

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

Established June 1931

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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AUGUST, 1983.

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THE FRANKLIN RIVER VERDICT.

by Jim Brown.
(13th July, 1983)

The Wise Men sat in judgement and they found
By slim majority of four to three
The action by the Commonwealth was sound:
On sundry points some chose to disagree.

(But have they seen dawn's flush on Tuglow Falls?
Or lived a sunset at Kanangra Walls?)

The Wise Men sat in judgement and they found
According to the Law....and nothing more.
And they could not do else. What slender ground
For saving treasures no-one could restore.

(They can't have heard bush rivers in the night,
Or walked the Budawangs in stormy light.)

The Franklin has been spared. But some States say
The ruling makes the Commonwealth too strong;
While we applaud it - yet with some dismay -
The verdict's right - but were the reasons wrong?

(For do they know the lonely and the wild?
Or feel the hurt of wilderness defiled?)

* * * * *

SOCIAL NOTES FOR SEPTEMBER.

by Jo Van Sommers.

- September 21 - Tasmanian Wilderness Society Films:-
* Blockade, a documentary of the activities against
the damming of the Franklin, and Gordon Splits,
a wander down that wild river.
- September 23 - Federation of Bushwalkers Ball.
Don't forget to keep Friday 23rd September free for the
F.B.W. Ball (it's country dancing, really!).
- September 28 - Slides by Ralph Penglis on South America and other
exotic places.
- * DINNER before the meeting at Phuoung Vietnamese Restaurant,
87 Willoughby Road, Crow's Nest. B.Y.O. 6.30 pm sharp!

ARTHUR AND US - PART 1.

by Bill Gamble.

In March, 1983, a club walk on the autumn programme went to Arthur's Pass National Park in New Zealand. Two members (Brian Holden and Bronwyn Stow) and a visitor (Steve Tremont) flew from Sydney to join the leader (Bill Gamble) for nine days of walking in the park. The introduction to the park and the first days of the walking are contained in the following article. A second article in a later issue of the magazine will cover the programmed walk in the Poulter Valley.

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Arthur's Pass is to the Christchurch tramper what the Blue Mountains are to the Sydney bushwalker, a rugged area within easy reach for weekend trips leaving Friday evening after work: but, otherwise, quite different. These differences - the nature of Arthur's Pass National Park - are perhaps best summarised with an extract or two from the park handbook.

"The park is a rugged and mountainous area of about 100,000 hectares situated in the centre of the South Island (about 150 km west of Christchurch). It is a land of jagged skylines, tall snowy peaks and snowgrass clad ridges, deep gorges, steep, bush-covered hillsides, sheer cliffs of angular black rock, high waterfalls, wide shingle riverbeds and rushing torrents. The park is traversed by large rivers - on the east the Waimakariri and Poulter and their tributaries, the Taramakau and Otira and their tributaries on the west.

".... the area of mountain ridges above bushline approximately equals the forested area. From valley floors at about 700 m on the east the peaks rise to 1800 m or more, but the western valley floors lie at only about 300 m or slightly more. From any of the high peaks there are views over ridge upon ridge of broken rock, with snowfields lying beneath them and deep-cut valleys below. Ten named peaks over 2100 m in height and twenty-one over 1800 m lie within the park.

"The main divide of the Southern Alps bisects the park and from it branch intricate ranges of mountains between the courses of the rivers.... Between the peaks are many passes, high and low, but nearly all of them difficult to cross. The western and eastern separation has a dominating influence on the character of the park; but the rugged terrain, the wide range of altitudes, the relatively severe mountain climate, the swift rivers and the passes all affect the nature of the park in various ways."

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Instead of going straight into the walk as programmed, our introduction to the park, as a party, was two days spent above Arthurs Pass itself, firstly on the east side in the Temple Basin and in the upper Mingha Valley, and then on the west side on the slopes of Mt. Rolleston, 2271 m. The leader had spent two days in the park on the previous weekend and proposed this change as a way of widening the scope of the walking to be done by the party. It proved to be an excellent beginning, in brilliantly fine weather immediately after snowfalls. The change was also partly due to recent alterations in the timetable for trains to and from the park, which had made impractical the use of public transport if full use was to be made of the days allotted for walking. The use of the leader's rental car to move the party from Christchurch to the park and back again kept the walking days to schedule and

provided the sort of flexibility which members usually enjoy in their weekend walks out of Sydney.

Anyway, three of the party members arrived in Christchurch late on Wednesday afternoon, 16 March, on a cold, wet day (maximum 7°C) and were met by the leader (who had arrived ten days earlier to do some walking on his own account). They were quickly transferred from the airport to their overnight accommodation at the Melville Private Hotel in Gloucester Street, close to the city centre, with instructions to be ready to be picked-up at noon the following day. It was a frantic morning for Brian, Bronwyn and Steve of making onward travel arrangements to reach Abel Tasman National Park, their destination after the walking in Arthurs Pass, and of buying food/fuel for the immediate walking. And we did get away on time.

