

# THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A Monthly Bulletin of matters of interest  
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# EDITORIAL

By the Editor

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Your Editor this month is full of thanks and apologies: thanks to those people who prepared the September issue of "The Sydney Bushwalker", and particularly Sheila Binns who did all the typing at very short notice; no easy task for sure. My apologies are firstly for neglecting my duties, and secondly for the fact that this month's magazine is so late in being published. Next month I hope to be back in step with an early edition (collating on 19th. November). BUT this of course depends on my having sufficient material to fill a magazine - and on the basis of what is in hand now, the whole mag. has yet to be written. Please oh please have a go at writing something and hand it in or post it. Especially required are articles about WALKS; these have been in rather short supply lately. New Members and prospectives from experience are particularly good at writing articles, having the benefit of new impressions and fresh thoughts on various subjects and trips. But that doesn't mean that the rest can relax - WE NEED YOU AND YOUR ARTICLES; young and old, junior and senior, male, female and other. If I don't hear from you soon there won't be a November Magazine.

IN THIS MAGAZINE : Due to my being overseas last month, the general meeting reports got a bit mixed up, and September report was published, missing out on the August report. Therefore the August report appears in this issue. The report on the October general meeting will appear in next month's issue, and if we can really become efficient, the reports could be actually stepped forward by a month. It all depends of course on the issue date.

The article by Marie Byles on page 5 deserves your attention and thought, even if you don't agree with the views expressed therein. In fact, if anyone does have something to say about Marie's article, put it in writing and let's have it for next month's mag. Try a little mental exercise for a change; you may be surprised at the results.

Another article worthy of your close examination is Dorothy Lawry's "Mount Victoria to the Grose River" on page 15. Is the track mentioned in use at the present time? The Walks Secretary can't tell me! Maybe you can. It could be the basis for an exploratory walk, the results of which could be written up for a future issue. Who said there is nothing to write about???? Get off your derriere and let's hear from you.

THE NEW DUPLICATOR. The Club will be getting a new duplicator for the magazine, thanks to the agitation of a few interested bushwalkers. So let's now make the most of it, and produce a publication worthy of the expenditure of \$400. Club funds.

Neville Page

# THE AUGUST MEETING.

\*\*\*\*\* By Jim Brown \*\*\*\*\*

Five new members were named at the beginning of the proceedings for August. Frances Winwood-Smith, John Hughes and Geof Mattingley were there to be welcomed, and for Angela Greenland and Keith Muddle, well, their badges and copies of the constitution are there for another day. After minutes were read and confirmed, and a couple of tidying-up motions had been carried, we heard in correspondence that the sewage going into Wentworth Creek was being treated as best possible, but it was doubtful if the streams receiving the effluent would be really safe to drink un-boiled. From correspondence, too, we heard that veteran member Harold Chardon had switched to non active status.

The Treasurer's accounting showed a favourable balance of \$1488 at the close of July, and Walks Secretary Alan Pike presented the balance for walks in that month. There was first a trip to Splendour Rock and Kanangaroo lead by Laurie Quaken - a written report had been mailed, but not reached the Walks Secretary: however, it appeared that the party had done a stage of night-walking and returned via Breakfast Creek. The same week end David Ingram with a big tally of 36 people day-walked in the George's River country, and Doone Wyborn had a party of bikies doing a stint from Newnes Junction to Newnes and back to Wallerawang: it got through despite a couple of prangs.

On the second week-end of July, Pat Harrison was out in the Capertee Valley climbing Crown Mountain, and having a little bother getting through the private land between Glen Davis and the desired campsite at Running Stream Creek. Barbara Bruce and Marion Lloyd conducted a well attended Instructional trip (with 23 prospective members) at Burning Palms, where Heather Williams day walk of 20 people joined them at lunch time on Sunday.

The third week-end in the month was the occasion of Morag Ryder's "mystery" day walk, which revealed some of the mysteries of the country west of Cowan, which is not often visited, to a party of ten people. Over the same week-end Peter Franks team on the Nattai scaled Russell's Needle and returned via Rocky Waterholes Creek, while thirteen folk went to the snow for Bill Gillam's week-end. The concluding spasm for the month included two day walks, Frank Leyden's crew of 22 going from Cowan to Jerusalem Bay and back, and Jim Callaway leading a female party of four through some nice boronia in Bational Park between Bundeena and Waterfall.

