

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

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

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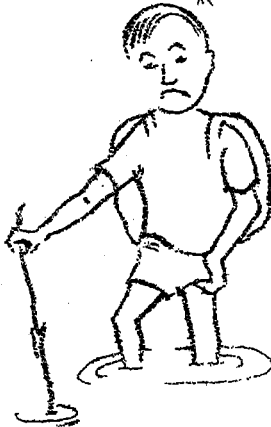



MARCH, 1964

Price 1/-



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Hi,

One can only hail with delight the move by Federation to secure communal club rooms for all the various walking clubs. In the past I have suggested co-operation between the walking clubs in setting up a club room (with atmosphere) to provide a suitable meeting place for all those who applaud the way of life that bushwalking symbolises.

Having hailed this move with delight, quite sincerely, may I then go on to inquire, with a pang of regret, why we haven't heard of this before, and why it is necessary to go to Martin Place to secure, for rent, the communal club room.

We, the S.B.W. are Sydney's largest club, and, as such, should rate some say in all these goings on. But we, I fear, are becoming more of a social, rather than bushwalking, club, and there are several other clubs with a smaller, but more active, membership. These clubs are doing more walking and TALKING than us, and are undoubtedly having a larger influence on trends in bushwalking. It is not really surprising, therefore, I suppose, that Federation presents us with a fait accompli.

Now while the idea is admirable, whether we had a say in it or not, surely we can do better than Martin Place - the very heart of the concrete jungle. There is only one place for bushwalkers to hold meetings, and that is in the bush. This, a typical Brooks suggestion, would prove quite impractical and so we are forced to consider some man-made shelter. Here the choice is wide, but I contend we should lean toward the old rather than the new, the austere rather than the ornate.

Nothing, I feel, could suit our purposes more admirably than an old warehouse - and I believe there are quite a few going begging around Kent and Sussex Streets - for here, we could develop a club room that would exude the aura of bushwalking. This would make for less formal meetings and evenings more in that casual spirit we admire.

One thing that would be really worthwhile would be a practice ski-run. Given a small amount of room, one could be built of second hand lumber for a lot less than our Treasurer has hidden away. Coir matting makes a good surface for practice, on which all the well-known turns, manoeuvres and falls can be tried out. There used to be one of these practice slopes in Sydney, unfortunately now defunct, but it provided an exhilarating Friday night's entertainment. The combined bushwalking clubs are just the group to re-introduce such a noble sport - but not in Martin Place.

The ingenuity of bushwalkers would be quite equal to the task of devising other suitable activities, only given the space to operate in, and the knowledge that a bit of jumping around wasn't going to cause any excitement.

W. J.

THE FEBRUARY GENERAL MEETING

Jim Brown.

Maybe it was the absence of the President, abroad on O.T.C. business, or maybe the members were simply flexing their larynxes in preparation for the Annual Meeting - at all events the usually docile February meeting turned into quite a garrulous occasion.

The beginning, with Vice-President, Jack Gentle, in the chair was deceptively quiet. Minutes brought no comment, and (Correspondence being deferred to a later position in the evening's business) the Treasurer told us income had exceeded expenditure during January, and we closed the Club year with a current bank balance of £133.

Alex Colley asked whether the Christmas Party had actually reaped a £22 profit, and Social Secretary Edna Stretton explained that about £10 had been paid in advance and dealt with earlier in the year, leaving about £12 to the good. Alex commented that it was still a very good result.

In Correspondence we received a letter conveying Alan Strom's resignation, explaining that pressure of his other activities, precluded him from active walking and further, he had always regarded walking as secondary to the allied conservation interest. There was also correspondence to Federation regarding the search carried out in the Burning Palms area in November, and a letter to Tom Moppett concerning the address on National Parks Association activities to be given to the Club later in the month. The Hobart Bushwalkers were keen to restore us to the list of agents re-tailing their annual magazine but we agreed to advise them of previous problems in this field, and explain that there were other avenues of sale.

Wilf. Hilder presented the Walks Report, explaining some trip accounts were still to come. However, some outstanding December reports included one covering Sandra Bardwell's trip of December 6-8, which was re-scheduled owing to wet conditions and went from Oldham's Selection to Mumbedah Creek and back again. There were many fire and timber roads near the Selection and some good waterfalls in Mumbedah Creek. Stuart Brooks' Sunday walk on December 15 proved fairly easy going, except for a couple of miles of scrub pushing. A jeep track now runs from the West Head Road to the ridge south of Great Mackerel Beach, and some attractive secluded beaches near West Head were found. The Rudolph Cup was postponed from December 15 to a date to be fixed.

Lack of Starters caused cancellation of January 10-12 weekend trip and the January 12 day walk, while the week-ender of January 17-19 was altered to Mt. Tomah South - Claustal Canyon - Calcutta Falls - Glow Worm Cave - Dunnet's Pass - Camel's Hump - Tomah South. David Balmer had a party of 14 for a trip including swimming, wading and wet abseils. Claustal Canyon contained two abseils of 35 ft and one of 60 ft, as well as a 10 ft jump into a pool.

The only programmed walk for the Australia Holiday Walk was cancelled - no starters. However, on the previous weekend Jack Perry provided an unscheduled day walk from Campbelltown to O'Hare's Creek and back, which attracted 6 members and 2 prospectives.

