

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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PETER MILLER'S ANZAC WEEKEND ON THE AXE HEAD

or

by Greta Davis.

KOWMUNG TO KOWMUNG VIA THE AXE HEAD IN ONE DAY

The original plan was to do three fairly evenly timed days, getting water from Butchers Creek for Friday night. However, the drought altered that since we had discovered on Alan Doherty's Easter walk that Butchers Creek was pretty dry. So Friday and Sunday were short days but Saturday was real macho stuff (well, to me, anyway), a day we all agreed that even Bill Capon would have been proud of. Aside from our gallant leader, Peter Miller, the party consisted of Fusae and Ray Dargan, Bob Duncan, Bob King and myself.

We started off from Kanangra Walls at about 8.30 on Friday morning, having earlier met up with George Walton's party of about 20 people. The weather was lovely and clear for the whole weekend. Real drought weather!! The views were terrific, a real contrast Peter told us to the last time he'd been there as it had been bucketing rain then. So off through that scratchy heath we went, to have morning tea on the top of Cottage Rock and then on down Roote's Ridge to be on the Kowmung by 12. Some of us had a "swim" if you can call jumping in, gasping, and then jumping out again a swim. It was quite cold. After having lunch we crossed the river on rocks to keep fairly dry feet (yes, that's how low the Kowmung is) and took about an hour to find the "perfect" campsite. It's amazing how choosy you are when you have all afternoon. Happy hour started early with lots of goodies with all of us lightening our packs for the next day. We all slept out on Friday night, not putting up flies, as there was no moisture in the air.

We were up at 6 so that we could be away by 7. We all carried enough water for the whole day as we didn't expect to see any before returning to the Kowmung. It was a pleasant walk up the ridge and onto Scott's Main Range fire trail. It is one of those lovely, open ridges which is not too steep. Then we had the first bit of tricky navigation, to find the right ridge down into Butchers Creek. When we got down into the creek, we discovered a fairly big water hole. We all had a good drink with morning tea (although we didn't have enough time to boil a billy), and then up the ridge on the other side of the creek to then stand below the northern end of the Axe Head. It was intimidating standing there with that mountain looming above us, magnificent in the bright sunshine.

The next section was a slippery scramble to get up on top. It was one of those "one-step-forward, one-step-back" ridges until, tired, studded with prickles but triumphant, we all emerged on the top. After a short break and lured on by Peter's promises of lunch soon, we started along the top of the range. The views were terrific with 360° panoramas. What amazed me was the narrowness of the top with some sections being only 4 or 5 metres wide. It was with some relief that we flopped down to have lunch, sheltering from a brisk breeze. After he'd eaten, Ray wandered off a little way to sketch and produced a really lovely drawing in about ten minutes.

On the move again after lunch, we sometimes went over the top of the rocky outcrops and sometimes sidled around them until eventually we reached Mount Tonalli, right at the end of the range and looked down into Byrnes Gap. We followed a very clear track down until it mysteriously ran out, but after a bit of exploration by Bob King and Peter, we scrambled down a track which followed a gully down, a little further back from where we'd been.

At Byrnes Gap, we had a bit of a break, sitting on the grass beside

the fire trail. If my memory is correct, it was about 2.30 by the time we left there and walked along the fire trail for about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  km which seemed, at that stage of the day, to be all up hill. We left the fire trail at Mount Kowmung and climbed 60 m so that we were just under the cliff line and we then sidled around the base until we found the right ridge to follow down to Church Creek and thence to the Kowmung River.

We resisted the temptation to take the wrong ridge; it was too late in the day to make that sort of error and be likely to get away with it. It was fairly rough and scratchy until we were actually on the ridge. However, a little way on, Peter identified Chiddy Obelisk off to the left, which gave us all "The Warm Fuzzies" that the navigation was correct. We chooffed off down the ridge which, for the most part, descended gently and then dropped into Church Creek. Then we cruised along the Creek, back to the Kowmung in failing light just before 6 pm. We threw ourselves onto the ground (luckily, no one was camped there) and enjoyed being "home".

That night Fusae, Ray and I again didn't bother to put up flies and were rewarded in the morning with frost on our sleeping bags. Even the tip of my beanie was frozen! After a leisurely thaw out, we walked up to the junction of the River and Christie's Creek and decided to take the easy option of going up Cabbage Spire rather than the more exciting Colboyd Range. We were content to have an easy day.

The walk out was uneventful. A great weekend. Thanks, Peter.

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#### IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

by Jim Brown.

(From "The Sydney Bushwalker" - November, 1953.)

Morning papers on October 21st reported an operation carried out by expert gynaecologists on a lioness at Taronga Park. The surgery was performed with all mod. cons. including anaesthetics, and no doubt a stiff fee (including danger money) was paid to the sawbones.... However.... On the previous weekend Dave Brown's party from the Mini Mini Range operated on an eagle at the junction of Gibraltar Creek with the Cox, free, gratis, and without publicity. It happened like this.

The party found the wedge-tail squatting forlornly on rocks along the edge of the Cox, with the talons of one foot caught in a rabbit trap. Evidently it had happened some days previously, for the bird was too weak to fly. This posed a problem: plainly death by starvation was only a matter of time, yet no one was very happy about approaching those razor claws, or the curved beak, or the bent wings.

However Dr. Frank Barr took photographs (for medicinal reasons only, of course): and Dr. Richard Hoffman administered the anaesthetic (with a six-foot pole of driftwood). Thereupon Drs. David Brown and Kenneth Meadows, with nurses Sheila Binns, Beryl Christiansen and Kath Brown hovering in the background, removed the foreign body from the patient.

