

# 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 - tel 30.2028.

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## FEBRUARY 1977.

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OBITUARY

It is with profound regret that we record the death recently of one of the Club's senior Members:

MR. R.W. (BOB) SAVAGE

Bob joined the Sydney Bush Walkers in 1930 and was active in Club affairs for many years. He was also a Foundation Member of the River Canoe Club. A keen photographer, Bob's work appeared in a number of the Bushwalker Annuals, together with articles on photography. His military career spanned many years and included service in the Middle East, Greece and New Guinea. He is famous for having started the 1st Australian Corps 'Ski School in Lebanon. He was active in the Boy Scout Movement, as well as being a Life Member of the Royal Australian Historical Society, Concord Historical Society, and the Parks and Playgrounds Association of Australia. He will be sadly missed by many.

THE JANUARY GENERAL MEETING.

by Barry Wallace.

It was about 8.20 p.m. with 40 members scattered around the hall discussing whatever, when Gordon Broome rang the gong and quickly called the meeting to order. We had apologies from Helen Gray and Spiro Hajinakitas and (gasp!) no new members.

The reading and receiving of minutes passed without serious incident.

Correspondence in, apart from the flock of magazines, consisted of a copy of an N.P.A. letter of objections to the applications for mining leases in the Jones Creek area, a notice from the same body about a Mountain Leadership Workshop planned for Camp Chakola for the weekend 29th April to 1st May (see separate notice in the January magazine for details), and a copy of the official minutes of the Federation December General Meeting.

Correspondence out revealed only one letter, and that a letter of protest about the Jones Creek mining lease application.

Then it was the treasurer's turn to present a sobering account of our financial haemorrhage. From a starting balance of \$2771.23 to a close at \$2354.19. It wasn't so much the \$20.00 income as the \$437.04 expenditure that did the trick.

At first pass there was no one present to give a Federation report, so we moved on to the walks report. Things looked bad for this as well, with no Len Newland, and we were about to pass on to General Business when he arrived. (We seem to have forgotten the trick of having the walks report taken as read, perhaps next time.)

The matters covered in Federation report for meeting of 14th December were: copies of a detailed submission to the state premier for a Greater Blue Mountains National Park are available to interested parties for \$2.50 each. They are not as glossy or colourful as the original submitted, but are rumoured to be good value for money. Federation is writing to N.P.W.S. to protest the extent of uncontrolled camping on the Upper Grose. The feeling is that they should either effectively enforce restrictions on camping in the area or abandon them. There are rumours about a Power Station for the Newnes plateau area. (??) The Search and Rescue section is preparing to spend \$2,100.00 on a new base radio and three mobiles, although they hope to recoup part of this as a subsidy from the N.S.W. government. (This re-equipping results largely from a re-allocation of operating frequencies.) There will be a S. & R. practice on the 19-20th March, venue not mentioned. Thieves are apparently active in the Kanangra area with articles left in parked cars their chief source of revenue. Dunlop Australia have taken the trouble to rebutt an accusation that they are moving production of the Volley O.C. offshore. They affirm that the shoes are, and always will be, produced inside Australia. As a footnote to this correspondence it was mentioned (possibly by the writer of the original accusation, it wasn't clear) that if you want the best grip buy the Volleys with two bars of ripples around

the welt, not three. (The suggestion that you buy anything other than Volleys was not canvassed. Surely that is good for another 10% off when Spiro gets back.)

Last month these notes covered the walks report in exhausting (to me anyway) detail. This month they do not.

In General Business it was decided to write a letter of congratulation to Miles Dunphy on the occasion of his being awarded an M.B.E. in the New Years Honours.

The Coolana Committee reported back on matters referred to it by the December meeting, recommending that we not apply for an extension to the area of our present application for leasehold land adjoining Coolana, and that we write to the M.W.S. & D. B. about privet eradication. The committee also recommended that persons using Coolana close both the wire-panel gates on the access way; that we check for a suitable indemnity clause for users of the land, and that we turn over to the committee all correspondence pertaining to Coolana for inclusion in a single central file.

