

THE SYDNEY BUSH WALKER

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A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bush Walkers,
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evening from 7.30 pm at the Cahill Community Centre (Upper Hall),
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MAY, 1984.

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THE MID-WEEK WALKERS - BATEMAN'S BAY NORTH TO TABOURIE.27 FEBRUARY - 2 MARCH.

by Dot Butler.

Alex dreamt of leading a docile flock who would follow obediently in his footsteps, but he was beaten from the start. There are more individualists to the hectare in the Sydney Bush Walkers than in any other gathering of people. With 40 miles of beaches to spread along his exuberant flock were not to be roped in. At least their individual footprints showed when they were ahead, and all seemed to get together for meals. There was Reg Alder, Walks Organiser and Leader for the Canberra National Parks Association and his faithful follower Tim Coffey. There was Frank Rigby, intrepid explorer of the Macdonnells in Central Australia; Paul Howard who commanded a navigation unit in the Western Desert during the War; Dot Butler whose mountaineering urges predominate and who feels that a coastal walk is wasted unless there are some hair-raising stiff climbs involved; then we have Bill Hall whose good sense prevents him setting off around cliffs on hopeless sorties when the seas are crashing against them with enough force to shatter a yacht; and Ben Esgate, the one and only Benji, unquenchable humourist and free spirit who lived out the Depression of the '30s in the Blue Mountains bush, and who won't be druv. After all, 8 leaders in a party of 10 is about average. The only ones who measured up as good followers were Ron Young and his friend Ken Walker, the wee Scottish laddie from north of Aberrrrrdeen, and Alex told them so at the end of the trip.

To start at the beginning: 8 of us travelled by train to Nowra, then bus to Long Beach turn-off where, under a gum tree, we found Reg and Digby who had been transported from Canberra by Reg's daughter. It was Monday, early afternoon, and hot. With only five miles to go we made our leisurely way by road and track, collecting blackberries as we went, and before long reached the sand of Long Beach. We carried water, which can be got from a house tank or from a lagoon which trickles out over the beach in a wet season, round a rocky point to make camp on a grassy flat amongst vine-clad casuarinas.

It was a beautiful starry night. Across Bateman's Bay we could see the lights of Boathaven, now known as "Little Canberra" as it consists mainly of houses of retirees and week-enders of denizens from the Capital City. Round a big campfire of driftwood the affairs of the world were discussed. Political leaders, industrialists and anti-conservationists were torn to bits and the pieces thrown to the crows. Reg, who never discusses politics, and his tentmate Tim, retired to their sleeping bags. Said Paul, philosopher and poet:

Ah Love, could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire
Would we not shatter it to bits - and then
Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!"

2nd Day: Early morning we were greeted by a fearful sight - an evil grinning face with slavering blood-coated mouth! A vampire? No, don't be afraid; it's only Ben - he's been eating prickly pears.

Ten miles to go. Setting out in rain and wind we trailed along Chain Bay with a blotted-out horizon and a big sea roaring. "Do not despair," said the Comforter, Ken. "The weather forecast said 'scattered showers clearing by Wednesday midday'."

Leaving the gusty beach we cut up over the hill to near the borders of Murramarang National Park. It was quite calm in the shelter of the trees but more wind and rain as we descended to another little nameless beach. Then Oakey Beach and Richmond Beach at the north end of which we took to the road, by-passing Myrtle, Dark and Emily Miller Beaches to emerge at the South Durras camp ground with Wasp Island a misty grey shape out to the east in a wild sea. Then the long plod, with the party all strung out, along the beach to Durras North. Here the lake, swollen by rain, was pouring out over the beach making an interesting crossing. Luckily the weather now cleared a bit. We camped on the western side of Pt. Upright and when the sun appeared briefly through the scudding clouds we saw it setting in the west all right, but into the sea. What! Are we in Western Australia?

