

THE SYDNEY BUSH WALKER

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 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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JANUARY, 1979.

A Tale of Two Rivers	Jim Brown	Page	2
Social Notes - February	Christine Austin		5
Paddy's Ad			6
Letter to the Editor	Marie B. Byles		7
The December General Meeting	Barry Wallace		7
Switzerland - Part II	Owen Marks		9
Mountain Equipment Ad			13
Walks for February	Spiro Hajinakitas		14

A TALE OF TWO RIVERS.

by Jim Brown.

The walks reports of the last half of 1978 have told us that the big rains earlier in the year have caused massive scouring out of the banks along the Cox River, and in his trip story "Snowflakes on Mount Colong" (September magazine) Spiro reported similar flood damage on the Kowmung above Christie's Creek. I suppose it isn't to be wondered at, with the torrential rains on the mountains during January and March 1978, topped up by heavy falls in May and June. In its weather notes for November 10th, the "S.M.Herald" quotes average annual rainfall in Sydney as 1217 mm, the total up to November 8th as 1348 mm (with almost two months to go), and the 1977 registration for the corresponding period as 876 mm.

During October/November I managed to do walking trips on a couple of stretches of the Blue Mountain river system, and the conditions seen make an interesting comparison. So you can accept this as a rough mixture of trip story and information article, with emphasis on the river bank situation as seen at that time.

1) The Middle Kowmung.

I guess any definition of the Upper, Middle and Lower reaches of a river has to be a personal and arbitrary one, so I'd best say that I class the Upper Kowmung as the granite gorge section - from the Hollanders-Tuglow Junction down to Rudders Rift, and the Middle Kowmung from there to about Christie's Creek. I suspect not many walkers now cover this "Middle Section" - at least between Rudders Rift and Lannigan's Creek - and I hadn't been through there previously. I expected there would be a good flow of water, but decided that by the end of October it shouldn't be too chilly if one had to make some rather deep crossings.

Of course, the sensible way to walk almost any river is to come downstream, but I was not too confident of picking all the right ridge tops in the Mount Misery-Mount Goondel area, and on navigational grounds thought it best to go out via the Known South Boyd Range route, and then up-river. After all, when you climb out of a deep ravine and know that there is a formed trail within a mile or so in a certain direction, there should not be any great pathfinding problem.

Parking just off the Kanangra Road near Rocky Top at 10.15 on a Tuesday morning, I had an early lunch before noon at the crossing of Wooglemai Creek and then, making rather slower time along the Boyd Range than the party concerned in Spiro's trip story, came to Mount Lannigan about 2.30 pm and to the Kowmung an hour later. En route I noticed two pleasant ferny gullies not far below the ridge top after passing Mount Savage, and I fancy one could get water there without sacrificing too much height - at least under the prevailing soggy conditions. I had made the mistake in the final descent to the Kowmung of sticking to the nose of the ridge, and so hit the river about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile below Lannigan's Creek. Immediately I was impressed by the scoured out appearance of the

river bed, with nothing apart from sand and rocks extending up to 20 ft above the existing water level.

A great lassitude must have overtaken me hereabouts, and when I moved on after a spell I was content to go only as far as the outflow of Bull Creek, just above Lannigans and on the west bank. In part I was seduced by some grassy patches just a few yards up the side stream - and this was to be the pattern most of the way along the Middle Kowmung: wherever there used to be grassy river bank flats before, they're gone, and the only green sward is on the slopes higher up and in the side creeks.

Wednesday morning began deceptively. Walking over large expanses of sand and river stones, I passed Waterfall Creek in about half an hour, and an hour from camp was coming up around Cache Bend and wondering if there was a photograph in the Dicksonia Bluffs towering above the next leg of the river upstream. The next few kilometres changed all that, as the river valley narrowed and the way was over ribs and bars of rock and through patches of scrub, interspersed in places with barricades of flood debris up to 20 ft high and wedged between trees and boulders. These pallisades either had to be scaled or circumnavigated by scrambling through downstream-pointing scrub on the slopes. At least, they were all very firmly jammed together and in climbing over them it was seldom that a foot broke through the piled rubbish. However, it took best part of two hours from Cache Bend to the outlet of Willa Gowar Creek.

