

A Monthly Bulletin of matters of interest to the
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NOVEMBER GENERAL MEETING

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

A comparatively small gathering - maybe 35 all told - was there, and since the one new member Jean Pavey was away on holidays, there was no-one to welcome and we were plunged straight into the Minutes. Out of this Brian Harvey put it to us that it was high time to consider the Era Funds: instead of gathering moss something should be done, and after all a club of our kind may find that real estate proved a heavy liability.

After some discussion it was decided to have a preliminary debate at the December meeting, and that a notice of this go forward with the new walks programme. Any courses of action suggested in December could be examined, and the decision reached at a specially convened meeting in accordance with the Trust Deed.

In Correspondence we heard that pamphlets on S & R would be available from Paddy Pallin, and it was proposed to distribute one to each member. There was also the correspondence relating to the changed date for the address by the Director of Parks.

Treasury business indicated as usual at this stage of the year - a slight fall in trading funds, from \$649 to \$636.

Of walking activity in October it was reported Ian Stephen's trip into Christy's Creek was cancelled - advice of starters came too late. John Powell's Clyde River trip had been diverted to a Blue Mountains route, with 2 starters, but 25 S.B.W. had been at the S & R Demonstration. The day walk to Bulgo on 15th. October brought out 16 people, while about 180 attended the 40th. Anniversary Camp on Cattai Creek. Joan Rigby's jaunt in the Yadboro country on 20-22nd. had 12 folk and Owen Marks took 22 on the day walk at Burning Palms. For his Upper Grose River walk on 3-5th. November, Barry Wallace's party numbered 10, while there was a report of an adventurous private trip by a party including Alex Colley and Frank Leyden on the Macleay River (North Coast) area.

Barry Wallace, dealing with Federation Report said the question of the Reunion date had been shelved for another month: it was to be suggested that the National Parks Association affiliate with Federation for Search and Rescue purposes. There had been two search alerts, but in each case the parties had extricated themselves before the search began. Federation would give assistance to the organisers of the Duke of Edinburgh Award; the Conservation Committee required a Convener, while Federation as a whole still lacked a permanent meeting place.

Hopefully the President again sought a nomination for the vacant position of Lady Committee Member, and again he called in vain.

So we were at General Business: wherein Brian Harvey said doings at the 40th. Anniversary celebrations had been fairly fully covered in magazine reports. It appeared that cost to the Club would be in the order of \$320. He had written to the owner of the property we had used, and also to Honorary Member Roy Bennett in appreciation of the site of the camp.

Frank Ashdown had a query: at the recent S & R demonstration, and in the notes of matters raised there which Ramon U'Brien had reported in the magazine, it was said that incising snake bite was now old hat. Did we know Dr. Bob Binks' views? Did he consider surgery was out? Ramon said the latest St. John First Aid Handbook considered cutting "out", but it was agreed to get confirmation from Bob Binks.

In social notes Owen Marks expressed his appreciation of the work done by many people in connection with the Anniversary, and also the supper provided in the Club room on a recent social night - donated by Bill Ketas' people.

Brian Harvey said quite a few people felt that an annual dinner at The Olde Crusty would be a worth while idea, but at Bill Burke's suggestion, consideration was deferred to the Annual General Meeting.

Wilf Hilder reported publication of the Dorrigo map and also Manilla, covering part of the Nandewar Ranges. It had been, he said, a "good month for map errors" (not quite clear if that means few or many).

There was a news item that a youngster had been fatally poisoned by using a sleeping bag that had been dry-cleaned: the chemical agent was not known with certainty, but it may have been perchlor-ethylene.

President Frank Rigby gave out the good tidings that Wilf Hilder and Phil Butt, sailing under S.B.W. colours, had won the orienteering competition: a C.M.W. team and University Walkers filled 2nd. and 3rd. places.

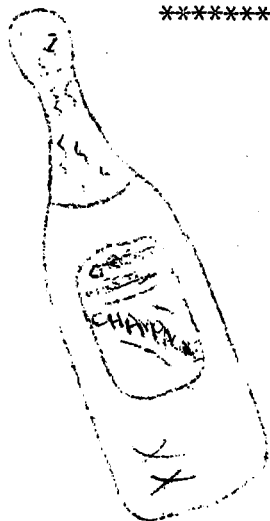
As the evening concluded, Brian Harvey expressed a hope that an extension of the Mark Norton Primitive Area may reach south to the Castle area, and the Army may be excluded: Wilf said sadly he would like to believe it, but he had grave reservations this would come to pass.

A SHORT THOUGHT

No man finds it difficult to return to nature
except the man who has deserted nature.

Seneca. (4 B.C. - 65 A.D.)