All the way from Christchurch the Southern Alps were a line of white against blue sky, looming larger all the time. The storm of the previous day had dumped an impressive covering of snow. However, over the foothills at Porters Pass we found that the warmth of the day was melting the snow rapidly and, much the same as a rainbow, it seemed to recede the closer we got to it. It was the following day before we indulged in sliding around on steep slopes of compacted snow with its fresh cover.

About 4.00 pm we walked away from the parking area on Arthurs Pass, at the start of the steeply rising Temple Basin Track, glad to leave behind the hardy sandflies in this chilly place which had hastened our change into walking gear. Earlier, we had made a brief stop at the Park Visitor Centre in Arthurs Pass township to record our intentions. Mt. Rolleston overhung the west view, with its upper slopes liberally slabbed with snowfields and the remnants of glaciers. Withing an hour the party had itself ensconced 400 m higher, above the bushline in the main park shelter in Temple Basin.

In the gathering chill of the early evening the pot belly stove in the centre of the room was soon alight. It provided a little warmth, but was really quite inadequate to heat a room of hall-like proportions designed to shelter many day-use skiers. Piped water and flush toilets seemed luxuries, but were really necessities to cope with numbers in winter if the place was not to become a health hazard. Party members slept either on the floor or on the wide benches built in around the walls; and were awoken the following morning to the cacophony of Keas sliding down the metal roof of the shelter. Steve was soon outside trying to make contact with the locals, but without a great deal of success.

Away on a day walk, we traipsed through the debris and scattered ski-tow equipment on what is essentially a downhill ski area, to the upper part of the Temple Basin; and, after a brief inspection of the other park shelter, we scrambled up the steep scree alongside the last ski-tow to the Col itself. In a few steps we were out of a chill breeze and into the sun on the lee slope looking down into the upper Mingha Valley. Packed snow slopes offered glissading opportunities as we slowly made our way down. The way was fairly clear and there were probably a number of routes which we could have taken. In fine weather, all very easy. A waterfall of about 20 m falling on rocks and then tumbling on through a large snowcave enticed us to inspect before we settled down to lunch in the snowgrass alongside a small side stream.

Our route back was to follow the rocky watercourse of the side stream

which brought us out on a ridge spur about 500 m above. For the next hour or so we walked and scrambled our way along the ridge and confirmed the description in the park handbook of "... ridge upon ridge of broken rock.... deep-cut valleys below", eventually deciding to traverse back to Temple Col and a quick descent into the Temple Basin via a scree slope. The shadows were well drawn across the mountains by the time we reached the shelter.

Early on Saturday morning we went back to the car to move it down the highway about 500 m and start another day walk, this time up on to Rome Ridge leading to Mt. Rolleston. By late morning we were back on a level with the shelter which we had left in Temple Basin opposite; that is, after a short taste of scrub-bashing to reach a ridge spur clear of the bushline - it gave us a healthy respect for the sort of foliage one can encounter by moving away from acknowledged routes. An ascent of Mt. Rolleston was not contemplated - although one could say that Steve had higher expectations than the rest of us - and after a generous break in the sun, reasonably sheltered from a chill breeze and with sweeping views into the Bealey Valley, we took the plunge down a scree slope which dropped us about 400 m to the head of the Bealey Valley. The upper slope of the scree in fine shingle enabled giant steps, although lower down the size of the rocks slowed the pace - we still descended though in about 10-15 minutes.

After lunch, it was a pleasant half-hour walk out alongside the fledgling Bealey River to the highway, after which we repaired to Arthurs Pass township for all sorts of junk food at the tearooms before making a brief call at the Park Visitor Centre and moving down to the start of our main walk, i.e. at Hawdon Shelter, about a half-hour drive away from the township. The chilly and increasingly cloudy conditions close to the main divide resolved into a fine and relatively mild afternoon in the more easterly part of the park. The sandflies kept on keeping on though - damn them!

(Map references: Arthurs Pass National Park, NZMS 273, 1:80000, 1st edition; Otira, NZMS 1, S59, inch to the mile series)

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Phone Bronwyn Stow - 81,1257 (H)

789,9242 (B) after 4 pm.

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August, 1983.

FOR THE LOVE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

by Peter Harris.

I am not alone with my thoughts. I used to be, but all of the unanswered questions have been answered. There is another voice inside me which calls for freedom, and weeps for my love of the South-West won.

Mine is a burning life-force borne in peaceful lofty crags, and in the silent heathlands with their carpets of button grass and cushion plant. Mine is a satisfied want surpassing spiritual rebirth.

I hear my name being beckoned in the high-pitched squeal of a cold wind, and creation beckons me from meaningless blank photographs, denuded of natural colour.

Talk to me no more about joyful experiences of the South-West. Praise instead the many hearts that are looking for the light, to see God in creation itself. And many are the hearts that are dying in the night, to see God in creation itself. Come back with me to the South-West to see my God of peace on the campground of life amongst those rocky mountains; stalwart pillars of solemn fortitude, and in the tranquil enduring bliss of silent lake and quiet stream.

Lift your voices. Can you hear the call of the wild? Can you feel its burning caress of tender love - the driving force of life?