At one stage during the month there had been a Search & Rescue practice, which was reported by Peter Franks: a total of about forty people present, and some trouble with search parties getting themselves rather astray.

Federation business showed that the suggested "all States" Federation was held over for discussion for another month. Most member clubs had supported the idea of orienteering contests. There was a scheme to close Blue Gum Forest to camping for a few years to let it recover from over-use - meanwhile a site upstream on the Grose would be made into a camp-site. There had been appointed as trustees of the Royal National Park a few citizens of unquestioned standing...but the interests of walkers had been thoroughly ignored. Reporting on the S&R practice, Ninian Melville had commented on the fact that some parties had not carried torches and been astray in the dark. The normal Federation meeting had been followed by the Annual Meeting at which Phil Butt was re-elected President, and the affiliation fees left at the same level as the past year.

Thus to General Business, with Mike Short reminding us that the public meeting on pollution of the Parramatta River and environs would be held about two weeks hence. A seminar had recently been held on the controversial question of controlled burning off of bushland, and views of both sides had been presented, with no real conclusion reached.

Since no one had any axes to grind or hobby horses to ride, we had announcements, and wound up good and early at 9.10 p.m.

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## NEXT MAGAZINE NIGHT

Next Magazine collating night is 19th. November at Jim and Kath Brown's place.

THE TIME: 7.30 p.m.

THE ADDRESS: 103 Gipps Street,  
DRUMMOYNE

For those who wish to contribute to the Club's activities but don't know how, well here it is. Three hours of fun and eating afterwards too. See Owen or give him a call on the telephone (30-1827).

# CAN BUSHWALKERS SAVE THE BUSH ?

\*\*\*\*\* By Marie M. Byles \*\*\*\*\*

Some while ago there was a good film on television showing pollution. It was a very horrifying film. But how many who saw it remember that the most horrifying part was the commencement, not the part that was so revolting that you would not like to eat your dinner while looking at it. The film began by showing how in the original natural course of life on earth everything lived on everything else: animals lived on animals and plants, plants lived on plants and animals. And none of them complained because nature's law demands mutual sacrifice.

The film went on to show that when man was evolved he objected to falling in with the natural rhythm. He disliked being part of nature's sacrificial plan. He wanted everything for himself and he worked to make nature sacrifice to him entirely without any sacrifice on his part in return. He detested suffering and worked hard to do without it. In subduing nature to this end he got his way; though he did not do away with the suffering. But also in getting his way he created the frightening pollution with which the film was concerned.

The only pleasant thing about the picture, at least to a former mountaineer, was the information that the atmosphere itself might well become so polluted that it would soon exclude the sunlight and usher in a new ice age with uncontaminated white snow mountains, and the extinction or near-distinction of the species man. If another ice age did not kill the human species there were other alternatives that would do so, all springing from this flouting of nature's rhythm. For something is never got for nothing, and the nemesis of trying to get without giving is only a matter of time. Sooner or later nature will right the balance. Nature always rights the balance and nothing that man can do can prevent it.

When our standard of life was more primitive the result of man's insistence on nature being entirely subject to him, was there none the less, but it was not obvious; except perhaps when the Romans stripped the Dalmation Hills of timber to build ships and left the arid land which still exists today. However, it was not until "man's presumptuous brain" (as it has been called) got busy that it got dangerous. Man invented more and more ingenious ways of subduing nature on a larger and larger scale so that we now see the result more obviously. Therefore the return to a simple life would only delay matters; it would not prevent the ultimate nemesis.

Bushwalkers are demanding a park, not pines, for Boyd Plateau, and they feel that they are thereby helping to keep the balance between man and nature. And of course we wish them success.

But in asking for a park instead of pines are we doing this because we are considering the needs of eucalypts or because of our pleasure in seeing wild unspoilt nature and the justice of keeping as park what was originally so declared? If we are building or furnishing our new home would we be willing to give up the use of soft woods for which there is a crying demand, the result of a more insistent crying for a higher and yet higher standard of living for an affluent and still more affluent society?

If we decide that it is preferable to breed kangaroos for pet food instead of allowing them to be exterminated by hunters, are we considering the kangaroos or ourselves?

When we require a driveway to our new garage are we thinking of the needs of limestone country, or of our own? I do not say that we should not try to substitute another area for Colong. But I do say that basically we are always considering ourselves and not nature.