CHAMPAGNE IN LONDON



It seems characteristic of S.B.W., more so than of other clubs, that members and past members, wherever they may be and wherever life may have taken them, have a deep affection for "their" Club. Last month's mail brought a letter from across the sea, reinforcing the idea that S.B.W. influence is truly internationally dispersed. Here, then, is a description of how "Mouldy" Harrison (passing through) and Doris Alden (London Resident) celebrated The Sydney Bush Walkers 40th. Anniversary.

....Editor

On the peak of One Gordon Place, London W8 at 10 p.m. on October 20th. 1967, glasses were raised to "The Sydney Bush Walkers!"

Down went a gulp of some of the finest French Champagne, and up went the spirits of two 1929 Sydney Bushwalkers.

Although 14,000 miles away, they were not going to miss celebrating the Fortieth Anniversary.

"Do you remember your first walk?"

"Yes: to Lilyvale, then along the tops past the twisted Angophora grove, to the Otford track, and then down to Hell Hole and a swim, back through the Jungle Track, up, and to Lilyvale. And yours?"

"In National Park! The wildflowers were simply marvelous."

"Do you remember meeting the Austens?"

"Yes, indeed I do - and later the fun we had on the walks. We became very good friends. It was wonderful when they were in London. They often used to drop in and have a chat here."

"And Richard Croker?"

"Yes, Richard and Marjory are on the balcony!"

"Oh??"

"Yes. It is a chrysanthemum they brought last year in a pot - doing quite well, and about to bloom again."

"And Jock Marshall?"

"Yes. Always outspoken; he was a champion of Australia. Such a character. What a pity he died this year: he had so much to give."

"And Gwen Lawrie?"

"Yes, haven't heard of her for ages."

"And Dorothy Lawry?"

"She's flying over from New Zealand specially."

"Frances Ramsay, the Chardons, Taro, Jack Debert, and of course the Duncans. And good old Cliff Ritson - pity he died too."

"And Enid and Alan Rigby?"

"Yes. Alan's Sydney Bushwalker cover is still being used you know."

"That about Myles Dunphy?"

"I remember a fascinating talk on a fantastic trip over to Kanangra with a PRAM!!"

"He was most meticulous with his help and detailed descriptions. -Burp- (Champagne flavoured) and do you remember his maps? Yes, and the time I lent mine of Barrington Tops, and Jean Austen and Anice used it to light a fire on a wet night! Ha Ha!!"

"And later Wal and Phyl Roots - Wiff Knight, and Brenda White, and Kath Ereen. And Ray Bean?"

"And Dunck - the time she caught caught a duck with her hat, and then cooked it for tea".

"And Peter Page, and Ray Burt? And..... And..... And....."

And so the time raced away, just as it has over the last forty years. "Mouldy" Harrison had to race off after his last train to Piccadilly, and Doris Alden had to wash up the glasses after a most delightful evening being reminded of happy times and happy days. So far away in time and distance, and yet so close to be recalled at the pop of a Champagne cork.

P.S. For those who may be interested, Doris Alden's address is:-
1 Gordon Square,
London, W8, ENGLAND.Editor.



PADDY MAIDE

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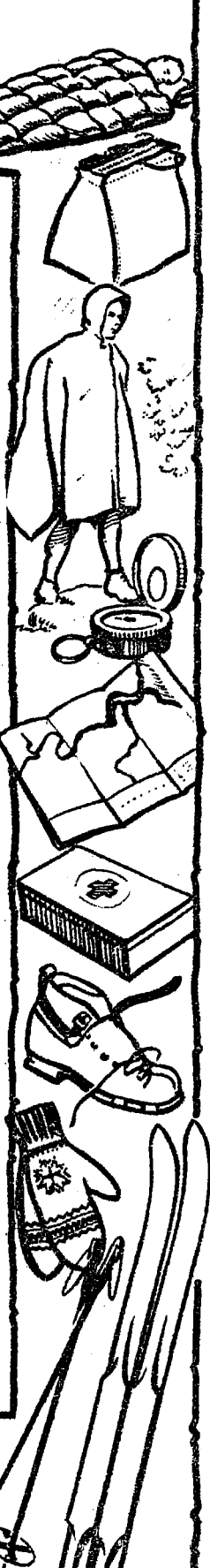
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NORTH ERA FUND

By Marie
B. Byles.

As one of the contributors, organisers, and legal advisor when the Era land was purchased, may I offer a few suggestions in connection with the North Era Fund?

1. Consider the National Trust and contact Mr. Wyatt of the Conservation Sub-Committee. Land owned by the National Trust is in a very favoured position.

