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# THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

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A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bush Walkers, Box 4476 G.P.O., Sydney, 2001. Club meetings are held every Wednesday evening from 7.30 pm at the Cahill Community Centre (Upper Hall), 34 Falcon Street, Crow's Nest. Enquiries concerning the Club should be referred to Ann Ravn, telephone 798, 8607.

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JUNE, 1983.

Bundundah, Boolijah and Bill	by Morag Ryder	Page 2
Bushwalkers' Mecca	Peter Christian	6
Walking in the Rain	Elwyn Morris	7
My Favourite Garbage Dump	Bill Gamble	9
Eastwood Camping Centre Ad		10
Operation Barrington	Debra Holland	11
Social Notes for July	Jo Van Sommers	12
Update on South West Tasmania	Peter Harris	13
The May General Meeting	Barrie Wallace	14
- - - Tomorrow, "The Times"	Jim Brown	16

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BUNDUNDAAH, BOOLIJAH AND BILL.(Bill Capon's Anzac Weekend Walk.)

by Morag Ryder.

We met at 7 am, by Tianjara Falls, under a lowering grey sky, which kept sending down threatening sprinkles of rain. Assembled were:-

Malcolm Steele, Phil Butt, Bob Milne, Carol Bruce, Daksh Bawaja, Steve and Wendy Hodgman, Jackie Bruin, Steve Long, Don McIntyre, Ray Turton, Sandy Hines, John Williams, Ainslie Morris - and yours truly, who had been given a lift by Steve and Wendy.

Bill spread out the maps and showed us the proposed route, slightly shortened from his original plan. We noticed he was wearing an inside-out T-shirt, which bore the fascinating legend:-

EVAS

EHT

NILKNARF

We set off about 7.30, directly behind Bill's car.

"What's that plastic bag on the roof?" asked Steve. It blew off. "Better see if there is anything in it," said Steve. There was something in it - our leader's compass.

We collected Ray Turton from his alternative campsite, and parked near Blaydon's Pass. Having reunited our leader with his compass, we began the pack-tearing exercise of descending the pass. Half-way down the pass, we missed Ray, and learned that he had discovered another way down, which we promptly named Turton's Alternative. In the course of the weekend, we noted that he also did an Alternative walk, about 100 metres to one side of the party.

A five minute stop at Boolijah Creek, then a breath-taking climb up Danjera Ridge to Harris' Hole. We passed up our packs, with Ainslie doing most of the work, then crept through the cavity. Phil jumped up and down on the chock-stone, crying gaily, "Do you realise this whole thing is loose - I can feel it move under me."

We reassembled in drizzling rain, and after carefully studying the map, Bill set off at a smart pace through the scrub. Presently he began to grumble that the expected land forms were not appearing.

"Wait here," he said, "I'll just take a look."

We put on our parkas while he looked. Phil and Steve also looked - at their compasses. Not wishing to appear officious, they rather diffidently pointed out to Bill that we were travelling in exactly the opposite direction to which we should. Perhaps that fall from the roof of the car had upset Bill's compass.

Back we went, and presently arrived at the uppermost end of Danjera Creek. After some persuasion, Bill agreed to let us stop here for an early lunch. Despite the steady rain, Phil Butt had a fire alight by the time we had unpacked our lunch. Cheered and refreshed with hot tea and goodies, we soon arrived at the western escarpment.

Bill was sure he had the right spot, but the other two co-leaders were not. There were cries of:-

"If we are here, the pass must be there."

"If the pass is there, we must be here."

"If that nose is here, we must be there."

"No, the gully we just passed is there, so we must be here."

After considerable floundering up and down through the scrub while they debated whether we were here or there, Bill gave a triumphant shout - the elusive pass had been found.

"Just go down and walk along beside the cliff to the right," we were instructed.

In a few minutes we came to the overhang. And what an overhang. Large enough to sleep at least 20 people, with level floor and an old fireplace. The gold and cream walls soared above, gently curving overhead, lofty as a cathedral. Within minutes, Phil was throwing a tree trunk onto the blazing fire, and we settled down appreciatively to dry our dripping gear. Although it was only 2.30 pm, nothing short of a man-eating tiger could have shifted us again. After some futile mutterings of disapproval, Bill gave up the struggle to make us continue to the campsite. We spent a happy afternoon, drinking tea and watching a silvery curtain of rain falling onto the masses of Christmas bush which grew in the gully.

