

# The Sydney Bushwalker

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A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to the Sydney  
Bushwalkers, Anzac House, 26 College Street, Sydney\*\*\*\*\*

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\*\*\*\*\* Club address - a propoosal has been put forward that we move  
from the present room in the basement of Anzac House to a  
new location at St Leonards, commencing from the meeting on  
September 1st. If this is finally determined at the  
monthly meeting to be held on August 17th, a special notice  
giving details will accompany this issue.

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THE SYDNEY BUSH WALKERS

Notice of the Half Yearly General Meeting  
8th September, 1971.

AGENDA

Apologies.

Welcome to New Members.

Minutes of the General Meeting held on Tuesday, 1971.

• Correspondence.

Treasurer's Report.

• Walks Report.

Social Report.

Federation Report.

Selection of a site for the 1972 Annual Reunion.

General Business.

A motion is to be moved to decide whether the club will continue to meet at St. Leonards. Members will realise the importance of this decision to the club and I would urge all members to make every effort to attend the meeting. By attending members will be able to ascertain for them-selves the value of the meeting rooms. Only with a large voting attendance can we hope that the true opinion of the club will prevail.

Announcements.

Hon. Secretary,

Don. Finch.

NEW CLUB ROOM

Commencing with the meeting of September 1st, the Club's meeting place is to be at the rooms of the WIRELESS INSTITUTE OF AUSTRALIA, 14 Atchison Street, St. Leonards -- about 150 yards from St. Leonards Railway Station - see diagram below.

In addition to trains on the North Shore line, buses on the following routes operate to or past St. Leonards Station:-

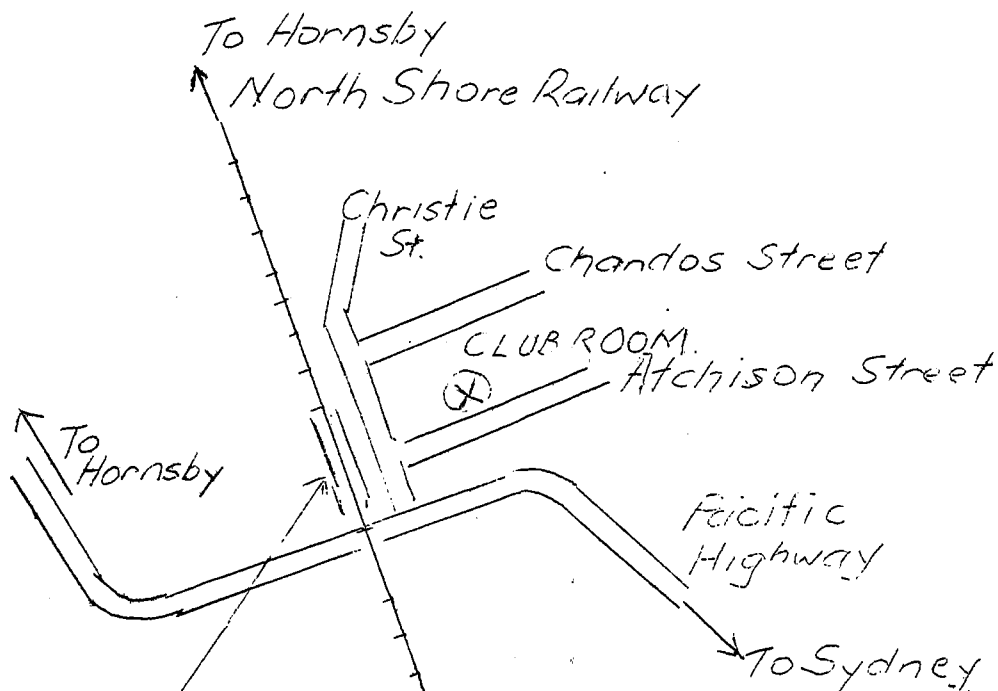
Route 144 Manly Wharf - St. Leonards Station

250 Taronga Park - Lane Cove

253 Lane Cove - Wynyard (isolated journeys only at night)

286 Denistone East - Wynyard ) via Epping Road -  
also divert via

290 Epping Station - Wynyard ) Lane Cove Shopping  
Centre at night



St. Leonards  
Railway Str.

From St. Leonards Rly Str.  
follow Pacific Highway back  
towards City. Turn left into  
first street (Christie St.), then  
first on right (Atchison Street)

From the EditorA CONSTITUTIONAL CONTRADICTION - Whom do we accept?

According to the Constitution, the objects to which we subscribe include -

The amalgamation of those who esteem walking as a recreation

Forming an institution of mutual aid in regard to routes and ways  
and means of appreciating the outdoors

Helping others appreciate these natural gifts (scenery and  
wildlife)

There follows in the clauses covering "Membership" a list of the attainments required of people before they will be elected to full membership of the Club. Broadly, these demand the satisfactory completion of three walking trips of a stipulated standard, attendance at an Instructional week-end, and ability to give sensible answers to a simple oral test in map-reading and bush first-aid. These qualifications are to be achieved in a period of between three and six months' prospective membership. Although it isn't explicit on the point, the Constitution leaves no real doubt that the Committee should consider applicants on the grounds of "sociability, stamina, and regard for the Club's welfare".

On the face of it, there seems some measure of conflict, since on the one hand we claim we want to bring together and help people who are interested in walking and the bushlands, and on the other we establish quite an elaborate system by which applicants may be excluded.

