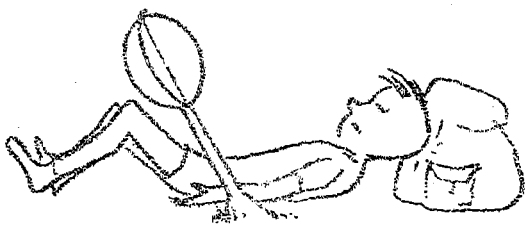

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

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

Box No. 4476, G.P.O. Sydney. 'Phone JW1462.

Editor - Bob Duncan - C.S.I.R.O. Camden.
- Camden - 69251.

Business Manager - Alex. Colley.

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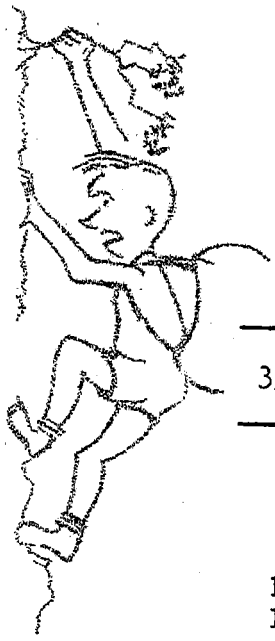

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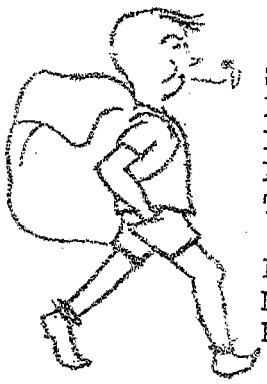
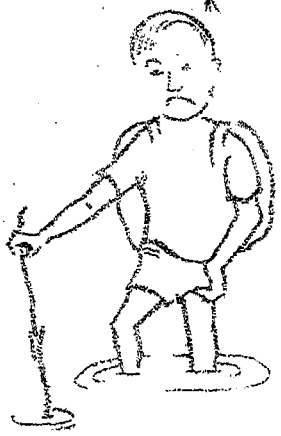
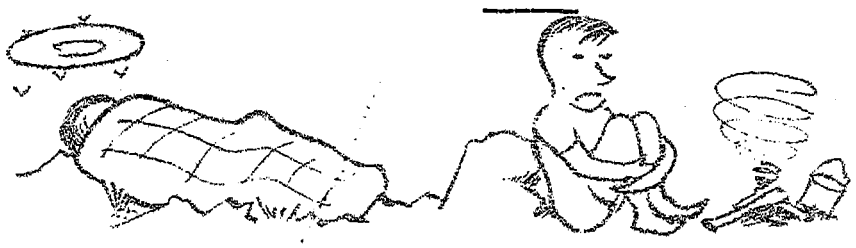




AT THE HALF YEARLY GENERAL MEETING.

J. Brown.

Considering that, by the time all was said, all was not done, it was just as well that the September meeting was opened at 8.10 p.m. with a welcome to another six new members - Ailsa Moore, Rex Ulyatt, Garry Sims (not present), Terry Cupping (apologies if the surname is not correctly rendered!), David Carver and Stan Sheehy.

The early business of the evening was dispatched smartly, and from the minutes we heard that the missing editions of the Club magazine had been donated. In correspondence we received the resignation of Elizabeth Henderson. The President informed us that the position of Assistant Secretary would be filled at the subsequent meeting.

Club funds had been on the up and up during the month, bringing us a closing balance of £190 odd in the current account - no doubt the final warning had spurred on some late paying members. Ron Knightley queried the amount shown for "sale of badges" seeing that badges were constitutionally Club property. The Treasurer and President combined to say that people who lost the original issue badge "bought" (should it be "leased?") a replacement.

The Walks Report showed a fairly active month with 92 members, 36 prospectives and 13 visitors on official walks: several jaunts were re-programmed due to transport or similar problems, but most went in accordance with the programme and were reasonably supported. Of Ben Esgate's trip in the Kowmung River area it was stated "there was plenty of time to do the trip if you didn't get lost" (they didn't). Frank Ashdown asked why Mick Elfick's Sunday walk was not reported and left the impression it was two day walks all rolled into one. Mick said he contented himself by quoting the attendance.

