

The Sydney Bushwalker.

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WARENG AND YENGO.

Pat Harrison.

The country around the upper McDonald River is dominated by two striking volcanic peaks - Wareng (1,948 ft) and Yengo (2,190 ft). These heights in themselves are nothing much, but when considered in relation to the complete denudation of the surrounding country it is readily seen what commanding positions they occupy; for the McDonald near Yengo is about 400 ft. while the altitude of the plateau between the river and the two mountains is quite even and generally not more than 1,500 ft.

Both mountains are volcanic necks and both in the past have been extensively cleared for grazing, the old-time stockmen having been endowed with a notable ability for ferreting out the patches of good soil. At present there are no large eucalypts such as once there must have been and, as grazing seems to be lapsing, the rich chocolate soil is gradually being taken over by Black Wattle which will no doubt provide a glorious sight for a brief period of the year but which at other times will be a poor replacement for the ancient primeval forest. The views from either mountain are panoramic, and as the eye wanders around the skyline old acquaintances pass by one after the other - Kindarun, Monundilla, Kekeelbons, Tayan, Coricudgy, Coriaday, the Bulga Mts, and around to Warrawolong. The view downstairs to the plateau around the McDonald shows masses of tangled labyrinthine ridges which offer plenty of scope for navigational excursions.

Mount Yengo was surveyed by Surveyor P.G. Ogilvie in 1831 and Wareng was mapped by him in 1833. This was the remarkable bushman who in 1832 forced his way on foot from Putty along the divide between the Colo and the Hunter, as far west as Coricudgy, on the Main Dividing Range, carrying his blankets and rations for two months. In the same year he struck southwesterly between the Wollemi and Cooroongooba streams to Wirraba, Uraterer and Mount Molong. Some bushman! For even today, intersected by fire roads as it is, this is not exactly the most hospitable place on earth.

Our party of 9 assembled at Mr. Arthur Gosper's "Burrowell" homestead on Friday, July 19, 1968. It was a bit tricky finding the way in from the Putty Road, the entrance being on the Sydney side of Owen's Creek and not on the Singleton side as shown on the Army maps. The party was Laurie Rayner, Laurie Quaken, Phil Butt, Barry Wallace, Elizabeth Greer, Ralph Malcolm, Ross Hughes, Dave Ricketts and myself.

It was a clear night of frost and I noticed on Saturday morning that those who slept under the stars had their sleeping bags well plastered with frost. The cars were completely iced over and there was even a film of ice on the inside of one tent, but what a glorious morning we awoke to! We set out down the broad open valley of Burrowell Creek and soon as we came around a bend we got our first good look at Mount Yengo, lifting his tawny head high

above all else. The valley of Burrowell Creek is fertile and is notable for the fine specimens of Rough-Barked Apple trees which are dotted here and there. Some of these trees are very beautiful - hug trunks, great gnarled roots showing above the ground, and the characteristic crooked upper limbs which support a green and spreading ~~canopy~~. There were also some fine eucalypts near the homestead, which somebody said were Flooded Gums (*Eucalyptus Grandis*) but which somebody else said were more probably Swamp Red Gums (*Eucalyptus Amplifolia*) since Flooded Gums are not supposed to occur so far south as this.

Burrowell Creek gradually narrowed until we were walking in its sandy bed with occasional bouts of minor rock-hopping. At one stage our leader took us out of the creek up a spur on the northern side but we soon dropped back into the creek again. This variation was apparently brought in to ensure that the walk was up to Test Walk standard. We reached the clear, shallow, sandy McDonald and had lunch there before setting out for Yengo. Elizabeth stayed behind at the river and the rest of us reached Yengo about 3.30 p.m. However, on the way back some of the party dawdled a bit and the result was that we did not reach the river until 6.45 p.m. The rocks which had been an easy scramble out of the river in daylight were a different proposition descending in the darkness with only a couple of effective torches, but it was good fun and we appreciated Elizabeth's fire when we got back.

On Sunday we scrambled out of the river on to the ridge on the northern side of Burrowell Creek and dropped back into Burrowell Creek at its junction with Back Swamp Creek. With the leader's permission five of us (Phil, Ross, Dave, Laurie Quaken and self) hurried back to the cars and drove the few miles up the Putty Road to the Warong turn-off. The cars were parked beneath the mountain and 55 minutes later we had been up and down to put the finishing touch on a very good weekend.

The whole party re-assembled at Burrowell before setting out for home.

ON PEAKS.

Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE JULY GENERAL MEETING.

Jim Brown.

This was destined to be another marathon session. Yet it began quietly enough with welcomes to two well-known Club names. Lynne Wyborn (5th of her clan to be admitted) and Marion Hall (Mark III. of hers) were present, but the other new member Brian Griffiths was not around.

