

# THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to the Sydney Bush Walkers, Northcote House, Reiby Place, Circular Quay, Sydney.

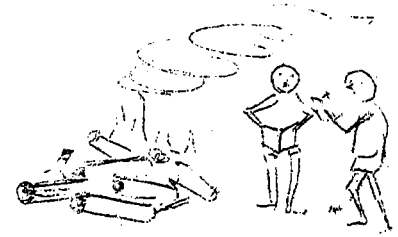
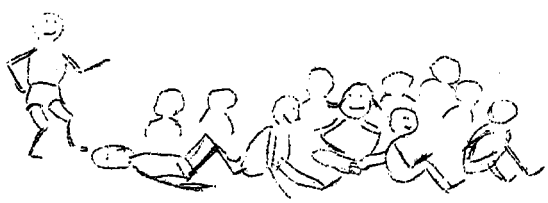
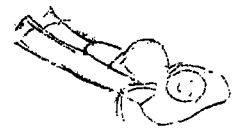
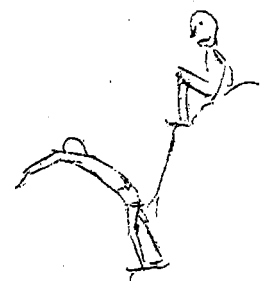
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The One Way River.

Don Matthews.

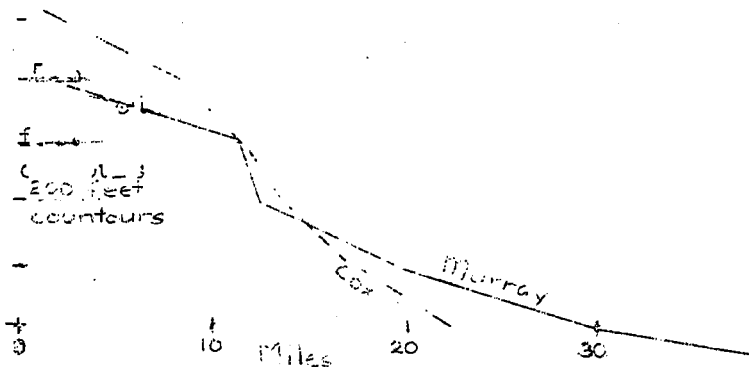
What better summer occupation could a skiing enthusiast find than to canoe through (or should it be over) the water which, a few months before, he was skiing on. Purists may argue that it's not the same water, but the idea appeals to me immensely.

The plan to canoe the Murray Gorge from Tom Groggin was the result of two main range tours and their later reunions, and the four members of the party were all skiers.

Griff, a fast, very fast downhill man who also tours, builds fibreglass canoes. Gunther, another downhill skier, who has magnificent cross-country potential if his still water paddling rate is any indication, used to have a heavy seventeen foot kayak, and can lift the lightweight Canadian fifteen footer with one hand, so to speak.

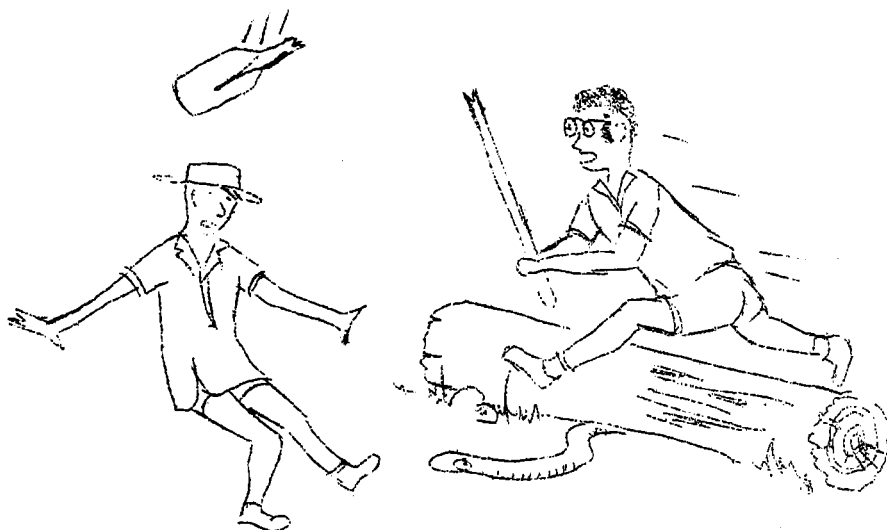
George Gray, the complete allrounder, is a canoeist of long standing. He used to build his own canoes and knows the sport backwards.

