

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A Monthly Bulletin of matters of interest to the
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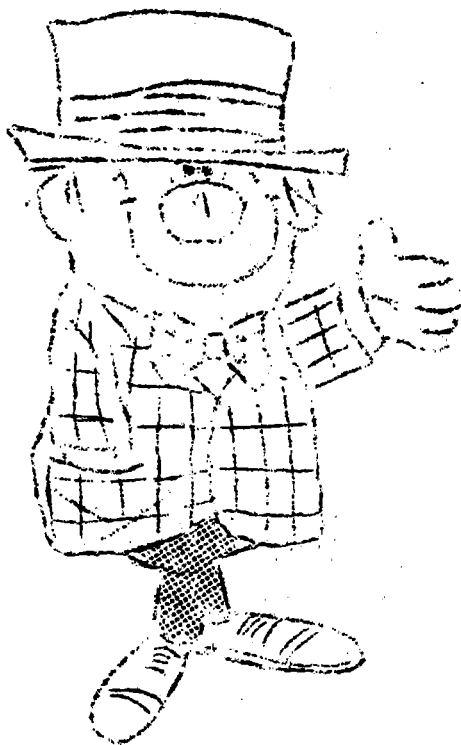
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EDITORIAL



August is now here, and two months remain before the much talked about weekend of celebrating the attainment of the Club's Fortieth Birthday. The details of these celebrations, starting on Friday evening, 20th. October, and continuing through the whole weekend, have received considerable publicity, so I shall not have any further to say about that here. One matter which I would bring to your attention however, is the October issue of the Magazine. In May of this year I gave warning that if sufficient support was forthcoming, a special issue of the magazine would be published to co-incide with the Anniversary. Well, ever since, I have had people telling me what a wonderful idea it is. This is very gratifying, but only a few have come forward with any suggestions or promises of contributions. There is, of course, a very easy way of overcoming the

problem, and this is to go through old magazines for the last forty years, and pick out any articles dealing with subjects of significance in the history of the Club. We could fill 40 pages easily. But the result would be nothing new. I would like to see something original, with only limited use of reprint material. It takes the best part of a month to gather together sufficient material for a normal issue, so please start thinking NOW about contributing something yourself.

In my estimation, a Club magazine contributes a great deal to any organisation in that it keeps its members, no matter how widely dispersed they may be, in touch with what is currently going on; with changes that may be taking place. A special edition, like the proposed 40th. Birthday issue does even more. It has within its power to consolidate a whole lifetime of experiences, and record as history what would otherwise be lost to time. It may take 8 words or 800 words to put down on paper, but if you have something worth recording - a humorous incident from the past, or a significant happening - please let me hear from you. The general theme shall be "Forty Years in Retrospect" and I would like, if possible, to have material in by Wednesday, 20th. September.

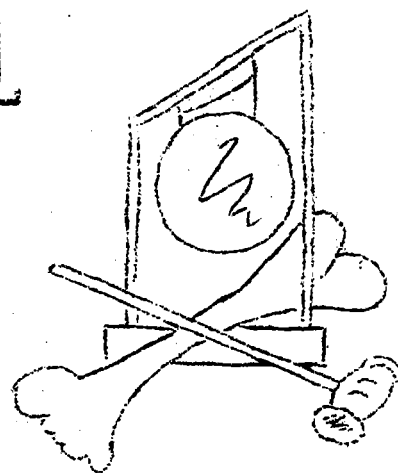
My telephone number is 34-3536, and I am home at odd hours during the day, and most evenings. Otherwise write to the address inside the front cover. If you have any ideas or questions I would like indeed, to hear from you.

....Neville Page.

THE JULY GENERAL MEETING

By Our Political Roundsman, Jim Brown.

The July gathering started with a round of applause for two Past Presidents Heather (Joyce) and John White who had found further common ground by marrying on 8th. July. New member Lesley Brown was welcomed and informed with regret that the stock of badges had been expended, but the deficiency would be made good as soon as possible.



Nothing to discuss in last month's Minutes, so on to Correspondence, with a letter from the Recreation Officer at North Ryde Psychiatric Centre saying he felt the Club could perhaps assist his charges - the Club was writing to find out what he had in mind, and possibly inviting him to speak in the Club one evening. A prospective member had represented that his studies made it difficult to attend an Instructional Weekend, and asked that the requirement be waived - Committee had replied that the Constitution did not permit.

In the Treasurer's absence there was no Financial Statement, so the Walks Secretary plunged into his record of events. Firstly the June Snow Instructional weekend was not held - no snow. His own walk to Mt. Corriday and Blackwater Creek was attended by six members and three prospectives, and the climb into and out of the creek had some difficulties which were surmounted. At Queen's Birthday holiday Ross Wyborn had a party "equipped for survival in blizzard conditions" at a bleak and snowless Kosciusko (no-one was very happy). When Barry Wallace's party to Medway and Joadja Creek had to walk into the night and one member fell in the river - no-one was very happy. Day walks by Jack Perry in the Hawksbury River area and by Geoff Woods on Cowan Creek brought out 8 and 16 people respectively, and their degree of happiness was not questioned. However, on a car swap walk led jointly by John Powell and Don Finch in the Yadbore area both parties finished at the one end, and after a lot of double shuffling with vehicles some arrived home in time to go to work on Monday (they were not very happy). Finally, the July Snow Weekend was cancelled (still no snow), while Owen Marks proposed to report on his day walk in epic verse (we hope everyone will be happy).