Of course, it is not really quite as simple as that. There are valid reasons why people should not be admitted to an organisation such as ours without some screening. However, if we mean what we say in the Objects of the Constitution, we should certainly be careful to ensure that any barriers to entry that we may erect not only conform to the letter, but to the spirit of the Constitution.

In subsequent Editorial comment it is intended to consider some aspects of the member-screening process. In the meantime, we commend for thought one basic question ..... "Whom do we want to exclude.... and can we reasonably justify their exclusion?"

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AT THE JULY GENERAL MEETING

With President Spiro away at the snow country, it fell to Vice-President Bob Younger to take the chair and welcome three of the five new members elected at the July Committee Meeting. Robyn Plumb, Peter Donnelly and John Campbell were those present, with Peter Martin and Paul Sharp to be greeted another time.

The reading of minutes brought no reaction, but correspondence contained a resignation from Pat Wood (off to New Zealand), and an offer from Heather Williams to take on one of the vacancies for Federation Delegate - she was elected, of course! Lyn Faithfull transferred to non-active (country resident), and there was a letter from the Lake Pedder Protection Committee, which is making a last-minute bid to have the hydro-electric scheme altered to save something of the lake. As a finance-raising stunt, postcards of the Lake scene to sell at 20c. were offered: Owen Marks moved (and it was carried) that we invest in \$20 worth of them, flog them (if possible at a profit) and send the proceeds.

Arising from another matter in Correspondence, Dot Butler explained that Natural Areas Ltd. (the original Myall Lakes purchase proposal) sought transfer of loans, including the Club's \$250, to share holdings, to give more latitude in their use. She added that the site on the Lakes originally in view had been priced out of the range of the Committee, and they now had their eyes on another place..... sssh.... very attractive, in the same general area, but the exact site being kept quiet to avoid escalation of values. We then adopted the motion to become share holders, and Dot further explained that \$250 would not make us a voting contributor, but she was adding another \$250 which would make our share qualify, and was also obtaining voting shares for other members of her family, so that ultimately there would be several votes in the total purchase. As a by-line it was mentioned that Natural Areas had its eyes on Bendethera, which the Club tried to secure a few years back, and now looked like going under the hammer again.

Another Correspondence item touched on the Clutha project, and from discussion it was stated that the Club was adding its voice to the protest. It was suggested that individual members write to their local MsLA.

Some slight question arose over the Treasurer's statement, in which he quoted the funds on hand at end of May as \$587, but his commencing figure for the month didn't reconcile with the amount in the minutes. Apparently the minutes contained a mis-statement, and this will be corrected.

Pat Harrison presented the Walks Report, saying that 12 trips had been programmed for June, one being cancelled. The tale began with the car-swap trip jointly taken by Snow Brown and George Gray in the Endrick

country - ultimately the swap aspect was abandoned, and the route modified accordingly. On the first Sunday of the month, Meryl Watman had a fairly easy day walk in the Heathcote area. Followed the holiday week-end, including a snow-country jaunt by Doone Wyborn to Feathertop in Victoria: the party was 26 in all, including six S.B.W., but no details were known. Peter Franks did the Rivers trip, Capertee and Wolgan, beginning with a bit of strife in locating the pass over the range, with the result that the last day was long, and some of the less experienced were rather wilted. Over the week-end, there were two day trips, Esme Biddulph with a total of 14 in the Flint and Steel area, and Bill Hall, accompanied by no less than 35 in the Woronora/Scouter's Mt. country. Bill Hall reported the scrub rather thicker due to recent wet seasons.

The third week-end saw Phil Butt's Ski Instructional, attended by 16 people, who spent a day getting the feel of touring skis, then made a trip to the Blue Cow on Sunday. Also over the 18-20 June, Peter Franks and a small party explored the area north of the Capertee valley around Cooroogoocha. The day bike-trip was cancelled, but Frank Leyden had a trip to the Lake Eckersley area, including a 2½ hours siesta.

Bob Younger went out along Wanganderry Plateau with 9 people on the last week-end, reaching Beloon Pass about 3.0 p.m. on the Saturday, after what Bob described as some "yawing" on the rather tangled ridge system further south. There was a snow instructional with 12 people conducted by Bill Gillam, and on the Sunday Jack Perry with 17 went down Glenbrook Gorge and up Mount Portal.

The Federation Report presented was published in the July magazine, the only addenda being remarks about the track from Kanangra car park to the cave. Peter Franks mentioned that some work seemed to have been done already, but Phil Butt explained that a great deal more was envisaged by the Parks Service. In the meantime Federation suggested a low fence, with anyone going beyond doing so at their own risk.

During General Business there was discussion about the Club Room, and some of its drawbacks, including the difficulty of having no storage space. Mention was made of Science House in Gloucester Street (not far from Circular Quay West), where a possible room had been examined. Priced at \$13 per night, and with accommodation for about 120, it was not available every Wednesday night, but could probably be secured for some Wednesdays and some Tuesdays. In discussing the existing room, it was suggested that the extra \$7 for the kitchen adjunct was not a good proposition, and the question was raised whether we might get access to one of the built-in cupboards and install our own locked box therein. Finally it was decided to think around it, perhaps look at other possibilities, and talk it out at the next General Meeting.

Amongst the parting items was a report from Phil Butt that Kosciusko Huts Association had again met and the Club would soon receive advice of its arrangements and proposals. Dot Butler said Coolana could possibly be reduced by about 8 acres on completion of

the Shoalhaven catchment scheme: and Wilf Hilder said Joadja had been closed, its owner had an itchy shot-gun finger; further that the Mount Wilson 2-in. to the mile map was now available.