Day 3: We took a path up the hill, by-passing the Pt. Upright headland, and came down at Depot Beach, everybody watching for the predicted clearing of the weather. This February was a period of unusually high tides. Waves sucked and gurgled through the loads of grey pebbles as we approached Pebbly Beach. This trip had been planned to give us plenty of time for sunbaking and swimming but the cold wet weather prevented that so we kept moving. Finding water for lunch and evening camps was no problem as every little inlet had its runnel of fresh water. We stopped in a beautiful spotted gum forest for lunch during a brief lull in the weather. "What!" crowed everyone derisively as Alex proceeded to put up his tent. "What's the idea?" "So I can eat my lunch DRY," said Alex carrying on regardless. Sure enough, a few minutes later down came heavy rain, the scoffers, silenced, sitting it out under the dripping trees with their parkas done up to the neck.

As the afternoon wore on the weather began to clear as predicted but high seas continued to roll in, thundering with mighty crashing against the cliffs around which we had been able to walk on previous trips. Frequently we had to take to the road, but we made back to the rocks and a little fresh water creek for our night camp, opposite Dawson's Islands.

4th Day: Hurrah! A fine day! Plenty of time for swimming and sunbaking. Although it turned out that half the party didn't care for surfing and somehow bushwalkers seem to prefer to walk rather than bask in the sun.

Nine miles that day took us along the cliff-edge to Pretty Beach where I had first camped 39 years ago when daughter Rona was a baby. At that time it was Forestry land and completely deserted. I used to feed the baby then put her in her hammock and off we would go walking and surfing, leaving her alone for hours. You couldn't do that any longer as the place is now a populous caravan park.

We by-passed Merry Beach but called in at the store for food and newspapers (civilized man can't last long without his daily injection of "news"). Then via an electricity line to Kioloa and creeping civilization. (By now we were out of Murramarang Park.) From Nunderah Point we went via streets to Racecourse Beach.

One wonders who named the little beaches around here. What immortal animals gave their names to "Bull Pup Beach" and "Cat and Kittens Beach"?

More stretches of sand - Murramarang, No.2 and No.1 Beaches, then round the road to Bawley Point, which has the lowest trig. in Australia, 26 ft above sea level. Ben knew a lot about the local history. Someone wondered how Bawley Point got its name. "The timber boats used to pull in here," said Ben. The wharf superintendent gave his orders - "TIE HER UP HERE YOU B--- F----- IDIOT!!! DON'T LET HER DRIFT YOU LILY-LIVERED SO-AND-SO!!!!" Ben's bawling nearly deafened us but we got the message.

We went merrily along Bawley Beach popping stranded blue bottles. Ken experimented with walking backwards, jogging, ice-skating, but couldn't help noticing that the purposeful slog was more efficient. At the near end of North Beach we headed through the banksias up into a eucalyptus forest to a beautiful campsite. After dark a strong wind arose, laced with the scent of salt and seaweed. We smelt the night darkness and it smelt good, and presently we went to sleep in it.

Day 5: Up before the dawn. Only 6 miles to go but we want time for a swim and sunbake at Tabourie before walking out to the highway. Leaving the campsite we went uphill through the forest, delighted by the sight of a shining lagoon in a hollow which normally is dry. Across Nuggan Point and down to the beach.

As we approached where Meroo Lake opens into the sea we saw, on the far side, a young wet-suited board-rider anxiously scanning the channel. Here was some excitement! The sea was rushing in; the channel looked wild and deep with shifting flurries of quicksand. We made our packs water-tight, took off our clothes and made a precarious crossing with packs held high. The young lad on the far side, who no doubt hoped to see us all drowned or swallowed by quicksand, walked away disappointed as we gained the other side, put on our clothes and continued on our way.

We couldn't go round the rocks so crossed over Meroo Point and so to our last beach. The Termeil outlet was an easy crossing in comparison to our previous one, and so up to Tabourie. Some had a swim in the warm water of Tabourie Creek. Then a sunbake for half an hour before heading up the road to the store on Princes Highway. Soon along came the bus, and so to Nowra and train home. "Great trip, Alex! Mighty trip! See you again when you lead the next one!"

* * * * *

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS 1984.

Subscriptions for 1984 are as follows:-

Single Member	\$11
Married Couple	\$15
Full-time Student	\$ 9
Non-active Member	\$ 3
Non-active Member with Magazine posted	\$ 9

The price of the Magazine (single copy) has now been raised to 60 cents.

