

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to  
the Sydney Bushwalker, The N.S.W. Nurses'  
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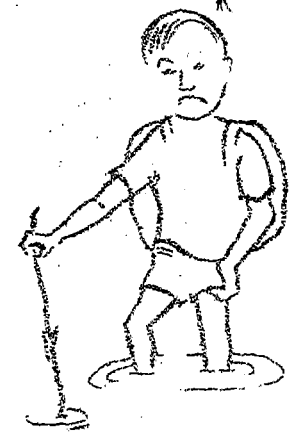
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THE AUGUST GENERAL MEETING.

J. Brown.

Even if the August meeting had not contained a reasonable amount of debate, it would have earned some distinction because no less than seven new members were welcomed - in order of appearance Doh Finch, David Nurse, Pam Studd, Beryl Chapman, Lorna Hetherington, Jim Callaway and Jerry Simzig (apologies if the last name is not rendered correctly).

Arising from last month's minutes, we heard that Allan Strom was sending us additional pamphlets on "feral cats". From Mr. Rankin of Bendethera we had letters outlining the properties he held on the Deua River and advising us that he was not satisfied with some of the people who had use of his land and that he proposed to sell it by auction. On a motion by Alex Colley, we decided to express our interest in all the property mentioned, and to form a sub-committee to talk it over with Mr. Rankin: Mick Elfick, Alex Colley and Gordon Redmond were appointed.

In correspondence was also an appeal from a Mr. Bill James who was interested in big cats (not only feral). Had walkers seen any? Information sought.

We came quite early in the meeting to reports, where we learned that the balance in current funds at 31st July was £168 - and would be £300 if the unfinancials, numbering more than a quarter of the total membership, paid up. Frank Ashdown wanted to know if these people would be written off the books and disallowed to vote at the Half Yearly Meeting. He was told the final notices were going out - there was no motion prohibiting them from taking part in meetings until crossed off.

In the Parks and Playgrounds report Esme Biddulph reported that the movement had taken up the protest about the rubbish at Karloo Pool on Kangaroo Creek. (However the writer who was there on 23rd August would nominate it was the most disgustingly filthy piece of bushland he has ever had the misfortune to see - the bottom of the pool is littered with empty tins and bottles, paper and cardboard). Esme said she was going abroad and nominated Margaret Child as her successor - duly elected.

Federation Report informed us that S & R had had several recent alerts, but no need to embark on actual searching: 101 people attended the S & R demonstration in July, and during October a conference of Contact men would be held to discuss administrative arrangements. Affiliation fees to Federation had risen by 3d. per head to a total 1/- per Club member.

It was unfortunate that the Walks Report was read at a time when the pneumatic drills on an adjacent building demolition were doing a little overtime - your reporter did not hear enough of the report to give any intelligible summary.

We arrived at General Business and the President announced that Brian Harvey, after some years as official telephone number for the Club, would prefer to pass on the torch. There was no immediate taker, but the meeting was asked to brood over it.

The President next advised that Federation had broached the vexed question of its Reunion and the SBW Reunion occurring so close together. A suggestion had been made that 3 Federation representatives and 3 SBW delegates get together to see if a formula could be evolved - preferably in time for Federation to prepare its 1965 calendar of events.

Questions were raised whether this would call for any Constitutional amendment and it was pointed out this was not so - the Constitution stipulated that the Annual Meeting should be in March and it was only practice that the Reunion be on the following weekend. However, Ron Knightley suggested any sudden change could be awkward to non-active or retired members who knew our Reunion had always been on the second weekend in March.

It was pointed out by other members that, when Federation selected a date 2 weeks before Easter, it was done in the full knowledge that it might clash with and would usually be close to, the long established SBW date.

John Luxton proposed we consider shifting our date to 2 weeks after Easter - but it was pointed out that this could easily coincide with Anzac Day. Frank Ashdown suggested a convention of the 19 affiliated clubs to see what dates they had fixed and to try to find a mutually acceptable one.

David Ingram mentioned that Federation once re-joined in October, but because so many people were studying for final exams, it was not a popular time. Jack Wren made a good point that fire lighting edicts made January and February unsuitable, and winter was not a good time for a lazy weekend in camp. Wilf Hilder was opposed to the suggested Committee discussion and would have preferred a canvass of all Clubs.