Bill decided to rectify his inside-out T-shirt, and put on a singlet for warmth. He got the T-shirt right, but somehow put on the singlet over the shirt, having it inside-out as well as back-to-front, with the maker's label flapping under his chin. He refused to alter this quaint attire, and spent the evening thus - sampling assorted ports with Don, interspersed with bouts of losing things.

#### Sunday.

By morning, the rain had stopped and the sky was almost clear. We waded through the sopping Christmas bush, crossed Bundundah Creek and Bill set about looking for The Passage of Time, to take us up to the next plateau.

"I'm quite sure it's here," he cried. "At least, I think I'm sure it's here."

And sure enough, he found it. The deep, fern-filled slot had perfectly vertical walls, tinted eerie green with moss, giving it an underwater atmosphere. Rock orchids hung everywhere, some with buds, including a very small variety which looked like *Dendrobium beckleri*. On top, we had a brief pause to look back into the gully, and inspect the deep, narrow splits in the escarpment. Only a metre or so wide, but apparently plunging to the bowels of the earth. Not a place to walk at night .....

We walked at a brisk pace across Bundundah Plateau, where the ground was decorated with yellow Goodenias and golden pea-flowers (*Daviesia*?). John spotted some small ground orchids, cream and purple, which looked like *Liparis reflexa*, but I could be wrong. Most interesting of all was an extensive thicket of *Banksia spinulosa*, alight with orange candles of flower. We spent some time trying to force our way through this incredibly tangled mass, which drew from Phil and Don fond reminiscences of Tasmanian *Scoparia*.

A gully dropped sharply ahead. There was another debate, with much craning of necks and twiddling of compasses. Then we hopped down the rocks

into the uppermost end of Moore Creek. Easy walking was found on the flat rock bed of the creek, as the banks were scrubby. Presently they became more open, and we wandered along them to the junction of Plain Creek. Almost before we could drop our packs, Pyromaniac Phil had a fire blazing, and we enjoyed the decadent luxury of boiling the billy for morning tea.

A short exploratory walk down Moore Creek yielded some lovely photos, first of the shallow rock beds, then of a large, semi-circular waterfall, which marks the beginning of the rugged lower section. Ainslie and John had a swim in the clear jade-green water. The rest of us were content to wander under the surrounding overhangs and watch. Moore Creek is strictly for the athletic. The house-sized boulders which choke its course are interlaced with fallen trees and scrub. Tightly enclosed by a high double escarpment, it has a grand but formidable aspect. Hard going in the wet.

We returned to Plain Creek for a lengthy lunch, and I discovered a couple of Flannel flowers in bloom near the water. Reluctantly we hoisted our packs and retraced our steps up to the ridge top, then headed for an un-named side creek which would take us into Bundundah.

With only a few minor corrections from Phil, we descended through scrub thick and thin, tangling with lawyer vines and sliding on basalt stones down a steep slope to the narrow creek bed. Crossing a tiny level spot on the bank, Phil remarked, "You realise, of course, that this will probably be the best camp site we will find here".

His facetious remark proved to be all too true. The further we went, the larger the boulders became. Phil declared that in Tasmania the creekbed would be classified as:- "A stony but sheltered camp site, close to water. Parties might experience difficulties during floods."

We felt that, sheltered or not, it was far too stony. When we reached the junction with Bundundah, Bob, Ray and Phil reconnoitred downstream to see if they could find anything better. I made the silly suggestion that we should carry water up to the plateau and camp on top. When the explorers returned from a fruitless search, Bill decided that we would camp on top. After some moaning and groaning, we filled our wineskins and toiled up the near-vertical nose. As I had only a canvas waterbucket, Bill and Bob very kindly carried it for me. Just as well, or I would undoubtedly have spilled every drop.

We were rewarded with an easy scramble through the rockline, a flat campsite and perfect shelter from the wind by a stand of young trees. In addition, our kindly leader gave us the unheard-of luxury of a 9 am start the next day. No sooner had we eaten than the threatening thunderstorm swept over us. We fled to our tents, and listened to our leader bewailing the fact that he couldn't find his shirt or his pack.

After about an hour the rain stopped. I put out my head to see that the fire was still burning and Don was already piling on more wood. As I scrambled out, I was amazed to see that my tent was now flanked by white toadstools, drawn out of the ground by the magic power of the rain. Don's flysheet had failed to shelter him and there were two or three damp sleeping bags. Bill still couldn't find shirt and pack, but he forgot them as he continued his inroads into Don's port. Eventually we all drifted off to bed,

while the moon struggled out through the clouds.