Alastair Battye rose to ask the fate of map-reading and first-aid notes which had been prepared for printing and distribution to prospectives. The magazine editor advised that these were to be printed in the magazine at a suitable time, with additional copies for prospectives.

Peter Harris noted that the Tasmanian N.P.W.S. will issue 150 shooting licenses for Cape Barren geese this season.

The club has received a renewal notice for its membership of the Nature Conservation Council. A motion by Jim Vatiliotis that we not renew got the nod after a brief discussion. The Conservation Secretary is to write explaining the move.

It was reported that the rooms available in the new Environment Council premises are too small, and no further action is intended.

Then it was a matter of walks announcements and some gentle chiding from Uncle John Holly for leaders who had incorrect train information on the programme. They shall remain unnamed.

And so, with the clock at 9.24, Gordon gonged the gong and we all wandered off for coffee and bickies. But one still wonders about the rumours concerning the couple cuddling in the back row during the meeting.

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# Paddy's

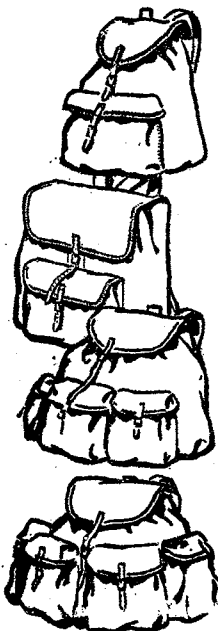
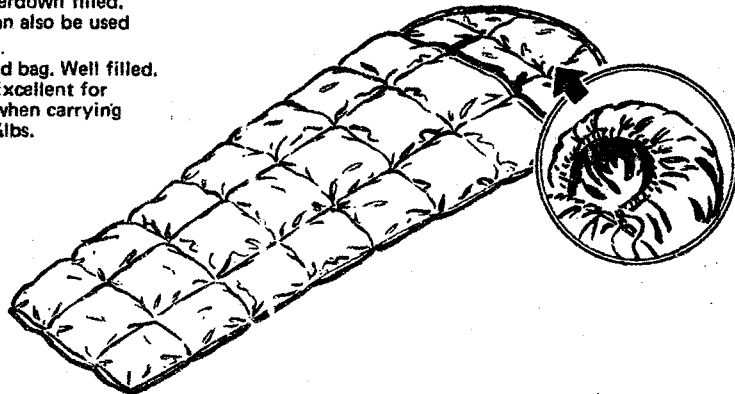
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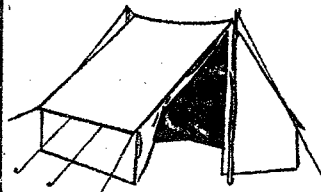
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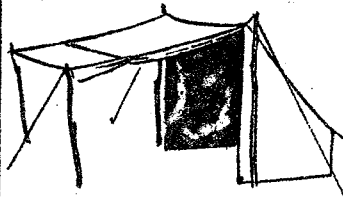
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### 'A' TENTS

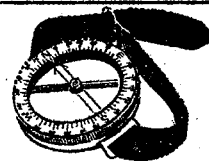
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# Paddy's

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IN SEARCH OF ANCESTORS.

by Owen Marks.

When looking for ancestors make sure they are in handy places. Rookwood Cemetery should be the farthest anyone should have to go to look for faded writing on tombstones and wading through long weeds, stumbling over broken ground and getting hot and cranky. At Waverley Cemetery, not far from where I live, I have no ancestors. But if I had any buried there, it would always be a pleasure going there. Beautiful ocean and cliff views, with family vaults of the famous: Marcus Clarke, Henry Kendall, famous organists of last century, marble angels with Rajput Cupolas dotted everywhere and Governors of the State when it was a mere colony. There is a marble memorial to the Fallen Irish in their Glorious Struggle against the Oppressors. This monument is covered in the forecourt with mosaics, and around the entire compound are names of the Martyrs of 1789 (or 1798?) as well as the Easter Trouble in 1914.