For a time post-operative complications were feared, and at one stage it was thought that the anaesthetist had been over-enthusiastic. However the patient rallied after a time, and after a convalescent period of about two hours, took off, flying slowly at a low level down the river.

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## Conservation Corner

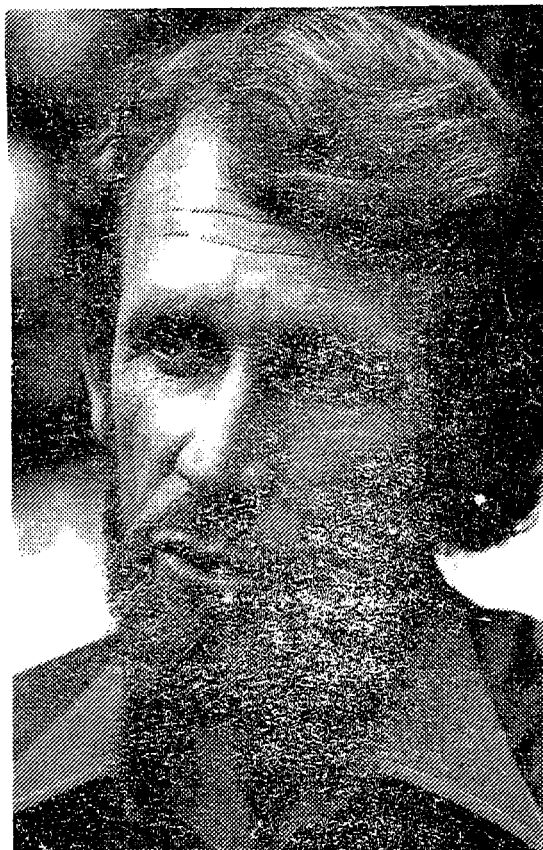
MILO KANANGRA DUNPHY A.M., A.S.T.C.

by Alex Colley.

In the Queen's birthday honours list Milo Dunphy's service to conservation, and thereby to Australia, was recognised by conferring upon him membership of the Order of Australia (A.M.).

The award has been widely acclaimed, not only within the conservation movement, but by all who want to see some of Australia preserved as nature intended it to be. He is well known to S.B.W. members, many of whom have enjoyed the talks he has given us in the Club Room and the beautiful slides he has shown.

Milo is the son of the late Myles J. Dunphy, O.B.E., a founder of the S.B.W., acknowledged as the "father of conservation" in Australia. In naming his son, he revealed the same visionary foresight which he showed in proposing most of our present major national parks decades before they came into being. The legendary Milo was a Greek athlete of prodigious strength who won the wrestling event in the original Olympic Games 12 times. Milo Dunphy is a frequent winner in the political wrestling essential to environmental protection. Even more prophetic was the unique christian name "Kanangra"; Milo took a leading part in saving this magnificent wilderness, the Mecca of bushwalkers, from becoming the site of a roaring limestone quarry and a pine plantation.



Milo's dedication to and understanding of wilderness preservation stems mainly from parental guidance. He accompanied his father on many bushwalks and absorbed Myles' conservation ethic from the cradle onwards. In January 1931, when Milo was 20 months old, Myles and his wife Margaret wheeled him from Oberon to Kanangra Walls and back in a perambulator. Myles' description of this epic trip appeared in the October 1962 S.B.W. magazine. "No parents ever slaved for their offspring as we did", he wrote, describing their exertions in the hot sun on the hill beyond the Fish River. Beyond this was half a mile of loose ballast that "rattled Milo's teeth", and later they had to stop to "give him a rest from the constant shaking. At times he must have felt like a blancmange in an earth tremor". Not that Milo didn't do quite a lot of walking - in fact he wanted to walk, but liked to stop and play with the countless stones, an activity which held up the expedition. Milo appears to have thoroughly enjoyed the trip and "took to camp life with avidity". On the last night of the trip an enormous meteor fell close at hand, there was an earth tremor, and the Dog Face Rock near Katoomba collapsed with a sharp detonation, heard near Oberon by the Dunphy family. Were these phenomena portents of Milo's later impact on the establishment?

Although Myles' conservation organisation, the National Parks and Primitive Areas Council, terminated in the sixties, he had insured the continuance of his work by imbuing his son with the dedication and knowledge essential to its success. When Myles' most cherished project, the preservation of the Kanangra-Boyd wilderness was threatened, it was certain that Milo would carry on the fight. The realisation of Myles' vision splendid of a Greater Blue Mountains National Park, extending from the Hunter Valley to Wombeyan, was achieved in fact, though not in name, not long after the Kanangra-Boyd wilderness was saved.

When a group of concerned conservationists decided in 1973 to establish the Total Environment Centre, Milo, by then well known as the inspiration of the Colong Committee, was appointed Director. Since the total environment is, if not the universe, at least the whole world, this entailed expansion of his activities into fields such as coal loaders, urban parks, foreshore reservations, plant variety rights, atmospheric and water pollution, hazardous chemicals and uranium mining. As a partner in a firm of architects/planners, and as the first Chairman of the Environment Board of the N.S.W. Chapter of Architects, he was well equipped to participate in urban environmental campaigns. He has taken a strong stand against the monorail, the Leura resort and the development of Circular Quay.

