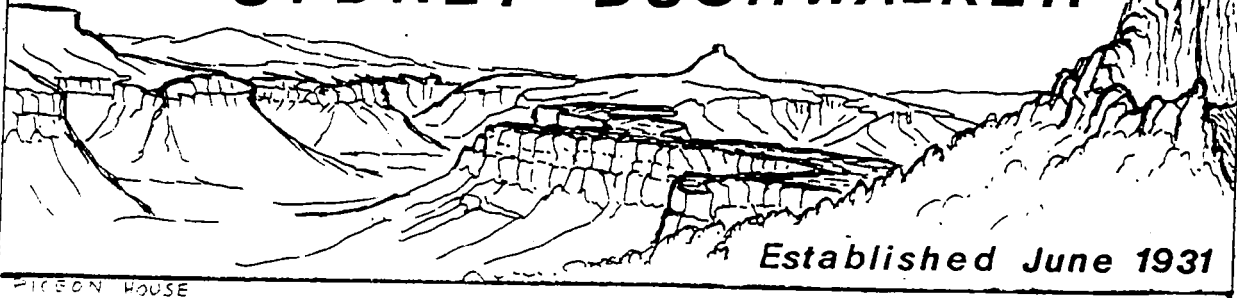


THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER



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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EDITORIAL.

Every editor must/should have an editorial policy and my policy is no different to that of Ms Majorie Hill who first proposed that the Club should have a magazine and who was the first Editor. Majorie's policy then and my policy now is that the magazine is a magazine for the members containing articles for, by and of interest to the members and presented in a more personal manner than through the official records of the Club. (In the 56 years the magazine has been going the official records may have become less stilted than the norm of the 1930s.) The magazine is not the National Geographic, nor Cleo, nor the Womens Weekly - it is our own "The Sydney Bushwalker", and therefore it may contain articles which might bore the pants off non-bushwalkers (but we never lose our pants!) or may have a literary style not as crisp or as pithy as Time or the Bulletin, but it's still our magazine.

To persue the policy of a magazine for the members, by the members and of the members it is of vital need to have articles written for, by and of the members. Your new Editor in his gullible naiveness and youthful enthusiasm expects a flood of articles from past authors and especially from new and untried authors. Articles may be sent to P.O. Box 170, Kogarah, 2217, or delivered by hand at Club meetings to anyone on the Committee to be passed on to the Editor. Articles may be typed or hand written, in perfect or imperfect grammar and with or without spelling mistakes.

Letters to the Editor are welcome and will be published subject to editorial licence, the laws of libel and if their length is less than 250 words.



THE WALK THAT DIDN'T GO!EASTER 1987.

by Alan Doherty.

After the usual Easter crush on the suburban roads, the traffic thins through the Mountains and we have a quiet trip to Kanangra, quiet because we are in 10-10ths cloud most of the way. The clan arrive in dribs and drabs - most are bedded down by midnight, some at Budthingeroo, the bulk at Unirover Trail above Boyd Crossing.

One can only assume that the sun rises this Good Friday - it certainly doesn't at Kanangra. It rains during the night and is very damp underfoot. The only bright spot of the morning is when Geoff McIntosh decides to fry his breakfast egg - without a pan - on the ground alongside the fire - claims it is a new taste sensation - egg benegranite. After some gentle cajoling the party leaves for road's end and the inevitable shouldering of weighty four-day packs. The Budthingeroo contingent are waiting and all are accounted for with the exception of four, two of whom are prospectives who do not wish to prospect. After the customary 15 minute wait we set out for Butchers Creek at 0745 via Pages Pinnacle and Gingra Creek in spirits that dismiss the poor weather.

The brisk, dank morning puts a spring in our heels and Mt. Maxwell is soon behind us after some brief glimpses through the cloud of that magnificent Deep. We are slowed somewhat at Smiths Pass by another party of walkers and stop to regroup at Crafts Walls where our two errant walkers catch us up. All 21 are accounted for with another five due to meet us along the way. Sadly, Pages Pinnacle is given the go-by as the old Master Painter is busy with the white-out and the view has disappeared. Down, down Crafts ridge we go with the promise of morning tea at the bottom spurring us on, but the Gods of Kanangra have other ideas - 100 metres from the bottom, on possibly the steepest part of the ridge, Sev Sternhill loses his balance and crashes forward down the hill, roaring in pain that he has broken his leg. And broken it obviously is.

A time for cool, clear thinking - some doubt that it is broken on Sev's behalf is soon dispelled when he tries to stand. First aid; Wendy Aliano assumes responsibility and does a noteworthy job. It is reassuring that we have a nursing sister and several other certificated first aiders in reserve. Reassure the patient; his only worry is that he has ruined the walk. Send for help; John and Sandy Williams volunteer to go to the Rangers' cottages at the top of Porcupine Pinch; they are armed with map references and S. & R. contacts. We improvise a stretcher; two green saplings are sacrificed and enough nylon cord appears from pack pockets to lash on cross pieces. Bill Holland produces his familiar 13 mm orange tape which weaves a strong mattress which when topped with a thermarest is about as good a bush stretcher that can be had. Ease the patient on; six of us tote him down to Gingra Creek. Keep him warm; rig up a tent fly to dispel the drizzle and boil the billy for a hot drink. Early signs of shock are now gone and Sev is about as comfortable as we can make him.

Wait and theorise on the possibility of a helicopter getting in that afternoon; John and Sandy had left at about 1030 hrs - 3 hours back to the car, 30 minutes to the Rangers, how long on the phone? how long does it all take? Enlarge the previously cleared space on the creek bank to accommodate the helicopter; small casuarinas are tough; someone produces a flexible saw blade and I have a small but effective saw on my pocket knife.

