

SYDNEY BUSHWALKER is a monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bush Walkers Inc, Box 4476 GPO Sydney 2001. To advertise in this magazine, please contact the Business Manager.

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THE SYDNEY BUSH WALKERS INCORPORATED was founded in 1927. Club meetings are held every Wednesday evening at 8 pm at Kirribilli Neighbourhood Centre, 16 Fitzroy Street, Kirribilli (near Milsons Point Railway Station). Visitors and prospective members are welcome any Wednesday.

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NOVEMBER 1997

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Letters. Letters. Letters. Letters.

LETTER #1 Congratulations to all in the Club on the achievement of the Sydney Bush Walkers 70th Anniversary. I value very much my Honorary Membership and the monthly delivery of *The Sydney Bushwalker*, which all the family reads.

My husband Alan Rigby (aged 26), my sister Olive Greenacre (aged 18) and myself (aged 20) joined the Club in 1927, in the days when conservation was a dirty word and bushwalkers were perhaps communists! It was thought shocking for women to wear shorts and carry packs. Now seventy years on, environmental subjects are taught in schools and heritage is an important matter for many people (*and we hope, for politicians*) and the idea that men and women wearing shorts could be considered shocking is not only incomprehensible, but a source of hilarity to younger generations.

I remember the camaraderie of those times born out of the discovery of bushwalking as a new activity of many city people. Newspapers wrote up trips and articles and there were even attempts to exploit the new pastime by linking bushwalking with promotions for commercial enterprises. More importantly, the new activity provided a vital outlet for many people who may otherwise have been bowed down by the Great Depression.

In 1993, I attended the celebration at Blue Gum, thanks to the NP&WS helicopter; three generations of Rigbys were present that day. A year or so ago, I even looked down on Burning Palms which was to a great extent, the ancestral home for many walkers in the 20s. Last year, I went to Kanangra and again looked out over that fantastic place and saw the distant outline of Gangerang which I traversed with Alan and others in the thirties. Towards the east, I could see range after blue range as the country stretched from the valley of the Kowmung to the horizon around Camden. (It was in just this country that, as a young girl, I first set eyes on Alan Rigby at Central Burrangor in 1921.)

I am sorry that I cannot attend the 70th Anniversary Dinner, I am in my 90th year and a recent illness and convalescence means that I

need to exercise some caution, however this old SBW is present at least in spirit. Best Regards,
Enid Rigby.

LETTER #2 Dorothy and I shall miss every item on the 70th anniversary programme. This is partly due to family commitments and partly due to departure on a mini-odyssey with once-were-walkers; friends from YMCA Rambler days.

Would you therefore do two things for me please; extend my compliments to all who helped with the anniversary issue of the magazine, and my good wishes to all those SBW members who contributed so much to my personal development and pleasure (and that means all of them). With fond memories of everyone.

Ron Knightly.

(Ron's 1960 presidency, interrupted by a stint overseas, finished in 1964. Editor)

LETTER #3 May we offer our congratulations to the Club in producing and arranging a series of events to suit all tastes as well as making it practicable for all ages to be able to attend.

Jack & Edna Gentle.

(Jack was president three times, in 58-60, 60-61 and 65-66. Editor)

LETTER #4 Just to put on record how pleased we both were to join in, although far too briefly, the gathering at the Kangaroo Valley reunion. It was interesting and rewarding for us to meet and talk with some of the present SBW generation and also to renew acquaintance with a few of the old timers.

Our particular thanks to you for supplying copies of recent issues of the magazine and for the directions re location of Coolana. Please pass on our thanks to George and Helen for their assistance with transport to and from the river flats.

I hope it goes without saying that we would be delighted to have any SBW members visit us here. We are at home most days, but it would be advisable to give some notice.
Marjorie (Hill) & Norman Rodd,
Mt Tomah (02) 4567 2162

LETTER #5 I must first congratulate you and your team in producing the excellent 70th

LETTER #5 ... I must first congratulate you and your team in producing the excellent 70th Anniversary issue of *The Sydney Bushwalker*. It was a pleasure to be able to re-read ... the past adventures of our Club members. I would like to add ... to the identities of the various authors of "Over Gangerang in a Hurry".

Jack Debert: *Heretic*, Jack was noted for contrary opinions in order to prolong or provoke discussion, Hilma Galliot: *Dealer in Tonics*, Hilma worked at Elliotts & Australian Drugs, in Balmain, and as all the rest have been accounted for Bill McCoster: *One who knelt on Kanagra and prayed*.

Reg Alder.

New Members Secretary & Walks Secretary : Secretariat merged, but separate Portfolios retained. In a move which came as no surprise to experienced Committee watchers, New Members Secretary and Walks Secretary announced a merger of their activities. The merger was formally ratified at the wedding of Jennifer Trevor-Roberts (New Members Sec.) to Eddy Giacomel (Walks Sec.) on Sunday 26th October.

The many photos will attest the bride was radiant, beautiful, and demure; the groom handsome and dashing. As Eddy, his best man and guests waited for Jennifer to arrive the sun shone, birds sang in the gum trees and a string ensemble played in the background. Then to the strains of *The Triumphal March* from Verdi's Aida, Jennifer escorted by her father walked that last maidenly aisle to stand beside Eddy.

We all heard both the bride and groom say *I do* to that very leading question. And so they were married. Eddy's mother from Broken Hill, sister and nieces from Darwin, Jennifer's mother, father and sister from South Africa celebrated with their happy, well-wishing guests and of course the bride and groom, at the reception. Later the brand new Mr and Mrs Giacomel drove off into the sunset in their nuptially decorated car to start their life together.

Eddy and Jennifer, you join a select and happy sub-set of the Sydney Bushwalkers, because for 70 years the SBW has been witnessing members meeting and marrying each other. We wish you a long and happy future together.

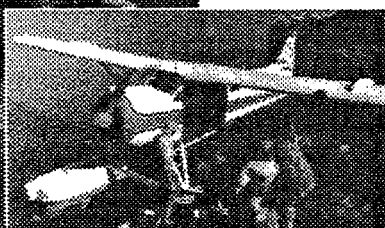
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CONSERVATION CORNER

We have been very active in seeking members' assistance in writing letters on two crucial conservation issues:

- 1 Wollemi National Park - Draft Plan of Management, and
- 2 NP&WS Draft Public Access Strategy

The importance of people participating in preserving national parks and wilderness areas cannot be over-emphasised. We have to compete with industry funded recreation groups such as 4WD clubs, horse-riders, trail bikes and tour groups, all of which are seeking additional off-road access under the claims of "equity of access" and "parks belong to all the people".

Their actions and loud voices are making an impression on NP&WS management and the Minister for Environment. There is a very real danger that additional access will be granted to these groups with "controls and safeguards".