Next, an interesting item of news: the archivist as one of her first triumphs, had uncovered the veteran 'Mandelberg' Cup, so presentations were made to the winners of Last February's Swimming Carnival. Rolf Janssen accepted the Cup with its fortune in engraving costs on behalf of Bronwyn Secombe and himself: he also carried off the Henley Cup. Neville Page (in company with Bronwyn) scored the new Betty Farquhar Cup.

Minutes next, agreed to without dissent, and correspondence which brought several echoes. There was a resignation from Kath McKay, going to live in Western Australia: a letter from Ross Wyborn detailing his scheme for mathematical calculation of the standard of walks: from Audrey and Bob Godfrey heading to Queensland and seeking Non-active status; from the Conservation Council of NSW giving its draft Constitution and a policy on mining in public reserves: and finally a request for support from the Andean Expedition, 1969.

Matters arising, and Don Finch moving that the Club donate \$50 to the South American expedition, the cost of which was estimated at \$20,000, half to be contributed by the members and the rest by subscription. He commended the scheme as being in the line of our Constitution and a matter for some pride that two SBW were included. Dot Butler gave support: already there were promises of financial aid from walkers in Hobart and Newcastle who would not be directly represented. Treasurer Gordon Redmond considered it was a matter for the individual or for a fund-raising social event: he foreshadowed another motion seeking club funds for the fight to preserve Colong. Don Finch in reply said both explorers and Colong were deserving cases, and the motion carried.

Quite a deal of discussion followed on membership of the NSW Conservation Council. Under the new Constitution, Clubs or groups would pay a capitation fee which, in the case of SBW, may be about \$17 per annum. However the question was whether Federation, if also remaining a member body, would have to pay again for all the members of component Clubs. It was agreed to see which way the Federation cat jumped. The Conservation Council had reached a united policy on mining in parklands.

Ross Wyborn asked about his formulae on walks and was told it had been passed to the Walks Secretary for study and report. A suggestion was made that Kath McKay be asked to reconsider her resignation, and this was converted into a recommendation that Committee consider Honorary Membership. The Treasurer reported the Club's working funds as \$482 at end June, and 120 subscriptions still unpaid. The August Committee (month of August, that is) would probably do what had to be done.

Walks Report told of a very successful ski tour in good weather on the June holiday weekend. Jim Calloway's day walk in National Park the following weekend had 18 starters, while Ros. Painter and Dorothy Noble led a group of 16 on the Grose and up Coal Mine Creek. Sam Hinde's day walk on 16th June took 36 people into the Jibbon area, and the Jack Perry day walk from Brooklyn to The Peak had six. On the Upper Endrich River, Ramon U'Brien found some fairly rough going on the Sunday of his trip, and obvious map errors. John Holly's day walk on the Woronora brought out 32, while Doone Wyborn in a climbing trip off Thurat plateau had a party of six.

Phil Butt, referring to the Nerriga 1:50,000 map, said roads were shown at points where intersecting cliff lines actually existed.

Social Secretary Barry Pacey said tickets for both the Club dinner dance and the Federation Ball should be available soon. Brian Harvey mentioned that a number of old members who had been eager to have another rendezvous at the Old Crusty were disappointed at the Club's change of place and date. It was pointed out by several speakers that the Club could scarcely be expected to plan social events for people who did not attend the meetings to make their wishes known.

Barry Wallace presented a Federation Report which told us that the June meeting had been poorly attended, even by its functionaries. The Gungahribee walking club had wound up its affairs and made a donation to Search and Rescue of its unused funds. Barry Pacey had been suggested as convenor of the Federation Ball Committee. We were reminded that Federation's Annual Meeting and election of officers fell in July and this was the time if we wanted to support and stimulate Federation. We then voted that our delegates urge Federation to retain membership of the Conservation Council.

Thus to the big business of the evening, discussion of the proposed pattern test walks as shown on a list distributed. A surprising number of irrelevancies and semi-relevancies cropped up: while discussion focussed on one particular walk various speakers would be harbouring the question of whether $1\frac{1}{2}$ day walks should be included, or whether the comparative standard of day, $1\frac{1}{2}$ day and two day walks was equitable.

Weaving a cautious, if at times, slightly exasperating course between the shoals of red herrings, the Member in Charge of the Bill (Phil Butt) and the President, finally succeeded in getting each of the 2-day walks, two of the three $1\frac{1}{2}$ day walks, and three out of four day walks accepted by the required majority: no doubt the details will be published elsewhere in the magazine. Your reporter found himself pondering how long the debate might have continued had any of the trips (either accepted or rejected) been really unreasonable.