Lay out orange and yellow distress signals on the pad; capes and ground sheets are fine. Find enough tent sites in a hopeless camping area; we manage. The helicopter obviously isn't coming; extrapolate over the alternatives if it can't come at all because of the weather. Carry Sev out - which way? can't go back the way we came, imagine trying to get a stretcher up Smiths Pass - up Gingra Track? - not without a chain saw to clear the heath from Maxwell Tops! Only one way - down Gingra Creek to the Kowmung, on to the Waterboard road at Wide Opening Range, a long and difficult carry with a man in pain.

Meanwhile, wait and enjoy happy hour around a warm and inviting fire with good friends and companions. And what's this? An auburn-haired angel produces from her pack a bottle of champagne and two dainty glasses so that Anita and I can celebrate our 35th wedding anniversary in style. Margaret Niven, you deserve a medal! Out some the song sheets, courtesy of George Mauer. Nothing like a sing-song round the camp fire to dispel the gloom. Bed down for the

night, full of hope for a clear day - dawn brings the misery of a head cold, but what's that thumping noise, could it be? Yes, it is - the thump becomes the roar and whine of helicopter blades and jet engine as our rescuers spot our distress sign, the head cold is forgotten, one quick circuit and in to land. Everything loose gets whipped away by the incredible down draught. What a sight, tents and flys flattened, ground sheets and plastic bags being hurled up the hillsides, and the look of wonder, then relief, on everyone's face, particularly Sev's. The Pilot cuts the engine to conserve fuel and quiet returns to Gingra.

We see the crew of three Polair constables start to dismantle the helicopter and notice the brand name - Meccano - in small letters near the tail rotor. Off come the doors, out comes the door frame, out come the seats - all to make room for the stretcher of course. In goes Sev, resplendant in his air splint and head phones. The starter whines, the engine catches and builds to a scream, camera shutters click inaudibly in the din. The Pilot runs methodically through his safety checks and we see him apply maximum lift and brace ourselves against the buffeting wind, a slight waver in the take-off manoeuvre prunes the eucalypts above our heads, then they are gone - what a climax.

"They'll be back to get me in 10 minutes," says a smiling constable Greg Kemp, who has to give up his seat to install Sev, but two cups of coffee, a slice of Anita's cheese cake and one hour later he is not so sure. Two hours later he accepts that "they" won't be back and realises the inevitable.

More decisions. The weather is deteriorating, the helicopter obviously won't be returning - what to do with constable Greg and the helicopter seats? Smiths Pass will be a waterfall, we'll have to climb up to Gingra track and take the constable and the seats with us. We eat lunch under tent flys and depart at 1300 hrs in unrelenting, pouring rain - Greg in borrowed finery of Wendy's shorts and a spare orange cape. Gingra track is a small creek and the dryness of Coal Seam Cave and the warmth of a small fire are appreciated by a weary police constable. We don't have the heart to tell him that he is wasting his time wringing the water from his socks.

With each passing year the ghosts of Goondell, Mootik and the Gundungura tribe hustle the Maxwell Tops heath a little tighter - dwarf Casuarina, Kunzea, Banksia and Melaleuka all enmeshing in an attempt to keep us interlopers out and provide tunnels for small ground animals only. We slosh along through ankle-deep puddles, slip slide in that inky black soil and bulldoze our way through the heath to arrive at the luxury of the tourist track across Seymour Top. We reach the road end at 1730 and there is the fog-bound helicopter looking totally out of place alongside the pluviometer. Greg and his crew mates ham up a mock throttling for the photographer and it is obvious that they are glad to see each other. They won't be getting home tonight!

Meanwhile, John and Sandy Williams have done a fantastic job from their end, but that is another story that no doubt they will enjoy telling. They have nothing but praise for everyone involved in the rescue and it is most reassuring to know that such a dedicated, experienced and fully equipped rescue service exists and is available to all for the cost of a few phone calls.

All of the members and prospectives on the walk not mentioned deserve praise, they worked as a team when needed and I am appreciative of the help and quiet reassurances given by our two Club Vice-Presidents. My thanks to you all.

It is an experience that I would have gladly avoided but one which was none-the-less rewarding, unfortunately at Sev's expense. I guess it should be filed away under the heading "The Joys of Leadership".

So the walk didn't go! - - - Maybe next year?

* * * * *

(NOTE: Smiths Pass - named after Gordon Smith, an early S.B.W. member
 Pages Pinnacle - named after Peter Page, " " " "
 Crafts Walls - named after Frank Craft, " " " ")

STICKS AND STONES....

by Sev Sternell.

Dear Fellow Bushies,

Sticks and stones can indeed break your bones as I have demonstrated by breaking my right leg on Alan Doherty's Easter walk to Butcher's Creek. I also succeeded in ruining the walk for 20 people, stranding a Police Rescue helicopter on top of Kanangra Walls and stranding one policeman with the party. He had to walk out. I felt a bit less guilty after the orthopaedic surgeon at the Royal North Shore told me that I did a real good job on the leg, smashing the fibula, parting the tibia from the fibula and ripping assorted ligaments. I now carry three high quality Swiss chrome steel screws in me, two of which will stay for good. There are now parts of me which are virtually indestructible.

I am writing this to express my great appreciation of everything my fellow bushies have done for me after the mishap. My party did everything possible to make me comfortable and Wendy and Anita gave me so much attention that I was beginning to wonder if it was not worth it after all. John and Sandy not only went for help initially, but gave me a very appreciated lift from Oberon to the Royal North Shore where I was admitted on Easter Saturday evening, operated upon immediately and finally placed in a cast and cast out on Friday, April 24. During my stay at the Royal North Shore, numerous bushies visited me and others sent get-well cards for all of which I am grateful. No, Fazeley, I am not made of stronger stuff than you: my leg just hurt less than yours (although it hurt quite enough, thank you).