Ron Knightley also felt the Committee meeting would be unsatisfactory and moved that we inform Federation accordingly, but would discuss the whole question in full at our Annual Meeting and then indicate if we were prepared to switch to another time. There were speakers for and against, including some who wanted an immediate decision for another date and some who obviously wouldn't go along with any other date. It was admitted that the motion did not entirely solve Federation's problem but as there was no clash of the Reunion dates in 1965, it was submitted that it wasn't a question of immediacy. In the end the motion was carried and will probably ensure a long and hectic debate next March.

Heather announced, on behalf of the Membership Secretary, that some quite well-intentioned members had given misleading information to prospectives, and asked that any requests for information be referred to the experts.

It was also made known that the Club's official copy of the magazine was short of 3 editions, November 1947, August and November, 1952. If anyone was thinking of burning his old copies, the editor would be glad to have those editions. Gordon Redmond moved amid applause that the magazines be bound in a proper manner at Club expense.

Alex Colley suggested that the Club's policy for National Parks be reproduced and distributed to selected people and organisations to show our way of thinking on this issue. The motion was carried without dissent and it was left for decision whether to type stencils or have photographic reproductions made.

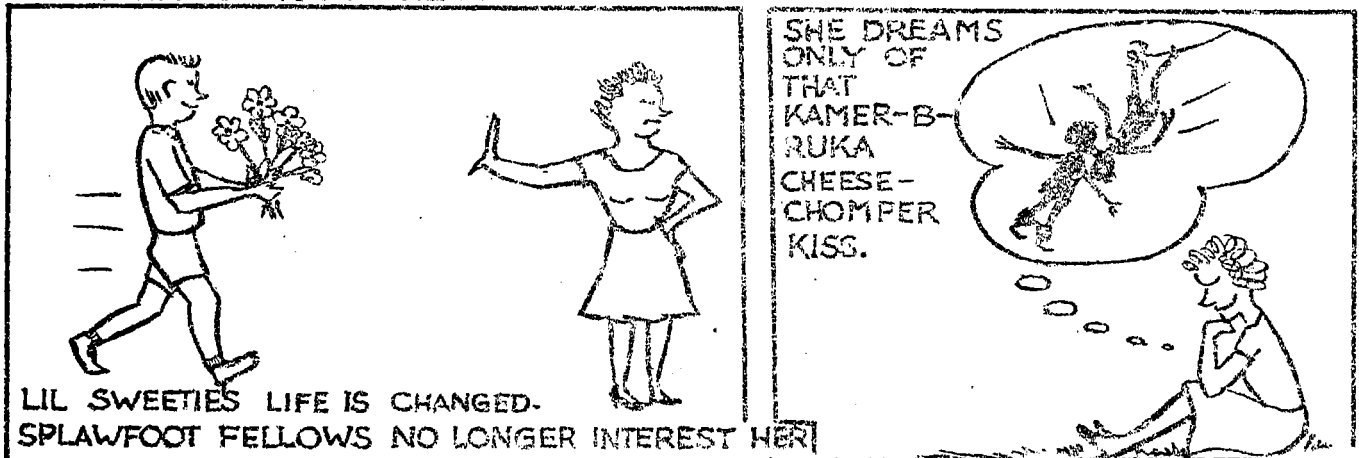
By the time Colin Putt had invited workers to join in a repair mission on rubber boats to be used by the Heard Island Expedition (all to be filmed) we were at the close of the night - with the hour not too advanced at 9.35 p.m.

#### THE MAGAZINE STAFF - II.

##### Snowball Brown.

With the magazine its largely all Snow's fault; but for him there wouldn't be a magazine. Snow does the duplicating, which means he turns the duplicator handle at least 2750 times - a hard day's work. Then he convenes a work party to compile, wrap, and post the magazine. See to it that Snow doesn't churn out garbage and filling; write reports of all your trips.

LIL SWEETIE NUGGETHEART



CORICUDGY AUGUST, 1964.

Ross Wyborn.

If members remember the last walks programme, they might recall a walk marked - Mt. Willworrilla - Mt. Coricudgy - Mt. Coriaday - Mt. Mumundilla - Mt. Willworrilla. lead by John Powell. Well, this is the full story.

At the usual hubbub on Wednesday night we got vague ideas of who was coming. John Powell was taking his car and leaving at 3 a.m. Saturday morning after a ball. Snow was leaving at 10.30 p.m. Friday night. And Heather was not sure whether she was coming or not.

