

A Monthly Bulletin of matters of interest to the  
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# THE OCTOBER GENERAL MEETING

\*\*\*\*\* By Our Political Roundsman, Mr. Jim Brown \*\*\*\*\*

Pointing out that it was the 40th. Anniversary Meeting, Frank Rigby opened affairs with a quotation from the minutes of the very first meeting, thanked Bill Ketas and David Ingram for temporarily taking over the Secretarial offices, and welcomed to membership Leslie Griffiths and Peter Duell.

Developing from the September minutes Owen Marks proposed that the Christmas party be, as in the past two years, a garden affair at the Grey's place on 9th. December - agreed. Correspondence contained advice that the National Parks and Wildlife Acts took effect from 1st. October, and there was a letter from foundation member Ken Matthews congratulating the Club on its 40th. Birthday. The organisers of the Duke of Edinburgh adventurer's quest sought a delegate from the Club and the President would attend.

Treasury affairs were nice and static, funds having moved up by \$2 in the past month to give an operating account of \$649. In answer to a question the Treasurer said about \$160 in subscriptions was outstanding. Letters were being sent to those still unfinancial.

Don Finch presented a walks report covering the period between the two general meetings. On 17th. September Gladys Roberts and party of 10, including five prospectives, found attractive wild flowers along Cowan Creek. An Instructional walk on the same weekend penetrated from Boss Mountain to Chardon Canyon and Tuglow Caves, and the party of 10 would have been 14 if another car-load had made contact. On the following weekend an ambitious walk from Kanangra - Gingra - Kowmung - Cox - Kanangra River - Kanangra Walls with 9 people made contact at Konangaroo with the "Slobs" party of 8, quite late on Saturday night.

Jim Calloway had 21 on a day walk to Bundeena while on the Labour Day weekend 37 people from 8 Clubs, including 15 S.B.W., went with Dot Butler to Watson's Crag. A sleeper bus was provided, but part of the drive was described as "hair-raising". Frank Rigby's holiday weekend walk in the Colong Caves area had 14 starters, and on the following weekend David Ingram's day walk in the Wondabyne area brought out 28 (11 prospectives). To wind up Don reminded us of the Orienteering Contest at the end of October, and the fact that the next walks programme "needed filling line by line".

Federation Report was presented by Barry Wallace, and contained the information that letters had gone to various newspapers with the object of correcting some opinions expressed over walking parties who had been in difficulties in recent months. The S & R Report on the Merri Merrigal episode gave praise to the leader and party. There had been 440 people at Federation Ball: a vacancy existed on the Conservation Bureau vice Stan Cottier. It was also reported that Federation now meets in the P.S.A.A.A. Building in

Castlereagh Street.

Brian Harvey reported there was now a full house for the Anniversary Dinner, and when nominations were invited for a lady Committee Member, in succession to Margaret Dogterom, there were no takers and the election was held over.

Treasurer Gordon Redmond spoke of the Era funds and gave a summary of how they came about, and the purpose for which they may be used under the terms of the Trust Deed. Brian Harvey and Frank Rigby added to his comment, the summation being that we should give earnest thoughts as to how they should be used.

Reporting on map production, Wilf Hilder said maps of Araluen, Moss Vale North and Oberon South - the latter embracing some of the Kowmung Gorge - should soon be available. Map makers had "gone modern with metro" and sheets of the MacPherson Ranges were being completed with a metric grid and 20-metre contours.

As a parting shot before we departed to "Re-une for the 40th Owen Marks proposed the Christmas Party might be a "Mad Hatter's Night". For walkers this presumably means only that a hat should be worn, so there was no room for argument as we took ourselves off at about 9.15 p.m.

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#### FROM YOUR LIBRARIAN

This month has proved more encouraging, as more people seem to be aware, or becoming aware that we now have our Library in operation once again. Again I would remind prospectives that we have instructional books on a number of subjects which may be of some assistance to them.

Periodicals and programmes from various other clubs are on display and are available for borrowing, or on the other hand you may peruse them (for free) on Club nights. This is an excellent way of keeping yourself informed on what is going on in other Bushwalking Clubs and kindred organisations.

Borrowing charge is 5 cents per publication. Everyone is welcome to look - no-one asked to buy.

If you have any ideas which would be of benefit or assistance to us, please make them known - ideas are always welcome.

.....Ivy Painter.

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# FOR THE DAY WALKER

By Don  
Finch

\*\*\*\*\*

12th. November. Jack Gentle is leading a trip from Otford, Burning Palms, Era, Garie thence by omnibus to Waterfall. The trip is of 6 miles easy. Transport will be by steam train to Otford, leaving Central at 8.42 a.m. Jack's home number is 828-9586. It will be possible to go surfing, so bring your water wings and swimming gear. It is not a test walk.

19th. November. Waterfall, Kangaroo Creek, Engadine. 9 miles of medium walking will be led from out-front by Mr. James Calloway. Transport to Waterfall by electric train leaving Central at 8.20 a.m. James phone number is 20961 Extn. 3077. Please phone only between 9 p.m. and 11 p.m.

26th. November. A surfing safari led by our favourite bronzed surfer, Frank Leydon, will leave Central on the 8.42 a.m. steam train to Lilyvale. There it will be necessary to get out and walk to Burning Palms, then up the coast to Era, where Frank the flower surfer from Maroubra will show all aspiring surfers how it's done. After this performance the walk proceeds to Garie where a bus will be taken to Waterfall. The trip is of 6 miles, easy variety, and is not a test walk.