And now we come to the crucial question. Are bushwalkers one wit less selfish than managers and dividend-seekers of cement companies or of mill-owning companies? Is the man or woman who wants a higher salary any better than the mining company that wants higher dividends by exploiting nature?

Naturally I do not want to lessen the good work of Save Colong or Save the Boyd Plateau. But what I do suggest is that we ask ourselves whether we are considering the trees and the stalactites as having a being of their own and there for their own sake and not merely for the pleasure of bushwalkers; and tourists! Do we recognise the universe as one entity, that nothing can be injured without the injury of all and that if we expect nature to give we must take as little as possible out of nature even though this means giving up our most cherished desires?

All work to prevent pollution is good. And all work to save nature is good. But they are only pinpricks. The A.C.I. company's annual report shows a deep concern for pollution, and proudly states that the company's operations do not permit this. But even if all companies did as does the A.C.I. and even if all parks were retained, they would still be only pinpricks.

None of these things touch the cause: man's deviation from nature's rhythm that decrees that all must sacrifice to all, that is, to other things and other individuals. Consciousness of individuality is perhaps the greatest wonder that evolution has produced. But it is precisely because of this consciousness of being a separate individual that there

is greed and self interest in the human species as distinct from the animals. However, this individuality is coupled with the ability to be conscious that the universe is one undivided whole, the same will-to-live running through all, even rocks and stalactites; for science has shown that even matter has life. The tragedy is that man has overbalanced his great gift by ignoring this oneness and trying to get everything and give nothing to nature, unless it suited him, and very very little even to his fellow human beings. His lust is now leading to his own destruction.

The destruction of nature had its origin in the mind, that is, in the thoughts, and it is only in the mind and its thoughts that the cure can be found, that is to say in the reorientation of our thoughts so that we cease asking "Do I want it?" and instead ask "Do I need it?". And so that we cease destroying the least thing, unless like wild animals in Kipling's Jungle Book, we really need to do so. For example, we do not need to swat mosquitoes all night long as I observed a bushwalker doing!

"Don't be silly", says the reader. "How can you ask such questions in an affluent society where there is plenty for all. You would return to the grinding poverty of the Middle Ages, or of the Nepalese people today."

There is always a middle way. But the asking of those questions in an affluent society is the only solution for the problem of pollution.

People are not going to ask it; no not bushwalkers, let alone A.C.I. companies. You and I may not live to see the nemesis. But things are moving very quickly these days and the children around us may very well do so.

"Don't be an incorrigible pessimist. Man has always got over his troubles, and he always will."

I am not a pessimist, for I think that the wonder of man's evolution is such that he will not perish like the dinosaurs, that remnants of the human species will survive, that after terrible suffering those remnants will learn to seek only what they need and not what they want, and will also learn that giving brings greater happiness than getting; and finally that they will become conscious of the unity of all life. It is a very very long range optimism. But I have always been rather prone to long-range plans !

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And in the meantime let us eat drink and walk in the bush which we cannot save, for tomorrow we die in an ice age or inferno.

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# LETTERS FROM COLIN PUTT AND FITZGANDERPIPE

Greetings to everybody!

COLIN PUTT

14/7/70

We are likely to make port in Greenland at last tomorrow or the next day. We've been a long time on the way; the winds in the North Atlantic have been persistently N. and W. and thus contrary, but we arrived off Cape Farewell at the beginning of July, to find ourselves cut off from the coast by 25 miles of solid pack-ice. We therefore set off west and north, with the idea of getting round the end of the ice, which comes from the Polar Sea down the East coast, round the tip of Greenland and up the West coast, where it is supposed to melt.

We followed the ice-edge as far as Frederickshaab, where the ice is supposed to finish by June in the worst years, and headed in for the coast through drifting floes. A sudden change of wind closed this up into a close pack of huge floes each the size of a football field and 30 ft. thick, and there we were beset for a week! No damage to the ship apart from a broken tiller which I've fixed, and this morning the pack opened enough for us to sail out and close the coast, after drifting 100 miles with the pack.

Today we met a small coasting vessel with a Danish skipper and Eskimo crew. The first Eskimo I've ever seen immediately up with his big Agfa camera and took a photo of me, apparently saying to himself "What a primitive and scruffy specimen!" The ship, built exactly like the Peguod in Moby Dick but with engine instead of sails, is a little icebreaker, but was keeping outside the sort of pack we had been in. They told us that the ice was quite abnormally heavy this year but that Faeringehavn is clear and there we are headed, with a good breeze, to get fuel, bread and ice information.

