

THE

MAY 1968

10 CENTS

SYDNEY

BUSHWALKER

A NOTE FROM YOUR PRESIDENT  
ROWLEY'S CREEK TO REEDY CREEK  
AT THE APRIL MEETING(S)  
A LOT OF FUN, A LOT OF MUD AND A LOT OF BATS  
AND SO WE WERE REWARDED  
SOCIAL SCENE  
OFFICIAL CLUB NOTICES  
BLUNDERING BLUDGERS IN THE BUDAWANGS (PART 2)  
KUNDERANG BROOK-MACLEAY RIVER-SPSLEY RIVER  
OBITUARY

FRANK RIGBY	PAGE 2
WADE BUTLER	3
JIM BROWN	5
LYNNE WYBORN	9
ALICE WYBORN	12
BARRY PACEY	15
NEVILLE PAGE	16
ERONWYN SECCOMBE	18
FRANK LEYDEN	20

A monthly Bulletin of matters of interest to the Sydney  
Bushwalkers, Northcote Building, Reiby Place, Circular  
Quay, Sydney. Postal Address : BOX 4476, G.P.O. SYDNEY.

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THE WALKS PROGRAMME

You will have noticed that the style and format of your new Walks Programme, included with this month's magazine, has been changed.

As has already been pointed out, one of the advantages of distributing the magazine to all active members is that material such as Walks Programmes need not be sent separately through the post. However, any material included in a bulk postage periodical must conform to certain P.M.G. regulations. The regulations relevant to our Walks Programme, as inserted in the magazine, would appear to be as follows:

- (a) All typescript must be horizontal, i.e., in conformity with the other pages of the magazine;
- (b) Each page must be titled, numbered and dated, in similar style to other pages of the magazine.

There is no objection to a loose insert which may be smaller, but not larger than the magazine size.

With these specifications to meet, the Committee had a good hard look at our Walks Programme. Obviously, the former type of programme would not do on one side the script is horizontal, but on the other side, vertical. Actually, the Walks Programme is a fairly complex document and the fact that it must be folded to convenient size and carried anywhere does not exactly help. After some research, the Committee decided to give this new format a trial, despite one or two doubts about the departure from tabular form. In other ways, it seems more compact and easier to read - perhaps a preference for one form or the other may turn out to be a personal matter. Anyway, we will be interested to hear what members think of it. Please don't condemn it out of hand just because it is different - the Committee asks that you give it a very fair trial. Constructive criticism will be very welcome.

While on the job, the Committee also considered the method of preparation of the Programme. Hitherto it has been a big job for the typiste because the whole programme had to be typed in final form. The typed copy, on several foolscap sheets, was then reduced photographically by the printers. The new programme has been printed in flat-block letterpress and does not involve photography. Our typiste merely turns out straight copy while the printer does the rest. Remarkably enough, the cost is about the same but the result is a more professional-looking job. A proof copy, sent to a Club officer before printing, should avoid any unfortunate errors.

The Committee requests that all members and prospective members read the "Special Instructions" carefully, especially the ones in heavy type. Sometimes there is a tendency to ignore them but long experience has shown that all these points are essential to safe and happy walking.

F. Rigby  
President.

\* \* \* \* \*



Easter 1968

ROWLEY'S CREEK TO REEDY CREEK.

By Wade Butler.

Fifteen of us arrived at some unknown spot in the early hours of the morning. This place turned out to be where we turn off the "main" road in order to reach the head of Rowley's Creek. We were directed down to the gorge by one of the local farmers. As soon as we reached water it was declared lunchtime and out came a gallon tin of pineapple juice from Finchy's pack. Several snakes invaded us, trying to get at Joan's squashed eggs.

Downstream, a few hundred yards, we came to a waterfall which we could only get down by abseiling. A half mile rock-hop brought us to the foot of another high waterfall. Instead of going down in the dark, we decided to camp at the top.

"I bags this spot", said Dot, as she started clearing the one foot boulders away from the rest. Doone went up the slope and brought down a handful of grass to put on his rocks while Ross and Margaret went a small distance upstream to sleep. During the night, we were plagued by 'possums and rocks falling down from the cliffs above. One boulder nearly rolled Ross and Margaret to a pulp, but in the morning we were informed it was a common nightmare to all of us except the two concerned.

Ross wasn't watching below as he abseiled into a stinging tree. Everyone else followed carefully steering clear of the tree, leaving Rolf and Finchy to pull down the ropes. While waiting for the rope bearers, a few of us went up a side creek hoping to find a few waterfalls and pools. Instead I found I was given the task of writing this article. I submitted after many "wells" and "ers".

"Down to the water for lunch", said Rosso. By this time the creek was running under the ground for most of the time.

"Everybody owes the owners of the ropes two Dollars", said Finchy and Rolf as they came in empty handed.

"Well, send Wade and Doone back", said Dot, "They can climb up the rope and save us two Dollars." Since it was only half an hour back, we decided to go, but just around the corner we came to two neatly coiled ropes lying on the rocks.

"Listen," said Doone, "we can wait here for half an hour and walk in with the ropes and say how early they were to get down". Finchy and Rolf came wandering up wondering why we hadn't come back with the ropes. They found us lying in the sun with the rope on our bellies.

"So they're going to play the dirty on us", said Finchy to Rolf. They let us but they wondered how we will appear exhausted after lying in the sun for half an hour.



The next waterhole had a lame "Rowley bird" in it. Margaret pulled it out of its hiding place so she could stroke it. After a bit of a fight with water weed we carried on. That was the only waterhole for the next five hot dry miles. This long dry walk was rewarded by a beautiful cool swimming hole with a cliff dipping into the water where one could jump from. We loafed about this hole for about an hour while waiting for stragglers, then pushed our way down the creek, which was now a creek and not a dry dusty pile of stones.

We eventually came to a beautiful grassy spot where our leader decided to camp. Doone had walked on hoping to get a bit further before dark, but was called back. A very large fire was lit to keep us warm and to cook our food. It turned out to cook us and warm our food because we couldn't get near enough to put our dinner on the fire. While we all slept under the stars, David went to sleep by himself under a large tent.

On the way down to the Apsley, the next day, we met some horsemen coming up the creek to round up their cattle. As soon as reached the Apsley we dived in. Half a mile further down we had another swim while Doone went off to catch trout. He tried all day, but caught nothing but tortoises. One particular pool had about five tortoises in it. Soon that pool had no tortosises in it!

We had lunch at the junction of Reedy Creek. Lunch lasted about two hours because we couldn't bear to leave the water and travel up a dry creek. Reedy Creek turned out to have water running down it for its entire length. About five miles upstream there was an interesting side creek, which had water running down slippery chutes. Some of us who couldn't resist the temptation slid down the chutes into the water below.

