

The Sydney Bushwalker

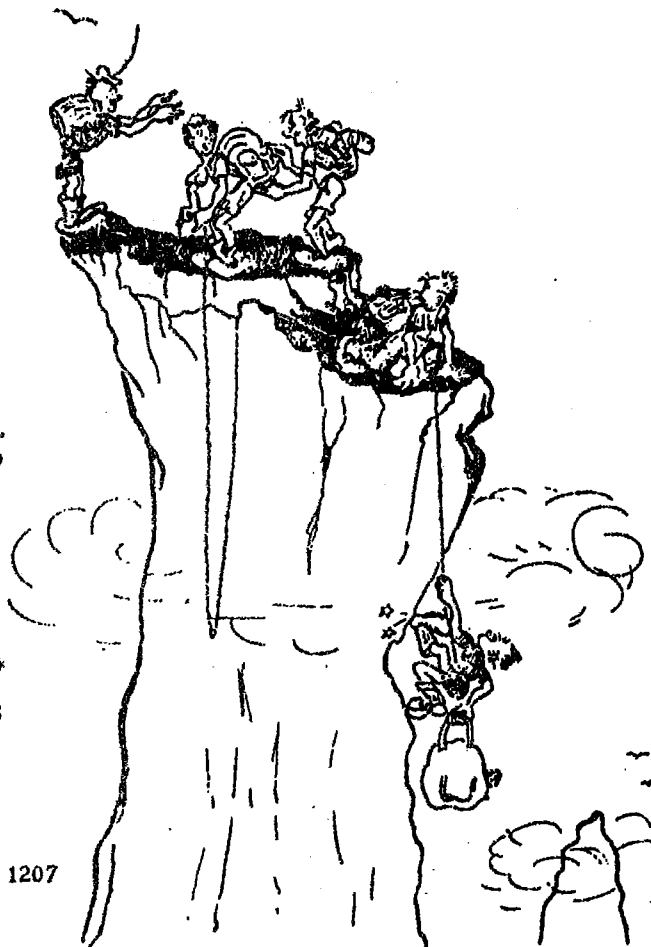
A MONTHLY BULLETIN OF MATTERS OF INTEREST
TO THE SYDNEY BUSH WALKERS, BOX 4476, G.P.O.
SYDNEY, N.S.W. 2001. CLUB MEETINGS ARE HELD
EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING FROM 7.30 P.M.
THE WIRELESS INSTITUTE BUILDING, 14 ATCHISON
STREET, ST. LEONARDS. ENQUIRIES CONCERNING
THE CLUB SHOULD BE REFERRED TO MRS. MARCIA
SHAPPERT - TELEPHONE 30,2028.

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CARLINGFORD. TEL 871.1207

TYPIST: KATH BROWN DUPLICATION: FRANK
TAEKER.



Drawing by Dot Butler, The Bushwalker 1937.

JULY, 1975.

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EDITORIAL.

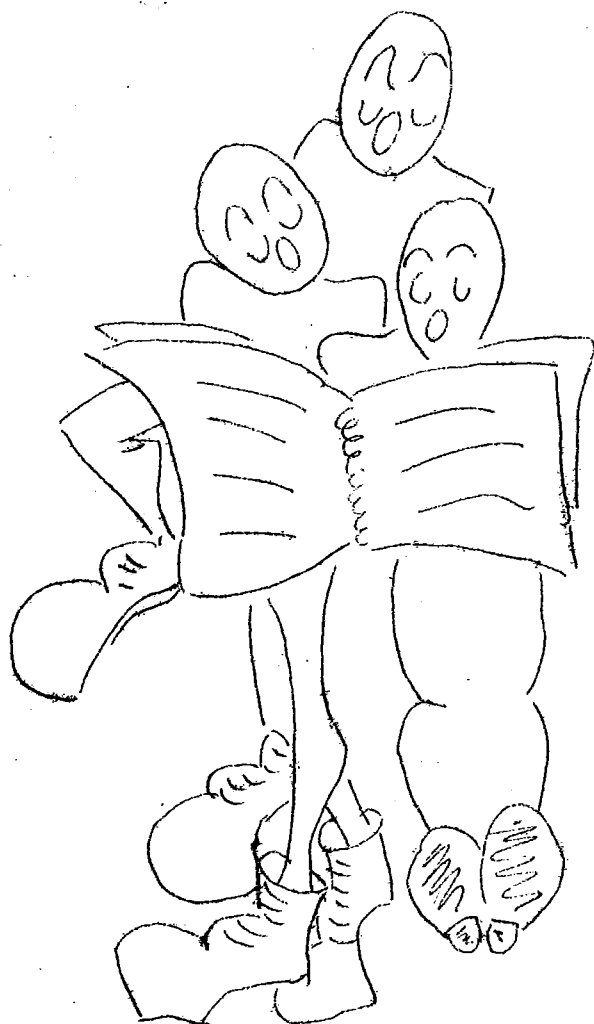
Campfire singing is something which goes through phases. For a while everyone's doing it and no walk is complete without the traditional sing-song round the glowing embers; then it relapses and just when everyone thinks it has died its last a new surge of interest arises as mouth organs and vocal chords are oiled up. No; to be sure, campfire singing certainly isn't dead.

