

BIKE TRIPPING	- Dot Butler	2.
THE INSTRUCTIONAL	-	
YELLOW PUP-BRINDLE PUP PARTY	- Clive Potter	6.
SPOTTED DOG - MERRIGAL CREEK PARTY	-	
	Lynne Wyborn.	7.
HOWLING DOG-YELLOW PUP PARTY	- A. Funnell	8.
PADDY'S AD.		11.
THE WOLGAN - CAPERTEE DIVISION	- Pat Harrison	12.
MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT AD.		15.
THE JUNE GENERAL MEETING	- Jim Brown	16.
NATURE PAGE - ROCK WALLABIES AND ROCK		
KANGAROOS OR WALLAROOS	- Don Finch	18.
PERRY'S LET-DOWN	- Elaine Brown	20.

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

EDITOR : Ross W'byorn, 25 Burke Srescent, Oatley, 2223.
BUSINESS MANAGER: Bill Burke, Coral Tree Drive, Carlingford, 2118.
TYPIST : ~~John~~ Dean, 30 Hannah Street, Beecroft. 2119.
SALES & SUBS: Simon U'Brien, 61 Nickson St., Surry Hills, 2010

BIKE TRIPPING.

Fot Butler.

There is nothing new under the sun. Just another spin of Time's wheel, and bike trips come back again into their own. In the early days of the S.B.W. the Club was not mechanised as it is today. It's entire rolling stock comprised one motor car, two motor bikes and a number of bitza bicycles which were their owners' pride and joy. Just in the ordinary run of work Max Gentle, a builder, cycled up to Cairns - through a million acres of prickley pear. Alan Rigby's recorded milage was in the 60,000 bracket. Taro was also a cycle rider all his life and up to the age of 70 odd did a hundred mile bike trip every birthday.

There was a bike-gang of 4 or 5 of us who did regular trips into the mountains - there was not much traffic in pre-War Australia and we generally had the back-country roads to ourselves. Of course there were no such things as fire trails; much of the country they now deface was a blank white space on the map still awaiting the first trails of bushwalkers. Max was a keen type who kept records of all his trips. When we toted them up after two years the mileage covered was found to be considerable - as far as my score went I had covered 25,000 miles, which they tell me is equivalent to once around the world.

For many years after World War II cycling seemed to have died a natural death. People were tired of wartime stringencies; their reaction was now to look for more relaxing pastimes, like lying on the beach at Era. But another spin of Time's wheel and even that is a thing of the past. In the S.B.W. the new generation of young lions (and lionesses) want something that will test them to the limit, and so bike trips are coming back again. The great increase in the number of motor cars on the roads has ruled out road cycling for pleasure, but fire trails are a horse of quite another colour. The trips these days go by the name of "marathon". Because 100 miles is a nice round figure, that is the length of the chosen route.

The first of the new era bike trips was about two years ago, from Mitta-gong to Katoomba via Scott's Main Range and the deserted silver-mining township of Yerranderie. It was a cold wet Friday night when 12 of us, after a morale-booster at Joe's Restaurant, set off in a long straggling unlit line to cover the 13 or so miles to the Fire trail of the Wombeyan Caves road, which was to be our starting point for the morrow. We got there in the dark, and over-shot the turn-off. Rosso yelled "stop!" and there was a great pile up of bikes and bodies on the wet road as everyone tried to apply brakes simultaneously. Local landholders, the Goodfellows, came to our rescue; they gave us a fantastic supper by a warm log fire in their drawing room and let us sleep snug and dry in their woolshed.

You can read all about this trip in a back number of the Bushwalker Magazine, so that I will not go into detail. However let me say it was MIGHTY! So much so that the following year we chose the same route again

for the marathon. Again there were 12 starters, but instead of rain and cold, the weather could not have been hotter - 104 degrees in the shade and 140 degrees in the sun and the mercury threatening to burst out of the thermometer when we placed it on a sheet of corrugated iron at Father Coghlan's Chapel on the Scott's Main Range. Needless to say, every dam or puddle hole we found along the route was used for cooling off purposes.

And now we come to this year's Annual Marathon. A new route was chosen, from Rylstone to Singleton, which looks like 100 miles on the map but when you count the ups and downs was more like 120 miles. Bike trips can have their hazards - even the departure from Central was fraught with danger, a she-dragon tried to evict us from our seats in order that she might keep them for her Kempsey regulars. We put forward stiff resistance. The she-guard conferred with a he-guard and we were allowed to keep our seats. The train left at 10.15 p.m. and soon we were all asleep in our sleeping bags on the seats or on the floor, with Donnie and Lindsay being waffled in the luggage racks.

At 4 o'clock in the dark morning we pulled into Rylstone, heaved the collection of bikes out of the luggage van, then discovered a nice coal fire burning in the waiting room. This was all we needed to decide us that another four hours sleep would not be out of place. We slept well and at 8 a.m. we were peddling out of the town. After three false starts and almost losing Roger we asked directions from a couple of paper boys and eventually found ourselves on the road we were to follow for the next two and a half days, up hill and down dale, through the rough and the smooth, all the way to Singleton. It was perfect weather for cycling, no glare due to a light cover of cloud but not cold. The prevailing westerly, when it blew, was always at our backs, and the overall drop from Mt. Monundilla (4,000 odd ft) down to Singleton at a mere 137 ft. meant there was considerably more downhill than uphill.

