

MOORE CREEK

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bush Walkers Incorporated, Box 4476 GPO, Sydney, 2001. Club meetings are held every Wednesday evening from 7.45 pm at the Ella Community Centre, 58a Dalhousie Street, Haberfield (next door to the Post Office). Prospective members and visitors are invited to visit the Club any Wednesday.

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	Page
While the Billy Boils	2
Notes from the Walks Secretary	2
Four Memories of a River	3
Kiandra to Thredbo	5
New Members	7
Challenging the Grose	8
Who is Clio?	9
Conservation News	10
The 1990 SBW Reunion	11
The Gourmet Grub Ditty	12
The March General Meeting (62nd AGM)	15
Mailbag	18
Footnotes	19
	20

Advertisements

Blackheath Taxis & Tourist Services	7
Kakadu - Kimberley	13
Canoe & Camping - Gladesville & Kogarah Bay	14
Eastwood Camping Centre	17

WHILE THE BILLY BOILS.

Well, the political bull-dust has finally settled, now we can all pick up our swags and get on with life.

If you ever read the magazine, you will have noticed it is annual subscription time - and that the fees have increased. Why? Reading Alex Colley's article on conservation will give you a clue. Along with all lovers of the great outdoors, we battle constantly to keep a little of it 'undeveloped'. And this takes money. Since the Battle for Blue Gum in the '30's, SBW has been struggling to keep some bush for the walkers.

With miners, foresters, realtors and 'developers' of all kinds trying to grab crown land, the battles become harder and more costly each year. So we pay - perhaps a good example of 'user pays'?

Apart from the wilderness, what else will your \$5 buy? Fully recycled, Australian made paper for the magazine - here's hoping other outdoor clubs follow our lead. It takes determination to be a leader, but SBW's have always been out front - havn't they?

See you on the track.....

Mona



NOTES FROM THE WALK SECRETARY

Maurie Bloom

In future S.B.W. Walks Programs it is proposed to delete (E) and (C) after train times and substitute (S) and (I).

(S) will indicate suburban services, bounded by Cowan, Richmond, Penrith and Helensburg. These leave from platforms 16-25.

(I) will indicate inter-urban services, bounded by Newcastle, Lithgow, Goulburn and Nowra. These services leave from platforms 1-15.

The reasons for these changes are:-

1. The electrification of rail services now extends to Newcastle and beyond Campbelltown. Further electrification will take place, therefore (E) for electric may - and in future more so - be misleading, particularly to new members and prospectives.
2. The (S) and (I) designations are in keeping with S.R.A. terminology. For S.B.W. purposes the (I) designation will include country and inter-city services ('beyond inter-urban or requiring bookings') as they also leave from platforms 1-15.

NEXT WALKS PROGRAM. A binder containing duplicate layout sheets for the next walks program will be in the Club's cabinet at Haberfield, available to any leader to add walks, on any Wednesday evening. Alternatively, details of walks may be phoned through to me on 525 4698 (H) or 543 3637 (B). The closing date for the winter program is 25th April. For leaders wishing to promulgate trips, an advance notice section will be available in future walks programs.

FOUR MEMORIES OF A RIVER



by Joan Rigby

Summer walking at its best! With the clear river running beside us, we stroll along green banks, free of scrub and nettles, enjoying the sun yet appreciating the shade of the Casuarinas. Frank's and my New Year walk on the APSLEY is just what we need. This morning we followed a 4WD track through open forest, north-east of Walcha, admired the deep gullies and rugged ridges around Rusden's Creek and Paradise Rocks, then dropped down a long ridge to where a deserted orchard marks some pioneer's home on one of the great river flats. There we lazed in the shallow waters while the billy boiled and three horses crossed the ford.

With the long summer day there is no need to hurry, so when we find a great circle of deep shade beneath a white cedar tree, "Bilbo's Birthday Tree" I call it, we camp early. The grass slopes gently down to the river, and there on the edge of the water, with the murmur of gentle rapids in our ears, we relax by the fire.

