

# THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A Monthly Bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bushwalkers, Northcote Building, Roiby Place, Circular Quay, Sydney. Postal address : Box 4476, G.P.O. Sydney.

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EDITOR: Neville Page, 22 Hayward St., KINGSFORD. Ph. 34-3536.

BUSINESS MANAGER: Bill Burke, Coral Tree Drive, CARLINGFORD.

SALES & SUBS: Alan Pike, 8 Sunbeam Ave., HENFIELD.

# AT THE FEBRUARY GENERAL MEETING.

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

There was a rather extraordinary state of affairs at the February General Meeting, as the President was walking in Tasmania and both Vice Presidents temporarily absent from Sydney. Having announced this parlous situation, Secretary Ian Stephen sought a Chairman, and ex-President Brian Harvey was elected for the meeting.

First there were five new members to welcome, four of them being present. These were Nancy Allerson, Jennifer Fletcher, Anne Rutherford and Sandy Persi. The fifth, Rona Woods, was not with us.

No dispute over January's minutes, while as a matter arising Jack Gentle regretted that pressure of other activities prevented his undertaking Reunion Convener. In correspondence the only point of real interest was an enquiry from the Australian Conservation Council asking about our policy and our vital statistics.

The Treasurer told us that an income of \$164 and expenditure of \$81 in January left a balance in operating funds of \$354 at the close of the Club year, and the Walks Secretary presented his account of activities in January. A gold-seeking expedition led by Don Woods in the Sofala area brought out 17 people, including some who were deluded by fool's gold. Frank Rigby had 22 on an Instructional which was to climb to trig 1499 overlooking the Grose River, but the ascent was abandoned owing to filthy weather. There were 9 people on Ramon U'Brien's Shoalhaven walk, and 3 on Lorraine Mackaness' trip, while Jim Callaway had a successful day walk on the same weekend. Over the Australia Day Holiday Owen Marks had 30 people on a coastal jaunt between Bawley Point and Pebbly Beach, and there were 13 on Barry Pacey's jaunt along the Cox, which couldn't be negotiated by li-lo owing to the water lying low. Over the same weekend Gladys Roberts conducted a leisurely spine-bash camp in the Garie-Era area.

There were no Social or Parks/Playgrounds reports, and Barry Wallace recorded Federation activities, including a new likely headquarters at 265 Elizabeth Street; Federation had protested to the Fire Commissioners regarding a fire trail carved not wisely into Nelly's Glen. Search and Rescue had an alert in the recovery of a body in the Otford area (New Year weekend), and were carrying out repairs and improvements to equipment, including the stretcher, which should be more comfortable for both patient and carriers in future.

Also reported at Federation were changes in the ownership of Yadboro House, and of Joadja, where the new incumbent had some misbegotten notion that passing walkers may pay a small fee. Federation is to Re-une

at Blue Gum on 29th. - 31st. March weekend.

The Chairman announced that the Social and Membership Secretaries, the Assistant Secretary and two Federation delegates would not seek re-election in March.

As an opener to General Business, it was stated that Treasurer Gordon Redmond had two notices of motion to be brought up at the Annual Meeting. Gordon sought to go into some detail, but on the score that it would be bad enough to hear the whole recital once (at the March meeting) let alone have to put up with it now, various speakers prevailed upon the Chairman, and we were told about the motions only. Briefly it was proposed that subscriptions for normal members be \$6, for full time students \$4, and married couples \$8. This would also include magazine subscription, but members who led two official walks during the year would be allowed a rebate of \$2. The second proposal provided that entrance fees go to \$5 for full time students and \$10 for all others.

Brian Harvey announced a scheme to hold an Annual Dinner, this year possibly on 30th. August, at a cost of \$3 per head.

The Secretary, on the score of members travelling by car to trips, said legal advice indicated that there would be no liability attaching to the Club in the event of an accident. Various speakers suggested this was not the real question - rather, it was the obligation and liability of the driver and the situation of the passengers, and it was agreed to enquire further.

There was a stony silence when a convener and organising committee for the Reunion was sought, and Jack Gentle suggested the Vice Presidents and members without portfolios on the Committee should be asked to administer the event. Ron Knightley said he was prepared to get a team to assemble the campfire on the day of the Reunion and Bill Burke assured us that he would provide supper cooking utensils.

Frank Ashdown remarked on the lack of Reunion enthusiasm amongst some young members, and suggested they arrange a sports meeting to keep themselves gainfully occupied on the Sunday morning.

Wilf Hilder reported new maps of Burriar and Caoura covering portions of the Shoalhaven Gorge were becoming available, and revised maps embracing parts of the old Katoomba and Windsor 1" = 1 mile sheets which should soon be on sale, together with Oberon South, which showed a good part of the Upper Kowmung.

Then, after Barry Wallace had reminded starters on his trip of the need to organise postal votes in the coming State Elections, it was all over at the very decent hour of 9.05 p.m.

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# NO COMPASS, NO MAP - FLEA-BAG? YES!

\*\*\*\*\* By Lyre Bird \*\*\*\*\*

I am making quite a habit of going into unknown country without map or compass. It is quite exciting as I found out recently on a Blue Mountains trip. But this was bound to be even more thrilling as it occurred on a tramping trip in New Zealand not so long ago. As the trip was decided upon about a day before leaving home, we could not acquire a map of the river - Greenstone River - we were going to walk down, but we did get some information on where bridges, huts, etc. were.

