

T H E

S Y D N E Y

B U S H W A L K E R

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 Marcia Shappert, Telephone 30-2028.

EDITOR: Helen Gray, 209 Malton Road, Epping, 2121.
Telephone 86-6263.

BUSINESS MANAGER: Bill Burke, 3 Coral Tree Drive, Carlingford, 2118.
Telephone 871-1207.

TYPIST: Kath Brown. Telephone 81-2675.

DUPLICATOR OPERATOR: Phil Butt.

JUNE, 1980.

And So Say All of Us	Jim Brown	Page 2
"Historic Hill End"	Ian Debert	5
The Warrumbungles - April, 1980	Jo Witts	6
Three Peaks in a Day, David Rostron,		
White Ants & All That	Spiro Hajinakitas	8
Advertisement		11
Key to Identification of Frogs in		
Ettrema/Bundundah	Peter Harris	12
Social Notes for July	Peter Miller	14
Alterations to the Walks Programme		14
Letter to the S.B.W.	Andy Turner	15
The May General Meeting	Barry Wallace	16

AND SO SAY ALL OF US.

by Jim Brown.

At about annual intervals over the past four or five years we've had in the magazine reports of high camps in the Blue Breaks. More and more emphasis has been placed on the excellence of the panorama to be seen from Axe Head Mountain. The burden of the claims has been "Best view in the Blue Breaks" - sometimes the rather exaggerated "Best view in the Blue Mountains".

When you believe you have a fairly extensive knowledge of the charms of a particular locality, it's disturbing to find exalted claims being made for one of the places you've never visited. A bit like the keen angler who is told whenever he goes to a famous fishing resort - "Oh, you should have been here last week, - the fish were committing suicide". And I thought I knew my Blue Breaks reasonably well, starting with Lacy's Gap and Lacy's Creek back in August 1950, and the length of Green Wattle and Bull Island Creeks from the Cox up to Bull Island Gap in 1952. Later there was Broken Rock Trig, Green Wattle Mountain, and parts of the Tonalli Range and the Bimlow Tableland. But never, no never, the Axe Head. ("Best view in the Blue Breaks - or in the Blue Mountains.")

Now, just in case it didn't live up to expectations, there was a good case to throw in some additional vantage points, such as Mount Colong, visited once only in mist and rain some 12 years back, and Yerranderie Peak. ("Fabulous views" says the Gundungura map produced by the Sydney Uni Rover Crew.) In all the dozens of trips starting, finishing or passing through Yerranderie, I'd never got to seeing this "Fabulous View". So the plot evolved, and I conferred with David Rostron, Blue Breaks expert, with special reference to the north end approach to Axe Head Mountain via Toddy Head (you will need the Gundungura map to identify some of these names).

Starting point was Bats Camp, about 2.0 pm on a Friday one week before Easter. The weather was perfect, warm with cloudless skies and just enough fresh south-west wind to save it from real heat. The landscape absolutely parched, with water a precious commodity - I found it wise to carry a 30-ounce plastic flask all through the journey. Even the swamps below Kooragang Mountain were practically bone dry and it was with a little misgiving that I climbed on to that low plateau about 3.30 pm, trusting I should find some water in the upper part of gullies draining off the high country.

By 4.45 pm that day I was at the saddle south of the Colong Causeway, where the top of Lannigan's Creek flows out south-west behind Roaring Wind Mountain. Pretty obviously, if any water were to be had at all, it would be in that gully: there was, ten minutes walk and maybe 100 metres below the saddle - a single muddy pool perhaps a metre in diameter, with many animal footprints in the clay at its upstream end. I floundered back up to the saddle with a bucketful and made camp. The wind coming from the south-west gathered force and flapped the tent, but I was blessedly sheltered by the shoulder of Roaring Wind Mountain. As night fell, I found my torch had failed - no, not the batteries which were new, nor the globe, which I could have replaced. I would have to be reconciled to early camps for the rest of the trip. A comfortable night, getting cool enough towards dawn to require wearing a jumper inside the elderly sleeping bag used for summer trips only.

A 7.0 am departure on Saturday allowed me time to look at the extensive westerly views over the big south bend of the Kowmung Valley as I climbed up on to Colong, the last 100 metres or so over basalt spills and ribs. Without going deliberately to the rim rocks, there is of course only views through the trees once on top. In fact I noted one S.B.W. party had recorded in the visitors book (with tongue in cheek, no doubt) that the forest should be cleared to improve the outlook, and someone should mow the grass. That entry was presumably made after a wet spell. In the brilliant, cloudless morning there was no great incentive to get to the edge to take slides, so I was on my way down the so-called "Easy Ascent Spur" before 8.30, and an hour later came across the bush road skirting Colong Creek which had ample pools of water if no visible flow.