I slept at John Powell's place and at 3.00 a.m. we left, picked up Don, and drove to Kandos. Here we took a short cut, and got onto a road which lead to Mt. Coricudgy. Along here, at a chosen ford on the map, we were to meet Snow. After going along this road some distance, we found ourselves climbing up a steep hill. A quick look at the map showed us that it should have been flat ground before the meeting place. A few minutes later we found ourselves on top of a large mountain. This, we deduced, was Mt. Coricudgy. Where was Snow Brown? Lost again.

John suggested we might have missed them along the road. We went back and located the meeting place, but no sign of Snow. We talked to a farmer who said he had seen no-one but the Royal Australian Army which went past a week before, but was turned back by a tree across the road. He told us that some of the army were always getting lost for the duration of their rations. "We'd better go back to Rylstone and see if we can find them" suggested John. After travelling some miles we saw a V.W. parked beside the road and three bodies asleep around a fire. Yes, it was Snow, John Worrell and Geoff Witty - the slobs, while we were searching anxiously for them, they had come along behind us and were relaxing without a care in the world. We pinched one of the two crumpets Snow had for breakfast to get even.

By 10.30 a.m. we had the whole party assembled and ready to go at the end of the road near the top of Coricudgy. We then trotted off along the top of Coricudgy and along the track towards Mt. Coriaday. After lunch in a dry gully, we bashed out to Coriaday and climbed its scrubby sides. On top we couldn't see a thing because of the scrub, so we started off down the other side. What a change, on this side there was dense rain forest which was easy to walk through - no undergrowth.

Once down the bottom, we bashed along the ridge towards Mt. Mumundilla. There was one small catch; between us and Mumundilla was a creek called Blackwater. The light was fading as we neared the creek - "Wow! a monstrous gorge". "How are we going to get down those cliffs?" said the party. "Cat's Meat", said Snow.

We started scrambling down, till we came to an "impassable" cliff, which Snow jumped at its lowest place, landing on a small ledge. John Powell said that if Snow could do it he could do it with a pack, but he nearly went over the edge. Seeing this I lowered my pack carefully, and edged my way down before jumping. The others got down alright and we pushed on down the ridge. Soon we came to another cliff line, about 150 feet high and overhanging. It was practically dark now and we could see no way down. We decided to follow the ledge we were on back up into the side creek. Here the ledge became narrower and then disappeared altogether. We were trapped; no way up or down.

The only thing to do was to sit and wait. We found a cave in which to camp, and there we spent the night each blaming the other for our predicament: thirsty in a dry cave, with the creek below and no way down. The majority agreed that Snow was to blame for being late in the morning. We wondered how long it would take for a rescue party to come.

Next morning we scattered in various directions looking for a way down. John Powell found an easy one up the side creek, while Snow and I found a "slippery-dip" type pass in the other direction. We all went down the slippery-dip, and made our way to the creek where we had breakfast.

After breakfast we climbed a spur on the other side, making our way around some cliffs. On top the scrub was thick, to put it mildly, with mountain holly up to the eye-balls. The cunning ones got out their long trousers, while Snow tried to console himself with the thought that at least he had shorts on. We bashed along this ridge and climbed Mount dilla. We found an army track down the other side and followed it to water, where we had lunch.

Snow pulled out his last two crumpets, while the rest of us feasted on tins of pineapple and other fruits. "Moan - groan - mumble - grumble" said Snow. "I'm going to move an amendment to the constitution that if members bring tins of fruit for Sunday lunch-time then they have to share them with all members of the party."

John Powell, who was keen to get home early, wanted a 20 minute lunch, and finally after  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours managed to drag us away. We followed the track to the fire road, and started the long bash back to the cars. I think there was something like 15 miles road bash. As Mount Coricudgy grew closer we grew tireder. John Worrell was a bit behind the rest of the party, while our spirited leader was dashing ahead. It was dark by the time we reached the foot of Mt. Coricudgy and found John Powell waiting. Soon we discovered the tree across the road which had turned back the Australian Army. We dragged ourselves up the winding road up Mt. Coricudgy. Here John Powell, our leader was left behind.