I believe that we can draw a couple of lessons from this experience, or rather reinforce what we already knew:

Firstly, it is clear that an experienced Sydney Bushies party can easily deal with an accident of this sort. All the right things were done in the right sequence, nobody panicked, pain, fuss and gloom were kept to absolute minimum and the only irretrievable object was the walk itself.

Secondly, the accident happened in a perfectly ordinary place, namely the usual steep descent made only slightly slippery by rain. We were walking quite fast and people kept falling over, but only I managed to make something of my one and only fall. A classical illustration of the saying that "accidents happen in safe places". Perhaps, we should move a bit more carefully in the ordinary rough terrain and slow down when people begin to fall over.

See you soon on the track and thanks once again.

60TH ANNIVERSARY DINNER.

Tickets for admission to the Club's 60th Anniversary Dinner at Holiday Inn, MENZIES HOTEL, 14 Carrington Street on Friday, 23rd October are now available.

They may be obtained in the Club Room from JOY HYNES (phone 982 2615) at \$30 per person. In addition a limited supply will be available from each Club Committee Officer if you live near one of them.

Tickets may be obtained by post if a cheque/money order payable to The Sydney Bush Walkers and accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope is sent to S.B.W. Box 4476 G.P.O., Sydney, 2001.

The Menzies requires a firm booking, indicating numbers likely to attend, by 1st July next, so please ensure your booking is made before that date.

60th Anniversary T-shirts, with the Club name and badge, will be available in May at the Club Room at a cost of approx. \$8 each.

Bottles of Anniversary PORT AT \$7 each are also available at the Club Room.

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WHERE OUR CARAVAN HAS RESTED.

by Jim Brown.

What follows is a slightly abridged version of a sketch (entertainment? - historical account?) presented at the 1987 Reunion campfire at Coolana. It was told by four players, who each stepped forward in turn to say their piece.

In almost sixty years, where has our caravan rested?

Well - out in the bush - perhaps at tens of thousands of places

And in that setting we have been rather proud of the fact that almost always we have left the bush undefiled sometimes cleaner than we found it.

Well, at first we were parasites. The Mountain Trails Club gave birth to the S.B.W., and for a few months we continued to meet at their rooms at 10 Hunter Street, City, on its northern side and not far from George Street. The oldish building still stands, and the ground floor is now occupied by a Health Food shop and the entrance to the "N.S.W. Sports Club Ltd."

In the short time there we gave the Club its name, the basic features of its Constitution, and its badge....

Which was, according to the first Minute Book, a non-existent bloom, a "Flannell flower" with two final "Ls". Later we sang a song about this..... (Song - to "Eideweiss")

Flannel flower, flannel flower,	Sadly we have deceived you.
Of all flowers you were ours,	So we've always believed you.
In this book there a double-L	Double-L in flannelllllll.....
Flannelllll flower, flannelllll flower....	Double-crossed by the Walkers.

It wasn't long before we found a lodging for ourselves at 258 George Street. The site now includes two small deserted shop-fronts, one still bearing the legend "Stan McCabe Sports Store". They are about 50 metres north of Bond Street. Apparently we stayed there about four years, during which time members made some of the early epoch-making trips, including the first known ascent of the Gangerang Range from Cox's River to Kanangra.

Despite all this pathfinding expertise, some members evidently got "lost" - not just overdue or mislaid. At all events, the minutes contain a Committee decision to "leave in abeyance the matter of members getting lost for the incoming Committee".

And the initial steps were taken to save Blue Gum Forest from the axe.

When we moved again in 1932 it was because more spacious rooms were needed, and we fetched up in the Royal Life Saving Society's premises at 5 Hamilton Street, a laneway off Hunter Street. The site is now part of the Courtyard behind Australia Square Tower.

There we stayed almost 13 years. It was essentially a good time, while membership built up, and walkers came to be regarded as responsible citizens.

There was one fly in the ointment. Despite 6.00 pm closing of hotels some roisterers in the area tended to pester walkers arriving at the Clubroom.

(Enacted..... An inebriated character waving a bottle and singing) -

All you walker ladies looking dry: Have a slug of gin with me and don't be shy -
Come baby, baby, have a snort with me..... a snort with me..... a snort with me.....

(Lady walker replies) - Aw, go and jump in the Tank Stream - it's just down under the street.

Walkers sought assistance from the Police, who did a pretty good job of swooping on the pests.

(Enacted..... enter two "policemen" who sing to "Gendarmes Duet")

We're pure and tough and always dutiful	And so we don't approve of vice.
Now these drunks are no-wise beautiful	What's more they will not pay our price.
If they won't give fair emoluments	And let us save them from their sin
We'll run them in..... etc.....	We'll gladly slam them in the bin.

Pleased at the result of the Police raid at Hamilton Street, some well-intentioned members also informed the Police (player looks around furtively) wellerrr about another matter.

Aw, don't shilly-shally around. They told the cops there were nude sun-bathers at Era Beach.

So a posse went out from Helensburgh and made observations.
The story of what followed was told in one of the Club's old Chronic Operas, but here's the author of the Era segment (Don Matthews) to tell you again.

(Enact..... enter the two "policemen" who gaze through telescope. One sings -)

I see a bareskin, only a bareskin, yes, it's a bareskin true,
Just wait a moment 'till I look again, Ah me, there are bareskins two.
Now we must capture these children of nature
And bring them before the beak.

So down on your kneeses, Let us crawl through scrub and treeses,

Don't let your big boots squeak. (The two bareskins are arrested)

Perhaps you wonder why the nudists aren't visible? Well, we wouldn't want to expose anyone!
In any case all was soon revealed. Including that they were S.B.W. members..

Changing the subject, in 1938 the average number of Programmed Walks each month was nine.

We managed to stay at Hamilton Street throughout most of the War years, but in 1945 the premises were sold and we had to go.

