

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER
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A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bush Walkers,
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MARCH, 1984.

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S.B.W. OFFICE BEARERS - 1984.

The following office-bearers and committee members were elected at the S.B.W. Annual General Meeting held on Wednesday, 14th March, 1984:-

President	* Jim Percy	
Vice-Presidents	* Barry Wallace	
	* Barbara Bruce	
Secretary	** Barrie Murdoch	
Assistant Secretary	- -	
Treasurer	* Carol Bruce	
Walks Secretary	* Bill Capon	
Social Secretary	* Roger Browne	
New Members Secretary	* Joan Cooper	
Committee Members	* Ainslie Morris	* Tony Marshall
	* Lynne McDonald	* Bill Holland
Federation Delegates	* Gordon Lee	Ainslie Morris
	* Spiro Hajinakitas	Tim Coffey
Substitute Federation Delegate	Peter Harris	
Conservation Secretary	Alex Colley	
Magazine Editor	Ainslie Morris	
Magazine Business Manager	Bill Burke	
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Duplicator Operator	Phil Butt	
Keeper of Maps & Timetables	John Holly	
Search & Rescue Contacts	Tony Marshall	Kath McInnes
	Ray Hookway	Bob Younger
Archivist	Phil Butt	
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Trustees	Heather White	
	Bill Burke	
	Gordon Redmond	
Coolana Management Committee	Disbanded	
Kosciusko Huts Assn. Delegate	Bill Burke	
Projectionist	Frank Woodgate	

* Indicates members of the Committee.

* * * * *

KANANGRA TO CARLONS.January Long Week-end, Led by George Walton.

by Morag Ryder.

George arranged to meet us at Blackheath, about 8 pm. Here the drivers would take two cars to Carlon's and return to Blackheath in the third car. The redoubtable Blackheath taxi service was to take us to Kanangra Walls, where we would sleep in Dance Floor Cave.

It was chilly at Blackheath, and threatening to rain, when we arrived. We bought take-away food, and while the drivers set out for Carlon's, we retired to the Ivanhoe to eat. The party consisted of:- Our Fearless Leader, Brian Bolton, Jeff Coleman, Frank Trissie, Jodius Rubijono and Joe Marton, who had given Yours Truly a lift.

Shortly after 9 pm the taxi arrived and after loading up we departed. Arriving at the Walls about 11.30 we tripped (literally) down by torchlight to the Cave. A smell of smoke told us we were not the first. There was a large group of teenagers, and further along a father and son, duo, settled comfortably into a snug spot.

Saturday. We planned an 8 am start, but spent some time talking to the twosome at our end of the cave. They were on two weeks' holiday and had spent it exploring the Kanangra area. I envied them..... The teenagers were still a-bed when we left. They had an esky and a spare carton of beer, so I guess they didn't plan to go far that weekend.

George decided that going down Murdering Gully would be too steep and slippery. Instead we went down a long spur leading from Mount Berry. Thick nettles greeted us at the bottom, so it was 'gaiters first'. I had not walked the upper part of Kanangra Creek before, and was pleased to find the spur was an easy one, with a nice view of Crafts Walls. The sky was still overcast as we started down the creek. During the drought thousands of casuarinas had sprung up along the shrunken watercourse, and now that the water level was high, they crowded along the water's edge. This meant we had to wade through the creek most of the time. I found it pleasant to wade through the cool, calf-deep water, admiring the vivid green banks rising steeply on either side. Three members of the party, including George, had the misfortune to be wearing a design of jogger which has no tread on the ball of the foot. As a result, they found creek walking very tiring, for they were slipping and sliding at every step.

By lunchtime the clouds had dissipated, and we sat in sunshine on a pebbly bank, boiling the billy and watching the prolific bird-life. Now the sweeps of each bend became larger, with vertical rock faces on the concave sides. The casuarinas were taller, and to our joy, almost every thicket had a clear 'wombat trail' running behind it. Our speed increased considerably, for now we had only to ford the creek at each bend, instead of constantly wading. Further down the casuarinas were so tall that the lower branches were already dying. By bending down we could get a clear view of what lay ahead. In another five years it will be delightful to walk in the shade of these young trees.

The water steadily became deeper, as every side gully was flowing. While looking for another crossing, I glanced up at the cliffs on my left. A waterfall. Not a little, mingy waterfall, but a spectacular affair

with three distinct streams which repeatedly divided and combined as they fell in a series of dazzling white cataracts down a huge rock face.

"Carra Beanga Falls," said Brian, while I hastily took a photo.

