

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 843985.

Editor - Bill Gillam, Old Bush Rd, Engadine.
5208423.

Business Manager - Bill Burke, Coral Tree Rd,
West Pennant Hills.

366

JUNE 1965

Price 1/-

C O N T E N T S

The May General Meeting - J. Brown	2.
Extracts from a letter from Dorothy Lawry in New Zealand.	4.
Social Notes for June	5.
Claustal Canyon Again - Fitzganderpipe.	6.
Paddy's Ad.	7.
A Climber in the French Alps - Part II.	8.
There Orta be a Betta Word than Reedy. S. Brooks	12
Natural History - The Rock Pox - B. Gillam	15
Federation Report - May	16
Day Walks	17
Extract from Message of President Johnson on Natural Beauty Today.	18

THE MAY GENERAL MEETING.

Jim Brown.

There were two new members to welcome at the May meeting - Ken Chapman and Jim Graham - while the name of one recent addition, Phillip Nicholls, was called in vain.

Since no one had any quarrel with the Minutes, we passed smartly to Correspondence, which contained some exchanges with Federation and the Department of Mines regarding proposals to take limestone from the Colong area - of which more anon. There was a pleasant letter from Dorothy Lawry, exiled in New Zealand for some 15 years, saying how good it was to see many familiar names in the latest Membership List. We had advised Federation and N.P.A. of our suggested counter attack on alienated areas on the Royal National Park.

The Treasurer's report confirmed that our finances were fairly healthy, having risen from £235 to £258 in the current account during April. The Walks Report covered Edna Garrad's day walk of early April; Otford to Burning Palms with 11 starters and Bill O'Neill's Easter - Lamington trip with 8 people on which a very detailed report had been presented. It was subsequently resolved to send this on to the Magazine Editor for publication of any trip data thought desirable.

Carl Doherty's Easter walk had been cancelled, but Bob Godfrey and party of 13 had cruised around the Pretty Beach area on the South Coast. There was no report of the Anzac Ceremony at Splendour Rock, but it was understood two S.B.W. were there, while Jim Calloway's day walk on April 25 had four prospectives.

Over the Anzac weekend Bob Godfrey and party were in the Ophir and Abercrombie Caves region, and Snow Brown's trip of April 30 - May 2 had been postponed. On May 2 Denise Hull had 16 people out on Covan Creek as a final gesture before heading north for a couple of years.

In the social notes Edna Stretton mentioned that the Annual Colour Slide Competition was set down in the new programme for late August and entries would be restricted to 12 slides per competitor.

Federation Report also referred to the Colong mining project; to a new trail from Euroka Clearing to the Nepean River; hopes of a reservation in the Tinderry Mts. south of Queanbeyan; and several S & R alerts, one over a party which became benighted on Tyan Pic Mt. in the Capertee Valley. Arising from the Federation Report it was also agreed that, if he was prepared to accept Wilf Hilder be nominated as representative on the Tracks and Access Committee.

Parks and Playgrounds Report contained a "no" from the Water Board in reply to a request for more accessibility to Catchment Areas. Recreational activity, it said, was already permitted in certain areas, P & P had also protested over rumours of development and opening up of National Park for building.

With General Business came an explanation of the limestone mining proposal at Colong. It was sought, of course, for cement manufacture and the area likely to be invaded embraced an area between Colong and Church Ck. Caves. Federation had registered its objections in reply to an advice from the Mines Department, but recognising that a complete ban on the project may be futile, sought protection for scenic and cave areas. Alan Rigby outlined the history of mining ventures in the area, and moved that our delegates at the next Federation meeting seek a deputation by all interested conservation bodies to the Minister on this particular issue and the wider question of alienation of parks and reserves. Ron Knightley suggested that mining activities seemed to have precedence over other land usage and this should be brought under notice. After a brief discussion, the motion was carried.

Ron Knightley reported on investigation into availability of land on the South Coast between Merry and Pebbly Beaches. The Lands Department had indicated its desire to keep a strip 20 chains wide along the seafront from Wollongong down to the Victoria border as a reserve. In the area which interested us, there was about one mile of beachfront belonging to property at Durras Mountain; and there seemed a good prospect of acquiring the 20 chain seafront strip of this property.

Alan Rigby reported that some land downstream from Bendethera on the Deua River was offered for sale at £3 an acre and volunteered to obtain information. He was authorised to do on the Clubs behalf.

Club equipment came next. It seems that the official Secretarial typewriter (after some unspecified vicissitudes) has given the game away and the new Secretary was reduced to producing handwritten correspondence. Minimum repairs would cost £26. The question was - should we instead acquire a new machine or a fully reconditioned model instead? On a motion by Dick Child it was agreed to shop around to see what we could do to beat down the typewriter suppliers to a reasonable price. The agent appointed was Alex Colley who had managed a good deal on a previous purchase for the Magazine. On a motion by Jack Wren it was decided to save the Secretary's labour by hiring a machine while negotiations for a purchase were afoot.

And that we considered good progress for the night, which wound up a placid atmosphere at 9.25 p.m.

Extracts from a letter from Dorothy Lawry, 95 St. Andrews Road,
Epsom, Auckland. S.E.3. N.Z.

