

TOUGA CREEK

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). Prospective members and visitors are invited to visit the club on any Wednesday.

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JUNE, 1987.

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BYTES IN THE BUSH.

by Patrick James.

It's not a spelling mistake though you might be excused for thinking so but things do go byte in the bush. Bite can be used as a verb or a noun and is something done to sandwiches or people by people, mosquitoes or crocodiles. Byte on the other hand is computerspeak for units of data. S.B.W. uses a computer to store the membership list and so keep up to date of the changes in membership, both additions and subtractions and the changes of address. With 500 members in S.B.W., each month there are always new addresses and new phone numbers to add to our data base and old information to delete. The list of members is used to print the labels for posting "The Sydney Bushwalker", our Club magazine.

It is important to have the membership list complete, correct and up to date. Therefore please check if you actually made the list, if your entry is correct: spelling, full stops, commas, address, phone numbers, post codes, everything. If there are any errors or omissions please contact the Hon. Asst. Secretary who is the committee member in charge of, inter alia, maintaining the membership list. This year the lucky Hon. Asst. Sec. is Joy Hynes. Joy can be contacted on 982 2615 or via S.B.W., P.O. Box 4476, G.P.O., Sydney, 2001. Of course if you are not on the list you don't get the magazine, you cannot read this note and so will never get on the list. That's a bit of a problem and deserves some thought. Maybe if you are on the list and you know someone not on the list you might let them borrow your magazine and so read this note.

The second reason for this note is to expand our data processing department. It's not really a department, just one of my too many part-time activities. What is needed is another person with an I.B.M. or I.B.M. clone computer with the time to maintain the membership list and to print the magazine labels. Our membership data is recorded in the program dBASE III and stored on 5.25 inch (double sided, double density) floppy disks. Can you help? Please contact me ASAP (588 2614). What we do need quickly is another printer, my little machine has trouble with the magazine labels.

* * * * *

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PETER MILLER'S NAVVIES - (Anzac weekend, 1987)

by Carol Lubbers

Leura, 8 a.m. Saturday on a cold, damp autumn morning, the designated meeting place and not a bush in sight! Hopping about from one leg to the other we waited for the rest of the party to arrive and then returned to the warmth of our cars to proceed along Mt Hay Road to our parking spot. We pulled up and shot out of cars scattering for the nearest bushes shouting cries of relief!

The gang regrouped in much better humour and decided that this was in fact the place on the map, for indeed, we were here to learn to navigate! Six prospectives in all, Fran, John, Geoff, Deborah, Kay and Carol (well, really five and a half - Deborah had already passed her test) - and our soon to be pitied instructor, Peter Miller, whom we later found has a low tolerance to dehydration.

We set out our maps on the ground - all protected from inclement weather in various ingenious ways, including an empty shirt packet. Peter handed out pieces of string and soon some of us wore trendy plastic bibs and pendant compasses. Shirt packets do not wear well when strung with string.

A course of action (?) was decided upon and off we went - even choosing the right ridge. Action with a query as sliding downhill through wet scrub and steep rocks is not our idea of action. Carol commenced the confusion by continually bearing to the left off the ridge. Fran plodded on saying how delightful it all was. Geoff quickly finalised the finding of (pardon, navigation to) our next destination, a small creek dotted with interesting rocks and moss where we enjoyed a well-earned morning break and then the action REALLY began - we had to negotiate the ridge across the creek!

Horrors - Kay couldn't find a way up the gunge and almost disappeared in it!! A least difficult way was decided upon and we clawed our way up feet first (if you can imagine that) and ended up muddied, bloodied, blackened, splintered, sweating and swearing. And Deborah proved that the words "I can't go up there" do not exist in an SBW's vocabulary. Fran of the long legs plodded on saying how delightful it all was.

Kay's ego at this stage was as battered as we were, but we soldiered on to the top of Mount Acne (Peter's pimple on the map) where it was John's turn to lead. More scrub bashing but we got through to our chosen goal - spot on! At this stage John's ego was in a much better state than Kay's. In fact, it required drastic deflating. Our esteemed instructor was still recovering from his bull ant bite (such terrible language, and I thought he was a gentleman).

