



# *The Sydney Bushwalker.*



A MONTHLY BULLETIN OF MATTERS OF INTEREST TO THE SYDNEY BUSH WALKERS,  
BOX 4476 G.P.O. SYDNEY, N.S.W. 2001. CLUB MEETINGS ARE HELD EVERY  
WEDNESDAY EVENING FROM 7.30 P.M. AT THE WIRELESS INSTITUTE BUILDING,  
14 ATCHISON STREET, ST. LEONARDS. ENQUIRIES CONCERNING THE CLUB  
SHOULD BE REFERRED TO MRS. MARCIA SHAPPERT - TELEPHONE 30.2028.

APRIL 1975.

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DUPLICATION: FRANK TAEKER

EDITORIAL.

- SPIRO: Congratulations Co-Editor Page on your appointment to Joint Editorship of this august journal.
- NEV: Thank you Co-Editor Ketas; it is an honour indeed, and may I congratulate you also.
- SPIRO: Your wishes are appreciated. Let us hope our joint efforts will be fruitful.
- NEV: Let us hope so Co-Editor Ketas.
- SPIRO: The question, Co-Editor Page, is how to divide our responsibilities.
- NEV: That shouldn't present too great a problem Co-Editor Ketas. What would you like to edit.
- SPIRO: Since you've given me first choice, Co-Editor Page, I would like to edit everything to do with food and drink. I'll be the Editor of Gourmet matters, especially restaurant reviews.
- NEV: An excellent idea; and talking about reviews, I could do book reviews, provided of course that the publishers provide free copies of the books to be reviewed. And what about entertainments; plays and concerts would be in your line no doubt.
- SPIRO: Indubitably so, and you would look after the opera and ballet.
- NEV: How kind of you to suggest it Co-Editor Ketas. But did I hear someone mention something about Editorial writing.
- SPIRO: Editorials! Don't look at me, I can't write. Anyway you need ideas to write editorials.
- NEV: That's terrible! I'm no good at thinking. Let's forget about editorials for the time being. I suppose someone should be responsible for social notices and announcements.
- SPIRO: And Federation notes and general meeting reports.
- NEV: Not to mention walks announcements Co-Editor Ketas.
- SPIRO: That reminds me Co-Editor Page; I suppose we should have some articles on Bushwalking.
- NEV: Great Scott Co-Editor Ketas, I almost forgot! What should we do about that?
- SPIRO: I have a wonderful idea.
- NEV: Yes, Co-Editor Ketas?
- SPIRO: We could leave all those things for Kath Brown to look after.
- NEV: Brilliant my good man, brilliant! You know something Co-Editor Ketas?
- SPIRO: What is that Co-Editor Page?
- NEV: I think we have the beginnings here of a good magazine.
- SPIRO: I'll drink to that.

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ON TOP OF OLD BALDY.

by Jim Brown.

From Wog Wog Mountain the Budawang Range turns south, and rises towards Currockbilly (3707'). Next there is a deep saddle, then another higher section, a further saddle and finally the ridge climbs to its crown at Mt. Budawang (3727'). Of course, the Budawangs north and east of Wog Wog have been our regular playground for almost 20 years, but this southerly extension, which includes the two highest points in the range, is comparatively little trodden, although in a club magazine circa 1947-8 there is an account of a visit by Prolix and his wife Prolixia (I think either the Kirkbys or the Nobles, but I wouldn't swear to it).

Perhaps one reason why walkers don't pay much heed to this area is because the logical way to "do" Mts. Currockbilly and Budawang is as day-walks from the Mongarlowe Road on the western side, where the average height of land is about 2200 ft and the climbs steep but not very long. Any approach from the eastern side involves heart-breaking scrambles up ridges littered with broken quartzite rocks. Any attempt to follow along the crest of the range is the sort of trip you would wish only on your worst enemy: apart from the two high tops there are few vantage spots and the going is pretty rough. I can say this much without having done more than a fraction of the range-top between Wog Wog and Budawang. So day-walks are the sensible way to the high spots of Currockbilly and Budawang and the views are most spectacular and rewarding - that is, if ever you can catch them without clouds dwelling around. I tell you, Mt. Cloudmaker doesn't get to first base in his profession when compared with these two south coast cousins.

I first came to Currockbilly over 13 years ago, and although the mists swirled over from the east just as I reached the top from the west, I saw enough to come back half a dozen times in the intervening years, each time hoping to get favourable photographic conditions. So far I have succeeded only once and then the back plate of the camera became detached in a knock against a rock on the way down and everything was hopelessly fogged.

My last bid in September 1974 was like one of its predecessors. Clouds blew up when I was within 500 feet of the crown so I stopped where I was for half an hour and descended through mist which hung around all night and into the following morning. However, in discussions with the farmer at the property Valeston on the Mongarlowe Road I heard that a jeep trail had been pushed through to the top of Mt. Budawang, a few miles south. Budawang has a top covered with scrubby heath and so it is locally known as Baldy, or affectionately "Old Baldy".

