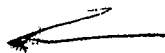


# The Sydney Bushwalker



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A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bushwalkers,  
14 Atchison Street, St. Leonards.

POSTAL ADDRESS: Box 4476 G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., 2000.

Meetings at the Club Room on Wednesday evenings after 7.30 p.m.

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## APRIL, 1972.

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AT THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, 1972.

Jim Brown.

Seldom have so few members been present for the start of an Annual Meeting - about 30 at the outset, but increasing to perhaps 40 or 45 later. There was no genuine new member to welcome, and the only name summoned - Valerie Hannaford - had been admitted a month or so earlier, but was not present.

Winners of the trophies at the 1972 Swimming Carnival were named, and Sheila Binns asked to come to the rostrum as Minutes Secretary for the meeting. The February minutes were disposed of, with no business arising.

Spiro now sought a suspension of standing orders to enable the special business of the Annual Meeting to proceed, and notwithstanding Phil Butt's objection that the normal order of business should only be interrupted when Annual affairs were liable to delay the meeting, the suspension was carried, and in due course the election of office bearers went ahead - the results were reported in the March issue.

Correspondence contained news of the resignation of Betty and Ernie Farquhar, re-instatement of Peter Franks to the active list, and a letter from the Lands Department concerning access to Coolana - the essence being that right of way was provided through the adjacent property, and that our request for a small area along the perimeter of our land would be considered when the land was disposed of. Outward correspondence showed we had written to several parliamentary leaders protesting against the flooding of Lake Pedder, and to the Wireless Institute asking for permission to use their 16 m.m. projector for some coming social events.

Arising from the correspondence, it was moved and carried that we donate £50 to the publication of a book as a memorial to a prominent conservationist and photographer who had been drowned in the Gordon River, Tasmania, in January.

The various Annual Reports and Financial Statements were taken as read and adopted without comment or question, and as the elections proceeded the Treasurer informed us that the monthly statement for February had closed with a figure of £680 in the working account. The Walks Report covered the rather soggy month of February, the first trip for the month (to be led by Bill Gillam in the Wollongambe area) having been cancelled. It was a warmish day on the Sunday for Jim Callaway's dash from Bundena to Otford, with a party of 8. David Cotton was away from Sydney and the Apiary trip also set down for February 6 was cancelled.

On the following week-end Max Crisp and party of 7 were on the Shoalhaven up near Norrigan, the river pretty deep with some rather slow going in parts on the Sunday. Those who carried out the full journey didn't reach the cars until late on Sunday evening. That week-end Roger Gowing and four people practised abseiling at Kanangra, and at the Swimming Carnival 21 were present, and the events proceeded despite the rather small roll-up.

Robin Plumb's projected trip on the Wollondilly River was cancelled, and on February 20 there was Alan Pike's jaunt down Arethusa Canyon - 7 in the party - a good warm day and lots of water in the stream, and only a "few minor injuries". Tony Denham took a ten-people party to the Budawangs on Feb. 25-27, found a way from Mount Sturgiss around past the falls, and finally through some rather thick vegetation back to the Folly Point trail. Bill Hall had a 1½ day walk in the Marley region with 14 people present, and Jim Brown's day walk, Holonsburgh-Burning Palms-Lilyvale, went with 20: reported as very muggy during the passage of the Palm Jungle.

Under the heading of the Federation Report, people were cautioned to be careful of buying carabinors - some damaged at the fire at Paddy Pallin's shop were alleged to have been acquired by a disposal shop and were being sold. Phil Butt gave the latest data on the Tri-State Alpine trail, saying the Victorian Forestry people were marking a route from the Baw Baws to the Omeo Road. At present the trail was not being "advertised".

With the Treasurer's blessing, the annual subscription and entrance fee were fixed at the same level as last year (£6 individual members, £8 married couples, £3 students), and we had come to General Business.

The proposal for publication by the Club of a printed magazine - deferred at the February meeting - was raised, and Neville Page presented the comment of the sub-committee, which considered feasible the production of a 64-page edition, with 8 pages of photographs at a cost of about £650 for 1,000 copies. Revenue from advertising could reduce this to about £450 or 45c. per copy, and it was estimated the journal could be sold at 50 c per copy. The sub-committee recommended proceeding.

Pat Harrison moved that the Club support the project financially, and Bill Gillam, speaking for the motion, said the issue should be self-financing in the end, but would require an initial outlay for printing before sales revenue was received. Several people expressed doubts as to the venture, both from the viewpoint of a sufficient body of enthusiastic contributors and workers, and from the monetary angle, and Gordon Redmond then proposed an amendment that Federation be asked to give a financial subsidy.