The Sydney Bush Walkers have joined with the Total Environment Centre, Colong Foundation and National Parks Association in forming a "Save our National Parks" campaign. Two successful meetings have been held in Glebe and Katoomba and more are planned. Our Club has a proud history of working on conservation issues. All members are invited to write expressing their concern at the probability of open access to national parks and weakening of wilderness legislation. Please write to:

The Hon. Pam Allen MP
Minister for Environment,
Parliament House,
SYDNEY, NSW 2000.

If you would like to be involved in Conservation issues please phone me on 9484 6636 (all hours)
Bill Holland, Conservation Secretary

The Day my Shoes lost their Soles

by Ute Foster

On Sunday, 14 September 1997, Tony Crichton lead his Blue Mountains walk from Carlon's Farm, along Breakfast Creek, and up Blackhorse Ridge. Thirteen people were rewarded for the hard climb by the magnificent views on the way up and especially from Splendour Rock where we had lunch. The scenery was breath taking: first walking up, then looking down. The weather

was perfect, no rain, despite an uncertain forecast, the sun shone, and the temperature was neither too warm nor too cold. After lunch we only had a few very brief stops along the way, past Mount Warrigal and the coal seams, then the fire trail, until we got back to Carlon's just before dark. Most of us concluded the day with a meal in the Parakeet Café in Katoomba to restore ourselves and avoid the worst of the traffic back to Sydney.

The enjoyment, for me, was marred only by the state of my shoes. They had looked all right when I put them on in the morning. But by 10 o'clock I realised the soles were disintegrating fast. They had spent a few months in a cupboard, the material becoming dry and brittle. By the time we got back to the cars, there was only a thin layer of canvas between my feet and the hard ground. Or there would have been, but for the foresight of those terrific bushwalkers who produced a whole array of stick-on padding and plasters from their packs, which helped protect my feet to some extent. Thank you Greg Bridge, Dick Weston, Tony and all! Thanks to you I was able to last the distance and enjoy the walk as much as anybody.

14 September 1997: Greg Bridge, Gail Crichton, Tony Crichton, Ute Foster, Dick Weston, + 8 others

EXPRESSIONS OF INTEREST

Remote Area Walking In Isdell River Area

We are doing advance planning for a SBW Club walk in the Isdell River area (Kimberley WA). It will be for three weeks probably in May/June 1998. This is one of the most beautiful walking areas in Australia. Fantastic canyons in splendid colours with wonderful rock formations, an unforgettable experience. When we walked here in 1995 and we were so impressed we planed to return and extend the area covered.

This Willis's Walkabouts walk, will be custom designed for our group; it may be possible to link in with other Willis's walks. Early cost indications are \$1,500 - \$1,800 ex Kununarra (this includes small plane transport and helicopter food drops). If you are interested, please contact: Frances Holland 9484 6636 (all hours)

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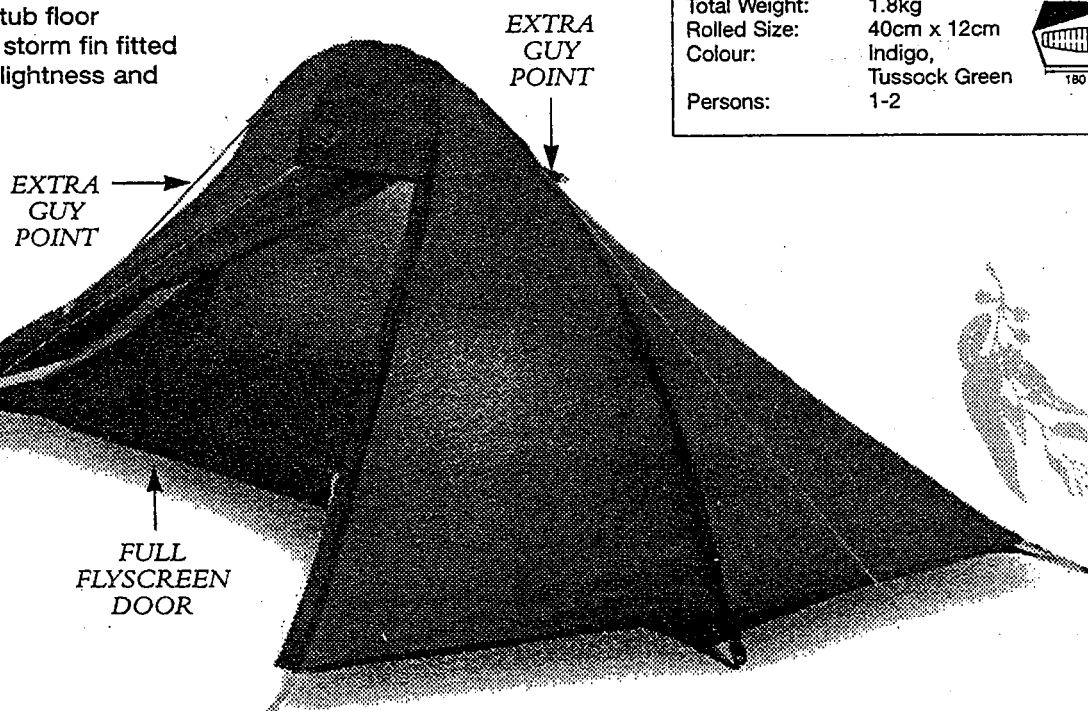
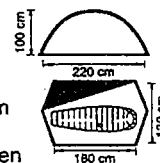
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Honorary Memberships

On this the 70th Anniversary of the SBW it is right and fitting to honour those members who have made a significant contribution to the Club over the **last few decades**. The beatification process of recognising those deserving few who did much more than their fair share is a slow process that can take a couple of decades, and involves the Club elders, however no white or black smoke signals are used.

The Committee of the Sydney Bush Walkers, at the meeting of Wednesday 1 October 1997, resolved to invite 8 members and ex-members to become an Honorary Active Member or Honorary Member of the Sydney Bush Walkers in recognition of the significant contribution they have made to the Sydney Bush Walkers for an extended period, over and above what could be considered normal. If the details given here are sketchy please remember that some of our honoured few have well documented pasts, while others have been beavering away in the background doing the jobs which must be done.

PAUL BARNES OAM Honorary Active Member. Paul joined the SBW in 1941 and was an active member until the late 1980s. In 1950 Paul became the SBW delegate to the then Federation of Bushwalking Clubs. This apparently was just the catalyst needed for he remained with Federation management for over 15 years. During this time he became active in the NPA and was Sydney Branch President and State President. Paul's time with SBW, NPA and Federation was actively devoted to conservation issues. The Morella Karong: Heathcote Primitive Area (was Trustee Secretary) and the Blue Mountains National Parks are two such issues.