Arising from the Social Reports Alex Colley said it was unfair that the Social Secretary should be left in doubt about the people attending, and proposed that tickets sold in advance in the Club room be allowed a 2/6 discount. Jack Wren suggested an amendment - 2/6 surcharge on tickets sold at the door - and the question was argued back and forth until the amendment was lost and we agreed that the Club Room tickets would be 2/6 "Off".

In the Federation report, Wilf Hilder mentioned the news of a road being constructed from Jerricknorra Creek to Corang Trig and the sealing of the ford at Glenbrook Creek. From the Black Range into Barry's River some road construction was also afoot.

Having run out of these matters, we turned to the cause celebre of the evening - to amend or not amend the Constitution. There were four new sub-clauses proposed, the last falling into two parts and so the whole represented five battle grounds. First was the innocuous sounding requirement that prospectives sign on the dotted line on their initial application. Ron Knightley was on his feet as soon as the motion was seconded; he opined that there was no real need for this to be in the Constitution - it was simply an administrative procedure. The President explained that most

of the matters in the proposed amendments were already in the books - the translation into the Constitution was simply a ratification - Ron Knightley protested that this sounded like Presidental support of the motions, and David Ingram demonstrated the fact that such rules already applied by quoting the old by-laws. The first of a sequence of closure motions was put, carried - the first amendment went to the vote and was lost.

Now came the new amendment requiring that prospectives attend an Instructional weekend. This was, Jack Gentle pointed out, already a pre-requisite to admission to full membership, it was something we cited in club publicity, and just as important as doing the test walks mentioned in the Constitution. Frank Ashdown considered it a dangerous thing to put it in the Constitution, something that could not easily be deleted if at some stage opinion changed. Alex Colley favoured a change in the wording and proposed it be altered to "Instructional weekend walk", saying that a lazy jaunt with no walking was usually poor instruction. Jack Wren, who had seconded the original motion, opposed this amendment, arguing that some aspects of Instruction - particularly first-aid lectures, were hard to cover with a mobile party. The debate became a little muddled at times, with various people trying to speak to the original motion and being hauled back on to the amendment. Frank Ashdown was agin the amendment too - he mentioned that the best explanation of a contour was given by Bob Godfrey and his models and you couldn't do that on a fair dinkum walk (memo by reporter - make a point of studying Bob Godfrey's contoured models). Bob Godfrey agreed that you couldn't do too much swift moving around and Instructing as well. Mick Elfick began to develop the theme that some newcomers to the Club already had a good knowledge of things taught at Instructionals, when he was recalled to the fact that we were talking about the amendment - to add the word "walk". Finally the amendment was carried (after another gag motion) by a small majority.

So we came to the amended motion, which Ron Knightley again claimed was purely procedure and not needed in a Constitution that was already wordy. Edna Stretton argued that most new members needed some guidance, and members were willing to impart it. Bob Godfrey agreed that although a few prospectives may be wise to all the walking knowledge, most were not. If the Constitution were amended, the position would be quite clear - every new comer must go to Instructional weekends, and the source of some arguments would be over. Beryl Chapman, newly a member of the Club, said one great value of the Instructional weekend was the advice on safety in the bush. Alan Rigby suggested an amendment giving Committee the discretion to accept without an Instructional weekend - the amendment disallowed because it was counter to the original motion - and Wilf Hilder said four other Sydney walking clubs were considering making Instructional walks compulsory. Once again the closure, and this time the Constitutional amendment was carried. It was just over the bare $\frac{3}{4}$ majority needed to change the Constitution.

The next motion specified what should be taught at Instructional weekends. Some speakers protested that the terms of this item restricted the leader's organisation of the weekend, and others suggested that the curriculum should be readily altered as circumstances required. Once again the gag and the motion was tossed out.

Finally the last amendment - which was debated in two parts. The First - requiring each prospective to face oral tests on map reading and first aid was opposed by Alex Colley who had never heard of an applicant being rejected; he was assured there had been some. Ron Knightley considered this was something that could be properly regarded as Constitutional material. It was carried. However the second part - specifying who should conduct the tests - fell on stony ground, and after a certain amount of argument, did not produce the necessary three quarter's majority.

