

A Monthly Bulletin of matters of interest to the Sydney Bushwalkers, Northcote Building, Reiby Place, Sydney. Postal address: Box 4476, G.P.O. Sydney.

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IN THIS MONTH'S MAGAZINE.

Editorial	Page	2.
The May General Meeting Jir	m Brown	3.
First Impressions of the Cox	Ivy Painter	5•
The Dishmop Song	Jim Brown	7.
The Skin Game	Paddy Pallin	9.
On Camping and Caving	Helen Breakwell	12.
Socially Speaking	Owen Marks	14.
Walks	Don Finch	15.
Search and Rescue Notice		16.
One More Month	Observer	18.
A Non-drinking Bushwalker	Barry Pacey	19.
The Back Page	All & Sundry	20.

EDITORIAL

Wednesday, 14th. June.

You may think, from perusing this month's magazine, that it had been put together in a hurry. You would be right. Before going away on the Upper Macleay River trip for the weekend, I ensured that the magazine was ready to be printed, bar the article headings and the editorial. Well, as you probably know, the Macleay River is now in flood following continuous rain over the long weekend. Naturally our walk did not go entirely as scheduled, and we arrived back in Sydney yesterday morning completely exhausted. Last night the headings were done as quickly as possible, and as much of the duplicating as possible was done by Don Finch and Alan Pike. That leaves only the editorial, and my head is quite devoid of ideas. An editor should, of course, be prepared for such emergencies, with material ready to fill up a last-minute blank page. But search as I would, I couldn't find a thing. Then I remembered Frank Ashdown's secret formula for wine-making. So rather than leave a white sheet, here you are. I hope that by next month, things will be organized again, and the magazine will be back up to standard.

RHUBARB-DANDELION WINE (Extracted with difficulty from Frank Ashdown's archives of closely guarded secrets)

Ingrdients:

1 quart dandelions.

1 gallon water.

1 oz. yeast.

6 lbs. rhubarb.

1 large slice toast.

4 lbs. sugar.

Method: 1. Wash the dandelion flowers in cold water - they are generally very gritty. Then pour the gallon of water over them and leave 24 hrs. Squeeze the dandelions out and cut up the rhubarb - put it into the liquid. Leave it 14 days, stirring often, then strain and throw the pulp away. 2. Add the sugar to the liquid and stir until dissolved. Spread the yeast on the toast, and float on top of the wine. Leave to ferment 14 days. 3. Skim and bottle, corking lightly.

THE WAY GENERAL MEETING

By Our Political Roundsman, Jim Brown.

It was Ladies' Night at the Nurses' Association Rooms. Having presented apologies from John "hite - still in the "estern Desert - the President welcomed five new members, all of the more rugged sex. There was Lin Bliss, Anne Duggan, Jan Durham, Ivy Painter, and Roslyn Painter. In fact, the only mere male to get any sort of welcome was the new Secretary, Ian Stephen.

Arising from the minutes, Frank Rigby told us the Nurses' Association would permit us to keep our Library cabinet in the ante room, and the Club was taking an inventory of its scattered belongings, with Margaret Dogterom as archivist.

Correspondence confirmed the good news about Library furniture, as well as an offer from Jenny Madden of their estate near McMasters Beach as site for the proposed 40th. Anniversary Celebrations, and a request from Brisbane Bushwalkers for permission to reprint Jess Martin's magazine article on train travel for walkers: evidently the Banana Benders have also forsaken the Iron Horse.

Treasurer Gordon Redmond reported on our affluence - ready-use funds having gone from \$368 to \$430 in April, and Don Finch gave a rather light-healted account of the April walking activity, which had been generally well-supported. Jim Callaway had a total of 13 for a day walk on 9th. April, and there were 20 on Frank Rigby's traverse of Nord Mini Range, although at the outset there had been 15 only. Nineteen (7 prospectives) went to Betty Farquar's Instructional at Morella Karong: and 21 on Jack Perry's day walk in the Werong - Burning Palms country. For a base camp near the Vines with day walks to Folly Point and Mt. Endrick, 14 turned out on Owen Marks' party, while Ron Knightley's trip in Bluegum attracted 20. (Who was the older member found lacing his breakfast cereal with rum?). David Ingram went west from Waterfall with a party of 12, and Brian Harding played ducks and drakes up and around Mt. Hay with 9 citizens. Finally, John Holly's day walk to St. Helena topped the score with 29.

Social comment of vered the fact that 60 Bushwalkers attended, and thoroughly enjoyed, the Music Hall night. Federation Report included a surprise turn. After reporting on the luckless walker who was hit with a parking fee for 10 minutes at Boudai, and deciding to work with the Trust, that there had been a report on a S & R Radio Practice. Items in the report caused some frayed tempers and the S & R Field Officer and Federation President Ninian Melville had stated he would resign from both positions. The Radio Officer followed suit. However, it was added as a rider that the President had not yet formally sent in his papers and may actually see the year out. Frank Rigby reminded the meeting that Federation year was close to an end, and we should consider if we wanted S.B.W. on the executive.