But as the heading states, this article is how I went looking for my ancestors.

I was in Southern India, in Madras State in 1963, when it came to my knowledge that forebears were buried not too far away outside Rameshwaram. If you open your atlas, look for the strip of land that juts out from India towards Ceylon. On the 11th March I set out by 3rd class train to investigate. India at this time was reeling emotionally under the attack from China. Notices with simple drawings were on railway stations showing all about the incursions. Newspapers had propaganda snaps of bejewelled ladies giving nose rings and diamond ear studs to the war effort. Little boys 8 years old were having parade drill with bits of sticks. Educated middle classes when finding out I was Australian always thanked me because Australia at that time gave moral support to our Indian friends. At least it took my mind off the billboards on railway station entrances warning foreign tourists not to accept food from strangers because of the many poisonings with accompanying robberies. What could one do in a crowded carriage when one of the crowd offers you tit-bits from their tiffin carriers? Surely the whole 3rd class compartment couldn't be full of murderers? I decided that I would eat anything that was offered.

The train finally choofed and I was off, across the hot steamy plains to the coast, with eternal Indian scenes passing by. Trains travel slowly and as I had taken a slow all-station on purpose so I would arrive at Rameshwaram by evening, the passing vistas were always practically stationary. Canals dotted with palms, the everlasting white oxen slowly pulling the creaking carts along dusty roads, Hindu temples in ruins but with holy flags flying forlornly. At lonely stations Sadhus were there with glorious white faces and outstretched hands with the everlasting cry for money. As in our society, God runs on money too. It seems a shame that an everlasting deity sitting in outer space just past Andromeda, non smoking, non eating, just can't exist without rupees. Is this the time and place to expound my theories on religion? I think not. Often when asked my religion I would say I was a tree worshipper; and as this would seem quite ordinary to

Indians, the subject was closed. But to say "I have no religion" would be to invite arguments and theological discussions and I am not equipped brainwise to argue on suchlike. India is the home of religion, the home of philosophies beyond reasoning.

Where was I? Oh yes, pulling into Ran shwaram station. I was the only person to alight. Dumped my rucksack with the station master who offered me tea on arrival. Waved the train off and we had a nice chat. He was frightened of communism, the Chinese and men with the evil eye. "I am too", I cried, and we were firm friends.

The Temple is just down the line. It is eye boggling. Set on rising ground above a lake, 1000 ft by 700 ft with an enormous gateway, it is dedicated to our Lord Shiva. Built of slabs 40 ft long, of imported Ceylonese stone. It is a series of corridors nearly a mile in length; corridors made of 17 ft columns spaced 17 ft apart. In fact nearly a thousand in all. Each one is a single carved pillar, and each one is a glorious work of art. Horses rampant with riders on them and all the warriors' armaments not to mention the horses' equipment. The whole concept is aweinspiring, with all the floors and walls in black granite. The main lingam is washed daily with Ganges water which is later sold to the pilgrims.

I forgot to mention my ancestors. Just near the railway station are two tombs under control of the Muslims. The building is quite insignificant and really you'd never think that inside would be buried two of my far distant relatives. What is more, they are your relatives too. Cain and Abel lie there, in all their glory. It is not for nothing that the spit of land joining India and Ceylon is called Adam's Bridge. Maybe those legends of Ceylon being the Garden of Eden are true!

Thus I bring my short essay to an end. Richard Steele, move over.