George wanted to camp at the junction of Kanangra Creek and what we were calling Sally Camp Creek. (Actually, this junction is of Kanangra Creek and Kanangra River - Sally Camp Creek flows into the Kanangra River.) 4 pm arrived, and no Sally Camp Creek. George reckoned we were nearly there; Brian said it was about another two miles. By 5.30 we gave up and took the first reasonable clearing. It sloped a little, but not too badly. In no time we had parked ourselves on the flattest spots, then wine and dined under the stars, beside a blazing fire. One advantage of a three-star campsite is that there is always plenty of wood.

Sunday. An 8.30 am start, and more wet feet. The sun shone, the flowers bloomed and the river sparkled. Twenty minutes after starting we came to a large side creek, swirling past an enormous grassy flat. The elusive junction - complete with olympic swimming pool of pale turquoise blue. George declared it would be an easy morning walk to the Cox, so we pottered along enjoying the views. Kanangra River is always pretty. Right then it was a photographer's paradise. The vivid green banks spangled with flowers, the river alternating between foaming rapids and dreaming reflection pools of transparent jade or ice-blue.

About 11 am there were no more ridges ahead of us. Konangaroo Clearing. We had an early lunch; not one minute too early in fact, because at noon the first spots of rain came down. Only sporadic showers at first, but the clouds thickened and the rain became continuous. A wisp of smoke from the chimney of the hut, and several fat horses grazing on the lush grass. Carlon must have had a small party down for the long weekend.

After the heavy rains, the Cox was a real river again, instead of the poor shrunken thing it has been for the past three years. We had to search to find crossings, and I envied the horses, with their long legs. The water was at least 12 cm higher than it had been when I was there at Christmas. At one place where I had crossed without difficulty, the water was hip deep and running fast. After much floundering about, I found two connecting sand bars, which enabled the rest of the party to ford only knee deep. I felt sorry for Jodius, who was shorter than the rest of us, and consequently got much wetter.

About 4 pm we arrived at a wide grassy flat which George declared to be Davies Camp. Brian disagreed and said that the optimum spot was a little further. So we went a little further, and came to Breakfast Creek. Three tents, neatly connected together by a green flysheet, formed a little village on the only large flat spot. After some debate with Brian, George decided to proceed to Jenolan River. We exchanged a few pleasant words with the villagers and slogged across the Cox once more.

On the opposite sandbank lay a vast silvery bundle. It proved to be two gigantic plastic bags, each large enough to hold a small car. They had been abandoned by their previous owners beside a particularly dirty 'stonehenge' type campfire. The bags proved to be extremely useful, for more than one reason. George and Brian agreed to carry one each.

Lugging our treasure-trove, we plodded on through the pouring rain.

At Jenolan River, we pushed through the drenched casuarinas and looked at the clouds which hid the ridge-tops; our hopes of a blazing fire rapidly diminishing. George opened out his plastic to form a giant flysheet and we collected the driest kindling we could find. Brian had managed to find a bundle of near-dry casuarina needles, so while the rest of the party held up the sheet, George and I crawled underneath and made a little bed for our fire.

Then, like a couple of devotees to some obscure cult, we knelt beside it, breathing life into our newly created deity. With much huffing and puffing we persuaded the kindling to burn and dry out the smallest twigs. Some twenty minutes of persistent deep-breathing and our fire-god began to grow. We fed it liberally with assorted logs and encouraged its appetite with much fanning. At last we had a fire which even the torrential rain could not drown. Just to make sure, George put a couple of tree trunks on top, for extra protection.

"We're saved!" cried the shivering party, "For now we have a Fire." But I think the real heroes were those spartan souls who stood for some 40 minutes holding up the sheet, nearly asphyxiating in billows of smoke.

Hot food and drink now assured, we pitched camp. George used his piece of plastic to make a giant fly for himself and Jeff. Brian asked me if I would like a piece of his. Just a small piece please, for a ground sheet, as my own was more holey than righteous. He opened up the giant sack and, clutching a billy of hot food in one hand, I helped him spread it out. Watching the plastic instead of my feet, I went sprawling over a small rock. The billy emptied itself nearly onto the grass. Happily, Brian had enough food to feed an army, so I didn't starve.

The rain was relentless and we didn't stay up late. Joe, Brian and George all had plastic fly sheets and my tent didn't need one. Frank and Jodius both had light tents without flies. When snuggling down on my new groundsheet I noticed torches flashing about in their tents, and wondered why.

