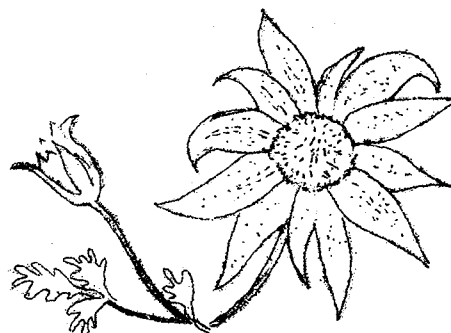


THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER



A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bush Walkers, Box 4476 G.P.O. Sydney, 2001. Club meetings are held every Wednesday evening from 7.30 pm 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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APRIL - 1978.

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MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR.

I am hoping that Editorials will not be necessary in this magazine, as all matters of interest will be covered in other people's articles.

What sort of magazine do we want?

WALKS. Firstly we are a walking club, so the bulk of articles, ideally, should be about walking. Most walkers seem to write about the trips that went wrong, probably because it is easier to write a story with a climax, and those trips are usually more deeply impressed on our brains. But the uneventful trips make good reading too. Every mountain scene is worthy of description, every person on a walk worthy of a character sketch (and the club certainly has plenty of "characters" in the colloquial sense).

NEW AREAS. Looking through walks programmes, I see places mentioned of which I know nothing, for example, the Manning River, some unknown creeks in the Ettrema area, and the Guy Fawkes Wilderness. Descriptions of these areas, I am sure, would make interesting reading.

CONSERVATION. We do not want to turn our publication into a propaganda magazine, but the conservation of the bush concerns and affects us as walkers, and articles on this subject provide thought-provoking reading.

COMPLAINTS. Have you a complaint about the club? I have heard murmurs about plastic being burned on cooking fires, new members not being introduced to others, etc. Please send your gripes in, as a letter to the Editor if you like, and hopefully other people will write to comment or argue.

OVERSEAS TRIPS. There is usually no shortage of articles here. Most people keep diaries of their trips and usually wish to share their experiences and feelings with others. They are always popular reading - so keep writing, all you travellers.

MAPS AND DRAWINGS. If you wish to include a map or small sketches in your article, see me and I will give you a stencil to do them on. Illustrations add interest to the magazine.

NOTICES. Alterations to walks and social programmes, theatre parties, dinners, births, marriages and obituaries, sale of bushwalking gear.... Any notice of interest to Club members may be included in the magazine. BUT REMEMBER, the magazine starts being typed, printed and collated many weeks before you get your copy. Please send any notices in by the first week in each month.

* * * * *

PASS HOPPING IN NEW ZEALAND - HOKATIKA TO ARTHUR'S PASS.

by Christine Austin.

"There's no use making too many plans and rigidly obeying them." It seemed a sensible adage, we thought, as we headed for Hokatika, on New Zealand's west coast.

For we had abandoned our original plan to walk in the Darrans, a mountain range in Fiordland. Actually, the very name Fiordland, at that moment gave me the horrors as we had spent the last week battling flood waters and sandflies at Dusky Sound. (That trip had left us with an even greater respect for Cook who spent five weeks at Dusky Sound and regarded the latter as a haven after the hardships of Antarctica.) However we weren't in the same mind as Cook.

