

# 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.  
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THE CLUB SHOULD BE REFERRED TO MRS. MARCIA  
SHAPPERT - TELEPHONE 30.2028.

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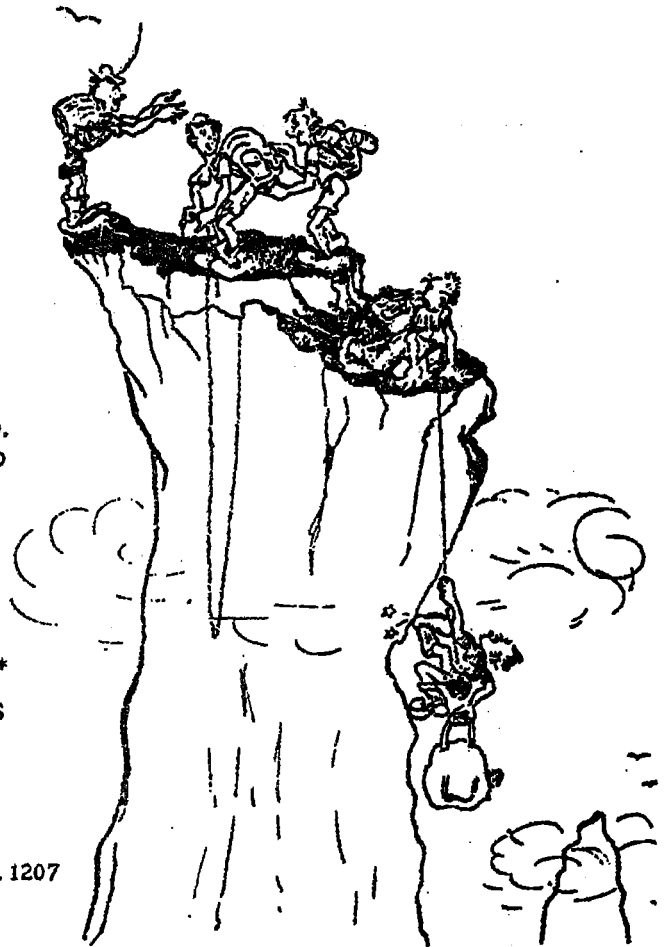
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Drawing by Dot Butler, The Bushwalker-1937.

NOVEMBER 1975.

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EDITORIAL

Bushwalkers, by the very nature of their pursuit, are more conscious and aware of their environment than most members of the community. Bushwalkers have always been vocal in matters of environmental protection, which is what one might expect. A problem is that the bushwalkers' point of view is often put aside as being the emotional and selfish ravings of a minority group whose interests are no wider than the preservation of their own private playground, impeding progress and denying the general community the benefits of technological development. There is a great need for the environmentalist's point of view to be put more succinctly, more explicitly, more logically, and less emotionally than has been the case in the past. More and more important in assessing the effects of technological innovation will be the environmental impact study. Above all far sighted wisdom will be called for. Although there are exceptions, we must assume that technology has and will continue to generate tremendous benefits for mankind; for example advances in world wide transportation and communication. However, technology does have a wide spread and serious impact on the environment. The nature of this impact is not always easy to predict. Who would have imagined, at the time the site for Sydney Airport was selected, that within a few decades there would be gigantic jumbo jets and supersonic passenger aircraft wreaking havoc on the lives and well being of the surrounding inhabitants. The greatest value of the environmental study is that the cost of putting right a mistake (even if it is possible to do so, and that is not very often) is astronomical compared with the cost of avoidance. It is this high cost of correction which ensures that most crimes against the environment are never corrected. To be of any value the environmental impact study must be open-ended and should attempt to discern and assess novel problems, not just those on some bureaucratic check list. Where there is uncertainty in the predictions this should be highlighted rather than hidden. And above all the rate of change of social values is likely to be of paramount importance in the prediction of the effects of technology.

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NOTE: The theme of this editorial is dealt with in depth in an article ASSESSING THE IMPACT OF TECHNOLOGY ON THE ENVIRONMENT by R.A. Waller in the publication "Long Range Planning", February 1975.

GIAMME THAT OLD SOFT SHOE.

by Barbara Evans.