There are times when I am alone that I can communicate with nature itself, when I sit upon a rock and see the place of which I've dreamed, and know without a single doubt it is exactly as it seemed. The cold bitter wind speaks to me in whispers of intimate love, enveloping and caressing my body. My eyes reflect the awesome power of creation. I am not dying in the night. I am not looking for the light. I have found the light in the South-West. It is the tie that binds me to my Maker.

NOTES OF THE JUNE & JULY GENERAL MEETINGS.

JUNE.

by Barry Wallace.

There were about 30 members present by 2018, so the President, in the chair, gonged the gong (this time with a wooden spoon, you will all be relieved to know) and called the meeting to order.

As is sometimes the way of things there were no apologies and no new members, so we went straight to the reading of the Minutes. This was accomplished with no business arising, so we passed to Correspondence.

It seems our membership is becoming mobile for there was a spate of change of address notices. Apart from these there was a letter from the Wildlife Preservation Society advising of a three week bus tour to South Australia and environs planned for later this year, and a copy of a letter which Ray Hookway has sent to the N.S.W. Minister for Sport and Recreation supporting the provision of facilities for cross-country skiing in the areas around Kosciusko National Park. The only business arising was deferred to General Business.

The Treasurer's Report indicated that we began the month with \$2005.76, spent \$1161.11, earned or otherwise acquired \$856.50 and ended up with

\$1701.15. All of which brought us to the heady stuff of which Walks Reports are wrought.

We began with Tony Marshall's Kanangra trip over the weekend of 13,14,15 May. It was reported as a good trip, with 12 plus one starters. Gem Gagne's Coolana gourmet weekend was a case of biting off more than one could chew. It did not go. Jim Brown, on the other hand, reported 27 people on his Springwood day walk, which he described as a very nice trip. Geoff Bridger's Bobbin Head to Berowra trip had who knows how many starters, but 25 people finished, apparently in jig time, at 1430. Pulse and respiration rates were not disclosed, and final casualty figures are not available at time of writing.

The following weekend, 20,21,22 saw Barry Wallace and a team of 10 dedicated experimenters conducting rainwear tests in the drizzle and swirling mists of Bonnum Pic. Steve and Wendy Hodgman had 11 people on their Goulburn River National Park trip that same weekend. The remark that the trip "has potential as a summer walk" is to be taken at face value only. Of the day walks, Roy Braithwaite reported 7 starters on a very wet and cold coastal walk which was slightly re-arranged to go from Bundeena to Audley rather than Otford. Sandy Johnston had 10 people on his Hawkesbury River walk, reported as "satisfactory, with good views from Berowra trig".

The weekend of 27,28,29 May saw various parties struggling with the aftermath of the wet weather. Don Finch and his party of 6 found the Capertee in flood, so they walked over to the Wolgan and back. Bob Hodgson (just call me Dad!) had an interesting but different experience coping with excess waters on his Krungle-without-Bungle walk. The report of Peter Christiar's day walk in Royal National Park brought forth a veritable spate of mixed - - um - -well anyway, one of the more memorable was that under the prevailing wet conditions "anti-leech repellents were soon in full spate". The party of 28 seems to have ended up at various places at various times. Talk to John Newman if you want more of the same. David Ingram's Wahroonga to North Turrumurra walk attracted 18 starters and was described somewhat more succinctly as "nice".

Bill Capon's walk from Yalwal over the weekend of 3,4,5 June had damper for lunch, a fine sunny Sunday afternoon, and 11 starters. Don and Jenny Cornell had 8 people on their Kowmung trip that same weekend and of the day walks Brian Bolton's Waterfall to Bundeena via Forest Island attracted 20 people who were rained on for their trouble, and Peter Christian had 12 people on an uneventful ramble in the Maroota State Forest.

Federation Report concerned a proliferation of Helipads in the Kanangra area. It seems that once you have a chopper you then have to produce uses for it.

General Business brought a motion that we write to the N.S.W. Minister for Sport and Recreation urging that he support the provision of facilities for cross-country skiers in areas adjacent to Kosciusko National Park. After an extensive but rather confused debate the motion was carried.

So then it was just a matter of the announcements, and it was all over for another month at 2116.

JULY. The meeting began at around 2013 hours with 20 or so members present and the President in the chair. There were apologies from Bob Sames and John Newman. New members Bronny Niemeyer, Jan McLean, Edith Townsend and Daksh Baweja were present to receive badge, constitution and applause, but Wendy Aliano was not there to answer the call.

The Minutes of the previous meeting were read and received, with the only business arising being a follow-up on the proposal to levy member clubs of the South West Tasmania Coalition. It seems Federation plans to offer support for the Coalition as well.

Correspondence brought letters out to new members and to the N.S.W. Minister for Sport and Recreation urging support for the provision of facilities for cross-country skiing in the Kosciusko area. There were also letters in from Sutherland Bushwalkers regarding a planned trip to Barrington Tops and from the Beswick family fund donating \$200.00 toward the Coolana property costs.

The Treasurer's Report brought news that we began the month with \$1701.15, earned \$524.80, spent \$105.89 and ended the month with \$2120.06.