Some internal debate followed as to whether I should cut across Panniken Saddle and pick up Byrnes Swamp below the Mootik Wall, or go the long way round past Colong Station site and via the Eibeck's Hut trail. The latter won because my shins were soft after a summer spent mainly on trail walking and were already showing a fine tracery of red scratches. I could also rationalise that, on photographic grounds, it would be pointless to top Yerranderie Peak until after 3.0 pm. As a result I was taking a very early lunch something after 11.0 am at a series of good clean pools in Byrnes Swamp, and started up towards Colong Gap about 12.30 pm.

Every time I've been that way in recent years, I marvel at the increasing density of the scrub. Or maybe I just didn't pick up the old trail and the remains of the telephone cable that used to connect Colong Station to Yerranderie until I was almost up to the saddle. Anyway, at the Gap at 1.15 pm and addressing myself to Karang Hillock, Mullyang Neck and the final scramble up to Yerranderie Peak. It took me quite a while. I had been a bit apprehensive about the cliff lines shown on the maps both east and west of Mullyang Neck, and in fact I'd asked daughter if she had any recollection of difficult conditions when she had done the same stage on one of her test walks seven or eight years back. It was reassuring to be told she couldn't recall any tooth-and-nail stuff, and of course it is pretty simple to get through and around the rocky sections. However, it took time on a warm, almost windless afternoon, and it was past 3.0 pm as I toiled up to the trig point, discovering to my amazement that there is a tiny residual cap of basalt - maybe only 15 or 20 feet of it - at the crest of the Peak. I accept that the view is quite fabulous. The visitors book in its metal case now consists of a series of scraps of paper and the calibre of the recent entries is such that I refused to put my name with the rest. I burned up some film, deploring the unrelieved blueness and brightness of the afternoon sky, then settled down on the north-western rock of the lookout with my maps to study the Axe Head Mountain.

Although I had canvassed David about the northern approach, I had subsequently given earnest thought to an alternative, starting from the Tonalli River north of Yerranderie, going up through Chinaman's Bluffs, around the west face of Bull Island Mountain, across Alchemy and Green Wattle Gaps and tackling the Axe Head from the ridge which connects it to Vengeance Plateau. Now, viewed from Yerranderie Peak, there seemed grounds to suspect serious problems for a solo walker, especially in getting on to Green Wattle Gap. I mentally went back to the northern (Toddy Head) approach, even though

the nature of the going wasn't visible from this angle. Realising it was almost 4.0 pm I packed up and dived down the well trodden path to Yerranderie, then on past the old Post Office building and camped where the Byrnes Gap road crosses the Tonalli. The river was not flowing, but there were good pools in places. As I groped around, torchless, but aided by an almost full moon, and prepared for bed, I decided that at least I'd bagged two of my three peaks, and only Axe Head (Best view etc.) remained. Already I could count it a qualified - say 50% - successful venture.

Sunday again bright and warm, with a few wispy clouds which blew away by midday. I trudged up the road to Byrnes Gap and on along Scotts Main Range beyond Mount Feld, before dropping down into Butcher's Creek at a point almost at the foot of Topsy Ridge. Like all the other streams, Butcher's Creek had no flow, but there were good pools, some green and scummy, but others clear and attractive. I lunched early again, set up the tent and - just in case of accident - scribbled an outline of my intentions on the back of a Bindook map and tossed that on top of the redundant billies, and other gear left in the tent. Again, just in case of accident, I carried water and food and the sleeping bag.

It proved quite a piece of cake. Leaving Butcher's Creek at 12.45, the ascent of Topsy Ridge was easy and open, and in less than an hour I was below Toddy Head. No problem there either. The cliff line breaks down into a steep crumbly slope on the eastern side, and at 2.15 pm I was on the 2500 ft northern top of Axe Head, paused there to catch my wind and any doubts I'd felt about the "Best View" debate began to disperse. The outlook to north and west was superb. One felt right in the middle of a turbulent ocean of wooded mountains, from which rose tilted rocky islands and promontories, all glowing gold in the afternoon light. I realised the scene would be even better from the highest point on the range, The Sentinel, which was about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile distant to the south, and almost 100 metres higher. The Sentinel then became my target, reached soon after 3.0 pm after relatively easy ridge walking.

There is not even a cairn to mark the top of The Sentinel, but the crest is not extensive, and I spent some time at the rim rocks on each side. Possibly there are equally imposing views along the southern portion of the Axe Head, but I doubt if any would cover a greater segment of that sweep of landscape. I would be prepared to argue that the outlook from the different sides of The Sentinel is the best in the Blue Breaks. Right around from Kanangra Tops in the west, to the Wild Dog Mountains near Clear Hill in the north, across to Broken Rock and the glowing Burragorang Walls, the imposing towers of Vengeance Plateau nearby, and south-east to the Yerranderie Peaks, or south-west towards Mt. Colong and Mount Shivering, there is a majestic series of views over the lonely, lovely country. Pity only that there were no clouds to break up the peerless blue sky on Sunday, 30th March.