Peter had intended to replenish his water supply from one of the many creeks in this area, but had found only dry creek beds so far, and therefore was running low on water.

Lunch just off the track on a big flat rock which exploded under the campfire, scattering shards of rock into the startled group. John said his Trangia kettle wouldn't burn his fingers as the handle was covered in REAL plastic. We pondered that statement all weekend. He offered everyone a Ryvita crispbread (no takers) and then heinously moved a rock, to be rewarded by a dispossessed BIG BLACK SPIDER leaping out at him and running under his pack. John couldn't do much right that afternoon.

After lunch, back into the mulga again. Fresh water was found after further battle down a ridge and then Peter decided to jettison his water in anticipation of the steep haul up the next ridge to the Pinnacles. (what a good

example to us dopey prospectives!) After all, he was assured by someone (who wishes to remain anonymous because she never does anything right on the Mt Hay Road) that there was water in the tank there some weeks ago. Needless to say the bloody thing contained half the rubbish on the Mt Hay Road and not much water. A very nervous prospective skulked quietly to the rear of the group and was threatened with all sorts of dreadful things. Fran said how delightful it all was.

Well, we struck out for Flat Top, made camp and witnessed a beautiful sunset. The weather overnight was perfect and unfortunately for Peter as dry as the creeks near Flat Top. John's generous offers of dry Ryvitas were not taken up. Many threats were made to the unfortunate prospective who kept the thirsty Mr Miller at bay with tantalising comments about all the water she had carried up the hill and would ration him! To the east, the lights of Sydney sparkled like proverbial jewels.

Next day we split up into two groups - No. 1: Fran, John and Geoff accompanied by Peter and No. 2: Kay, Deborah and Carol. Off we went on our separate ways to navigate to the second line of cliffs on Fortress Hill, determining to find water on the way, especially Peter. Fran lead group No. 1 carefully, saying how delightful it all was.

No. 2 group had a cup of water left between them. Ask them how refreshing it is to lick dewy gum leaves! No. 2 group found water quickly and slogged back up Saturday morning's ridge to reach Fortress Ridge. The others worked a swifty and found water by the Margaret Niven "I know it's here somewhere in the long grass resulting in one wet Volley" method of water devining and reached Fortress Hill half an hour before Peter's gang.

Morning tea and lunch merged into one magnificent break - with sweeping views of the cliffs and waterfalls above Govetts Creet, the Grose Valley, Blue Gum Forest, Lockley Pylon and the Pinnacles well worth the blood, sweat and tears. We all felt that we had REALLY learned our stuff!

Back to the cars on 4-WD tracks where frantic efforts at making ourselves presentable for public appearance were witnessed by a couple sitting idly in their utility beside our vehicles - waht a strange way to spend Sunday, we thought!

The drive to the Springwood pub took so long in the post school holiday traffic that thirsts were greatly exacerbated. Oh, why do we have to return to the rat race so soon?

* * * * *

THEATRE PARTIES

'Blood Relations' by David Malouf

A past crime haunts the family reunion of a retired, reclusive 'financial czar', in his tropical retreat in North Western Australia.

Time - Thursday 23rd July, 8.00 p.m.

Theatre - Drama Theatre at the Opera House.

Party Concession Price - \$20.30, Student/Pensioner \$15.30. (Full price \$25)

'The Winslow Boy' by Terence Rattigan

Cadet Ronald Winslow is expelled from the Royal Naval College accused of stealing. His father, refusing to believe his guilt, demands an enquiry. This is refused and Arthur Winslow settles down to fight for his son's honour. He briefs a great advocate (played by Noel Ferrier) who takes the matter to the House of Commons and the long battle begins.

Time - Tuesday 8th September, 8.15 p.m.

Theatre - Northside Theatre, Marian Street, Killara.

Party Conession - \$14.50, Student/Pensioner \$9.20. (Full price \$20.00)

continued next page...

WOLLANGAMBE WILDERNESS WALK
6,7,8th March 1987

by Geoff Grace

Shay Ridge Dam to Deep Pass via Valley of the Swamps. Party of ten. Leader Oliver Crawford, Bob Niven, Jim Rivers, Steve Rawnsbey (P), Bob King, John Gray (guest), Sarah Colgrove (P), Tim Wookey (P), Les Powell, Geoff Grace author.

