

THE SYDNEY BUSH WALKER

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bush Walkers,
14 Atchison Street, St. Leonards.

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Meetings at the Club Rooms on Wednesday evenings after 7.30 p.m.

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JANUARY, 1975.

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DECEMBER GENERAL MEETING.

by Jim Brown.

Right at the outset the President felt impelled to explain that the December meeting would be somewhat of a "one-man band" as both Secretary and Treasurer had other fish to fry that evening. A welcome was extended to new members Pat McBride and Ian Gibson, while another, Victor Gosbell, was not present.

Having read the November minutes Barry asked for and obtained the vote of endorsement as a correct record, and there were no questions arising. Apart from the usual batch of magazines and bulletins, Correspondence contained a couple of items which were discussed briefly. From the Brisbane Walkers was a proposition that a group of walking clubs (about 12 in number) should agree to the reprinting in their magazines of articles published by the others, with the usual courtesy of acknowledgment of origin of the items. We were in accord with this notion, while adding that S.B.W. magazine seldom "borrowed". A book from the Victorian National Parks Association "The Alps at the Crossroads", proposing an Alpine National Park extending from the Kosciusko Park into Victoria was advertised as now being available. While the "owner" of Yerranderie has distributed a circular inviting interested parties of up to 25 or 30 to "hire a phost town".

The Treasury statement, also presented by the President, disclosed a working balance of \$1,624 at the close of November, and when the Walks Report was called for, Bob Hodgson was able to say to Barry, "One cap you won't have to wear tonight". To begin with there was the car swap on Jenolan River, jointly handled by John Broome and Alan Marlin, with 4 in the downstream and 5 in the upstream parties. Was something said about trout in the stream? There was some doubt whether the other weekend trip set down for Nov. 15 - 17 had actually gone, but Sam Hinde's Sunday walk to Marley had gone forward and was described by Gladys Roberts as "a normal trip".

Over the weekend 22 - 24 Nov. Hans Beck had a party of 8 on the Nattai River, the party being tricked and trapped into following a timber trail which took them away from the intended route: as a result the return was made via Starlight's Trail instead of Rocky Waterholes Creek. That weekend Snow Brown also had 8 in the Wollondilly - Tomat Creek country, sampling Tony Carlon's usual hospitality, and returning along ridge instead of Tomat Gorge when it turned showery on Sunday. Sunday 24th had two day walks, Max Crisp leading 13 from Katoomba to Mt. Solitary and back, while Kath Brown had 15 on a standard Burning Palms walk. It was recorded that small pockets of sand were coming back at The Palm's beach.

Over the weekend Nov. 29 - Dec. 1 David Gleeson's party experienced very warm conditions on the Splendour Rock - Cox's River trip and enjoyed the river swimming. Sunday saw Joe Marton's long coastal day walk from Bundeena to Otford, with 15 people, two of whom went ahead after lunch to catch an earlier train, while five defected (some by pre-design) at Garie to take the bus.

Roy Higginbotham led on the Kowmung River jaunt of Dec. 6 - 8, the party totaling 12 (it was mentioned that the badly potholed state of the Kanangra road caused a tyre on one car to disintegrate). A threat of rain on Saturday kept the party cool and comfortable on the ridge walk from Kanangra and the return from foot of Hughes Ridge commenced about noon on Sunday. The day walk was to Marley, conducted by Kath Brown with 16 in the party and it was reported that Marley Beach at least has a liberal supply of sand.

In General Business, Gordon Broome reported that some work had been done on the Alpine hut which his group of S.B.W. members had agreed to care for: more was to be done and he needed some 26 g. galvanised iron roofing and some 3" x 2" timber. In response to a suggestion that the Club might give financial support, Gordon said this was available from funds held by the Kosciusko Huts group, but he was at this stage enjoying the "scrounging".

Finally the President had one item of good tidings: Alan Martin had volunteered as a Federation delegate, filling one of the vacancies, and he was naturally elected very gladly. Barry, in winding up the business at about 9.20 p.m. reminded us that this still left one position for Federation representative to fill, and looked around hopefully, but unsuccessfully, before declaring the meeting closed.

JAGUNGAL AT LAST.

by David Rostron.

Jagungal - the ski tourers dream - had eluded me for many years, always because of indifferent weather (is that the best way of describing blizzards?). 1974 seemed that it would not be the exception, with one abortive attempt in August. The same fate had fallen to other enthusiasts, Wilf Hilder, Rod Peters and Co. during 1974.

