

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 ELLA COMMUNITY CENTRE, 58a Dalhousie Street, Haberfield (next to the Post Office).

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FEBRUARY 1987.

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KIANDRA TO GUTHEGA - 1986 END OF YEAR WALK.

by Oliver Crawford.

Leader - Maurie Bloom.

Members - Jim Percy, Jo Van Sommers, David Underwood, Judy Mahaffey, Bob Niven, Martina Oprey, Alan and Anita Doherty, Ainslie Morris, Mike Reynolds, Annette Frost, Helmut Land, Peter Sharpe, Jan Mohandas, Denise Shaw, Oliver Crawford.

Day 1 (Friday, 26th December).

As the appointed hour approached for departure of the bus from Adaminaby we anxiously consulted our watches. We had been told to be at the appointed spot by 2.50 pm, and so nearly all of us were - but no Maurie! Somebody voiced the question, "Are we going to be a leaderless party?"

We all weighed our packs on a set of scales produced by Peter. They varied between about 14 kilos and 22 kilos, depending, I suspect, on the quantity of New Year's Eve 'lubricant' contained therein. My own pack was 19.8 kilos (43½ lbs), including camera, which was of particular personal interest because I have never previously weighed it and this was my first extended trip, as it was for several others.

Fortunately by the time this operation was completed Maurie and Denise had turned up, the packs were loaded in the trailer behind the bus, and we were off. The journey took about half an hour and as we approached Kiandra the driver, Gordon, pointed out the salient features of the area. Shortly we pulled into our destination, everybody tumbled out, loaded up, bid the driver farewell and headed up the firetrail on our long march south.

After two hours we left the trail where it turned west and struck off into the scrub, passed under a power line, and soon started descending the scrubby gully of Temperance Creek. Camp was made on a tussocky site by Four Mile Creek (not 6.4 km creek) just below a small waterfall, at about 5.30 pm. At this point we all took a great interest in each other's larders. Out came the Hera, the Alliance, the fresh sprouts, the rice, and the lentils. It would not be long before a song was composed with some of this tucker its central theme.

The chill air became apparent as soon as the sun set, and it was not long before silence fell over the site, except for the sound of the waterfall, the gurgling stream and the night insects. Sounds of a lullaby came from a nearby tent also, or was it Bob Niven snoring? The tussocky tent site proved more comfortable than anticipated and a comfortable night's rest was had.

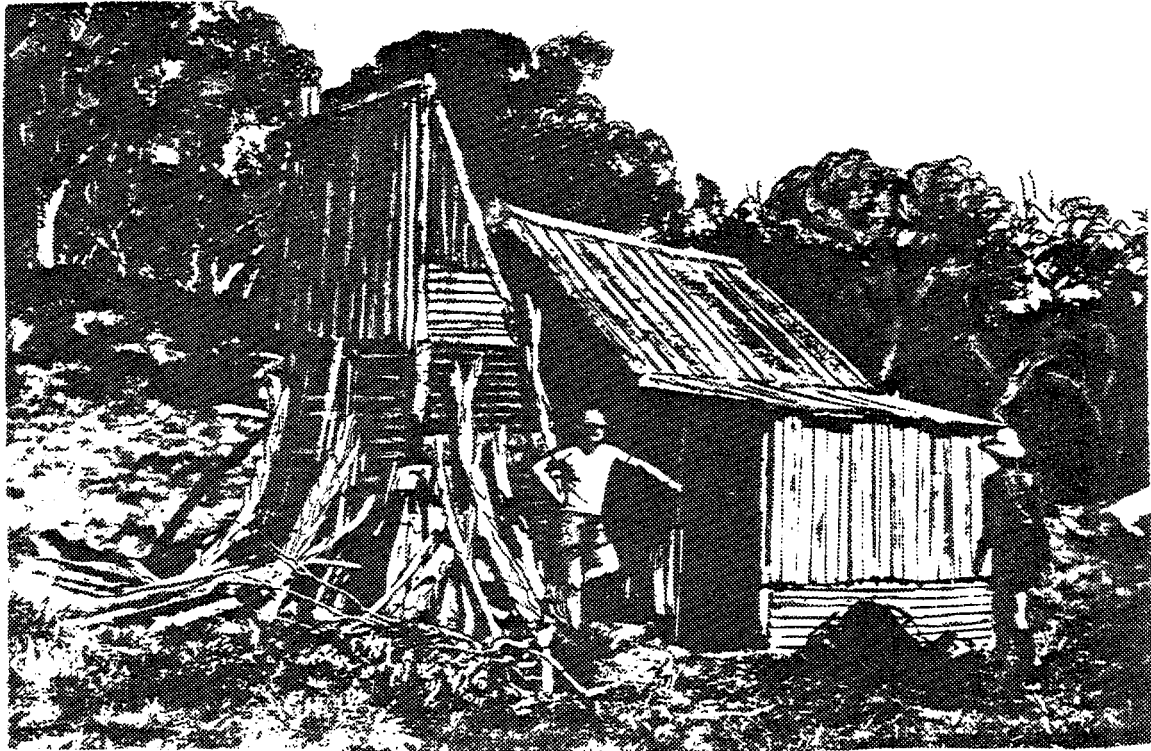
Day 2 (Saturday, 27th December).