THE BEGINNING. Friday night cars met at Bell. All then went in convoy to Shay Ridge Dam where gear and passengers were left while all cars went to Deep Pass and drivers returned in one. Saturday morning 8.00 start. Left the track at the "Big Rock" on the ridge and headed out along the tops and saddles of the high ground between Dumbano and Yarramun Creeks. At 9.50 a.m. Sarah injured - a jab in the leg from a stick. A damsel in distress! Bob Niven to the rescue! Tricky navigation through the ups, downs and tops of this convoluted ridge. Occasional views of rough country each side falling away to the creeks. An early lunch at 11.40 am. Away again at 12.40 p.m.

Views getting better. The last high before Bungleboori comes into sight. Over the top and revealed is the broken and gashed terrain of the country surrounding Bungleboori/Dumbano junction - fantastic! The thought of going down into it is quite daunting.

THE MIDDLE. Downwards. A steep clamber into the watercourse on the west side of the nose then follow it down to Dumbano and then the junction. Not so hard after all. A sandy camp site. A celebration dip. Chagrin when Sarah the sole female of the party dons a swimsuit. Happy hour. "The worst campfire ever made" (according to Jim Rivers)! Welcome food. Disgusting limericks. Early to bed to sleep with the friendly swoosh and gurgle of the stream nearby.

Sunday, depart 8.00 a.m. Cross Bungleboori. Two routes up the steep nose opposite were confirmed! The very top is inaccessible from the nose, however, we got there by the wombat trail below the eastern cliff line. Onwards into the Valley of the Swamps rode the six hundred. There at 11.30. Lunch and a bask in the sun enjoying this unique remote area. At 12.30 p.m. onwards to Railmotor Ridge. Not an easy ridge to follow. Oliver concentrating hard to follow the course of its treebound contortions. A brief stop for nibbles. Mt Norris at 4.00 p.m. (is it really a mountain?).

THE END. A turn to the north, 400 metres, then west again to a route down into Deep Pass. A wee scramble. Up the track to the cars. Bob Niven into top gear for the last pinch! It's 5.00 p.m. A loose arrangement to all meet at Richmond and somehow we do. The Do Drop Inn IS back in business.

'Woman In Mind' by Alan Aychbourn

Time - Tuesday 27th October, 8.00 p.m.

Theatre - Drama Theatre at the Opera House.

Party Concession - \$22.30, Student/Pensioner \$17.30. (Full price \$27.00)

'Emerald City' by David Williamson (further tickets available)

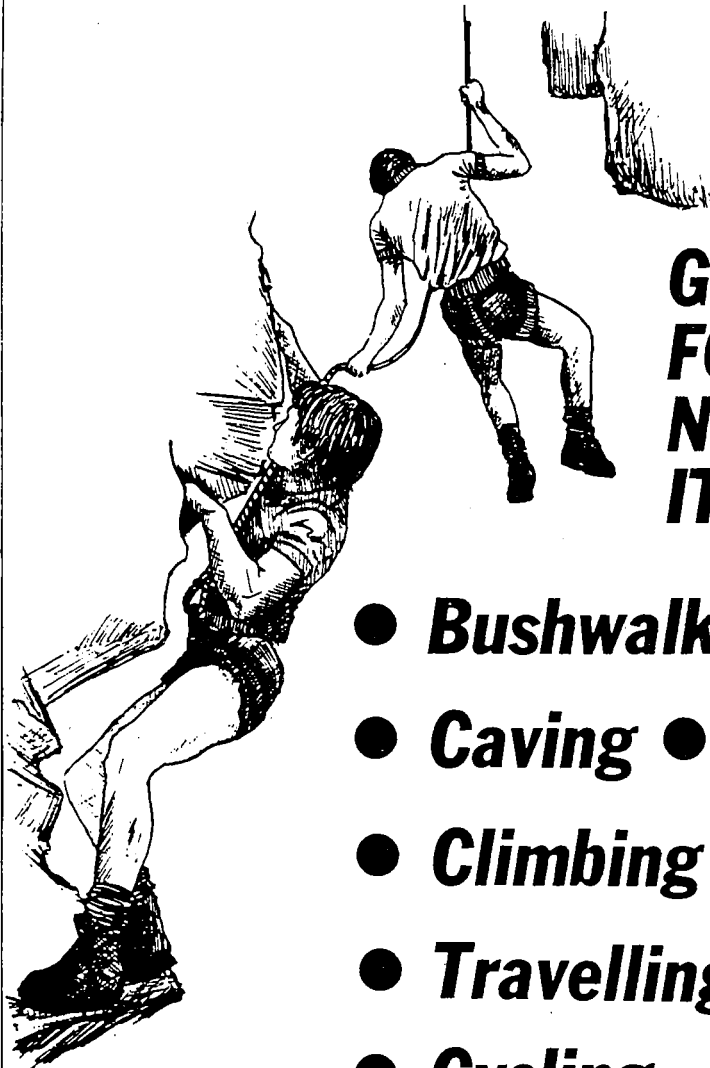
Time - Tuesday 1st December, 8.00 p.m.

