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## THE SYDNEY BUSH WALKER

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

POSTAL ADDRESS: Box 4476 G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. 2001.

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

Enquiries regarding the Club - Mrs. Marcia Shappert, Tel.30-2028.

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AUGUST, 1973.

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AT THE JULY GENERAL MEETING.

by Jim Brown.

Let it be recorded first that Wednesday, 11th July, had been another soggy day in a long-drawn-out sequence of showery winter weather, and it will be realised that there was ample reason for the rather small attendance - about 25-30 at its top.

One new member, Colin Todd, was greeted, no one wanted to dispute the June minutes, and a small bag of correspondence informed us that Bob Duncan was seeking transfer to Non-active, and the National Parks Association was voicing opposition to large-scale "controlled burning" of bush areas. The financial review showed an increase to \$851 in the current account at the end of June.

Wilf Hilder put forward a few matters on behalf of Federation, including reports that vandals had damaged the climbing chains at Carlon's Head. The question of a Federation display at a conservation exhibition in the City Town Hall was being considered, and Federation was also discussing the formation of a Conservation "clearing house" to co-ordinate activities of various interested groups. The plastic water bucket in the coal seam cave south of Kanangra had been stolen, but had since been replaced. Enquiries were being made into problems of access across private property at Mountain Lagoon, and there was advice that the limestone mining concerns were to appeal against the magistrate's determination on Bungonia. Coming events included a S. & R. demonstration (strange how that word now has an undertone of protest!) on October 13-14, and Federation Ball on September 21st. It was foreshadowed that, at its approaching Annual Meeting Federation may move for an increase from 15c to 20c in the capitation levy on member clubs.

In answer to questions on the last mentioned topic, Wilf indicated he was not convinced the increase was justified, but would like to hear what arguments were put forward by its supporters. He referred to the writing-off of \$200 for Federation Ball tickets sold in the past, for which the collector - a member of one of the affiliated clubs - had not produced the cash. He also felt Federation had been over-generous with its donations to some conservation projects. This comment brought a resolution from our meeting that delegates to the Federation Annual Meeting move that donations to conservation appeals should not be made by Federation. As a by-product of this instruction to our delegates, the question of the regularity of their attendance was raised, and it was agreed the President should mention the need for their presence, especially at the Annual Meeting.

Next came the Walks Report, covering the weekends from June 16-17 to July 7-8. On the first weekend there was a Snow Instructional jointly handled by Rod Peters and Wilf, with 9 people, including six novices. Reasonably good snow conditions prevailed, if a little icy on the Sunday. Of the two day walks for June 17, one was in the Heathcote Creek area and under the guidance of Meryl Watman, but details were not available. The other was Carl Bock's in the West Head country, with 10 comers, showers of

rain and sightings of one tame emu and one guided goat.

The following weekend witnessed the Younger legion, all 30 of them, on the journey over Mt. Solitary. Owen averred that any number in excess of 2 dozen counted as a safari, and on account of the personality of the leader there were more ladies than men. Kath Brown's day walk to Burning Palms was "uneventful", except that 3 people of the 12 present actually bathed in the surf. Over the end of the financial year Wilf and Rod Peters were at the snow again (what there was of it) with a team numbering 14. They spent the Friday night camped with a team of hoboes under a bridge (at Berridale, I think) and in the morning discovered the motley crew to be other S.B.W. going to a ski lodge. Meanwhile Frank Taeker and party of 5 were on the Grose River, not quite making it to Carmathen Creek junction, while one prospective clected to remain in Blue Gum and so avoided the bush rats which made the Grose River camp a little different.

July 1st and Sam Hinde's walk in showery weather from Wondabyne to Pindar Cave. The Parks and Wildlife Service appears to be caring for the area and tracks and markers have made the way more obvious than it used to be.

For the last weekend of those under review there was some dearth of information and it could not be said whether Neville Lupton's Wollondilly walk or Alan Fall's trip to Blue Gum had taken place. Barry Zieren's day walk on West Head Peninsular went, in occasional rain storms, with 18 attending and produced the month's casualty when Mary Davidson slipped on a muddy piece of track and broke a leg bone. This brought forth a stretcher, a police launch and ambulance men and the victim was finally carried off to Mona Vale Hospital.