Jack Gentle added a rider that the Lord Howe Island contingent over Christmas was most active and went walking daily.

In the absence of the Federation report, Wilf Hilder presented some notes: he advised that the tunnel through the first Narrow Neck was open again, and also that Federation was obtaining photo maps of some areas where the accuracy of recent surveys was questioned. Federation was also canvassing the opinions of member clubs on the desirability of leasing some premises in the City as a permanent Club room. However, annual rental would amount to about £700, much of which would have to be raised by sub-letting to other clubs. The room would hold about 50 people. Search and Rescue was proposing a change of policy, seeking advice of overdue parties immediately, so that a decision could be reached whether early or deferred searching was needed.

Some questions were asked regarding the Club room project and it was disclosed that the space was in Challis Houss, Martin Place. It was available for a three year lease, and would be a full-time occupancy. In order to test the meeting's feeling, Kath Brown moved we inform Federation that our Club required accommodation for over 100 people and we were therefore not interested in the proposal. Gordon Redmond explained that it was not certain that Federation would be allowed to sub-let; it was pointed out that as a larger club, the increased cost to Federation could mean a lift in our affiliation fees without real advantage to us. Alex Colley said office space in the City might become a drug on the market in a year or so, and the motion was carried.

Reaching General Business it was announced that the day walk for Sunday February 23 had been converted into a Swimming Carnival, with Nan Bourke and Brian Harvey joining forces as organisers with leader Helen McMaugh. It was announced that this was the last chance to put up Constitutional amendments for debate at the Annual Meeting. Also it transpired that this year the Federation Reunion would coincide with the Club Reunion. Some liaison with Federation had not resolved the clash of dates.

Gladys Roberts reported that the Australia Day weekend at Era had been made hideous by the tomahawk work of the 1st Epping Scout Troop who had been seen to chop down several green trees. She suggested writing to the Troop, but Jack Gentle proposed that the letter go to the General Secretary at the State H.Q, from which it would filter down to the offending Troop. Jack Wren moved an amendment that we ask the Scouting movement

what action was being taken. Wilf Hilder suggested the National Park Trust should be informed as well, and in this shape the motion was carried. Dick Child mentioned that he believed some enlightened Scoutmasters were trying to do away with the axes and Jack Wren said it had never been Scout Policy to carry hatchets - but many of them did.

Frank Ashdown said recently there had been some criticism of members by a prospective member. Taking the opposite view, he thought some prospectives were not sincerely trying to become full members, but were doing several terms as prospectives, or gaining deferment of their application. They had been with us too long and the Club should stick to its membership rules. Jack Gentle said the appropriate motion would be a recommendation to Committee, and Frank moved accordingly.

Support came from various quarters. Wilf Hilder felt the calibre of test walks should not be watered down. Colin Putt felt maintenance of admission standards was necessary to ensure that suitable people came into the Club, and Jack Wren said members of a walking club should be expected to walk: he didn't suggest harder standards but adherence to those established. We all (or most of us) then gave assent to this principle.

David Ingram followed up with a blast against the assemblage outside the clubroom during meetings and lectures: also against those others incapable of sitting reasonable still for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours or displaying the normal courtesy to speakers and entertainers. Some of the trouble, he suggested, came from those who must have a few drinks during the evening and in due course had to vacate the room again. Without proceeding to a motion, he suggested that the restless ones pack near the door to avoid disturbance.

The evening concluded with the usual (or unusual) crop of notices - the warning from the Chair to select your nominees for the Annual Election - the announcement of the forthcoming Car Trial weekend - Mick Elfick to say that information of the Deua River/Bendethera area was sought for conservation purposes - and Colin Putt to seek office workers for a big publicity drive concerning an expedition to Heard Island.

By which time we were all in good speaking shape for March, and called it a night at 9.20 p.m.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

In our previous issue we omitted to mention that the poem "Bungonia" first appeared in an anniversary edition of the Catholic Bushwalker Annual.
Ed.

WOLLANGAMIE CREEK. This is the area assigned to Sydney Bushwalkers to explore. Recently, Ross Wyborn and party made a first descent of a section of the creek he has aptly called "Clatterteeth Canyon" (though we believe other equally appropriate names were suggested. Ross's map and description of the trip appear in this issue.

Extract from letter to Paddy Pallin.

Kosciusko - The Tin Mine Area - Selby Alley, Newcastle University
College Bushwalkers.

Four of the boys and I had a trip to the Tin Mine and Pilot, and you said you would be interested to know details. Unfortunately, there is now a jeep track from Dead Horse Gap right through to the Tin Mine connecting with the Limestone track at the Tin Mine. This track passes right under the Pilot and goes on into Victoria.

We had intended to take two days over the walk to the Tin Mine because of anticipated difficulty in finding the track, but in fact had an early lunch at Cascade Creek and arrived at the Tin Mine huts about 5 o'clock - total distance about 16 miles. The walk is moderately interesting except for the last 5 or 6 miles. There is water all the way. The Tin Mine huts consist of the old big hut which is beautifully built - split weatherboards and shingles, measures about 45' x 20' and is too dirty to be attractive; Old Charlie's Hut (see Geehi Club booklet) which is rough, clean and comfortable with three bunks; a hydrology hut - luxurious, three bunks.

