

# 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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# EDITORIAL

By the Editor

Some years ago (quite some years ago in fact) the Sydney Bush Walkers produced a series of publications with the title "The Bushwalker Annual", copies of which may be occasionally sighted either in the darkest depths of the Club archives, or in closely guarded private collections. Such is the value of these unique little booklets, that owners guard their possessions with jealousy and pride, refusing to part with their treasures for love or money. These early issues of "The Bushwalker Annual" are in fact, collectors' items, presenting a valuable documentation of bushwalking history.

When the New South Wales Federation of Bushwalking Clubs was formed, the responsibility for publishing such literature as "The Annual" was handed over by this Club in line with the aims and aspirations of Federation. The name "Annual" was dropped and the magazine became known simply as "The Bushwalker"; presumably because it didn't come out every year. Some excellent work was done by Federation and some very worthwhile results were achieved, notably those issues under the editorship of Geoff Wagg, Dot Butler, and Bill Gillam respectively: all S.B.W. Members.

Unfortunately however, for one reason and another, enthusiasm in Federation for "The Bushwalker" waned somewhat, and we have now not seen anything published since Bill Gillam's excellent blue-covered issue. The Publications Committee of Federation is apparently in semi-permanent recess. I feel that this is a great pity; that we have lost something which is acceptable both to the general non-walking public and the bushwalker alike; something which places on permanent record and in a very presentable form, the high-points and achievements of a year's walking activity.

The thought has been expressed to me that it is high time some action be taken to resurrect this yearly review of bushwalking activity, or at least provide a modest substitute, thereby keeping alive a worthwhile and creative project. It has also been suggested that such an undertaking can only be successful if sponsored by an individual Club, hence its death in the hands of Federation. Such an argument of course is very much open to debate, and there would be many crowns at the suggestion. The main argument in favour of a Club undertaking such a project is that only within a Club can sufficient enthusiasm be summoned to carry the job through to its ultimate conclusion, which means selling every last copy. Very strict costing and financial control is a must, and let's make no mistake about it, this will spell the eventual success or failure of the undertaking, no matter what literary merit the final product may have. The obvious disadvantage of a Club venture is that it becomes a review of one Club's activity only, and can no longer speak for the bushwalking movement as a whole.

I am eager to hear from anyone who holds a view one way or the other on this subject, so please come forward and express your opinion.

NWagg

# THE OCTOBER MEETING

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

Amongst those present were four completely new members - Maria Celovic, David Younger, John Atkins and Warren Doherty - while Keith Muddle collected the symbols of membership which he had actually attained a couple of months before.

The Half-yearly Meeting's minutes aroused no comment, and in correspondence the only items of interest related to events that will be history before this is published, so - onward to reports, where the Treasurer pronounced for September an opening balance of \$1419. We have now entered that time of the year when working funds usually go into a decline.

Alan Pike, with aid from a few leaders, recorded how September's trips went, at least how 14 out of the 16 on the programme went. On the first week end Julie Frost had a trip in the Cox River - Megalong country: the Cox was flooded, but the walk proceeded with four people - other details unknown. Starting Saturday morning Sam Hinde had a group in the Dharug Park area down from Wiseman's Ferry, looking at abo carvings and doing a little cave-dwelling.

On the second week end there was Snow Brown's Kanangra-Kowmung-Cox River - Paralyzer jaunt, which went to programme, and was briefly described by Dot Butler. Wilf Deck had a snow touring trip on the programme and conditions were blizzardy, curtailing the plans, and Sheila Binns had a party of four in Megalong, where the river was by now crossable. There were two day walks, one led by Bill Hall with 17 folk in the Waterfall-Otford area, while John Noble and party of five found rather overgrown conditions in the Tunks Creek country near Hornsby.

Don Finch had an instructional in the Angorawa Creek territory next week end - he enthused over the bare rock shelves just above the Colo, but was less enthusiastic over the land holder who built a fence across the trail while they were out on it - enquiries being made as to his entitlement to close it off. Again two day walks, with Jim Callaway leading 13 in the Heathcote-Bundeena cross country, and Sam Hinde with 15 at Era.

For the final week end there was Keith Muddle's Kanangra-Kowmung-Kanangra exploit, with one other starter. Owing to thick mist the return was via Gingra Range instead of the creek. Frank Taeker's Grose River trip had seven people and the trip was slightly curtailed, but preserved as a test walk. Again two day walks in the rain, David Ingram in the very flowery land behind Wondabyne with party of 27, and Nan cy Alderson looking at historical rail and road formations at Glenbrook,

with 17 people - a grand total of 44 day walkers on a sousingly wet Sunday.

Reporting on Federation doings, Pat Marson said S & R was still seeking a sufficiently distinguished patron, plus a legal specialist to guide on matters of fund-raising. The S & R demonstration was set down for October 17-18. In relation to this Keith Muddle said he considered this should have been shown on the walks programme - the last S & R practice had been poorly attended by S.B.W.

Coming to general business, Kath Brown remarked that the present duplicator had, by all accounts, just about done its dash, and moved formation of a sub-committee to look into purchase of a replacement. The operator, Owen Marks, gave a heart-rending description of its deficiencies, and Wilf Hilder supported the proposal, saying a very good new electric machine should be available at about \$330, allowing for trade-in. The motion was carried, and the three speakers to the cause became the sub-committee.

