

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bush Walkers, Box 4476, G.P.O. Sydney, N.S.W. 2001. Club meetings are held every Wednesday evening from 7.30 p.m. at The Wireless Institute building, 14 Atchison Street, St. Leonards. Enquiries concerning the Club should be referred to Mrs. Marcia Shappert - telephone 30,2028.

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JULY 1977.

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E D I T O R I A L

It was very gratifying to read a few weeks ago of the State Government's decision to increase the Myall Lakes Park to the extent of including the high dunes near Smith Lakes, as well as the areas recommended by the Myall Lakes Committee.

Not so pleasing to note was the provision for sandmining operations to continue for another five years at Smith Lake and the more recently begun Big Gibber, both sites now being within national park boundaries. Apart from the damage that will be done by Mineral Deposits sifting through another five years worth of sand dunes, the vexed question of mining in national parks at all is only partly resolved. Perhaps we should be thankful that in five years time we will see the end of sand mining within this national park.

The amount of publicity given to the Myall Lakes decision was quite surprising, perhaps a recognition of the growing numbers of conservation-minded people. There may, however, have been an underlying intention to publicise the effect on landowners and the local employment situation. A sore point in the present economic climate, it would be interesting to know what the men working for the mining companies would have been doing before the operations started. On a trip to Myall Lakes some time ago, a local resident told us that many locals had left their traditional fishing businesses when the sand mining started and went to work for the mining companies. Surely this shows that a more stable kind of employment in country areas would be preferable to the inevitably transient operations of mineral sand mining.

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NOTICE

Any CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS for consideration at the Half Yearly General Meeting in September should be submitted to the Hon. Secretary by the August General Meeting.

MORE ABOUT BARRALLIER AND THE OLD BUFFERS.

by Paddy Pallin.

Well, as promised, the Old Buffers girded up their arthritic loins, got into their motor cars and started chasing that elusive Frenchman at Easter. Our numbers were somewhat reduced this time and only Ken, Paul, Rex and I turned out. I was full of hope that I had solved the great Barrallier mystery.

Speculation went something like this. Barrallier might be a poor bushman, but at least he had proved himself a good surveyor; therefore let us pin everything for the time being on to his bearings, which were:-

North Gap	$300\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$	(presumably magnetic)
South Gap	215°	

Centre Gap west, which presumably meant in a westerly direction, give or take a few degrees.

There is a report that his compass was later found to be faulty. Now a "needle" compass, if it is swinging freely and not subject to magnetic ground influence, can only be a degree or two out caused by a faulty or worn bearing; but in a "card" compass the needle can become detached from the card and be many degrees out, but if this is so one would expect any bearings taken to be consistently plus or minus a given number of degrees. Therefore the "included angle", i.e. the difference between the northerly and southerly begins to be important.

I therefore got out my copy of the Blue Mountains Tourist Map, cut a piece of card so that one corner was equal to Barrallier's "included angle", viz. $85\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, and began hunting round on the map to find a spot somewhere east of Byrnes Gap where two gaps subtended the required angle. In this area there are 5 very obvious gaps which can be seen from high points and which would possibly give an explorer the hope that one was the gateway that he sought to the west. In geographical order they are Bull Island Gap, Green Wattle Gap, Byrnes Gap, Kowmung Gap and The Gap or South Gap. The first two have the peculiarity that from various vantage points one or the other becomes hard to see because it is blocked by mountains behind. When one is seen the other is generally blocked.

In the following notes "Kowmung Gap" does not always refer to that gap as marked on the map, but the gap caused by the Tonalli River between Tonalli Mountain and The Mootik.

Anyway, having explained all that, the result of my juggling gave rise to great hopes that the mystery was solved.

I found a spot - map reference 256834 Nattai 2" = 1 mile - which gave the following bearings:-

Green Wattle Break	319 ¹⁰ M
South Gap	233 ¹⁰ M
Included angle	86°
Byrnes Gap	298°

This gave a believable compass error of 19° and allowing for this a bearing for Byrnes Gap of 279° which is near enough to West. A quickly drawn intervisibility diagram indicated that Green Wattle Gap should be clearly visible, and that though the bottom of Byrnes and South Gaps would not be seen, the mountains each side would show clearly. I realised, of course, that dense timber could block the view and so everything must await an active visit to the site.