New Zealand rivers can be quite treacherous as many people have drowned in flooded, fast flowing rivers. After a few inches of rain in the mountains small creeks become raging torrents in a few hours, and then return to their original form a few hours or a day or so later. Thus, when it is raining, people usually stay marooned in the mountain huts, or glutton themselves if close to a town.

Having waited for 3 days for the weather to clear to do some rock and snow climbing we all (12 Aussies) decided to move on, although I had no choice, having to catch a flight from Queenstown to Christchurch that Friday afternoon. Wednesday afternoon it was still drizzling and snowing on the mountains a mile away. Ten of the mob were going along the Routeburn track which in good weather has beautiful scenery of snow capped mountains, the Hollyford River valley stretching out to the sea, and other features such as glacial tarns, waterfalls and a large lake - Lake Harris, etc. But this time the only scenes they saw were mud puddles, mud bogs, and more puddles, as I later found out.

Gwen, a member of the Adelaide Bushies, and myself had earlier joined up to do some climbing (unfortunately we didn't do any) and we decided against a repeat of Routeburn. We had both walked along the track in good weather a few seasons prior to this year. We picked on the Greenstone track through which many trampers travel, and part of the way there was supposedly a good track.

Decisions made, I thought I had better find out what to expect in this valley. We had to meet and catch a ferry on Friday morning at 11.00 p.m. as that was the last ferry I could catch in order to be in time for my flight on Saturday. It was 11 p.m. by the time I got hold of a map and glanced through it. We also got some very sketchy first hand accounts from people who had previously been there. After packing our gear we made a hasty retreat into our flea bags at midnight.

Up at 7 o'clock we caught a bus from the main road which is 500 yards from the hut, to the beginning of both Routeburn and Hollyford tracks.

Two of the Routeburn party had decided to 'PIKE' and go to Q'town by bus all the way. By coincidence one of the chaps had a very appropriate name - Pike. We said au revoir and raced away from civilization into the bush as fast as our legs would take us.

At 11 p.m., approximately 1 hour after we had left the bus, Gwen and myself parted from the main party to start on our epic trip. We thus had 24 hours to do the 20 mile trip.

The muddy track was just passible in some parts around Lake Howden. We soon arrived at the flats with open beech forest through which the track meandered. It was very pleasant walking even though we often got stuck in the mud, and it was misty and raining.

#### ANOTHER LAKE!

"Did anyone mention a second lake, and it seems much larger than Lake Howden!"

"Mmmm... Dot said she camped at a lake, but that was near the end of the track."

Came the reply:

"Oh well, we'll find out sooner or later."

We trudged on having two 5 minute (approximately) breaks on the way to the river flats after the second lake. The flats came as quite a surprise as one minute we were walking through beech forest and the next along grassy flats of the river, approximately  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile long.

To anyone not knowing what an actual New Zealand beech forest is, I will try to explain as briefly as possible. Beech forest can vary from one extreme to another; fairly open with the moss covered trees a yard or so apart, and the smaller scrubby beech which grows so thick and low it is quite difficult to gain any ground (horizontally).

The type of beech forest I have bashed through was wet with moss growing on the trees, huge boulders, the slippery roots, and holes through which you would always put your foot. It took us a whole day to travel 3 miles. So it is quite handy to have a track through the forest.

As it had been raining for 4 days now the river was well above its ordinary level and the whole of the grassy flats were sodden. We skirted the river flats all the way right along side tree line where the going was only slightly wet underfoot.

With the constant drizzling rain we didn't see any peaks but we did see very steep snow couloirs descending into beautiful waterfalls. It seemed we were making quite good time (although time was unknown to us as watches weren't present) along the flats. We had a quick lunch and a few miles further on we crossed a small creek. A fairly large side creek came in on true (R).

"Did that chap say a suspension bridge was after a creek junction or do we have to ford to true (R) side and cross a bridge later?"

"I wonder where the track is supposed to be?"  
Question, questions, and more questions.

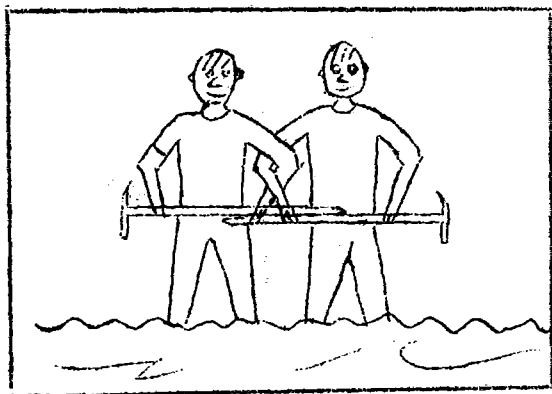
As the river was in slight flood we kept on a high side of flats on left hand side. A mile further we came back to the river. The river seemed to have gone into a gorge. The mist banks surrounding the valley cliffs were slowly but surely thinning out, but not for today. We continued to race on during the rest of the day looking out for a camp spot with a tree. It had suddenly become ominously dark and Gwen suggested we had better look for a camp spot. The whole day we had been travelling a few yards from trees and now that we wanted one we couldn't see a tree for a mile. We ended up camping under a very large tree (the home of some cattle) next to a small creek.