We arrived back at the car, boiled the billy, and proceeded to eat all the food we could lay our hands on. About 40 minutes later we heard shouts. "That must be John Powell" we said, "I wonder what took him so long." Then up trotted John Worrell and told us he had not seen our fearless leader. What had happened to him? Everyone else was back but no leader. There had been only one branch road and the right one had been fairly obvious. Apart from that he had all the maps; he couldn't have got lost. Later John turned up - he had taken the wrong turn. With everyone safely back at the cars the remaining problem was to get home. This was not as easy as it sounds; John Powell was running low on petrol, Snow had none to spare, and it was already 8.30 p.m. on Sunday. So at Rylstone and Kandos we went "garage-owner-knocking-up". We finally got petrol and later arrived home in the early hours of Monday morning.

"Quick are the mouths of the earth, and quick  
the teeth that feed upon this loveliness."

Thomas Wolfe.

LIL SWEETIE NUGGET MEANS

EACH  
WEEKEND  
SHE JUMPS  
FROM MT.  
BANKS,  
HOPING FOR  
ANOTHER  
KAMER-B-  
GORGONZOLA  
KISS



AND ALL THE SPLAWFOOT FELLOWS JUMP  
TOO. BUT THEY NEVER MAKE CONTACT!



CONTINUED

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GOOD NEWS FOR PROSPECTIVES.

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Instructional Walk 18-19-20th September,  
Nattai River.

Bob Duncan  
leaving Friday  
16 miles.

Mick Elfick  
leaving Saturday  
8 miles.

Some prospectives may have heard of the Membership Secretary's appeal, at the last General Meeting, that they accept advice from experts only; others may know of the proposed amendment to the constitution, that only approved members be allowed to test prospectives. Prospectives are therefore fortunate that two of the most expert and revered members of the Club are leading an instructional walk on 18-19-20th September next.

Mr. Michael Elfick, Walks Secretary, a qualified surveyor, has spent a long term surveying and mapping little known country in Western Tasmania for the Tasmanian Hydro-electric Commission. While not much to look at, he is undoubtedly one of the leading bushcraft and map-reading experts in the Club.

Mr. Robert Duncan is an authority on camp cooking, one-time staff member of the Royal Adelaide Hospital, and a university trained, Botanist, Geologist, Map-reader, and Navigator.

Everyone will find a place on this instructional.

The agile, leaving on Friday night, will follow Bob Duncan for 16 miles across Nattai Tableland, to Middle Flat, Nattai River, Rocky Waterholes Creek and Hilltop.

The contemplative will leave on Saturday and saunter with Mick Elfick down Starlight's Trail to join the others on the Nattai River Saturday night, and cut 8 miles off the trip. It is hoped to supplement the First Aid instruction with a talk by a qualified medical officer on Wednesday 7th October.

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Congratulations to Grace and Geoff Wagg on the arrival of their third child - a son, Lachlan.

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# PADDY MADE

9.

Letter to Paddy from Tasmania -

"Some time ago I bought a Kiwi jacket which is giving good service. However, the oilskin needs reproofing and I have no idea of how to go about this. I wonder if you could supply the necessary information.

Paddy is pleased to say that our Kiwi Jackets are reproofable and actually are improved by this process. We are now selling the specially prepared oil mixture for this purpose as it is an easy "do it yourself" job and reduces the price enormously.

Pint tins - enough for several reproofings -  
7/6 a tin.

Kiwi jackets "for good service" £7.10.0

**PADDY PALLIN** Pty.  
Lightweight Camp Gear Ltd.

## FAMOUS HISTORIC WALKS - III.

The Epic Gangerang Trip - Gordon Smith.

While the engine had a drink at Valley Heights, I met Max, who was going to "do" the Gangerang. With little difficulty he persuaded me to accompany him. This was October, 1929, and after looking at his map I found Gangerang to be a long, unsurveyed range, commencing near the Kowmung River and extending in a generally south-western direction, culminating in its junction with the Kanangra Walls plateau. It was bounded on one side by the Kowmung, and on the other by the Kanangra, and from these rivers, spurs of various length and grade rose to meet the parent range.

Minus tent and blankets, we made good time. Lunch next day was eaten at the Kowmung Junction, and night found us well along the range. Lower Gangerang is rather thickly covered with gum and turpentine suckers, and the view is restricted.

Next day the highest point was climbed about mid-day and after progressing along a narrow ridge topped with finely cut granite chips, we reached Kanangra Walls at 4 p.m.

Years rolled past and after Max's return from Queensland a trip was arranged for Anzac week-end 1937 the itinerary being as follows: Wentworth Falls via Kedumba to the Cox, over Scott's Main Range to the Kowmung, a traverse of the Gangerang via Ti-willa Buttress to the Cox-Kanangra Junction; thence Breakfast Creek and Katoomba.