While walking up the creek, we noticed fresh cattle footsteps. We rounded a corner and found a large bull standing at the foot of a small waterhole. We carefully worked our way around to the back of him and shooed him downstream. Once he was started, not even the following people could stop him. Consequently, they had to race up the side of the creek or up the nearby trees to escape from the terrified bull.

Nobody wanted to sleep on a bed of rocks, like two nights previously, so when Doone and Bronwyn came to a soft grassy place by the river, they decided to camp there. Everyone agreed, except Rosso who wanted to get home before Tuesday. He accused Doone of mutiny, then was forced to give in. We were entertained that night by David's unending list of jokes. A few drops of rain fell at night and everyone piled into David's tent, except those who didn't know it rained.

On following the creek up the next morning, we came to a position where the creek appeared to flow out from underneath a mountain. On closer inspection, we found a waterfall coming down into a large cave, which had appeared to be the outlet of this "subterranean" river. The only way to the top was by going right around the waterfall and coming in to it from above.



There was a high waterfall at the head of Reedy Creek which at the time had no water running over it. Two hours were taken to get to the top of the waterfall. This was done by going up a steep slope to the north of the main falls. Once on the tops, we were off the ropes and still about ten miles from the cars. Finchy and Rosso surveyed the countryside from the top of a dead gumtree and decided to head off in a south westerly direction. After waiting for the next party to find us, we went on.

We had a dry lunch by the side of a fire trail which lead to a large farmstead. After reaching the farmhouse, we were filled up with lemon cordial and apples until we could hardly move. Our hosts offered to take our packs and drive us five miles along the road towards where we left the cars. After waiting for a few hours where our packs were, Rolf arrived and picked up his passengers. He told us Ross had gone to Malcha to get petrol and Finchy was with him in Colins car. Three hours later, Finchy turned up and told us he got a puncture a few miles from where the cars were parked and Ross was half a mile down the road with a flat tyre. It was 7 p.m. before we left and consequently, arrived home after 3 a.m. on Tuesday morning.

\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

#### AT THE APRIL MEETING(S)

By Jim Brown.

There was a pop song more years ago than I care to remember, which ran,  
"It's June in January,  
Because I'm in love with you - "  
So it was not surprising when S.B.W. turned back the clock and it became March in April to wind up the business from the marathan Annual Meeting.

First of course, was the vexed question of subscriptions. The Treasurer Gordon Redmond, who had no doubt heard scores of people whetting their knives for the past two months, got underneath their guard by diminishing his forecast, and plumped for \$5.50 normal active, \$3.50 students and \$7.50 for marrieds (complete with magazine). He almost offered 1lb of butter thrown in for prompt payment. A few folk were inclined to think \$1.50 too much for the added magazine subscription but when Bill Bourke pointed out that the actual production cost was about 12c a copy, the meeting went along with the motion. Frank Ashdown tried to persuade us that it was not according to Hoyle to settle such things at this meeting without written notice, but was ruled out of order.



There followed the debate on a proposal by Alex Colley, seconded by Gordon Redmond, that the Entrance Fee be jacked up to \$10, or \$5 for students. Both spoke very earnestly on the need to improve the calibre of members and dissuade the dilettante types, but there seemed a dearth of real evidence that people who can afford, or are willing, to pay such an impost are necessarily desirable walking types. The bulk of the speakers were strongly opposed with Don Finch making the point that walking capacity and enthusiasm should be the real criteria, and that stiffer qualifications should be sought there, rather than in the hip pocket. Betty Farquhar as a past membership Secretary, Barry Wallace and Jack Gentle all argued that it would deplete membership and discourage prospectives, and the motion was cast out. In the excitement we almost forgot to fix an Entrance Fee, but hurriedly settled on \$1, as before.

There had been Constitutional amendment allowing Committee, within certain limits, to fix the prospectives application fee: it had mellowed for one month until the matter of subscriptions had been settled and now it was carried.

Brian Harvey rose to propose a Reunion Dinner at the Old Crusty on 17th September, to cost \$3.00 per head. Almost immediately Neville Page hopped in with an amendment to make it the Sky Lounge on Friday 18th October at \$3.50 each. He said the place suggested was roomy, better lit, with the option of dancing. Opinions were both pro and con, but the amendment was carried, and some debate followed on the practicability of getting a guaranteed 150 guests, and who should face any additional cost if the minimum number was not realised. The final decision was (1) to go ahead with the Sky Lounge project (2) to appoint Barry Pacey as organiser and (3) to notify all ranks by the magazine and ask early indication if attending.

The business on the Notice Paper for the Annual Meeting had virtually expired, but a couple of main points had to be resolved. Ros Painter had tendered her resignation from the post of Assistant Secretary while Secretary Ian Stephen who has been posted overseas, indicated that he, too must stand down. The President said it had been determined that two of the Federation Delegates were entitled to sit on Committee, this amendment to the Constitution had been missed in last years reprint, but the correction would be notified. Meanwhile, it was proposed to consult the three delegates who were not on Committee in other capacities, and see if mutual agreement on the position could be reached. There were still no takers for the jobs of Librarian or Delegate to the Parks and Playground Movement: indeed it seemed possible that the P & P Movement would wind up.

And there the extended Annual General Meeting did at last conclude at 9.20 p.m.....



When we got stuck into the normal April meeting by welcoming five new members, Marika Andersen, Robyn Pearce, Ted Austin, and an American family team of Craig and Marcia Shappart.

Minutes being taken as read, we learned in Correspondence that Alan Strom was no longer associated with the National Parks and Wildlife service and that Jack Gentle had written to Committee suggesting means of overcoming some of the problems associated with the compilation of the Annual Report. We had also written to Federation pointing out that two people overdue on a Claustrial Canyon descent were NOT S.B.W. members and had ignored our leaders advice.

The Treasurer reported funds standing at \$240 in the current account at the end of March, and the Federation news included the welcome information that Paddy Pallin would again organise an orienteering contest this year. C.M.W. had undertaken to survey the effects of fire trails in the Budawang Ranges, and that Search and Rescue was obtaining additional equipment - also that there was some "friction" between the S. & R. Organization and the Rock Rescue team. Two previously affiliated Clubs were extinct, but the Springwood Walkers had been admitted to Federation.

Walks Report indicated moderate activity during March, and we came to General Business, wherein the President first announced a Committee recommendation that the little-used library be abolished. Frank Ashdown pointed out that the thing he advocated today, the Club did tomorrow, and a resolution agreeing with the recommendation was carried. It was decided to auction the books on a date to be fixed.