After Owen made his Social Forecast, including threats of a debate on July 26th., Muriel Goldstein presented a Federation Report. The S & R organisation proposed a weekend devoted to techniques for rescuing people trapped on cliff faces. A report from the Conservation Bureau summarised a sad list of excissions from Royal National Park, further despoliation of beaches in search of rutile, the failure of bids to stop limestone mining at

Church Creek etc. Federation's general business contained news of the latest ding-dong between the S & R Organisation and the Radio Officer.

Coming to our own General Business, Brian Harvey reported the 40th. Anniversary Committee was still looking into camping sites, and proposed the affair be left in their hands - agreed. In respect of one place nominated it was suggested that the current name of Thirlmere Lakes replace any mention of the outmoded name Picton Lakes. Brian stated he now had 175 applicants for the dinner rendezvous.

Wilf Hilder reported new maps of Dorriggo, the Nandewar Mountains, Gibraltar Range and Nightcap National Park, all in the northern part of the State, and mentioned construction by the Water Board of a road upriver from Burriar along the Shoalhaven. He pointed to an inaccuracy in that claims of 1150 ft. waterfalls at Wallamumbi Falls were almost double the actual drop.

At the President's request John White occupied the chair while Frank presented a Conservation resolution - that we protest to the Select Committee of the Tasmanian Legislative Council against the flooding of Lake Pedder as part of a hydro-electric scheme. He acknowledged that the cause was almost certainly lost already, but suggested that a protest would show there was a body of opinion opposed to the loss of scenic spots. The motion was strongly supported and adopted. It was ascertained that Federation had already expressed similar views, and been informed in reply that the Commonwealth had provided funds for the electricity scheme and that was that. Volts before views.

Muriel Goldstein asked the Club to instruct its Federation delegates on the line they should take in the dispute over the S & R Radio Officer. After some hesitation Phil Butt gave a factual account of the dispute and the attitude taken by each side. It seemed to be mainly a clash of personalities, revolving around the authority of the Radio Officer and the question of whether he should have a voice on the S & R Committee. Some people who had been active in searches agreed that it was a question of a difficult temperament and favoured leaving the Radio Officer out of the Inner Circle: Wilf Hilder, on the other hand considered his responsibilities and the equipment he controlled made it desirable that he be on the council, and on a motion by Brian Harvey it was agreed to support this view.

Finally the issue of S.B.W. attendance at S & R Practice weekends was discussed briefly. It seemed that although the Club was well represented on the organisational side, it gave poor numerical support to S & R rallies. John White said he would be going to the coming practice and anyone wishing to go should contact him.

Thereupon and without the benefit of Room Stewards, we closed down at 9.40 p.m.

QUOTABLE QUOTE. He who knows what sweets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens, and how to come at these enchantments, is the rich and royal man. Emerson.

OBITUARY

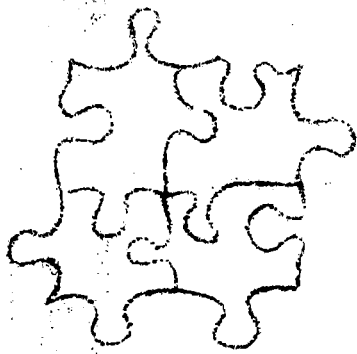
It is with regret that we record the passing of three
"old hands" of the Bushwalking Movement.

MR. WILFRED (WIFF) KNIGHT.

MR. VIC THORSEN.

PROFESSOR JOCK MARSHALL.

To their families and friends we offer our sincere sympathy.



PUZZLE SOLVED - MYSTERY TRACK EXPLAINED

By Paddy
Pallin.

An unresolved query is like a sore thumb. You forget about it until you knock it against something. So it was with the mystery track near Carrington Falls I wrote about in the S.B.W. Magazine about 2 years ago. Well folks, the mystery is solved and the solution may well provide the basis for an interesting walk in this lovely but rather neglected area.

Ray Page unearthed the answer from Gordon Missingham, the owner of the sawmill near Kangaroo River bridge on the Jamberoo Pass - Robertson road. His grandfather paid to have it cut over 50 years ago. What purpose did it serve? Perhaps I'd better start at the beginning and briefly recount what and where the mystery track is.

It is a track some of the "Jamberooites" discovered some years ago. It is a cut track through the rim rocks of the Kangaroo River Gorge a mile downstream from Carrington Falls. It starts in a small gully (about map ref. 642248 Kiama). It can be reached by following the track which is shown on the map leaving the Carrington Falls road about half a mile north of the Falls. It is a rough vehicle track and goes about west. Avoid any turn-off to the right and also avoid the new branch tracks which have been cut recently on the left. It crosses an unnamed creek, goes over swampy grassland, through a fence and into forest country.

About 1 mile after leaving the Carrington Falls road you will come into a clear swamp and get a clear view of Bells Hill. Here the vehicle track swings right (North) and a faint track goes west through the swamp. Watch out for an old fence running north and south within the next 200 yards. Follow this south until you find a dead stick woven into the wires of the fence (about 100 yards from the edge of the gorge). Go east here at right angles to the fence and go down the head of the first gully where an obvious track will be found descending the right bank. It is very overgrown and a bit tricky. All traces of the track disappear once it has emerged from the gully at the bottom of the high surrounding cliffs, probably owing to a recent landslide.

This is the mystery track. Why was it cut? Where did it lead? We have made many exploratory trips including a walk up from Jeola without solving the mystery. The answer is quite simple. According to Gordon Missingham it was cut to link up with an old timber track which comes down the ridge on the other side of the gorge. This track starts from about map reference 640232.