With the exceptional snow conditions this year it was thought that one more attempt was warranted. By 12.30 a.m. on Saturday 19/10/74 eight bodies were bedded down at Munyang with high hopes for the morrow arising from the clear starry night. However there was some cloud about the next morning as we set off up Whites River at 7.00 a.m. Falling snow and poor visibility were encountered at times on the trek up to Schlink Pass so there was no great optimism amongst the party despite the forecast of a fine Sunday.

An early lunch was had at Schlink Hilton and then we set off across the Kerries to Mawsons Hut. Whiteout conditions prevailed over 2-3 miles and we accordingly had some differences of opinion as to the route. Phil Butt extolled the virtues of the valley route whilst Wilf Hilder claimed the ridges must be followed. Both alleged superior knowledge, having been there before in whiteouts. However this did little for the confidence of the rest of the party. One could ask why the leader remained silent. In fact, there was no leader - a case of 8 chiefs and no indians! A consensus gradually developed and we followed the valleys. The whiteout lifted and we found ourselves at Mawsons by 2.00 p.m.

Snow conditions by this time were quite poor - soft slush and the remainder of the afternoon passed with large quantities of food and liquid being consumed.

Just after dinner John Broome returned from a short excursion to announce that snow conditions were improving. There was an almost unanimous desire to shake off the afternoon and evening's lethargy, and shortly afterwards five individuals were out on skis for an intended run to Tin Hut and back (10 km return). After travelling about 400 yards your scribe was the first to "white out" on account of the breakable crust. Two minutes discussion and the remainder of the party were also heading back to the hut.

At 4.00 a.m. next morning Phil was the first up and then announced there had been a good frost overnight. Six of the party were away by 5.00 a.m. on what seemed like solid ice. (The two girls - Kathy Stewart and Judith considered that stopping in bed was a far saner way to spend these hours of the morning.) Two minutes to cover the 500-600 yards to the Valentine River and then the painful process of crossing in bare feet followed by the replacement of boots and socks on snow on the other side. John dropped a sock in the water which Phil unsuccessfully attempted to retrieve. He shall have to be named Brass Monkey Phil after this episode. The rest of the party were almost suffering from frostbite after the crossing but Phil removed his boots and socks again and plunged in to try to save John's sock. John then wore a towel on his foot and reported this was almost the same as a sock.

The usual waxing arguments followed - each to his own idea and soon we were en route again minus one prospective who could not handle the ice on his new fish-scale skis.

The first rays of the sun struck the east face of Jagungal and there were a number of photograph stops. Happy Jacks River was reached and fortunately we found a dry crossing on rocks. Wilf was observed up to his knees in water at one time. Following the usual facetious enquiry he responded that he was fishing - for his camera. He later changed the film and reported that all was in order.

The five members of the party became spread out over the last few miles. Snow conditions were still very good - one could double pole at quite a fast rate on the flat and even on slight upgrades. The first skiers reached the summit at about 7.30 a.m. under perfect conditions - no wind and very little cloud. Watsons Crags and Mt. Kosciusko looked magnificent under their heavy mantles of snow. A hundred miles (?) away in Victoria, Mt. Bogong stood out on a sea of cloud. One could not have wished for a more magnificent panorama - this was the ultimate in champagne ski-touring.

We could have accepted the euphoria associated with this stay on the summit for hours, but by 8.30 a.m. the increasing heat of the sun dictated an early departure in order to have superlative snow conditions for the downhill run. For me the run off the summit was unsurpassable. If ecstasy can be experienced through skiing then this was it!

Back across the valleys and ridges and this time the crossing of Valentines River was almost refreshing. Wilf claimed he was tempted to dive in. The first lunch of the day was had at Mawsons and then some of the party intended to climb Dicky Cooper Bogong en route to Munyang. By the time Schlink Pass was reached the heat of the sun and poor snow conditions again determined the action - back to the cars. Lunch No.2 was enjoyed just below Schlink Pass and we were back to the cars by 4.00 p.m. It was found that snow on the road, on which we had skied for about 2 miles on the way up on Saturday morning, had since melted.

That evening as we dined at Queanbeyan one surveyed the red noses and faces of one's companions. Rod Peters was so well "lit up" he was accused of having been on the 'bottle' all weekend.