We had not been going long out of Rylstone when we discovered Colin was missing. We had now got onto the mud, which made for fairly slippery going, and Rosso got the first puncture of the day. At a sawmill we saw the chance of water and the first arrivals demanded lunch, but Rosso is made of sterner stuff and he insisted we push on for another hour or so. So we all shoved our lunch back into our packs and continued on to the top of Mt. Coticudgy. Still no sign of Colin. We discovered later that he had injured his knee and decided to walk back to Rylstone, about 20 miles, and get the train home.

After lunch we rode on, with some pretty steep climbs, but also some marvellous coasting downhill. This was what tested the brakes. Roger's didn't work, so he did most of the downhill's sitting side-saddle, as it were, ready to leap off if he got out of control. We whizzed down the boulder strewn hillsides, coasted effortlessly through the bushland with the birds shouting in the trees and an occasional wallaby hopping across the track. One of the boys spotted a large black dingo-type dog, and Wade saw a wombat.

We rode on via the Kekeelbons, to camp the night in a couple of caves. It was a good thing our scouting party found these because it rained during the night and we didn't have tents. We lit a fire at both ends of the cave, so that no matter which way the wind blew we had smoke in the cave. Water was scooped from a nearby trickle, but as this soon dried up we got the morning water from puddles up on the trail.

Roger set off early as he was determined to get through that day and get back to work. I was next away. All was quiet in the still bushland, when I suddenly came across a little brown animal padding down the track in front of me. It didn't suspect my presence and I was able to ride quietly right up to it. It was a little yellow-spotted native cat, the first I have ever seen. As I passed it it made a stupendous leap for cover and disappeared down the hillside.

Soon all the party was on its way. At one steep hill Dave had a beautiful prang. He had been thrashing along the level at a mighty pace and tried to take the downhill in his stride. Lindsay's bike also got away with her and over she went. Norman, who has been riding a bike to school every day for 12 years, didn't get off on any of the hills, but the rest of us occasionally dismounted. There were occasional stops by Margaret as the nut on the back axle was playing up and needed constant adjusting.

We were all together for lunch in a little dry creek where we managed to find water eventually. All, that is, except Roger who was still ahead. Now it became a race against time to catch the 2 a.m. train back to Sydney. Wade, Don and Barry eventually caught up with Roger where the bitumen starts, about 13 miles out of Singleton. Roger had been walking his bike for some time, due to the aforementioned lack of brake power. Now, when he tried to get on it, the front fork suddenly dropped off! However these four got to the station with plenty of time to spare, and caught the 2 a.m. train which didn't get till 3 a.m.

The others had disintegrated into two parties. Norman stayed behind with Lyn and Lindsay, while Ross, Margaret, Peter and I pushed on. About five miles out of Bulga darkness overtook us. We had a chat with the drivers of two landrovers which hove out of the darkness with headlights gleaming. They offered us help, but we didn't need it, so when the front party was all together we pushed on. Riding along by the dark creek was exciting. We couldn't see where we were going, so just trusted to luck. The chill air from the creek kept us on the move. White ghost gums gleamed with an almost luminous glow amongst the river growth.

When we started to rise above the creek and the air became warmer, a halt was called by what looked like a nice level patch of grass. As Norman and the two girls were still behind, we decided to camp here and got the morning train. The grass turned out to be weeds full of burrs. We collected

water from a wayside puddle by the light of a burning branch, consumed what was left of the food - mainly popcorn, then into the sleeping bags. It sprinkled slightly in the night which sent me off in a vain search up creek for caves, but nothing offered, so we put ground sheets over us and slept on. In the morning Ross found a good cave just up the hillside.

We ate the rest of the popcorn for breakfast and took to the road again - and just then Norman and the two girls joined us; they had camped about a hundred yards short of our camp site. A pleasant unhurried ride of five miles brought us into Bulga. We made straight for the restaurant. Dave, in his eagerness to get in, forgot he was carrying his mudguards, crosswise, in his pack like a Viking's horns, and wondered why he couldn't get through the door. We drank pints of milk while the proprietor rang the station and found out that our train left at 1 p.m. This gave us several hours to do the 13 miles, with most of it downhill. It was good to see the lush countryside in daylight. Into Singleton with plenty of time to spare. We chased around to the meat pie shop, then a nice leisurely train trip home.

There were a few excuses to be made to the Boss for a day's absence from work, but Bushwalkers' Bosses seem to be getting conditioned to this, and what is one lost day in the office or laboratory, compared with the memories of a mighty trip that will last all one's life.

Party - Ross Wyborn, Margaret Dogterom, Dot Butler, Wade and Norman Butler, Don Finch, Lyn Drummond, Lindsay Gilroy, Colin Burton, Peter, Roger Lockwood, Barry Pacey.

THE SOCIAL SCENE

In response to many enquiries concerning the Dinner Dance and Social Reunion to be held at The Sky Lounge in October I am pleased to announce that definite bookings are now being accepted and money is now payable. Tickets are being printed and already over 50 tentative bookings have been received. Early bookings will be appreciated and anyone of the below mentioned people will be only too pleased to assist.

Ros. Painter, Marsha Shappert,
Neville Page Barry Pacey.

THE INSTRUCTIONAL.

On June 21 to 23 there was a revolutionary new type of Instructional Walk. The idea was to improve the quality of instructional walks by giving the prospectives more of a chance to develop their skills of map reading and walking by actually navigating their own parties. Basic instruction on equipment and map reading was given before the party was broken up into groups of about five. There were five parties and each took a different route. The prospectives in each party led the way and did the navigating although at least one experienced member accompanied each party to make sure they did not go too far wrong.