Monday

Another clear sky. Bill found his missing possessions, both well washed by the rain. After a leisurely breakfast we packed up and walked to the cliff edge to admire the view which stretched almost to the Shoalhaven. Clutching an abandoned wineskin he pointed out features of interest, and identified them on the map. Finally, with one last look at the top of the wineskin, he guided us without hesitation across the plateau to the Danjera escarpment. I wondered if any of the prospectives had noticed this startling feat of navigation, but fortunately they had not.

"This is one pass," Bill said, "But I think there is another about 300 metres further along."

Ray Turton went down anyway and declared the pass "A goer". We continued for a mere 100 metres and found ourselves at the head of the falls. A careful search failed to find another pass.

"Does anyone want to look at the falls?" asked Bill. No answer.

"All right then, let's move on."

"But, Bill," said a plaintive voice. "I thought we were going to look at the falls?"

"Well, do you want to look at them or not?"

"Of course, that's why we came."

"Well, why didn't you say so when I asked you?"

"Are we going now?" asked a second voice.

"Yes," said Bill.

"But I thought you said we were going to look at the falls," said the second voice.

"I AM," roared Bill. "I AM GOING TO LOOK AT THE FALLS."

"Well, why didn't you say so?" cried several other voices.

Making audible growling noises, Bill led the way to the head of the falls, followed by 10 or 12 members of the party. He returned alone, and for a moment I thought he had rid himself of his tormentors by marching them all off a cliff; but presently they reappeared. We retraced our steps, to find the pass. Bill began to peer anxiously about.

"I'm sure it must be here somewhere," he muttered. "It must be just ahead."

"I think it's there," said Steve, pointing. Perhaps the fact that Ray was standing on the marker-cairn obscured it from Bill's view.

Down again, more lawyer vine, thicker than before. "Well," I thought, as the blood ran down my knees, "There is one thing to be said for this week's scratches - they get rid of last week's scabs."

Danjera Creek is far less rugged than Moore Creek, but it can still provide some interesting moments, especially when wet. Carol had the misfortune to slip and hit her head, but she continued without complaint, although looking rather pale. Two or three waterfalls needed to be bypassed, which we accomplished with much scrambling and muttered curses. At the head of the last waterfall we stopped for lunch. Another instant fire from Phil, and I took the opportunity to launder my shirt, which soon dried when pinned on the back of my pack.

The rough part over, we wandered along the easy lower section, very photogenic and gentle enough for Granny. There were cries of delight when we reached the junction with Boolijah Creek. Grassy flats and the biggest swimming hole any bushwalker could wish for. More tea and relaxation - and the last of the goodies.

A final burst of activity took us up the nose to the foot of Blaydon's Pass. Some of the more adventurous tried Turton's Alternative, and Sandy rejoiced at the benefits of giving up smoking - not running out of breath when climbing. Once on top, we spent a moment looking over the country, tracing the creeks and ridges over which we had toiled on foot.

Ahead of us lay hot showers and soft beds. Behind lay the silent land, escarpments apricot in the setting sun, long blue shadows filling the gullies. Overhead, amber clouds lounged in the pale evening sky, stretching out long seductive fingers to beckon us back.

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#### BUSHWALKERS' MECCA.

by Peter Christian.

A living, vibrant memorial, stands in the wooded Grose Valley depths  
Of slender, stately, blue gums, their limbs raised in solemn praise  
For that handful of inspired, dedicated, believers in a cause,  
In a heart-felt vision of unspoilt beauty, no-one could erase.

They toiled undaunted and resolute, against considerable ignorance,  
Giving freely of their energies, precious lives, the hard-earned pound.  
Spare them a thought, when you sense the majesty they have saved,  
The ignoble death by the greedy edge of the axe's ringing sound.

Here humans can treat their self-inflicted, stress-related disease.  
The serenity and solitude our soul yearns for, can be replenished.  
We shed our fears, our facades wither, by campfire glow.  
Leaving only footprints, the bush remains pristine, unblemished.

The Blue Gums invoke reverence, respect for co-existence with trees.  
Man may be the last link of evolution, but cannot survive defiance.  
The cathedral-like vault of their trunks at first hushes social patter,  
Realizing we're but ants on the forest floor, amidst a land of giants.