We discussed the matter of timber as it affected visibility and decided we must assume that in 1802 the timber would have been very much the same as now except that wattle growth (which is a result of timber clearing) would probably not be evident and therefore clear views might be obtained from the forward slopes of forested ridges.

Alas for my high hopes, when we got to "my spot" it seemed evident that unless the area had in 1802 been clear felled there was no chance of seeing the gaps because the top was too flat and did not fall away fast enough for us to see through the trees. (If by some chance the area was clear in 1802 this would be the spot.)

We were somewhat flummoxed, but not yet beaten, so we had another look at the map and decided that the high ridge running NE from Yerranderie offered most hope of success. We realised, however, that no other spot would give us bearings that so nearly agreed with Barrallier's. We tried several spots and the best bearings (magnetic) we could get were:-

From map ref. 220873 - Yerranderie

Green Wattle Gap	330°	Included angle 76°
Kowmung Gap (south of Zucchetti Head)	254°	
Byrnes Gap	282°	

Map Ref. 215861

Green Wattle Gap	345°	Included angle 97°
Tonalli R. valley	248°	
Byrnes Gap	307°	

A careful search of the maps shows that assuming Byrnes Gap is the gap he went through no appreciably better results can be obtained.

Next day we decided to go down to the Kowmung to see how things agreed in the Barrallier's account. More enigmas! After going through the "Passage" the log says he came to a swamp and "the water is taken from this swamp by a rivulet running southwestwardly". All the water in this area flows N.E.

Next morning at daybreak (? 4 a.m.) he got up and climbed to the top of what should be Axehead Mountain, then returned, had breakfast, and "At 11 a.m. I was on the banks of a creek which I followed until 5 p.m. and arrived at a river much larger than the one I had seen on the 24th. The current of this river is very rapid and flows between two chains of very high mountains, which give to only one part of its banks an accessible space. The widest parts where I passed were not more than 20 feet. Very often I could not find any passage at all and was obliged to walk on the slopes of the steep mountains at the risk of falling from the precipices into the water. I proceeded in a northerly direction more than one hour." And arrived at what we presume was Christy's Creek.

How did he get down to the Kowmung? He complains of the difficulty of getting along the Kowmung but makes no mention of the 1,200 ft. (sorry, 400 metres) descent to that river. Did he go down Cedar Creek or Church Creek? With knowledge of the country and an excellent map we got down without too much trouble, but it would have been a tough job for Barrallier's party. Yet no mention is made of any difficulty, except that it took them 6 hours to do it!

We walked from Cedar Creek to Christy's in 20 minutes on a wide flat bank and no hint of precipitous slopes. We did not return via Church Creek, but if my memory serves me right there are no particular obstacles between Church Creek and Christy's such as he describes. Did he really traverse the Kowmung? If he did, maybe he transferred his memory of the 6-hour descent to the Kowmung.

Next day we decided to give ourselves a treat and climbed and traversed the southern part of Axehead Mountain. The weather was clear and the views even more splendid than before, but it still puzzled us as to how Barrallier could think he had a clear go ahead to the west. It looked pretty rough to us. As we were having lunch I chanced to look at Chinaman's Bluffs way down below, and what did I see - caves - lots of them in the sandstone wall. Was one of these the 20-man cave that our hero took shelter in? We didn't have time to investigate this. Maybe next time. Suffice it to say they would be near enough to comply with what appears in the record.

"Well," you may ask, "What did you discover?"

Frankly, not much.

I feel pretty certain that his route was very much as Mitchell described it except that he probably did not go so far south as Yerrand-erie. Starting as he did at the Nattai-Wollondilly junction, where else would he see those beautiful gaps? What other river could he strike but the Kowmung? It is only a pity that either his account is incomplete, or that he was so poorly equipped as an explorer. He had the courage and determination but did he have the ability to bring back a worthwhile account of his travels, and a reasonable picture of the country traversed?

Who will take up this interesting enigma? There may be a solution.

* * * * *

Paddy made

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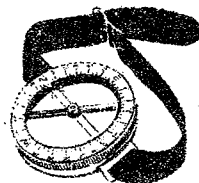
P.V.C. or nylon.