The result was a complete success with all except one of the prospectives completing the walk in fine style. Not only did they learn more but they also caught the spirit of adventure which drives bushwalkers back into the hills again and again. This could be the pattern for future Instructional Walks.

Here are some of the stories told by the prospectives themselves --

YELLOW PUP - BRINDLE PUP PARTY or "WHAT A HELLUVA WAY TO RELAX" by Clive Potter.

For the benefit of those Prospectives forwarned, who therefore did not attend the Great Wyborn Instructional, and for those hardened walkers who grinned knowingly when they learnt that I intended going, the following is a more or less factual account of the weekend.

The party, of about 26 assorted persons, assembled at Megalong Crossing at about 11 p.m. Friday night; the Great White Leader being the last to arrive, as I recall, also the last to crawl out of his feabag next morning. When he did emerge, he assembled all the innocent prospectives and proceeded to give useful advice on the relative merits of packs, sleeping bags, parkas, etc., while directing a stream of scathing ridicule at plastic raincoats, which, he vowed would fall to pieces on the first twig.

Enlightened considerably, we moved off to Medlow Gap, where the Leader treated us to a course in mapreading. It all seemed impressively scientific at first, until Ross confessed that he didn't believe in compasses, and in fact never carries one; instead he relies on the inherent straightness of pieces of grass. Thus edified, the group split-up into parties of about half a dozen each, and set off to Konangaroo Clearing via various ridges.

The Yellow Pup party consisted of Elaine Pinnington and myself, the two raw recruits, under the experienced eyes of Alan and Alice Wyborn and Joan Rigby. We set off enthusiastically, Elaine correctly picking the track of the road to Mt. Mouin, until we suddenly came to a junction. The wrong track looked terribly right to me, but fortunately Elaine was not so easily confused, and we remained on course. Hardened walkers now, we correctly

picked the trail through Blackhorse Gap and were treated to a panoramic view of the Warragamba catchment area, covered with an unbroken layer of low lying cloud.

Lunch was eaten on the top of Merrimerrigal, while the weather steadily grew worse. The view from Splendour Rock consisted of one enormous raincloud; we hastened back to our packs and headed for the Dingo-Yellow Dog Saddle. On the way we came across the Brindle Pup party and with a few helpful remarks succeeded in reducing the already uncertain navigators into utter confusion.

Thus refreshed, we proceeded towards Yellow Pup through steady rain - despite Ross' gloomy predictions, my tourist-type raincoat emerged unaffected - with daylight diminishing rapidly. By the time we started down Yellow Pup Ridge it was a torchlight job, but thanks to Joan's unerring navigation, we didn't take the short cut (i.e. over the edge!). Joan suggested that we camp at the foot of Yellow Pup, but was outvoted, and we pressed on until we joined the weary few bods who had reached Konangaroo.

The Leader, when he arrived, gleefully counted missing bodies, and joyfully eyed their haggard state when they did arrive, after which he crawled under the nearest log for the night. Last up (again!) next morning the Leader ruefully reflected on the decadence of the party when he saw a non-stick fry-pan on the fire.

First official function of the day was instruction in first aid by Ross, assisted by Joan, (or was it the other way around?). Gory descriptions of compound fractures and the effects of exposure were followed by tips on how to cross flooded rivers (i.e. don't).

About 11 a.m. we set off back to Medlow Gap via Brindle Pup, to find the going a lot harder than coming down! The 1200 ft. vertical (well, it seemed that way) climb was negotiated with frequent stops for breathers, on the pretext that the stops were necessary to appreciate the view. By Warrigal Gap, or thereabouts, we were again relying on our torches for whatever meagre light was left from the previous night. When we eventually reached Medlow Gap, we saw that we had the doubtful distinction of being the last party home. Boy, did that coffee at the A.B. Cafee taste good!

SPOTTED DOG = MERRIGAL CREEK PARTY - by Lynne Wyborn.

We had all spent Friday night camped at Megalong Creek, and we awoke early on Saturday to be greeted by the cold, crisp, air typical of the mountains in late June. Our brave leader, Rosso, had insisted on checking the equipment and contents of all the prospective packs. This brought moans and complaints from those who had already packed. The intrepid band of fearless prospectives and members drove to Medlow Gap. The whole purpose of this Instructional Weekend was to instruct, so everyone gathered together to gain some of Rosso's knowledge of map reading and navigation in the bush. Then each party was given individual routes, all supposedly meeting at Konangaroo Clearing.

Our party consisted of 5 prospectives: Pat Harrison, Ted Van Der Male, Peter McIntosh, Dave Ricketts and myself; and we were first to leave because apparently we had farthest to go.

We walked up the road about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile keeping lookout for a track heading off to the right. It wasn't every difficult to find as there was a great cairn of rocks at the side of the road. We walked along the track, not making any wrong turns, and finally ended up at Splendour Rock. After a bit of lunch we surveyed the area and had a quick look at the map just to make it official. We climbed down a bit of a cliff on a chain and walked along the ridge and found Spotted Dog. By this time, it had come up overcast and misty and soon it was raining slightly. We walked down the ridge and about two-thirds of the way down, it really got steep. Everything being wet and slippery didn't help any and practically every rock rolled away when you trod on it.