It is a 4 or 5 mile walk from the hut to the Pilot, and the turn-off sign to ascend the Pilot is cut into a snow gum. The ascent from this spot takes from half an hour to an hour. The return from the Pilot to Tin Mine huts can be made the most beautiful walk by descending into Tin Mine Creek and following it until it intercepts the jeep track not far from the huts. This creek flows down a beautiful green valley where wild horses are very plentiful.

The Tin Mine Falls, which the Geehi booklet says are 1,600 feet, are in fact nearer 300 feet. The total fall, cataracts, stream bed and everything else over about half-a-mile horizontally could be 1,600 feet. However, it is a wonderful scene with great bare rock crags. We made a round trip of it, having parked a car not far from the Jacob's River. We had brought a car in from the Jindabyne to Ingebyra Road along a jeep track, which takes off near Grosses Plain. We walked about 13 miles from hear the Tin Mine across the Pinch River, Stockwhip Hill, Bill's Garden to the Jacob's River and then climbed up from the Jacobs about a mile to where we had left the car. The Jacobs where we crossed it is a lovely river - a beautiful place for a camp and a bit of fishing. It was a most successful trip and especially good when it is able to be done with the two cars - that is one left at Dead Horse Gap and one above Jacob's River.

Of all the huts I have ever seen Cascade Creek Hut is the one I would most like to see preserved. It is a wonderful example of the Bush



PADDY MADE



7.

IT'S YOUR MOVE NEXT.

Moving into new quarters is no fun, just a heck of a lot of hard work and headache.

However we have managed to complete our move without disrupting our service to you.

The latest thing for walkers of course, is our new address, where we will be able to serve you better, now that we are settling down.

Most walkers will welcome Autumn, with its promise of good walking weather. This is the time for harder trips, which test you and your gear.

For the new item you need, or any repair job, see us NOW, it will be a good move on your part.

Our ski hire bookings are open.

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carpenter's work, is made from split alpine ash, the boards being almost as neat as if they had been sawn. The minimum of nails was used, timber cleats with a few nails each being used to hold the boards on the walls. The hut will inevitably be burned and is really ready to burn. It could and should be taken to pieces and re-assembled in some sort of folk museum - the privately owned one just outside Cooma would be quite suitable. The structure of the hut is in excellent condition despite its age and neglect, but bark would have to be stripped from somewhere to re-roof it. Nowadays it is less than 100 yards from a jeep track.

THE ORIGIN OF THE "BONE"

Newer members who gaze with mixed feelings upon the mighty lump of bone that graces the presidential table, may not be fully aware of its antiquity and historical importance. It is not hard to imagine some under-nourished bovine collapsing on a scorching day in Megalong, to have portion of its anatomy removed some years later by a passing walker.

But say not so! The "Bone" has a more regal origin than this. It is, in fact, portion of a mighty denizen of the ancient, steamy swamps, that, before the upright bipeds appeared on the scene, roamed the countryside making great roaring noises that sounded something like "Iwon'tbedrue". It's name was Mego-stegosaurus Bushwackadon, and its history has been recorded in poetry for future generations of Sydney Bushwalkers. There was a time when this was chanted at the reunion campfire as the "Bone" was handed over to the in-coming President:-

"Behold the mighty Stegosaur,
Famous in prehistoric lore
Not only for his weight and strength,
But for his intellectual length.
You will perceive by these remains
The creature had two sets of brains -
One in his head (the usual place),
The other at his spinal base.
Thus, he could reason "a priori",
As well as "a posteriori",
No problem bothered him a bit -
He made both head and tail of it.

So wise was he, so wise and solemn,
Each thought just filled a spinal column.
If one brain found the pressure strong,
It passed a few ideas along;
If something slipped his forward mind,
'Twas rescued by the one behind;
And if in error he was caught
He had a saving afterthought;
As he thought twice before he spoke
He had no judgments to revoke,
For he could think without congestion
Upon both sides of every question."

You now know why bushwalkers are so often caught in two minds, and why it is so appropriate that our President should have the only known relic of the extinct Stego.

The Stego, became extinct we are told, because he developed the habit of sitting down.