In the next stage I was surprised to find a granite gorge maybe $\frac{1}{4}$ mile in length as I approached Mangar Creek. At its upper end the river tumbled into the ravine by a waterfall perhaps ten or fifteen feet high. I outflanked the gorge by clambering several hundred feet up the steep north side - and then wished I'd chosen the southern shore. In fact the old Blue Mountains - Burragerang Tourist map shows a "sidling" on the south at this spot. In this general vicinity too were a couple of deepish crossings, for which I removed my shorts: it was really necessary at one ford only and even there only because the river was slightly swollen. The day was surprisingly chilly for late October - I'd worn a thick sweater all morning, and when I stopped for lunch just above Doris Creek at midday, I sought a place sheltered from the wind and in what uneven sunlight there was to have my halt.

About 20 minutes after lunch came a welcome break. Just above Hatcher's Gully a dry creek came in through verdant banks. I was so sure at first it was a grassy river flat that I followed it up, and then returned to the Kowmung by topping a shallow rise and going a few yards down Redcliff Creek. Once again we were back to the rocks, sand, bushes aimed downriver, and stacked driftwood. Progress was tedious for another hour up and around a considerable U-bend in the shadow of Wedgetail Bluffs, with one rather lofty climb to get around a granite cliff and a deep pool - you could probably wade here in lower water.

Towards 3.0 pm and about map reference 035913 (Yerranderie 1:31,680 map) things looked up, the valley widened and there were again big bars

of sand, where probably there used to be grassy meadows. By 3.30 pm I had reached the toe of Despond Ridge (name on Gundangura map), which I had in mind as a probable route out of the gorge. It was rather premature for a night stop, so I decided to push on and have a look at the lower end of Rudder's Rift, possibly coming out via a side spur which comes down to the Kowmung at the creek junction at reference 026924. I could see this spur against the northern skyline and apart from being steep it seemed to present no problems.

The going remained quite good for another half mile and there were even a few tiny grassed patches, as far as the bend where the river, having come through Rudder's Rift, turns from an easterly to a southerly course. Right on the bend was another big green pool trapped between bastions of granite on both banks, and while I was debating whether to climb higher and pass around on the north side I noticed that the western sky was no longer just cloudy - it had a lowering, storm-bruised colour.

I hurried back to the foot of Despond Ridge and camped on a vast sandy flat where every remaining standing tree had its own pile-up of logs and debris, beating the onset of the squall by two or three minutes. For an hour I reclined in the tent, smoking a pipe and listening to the steady rattle of rain on the taut japara. About 5.15 it eased for an hour or so, long enough to cook tea quickly and eat it and then retreat to the tent as the rain returned in gathering gloom at 6.45.

Thursday broke brilliant and cold. I had planned to be off early to beat the increasing heat of the day, but in fact it was past 7.0 am when I started up the hill. I needn't have feared heat - I wore long trousers and sweater for the whole 2600 ft ascent to Mount Goondel. It's not a bad ridge to climb - rises pretty steeply for the first 1200 ft, then flattens, and later goes up another 700 ft or so very sharply. Just before this second ascent, at a small saddle after passing Satan's Sacrum - Gundangura map name - I could hear a creek tumbling down on my right (east) and I am certain one could get water there under most conditions without having to scramble down more than 50 ft through rather dense scrub. So it was back to the South Boyd track at Wooglemai Crossing for lunch, taking just over two days for the circuit.

And you have my word on it - the Middle Kowmung is quite spectacular, but it is a mess at present, and it will probably be a couple of years before the banks recover.

2) The Middle Nattai.