Thence to General Business. Adrienne Shilling spoke of a newsletter giving the latest on Lake Pedder, which she was placing on the Notice Board. It was also announced on behalf of the C.S.I.R.O. Spelio group that (a) a public inspection of Bungonia Caves would be held on August 25/26; and (b) the group was investigating the migration habits of bats and would appreciate any specific data. Dot Butler confirmed that the Water Board would transfer to us the adjoining block and also pay \$700 in compensation for the flooding of part of Coolana. Finally Wilf remarked that high-rise building at St. Leonards was making the place unsuitable for our wireless-minded landlords, and suggested we ask for some notice if they proposed to sell their property.

By this time it was 9.10 p.m., all matters had been given an airing, and we piped down.

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A QUICK EXIT FROM THE MACDONNELL RANGES, PART 1.

by Frank Rigby.

Participants: Heather and Don Finch, Marion Lloyd, John Campbell, Henry Gold, Joan and Frank Rigby.

"In any two-week period the odds are against getting any rain at all. It's a real toss-up as to whether tents are even worth carrying." Such was the advice (now cancelled until further notice) I handed out to those about to embark on their first bushwalk in the MacDonnell Ranges of Central Australia, that semi-arid land with an average ten inch yearly rainfall. I must have sounded convincing because Don/Heather and John/Marion turned up with large sheets of black polythene suitably punched with eyelets etc. (for an occasional stray shower, they said). When erected, these contraptions could best be described as a curious form of the gunyah, a simple A shape without ends supported by two tripods and a central ridge-pole. Joan, Henry and I, being oldsters who like some home comforts, ignored the law of averages and carried a conventional tent between us.

Thursday, June 14, 1973 was a miserable day in the ranges. We were walking the stretch between Hugh Gorge and Stuart Pass in the Chewings Range but low cloud and drizzling rain blotted out the mountains. There is tremendous scenery herabouts and naturally we were all quite disappointed. On all sides the rocky spurs and cliffs disappeared tantalisingly into the murk and a magnificent colour picture had been transformed into one of monotone grey - we could well have been somewhere in Tasmania's South-West.

Camp was made on a large branch of the Hugh River near Brinkley Bluff. In fact, the place was historic ground because it was this very same river which explorer John MacDouall Stuart had followed on his 1860-62 expeditions in forcing a passage through the MacDonnells. When I say "river" I really mean a bone-dry sandy river-bed, for this is the normal state of the watercourses in the Centre. Despite the rain, such was the case on that Thursday afternoon and so we chose a campsite opposite a point where a side creek ran down from the hills. This creek was indeed running at the time (thus solving the problem of camp water), but I might also add that its waters simply disappeared into the sand without further trace before even reaching the river bed. We pitched the tent and the two gunyahs on a sandy shelf some six feet or so above the lowest point of the river bed, all pegging points being weighted down with rocks. I was looking forward to a good night's sleep.

A roaring fire was lit and after a hofty dinner the party were ready to hit the sack. The rain now came in intermittent showers but we felt snug and secure in our sleeping bags. The pure sand beneath us, it seemed, would absorb water ad infinitum and more important, the river was bone-dry; nothing much to worry about. All the same, sleep did not come easily. With every gust of the wind I imagined the tent would be torn from its moorings; and in the lulls the noise from the cascade across the river was not exactly reassuring. At about 10.30 p.m. the

the rain became much heavier and this time it didn't stop - for well over an hour it poured down at a rate that would do justice to Tasmania at its worst, and this in the so-called "Dead Heart" of the continent. I lay there listening as the cascade opposite gradually generated an ominous roar. Just before midnight Marion called over to report that she and John had been flooded out. She also added the further disturbing news that the river was rising! It was time to don parkas and get up!

Fortunately, the rain had now eased somewhat. In the light of the torches we could see a swirling brown mass filling the entire lower bed of the river and lapping the edge of the first sandy shelf on which we had built the campfire. We were glad we had pitched the tents on the next shelf some three feet or so higher up. I put a stick into the sand at water level to keep a check on the flooding and then went to help Marion and John. Their trouble was caused by the run-off from the claypan slopes beyond them, and it just so happened that this run-off, obeying Sogg's Law, decided to travel right through their gunyah - they had awoken to find themselves laying in the middle of a small lake! By digging drainage channels, we managed to divert the flow and eventually we had them back on dry ground. A check on our marker gave us the heartening news that the river was now dropping again; as the heavy rain had not resumed we went back to bed.