We got down to the Cox about 4.30 and it was just getting dark. When we reached Konangaroo Clearing, no one else had arrived. This was quite confusing as we had determined by the map that we had a longer route than anyone else and had spent about half an hour on top of that, searching for one member of the party's lost watch. But we were really glad we had arrived first and we hurriedly moved into the old hut, which was already occupied by rats. We had practically finished tea when the other parties began to arrive and the last didn't arrive till about 9.00 (but that's another story). Unfortunately for these tired wet bods, we decided that only five could fit in the hut. As it was, we had to put the tent up inside the hut anyway, because the roof leaked.

Sunday was a beautiful day, the sun shone and there was no wind. After a talk on first aid we packed up. Our party was first to leave and we walked up the Cox to the junction of Merrigal Creek. Had lunch and proceeded up the creek, climbing up several small waterfalls and skirting some. The area was granite and the scenery was beautiful. Finally we reached the biggest waterfall, something like 150 feet of rock towering above us and water cascading down in the afternoon sunlight. As it was impossible even to attempt to climb up the waterfall we headed up the very steep ridge on the left. We reached the top and then continued up another ridge rising about 1,000 feet towards the azure blue sky. On attaining the top we pushed our way through the scrub until we found the track which we had followed the previous day. By the time we arrived back at the cars it was dark.

It was a great weekend and we only lost one party which eventually turned up later that night anyway. I'm sure the weekend really lived up to the name. "Instructional", and everyone enjoyed learning the art of bushwalking.

HOWLING DOG - YELLOW PUP PARTY -- by Peter Whitmore.

After a late start, but fully informed on how to distinguish ridges from valleys with the map, the Howling Dog party consisting of members Don Finch and Lindsay Gilroy, prospectives Peter Eborli and Peter and Jill Whitmore,

made steady progress to Splendour Rock. No serious navigational blunders were made on this section. Here the party lunched with a fine view of the rain clouds closing in.

After lunch there were some grim moments when the party could not locate the chains, but after a determined effort, aided by helpful comments from Ross Wyborn, the route was found. Then the party made its way down Howling Dog Ridge (or was it) with Don and Lindsay doing their best to look non-committal on navigational decisions. Here we prospectives had our first view of the Cox River - by torchlight.

Being the first lot in (except for some pikers in the shelter) we had to light the fire in the rain. Later in the evening with the rain still falling, the Battle of the Bludge began as those without tents and groundsheets arranged a dry night for themselves.

Next morning was fine, and after a slow grind up Yellow Pup Ridge we had lunch just below Dingo Mountain. Then the party climbed back onto the ridge and arrived back at Medlow Gap just as the light was failing. As no others were back we lit a fire and waited.

MERRIGAL CREEK - SPOTTED DOG PARTY - by Allen Funnell.

After leaving Rosso's map and compass school, we headed off along a road and after a slight detour we broke into a trot along the correct track. Upon reaching Mt. Warrigal we discovered another party picking their way thro' the pebbles, so we parked and waited for them to steam ahead.

We dropped off to the left of Mobb's swamp and down a creek into Warrigal Gully where we found a spring and lunched. There I learned that dead Aussie wood won't support a billy full of water and received two slightly burnt fingers into the bargain. After lunch we negotiated waterfalls which became progressively bigger until we arrived at Morriganal Creek and lo' and behold, a one hundred and fifty foot drop. After a half an hour of peering over the edge and arguing, Colin and I set off up to the right looking for a creek down; we looked back and saw Laurie negotiating a cliff face but he couldn't go on, up, or down so he retreated to the tones of I told you so. Colin and I continued on and down a likely looking creek and waiting at the bottom for the other three. After three-quarters of an hour we decided they were well and truly lost so took off downstream, after more waterfalls, we arrived at the Cox at about dusk.

We walked down river and after crossing and recrossing a few times and leading ourselves up a few cliffs, we arrived at Konangaroo Clearing campsite around 9 p.m. Our group's dastardly leader, Roger, looked on while Rosso attempted to persuade us to return and look for the rest of the party. After tea, amid grumblings about Huey and the squatters in the hut, downriver, everyone hit the sack and Roger treated us to a "lemon" drink, potent pending.

Comes morning and we all awake and leave the proverbial sack, that is of course all except for the leader of leaders, hibernating in a hollow tree. It wasn't until after breakfast was cooked that Rosso extracted himself from the tree!

We had first aid and river crossing instruction and headed off on our various and varied return trips. Our party once again ambled off down the Cox, upon finding the correct dog-leg, we started up Spotted Dog Ridge south. After the grind to the top we had a bite to eat and headed out along Spotted Dog east, for little Dingo Hill, then on to Splendour Rock, where after seeing a Red Bearded chin poke over the edge, we negotiated the chain and with some pushing and pulling, we climbed to the top, signed the book provided for the last Will's and testimony's, took photos and on - up to the top of Mt. Dingo. Then continued via the track back to Medlow Gap, arriving just after dark. An interesting but varied trip.

Those in our party were, Roger Gowing, Colin Burton, Laurence Quaken, Victor Poulos and myself.

PATTERN WALKS - PASSED AT JULY MONTHLY MEETING.

I. FULL WEEK-END.

- a. Kanangra Walls, Gabes Gap, Mt. Cloudmaker, Tiwilla Buttress, Stockyard Spur, Kowmung River, Gingra Trail, Kanangra Walls. 25 miles. 4,000 ft. of climbing.
- b. Carlon's Farm, Carlon's Creek, Blackhorse Range, 'Playground of the Dingos', Splendour Rock, Yellow Dog Ridge, Kanangroo Clearing, Cox's River, Iron Pot Mountain, Carlon's. 24 miles. 4,000 ft. of climbing.
- c. Wog Wog Creek, Corang Trig., Bibbenluke Walls, Monolith Valley, Mt. Owen, Bibbenluke Walls, Corang River, The Gorge, Wog Wog Creek. 25 miles. Approx. 1,500 ft. climbing, with easy open country walking and a reasonable amount of difficult sidling and creek walking.

