

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 7.45 pm at the Cahill Community Centre (Upper Hall), 34 Falcon Street, Crow's Nest.

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THE BUDAWANGS QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY WEEKEND, JUNE 1985.

by Bob Younger.

Barbara Bruce, Barry Wallace, John Redfern and I camped at Sassafras on a frosty Friday night but Bill Capon (our leader) and Bob Milne arrived in their four-wheel-drive at 7.40 am on the Saturday morning. They didn't seem worried about the time so we ate a birthday cake provided by Barbara and drank Her Majesty's Health with Twinings Earl Grey tea. I hope we never become a Republic.

By 8 am we were off, collecting Ray Turton who had camped near the third gate and arrived at Newhaven Gap by 8.30 am. We had left Bill's Landcruiser at Bhundoo Hill on the way in case we chose a so called soft option out on the Monday afternoon. The group took some time to get going due to a certain amount of confusion concerning the whereabouts of the car in which Bill's pack had been transported to the Gap. Bill's pack was important - it contained the rope.

Folly Point to Dummal Creek.

Some distance along the CMW track Ray found a pullover and hung it up. We were all light-weight bushwalkers. An hour later, while lunching at Folly Point, a character wandered by and asked if we had seen a brown pullover. When told it was a full hour away he also decided to have lunch and think about it. Ten minutes later his problem was solved when another party turned up with it.

We spent a couple of minutes looking for the track through the scrub before Watson's Pass, headed straight for the chain and spikes down the small cliff and then found three of the party missing. I started down leaving Bill to shout instructions to, and so confuse, the stragglers who were confronted with a maze of deep crevices in the sandstone.

We reassembled at the camping cave, sidled round and then climbed a short distance to the top of Castle Head, following as closely as possible the dotted line on the Budawangs Sketch map. After a few minutes Bill sat us down and said, "You will admire the views". The views to the west were in fact absolutely spectacular - Holland Gorge, the Shrouded Gods and Crooked Falls. Bill checked around and announced that we'd gone 50 metres too far, so we went back a bit and began a rather slow and rough descent to the edge of the plateau. We didn't do Sandell Pass proper but bypassed the part where ropework was required - clever Bill.

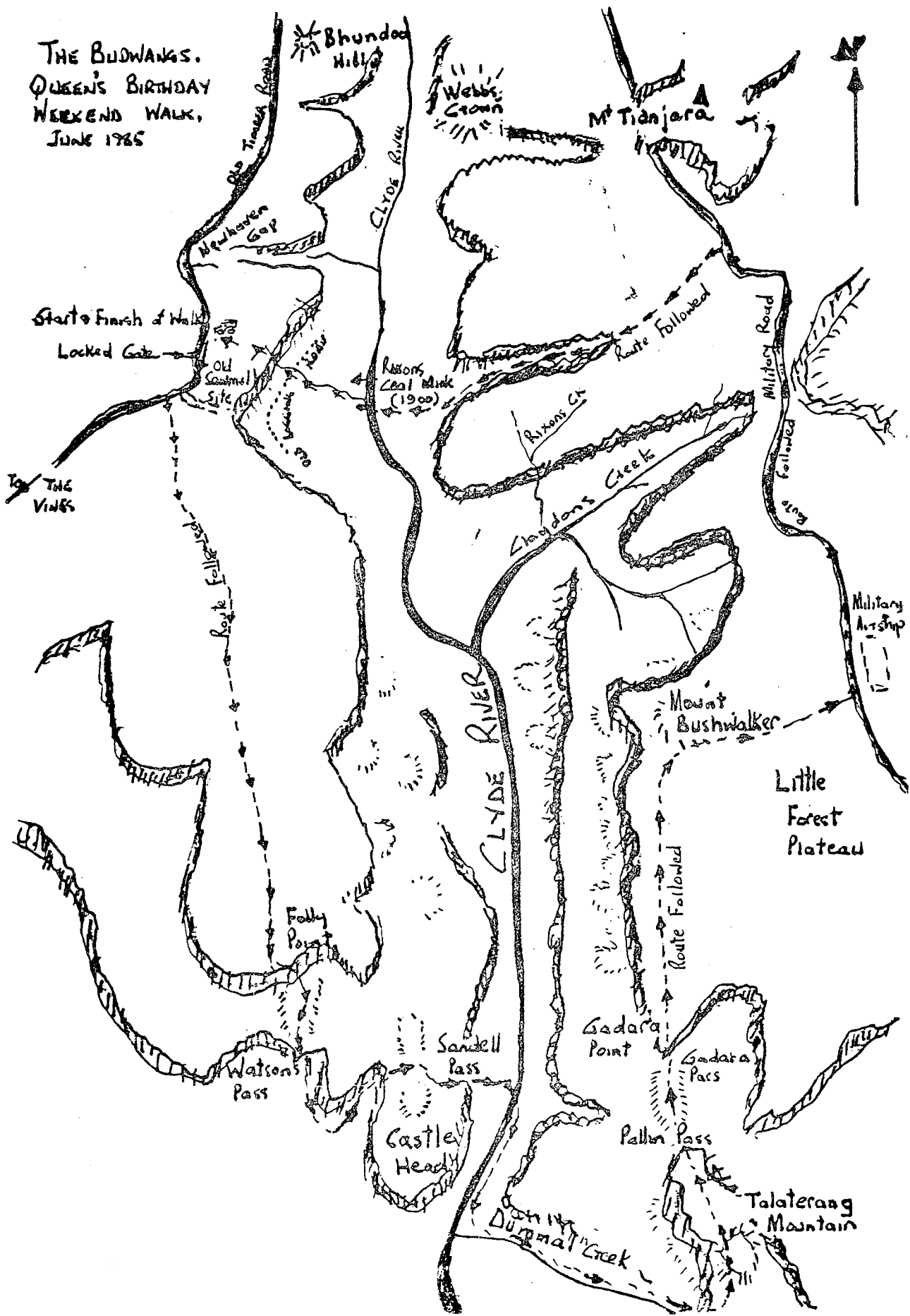
The descent to the Clyde was surprisingly easy and reasonably free of scrub. We found the 1½ kms to the junction with Dummal Creek rather slow. Bill conceded that maybe it would have been better to follow the dotted line (i.e. walk on the other side). It was nearly 4 pm and the junction was chosen as the spot to camp. Bill had vainly suggested that we carry water 100 metres up to a ridge top to get away from the leeches. What's a few leeches when the water is near, the ground flat and firewood aplenty. Later that evening we were able to observe a miniature 5 Mile Island melt-down as Bill's experiment with absorption cooking ran out of water and his billy slowly became molten aluminium and eased itself into the fire.