By 5.30 pm I was back to my tent by Butcher's Creek, hugging to myself the pleasure of a 100% successful walk. All that remained was to get back to the car at Bats Camp, and that took from 7.10 am to 9.55 pm on Monday. To spare the somewhat lacerated lower legs, I went most of the way along bush roads, and I'd suppose I covered 27 or 28 miles that day, the last seven miles by moonlight after a hasty evening meal at Myanga Valley Creek (almost dry).

I arrived at the car almost starving (despite the 5.30 pm dinner) and sat up long enough to swallow a tin of grapefruit juice, and to heat and eat parts of tins of frankfurts and soya beans. As I crawled thankfully into the sleeping bag about 11.0 pm, I looked out at the moonlight silvering the tree boles, and said to myself, "All right, I'm convinced. Axe Head is the Best View in the Blue Breaks. And so say all of us!"

* * * * *

"HISTORIC HILL END".

by Ian Debert.

This is the first part of a fantastic trip to The Warrumbungles, which Jo and I undertook after Easter. The trip was on the Club's programme for Easter, but due to the dry conditions there was a shortage of water, especially for washing, so I cancelled it and we went two weeks later when the place was a lot quieter, especially for the animals. Anyway, enough of the Warrumbungles, as Jo will tell you that part of the trip.

We decided to make a round trip of it and go via "Hill End". I have always wanted to visit the place, but never got there. Jo had been there before so told me a little of the place. We left Sydney on Thursday morning all excited and looking forward to the trip. It took us most of the day to get there. After a delay getting out of the city, we reached Lithgow and turned off on the Mudgee Road, going through Ilford to Sofala. We spent half an hour here having a quick look around at the historic sites. A couple of people were painting scenes of the place. Then, off to Hill End. Now I know what a rough road is - if you want a rough ride go to Hill End. We eventually got there, a little shaken, but none the worse for wear. We went to the Museum only to find they had shut early that day, so we decided to stay and see it the following day. We drove down the main street, if that's what one would call it, the place had a different atmosphere about it, the old buildings dotted around each with a character of its own. What a fantastic place, and only 80 km north of Bathurst. This town has captured the imagination of the people of New South Wales more than any other town of the Gold Rush era.

In few other goldfields in Australia were so many individual fortunes made; few other fields were subject to so much share market speculation and questionable dealing. The rush to Hill End was one of the greatest in the Colony's history.

Let's turn back the clock for a minute or so. Early in the 1850's finds of alluvial gold were made in the tributaries and on the banks of the Turon River which passes through the town. Tamboroora became a town in 1852 after a police blacktracker unearthed a fair-sized nugget when pitching a tent (have any members done this lately?). The growth of Hill End, three miles to the south, was slow by comparison.

Although the boom period between 1871 and 1874 was relatively short, the population of the town rose to 8,000 and the total recorded amount of gold mined in the district exceeded 56,700,000 gms. Hawkins Hill was the

main area developed and it was here that the world's largest sample of gold and stone - the Beyers and Holtermann specimen, weighing 285,760 gms - was found. Dozens of companies were quickly formed.

After 1874, the yield swiftly declined, mines closed down and prospectors moved on to other fields. Stores ceased their trading, blackberries and weeds invaded the buildings and entire streets disappeared.

Today, only one hotel, the Royal, and one store remain in Hill End. In 1872 Hill End boasted a kilometre of shops, 28 hotels, three banks, two newspapers and a brewery. It was one of the largest inland towns in New South Wales. So you can see just what a boom town it was then. Now as we drive around seeing the General Store and Police Station and a couple of churches, a cow strolls down the road unperturbed by us being there. A camping ground is situated nearby but we decide not to pitch the tent and check out the Royal Hotel. We stayed there.

Friday morning we went up to the Museum, the photographic display was fantastic. In 1951 hundreds of photographic plates depicting scenes and buildings in the Hill End of 1871-72 were unearthed in a Sydney backyard. They were the work of the photographer Beaufoy Merlin and have revealed much of what is now known of the Hill End Story.

* * * * *

THE WARRUMBUNGLES - APRIL, 1980.

by Jo Witts.

A visit to the Warrumbungles was on the club programme for Easter to be led by Ian, but when this fell through because of the drought, we completed a walk from Bundeena to Werrong instead and thoroughly enjoyed it. However Ian and I had some holidays due, so two weeks later, after a phone call to National Parks, we decided to go to the Warrumbungles via Hill End, the old gold mining town.