Ray and I recently investigated the track and found a well made track starting at a small gully and obviously once used for dragging logs out of the valley. We did not follow it down to the valley.

The beginning of the track is somewhat obscure, but 50-100 yards further west the Water Board have erected a steel survey tripod on the edge of the cliff and a vehicle road runs to this. The easiest way to reach it is to cross the river above the falls and follow the road to the top of the small rise, then walk cross country on a bearing for 640232. You will probably miss the beginning of the old track but will cut the road leading down to the tripod. Go to the tripod. Admire the view and then follow the top of the cliff north-east to the first very small gully. Some trees have been recently felled here and clear traces of the old timber track will soon be found.

It is good news that the trustees of the Carrington Falls area have begun to take an interest in the lovely spot and fresh tracks have been cut along the northern bank of the gorge affording splendid views and incidentally a first-class view of the ridge down which the above-mentioned track goes.

Another new track starts after crossing the small creek just before reaching the falls and goes right. A branch to the left joins the cliff track and one to the right swings round to join the vehicle track which goes out to the mystery track. A new track referred to earlier leaves the vehicle track and goes out to two old lookouts, also built by Mr. Missingham. Splendid views from here. These lookouts are immediately east of the mystery track gully, and the commencement of the track could be reached by going to the edge of the gully and following round to the head - probably pretty messy because it is very overgrown.

There is a large map at Carrington Falls - somewhat inaccurate - showing all these tracks. I understand they intend working the route right across the gorge from "mystery track" to timber track. Let's hope someone doesn't get bushed before it is marked, because it would take an experienced bushman to find his way out on either track from the bottom.

A TIMELY COMMENT IN VERSE from Kath McKay.

So John White married Heather Joyce -
Well, isn't that just ducky!
For he's in luck, and, as we know,
White Heather's always lucky.



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SONGS OF THE TIMES

THE GOURMET SONG. By Jim Brown

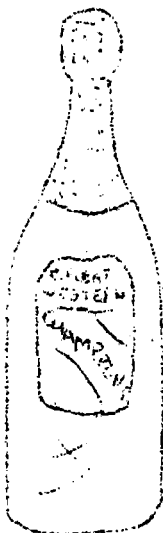
Tune: "Mud, Glorious Mud" from "At the Drop of a Hat".

A gaunt looking tramper made camp at the edge
Where Morong Falls drops from the sky.
He looked at his damper and dehydrate veg.,
With a rather disconsolate eye.
He said, "This is tucker for weevils to eat
And it might even do for a hog,
But I think I should form a
Club for the Gourmet,
For walkers who love grub and grog".

Food, food, wonderful food,
Roasted or toasted or simmered or stewed.
Let's fill up a platter
And if we get fatter,
Why what does it matter?
On wonderful food.

He said "It were folly on walks long and rough
To carry luxurious grub,
But a man's off his lolly to eat the same stuff
Ev'ry time that he takes to the scrub.
The hills around Era will echo the sound
As the cork from the champagne is drawn.
At Stockyard will swarm a
Collection of Gourmet
The beauties, the brains and the brawn.

Food, food, etc.



THE GOURMET SONG (continued)

His words were prophetic, it all came to pass,
Even walkers at last were replete
The peripatetic lay gorged on the grass
Even Finchie acknowledged defeat.
And a signal arose from that cooking fire bright
It was carried aloft with the sparks,
That even the poor may
Behave like a Gourmet
If they follow the doctrine of Marks.

Food, food etc.

BRAIN TEASER

Judging by the number of people who mentioned it to me, it would seem that the brain teaser in last month's magazine was very well received. So here is another for you to try. By the way, the answer to last month's puzzle is that the Norwegian drinks the beer, and the Japanese owns a zebra.

THIS MONTH'S BRAIN TEASER: There are five Bushwalkers, whom we all know well, and their names are Berry, Finch, Gold, Holly and Wren. Now being the generous chaps they are, each bought a present and gave it to one of the others, none sending to and receiving from the same person. The gifts were a berry, a finch, a piece of gold, a bunch of holly, and a wren, but no gift had the same name as its sender or receiver. Berry's gift went to Holly, Holly send gold to the sender of the finch. Finch received a berry and the sender of the holly had the name of the gift received by Gold. Which gifts were given by whom and to whom were they given.

There it is - best of luck!

NEWS FROM OVERSEAS

Bill
O'Neill

Dick and Margaret Child recently received a couple of letters from Bill O'Neill in London, and being of interest to those Bushwalkers who knew Bill when he was here, extracts are published below. Bill enquires after Club members, and says he hopes to be back in Sydney again next year.

21st. April, 1967.

" Plans are going forward for the next hop of my return down under, and will-providence providing, see me in Toronto round about this time next year. My mam is going to spend a three month holiday with my brother there and I shall be having a working holiday so to speak, both there and in Vancouver before crossing to New Zealand. With the present state of affairs of course, these plans could well be postponed later but at least it's the first step forward. Saving is not easy with the high cost of commodities and the ever-present vampiring of the taxman.