15/7/70

Well, here we are, anchored in Faeringehavn, in time for lunch. Very thick fog came down last night and we had a very active night sailing through loose floes and icebergs. This morning it cleared just at the crucial moment to allow us to pick up the leading marks into Faeringehavn, which is a fishing port and radio station some 40 miles south of Gothaab on the West coast. We have some information now about the pack ice. It is the same as in the early 1400's when the Viking settlements were cut off and lost. A 10,000 ton ice-strengthened ship is stuck in Julionhaab, unable to get out, and similar ships have been unable to get further than 50 south of where we now are!

As it seems that Julienhaab is inaccessible we must change our plans. There are some quite good mountains up the fjords from here, which we might look at for a few days anyway, and some really good unclimbed ones in the Dalagars Nunataks, 40 miles or so to the south of us. We must get some more information before we decide.

29/7/70

Here we are at Iviktut, at the world's only cryolite mine. We stayed two days at Faeringehavn and got fuel oil, fresh bread and the like, and saw something of the local codfishing fleet in action. During this time we got news that the pack ice had moved inshore and blocked the way to the Dalagars Nunataks, but that we now might get to Julienhaab. We therefore worked our way out into Davis Strait through 20 miles of loose pack, sailed slowly south in almost continuous fog and calm, and got in again through the ice to Iviktut and Arsuk fjord yesterday. From here to Julienhaab the coast is broken up into islands by fjords and we should be able to work our way through without too much trouble from ice.

The Skipper's idea is to get to one mountain area, between here and Julienhaab, and climb there for two weeks, then go on to Julienhaab, stock up with fuel and provisions and go on to another climbing area behind Cape Farewell for two weeks, then come out through the inshore fjords just East of Cape Farewell and head straight for England. So I hope to write from Julienhaab with some news of climbing in about 2 weeks' time.

The country about Iviktut is very fine, just like a Canterbury (N.Z.) sheep valley such as the Godley or Rakaia, but with fjord water in the bottom instead of valley flats. There are even a few sheep to be seen on the slopes. The country rock is mainly gneiss, very sound and solid, and full of huge volcanic dykes, one of which is, of course, responsible for the cryolite mine. This mine is highly mechanised, and about 40 men live and work here in air-conditioned luxury. Just now there is a Danish ship in, loading ore, and there is a bustle of activity. The King of Denmark's brother is visiting Iviktut too, today, and we have dressed the ship with flags. Tomorrow, early, we start off for the Julienhaab mountains.

2/8/70

We are now approaching Julienhaab, and if all goes well we should be there tonight. We left Iviktut three days ago, came out of Arsuk fjord into the maze of skerries in Kobbermine bight, and then worked our way along through a remarkable series of inland fjords and waterways in the direction of a little known group of mountains to the West of Julienhaab, in the Bredesfjord. Bredesfjord turned out to have a lot of ice in it, both local bergs and old pack ice drifted in from the sea, and yesterday we were finally brought to a

dead stop some ten miles from the mountains. We could see them quite clearly, and as they are not very interesting as a climbing proposition, and quite inaccessible to us anyway being cut off on all sides by ice-filled fjords, we have decided to go outside into the sea again and try to get round to Julienhaab, there to pick up mail, supplies and ice information. We then plan to sail through fjords to the big mountains behind Cape Farewell, in and around Prince Christian Sound.

Although we still haven't found any climbing, the trip is proving very interesting and enjoyable and I'm learning a tremendous amount about pack-ice and icebergs, both by direct experience and by talking with the officers of the various Danish ships we meet.

\*\*\*\*\*

- "FITZGANDERPIPE"  
(Ian Dillon)

By the powers, indeed we are having a very fine trip; I must also say that I find Expedition life most agreeable. Life at sea is more or less like this: the day is divided into 2-hour watches of one man (of course, in the ice, it was two to four man watches). In the six hours between, one repairs chaffed rigging as well as eats, sleeps, reads, ponders or blows one's nose, or stamps up and down to keep warm and fit. The last 146 temperatures were Low 30's and High 20's, sea and air.