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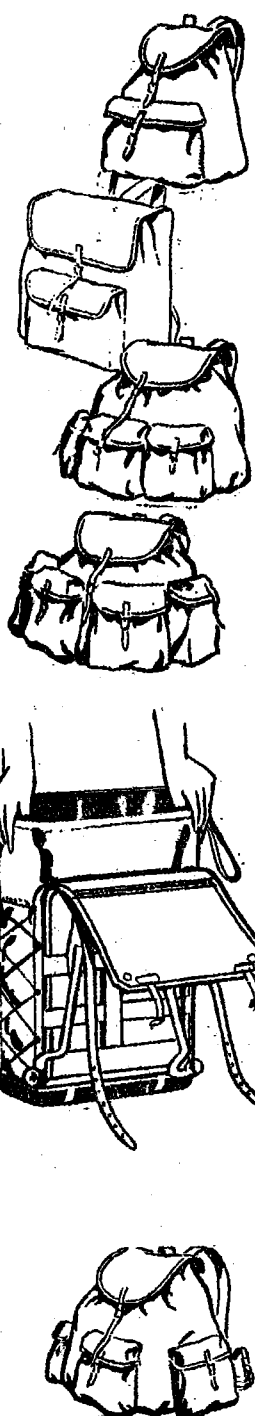
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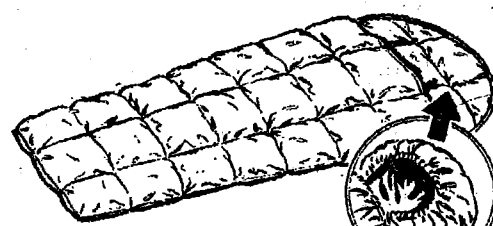
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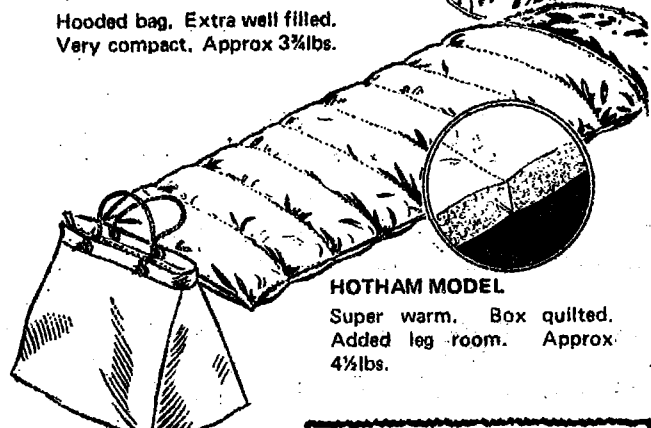
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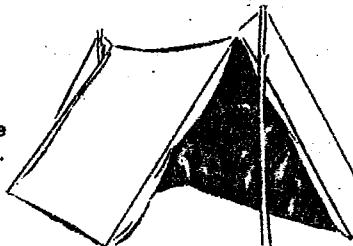


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Paddy Pallen

CONSERVATION.

by Dr. B. Byles.

(Address by Dr. Baldur Byles on receipt of Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws, Australian National University, 14/9/73. Published in the National Parks Journal - September 1974.)

The field of human activity concerning land use and conservation is covered with conflicts and differences of opinion. If we carry out sufficient land use surveys, cost benefit studies and other research directed to finding out the effects of alternative forms of use on economics, wildlife, soil erosion and so on, we can reduce these conflicts and differences, but however much we do this there will still remain - particularly in the field of conservation - a basic difference of opinion that encroaches on the field of philosophy and religion. It is on this subject that I would like to speak very briefly.

As an Australian forester I was trained to accept the view that the prime purpose of a forest was to produce straight logs that could be economically converted to saleable timber. As my work with the Kosciusko State Park developed and I became aware of other uses for forests, I found myself, if not exactly ostracised by my forestry colleagues, at least kept out of the way when matters concerning conflicts with the nature lovers were being considered. At the same time my new found friends among the nature lovers viewed me with suspicion as a representative of an exploitive industry. I was charged with running with the hares and hunting with the hounds, and this was not a comfortable position but it did give me an opportunity to see both sides of the question.

The traditional view of the mining fraternity is that minerals preserved in the ground are minerals wasted, while foresters expressed the view - and some probably still do - that a forest not managed for maximum production of saleable timber is a cemetery of dead trees and a waste of natural resources.