By this time the hour of 10.30 p.m. was past and with it our approved period of tenure of the Club room, so we closed up shop very hastily and went ways.

N E W S R E E L.

Eileen and Jack Wren were said to have been so much in love that they brought their 1961 Ball tickets instead of the 1964 tickets. Edna Stretton was able to supply 2 more of this year's tickets so that they could gain admission.

Although Dot Butler is abroad, her image was at the Ball in the persons of daughters Rona and Wendy.

According to the Central Coast Regional News (2FC), Ben Esgate and Norbert Carlon will appear as convicts in a film of the Crossing of the Blue Mountains and the subsequent development of the West being made for World-wide distribution.

Receiving contratulations on their election to grandparents are May and Paddy Pallin and Pearl and Wilf Chambers.

Recent departures from these shores were Frances Ramsey, bound for the U.K. via South American ports and Esme Biddulph, off to visit relatives in Great Britain.

Coming in the reverse direction are Bev and Don Read, coming home after 5 years or so abroad. Sever members had the pleasure of their hospitality during visits to London.

FAMOUS HISTORIC WALKS IV.

Yerranderie to Bathurst in Seventy two Hours.

Jonathon Smythe.

Last year being the 50th anniversary of Lawson and Wentworth's successful penetration of the Blue Mountains, there was much discussion of the early exploratory trips of Barrallier. Many of us felt that he had contributed more to present knowledge of the Greater Blue Mountains than any man, and that misfortune alone had robbed him of the honour of the first crossing. With these sentiments in mind, some of us determined to retrace Barrallier's footsteps, and, moreover, to vindicate his judgement by pushing further, and successfully crossing the mountain barrier.

To this end a party of 5 arrangedto travel via train and mailman to Yerranderie early Saturday morning, October 5th. Jack Laguerre and I travelled up the preceding Friday night. We had with us a copy of Barrallier's sketch map, and in the morning, the two of us climbed the mountain known locally as "The Peak", and surveyed the country ahead.

It was evident from Barrallier's sketch that we should set off Sou-Westerly, crossing Coolong Creek, and climbing onto a gritstone peninsula some 5 miles distant at a point Barrallier had marked "the pass". We could see also that the others had arrived, and set off before us and were now almost at "the pass". We raced down the mountain and set after them. Despite the heavy going in the swampy valley, we maintained a forced march of 200 paces at the double, 100 paces, walking. We carried only 48 hours food, and time was the key to success.

From Barrallier's "Pass" we pushed westward and then northward for about 5 miles along the broken watershed of Lannigan's Creek, reaching the Kowmung River, where we had a quick breakfast, at 9 a.m. We still trailed the main party.

The river here presented a formidable obstacle, but forewarned by Barrallier's diary we each carried with us a large thick-cellophane mattress cover. Climbing inside these, we sat in the river and commenced to inflate them from inside. This was accomplished by screwing the entrance of the cover into a small orifice, inhaling from without via the orifice, and exhaling within with the orifice closed. Many lungfulls were needed before our capsules were fully inflated, but once done we were buoyed to the surface, and began rushing giddily downstream in our capsuled, leaping over small falls, and tumbling down rapids.

Having realised he would be unable to map-read whilst running down-stream, Jack had memorized Barrallier's sketch, and on reaching Christy's Creek junction he vented a shout of recognition. But in our tumbling bags

we found it impossible to untie the entrances. Luckily we were saved by members of the main party, who, waiting for us, sank us with jabs of sharp sticks. We were indeed a mixed crew Gordon Smith, Don Finch, Walter Tarr, Kerry Hoare, Lachlan Wagg, Jack Laguerre and myself.

Our studies had left us in no doubt that Barrallier had ascended Christy's Creek till its junction with Middle Christy's, and had then followed this until barred by a large fall. We hurried along this route, but, on raching the fall, immediately realised how Barrallier, with horses, had been stopped. The falls reached a height of between 250 and 300 feet and overhung slightly. There was no possibility of sidling. None-the-less on closer study our initial pessimism mellowed; at every 12 to 15 feet on the fall-face appeared a crevice or crack from which grew a small bush or stunted tree. By standing on each others shoulders we should be able to bridge these intervals.