Theatre - Drama Theatre at the Opera House.

Party Concession \$22.50, Student/Pensioner \$17.20. (Full price \$27.00)

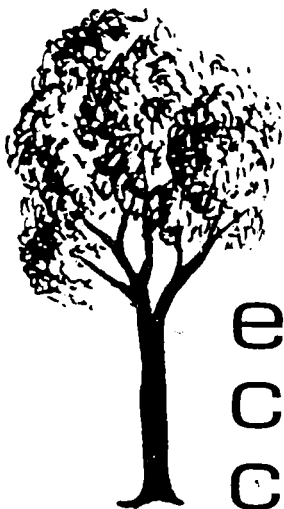
(The Sydney Theatre Company requires these tickets to be paid for by August 31st, so I would appreciate being paid by then.)

Please contact Fazeley Read - 909-3671 as soon as possible to confirm bookings.



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SBW SIXTY YEARS YOUNG

by Patrick James

Only about 5 months to go before our 60th birthday and it really is time to take some action for the activities, so get out your diaries, your cheque books and start planning.

Wednesday 21 October

This is the actual date of our birthday and we celebrate on the night itself with a NOSTALGIA NIGHT. A free, no cost gratis evening for one and all to come to our clubrooms and celebrate. The exact details are not yet finalised but a good time can be assured. If you have old photos of people which can be exhibited, the photos not the people, we would be most happy to get hold of them. Please contact anyone on the sub-committee. Your photos would be treated with all due care. On photos: Ainslie Morris is also after photos to be published in the 60th anniversary book, if you have some good shots, again of people, please contact Ainslie on 428 3178.

Friday 23 October

The dinner starts at 7 p.m. and goes to midnight in the Crystal Ballroom of the Menzies Holiday Inn Hotel. This is a semi-formal affair so a coat and tie is the order of the evening (plus trousers shirt and shoes) for the men. It would appear that the women can please themselves what they wear, if anything although they may be more comfortable in something "after five". We have a set menu so the onerous decisions of picking your dishes have been done for you. Tickets are \$30 each.

Sunday 25 October

Our back to the future walk to North Era. Years ago the SBW owned land at Era and we were active in preserving Era for all to enjoy its beauty. This walk will be co-led by two of the younger members of the Club, Dot Butler and Bill Hall. Exactly how they will lead us has not been made public but should be good fun. The Sub-Committee has been in contact with the Royal National Park to ensure we have a good day and to help with crowd control for the hundreds of SBWs expected. Keep this day free and polish up your badge. If you are less active now and really want to go then transport can be arranged, contact the Sub-Committee.

Saturday 31 October and Sunday November 1

A weekend reunion at "Coolana", our own property in the Kangaroo Valley. Full details are not yet finalised but all the usual activities can be expected e.g. swimming, talking, canoeing, talking, walking and talking and talking and talking. A wet T-shirt competition has been proposed for both men and women; perhaps now would be a good time to start that diet. There is oodles of room at Coolana for SBW members and their families. A bushdance will be held on the Saturday night. A map of how to get to Coolana will be published in the magazine next month.