Quickly we put up the tent, cooked tea and were ready to crawl into our flea bags again when it appeared lighter in the sky. It seemed it had just been a dark rain cloud covering the sky for half an hour. We had no choice but to stay where we were and sleep it out.

Breakfast was cooked at a terribly early hour it seemed (calculated later as 4 a.m.). The sun's rays shone through the thinner cloud layers and away we were.

The Greenstone turned to the left and into a canyon. It would be impossible to cross the canyon; the bridge must be here! We came onto some sort of track (probably a deer track) and blundered through the bush along the most probable way to this bridge of ours. The river was roaring. A side creek ended our scrub bash which I found to be impossible to cross by ordinary tourists which follow the track.

Trudging back to the second hut we had passed earlier we saw a slight cutting on the opposite bank of the river which may have been a track. In hope of finding the track and getting to our boat before 11 a.m. we forded the river where it split into two just before the canyon. Indeed, it was the track. We continued on the 2 yards wide muddy track for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours until we reached Lake Wakitipu, crossing the bridge on the way. The time was 10.30 a.m. We met the others on the boat and had an uneventful trip back to our sleeping bags under the pine trees.



Fording (the right way)

P.S. Found out from 2 other Australian walkers that our way would have been the only possible way as the creeks on the true right bank we in flood and not crossable.

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# Fishing?

\*\*\*\*\* By Jess Martin \*\*\*\*\*

"We'll take a couple of lines and do some fishing on this trip: fish will be a nice change from the de-hy." Fishermen are true optimists!

In the days before Kilcare and that stretch of coast became popular with weekenders we had a favourite campsite at the north end of Putty Beach in the thickly scrubbed and treed area behind the sand dunes, beside a very pleasant little running creek with sweet water. We would swim, surf, sunbake and scramble around the heights above, visiting Maitland Bay and other beautiful spots.

It was time then to fish, mainly from the Rocks north of our campsite, and one of my jobs was to help gather and cut up cungevoi as the men always forget bait. On my first attempt to catch fish I was told: "Give me that line, we don't wish to lose it"; in casting the line I had nearly followed it. More bait and hooks were lost than fish caught, but occasionally there would be a small haul of rock cod and perhaps a crab or two. The men prided themselves on their cooking ability, so were encouraged to practise their skill.

The silver eels in the Moruya/Deua River on the South Coast were prized as a food, and the catching as good sport, by the locals. After dark small parties waded through the shallows in the clear water, each armed with a bright lantern and a hardened sharp spike on the end of a pole. A quick movement, a splash and a thud as an eel landed on the bank. There is some skill in spearing a quickly moving slimy eel and securing it.

This inspired the organizer of our trip to Bendethera from Moruya over the ranges by George's pack trail, to carry a home-made spear in anticipation of many a feed of eel. The idea was good, but the spear had not been hardened sufficiently and bent on contact with the creature, and all that was acquired was a piece of slime on the spear prong.

River Canoe Club folk carried a line and spinner on their trips down the Shoalhaven and other rivers: so we had a line and spinner with us.

Luckily finding Mr. Randolph George in the kitchen, the only remaining portion of the Bendethera homestead, and yarning with him for a while, we went up river to a deep hole where the George family (according to Mr. Randolph) had always caught fish. It was not long before a good size perch was caught, the angler's estimate being 2 lbs., and this was carefully put aside on the bank whilst the line was again thrown in hopefully and another sizable fish caught. As it was late in the afternoon and dinner an urgent thought, a move was suggested back to camp. The fishermen decided the fish would be better off washed as they had been lying in the dirt of the bank, so clutching the first fish in both hands, he waded into the river and dipped hands and fish into the water. The look on his face was indescribable,

as the fish, with a powerful thrust of its tail and moving its fins rapidly, shot into the safety of deep water. The second fish was washed in a billy back at our camp!

We moved down river next day and, after a hearty welcome from Mrs. Rankin and the two girls, (being invited to lunch), camped on the river not far from the house. That evening Mr. Rankin Snr. and Mr. Jim George rode in; they having been away all day at a cattle sale in Krawarree. After dark Jim George invited us to accompany him whilst he fished for next day's dinner, it being the season of Lent. We quietly followed him up river until we came to a deep pool lying at the base of a steep bank. It was a beautiful, still, dark night and it was very peaceful sitting listening to the small sounds of the night creatures and the river running in the distance. The lines were ready and cast in, and very soon we understood why a trace of piano wire was tied between hook and line. The eels snapped everything off the end of the line not so protected. It seemed no time before we had a couple of big eels and a fish.

On returning to the house we were shown how easy it is to skin an eel. Mr. George cut the skin just below the head with a sharp knife, continuing the cut right round. Then he hung the eel on a large nail in a post and just pulled the skin off, like removing a stocking. Next day we were again invited to lunch and were served eel and fresh vegetables. I wondered whether I could eat my portion but it was delicious; a crisp white flesh. Kathleen Rankin told us the best way is to parboil and then fry the eel.

Have you ever "tickled" a trout? It is very tempting to try, because I have always seen trout in very clear water. I have read of "tickling" and understand one of our previous members has been successful.