With this we were through, the time standing at 9.40 p.m.  
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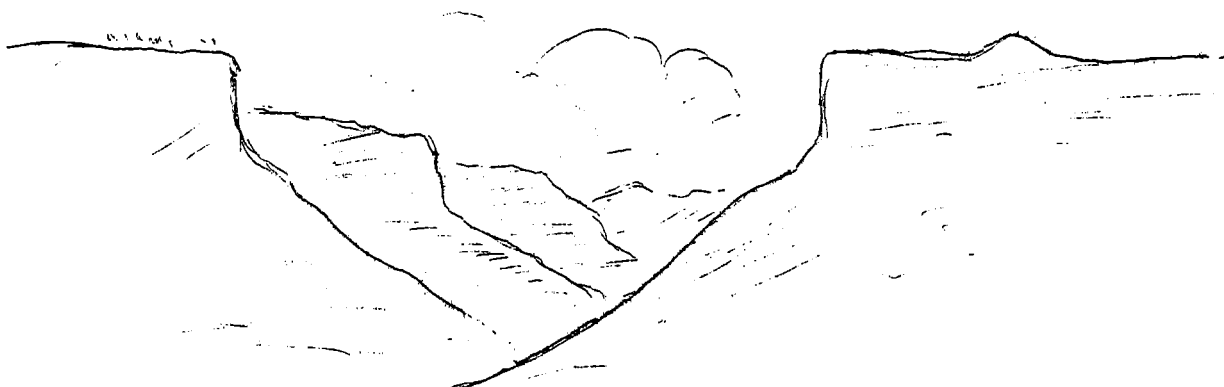
MY ROTORUA DIVERSION (Part 2) - by Owen Marks

(In which Owen relates how he came down from the mountain after learning "Bible stories you never heard before")

I put all my clothes on, and covered at last,  
Opened my rucksack and ate my repast.  
Raw carrot, some raisins, a hunk of cheese -  
For when you're starving, these things please.  
Shakespeare probably had me in mind  
And pardon if I quote him (I'm a bit inclined  
To air my knowledge) for you see  
He clearly stated "What food these morsels be".  
These famous lines did come to me as I did eat most heartily.

The wind just then commenced to blow  
And the mist came down to the valley below.  
I decided to walk down another rim and see  
Another crater (there are lots of them up there), and be  
Overwhelmed by the majesty of nature.  
It was though not a living creature  
Existed in the whole wide world.  
The wispy clouds and fog, all curled  
Around and made a contrast to the stark  
Surrounds of solidified lava all rough and dark.  
'Twas though the surf had been turned to stone.  
Most depressing!!! I headed for home.

I hurried on, not wanting to die  
Of exposure on Tongariro, I will not lie.  
Depression causes tiredness or so I've read.  
Who wants to finish up a mountain dead,  
With a grave unknown and none to weep?  
Such a great one, Genghis Khan does sleep.  
This tyrant bold - this scourge of Asia  
From Uzbeki snows to Turkish azure,  
Whose name today fills one with dread,  
This man decreed that when he was dead  
To be buried in the evening's gloom  
With only a tree to mark his tomb  
On the slopes of a hill, and there, today  
Until the end of time he'll stay.  
The original "unknown warrior's tomb"  
Known only to God until the Day of Doom!



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I took a deep breath to clear my head.  
Exorcised my thoughts - to hell with the dead.  
The sun was sinking (the view less bright)  
When Mt. Egmont in silhouette came into sight  
(Old Sol was sinking on its right hand shoulder)  
Its head in the clouds; but it then got colder  
And I hurried on down the slope to a hut  
Where I was soon ensconced; 'twas just before dark but  
Being Friday night, the mobs started arriving,  
Some on foot, but others mostly driving.  
(Was the end of a road) I cursed the lot  
In words ancient and modern, like "drongo" and "sot".  
A noisy mob, these Kiwis, I rue  
But it didn't stop me enjoying the view.

Way up in the sky in the deep black of night  
Was a fiery column - a wonderful sight.  
All night long the crater belched and fumed -  
No eruption, thank God, or we'd all be doomed.  
I opened my flea bag and lay on the porch  
And in case of rats I placed my torch  
Just next to my pillow, and began to relax.  
I closed my eyes and retraced my tracks  
When a vision appeared. I heard a voice say -

"Follow the Pillar of Cloud by day  
And if you have to travel by night  
Watch for the Fiery Pillar; it's a bonza sight."

I cried out "Jehovah, don't tell me it's true  
That you made poor Moses, that wandering Jew,  
With the Israelites for forty years or so  
To walk in a circle around a volcano!  
Why didn't you lead them directly to Zion?"

"Owen," he said with a voice like a lion,  
"I promised them the Land of Milk and Honey  
But business was bad - I had no money  
To waste on maps, and that is why  
We mucked around so long at Mt. Sinai.  
I got them all lost I'm sorry to say  
And the Burning Bush caused another delay.  
Moses got sick - I gave him two pills".

"Two tablets?" I ventured. "That's right, for his ills.  
His face got all sunburnt, it started to glow."  
"Another thing, Chief, I'd like to know  
While you're still here and before you go.  
What was in the Ark they carried to and fro?"

God laughed and said "Poor Bible translation,  
'Twas only an Esky for refrigeration.  
How else do you think we cooled our booze?"

(I got disgusted at this terrible ruse.  
To think generations of devout bearded Jews  
Were tricked by translators. Such terrible news!)  
"While on the subject, as leader of the push  
What is the origin of the Burning Bush?  
How come on fire and not be consumed?"