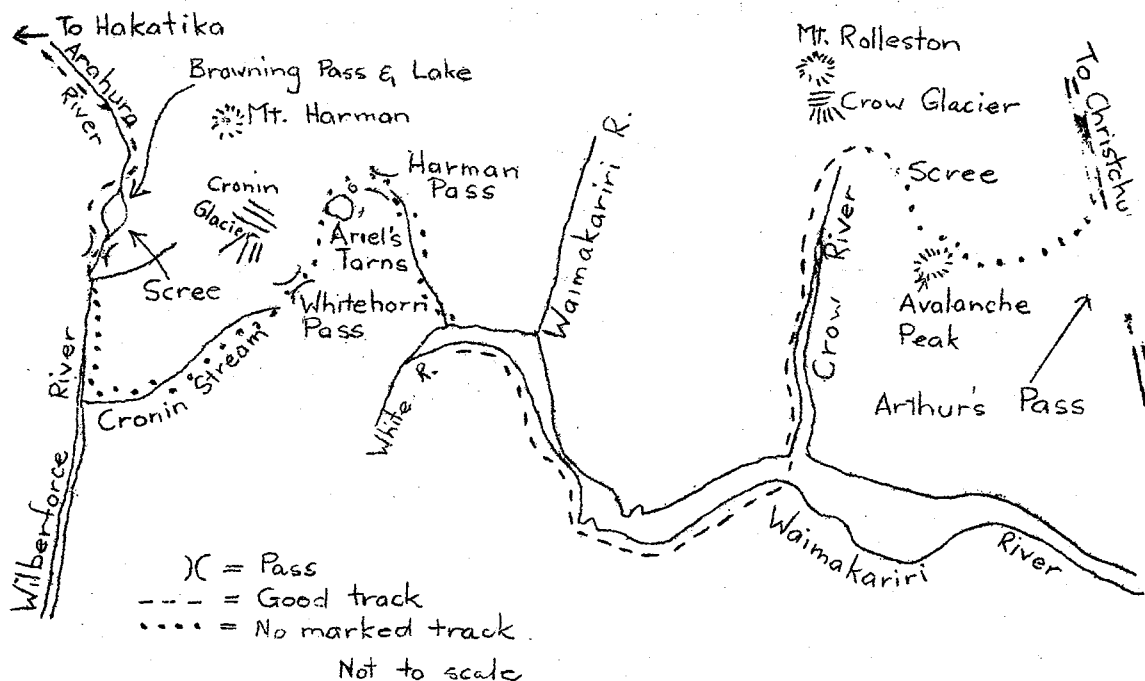
Anyway back to the present - heading to Hokatika in order to attempt the three passes trip to Arthur's Pass. We were sustained by a hope that there were no sandflies and the well-known fact that rain is less frequent in that area. As to the first hope, we were horribly deluded. Hardly had we stepped from the car than the Styx River sandflies began their assault. They were just as vicious as their southern brothers.

The Styx River was very swollen and swirled and eddied right down its short course. This forced us to keep to one bank, which wasn't difficult as we were walking along a very well-made path. In fact, some parts of it were so well built that this track could have vied with a Roman highway. This was the old miners' track, created by those hopeful men who tramped up the Styx and into the Arahura with eyes only for gold. We had the same destination, but not the same objective. As we lunched at the Styx saddle, we could see the Arahura winding up to our first pass, the Browning.

For a while after lunch, we continued marching along our highway. This gradually disappeared, carpets of edelweiss and ranunculus taking its place. We passed the tree line and soon reached Lake Browning, a delightful tarn. Daring the weather, we pitched our tent and read and dozed in the sun for several hours. No, we'd have to make the most of this temporary lull in the weather, so we closed books and began climbing Mt. Harman. This mountain had not, as yet, deigned to show her full face. Wisps of mist floated around her summit, but we thought she looked possible. We didn't have ice axes, but the snow was quite soft.

Reaching the top, we gazed at the magnificent view - the Wilberforce River to our east and the Taipo to the north. Towering ice falls tottered above wildly steep ridges. The only sound to disturb the serenity was the drone of aeroplanes - I think we were under the main air route.

The return journey looked much more precarious than the ascent. Craig gave me a quick glissading lesson (don't know why I've never done it before). He picked up a sharp looking rock and said, "Stick this in the snow if you get out of control." Fortunately I didn't need to stab



the snow and we glided easily to the bottom. What a relaxing activity!

Next day, after circling Lake Browning, we lurched straight over the lip of the pass and wobbled down a very steep moraine slope. The main thing was to have faith in your balance. One step forward would rocket you several metres towards the bottom. Later we read in a book that some adventurous pioneers had actually driven sheep over the pass. It seemed to be a way of solving the food problems on the west coast gold fields. I believe the unfortunate and astounded sheep were forcibly shoved up and over the pass.

With very battered boots, we skated and slid down to the mighty Wilberforce, an easterly flowing river. Nearby was a memorial to a man who had drowned in its turbulence - unfortunately one of the many people in New Zealand to have died this way. Our weather was now peaceful and the rivers relatively low, but still some of our river crossings were rather hair raising. I was politely informed by Craig that in some ways my being with him was somewhat of a liability - so far as river crossings went. What a thing to say on a honeymoon!

Here I might digress to explain that in many parts of New Zealand (including this area) there are quite a number of huts. These have been built by the Forestry Department and many contain radios. In the event of accident, a rescue could be quickly organised.

It was at one of these huts that two men we met announced that bad weather was brewing. It was rather difficult to imagine as we gazed up the Cronin Stream towards our next pass - Whitehorn. At that moment it was stinking hot and there was not one cloud to be seen. We had intended

camping that night at Ariel's Tarns, high up near Whitehorn Pass. Being rather exposed and above the treeline, it wasn't the place to be caught out.

