

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

THE SYDNEY BUSH WALKER

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

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.

\* \* \* \* \*

SEPTEMBER, 1974.

Editor: Spiro Ketas, 104/10 Wylde Street, Pott's Point, 2011.  
Tel. 357-1381 (Home)

Typist: Kath Brown

Duplication: Frank Taeker

Business Manager: Bill Burke, 3 Coral Tree Drive, Carlingford, 2118.

IN THIS ISSUE:

The August General Meeting	by Jim Brown	Page 2
Happenings on Mount Gower	Paddy Pallin	3
Eisriesenwelt	Allan Wyborn	5
Paddy Pallin Advertisement		6
"Dawning"	by permission of Alec Brown	8
Guouogang Revisited	Tom Wilhelm	9
Mountain Equipment Advertisement		12
Walks Secretary's Notes for October 1974	Bob Hodgson	13

\*\*\*\*\*

THE AUGUST GENERAL MEETING.

By comparison with the "Short Parliament" of July, the August meeting was almost protracted - not however at the outset, when there were no newcomers to welcome, and the minutes (such as they were) were adopted without comment. Correspondence contained an advice that the Ausventure people would take up our proposals for holding a young people's camp on the Kangaroo River property in January.

In the Treasury statement your reporter must admit failing to jot down the usual end of month figures, probably because some discussion followed on a project to raise the whole topic of unfinancial members at the Half-Yearly meeting in September. There was a resolution from the floor of the House that the provisions of the Constitution be implemented immediately, to which the President pointed out that Committee had certain discretionary powers and the Constitution was being applied. David Ingram remarked that if mass crossing-off of unfinancials was undertaken, we would then find that many sought re-instatement, and this would involve added correspondence and administrative action. Kath Brown supported this view, and mentioned that the only cost to the Club was the despatch of the magazine for such period as unfinancial members were retained on the books. The motion was then carried (it would have been a bold member who voted that the provisions of the Constitution be NOT applied).

Coming to the Walks report covering the July/August month, we heard that Ray Hookway's Yerranderie trip, set down for 12-14 July had been postponed one week, but Carl Bock's day trip on July 14 had about 18 starters, and found a nice display of early wildflowers. The deferred Yerranderie trip on 19/20 July had "several leaders", winds were violent, and the condition of the road nearing Bats Camp was stated to be poor. Tony Denham's Budawang's trip that weekend attracted 8 people, who found Saturday's stage quite energetic, and there were two hours of scrubby going near Sluice Box Falls on the Sunday.

The President alone of S.B.W. went to the S. & R. Practice, and we know only that Peter Miller's day walk in the valleys out from Blackheath had gone forward - no details were available. Margaret Reid's walk on Sunday to Pindar Cave brought out 16 people on a pleasant sunlit day and through quite spectacular displays of boronia.

For the final weekend in July Frank Taeker was out in the Grose River country with 6 people. Faulconbridge Creek proved quite solid going - the stream disappears under rock bars in one place - and there was a windy night on Saturday. It was believed that Mike Short's Nattai River walk was cancelled, but Meryl Watman had a "large party" on the Kangaroo Creek day walk.

Over the Bank Holiday weekend Malcolm Noble conducted a ski tour commencing at Eucumbene, with a stop over at Kelly's Hut and a long day trip from there on Sunday. On the Monday the 360° view from Bald Mt. was admired. On the Friday/Saturday/Sunday of the weekend Kathie Stewart with a party of 8 went to Splendour Rock, returning via Megalong in windy

weather. Owen Marks held his day walk to Bonnum Pic on Sunday and managed to have two straying people at different stages: all were together back to the cars by 4.0 p.m. Sam Hinde's day walk in the Woronora country had about 15 starters and progress at one stage was quite slow because of the amount of fallen timber from storms earlier in the year.

The final weekend reported covered Rosemary Edmund's Cox's River trip of 9/10/11 August. The trip went more or less according to plan, but not to timetable, one member becoming ill on Saturday morning, while another elected to remain at Konangaroo on Sunday and return in a leisurely fashion. There were few details of Bob Younger's Mt. Solitary trip except that attendance was 4 and it proceeded to schedule. The day walk was David Ingram's on Georges River, with party of 16: wildflowers were interesting, but reports that the Housing Commission plans to develop the area out from Minto suggests that the Georges River thereabouts may not long be useful as day-walk country.