THERE IS NO JUNIPER ON JUPITER.

by A Pawn's Friend.

There is nothing on Mount Jupiter at all. It is hallowed ground; a sacred mountain. It is both the beginning and ending of time!

Aloft the peak rises from the flatlands of McKells Selection and the middle Mersey River valley. A towering fortress-like plateau of rock and sub-alpine snow grasses. Of lakes and tarns, and running streams of sourceless water. The guardians of the plateau are its circuitous walls of thunder-splintered pinnacle and rock, bathed in the shimmering glow of both sunrise and sunset.

Sunrise is the dawn of time. Sunset is the end. On Jupiter there is no other time-plane except the life in between the creation and cessation of light and warmth. Battle-scarred and weary it exists as a permanent watchtower of surrounding creation.

Movement stirs. It is the dull and hazy ripple of moving water on a small and hidden tarn. A fountain on a mountain! Dwarfed by the rampant protrusions of smooth and sharply angular caps of dolerite which project like hives on the surface of the plateau.

I am alone. I sit upon a rock and think of all that I have seen. The fire glows dimly at my feet. It is dying. The sun is setting. Another day is done and I am older, just as Time is older but is infinite. Such be human frailty!

Such fate to suffering Worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven
To misery brink,
Till wretched of every Hope but Heaven,
He ruined sink!

There is no juniper on Jupiter. The juniper bush is merely another rocky hat; an inverted cooking bowl for giants. Jupiter is the giant! I am simply a wart on the giant's backside. A nothing. Self-importance and egoism are only factors which ensure survival. They count for nothing in the vast unbridled realm of nature vibrant. The assertion of one person over another is a meaningless exercise of stupidity. In the vastness of the Jupiter Plateau the significance of Man is equivalent to the impact of a single falling leaf upon the ground. The brief jolt of a honeyeater landing on a twig.

Girt by lake and forest, and anchored into rifting rock, Jupiter rises unrestrained from the Central Plateau, heartland of Tasmania. There is nothing on Mount Jupiter. Not even Juniper.

* * * * *

EDITOR'S QUIZ QUESTION.

Where and when did the term "bushwalking" originate?

ANSWER

When the Sydney Bush Walkers Club was formed in 1927 the word "bushwalking" became the recognised word for trips in the bush, especially overnight camping trips.

THE WALK OF FINCH'S FORTY.

by Ainslie Morris.

Down the road, down we rode,
Through the storm onward.
Down to Shoalhaven Valley
Rode the fair forty.

Forward, Sydney Bushies!
When was an Easter night
Aught but wet and sloppy? So
Rode the fatuous forty.

At dawn they stood huddled,
Round campfire they puddled,
'Til Fair Finch and friend farmer
Rescued all from the weather.
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Themselves they did not deny,
To that cosy old farmhouse
They rode hell for leather.

Log fires, food and gossip
Made Friday pass gaily.
There's no doubt that walkers
Make fabulous talkers.

River rose, river fell,
Boldly they crossed and well.
Don led them to Turk's Head,
Descent to a stream and dell,
Strode the fine forty.

From thirteen to seventy three,
They had all the ages,
Whippersnappers to sages
Escaped city cages.
Much firewood and green grass,
Bracken for Dot's palliasse,
For company a wombat;
Down on Appletree Flat
Camped the fun party.

The songs they flowed freely,
Songs fine and plain silly,
As for lack of a pom pom
We put on the billy.
And Sunday saw forty
Climb up out of the mist
O'er Cooranbene Mountain,
Its height hard to resist.
They welcomed the Deua,
In undies waist-deep crossed
Four times and no fewer.

And now on the last day
 Moodong Creek found their way,
 Don chased back the moocows
 As we stepped in the DONG.
 We stumbled and slithered,
 Woe to they who dithered.
 Waterfalls and tree ferns,
 Scrambled in twists and turns.

Then after a last lunch
 Our Wendy came a crunch
 While testing the hardness
 Of sedimentary rock.
 Her knee was much softer,
 So Phil Butt had to lift 'er.
 Up a four fifty foot slope
 It looked grim with no hope.