When it is decided by one of the men in the party that trout shall be on the menu, and he decrees grasshoppers shall be the bait, have urgent business elsewhere. I can assure you it is very much harder to catch the bait than the fish. I have vivid recollections of the party darting here, stooping and then springing into the air after the insects, while the fishermen cut and trimmed a whippy sapling for a rod. When sufficient bait had been gathered, he crept up to the stream quietly and carefully and sheltered behind a bush on the bank and cast his line into the clear cold water. We had three trout for dinner that night. I understand it is illegal to catch trout without a licence, and to use grasshoppers as bait.!!! There was no risk of being caught by an Inspector in the high country between Brindaboll and Tumut.

Then, of course, fishermen try to catch fish from our beaches and the rocks of our South Coast. I prefer to comfortably sit and enjoy the pulse and surge of the sea, the green of clear water as a wave breaks in a white lacy foam, and see birds wheeling over the deeper dark blue sea further out. But when the fisherman gets wet to the waist and the wind turns cold, on our out-lying beaches one can usually get enough driftwood together to build a fire by which to thaw out. Now and then a few fish are caught.

As you can guess I have not enough enthusiasm to be a Fisherwoman!

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# THE FORTYFOLD FLURRY

\*\*\*\*\* A LETTER TO THE EDITOR \*\*\*\*\*

Mr. Neville Page,  
Dear Editor,

The great event has joined the shadows - is not much mentioned, so why not let it sleep. But since that night, I have often thought of the great "Might have been".

Space.... Light.... Air.... - the three fundamentals of one of Life's finest activities; we call it Bushwalking. Yet, for this rare, most memorable occasion the Plotters of the Club went hard into reverse. SO - hearken to the tale of the

Sad Sardine Seminar.

If this title is not clear, next time you ope a tin, observe the compression, and you will exclaim - why there was the night at the Crusty!

With October still afar, the Plotters went into long cogitation and exploration, and at last came to an expensive hideout below ground; a scrappy nest of cellars in an old building, in the north end of George Street. For generations, these had served for the storage of merchandise - cobwebby and candle lit. Eventually, the ground floor became a wine shop, and later, after a little clean up, those cellars became a fake ye olde Cookie.

The place became a resort for Gourmets; these creatures who spend large slices of Life in plotting, concocting, consuming truckloads of fodder that has little relation to the normal simple needs of that most overworked slave; the stomach!

So elaborate has this religion become, that it approaches obscenity; that is - to a happy ancient trouble free bread and butter baby! The latest equipment at the P.A.H. indicates a suspicion of the virus in the S.B.W.!!!

To complete the misery, these gloomy cells were lit by a few fluttering struggling candles; to find a pal in that mass of Moat and meat, was a tough job. So few wandered around, once in a place they stayed - mesmerised; did not Edwin Markham have something to say about this? "Bowed down by the weight of tucker and likka they crouch, happier far than any Joey in its pouch"!

For the pleasure of meeting and yarning with old and cherished friends, this night was a total loss.

Most of the chinwagging was for the maceration of tucker rather than for past memories and present notions. What rich spicy wordy morsels we missed by not hearing from the so many really mature ones there.

And the final crash - 10 p.m. closing! It had some virtue; it proved how good was the sky and the air of old George Street.

And so the great dinner came to its end, in a most inappropriate spot, for the Maturity Party of that magnificent matrimonial association that has produced, (without advertising) more beautiful fruit to the mile than any other group of citizens.

But everyone seemed satisfied. It is not much mentioned, so why comment! Hoarken to the tale of the fortieth that wasn't.

For such a night, that took 40 years to grow, it should have been in a suburban Town Hall, say in the Parramatta district. Such halls have abundant space, light, free seating, and plainly labelled spots to find. Catering could be private or professional. These halls have kitchens for billy boiling, and tables and chairs could be placed at random for any congenial group.

What revivals we could have had with a hall that included stage and piano! Rene - that tireless fount of quality could have made the piano sing for hours. Such treasures of the many musical and artistic triumphs of the past could have delighted the young of the species. Strangely, so many of the singers and players were there at the Tavern. Peter Page, still a lyric tenor, fiddlers Olive Greenacre and Hilda Macartney, Ian Malcolm, great actor and verse reader. Enough there to revive memories of practice nights at Rene's Artarmon nest. Yes - even Albert Crandon of the mouthy was. Quite modestly - with Rene as conductor, we called it an orchestra. (But what a sour memory of Hilda Mac; she left her fiddle in a tram!! Fiddlocide!)

Beginning at 4 - on to 12. All that time to see, hear, mix, do, eat, drink, and make merry, and coming out, how the car drivers would have discovered they were well on the way to the other half of the Reuno, which reached every expectation, and rewarded the faithful with perfect weather, and many with the supreme luxury of campfire chairs!!!

If ever our Editor is short of script - he should reprint the programs of S.B. shows at St. James in Philip Street. For quality and variety, even drama - these programs are the most amazing documents in the archives of the S.B.W. How they would show the youngies what the oldies used to do, when they were youngies.

Signed: Taro  
February 6, 1968.

P.S. And wasn't Jim Brown's choochoo night a knockout. Little we knew that such a non driver, fireman, shunter, guard or signaller, could know so much about man's greatest invention, the Steamy! But how terrible to think that the trusty unfailing friends of over a century should be wiped and shoved down the drain. Note: if going by train, near Springwood - on the left, is a fine sandstone cottage put there for the ganger of that stretch; look at the

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DAY WALKS for the coming month!