After good weather and light winds we arrived off Cape Farewell, southern tip of Greenland, on 3rd July, the ice being 25 miles off shore. Thinking this looked like a good lead we steamed up the west coast, hoping to come into the town of Julienhaab. We saw some very fine peaks which the skipper knew from a past voyage. Alas and alack, the ice got heavier and thicker, and after nosing in and out we finally followed up a good lead and got stuck. For eight days we were moored to a floe the size of a football field sending of "mamoths" - huge things that could bring destruction to our vessel. However two days ago we got free of the ice. We had a fair breeze, the first for 6 days. Of course it could not have helped us in the ice except to blow the ice leads open. We met a coastal whaler, also stuck in the ice, who gave us a case of Carlsbad beer. Then we tacked up the coast and yesterday came to the Fjords of Faeringhavn, a sizeable little port of three to four thousand, a fishing factory of about 40 boats and a Seaman's Home where the most scrumptious coffee and cakes (Danish, of course) are served up.

Today I shall break in my new boots in the hills behind the town. Tomorrow we do some easy climbing at the head of the fjord and then, in the next week or so, as soon as the ice allows we head back down the coast by the fabled "inshore lead" to Fred-

erickshaab glacier. There, about 30 miles inland, lie the Dalagars Nunataks, a selection of very fine peaks of about 9,000'. The glacier comes down to the sea, and its terminal face is 15 miles wide. It was about there we got stuck and drove up the coast at about half to 1½ knots past the tantalizing peaks. (Still, it has warmed up a bit now so we should be back to them in a few days.) "Sea Breeze" is a delightful ship, 45' on water line, a neat egg-yolk yellow hull and maroon mainsail and with white canvas/terrylene top sail and Genoa job, very good in a sea of Force 8, she rides like a in a flat calm. The deck leaks on the back of bunks and saloon but we have fitted her with a vast complex of plastic-bag gutterings, a source of wonder to all who come aboard her. The food is very "Tilmanish" - not quite enough to be filling, but we are going to put on extra bread and a hundredweight of flour so we will soon have that problem righted.

My boots are a very fine pair, from Lawry's of London, round-toed, etc. - just what I have been after. Our ice-axes have been used to carve mooring bollards on the numerous ice floes we have been alongside for some time.

The coast is beautiful in a stark, hostile manner; indeed, at the Seaman's Home there are seven or eight paintings by local chaps of a very high standard and they really show what can be done with the coast...some superb seascapes with the moon coming down through the clouds on to the bay, with fog coming up the fjords - all very beautiful.

Icebergs are best viewed from a distance; close up they compress the pack which, although flowing in the same direction, moves much slower on account of their draught and cause considerable pressure build-up. If stuck nearby one begins to wonder just how many billions of tons of ice three men can fend off with ice poles.

It is almost time for coffee, cakes and cigars - how easily one picks up local customs! Putto claims he only smokes on three occasions (last week it was only one) - when caught in Sunday traffic, when moored to an icefloe, or when just freed from an icefloe.

We had hot showers on a Canadian vessel, the Blue Cloud, about 1,500 tons, and also a neat whisky. Every Blue Cloud has a rusty lining, largely brought about by their central steam heating.

Have just finished another hot shower. By the powers it was very good! We gave up deck bucket baths two weeks ago.

Our arrival here caused something of a sensation. Telegrams from various people have arrived congratulating us on our passage through the ice, and indeed we could have been the extinct great auk itself to judge by the crowd at the wharf on our arrival. Perhaps they expected us to tie up and then sink at our moorings.

On return to England I will stay two or three weeks at Lymington fixing up the boat, then will get a bicycle and ride up to London via Cornwall, Landsend, Exmore, Wales, Peak District and Oxford for a quick look, then home by October and to work work work, probably in Sydney.

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## FEDERATION NOTES

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### THE SEPTEMBER MEETING

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and received. The correspondence inwards and outwards was dealt with.

The S & R Report was given by Nin Melville. Nin stated that those who were willing to attend S & R rescues should indicate to their Federation representative their willingness to do so as Federation requires a list of all such members so that they can be insured against injury as each member must be insured individually. Attempts are still being made to gain a subsidy for insurance from the Government. A portable typewriter was bought for the Secretary of the S & R Section for \$60. Two Tohai radios for rock rescue work were purchased for approximately half normal price. Nin gave a list of other purchases of equipment which he has recently made for the S & R Section. A patron is required for the Section. Anybody with ideas please make them known. A practising solicitor who is employed by a non government organisation is also required.