My own activities are continuing with unabated fury - increased in actual fact since I became elected to the committee of the ROCKHOPPERS (S.W. London Mountaineering Club) as the Walks Representative. The moves were greeted by a long editorial in the club magazine, when the new President stated that the spoon-feeding era of the fellwalkers was over - not exactly designed to inspire confidence, true, but at least indicates the reorganising plans in view. This has become possible through the previous three monthly trips to Wales and the Lake District respectively which were well attended and unqualified successes. It has drawn new blood into the section so that some enterprising trips are envisaged for the present and forthcoming season, including participation of several in the quasi-competitive events such as the Three Thousands (Snowdonia), Ridgeway Walk (Wilts - Berkshire Downs), Lykewake Walk and Fellsman Walk (Yorkshire) etc. etc. Naturally these particular events concern the hard walkers only, especially as our unpredictable weather can easily complicate matters - which I found to my cost on a solo jaunt in March last - the Pennine Way, with extensions at each end, virtually from a little north of Nottingham to Edinburgh, along the backbone of England, the Pennines, Cheviots and Border country into Auld Reekie, some 360 miles of exposed country, with weather that had all the ingredients, bar the kitchen sink - ice, sleet, hail, rain, thick mist, and, believe it or not, some splendid days of sunshine. Mind you, I can't really complain: I did cover the whole route. Had it been last year I wouldn't have got a third of the distance for snow! It was a wonderful experience but not one I wish to repeat unless it be in mid-summer. The hospitality was overwhelming, and very welcome since the long stretches, averaging 16-20 miles per day were without companions, and I rarely met a soul during the course of the route. The scenery was most beautiful, and the extremes in weather aided this to a remarkable degree, particularly over the centre section in Yorkshire. Here, the deep mantle of snow enhanced the high ground, the three peaks of Pen-y-ghent, Ingleborough and Wharfedale being especially beautiful.

Needless to say, the frequent waterfalls passed en route were in full spate, the one at Cauldron Snout in the Upper Teesdale valley being a magnificent sight, compensating for a surprisingly disappointing show at High Force, lower down. The stretch from Langdon Back to Knock was a miserable experience of high wind, steady downpour and swollen rivers, but the following day, the ascent of Cross Fell provided superb views across the Eden Valley, with the snow covered heights of the Lake district beyond the fertile pastures. It also initiated an almost perfect week of good weather to cover the Cumberland-Durham-Northumberland border and its continuation to the extensive remains of Hadrians Wall, the barrier erected by the Romans to keep the tribes from the north away. The middle stretch which I traversed as part of the Pennine Way, is in very good preservation and reminiscent of the Great Wall of China, on a smaller scale of course! The final two days over the Cheviot Hills were a delight, but the ever-present bitter west wind and exposed condition must have provided me with an ideal incubation for the gastro-enteritis wog that has been flying around the borders, and I finished the last three days into Edinburgh almost on all fours. Fortunately I was able to recoup with friends in Newcastle before returning to London, but I dropped $1\frac{1}{2}$ stone when I arrived home. This proved not a bad thing since I can now sport my new kilt to advantage. I have been attending Scottish Country Dancing fairly regularly, and felt that outfitting myself in traditional garb was in order - dancing in trousers is most restricting to say the least. I have two in actual fact; one a red tartan in general use, and a green tartan, the family one, for high days and holidays, complete with plaid etc. I will be bringing these back when I eventually make my way to Sydney town.

"ODE TO A BALL"

Everyone is coming to the Bushwalkers' Ball,

On the eighth of September at Paddo Town Hall.

Five dollars for a couple is the entrance fee,

And Muriel Goldstein is the one to see.

P.S. Her telephone number at home is 523-3713.

Little Malcolm is coming !



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DEAR MEL

*With Melissa Van
Wright*

Editor's Note: We regret to announce that our previous advisor on affairs of the heart is unable to continue her column as she left quite suddenly for San Francisco last week. Fortunately, however, she was able to persuade her dear friend, Miss Melissa Van-Wright to look after us until her return.

Dear Mel,

I have a problem. My fiancée is a wonderful girl and I love her dearly, but alas, she has one small fault. It is her cooking, which is a collective term for hash and stew-making. Now I am prepared to eat, (or try to anyway) these concoctions out in the bush, and in fact I have done so uncomplainingly for some years. But since we became engaged recently I have been wondering if I can face stew for the rest of my life. My own culinary skills do not extend past fried-up leftovers.

What is to become of me? Do you think we can live on love alone?

Signed: T.N. Bondi.

Dear T.N.,

It looks like you'll have to.

Mel.

Dear Mel,

I am writing to you as I am so confused! I have always been a happy thrifty, well-adjusted person until a few weeks ago, but suddenly I found myself, for no apparent reason, giving money away wholesale! At first only \$100, but it was not long after this that I was throwing away about \$300, and I am desperately worried! At this rate, in ten years time there'll be nothing left! Can you advise me?

Signed: Eloquent, Bondi.

Dear Eloquent,

Think bigger, and your problem will be solved sooner.

Mel.

If you have a problem requiring a little sympathetic advice, drop a line to Mel, C/- Box 4476, G.P.O. Sydney, N.S.W. 2001.



THE HIGHEST WE HAVE BEEN

By Don Finch...

The sun had well and truly set, and the pale light of twilight was receding towards its exit. It was time to be in bed as Ross had promised us a full day tomorrow starting early: that is, not later than 2 a.m. However the inactivity of the last few days had left me quite untired, without any desire to go to sleep. It was about ten o'clock.

We were at Malte Brun Hut, 500 feet above the Tasman Glacier and about 20 miles from "The Hermitage" - 8 miles walking and then the bus from Ball Hut for the last 12 miles. We had caught the bus to Ball Hut and walked the rest of the way to Malte Brun Hut last Monday. Today is Tuesday, 4th. January, 1967. Ross caught a plane to a point 2 miles up the Glacier from the Hut, then he walked back down the Glacier to the Hut. However, his activities of the past week had earned him this small luxury. There were about 20 people in the hut, those in our party being Cathy Dawson, Margaret Dogterom, Ron Shaw, Alan Pike, Roger Lockwood, and Ross Wyborn, our guide, leader and universal provider, as well as justification for our presence in the hut with intentions of climbing at least one of New Zealand's 10,000 ft. mountains.