"Middle" here means the Nattai from Macarthur's Flat down to Martin's Creek, and the portion I covered in November was from Starlight's Track (Macarthur's Flat) to a point about 2 miles downstream from Allum River. As I know several walking parties from the Club have been in and around this part of the Nattai in recent time, I don't think any general information matter is needed. The point to be recorded is that the river has plainly had heavy flooding in 1978, but because the valley is wider than

the Kowmung in relation to the volume of water, and presumably because the savagery of the flow was less, the effects on the banks have not been so severe.

The Nattai banks offer reasonably good going, the grass is beginning to grow on some flats within a few feet of the river, and quite good camping can usually be found anywhere on level ground only ten or fifteen feet above water level. At stream level there are the piles of drift against standing trees, and long stretches of sand and river stones, sometimes covered by casuarina needles.

Because this part of the river has several important tributaries, including Wanganderry Creek and Allum River, I found the flow was increasing as I went downriver, and although it was easy to ford at Macarthur's Flat, it was becoming more of a problem at the point where I withdrew. There is, of course, a jeep road entering the valley a little way above Allum River and continuing downstream possibly as far as Vineyard Flat, but the wheel tracks on this suggest it has been used in recent months only by the occupant of the property at Allum River. I should not care to try any kind of vehicle in the ford downriver from the Allum, but people on foot or horseback would not have had any real trouble in crossing at selected places under the conditions seen early in November.

In comparison with the Middle Kowmung the Nattai still offers fairly easy walking and good camping, and in the spring a host of different kinds of wildflowers, both in the valley and on the approach ridges. It's worth revisiting, even after the high waters of 1978.

* * * * *

SOCIAL NOTES - FEBRUARY.

by Christine Austin.

February 21st: Judith Rostron and I will be busy cooking this day to provide some nutritious food for people to sample with a view to your taking some on bush walks. Recipes will also be provided so that you can try some of this food instead of the usual old chocolate bar.

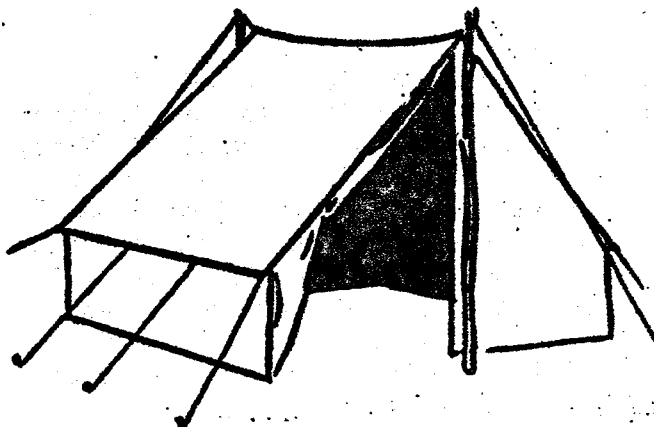
February 28th: We've had an interesting addition to the Club lately in the form of prospective Bob Milne. Bob is an experienced walker from Melbourne who has also walked abroad. He is coming this night to show his slides of Mexico and the Huichol Indians.

REMEMBER THE SLIDE COMPETITION on 28.3.79.

HAND YOUR SLIDES (15 to 20) to me at the A.G.M. 14.3.79.

Paddymade

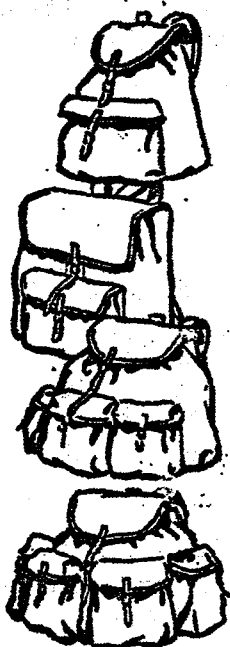
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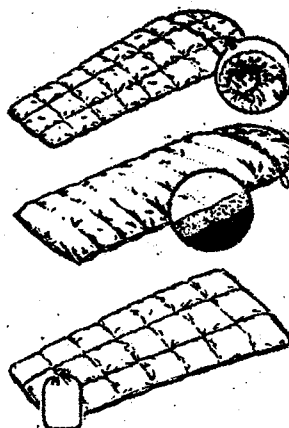
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Paddy, Pallen

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22.12.78

The Editor,
The Sydney Bushwalker.