There was no Federation Report, and Gordon Broome gave a verbal statement on proposals by interested members to assist in the restoration and maintenance of the Spencers Creek Hut in the Kosciusko country. A suggestion was made that endorsement of their activities be contained in a resolution of the meeting, but the President felt there was no need for this at present. And with that, the time being 9.25 p.m., the August meeting came to a close.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### HAPPENINGS ON MOUNT GOWER.

by Paddy Pallin.

We realised almost from the start that Ken was a bit of a leg puller. May and I plus Robert and his wife Nancy arrived at Ocean View Guest House on Lord Howe Island and there was this character wearing a bright yellow skivvie emblazoned with a spear toting skindiver under which was inscribed "Bass Strait Bushwalker Club". When curiosity got the better of me, he mumbled something about the oil rig in Bass Strait. I thought perhaps he was a roughneck on holiday, but he didn't look like it.

Next day he wore a white skivvie bearing a large pair of red lips and the sign "Manly Amatory Sports Club". Later in the week he wore a pale blue creation bearing the name "Broome Handel Society".

We enjoyed these little jokes but we found difficulty in swallowing the next one. Nancy, Rob and I were waiting for the last of Cyclone Zoe to subside to have a go at climbing Mount Gower, which as you know rises nearly 3,000 feet out of the sea at the south end of the island. Just three days before we were due to go home, things settled down a bit and we decided to make an early start the next day. "Well," said Ken, "Watch for the mutton birds, and when you get near the top, shout and they'll come round in dozens and land right near you." "Oh, yea!" said we,

"What should we shout?" "Just shout Hoy!" said Ken, not batting an eyelid. We took this with a grain of salt and nearly forgot about it.

Next morning at sparrow-light Nancy, Robert and I together with our guide Bernie cycled to the other end of the island, left our bikes near Salmon Beach and started the climb. I've climbed quite a few mountains in my time and in almost every case for every five hundred feet up there's a hundred feet descent across some minor valley which has to be grudgingly climbed again. Not so, Mount Gower; it is a no nonsense mountain. Up is up and no let up, mostly requiring hands and knees.

About three-quarters of the way up we stopped for a breather at a place where the slope seemed to be about 70° when we noticed mutton birds wheeling around in the misty sky. "What about shouting 'Hoy'", said Bernie. We'd quite forgotten Ken's advice and didn't believe him anyway, and so rather self-consciously we produced a feeble "Hoy!" When this caused a notable reaction on the birds flying around, we thought maybe we'd try again and so we shouted "Hoy!" - this time much louder, and within seconds quite a flock of the birds appeared. Then to our astonishment, one landed with a plop in a bush. Now the previous night we had watched the mutton birds arriving at Neds Beach just after sunset. They land like aeroplanes using the beach or grass for a runway; you can imagine their difficulty in landing on the steep scrubby mountain side.

Several landed like soft bombs in bushes nearby and started frantically to climb the mountainside to reach us. We watched amazed. They used everything they had, wings, beak and claws as they scrabbled amongst the dense scrub with all the urgency of footballers trying to intercept a winger on the run.

What the explanation is of this extraordinary behaviour we have no idea; loud noises generally have the opposite effect on birds. They clawed their way through the undergrowth, aiming as if by common consent to a small fairly clear area near us, and soon we had six or seven birds gathered together. We half expected them to elect a spokesman to approach us and ask why we had called them out of the sky, but no! they immediately commenced an unseemly brawl and so intent were they on fighting that they allowed us to reach down and pick them up. They submitted quite quietly to handling and we launched some into the air. We realised we were doing these birds a good turn because the others had great difficulty in getting themselves airborne. What they did was to use both feet, two wings and as a fifth limb, their strong beaks, to climb to the top of a small tree or dense bush and so launch themselves and fly away.

The top of the mountain was in cloud, the dense rain forest type vegetation dripped moisture and the floor was covered with beautiful mosses and ferns. This area was recently visited by an expedition from the Australian Museum to make a survey of the woodhens, a flightless species unique to Lord Howe Island. At one time they were plentiful but have been nearly exterminated by rats and other causes. The scientists found and banded only 23 on Gower and they went to the trouble of climbing the adjacent Mount Lidgbird where they found only one (poor lonely thing).