Now came the ticklish question as to whether, under the Clubs rules, a new Secretary and Assistant Secretary could be elected since the retirement had been made known at the 'previous meeting' less than an hour ago. By common consent (one dissentient) the Constitution was somewhat bent, and Noville Page took over as Secretary, the appointment of an Assistant Secretary being held over temporarily.

Jack Gentle suggested a Sub Committee be set up to look into the pattern test-walks, and Frank Rigby said Committee had already asked the Walks Secretary to review this question as fire trails and other factors had materially altered some of the long established pattern walks. Jack accepted this as a satisfactory first measure, and we were at announcements. The Assistant-Office bearers appointed by Committee were named, the President stated that the date of issue of the magazine may hereafter be a little later in the month, and then, presto! the time was 9.58<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> p.m., and both the meetings were over.

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FOOD THAT NEEDS NO COOKING.

If you don't want to cook in camp, here's a recipe that will save you the trouble. It supplies all the energy protein and roughage requirements per 24 hours for a 10-stone man or woman with a 30 lb. pack walking in average country for five hours a day:-

8 oz. Peanuts, salted or roasted  
5½ oz. Sultanas or raisins  
5½ oz. Milk chocolate  
8 oz. Biscuits or sweets  
Salt content will be about 3-4 gm.

Eat peanuts last to clean teeth (nuts contain virtually no fermentable carbo-hydrate and hence do not cause tooth decay). If desired, 4 oz. of corn beef or cheese may replace 3 oz. of the other ingredients. Per day, total cost is under \$1.00 and total weight 27 oz. of which only 7% is water.

This useful food list is typical of the dozens of useful hints and information contained in Paddy's new edition of BUSHWALKING AND CAMPING. It has been completely rewritten and includes such various items as water requirements for a desert trip to ski touring. A copy should be on every Bushwalkers shelves.....75c from Paddy.

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A LOT OF FUN, A LOT OF MUD AND A LOT OF BATS .....

By Lynne Wyborn.

Yes, that's what we found in our exploration of Wee Jasper Caves at Easter. Twenty-three enthusiastic cavers arrived either very late Thursday night or early Friday morning at our base camp about 4 miles past the very small town of Wee Jasper, 35 miles from Yass.

About 11.00 on Friday morning, 21 of us probed into the depths of the "Dip" Cave. We climbed up a 25 foot ladder, crawled along narrow tunnels, up and down mud-slides and through squeeze-holes. The formations were extensive but were a bit dirty and defaced. By the time we got out it was mid-afternoon and we drove about 3 miles round to our so-called "bathroom", better known as Micalong Creek. Here we scrubbed off the thick mud in the icy water. After returning to camp everyone satisfied their appetites and made the most of the fact that they were too tired to do anything. A few of the more energetic ones climbed the steep hillside and watched the sun-set. It was a beautiful starry night - full moon and perfect weather. Everyone enjoyed a typical sing-song around the campfire and went to bed early, about 11.30.

Saturday was a very long day. We were down the "Punchbowl" Cave from about 9.30 a.m., when the first person went down, and it was 6.00 p.m. before the last person finally got out. It took about 3 hours for twenty-three people to get down the 70 foot ladder, one at a time. We went climbing through small tunnels into magnificent chambers, where a turbulence of flapping wings and squeaks were heard after disturbing the local bats. Caving is no hobby for anyone who suffers from claustrophobia! We climbed up and down ropes, hand over hand and through squeeze-holes and along tunnels. There were not so many stalagmites, stalactites and shafts, but there were many chambers and tunnels.

That night everyone invaded the dance at the town of Wee Jasper. We created quite a stir all night and the last of us didn't leave until 2.00 a.m. It was raining when we got back to camp and found most of our gear out in it. It seemed to be the first rain there for years.

On Saturday most of us got over the night before and took photographs and looked for fossils most of the day. Five of us decided to go down the "Dog Leg" Cave. We crawled along about 100 yards on our knees and stomachs, tramped through sloppy mud and came to a small chamber where a tunnel, about 5 feet in diameter, wound round below us. It was mostly loose sand on the floor and we waited for another party to get down. When it was finally our turn, we slid down on our stomachs and the tunnel got smaller and smaller as the sand filled it up. Once we squeezed through the bottom, we came out at a small chamber with a very slippery vertical cliff which we could not get up. So we pushed our way out again through the almost closed tunnel.



A small party went down the "Fourth Extension of the Dip" Cave, while the rest of us went to the pictures at "Dee Jasper". When we returned, we found the caving party, who found this cave to be the best of formations, waiting to go down it again. Another party went down and got back about 2.15 a.m. I went down the next morning in another party. The formations turned out to be as good, if not better, than we had expected. They were clean and undamaged and the limestone was often pure snowy white. There were many shawls with colourful sands and helictites or 'mysteries' as they are commonly called, because of their unknown formation.

By the time we got out, it was lunchtime, and everyone packed up. It was a weekend we all enjoyed and everyone agreed that there should be more caving trips on the programme.

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#### COMING FREEZER.

A party of snowmen will be braving the blizzards again this Queen's Birthday (7th, 8th, 9th, 10th June). The party will ski to Lake Coctaphatamba, which is just below the summit of Kosciusko and set up camp to ski to Townsend, Lady Northcote Canyon etc. Since the party will be camping in the snow above the tree line, it is important that each member of the party is properly equipped to survive the worst blizzard. For details contact Ross Wyborn.

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#### WANTED - TYPISTS

Since Lin is moving to Melbourne next month, she will no longer be able to type the magazine. There is a good bit of typing involved by the consolation, that you get your name on the front page. Also we need a typiste to type a revised S.B.W. songbook which is being compiled at the moment.

#### ANY VOLUNTEERS PLEASE CONTACT THE EDITOR.

An energetic man about to retire and interested in advanced bush walking and exploring out of the way places by car or foot (in Australia) would like to contact a member with similar interests.

Phone 44-7369 after 8.30 p.m.

E. K. HALES; 300 KISSING POINT ROAD, KISSING POINT, VIA TURRAMURRA, 2074.



OBSERVER.

The observer has it on good authority that the rice will be flying sometime in August for a certain couple both of whom bushwalk. The male concerned upholds that they will continue to their bushwalking many years after the happy day. The old salts shake their heads and try to give advise all of which is wasted. They tell him to be firm and while trying this out, she gives him one of those devastating smiles and he melts like butter, 165 lbs of melted butter with strawberry topping - what a mess!