We'd only been walking up the Cronin Stream about one hour when, true to our friends' predictions, in raced the ominous wispy clouds which in New Zealand herald the approach of a nor'-wester. For the moment the weather was ignored and we plugged on up the river and onto the snow field below the pass. Hanging on our left was the Cronin Glacier. From its rubble of ice and snow it continually hurled large, black rocks. From these ricocheting objects we kept clear, by veering to our right.

From the Whitehorn Pass the view was a huge jumble of icy peaks. However, the nor'-wester was still threatening so we rocketed down the snow slope to Ariel's Tarns. What a fantastic camping spot! Crystal clear tarns laced with white ranunculus. But what an awful place to be caught. The clouds continued to loom so we opted for the safer course. Racing over the Harman Pass (the least significant of the Passes), we hurtled down the Taipoiti in the gathering darkness (we'd been walking for ten hours). Later we found a sheltered spot by the river and settled down to await the tempest. But nothing happened! It was a complete fizzle! How we cursed those Forestry men and their official weather predictions.

We had now entered the Arthurs' Pass National Park and the tramping population had increased. One could no longer have a bath in peace as I found out the next morning to my great embarrassment.

We'd also arrived at that well-known river, the Waimakareri. Our trip was nearly finished but we decided to have a go at another pass - Avalanche. From here you have excellent views of Mt. Rolleston and the Crow Glacier. The former was "only a seven thousand footer" but looked rather dangerous and difficult to climb. Having crawled up the two thousand foot scree slope to Avalanche Pass and then up Mt. Avalanche itself we began to have thoughts of civilization. We decided to arrive at Arthur's Pass early and so put on a bit of speed in order to reach the bus stop by 3.15 pm. Reach it we did, but the bus was full.

"Never mind," I said to Craig. "We'll hitch and I bet we beat the bus by hours." And that's just what we did.

Postscript

This is a fabulous trip. I really recommend it to anybody who has had walking experience and has about 8 - 10 days to spare. The scenery is varied and magnificent.

* * * * *

Paddy made

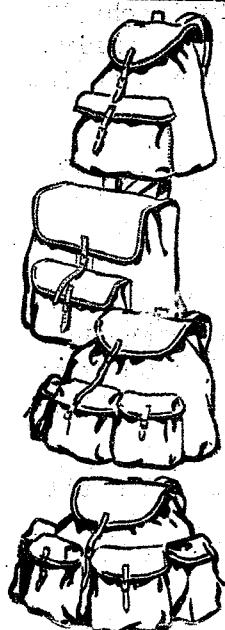
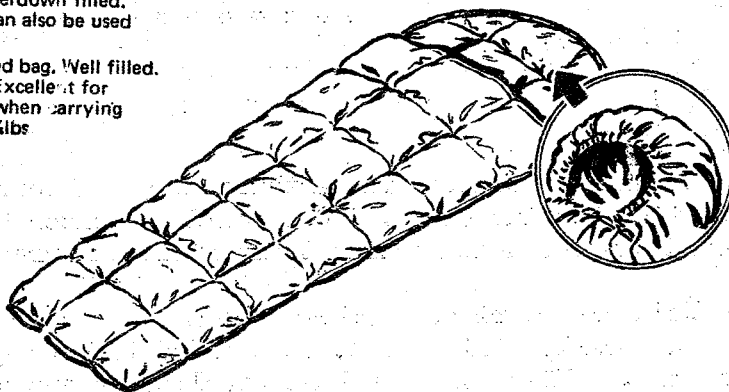
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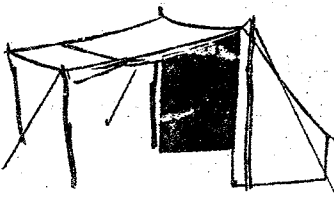
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'A' TENTS

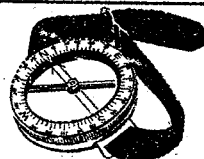
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Paddy Pallen

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A. A. MILNE GETS BUSHED.

by Barbara Evans.

There was an old walker my grandfather knew,
Who had dozens of things which he needed to do,
But his thoughts whirled around like a top in a spin
And he never could think where he ought to begin.

He was lost in some very dense bush for a week,
And he wanted a cave and he needed a creek,
And some wood (for a fire) and some bark (for a bed),
But which to find FIRST was the doubt in his head.

So he listed the things (with which forests abound)
He would need, to survive, until he was found.
He thought, "To be lost in the bush is no joke,
So I'll first build a fire to make signalling-smoke.