We stood quietly in the silent forest and suddenly a woodhen appeared and then another. They were like miniature kiwis about the size of a domestic fowl though not so plump. They moved quietly and probed the soft earth with their long beaks for insects or worms.

Having seen one twelfth of the world's total population of woodhens, we went to the edge of the mountain, sat down, and again shouted "Hoy!" to our friends the mutton birds, who responded as before by coming, ignoring us, having a great brawl beside us and after struggling to the top of small shrubs, flying off.

We made a slithery descent of the mountain and reported back to Ken who immediately demanded that each of us shout him a beer as a penalty for not believing his story. I've got a sneaking feeling he was just as amazed as we were.

If you don't believe this story I've got slides to prove it.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### EISRIESENWELT.

by Allan Wyborn.

The guide book referred to the ice caves near Werfen as one of the outstanding attractions in Austria. We had seen some small ice caves at Craters of the Moon National Park in Oregon, U.S.A., but Eisriesenwelt (literally "the world of the ice giants") is the largest system of ice caves in the world, and accessible to people. We must see them.

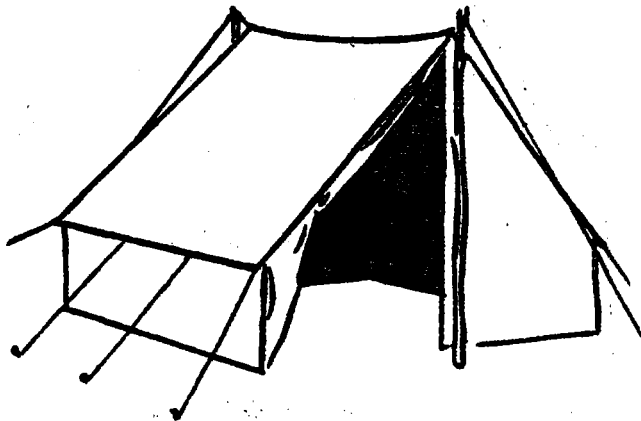
Discovered in 1879, they are situated about 28 miles south of Salzburg in the Tennengebirge Range. The entrance is at 5,500 feet above sea level, and 3,300 feet above the valley of the Salach River, in the precipitous rock wall of the Hochkogel Peak.

All this added up to a protracted approach and return, particularly during the height of the tourist season in early August. The obvious time to leave Werfen would be about 8 a.m. to beat the crowds, but we arrived at 2 p.m. on a hot day. The road signs were good for direction, we crossed the river on a plank bridge, and before we knew it were launched on one of the steepest of narrow gravel roads we had yet encountered anywhere. There was no turning back as our VW bus toiled upward. The valley yawned below and we passed on steep hairpin bends many other similar taxi buses returning empty of passengers - we could have gone up in one from Werfen if we had known.

The road up reminded us of the one to Macchu Picchu in Peru, only in this case we were doing the driving. After about four miles of this private "road", we parked on a steep edge, and trudged upward another mile to the base of the cable car, which was the next mode of approach. After an hour in a queue we piled into a small cable car (seilbahn), ascended 1,700 feet of height in a few minutes, and then another walk

# Paddymade

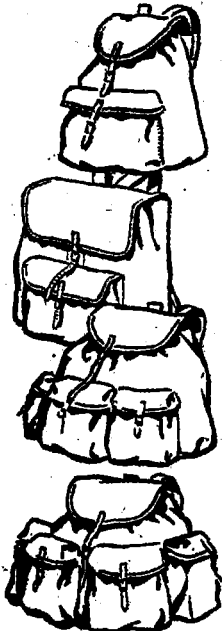
Lightweight bushwalking and camping gear.



## LIGHTWEIGHT TENTS FOR ALL CONDITIONS

All 'Paddymade' tents are made with utmost care to stand up to rigorous conditions. They are supplied with nylon cords and have overlapped doors at both ends.

The Nadgee tent, of standard green Jarpara, is similar to the famous 'Era' model, but 7'6" in length (6 inches longer than the standard 3 man tent) and with zip doors. The De-Luxe Nadgee tent offers the bonus of Stormtite Jarpara and sewn in nylon floor; closed on one end with vent and hood cover, sewn-in mosquito net with zip opening, and zipped door closure. 7'6" x 5' x 4'6".