My first pair of walking shoes was bought by accident when I was 12 years old. My mother had read an article on the care of feet, and together with an over-zealous saleswoman, kept checking the fit of pair after pair of shoes through one of those X-ray machines until she was satisfied that my toes were in no way distorted. The result was a superb pair of leather shoes size 5½. However, my feet were size 3, and after two days of hearing me slummocking about the house in them, Mother agreed that the shoes should be consigned to the back of the wardrobe, where they remained for 6 years until my feet grew to fit them.

They were the most comfortable shoes I ever owned. The chestnut leather was sturdy, yet pliable. They fitted snugly, supporting the arch, clinging at the heel, giving freedom to the toes. They were warm; they were waterproof, and above all, were ideally suited to the ramblers tracks of Britain. I remember with affectionate nostalgia how they carried me through the Trossachs, where Rob Roy had once roamed; and walking the heathery cliff tracks of North Cornwall, where long ago wreckers set their lights to lure ships to the rocks below. The daffodil-fringed shores of the Lake District had cushioned their tread, as had the sheep-tracks of the lovely limestone Cotswold Hills where the summer air is rich with bees and the scent of flowers. Happy days in that soft green land.

\* \* \* \* \*

ROCKS. Great boulders smooth in the river-beds. Jagged cliffs and steep landslides. Everywhere the bones of Australia jut through the thin covering of soil. The leather soles of my faithful shoes slid off every stone and log. I had them studded, but it was worse: the studs skidded over river-boulders like ball-bearings. Just staying upright burnt up quantities of energy, and walking became a strain instead of a pleasure. Loyalty to my old friends prevented my throwing them away, but fortunately they were worn out, torn to shreds after a very few walks with S.B.W.

Now began the great hunt for suitable footwear. Most walkers recommended sand-shoes, but such advice did not go down well with me. Sandshoes were for tennis, and only slum-kids wore them at any other time. However I bought a VERY cheap pair and some thin socks, and joined Ron Knightley on a Shoalhaven car-swap trip. At first I thought them perfect for the climate: cool and light, and you didn't have to take them off to cross rivers. After fording the Shoalhaven at Badgerys they dried off remarkably quickly in the sun. And being VERY cheap sandshoes, they also shrunk..... By lunchtime my feet were suffering. The shoes pinched and chafed. The hot rocks burned through the thin rubber, and every sharp pebble imprinted itself into my soles. By the time we were on Gillette Ridge it was painful to place one foot before the other, and it was long after dark that we swam the flooded river to join the other half of our party camping on the further bank.

(Bless Ron, he'd made us a vast billy of Roaring Winds Mountain Brew as a reviver.)

So much for sandshoes, I thought, as we climbed out on to Bungonia Tops, and then and there removed the offenders and threw them into a handy waste bin. I slipped my burning feet into a pair of cool sandals and did a little skip of relief on a patch of ground. Instantly a horde of bull ants surfaced and administered injections of formic acid in every blister.

Now for boots . . . . Paddy had a new sort which were leather, light and inexpensive. I tried these out one glorious day in the Grose. The June sun shone on the golden cliffs and cast Reckitts-blue shadows in the gullies as we trotted down from Perrys into Blue Gum Forest. Immediately apparent was the reason for the cheapness of the boots. The insole was absolutely flat, and as there was no waist to support the arch, going steeply downwards caused the foot to slide forward in the boot, crumpling the toes under like a ballerina standing on points. Oh well, maybe the nice gradient of Govetts Creek would prove a more comfortable walk. However that part of the expedition never transpired. The blue skies turned to grey, and after a night of torrential rain, we awoke to a different world.