[illegible]

24TH. MARCH. Mr. Laurie Rayner's name makes an appearance on the current walks programme, with this day walk from West Head (otherwise known as Commodore Heights) to West Head via Arden Trig, Salvation Creek and Refuge Bay. There will be an opportunity to do some swimming, and also plenty of views for photographer (viz. Lion Island, Pittwater and Palm Beach Peninsula). Private transport is the order of the day, and Laurie can be contacted on telephone number 36-5344 (Home). The map covering the area is Broken Bay (Military) and the approximate gording of the walk is 8 miles Medium.

31ST. MARCH. Stanwell Park - Stanwell Tops - Scarborough Lookdown - Coalcliff. This is the route proposed by Jim Brown (the Choo-choo man). The walk is classified as 8 miles Medium. The train to catch leaves Central Country Platform at 8.42 a.m. An further information can be got from Jim by ringing his home telephone number, 81-2675.

7TH. APRIL. Sammy Hinde will be on his old tramping ground when he leads this walk from Lilyvale to Garie, going through Palm Jungle, down to Figure Eight Pool, to Era and thence to Garie (bus to Waterfall). Map is the Port Hacking Tourist, and grading of the walk is 10 miles Medium. Once again, the train is the 8.42 a.m. from Central (Country Platform). Sammy can be contacted on 789-2145 (at home).

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SHORT THOUGHT (NOT SNORT)

He walks with Nature, and her paths are peace.

... Young - "Night Thoughts"

# PADDY MADE

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(To be continued)

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# LI-LO TRIP

## ON PART OF BUNGLEBOORI CK.

\*\*\*\*\* By Roger Lockwood \*\*\*\*\*

Date: New Year Weekend, 1968.

Party: Doone Wyborn, Colin Burton, John Millthorpe, Roger Lockwood.

We left our cars near the end of the sealed road on Mt. Irvine and made our way to Tessellate Hill. From there we were able to drop down to the Wollongambe, downstream 200 yards and up a relatively easy ridge onto Lost Flat. There are no landmarks visible once on the flat and in spite of the warning implied in the name, we did actually become disoriented for a short time. When we had re-established our bearings we were obliged to make a 180 degree adjustment to our course. Following this we could commence our descent into Yarramun Creek, a tributary of Bungleboori Creek. Both the descent into the Wollongambe and into Yarramun Creek are cut up by low bluffs on the ridges and waterfalls in the gullies and it required some retracking and a lot of persistence to complete this leg of the trip by nightfall. About 100 yards from our proposed campsite (at the junction of the creek we were following and Yarramun Creek) we were confronted in this hitherto almost dry canyon by a short pool through which it was necessary to swim. When Doone tested the water temperature with his toes, apparently a three foot eel suddenly swam out from under a rock to investigate. Though Doone had elected to swim through first and get our packs to the other side dry he now became rather reluctant and there was some discussion centring on the eating habits of eels, their alleged timidity and so forth. Eventually he plunged in and we fortunately saw no more of the eel.

The next day the three miles of Yarramun Creek took us all morning at an average speed of  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile an hour, our way being hindered by boulders and great masses of vegetable debris. At the Bungleboori there seemed to be reasonable li-loing conditions though it did involve a fair amount of carrying. I was sceptical of the feasibility of li-loing in general and preferred to walk until it became clear that I was working a lot harder than the others and travelling slower. There were parts of the gorge indeed which would have been impossible to negotiate on foot. In places tremendous cliffs over 300 feet high rose abruptly from the water. We found that by wearing the pack and sitting upright so that pack rested on the cushion of the li-lo with the legs resting on the rest of the mattress we were able to keep the unwaterproofed pack and the upper part of the body fairly dry. We camped halfway along the Bungleboori and arrived at the junction with the Wollongambe at 10 o'clock on New Year's Day. Our speed on the Bungleboori averaged  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile an hour, as on Yarramun Creek. However there was very little vegetable debris, it only being encountered at the rapids between the long pools. It was due to such debris that Doone's li-lo

received several large holes, but no-one else's was punctured. The flow rate below the junction of Bungleboori and Wollongambe was at least as great as the Kowmung, so Wollongambe Creek really deserves the status of a river.

The way out onto the ridge leading back to Mt. Irvine was very devious. We followed a small side creek which cut through the cliff line about 300 yards upstream from the junction. There were several waterfalls to contend with, one being quite dangerous, but we eventually got to the top. On the ridge itself were two tricky bluffs which necessitated the man handling of packs. We reached the cars just after 6 o'clock, being slowed up by very hot conditions on the ridge.

This type of river trip can be recommended, though one should undertake it in this area knowing that there will be difficult travelling and map and compass work to get to the sections of streams which are suitable for li-los. A good three day trip from the Newnes road right through the Bungleboori Creek is a must for next summer programme.

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#### A FEW WORDS FROM THE EDITOR

This being the last magazine to be published in my term of office, I would like to say a few public thank-yous, particularly to those people who don't get their names into print.

Firstly, we are indebted to Don Finch, Bill Ketas and Bea, who did most of the duplicating work; and that can be hard work with our duplicator. Also, I want to thank Joan Rigby, who arranges the production schedule, and lends her time and home for duplicating collating, stapling, wrapping etc. Joan also has the job of rounding up helpers, and has graciously provided us with supper every month.

Thank you also to the "helpers" who did all the production work - too many to mention individually. Further, Alan Pike has had the unenviable job of selling the magazine, and typing names and addresses on wrappers every month.