Sixtieth Anniversary: Special Sales

On sale now are bottles of SBW Port, ideal for drinking on bushwalks or even at home. This is a good quality port which could be put down and saved for the 70th anniversary. The port is priced at \$7 per bottle and is available from every member of the Sub-Committee. Don't delay and get your order in quickly before the port connoisseurs corner the market.

~~Not yet on sale but soon~~ *Now Available* ~~very very soon will be out own SBW T-shirts.~~
These are yellow with V-necks and a flannel flower design on the front with the words "Sydney Bush Walkers". The T-shirts are quality items and are priced at \$7.00 each; they will make excellent gifts for yourself or for other walkers. Ideal for when walking overseas.

How to get hold of Dinner tickets, Port or T-shirts

All may be ordered at the clubrooms on any Wednesday, or from any member of the Sub-Committee or from selected members of the Committee, just ask anyone who looks busy or knowledgable. Dinner tickets can be ordered by post: just send a cheque and a stamped self-addressed envelope to SBW-Dinner, P.O. Box 4476, GPO, Sydney 2001. Port can be ordered and picked up from your nearest Sub-Committee member, see the list below. T-shirts when available will be on sale in the clubrooms, special help with fittings if required. T-shirts can be ordered by post, send your SIZE plus address plus a cheque for \$8 (to cover postage), to SBW-T-Shirts, P.O. Box 4476, GPO, Sydney 2001.

Sixtieth Anniversary Sub-Committee

Barbara Bruce	546 6570	Allawah
Alex Colley	44 2707	Turramurra
Ian Debert	982 2615	Dee Why
Helen Gray	86 6263	Epping
Spiro Hajinakitas	357 1381	Elizabeth Bay
Joy Hynes	982 2615	Dee Why
Patrick James	588 2614	Kogarah
Ainslie Morris	428 3178	Lane Cove
Denise Shaw	922 6093	Crows Nest

* * * * *

BOOK REVIEW

by Ainslie Morris

How To See The Blue Mountains, by Jim Smith; Second Revised Edition, Second Back Row Press Pty Ltd. \$9.95

If you haven't already got Jim Smith's First Edition, you may want an authoritative and thorough guide to walks in the most scenic wilderness of excellent walking country close to a major city in the world. Look in your bushwalking shop for the colourful cover of this small format book, brought out in January 1987.

The 193 walks are conveniently classified into The 15 'best' walks; short easy walks, walks with historical interest, and so on. If you thought you knew it all, you'll get more ideas, as Jim himself did from the old-timers, including SBW member Ben Esgate. And if you know you knew very little about the Blue mountains, this book is where to start your exploration. Sally Pope's maps are admirably clear and simple, and a few well chosen photographs have reproduced quite well.

There are no off-the-track bush bashes or rock climbs described in this book. Indeed, I wonder how much more "bush-bashing" such a well-used area can take. I remember a lovely mossy gully trodden over by the feet of our party into a spot even Jim hadn't been in before; I felt sorry that we had disturbed it. Jim has put it well in his brief section on Ethics -

"Everything you touch is alive, may one day be part of an animal or plant, or is needed by some living creature. This makes me feel that I want to touch everything very gently, even with my feet when I walk."

GORTEXMYTH OR MIRACLE?

by Gordon Lee.

As an advocate there is nothing worse than a converted smoker or a converted religious body. I have to confess that I have joined their ranks - not as either of the above, but as a converted Gortex user.

As most of those in the Club who know me are aware I was one of the first of the Gortex users, advocates and evangelists, having been caught up with the euphoria about this "answer to a maiden's prayer" miracle and, having "got the faith - hallelujah brother, praise be" I imported from the U.S.A. a number of expensive Gortex items. These of course were First Generation Gortex, leaving the idea in the back of the mind that there'd be a bright new and improved Second Generation to come.

Oh! woe unto ye, ye Gortex Users, for the wrath of Gore will descend upon ye when ye least expect it. Verily I say unto thee thy fate will liken unto mine before the cock croweth 365 times.

Gortex is great when new. It works the way it ought. My tent worked, my bivvy worked, my cap worked, my parka worked. Then one rainy night in New Zealand my tent failed. Water actually passed through The Material. If I had any doubts about my parka these were savagely confirmed on an abseiling trip to Thurat Rift. I was thoroughly soaked. Water passed through The Material. Simple Simon was not satisfied. After dutifully washing the Parka once again I took it to New Zealand. In a four hour walk I got back soaked to the skin. Water had passed through The Material.