"Enough is enough." his omnipotence fumed  
"Too many questions doth tax my brain.  
Hoocroo! I never want to see you again."

And with that he vanished, I awoke from my dream  
(That's what comes from eating pickles after cream);  
Nevertheless, it's obvious to any old bloke  
That the column of fire and the other of smoke  
Were obviously one and the same origin, and so  
Sinai must be a large desert volcano.  
(All you critics may laugh at my theory  
But nevertheless, please be of good cheery.  
You all have your chance my ideas to pooh pooh.  
If I expound my theory, why so can you.)

This vision over I returned to sleep  
No need to count the proverbial sheep  
Until dawn with her rosy mantle sent  
The morning breeze to dispel the mist; it lent  
An ethereal effect to the lava hills.  
Oh well, time to get up. LAZINESS KILLS.

I had a quick breakie, and was soon on the go.  
Only 7 miles by track to the Tongariro Chateau  
Which shelters under a snowy peak -  
Ruapehu (this mountain of which I speak  
Is an active volcano, but temporarily dormant. -  
Belfast has one too; they call it Stormont!)

The track soon veers away from the slag  
And crossed the heath. It's a bit of a drag.  
I got bored and decided to make my way  
To the main road without delay.  
To hitch hike was my one ambition  
And not understanding the word "inhibition"  
I flagged the first car - a Chevrolet  
Which coincidentally was going my way.  
Yes, back to my beloved Rotorua  
Where once again I could indulge in my cure  
Of taking the waters. (It remains to be seen)  
If nothing else, you emerge pink and clean.

Here endeth my tale, here endeth my travel.  
I hope you've the patience my ode to unravel,  
For wisdom comes in many guises  
I'll be in Stockholm when they give out the prizes!  
Long life to you all, and I hope you soon go  
To visit N.Z. and see Tongariro.  
And with these blessings one by one  
May God take us all into Kingdom Come.

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DER VOLKSWAGEN MIT DER STAGGERS - by Pat Harrison.

As everyone knows, the Volgan-Capertee country is the best place to go on a walking trip in the winter; for it never rains there, the sky is forever blue, and the frosts are something to talk about for days afterwards. Despite all these attractions, however, only four of us turned out on the weekend of 10/11 July for Peter Franks' trip from Newnes up to Mount Dawson via Capertee Creek and back via Little Capertee Creek.

Peter went up in Roy Higginbottom's car and they arrived about 10.30 p.m. on Friday night and had a good long sleep. Mike Short took me up in his Volkswagen, but our arrival was not as early as the others. Mike had half-hinted that there was something wrong with his Kraut Waggon, but I, having long been an enthusiastic admirer of the queer looking little cars, heeded not his hesitant remarks and we set out about 7.30 p.m. full of high hopes for a landfall by 11.00 p.m.

Our actual start was somewhat retarded by compass trouble and the necessity to spend some time in making calculations on the map, to save time on the morrow; but the first real hint of impending doom came when we were waiting on a 1 degree slope at the lights near Epping Railway. The green light eventually appeared but we did not move — the motor was stuttering in an alarming manner and irate drivers were honking their horns behind us. However, by the use of full throttle and a heavy foot we got going and limped away over the line and down the incline and eventually got up to top gear where the motor seemed to have lost its stutter.

We staggered on to a petrol station at Kellyville (after several embarrassing moments at intersections where we had stopped and were trying to get the motor going again) and filled the wretched thing with petrol and poured a pint of the wrong oil down its gullet, the last-named operation only being achieved with difficulty, for the bumper bar prevented the engine lid from being opened.

It was near midnight and freezing cold when we staggered into Bell, where the garage, cafe, and Post Office are all run by the one man. We expected great things from a man of such parts and we thought our troubles were over when the local Jack-of-all-Trades emerged from the warmth of his cafe and the gaze of the disrobed

females that adorn his walls. He was a veritable Dickensian character if ever there was one --- his head was covered with a gaily-coloured beany, his other clothing was covered with grease from the garage and grime from the kitchen, but the most noticeable (or rather un-noticeable) thing about him were his hands, which were stuffed safely into his trousers' pockets. It was his hands-in-the-pocket attitude that fascinated me, and I found myself placing bets with myself whether he would ever take them out. All the time I was wondering about this he was in close conversation with Mike, and his final pronouncement (with his hands still in his pockets) was "a sticking choke".

Mike got in the car (I was already there and had been for some time - it was far too cold outside) and this mild-mannered and softly-spoken gentleman turned to me and the fierceness in his eye and the ferocity in his quietly-spoken "that's a lot of bull" almost made me fall out of the car. Such a transformation from mildness to balefulness I had never seen in anyone. However, his remarks were justified, for as soon as we tried to drive away the stutter re-appeared. Back we went to Mr. Hands-In-The-Pockets and this time we were asked to back the beetle through the doorway of the garage, whereupon (being away from the cold wind) hands were removed from pockets and various things were done to the motor, including revving it to a screaming pitch. Mr. Hands-In-The-Pockets then jumped into the driver's seat, roared up and down the roadway for a few minutes, pronounced the fault eliminated, and handed the car back to Mike. He then proved that he could have really come from the pages of Dickens by refusing any payment for his time and trouble. A truly kind-hearted man, when you remember that it was midnight in the dead of winter on the bleak crest of the Blue Mountains.