The wind, though, had got up and was severely buffeting the tent. However, I did sleep on and off - I can remember waking up at one stage to the noise of madly flapping plastic and a flurry of activity and muffled curses from next door - Don later reported that his gunyah had been flattened twice. What a night! At 5.45 a.m. I could resist a call of Nature no longer so I struggled out into the cold drizzly gloom. The river was now nothing more than a trickle in the very bottom of its bed. With these glad tidings, we all settled down again for some real sleep. In fact, Joan said later that she had the best sleep of the night during the following half-hour.

At 6.15 a.m., a mere thirty minutes after I had been up myself, Don woke us suddenly. There was no mistaking the note of alarm in his voice: "The river's rising like hell and it's now only a few feet from your tent!"

(Did they survive? What happened next? Make sure you get next month's Sydney Bushwalker to follow this exciting adventure....Editor.)

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CONGRATULATIONS to Craig and Marcia Shappert. Marcia gave birth to a daughter, Jennifer, on Monday, 30th July.

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# Paddy made

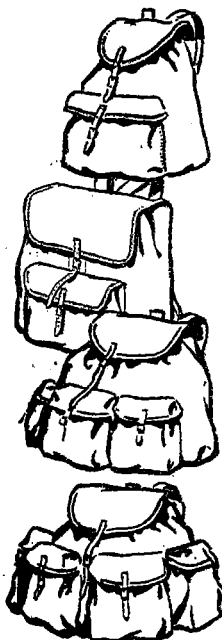
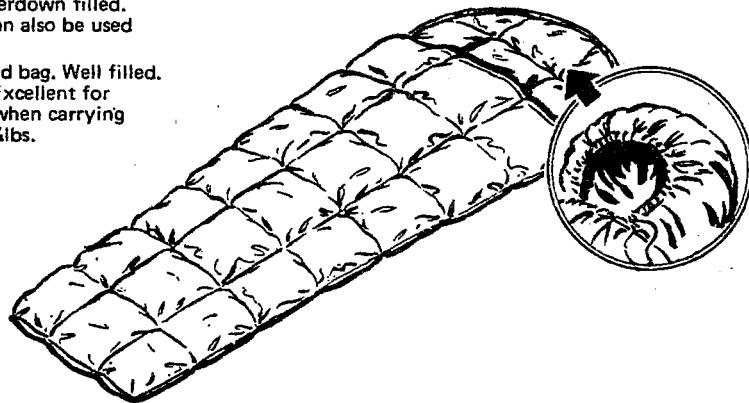
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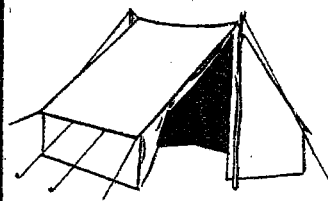
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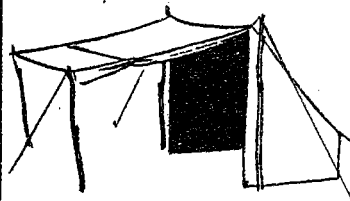
### PIONEER RUCKSACK

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### 'A' TENTS

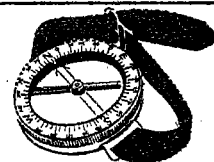
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# Paddy Pallen

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MORE LETTERS FROM DOROTHY & ALAN PIKE.

Rhodes. 4/5/73.

Dear Everyone,

Well the Middle East countries were fantastic as you know but we were glad to leave them. There's a limit to what you can take. Not that we were ever really worried about the political situation etc. It was mainly the disorganisation and general uncleanness of the countries that gets you down after a while. We spoke to other people who felt the same. Now we're in Greece, and it's a welcome change to go to a hotel and that we can sleep in the beds without our sleeping bags for fear of getting bitten by bugs. We never did get any bugs really but some of the places, especially in Turkey, were rather bad.