A brilliant sunrise with frost on the ground greeted us as we clambered out of our sleeping bags, as did a magnificent breakfast fire silently created by Bob 'Ants in the Pants' Niven. "Move off at 8.15," was the cry from Maurie. So we all set to our tasks and surprise, surprise! we were only a few minutes late in getting away.

The creek was followed upstream until we came to Four Mile Hut, probably the most picturesque structure I had seen in many a year. Many photos were taken, and Jim Percy found or fashioned an alternative means of transport for his pack. We're not sure if it was efficient, however, since it did not come with us when we left. Proceeding on, it was not long till we struck the fire trail again, which we followed to Table Top Mountain, stopping for lunch in the saddle just before the mountain. Our first view of Jagungal had been gained from a clearing just before lunch. Snow was prominent on its flanks, and it whetted our anticipation to reach that far point on the horizon.

After lunch we left our packs at the eastern end of Table Top and climbed up to the trig, where we experienced sweeping views of the ranges all around, picking out Jagungal again, and further south, the peaks of the Main Range. It was obvious it had been a good snow season, because Twynam appeared to retain about 30% snow cover (my estimation).

We spent some time observing and feeding a small skink that emerged from the rocks at the trig. The reptile seemed completely fearless, or drunk, or just plain hungry, because it attacked the horse fly offered it with great gusto despite my camera lens leering at it from less than 18 inches away. Not even the 'clonk' of the shutter disturbed it.



FOUR MILE HUT

Leaving our four-legged reptile friend to its meal, we headed for our next camp site. Unfortunately Maurie's choice turned out to be rather uncomfortable, although it initially looked ideal. There were already occupants of the site, invisible at first, but which quickly made their presence felt, swarming over everything and everybody as they lay on the grass. So it was down closer to the creek, and that was not a bad compromise. At least we achieved our aim of escaping the ants.

Day 3 (Sunday, 28th December).

Having breakfasted and packed up, the party left Temperance Creek and proceeded up a side arm until we struck the Table Top Mountain fire trail again, which we crossed at about 367 146. From there we crossed the head of a swamp and on the top of the next low rise struck a well-defined foot track, which at a guess would have descended Arsenic Ridge. However, we were not to know, since we soon left it in search of Happy's Hut, which seemed to take a long time, Maurie claiming it to be 400 metres out of position. Who were we to argue?

The hut was in excellent condition, much of the structure appearing to have been recently renewed. A fresh carrot was found lying nearby also and was about to be consumed, but the idea was quickly shelved when it was suggested it was most likely poisoned. Leaving the hut, we returned to our packs and proceeded out over the Happy Jack's Plain, after a brief stop for morning tea. With the cloudless sky above and the flies our constant companions, this was to be one of the hottest sections of the trip.

We made our lunch stop in a rocky section of the creek just short of the Happy Jack's Road bridge. Little shade was to be had, but water there was plenty of. Peter Sharpe tried his luck with rod and line and got a few bites but no fish. He was to have better luck at the bridge, but the fish was too small and was thrown back.

After the bridge we set off across country to our next camp site to avoid the meanderings of the watercourse. At one rest spot a new dance was invented - the Dance of the Horse Flies.

This section too was long, hot and glary, and I think everyone was pleased to reach the camp site by a beautiful little stream which came down from the mountains behind and joined Digger's Creek just below us. It was not long before everybody got their gear off and started washing, even me!

"There'll be a frost again in the morning," said Bob. "No, not up here," was my reply, "we're above the hollow," as we all retired to bed after our meal and evening's talk.

Day 4 (Monday, 29th December).

Camp stirred at the usual hour on yet another frosty bright clear morning. "I told you there'd be a frost," from Bob, "where's my five bucks?" "Frost, what frost? I don't see any frost!" "Thst's because you get up so late!" "Yeah, that's because my two ladies keep me warm at night. You, poor soul, have to get up early to light a fire to get warm!"

The weather was becoming boring, all this sunshine and clear skies all the time. Not at all as we had expected. We set off at eight and the 1½ km to Doubtful Gap was soon covered. We paused for a few minutes then descended to Doubtful Creek where some got their feet wet for the first time. Further up Doubtful Creek we found a delightful waterfall in a small canyon where we dallied for a while. Morning tea was had a little further on at the crossing with the Gray Mare Fire trail. As we relaxed a group of four walkers came down the fire trail and headed off in the direction of our projected route.

The route generally followed the Doubtful Creek valley and it was another warm day. At lunch the four walkers from earlier on, with whom we had crossed paths several times came and joined us, and it was apparent they were a little out of their depth, particularly as regards navigation. Maurie was able to provide them with a few words of wisdom, and who knows, the S.B.W. may have a few more recruits quite soon.