We reached Newnes without any more stops or stutters, but by then it was 1.40 a.m. on Saturday morning. The night was freezing fast and it took a while for benumbed fingers to get tent pegs in place, but by 2.15 a.m. we were in our bags without having disturbed Peter and Roy and the next thing I know it is 8.15 a.m. and Peter had just got out of bed. Roy's car had ice in the radiator, but otherwise everything was perfect under a sky of the usual Wolgan Blue.

Breakfast was unhurried (who could hurry on such a glorious morning with a blue sky overhead and frost covering everything else?) and at 10.00 a.m. we started walking back past the pub, and a little later in Capertee Creek spent 40 minutes yarning with the farmer and his wife who gave us directions for a new route to Mount Dawson.

None of us carried water and a bet had been laid with me that we would have a dry camp, but after reaching the platform of worn rock that is Mount Dawson at 3.00 p.m. and surveying Crown Mountain, Tayan Pic, Clandulla, and the rest of the Northern Blue Mountains we only took 10 minutes to find a beautiful spring of water and a good campsite in a clump of Scribbly Gum and Mottled Gum (also known as Mountain Spotted Gum, *Eucalyptus Mannifera*). Our camp was in the depression SSE of Mount Dawson. The Wolgan country is notable for

its strange rock formations - there are turrets, and pagodas, and platforms, which Roy calls springboards because when descending one of these thin sheets of rock you cannot tell until it breaks whether you are trusting your neck to solid rock or to a springboard.

Around our camp were several pagodas and during the afternoon and evening we climbed up and down to see the sun set and the moon rise. The night was another freezer despite our good campsite and plentiful wood supply. Only one of us slept warm and the moral is, buy yourself an Everest Mummy Bag. At 4.45 Roy could stand it no longer and got up and lit the fire, and when the rest of us got up about 7.00 a.m. he had finished breakfast and was halfway through lunch, sitting on one of the pagodas and watching the sun come up.

By the time the rest of us had watched the sun rise from the top of a pagoda and had finished breakfast, our sleeping bags, which we had removed from the tents on arising and had placed on groundsheets in the open because the tents were covered with frost inside and out which might start melting at any time, had a coating of newly-formed frost!

We were on our way by 9.35 a.m. and about a mile NE of Mount Dawson found a gully which looked as if it would go. Our gully was somewhere near GR 183990 (Glen Alice 1:50,000) if anyone is interested. The gully turned into a small canyon narrow enough to place a hand on either side. The only impediment to a walk was a 6-foot drop which needed care because of the mossy rock. We then came to a 25-foot drop where the little canyon dropped into its mother creek, but all we had to do was to walk northwards (downstream) along the slope between the two cliff lines for about 30 or 40 yards and then walk down a sloping, narrow chimney to the bed of the mother creek which in turn landed us in Little Capertee Creek at GR 185997. From here it was only 90 minutes back to the cars at Newnes, where we arrived at 12.35 p.m. The lower parts of Little Capertee Creek were covered with a heavy coating of frost at midday. Later in the day, we noticed frost on the side of the road near Wolgan Gap.

Our route to Mount Dawson from Capertee Creek was as follows:-

Cross the shoulder of the spur at 200968, cross the dry gully and sidle the western side of the gully until you find a gap between a large isolated rock outcrop and the main cliffline, go through gap, then work upwards until you find a chimney on your left and a ramp on your right. Either one gets you to the top, whence Mount Dawson is about an hour away.

At Newnes we heard the disappointing news that the licence of the hotel is to be taken away after all the effort put into retaining it by many people. The hotel keeper had tales of woe of burst pipes and of people getting out of bed betimes and lighting fires to keep warm. Mike had left a plastic bottle of water in the boot of his VW and when we got back there was still ice in the water.

In view of our successful trip and early return to Newnes I was looking forward to a 5 o'clock bath and a 6 o'clock tea, but Der Volkswagen Mit Der Staggers had other plans for me and it finally

clapped out with seized brakes at Epping, at the exact spot where it first started to misbehave on Friday night.

I got home about 9.30 p.m., but it was rather hard going with a big pack, two pairs of boots, and 9 bottles of Hartley Sweet Cider.

This was a very pleasant 2-day walk, but it could also be done comfortably as a 1-day walk.

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#### IT'S GOOD-BYE FOR A FEW YEARS TO THE PUTTS

Dot Butler writes - "A farewell Barbecue to Jane and Colin Putt will be held at my home, 28/30 Boundary Road, Wahroonga, on Friday, 24th September. Arrive any time after 7.0 p.m. Bring your own steaks and eating irons ..... and sleeping bags if you want to stay the night - plenty of space in the back yard bush."

The Putts are off to England for two or three years.

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The Club has a letter from Major E.K. Hales, a Regular Army Officer, who is retiring in October, and writes -

"I would be most interested to meet a member or members similarly situated, and who are keenly interested in Bushwalking.

Those who may be interested may also be interested in a proposed bushwalk in Tasmania 9-29th January, 1972 in:-

- (a) Areas South West of Macquarie Harbour in Birch's Inlet - Low Rocky Point.
- (b) Central Tasmania Jane River Track (old gold mining area).

Major Hales can be contacted at his home address 300 Kissing Point Road, Turrumurra, 2074 (Tel. 44-7369), while his business telephone for the present is 31-0455, Extn. 381.

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#### A Frame Rucksack for Sale.

A non-member, Michael Liubinskoz, 14 East Terrace, Bankstown, Tel. 70-6470, has for sale a very little used "Bushwalker" model Paddy Pallin "A" frame rucksack, with four external pockets. Originally cost \$25 and is offered for sale at \$15: three years old, but used only "on a couple of hikes and a Scout Jamboree".