In the past this Club and other groups have published song books of their own; some good, some not so good. Unfortunately the Sydney

Bush Walker songbooks are now rare collectors' items which remain hidden away by those lucky enough to be their proud owners. Such is the worth of these priceless objects. Especially valued are those containing the works of our very own Club members - products of the so-called "Chronic Operas".

Is now the time, therefore, for the Sydney Bush Walkers to look once again at publishing a songbook; primarily to provide a common medium for campfire singing whereby everyone has the same words to the same songs, but also to preserve some of our special Club songs? Some members obviously think it is.

Some little while ago quite an amount of preparatory work was carried out by a number of walkers, amongst them Ross and Margriet Wyborn, Donny Finch and Frank Rigby, towards bringing out a new S.B.W. songbook. But the dispersal of the people involved to



various parts of the world caused the project to be temporarily suspended. The preparatory work having already been done means that a good basis exists upon which to build.

But why a songbook of our own when there are so many alternatives around? A good question and perhaps if the work and effort involved is considered too great we could locate a suitable songbook and make it available to our members and at least establish some commonality which doesn't exist at present. One can think of three reasons why this is not the optimum solution:

Firstly, our requirement is, above all, a songbook for walkers (as against university students, or beer drinkers, or folk singers).

Secondly, many of the excellent songbooks which have been published (e.g. Sydney University songbook, the Walkers' songbook, Combined Universities songbook) are now out of print or unavailable in the quantity we would require.

Thirdly, and by no means least importantly, this Club as already mentioned can lay claim to a priceless treasury of songs we can truly call our own, the work of such masters as Jim Brown, Don Matthews, Geoff Wagg, Malcolm McGregor et al.

So let's give the matter some thought, and may the gentle strains of "Troggy Troggy Crew" be heard wafting through the trees for many years to come.

* * * * *

FEDERATION NOTES.

by Jim Vatiliotis.

The Annual General Meeting of the Federation of Bushwalking Clubs will be held on Tuesday, 15th July. The president, secretary, treasurer and minute secretary are not standing for re-election. The outgoing office bearers made a strong plea for clubs and individual members to support Federation.

A Search and Rescue practice week-end will be held on 18/19/20th July at the Boyd River crossing on the Kanangra Road.

Federation Ball - Friday, 19th September at Petersham Town Hall.

The Mt. Druitt Bushwalking Club and the Narrabri Bushwalking Club have been accepted as affiliated clubs.

Budawangs - Wog Wog. The Federation, the National Parks Association and the National Parks and Wildlife Service are still investigating the question of legal access.

OF BUSH NAVIGATION.

by Jim Brown.

It was on Peter Scandrett's day walk to Lockleys Pylon and Blue Gum, and about 10.15 in the forenoon on Sunday. We set our packs down in the lee of Lockleys, and Peter produced and spread the Katoomba and Mt. Wilson maps. Barry Wallace took up position beside the leader and they summoned the prospectives to have a look-see. I had been at the tail of the party, pretending to be whipper-in, but actually because, after two months with a heavy cold, my wind was not what it ought to be. I decided I wasn't necessarily invited, settled down with my head against my pack, and enjoyed the benison of the winter sun.

I could hear Barry saying very earnestly:

"It's no good going on unless you know where you are. You should always know where you start from, and keep a close watch on where you are all the time....."

Yes, I thought, very, very true. In fact a fundamental in bush navigation. I wish I could say I'd always followed that rule. If I had, I would have had it easier sometimes.....

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I would have had it easier sometimes. Like that time in 1959 at Wog Wog Creek. Now that was an outstanding silly ass exploit! First time in the country, too. Not as if I knew it backwards. Oh, no, but still I blundered on - - - how long? - - - two hours or more - - - and finished up miles off course.

... You must remember that there were no detail maps of the country then. I had a rough sketch by Alex Colley of the country around Mt. Owen and the Castle, and I reckoned it would be pretty simple to get there from Corang trig. So I left the car at Wog Wog Creek crossing on the Mongarlowe Road about 10.30 a.m., and started off in an easterly direction. The creek bed proved to be thickly grown with ti-tree, so I soon took to the clear slopes above, still following the general line of the creek. I couldn't get into any trouble if I continued towards the head of the creek, could I? No, of course I couldn't, although it was heavily overcast and there was no sign of the sun which should be shining on my left cheek at that hour.

I had probably not been half an hour on the way when I came to a fair sized creek coming in from the left (north). The sides were (dense with thick ti-tree, so I outflanked it by turning left and swinging back to the right (south) after crossing the gully. No point in painstakingly going right back to the main creek, so long as I headed generally south-east across the open ridge.

During the next hour or so I crossed a couple more side streams, and each time, after swinging north around the densely grown stream beds,

I always carefully turned back to the south-east. Except, of course, I never checked with my compass, nor had a sight of the sun in that solid cloud bank. Still, I couldn't go far wrong while I kept on bearing east - or south-east after heading the side creeks.

Naturally, the side creeks became steeper and it was more attractive to stick to the ridge. This went on rising until about 1.0 p.m. I emerged on a high, dry crown of fretted rock and pebbles of quartz. Well, there was Corang Trig - a good three miles off to the south-east, with a couple of deep hollows in between. The spur I was on led on somewhere between north-east and north. What with a lunch stop, it was close to 4.0 o'clock when I finally scrambled up to Corang peak, having covered about 5 miles along my line of travel in $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and having walked about $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles to do it, as far as I could estimate. - - -

.

