and has asked me to pen this article. There are many who know more about it and could do it better, but perhaps they are less eager to rush into print.

Although those attending their first meetings may not realise it, every step in the procedure has a definite part in producing the desired result - a recorded decision of the majority - with a minimum of wasted time. The S.B.W. meetings are good examples. They are well conducted, there is little speaking for the sake of being heard, and we get through our business in good time. A knowledge of what to do at meetings is one of the most useful things to be learnt in the Club. When members attend other meetings, as everybody does sooner or later, they will feel at home, and be able to get up and speak effectively, instead of being overawed by the loquacious or afraid of speaking out of turn.

Probably the main reason for the efficiency of our meetings is that many of the early members were good speakers, well versed in procedure. But the rules are not laid down in any statute, nor is there any ultimate authority on what should be done. It was therefore decided to adopt Parliamentary procedure. Actually our meetings are no different from any other properly conducted ones, but, should there be a difference of opinion on procedure, and should there be a parliamentary rule that applied, then it would determine the issue. Sometimes I think that when we have a detailed and far-reaching motion, such as the recent one on National Parks and their management, it would be a good thing if we really did adopt parliamentary procedure. This would entail, firstly, an introduction (or first reading) of the motion. The proposer would explain its general purpose and the "opposition" would criticise it shortly. Some time after we would have a "second reading" when the measure would be thoroughly discussed. Then we would go into "committee" and discuss it clause by clause. I know, however, that long before this our quorum of 15 (the minimum number required to constitute our meeting) would have vanished into the neighbouring hostels, leaving only the President, the Secretary and myself in the Ingersoll Hall. What I shall attempt to describe, therefore, is not "parliamentary procedure," but the usual procedure at our meetings.

The order of business is always (1) Minutes, (2) Correspondence, (3) Reports, and (4) General Business. After the reading of minutes, matters referred to in them may be discussed, and similarly with correspondence and reports. Sometimes the same matter may come up under two, or even three of these headings, in which case the chairman usually defers discussion

until all the information in the hands of the Secretary is put before the meeting. There is good and logical reason for this order of business. Minutes are necessary as a record of proceedings so that everyone will know (and by authorising the chairman to "confirm" them "as a true and correct record" agree upon) what was decided at the previous meeting. This prevents the repetition or rehashing of the same matters at subsequent meetings. Once a motion is adopted it is the Club law until it is rescinded. Correspondence brings up matters which may need discussion, and hence comes second. Reports are necessary so that members will be acquainted with the work of their officers in the previous month, and if members really appreciate what is being done for them, they will show considerable interest. General business is anything that hasn't been discussed before during the evening.

Supposing that a member wants something done by the meeting; how does he go about it? He must first frame it as a motion - "I move that" He should frame his motion as clearly and concisely as possible, or, if it is a long one, write it out and give it to the Secretary. He should then proceed to back it up with whatever facts and arguments he thinks support it. Having lost more motions than anyone else in the Club, I cannot advise on this aspect, but there are other authorities, such as Dale Carnegie. A motion must be framed positively - i.e., it cannot be a proposal not to do something. If it conflicts with the constitution, or with a motion adopted previously, or if it is ambiguous, the chairman will not accept it. Only one motion can be before the meeting at any one time. The motion cannot be discussed unless there is a seconder - an obviously useful provision, because there is no object in discussing something that only one person wants. The seconder may speak after the mover, or later if he prefers. All speakers except the mover, who has a right of reply before the vote is taken, may speak only once.

Anybody who thinks the motion is wrong in some respect, or could be improved, may move an amendment. If he thinks the whole motion is wrong he cannot move an amendment that negatives it - he must simply vote against the motion. An amendment may take several forms, the most usual being that certain words should be added or deleted in a specified place in the motion. If the mover, the seconder, and the meeting, are agreeable, a motion can be re-worded.

If there is an amendment before the meeting, speakers should speak on the motion or the amendment, but not on both together. Previous speakers on the motion are allowed to speak on the amendment. (These rules are not strictly enforced in Club meetings.) The mover of an amendment has no right of reply. Amendments are put to the meeting before the motion, and, if carried, become part of the motion.

It is the chairman's job to see that the debate is conducted according to the rules, and there his job ends. He should take no part in the debate, and do his best to let everyone express their views. It is not an easy job if the members have strong views and won't stick to the rules, or if the knowing try to work "points". But these things seldom happen in S.B.W. meetings.

If the meetings are full or ineffectual, this is the fault of the members. Many do not realise that the conduct of the meetings is, within the framework of the agreed rules of debate, in their own hands. Not only do members decide the subject matter to be discussed, but they have at their command the means of preventing unfairness, pointless discussion and repetition.

If at any time a member thinks that the rules of debate are being transgressed, he may raise a point of order, which the chairman must decide immediately. Often points of order are helpful to the chairman, who may have missed or forgotten something of importance. Sometimes the chairman may deliberately refrain from enforcing a rule if he thinks the meeting prefers some informal discussion to strictly correct procedure. There is a rule, for instance, that people may speak only when there is a motion before the meeting - i.e. they cannot just stand up and air their views, but must place something positive before the meeting in the form of a motion, or speak about a motion already moved. This rule is often broken in our meetings, particularly in "general business". If anybody feels we are just "beating about the bush" he can say "point of order, Mr. Chairman, there is no motion on the books," whereupon the offender will be told to formulate a motion or desist. The Chairman can recall a wandering speaker to the subject; so can a member by saying "Point of order, Mr. Chairman. Is this relevant to the motion?" At any time in a debate the "gag" can be moved in the form "I move the motion be now put." The chairman must put this to the meeting immediately. If the meeting agrees that "the motion be now put", that is the end of the discussion, except for the mover's right of reply. More drastic still, windbags can be silenced by moving, and having carried, a motion "that we move to the next speaker." A member can protect himself from misrepresentation by making a personal explanation, but he must stick to this one point. If a speaker makes an offensive remark the target of the remark can object, whereupon the chairman will order the speaker to withdraw and apologise.

Interjections are permissible, provided the speaker is given a fair hearing. They are usually appreciated by the meeting, particularly if they are to the point, or humorous. A good speaker likes them, as they show that people are interested, and enliven the meeting. Books have been written on meetings, but I believe that anyone who understands the few simple rules I have given will more than hold his own at most meetings. Some chairmen don't understand them, and experienced attenders of meetings often break the simplest rules such as the necessity to formulate a motion, or to have one say and be done with it. More complicated matters may be left to the chairman to sort out. He may not always do strictly the right thing, but provided he tries to be fair, it is unlikely that anyone will object.

One last word of advice to intending speakers at Club meetings; don't take them too seriously. The good spirits, freedom and humour of campfire discussions need not be left behind in the bush. Some of our best meetings have been those where the young members, sometimes with little or no experience in speaking, have just got up and talked.