'A' TENTS

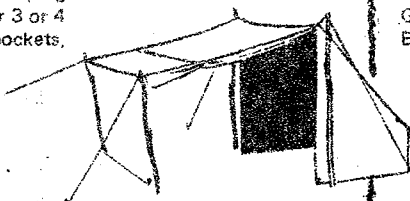
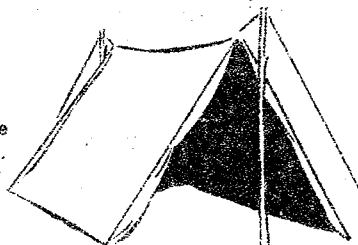
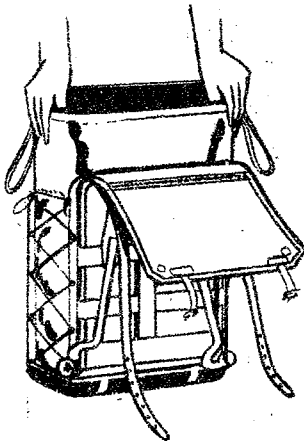
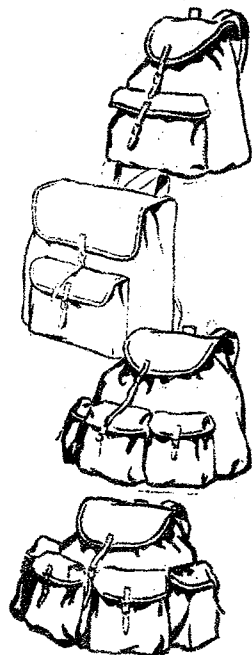
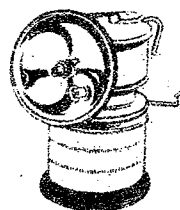
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Paddy Pallen

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A "DRY" CAMP AT AIRLY.

by John Redfern.

It was raining steadily on Friday night as we drove up the slippery road to Burnett's farm at Airly. I was fortunate in having a new set of radials on, some of the later cars were to have an exciting time, a few abandoning their cars and finishing on foot.

A wet Saturday morning saw an emerging fifty-one people, the youngest being two-year-old Leigh Rostron. Joe Marton, who came direct from Sydney, negotiated the hill in his faithful Vee Dub only to decide it was not his scene and made it a round fifty.

Thirty started the Saturday walk despite a light drizzle and a leaden sky. The remainder were to explore around the farm or head for home. We were just starting to climb into the rocky outcrops of Airly Turret, when the rain became quite heavy. A very good cave provided shelter and was declared the morning tea stop (while I was out in the rain looking for the way). With a fire going, a bit of a rebellion occurred when I suggested restarting, however only three decided it was too good a spot to leave.

Climbing up through the great sandstone rocks, normally good fun, became a challenge in the rain. We by-passed the turret proper, which normally provides great views of the Capertee Valley, and headed straight for the Diamond Mine. Many people had filtered back to the cave, some after making the mine by a different route. Keith Brister made it from the farm and back alone, without seeing any of the thirty others - such is the nature of this area.

The thirteen of us left were, by now, wet and cold. The intention was to scramble down some three hundred metres to Genowlan Creek and continue as per programme. We decided instead to opt out via the Diamond Mine road, which goes down very steeply to the Glen Davis road, allowing us to return to the farm around 2.30 p.m.

By Saturday evening the fifty strong were reduced to fifteen. The rain had stopped somewhat and we cooked to the sound of the 1812 Overture coming from Victor Lewin's Kombi. Ann Parks emerged as a rival to David Cotton when it comes to making fires, and we all soon felt a lot happier. The Youngers, who were camped nearby, were equipped with such things as folding chairs!

On Sunday morning the rain had actually stopped when fourteen of us started walking at 9.30 a.m. We followed the route of the now non-existent railway, associated with the shale mining at Airly back in the late eighteen hundreds. This route follows around the base of Mt. Airly (known to the locals at Mt. Torbane) on the Airly side. The remains of buildings and mine workings were interesting and caused much speculation. The track eventually goes very steeply over the mountain to the Torbane

side. Standing on the ridge we looked down into Torbane and the ruins of the plant where kerosene was extracted from the shale. This is now part of the "Carinya" property.