Like the Israelites, we wandered in the wilderness (but not the kind of Wilderness we liked) for a couple of months; until we found Ingersoll Hall, in Crown Street, Darlinghurst. It was a dirty, dingy place - nasty but cheap - and we stayed 14 years.

In another scene from an old Chronic Opera we depicted two former Club members, returning after several years away from walking to find the room just as scruffy as they remember it..... Complete with broken windows, unstable tables, the debris from "Housie" nights plus a mouser cat with rather rudimentary standards of hygiene.

(Song - to "This Likeness is Entrancing Fair")

This place has hardly changed at all.....The dirt and stains still on the wall....

New walkers - new talkers - the same old hall.....

See the old tables there that often fall..... And in each frame

A shattered window held by faith alone..... Or maybe dust and cobwebs.

Still the same..... It's just the same as ever I have known.

While at Squalor Mansions we acquired the Era lands, and lost them again five years later through resumption.

And in 1953 averaged eleven walks per month on the Programme.

During that year our landlords discovered Housie games paid better than Bushwalkers, told us we could no longer have Fridays but could have Wednesday nights.

The Friday-nighters were heartbroken, but the active walkers rejoiced as we switched to Wednesdays.

Five years later, when we found pleasanter Clubrooms, no-one even suggested reverting to Fridays.

It was 1959 when we moved to the Nurses Association Hall in Reiby Place, near Circular Quay. Where we remained about 12 years, until the winter of 1971. A far nicer place, with tea and/or coffee-making facilities.

While there we celebrated the Club's 40th Anniversary in October 1967.

And tried to devote the Era funds to purchase of land at Bendethera on the Deua River.

We failed - not enough money.

Much about the same time we were alarmed to hear of farmers setting dog traps on fire trails near Yerranderie and near Wog Wog in the Budawangs.

(Song - to "Santa Lucia")

Dog traps on distant trails - On walkers snapping,

Mind where you park your tails - They'll need re-capping.

Unless you're wearing clogs - Don't act like greedy hogs,

Leave a few traps for the passing dogs. Don't be caught napping.

If we dipped out at Bendethera, we scored when we had the chance in 1969 to buy some land in Kangaroo Valley, in association with the Society of Friends (the Quakers).

We learned they approved of us as "nice quiet neighbours". (Song -)

Silent night! Holy cow! What a din..... What a row,

Fiddles and bagpipes and hullabaloo

Along the banks of the Kangaroo,

They are our nice quiet neighbours Holding Re-union once more.

By 1970 we knew another move was imminent. The Nurses Association Building was to be demolished to make way for what was called "The Gateway of Sydney". Actually the demolition was deferred for some years, but a reconstruction of the room in 1971 made it almost impossible to hold a meeting.

So the Club Caravan moved on, and for two or three months in the winter of 1971 we gathered at Anzac House in College Street, near Liverpool Street. But the situation there was also impossible - no facilities to store any Club records or equipment - the Caretaker would not look after a projector or screen delivered on the day of a showing. The lass looking after new members had to tote her records to and from each evening.

Off we went again..... and this time it was a radical shift.

We went suburban for the first time - to the Wireless Institute Room in Atchison Street, St. Leonards.

It did cause some inconvenience - understandably - to members living in eastern, western and southern suburbs. Indeed a few quit the Club, whilst others made only sporadic appearances in the Clubroom.

There was one interesting aspect of the small number of defectors. A few of those involved were the Club's stirrers - vocal at meetings and often harshly critical of the Club's workers.

In fact, shortly after going to St. Leonards the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Presidents and Secretaries decided it had been a good move.

And we stayed there, fairly happily, for eleven years.

While there we may, like Gilbert's House of Lords, have "done nothing in particular, but did it very well....." (Song)

Eleven years we travelled there, As all our records tell.
 For near and far, by train or car - Did nothing in particular.....
 But did it rather well.
 The years rolled graciously along, And only minor things went wrong.
 So we can truly say in song
 The Club was active, calm and strong.

Actually quite a few productive things were done while at St. Leonards: The hut at Coolana was built. Funds were established to care for the costs of the Kangaroo Valley land.

We celebrated our 50th Birthday.

The number of programmed walks rose slightly to an average of 14 per month in 1976.

When finally we had to quit in 1982 it was again because the site had been sold and was to be re-developed.

In ample time our reconnaissance squad discovered the Cahill Memorial Centre, a hall administered by the local Council, and situated at near-by Crows Nest.

That was home for the next 4½ years. On arrival, some members observed that our meeting places were improving at every shift.

While at Crow's Nest a variety of business-like issues came under notice. We switched to quarterly general meetings, and later reverted to monthly.

We started to look at a scheme for Personal Accident Insurance..... for Public Liability Insurance..... and in association with that revamped our Constitution with the object of becoming an Incorporated Association.

Whilst acknowledging the need for changes in these directions, some old hands, like your author, occasionally wondered if we were getting almost too serious..... even about a serious thing like our conservation ideals.

(POEM) At Crows Nest we got very earnest, and felt that we ought to display
 We were no longer youthful and flighty, but mature - of responsible clay
 (Yet our membership just went on rising.....
 Four hundred and fifty and more,
 The Walk Program too was surprising,
 Monthly walks went up to a score.)

At our meetings we talked of Insurance, and amongst all the things we'd debate
We looked into a new Constitution..... Decided we'd Incorporate.

(But our footprints were still on the ridges,
Our campsites were still by the rills,
At our meetings we crossed many bridges,
But our hearts..... they were still in the hills.)

For the Franklin, Rain Forests and Daintree. In the conservationist cause
We gave funds: And of course we supported proposals for Wilderness Laws.

(But this you must know of the walkers
Those odd-balls who toil with their packs,
They are more often doers than talkers.
Their true meeting place..... OUT ON THE TRACKS!)