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## THE AUTUMN WALKS PROGRAMME IS NOW BEING COMPILED !!

This is just a note to advise all people who were going to put trips on the Summer/Walks Programme (December 1967 - February 1968) that they are now too late. The programme is already at the printers. But do not despair, the Autumn Programme is still completely empty. See Don Finch about all those mighty walks you were going to put on the Summer Programme. Tell him everything you were going to do; he will write it all down, and use it as evidence against you at a later date.

\*\*\*\*\*

'No, I shouldn't, said Alice, surprised into contradicting her at last: 'a hill can't be a valley, you know. That would be nonsense -'  
The Red Queen shook her head. 'You may call it "nonsense" if you like' she said, 'but I've heard nonsense, compared with which that would be as sensible as a dictionary!'

# THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

\*\*\*\*\*

To mark the Fortieth Anniversary of the founding of our Club in 1927, the proposition mooted at the Annual General Meeting last March materialised at the May General Meeting when the Club approved of two distinct functions. Firstly, a dinner and social reunion at a central location, and secondly, the traditional weekend bush camp, to be held on the weekend following.

The Dinner and Social Reunion was held at "Ye Olde Crusty Taverne", the smorgasborde wine-cellar of the vintners, Leo Buring Pty. Limited, at 255 George Street, Sydney on Friday 20th. October. Circulars were sent to many Past Members, in addition to those on the Club books, with the result that 238 folk turned up for the occasion. This included no less than 19 Past Presidents and 10 Foundation Members, surely a great response over the span of 40 years. To assist in the identification of those who now wore lined faces, white hair (or no hair), etc. artistic name-shields were prepared and we sallied forth suitably tagged to do battle with the excellent fare and wines provided. Assisted by the spiritus vini rectificatus and the warmed inner spirits engendered by the sight of so many old friends, the evening became one roar of tongues, like the surf at Era. The piano-accordionist engaged to render sweet music was drowned out and retired baffled from the scene, wondering what he had struck! "First time I've seen so-and-so for thirty years!" someone mentioned to me. There was Dorothy Lawry, specially over from New Zealand at great expense, Phyllis Sorenson (White), Hilda McCartney Blunt Newstead, and Ada McGrath (Meade) down from Queensland and the bloke who called the first meeting to form the Club - the ever-young Jack Debert, still beaming despite the 124 jobs he worked through and his mountain behind him. There was Taro (born in 1879), but without his famous ladder, who cut the birthday cake, and the Foundation Secretary, Charlie Kilpatrick, famous for his Causeway on Gangarang Range; Maurie Berry of Mount Berry, Harold Chardon of Chardon's Canyon, Peter Page of Page's Pinnacle, Wally Roots of Rootses Route and Wild Dog fame, Ernie Austen of Austen Steeps, Frank Duncan of Duncan's Pass - all who have had their names honoured as landmarks on the Department of Lands maps. There was Paddy Pallin, wearing his beaming smile, and of course a suit. (His kilt was not brought out until the campfire on Saturday night). Apologies were received from Myles Dunphy for a last-minute obstacle, Roy Bennett who had earlier taken ill and from David Stead, recovering in Royal North Shore Hospital following an encounter with a sting-ray in New Caledonia.

The Club had subsidised the tickets for the occasion so that many

new members were able to come along and see what made the Club tick in the earlier years. Never were there so many smiles on so many faces; so many friendly greetings, happy reminiscences and camaraderie - all built up with the long years of association by those who shared the good times and the hardships of the bush - and not the least, the keeping in touch which has gone on behind the scenes in later years amongst those not able to go walking and even find camping a little beyond them. For them, particularly, it was an occasion never to be forgotten. And we hope they too, will not be forgotten for there are plans afoot to keep them in touch - there are many among them who in the past have done much for the Club and for Bushwalking.

And so the closing time of 10 p.m. came all too soon and the ringing in the ears of "Ye Olde Crusty" staff subsided. "Never in time here have I seen such a happy but well-behaved crowd" the manager told me afterwards. And so say all of us. So ended the greatest social occasion the Club ever enjoyed. The cost to the Club?? Why worry. It is covered by the Constitution, Object 5.

Faced with the problem of finding a campsite to which all past and present members could travel without hardship, irrespective of age and physical condition, and where family camps with young children would not be a burden, our good friend and Honorary Member Roy Bennett came to the rescue with permission for the Club to camp on private property in the Cattai area. The campsite was one of sloping grass, backed by a typical Hawksbury sandstone escarpment, running down to a slowly moving creek which frequently overflowed its banks to form a delightful elongated lagoon, with wildfowl and brilliant greenery. There was wood aplenty and the working party had pulled down five dead trees and formed a monster campfire. The site was some miles from the nearest road but all were able to drive right there, bringing even motor tents and all kinds of goodie-goodies and comforts. It was a sight to see so many perched on chairs round the evening campfire. As a nett result, many were encamped who had not been to reunions for years.