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KOSCIUSKO HUTS ASSOCIATION.

(The following circular has been received from the recently formed Kosciusko Huts Association. Space prevents the publication in this issue of the "enclosed story" mentioned, but it is hoped to produce it in a subsequent issue, as it provides some interesting background information and amplifies the material given in the circular.)

Recently the Kosciusko Huts Association was formed by a group of concerned walkers, fishermen and cross-country skiers, with the blessing and encouragement of the National Parks and Wildlife Service. The need for this association has been growing particularly over the last few years as the numbers of people using the wilderness area grew.

The trouble with the increasing usage was that the huts couldn't stand the extra traffic. Both the weather and a steady stream of people started to take their toll on the old timber and iron buildings, and something had to be done to see that the huts did not simply collapse.

The objects of the Association are:

1. To foster enjoyment of the Kosciusko National Park by walkers, skiers, fishermen and others.
2. To advise the National Parks and Wildlife Service on the use, maintenance, and development of huts in the Kosciusko National Park.
3. To assist the National Parks and Wildlife Service in the management and maintenance of huts in the Kosciusko National Park.
4. To encourage safety in the mountains, and co-operate with organisations responsible for search and rescue operations.
5. To promote conservation of the natural environment of the Kosciusko National Park.
6. To co-operate with persons or organisations whose interests, activities, or objects are similar to those of the Association.

At a meeting at Sawpit Creek the KHA was constituted and Robin Miller elected as President and Reet Vallak as Secretary.

Membership of the Association is open to all and costs \$2.00 per year which should be sent to the Treasurer, John Pinkerton, P.O. Box 415, Canberra City, 2601. The Association is going to organise, in conjunction with the NPWS, the maintenance and building huts and shelter in the back country of the Park.

To do this we need money and labour. Membership of the association will allow us to do both. We also hope that people who use the huts will be prepared to pay a small overnight fee and this is suggested at 50c. During the summer maintenance work parties will be organised and we'd be glad to hear from anyone willing to help.

In the meantime we'd be very glad for any publicity in your journal and perhaps you could use the enclosed story. Any further information is available from the writer,

Max Bourke, Public Relations Officer.  
Phone Sydney 969-6414 or write  
38 Clanalpine Street, Mosman, 2088.

PECCAVI !!

Some years ago Geoff Wagg wrote (not entirely seriously):

"This Membership job is a slug, it has its faults I own, sirs,  
I know each new chum's ugly mug as tho' it were my own, sirs..."

I am now finding this job of Littery Editer has got its own  
trubbles. Like this way. A cupple of munths back Brian Harvey drops  
me a note on another matter and adds "By the way, I had lunch with  
Kath Mackay the other day".

Ah ha, sez I, this Mackay dame, she must be back in Sydney for  
a bit, we ort to say so in the June Maggerzine. Which is wot I does.  
It hardly hit the newsagonts when Brian scratches me again - he'd been  
over in West Orstralia. Post-'aste I try to make amends in the July  
maggerzine, and get the record strate. Mackay not in Sydney, instead  
Harvey in W.A.

But you remember the Sorcerer's Apprentice, once he started  
something he couldn't stop it. So before the July copy gets to Perth,  
there's another protest, this time from Mackay, and fitting to the  
Poet Lorryate, it's in verse. This is it.....

"Your paper's reputation is for scrupulous veracity  
So this precludes the notion of deliberate mendacity,  
But in the current issue I behold to my astonishment  
A statement that I cannot pass without a mild admonishment.  
It seems I had deserted (rafugee was the expression)  
To view again the city of my youthful indiscretion.  
But though I'm always with you, speaking purely metaphorically,  
An actual journey eastward I deny most categorically.

I know the charms of Sydney, and it is in fact my birthplace,  
But after three years' sojourn here, I much prefer my Perth place.  
The comings and the goings! S.B.Ws. in legions  
And friends from near and far flit through en route to foreign regions.  
There's sunshine here, and spaciousness, and time for deep enjoyment,  
Even a chance to make some dough and profit in employment!  
There's wealth untold in iran ore and nicke'l inter alia -  
To one who's up and coming, there's no state like West Australia."

This shoold put the ishoo beyond any dowl. For she herself has  
sed it, and it's grately to her credit, etc....

By the way, Kath Mackay doesn't always write flippant stuff:  
there's one I'm saving up as an "Echo from the Past" sometime when we  
haven't quite so much verse around.....in my opinion the best thing  
ever in The Sydney Bushwalker.

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COMING WALKS - by Pat Harrison, Walks Secretary

September 3,4,5 - Ray Hookway begins the programme with a walk through the heart of the Wild Dog Mountains. Good track and good views over Merrimerrigal to Splendour Rock, with a possible detout to show newcomers the beaut camp cave in Mobbs Swamp. A steepish descent down Howling Dog (which passes by another name in less polite circles), a lush campsite on the Cox, a look at the Kowmung, then a leisurely stroll up White Dog to the cars.

September 5 - Nancye Alderson has done a recce of her Historical Walk around Woodford-Linden-Faulconbridge. As well as mildly stretching your legs, you will learn something of our early history and take a vicarious trip back into the past.

September 5 - Bill Hall can always be relied on to provide a good day walk in the Royal National Park, and this one, from Waterfall to Frew's Creek and then across country to Helensburgh, will be up to his usual standard.