The thought of a white water canoe trip brought to mind some of my previous river trips without the benefit of canoe. The time, for example, when I built a raft to sail down the Cox's, or the flooded Shoalhaven Gorge trip one Easter with the Wags. On that occasion the river below Badgery's was so fast and light that we'd tie a rope to Grace at different places and push her out to see if it was a goer (she was the strongest swimmer).



The Kowmung had provided the most thrills, of course, in low water and high, with every misfortune in the book at one time or another.

Then I thought back to my introduction to skiing in the glorious days of Illawong. "Put them (the skis) on with the pointed ends at the front" said Snow Brown, our fearless leader. "There's Twynam up there; let's go." Getting up there was easy enough with skins on the skis, and once there, two thousand vertical feet and three miles from the hut, you just had to learn how to ski downhill. There's nothing like total commitment.



The Murray Gorge seemed a fine idea. The only information I could find on the Murray Gates, as the Gorge is called, was an article in "Walk" the Journal of the Melbourne Bushwalkers for 1952, which described a walk from Coleman's flat to Tom Groggin, following where possible the track shown on the current S.M.A. map. This track when it could be found, did not approach closer than a couple of hundred vertical feet to the river until it reached the top end of the Gates. Wading upstream was implied to be extremely difficult and the scrub around the river was formidable.

Griff had lived at Corryong for some years and had fished at various spots on either side of the main Gorge. Generally, the river could be approached at specific places but progression up or downstream was hampered by the steep sides of the Valley and the thorny scrub liberally laced with blackberries. The locals, of course, laughed at the idea of getting the canoes through.

My own experience of the river was limited to a memory of the Murray at Bringenbrong which didn't help much and at Tom Groggin where it is an amiable though swiftly moving stream about forty feet wide and, at this time of the year, a couple of feet deep.

I had jumped across the Murray at Quambat flat which means that up there it was about five feet wide but that bit of information didn't help much either. It was George who commented on the remarkable rate of fall of the river. We studied the Murray Gates more closely and divided the trip into sections according to the fall per mile. The steepest section, according to the two hundred feet contour lines, was of one and a bit miles just inside the Gates. This, you might say, was a fair drop for a canoeable river! The profile of the river, dropping eight hundred feet in the forty miles of the trip was something like the graph opposite.

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For comparison, the Cox's River between Sandy Hook and the Heartbreaker bend is shown by the dotted line. The steepest bit is the two mile section below the Megalong Creek junction. Ted Constable of the River Canoe Club described a canoe trip through the Cox's in "The Bushwalker" for 1948:

"The Billy Healy Range next claimed our attention for several days. This is the most spectacular part of the river and is the most difficult to negotiate.....our speed at times was reduced to little more than a mile per day...."

Our first day at Tom Groggin was largely spent in preparation, including the ferrying of a car to the finishing point of the trip, and of the gear to a road bridge a mile or so downstream.

It was after three, on a steaming hot day when we pushed off. The first obstacle, just downstream, was a six foot waterfall down which the canoes were roped. Then we enjoyed an easy paddle to the bridge which was a few feet above the water. It might have been three feet, but it looked a lot less. It was obvious that if the canoe rose in the water for any reason I'd whack my head on the bridge. We stopped to wait for the others and to have a closer look for hazards. In the middle of the stream below the bridge was a large boulder. My imagination ran wild - if we didn't hit our heads, we'd be so busy not hitting them that we'd lose control and belt into the boulder.

George was unperturbed and glided under the bridge solo with a foot to spare, neatly skirted the rock and sat waiting for me with a grin on his face.

We loaded the gear and paddled downstream for a few miles over quiet water until we found a beach to camp on. It was after six o'clock but still warm enough to enjoy a swim.

We set off very late next morning and a group of six or seven canoes appeared just as we were leaving. George recognised a friend from his early canoeing days and we chatted for a while while they prepared for an early lunch.

After a few miles of easy going, we reached a milestone, a prominent rock bluff on the right hand bank at a sharp bend in the river which seemed to proclaim "I am the Gate of the Murray" and to prove it gave us a quick push downhill in the form of a steeply angled race strewn with rocks. We had entered the Gorge proper!

It was in the following stretch that we found the remains of two wrecked canoes and it seemed that a spot of caution was going to be needed. We stopped for lunch and expected the other party to arrive at any minute.