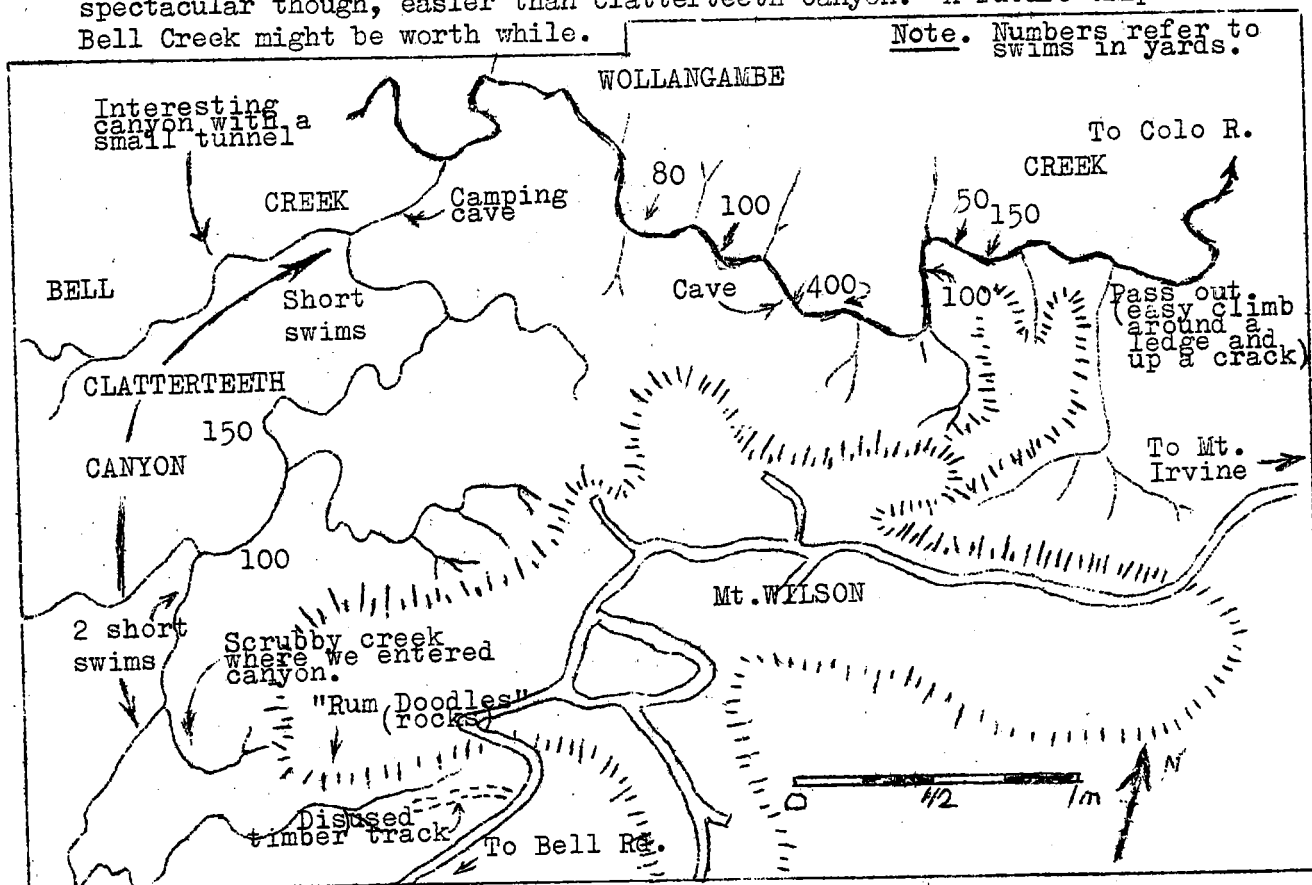
THE FIRST DESCENT OF CLATTERTEETH CANYON

Ross Wyborn.

"Do you really know if this creek flows into a canyon?" one irate member of the party asked. When I told him I did not really know and that we were doing a sort of exploratory trip he mumbled that he should have gone to Danae Brook. Admittedly the scrub was thick in this section of the creek but we had only just dropped into it. We left the Mt. Wilson road just before the hill up to Mt. Wilson and had wandered down an old track and bashed across some low scrub to the creek.

Several hundred yards after dropping into the creek by a small side arm, it narrowed into a small canyon. After swimming two short pools the morale of the party was raised at the prospect of finding a good canyon. However, after this the creek valley seemed to widen, but no, we were only looking up a side creek, the main creek went around the corner and WOW! What a canyon. It was a long swim and we couldn't see the end of it. After this swim of about 100 yards the canyon again widened but no, another swim, then another 120 yard swim and yet more swims until we gave up counting. The name "Clatterteeth Canyon" fitted this canyon perfectly.

At the junction of Bell Creek we left our packs and walked up it for a short distance. The lower section of this canyon was more spectacular though, easier than Clatterteeth Canyon. A future trip down Bell Creek might be worth while.



Our canyon had now widened which in a way was a good thing as some members had now agreed that too much of a good thing was bad or rather cold. When we reached the Wollangambe Creek I had the job of finding a cave as I had told the party not to bring tents because there would be plenty of caves. Being lazy I settled for a flat patch of sand and confidently declared that it would not rain tonight. At 9.30 there were a few spots of rain and members scrambled across the creek to a small glow worm cave. First in got beds on the small dirt floor while last in had to sleep precariously perched on a two foot wide rock ledge. It didn't rain after all and there were much better caves found around the corner in the morning.

The Wollangambe seemed to be a more open canyon at first and bashing through the scrub was no pleasant job. After about half a mile, however, it was necessary to swim a wide low cliffed canyon much to the delight of some members of the party. After this there were several small swims then a long swim of about 100 yards and then another approaching a quarter of a mile in length with some small sand banks. After another 120 yard swim lunch was declared on a patch of sand opposite another canyon junction. Ways out of the Wollangambe since the swims began were few and far between and some of the party began to save their food for Monday. Faced with yet another swim one member in particular tried to climb out here by doing a hairy traverse but failed to get across it and was forced to swim.