The light was blue along the Grose Valley and the Mt. Hay walls were gold. Barry was saying:

"And it's easy to go wandering along in the wrong direction if you don't check how you're going....."

Prising myself up off my pack I contributed, "On a cloudy day it's just too easy. Done it myself several times. Silly, but"

Barry rejoined "Or in mist, especially in country where there aren't many landmarks."

In mist! "Wandering round in mist and fog." Yes, it's easy in mist.

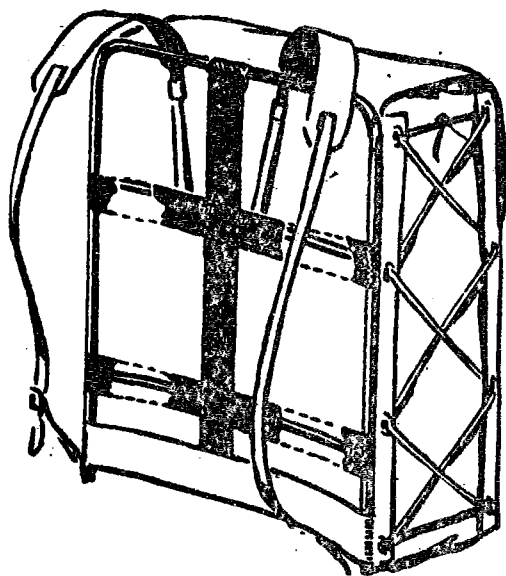
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Gadara Point, looking out towards Mount Talaterang on a showery closed-in afternoon in March 1962. Of course Talaterang wasn't in sight: seeing visibility was about 100 yards it scarcely could be. Gadara Point - surely named after the place where the biblical Gaderene swine jumped over the cliff (I think). Anyway, I went on strike. Although it wasn't much after 4.30 p.m. I resolved I wouldn't go down into that bushy saddle and head towards Talaterang unless there were a prospect of seeing something. I put up my new tan tent, finding odd places between rocks where I could plant the pegs, had something to eat between showers, and crept into my sleeping bag before sundown - that is, if there had been any sun to go down.

Rather a miserable night. Whenever I flashed my torch outside the mist was blowing past slowly. It rained from time to time. Once I found plump orange-coloured ants had invaded my pack, pursuing grains of sugar: at least, they didn't bite. The fog surged wetly past, and mercifully it didn't blow hard, considering how precarious my tent pegs were. Towards morning I slept fitfully and woke to a gentle golden light.

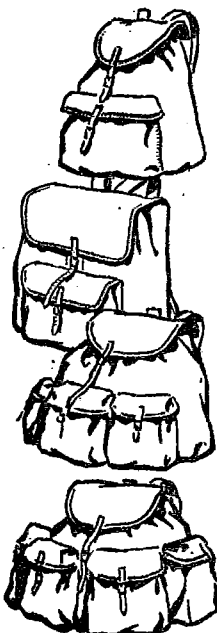
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This 'shaped' rucksack is excellent for children. Use-full day pack. Weight 14ozs.

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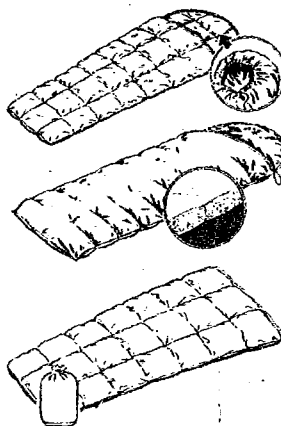
A single pocket, shaped rucksack. Suitable for over-night camping. Weight 1½lbs.

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



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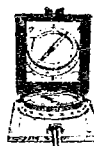
Hooded bag. Extra well filled. Very compact. Approx 3½lbs.

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Paddy Pallen

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A miracle, I said to myself. It's clear, it's sunny. I will go on to Talaterang after all. I will see something. I poked my head out of the tent - that nice new golden tan tent. The mist swept past silently. A tree 50 yards away was just a grey ghost in the early light.

It took all day to make my way back to the Sassafras - Nerriga road. Mostly it rained. Always it was misty. My path was generally north, but the ridge twisted around a good deal. So progress consisted of a long leg nearly north until I came to a cliff overlooking the Clyde valley. Then I'd veer something east of north until I came to another cliff - this time looking out into the slightly heavier cloud towards the sea. Back to the north-west to the Clyde rim; then north-east again. No hope of keeping tabs on my progress, but at least there were ravines both east and west, and so long as I kept bouncing off one and then the other I must go north ultimately, unless I turned right around.

Of course the mist lifted half an hour before I got back to the Nerriga road. Oh, it's so easy to go astray in mist and rain, and precious little you can do about it as a rule.....

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The leader was picking up his pack. The Grose valley was blue and the cliffs gold. The track was at our feet. No navigation troubles today.

TASMANIAN BUSHWALKING TOUR.

Who's for TASMANIA? Leaving Sydney 2nd February 1976 and Melbourne 4th February 1976. Travel by car convoy for a minimum of three weeks, with open return tickets on the "Empress of Australia".

Main feature: the famous Cradle Mountain - Lake St. Clair National Park. Fourteen days round trip with one supply pick-up.