The Treasurer gave a report on expenditure which consisted of \$60 for a typewriter and \$157.19 for other equipment for the S & R Section. The profit from the Ball raffle will be placed in the S & R account. The profit from the Ball which is approximately \$150 is to be placed in the General Account. Nin Melville put in a miscellaneous account for payment of \$11.74. The National Trust was sent an extra \$2 as our donation since the fees had risen this year. A sum of \$39 was forwarded to the Nature Conservation Council, which covered membership of 800.

397 people attended the Ball. 13 Clubs were represented. The raffle prize of \$50 was won by Mrs. F. Andrews and the sleeping bag was won by Mrs. Avery. The best dressed table trophy this year was won by the C.M.W. Mr. Bruce Vote won the door prize.

The S.U. Mountaineering Club has asked for affiliation. Two delegates volunteered to attend a meeting of this organisation. No further correspondence has been received from Wollongong Uni. College Bushwalking Club re. their application. The subject of combined club walks was raised. It was stated there had not been many such walks.

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# MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT.

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# MT. VICTORIA TO THE GROSE RIVER

\*\*\*\*\* By Dorothy Lawry \*\*\*\*\*

In the August issue I read without surprise that in June last "the pass from Mt. Victoria to the Grose River was dangerous because of erosion". There always was a nasty bit of track where one went down beside the Victoria Falls. I have been living in New Zealand since "before firetrails" so I do not know just what tracks the S.B.W.'s are using nowadays. However, presuming that you still go out along the road along the ridge and down the tourist track to the Victoria Falls and so to the junction of that creek with the Grose River, I can tell you of an alternative route. Some of us found it for ourselves in 1942 and 1943.

Quite a lot of water has run down the Grose since those war days so there is bound to have been some erosion on this route also. There is only one short piece of track on it of which I am really doubtful; if the first party through takes a rope they should not be stopped by it but should reach "Wilson's Mine" safely.

You leave Mt. Victoria by the old road to the Victoria Falls and follow it to within a hundred yards of the end, where there used to be an old shelter shed and where the tourist track started to zigzag down to the falls. Before reaching the last, flat stretch on which the shed stood, the road used to turn right down a fairly steep but not very long descent on to the flat and almost at once we used to turn the cars off the road and park them among the trees on the left.

From this point, with your back to the road, you should see the ground falling away in front of you into an upland valley. You should have no trouble in finding the remains of an old road chipped out of solid rock. Follow this down with a swamp on your left and go to where the creek leaved the swamp. The track will take you across the creek where there may still be signs of an old bridge. It then goes on along the floor of this valley and round a height to the right until it ends where there are signs that once there were buildings near a very small swamp. Go to your right and round the top of this swamp and you will find the start of an old foot track leading downhill to the small creek flowing from the swamp. Just above a small cliff at the foot of the track you cross the creek and in a few yards cross back again, but first look over the cliff and you will see not far below a flat stretching to the left. This is where you would use the rope to descend to the flat should the old track that zigged down to the right and back to the flat be no longer

there. It was on soil leaning against the face of the cliff.

When you reach the flat you will see a man-made hole in the cliff beside the waterfall. This was Wilson's Mine but there was not enough coal to make it pay.

Looking across the gorge of the Grose from this flat you will see a double-headed creek coming in opposite. Head down the steady slope through open bush for the point where this creek joins the river as the Grose comes round a bend from the left. At that bend there is/was a small flat - too stony for camping in comfort - and at the downstream end of this flat a clear cattlepad crossed the river, rose five or six feet and then went down the left bank to the pool by the campsite at the junction of Victoria Falls Creek.

This is an easy route BUT when going down to the river DO NOT try to get there further downstream or you will find yourselves at the top of cliffs that drop sheer into the river.

.....

Should you be making only a short trip to see the Victoria Falls would you like to try a different route back?

Approximately at the junction of the Victoria Falls Creek and the Grose River there is another small creek comes in between them. This is the one that flows from the big swamp you passed when you started down from the road.

