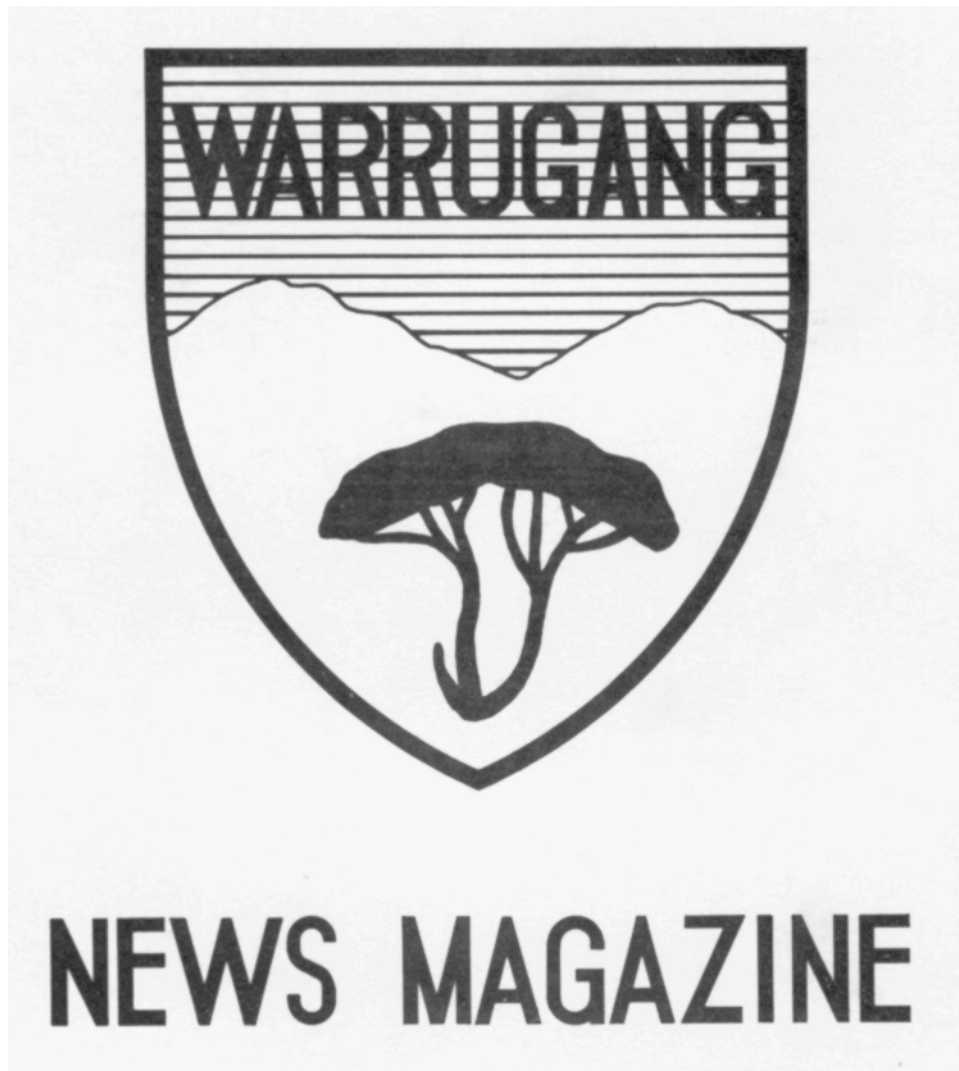


- FEB 1978



WARRUGANG NEWS MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY "78"

FAMILY GET-TOGETHER PICNIC DAY.

Sunday, 16th April at the Kuringai Wildflower Sanctuary, 420 Mona Vale Rd., St. Ives (just near St. Ives Showground). This is a council-run Wildflower Park with a number of very interesting walks and it is suggested that we arrive about 11 a.m. in order to obtain a suitable area. The park is open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. and there is a charge of \$1.00 per car admission to the park. There is a kiosk for soft-drinks, sweets etc. and coin-in-the-slot barbecues are available. B.Y.O.G. and food and join us there with your family.

PRE-SEASON GET-TOGETHER.

Friday, 26th May, 7.30 p.m. at the New Tai-Yuen Chinese Restaurant, 31 Dixon Street. A banquet menu will be provided at \$10 per head - drinks extra at your cost. Please advise Kaye Morrison by Friday 12th May if you are attending, enclosing cheque - no money, no booking. (See booking form enclosed in Magazine.)

ARE YOU GREEN?

Who said Warrugang members are the most movingest people in Australia? That intrepid explorer, Barbie Graham, spent the 4th February over the Antarctic - to her surprise, also on board was Eric Lawrence.

It is strange to take a "domestic" flight from Mascot International Airport; stranger still to read the Destination Board "Flight 414 Antarctica 10.45 a.m." There were 311 persons on board the Jumbo 747, plus 20 crew. Qantas staff are falling over each other to crew these flights. This trip was organised by the Corrimal Apex Club. Barbie took several books for the long flight down but didn't open one of them. There was cloud around Macquarie Island and only the waves breaking over the sheer cliffs could be sighted from the air. Barbie was on the flight deck as the pack-ice came into view and as she said "from there on everyone on the plane blew their mind". Crystal clear atmosphere, cobalt blue sea, icebergs - white on top and iridescent green under sea. Flew along the coast at 1500 feet for one hour to the French base of Durmont Durville where they descended to 700 feet. The thrill of a series of figure 8's in a 747 is apparently mind boggling! The

Radio Officer tried to reach Mawson 700 miles further on for Barbie to talk to Graeme Currie but as Barbie said "the rat fink wouldn't answer his radio". They even tried to raise Casey Base to contact Mawson but Casey was blizzard bound. The Flight Captain advised that they were incredibly lucky with the superb weather over Antarctica as he had stated that anything they saw over the Antarctic would be a bonus to the in-flight movies. The tourist class cost is about \$250 if you are thinking of going. Barbie feels it would be worth the extra to travel first-class. She had such a wonderful trip she has signed for another trip next October.

NEW MANAGEMENT.

As most members know, Peter and Carol Grant have now moved to their own "Lodge 21" at Smiggin Holes and would welcome any Warrugangsters who get lost on their way to Perisher.

We welcome Chris and Adrianna Blockley as our new Management Team. They were selected from a number of good applicants and we look forward to a long and happy association with them in the Warrugang tradition.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Are you up-to-date with your annual subscription? Your Board members (who are volunteers) have to put a lot of their time into collecting outstanding subscriptions and it is not fair to them or to your fellow club members. If you are not interested in the Club, please advise us as we have a long waiting list of potentially active members. If your subscription remains in arrears, your membership will be forfeited under the Company's Articles of Association.

Also, if you change your address and don't tell us, don't whinge when you don't receive magazines, booking forms, subscription notices etc.

MEMBERSHIP OF BOARD.

Several Board members find that pressure of their own business etc. precludes them from attending every monthly meeting of the Board and would be willing to step aside if other members would like to nominate for a Board position. It is an excellent way to become involved in the snow scene. Please phone Myrna Burke (631.9479) immediately if you would like to nominate for the Board at the March A.G.M.

POT-POURRI.

..... Does any member know anything about picture framing? If so, please advise one of the Board members if you would be willing to help.

..... The Alpine Church & Community Centre in Perisher Valley has requested donations from Ski Clubs and visitors to the Valley. We commend this to our members and suggest that individual donations be forwarded direct.

POT-POURRI (cont'd).

..... Did you leave skis or other gear in the Lodge? If so, we suggest you re-label and date them as all unidentified skis are likely to suffer a sorry fate next summer.

..... Warrugang, as well as many other Clubs, made a donation to the New South Wales Ski Association towards legal costs during the successful 1977 challenge to increased ski lift prices.

..... A suggestion has been made that we hold an obstacle race as one of the events of the Club Race Weekend at the end of July. The Club Captain will be pleased to hear your thoughts on this.

..... John Bible and Brian Budden are having a magnificent time around Europe - France, Spain, Monaco, Andorra, Italy, Germany, Liechtenstein, Davos, Chamonix - apparently almost broke but very happy with the skiing.

