

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

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

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

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JULY, 1972.

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AT THE JUNE GENERAL MEETING

by Jim Brown.

Amongst the vital statistics kept by the Club Archivist, it is unlikely that he records the duration of the General Meetings. This being so, we can safely claim for the June 1972 gathering that it established a record for brevity - thirteen minutes by our reckoning. Attendance was counted as about 40.

Commencing at 8.8 p.m., we plunged into the naming of three new members - Christine Kirkby (of the Kirkby Clan of earlier years), together with two who were not present, Alastair Battye (not connected with other Club Battyes) and Rodney Peters. We also caught up with two admissions from May, Jan Studdert and George Catchpoole.

No one cared to stir up anything arising from the minutes for May, while correspondence contained a couple of points of interest. The Wireless Institute has given its blessing to our use of their 16 m.m. projection equipment on occasions when required; and there was the latest bulletin from the Kosciusko Huts Committee.

The Treasurer rose to tell us that funds went from \$783 in the working account at the beginning of May to \$751 at the close. The excess of expenditure over receipts was mainly due to the purchase of a supply of magazine covers, while the Auction held in the previous month had yielded \$42 in revenue.

One of the staple fillers of General Meeting time is the report on the previous month's walking activity, but as the Walks Secretary was unable to reach the meeting until later in the night, we missed this feature, and after a perfunctory reference to coming social attractions, we heard Ray Hookway present Federation comment. This has been covered in the previous magazine, except for a mention of access to the Budawang country from Sassafras. Since this may save other walkers the embarrassment suffered by your reporter a couple of months back, it should be recorded. It seems the Army is likely to increase its usage of the Practice Range and entry via the road from Sassafras may be closed frequently. However, if one consults the Eastern Command H.Q. by telephone, it is probable permission will be given and the sentry notified.

General Business already. In a bid to extend the meeting a question was asked what happened to the journals from other Clubs which are recorded as received each month. It transpires that Peter Levander is arranging to bind and lodge them in one of the Club's cupboards: at intervals Phil Butt "culls out" this collection and holds withdrawn items in the archives, usually for a period of several years.

Any more General Business? What, none? Meeting over at 8.21 p.m.

A SPRING DAY ON MT. WINCHESTER.

by Alice Wyborn.

It was a Saturday night in early August last year - Ross and Margriet had arrived back at their home in Vancouver the night before, after four weeks in Alaska, and were already getting itchy feet! "Let's take Mum to Twin Lakes tomorrow," said Margriet, and in no time we were gathering packs, lunch etc. ready for an early start the next morning.

As we turned off south from the busy stream of traffic on Highway 401 towards the United States border, long fingers of sunlight spread towards us from a clear sky behind the mountains, with the promise of a warm day ahead. We were going in the direction of Mt. Baker and Twin Lakes, where we intended to walk on an easy trail to the top of Mt. Winchester, hoping to see plenty of spring flowers to photograph.

After the usual check at the border crossing (it is most important for Ross to have with him the health certificate of their dog Buck), we continued on the bitumen for some miles towards the Mt. Baker National Park before turning off on a narrow dirt road. Here we saw a notice which said "Road Closed Ahead". "Oh, that is always up for winter but probably the Rangers haven't got round to taking it down yet." This from Ross as we passed on. All went well for a couple of miles, the road winding steeply upwards opening up beautiful vistas of mountains and green grassed slopes. Then, on a hairpin bend, a tongue of icy snow lay more than halfway across the track, and we made the turn crunching over it. That was quite unexpected, as Ross thought by that time of the year, all the snow would have gone from the area. Next bend we came to a full stop as a huge boulder about five feet in diameter had tumbled down from above and was sitting in a nice position to prevent further advancement. Out we got to look - measuring the car width against the available road and Ross decided we could "make it" - so with an inch or two to spare we did - while I closed my eyes to the hundreds of feet drop on the outside, but when we made the next bend we really did have to stop, as snow was across the road in a steep bank. There were a couple of cars parked and we pulled into the only other available spot.

Ahead was snow and more snow, and at the little picnic spot nearby only the table tops were visible, looking like several wooden mats spread around. The Twin Lakes were still frozen over, though water had broken through and was spilling over from one lake to the lower one, a drop of a few feet. A walking track between the two was partly open. Neither Ross, Marg or myself were really shod for snow work, all three of us were only wearing Volley O.Cs., but we decided to go on, the track would be open in places.