That trip was attended by five persons, none of whom had any matches. Oh well, haf in hand up to the farm-house on the hill.

Somebody saw him in Hong Kong Harbour deftly guiding a sandpan across the yellow water. Who was the man heavily disguised as Mao Tse singing about lobsters with an S.B.W. badge on his chest. Non other than Duncarnivich.

Received: C/- S.B.W. a letter from Owen, post mark Alice Springs.

Somebody has bought themselves a ticket on a ship board for S.A.  
For Sale: One only white sports car.

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Si Si senor,

Deredeygo,

Forti loris,

Inaro

Demaint loris,

demistrux,

Fulla bulls

ancows,

andux. ??????????



AND SO WE WERE REWARDED.....

Alice Tyborn.

Dirty grey-brown clouds were quickly pouring in over Avalanche Peak as we parked the car and prepared to depart up the west branch of the Matukituki River for Aspiring Hut. What had promised earlier to be a lovely day, was, in the usual New Zealand manner, quickly deteriorating to one of fog and drizzle.

Leaving the hay-barn, where the road crosses the river to Aspiring Homestead, we made our way down to the first crossing where recently the road had been washed away, and where we were to have the first taste of things to come. After crossing the river for the second time within minutes, we decided it would be far quicker to just walk through the water instead of wasting so much time taking off shoes and socks every time we had to cross a creek.

Waterfalls tumbled down the mountainsides from a canopy of fog, but nothing was visible of their upper reaches or the high peaks above on either side of the valley, and the further up we went the colder and windier it became. "Watch out for the north west wind, as that's the one which brings bad weather" we had been told - and now here it was blowing from exactly that direction, straight into our faces.

After about five miles, we began to meet some walkers coming out, it being Easter Monday, and the weather report from further up the valley was not at all encouraging, but we continued on, until the shelter of high banks of a side creek was an excuse to linger out of the bitter wind, and nibble chocolate. Several more people came by, and they all said we were going the wrong way as bad weather was setting in. Only one N.Z. Alpine Club member, who had been up at the French Ridge Hut, gave us any encouragement. In a quiet, slow voice, he said we might be lucky and have fine weather next day - just the one odd day that sometimes slips in between days of fog and rain, but that at present, it was getting worse, and was snowing above 2,000 feet. I clung to this hope, determined not to give up after coming so far from home, and when Allan wanted to turn back, I suggested it was worth struggling on.

Rain started to fall, and in most miserable weather we pushed on, and at last, wet and cold, we were very pleased to reach the Hut. It was occupied by three deer hunters, who had given up the chase the day before owing to the bad conditions.

There was no fire going and very little wood, and it took us a long time to get one alight and a billy of water boiled for a welcome hot drink of tea.

Later that night the rain ceased, and on waking at midnight, I looked out of the window to see the moon shining on splendid white peaks - a truly thrilling sight.



Up early next morning, we were greeted with a most perfect day. Thick white frost carpeted the grass and not a cloud or whisp of fog was visible, and the loveliness of the scene was breath-taking. With great delight we wandered about taking many photos, and later set off for the return trip down the valley. All the mountains were well plastered with new snow, and against a blue sky, made a wonderful picture-frame for the lush green valley. There was plenty of water flowing in the Matukituki River, and we saw many paradise ducks. These very attractive birds which frequent the river flats, are always found in pairs, the male with shining black plumage, and the female in modest brown, but with a distinctive white head plumage. Their frequent call is a wild honking sound, one higher than the other, presumably the female?

We dallied along the way, enjoying the warmth of the sun, and Allan pleased me by saying how glad he was I had persisted in going on the day before. All the side streams were flowing swiftly and a little higher than the previous day, but none were too difficult to cross. Back at the car once more, we had doubts about two rather deep creeks which we had to negotiate on the way out, but fortunately they did not seem to be any higher.

By the time we reached the car in the late afternoon, more heavy cloud was again spilling over from the west - this must be what Ross calls West Coast rubbish - as though the Gods had smiled upon our persistence and had lifted the veil for that one perfect day.

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#### SOCIAL SCENE.

##### THREE NEW ZEALAND PEAKS

##### Mt. Cook, Mt. Tasman & Mt. Sefton.

This talk will be given by Ross Wyborn on Wednesday 19th June, Ross will talk about each mountain and give some of the history behind early attempts to climb it as well as describing his own ascent.

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# MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT

The new 'Feathalite' Mountain Mule H-Frame Pack. Inspect  
at our showroom. Price \$29.00

Our own make of superb quality dry oiled Japara Parkas.  
These are either lined or unlined at \$17.50 and \$16.50 ea.

'Relax' brand oiled Japara Parkas, one of the long time  
favourites with walkers \$13.50

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and is expedition proven. Nylon re-inforced. \$1.65 pr.

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SOCIAL SCENE

With Barry.

Do you believe in flying saucers?  
Are they piloted by beings from other  
worlds? Do they appear in our sky?

These questions, and more, will be  
answered on the evening of Wednesday the  
26th June, when Mr. William E. Moser  
addresses the Club on, "Outline of Astronomy  
and Life on other worlds".

Mr. Moser has been associated with  
Astronomy and Astronomical phenomenon all  
his life, and is currently a member of  
the British Astronomical Association  
and is Honorary Secretary to the  
Unidentified Flying Objects Investigation  
Centre.

Mr. Mosers' talk will be illustrated  
by slides, many of which are in colour and,  
he informs me, unique in Australia.

So for an interesting night, I  
invite both believers and dis-believers  
to come along and put your questions  
to Mr. Moser.

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FIRST (One Way) TRIP - Lead by  
Dorothy Noble and Ros Painter. ROUTE -  
Pearces Pass, Grose River, Coalmine  
Creek, Mt. King George, Pearces Pass.

Medium 15 miles (2)  
BE SURE YOU BRING YOUR EMERGENCY RATIONS.  
YOU MIGHT NEED THEM. ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN.



"HOW COME YOU DIDN'T  
TIE THE ROPE AROUND MY WAIST THE  
SAME AS YOU TWO HAVE IT?"



OFFICIAL CLUB NOTICES.ALTERATIONS IN THE LIST OF OFFICE BEARERS.

Two vacancies on Committee were occasioned by the resignation of Ian Stephen (as Secretary) and Ros. Painter (as Assistant Secretary).  
These positions have been filled as follows:

SECRETARY: Neville Page  
22 Hayward Street,  
KINGSFORD 2032 Phone 34-3536 (Home)

ASSISTANT  
SECRETARY: Miss Shelia Binns,  
24 Avon Street,  
GLEBE 2037

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.