A short swim of about 50 yards and another about 150 yards long brought us to where a small side canyon came in on the right. Here we managed to find a pass out. From above we could appreciate what a great canyon the Wollangambe is as it still wound on as far as we could see through a maze of rough country. Back on Mt. Wilson blackberries were the order of the day and a big feast of them was a fitting ending to the trip.

DAY WALKS.

- MARCH 22 Waterfall - Kangaroo Ck - Karloo Pool - Audley. 11 miles. This walk follows the valley of Kangaroo Ck from the source near Waterfall Stn. to the junction with the Hacking River. A good pre-Easter walk in pleasant surroundings. Train: 8.20 a.m. Cronulla train from Central Electric Station to Sutherland. Change there for rail motor to Waterfall. Tickets: Waterfall return @ 6/-. Map: Port Hacking Tourist or Port Hacking Military. Leader: Ern French.
- APRIL 5. Waterfall - Uloola Falls - Karloo Pool - Heathcote - 7 miles. The previous day walk followed the valley of Kangaroo Ck. This one follows the ridges between Kangaroo Ck. and the Hacking River. Recommended for new prospective members. Train: 8.50 a.m. Cronulla train from Central Electric Station to Sutherland. Change there for rail motor to Waterfall. Tickets: Waterfall return 6/-. Leader: Dick Child.
- APRIL 12 Glenbrook - Old Glenbrook Tunnel - Lapstone Zig Zag - Nepean River - Glenbrook Gorge - Glenbrook. This outing includes exploration of the original railway route. Train: 8.20 a.m. Lithgow train from Central Steam Station. Tickets: Glenbrook return 14/3. Leader: John Holly.

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BATTLE REPORT FROM THE BULLDOZER FRONT.

From "On Collision Course; Developers and Park Lovers" in "House and Home," May 1963.

"Housing Industry bulldozers have blitzed into some of the nation's last precious enclaves of forest, shore, and sand dune in the last 18 months.... A cursory reading of such battle reports makes it appear that developers are winning on most fronts. But there is another side to the coin. Congress has become sufficiently aroused to create the first three new national parks in 18 years... President Kennedy has set up the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation to spur efforts of 20 federal agencies to save some of the nation's shore and wilderness. Politicians are finding a new issue in the conservation groundswell, and on virtually every government level there is evident a new determination to spare at least some parcels of beach, stream and canyon from the civilising mark of concrete and asphalt. What kind of picture does this present? The image that emerges most clearly is that of Stewart Udell, Conservationist. Outgunned and outmanned by mechanized legions of developers, he still seems to be everywhere, halting briefly to make a stand and moving to dig in again, always looking over his shoulder, never more than a step ahead of the bulldozers - a posture draining sympathy and admiration."

"WOODS" by W.H. Auden,
from "The Shield of Achilles".

A well-kempt forest begs our Lady's grace
Someone is not disgusted, or at least
Is laying bets upon the human race
Retaining enough decency to last;
The trees encountered on a country stroll
Reveal a lot about what country's soul

A small grove massacred to the last ash,
An oak with the heart-rot, give away the show:
This great society is going smash;
They cannot fool us with how fast they go,
How much they cost each other and the gods!
A culture is no better than its woods.

SOCIAL NOTES FOR MARCH.

On Wednesday, 18th March, Rayner Mayer will give a talk on South Africa. As you probably know, Rayner hails from South Africa, and so we can look forward to an interesting evening. The only other evening in March, the 25th has been left clear to enable everyone to skite about what they are going to do over Easter.

UNCLE MUST'VE SEEN-ED IT.

"Scotty".

I'se tell about a fink, Ma, what Uncle Ian told,
 One day when he went campin' 'an' caught a dredful cold;
 He called it a "disease", Ma, this fink I'se going to tell,
 An' when I asked him where it hurt, he groaned an' said, "Hell!"
 I fink it's called a bush walker, this fink what Uncle met
 The day he cam home snifflin' wiv his trouse's awf'ly wet.

Well, Uncle, when I asked him, said it was a noxious weed,
 But I fink it's a monkey, Ma, or somefin of that breed.
 He said it wears a floppy hat, a khaki shirt an' pants,
 An' carries 'normous loads around, an' lives on nuts an' ants.
 An' the men-ones beat their chests an' yell, "I'm tuff!" until
 you quail,
 But Uncle says the female is more deadly than the male!

Now, one day Uncle met a lady bush walker, it seems,
 An' Uncle fell in lðve wiv her, she haunted all his dreams.
 So Uncle went an' bought hissself a khaki shirt and shorts,
 An' wombled off one Sunday fer to do his first 'Test Walk'.
 I s'pose that they went walkin', Ma, but Uncle called it "hike",
 Ma, why should these fings want to WALK? I'm sure I'd raver byke.

They rushed froo woods an' gullies, Ma, d'you fink they were
 afraid?

(I'se not afraid in woods, Ma - becept they's lots of shade).
 An' Uncle's lady led the walk, so Uncle did his best.
 But they never even stopped once to have a lickle rest:
 Till after he had scrumbled on for more than half an hour,
 Poor Uncle wilted where he stood, just like a wayside flower.