..... Bruce and Helen Wilkinson spent a month in U.S.A. - Aspen, Vale, etc. Wonder if they got snowbound in the recent heavy falls?

..... Has anyone got an old fridge for cold drinks etc., they would like to donate to the Lodge. It would have to be fully reliable as it would take a heck of a lot of work to get it transported to the Club.

..... Don't forget to pay your final accommodation money one calendar month before arrival at the lodge -OR YOUR BOOKING WILL BE FORFEITED.

..... New change of venue for the Annual General Meeting to the Pitt Club, Pitt Street, Circular Quay, on Friday, 10th March. If you turn up at the R.A.C., you will be very lonely! Parking should be slightly better at this new venue.

..... The Lodge has been repainted internally during the summer and a large number of internal maintenance problems have been sorted out. As you will see from the attached notice for the Annual General Meeting, the Board would like the members' feelings on the state of the common-room ceiling and we would hope as many members as possible can attend the A.G.M. to air their views (even if you can't make the dinner beforehand, you will be very welcome at the meeting which starts at 8.30 p.m.)

..... Eat your hearts out skiers - a friend was recently at a North Indian ski resort and, being a snow bunny, did not realise that 8¢ for each T-bar ride was unbelievable!

..... Just because there isn't an Easter work party planned, how about organising an Easter weekend at the Lodge.

..... Perisher Cup 1977 was won by C.A.C.1 team, second - Cooma 1, third - Boonoonoon 1. The Perisher Plate was won by Cooma 3, second - C.A.C. 4, third - Yallara. Warrugang was not represented this time - maybe if they cut out the jump.

..... The Biennial SnowExpo (of ski gear, films etc.) is being held on 21/22/23rd April at the Showground, at the same time as the Furniture Exhibition. This is well worth several hours of your time.

It is with regret we learned of the death in January of long-time member of the Club, John Hextall, and we extend sincere sympathy to his family.

'RONDOS' VOYAGE.

Doug 'Bos' Brown has been a club member for about fifteen years and is an Engineer with the Public Works Department. He designed a lot of successful boats including 'Lord Howe Trader' and 'Helsal', has designed a number of home units, is an air-conditioning engineer and is currently building a 707 fuselage for training air crew from Air Nuiguini. He designed and built his 27½' yacht in his own backyard at Balgowlah over a period of ten years and then cruised around the coast and to Lord Howe Island over a period of eight years until 1972. During these years he learned navigation and the multitude of other things required for ocean sailing and after about twenty years of effort, Bos was ready for his sailing adventure, some details of which follow:

Dear Fellow Members,

Doubtless I'm a better hand with the tiller than the pen, and putting a valid impression of my last 4½ years onto a few sheets of paper seems more of an undertaking now than was the trip itself - however, I will try.

I had never previously contemplated going off 'solo', but having already concluded that the ability to adapt happily to the sea itself, for what pleasure and interest it may afford, is the essential factor in the fitness and enjoyment of its small craft voyagers, I unsentimentally decided that as no convincing candidate for shipmate was in sight, 'sink or swim', I was on my own. (As in skiing, to sustain enthusiasm, one must start by being practical!). Anyway, I could cook well enough (for my own needs), was an avid reader, given the chance, and could walk past a T.V. set without even a glance.

I eventually departed Broken Bay, farewelled by the womenfolk of my family, on July 2nd, 1972 and was soon heading north at a great bat (for a 28 ft. yacht - about 6 knots - skiers!). Eight days and one short gale later, I was nosing my way through Port Alma, and thumping my way up-river to Rockhampton where cousin Geoff, wife and family resided. The trip so far had gone well and Hervey Bay, calm, serene, with the gannets out a-hunting in their precise and purposeful manner, had been magnificent!

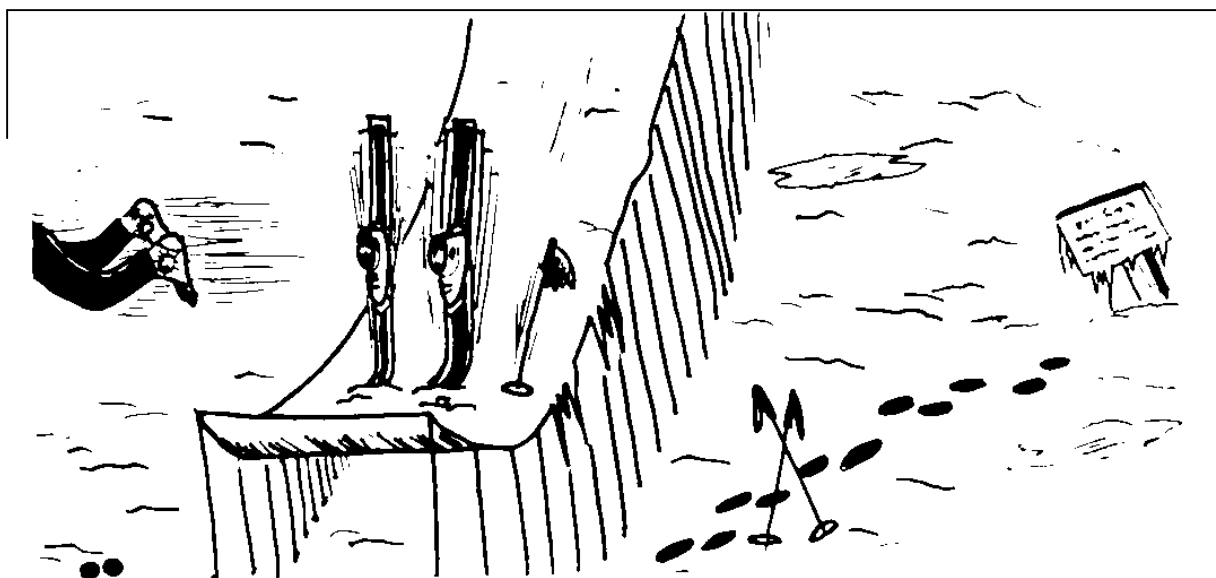
One enjoyable week later, I left for Mackay, where my old sailing pal and Bon Vivant, Trevor Clune who was accompanied by his good wife Barbara, came aboard for the 'tourist bit' - up through the Whitsunday Passage to Cairns. This stretch was particularly enjoyable, socialising ashore and afloat, snorkelling, and with Trev. trying his hand in the galley, navigating the reef, and attempting to have me get 'Rondo' into racing trim - whilst my mind was on other matters.

North of Cairns, solo again, and casually in company with two other cruising yachts north-bound like myself, we were in the 'trade wind' zone at last. The going had previously been sometimes slow, but now we could plan our daily runs with confidence. We were now well inside the Barrier Reef and night sailing was 'out' - for me. So we were prudently anchored before dusk, in the lee of some bit of a sand cay, or

reef, and often ashore baking the best of our day's catch 'Maori style' - in a sand oven.

This life was not hard to take and also had its mini-adventures and excursions along the way. However, all too soon, at Lizard Island, the yachts finally separated, to go their chosen ways, and the reality of 'alone-ness' came back strongly. Circumspectly, picking one's way northward, day by day, through this beautiful no-man's-land of nature, amongst the birds, fish and coral formations, with the trade-winds booming through night and day, and where there is no booby-prize for bungling, proved a fascinating and demanding apprenticeship. On the beaches and reefs along the way there was enough evidence of the transience of life, if one needed reminding.