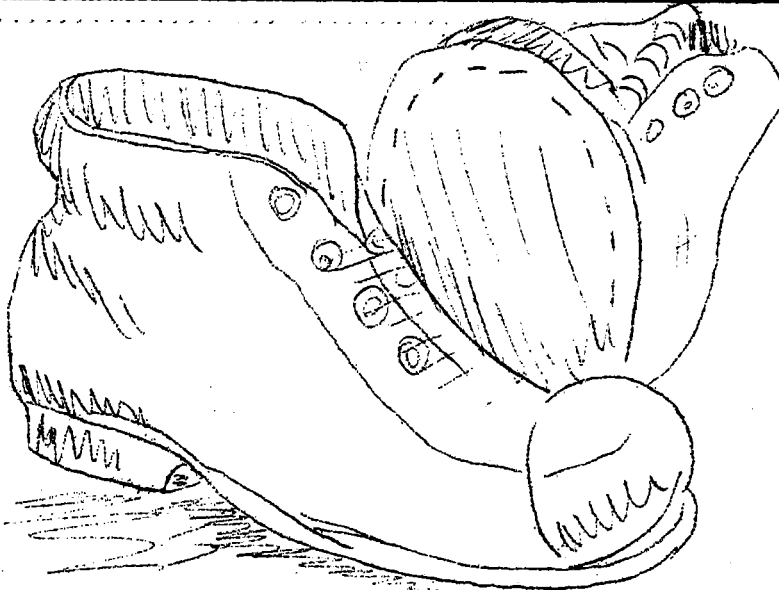
SNOW. The white flakes were settling damply on curls of bracken and tufts of dead grass. Higher in the forest it was already thick on the trees, and its weight was snapping off branches with the sound of gunfire. A party of scantily-clad sea-scouts clustered about our smoky fires, and because a couple of them were beginning to suffer from exposure we changed our plans and trekked back with them up Perrys.

This time it was the heels that suffered. They slithered damply up and down inside the shapeless boots, gradually shrugging the socks down into the toe. Blistered heels, crumpled toes, cold wet feet (needless to say, the cheap leather let water in). At home the brutes were put aside. Eventually they grew a layer of mould and were thrown away.

Near despair, I tried out a number of types of footwear, including a cruelly out pair of leather shoes, but all to no avail.

One day I was invited to join a trip through the Kowmung Gorge. To me this was the ultimate in walking adventure, and I felt the invitation to be a great honour. Kowmung expert Frank Leyden was our leader and he solved my footwear problem at once. Waving aside my protests, he refused to take me unless I adhered to his hard and fast rule: two pairs of thick oiled wool socks and a good brand of sandshoes.

Climbing down into the Morong Deep with such enormous clodhoppers caused a few stumbles, but by the time we'd reached the river-bed I'd become accustomed to their size. I took a cautious little leap on to a rock and landed firmly without my arms doing their usual windmill imitation. Another hop, and soon I was bounding about the rocks like a chamois. It was wonderful! For the first time I forgot the mechanics



of walking, and took pleasure in the pink granite and cool silk waters of the Kowmung. I never enjoyed a walk so much as that one.

Subsequently I walked with increasing pleasure (and speed) in the Blue Mountains, West Australia and Tasmania. Even on snowy winter walks my feet were warm and comfortably cushioned, and I joined and enjoyed expeditions that earlier I would have turned down as being beyond my ability. What a long time it had taken to realise that economy doesn't pay, because after all a walker is 90% feet.

So when I get round to chipping some of the rust off my joints and start doing some serious walking once again, you may be sure that my choice of footwear will be that inexpensive, hardwearing and utterly praiseworthy "old soft shoe".

\* \* \* \* \*

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\* \* \* \* \*

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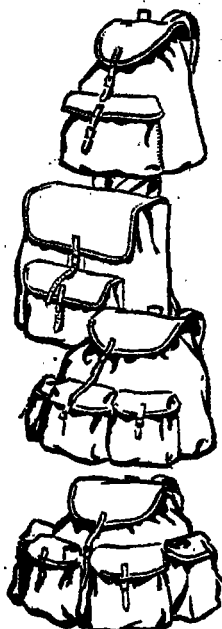
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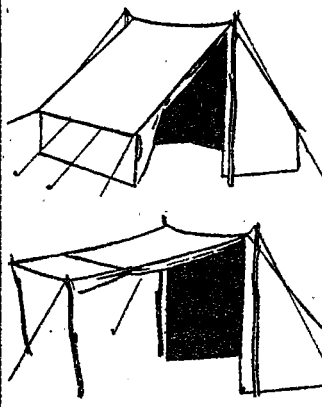
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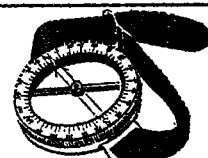
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# Paddy Pallen

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THE OCTOBER GENERAL MEETING.

by Jim Brown.