An' no one noticed he was left, an' no one stopped to see
 An' Uncle saw a lickle creek an' made hissself some tea.
 An' Uncle must have slept, Ma, for when he looked around
 They's lots of creepy-crawly fings a-wrigglin on the ground:
 They's snakes, an' ants, an' lizards, Ma, an' a great 'normous
 spider,

But wusst of all a BUNYIP, wif a mouth - this wide! - or wider.

An' Uncle, was he fwightened, Ma? Not he! He frew a punch
 Right in the middle of the place where the Bunyip keeps his lunch.
 But Uncle must of missed, Ma, for the nex fink Uncle knew,
 He's sploshing in the water, wiv his cloths all wet froo.
 An' jus then Uncle's lady-love came back to look for him,
 An' larfed till she was fit to bust, an' asked him could he swim?

An' Uncle lost his temper, Ma, an' said a big, bad WORD,
 An' the lady walker looked as tho' she didn't ought have heard.
 I'se finissed all the story, Ma, d'you fink that it's all true?
 D'you fink if I went bush-walkin', I'd see a Bunyip, too?
 Now Granny says they's no such fings, that Uncle must of dreamed it,
 But Uncle's sure an' so am I, that Uncle must've seen-ed it.

SCIENCE, NATURALLY.

THE HISTORY OF PARRAMATTA.

One can do a lot worse than spend a day roaming around Parramatta. If our early history appeals to you, then Parramatta becomes a must. Here are some of the items of unusual interest that can be seen:-

In Parramatta Park, there is the Governors Bath House, erected in 1823 by Governor Brisbane;

The site of the first Observatory, built by Governor Brisbane in 1822, and the Old Government House. The first House, erected in 1790, was re-built in 1799, and duplicated by Macquarie in 1815. Near the Park gates is a memorial to Lady Fitzroy who was killed nearby, and in the rose garden can be seen the stone base of the sentry box at the gate of Government House, laid in 1791.

The Marsden St. dam was the first dam erected at this site by Governor Macquarie, and at the N.W. corner of Marsden and George Sts, is "Brislington" the oldest existing dwelling house in Parramatta proper - built in 1821.

St. John's Church, appropriately enough in Church Street is worth inspection. The original church was built in 1803. The towers, which are still standing, were added in 1818, and the old church was demolished and rebuilt in the early 1850's.

On the site of the present Town Hall nearby, Governor Macquarie set up a market place and the first "Fair" in Australia was held there in 1813. Macquarie also established the practice of holding an annual feast for the natives here, and the custom was carried on for many years.

In Alice Street just east of Alfred Street is Elizabeth Farm House. This was John Macarthur's homestead built in 1793 and named after his wife. It is the oldest existing house in Australia, and some of the original shingles are still visible at the gables under a more recent covering. Two interesting things about the homestead are that Sir Henry and Lady Parkes were for a time tenants and that this was the site of the use of the first plough in Australia.

Alfred Square in Church Street near Victoria Street was the site of the old gaol. The original log building, built in 1796, was burnt down and replaced by a stone building in 1804. The first woollen goods made in Australia were spun and woven here. In the gaol yard, now Alfred Park, many criminals and bushrangers were hung. In O'Connell Street just north of Ross Street, is Roseneath, a typical one-storey old colonial home built in the 1830's and probably the finest existing example in Australia of that period.

TERRA NOVA - AND THE HEAT WAVE.

Jim Brown

It's not easy these days to find a bit of genuine Terra Nova within a reasonable distance of Sydney. However, there are a few places that measure up to the specification - no fire trail or timber cutter's tracks - not even the scratches of hobnailed boots - and certainly no empty cans and bottles.

There is one tract of Terra Nova I had acknowledged for a good many years and had mentally promised to visit it, but it was only during the last few years that a combination of map and ground reconnaissance presented an acceptable round trip. To be precise it was roughly a diamond shaped trip with successive legs running south-east, north-east, north-west and south-west, and each leg of about a day's stage. Not all of it could be Terra Nova pure and unadulterated, but there would be enough to consider it a pioneering jaunt.

The way I planned to tackle it, the route began on Nulls Mountain, a big basalt plateau, perhaps the biggest of the residuals on the Northern Blue Mountains about 20 road miles east of Rylstone. A fire trail leads down off the south eastern corner of Nulls, and between the strange peaky hills on the headwaters of the Cudgong River to the foot of an old acquaintance, Mount Coricudgy.

Timber miller's roads go right up and around Coricudgy overlooking first the tops of Wolleri Creek (Colo system) and coming at the north eastern end to a ridge separating two tributary arms of the Hunter River. Out along that ridge lies another beautifully isolated, austere basalt crown about 4000 ft high, Mt. Coriaday, and from it ridges run out north and east into the Hunter Valley system, some at least dropping into the cultivated land along Widdin Brook. The western wall of Widdin Brook is formed by the ridge running north from Nullo, and so-presto! the circle was closed.

Of course, like all true examples of Terra Nova, the maps are inadequate. Most of the tentative planning had to be done off the quarter-scale Singleton Sheet (about 1" = 4 miles). There wasn't much detail, but what there was suggested quite a deal of up-and-down-hill work, some probably quite steep. It didn't look like a summer weather jaunt.