Embarked on a week's walking in the Budawang country during February, I planned to devote two days to Mts. Budawang and Currockbilly (7th repeat). For the first few days I fed the leeches in the eastern segment of the range, while the weather wept almost daily, then made my way via Batemans Bay, Clyde Mt. and Braidwood to the village of Mongarlowe. Enquiry elicited that one takes the road turning east at Mongarlowe, continues

left at the fork marked "Budawang", then bears right at a couple of subsequent road junctions, passing through property gates marked "Budawang" (how obvious!) and finally coming to an old farm house amongst pine trees. Here I should leave the vehicle (unless it was four-wheel drive).

An elderly man apparently lives alone at the old farm and he assured me that bulldozers and graders had been working on the track to the mountain and it should be feasible to drive another couple of miles to the foot of the first steep pinch. On his advice I continued about 300 yards past his gate to a left branch road, which descends as a red soil surface across his paddocks. One look at that slippery trail and I left the car there. After rain it would bog a Centurion tank I believe.

There's not much to record about the way up. At first the track weaves around a bit, working its way on to a suitably graded ridge, then it rises pretty steeply. For February it was a cool morning, but I didn't hurry, as the sky was showing patches of blue and with a fair wind I was hopeful the cloud cover would disperse later. The ascent took about 2½ hours, the last few hundred yards being on the "baldy" heathy top. Right on the summit is a fire-watcher's lookout, about 15 ft. above the ground, just a squarish box without any furniture, about 8 ft. each way, with the whole upper half of the walls made of sliding glass panels. The wind was nippy, so I pulled a jumper on and found I could slide the windows and get into the cage.

The view was a true cyclorama. How do you compare it with Currock-billy? Well, Currockbilly is more dramatic, because of the rock-spined buttresses that cascade away to the east. Budawang with its flatter crown offers no immediate charms - it is the tremendous distant views that grip one: east to the sea; north and north-east over the whole Budawang region; west and south-west to the farmlands around Braidwood and beyond towards Canberra, including the Tinderry peaks; south over the coastal ranges that lie inland from Batemans Bay and Moruya.

There was a fly in the ointment, of course. Streamers of cloud were catching at most of the high points. Storm clouds, savage black and white cumulo-nimbus, hung around on three sides, trailing grey veils of rain squalls at half a dozen points. I took a couple of slides for the record and then several others which I hoped might capture the threatening mood of advancing storm. Then I sat on the floor of the elevated hut and had lunch, rising periodically to check the progress of the cloud formations.

It took quite a while for the storm to develop - more than an hour after I had reached the hut - but when it did it was sudden and furious. Visibility dropped to a hundred yards of cowering, rain-soaked heath, scourged by a wind which drove sheets of almost horizontal water before it. It got colder. In the hut was a thermometer used to calculate relative humidity and the dry bulb showed 14°C. The wet bulb, ridiculously, showed 16°C, but the wick which brings water up from the little reservoir was dry and so it wasn't functioning correctly. At least during the next couple of hours I studied the tables for calculating

humidity from the comparative readings and became satisfied there couldn't be a relative humidity of about 110% as suggested by the two columns of mercury.

It had been about 2.30 p.m. when the squalls hit, and by 3.0 p.m. I was getting fed up with the repetitive nature of lashing wind and rain. It was also colder - 12°C on the dry bulb, so I sat down on the bare wooden floor and pulled around me my sleeping bag. (Thank Heaven, even on day walks, when alone in infrequented places, I always carry my sleeping bag as an item of survival kit.)

I consulted maps, looked at my watch at intervals of about 3 mins. and finally curled up on the floor and must have dozed, awakening at what sounded like the excited barking of a small dog. As soon as I was fully aroused I realised it was just the aluminium ladder leading to the tower squeaking in the battering wind. It was past 4.30 p.m., the storm unabated, the temperature down to 10°C. As Daylight Saving still applied, there would be light until almost 8.30 p.m., so, theoretically, I could afford to wait till about 7.0 p.m. to depart Old Baldy, but would it be better to quit soon? Going out into that maelstrom seemed quite unthinkable so I settled down again and read the instructions for using a small wind gauge I had found behind the thermometer. It wasn't working either. Even the 70 knot gusts when I opened a window wouldn't shift the little white ball which should creep along the graduated tube.

Five p.m. and no improvement. Where was it all coming from? - surely there had been clearer sky below those clouds I had seen on first arriving on the mountain. Temperature 9°C. With a sudden access of resolve, I shoved everything that might be damaged by wetness into a garbage bag which had already once saved me from complete saturation of my gear, climbed through a window and down the ladder with groundsheet blowing up around my shoulders, and started back.

Thankfully I realised that my way was north-west and the wind south-east, so the bulk of the mountain soon protected me from the worst of the fury. Even the rain seemed to ease as I slithered down the steep jeep trail and back across the red soil road, now the consistency of porridge, back to the car just after 7.0 p.m.

The next round will be Currockbilly (repeat 7) and Budawang (repeat 2). Watch out Old Baldy, I'm after your scalp on a fine day.