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## EPICURIANS AHOY

Next month the Epicurians are having a very special dinner prior to the Club's Annual General Meeting. The food will be Japanese, so if you yearn after a good helping of Kuruma-Ebi followed by Kaibashira and Matsutake, topped off with Kotamenegi and Mitsuba, join Peter Miller and the other Epicurians at:

10 MARTIN PLACE SYDNEY (Challis House)

where the Japanese restaurant is located. Meet at 6 p.m. and everyone is welcome. Cost will be about \$5 per person.

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GLEN DAVIS - THE RED ROCKSAN UP & DOWN EXPLORATION

by David Rostron.

After being pressured by the new Walks Secretary I felt obliged to put a walk on the programme - but to where? Imagination was lacking - but new territory was essential. Hence for the weekend of 26/27th June 1976 I could only think of "Glen Davis area - Exploratory Trip".

Subsequent map study revealed an interesting ridge on the western side of the Wolgan Valley, from about Point Cornell and running north to the Red Rocks and Point Anderson. The starting point was chosen as about the junction of Barton Creek and the Wolgan River - about 7 miles before Newnes. It was the intention after completing the ridge on Saturday to descend to Red Rock Creek and then climb the ridge leading to Mt. Harvey and return via Wolgan Gap or Hughes Defile - in that general area anyway.

On the Wednesday evening before the weekend there were about 8-10 possible starters but come Friday only four brave souls remained - Spiro Hajinaketas, Tom Wenman, John Redfern, plus the optimistic leader. Midnight found us camped in the Wolgan Valley on a clear, very frosty night under Tom's tent fly - a chilling experience.

A lethargic start ensued the next morning on account of the cold - the sun remained behind a high cloud cover. The western skyline in the area of Wolgan Gap was most impressive, serrated and with numerous gendarmes. We left the vehicle at about 9.00 a.m. near the junction of Wolgan River and Barton Creek, then headed west, crossing open farm land for three-quarters of a mile. We climbed the ridge running down from the plateau just to the north of Collet Gap. A climb of about 1000 ft. led us to just below the plateau top which comprised rocky outcrops and cliff lines of about 100 ft. which we had to surmount.

We followed three watercourses - all of which led into overhanging, fern-filled box canyons. A probe to the north-east eventually revealed a route up a small watercourse. Some scrubby going then followed for about  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile to the high point 993 m, but there were no worthwhile views because of the vegetation.

We proceeded north along the broad plateau towards Mt. Dawson - a prominent rocky outcrop standing about 200' above the plateau. Over the last mile to this point the vegetation was of the low heath type, typical of the Kanangra Tops. There were expansive views to the west and north over the Glen Davis valley with Pantony's Crown being the dominant feature.

Whilst enjoying morning tea, the views and solitude on top of Mt. Dawson, suddenly eight members of the Springwood Bushwalking Club appeared from the east. They had come from Newnes, via Little Capertee Creek. They intended to spend the night in the vicinity of the Red Rocks and were carrying water for the high camp (one of the party had been there before).

With some trepidation we surveyed our route ahead along the ridge to the Red Rocks - a jumbled mass of cliffs and vegetation. It had the appearance of a maze with no clearly defined way being apparent. To the end of the ridge, Point Anderson, the distance was 6-7 kilometres and we estimated this would take 3-4 hours, allowing us to camp in the valley to the west, Red Rock Creek, by about 4.00 p.m.

Progress to the Red Rocks became quite slow - up and down gendarmes, across miniature chasms, and through defiles - but always fascinating. One never knew what to expect around the corner. The vegetation was open, eucalypts and ferns in the gullies and defiles, virtually no scrub. Views along this route were magnificent. Before reaching the Red Rocks we were obliged to use our 50' length of light rope on a number of occasions.

We reached the Red Rocks in what we thought was ample time to descend to the valley before darkness. However, the Red Rocks were found to be four large sandstone formations, each about 200-300 yards long, up to 50 yards across with gaps between them up to 300' in depth. The rope was used consistently on the descents whilst some ascents required considerable caution. With time running out we considered the possibility of camping on one top where there was ample water in a pool, but in our wisdom we decided to press on to the next top.