II. SATURDAY AFTERNOON/SUNDAY WALKS.

- x a. Blackheath, Govett's Leap, Blue Gum Forest, Grose River, Victoria Falls, Mt. Victoria. 15 miles, 2,300 ft. of climbing.
- b. Carlon's Farm, Breakfast Creek, Cox's River, Knights Deck, Blackhorse Range, Carlon's. 11 miles. 2,700 ft. of climbing.

III. ONE DAY WALKS.

- a. Waterfall, Mt. Westmacott, Woronora Trig, Woronora River, Scouters Mountain, Woronora River, Sabagul Crossing, Engadine. 12 miles, 1,100 ft. of climbing.
- b. Woodford, Upper Glenbrook Creek, Sassafras Gully, Numantia Creek, Linden. Rough creek walking in Upper Glenbrook Creek. 9 miles. 1,100 ft. of climbing.
- c. Cowan, Colo Trig, Cliff Rig, Porto Bay, Brooklyn. 10 miles. 1,00 ft. no tracks, low scrub.

x = Original pattern walks as adopted at the Half-Yearly General Meeting, September 14, 1945.

PADDY MADE

11.

GOOD BUYING AT PADDY'S FOR WARM WINTER WALKING.

Tough, windproof and water repellent, heavy cotton Anoraks. These imported hooded jackets feature chest zipp pocket, draw cord at waist, two lower pockets, double storm cuffs. Small, medium and large sizes. Special price \$13.00.

Imported winter pullovers (from Norway) hard wearing and warm. Just the thing for cold weather at a bargain price - \$13.00.

More cold weather gear

Medium weight greasy wool socks pair \$1.45

Heavyweight N.2. wool shirts very colourful
\$12.00

Plus the best and biggest range of Bushwalking and Climbing gear in Australia.

PADDY PALLIN PTY. LIMITED,
109A Bathurst Street,
Right at Town Hall Station
Phone 26-2685.

PADDY PALLIN PTY.
Lightweight Camp Gear

1st Floor 109A Bathurst Street Sydney
26 2685

THE WOLGAN - CAPERTEE DIVIDE.

Pat Harrison.

Queen's Birthday weekend 1968 saw a party of 9 setting up camp on Capertee Creek near Newnes at 11 p.m. on the Friday night. We had travelled to Lithgow by train and thence to Newnes by two taxis, and our plan was to ascend Capertee Creek to Mount Dawson and thereafter to follow the Wolgan Capertee Divide to Cullen Bullen.

Frank Leyden, Alex Colley and Bill Cosgrove had pioneered the route last year, but had been turned back by lack of time when they had come upon the monstrous hole which is Wolgan Gap (not to be confused with the Wolgan Gap whereby the road from Lidsdale enters the Wolgan Valley). They had retreated across the Wolgan Valley by descending through Collett Gap, but the information they had gained led them to believe that Wolgan Gap could be crossed further to the north at the headwaters of Red Rock Creek.

We got away at 8.15 a.m. on the Saturday morning and our first halt was half an hour later at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Barrett in a clearing on Capertee Creek surrounded by magnificent cliffs and scenery such as only our Blue Mountains can offer on a clear sparkling day in winter. An important corollary to our pause was the fact that we drank more than a gallon of delicious milk.

We followed the creek and reached the plateau around GR187973, then went across the tops to Mount Dawson where we had a good, long lunch.

Mount Dawson is a platform of worn and fretted sandstone which not only provides splendid views of Crown Mountain and the green fields of Red Rock Creek and the peaks that surround Tayan and Clandulla, but on this occasion also provided excellent rock pools of water for our leisurely lunch. After leaving Mount Dawson we passed across a treeless plateau, then into timber, then under a cliffline, over a rocky outcrop and down to Collett Gap where there were traces of an old bridle track between the Wolgan and Capertee Valleys.

Camp this night was made on the creek at GR137945. We unintentionally entered this creek from the west because in our search for water in the rock platforms as daylight was dying we had somehow swung around in a half circle. When the bracken had been cleared we had enough level ground to lodge an army, and there was also a supply of water not too far away in the next gully. Indeed a good campsite far exceeding our hopes in the lateness of the hour. There was no difficulty in getting here from Mount Dawson, although there was one spot near Collett Gap where the ladies found a long pole decidedly useful in getting down a somewhat slippery bit of rock.

We were away at 8.15 a.m. on Sunday and, as hoped, reached a point overlooking the headwaters of Red Rock Creek at GR133944. Wolgan Gap was to

our left, and it was magnificent - towering cliffs on both sides, while the centre of the gap was taken up by an isolated (at least it seemed isolated for we could see around three sides of it) plateau which in turn was endowed with the same kind of unscalable cliffs. Altogether a grand and impressive sight.