Friday brought two inches of rain and Max arrived at Central with umbrella, leather coat and NO pack. He was sent home to follow on a later train, while the rest of the party consisting of Dot English, Hilma Galliot, Jack Debert, Bill McCosker, Len Scotland, David Stead, Alex Colley and myself boarded the 6.30 p.m. train.

Wentworth Falls gave us a wet reception as we left the station at 9 p.m. A heavy mist lay like a pall over everything and the valley was white and ghostlike. Light rain fell intermittently, but there was not enough to cause undue discomfort. In an hour Queen Victoria Sanatorium loomed out of the darkness and by 11.30 p.m. the descent of the Kedumba Pass had been accomplished. Three tents were erected and after a little desultory conversation silence reigned supreme. Dave, my tent mate, snored gently, but whatever the cause, sleep passed me by and a long and wakeful night was the result. In the small hours I wandered some distance up the pass cooee-ing to Max who ultimately arrived an hour before dawn.

At 6 a.m. I stole Jack's thunder and woke the others who rose without protest and after crossing the stream, left at 6.40 a.m. The

weather had improved and it was pleasant walking in the coolness of early morning. Then we proceeded at a brisk pace as far as Reedy Creek where  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours were devoted to breakfast and I had my first qualms as to the adequacy of the food list. Ten minutes were spent talking to Fred Gray who had taken over Kill's selection and at 10.45 a.m. we had forded the Cox near Seymour's.

Some of us went to see the old fellow now 97 years old and not enjoying the best of health. As a bushman and local explorer he was first class and his reminiscences of the early bushranging days are most interesting.

After a swim and some chocolate we commenced the ascent of the Policeman Range, passing Alum Springs en route. Where the Policeman joined the Scott's Main Range (about 1,500 ft) a turn was made to the south-east and after a two hours' non-stop journey from the Cox, the Kowmung House at 1.30 p.m. provided a very welcome shelter from a rather steady downfall of rain.

Although a liberal supply had been brought, the relentless and machine-like precision with which the food was being consumed caused me some consternation, and all I could say then, or on future occasions when Max or Jack gave me a nasty hungry look, was "Wait till you reach Carlon's."

Leaving our shelter at 2.50 p.m., Devitt's Range was followed to the Kowmung and the party proceeded upstream. At 4.40 p.m. we reached our objective for the day where the waters of Ti-willa Creek mingled with those of the Kowmung. The camp site was not ideal and rain fell occasionally, but 7.15 p.m. saw our stomachs reasonably full and a rather quiet camp.

I slept poorly again and just when I had wooed slumber successfully, Jack arose and rekindled the ashes of the dying fire. Well! You all know Jack. His raucous voice soon woke everyone and in the pale dawn we commenced our camp chores. Any bad language will be censored, so we'll leave it at that. But if there is anything in the theory of the transmigration of souls, I'll bet Jack was head gaoler or something in Nero's day. Imagine a poor Christian martyr enjoying a last few minutes of 'shut-eye' and hearing Jack bellow forth "Get up and pack; the lions are hungry." No doubt in subsequent existences, he was an "oyez oyez" herald in the middle ages and later a slave driver in the plantations.

The morning was misty but gave promise of a fine day. As the Kowmung was approximately 700 ft. here, there was a climb of some 3,300 ft. to Mount Cloudmaker, the highest point on Gangerang. Before leaving at 7.36 a.m. I had been forced to jettison my boots, one sole of which had completely rotted away. Dot, incidentally, walked bare-footed most of the way, but occasionally wore a pair of shoes on rocky stretches.

The Ti-willa Buttress was sparsely covered and from its narrow ridge afforded good views of the Kowmung upstream. So well was it graded that a climb of 2,000 ft. to the base of its walls was accomplished by 9.15 with only one spell of five minutes. After the chocolate ration had disappeared the base of the rock face was followed towards the head of Ti-willa Creek. Scrambling to the top, the party took advantage of a flat rock overhanging the canyon to survey the landscape and give our photographer a chance.

Below lay a very fine deep gorge with imposing granite slides reminiscent of Kanangra. On the opposite side, the bulk of Mt. Bolwarra towered above us; to the west Cloudmaker higher but not so striking, headed the gorge. In the north the distant Wild Dog Mountains were partially shrouded by the mist.