Next, I want to thank the contributors, without whom there would be no magazine at all. Although they have the honour and glory (?) of getting their names at the top of a page, I still think they rate a great deal of appreciation for their efforts. Particular thanks I would offer to those people who contribute something to the magazine month after month (and I think you know who I mean).

Well that's about it. To sum up, may I say thank you to everyone who has in any way helped to keep the magazine going, and to everyone who has offered encouragement.

In conclusion, may I say that I have enjoyed immensely being Editor, and I hope the new Editor gets the same level of satisfaction. I offer the ~~new~~ Editor my full support, and I express the hope that all who have supported me will support Ross to the same degree.

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# MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT

HAS A NEW BUSINESS ADDRESS,

AND TO GO WITH IT

A NEW SET OF BUSINESS HOURS

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We would like to advise all our patrons of a change in the address of our showrooms. The new rooms are at 165 Pacific Highway, North Sydney.

We would like also to advise that we are now open during normal retail trading hours, namely 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. Mondays to Fridays, and 9 a.m. to 12 noon on Saturdays.

MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT.

# A PAGEANT OF → PROGRESS →

By JIM BROWN : The Final Instalment of a Pageant written for campfire performance at the Fortieth Anniversary Reunion of S.B.W.

## 1953. THE YEAR MOUNT EVEREST WAS CONQUERED.

Despite walkers' pressure, Era was added to the National Park. A proposal to change the Club's meeting night from Friday to Thursday was defeated.

The "Lovaduck" made its famous voyage - four members in an inflatable rubber dinghy covered 8 miles of Wollondilly in 2 days. Of course, it could have been walked in 2 hours, or driven in 15 minutes. But not now; you'd really need "Lovaduck".

## 1954. THE YEAR OF THE ROYAL TOUR.

Our landlords were hard to get on with, and told us we could no longer have the Club room on Fridays. We switched to Wednesdays.

The Club endorsed a Parks and Playgrounds view that the Opera House should not be built in the Domain. We thought the site of the old tram depot at Fort Macquarie would be all right.

## 1955. TELEVISION COMES TO SYDNEY.

Geoff Wagg revived Tiger walks with the 85 miler from Katoomba to Picton via Cox's River and Burragorang - appropriately it started on 1st. April.

In September Federation expressed its disapproval of S.B.W. Marathons. We said ours were not marathons as conducted by lesser breeds; we just did long walks.

Effects of motorisation began to appear - country that was little trodden before came within reach. Trips that needed 3 or 4 days could be reached and done in 2. The Corang-Castle area became popular and some daring souls tackled sections of the Colo.

## 1956. THE YEAR OF THE SUEZ CRISIS.

Members' attire was still a good point for dispute. In May it was resolved that the removal of shirts by male members should be left to the discretion of the member disrobing.

It was announced that a nudist colony had been discovered in Myuna Creek. The Walks Secretary promptly announced that no walks were set down in that area on the next programme.



In December an enthusiastic ski group proposed a scheme to buy or build a hut in the Kosciusko area.

1957. THE YEAR OF THE FIRST SPUTNIK.

The summer of 1957/58 was marred by more savage bushfires. In December several members of a Scouting party lost their lives while climbing out of Blue Gum.

On 16th. February the inaugural meeting of the National Parks Association was held.

At long last prospectives were permitted to attend Reunions.

A motion to donate £5 each year to the Opera House Appeal was lost.

1958. AUSTRALIA WINS THE ASHES AND LOSES THE DAVIS CUP.

The then Minister for Lands declines mining leases at Colong. A different story nine years later.

After a year of exploration and considering, the Club ski hut project lapsed.

During a discussion on investment of the Club's surplus funds, Mr. Ashdown opposed purchasing stocks and shares, and said that if the Club needed more money, it should not bother about interest from shares but should increase subscriptions.

In June a Judo demonstration was held and two of the floor boards were broken. It was rumoured that this was due to the many white ants in the Club.

Two strenuous walks came to notice: a hundred-miler from Hill Top to Katoomba and the Three Peaks (Cloudmaker, Paralyser, Guouogang).

We weren't happy about our landlords: attention was drawn at one meeting to the plates of cat meat and the sand trays around the room. The trouble was the cats knew what the meat was for, but didn't seem certain about the sand trays. We had nowhere else to go, so we decided to suffer in silence.

1959. THE COMPLETION OF WARRAGAMBA DAM.

We found a Club room at Reiby Place and moved there very smartly. The rental was £5.5.0 per week.

In South West Tasmania a S.B.W. party was in difficulties. Snow Brown and Mick Perryman made news with a fast dash over rough country to bring succour to Bob Duncan, injured in a fall.

At Easter a party camped in the slot between Mounts Renwick and Roswaine spent the wettest, washed-outest night ever.

1960. THE START OF THE CREDIT SQUEEZE.

A motion to buy a public address system was thrown out. Ah, but you can still hear the echoes of that debate.

The Club was advertising again. In the telephone directory we had entries under B, "Bushwalkers, The Sydney" and S, "Sydney Bushwalkers".

1961. THE YEAR OF THE LAST TRAM IN SYDNEY AND THE FIRST MAN IN SPACE.

The Era Funds were invested in Special Commonwealth Bonds.

In July Colin Putt led a party exploring the highest mountain ranges of New Guinea: the Carstenz Peaks.