The way down from our vantage point and up the other side was obvious and had trees all the way, and no trouble was met in crossing the clear little creek with its bracken-covered banks and ascending to the far plateau and reaching a spot overlooking Hughes Defile where the waters of the Defile divide to flow north and south. We got into the Defile a short distance north of the water divide. Our entry was a narrow gully in the rocks. The gully was clothed with Ti-Tree and Mallee Gum. Our ascent to the western plateau was through a fissure in the rock which was partly visible from the floor of the Defile. The lower part of this fissure was covered with bushes but once past these it was simply a matter of scrambling up a rather slimy slope. This pass is used by animals and it was a short distance south of where we entered the Defile. There was an isolated block of sandstone nearby on the floor of the Defile. Our passes would be two of the very few ways across the Defile, since both north and south of the water divide the cliffs of Hughes Defile become very severe indeed.

The northern end of the plateau on the western side of the Defile was reckless and afforded us another grandstand lunch site with closer views of Crown and Genowlan while three large eagles soared lazily nearby.

The high red cliffs of the creek leading up to our next gap near Blue Cap Rock looked pretty solid, and so it proved when, about 3 p.m., we tried to pass the numerous deep fissures in the rock between Blue Cap Rock and Mount Wolgan. One sloping fissure was a possibility, all that was needed being to skid down the last slimy, slippery 6 feet on your you-know-what: the real problem, however, was to get back up such a chute if further progress were not possible. There was also a deep gully northwards which time prevented us from investigating more fully. Both these possibilities, however, would only have got us into the first great north-south fissure and it was anybody's guess what was beyond that, for it looked doubtful - in fact, it was too late in the day, so we got back into Hughes Defile and waded through the chest-high bracken and on down to the Wolgan Valley, where we came upon a cow standing guard over its dead calf which had been killed and mutilated by wild dogs. It was a heart-touching example of motherly love, the poor creature refusing to let anyone get too close.

It was 6.20 p.m. (our third camp made in darkness) when we reached our camp site where the road runs close to the Wolgan River below Cape York. The evening air was chilly and fingernails were numbed as we filled our buckets, but fires were soon blazing and in no time at all nine bodies were toasting themselves around the flames.

Monday was our latest start - at 8.50 a.m. - and after reaching the Wolgan Gap at the top of the road we climbed to the plateau and crossed the infant Cox (albeit a lusty infant even here at its source) not far from Gardiner's Gap and reached Cullen Bullen at 4 p.m. The railway official was not prepared for so many customers, for he issued one ticket to cover all of us.

Apart from the interest of finding our way across the tops the scenery in passing was wonderful - views of Crown and Tayan, the Capertee and Wolgan Valleys, the jagged teeth that are Donkey Mountain, massed wattle budding into bloom, and everywhere the strange Pagodas of rock.

JOTTINGS FROM NEVILLE PAGE - HON. SECRETARY.

Walks Programme - Are you feeling tired, dejected, worn out and lazy? Well, wake up and live, because Spring is just around the corner, and as the Walks Secretary will tell you, a new Walks Programme is in the making. Get new satisfaction out of life by putting on a walk. Take your problems and walks to Don Finch - he will welcome you.

Subscriptions. Haven't paid your subscriptions yet? This is your last chance because the Committee Meeting in August will consider the fate of all unfinancial members.

Rates are:-	<u>Active Members</u> (including magazine)
	Full-time students \$3.50
	Married Couples \$7.50
	All other Actives \$5.50
	<u>Non Active members</u>
	All non-actives \$1.00
	(Magazine Optional) \$1.50

Resignation. Unfortunately, Miss Lyn Drummond has had to resign from Committee because of night work. Nominations to fill the vacancy will be called for at the August General Meeting.

Constitutional Amendments. Constitution lawyers and others are advised that any proposed amendments to the Club Constitution must be in the hands of the Committee by August 7. Any proposals must be presented in writing by this date so that adequate notice can be given for the Half-Yearly General Meeting in September.

Annual Reunion. Another matter which must be decided at the Half Yearly Meeting is a site for the Annual Reunion. Put on your thinking caps and come fully armed with ideas.

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

Try a couple of pairs of our natural oiled 'Everest'
walking socks. The sock that is designed for walkers
and is expedition proven. Nylon re-inforced. \$1.65 pr.

THE HOME OF FAIRY DOWN SLEEPING BAGS.

Sole distributors for "Geoff Barker" canoes and kayaks.

NORMAL TRADING HOURS:

165 Pacific Highway, NORTH SYDNEY 2060 - Phone 929-6504

THE JUNE GENERAL MEETING.

Jim Brown.

A bleak and wintry evening it was outside, and even the moderate group in the Nurses Association Rooms - usually a warm place - didn't greatly heat the air, either physically or verbally.

There were five to welcome; husband and wife team Kathleen and John Blanch, David Russell, Margaret Drummond and David Cotton. Neither the May minutes nor a particularly routine batch of correspondence excited any comment, and in very short order we had Treasurer Gordon Redmond explaining that massive purchases of magazine covers, paper, etc. had dented the Club's current funds, leaving a closing balance of \$397 at the end of May after expenditure totalling \$581.

Don Finch presented a May walks report covering Lyn Bliss' walk in the Lithgow Zig Zag area attended by eight folk: David Ingram's day walk from Minto with 10 (including 3 prospectives): Muriel Goldstein's Springwood - Grose River jaunt when one member sustained an injured ankle and the party (nine in number) emerged on Monday. Margaret Dogteram had run a jaunt from Kanangra into Christy's Creek, and Alex Colley conducted a party of 14 across the Barron Grounds. The third weekend of the month saw Ross Wyborn's bike trip on muddy fire trails in wet conditions from Rylstone to Singleton via Mount Monundilla. Four of the party made into Singleton on Sunday - the rest on Monday. Barry Pacey had no starters for Arethusa Canyon, but Alan Pike scored a team of 15 for his Megalong Valley trip. As an addendum it was recorded that three SBW teams entered the Orienteering Contest, and one team gained 3rd place.