Some time and energy were lost while Max found an Old Man cave of his. It was a big overhang and during a cloudburst would have proved most desirable but a hungry company noticed the absence of water, snorted and passed on.

As we crested the ridge a magnificent panorama unfolded before our gaze. After running west for some distance, Gangerang made a grand sweep to the south-west to join the Kanangra plateau. The famous Walls glistened in the sunlight. Gingra Range hid our view of the Kowmung but to the south Mount Colong stood in bold prominence. To the east and south-east, as far as the eye could see was an endless network of rivers, creeks and mountains.

Turning our backs on the view, we climbed the last 7000 ft. up the steep overgrown hillside to the summit of Mt. Cloudmaker. No one recited "Excelsior", but I guess that Trig was a welcome sight to most of us at 12.25 p.m. Good views were visible of the Guouogang-Jenolan Range also Mt. Cyclops and Paralyser. A halt was called long enough to read the accounts of various trips contained in the bottle and to add our own thereto. Then on to Dex Creek and lunch at 1.10 p.m.

My crepe shoes had been in the wars. Jack lent me a pair of sandals which however were torn on top and exposed all my toes; so that when the march was resumed at 2.50 p.m. over swampy flat country covered with low bushes and occasional trees, I found difficulty in keeping the others in sight. Our objective was Mt. Moorilla, but with the limited information given on the map, it was inevitable that Max should make errors and follow a wrong ridge. On one occasion we found ourselves on the wrong side of Moko Creek. Instead of crossing a saucer-like depression as one might expect seeing that it was a highland stream, it was necessary to descend sharply, cross and climb several hundred feet to the correct ridge. Unfortunately time would not allow us to venture on Moorilla proper, which is an outlier overhanging the Cox, and at 4 p.m. commenced the long descent of the ridge to Konangaroo Clearing. This was thickly covered with mountain holly which gave my soxless feet and legs "one

hell of a time". The exposed toes kicked every tenth rock and I worked up quite an enthusiasm. Dave, also suffering from sore feet, and myself fell behind rapidly. After some time we agreed that anything was preferable to mountain holly, and decided rather foolishly to forsake the well-graded ridge and descend the precipitous hillside on the slant in the direction of Moorilla Creek. Well, in the course of time after a few landslides and bruised feet, the creek bed was beneath our feet. Jack, who had been waiting for us on the ridge above, joined us in the gathering dusk. Our torches directed us along the creek and once the Cox was reached, short work was made of the last  $\frac{3}{4}$ -mile to Konangaroo Clearing, where the cheerful glow of the fire was sufficient reward for our late arrival. The others had arrived at 5.40 p.m.

It was a glorious night and when the full moon had topped the hills, the valley was flooded with light. After tea we lazed around the fire and aired our views on everything in general. Dave, who is a naturalist son of a naturalist father - no offence meant - has a pet diamond snake. The reptile is fond of babies, takes her saucer of milk with gusto and holds up his - or was it her - face to be kissed. Still Dave insisted that there was nothing but friendship between him and his diamond snake.

Conversation gradually languished, the tents were erected and by 10 p.m. all was quiet.

After sleeping like a log I awoke to hear Jack in full blast. During breakfast I happened to glance casually to one side and near the bank twenty or thirty yards away there seemed to be a peculiarly shaped drab coloured animal. The light wasn't very good, but after concentration, I discovered it was Bill McCosker on hands and knees, leaning over the bank. Let us draw a veil over his suffering. He was paying for a mixed diet of curried salmon and banana fritters.

At 7.30 a.m. Hilma and Len who had both packed quickly made upstream for Breakfast Creek and twenty-five minutes later the rest of us were 'flat-out' along the cowpads in hot pursuit. To save our feet Dave and I kept to the Western bank, striking some 'rough stuff' and losing distance on some bends. The others crossed three or four times. The sunshines was brilliant and this stretch of eight miles of river with its park-like grandeur has an everlasting beauty that time cannot alter.

A mile from Breakfast Creek, the vanguard overhauled Hilma and Len and reached the junction in 1 hour 50 mins. Even the ghostlike McCosker was there within twenty minutes. As I have often seen half a day taken over this stretch by men walkers, this said something for the stamina of the present party. Most of us splashed in the water before eating our chocolate, but although this is no Lifebuoy advert., I regret to say that at this stage Hilma hadn't had a bath for three days.