Booking deposit of \$16.50 required by August 10th 1975. Cost per car \$73.60 return (i.e. provided your car is under 6 ft.6 ins.tall). Deposit is refundable within six weeks of sailing.

Contact the leader, Victor Lewin for details. His home phone number is 50-4096.

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Alteration to Walks Programme.

Alpine Ski-ing Instructional - postponed to 1st/3rd August.

LEADER: Jim Vatiliotis - business telephone 211-1555 Ext.33.

INDIA.

Sick of hearing about Bali and Indonesia all the time? Well, you're not the only one of course, but it must have been a good trip because those who went still haven't stopped yapping about it after seven months. That must be some sort of record surely. One way of getting over the problem of course is to become one of the bores yourself. **AND HERE'S THE BIG CHANCE.** Grand plans are being laid for a fantastic holiday this coming December and January. Where? **TO INDIA OF COURSE!** Want to know more? Contact Marcia Shappert (home telephone 30-2028) for details. And you too can become one of the crushing bores.

CHRONIC OPERA REVISITED.

Most of the Club's crazy songs were put together by some crazy crazy, although vaguely brilliant (in their own minds at least) people. Originally presented as entire operas they described Club events at various stages of its history. These were the Chronic Operas. Some of the events are now famous, like the nude bathing episode at North Era beach, whilst others are but vague, near-forgotten memories. Some of the songs have aged well, and I thought it worthwhile this month to give you a sampling. If you like them we can print some more (we have a large cask of them here).

N. Page - Co-editor.

WHO'D BE A WALKER?

Written by Don Matthews.

Who'd be a walker scrambling for a train,
Wandering round in mist and fog and sleeping in the rain,
Pushing through the undergrowth and prickly lawyer vine,
Or climbing up a mountain range and crossing peaks alpine?

Chorus: Who'd be a walker, who, who, who,
Would want to lead a simple life
And feed on curried stew,
Endure harsh privations for a lousy mountain view,
Eating plates of nothing but goo, goo, goo.

Who'd be a walker in a shady glen,
Climbing up the steepest cliffs then climbing down again,
Getting stung by nettles and tripping over rocks,
Putting up with blistered heels and frequent nervous shocks?

I'd be a walker in the spring,
Swimming when it's warm enough and having one last fling,
Chasing after lady walkers, having lots of fun,
Lazing quite contented on the grass in the sun.

DON'T LET THEM CATCH YOU BARE.

Words: Don Matthews
Tune: Teddy Bears' Picnic

If you go swimming on Era's sands, you'd better go in disguise.
There's bobbies there with telescopes and frightfully powerful eyes.
They're specially trained for crawling on sand
And spying on people who dress in what's banned -
If you don't look out, they'll catch you red hand -
I warn you!

Chorus: So don't let them catch you bare.
Remember if you do the penalty is severe.
Bobbies looking at you through telescopes
Lurking on your lair,
So-o-o don't let them catch you bare.

It's not so very long ago, in terms of years, not days,
That two of our most respected ones the penalty had to pay
For lying there in a natural state,
Absorbing the sun, unaware of their fate,
When up crept the bobbies - Escape? - No, too late -
I warn you!

They hauled them up before the court and charged them with vice.
The judge opined that nude sunbathing was not exactly nice.
But on the quiet, just entre nous,
He whispered softly, "I do it too",
"But don't tell the policeman lest trouble ensue",
I warn you!

LET SLEEPING BAGS LIE.

Words: Jim Brown
Tune: "This Nearly was Mine"
from South Pacific.

Let sleeping bags lie,
Be gentle in treating them,
Don't ever try beating them,
Let sleeping bags lie.

Should you abuse a bag
Feathers are bound to fly.
Ill-treated bags apply - the cold shoulder.

Let sleeping bags lie,
Don't injure them wilfully,
Deal with them so skilfully,
Let sleeping bags lie.