Thus to General Business - or should we say the 40th Anniversary Debate. The President advised that Club opinion seemed in favour of a celebration in October, and later added that a circular going out with the next Walks Programme would suggest alternatives and seek more detailed wishes. However, Brian Harvey, author of the original suggestion, had gone ahead somewhat and produced a series of motions which left the proposed circular a blue goose. The first proposition was simply that we celebrate the occasion and was agreed to. The next suggested a two-pronged attack on the problem - a social get-together in the City, followed by a bush camp. The question of expenditure was raised, and it was accepted that suitable motions would follow if the dual celebration was agreed upon, which it was. Brian now urged that a dinner at the Old Crusty Tavern in George St., near Bridge St. would be a suitable pipe opener. He had arranged with the management to reserve a room, with a capacity of about 200 people, for either the 13th or 20th October, subject to early confirmation. Smorgasbord dinner from about 6.30 p.m. to 10 p.m. would be offered, the cost being about \$2.50 per head - but he had in mind subsidising the event from Club funds. Brian found various supporters, while others (including the President, who temporarily vacated the chair) felt that a dance was a happier suggestion. The motion went to the vote and was carried.

At this stage Jack Gentle suggested profit from the Music Hall venture may be devoted to the dinner, but others felt this should be left to the Social Secretary to meet possible costs of other events. Before getting on to the financial aspect Brian plumped for the 20th October as the dinner date, and although there was some thought that a S & R practice may coincide, this date was fixed. Having got all the higher level aspects settled, Brian came down to the ugly question of finance, and proposed that, in addition to incidental costs (tickets, guests of honour, etc.) the Club should subsidise the event to the extent of 50 cents per head. In an expansive mood the Treasurer moved an amendment - \$1 per head, and hang the cost. This earned applause from Frank Ashdown (mark well what the Treasurer said), and disapproving sounds from Alex Colley. No one made a higher bid so the amendment and motion were carried - the dinner to cost \$1.50 per head and the rest to be borne by the Club.

Next an organising Committee to be convened by the same Brian Harvey was formed, and someone coyly suggested that non-members may try to urge in cn a cheap dinner. It was therefore decided on a motion by the old firm that admission at this stage be limited to present, past and prospective members, and husbands or wives of those chosen people. If at a later stage it was felt desirable, non-members might be accepted at the full tariff of \$2.50.

A wearied President asked about the bush camp - the second leg of the function, and there was a pained silence. Attention was drawn to the fact that we didn't have to hurry this decision, and debate was adjourned to the June meeting. Barry Wallace wondered if the Club would reimburse campers to the tune of \$1 for fares and food, but no one was quite bold enough to move that way.

There was one item more - could we procure a librarian now that we had a library again? On a nomination by Jack Gentle, new member Ivy Painter accepted the post.

Then it was 9.58 p.m., there were no room stewards offering, but the old brigade of Ingram and Holly indicated they would probably be around, and it was over for another four weeks.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE COX by Ivy Painter

It will be many, many moons, if ever, before I lose the memories of my first impressions of the Cox. But, perchance I do, I must write down my reflections while they still excite me.

There were mixed feelings of anticipation and apprehension when we decided on this, our first long weekend trip, and we got a tremendous kick out of planning and preparing. Ros. brought along a pack of cards which helped while away the two hours journey to Mt. Victoria. There were 15 in all by the time we reached there, and too many for the one taxi and utility that Frank had hired to transport us to the Jenolan Road. Some of us stayed and enjoyed the amenities offering in Mt. Victoria until the truck could return for us. By the time we arrived at camp, the others had bedded down around the fire. It was a beautiful night, crisp and cold, and we took a chance without the tent. This walking and feeling a part of the grey dawn, of seeing blue sky peeping through gums above, is but a little of this wondrous new experience I am growing to know and love so much.

After a hurried breakfast we set off, winding our way upwards through pine forests. Our party had now increased to eighteen - three late-comers having arrived during the early hours. The day began with the promise of the perfect weekend that was in store. On the way to Gibraltar Rock, we loitered occasionally to gaze across the Kanimbla Valley and take in the scene below. Although the valley was a little hazy, we could easily discern the yellows just starting in the willows along Cullenbenbong Swamp.

The view from Gibraltar Rock was most interesting, as there, in reality, lay the Wild Dogs and the Gangarangs further south - places that hitherto for me, at least, were only wonderfully mysterious names on the map. Here now they stretched before us in all their wild exciting beauty. Down below and a little to our right were Iron Pot and Tin Pot Mountains, and we knew too. that somewhere just there, the Cox was winding its way through all this. No wonder we were eager to be on our way. Or perhaps it might have been the biting wind, straight off Guouogang, or the compulsion arising from thirst that sent us skidding and sliding down the mountain side. It was a toss-up what would go first - the seat of Barry's pants or the base of his pack, as bumpety-bump he slithered that 1000-odd feet to Gibraltar Creek. There we quenched our thirst with copious cups of tea as we lazed under the willows by the stream. We wondered whether the wild mint growing there would come under the protection of the conservation policy. However, I don't believe any was used in the peas that night. There was also some discussion about climbing Sugarloaf for the prospectives' sake. For the prospectives' sake, I'm pleased they decided against it. Again for the prospectives' sake, our conscientious leader and President kept to the creek instead of the fire trail. Another happy decision, as there were some lovely spots along there. We noticed and wondered about clumps of trees whose yellowing foliage brightened the shadowed hillsides. They looked to me very much like the Cidrella Chinensis, the Chinese Cedar, the new tips of which are used extensively by the Chinese