After the Lord Mayor's Show - - - well, anyway, after the lively and wordy Half-Yearly Meeting, October's general meeting was a fairly docile event, commencing with a welcome to three newly-elected members, Jean DeBelle, Oliver Crawford and Stephen Harvey. The September minutes were confirmed, and out of the motion to produce a Club Song Book for the 50th Anniversary, two years away, an organising committee comprising Neville Page, Peter Scandrett, Hans Stichter, Bob Younger and Robyn Preston was set up.

In correspondence was a letter from Edna Garrad offering the aid of the Dungalla Club in celebrating S.B.W.s 50th Birthday; approval of Shoalhaven Shire Council to the construction of a shelter at Coolana; a letter from the Secretary of the Kosciusko Huts' Association concerning a summer walking trip in the Alps, and the usual batch of magazines and bulletins. Shoalhaven Council also advised they would waive the charging of interest, although our first instalment on the annual rates was slightly overdue.

Having at this stage requested a little shush from a revival group of the late unlamented "Noises-off Club", the President advised us, in the Treasurer's absence, that funds had remained fairly stable in September, the incomings improving marginally on expenditure to give a balance of \$1684 in the working account.

So we were at the Walks Report, beginning with Malcolm Noble's Budawangs walk of Sept.12-14, carried out in rather soggy, foggy conditions with 13 folk in attendance. Returning up the slippery basalt slope to Sassafras the cars had to have manual assistance. On Sunday 14th David Ingram took 16 people into a wildflower garden out from Terrey Hills, where a stand of waratahs noted on a reconnaissance a week earlier had been stripped. That same Sunday Neville Page with 8 people went into the Upper Grose and found the cut track at Surveyor's Creek without difficulty, which was just as well in the heavy rain squalls of the day.

A week later Peter Harris took a team on a quick dash into the Blue Breaks, making the descent from Kanangra to the Kowmung River via Gingra Range in the four hours from 10 p.m. to 2.0 a.m. on Friday night. Magnificent views were reported along the Broken Rock Range, then it was down to Butchers Creek for Saturday night and back via the Kowmung and Root's Route on Sunday. There were no less than 3 Sunday trips with probably a total of about 40 people on them: your reporter had 14 along Glenbrook Creek and Sassafras Gully, while about 20 were on Roy Braithewaite's smartly-paced trip from Lilyvale to Bundeena, and an unspecified number went out with Peter Miller between Cowan and Hawkesbury River.

Over the last weekend of September, Bob Younger's party of 8 went backwards (it was reported) on the divide between Capertee and Wolgan. From Hans Stichter's account, the description "backwards" could have

been untrue, but there was evidently some bother in getting up on to the plateau and the route was somewhat altered. Came Sunday 28th, when Sheila Binns had a team of 8 along the Uloola track and Kangaroo Creek, while 18 attended John Holly's wildflower spectacular around Tahmoor and Bargo, the major problem being to board a very short and crowded train on the way home.

Thus to the October holiday weekend, when there were three featured events, one being Peter Harris' exploratory Tuross - Brogo River journey. One of the three car loads just didn't reach the starting point and the 6 people remaining, after seeing a superb cycloramic view from the Kybean Range managed to divide into 5 + 1 on the ridge down to Brogo River. Reunited they made a stage along the river and spent some four hours climbing a long ridge out on Monday. The other two trips were of the base camp variety, one being Victor Lewin's at Yabboro Flat, with about 11 people and day walks to Pigeon House, the Castle, and up the Clyde Valley on successive days. There was reported to be less moonlighting than at the Anzac trip in the same area, but that was not because of the phase of the moon. Helen Gray had a fixed camp at Lake Mero, South Coast, with some 40 people present, excluding those who got mislaid because of alterations to the access road, but including at least one whose tent was damaged by the swarming bikies charging along the beach.

As we were winding up at 9.20, Helen Gray reported that one of the Club's very early members, Ken Matthews, had died recently. She also asked for information of any known cases where the Club magazine and enclosed notices had not been received, as there were grounds for believing that some members' addresses were not correctly rendered by the addressograph system. Followed the customary announcements which really brought the meeting to its end.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### SOCIAL NOTES FOR DECEMBER.

by Spiro Ketas.