Monday. I woke about 4 am, for a short but essential wander. I stared in bleary-eyed astonishment at the pale pre-dawn sky. Not only had it stopped raining, but the clouds had vanished. Must be imagining things, I thought, and slept for another hour. We breakfasted as the sun gilded the rock faces of the twin bluffs and I learned that Frank and Jodius had slept on water beds. There ought to be a law against selling light tents with sewn-in floors. One tiny leak, and you spend all night swimming around like a goldfish in a bowl.

Having dried most of our gear, we set out in sparkling sunshine for our last wade across the river. It had been two years since I visited that part of the Cox. On the last visit there was scarcely enough water to wet my ankles; now it was hard to cross less than hip deep. After battling nettles and head-high thistles we stopped for morning tea. The hardy ones braved the swirling amber torrent and foaming cascades for a swim. I contented myself with yet another photo.

Presently, the first blackberry bushes appeared. Then more. Then

lots more. Our pace diminished as we spent more time picking than walking. Before long, George declared it was time for a second morning tea and silence fell on the party. Quite rightly too - it's rude to speak with your mouth full. Using gaiters, gloves and some fortitude, I insinuated myself into the middle of a large bush, where I remained for nearly 15 minutes, feeding with both hands. I firmly believe that bushwalkers should eat wild blackberries. Having been slashed by their thorns for eleven months of the year, we are entitled to the reward of any fruit they might produce. At last we could eat no more, and reluctantly left the remaining berries to the birds.

Lunch - and another drying session at the estuary of Galong Creek. Lounging on the grass, boiling the billy, we debated how to walk out. I would have loved to walk up the creek. All the waterfalls would be at their best, cascading over the sculptured pink granite and sparkling in the sunshine. But there were also the three pairs of baldy sandshoes to be considered. All too easy for someone to slip on the polished rock and hurt themselves. The cataracts would have to wait for another day.

Reluctantly abandoning the luscious blackberries of Galong, we climbed up through long grass starred with hundreds of native bluebells (*wahlenbergia*) to the crest of Tinpot Ridge. Dramatic stormclouds gathered, but despite their black and blue threats, they delivered only a two-minute sprinkle.

Afternoon tea on Ironpot, sitting in a great field of golden 'straw flowers' which stretched away under the trees in every direction. As the sun threw long shadows on the grass, we emerged onto the familiar dirt road. All too soon the dinky-toy sheds and vehicles of Carlon's Farm appeared in the emerald valley below.

The long weekend, alas, was over.

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THE FEBRUARY GENERAL MEETING.

by Barry Wallace.

The meeting began at about 2023 hours with 20 or so members present and the President in the chair. There was one apology; from Spiro Hajinakitas, and there were no new members, so we moved on to the Minutes of the previous meeting.

The only business arising from the Minutes concerned the question of a Club phone contact. After some desultory debate a motion was passed that we discontinue our phone listing.

Correspondence comprised a letter from the Australian Wilderness Society advising of a forthcoming public meeting, from Steve and Wendy Hodgman requesting transfer to non-active membership, from Span Unlimited advising of a slide night in aid of the Australian Anapurna Expedition, from our archivist, printer, paper procurer and part-time international ski-er, Phil Butt, concerning the proposed run-out of stocks of imperial sized papers, from Mr. Dick Smith declining the invitation to address the membership at one of our social nights, a notice from the Paddy Pallin Foundation regarding this year's awards, and last of all our letter to the Central

Mapping Authority deprecating the recent practice of obscuring map details on the Royal National Park map with depictions of native animals. They have replied that the prints featuring animals sell better to the tourist trade, but that they will re-examine the positioning of the animals before the next printing of the map.

The Treasurer's Report brought news that we began the month with a balance of \$2586.63, received income of \$497.50, spent not a cent (it all had something to do with there being no quorum for a Committee Meeting in January), to close the month with a balance of \$3084.13.

All of which brought us to the Walks Report. The first news was of Tom Wenman's New Year's walk 1st to 7th January in the Snowy Mountains. There was a four man party, and they had pleasant weather and good views.

David (fair weather) Rostron reported a wash-out of his Kanangra Li-lo trip scheduled for 13,14,15 January. Peter Christian cancelled his Heathcote National Park swimming special that same weekend, but John Campbell did lead his abseiling instructional.

The following weekend, 20,21,22 January saw John Riddell and Bill Holland pooling their resources, so to speak, on the Shoalhaven River. They reported a party of 11 people in all. Peter Christian reported 18 people and an enjoyable day on his Royal National Park day walk on the Sunday, and John Campbell and his 7 starters are reported to have run out of time on his Claustal Canyon trip that same day.

The Australia Day weekend saw George Walton leading 7 people on his Kanangra to Carlons walk. They reported a good walk with cool weather and some rain. Of Peter Hislop's Upper Kowmung trip there was no report. There were no day walks programmed for that weekend.