By the time it was over there was just room to announce the resignation of Lyn Drummond as Committee Member, and John Holly as Keeper of Maps and Timetables, Doon Wyborn being appointed in his stead. The President declined to accept a motion that $1\frac{1}{2}$ day trips were not week-end walks and insisted this should be determined as a Constitutional amendment. With two minutes and 30 seconds to go before our tenure of the room expired for the evening, the meeting closed.

EDITOR'S NOTE. This article was originally written for the newspapers as a publicity article for the Australian Andean Expedition but it was never published.

A TRAINING TRIP.

Ross Wyborn.

THE PLAN.

Climbers often meet technical difficulties in New Zealand similar to those met in the Andes. However, often they climb from mountain huts and do not experience living in the mountains without huts. As there are no huts in the Andes we decided to plan a trip in New Zealand that would give us experience in living away from huts at a high altitude. The area we chose was the La Perouse Glacier. The upper parts of this had not been visited for 10 years. Also nine 10,000 ft peaks could be climbed from the head of the glacier including Mt. Tasman, 11,475 ft, New Zealand's second highest mountain. Many of the peaks had only been ascended once or twice from that side and there was some possibilities of new routes on several of the peaks. The trip was planned for the Christmas-New Year period of last year.

THE PARTY.

The party consisted of four Australian climbers all of whom were interested in becoming members of the Australian Andean Expedition. As it turned out two of the group could not get the necessary leave from work to enable them to become members of the final team.

INACCESSIBILITY.

The reason why the area had not been visited for so long was because access to the area is very difficult. There are only three ways of getting into the area. The most frequently used route in the past involved carrying all your supplies for four days up a steep rough gorge. The second route involved crossing a col called Clarke Saddle which was nearly 10,000 ft high. This route involved some difficult climbing and it would be impossible to take two weeks supply of food over. The third route had not been used and a survey of aerial photos showed a large cliff barring the way. We chose the second route and to make it possible we planned an airdrop of food to lighten our loads.

THE AIRDROP.

The idea was to drop the food from a Cessna aircraft into the snow basin where we were going to camp. The aircraft would then land us on the Grand Plateau at 7,500 ft on the other side of the main divide and we would climb over the divide on the following day to pick up the food. The danger was that if the weather turned bad before we could cross the main divide, snow would cover the food and make it impossible to find.

We packed the food carefully into 5 gallon paint drums. The drums had to be packed to withstand the drop which would be made from about 1,000 ft above the glacier. The lids were wired onto the drums and each drum packed with paper filling into a hessian bag. We had to wait for several days at the Hermitage for the weather to clear sufficiently for the airdrop to be

made. The door was taken off the plane to enable the bags to be thrown out. When Jack Higgs and Ross Wyborn were loaded into the plane along with all the drums, there was only just enough room for the pilot. As the little plane dived in between the mountains the pilot cried "now" and the pushers threw as many drums as they could through the open doorway. After three passes, all eleven drums were on the glacier.

CROSSING THE MAIN DIVIDE.

To cross over the saddle we had to climb from 7,500 ft up to 10,000 ft and traverse along the top of the main divide before dropping 1,000 ft. down the other side to our camp site. Although we had all our food airdropped in, we had to carry all our equipment as we were not sure that it would be recovered if it was airdropped. Hence we still had very heavy packs for the technical climbing that was involved. The climbing was very difficult with a lot of front pointing and fixed belaying (see glossary). On the top of the main divide it started to snow. We were worried that the new snow would cover our food. Fortunately we managed to reach the food before it was covered. We found 10 of the 11 drums and the other one a few days later.

THE SNOW CAVE.

We did not take tents as they are easily blown down unless specially designed for high altitudes. We planned to dig a snow cave. This was done by digging a slightly upward sloping tunnel about 4 ft wide by about 4 ft. high, into a steep snow slope. When we had dug 25 ft into the mountain side we enlarged the cave to form a living chamber. This was 6'6" high in the middle with a domed roof, a sleeping platform on one side and a cooking bench and shelves on the other side. The roof has to be smooth and rounded to prevent drips from the melting snow. The cave took nearly two full days to dig. The most difficult job is to get the snow blocks out of the main chamber. We did this by dragging out the snow on hessian bags used in the airdrop. The main chamber was about 15 feet wide by 12 feet long. The temperature inside the cave remains relatively warm as compared with outside temperatures. The temperature inside stays constant at about freezing point.

MT. TASMAN (11,475 ft.)