2. The National Trust and the David G. Stead Memorial Foundation have evolved the idea of the National Trust owning the land and leasing at a nominal figure to a conservation association. This has been done with regard to Wirrimbirra.

3. The original donors of the money for Era wanted to provide a camping spot near the sea. The prevention of a guest house may have been a later objective. These people did not envisage a caravan park or access by road. They envisaged a camping place which could be reached only with feet and packs. And it should be the duty of S.B.W. to carry out this objective.

4. We cannot put back the hands of the clock and force people not to go by planes and cars. But we can remember that the pendulum, having swung towards cars and planes will certainly swing back in the opposite way towards feet and packs in the future. The camping spot bought should therefore not make provision for its use by people who discuss Paris fashions as they go up Mont Blanc in the funicular, nor the make and conduct of the car in front of them on the way to the camping spot bought.

5. Try and buy land suitable with these points in mind and confer with Mr. Wyatt and Mrs. Thystle Stead about its transfer to the National Trust.

6. In the meantime the National Trust needs more conservation-minded members and directors. The architects are doing a good job, but it is over-balanced by them. The fault is not theirs, but rests with bushwalkers and others who are not actively interested in its work and therefore not on its board of management.

7. It would be a good idea to ask as a lecturer someone conversant with what the National Trust in England has done to conserve wide stretches of walking areas.

In the meantime prospect for the right land and buy it quickly while there is any land left. Don't bother too much about noxious weeds and animals and dividing fences. And remember that no personal action can be

brought against an unincorporated body or its trustees. The worst that could happen is that you would lose the land. But long before this you will have done something about the National Trust.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

I must say that the dinner and the reunion at Little Cattai Creek were a great credit to all the organisers. A great deal of work went into the planning. Everyone enjoyed themselves.

In the special issue of "The Sydney Bushwalker" there was a list of Foundation Members. We would like to know what the definition is of a "foundation member". Jack Debert's letter to the paper suggesting a mixed club started the Bushwalkers. We replied and so did Myles Dunphy.

We missed the first meeting and so did Jack Debert, who was away, and was hurt at not being given the opportunity to alter his other commitments. We were present at all the other meetings and participated in the voting on the name of the club and the choosing of the badge.

Signed: Anice and Frank Duncan.

(The list of persons named as "Foundation Members" in the October Magazine were taken from Club records, which state that the following persons shall be regarded as Foundation Members:-

1. Those persons who attended the first meeting of the club. This is the meeting which commenced as a Mountain Trails Club meeting, but was later closed, and immediately re-opened as a meeting of the new club. This meeting was held on 21st. October, 1927.
2. Those persons who, although not present at the meeting of 21st. October, had written in answer to the notice of meeting.
3. Those persons who attended the first public meeting of the club, held on November 11th. November, 1927. In the opinion of Myles Dunphy, who was Acting-Secretary then, Jack Debert should be regarded as a foundation member because, although he was not present at either of these meetings he had attended the two previous Mountain Trails Club meetings and knew what was afoot, but was absent on business at Orange or Bathurst. Including Jack Debert the number of foundation members was 43.

The question of whether this definition should be broadened to take in other persons who have been associated with the Club since its beginnings is a matter which should rightly discussed by Committee. In my opinion, there is a good case for the addition of at least the above two persons. ...Editor)

THE THINGS WE CAN'T DO

***** By Alex Colley *****

(A LETTER TO THE EDITOR - 19/11/67)

Mumbedah's letter in the November magazine on the subject of the use of the Era funds, was a well-reasoned and practical business assessment of the perils of owning land. We would probably be well advised to forget it, as he urges. But I think there is more to it than that. Other people in other clubs own land without incurring bankruptcy. The tennis club to which I belong has 34 members who pay average fees of about \$20 a year. We own land, acquired in 1908, worth some \$20,000, pay rates on it, pay a man to mow the grass, and do most of the repairs and maintenance ourselves. Other clubs own bowling greens, or even golf courses. If the S.B.W. can't acquire a little bit of non-residential, unproductive bush land, and look after it, it's a pretty poor show. Nor does Mumbedah say that almost anyone who bought land almost anywhere at almost any time could sell it at a profit. Nobody has done more for the Club than Mumbedah, and I respect his views, but when such a stalwart says it can't be done, I can't help wondering why there are so many things we can't do.

Take our monthly general meetings, for instance. Jim Brown, another pillar of the Club, moved that we cut them down to two a year. I had premonitions of more evenings spent in the dark before the flickering screen (even at reunions and anniversaries people sit around and wait for someone to switch on and turn the dials). For this reason I spoke against it. Not that our meetings couldn't be streamlined. We waste a lot of time on unnecessary reports and detail. But we also have good-natured debates on Club affairs which I, and many others I believe, enjoy. Once we stop trying to run the Club ourselves, and leave it to the Club officers, we might as well go the whole hog and pay them to organise us, just the same as do the Social Clubs advertised in the newspapers. What's to stop us cutting out what none of us want, and leaving more time for discussion, or for talking to our friends after the meeting?