September 10,11,12 - Ettrema has been called the Kanangra of the south. It is also notable for the clearness of its water. Bushwalkers are said to have walked across Ettrema Creek and to have been unaware of it until they noticed that their sox were wet! This will be a great trip - a real bushwalker's walk. The view from Point Possibility is magnificent.

September 11,12 - For those who cannot get away for a full weekend, what better thing could they do than catch the 12.50 p.m. train on Saturday for Blackheath and camp the night near Blue Gum Forest, and then on Sunday walk up Govett's Leap and back to Blackheath?

September 12 - Gladys Roberts has an easy 7 miles around The Sphinx-Cowan Creek-Mt. Kuring-gai, to permit time to view the wildflowers which should be in abundance at that time.

September 17,18,19 - Don and I have a car swap from Glen Davis along the Capertee and Colo Rivers to the Culoul Range which runs off the Putty Road about 35 miles from Windsor. Very good going along the Capertee, but rock hopping and threading your way through Water Gums on the Colo. The idea of this trip, and another one later in this programme, is to cover, in two weekends, the most glorious river and cliff scenery imaginable. However, those who do not wish to do the complete trip could go and return from the same end and spend a pleasant weekend pottering about.

September 19 - Audley to Bundeena with Jim Callaway via Winifred Falls, and it may be warm enough to have a swim on the way.

September 19 - Took a lot of talking to get Les Davidson to put a walk on the programme, but here it is - Mt. Colah to Mt. Kuring-gai via Appletree Bay. Barry Zieren is co-leader, so with two leaders you should be doubly well looked after.



# PADDY MAIDE



Surely there is no better time for walking than the Spring.

The days are longer.

The water is not so cold if you have to make deep river crossings (precious few deep crossings this Spring unless there is rain soon)

You should be in good condition after your winter walking or ski-ing.

This is the season to try that ambitious, out-of-the-way trip you've had at the back of your mind for months.....

But first check that your gear is up to it, and for anything new you need, or for any item that should be replaced, see

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September 24,25,26 - Don and Doone have a bike ride of about 100 miles from Rylstone to Singleton right through the heart of the Northern Blue Mountains. The whole area is sprinkled with strange-looking mountains and by riding a bike you get to see in a couple of days what would otherwise take four or five.

September 24,25,26 - Tony Denham has a walk in the Budawangs which should attract a good roll-up for more than the usual Budawany reasons. It is of moderate length and it takes in places that most members would not have seen, such as Sluice Box Falls and Munnuldi Falls, to say nothing of Hidden Valley, the place that no one seems to have the time to visit when they are shooting through to the Castle-Mt.Owen area.

September 26 - Now that train fares are getting out of hand, why not come with Peter Levander on a good day walk to the higher mountains? The Megalong is a pleasant few hours from Sydney, and after doing this classic day walk you will feel as content as if you had done a camp trip. The historic Six Foot Track is the gateway to a wonderful day's walking.

September 26 - Dave Cotton knows his bees and after showing you around his Apiary there will be an easy walk to see how the wildflowers are.

September 26 - Esme Biddulph has everything well organised for a scenic tour of The Bluff and Juro Trig. Please consult the programme where detailed arrangements are given.

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#### A NOBLE DEED - HE'S NO PIKER.

Friends of Dorothy Noble and Alan Pike, together with an older generation of walkers, friends of Grace and John Noble, foregathered in three places (not simultaneously) on the stormy afternoon and night of July 24th for an engagement party.

First at the Shapperts' Tamarama home overlooking a violent ocean for buffet dinner; then on to Jess Martin's at South Coogee for coffee and the presentation; finally to the Jane Street Theatre to see Gordon Chater as King Edward VIII.

Owen Marks made the presentation, the box being labelled "He's no piker" and "It's a Noble deed" - hence the title. In his speech Owen said it was about time Alan got engaged. (Did someone murmur something about pots and kettles). In reply, Alan explained "it was all Owen's doing". We think he meant the party.

1 It was nice to re-meet old hands like Miriam and Wal Roots, Elsa and Malcolm McGregor, Hilma and Alex Colley, Ray Kirkby - not to mention Jess and the Nobles, who were amongst the executive.

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FEDERATION REPORT - JULY, 1971 - by Ray Hookway

The July meeting was a combined monthly and annual general meeting and elections for new office bearers for 1971-72 were held.

Affiliation was sought by the National Parks Association and by a newly formed club, the Mosman Bushwalking Club.

Federation Ball - Due to a double booking the ball will now be held at Unisearch House opposite the University of N.S.W. in Anzac Parade. The date is September 17th and the price is \$4.00 per ticket.

Closure of Catchment Area - The Water Board is to initiate a system to close off the Catchment Area to walkers during controlled burns. Federation and Paddy Pallin will be advised of the exact times beforehand and it will be the responsibility of walkers to ensure that the area is open. The Water Board has also complained of lack of cooperation from walkers in the Catchment Area. Walkers have refused to produce proof of identity when challenged by Board employees. Club members are requested to carry club badges or fee receipts when walking in the Catchment Area and to produce these if requested by Board rangers.

Search and Rescue Practice - 121 people attended the Federation S/R Practice held at Medlow Gap on July 17th-18th, seven members representing S.B.W. Three searches took place on the Saturday, and Sunday was spent in discussion and in demonstrations of techniques.

I led (?) one party of 35 people in a search for a Major Melville (Tony Denham) who was reported to have fallen over a cliff on a walk to Splendour Rock. He was located at the foot of Splendour Rock, raised using a sheerlegs and ropes 70ft straight up the cliff in a stretcher and carried to the top of Merrigal from where he could have been lifted by helicopter.