Eventually, one bright and windy November day, 'Rondo' swooped into Thursday Island anchorage, with vast prospects of 24 hours per day, open-sea sailing ahead. The Barrier Reef had been beautiful though exacting, but the coming voyage would be comparatively easy, if perhaps rugged at times. However, with the cyclone season in the Indian Ocean coming on, I could expect ominous thoughts to accompany me to Durban! So there was no time to waste, and five days later, her bottom newly painted, and with a quick, rather cavalier tour of the Island behind me, we were off! Booby Island was soon astern with next stop, Christmas Island, 2,200 nautical miles away. A hundred miles per day was to prove average going in the open sea, in free wind conditions, and I later came to budget on this and so it was that twenty-two days later, Christmas Island came into view. A good landfall, but the trip had seemed very slow, yet somehow I'd expected it to take longer - not that the time had dragged, I had plenty of books etc. aboard. However, the weather had been muggy, and the breezes light. I had been doing my sleeping 'in the raw' on a sheet only. The only external diversions had been the sight of Roti, and Dana Islands of Indonesia, and interception by a prau with three aboard, who turned out not to be pirates and our only communication was a friendly wave. For hundred of miles I had been intrigued by masses of small brown specks on the water, eventually coming across some considerably larger, I saw them to 'be baby crabs. How many countless millions of them! Crabs in the open sea were a new idea to me; I discovered later that just about every piece of flotsam I came across in the open sea, harboured them!



My Christmas Island stay (five days again) proved most interesting. The English and Malay population, the phosphate mining operations, the bird, fish and coral life, and the scene in Flying-Fish Cove permitted never a dull moment.

I took some mail with me from Christmas Island, which I handed to John Clunies-Ross on Home Island of the Cocos-Keeling atoll six days later. He was pleasant enough, but no doubt saw no point in inviting problems by welcoming ashore 'dubious' characters from passing yachts, so I didn't set foot there!

Over the lagoon in the Australian settlement by the airstrip however, I was made to feel at home. A young Malay confided in me that he felt life there was rather too cloistered and that opportunities were lacking - I saw his point!

I must say, for my short stay there, that the atoll is beautiful and the colours in the lagoon are incredible. The 'Feast of Ramadan' was in progress and the associated sailing races were a joy to watch.

With a load of coconuts aboard, and a great swag of Christmas mail posted off, it was Durban R.S.A. ahead. Fast sailing to begin with, again the breezes fell light, and by degrees I became some sort of an expert at sailing with next to no breeze. I could hardly believe it upon arrival in Durban, that I'd made the crossing of 3,900 miles in forty days. Diversions along this stretch had been meagre. There was a stretch of several hundred miles of rain depressions and surely about the most spectacular electrical storm of all time. Of course I had plenty of sail-changing to do in these light weather conditions and also the reading was good, and my cooking became more exotic! On the debit side I just about lost the use of my legs, which I discovered when I got ashore in Durban - I took up jogging on long sea passages after this!

Well, it was Christmas ashore after all, and a trunk-call home, then a wonderful time, new friends, and tales galore amongst yachties in from other parts. "What do you think about rounding The 'Cape'?" etc. - views on the colour and drama of the country. Apartheid, avid reading of newspapers, and registering of impressions. Conscious again of weak legs after forty days at sea, whilst on a painful hike with fit new South African friends of a friend back home - Hilton - amongst the beautiful Drakensberg Mountains. Trips to game parks, sinister political overtones or undertones.

My six weeks passed all too soon, then it was off on what proved to be a near-epic sail around 'The Cape'. I had decided to make an ocean passage of it, clear of local weather effects and supertankers and to stand well out to sea. Here I found wind and current a-plenty - all in the right direction - and a full gale off Cape Town to round it off. Then, in calming conditions, we arrived in spectacular Cape Town itself. This was a notable milestone of the voyage, as was arrival in England some time later.

If Durban had a touch of the tropics on occasions, then surely Cape Town with its icy seawater, seals, penguins and whales etc. had a touch of the Antarctic. Here under the 'Taffelberg', and amongst new friends, some Aussies now among them, consuming 'boerwurst' and good S.A. beer, one continued to register impressions of this interesting and troubled land. Bizarre, intriguing, a sort of police-state atmosphere, in a land where people were so hospitable, and the Bantu so naturally good-natured.

I had planned to be on my way to the U.K. by March, but the Republic of South Africa had me 'hooked' for a few months more, during which time I saw quite a bit of the interior, visited game areas, met interesting people and absorbed some more of the general scene.

Before the first winter gales, I was on my way to St. Helena, the old British victual base, of Napoleonic associations. An interesting spot where I improved my history a little, and saw another isolated British community at first hand. Two weeks there, then on to Salvador, Brazil, the country's original capital - where I based myself for the next eight months, having decided to make U.K. during the next northern spring. The Republic of Brazil with early beginnings in some ways similar to the Republic of South Africa, developed very differently and is characterised now by a high degree of racial integration and a backward but improving economy. With native stock similar to a point, but with the European very different, the two countries have it in common that the wealth and power are held by those of European descent, and the majority remain in relative ignorance and poverty. Brazilians, be they wealthy or poor, I found to be a most friendly, hospitable, and surprisingly youthful and frequently handsome people.

Salvador da Bahia, I soon discovered to be a city of ornate churches and cathedrals - 365 of them - 'one for each day of the year', one is told. It's an old but newly developing city, with exotic and some grim aspects. Voodoo still persists, and in the outskirts after dark, the drums throb and it's Africa again!

Hundreds of Bahians live out their lives in extensive villages built of sticks and packing cases, out over the mud-flats of the bay, where they forage for crabs and other seafoods amongst the stranded flotsam at low tide. In other village areas further out of town, life is serene, traditional and pastoral. No aspect of the 20th Century intrudes. This is where the food that sustains Salvador is produced, augmented by more sophisticated products from the industrial south.

By the end of the northern winter, 'Rondo' was once more on her way north, and after 45 days of close-hauled sailing, arrived amongst the beautiful green, chequerboard islands of the Azores. Here in the crisp, maritime spring the climate of Estado da Bahia and the doldrums, was forgettable!

These islands, long settled, were a picture of rural contentment, neither of affluence, nor dire need, but of well watered, fertile holdings, yielding an adequate living for steady effort. Ageing windmills still grind away in exposed, windy locations, and men still put to sea in rowboats to spear whales. A month before our arrival, a sperm whale, during a chase, had crushed a boat, costing the life of one man and the leg of another. As a mark of respect no whale-boat had been out since.

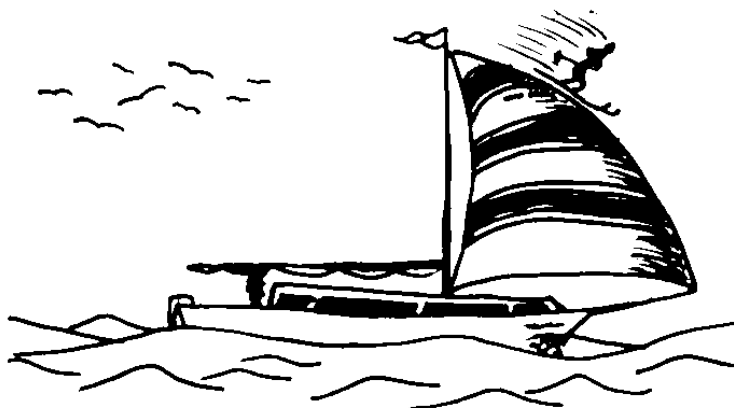
On Horta, I was beginning to meet up with some of the wider-ranging European 'yachties', and very pleasant and interesting these meetings frequently proved to be.

A short two weeks after my arrival, I was on my way to the south of England. So I did indeed arrive in the spring, but one year later than I had originally planned! I did not regret that year somehow!

My stay in England, fifteen months in all, proved a busy one, when I finally got started! During the first six months I did little other than to fall off a horse and to effect a painful and laborious recovery! I had in fact damaged my spine. With that episode thankfully behind me, I worked on dredges out of Southampton for a few months to consolidate my recovery and acquire some small change. Come spring again and it was trips around the countryside, London of course, and Greenwich, then a tour of Holland long since promised. Keukenhoff and the tulips, Van Gogh country and his gallery in Amsterdam. More of England and Scotland. Then a sailing trip to Malaga and Tunis with an American family. A ferry crossing to Palermo and Naples, then on to Rome, Florence, Geneva and Paris, with various excursions along the way. Back via London to 'Rondo' on the Hamble, then by D.C.10 to New York and a few weeks around the State with my niece and her husband. South to Washington and north to the small town of Endicott. Over all too soon, as usual, then back to the Hamble to complete 'Rondo's' refit and be away from England before winter.