David Rostron began the Walks Report with his Axe Head Range high camps extravaganza. They began with 11 starters on a snow-swept Kanangra Walls and picked up an extra bod along the way. That same weekend 10,11,12,13 June saw Ian Debert and 8 others on a base camp at Yerranderie. They reported a very snowy Friday night, but were able to climb Yerranderie Peak and Chiddys Obelisk over the weekend to retain their license. Bill Burke had 16 people on his Sofala to Hill End walk. They reported beautiful, but cold, weather. There were no day walks programmed for that weekend.

The following weekend 17,18,19 June saw Gordon Lee with 20 people on his Ski Touring Instructional, reporting a rainy Sunday, and Peter Harris and his two starters diverting to 100 Man Cave to escape the snow on Kanangra Tops and environs. Steve and Wendy Hodgman had 6 cyclists on their Moss Vale to Nowra by bike --- er --- walk(?), and of the day walks Jim Brown had 8 people and a soggy day in the hills behind Coal Cliff, and Jo Van Sommers reported rainy conditions and 19 starters on her Waterfall to Engadine ramble.

Over the weekend of 24,25,26th June Tony Marshall led his party of 7 through Jenolan Canyon - - twice, just to make sure. George Walton's Cox River walk had 11 people covering similar ground, but only once. Ralph Pengliss reported 35 people on his Sydney Harbour day walk, and Roy Braithwaite reported 20 starters on his Cowan to Brooklyn trip.

Ainslie Morris' Bundanoon Y.H.A. base camp walk had 9 starters spending part of their time ridging bikes over the weekend of 2,3rd July, and Gordon Lee's rockscrambling and abseiling instructional attracted two takers for the rockscrambling and 10 for abseiling. Errol Sheedy's Bundeena to Waterfall day walk did not go, but Peter Christian reported 27 people, and a rough but truncated walk for his Canoe Lands Ridge to Duck Ponds Ridge and return trip.

The following weekend, 8,9,10 July Bill Capon had 3 starters on a somewhat modified Yalwal-Leighton Creek-Corrobooree Flat-Yalwal walk, and Bill Holland reported 16 people, beautiful weather and lots of water on his Shoalhaven River walk. Roy Braithwaite's Lilyvale to Burning Palms day walk did not go (due to the train strike), but Kath Brown had 8 starters on an easy trip from Glenbrook to Glenbrook via Red Hands Cave. All of which brought the Walks Report to a close.

Federation Report brought news that the Barrier Ranges Bushwalkers have been accepted as members of Federation, that there are conservation concerns over stock routes in the Kosciusko National Park, and that information is sought regarding the establishment of a Nattai National Park. There will be S. & R. exercises on 22,23 October 1983, 24,25 March 1984 and 23,24 June 1984.

There was no General Business and the meeting closed at 2106 hours.

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dorothy Lawry.

1332 Pacific Highway, Turramurra. 2074.

Dear Evelyn,

We haven't met because I am now an Honorary Member of the S.B.W. confined to a wheelchair in a nursing home. Back in the 1930s for a couple of years I had the job you are now doing so well. I always look forward to my copies of our magazine and have just received the June issue, which I particularly enjoyed.

Bill Gamble's article on Page 9 "My Favourite Garbage Dump" I feel should be answered. When I was the editor the Club exchanged magazines in various countries and from one copy of that of the British Ramblers Club I copied a poem which travelled round the world in those of the Appalachian Club of U.S.A., of The Tararua Tramping Club of Wellington N.Z. and probably many others as well as The Sydney Bushwalker. It is called "A Fable" and I suggest you republish it and also send a copy to the N.P. & W.S. so they can have it put up on noticeboards near Karloo Pool and along the track to Uloola Falls, etc.

I remember one S.B.W. one-day walk from Heathcote via Karloo Pool and Uloola Falls to Waterfall. As it was such an easy walk of course we had a large party that was well strung out. When we at the head reached the flat above the Falls it was evident picnickers had been there. It was filthy with sheets of newspapers blowing across it etc. etc. By the time the tail of our party reached us we had it all cleared away and the place looking as it should again.

Best wishes to you and all the present active members of the Sydney Bush Walkers. From Dorothy Lawry.

Reprinted from The Ramblers Handbook, Southern Federation, 1938 Edition, official year book of The Southern and the West of England Federation of the Ramblers Association.

A FABLE.

by F. W. Thomas.

Frederick Foljambe Fotheringai
 Went for a picnic one fine day.
 Under the trees he ate his meal
 Leaving a lot of banana peel,
 Empty tins and a paper bag,
 Tidying up was too much fag.
 In course of time he went and died,
 Crossed the Styx to the other side,
 Heard the Devil politely say,
 "Welcome, Mister Fotheringai!
 Here's a job that will suit you fine,
 Tidying up this place of mine."
 Frederick Foljambe Fotheringai
 For ever and ever and aye,
 Spends his time and pays for his sins
 Pursuing elusive banana skins,
 Armed with a stick without a nail,
 He chases litter in half a gale,
 Shoving the pieces when he's got 'em
 Into a basket without any bottom.