The weekend of 3,4,5 February produced a couple of no reports with both Gordon Lee and Bill Burke's walks yielding no details. Of the day walks, John Newman had 10 starters and good weather and temperatures on his "swimming at the Royal" trip, Peter Christian had 10 bods and no other details for his Woronora River walk, and Tony Marshall's Bowens Creek Canyon trip was postponed.

Federation Report indicated only minor items for attention.

General Business drew forth some debate as to whether we should return to the system of obtaining written walks reports from trip leaders. The discussion did not result in a motion.

So, then, it was just a matter of announcements, and it was all over for another month at 2053.

* * * * *

BUSHWALKER RECIPE - HUMUS - Healthy Spread for Bread, Biscuits.

2½ cups cooked chick peas (soak overnight) - Simmer for 2 hours.
 1 small onion, minced + 1 clove of garlic, crushed
 1½ tablespoons tahini (sesame paste) + 1½ tbspn. oil + lemon juice
 1 " tamari sauce (or soy sauce)

Blend well to form a spread - it will keep on a trip for several days.
 From Evelyn Walker.



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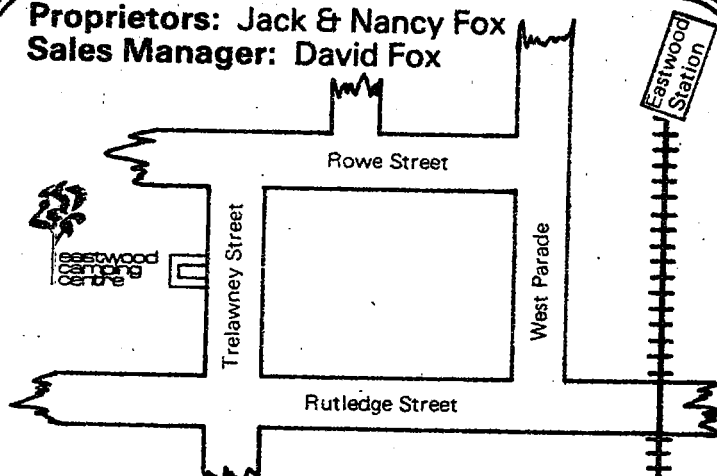
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GREAT WESTERN TIERS AND CENTRAL PLATEAU, TASMANIA.26 December 1983 to 9 January 1984.

by A Pawn.

As we were sitting around our campfire on the second night out Spiro announced that he had been specially commissioned as a reliable reporter of this walk, so Jo put her notebook away, apparently in a bit of a huff. Joan was carefully entering up her diary every day so perhaps the rest of this account comes from her. Who knows? Perhaps one of the pawns on the chess-board, observing the players, is responsible.

Peter Harris, our leader, played the role of the King. Peter's slides and descriptions of his last expedition to New Zealand; his consequent vow never to go walking again; followed by his memorable birthday walk when savouries were served on silver trays; all made the prospective trippers somewhat apprehensive about what lay in store for them. On the one hand they were reassured by the detailed itinerary that Peter provided, complete down to each campsite; on the other they were frightened by the large numbers of club members who said "You can't....or surely you're not going to carry two weeks food!" Peter's reputation for having an iron constitution also took a bit of a hiding when he succumbed to some deadly bacon (we all took our own food for breakfast on the first four days). Although he was carrying a large first-aid kit, and amusing himself by suggesting various parts of the anatomies of the other members that he could doctor with it, this pawn noticed that the treatment seemed to consist entirely of slugs of scotch. It must have worked, because he was able to lead us on a day walk to Forty Lakes Peak, from whose summit at least that many lakes and tarns could be seen. We knew he was better next morning when he burst into "I'm in the mood for love...." I'm afraid I didn't understand why he claimed this mood was only satisfied at Christmas, on his birthday, and when the Labor Party wins?

Joan Cooper played the Queen. Joan was always out in front, claiming that she falls into a slothful dawdle if she walks at the rear. On New Year's Day we climbed the Walls of Jerusalem in a gale. "This is terrific," says Joan, "Just like the Western Arthurs, although unfortunately we haven't got our packs on today." How she enjoyed crashing through the scrub to Lake Zeus on the day we came off the Mountains of Jupiter. The rest of the party were busy negotiating the prickly richea, teetering on huge rocks with nasty glimpses of the creek a long dark way down, unwrapping themselves from the prostrate pine gripping the ankles, and gingerly picking a way on matted branches which may or may not have firm ground underneath. She thought it was a pity we only had this sort of scramble once. Joan carried all the desserts. As soon as we got into camp she was whipping up a cheesecake, a custard, jelly, a pudding, soaking the dried fruit....the Queen produced just about every dessert except tarts. (The King regretted this and had to be satisfied with his little fantasies about numphs at every lake.)