This meant I had to buy a new Parka in Queenstown, the dearest place in New Zealand. However neither the salesman's glib talk nor the attractiveness of the garment had any effect. The hatred that can only be experienced and expressed by the converted saved me from any Gorefate that may have been my lot and I purchased the most waterproof, nonbreathable, least expensive Parka I could find. It's heavy, it doesn't breath, BUT it doesn't let water in!

Now, secure in mind that no matter how the wind blows or the rain rains I'll only get wet with my own sweat. No longer will I have to worry about when it will be before the thing fails - perhaps in a life or death situation as it could have been in New Zealand. No longer will I have to tend my gear with t.l.c. every time I use it and no longer will I have to pay double for a replacement.

I know this has nothing to do with Gortex but the same has happened to Cordura and all those Wonderful Materials that packs are being made from now that most manufacturers have turned their backs on canvas. The observant will have noticed (even I did) that most of the smarter makers have once more reverted to canvas as the material for packs.

Thank goodness I didn't fall for that one so that I do not have to become a converted Cordura user.

If those who read this want to attack me either verbally or in writing on Gorefate let me say this; the criticisms levelled by me were not just personal but have been expressed by other Gorefate sufferers. Regardless of what arguments and demonstrations presented, treaties or threats of fire and brimstone, there is not a chance in this life of reconverting me, and since I don't believe in afterlife there is no chance of converting me there either.

I now find myself in the position of no longer wondering whether Gortex is Myth or Miracle. I fear that as has happened with a number of misconceptions, promoted accountants, manufacturers and governments, Gortex comes into the category of Myth. So be warned.

* * * * *

WANTED ..HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAPHS.. WANTED..HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAPHS..
For the S.B.W. 60th Anniversary Historical Book. We have a good selection from 1927 to 1947, but need a couple of photos of the concerts. We need photos of people in distinctive club situations not just general scenery from 1947 to 1987. Ring Ainslie Morris on 428 3178 if you think you can help.

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THE MAY GENERAL MEETING

It was around 2014 when the president, in the chair, called the 45 or so members present to order and began the meeting. There were apologies from Bev Foulds and Peter Miller, and possibly one or two others, but your reporter was caught unprepared by the meeting's sudden burst of order at that early stage.

The minutes were read and received, with no matters arising, and new members Deborah Shapira, Carol Lubbers, Bill Caskey and Herb Lippmann were welcomed in the usual manner.

The order of business was set aside at that time to accept discussion of the matter arising from the recent problems surrounding the rescue of our Sev Sternhell after he broke a leg in Gingra Creek. Keith Maxwell and Peter Treseder of F.B.W. Search and Rescue advised the meeting that simple rescues, in contra-distinction to searches were the sole responsibility of the N.S.W. police force, and that in such instances the police should be called at once. They also pointed out that because of the very nature of the S & R organisation, there was no guarantee that all, or any, personnel would be available for call-out on any given weekend. There was also mention that the provision of a modern pager system would greatly improve access to S & R officers. The discussion concluded with a motion of congratulations to S & R for the support which they provide.

Correspondence brought advice that we had received a letter from M.W.S.&D.B. notifying us of the intention to increase recreational use of the catchment areas, and that we had sent letters to the Carlons at Packsaddlers in the Megalong valley thanking them for the help provided Bill Capon's group at Easter, and to the N.S.W. Police Air Wing thanking them for the rescue of Sev Sternhell.

The treasurer's report indicated that we began the month with \$515.62, spent \$673.78, received \$3894.13 and closed accounts with \$3735.97.

All of which led us to the walks report. Gordon Lee's rock-climbing and abseiling instructional opened proceedings with 14 people attending the abseiling on Sunday 12th April. Peter Christian had 7 people on his Aratheusa Creek walk in sunny conditions, Alan Mewett reported 22 starters and fine, warm weather for his Brisbane Waters-Sculpture Park ramble and Bill Holland had 20 people out enjoying the same conditions on Tootie Creek.