David Ingram reminded us that some day, soon or late, redevelopment of Circular Quay would almost certainly mean the end of the present club room. He proposed we ask the Nurses Association if they had any advice of when or how, and if they had considered obtaining alternative quarters including a suitable hall. This too was carried.

Dot Butler reported having had a surveyor down at the Coolana property, and having located the correct boundaries. Unfortunately it proved some of the trees we had planted were in the middle of the designed "road". After further negotiation with our neighbour, Mr. Holland, an approach would be made to the Lands Department about the access route.

To wind up, Don Finch recorded that he was revising the list of S & R volunteers and helpers, Dot Butler said she had heard that Muogamarra Sanctuary, near Cowan, was closed temporarily, and we called the whole thing over at 9.25 P.M.

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# THINK AHEAD



# FROM THE CUDJONG TO THE WIDDEN

\*\*\*\*\*Pat Harrison\*\*\*\*\*

Jim Dawson, Bob Younger, and I reached the camping flat on the Cudgegong River about 12 miles east of Rylstone at 10.15pm on a clear moonlight night late in October, and we were in our bags and asleep when Frank Taeker, Bill Terpstra (The Flying Dutchman), and Charlie Barnes arrived about an hour later and woke us up; but we heard nothing when Bill Gillam, Helen Gray, and Tina Matthews arrived at some later and unknown hour.

By camping here we still had the best part of an hour's driving to do on the Saturday morning before we would be ready to begin the walk, but that was more than made up for by the good camp site (wood, water, plenty of level grassy ground to sleep on) and then the pleasant scenery of the upland valley with its beehive sandstone formations through which we drove to Nullo Mountain in the frosty morning.

Although the year was well advanced, we awoke on Saturday morning and looked out on a frost-covered flat. Bill had rolled out on the ground under a yellow tent which was crusty with frost as I went and moused him at 5.15am with the good news that we were moving off at 6.00am. He gave every appearance of getting out of bed, but ever and anon I had to call out to him from where the rest of us were having breakfast; and despite all this encouragement he was still snugly ensconced under his frost-covered tent at 6.00am, whereupon he made a very hasty and breakfastless uprising to be away with us. He actually packed up while we were scraping the ice from car windows so that we could see where to go.

When we reached Nullo Mountain we had to spend some time in placing the vehicles where we would need them after the walk, and it was during this time that Bill attended to his breakfast. At 8.45am all the preliminaries had been completed and we began the walk along the Widden Fire Trail from the front gate of The Range. An hour's walking brought us to a property that was surrounded by 8-foot high double-wire-netting fences, and another hour after that brought us to a good hut in a clearing. This hut was clean, it had a large fireplace, two beds and mattresses, a tank, and a verandah, and it would be a wonderful place to spend a snowy day looking out at the view. Between this hut and The Range we had caught tantalising glimpses of the rugged and dissected sandstone country around Widden, and soon after leaving the hut the trail took a switchback course through the escarpment and dived down to the bed of Myrtle Creek.

Once in the creek the track dodged back and forth, sometimes keeping close to the creek and sometimes sidling high when the bed of the creek narrowed and was enclosed with walls that formed canyons. The creek had a good flow of water which went underground from time to time and we anticipated no trouble in finding a good pool downstream, so we decided to have lunch at the first good spot we found after 12 o'clock. Well, we found miles of good spots after 12 o'clock but by this time we were right down to the valley floor and the creek was as dry as a bone. We had beautiful green grassy flats, whispering She-Oaks, yellow walls around us, a blue sky above us, but yes we had no water.

At last we came to a windmill which had recently been erected and was not yet in operation, but the tank was nearby and when we clambered up the side and looked in we saw that it had a foot of clear rainwater in it. Bob Younger took his sandshoes off while we found a heavy length of chain which we draped over the tank. Bob climbed the chain and lowered himself to the precious fluid while we counterbalanced him by hanging on to the other end of the chain on the outside of the tank. A water bucket was tossed over to Bob, and hey presto! we had water for lunch and we couldn't even taste Bob's dirty feet in it.

When I say that we had lunch, I mean that some of us had lunch; for Bill and company were dawdling along on a botanical jaunt and when he did at last come up to us he had the pockets of his pack bulging with ore hids which he had gleaned along the way.

After lunch the party became strung out and it became apparent that we would not reach Blackwater Creek tonight. It was a very pleasant stroll down the valley, with the White Box and Cypress Pine trees indicating that we were close to the Great Divide. The watershed between Myrtle and Emu Creeks provided very spectacular scenery, one pinnacle in particular being for all the world like one of the spires in the Warrumbungles. We sat around for more than an hour in this vicinity, enjoying the views, while we waited for the tailenders to arrive. Charlie's feet were giving him trouble and I suggested that he not complete the route but either return the same way or go down the valley and catch a ride to Denman, but he declined and said he wanted to do the walk.

However, the tail had slowed to a crawl as we rounded the bend into Widden Brook and we spent another half an hour guzzling sweet brown windmill water as we got the party together again. Has anyone ever had a sweeter or more pleasant drink than windmill water, with the sails of the windmill making music as they pump the water into the tank?

A little later we passed through the well-kept Baramul Stud Farm, and not far beyond this delightful property we made camp on the lush bank of Widden Brook under a grove of sapling She-Oaks. The scenery around these parts is tremendous, and there was one massive bluff down valley that towered above the plateau and seemed sheer for hundreds of feet.