Accordingly we divided into three groups, taking care that no one group had an advantage of greater summed height over the others. I was bottom member of our group, Don Finch and Walter Tarr being the others. While I stood on the first stunted tree Don climbed onto my shoulders, there-upon Taro climbed both me and Don, and standing on Don's shoulders, reach for, and firmly gripped, the tree above. I then left my tree and, using Don and Taro as a rope, climbed up and stood on this next tree from which Taro was then hanging. And so in like manner we continued upwards.

On gaining the top of the falls, and running two hundred yards upstream, we were dismayed to see another fall of similar character and height. Three major and several minor falls were scaled before we reached the head of Middle Christy's Creek and climbed onto Kananagra Tops, from where we had a good view of the eminence marked on Barrallier's sketch "the Crown".

We now reconsidered our position. The severe falls in Christy's creek had caused an unexpected delay; now at 2 p.m. only 39 hours food remained. After a hurried lunch we set out across the tops to Craft's Walls. Here it became evident that the watershed was tending Nor Nor East, and would not lead us to the Western Plains.

After some discussion we took a Westerly compass bearing and, following it, descended into Kanangra Deep. We continued westward, ascending Danae Brook - again a time-consuming climb - onto the high country around King Pin. It was now 3.30 p.m. and with only 37½ hours food left, and unknown distances and country ahead of us, the situation grew serious. We quickened our march to 400 paces fast double 100 paces fast walk, and set off westerly across the tops. Soon we reached Morong Creek, and descending this again gained the Kowmung River.

We now saw that in following the Kowmung River upstream to its source lay our most certain route to the Main Divide. Once more there were no banks on which to walk, but patching and inflating our mattress covers we

lay on them and paddled vigorously upstream. To us, on our rafts, Tuglow Falls presented an insuperable barrier so we continued up the Hollanders River finally arriving at Council Creek. Imagine our elation on climbing the head gully of this, to find that at Saturday 6.15 p.m. and with over 36 hours food remaining, we were standing on the Main Divide.

Here our discipline broke, we could see Jenolan Caves House almost directly below us; it was off our route, but the temptation was overwhelming. We raced down the Porcupine Hill, and into the bar, and had one middy of Resch's new each, while Kerry enjoyed an orange drink. But the respite was not to last, we had promised ourselves to cross the Main Divide before sunset that day, so taking a compass bearing on Oberon we climbed the steeps of Jenolan Deep and set off across the head gullies of the Fish River. We reached Oberon at 8 that night, and fell bone weary into our sleeping bags.

Next day, being Sunday, we rested and consumed no food, but on Monday we rose at 5 a.m., and, with 12 hours food intact, began the long road bash into Bathurst. A tedious slug, but a joyful end to an epic journey.

SOCIAL NOTES - OCTOBER.

There are two important events on the social programme for October. On 21st Laurie Rayner will present "Nepal", and both slides and commentary will be of the usual excellent standard.

Members will be pleased to see Denise Hull's name on the programme. Since so many people were disappointed that her recent night had to be postponed, the attendance on 28th October should be most gratifying.

"Orientate Oriental". Yes, that's the theme for this year's Christmas Party. So let's get dressed up, Eastern style, eat Chinese Chow, and have wonderful time.

When? Friday, 27th November 8 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Where? North Sydney Council Chambers.

How Much? £1.1.0 in the club room or by mail and £1.3.6 at the door.

DAY WALKS.

Oct. 18. Cowan - Cole Trig - Edwards Trig - Gunyah Bay and return. A good 12 miles.
There could be opportunities to do some map reading on this trip through the Northern part of Kuring-gai Chase. Normally very scratchy so take precautions.
Trains: 8.10 a.m. Hornsby via Bridge from Central Electric Station. CHANGE AT HORNSBY FOR COWAN. 8.30 a.m. Wyong train from Central Steam Station direct to Cowan.
Tickets: Cowan via Bridge return for the earlier train. Cowan via Strathfield return for the later train.
Map: Broken Bay Military. Leader - Denise Hull.