As Fortune's wheel turned, my chance to try it came in January. And, just before the final plans were made, two new maps, Olinda and Coricudgy, became available. The first embraced the south end of Nulls Mt.: the second showed a trail running north along the ridge from Coricudgy, and going on to an un-named high plateau a couple of miles west of Coriaday, while the mountain itself - Coriaday - just squeezed into the top of the sheet. Between Coriaday and Widdin Brook and back to Nulls was still Terra Incognita.

Monday, January 6, the temperature in Sydney was 86: it was a good deal hotter west of the Dividing Range where I was driving north from the Riverina to the walking ground. So hot, in fact, that it was more comfortable to keep on driving into the night so that I had the wind of travel. Night was spent by the roadside about 15 miles south west of Bathurst, and when the morning promised more heat I got away early - at 5.30, and by 8.30 a.m. had reached Rylstone, via Bathurst and Sofala. An hour later, with a smoky blueness dwelling over the hills, I came to the top of Nulls Mountain; to leave the car in a pleasant grassy, forested place just along Fire Trail No. 31. I started to walk at 9.45.

The Fire Trails in the Northern Blue Mountains seem to receive scant maintenance, and although it was quite clear where it descended off the mountain, it soon became overlaid with timber cutters roads, and by 11.30 it was quite evident I had mislaid the correct way, and was going south west - about 90° off course. In some chagrin I took to the scrub, bearing east, and about an hour later came to a shallow valley, with a trail running something between south and south east, and even a yellow pointer reading "Fire Trail to—" (no name). It pointed toward Nulls.

This was Never Never Creek, where I stopped for lunch. Down in the valley the warm west-wind didn't have much effect and I realised it was really extremely hot. During the next hour I crossed two or three small creeks and sat in each one to pour tepid water over myself. Between creeks I walked with a piece of saturated towelling around my neck, dripping down my spine.

Somewhere about 2 o'clock I came to the only property on the route "The Nolle". The tenant farmer, whom I met just beyond the homestead told me (in answer to my opening remark "Picked a crook day for this game") it was 102° on his verandah. I later learned Sydney had a maximum 105° that day - so I quite believe him.

He was a helpful citizen, and offered a ride on the plough drawn by his tractor up to the "top paddock" where the fire trail went on up into the gap between Mount Kelgoola and Mount Nidderula, two conical wooded hills standing perhaps 1000' above the upland valley of the farm. I could have walked just as fast but it was uphill and over 100°, so I decided it would be churlish to decline.

Leaving the plough well up on the flank of Kelgoola, I made up through the gap; in the grassy valley beyond, the fire trail vanished, but it was fairly easy to work out its line, and presently I stopped for photographic-purposes just beyond Gavin's Swamp. Here I found the heat had driven my coupled lightmeter quite crazy - it tried to tell me I needed 100th at f4 (at 3.30 on a brilliant afternoon). I also found

an 8 oz slab of cheese in my pack had turned to a viscous liquid. Fortunately, it was sealed in cellophane and there it stayed, a cheese bomb which dissolved daily, for three days. I wasn't game to open it lest it dribble greasily all over my gear.

Another hour, during which some of the ferocity passed from the sun, brought me to the Coricudgy Road, half a mile from the foot of the mountain. I decided on a rest before the climb, so had an early evening meal and cool-off in the head of Cudgegong River between 4.30 and 5.45 p.m. The west wind was still blowing as I went on, and it made the hill endurable. The grade is not unduly steep, and about 7.15 I was on top, to find that the Army has been there in force. Later I was given various figures of 3,000 to 5,000 troops on the mountain during the big November exercises.

Coricudgy commands some remarkable views, but at that past-sundown hour they were not photographic, so I quickly set up my tent, and walked to a spot where I could watch the clouds welling up in the western sky. For once on a trip I sincerely wished a weather change - even rain.

Half an hour later I was wishing it even more fervently. As I settled to sleep I became aware of a glow seen through the gap at the end of the tent. Closer checking revealed pinpoints of bushfire light - but how far away? Could be anything from 500 yards to 5 miles. It took another hour to induce that fatalistic frame of mind - "no use dashing off somewhere. Go to sleep and see what happens." Eventually I did go to sleep - and nothing happened.

Wednesday morning came in still hazy and overcast; to the west, crags and mountains of all shapes stuck up from a milky sea of mist and bush fire smoke. I was ready to go by 5.45, but the light was not photographic, so I voted against going north along the crest, and elected to go back down a few hundred feet and follow the forester's road which flanks the southern and eastern slopes of the mountain.

During this manoeuvre a few small showers of rain blew up, but didn't have much cooling effect; and it was still humid and hazy when, at 7.30, I set off down the north eastern ridge into the saddle, with Doriaday ahead and a little to my right as target.

The trail shown on the new Coricudgy map was there - a jeep track, very steep at first, and somewhat overgrown, presently levelling out and winding between patches of newly burned bush. Some of the fallen timbers were still smoking, but since almost all the dry litter on the ground had been burned, I felt there was little risk of a fresh outbreak at that point.

TO BE CONTINUED

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THE CAR TRIAL

David Ingram.

The Car Trial, which has become sufficiently popular to warrant inclusion in each Summer Programme, was held on 15th-16th February. The starting place was the Melba Theatre Strathfield, where a representative gathering of Club personalities assembled with their vehicles. By 1.0 p.m. most of them were on their way, clutching clue and answer sheets in their hot little hands - it was a hot day, too!