The rain returned, which together with the late start, ended all hope of following the ridge around to Black Mountain - this was to be the highlight of the weekend. We retraced our steps back to the farm, arriving there about 2.30 p.m. David Cotton, by some means, soon had a fire going and we made lots of soup and tea and ate everyone's leftovers.

I hope all those that came, despite the weather and perhaps their short stay, began to like this interesting area. A number of people have asked me to make a return trip, so if you wish to see the Capertee Valley, the ingenious machinery of the Diamond Mine, the history of Airly and the great panorama from Black Mountain - watch the programme.

My thanks to the Burnetts of Airly.

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CONGRATULATIONS PADDY PALLIN, A.M., F.R.G.S.

As most members know, Paddy was last year honoured with the award of Member of the Order of Australia, and during this year's Queen's visit was formally invested.

Now Paddy has received a further award. He has been made a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. This is indeed a great honour and we offer Paddy our warmest congratulations.

Jess Martin advises that she has copies of "The Sydney Bushwalker" from June 1964 to the current date, and as she wishes to dispose of them, anyone who would like some back numbers of our famous magazine, could phone her at 39-4457.

* * * * *

DINNER before the August General Meeting will be at the Minerva Restaurant, Elizabeth St. opposite Hyde Park, near Liverpool St. Peter Miller - 952689.
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MOUNTAINEERING APPRENTICESHIP.

by Marion Lloyd.

"Jump!" screamed our sadistic instructor, and a second later three females plummeted from the gym ceiling strapped in climbing harnesses to hang upside down until we virtually passed out. The purpose of the exercise was to show what happens when you fall off a 60 ft. cliff belayed and harnessed. It b.....y well hurts. Cursing, I wondered how Rita (fellow chiropodist) persuaded me to join this mountaineering class to go through these murderous ordeals.

Here I was every Wednesday night learning to belay along the gym wall bars; holds, prussiking, climbing terminology, knots, etc. Our first instructor, Chris, had a love of climbing but was easily sidetracked into history and archeology. Our climbing sites had to be old quarries or near archeological digs. He was a true gentleman, refined and cultured.

Our next instructor, George, with the appropriate surname of Steele, was a Spartan disciplinarian with none of the gentlemanly refinements of Chris. He drove us relentlessly with exercise drills and our climbing skills had to be perfect. With George there was no room or excuse for accidents.

The theory side was just as tough. We had to spend hours over maps, working out routes, weather conditions, time taken to climb from A - B over C and down to D, escape routes, etc. He would organise orienteering contests in a wood in Surrey or the Chilterns and make certain we would spend most of our time bashing through the mud and undergrowth.

His weekend trips were far more ambitious. He would take us up to the Lakes District in winter. He would get us on the move by 5 a.m. to climb Mt. Coniston, make us do a forced river crossing so that we would be cold and wet for the rest of the day (just so we could experience it). He would leave us up the top of Mt. Coniston in the cold and dense fog to our own devices to get down again. Being in thick fog is no joke when you can't see 5 yds. in front. You either have to be dead cert of what you are going to do or stay put. There is no sense of time, space or direction. Here you realise that good clothing and equipment is life or death. Heavy climbing boots to keep mud and snow out, woollen socks, those funny "half mast" breeches, bright orange parkas and overpants (the only colour you can see in a mist). We figured out our position, roped ourselves together so we wouldn't lose each other and spent the rest of the day staggering through the snow and mist to the hostel.

George then decided that we had sufficiently progressed to do snow and ice in Switzerland, and for weeks we practised in the gym and out in the field. In between times George arranged for us to practise mechanical climbing on climbing walls around London and also lined up a tree in the back garden of a master at Harrows School. The gnarled old tree

was mutilated with spikes and pegs and must have felt hundreds of boys and aspiring mountaineers swinging from its boughs, struggling up its trunk or abseiling from its uppermost branches.

David (brother) and I escaped George's Swiss expedition as we had already taken off on our 3-month van trip to Northern Europe and Scandinavia. Norway is definitely the place for everything; fjords, glaciers, magnificent waterfalls, towering mountains - just the place for skiing, walking and climbing, better than Switzerland. But with George not there to inspire us or hound us, we didn't do any mountaineering.

It was really a lucky escape.

* * * * *

C L O C K.

by Gordon Lee.