In the last letter we got as far as Pergamum. After that we went to Troy (on the Dardanelles) only a few miles from the Anzac Beach. There isn't much left of Troy now of course, but it was interesting in that there have been 9 different cities built at Troy since about 3000 B.C., each one on top of the other, and traces of the different cities could be seen at different levels. Troy was discovered about 1933. It was then just a flat top hill in the middle of farmland. Incredible!

Then we went to Istanbul - saw all the sights - weather very cold though. We had some fun teaching a waiter (Mustapha Trabson) to speak English. (He wanted to go to work in London.) He was so pleased to get some help, he continuously brought us free tea and coffee during the lessons. However he was always getting into trouble. Whenever the manager came into sight he would bundle up all his books and start wiping tables.

From Istanbul we caught a very very slow train to Thessalonica in Greece, then a bus to Athens. One afternoon we were walking along the main street of Athens and walked straight into Neville Page (his wife was in the hotel at the time). We had dinner that night and celebrated with a bottle of cheap wine.

Well, we caught the ship to Rhodes yesterday. We've only been here one day but I'll let Dot tell you about it.

7/5/73.

Contrary to our expectations, we are finding Greece rather more expensive than Turkey. Travel and food in particular are costing us more but we are still within our allotted daily allowance. We have been eating very well all the time, partly because of the very alluring shop-windows. In Turkey they have pudding shops - beautiful chocolate puddings, rice puddings, custards and yoghurts (best yoghurt we ever tasted) and Alan could never walk past one of these shops without going in and eating some. Now that we are in Greece, they have even more scrumptious continental cake shops and so our money dribbles away insidiously and my complexion ditto. But don't think we are lacking in vitamins etc. because they also have very yummy salads here, and we always have at least one a day. The salad consists of slices of tomato and cucumber and mounds of soft white cheese and olives, the whole lot sprinkled with olive oil. In both Turkey and Greece we've kept a reserve of figs and oranges which we dip into if

we miss out on a meal, or have a long gap between meals.

After spending a couple of days in Athens (we'll be returning there after seeing the islands) and visiting the Acropolis, which had far more buildings around it than I expected, we went to the port, Pireas, and caught a boat call the "Ionian" to Rhodes. It left in the morning and arrived the following morning, so we had a pleasant day watching the little rocky islands drift past us and we slept very comfortably on the deck, waking up occasionally when we stopped at an island port at night - they looked like a fairy-tale all lit up but we'd like to have seen them in the daytime. We met several people on the boat, including a young Canadian man, a Greek man who owned a boat (or boats) that went collecting sponges, and a tall blonde Swedish dancer who said he was fluent in 8 languages including Arabic and Greek. He certainly spoke English without a trace of accent and seemed at home conversing with the Greeks on board. One thing we do notice is that most people speak several languages, nearly always English and German as well as their native tongue. People are always amazed that we really only speak one language.

We arrived at Rhodes in the early morning and wandered around the old Crusader town. It is completely fortified and the inhabitants of Rhodes still live in all the crusader houses and streets within the city walls. It is very beautiful but has a distinctly Greek look, what with their predilection for covering everything with white paint. Rhodes the town has become very touristy unfortunately, even since Alan was here last, so we haven't seen much of the real Greek way of life. We went for a swim in the sea here and it was freezing cold, but yesterday we took a bus to Lindos at the other end of the Island and as it was a beautiful sheltered bay, the water was comparatively warm and very nice for swimming. The Mediterranean is just so different from our concept of a sea. There are no waves, so you can swim for miles, there are no tides to speak of and no spray so you can sit on the edge and not get salty, and swim and not get sandy. No tides also result in much less seashore life and so there is never any obnoxious smell. Just beautiful blue-green sea. So very tame - our seas are really wild in comparison.

On Tuesday we expect to catch the weekly boat to Crete. We don't know how long we'll be there - possibly a week or two. Then we return to Athens and go via Corfu to Brindisi in Italy.

Hope that everybody had an enjoyable Easter. We had the Moslem equivalent of Easter in Turkey, and the following week we had Easter in Greece - and were presented with boiled eggs dyed red, purple and orange!

Venice. 31/5/73.