'Til Murdoch with hatchet
 Made a litter for Wendy.
 Never had a bush rescue
 Been so grand and so trendy,
 To Vic's four-wheel-drive Rover.

The Easter Walk was over
 For the fabulous forty.

NOTE from Wendy Aliano:

I would like to thank all members of Don Finch's Easter walk for my rescue. It makes me proud to be associated with Sydney Bush Walkers.

(TRACK NOTES by Don Finch of this Easter trip and also a story by Dot Butler will be published in the June issue of the magazine. Ed.)

NEW MEMBER & NEW ADDRESSES.

Please add the following information to your Membership List.

- | | | |
|----------------|--|----------------|
| BATTYE, Lisa, | 20 Killarney Street, Mosman, 2088 | Phone 969-3979 |
| BROWNE, Roger, | 14/7 Lavender Street, North Sydney, 2060 | 929-2342 |
| MILLER, Peter, | 11 Ferdinand Street, Birchgrove, 2041 | 818-1990 |

Hec CARRUTHERS has changed his name by Deed Poll to Rod Carruthers, as that is how he is known in business.



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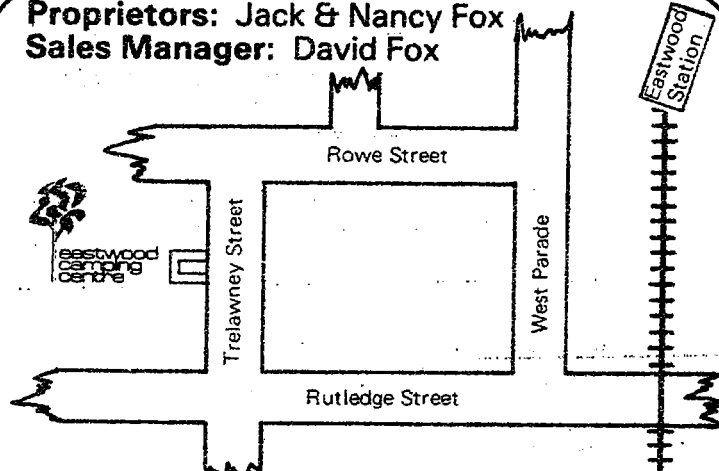
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MITTAGONG TO KATOOMBA MITTAGONG.

by Peter Miller.

WALKERS: Jerry Leitner, Robert Miller, Barry Wallace,
Denise Shaw, Mauri Bloom, Jan Mohandis,
Bill Holland, Ray Hookway and Peter Miller.

(Wayne Steele and Wendy Lippiatt intended walking with the party as far as Colong Swamp - but read on).

"The Wollondilly at Jooriland gauging station is 0.72 of a metre - you won't have any trouble getting across." Thus spake the man from the Water Board when I rang on Thursday morning before leaving on the trip. We had planned to cross the Wollondilly near Burnt Flat Creek and proceed via Mt. Colong, The Axehead Range, Cloudmaker, Splendour Rock and Narrow Neck to Katoomba.

On Thursday it started to rain and it rained and it rained and it rained and we couldn't cross the Wollondilly. But I anticipate.

The first problem arose before the train left Central. Hans Stichter was on a train which should have got him to Central in plenty of time but it broke down near Lewisham station. He saw us go past at Redfern and had no way of catching us up by travelling on a later train as he did not know where we intended camping.

After a noisy train trip (sharing a carriage with a gaggle of young people off to a church camp) we arrived at Mittagong in the pouring rain. The taxis were waiting and we drove out along the Wombeyan Caves road and turned off to Wanganderry along a dirt road that was liquid mud. After only 2 km the taxis were beaten by the first hill and we had no choice but to take up our packs and walk. Wayne and Wendy had now joined us and they decided to sleep in their car and meet us the next morning. There was no shelter until we reached the end of the road at the first belt of trees. It was nearly 1.00 am by then and the rain still pelted down so it was a miserable crew that settled down for the night.

Good Friday.