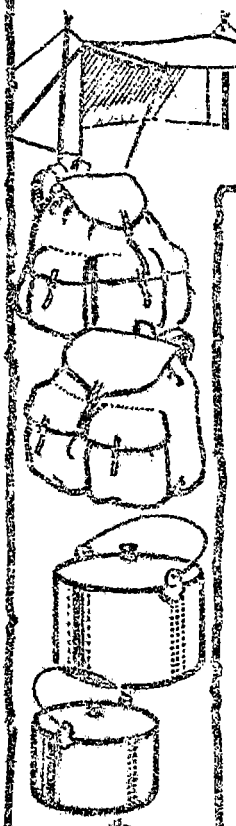
Oct. 25. Minto - Myrtle Creek - Georges River - Bushwalkers Basin - Minto. 12 miles.
A different route to an old favourite, Bushwalkers Basin which is, perhaps, one of the best freshwater pools in the Sydney area. Could be some rock hopping involved.
Train. 8.25 a.m. Goulburn train from Central Steam Station to Minto. Tickets: Minto return @ 7/1. Map: Camden Military.
Leader: David Ingram.

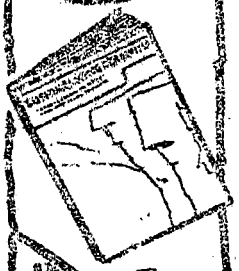
Nov. 1. Cronulla - ferry to Bundeena - Wattamolla - Corracurrong - Garie Trig - Palona Brook - Neram Ridge - Waterfall - 14 miles.
This trip takes in the south-eastern portion of the Royal National Park and affords an opportunity to see the wonderful variety of scenery in it. Gaiters are essential for comfort.
Train: 7.50 a.m. Cronulla train from Central Electric Station. 9.00 a.m. ferry Cronulla to Bundeena.
Tickets: Cronulla return @ 5/6 plus 1/6 ferry fare.
Map: Port Hacking Tourist or Port Hacking Military.
Leader: Gordon Redmond.

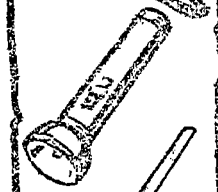
Nov. 8. Lilyvale - Burning Palms - Palm Jungle - Otford. 8 miles.
This walk features the picturesque scenery in the Garrawarra Primitive Area immediately south of last week's walk. Excellent for new members even if a little strenuous.
Train: 8.42 a.m. Wollongong train from Central Steam Station to Lilyvale.
Tickets: Otford return @ 8/-. Map: Port Hacking Tourist.
Leader: Peter Colwell.

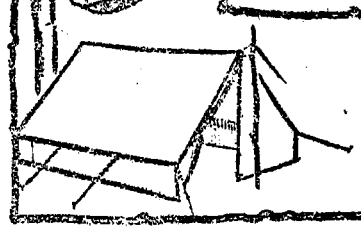
Nov.15. Heathcote - Lake Eckersley - Woronora River - Engadine. 8 miles.
Familiar country, this, taking in part of the Heathcote Primitive Area with a rock hop along the Woronora River.
Train: 8.20 a.m. Cronulla Train from Central Electric Station to Sutherland. CHANGE AT SUTHERLAND for Heathcote.
Tickets: Heathcote return @ 5/6.
Map: Port Hacking Tourist or Camden Military or Heathcote Primitive Area.
Leader: Margaret Child.

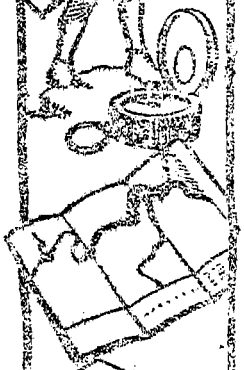
PADDY MADE

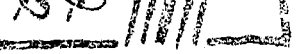












WALKERS ON WHEELS.

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"BLATCH'S PASS-BY".

"Scruffy".

Starters: Michael Short (Leader), Jeff Whitty (member), Bill Williams (member), Dave (member), Ann (floosie), Wayne (visitor).

After an eventful night at the Bushwalkers Ball, Dave and I made for Central to board the ten minutes past one a.m. train. The clue was to meet Michael Short and the rest of the party at Mittagong, at five o'clock Saturday morning. With a bit of abuse directed at the driver for the jerky departures from the stations, we decided to sleep it out, to be awakened by a sudden jerk plus a loud voicing of "Mittagong."

It was Mike. Boy! Was this a quick repack of rucksacks. After a noisy rejoicing, Dave noticed that his wallet was missing - panic! He left word with the station master, before we walked down to Mike's grandfather's cottage where we joined Ann, Bill and Wayne.