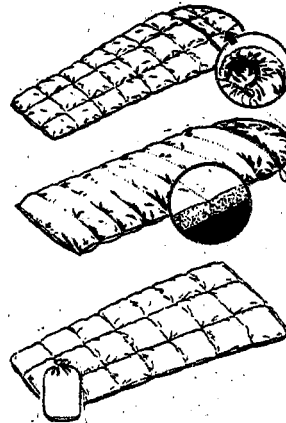


**BUNYIP RUCKSACK**  
This 'shaped' rucksack is excellent for children. Use-full day pack. Weight 14ozs.

**SENIOR RUCKSACK**  
A single pocket, shaped rucksack. Suitable for over-night camping. Weight 1½lbs.

**BUSHMAN RUCKSACK**  
Has sewn-in curved bottom for extra comfort in carrying. Will hold 30lbs. 2 pocket model 1¼lbs. 3 pocket model 1½lbs.

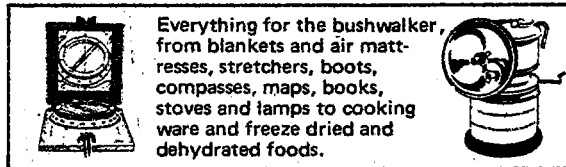
**PIONEER RUCKSACK**  
Extra large bag with four external pockets and will carry about 40lbs of camp gear. Weight 2½lbs.



**KIANDRA MODEL**  
Hooded bag. Extra well filled. Very compact. Approx 3½lbs.

**HOTHAM MODEL**  
Super warm box quilted. Added leg room. Approx 4½lbs.

**SUPERLIGHT MODEL**  
Half the weight and packed size of regular bags. 9" x 5½" dia. 2lbs.



Everything for the bushwalker, from blankets and air mattresses, stretchers, boots, compasses, maps, books, stoves and lamps to cooking ware and freeze dried and dehydrated foods.

# Paddy Pallen

69 LIVERPOOL ST. SYDNEY - 26-2686 61-7215

up 500 feet of height to the entrance of the ice cave.

We were now high up on the cliff wall, looking out toward Hochkonig at 9,600 feet. Each guide had a group of forty people, and as one party came out of the cave, another went in - each fifteen minutes. This was really hustling, as there were about 300 people inside the cave at one time, but it is so large there did not appear to be any crowding. Every sixth person was issued with a carbide lamp, as there is no fixed lighting inside.

On opening the entrance door a blast of icy air hit us, where a few seconds before we were in a shade temperature of 85°f. The extra clothing we had just donned was then essential, as we spent the next two hours at a constant 32°f. We had been told jokingly to take in umbrellas, but not one drop of water fell, as all is solid ice.

The first ice formation, a column, is only a few feet inside, and then we entered the Posselt Hall (after the discoverer), which has a sloping ice wall 100 feet thick, about 60 feet wide, and rises 300 feet of vertical height at an angle of about 40°. Wooden steps lead up, and looking above there was a fascinating effect as separate bands of "pilgrims" with bobbing lamps climbed up and down.

Leaving the ice wall at the top by a long passage inside solid ice and spiralling upward, we entered the magnificent Hymir Hall where splendid ice towers, grottos, columns, "stalagmites" and "stalactites" have been formed. The most striking formation was the 30 feet high "mammoth", which had a remarkable resemblance. The guide obligingly lit magnesium flares to highlight features, but photographs were "verboten".

In the next narrow tunnel from this hall all the lamps blew out with the strong air flow, and we groped our way along some planks in the pitch darkness by means of a handrail, until we could light up again, when we immediately saw a shining ice curtain. We descended into the largest cave of all, the Alexander von Mark "cathedral", which has his white marble burial urn in a small niche up one side. This was to honour his pioneering work in the caves. The tour ends with the "Ice Palace", a hall with breathtaking reflections on the ice, vertical ice walls, and horizontal galleries with one foot ice cubes strewn over the ice floor.

The total depth penetrated is only  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile, but the length of passages explored up till now is about thirty miles. Deeper tours through the inner labyrinths such as "The Diamond Kingdom" and the "Cathedral of Horror" take ten hours, but are only undertaken in the off season. Our total time was six hours from Werfen and back, of which two hours inside.