The axe fell late in 1986, and we knew we'd have to go again. The reason - as usual -
premises sold, demolition pending.....

At first it appeared we may be able to refuge in another Council-administered hall in the
North Sydney area - but this prospect wasn't realised.

Indeed, at one stage there was a deal on concern as to where we might go.

Until someone discovered the Federation Suburb - HABERFIELD.

(Song - to "Over the Rainbow") -

Somewhere south of the Harbour
Way out west
We found somewhere to go to
Cheaper than all the rest.

When this home for the homeless
Was revealed,
There were cries in some quarters
"Where is this Haberfield?"

It may seem distant if one drives, from Mona Vale or from St. Ives
To greet us.

But walkers are determined souls, and used to getting to their goals.
We think you'll meet us.....

So our caravan halted
And we meet
In our 9th place of resting
Out in Dalhousie Street!

* * * * *

THE APRIL GENERAL MEETING.

by Barry Wallace.

The meeting began at about 2010 when the new President (Barrie Murdoch) called the 30 or
so members present to order. There were no new members to welcome and no call for apologies.
The Minutes of the Annual General Meeting were read and received with no business arising.

Correspondence included a letter from The Paddy Pallin Foundation advising the successful
applicants for P.P. Foundation grants, but S.B.W. were not among them; and a letter from
Sydney Tech. advising of courses available.

The Treasurer's Report indicated that we began the period with a balance of \$1401.77 (at
31st January), received \$2223.50, paid out \$3109.65 and ended up with \$515.62.

Then it was time for the WalksReport, starting with an un-programmed walk by Jan Mohandas
over the weekend of 13,14,15 March. They, all 8 of them, walked from Narrowneck to Mt. Solitary
and back on the Sunday through occasional showers. Maurie Bloom's programmed walk from
Engadine to the Hacking River attracted 28 people and reported fine, warm weather. The
Re-union at Coolana that weekend was attended by around 90 people who spent their time re-union,
singing, swimming and feeding the ticks.

Over the weekend of 20,21,22 March Charlie Brown led a party of 12 on his Arabanoo Creek walk/swim, George Walton led 7 people on his Black Range walk, and David Rostron had 8 starters for his Morong Deep swim. They reported the water as cool. Of the day walks, there was no report of Derek Wilson's Heathcote to Waterfall walk but Alan Mewitt reported 31 people on his Hawkesbury River to Wondabyne walk.

The following weekend, 27,28,29 March saw Les Powell leading a party of 6 on a high speed pass through country in the upper reaches of Ettrema Creek, and Jim Percy leading 8 on his Kanangra/Stormbreaker walk. They reported a heavy storm on Saturday evening and made a swift exit via Mt. Berry the following day. Ian Debert had 13 people on his Grose River walk over 28, 29 March, and Derek Wilson had 17 plus 2 on his re-scheduled Heathcote to Waterfall trip on the Sunday. On the other day walks, Geoff McIntosh led a party of 9 on his Walls Pass trip and Jan Mohandas reported 19 people plus one dog (visitor only - not invited) on his Woy Woy to Patonga day walk.

April 3,4,5 saw Oliver Crawford's trip to the Colo joining with Don Finch's walk in the Budawangs to make a total party of 29. Spiro Hajinakitas' annual epic to Mt. Colong reported 7 starters on a good walk, with good weather. Of the F.B.W. S. & R. exercise there was no report but of the day walks Peter Christian had 7 on his Trailers Lake walk in fine, mild weather and there was no report of Ralph Pengliss' Otford to Bundeena trip.

Federation Report advised that the Minister has acknowledged receipt of F.B.W. letter regarding a proposal to charge rescued parties the cost of rescue. Keith Maxwell has requested that walkers report dumped vehicles found in bushland to the police. Keith's work 'phone number is 805 8329 if you wish to discuss the matter further with him. TAFE are still proposing changes to the Bush Leadership Course and F.B.W. continue to resist certain of these.

The 60th Anniversary Committee reported to the meeting, details appeared in last month's magazine.

General Business brought news that Alan Doherty has made a new notice board and projector box for the clubroom. Incorporation of the Club is proceeding, we are now past the first administrative hurdles. The S. & R. call-out lists are being updated. Any volunteers?

The announcements followed and the meeting closed at 2101.

* * * * *



A course for total beginners starts soon. Play Folk and Blues while learning the basics on the world's most portable instrument. The lessons are in a small group and allow for learning at your own pace.

The course goes for 10 weeks, are suitable for adults and students, feature live back-up and are active (lots of playing in class).

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WHAT BETTER WAY TO HARMONISE THE PLEASURES OF NATURE, MUSIC AND TRAVEL

For trips to YERRANDERIE.