eastwood camping centre

BUSHWALKERS

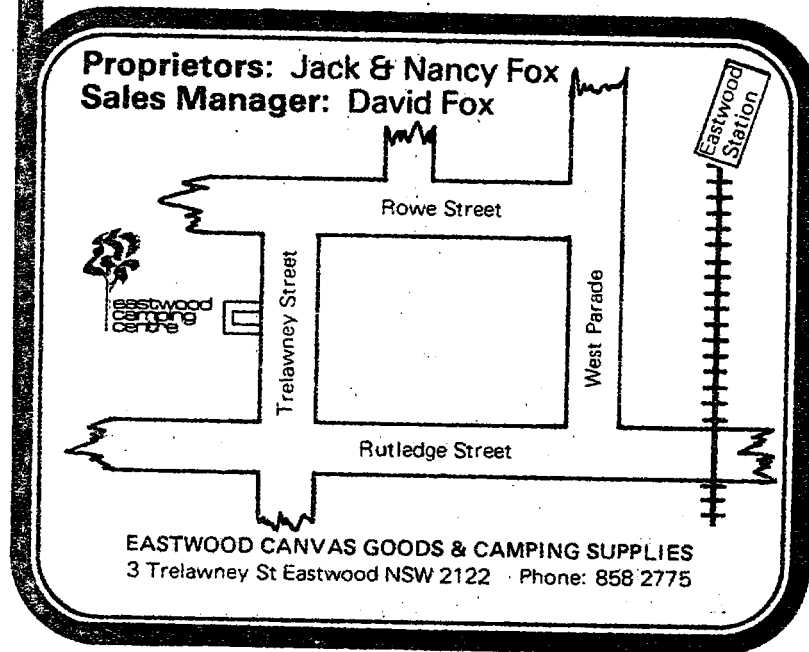
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TREKKING THROUGH THE MCPHERSON RANGES, NOVEMBER 1982.PART II.

by Wal Liddle.

At O'Reillys.

The many birds that raided our larder made our breakfast the next morning a sheer delight. Our light blue ground sheet was covered with red and blue rosellas, black and white magpies, and a couple of scrub turkeys feeding on scraps of bread. The cheekier birds would eat the cereal from our bowls if not shooed away.

The walkers then packed for a 3-day hike without the benefits of a support vehicle. Pat and Mark shared the main load, consisting of food and tents, for the whole group. I estimated that they were carrying 40 lbs each. Mark was advised to leave his leggings and hard hat behind but he would not part with the briefcase. His excuse was that he might have time to finish his thesis for the New England University. Before leaving we visited the Botanical Gardens which consisted of terraced gardens behind the Guest House, laid out with native and exotic plants.

The party left O'Reillys "Green Mountains" at 9.30 to the call of a lyrebird echoing in the bush. Not long after departure a huge fat lizard lumbered across the track in front of us. It was black with a grey underbelly. This creature was the Australian Land Mullet which is the largest land lizard in the continent and can grow to 18 inches long.

A short distance along the track the group split up. Bill and I took the track to Mt. Echo via Lightning Falls whilst the main party took a longer but less steep route to the lunchtime rendezvous spot. Bill and I had morning tea at Jimbolongerri Falls where we obtained clear pure drinking water. The next resting place on our journey was Bithongabel Falls. The falls were joined to a series of mirror-like pools. The sun that filtered through the trees played with the shadows on the ground, making ever-changing patterns of light and shade.

At 1.30 Bill and I joined the rest of the group at Echo Lookout for lunch before trekking on to Mt. Wupawn and Mt. Durigan.

Late that afternoon a distinct recurring mee-ow sound was heard by our party. The call was not that of a feral cat but came from a Cathird in the forest on our left. A number of us tried to get a glimpse of the bird by tracing the sound but it was too elusive. Mark said that the plumage is bright, almost iridescent green, spotted with white.

We arrived at Rat-a-Tat Hut at 5.00 pm and divested ourselves of our packs. The hut is a 3-sided roofed shelter sheeted with corrugated iron located in a clearing surrounded by tall trees.

Graham was delegated to fetch our water from a nearby rivulet. As he was filling the water bags he noticed a movement under one of the rocks. Returning to camp he cadged a piece of meat which he placed on a stick and used to coax out a magnificent white yabbie with blue stripes. It was approximately 10" long with two huge claws protruding from its armoured carapace. Graham brought it back to camp and placed it in a corral of stones near the campfire. He then showed different members of the party how to carry the yabbie with safety and without injuring the creature. Eventually we released the yabbie near where it was caught.

As the darkness descended an earthen bank at the side of the clearing came

aglow with blue-purple pinpoints of light. The light came from thousands of glow worms which lived amongst the green moss and ferns, but were indistinguishable by day.

Most of the party elected to sleep on the packed earth in the hut whilst two made up their beds in the open, but in the middle of the night the two toughies came inside because of heavy showers. The showers had cleared by dawn and the morning presaged a warm hot day.

The walkers left Rat-a-Tat at 8.45 and trekked towards Ukai Lookout and onwards to Mt. Throakban. Soon after leaving the mountain on an ever-narrowing path we came to the Roberts Survey Tree which had a large triangle blaze on the trunk. Mark indicated that the tree would have been blazed in approximately the year 1860 by the original Government Surveyor.

We arrived at Kalinya Lookout overlooking the Tweed Valley at noon and partook of lunch.