The amendment was not taken kindly by the supporters of the project, and when Phil Butt pointed out that Federation could hardly finance a publication which would be entirely the work of one Club, it was foredoomed. Discussion reverted to the original motion, when it was suggested we should not rely on bookstall sales to outsiders, but consider the "captive" purchasers of the walking movement: the opponents argues that this was not "publicity" which had been indicated as one of the objectives of publication. On a gag motion the proposition was put and lost.

To wind up the night, Phill Butt had a couple of matters to raise. First, when the political scene in Tasmania stabilised, he proposed we write to the new parliamentary leaders there about Lake Pedder - carried. Further, we should appoint someone to represent the Club's interest at the meeting of the Kosciusko Huts Association on April 15, having first

become a member of the Association - also carried, and Wilf Hilder elected as our delegate.

Then it was 10.20 p.m. and the close of the night's affairs.

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### THE REUNION.

Barry Wallace.

The sky was already beginning to colour into a glorious sunset when I left the car and began the hurried descent of Starlight's Trail to the reunion site at Macarthur's Flat. Saturday p.m. starts always seem to run late, and this was no exception.

About 40 minutes later the light was perceptibly fading when I detected the sound of movement further down the track, a sort of thump....thump, not unlike a wallaby. A brief halt and careful scan with ears and eyes revealed a bobbing, blond pony tail which turned out to be attached to Marion Lloyd who was looking very swank in army bush shirt and flashy psychedelic floral slacks. Roger Gowing was also there but his more sombre dress hid him from view at that range.

The three of us completed the descent together, and after some fumbling over where to cross the Nattai, we arrived at Macarthur's Flat. The flat itself is large and open with the encroaching bracken rendering only a small portion un-campable. At first glance there appeared to be only two or three tents, but, typical I suppose of bushwalkers, there were tents widely scattered among the trees which encircle the area. No cheap slums for them; but do they really avoid each other like that, or does someone snore?

Being late, hot, and exhausted from the walk down, it was obvious that some measure of bludging would be in order to obtain the essentials. Fortunately Spiro offered tent space and Geoff Mattingly volunteered the use of his fire, after a rather hint-laden examination of his empty (sob!) cider cans.

Soup, diced gravy beef, pearl barley, vegetables and (ugh!) onions, which render one's hands unsociable for about a week - pour in some water (if there's room) and commit the billy to the flames. Everyone else had already eaten and Geoff and Adrienne seemed to be taking an altogether unhealthy degree of interest in my soup. Bob Younger rambled past clutching a bottle of kerosene and muttering something about lighting the main camp fire with a little girl. There were no later reports of burnt children so I guess he got it all sorted out.

That batch of soup must have taken longer to cook than a grass parrot, but hunger finally became dominant and I retrieved the billy and moved on to the main fire; just in time for my acting debut in Dot

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Butler's production of "The Highwayman".

I am unsure of the exact story, but the way I saw things, Don Finch, a truly demented highwayman whipping his casurina hobby-horse to a furious canter around the camp-fire, came "riding, riding, up to the old Inn door." Leslie Wood as Bess, the landlord's "black eyed daughter", stood rather shakily atop a pyramid of muttering extras, plaiting a love knot in a length of Millers' No. 6 nylon. Finch, after promising to return by moonlight of all things (for no apparent reason) made a quick circuit of the camp-fire and galloped off into the outer darkness.

Bess then descended from her perch and composed herself, all unsuspecting upon her bed; from whence she was rudely seized by the establishment in the form of three troopers, Higginbottom, Wallace and Ketas and roughly bound with many a ribald jest to the bed-post. The ribald jests were further reinforced by some pieces of cord supplied by the narrator, Dot Butler, and the bed-post turned out to be none other than that well-known mountain climber and layabout geologist, Doone Wyborn!

The story, or at least the acting, became rather soppy at this stage, so I won't shock you with the details, but briefly, the trooper gave Bess a strategically placed musket with which to warn the highwayman (if she had the heart, so to speak), and then they retired to a well earned game of cards with the Innkeeper (Owen Marks).

At about this time Peter Miller, the sound-effects man, started making the sounds of a galloping stone horse. This signified the return of the highwayman, via a circuit of the campfire, whereupon Bess silently blew herself into the next world with her musket and Finch once more retreated on his stone horse into the outer darkness. But not for long!

Right in the middle of a tense 7 no trumps call he returned at a gallop and was shot down like a dog for interrupting a game while Wallace was playing an unbeatable hand. Leslie and Doone were gently prized apart and everyone returned to their seats, or couches, or soup so the case may be.