The conservationist feels within himself that these views are wrong; he may know why they are wrong but this is not clearly and courageously expressed, with the result that he fulminates and protests over details, and there is much noise, much smoke but very little attempt at mutual understanding.

There is an old story which bears on this matter. In brief enigmatic form anyone may read it in the first chapter of Genesis - it was told by some wise old men - and possibly women - in the long long ago. These people looked out on the world and asked themselves: how? when? where? why? did it all happen. And, in answer to their own question, they propounded the story of how God created the world and gave man dominion over all the earth and every living thing therein.

In those faraway days the law concerning real estate had not been clearly defined and we were not told whether God gave man the freehold title to the earth or whether He gave it to him as trustees, to have, to hold and to enjoy and to pass on to his successors in a better state than that in which he received it.

Does this story, I wonder, help us to pinpoint the fundamental difference between the miner who believes that minerals left in the ground are minerals wasted and the forester who believes that a forest not managed for the maximum production of saleable timber is a forest wasted; and the conservationist, and, if so, will it assist them to discuss calmly and logically the appropriate use for a certain tract of land?

I think that the leaders of the conservation movement are convinced that God did NOT give man the freehold title to the earth but only gave it to him as trustee, and I think that the time has come to express that conviction publicly, even though it may expose the movement to some unpleasant comment. Then, when any proposal involving the destruction of the existing natural conditions comes up for consideration, it should ask itself: is this absolutely necessary for the well-being of the community and if it is what can be done to ensure that we shall discharge our responsibilities to hand the earth on in a better condition than that in which we found it?

There are many ways in which the loss brought about by the total removal of Mt. Tom Price in the interests of the steel industry, for instance, could be made good. There are vast areas of the earth's surface that have been denuded of forest cover by man's short-sighted greed. These are all capable of being reforested and, in so doing, a body of raw material would be created which, when the chemists have solved certain intractable problems, could be used to replace non-renewable fossil materials the supply of which is rapidly being exhausted.

Many years ago Broken Hill was a mining settlement swept by dust brought in by the prevailing westerly winds. A certain mining company decided to do something about it, in consequence of which a substantial area on the western side of the town was securely fenced, rabbits and sheep were excluded and the native vegetation re-established, thereby reducing the dust nuisance in a most spectacular way. Broken Hill is a long way from Kosciusko but, if we follow the chain of cause and effect we shall find that this initiative by a mining company resulted in the decision by the N.S.W. Government, many years later, to put an end to grazing in the Kosciusko State Park.

An article in Saturday's Herald describes a million dollar experiment in pasture improvement and cattle grazing that is being carried out by Comalco on Cape York Peninsula. When asked why a mining company was concerning itself with pasture improvement and cattle grazing, the manager replied: "because the company wants to give something back to Australia instead of forever taking away."

It is highly improbable that the managing directors of either of these companies would read the first chapter of Genesis to the annual meeting of shareholders, but they certainly have acted in the spirit of the story.

The philosophers may philosophise and the theologians may theologise, but the fact remains that good and evil both exist; they are opposite sides of the same coin; we cannot have one without the other. It needs only a very brief glance at the morning paper to show us that the evil

side of the coin is very well engraved, but I suggest that if the conservation movement finds itself, expresses its conviction and tests its proposed activities in this way, it will make a very powerful contribution to engraving the good side of the coin.

I have no desire to try to emulate the prophet Jeremiah, but I am certain (and quite a number of other people share this certainty) that if western man does not make a radical change in his thinking, his philosophy and his way of life, something is going to happen to him, and this something will not be very enjoyable.

I think, therefore, that the conservation movement should realise its duty and extend its thinking beyond the provision of parks and primitive areas; it should delve into its own conscience and boldly proclaim to the world that, to quote the words of the Scottish catechism, the chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever, and that God did NOT give man the freehold title to the earth but that He gave it to him as trustee, to have and to hold and to enjoy and to pass on in a better condition than that in which he found it.

PERSEPOLIS - not quite a BUSH walk.

by Allan Wyborn.

For a start there is no bush. But walking - there is plenty. Our journey across Iran, with the exception of the Caspian Coast was across stark barren plateaux and treeless mountains. At Persepolis it was the same, and, being the end of autumn, not a blade of green grass or bush was visible, but down on the plain some trees were bravely showing, planted for the 2,500th celebrations (more later).