Unfortunately, the Saturday morning in the city dawned with light rain and lowered temperatures, and, coupled with the hectic evening before, some did not see fit to venture forth despite the easy access. There was no rain at the camp and as the day wore on birds continued to arrive so that by night there were about 160 at the campfire, including a number who just came down for the entertainment and who made off at about 11 p.m. The fire was ceremoniously lit by our Foundation Member and Past President, Maurie Berry. A nasty cool wind had come up and the huge fire was welcome. Compered by Paddy, a long list of entertainers appeared - some giving recitations, sketches, solos, duets and "operatic" singing. We were again delighted to hear Scotty Malcolm taking us back to the good old days, and the inimitable Rene Dagmar rendering one of her favourite songs. Wally Roots told us of the first venture onto Mount Dingo and the discovery of Splendour Rock, supported by Maurie Berry. That was back in 1934. Jim Brown told us how the word "Bushwalking" was coined by Maurie Berry when he gave the name to our Club in 1927. Jim and his mates also traced notable events over the

last 40 years, weaving in Club achievements and decisions with historical items in chronological order. Geoff Wagg and his singing choiresters revived some excerpts from the famous Crown Street Operas - my, but the voices have "gone off"! Shades of the Ingersoll Hall cats! Betty Farquar had made a birthday cake with 40 candles which defied lighting in the wind. Coffee, cocoa and more cake was served for supper after which most crawled off to their sleeping bags, worn out by all the celebrations, nattering, chattering and general re-uneing, and the late night before.

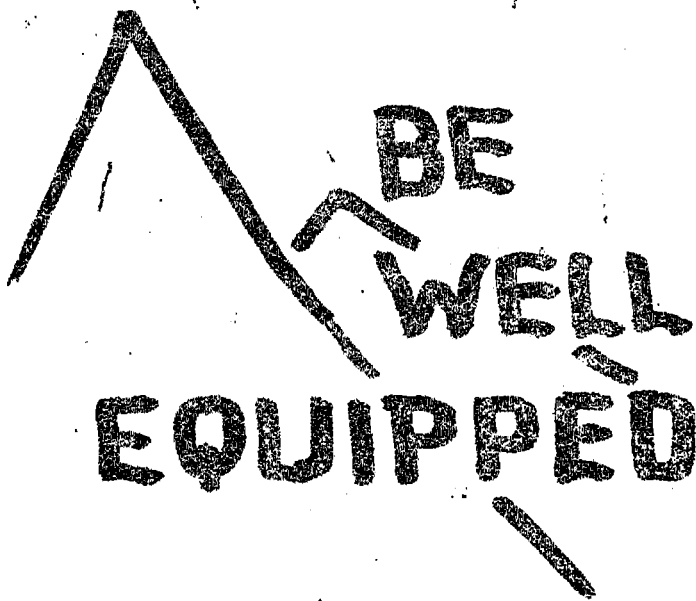
Sunday dawned a better day and about 20 more bods arrived, making a total of about 180 for the weekend, which, in view of the generally inclement weather, was regarded as satisfactory. Six or eight adventurous types took themselves off on airmattresses, paddling about the lagoon, whilst most others contented themselves walking endlessly up and down the camp, nattering and drinking cups of tea, admiring babies, signing the name register, exploring the lakeside and hillside. Unused to this activity, the usual pelicans, black swans and duck had taken off for temporary quieter refuge untill we all cleared out. There was Taro's tent, made in the year 1900. What canvas to last so long! A bit heavy for walking but ideal for the occasion. Hec Carruthers made a movie film of camp scenes. Dorothy Lawry expounded the virtues of New Zealand, but still reckons Sydney is the place. Kath McKay came only for the campfire and ended up staying the whole night, much to her's and everone else's surprise. She is going to write an essay on how to camp without gear or tucker.

By 3 p.m. most had "had it" and cars were pulling out and so ended our first forty years. They say that life begins at 40: may the Club go on and prosper, and so, on to our 50th. Anniversary in 1977. What a celebration! Start preparing!

P.S. Without the help of many workers, the events would not have been the great success they were. Special appreciation is due to the following:

The working bee of Saturday, 6th. October, Edna Gentle for her preparation of over 240 name shields and place cards. Jack Gentle, Jack Wren, Ernie Farquar and Frank Ashdown for their willing assistance at all times; Betty Farquar for the camp supper, birthday cakes, caps for the kids; Alan Round for the use of his Land Rover to tow logs; Roy Bennett for his discovery of the camp site and liaison; Rene Brown for supplying names and addresses of old members; Gordon Redmond for the seats; Dorothy and Ira Butler for the raffle of the beautiful orchid; Paddy Pallin for compering the campfire entertainment; Owen Marks for handling transport arrangements, and Neville Page for the special issue of the magazine, not to mention the campfire entertainers and many others who contributed in some way. Last and not least, we must thank the general cleaners-uppers of the campsite which was left more verdant than when we arrived. Not a tin, not a bottle, nor a scrap of paper; all fires out, wet. Bravo!

.....Brian Harvey.



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# GUDGENBY, SCABBY AND KELLY

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I would like to correct the statement in the last issue of "The Sydney Bushwalker" that the recent trip to Mt. Kelly was the first for S.B.W. This is quite in error and I know of at least two parties who were there over twenty years ago. I very much enjoyed the article in the September issue, and as is often the case with we "oldies", dug out my snap album and re-lived our trip.

The party was led by Marie Byles and comprised Pete and Ray Page, Dorothy Hasluck and yours truly. It was an Easter trip and owing to transport problems we really only had two clear days for our exploring.