We were then confronted with a 200 ft. vertical drop to a saddle. The formation on the other side of the saddle also had a vertical 200ft. face. Investigation from above revealed no completely feasible route, having regard to our paltry 50' of rope. Retracing our steps we eventually found a route down a chimney-cum-gully on the eastern face - more ropework. We then investigated a route down on the west from the saddle between the two formations to the creek, but this appeared difficult from above and would have obviously been time consuming.

Back to the saddle and at this time the Springwood Bushwalkers were sighted negotiating the formation, around the wombat parade at the cliff base on the eastern side. Large camping caves were formed by the overhangs of the next formation and they intended to spend the night there.

We also decided to stop, being optimistic about finding water. There was a slow drip from the cliffs above and the valley below on the east was filled with ferns - surely there would be water 200-300 yards down there, particularly as it had rained during the week. What optimism! Having decided to stop, Tom and I foolishly volunteered to go for water. After a mile with a drop of about 500 ft. we found two pools, the first stagnant, but clear water was in the second. Carrying two water buckets for a mile up a dry creek at dusk was an experience I do not want to repeat.

Some compensation was provided by a very convivial evening with the Springwood walkers. It rained and blew that night - we would have become very wet on top with only a tent fly.

The next morning saw us away at 7.30 a.m. to the complaints of the other party whose beauty sleep we disturbed. We had decided to return via Glen Davis and Pipeline Pass - the route previously envisaged was out

of question because of lack of time. The route was again fascinating - up, down, around - more rope work. We attempted at all times to stay on or near the crest of the ridge. Views were again magnificent with a crisp sou'-wester blowing. The end of the ridge at Point Anderson was reached at about 10.30 a.m. Again another glorious panorama, with the blues and greens of vegetation and the oranges and browns of the cliff, highlighted on that bright clear morning.

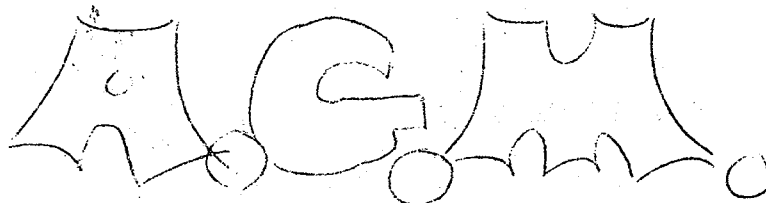
The descent from the Point was commenced on the western side, some rock climbing was involved and when we attained the ridge top again, the Springwood group were observed just below us, having bypassed the point on the eastern side.

To the valley floor and Canobla Gap, then a walk along tracks for two miles to Canobla Creek, the last water in vegetation before the open fields of the Glen Davis Valley. We lunched there with the Springwood Group and then set off together for Pipeline Pass. For the first mile of the pass route the track was quite indefinite. Then a competitive sense affected some of the group and the pass top was reached in rapid time.

A run down to the Wolgan and thirsts were then quenched in the appropriate manner at the Newnes Hotel. A lift back to our vehicle by Land Rover followed and we were then en route for home.

This area is well worth further visits - there is more terrain variety than in the Blue Breaks. However water and 50-80 feet of rope should be carried whilst estimates of travelling time need to be conservative.

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The Annual General Meeting of the Sydney Bush Walkers is fast approaching. The date for this year's AGM is set down as Wednesday 16th. March 1977. PLEASE NOTE THAT THIS IS THE THIRD, NOT THE SECOND WEDNESDAY OF THE MONTH.

This is an important meeting for the Club, including as it does presentation of the Annual Report and Financial Statements, and election of Office Bearers for the ensuing twelve months.

Prospective Members are reminded that they are welcome to attend the AGM, but are not permitted to speak to or vote on motions, or participate in election of office bearers.

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THE YEAR OF THE COLO.

by Jim Brown.