The caveforming rock here is a type of limestone known as Dachstein, in strata form, reposing on a sublayer of Dolomite limestone. The formation is not due to any one cause, but is the result of many different factors, for example, convulsions shaking the range long after the commencement. As you view the fantastic shapes, it is hard to believe that the caves attained their present form in the late Tertiary Age, and preceding the Ice Age.

\*\*\*\*\*

"DAWNING".

There's a fringe of light  
on the drape of night,  
Ere the sun peeps over the hill,  
And the bush awakes,  
As the daylight breaks,  
Though as yet all's quiet and still.

'Tis the glow of dawn,  
That heralds the morn,  
Dispersing the darkness deep,  
And each bird and beast,  
With the gleaming East,  
Bestir from their hours of sleep.

The magpie's call  
From the timbers tall,  
Goes rolling from tree to tree,  
Swift parrakeets pass  
To the seeded grass  
In search of their breakfast free.

The lyre-bird rare  
From his leafy lair,  
So close to his courting mound,  
When all is quiet  
And he's free from fright  
Will mimic some bushland sound.

A wallaroo shy  
In the scrub nearby  
Goes loping his carefree way,  
And the sweet ding-dong  
Of the bell-birds song  
Strike chimes at the break of day.

By permission of Alec Brown.

\* \* \* \* \*



GUOUOGANG REVISITED.

by Tom Wilhelm.

My first visit to Guouogang took place (August '71) some six months after my arrival in Australia. The bush, at that time, was still somewhat foreign feeling to my North American senses. The fact that we began walking at night lent a further touch of strangeness to the walk.

The Friday night start is customary when beginning from Carlon's Farm down to the Cox's River by torchlight. My tiny torch failed immediately, and I spent the next few hours trailing along behind the brightest torch I could find. The walk, led by Dorothy Noble (Pike), was well attended and I was able to gather enough stray torchlight to keep from stubbing my toes too often. (I was amazed how rough and rocky the lower end of Breakfast Creek is, when I viewed it on the return trip on Sunday afternoon, and I couldn't understand how none of us had broken an ankle - though several people received good through dunkings in the creek!) I was only too happy to lay down and sleep when we finally reached the Cox.

Up early, too early as far as I was concerned, but fires and breakfast and we were off down river. The morning was rather nice, our few crossings were cool but not freezing, and soon we were at the foot of the Gasper buttress. Here we met Terry Norris and Bob Younger, who'd come down the day before. Last night we'd picked up Jim Calloway and several girls, suddenly we were more than a dozen strong - unfortunately as things would turn out not individually so.

The damp, cool river bottom was soon left behind as we began the climb up the buttress. The long steep ridge up to Mt. Jenolan (1140 m) is very nice, in so far as the view that opens up behind you is concerned! Change down to shorts, the day looked quite promising as we enjoyed the view out north-eastwards towards Narrow Neck, and the sight of the Cox now far below.

From the vantage point of Mt. Jenolan you can see Mt. Guouogang off in the distance, quite off and quite distant, that interminable ridge over Queahgong is rough under foot and seems to undulate for ever. At this point, with that ridge stretching off before us, one person turned back and another one should have but didn't. The group, less one, continued in fits and starts to walk the ridge. A few of us would go ahead, then wait for the middle and end to catch up, our progress became slower and slower.

The fine day threatened to disintegrate around us, clouds blew in, the wind picked up, even hail fell. Some of us threw on rain gear at this point, but fast as it had come, it was gone. Grey clouds remained, but no rain or hail, off came the rain gear.

I had time, while waiting for the slow ones to catch up, to examine the vegetation along that ridge. The grotesque grass trees had struck me before as primitive looking, and the ones that grow along this ridge are particularly big, odd, and old. My legs were now back in long pants

thanks to the native holly with its needle sharp leaves, and I couldn't help but think how scratchy and broken the top of this ridge was, no attractive campsites at all, and of course no water anywhere. Certain ridges, of about the same elevation, in the Coastal Mountains of California, were grassy and soft and had one beautiful campsite after another. Some of these ridges even had fine springs right near their tops making camping ideal. In way of compensation the view north-westward from the Gasper Buttress is quite beautiful, the ridge just drops away, and green bushclad mountains sprawl away in the distance.