On the first suitable day we set out to climb Mt. Tasman, New Zealand's second highest mountain. Mt. Tasman is regarded by New Zealand climbers as one of the hardest climbs in the Southern Alps. Indeed we found the climb quite a test of our skill. The difficulties are caused by steep green ice which make it necessary to cut steps. Before we could climb Mt. Tasman we had to traverse three other peaks Mt. Liechmann 10,363 ft, Mt. Graham 10,400 ft and the Silberhorn 10,700 ft. Higher up the ridge, just below the summit we came up against an ice wall which was overhanging on the first section. This ice wall had turned back all the previous parties of that season. We were forced to traverse across the east face, crossing difficult snow bridges to get around the wall. We eventually reached the top about midday after about eight hours climbing. The weather was perfect with only a slight breeze which is quite rare for such a high peak. Before us stretched many miles of jumbled mountain ranges with the beaches of the West Coast stretching away into the distance. Out to sea we could see clouds building up so we wasted no time on the return trip to our cave.

SNOW BOUND.

The following day when we ventured outside our snow cave we found that it was snowing lightly. This did not disturb us much as we were happy to rest after the strenuous climb. However when the weather became worse the next day we began to worry. The entrance to the snow cave was covered very quickly with fresh snow and we had to continually clear it. Snow kept falling for the next seven days and we rarely ventured outside our shelter. Occasionally a short break in the weather would allow us to climb outside for fresh air and to do some cooking. Inside we stayed in our sleeping bags most of the day and killed the time by reading, writing and playing cards.

OVERDUE.

When the weather did finally clear it was the afternoon before the date when we were due to be back at the Hermitage. Rocks we had climbed on the way over were now plastered with fresh snow and impossible to climb. We decided to attempt a slightly different route, abseiling over some bergschrunds to avoid the rocks. However, we had only climbed a few hundred feet above the snow cave when we were forced to turn back because of a very strong wind which would not allow us to stand up without hanging onto the snow. Back in the cave we considered our position, our food supplies and the possibility of the weather closing in again. We decided to take the longer but surer route out down the Cook River.

THE GORGE.

We collected together some more food and descended the two ice falls of the La Perouse Glacier without difficulty. Other parties had become fouled up in the crevasses and ice blocks of this ice fall. After passing the snout (lower end) of the La Perouse glacier we continued on down the Cook River. The difficulties did not come until the next day, when we rounded a corner to find that the river tumbled into a steep sided gorge. It is impossible to cross this river at any place and we had to keep to the southern bank to avoid being cut off by another uncrossable river. In the gorge we could no longer keep close to the river because of cliffs and we were forced up into the dense scrub. Our progress was reduced to one mile in six hours. It took us $2\frac{1}{2}$ days to get through the gorge. On the last day we heard a search plane overhead but the scrub was too thick to signal it and it passed over before we could light a fire. We realised that people would be getting worried as we were 3 days overdue. We pushed on as fast as we could and reached the township of Fox Glacier just in time to prevent a search party starting to look for us.

EXPERIENCE.

In all, the trip had given a valuable experience in conditions similar to those we expect to find in the Peruvian Andes. In addition we made the first east to west crossing of the Southern Alps by this route.

PADDY MADE

9.

GOOD BUYING AT PADDY'S FOR WARM WINTER WALKING.

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THE LIBRARY AUCTION.

- Book Worm.

Yes, it finally happened on the night of July 24. The cold dead body of the S.B.W. library was dissected and disposed of, the many bits and pieces being snapped up by a wide cross-section of the Club membership. It was not without some regrets.

After a lengthy illness, the Patient was revitalised in 1967, with the then Librarian Ivy Painter putting in some good solid surgery to get it back on its feet. Unfortunately, all this went for nought as members generally just did not respond with sufficient interest - either the Idiot Box nowadays has made reading unfashionable or else the competition from the free municipal libraries is too hot. At any rate, after a very fair trial, the April General Meeting abolished the library on a Committee recommendation.

In a way, I suppose it was fitting that the auctioneer should have been the Club's anti-library exponent, Frank Ashdown. Mind you, not that Frank looked at the event in the way a victor would look at his vanquished foe; however, one can't help feeling that that he must have derived some small amount of satisfaction from the job. Anyhow, Frank swung into the auction with gusto and books were soon being knocked down right and left under the hammer. Competition was surprisingly keen in some cases and it could be that a few unrealistically high bids were made in the excitement of the moment. On the other hand, a few bargains came the buyers' way.

The highlight of the evening was the bidding for Florence Sulman's two volumes of "Wild Flowers of New South Wales", a rather valuable set now unobtainable. After the hopeful amateurs had been weeded out, two fair dinkum professionals in the shape of Heather White and Sam Hinde staged a spirited duel for possession. It was all very exciting, not quite knowing where it would end - Sam proved the more determined stayer with a final bid of \$21!