"My matches are wet, but that's easy to fix:
I'll hunt for two native-style fire-lighting sticks.
To make them work right I shall need some stout twine,
So for starters I'll look for a stringy-ish vine."

He'd just seen a vine on a kurrajong tree,
When he thought, "On my fire I could brew up some tea.
But "tea" means some water (I've got quite a thirst)
So I'll look for a creek and I'll look for it FIRST.

"Now a creek could mean "trout", so I'd best make some hooks,
And a trout should be wrapped up in leaves while it cooks."
He'd started to look for a fish-wrapping leaf,
When he said to himself, "It's my honest belief - - -

"That berries and nuts would be scrumptious to eat.
I'll gather some now and save them for sweet."
When he found the first nuts it was getting quite dark,
And he thought, "Nearly bedtime! I must collect bark."

He had a few bark strips tucked under his arm
When he saw the first stars with a jolt of alarm.
"I still need a cave as a roof for the night!
I'll look for one now in the last of the light."

Do you need to be told he slept under the stars,
With no twine and no fire and no tea and no bark
And no hooks and no trout and no berries or nuts?
He simply SAT WAITING for S. & R. nuts.

And so in the end he did nothing at all,
But dozed in the bracken wrapped up in a shawl.
I think it disgraceful the way he behaved,
He did nothing but dozing until he was saved.

S.B.W. REUNION 1978.

by Helen Gray.

Unlike most reunion weekends, this year's had perfect weather, hot and sunny. Wood's Creek had been voted as the venue as a change from our "Coolana".

The campfire was huge. The fire wood had been enthusiastically felled and collected by the club's pyromaniacs, Phil Butt, Barry Wallace and Bill Burke, aided by Colin Putt who, as always, had every possible tool needed.

It was good to see some of the less active members turning up after missing reunions for the past few years. I think the 50th Anniversary Celebrations have for many renewed interest in club reunions.

Wood's Creek has changed somewhat. The creek was bone dry and the Grose River is the lowest I've seen it, but at least parents of small children didn't have to worry. The undergrowth is certainly encroaching on the grassed area; not so good for campers, maybe, but a blessing for David Cotton and the toilet-pit crew who found their job unnecessary.

Bob Younger was our camp-fire leader again and was once more aided by Barbara Bruce's strong clear voice and Bob Hodgson's mouth organ.

Highlights of the evening included Dot Butler's reading of "The Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens" with actions by a motley cast of about a dozen all in FULL COSTUME! Don Matthews recited two original poems and Jim Brown put on a collection of songs written over a few years about club personalities including a new one about a recent club event. Christine Austan played her flute, then she and Bob Hodgson (on mouth organ) played a couple of duets. They both play beautifully, and for once the whole crowd was brought to silence.

The line-up of past Presidents was quite impressive this year, with no less than 9 being present to hand over the Symbols of Office to our new President, Fazeley Read.

Spiro once again organised a sausages and bread and cocoa and coffee supper. This is obviously a popular type of supper, for next morning I saw a few people poking amongst the ashes for any stray sausages. (There were some, and they ate them.)

The noisy late-night songsters have mellowed or dried out altogether, for after supper there was only a murmur of conversation and Bob's soulful mouth-organ to lull the sleepers.

Sunday was very hot and many of the would-be damper-makers decided to lie in the river instead. None the less, there was a good motley collection of dampers for professional cook Phyllis Ratcliffe to judge. Spiro won AGAIN! Next year he will be put on a handicap - or sabotaged.

The number attending the reunion must have totalled well over 100. Fifty-five tents were counted, and there were usually more than 2 per tent, and some lay out under the stars. Two or three more families arrived on Sunday.

By mid-afternoon everyone headed for home. Another happy reunion over but many more to come.

* * * * *

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS 1978.

The subscription rates for 1978 were decided at the Annual General Meeting and are now due and payable. They are as follows:-

Ordinary member	\$10
Married couple	\$12
Full-time student member	\$ 6

The subscription for non-active members is decided by committee and will be advised next month.

The magazine is posted free to all members, but non-active members and others who would like to receive the magazine can do so for a subscription of \$4.00.

The Treasurer, Neil Brown, or his assistant, John Holly will take cash or cheques any time - either in the Clubroom, or Box 4476 G.P.O. Sydney, 2001.

SOCIAL NOTES

Tuesday, 2nd May - Club dinner and theatre party night at the Music Hall, Neutral Bay. Cost \$12 for dinner and the show.

May 17th - Jack Perry recently walked and hitched from Cooktown to Darwin - a rather unusual itinerary. He has some slides and interesting experiences for this evening.