These far-reaching activities have not diminished his devotion to wilderness conservation. In addition to regular attendance at fortnightly Colong Foundation meetings, he is a Vice-Chairman of the Australian Conservation Council of N.S.W. He has played a leading role in the Myall Lakes, Lake Pedder, Franklin River, rainforests and anti-woodchip campaigns, and was appointed a member of the National Estate Inquiry.

Milo enjoys the distinction of being not only the best known conservationist in N.S.W., if not in Australia, but also the most abused. Such are the thanks he received for abandoning a successful architectural career to fight for the environment. The reason for the abuse is that he has been the most outspoken and well informed opponent of those who seek to profit at the expense of the environment. His membership of the Order of Australia is a fitting answer to his detractors.

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#### A SEMINAR ON THE THINGS WE SHOULD KEEP.

"Local Government and the National Estate" on August 20-22, 1986 at Wesley College, University of Sydney.

If you require a brochure and application form, please contact the Total Environment Centre, 27 4714 or 27 2523.

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#### I N V I T A T I O N .

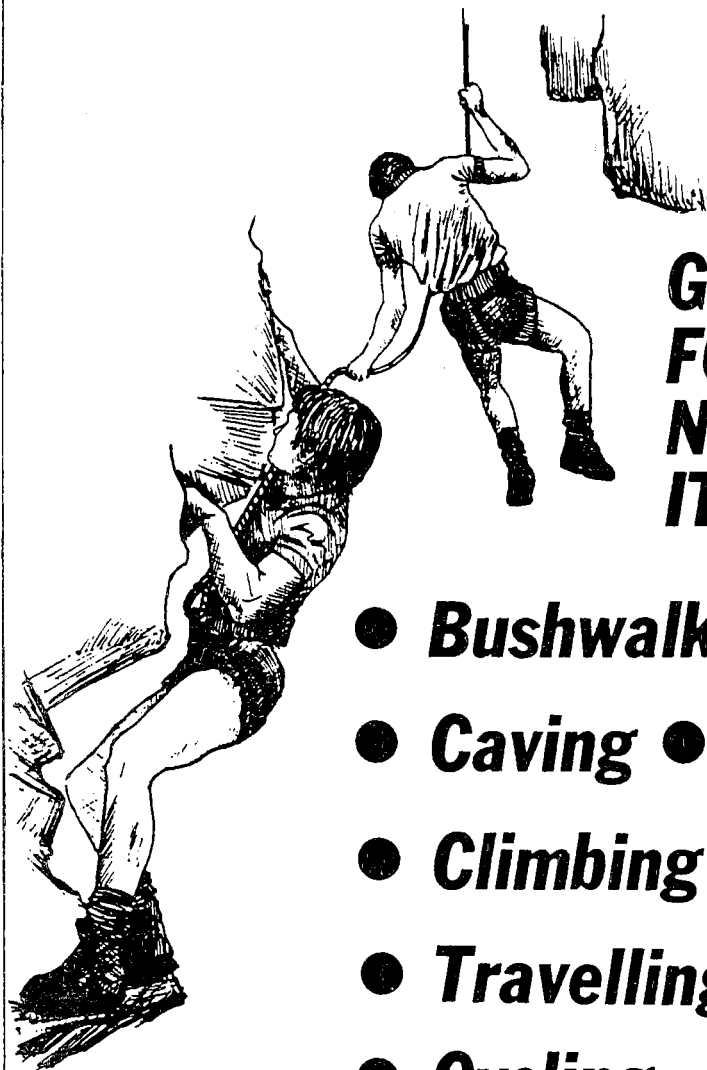
PADDY PALLIN (S.B.W. Member) invites you to wine and cheese at 5.30 pm on Tuesday, 5th August to celebrate moving of the shop to -

507 Kent Street - behind Town Hall Station.

Phone: 264 2685.

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REMINDER FROM THE TREASURER --UNPAID SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR 1986 ARE NOW OVERDUE!



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WATERY WADBILLIGA.

by Bob Younger.

Our walking party in mid October was small - Reg Alder, Tim Coffey, Bill Hall, Charles Hill from Canberra and myself. We intended to walk for two days around the headwaters of the Tuross River and then for a day in Big Badja area (Deua N.P.) and finally visit the Big Hole near the Shoalhaven. Luckily we used two camper vans for transport. The vans crossed the Tuross River easily on Monday afternoon. As we headed east to our base campsite where the Razorback firetrail crosses Black River it started to rain.

It rained all night and we were happy to cook in the camper vans. Next morning dawned wet and dismal with a changed weather forecast to match. We set off early to see what the ridge was like. After several kilometres we found out - driving heavier rain, cloud down and casuarina heath very wet. We continued on the fire trail for a few kilometres to see if we could get under and out of the weather but to no avail.

We therefore returned to camp and the pleasure of a cuppa and yarn in Reg's van which could comfortably seat us all. We should have departed at that stage. Down came the rain even heavier and Black River started to rise. By evening it was roaring. Next morning heavy rain still, and high over all the rocks, the River ran sullen, fast and ominously quiet.

In the afternoon the weather improved and we tried walking on the Kydra fire trail. Several flooded creeks were crossed and then we came to the Tuross several kilometres upstream from our original crossing. It was dangerously high as expected and we turned back. The following morning we returned in the vans along Razorback fire trail, crossing several flooded creeks rather gingerly. We approached the original Tuross crossing with keen interest. It had dropped from its peak of about 100 metres wide, but was still almost one metre deep and flowing very fast with breakers and troughs.

A small white house not far away looked occupied and we walked/waded there and obtained permission to camp on some high ground alongside the fire trail. I counted six separate thunderstorms circling us that afternoon and some of them were depressingly thorough with light hail, heavy rain and wind.