Damned clock!
 Won't you ever stop
 Metering relentlessly
 The limited tenancy
 Of my life,
 From the clarion
 Of morning alarm
 To the ritual winding
 At evening?

Damned clock!
 Rebuking with accusing face
 For time fruitlessly spent
 In hopeless endeavour -
 In no endeavour.
 Is there no respite,
 Except in sleep
 From hands accusedly pointing
 At my sin?

Damned clock!
 Every tick and tock
 Recalling past
 And impelling future thought
 To that ahead
 Which must be fraught
 With pain.
 Merciless monitor
 Of death -
 Damned clock!

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RESCUE ON STARLIGHT'S TRAIL.

by Barbara Bruce.

It was Good Friday, Easter 1977 when 18 in a party led by Tony Denham set out on what was to be a base camp at Macarthur's Flat with day walks. Much to my surprise about 8 cars survived the tortuous rocky road to almost the top of the trail.

Most of the party consisted of prospectives and visitors who were all having a relaxed weekend - that is until lunchtime on the Saturday as we were all happily rockhopping up Wanganderry Creek. All of a sudden an anguished cry hit the air from somewhere amidst the casuarinas and with dismay and concern we rushed to investigate its source. No, not a snake-bite, although we saw several red bellied black snakes during the weekend, but Jan Brownlee had managed to catch her ankle between two smallish rocks. It has since transpired to be a fracture, but at that time it was assumed Jan had sustained a badly sprained ankle. Precautions were taken to ease the pain and stop the swelling and we decided to have lunch then and there, while a couple of the girls took the opportunity of a skinny dip in a secluded pool.

To carry Jan back to camp a stretcher was rigged from a frame pack piled with jumpers and carried by four able bodied men while Jan, like an oriental queen, was carried along supported by two "slaves" at her side. It was not easy going over the many sized rocks. Ironically, after spending most of the morning endeavouring to keep our feet dry at creek crossings, most of the afternoon was spent trudging back to camp through the water.

Back at camp Jan was made as comfortable as possible, but nevertheless spent a sleepless night, not helped perhaps by the bawdy campfire singing that wrent the air of an evening.

Next morning John Head, Paul Mawhinney and I took the track back to the cars and thence drove to Hilltop where assistance was sought by telephone from our S. & R. contact, Don Finch. It was decided that we would go onto Bowral Ambulance Station (it being the nearest) and borrow a stretcher in order to carry Jan out, as the cost of a helicopter rescue was prohibitive. Don was arranging for as many men as possible to come from Sydney to help carry the stretcher. Unfortunately by the time all this was achieved it was too late to carry Jan out on that day, so Donny was advised accordingly in order to contact the other club members who were going to help out.

Owen Marks had unexpectedly appeared on the Sunday evening and later Don and Bill Burke arrived, so for me it was somewhat of a pleasant reunion - Kath and Jim Brown being there as well.

Eventually on the Monday morning Jan was strapped on her stretcher and all hands put in to make light work of the rescue operation. Pack shuffles took place constantly up the track, which was cleared back where

it was overgrown and outstanding obstacles removed.

In what seemed to be record time, the rescue party reached the cars although Jan seemed to be suffering from a case of "seasickness" caused by the slight sway of the stretcher. But the worst was now over for her and she was quickly on her way to hospital.

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So, what I had expected to be a quiet, easygoing, uneventful Easter transpired to be full of incident and comradeship of a high order. Despite the misfortune, it was surely enjoyed by all participants (not so the victim) and will no doubt be remembered for a while to come. We wish Jan a speedy recovery and an early return to bushwalking.

THE JUNE GENERAL MEETING (8 JUNE, '77).

by Barry Wallace.

At about 8.32 p.m. on a miserable wet Wednesday evening the President called the 30 or so members present to order and announced - - nothing!

First of all there were no apologies, then no new members. This gave rise to no applause which considering the epidemic of handclapping at the last G.M. was probably not entirely a bad thing.

We were about half way through reading the minutes of the previous meeting when the electric urn gave a rather ill-mannered burp and ceased heating water. Your reporter was somewhat distracted by this, and so missed the excitement of passing the minutes as a true and correct (etc.) and didn't really pick up the thread until about the end of correspondence in. Sorry about that folks!

Business arising concerned a letter from Brian Harvey suggesting a 50th Anniversary competition for a club song. The proposal had no enthusiastic supporters and it was decided not to proceed with the idea.