As usual, the Club's Christmas Party will be held in the club rooms on Wednesday, 17th December. Drinks will be provided by the Club but members are requested to each provide a small amount of food, and also a glass for drinking.

Christmas Eve will be a free night, and the last Wednesday of the year, i.e. 31st December, the club rooms will be closed.

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SCALING MT. SCABBY.

by Christine Kirkby.

The weather certainly looked menacing as five bodies - Jane and Stephen Gye, John Kirkby, Ian and I - pushed and shoved the Volvo from the gurgling mud near Bung Harris Creek. With a violent lurch, the car suddenly freed itself from the greedy mud and we left it to walk the last few miles.

Almost simultaneously, as our feet leapt across Bung Harris Creek, the sun shone brilliantly and dispersed our fears of a rainy weekend.

Reaching Yaouk Gap, we ambled along a boundary fence in the general direction of Mt. Scabby. Thick scrub scraped our legs. At the last small saddle, as we drank our fill of a crystal alpine stream, we sat back and watched with envious admiration as several grey wallabies nimbly pounded up the hill which minutes later we were to stagger up under the weight of heavy packs.

Our immediate thoughts when reaching the summit were to gaze at the spectacular alpine valley beneath Mt. Scabby and the little stream which splits the valley so as to make it almost symmetrical. However, our attention soon shifted to a clumsy wombat trundling along some rocks beneath us. His clattering had an unfortunate resemblance to the girls in the clog shoes clumping up Wynyard ramp. Speaking of wombats, their scratchings are all over Mt. Scabby. Whether these scratchings mean there are many wombats or just a few hungry ones, we could not tell.

We pitched our tents in the valley with a marvellous view of Mt. Kelly before us. Our appreciation of this view was enhanced because we knew we were completely alone (the walk to Kelly the following day verified this).

At dinner, Jane produced a Beef Stroganoff which we consumed with great gusto. A freezing, cloudless night was followed by a day equally as beautiful as the previous day.

John, the early bird, was awake at five, and scouring the slopes of Mt. Scabby. He had been enjoying the view from the saddle - picturesque rural valley on one side, rugged Kelly on the other.

Our walk to Mt. Kelly was highlighted by an unexpected, close meeting with several gang-gangs. We had heard their strange cries all along, but had not expected a meeting so intimate. At first they carefully examined us as we sat under their tree, but soon they displayed such disdain as to drop their gum nuts on our heads, so oblivious and unafraid were they! One little fellow, with a brilliant red comb, put his head under his wing and went to sleep, only to be awakened by the crash of a Praktika shutter.

Time was marching on, so we pushed for Mt. Kelly. Here, the isolation of the place was reinforced by the fact that the last signature

in the book was dated May.

On the return journey, we passed a spot where six months previously we had made a camp. Here we had woken one morning to see a horse staring unblinkingly at us. When approached, he had shown obvious signs of timidity. It gave one an odd sensation to know such a creature seemed to be in need of us in such a lonely spot.

When we returned to our camp on Scabby, we felt rather tired, as the approach of the summer weather was taking its toll.

Unfortunately, the next day we had to go home. We took a more direct ridge than the ridge we'd climbed. There were many boulders to be negotiated, and as our faces knocked against the blooming wattle, sneezes echoed around these huge monoliths.

We certainly were disappointed to reach the car after this perfect weather! One thing was certain - John, the car's owner, was very relieved to see the bog dry.

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#### THE HUTS IN THE HIGH COUNTRY.

(Reprinted from The Canberra Times, 26/7/75.)

by Mike Hinchey.

An intriguing social phenomenon has occurred in the Snowy Mountains in the past few years, one that has actively involved a mixed bag of citizens scattered between Sydney and Melbourne and not a small number from the A.C.T.

Despite distance they have been drawn together by something in common - an active appreciation of the mountains, snows and rivers of the Kosciusko National Park and a desire to see the assorted collection of stockmen's huts, miners' shanties and old ski-shelters maintained for the use of roaming fishermen, bush walkers and ski-tourers.

It began in 1971 when the N.S.W. National Parks and Wildlife Service took stock of the motley collection of shelters for which it had become public custodian by virtue of the powers that had been vested in it when the Kosciusko National Park was established. Some of these huts date back to the gold-mining days after the rush in 1860 transformed Gibsons Plains, where the tiny ghost town of Kiandra is now situated, into the site of a tent and timber city of about 10,000 people.