I hope you had a good annual meeting and were able to hold the reunion as usual in spite of the recent bad bushfires. You may be interested to know that the lists attached to the annual report show that I still know 65 of the active members, 37 of the non-active members and 3 of the honorary members. As I have been living in Auckland now for nearly 14 years that shows how we old members value the Club and cling to our membership as something very well worthwhile.

We may not be able to do much active walking now but it is our club. We made it and its traditions and we still give it what support we can. We hope you newer members regard the club as highly as we do and are building even higher and better traditions.

Cheerio and good camping to you all.

Yours sincerely,

Dorothy Lawry.

On Receiving a Letter from Dorothy Lawry.
With Apologies to Ian Mudie.

They'll tell you about me anytime.
I'm the one who signed the application forms for all
The pretty girls; the Evans girls and that remarkable
Family of Jeans. All daughters.
I was in Bluegum before that historic day, putting
Stakes beside all the trees so they would grow tall and straight.
And with some mates, I had a barbecue, at Euroka, the week
Before they found the Bone. We carried big packs in those days.
The days before Roley caught the first train from Katoomba.
(Though it was some time after Govett made his leap and
Barralier found his crown). I thought of all the nicknames
Dorman and Mandelberg so it wasn't just yesterday. I was at
Myles' elbow whispering grandiloquent suggestions in his ear
And sorting through a book of abo names until we ran out of
Chasms and Warrigals and Gingras. Someone else had
The bright idea of Brindle Pup.

I held Taro's ankles while he hammered the first spike.
And cooked breakfast at all those creeks - we only had one
Meal in those days.
I've moved more amendments than seven lawyers,
Three Prime Ministers and four walks secretaries.
I've climbed every ridge in the Labrynth
And canoed all the white water from the Snowy to the Sepik
And I have photographed every flower,
And every tree,
Four varieties of honey eater,
One snake, and two lizards on Balls Pyramid.
Just ask anyone,
Anytime.
In the Club.
Just ask them. I'm your Club.
I'm you.

Ed.

S O C I A L N O T E S F O R J U N E .

"Six Weeks in a Sleeping-Bag" should arouse the curiosity of many Bushwalkers so we can expect the "Full House" sign to be hung up on June 16 when Ross Wyborn will enlighten us on his recent trip to New Zealand.

Don Read will be with us on June 23 with "The Pilgrims' Way". Bushwalkers will remember that this title appeared on a recent programme but postponement was necessary. The inclusion of Don's talk with slides will be welcomed by members who know the excellent quality of Don's photography.

JUNE 30 - NOT SHOWN ON CURRENT
SOCIAL PROGRAMME.

BOB SAVAGE - "LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN."

Coloured Slide Competition - 18th August - 12 slides per person -
no categories - slides to Social Secretary on or before August 11.

CLAUSTRAL CANYON AGAIN!

"Fitzganderpipe".

Snow Brown we learnt, was organizing a private canyon trip on which - selfish soul - his aim was not to make double figures. Our first idea was to make it interesting by putting a triple-figure party down the canyon ahead of him, but on realizing we would have difficulty finding that many starters outside of an institution to go down the mighty Claustral, we decided - just to go. There was Rosso, John Worrell, Dave Rostron, Bob Smith, Jerry Sinzig, John "Charlie" Brown (Snow's brother) and friend, et moi; but no Snow - he had to work back.

We all met at Mt. Tomah about 8 o'clock on March 28 and after sorting oddments prepared to set off. It was at this moment that what must be The Invention of the Year was unearthed. Charlie Brown had devised a special "Canyon Sack". It consisted of a string bag in which were a few tins of goods plus - and this was the essential item, a bouyancy tin, in which can be kept such items as cigarettes, matches, can opener etc. He informed us that his invention had been thoroughly tested only that morning and that this would be its maiden voyage. He added that the only disadvantage was the great weight incurred by one having to drag the empty string bag - often up-hill, after lunch.

Before long we arrived at the saddle between Tomah and the Camel's Hump and here we waited for the party to catch up. Last man along was John Worrell, proudly wearing his new white Rock Climbing crash helmet, which he informed us, would be worn by all intrepid canyoneers within a few years. We made good time along the creek and it seemed no time at all before we were confronted with the "Go Home SBW Tribe" sign. Since I first saw this sign on that remarkable day some weeks ago, some wit has changed the "tribe" to the plural form. After the two most enjoyable bombs we pushed on and soon arrived at the abseils. Here Jerry and Ross set up tripods, arc lamps, light meters and similar paraphernalia belonging to the species known as the amateur photographer, while the other canyoneers posed for them. It was a real pleasure abseiling down and they were over all too soon. We then strolled on through the dark magnificence that is Claustral, pausing now and then to enjoy the spectacular rock formations when suddenly we heard a "hoy!". A party of scouts and uni-bushies were coming down Ranon. They had planned to do Thunder but a small error in navigation resulted in their being where they were.

After lunch at the cave we moved off each anticipating The Tunnel. It looked truly magnificent - very clear and an eerie shade of light green. Our aim was to get back to the cars by going up the Tomah ridge itself instead of returning via the Hump. So a little above the fork in the creek we climbed over the spur, down into the other creek and up onto the Tomah ridge. Our return was highlighted by several small rock scrambles providing chimnies and etc. and I thought that the view from these points exceeded that gained from the Hump.



PADDY MADE

7.

WHERE DO ALL THE WALKERS GO IN THE
WINTERTIME?