A number of songs were sung and some awards given out, but I was really too filled with emotion and soup to recall them in detail, and besides, the people making supper seemed to be in need of a cocoa taster!

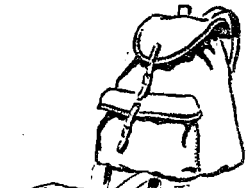
Replete at last with fruit cake and cocoa we all relaxed around the fire, some talking, some singing and Owen Marks sleeping quietly. The sky was clear and the night mild with just a slight coolness in the air. People began drifting off to bed, while some sat up and talked the night away.

The next day began quietly with a late breakfast as people drifted from one camp-site to another, renewing old friendships and discussing the events and characters of the past year. A few footloose souls were seen to depart early with their packs, bound I know not where.

By about 10.30 I was becoming worried about the disposal of the four pounds of S.R. flour which I had been coerced into carrying. It

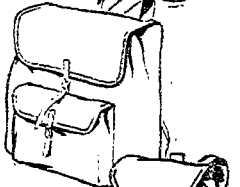
# Paddy made

Lightweight bushwalking and camp gear



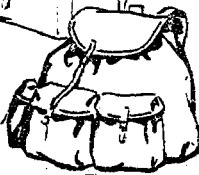
**BUNYIP RUCKSACK**

This 'shaped' rucksack is excellent for children. Useful day pack. Weight 14ozs



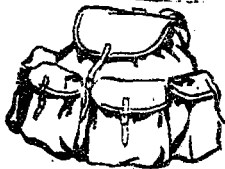
**SENIOR RUCKSACK**

A single pocket, shaped rucksack. Suitable for overnight camping. Weight 1½lbs



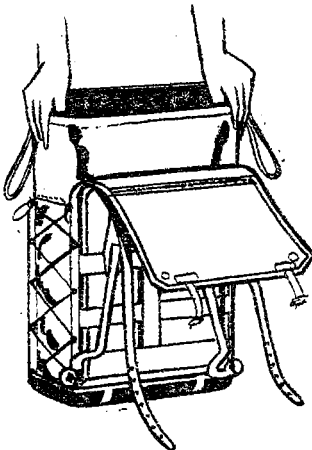
**BUSHMAN RUCKSACKS**

Have sewn-in curved bottom for extra comfort in carrying. Will hold 30 lbs. 2 pocket model 1½lbs 3 pocket model 1½lbs



**PIONEER RUCKSACK**

is an extra large bag with four external pockets and will carry about 40lbs of camp gear. Weight 2½lbs



**MOUNTAINEER DE LUXE**

Can carry 70lbs or more. Tough lightweight terylene/cotton, proofed fabric with special P.V.C. reinforced base. 20" x 17" x 9" proofed nylon extension throat with double draw cord for positive closure. Flap has full sized zip pocket of waterproof nylon. Outside pocket. Bag is easily detached from the frame to form a 3' sleeping bag cover for cold, wet conditions. Weight 6lbs

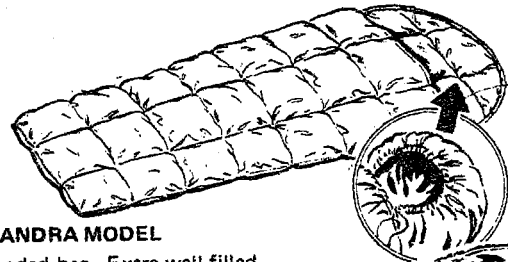


**MOUNTAINEER**

Same features as de luxe model except for P.V.C. bottom reinforcing. Weight 5½lbs

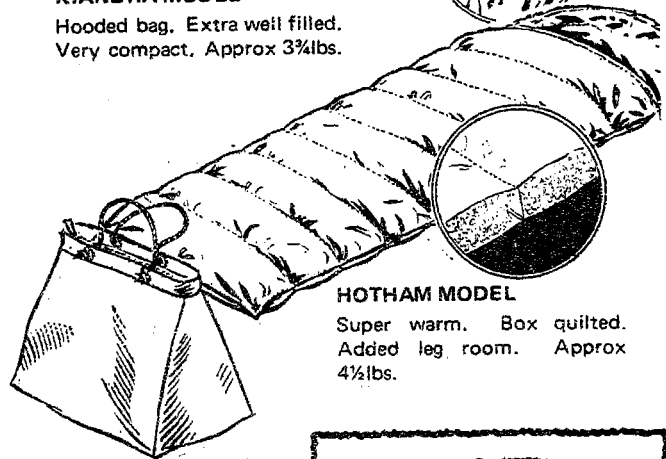
**TRAMPER FRAME RUCKSACK**

Young people and ladies will find this pack a good one. It will carry sufficient camping equipment and food for 3 or 4 days or more. Has 3 pockets, capacity about 30 lbs. Weight 4lbs.