For a few Club members 1971 was the Year of the Colo. In September and November of that year there were two car-swap trips which enabled anyone game to tackle both walks to cover practically the whole of the Colo River system from Glen Davis down to Angorawa Creek, missing only a couple of miles immediately upstream from Boorai Creek.

I remember thinking at the time that was the sensible way to do the Colo - in a couple of bites instead of fronting up to a series of days of the monotonously hard walking which is associated with the Colo. I was also slightly envious of the parties who sallied out on the two trips because they included the two sections (totally about 16 miles) of the Colo/Capertee system that I had never covered.

In the intervening years, whenever I had the time available, high water in the rivers made it an unattractive prospect, and finally, I had to wait for 1976 to be my Year of the Colo. In the meantime I did at least make a repeat trip down the Wolgan from Newnes and up the Capertee to Glen Davis to consolidate my knowledge of that area.

The spring and early summer of '76 were reasonably dry, and at length I felt the rest of the Colo was within my reach. Like the Club walkers of '71, I decided it should be attempted in two stages; unlike the Club groups of '71, however, there would not be any car-swap, and the trips had to be arranged to bring me back to the car. Plainly there would be some duplication of ground. In fact, I decided Trip One would be a "there and back" project - Culoul Range - Colo River - Capertee River to Wolgan Junction and return the same way, tying into the Wolgan - Capertee area I already knew.

During a short spell of holiday leave at the end of September the chance came to try out this first jaunt. The road along the Culoul Range was in reasonably good shape and I was able to drive out to within a mile or so of the Colo/Wollemi Junction, and scramble down the accepted route near Crawford's Lookout to lunch on the Saturday on the Wollemi about a mile up from the inflow of the Capertee - in other words, the beginning of the Colo proper. I couldn't help noticing a lot of evidences that people are now getting into the Colo valley in reasonable numbers: it was no longer like the late 1950's and early 1960's when on any trip into the Colo valley one felt one was being extremely intrepid.

Soon after lunch on the Saturday I was heading generally west of the Capertee above the Wollomi Junction and within an hour I had taken a spill off a rock in midstream, scraped a knee rather unpleasantly and thoroughly soused myself. If the contents of the pack had not been enveloped in two layers of independently tied garbage bags my gear would have been equally sodden.

By 5.30 p.m., when the light began to fail, I had reached a sand bar and a rather inadequate overhang near reference 503958 (Mellong 1:50,000 map) and called it a night, assessing my rate of progress at slightly better than  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile per hour. I knew the 1971 parties had covered

the 7 miles or so between Wolgan Junction and Wollemi Junction in the period between lunch on Saturday and lunch on Sunday, and I was hopeful that I too could make the distance in a day each way - albeit walking longer hours for the same mileage.

On Sunday morning I almost quit. The left knee was sore, stiff and swollen and wouldn't bend properly. When every step was up and over rocks or through fairly thick vegetation, walking was a real effort. Furthermore the next two miles were the slowest and hardest part of the Capertee, but by about 9.30 I had passed the big creek coming in from the north at reference 483965 (Glen Davis 1:50,000 map), and felt I had reached a point of no return. Actually, of course, I had to return over the whole lot, and every step west I took had to be retraced.

At least, I felt I had it sewn up, so plodded on doggedly, making my kilometre per hour or thereabouts. There was more water and colder water in the river than I had hoped for, but it now became shallow enough for me to splash up along the bed of the stream for fairly long stages, treading carefully in case of quicksand. After the bend at reference 469963 the going improved. I was able to make about a mile an hour, and at 12.30 p.m. came to terra cognita at the Wolgan Junction - just under one day from the Wollemi as budgeted. Over lunch I studied the network of scratches on my shins and decided I could get back in only a slightly ruined state: I also contemplated the possibility that I might be the oldest walker to do the 7-mile stretch between Wollemi and Wolgan twice in two days elapsed time.