On arrival at Gudgenby station we immediately struck a snag, as they refused to allow us to camp on the property. It was the end of a hot summer where fire danger had been high, and the manager pointed out that as they had consistently refused permission for trout fishermen to camp, they could not allow us. Finally a compromise was reached and we camped outside the property on the understanding that we took our tents down each morning and hid our gear! The joy of a fixed camp is coming back to be welcomed by the sight of your friendly tent, but this was denied us. Also being unable to camp in the area where we wanted to climb, meant we had to walk back and forth across the same paddocks each morning.

I certainly agree with the description given by the recent party. The country is beautiful and the trees magnificent. Marie took some lovely studies of trees silhouetted against the sky with very photogenic clouds. The paddocks were criss-crossed with tiny swift flowing streams.

We first climbed Gudgenby, which is a delightful little mountain with a rocky cap, Scabby, which is a rather "lumpish" and not particularly interesting, and lastly Kelly which we were all enthusiastic about. I will admit we had good weather and no snow to contend with!

It is very good walking country and can be recommended to other members. Perhaps it would be of interest to hear of other trips that have been made to the area?

.....Edna Garrad.

ENGAGEMENT

Some months ago Bob Godfrey and Audrey Kenway announced their engagement, and the Editor was advised accordingly, whereby he made a mental note of the fact. Well, unfortunately that mental note went astray somewhere and was not retrieved until idle chatter at the Anniversary Dinner stirred the recollection.

For those who have not already heard the good news, we would like you all to know. To Audrey and Bob, although a little belatedly, we wish you every happiness.

Yet another link forged in the long chain of Club romances.

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SEARCH AND RESCUE

A summary of the 1967 S. & R Demonstration Weekend:-

BUSHWALKING IS A DANGEROUS WAY OF LIFE.

THE NEXT STEP YOU TAKE COULD BE YOUR LAST.

SO: MIND YOUR STEP.....

Signed: A Man of Few Words.

15/10/67

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MONTHLY LUNCHEON

For the last couple of years members of the Club have been meeting at "Ye Olde Crusty Taverne" for luncheon on the second Wednesday of each month at 1 p.m. - that is, the day of the Monthly General Meeting. An invitation is extended to all members to join in - take part in the lively discussions ranging from the failures of N.P.A., the Stock Market, conservation and Club policy, to mini skirts. We meet in the soundproof "Sanctum" so as not to disturb the other diners. If you are coming and are not a regular patron, let Ron Knightley or his secretary know - telephone 20333 or ring Mrs. Webster at the "Crusty" and tell her you're joining the Bushwalkers' luncheon party (Tel. 27-1386). Ladies are welcome too!!! 255 George Street - almost opposite Bridge Street.

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# PADDY MADE

Page 11.

Who's for New Zealand this Christmas?

Every year sees a stream of Aussies visiting the "Shaky Isle".

These modern times bring the advantages of jet travel and a shrinking world. Many walkers have ventured abroad to see the scenic wonders of the world, and for many years Paddymade gear has been their trusty companion.

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# SOCIALLY SPEAKING

\*\*\*\*\* With our Social Secretary, Owen Marks \*\*\*\*\*

Last month's social programme included a talk (with dramatics) by Ray Tyson from the Police Rescue Squad, drawing a full house, and not disappointing those who attended. A light supper was served afterwards.

Also on last month were Bill Ketas and Snow Brown giving a talk (with food) on Greek monasteries - this was another crowd-drawer. Not too long, and interspersed with typical "Snowisms" and "Spiroisms" it proved to be a successful evening, topped off with a supper of Greek food delicacies and wines. The food was prepared by Spiro's mother and sister.

Next month's social Wednesdays offer the following attractions:-

15th November: Films from the British Arts Council on this evening will include something on what colour means to birds, and other fascinating subjects.

22nd November: I know everyone will want to hear what Frank Rigby has to tell us about his Bushwalk in Central Australia with Joan.

29th November: PLEASE NOTE AN IMPORTANT CHANGE IN THE SOCIAL PROGRAMME! Unfortunately, Mr. Sam Weems will now be absent from Sydney on this date. Mr. Weem's lecture on National Parks has therefore been postponed to 6th December and a substitute social feature will be planned for the 29th November. Mr. Weems, Director of the National Parks and Wildlife Service, is on loan to the N.S.W. Government from the U.S. National Parks Service, where he has had extensive experience. Because of the continuing controversy over National Parks in this country, what Mr. Weems has to say will be of great interest to bushwalkers.

## THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

Don't forget this year's Christmas Party, which is on once again at George and Helen Gray's place (209 Malton Road, Epping) — the date:-

SATURDAY, 9th DECEMBER.

Tickets are \$1.00 - Children free.

Mad Hatters' Parade, 9.00 pm.