MOST OF THEM GO WALKING, ITS THE TIME
OF THE YEAR FOR TOUGHER TRIPS.

IT'S THE TIME OF THE YEAR FOR WARMER
GEAR IN THE FORM OF SLEEPING BAGS AND
CLOTHING.

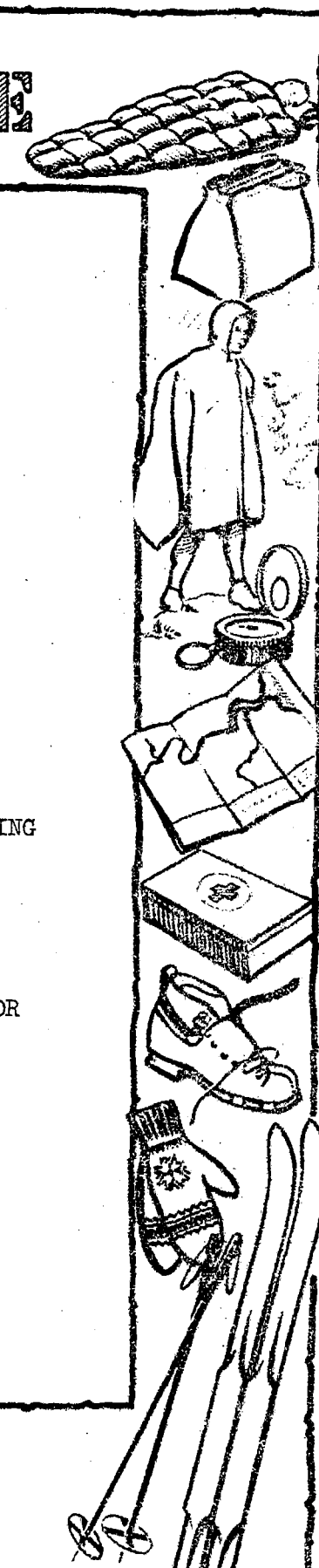
SEE PADDYS DE LUXE HOTHAM MODEL SLEEPING
BAGS AND RANGE OF NORWEGIAN RAG WOOL
JUMPERS.

THEY ARE THE BEST FOR COMFORT, BEST FOR
WARMTH.

PADDY PALLIN PTY. LTD.
109A Bathurst St. Sydney.

PADDY PALLIN Pty.
Lightweight Camp Gear Ltd.

BM2685



(2)

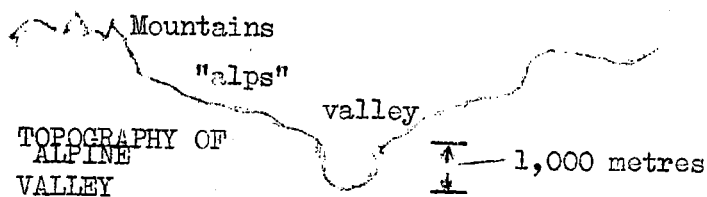
A CLIMBER IN THE FRENCH ALPS

- Ron Cox

Grenoble. 11th March

Ah yes, ladies and gentlemen, it's alright over here in Grenoble.

I've been here one week and been to the mountains once, on Sunday. After buying a map of the environs of Grenoble on Saturday night I was at a bit of a loss where to start. The map is stacked full of mountains. At random, and because there was a bus service there, I decided to go to a village called Bourge d'Oisans, about 25 miles by road from Grenoble. Leaving Grenoble at 8 a.m. Sunday, the bus took about an hour and a half to do this short journey, due partly to the driver's getting off at every intervening village to talk to the inhabitants, etc. The road rises very gradually up a long, narrow valley, with flat floor but very precipitous sidewalls, which winds up into the mountains. Bourge d'Oisans is not very high; at 2,000 ft. it's not much higher than Grenoble (700 ft.) but it's situation is rather spectacular with towering rocky walls of 500 - 1000 metres hemming in the valley. Above these walls are high pastures ("alps") and mountains, but you can't see them from the valley floor. The topography is, I think, typical of Alpine valleys. It is quite different from Canterbury (N.Z.) vallies but possible the same structure occurs in Fierdland.



The roads which give access to the alps go up tributary vallies but even so they are inevitably very steep.

Unfortunately the drive up to Bourge d'Oisans was not very scenic as there is an electrochemical or electrometallurgical plant about every mile up the valley.

The morning was dull and miserable and the industrial apparatus with its associate mess of power lines and water runways looked astonishingly ugly. The Grenoble region is extremely heavily industrialised. I believe the first hydro-electric power developments in the world (end of XIX century) were in these mountains. As a result the atmosphere around Grenoble is generally fairly hazy from exhaust gasses and smoke and one rarely sees the mountains clearly from town.