October, and I'd retreated to Bayona in the north of Spain, a lovely spot, followed by a nice trip into Vigo, elegantly situated in the Spanish fiords. Vigo is a busy fishing and shipbuilding port and much of the city is very handsome. Here the vino and cognac was cheap and good, and this helped the migrating yachts southwards where unbottled sunshine awaited.

Tumbling seas, and dubious Spanish drinking water prevented my southward trip from being as pleasant as it might. Being run down by a yacht whilst anchored in Bayona, and nearly so by fishing vessels off the coast didn't help much either! Nevertheless, before long I was enjoying the novel sight of English yachties viewing sun-ripened fruit in Madeira's fabled market. Madeira is a high island and, like the Azores, long occupied and farmed by the Portuguese. The great range of altitudes and micro-climates allows for a variety of crops. Everything from chestnuts and turnips, to mangoes and pine-apples, grow there. And of course there's also the lacework, the wine, and the famous cake!



A few days' sailing and 'Rondo' was tied up in the Darsena Pesquera, the fish port of Teneriffe in the Canaries. There I made the momentous discovery that the 'Canaries' were named after the native dogs that roam there and the birds inherited the name! General Franco finally passed on during my stay there, and one sensed the effect on the population, the feeling of 'What now?'

A short while later I was in the midst of another Atlantic crossing - with the Canaries, arid, intensively dry-farmed and biblical in appearance - behind me,

an interesting and very pleasant memory. There I had met up with my American friends of the Mediterranean trip who were settling well into their cruising life. Ahead was a yachting rendezvous for Christmas 1975 on the West Indian Island of Tobago. And there we enjoyed it amongst green tropicity of the Caribbean Island.

People here we found very pleasant and helpful. Newly independent, Trinidad and Tobago seemed in a sound economic state and the people confident about the future. The beautiful spice island of Grenada some weeks later made a less happy picture. The administration here came into power with independence, on a strong reform platform. Before long, however, in a deteriorating economic situation, the supermarkets closed and the Government then sanctioned public action on the food shortage. Looting followed, with the Police Force and the Courts etc. compromised, a crime wave got under way, and the situation became out of hand. Business people left the Island in numbers and the economy continued its downward slide. When I was there 85% unemployment was reported and thieving and extortion was endemic.

Visitors had the situation brought home to them by being systematically robbed - I became immobilized whilst awaiting financial succour from home. I made use of the time by undertaking a thorough re-paint and overhaul of 'Rondo' and started on the design of a new craft. If I was to do the sort of cruising I wanted in the future this would be necessary as so far I had seen nothing really suitable.

After twelve weeks on Grenada, and now better informed on the effects of Government mismanagement on a Caribbean Island, I was on my way to Panama and, hopefully, to the more homely ways of the Pacific Islanders. I was not disappointed for after negotiating Panamanian towns without being 'mugged' and the Canal without being wrecked, and enjoying the society and assistance of divers characters en route, I found my way to Nuka Hiva, in the Marquesas with its civilization, sanity, and shades of Herman Melville.

Here was pure enjoyment, no real problems - only the regret of having missed the San Blas Islands and the Galapagos. Ah well!

I was again amongst old friends from Atlantic ports and one particular colleague from the Hamble, with friends in common there, and we were all heading towards Australasia. It was a pleasant experience indeed to be with them some weeks later, amongst the people of that tiny, remote spec in the Pacific, the Tuamotu atoll of Ahé. In this simple environment it was clear that here at least, 'life was what you made it', and we responded in the spirit of the islanders, and were a very happy community, helping each other in all manner of ways. Enjoying nostalgic island music together was a heart-warming experience. This music I was to enjoy later again in New Zealand, however this time by a large and truly magnificent professional choral group, but the spirit was the same.

Too soon we left Ahé, cleared the 'dangerous archipelago' and were on the way, garnished with dorado and flying-fish, to Tahiti. We were back on the 'Tourist Map'.

Papeete, distinctly urban after Ahé, I found a very pleasant spot. In the course of time all manner of interest manifests itself there, as apart from having its own French/Polynesian character, it is also a Pacific crossroads. Nevertheless, after a short stay, my Scottish friends of the wayside, complete with guitars and

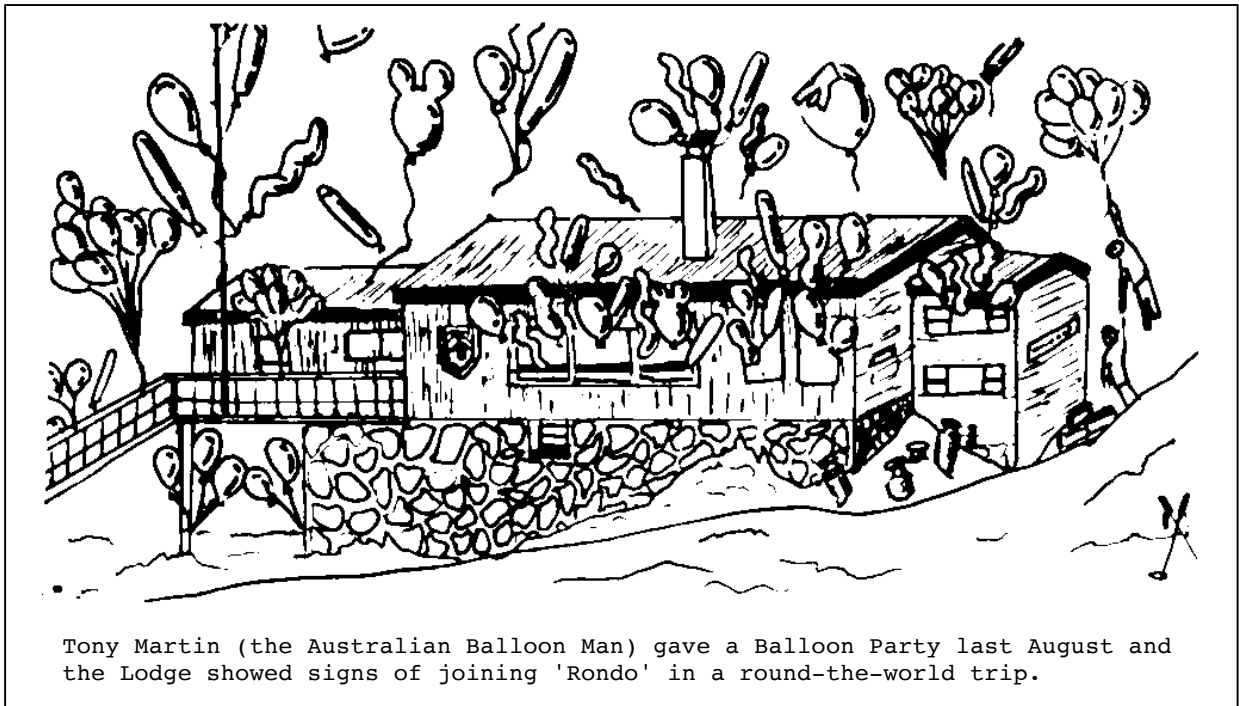
snorkels, their 'wee yachtie' re-provisioned, back-tracked it to Ahé. I didn't blame them - the lure of out-of-the-way places!

I stayed on and worked for a spell, took in something of the Tahitian and Moorean scene. I decided that Polynesian fishing lore and methods were worthy of a book, and that certain current problems in western countries had been solved by the Polynesians long ago. I did miss the hula! - Back in Nuka Hiva, however, I had seen the local dance teams practicing for the Bastille Day competitions held in Papeete. These impressive dances however seemed to have more to do with war than Love! - I didn't feel too deprived.

In French Polynesia I could have cheerfully spent a year, but I'd been away four now, and events at home were long on my mind. So my main aim became to pay a short visit to long neglected relatives in New Zealand and see a little of the land of my birth, and be home with family and friends for Christmas. This I did, sailing via Suva and Whangarei, and very satisfactory it all turned out to be.