Paul's contribution to conservation was recognised when he was made an honorary life member of NPA in 1957. Later the people of Australia also recognised his services to conservation by awarding him the medal of the Order of Australia. Now SBW is making the same recognition.

SHIRLEY DEAN Honorary Active Member. Shirley joined the Club as a very young lady in 1944, just out of school, and has been with us for the 53 years since. Besides being an active walker and walks leader Shirley has been a tireless worker for the SBW. For many years she was magazine production manager, printer and de facto editor (very similar to Kath Brown who took up the baton when Shirley eventually passed it on). Shirley typed the magazine, and the walks program. Shirley's kitchen table was the magazine power house with collating and stapling at one end and a Roneo machine being hand cranked at the other end. Besides this Shirley was very active in Club conservation issues and campaigns and was a voracious letter writer to all politicians, red, blue, purple and green on matters of concern to bushwalkers and bushwalking.

IAN DEBERT Honorary Active Member Ian joined the Club in 1977 and has been an active walker and walks leader for 20 years. In 1986 Ian was elected Delegate to the Federation of Bushwalking Clubs. In 1987 Ian was chairman of 60th Anniversary committee. Then in 1988 he was Social Secretary. He took over the top job as President in 1992-1994. In between this Ian was archivist from 1990 - 1997.

Besides these stints in the limelight, Ian is the type of person who works away in the background, doing what is necessary and required. Bringing lights and tables and barbeque gear to where it was needed, to the Clubroom or to a car camp walk or lugging it up a creek. For many years he was in charge of Coolana maintenance: manager, supervisor, foreman and worker all in one.

FRANK RIGBY Honorary Active Member. Frank or Digby as he was usually known joined the Club in 1951, that's 46 years ago, has been an active walker and walks leader in the Club for many years. Frank has taken part in Club management as President and twice as Editor (1957 and 1966). Frank has made many contributions to *The Sydney Bushwalker* as well as writing Chapter 4 (1957 to 1967) of the book *SBW the First Sixty Years*. Has written and published on exploratory walks. Frank has been

working away in the background doing the things that have to be done.

MARJORIE HILL Honorary Member
Marjorie joined the SBW in 1928. At the age of 25 Marjorie became the first editor of *The Bushwalker* published on 1 June 1931 and which became *The Sydney Bushwalker*, with the 8th issue on 1 August 1932. In the first issue, Marjorie said the aim of the magazine "*is neither ambitious nor comprehensive; the main endeavour being to place before members accounts of trips which otherwise would not be so readily accessible to them. Such accounts will be more or less detailed and contain more of the personal element than can be the case with the Club's official records*". Now 66 years later the *Sydney Bushwalker* is still going as strong as ever. *The Bushwalker* when it started was not an official SBW publication just something that Marjorie and her friends put together because it was a good idea. Seven issues and 1 year later the Club agreed that it was a good idea and thus *The Sydney Bushwalker*, was started. Marjorie is now 90, and lives with her husband, Norman Rodd, who she met in the Club.

MALCOLM MCGREGOR Honorary Member
Malcolm joined the Club in the late 1940s and was a very active walker and walks leader in the 1950s and 1960s and less active up to the 1980s. Malcolm was president 1952 - 1954. Malcolm is a person with wit, charm, imagination, a thespian of the first order. Malcolm was instigator and founding member of the Crown Street Composers who wrote the *Chronic Operas*. Malcolm was the one who kick-started Jim Brown on the playwright's road to fame and fortune. Malcolm's fertile imagination formulated activities which bonded the membership together: things like walking trials and corroborees. With Malcolm's direction a SBW club film *Murder in the Clubroom*, was made. (Where is the film now?)

GRACE NOBLE Honorary Member
Some may know this lady as Grace Noble others as the Grace Edgecombe who joined the Club in 1935, that's 62 years ago. Grace was an active walker and walks leader up to the 1980s and has slowed down over the last few years. If you

read back through the magazine archive you'll come across many articles and poems that Grace has written. Her poem *Hymn of Hate* of 1938 was republished this month. Grace actively campaigned for National Parks and conservation issues of direct interest to the Club.

JOHN NOBLE Honorary Member.

John joined in 1941 and rather early in his time with the Club had a serious fall which affected the rest of his life. He fell in love with Miss Grace Edgecombe. John was an active walker with the Club from 1941 through to the 1980s, thus for over 40 years. John also actively campaigned for National Parks and conservation issues of direct interest to the Club. John has worked and still works on bush regeneration and the use of Australian native plants in Council revegetation works. He and his co-protesters actively campaigned and WON, for the preservation of the stand of blue gums at the intersection of Beecroft Road and Pennant Hills Road. John is an authority on spiders and recently gave a Spiders presentation to the Club.

(It has not escaped the Editor's attention, having tripped, stumbled and fallen in the same manner, that bushwalkers falling in love with, and subsequently marrying bushwalkers continues to be an occupational risk associated with bushwalking. The Honoraries above with honourable intentions include Shirley, Frank, Marjorie, Grace and John; and now Jennifer and Eddy. It must be something in the billy water, or a reaction to leaches.)

ADDRESS & PHONE CHANGES: Country phone numbers have started to change from 9 digit to 10 digit numbers. For example Frank & Joan Rigby's phone number was 06 247 2035 and now is 02 6247 2035. Other alterations are Carole Beales, 5/15 Wood St. Manly 2095, 9977-4541(home), (015) 173 933 (mobile) Kaite Matilda, "Sunstone Ridge" Bylong Road, (PO Box 100) Rylstone 2849, no telephone. Ken Smith, (02) 9858 2670 (home). John Hogan, is still in Queensland and we do know where he are: 1/12 Girralong St., Woree, Qld 4868; phone & fax: 070 543 313, mobile 015 066870, Email: jlhogan @ ozemail.com.au.

WILF'S WINTER SOLSTICE WEEKEND JAUNT by Judy Jones

Following a pretty dreadful week weatherwise, the gods blessed us with excellent weather for the weekend. Particularly grateful for this blessing were those of us who were participating in our first weekend walk; those of us who were not convinced that lugging a heavy pack on our backs all weekend in the wet, sleeping in tents on a freezing wet night nor having to use the 'bush toot', held very much in the way of enjoyment at all.

Starting off on a cool and misty morning from Otford railway station, we climbed quietly up the very sludgy road of an Otford Farm (yes private property, but don't forget this was one of Wilf's walks) and on to the very beautiful Kelly's Falls Lookout. Travelling along the escarpment, through the Stanwell Tops Conference Centre (yes, more private property) we lapped up the magnificent scenery of our wonderful coastline prior to enjoying lunch and taking advantage of the million dollar view from the cliff top at Stanwell Falls.