At Bourge d'Oisans I didn't know what to do, but having noticed hundreds of cars heading off towards a skiturn called Alpe d'Huez and seeing a bus standing by ready to go there, I payed the necessary 5 bob to go up. The road rises 3,500 feet over a linear distance of about $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles but it does this in beautiful zig-zags which cut back and forth through the meadows. The poor old bus had seen better days and made heavy work of it but I was in no hurry. After about a thousand feet or so one started to get above the worst of the valley smog and here I started to get excited. The mountains on the opposite side of the valley (invisible from down in the valley as explained in my diagram) now started to appear vaguely through the haze. The day was really terribly bad for sight-seeing, misty and overcast, but it was good enough for me. These mountains, above Bourge d'Oisans, are neither very high nor very jagged as compared with the greater Alpine ranges, but in winter they look fantastic. Small peaks under heavy snow such as they get here in the Alps can look just as magnificent as a big ice-peak like, say, Tasman (N.Z.) The deep snow lying on all but the steepest walls smooths out fussy details into smooth white slopes and clean, sharp aretes so that the scale has no meaning. As the bus got higher more and more mountains came into view,

and I of course just stared, jaw agape. The bus was not very full; there was a young schoolgirl intently reading her lessons, up front a few old men talking, at the back a group of skiers chattering - all oblivious of the view, oblivious of the importance of the moment for me. I felt like shouting above the roar of the bus engine "Hey look, how about that! This is what I've come all the way from Brisbane, Australia, to see!" But I suppose they wouldn't have understood as they really were only minor mountains. They looked alright to me!

The bus ultimately arrived at the ski-town Alpe d'Huez which at about 5,500 ft is, this winter, just at the snow line. The snow is very lean this year; you may have heard about all the worry they had carting snow to make ski-runs for the Olympic Games at Innsbruck. Everyone in Grenoble is meaning what a nuisance it is that they can't go skiing at the lower resorts about 10-15 miles away and have to travel 30 miles or so to places like this Alpe d'Huez to ski! Alpe d'Huez is a rather big town, a haphazard assembly of typically garish, boxy huts and hotels set on a steep alp. Skiing is the fastest growing industry in France (20% per year) and many people are making fortunes, amongst them the farmers who own the high pastures which make ideal ski runs. There were literally thousands of skiers at the town. The inevitable blonde ladies parading in leopard skin parkas and red pants, and dashing young men in sports cars. But most of the people looked very young and very eager to ski. This is a centre of serious skiing in contrast to the most fashionable resorts of the Maritime Alps nearer to the Riviera.

Every one of these thousands was decked out in proper ski wear. Blue seems to be the universally popular colour for the French - roughly speaking replaces khaki in Australia. All skiers seemed to be wearing blue padded parkas; (in fact, practically all the young people in Grenoble wear ski-wear in the town as a matter of course). I felt, therefore, a bit odd in my knee britches and Gaston Rebuffat socks. I was also wearing goggles instead of the more fashionable sun glasses. So at the earliest opportunity I selected a likely looking mountain and headed off up the slopes through the flashing skiers towards it, trying not to look too conspicuous. Once I got up a bit I could look down on them in amusement. A ski-field looks very much like an ants' nest - long lines of little figures waiting patiently in a queue until their turn comes on the tow. Never ending, regular arrays of figures move up the hill on the tows to the top, whence they rush irregularly down again to rejoin the queues. Even well above the activity you hear a lot of noise. A ski-slope sounds almost exactly like a crowded beach, skiers shriek and squeal just like swimmers and the mechanical uphill cables running over the pulleys make sounds very similar to waves breaking on the beach. All this floats up the hill as a muffled babble and row.

The mountain I'd picked out didn't look very inspiring, but this was a good thing as my only step-cutting armament was the proverbial penknife. (I made the mistake of cutting the handle off my ice axe in Brisbane so as to make it less cumbersome in the plane). The weather didn't look too hopeful but I pressed on slowly. The slope really was very gentle but I kept on rocky slabs where I could, trying to make it more interesting. The snow itself was generally pretty soft. The temperature, incidentally, was fairly cold, well below freezing. The weather finally decided to descend, cloud obscured my peak, wind and snow started to annoy me. I had also left my anorak in Australia and so felt a bit naked under these conditions. A little bit higher I spied a half wrecked hut in a bit of a hollow and floundered across to it. Here I pondered the situation over a sandwich and a cup of coffee thoughtfully brought along in a thermos

flask (Oh this civilization over here. Give me the 'heap a few sticks together, put the billy on' days). On consulting the map I discovered I was at about 7,500 ft., just satisfactorily higher than Kosciuszko. I then saw that this mountain I was trying to climb was just over 3,000 metres. About 1,500 ft. to go, so it seemed a bit out of the question to persevere. Anyway, it was quite pleasant sitting up there in the hut, despite the fierce gusts of wind blowing through all the cracks in the woodwork. One could not hear the noise of the multitude up there.

Went back down to Alpe d'Huez where the snow had frightened most of the people off the slopes. Walked back down to Bourge d'Oisans, another 3,500 ft. lower. I discovered I could keep ahead of cars going down the zig-zags by running straight down across the fields. At Bourge d'Oisans got bus back to Grenoble; great confusion reigned on the road - rather like a Sunday night return from the Gold Coast.

Anyway, that was a very interesting Sunday, even if so summit was gained. As I've said, these mountains I saw around Bourge d'Oisans are not very high compared with the greater Alpine ranges, but 2,500 - 3,000 metres is a rather pleasant height. I guess I really am a potterer at heart; the idea of mucking about in these lower ranges appeals to me just as much as the possibility of climbing at Chamonix. There is a very wide range of magnitudes available here. First there are forested ranges of 2,000 m. with many cliff lines, good for bushwalking or rock-climbing. These are west and south of Grenoble. To the east there are vast areas of 3,000 m. ranges, generally not unduly precipitous and without glaciation but making ideal country in winter and giving pleasant tramping in summer. Beyond these, further east and closer to the Italian border is the Pelvou x group with jagged rock summits and glaciers giving climbs of the highest standards. These peaks range up to 4,000 m. with some, such as the Meije, just at 4,000 m. Then ultimately to the North-East, is the Mont Blanc massif.