On to Talaterang.

Next morning we started three-quarters of an hour after the nominated time. Bill was remarkably patient with the dissidents who continued to cook toast, then proceed to give their molars and incisors the full treatment and thorough rinse. After all, this was a holiday weekend.

We tried to follow the creek (as Pat McBride had in '81) but it was, not surprisingly after all the recent rain, carrying much more water this weekend, so we soon moved higher and eventually up to the cliff line. We

THE BUDWANGS.
QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY
WEEKEND WALK,
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didn't run into any real problems despite Bill's predictions that "It's bound to get worse". (Bill, Tony Marshall and Jim Laing had been up the other side and seen rough broken cliff on our route.) We climbed out of the creek by a convenient ramp and avoided most of the thick banksia scrub by following traces of rock band and occasional swampy patches.

By 11.15 we had climbed onto the southern end of Talaterang, and had an early lunch. The next couple of hours were reasonably easy going and John Redfern claimed that the views were the best he had ever seen. Barbara recorded our visit and our route in the National Parks book at Talaterang Trig. There had been quite a lot of other visitors recently including some naval personnel. They would have mostly come from the firetrail via Porters Creek Dam where Pat McBride had started four years earlier.

It took a few minutes of scouting around to find the pass off the top level of Talaterang but Pallin Pass was easy to locate although slightly tricky in the wet. Bill stationed himself to stop people slipping and the only injury was one bruised elbow. At first sight we thought we might have to fork out a levy for the use of Bill's rope on this section. The next hour over the bumpy saddle to Gadara Point was easy going with great views to the south. We followed the edge of Little Forest Plateau along a convenient rock band. The western skyline was backed by large grey clouds which were building up. We knew that we had walked along that skyline only the day before.

Bill was charging along in front but the party was tiring and Barbara wanted to stop and camp a bit short of the objective, which was Mt. Bushwalker. We saw some trees and Bill, who tries to please everyone, said we could camp there if we really wanted to provided water was available, but we would have to start at 7.30 sharp in the morning. We milled about in circles looking for a good spot but the overall consensus was to camp in the trees and the spot turned out to be dry and fairly sheltered. We had plenty of water and firewood and tomorrow was another day. Bob Milne complained the next morning that after sampling Barry's 330P he had trouble finding his tent. After all it was not an ideal campsite. The leader subtly announced that he was hard-boiling his breakfast eggs in case he didn't have time in the morning.