Dear Helen,

Stand Straightout Strain.

Dot Butler is perhaps the kindest person I know - always helping people. She would be the last person to want to misrepresent F. M. Alexander's exercises for posture therapy. But the first paragraph of her article, Why not Live to be Hundred citing cases of extreme old age, does in fact unintentionally misrepresent these exercises. What she meant to say was that no matter how old you are, there is no reason for acquiring the usual round shoulders and poking chin of present day old age. If you do these simple exercises you can remain straight even if you live to be 150.

Alexander has nothing to say about living longer than is usual. But he would have had a lot to say had he seen the round shoulders and poking chins of some, even not-so-old, bushwalkers today.

Yours sincerely,
Marie B. Byles.

* * * * *

THE DECEMBER GENERAL MEETING.

by Barry Wallace.

It was around 8.20 pm when the President called the 30 or so members to order by gonging the gong and presenting apologies from Neil Brown and Christine Austin. New members Susan Irvine, Rosemary Rutherford, Sandy Johnson and John Curedale were welcomed with applause, constitution and badge.

The minutes were read and received and in Business Arising it was agreed that Mr. George Davidson, who has surveyed, re-surveyed and generally nurtured and supported Coolana since its purchase, would negotiate with the Lands Department for a transfer of ownership of certain small portions of land on the perimeter of the property to improve our land rating.

Correspondence In brought minutes of a recent F.B.W. meeting, a letter of resignation from Les and Mary Davidson, notice of a forthcoming W.E.A. Summer School, and a letter from the U.S.A. from who had walked with the club as a visitor some time ago whilst on R. & R. from Vietnam. Correspondence Out comprised letters to new members and a letter to Nowra Council regarding land rate for Coolana.

The Treasurer's Report indicated a starting balance of \$1439.43, Income of \$527.40, Expenditure of \$330.27 to give a closing balance of \$1636.56 for the month.

The first of the walks reports concerned Bob Hodgson's Colo walk on 10,11,12 November. Gordon Lee gave an exciting and fairly detailed

account of what turned out to be another walk entirely, so we are still somewhat in the dark about Bob's walk of the 10,11,12 (Ho hum!).

David Rostron's walk of 11/12 November did not start, Ian Dobert's Sunday walk that weekend saw 7 members and one prospective walking the tracks around Springwood. Joe Marton's Mt. Solitary Sunday walk attracted 7 persons.

The following weekend saw Gordon Lee leading 6 people on his Barrington Tops walk. Peter Miller completely changed his weekend walk and led five people from Mt. Hay to Lockley's Pylon via Bluegum. Peter Lovander's yacht trip was called off owing to the shortage of yacht. A swarm of 27 people turned up on Snow Brown's Bouddi park coastal ramble on Sunday the 19th.

The Coolana Hut opening has been fully reported elsewhere but John Fox deserves mention for leading his one member and 4 prospective all-girl crew down to Coolana from Fitzroy Falls. Sheila Binns' walk from Waterfall to Heathcote on Sunday the 26th attracted 11 people. We are told the swimming was fine.

The first walk for December saw Gordon Lee lead 3 people down Kalang Falls. They shortened the trip somewhat by returning via Murdering Gully. On the Sunday, Ian Dobert led 4 prospectives, one visitor and 17 members on his lounging and swimming trip from The Basin.