After spending the night in the historic Royal Hotel at Hill End and the next morning exploring and going through the excellent museum, we travelled on, passing through Gulgong, the town on our ten dollar note, then Coonabarabran and drove into the Warrumbungles National Park in the evening. This was a good time as all the birds and wallabies were out feeding and the setting sun highlighted the spectacular peaks and spires of the mountains. We camped at Camp Blackman under a clear sky studded with stars and we could see why the Sidings Springs Telescope is stationed nearby.

We awoke early to the sound of various bird calls - there are about 120 species in the park - crawled out of the tent and were greeted by the rising sun glinting on emus and wallabies feeding and frolicking on the open parkland. After breakfast we checked in with the Ranger and were advised to climb Split Rock on the first day, which we did. As we were admiring the spectacular view from the top we were joined by a young American couple, who were touring around Australia and were on their way north for the winter. They had been attracted by the line of the mountains after driving so long across the flat plains. We chatted for a while about

National Parks, etc., then started down and met a carpet python at the side of the track. He was about 7 ft. long and fortunately very satisfied as he had a big bulge in his body. After we had sidled past we assured the Americans that they were very lucky to see such a large snake in the wild, but they didn't look too convinced!

The next morning after another clear night we awoke to the sound of rain, the first in this area for about 5 months. However a moist, overcast day proved to be just right for our walk to the Breadknife and Grand and Dows High Tops. Ian also climbed Bluff Mountain. What magnificent scenery, we plan to return sometime soon. We were interested to see that Dot Butler got a mention in the historical section of our excellent map as she and a Dr. Dark were the first to climb Crater Bluff.

After dinner on our third night we decided to try a short walk with a torch, as suggested in our literature, to see some of the nocturnal animals. However we only saw some wallabies and a frog. Next morning we picked up the leaflet for the Wambelong Nature Track and followed this closely trying to learn and retain all the information provided. Once again it was hot and dry and we couldn't believe we had trouble getting the fire going only the morning before.

Although the water problem at the park was acute and most of the creeks were bone dry, we were pleased to see that there were still enough pools for the animals to drink. The reason the park had to be closed at Easter was to stop these pools being polluted by visitors with soap etc. as the shower and toilet block at Camp Blackman had to be closed through lack of water. It was operating again when we were there, however. Unfortunately there is no swimming. Coonabarabran, the nearest town 30 km away, does have an Olympic Pool. Some friends of ours who did camp at Easter said they swam there and filled up with water at the local park taps.

As we packed up to leave in the afternoon we saw flocks of parrots of every colour in the surrounding trees, then made our way to Siding Springs Observatory, which has a mind-blowing exhibition on outer space and should not be missed. I couldn't help thinking of us looking down and finding that small frog on our night walk, then looking up and seeing the enormity of the Milky Way above us.

* * * * *

FOR SALE

Mountain Design Ultralight Goretex Sleeping Bag.

Rated To -10° Celsius. Two Weeks Use.

New \$220 Sell \$160 Or Offer David Rostron

Telephone 451 7943

THREE PEAKS IN A DAY, DAVID ROSTRON, WHITE ANTS & ALL THAT.

by Spiro Hajinakitas.

ROUTE: Katoomba - Cloudmaker - Paralyser - Guouogang - Yellow Pup - Katoomba. 70 km - 3500 metres climbing - Weekend 12/13 April 1980.

STARTERS: Christine & Craig Austen, Don Finch, Spiro Hajinakitas, Bob Hodgson, Tony Marshall & David Rostron (Leader).

At last the long awaited time had arrived. David and Don had done the trip 13 years ago. David was confident he could do it again, his preparation consisted of climbing every ridge and gully between the Six Foot Track and Mount Jenolan over Easter whilst the rest of the party enjoyed themselves strolling down the Cox's, and for three days before the weekend he had stuffed himself with 6000 calories of carbohydrates as he had read somewhere that this was the secret method to successful marathon cross-country skiing. That is to eat 6000 calories per day and build up one's reserves of energy. Unfortunately it did not snow but it was very hot at about 30°C in the shade. Don admitted to being unfit as he had done little walking over the past few years, most of his spare time taken up with extending the house, shooting wild pigs and, as Heather remarked, playing snooker at the local with the boys every night. Christine and Craig have been out every weekend for the past 9 weekends but would have preferred to attempt the three peaks in two days. But no, it was not a Three Peaks Trip, said David, unless it was done in a day. Bob with many hard trips already to his credit and together with his new appointment as President was no doubt out to raise the prestige of the Club. Tony had never been up Guouogang and as he was the baby of the group we would look after him. I, as usual, was out to enjoy myself, David having successfully shattered my confidence in my ability by reminding me EVERY time he saw me to make sure to bring along my map and compass as he was not going to wait for stragglers.