By this time it was warm in the sun and delightful for walking. Buck, as usual, raced ahead enjoying every minute of it - rolling in the snow and sliding down the slopes. In places where the snow had melted were alpine gardens of all colours - pink and white heather,

blue lupins (spelt lupines over there and called blue bonnets further south in U.S.), blue campanella, the dogtooth violet or glacier lily, creamy fronds of solomons seal, yellow buttercups and here and there clumps of the green skunk cabbage, a shocking name for such an attractive plant.

The track wound upwards, sometimes over snow and sometimes clear, until we came to a steep snow face with a drop of hundreds of feet and where the track disappeared completely. Margriet ahead kept directly on, just kicking steps and making a narrow track. I looked up and down in dismay and knew I couldn't possibly cross. Buck had already found a way up the side, and with Ross calling to Margriet to come back, we started to scramble upwards among rocks and small shrubs. It was very steep and I was thankful to have something to clutch to help me up. We stopped frequently to look around as Mt. Baker and other peaks stood out in all their beauty, while here and there tiny matlike succulents with flowers of orange, cream or mauve clung to the rocky crevices.

On reaching the top Buck plunged into a little rock pool about the size of a small household bath. This, surrounded by flowers, made a beguiling picture.

Mt. Winchester is a small peak of 6,521 ft. on the summit of which is a Forestry Fire watch hut. It has a magnificent 360° view including the Border Peaks, so called because the Canadian and U.S. border runs between two outstanding peaks of over 8,000 ft. Looking in the opposite direction, Mt. Tomeyhoi appeared above a long blue lake of the same name, and also Mt. Baker 10,778 ft., Mt. Shuksan, Goat Mountain and others of lesser heights. I had seen the Border Peaks from the Canadian side earlier in the season when they were still covered with snow, and which was now receding exposing their stark rock faces.

We sat in the sun and ate our lunch, enjoying the peace, and later reluctantly started on the return trip following a slightly different trail. Soon late afternoon shadows made pictures on the snowfields as we glissaded and tramped back down to the Lakes, where we stopped to take the last of our photos.

It was dark before we reached the bitumen and as Margriet drove home I settled down in the back with Buck - a very satisfying day.

THE CABIN ON THE RIGHT ARM.

by Major Jim H. Sturgiss

"The Man from the Misty Mountain".

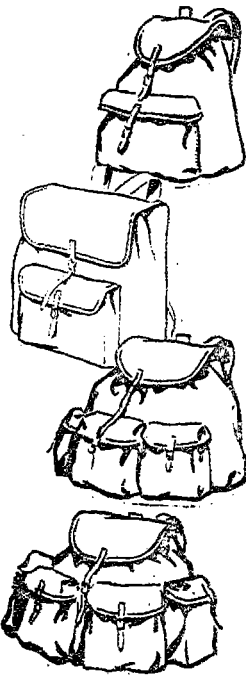
The cabin stood on a little flat on the Bundundah Creek, sometimes known as the Right Arm (of Yalwal Creek). Today, a rusty iron plow and a decrepit lemon tree mark its site, but its occupants have long since "gone with the wind". It was Sunday, and the two girls, Katey and Susie, had been over to the Yalwal mines the previous day to acquire gelignite, caps, fuse, and the know-how, to blast fish in the waterhole at the bottom of the flat, surrounded by tall river-oaks. They were engaged in this enthralling occupation, stripped naked on the bank, when their mother, old Jenny Clarkson, called them up for breakfast. They brought up half-a-dozen stunned fish they had captured before they were able to escape, and then set in to their breakfast as contented as cats in a dairy.

In this remote area dingoes are still numerous, but in those days they were in plague proportions. Three times the fowl-house had been raided through flimsy door or walls until Old Man Clarkson, some years before his death, had built a "fowl-jail" that defied the best efforts of roost-robbing dingoes once the bar had been dropped across the sturdy door.