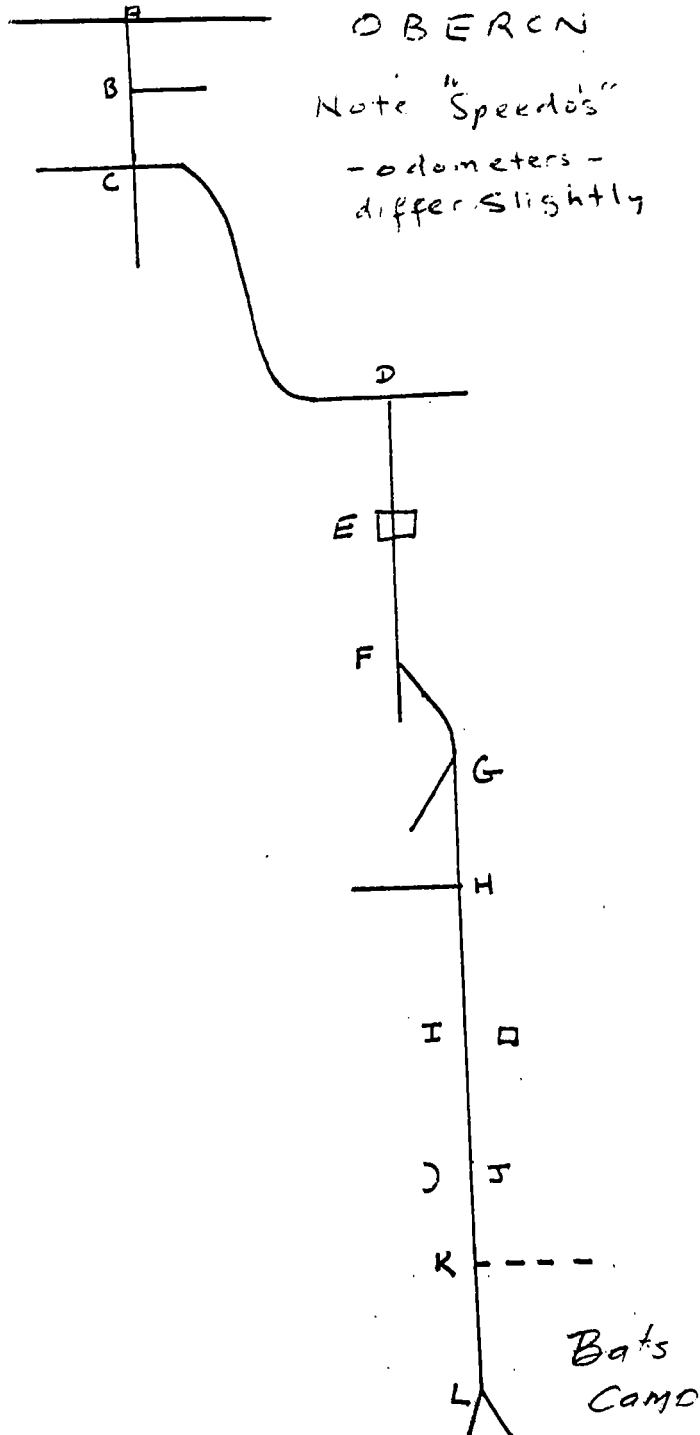
STRIP MAP TO BATS CAMP 15/8/86

F.D

C Point	Km*	Sign Post (>> direction to take)	Comment
A	0	Bathurst ← → Katoomba Cross street Oberon Dam	Centre of Oberon
B	~0.1	↓ → Jendou Caves Kanangra walls	I ignored this turn sign
C	~0.2	→ Jendou Caves Kanangra walls Prison Camp	Take this road
D	5	Oberon ← → Kanangra Edith ↓ Shooters Hill Prison Camp	Turn right at this T-junction
E	28	Large sign on left	Township of Shooters Hill
F	32	Oberon Shooters Hill ↓ Prison Camp Mt. Werong Yerranderie Goulburn	Leave Bitumen Here 'Yerranderie' is a separate yellow sign
G	37	Prison Camp ↓ No Petrol (Mt. Werong) Gunnang Forest	'Mt. Werong' signified to "no petrol" notice
H	42	Goulburn ← → ↓ Yerranderie	Sign Post is Yellow Pine Plantation ends at this point Native Forest from now on
I	51	Red "V" on Tree to left	Road deteriorates and narrows Mt. Werong Single Local stone house on left
J	73	None	Large Gravel Pit on Right
K	73.5	None	!! STOP !! Faint very rough 4 wheel track to BATS CAMP on left.
L	76	Bindook ↓ Yerranderie	If you come to this you have gone too far.

MAP NEXT PAGE

For trips to YERRANDERIE -
(See previous page)



Bats Camp is usually the Friday night camp site for trips into the Yerranderie area.

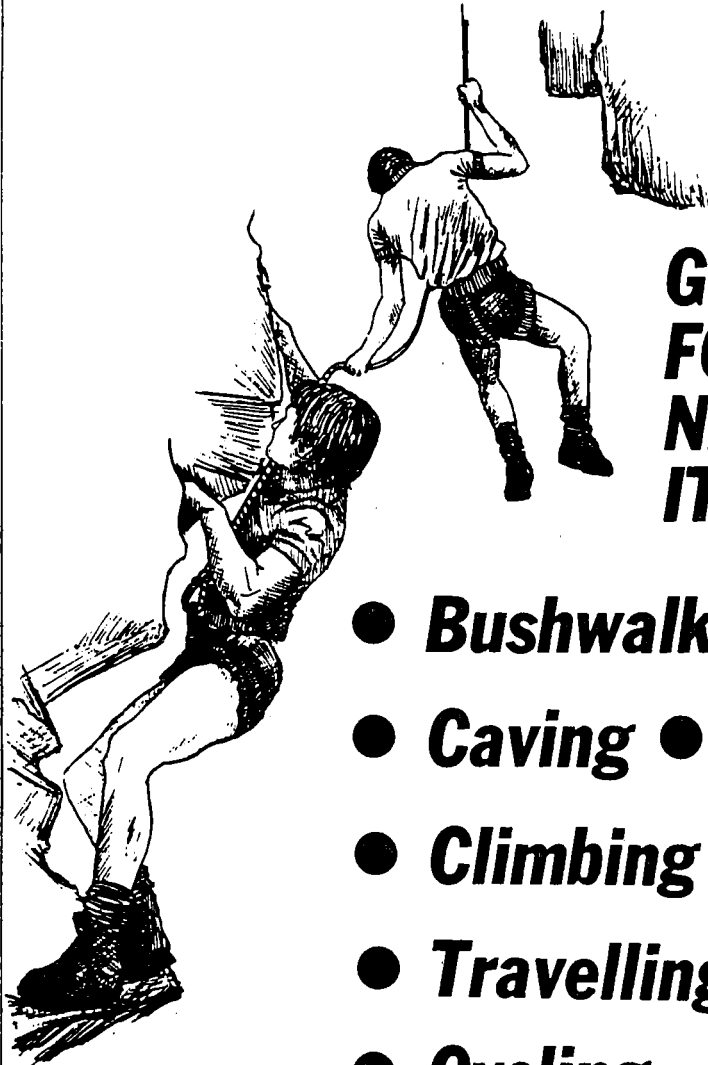
It is a long drive from Sydney but the road is clear until Oberon is reached.