A little while ago we nearly lost the library. Perhaps it's not necessary, but it's a Club activity, and I'm glad to read that patronage is increasing.

A few years ago we tried to start a ski-hut. We didn't, but plenty of other clubs, with smaller membership than ours, have done so.

At one time we had dinner together in the Club room, and went to supper together after leaving; now we don't. Some clubs are open every evening, and serve meals.

Members who want to go rock climbing join another Club. Those who want to mountaineer in New Zealand join yet another. Conservationists

work through the N.P.A. Motorists, all S.B.W. members, organise their joint camps privately. Skiers do the same. Many whose most enduring friendships have been formed in the Club are never seen in Reiby Place. Why do so many of the crowd who had one of the nights of their life at "Ye Olde Crusty" on 20th. October, turn up only at anniversaries; never in the Club room? Why are there so many things other clubs do that ours, with average means and more than average intelligence and energy can't d.? Is it the idiot box, or the metal box on wheels, or the metropolitan sprawl, that saps our initiative and separates us from our fellows? Or have we stuck too rigidly to a system that was good 40 years ago and failed to move with the times? I don't know the answers, but, as the rooster said to the hens when he found the ostrich egg: "Girls, I don't want to draw comparisons, nor to cast any aspersions; I merely want to point out what is being done in other places."

DAY WALKS

A BRIEF, BRIEF OUTLINE OF DAY
WALKS FOR THE COMING MONTH

DAY WALKERS PLEASE TAKE NOTE: If you want to do some day walking in December, then you must grasp the opportunity while it exists. The one and only, sole surviving, all on its lonesome day walk in December - make a note - is on Sunday, 17th. December. And, what's more, as an added bonus, it is a TEST WALK; in fact the only day test walk on the current programme.

CONCRETE DETAILS: The walk will start from Heathcote, thence to Woronora River, "Kingdom Come" and back to Heathcote. The leader will be old Daddy-Long-Legs himself, Jimmy Callaway, who can be contacted ONLY between the hours of 9 p.m. and 11 p.m. on telephone number 20961, extension 3077. The train to catch is the 8.20 a.m. electric from Central railway.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER 2. Here's another day walk you can add to your walks programme in February; the 11th. February to be precise. Run your finger down your walks programme to that date and write in the following details: (do-it-yourself walks programming)

Waterfall - Bus to Maynard's Track - Stevens Drive - Black Gin Range - (Curracurrang Track) - Curracurrang Creek - Curracurrang - Garie. Grading = 7 miles medium. Train = 8.20 a.m. electric from Central. Map = Port Hacking Tourist. Leader = Jim Callaway. Telephone Number = 20961 Extn. 3077 between 9 and 11 p.m. Date = SUNDAY, 11TH. DECEMBER, 1967.

CAMP BY THE SEA

So near, so clear the heavens are
That, peering through the trees
I glimpse the shy small seventh star
Among the Pleiades.

The tiny ships at anchor ride,
The tiny sails are furled;
Soon, soon comes in the midnight tide
From half across the world.

On cliff and shore the bush leans down
Dim-mirrored in the deep.
Hushed as the sea, this tented town
Breathes softly, fast asleep.

Kath McKay.

CHRISTMAS WALK.

THE DATE: Friday, 22nd. December to Tuesday, 26th. December.

THE LEADER: Roger Lockwood.

DETAILS: Little River - Snowy River - Boundary Creek. This area is considered by Victorians to include the best walking country in Victoria. It will be almost entirely confined to creek and river valleys. Each day's walking will comprise a fairly easy stage of the trip. Further information can be obtained from Roger Lockwood or Don Finch. Direct any telephone enquiries to Don Finch on 71-1484. If you want to speak to the leader personally, Roger is in the Club rooms on most Wednesday evenings. It should be a mighty trip, so if you're looking for something to do, and somewhere to go over Christmas and Boxing Day, take a note, and find out about it. DON'T MISS OUT.

EXPLORATIONS IN THE UPPER BUNGLEBOORI CREEK AREA.

By Ramon U'Brien.

The walk was led by Frank Leyden on 10 - 11 - 12th. November, 1967.

Just before the 6.08 p.m. train departed from Central I climbed into the rear carriage as previously arranged, but no-one else was there. After a quick examination of the next couple of carriages I concluded that the remainder of the party would get on later.