Suddenly, George sprang to his feet and leaped into the water.

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A coil of plastic rope was floating downstream and he retrieved it for the owner. Then a piece of gunwale floated past. It looked as if the Gate had claimed another victim.

We heard later that the other party had lost a canoe just below the bluff and that was why, despite our own leisurely progress, they didn't catch up. The rope was invaluable in allowing long linings and in various rescues.

The obstacles now became more frequent and it was necessary to walk and line the canoe more frequently. George has lining down to a fine art, and it was a pleasure to watch the precision with which he guided the bouncing craft through the tangles of boulders and thundering jets of water.

At about five o'clock each evening we would say "next campable spot", but the time before reaching one could be as long as two hours. On this occasion we found one at about six o'clock, and gratefully trod the earth again.

The next day was again fine and hot and the bouldery section continued. We stopped for late lunch at the wildest section of all near Hermit Creek. The water coursed furiously through a mess of gigantic granite boulders, and the narrow outlet was a twisting spout of foam. Below was a deep quiet pool. On each of three flat rocks, the only flat space in sight, were the remains of camp fires and odd bits of canoe flotsam. It looked as if another party, which we knew to be ahead of us, had stopped to lick its wounds. It may have been possible to line through but the risk was too great, so we carried the canoes and gear up thirty feet or so and along an undulating rock shelf for a hundred feet.

Our caution was vindicated by the sight, at the far end of the pool, of a broken canoe cached in the rocks.

Dark clouds had been piling up during the afternoon and halfway through the portage the heavens let loose. We huddled under ground sheets as the rain bucketed down, and saw the river rise a couple of inches as we watched. After an hour, the rain eased as we pressed on. A few strokes of the paddles across the deep pool and there was another roaring fall which was negotiated with a long line.

This was a sight to see with the members of the party spread out for a hundred and fifty feet down the river, standing on a zig zag of vantage points to guide the operator, who couldn't see what was happening, by sign language. A mighty bit of teamwork, as Griff put it. It was now six o'clock, overcast and still threatening, with little likelihood of a comfortable camp. Then at the end of a pool was a likely looking bend, and we spotted a possible terrace ten feet above the river which merited a look. It was flat and covered with bracken and grass. Home!

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Griff was up early to fish and we breakfasted on trout from one of the least accessible but best stocked pools on the river. It looked as if we could throw away our hard tack and live off the land, or rather off the water, but fortunately, as it turned out later, we didn't.

This was the morning of Griff's encounter with a black snake, variety unknown, but very active. Griff, deciding that attack is the best means of defence grabbed a paddle and leapt. Wallop! The Blade went one way and the shaft the other with Griff still hanging on to it. I just had time to get out of the way as a pair of spectacles with very wide eyes behind them came at me across a large log. Under the log came the snake, but as Griff thudded to earth, it turned and fled. We moved around the camp very carefully after that.

This was also the morning that marked the end, sartorially speaking, of my brand new wide brimmed sixty cent straw hat. This may not sound much of a tragedy but then you haven't seen my hat, which now looks like something out of the Wizard of Oz or an impoverished coolie's cast out.

It flew off my head during an encounter with a "stopper" as I believe the best British canoeists term a wave large enough to stop or capsize a canoe. Due to our superior skill we weren't "stopped" but I did lose my hat. We waited in a still pool for it to catch up. It floated because it had a piece of foam plastic sewn to the crown. I pulled it out and it looked a little dishevelled but not seriously so. By next morning, though, some bits had shrunk and others had expanded; but it was still functional. George, proud of his well blocked similar hat, kept bursting into gentle hysteria at the sight. Then during a portage he threw his own hat up onto a rock ledge and it landed in a pool of slimy green water. Ha, I thought, he who laughs last laughs longest, but the immersion was too slight to affect its form, and the slight green mould effect even added a little to it's splendour. I can't win.