Yesterday, when the girls had visited the mines in quest of explosives for fishing they had attracted the attention of a Don Juan amongst the miners, who, having learned of the position of the cabin which sheltered three unprotected women, set forth to test the accuracy of the statement that "what is to be will be". He arrived about eleven o'clock and began to make himself agreeable to Jenny and to tease the girls. Old Jenny sat in her armchair smoking her stubby clay pipe with her black eyes snapping as she listened to the giggling and the horse-play taking place on the verandah. Presently a squeal that was almost a scream cut across the giggles. Old Jenny stood up. "Come gels," she called, "It's time to git dinner ready. Katey, stoke up the fire and put the kittle on. Susie, git some spuds ready. Young feller, git that bucket and come with me. Ye eat egg I 'spose? Come on". And they tramped down to the fowl-house.

"Them three boxes in the back is where they're layin'," she said, "The most is in the middle box, but take the bucket and git the lot." Unsuspecting Don Juan stepped inside and Jenny promptly slammed the door and dropped the heavy bar in place. As realization broke over him he cursed Jenny in no uncertain terms.

She fled up to the kitchen and returned with an old muzzle-loading shot-gun. "Ye misbegotten son-of-a-bachelor," she squalled, "I teach ye to spake to me like that. I'll blow a hole in ye that a lowry parrot could fly through," and she poked the barrel through a hole above the door and let fly. Splinters flew and the hen-house filled with



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

BUSHMAN RUCKSACKS

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MOUNTAINEER

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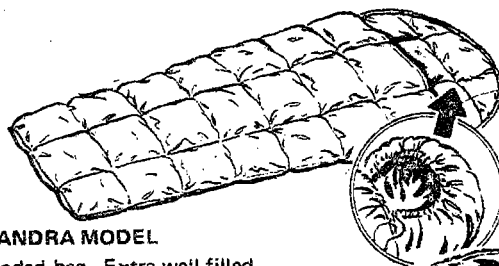
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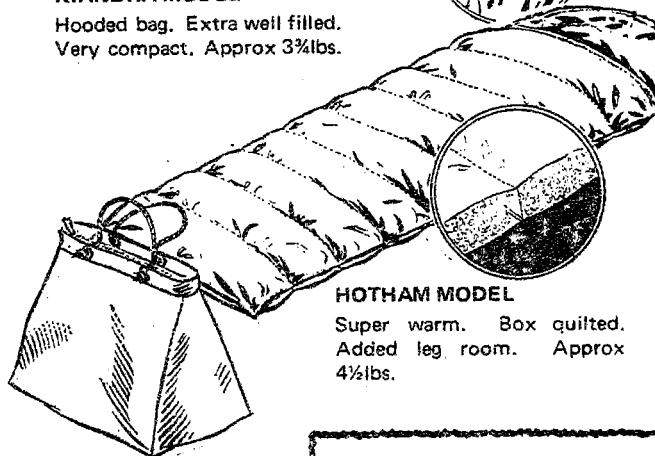
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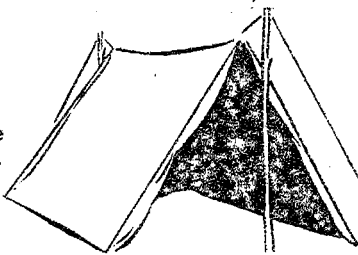


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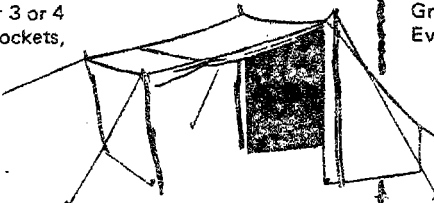
CARRYING BAGS

P.V.C. or nylon.



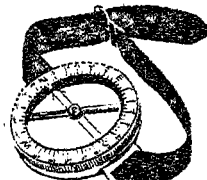
'A' TENTS

One, two or three man. From 2½ to 3¼lbs

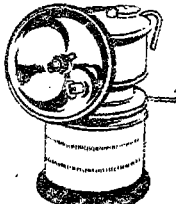


WALL TENTS

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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

powder-smoke. Shw peeped through a crack and glimpsed a boot-sole protruding from behind an empty box and piles of hen-droppings in one corner of the hen-house.

"Missed him by Gard!" she yelled. "That dirty neglected fire-arm throws high and I forgot. Nemmine, I'll git him next shot. Where's the powder? Gells, git me the luminescent powder."

She stumped back up to the kitchen, stood the gun in a corner and chuckled as she sat in the old chair and filled her pipe. "Katy gel," she called, "git your horse and ride over to the mine and tell the boys that if two of them come back with you they can git that stud hoss of theirs out of jail and take him back with them. Be as quick as ye can darlint, for I don't like the smell of him."