The Clyde Valley.

It was barely light when I heard the familiar sound of breaking sticks. Bill was determined we should not be on the Clyde in the dark. Countdown began at 7.10. I started off at 7.30 just to show them it could be done and Bill caught up a couple of minutes later saying he had told the tail-enders where we were headed. The others were standing around almost ready, stuffing rucksacks, folding flies, combing their hair, tying shoe laces, but a 7.30 start it was regardless.

It was quite open country with a few scrubby patches. Bill and I kept stopping but the tail had trouble avoiding the swampy patches and in seeing where we were, as I had a green pullover and Bill was in a brownish outfit. When we reached the road Bill said, "Well, that backfired. If I'd waited another two minutes we would be 20 minutes ahead by now." The pressure was on and the day was bleak but the cold south-westerly helped to inspire the party to maintain a brisk pace and the 10 km along the military road was covered in under two hours. To the east we had extensive views of the coast - Lake Conjola a few kilometres away and Point Perpendicular in the distance. At one point the plateau was almost cut by the headwaters of Claydons Creek which is a major tributary of the Clyde.

By 10.10 am we were almost under Mt. Tianjara and a 45 minute lunch was declared (there was to be another lunch later but no fire was guaranteed).

We were all chilled by the stiff breeze but twigs were soon gathered for a fire. Ray was just about to light up when Barry pounced and carried the bundle to a better spot down the road. While the party was sipping hot tea or soup Bill got out the remnants of his map and eventually found the relevant scraps. He now decided we should not try the unknown soft option via Webb's Crown. The alternative was four hours of rough going but we would be certain of a way out.

We set off at 11 along a very faint vehicle track going west but soon cut off and headed down a side creek. A ten-foot slimy ledge blocked our way. After hurriedly pulling his pack to bits the leader announced that he had left his rope at the last campsite. We began to shove rotten trees into the chasm but Ray saved any further delay by finding a way down which ran due west into the Clyde near Rixon's Mine. We kept fairly high and after three-quarters of an hour came to the Clyde Valley. We turned the corner and came to realise how deep the valley was. At this stage it had dug itself down 600 metres below the plateau. The map showed the rocky river channel was bounded by a significant cliff line.

We zig-zagged towards the lower cliffline and found a narrow gully which took us to the river. We pushed through dense bush for about 60 metres to a small tributary which we sought to follow to the base of the cliffs. Ray had started up a ridge to the left to try and find an easier way up. We also moved on to the ridge but kept our eyes on the gully which we wanted to follow. The ridge proved rough with rock outcrops and many fallen logs, thick undergrowth and lawyer vine. Dayohs from our scout had been getting fainter and after some time nothing was to be heard. It was decided to forget about the gully and move straight up the ridge. We found traces of an old logging road under the cliff line and heard loud dayohs coming from the top! Ray was up and out.

Our party stopped and yelled, "Right or left?". No answer. Bill, face as black as thunder, mumbled something about a sawmill and moved off to the right along the old road. After 20 metres the gap appeared above us. A bit of a scramble to the gap and before long we gained the cars by devious routes through more thick scrub. We could now view Talaterang, Mount Bushwalker, Mount Tianjara and the Clyde Valley.

What a trip, what a struggle, but thanks to a lot of previous exploration by our leader, he found all the passes, gave us a busy time and a great Queen's Birthday Week-end. Thanks, Bill. Thanks, Elizabeth.

* * * * *

OBITUARY - ROBYN YEATS.

It is with sadness we report the death early in July of Robyn Yeats, a Club member. People who were actively walking in the late 1970s and early 1980s will remember clearly Robyn and her husband Kevin, who were fairly active at that time.

Later family commitments prevented them from taking much part in Club activities.

To Kevin and their two young children, Sydney Bush Walkers extend deep sympathy in their loss.

CAPERTEE VALLEY

by Geof Wagg.

A Description of John Redfern's Walk on the 5th, 6th and 7th July.The Golden Day.

This was the night before the Golden Day. The moon rolled around the circling ridge tops and out into the sky as cars rolled into the clearing. The sticks for the fire were dry and white as dead men's bones and the flames rose in a perfect golden cone in the still air. The golden light reflected on our faces and we felt special. But - "7.30 start," said our leader so we retired gracefully.

A light powdering of frost was on the grass next morning as we left our camp behind, each car raising a plume of white dust. Nice to be driving the leader; you have to go in front.