I was convinced, of course, that the way back would be easier and therefore faster. After all, the vegetation bowed over by past floods would all be pointing downriver, and when I walked along the river bed I would not be thrusting against the current. Well, that was the theory. In fact, I camped that night back at the creek entering from the north at reference 483965: I passed the first night's sleeping place about 9.30 a.m. on Monday, and arrived back at the Wollemi Junction at 12.30 p.m. The actual walking time in each direction had been almost exactly ten hours.

As I took lunch at Wollemi Junction that Monday, however, I had that relaxed sense of having achieved what I set out to do. Stage One of my Colo project was accomplished, even if it was all along a river called the Capertee on the map. Perhaps this was what prompted me to exit by another route instead of by the ridge from the Wollemi. From past experience, a good 8 years before, I knew there was a creek about a mile down along the Colo that would "go" and get me out of the gorge not far from the car. In fact, I believe it was the exit route used by the 1971 party.

So I turned down the Colo, and about an hour and a half later started up the side creek. There's a considerable jumble of boulders near the bottom and the first couple of hundred feet of ascent was slower and trickier than I remembered. Then the creek bed became easy going and there were even a couple of cairns to indicate it was an accepted route.

I don't quite know what happened. Maybe I mislaid the usual way.

for other Colo walkers, but as the sun got low I came up against the upper cliff line, and found it a disconcertingly difficult pitch for a solo walker with no head for heights. At any rate I quested back and forth, and when the light was almost gone, squeezed my way up a little chimney into a generous sandstone overhang, and decided this would have to be the camping spot for the night. It promised to be a rather cheerless night, for there was no water and I was already thirsty from climbing.

What prompted me to look out the other end of the cave I don't know - sheer curiosity perhaps, to see if I could get out by an easier way than I had entered. Anyway, I took one look, went back and picked up my pack, and went on: the climb into the overhang had put me above the cliff and it was nothing more than a steady rising grade to the ridge top, to a broken down fire trail, and finally along that to the car at 7.35 p.m.

I turned in that night on just a biscuit and a can of grapefruit juice - too weary to want anything else - and woke to a brilliant, cool Tuesday morning with birds calling their spring songs all around. Apart from a lot of scratches, a stiff and swollen left knee, and a ravening appetite I felt wonderful - provided I didn't have to do any more walking on the Colo system right away. And I didn't - Stage One was in the bag.

(Jim's story -- Stage Two -- in March issue)

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#### NEW BOOKS

A Field Guide to the Sydney Bushland by Alan Fairley.

This book, published by Rigby is recommended to sell for \$11.95. An excellent review by Paddy Pallin of the book appeared in "The Sydney Morning Herald" on Tuesday, 15th. February 1977 (page 7).

Backpacking - A Comprehensive Guide by Showell Styles.

Published by Macmillan ; recommended retail price \$6.95. This book was published in London, but because it deals with the fundamentals of walking (backpacking) it may be of interest to Australian walkers. Has some interesting thumbnail hints on walking trails in Europe and the U.S.

FEDERATION NOTES.

by Len Newland.

In case you have been wondering about the lack of Federation News-letters lately, yes, Federation is still active. Between editor's holidays and the printer's holidays, there just hasn't been much Newsletter production. There should be a new issue with this magazine, but in any case, I'll fill you in on some recent doings.

Firstly, this year's submissions for Paddy Pallin Foundation grants are being discussed. Nothing definite resolved to date.

Federation will be moving with the N.S.W. Environment Centre to 1st Floor, 299 Pitt Street, Sydney. The move should be complete by the end of the month.

The Search and Rescue demonstration is to be held on March 19-20th at Boyd River crossing. If interested, contact Warwick Daniels on 92-1598 (H) or 29-8331 (B).