At Strathfield only Frank got on, but a few stations later Roger Lockwood arrived and told us that the rest of the party was in the first carriage, so we went up and met Ruth Caldwell, Peter Harding and Mike Blaha.

After Katoomba the train driver appeared briefly and Frank asked him if the train stopped at Newnes Junction, thinking that the station might be unattended. The driver said "yes", and mentioned that he would pull up short. As Frank already knew, the station was shorter than the train, and this is the reason he had asked some of us to be in the rear carriage, but now we were in the front, which normally misses the platform altogether. When we were approaching Newnes Junction we all went back a few carriages so we could get off on the platform. Only the first carriage stopped on the platform! All except Frank jumped down onto the track while he signalled the driver with his torch and the train slowly started to move. Only the last carriage stopped on the platform!! Frank clambered down onto the tracks.

After that little episode we were greeted by the station master who was very hospitable and took us into the station and showed us an old photo of the Newnes train which has now gone where all the old trains go. After filling our water buckets at the station we set out along the road which follows the old railway (where a sign says NEWNES FOREST). After about an hour's walk the road turns east. Here we camped in a small clearing on the left side of the road. After a cup of brew we climbed into our sleeping bags at about 11 p.m.

At 5.30 a.m. the next morning Frank had the fire going and dragged us all out on a beautiful morning. By 7 we were on the road again. Where the road crosses the old railway line at 214860 (grid references quoted refer to the Wallerawang Military map) a track takes off on the right. The end of this is opposite the plateau below Mt. Horne with 40 ft. cliffs on each side of the Bungleboori Creek. Almost in the centre of the ridge at 220697 a chasm goes through the cliff and almost opposite on the other side another leads upwards like a stairway. These stairways are quite common on the upper sections of the creeks in this area and make access to the creeks quite easy. However, a few miles downstream it is almost impossible to get in or out of creeks due to the continuity of the cliffs.

On the Mt. Horne plateau the Waratahs started to appear; also Boronia, but most of the other flowers were not very evident. Just down the other side of Mt. Horne we came to an old track which we followed for half a mile until it met a new road which probably comes from the pine plantation. This would be a good way of gaining access to the area by car. It should be possible as the gate on the road out to the pine plantations is now left unlocked. We were told this by the Newnes Junction Station Master. The road, which would be no problem for any car out to about 280739 where there is a steep eroded section, continues along the centre of the ridge between the two Bungleboori Creek arms. After a couple of miles of this we passed a great collection of drums, old bomb tail fins, and some chemical which smelled like carbide. This was spread over about a 100 yard circle and in the centre was a crater, as though a large explosion had occurred there.

About here the Waratahs became really colossal - hundreds of them everywhere. There were a few old tracks leading away from the road. We went along one but it soon fizzled out. By this time it was very hot and dry so we stopped at a puddle of muddy water in the road for lunch. After an hour's rest we continued on until the ridge got very narrow and soon the road divided just after the steep bit mentioned above.

From here we could see lots of cliffs along the creek we were going to cross so we decided to take the right hand fork. This took us right down to the Bungleboori at 270709 via a very nice canyon. From there we paddled down the creek through a small canyon in which the water was only about 1 foot deep, but very cold and refreshing, to 280713. Nowhere since we had left the first road had we seen a suitable camping spot.

In front of us to the south now was "Chaos Ridge", so named by Frank because of the many minarets, creeks and cliffs on top of it. We ascended to the top and had a good view down the ridge and into the Bungleboori. The whole country is composed of minarets, chasms, castles, cliffs and scrub everywhere. You could spend a month in there exploring. The only requirement is good navigation. If anyone is looking for a new place to put a walk on, this is it!

At about 6 p.m. we found some pools of water in a creek at 286697 and camped on a small rocky saddle nearby. By 8 a.m. next day we were off again and we could see it was going to be a scorcher. The route took us to a saddle at 280693 and then across a scrubby plateau to another saddle at 262682. Just to the left of that we found an old track almost completely overgrown, which led to a good track shown on the map at 260673. We followed this south until it bent left. We then went down the ridge towards the Wollangambe at 255657 where we crossed two small creeks and found a great amphitheatre with swamp in the middle and nice grassy banks all round below the 40 foot high cliffs. Up again to the Wollangambe at 245656 and down it to the first creek on the right. This was our lunch spot where most of the party sat in the creek to give it some flavour. The spot can be recommended if you love sandflies. From there it was too quick a trip to Newnes Junction so we went up to the top of the ridge we

had last been on and down again at 253645. Here we had time for a wander down the creek and a discussion as to what happens to all the energy in a falling creek when it's not used in a turbine generator. From this point an old track leads up the ridge to Newnes Junction Station where we boiled a billy of tea and had a bite to eat before the 5.48 train arrived.