in cooking. They have a distinct garlic flavour. Knowing this is not indigenous to Australia, I was puzzled by their appearance here, but have since learnt that they were introduced throughout the country by early Chinese prospectors.

Camp was made at the lovely spot at the junction of Gibraltar Creek and the Cox. An untimely shower sent us scurrying from the campfire to an early bed, much to Frank's disappointment, as I think he was hoping for a sing-song around the fire. Next morning our ranks had swelled to twenty strong. Ken Ellis and Roger Gowing were the latecomers. It was not Twinkletoes Ellis this trip, but poor Blisterfoot Ellis who so stoically plodded the trails with neery a complaint. Were the culprits the same that tripped the light fantastic at Wee Jasper, Ken? Our lovely white morning visitor was not a large duck, nor a swan, but a white goose, we all finally agreed after it honked several times. We left it there in the shadows of the pool, and made our way up river at 9.a.m. The Cox was apparently giving of her best that morning, sparkling as she dashed or glided on her way. The crystal clear pools and surges of foaming water through the granite boulders were reminiscent of the tropical croeks I knew and loved as a child. It grew quite warm as we boulder-hopped, and one pool proved just too inviting for Joan. So in she went with me close behind. Trying to dive in a pair of great walking boots and two pairs of woollen sox is just too crazy. Crazy great fun!

At Megalong Junction, Frank and Joan, a few others, and we four prospectives, waited patiently for the rest of the party who had happily chosen to take the fire trail. No comment! For the prospectives! sake again, up the Megalong we climbed and climbed, and with the help of those three stalwarts Ken, Roger and Mike, along with Frank and Joan, we at last reached the top. Not without laughs, though. While Roger is postmarking letters at Kempsey Post Office, no doubt he'll remember Katie desperately clawing her way up his legs out of the danger of a pool. Lunch at the top and then off again on the last stretch. A lively snake slithered from our path over the first hill. "Now where are those other bods?" we wondered. A message written in the sand along the way set our minds at rest. All was well, and we soon encountered them, browsing beside one of the crossings further along. Our leader was too thankful to see the truants to remonstrate beyond brandishing a stick.

At last the big ascent up Devil's Hole. All day I'd been gripped by the fear that perhaps I might not fit through. Big joke! The tale these Bushwalkers tell, and Presidents at that. Shame! Anyway, none of us stuck in the Devil's Hole, and we made the top in good time to change, dine and catch the 6.25 p.m. from Katoomba. But oh boy, the last hundred yards to the A.B. I made sans feet or legs even, so it seemed. Tea does revive you, and when Frank produced his song book in the train, we found we still had energy and enthusiasm enough to join with him in a song.

At the time it failed to register, but next day at work, my colleagues were sure I was suffering from delayed bushwalking shock, as I kept chuckling on remembering Barry's plaintive bursts of "Darling I am Growing Old". They were my sentiments also, Barry. These soon passed, as did the aches and pains, to be replaced by strong desires to return again and again, and become as one once more with mountain, trees and sky, streams and grassy banks — all that is remote and wild and beautiful.



THE DISHMOP SONG

By Jim Brown

TUNE: A free and abbreviated version of "No More Philandering".

You're mistaken if you take me for a Kind of exotic fauna or flora; I'm the Bushwalker's mate, Dirty Dora, And of walks I have been on a score.

Not for me the plate that's clean, lads, Not for me lads, not for me lads, But for me the billy grimy, Caked with soggy porridge slimy. That is where you ply me, That is where you ply me.

As I scour away those messes, Limp and sallow grow my tresses, Till my locks are filled with traces, Food you cooked in different places. Cocoa stains from Currockbilly, Onions burned on Wollondilly.

And around me there still hangs an aura Of that curry from down Jerricknora. I'm the Bushwalker's mate Dirty Dora And of walks I shall do many more

JUNE'S QUOTABLE QUOTE

Youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind.

Samuel Ullman



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THE SKIN GAME-OR HOW I) WAS CONVERTED TO WAS CONVERTED TO

ENJOYABLE SKI TOURS

by Paddy Pallin

"Skiing can be a real pleasure when skis have a good glide and also have a perfect grip for climbing. This is easy of accomplishment - if the appropriate waxes are used." So runs the opening paragraph of the waxing instructions for "X" brand cross-country waxes. What pleasant visions I had as I read it, of gliding up mountainsides scorning gravity and floating gracefully down again. What a wonderful way to tour. That's how Grannsund, Pinkas, Kilpennen and Martin, the champs, must do it - it's the wax!