Spiro Hajinakitas was the White Knight. Into camp, the fire is lit and the cry "Tea's made" echoes before you have your tent up. Spiro is a very careful watcher of what's going on when someone else is cooking - food is precious you know and that black stuff on the bottom of the billy is perfectly edible. For the first three days the White Knight claims

to be collapsing from starvation although everyone else complains that they are not losing any weight on the rations provided. He claims to be able to sleep only while it is dark, and this is a bit of a problem, as it is still light after nine at night and dawn comes before five. Still, it's nice to get an early morning cup of tea, in bed yet! On our one rainy dinner night we even got apricots and jelly served in the tents!

Bill Burke played the Black Knight, planning the deployment of his rations in a most efficient fashion. He spent considerable time each day doing mental arithmetic with an air of serious consideration..... Is he aspiring to join Mensa.....or perhaps to sit for the Public Service exam again? This pawn, being privy to his mind, can tell you his train of thought - "Let's see now, the macaroni cheese is going to be spaghetti cheese and the spaghetti is going to be rice and a bit of macaroni saved, and the rice is going to be announced later; we'll take a bit of peccarini from the lunch ration and stretch the edam over another day; the porridge people can have a handful of sultanas this morning but we won't say anything about it to those muesli people, they're supposed to be hungry." The whole party of eight worked as one food group and each person carried about 8,500 grams bought from a list supplied by the Black Knight. This was the weight of communal food; in addition everyone brought bread or biscuits for themselves for nine days, until the damper came on stream. Bill even had things worked out so that everyone's share of communal food diminished by comparable amounts each day. However, he was outfoxed by the wee shy creatures of the bush, as I shall shortly relate.

The White Bishop was played by George Gray. George carried half the communal billies, especially adapted by him to fit together. Playing a good Bishop's game, George was always taking his own path, somewhat tangentially to that of others, but always in a position to get back quickly. In the first week we all suffered from an excess of sunshine (can this be Tassie?) and none more so than George. We were treated to the sight of him tripping over the button grass in a very strange garment - was it a kilt? a dhoti? (George hasn't been the same since he was in India, they say) - a skirt? (some problem with his gender identity?). Wrong, it's a tablecloth! On New Year's Eve we spotted a possum boldly ransacking a pack, and during the night George surprised an intruder actually inside the plastic bag lining his pack. He had it by the neck but let it go; later he regretted this charitable action when he found that the dear little thing had actually gnawed through the bottom of his new pack, severed its straps, and made off with his extra salami and a packet of orange-barley powder, and left three punctures in a plastic bottle which lost its contents. The same night the little furry creature or his/her mates chewed a large hole in the King's pack and made off with fifteen bucks' worth of ham spec. At the base of the Walls of Jerusalem there is a possum, or Tasmanian devil, or perhaps a tiger-cat, still sleeping off the effects of its grand orgy. We, on the other hand, went soberly to bed at ten. Just goes to show; if we'd roistered noisily all night we'd have been better off in the morning.

Jo van Sommers was the Black Bishop; another cunning intellectual type with a secret plan to divide her load in two and do the initial

climb up the Higgs Track twice, once with the first half and again with the second half. She had thought the Christmas week would be a great way to train for long immersion in cold waters, but not so good for hot climbs, and was quite amazed to find the 2000 ft up through the beech forest was quite manageable after all. How did the canny Bishop get her pack down to 44 lbs when most people had 54 or 55 and two had 60 lbs? It was noticed that she never changed her clothes, had no towel or toiletries other than a tiny toothbrush, felt slippers instead of spare shoes, one pair of newish Hercules which lasted the distance without any problem, thermal underwear which is much lighter than woollen trousers, shirt and singlet. The carriers of heavy loads must have had items from the optional list - indeed men were shaving in mirrors, changing their smalls daily without doing any washing, producing clean shirts on the last day. Bill even pulled out an unworn and immaculate pair of long trousers from the bottom of his pack at the end of the walk.