At a later stage in the meeting we realized that we needed two delegates for a Nature Conservation Council Conference during the coming week. Ian Watt and your reporter ducked a little too slowly.

Correspondence out comprised a letter to Joe Turner offering Honorary Membership. (This will mean that all surviving foundation members will now have been offered Hon. Membership). There was also a letter to the Lands Board at Nowra regarding our permissive occupancy of land adjacent to "Coolana".

The treasurer read off our financial barometer as follows:-

Starting balance: \$1866.15, Incomings: \$342.00, Outgoings: \$119.50,
Closing Balance: \$2088.55.

Federation report -- nothing! -- Well, nothing significant anyway, or so they said. There was an announcement of the upcoming Federation Annual General Meeting, to which all club presidents and secretaries are invited.

The walks report came and went, with John Redfern establishing a sound basis for the "walk with the highest number of white-ants" award with his Airly trip on a wet, wet weekend.

General business discussion centered on the question of a replacement for the club's slide projector. Numbers mentioned were around \$650 to \$800 with the speakers more or less divided over the virtues of automatic magazine-fed systems versus hand loading types. A motion was passed that Rod Peters propose a suitable projector system (with spares and ancillaries if necessary) to the next month's meeting.

The club has decided to write to the N.P.W.S. suggesting that greater prominence be given to rules prohibiting the carriage and use of axes, tomahawks and machettes within National Parks. This has been triggered by reports of extensive tree hacking around the camping area at Accacia Flat, near Bluegum Forest.

And then, by the grace and skill of the W.I.A. urn repair squad, it was away to the coffee and bickies at 9.40 p.m.

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SOCIAL NOTES FOR AUGUST.

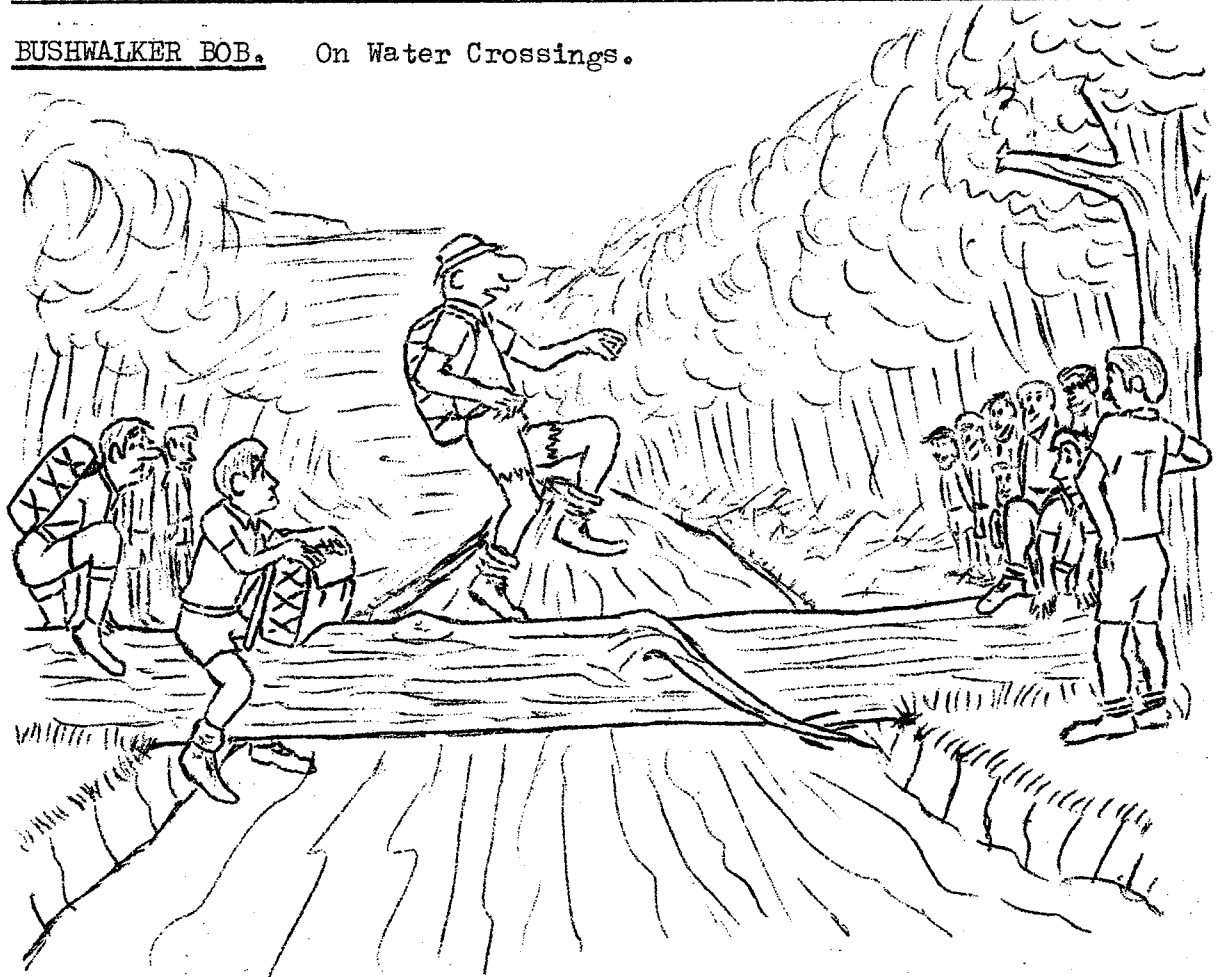
by Christine Kirkby.