In due course Katey and two grinning miners returned and after a brief parley with Jenny departed, followed by a somewhat chastened adventurer. Jenny sat on the verandah and watched them go. She spoke the words of prophecy: "It wouldn't surprise me if we didn't see that feller no more."

LAKE PEDDER AND SOUTH WEST TASMANIA TRIP.

by Grahame Cunningham.

Walk Leader - Don Finch.

Participants - A variety.

Sydney - Condinium Creek.

Weighed down by 60-70 lb packs Snow, Bill, Spiro, Peter and myself made an appearance at Sydney's magnificent Central Railway Station to catch the "old rattler" down to Melbourne. The train trip was, as expected, tiring and uneventful except for delicious Dolores in the buffet car, a drunk and overfriendly Navy policeman sitting on Spiro's knee and a few illegal cans under the seat.

A plane trip to Hobart, a long wait and a car trip to Condinium Creek and we were ready to start our walk.

Sunday, 27th February.

We climbed Mt. Anne (4600'). It was very hot but a nude swim after falling over miles of scree on top of the mountain made it all worthwhile. The view from Mt. Anne of Lake Pedder is superb and fortunately it was a very clear day. We could see most of the country that we would cover in the next two weeks.

That night around the campfire the superfluous supply of stew, rice and Deb, the physical exhaustion and the rather odd bunch of walkers led to the inevitable round of quips and nonsense. Bob Duncan mumbled something about we Irish having the greatest incidence of skin cancer, Peter Levander picked odd bits of rice from his moustache, Spiro was convincing me that it was the Greeks that introduced the kilt to the Celts (before that of course they wore trousers), Dot was slurping some Milo in the background, Don was worried about his beard growth (the theory being the beard growth is related to sexual activity), Barry, unemployed engineer that he is, sulked away because everyone had heard his joke about the Bandi-Bandi snake and Snow Brown was gainfully employed in stirring the stew - with Bob as official taster.

Monday 28th: The walk to Pedder was again a hot one with cloudless skies. The lake is beautiful with a beach at its northern end - 500 yds wide and provides a superb foreground to the lake and Franklin Ranges. In the early morning and at sunset the river near the campsite provides beautiful reflections of the Franklands and Mount Anne. The photographers were click-happy.

Tuesday 29th: Rest day in the camp. Some of us rested playing cards whilst others decided to walk around the lake. Spiro and Peter decided to walk through the lake - imagine the bearded Greek walking neck high in water with camera high above his head.

In the afternoon many of us went up in a Cessna to get a bird's eye view of the lake and the Port Davey track. The countryside is very rugged with endless button grass plains, meandering rivers and rock-capped mountains. From the plane we saw the Serpentine River beginning to flood back towards Lake Pedder. The locals say the lake should be flooded by now, but because of an unusually dry summer the lake is still intact. Politics and rain will decide its future.

Wednesday 1st March: We walked back to Scott's Peak Dam to begin our trek to Port Davey. Again a hot day. Our good fortune to get some beer and lemonade from the canteen at the Dam camp. After a hot walk the beer went straight to our heads (and other places) so we started our walk to the Port on a halting but happy basis. First night we camped in a hut at the Crossing River after walking approximately 14 miles for the day.

Thursday 2nd: Another hot day. Dot had bruised her knee and we were all slightly sleepy after a restless night with the mosquitoes. Still we walked 12 miles across hot button grass plains to our next campsite.

Friday 3rd: The only rainy day of the trip. The walk into Port Davey, we were told by a capable leader, was only 10 miles or so; 15 miles later we arrived at the hut at Bathurst Narrows. The walk was up and down hills all the way. Heather sprained her ankle and many of us were getting very tender feet, however our spirits were kept high by Peter singing "My Ma's a Millionaire", the thought of sweet and sour chicken

for dinner, Don's chirpy little grin and beautiful scroggin. The country near to the coast is very rugged but very picturesque. On the way we met a German fellow walking by himself carrying an 80 lb pack - that spurred us on to greater activity. The hut looked beautiful when we arrived - fire going and coffee. We had company for the night - Ginny and John Murray (Wollongong), Susan and Lee Sheridan (S.B.W. prospective). A good night's sleep without mosquitoes or leeches.