Dick Mason was the Black Rook, covering a lot of territory. He was a great explorer and oird-watcher. On the evening of our most beautiful campsite, near the summit of the Mountains of Jupiter, beside a tarn and sheltered by a natural amphitheatre, the Rook was far away exploring the Traveller Range as dinner was nearing completion. Spiro's tapeworm was becoming very vocal at the delay so Dick was summonsed back in haste so that the serving ceremony could begin. It was a calm and lovely evening, so everyone set off for the summit, leaving Spiro tending the damper over the dying fire, although he ran to catch us up and view the sunset over the magnificent outline of the DuCane Range in the Cradle Mountain-Lake St. Clair National Park. Everyone who had walked the Overland Track agreed that the view from the east is much superior to anything seen with the Park itself, even when its peaks are scaled. Two days later we camped for the last time on the Plateau and watched storm clouds rushing through the DuCane Gap and dissipating over the Mersey Valley after sprinkling us on their way. Spiro put a stop to the Rook's meanderings by putting him in charge of damper-making that night. Dick turned out a fine specimen, although cynics said that under Spiro's directions anyone could do it! Not in the rain, surely.

Jim Percy played the role of the White Rook. Jim lapped up the longer days of walking, like Day Four from Lake Nameless to Pencil Pine Tarn, which was so hot in the morning that everyone fell asleep during the lunch stop, but later compensated for this by rambling around exploring the numerous pretty lakes set in rocks and pines in the evening. The trip was well planned with alternate day walks and pack-carrying journeys in the first week, so Day Six gave the Rooks another chance to stretch their legs, again in the heat, from nine to five including a side-trip to climb Mt. Jerusalem. But Day Eight was damp, some of the tents had shipped water (how come George always got wet in a tent that didn't leak? Why was Spiro seen throwing his chattels out first and announcing that he was going home to mother? What was our cheerless bleeder doing changing his fly in the middle of the night?), so we walked around the lakes instead of venturing on to the windy tops. The next day was damp too, but Jim's tent was cosy under the pines while the rest of the party enjoyed the dark warmth of the hut at Junction Lake. He could have cooked inside if necessary, but instead it turned out that

he carried the stove and fuel for the whole way just for the exercise. One would have thought that the Rook would enjoy the breakneck gallop along the Overland Track after we crashed down from the plateau on Day 13, but he wasn't happy with the "crowds" of other walkers and the "civilized" state of the track.

The party took the long way home via the Cuvier Valley, where most of the mud was dry and the buttongrass afforded a quick passage. I am happy to be able to report that they are all still speaking to each other and are planning a reunion. The Leader did not master the rules and strategies of chess in one lesson, the Queen was persuaded not to pat the cute little Tasmanian devil that came close to the campfire, the Knights did not let us starve, the devious Bishops did not overdo the deep conversations scientific and political, the rangy Rooks finally came home to roost. Thus the game was satisfactorily concluded.

* * * * *

AVAGOODWEEGEND.

by Jim Brown.

In the February and March magazines you will find a group of bushwalker recipes, featuring a mixture called "PESTO".

On seeing this word my first reaction was "Ah, good, something to discourage the flies that swarm along the Kowmung". Then I discovered people were actually supposed to eat it, ~~even~~ when it is four days old. As it contains a clove of garlic, even my ~~jaded~~, pickled and smoked taste-buds would certainly reject it as totally unfit for human consumption. On the other hand, I suppose, if you were to eat it (especially when it is four days old) it is possible that the Kowmung flies will leave you severely alone.

I recall an old walking crony of mine, Roy Bruggy, used to say "The bugs are pretty smart, you know. They know what they're doing. Take dried potato, now - you can keep it for months and they won't get into it. They know what's good for them." Another Roy (Braithwaite) always used to describe the dehydrated meat and vegetables we took on longer trips as "fertiliser".

Amongst the recipes I also see one for a "healthy spread for bread or biscuits", the major ingredient being humus. My concise Oxford Dictionary tells me:-

"Humus - organic constituent of soil formed by decomposition of plant materials."

Well, anyway, the "healthy spread" requires that lemon juice be added to the humus. Lemon juice goes well with tea, coffee, rum, whisky and even muddy water. I think I'll just take the lemon juice.

Getting back to the Pesto, I think I can foresee a future for it, and perhaps even T.V. advertising like - "When you're on a good thing, stick to it". Maybe - "Don't forget to take your Pesto.....AVAGOODWEEGEND".

AN ODE TO 18-TONNE TESS AND SPINDLY SAM.(Pool of Siloam, Walls of Jerusalem, January 1984)

by Péter Harris
(with appropriate apologies)

I was down the Walls of Jerusalem, knockin' round the lakes a bit,
And bedding down in camping spots, where camping wasn't fit;
And lookin' hard to find a site that wasn't pretty full
Of hardened walkers arguin' assorted kinds of bull.