The day had been glorious, the night was glorious with moonlight later, and at 7.00pm I rolled out in my bag under the She-Oaks after arranging to start walking at 6.00am on Sunday. Oh! well! the best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley (as that well-known Scotsman once remarked), and little did I know what was in store for the morrow.

Bob Younger was up at 5.00am and had the fire alight in a twinkling, and at 6.00am sharp we started moving up the valley in twos and threes. Widden Valley is the most beautiful place imaginable. It is a land of well-kept stud farms surrounded by level paddocks of lucerne and barley and rye and the other nourishment that thoroughbred horses need, and in the centre of all this beauty the Brook winds its way between tree-lined banks, with mares and foals gambolling and frisking all around. Who could get lost in Widden Valley? Consequently when we stopped after a couple of hours to assemble the party I wasn't worried when a count of skulls showed that Bill, Helen, and Charlie were missing, but a little later when Bill and Helen disembarked from a motor car on the other side of the Brook and said that they had not passed Charlie (although Charlie had left camp before them) I began to revise my opinion as to whether anyone could get lost in Widden Valley.

Bob and Helen took up a vantage point whence they commanded a view up and down the valley, the others lit a fire and boiled the billy, and I spent an hour and a half walking back down the valley calling out and looking for Charlie, but he was nowhere to be seen. There was a chap mowing lucerne but he said he had not seen Charlie; however, I left a message with him for Charlie where to find us and then I walked back up the valley to rejoin the others. Perhaps you can imagine my dark thoughts as I ambled back. I had executed Charlie in about three hundred different ways by the time I got back. Last year the English slowed us down on Pomany and we didn't get into Widden and here they were at it again and it seemed that we wouldn't get out of Widden. Well, I had different ideas. Bill did not have to go to work until Tuesday, Helen and Tina were housewives and their husbands could spare them for another day, so they very generously agreed to stay in the valley, alert the farmers, find Charlie, and bring him out on Monday.

After this slight delay of more than three hours (what price early rising after this?) The Flying Dutchman, Bob, Frank, Jim, and I set out up the valley to Hool 'Em Boy Creek, after assuring Bill that we would make a cairn at the foot of our exit route, which was the spur on the Nullo side of Hool 'Em Boy. The ramparts of Widden seem impregnable generally and there really aren't many ways out, but this is one that looks the only 'goer' in twenty miles—there are others, but they don't look as promising as this one. The spur provided good fast going to the first pinnacle, then a drop to the gap between the first and second pinnacles, then a scramble up a narrow gully, and finally a scramble around a small tree providing a good hold.

When we reached the top a cold rain began to fall. Jim Brown had been out to Pomany the week before and he had warned me that a big snow-fall in September had broken a lot of branches off the trees and these had obliterated the never-very-good Pomany Track; consequently I made no attempt to find the track at the top but trudged on shirtless and hatless through the prickly scrub, receiving an icy shower every time we bumped a bush. It was at last a pleasant sight to see the basalt boulders underfoot and the big trees overhead and to be rid of the sandstone.

After reaching Jim's car in drizzling rain we then had the tedious task of driving miles across slippery paddocks and bringing back Helen's Kombi so that she and Bill and Tina could get out (Charlie's car was here of course, but on Sunday afternoon it seemed probable that after he was found Bill would have to climb the ridge, get the Kombi, then drive around through the Bylong Valley and up Widden Valley if Charlie were unable to walk out).

Well, we got home about 2.00am on Monday morning and after making a couple of phone calls to allay the fears of worried spouses and soaking Nullo's red mud off me in a hot bath I fell into bed for a few hours' sleep.

And Charlie? Would you believe, he walked up the valley past us where we spent over three hours looking for him and he went up as far as the exit spur, then he walked back down the valley past the five of us who came out on Sunday, and he didn't see or hear us. He finally turned up at a farm house and was told where Bill was camped and rejoined him at 7.30pm.

Widden is such a beautiful place, but something always happens. Apart from this year's trip and last year's trip, I can recall reaching the junction of Red Creek and Widden Brook in the dark from Kerry and Coricudgy with an unknown route ahead next day via Pinchgut and Wil-worril to reach the car at the Sawmill, and another time when it took all afternoon to get off Mt. Corand into Widden by dark, with a probe next day for a way out-----that was how the spur at Hool 'Em Boy was found, the only one that really looks a 'goer' in twenty miles of ram-parted valley. And next year? Who's coming?

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#### A COUPLE OF GEMS FROM DAVID COTTON ON HIS BEE TRIP

"People who have bees in their bonnets, generally don't have sufficient to pollenate the fruits of their minds."

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"Honey is like women; too much makes you sick."

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# A BEE LINE FOR THE BEES.