I finally pushed my way up the ridge, through the dwarf like gum trees that clothe the top of Mt. Guouogang, and waited in the cool air next to the big cairn that marks the top. The day was now grey and cool and I was surprised to discover that you could see the tall buildings of Sydney on the horizon far to the east, they must be over 100 kilometres distant. The afternoon was rapidly passing and by the time everyone straggled to the top it was time to go.

After a little hesitation finding the Nooroo Buttress we were finally on course and descending. Progress was really slow, and I pushed on quite a distance ahead at one point. It was almost dusk, and I was alone when I stumbled upon an Echidna, the first one I'd ever seen. I must have been the first person that it had ever seen judging by the rate at which it burrowed into the ground to escape! Being so distracted for a few minutes I had momentarily forgotten about the group - I suddenly realised that I hadn't heard them for some time. I gave a Coeee, and much to my amazement it was returned from some distance below!

I couldn't understand how they had passed me by in so few minutes. I tried a few more calls, then I realised that I was listening to my own echo.... After cupping my hands properly and facing uphill I got the reply I wanted and they were still some distance up the ridge yet. Darkness was arriving quickly now, and I sat down to wait for the others. It was quite cool, and I made a tiny twig and leaf fire as I waited. Ten minutes later I could see torches slowly approaching, the group came up and surrounded my little fire. After a moments discussion a unanimous decision was made to camp right there. Not enough good torches, everyone was tired (several people overly so), and the possibility of coming on cliffs below - but really I think it was the warmth of that little fire glowing in the darkness that decided it!

For all practical purposes so ended my first visit to Mt. Guouogang. It was a dry (we had hardly any water between us) rocky camp, but the view of the stars at night was beautiful. I slept by the fire all night. The quick descent to the creek in the morning and the day's walk back to Carlon's were all rather usual - with the exception of the great number of cups of tea we drank when we got down to the creek for breakfast!

Don't really know why I made a second visit to Mt. Guouogang, but I did this year. Only six of us started off on Friday night from Carlon's, myself, Dorothy and Alan Pike, Vic Gosbell, and two young schoolboys. I had a proper torch this time! Wouldn't you know it though, there was a

full moon, and a torch was almost unnecessary! It was beautiful walking down in the moonlight. We rose early, after a cold night, and went on down the river. This year the water was high and the temperature freezing! We met Terry Norris at the base of the ridge, he'd come down earlier on Friday - this swelled our party to seven.

The weather this year has been so different from '71, very wet as compared to very dry, yet our trip across Mt. Guouogang was, weather wise, almost a repeat performance. The first steep bit, up to Mt. Jenolan, was sunny and nice, but beyond the weather just changed. It got really cold, grey clouds blew over, rain fell all around us, yet no more than a few moments drizzle actually fell on us! Our little party moved over that interminable ridge quite quickly this year. Aside from the drama of light and shadow, the haze and sheets of rain falling in the distance, the only odd thing I noticed was an extraordinary number of lyre bird bowers as we proceeded along the ridge. The wind really howled over us at times and it was quite cold.

It seemed almost freezing at the cairn on top. I recall shaking and shivering as we signed the book, and watching Vic raise his camera at arms length (so as to have it above the little dwarf gums) above his head and take a picture of the view! In spite of all the cloud around we could clearly see downtown Sydney on the horizon. It was so cool and windy on the way up we hadn't officially stopped for lunch, though we had plenty of snacks in its place. The top was even colder and more windy, so we descended down Guouogang Ridge to find a sheltered place for lunch. Lunch we did, in a sheltered spot with a sweeping view of the Gangerang range. We still had a long way to go so we didn't linger.

Eleven hundred metres down and some seven kilometres long, but that ridge, judging by my knees, seemed even longer. However, Terry read the facts off the map, so they must be right. Just at dusk our weary legs stumbled out into Konangaroo Clearing. The wind which had blown all day died away and we had a lovely camp. Even the rain that had threatened us all day long held off till early morning and when it did fall it did so gently.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* M O U N T A I N \*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\* E Q U I P M E N T \*\*\*\*\*

IF YOU ARE - -

BUYING OR HIRING  
BUYING OR HIRING

HIRING OR BUYING  
HIRING OR BUYING

GEAR FOR

WALKING .....	CAMPING .....	CLIMBING .....	CANOEING .....
WALKING .....	CAMPING .....	CLIMBING .....	CANOEING .....