Why do we need justification? The reason is that mountains in New Zealand are mountains in the true sense; they are big, beautiful, full of surprises, fantastic views, and rather inspiring gulfs of nothing: sheer faces and higher peaks. Then there are crevasses, steep snow, snow in dangerous condition, and the weather. All these things had to be considered, as well as many others, and the right decisions made to get around the problems safely. Ross was there to make sure we made the right decisions.

After contemplating the stars for a while I went to bed. Ross was even better than his word as we were all out of bed by 12.15 a.m. Breakfast was cooked and eaten. After a last minute check of gear (which was packed the evening before) we set off at 1.30 a.m. The mountain we were going to climb is a twin peak mountain, with its peaks about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile apart. Its name is the Minarets. To get to our mountain we had to go down the moraine wall via a steep gully across the glacier and up the other side. The moraine wall consists of loose rocks in loose dirt. These rocks are all shapes and sizes. They fall with the least provocation and sometimes without any at all. I was the last in the party as we moved carefully down the gully, six torches dancing and flashing in the darkness, as every now and then a dislodged stone would rattle off down the gully with sparks flying as it hit other rocks on its way to the bottom. After five hundred feet of that we went straight across the glacier, which is made up of little ice hills about 6 feet high, with a few crevasses

near the edges. It was about two miles across. The moon which was just coming up from behind a mountain, was shining on the second half of the glacier. Once we reached this moonlit portion we could do without our torches. The moraine wall on the other side of the glacier was climbed via a snow filled gully we had to climb about 50 feet up a cliff of loose rocks. As the moon was not shining on the face we had to manipulate our torches as well.

At the top of this cliff we roped up and started climbing on the snow. We were in three ropes; Margaret, Cathy and Ross one rope, Ron and Alan on another, and Roger and myself on the third. We were wearing crampons - steel spikes about an inch and a half long which are strapped to the bottom of our boots. There are ten spikes altogether; four on the heel, six on the sole. These allow the wearer to walk on ice or hard snow quite securely. However, to use them properly they have to be kept at 90° to the slope so as to accommodate all 10 points. As our slope was at about 30° we had to turn our ankles accordingly. After a few hundred feet of traversing like this it became quite painful. According to Ross you can become used to it, given enough time.

We climbed up through some small crevasses to a shelf which runs along the mountain to below a small glacier leading up to the snow field just below the summit. We took a few photographs as the first rays of the sun were being reflected orange in the snow on the side of Mt. Cook while the Tasman Glacier, still in darkness, was a fluffy layer of clouds.

We began to traverse the snow shelf and after a while we moved up a smooth snow slope which eventually led towards the low peak of Del la Beche, another mountain on the ridge leading up to the Minarets. We climbed over a steep ridge and while we were climbing down the other side we noticed other parties climbing on the lower shelf. They had come from Del la Beche. But, which is near the glacier where the ridge we were all climbing starts. Then it leads up to the Minarets via the three peaks of Del la Beche. This ridge is about 4 miles long, 4000 ft at the glacier end and over 9000 ft. at the Del la Beche end. We were, in fact, too high up, and after a review of the situation Ross sent Alan, Ron, Roger and myself on ahead while he brought up the rear. After traversing towards the small glacier we climbed over a crevasse and started up a steep ridge, which, in fact, led up to the middle peak of Del la Beche.

Some of the other parties had already started up the glacier. After some considerable time the snow became too soft for crampons to be effective, so we started to traverse. Margaret, Cathy and Ross were about half way up the glacier, although they were almost a thousand feet below us. The reason for traversing was to move over to the snow field at the top of the glacier. Also, we could see a huge crevasse about 300 ft. further up the ridge which, if we followed right up and did manage to get across the crevasse, would leave us standing on top of the middle peak of Del la Beche with the same crevasse on the other side between us and the Minarets.

The traverse was across very steep, soft snow which we negotiated with only one mishap, then Alan and Ron took over the lead and went on towards the snow field, traversing below the High peak of Del la Beche.

They crossed the snow field, and Roger and I caught up to them just as they were climbing across the last crevasse on the summit slope. The parties from Del la Beche Hut were climbing the twin peak of the Minarets. We were quite pleased that they were climbing that peak as it was the lower of the two at 10,022 ft., while we had the pleasure of climbing together up the high peak at 10,056 ft.

We didn't stay on the summit long as a strong wind was blowing. The other party left the twin peak and we met them in the saddle. We had a talk and found that we knew some of them.

After endless hours of slogging we arrived at the slope which leads down to the small crevasses. The sun was shining. It was incredibly hot and we were all burnt to crisps. Roger had his head completely enclosed in a balaclava with only his goggles showing, his theory being that it was better to stew than to grill. We found our way back by the ice-axe holes in the snow. The footprints had all melted. We picked our way carefully through the crevasses, then as soon as we came to the snow slope we were able to glissade down (that is slide down on your feet, using the ice-axe to control speed and direction). At the bottom of this slope we unroped to climb down the rotten cliff. It was about 6.30 p.m. and it was decided that I should go back to the hut ahead of the party to report that we were all down safely. The Chief Ranger calls all the huts in Mt. Cook National Park in order, starting at seven o'clock. The huts have to report climbing news etc. and the ranger gives the weather report and personal messages.