\*\*\*\*\*Barbara Bruce\*\*\*\*\*

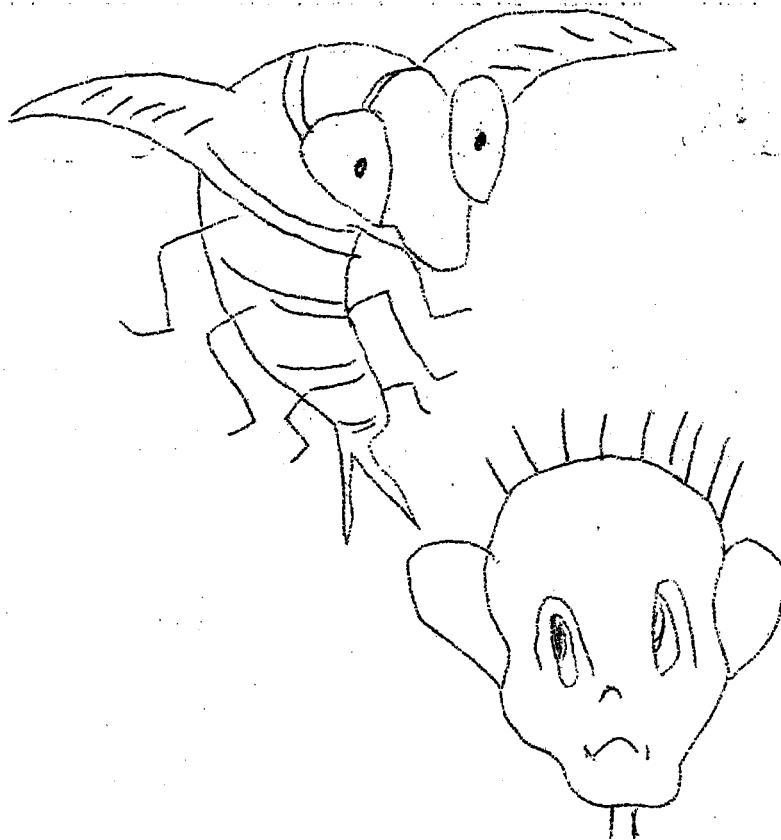
It happened on Sunday, 8th November, when the clouds were mostly grey, but the sun managed to sneak through for a while about mid-morning,

There were 22 people, including our leader, waiting to see what the bees do: Morag Ryder, Bob and Christa Younger and their two daughters, Julie and Kay with a friend, Susan, Neville and Lesley Page, Owen Marks, Ramon U'Brien, Barbara Krams, Bill Griffiths, Richard Watkins, Rory McGregor, Lyn Faithfull, Peter Martin, Alan Round, Pat Marsson, Jim Gardiner, Geoff Mattingley and myself.

Three cars pulled up within two minutes of one another at the Darkes Forest turnoff, arriving 20 minutes early, but the others had arrived by 10,30. A couple of miles down the road we turned into an orchard. To give David time to prepare his equipment, Morag led us off over the road to see the waterfall, located on what she calls "Darkes Forest Creek", for the want of knowing its proper name. On the way back we heard the strangled croak of the Banjo frog - and I suppose it does sound like a flat banjo chord at that.

Back at the hives David was almost ready, stuffing some dried pine needles into the little smoke puffer he uses, to supposedly calm the bees down before opening their hives. He commenced his lecture by pointing out that only one person in the whole of his three previous trips had been stung by a bee - and that was more their own fault. No comment. (Some may recognise an innuendo here.) David demonstrated, as we watched in awe, how to treat a bee sting by making a poor bee sting him (and then die) so that he could swipe it off in the right fashion, leaving the fine, barbed tail with muscle attached in the skin of his upper left hand. He pointed out how the muscle was pulsating up and down and pushing the sting under his skin. Having made sure that everyone had seen this, he then wiped the sting cleanly off his skin with a knife and bathed the spot with a liberal splashing of methylated spirits. Later in the day he was to tell us several times that he had left the sting in his skin too long, as it had swollen up considerably, making his skin feel quite tight. Ah, but 'tis all for the sake of Science (as he said).

I won't go into detail about the remainder of the demonstration, as this would spoil it for anyone who might go another day. However, he explained about the different kinds of bees, about the hives, the bees' habits, the wax, the pollen and the honey. Later we were given a real treat - what you might call "a practical demonstration".



With lunch and the first stage of our education over, David then led us on a walk around his "back yard". A new prospective in the Club, and one of David's work pals, Jim Gardiner, wanted to know among other things whether this could be classed as a test walk. He said that I couldn't tell him that test walks were not harder than this, and I said I couldn't, either. Jim is about as good a stirrer as David, and fortunately it rained before we got back to the hives, so that I owe him a schooner. I'm quite truly grateful that he won, actually.

Nevertheless, we had a very pleasant walk among all the ferns and beautiful Gynea lilies, also spotting a few waratahs- not to mention the many other varieties of colourful wildflowers that we didn't know the names of. We came across another waterfall, but the rain had stirred up the mud so that the water was very "milky". The vegetation here was like rain forest - lush and green. On the return half we passed the air extractor for the local coal mines and then it started to rain. We all straggled back to base looking near drowned, and while we were enjoying another treat and cup of tea the rain stopped.

David gave us one more lesson in the bee business - everyone was struck by his ingenuity - before we all wended our ways home. And gosh there were a lot of corny bee-jokes and puns bandied around during the day, as might be imagined.

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I feel that this would be an appropriate place to say a special "Thank you" to David - and Morag too - on behalf of all of us, for a very enlightening and enjoyable day. And may the rest of his days be happy.

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## SOCIALLY SPEAKING

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

On Wednesday, 16th. December at 8 p.m. a composite talk on "The Snowy Mountains" is scheduled by Jim Brown, George Gray, Don Matthews, and Alan Pike. The four speakers will discuss various aspects of the Kosciuszko State Park, summer walking, the rivers, snow time etc. This should be a popular night, if only because the Club is closed the following two weeks during the Christmas period.