The profile of Pantoney's Crown appeared as clear as blue crystal against the cold morning sky, but was lost to sight as we left the cars behind and started down the fire trail. An hour later, only the sharp eyes of the eagle soaring above the northern bluffs of the mountain would have seen the caterpillar of 22 walkers threading along the bed of Coco Creek. The creek was still in a wash of shadow, but sunlight in bright chrome and lemon flared through the ridge crests on either side. Soon, as we left the shadow behind and climbed towards warmth and sun, we found the bright gold around our feet. We splashed and paddled - waded through deep sunlight on the ridge, while there above us, stern, imperious, Pantoney was waiting wrapped in shadows of deep cobalt and ultramarine over ochre, shot with brown madder and set with gems of scarlet and gold on the sun-kissed edges of his crown. The sky behind was pure cerulean.

We climbed the ridge and found a slot that took us to the top. There we roamed the sun-drenched summit; gazed on plunging cascades of sculptured stone both distant and at our feet, hurtling waterfall shapes petrified in orange and amber all shimmering and glowing; pulsating under the golden splendour of the day.

Briefly we rested, ate avocados and supped aromatic jasmine tea. Some people ate sandwiches.

A brief post luncheon stroll brought us to the northern cliff edge to see below, bathed in light chrome yellow, the intricate pattern of flat ridges lying like a rumpled tablecloth and sense the warm, slightly dusty fragrance of thermal airstreams coursing up the rock-face in silent, invisible waves to buoy the eagle's wings. But we were heading the other way, so the rope was called for and we descended.

All through the golden afternoon we traversed the gentle sun-laden ridges, to drop at last like the declining sun once more into the shadows of the creek. In ones and twos we drifted down the creek bed not a bit like the purposeful morning caterpillar. We made our junction with the fire trail and climbed the steep breathsucking hill back to the cars. The last of the Golden Day spread thinly across the sky as it followed the sun down the great plug hole in the west.

As the cars rolled back into the clearing the rolling moon was veiled in cloud but some kind soul had the fire blazing. After all had eaten and the fire was stoked up again, we settled just out of scorching range and small tit-bits passed from hand to hand. Mike Reynolds prevailed on to recount once more the story of his bantam cock, Tom Wenman and Rosemary Baxter gave melodious authority to many a song that would otherwise have sounded decidedly scratchy, and Jim Percy performed a memorable "Purple People Eater". Barry Murdoch, who single-handed wrestled a flagon of claret from the Capertee Pub gave us various insights into the unnatural relationships formed by lonely bushmen with their

"old black billies". This inspired some of us to reach for our old billies with the view to a night cap and so we stole reluctantly away from the glowing embers. Above, the cloud-trapped moon lent a silver aura to the night.

The Silver Day.

The morning's pale cerulean sky was washed with thin cloud and hints of wan lemon yellow as our leader chased the dawdlers from our camp clearing. Once more the cars raised gulping clouds of dust as we drove towards Glen Alice. To the south we glimpsed the silver pale, sunlit faces of Pantoney floating, disembodied, the flanks of the mountain lost in light cobalt haze. At the end of the farm road we parked in orderly fashion amid idyllic rural scenery, a flat floor of viridian set between severe slopes of olive and terre verte.

But where was Tyan Pic? UP! we discovered, up and steeply so. At the top of the first crest a view opened to the north. The distant aspects of the river remained voluptuously gauzed in luminous haze, while nearer through cloud gaps, shafts of iridescent sunlight made processions across the valley floor.

Once more the upward route both steep and high claimed our attention. By narrow ways gapped through great rocks we went, by flower banks of early boronia and wattle till finally on grass under fine trees, up slopes so steep our noses almost touched the nettles, we came to the mountain summit. A summit always hidden so high above that you couldn't guess where it was until it was under your feet, and here at last the full radiance of the Silver Day was revealed to us.

To west and north the ridge lines crowded one behind the other, sharp-edged at first, then slowly melting in the swirl of sun-charged vapour to join the towering cloudscapes above our heads. To south and east the distant cliffs shone palely with a phosphorescent glow like gems set on blue velvet. Then, nearer, still more cliffs shining below rough craggy ridge tops, and glimpsed between, far paddocks and farm roads, all bathed in the soft shimmering silver light.

Right on cue the clouds above us cracked and a silver beam of sunlight lit our summit as we ate and sipped our tea and basked.

Later, when the sun slipped back under the cloud cover we shivered, then stretched and gladly turned back down the mountain. The Silver Day was changing by some reverse alchemy, first to pewter, then to leaden skies above the waiting cars. It was raining before we reached Capertee.