This is a river of contrasts. We recall that trip of Easter 1967 when Ross and Don lead innocent walkers down into the canyon below Apsley Falls. Then we swam through cold pools of muddy water, rich with the odour of dead eels, and climbed high up the steep sidings before dropping again to the river boulders. We slept on rocks beneath crumbling cliffs and marked on the map the mile or two we had travelled each day. On the third afternoon we reached grassy banks like these, only to climb a long steep ridge the next morning, leaving but not forgetting a remarkable river.

Now we cross the river as we please. Pebbles of many colours gleam through the clear water, a deep pool demands a stop, there is plenty of time to boil a billy. Kangaroos and Goannas start up as we pass, an hour is spent watching a pair of Bee-eaters take insects on the wing. Our second camp, by a shallow lagoon of still water, shaded by an ancient Casuarina, is as pleasant as the first. A tiny fire, a yard away from the sandy bank against which we lean, is all we need at night.

By the fire we talk of the trip of last June. Clad in balaclavas, overpants and gloves we had fled snow flurries and biting winds of the tableland and followed a long ridge to Rusden's Creek Junction. There we had huddled in a tiny patch of sunshine, until, aware of the short afternoon, we started slowly upstream. As we scrambled around below rocky bluffs or climbed high above the river, we gazed with longing at the clear flats across the water. Again and again our leader encouraged the party to the water's edge, but a look at that cold grey flood was enough. Better far to scramble than to swim. That evening a big fire cheered us before we snuggled deep into sleeping bags. It was from high on the ridge to Paradise Rocks that we looked back over the wilderness from the Hastings to the Macleay and planned this walk of easy miles.

Today at Rusden's Junction we seek shade and avoid the river rocks heated by the sun. Rusden's Creek rises about 250 metres in 9 kilometres, but then climbs 150 metres in a kilometre to where a single waterfall is marked on the map 300 metres below the tablelands. The lower part of the creek we had seen on that cold June weekend, and remembered the reluctant crossings we had made and how welcome it had been to start up the steep exit ridge. It was on that

ridge that Frank, sheltered by a boulder and facing the midday sun, declared himself warm for the first time in three days.

This afternoon the first 6 or 7 km are like a miniature Apsley, green banks, clear pools and pretty runs of water. We camp on one of the pleasant flats, disturbing a family of wallabies. By the fire we consider tomorrow's possibilities. Soon the creek would begin to close in, with no easy exit up those steep sides. The UNE Walking Guide was vague, "remains largely unexplored" it said. The confluent contours around the waterfall could hold many surprises. We have had our days of contentment, perhaps there is a challenge ahead.

As we go on the creek changes subtly. Small patches of rain forest creep down the slopes, boulders interrupt the flow, Hibiscus flowers float in a pool and butterflies drift downstream just above the water. The creek bed is closed in by rocky walls. It is somehow familiar, could I have been here before?

Since we moved to Tamworth I have tried to recall a second trip to the Apsley in the 60s. Somewhere we had descended a creek (there was a rope carried for a possible abseil), wandered along the Apsley, chased trout in a pool, then followed another creek back to the cars. But which creeks, which route eluded me. Could Rusden's be my lost creek?

Those rocky walls - I remembered a small canyon, narrower and more sheer than this - but perhaps the frightened steer that chased us up the sides made it seem so. We found a route out on that occasion, but what did we see beforehand?

Still the creek continues, smooth rock channels with water rippling over, craggy outcrops above, a pool below a slope of polished rock where we pause to waterproof our packs. So I imagine Doone sitting above, encouraging the tailenders? Was it here I sat, years ago, hoping that the Tigers planning exit routes up those crags would not prevail?