The rest of the afternoon was just a matter of getting to camp, which we made on a pretty spot on the curved upper reach on one of the legs of Doubtful Creek, about one kilometer from McAlister Saddle. This was the most inclined site of the trip (at least for we three), but Judy was still happy to sleep head down the hill. As I discovered later, we need only have gone up the hill about 30 metres to find a beautiful, grassy, flat spot.

The usual dinners of rice, Hera, Alliance, etc. were consumed, except for Jan with his Gourmet Indian food, and Annette with her provocative frankfurters steaming on the ends of a forked stick. Some singing was performed this night in preparation for New Year's Eve. It was at this performance that Michael produced his composition (uncompleted) but boy, what a composition!

See Page 7 - Ed.

Day 5 (Tuesday, 30th December).

Jagungal day! There was no need to stir people this day, although as usual Bob Niven beat us all. I don't know what we'd do without you, Bob!

At eight we were off and away to drop our packs by the east arm of the Geehi River, under the slopes of Jagungal. "About 50 minutes each way," says Maurie, as we set off up the slope. Jan and David soon disappeared from view over the ridge with Bob and myself in hot pursuit (for a while). By the time we reached the top, Jan and David had been there some time. On this cloudless day, the view was outstanding.

The others took a long time to come and it turned out they had been frolicking in the snow. Eventually they all arrived, admired the superb view, especially of the snowy caps of the Main Range far to the south, and we all posed for the obligatory group photo.

On the way back down there was more frolicking in the snow and a free ice block of snow topped with staminade powder - delicious! Then we armed ourselves with cupfuls of snow which were carefully concealed in coat pockets etc., and on arrival back at the packs, Messrs. Niven and Mohandas received a chilling surprise! It served them right for besting us all back to the packs.

A shady spot was found nearby for lunch, after which we took off down the Geehi Valley. This was another rather hot open stretch and many in the group were tempted into the water, which was surprisingly warm, owing to its shallow depth. About half of us wanted to press on to camp, so Maurie gave us instructions, which ended with "It should only take about another hour."

So off we set, Marty, Bob, Peter, Helmut and Annette, myself and Jan in surrogate leadership at a cracking pace. It was not until after an hour of this had elapsed and another group we met enlightened us to the fact that we had arrived at the Geehi Lakes, that we realized we had gone too far. And, we also realized that the legendary Maurie had, where we split up, given us a wrong location. Anyway the condensed version ended when we finally arrived at camp one hour behind the others instead of one hour ahead. We had in fact walked about 21 km instead of the projected 15 km.

What a pretty spot this was though, on the banks of a little circular lake (or tarn) about 20 metres diameter and not much more than 60 cm deep, and quite warm. Invitations were superfluous; it was off with the clothes and into it. After cleaning up, several of us sat on a rock on the bank killing and/or flicking flies into the pond and watching the trout fingerlings gobble them up. The horse flies were more than a mouthful for some of them though. They had to either shake them into pieces or leave them for the larger fish.

Soon it was time to erect tents, make dinner and settle into the usual routine of activity involved in feeding oneself, talking, joking, and finally drifting off to bed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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#### THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING & THE ANNUAL REUNION.

The Annual General Meeting will be held on Wednesday, 11th March next. The agenda of the meeting will be sent to members with the Annual Report. However, among the business of the Annual General Meeting will be the election of Office-Bearers and Committee members. Each year all official positions become vacant, although members of the Committee often stand for re-election, perhaps in another office. Any member may be nominated for any office, and only Club full members may vote.

The Annual Re-union, held on the weekend following the Annual General Meeting, is a social gathering with overnight camping of present, past and prospective members. The incoming President is inaugurated in a simple ceremony at the Saturday evening campfire, and there is a programme of campfire singing and short sketches. Clean (though sometimes off-beat) humour is the aim. About 10 pm supper (provided by the Club) is available.

On Sunday morning there is a damper-making competition using the ashes of the previous night's campfire. Only self-raising flour, salt and water may be used for the dampers,

After this, the Annual Swimming Carnival takes place with both novelty and serious events.

The Re-union this year is at our property "Coolana" in the Kangaroo Valley, where there is good swimming in the river. Transport is by car (cars are left at the top of the hill) and it is only about 10 minutes walk to the terraced campsites. Anyone who would like transport or who can provide transport for others is asked to get in touch with George Gray, phone 86 6263.