At nine o'clock the party reached Katoomba view which was beaut - but where was Dave and our fearless leader? With a few coo-ees, Dave turned up and Mike pushed his head out of the undergrowth to say "There's a mighty view further on where my pack is". Famous last words. When we found the pack we arrived back at our original viewpoint. So down through the broken cliffline we went, to inspect some sandstone caves which had obviously shifted, then down to an old coal mine and finally to the Nattai River.

Responding to the call "There's a mighty view up top", we scrambled up a ridge and then followed the tops till lunch. Proceeding on after lunch, we pulled the old bushwalking trick - walking about thirty yards away from and parallel to the road - until Mike gave out with a yell "Hey! there's a road." He deserved an extra cup of stout at the evening celebration.

We hit the Nattai again and wandered downstream. Ann was displaying wonderful judgement by taking her shoes off at the crossings, until she slipped and downstream they started to float.

Our camp was nice and grassy with an abundance of meadow-cakes to make the site complete. Wayne said that he would plant the stout in the creek. As the fire blazed, there was the usual bargaining and exchanging of food, followed by some robust singing. By a near slip over a small waterfall, Wayne retrieved the grog. Somehow the conversation deteriorated by the time we had shared the good stuff around, and sung the famous song No. 117 in the Kameruka-Hobnail songbook. We then retired amongst the meadow-cakes.

By eight thirty - our seven o'clock start - we slipped on down the River. As it started to widen the leader was heard to say, "We can't miss the pass as there's a big box tree and the peak called Russell's Needle

lies directly behind the junction." The question was - what did a box tree look like? "This must be the spot," Mike said, so we threw down our packs and started a fire. I was licking my lips over the huge billy of ovaltine when Ann pulled an old band-aid off her foot and hoisted it towards the fire. It landed in the billy. "It'll give it flavour," Ann said, and we found that a bandaid was the secret ingredient for a perfect cup of ovaltine.

The grade up the ridge was steep. Mike said, "This must be it, my grandmother said it was so steep that they used to hang on to the horses tail when going up." When we reached the base of the cliff-line, we were surprised to see that Russell's Needle had shifted and Rocky Waterholes creek was on the wrong side of us. With dauntless courage, Mike said, "Let's go up this headland, eh!" Being discouraged by the thick scrub on the wombat parade we slid down a terrific landslide to Rocky Waterholes Creek. On the way back from another attempt to get up the soaring cliffline, Dave landed himself in a mud patch. Having hauled him out he remarked that he'd have to bring "Wacka" down here one time and they could both play in the mud.

As the sun set slowly in the west, the discouraged party set off down the creek, and at about seven o'clock we passed our lunch spot. The quickest way out now was up Starlight's trail. Bill concluded that we would miss the six-twenty train from Hilltop.

Below Starlight's we had tea about nine o'clock. Whacko! It was feed time. Soggy vegetables, raisins, sandy steak, cheese and salami wrapped in socks plus chocolate was the order of the day. After proceeding up Starlight's by moonlight, we trudged on to Hilltop, where we encountered some barking dogs - they must have smelt us coming. We attempted to break the "bodies in phonebox" record as we sent some disturbing calls through to Sydney. Mittagong was reached by cab, where we raided the chocolate bar in the all-night garage.

It was five o'clock, so after a rest and cup of tea back at the cottage, we made for the ten past six train to Sydney. I don't think the other passengers enjoyed our singing much, but it was the best we could do after "A Hard Day's Night."

FIRST AID LECTURE

On Wednesday, November 4, a medico (Probably Bob Binks) will give a first aid lecture in the clubrooms. Don't miss it.

THE SEPTEMBER NATTAI INSTRUCTIONAL - Possum.

Prospective Alan Barclay, member Don Finch, prospective Denis Hyde, and prospective James Jellybean reported at Camden at about 8'clock Friday night and loaded their selves and junk into Bob Duncan's car. Then we began the drive to Hilltop and Coate's Farm. Between Bargo and Alpine an unidentified critter crossed the road ahead of us. Clearly it was a marsupial, but what sort? It was creamy white underneath and dark on top. It walked with a slow deliberate gait, had a long thin tail and looked a bit like a very large rate. Maybe it was a native cat, but they are rare in N.S.W., and it didn't look like the Tiger Cats I've seen in Tasmania.