On August 17th Barry Wallace, Klaus Lievert and Rod Peters have combined their talents to show us some slides of their recent New Zealand walk. The slides will include pictures of the Routeburn Track and the Dusky Sound area.

In the Kybean Ranges, last Easter, some of us had a chance to sample Rod Peter's home made apple wine. It went down so well, we thought everybody would like to hear how it's made. Come along on August 24th and hear his talk and perhaps try some samples.

The end of winter and beginning of spring brings on our wildflowers! On August 31st Mr. Cooper from the Society for Growing Australian Plants will give a talk on this subject. He will also have some plant specimens.

Don't forget the Folk Dancing prior to the entertainment on 17th, and the Singing Group on 24th. Both starting at 7 p.m. All welcome.

BUSHWALKER BOB. On Water Crossings.

"Why am I running? 'Cos by the time I lose balance and fall, I'm already on the other side."

WALKS NOTES.

by Len Newland.
(Ph.: 432419 (B))

As I sit here listening to the stately tones of the Brandenburg 3rd as played by Walter Carlos, my thoughts turn to the stately calm of the Australian bush, and my soul yearns to meander through nature's own universal curative for all of society's hassle. Let's see: it's August coming up, and we've got some good walks for that month:

WALKS FOR AUGUST.Test Walks.

First up, on the 6th and 7th, is John Fox's trip from Katoomba to Narrow Neck, Medlow Gap and Splendour Rock. Plenty of excellent mountain views there. Next, on the Sunday of that week-end, Harry Wynne makes an appearance on the program with the cliff track walk from Bundeena to Otford. Sunday 14th has another cliff track to Otford walk in case you missed the previous one, this time from Waterfall via Palona Brook, and the leader is Bill Hall. Last

test walk for this month is again led by John Fox, and goes from Fitzroy Falls down into Kangaroo Valley, with a possible swim or lilo exercise to get across the river to the Club's own property, Coolana. This trip is similar to the one which John reported in last month's magazine, under the title "The Explorer's Way". John's walk goes on the 19th, 20th and 21st.

Weekend Walks.

On the 12th, 13th and 14th, your Social Secretary, Christine Kirkby, has a walk on the Wollondilly River, with such highlights as Murruin Ck., Bindook Ck., The Plateau, Tomat Ck. and Tomat Falls. Also seeing the Wollondilly is John Redfern's trip slated for the 26th, 27th and 28th. This one starts from Malcolm's Farm (which I think is now called "Wonganderry"; in any case, Malcolm doesn't live there any more), and on the way, you go all the way out to Bonnum Pic, retiring by way of Burnt Flat Ck.

Base Camp.

President Helen Gray's base camp for this month is at Woodhill, and from there you will go to Drawing Room Rocks, Barren Grounds and Cook's Nose the first day, and to Upper Brogher's Ck. on the second day.

Day Walks.