The many crossings of Breakfast Creek were commenced at 10.35 and after a journey without incident we breasted the last steep hill and reached Carlon's at 12.25 p.m.

There were quite a few bushwalkers here, but owing to the reputation that Carlon's are establishing for the quantity and quality of the 'eats', there was some congestion and our little crowd didn't sit down till 1.50 pm. This was a big moment of the trip. While Max clad in blue pyjama suit, had lain on his lonely bed of bracken - hollow logs are obsolete these days - his lips murmured "Carlons". He was a short price favourite, but unfortunately he had made at breakfast a pancake consisting of half a billy of batter. Even a super-eater like Max has off days. Jack and I went through each course twice but that vegetarian wonder Dot, who lives on stewed nettles and ground-berries - oh yeah? - after having two helpings of MEAT, vegetables, three sorts of pudding, scones, raisin loaf, jam and cream, thoughtfully cleaned out the cream pots with a spoon.

The ascent at 12.50 p.m. of the long ridge terminating at Carlon Head was a painful affair. At 4 p.m. we had commenced to pick our way up through the rocks and soon after I produced my 35 ft. of rope to haul the packs in one place. It was all interesting and mildly exciting but when after turning a corner, the real Carlon Head appeared, there was a momentary silence. To exaggerate things is a common habit, but when I saw this 25 ft. wall of almost vertical rock with a slight outward bulge in one place, I realized that this was true to label. At the base of the rock the ridge was very narrow, and as it was necessary when climbing to veer to one side so as to take advantage of a slight depression from where the top could be reached rather easily, a slip meant an unpleasant fall of some hundreds of feet to the valley beneath.

With Dot holding on ten feet from the ground, Jack and I made a base, Alex stood on our shoulders and Bill formed another tier above him. The idea was for Dot - our star climber - to step on Bill's shoulders and scramble the last few feet in her inimitable style to the depression. But as she began to apply her weight, Alex, who was badly placed, cried out that he couldn't stand the strain. Dot stepped back to one side and Bill - stout fellow - made a desperate effort upwards. My head was pressed against the base of the cliff and Alex quite forgot to get off, but Hilma kept up a running commentary quite illuminating even if somewhat disconcerting to the victim climbing: "Bill's climbing - hanging on by his nails - oh he's right over the edge - shaking all over - there's nowhere to put his feet - he may do it - he's UP."

One helping hand and the agile Dot was beside him. The rope was thrown up and after that it was easy enough. The ones on top placed themselves as advantageously as possible; the climber below tied the rope around the body and made the ascent. The easiest way to use the rope, provided one has sufficient confidence in the rope and the people holding it, is to lean well forward with the hands, take the slack around one wrist at a time, and practically to walk up the face of the wall. Len and Hilma, without any experience made rather hard work of it by trying to climb the rock without the assistance of the rope. The last I saw of Len was a pair of somewhat

dirty feet disappearing over the rim - soles to the sky. Hilma had some bad moments, and just before reaching the depression I was afraid that the weight of her body and the angle of the rope would cause her to rotate and spin backwards against the wall and over the steepest part of the precipice. It didn't quite happen and the next moment Dot had outstretched her hand. But if I had known that the knot in the rope was nearly undone at that moment - wow!

Much time was lost hauling the packs to the top, but after, the ascent was easy and at 5 p.m. everyone was on top of the Head waking up the echoes.

Ten minutes later the ridge was followed eastwards cutting the Glen Raphael track within a mile. Len, who was leading, took us at a furious rate until dark, the bushes aggravating the scars of yesterday. After he had been put under restraint a steady pace was maintained, non-stop to Katoomba. We crossed the Narrow Neck and where the road commenced we had 25 minutes in which to cover the last two miles of a 70 miles trip. One grand final effort brought us to the platform just as the train should have gone. But alas! both watches were ten minutes slow.

After having a meal in the town, we stretched ourselves on the floor of the waiting room. In the warm fire's gleam some of us probably saw pictures of Carlon Head; the last steep slope of Cloudmaker; the sunlight sparkling on a Kowmung rapid. We drowsed, and along came the mail train.

#### SOCIAL NOTES FOR SEPTEMBER.

In September, the social programme presents interesting places beyond our continent. On 16th Paddy Pallin will be highlighting the very popular Tasmanian walking areas of Mount Anne and Frenchman's Cap.

A week later we will go further afield with Joan and Frank Rigby and enjoy for the second time some of the wonders that they discovered when abroad. This night will be by special request since so many members have asked Joan and Frank would again be available.