I follow Frank up a small fall, we find another protected by a deep pool, detour around it and then a definite 'stopper'. Though it seems 200 metres too soon, perhaps this is the marked fall and above it we will find a gentler gradient and a campsite. Two or three false starts before we sidle around until we see the creek bed rising to meet us. Here is a way down - cautious Joan marks our entry with a cairn - and we walk upstream 100 metres and then - - - we stand dwarfed in a great cirque of grey rock. Our lovely creek is a delicate trickle of water down one side, disappearing into the rocky floor of this absolute barrier. Could I have seen this before and ever forget it?

Camp is on a shingle bed, a wary eye on rocks which may fall in the night, and in that narrow canyon, so different from the grassy spots of other nights, we settle.

Next morning we climb the steep ridge until we turn to look down, down into the creek flowing over that great grey wall. Out of the past I hear Dorothy saying, "Did you ever see anything like that?" and my response, "No, and I never will again".

I am so happy that I was wrong.

* * * * *



K I A N D R A T O T H R E D B O



WALKING AND SKIING

18 - 26 NOVEMBER 1989

By JEFF NIVEN

Leader: David Rostron

Members: Heather Finch, Shirley Dean, Wendy Lipplatt, Maurie Bloom, Bob Niven, Tom Wenman, Bob Duncan, Jeff Niven, Wayne Steel.

We were at David's home to discuss the options as to where and how we would go on our November trip. The original plan was a Victorian Alps walk over ten days. But with the airline troubles it was going to be a very long train, bus or self-drive there and back. So after some suggestions the options were reduced to three:-

1. The Vic Alps trip over 10 days
2. Kiandra to Thredbo walk over 8 days
3. Mittagong to Katoomba over 7 days

Just as we were about to have a democratic secret vote, a certain member of the group who had been skiing two days earlier on very good late spring snow, suggested, tongue-in-cheek, that we could just about make a Kiandra to Thredbo cross-country ski trip on the amount of snow left, with only minimal walking involved.

Even though a few of the group were not xc skiers, the idea of a mixed skiing/walking trip was received with great fervor (well, by David and Jeff anyway), so there were four options.

But to keep everything democratic the secret vote on pieces of paper was held, after preferences were allocated it was very close, but with a post-counting pep talk by David we had soon settled on the ski/walk from Kiandra to Thredbo.

The trip was to be in three weeks time. Meanwhile, some ski fanatic returned to the snow for a few days, to find the melt-off had decimated the snow, with no chance of any skiing between Kiandra and Mount Twynam (too far to carry skis and boots). A frantic phone call was made to David.

Being flexible is the name of the game so a change of plan would make it a walk/ski rather than a ski/walk. Skis etc would be left at a Guthega Lodge before the trip started and picked up on the way past, with skiing for the final three or four days on the Main Range.

Meeting at Thredbo on Saturday at 8.30 am we piled into our chartered minibus and were dropped off on the Snowy Mountains Highway just short of Kiandra. Mount Tantangara was our first objective, even though it was in the opposite direction to Thredbo, it was a worthwhile scalp to take before swinging south.

Camp was made just as the ominous looking weather let loose. Heather's turn at food party cooking for ten was done in steady rain without a word of complaint. We were a few kilometres south of the Snowy Mountains Highway and just across the Eucumbene River. The next day would see us going up and over Four Mile Hill, past Broken Dam Hut to lunch on Tabletop Mountain. A superb campsite just past Happy Jack's Fire Trail was found for Sunday night.

"Look at those pigs," I heard someone shout. (I didn't think our camp was that untidy.) On looking up I realized it wasn't another party of walkers commenting on us, but real pigs nearby doing some Anti-Soil Conservation work.

Leaving at 8 am we travelled through Happy Jack's Plains - a quick look in on Boobee HUT and then a break at Macky's (Tobedos) Hut where a group from an Army exercise had jettisoned a quantity of rations with a note attached - Help Yourself. Sweets, sugar, biscuits, powdered drinks etc were collected before proceeding along Grey Mare Fire Trail to lunch at Doubtful Creek. By the time we had reached O'Keefe's Hut where we found more Army surplus rations, the decision was made to camp about one kilometre from the hut and climb Jagungal the next morning rather than that afternoon.