Home at last in Sydney, and amongst old friends again, and great experience as it all was, I can only regard the Caribbean and Pacific parts as being the sketchiest reconnaissance. And of course there's still Skye and the Greek Islands. There are the porpoises too along the way, and the little storm petrels thousands of miles from land, the whales, the doradoes, the frigate birds and the bosun birds etc. etc. - and of course the magnificent sunsets. Yes, oh yes Bob(!) - the new boat's to be about $38\frac{1}{2}$ ft. x 12 x 5 ft., big enough to take a friend or two, but shallow enough for the French canals and those coral atolls and passes etc.

DOUG BROWN.



There are a few calendar dates for Warrugang in 1978. Write these in your diary NOW. Warrugang is not just a building but it is you, the members, and we would like to see you.

Fri., 10th March.	6.30 p.m. - Annual General Meeting (preceded by dinner) - Pitt Club.
Sun., 16th April.	11 a.m./4 p.m. - Family Picnic Day - Ku-ring-gai Wildflower Sanctuary, St. Ives.
Fri., 26th May.	7.30 p.m. - Pre-season Get-together. New Tai-yuen Chinese Restaurant, Dixon Street.
15th/16th July	W.O.M.B. Cup Race Weekend.
29th/30th July	Warrugang Race Weekend.
Sat., 11th November	Warrugang Annual Dinner - Randwick Race Course.



BOARD MEMBERS - 1977/1978

President	George Failes	412.2771
Vice-President	Jim Brennan	406.4086
Secretary	Myrna Burke	631.9479
Treasurer	John Bible	981.3602
Booking Officer	Barbara Williamson	949.2124
Building Director	Elton Squires	827.1483
Social Director	Kaye Morrison	546.2934
Sports Director	Elton Squires	827.1483
Magazine Director	Jim Brennan	406.4086
Club Captain	John Williamson	949.2124

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LODGE MANAGEMENT - 1978 SEASON

Chris and Adrianna Blockley (STD) 0643-75.215

LODGE ADDRESS

Warrugang Ski Club Ltd.
Post Office,
Perisher Valley. NSW. 2630

CORRESPONDENCE

Warrugang Ski Club Ltd.
G.P.O. Box 1075,
Sydney. NSW. 2001.

.....

WARRUGANG SKI CLUB LIMITED

Registered Office
8th Floor, 170 Philip Street
Sydney

Ski Lodge:
Perisher Valley,
Kosciusko National Park.



Please Address
all Correspondence
to the Secretary

Box 1075 G.P.O.
Sydney, N.S.W. 2001

N E W S L E T T E R

May 1978.

What alterations can we expect to confront as we drive into the Valley this year? Over \$200,000 has been spent during the summer on changes called improvements by valley management - but all of which may not please us Warrugangsters,

"They" say we're set for the most spectacular season yet with "vastly expanded facilities, better slopes, more international racing and dazzling fashions(?)". Harold Droga was quoted in Alpine News (Airlines of NSW magazine) as saying everything is set for a really great year - always provided the valleys have snow. Most of us would like to reserve judgement on that statement until we get there - which isn't going to be easy - more about that later.

First the good news. Lift ticket prices are the same as last year (which is in fact less than 1976). They are:

	<u>ADULT</u>	<u>CHILD</u>
Day ticket	\$10.50	\$5.00
Half day	7.00	3.00
7 day ticket	59.00	32.00
6 day ticket	53.00	28.00
5 day ticket	48.00	24.00

Lessons

1 x 2 hour class	8.00	6.50
5 x 2 hour class	35.00	30.00

1 hour private lesson (one person) \$19.00
1 hour private lesson (two ") 24.00
Extra person supplement: 5.00

Now for the changes. Part of the expenditure of last summer was on new lifts and clearing slopes. Two new beginners slopes have been opened beside "the most popular T-bars" - presumably one and two. Leichhardt T bar (the former poma) has been extended to give easier access to the top of Mt. Perisher - a bit less climbing to ski across to the Chair, we trust. And (can you believe it) two portable lifts have been brought in. Reputedly the first of their kind in Australia, they can be moved around to take advantage of changed skiing conditions. We don't know yet how long they are, or how effective. But it is an interesting concept. Imagine taking a cat out onto the main range for the day, with your own portable lift strapped on the back - that's a bit optimistic, I think.

../2

\$150,000 was spent on extending the Perisher car park. It is now trebled in size to accommodate 1000 cars. Smiggins car park has also been nearly doubled in size. Therein lies the crunch. Valley developments appear geared to day trippers. A move no doubt influenced by the first Australian Alpine Championships, carrying World Cup Points, to be held at Perisher this season.

But what about us regulars? Word is that we will have to trudge in with all our gear from Number One Terminal - down past the Man from Snowy River. Or at least what was once Number One Terminal. Now it is the only terminal. We've heard that the road will not be cleared past that point, so no access for cars or taxis to take gear up to the lodges either.

Some consolation is that over-snow transport is being supplemented. Other new mechanical monsters ready to prowl around the snowfields include two new snow clearing machines, imported at a cost of \$100,000 and a new Thiokol snow-packer (\$60,000).

Day parking only will be available at Perisher. The fees are \$3.00 for a full day or \$2.00 after 1.00 p.m.. No overnight parking will be permitted in the Valley and 'Standing' signs along the road for day parking are very limited.

Ansett-Pioneer is running the bus service from Sawpit to Perisher again this season. A scrutiny of the timetable makes one suggest that sometime a survey should be taken to ask potential users when they would like bus services (rather than arbitrarily imposing a timetable). What about us weekend skiers from Sydney, for instance? Although weekend bookings at Warrugang start from Saturday morning (so none of us should be aiming to arrive Friday evening even if transport was available - which of course, it isn't) we do like to get an early start. The first bus is 7.00 a.m. on Saturday mornings, the next 8.00 a.m.. Coming back on Sunday afternoon, the last bus out is 5.00, with the one before it leaving the Valley at 3.00. Cost is \$2.50 one way for an adult and \$1.00 for a child. Here is the full timetable:

SAWPIT to PERISHER:

<i>Mondays and Wednesdays</i>	: Departs 9.20 a.m., 1.30 p.m.
<i>Tuesdays & Thursdays</i>	: Departs 10.30 a.m. and 1.30 p.m.
<i>Fridays</i>	: Departs 9.20 a.m. and 1.30 p.m.
<i>Saturdays</i>	: Departs 7.00 a.m., 8.00 a.m., 9.00 a.m. 10.00 a.m. 11.00 a.m., 12.00 noon, 2.00 p.m. 4.00 p.m. and 5.45 p.m.
<i>Sundays</i>	: Departs 8.00 a.m., 10.00 a.m. 12 noon, 2.00 p.m. 4.00 p.m.

PERISHER TO SAWPIT:

<i>Mondays, Wednesdays & Fridays</i>	: Departs 10.45 a.m., 3.00 p.m.
<i>Tuesdays & Thursdays</i>	: Departs 11.30 a.m., 3.00 p.m.
<i>Saturdays</i>	: Departs 8.00 a.m., 9.00 a.m. 10.00 a.m., 11.00 a.m. 12 noon, 1.00 p.m., 3.00 p.m., 5.00 p.m.
<i>Sundays</i>	: Departs 9.00 a.m., 11.00 a.m., 1.00 p.m., 3.00 p.m., 5.00 p.m.

AMBULANCE:

Getting out of the Valley in a hurry can be a lot more hassle than getting in or out in normal circumstances. And expensive - I'm referring to accidents

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of course. Each year more than 2000 skiers in NSW need medical attention - about 300 of these involve a journey by ambulance to Cooma Hospital. The message is - join the Ambulance Contribution Scheme - weekend or weekly ambulance insurance is not available in the snowfields as it was a few years back. The cost of joining is \$12.00 for a single person and \$20.00 for a family per year, (or you can join for six months but the rates are proportionately higher). Compare that with the ambulance cost for non-members. From Perisher to Cooma is \$278.00. Then if you need to go to Sydney Hospital for specialised treatment, count on another \$236 by routine ambulance or, in an emergency, \$450 for the air ambulance. That's a total of \$748, unless you belong to the ambulance scheme - whereby it's free.