I hurried off down the rotten cliff while the others waited until I was clear before coming down. The cliff was managed without my stopping any falling stones. Then down the snow gully, across the glacier, up the moraine wall and into the hut. After giving our radio man the climbing news I collapsed on the bed. The others soon arrived and also measured their lengths on their beds.

Tea was cooked amid criticism for our slow time - 18 hours. Then I pointed out to Bob Smith that it had taken him three days to climb a mountain close by 2 years ago; he was caught in a blizzard. After all this we went to bed and I didn't have any trouble getting to sleep.

POETS' (?) CORNER

Following a long struggle with "The Listener" we are pleased to announce we have obtained exclusive publication rights of "Owen Marks' Saturday Downhill Day Walk". The poet has asked that his name be withheld, so we leave it to you to guess.

"OWEN MARKS' SATURDAY DOWNHILL WALK" By Anon.

Saturday morn with the weather cruel,
(One poor prospective loaded like a mule),

The eight of us set out from Waterfall
To reach Audley by the nightfall. (Contd.)

"OWEN MARKS' SATURDAY DOWNHILL DAY WALK" Contd.

Morning tea we had by the Blue Pools,
 And saw where the Abos' had sharpened their tools.
 Uloola Falls zoomed into space with a crash.
 Norma Rowen crossed the creek and made a splash.
 Lunch at Kangaroo Creek but the fire was no good.
 Alan Hedstrom's useless when it comes to wet wood.
 Here our leader was slightly slighted,
 When Kath Brown used his fire uninvited.
 On down the creek John Hart did spy,
 A penguin on a tree nearby.
 And so to Audley did welcome,
 After a pleasant day's walking but without any sun.
 Up the hill to the station before dark,
 And only one other passenger from the Royal National Park.
 As a poet I'd receive no pay,
 But as a leader none did stray.

THE BUSH By Theodore Pask.

Bush! Bush! Bush!
 To it we must go.
 Green! Green! Green!
 Through it we must go.
 Love! Love! Love!
 That smell of fresh air.
 Green! Green! Green!
 Magnetic as it is,
 Unearth the mysteries of your charm.
 What's over the hill;
 A quiet glade, a babbling brook?
 No, another hill!
 Covered with haikia bushes.
 Come, let's not overdo it,
 Just a 1 : 25 grade.
 But this is the charm,
 The challenge and the reward.
 Dusk, its colour, its magnitude, its warmth.
 Sunshine, the first stirrings, the birth of a day.
 Rebirth of your spirit, an attitude of change.
 Looking forward to the day and the next.

HAVE YOU HEARD ?????? THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKERS ARE CELEBRATING —

A RUBY ANNIVERSARY

Here is a progress report on arrangements being made, from our Birthday Convener, Brian Harvey.

"Over 190 tickets have been ordered for the Social Dinner and Reunion at Ye Olde Crusty Taverne for October 20. Those who have not yet ordered tickets should do so without delay as the maximum booking is nearly reached. Subscription to the evening for Members, Past Members, and Prospective Members is \$1.50. Non-member husbands or wives of Members or Past Members subscription is \$2.50. Send your name and date of year of joining the Club, as lapel tags will be issued bearing these details so that we may recognise new and old faces alike. Come and meet the Foundation Members of 40 years ago - like Johnnie Walker - still going strong! And a long line of Past Presidents - the olde and bolde!

Thanks to the efforts of our respected Honorary Member, Roy Bennett, we are also very pleased to report we have been able to secure the most desirable of camp-sites on the banks of Little Cattai Creek on private property. A site never camped on before, water frontage sites to Little Cattai Creek, gently sloping ground, unlimited firewood, short clean grass free from cut-grass, birds (feathered variety) galore, but bring your binoculars. You can drive your cars right in. Bring your li-los and live like a King for the weekend. Next month we will issue a map showing the exact location. In the meantime, those fortunates possessing cars are asked to contact those who do not possess mechanised transport, and vice-versa, so that as many as possible may partake in this dream camp. It is far from train transport, and everybody is asked for the utmost co-operation in mutually arranging car transport. Remember, tho' we are a walking club, there is actually no walking necessary. Three cheers for Roy Bennett! (Who, incidentally, lent a very strong hand in obtaining Blue Gum Forest way back in the 1930's) We won't guarantee that caravans can reach the site however, so leave them at home please. No member too old to come, no child too young! It's heigh ho, come to the bush! Come and re-une! Even Dorothy Lawry is coming from New Zealand. Blow up your tyres, fill your tanks, check your oil! Don't miss out! One thing, please bring your own tent poles as the local timber is curly limbed. We will be arranging for a Transport Co-Ordinating Officer, but in the meantime, please endeavour to make your own arrangements for transport if possible, amongst yourselves. Would those with spare seating accommodation please contact the Transport Officer when appointed. Cars should proceed either via Windsor Road and Maraylya Turnoff, or along Old Northern Road via Dural and Cattai Road Turnoff. Possible pickup points from trains could be Parramatta and Hornsby. See next month's magazine for further details."

DAY WALKS

* A BRIEF OUTLINE OF SUNDAY WALKS FOR
THE COMING MONTH, COMPILED FOR YOUR
CONVENIENCE BY DON FINCH, WALKS SEC.