May 24th - At a recent Members' Own Slide Night, Dot Butler's slides of the Galapagos Islands produced great enthusiasm from the audience. We've asked her to give a more expanded version this time.

May 31st - Winter draws nearer and as a finale for the autumn season, we thought a cosy musical evening would be appropriate. Our singing group has been rehearsing several Australian folk songs, and Christine Austin and her flute-playing friend, Harry Dutton, will be playing several flute duets.

REFLECTIONS OF A CLIMBER.The Rock-Climbing Section of the Sydney Bushwalkers.

by Dot Butler.

This section evolved from a group in the S.B.W. called The Tigers, the leader of which was Gordon Smith. "Smithy" was a terrific walker. In his twelve years with the Club he clocked up 54 thousand miles (i.e. an average of 4,500 miles a year). Besides his week-end Bushwalking trips he used to walk to work some 16 miles each day and did marathon road walks at night. During the early exploratory years of bushwalking in N.S.W. when the white spaces on the Blue Mountains map were gradually being filled in with details, Gordon Smith walks were always in the news. In May 1935 he led the first party to assail and climb Mt. Jenolan and Heartbreaker. He and Max Gentle did the first epic trip down the Colo, and of course it was a Gordon Smith trip, with Max as navigator, when nine of us "did the Gangerangs and Mt. Tiwillia" one Anzac weekend (1936), finishing up making a first ascent of Carlon's Head after a splendid dinner down at Carlon's farm.

In 1936, after I had had a 10-day climbing holiday in the Warrumbungles with Marie Byles and Dr. Eric Dark, Marie encouraged me to form the Tigers into a Rock-climbing Section. This was taken up with typical Tiger enthusiasm and we now worked out trips that specifically called for some rock-climbing. We were, and remained, free climbers. The slow, patient method of climbing with hammer and pitons was unknown to us. The rope was used mainly for the party to climb on after the leader had taken it up the difficult pitch and it was seldom secured to anything more stable as a belay than the leader's shoulders. Any of our Blue Mountain trips that finished up along Narrow Neck were now terminated with a rock-climb out via Red Ledges, Black Billy's or Carlon's Head.

By 1936 Australia was pulling out of the throes of the Depression. We all had jobs now and could afford to look further afield for our weekend jaunts. The rolling stock of the S.B.W. still only comprised one motor car and a couple of motor-bikes and push-bikes, but we could now afford to hire a truck to get us to more distant parts. One Easter, with Jack Debert at the wheel, we went down the Clyde for the first exciting climbing in that unknown terrain. The stratified sandstone was wind-weathered into bizarre shapes, many of the rocks looking like old-fashioned beehives, and no shortage of camping caves. I still think some of the best and most romantic climbing in N.S.W. lies down in the Castle area round the Clyde.

We were the first party to swim the Kowmung, adopting the then new procedure of wrapping our packs in groundsheets and floating them down the river. In our bathing costumes we climbed the granite faces whenever a feasible route offered, just for the fun of it, and then dropped back into the cool river pools.

One really super challenge was in the summer of 1937. Word had been

getting around concerning a fantastic canyon down near Blue Gum. It could only be entered by climbing up the face of a precipice via a waterfall and no one knew the mystery of its cold dark interior. This was Arethusa Canyon, which Dr. Dark had tried out a little earlier.

It was a scorching hot weekend when we made the first attempt. We followed a wallaby trail which went along a narrow ledge around the face of a cliff and climbed up the falls by means of a conveniently but precariously placed little tree. Inside, the canyon was enveloped in a Stygian gloom. No sunlight ever touched the dark rocks, only a dim light filtering down from the closed-in top of the hundred foot high walls. The water was icy and many swims were necessary. We wrapped our clothes in groundsheets and put them in our packs to keep them dry and shivered our way through to another fall, where we were eventually turned back. A second attempt later resulted in two parties coming in from either end and both converging at the previous impasse, one above and one below it, but our timing was not too good and we didn't meet. Our lower party retreated by climbing out via a side canyon - quite a high grade climb.

In 1937 Smithy took the first Australian Climbing party to New Zealand. We had three months there and came back fired with enthusiasm for real climbing. Marie Byles, always on the lookout for peaks that really looked like peaks, had climbed the 2,500 ft. of Bonum Pic in the Burragorang in April, and we now bent our attention to things that really looked like peaks - Pigeon House, Big Rick (Mt. Colong), Little Rick. There is some doubt whether we were actually the first up Little Rick, and after this lapse of time I haven't the faintest idea whether we were or we weren't. I only remember climbing up via a large gum tree and getting from it on to another which grew out from a crack in the rock wall.