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ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE NOW DUE - SEND YOUR REMITTANCE NOW!

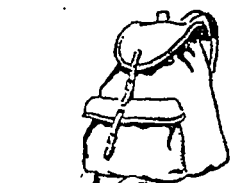
Please note that annual subscriptions for 1975 are now due and payable. The Treasurer would therefor like to hear from you soon. The rates of subscription are:-

Single Member	\$7.50	p.a.
Married Couples	\$9.50	p.a.
Students (full time)	\$4.00	p.a.
Non-Active Members	\$1.50	p.a.

\* \* \* \* \*

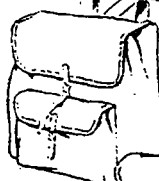
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Lightweight bushwalking and camp gear



## BUNYIP RUCKSACK

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



## SENIOR RUCKSACK

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



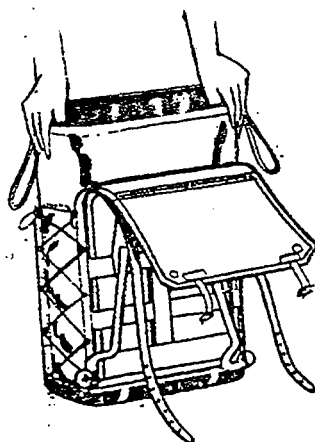
## BUSHMAN RUCKSACKS

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



## PIONEER RUCKSACK

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

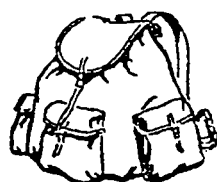


## MOUNTAINEER DE LUXE

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

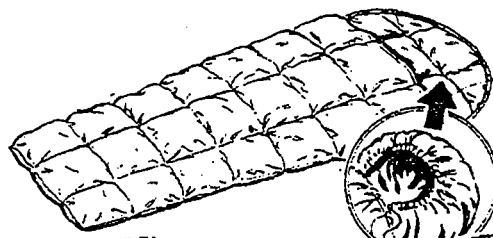
## MOUNTAINEER

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



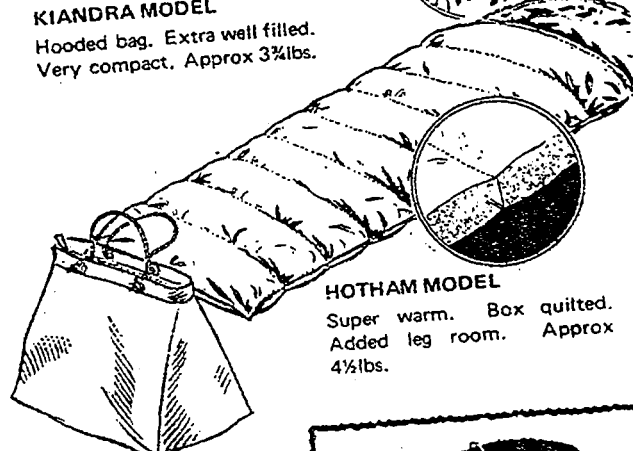
## TRAMPER FRAME RUCKSACK

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



## KIANDRA MODEL

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



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

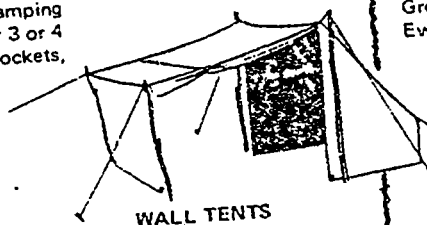
## CARRYING BAGS

P.V.C. or nylon.



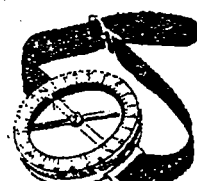
## 'A' TENTS

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

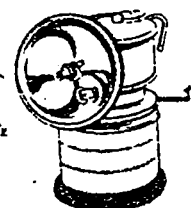


## WALL TENTS

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



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



# Paddy Pallen

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

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IT WAS HELL OUT THERE.

The Editor - Dear Sir,

The following is an account of one of the most harrowing walks ever attempted by members of this club. I was one of the few survivors and I am writing under a pseudonym to protect my family.

It all started at Glen Davis. After a night of high speed driving and a taste of the good life at the Olympic Fish Cafe, Lithgow, the party was flogged into action by 9.00 a.m. and drove all the way to Running Stream Creek. This fantastic journey through the creaking ruins of the old refinery was only a taste of what was to come.

As we alighted from the cars the members' faces were white with fear as they gazed at those awful cliffs and the rushing torrent of the Capertee. One of the younger girls, less inured to hardship than the rest, flung herself at the leader's feet and begged to stay at the cars. With a sardonic smirk she was ordered to her feet and told to get back into line by the leader, Hellfire Miller.

The pace was a killer. By morning tea time the party had advanced over a kilometre and the strain was beginning to tell. Barry Wallace was the first to crack and stopped for a spell. The leader was the only one in good condition as the rest of the party dropped from exhaustion. After a mere forty minutes rest the party was flogged on for another five hundred metres and finally made camp as the sun climbed towards lunchtime.