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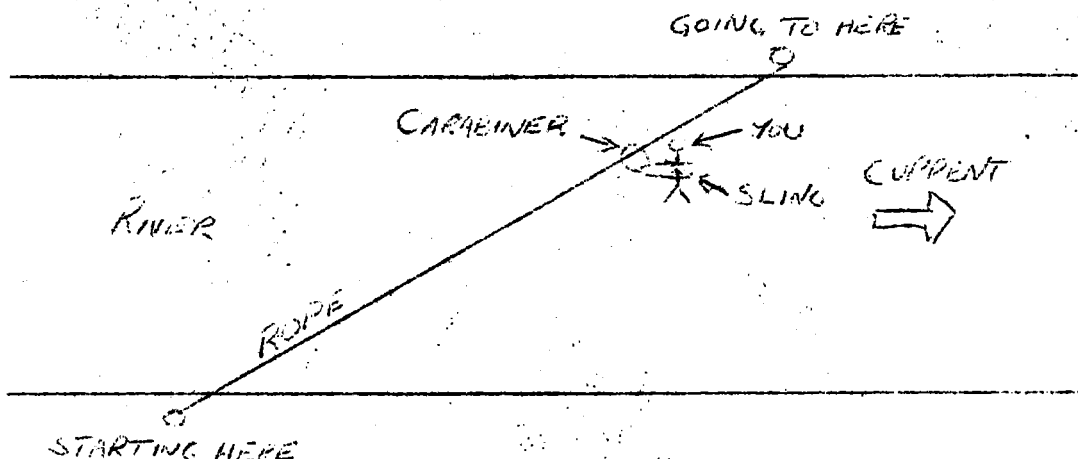
# SOME GOOD OIL FROM THE S. AND R. DEMO.

\*\*\*\*\* By Ramon U'Brien \*\*\*\*\*

Incising snake-bite wounds is now out. Treatment now consists of: putting the patient at rest; use of a constrictive bandage between the bite and the heart; washing away any venom on the skin; getting the patient to a doctor. If some time elapses before treatment with anti-venene, respiratory failure may occur - use mouth to mouth resuscitation if necessary. For further details see the latest St. Johns' First-aid Book.

Ripple or crepe soled desert boots are now out. Federation has asked that all leaders decline to accept starters wearing same as they are suspected to be the cause of a near fatal accident.

Crossing flooded streams is out. It's better to get back a few days late than not at all. If you must cross, choose a long, wide, deep stretch and swim with the current. Better still, if you happen to have about 100 feet of no. 3 or 4 nylon rope with you (and a person on each side), tie the rope across the river so that it is at an angle, with the end on the other side downstream, as in the diagram below.



Then, using a rope sling under your arms and a carabiner between it and the rope, you punge in and the current pushes you across. This is dangerous due to possibility of collision with logs, etc. but at least whatever is tied on must get to the other side even if it gets shredded in the process. Final word on crossing flooded rivers: DON'T.

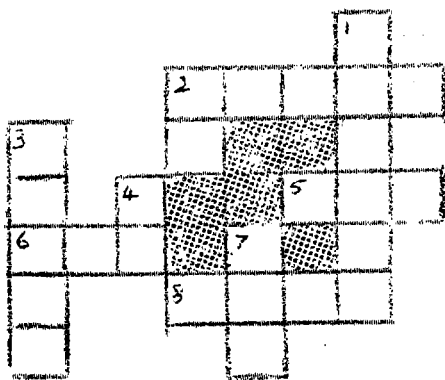
Canyon trips are in. Did you know that there are at least three methods of abseiling? Which one to use? The over-the-shoulder method is thought to be the simplest and easiest for beginners, but this can lead to clothing getting caught up or burns across the back. The twisted knot method is the one mostly used by the Sydney Rock Climbing Club. A safety sling should be worn around the waist in case you get turned upside down and tend to fall out of the sling you are sitting in. There is also a method called "Prussicking" of walking up a rope with the aid of three slings. Just the thing if you get stuck half-way down a canyon (or half way down one abseil, it can hold you while you untangle something). The moral of this story is: have a practice first; most rockclimbers will be glad to demonstrate.

We were also reminded that just being out in the bush is dangerous. Many people, accustomed to a protected life in the city where they can wander along the street hardly watching where they are going, tend to adopt the same attitude in the bush. This can prove fatal. Leaders are asked to make sure of the capability of people on walks, and that they know what to expect on a walk - people who are tired are very prone to accidents.

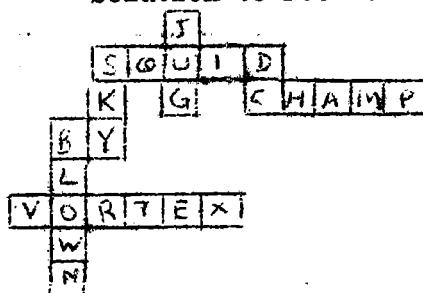
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### CROSSWORD PUZZLE CORNER

Puzzle No. 3.



Solution to No. 2.



#### CLUES:

1. Groups of twelve.
2. (down) Physical Training (initials)
2. (across) A bright Sydney border plant.
3. Nimble.
4. Preposition.

5. A Hebrew.
6. Creeping vine.
7. Cigarette (slang).
8. Planet.

REMEMBER THE RULES: USE ALL  
26 LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET, ONCE EACH.

# THE NORTH ERA TRUST FUND

\*\*\*\*\* By Mumbadah \*\*\*\*\*

It was timely that Gordon Redmond should have drawn the Club's attention to the dormancy of this North Era Trust Fund.