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A CHOICE Test Report onWALKING IN THE RAIN

by Elwyn Morris.

At 0 eight hundred hours on May 21 Lab Technician-in-Chief Barry Wallace called the test panel to order and apologetically briefed us with our instructions. We were to bury it in at least two inches (5 cm) of soil, or mud, and never in a creek bed.

Our 'breathing' test

We wanted to know how what we wore would 'breathe'. The panel consisted of:

- . Barry himself, resplendent in the only patch of blue we were to see all weekend - a brand-new Paddy-made Gortex jacket, worn at a practical knee length they are reluctant to sell you;
- . Bill Burke, in contrasting drab black lightweight oilcloth, with equally ancient droopy felt hat;
- . myself, in a British drizzleproof featherweight nylon from Southern Cross Equipment, bright red so I can be spotted when I fall behind;
- . Bob Gulson, in his heavy yachting jacket, bright orange so he can be spotted when he falls in;
- . Sue Young, the only prospective, in a fetching but unproofed nylon parka;
- . Morag Ryder, in a leaking cape she'd tried everything on;
- . Michelle de Vries Robbe (yes, triple-barrelled), in a jacket bought at Coles and sprayed by herself, plus a woollen beret that breathed only too well - but all the rest of her gear worked perfectly, and what's more, was bought in America by a friend at a third the Aussie price;
- . Two identical green hump-backed whales with yellow flippers underneath. On closer inspection, these turned out to be Don and Jenny Cornell, in nylon home-made suits and huge capes that went right over their packs to the ground. Jenny had made them to a Dot Butler design from coated nylon from Eastwood Camping (\$4 a metre), that suffered from morning sickness when new. The vomit smell wore off after a while, she claimed. After that, but not before, the capes can double as groundsheets.

The capes 'breathed' in the sense that the air flowed around and about, but the hoods were too hot to walk in. Instead, Don and Jenny wore Australian felt army hats from a disposal store, but Don's leaked through a bayonet-wound (from a branch?). The capes kept their packs dry on the outside, so they didn't really need garbage bags inside as much as we did, and were fit thus to be taken into their tent at night to keep dry.

Ratings for keeping dry and 'breathing'

**RECOMMENDED** - Don and Jenny's system keeps the biggest area dry and 'breathes', sort of.

**ACCEPTABLE** - Bill's ensemble works in a practical, if less eye-catching way.

Barry's trendy, elegant, superexpensive Gortex works, but it wasn't a conclusive test as he left the hood down and the drips got down his neck.

Tent test

Bill and Les produced golden oldies - Paddy's golden tan cotton that they don't-make-like-that-any-more, and no one would recommend the new version,

even if it didn't come to over \$200 plus the cost of proofing. Les took the precaution of adding a fly so that his piece of antique Australiana was dry the next morning, and lighter to carry than Bill's wet one.

Bob had the heaviest tent. He'd thought life was going to be easy because it wasn't marked Test Walk! His aluminium poles had been bent in a scuffle (a domestic?) between two persons he'd lent his tent to, who'd thoughtfully replaces them with unbendable STEEL ones. (Bob made it, rockhopping down Bonnum Pic Creek, 1800-foot climb up Burnt Flat Creek, all good pre-ski exercise.)

Morag had made her tent herself out of proofed nylon, muslin, silver space blanket, and aluminium poles, with front annexe for pack and for stove cooking in New Zealand, where it always rains. RECOMMENDED for being totally rainproof, lightweight except for the poles, which aren't needed in Australia, and total cost \$45. Only catch is that you have to be able to design and sew like Morag.

The great innovation was our living and dining area made out of Michelle's extra fly. Everyone could sit on logs in comfort, eat, tell wet jokes, and later leave their packs out of the rain for the night. RECOMMENDED as a compulsory item on every wet walk (the fly, not the jokes).

#### Fires

No problem even in a downpour, of course, for such veteran walkers. Dry bark, leaves and twigs from under fallen trees, plus a goodly chunk of newspaper from Jenny's dry pack, and lots of frantic hat-flapping. The main campfire still had a glowing log next morning, after heavy rain at night.

Barry's method wasn't tested this time. Tear up into spaghetti the inside bark on the lee side of a stringybark, sprinkle on top with grated candle, which melts and burns, and accompany by a cask of your best red.