The afternoon proved to be very humid and oppressive with sweat pouring off all the walkers. Most of us were in shorts with some of the men stripped down to singlets or bare tops.

As we traversed a ridge on top of the mountain storm clouds were gathering on the horizon. At 2.30 the dark clouds were moving closer accompanied by lightning flashes and thunder claps. At 3 pm the storm had nearly reached the ridge and most of us stopped to don our rain gear. Shortly after the storm burst upon us with all its fury. First there came heavy torrential rain and lightning accompanied by a strong wind. Although I was protected by a parka my sleeping bag was in the haversack without a waterproof cover. Joyce came to the rescue with a large orange ground sheet which I held over my head and the haversack.

After what seemed hours the rain gave way to a hail storm. The hail pelted down, cutting the leaves and small twigs from the trees, changing the earthen path surroundings into a dark green carpet. Fifteen minutes later the green carpet had changed to a white one with hailstones 2" deep underfoot. In a short time the temperature had dropped from 32°C to 15°C.

Mark had been caught by the rain in only singlet and shorts and his clothing was wet under his rain cape. A bout of shivering came on him. He realised that it was a malarial fever attack, a legacy of his earlier years in the tropical north of Queensland. We made room for Mark under the ground-sheet and huddled close together trying to keep him warm.

The hail ceased after a while but a light drizzle had set in. We decided to push on and I picked up Mark's large haversack which contained our main supplies. Our conversation had turned to aborting the expedition via Xmas Creek because of Mark's condition and the weather.

The track had nearly been obliterated by the leaves and hailstones. The afternoon light was fading as we came to a large clearing. Pat was endeavouring to start a fire boy scout fashion, by setting small twigs and branches upright in the shape of an indian wigwam with the fire underneath. The prospect looked very dismal for the campers because of a dark overcast sky, a chill penetrating wind and damp ground underfoot. The tents were pitched whilst some looked for suitable firewood and others volunteered to fetch water for the evening meal. These tasks proved to be very difficult as suitable

fallen limbs were scarce and the creek was at the bottom of a steep, slippery slope.

After an hour the rain ceased. Mark seemed to have partly recovered. He looked rather odd in Mary's angora jumper. Pat had prepared a delicious tuna mornay which was wolfed down by the whole group. The first course was followed by tinned peaches and cream. Most of the campers slept that night in damp clothes with no chance of getting their belongings or sandals dry.

We awoke next morning at 6.30 in misty cold conditions to find that two ringtail possums had raided our muesli supply.

After breakfast the walkers were surprised to see Bill with his haversack on ready for departure. Without warning he bade us all goodbye. He gave no reason for his sudden decision to return home. My assumption from conversation I had with him over a two day period was that he did not feel safe in the Australian bush. He was familiar with the German and Swiss forests where there are well-marked tracks, shelter huts and roads and railways close by.

The party then proceeded down a steep gully to the Stinson wreck, where olive-green tubular steel trusses protruded from the undergrowth. One of the wheel struts lay nearby. Small pieces of broken window glass were found by one of the walkers. A plaque set in concrete marked the scene of the crash. The inscription read:- "This plaque marks the spot where the Stinson Airliner VH-UHH, City of Brisbane, crashed on 19-2-37 and where two survivors sat for 10 days until found by Bernard O'Reilly. We remember the Stinson - a pathfinder at the dawn of commercial aviation in Australia."

A white wooden cross nearby was marked:- "In memoriam Capt. Rex Boyden died in Stinson crash 19-2-37." Three smaller silver plaques set in stone and concrete were marked:- "Flying Officer Beverley Shepherd - William Walden, Fountain, New York - James Roland Graham, Sydney."

Three passengers survived the crash - Westray, Bunstead and Proud. Westray, a young New Zealander, decided to go for help only to fall over a cliff and die in the bush. The other two survivors lived on the berries from the walking stick palm and water collected from Xmas Creek.

The papers of the day and the aviation authorities had given up the Stinson as lost. People had sighted what they thought to be the plane everywhere from the Queensland border to the Hawkesbury River.

After eight days and differing radio and press reports, Bernard O'Reilly contacted one of his neighbours who thought that the plane had crashed in the McPerson Ranges. O'Reilly decided that his neighbour's story was authentic, particularly as there had been no reports of the plane's arrival at Lismore Airport. O'Reilly produced an aerial survey map of the area and plotted destination lines on it. He deduced that the plane could have crashed on one of four high mountain ranges in the district.

He packed some supplies which consisted of bread and butter, onions, sugar and tea, and mounted his horse ready for the journey to Mount Bethongabel. Here he sent the mare home and proceeded by foot through the trackless jungle. On the morning of the second day O'Reilly was on the top of Mount Throakban looking out over the three remaining mountain ranges. Eight miles away on the third range, Lamington Plateau, he sighted a burnt out tree which confirmed his

theory. Eight hours later he found the survivors who were in very poor condition, one of whom had a broken leg. With help from all over the district a rescue party was organised which cut a stretcher path through the forest. Bunstead and Proud were lifted out over the next two days.