A WEDDING IN THE WOODS.

(This item is reprinted from the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club Bulletin, July-September 1967 issue)

A scene reminiscent of the climatic episode in Shakespeare's "As You Like It" was enacted at Michener Cabin on July 1; in this modern Forest of Arden setting a wedding took place. The principals were Bill Oscanyan and Beth Collins. Their choice of this as the place for the event stemmed, naturally enough, from the fact that they met on one of the work trips during the building of the cabin; and the many work trips in which both participated made for good progress in courtship as well as in building.

To those in supporting roles the experience was equally unique: Reverend Donald Davis of the First Presbyterian Church in Shippensburg, who officiated, matron of honour Peg Peterson and best man Bob Hendricks. Among those present were the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sanders of Philadelphia. After the wedding Bill and Beth left for a month of hiking on The Long Trail in Vermont. The Club wishes them a long and happy life together.

BLUDGE TRIPS UNLIMITED

(From One Bludger to Another)

FISHING AND BOATING TRIP - 16-17th. December, 1967. There is no walking involved at all; only a few miles of rowing. All you need is a fishing line (a cheap hand line is sufficient) and a good sense of humour. This is the way to relax before Christmas. See Neville Page (Phone 34-3536) for full details. Boats will cost about \$1.50 per person for the weekend.

SKINDIVING INSTRUCTIONAL AND SEAFOOD GOURMET WEEKEND - 24th. Dec. - 1st. Jan. This is a new innovation for S.B.W. so don't miss it. There will be a wing-ding New Year party, and as an added bonus, the venue will be in one of the most beautiful stretches of eastern coastland, namely the Pretty Beach area. For details see Barry Pacey.

GOLD PROSPECTING WEEKEND - 12-13-14th. January. If you were on Bob Godfrey's gold trip a couple of years ago you will know that there were 50 bods, all eager for a nugget. This one will be led by John Woods, and will be in the Sofala and Hill End Districts.

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BUSHWALKERS IN OLD AGE

*****By Marie B. Byles*****

Edna Garrad's article about Mounts Kelly and Gudgenby recall memories of many other expeditions 25 and 30 years ago which we proudly thought we were the first to do, and which are now being tackled by younger bushwalkers who also think they are the first. Glancing through the National Parks Journal recalled Michelago and the Tindery Ranges, my horror when my friend turned up with an umbrella, and the rain which of course did not prevent me from reaching the cairn which I could not see but turned the floor of our small tent into a small lake.

When Marg Shaw and I found a new way up from the Grose to the plateau about five miles east of Mount Hay and of course wrote about it, did the shades of Lockley and Docker, and other Blue Mountains lovers raise up and protest at our audacity for thinking we were the first?

However, it is not about those happy bushwalking years that I would write, but about the bushwalkers who did these things and have now reached old age. A few may pursue these bushwalking exploits until this old age - my cousin, Dr. Will Unwin in whose memory the Unwin Hut was erected in the New Zealand Alps, climbed until he was seventy. A few may have to end them when they are little past youth - Maurice Herzog, who climbed Annapurna in Nepal, lost his arms and legs through frost bite, and all activity ended then. For most it ends in middle life - for me it ended at forty-two following a foot operation - and a large section of life still remains. Can these, like Herzog, say they have found something greater than they have lost? That is the test of whether our bushwalking has given us something worth while, and it is the question I always ask myself when I meet former bushwalkers.

I was not at the fortieth anniversary, but I met a great many of them at Alan Rigby's funeral. By and large I found these older bushwalkers had a brightness and freshness more obvious than the average of those for whom I make wills in my office.

I have come to the conclusion that there is something about bushwalking, something about learning how to smile when you arrive back tired, hungry and dirty after a long day's tramp, cook with the smoke blowing in your eyes and sleep on mother earth - without a li-lo! You meet life in the raw and something of the peace of nature under adversity becomes yours. It seems to bring the opportunity of learning in the midst of difficulties. The opportunity may come to others but it does not come as to the bushwalker with the constant and unconscious example of nature. That at least is my explanation of why I have found bushwalkers weather old age better than most. And therefore we can rejoice when we hear of the exploits of the younger members on ground which seems delightfully new, but is not new really.

Mr. Barry, the District Surveyor who recommended the reservation of Bouddi State Park (formerly 'Natural' Park), told us how he would make camp in apparently untrodden valleys and find an old survey mark on his very own tree. There is no new thing under the sun. But what is new to everybody is the bushwalking ability to smile under adversity. If bushwalking teaches us how to say, 'Thank you', even in the face of troubles like Herzog's, then to old age it has given something more than we have lost, for it has revealed the best of all possible worlds; and we have learned in actual experience what others know only in theory, that contentment is the secret of happiness.