The following weekend 8,9,10 December saw Brian Hart leading a crew of 9 on a pleasant walk down into the Cox from Black Range. David Rostron's competing trip saw 6 members, rather cold and ver-ry wet, in Danae Brook. Roy Braithwaite's Sunday walk attracted 7 people and closed the Walks Report.

There was no report of Federation Meeting but we did have their draft policy on Tracks in Wilderness Areas to debate. A motion was passed supporting the policy in principle. It was then all over save the announcements. The meeting closed at 9.30 pm.

The Membership list will be "going into print" early in February. If anyone has any amendments, changes of address or telephone numbers, would they please advise the Assistant Secretary, Sheila Binns, 789-1854 by 31st January.

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EASTER IN GREECE? Interested in exploring ancient Greece and the Greek isles? Take advantage of the new cheap fares. See CRAIG SHAPPERT in the Club or ring 30-2028 Home.

CANOEING at Lane Cove River Park - Sunday, 4th February - Bring canoes or rent at park. Contact:-

David Rutherford 406-4571 or John Fox 763-1906

SWITZERLAND - PART II.

by Owen Marks.

Early next morn I rushed to the Bank to change money to pay for our accommodation, and in 15 minutes more we were sitting in the train heading for the Simplon Tunnel again and on into Switzerland. The tunnel is $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and as the train speeds along, by some weird effect the pressure around the train is reduced and by the time you arrive in the open air, you are blowing your nose, wiggling your ear lobes, swallowing and nodding. A whole compartment of lunatics. In winter, as it is too expensive to keep the roads open in the high passes, all foot passengers can travel free in the trains so that there is no need to rely on those monks and dogs anymore. A pity. At the turn of the century it took nine hours for the journey, and now it takes less than an hour from Dommodosalla to Brig.

From Brig we changed into a tiny train that goes to the eastern end of Switzerland. The Glacier Express winds along the Upper Rhone Valley, a rather wide valley with high mountains on either side. In the compartment was a soldier who spoke excellent English. He assured us that inside those mountains were underground aerodromes and there was enough food for 5 years for the entire population. We certainly saw lots of airfields with an abandoned air, and later in the day when we were atop the high passes, we could see hundreds of soldiers on manoeuvres, no doubt enjoying their fortnightly stint of national service. The valley was planted with poplars by Napoleon himself, so we were told!

Soon we were climbing to the Rhone Glacier and we could see it a few hundreds yards away. Nearby is the Grimsel Pass with its series of loops climbing the hills. The roads were clear but the 20 ft high snow banks had come adrift and were stuck here and there on the road like icebergs. I saw only one vehicle, a V.W. Beetle, and it was having a wonderful time going nowhere. The train was rather empty and we could see from both sides. It was a brilliant day and from every tunnel exit a new vista would greet us. Soon the Furka Pass came upon us. Such glorious scenery. And memories kept on crowding in. My mother couldn't believe that I had climbed with my bicycle the St. Gotthards Pass, the Furka and the Grimsel all in one day. I was 21 years younger, but it is not that difficult. It just looks awesome with all those mountains around.

The train was now in a white world. I leaned out the windows and snatched snow from either side of the train. (This line was closed 3 days previously.)

At Hospenthal we could see the stables that Napoleon built and was later converted by Dominican Monks into their famous Hospice. If any reader has the strength to read Dame Habel Brookes rambling about St. Helena, you can find that Bonaparte said that after he was gone he hoped that the building of the Alpine Pass Roads and their services would be his lasting memorial. It seemed that he was The Modern Road Builder and wanted quick communications with his Empire. Chugging on the train passed Andermatt where we had been three days earlier, and soon we were climbing up the Oberalpass (2044 metres). Because of the fear of communists in Italy

these mountain pass areas are sensitive and have to be permanently controlled (so we are told), which explained the helicopters hovering and young soldiers getting off and on, all like Scott of the Antarctic but a la mode.