Don was the first to leave Sydney at, I think, about 3.0 pm, the rest of us met at Aronis in Katoomba at about 8.30 pm. After gorging ourselves with meat pies, Rocky Roads and hot chocolate we set off for Narrow Neck. We experienced some difficulty in locating the Narrow Neck Road but after a Cook's Tour of South Katoomba we eventually parked our cars kilometres apart on Narrow Neck and headed for Clear Hill. Half the N.S.W. Police Force was out looking for escaped convicts so it was a bit scary walking through the suggestive dark shadows of the trees saving our torch batteries for the grand finale down Guouogang tomorrow night. Don's battered Holden station wagon was spotted at the end of the road and a note on his screen revealed that he had about 5 hours start. Over Debert's Knob and down to the Cox's along White Dog. David crossed the river whilst we remained on our side and after a lengthy argument as to which side of the river had the best campsite David came over to our side again collecting a cask of water and some firewood in readiness for our 5.0 am start.

Sure enough David was up, I think, at 4.15 am, lit the fire and persuaded us that if we were to do the three peaks today we had better get out of bed. Bob snatched a few extra minutes in bed by having three-quarters of a huge cheese cake for breakfast. It was an ungodly hour

to get out of bed but David had decided that if he was not going to wait for stragglers during the trip at least he would ensure that we got off bright and early. The tired, under-slept and over-fed party stumbled bleary-eyed up the Cox's arriving at the Marcott Pass ridge start just as the sun rose. Our tireless and ambitious leader reminded us that if we were in New Zealand right now and contemplating to climb a peak, let alone three peaks, we would have had to arise at 1.0 am, how fortunate that we were here in the Blue Mountains starting at a relatively respectable hour. Don had slept here and his breakfast fire ashes were still warm, Bob estimated that he had left camp approximately 30 minutes ago. Already it was warm and the climb ahead promised to be quite a hot affair and as it would be four hours or so before we got to the next water on Kanangra Creek some of us drew a little water from the dreaded Cox's. David mumbled something about not feeling too well in the stomach as he had eaten too much in the last few days, consequently we would all catch up with him if he started off first, and away he went with that long effortless stride of his, and his low slung yellow half-empty pack and he disappeared into the bush.

Tony, Bob and I set off up the ridge about five minutes later, leaving Craig behind to attend to adjusting Christine's bandage on her injured shin (she had walked into a lawn mower at home the night before). Half a kilometre or so before Gentle's Pass David gave out a "day-oh" to the Austens but instead of an Austen reply he got a Finch call. "Y'll have to pull yer fingers out if yers going to make it," Don cried out, "Yer 15 minutes behind schedule already!" Don was referring to the times of the trip 13 years ago. "Don't wait for me, off yers go, I'm out of condition, go on, piss off." So we did just that, eventually arrived at a dry Dex Creek and up to Cloudmaker five minutes before Don. "Y'll never make it sitting around, go on, off yers go, I'll see you at Konangaroo Clearing tonight." He had decided that he would drop down to Kanangra Creek and make his way leisurely down the creek to Konangaroo, one peak would be sufficient effort for him, Paralyser and Guouogang he'd leave to the "tiger walkers" of the club. Well, didn't Dot Butler in a recent club magazine article liken David Rostron to a present-day Gordon Smith!

If I remember correctly it was 9.15 am, we bit into some chocolate, gulped our water down and raced off towards Maroocha Karoo leaving Don behind to wait for Christine and Craig. David and Bob made very good time down Thunder Buttress with Tony about 10 minutes behind them and I about 10 minutes behind Tony. Bob has developed and perfected an "always-keep-your-knee-bent" method of going downhill, if you ask him about it one day I'm sure he'll gladly let you in on the secret, and David admitted that he got his practice when he was a teenager some time ago caddying for two North Shore socialites at a time on the greens at those exclusive North Shore golf clubs. H'mm! Anyway back to our epic trip. I finally caught up with them as they were taking a dip in the creek, by now it was very hot indeed. My knees were a bit sore, and as I was wearing sandshoes half a size smaller than I usually wear the back of my right sandshoe was cutting into my heel (excuses, excuses), so naturally I thought, wouldn't it be nice to just forget about Paralyser and Guouogang and have 3 or 4 hours for lunch and simply stroll down the creek to Konangaroo in time to meet our

welcoming party who were at this very moment on their way from Carlon's. Oh, I forgot to mention that David had arranged for his wife Judith, Margaret Bentley (Bob's future wife) and Pat McBride to meet us at Konangaroo laden with goodies, champagne for the toast to our glorious victory over the Three Peaks, choice muscatel grapes to be slowly and sensually dropped into his mouth as he lay with his head on Judith's lap, and Hoadley's Violet Crumble bars with our coffee and liqueurs. Altogether it would be a suitably modest accolade befitting our gallant effort. H'mm, anyhow back to our trip. I told David that I was pulling out, and after a dip in the creek I sat in the shade to wait for Don. David, Bob and Tony proceeded up the South Paralyser ridge and I alleviated my guilt feelings by convincing myself that to continue the three peak attempt in the heat would require a long tortuous effort.