In Australia I tended to think of the Alps as the mountains around Chamonix, Zermatt, Grindelwald, plus the Dolomites. Obviously for a holiday season one goes to the bigger ranges, but if you live in this part of Europe there is this enormous inexhaustible supply of lower mountains, readily accessible in a weekend or even a day. and they tend to make me forget about Chamonix. Now I think I can understand why New Zealanders didn't climb Mt. Cook.

I am only slowly getting an idea of how extensive the Alps are. For instance, just before I left Paris, I saw a slide show at the CAF (Club Alpin Francaise) given by a young Munich student. His slides showed vast arrays of magnificent ranges in southern Bavaria and Austria. In winter these are buried under snow and it seems ski-mountaineering is an extremely popular sport there. I don't think it is so popular in France. This bloke showed a galaxy of slides of daring rock routes, including the North Wall of the Cima Grande which drew appreciative gasps from the audience. Incidentally, if ever any of you decide to go to Germany, Munich is the place. Apart from the mountains, it's apparently a fairly gay town.

The weather in Grenoble has been generally rather poor since I arrived and it has snowed several days. One day the snow was quite heavy, about 6 inches of it. Snow is pretty, but when the temperature is near the melting point it's terribly messy, churned up by the traffic and feet. I've got myself a room for £3/10/- a week. A room only, rather old but not decrepit. No kitchen, not allowed to cook. Use of a sink but no bath or shower. This illustrates the exorbitant cost of accommodation in

France. Hot water and baths are still luxuries here and although I had those facilities in Paris (paying £6 a week) I've decided to live cheaper here. I suppose in the same way a Frenchman would find it difficult to live in Australia without wine.

However there is a view from this room. I chose it for that reason. It was snowing the day I chose it, but I did careful calculations with the map and compass to make sure I'd have that view. When the weather cleared I found to my great pleasure I was right. I have a 180 degree panorama - the window opens onto a small balcony - and only about 30 percent of the horizon is flat. To the N.E. the long, well plastered chain of the Belldames with its highest point, 9,500 feet, just $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles away from me. More striking although further away, to the East, is a magnificent 9,300 ft. mountain called Taillefer, with huge faces. After this recent snowfall these vertical faces were all a clean smooth white, and with dull light and a hazy atmosphere making the outlines rather ghostly, the mountain looked to me of Himalayan proportions. Further south a lovely little pyramidal peak with beautiful sloping faces. Then the flat spot, the valley of the Drac River. After that, in the southern part of my panorama, the forested, wierdly twisted crags of the Vercors massif. My only complaint is I can't see Mont Blanc. One can see it on clear days from the hill a couple of hundred feet above Grenoble.

The interesting question in all this is how I'm going to get any work done here. I'm supposed to be learning all about magnetic resonance in preparation for starting my doctorate. It's still not certain that I will be able to do a doctorate here. I wish I knew where the money was going to come from.

Anyone from Australia wanting to come to the Alps would be best advised to get off the boat at Naples, if the boat stops there. Failing that, Marseilles. A train from Naples or Marseilles to the Alps would cost about £5 - £10. Be prepared for very high food costs in France and Switzerland, lesser costs in Italy, Austria. Hut fees are also high. Maps are extraordinarily expensive in France. Letter rates are bloody exorbitant (1 page plus envelope (5 grams) cost about 2/4. 3 pages plus envelope (10 grams) cost about 4/3 .

WANTED - FOR THE NATIONAL LIBRARY.

Anybody care to donate copies 2 and 3 and subsequent copies
of the BUSHWALKER ANNUAL to the National Library.

Congratulations to Mick and Evelyn Elfick on the arrival of their
first child - a boy.

THERE ORTA BE A BETTA WORD THAN REEDY.Stuart Brooks.

Inveray Park is important enough to earn mention on the road map, and even at Bungonia, the traveller is sped on his way by a presentable road sign which declares "Inveray Park $3\frac{1}{2}$ m." The road out is passable, even pleasant, but disconcerting. $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Bungonia it abandons the wayfarer in the middle of green pastures confronted only by gates and a small signpost bearing the names of three people. Just who these are, and what they have to do with the disappearance of the road is not made evident.

This was the conundrum that faced a party of us last year. We solved it by invading the closest farmhouse, to be welcomed by a noisy pack of dogs and a sleepy farmer's wife. We were given quite a rundown on local History and Geography - this property was in fact, Inveray Park, and had been in the hands of the family since the original grant. We were given instructions as to how to approach the river, but strongly advised against venturing into it. Neither the good lady nor any of her forbears had ever ventured so far, and clearly, she feared for our safety. I daresay our scruffy appearance would inspire little confidence.

Following her directions, we drove through another gate, and out along a bush track for about five miles to Brideson's farm. Here we went through the same form of ritual with heaps of dogs and slightly bewildered looking people. Mr. Brideson proved most helpful and interested in what we wanted to do, but why we couldn't take the easy jeep track to the river he failed to grasp. He often went down to the river, usually in the Blockup area to swim and fish. He explained the system of access tracks he had cleared on his property and sped us on our way with his best wishes. I am sure he would have liked to come along had he been able to spare the time.