The Free Night on 30th will provide the time necessary to organise walking trips for the long week-end.

Dates to Remember. 11th September - Federation Ball - Paddington Town Hall. Tickets 22/6. See Edna Stretton for tickets.

Tickets are also available for the "Guessing Competition". The price 2/- each; the prize - an order on Paddy's to the value of £25. Proceeds for S & R. Tickets are now available in the club room from Edna Stretton and Margaret Child. The winning ticket will be announced at the Federation Ball.

27th November is the night of our own Christmas Party at North Sydney Council Chambers.

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FEDERATION REPORT - AUGUST 1964.

Blue Mountains National Park. Moves are being made to add 9,000 acres from the Erskine Creek State Forest to the Park. The plan for an administration centre near Blackheath has been dropped for the time being. Instead, a small Information Centre at Glenbrook is now proposed. A grant of £2,000 has been allotted for the Glenbrook Creek Crossing and considerable work is in progress.

Annual Ball on Friday 11th September, 1964. An early indication of the likely attendance from each Club is requested. Assistance in decorating the hall on the afternoon prior to the Ball will be appreciated.

"The Bushwalker" Annual. The cost of production of the new issue will be about the same as the last issue. However, the number of advertisements is up 50%, and the additional revenue for this source should result in an improvement in the financial side.

Annual Reunions (Federation and S.B.W.) As the Federation had not been advised (at the time of meeting) of the terms of this Club's resolution passed at the August General Meeting, discussion regarding the date of the Club's Annual Reunion was deferred. The Federation President expressed his concern that SBW members were unable to attend the Federation Reunion when the date was identical with that of our Reunion.

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D A Y W A L K S.

- SEPT. 20. Turramurra - bus to The Sphinx - Cowan Creek - Bobbin Head - Berowra. 10 miles. A very pleasant walk through Kuringai Chase where the wild flowers should be at their peak flowering period. Recommended for new members. Train: 8.10 a.m. Hornsby train via Bridge from Central Electric Station. 8.50 a.m. bus from Turramurra Stn to Kuringai Chase Gates. Tickets: Berowra via Bridge return @ approximately 6/-. Map: Broken Bay Military or Hawkesbury River Tourist. Leader: Gladys Roberts.
- SEPT. 27 Engadine - Pipe Line Road - Lake Eckersley - Waterfall. 10 miles. Traverses part of the Heathcote Primitive Area and will use the new track from Lake Eckersley to Heathcote Creek. Recommended for new members. Train: 8.50 a.m. Cronulla Train from Central Electric Station. Tickets: Waterfall return @ 6/-. Map: Port Hacking Tourist or Port Hacking and Camden Military. Leader: Ernie Farquhar.
- OCT. 11 Salvation Creek - Refuge Bay - Salvation Creek. 5 miles. A short, but scratchy, excursion to a very attractive area in Kuringai Chase, which is noted for the wild flower display at this time of the year. As transport will be by private car, please give the leader ample notice, so that he can arrange accommodation. Train: 8.40 a.m. Hornsby train via Bridge from Central Electric Stn. 9.10 a.m. Private transport from Gordon to Salvation Crk. Tickets: Gordon via Bridge return @ 4/9. Leader: Alex Colley.
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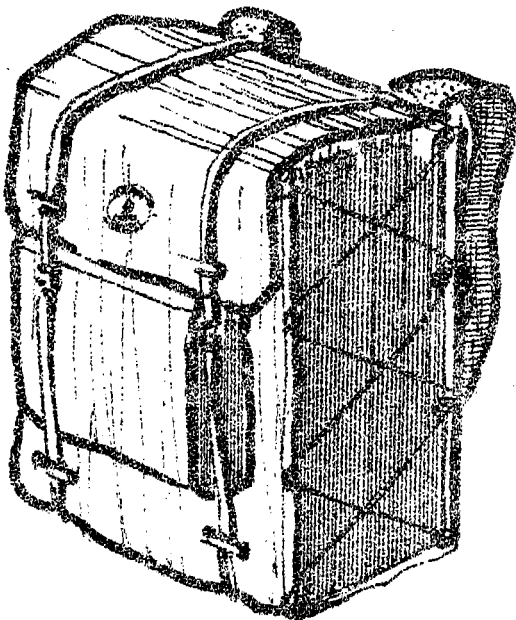
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