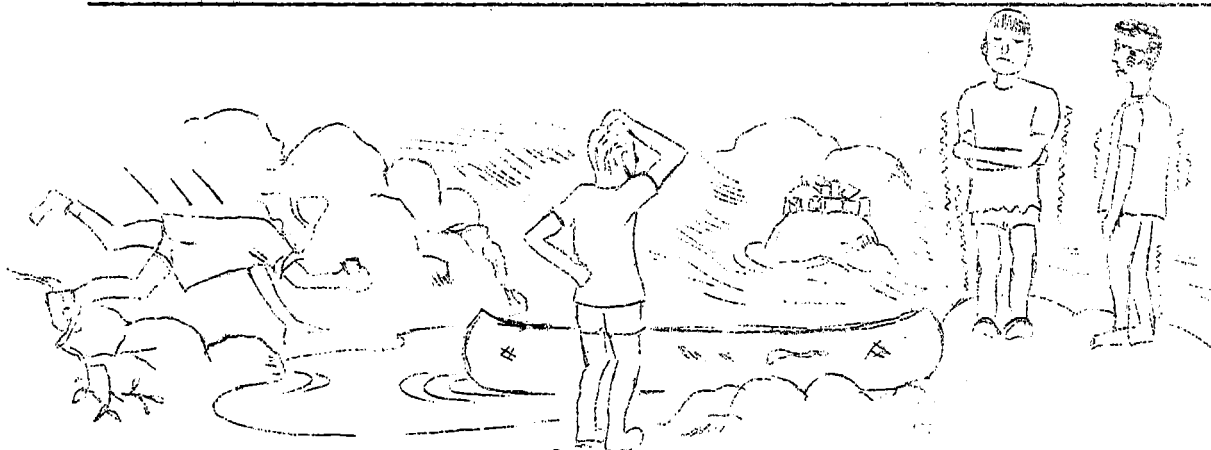
This was the third day and for a start it was necessary to walk the canoes here and there. Then half a mile below our camp we came to another difficult section and pulled in to investigate. I was on a boulder fifteen feet above the main torrent and George was in a similar position above the next pool when around the corner came the other canoe. They pulled in to an awkward spot and in back paddling to a more secure position were swept willy nilly into the main stream. The lurch of the canoe threw Gunther out and he was swept downstream and ended up spreadeagled and half submerged on a sloping boulder. He looked safe enough to us, but he was yelling to George and although we couldn't hear a thing above the roar of the water, he obviously wanted help. His leg was stuck in a crevice and he was sure that if he freed his leg he's be swept under. So he yelled until we got the message.



Meanwhile, Griff, somehow unaware of his loss was still shouting instructions to his stern man. Then he looked around as if sensing a lack of motive power, and then with a desperate grimace, started to backpaddle frantically. For a moment I thought he might make it, but the effort was too much. He stopped paddling and hurled the rope at me as he swept past, but it fell in a tangle well short of the rock. I watched helplessly as he leaped out and grabbed the stern of the canoe, and then in a flash it was wedged firmly broadside on a boulder, in mid fall, with water cascading over each end and a ten foot drop to the pool below. Griff managed to drag himself onto the boulder, and then pulled some of the gear out. Then he dived into the pool to retrieve the bow rope.

The canoe now full of water was firmly stuck and it looked an impossible task to pull it off. George lassoed the stern with all our might. The canoe didn't budge. We kept trying, and at last could feel movement. We managed to rock the canoe slightly and then with an almighty heave got it moving. Down it plunged into the pool below and floated out right side up. George scrambled downstream to drag it into the shallows but it was drifting in and out of an inaccessible backwater and on one of its trips met a stray current and turned turtle. Out came the gear, and off went Griff to retrieve whatever floated. The fishing gear, and all their hardware, did not float and disappeared forever. With it disappeared our dreams of trout for breakfast.

Of more importance was the state of the canoe and the canocists.



The latter were cold and exhausted. I waded to where I'd left my day pack cum mae west and took the matches out of their waterproofing. Then on the way back I tipped on a snag and fell flat on my face in the water. Wet matches....Back for the second box. This time I scrambled through the prickles on the bank and handed the box to Griff. He opened it but was shivering so much that he spilt the lot - fortunately on dry land.

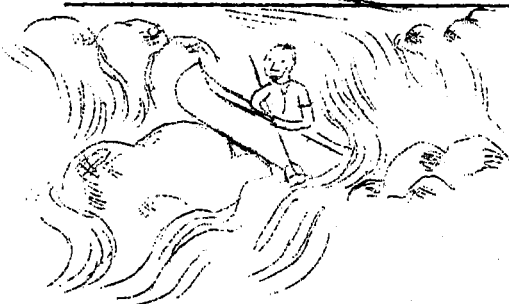
Warmth and nervous energy restored, we surveyed the canoe. A broken gunwhale and a gash in the fibreglass were the only signs of damage and the repair kit could cope with these. During repairs we paddled around in the other canoe to look for lost gear and spotted the best campsite yet. We ferried the gear across and set up camp early. There had been enough excitement for one day.