John Morgan was all for wax - in fact he has got all steamed up on this ski long-running business and would scorn the use of skins. The rest of us didn't need much convincing and so early last August John, Rex, Charles and I once again crawled out of a taxi at the Round Mountain turn-off near Cabramurra. John and Rex had gone the whole hog and were equipped with long, slim cross-country skis, while Charles and I were not so sure of our ability on those slim skis, plumped for lightweight touring skis (which were still six pounds lighter than our downhill skis). Charles and I had reservations about waxes and backed the horse both ways by taking waxes and skins.

The first job was to decide on the wax. New snow, temperature about freezing - Blue Swix - carried unanimously. The day was just one of those rare days when everything goes right. The snow was perfect; the sun shone. The snow gums were weighed down with newly-fallen snow. The wax? - well! not quite like the blurb said. We didn't exactly ascend the hills like graceful panthers. Every now and then a ski would slip instead of grip. Even though gravity was not abolished, our lighter equipment made the journey easier. The gentle descents were very pleasant.

We arrived at the hut due west of Jagungal and found S.M.A. hydrographers in possession, cooking enormous sirloin steaks. We had plenty of good food, but the aroma of those steaks made us feel we hadn't eaten for a week. We sat around whilst they ate and tried not to show on our faces what our stomachs were saying. Apparently, we fooled no one, because when they left they told us to use up the contents of a brown paper parcel, which they left on the bench — 4 useful—sized chunks of steak. We said a special grace to Huey (send it down Huey!), the patron saint of hydrographers, as we ate those lovely steaks.

We were to get another bonus that day - a magnificent sunset on Jagungal. The whole mountainside put on a show for us which will long remain with us. Starting with the palest of pink flushes on the snowy peak and flanks of the mountain the colour gradually deepened. Meanwhile, the snow gums, not to be

outdone, took on a mantle of russet which gradually turned to purple. Then, as a climax to the whole spectacle, the full moon rose from behind the mountain, shadows settled over the mountainside, a chill wind stirred in the trees, the frost crackled underfoot and the day was done.

Grey Mare was our next hut — only a few miles away, but we got an early start and were rewarded by superb frost effects on grasses and vegetation. Wax presented no problems. An early lunch at Grey Mare hut and then off we went without packs to the Grey Mare Range. The perfect weather still held. It was afternoon in early August on top of the Grey Mare Range and incredibly, not a breath of wind. Charles struck a match and it burnt itself out without a flicker. A few miles to the south lay the great mass of the main range. This is probably the best place to see that tremendous declivity of nearly 6,000 feet which sweeps down from Townsend to Geehi. We could see Townsend Spur, and alongside it the shadowed depth of that great gulch, Lady Northcote's Canyon. Watson's Crags glistened in the sun and we could see in profile the precipitous run down to Watson's Gorge Creek.

We returned to the hut and now had time to appreciate the work that Canberra skiers had done on the hut. It is well stocked with emergency provisions and kerosene. Slim charcoal lubras dance on the caneite walls. In addition there is the famous Sauna bath, in its own little building 50 yards away from the hut. This was created out of bits and pieces by Rob Kilpennen and his cobbers. The sun was shining, the afternoon was warm and the snow was deep and soft. Let's have a sauna bath! A great scurry ensued to collect sticks for the fire and soon wisps of smoke were issuing from the fire into the bathroom. Soon the wisps became puffs and the puffs became clouds. Great, solid, eye-stinging, black clouds of smoke poured out of the fire into the room. Nothing went up the chimney. (Weeks later we found there was a damper). Charles and I withdrew our bookings. We didn't mind having a sauna bath, but objected to being smoked like kippers first. Besides, the sun had gone down and the snow had frozen with the chill of evening.

John and Rex are the determined types and a little smoke was not going to deter them. So they battled on, stoking the fire. They would get a handful of sticks, draw a deep breath, close eyes and charge into the swirling smoke. Then, having deposited fuel on the fire, they would retreat, tears streaming from their eyes and gasping for air.

Meanwhile, Charles and I busied ourselves preparing the evening meal. The smoke must have subsided somewhat for half an hour later they arrived partly undressed, grabbed towels, and went off into the darkness. Fifteen minutes later, hearing a hullabaloo, we rushed to the door just in time to see Rex appear from the hut, stark naked and yelling like a dervish. He arrived infront of the hut, flung himself on the snow, thre handfuls of snow over himself and came into the hut. He was radiating vitality and obviously enjoying himself hugely. While we towelled him down he told us how good it was, but his enjoyment was so eloquent he need not have said a word. Presently, with further howls and yells, John burst on the scene and repeated the performance.

This, of course, completely broke down Charles' resistance and after tea he went off for his bath. I still had my reservations. It was hardly the thing

for a man of my years to parboil himself in a steam bath and then go and roll in the snow. What a shock to the system - middle of winter too. However, when Charles came back brimming over with obvious enjoyment I had to join the fun.