PRE-SEASON WARM-UP

Warrugang held two pre-season get-togethers in April and May. The second, a dinner at the New Tai-Yuen restaurant in Dixon Street, is scheduled for Friday May 26th (a couple of days after I'm writing this but no doubt a week or so before it reaches you). From past experience, and harbouring a great weakness for Chinese food, I'm sure the banquet arranged will be a mouth watering experience for the 55 or so of us booked to attend.

The family get-together Picnic Day was held on April 16th at the Kuringai Wildflower Sanctuary in St. Ives. Not quite a brilliant sunny day, but the somewhat overcast skies didn't dampen the enthusiasm of the dozen families who turned out with barbeques and picnic lunches. The only damp spot in the day befell young Michael Williamson, whose curiosity led him closer than anticipated to the creek bank - and a big splash. As well as the Williamson family, present were John Bible and girls, George and Angela Failes, Jim and Anne Brennan, and families, the Green, Mace, Edwards and Stevenson families and Noel Draper and children (Vera was in hospital - our best wishes and hope she is feeling fit and well again). A highlight of the day was the grass cross-country ski race without skis won by Hedley Stevenson. He'd been practicing for some time, including in the Warrugang common room a couple of seasons ago, so we'll all be watching for some spectacular performances when he finally adds skis and snow to the technique.

SNIPPETS

- * The bookworms among us will be delighted with new lighting arrangements installed in Warrugang common-room earlier this year. Two spotlights have been set into the ceiling above the semi-circular couch.
- * And specially for those langlaufers who haven't yet been converted to fish-scales and like to debate on which wax to apply, plus those of us who need to consult a thermometer to decide the extent of our layers of clothing, Warrugang has a new temperature gauge. Under the eaves at the door to the patio - so Retreat sleepers won't be stepped on in the early morning foray to read the mercury.

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- * Remember children under 5 years old are not generally accommodated at Warrugang during the skiing season, except by special arrangement with the Booking Officer.
- * A letter from Graeme ("Chompers") Currie invited any Warrugangsters who venture to the Victorian ski-field of Mount Hotham to call in and say hello. Graeme will be working as a barman at the Ski Club of Victoria lodge and promises to mix a "Chompers special" for any familiar faces. After the season is over, we understand he's off to Mawson again to count more penguins.
- * Elton Squires is on the move too - a stint in Perth for a few months involved in the construction of a new hospital complex there. He'll be back in Sydney from time to time, but unfortunately had to resign his position on the Board of Warrugang. Jim Brennan also resigned through pressure of business at our last Annual General Meeting in March. Anna Funnell has been appointed to fill one of the vacancies. A full list of Board Members is on the back page of this newsletter.
- * The NSW Ski Association is planning to build a special Nordic Shelter at Perisher. The Sverre Kaaten Nordic Shelter (named after one of the pioneers of Nordic skiing in Australia) is a building with basic facilities designed as a central location for a day tour, including lock-up facilities for skidoo and track cutting equipment. The proposed location is behind the Perisher church, close to several main trails. It will be available to all nordic skiers and used for racing facilities too. The problem is money. Up to the beginning of March, almost \$10,000 had been contributed by individuals, but more is needed urgently. The NSW Ski Association hopes this shelter will be the first of many to be built in the snow areas of NSW and Victoria. So they are inviting any cross-country skier (or other interested person) to become a sponsor. The suggested sponsorship is \$100, although larger amounts are, of course, most welcome and will be recognised by a plaque in the shelter.
- * More thoughts for cross country skiers. On the bottom of one of its new season's brochures, Norski included a "cross country skiers spelling test". Try this:

waterproof	map reading	hypothermia	good food
weight	navigation	safety	first aid
snow shelters	snow chains	anti-freeze	planning ahead.

Even if you can't spell hypothermia in two seconds, the object is familiarity with possible hazards. Norski also put out an evaluation of snow tents brochure and a check-list for touring equipment, as follows:

WEARING		DAY TRIP	
Skis, poles, boots		CARRYING - Pack sufficient to carry all of this	
Socks, knickers *		Wind jacket, over pants & gloves #	
Shirt, Sweater *		Map & compass; First aid & emergency Kit;	
Gloves		Toilet paper; Emergency bag;	
Balaclava		Waxing Kit (if needed); Spare tip, good penknife	
Sunglasses/goggles		with tools; Spare socks, string; Rubbish bag:	
		Food i.e. scroggin, salami, drink, chocolate, etc.	
		in plastic bag.	

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WEEKEND OR LONGER TRIP

Include all the above - plus

SHELTER

Snow tent
Sleeping mat
Sleeping bag
Inner Sheet

EATING

Stove & Fuel
Candles or torch
Matches & butane lighter
Plate & mug
Billy with lid
Knife and spoon

CLOTHES

Spare socks, extra
Spare underwear
Very warm jumper or vest
Toiletries

FOOD

Sufficient for at least one more day than the planned trip.

- * - warmer and more durable for overnight trips
- # - waterproof for overnight trips

TRAVEL

The Warrugang Ski U.S.A. in 1979 tour is proving a bit slow to get together. We have a handful of enthusiastic takers, but since Elton's transfer to Perth no patient organiser. If anyone is eager to give me a hand in ferreting out prices, getting quotes and making arrangements, please phone (Liz Squires 827.1483). I'll be in the west myself quite often, another difficulty in getting it all together. But I'm sure all of you who went to the US in 1977, will agree its well worth repeating.

The NSW Ski Association is planning a tour to the French ski resorts early in 1979 too. From the gleanings of information we've received so far, it sounds super. And easy on the bank balance too, with \$1200 the mooted price for a 3 week package. Myrna Burke is already polishing up her travel bags and her French verbs and will have more information shortly. Just to whet the appetite, the NSW Ski Association will be showing some French ski movies at the Hilton Hotel on July 12 at 7.30 p.m.

How about something closer to home for this season? The Wales Travel Service is handling bookings for Mount Cook Ski Hi New Zealand Holidays and Horizon Holidays ski trips to New Zealand. Ski Hi programmes range from 8 to 28 day packages, and cost from \$199 (bed and breakfast - serviced motel at Mt. Cook) plus the air fare of \$290 ex-Sydney. The Horizon Holidays operate from May through to November, subject to snow conditions, with tours to Mount Hutt, Coronet Peak and Mount Ruapehu (North Island) or a combination of resorts. An interesting new concept is the "Ski-Wanderer" self-drive campervan package, so you can camp in (relative) comfort near the ski fields, follow the snow and throw in some other sight-seeing along the way. It costs from \$72 each for 8 days in low season with four to a van, through to \$513 for two to a van in peak times, for 28 days.

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FOR YOUR DIARY

July 15/16	W.O.M.B. Cup Race Weekend
July 29/30	Warrugang Race Weekend
November 11	Warrugang Annual Dinner Dance
August 2	K.A.C. Martini cross-country race
August 5	Paddy Pallin Classic
September 30	Perisher Cup

BOARD MEMBERS

President	George Failes	412.2771
Vice President and Treasurer	John Bible	981.3602
Secretary	Myrna Burke	631.9479
Booking Officer	Barbara Williamson	949.2124
Social Director	Kaye Morrison	546.2934
Sports Director	Anna Funnell	713.1722

Club Captain	Chris Williams	99.3306
Magazine Editor	Liz Squires	827.1483

Lodge Management Chris and Adrianna Blockley (STD) 0648-75.215

NEXT WARRUGANG MAGAZINE will be a bumper-size issue. Please help with articles, either on skiing or general travel etc., bits of gossip from the Valley, and personal snippets such as matches and hatches. Send all information to Liz Squires at P.O. Box 37, BALMAIN 2041 before July 17th.