About half an hour later, Don, Craig and Christine arrived and we decided to light a fire and have lunch and a cuppa. Craig and Christine intended to climb Paralyser after lunch, drop down to Konangaroo and possibly climb Guouogang the next morning. Lunch was a long pleasant affair in the shadow of Paralyser, Christine occasionally peering with mixed feelings up to the far-off summit. Just as Craig and Christine were making hesitant moves to move off I did a terrible thing. I announced that I was going to brew a big billy of MILK TURKISH COFFEE. Now Christine in the past has resisted bribes of French table wine, Russian home-made chocolates, Scandinavian cheeses, Lebanese nut rolls, Greek almond halva, Phil Butt's well hung sirloins, and Chinese Jasmin tea, but she has never, never been known to refuse Turkish Coffee. Too late, I realised what I had done - she dropped her pack and began to drool at the mouth. Of course by the time we finished our second cup of Turkish coffee the idea of going up Paralyser was no longer an important issue, so we did what we would have liked to have done on countless trips. We took our time, frequently stopping to look and discuss anything of interest, but we were not quite prepared for the next point of interest around the next bend. There was David and Bob cooling off in the creek, but where was Tony, the baby of the group, whom we were to look after?

Apparently David ran out of steam on top of Paralyser and Bob had developed severe leg cramps. And Tony, after escorting and assisting them down, was now camping at the foot of Nooroo Buttress and would knock over Guouogang at first light in the morning.

We proceeded onto Konangaroo Clearing and spent a warm and pleasant night under the stars. Don departed alone at about 8.30 am, Judith, Margaret and Pat at about 10 am, the remainder waited for a tired Tony who arrived at about 12.00. We had a quick dip in the Cox's before going up Yellow Pup, and were back at Aroni's for dinner at 6.0 pm.

* * * * *



eastwood camping centre

BUSHWALKERS

Lightweight Tents • Sleeping Bags • Rucksacks •
Climbing & Caving Gear • Maps • Clothing • Boots
• Food.

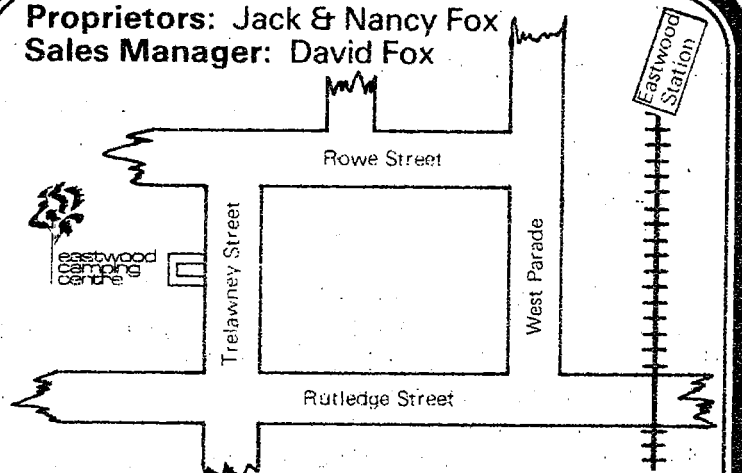
CAMPING EQUIPMENT

Large Tents • Stoves • Lamps • Folding Furniture.

DISTRIBUTORS OF:

Paddymade • Karrimor • Berghaus • Hallmark •
Bergans • Caribee • Fairydown • Silva • Primus •
Companion • and all leading brands.

Proprietors: Jack & Nancy Fox
Sales Manager: David Fox



EASTWOOD CANVAS GOODS & CAMPING SUPPLIES
3 Trelawney St Eastwood NSW 2122 Phone: 858 2775

KEY TO IDENTIFICATION OF FROGS IN ETTREMA/BUNDUNDAH.

HOW TO USE THE KEY.

by Péter Harris.

Little difficulty should be experienced in its use. The numbers in brackets are for back-referencing.

At least twenty species of frogs are represented in Ettrema/Bundundah. This key provides for an identification basis of those species. In all likelihood, additional species will be represented in the area, and some sub-species might create initial confusion.

Note that it is illegal to remove Frogs from the Morton National Park, except under permit from the N.S.W. National Parks and Wildlife Service.

The work hereunder is the result of approximately eight years of research.