So that was the end of the Silver Day. Oh! but that Golden Day is still painting pictures in my head!

WOOLSHED DANCE - Old Sydney Town - Saturday, 21st September.

This is your chance to combine an evening out at Old Sydney Town - wining, some dancing, loads of entertainment and dinner, all for \$15 per head. We are forming a group, and plan to camp out on Saturday night. On Sunday, you can either join in Ainslie's programme walk - Pearl Beach - or travel home at your leisure, and under .05.

Contact Bill Holland 449-5189 (H) or 925-3309 (B) and add your name to the growing list.

CONGRATULATIONS: To Chris and Geoff Davidson on the birth on 16th July of their second son, Ross Donald. Kath and Jim Brown now have two grandsons, Alex and Ross.

SHOOTING AT CLUB MEETING.

by Ainslie Morris.

On 10th July last seven people, as yet unidentified, were shot with a 42 litre pistol. It was blue. But it was no joke to the audience, who were seen leaping behind chairs, or holding their jackets up over their heads as they were sprayed. The weapon has not been recovered.

The culprits have been identified as Roger Browne, M.C., and Carol Bruce, M.C. (Mistress of Ceremonies?). She is not only an accurate shot but also an expert lolly-and-matchbox-thrower. Add to these talents her squeezing ability when "Unfinancials" come within range, and her Quiz Kid achievements, and we have someone to reckon with.

Carol won points for answering correctly these questions: Who organized the S.B.W. Swimming Carnival? and Who won the S.B.W. Swimming Carnival? (You guessed it - Carol. Why put it on the programme if you're not going to win it?) Now a question for you:- Where was it held? (K..... C...)

Should you have missed out on this Fun, Games and Quiz Evening, you can do it at home now - gather the family around. First to answer wins. (Answers appear below - no, they're not in Arabic, they're upside down.)

Ridiculously Easy Questions.

1. What colour is green Gore-Tex?
2. What is the name of the Club's property on the Kangaroo River?
3. Does water flow upstream or downstream?
4. How much older is Peter Miller than he was at this time last year?
5. Name two S.B.W. members over 48 years old.
6. Are you ready for the next question?
7. What is today's date?
8. Against which part of the body does a backpack rest?
9. What is the name given to clumps of moisture suspended in the sky?
10. How do you stop frizzy-haired people from bouncing on your bed?

And now for the

Ridiculously Hard Questions.

1. What is the name of the long, narrow, winding plateau formation immediately east of the Castle in the Budawangs?
2. In which national park does the Wollangambe River originate?
3. Name the "Three Peaks" of tiger walker fame.
4. Recite the poem which appears on most issues of the Walks Programme.
5. What was Dot Butler's maiden name?
6. What is the name of the hut found 2 km south-west of Rawson's Pass?
7. How many litres of new-fallen snow make one litre of water when melted?
8. Which 1:25000 map sheet is immediately west of the Yalwal sheet?
9. How many C.M.A. 1:25000 maps are needed to cover the same area as a 1:100000 Nat. map?
10. On a 1:25000 map, what distance represents 1 km on the ground?

10.	Velcro the ceiling	10.	7 cm, or 40 mm
9.	Clouds	9.	Eight
8.	Back	8.	Gaoura
7.	- - - - -	7.	Six
6.	Yes	6.	Cootapatamba
5.	Yes, yes - hey, now, wait a minute	5.	English
4.	One year	4.	Look it up, you lazy slop
3.	Downstream	3.	Paralyser, Cloudmaker, Gunongang
2.	Coolana	2.	Blue Mountains National Park
1.	Green	1.	Byangee Walls

ANSWERS
ANSWERS

Ridiculously Easy Questions.
Ridiculously Hard Questions.

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FILM REVIEW - "A SINGULAR WOMAN".

by Fazeley Read.

A large group of conservationists, bushwalkers and friends of MARIE BYLES gathered in the State Office Block film theatre recently to see a film by Sydney film maker Gillian Coote on the life of Marie Byles. A feature of the group that Marie would have liked was the presence of five of the six female S.B.W. presidents, from the first, Dorothy Lawry, to the present president, Barbara Bruce.

Marie Byles, who died in 1979, was a very early member of Sydney Bush Walkers, and was also, for a period, the Club's honorary solicitor. Dot Butler, Bill Hall, Paddy Pallin and Rae Page gave interesting and often humorous accounts of their bushwalking days with Marie. The film shows various aspects of Marie's life in still photographs and simulated incidents. It traces her childhood in England, her holidays at Palm Beach where she developed her interest in what is now Bouddi, through her university days and her later life.