Clause 9(bb) of the Club's Constitution was amended at the Annual General Meeting, 1962. However, the amendment was omitted from the latest reprint of the Constitution.

Clause 9(bb) should read:

"There shall also elected at the Annual General Meeting, delegates to the N.S.W. Federation of Bushwalking Clubs. Such delegates shall act during the Committee's year and two of them, who are not already members of the General Committee, shall be selected by the Meeting to take their places as members of the General Committee at the commencement of the Committee's year and shall continue until the end of that year. In addition to ordinary members of the Club, any office-bearer or Committeeman shall be eligible for election as delegate to the Federation"

Clause 5(c) of the Club's Constitution was amended at the Annual General Meeting, 1968. Clause 5(c) should read:

"Before the prospective member's name is posted on the notice board, he shall pay an application fee equal to one half of the annual subscription or such other amount as the Committee shall determine, but not exceeding one half of the annual subscription.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR NON-ACTIVE MEMBERS.

The Committee has resolved that the following fees shall apply to Non-Active Members for the year 1968-69:

Without Magazine posted:	\$1.00
With Magazine posted:	\$2.50

It should be noted that the Magazine is optional for Non-Active Members.



FEES FOR PROSPECTIVE MEMBERS.

The Committee has resolved that the following fees shall apply to Prospective Members for the year 1968-69:

Full-Time students: \$1.00  
All other Prospectives: \$2.00

ENTRANCE FEE.

It was determined at the 1968 Annual General Meeting that the Entrance Fee for new members should be \$1.00 for the year 1968-69.

MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION:

Magazines are posted to all Active Members as part of their annual subscription. Married couples receive only one Magazine between them. The subscription rate for Non-Active Members and outsiders is \$1.50.

PATTERN WALKS.

The Committee resolved that the Walks Secretary prepare a list of additional pattern walks, relevant to current walking area, and submit the list to the Committee for consideration.

Should any members have submissions or suggestions in this regard, could they please contact Don Finch (Walks Secretary).

UNFINANCIAL MEMBERS.

The Committee resolved that the Treasurer furnish a list of all unfinancial members to the August Committee Meeting.

This means that Members who intend renewing their Membership must pay their subscriptions by August or be crossed off. This should give ample time for everyone to forward their money.

ARCHIVIST.

It was resolved that the Committee create the new office of ARCHIVIST, with duties as follows:

1. Care, maintenance and filing of all Club records such as Club Magazines, Minute Books, Talks Programmes, Motions of Continuing Effect, Special Reports, copies of current Club literature, Slide Collection, Photo Albums, Club Property List, etc.
2. Extraction and filing of material of interest to this Club from outside publications.
3. Any other duties which the Committee may determine.

Any person who has suggestions to make in this regard should contact the President (Frank Rigby) or the Secretary (Neville Page).



SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Active Members are once again reminded that subscriptions are now due and payable for the year 1968-69. The following rates apply:

Full-time students:	\$3.50
Married couples:	\$7.50
All other Active Members:	\$5.50

CLUB ADDRESS.

All mail for the Club should be addressed to:  
Box 4476, G. P. O.  
SYDNEY 2001.

Neville Page,  
HON. SECRETARY.

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BLUNDERING BLUDGERS IN THE BUDATANGS.PART 2.

by Bronwyn Seccombe.

The trip began with an excellent start-true to 'Hyborn' tradition we made our grand entrance on Friday night at 3 a.m. Uneventful Saturday morning except honourable leader and rest of party moved off at some unearthly hour; straight after breakfast I believe! But because of our superior bushwalking skills and our brilliant burst of speed, we made up the mile between Enzo's party and us by about lunch time.

"What? " you're saying, "a 'Hyborn' trip, lunchtime already and not a white-ant party mentioned!"

Hate to disappoint your obvious amazement folks, but official white-anters departed shortly after lunch to complete the trip per programme. You realise, of course, that this isn't a very good example to prospectives; eight members settling down for tea at three o'clock in the afternoon while three prospectives (all girls) and Doone, forged on regardless, through jungle, savannah, desert and Alpine terrains, just to complete an S.B.T. walk as programmed - Portraits of fortitude those three nameless prospectives.

"Well, they made the 'Castle' - one stopped at the saddle; one, exhausted by that 'tough, tough' rock scrambling, flaked out at the top; but two, just two girls; only two out of the original fifteen made their way over the flat in pitch black conditions and reached the look-out. Well, we looked ..... and we looked, and frequently, just missed the short cut to the bottom moat, in our blind wanderings, but do you think we could find that little metal box.



But as I think I mentioned before, our superior bushwalking skills pulled us through. We found the box and proudly added our names to the long, long list of S.B.W.'s and "other walkers". We could now realise after our wild '50 mile dash' which a certain member of our party forced upon us, just so she could sign the book on top. What a fabulous view confronted us - totally unique black mountains of varying shapes silhouetted against a navy sky, while on a far off slope, red tongues of flame, from a retreating bushfire, traced the otherwise imperceptible ridges. Although bushfires leave a repulsive scar by day, this one held a strange beauty in both colour and power by night. Well, enough of absorbing natures beauties or 'uglies', an inky blackness was enveloping us; Doone was madly signalling us from the other end, and our torches rather limited reservoir of potential energy was rapidly depleting. Good enough reasons to call us to our feet once more.

Being a bit too late to tear back to the last camping cave, we simply plonked our packs just below the saddle and 'slept' on about a 45° slope on the walls of the "Castle". 'Slept' in inverted commas - I had a great sleep but the other three had minor disturbances:- bats, sounding like souped-up mozzies, whizzed past all night; Doone became suddenly aware of his unobtrusive travelling companion a big, now juicy leech; Lindsay had some pre-historic monster playing tag with toes and Marriane was on an 85° slope.

As usual, morning arrived too quickly, being on the eastern slope, dawn hid us an early good morning. A mad dash began, to catch up to Enzo's party, which we found just on lunch time (swift as usual) and arrived to find honourable leader had managed to drop his glasses in an 18 ft. plunge pool, full of icy, icy water and monstrous 'deep-sea' yabbies. All attempts at their rescue met with miserable failure.

Enzo and Co., moved off to beat the stars back to the cars, while our mob waited patiently for Margaret and Ross, who had once again, managed to get themselves mislaid; and who, we later found out, had sat down to a breakfast of two sumptuous steaks, tomatoes, potatoes, onions, eggs and the works, but ..... Ross had forgotten the matches; so much for breakfast!