The fun continued, the Scots blood running in most bushwalkers being more than matched by the sales talent of the auctioneer, who managed to squeeze enough filthy lucre out of them to sell every book in the library. Even the cabinet was knocked down to American members Craig and Marcia Shappert - one wonders where its last resting place will be?

And the addition to the Club's coffers? \$81.13.

INSTRUCTIONAL.

On September 20, 21, Barrys Wallace and Pacey will be leading an instructional walk in the Grand Canyon, Govett's Leap area.

All prospectives are welcome and may direct enquiries to either of the leaders.

TEST WALKS - Jim Calloway.

The argument about test walks has been started again. We are trying to make a standard which would constitute a test walk. Early this year the Treasurer proposed to limit the number of prospectives applying for membership by placing a higher entrance fee. As was debated and agreed by most members, this is not the method by which people with true bushwalking intentions can be discovered.

The only way that can be adopted to test their walking abilities, is to make a higher standard of test walks. Day test walks should be to test prospectives physical capabilities for the day. This, then allows a prospective to see for themselves what could be expected of them. With a confidence that a day test didn't overtax them, they would then feel free to attempt a weekend test walk.

The Committee has a big responsibility to make sure that walks placed on the programme are really test walks. If this responsibility is not taken seriously, they are then responsible for the people who are being admitted to the club and who have no real interest and ability for walking. It seems peculiar that the Committee allows walks which are really only picnics to be allowed as test walks.

The planning of a test walk is a very hard thing to do and takes years of experience to do it efficiently. The number of people who are going to attend is a primary factor and is not known till the day of the walk. Let us then plan them so that (should any difficulty arise on the day of the walk) they can be altered to suit any situation which is encountered on the walk. Particularly being able to cut walks short when necessary. The distance covered as well as the terrain should be taken into account. For surely five miles of flat road would not require the same effort as to go from Paralyser to Cloudmaker. Let us then try to make test walks which are not liable to kill prospectives off, but which will give an average test to all.

Recorded at the August Monthly Meeting the resignation of Brian Harvey as Hon. Auditor. I

WANTED. One brand new auditor, with suitable qualifications to be elected at the Half Yearly Meeting. Salary to be negotiated. 3 weeks annual leave.

ALSO WANTED. One Federation Delegate. (substitute).

TASMANIAN BUSH WALKING TRIP.

It is proposed to undertake a bush walk from Blakes Opening to Lake Pedder in Tasmania from 14th to 23rd January, 1969. Any experienced member or members (male) in the 35/45 age group who are interested please ring 44-7369 after 7.30 p.m. Monday to Friday.

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 eac.

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

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THE SYDNEY BUSH WALKERS

(Founded 1927)

Notice is hereby given that the Half-Yearly General Meeting of The Sydney Bush Walkers will be held at the N.S.W. Nurses' Association Auditorium, Reiby Place, Sydney, on Wednesday 11th. September, 1968 at 7.45 p.m.

AGENDA

1. Apologies.
2. Welcome to new Members.
3. Minutes of the August General Meeting held on Wednesday 14th. August, 1968.
4. Correspondence.
5. Reports:
 - (a) Treasurer's Report.
 - (b) Walks Report.
 - (c) Social Report.
 - (d) Federation Report.
6. Selection of a site for the 1968 Annual Reunion.
7. Election of Hon. Auditor and Substitute Federation Delegate to fill the vacancies occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Brian Harvey.
8. Proposed Amendments to the Constitution.
9. General Business.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION:

The following amendment to the Constitution has been proposed by Mr. Frank Rigby.
Section 14. Amendments to Constitution. That, in Clause 14(a), the word "simple" be substituted for the words "three-quarters" so that Clause 14(a) shall read:

"This Constitution shall not be amended except by a simple majority at an extraordinary, half-yearly or annual general meeting. Fourteen days' notice in writing of such meeting, setting forth the proposed amendment in full, shall be given to each member."

The following amendment to the Constitution has been proposed by Mr. Don Finch.
Section 5. Membership. That, in Clause 5(e), the words "two day walks and one weekend walk" be deleted; and the words "one day walk and two weekend walks" be substituted,

and; That, in Clause 5(ee), the words "each or either of the aforementioned day walks" be deleted, and the words "the aforementioned day walk" be substituted.

The following amendments to the Constitution have been proposed by Mr. Brian Harvey.
Section 6. Subscription. That the words "at the discretion of the Committee" in Clause 6(b) be deleted.
Section 12. Finance. That the words "at least half-yearly" be deleted from Clause 12(b), and the words "at the close of the Club's financial year" be substituted.

That the words "and any other Club Officer handling monies" be added after the word "Treasurership" in Clause 12(c).