My double fire suggestion was finally tried - TWO fires, three metres or so apart, so you roast on both sides at once instead of only one. This was how aborigines kept warm in the freezing desert nights with nothing on, I claimed. It wasn't tested properly because in spite of its being a warm night, everyone kept their clothes on (Ian and Joy, where were you?), and most of them sat in the living room. Unfortunately, the fly lacked a chimney so a fire couldn't be built underneath it, as I'd have liked.

#### Ugh! - Leeches!

Rain inspires leeches, but only Bob and Morag met any - one each.

Barry's test suggestion was to soak tobacco in water and your shoes and socks in that, as leeches dislike tobacco as much as walkers do. Only problem is to find the tobacco.

Meantime, Morag claimed to have found the answer to this bane of the forest. (I must admit my support for conserving rainforests, whipped up by the ACF, is punctured with every leechbite.) SOAP! You rub it all over your feet and legs to above the knee. Then all over your knee-high socks. Then all over your leggings, if any, and shoes. The leeches start climbing and drop off - the soap upsets their surface tension or equilibrium or something. Morag had tried it for three rainy days in leech-infested Lamington Plateau and not got one leech, except on an unsoaped wrist when she touched the ground. She'd lunched on a groundsheet with soap rubbed all round the



edge, with waves of a sea of frustrated leeches breaking on the shore.

I applied the soap for the way back up Burnt Flat Creek and at the end, declared it a success, the Big Breakthrough. But Barry pointed out, with his usual impeccable logic, that this was because there were no leeches. He conceded, however, that I must have the cleanest and sweetest-smelling feet in the panel by this stage.

So SOAP remains to be tested. Does it wash off in creeks or rain? Morag says no. The tip originally came from her friend who had 20 years of Queensland and Border Rainforest experience. But are our leeches the same brand? (The soap, by the way, can be any brand.) Our panel was in the wrong brand of country, the Wollondilly at Bonnum Pic not rating as rainforest.

How about someone putting on a Test Walk in Rain in a Rainforest?

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#### MY FAVOURITE GARBAGE DUMP.

by Bill Gamble.

Karlool Pool in the Royal National Park near Heathcote is now little more than a garbage dump. There is an abundance of cans, bottles, broken glass, beer cartons, food wrappings and toilet paper. A similar pattern continues well beyond the pool along the track to Uloola Falls.

The rubbish has been accumulating for some time, judging by the varying stages of decay. Just how long people using the area will tolerate rubbish around them before they react and put their dung heap in order is a moot point. I would not expect an early change of heart.

Passing through the area in late April, I saw many people picnicking in the warm autumn sun - relaxed, enjoying themselves and seemingly oblivious to the rubbish strewn everywhere. They appeared to be happy to sit amongst the garbage. It could well be that the present condition of Karlool Pool reflects community standards and is acceptable to most users.

Bushwalkers concerned about the mess should, perhaps, turn a blind eye or avoid the area altogether. The problem is now beyond the capacities of individual walkers to carry out the rubbish of others.

#### FOOTNOTE - by Jim Brown.

On a walk passing Karlool Pool shortly after a holiday weekend, when the amount of litter increases, we noticed a Parks and Wildlife Service Ranger filling a large plastic bag with some of the more offensive rubbish, and later carrying it out towards Heathcote. Evidently the Parks Service does try to keep the locality clear, but in the face of heavy usage by stupid and filthy campers and picnickers, it is a hopeless task.

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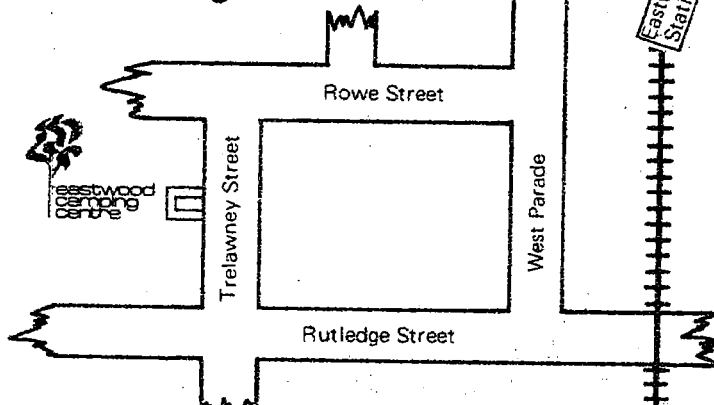
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OPERATION BARRINGTON.

by Debra Holland.