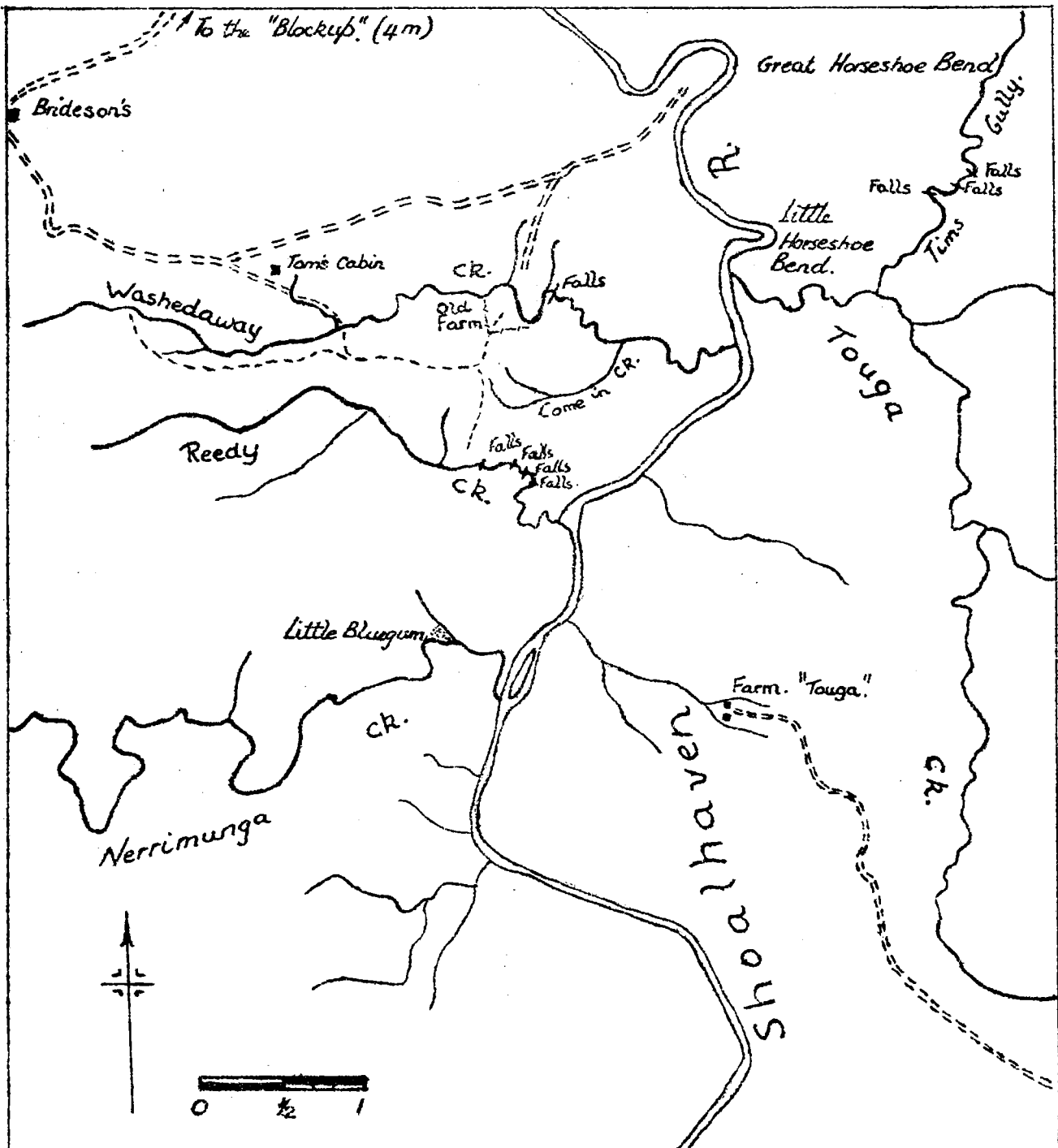
It was certainly not his fault we missed Reedy Ck. altogether. I first saw Reedy Ck. last Easter. Mike Short, Jeff Whitty, Le and I had chosen it by chance as an "easy" route back to the Shoalhaven, having come down Touga Ck. crossed the Shoalhaven and gone up Washedaway Ck. to have a look at the tops in this area. On the map, Reedy Ck. looks short and innocuous, and the name lulls one a little.

Disillusionment follows swiftly. In my case it was almost a divorce as well. Reedy Ck, we found the hard way, drops 1500 feet to the Shoalhaven in $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles over a continuous series of waterfalls, cataracts and what have you. Getting down it is pretty energetic and does not require any acrobatics or aerobatics.

Easter was a very dry spell, and the creek was not running so it was difficult to picture how it would all look with water clothing the naked rock.

Hence the July debacle.

Leaving Bridesons, we drove out to Tom's Cabin, and walked from there across Washelway Ck. out towards the old farm. Here there is supposed to be a well defined access track cut by Doug. Brideson out to Reedy Ck, but naturally we missed it and finished up in a tangle of creeks and ridges.