Then came the next problem, the gear Griff had left on the boulder in midstream. The only way to reach it was to leap into the water, upstream, be dashed against the boulder and clamber onto it.

There were no volunteers. However, Griff and George had a trick up their sleeves. They each perched on a high rock, one on each side of the river about sixty feet apart and holding the ends of the long rope. In the middle of the rope was an overhead loop. For a trial they tried to recover a peanut tin about three inches in diameter. Down came the loop and hovered over the tin. Then slowly down again, then phfft went the rope and there was the tin held firmly in the loop. After this the other bundles were catsmeat and were soon retrieved.

By now it was apparent that we were out of the toughest section. Some walking and linings were necessary but mostly the rapids were fast but negotiable. The rock bed changed from granite boulders to a vertical jointed fine grained rock which frequently formed bars across the stream. The drop in level was two hundred feet in six miles per the day's run and it was quite remarkable to be able to look ahead and see the noticeable downhill slope of the water.





At mid afternoon we rounded a bend and pulled in at the top of a short fast fall. Below it was a campsite on shingle and shreds of fibreglass which meant that someone had stopped for repairs. It looked dubious to me. A "stopper" I thought. "Canoe down that" I said, calculating the amount of water we'd

ship when we hit the big dipper. "Why not" replied George, "that's what it's there for." Then he added, "We'll backpaddle into it" and I breathed more easily. Next thing we were in midstream and back paddling slowly. "This" I thought, "is total commitment". In a flash we were nose down in the trough; then up again with a leap like a salmon, and surged forward with the waves thumping down the length of the canoe.

It was a delicious feeling. Like skiing moguls. "Boy this is living" I yelled "let's do it again" but George was too busy bailing to take any notice.

The ridges were now opening out, and grassy slopes appeared high up, but the riverside was still very rocky and overgrown with few obvious campsites. We stopped at Bunroy Creek and found a sandy spot tucked away in the rocky platform. The canoes could be hauled up onto the rocks but first had to negotiate a small corkscrew type fall with a seemingly safe and predictable outlet. We'd had a magnificent day's canoeing; we were dry, the gear was dry and we were camping comparatively early. George and Griff were magnanimous. "You fellows needn't come, we'll bring them through solo." Gunther and I strolled casually to the rock ledge to watch. George paddled into the mainstream. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, the canoe dived under and then seemed to leap out of the water sideways and to climb four or five feet out of the water, up a sloping rock. I expected to see it finish on top of the rock, like the Ark on Ararat. The result was inevitable. It slipped back with George still in it, and turned over.

Gunther dived in to help, and during the salvage operation Griff appeared around the corner, unaware of or unconcerned by what had happened, and equally confidently plunged in. The path of the canoe was somewhat different, but the result was the same. Fortunately the victims found the affair as hilarious as the spectators. We heard later that the following party had fared similarly. Not one canoe got through without mishap.

Below Bunroy Creek the river was easier, although it still maintained it's rate of descent. There were two early linings and then a series of shingly rapids as we followed the four big bends at the tail end of the gorge. Obvious campspots appeared for the first time since the Gates and then suddenly we were in grazing country.

It was now about two o'clock with twenty miles of meandering willow lined river, still fast moving, to our finishing point. We could certainly do it by dark, and the fact that Gunther had run out of

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cigarettes a couple of days ago, and that he and Griff had an irresistible hunger for steak and eggs, was reason enough for them. George and I were not in a hurry.

Our plans were settled by the weather, which suddenly became very wet, and by our meeting with some old mates of Griff who were fishing on the river and had cigarettes to spare. A little later we were entertained by some campers who plied us with stacks of toast and tea. This, and the rain which was now pelting down white anted the Bringenbrong-or-bust movement and we camped in the wet about half way from home.

There were enough easy rapids to give some interest to the trip and the fact that the deep water ran under willows caused some thrills and spills, but after the Gorge it was pretty tame.

There was no stopping further and Griff on the last morning. We were away in record time, and with double paddles flashing, our mates took off and disappeared. A couple of hours later we could hear distant yodelling and as we came in sight of the Bringenbrong bridge, could see two figures leaping up and down with great exuberance.

Across the water came Griff's melodious voice: "They said we'd never make it, but we did, Yippee!".

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#### PADDY PALLIN ORIENTEERING COMPETITION

All walkers please note that the Annual Orienteering Competition sponsored by Mr. Paddy Pallin will this year be held on Saturday, 23rd. May, 1970.