Firstly, just what is Persepolis? It is not mentioned in the annals of ancient history or the Bible. The Western World thought of it as a group of palaces or the political capital of Persia. It was in fact the sacred dynastic shrine giving the national record of the achievements of the Achaemenid kings, and was only occupied on occasions of great national importance. It was founded by Darius I in 518 B.C., and continued building to the unfinished tomb of Darius III in 331 B.C. It is situated in the south of Iran, 460 km. south of Isfahan and 60 km. north of Shiraz.

So much for its origin. Now picture Persepolis, nestling at the foot of an all rock ridge about 200 metres high, and looking out over a dry arid plateau, with the seemingly eternal blue sky above. The terrace on which Persepolis is built is about 500 m. long by 350 m. wide and 20 m. high, hewn from the base rock. It was originally surrounded by a fortified wall, and outside that on the plain an ancient city, the only remains of which is the military village.

We went up on to the platform at the north-western corner by a monumental stairway of 106 steps about 8 metres wide; this leading to the Gateway of

Xerxes, a square hall with four huge columns and three doorways, each about 12 metres high. At this point the Medes and Persians separated to the right from the representatives of the visiting nations, who went straight on. Those going to the right crossed a court to enter the Apadana of Darius and Xerxes, a great hall about 80 metres square, having 36 columns 20 metres high and walls 7 metres thick. The cedars of Lebanon once formed the roof timbers until burnt down by Alexander the Great in 331 B.C. At the south-east corner of the Apadana we entered the Tripylon or Council Hall on the way to the Throne Hall of Xerxes which had 100 columns. Of these only the bases remain. In this Hall the King and his nobles received the representatives of at least 28 nations bearing gifts. Each group was led in by a Mede or a Persian to be presented, and bas-reliefs scattered throughout on the stonework depict the different characteristics and gifts of the visiting nations.

Apart from these two main halls we climbed in and out of three large palaces, halls, gateways, storerooms and military areas; the whole forming an area of great complexity tedious to describe. Not the least interesting were large cast double-headed lions and monsters. The water and drainage system deserves special mention. Way up on the ridge water was raised from a deep well, and gravitated through an elaborate double tiered system, five metres under the terrace and through the solid rock. The higher part of the system distributed the fresh water, while the lower took away the drainage, thus sanitary conditions were assured.

The local stone from which Persepolis is mainly constructed is a type of limestone, light brown to dark grey in colour. The exception being the Queen's Reception Hall, which is dark granite. All stones were perfectly laid without mortar.

After three hours exploring this whole area, we climbed the rocky ridge past the huge vertical faced tomb of Artaxerxes II, for a panoramic view of the complete scene. Although the sun was beating down and the day windless, the air on this 1,700 metre high plateau was keen and bracing.

Out on the plain past the ancient Persepolis can be seen the Royal Tent City. This was created in 1971 by the present Shah to house the fifty heads of state and royal guests, on the occasion of the 2,500th Anniversary of the Founding of the Persian Empire by Cyrus the Great. This anniversary was a magnificent event, and a lavish spectacle, and no expense was spared. The layout of the fifty huge light brown circular tents was in five double rows of ten each, radiating from a central pool, the whole being surrounded by young pine trees. At the extremity of the main row was the resplendent reception tent in blue and gold. The interiors of the tents were richly decorated in plush reds with elaborate chandeliers and a wealth of Persian carpets. This area took about an hour's walking, and at the end of the day we felt as though we had completed an M class day walk, and very rewarding too.

Persepolis exhibits magnitude, power and wealth. Since its rediscovery in the fifteenth century its magnificence has fired the imagination of the Western World.

WALKS SECRETARY'S NOTES, FEBRUARY.

1975

/ by Bob Hodgson.

(Weekend of January 31, February 1 and 2 was covered in the December issue)