Historically, about 1943, to forestall the rumoured erection of a guest house upon the site of the walkers' popular seaside camping area at North North Era, our Club, with the financial help of other organisations, purchased the relevant land. Later, the Government resumed the land together with all the adjacent freeholds, and added the whole area to the Royal National Park. The Government made payment at the appreciated land value for this resumption. However, it was undesirable and impossible to repay all the original contributors, so a Trust was inaugurated by deed, the Sydney Bushwalkers being the custodian of the Fund. The money was to be used for the acquisition of another piece of land for the camping there as practiced by recreational walkers, whether belonging to this Club, another Club, or free lance.

Money is now held in trust and does not belong to the S.B.W.

Recreational walkers also car-camp and caravan-camp. Is this permitted? It is apparent that any such land would have to be reached by car so that it would virtually be a car camp. How would we prevent the local population from using it - or abusing it - or becoming a rubbish dump? The land would have to be current freehold property and could be envisaged as part of, say, a grazing holding. What would the right of access be if it was not on a roadside? If it adjoined another freehold property, what would be the position about boundary fencing? What if adjoining lands were developed and the Trust (virtually the S.B.W.) had to contribute half-share of the cost of fencing at \$600 a mile for sheep encing and \$800 a mile for rabbit-proff fencing! What is the Trust received an order from the local Pastures Protection Board to eradicate rabbits, dingoes, foxes, noxious weeds, prickly pear or lantana? Who would pay? All members of the S.B.W. perhaps may be required to share the cost by a Court order. A cheerful prospect.

The Club Committee, being responsible for the management of the Club, might be faced with legal action if fire escaped from the land, destroying fencing, livestock or a homestead. They could be held personally, legally liable as the Club would be vested in the administration and control of the land. And where would the Club trustees stand in the matter? They and the Committee may be made bankrupt.

The Trust, or more precisely, the Club, would be saddled with the annual rates or levies, and may eventually have to find Land Tax as a sideline if the value shot up. Another cheerful prospect.

It was perhaps a blessing in disguise that we did not acquire the Bendethra proposition. We might have been landed fair in the centre of a soup plate. It is one thing for a person to own a suburban block of land for a home site but quite different for an unincorporated club to administer and control rural land. Fools can step in where angels fear to tread. Probe for quicksands.

The Club's purchase of the freehold of Blue Gum Forest was a different proposition as it was immediately handed over to the State Government which declared it a reserve and we thereby lost all responsibility for its future.

The Era land was mostly open buffalo grass swamp with no adjoining land problems and I doubt if there was even public access to it except by usage. It was not purchased to camp on as we already did that (if even in return for a couple of shillings) but it was purchased to prevent its sale for the erection of a guest house - a mighty different purpose for which the present fund is designated.

It is no good fooling ourselves that we could control distant land. We can't even get volunteers to empty the ash trays after a meeting in the Club room.

In short, the acquisition of land would be a ball and chain round the Club's neck for ever and a day. Having once purchased such land, the chances of reselling it would be almost nil, and in the interim we would be merrily paying rates etc. And please keep in mind that such land is not for the exclusive use of the Sydney Bushwalkers. How magnanimous can we get? What would Frank Ashdown say if we had to raise the annual subs.?

Looking back, the Club must have been particularly starry-eyed to be carried away with the prospect of a piece of a Garden of Eden on which to camp. Whilst we all appreciate trees let us not be babes in the woods. Look at it from the business point of view. Don't let us get trapped into insurmountable financial or legal difficulties. Every succeeding Committee inherits potential liabilities for the conduct of the Club affairs, in any case.

As far as I am aware, it would require a petition to go before a Court to vary the purpose for which the Fund Deed is at present designed. The legal fees will be well spent to rid the Club of an encumbrance. We have had about 20 years to find a proposition  $\frac{1}{2}$  more than ample time and as land values increase our chances are in an inverse ratio. Perhaps when such a Statutory body as the National Trust requires funds for a worthwhile preservation object the Fund could be donated and the Era Trust wound up. The National Trust is interested in the preservation of scenic beauty as much as we are. Let us do something positive. We would not be giving away Club funds. Think about it and have your say when it comes up for discussion. Let's end the aimless drift.

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# BATS TO YOU!

By one of today's  
daring young writers,  
Barry Pacey.

\*\*\*\*\*

A sharp bang made itself heard above the chorus of voices and a champagne cork screamed through the air. After ricocheting off the front left humerus of a sheep's carcass, the missile, capped by a twenty eight gauge pressed metal warhead, soared skyward, neatly castrating a small hairy bat in its path.

He fell howling to the floor, and, landing with a dull grunt, doubled up into the position of a ruptured Sumo wrestler.

Through tear filled eyes he gazed hatefully at these monsters who had caused him such misery.

Rising feebly to his feet he marched over to where he was sitting.

Opening his mouth wide he sank his massive fangs into his tormentor, then, revenged, he flew erratically back to the awaiting wings of his wife.

It was not until later that Doug's shortened shoe lace caused some puzzlement.

The singing and screaming continued drowning out the soft padding of a tom cat as he trotted along the roof sniffing the cool night air and giggling hysterically over a sick joke he'd just heard.

He spied a large female possum wrestling with a beer can, and, seeking a bit of a lark, leapt upon her and nipped her efforts in the bud.

Turning to face the grinning lad she let fly with a perfectly executed Nagasaki Karate chop which simultaneously fractured his jawbone and stretched him a good three inches.

Meanwhile, below, the party was breaking up and all the big time speleos were stumbling to pre-chosen sleeping quarters.