In a Conservation Report, Alex Colley said that a meeting of about 100 people, representing perhaps 30 or 40 bodies, met at the University to discuss developments on the projected limestone mining near Colong. A policy had been developed, and a standing committee established to continue the campaign. Laurie Rayner felt a walker should be included in the permanent committee, but it was pointed out that walkers could be co-opted if required. It was suggested that letters to parliamentary representatives and to newspapers would further the cause.

Barry Wallace presented a Federation report which referred to four Search and Rescue alerts, none of which developed to major activity. A notice has been erected in Claustrol Canyon to indicate the way out. The SBW reply to Federation complaint of lack of support was received without comment.

Brian Harvey said he had been surprised to find that Federation affairs were evidently somewhat mishandled: the capitation fees from some affiliated Clubs had been outstanding for two or three years, and at the May meeting there had been a noticeable absence of certain office-bearers and routine reports of activities. Frank Ashdown asked how many Clubs were affiliated, and a firm answer was not available, but it was suggested that between 20 and 25 clubs nominally (at least) subscribed to Federation.

First up in General Business was a call for the newly created post of Archivist, which was filled by Joan Rigby. The President then spoke of the pattern test walks: these had not been examined since 1945, and in the intervening years fire trails, homebuilding, etc. had altered the picture vastly. The Walks Secretary had prepared a list with about three walks in each of the usual time categories. Committee would study the proposed trips at the July meeting and would present its recommendation to the following General Meeting.

Ross Wyborn suggested there could be a wide variation in the standard of trips, and a better method may be a mathematical formula taking into account height ascended, mileage and other factors. Frank agreed this could be of assistance, but the constitution charged us to nominate pattern walks.

Next Barry Pacey was appointed SBW delegate on the Federation Ball Committee, and Gordon Redmond rose to say he was making "the second last call". There were 193 unfinancial members, including 147 active members. The Committee would have a list of those still unfinancial at the beginning of August, and consideration would then be given to action necessary. It was pointed out that the constitution empowered Committee to take steps to cross off unfinancial members by June of each year.

Several members now expressed pleasure at the lay-out of the new Walks/Social programme and its good appearance. It was announced that Roger Gowing (Sales and Subs. agent for the Magazine) was going to a country job and must vacate his position, but to the general delight a successor was found immediately in Ramon U'Brien.

There was one more brief item - a reminder that prospective members should not tout their own membership applications seeking signatures other than the initial nomination: A Presidential warning against undertaking trips with inadequate winter clothing and equipment - note the difficulties experienced by some parties last year.

And at 9.40 p.m. it was over for another four weeks.

COWAN - GUNYAH BAY - COWAN - August 11.

This walk used to be considered of fair test standard, but it has not been done for some time, the walk usually going only as far as Cliff Trig, or further back. It is a rough walk along a ridge with frequent small climbs. The scenery is beautiful and the wild flowers should be good,

See Alex Colley - 442707 (H).

NATURE PAGE - ROCK WALLABIES AND ROCK KANGAROOS OR WALLAROOS.

By Don Finch.

There are eleven different species of rock-wallabies and six species of rock kangaroos. The rock kangaroo is usually called a wallaroo. The distribution of these animals extends over the entire mainland wherever a suitable habitat occurs. A suitable habitat being, steep rocky ranges with deep canyons and rocky gorges.

The rock wallaby which bushwalkers are most likely to see is the brush-tailed rock wallaby. Its haunts stretch from the Cambewarra Mountain in the south to the Liverpool Range and the Upper Hunter River in the north to Lithgow in the west, with a recorded sighting in the Rylstone district. These wallabies abound in the Jenolan Caves Reserve where they are safe from the guns of 'sportsmen'. The brush-tail rock wallaby has a coat predominantly dark grey, being lighter in colour on the underside with a dark almost black mask on the face and dark limbs and tail. It has a stout build with extra well padded feet which are also coarsely granulated. These granulations provide excellent gripping on the rocks which are their homes. The tail which is slender is used for balance and as a "rudder" while hopping from one rock to another.

Rock Wallabies like most members of the family lie up during the hottest part of the day; they are also partial to morning and afternoon sunbaking, just like some bushwalkers. Grass is the staple diet while roots and leaves are eaten when the going is tough. The greatest natural danger to rock wallabies is the danger to their young of pythons and carpet snakes, while both young and old fall prey to dingos. The rock wallaby preferring to hide rather than run are easy prey for animals, which they could otherwise easily outrun.

The Wallaroo or rock-kangaroo derived its name from the aboriginal name "wolaru". The wallaroo is distinguished from the large plain and forest kangaroos by his comparatively short hind legs and a generally stouter build. The soles of the feet, like those of rock-wallabies, are roughened to prevent slipping. The area at the muzzle tip between the nostrils is hairless.

The wallaroo which inhabits the Great Dividing Range throughout New South Wales and into Southern Queensland has a shaggy coat brownish-black in coloration. The drooping shaggy coat habitual stoop and robust build readily distinguishes them from their sleeker cousins of the forests and plains. The wallaroo eats grass, roots and leaves and is reputed to be able to go without water for a considerable length of time. Due to the variety of local conditions, which vary considerably over its range of distribution, slight variations in the colour and build of the wallaroo may make its identification sometimes unsure.