Section 13. By-Laws. That all the words of Section 13 be deleted and the following substituted therefor:

(a) All Resolutions of Continuing Effect recorded in the Minute Books at the date of the 1968 Half-Yearly General Meeting shall be regarded as By-Laws. New By-Laws after that date may be adopted by any General Meeting.

(b) In addition, the Committee shall be empowered to adopt By-Laws which shall be announced at the next following General Meeting by the Chairman.

(c) By-Laws may only be rescinded or amended by a three-fourths majority of members voting at any General or Extraordinary General Meeting and of which rescission or amendment members have at least 14 days notice in writing.

(d) A Keeper of the By-Laws shall be appointed by a General Meeting and shall retain office until such office is declared to be vacant when the position shall be filled at the next following General Meeting.

(e) It shall be the duty of the Keeper of the By-Laws to cause to be published the then extant By-Laws in the March issue of the Club Journal each year and any rescission thereof, amendment thereto or addition thereto in the next Club Journal.

UNFINANCIAL MEMBERS. It should be noted that all unfinancial members will be given until the date of the Half-Yearly General Meeting to pay their 1968-69 subscriptions, after which time those having not paid will be automatically crossed off the Membership List.

Members who are in doubt should contact the Treasurer, who will advise whether their name appears on the List of Unfinancial Members.

Neville Page.

HON. SECRETARY.

S.B.W. SOCIAL REUNION AND DINNER DANCE ~ SKY LOUNGE 18TH. OCTOBER



Tables are now being arranged for the forthcoming Social Reunion and Dinner Dance, so get your ticket and join in.

As you may have heard, tables will be given the titles of Bushwalking place names; e.g. Kanangra, Cloudmaker, Byangee, Morella Karong etc.

This will be the Social event of the year, so get together and form a table with your friends, or put your name down for one of the Club tables.

Where is it to be held? At the Sky Lounge, 157 Liverpool Street, Sydney, opposite Hyde Park.

When? On the evening of Friday 18th. October.

For tickets, get in touch with:

ROS. PAINTER
DOT NOBLE
BARRY PACEY
OWEN MARKS
OR NEVILLE PAGE.

Buy a ticket, come along, and be in it.

Letter to the Editor from Brian Harvey.

Sir,

THE DUNGALLA CLUB.

Following any announcement at the July Monthly General Meeting to the effect that the majority of the more senior Club Members were not interested to be present at the projected Dinner Dance in October, due to its nature, I feel I am bound to amplify my statement to allay any misconceptions or misunderstandings which since may have arisen in the mind of general Club Members.

For some years the senior age group has been very disappointed and dismayed at the Club's lack of thoughtfulness for this group's mutual social contact within the ambit of the Club, notwithstanding that amongst their numbers are Foundation Members, Past Presidents and many other Past Office Bearers, most of whom have enjoyed 25, 30 or 40 years' continuity of contemporary friendship in the Club environment.

In spite of appeals, Reunion Camps have continued to be held at impracticable places having no regard to physical incapacibilities, to cite, for example, the camp at McArthur's Flat on the Nattai River. It would have been desirable that all of these Reunion Camps could have been reached by car so that all members were given the same opportunity to participate. These annual functions, which formed a very important and enjoyable part of the senior members' earlier Club life, have been denied them, whilst at the same time denying the social contact they provided.

The Club's obsession to run series of lectures at the Club-room as a substitute for social activity, fellowship, general intermingling, discussion, exchange of news and views and reminiscences, left the senior members with the only alternative of refraining from attending the Auditorium's regimented assemblies of ordered rows of screen-watchers. It is to be appreciated that these senior members have viewed thousands of slides in their time, many before current walkers were born, so that slides are no novelty. In any case, slides are mainly of interest to those walkers who took part in the particular excursion depicted. As for lectures without slides, there is a wide choice on television and radio without leaving the comfort of the home. The requirement is therefore social contact, not entertainment.

Current active walkers apparently are not able to discern the distinction between entertainment and social activity, so that the so-called Social Programme has devolved into a series of lectures, with and/or without slides, interspersed with general meetings and committee meetings. With the exception of last year's Dinner and Social Reunion, functions outside the Club have been entertainments at picture-theatres, play-nights and the like. According to the last Annual Report, nothing ever happens at the Christmas Party, to which there is no organised transport.

Those in the Club who are fortunate enough to still take part in the walks, do not realise that a walk is a continuous social event during

the whole period of the excursion during which time they are free to chatter, exchange news and views and generally join in the adventures and experiences of the trip. This contact is denied those who are unable to go walking, and, as it is not provided in the Auditorium, most of the non-walking members have had to make their own private arrangements to maintain social contact in spite of the Club, not because of the Club. Furthermore, they had hoped, by remaining on the books for old-times' sake, that they would give the Club financial support so that the Club may be enabled to continue the good work of interesting young people in walking as a means of recreation and that their wisdom and experience in Club affairs, may, if preferred or called upon, might be of benefit to the younger and less-experienced members, should they wish to accept it.