By now food was becoming a problem so two of the more experienced walkers went off in search of yabbies only to return gaunt and empty-handed many hours later. After dark a strange pagan ritual was enacted. One of the party (she shall remain nameless but you can recognise her by the Canadian accent) had carried a chocolate cake the entire 1,500 metres from the cars and this was cut up into thirteen pieces and decorated with candles. There was an ugly scene as the party jostled for their share, some of them had not had food past their lips for ten minutes and the strain was beginning to tell.

The next morning Brian Hart staggered into camp having walked the entire distance from the cars non-stop. He was speechless with exhaustion and had to be revived with fumes from the empty rummy port bottle. Aware of the terrors that lay between their camp and the cars the party made a reluctant early start at 1.00 p.m. Only the strongest made it back, even they are broken in health and scarred in mind by their shocking ordeals. Margaret Reid is a shadow of her former self and Donald Finch may never walk again. If the club is going to stage a killer trip like this again there should be a special warning in the walks programme.

Three kilometres is impossible in two days - man cannot live at that speed.

Signed - Ex bushwalker - (Peter Miller).

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THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

by Neville Page.

The S.B.W. political reporter Jim Brown was away somewhere on Wednesday 12th March 1975, and therefore unable to attend that most auspicious of occasions when Bushwalkers, many of whom attend no other meeting during the year, gather together to discuss the trivia of the moment at the Annual General Meeting. That being the case (Jim Brown's absence I mean) Editor Spiro had seconded (or should I say conned) yours truly into recording the occasion for posterity and those unable to attend. I reluctantly agreed to his proposition, not knowing that before the night was out I would be sharing with him that onerous task of seconding and conning others into writing for this worthy publication. So let it not be said that I haven't experienced it from the other side.

The meeting got away to a 23 minutes late start at 8.08 p.m. with a welcome to new members Peter Harris, Wendy Lippart, and Wayne Steel. Brian Hart and Victor Lewin also presented themselves for welcome later during the evening. Minutes of the February General Meeting were read, accepted, and passed over fairly quickly. Correspondence inwards included letters from Colin Putt requesting transfer to full membership once again from the non-active list, from Ivor Calnan requesting reinstatement as a member, from Kath Brown requesting that a new typist be found for typing the Walks Programme, from the New South Wales Lands Department and the Water Board in response to our letters of protest regarding establishment of a rubbish dump near the Coolana land. The Lands Department simply acknowledged our letter and said they would reply in due course, whereas the Water Board said that Shoalhaven Shire must refer all such rubbish dump proposals to them prior to taking action, and although they hadn't at this stage received any such notice from the Council, they would, at the appropriate time, do everything necessary "to ensure the purity of the water supply". A letter was also received from Mr. A. W. Thompson of the Lazy Acres riding school at Kangaroo Valley advising us that they carried insurance covering their people whilst on and off the Lazy Acres property. A rates notice was also received from the Shoalhaven Shire Council in respect of Coolana; total amount due being \$219.61, a substantial increase on last year's \$50 odd. At this juncture Dot Butler advised the meeting that investigations were under way by the Coolana Management Committee to see what action could be taken to reduce the burden of the high Council rates. Natural Areas Pty. Ltd., a proprietary company which buys land for the sole purpose of preserving it in its natural state, advised of a course of action which could be followed. Apparently the idea is to apply to have the land in question rezoned, some possibilities being "private recreation area", "forest land", "open space" etc., these categories attracting a lower rating (presumably through a lower valuation) than under the present zoning. The rezoning also eliminates the temptation of the later club members to sell the land at a future date. Natural Areas Pty. Ltd. had succeeded in having rates on some Dee Why land reduced from \$2000 to about \$200.

We then moved on to the Annual Report with President Barry Wallace asking for a motion from the floor that it be taken as read. Ray Hookway said he had to oppose the motion because he wasn't able to read his copy



of the report (duplicator problems again?). The invitation for discussion on the report brought a comment from Owen Marks who deplored the bad grammar embodied therein, and in a more serious vein Gordon Broome expressed concern at the small proportion of prospective members who were ultimately achieving the level of full membership. The latter subject generated a good deal of discussion, including comment from Kath Brown that day walks are deluged with new prospectives, and that the members on these walks do their best to offer help and assistance, but when those same prospectives go on weekend walks they seem to disappear. Kath felt that members going on weekend walks could do more to help the prospectives. Gordon Broome commented that prospectives often come away with the wrong equipment and have obviously been ill-advised on how to equip themselves adequately. This brought a rejoinder from the President that all prospectives are handed a list of gear for walking when they first come into the Club. Jim Vatiliotis summed up the discussion very well by saying that none of this is new to us, and in fact we've all been through it ourselves. The only difference is that those who become members have the perserverence to battle their way through the difficulties.