As if this wasn't enough of an eye-shock for one night, what should we see when we got to Hilltop, standing under a streetlight, with a floosie draped around his neck, but member Bill O'Neil. The floosie had met him on the Hilltop train, taken him home to tea, primed him up on madeira, and asked him to stay the weekend. He'd just come out for a gulp of air when we arrived. We prised him away and into the car and set off for Coate's Farm.

Then the car had its third nerve-shattering encounter. Four miles out of Hilltop, a middling size female Wombat ran across in front of it. Duncan leapt out with his flash-gun camera but the Wombat disappeared behind a shed. A couple of miles short of Coates we made camp and half an hour later John Worral, (member) and prospective Kerry Hoare arrived in a second car and joined us, together with prospective Alan Hedstrong and Geoff Goxsell (member).

In the morning we walked out to Coate's Farm and then set out along a fire-road, northward across the Nattai Tableland. The wildflowers were fantabulous: Wattle, Boronia, Waratah, Mountain Holly, Eggs and Bacon. Spring had sprung. Round about 11 o'clock the road petered out and the Mountain Holly lost some of its appeal. So did the idea of lunch on the dry tops. Lunch on the Nattai seemed a good idea, so we set off westerly. Soon we came to a little bluff at the head of a creek running to the North-West. Prospective Kerry Hoare, who was in charge of map-reading and navigation at this stage, decided that this was Martin's Creek and that it would provide a good route to the Nattai.

First it was a scramble down slopes and little bluffs and then, at the bottom, a boulder hop and scramble down the steep gorgy creek. From the top it looked a biscuit toss to the Nattai but boulder hopping is slow, and we didn't reach the River till about half past one.

We had a long lunch while the leader taught us everything he knew about everything. Behind the sandy beach was a little sandstone overhang and member Don Finch, member John Worrall, prospective James Jellybean and prospective Alan Barclay gave each other climbing lessons. At about 3.30 p.m. we set off up the River to rendevous with Mick Elfick and his mob at the foot of Starlight's Trail, about 6 or 8 miles upstream. We

arrived just on dark; Mick and his mob had lit a monstrous campfire so all we had to do was cook, yak and hit the sack. It was a battle crawling out of the bags in the morning. By 10 o'clock most people were on their feet but Bill O'Neil and Alan Headstrong still snoozed around the camp and said they'd just walk straight up Starlight's. The rest of the combined parties ambled the two miles or so upstream to the junction of Rocky Waterholes Creek. Mick gave us an instructional lecture on the way. At the Creek Junction the party again divided into the sheep and goats. Mick's mob followed Mick up a ridge to Coate's Farm; our mob declared their determination to walk up Rocky Waterholes Creek for a few miles and then climb up the cliffs onto the tops. There were a few changes of personnell. We'd already lost Alan Hedstrong and Bill O'Neil, now we lost Geoff Boxsell too, but we gained prospective Peter Cameron.

No sooner had Mick and his mob left than our mob began exchanging shifty looks and furtive whispers. Such as, "Michael Short and Scruffy Whitty made themselves overdue vainly trying to get up this creek", and "Let's have lunch here and then sneak up the ridge after Mick". I was shocked. We had lunch and then our leader stood on a large boulder and gave a short talk. He told us of the proud history of the Club, of Gordon Smith, Jonathon Smythe, and Wilf Hilder and all about George Washington and Horatio and all that. Everyone agreed to walk up the creek and we set off.

The boulders in Rocky Waterholes Creek were big as houses, and the cliffs either side were screamers. There was nothing to do but to keep pressing hopefully upstream. It was a noble effort on Kerry Hoare's part as it was her first hard walk. About 2 miles upstream a side stream cascaded into the Creek; this seemed to be a break. However the main standstone cap, here, is underlain by a coal seam which, eroding in, forms a continuous overhang about 15' high. The stream fell over this overhang and a reconnoitre along the base of the cliff showed no break. We scrambled down to the creek again and walked a couple more miles upstream, past the junction with Ironstone Creek. Here a larger side creek came in, and prospectives Alan Barclay and Jim Jellybean scouted up and found a short chimney to the top.