NEW SOUTH WALES SKI ASSOCIATION

32 George Street,
AVALON 2107

1978 SKIER'S PACKAGE

Tel: 918 6207

<u>SKI MAGAZINE 'FALL-LINE'</u>		
5 issues posted	\$3.00
<u>SKI MAGAZINE 'POWDERHOUND'</u>		
5 issues posted	\$5.00
<u>ALPINE RACERS LICENCE</u>		
Alpine racers must be licensed and insured	\$10.00
<u>NORDIC RACERS LICENCE</u>	\$5.00
<u>TOURING MAPS & BOOKS</u>		
'Introduction to Ski Touring', touring maps Perisher, Thredbo	\$8.50
<u>MEMBERSHIP BADGES</u>		
Enamel badge	\$1.00	
Car sticker	25 c	
Postage	25 c

MEMBERS' INSURANCE

HOLIDAY PACKAGES

		<u>Weekend</u>	<u>Week</u>	<u>2 Weeks</u>	<u>3 Weeks</u>	
\$500 Family	<u>Family</u>	\$15	\$20	\$25	\$30	
Ambulance, medical	
Hospital expenses	<u>Single</u>	\$10	\$12.50	\$15	\$17	
In excess of	
Health funds						

AND

\$500 Family	Multi risk cover for ski equipment and
\$250 Single	clothing subject to \$20 excess per
	claim (no cover for jewellery, watches,
	furs, camers or cash) Skis limited

AND

\$100,000	Legal liability to other persons/property
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PLUS

OPTIONAL Income Protection

	<u>Weekend</u>	<u>Week</u>	<u>2 Weeks</u>	<u>3 Weeks</u>	
\$100 per week for 13 weeks if the applicant is	\$10	\$15	\$20	\$25	
unable to work as a result of an accident

.....

FULL YEAR COVER

\$ 250	Ambulance medical hospital	Single	Family	
	expenses in excess of health funds	\$15	\$30	
\$100,000	Legal liability to other persons
	or their property incl. legal costs			

OPTIONAL EXTENSIONS

Extra ambulance medical and health expenses	
in excess of health funds	\$5 per \$250 cover
Multirisk cover as above	\$6 per \$100 value
Income Protection as above	\$40 per \$100 perweek

NAME Additional Members of Family
(family packages)

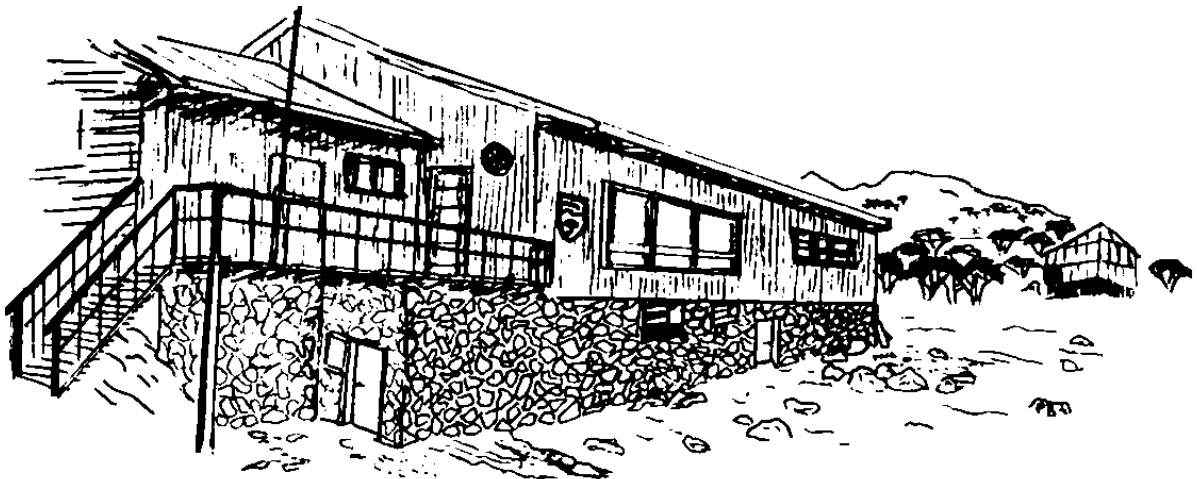
Address
.....Postcode

Club
Or Association

Signature



NEWS MAGAZINE



WARRUGANG SKI CLUB LIMITED

Registered Office
8th Floor, 170 Philip Street
Sydney

Ski Lodge:
Perisher Valley,
Kosciusko National Park.



Please Address
all Correspondence
to the Secretary

Box 1075 G.P.O.
Sydney, N.S.W. 2001

October, 1978.

The grand finale to the 1978 season - or enthusiasm builder for 1979, depending on your perspective - the Warrugang Annual Dinner Dance will be held on Saturday November 11. The venue is again the Members Pavilion at Randwick Racecourse. A reservation form for the dinner dance is enclosed with this copy of the magazine. Look forward to seeing you there.

As well as the prize giving for the Club's annual races, there will be a special prize for one other lucky person. The raffle prize of a pair of Roy skis will be drawn that night. If you have been to Warrugang during the season, you have probably given the prize a good scrutiny already (the skis were in the common room) and sighed as you went downstairs to don the old faithfuls with a scratch or two in the soles. Well, if you haven't already bought yourself a chance to win this new pair, more tickets will be on sale at the dinner dance. They are 50 cents each or three for \$1.

1978 ski season was nothing short of brilliant. Especially during July, the snow veritabily bucketed down and had us all reading the weather reports with longing. It was a near record season with snow depth at Perisher in the vicinity of 160 cm.

CLUB RACES

Warrugang club races were held on Saturday, August 29. It was the sort of day skiers dream of - brilliant sunshine and lots and lots of lovely snow. The downhill course was set to the left of number 6 tee-bar (as it has been for the past few seasons.)

We fielded eight starters among the ladies: Clare Davies, Kaye Morrison, Barbara Brown, Barbara Williamson, Myrna Burke, Helen Keating, Barbara Graham and Liz Squires. The gents of the club turned out in greater force, with 13 eager pairs of skis waiting to christen the course.

In very non-chauvinist style, it was decided to let the chaps have first run (to pack down the course, though there was an odd indentation or two from accidental landings along the way). Peter Roberts, Brian Mazlin, Len Reid, Graham Brown, Neil Mahler, Bruce Keating, Ewan Morrison, John Williamson, Alan Howard, David Davies, Hedley Stevenson and Fred Arnold made up the contingent.

Barbie Williamson and Barbie Graham manned the two way radios in true CB fashion. Despite a measure of competition on the airwaves, the call signs came through splendidly between Puce Goose (Barbie Williamson) and Punk Skunk (Barbie Graham). Except Punk Skunk mistook her call sign as Drunk Skunk - what, at 10 a.m. ?

Stan Williams turned up in the nick of time to explain the intricacies of the stop watch - and was rapidly seconded to the role of time-keeper.

The ladies' winner was Clare Davies (Keating) with a total of 48.1 seconds for her two runs. Second - by a whisker - was Kaye Morrison with 48.3 seconds.

The men's champion title was retained by Chris Williams with an unmatchable total of 37.85 seconds. Second place went to Len Reid with 51 seconds. Lenny also won the men's two-scorer's trophy. Our lady two-scorer was Barbie Graham.

Afternoon events included a new addition, a novelty race, as well as the langlauf. The novelty was an egg-and-spoon race and resulted in much hilarity and very little stylish skiing. We did, however, ensure that the eggs were hard-boiled. The scramble came in trying to snaffle one of the few brown eggs. Have you ever tried finding a white egg in the snow?

The egg-and-spooners ran in teams of two, a downhillier and a langlaufer, both with a Le Mans start. The winning combination was Barbie Graham and Chris Williams, though Peter Roberts had the lead in the second leg until he lost his egg. Ewan Morrison evened out the competition by practising his football tackles on one of the runners.

After all that egg-and-spooning, energy was sapped so the starting field of would-be langlaufers was smaller than usual. Peter Roberts ran home with the men's trophy in 6 minutes, 47 seconds.

Peter was also responsible for setting the course, by default. He was in the lead all the way, and no-one else knew quite where the course was. Liz Squires won the ladies' trophy - without any prodding from Elton this time. He is still in the West and unfortunately missed the snow season this year.

WOMB CUP

The W.O.M.B. Cup was held on Saturday, July 15. Our team of Chris Williams, Greg Fulthorpe, Michael and Tony Wilkinson, ran second. Boonoona won the day, with last year's winners, Maranatha in third place.