Another factor, always overlooked in preparing the "Social" Programme, is the fact that there is an age-range of 73 years within the Club and that this calls for varying social requirements, which, unfortunately, are not considered.

The Dinner and Social Reunion, held last October to mark the Club's Fortieth Anniversary, was the first event in recent years which really appealed to the senior members because they were free to mingle freely to their heart's content. Those younger members who attended the function can testify that the older members literally talked their heads off for three-and-a-half hours without any form of entertainment.

So great was their enjoyment that immediately afterwards I was approached from many quarters to organise a repeat performance this year along the same lines. Last November, at the Monthly General Meeting, I started the ball rolling, but the Club procrastinated and five months later, my motion at the Annual General Meeting to hold another similar Dinner and Social Reunion was amended to hold a Dinner Dance instead, to suit the desires of the younger generation. In my right-of-reply I pointed out that this was not the kind of function the senior members had asked for, as one could not imagine people in their 50's, 60's and 70's endeavouring to compete in conversation against a five-piece band, possibly equipped with a caterwauling vocalist. However, the selfish outlook won the night, notwithstanding that the Federation of Bushwalking Clubs' Annual Ball was being held in September, thus providing the desired dancing facilities for the active walkers.

The immediate reaction of the senior members was to organise their own Dinner and Social Reunion at "Ye Olde Crusty", as the earlier booking was still available. It was decided to invite those Past Members who were present at the celebrations last year, amongst whom were many Club Foundation Members and other Past Office Bearers, and all of whom had so greatly enjoyed the earlier function. From this stemmed the idea of a permanent organisation to hold an annual dinner and social reunion, and, in addition, other functions such as a Christmas Party, barbecues, wild flower inspections, touring and car-camping, to consolidate all those who were at a loose end to maintain contact. Thus, there is a car-camp in November, with a Christmas Party at a bowling club later on.

It is not the intention of "The Dungalla Club" to filch away current members of the Sydney Bush Walkers but rather to function as an ancilliary body to promote the social activity and contact of SBW members whose active walking days are over. Thus, current older members of the SBW have been asked not to terminate their membership by reason of their joining The Dungalla Club. For the not-so-well-informed, the name "Dungalla" was chosen to perpetuate the "Dungalla Swag" in which walkers of fifty years ago carried their gear prior to the advent of the rucksack. The "Dungalla Swag" was designed by Mr. Myles Dunphy and the late Mr. Herbert Gallop, both fellow-members of "The Mountain Trails Club" and later foundation members of The Sydney Bush Walkers.

The Constitution of "The Dungalla Club" provides that the SBW President-in-Office and his Lady shall be Honorary Members. I therefore congratulate Mr. & Mrs. Frank Rigby on the honour so bestowed.

Brian Harvey.

A PLEASANT WALK.

by Frank Rigby.

There's no doubt that I was tempting fate when I put a walk on the Programme for the first week-end in August, Bank Holiday week-end. Last year on the same week-end I led a walk in the Cox-Blackheath Creek area; well, a lot of us will remember the time - it was the week-end of the great deluge and the icy winds when three people, including a bushwalker and a Boy Scout, lost their lives in the Blue Mountains. Fortunately, lightning does not always strike in the same place twice and this Bank Holiday week-end proved to be a beauty. At times I felt that Spring had already arrived. Yes, at times -----

But it wasn't very Spring-like when the eight of us set off from Katoomba along the road to the Devil's Hole - a gusty wind which must have had its origins at the Pole blew down our backs and it was a real pleasure to get down into the cleft. I looked back to a wondrous sight - a winding procession of torches making their way down through that eerie canyon, like something out of an artist's fantasy. Now let's see, who were there? Ah, yes, newly-weds Terry and Chris. Norris, Frank Taeker, Meli Devitt, Marion Lloyd, Dave Russell, Joan Rigby and of course, Yours Truly. The

track down from the Hole isn't what it used to be and tends to disappear in spots but we managed the valley and thankfully camped a bit along from the old Pubsite, which incidentally these days has degenerated into a disgusting garbage heap.

Next morning it was off down Megalong Creek in lovely sunshine. That last half-mile or so of the creek before it empties into the Cox must surely be one of the gems of the mountains - plunging waterfalls and tearing cascades, enormous boulders and great rock slabs all in together. No one would volunteer for a swim at the Cox, except Marion who didn't exactly volunteer either, but had an involuntary immersion when making a tricky crossing.