**KIANDRA MODEL**

Hooded bag. Extra well filled. Very compact. Approx 3½lbs.

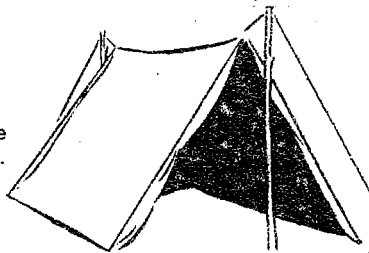


**HOTHAM MODEL**

Super warm. Box quilted. Added leg room. Approx 4½lbs.

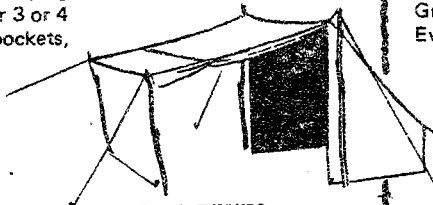
**CARRYING BAGS**

P.V.C. or nylon.



**'A' TENTS**

One, two or three man. From 2½ to 3½lbs

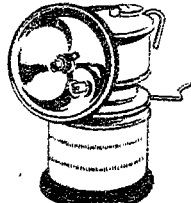


**WALL TENTS**

Two, three or four man. From 3½ to 4½lbs



Compasses dry, oil filled or wrist types.  
 Maps. Large range.  
 Bushwalking books.  
 Freeze dried and dehydrated foods.  
 Stoves and lamps.  
 Aluminium cook ware.  
 Ground sheets.  
 Everything for the bushwalker.



# Paddy Pallen

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was obvious that a damper making contest was intended, but where the devil was Mike Short, our worthy organizer. I eventually located him, still in his bag drinking a can of sarsaparilla and looking like the aftermath of a magnificent dissipation. Things were not as they seemed however. He had been sick for the last three days and was conserving his strength and obeying doctor's orders to only drink sterilized water or soft drink.

With the spectre of four extra pounds to carry up the hill hanging over me I hastily rounded up people to cook dampers in the ashes of the main camp fire. It was about here that the day began to go wrong!! Firstly Dot Butler won the damper competition under the most suspicious circumstances (something to do with a curious, and not entirely explained, past liaison with the judge, I think it was), then Heather's "dear little puppy dog" sicked up in my 800 mile-old car on the way back to Sydney, and then the fuel pump fell apart about three miles from home and I had to take a taxi.

Still, all in all, it wasn't a bad reunion---I might even go to another one some day.

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Correction:

In Dot Butler's article on Central Australia in last month's issue: The party returned to Serpentine Gorge, not Ormiston Gorge.

A Day at Arthur's Pass.

by Gerry Sinzig.

The tiny hut creaks and groans in protest as sharp gusts of wind, channeled through the narrow steep-sided Crow Valley, heave at its mountings. Rain, whipped up into waves of stinging spray by the fierce gale, is lashing the walls with a relentless fury. Inside, two bods huddle miserably in their bunks and wonder whether blue skies will ever come again to this forsaken place.

Joe Odins and I had walked up the Crow Valley from the mighty Waimakariri River in almost perfect weather two days before, in the hope of attempting a climb on Mount Rolleston, but since our arrival the fickle New Zealand weather has done its worst and has kept us inside the small confines of Crow Hut. Our patience is running out, so tomorrow, if the weather permits, we will return to Arthur's Pass over Avalanche Peak.

By early evening the weather relents somewhat, and a little later five sodden bods arrive full of hope for a better tomorrow, so that they might climb Mount Rolleston. Incurable optimists, these mountaineers.

Next morning a 5.00 a.m. peek outside the hut reveals an almost cloudless sky. No mice have been caught in the traps we improvised last night - seems they are too smart for us (we had been plagued by food gorging mice ever since our arrival at the hut). By 6.00 a.m. the others are off to try for Rolleston and a few minutes later we are ready ourselves, having packed up all our gear. We set off towards a prominent ridge just upstream of the hut which appears to offer easy access to the divide between the Crow Valley and Arthur's Pass. After pushing through dense scrub for about 200 ft., a patchy trail develops and the ridge becomes easy going.

As we ascend, members of the other party, no larger than pinpoints, can be seen clearly on the first snow drift at the head of the Crow Valley. How tiny they appear beneath the towering bulk of Mount Rolleston!