We were there from Thursday morning until 11 am Sunday. We were reminded of the risqué song about the old ladies locked in the lavatory except that in our case the water was definitely, if slowly, getting lower and lower!

Our hostess on the farm is a kind-hearted animal lover. She and her husband had bought the block when she had retired. He was working in Cooma/Sydney. Her companions in the house were eight dogs and two birds, all of which had some disability (blind, deaf, three-legged, etc.) and had been poorly treated or not wanted. She had worked for a vet and Animal Welfare in Sydney and would sometimes accept the challenge of caring for an unfortunate animal which appealed. You can imagine the uproarious welcome we got from this team whenever we visited!

As the river dropped we could see several 'drifts' of soft sand deposited across the crossing. It was also possible that the rocky bottom in the fastest current had been gouged out. So we borrowed shovels from the farm and set about making the crossing negotiable again. This was cold and uncomfortable work; it was not possible for the first couple of days to stand in the main current without some prop.

Luckily we had some additional food in the vans and also had medicants like muscat, fruit cake, nuts and sweet biscuits. However, as the fall rate of the river slowed we rationed ourselves. Our farm friend had little

extra stock and like us had to cross the river to replenish. After working our way to the far bank on Saturday, we attempted to find a farm house and purchase some eggs from the civilised side. Not far from the river we saw a car approaching and welcomed it as an indicator of food. It stopped, a man got out, opened a satchel and offered Reg, the nearest, a copy of The Watchtower. It was refused more emphatically than politely. He enquired about the crossing and again received an emphatic answer. After a quick look at the rest of us, disguised as wet, partly clad ruffians, he quickly re-entered the car which retraced its rough and muddy way.

We did not find an occupied farmhouse and with a keen wind and dropping temperature, eventually returned to camp. Prospects of getting the vans through the river the next day looked good. Morale was further lifted by a slap-up meal that night as our hostess let us buy some eggs and tinned ham.

There was not much scope for walking while we waited, as in every direction there were flooded creeks and rivers and every fold in the undulations produced a wading problem. We passed the time monitoring the river height and rate of fall, grooming the crossing and rambling here and there.



'We passed the time monitoring the River height ....

One morning we worked on the farm, mainly cutting away a large tree which had fallen on a fence and repairing the damage. We had regular cuppas and yarned at length about walking over the years and every other subject under the sun.

We carefully calculated the highest safe water level for the vans. On Sunday morning it was obvious that the river would not fall that far for another day or two. We cut a stick to the actual highest level of the water and used it to survey our vans for possible dangers. Reg's van had a front cross member well placed to throw water on to the fan. Charles' van's fan was reasonably enclosed except for water coming through the radiator. Although some flotation force would be exerted by the partially empty water and petrol tanks, the water should do no more than splash the underneath of the high floors. The current was still quite fast and the water would be above the doors' bottoms but there would be no real danger, we judged, of being pushed sideways. Reg took off his fan belt. Charles had some heavy plastic and jammed it over the lower part of his radiator with a green branchlet whittled to size. Reg fashioned a cavitation inducer out of a food tin and fixed it to his exhaust. Ropes were attached to the front of



the vehicles and coiled out of the way to avoid having to do this under water if our precautions failed. Down to the river again to chart the optimum route across.

There were a few minutes of anticlimax as we started the motors and attempted to move off. The brake linings, saturated from creek crossings on Thursday had frozen to the drums in the very low temperature overnight. However we were able to free them after several jerks. We drove back to the top of the low ridge to thoroughly warm the engines (Reg's nearly boiled without a fan belt). Then we said goodbye to our farm hostess who had come to see us off and crossed without incident to the cheers of the passengers who had waded across.

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"WE'LL BE MAROONED".

by Kenn Clacher.

The walkers all at Quilty's Clearing  
Met for Ettrema to see.  
The walk was led by Bill Capon,  
A canny leader he.

The first stretch was through Myall Creek  
Then Bill did show his class,  
"We'll be marooned," said Bill Capon  
"If we don't find Naked Pass".

The pass was found the second try,  
Then into Ettrema Creek,  
And up Jones' Creek the party walked,  
'Twas no place for the meek.

Plain Creek was followed next, downstream,  
But something Worried Bill.  
"We'll be marooned," said Bill Capon,  
"'Cos this creek flows uphill."

At last the rogue creek flowed downhill  
To Moore Creek as it should.  
The walkers followed the rough creek bed  
Rock hopping best they could.

Now another obstacle blocked their path,  
So Bill Capon he calls:  
"We'll be marooned, 'less we can find  
A way round Williams Falls."

A way was found, not as Bill feared  
Up umpteen feet of cliff,  
To Bundundah Creek, along and out,  
Up Pass Point in a jiff.

Down Paul's Pass now the program said  
But rain made things too wet.  
"We'll be marooned," said Bill Capon,  
"It hasn't eased up yet."

So Puckett Pass was utilised  
To get them down again.  
Just Tullyangela Creek remained,  
A piece of wild terrain.

cont

But new maps showed cliff lines along  
The whole length of the creek.  
"We'll be marooned," said Bill Capon,  
"It could take us a week."

So Bill said Transportation Spur  
Would see us home instead.  
There was one problem that remained,  
When would it be ahead?

We chose a spur to climb on out  
By democratic vote.  
"We'll be marooned," said Bill Capon,  
"If despotism's smote."

But Transportation Spur it was,  
And as we hurried on,  
All members of the party then  
Were happy they weren't wrong.