A bucketful of snow on the hot stones created prodigious clouds of scalding steam. I sat naked on the shelf, head nearly touching the roof and hardly dared to breathe in case I scalded my lungs. My scalp began to tingle and I started to revel in the warmth. When the steam began to subside a quick rush to the door for another bucket of snow soon remedied things. Now I began to sweat. It poured out of me in streams. Then I ran naked like the others through the snow, rolled at the hut door in the snow and rubbed myself down with handfuls of snow. I felt I needed to, I was so hot. So, glowing like the others, I entered the hut and dried myself before the fire. Thanks Robbie, we enjoyed your bath.

Next morning was grey, and again there was some discussion re waxes. Blue won the day again and we put a few layers on our skis, rubbing them in with the palms of our hands. By now our hands were impregnated with wax and the insides of our mitts were waxy too.

The run down to Straight Creek was good and we climbed over the ridge into Rocky Plain River without much trouble. The 800-ft. climb out of the river was a killer. It was very steep and the snow was icy. For the first time I was tempted to put on my skins. Only obstinacy prevented me. I finally gained the top and with the others proceeded along the ridge in the direction of Valentine Falls, hoping to get a glimpse of that mighty fall. We could hear the fall quite clearly, but failed to get a view. The steep descent through trees and vegetation did not seem too inviting, so eventually we turned back and made for the S.M.A. Valentines Hut. The sun was now shining and the snow became soft and sticky and we began to have waxing troubles. The first sign, of course, was balling up. Great masses of snow stuck to my skis, and running became arduous and difficult. Charles said it was because I was not sliding my skis properly. This, of course, I hotly denied.

We had lunch in the hut and rewaxed our skis. A little klister-wax over the blue seemed to be the shot. We all tried this and after lunch climbed over the ridge to Duck Creek. All went well with me until the run down to Dicky Cooper Creek. It had been a long climb to the saddle and I was looking forward to a good run down through the trees, but my skis picked up the soft snow and made running impossible. After several stops and much rubbing in of waxes I finally got the right formula and continued the run down. The climb was easy to Schlink Pass because the snow was hardening as the temperature dropped. Then we had a quick run down into the welcome shelter of Whites River hut.

Next morning's run over the rolling grounds, through Consett Stephen Pass down Guthega Creek into Guthega was a sheer delight and by ll a.m. we were enjoying a cup of tea provided by a friendly Captain of a group of Girl Guides who were skiing at Guthega.

So ended another memorable ski tour.

A TRIP TO REMEMBER

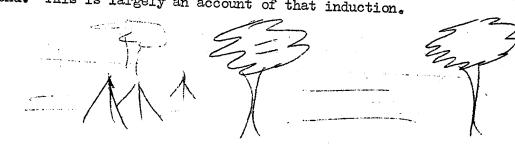
Over Easter, 1967, Ken Chapman held a Caving Trip. As it has turned out, this trip has been talked about and discussed by those who went on it over and over again, and it will continue to be talked about for a long time yet. It was just one of those trips; everyone enjoyed themselves. Far from being anything spectacular, it wasn't even a bushwalk, but a camping weekend. The essence of its success was the ability of everyone to engage in the activities planned to whatever degree they liked. The serious speleos could go caving continuously if they liked, while the newer people could take part too, but without having to worry about keeping pace with those more experienced. The swimmers, the loafers, the cavers, the sightseers were all catered for; even the joker with the transistor radio was tolerated because he encamped upstream and out of earshot of the main camp. These trips are often criticized, I know, but of the 30-odd who went to Wee Jasper, not one do I know who wouldn't jump at the chance to go again. As proof of the success of this trip, three people have been inspired to record their thoughts on paper. Two of these have already been published in the magazine, and this month we have a report from Helen Breakwell.

ON CAMPING AND CAVING by Helen Breakwell

innocent "prospective" on my first camping trip I chanced to read:

"What she doesn't know is that camping is considerably more complicated than living at home, and not half as comfortable. In fact, camping is only just tolerable if the sun shines every day and no one kicks a black snake by mistake, or falls into the nettles. But it never does, and they never do, if you know what I mean.... Indian fakirs like to torture themselves and subdue their flesh by sleeping on a bed of nails. In Australia we achieve the same painful end by going on camping trips... When you finally arrive at the campsite, however attractive it looks, you know what to expect....the worst."

I didn't know what to expect. I fervently hoped that it wouldn't be the disillusionment of that poor camper! While I certainly was not prepared for "the worst", I did not expect the induction into camping that I received from Ken Chapman's intrepid (and not so intrepid) cavers over the Easter weekend. This is largely an account of that induction.