- - - - -

- | | | | |
|---------|---|--|-------------------------------|
| 1. | Vomerine teeth absent. | Tympanum hidden | 4 |
| 2. | Vomerine teeth absent. | Tympanum distinct. | <i>Hyla bicolor</i> |
| 3. | Vomerine teeth present. | | 12 |
| 4.(1) | Pupil vertical | | 6 |
| 5.(1) | Pupil horizontal | | 7 |
| 6.(4) | Maxillary teeth present | | <i>Uperoleia marmorata</i> |
| 7.(5) | Toes long, fringed. | Ventral surface granular | <i>Crinia signifera</i> |
| 8.(5) | Toes short, cylindrical. | Tip of fourth toe extending to tip of snout or beyond | 10 |
| 9.(5) | Toes short, cylindrical. | Tip of fourth toe extending only to shoulder or eye | <i>Pseudophryne dondyi</i> |
| 10.(8) | Dark above, with red triangle on forehead and variegated red markings on dorsal surface | | <i>Pseudophryne australia</i> |
| 11.(8) | Dark above, uniform or with reddish variegations | | <i>Pseudophryne bibronii</i> |
| 12.(3) | Tympanum indistinct or hidden | | 29 |
| 13.(3) | Tympanum distinct. | Fingers and toes with discs | 14 |
| 14.(13) | Fingers at least one-third webbed | | 16 |
| 15.(13) | Fingers devoid of web, or less than one-third webbed | | 19 |
| 16.(14) | Uniform green above, often with a few white spots laterally. | Back smooth with minute pores | <i>Hyla caerulea</i> |
| 17.(14) | Variegated brownish above. | Hinder sides of thighs have accentuated black and yellow marbling | <i>Hyla peronii</i> |
| 18.(14) | Fingers one-third webbed. | Brown or bluish-grey above, with lighter zone on each side of back | <i>Hyla dentata</i> |
| 19.(15) | Vomerine teeth behind level of choanae. | Fingers with distinct web. | Uniform green above |
| 20.(15) | Vomerine teeth between, or on a level with, front edge of choanae | | <i>Hyla phyllochroa</i> |
| 21.(20) | No distinct outer metatarsal tubercle | | 21 |
| 22.(20) | A small outer metatarsal tubercle | | 23 |
| | | | 27 |

-
- 23.(21) Hinder side of thighs not spotted 25
- 24.(21) Hinder side of thighs spotted or marbled,
snout rounded not projecting Hyla ewingi
- 25.(23) Fingers with rudiment of web. Toes approximately
two-thirds webbed. Brown above with a few
faint spots on the groin. Hinder side of
thighs yellowish Hyla jerviensis
- 26.(23) Fingers quite free. Blue green above, with
coppery-gold stripes and spots. Hinder
side of thighs dark blue Hyla aurea
- 27.(22) Back smooth, with a few indistinct flat warts.
Body uniform brown or peppered with darker
brown. Hinder side of thighs marbled black
and white. First and second fingers equal
length Hyla lesueurii
- 28.(22) Back smooth, pale yellowish-grey with irregular
black marbling and flecking. Hinder side of
thighs marbled black and white. First and
second fingers equal in length Hyla kinghorni
- 29.(12) Vomerine teeth in two transverse groups 31.
- 30.(12) Vomerine teeth in two small round or oval patches 35
- 31.(29) Inner metatarsal tubercle small, blunt 33
- 32.(29) Inner metatarsal tubercle large, shovel shaped.
A tubercle between first and second, and
second and third toes Limnodynastes dorsalis
- 33.(31) First finger a little shorter than second.
Back pale brown or grey, with darker
irregular spots. Snout not prominent.
Toes with distinct basal webbing Limnodynastes fletcheri
- 34.(31) First finger a little shorter than, or
equal to, second. Toes with a slight
fringe. Olive above, with darker
marblings; often a yellow vertebral
stripe Limnodynastes
tasmaniensis
- 35.(30) Toes webbed. A large light-coloured,
shovel-shaped inner metatarsal tubercle Notaden bermetti
- 36.(30) Toes not webbed. Two large, fang-like
teeth on tip of lower jaw (especially
large in males) Adelotus brevis
- - - - -

SOCIAL NOTES FOR JULY.

by Peter Miller.

Wednesday, July 16.

Film - South West Tasmania.

The film shows areas familiar to bushwalkers. Some of the areas are under threat of "development" and will be the object of future conservation efforts.

DINNER will be held before the meeting at the Nam Roc Chinese Restaurant, 538 Pacific Highway, St. Leonards. 7.00 pm to 8.00 pm.

Wednesday, July 23.

Members slide night. Bring along your best slides that will be of interest to members. Limit 15 slides each.

Wednesday, July 30.

First traverse from Lake Manapouri to Cascade Cove, Dusky Sound, New Zealand. Peter Harris will show the slides of his trip described in the April issue of the magazine.

* * * * *

CONGRATULATIONS and best wishes from the Club to Geoff Yewdall and Denise Brown who are getting married on 22nd August.