- 13TH. AUGUST. David Ingram will be leading a walk from Terry Hills, Ryland Trig., Cowan Creek, the Sphinx, Wahroonga. Please note that this route is a change from that shown on the Walks Programme. The train (electric) leaves Central at 8.10 a.m. Alight at Chatswood for bus to Terry Hills. The grading of the walk is 12 miles medium and is a TEST WALK. Tickets should be purchased return to Wahroonga. If you want to refer to a map, the relevant one is the Broken Bay O.S. Military. Telephone 635-7733 (Bus.)
- 20TH. AUGUST. Pymble, Bus to St. Ives, Middle Harbour Creek, Rocky Creek, Gordon, is the proposed route of Gladys Roberts' walk, once again in the Kuringai Chase. There should be some Boronia in flower for the wildflower enthusiasts. The walk is classed as 8 miles easy. The train is the 9.10 a.m. electric - buy tickets return to Pymble.
- 27TH. AUGUST. Getting away from the North Side of the harbour John Holly will be going to the Lower Blue Mountains with his walk starting at Glenbrook and going via Campfire Creek and Redhands Cave. There will be some exploration of the side creek to the cave. The walk is graded as 9 miles rough. The train to catch is the 8.20 a.m. country train from Central. John's business telephone number is 27-5505.
- 3RD. SEPTEMBER. Details not yet available. See the new walks programme.
- 10TH. SEPTEMBER. Venturing forth once again to the Kuringai Chase area will be David Ingram. The route of the walk will be: Ferry from Circular Quay to Manly, Bus from Manly to Church Point, Ferry from Church Point to Lovett Bay, The Lookout, Willunga Trig, Bairne Trig, The Basin. If you think those transport details sound complicated, then you're right. So that you won't get lost en route to the starting point the following ferry times etc. should be remembered.
- Firstly, catch the 8.30 a.m. ferry from Circular Quay to Manly. If you get this you should be right, because there will be others on it. From Manly the bus (route 157) leaves Manly Wharf for Church Point at 9.10 a.m.
- Alternately, you can get there by bus all the way. Catch the 8.39 a.m. bus (route 190) from Wynyard to Mona Vale. Change there for the 10.5 a.m. Church Point bus (route 157).
- This is an exceptionally beautiful area on the Pittwater side of Commodore Heights, and at this time of the year there should be a reasonable showing of wildflowers. As fires are strictly prohibited in this part of Kuringai Chase, those who prefer a hot drink at lunchtime should bring a Thermos. If you have any queries about arrangements, David can be contacted at work on telephone no. 635-7733.

SOCIALLY SPEAKING

For the cultured Bushwalkers (if there are any), last month was of great interest. The Old Tote's "School for Scandal" attracted 57 Bushie types. Only one person was seen to be sleeping, but if you pay \$1.80 for a comfy sleep you are entitled to a good doze. Of interest to me were the men's wigs. As my hair is getting thin on top I thought what a boon for bald bushwalkers they would be. If you powdered your wig with Johnson's Baby Powder you could have a handy body duster. After coming up King Pin or Gingra you could remove all odours and unsightly sweat with your wig! Or on the ski slopes in place of those garish balaclavas, the powdered wig would tone in with the scenery. There must be hundreds of uses: for sitting on cold stones, as a pillow, waterproofed against the rain for a Lake Pedder trip. I could go on all day. But I must stop and tell you of this coming month's programme:-

9TH. AUGUST. The General Meeting.

16TH. AUGUST. Gary Steer will be giving a film show on New Zealand. There will be snow and ice instructional as well as some Rockclimbing films.

23RD. AUGUST. "Search and Rescue". This talk, to be given by a member of the Police Rescue Squad, should be most interesting. Those Bushwalkers with a Police record are to be searched for weapons on entry. There will be no exception to this ruling.

30TH. AUGUST. The Annual Slide Competition.

If you remember last year's slides, you will remember the oohs and ahs they drew from the audience. Let this year's be even better; this can only be done by you bringing in your slides. As an incentive I am donating a prize to the winner. The prize is a necessity at your Christmas Table. No more clues. Hector Carruthers, our estimable judge, will decide upon the prize winner.

Just a reminder that on 8th. September the Federation Ball is being held at Paddington Town Hall. Last year there were 12 people representing the S.B.W. and our Club was the joke of the ballroom. Muriel Goldstein, from whom tickets are available, is arranging the tables. Don't forget the table decorations!!!!!!!

For the theatre Buffs I am arranging a night at the Independent Theatre on the 21st. September. Strindberg's "Dance of Death" is a very long play, and as such will be broken by a long interval in which dinner will be served. I shall be reminding everyone in next month's magazine.

Four weeks after this, on 20th. October, is our 40th. Anniversary Dinner. Only 40 more seats are available, so see me or Brian Harvey to secure your reservation. (P.S. Don't see us without your money!).

Four weeks after this, on the 16th. November is another Music Hall night. Believe it or not, due to overbooking or whatever, this is

one of the few nights that they have vacant, and the dear old soul has promised us the same seating arrangements as before. This is only a reminder so you won't go and see it on your own, though if you do you will have to pay double.

Well, that's all for now;
Your Social Sec. OWEN.

INTERNATIONAL GOLD CUP FILM COMPETITION

Club members may remember that some time ago we had a gentleman in the Club from the Australian Amateur Cine Society and he screened for us a number of films, including a delightful little French-made animated cartoon - dealing with that age-old subject of love as only the French know how. This cartoon was an entry in last year's Gold Cup Competition. For the benefit of those Bushwalkers who may be interested, this year's Gold Cup is having public screening in mid-September.