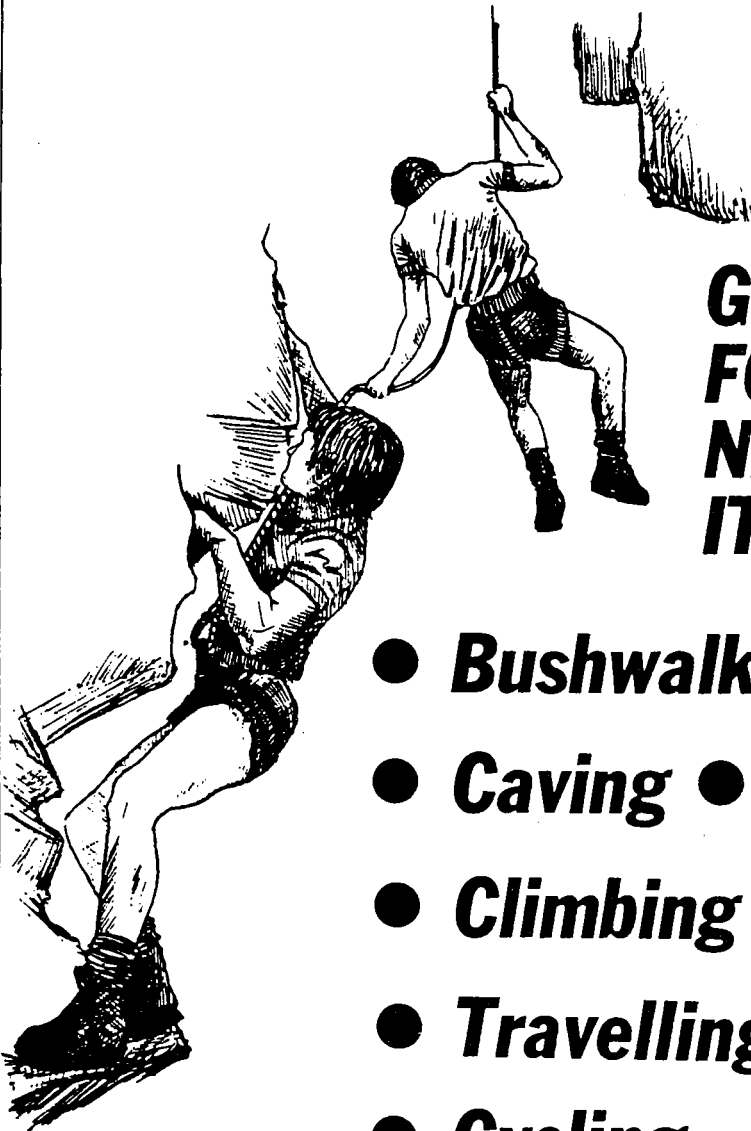
"COOLANA" - How to get there. The quickest way is to drive through Mittagong/Bowral to Kangaroo Valley. After crossing the Kangaroo River at Hampton Bridge, turn right into Tallowa Dam Road. Coolana is down a signposted dirt track which leads off to the right from this road, about 100 metres after the Mount Scanzzi Road branches off to the left.

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#### NEW MEMBERS.

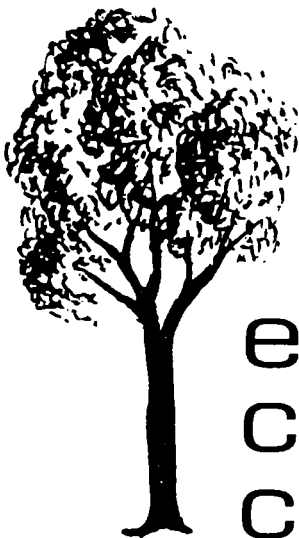
Please add the following names to your List of Members:-

PANTER, Helen, 23 Tunnel Road, Helensburgh, 2508	(042) 94 2684
POTTS, Louise, 2 Bligh Street, Sydney (Non-active 1987)	
SZAREK, Mr. Jan, 3/52 Beamish Street, Campsie, 2197	787 3865
TUCKER, David, 8 Shaw Place, Rooty Hill, 2766	625 3475
WILLIAMS, Kay, 7/56 Dudley Street, Coogee, 2034	635 0548
ZINGARELLI, Cristina, 21/95 Ocean Street, Woollahra, 2025	326 1806



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SONG FROM MAURIE BLOOMS'S CHRISTMAS - NEW YEAR  
SNOWY MOUNTAINS WALK.

by Michael Reynolds.

(To be sung to the tune of "Old King Cole").