Operation Barrington '83 coincided with a wet weekend, but that did not seem to discourage the 50 or so bushwalkers, including S.B.W. members, on their way to Barrington Tops for a search and rescue training exercise. Besides giving us practice in detailed searching through a temperate rainforest, Operation Barrington would continue the search for a Cessna that disappeared over Barrington Tops in August '81 with five passengers on board.

When I say "we" I have to admit that as I'm not an experienced bushwalker I would stay at field base camp at Mountaineer, next to the designated search area, Whispering Gully in the Chichester State Forest. But I'm no stranger to bushwalking and two members of my family belong to S.B.W.

We arrived at base camp at 1.00 Saturday morning, but by the time we found a corner of the bus to sleep in, or hitched the tent flies to the side, it was nearer 2.00 am. That left us only a few hours' sleep before our wake-up siren at 6.30 am. Had I stumbled into the army? (Fortunately the siren never eventuated.)

By 7 am everyone had gathered in the mud at base for a briefing. Fergus Bell, director of S. & R., explained the weekend's procedure. Relations between bushwalkers and other organisations have not always been the best, and as Fergus pointed out, it is exercises like searching for missing aircraft which help to bridge the gulf.

I can well understand others' reservations. Here were 50 people, clad in shorts, bushhats, thick socks and boots, prepared for two days out in the wet wilderness when most people would rather spend them in bed.

Wilderness is a pretty good description of the Barrington region: temperate rainforest of tall Antarctic beeches with an understorey of staghorn ferns, moss and brightly coloured fungi, and, of course, lawyer vine, the stinging "triffid" tree and leeches. Parts of the forest were so thick with ground cover, a wreckage could be under the vines and never be found.

The walkers were split into parties of six to eight, issued with their radios and sent out into the bush via the four-wheel drives.

I found out that this was a larger S. & R. exercise than usual, because of the aeroplane. Besides the bushwalkers there were other volunteer rescue squads, Communications, Department of Aviation, Forestry, Water Board, Four-Wheel Drive Club and police.

Back at base, we gathered around the fire, drinking and eating. I thought of the walkers out there in Whispering Gully. It was raining now with the intensity usually reserved for Sunday School picnics. I last saw my tent floating down a water course and stayed beneath the shelter. Fergus Bell and Tony Parr of S. & R. talked shop with the boys from the Dept. of Aviation. And from the radio the walkers reported slow progress through the tracts of lawyer vine.

That evening we took advantage of being at base camp. Out of vehicles and packs came steak and eggs and spaghetti bolognaise and wine. I thought

of the walkers out there in the gully with their rations of dried bully beef and damp fires. Party Eight asked us with a plaintive cry for a blowtorch to start its fire.

But this will not be just a blow by blow account of gastronomic delights. The next day I ventured out into the jungle with the Berrima and Rylstone/Kandos rescue squads. After the slow mud-churning trip in the landrovers, we arrived at the Pinnacle, directly where the Sydney radar pinpointed the Cessna when it disappeared. The party spaced itself out down a ridge, following the line of the track. If we had not had to focus all our attention on the search, or just finding a way through the bush, it would have been enough just to sit back and drink in the dank sweetness of the air and the scenery. Every now and then came the sound of lyrebirds and cockatoos from deep in the gully. We weren't far from the loggers track but in the forest of ferns we could have been miles (or kilometres) from anywhere.

When we returned to base camp most of the other groups had come back, wet, scratched and muddied. Someone had found a piece of an earlier wreckage but that was all.

Then came the debriefing. Gordon Lee had twisted his knee and had to offload his pack (a new experience for Gordon), and people had painful reminders of their encounters with the stinging tree, but that seemed to be the extent of injuries.

We were told that since this was a recognised regional S. & R. training exercise the Federation would be partly reimbursed for costs incurred. Cheers all round!

Then it was back on the bus for a raid on Dungog's milkbars and the long trip back to a rain-soaked Sydney. Despite this, we had a great weekend.

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#### SOCIAL NOTES FOR JULY.

by Jo Van Sommers.

Ø July 20 - Nostalgia Night.

A display of old equipment, old maps, old photographs, relics from the early days of the Coub. Contact Alex Colley for further details - Phone 44-2707.

July 27 - Cabaret-style Record Evening.