Treasurer Frank Roberts moved that the annual accounts be accepted; this being done no further discussion of a financial nature ensued.

At this juncture of the meeting standing orders were suspended to enable election of office bearers to proceed whilst other business was conducted simultaneously. Bill Burke and Jim Vatiliotis were appointed scrutineers and elections proceeded, with very little competition for particular postings, one might add. Since a list of office bearers appeared in the March magazine, there is no point in repeating the details here.

Determination of the amount of annual subscriptions, that thorn in the side of many, came next. This item is always guaranteed to produce differing viewpoints, and this time was no exception. Treasurer Frank Roberts pointed out that although a profit was achieved in the year just gone, the rigors of inflation (postage, printing, etc. up) forced him to recommend a 50 cento increase all round. The magazine (note it well) was what gobbled up the money we were told. Someone suggested that we hold magazines in the clubroom to be picked up and thereby save postage, but Spiro Ketas riposted by saying that it just wouldn't from a practical point of view, and in any case his car would be continually jammed with magazines awaiting collection. The upshot of it all was that the motion to increase subscriptions was carried by a narrow majority (22 for, 19 against).

The Treasurer made yet another entree to report that February financial finooles culminated in approximately \$1200 being in the bank at the end of the month.

Walks Secretary Bob Hodgson was away on holidays, so Frank Tacker stood in, although he had to rely heavily on reports from the floor since only two written reports were to hand. On the weekend of 14/15/16th Feb. Hans Beck led a walk from Mt. Victoria to Bluegum and back up Grand Canyon, whilst Margaret Reid had 6 members and 1 prospective on a trip around Patonga on Broken Bay. The planned route, it was learnt, was rather

swampy, and the National Fitness supervisor had suggested an alternative which Margaret followed. Peter Levander's li-lo trip into the unknown didn't go that weekend because the unknown was short on liloable water. The President mentioned an alternative trip to Weeney Creek but no details were to hand. The day walk that Sunday was led by Kath Brown and was attended by 10 members and 16 "others". It was a rather wet day by all accounts: Lilyvale, Burning Palms, diverting to Otford via the top track instead of Palm Jungle, and the leeches were out in force. The following weekend, 21/22/23rd February, Alistair Battye led a walk from Newnes, Constance Gorge, Rocky Creek and back to Newnes. Nine people on the trip consisted of 4 members and 5 prospectives. Alistair reported that Rocky Creek is "overgrown" and don't let anyone tell you otherwise, and that elusive wombat parade just couldn't be found. He obviously doesn't believe there is one. Jim Vatiliotis from the body of the hall declared that there is a wombat parade if you go high enough up. The same weekend Ian Gibson had a li-lo trip programmed from Wollongambe Creek. Three persons set forth but the rain sent them home again. David Ingram had 6 members and 2 prospectives on his Minto - Bushwalkers Basin - Minto day walk on 23rd. They had lots of rain and everyone got wet, but at lunchtime they had a good opportunity to light a fire and dry out in a well known cave at the Basin. The following weekend (28th Feb., 1/2nd March) Bob Younger conducted what sounded like a very easy trip: Beecroft Head, short strolls, Target Beach, inspection of the naval target area including the double decker buses used for targets and back home again. Ray Carter led a Sunday walk on 2nd March from Otford to Palm Jungle, Burning Palms, Bola Heights, Waterfall. No accurate reports were forthcoming, although it was stated that a large number had attended; estimates ranging from 17 to 25 persons.

John Campbell's Claustal Canyon trip was cancelled due to too much water whilst a replacement li-lo trip led by David Roxton found too little water in the Cox's. The weekend of 7/8/9th March saw Hans Beck lead 5 members and 4 prospectives to Splendour Rock, whilst Peter Miller had 13 on an easy trip in the Glen Davis area (see separate article this issue). Brian Willis had a day test walk to Grand Canyon with 7 or 8 people, whilst Kath Brown's surfing walk to Garie was somewhat spoiled by the rain.

General business included notice that the police are trying to contact a group of bushwalkers who were in Bungonia Gorge a couple of weeks prior and who saw men in overalls with insignias, bearing guns and accompanied by a dog.. Apparently the incident was reported in a local Goulburn newspaper. Bill Burke raised the question of what price to charge for single copies of the Sydney Bush Walker magazine. He proposed an increase from 10 cents to 20 cents and this was accepted by the meeting. Gordon Broome reported on progress to date regarding the Snowy Mountains hut project, indicating that some good results have been achieved so far.

After a few Re-union details the meeting closed at 10.01 p.m.

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OBITUARY.

On 14th February, 1975, Sydney Bush Walkers member Alan Hedstrom passed away as the result of a protracted illness. Alan was well known by many Club members who had occasion to share in Club activities with him and he will be sadly missed.

Alan became a member of the Sydney Bush Walkers in August 1965, although he had walked regularly for some years before that, including trips with the Y.M.C.A. Walking Club. Like all bushwalkers Alan dearly loved the bush and the outdoors, and was deeply affected by any wanton destruction of it. Essentially a loner, he undertook many one and two day walks in the Dora Creek and Myall Lakes regions, two of his favourite walking areas. Alan also led Club walks in the Myall Lakes area at the time of the mineral sands mining controversy, thus acquainting members with the circumstances of the case first hand. Such was his concern for the environment.