1. Now Maurie Bloom set out one day on a Christmas-New Year trip.  
He led the way, but we had to pay with his terrible corny wit.  
He made us get up in the dark, and breakfast with the dawn -  
"Moving off at eight," said Maurie.  
Jolly good friends are few,  
If you want to Bushwalk with the best, Join S.B.W.!
2. Now Peter Sharp set out one day, and he brought his rod and line,  
Up to his knees in the creeks that freeze, having a lovely time.  
He casts his lure into the flood, and winds it in again -  
"Will anybody sell me a tin of Tuna?"  
"Moving off at eight," said Maurie.  
Jolly good friends are few,  
If you want to BUSHwalk with the best, Join S.B.W.!
3. Now Oliver Crawford, he set out with a tent enough for three.  
He quickly found two ladies fair to share his space, you see.  
"In my menage a trois," he said, "there's now no vacancy."  
"One, two, three and we all roll over,"  
"Will anybody sell me a tin of Tuna?"  
"Moving off at eight," said Maurie.  
Jolly good friends are few,  
If you want to Bushwalk with the best, Join S.B.W.!
4. Bob Niven he set out one day but he didn't bring his wife.  
He didn't bring his wine-skin, and he didn't bring his knife.  
Now everybody's wondering what he will lose today.  
"Has anybody seen my tent?" said Robert.  
"One, two, three and we all roll over,"  
"Will anybody sell me a tin of Tuna,"  
"Moving off at eight," said Maurie.  
Jolly good friends are few,  
If you want to Bushwalk with the best, Join S.B.W.!
5. Now Jan Mohandas, he set out with a bottle of sun-tan cream.  
It must be good, 'cause his sun-tan is the best you've ever seen,  
But how it works we're not quite sure, because he seems to be  
Most of the day sitting in the shade, waiting for you and me.  
"Left-right-left," says Jan Mohandas.  
"Has anybody seen my tent," says Robert.  
"One, two, three and we all roll over,"  
"Will anybody sell me a tin of Tuna?"  
"Moving off at eight," says Maurie -  
Jolly good friends are few,  
If you want to Bushwalk with the best, Join S.B.W.!
6. Now seventeen walkers all set out, with many a groan and grumble.  
This light-weight food is all very well, but it makes your stomach rumble.  
We appear next week at the Opera House as the Freeze-dried Wind Ensemble -  
"I want to walk at the front," says everyone!  
"Left-right-left," says Jan Mohandas.  
"Has anybody seen my tent," says Robert.  
"One, two, three and we all roll over."  
"Will anybody sell me a tin of Tuna?"  
"Moving off at eight," says Maurie.  
Jolly good friends are few,  
If you want to Bushwalk with the best, Join S.B.W.!

THE S.B.W. - SOME PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS.

by Alex Colley.

As a kind of commercial for the Club history, to come at the end of the year, in which I have been allocated the period 1937 - 48, the Editor has asked me to describe some personal impressions, so here goes.

Back in 1931 I met "Mouldy" Harrison on the Six-Foot Track and he urged me to join the Club, but I had a heavy programme ahead and wouldn't have much time for walking. Then in 1934 I became friendly with fellow economics student, Tom Herbert. One day I mentioned walking. He expressed surprise - there weren't many bushwalkers then - and said "Why don't you join the Sydney Bush Walkers?" - to which I replied "Well, I might when this is over; are you a member?" "Yes, I'm the President."

Needless to say I had an easy passage into the Club when Tom nominated me a couple of years later. When first I entered the Club room a member came up to me and said, "Alex Colley - good to see you again," to which I replied, "Mouldy Harrison - well, here I am." (Pretty good for a chronic name forgetter.)

My first walk with the Club was a Bank Holiday one led by Peter Page, from Jellore to Colo Vale. In the train I was puzzled that such an assortment of people, about nine in all, a mixed party ranging from about 18 to 50 in age, should want to go walking together. By the end of the walk I had learnt that "the weaker sex" was simply a male aspersion (Dot English, now Butler, was there), and had made eight friends, three of them for life.

In April next year (1937) Max Gentle came up to me and invited me to accompany Gordon Smith and himself on a walk from Wentworth Falls to Cloudmaker and back to Katoomba. I said, "That would be nice, but I couldn't keep up with you two." However, he insisted and I accepted, expressing the hope that I wouldn't hold them up much. News of the walk got around the Club and six others insinuated themselves into the party. Thus were born the "Tigers".

Though the Tigers didn't re-group after the war, many of them continued as Club members and walked together. Trained by Gordon Smith and Jack Debert, they made good walks leaders, and were constantly seeking out "new" country, which they found in such places as the Northern Blue Mountains, the Budawangs and the Northern Rivers.

To the Club I owe most of the good things in life - health, good companions (one of whom I married), and an absorbing interest - Wilderness preservation. All this and the cherished distinction of Honorary Active Membership.

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FREE! - THE COLONG BULLETIN - FREE!No.100 - JANUARY, 1987.Special Contributions from:

- ° The Hon. Neville Wran, Q.C. (Patron of the Colong Foundation for Wilderness)
- ° Peter Maslen - Chairman
- ° The Hon. Bob Carr - Minister for Planning and Environment.
- ° Tim Moore - Shadow Minister.
- ° Judy Messer - Chair, Nature Conservation Council of N.S.W.
- ° Jeff Angel - Acting Director, Total Environment Centre.
- ° Alex Colley - S.B.W. Hon. Secretary for Conservation.

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VIEW FROM A PROSPECTIVE.

by Louise Potts.