Now is the time to organise a team to compete under the S.B.W. banner.

THE DATE AGAIN: SATURDAY , 23RD. MAY, 1970.

See Alan Pike and next month's magazine for further details.

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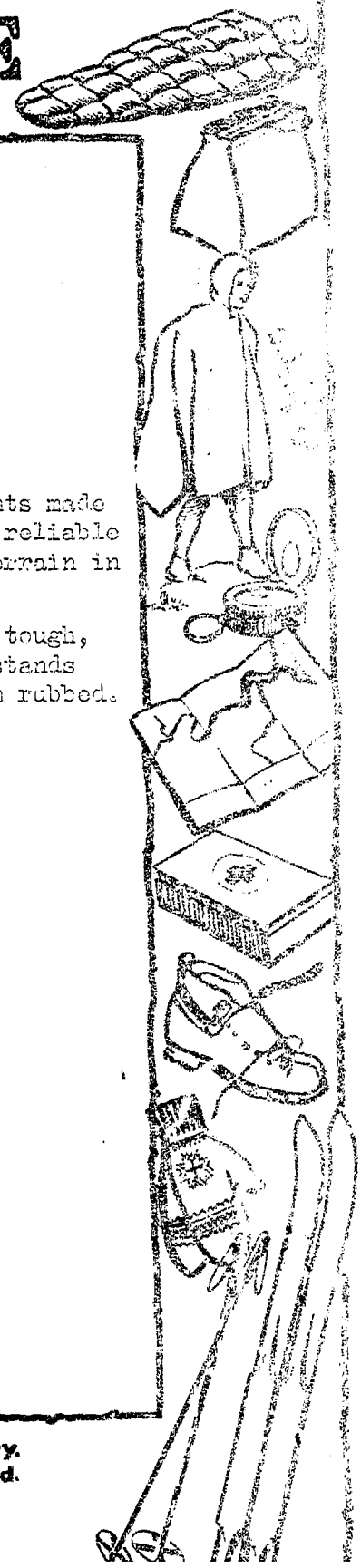
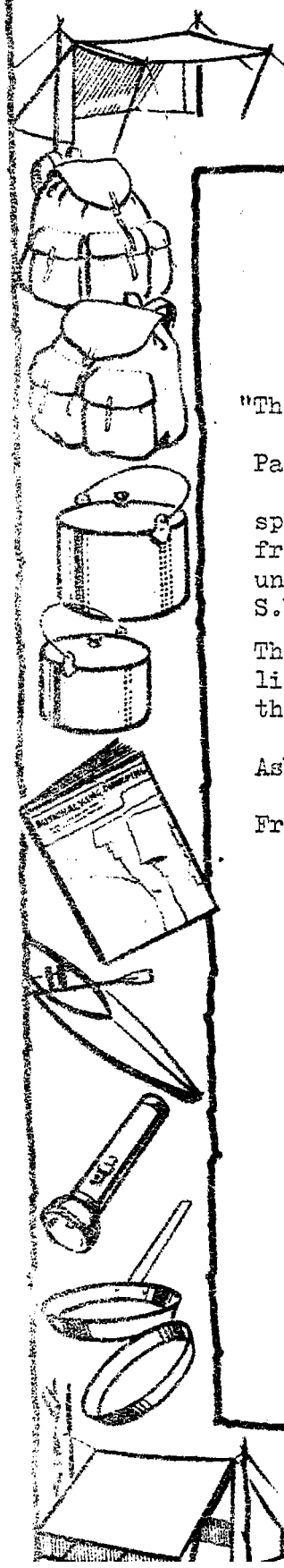
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KANGAROO VALLEY LAND - REPORT

The outgoing Management Committee of the Kangaroo Valley Land has submitted a report. At the Annual General Meeting it was resolved that "the whole matter of the Kangaroo Valley land be left until the General Meeting after the Reunion". Therefore, for the information of members, the Report is given hereunder:

"At the time of its final meeting your committee was unable to answer two major questions: the physical boundaries of the land and the Water Board's intentions. Although the land use is not entirely dependent on the boundaries initially, the boundaries will influence the access to the land from the nearest public road. This is the subject of a recommendation. The intentions of the Water Board are far more relevant. There are conflicting reports of the dam height, site and whether the storage area is to be "open" or "closed" to access. When the initial moves to purchase the area were made the Valley scheme was to pump water to an intermediate storage and then to the Wollongong area in which case open access was almost certain. There is a possibility now that water will be reticulated directly to Nowra which means that restricted or no access to the stored water could become a reality. Any considerations of a long term nature or of a charge on club funds, apart from rates, must depend on the final Water Board plans.