"Now let's walk for an hour before lunch", I said, and off we went, rock-hopping, boulder dodging and wading down this magnificent granite stretch of the river. Of course we didn't walk for an hour at all because in twenty minutes we discovered one of those enticing grassy areas that just seem to be specially designed for lunch spots and for whiteanting leaders. I could not resist the pleading eyes of the party and so lunch it was in this sunny dell, with the river racing away just below us.

In the afternoon it was on down the Cox, busy feet tramping on through the golden hours, the she-oaks brilliantly back-lit by the sun. But what's this? Smoke ahead? A fire already going with a billy on it! Goodness me, what will they be up to next? I had let the party get a little ahead and here they were confronting me with afternoon tea! Oh well, I guess a cuppa would not be hard to take after all. Refreshed, we walked on to the Galong Creek-Cox junction and made camp in what the tourist brochure writers would describe as a sylvan setting.

After dinner, we lazed around the fire in the way that bushwalkers do. Somebody noticed that the few little clouds in the sky were doing odd things. A bit above the western skyline they would form out of nothing, grow larger and larger as they passed over the moon and then dissolve back into nothing as they went overhead. The theories that this phenomenon generated were fantastic - I must admit that the one about the heat from out campfire unsaturrating the atmosphere directly above us was a bit hard to swallow. Anyway, it was a perfect night which seemed to grow warmer as we slept and in the morning Spring had arrived well ahead of schedule and the balmy atmosphere was enough to turn any young man's fancy -----

Up the beautiful Galong Creek with its grassy banks and then its pools and waterfalls. It was all very pretty but there was again no inclination to wet the body. Everybody managed the last waterfall in fine style and then it was lunch near Carlon's, where we were entertained by a couple of Carlon's horses stubbornly refusing to go up the ridge until the riders dismounted; smart animals, these horses. Carlon's Head loomed awfully big above us and it is a fairly tough slog up to the cliffs of Narrow Neck in anybody's language. By the time we reached the first climbing pitch a nasty westerly was blowing hard and there was not much lingering or desire to contemplate the cliff line above.

However, I did have time to wonder how on earth the first party to make the ascent of Carlon's Head (I think it was SBW and Dot Butler probably knows a lot about it) succeeded without the chains and rungs that seem to be so essential to we less intrepid folk. Even allowing for built-in aids, everybody felt they had really achieved something when the top was reached. How Frank Tacker went up without a shirt on his back when the rest of us were rugged up in warm clothes is quite beyond me. Well, the trek along Narrow Neck into Katoomba is pretty routine these days, with the fire trail rather spoiling what used to be a pleasant if sometimes over-long experience; funny how that last hill up Katoomba Street always seems to be the back-breaker.

Never mind, the AB Cafe was just around the corner, where we hungry bushwalkers stocked up with lots of fuel before setting off up to Mt. Victoria to run our mile in the Colong Caves to Sydney Protest Marathon. All in all, who could ask for a more pleasant bushwalk?

THE WEDDING OF ROSS AND MARGARET. By "Socialite"

On Thursday, August 15, your Editor Ross Wyborn and well-known Club member Margaret Dogterom entered into the bonds of matrimony, as they say. "Well, the Club has done it again", someone was heard to remark. Just how many times, for goodness sake, has the SBW played the part of Cupid and Matchmaker?

Ross had somehow been persuaded to trim his curly red beard down and looked as pleased as Punch, as well as being very debonair in his dark suit. Heavens, is this the same Rosso we have seen so many times out in the bush? The bride, of course, looked absolutely lovely in her full-length wedding gown and veil - don't ask me what it was made of, this piece being written by a mere male!

Don Finch was best man and made a fine speech but got a bit tangled up with some of the teleggrams in Dutch (Holland is Margaret's homeland). Bob Duncan proposed a most humorous toast to the Bride and Groom and of course the old bushwalking reminiscences were well to the fore. Quite a few SBW's were there to take part in this happy event and, incidentally, with Margaret's change of name, we now have six Wyborns in the Club (somebody wondered if the family would make a take-over bid!) Alan wanted to know if subscriptions came cheaper by the half dozen.

After the ceremony, the couple walked under a collonade of ice axes held aloft by their walking and climbing mates - no, there was not the slightest temptation to drop an axe, it appeared. The wedding cake was unique. It was made by Ross's mother Alice, and was in the shape of a mountain with very appropriate walking and climbing motifs all around. Naturally, the couple didn't use a knife to make the ceremonial cut - instead, they plunged into it with an ice-axe. Then they pretended they couldn't get it out (some wit said it must be a rock cake) but this wasn't really fair because it was scrumptious inside.

And finally more good news. In his speech Ross said that they would not make the mistakes some other married couples had made (???) but were going to do more bushwalking than ever. Well, time will tell.