The next generation of huts, wooden-slab-and-shingle dwellings, began to appear late last century, built by the graziers of the Monaro, the Tumut Plains and the upper Murray who used the alpine areas and high country for summer pasturage.

The weather in the high country can be severe, and as long ago as 1835 a Mr. Palmer, of Yaouk Station, near Adaminaby, is reputed to have lost 300 cattle in the snows on Gibsons Plains.

The early huts were built of bush materials but these were repaired, replaced or added to as the years went by with structures of corrugated iron, and it is mainly this style that has survived the ravages of fire or weather till today. Some of the runs in country which had only occasional snow-cover came to be grazing properties managed all year round, and the now-derelict homesteads with evocative names such as Old Currango, Long Plain, Gooandra and Cooimbil still stand as monuments to a bygone era.

The sprinkling of stockmen's huts in the early decades of this century were supplemented by the first of the huts built specifically as shelters for skiers. The Tin Hut, on the eastern flank of the Kerries, was built during the summer of 1925-26 as an overnight shelter for the party which made the first winter traverse on skis some 50-odd miles across the high country between Kiandra and the Kosciusko Chalet.

The Alpine Hut, south-east of the Cup-and-Saucer Hill, was built as a commercial venture and opened in 1939. This was a much larger structure and was managed throughout the winter by a married couple who provided skiing instruction and plain, wholesome food for the moneyed holidaymakers from Australia's cities who sought something a little different from the comfortable pleasures of the two established N.S.W. resorts of the Kosciusko Hotel or The Chalet. It is now used mainly by - and maintained by - members of the Australian Scouts Association.

The next wave of construction in the high country began in 1949 when the first employees of the Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric Authority set up their camp at the Three Mile Dam, built some 80 years earlier to provide water for power sluicing on the goldfields near Kiandra. The S.M.A. built many structures, perhaps not particularly attractive to the eye, but functional. Many were removed when their job was done, but some remain to add to the "estate" inherited by the National Parks and Wildlife Service.

For many years after the birth of the Kosciusko National Park in 1944 a system of what were known as snow leases continued. Under these, sheep and cattle continued to graze the sub-alpine grasslands in summer and the shepherds and stockmen continued to occupy the huts until their leases were finally phased out in 1974.

As the snow leases were progressively withdrawn many of the huts began to show signs of disrepair. The National Parks and Wildlife Service, with its limited budget, did not relish the prospect of maintaining the structures but, rather than solve the problem with some well-placed matches, it called a meeting of fishermen, ski-tourers and bushwalkers to put the management's problems to the users. This gave rise to yet another wave of activity.

The result of this meeting was the Kosciusko Huts Association; a grouping of individuals and various open-air clubs which at no expense to

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the Parks Service assumed the responsibility of maintaining the high-country huts. They still remain the exclusive property of the National Park and are open to all comers and the authorities retain the right to dictate the manner and the standard of their maintenance.

If a group of ratepayers, confronted with a deteriorating public road were to suddenly get together and maintain the road themselves, the media would have a field day. Politicians would have their say, bureaucrats' knuckles would be rapped, and the aroused citizens would withdraw self-righteously as those regarded universally as responsible - some government body - turned their attention to the area of neglect.

One could well ask how the National Parks and Wildlife Service got away with it. The tasks involved have not been light. Fireplaces have been rebuilt, and in one case a stove weighing well over 400 lb was pulled by hand overland on a trailer. Tongue-and-groove timber sufficient to completely refloor huts has been carried bodily overland, as have bags of cement, bricks and other items.

For its part, the N.P.W.S. has occasionally made its helicopter available to transfer awkward loads to more inaccessible locations and allowed members of the K.H.A. to use fire-trails normally barred by locked gates so that they might ferry building materials to within walking distance of a hut.

The association is now turning its attention to the task of repairing split-slab-and-shingle huts, rediscovering techniques of construction virtually lost to the present generation.

If one wanted to isolate the factor that principally gave rise to this effort one could readily point to self-interest. But this is only a partial explanation. There is a certain "spirit of the mountains" among members of the K.H.A. that is not obvious till one watches these people hump heavy loads all day, skin their knuckles, and turn their hands to unaccustomed building tasks, then yarn and sing around a cosy camp fire before drifting off to sleep in the open, or snug in the little hut which they have laboured to maintain and improve.