We arrived from Greece at Brindisi, stayed one night, caught the train to Naples, then another train to Sorrento. Naples is just a big city, but Sorrento, about 20 miles away, is unique. The town is built on top of a high cliff which drops straight down to the sea. It's a very picturesque old town, a bit like Rhodes, very narrow streets and old stone buildings. Some of the hotels are actually built overhanging



the cliffs and have huge stone foundations descending the cliff face, weathered so much that it's hard to tell which is building and which is cliff - at a distance. To get down to the shore there are stairs built down the cliff at various places, sometimes cut out of the natural rock and in places actually tunnelling through. There are fantastic views from these steps.

Next day we caught a train to Pompei (only a few miles away), and spent the whole day there. Very extensive ruins. The reason they are so well preserved is that they were buried in ash from Mt. Vesuvius, which collapsed all the roofs of course but actually helped to keep the walls and other smaller things like statues, pots, well preserved. All other ancient cities of course were usually completely demolished and rebuilt, either by invaders or the inhabitants themselves. We were fascinated by the old bakeries of Pompei, with the flour mills and ovens. We could almost smell the fresh loaves as they would have been stacked on the shelves. We went back to Sorrento that night, we had a very good hotel (quite cheap) with a huge room, marble floor, and beautiful wooden furniture.

Next day, caught a boat to Capri. (It was very hot, by the way.) We didn't have any idea what to expect there, and were pleasantly surprised. After about 30 minutes boat ride, we came to a small but very high island, huge cliffs, and beautiful tropical-looking vegetation. We caught a cable tram to the top and walked down the other side, along a zig-zag road, past pretty little houses, and came to a perfect Mediterranean beach. We stayed there all day - swimming. The water was warm and clean, and there were little rocky islets to swim around, in one place an actual tunnel went through the rocks and we could swim through it. Well it was so wonderful - we went back the next day.

The morning after we reluctantly said good-bye to Sorrento and headed for Rome, getting there about lunch-time. That afternoon we saw some of the old Roman ruins - not very impressive after some of the others we have seen. We saw Nero's house, which was very strange. It's a well-known fact that he was mad, and to see his house, you would believe it. The rooms were all strange shapes, some had no windows, and decorated with strange paintings - the sort of thing a child would do, all crooked and out of proportion. The reason Nero's house is so well preserved is that, when he died, they filled it all in and built a Roman bath on top of it, so I don't think the Romans thought much of him either.

Well, Sunday came along, so we went to church at St. Peter's - so fantastic a building that I can't describe it. When you walk inside you are just speechless. We were there for some hours. It's such a vast thing - we didn't see all of it then. In fact you have to be inside this building for quite a while before you realise its size, and then it suddenly hits you. We saw the Sistine Chapel (and the museums) and at 12 o'clock went outside, as the Pope came to his little window and said a few words - couldn't understand him of course.

In the afternoon we went out to the Catacombs - the very first Christian tombs, very deep, cut out of solid rock. There were thousands entombed

there, in little compartments in the rock, and they say there is a total of 14 miles of connecting tunnels. A rather gruesome place. There were little chapels down there and the people often went there to pray. They say that they never actually hid there, as the catacombs were well-known to the heathens as well.

Our next stop was Florence. As Dot was most impressed by this city, she can tell about it.

1/6/73.

In travelling from east to west, Italy stands out as being the country we've been to that has sufficient cultural background to stand up to the 20th century advances and incidentally tourism without succumbing to or being swamped by them. Unlike the eastern countries and Greece, Italy seems to be able to select what is best for her and leave the rest. Italians drive around in tiny Fiat cars (the only cars small enough for the old streets) and appear to have a standard of living much like Australians, but they make the most beautiful solid wooden furniture, unbelievable glassware, artistically designed handbags and enviable clothes. I've never in my life enjoyed window-shopping, but here I could just wander around the streets for days feasting my eyes on their works of art. Most of the shops are very modern inside, but they are often buildings which are centuries old, and they manage to blend the two without jarring, and we could still take "olde-world" photos of buildings without them looking like Woolworth's on the bottom floor.

In Florence we stayed at a Pension called the "Casa Baroni" which was a room on the 4th floor of a large apartment building and from there we walked around the city. Florence was the cultural and artistic centre of Europe in Renaissance times and I think it still is. As well as the art galleries of the old Florentine masters, there are hundreds of modern galleries and we were always tripping over bods sitting on steps drawing and painting the old city. Everything in Florence looks centuries old. There are several lovely old bridges over the river, lots of churches with fabulous frescoes, mosaics and sculptures in them. There was a beautiful cathedral and a tower built by Giotto, both done in pink, white and dark-green marble on the outside - quite striking. We went to the Academy gallery and saw Michaelangelo's prisoners struggling out of their (unfinished) marble slabs, and also saw his statue of David which is so much better than the pictures of it.