I discovered what a traumatic experience misplacing your compass can be. While Gretel and I took a very quick backtrack as we left our lunch spot, the rest of the troop continued and were out of sight in an instant. Deserted for what seemed like an eternity, we were ever so pleased to come across Rowland's purple knitted beanie stuck not on his head but propped on a post and marking the spot where the group detoured to view a lookout. Boy, how easily one can become 'lost'. Now I know why a compass is worn around the neck!

"We'll just go up here a bit. There's bound to be a clearing where we can set up camp for the night" said Wilf and Ian. So, legs and backs aching, packs heavy with our nightly supply of water which we had carried half a kilometer up the hill, we followed and bashed our way through the bush until we reached our five star camp site on the point overlooking Coalcliff Harbour. What sights to behold, especially the full moonrise.

Heading off from campsite the following morning, our beloved leader advised that we had a secret meeting with an ASIO agent along the track. Having absolutely no idea what Wilf was talking about, we dutifully followed, temporarily leaving the cliff line and walking a short while along the roadway until we picked up a track heading back into the bush towards Sublime Point. As we turned off the highway and onto the track a glance over the shoulder revealed the 'ASIO agent' hot on our heels. A five minute break gave Roger time to catch up with the group and wipe the sweat from his brow, before we continued. How did he find us? Even more amazing was the fact that he caught up with us some distance from the intended meeting point.

Gradually working our way towards our destination, we continued until eventually we were overlooking Woonoona from the top of the hill. All we had to do was to find a way down the hill and to the Railway Station. With feet aching (knees in Rowland's case) down, down, down we went, back into civilization and along the streets towards the station.

For some, a reward, a 'pot of gold' at the end of the journey, came in the form of Council clean up of all things. Picture ten very weary SBWs trudging along a Woonoona street late in the afternoon, when suddenly half the group are seen huddled in a circle, heads down and going through a pile of clean up rubbish. "This is not scavenging, its recycling" was one audible comment. Treasure was discovered in that pile of rubbish. Excitement increased as the prize was revealed. Several large topographic maps of the Bulli and Sofala areas, all in excellent condition, were unrolled and promptly claimed by various members. Wilf admitted that he usually gave out area maps at the beginning of his walks, not at the finish! The remaining members of the group simply stood aside laughing and shaking their heads in dismay.

Sydney to Nowra Stage 5 & 6, 21/22 June 1997: Marcia Corderoy, Wilf Hilder, Jacqui Hunt, Judy Jones, Jitka Kopriva, Glad Rannard, Ian Rannard, Gretle Woodward, Rowland ?, Bill Smallwood, Roger Treagus, David ?.

Army Training in the Grose Valley (Part 1)

by Ralph Sutton

For me, mountains always have had a strong appeal. From where I lived as a child in Bathurst, I could look out over our "Golden City of the Plains" and the Macquarie River to the ranges beyond - which on a fine sunny day were richly coloured in blue or purple. In primary school our history lessons dealt with the first major European incursion into the Blue Mountains in 1813 by Gregory Blaxland, William Charles Wentworth and William Lawson; of the survey across the mountains to the Macquarie River, beyond Bathurst, by George Evans in 1813/14; and of the building of the road over the mountains by William Cox in 1814. When we were at high school, my brother and I hiked in the nearby hills; and on the occasions when we travelled to and from Sydney by steam-train we found the views of the giant sandstone ramparts of the deep gorges of the Blue Mountains very exhilarating - despite the particles of soot which constantly blew into our eyes. We also enjoyed the refreshments which, on ordering, were brought to our seats: in summer - ham sandwiches and Schweppes very fizzy cold lemonade were my favourite; in winter we enjoyed piping hot meat pies with tomato sauce and white sweet tea.

The Grose River Trek

In February 1944 the Mortar Platoon, which I commanded, of the 1st Australian Parachute Battalion AIF undertook a very testing endurance exercise in the Grose River Valley. In January 1944 I planned the exercise which was to be a four-day march carrying personal gear, personal weapons, 3-inch mortars with their associated sights and stores, mortar bombs, small arms ammunition, field telephones, first aid kit and rations for four days plus emergency rations. We all carried heavy loads, for example, my load, which included a reinforced mortar baseplate - was 92 lbs.

7 February 1944: After breakfast we departed from Scheyville and marched along the road through Windsor; past the Richmond Airbase on our right and the Parachute Reinforcement Holding Unit located on our left in the

Clarendon racecourse; through Richmond; past the stonecrusher and over the bridge to the left bank of the Hawkesbury River where we stopped for an hour for lunch. Our normal order of march was one detachment leading, followed by platoon headquarters and then, in turn the remaining three detachments. We would march for 50 minutes and then have a break for ten minutes. When resuming the march the detachment which led during the previous hour would move to the rear and the detachment which had followed platoon head-quarters would become the leading platoon. This was the standard system of rotation on the march. After lunch we followed the bank of the Hawkesbury River up-stream to the foot of the hill on which Belmont Ho is located (now the Hospital of St John of God), opposite Clarks Island (the maps of today identify the hospital as being on Richmond Hill) - From there we walked to the junction of the Hawkesbury and Grose Rivers. At the junction, the water level - although so far inland - is less than 18 metres above sea level.

We then followed the Grose River upstream and as we moved further in to the mountain ranges the going became more and more difficult. As we could find no track we used machetes constantly to cut our way through scrub and, at other times, we clambered over large boulders in the stream. In the late afternoon, feeling footsore and weary, we reached the junction of the Grose River and a creek in the deep gorge south-west of Vale Lookout. I am not sure of the name of the creek at this junction but, several hundred yards to the north, the Burrallow Creek and the Cabbage Tree Creek feed into it. The hill on the western side of the creek, opposite Vale Lookout, is now named Paterson Hill, in recognition of Captain Paterson of the New South Wales Corps. Further to the north-west is another hill now named Grose Head North after Major Grose of the New South Wales Corps; and to the west of that feature lies a range now named Paterson Range.

At the junction I decided that we should adopt a defensive position for the night. I sited the detachment positions and indicated the defensive fire tasks for the night. When I was sure that

tactical aspects were satisfactory the detachments then set about completing their administrative arrangements for the night: digging the detachment shallow trench latrines; treating blisters, bruises, minor cuts and nettle stings; establishing the detachment ablution and cooking areas; collecting firewood; and preparing the evening meals of bully beef, dehydrated vegetables, boiled rice, hard army biscuits with margarine and jam; and tea or coffee with evaporated milk and sugar.

Our first night out was rather restless for, apart from sleep being broken by sentry duties, most of us found that as usual our first night of sleeping on hard ground - after being in camp for some time - was uncomfortable. Nevertheless, all of us appreciated the wonderful solitude of the Australian bush after our evening meal.