Your committee has been able to arrive at the following proposals:

- (1) When the boundaries of the land have been established definite legal access be obtained through the property of John Holland by the existing access road, such access to allow the clearing of a reasonable area for use as a car park. It is thought that present goodwill and negotiation will provide this.
- (2) Continued vehicle access through the land is not feasible. To establish a reliable road would involve a large initial expense and continuous maintenance. This implies that vehicle access, such as four-wheel drive vehicles be allowed only for initial work on the land and that thereafter access be not allowed.
- (3) Between the boundaries of our land and the lease held by John Holland there is an area of land available for Crown Lease. Our possible use of the land is not acceptable in the terms generally necessary to obtain such a lease.
- (4) The hut on the land should be kept in repair as shelter and the galvanised iron be re-erected as a roofed wall-less structure for further shelter, both structures to be kept clean by people using them. Both buildings could provide adequate rain run-off to justify installing a 1000 gallon tank

at a cost of about \$70 plus pad. This work could be managed by working bees. As an alternative to a tank supply the possibility of a plastic pipeline from the creek should be investigated.

(5) The question of use by other organisations and people was discussed. Such use, for recreational camping in an essentially primitive area should be welcomed but it is thought that no direct invitations should be issued.

(6) Generally camping should be encouraged in the area until actual flooding occurs then in an area downstream of the hut, nearer the cliffs, where simple fireplaces could be built and their use encouraged.

The choice of re-union site for the coming reunion and possible future reunions on the land should be left to the re-union convenor.

(7) The question of fencing is bound to the provisions of the lease held by John Holland and the intervening Crown Lease. As a general principle fencing should be avoided.

(8) Current rates on the land are \$20-30 yearly. These should be a charge on club funds.

(9) The advantages of declaring the area a Wild Life Refuge are stressed, and steps should be taken to have the land so declared.

(10) The land is somewhat scarred by tracks made by timber-getters and replanting of native trees and shrubs is recommended initially to protect and reclaim these areas.

(11) It is thought that a Management Committee be maintained for several years at least and that such a committee be elected at the Annual General Meeting.

The use and enjoyment of the land is recommended to all members."

As noted at the first occasion of the land use and development committee the committee has been set up to deal with the various aspects of the land use and development of the land.

KANGAROO VALLEY LAND

At the January General Meeting it was resolved that the Club write to the Water Board to ask what their present policy is in regard to the use of waters after the dam is constructed in the Kangaroo Vally area. The following is a copy of their reply:

"The proposed Yarrunga Dam has now been replaced by the Tallowa Dam which is to be constructed at the junction of Shoalhaven and Kangaroo Rivers. Tallowa Dam will be a concrete structure, approximately 125 ft. high.

The Board has not yet determined what recreational uses of the stored waters of the Shoalhaven Schene will be allowed. Various uses are still being investigated, and it is likely that no final decision will be made until at least 5 years experience in operation of the Scheme has been obtained.

With regard to properties affected by the stored water of Lake Yarrunga, holders of current pump licences will be permitted to continue to draw from the river and new licences will be considered. The rights of land holders upstream of the stored water of Lake Yarrunga are not expected to be affected in any way.

I am enclosing for your information a brochure on the Shoalhaven Scheme, and a copy of Board's Plan H17/100.00 detailing the proposed works."

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At the Annual General Meeting held on March 11th, it was resolved that our land in the Kangaroo Valley be given an aboriginal name. Wilf Hilder volunteered to look up and submit a list of names, and suggestions from club members would also be welcomed.

THE FEBRUARY GENERAL MEETING

By Jim Brown.

First a greeting to the new additions to the membership - Heather Williams, Roy Higgenbottom and Jim Dawson: and then acceptance of the January minutes, and no matters arising.

Inward correspondence related to the request by Betty and Ern Farquhar for transfer to non-active membership, to an offer by the Dungalla Club to support the tree planting operation on the Club's Kangaroo Valley property, and a proposal originated by the Coast and Mountain Walkers that Federation should take a more vigorous line in assisting and promoting bushwalking, apart from its already active S & R functions. As a result of discussion at the January meeting the Water Board had been asked to clarify its intentions on construction of the Kangaroo Valley dam. The Club had been happy to accept the Dungalla offer, while the question of a New Look Federation was left for the meeting to contemplate.