After this we felt saturated with paintings and so we headed for the Museum of Science History, which was fascinating. It had all kinds of old scientific instruments, including very early clocks, microscopes, Galileo's telescopes, surveying equipment, astrolabes, maps, barometers, thermometers, a room full of models of the universe, most pre-Copernican with the Earth at the centre and one about 10ft in diameter painted all in gold, also equipment for the Apothecary, primitive weighing machines and early calculating machines. Unfortunately we were chased out of the museum sooner than we would have liked, by little grey men rattling keys and turning off lights. (We never seem to get the hours right in these countries - midday siestas are very variable and usually so are we.)

We are now in Venice, which we are enjoying even though it is very expensive, and next we go to Austria and then probably Switzerland, Paris and London within the next couple of weeks.

P.S. We had Owen's meal today - and have sent him a card describing it in all its glory.

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WALKS SECRETARY'S NOTES - SEPTEMBER.

by Wilf Hilder.

- 31st August - Such optimism - a ski tour would you believe. Wilf  
1,2 September insists snow or no he's going on this trip to Kiandra.  
Pray now - ski later.
- 7, 8-9 Sept - Snow Brown leads this classic test walk along the Kowmung  
and thru the Vulga Dennis, correction Bulga Denis Canyon.  
Plenty of thrills, chills and spills crossing the river at  
this time of year. Tracks from Kanangra to Bullhead Corner  
and Crafts Walls. Better book early while transport lasts.
- 7, 8-9 Sept - Ray Carter's Castle bound on this medium Budawang safari  
from Clyde River. Plenty of hill climbing on this trip  
with some rock scrambling on the Castle at Meekins Pass. The  
famous views from the lookout on Mt.Owen are world beaters.  
Again better book early for this trip.
- Sunday 9th - Carl Bock's trip to Brisbane Water National Park starts at  
the Fitness Camp after a delightful ferry trip across the  
Hawkesbury from Brooklyn. Wildflowers this season are  
exceptionally good and plentiful. Tracks nearly all the  
way on this scenic walk.

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- 14,15-16 Sept - In the footsteps of Jim Brown, Wilf the wanderer heads for the forbidden city - Tidbinnings hidden in a tangle of ridges out in that Mt. Pomany country. This scenic special is rather long, so long days are a must - but the rewards are great. Tracks for about half the distance - humble pie will be eaten on the remainder.
- 14,15-16 Sept - Splendour Rock from Carlons with Hans Beck leading the platoon. Some scrub on Blackhorse Range, but good going the rest of the way on this pretty walk. Lush campsite on Old Man Cox.
- Saturday 15th - An easy Wildflower walk in Muogamarra Reserve - with acres of magnificent flowers at their best - led by Gladys Roberts. Special permission was required to run this scenic walk in this area, and the number in the party is not to exceed twenty, so book early. Yes, it is a private transport trip.
- Sunday 16th - Meryl Watman's easy walk from Governor Game Lookout to Curracurrang Creek and Garie is also through some of the best wildflower country down south in Royal National Park. Magnificent views across the turquoise Tasman or peaceful Pacific - as you prefer.
- 21,22-23 Sept - Our esteemed President shows us he's still as keen as ever by leading this Great Guouogang trip from Carlons. This great trip isn't done often enough - so better make the most of it. Great scenery, lush campsites, long hill climbs are yours for the walking. Make sure your torch has fresh batteries.
- Sunday 23rd - Joe Marton leads this delightful medium trip to Junction Rock from Govett's Leap. First rate scenery along a first rate track all the way.
- Long Weekend  
28th Sept -  
1st October Only Dot Butler has offered to lead a walk over this weekend, may her shadow never grow shorter. Dot's leading a ski tour from Threddy, Thredders or Thredbo (pronounce it as you will) to Blue Lake for a base camp and day tours along the Main Range in all its glory - seven thousand feet plus. Please book very early on this combined trip with N.Z.A. Club.