Some chose an old barn filled with hay. The present tenants didn't seem to mind. They say rats and snakes and peoples are very compatible.

On reaching the barn there was the terrible ascent of the mountain of hay before them. Some of the lads, being quite fit, ran up, while the birds, being less able, remained at the bottom. One, however, did try, and was half way up when she began slipping. She bleated pathetically and the ever alert, ever chivalrous Alan Hedstrom shouted,

"Don't worry dearie! I'll save you."

With a glorious swan dive that brought "Oohs" and "Aahs" from two thousand little rodents, he soared down, narrowly missing two pitch forks, a misplaced barbed wire fence, and a skyhook which had rusted up and fallen down.

After coming to rest gracefully in an old bullock dray (much to the annoyance of the old bullocks) he discovered his chivalry was wasted, for Dearie had managed to climb up all the way herself.

Alan wearily climbed back up and promptly flaked. Now all was quiet except for the occasional scuttling of a rat and the consistent "Iii" "Iii!!" of a certain tousse-haired female as she leapt wildly in the moonlight with a buck possum and a thin white bandicoot.

This brought to a close the first day of Don Wood's Queen's Birthday caving weekend.

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#### WHAT YOU WILL !!

"She was the most beautiful woman in England. She strode imperiously into the room. She seized a chair imperiously and seated herself on it, imperial side up.

She took off her tiara of diamonds and put it on the tiara-holder beside her and uncoiled her boa of pearls and put it on the pearlstand. "

Maddened By Mystery.

" 'Drink,' he muttered hoarsely, 'yes, drink.' "

The lights of the soda fountain struck his eye.

'Give me an egg phosphate,' he said as he dashed his money on the counter. He drank phosphate after phosphate till his brain reeled. Mad with the liquor, he staggered to and fro in the shop, weighed himself recklessly on the slot machine three or four times, tore out chewing gum and matches from the automatic nickel boxes, and finally staggered on to the street, reeling from the effects of thirteen phosphates and a sarsaparilla soda. "

A Hero in Homespun

Both quotations by Stephen Leacock, from a book of collected works, 1916.

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# THE WALKERS MEET THE SLOBS

\*\*\*\*\* By Spiro Ketas \*\*\*\*\*

At Konangaroo clearing, the friendly glow of the "slobs" camp fire and the familiar sounds of Bushwalkers finishing their evening meal were both welcome indications that, at last, we, the "walkers" had reached our determined camp site. True, we did not arrive in one party; Frank had arrived earlier two hour or so, thinking that he might be the walkers' only representative at this much looked forward-to meeting, where we could boast and really rub it in that we, Don Finch's party, truly were the walkers and they, Brian Harding's mob, were clearly only slobs. Even though two of our party of eight had given up and camped two miles down the Cox's, any fool would realise the walks programme had correctly named our two parties.

The hour was now on eight and surely we looked the same bright and energetic group that started off down the Gingra Track 12 hours before! Twelve hours and 28 miles had elapsed and even if we appeared the same party, surely 12 hours and 28 miles of pleasant walking and swimming in perfect, cool spring weather through the Gangarangs had given us a spiritual uplift! Yes, it was this morning that we left our cars at Kanangra Tops and set off in the cool morning air and paused for a few minutes to absorb and admire the splendour and majesty of Kanangra Deep with its perfect natural backdrops, Thurat Walls and Thurat Spires; a stirring sight and a desirable early morning inspiration to start a 42 mile walk. We set off at a quick pace down the Gingra Track.

It was becoming hotter and by the time we dropped down to the Kowmung a swim was well in order and a quick exchange of fruit and biscuits.

"We'll never get to Konangaroo Clearing this way; come on you walkers, dry lunch at the Cox's junction," shouted our ambitious young leader, and set off briskly and determinately whilst we looked at each other with disbelief and followed on.

"Have you ever heard of any Bushwalkers' mutiny?" someone asked nobody in particular.

"No, but of course white-anting is not so rare," answered Frank.

"White-anting? What is white-anting?" asked our Danish visitor Beau, who had only this month arrived from Greenland.

"Well, it's like this; it is when a walk does not go exactly as per programme."

"Ah yes, I understand! Today is a good day for this, no?"

But needless to say after a mile or two of pleasantriver walking, where each bend opened up a new vista of varied scenery, picturesque

river stones and overhanging gum and willow trees we soon lost any ideas of white-anting and continued on enthusiastically.

By 1.30 we were all feeling rather hungry so at the first opportunity, ie. when our leader was tailing well behind, we quickly selected a lunch site. We were still a good two hours from the Cox. We started a camp fire and put on our billies. Eventually Don caught up to us, and upon seeing our deliberate efforts, quickly and wisely sized up the situation and sat down also to lunch with his loyal group.

Here now at Konangaroo Clearing again, the time had come to eat, and, after exchanging greetings, comparing points of mutual interest with the "slobs", and of course rubbing in just how superior our performance that day was, we all managed to cook our meat on their lone fire. In very short time Ian's most treasured and long protected bottle of port was no more. By this time nearly all our companions had crawled into their sleeping bags quite close to the fire, and our new friend Beau had completely disappeared into his American sleeping bag, thoroughly zipped up all round without so much as one hair of his head showing. From my side of the fire I stood and gazed through the smoky haze, fascinated by the sight of the sleeping and half asleep mass of weary walkers, their reposing forms and widely strewn belongings creating a charming irregularity; a conglomeration of japara, terylene and swelling down, a delightful Bushwalker's slum.