The weekend 5, 6, 7 December, 1986 was marked as the one for the TEST CAMP. A venture into the unknown. For weeks before I collected from friends and relations gear for CAMPING. As the pile grew higher I realised I would have to coerce my good husband to help lug all this stuff. With grave misgivings he cancelled his golf. With an even longer face he followed Bob Younger's and a few other cars in the rain to somewhere northwest and black.

Next day, into a truck and down a track to a nice firetrail - then through the bush, along a ridge and we arrived at a precipice. Some discussion followed about whether this was the right precipice and then - horrors - all three Bobs, a Les and a Maurie leapt off it and kept right on going. Gut-churning stuff this.... to the uninitiated!

Half-way down and we're starting to wish our friends hadn't been so generous with their gear. Closer to the bottom and we arrived at an area a bit like Ayres Rock after a bombing, but one can hear water which sounds delicious. My husband's legs are starting to shake but up ahead they appear to have stopped - this doesn't happen very often. Around a few more boulders - Heavens to Betsy - a pond full of naked men! We clambered on down the river, crossing and recrossing. I carried my husband's pack for a while and realised why his legs were shaking.

Dinner that night tasted fantastic. Braised flies in sand is really tasty! However, my husband is actually smiling!

Next day we recrossed the river and tackled another one of those boulder stuffed gorges. Thank god for those ever-helping hands (and feet). Then a quick discussion about which precipice is the 'way out' and up we go.

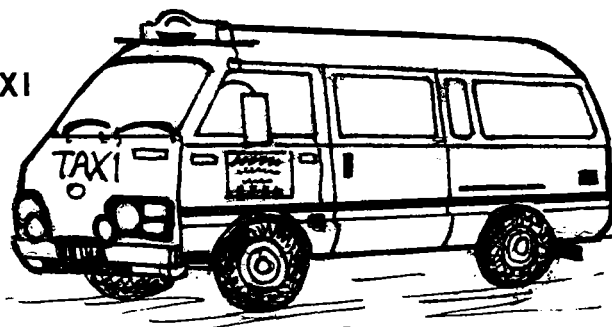
Congressional medals of honor go to three Bobs and a Les for hauling, pushing, cajoling and juggling us three prospectives out of that canyon. My husband is utterly sold and is now instructing me to buy this and that for camping. The only trouble is - we're still seated in the car unable to move.

\* \* \* \* \*

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THOUGHTS FROM THE BACK OF THE PARTY.

by Jo Van Sommers.

Often the trouble with a long hot lazy day in the sun at the bottom of some canyon or river bed is the return to the real world via the impossibly long ridge or never-ending track that represents the return to reality as well as having the more prosaic purpose of delivering one back to one's car.

Such was the case with Jim Percy's trip to the Shoalhaven. The weekend was that dead one after the Australia Day Weekend, when practically everyone is still sorting themselves out and catching up with themselves. Jim had however managed to amass eight assorted bods; Brian Bolton and Derek Wilson with leave passes for one night only and no later than twelve o'clock on Sunday or the missus will have the cops out. Do they turn into pumpkins after midnight? Brian Hart also opted for a Saturday morning arrival; it took him just one and a half hours to reach Longnose Point by car, but he must have been up all night as I noted that he was fast asleep every time we stopped for a break.

Stuart Maxwell was there in sandshoes, having finally been worn down by his river-walking friends. Steve Brown added a very necessary touch of youth to the party. I hope he wasn't corrupted by all the aged cynics. The Club's recent moves to put on walks for the under thirties may be aimed at protecting the young from the (?)mature as well as speeding the pace up. Everyone thought Steve would be first up out of the Shoalhaven, but he arrived last, having decided to do a little exploring on the way. Steve had also left his wife at home. She had got the wrong impression about S.B.W. from taking her first trip with the Club up Stormbreaker and Paralyser, but there is every sort of trip in this Club and you don't have to do the hard ones first! She'd have enjoyed this trip and been a welcome addition to the only two females, both of whom supervised from the rear. I was halt and lame and walking with a stick. Yvonne Kingston always walks well to the rear, else way out in front.

Brian Bolton and I were contemplating the scenery from behind a skinny gum with the sun still blazing down at 6 pm, when a strange cry rent the air. Yvonne had got behind coming up the hill and didn't like the look of the drop-off. Brian suggested she come along a little to where we were sitting, but she insisted that he come and get her, quick smart too. What could cause such urgency! We three were the last on the track, but then a male voice was heard also. What! a mad rapist hiding in the sparse coverage of Long Nose Ridge? Brian did his mercy dash, got over-heated, from the running he said, and found that the urgency was somewhat over-dramatised and the deep tones belonged to Steve, who had attempted to conquer the King Pin but had come down when he heard the distress call.

All this made me think of how odd it is getting left behind at the end of the party. We had done the usual Sunday expedition up Bungonia Gorge and back. Everyone had started off together at a smart pace, but the party quickly got sorted out into the sure-footed forward surgers and the teetering hesitators. It is salutary indeed to be plummeted into the latter category when one has been a member of the former. My physio had said a little walking would benefit my bung knees - I don't think she meant boulder-hopping up Bungonia Gorge!