Soon the train was descending down to Disentis. Goodbye to the Oberalps. After a quick brew on my primus, and in another train, we were off down the Rhine. My God, Switzerland is beautiful. We were chomping on chocolate and cheese, the rickety train clattering down, and as this is near the St. Moritz part, a few tourists were getting on after their day out in the hills.

At Chur a decision had to be made. Make for the Youth Hostel at St. Moritz, or ring up my friends near the German border where I had worked years ago, and barge in for home comforts. Ten minutes I had, to ring up the farm. The servant answered and I had trouble understanding her Swiss German - my German is terrible, without having to struggle in dialect. But contact was made and they would be at the station. Good. I had one minute to catch the train. Mum was holding the door open, with the baggage at her feet. The guard kept closing the door and Mum would reopen it, saying loudly in English, "Your clock is fast"..... I raced up and the train was moving before the doors were closed and we were heading for Wil.

The train ran alongside the Rhine River and soon Lichtenstein came into view a few hundreds yards away. The mountains are not very high and are all soft and green. Now Austria was rushing past and before long Lake Constance all grey and "full of mystery and foreboding", or so a tourist pamphlet stated.

At Wil railway station, amid smiles, we were soon climbing into the hills, and before you can say Appenzeller Cheese we were in a huge farmhouse with servant, housekeeper, gardeners, washerwoman and farmhands. Just like home. Although at Bondi there is no nuclear shelter. Yes, there is a regulation that all houses built after the 2nd World War must have shelters. No hardship really, because they are always cool in summer and are really excellent places for storage. A recent by-law makes it necessary to have water and air supplies (I think). Mine hosts were pleased to see us and said not to waste our railway pass, but to go out every day on long trips, and we would be met at the local station each evening. Ideal indeed. Bed was welcome, thank heavens we weren't up on the third floor.

Next morning after breakie we were dropped at the station and were soon in Lucerne which was celebrating its 800th anniversary. All beflagged. Across the lake's overflow, is the famous zig-zag walking bridge with its drawings of the Dance of Death on every panel of the ceiling. The old part of town is banned to all traffic but there is a free electric minibus gliding along the cobblestone streets. The shops are so exclusive and clean and wonderful and dear that it's just unbelievable. At one shop there was a sale of Tobler chocolate, which was all we ate that day.

The lake steamer was tooting, and soon after we embarked. The

weather turned foul, and all the hitch-hikers were complaining of the iniquity of it all. All the surrounding high peaks were obscured, but the little villages along the edge of the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons were all unreal. Imitation castles set in perfectly kept gardens, miniature hotels with large sundecks (all the Moneyed Class in Europe are mad on sunbaking), and private homes all worthy of being photographed in "House and Garden", are just a pleasant sight. At one town, Weggis, we broke our journey and sat in the sun that had just popped out. Behind us was Rigi Mountain (I think it has the oldest funicular in Europe), but along came a lawn mower and it drove us away from the park and we went walking around the village.

The next boat took us to the end of the lake to Brunnen - William Tell country, and the roads are cut out of the sheer cliffs with a window here and there to give light and views. The train to Zurich goes via farms and lakes and is unforgettable. Switzerland must have industrial areas somewhere, but I can assure you that there would be no seediness.

Zurich is the biggest city in Switzerland and has a museum which is quite remarkable in that it has rooms full of church bells that you can bong, parts of old buildings and rooms brought in from all over the country, all mish mashes with church paintings, statues and Roman remains that abound in this part of Switzerland. Down by Lake Zurich is an austere Cathedral ruined, I think, by ghastly stained glass windows by Marc Chagall. Personally I think it the greatest trick of the 20th century, although there may be crackpots who might disagree with my attitude. Zurich has a tower with the biggest clock in Switzerland with huge gold letters. Over the river, where two touching widened bridges have been formed into a plaza, was a small market selling flowers and fruit. Hotels lined the other bank and the inevitable white swans were gliding on the crystal waters. Goodbye Zurich, and we were heading for home after another tiring day. We were met at the station by our private taxi service and SO TO BED after a huge meal.