We waited until the rain eased off then headed down the fire trail which follows Burnt Flat Creek. The rain had dislodged several tons of rock, earth and trees which slid across the road. We scrambled over the mess and followed the fire trail down to Burnt Flat and camped. By now the rain had stopped and there were promising patches of blue sky showing. Burnt Flat Creek was a muddy brown torrent and all the small side creeks were flowing strongly. Below us we could see and hear the Wollondilly as it roared along with its load of water, silt and floating logs. Robert had a cold and felt pretty low all day. We were all in bed quite early after our late night on Thursday.

Saturday.

We packed up early and set off in bright sunshine to examine the river at close quarters. Although it had dropped about a metre during the night it was impossible to cross. We went to a spot where Barry and I had crossed three weeks earlier on an exploratory trip. Then we had found a way by a chain of small islands but now they were totally submerged and only the pressure waves gave an indication of their presence. We followed the river to the Jooriland gauging station and there it was now 3.1 metres.

At Barry's suggestion we decided to look for Beloon Pass in order to cross over into the Nattai River and walk out to Hilltop. Mauri had a Greater Blue Mountains map with a scale of 1:150,000 and contour lines at 100 metres.

As the river was so high we were forced to keep away from the normal route along the banks and several times had to climb up among the thorn bushes and cutty grass. We found our way to a pleasant camp site on Douglass Creek and settled down for an evening of picking grass seeds from our socks and clothes. For anyone walking in this area gaiters are essential.

Easter Sunday.

As it was Easter Sunday we treated ourselves to a late start. Barry gave us each an Easter egg and finally we set off to find the pass. We climbed up looking for the pass but only came across sheer cliffs and a couple of waterfalls. Jan and Bill eventually found a negotiable route but by then it was 3.15 pm and too late to get down the other side into the Nattai. We had an excellent view of Yerranderie Peak and Byrnes Gap before we retraced our steps down the very steep mountain side and made camp on Colemans Creek.

Monday.

By now we had run out of time to cross Beloon Pass so we decided to follow the fire trail back along the Wollondilly to Burnt Flat Creek. The weather started off overcast but it cleared to a fine day and it was very pleasant walking. We saw large mobs of kangaroos which have multiplied since the drought broke. We saw the foot prints of another party of walkers and came across the warm ashes of their campfire but we didn't see them in person. The trail led us below the high cliffline edging the plateau; across Bonnum Pic Creek and below Bonnum Pic. We made camp near an abandoned farm and carried water from Burnt Flat Creek. The sunset was most spectacular and we had good views across to the cliff line and distant mountains.

Tuesday.

We decided to go home a day earlier than planned so we climbed back up the fire trail to Wanganderry and followed the dirt road back to the Wombeyan Caves road. It was a brilliant, clear, sunny day with a cold wind blowing and a complete contrast to our wet tramp on Thursday night. The taxis came for us and after having lunch in Mittagong we got the train home.

When I arrived home I rang Wayne and Wendy to learn that they had passed us twice on Good Friday morning as we sheltered from the rain, then gave it up as a bad job and went back to Sydney. I rang Hans and he was a bit relieved that he hadn't caught the train after all.

And so ended a very frustrating Easter. Oh yes - - and I caught Robert's cold too.

* * * * *

REPORTED: Jan Mohandas, leader of the walk of 26th February - Waterfall to Otford - reports that at the Figure 8 Pool a freak wave swept members of the party across the rocks as well as a person in the pool, so that all received severe bruising and cuts. The message is - Beware of a big swell and high tides (and of course, rough weather).

BOTH ENDS OF THE BUDAWANGS.

by Roger Browne.

Walkers march across the land,
Kilpatrick Creek is close at hand,
Leeches prowl for blood to suck,
Wriggling, writhing, squirming, yuk!

Trip led by Joan Cooper - 14,15 April.

The plan was to start at Tanderra Camp, but by Saturday morning only Wayne Steele's carload had made it that far. The others stopped at Newhaven Gap, but after some confusion all parties met up. Some people discovered to their surprise that the trip consisted of two day walks, rather than an overnight trip.