Wee Jasper comprised little more than dust, a general store, schoolhouse, hall, church and more dust when an advance party of S.B.W.'s, led by Owen Marks, arrived there about 9.p.m. on Thursday, 23rd March. By midday Friday and invasion party 28 strong had converged on the place, and my education began. Having carefully read the literature on what to take and what not to take camping, you can imagine my amazement when I discovered the non-cavers lying comfortably on li-los, listening to an A.B.C. orchestral concert, reading and, of course, eating. Tent erection, firewood collection, blowing up li-los, and generally joining in the friendliness of the camp took up most of the afternoon. When the cavers arrived back, reeking of the acrid smell of carbide, covered in yellowish mud and obviously enjoying it, we fell upon Ken's suggestion that we might like to go caving with alacrity.

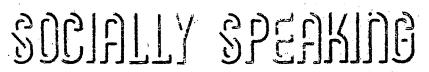
It was quite a sight to watch boiler-suited, helmeted shapes outlined against the dusk sky, then disappear into the ground. The entrance to the Cave was quite small and partially hidden by such things as bottles, rusty cans, and springs from old car seats. One of the first things I did when I could stand up in that dank, dark cavern was to extricate myself from a large spring that had attached itself to my ankle as I crawled along the passageway. No wonder we were covered in mud from head to toe. Caving is not for the fastidious.

After climbing a twenty-foot ladder and edging our way on our stomachs along a very narrow passage which abounded in sharp, protruding rocks, and then slithering over some large boulders, and sliding between others, we arrived in a large cave with formations that made the barked shins worth while. Unfortunately Ken had neglected to mention what it was like to descend. Quite a sensation it is to creep down a thirty-foot ladder into seeming nothingness. It was almost terrifying. The more I shook, the more the ladder sympathised and shook too! Even the slimy mud floor of the cave feels wonderfully firm and secure after such an experience. Although it seemed hardly an hour, we had spent several hours underground, and we were pleased to sit in the warmth of the campfire afterwards, to partake of the companionship that can only be found on such occasions.

A memorable experience was the waking sound of hundreds of shrill-voiced, sulphur-crested cockatoos, and the swish of their wings as they swooped and swirled into the sky in the first light of dawn. Saturday was a full day; breakfast, a swim in the icy (bracing if you like) waters of Micalong Creek, lazing in the sun, feasting on figs, attending the local rodeo and dance. Some of the enthusiastic cavers spent the whole of Saturday caving, and enjoyed it.

Sunday meant more caving for the enthusiasts, and for the others a lazy day touring the district, gorging the largest, ripest blackberries imaginable, lunching at the beautiful Brindabella and visiting Canberra. This group and some of the cavers managed to synchronize activities sufficiently to attend the local pictures and to feast, as on Saturday night, on a country supper.

Came Monday, and all too soon this leisurely and most enjoyable camping trip was nearing an end. The verdict is "No", camping isn't all Spartan and Stoic in nature; not, at least, unless you make it that way yourself.



With our Social Reporter, namely OWEN MARKS.

Another month gone, and I must thank Malcolm McGregor for his wonderful slide evening. I don't think that there was one person who didn't remark on the superb photography. Malcolm is very well known amongst the more senior members, and as a result, quite a large crowd gathered at the Nurses' Association rooms to hear his most interesting talk.

Peter Lanigan's talk on Norway, and particularly Austria, was most spectacular. Unfortunately, most tourists from Australia who go to Europe don't have the opportunity to experience at first hand the pleasures of mountain walking in terrain offering scenery as inspiring as the Tyrolean Alps, the Dolomites and the Schnitzelgrubbenheimerbergen.

The coming month's programme is as follows:

14th June General Meeting.

21st June

MUSEUM NICHT. The Club will be closed owing to a Nurses' Association function the following evening. Instead there will be an informal night at the Australian Museum in College Street. Some quite interesting films will be screened, and as well there will be a tour of the Fossils, Birds and Mammals sections, with one of the Curators acting as our personal guide. This will be followed by a supper in the Museum's new rooftop restaurant with its lovely views. The films will be shown first, commencing at 7.30 pm. There will be a moderate charge of 25 cents per person (fer members and prospectives) to cover the cost of supper, etc.

Non-members are welcome, but there shall be a charge of 75 cents

28th June

"CHINA TODAY" - a talk with slides presented by Clare Kinsella.

Clare, who has been well known to many Bushwalkers for a number of years, has recently returned from a trip through mainland China. She has kindly agreed to come into the Club and give us an account of her experiences. This promises to be a most interesting and informative evening.

Well, that's all the news on the social front for another month, Darlings, so it's love and kisses to you all until July.

WALKS

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF PROPOSED WALKING ACTIVITY FOR THE COMING MONTH.

DAY WALKS:

17th June

Being, as he is, averse to all manner of conformity, Owen Marks doesn't lead Sunday walks like everyone else. Because of his contrary nature, he prefers to take Saturday walks. This particular Saturday walk will be from Waterfall to Audley (supposedly downhill) via Uloola Falls and Karloo Pool. The walk is graded 10 miles easy. The train to catch is the 8.28 a.m. electric train (from Central) - change at Sutherland. Map is the Port Hacking Tourist. Owen's home number is 30-1827.