Not one to be only on the receiving end of Club activities, Alan worked hard to ensure the successful running of the Club. In 1971 he was elected to the position of Honorary Treasurer, a job to which he applied himself energetically in spite of periods of ill health at that time. In 1972 he was re-elected to a further year's term in that position.

As a Club and as individuals we have reason to regret Alan's passing. We can but salute him as conservationist, as lover of the bush, and as one who derived enjoyment from the simple pleasures of walking. And we express our sincerest sympathy to his family on the occasion of their loss.

THE WALLABY'S WALKING STICK.

by Kath McKay.

George Alexander McKay, my Uncle Alec, was a Federal Land Tax Commissioner, and died in Melbourne in 1916.

He and a lot of other well known men, wise (as all walkers are!), formed the Wallaby Club and spent their Saturday afternoons walking and talking and enjoying themselves, when saner (or insaner?) mortals were playing Organised Games. They probably rambled merely in the suburbs of Melbourne, and knew nothing of the wild ways that Bushwalkers pursue, but never mind: the spirit was the same.

Uncle Alec was also born rhyming, and naturally became the Club

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M O U N T A I N

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E Q U I P M E N T

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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 --

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FAIRYDOWN SLEEPING BAGS

HIGH LOAD PACKS (Weight 3 lb.10 oz)

AND ALL THE OTHER THINGS YOU COU LD POSSIBLY NEED

\* \* \* \* \*

poet laureate. He gave me many lovely books which I still treasure, inscribed in his beautiful handwriting. A nice soul. Among other words chiselled on his tombstone were: "The world was his garden, humanity his friend."

Appended is "The Wallaby's Walking Stick" which I like - and I'm sure his club mates did too. I don't know the reference to a waddy and a matrimonial chase, but perhaps other S.B.W.s do.

THE WALLABY'S WALKING STICK.

Ye gentlemen of the road I sing  
The song of the staff you bear,  
A sceptre fit for a Gypsy King,  
A wand for Titania fair.

To Wallabies facing the outward track  
Or tottering home by the same,  
A stick is a help to a sinew slack  
Or a prop to a portly frame.

'Twas ever thus since the world began  
Ere Babel was built on the plain.  
The hoariest history written by man  
Refers to a brand of Cane.

When Children of Israel carried a hod  
And dined upon Passover cakes,  
The brother of Moses threw down his rod  
And Pharoah at once saw snakes.

A waddy was once of material aid  
In a matrimonial chase,  
And better than many a martial blade  
For spoiling a rival's face.

And even now you must give good heed  
That your cudgel is fashioned aright,  
For everyone knows who has leisure to read  
That a Falsestaff's no good in a fight.

So on to the end when the very last drink  
Is served at the very last pub,  
The very last man at Oblivion's brink  
Will boast of his WALLABY CLUB.

by G.A. McKay.

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THE 1975 S.B.W. RE-UNION.

by Neville Page.

By virtue of long held tradition, the April issue of this magazine always includes an account of the Annual Re-union just past; of the people, the activities, the campfire, the damper competition and the general cameraderie of the event. I am going to depart slightly from tradition on this occasion, and propose this question: "What do you think about the concept of a Club Re-union?" Do you think the concept is out of date, does it exclude certain sections of the Club from effectively participating (e.g. prospectives), or is it satisfactory in its present form. All letters received will be published.

It would be nice and easy to sit here and write that the 1975 Sydney Bush Walkers Re-union was a mighty turn, we all had a wonderful time, and although there weren't too many people there, it was probably because of the threatening rain. But that wouldn't be quite true, and if we don't believe what we write is true, it might just as well remain unwritten. I'm sure everyone who was at this Re-union enjoyed themselves, but it didn't quite have the exuberance of past similar events. Maybe it was because "everyone" only added up to about 70 bods in all. This Club of ours has 246 active members, so where was everybody? Which leads one to the question - "Should we continue to hold re-unions?" Has the annual re-union become an anachronism, performed like a ritual from force of habit? For certainly if something is totally irrelevant to the times, and is perpetuated purely out of reverence for the past, it should be done away with.

Is this the case with our Club Re-union? Upon reflection I think not. The cameraderie amongst bushwalkers is something unique, and there is nothing a bushwalker likes more than to have a long chat about walks past, present and future, preferably around a campfire and interspersed with a few good old campfire songs. So what is the problem? It's a truism to say we get what we deserve; that the effort expended will be repaid in full - but not more. If we believe in the concept of a Club Re-union, let's be a bit more enthusiastic about it, as far as effort, preparation, and forethought are concerned, and from the Club as a whole rather than the overworked few. Let's make certain we deserve what we get.