Bring your favourite SHORT piece of recorded music or comedy tape, and say a few words about it while the rest of us sip the club wine. Contact John Redfern for advice - Phone 808-1702.

Ø Everyone invited to meet beforehand at the Phuong Vietnamese Restaurant, 6.30 pm. 87 Willoughby Road, Crow's Nest. B.Y.O.

UPDATE ON SOUTH WEST TASMANIA.as at 19th May 1983.

by Peter Harris.

1. Franklin and Gordon Rivers.

15 people remain on the rivers, keeping a vigil.

Tasmanian Wilderness Society have engaged Mr. Michael Black Q.C. and will seek leave of the High Court to intervene on the side of the Commonwealth. In effect this means that the line-up will be Tas/Qld Governments versus Commonwealth/Vic/N.S.W. Governments and T.W.S. Further T.W.S.' action in the South West has been held off pending a possible short "winter Blockade" in view of the High Court proceedings.

The court will sit on Mon. 30th May and finish the following Friday. The judgement will take some weeks and the full reasoning behind the judgement could take months. It is hoped that the High Court will grant an injunction to stop the South West works.

2. Blockade Results.

196 persons have had their trespass cases adjourned indefinitely.

3. Mount Anne Leases.

B.H.P., the "all Australian" company, has applied for a mining exploration permit over the Mt. Meuller area of South West Tasmania, 236 sq.km. to be exact, stretching from near Mt. Anne in the south to The Needles in the north. Anyone interested in making objection should phone Peter Harris (88,3637 home) for guidance, advice and objection to application forms.

The reason for making massive individual objections is to impress upon B.H.P. the depth of feeling against further alienation of another part of the South West.

4. South West Destruction Update.

Despite the cloud hanging over the Gordon-below-Franklin dam, work is still continuing at a furious pace on roads, accommodation sites, transects, etc. The access road from Warners Landing to the proposed dam site is approximately  $3\frac{1}{2}$  kilometers long and nearing the dam site. The road is very wide as it has been tiered in many places due to the steep traverse.

The area at Warners Landing, cleared for pre-fab huts, is being enlarged and now includes two very deep sewerage pits. Machinery that has been taken up-river by barge consists of:- nine bulldozers, three track-scavators, one roller, fourteen four-wheel drive vehicles, six tip trucks, one mobile crane, one cement mixer and a host of chain saws.

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THE MAY GENERAL MEETING.

by Barrie Wallace.

One might well have expected some dire consequence of the President's irreverence in striking the ceremonial gong with the Bone. There were, however, no bolts of lightning, or showers of serpents; but there again there wasn't any excess of silence or order as the 30 or so members subsided to a manageable level of chaos at around 2010 hours and the meeting began.

There were no new members and no apologies, so we passed to the Minutes of the previous meeting. These were read and received, with no business arising. Correspondence was limited to a letter from May and Paddy Pallin accepting honorary membership, and the minutes of the last Coolana meeting.

The Walks Report began with a no-go. It seems Gordon Lee's Kanangra abseiling trip (correctly programmed this time) was cancelled. Frank Taeker's 15,16,17 April walk in the Budawangs attracted 16 people who all finished the walk in good weather. Bill Holland reported 21 people and some rain on his Mountain Lagoon day walk on the 17th, and Brian Bolton's Engadine to Bundeena walk attracted 29 starters.

Over the Anzac weekend Bill Capon and a cast of 16, not necessarily as a single party, visited a number of creeks in the Morton National Park. They reported some problems with boots and ankles but I did not get the details. Jim Laing's Mt. Gudenby walk did not go, but George Walton had 25 people enjoying a spot of swimming on his day walk on Gleahook Creek.

The following weekend 29,30 April and 1st May saw Barrie Murdoch making a brief visit to Kanangra Walls in steady rain. They camped Friday night and drove home on Saturday morning. John Redfern's walk to Pantoney's Crown encountered similar weather and lost 33% of the starters on the first morning. The remaining 4 people walked, and even had some fine weather on the Sunday. The Search & Rescue exercise at Barrington Tops was also held that weekend. Despite the thick, scratchy scrub and wet weather it was voted a good exercise. The day walks for that weekend were well supported, with 12 people on Joe Marton's Otford to Lilyvale walk and 14 people on Peter Christian's Kuringai Chase trip.

Bill Hall's mid-week walk on the 4th May was led by Meryl Watman, with four starters.