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Transport details for the Christmas party are as follows. For those using public transport an excellent bus service operates from Hurstville (left side of the railway station looking south). The route number is 114. The bus will drop you off at the door - just ask for Edward Street.

Times ex Hurstville are 3.47 p.m.

4.47 p.m.

5.47 p.m.

6.47 p.m.

The last bus returning to Hurstville is 10.53 p.m., but once there you can probably arrange a lift back at least to the station by car.

Don't forget where it is. It's Eric and Norma Rowen's place:-

52 Edwards Street,  
SYLVANIA HEIGHTS.

The date for the Christmas party is Saturday, 12th. December, starting at 4 p.m. and continuing into the night. Bring some meat to cook on the barbecue for tea.

Cocktails and hors d'oeuvres will be served at 5 o'clock and will cost nothing. So come along and enjoy the festivities in the company of your bushwalker friends.

WED 12 DEC 1970

Owen



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# MELON COUNTRY

\*\*\*\*\*JIM BROWN\*\*\*\*\*

I very much doubt that I am the first to have noted this fact about the Melon Country. However, if there are precursors in the field, I've not heard from them, at least not in the Sydney Bushwalker Magazine.

By way of introduction, let's point out that several blackfellow place names in some localities have an identical or similar prefix or suffix. Think of the "GONGS" of our South Coast and nearby tablelands - WollongONG, GerrringONG and MittaGONG. On the "WARRAS" - IilaWARRA, CambeWARRA and GarraWARRA (or is that last one a phony, compounded of GARIE and Illawarra?).

Then, over in Western Australia we find a huge array of "UPS" (WOKALUP, GINGINUP, MANJIMUP, to name a few), and an even more impressive collection of "INS" or "INES" (TammIN, KellerberrIN, BencubbIN, Waggra-kINE, ClackLINE, and innumerable others).

Quite belatedly I've begun to find a similar name pattern in those Northern Blue Mountains I've enjoyed for something like 20 years. I could have kicked myself for not realising before that there is a liberal sprinkling of MELONS in that area.

Most obvious, of course, is basalt crowned CUMBERMELON, the lump that sticks up just behind the cement town of Kandos. I fancy it must command quite a landscape work towards those peaky hills around Rylstone, east towards the Capertee Valley and north east to the big basalt tops of Coricudgy and Nullo. Some day I must get up Cumbermelon, even if only by following what must be a perfectly easy route to the beacon - possibly a Civil Aviation tower - on its summit.

Now, over to the east of Kandos, but still in the Northern Blue Mts, is the MELLONG Range which is plainly MELON with a final "G". It forms the divide between the Colo and Macdonald Rivers for a distance, it bears the Putt-Singleton road, and it has given its name to a military map.

Not far away, north of Putty, and forming one of the headwaters of the Macdonald River, is MULLEN MALONG River, (or Branch Creek), which is quite palpably the effort of an illiterate abo to spell Melon, and having a couple of slightly differing goes at it.

Finally - so far as my research has gone to date - there is MOUNT MONUNDILLA which has had the treatment from several walking parties and also from the Army. Now, Monundilla as so rendered doesn't have any obvious affiliation with Melons, but I remember sitting out in 1953 to get there in a party organised by Alex Colley. Just where we left civilisation in Putty Valley we discussed our proposed jaunt with a local farmer. Monundilla didn't mean a thing to him, but he soon realised we were aiming for that distant high point MELON-JELLY. Thereafter we talked Monundilla and he replied about Melon-Jelly until we started off up the ridge behind his place.

Thus, if we count the double-barrelled MULLEN-MALONG River as one only, I can point to four Melons in the Northern Mountains, all within a radius of about ten or twelve miles of the head of WOLLEMI Creek. Possibly there are more and if so, I shall be happy to hear of them.

Meanwhile I counsel walkers not to assume that this Melon business has any edible significance like the tasteless jam-melons to be found all along the Wollondilly, the melon of the Northern Blue Mountains is an anagram - the answer is a lemon.

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## OCTOBER FEDERATION MEETING

\*\*\*\*\*Jim Callaway\*\*\*\*\*

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and received. At the previous meeting a request for a Patron and a Solicitor for the S & R section was made.

A suggestion was made for a Patron but was rejected by Nin Melville. There were no nominations for the position of Solicitor. The Treasurer volunteered for the position of Accountant of S & R section. Nin thought that we should try and have some radio announcer give his section some publicity. Somebody made a suggestion to use 'Mad Mel'. Nin was not amused. If anybody has any suggestions for the filling of these positions please come forward.

Regarding the request of the Sydney Uni. Mountaineering Club for affiliation to Federation, Warrick Daniels volunteered to attend a meeting but was unable to find them at the nominated place.

A letter was received from the Cancobin and Cabramurra Walking and Touring Club stating that the S.M.A. had refused entrance to some bushwalkers and skiers through what would appear to be a vehicular entrance.

The Wild Life Service replied that the huts removed from the Kosi. National Park had been erected by the Snowy Mountains Hydro Electric Authority. The Service was reviewing the position of the other huts.

The Mitchell Library wished to inform Federation that they had received the Visitors Book from 'The Castle'. A new book is required.