It was an interesting exercise, thoroughly enjoyed by all, and clearly demonstrated the importance of regular practice.

Note - The Search and Rescue Radio Field Day will be held on August 22nd. Intending participants should meet at 9 a.m. at the corner of Mona Vale and McCarrs Creek Roads, Terrey Hills. They should also contact Bob Mead beforehand on 797-9669 (H).

Morton National Park Access - Following on complaints of walkers being refused access to Morton National Park from the Mongarlowe Nerriga Road, the Goulburn Land Office has arranged an inspection of the area on August 11th. Interested parties are to meet at the junction of Mongarlowe Road and the Braidwood Nerriga Road at 10.30 a.m.

The monthly general meeting closed at 8.26 p.m. and the Annual General Meeting commenced.

Affiliation Fees for Federation are to remain the same at 10 cents per capita with a minimum of \$2 for metropolitan clubs and a flat \$2 for country clubs.

Election of Office Bearers 1971-72

President	Ray Hookway	SBW
Senior Vice President	Gordon Edgecombe	CMW
Junior Vice President	Nin Melville	CMW
Secretary	Phil Butt	SBW
Assistant Secretary	Amanda Stark	KBC
Treasurer	Ken Lowe	YHACC
Minute Secretary	Jean Edgecombe	CMW
Public Relations Officer	(To be appointed)	
Information Officer	Wilf Hilder	SBW
Asst. Information Officer	Bob Pallin	SBW
Search & Rescue Director	Nin Melville	CMW
" " " Secretary	Heather White	SBW
Field Officer	Bill Smith	YHACC
Rock Rescue	Bruce Postle	SRC
Conservation Bureau Chairman	Gordon Edgecombe	CMW
Tracks and Access	Bob Snedden	CMW
Auditor	Joy Nicols	

Search and Rescue Report - During the last five years there have been 60 alerts resulting in 26 searches and 15 incidents. Eleven injured people have been rescued, ten of whom had fallen down cliffs. Five bodies were recovered, four of them from drowning.

It can be seen that the S/R Section performs a very valuable function and it should be supported by all members in all ways possible.

Treasurer's Report - 1971 finished with \$1,510.89 in the general account and \$391.86 in the Search & Rescue account. The expenses of S/R this year will be reasonably high due to the planned purchase of new gear. Members support for the Ball Raffle is requested.

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MEMBERSHIP NOTES - by Barbara Bruce,  
Membership Secretary

The following are the new members welcomed into the S.B.W. in July:

1. Paul Sharp, who gave a lecture to the Club in 1970 - the effects on Conservation of the recent Immigration policy - and decided he would like to join us.
2. John Campbell, a Canadian who has been in Australia about four months and would like to see some of the country under our auspices.
3. Robin Plumb, Laurie Quaken's sister, who has been around for years but only decided to become a member at the time of our Swimming Carnival-Instructional in January. Robin has two young sons who have already been introduced to the bush in an appropriate manner at the last reunion.

4. Peter Donnelly has become pretty well known to me during the last 6 months, since he and I both work in the Department of Medicine at Sydney University. Peter is a particularly keen bushwalker, has been on overseas mountain-climbing expeditions (and plans to go on more) and has many other varied interests.

5. Peter Martin is a quite new addition to our Club and seems to desire the serenity of the bush on weekends after work and study during the week. Peter is now flourishing a bushy ginger beard.

There were two new members admitted at the August Committee Meeting:

1. Ray Carter, an experienced walker who has been on trips with member Evan Williams of the bushwalking colony at Oatley.

2. Don Hitchcock, who has walked with some of the Queensland walking clubs, as well as in Canada where he spent three years as a teacher.

In June and July 16 people joined up as Prospective Members. They are:

Victor Mason, Peter Miller, Pauline Brown (Lesley Page's mother), Bronwyn Shelpor, Phillip Miller, Brenda Scerri, Joamy Smith, Lynne Carrodus, Patricia Stewart, Robert Bagatella, David Bover (from Melbourne), Dennis Brown, Robert Hodgson, John Horrocks, Allan Miller and Johanna Powilanska.

My regular warning telling Prospectives that they are due to apply for Membership by the end of August, goes to:

Mr. Jean Chauvet, Mr. Alan Fall, Miss Nora Freeman, Mr. Laurie McGeechan, Mrs. Sylvia McGeechan, Mr. Mitch Meyer, Miss Jeanette Pennell, Mr. George Porebski, Mr. Richard Saxby, Miss June Tyrrell, Mrs. Linda Wilhelm, Mr. Tom Wilhelm, Miss Barbara Young and Miss Kelly Zeisner.

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A public meeting was held in Sydney Town Hall on the evening of June 28th to protest against the Clutha project. Our spy was there in the form of Nancye Alderson, who took notes of some of the main remarks of the speakers, including the Minister for Mines, Mr. W. Fife, and Mr. J. Bullbeck of the Clutha organisation. Some interesting excerpts will be printed in the next issue....

APPEAL FROM THE WALKS SECRETARY, who has been finding outrageous errors in stencils typed for the Spring walks programme - in one case a whole trip omitted..... Pat wonders if there is a typist within the Club who might be willing, at intervals of about three months - the first being early in November - to type the ~~stenoils~~ <sup>stencils</sup>, thus saving about \$10.00 and producing what might well be a better job than the commercial effort.