But I confess that I would not mind feeling once again without a hip-hole the frosty ground when making a dark camp at 10 p.m., the elastic tread over rocky ridges, the smoke blowing in the eyes and sound slumber next night with a nice cushion of leaves underneath!

SOCIALLY SPEAKING

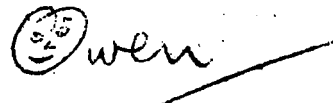
With Owen Marks.

We're approaching very quickly the holiday season, and with it the usual round of parties, so there isn't a great deal going on in the Club.

On December 20th. though, we can offer you Frank Ashdown, who will introduce to you "Trees I Have Loved". This should be an hilarious show, even if it isn't very interesting

The Club rooms will be closed on December 27th.

May I take this opportunity of wishing everyone who reads my column a Merry Christmas and a Sober New Year.

 Owen

LOST

Gladys Roberts has lost a HOODED GROUND SHEET CAPE, made of P.V.C. material. She lost her own groundsheet at the Fortieth Anniversary camp on Cattai Creek, and has someone else's. The one she has can be identified by a right-angled patched tear. If the owner of this cape has picked up Gladys's by mistake, could he or she get in contact with Gladys so that a swap can be arranged. Her telephone number is 92-5574.

NATIONAL PARKS

By
Neville
Page.

On Wednesday evening, December 6th. we were privileged by the presence in the Club rooms of a distinguished guest, Mr. Samuel P. Weems, Director of the National Parks and Wildlife Service of N.S.W. Mr. Weems hails from the U.S.A., is a Southerner, and is no Damnyankee if you please.

Mr. Weems' talk gave many of us a clearer picture of certain aspects of the National Parks legislation recently brought down in State Parliament. It is very gratifying to learn that something concrete is being done at the governmental level, with a view to the long-run situation. We learnt how the new parks administration differs from the old, and the accompanying advantages. The old situation provided for park administration under the trust system: that is, with individual boards of trustees taking full responsibility for the management of their own parks. The major disadvantage of this set-up is the diversity and decentralisation which naturally arises, and the lack of co-ordination between various trustee bodies. The new legislation overcomes this difficulty. The management and administration of parks, together with flora and fauna, has been vested in one central body, being the Lands Department by way of the newly constituted National Parks and Wildlife Service. The old trustees now become committee members, and the work of the Fauna Protection Panel is being taken over by the Service.

There are three major advantages inherent in the new plan of organisation. The first is that we now have a professional body of persons, trained professionally in the various aspects of park management. The big change has been from management by amateurs (that is, unpaid volunteers) to management by professionals. No matter how earnest their endeavours may be, the trustees of old could never achieve the full co-operation that is now possible. The services of architects, engineers, archaeologists and other scientists will be called upon when required. Such requirements will be pre-planned by way of master and subsidiary plans and forecasts, just as business organisations would utilise budgets, attainable production standards, and other modern management tools.

The second major advantage arises out of centralisation, and it is that activities such as fire-fighting and large-scale works can be co-ordinated to achieve maximum results. Expensive equipment which would be beyond the resources of any one park trust (and particularly of the smaller parks) can now be purchased and shared. This is one of the economies of large-scale operations which can be availed of under the new set-up.

The third advantage, and as pointed out by Mr. Weems, a very important one, is that persons may now enter the Service as a career with good

opportunities to advance by promotion. For example, a junior range with good potential for a higher position could be transferred to another park to take up a position as, say, a Chief Ranger. Such a situation certainly makes the jobs offered far more attractive.

Mr. Weems then showed us an illustration of the new emblem of the National Parks and Wildlife Service. It depicts a lyre bird above a boomerang, and is black and orange in colour. This emblem is used in all publicity, and is worn by all Rangers on the shoulder of the uniform they now all wear.

We were then treated to a look, by way of slides, at what has been done, and what is being done, in National Parks in the United States. We saw shots of the Appalachian Trail, the Sequoia National Park in California and its giant trees, we saw the new Blue Ridge Parkway, stretching for 500 miles of parkland. The Appalachian Trail, incidentally, is 2000 miles in length.

The most striking thing about these parks in America, was the apparently painstaking care which had been taken to ensure that any improvements blended in with the natural countryside. For example, overpasses on the Blue Ridge Parkway were constructed from hand cut stone rather than being a steel and concrete structure.

Mr Weems ended his talk by pointing out what possibilities exist in New South Wales for a good park system, and said that 2,000,000 acres are now under consideration as parks. I think he also made us realise that parks must cater for everyone, and that we, as bushwalkers, do not have an exclusive right of use of the State's parks. National Parks are for the nation. We may have our wilderness areas, but the same planning must go into the administration of the well-known tourist attractions and historic monuments.