8 February 1944: After breakfast for which we had camp pie instead of bully beef, we filled in the latrines, buried our used tin cans which had been put into the fires to burn and then doused the fires. When I felt that the site had been returned as nearly as possible to its pristine state, we resumed our trek upstream. The going now was really tough and it was no longer possible to march for fifty minutes and then have a ten-minute break. We had to resort to marching for fifteen minutes and then having a five-minute break. In battalion training exercises later on, this would become the norm, in order to keep up with the more lightly equipped rifle companies.

About mid-morning Corporal Shorty Bawden, who was carrying the very heavy 1-mile reel of telephone cable slipped from a narrow ledge as he tried to make his way around a projecting rock. He fell into the water about twenty feet below and as the surface calmed we could see him looking up at us, whilst his 60-odd pound pay-load prevented his coming up to the surface. In that time the two men nearest to him had quickly removed their gear; they jumped into the water, pushed him up for air and then brought him safely to the rocky bank. The three then clambered up the rocks and eventually onto the ledge on which we were walking. "Shorty" suffered no ill-effects.

In the late afternoon we reached the junction of the Grose River and Wentworth Creek. The massif to the north-west is now named Royal Engineers Ridge; a spur running to the southeast is named Whitton Hill (after the Chief Engineer) and one running to the north-east is named Martindale Hill (after the Commissioner of Railways). The gully below Royal Engineers Ridge, which runs into Wentworth Creek, is now named Sappers Gully. That evening we went through much the same drill as for the previous evening. Although we all were weary we had virtually forgotten about camp conditions and were very much at peace with the rugged bush.

9 February 1944: A very tough day as we pushed on upstream and by now we realised that when we had camp pie meals we really needed four meals a day instead of three, to provide the calories necessary for this mountain activity. Fortunately, we had a day's reserve of hard rations in addition to our emergency ration. On this day we travelled north, then north-west past the junction of the river with Hungerfords Creek. South-east of this junction there are two hills at the northern end of Royal Engineers Ridge; one has the name Barton Hill and the other is Quodling Hill (named after Sergeant Quodling). To the west of Barton Hill lies another massif which bears the name Caley's Range.

From the Grose River and Hungerfords Creek junction we struggled on along the gorge in a south-westerly direction to the junction with the Tomah Creek. Today the cliff face on the south side of the river bears the name Kolonga Walls. In the late afternoon we noticed that the narrow valley was opening out and walking became a little easier although we still needed to use our machetes to cut our way through the scrub. As the daylight started to fade away we stopped in a fairly open glade slightly south-west of Mt. Caley and set up our defensive position for the night; Mt. Caley is named after the naturalist and explorer. Here, the cliff face below Mt. Caley is named Explorers Wall. By this time we were utterly exhausted but we sensed that, with luck,

explorer. Here, the cliff face below Mt. Caley is named Explorers Wall. By this time we were utterly exhausted but we sensed that, with luck, we might climb up out of the valley late on the following day.

10 February 1944: After a refreshing rest and then an early breakfast we set off again and observed that, with the widening of the valley, there was much more birdlife about. A little later we passed a foot track which, according to the map, led north to a mine. Today, the map indicates that it is an abandoned shale mine. Now, with comparatively easier going, we continued our way up stream until we reached the junction of the Grose River and the Govett's Leap Creek. The creek is named after the surveyor, William Govett. At that stage I called off the tactical situation for a two-hour break. In this delightful area known to bushwalkers as Blue Gum Forest we all signed a log-book which was on a small cairn and then had an early lunch and rested in preparation for the ascent up cliffs in the afternoon. A little over a mile to the east of Blue Gum Forest is a massif which is now named Edgeworth David Head, after the geologist and army tunneller Lieutenant Colonel Sir Edgeworth David KBE CMG DSO.

In the newly named Explorers Range, some miles to the north-east of Edgeworth David Head, lies Mt. Strzelecki which was named after the Polish explorer, and some miles to the north-west of Edgeworth David Head lies Mount Banks which was named after Sir Joseph Banks who had accompanied James Cook on his first voyage to the Pacific Ocean.

Much refreshed after our long lunch-break we set off south-west along a track which followed the Govett's Leap Creek. Within an hour or so we had passed the junction of the track with the Rodrigue Pass (now named Rodriguez Pass) track and soon began climbing up the old rock stairway to Evans Lookout which we reached about 2.30 PM. It had been quite hot in the valley during our four-day trek but at Evans Lookout there was a strong breeze blowing which made us feel quite cold as it blew on our

wet, sweaty shirts when we took off our heavy packs and equipment.

After about twenty minutes of gazing out over the valley and generally congratulating ourselves on having come through this arduous ordeal without serious injury we set off for Blackheath railway station to board the trucks which had been sent up from Scheyville to meet us. At this stage we were very hungry and thirsty and for the Mortar Platoon finding the local milk bar was like finding an oasis in a desert. After a break of about half an hour there we departed for Scheyville - very weary but very contented that we had achieved what we had set out to do.

The "army matters" in the original text have been deleted to leave this bushwalking article. In Part 2 of the article the author discusses the historical details of the area. Editor.

BOOK REVIEW by Frank Davis

1788 by Watkin Tench, edited by Tim Flannery.

Published by The Text Publishing Company, rrp \$16.95. Comprising of *A Narrative of the Expedition to Botany Bay*, and *A Complete Account of the Settlement at Port Jackson*.

From *A Complete Account of the Settlement at Port Jackson*. Writing of an expedition, of April 1791, to 'ascertain whether or not the Hawkesbury and the Nepean were the same river', Tench says, in part (pp 185-186),

"Every man (the governor excepted) carried his own knapsack, which contained provisions for ten days. If to this be added a gun, a blanket and a canteen, the weight will fall nothing short of forty pounds. Slung to the knapsack are the cooking kettle and the hatchet, with which the wood to kindle the nightly fire and build the nightly hut is to be cut down. Garbed to drag through morasses, tear through thickets, ford rivers and scale rocks, our autumnal heroes, who annually seek the hills in pursuit of grouse and black game, afford but an imperfect representation of the picture.

Thus encumbered, the march begins at sunrise, and with occasional halts continues until about an hour and a half before sunset. It is necessary to stop thus early to prepare for passing the night, for toil here ends not with the march. Instead of

the cheering blaze, the welcoming landlord, and the long bill of fare, the traveller has now to collect his fuel, to erect his wigwam, to fetch water, and to broil his morsel of salt pork. Let him then lie down and, if it be summer, try whether the effect of fatigue is sufficiently powerful to overcome the bites and stings of the myriads of sandflies and mosquitoes which buzz around him."

The book is a fascinating and informative account of the early days of Australia, written by an extremely observant and humane Marine Officer. Here is reporting of the efforts of a band of pioneers to settle a land, the complete opposite to that they had left.