If you go up the bare hillside between this creek and the river until you reach the cliff where the creek breaks through, there was a cave on the left bank and, immediately opposite (in 1942) Tuggie and I found steps cut into the rock as though this had been one exit from the surveyor's track when supplies were being taken to the builders of the road over the Mountains. We were not able to go up these steps as the first few were so overgrown with callicoma and other bushes that we could not push through. However, we were able to scramble up the hillside and so got back to the old road where it crossed that stream.

Some months later I went up that same route again with some other S.B.W.'s and remember that the most difficult part was going up the bare hillside. Because of the sideways slope and lack of vegetation the footing was very difficult but it was just possible to see a line where a track had once been and we followed this up.

\*\*\*\*\*



# COMING WALKS

\*\*\*\*\* By Alan Pike \*\*\*\*\*

## NOVEMBER 6, 7, 8.

This weekend Ray Hookway will be reclining on a li-lo in the Kowmung River. His trip goes from Kanagra down spectacular Gabbage Spire to the Kowmung and returns via Rots Ridge (the easiest way back) after about 10 miles of pleasant floating. Make sure your li-lo has a certificate of seaworthiness and that you have plenty of plastic bags to keep your odds and ends dry.

The day walk on Sunday is led by bee-enthusiast, David Cotton. There will be an informal informative demonstration on bee-keeping. You may even have a taste of honey.

## NOVEMBER 13, 14, 15.

Peter Franks is leading a walk in the Wolgan Valley near Newnes. This is strange as there are no oranges growing there. The walk will be interesting as it is a new one; distance is only 15 miles and takes in some good vantage points for views. It could be a bit scrubby in places as you won't find tracks all the way.

There are two day walks on Sunday. The one for bludgers is down Kangaroo Creek and led by Sheila Binns. Jim Callaway leads the other walk: a test walk which offers variety in both bush and beach scenery.

## NOVEMBER 20, 21, 22.

This weekend Betty Farquhar is running an instructional for prospective members. Eight miles of walking in the Heathcote Primitive Area. All prospectives and members are welcome.

Anne O'Leary is leading a weekend walk on the Good Old Cox's River this weekend. About 20 miles medium with plenty of swimming on Sunday.

The Sunday walk is led by Jim Brown; a round trip from Otford to Otford via some of Jim's secret haunts.

## NOVEMBER 27, 28, 29.

Owen Marks never goes anywhere unless he's been there before and this is why his walk will be one of the best on the programme. A 20 miles medium test walk with plenty of swimming, it starts from Tony Carlon's farm at Barrallier. Bindook Gorge and Tomat Falls (700 feet) are very spectacular.

The Sunday walk also has plenty of swimming. It is a test walk led by Spiro Ketas, and takes in the best part of the Cox's River. You may have to get up at 6 a.m. but it will be well worth it.

DECEMBER 4, 5, 6.

Julie Frost and Peter Franks have organised a superb gourmet weekend at McArthur's Flat on the Nattai River. Only 5 miles to enable you to bring tons of gourmet-type food.

Don Finch is opening the abseiling season in no small way with a trip down Danna Brook this weekend. Adventure guaranteed!

On Sunday Alan Hedstrom leads a walk on the Hawkesbury River. Easy to medium - and it is advisable to carry water for the morning.

\*\*\*\*\*

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR TRIPS

Now is the time to plan trips for the Christmas and New Year holiday periods, bearing in mind that no official Club walks have been programmed.

It is being left to Club Members to arrange their own trips for Christmas and New Year to suit their own tastes. If you have any ideas or want some suggestions, speak to Alan Pike (Walks Secretary).

MAKE THE MOST OF THE HOLIDAY PERIOD.

\*\*\*\*\*

NORFOLK ISLAND

After Sammy Hinde's very enlightening talk on Norfolk Island (Wednesday 28th. October) there must be many S.B.W. members who would like to go there and see for themselves. If a big enough party could be organised we could probably get a group reduction for the air fare. It's a great place for walkers, and maybe if we wait too long it'll go the same way as the other tourist islands. As yet it's still sufficiently unspoilt. MAYBE WE COULD EVEN GET A WHOLE PLANE LOAD OF BUSHWALKERS!

Anyone who may be interested get in touch with Neville  
Page - either in the Club or ring at work (2-0223)

\*\*\*\*\*

# ONE MORE MONTH

\*\*\*\*\* By Observer \*\*\*\*\*

A recent walk to Bonnum Pic resulted in the leader Peter Franks falling over a ledge and bruising all his ribs and ankles. To get revenge he woke the party up next morning at 5.30 a.m. No-one believes his claim that it was accidental. Damage to the leader can't have been all that bad because he and Owen Marks then boasted that they managed to fit in a two-hour sleep before the rest of the party arrived at the cars.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Club Auction Sale was a great success. The President took the booby prize for buying the largest amount of the most useless junk - and all of it on credit!