February

- 7, 8, 9 - After his strenuous Bali trip Owen Marks intends to have a lazy weekend on the Wollondilly River. So if you want to swim, fish or just lie in the sun and eat yourself silly, join Owen.
- Saturday 8, 9 - Afternoon start with Elaine Brown with overnight at Little Marley for another lazy trip with swimming and sunbaking.
- Sunday 9 - Alastair Battye is leading this classic one day li-lo canyon trip. You will drift along on your li-lo in a beautiful water filled extremely narrow slit of a canyon.
- 14, 15, 16 - A trip encompassing the whole of the Upper Grose with the added bonus of the Grand Canyon. Hans Beck will ably lead you along this well-tracked but beautiful walk.
- Saturday 15, 16 - Margaret Reid is leading yet another easy stroll, this time you will be able to admire the beautiful Hawkesbury River as you cross to Patonga and wend your way to Dillon's Valley.
- Sunday 16 - Peter Levander's mystery li-lo trip. Those of us who attended Peter's li-lo slide night will most certainly be going along to see what Peter can pull out from under his hat.
- Sunday 16 - A Kath Brown regular. A beautiful walk which deserves its repeated appearance on the programme.
- 21, 22, 23 - Alastair Battye is your leader on this Newnes to Newnes trip. Apparently Alastair had a few problems with navigation or something last time this trip was attempted, so he has figured on doing the original trip in reverse, going down Constance Gorge and Rocky Creek.
- 21, 22, 23 - Ian Gibson is giving you the opportunity of li-loing Bell Creek as well as the Wollangambe on this weekend expedition. More sights per calory than opposition li-lo trips.
- Sunday 23 - David Ingram leads an easy day walk into a very old walking area, Minto, for a nostalgic look to see how the area has survived.
- 28, March 1, 2 - Bob Younger is off to do his thing on the Beecroft Peninsular. White ants need not apply. This time the trip is going to be completed.

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1975

February

Sunday 2 - The Carter team will be leading this different National Park walk, some of the place names have not appeared on the programme for some time.

Note: Keep your eye on the club notice board for Peter Scandrett's "Overnight day walks".

The Autumn Walks Programme (March, April, May) is now being prepared. The Walks Secretary would be very pleased if you would let him have your proposed walk right away. The cooler weather is the ideal time for really getting around and we need a lot of trips to cater for our prospective members as well as our old ones! Day walks are so popular these days that we could have two each Sunday and find them both well attended. So please do your bit - hard trips, medium trips and easy trips are all needed.

OFFICIAL NOTICE!

Any notices or proposed Constitutional Amendments to be presented to the Annual General Meeting should be in the hands of the Secretary not later than February 12th.

Any change of address or telephone number should be notified as soon as possible, for inclusion in the list of members accompanying the Annual Report.

* * * * *

MEMBERS' SLIDE NIGHT - 26th February.

This is your opportunity to show some of those wonderful slides you took over the Xmas holidays or during last year. All members are asked to bring a selection of their recent slides (no more than 20) for showing on 26th February.

Correction to Walks Programme.

Weekend walk 21/23rd February - Mt. Wilson, Wollongambe Creek trip, leader Ian Gibson. Ian's phone number is 80,3399(H).

SEDENKA INTERNATIONAL FOLKDANCE GROUP.

A note for members who have spare Friday nights.

Classes will re-commence 17th January, 1975 at the Gymnasium, Women's Sports Centre, University of Sydney (near the Teachers' College). The open session commences 7.30 p.m. and continues until 10.30 p.m., including a break about 9 p.m.

Cost is 50 c. per person.

Shoes worn must have non-marking soles, bare feet are permissible but expect blisters.

Parking is usually available outside the centre.

The lower age limit is 16, otherwise all are welcome.

To set the record straight - ...

In the December magazine (November Meeting notes) it was remarked "Frank Malloy had tendered his withdrawal from a position on Committee in the role of Federation delegate". This was intended to convey the meaning that Frank, while continuing to represent the Club as a Federation delegate, had elected to give up the position on Committee which he occupied as one of our delegates.

Camping in the Royal National Park.

One of our members was advised last week by a Ranger of the National Parks & Wildlife Service that camping permits are required by each camper, but that these are readily obtained by writing to the Service or from Rangers in the Park. In the case of recognised walking clubs one or two permits per party would probably be sufficient.

The permits are neat, easy to carry, and should carry the name, address and signature of the camper. They list the regulations of the Park, which are similar to those usually observed by bushwalkers, and also have a small sketch map which shows the two areas closed to camping during 1975. These two areas are Karloo Pool and Curracurrang. The permits are valid for 1975.

Burning Palms and Marley, and North Era, are open for camping this year.

Accommodation at Wirrimbirra Sanctuary, Bargo, N.S.W.

Cabin accommodation with beds, kitchen facilities, showers, etc. is available for \$2 per person per night. Bookings are to be made with the Ranger, Tel. (046) 84,112 or C/- Wirrimbirra Sanctuary, Hume Highway, Bargo, 2574.