The next morning Helen decided she would join Brian's party as her injured foot had not improved, so we sadly farewelled her and made arrangements to meet again at Blackheath. So we headed off up the Kanangra River. Our two tail-enders had already gone ahead and we eventually caught up to them at the bottom of Murdering Gully. As we were now almost home and hosed we rested by the creek's edge, enjoying the warmth of the mild afternoon's sun and thought back over the events of the past two days, fully aware that only 2000 vertical feet separated us here in Nature's unspoiled playground from the realities of civilisation.

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#### CHRISTMAS CARDS

National Parks Association Christmas cards are now on sale in the Club room. Four very attractive new cards have been produced this year and in addition there are several varieties available from previous years.

The people to see are Barbara Mackaness, Lyn Drummond and Helen Breakwell. Price is 10 cents per card (with envelope).

Stock up on your cards now, and help N.P.A. at the same time.

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# ONE MORE MONTH

\*\*\*\*\* By Observer and his Spies \*\*\*\*\*

And what a month it has been too, with rejoicing, celebrations, and renewal of many old friendships. If you don't know what I'm talking about ask anyone what is so important about 21st. October, and of course you will get the answer that it is The Sydney Bushwalkers' Birthday. It is also the anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar, but that's only incidental.

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On Friday night, 20th. October at a late hour, one of my many spies was out for a short stroll in the King's Cross area when he chanced to espy a group of persons of unknown identity masquerading as Bushwalkers disguised as tourists, staggering from the Paradise Club (a strip tease joint of notorious fame). Fortunately for us, they did not try to claim that it was an official S.B.W. social outing.

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On October 24 Malc and Elsa McGregor and family took off on the first leg of their one-way trip to Cairo where Malc will take up his appointment as director of the new Electrical Standards Laboratory established under the United Nations Development Plan. Malc expects to be away about 13 months during which time he hopes to train local technicians to take over, with a view to assisting the development of secondary industries in the U.A.R. Malc was to spend three days in Hong Kong, stocking up with new photographic gear, then proceed to Paris for briefing whilst Elsa flips over to London to gloat over the new fashions, thence down to Cairo with Heavens knows what adventures. Address for correspondence is Box 982 P.O. Cairo, United Arab Republic. Gifts of haggis should be sent under refrigeration. Kodaks are expected to benefit from the trip. We wish them every success and a happy home-coming for Christmas 1968.

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Ron Knightley took off for Mexico on Thursday 26th. October for about 4 weeks of dancing senoritas and the like. On the first Saturday night he is scheduled to see a bull fight, and we should see lots of Kodachromes when he returns. This will be a change for Ron from Washington and Tokyo.

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Coming of age is an important occasion in one's life we are told, and this month, Barbara Mackaness achieves her twenty-first year. She has the key to the door now and only the future in front of her, and whatever fortunes it may bring. Congratulations Barbara.

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Who was that experienced Bushwalker, known to most of us, who became "disoriented" after wandering away from the camp site after the evening meal and was missing for more than two hours! In fact, no-one knew he was gone until he started calling out "Day-o, day-o" in the middle of the night.

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Examination times are here again, and heads are down. Ken Chapman, Ross Wyborn and Neville Page are sitting for the final examinations of their degree courses, so next year the Club may be enriched by the acquisition of three new Bachelors, two of Science, and one of Commerce.

Other exam sitters are Margaret Dogterom, Lawrence Quaken, Enzo Tarlao, Lorraine Mackaness, Don Finch, Mike Short and Ian Guthridge. Their are others too, and to all of them we wish the very best of luck.

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S.B.W. demonstrated a welcome reversal of form at the Federation Search and Rescue Demonstration with a turn up of about thirty of our enthusiastic members. The Club was charged with the responsibility of providing supper for the gathering and they really excelled themselves. Good show! It was really appreciated, and their efforts help to show that the Sydney Bushwalkers are not really apathetic towards Federation activities after all. This on top of the Federation Ball success too!! Who's for the Federation Reunion in April?

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The recent bid to amend the Consitution and thereby reduce the number of General Meeting from 12 to 4 per year generated a lot of discussion, both before and after the narrow defeat of the motion. Typical of conversations was:-

- BOD 1. "I don't believe in General Meetings. They definitely should be abolished!"
- BOD 2. "Well why didn't you come along and vote?"
- BOD 1. "Me? Come along to a General Meeting and vote? I'd have to be crazy! I can't stand General Meetings!!!!"

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: The Editor wishes to thank the following persons for their valuable contributions to this month's magazine:-

JIM BROWN (as always - what would we do without him?)	
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SPIRO KETAS	OWEN MARKS
OBSERVER and his SPIES	
IVY PAINTER	FRANK RIGBY
	BRIAN HARVEY
	MUMBEDAH
	BARRY PACEY
	RAMON U'BRIEN

Why don't you have a go at writing something next month - you needn't be afraid that the Editor will reject it - his rejection rate is very low.

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If you can't write, how about giving a hand with either duplicating or collating the magazine? This usually takes place on the Monday (duplicating) and Tuesday (collating) before the General Meeting each month. Give Joan Rigby a call (39-2741) - she would love to hear from you.