The weekend of 6,7,8 May saw Don and Jenny Cornell leading 15 starters on the Cox River in fine, warm weather. Jim Percy reported 10 people on his Longnose Point to Bungonia Canyon and return. They reported a good walk, but the banks of the Shoalhaven were covered in mud. Bill Hall was out and about again on 8 May with 25 starters and good weather. Peter Miller had 10 people on a glorious day walk to Mt. Solitary on the same day, to bring the Walks Report to an end.

The Treasurer's Report showed that we began the month with \$2314.12, spent \$1178.86, received \$870.50 and closed with \$2005.86.

Federation Report brought news that the Federation Ball will be held on 23rd September at the Lane Cove Town Hall. Tickets will be \$7.00 per head. There are reports of a cattle problem in the Kanangra/Kowmung area, and

rumours of a petition to ban rock-climbing in the area around Katoomba.  
One of the member clubs cleaned up the Coal Seam Cave over the Easter weekend.

General Business brought a motion that we ask Federation to write to the South-West Tasmania Coalition proposing a levy on all members of supporting clubs to cover the debt incurred during the recent election.

Then it was just a matter of announcements and the meeting closed at 2041 hours.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### ALTERATIONS TO THE WINTER WALKS PROGRAMME.

Two day walks on this programme should have been marked  $\emptyset$  as TEST WALKS.  
These are:- 26th June - Leader: Roy Braithwaite  
28th August - Leader: Hans Stichter

Day walk on 3rd July - Leader: Errol Sheedy - correct phone no. 525-0316.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### FIELD GUIDE TO THE NATIVE TREES OF THE A.C.T.

Produced by the National Parks Association of the Australian Capital Territory Inc, assisted by a Heritage Grant from the Dept. of Territories and Local Govt.

This pocketbook describes 60 species of trees of four metres or more that are known to grow naturally within the boundaries of the A.C.T. It is written for the non-specialist and has instructions on how to use a botanical key. For easy reference it is divided into three parts - Eucalypts, Acacias and other species, with trees that are similar placed side by side. Each species is treated separately and is fully illustrated, with a thumbnail map to show distribution. A key to all species, index and glossary are provided.

Price \$4.00.

To order send cheque/postal note (plus \$1.00 to cover postage and packaging) to National Parks Assn. of the A.C.T. Inc, P.O. Box 457, Canberra City, 2601, and give your name and postal address.

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Appointments 4 - 9 pm, Mondays and Tuesdays, at Lane Cove.

Half hour treatment - \$10.

AINSLIE MORRIS. Phone 428-3178.

- - - TOMORROW, "THE TIMES".

by Jim Brown.

The saga of S.B.W. representations in the "Sydney Morning Herald" continues. But this time it is NOT a letter to the Editor. Oh, no! we have gone beyond that.

On Saturdays the Herald regularly publishes (on the Letters page) "Sayings of the Week". This is usually devoted to pungent remarks by prominent personalities on political, religious or social questions of the day.

Sandwiched between some scathing comment on the Sydney Water Board by the Minister for Water Resources, and a lament on paper dart throwing by the Dean of Engineering at Melbourne University, there appeared on Saturday, May 28th:-

"A lot of people seem to think life should be silent" (Mr. Phil Butt, N.S.W. Dept of Industrial Relations, on the barring of throw-down crackers).

Beyond saying that Phil presumably does not subscribe to the slogan printed on many walls, railway cuttings, etc. - "Consume, Be Silent, Die" - I would not be game to comment. However, this does appear to be the big "Break Through". Any day now we may expect to see S.B.W. feature articles and editorials, just as I foreshadowed in this valuable journal two months ago.

(P.S. Madam Editor, although, as I say, I am not game to comment on the "saying" reproduced above, I am in the process of writing a nonsensical account of "Bushwalkers and the Big Bang" which I hope YOU will be game to publish in the not too far distant.)

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ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION  
1983.

The subscriptions decided upon at the Annual General Meeting on 9th March and by Committee are as follows:-

Single member	\$10
Married couple	13
Full-time student	8
Non-active member	3
Non-active member with magazine posted	8

These subscriptions are due and payable as at 9th March as above.

The Treasurer is at present on holidays overseas, but the President, Tony Marshall or John Holly will accept subscriptions in the Clubroom, or unfinancial members may send their cheques to the Sydney Bushwalkers, Box 4476 G.P.O. Sydney, 2001.

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