If your conscience is bothering you or perhaps your feet are itchy you might think of leading a walk this weekend. The notice board awaits your autograph.

- Sunday 30th - Bill Hall carries the club banner on this medium walk in Heathcote State Park. Good scenery - and good tracks for about half the distance. Wildflowers in profusion all the way. Let Bill know you will join him this Sunday.

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FEDERATION NOTES - JUNE AND JULY, 1973

This year's Environment Exhibition is being held 10th-15th September, 1973, in the Lower Town Hall. The Federation has agreed to support it, and two members have offered to help, but a chairman has yet to be found to organise a committee to put on a display. A volunteer is urgently needed, otherwise the Federation will not be able to take part to any noticeable extent. If any member of S.B.W. is willing to chair a committee, please telephone Ray Hookway on 439-7773, or Phil Butt on 969-3155, as soon as possible.

More signatures are needed for the Save Lake Pedder Appeal - please send these to:

The Secretary,  
Lake Pedder Enquiry,  
Department of the Environment,  
P.O. Box 1937,  
CANBERRA, A.C.T. 2601.

The Search and Rescue practice held on 14th and 15th June, 1973, was a great success. Sixty-five people were present, representing all clubs except S.B.W.! Sydney and Katoomba police took part, and stayed for the camp fire on Saturday night. One valid criticism of Search and Rescue methods is that Ground to Air signals need to be simplified, as it has occurred that searchers have been mistaken for lost walkers. The next Search and Rescue demonstration will take place on 13th and 14th October, 1973 - the location is still to be disclosed.

The Kosciusko Huts Association still needs more members - send \$2.00 to:

Box 626,  
MANUKA, A.C.T. 2603.

(See Club notice board for details).

A big turnout is hoped for at the Bungonia public inspection weekend, 25th and 26th August, 1973, to which all affiliated clubs have been invited.

The problem of access to the Budawangs from Sassafras is still not resolved, as the Army seems vague about the status of the road at present, despite constant correspondence, diagrams and general discussion. The owner of Wog-Wog had been complaining about the many vehicles and people using his road as access to the Budawangs, and intends to try and discourage the general public by putting the

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notice "PRIVATE PROPERTY, TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED" on his gates. The gates will be chained, but not locked. All members of affiliated bushwalking clubs are welcome, but are asked to identify themselves by signing his visitors' book, which is kept in the main shed.

The proposed Electricity Commission route across the Blue Mountains in the Narrow Neck area - at present on display in the city - is being investigated, and clubs will be kept informed of developments.

The Annual Dinner of the Nature Conservation Council of N.S.W. is set for Saturday, 13th October, 1973, in the North Sydney Community Hall. The speaker is Mr Justice R. M. Hope, and tickets are \$3.50 each.

Any members or old members of the Brisbane Bushwalking Club now living in the Sydney area, should note that its 25th Anniversary is being celebrated with a dinner at Lang Park on Saturday, 18th August, 1973.

The A.C.F. Annual General Meeting will be held 17th October, 1973, at the Canberra Australian Academy of Science. The Duke of Edinburgh will be presiding.

Other dates to remember: The Federation reunion - 30th, 31st March, 1974; the 1974 Ball - 21st September at Unisearch House; Search and Rescue practice - 20th, 21st July, 1974.

The Federation regrets its decision to raise fees of affiliated member clubs, but would like to point out that the fees only just cover the increased costs of postage and telephone calls.

Rosemary Edmonds.

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Jerry Sinzig's address in Canada is:-

40 Hopewood Avenue,  
A.P.T. 3107  
Toronto 2,  
Ontario. CANADA.

KANANGRA WALLS.

(From "Oberon - Jenolan District" by Joy Wheeler  
and Blue Garland)

Some of the older folk of the Oberon district tell of happy days spent at spectacular Kanangra Walls.

At holiday time, such as Easter, groups of young people from Oberon, Edith and Jenolan would go camping at Kanangra. Highlight of these occasions was dancing at night in a cave.

Local folk had built a wooden dance floor under a ledge of the walls which formed a wide open cave. There they would do the old-time dances, such as the Lancers, to the music of a fiddle or concertina and in the light of a flickering camp fire.