Marie showed "singularity" in many ways. She was the first woman to practice law in N.S.W., graduating from Sydney University in 1924. She attempted to climb Mt. Sanseto (still unclimbed) in China at a time - 1939 - when women did not take part in such activities, and she fought for the establishment of Bouddi as a national park.

The film has been selected for showing at this year's Edinburgh Film Festival in August - one of only two Australian films to achieve this honour. It is a fascinating film and I recommend it to all bushwalkers. It is hoped that it will be shown in the Club later this year.

COMING EVENTS FROM THE WILDERNESS SOCIETY.

Monday, 26th August - INFORMATION NIGHT.

7 pm - at The Wilderness Centre, 362 Pitt Street, Sydney. Information nights are held on the fourth Monday of every month. This month's topic is "Wilderness Areas of N.S.W."

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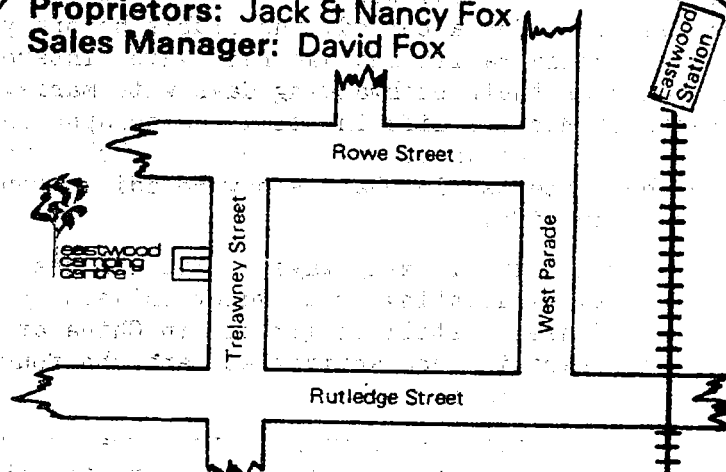
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ROSTRON'S REVENGE.The Macdonnell Ranges - June '85.

by Vicki Beaumont.

Serpentine to Ormiston Gorge in 11 days.

(Written in camp - Ormiston Gorge still ahead)

My sprained ankles and aching knees are crying out for an explanation and so here it is!

I picked up this bunch of Sydneyites - 12 in all - at Alice Springs airport, just 11 days ago. They seemed quite harmless, eager to shake my hand and introduce themselves and keen to start their adventure.

Fearing the coldest possible nights out in the open, I had packed down everything as well as thermals. On good advice, however, I chucked out my down pants, leaving myself with a 33 lb pack, to haul up and down ridges in a rugged setting laden with spinifex only too eager to penetrate my gaiters and sandshoes.

Nevertheless my heart was stirred and spirit fired to keep on going by the wonder and beauty of this desert country.

Giles Springs was encountered on our third day. There were brimming pools, narrow canyons, dry water courses with 100 foot drops, with hanging valleys to top the lot. Never before have I almost not seen the water in a creek bed. Without any animal or plant life, it was perfectly translucent and deceptively deep. The temperature, however, discouraged all but the strongest-willed from swimming. We spent hours clambering over rocks and chimneying ourselves up waterfalls, discovering the charm of the place.

Camping in the canyons was a different story, though: cold and dark with howling winds and no shelter. We had two such campsites and after that settled along the open creek bed.

Mt. Giles was our next conquest and that a panorama opened up before us, 2200 feet above the plain. Alice Springs was hidden in the east by the ranges, but Sonder loomed up in all its glory westwards. The infamous Red Wall hung over the neighbouring valley like a curtain on a stage set for more adventure. And sure enough within two days, party members feeling up to it followed our valiant leader up and along the Red Wall for kilometres before dropping back into the valley.

The party regained its spirit and cohesiveness that night around a cup of hot noggin ready for the assault on Ormiston the next day. And Ormiston was not to be surpassed either. Entering the Pound we were treated to a spectacle of rusty cliffs scattered with gnarled white gums and pale green spinifex (looking so innocent in the sun), under a bright blue sky and racing clouds.

What an appropriate ending to a magnificent trip, with the Gorge still to go tomorrow. Thank you, David.

* * * * *

CORRECTION TO JUNE ISSUE (PHOTOGRAPH).