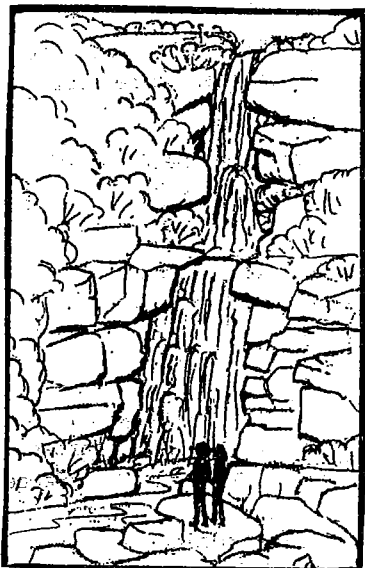
Monday morning 9 am and the view from Mount Jagungal's summit was clear and spectacular; the snow drifts on Mount Twynam and in the gullies of Watson's Craggs looked great. We descended the south-east side of Jagungal which must be one of the most pleasant sections of walking in the park. Continuing on we crossed the Geehi River before having lunch at Big Bend on the Valentine's River.

The sight of the ski runs on the Main Range seemed to cause a quickening in pace and we pushed on to pass Mawson's HUT then along the Kerries, dropping down to the road at Schlink Hilton Hut, before reaching Schlink Pass where we turned off and climbed up steeply to a magnificent alpine meadow campsite just below the summit of Dicky Cooper Bogong.

Wednesday's early start through the Rolling Grounds was ideal walking, sunny, cool and soft alpine grass, along with panoramic views. On this section we saw an enormous Hare, as big as a medium size wallaby.

We lunched up high before descending Guthega Ridge and across the dam wall to collect our ski gear and food cache. Then along to Illawong Bridge to cross the Snowy River before pushing through thick scrub to a campsite near Little Twynam and beside a large snow drift. Camp was set up and it wasn't long before a few of us were testing the snow and our turns. A pleasant hour or two was enjoyed.

Thursday morning saw seven of us make the top of Mount Twynam, some practicing turns on the gentler slopes, while others skied the north-west ridge of Twynam and some steep gully runs off Watson's Craggs and a lovely bowl of snow above Blue Lake. Wendy had a rest day, Tom walked to Mount Tate and Wayne skied up later in the day to join the main group.



No one seemed keen to have a strenuous day on Friday, it was obviously going to be hot and there were a few weary people wanting a rest. So it was spent around camp and on the nearby snow drift.

A serious looking Heather returned from a stroll with news of a find she had made nearby. A half-melted snow cave with a lot of gear scattered around and a large blue tarpauline with SOMETHING wrapped up in it. We went to the site and gingerly pulled the cover back, hoping it wasn't going to be what it looked like. With great relief we found no bodies, but a large quantity of food, camping equipment and ski gear neatly packed up. It all looked a few weeks old; we couldn't work out why it was left there and we still haven't.

Tom and Bob Duncan were in fine voice that night and we all enjoyed a very pleasant evening of songs and singing. Maurie and Jeff were still skiing at 8.40 pm in just shorts and T-shirts. Oh, the joy of springtime skiing.

Saturday we broke camp at 7.30 am in two groups. David, Wayne, Bob Niven and Jeff were to ascend Mount Twynam and follow the Main Range around on skis with a pleasant two-hour interlude skiing Mount Northcote before lunching near Seaman's Hut, and then along Etheridge Ridge and on to Thredbo. While Maurie led group two on foot, traversing from camp around

to Blue Lake, up Mount Carruthers, across Mueller's Pass, on to Seaman's Hut and along the snow pole line to Thredbo. We all met up on the walk down the front ski slopes of the village.