Although we are carrying all our junk and the way is steep, the going is easy and we gain the ridge top by 7.30 a.m. In view of the improved weather, we had planned to leave our packs at the top of the ridge and traverse to Rome Gap for a try on the low peak of Rolleston, before descending to Arthur's Pass via Avalanche Peak. But now cloud is moving in from the north-west and soon Rolleston is completely obscured. We trudge off towards Rome Gap anyway, less our heavy loads, but the weather deteriorates further and we become more and more despondent. It is now drizzling, and we are enveloped in a dense white mist. Suddenly, about 200 yards ahead, a chamois appears out of the murk, climbing towards the crest of our ridge. Light and agile, he is at the top in an instant and disappears from view on the other side.

The ridge is fairly uneven and strewn with loose rock. The top of Rome Ridge, still under a mantle of snow, can be seen connecting just ahead through a momentary hole in the mist. At this point our route develops into a magnificent cheval ridge, sharp as a knife and sound rock. After more procrastination, the drizzle stops and the mist clears somewhat, so



we decide to move on, leaving the ridge to traverse a wide snow slope on our left to Rome Gap, where we find three members of the other party indulging in crevasse rescue practice, having given Rolleston away. The other two had ascended the low peak via steep snow slopes on the west side of the East Crow Gully, and can now be seen descending towards us on the rocky western ridge. The peak is still hidden in dense mist and if we did climb it we would see precious nothing. We curse the weather, while the other party, re-united, heads back down their snow gully.

We are on the verge of leaving ourselves, when the low peak suddenly emerges through the mist, 1,300 ft. above. It is noon - not too late for a climb to the top, since the route is mostly on rock - so we decide to give it a go. The first 100 ft. of rock is fairly steep, but reasonably firm. Beyond that point the ridge is less steep but deteriorates into the loose debris so common in the New Zealand mountains. We ascend the final 300 ft. on steep, firm snow to be greeted at the top by an old bicycle which has obviously seen better days!

Thick black clouds are rolling in again from the north west, so after a brief survey of our surroundings and a snack, we start picking our way down, dislodging tons of loose rubble as we descend. Within minutes we are enveloped in thick mist once again and light rain begins to fall. The steep rock above Rome Gap is now wet and requires some care. After more food at Rome Gap we return along the jagged ridge to our packs, where it is a relief to get back into sandals, even though we are now stuck with our heavy loads again.

Avalanche Peak is about one mile away and still involves some uphill sloggng. On the way we cross a 100 yard wide sloping snow drift for which sandals prove surprisingly adequate, given the support of an ice axe. The last few hundred feet below Avalanche Peak consist of loose scree which makes for agonisingly slow going, but finally we are on top. From the peak two well defined ridges, each with a walking trail, diverge downwards into Arthur's Pass. Hung between those ridges, in stark contrast to the rocky bareness of our vantage point, is an expansive alpine meadow, its soft green surface dotted here and there by small tarns. There is not a breath of wind and dense cloud clings motionless to the higher peaks. For a moment we pause to partake in the strange stillness of our surroundings. However, it is getting late and we must be on our way. We select Avalanche Peak trail, it being the more direct route of the two.

By 7.30 p.m. we are at the N.Z.A.C. hut in the valley, thirsty and ravenously hungry. The lower segment of trail was very steep and broken up and we are so overheated that even a quick plunge in the chill waters of Avalanche Creek does not feel cold. To flop into our bunks is like heaven - it has been a long day.

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RAMBLING IN ESSEX.

Frank Leyden.

This is to make mad with nostalgia those of you from those parts. I am forgiving England for its horrid winter as the daisies and daffodils, snowdrops and crocuses, primroses, periwinkles and catkins are all bursting forth into the April showers as the azaleas, magnolias and rhododendron are just peeping and the bluebells getting ready to peep. The flowers are along the lanes and through the woods, just everywhere as are the bird songs but the latter especially at dawn and dusk when the weather calms. Two weeks of warm sunny weather and longer brighter days are really welcome. On our rambles we have been admiring the freshly arrived lambs, calves and piglets as the walking paths lead through the sloppy odiferous farmyards with many a pig's back to be scratched, horse's or donkey's nose to be rubbed or candied or bull to be avoided. Dogs are seldom seen being curled in the armchair next to the central heating.