Anyhow it made me realize what it must be like to be always down the back. It seems inevitable that you slip further and further behind. After a while it becomes difficult to see where the leaders have gone, so you start crossing at the wrong place, ending up in the middle of the stream, going bush too soon and coming back down too late. Then there is the problem of what to do about the people who are even slower than you are. Should you flounder around together, or just look after yourself as you would if you were fit? Everyone knows that the easiest way to keep up is to get in behind the leader, and that the hardest is at the very end. So it's strange that on many walks you will find the most competent walkers in the easiest places and getting the maximum length of rest breaks, while the stragglers are looking after their companions as well as themselves.

There is even one tyrant, who shall remain nameless, who bans conversation among the less fleet. I suppose that ideally everyone likes to walk at their own pace and sometimes there is just too much variety of speed to keep everyone together.

So by the time I got to the deep pool at the top of the gorge everyone else had been swimming, had their little lunch, frightened the eel away under the rock shelf and were starting to shiver

even though the sun was hot. Another problem. The water is too cold to expect anyone to go in again. Most of them have put their clothes back on. Instead of being an anonymous member of a crowd, my swim suddenly becomes a centre-stage production. It's too hot not to go in. Some tease mentions the eel. I wish everyone would go away. Would I then be able to get out of the rocky pool without my knee bandages on? This bushwalking business is full of decisions.

On Saturday night we had camped on a beautiful sandy shelf with trees and a swimming hole and cascades, overshadowed by tall cliffs. We were spared the decision about camping in the same spot on this bank as last year because a rock fall had come down through the trees and covered what had been the tent site. This was the bank where Jim decided he did like bushwalking when he was thinking of taking it up and had gone off by himself for a couple of weekends to see what it was like. It was in this place that I had made a decision that changed my life while sitting in the chilly waters of the cascades.

The cliffs held the memory of a crazy ex-member who climbed them by moonlight and carolled from their tops. The unnamed tyrant is known up and down the banks of the Shoalhaven for his birthday celebrations. And of course any campfire in the sand brings back memories of summer weekends, long hot days and short cold swims and the serenity of the stars on a calm evening.

Even the resident lyrebird has added our walking, talking and laughing sounds to his/her repertoire. It's a place to return to again and again.

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#### THE JANUARY GENERAL MEETING.

by Barry Wallace.

The meeting began at about 2006 in the new clubroom. The atmosphere was noticeably ecclesiastic, with the congregation of some 20 or so members, and the President calling the order of service from the choir.

There were no apologies so we went ahead and read and received the Minutes of the previous meeting. The only matters arising were notification that we have purchased two staplers, and a sort of passing query about the status of the Search & Rescue lists.

Correspondence brought a letter from North Sydney Council advising us that it would be possible for us to continue to occupy our previous clubroom for some indefinite further period. One can only wonder what the uncertain people are doing tonight. There was also a letter from the Central Mapping Authority requesting that we fill in and return a questionnaire on map usage, and a letter from the Greater Daintree Action Society enclosing a petition. The correspondence was received and matters arising brought advice that answers have been sent to North Sydney Council and the C.M.A.

The Treasurer's Report indicated, among other things, that we began the month with a balance of \$2235.00, received \$742.00, spent \$1571.00 and closed with \$1406.00. There was also some reference to ending the year with a loss, or negative balance, or something. It may be that we are being softened up for an increase in annual subs . . . . watch this space.

Of Federation Report there was none. It seems they had a party instead.

Conservation Report indicated that things are quiet out there, with most pollies lying low over the silly season, the silence broken only by the crash of falling trees in Tasmania. There has also been yet another delay in meetings between the Federal Government and the Tasmanian logging industry.

The 60th Anniversary Report turned into somewhat of a fashion parade with modelling of the various T-shirt logo designs. Once we got all that calmed down we were regaled with details of the planned celebratory functions . . . . watch some other space, I'm sure they are advertising out there . . . . somewhere.

So then it was heigh-ho, and on to the Walks Report. There was a certain amount of shuffling of feet at first (not easy mark you, the new hall is carpeted), but we retrieved

the Walks Secretary from his mapping-test persecution of some poor prospective, pushed him out in front of the meeting, lit the blue touch-paper and retired to a safe distance.

The first walk, over the weekend of 12,13,14 December saw Ian Debert reporting a no-go for his Coolana clean-up and someone else reporting that Jim Laing's Katoomba Cafe to cafe tiger walk went, but there are no details. Also on Sunday 14th Peter Christian's Royal National Park swimming trip went, but there were no details.

The following weekend, 20,21 December saw no reports from Frank Woodgate and Ken Gould. Jan Mohandas' Bundeena to Otford day walk on Sunday 21st reported a roll-up of 15 to 22½ people. (The half, we were advised was Tschernobyl Capon. Not that his corporeal manifestation had suddenly diminished, indeed he is still long enough to cut in half and make two of most of us, but that his temporal coincidence with the party was significantly diminished by his device of catching the wrong train, going to a different station and doing the walk sort-of tangentially . . . . I think.) Errol Sheedy's Waterfall to Waterfall walk went, but there were no details.