We made it finally to the cars,  
Just after one last shout,  
"We'll be marooned," said Bill Capon,  
"Before this walk is out."

\* \* \* \* \*

## **BODYTALK**

### FIRST AID FOOTNOTES: FIVE PREVENTIVE STEPS FOR NON-TIGER WALKERS.

by Elwyn Morris.

#### 2: AVOIDING LEECH BITE.

I hate leeches as I itch for two weeks, and leeches hate insecticides. So before entering their territory I cover my feet, socks and shoes, especially the gaps, with Aerogard Medicated Lotion and Personal Insect Repellant. Spray seems to wash off too easily compared with lotions and creams. The Aerogard is also useful to ward off all other insects and could possibly be better than other methods for removing leeches and ticks.

#### 3: AVOIDING PAIN FROM STINGS.

STINGOSE - about \$2.50 at chemists - miraculously relieves the pain and swelling from bull-ant and other insect bites and bluebottle and jellyfish stings. Too vital to get buried with the First Aid Kit, so I keep it in an outside pack pocket.

ALSO -

#### HAVE YOU EVER HAD A TETANUS VACCINATION?

This is especially needed by Bushwalkers.

A booster is needed every 10 years.

(Editor)

#### NEW MEMBER.

Please add the following name to your List of Members:-

GERO, Kathryn, 8/22 Moore Street, Bondi, 2026

Phone 30 7263



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THE MAGICAL LIMESTONE CAVE TOUR.

by Wal Liddle.

John's advertisement read - "Blayney to Goulburn via picturesque gold rush country with adobe cottages and old mills. Throw in your easel and paints or your tin whistle for a total enjoyment weekend!"

Well, that's how it turned out to be! A glorious four day trip of 160 kms cycling on tarred or dirt roads, through eucalypt forest and farming country.

The mixed goods/passenger train left Central Station at 6 o'clock on Thursday night arriving at Blayney five hours later. Our party of seven slept on the hard floor of the waiting room after unloading the bikes from the luggage van. Friday morning dawned crisp and cool as we packed our sleeping bags and cooked breakfast on the verandah. There was Jane on her Miyata ten speed, Wal on his blue Sebring, John on his low-g geared Kesting, Glen on his Cannondale with the one and a quarter inch tyres, Mary-Ann on a new fifteen speed Gemini and Peter on a light blue Repco.

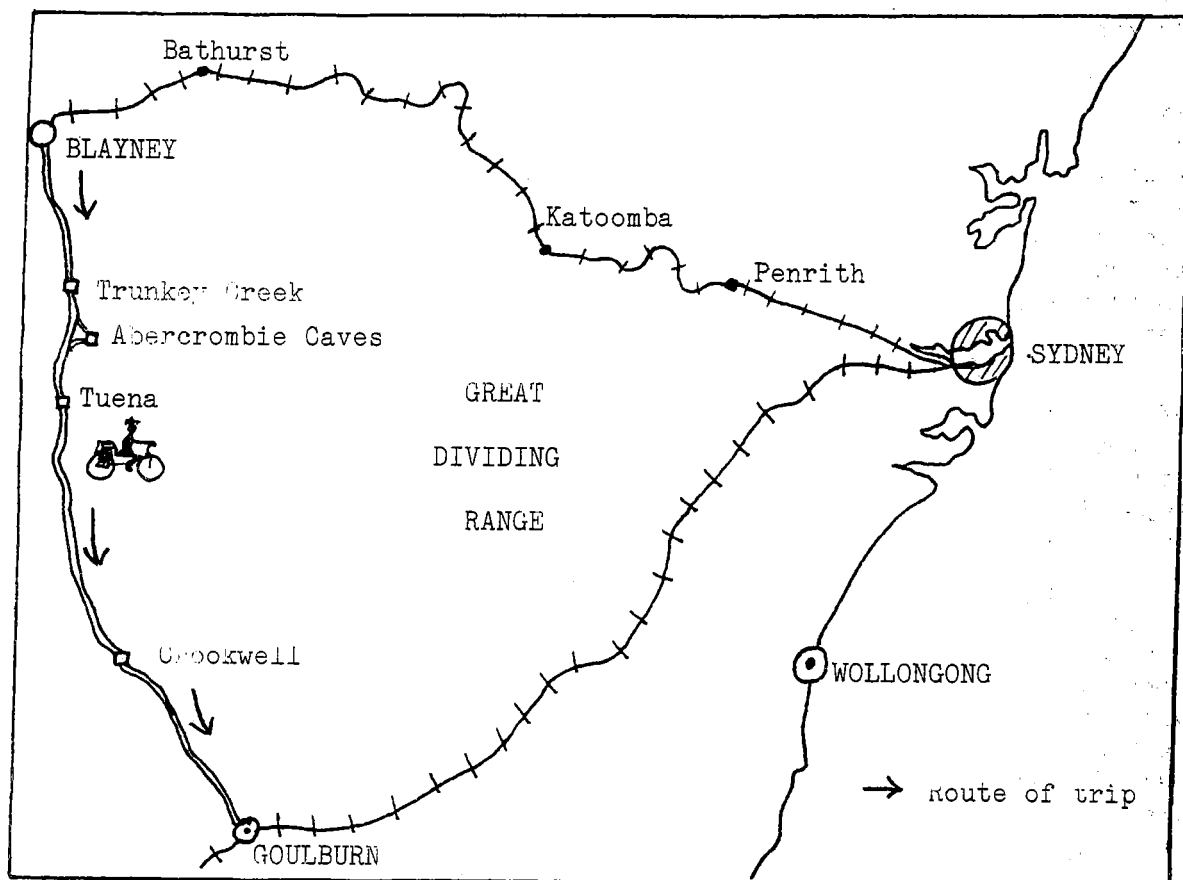
We cycled out of the sleepy town past the shops with the wide verandahs, heading south, with the sun peeping over the horizon. Lunch was eaten in the yard of a disused steam saw-mill on Trunkey Creek Road surrounded by logs and the carcasses of two traction engines. In one corner stood a steam crusher battery used in the late 1800's to crush the gold-bearing ore from the mines. Glen explained how the rock was crushed, mixed with water and mercury and then sluiced over a copper plate which held the fine particles of gold for further extraction treatment. Some of the long leather belts that drove the circular saws were still intact under the tin roofed mill and at one end of the shed was the smith's forge complete with an array of wood and leather bellows for stoking the fire. Hand-forged pliers and spikes still lay in the coke ashes. Even the "dunny" was authentic, as I learned when I opened the door. Fashioned from bush hardwood, clad with rough sawn weatherboards, the whole structure swayed to every movement of the wind. I wondered about red-back spiders as I sat on the wooden seat above a deep hole in the ground.