After that (about km) it deteriorates, with various turns and few signposts. Some car parties have got lost before their trip from Bats Camp to Yerranderie has even started!

This detailed sketch map (see also previous page) is to help you get to the start of your walking trip.

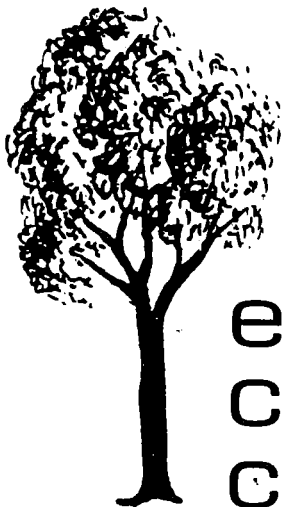
On the June Holiday Weekend, 5,6,7 & 8 a trip will be led to Yerranderie by Ian Debert. A base camp with day walks. Phone 982 2615.

Attach to your Blue Mountains and Burrigorang Tourist Map.



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NEEDS, WHETHER
IT BE FOR....**

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Editor,

In reply to Joan Rigby's article "Walkers' Gear", I welcome the opportunity to make a few comments.

I also, like Joan, feel upset about the demise of the Japara tent and a good waterproof rucksack. We continued making these products well after any reasonable business person would have ceased production. This is mainly due to the continued involvement of active walkers in the company.

It would be impossible for a shop like "Paddy's" to exist on selling to walkers alone. We sell to travellers, climbers, hostellers and therefore must have a range of expertise in our shops. We do not pretend that every assistant in "Paddy's" is a tiger walker, but we can say that all people in design and key management positions are active walkers including Barry Higgins, Distribution Manager, Ian Gibson, Managing Director and myself.

As head of the company that used "Designed for Australian conditions by Australian Walkers", I have tried to keep that ethic alive and well, and considering the conditions of the last few years I believe we have succeeded as well as we could.

There are two main points that need to be made. The first is that no matter how much Joan and I like the Japara tent, unless a reasonable number of people buy them then we cannot afford to produce them. This is aggravated by us being one of the few countries which continued to make cotton tents well after the nylon "miracle cloth" revolution, which causes a lack of cloth manufacturers willing to produce for such a small market.

The second point is the apparent aim of the customs department to try to put us out of business. We have to constantly fight to be able to buy cloth, which is not available from local suppliers, without having to pay prohibitive duties, quite often higher than the duty on importing the finished product. At one stage, to prove a point to the government, we were importing sleeping bag shells ready to be filled, cheaper than we could import the raw cloth. This anomaly still applies to cloth suitable for tents.

Joan makes a point about Goretex. I do believe this type of cloth to be a major step forward for our market, and it does work. If anyone has a jacket they claim doesn't work they should speak to the Goretex agents or the store where they bought it.

Joan asks if there is anyone designing specially for the bushwalker market. My answer is "Yes, there is". We are and will continue to provide a service to walkers second to none. We are always willing to receive comment on our products and are always trying to improve them. However to remain in business we can only make and sell products that are economical to do so. In the end it really depends on how much the bushwalker supports those that try to give a good service to walkers. It's a free market and that has its positive and negative sides, but in the end it's up to you; the bushwalker.

Yours sincerely,

ROBERT PALLIN. Chairman, Paddy Pallin Pty. Ltd.

- - - - -

1986 ADVENTURER OF THE YEAR.

Colin Putt received the Gold Medallion for a lifetime of adventure which includes voyages to the Arctic, Antarctic, mountaineering in Irian Jaya and the attempt to sail a boat of a 2,000-year-old design from Bali to Madagascar.

As well, he has encouraged others to pursue adventure and, in doing so, has helped keep alive this vital spirit in our country.

AUSTRALIAN GEOGRAPHIC.

THE ART EXHIBITION.

Report by Ainslie Morris.

What a delightful showing of our artistic members' works of art we saw on Wednesday, 29th April! The underlying theme emerged more as the works were hung than as an intention of the organisers.

Our Australian scenery was the theme. Paintings in oil and watercolour and crayon, all captured the essence of the bush, be it burnt yellow or cool canyon. The pottery and wood-turned articles and batik in a frog pattern all stirred images of our earthy bushland.

The exhibitors were:

VIVIEN SHEFFER, with her professional portraits and house drawings, as well as lovely watercolours and paintings in oil.

JEFF RIGBY, also professional, whose drawings of the bush showed a family likeness to drawings by his parents, Alan and Enid.

GRACE NOBLE, our oldest and most versatile artist, with her exquisite coloured woodcuts, silk-screen prints and quilted batik silk jackets.

HELEN GRAY, whose character sketches were "The spitting image" - Digby was unmistakable.

KATHLEEN GRAY, with pottery, smooth and glowing browns, and two ultramod pieces, as well as paintings.

SUSAN GRAY, whose fabulous patchwork quilt of a Renaissance city on a hill has to be seen to be believed.

ALAN PIKE's wood-turned bowls were lovely to feel.

MORAG RYDER, who dismantled her cushions to bring the covers, handpainted with gorgeous butterflies, each taking 40 hours to paint. Her horses and landscapes showed her versatility.

RAY DARGAN, with several oil landscapes of warmth and beauty.

NADEEN LOVELL, with four large oil landscapes of Australian and Scottish scenes.