A letter was received from the National Trust. There had been proposed several alterations to the Trusts Constitution. Nin Melville moved a motion that we take the stand that the constitution remain in its present form. The motion was lost by a 6 - 5 vote. A motion was then put that we keep out of the argument. It was carried. In the letter was also a voting card for the election of officers. It was left to the President to make this vote.

Federation has applied for membership of the Australian Conservation Foundation.

Gordon Edgecombe circulated a copy of the letter which he had sent to the Minister for Lands. The letter was protesting against the proposed road through the New England National Park.

The Ball Committee reported that they had made \$142-37 profit. Nin Melville stated that he thought that amount was too small. He made the suggestion that next years Ball admission charge be increased. A vote of thanks was to be conveyed to John Durante C.B.C. for his work as treasurer of the Committee. Nin Melville moved a vote of thanks to the Ball Committee.

Two alerts were received by S & R during the month. Three members of C.B.C. were reported overdue in the Colo area but returned home late but well. A S.B.W. party was reported overdue in the Merrigal Creek area on the long weekend 3-4-5 October but turned up later. Two boys from Holy Cross College became lost in the Erskine Creek area. The Ranger from the area had requested assistance. The National Parks and Wildlife Service had supplied a Helicopter upon request. A letter of thanks was received from one of the boys.

About 150 people attended the S & R Demo. in the Colo area. About 100 people attended the Talks given. The Army declined to supply a Helicopter for a night landing but a Saturday air drop was arranged. Mackie and Jones who own the site of the Demo. have stated that clubs are welcome to hold functions there.

Southern Cross Equipment of 11 Anderson St. Chatswood, 1st floor and Flinders Range both have new catalogues out. There is a new map reading booklet out called Map and Compass No 7. It is of Canadian origin and sells at Scout shops for 35c.

NEW MAPS:- Lands Department: Mt. David - Shooters Hill - Edith.

Army: Merriwa. 1-100,000

Queensland): Lamington. 2" - 1 mile.  
Forestry )

Paddy Pallin's new shop is situated at 69 Liverpool St.

Experiments in Israel have shown that Potassium salts have more effect against heat exhaustion than sodium salts (common salt).

There was an article in one of last years editions of Outdoor Magazine which dealt with the experiments of a Canadian doctor in the field of snake bite. He had proved that a tight tourniquet, on being released, caused great circulation of poison in the victim. He therefore recommended that a loose tourniquet should be applied. He still supported the cutting of the bite in the prescribed manner. This information about treatment of snake bite was to be referred to Dr. Bob Binks for his comment.

A Seminar on the Huts in the Kosi. National Park will be held on the second week end of December at White Rivers Hut.

Mr. Askin has been approached on the recognition of Rescue Clubs. If he should do this Federations Search and Rescue could be eligible for a yearly grant. Another Insurance proposition has been received for \$1-60 per head. Death or Capital \$10,000. Injury \$400. Compensation \$80 per week. Two Jumas and a Hammish McGuinness Stretchers have been ordered through Paddy Pallin.

The question of the exact location of the Six Foot Track which runs from Nellies Glen to the Cox along Megalong Creek for some of the way is still in doubt. Several barbwire fences have been erected in the surrounding area. Anybody who can give its exact location please come forward.

A Gentleman from the Myall Lakes Committee attended the Meeting. He stated that Myall Lake National Park would be approx. 36,000 acres of which 12,000 acres was land. They hoped to obtain all the land on the sea side of the proposed Park. It is now hoped that they will be able to protect the western side from incroachment by buying a key block to achieve this aim. The lot which they hope to buy is 426 acres and the owner wishes to obtain \$27,000. The Committee have been assured of half the purchase price and hope that we will be able to help them with the rest.

Information is sought about the hut on Mt. Hay. Also any suggestions for the site for the 1971 Federation Reunion.

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# MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT

## WE WOULD LIKE TO APOLOGIZE !

- to every member of the S.B.W. and hundreds of others whom we have bored for the last 12 months with an outdated advertisement.

To prove the point that we take our apology seriously, we will give you a "Baby Can Opener" FREE as compensation, but you must tell us that we bored you!

Admittedly that is almost mockery as far as compensation is concerned, but although we would like to give you a "FAIRY DOWN" sleeping bag or at least a "BORDE" petrol burner, we unfortunately can't afford it at present.

However, we will try to give you the best service you can get. If you have ideas and suggestions on how we can serve you better, please tell us, and we will listen to you.

For a start watch out for our new REGULAR WEEKLY SPECIALS as advertised at our Town Hall showcase or on our blackboard at:-

MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT PTY. LTD.,  
167 Pacific Highway,  
929-6504 NORTH SYDNEY, N.S.W. 929-6504

# COMING WALKS

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

## 11TH. 12TH. & 13TH. DECEMBER

People have been talking about this weekend's walk ever since it appeared on the preliminary programme. There's no doubt it will attract a large crowd, not only of "Young and Daring", but of the "Old and Bold" also. The trip was originated by that connoisseur of fine walks: Pat Harrison, and he specified a full moon before handing over leadership to our high country expert, Bill Gillam. The Bimberi Mountains are south of Canberra and some of the peaks exceed 6,000 feet. You must not miss this one; no doubt there will be as much talk after the event as there has been before it.

The Sunday walk, led by Esme Biddulph is in the most interesting part of Kuringai Chase. It features, apart from wonderful bush and coastal scenery, aboriginal carvings, swimming, and so on, with an inspection of some abandoned military installations hidden away on West Head. Esme recommends that cameras be taken.