Saturday 4th: In the morning Spiro was up early collecting mussels - he got about 15 dozen and they were delicious in garlic sauce. We rested until lunch - Don and Peter went fishing while the rest of us read maps and took in the scenery. In the afternoon we had an easy walk to King's Memorial Hut. The hut is like an oasis in a desert - slow combustion stove, open fire place and six bunks. After briefly greeting Mr. King we all retired for the evening.

Sunday 5th: Dot and Heather had decided to pull out injured - so they caught a plane to Cox's Bight. The rest of us visited Mr. King, listened to a few of his yarns, bought one of his paintings, drank his tea and ate his home-made bread. A really interesting character. He baked us some bread which we ate for lunch on our easy walk to Cox's Bight. Re-united we all camped near the beach.

Monday 6th: Dot and Heather had decided to stay a few days at Cox's Bight, then fly back to Hobart, so we left them and began our walk along the south coast. That day's walk was about 8 miles to the base of the Ironbound Mountains.

Tuesday 7th: On another perfect day we began to climb the Ironbounds. The walk up was hot and hard, the only compensation being the view of the South Coast and the islands off the coast. It is magnificent, breathtaking country. We slid down the other side to Prion Beach. A swim and believe it or not, a pre-dinner walk along this huge beach followed.

Wednesday 8th: We took our time stirring that morning because of the beautiful camp spot and the invigorating beach, however late morning we were on our way to Lousy Bay. The walk was through rain forest and hilly country. Even though it had not rained it was still wet underfoot in places. We were kept cool by the shady forests and the innumerable streams. As soon as we arrived at the beach Don and Peter were fishing. After catching two sharks at Cox's Bight we were all pretty confident that they would catch us our dinner. Two hours later we had four lobsters and a cod - very tasty.

Thursday 9th: Only a short day's walk across a few beaches and headlands. We took our time and had a very pleasant walk after a huge breakfast of "the usuals". That night Don and Peter caught more lobsters and we over-ate. I had a night of D and V and Don chortled a few times in sympathy with me. After that night I couldn't face a dehydrated breakfast.

Friday 10th: The superb weather was still with us for our last walking day. The walk to Lune River - back to civilization was going to be 19 miles. Fortunately at Cockle Creek we got a lift in the back of a truck all the way to Dover. After being bounced around in the truck for two hours the family dropped us at the local water hole i.e. the Dover pub. We could hardly hold Don Finch down and Bill was first in the door. After a beer and a counter lunch we were all asleep on the front lawn of the pub - a scungy, motley, smelly lot of individuals.

Someone said it was getting late so we hitch-hiked the 45 miles into Hobart. Booking in at the Theatre Royal Pub for the night was quite a joke. The landlady took two steps backwards when she saw us but by then Snow was halfway up the stairs and heading for the hot shower, so she had no alternative but to let us in. We all cleaned ourselves up, had some real food, a real sleep and a big breakfast the following morning. A great little pub for all bushwalkers.

Saturday 11th: Travelling back to Sydney after re-uniting with Dot and Heather was rather uneventful compared with the fascinating last two weeks that we had spent. I'm sure that all of us would thoroughly recommend the South West of Tasmania as a bushwalker's must.

In closing I'd like to thank Don Finch for the incredible job he did in organizing the trip. It was obviously so important that the food and the route were well planned and as the trip developed it was clear that Don had done a good job.

CONGRATULATIONS to:-

Christine and Terry Norris who have a new baby daughter.

and to:-

Lesley Wood and Doone Wyborn who are to be married on 22nd July.

We wish them a long and happy life together.

FEDERATION NOTES - JULY.

by Ray Hookway.

Chains on Carlons Head.

The working bee to replace the chains on Carlons Head and Walls Pass on August 26th-27th is to be a social event as well. Federation will provide a sheep for the Barbeque on Saturday evening, so why don't you make up one of the party?

The use of a four-wheel-drive vehicle to transport gear is needed. If you can help please contact Bruce Postil on 637,2964.

Photographic Exhibition.

The Canberra Bushwalking Club have proposed that Federation hold a photographic exhibition to promote conservation and bushwalking activities. Such an exhibition would require the services of several qualified photographers. If any S.B.W. member feels that the idea is practical and would be prepared to assist in such a venture he can contact me for further information.

Conservation and Wildlife Exhibition.