And on one of these occasions while scouting far and wide,
I chanced to come across a tarn, and searched its southern side.
And heard a conversation most peculiar in its way,
'Cos it's only 'round the Pool of Siloam you'll hear a lady say,

"Where ya bloody been, ya drongo? I 'aven't seen ya for a week,
An' me girlfriend's lookin' for ya, since she come up from the creek.
She's been lookin' up Damascus Vale, and down where Lake Ball flows,
An' even up The Temple where she bloody never goes."

Well, the other bloke said, "Seen 'er, owed 'er 'alf a bloody quid,
Forgot to give it back to 'er, but now I bloody did.
Could used the thing me-bloody-self, around these bloody lakes,
T'buy canvas-bloody-gaiters for these Tiger-bloody-snakes."

Now their conversation was quite loud, and listening I heard
Their peculiar integration of this adjectival word.
But the lady was enormous, and to laugh I wasn't game,
So I stood around and let them think I spoke the bloody same.

But neither of them were interested, she asked him for some more,
How many Tiger-bloody-snakes he bloody went and saw?
And the spindly bloke said, "Bloody hell, the trip's been bloody rough,
Saw eighty-bloody-seven an' that's bad e-bloody-nough!"

And with this kindly rejoinder, which gushed forth from his gob,
I stopped my bloody listening, and got on with my job -
Which was lookin' hard for campsites, where there wasn't none at all,
'Round boggy tarns and into scrub, where there wasn't room to crawl.

And as for me, I'd have to hope that every walker takes
Some canvas-bloody-gaiters for these Tiger-bloody-snakes.

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THE ALPINE WALK - JANUARY 1984.

by Meryl Watman.

Leader: Bob Younger. With Christa Younger, Shirley Dean and M. Watman.

From Valhalla to Tom Groggins, the Victorian sector of the Alpine Walk, is approx. 400 km - 160 km of foot tracks, the balance access fire trails, old logging tracks and short distances on roads. The countless peaks and radiating spurs seen from the tops of Feathertop and Bogong give a bird's eye view of what must be a very challenging plod, yet walkers, many alone, cover it each summer in four to six weeks.

Bob's plan was to recce the area, see something of the settled river valleys, and do parts of the Alpine Walk. Marj and Doug Johnston, active in S.B.W. in the 1940s, arranged combined N.P.A. and S.B.W. accommodation in a comfortable Hotham lodge for the first week.

Monday, bright and sunny, saw everyone except Doug start out on that part of the Alpine Walk which leaves Hotham northwards via Mt. Loch Spur. We detoured to the top of Mt. Loch 1875 metres and rejoined the track on Swindlers Spur. Passing Derrick Refuge Hut we left the heath behind and entered the park-like snow gums, under which were masses of magenta trigger plants, rusty sorrell and daisies of many hues. Soon this gave way to tall ash and peppermints. Then steeply down to Dibbins, a rough old cattleman's hut at 1400 m. Returned up Swindlers.

Then followed bad weather - three days of it.

Below the clouds excursions were made to Omeo and district (cherry plums for the picking), and on a side trip to Victoria Falls we were all but mustered with a herd of Herefords! Also by car we visited Cope Hut, Falls Creek, Anglers Rest, Bogong High Plains, Mt. Mackay, The Ruined Castle, Mt. Beauty village and Bright.

By Friday the weather was fantastic - Feathertop 1922 m at last - not part of the Alpine Walk, but a must - it's the second highest in Victoria and a beauty. Along its razorback to the summit the track sidled around its little knolls through flowers in massed array between the groups of twisted snowgums. Looking to the east the craggy ribs dropped deeply down into the Diamantina, and to the west far below were the dredged flats of Harrietville.

Saturday. We had an easy day along Machinery Spur to the operating Red Robin Mine - again not on the Alpine Walk, but an interesting side trip.

Sunday. The lodge emptied. We four then set out on a five-day pack walk starting from Langford Gap after lunch. The yellow-tagged snow poles marking the Alpine Walk follow the Mt. Nelse fire trail fairly closely. After being warned by a ranger of approaching storms we branched off at 4 pm down into the snow gums to Edmonson Hut.

Monday 30th. Bright weather, on the track early. Immediately past Mt. Nelse the Alpine Walk divides into two separate routes to Mt. Bogong. One via Timm's Spur and the other via Duane Spur. We would do the round trip. The narrow foot track down Duane Spur drops a vertical 700 metres below Roper's Hut to the Big River, the lower section criss-crossed with shattered timber brought down in last year's storms. About 100 metres downstream we found the overhead support chain. When Christa launched

herself from the grassy bank, her shorter reach left her dangling like a string puppet with legs pedalling wildly, searching for the river bottom. Bob to the rescue. Lunched, then we faced the long slow 700 m climb up "T" Spur. Thankfully the track flattened out then sidled gently to the left past a few sheets of iron (Maddison Hut), through stoutly built stockyards and finally another 2 km to Cleve Cole Memorial Hut.