Today, just a few of the logs which supported the floor are left; a reminder of days when bush folk had to make their own fun and did not mind climbing down a couple of hundred feet into the valley for a gay rendez-vous.

In the early days of New South Wales, when trying to find a way across the Blue Mountains by following the valleys, Sergeant Francis Barrallier succeeded in reaching the Kanangra Walls which he found impassable and had to turn back. Today there are ramps leading up to the Walls and cattle have been driven over them and down to the Kowmung River and Burragorang Valley to Camden to be sold. That was before the building of the Warragamba Dam.

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SOCIAL NOTE (from Elaine Brown).

Don't forget the Slide Competition on August 29th. Members are asked to bring along some slides for judging (not more than six). You may bring them along on the night about 10 to 8. Judging will be done on the night. Remember to spot them on the bottom left hand side, right way facing (not a little tiny dot but a big round spot), also put your name on, so they won't be mislaid.

Mary Davidson is slowly recuperating after her unfortunate accident at West Head, the plaster has to stay on for 8 weeks and it will be quite a while after than before we will see her on a bush walk, she can get around on crutches so I hope we might see her in the club rooms occasionally. We wish you a speedy recovery, Mary.

John Holly has received a letter from David Ingram. He is in southern Texas at the moment after a trip across Canada. He should be back home sometime early in September.

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The Myall Lakes - Bunning Enquiry

The Nature Conservation Council of New South Wales has made an appeal to member organisations to assist efforts being made to save the Myall Lakes area from being developed by mining interests.

Recently an enquiry - the Bunning Enquiry - was held following Mineral Deposits appeal against the State Planning Authority decision to refuse their development application, and several organisations made submissions to Mr. Bunning that the appeal by Mineral Deposits be refused. It is felt, however, that there will be considerably support in Cabinet for the State Planning Authority's decision to be over-ruled and mining be allowed to proceed, it is also considered that Mr. Bunning's Report may never be made public.

In order to help avoid this situation we, as a Club, have been urged to write to the Minister for Local Government. It is also felt that individual members might like to assist by writing to the Minister on lines similar to the following draft:

The Hon. Sir Charles Cutler, K.B.E., E.D., M.L.A.,  
Minister for Local Government,  
Parliament House, Sydney, 2000.

Dear Mr. Minister,

I believe the Bunning Enquiry into the Mineral Deposits Ltd.-State Planning Authority-Myall Lakes appeal has concluded. The issue has attracted wide public attention over a long period of time and it is most important that the public be advised of Mr. Bunning's findings as soon as these are available. Failure to do so would raise concern that the results of an officially authorised enquiry, conducted at public expense, were being concealed for the benefit of a United States Mining Company.

Thus, would you please advise me when you plan to announce the results of this enquiry.

Yours faithfully,

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Children - on Club Walks

Parents are reminded that the permission of the leader is necessary before children may accompany them on Club walks.

In addition it is emphasised that parents are responsible for the conduct of their children. They should ensure the children behave in a reasonable manner and comply with the wishes of the leader of the walk. In particular, the children should be fully aware of Club policy concerning the preservation of the bush, its flora and fauna. With regard to wild or native flowers, there are 119 species including many shrubs and trees, protected by law - The Wild Flowers and Native Plants Protection Act - and there are stiff penalties for breaches of the law (in this respect a member is responsible for any breach by a child accompanying him).

It is our aim as far as possible to preserve the bush in its natural state, and a parent who takes a child on a walk should be quite certain that the child is fully aware of what this aim involves.

THE SYDNEY BUSH WALKERS

(Founded 1927)

Notice is hereby given that the Half-Yearly General Meeting of The Sydney Bush Walkers will be held at the Wireless Institute of Australia, 14 Atchison Street, St. Leonards, on Wednesday, 12th September 1973, at 8.00 p.m.

A G E N D A

1. Apologies
2. Welcome to new members
3. Minutes of the August General Meeting held on Wednesday, 8th August, 1973.
4. Correspondence.
5. Reports:
  - (a) Treasurer's Report
  - (b) Walks Report
  - (c) Social Report or Announcements
  - (d) Federation Report
6. Selection of a site for the 1974 Annual Reunion.
7. General Business and Announcements.

There are no constitutional amendments for consideration at the Half-Yearly General Meeting.

Sheila M. Binns  
Hon. Secretary.