The Sydney Technical College Conservation and Wildlife Group are to hold a display for Earth Week on the 18th to the 23rd September. The display is to be held in the old Marcus Clarkes Building and Federation have been asked to provide a stand. If they agree volunteers will be required to install and man the exhibit, so interested people should keep these dates free.

Federation Ball.

The Annual Federation Ball is to be held in the University of N.S.W. Round House on September 15th. The price of the ticket has not been set yet but the Ball promises to be better than last year. Jan Vouters is again acting as organiser and is calling for assistance.

Camera.

A 35 MM camera was found in the Budawangs during the June weekend. This is the second camera I have found whilst bushwalking and storage space is becoming scarce. The owner can claim by calling 644,6849.

Camping in the Catchment Area.

The Water Board rangers recently booked several walkers for camping at White Dog and prosecutions may result. Walkers are permitted to walk through this area but they are reminded that nobody is permitted to camp or loiter within two miles of the backed up waters of the dam.

***** M O U N T A I N

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Search and Rescue Meetings.

An advance program is to be compiled for the monthly S. & R. meetings. It is proposed to include films and a first-aid course, but suggestions for suitable items from interested members are welcome.

Meetings are held on the 2nd Thursday every month in Science House, Gloucester Street, Sydney at 7 p.m. Supper is served.

THE BUDAWANGS VIA WOG-WOG.

by Susan Hancock.

Friday evening the 19th May saw eleven enthusiastic bushwalkers assembled at Strathfield, ready to tackle the western access to the Budawangs under the guidance of John Campbell ("I haven't been in that way before").

A seemingly never-ending road stretched from Nowra towards Braidwood and it was quite late when we reached the Mongarlowe road along which we were to look for a final turnoff. However, a certain amount of confusion was apparent as to its exact location, so camp was declared beside the road. The night was very cold, although luckily no wind was blowing; Geoff had a thermometer which showed down to 30° (F) before it fell to pieces. Some put up tents, others slept out, only to find a heavy coating of frost on their sleeping bags in the morning.

After a quick breakfast, we drove a short distance along the road, then turned through a farm gate (what we had been looking for the previous night), leaving our cars by a creek. The day was at this stage sunny and clear, but a strong cold wind had sprung up which was to continue for the rest of the day. Our route lay over Korra Hill to Corang Peak, then to our night's camp spot, a cave on the headwaters of the Corang River, below Bibbenluke Mountain. We reached there in time for a late lunch, the sky having now clouded over, with rain threatening.

Leaving their packs, all but 2 of the party set out at a brisk pace for Mt. Owen, reaching the lookout point in time to see the magnificent view illuminated by the last rays of the setting sun. We were overtaken by darkness on the return trip, but everyone reached the cave safely, where Evan had a good fire ready. Luckily the cave had plenty of room as a party of seven university students had arrived to camp there as well.

On Sunday we set off down to the Corang River, the upper reaches of which flow through open grassy country, affording easy walking. A good pace was maintained until a spectacular rocky section of the river was reached, which involved some clambering and rock-hopping. Stopping

for lunch by a large pool provided an opportunity for Laurie and Peter to have a swim - they said they enjoyed it, despite the freezing water.

The last part of the trip was the hardest. What was marked on the map as a "negotiable route" turned out to be extremely scrubby, particularly in the creek. John took most of the party this way, while Ray took three others along higher ground, but both parties made very slow progress. Eventually we bashed our way out of the creek, and a splash through a swamp brought us to the edge of the farming property through which we had entered. Reaching the cars at 4 p.m. we headed for home via Braidwood and Goulburn, further than the way we had come but much better roads.

Although I myself was a bit weary and scratched, I enjoyed the trip immensely, as did everyone else. Thank you, John, for a successful weekend.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.

The Secretary advises that any proposed amendments to the Constitution for consideration at the Half-Yearly General Meeting in September should be submitted to her in writing no later than Wednesday, 9th August.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Members who have not yet paid their annual subscriptions are urged to do so promptly, as they are liable to be crossed off the list of members if their subscriptions are still unpaid by the Half-Yearly General Meeting in September.

The rates are:-	Full member	\$6.00
	Married couple	\$8.00
	Student member	\$3.00
	Non-active member	\$1.00 plus \$1.50 for magazine if required.

Subscriptions may be paid to Alan Hedstrom or John Holly in the club-rooms or may be posted to:-

The Treasurer, The Sydney Bush Walkers, Box 4476 G.P.O.
Sydney. 2001.