The flesh pots of Thredbo were very welcome - showers - toilets - restaurants - dancing - clean clothes - beds. We had pre-booked accommodation in a comfortable lodge, and what a pleasant relaxing way to end a great trip. Sunday morning after a large breakfast we packed cars and departed around 9 am, leaving plenty of time for a safe drive home.

NEW MEMBERS

Please add the following names to your List of Members:-

	Home	Business
JONKMAN, Maurike - 7/33 William Street, Rose Bay	2029 371 9592	361 2263
MANUSU, Patricia - 2/70 Clovelly Road, Randwick	2031 398 4368	-
COHEN, Philip - 15 Cabarita Road, Avalon	2107 918 0074	923 2077
RANNARD, (Mrs) Glad - 56 Eastern Valley Way, Northbridge	2063 958 1514	-
WATTERS, Ron - 15 Paul Street, East Balmain	2041 810 4970	339 7614
CARLSON, John - 58/1074 Anzac Parade, Maroubra	2035 661 8072	

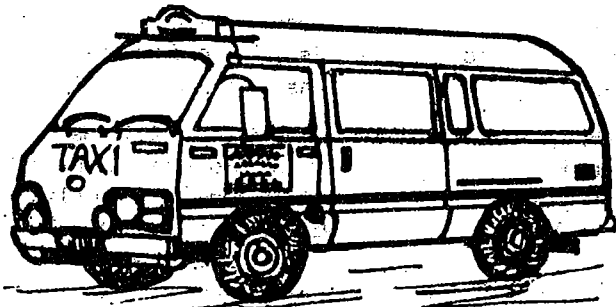


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CHALLENGING THE GROSE



GROSE VALLEY

by CLIO

Over the years the Grose Valley has proved to be a magnet for recreational walkers. Probably the first was Eccleston Du Faur who, in July 1875, led an Academy of Arts party on a preliminary trip into the Grose Valley.

Du Faur then wrote to the Philadelphia Exhibition Commission proposing to find a practical route into the valley, and to the foot of Mount King George (now Mount Banks), "to collate a portfolio of Blue Mountains scenery worthy of transmission to Europe" for a forthcoming exposition. In September he returned to set up camp at Govett's Leap where the party cleared away some of the vegetation to sketch and photograph the panorama and to make a topographical plan.

At the same time Lewis Thompson, with an assistant, was commissioned to erect a camp in the Grose Valley and maintain it for a month. The result was a canvas and bark shelter suitable for up to thirty persons.

About a dozen members of the Academy of Art and the Philadelphia Exhibition Commission detrained at Hartley Vale on September 23 where they were joined by several others. The old (1860) survey track down the Grose was now so overgrown and obliterated by landslides that the party spent most of the first day clearing it. Next day ten members proceeded a further eight kilometres and reached "Camp Flat" (Blue Gum). Once the camp was established they set about "felling trees to clear views for the photographer and the sketcher".

When an account of the camp was given to the papers there were claims of earlier visits to the valley. No doubt there were many visits to the Grose after this event. Bill Holesgrove (CMW) recalls an old uncle of his walking down the Grose from Mount Victoria to the Nepean about 1890 and not thinking it was anything exceptional.

On the King's Birthday weekend in June 1916 Harry (Baldy) Whitehouse and a companion left a boarding house at 6.00 am and proceeded to Perry's Lookdown. They descended to Blue Gum Forest ("the place seemed a fairyland"), then climbed a ridge to the escarpment and found a way on to Mount Banks. (Their route appears to have taken up the Western Chimney which is now called Gordon Smith's Chimney.) They then continued out to the Bell Road and returned to Blackheath some nineteen hours after commencing. Harry later found that this was the first time that Mount Banks had been climbed from the Grose.