The Ramblers have been treating me to some healthy, muddy and snowy walks. They even have day walks across to France. I have seen much of the beauty of the coast from Newhaven to Rye and most walking areas generally south of London. In the winter walking there has been torrential rains, howling wind, snow and icy roads and mud worse than Tasmania, and thick fogs and bitter cold with sometimes walks having to be abandoned. The deep snow walking would have been fine on skis if one could leap over the stiles - greatest number seven in 200 yards. The winter, I'm told, has been very mild. But the spring and sunshine seem fabulous.

Coast rambling brought us in the ancient church at RYE near the Kent border. In the church the huge clock pendulum swings down low over the congregation's heads, sword of Damocles like, as if ticking and tocking "Now will ye believe". And at nearby Winchelsea, the church is a massive chancel with the nave as a well-kept ruin, and so hopelessly ecumenical that none of the Ramblers could decide whether you would bend to Rome or Canterbury.

Between Rye and Winchelsea along the coast marshes is a bird sanctuary. Some of the birds nest on the ground and the public are excluded when the birds are breeding so there are lots of birds. A small transmission line with the wires close has a trail of electrocuted swans under it. But there's still plenty of swans.

Adjacent on the Dover side are the Romney Marshes, noted for their breed of sheep. Cattle hereabouts are Aberdeen Angus with an odd French bull, probably a Common Market gesture.

Near where I live is the Weirwood Reservoir local drinking water supply. One end is for the yacht club and the other end is a bird sanctuary. On weekends it's impossible to park on the skirting road. Cars are packed tight everywhere and people are queued up feeding the birds.

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So there are plenty of birds. Who wouldn't be a bird?

The streams running in are all undrinkable from animal pollution, nothing that a bit of chlorine can't straighten out. If our insides are unaffected by the pollution they are at least certainly well bleached.

I saw a badger (like wombats, but striped nosed and nocturnal) in the street outside the other evening. Squirrels sit on the road posts and sun themselves. I had a deer leap in front of the car in the forest one evening. At night the hooting owls are around. The other day a flashing light siren ambulance for birds passed on its way to rescue some flying friend in distress. Conservation is mixed with human activities. Footpath clearing is done by the Club here every two weeks. I'm getting some skill with the Slasher, a deadly weapon, sometimes banned as it removes legs as easily as blackberry bushes. It's ancestor no doubt removed heads in the cause of liberty. On one "clearance" I built a bridge from unused parts of a nearby cemetery and they wanted to know if I built bridges in the outback!

My slides revealed to the Ramblers an astonishing Australia they had never known existed - the wild beauty of Splendour Rock, The Kowmung, Kanangra, Northcote Canyon and our fauna and flora. Why on earth, they said, did I leave all that to come to England? Well you see, I told them, I just love the English climate!

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CONSERVATION NOTES.

Alex Colley.

The fifth Annual Meeting of the Colong Committee was held on March 8th. Professor Johnson, who chaired the meeting (as in previous years) said that the story of the Committee was a remarkable saga of dedicated, persistent and determined work by a small group of people. Though there had been a dramatic change in the community's attitude to conservation it was necessary now that the initial stage had passed, to devote more time and effort to research activities, so that our arguments would be backed by facts and therefore command attention.

Treasurer Charles Culberg (S.B.W.) reported that the Committee had received donations totalling nearly £5,000.

Father Jim Tierney, Chairman of the Committee, also presented a balance sheet. On the credit side were the facts that Mount Armour has not been mined, that the Boyd has not been bulldozed, and that the Bungonia lease has not yet been granted.

The noted economist and statistician, Dr. Colin Clark, said that the attitude of many present day politicians might be described as "plutolatry" or worship of wealth, and their creed that if anyone is making money out of anything, then it is sacred, and must not be interfered with....Politicians also suffered from the disease of "hydromegalomania" which caused them to sponsor uneconomic hydro-electric schemes such as the Snowy and Gordon River schemes. Had the Government not proceeded with the Snowy River scheme it could have built dozens of thermal stations and paid every Australian family a bonus of £150.

Among the motions carried by the meeting were the following:-

"That this meeting of Colong Committee supporters endorses the Committee's proposal to form itself into a national wilderness society". Mover: Father Tierney.

"That this meeting is totally opposed to the granting of any mining lease or mining purposes lease which violates past or existing reserves in the vicinity of Bungonia Gorge. The meeting believes that a suitable alternative to Special Lease 444 is available on the plateau at South Marulan, and it is further resolved that the Minister for Mines be asked to carry out a public investigation of such a proposal." Mover: Mr. Mark Weatherley.

"That the Colong Committee write to the Premier of Tasmania, pointing out that, since the Tasmanian highlands contain the only extensive Alpine wilderness areas in Australia, and nearly all the mountain lakeland in the Commonwealth, his Government should act in the national interest, by preserving these scenic and

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recreational assets for posterity, rather than sacrificing them for power generation, or the wood-chip demands of foreign countries." Mover: Mr. Milo Dunphy.