Well, we managed to haul ourselves to our feet after not one, but two lunches, and moved off an hour behind the group ahead. Owing to efficient and capable navigation by Ross, we somehow managed to cross the supposed 'gorge' in three separate valleys. Finally, to the utter astonishment of the entire group, we crossed THE gorge - only to find ourselves somewhat lost. But dear old Mother Nature, bless her, provided a helping hand, in the form of a huge conglomerate outcrop, which proved to be invaluable aid in establishing our exact whereabouts. Ah, ha! a bod was sighted, many miles back in the direction from which we had just come. We almost dismissed him from our thoughts with the assumption that it was merely the local farmer, when several other bods came into view. It could only be Enzo and his mob, which we had, somehow or other, managed to pass.



Believe it or not, recollecting our own snail pace, I hate to think what Enzo and his group must have been up to, to get themselves  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour behind us. Well we continued on, having found the general direction to the cars; had a brisk tea of soup and popcorn, on the banks of Wog Wog Creek; and - wait for it - reached the cars BEFORE DARK and that brought us to the end of yet another unforgettable weekend of 'walking'.

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KUNDERANG BROOK - MACLEAY RIVER - APSLEY RIVER

BY FRANK LEYDEN.

"Hello there, I'm Ray Wall with your taxi." A tall laughing young chap bowled up to the three bushwalkers emerging from the train with their bulging packs at Walcha Road.

"Hello Ray, this is Alex Colley and Gordon Redmond."

"Pleased to meet you. Let's go this way." Packs were promptly stacked in the boot, and we were away in the fresh morning sunshine of the New England Tablelands.

"There were four other young walking chaps up here before Easter. Must have read your article. Tried to go cross-country from Moona Plains to Hillgrove. Didn't make it."

"Yes Ray, in SB" we have instruction in the art of bushwalking and navigation for prospective members."

Apsley Falls and area were inspected and showed only a trickle of water going over, confirming with the dry yellow countryside the semi-drought conditions. Though not in the farmer's interests, the low water suited us.

Leaving the Oxley Highway beyond Yarrowitch, we took the Kangaroo Flat road, then Mooraback road and eventually Kookaburra road. Further out, the state of the road indicated the need for dry weather for progress with a sedan car. The road follows the watershed between the Macleay and the Hastings Rivers. Our road navigation took us to the Cobcroft trail (marked). A few miles further on our uncertainty of position was resolved by being overtaken by Alan Youdale in his four-wheel drive truck.

"Excuse me, could you tell us the way to Kunderang Brook?"

"Follow along behind me and I'll show you the way."



At Alan's "Cedar Creek" property, about 70 miles from Walcha Road, we arranged with our driver, Ray, to pick us up again at Moona Plains, 8 days later. Cedar Creek at 3500 ft. is red volcanic soil with high trees and green pastures. We lunched with Alan and heard of his pioneering of his Upper Kunderang grazing lease in the close on 40 years of his holding. It was one of the greenest and nicest properties we passed through.

After lunch Alan took us in his Land Rover down a steep road he had made down a ridge, dropping 2300 ft. into Upper Kunderang Brook. Rain forest jungles nestled in the high valleys, and tall timbers and open grass covered the lower slopes. About 12 miles downstream some smoke showed from the stockmen's grass-burning fires. The floor of the valley was open with green flats and a few grazing cattle, and a beautiful clear stream like the Kowmung wound around the tree shaded grass on every bend. Alan showed us his original humpy and, after inspecting his stock, hit the back of the vehicle for the dogs to jump in, as he left us and returned.

The packs were heavy but the going easy. In the bright hot sunshine and scenery like a picture-book we were on our feet, splashing across the stream, crunching over the stones, and scrambling on to the grassy banks, and away at last from the wheels that had brought us over 400 miles.

The lure of Kunderang was its comparatively unspoiled remoteness, the jungle-skirted slopes with prospects of wildlife, and the giant forested ridges and numerous large side creeks. Frequent open flats and very few rough rocky gorges encourage cattle grazing along the valley. Giant casurinas lined the banks. Yellow grass carpeted slopes descended through open forest to the close-cropped lawn-like green that often went right to the water's edge. Apart from an almost overgrown rough road for the first few miles, there was not a break nor scar of erosion to be seen.

Soon we dropped the packs and were splashing in a clear deep pool of warm water in the sunshine, in contrast to the cold water of the Turon at Easter a few days earlier. Smalls Creek junction provided the first night's campsite on a green lawn by the bracken with the stream just beyond the tent-pegs.

Next day was hot and sunny but without flies or insect pests. We were easily able to locate our progress by the detailed two-inch Green Gully map. The going was fast and easy, mostly on cattle pads, so we had plenty of time for frequent swims. Tortoises of about five inches diameter were plentiful in the deep pools, clearly visible scuttling along the bottom. Water dragons eyed us off, or plopped into the river on our approach and one magnificent yard-long specimen just refused to move off his log.

At Sunderlands were extensive grassy flats and an old stockyard. The ring of mountainous ridges above reminded us of Bendethra. Threadneedle Creek from the high country to the east carried a notable flow of water, the largest side creek so far. After lunch we negotiated a rough slaty gorge and tortuous bends



to get to Dourallie Creek junction for another scenic campsite. The location of the surrounding pompous giant stinging trees were noted for after-dark avoidance.

The following day we enjoyed the warm sun and swimming when Koscuisko was receiving its first winter snows. We were in mild tropical-like calm 2500 ft. below the winds on the tablelands above. The ridges by now were closing in and appearing higher and we reckoned on soon encountering the authors of the smoky grass fires. Sure enough, as we were setting up camp on the park-like expanse at the junction of Kunderang Left-Branch Creek, the stockmen appeared. Three of them, on horseback and with dogs, were bringing cattle down the creek. We talked with Alex Macdonald, manager of Kunderang Station. The Station is eight miles downstream and on the Macleay River. The rare sight of bushwalkers is always remembered -

"There was a bushwalker from Sydney during the war who came down Kunderang with a push-bike, Ha! Ha! I went and looked in the mirror to see if I was alright. He must have got pretty tired carrying it. Then there was another party of two chaps and two girls in 1937. Then at Easter there was about 14 of them with girls and ropes - from Sydney. Came down Rowley Creek and went up Reedy. One had a red beard. He laughed alright. Could hear the laugh for miles. Next day we were mustering. Couldn't find the cattle for days!"