After returning to camp from the wreck we were able to see the stretcher track, approximately 4 feet wide, which is maintained free from undergrowth to this day.

Our party arrived at Tyalgum Valley Lookout at 9.30 where the hailstones on the track were thick underfoot. The track from here on became indistinct and we had to fan out many times to find one of the tree blazes. Wherever a break in the rain forest canopy occurred, the undergrowth was thick and tangled because of the life-accelerating effects of the sunlight. The undergrowth was wet and we had to stop at intervals to extricate ourselves from the lawyer vines that got caught in our clothing and flesh. This proved to be very painful at times. Allegedly lawyer vines were given this name by the early settlers because once they got their hooks into you you would never get them out.

We passed a number of antarctic beeches, a huge gnarled tree with buttressed arched roots that meet the trunk metres above the ground. These trees are thought to be thousands of years old and are a relic from a colder epoch. They usually occur at higher altitudes and are found in Victoria, Tasmania, New Zealand, South America and the New Guinea Highlands.

At one stage we became disoriented and found ourselves heading in the opposite direction to our compass course. The group had just passed through a cleft in two large rocks which Pat recognised from our earlier wanderings. The mistake was confirmed by reference to the area map.

Some time after lunch the track became defined again and at 2.30 pm we arrived at a signpost which pointed to O'Gradys Creek. It was evident that we were leaving the rainforest area because of the stands of eucalypt trees that surrounded us. At 4.30 we arrived at O'Gradys Falls and stopped to admire the surrounding black and grey rock formations. Tall lilies grew on the edge of a large pool above the falls. These lilies known as Helm Holtzia have light and dark green stems on which grow profuse pink and white flowers.

At 5 pm the party emerged from the bush onto Forest Road. Here we were met by Peter Maxwell, a Forestry Commission Ranger. He drew the leaders aside and engaged them in earnest conversation. Pat later told us the story. Bill had assumed that we would get lost because of "poor leadership, inadequate maps and equipment". He had raised the alarm on reaching civilisation and the Forestry Commission had been alerted.

That night we camped in cold, overcast conditions in a clearing at the Border Lookout.

The next morning we rejoined the mini-bus and were driven to the Tweed Valley Lookout, 940 metres above sea level. Here a notice proclaimed: "We now saw the breakers again, their situation may always be found by the peaked mountain which bears SW by W from them and on their account I have named it Mt. Warning - Lt. Cook RN - 16 May 1770."

We arrived at Kyogle at 1.45 and sat down to a counter lunch, a welcome change from our bush repasts. At 5 pm we escorted Joyce to the railway station and climbed aboard the bus for our journey back to Brisbane.

* * * * *

BUSH WALKERS AND THE BIG BANG.

by Jim Brown.

Of course, bush walkers would never use explosives or fire-arms, would they? Never! Well, hardly ever.....

This thinking was inspired by the quotation from Phil Butt in the "Sydney Morning Herald" - see the June issue of the magazine. Then I remembered that, if you go far enough back in the Club's history, you will find stories of members shooting wild duck on the Kowmung River to supplement the rations they had carried through the granite gorges higher up. Oh, yes, and of course one of the early lady members carried a revolver as a protection against marauding males..... not Club members, but the seedy itinerants who sometimes took to the bush during the 1930s Depression years. In spite of the reputed permissiveness of more recent years, no one seems to think such a precaution necessary now. Maybe we really are better behaved after all.

But even in my time with the Club there have been walkers who were fascinated by the Big Bang. For some years there used to be a regular camp at Euroka Clearing in the Lower Blue Mountains (before there was a road there) on the weekend nearest to the 24th May (which used to be Empire Day - Cracker Night - in the days when there were still some vestiges of a British Empire, my children). All comers brought their Catherine Wheels and Roman Candles, Port Lights and Rockets, and made the Blue Labyrinth resound on the Saturday evening.

On one occasion a lighted firework, thrown with small regard for the environment, landed in a cardboard box at the edge of the campfire area. The box contained a selection of rockets, most of which took off on horizontal trajectories. One was alleged to have passed through an abdulled tent, happily without causing damage or injury. Thereafter, our favourite camping site at Euroka was defined in the walks programmes as "Fireworks Ridge".

In addition to those who were satisfied with commercial fireworks, there were others who liked louder noises. At a camp in 1952 (I think the Club's 25th Anniversary) some one let off an explosive device, occasioning what might be called in modern legal parlance "public affront or alarm". On being told not to do it again, the perpetrators displayed a suitably meek attitude, but countered with a proposal to blow up fallen trees which were causing serious bank erosion at Blue Gum Forest.

Being at the time the S.B.W. representative on the Blue Gum Trust, I undertook to put the proposal to the Trust. Admittedly, I did so with fingers crossed and uttering a small prayer. However, the idea was readily adopted, and on the weekend of 25/26 April, 1953, the dynamiters went into action. Actually, it was gelignite which was used and, because it is apparently sensitive stuff, it was claimed that some of the party cuddled up to it in their sleeping bags at the top of the Perry's Lookdown track on the Friday night. (Shades of the old drill sergeant rasping "Right! The rifle is the soldier's best friend. In very cold weather, or if anyone is likely to steal it, you WILL SLEEP with your rifle. After all, you'd sleep with your best friend, wouldn't you?")