THINK OF - -

MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT

17 Alexander Street, Crow's Nest, 2065.

(On the corner of Falcon Street)

Telephone 439-3454.

-----

for

FAIRYDOWN SLEEPING BAGS

HIGH LOAD PACKS (Weight 3 lb 10 oz)

AND ALL THE OTHER THINGS YOU COULD POSSIBLY NEED.

\* \* \* \* \*

WALKS SECRETARY'S NOTES FOR OCTOBER, 1974.

Holiday

by Bob Hodgson.

Week-end

- Oct. 4,5,6,7 - David Rostron intends to ski-tour from Mungyang Power Station to Jagungal if the snow is right. This is an opportunity to do one of the classic tours at a more leisurely pace than the usual week-enders.
- Oct. 4,5,6,7 - A rare opportunity to walk in the little known Mt. Nullo area up past Ryleston. Helen Gray has fond memories from a previous trip in the area and could not pass up the chance to go there again.
- Oct.11,12,13 - Jim Vatiliotis is off to do one of the less often walked areas of the Northern Budawangs. Jim's been trying to make Talaterang for some time now, and this time it looks like he is going to make it.
- Oct.11,12,13 - Rock-orchid hunting with Frank Taeker is the theme of this upper Grose walk. Even without the orchids this is a very beautiful walk.
- Sunday 13 - Christine Kirkby leads this delightful little day test walk from Govetts Leap, really spectacular country.
- Sunday 13 - A nice easy stroll down Cowan Creek from St. Ives to Bobbin Head, then to Mt. Kuring-gai with David Ingram. It's hard to believe you're so close to civilization.
- Oct.18,19,20 - It's been a while since an Ettrema Creek walk has been run, so I decided to put it on. Very interesting terrain, but bring your running shoes, it's a hard long way.
- Oct. 19,20 - A Saturday start for Margaret Reid's Wondabyne return walk, camping in Pindar Cave. Beautiful views, lots of wild flowers and the odd Aboriginal carving. Country train 1.20 p.m. from Central - please travel in last carriage.
- Sunday 20 - Hans Beck is off to the Blue Labyrinth for an excellent test walk through really beautiful country.
- Oct.25,26,27 - Don't get knocked over in the rush of people clammering to go with Bob Younger from Bats Camp to Yerranderie and Colong Caves. Telephone Bob now and book your seat. \*
- Oct.25,26,27 - What a wonderful problem; deciding which of the two wonderful walks to do this weekend. Malcolm Noble is walking from Bungonia Lookdown along the Shoalhaven and up Bungonia Gorge.

\* Bob expects this trip to be classed as a Test Walk.

Sunday 27 - A Bill Hall quality walk. Spring will be in full swing in the Royal National Park and this walk takes in the best of the Western side of the Park.

\*\*\*\*\*

CONSERVATION FILM FESTIVAL.

SATURDAY, 5th OCTOBER.

SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE - Music Room. Two sessions, 2 p.m. and 7 p.m.

Prices: Afternoon - Adults \$1.50, Children 50c.  
Evening - Adults \$2.00  
Combined sessions - Adults \$3.00  
Pensioners - each session \$1.00

Showing: A.B.C. Series - Two films of "Wild Australia".  
"The Man Who Could Not Stop" - Australian/Canadian Production with Francis Sutton.  
"The Rise and Fall of the Great Lakes" - Canadian Production.  
B.B.C. Series - "Wildlife Safari to Ethiopia".  
And many more.

Presented by: Wild Life Preservation Society of Australia and Conservation Advisory Film Service.

Bookings: Ring 439,2603 or Opera House.  
\*\*\*\*\*

THE HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING.

The two constitutional amendments presented to the Half-Yearly General Meeting were lost.

Woods Creek has been selected as the site for the 1975 Annual Reunion.

A full report of the meeting will be published in the October Magazine.

\* \* \* \* \*

UNFINANCIAL MEMBERS.

No further issues of the magazine will be sent to unfinancial members, as their names are crossed off the list of members about this time of the year. Reinstatement may be obtained by applying to Committee.