Left-Branch Creek had the biggest flow of the side creeks and rises in the swamps of the 3800 ft. Carrai Tableland to the east. The lower part of Kunderang Brook becomes a wider stoney bed with more water and the valley is straighter and shows evidence of heavy flood volume. Profuse lemon-scented ti-tree with up to foot-thick trunks mingled with the casurinas, and after Trap Creek the red bottle-brush with similar solid trunks took over. Trap Creek also brought the first granite to the river stones. This came from the spectacular granite cliffs looming on this side of Carrai. All the higher parts of Kunderang below the volcanic outcrops appeared to be weathered slates. The fires were burning very slow, as there was green under the tall dry grass of the slopes. Our Left-Branch junction camp was illuminated in the night by the contouring rings of fires on the slopes above.

On the next morning we encountered one of the stockmen with the pack-horses and stock horses mustered in a group at Trap Creek Junction, and had a yard with him. His mates were up in Trap Creek and soon the smoke was rising. By this time we found there were 14 women in the Easter party of walkers and the news was still travelling and getting bigger as it went.

"When you're mustering, how do you manage to sort out the cattle?"

"We take out the average ones, and the wild ones and the quiet ones are left."



"Aha! that's opposite to the human case where the average ones are left, and the wild ones and the quiet ones taken out - the wild ones to gaol and the quiet ones trampled on," observed Alex.

Retrieving a horse breaking from the mob suddenly interrupted the conversation and gave us a fine example of the stockman's alertness and horsemanship.

The Macleay River junction was a grand sight, a really mighty river. At low water now, there seemed an awful lot of water in it, probably more than a normal Wollondilly. The river swung in great sweeps with forested grass flats long and wide. Densely massed sapling casurinas went like giant lawns for miles. We swam in the clear mild water and lunched opposite Spear Creek on an enormous park-like flat. Progress was very easy on the cattle-pads, cutting off bonds often up to quarter mile from the river. Approaching Old Kunderang Station, a mile of high slate cliffs across the river showed the difficulties to be encountered if the river was too high and rapid to be crossed. A great blue pool with a fine cascading outlet below a cliff on the north side at the Station bend, was the setting for our campsite on a green grassy platform ten feet above the river. On the next level, a further ten feet above, was the forest, massed casurinas on one side, then gums with the strippy bark for underbody and odd rain-forest things and quite a lot of yellow cedar. Spread around us was a magnificent scenic sweep of river, mountain and forest.

Kunderang Old Station unfolded next morning from a cliff at the back of our camp. There were miles of undulating grassed flats dotted with trees below the high surrounding forested ridges. The sheer isolation and remoteness seemed to lend enchantment to this beautiful spot. Henry Kant was not at the shack so we pressed on to the Apsley River junction, and were now in territory familiar to us.

The Apsley was much lower than in the previous October and, although carrying a nice flow, perhaps fifty percent more than Kunderang Brook, it was no longer the battle to cross as previously. The going was easy and pleasant as usual along the pads. Just up from the Macleay junction a mile long grassy flat was rimmed by a scenic circle of high ridges similar again to the Bendethra scene. Approaching Reedy Creek a high densely forested enclosure of ridges on the west side gave a "Pit of Sorrow" effect.

The deep valley of Reedy Creek opens out to a large grassy flat along the Apsley. We were surprised to find the creek dry at the junction. The cattle went up Reedy Creek in a cloud of dust and this time the horses came with us. By now we were getting quite used to the routine of the river menagerie. Usually on rounding a bend flocks of duck would "quack" "quack" and take off in a hurried flapping and the mullet would leap from the water. The cows would then take off trotting ahead wherever we wanted to go, and soiling the landscape for our inconvenience. The white yellow-crested cockies would "squawk" "squawk" and



take off in circling scores and the "twelve apostles" birds would create a loud chattering din without going far. Lots of small birds, gaudy butterflies, lizards, goannas, an odd black snake - there was always something. Camp was made on a grassy balcony above five little rapids just past the first bend upstream from the junction of Reedy Creek.

Stoney stretches next day brought us to Rowley Creek, diminished again to only slightly flowing. Around the bend Paradist Rocks, probably the most spectacular escarpment on the river, came into view in the south. Paradise is a left-over piece of tableland, connected back to the main tableland by only a narrow-neck type of causeway. At about 3500 ft. it is 2500 ft. above the river and at the cliff-girt northern end looks not unlike Mt. Buffalo when seen from the river. That night we camped by the pines just downstream from Rusdens Creek on a spot that commanded a great view of the cliffs to the south-east and The Front Tableland to the north east. In the evening and morning mists the scene suggested a New Zealand setting. Further impressive views of Paradise Rocks unfolded as we progressed upstream next morning.

Green Fully with its brightly coloured stones showed a surprising water flow from the east, and the junction with the Apsley was just as beautiful as ever for a swim and lunch. On rounding the horseshoe bend going up the Apsley from Green Gully, a Pidgeon House like peak of one of the Tooth Rocks came into view in the south. This was on the end of the ridge between the Yarrowitch and the Apsley. At the Yarrowitch river junction we were surprised to find that the Yarrowitch had about three quarters of the water flow and the Apsley more or less looked like a large creek coming into the Yarrowitch river.

Between Jones Spur and Orchard Flat the campsite looked direct at The Tooth, 1000 ft. above, and thus decided the next day's excursion for some interesting scrambling. Roughly the area seems to be contorted weathered slates with spoeeping arcs of outcrops of dark reddish-brown to black brittle rock of apparently considerable iron content. The weathering of the slates seems to produce a better soil than that of the Silurians on the upper Shoalhaven. The outcrops string along some intriguing and quite sharp peaks. To our delight The Tooth was well populated with a sizable rock wallaby of rich reddish-brown thick coat and a gorgeous thick black tail.

Ascent to Paradise was made up of a very narrow ridge from the next horseshoe bend upstream from Orchard Flat. The cattle by the score spread their horns and gave us a grand final rather too close inspection as we spread out our groundsheets for the final lunch in Paradise before descent to Sydney.

"What would happen, Alex, if they all charged?"

"They won't Charge." Even Gordon, quite used to charging, was unimpressed by the bovine discernment.



About 7 miles to Jacksons and another 5 to Moona Plains, then Ray's cab brought us 23 miles to Charlie's Cafe at Walcha after a week's trip to remember.

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TRIP DURATION: 9 days  
SEASON: Last week in April, 1968.  
DISTANCE: About 80 miles.  
RIVER DEPTH: Macleay 2ft. 8 ins. at Bellbrook.  
LANDS DEPT. MAPS: Kangaroo Flat 9335-IV-S 31680  
Green Gully 9335-IV-N 31680  
Carrara-s (Planimetric Prov.) 9336-II&III 50,000  
Apsley (provisional) 9235-I -N 31680

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#### WALKS

The first weekend of the new walks programme has a weekend trip lead by Snow Brown. For those who don't know him - Snow is the oldest gentleman who walks around with stooped shoulders. He is also extremely unfit, for walking that is. The trip is going from Carlons Farm, Splendor Rock, Yellow Dog, Cox's River, Galory Creek, Carlons Farm. The walk will cover quite a variety of walking, tracks, ridges, river banks and rocky creeks. The view from Splendor Rock is even better than the name implies. This trip is 24 miles long is of medium type and is a test walk. Snows phone No. is 151927 (B).