The neighbour's dog from across the road joined in the fun by bringing a big blue ball to us so he could "fetch", the game only ending when his master called.

The village of Trunkey Creek consisted of a farm implement/car repair workshop, six houses, the pub and a general store. The inside of the store was furnished in the style of the 1920's with pine shelves holding the groceries whilst the lady proprietor served us from behind a wooden counter. But she didn't sell "tuppence worth of aniseed bullets" so I had to buy twenty at a cent each! How times have changed!

We pitched camp on a grassy sward above the creek at Abercrombie Caves camping reserve that evening. The East Lindfield Methodist Church hosted the night's entertainment with bush ballads accompanied by guitars and a fiddle. The next morning some of us explored the Emperor's Cave with its stalactites that hang down and stalagmites that go up. The further our party walked the more fairy tale-like the glistening calcium shapes became. Fourteenth century castles and twentieth century space domes appeared in my imagination with orange coloured mushroom fungi adding to the bizarre beauty.

The road from the caves proved to be very rough with small rocks, water channels and high-speed car bumps slowing us down on the dirt surface. Very steep hills and dust from passing traffic didn't help. To compound our troubles Mary-Ann's chain kept coming off. At a bend in the road we stopped to admire a dilapidated hut fashioned from upright bush poles set in the ground, laced with thinner branches and then plastered over with mud.



SKETCH MAP OF BICYCLE TRIP.



CYCLING SOUTH ON THE ROAD FROM BLAYNEY TO GOULBURN.

The corrugated iron roof had seen better days and rust holes were appearing at the edge of the sheets. The ceilings were made of hessian bags stuck over with 1930 newspapers. Much of the furniture that remained had been becken by vandals.

That afternoon our party rode into the small township of Tuena, which was holding its annual Gold Rush Festival. People had come from miles around and were taking part in the Tug-of-War or competing in the horse riding events. A display of hand adzing and gold panning was proceeding in the Arts and Crafts pavilion. The farmers on the pub verandah looked distinctly "under the weather" as they drank their "tinnies" and enjoyed the music of the Bathurst Scotch Pipe Band. The pipers who were dressed in traditional red and green tartan seemed out of place in this Australian setting.

It started to rain as we pitched our tents in a grassy paddock, just off the road, with nightfall fast approaching. The evening meal was cooked in a shearing shed amongst the wool clippings and bales of straw. Stan produced his harmonica whilst Glen read us excerpts from "The Man From Snowy River". John sang about "Cursed Toongabbie" whilst all of us joined in the chorus of "Van Diemen's Land".

Sunday afternoon outside Crookwell caravan park we stopped to talk to one of the locals about horses and carts. Reg Allport was seated on a red and white sulky nursing his grandson whilst Dolly, an Australian Pony, stood in the shafts, straining against the reins to reach the grass. Reg was very proud of the outfit as he had built it himself and pointed out the narrow wheels, the spotted gum shafts, and the mechanism for shifting the seat forward. He showed us a covered-in area under the seat where the week's groceries could be stowed.

After lunch we did some downhill coasting on the tarred road that led to the Pejar Dam where we admired the giant spillway and man-made sluice race that had been carved out of solid rock many years before.

The next afternoon we cycled into Goulburn town, past the old-style colonial Courthouse, and then into the park for a snack. At two o'clock we stacked our bikes in the guard's van ready for the journey home!

Many thanks, John.

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#### TUESDAY NIGHT AT THE PICTURES.

Have you ever wanted to go to the pictures on Tuesdays to take advantage of the half-price tickets but didn't have anyone to go with?

I am starting a film-going group to see films at Hoyts or Village cinemas or at The Dendy in Martin Place. The system is very simple. You check the paper, decide which film you wish to see and then contact me. I will be able to tell you who else is going and to which session, either the 5 pm or the 8 pm. Remember that the half-price tickets only apply to Hoyts, Village and The Dendy. So now you won't have to hiss the cigarette advertisements alone.

See you at the pictures. Bring your own Jaffas. PETER MILLER.  
818 1990.

#### CONGRATULATIONS to - -

Wendy and Steve Hodgman on the birth of their son Sean during April  
and Jenny and Steve Brown on the birth of a daughter, Stephanie in May.

\*\*\*\*\*

WHAT IS A SPORT?

by Jim Brown.