Over the following weekend, Easter, Alan Doherty had 22 plus 2 on his Butchers Creek trip, most of whom came to a halt when Sev Sternhell broke his leg in Gingra Creek. Bill Capon's Mittagong to Katoomba epic also had its share of problems when one of the 9 starters sprained an ankle and had to be evacuated via Carlon's farm. John Redfern's Goulburn River trip had 13 out enjoying fine weather and Ainslie Morris and Mike Reynolds had 17 starters, good weather and good company on their Durras Lake and environs walk. Of the only day walk that weekend, Ralph Penglis' Coogee to Bondi, there was no report, although it is alleged to have gone to program.

Gordon Lee reported 4 starters on his Wollangambe Wilderness walk over the weekend 24,25,26 April, and Peter Miller had 6 mapping students out in scrubby, hot, dry conditions the same weekend. Jim Callaway's Heathcote to Waterfall day walk attracted 15 starters, and went to program, while Jan Mohandas' Grose River/Linden Creek trip had 28 starters who spent so much time swimming that they had to shorten the walk.

The following weekend 1,2,3 May saw Greta Davis leading a party of 10 on her Kanangra walk while Carol Bruce abandoned her Cox River trip and joined the party of 10 on Oliver Crawford's Budawangs walk in cool conditions and poor weather. There was no report of George Mawer's Glenbrook day walk but Errol Sheedy had 17 starters feeding the leeches in fine weather on his Waterfall to Engadine trip.

Tom Wenman's Kanangra walk over 8,9,10 May started out in wet conditions and came to a not altogether unwelcome end for all 7 starters when someone fell and gashed a knee on Saturday morning. Charlie Brown had 11 people and feeding the leeches in the Budawangs this time and Barrie Murdoch described his Kanangra walk as a modest disaster. It seems the party of 4 endured a rainy Saturday and then had navigational problems around Mount Savage. Of the day walks, Gordon Lee had 12 on his Mt Hay area walk and Margaret Reid led a party of 20 on her Lawson area walk, an area she described as pretty. All of which, with the presentation of slides, brought the walks report to an end.

Federation report indicated that the Federation newsletter will now be quarterly, that F.B.W. look likely to take back the bushcraft training course, that the S & R rescue stretcher has been given to the A.N.U. and S & R will build a collapsible (!) rescue stretcher, that the Volunteer Rescue Association is to attempt to standardise abseiling within the various rescue groups, and that the N.P.A. will support the clearing of the Grose Colliery.

Conservation report brought news of a proposal to log an area of Durras Lake foreshores. The Total Environment Centre is appealing to people to write to the N.S.W. Premier asking that this not go ahead, pointing out that the area is already proposed for inclusion in a national park. It was also noted that an Electricity Commission of N.S.W. transmission line, from Mt Piper to Marulan will skirt the Kanangra-Boyd National Park.

General business saw passage of a motion, required to permit progress toward incorporation, "that the presently unincorporated body be taken over by the incorporated body". A proposal that we write to N.P.W.S. requesting repairs to the water-tank on the Mt Hay road was passed, and then it was just a matter of announcements, and it was all over for another month, at 2209. Amen!

* * * * *

JULY SOCIAL PROGRAMME

July 15th This Wednesday is for slides of the Wollangambe Wilderness area. Slides of old trips will be as welcome as ones of recent trips. The Wollangambe Wilderness has marvellous areas for winter walks, and also lends itself to such summer classics as the Wollongambe li-lo, and the Claustral Canyon abseiling trips.

July 22nd Unfortunately John Crick cannot be with us. However our own melodious Scrub Bashers are busy working up a great new repertoire for our enjoyment. The Scrub Bashers specialise in Australian Folk music. Sure to be an entertaining night.

July 29th This is our annual club auction. Please bring along anything you may wish to dispose of - whether it be of a bushwalking nature or not. You may put a reserve on any article you auction and if the reserve is reached this amount will go to you. Any amount beyond the reserve, goes to the club - this year towards the 60th Anniversary fund. Charlie Brown will be the auctioneer. Charlie's auctioneering style will be guaranteed to amuse you even if you buy or sell nothing. An evening of entertainment is assured and (hopefully) the club will make a profit as well.