Study of the map for new rock-climbing country became a favourite occupation in the Club. The Wolgan and the Capertee country, at that time completely unvisited, looked as though it offered something, and good trips were organised out to Mt. Uratterra and surrounding parts. I remember once leaving the rest of the party in camp at Annie Rowan Clearing on the Wolgan and going out for a bit of solo climbing on the rock walls nearby. I had successfully climbed a pretty steep face and reached the top just as the sun was going down. It was necessary to get down right smartly but the steep route I had taken up didn't look too inviting in the failing light. However there was nothing else for it, so I got going. I came to a difficult spot. If only I had six feet of rope I could reach the next foothold below. What was to be done? I took off my shorts, cautiously with one hand, clinging on to a small excrescence with the other, and put one leghole over the hold. I put my belt through the other leghole and pulled it till it was secured by the buckle, and hanging onto this I was able to reach the lower ledge and safety. But what a predicament; I can't go back to camp only in my shirt. I climbed down till I came to the tree line, got myself a length of stick, climbed back and hooked my shorts off and the day was saved. This was a salutary lesson in the dangers that beset the solo climber. Abseiling was an unknown art.

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It was a momentous occasion in the S.B.W. when Dave Stead, one of the Tigers, was elected as President against a pretty stiff opposition. We must do something appropriate to celebrate. "Suppose you all go and throw yourselves over the Gap", snarled some nark on the other side. That was it! But we would go up instead of down.

Sydney had been having some rough weather the weekend we chose for the big climb. Three of us set out from Balmoral in my two-man canoe to paddle around to Watson's Bay, but mountainous seas turned us back when we got out between the Heads so we returned and went by tram instead. We met up with the rest of the Tigers on a little beach Sydney-side of the Gap, then clambered around the cliffs making dashes across slimy rocks threatened by high seas, and on several occasions having to dive in and swim across stretches of surging water, till we came to the face of the Gap proper. The greatest excitement was the near-drowning of the new President when he dived into the surging swell and was unable to get out again. We watched him being dragged out to sea and dashed in towards the rocks several times, and finally managed to grab him by the scruff of the neck and pull him out. It was a mighty climb up the Gap. One thing I remember was the pains we went to to avoid the throng of sight-seers who had gathered up top to watch the astounding performance of potential suicides going up instead of down.

These are some of the climbs I remember. There were many others during the three years 1937/8/9 but I have forgotten the details. By the end of 1939 war put an end to climbing as the boys were called up for military service or manpowered into industry. With everyone's energies being concentrated on the war effort there was no time for frivolities like climbing. Just wait till this bloody war finishes! "After the rank, steamy smell of the jungle," wrote Bill Mullins from the fighting lines up North, "it will be good to be back in Aussie again, drinking the magic Rhinegold on some sunny sandstone peak."

After six long-dragged out years, by 1945 the war was over - but we had lost our leader. The unbelievable had happened. The tough, indestructible Smithy was dead, victim of neglect in a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp. Other members of the Tigers were now all scattered and married, so it looked as though the Rock-climbing Section of the S.B.W. was dead. But not a bit of it! In 1954, like a new phoenix arising from the ashes of its dead self, another race of Tigers emerged to carry on the climbing tradition. But this is another story. It will keep for another time.

* * * * *

WALK NOTES FOR MAY.

by Spiro Hajinakitas.