As bushwalkers you will know the "joys of off-track walking". Imagine if you will, no tracks, no maps, no local knowledge from a mate who has been there before, no lightweight gear and your provisions are salt pork, by now more than three years old. If you are a walker, if you are even a little interested how your country got started, then this book is a MUST.

A Test Walk in the Royal National Park:

By Errol Sheedy

Twenty-one sturdy bushwalkers, including seven Prospectives, assembled on the grass at the edge of Waterfall Railway Station carpark for the Introduction Circle. Low clouds headed north, and after the formalities we who were indecisive had donned raincoats while a shower of rain rifted in from the south. As it turned out there was not much to it but it was typical of the day. In any event the vanguard kept raincoats on since, even though the rain eased off, the bushes were still wet.

We had morning tea at the little creek on the Courage Track, before stepping over the Hacking River at the official crossing place. Then, when the Forest path brought us to the northern edge of Forest Island, Jim Calloway left us and headed off through the scrub towards the Hacking and waterfall as he had to go to work later that day. We proceeded along Lady Carrington Drive and up the track to Palona Cave where, for the first time in my trips to Palona Brook, the weather dictated that lunch should be in the caverather than upstream above the waterfall.

Safer lunch it was back to the Hacking for an easy splash across to the foot of Neram Spur which I hadn't visited since the January 1994 bushfires. A hundred metres up from the river, on the large rock, the elkhorn colony had been burnt but among the dead ferns were several small healthy specimens.

After the fires it was easier to get to the low cliffline and to wend our way up through the rocks to the top. From here our way, trackless for two kilometres, headed in a gradual climb south, south-west then north-west to the Uloola Track. It was because of its interest and comparative// that I originally included this ridge in the walk. After all, a test walk need not be a gruelling marathon but should be, as well as being sufficiently long, show Prospective Members the kind of terrain that may be encountered. After afternoon tea at Uloola Falls there were more showers as we headed for Karloo Pool, kangaroo Creek and the Bottle Forest track which gave us our last climb for the day, and led us towards Engadine Station. While we waited for the train we sheltered from the wind behind a corner and donned any dry clothes.

Bronny said she couldn't remember the last time she had got so wet. Nigel Weaver said he had done five test walks, intimating that he thought he was over-qualified to be a Prospective. Tom Wenman was nursing a crook foot (orthotic problem). Derek and I arrived back at Carringbah damp and cold. It was a great test walk.

Sunday, 6 October 1996. Jim Calloway, Errol Sheedy, Bronny Niemeyer, Nigel Weaver, Tom Wenman, Derek Wilson plus 15 others.

SBW SONG BOOK

At long last the official "SBW Song Book" has been printed and is available to members at a cost of \$5-00. Now you can sing around the campfire - no longer lost for words! There have been earlier songbooks, from times long long ago but this version has old songs (from 1930/40 etc) and new songs (1960/70 etc). **Price \$5.00** (available in the Clubrooms or mailed if you include \$1.00 for postage).

SBW CHRISTMAS PARTY

Wed. 17 December at 7.30 PM for 8 PM. Bring a "plate", the Club will supply drinks. Check the Walks Program for other social functions.



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Forty Degrees South: The Enigma that is Flinders Island by

Frank Davis

Remnant of a land bridge that once joined Tasmania to Victoria, Flinders Island sits astride the Fortieth Parallel of Latitude. Lapped by sparkling, clear blue water, this enigmatic land is in many ways a place of contrasts.

The island: Fronting winds and seas that arrive unchecked from Africa, the west coast is predominantly a granite bulwark. Smallish beaches and an occasional outcrop of erosion sculptured limestone the only chinks in this armoured shore. The east coast is almost entirely beach, interrupted by a couple of inlets and backed by a half dozen shallow lagoons that, during dry periods, can become sandy deserts.

Between the major granite outcrops of Mt. Killiecrankie in the north, the Patriarchs to the east and Mt. Leventhorpe in the Darling Range, lie flat sandy plains. Some ten thousand years ago these plains were seabed, this surface needs barely to be scratched to reveal sea shells from this by-gone age. It is largely these plains that were divided and cleared by soldier-settlers, who at that time comprised the bulk of the island's population.

A 'dry spell' had proceeded our arrival, the pasture on these plains was desiccated and the one time sea bottom looked like it would require constant nourishing to maintain adequate stock grazing.

Now numbering some 600, the population is less than half than at its peak. Many farms are up for sale (with no buyers). Few young people stay on after school age. There must be some concern over the future of the island, but then, a local identified Australia as 'the north island' and Tasmania as 'the south island'. "If that's the case what is Flinders?" you ask "The centre of the Universe" he quips.

Sitting atop Mt. Strzelecki you could believe this, besides, as the brochure says 'it's not why go to Flinders but why not go?' Mt. Strzelecki,

the island's highest peak, dominates in the south and affords magnificent views from the top.

The Walks: Our first walk was an easy 5k warm up on the west coast. Starting on the edge of an extensive tidal marsh flat on an arm of Parrys Bay, rock-hopping around the prominent Long Point, returning via the western facing beach.

On day 2 we tackled Mt. Strzelecki. An easy climb through small trees and scrub to begin - steeper and rougher as we progressed. A strong, chill wind in exposed areas saw us seek shelter at the top for lunch. Some cloud and haze made it less than ideal for photography but the panorama was spectacular.

Day 3. While in mountain mode we headed for Mt. Killiecrankie. An hours beach walk took us to the beginning of the Quoin Cattle Co. property. With prior permission we followed extensive trails through tea-tree, small eucalypts and miniature banksias to reach the base of this granite crown.

We scrambled almost to the top, then came a time when the wind was so heavy, (would have blown the spots off a Dalmatian), it would have been irresponsible folly to continue. Retreating, we lunched in the shelter of scrub-bordered fire-trail, then returned along the beach to Killiecrankie settlement.

Next day saw the start of the 3-day walk along the N-W coastline. This was 45km from the mouth of the North East River around to West End. A shortage of water necessitated caches to be left for the end of day 1 and day 2. This also meant that our packs could be left, so on days 1 and 3 we carried only day packs (a wonderful idea).

The route was a mixture of some serious rock-hopping on small and large granite boulders, a patch or two of some spiteful looking ragged limestone, small sandy coves and beaches, headlands of thick tussock grass and areas of fallen casuarinas. We used some tracks through low, wind pruned vegetation that would have

low, wind pruned vegetation that would have been fine, had we been no taller than the wallabies who forged them.

Landmarks such as Sleepy Beach, She Oak Point, The Dock, Stackeys Bite, Twelve Hour Point and Egg Beach were reached and passed: there is possibly a book in just how these locations got their names. As well, in the south, there is Trousers Point, Pigs Head Point, Tongue Point and Badger Corner (the local name for wombats): sure wouldn't want these people naming any children of mine.