Next morning it was a repeat. Driven to the station by 8 am, we were soon heading for Lake Constance. When we descended from the train at Konstanz we were flabbergasted to find we were in Germany. It seems strange but the Swiss boats depart from this point. We were heading off down the Rhine and Germany when the boat ducked into Swiss water again, and that was the pattern all day. The border doesn't fall in the centre of the river, but Switzerland overflows onto the German side in little bits. I had a postcard with German stamps and at one wharf I was told, "You can't post it here. Next stop." - which was half a mile further down on the same side. Weird. On the other side was a castle built by Napoleon for Empress Josephine, but the woman who told me this was shouted down by her daughter who said it was for some Savoy cousin.

It started to pour and we made a hasty retreat inside. At a village called Stein-am-Rhein we jumped off. This is the prettiest town in Switzerland according to all the passengers, and it is very much like Snow White's home à la Walt Disney. Gables and painted walls, flower

boxes and all that sort of thing. Topsy-turvy cobbled streets, gate towers with huge clocks that bong the quarters, lots of chic restaurants and huge car parks outside the medieval walls. I chatted with a fisherman who asked if we had any bread to entice the swans away from his rod. I had my primus going amidst the roses that gave shelter from the breezes; then the swans decided to climb the boat ramp and attack my rucksack. At a German stop I had bought some pumpernickel and I certainly wasn't going to feed that to the starving bird life. Such was lunch.

After such an exciting afternoon it was time to walk over the Rhine and catch the train to Schaffhausen, the watch centre of the country. A glorious place to wander around. As refreshing as hearing Mozart's Ave Verum. The cleanliness, the smartness, the well-orderliness of it all never ceases to amaze. A few miles away the Rhine River cascades down a rocky waterfall and it is a remarkable sight. It features in "The Ring Cycle", but where?

That night I met the host's daughters who came around to see me. The four of them remember only one thing, and that was how I always smelt the cheese that was offered. It seemed that this was fixed in their minds by the fear of my beard touching the cheese. That was in 1956.

The following day we were taken around the various cheese factories, yoghurt farms and fruit canneries. All interesting but no samples. This was our last day of the Swiss Pass, and we had to leave for Zurich and make for a little village tucked up in the hills, with the intention of staying with a couple that we had met in Greece. We arrived at the station and walked the mile or so up the hill, with my mother in tow. By this stage she was getting stronger and stronger, contrary to what she may tell anyone.

And so finished our Swiss Holiday. We stayed two more days and spent them eating, listening to the hi-fi, and swimming in the basement pool which is heated to 31 deg celsius 365 days of the year. Push a button and jets would pump out a current so you could swim against it and get nowhere fast. Such luxury and it was what we deserved. We were driven to the airport 50 miles away and they got rid of us for in one hour we were in Munich.

To conclude, I wish to emphasis that with such a rail pass (15 days cost \$70) one can travel and see everything. No need to go on day after day as we did, but with a bit of map reading and planning you could cross the passes on foot and join up with the Post Buses and go into the inaccessible valleys. All reservations are free at any Post Office. Terribly well organized. Youth Hostels are everywhere and you can always get in a train and go to Italy for the night, silly as it sounds. But if the weather is warm you can sleep anywhere. There are woods everywhere and chocolate can be bought in just about any place. Happy Travelling!

NOTICE FROM THE SECRETARY.

Any motions to amend the Constitution at the Annual General Meeting must be advised to the Secretary by the February General Meeting.