- May 5,6,7 - Kanangra to Katoomba (one way) with Pat McBride. Here's an opportunity to cover a lot of ground in one weekend - a 70 km medium/hard walk through the Gangerang and Wild Dog Mountains with no scrub bashing. Taxis to Kanangra on Friday night, a variety of good scenery and camp sites, and back to Katoomba for the 6.00 pm train to Sydney. For those who may not have yet been to Kanangra, Kanangra Tops are another $\frac{3}{4}$ hr or so drive past Jenolan Caves. This will count as a test walk (harder). Phone 510341.
- 5,6,7 - Ettrema/Bundundah with Peter Harris. Another harder than test walk of a somewhat exploratory nature through a not too frequented area, about 50 km west of Nowra. Beautiful bubbling creeks, excitingly contoured ridges and passes, a truly unique picturesque region. A must for the adventurous and fit walkers. Phone 8887316.
- May 7 - Waterfall to Heathcote with David Ingram. A very popular easy/medium 15 km Sunday walk through the Royal National Park south of Sydney. Country train 8.46 am from Central. See David in the clubroom (no phone). Excellent scenery.
- May 7 - Map Instructional at Manly Dam with John Fox. A chance to practice your map and compass work in suburban Sydney. Nothing like practical experience to gain confidence on navigation. Phones 6665471 (B) and 7094448 (H).
- 12,13,14 - Kangaroo Valley. Come along with Helen Gray to the club's land "Coolana" for a fire-place building and scone baking weekend. Enjoy the comfort of our 3-walled hut or camp out on the soft lush river flats. A most relaxing weekend assured. Anyone who prefers to come on Saturday instead of Friday night can easily do so. Phone 866263.
- 13,14 - Wentworth Falls - Mt. Solitary - Katoomba with Barbara Evans. A Saturday afternoon start from Central 12.45 pm train for this interesting and very popular test walk. Enjoy panoramic views of Kedumba Valley, Jamieson Valley and Narrow Neck and good camping. Phone 313482 (H).
- May 14 - Waterfall to Engadine with Anne Morgan. Another Sunday walk in the Royal National Park. 16 km of very pleasant walking, excellent mountain and coastal views. 8.20 am train from Central. Phone (042)941376.
- 19,20,21 - Wolgan Valley with David Rostron. Some abseiling may be required on this unusual trip in an excitingly beautiful area north of Newnes (out from Lithgow). Lots of strange rock formations

- and extensive views, peaceful valleys framed by glorious limestone gendarmes. 30 km medium/hard with possible abseils. Phone 4517943 (H).
- May 20, 21 - Katoomba to Wentworth Falls via Mt. Solitary with Hans Beck. The same trip as Barbara Evans 13/14th only in reverse and private transport this time. If you missed out on Barbara's trip, or, having experienced the magnificent Jamieson and Kedumba Valleys, you would most probably like to do it all again. Phone 6691155 (B).
- May 21 - Helensburgh to Waterfall with Jim Brown. Another good Sunday walk in the Royal National Park. Follows the old Burgh track and some fire trails not commonly used by walkers. 14 km easy. Phone 812675.(H).
- May 21 - Turramurra to Cowan Creek - Bobbin Head with Gladys Roberts. Very pleasant scenery, some road walking, a very easy walk. 10 km. Phone 925574 (H).
- 26,27,28 - Kanangra - Cloudmaker - Guougang - Kanangra with Craig and Christine Austin. A 35 km "harder than test walk" trip, due mainly to the amount of climbing. Mt. Guougang, the highest in the Blue Mountains, set in a very majestic area with long wooded ridges, winding rivers and steep glistening cliffs. Magnificent scenery and good camping. Phone 803399 (H).
- 27,28 - Katoomba, Mt. Solitary shale mining ruins exploratory with John Fox. Saturday morning start, 7.15 am train. 28 km medium with a comfortable camp in the cave on Mt. Solitary. Phones 6665471 (B) and 7094448 (H).
- May 28 - Katoomba - Echo Point - Ruined Castle - Mt. Solitary - Golden Stairs - Katoomba. A very pleasant 28 km Sunday Test Walk of medium standard with Joe Marton. If you've missed out on the other three Mt. Solitary walks do not miss this one. A very popular walk. Private transport and a very early start. Phone 6387353 (H).
- May 28 - Waterfall - Uloomla Falls - Robertson Knoll - Tukawa Rill - Engadine with Meryl Watman. Yet another good Sunday walk in the Royal National Park. 15 km of easy ridges, good pools, excellent views. Phone 5701831 (H).

The WINTER WALKS PROGRAMME is being compiled at present and goes before Committee at the beginning of May. Put your thinking caps on and plan an interesting walk - a new one would be most appreciated but old ones are always welcome - and put your name down on the draft programme. The Walks Programme is only as good as the club members make it. Winter is just the time for that energetic trip.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETINGMARCH 1978.

by Barry Wallace.

The 51st A.G.M. began at around 8.10 pm with the President, Helen Gray, in the chair, and about 80 people present, excluding the author.

There were apologies from Alastair Battye and Marcia Shappert. New members Vivien Winthorpe and Otto Stichter were welcomed and the minutes of the February meeting read and received. The only business arising was the matter of whether we should form a company in which to vest ownership of Coolana. It appears that not all bids are in yet, so a decision was deferred.

Correspondence In was limited to magazines from related organisations. Correspondence Out comprised letters to new members.

The Annual Report was taken as read and accepted, and the Treasurer's Balance Sheet for 1978 and Statement of Income and Expenditure for the year was also taken as read and adopted with no business arising out of any of these.