GEOF WAGG brought his delicate ceramic models of Lord of the Rings characters, which were duly labelled appropriately "The Treasurer" (holding a club and scowling), "Wet Sunday on the Kowmung" (three decrepit miserable crouched figures), and "Paddy's Latest Fashion" (figure in head to toe groundsheet/coat).

Wine served in teacups and cheeses and biscuits on a silver tray added class to an outstanding exhibition. An annual event would allow us to see the work of other members as well as more by these same artists.

* * * * *

SOCIAL WEEKEND.

by Wendy Aliano.

JUNE 20-21 there will be a social weekend camp up near Mt. Wilson. The aim of the weekend is to encourage those not familiar with camping out to enjoy the pleasures of the bush and 'happy hour' etc. without the pain of carrying weekend packs far (2 km there and 2 km back) and the pressures of having to walk a long distance.

Ben Esgate has kindly agreed to instructing us in bushcraft. Ben is a very experienced bushman and could teach all of us a thing or two. In tandem with this Don Finch has agreed to instructing us in the finer points of planning extended trips, including the difficult organisation of food parties.

So come on all you closet weekend walkers and enjoy. Any problems with food or gear can be worked at if I get enough notice. Gear can be hired, if you know where. Car transport can be arranged, so please phone me five to seven days before the weekend (85 2067). For regular weekend walkers, there are offered the delights of a bludge weekend, with the opportunity to learn about long trips and where and how to go. Hope to see everyone there.

ARTICLES WANTED.

Articles of between half to one page in length, even longer if required, are wanted for publication in the magazine on the following topics:-

Day packs, weekend packs, footwear, parkas and raincoats, tents, sleeping bags, equipment in general, materials of construction in general.

The articles may be updates of previous reports or completely new; they may be a personal view or may attempt to be an objective review of current trends. Objective reports should be as factual as possible.

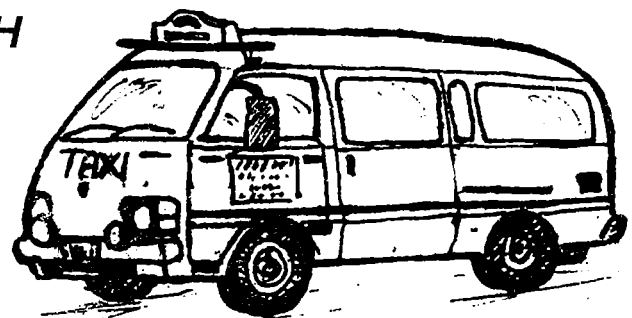
Articles are also wanted on "starting off in bush walking, what does one need" and "starting off in cross-country skiing".

Kindly ring the Editor to discuss your proposed article.

BELVEDERE TAXIS BLACKHEATH

10 SEATER MINI BUS TAXI

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- KANANGRA BOYD
- UPPER BLUE MOUNTAINS
- SIX FOOT TRACK

PICK UP ANYWHERE FOR START OR FINISH OF YOUR WALK

- BY PRIOR ARRANGEMENT

Share the Fare - Competitive Rates

HELP! House-trained bushwalker needs accommodation for up to two months from 1st July. I am selling my house and need somewhere to stay while looking for another place. I'm happy to pay \$50 p.w. rent. Can anyone help?
PETER MILLER - 818 1990.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS 1987 - for application form see reverse of this notice.



WHICH BANKSIA?

by Kath Brown.

Towards the end of April, 1770, Lieutenant James Cook and his famous passenger Joseph (not yet Sir Joseph) Banks sailed into Botany Bay. Banks was so impressed with the wealth of native flowering trees, shrubs and other plants that he named the place "Botany Bay". One of the flowering shrubs that he took specimens of, and later described back in England was later called after him, "Banksia".

But which Banksia? The one we think of, and which probably was the one he took specimens of, is now known as "Banksia serrata", the Old Man Banksia whose dead cones stay on the tree or shrub for a very long time.

However, during early April this year, when on an easy day walk in the Royal National Park (not so far, really, from Botany Bay), several trees and shrubs of the various kinds of Banksia were seen, but Banksia serrata, whose flowering time is usually mid-summer, only had dead flower spikes on the many trees we saw. Banksia ericifolia was getting its large red-gold spikes (it flowers mostly in May), Banksia marginata was in full flower with its small yellow spikes, and a small shrub Banksia that used to be called 'asplenifolia' had many green spikes that will turn pale yellow when in full flower.

How was it then, that in late April Joseph Banks saw Banksia serrata in such flower that he was impressed and took specimens? Were the seasons different, perhaps a cold, wet summer in Jan/Feb 1770? Was the vegetation so dense that the flowers were late? I don't know; perhaps some other bushwalker may know. But whichever Banksia, they are all impressive and a lasting tribute to a famous man.

(Correspondence on this is welcome. Ed.)

* * * * *

WEDNESDAY NIGHT SOCIAL PROGRAM.

by Wendy Aliano.

June 17th is our midwinter feast. However, this year, to tie it in with the Social Weekend, there will be a walking weekend food theme. Please bring along the sort of food you would eat on a weekend walk (including happy hour, of course). Liquid refreshments (alcoholic and non-alcoholic) will be provided.

June 24th is a cross-country ski night. If you want to know anything about cross-country skiing from "What to take and how to go about your first trip" to "Tips for the advanced skier", our two experts, David Rostron and Craig Austin, will show you. Even if you have only wondered what all the fuss was about cross-country skiing, come along and find out.

Cut out:

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKERS - ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION 1987.

Please send this notice with your cheque/money order to:-

The Hon. Treasurer, The Sydney Bush Walkers, Box 4476 G.P.O., Sydney, 2001.

NAME/S: (For ALL members in household)

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ADDRESS:

If a receipt is required please send a stamped addressed envelope.

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