Back to day walks; the east coast beaches were attacked, then a switch to the west to walk from Emita to Castle Rock. In the south we visited Logan Lagoon Wildlife Sanctuary, then walked north on the beach past Pot Boil Point. The return to the vehicle was via the edge of a bone dry Logans Lagoon.

For a change of pace the next walk was through the Darling Range. This walk started with a gradual climb on a compacted loam/clay road, a surface not encountered before. We took a side track to see the 'White Gum' grove and to spot the rare Forty-spotted Pardalote.

The track then passed through larger trees; this area reminiscent of the Lower Blue Mountains with vegetation of eucalypts, tea-tree, hakeas and xanthorrhoea. We missed the side track to Mt. Leventhorpe but then, the wind strength would have made the climb uncomfortable if not dangerous. This 17 km walk through the low range was a stark contrast to the coastal walks.

Our last day available and we at last visited Trousers Point: a mystery solved at last, so named because someone swam ashore from a ship sans trousers. Why not **NO TROUSERS POINT**?

This programme of walks had been great, the diversity of terrain and scenery unforgettable. Don's planning, as usual, immaculate. The daily return to bed, hot water shower and micro-wave oven, however, has been a mixed blessing. The

walks have lacked the flow and cohesion of, say, a Hume & Hovell walk or a Kakadu Trek.

The Place: Carnsdale, our host farm, is situated just north of the centre of the island and some 4k from the east coast beaches. The house has every facility to make a stay comfortable and enjoyable. Our hosts, Judy and Rob Wilson could not have been more pleasant or helpful.

The location could be considered isolated without transport, but then our programme would have been impossible with no vehicle. We had a white, 8-seater van to begin with, which was later replaced by a red one. This one went much faster (red vehicles are always faster than other colours, aren't they).

Barry Hall shouldered the task of driving. In no time he knew his way around the island like a local. Barry did a wonderful job, shielding the rest of us from this chore. I'm sure the rest of the party much appreciated his efforts. I know I enjoyed being able to pay full attention to the scenery.

Feb/Mar 1997: Ron Barr, Don (Milo) Brooks, Frank Davis, Barry Hall, Joan Hannan, Norah Mace, Dick Weston and George Winter

PROBLEMS IN KAKADU

Russell Willis has written to seek our assistance in having changes made to Draft Area Plans For Jim Jim & Twin Falls, Maguk (Barramundi) and Graveside. One proposal is to close the Graveside track for one week in four to allow traditional owners unrestricted access. The draft area plan for Jim Jim & Twin Falls, an area where many SBW members have walked, proposes banning one of the things that many have done and enjoyed - the climb down the chimney ("chute") at Twin Falls (in the name of safety!). Russell suspects that this may be the beginning of the end of remote area walking as parts of the accepted bushwalking routes could be considered to be at least as dangerous as climbing down "the chute".

If you would like to add your voice in protest, please write to: The Planning Officer
Kakadu National Park
PO Box 71

Copies of the draft plans for the three areas can be obtained by fax addressed to Sandy Toth Kakadu Park Headquarters (Fax 08 8938 1115) or by letter to the above address.

Lightweight Stove by Don Milo Brooks

With the trend towards prohibition of fires in National Parks the need to carry stoves arises. If your Trangia seems more than adequate for a weekend, or if weight and space are a consideration on an extended trek there is a simple solution.

Take a 750 gram Milo can, and with a can punch (the type used to open beer cans before ring pulls were invented) pierce holes around the side at the top of the can. Next about halfway down from the top drill 4 holes to allow tent pegs to be passed through the can, parallel and about 45 mm apart. Finally remove the bottom of the can. The base of the can is now the top (and the top is of course the bottom). The can is positioned over the Trangia burner and a 110 mm diameter billy rests on the tent pegs.

This does not have the versatility of the full Trangia unit but it does save weight and space. With the pegs removed the billy packs entirely within the Milo can. This is all I used on a 7 day pack walk on Hinchinbrook Island. It worked wonderfully one day, and PERFECT the next.

Little Wobby & Beyond by Don Milo Brooks

I have always gained access to the ridge immediately above Little Wobby through the *Little Wobby Sports & Recreation Centre* property; this access having been previously arranged by a quick phone call to their office. With permission granted I have been able to disembark at their wharf proceed through their property and thus access the Highway Ridge track and onto Rocky Ponds, The Icicles, Patonga and Wondabyne, etc. All this has changed however. You now need to be in possession of a "letter of authority" from the *Broken Bay Sports & Recreation Centre* before the Wobby ferry will stop at the Centre's wharf. No doubt you can still disembark at the public wharf, but you still need the "letter of authority"

to proceed through the Centre's property to access the ridge running 100 metres above the landing spot.

However all is not lost, a simple phone call to (02) 4349 0600 where you will be asked who and what you are, numbers expected, date, ETA and destination. After providing this information I had my "letter of authority" by fax within 50 minutes. By post will obviously take a few days. The "letter of authority" must be carried with you, gives you authority to pass over and through the property, carries a disclaimed clause and their wishes for an enjoyable days outing.

Walking Wedding in the Swiss Alps

by Carol Lubbers

Some of you may remember Enrica Ferrini, a Swiss-Italian visitor who walked with us a year ago. She was working in Australia for just 3 months and wished to see the Australian bush. Well, with the SBW she did, and is now so hooked on walking that last week, Enrica's fiancé, Frank, was to walk from Geneva to Wallis to meet her when she arrives from her home town of Ticino in the opposite direction. Their walks involve 3-4 days at 7 hours per day EACH to meet at the church on 2 August!

All being well, they collided at the door of the church on the right day at the right time and the wedding went off without a hitch. Wonder if she wore white walking boots?

Enrica sends her best wishes to all the SBW she met on such activities as the Hunter Valley wine weekend, City to Surf, Tony Manes & Kay Chan's walks, Six Foot Track, and others. Enrica's address is: Firme Es Bon, 1186 Essertines S/Rolle, Switzerland

MAGAZINE ARTICLES. Dear Readers, it is most satisfying to receive your contributions: well done! However there is a constant demand to feed our voracious magazine. The December issue is about half full with nothing in the cupboard thereafter. As you walk along the track, especially on the Christmas extended walks think about putting digital data to disk or even pen, pencil or biro to paper. Editor.

September General Meeting

Tony declared the meeting open about 8-10 pm with about twenty members present (not counting those chatting in the kitchen). Your replacement scribe overlooked getting details of correspondence etc but recollects that the financial report showed the club remains quite solvent with a bank balance near \$7,000 despite paying a hefty fee to Confederation.