Saturday, 15th March, 1975 did indeed turn on a threatening face from a weather point of view, and in fact in the afternoon we were confronted by a wild and windy rain storm. But that passed quickly to be replaced by a clear evening and the rain stayed away.

Most of the S.B.W.s camped on the upstream end of the Wood's Creek area, and it says something about the number attending that we shared the site with the University of N.S.W. Bushwalking Club who were also having their annual re-union and no one got in each other's way. A rough count at the campfire was 70 people, and there's no doubt the participants enjoyed their singing even if there wasn't any campfire leader. Never let it be said you can keep down a good Bushwalkers' singsong. The singing moved from one song to the next using the song sheet provided. Jim Brown did a magnificent job of demonstrating to all (with the help of some poor

unsuspecting volunteers) how one sets about making a damper. "Knead with the hands" seems to have been the underlying message and secret of success. There would be an opportunity next day to test the theory out. Then we had some of those brilliant songs out of the past, rendered by Jim Brown, Don Matthews, Geoff Wagg and Colin Putt. Oh, what wonderful lyrics they were.

Thanks for a magnificent supper idea must go to my co-editor cum Social Secretary, Spiro Ketas. In place of the usual kerosene-tin-brewed coffee or cocoa plus biscuits, we had kerosene-tin-brewed coffee or cocoa plus sausages. And what fantastic sausages they were. Three hundred sausages consumed by 70 bods is not too bad an average. The usual chin-wagging continued after the official part of the campfire; and oh, let's not forget the investiture ceremony at which Barry Wallace was invested with the badges of office, the carved bone emblems. Yakking went on until late in the night; memories, reminiscences, plans, and eventually everyone drifted off to their tents as the embers burned low.

The next day's activities consisted of the usual Re-union type things: mainly swimming in the Grose River, and for this purpose the weather was perfect. The sun shone down to warm the body and soul and children and adults alike romped in the water and generally enjoyed themselves. A bottle of whisky was being raffled off to help provide funds for Coolana, and this was won by Kath McInnes. Following this event came the ever-popular damper competition; judged with Solomon-like wisdom on this occasion by Colin Putt. There they were, lined up together: golden browns, not so golden browns, paler and darker, some quite ashen (that one of Bill Burke looks positively petrified). And was it Heather Williams who mixed hers up with beer? Big ones, small ones, and medium. The venerable judge gave a fair assessment of each one, using as tools of trade a huge steel skewer and sandstone saw, although one must admit he favoured the larger specimens. The outcome was a win for Spiro; for the second year in a row no less. All who tasted the offerings would have to agree that he did indeed have a winner.

It was fun, that weekend, and those who weren't there missed something, but why can't we organize our Re-unions to attract many, many more people. I guarantee that with proper publicity, organization and encouragement we could increase that attendance of 70 to 250. How about it then for 1976? I hope you'll take my opening remarks seriously; jot down your thoughts and send them to me.

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MAGAZINE RATES. The Annual General Meeting considered the question of what price should be charged for the Sydney Bushwalker Magazine. The prices set were:-

Individual Copies	20 cents
Yearly Subscription (including postage)	\$2.50

These rates do not apply to Active Members who automatically receive the magazine as part of their subscription. If you're not an Active Member but like to know what's going on in the Club, WE'D LOVE TO HAVE YOU AS A SUBSCRIBER. Send your remittance NOW to the Treasurer.

COOLANA HUT.

At the April General Meeting the Club voted to definitely go ahead with the erection of a shelter hut on our land at Kangaroo Valley.

Now we want everyone with ideas about materials and construction to send them in to the Coolana Management Committee. Already we have some very interesting suggestions. Let your ideas be incorporated in the finished production.

We plan an indoor fireplace and an inbuilt tank and the whole construction must be bush-fire proof and CHEAP.

Other than that let your heads go and let us have your suggestions preferably in writing with sketches if possible.

And don't forget the working bee on 2/3/4 May where we will be preparing the site.

Dot Butler,  
Convenor.

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SOCIAL NOTES FOR MAY.

by Spiro Ketas.

There will be only two social events next month, but the lack of quantity will be replaced by that ever desirable element of quality.

Firstly, on May 21st, a group of members who visited Java and Lombok last year will present their Indonesian Night. This gathering promises to be the climax of their many slide nights before the Club, culminating in an interesting art show and a sumptuous spread of delicious Javanese food.

Secondly, on May 28th, that ubiquitous globe-trotting trio Frank Tacker, Claire Howden and Heather Williams will present their Samoan and Tongan night of slides, etc. The "etc." being the many revelations on social aspects of these warm-hearted people and colourful incidents of their reaction to typical Australian behaviour.

Club Auction, April, 30th. Another reminder to come along to the Club Auction - details last month's magazine.

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CHANGES OF ADDRESS, ETC: The Secretary advises the following changes of address, telephone numbers, etc. Please alter your List of Members accordingly.