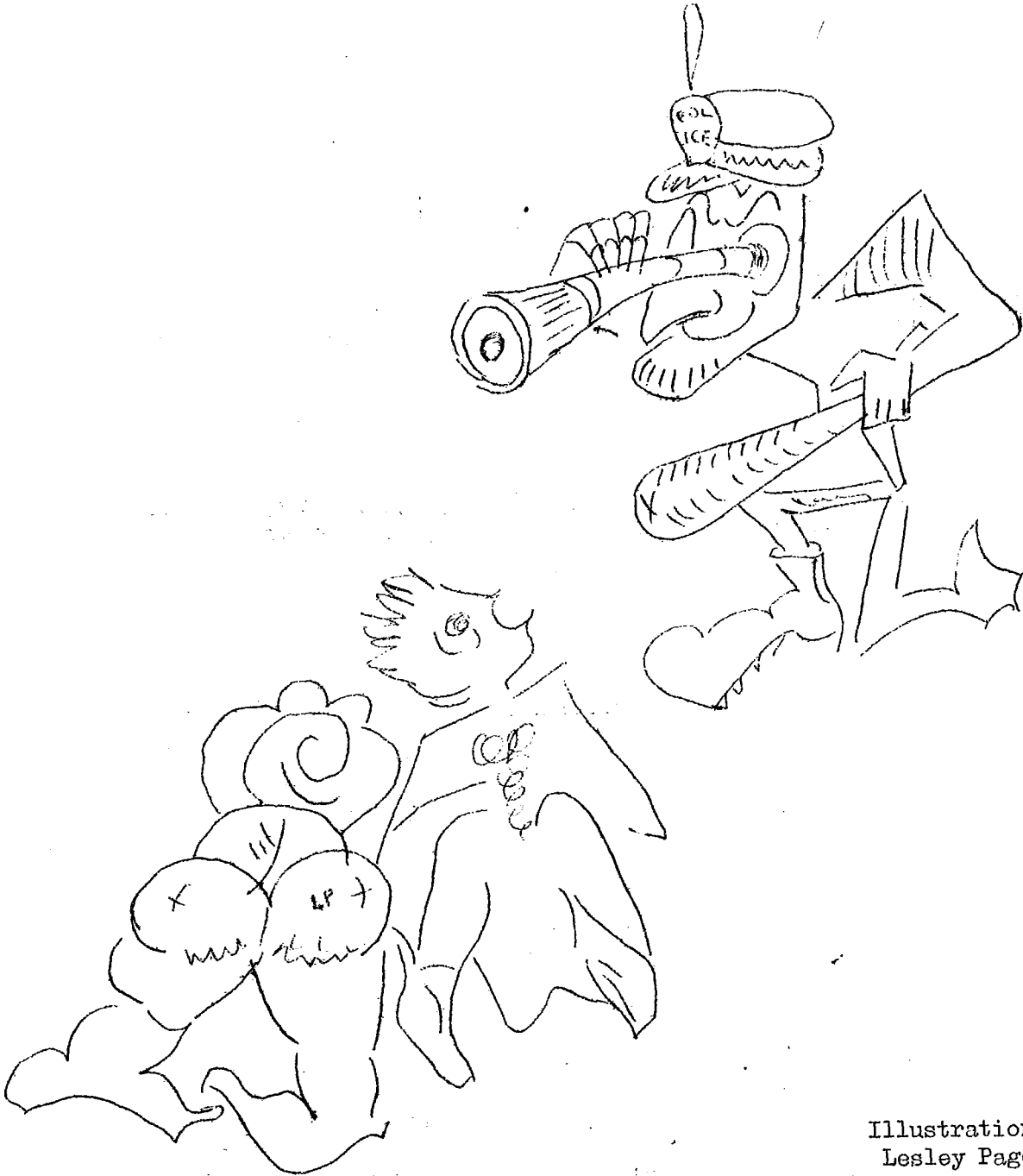


Illustration -
Lesley Page.

So don't let them catch you bare,
Remember if you do the penalty is severe,
Bobbies looking at you through telescopes
Lurking on your lair,
So-o-o don't let them catch you bare.

M O U N T A I N

E Q U I P M E N T

IF YOU ARE -

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BUYING OR HIRING

HIRING OR BUYING
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GEAR FOR -

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* * * * *

TROGGY TROGGY CREW.

Words: Jim Brown
Tune: Foggy Foggy Dew

Once I was a walker and I lived up above,
I revelled in the sun and shade,
And my step was light and my stride was strong,
Till I fell for a fair young maid.
 I wooed her on the Gangerang,
 And at Kanangaroo.
 Then caving she went and I had to tag along
 Just to keep her from that troggy troggy crew.

She joined up with a crowd of human moles,
Who talked in a jargon strange,
Who wriggled round about in bat-infested holes,
And she soon began to change.
 She loved the squeeze hole's chill embrace,
 Ah me, what could I do?
 So I bought me this lamp and boiler suit,
 Just to keep her from that troggy troggy crew.

SQUEEZE HOLE SONG.

Words: Geoff Wagg
Tune: Keep Right on to the End of the Road.

When a bod's stuck right in a squeeze hole tight,
Or trapped in a sharp S bend,
Make no comment bright on his end in sight,
Though all that's in sight is his end.
For if the mind should panic the body may swell
And trapped for good he may be.
So spray his toes with the garden hose
And treat him with cups of tea - of tea - of tea,
And treat him with cups of tea.

But if this won't work, shun the short sharp jerk,
For a tug may well dislodge
A ton of dirt, or his shorts and shirt,
So you see it's a dangerous dodge.
Take a rope around some convenient part
If you want your friend to live,
Get three men on the rope, grease him up with soap,
And something has got to give - to give - to give - - -

If he's still stuck fast there is just one last
Resort that you yet may try.
For the die is cast and all caution past
It's a case of do - or die.
Take an oxy blow-torch or some other flame
That burns with an intense heat,
And with action sly this flame apply
To the poor trapped victim's seat - his seat - his seat - - -

DON'T BE CAUGHT OUT IN THE COLD!

With acknowledgement to the National Mountain Safety Council Inc.
New Zealand.

(The following article appeared in the September 1972 issue of this magazine. In view of the number of ski touring trips being undertaken by club members and others at the present time, we thought it worth while to repeat the article. Very little is known and written on the subject of exposure, but this is something that can happen to anyone in certain circumstances, and it should be guarded against.)

Recent tragedies in the challenging outdoors seem to indicate a general lack of respect for the dangers in the cold environment. Awareness of the hazards is the first step in preventing tragedy, so we have printed the following to ensure that you are equipped with this knowledge.