A very subdued Walks Secretary (big day getting closer Eddy?) presented the walks report. Bill Capon's stroll through lawyer vines to Cedar Creek on 16th/17th August had six members, and one prospective. The planned car swap was replaced by a taxi ride at the end when the leader left his keys in the wrong vehicle at the wrong end. No report of Zol Bodlay's walk in Marra Marra on Saturday 16th August. Laurie Bore had a variable 17 to 18 on his day walk at Bouddi on Sunday 17th. Water problems, misplaced members and car break-ins added to the day. Also on Sunday, Frank Grennan and eleven others reportedly crawled up Mt Solitary on hands and knees in very windy conditions.

Wilf Hilder's mid-week walk was postponed as Wilf recovered from the flu. A similar fate for his weekend walk scheduled a couple of days later. Jan Mohandas had between 35 and 40 on his annual Six Foot Track in a Day classic on Saturday 23rd August with front "runners" at Caves House in time for a late lunch. Ken Chang was not so ambitious with seven or eight on his medium grade walk on the other side near Blackheath. Sunday saw Sandy Johnson start with 13 on his Lane Cove Valley walk but 5 deserted the group at lunchtime fearing a late finish. In the event the walk finished at a respectable 4-20 pm. On the same day, Errol Sheedy led a party of nine in the Royal and had a learning experience in Temptation Creek.

Ian Rannard prepared for hospital entry on his mid-week walk on Tuesday 26th August, finishing at 1pm. No report of Kenn Clacher's three day mountain ski tour on the following weekend. Chris Miller cancelled his Kanangra walk on the same weekend when two of his party of five backed out at the last moment. Maurice Smith's planned weekend on Danjera

Creek was postponed to 27th/28th September. Nancye Alderson's party of 10 encountered a black snake on their way up to Hazelbrook on Saturday 30th August. Eddy Giacomel reported no interest for his walk to Blue Gum so he cancelled it. Glorious boronia and waratahs were a feature of Jim Callaway's west to east crossing of the Royal on Sunday 31st August. Jim's party of nineteen included 10 prospectives and two visitors.

The weekend of 6th/7th September featured the 65th anniversary of Blue Gum Forest. Reports of many people wearing packs in Blackheath. No report of Eddie Collins walk in Kanangra. Presumably, they would have met the 14 participants in the annual "K to K in a Day" Kanangra to Katoomba classic. Cloudy conditions saw this group reach Cox's River at noon and the gate on Narrow Neck at 5 pm. Tony Holgate postponed his Saturday walk in Lane Cove Park to Sunday but couldn't compete with Father's Day. Never mind, Tony and Jan saw a powerful owl, an unusual sight in the area. Patrick James had 18 on his walk in Muogomarra Reserve on a beautiful day.

The walks report concluded with Bill Holland reporting 6 participants on his mid week walk on Tuesday 9th September. Spectacular displays of wild flowers featured on this walk from St Ives to Wahroonga via Bobbin Head.

The Conservation report drew attention to the Draft Access Strategy for National Parks. Bill Holland urged members to write and protest at proposed relaxing of access restrictions to give 4WD, horse riders et al "equity of access". Fifteen members or so immediately obliged by signing letters at the meeting.

Ken Smith presented the Confederation report. Seems SBW were successful in moving for monthly general meetings at the AGM. Also we recorded our protest at Confederation's continuing contacts with ORCA (Outdoor Recreational Council of Australia) regarding leadership accreditation and training standards. Patrick James gave details of the 70th anniversary celebrations and the meeting closed about 9.10 pm.

Vale Ivor Ashby

In the Blue Mountains, on Saturday 4 October 1997, it was a beautiful day, warm and sunny, perfect walking weather. At the end of a medium hard Bush Club walk from Wentworth Falls to Katoomba, Ivor Ashby collapsed and died suddenly in Katoomba Street Katoomba. He died after an enjoyable day walking with friends. Ivor was a member of SBW, he joined in 1971, and the Bush Club and also of two other walking clubs.

Ivor was born 70 years ago in the UK and after a period as a submariner in the Royal Navy came to Sydney. Ivor was a quiet, gentle man and his love of the bush prompted him to move to the Blue Mountains.

Ivor is survived by his former wife, two sons, daughter-in-law and three grandchildren. At Ivor's funeral on Thursday 9 October Jo van Sommers and Jim Percy represented SBW.

FOOTNOTES by Patrick James

This month the magazine is back to normal coming to you in about the third week of the month. This change back to a comfortable routine went last: next month to make allowance for Christmas the *Sydney Bushwalker* will be 1 week EARLY.

The 70th Anniversary, issue of the *Sydney Bushwalker* was well received judging from the feedback I have received. All the "well dones", "good work", brownie points and positive strokes have been, are and will be passed on to the magazine team. Next month we'll have a review of the 70th Anniversary celebrations. Just for the record, did you sign the visitors book at the 70th Anniversary celebrations, if not, do so next time you're at the club.

October was a doubly significant month for Walks Secretary **Eddy Giacomel**. Firstly Eddy chalked up that significant birthday after which life begins, and begin it did. The second matter of significance was the marriage of Eddy and Jennifer Trevor-Roberts on Sunday 26 October.

Barbara Bruce has taken catching a cab one step too far. In Pitt Street last month a taxi knocked Barbara down and broke her leg. At the 70th Anniversary Dinner Barbara was there with the latest fashion accessory, a self-propelled, high speed wheel-chair. Now that's dedication!!

Information Received and Wanted: The Henley Cup is named after Bill Henley an outstanding athlete and member active in the 1940s and early 1950s. At SBW reunions provided that there is water to swim in and contestants to swim, a competition for the Henley Cup may be held. The Cup is not contested each year but, it seems, in bursts of enthusiasm. The first and latest Henley Cup winners, according to the shields on the Cup are Gwen Jewell in 1949 and Ian Debert in 1995. When did we start calling Day-O. Probably in the early 1960s when Harry Belefonte's song *Day-O* hit the hit parades. More details from the Clubs closet historians and elders are required.

Some information has been received about the Mandleberg Cup. The Cup was probably purchased from a pawn shop in Castlereagh Street Sydney run by a man called Mandelburg. (The Mandelburg family ran a number of pawn shops in Sydney in the first half of this century.) The Cup was an aluminium dipper with a large one-sided handle and was awarded for swimming. Where is the Cup now? Is it in someone display cabinet or in the laundry?

The long brass Sydney Bush Walkers name plate is still a mystery. Any comments from the oldies? The plate has been polished and coated with clear lacquer. Bushwalkers Basin has been found and a walk will be led there soon, see summer walks program.

Kaite Matilda has forsaken the city and is now living in a cabin, in a canyon on 55 ha of bushland in beautiful Rylstone. There's plenty of room for small groups of SBW members for weekend camping visits. Write to Kaite for details, address page 7.

NB Changes to name, address or phone numbers should be sent as soon as possible to Membership Secretary: Barry Wallace.