In mid April 1928 the Sydney Morning Herald noted that a party of Sydney Bush Walkers was walking from Blackheath to Richmond. A local farmer expressed surprise at seeing three females in the group and was of the opinion that this was the first time that females had completed the walk down the valley. This party was probably Jean and Ernie Austin, Anice and Frank Duncan, Jack Debert and an unidentified female.

When Harry Black (YMCA Ramblers) started walking in 1936, he recalled that the Grose River was considered the best part of a week's trip. Then someone did it over Easter, another party in three days, then in two days.

In 1936 (or '37) Gordon Smith, Max Gentle and Hilma Galliot left Govett's Leap at 0520 on Saturday and reached Richmond at 1950 on Sunday - the first weekend trip. Max then succeeded in walking from Blue Gum to Richmond in one day. Later he repeated this with Dot Butler when they spent the Saturday night in Blue Gum beneath the pages of the Sydney Morning Herald which they then burned on their breakfast fire. Lunch was carried in bags tied to their belts.

The Grose grew to be very popular during the 1930s, but its rough terrain had many parties finishing behind schedule. It was following the October 1936 long weekend that bushwalkers were first called out to assist Police searchers. As a result Paddy called upon the Federation to consider establishing a permanent body of walkers for use in search and rescue.

Late last year Peter Treseder caught the Saturday afternoon train to Blackheath and walked down to Blue Gum to camp round 2015. His goal: to re-enact the Gentle/Butler one day trip which Dot had placed to fifty years earlier. Strange looks were cast from his fellow campers as Peter unwrapped his copy of The Sydney Morning Herald, spread it out on the ground, and went to sleep. Though the night was cool he was afraid to light a fire in case sparks would set the paper aflame.

Arising at first light - 05.30 am, he used the paper to light a fire and cook a breakfast of sausages. Peter then set off finding the trip difficult as he was not as fit as he would have liked. Peter later recounted the trip saying it was not too bad with the upper Grose slow due to casuarinas. The worst section, however, was below Wentworth Creek where there were difficulties getting around the boulders. He phoned his wife round 2.00 pm from Agnes Banks to arrange for her to meet him with the car an hour later at Richmond.

* * * * *

WHO IS CLIO ?

by Jim Brown

Over the past two or three years articles have been published in our magazine authored by Clio. The items have one thing in common - they are well-informed and informative on the history of the bush walking movement, its pioneering members and the early settlers in the bushland areas where walking began. From time to time I have heard rumours and suggestions about the identity of the writer Clio, but I now find they were all false. I now know who Clio is.

Looking through a dictionary of mythological names recently, I discovered Clio was one of the nine Muses in the Ancient Greek pantheon. The Muses were a group of Goddesses (Junior Grade), each of whom promoted and sponsored one of the Arts. Thus Calliope was the Muse of Epic Poetry, while Terpsichore looked after Dance. Predictably, Clio was the Muse of History.

The Concise Oxford Dictionary even contains a word "cliometrics" which means an appraisal of historical events in the light of whatever facts and statistics are known about the period, so getting away from the prejudices and easy assumptions in the Media of the time. It would be interesting, with the aid of cliometrics, to find out how many one-litre billies of tea could have been made with the cargo thrown into Boston Harbour at the time of the famous "Tea Party". It is even possible we would find that the real reason why Napoleon's Old Guard could not break through the lines of Wellington's Redcoats at Waterloo was because all the British soldiers had two or three kilogrammes of Flanders mud clinging to their boots, making it impossible to break and run.

I am surprised, though, that Clio has taken the trouble to write to our modest little Club journal all the way from Mount Olympus (no, you goog, not the mountain in Tasmania, but the original in Greece, where all the gods and goddesses dwelt when they weren't having a punch-up or trying to seduce some personable young mortal).

Another discovery is that there was a Muse of Music - named Euterpe. Also that the word "music" apparently derives from an Ancient Greek term which meant "an Art favoured by the Muses".