Well, what IS a sport? I'm not at all sure.....

Some 11 or 12 years ago, when I was just a nipper - only in my middle fifties - I found myself in the silly situation of having to decide how many buses would be required to move the crowds attending Sydney Cricket Ground for a sequence of Rugby League Football matches. Now the essential in making this decision was to know with absolute certainty by each Thursday morning just what the weather would be doing on the following Saturday. However, it was also valuable to know what sort of attendance could be expected - and for this you had to know the measure of support for the teams near the top of the table, and the suburbs from which spectators would be attracted. By each Thursday morning you had to calculate the needs and have the requisite staff rostered for duty.

At this stage I confessed to a senior officer of my Department that I was singularly ill-furnished to make such a decision. He was really quite a nice bloke, so he looked on me with kindly tolerance, saying "Oh, yes, I forgot, you're not a Sport, are you? Well, you'll just have to do the best you can, but don't ask for too many bloody buses."

For a moment I thought about this, then answered, "No, I guess I'm not a Sport. I've just kept on playing the only game I know." I pulled up my trouser legs to show shins scratched from thigh to ankle, and quoting a popular political gambit of the time murmured, "Walking on the Colo River isn't meant to be easy."

Of course, I know now that Bush Walking is NOT a Sport. It's a RECREATION. How do I know? Because I asked for it, just as I asked for it when I told my boss I didn't know much about Rugby League teams.

You see, I had heard of the N.S.W. Sporting Injuries Insurance Scheme", a State Government project providing some measure of cover for people injured in sporting pursuits. I thought I should enquire a little more closely, and found that the official view is that Bush Walking is NOT a "Sport" but a "Recreation", and its participants are not currently eligible to insure under the Scheme. Funnily enough, players of that "bloody, murdering sport football" (to quote a 14th century English King) can insure for \$8.00 per person per annum, or much the same as our present project, which involves a premium of \$4,200 for about 500 members. However the Government Scheme's \$8.00 is for Rugby footballers, while players of Soccer, Cricket or Netball may insure for \$2.00 or \$3.00 per annum.

My informant, although most courteous and helpful, was a State employee, and obviously couldn't express a personal opinion on the distinction between "Sport" and "Recreation", but he did mention that a fresh approach had been made by the Federation of Walking Clubs and "the whole topic is under review". It is possible, then, that Bush Walking, although not competitive or involving intensive training, may ultimately be accepted as a "Sport" and its habitués would then be able to insure through the Government Scheme.

Lately I've become a bit concerned that the Club's funds may be somewhat strapped later this year - without even taking into account the impact of any 60th Anniversary Celebrations being considered. Certainly our finances have been calculated in accordance with a budgetary estimate, but I suspect this estimate may suffer from the same problem I had in assessing the probable attendance at League games, and its authors have had to rely on some informed guesses and perhaps a few pious hopes. I believe this year's financial result could well echo the view of the Duke of Wellington about the outcome of the Battle of Waterloo.... "A fine-run thing, sir: a damned fine-run thing".

If this should prove to be the case we may have to review the desirability of taking out Personal Accident Insurance in the subsequent years, and it may be discreet to see if Bush Walking has finally become a "Sport".

Looking at the brochure I had collected, I discovered that the State Government Scheme does not appear to extend to loss of income during a period of incapacity resulting from a sporting injury, but does apply to any permanent disability sustained. For instance, loss of an arm (or the greater part thereof) would probably earn compensation of \$23,000; of a leg \$21,000; an eye \$6,550.... and so on. In Table "B" I found that loss of mental capacity may attract an award of \$90,000. No doubt many of the 80% of prospectives who never make it would say we all qualify for such a gratuity.

I was also intrigued to see that an allowance of \$14,650 would result from the "loss of secual organ" (this as spelled out in the brochure). This is slightly less than the compensation for loss of hearing or of power of speech, and about the same as that for loss of a thumb plus an index finger. I don't know what these "secual organs" may be, but it all sounds like falls to me (or do I sometimes mis-spell too?).

\*\*\*\*\*

## *Just a minute . .*

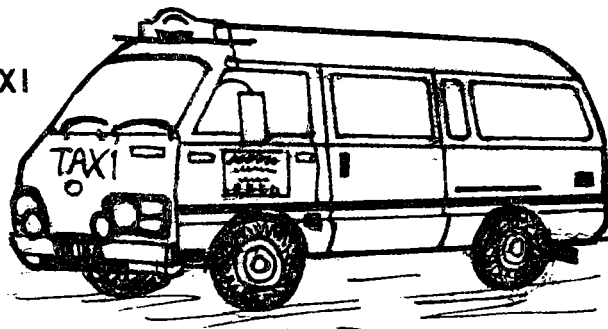
FIFTY-SIX YEARS AGO, in the Good Old Days, the Club Minute Book reveals:-

Insurance Scheme. Moved by Mr. Chardon, seconded Mr. Debert, that a sub-committee, consisting of Messrs. Pryde, Ritson and Plimmer, be appointed to go into the matter of accident insurance scheme for the members of this Club, such committee to report back to the general committee.  
CARRIED. Friday, 1st August, 1930.

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-

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THE JUNE GENERAL MEETING.

by Barry Wallace.