We donned day packs and walked along the track to Folly Point. Despite some rain on the previous night, the weather was fine. The views of the Castle from Folly Point were quite stunning, whetting our appetite for the trip two weeks ahead. Joan then led us part way down Watson's Pass, declaring that those who had managed this could count themselves sufficiently 'confident at rock scrambling' to tackle the Castle.

After a leisurely lunch, and a wander to some more views, we headed back to camp at a fast pace. In fact, at times we were running. Joan had promised a return to base camp by 5 pm -- cocktail hour -- and we were only a few minutes late.

That evening's campfire saw heated discussions. Even those who retired early to tents pitched way in the distance reported next morning having heard shouted argument -- something about Greek Doctors, and Inaudible Railway Station Announcers, apparently.

On Sunday Joan led us to the ruins of the White Cat Sawmill, then up Quilties Mountain to the Borra Ground. Some people commented that the stones were more neatly laid out than last time they visited -- 'restoration' by the authorities, perhaps? We wondered whether aboriginal people ever came there nowadays to contemplate this initiation rite site.

Next we walked to Hidden Valley, my favourite spot in the Budawangs. Joan led us up Mt. Sturgess via a route south of Dark Brothers Cave, not marked on the sketch map. It involved one rather difficult chimney which strained some people's nerves somewhat. We came down via the mapped route for lunch.

After another leisurely lunch we scrub-bashed down to Kilpatrick Creek, fighting off giant people-eating leeches (well, not quite). Morag Ryder, who had soaped her socks, had no trouble with the leeches. Joan then took us to a hard-to-find waterfall that she knew from a previous trip, very attractive. I doubt many other visitors to the Budawangs have seen this one. Then it was back to the cars via another abandoned sawmill near Newhaven Gap, which featured a two-speed clutch-controlled winch, and a log chute up the cliff from the Clyde River.

On our way back to civilisation, we stopped at the Pizza Joint in Nowra to devour lasagne and pizza, while Morag tried her best to demolish the air-conditioning equipment with a chair leg.

Trip led by Ainslie Morris - 28, 29 April.

Fifteen tough bushwalkers started their walk by stringing up a rope across Yadboro River to avoid getting their tootsies wet. Then followed the walk up Kalianna Ridge. At a steep section, Brian Bolton chose to sidle around, taking what he called the "old man's route", citing as an excuse the fact that he'd had a birthday two days ago.

We all fitted through the tunnel, and climbed the Castle without too much ado. On the way down we strung up a handline for those wanting it. I suspect the rope's main advantage is as a confidence booster - - I found the same difficulty on the way up as on the way down.

Next we headed through Monolith Valley, climbing one of the Seven Gods pinnacles for a great view. Ainslie took us to a camping cave on Mt. Donjon which is not marked on the sketch map, which accommodated the 15 of us in grand style.

Sunday saw us climbing up Mt. Owen for morning tea. We then started to climb down its south-western tip. This involved going down a diagonal slot in the face of the mountain, with two handlines, and was very slow going with a large party. On the plateau below this slot we had a long lunch before tackling the next descent. Once again, it was quite tricky, and the ropes were needed.

The descent then led onto a fire trail which we followed back to the cars. Dinner on this trip was had at the Nowra Chinese Restaurant, which provides good food at reasonable prices, and offers delicious fruit salad on the house (although sometimes you have to ask for it to get it).

Closing thoughts.

The Budawangs did not conform to its reputation as a wet, cold, misty place. Joan's trip had fine, though not cloudless, weather. Ainslie's trip had fine weather and, for the most part, sported cloudless blue skies.

We very much appreciated the way that Joan and Ainslie shared with us these interesting walks, each of which featured an aspect of the Budawangs not widely known.

* * * * *

CHECK YOUR SANDSHOES! Two odd sandshoes are in Bob Duncan's care, after the Easter trip. If you have their partners (size about 5 or 6) please ring 868-2679.

PURCHASE OF PRINTING MACHINE..

The Club is considering buying an off-set printing press and plate-maker. If any member of the Club can offer expert advice it would be welcomed by the Committee at its meeting on 6th June.

Please ring Jim Percy on 810-5707 if you can help.