One can get a whiff of the character of the huts from their names - Mawson's, Cosjack's (built by two stockmen, Cecil and Jack), Broken Dam, Grey Mare, Kidman's, Pretty Plain - the list is about 100 long. So there is a little of Australia's rural heritage hanging on in the Snowy Mountains.

This is not to say that all the huts are safe from the ravages of time and nature; only about 40 are presently maintained by the K.H.A. and even these are not secure. Last summer saw two huts destroyed by fire, and last winter another, situated appropriately on Windy Creek, was blown off its foundations in a blizzard. Now only the raised wooden floor remains, with a scattering of debris downwind. And surprisingly, perhaps, this was not a roughly-built old-timer's hut, but a relatively modern structure, built by the S.M.A. in the 1950s.

Winter has by now again come to the mountains and many of the huts are

There can be few more heartwarming sights than the glimmer of a candle against the window when you are feeling your way through a blizzard in the last light of a tiring day.

(The address of the Kosciusko Huts Association is P.O. Box 626, Manuka, A.C.T. Subscription \$2 per year.)

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FAREWELL TONY CARLON OF BARALLIER.

In mid-October the Sydney Bush Walkers lost an honorary member and many club members an old and valued friend.

Life must close in on all of us some time or other; even so the passing from friendship to memory is never easy to accept.

The mob crowded into the front room of Tony's cottage, tales of the past of Barallier - he had lived all his 78 years there - the temple bells of Bangkok and other epics of Tony's trip to the East; tea and "bixies", an occasional red wine or can of beer; these are all now memories.

Tony had been in ill-health for some time and had been in and out of Mittagong Hospital where he had been staying in recent months. He died quietly at night in his motel room.

Future trips to Barallier, Murruin Creek and the Bindook Highlands will miss Tony the man but for those who enjoyed his hospitality and friendship the memory will always remain.

TASMANIAN BUSHWALKING TOUR.

Some vacancies still exist for this grand bushwalking tour of Tasmania. Come on GIRLS! This is the year of Women's LIB. Here is your opportunity to show the men you have as much going for you.

Leaving Sydney on 2nd February 1976 and Melbourne on 4th Feb.

Travel by car convoy for a minimum of three weeks with open return tickets on the "Express of Australia". Main feature is the famous Cradle Mountain - Lake St. Clair National Park. Eight enchanting days on the trail.

Cost - \$43 return per person  
\$116 per car under 6'6" tall

Deposit of \$20 is refundable within six weeks of sailing.

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

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WALKS SECRETARY'S NOTES FOR DECEMBER.

1975

by Bob Hodgson.

- 5, 6, 7 December - Victor Lewin starts the summer programme with a coastal walk just south of Ulladulla. The coast here is studded with islands, making it quite scenic. So all you people who did not make it last October weekend here is your opportunity.
- 5, 6, 7 " - The Glen Alice area has really bitten John Redfern, he is off there again. Pantoneys Crown is going to receive the trampling on Saturday and on Sunday the rediscovery of all the mines around the Airley Turret.
- 5, 6, 7 " - This walk does not appear on the programme. It is being put on by David Rostron and replaces his Cox's li-lo trip programmed for the following week. For Ross Wyborn's benefit the trip is scheduled for Jerrara Creek and is as follows:-
- S. MARULAN - Jerrara Creek - Bungonia Gorge - Shoalhaven River - Barbers Creek - S. Marulan. Abseiling and swimming. 20 km Maps: Bungonia 1:25,000 and Caoura 1:31,680. Leader: DAVID ROSTRON Phone 451-7943(H). Private transport.
- Ross has to head back to Canada soon so come along and join David and Ross on this classic canyon swim.
- Sunday 7th - Mary Braithwaite leads an excursion into that scenic wonderland that is West Head, Broken Bay, Pittwater. Views from the top of Commodore Heights, views from the beaches of Pittwater.
- 12,13,14 " - Better apply for your postal vote now so that you can go with Magdi Hammoud on this little jaunt into his favourite walking area. Beautiful Shoalhaven views from Long Point spoilt only by the South Marulan Mining area. The fascination that is Bungonia Lookdown and Gorge follow to make this a well worthwhile walk.
- 12,13,14 " - David Rostron planned Cox's li-lo trip has been cancelled in favour of the abseiling, swimming trip on December 5,6,7 as above.
- 12,13,14 " - Barbara Evans heads a peaceful demonstration at Newnes of how to have a relaxing and enjoyable, peaceful and serene weekend, in a wonderful scenic environment. So book now with Barbara and don't forget to vote.