## 18TH. 19th. & 20TH. DECEMBER.

There's no river like the Cox's River for a bludge weekend. This walk led by our latest revolutionary, Keith Muddle, starts from Carlon's Farm and then goes wherever fortune takes it. The main thing is, there will be plenty of swimming and li-loing with not much walking.

Sheila Binns also has a nice easy walk on Sunday surfing and lazing in the sun, from Lilyvale to Garie.

## CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

Only one trip on the programme over the holiday period, and that one is on the Cox's River; to be led by Peter Franks. However, if you would like to do something more constructive, come into the Club and see if you can get something organised. A Kowmung trip would go down very well at this time of the year.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Natural history forms one of the main bridges between science and the humanities. Our natural surroundings and our fellow creatures are as much a fascination to poets, painters and musicians as they are to ethnologists, zoologists, botanists and ecologists."

H.R.H. Prince Philip  
Duke of Edinburgh.

# ONE MORE MONTH

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

It looks like T-shirts with cartoon characters are going to be this summer's craze. Heather Smith has already got a Mickey Mouse T-shirt. Ian Guthridge wants to get in the scene, so he is buying one with Superman on it.

\*\*\*\*\*

On a recent walk down the Shoalhaven Julie Frost the leader went to awaken a person under a yellow tent with a large stick, thinking it was Peter Franks, but to her surprise it turned out to be a person from another Club.

\*\*\*\*\*

Alan Pike has a word of warning to those who wish to follow his advice and buy a transparent tent like his. Don't go to bed nude, because in the morning you must be an early riser. Ask him and he'll tell you what happened to him.

\*\*\*\*\*

Recent news is that Freda Dawhorn has married again. We wish Freda and her husband all the best for the future.

\*\*\*\*\*

Observed before the snow melted - a strange pale pink object drifting through the snow gums. On approaching, it was discovered merely to be Phil Butt peering out of a pink balaclava. His excuse was that it was the only colour Paddy had left.

\*\*\*\*\*

It's the Summer of the Seventeenth Camera in the Noble household, as Grace Noble (Dot's mother) prepares to follow Paddy's footsteps to the Himalayas. She will be doing a similar trip, this time to be led by John Bechervaise.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Committee's feelings towards the President were elevated recently when he invited Committee up to his flat for a special meeting to consider the new Walks Programme. After wining and dining sumtucously on traditional Greek fare, Committee felt very co-operative and the Walks Programme went through in record time. The President rejected a motion suggesting that all future meetings be held at Spiro's place.

\*\*\*\*\*

Last week in the Clubroom a new face was seen. Or so it was thought, but on close examination it proved to be a Member in disguise; namely David Cotton behind a moustache.

Ray Hookway's recent li-lo trip was chiefly notable for the persistence of the leader, who insisted that come hell or high water, the trip would go as per programme. The leader was last seen drifting like a lone iceberg down the chilly Kowmung River.

\*\*\*\*\*

It is reported that on Peter Franks' trip to Crown Mountain, the leader came home with a pack that was heavier than when he started. Reports that the pack contained oranges are unfounded.

\*\*\*\*\*

# CROWN MOUNTAIN ~ WELL NOT QUITE !

\*\*\*\*\* By Elihu P. Sternwallow \*\*\*\*\*

Well, the programme said: "Wolgan River - Crown Mountain". So the 15 people who set off at 9 o'clock on the Saturday morning from the cars (left beside the Newnes road) fully expected to conquer this impressive mountain under Peter Franks' leadership. We started walking later than intended, as one car-load had arrived before the rest of the party on Friday night and had camped about a mile further down the road. Of course we didn't know if they had arrived at all until David Peacock (who has served only 4 months of his exile from the Mother Country in the Colonies) appeared over the hill. He had set out to look for us, in the best traditions of the glorious Empire!

With drums beating and the native bearers following, the party proceeded through paddocks in the valley of the Wolgan River (West Branch) towards the head of the valley and McLean Pass. After a cloudy, warm night the weather was clearing to become quite hot by the time we started climbing. Scrub-bashing up steep slopes, and some awkward clambering up a rocky creek bed got us to within 100 feet of the ridge top, where further progress was barred by unscaleable sandstone cliffs. Don Finch and Ian Guthridge did some investigating and found a roundabout way up, but by this time everyone was ready for lunch and a good rest.

On top of the ridge the going was slow, as large expanses of deeply fissured rock were interspersed with belts of thick scrub, but the view of the Capertee Valley was well worth the effort, with Crown Mountain jutting up from the valley floor only a couple of miles away. Sandstone formations along this edge of the ridge had been eroded into weird shapes by the wind,

and in obliging a photographer's request for someone to pose on top of a small mushroom-shaped pillar of rock, Peter stood too close to a thin edge, which broke away, giving him a nasty fall onto the rock below. Luckily he received only grazes and a shaking, but to his disgust the performance went unrecorded on film.

Apparently impassible cliffs blocked our way down to the valley, and to make matters worse the map-reading experts deduced that we had in fact ascended the wrong creek, about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile east of McLean Pass. With the time at nearly 3 o'clock we realised that Crown Mountain would have to wait until another trip, as completing the original schedule of the walk was now out of the question. Everyone was happy with the suggested alternative, that we walk east along the ridge and camp at the first suitable place.