The Greater Blue Mountains National Park proposal is proceeding smoothly. The conservation workers are confident of success, especially as a party of politicians are due to visit the area. A N.P.A. Journal Special Supplement on the proposal which includes a number of photographs taken by Henry Gold is to be issued shortly. It is intended that these be sold through clubs for (I understand) \$1 per copy. Incidentally, the southern section of the proposal was declared Nation Park on December 18th. This included 30,000 ha of private property, but did not include the Nattai or Abercrombie Rivers. It is proposed that this be extended north to Carlon's Farm.

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SOCIAL NOTES FOR MARCH.

by Ian Stepher ..

March 9th: Cambodian talk and slides - Bob Jilson.

Bob worked for some time in Cambodia and Laos and hearing of his experiences and seeing his slides will make an interesting evening.

March 16th: Annual General Meeting.

March 23rd: "Bites, Bites, Bites" - Ian Wells.

Ian is a fairly new member but has already accumulated a wealth of practical experience on this subject which he is anxious to impart to members. Will be entertaining.

March 30th: Card evening. A new idea and should be lots of fun.

Please bring playing cards and, if possible, a card table.

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BUSHWALKER BOB.

"How'd I know it was going to rain? 'Cos of the pain  
in my big toe, here. Been hurting all day!"

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WALK NOTES.

by Len Newland.  
(Phone 43-2419 (B))

I promise not to pester anyone for more walks until after the Annual General Meeting. But the winter programme is available for early birds.

WALKS FOR MARCH:TEST WAKJS

- 5th, 6th - Katoomba to Wentworth Falls via Mt. Solitary. Overnight camp in Chinaman's Cave. Leader: Tony Denham. Almost track all the way, after the number of people that have been that way. Some hills to climb.
- 11,12,13 - Budawang: Sassafras, Tanderra Camp, Mt. Tarn, Monolith Valley, Mt. Owen. Leader: Victor Lewin. Plenty of hills and scrub. And wildlife.
- 25,26,27 - Bat's Camp, Barrallier Pass, Colong Station, Yerranderie. Leader: Bill Burke. Area involved in the Greater Blue Mountains National Park proposals.
- 25,26,27 - Broger's Creek, Ulrich's Pass, Budderoo Track, Maynard's Falls, Willaya Trig, Gerringong Falls, Broger's Creek. Leader: John Redfern who must know Broger's Creek from end to end by now.

RE-UNION

- 19, 20 - Coolana. The Club's annual get-together, which last year attracted 70 people. Time to dig out those old damper recipes. A good time is assured. Swimming.

LOAF TRIPS

- 4, 5, 6 - Mapping instructional and blackberry picking. Newnes, with fixed camp. Leader: Owen Marks. Might even do some walking. Know any recipes for quick blackberry nip?
- Sunday 6 - David Cotton's famous Bee Walk in Darkes Forest. And "famous" is right. On the last one, David had more people than he could throw stones at. The walk itself is short - if you're up to it after gorging yourself on honeycomb.
- 11,12,13 - Hunter Valley Wine Festival. Leader: Jeff Bridger. Walk if you're able.

WEEKEND TRIPS

- 12, 13 - Newnes Junction, liloing and abseiling. Leader: Bob Hodgson. Action after an easy summer.
- 25,26,27 - Mt. Wilson exploratory. Leader: Jeff Bridger. No wine festival here. Plenty of rugged territory out Bell way.

SUNDAY WALKS

- Sunday 13 - Lilyvale - Palm Jungle - Burning Palms - Otford.  
Leader: Kath Brown. Southern area.
- Sunday 27 - Church Point: Lovett Bay, West Head, Willunga Track, Lovett Bay. Leader: Barry Zieren. Northern area.
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SPECIAL NOTE

On April 1, 2, 3, a rock climbing instructional "for all grades" is to be held at Mt. Victoria under the control of Bryden Allen, whose pedigree includes Kamerukas and Sydney Rock Climbers.

Bryden advises that those interested should meet at Mt. Piddington Lookout car park at 9 a.m. on the Saturday.

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