18th June

This same weekend, on the Sunday, Frank Leyden will be going north to lead a walk from the National Fitness Camp on the Hawkesbury River to Wondabyne. Transport is firstly by the 8.30 a.m. silver train ex Central to Hawkesbury River, thence a pleasant ferry trip on the M.V. "Hawkesbury" to the Fitness Camp. Rail tickets should be purchased return to Wondabyne. Map is the Broken Bay Military. The walk is a TEST WALK and is classified as 13 miles medium. Frank Leyden is the man to see if you have any enquiries.

25th June

If you're after a pleasant day walk close to Sydney this one to be led by Geoff Wood, is a must. The walk goes from Terry Hills down to Cowan Creek and Bobbin Head, then up to Mt. Kuringai via Appletree Bay. The train leaves Central (electric platform) at 7.55 a.m. Alight at Chatswood for transport by bus to Terry Hills. Map is the Broken Bay Military, and the walk is graded 11 miles medium. Geoff can be contacted at home on 50-8976.

2nd July

A little bit away from the ordinary run of day trips is Ross Wyborn's Thurat Spires walk, which will involve ropework. It is graded 6 miles rough, and the leader should be consulted in advance. Rosso's home telephone number is 57-5218.

9th July

Back we go to the south of Sydney, where Jim Brown will be leading a walk from Coal Cliff to Stanwell Tops, Kelly's Falls, thence Otford. Naturally enough with Jim as leader (the steam enthusiast) transport will be by means of the 8.42 a.m. steam train ex Central. The walk is graded as 8 miles easy. Jim's home phone number is 81-2675.

INSTRUCTIONAL WALK

30th June, 1st & 2nd July. Of particular interest this month to prospectives is

Betty Farquar's Instructional Walk. The walk will be to Era, where the
party will be camping. Burning Palms and the Squeeze Hole will be
included in the walk. Watch the Club notice board for further details.
Any enquiries should be directed to Betty, whose home phone number is
50-6569.

WEEKEND WALKS

Quite a number of weekend walks will be going during the month, of particular interest being a car swap trip in the Budawangs. Persons interested in any of the weekend walks should get in touch with the relevant leader in advance, details being set out on the Walks Programme.

VERY IMPORTANT SEARCH AND RESCUE NOTICE

Bushwalkers are advised that there is an error on the Walks Programme in regard to telephone numbers of Search and Rescue contacts. Please take note of the following CORRECT numbers, and make the relevant alteration on the Walks Programme.

S.B.W. SEARCH AND RESCUE CONTACTS ARE:

Elsie Bruggy

759-8915 (NOT 8951)

Heather Joyce

531-1634

or: 76--8942



The first month of winter and skiers have invaded Paddy's.

Many walkers have discovered the pleasures of skiing, especially ski touring, which could almost be called bushwalking on skis.

It calls for some extra skills and has its share of hardship and adventure, but ski touring opens up a new world to both bushwalkers and skiers.

Always welcome at Paddy's - Walkers and Skiers - especially those who find a common interest in ski touring, so dear to our own hearts. For all walking and skiing gear. Gear for sale and hire.

PADDY PALLIN PTY.LTD.
1st Floor,
109a Bathurst Street,
SYDNEY. Phone: 26-2685

PADDY PALLIN Car Lightweight Camp Gear

BM2685

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ONE MORE MONTH

by Observer

WHO IS OBSERVER? Be careful what you say; be wary what you do, for Observer may be nearby. You never know, that innocent-looking Bushwalker type sitting next to you at General Meeting may indeed be Observer.

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT to the Fauna Protection Panel and the valuable work they do, in the wildlife conservation field particularly, the following story is nevertheless amusing. A certain Bushwalker, planning a trip to Queensland, went down to the Panel's office to see if they could give him any information. To the Enquiries Officer he directed his question, "Where should I go to see brolgas dancing?". "What's a brolga?" came the puzzled query from the other side of the desk.

BUSHWALKING THEATRE-GOERS. Twenty-five Bushwalkers went to Jane Street Theatre on Thursday, 18th May to see "AT YOUR CONVENIENCE", a revue for adult audiences only. Probably the best-received sketch was "Hamlet", described by the Catholic Weekly as "a crazy cross-fertilization of Gilbert & Sullivan and Shakespeare". By pure coincidence, it turned out that the man selling tickets at the door, David Elfick, is Mick Elfick's brother, so he was used to Bushwalkers, and knew what to expect. As a matter of interest, David is one of the University students who climbed to the top of the Opera House in the early days and erected a flag across which was scrawled "Rising Prices". This stunt received a good deal of publicity in the "Sydney Morning Herald".

HEARD to be said on a walk by Phyllis Ratcliffe in the company of Len Scotland and others, "Just tell me where and I'll take my clothes off:" So that we can't be sued for libel, I would hasten to add that Phyllis simply wanted to change into her shorts.

JIM CALLAWAY'S WALK mislaid three members the other Sunday; not that it wasn't expected, of course, from the members in question. Some people just can't resist temptation when there's an ice-cream shop nearby, or if there's a chance of a quick shortcut.