SCRIPTURE CAKE

As a prelude to the next gourmet weekend, Owen Marks has consented to the publication of one of his secret recipes.
INGREDIENTS: $4\frac{1}{2}$ cups of I Kings 4, 22; $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of Judges 5, 25; 2 cups of Jeremiah 6, 20; 2 cups of I Samuel 25, 18; 2 cups of Nahum 3, 12; 1 cup of Numbers 15, 8; 2 tablespoons of I Samuel 15, 25; Season to taste with II Chronicles 9,9; 6 cups of Jeremiah 17, 11; 1 pinch of Leviticus 2, 13; 1 cup of Judges 4, 19 last clause; 3 teaspoons of Amos 4, 5.

Follow Solomon's advice for the making of a good boy (Proverbs 18, 14).

ONE MORE MONTH

By Observer
and his Spies.

Cupid has been working overtime lately in the Sydney Bushwalkers, with several new attachments during the last month.

Margaret Dogterom was seen to be wearing an engagement ring in the Club room last Wednesday, and upon enquiry it was learned that the lucky man is none other than our hero with the perpetual smile and the contagious laugh, Rosso Tyborn (alias Thing-Thong). Congratulations and very best wishes from everyone to Margaret and Ross.

+++++

Observer's keen eyes, ever watchful for happy news, espied yet another glittering diamond in the Club room, and this time it was on the left hand of Helen Breakwell. The lucky bloke hails from Armidale and is not an S.B.W. this time (Oh, well, we can't win them all). To Helen and her fiance we offer our congratulations and best wishes for the future.

+++++

Bob Godfrey and Audrey Kenway are now Mr. and Mrs. Bob Godfrey, after having taken the marriage vows. We wish them every happiness in the years to come.

+++++

Linda Campbell last month gave birth to a healthy young boy, making husband Iain just too cocky for words. When Observer's spy called on them to offer congratulations, Iain was in a bit of a spot; according to Linda he couldn't even put a hole in the teet of the bottle. Iain couldn't understand why they didn't come with holes already in them. Observer's spy came away with the distinct impression that he must have been using a rusty nail or something.

+++++

As reported in the last National Parks Journal, Joan Rigby has been appointed Assistant Treasurer of the National Parks Association here in Sydney. She is the person to see if you want to join the Association. This might draw some new recruits from S.B.W.

+++++

September issue of the Tararua Trampler the marriage of one John Millen to a Canadian Trampler. Is this the same John Millen, I wonder, who spent some time last year walking with the S.B.W.?

THE COMMITTEE,
PRESIDENT AND
OFFICE-BEARERS
OF THE CLUB,
TOGETHER WITH
THE EDITOR AND
STAFF OF "THE
SYDNEY BUSH-
WALKER", WISH
ALL A CHRISTMAS
AND NEW YEAR
AS MERRY AND
AS HAPPY AS
THEY THEMSELVES
WISH!

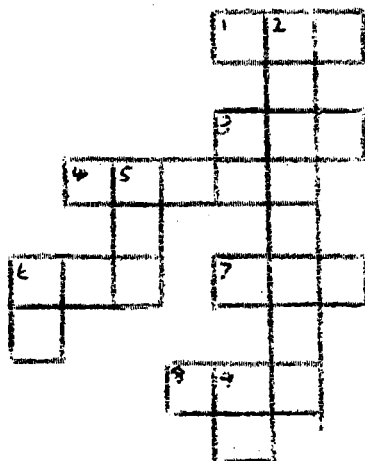


THE BACK PAGE

CROSSWORD PUZZLE CORNER

In doing the S.B.W. Crossword, there is only one rule which you must remember. You may only use each letter of the alphabet once, but you must use every letter (that is, all 26 letters once each).

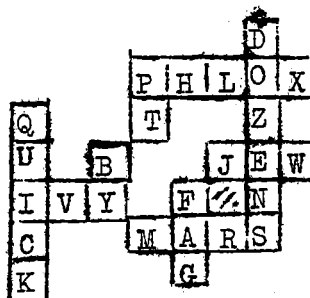
PUZZLE NO. 4.



CLUES:

1. Annoy.
2. Balancing.
- 3 Across. Murmuring sound.
- 3 Down. House of Commons (initials).
4. An animal welfare society (abbrev.).
5. The heavens.
- 6 Across. Soar.
- 6 Down. Feather Weight (initials).
7. Crane.
8. Canine.
9. The Wizard of ...

SOLUTION TO N. 3



The Editor wishes to thank the following contributors to this month's "Sydney Bushwalker".

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