The Treasurer gave his report, with a final balance in ready cash of \$953, but as no-one could hear it was repeated by the Secretary.

January's walks report disclosed that the first trip, Owen Manley's Kowmung jaunt did not take place, but Bill Bourke's walk on the Shoalhaven River on 9th. - 11th. brought out 10 people who (by accident, it was said) found a new exit route from Barber's Creek. Lynne Wyborn with a group of 5 reached the "Crater" near Wollongambe Creek the same weekend, and recorded that the long-sought area was quite unvolcanic in appearance, being a hollow about 1/3 mile across encircled by hills. There were 9 people on Meryl Watman's Hacking River day walk.

On the middle weekend of January, Joan Rigby and party of 6 walked on Angorawa Creek and the lower Colo, which was low and muddy, making their way out by steep but negotiable side creeks. Doug Ackland inherited from Bob Jones the day walk and with only one starter as a party went on to Glenbrook instead of returning to Lapstone from Glenbrook Creek.

Australia Day weekend saw a major rally of about 36 on Barry Pacey's Pretty Beach camp. There were mutual accusations of white-anting as the President organised a day walk Instructional to Pigeon House, on which 10 prospectives and 3 members scaled

the mountain and returned to Clyde River via Landslide Creek. For the last weekend the Kowmung trip was cancelled after reports of flooding, but Lynne Wyborn's party went caving (and mud fighting) at Wee Jasper, spending 5 hours in Punchbowl Cave and 2½ hours in the Gong Room. The day walk topped the pole with no less than 39 on Jack Gentle's Burning Palms trip, when there was ample rain but a dearth of rain garments, and one starter retired after a mile or so.

There could be no Federation Report, as the delegate present had toted it around for a week, but left it at home on the meeting night, so it was straight on to General Business and a report from Gordon Redmond on the completion of the Kangaroo Valley land deal. The final cost had been \$3,897, leaving a surplus of \$311 from the total of Era funds, Club and member donations and other contributions which had been placed in a special account. Gordon moved a vote of appreciation to Harold English (agent), Colin Broad (solicitor) and Dot Butler for their work and the free services given in carrying out the transaction. In seconding this Alex Colley said Gordon's considerable work should also be recognised: Jack Gentle moved accordingly, and this was carried.

Gordon now sought to reply in open meeting to some statements made privately to him by another member who evidently disapproved the whole purchase. However the meeting generally regarded this as a personal matter, and didn't want to buy into it.

To wind up - aw, what the hell - it will all be over by the time this is printed ..... anyway it should probably be said - Don told us there were six feet of grass on the reunion site, but John White was going down in advance with an outsize lawn mower: also that President, Walks and Social Secretaries, and Jack Gentle, Wilf Hilder and Alan Round would not seek re-election at the Annual Meeting.

Spiro Ketas moved that we write to thank Joan Rigby for unstinted labours on production of the Club magazine over recent years - carried; and when someone mentioned the swimming carnival at Lake Eckersley to be held on the following weekend, a cautionary note was uttered - the Army had been laying land mines on the western side of the Woronora in that area; which seemed as good a conclusion as any to a tranquil meeting.

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LIST OF OFFICERS

Results of the elections at the Annual General Meeting are as follows:

President:	Spiro Ketas
Vice-Presidents:	(1) Bob Younger
	(2) Phil Butt
Secretary	Sheila Binns
Treasurer	Jim Vatiliotis
Walks Secretary	Alan Pike
Social Secretary	Owen Marks
Membership Secretary	Barbara Bruce
Committee	
Ladies	Dorothy Noble, Ann O'Leary
Men	Craig Shappert, Sam Hinde
Federation	Pat Marson, Jim Calloway (on Committee)
Delegates:	Wilf Hilder, Rolf Janssen
Conservation Secretary	Mike Short
Literary Editor	Neville Page
Magazine Business Manager	Don Finch
Archivist	Phil Butt
Keeper Maps and Timetables	Peter Franks
Equipment Hire	Laurie Quaken
S. & R. Contacts	Heather White, Elsie Bruggy, Doone Wyborn
Trustees.	Heather White, Gordon Redmond, Bill Burke.
Hon. Solicitor	Colin Broad
Hon. Auditor	Nan Bourke
Kangaroo Valley Land Management Committee:	George Gray, Dorothy Butler, Bob Younger, Bill Gillam, Alan Wyborn.