The Treasurer's monthly report showed a closing balance of \$1583.68.

At that point Jim Brown moved the suspension of standing orders to the extent required to permit the election of office bearers to proceed concurrently with other matters of business. This was duly seconded and passed unanimously. It was then decided that voting should be preferential where a single position was involved, and first past the post where two or more positions were at stake.

There followed one of the most contested elections of office bearers seen in the club for some years. All very amicable, mind you, but contested none the less. What with four contenders for President and four for Vice-Presidents, the scrutineers (Jack Gentle, George Gray and Craig Shappert) were kept busy tearing up, distributing and collecting pieces of paper, and counting and calculating votes. The results were all published in the last magazine but mere figures do not tell half the story.

Meanwhile, folks, back at the A.G.M.: The author had finally vanquished the P.T.C. by catching a cab and had . . . arrived! Steady there!

Just in time for a breathtaking report of the month's walking activities, and alas, I was so busy catching my breath I missed most of the reports. Perhaps next month. Barry Zieren however gets the golden bickie for the longest and most involved explanation of why a walk did not go.

Federation Report brought news of a S. & R. exercise scheduled for 15/16th April, requests for any information on Electricity Commission of N.S.W. activity in the Colo region, and report that horse-riding is

an acceptable pursuit within the Kosciusko National Park, but you must use a horse to be eligible. And through it all, around and about, the election raged.

The Treasurer took the floor to pronounce on the recommended level for annual subs, and when all was said and done they ended up at \$10.00 for single members and \$12.00 for married couples. If you don't fall into either of those categories ask the Treasurer, or read the rest of the magazine, it's bound to be there somewhere.

General Business bought a recession motion on the previous meeting's decision to buy a Voigtlander projector and accessories, and a follow-up motion substituting a Leitz CAZ500. Comparison testing had shown the alternative to be better suited to our requirements. The Leitz with accessories including stand would cost about \$515. We were all duly persuaded and the motions were passed. It was also decided to put the old projector up for sale at the next club auction with a reserve price of \$80.

Jim Brown then rose to move a vote of thanks to the retiring committee which was carried by acclamation.

The retiring President called on those present to "re-une" in the time honoured way, and closed the meeting by gonging the gong at 10.21 pm. All of which was the signal for a round of congratulations to the new office bearers which went on until we were all evicted somewhere before eleven pm - yawn!

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BUSHWALKER DINERS OUT.

Don't forget that the THIRD Wednesday each month is the evening for "Dinner Before the Club Meeting".

The meeting place - CASA NOSTRA Restaurant, 336 Pacific Highway, Crows Nest. Time for meeting: 6.30 pm.

The food is Italian, prices range from \$2.00 to \$3.50 and the restaurant is licensed.

Please come and make it a success.

PETER MILLER.

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STOP PRESSANOTHER REPORT ON THE ANNUAL REUNION FROM OUR NEW PRESIDENT - FAZELEY READ.

On March 11/12th the Annual Reunion was held at Woods Creek and an estimated 130 people attended, most arriving on Saturday afternoon. Warm weather on both days enabled us to enjoy the river or sit about on the grass and talk.

Susan Gray lit the campfire on Saturday night and the blaze brought the crowd together. Entertainment followed in the form of singing, recitals and the enactment of a 12th century ballad.

Phyllis Ratcliffe judged the damper-baking competition the next morning and found Spiro's most to her liking - Spiro has had many years of success.

By late Sunday afternoon few people were left.

I am sure everyone from the older members to the toddlers enjoyed the weekend and I would like to thank many people for making the Reunion a success - those who built the campfire, those who contributed to the entertainment, those who prepared the supper, those who carried the supper items and other "props" down the hill from the car park, and those who came.

THEATRE PARTY TO THE MUSIC HALL

TUESDAY, 2ND MAY

The Musio Hall at Neutral Bay is always a lot of fun, and a new play is being presented there written and directed by Michael Boddy.

Dinner at 6.30 - curtain rises at 8.30. Price for dinner and show \$12.00

The club has booked a party for Tuesday, 2nd May. If you would like to attend, give your names to Christine Austin (Tel.803399) or Kath Brown (Tel.812675). Tickets will be available in the clubroom and must be paid for on Wednesday, 26th April.

MEMORANDUM

The Assistant Secretary apologizes for the typographical error on the membership list - it was dated 31st January 1977 - it should have been 1978!

But she would like to take the opportunity to remind members that if the list is to be correct, they need to advise the Secretary of any change of address or telephone number which may occur.