A pool of camping gear for loan to prospectives was created.

Members were warned to beware of dog traps on Cedar Road.

1962. THE OPENING OF THE A.M.P. BUILDING IN SYDNEY.

S.B.W. members took part in the rescue of a climber injured in a fall in Kanangra Rivulet.

In September the Treasurer drew attention to the unhealthy state of Club finances. Mr. Ashdown asked if this was a preliminary to an increase in subscriptions.

The Water Board started to take a hard line with people trespassing on Warragamba Catchment. In "Stored Water" we wrote:

You are not camped where you oughter;  
At least two miles away.  
You are camping on stored water  
And the penalty must pay.  
From the sewerage farms at Leura  
From the gutters of Moss Vale  
We have drawn this water purer  
Than the snow upon the gale.  
But to practice these ablutions  
In the brew that Sydney swills  
Could produce untold pollutions  
Filling the city with di....direful ills.

1963. THE YEAR OF THE PROFUMO SCANDAL.

Exploratory parties were still reaching out into areas only rarely touched before: the Upper Deua, Wollongambe Creek. Car swap trips and canyoneering jaunts began to appear on the walks programme.

In September it was decided to adopt walks programmes of three months duration instead of four.

Subs rose to £2, with a special £3 rate for marrieds. Who protested the increase? Well, we won't tell you, see.

It was decided that examiners of prospectives in first aid and map reading should be selected from people who didn't answer their own questions.

1964. THE YEAR OF THE VOYAGER DISASTER.

Drought was increasing over Eastern Australia.

The Treasurer foreshadowed a possible rise in subscriptions, which met with resistance.

Walkers were showing increased interest in the country around Mounts Coricudgy and Monundilla.

An attempt was made to purchase a key block in the Deua River Valley at Bendothera, using as a nucleus the Era Fund. At an auction we couldn't go high enough.

1965. THE YEAR OF THE TOPLESS CRAZE.

The Reunion was deferred until September owing to the fire hazard.

The possibility of securing land on the coast south of Pretty Beach was discussed; it was discovered all areas not already developed were likely to be reserved.

Despite the fires early in the year there were two parties in Blue Gum Forest during mid-July who had a difficult time extricating themselves from one of the severest snow falls recorded in the area.

1966. THE YEAR OF DECIMAL CURRENCY.

Walkers, always good on the tooth, excelled themselves at the first Gourmet Weekend in November.

A push-bike trip from Mittagong to Katoomba left a trail of busted cycles along Scott's Main Range and the White Dog Track.

In July the Club suffered a heavy loss in the passing of Alan Rigby; one of its founders and a man still marvellously young in spirit.

1967. THE YEAR OF THE BIG CELEBRATION.

The Sydney Bushwalkers celebrate their 40th. Anniversary with a dinner at Ye Olde Crusty Tavern, and a special Reunion.

They say that life begins again.

At forty years of age.

Although tonight we've looked behind,

We're not afraid of what we'll find

'Then we have turned the page.

Let's have no hates or doubts or fears

Let's walk into the coming years.

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AN APOLOGY.

Unfortunately this month's magazine is a week late in being published. The Editor wishes to apologise for this state of affairs, and offer the explanation that he has been on holidays in the Central West of New South Wales, some hundreds of miles from his typewriter and obligations. He hopes that you will find it within your hearts to forgive him.

# SWIMMING CARNIVAL RESULTS

\*\*\*\*\* By The Sporting Editor \*\*\*\*\*

The following are the results of the 1968 S.B.W. Swimming Carnival held recently at Lake Eckersley. The Carnival was organised by Nan Bourke and Owen Marks jointly.

<u>WOMEN'S FREESTYLE:</u>	1st. Place:	Bronwyn Secombe.
	2nd. Place:	Nan Bourke.
	3rd. Place:	Lyn Drummond.
<u>MEN'S FREESTYLE:</u>	1st. Place:	Laurie Quaken.
	2nd. Place:	Rolf Janssen.
	3rd. Place:	Barry Wallace.
<u>WOMEN'S LI-LO RACE:</u>	1st. Place:	Bronwyn Secombe.
	2nd. Place:	Lindsey Gilroy.
	3rd. Place:	Nan Bourke.
<u>MEN'S LI-LO RACE:</u>	1st. Place:	Neville Page.
	2nd. Place:	Laurie Quaken.
	3rd. Place:	Rolf Janssen.
<u>CHILDREN'S FREESTYLE</u>	1st. Place:	Penny Dean.
	2nd. Place:	Chris Brown.
	3rd. Place:	Julia Younger.
<u>WOMEN'S LONG PLUNGE:</u>	1st. Place:	Nan Bourke who plunged 50 feet.
	2nd. Place:	Lyn Drummond who plunged 47 feet.
	3rd. Place:	Kay Kywood who plunged 43 feet.
<u>MEN'S LONG PLUNGE:</u>	1st. Place:	Rolf Janssen who plunged 43 feet.
	2nd. Place:	Owen Marks who plunged 42 feet.
	3rd. Place:	Laurie Quaken & Barry Wallace, who both plunged 41 feet.
<u>CHILDREN'S PEANUT</u>	1st. Place:	Rosemary Bourke with 28 peanuts.
<u>SCRAMBLE:</u>	2nd. Place:	Penny Dean with 24 peanuts.
	3rd. Place:	Chris Brown with 20 peanuts.
<u>WOMEN'S PEANUT</u>	1st. Place:	Lyn Drummond with 28 peanuts.
<u>SCRAMBLE:</u>	2nd. Place:	Jan Stacey, Lindsey Gilroy, and Nan Bourke, each with 21 peanuts.
	3rd. Place:	Bronwyn Secombe with 19 peanuts.
<u>MEN'S PEANUT</u>	1st. Place:	Rolf Janssen with 38 peanuts.
<u>SCRAMBLE:</u>	2nd. Place:	Laurie Quaken with 27 peanuts.
	3rd. Place:	Alan Pike with 22 peanuts.