Because the event has always been considered a social day and a chance to get together with our neighbouring lodges, our guys were disappointed that a rather too serious tone of competition seems to have developed. A detraction from the sporting spirit of the day.

A bit of light-hearted distraction for our team came from Ross Keating's langlauf style. Ross was one of the officials. He was standing atop a mogul, in his langlaufs, when Geoff Stewart from Boonoona asked him to take a misplaced pole back to the top. Ross slid off the mogul onto his rear - which drew the comment "This guy can't even ski." Enough to make Ross do a quick recovery and take off up the mountain like the proverbial greased lightning, leaving some dropped jaws and some chuckles.

SNIPPETS

The Perisher Cup, on the October long weekend as usual, was a mammoth event this year for the Cup's 25th anniversary.

To celebrate, a special veteran's team category was added to the race schedule. The over 50's events included Jump and Slalom. The giant slalom race on Saturday, September 30, was followed by a celebration dinner. On the Sunday, the long run was held in the morning and the jump in the afternoon.

Two potential new Warrugangsters for the future have arrived since our last magazine. Peter and Melba (Mensch) Roberts have a son, Michael, born in May. Norm and Prue Himsley's daughter Anna Joy arrived in April - and had her first taste of the snow air in September.

Alison Vickery is at the moment travelling around Europe, but not on skis. She left on August 30 to attend a microbiology conference in Munich, followed by a few weeks holiday.

George and Angela Failes are also enjoying the European autumn. This time George's travels are for fun rather than business as usual. He and Angela with their two boys are visiting family in England then travelling home through the U.S.A.

Lesley and Brian Mazlin left in September for a month in the U.S.A. too - a combination of work and play.

1978 was an unfortunately accident prone season for the Club. John White broke an ankle during his week's stay and Donna Coleman cracked a bone in her foot. Our intrepid Greg Brookes had an unfortunate encounter with a tree. (We suspect his gaze was diverted by a snow Bunny.) Greg has written a full account of the incident on page 8.

Overheard while waiting in the longest queue in the Valley. Yes, you guessed where, to the ladies room at the bottom of the Chair. The rumour is that Valley management has been told to improve the said facilities or penalties will be severe. (They are already are potentially that way for the cross-legged skiers.)

Suggestion is that they have been told more toilets or no operation in the Valley. During peak season the queues were so bad (hard to tell which queue was for the Chair and which for the loo) that management hung a sign on the Gents, "Ladies only for the next 20 minutes". But some of the red-faced men coming out of that door evidently didn't read it.

On the Warrugang US trip in 1977, the group met a charming American couple, Mike and Peggy Lee, while staying at Jackson Hole. During the year we received the following postcard from them, sure to inspire itchy feet again:

" Dear Warrugangsters,

Here we are at Kaye's old place. (The front of the postcard was a view of the Valluga in St. Anton, Austria.) We really enjoyed skiing with you all last year at Jackson Hole and hope we can get together again. We're off to France: Chamonix, Val D'Isere, Tignes, Courchevel for February 1979. Photos will be forthcoming.

Mike and Peg Lee "

On the subject of itchy feet, you will notice a bright coloured insert in the magazine. No, the club hasn't gone all fancy and extravagant with its printing. This partial brochure was supplied by SITS, with whom a Warrugang group is planning to travel to the U.S.A in February 1979. Already on the starters' list are Nev and Aileen Fulthorpe, Myrna Burke, John Bible, Barbie Graham, Elton and Liz Squires.

The tour is for 28 days, with a week in each resort of Jackson Hole, Vail and Aspen, plus a couple of days seeing and shopping in San Francisco on the way over and a rest and recovery stop in Honolulu on the way home. The brochure tells you the rest. Anyone interested in joining in can contact Neville Fulthorpe on 523 5688 or Myrna Burke on 631 9479 for more information.

DON'T FORGET THE WARRUGANG ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING. It will be on March 9, 1979. That's your chance to pass on suggestions, air your complaints if you have any and show involvement in the running of your lodge. And a great opportunity to meet up with old friends.

GREG MEETS WARRUGANG (SNOW GUM)

The reason for this short contribution to the magazine is principally to thank all those incredibly kind Warrugangsters who helped me in my hours of need during my stay at the Club in August.

Q: How can you hit a tree when you are a relatively experienced skier?

A: I don't know. The one that you don't see is the one that gets you.

It was an experience in human nature. An experience in one's instinctive survival mechanism.

When I picked my body off the snow half a mile from any patrolled area I saw blood colouring the snow a bright red. (Funny I always thought I would have coloured it blue.)

I knew I was in trouble and was struggling for consciousness and so skied to the Telemark Poma without delay. When I arrived I was covered with blood all over my face, parka, etc. and one eye was partially closed.

Would you believe that I went straight to the front of the queue only to be greeted by a skier who told me that he was ahead of me in the line.

It was just a fantastic relief to actually make the top of the Poma and find Dr. Bruce Keating who I was skiing with in Sigi's class waiting for me. He was immediately in command of the situation and I thank him for everything he did for me from this time on.

I had my first ride in the "banana boat" - I have always had a desire to have a ride in one - curiosity I guess - like the big dipper. No thank God - I don't remember much of the ride but I do remember my confidence in the Red Cross guys who took me down.

The doctor at surgery did a great sewing job on the head and when I was returned to Warrugang I did look rather gruesome. Again it was fantastic to have Bruce Keating by my side through this period.

Rather than go into details - everyone at the lodge really helped me during that day and night. It was absolutely incredible - the help of Peter Roberts staying with me through the difficult night - the injection etc. Thank you Peter. Lesley North (Dr.) and Gillian Rosenberg who also played an important part in their concern and practical help. Thank you both. Thanks too to Chris and Adrianna.

I could go on. My regret is that it did not happen on Saturday after the Warrugang races as it looked like a great day. Congratulations Chris Williams - see you next year.

All I can say is if you are going to break your neck or have an accident, Warrugang is a comforting place to stay, especially when there are "doctors in the house".

BY GREG BROOKES.

During his convalescence, which happily only lasted a couple of weeks, Greg devised the following puzzle in logic. We hope you don't have to be bedridden too, to try it.

(logical thinkers should be able to solve this problem in half an hour, Greg tells us)

1. There are 5 houses, each with a different colour scheme and each inhabited by men of different nationalities, with different pets, drinks and cigarettes.
2. The Englishman lives in the Red house.
3. The Spaniard owns the dog.
4. Coffee is drunk in the green house.
5. The Ukrainian drinks tea
6. The green house is immediately to the right(your right) of the ivory house.
7. The Philip Morris smoker owns snails.
8. Kools are smoked in the yellow house
9. Milk is drunk in the middle house
10. The Norwegian lives in the first house on the left (your left)
11. The man who smokes Chesterfields lives in the house next to the man with the fox.

12. The horse is kept in the house next to the Kool smoker.
13. The Lucky Strike smoker drinks orange juice.
14. The Japanese smokes Marlboro.
15. The Norwegian lives next to the blue house.

That is all the clues. Now for the two questions to be answered:

1. Who drinks the water?
2. Who owns a zebra?

Answers are on page 10. (No peeping. The space below is for your logical doodlings.)

BOARD MEMBERS

President	George Failes	412.2771
Vice-President & Treasurer	John Bible	981.3602
Secretary	Myrna Burke	631.9479
Booking Officer	Barbara Williamson	949.2124
Social Director	Kaye Morrison	546.2934
Sports Director	Anna Funnell	713.1722
Building Director	Hedley Stevenson	48.3916
- - - - -		
Club Captain	Chris Williams	439 2588
Magazine Editor	Liz Squires	827 1483
- - - - -		
Lodge Management:	Chris and Adrianna Blockley (STD)	0648-75.215

- - - - -

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE:					
House:	1	2	3	4	5
Colour	Yellow	Blue	Red	Ivory	Green
Nation.	Norwegian	Ukranian	English	Spanish	Japanese
Pet:	Fox	Horse	Snails	Dog	<u>ZEBRA</u>
Cig.	Kools	Chesterfield	P. Morris	L. Strike	Marlboro
Drink	<u>WATER</u>	Tea	Milk	O. Juice	Coffee