Cheques, money orders or postal orders should be made payable to "The Sydney Bush Walkers".

COMING WALKS.

by Wilf Hilder.

(4), 5,6,7 August - Phil Hall is your genial guide on this three day winter wonderland tour from Threddy along the Main Range to Townsend the tremendous (alright, have it your way - Old Kosciusko), Albina, Twynam, Blue Lake (well frozen) etc. The ski tour of the year - for experienced tourers. Get in early for transport.

(4), 5,6 August - The lure of Kanangra Walls is enough to give you itchy feet - and with Alan Pike to escort you thru the splendiferous scenery - what are you waiting for? Good tracks to Mt. Berry and along Kanangra Creek to Whalania Creek Junction and the modest brass plaque honouring Norbert Carlon. Good grade up spur to Strongleg - mind the m'olly! Good track from Old Cloudy back to the Walls.

(4), 5, 6 August - If you're due for a change of scenery, why not join top notch navigator Peter Levander for his Upper Wolgan exploration. It's a hard walk but the scenery and company are magnificent.

Sunday, 6 August - Uncle Sam Hinde makes it easy for you with this 9 kilometre stroll (6 miles in the old currency). Should be some early wildflowers out now and of course there are the aboriginal carvings to remind us of the first bushwalkers. Yes, tracks all the way.

(11),12,13 August - It's nice to see Snow Brown's name on the programme again. Unusual approach to Cloudmaker (Sawtooth if you insist). Good road to Cox - good tracks to Marcotts - fair pad up Marcotts. Then across Tiwilla Creek to good old Compagnoni's Pass - with magnificent scenery to the gigantic 100 man cave. Over old Cloudy to Konangaroo and on to Splendour Rock. A perfect way to spend a weekend.

12,13 August - Sheila Binns leads this Saturday morning start to Blue Gum. Spectacular scenery at Perrys with good tracks to the Forest. Very salubrious stroll thru the fernery of Neates Glen.

Sunday, 13 August - Uncle John Holly leads this popular Wattle Walk in Heathcote State Park. Good tracks to Kingfisher with a little slow going up the creek. Across to Myuna Creek - mind the sunbathers, please - and up the Aberoo Track to Waterfall. A very pleasant walk.

(18),19,20 August - Jagungal says the programme - blizzards say the weathermen - humble pie say I; J.C. a wellknown Roman, put it like this - "I came, I saw, I concurred". Better book in early for this head shrinking tour - start waxing your fence palings now.

(18),19,20 August - Max Crisp leads this excellent walk into the 'Dilly country. Cinerama style views from the 'Pic - with lush campsites on the Wollondilly. Ideal weekend test walk - ring Max now on 428,2962 (B), not as shown on the programme.

19, 20 August - Another Saturday morning start - Marion Lloyd carries the banner thru the Barren Grounds. Tracks nearly all the way with spectacular scenery off the Illawarra Escarpment.

Sunday, 20 August - Bill Hall guides the throng on this tried and tested favourite in the Royal. Rockhopping in Cawleys with some slow going - but interesting big cave to explore. Pleasant scenery along the Hacking and interesting going up Frews Creek to Waterfall.

(25), 26, 27 August - Career men spurn us,
Cowards doubt,
But oh the mad joy as we burn ourselves out.
- unofficial motto of the old K.B.C.

Would be heroes please to contact J.C. a.s.a.p. (John Campbell to the uninitiated).

(25), 26, 27 August - Gentleman Jim Vatiliotis leads these two easy cross country day tours - base camp at ye olde Sawpit Creek. Deep powder snow at its sparkling best - transport is naturally limited - be early.

(25), 26, 27 August - Barralier with Uncle Bill Bourke, what a delightful medium walk to the breathtaking Tomat Falls. Lush campsites on Bindook Plateau - good tracks 'long the 'Dilly. Read the humorous "graffitti" on the walls of old Bullnigang Hut, while slaking your thirst from the water tank.

Sunday, 27 August - Meryl Watman is your friendly guide on this easy 8 miler (13 kilometres would you believe). Early wildflowers make this a pretty walk with good tracks all the way.

Sunday, 27 August - This fascinating tour along the forgotten byeways of the lower mountains is led by Marion Lloyd. Good tracks and company all the way - friendly shosts at Buss's Inn.