1975

- Sunday 14th Dec. - After that last effort I have run out of superlatives to describe Victor Lewin's Govetts Leap, cliff track to Evans Lookout, plunging down to the valley floor, thence to the base of the huge horse-shoe shaped falls that mark the exit from Arethusa Canyon. Should be a great walk.
- 20,21 December - A Saturday start with Hans Stickter on a rollicking little walk down Tinpot to the Cox. A splash on down the Cox and return by the shady green-ness of Breakfast and Carlons Creeks.
- Sunday 21st " - Lots of compensation for the bit of scrub on Roy Braithwaite's Cowan to Brooklyn test walk. Fantastic views of the Hawkesbury and Jerusalem Bay as well as the wild flowers for which the area is renowned.
- Xmas 24-28 " - A four day walk, the full length of the magnificent Grose River, with Joe Marton. An excellent formula to recover from the Christmas festivities and build up your resistance for the New Year. Extra grose swimming and walking all the way.
- Xmas 25-28 " - For those for whom the Xmas festivities proved too much, Alan Pike has another remedy. Two or four days stretched out on the grassy banks of the Wollondilly River. What therapeutic value.

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ACCOMMODATION WANTED

Fellow Sydney Bush Walker Geoff Bridger is looking for lodgings, preferably share accommodation with some others in a house.

Geoff works in the city and hence is interested in something reasonably close to city transport.

Any ideas? If so, contact Geoff during business hours on telephone number 20334 extension 232.

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RETURN OF THE WOZZIBORNS

N. Page

It was if the clock had been turned back six years. Wafting through the trees in that delightful bushland setting at 30 Boundary Road Wahroonga, midst the prattle of ceaseless chin-wagging, came the absent for a time but never to be forgotten famous Rosso laugh. And the famous flaming red beard; the same one that kept him out of National Service. And Margriet (having reverted to the original Dutch, it's no longer Margaret) was there too, radiant as ever, chatting and reminiscing with old friends. And most of them were there, though some have changed names as they've married other bushwalkers. The Pikes were there, the Finches, Snow and Clarabelle Brown, the Grays, Duncans, Nobles, Stitts and Waggs, not to mention Billy Burke, Spirodim Hajinakitas and the Maddens, Alan and Alice Wyborn with Doone and Lesley, Lyn and Lindsay, plus grandson Benjamin, plus countless more of the old brigade. Plenty of offspring too, and 1976 will be a big year for new members of the fraternity - conversation revealed at least five pregnancies. Hostess Dot Butler kept bringing out more and more food. It was a beautiful Spring evening, and the air was warm. A little later though, people started donning woollen jumpers in psychological response to Ross and Margriet's slides, shown outdoors, of snow covered mountains around Vancouver where they now live. We saw and heard about some mighty trips in the most picturesque countryside imaginable. And Ross taunted us, saying that this one or that one is just one hour's drive from home. It was a memorable night indeed.

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COOLANA NEWS

N. Page

Another working bee was recently held at Coolana and a lot of good progress has been made. About 20 people turned up to lend a hand. A permanent fresh water supply has been located about  $\frac{1}{2}$  km. from the site of the shelter hut, and rigid plastic pipe has been laid for about half that distance - still to be buried to protect it from bushfires. The remaining distance bar 100 m. is covered with flat plastic hose but later to be replaced with rigid tube. The water is now flowing. The hut itself is beginning to take shape under the able guidance of George Gray, whose vehicle was so laden on the way down it's a wonder it would move. While some used mattocks and shovels to level the floor area, other made numerous trips down to the river to get gravel for concrete to secure the 2" water pipe forming the main uprights for the structure. Retaining wall and steps have also been constructed, mainly thanks to Dot Butler. There'll be working bees announced soon and volunteer workers will again be sought. Contact George Gray for details.