Tuesday 31st. Soon we left the gums behind and followed the snow poles on to the treeless bulk of Bogong to the summit cairn 1986 m. Here was a feeling of isolation and a biting breeze which hurried us to, then down, the beautiful Quartz Knob Spur. Leaving it at Bogong Saddle we took a little-used track, edged with bluebells and violets, 3 km to a protected corner at the junction of Cairn Creek and Big River.

Wednesday, 1st Feb. A steep pull back to the Alpine Walk track, crossed Big River, lunched in the warm sun, then made a leisurely stroll up a graded fire trail to Roper's Hut to find that the Roper family had called the previous day with a salt "train" (for cattle).

Thursday, 2nd. An easy day retracing our steps to Langford Gap, on the way going to the top of Mt. Nelse, carpeted with white everlastings. Then drove to Mt. Buffalo camping ground for afternoon tea and biscuits shared with the rozellas and currawongs. Called at the old Hotel in the evening.

Friday 3rd. Packed and drove to the Horn for a scramble to the look-out. Then it was home via charming old Yackandandah.

At age 62 it was quietly satisfying to have made the tops of Victoria's three highest peaks, and in good company too.

400 km of Alpine Walk - well, that remains a challenge.

FERRY TRIP ON HAWKESBURY RIVER.

How: Comfortable modern Ferry.
When: Sunday, 15th April. Boarding from 8.30 am and depart at 9 am
(7.15 am train from Cenntal - tickets to Hawkesbury River).
Where: Brooklyn to Wisemans Ferry.

COMMENTARY on natural history, area history and economics of the river
from among others:-

Dr. Wyn Jones N.P. & W.S. and
Dr. Alan Jones Assistant Curator, Australian Natural History
Museum.

Questions to be put to these acknowledged experts of the area will be
welcome (in advance if possible).

Light REFRESHMENTS will be available or bring a picnic lunch.

COST is \$10 per head - Any profits from the trip will be divided among the
partaking groups, in proportion to their representation.

For further details contact SANDY JOHNSON - Tel. 48-3500.

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AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION.

At the Annual General Meeting on 14th March the following Constitutional Amendments, moved by Gordon Lee and seconded by Bill Capon, and discussed and voted on jointly, were CARRIED:-

Clause 10(c) be amended by deleting all the existing wording and substituting - "In addition to the Annual General Meeting and Half Yearly General Meeting, General Meetings shall be held in the months of June and December each year for the transaction of General Business and the filling of vacancies."

and also that -

Clause 9(b) be amended by deleting all words after the word "notified" and inserting in lieu the words, "and filled at the next General Meeting".

Please alter your copy of the Constitution accordingly.

The effect of the amendment to Clause 10(c) is that the Annual General Meeting will continue to be held in March; and the Half-Yearly G.M. in September. Written notice must be given to all members of these two meetings and after due notice Constitutional Amendments may be brought forward at them. Other General Meetings will be held each year in June and December, but notice will not be given and Constitutional Amendments will not be dealt with. In special circumstances the Constitution provides for the calling of Extraordinary General Meetings.

The effect of the amendment to Clause 9(b) is that vacancies amongst Club Office-bearers are filled as expeditiously as practicable having regard to the reduced number of General Meetings.

The Constitutional Amendment to Clause 5(e) of the Constitution moved by Spiro Hajinakitas and seconded by Jo VanSommers, was LOST.

SOCIAL NOTES FOR APRIL.

- April 4 - Committee Meeting.
- April 11 - Due to the passing of the amendment to Clause 10(c) of the Constitution (see above), there will not be a General Meeting in April (or May either). Instead, Wayne Steele will show his slides - "Walking in the Wilkin Valley, New Zealand".
- April 18 - Wine, Cheese and Nuts Night. The Club provides cask wine, but everyone is asked to bring a small plate of cheese or nuts, labelled, and preferably of an exotic type.
- April 25 - Anzac Day - being a public holiday, the Club will be closed.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS 1984.

The annual subscriptions decided upon at the Annual General Meeting on 14th March are as follows:-

Single Member	\$11
Married Couple	15
Full-time Student	9

The subscriptions for Prospective Members, Non-active Members, and Non-active Members with Magazine posted will be decided by the Committee and notified in April magazine.