Anne Morgan leads you from Stanwell Park along the Zig Zag Track to Mt. Mitchell and back to start on Sunday 7th. This promises to be a nice, easy, pleasant day's outing. On the following Sunday, Hans Beck's walk from Faulconbridge to Glenbrook via Glenbrook Ck. is on. This walk is classed as medium mainly because of the rocks you strike near Glenbrook. On Sunday 21st, we have two walks. Jack Perry goes from Waterfall to Heathcote via Mt. Westmacott and Heathcote Creek. For those who would rather go west than south, Jim Brown goes up Glenbrook Ck. from Blaxland to Springwood. Finally for this month, Sunday 28th also sees two walks going. Sheila Binns leads one from Waterfall to Waterfall, and along the way are stops at Karloo Pool on the Kangaroo Ck., and Uloola Falls. The second walk on this day goes to Bluegum Forest via the Pinnacles and Lockley's Pylon, which to my mind (if minds are in the legs) is the easiest way to see Bluegum. Be careful: Hans Stichter, who is the Leader, wants an early start, so he is camping on the Saturday night.

A couple of points of note: any member can lead a walk, so let's see your name on that program. The spring draft program is available now, and a few members have got to it already. However, there is still oodles of blank space on it, so start looking at your maps. It closes on the first Wednesday (Committee meeting) in August. Of course, if you still want to lead a walk in August, just put it up on the notice board.

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THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKERS

Founded 1927

Dear Member,

The Club is celebrating a most important event - its 50th Anniversary - over the weekend of Friday/Saturday/Sunday, 21/22/23 October next, and all present and past members are invited to the following:-

- (1) Commemoration Dinner at Menzies Hotel, 14 Carrington Street, City (opposite Wynyard Park and above Wynyard Ramp) on the Friday evening, 21st October, commencing at 6.30 p.m.
- (2) Weekend Reunion Camp at the Boy Scouts Camping Ground, at foot of Pomona Street, Pennant Hills, on Saturday and Sunday.

The dinner will be a seated function, and there will be two menus:-

- | | |
|--------------|---|
| Appetizers: | (a) Fresh Fruit Cocktail |
| | (b) Melon in Port Wine |
| Main Course: | (a) Duckling a l'Orange |
| | (b) Tournedos (Fillet Steak with Sauce) |
| Dessert: | (a) Chocolate Rum Gateau |
| | (b) Fresh Fruit Flan with Cream |

P.T.O.

Please post me tickets at \$12.50 each for the 50th Anniversary Dinner of Friday, 21st October next. Herewith my cheque/postal note/cash \$.....

BLOCK } Names..... Year joined S.B.W.
LETTERS } Year joined S.B.W.
PLEASE } Address

Postcode Tel.Number

Signature

Do you expect to attend the Campfire?...Is dormitory accommodation required? ...

Do you require an extra copy/copies of the 50th Anniversary Magazine at 50 cents per copy? If so, please add amount to cheque etc. as above.

SEND TO: The Social Secretary,
S.B.W.,
Box 4476 G.P.O.,
SYDNEY. 2001.

OR TO: Mrs. Helen Gray,
209 Malton Road,
EPPING. 2121.

OR SEE Christine Kirkby, Owen Marks, Helen Gray or Denise Brown in the Clubroom.

Strictly speaking, we are supposed to have one menu only, but the Menzies has agreed to provide two; BUT you won't really have a choice. If there are, say, 10 people at a table, 5 of each dish will be brought to the table. (If you don't like what you get, swap with the person next to you!)

Everyone will be given a sherry or fruit drink on arrival, and there will be carafes of wine and fruit juice on the table. (When these run out you order your own wines.) Olives, nuts, chips, coffee and chocolate mints are also included in the price.

The cost of the dinner is \$12.50 per head. I would appreciate getting the money and numbers as soon as possible, and certainly not later than the 8th October.

Prospective members, and non-member wives, families and friends may also attend.

Details of the Reunion Camp will be given in full in the next magazine. However, I would appreciate an indication of numbers as soon as possible. Limited dormitory accommodation is available for non-campers.

HELEN GRAY, PRESIDENT.

NOTE: The special 50th Birthday issue of the magazine will be in lieu of the October magazine and will be posted to members and subscribers as usual. Extra copies will be available at 50 cents per copy.