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FEBRUARY

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48 km MEDIUM Map: Jenolan 1:31680 Another good li-lo trip this
time down a very scenic & good flowing section of the Cox's
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- 2,3,4 STEWART'S SELECTION: Bob Turner's Track - Hungry Way Ck - Base Camp Tootie
Ck - Mt Townsend MEDIUM Map: Mt Lagoon 1:25000. Two interesting Base
Camp Walks (Swimming if desired) Rugged bushland & glistening high cliffs in
the famous Colo area LEADER: IAN DEBERT 6490281 (B) between 12.00 to 12.30
- Sunday 4 ROYAL NATIONAL PARK: Waterfall - Frew's Ck - Hacking River - Bola Heights -
Cliff Track to Lilyvale 14 km MEDIUM Map: Pt Hacking. Good steady walking
beautiful bush & coastal views Train: 8.46 (C) LEADER: BILL HALL 575145 (H)
- 9,10,11 WOLLANGAMBE CANYON Li-lo trip Mt Wilson - Du Faurs Ck - Wollongambe
Canyon - Mt Wilson Map: Mt Wilson Optional Sat. or Sun. Join late or leave
early LEADER: ALASTAIR BATTYE 4519240 (H)
- 9,10,11 GOURMET WEEKEND: Burnt Flat Ck to Wollondilly River 15 km EASY Accent on
good food and drink Bring along all those goodies usually too heavy on a
hard walk LEADER: GEM GAGNI 824597 (H)
- Sunday 11 ROYAL NATIONAL PARK: Waterfall - Moray Track - Bullawaring & Goanna Tracks -
Lake Eckersley - Heathcote Maps: Royal National Park An excellent summer
walk - swimming 11km EASY LEADER: JIM BROWN 812675 Train: 8.45 tickets Waterf-
all
- 16,17,18 JERRARA CK - Abseiling & Swimming South Marulan - Jerrara Ck - Bungonia
Gorge - Shoalhaven River - Barber's Ck - Sth Marulan 35 km MED/HARD Map;
Caoura 1:31680 An excellent abseiling trip with spectacular open decents
good pools, grand river scenery and breathtaking views of Bungonia
LEADER: SNOW BROWN 451 7644 (H)
- 16,17,18 BARRINGTON TOPS NATIONAL PARK: Lagoon Pinch - Edwards Plain - Allyn River -
Lagoon Pinch - 15 km Map: Woolooma Cars to be driven to Lagoon Pinch
in the Barrington Tops Nat Park north of Maitland. Escape the heat of town &
enjoy the cooler air of the glorious higher altitude country. LEADER:
PAT McBRIDE 510341 (B)
- Sunday 18 WATERFALL - Frew's Ck - Hacking R - Bola Heights - Cliff Track - Otford
14 km MEDIUM Map: Port Hacking Train: 8.46 (C) LEADER: NEIL BROWN
(042) 941376 (H)
- Sunday 18 BLUE GUM: Govett's Leap - Junction Rock - Blue Gum Forest - Grose R -
Hungerford Track - Pierce's Pass 20 km Car Swap Maps: Mt Wilson, Katoom-
ba 1:31680 Cars to be left at Pierce's Pass on the Bell Road to ferry
drivers back to Blackheath All track walking - spectacular views of
Lockleys Pylon LEADER: GEOFF BRIDGER: 411 3948 (H)
- 23,24,25 MORONG DEEP: Boyd Rd - Morong Falls - Kowmung River - Morong Deep -
Megalith Ridge - Boyd Rd 20 km MEDIUM Swimming Experience the
splendour of the Upper Kowmung River - excellent swimming pools, some deep
enough for diving or bombing LEADER: DAVID ROSTRON 4517943 (H)
- Sunday 25 BLUE LABYRINTHS: Glenbrook - Campfire Ck - Woody Pear Dam - Euroka Ck -
Tunnel Hill Lookout - Glenbrook 20 km Med. Map: Springwood 1:31680
LEADER: JOE MARTON 638 7353
- 25 MAP READING INSTRUCTIONAL: Heathcote - Tukawa Rill - Head of Navigation -
Heathcote 16 km MEDIUM Map: Port Hacking Kill two birds with the one
stone - learn or brush up on your map reading and participate in a good
bushwalk LEADER: GORDON LEE 3982145 (B) between 7.00 & 3.30 pm