Death by Exposure is not an Accident.

Definition: Hypothermia, or what is commonly called exposure, occurs when the body temperature drops below normal.

Cause: The cause is simply a drop in body temperature through wearing clothing inadequate for wet, cold and windy conditions. Exhaustion and hunger contribute to it.

Danger Signs: Hypothermia is not easy to recognise. The victim is exhausted, lags behind, stumbles, is reluctant to carry on and is not "with it" mentally. He may be difficult to reason with.

Treatment: Shelter from the wind immediately. Drop off a ridge to the lee side and look for shelter in tussock, scrub, bush or behind rocks. Put on extra clothing, give him something to eat and drink, and assess the situation carefully. Recovery can be swift, but if it has not occurred within 15 minutes or if the victim has collapsed, he will be past warming himself; you must do it for him. You must treat him on the spot; he may collapse and die if you attempt to assist him to the shelter of a hut. If practicable, change him into dry woollen clothing. Put him in a sleeping bag and have two fit people, both in their sleeping bags, lie close alongside him. This is the only safe method.

Excessive external heat such as a fire can kill him. Alcohol must not be given. In any case, your patient should not be moved (especially by his own efforts) until he is fully recovered or until you get medical advice. Meanwhile watch the rest of the party. Make camp immediately where you can get the most shelter.

These Simple Rules can Save Your Life.....

1. What ever the length of the trip, prepare for it carefully. Do

listen and take heed of the weather forecasts. Take a parka on every trip into the hills - even for a day or half-day walk.

2. For excursions on the open tops, add long trousers, gloves and a balaclava to your "Must Pack" list. Wear woollen clothing; wet wool is warmer than wet cotton.

3. Have a good meal before setting out and frequent snacks during the day.

4. Plan your day so as to reach your destination with time to spare before nightfall. If the weather deteriorates, turn back, or take a safe alternative route which will provide the all important shelter.

5. Remember there is always a chance of having to spend the night in the open, and then a sleeping bag cover, a survival sheet, or plastic tube can save your life.

6. For safety, four is the minimum number for a party. Remember, one man cannot recognise hypothermia in himself. A two man party is too weak to help itself in a dangerous situation. If four are in the party, one can stay with a sick man while two go for help. Never travel alone.

Beware of the Evil Combination of Wet, Wind and Cold.

At 50°F, a wind of 30 m.p.h. produces the same heat loss from unprotected skin as would be lost in windless conditions at 28°F. Wet skin loses heat 20 times faster than dry. Damp, windy conditions when temperatures are around 40°F. are the most dangerous.

SOCIAL NOTES.

by Spiro Ketas.

On August 20th the club will hold its members' slide night. Bring along those slides you've had and have not screened before your friends up to now, any number within reason.

By popular demand the Bulgarian Dancers will return on the 27th August. Last year their performance was enthusiastically received. If you missed them last year don't miss them this year. It promises to be a good night.

* * * * *

CHEAP SANDSHOES.

New first quality Volley O.C. tennis shoes can be purchased for \$4.80 a pair and Internationals at \$6.40 per pair. Place your order with Spiro Ketas.

THE JUNE GENERAL MEETING.

by Jim Brown.

Wednesday 11th June, the night of the General Meeting, was also the last night of 1975's Indian Summer: next day came the blizzard which caused quite a few people to amend their plans for the Holiday Weekend. However, **the Wednesday** night was not unpleasant, and about 35 people were present at the start of affairs to see new members Nancy and Lee Squires welcomed, while Linda Robbins, the third admission for the month, was not present..

No business arose from May's minutes, and Correspondence was mainly a collection of magazines and bulletins. On this subject, the Archivist, Phil Butt, had asked how long we wished the journals of other Clubs and like publications to be held: the Committee had suggested three years and also proposed that one copy of the S.B.W. magazine should suffice. The General Meeting concurred, with one mischievous dissentient in Owen Marks who wished all documents to be preserved "in perpetuity". One of the recent bulletins was the Kosciusko Huts Committee's Annual Report containing appreciative comment on the work by a Club team on the restoration of Spencers' Creek Hut.

The Treasurer reported funds standing at \$1788 at the end of May. Federation Report indicated no reply was yet available to representations for access to the Budawangs via Wog Wog; appreciation was expressed for the many years of service given by one of the Vice Presidents who was retiring - not named but accepted to be Ninian Melville - and Federation Council was promoting the proposal that the Yerranderie area be created as a National Park.

Bob Hodgson now presented the May/June walks report, opening on the weekend 16-18 May. Tony Denham's Budawangs jaunt had fallen through for want of personnel, while Peter Scandrett took 11 people to Bonnum Pic on a day walk (it was intended as a joint walk with C.M.W., but in fact was mainly a S.B.W. function). Of Wilf Hilder's Colo day walk there was some information that it was held, but no details were available. On the following weekend the Kanangra-Tonalli Mt. trip set down for David Rostron was undertaken with a substitute leader, by a slightly different route, and this was also the occasion of Frank Taeker's Budawangs walk, for which a special dispensation had been obtained to cross the Wog Wog property. Frank told us he was informed no further permits would be granted and the occupants of the property claimed their attitude was based on instances of vandalism. Some other stockmen met out near Corang Peak were burning off the swamps to get rid of "prickly pear" (? hakea) and said they were not impressed with the new management of Wog Wog. In discussion on access it was mentioned there is a surveyed road line across the property, and a court case is pending in which member Paul Sharp is charged with trespass and has brought a counter action of assault.