The wildflowers on the tops were fantabulous and the scrub was as thick and prickly as anything I've seen, but about an hours bulldozing brought us to Coate's Farm. From here we walked along the road and reached the cars about 5o'clock.

As we drove through Hilltop two luscious and frantic fems waves us to a stop. We'd seen one before, around Bill O'Neil on Friday night. "Is Bill in this car" she asked desperately. "No he's in that one over there" we said, pointing to Peter Cameron's. They rushed over. Don Finch tried to pretend he was Bill, but it didn't work. Bill was in the car behind us, he had it coming to him.

FEDERATION REPORT. SEPTEMBER 1964.

Annual Ball. There were 284 present at the ball on September 11. The estimated profit is £65.0.0 and proceeds from the Guessing Competition were £56.0.0, about £50 less than last year.

Search and Rescue Demonstration. October 17 & 18 next will be held now on the Colo River instead of Webb's Creek. Full details will be forwarded to Clubs in good time. Ninian Melville will be glad to hear from any Club prepared to put on a demonstration of its ability to assist in safety in the bush - and elsewhere. Federation is concerned at the apparent apathy of some Clubs toward Search and Rescue Demonstrations. A good roll-up to this one is particularly requested as it is anticipated that representatives of the Canberra Clubs will attend.

National Parks Association. A vacancy exists on the Kosciusko State Park Trust following the resignation of Sir Garfield Barwick.
An area of 6,000 acres near Bathurst is to be proposed for reservation as a park. N.P.A's Explorers Group have suggested two other areas, one near the Trunkey Creek - Abercrombie River junction.
A new road from North Entrance to Norahville is nearing completion through an area of coastal sand dunes, which, up to now had been largely undisturbed.
It is hoped that a further 40,000 of the Macquarie Marshes will be reserved.
A group of Coonamble residents are interested in the establishment of a National Park at the Burrendong Dam.
A National Park and Fauna Reserve is proposed in the Cocoparra Range to the North-East of Griffith.
Proposals for a National Park of 160,000 acres in the Tuross - Big Badga Region are being investigated.

Tracks and Access. A new private road has been constructed from the Black Range to Harry's River at Diable Creek.

Bulldozing of Fire Trails. In constructing fire trails, bulldozers sometimes pile up tree trunks across established walking and bridle tracks. Information is required as to the exact location of these points so that action may be taken with a view of having sign posts erected indicating the tracks. When located, please erect a small cairn, so that the starting point of the track may be subsequently identified.

The Magazine Staff. - The Business Manager - Alexander Colley, B.Ec.

Alexander Colley was born in the first half of the 20th century and educated at the Hawkesbury Agricultural College and Sydney University, from which he graduated Bachelor of Economics. In 1950 he married Hilma Galliot, a tiger walker, and they have one daughter Frances, now attending Hornsby High School. He is employed as a planner by the County of Cumberland. He has a long record of service to the magazine as correspondent, monthly meeting reporter and latterly business manager.
Recreations: Tennis, skiing. Interests: Cars, fire trails - he's against them.

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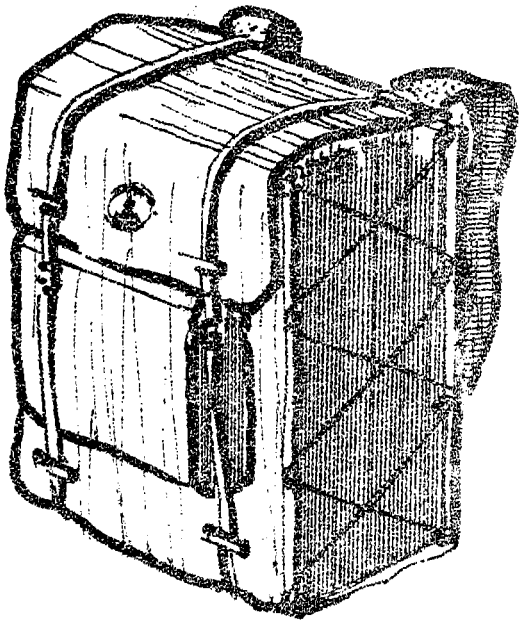

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