The Blue Gum affair wasn't quite as simple as it sounds. A drill was needed to burrow into the hardened, saturated wood of the partially submerged logs

and a chain block was used to shift some of the more massive lumps of timber. It was reckoned at the time that Colin Putt, who carried the chain block, had a load of nearly 100 lbs (about 44 Kg) on the way down to the forest. I think it was Peter Stitt who carried the petrol-engined drill, and he must have had 75 lbs (33 Kg) on his back. Several times over the weekend the cry arose "To the hills!" as the 31 workers were cleared from the explosion area.

At one stage on the Sunday morning a rumour spread around "They've poured the jelly down Brian Anderson's shorts". For a time Brian must have wondered if he had halitosis, before it was explained that one of the girls had been trying to make edible jelly, which wouldn't set, and in a moment of devilment had poured the billy down the back of Brian's shorts.

Honour - or the urge to make a BIG BANG - must have been satisfied at Blue Gum. Although we had almost 50 people there for a subsequent working bee in 1955 to consolidate the work on the "silt pack", there were no more loud noises. Our mantle passed to one of the Speliological Societies which was reported in 1955 to be using explosives to form a passage between two natural caves at Bungonia. Being reformed characters, we could afford to chuckle at Geoff Wagg's explanation in one of the Chronic Operas (to the tune of "For he's gone and married Yum Yum" - from The Mikado):-

"Oh, we're going to make a big hole, big hole,
With Gelly and Powder, to make the noise louder
We'll very soon get to our goal....."

We've explored every cave that is known, is known,
With din everlasting and drilling and blasting
We're making a few of our own....."

As Hamlet says with his last breath "The rest is silence".

* * * * *

CONTINUING EDUCATION PROGRAMME, UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY.

Over the next few months several courses of lectures, discussions and outings are to be held by the University of Sydney in its Continuing Education Programme. Anyone over the age of 18 may enrol for these courses. Some of these courses may be of interest to people engaged in outdoor activities such as Bush Walking. Further information may be obtained by writing to the University or by phoning 692-2907.

Birds - 9 meetings \$35.00. Tuesdays at 7 pm, commencing 6th September.
Classification and distribution of birds, their habitats and breeding behaviour.

Bird-Watching Week-End - Oberon State Forest, Friday 14th October to Sunday 16th October. Basic accommodation at camp; sleeping bags and similar equipment must be brought. Cost \$60.00.

Seashore Ecology - 6 meetings \$45.00. Tuesdays at 6 pm, commencing 1st November. Study of animals and plants of N.S.W. Seashore - life history, environments, behaviour and interaction of these organisms.

Hill End - The Study of a Goldfield - Week-end Saturday/Sunday 8/9th October. Participants make own arrangements for transport, food, accommodation. Study of mining developments from 1851. Cost \$40.00.

Anthropology - Aboriginal Art - 9 meetings, \$30.00. Thursdays 10.30 am from September 8th. Survey of aboriginal rock carvings, painting and bark art.

CONGRATULATIONS to Margaret and Bob Hodgson on the birth of their first child, a daughter, Jennifer Louise, last month.

FEDERATION OF BUSHWALKERS BALL, 1983.

Let's put our dancing shoes on and get together for the Bushwalkers Ball (it's country dancing, really).

Date: FRIDAY, 23rd September, 1983.

Venue: LANE COVE TOWN HALL.

Longueville Road, entrance in Phoenix Street.
Council car park at rear and in Little Street.

Time: 8 pm.

Cost: \$7.00 single - B.Y.O. + Plate.

Dress: Casual or semi-formal (whatever you fancy!)

Tickets: BARBARA BRUCE - phone bookings 925-2520 (Bus.) or 546-6570 (H).
DENISE SHAW - phone 922-6093.(H).

The tickets will also be on sale in the clubroom.

We would like S.B.W. to be represented by a large, lively, funloving group this year. You don't need a partner - just come along and join our table. There's a prize for the best decorated table, so let's have your ideas!

WALKS NOTE:

Gordon Lee, following a recent walk in the Budawangs area, reports that Sluice Box Falls on Kilpatrick Creek, are not shown on the new Hendrick 1:25000 map in the correct location.

THE SYDNEY BUSH WALKERS

(Founded 1927)

G.P.O. Box 4476
SYDNEY. N.S.W. 2001.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the half-yearly General Meeting of the Sydney Bush Walkers will be held on Wednesday, 7th September, 1983, at the Cahill Community Centre, 34 Falcon Street, Crow's Nest, commencing at 8.00 pm.

A G E N D A.

1. Apologies.
2. Welcome to new members.
3. Minutes of the General Meeting held on Wednesday, 10th August, 1983.
4. Correspondence.
5. Reports: Treasurer; Walks; Federation; Coolana.
6. Determination of the site for the 1984 Annual Reunion.
7. Election of a convenor for the 1984 Annual Reunion.
8. General Business.
9. Announcements.

BARBARA BRUCE.
Honorary Secretary.

No notices of Amendments to the Constitution have been received.

15th August, 1983.