On May 25 David Ingram's walk over Mt. Westmacott went as planned, and on the next weekend Laurie Quaken had a small group (3) out over

Lockley's Pylon to Blue Gum and Mt. Victoria, reversing the advertised route of the trip. Laurie replied, no, they didn't walk backwards. Ray Hookway said he was fundamentally against base camp trips, but found the jaunt to Woodhill Gap pleasant enough, despite foggy conditions in the gap where the mists of Kangaroo Valley pour over towards the coast. Eighteen people went on Meryl Watman's day walk along the Uloola trail and up to Engadine under cool, cloudy skies.

The last weekend reported covered Bob Younger's trip to Splendour Rock, with six in attendance; it went as programmed and Ron Knightley, reporting the walk, said "it was hell in new boots". Joe Marton headed toward Mt. Solitary with a party which fluctuated in strength from 17 to 15 to 20. A rolling boulder on Ruined Castle almost depleted the party further at one stage. Finally, Tony Denham had 13, reducing to 11, on his Frew's Creek day walk, when two very inexperienced starters were escorted back to civilisation shortly after setting out.

Now General Business, and first a proposition from Peter Scandrett that the Club obtain a stock of car stickers to indicate the owner was of S.B.W. origin. There were points for - it would assure many property owners of the good repute of the travellers: and against - it advertised the vehicle was likely to be unattended for up to 48 hours. Finally we decided against the idea.

The big business of the night was the decision on hut building at Coolana, but first it was advised that the owner of the riding school at Lazy Acres was now concentrating on smaller children who would not be leaving his property; hence the need for a legal agreement over risk in riding over our land was diminished and the matter was being left in abeyance.

Dot Butler reported the meeting of the Coolana Committee had recommended a hut approximately 24 ft x 20 ft, with iron roofing, three enclosed sides and a fireplace, and that an amount of \$700 be made available for purchase of materials; with George Gray as construction engineer. She added that it may be possible to obtain the materials at a cheaper rate, some items having been donated already. After questions by Peter Miller and Gordon Broome, George Gray outlined the proposed method of construction, using pipe uprights, timber trusses and purlins, iron roof. The walls of iron would be set in under the eaves, and if a pebble masonry wall became practicable later, they could be removed.

Kath Brown voiced doubt as to the need for a hut at all, asking whether the whole concept was not somewhat opposed to our broad principles on buildings in reserves and bush parks: she agreed that in high country huts were necessary, but questioned whether the hut at Coolana would mostly dominate the good camp sites that would remain after flooding of the flats. At most a cooking place and water supply should suffice. Neville Page favoured the hut proposal, pointing to the thought, work and enthusiasm of the Management Committee as deserving of support. He mentioned that the \$700 to be paid by the Water Board as compensation

for the river banks to be inundated would recoup the cost.

The Treasurer was invited to comment and agreed that, if we did not receive the Water Board's payment for some time, funds could be at a low level towards the end of the Club year. However, he believed we could cover the expenditure and the position would be restored with the input of \$700 from the Board. While voicing his support for a hut, Peter Miller suggested it should contain two fireplaces, and that the Shoalhaven Shire Council's agreement should be obtained before commencing buying or building. This was embodied in an amendment by Frank Roberts which was accepted by the mover and seconder, and was later carried.

Gordon Broome suggested the advance of funds should be progressive, as he had in mind that some materials could, with a little delay and enquiry, be obtained either gratis or at a very low price, but another amendment which sought to defer the appropriation of funds for 2 months was lost. In the discussion it was mentioned it was hoped to be able to procure a water tank from a property across the river at a very low price. In relation to the settlement by the Water Board, Dot Butler said the Quakers in the adjoining blocks had already received compensation for the river bank flooding, and it was really only a question of our applying for the agreed sum. The motion, as amended, went to the vote and was carried.

By now it was approaching 10.0 p.m. and there was time only for a mention of the possible availability of cheaper Volley sandshoes (see June magazine) before we went off the air.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Please note that annual subscriptions for 1975 are due and payable. The Treasurer would therefore like to hear from you soon, if you have not already paid. The rates of subscription as fixed at the Annual General Meeting last March are as follows:-

| | |
|----------------------|-------------|
| 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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COMING WALKS