This species of wallaroo, "Osphrantor robustus", is almost entirely harmless to man's interest, this as well as the nature of its habitat perhaps explains why it has survived so well the onslaught of man. Indeed it was recorded in 1931 that this particular species was the most numerous of the kangaroos and wallabies found within the bounds of its habitat. Its rocky retreats make pursuit by dogs and men on horses almost futile while the usual run of "sportsmen" just can't get their cars to them. They are, therefore, likely to survive the threat of extinction that has claimed other species.

It is interesting to note that as early as 1863 the naturalist Gould recorded his realisation of the threat of extinction that faced the marsupials of Australia and the need for a suitable conservation programme.

INSTRUCTIONAL WALK.

Did anybody see a swap car instructional walk on the walks programme? This should be interesting with Don Finch and Snow Brown to show how not to find the way.

Prospectives will get lots of experience as they will have no option but to find the way. Anyway with Seven Gods on the trip everyone should get back.

DATE - August 16 - 18.

CONTACT - DON FINCH 798-6484 (H) or
SNOW BROWN 25-1927 (B)

COMING TEST WALK.

Joan Rigby is leading a test walk to "fitten up" some prospectives. The trip in the Nattai River area includes some fine river walking in Allum River and Wanganderry Creek. Joan has found that a slice of the Nattai River is missing due to the Lands' Department map not joining with the Military Map. Oh Well, anything can happen with limestone miners removing hills.

DATE - AUGUST 30 SEPTEMBER 1. CONTACT JOAN RIGBY 39-2741 (H).

PERRY'S LET-DOWN Elaine Brown.

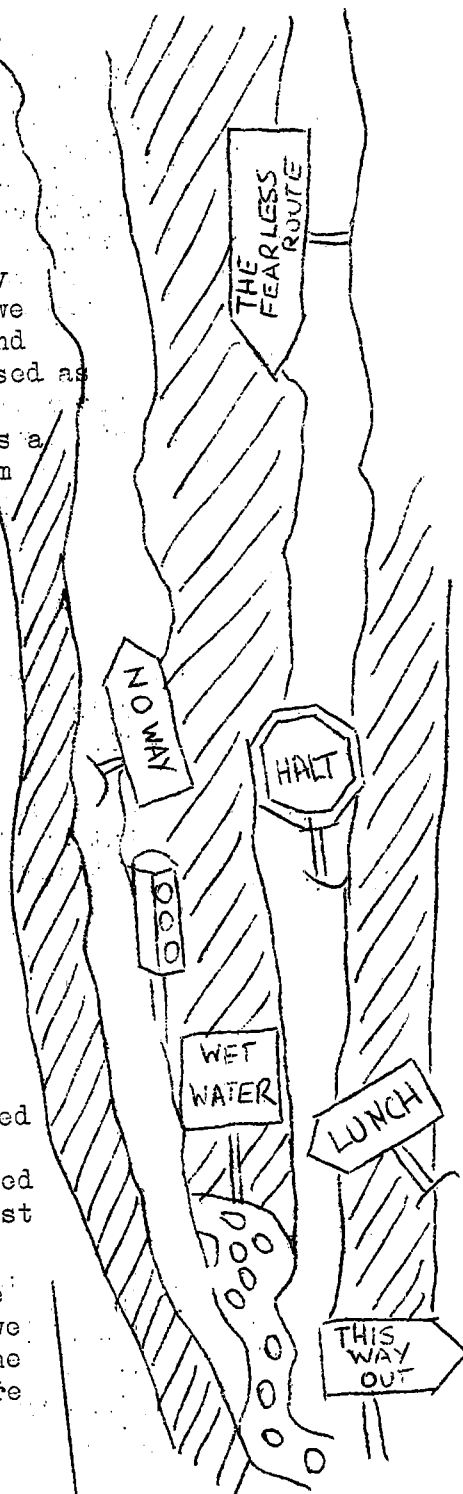
Our party of ten including two prospectives set off from Cowan Station at about 9.45 a.m. for a non-programmed, very irregular type walk. Our determined leader Jack, shepherded us in a northerly direction and everything went as scheduled until we crossed a part of the newly constructed highway and from then on it was quite an adventure. A Trig used as a guide had been bulldozed away and the effort of finding the right ridge without the marker cost us a couple of hours. We lunched overlooking Jerusalem Bay aware that we still had a fair distance to cover. Bill Cosgrove at this stage had a sixth sense and pulled out to make his way back to Cowan.

Some ridges later we began to suspect that maybe dark would reach us before we reached our destination but with Jack's optimism that the fire trail would be over the next ridge surely our fears were not valid. We did not reach the fire trail by nightfall and what with our almost vain efforts of search for it by the light of two batteries without a torch and a torch without batteries we couldn't even see how far we would fall if we missed our footing.

Finally we found the trail, but our joy was short lived as we couldn't find a way off it as we needed a path down a 50 ft. cliff. One hour later and many attempts later we we clambered down a hazardous creek bed. Only to be thwarted by 6' lantana and an old tip. We bravely crashed our way through and the railway station was almost within reach.

We hadn't quite conquered our last obstacle as when we arrived at Hawkesbury River Station we were told that the last train had left. With the aid of a hitched ride and a taxi to Cowan we were lucky to reach Sydney by 1 a.m.

What a send-up for Jack Perry!



THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER
VISITS CLAUSTRAL CANYON.

CONGRATULATIONS are in order for Lesley Brown and Neville Page who recently announced their engagement.
BEST WISHES, NEV. AND LES.