STOP PRESS - PARTY OF S'BW.'S UNDER LEADERSHIP OF ROGER GOWING ARRIVED SAFELY IN SYDNEY FROM FLOOD-STRICKEN KEMPSEY AFTER THE LONG WEEKEND. IT WAS FEARED THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN STRANDED — SEE NEXT MONTH'S MAGAZING FOR A FULL ACCOUNT

A MONOBORINKING BUSHWALMER

by Barry Pacey

What is a non-drinking Bushwalker? I asked one Bushwalker with a well-established reputation this question. He stood transfixed, gazing at me as if I'd just asked him to sing "Oklahoma" in Cantonese. His jaw dropped. I picked it up and replaced it. Leaning back to support a nearby wall apparently in danger of collapse, he emitted a high-pitched hysterical giggle. While his eyes rolled skyward, defying gravity, and his legs buckled, I realised his meagre supply of grey matter had never contemplated such a horrifying possibility. Undeterred by the lad's slight physiological flaw, I ventured forth to collect more intelligible views.

I found her in the saloon bar of Jim Buckley's George Street establishment, which is a well-renowned forum of both wine and art connoisseurs alike. She was sitting contentedly among a group of fellow ambrosians, idly toying with a Griple Belt Congolese Viper Venom, and humming "Chopsticks" in B-Flat Minor. Her large frame was perched on a bar stool reminiscent of a watermelon on a tomato stake. Again I asked the question. With a sharp intake of breath she downed her Triple.....etc., sighed, belched heartily, and proceeded to go into a five minute spell of hiccoughs, during which I ordered another.....etc., and a lemonade for myself. I cured her by giving her a sip of my lemonade. She swallowed, grimaced, and took a sip ofetc., to get rid of the nasty taste. She then smiled, chuckled and burst into thunderous laughter, advancing on her nearby friends, shouting, "Hey, you lot! Did you hear the one about the Bushwalker who didn't drink?" This witty little ditty was greeted by great guffaws from the multitude.

I climbed the stairs and quietly left, leaving behind a collection of watery-eyed bods with a jointly over-developed sense of humour. I let the matter drop till one Sunday afternoon in mountainous Burning Palms, I asked a young lad who, by his appearance, had to be a speleo.

"Now, there's a fair question. I'm glad you asked me that," he said, "Mind you, I don't know the answer, but I'm glad you asked".

Hell and frustration: I left him gurgling merrily and repairing a carbide lamp he had broken whilst cave exploring in rugged Palm Jungle. In my final quest for satisfaction I approached a young femme member of 25 minutes. "Why," came the indignant reply, "Look at me...." I look approvingly. "I've never touched liquor in my life". Just then the sweet aroma of port filled the air and a mellow voice interrupted, "Hey, aren't you the barmaid at the Royal George?"

She shot him a look that would have killed a wombat (had one been present) and stomped off in a huff. (There is no truth in the rumour that this is the name of Paddy's new parka).

"Never mind," said the interrupting voice, "that kind never make it, anyway."

THE BACK PAGE

THEATRE PARTY

The Old Tote Theatre is having a rare and wonderful treat for its next production, Sheridan's SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. This is possibly the greatest English comedy ever written, with its snide remarks on society. If you've never seen a Restoration comedy at the Old Tote, then this is a wonderful opportunity. 20th July is the date. Chief organizer for this rare event is Katie Stoddart, and she is the person to see for further details. Tickets are \$1.80 each. Ring Katie at home on 89-4983, or see her in the Club room.

Brian Harvey, as convener of the Anniversary celebrations, reports that cash and cheques are already rolling in thick and fast. Apparently no one wants to miss out on this big event, scheduled for October next. To secure your reservation, post your form (previously posted to you), together with the relevant amount, to Owen Marks, Social Secretary, Box 4476, G.P.O., Sydney. Already it looks as if we will have a successful celebration.

CHANGE OF TELEPHONE NUMBER

Alan Pike would like it to be known that the telephone number in the list of members is incorrect. A certain doctor in Burwood is getting a bit sick of receiving telephone calls from bushwalkers wanting to talk to Alan. The telephone number shown (74-4005) should be deleted, and the following numbers substituted -

747-5952 (Business) 747-3983 (Home)

IN NEXT MONTH'S MAGAZINE

Between now and next month we have a long weekend, with a number of interesting type trips going away. So how about someone writing something for the July magazine.

At this stage, we can also promise you:-

"Night in the Olde Trusty Cavern", by Jim Brown, plus the last in the series of SONGS OF THE TIMES.

"And Yet Another Bungle" from that ever-popular writer-up of bungles, Donald Finch.

ALSO, worthy of very special mention, is a brand new feature, which should be enjoyed by all, going under the grandiose title of ADVICE FOR THE LOVELORN AND FASCINATING TITBITS OF PSYCHOLOGICAL WISDOM, by Aunt Muriel. Anyone seeking advice from Aunt Muriel should address their letters to her, C/- this magazine. Names and addresses will not be printed.