\*\*\*\*\*

A few weeks ago, a strange sight was beheld. Fifteen people holding hands to cross the flooded Shoalhaven. Their horror of getting wet caused antics enough to suit the Russian Circus. A pity that cameras were all safely inside packs and plastic bags.

\*\*\*\*\*

Latest word from globetrotting S.B.W. member Ken Ellis is that he's left England bound for India via all stops along the way. Since the last report Ken had visited America ("worth the visit just to know not to go back again"), the Bahamas, England, Scotland Ireland. When we'll see him again in Australia is anybody's guess!

\*\*\*\*\*

The Dungalla Club has produced its Second Annual Report (bearing a considerable resemblance to the S.B.W. Annual Report) outlining the Club's activities for the year and attaching the Membership List. Total membership of the Club now stands at 171, including 3 Honorary and 5 Associate Members, which is quite an impressive record for a Club only two years old. A regular newsletter is also produced entitled "The Dungalloper", and it looks as if they hope to develop it into a fully fledged mag. like "The Sydney Bushwalker". Our "Coolana" property has benefited from the proceeds of "Project Floribunda"; a Dungalla scheme to raise funds for the purchase of native plants. \$30 has been raised so far. Well, the best of luck to them; may their numbers ever multiply and their lives become comfortable and worthwhile in the way of retired bushwalkers.

FERGY GEAR COMPANY .

FERGY PACK

HAL - FRAME

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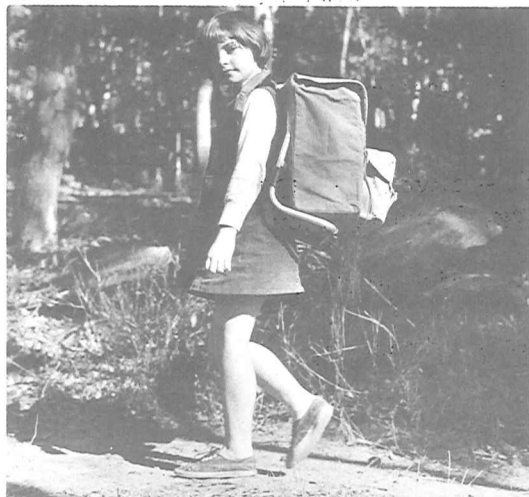
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# SOCIALLY SPEAKING

\*\*\*\*\* With Owen Marks \*\*\*\*\*

CHRISTMAS PARTY Once again commercialized Christian celebration is here again - viz. Christmas Partytime.

## THE S.B.W. CHRISTMAS PARTY

PLACE: Norma and Eric Rowen's Place  
52 Edwards Street,  
SYLVANIA HEIGHTS.

DATE: Saturday, 12th. December,  
From 4 p.m. onwards.

WHAT TO BRING : Barbecue meat and other bits  
and pieces for dinner.  
Knife fork & spoon,  
Cup and plate.

WHAT YOU GET: Cocktails and Hors d'Oeuvres will be  
served at 5 o'clock.  
Light supper provided

## AND IT COSTS YOU NOTHING

Senior members will be pleased to note that the Rowen home has been offered at Sylvania Heights for the Sydney Bushwalkers Christmas Party this year. Norma has plenty of space for setting up tents for those who wish to stay (or too drunk to drive) - a dance floor for the wild young ones (bring your own records). Cocktails and hors d'oeuvres at 5 p.m. and then you barbecue your own dinner 'neath eucalypti macrorrhyncha and mellodora. For those wishing to go by public transport there'll be more info. in the next magazine.

NOVEMBER SOCIAL PROGRAMME We have two star attractions programmed for the November Club nights.

On the 18th. Mouldy Harrison - 34 Times-Around-The-World-Traveller will ramble about his rambles in the U.S.S.R.: St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev

25th. This is the night that all insect-lovers have been waiting for. The speaker is the Curator of Insects at the Australian Museum, Dr. Courteney-Smithers. He will talk on the migratory habits of insects, and this will be followed by a wine and cheese supper.