We answered such queries as "What was Norton Doing?" Chipping! (Chipping Norton), and "What type of plane is not allowed to use the Aerodrome (Bankstown) except in an emergency?" To ensure a correct answer, Esne Biddulph rang up the Aerodrome to enquire just what the situation was. This enterprising member succeeded, also, in acquiring a couple of excellent Cumberland County Council publications on the history of the district from local historians to whom she was directed during her search for information.

After a good look at Historical Liverpool, a fast run was made to Camden. South of the town, it was necessary to negotiate the Old Razorback Rd. where an approaching thunderstorm made it advisable to lose no time on this section which could become slippery after rain. The "Royal George" at Picton proved a welcome stopping place to enquire "the price of a middy of beer in the public bar!" Then on to "Thurilmere" (!!) Lakes (formerly Picton Lakes) to a grassy, cool camping spot on Mountain Lake, where Blue Gum Creek begins en route to the Nattai River. After tea, checking the answer sheets in the presence of most of the contestants created a diversion, as did some of the answers and comments from the assemblage.

Next morning was cool and bright and, in response to a request by one of the contestants, who, with her daughter and other children, wanted more time for swimming, the start was delayed until 10. a.m. The run back via Bargo Bridge to Picton was uneventful, except that a bridge in Picton had been closed for repairs since the route of the trial had been surveyed by the organisers, thereby creating a mild diversion in several directions. The trial finished at Cordeaux Dam where pleasant surroundings and excellent picnic facilities had lunch easy.

Most contestants scored very well during the morning run and the final result was a tie between Kath, Jim and Christine Brown in one car and Esne Biddulph, Joan Kelp and Raymon U'Brien in the other.

It was generally agreed, amongst those taking part, that the whole affair was thoughtfully organised so that there was no

need to rush between points where answers were to be found. Now, the organisers think that they should rest on their laurels and some new organisers with new ideas should take over for next year, so that they, the present organisers, may take part in any future car trial and try out their ability to solve clues as well as devise them.

Letter to the Editor from Nan Bourke.

I am sure that "Housebound's" sad little poem in last month's magazine struck a responsive chord in many an S.B.W. bosom.

Paddy and I think the idea of a baby minding bureau an excellent one and want our names on the list, both as "willing to mind" and "eager to dump". We have two handicaps, Rosemary 7, and Brian, 3, and I think we could cope with an additional two, preferably about the same age.

This thing will probably need some experiment, but I'm sure that if we can find enough parents willing to give it a go, we can work out a suitable system. I'm even willing to volunteer as organiser, so if anyone is interested would they please see me in the Clubroom, at the Reunion or give me a rang at 539736.

S.B.W. SWIMMING CARNIVAL RESULTS 1964

Men's Open Championship.

- | | | |
|----------------|--------------|-------------------|
| 1. George Gray | 2. Don Hodge | 3. Bruce McInnes. |
|----------------|--------------|-------------------|

Ladies' Open Championship

- | | | |
|---------------|-------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Helen Gray | 2. Nanette Bourke | 3. Lynette Hyland (P) |
|---------------|-------------------|-----------------------|

Men's Breastroke

- | | | |
|----------------|--------------------|-----------------|
| 1. George Gray | 2. Lawrence Quaken | 3. Paddy Bourke |
|----------------|--------------------|-----------------|

Ladies' Breastroke

- | | | |
|-------------------|---------------|-------------------|
| 1. Nanette Bourke | 2. Helen Gray | 3. Gladys Roberts |
|-------------------|---------------|-------------------|

Men's Long Plunge

- | | | |
|----------------|-----------------|------------------|
| 1. George Gray | 2. Brian Harvey | 3. Bruce McInnes |
|----------------|-----------------|------------------|

Ladies' Long Plunge

- | | | |
|---------------|-----------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Helen Gray | 2. Lynette Hyland (P) | 3. Nanette Bourke |
|---------------|-----------------------|-------------------|

Mandelburg Cup - Joint Winnders: Stan Madden Hyland (P)

Henley Memorial Cup - George Gray. Runners-up: Helen Gray and Nanette Bourke.

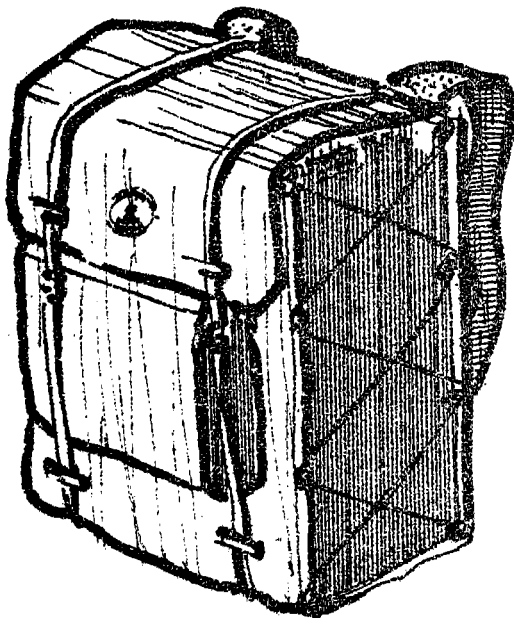
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