The names of the people appearing in the photograph are correct, but they are not in their correct order. The correct positioning is:-

Back Row: Reg Alder, Hilma Galliot, Tim Coffey, Dot English, Bill Hall,
Laurie Raynor, Elsa Isaacs, Norm Hillyer

Front Row: Bill Whitney, Betty Isaacs, John Hunter, Joan Atthill,
Roley Cotter, Beryl English, Irving Calnan

BLACKHEATH TO BELL, VIA BLUEGUM AND COAL MINE CREEK, 1953.

by Kath Brown.

In a pause during the magazine collating of the April issue of the magazine held at the Gray's place, I was having a cup of coffee and reminiscing with George Gray about some of our early trips with the Club. I remember him on one of his earliest walks (such a charming young man), when I myself had been in the Club just a few years and had married fellow Club member, Jim Brown. Thinking about those early walks, and after reading the trip and re-union stories of even earlier walkers in the June magazine, and the "Snow in Blue Gum" story in the July issue, I felt inspired to write briefly of one of my early trips that I still remember with pleasure.

Our trip was also to the Blue Gum Forest, and took place on the full moon weekend of May, 1953. The plan was to camp at Blue Gum on the Friday night, and on Saturday go down the Grose River to a gully which we called "Coal Mine Creek", because the old one-inch-to-the-mile map which we were using, showed a coal mine at the base of the cliff. We hoped the little stream would broach the cliff-line and allow us to climb up to the slopes of Mt. Caley to the north. Then we would spend Saturday night camped on the tops, returning to civilization at Bell via Mt. Banks and the Bell Line of Road.

Jim was the leader, and we had quite a large party, about 12 or 15, including some very strong walkers like Snow Brown and Geoff Wagg (recently joined the Club), also Neil Schaffer and Roy Bruggy, both strong walkers. There were also some weak walkers, such as myself, who were still keen to do as many trips as we could, and with Jim as leader we knew that it would be an interesting trip, though not a "tiger" one.

With cars not available for transport in those days, we had first to get ourselves to Blackheath by train, arriving about 9.30 pm. Then by taxi (whether three taxis, or one making three trips, I can't remember) to Perry's Lockdown, and with the whole party together, to descend the 2,000 feet to the Grose at Blue Gum by torchlight, helped on this occasion by a full moon, getting to the bottom by about 11 pm.

We were a jolly party, keen about the trip, with some garrulous members who kept the conversation going as we descended. When the hill finished our gallant leader kept plunging on to the river, and found to his horror that it was flowing the wrong way! He had continued to Govett's Leap Creek, which junctions with the Grose River at Blue Gum. Many helpers pointed out the error, and we retreated 20 yards or so to our camp spot on the Grose.

Blue Gum at any time is an enchanted place with the tall blue gums, so many of them, reaching to the sky, the grass and maiden-hair fern underfoot, the river rippling over the river rocks or shining in the deeper pools; by moonlight it is mysterious, by sunlight (the next morning) more beautiful still. In those days we were allowed to camp there.

The breakfast camp fires were lively with the arguments between Snow, Geoff and Frank Barr, who had become addicted to "Terry's Meal", the ultimate breakfast food, and who was also complaining that he was always the one who had to get up first, light the fire, cook breakfast, carry the tent..... Roy and Elsie Bruggy and Neil were also full of talk.

We got away about 9 am and headed off down the Grose, along rather vague tracks, for about 5 miles. We had an early lunch by water in case our Coal Mine Creek was dry, then we started up the ridge near it. In due course we had to get into the bed of the creek, but it was pretty dry, so we did not get very wet. The going was slow (especially with the weaker walkers), but no one minded and we got nearly up to the cliffs. We

conveniently forgot about the marked "Coal Mine", no one wanted to plunge off course through lawyer vine and thick vegetation to look for a mine that we didn't want anyway.

As we got higher we expected at any moment to come to an impassable waterfall, but instead at just the right height, we came to a fallen tree that was easy to climb and brought us up to the steep but negotiable slope of Mt. Caley to the east of us. Then it was just a matter of working round the top of Coal Mine Creek to bring us westward towards Mt. Banks. When we found a fairly flat place for a campsite, not too far from water in Explorers Creek, as it was late afternoon, we decided to camp. The only specific thing I remember about this camp was Don Matthew's comments around the cooking fire, that "it was wonderful what a few mixed herbs did to dehydrated mutton" - (also called by the walkers "rabbit droppings").

Sunday morning was again bright and sunny, much appreciated since May can be a wintry month. And so off and away to the west, crossing Explorers Creek and going up a long ridge which brought us eventually to Mt. Banks which we climbed, getting a wonderful view, with the sun behind us, of those golden cliffs and deep valleys, looking towards Blackheath.