Discussion of expenditure on this major purchase (\$3,000 approx. for a re-conditioned machine) is expected at the General Meeting on 13th June.

GOULBURN RIVER NATIONAL PARK EXPLORATORY TRIP6th, 7th & 8th April 1984.

by John Redfern.

Walkers: John Redfern (leader), 12 members, one prospective.

After leaving a car at Honeysuckle Creek, our finishing point, we entered the park at Murrumba Gap. We generally followed the Goulburn River along the eastern end of the southern border of this quite new National Park.

The river, in this vicinity, is sandy based and very scenic with pools at the bends, some deep enough for swimming, set below attractive red and yellow sandstone walls. Many caves can be found in the walls, however few would be good for camping as the floors are rough. We investigated some side creek gullies which rise steeply into the rugged sandstone country on both sides of the stream. In one of these creeks we found a cave with aboriginal hand paintings and axe-sharpening grooves.

In many ways this is an attractive and interesting area for walking. Two detractors at the moment are cattle and areas of spiky plants along the river banks.

SOCIAL NOTES FOR JUNE.

by Roger Browne.

- June 6 - Committee Meeting.
- June 13 - Hear the President strike the traditional gong! Welcome the new members! Thrill to the walks reports! Mix with the unruly masses! All this and more at the General Meeting.
- June 20 - Quiz Night. Sometimes serious, sometimes hilarious, a quiz night for bushwalkers. Small prizes for participants and audience members.
DINNER before this meeting at the Phuong Vietnamese Restaurant, 87 Willoughby Road, Crows Nest. Meet outside at 6.30 pm, late arrivals ask for the "Sydney Bushwalkers" table. BYO, cheap.
- June 27 - The traditional Mid-Winter Feast. An evening of talking, laughing, eating and drinking. The Club supplies beer, wine and fruit juices. Everyone is asked to bring a plate of food, and a mug or cup.

The Club meets upstairs at 34 Falcon Street, Crows Nest. Doors open at 7.30 pm. Coffee and biscuits are served. All welcome.

FAR AWAY PLACES.

by Peter Christian.

Feeling hemmed in by the clamour and confusion of civilization
 The heart aches for the splendour and majesty of far away places.
 Mystic morn by Myall Lakes, lost in the mists of time,
 Lofty spires of Warrumbungles, where wedgetail sees few faces.

When the smog and stench of the "big smoke" living seems too much to
 bear,
 The lungs ache for the freshness and clarity of those distant places.
 Ghostly snow gums by alpine reaches shrouded with their winter coats;
 Old Man Banksia allures "come and stay" in sleepy coastal spaces.

Forever yearning for the calm and solitude not found in any city,
 Our thoughts drift out to the quiet and serenity of far away places.
 Awestruck moments of extensive views in Morton and Barrington Tops;
 Ageless paintings in lonely caves in Sturt's far-flung, outback
 traces.

To recharge one's batteries there is a need to escape from society.
 Not a recluse or hermit-like existence, but communion with nature's
 places;
 Observing the migration and survival of birdlife on Menindee Lakes;
 Mootwingee's waterholes sustained a culture for 30,000 years, feel
 the passing phases.

S.B.W. COMMITTEE MEETING 2/5/84.

Australian Rogaining Championships are on 11/12 August next. Entry forms from Joan Cooper in the Clubroom.

Insurance cover notes have been obtained for various property assets and public liability is to be further investigated.

Purchase of an electric typewriter is to proceed to replace our old one, to improve the type face in our magazine. Also, a suitable duplicator or printer will be investigated as the old duplicator is not likely to last beyond the end of the year.

Resignation as Delegate to the Federation of Bushwalking Clubs was accepted from Ainslie Morris. This position should be filled by election at the June General Meeting.

- - - - -

As decided at the April Committee Meeting, New Members will be welcomed at the social meeting on the second Wednesday of each month. Walks Reports for the previous month will also be presented at this meeting.

Leaders of exploratory type walks are requested to provide Track Notes to the Editor for inclusion in the magazine. (See page 13 for John Redfern's notes on the Goulburn River Exploratory trip.)