The International Gold Cup Competition is Australia's highest award to amateur film makers. The competition has been organised by the Australian Amateur Cine Society, which is one of the oldest cine clubs in the world. The first open competition was held in 1933 and it has been held annually ever since. The competition is in sections covering Documentary, Unclassified, Travel, Fiction, Best Australian 16 mm., Best Australian 8 mm., and Best on an Australian Subject. An award is given for the best film in each section. From these Award winning films one is chosen for the top award, the Gold Cup. The films are judged under the categories of photographic quality, continuity and editing, presentation and audience appeal.

The public screening of the prize winning films and others chosen from entries to make a suitable programme, is to be held at Anzac House, College Street, Sydney, on Friday 15th. and Saturday 16th. of September. Bushwalkers who are interested could see Owen Marks who may be able to get tickets.

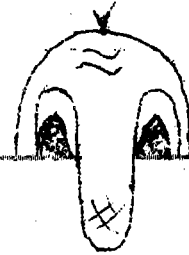
POSITION VACANT.

THE POSITION : Duplicator Operator.

QUALIFICATIONS : Preferably someone who does not hold another office in the Club, and can afford to spend approximately 2 evenings per month turning the handle of the duplicator. (44,440 turns of the handle every month). The successful applicant would have to have room at home to store the duplicator, other equipment, and paper. Further, a place reasonably accessible to people who put the magazine together would be preferred (ie. no more than 5 miles walking distance from the nearest public transport).

REMUNERATION : The satisfaction of knowing that you are doing something for the Club. Applications in the first instance should be addressed to the Editor.

ONE MORE MONTH

BY
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ER.

ENGAGEMENT When on a walk recently, one of Observer's spies, being a very observant person, noticed that Christine Richards was wearing an engagement ring on the appropriate finger. When confronted, Terry Norris and Christine admitted that they had announced their engagement three weeks beforehand. Our congratulations and best wishes go out to them.

WHO SAID THAT? We quote a well-known and popular Bushwalker who, in reference to Heather and John and their little secret, was heard to exclaim "Well, we've all heard about the White Australia Policy, but this is really going a bit far, isn't it?"

GOING SOFT? Apparently upset about the cancellation of two of Bill Gillam's ski instructional weekends, Owen Marks and Alan Hedstrom took matters into their own hands and took off for a week's holiday in the snow country on their own. Not satisfied with tenting at Sawpit Creek, they booked into luxury accommodation at the Chalet. The whole week I believe, was spent in eating, socialising, and parading in their Apres Ski gear. Talk about decadence!!!

INSTRUCTIONAL WALK. In more ways than one, the Instructional led jointly by Margaret Lawry and Don Finch, was somewhat out of the ordinary. It was in the Budawangs area, and of necessity was a private transport trip. Just to throw a spanner in the works, the petrol carters went on strike that weekend, so that people were running around at the last minute to try and get sufficient supplies of fuel for the long drive. It was different again in that the party of 25 consisted of only 6 prospectives, the remaining 19 being members. Apparently there are a lot of people interested in brushing up on their first-aid and bush lore. On the first day, mapping instruction was given by Don Finch, and at the end of his lesson the prospectives were given map and compass, and told to navigate the way themselves, with the members following. On Saturday evening a campfire was held and the President spoke on Bushwalking etiquette, and gave a brief history of the Club, including an explanation of its aims and objects. Next day Rolf Janssen, who is a part-time Ambulance Officer led a discussion on practical first-aid in the bush. The main point of the discussion was that, provided common sense is not abandoned, first-aid can be administered in the bush without too much difficulty at all. The first-aiders must, above all things, maintain a level head, and use his common sense. Some good practical points were also brought out by Alan Round.

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STONY RANGE WILDFLOWER RESERVE.

As mentioned in last month's magazine, anyone interested in a day outing to the above reserve on Saturday, 9th. September should get in touch with Kath McKay. Please, however, do not try to contact Kath on the telephone number given last month. The correct number is 98-7455. If you are interested, I know that Kath would love to hear from you.

EARLY BIRD.

A certain female member, on a recent Club walk, decided that she wanted to do a short walk before breakfast so she could have a look around the place. She awoke early and peered out of the tent. Although the sun wasn't yet up, it was light enough to see without any difficulty (a near-full moon was shining). So she got up and built up the fire to make a cup of tea before setting out, making a bit of noise breaking sticks and the like. Before long there were stirrings in the camp as people rolled over in their sleeping bags and began to think that it would soon be time to get up. "What time is it?" someone asked. No-one had bothered to look. Out came a watch. It was 2-30 a.m. "Back to bed everyone."

LITTLE MALCOLM IS COMING!!!

Watch for him.

IS SOMEONE TALKING ABOUT ME?

Overheard in Repins after last Wednesday's meeting:-

Don: How many going on your walk this weekend?

Alan: What walk?

Don: You're leading a walk this weekend, remember!

Alan: You don't say!!!

OVERSEAS VISITOR.

The Social Secretary this week received a letter from Dorothy Lawry will be coming to Sydney from New Zealand especially for the 40th. Anniversary Dinner and Camp. She can only stay for a weekend, so she will arrive on Friday in time for the Dinner, and will be leaving again immediately following the weekend. So don't let's hear any complaints from locals about inconvenience or the like.

COUNTRY VISITOR

The editor received a 'phone call from Roger Gowing in Kempsey to say that he shall be taking holidays in October, and we should be seeing him in Sydney then.

THANKS

The Editor wishes to thank the contributors to this month's magazine:-

Jim Brown, Don Finch, Muriel Goldstein, Brian Harvey, David Ingram, Owen Marks, Kath McKay, Observer, Bill O'Neill, Paddy Pallin, Melissa Van Wright.