We eventually stuck with a sizeable creek that was headed in the right direction. After an hour's battling our way down it, we became aware that it had completely changed direction, and that we were headed straight into the depths of Washedaway Crk. The die was cast, and we had missed Reedy Ck. Maybe it was just as well as the only way out of Reedy Ck. is a long swim across the Shoalhaven and the water that weekend was (to be put it politely) freezing.

So we returned dry shod by way of Little Horseshoe Bend where an easy ridge leads up to the gentler headwaters of Washedaway Ck. or the Great Horseshoe road if one prefers.

October saw Reedy Ck. on the programme again. Warmer weather, spring rains and past failures all pointed to a successful weekend and so it was. We left Marulan cemetery early on Saturday morning, and pausing only to admire and pet a new litter of pups at the Bridesons (who were all away) we pressed on. This time we found the track to Reedy Crk. and were standing in the creek by 10.30 a.m. This gave us plenty of time to saunter down and fully admire the rugged nature of the creek and gorge. The creek was flowing, but not rapidly enough to make the falls as spectacular as they should be.

We lunched at the foot of a fifty foot drop in the creek and that with a bit more water would have been a thundering waterfall. The languid day made starting again rather hard. Thoughts of a swim in the Shoalhaven finally won and we continued down the parade of waterfalls and cascades. However it was only necessary to get wet once, and then only up to the waist, when we had to wade a pool with vertical rock sides with no way round. An hour after lunch saw us on the Shoalhaven where an immediate swim is required. We really took our time over this one, as swimming was far more appropriate occupation for the day than walking.

Eventually we dragged ourselves away and walked a mile or so upstream to where Nerrimunga Creek comes in. This requires another swim across the river but evening shadows cut this one short. Half a mile up Nerrimunga Creek is a delightful campsite I like to think of as Little Bluegum - a sandy beach a deep swimming pool and an acre or so of grassy tree-studded banks make a delightful setting.

It was hard to leave on Sunday morning, particularly as it was obvious even early in the day that it was going to be a scorcher. We moved off slowly. Nerrimunga Creek is the direct opposite to Reedy Ck. The bed is wide and flat and the banks provide easy walking with only odd sections of rocks to break the monotony. The creek itself consists of a series of long pools linked with rapids - a pleasant place. Our luck held good, for just after lunch as we were contemplating the 1500 feet climb out in the midday heat, a cool change swept over and the five mile walk across the tops to Bridesons was covered under far more pleasant conditions than we had expected. For anyone who doesn't mind a bit of rock-hopping and bottom-sliding, Reedy Ck. can be recommended as an interesting diversion.

NATURAL HISTORY.- THE ROCK POX.

B.Gillam.

Most Bushwalkers I know take an interest in rocks as absorbing as the French take in wildfowl - "quelqu'un moineau" - some sort of sparrow. They fall over them, stub their toe on them and hammer bolts in them without coming to love them. If an attempt is made to classify them it is on a rudimentary basis ... a "river stone" and so likely to blow up in one's face if one uses it for a fireplace. "Pudding stone" is slightly more sophisticated and real rockmanship comes when one can identify a "residual". Structural geology is limited to "incised streams" for a gloomy and damn deep canyon or a "hanging valley" where one abseils down the centre line of the watercourse.

There are two main ways in which one can increase one's knowledge. One way, perhaps the more difficult, is to enrol in a sub-professional course such as is offered by the WEA. These courses take as a basic premise that they will sort out the dilettanti from the potential Ph.Ds by requiring postulants to learn "The Rock Forming Minerals". It is no use nodding at the mono-clinic feldspars; they will hit you over the head with the triclinic variety with the polysynthetic twinning before you can lisp out the transition series from Albite to Anorthite. Since no one can hope to identify specimens with 100% accuracy, lecturers have a range of specimens which have been verified from Mawson downwards. Beware! These specimens have been exhaustively analysed and are identified only by hieroglyphs known to the lecturers. Handbooks on minerals contain more "ifs" and "buts" than an essay by T.S. Eliot.

Super-rockmanship comes when the graduate of such a course sets off with compass, geological hammer and geological map to identify each differently coloured rock on the pretty map. No talk of "river stones" here.

For those who do not feel that this is for them there are two sub-streams; the collection of stones for possible lapidary work or for a collection, and the Buddhistic approach of contemplating stones in situ. The test of lapidary stones is to lick the surface and note the rate at which the saliva disappears into the matrix. One can sit on Pebbly Beach and develop a raging thirst and a very small pile of possible stones in this manner. The petrified trees? Leave them; they are too heavy to carry back to the car and no one has a diamond saw big enough to cut them.

Zeolites, those beautiful inclusions of crystals in country rock are wonderful things to collect. Quarries, especially Prospect, yield a

treasure trove of these. Perhaps a cubic inch to a cubic yard of road metal. Just try and separate them. Or better still to separate the Amethyst inclusions from the headlands of the South Coast. The inch to the yard ratio is much more profitable. Collection with no blood, toil or tears is best done in river beds, preferably at a splash crossing. The children can be separated from the mud more easily and one does not need to waste saliva.

For contemplators of rocks the mile or so from Garie Head to Era is ideal. The connoisseurs of variety in form will be satisfied with the sweeps and swirls of the fallen sand-stone of Garie Head (Narrabeen Series - rockmanship). For hot days try separating the ilmenite and rutile from the golden quartz or daintily pick the agate fragments from the northern headland of North Era. I have two peanut butter containers, a screw top jam jar and a shallow bowl of such fragments. And under the house there are more rocks than Ross Wyborn could climb over.