DUAL LI-LO RELAY: 1st. Place: Bronwyn Secombe and Neville Page.  
(FARQUAR CUP) 2nd. Place: Lyn Drummond and Rolf Janssen.  
3rd. Place: Nan Bourke and Barry Wallace.

The trophy for this race was donated by Betty and Ern Farquar, and their name attaches to it as a consequence. On the basis of the above results, it was awarded to Bronwyn Secombe and Neville Page.

TELEGRAM RELAY:

(MANDELBERG CUP) 1st. Place: Bronwyn Secombe and Rolf Janssen.  
2nd. Place: Kay Kywood and Jim Callaway.  
3rd. Place: Lindsey Gilroy and Laurie Quaken.

On the basis of the above results, the Mandelberg Cup II was awarded to Bronwyn Secombe and Rolf Janssen.

THE HENLEY CUP: This Cup is awarded to the competitor who gains the highest aggregate point score, taking into account all events in the Carnival. The 1968 Henley Cup winner is Rolf Janssen, who gained 14 points.

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WILDERNESS BAY. By Karene Annand, Class 5A (1967)  
Padstow Park Public School.  
Teacher: Miss J. Hallman.

OFF TO WILDERNESS BAY. The train stopped off and I went through the tremendous crowd hoping to find my cousin Faye who was off with me on my journey which would take us to Wilderness Bay.

We stopped and asked a friend of Faye's which road to take and he replied, "To the right." So we turned right, off on our long journey which would take six long, dreary hours of our time.

We made sure we had everything, including plenty of water to drink. Before long we were happy to find that four hours had gone by and there was hope of reaching Wilderness Bay at five o'clock.

Very soon we saw between two mountains the rough rugged bush and a bright, blue silvery river running through. Faye thought if we hurried we would reach there in half an hour instead of forty-five minutes.

After a while we finally reached Wilderness Bay so we found a suitable spot to set up our camp which was on the banks of a river.

Soon we both became tired and so we put up the tent and slipped into our sleeping bags to have a sleep. When we woke up we found it was now dark, so without saying anything to each other we made ourselves some scrambled egg on toast and a cup of hot chocolate. We then undressed and got into our sleeping bags again. We could not sleep because we were so excited, so we sat up and waited till morning and then we cooked ourselves some sausages and tomatoes.

SETTLING DOWN. When we had finished our breakfast we started off into the bush to explore it. Soon we came to a beautiful patch of wildflowers

but we did not touch them because we did not want to harm them.

Further along the stream we came to a flock of wild birds coming to get a drink, because the water was fresh. Soon we grew hungry and followed the stream upward.

As soon as we reached there we washed our faces with water and made ourselves some sandwiches and a drink of lime. After dinner had gone down we felt like a swim so we got into our costumes and had a swim. Soon time had passed so we went back to camp and had our tea.

FINDING FAYE. After tea we went to bed. We went to bed at seven thirty so we could get up early. In the morning when I woke up, Faye had gone and she had made her breakfast. I quickly got dressed and had some breakfast and then went after her. Soon an hour had passed and I had not found a trace of her anywhere. Then I found her water bottle. Then I heard a sound coming from the bush and there was Faye, trying to release a bird which was caught among the branches. We both pulled down one end each and the baby bird had been released. When we got back we sat down and had a rest.

After a while we thought what we would explore the stream. We set out at the beginning and started to explore. First we came to a lot of little fish which were black with yellow spots on their backs. Up further we found some birds.

Soon we came to some shiny pebbles which were on the bottom of the water. Faye pulled up her sleeve and pulled them out. They were yellow, green, black and white. Up further we came to a little lizard which was basking in the sun. I quickly got up and it looked like it was going to run at us, but we quickly turned back and hurried away. We came to a tree which had three nests in it so we decided to climb it, but the mother came back and we had to go. After some time we thought we had better go back.

HELPING FAYE. The next morning we woke early and made ourselves a quick breakfast. When we had finished we went out.

Faye and I separated. Soon I heard some screaming so I quickly ran, and then stopped suddenly because there was a big hole in the ground and Faye had fallen in. So I ran back, found some rope, and went to the rescue.

I tied it to a tree and put the rest down the hole. Then I brought it up and pulled Faye to the top. Faye wanted to have a real cold drink so when we got back I made her one. The Faye remembered that we only had tomorrow left and we had to go.

GOING HOME. The next morning we arose bright and early so we could get off to a good start home. When we had started we remembered that we were going to hurry home.

When we arrived we were pleased to see our parents, cousins, uncles and aunts waiting for us to arrive. They were asking us lots of questions all at once; some of them were whoppers. When we got home all our friends came to see us.

When we went back to school the teacher told us that we could tell the class about our trip.

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