Then the slug - after lunch we hit the Bell Line of Road, and had a seven-mile stretch to walk, competing with passing traffic, to bring us to the railway station of Bell. This was where the fast walkers really stretched out, and I discovered that hob-nailed boots, which until then I had favoured, were a great disadvantage when road-walking. Try as I would, I could not go faster than 3 mph (marked off by my watch and the mile pegs). Still we all got to the station in plenty of time for the train, and I then and there resolved to transfer to golf shoes or sandshoes for my future walking. This was the time in the Club when light-weight footwear was really becoming THE THING.

It was a great trip and one that I still look back on with affection. I have since discovered that "Coal Mine Creek" is really Zobel Gully.

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SOCIAL NOTES

by Bill Holland.

July was a good month! First, Roger Browne's entertaining quiz/games night; then the two nights for walking past and present (these were very well attended and it was good to see some of the older members) and finally the very instructive first-aid night with Ainslie and Hans.

August is underway, don't forget the Tasmanian Wilderness Society night on the 28th.

In September, we feature two interesting events:-
On the 18th September Roger French from the Natural Health Society will present "Natural Foods for Health and Vitality". The society encourages a healthy lifestyle and Roger will have samples and displays relating to natural foods. In keeping with this theme the dinner preceding the meeting will be at a vegetarian restaurant "The Fernery" - 60 Alexander Street, Crows Nest. BYOG or BYOPP. 6.30 pm sharp.

The 25th September will feature slides of "Central Europe 1985" presented by Rudi Dezelin.

Programme:

Wed.	Sept.	4	Committee Meeting
"	"	11	Half Yearly General Meeting
"	"	18	"Natural Foods for a Healthy Lifestyle"
Fri.	"	20	Bushwalkers Ball - see Page 14
Sat.	"	21	Woolshed Dance at Old Sydney Town - see Page 7
Wed.	"	25	Slides "Central Europe 1985"

REPORT OF THE AUGUST COMMITTEE MEETING.

Off-set Printer. Report by Fran Longfoot on the printer is that the best available for the price had been bought. It can be checked by a repairer and if necessary overhauled. The use of 80 gram paper and "low-tack" ink has greatly improved paper feeding and inking.

Steve and Wendy Hodgman have been reinstated as Members - welcome back! They'll be living in Canberra.

There were no new members.

Incorporation. A sub-committee is to look into the advantages and disadvantages of incorporation and examine the Club's Constitution in relation to the new Associations Incorporations Act 1984.

Insurance. This was reported on in detail by Bill Holland. Motions were passed that a proposal for Public Liability Insurance for \$5,000,000, as well as details of the policy, be presented to the September Half-Yearly Meeting for endorsement. (As things stand at present, any Club member or committee member can be individually sued by a person injured as a result of a Club activity.) An interim cover note is to be taken out immediately. A Personal Accident Insurance will be proposed to the same meeting with a strong recommendation from the Committee to take out a policy. General Property Insurance for our printer, projectors and similar for \$5,000 will also be proposed to the meeting. The Treasurer will prepare a budget so you'll know how much it will cost you.

The Committee is investigating the building of leisure resorts on the Cox's River with a view to protest.

A proposal to build a 4-lane private tollway from Canberra to Moruya through Deua National Park should be taken notice of by members (see S.M.H. Good Weekend Magazine 3.8.85).

THE BUSHWALKERS BALL.

Friday, 20th September - Lane Cove Town Hall, Longueville Road, Lane Cove.

\$8 single at door. Time: 8 pm.

S.B.W. party will be arranged by Barbara Bruce, 546-6570 (H) or in Clubroom, and Bob Younger, 57-1158 (H). No need to bring a partner.

Dress VERY CASUAL. FYO food and drink.

This function is arranged by the Federation of Bushwalking Clubs and profits go to Search & Rescue funds.

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WARNING! There have been thefts from the Car Park opposite the Club rooms in Falcon Street - property from the car, as well as a car stolen. Lock up with care, and/or instal an alarm! Leave nothing of value in your car.

FOR YOUR WALKS PROGRAMME: 13,14,15 Sept. Chichester walk with Gordon Lee. Some explanation:- Tree-spotting means tree-identification in beautiful rainforest with the expert guidance of botanist Evelyn Elphick.

THE HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING will be held on 11th September next. There are no Constitutional Amendments to be considered, however other important matters (see Committee Meeting Report above) have to be decided.

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