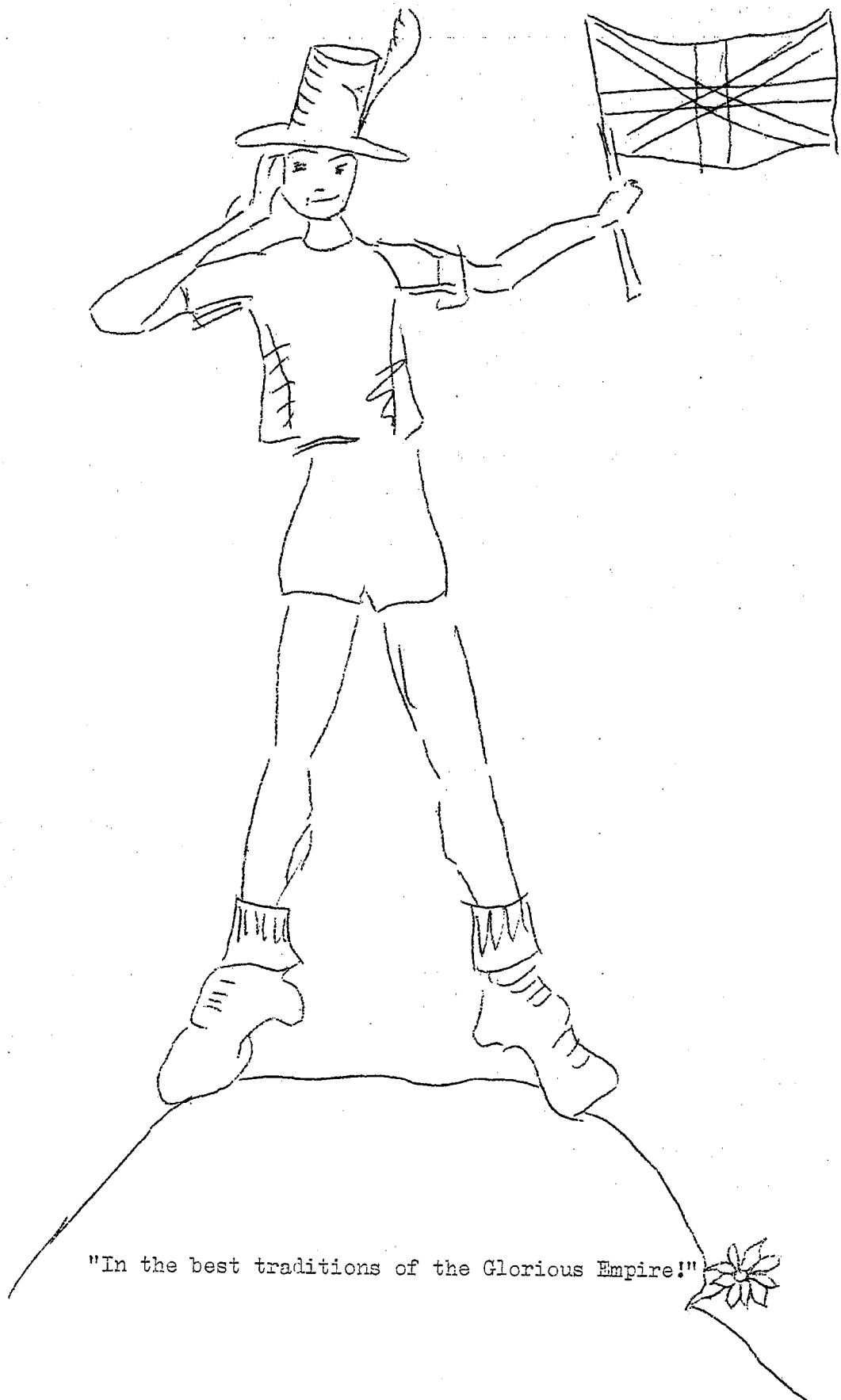
About 20 minutes walking past bright patches of wildflowers brought us to a sheltered camp-site near Mount Jamieson, giving us a grand total of about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles covered for the day! A large rock buttress adjacent to the camp-site provided a grandstand view of the sun setting, and later on the moon rising. Prospectives please not: despite appearances to the contrary, bushwalkers do not usually howl at the moon, or recite rude limericks all evening.

A good night's sleep was ended at about 6 a.m. by growls of thunder and a shower of rain, from which the weather optimists (who had slept out) beat a hasty retreat. Breakfast was prepared between intermittent showers, but the threatening skies fulfilled their promise and we packed up and moved off in heavy rain. Rather than attempting to find another way down the cliffs in adverse conditions, Peter decided to return the same way as we had come. An extended morning tea under a rock overhang enabled us to dry out around a fire, and descending the creek was considerably easier than ascending it, due in part to taking a slightly different route. By this time the rain had stopped, but the scrub was still sodden.

Level grassy ground at the head of the valley provided a pleasant spot for lunch, although conditions there seemed to favour extensive patches of nettles! After lunch, with plenty of time to spare, several members of the party demonstrated the truth of Darwin's theory, with displays of tree-climbing and various gymnastics. A further  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour's walking saw us back at the cars in time for a short visit to the historic Newnes pub and its justly famous art gallery.

Even if we didn't reach our objective, a very pleasant weekend was enjoyed by all - thanks, Peter.

\*\*\*\*\*



"In the best traditions of the Glorious Empire!"