Over the Christmas period Tim Rennard led some 12 people on his Snowy Mountains 26th December to 5th January walk, and Gordon Lee had reported 9 starters and good weather for his Snowy Mountains trip from 26th to 30 December. Peter Christian's 28th December Heathcote National Park swimming trip went but there were no details.

Bill Holland's trip of 4th January, down Bob Turner's Track for a swim reported 16 starters on a slob trip, with some rain.

The only walk for the weekend of January 9, 10, 11 was Oliver Crawford's Wollangambe Wallow. They had a party of 8 who, after some initial problems in finding their wallowing pool simply wallowed the weekend away. There was also report of a non-programmed walk in the Snowys, led by Maurie Bloom. The party of 17 went from Kiandra to Guthega on what was described as a good walk, and which, more importantly, concluded the Walks Report.

The Archives Committee Report, presented by Jim Brown, indicated that a listing of the stored materials has been prepared and that most magazines are bound into sets, and quotations will be obtained for the binding of the remainder. Of about 200 Walks Programmes issued during the Club's existence, virtually all from 1932 to 1976 are in storage, and for the later issues there are standing offers of donation from private collections. All Minute Books except the first one, 1927 - to about 1929, are in storage - has anyone out there got the 1927 book?

General Business brought news that the new Constitution will be mailed out with the notice of the Annual General Meeting. Then there were announcements and the meeting closed at 2054. Amen!

\* \* \* \* \*

REPORT OF COMMITTEE MEETING - 4/2/87.

A membership card will be printed for issue to members to use for discounts in bushwalking supply shops and the like. The initial cost will be \$103 and then about \$50 per year; the card will be on trial.

Federation Report from Gordon Lee concerned Warragamba Catchment's proposed use by "guided car tours" and the "tributerries" of Lake Burragorang by fishermen; and as well, the proposed raising of Warragamba Dam so that the backup waters would reach KOnangaroo. There is a proposal to put a sign at the exit of Wollangambe Canyon; and to charge "fools" who get lost for the cost of search and rescue.

Reports for the Annual General Meeting were read and will be typed by Lorraine Bloomfield for duplication of copies to go to all members.

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March 25th. The Royal Life Savings Society are sending an instructor with manikins to teach MOUTH TO MOUTH resuscitation.

Note. The St. John Amulance certificate course is not being arranged by the Club this year.

## S.B.W. 60th ANNIVERSARY

### Dinner

Put this date on your diary - 7 pm FRIDAY, 23rd OCTOBER, 1987  
 Dress will be semi-formal. The venue is: CRYSTAL BALLROOM,  
 Holiday Inn, MENZIES.  
 Tickets: \$30. Bookings start after 14 Carrington Street, Sydney.  
 Easter.

#### Other Dates for Your Diary.

1. Wednesday, 21st October - Nostalgia Night at the Club Rooms.
2. Friday, 23rd October - The Dinner - All members welcome.
3. Sunday, 25th October - Easy DAY WALK to North Era - Conservation - Nostalgia.
4. Saturday, 31st October and Sunday, 1st November - "COOLANA" -  
 Reunion, Barndance, Canoeing, Swimming, Bushwalking on our own beautiful  
 property in Kangaroo Valley - families welcome.

## COMMEMORATIVE

### PORT

Thanks to Morag Ryder doing a lovely S.B.W. design and Barbara Bruce  
 arranging the printing, the labels are going on the port bottles.  
 ORDERS:- Collect "paid for" bottles from your nearest Club member supplier.

#### 1. Northern Suburbs:

Turrumurra -- Alex Colley - 44 2707.  
 Epping - George & Helen Gray - 86 6263.  
 Lane Cove - Ainslie Morris - 428 3178.  
 Crow's Nest - Denise Shaw - 922 6093.  
 Dee Why - Ian Debert & Joy Hynes - 98 7869.

#### 2. Southern:

Allawah - Barbara Bruce - 546 6570.  
 Kogarah - Patrick James - 588 2614.

#### 3. Eastern:

Elizabeth Bay - Spiro Hajinakitas - 357 1381.

#### 4. Central and Western:

Clubroom on Wednesdays - Barbara Bruce - 546 6570.

TO ORDER YOUR PORT - or additional bottles for gifts, drinking yourself,  
 baths after walks, etc. - Ring any of the above people. \$7.

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 SUPPORT THE WILDERNESS SOCIETY and dance to HARD YAKKA!

BUSH DANCE - Friday, 27th February  
 Petersham Town Hall. 7.30 pm. \$7 (concession \$5) at door.

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CONGRATULATIONS and Best Wishes from all at S.B.W. to Fran Longfoot and  
 Bill Holland who were married on 31st January.