Another Annual General Meeting of interest to conservationists will be held on April 28th - the meeting of Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers (Australia) Ltd. Last year's meeting, held in Melbourne, was described by the Sydney "Sun" as "the most theatrical gathering of its kind in Australia" while the "Australian" bestowed the "Misguided Public Relations Award of the Year" on the Company for holding the meeting in Melbourne. The meeting was such a success that this year's meeting is to be held in the Mosman Town Hall.

If you are a shareholder you will have by now received an annual report and a proxy form. Do your best to get along, but if you can't you can appoint someone else to look after your interests. If you have nobody in particular in mind, sign the form and send it to Neil Joblin 14/1B Innes Road, Greenwich 2065, and he will ensure that you are worthily represented by someone else, provided you let him have it in time to be lodged with the Company before 3 p.m. on April 26th.

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SOCIAL EVENTS FOR MAY.

Spiro Ketas.

MAY 17th: Basil Slowter from the River Canoe Club will be explaining, with the help of slides, the intricate and challenging skills of River Canoeing, a past time in which many bushwalkers already participate.

MAY 24th: CLUB AUCTION: Bring along all those odds and ends one seems to accumulate over the years. The last auction produced objects d'art, books, records, boots, crockery, clothes, sleeping bags and many other objects. Small fee deducted for auction fee. Come along for some fun and possibly a bargain. Proceeds to Club.

MAY 31st: MEMBERS' SLIDE NIGHT: Always popular - a time to show off those beautiful, or interesting or just different slides of yours. Limit 18 per person, but do bring along extra slides, we may finish early.

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MOUNTAIN

EQUIPMENT

QUITE A FEW PEOPLE TACKLE A FAIRLY STRENUOUS SUMMER HOLIDAY WALKING JAUNT -- PERHAPS IN TASMANIA OR THE KOSCIUSKO COUNTRY -- THEN PUT THEIR PACKS AND TENTS AND THE REST OF THEIR WALKING GEAR IN MOTHBALLS FOR THE REST OF THE SUMMER SEASON.

WITH EASTER, WALKING STARTS AGAIN IN EARNEST, AND THEN THEY MAY FIND THAT SOME OF THEIR EQUIPMENT IS NOT QUITE UP TO AN ENERGETIC WINTER OF WALKING.

THAT'S THE TIME TO COME TO THE HOME OF FAIRYDOWN AND OTHER LIGHTWEIGHT WALKING AND CAMPING GEAR AT

MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT

17 ALEXANDER STREET, CROW'S NEST  
(On the corner of Falcon Street)

Telephone 439-3454.

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FEDERATION NOTES, MARCH 1972.

Ray Hookway.

SEARCH AND RESCUE.

There were three S and R alerts during the last month but two missing parties reported in before call outs commenced and we were not required for the third incident which involved a drowned canoeist in the Shoalhaven River.

The monthly meetings of the S and R section, held on the second Thursday of each month at 7 p.m. in Science House in 157 Gloucester Street, have proved very popular. The interest shown at the March meeting when discussion centred on the use of the group's radio gear, led to a request for a radio practice day. This will be held on a date to be decided at the meeting on April 13th but tentatively it is set for Sunday May 28th, the day after Paddy Pallin's Orienteering contest.

FEDERATION BALL.

The raffle run in conjunction with the Federation Ball raised £393.00 for S and R funds whilst the Ball raised only £193.00 for Federation.

Considering the amount of effort expended in organising and running the ball it was decided at the March meeting to form a committee to gauge the feelings of member clubs towards the financial soundness of running a ball to finance Federation activities. Some members may have opinions on this subject and these would be most welcome.

WALLERANG/MINTO 330KV POWER LINE.

The final route for this power line has been decided. It will run along the Megalong Valley, roughly follow the road toward Modlow Gap, cross the ridge close beneath Clear Hill and cut across to King's Tableland.

Approval of the Blue Mountains City Council is still required but the construction should commence in mid 1973 and finish towards the end of 1974.

It is a depressing picture but if the line is necessary, the route chosen is the best that the bushwalkers can hope for. One proposal strongly favoured by the BMCC was to cut down to the Cox from the end of Megalong through the Wild Dogs. The Council's main concern being the view from Clear Hill as they intend to upgrade the road along Narrow Neck and make Clear Hill a tourist attraction.

OLEGAS TRUCHANAS MEMORIAL.