ALTERATIONS TO THE WALKS PROGRAMME.

The Sunday walk starting at Turramurra, to be led by Barbara Evans, shown on the programme for 27th July, will now take place on Sunday, 3rd August. Distance 17 km.

And Marcia Shappert's walk starting from Berowra will now be led on Sunday, 27th July.

Other details of these two walks are as shown on the programme.

ALSO ...

The walk listed on the programme for weekend 22/24 August - Kanangra to Katoomba - is for three days, and should be listed 22/23/24/25 which includes Monday 25th, being the first weekday of the school holidays.

This walk is still a MEDIUM grade TEST WALK. Other details as shown on programme. Transport to Kanangra is one way, either by taxi or a lift.

Leader: GEORGE WALTON 498,7956 (H).

3/34-36, Diamond Bay Road,
VAUCLUSE. N.S.W. 2030.

28 April, 1980.

The Honorary Secretary,
The Sydney Bush Walkers,
Box 4476, G.P.O.,
SYDNEY. N.S.W. 2001.

Dear Sir,

The Sydney Bush Walkers were kind enough to co-operate with a research project I undertook between 1976 and 1979 into the history and present use of national parks in New South Wales. I am grateful for the help provided by the then executive committee (particularly Spiro Hajinakitas, Honorary Secretary) and membership of the S.B.W., and apologise for the prolonged delay in letting you know what has become of the project.

The material I collected has been written up in a Ph.D. thesis entitled "National Parks in N.S.W., 1879-1979; Participation, Pressure Groups and Policy", submitted to the Australian National University, Canberra 1979. Now that the examination of the thesis has been completed successfully, the work is available for public scrutiny. I hope interested members of the S.B.W. will have the opportunity to examine the research.

Copies of the thesis have been lodged with the Australian National University library, the Sydney Head Office of the National Parks & Wildlife Service and the N.S.W. Environment Centre (399 Pitt Street). Plans are underway to have additional copies made and to have some of the results published in a more easily disseminated form.

I will be very grateful if you could pass on my thanks, via the Sydney Bush Walker, to the more than 200 S.B.W. members who, in mid-1978, completed and returned copies of the questionnaire on which Part II of my thesis was based. I hope they are as generous with other researchers who may follow me in the neglected area of outdoor recreation research in Australia.

Again, many thanks for the S.B.W.'s assistance, and apologies for the delay in notifying you of the outcome.

Yours faithfully,

ANDY TURNER.

THE MAY GENERAL MEETING.

by Barry Wallace.

There were about 30 members present when the President called the May General meeting to order at about 2017. New members Frank Woodgate and Jim Percy were present to be welcomed with badge and constitution, and Valerie Calgert did show up a little later for the same treatment.

The Minutes of the previous meeting were read and received without significant comment. Correspondence comprised a letter from Andy Turner thanking the club for help with his research project into the usage patterns for National Parks, a letter from the S.P.C.C. to advise that they will investigate the pollution of Jerrara Creek, and outgoing letters to our new members.

The Treasurer's Report indicated an opening balance of \$2124.13, Income of \$915.92, Expenditure of \$173.66 to provide a closing balance of \$2866.39.

Walks Report brought news of the Coolana working bee over the weekend 18/19/20 April. They reported that they had been hardworking bees, clearing gutters, exploring the water supply and cleaning down the corrugated iron for painting.

Pat McBride reported 15 starters on his North Budawangs stroll, George Walton had 12 people out around Kanangra and Jim Brown had 8 on his "introductory" overnight trip in the lower Blue Mountains. Peter Christian's day walk almost went unreported, but someone finally admitted to having been there and counted 25 people.

The Anzac weekend saw Tony Denham with 6 people on a pleasant trip to Macarthur's Flat on the Nattai, Vic Lewin with 12, 16 and 20 bodies on various fragments of his Yadboro Flat base camp and Peter Miller leading 17 starters on a modified version of his Kowmung River trip. Roy Braithwaite led the only day walk that weekend with 11 members, 9 prospectives and a few problems. Four of his starters stopped somewhere along the way.

The deferred Reunion was held on the weekend 2/3/4 May and may be reported separately next month. Meryl Watman's day walk that weekend had 6 members, 3 prospectives and 2 visitors. Ray Turton's Budawangs walk scheduled for 9/10/11 May had 4 starters but was pretty much a washout. Leon Vella read the weather a little more closely and cancelled his trip. Belinda McKenzie had 20 starters on her Glenbrook area day walk, which was described as nice.

There was no Federation Report.

General Business saw a motion passed that we write to N.P.W.S. supporting K.H.A. policy on alpine shelter huts.

After that it was just a matter of announcements, and the President gently gonged the gong and released us all to coffee, bikkies, and conversation at about 2115.

* * * * *