FEDERATION REPORT -- MAY 1965

Mining Operations by Theiss Bros (Colong etc.) The Chairman informed the meeting that the file was with the Minister of Lands - but no decision had been taken upon the matter as yet. Most of the clubs had received copies of Federation's letter to the Minister and had indicated solid backing and registering individual protests. Miles Dunphy informed Fed. that the N.P. Trust lodged protest in respect of the Flora and Fauna aspect only. General disapproval of the Trust's weak line of action in this and related matters was made by the Fed. members and committee. Wilf Hilder reported that Theiss Bros. were now making additional applications to prospect the Wombeyan area. The S.B.W. motion for a deputation to be sent from Federation to the Minister was passed.

Federation Ball - 10th September.

S. & R. Practice - Date fixed for July 17. 18. 19, location to be announced.
cliff rescue - preliminary practice 9 a.m. 23rd May, 1965, Cliff Ave, Wahroonga.

National Trust - Invitation to join National Trust approved.

Conservation Committee - The committee recommend immediate action in raising the proposal for the Clyde-Buderwang National Park. It was drawn to Federation attention that the present owners of Yadboro House were proposing to extend their timber cutting operations.

Tracks & Access - Marking of the track from Saddleback to the Drawing Room Rocks and Barron Ground - to be held over pending outcome of earlier motion regarding Fauna Protection Board and Barren Ground Reserve. Wilf Hilder reports of suspected mining surveys for marble in the area of Braidwood.

DAY WALKS.

- June 20. Waterfall - Mt. Westmacott - Woronora Trig - Woronora River - Heathcote. 12 miles.
An interesting excursion through the Heathcote Primitive Area led by a local resident. Some parts are bushfire damaged. Wear old clothes.
Train: 8.20 a.m. Cronulla train from Central Electric Stn. to Sutherland. CHANGE AT SUTHERLAND for rail motor to Waterfall.
Tickets: Waterfall return @ 6/-.
Map: Camden Military or Port Hacking Tourist.
Leader: Jim Callaway.
- June 27. Glenbrook - Glenbrook Gorge - Nepean Lookout - Euroka Clearing - Glenbrook. 12 miles.
A rock hop down the Gorge amongst spectacular scenery. A sharp climb to Nepean Lookout, thence through scrub to Euroka.
Train: 8.20 a.m. Lithgow train from Central Steam Station to Glenbrook.
Tickets: Glenbrook return @ 14/3.
Map: Liverpool Military.
Leader: Jack Perry.
- July 4. Engadine - Kangaroo Crk - Uloola Falls - Waterfall. 12 miles.
A look at parts of the Western Edge of the Royal National Park. Kangaroo Crk. is normally very pleasant. Wear old clothes in case some of the area has been bushfire damaged.
Train: 8.20 a.m. Cronulla train from Central Electric Station to Sutherland. CHANGE AT SUTHERLAND for rail motor to Engadine.
Tickets: Waterfall return @ 6/-.
Map: Port Hacking Tourist or Military.
Leader: David Ingram.
- July 11. Engadine - Heathcote Creek - Waterfall. 9 miles.
This walk traverses the Heathcote Primitive Area on the opposite side of the railway line from last week's walk. Pleasant walking and suitable as a first walk with the club.
Train: 8.50 a.m. Cronulla train from Central Electric Station to Sutherland. CHANGE AT SUTHERLAND for rail motor to Engadine.
Tickets: Waterfall return @ 6/-.
Map: Port Hacking Tourist or Heathcote Primitive Area.
Leader: Ern Farquhar.
-

From President Johnson's Message to Congress on Natural
Beauty To-day, 8th Feb. 1965.

"For centuries Americans have drawn strength and inspiration from the beauty of our country. It would be a neglectful generation indeed, indifferent alike to the judgment of history and the command of principle, which failed to preserve and extend such a heritage for its descendants. Yet the storm of modern change is threatening to blight and diminish in a few decades what has been cherished and protected for generations.

A growing population is swallowing up areas of natural beauty with its demand for living space, and is placing increased demand on our overburdened areas of recreation and pleasure

... the forgotten outdoorsmen of today are those who like to walk, hike, ride horseback or bicycle. For them we must have trails, as well as highways. Nor should motor vehicles be permitted to tyrannize the more leisurely human traffic. I am requesting, therefore, that the Secretary of the Interior work with his colleagues in the Federal Government and with state and local leaders and recommend to me a co-operative programme to encourage a national system of trails, building up to more than a hundred thousand miles of trails in our national parks.

The budget provides for 127 million dollars to start a Land and Water Conservation Fund which will be used to acquire lands for recreation areas and parks. The fund will eventually be self sustaining through park and admission fees and other Federal money

This generation has altered the composition of the atmosphere on a global scale through atomic explosions and the use of coal, oil and gas by automobiles and industry.

Every major river system is now polluted. Waterways that were once sources of pleasure and beauty are forbidden to human contact and objectionable to sight and smell."

Recommended reading - Land of Wonder: the best Australian nature writing.
Selected and edited by Alec H. Chisholm.

Tree Wonders of Australia - A.S. Brooks.

Over the Hills - Bernard O'Reilly.