By Bob Hodgson

- AUGUST 1, 2, 3. SNOW BROWN IS OFF TO WALK AROUND CLOUDMAKER THE HARD WAY, DOWN THE KOWMUNG, UP THE COX'S, UP KANANGRA CREEK THEN CLIMB MOUNT PARALYZER JUST FOR GOOD MEASURE. WHAT A WORKOUT ? BETTER GET IN TRAINING NOW SO THAT YOU MAY JOIN SNOW'S ELITE.
- SUNDAY 3RD. WONDABYNE AND PINDAR CAVE WITH MARGARET REID. THIS IS MARGARET'S FAVOURITE NORTH HAWKSBURY AREA AND YOU WILL UNDERSTAND WHY AFTER TODAY.
- AUGUST 8, 9, 10. THIS WEEKEND IS ALAN PIKE'S TURN TO PROVE HIS PARTY'S FITNESS AND THAT CURRENT S.B.W. WALKERS CAN STILL LIVE UP TO THE STANDARD OF WALKERS OF YESTERYEAR. CONSCIENTIOUS TRAINING AND A DIET OF CARROTS (FOR THE FRIDAY NEW MOONLIGHT WALK) A PREREQUISITE.
- AUGUST 8, 9, 10, FRANK TAEKER IS GOING TO ATTEMPT ANOTHER OF THE CLASSIC WOG WOG/MONOLITH VALLEY TRIPS DEPENDANT ON THE ACCESS PROBLEM BEING OVERCOME. FRANK HAS REQUESTED THAT HE BE CONTACTED AT THE CLUB MEETING RATHER THAN AT WORK.
- SUNDAY 10TH. VICTOR LEWIN IS GOING ON A SLIGHTLY UNUSUAL GOVETT'S LEAP DAY TEST WALK. HE WILL BE DOING A LITTLE CIRCUIT ON THE TOPS AROUND HAT HILL BEFORE DESCENDING INTO THE MAJESTIC GROSE VALLEY TO BLUE GUM FOREST.
- AUGUST 15, 16, 17. THIS WEEKEND TONY DENHAM LEADS THE CLASSIC MYALL LAKES NATURE WALK. LOTS OF AQUATIC WILDLIFE IN A UNIQUE FRESHWATER LAEON SYSTEM.
- SUNDAY 17TH. PETER MILLER WILL BE DOING A CAR FERRY ON THIS WALK STARTING AT THE HEAD OF THE GROSE VALLEY COVERING THE UPPER REACHES OF THE GROSE RIVER TO PIERCE'S PASS. A GOOD TRACK ONCE THE GROSE IS REACHED.
- SUNDAY 17TH. CLOSER TO HOME JOHN HOLLY LEADS A WALK FROM HISTORIC CAMPBELLTOWN IN AN AREA THAT WAS ONCE A FAVOURITE AREA FOR BUSHWALKERS.
- AUGUST 22, 23, 24. A SCENIC WAS OF MUCH SCENIC VARIETY IS THE ONLY WAY TO DESCRIBE HANS BECK'S BARRALLIER BINDOOK WALK. SMALL CREEKS, BIG RIVERS, OPEN FIELDS, FORESTS, FLAT UNDULATING, UNPRECIPITOUS COUNTRY ALL IN THE ONE WALK.
- SUNDAY 24TH. WELCOME TO CARL BOCK COUNTRY - DARUG NATIONAL PARK AND CARL SEEM TO HAVE A NATURAL AFFINITY FOR EACH OTHER. SO LET CARL ESCORT YOU AROUND THIS HAWKSBURY WONDERLAND FOR THE DAY.
- AUGUST 29, 30, SEP. 1. EXPLORE THE NATTAI WITH MIKE SHORT. MIKE HAS WORKED OUT A NEW AND EXCLUSIVE ROUTE FROM THE FIRE TRAIL NEAR MT. JELLORE DOWN TO THE NATTAI AND RETURN VIA RUSSELL'S NEEDLE.
- SUNDAY #ST. SEP. A NICE NATIONAL PARK JAUNT WITH GLADYS ROBERTS IS THE THERAPY FOR TODAY. NOT FAR TO GO AND A THOUSAND MILES (WHOOPS, KILOMETRES) FROM CARE.

OBSERVER'S NOTEBOOK

The lady seen sitting on a large winch at the abandoned Glen Davis mine workings turned out to be Dot Butler. "I'm sitting on it till George Gray comes by, just so no-one steals it from under our noses," she said. Said winch is planned to take up working duties at Coolana we're told.

Club member Ken Ellis was recently seen in Sydney but only very briefly before he departed in the direction of Weipa on the very tip of Australia. It seems he can't be kept away from the place. Ken joined the crew who went to Bali in December last year but instead of returning to Australia with the others he continued on to England to visit his family. The extra fare wasn't much, he said, so he made the most of it.

The mass exodus to the snowfields is on again this year, and even more than ever seem to be joining the bun rush. Bill Burke is behind it all of course. President Barry Wallace and Social Secretary Spiro Ketas are among the many taking advantage of the good snow conditions.

Christine Brown departed recently for a working holiday in Europe and Kath and Jim have had news that things are going fine for her in London. Chris had to bring forward her 21st birthday celebrations a couple of months whilst she was still in Sydney. The party was held at the Brown household in May.

Another birthday celebrant this month was Peter Scandrett, but he didn't know about it till the very last moment. It was a surprise party, arranged by Robin Preston at her parents' home in West Pennant Hills. Peter turned 26 but don't tell anyone because he's getting a bit sensitive about everyone telling him how old he is. Three of the guests managed to get their cars bogged in the mud, which added to the fun.

The wild storm in Sydney last month caused problems for nature lovers as trees were brought down all over the place. The Matthews had a huge tree fall, narrowly missing the house and bringing down power lines, whilst the Pages also had their 50 foot pine tree block the street and cut the power off from them and their neighbours for the whole weekend.

David Cotton's having fun we hear, directing his team of lady labourers in Wollongong Park (Norman Gunston country). David is a R.E.D. Scheme boss and all his workers are female, which suits him (for some of the time at least). Anyone for a job?