The trip on Sunday the 2nd June is lead by Jim Calloway. It is of 11 medium miles and is a test walk. Jim is going to Heathcote by the 8.20 a.m. train from Central. Buy tickets, return to Waterfall.

#### QUEENS BIRTHDAY LONG WEEKEND.

The snow fanatic Wyborn is at it again. A ski touring trip to Kosciusko and the main range, a base camp will be made at Lake Cootapatamba. Last year there was no snow - this year you may need a shovel to get out of your tent. Special equipment will be needed for this trip so you should give plenty of warning if you intend going on the trip. Ross will be able to give you more advise as to what is needed. Ross sleeps near 575218 (H).

There is no other trip planned for this weekend so come in the Wednesday before with your ideas, you will probably get a few bods to go with you.

#### 15TH-16TH JUNE

Saturday start a 15 mile medium test walk. To be co-lost by Ros Painter and Spot Noble. This is a private transport, leaving the cars at Pearces Pass. The trip will pass through the Blue Gum Forest via the Grose River - the escape route is up Coalmine Creek and back to the cars....Dot Noble is sitting on the phone on 844497 (H).

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PADDY PALLIN ORIENTEERING CONTEST.

The orienteering contest will be held on Saturday, 1st June, 1968.

Competing teams will be given maps and map references and they will be required to complete a circuit visiting all marked check points. They may also be required to perform certain tasks involving knowledge of map reading and compass. Points will be allotted for time of completing course and performance of tasks.

Teams must consist of not less than two and not more than three persons.

There will be two routes suited to varying capabilities.

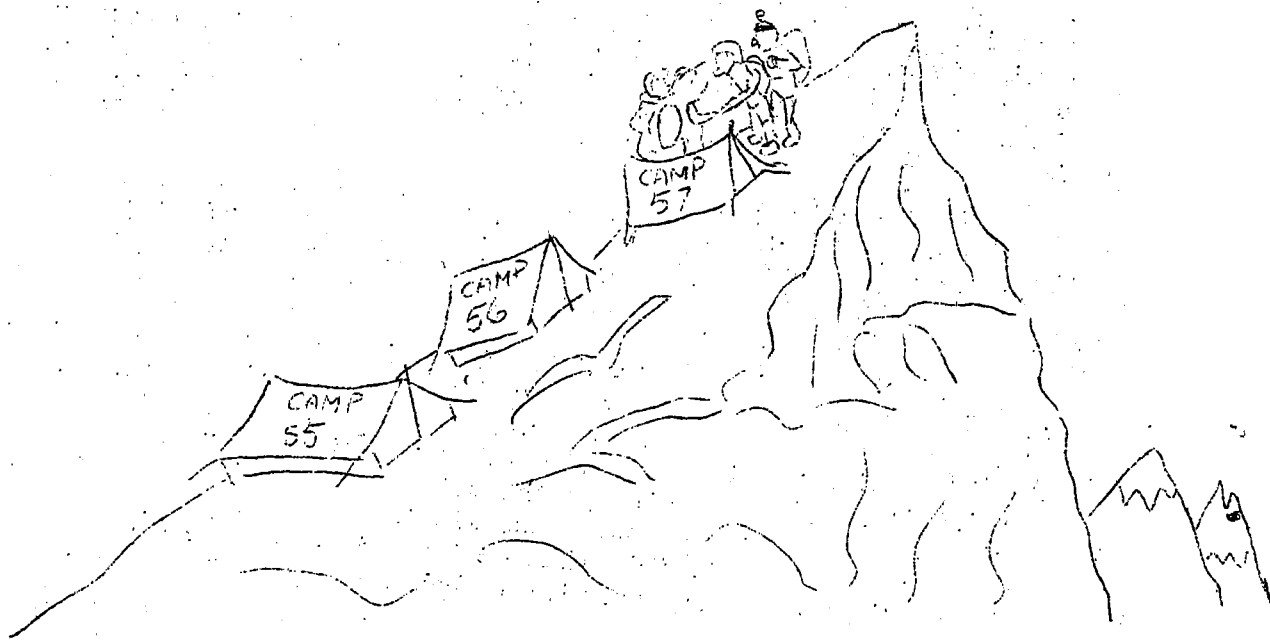
1. Open
2. Mixed

Contest is only open to members of affiliated clubs of Federation of Bushwalking Clubs.

Trophies will be presented to the winning team in each grade.  
All competitors who complete the course will be awarded cloth badges.

N.B. Trophies and badges will be presented at a camp fire to be held on the Saturday night.

See Paddy for Rules and Entry Forms - these are also available in the Clubroom and be sure to mail the forms off immediately, to Paddy.



"OKAY, FINCH AND I WILL ATTEMPT THE FINAL ASSAULT".



OBITUARY - MRS. MARGARET SMITH (nee TURNER)

It is our sad duty to report that one of the persons who lost their lives in the recent Wahine tragedy in New Zealand, was someone well known to many Sydney Bushwalkers. She was Mrs. Margaret Smith (nee Turner) who was herself a Member of the Sydney Bushwalkers.

Margaret was born in Scotland and came to Australia when she was 5 years old. She joined the Club in 1935. In 1939 she married Mr. Fred Smith and went to live in Orange, thereby curtailing her walking activities. In 1962 she moved to Lane Cove and had lived there ever since.

Those Bushwalkers who knew Margaret may remember that she was at the 40th Anniversary Celebrations at Ye Olde Crusty Tavern.

A Memorial Service was held for her at Lane Cove.

She is survived by her husband, a daughter, a son and a grand-daughter. To her family and friends we can only offer our sincerest sympathy.

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INSTRUCTIONAL WALK

21st, 22nd 23rd June.

This is to be held at Konangaroo Clearing. Starters will be grouped into teams and each team will take a different route. Prospectives will do all the navigating. Members will only be present to make sure the team does not get too lost. (Who said the member could find his way anyway?) Parties will go down Howling Dog, Yellow Pup, Merrigal Creek, Blue Dog etc.

As extra time is needed to organize this trip, please contact Ross Wyborn, 700400 Extension 43 (business No.) before Wednesday 12th June or see him in the Clubroom, on the 12th June.