The meeting began at around 2013 with the President presiding and some 25 or so members present. There were apologies from Alex Colley, Belinda McKenzie, Gordon Lee and Ross Coyle. New members Jeff Niven, Lesley Moore, Jim Oxley, Ross Coyle, Carolyn Wilcox and Rosemary Kenny were summoned to be welcomed into membership but only the latter two were actually present to receive their badges.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read, and with some minor corrections, received. A recission motion was foreshadowed regarding the previous meeting's decision to build an additional fireplace in the hut at Coolana. This should come forward at the July General Meeting, so if you have an interest, be there. At this stage there was something of an hiatus while someone explained part of the proceedings of the previous month's meeting to someone else who had not been there - HMMMMM.....

Correspondence comprised a letter of apology from Spiro H. for his absence from the committee and the meeting, enclosing a copy of the items of interest from the latest F.B.W. Meeting, a press release from the State Opposition opposing the Government's rumoured intention to build dams on the Colo and having a bit each way, by both deploring the use of external affairs powers in conservation matters and urging the Federal Govt. to use them in this instance (one can only assume they were relying on the press to edit the whole thing into unintelligibility before publication), and acknowledgments of receipt of our letters regarding woodchipping from the Victorian and Federal Governments. No outgoing correspondence was reported.

Business arising brought a motion that we write to the relevant State Government ministers seeking information on any dams proposed for the Colo River.

The Treasurer's Report indicated that we started the month with \$3200, received \$1946.00, spent \$772.00 and closed with \$4374.00. All of which excludes mention of the Advance Bank deposit of \$2610.00.

The Walks Report began with Wayne Steele's 16,17,18 May Pigeon House and beyond walk which attracted 15 people and 10,000 leeches. Jim Percy's Kanangra Creek trip had 6 starters and rain. It is reported that the route was modified somewhat, to include the Hundred Man Cave. Bod Hodgson's Wolgan escarpment walk had 5 or 6 bodies who were reported to have had a good time. Of the day walks, Peter Christian changed his walk to go to Mt. Hay but we don't know how many people accompanied him, Ben Esgate had 13 people on his Kuringai Chase walk, enjoying a fine afternoon after some morning showers, and Bill Hall had his party of 15 safely out of the wilds of Glenbrook in time to have devonshire tea before they caught the train home.

Over the weekend of 23,24,25 May Carol Bruce wielded the whip over the party of 7 on her Budawangs trip to achieve an 0715 start and a climb of The Castle, all at no extra charge. Jim Laing's Kanangra trip was deferred to the following weekend, and then was cancelled. Erroll Sheedy led a horde of 34 on a fine Sunday ramble from Heathcote to Waterfall and Joe Marton had a party of 13 with one injury and some darkness on his Glenbrook trip.

The following weekend, 30,31 May, 1 June saw Bill Holland and some 18 or so fellow revellers disporting themselves at Coolana. They managed a walk on the Sunday so it wasn't all beer and whatever. Meanwhile, back at the workface, Barry Wallace and his party of 18 were slogging it out in perfect weather on the Bonnum Pic circuit. Jo Van Sommers reported 21 starters and some ferry problems on her Palm Beach day walk, and Bill Capon, substituting for Bob Milne who was reported to be away on his honeymoon, led 19 people on a Govett's Leap walk which went to program. (No Bill, even a real mate would not have arranged it the other way round.)

Over the June long weekend David McIntosh led a Colo walk, there were 4 people, but no report. Bill Capon's Budawangs trip had 13 starters and did not go to program despite the cold. Laurie Quaken had 7 people on his Budawangs trip. They reported blurred glimpses of Bill's party from time to time and all returned safely. Ian Debert and Stan Madden reported a variable number of attendees ranging from 14 to 17 on a leisurely three days around Stan's farm.

The Federation Report indicated that the November Bushsports event attracted 35, that insurance is still under review, and that the M.W.S. & D. Board have advised that they have no plans to increase the storage capacity of Warragamba Dam. There was one S. & R. call-out for the month. The Secretary is to write condemning offshore minerals exploration of The Royal National Park.

General Business brought news that the final draft of the new constitution should be available for presentation to the Half Yearly Meeting, and that committee had discussed the idea of preparing a booklet covering the Club History.

A motion that we employ an archivist to work on the Club archives for up to 48 hours to report on what further ought be done with them was finally resolved to be let lie on the table. A subsequent motion that the 60th Anniversary sub-committee be requested to submit proposed plans and budgetary figures to the July General Meeting was passed. The sub-committee comprises Carol Bruce, Ainslie Morris, Spiro Hajinakitas, Ian Debert and Helen Gray, so talk to them if you have ideas or opinions on the matter.

It was resolved that the Club write congratulating Milo Dunphy on his being awarded the O.A.

The announcements followed, and after one false close, it was all over for another month at 2156.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### REPORT ON COMMITTEE MEETING OF 2-7-86.

The Treasurer's Report was discussed and costs of producing and posting the magazine were considered. Care will need to be taken with all expenses.

Associate Membership of National Parks Association and Youth Hostels Association was renewed. S.B.W. members who wish to use the Group Card for Y.H.A. please contact the Secretary.

The new location of the North Sydney Council meeting hall will be clarified.

The 60th Anniversary Sub-Committee will seek an interview with the Commonwealth Employment Program Project Officer regarding a Grant Application for an archivist and materials.

The final draft of the Constitution was dealt with at length yet again, and will be prepared for posting to all members to read before the Half Yearly General Meeting in September.

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ANNOUNCING.....

\$60 raised for 60th Anniversary Fund at Midwinter Feast Raffle. The winner of a bottle of champers and one of vino was Lorraine Bloomfield.

OLIVER CRAWFORD has had to change the date of his WALK to Yarramun Caves from 15/16/17 August to the following weekend, 22/23/24 August.

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