Federation donated £50.00 towards the cost of publication of the memorial book of Tasmanian photographs to be produced as a memorial to Olegas Truchanas and to raise finance to aid his family. News of more direct aid to the Truchanas family was given at the March meeting. Friends of Olegas or his wife are invited to send financial contributions for his widow and family to Reg Williams 13/220 Davcoy Street, Hobart.

PADDY PALLIN ORIENTEERING CONTEST.

To be held Saturday May 27th.

SEARCH AND RESCUE MEETING:

To be held on May 11th at Science House, 157 Gloucester Street, Sydney at 7 p.m.

Members are asked to support these meetings. Discussions and talks are most interesting and support is served. Suggestions for talks, films or demonstrations would be welcomed by the S and R Committee.

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Best wishes to Lyn Wyborn and Marion Hall who were both married on 25th March.

Lyn married Lindsay Boyton, a Scout Master she met at Colong Caves, and Marion married Kim Bagot, a fellow University student.

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COMING TALKS.

Wilf Hilder.

- May 5,6,7 Mike Short goes the full fling with this scenic Nattai walk. Tracks to Mt. Jollere with its excellent views - then half a mile of easy scrub to the dirt road that leads to the Noodle. The ridge to the visitors' book is full of surprises - but the views are in truth gorgeous. Reasonable going to the Nattai and magnificent scenery Rocky Waterfall Hole track to the exit. Map Mittagong 1".
- May 7 Popular leader Bill Hall leads a very pleasant stroll from Waterfall to Otford along some of the seldom visited tracks of the "Royal National Park". Some tracks in Upper Heathcote Creek but more in Frew's. Still a little wilderness on Bela Heights but broad tracks from there to Otford with some splendid lookouts from the es-carpment.
- May 12,13. "Fearless one's" Finch drives the faithful on this pleasant walk into the glories of Upper Ettroma - magnificent waterfalls on Jones' Creek and golden sandstone walls that guard the Gorge as far as the eye can boggle - go see for yourself: give Don a ring now.  
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- May 13,14 Uncle Jim Brown - a top notch bushman from way back - is shepherding the flock to Glen Raphael for an Instructional Week-end midst the splendours of Narraw Neck. See it before they smother it in bitumen. Maps Jamison 2" and Jenolan 2".
- May 19,20 Up and coming John Campbell puts on this delightful scenic ramble to Mt. Owen. Good tracks to the mountains - is a scramble up to top, then along to the visitors' book with the breath-taking Budawangs all around you and below you. Delightful walking down the Upper Corang -- see the ruins of the Miners' Water Race. Maps Budawang Sketch and Corang 1: 50,000.
- May 20 Wilf the slave driver wields the whip on this gruelling 22 km. gallop through the picturesque Dharug National Park. Trot across the Hidden Top across that hidden oasis, Scotsman's Crater in your running shoes. Bring a good torch. You will need it to find the cars again. Total climbing 640 metres (2,100 ft. on Gosford Norahville 1" map).
- May 26,27, El Presidente himself is leading this prettywalk in the gorgeous Nattai country. Tracks and roads down Bluegum Creek and Little River to Lake Burragerang. Roads and tracks up the glorious Nattai to Alban's River Junction. Then some sandbank hopping to McArthur's Flat and a good graded track up Starlight's Trail to Coate's Farm. Maps Nattai 2" and Mittagong 1". Please note Bob's phone number is 57 1158 - not 57 -1159 as on programme.  
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May 27. "Once again to the breach dear friends" etc. Paddy's Orienteering Contest is with us again - got your silver out of hock and put your map reading knowledge to good use. Entry Fee 50 c. covers cost of one map per team, a brew at lunch time and genuine Paddy made views. Location will be revealed on the day before contest.

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One does not necessarily have to be a literary genius to contribute to the magazine. Letters to the Editor will receive serious consideration. If you have a bone to pick or something praiseworthy to say, do write to the Editor.

Secondly, if you feel that a complete article on a walk is beyond you, then interesting and humorous snippets of conversation or incidents may merit publication. A special box for contributions shall be placed near the notice board every Wednesday and the donor's name may be withheld if desired.

Remember that members enjoy reading of club walks and that your contribution will be welcomed.

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Unfortunately two club members have been involved in road accidents recently. Marion Ellis (our only active member who has the distinction of being a great-grandmother) was knocked down by a car at Ryde railway station on her way home from a walking trip at Easter time and Laurie Rayner, another senior member of the Club, was involved in a serious accident in Victoria.

Marion and Laurie are both recovering and we hope it will not be long before they are both back to normal again.

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