Nancy Alderson, Unit 18, Eastwood Gardens, 13 Ethel St., Eastwood. Tel. 858-3317  
Peter and Pat Kaye, 14 Therry Street, Avalon. 2107. Tel. 918-2446  
Christine Kirkby, 6/10 Gaza Road, West Ryde. 2113.  
Brian Willis - correct phone number - 20,333 Ext. 612



- Sunday 18 - A good Wilf Hilder day test walk. Easy going down Bob Turner's track, then several wading crossings of the Colo are necessary. Untracked but reasonably clear with good views up to Mt. Townsend.
- 23,24,25 - A good solid trip to keep you in trim with plenty of famous Kowmung scenery is David Rostron's recipe for this weekend. From Kanangra David intends to go over the top of Cabbage Spire down to the Kowmung, then past the now safe Church Creek Caves, up to Chiddy's Obelisk, then to Tonalli. The return route to Kanangra is not specified but I suspect it will be via Mt. Feld, crossing the Kowmung below Bulga Denis, then up to Gingra Range and track.
- 23,24,25 - We hope that access is arranged through Wog Wog Station in time for Frank Taeker to put on the classic Budawang walk following the escarpment from Torang to Mt. Owen and Monolith Valley and return. Frank has requested that starters contact him in the club room if at all possible rather than telephoning him at work.
- Sunday 25 - David Ingram is out pounding the Heathcote Primitive Area from Waterfall down Kingfisher Creek to Heathcote. A much walked area with good reason for that title.
- 30,31 May, - Laurie Quaken is off on a grouse Grose trip from Mt. Victoria  
1st June trampling the track (one slippery washed out section) to Blue Gum Forest, then up Lockley's Pylon to Leura. Spectacular cliff scenery.
- 31 May, - Ray Hookway is doing two day walks in the Barren Ground primitive  
1st June area vicinity with the overnight camp by the cars. This is a rare opportunity to visit the Barren Grounds as entry to the area is now strictly controlled.
- June 1 - A delightful walk in the western Royal National Park. Meryl  
Sunday Watman is your leader on this walk from Waterfall to Engadine by way of the Uloola Track.

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# Brief Notes - Federation of Bushwalking Clubs - Meeting held 18/3/75.

A new map drawn of Kosciusko National Park. Letter returned correcting data on map, and suggesting they increase the scale (map suitable for car tourists only). - - - The Federation requires an Auditor for this year only. - - - The Federation Ball will be held on 19th September at the Petersham Town Hall. - - - A letter sent to new owner of Wog Wog Station to try to settle the matter regarding access to the Budawangs. - - - Letters sent to all necessary Govt. Depts. regarding pollution from treatment works at Wentworth Creek which flows into Jamieson Valley. - - - Requests for all clubs to give a monthly walks report on walks in the Boyd Plateau Area. - - - Provisional Federation policy on camping and access in National Parks sent to clubs for endorsement. - - - A new type of plastic paper for Visitors Books in National Parks.

WALKS SECRETARY'S NOTES FOR MAY, '75.

by Bob Hodgson.

Well! I'm back on the job again so this month you're going to have to go on the walks to find out all about them. Many thanks to Frank Taeker who filled in for me last month.

- 2,3,4 May - John Broome heads the list for this month with a very interesting but quite strenuous little walk out along the Colboyd Range, scrambling down to Christy's Creek, then up to Barrallier's Crown. Much scenery of rugged splendour.
- 2,3,4 - Your help will be appreciated at this working bee which is a preliminary to the building of a new hut on our Kangaroo Valley property to replace the one which was burnt. For details contact Dot Butler at 48-2208.
- 2,3,4 - John Campbell heads this Kanangra Grand Gorge abseiling trip, on a test of nerves for himself, as this is the area where he put himself out of action for a long time after a nasty fall. No swimming involved but lots of exciting rope work in the most rugged area of the Kanangra-Boyd.
- Sunday 4 - For the more sedate a pleasant Sunday stroll by the mangroves of Cowan Creek to Bobbin Head and return to the Sphinx by the old road with Gladys Roberts.
- 9,10,11 - Hans Beck is your leader on this expedition to the very heart of the Blue Mountains - Mt. Solitary. Fabulous views from Narrow Neck, then down into the green of Cedar Creek, then a return by way of the Ruined Castle.
- 9,10,11 - An epic car swap trip traversing the mysterious unknown Colo River. Not many walks go to this area because of the extremely rugged terrain, so Helen Gray and yours truly have researched a not too difficult route.
- Sunday 11 - A day test walk in the Heathcote Park with Bill Hall as your guide - sounds idyllic, doesn't it? Engadine to Waterfall via Scouters Mountain and Lake Eckersley, an area that Bill knows better than the back of his hand.
- 16,17,18 - Tony Denham is off to the Budawangs, that area of fascinating rock formations, for what should be a really excellent test walk. Tony plans to visit such places as Hidden Valley and Sluice Box Falls and Newhaven Gap.
- 17,18 - Peter Scandrett is leading one of his overnight day walks combined with the C.M.W. After an overnight camp at Malcolm's Farm there will be a day walk out to the scenic panorama of Bonum Pic. Come and meet some new faces.