Well, now, since our Editor evidently has a direct line to the Muse of History, I wonder if a question from me could be passed on to Euterpe, Muse of Music. It is this.... Why was composer Wolfgang A. Mozart (the A stands for Amadeus, Latin for "Beloved of God") sent to his grave in December 1791, at the early age of 35? Was it because the Gods feared that, if he were given another 20 or 30 years on earth, nothing would be left for the later music-makers to say? Editor.....please ask Clio to put that question to Euterpe..... just for me.

CONSERVATION NEWS

by Alex Colley

THE PRESERVATION OF WILD LIFE AND NATURAL BEAUTY

One of the Club's objectives is 'to establish a definite regard for the welfare and preservation of the wild life and natural beauty of this country'. The S.B.W. has pioneered conservation and has done a great deal to further its objective. Its latest efforts were directed to stopping the 'Barrallier Trail' and the addition of 'Rio Park' to the Warrumbungles National Park.

Reports by Club members on trail markings, and the activities of the 'Nattai Foundation' walking party on the Cox (forwarded to the Catchment Manager of the Water Board), favourable publicity in the 'Highland Post', and addresses by Tim Coffee and Paul Barnes to the N.P.A. Council were most effective. The 'Nattai Foundation' has now withdrawn its proposal for "track construction and site development" and the Department of Employment has refused an educational grant (to train tour operators).

Regarding Rio Park, the Hon. Tim Moore said that "As a result of negotiations between the Public Trustee and The Attorney General's Department there is now a good chance that the undeveloped, naturally vegetated parts may be acquired for inclusion in the Warrumbungles National Park".

Our Club has also made generous donations to various conservation bodies. As bushwalkers our main interest is wilderness preservation. So that members will know how the Club's donations would be spent, the following is a run-down of the societies of interest to bushwalkers:-

The Colong Foundation for Wilderness

Originally called 'The Colong Committee', this is the oldest existing Australian wilderness society, carrying on the work of Myles Dunphy's National Parks and Primitive Areas Council. The directors are very experienced and could be described as professional conservationists. Its effectiveness comes from concentrating on one or two major issues at a time. It initiated most of the major wilderness campaigns in NSW, secured support from the rest of the conservation movement and persisted for however long it took to win.

The National Parks Association

The N.P.A. was formed in 1957, largely due to the efforts of ex-S.B.W. President, Tom Moppett. As well as working to establish national parks, the Association focuses on environmental education and conservation of natural resources outside the parks. Its general aim is to maintain the scenic, conservation and recreational values of the natural and rural lands in the State.

The Australian Conservation Foundation

The A.C.F. campaigns on three major fronts: Global change resulting from ozone depletion and the greenhouse effect; biodiversity, i.e. the protection of endangered species, wilderness and native forests; and resource management, e.g. reducing waste, encouraging recycling, minimising pollution and restoring degraded lands.

The Wilderness Society

Originally The Tasmanian Wilderness Society, it waged a tremendous and effective campaign to save Tasmanian forests. It is now an Australia wide organisation and has campaigned for such projects as preserving Daintree, the South East Forests and Kakadu. It supported the Nattai campaign, and is very active in demonstrations, welcoming those willing to participate.

The Total Environment Centre

Founded in 1972, this is Australia's first Environment Centre. It campaigns to save rain-forests, protect parks, limit woodchipping, save endangered species and wetlands and oppose urban blight. It has supported hundreds of community groups and citizens struggling to have a say in decisions that affect their environment. Its main present campaigns are for the South East Forests, independent environmental impact statements, toxic chemicals control, and preservation of urban parks and bushland.

South East Forest Association

S.E.F.A. has one main aim - to save the South East Forests. It claims the longest running peaceful campaign in Australia's history - a campaign which symbolises the plight of our national estate and old-growth forests.

The Nature Conservation Council of N.S.W.

This is comprised of representatives from over 70 societies. It covers the entire field of nature conservation. The S.B.W. is represented on it indirectly, by the Confederation of Bushwalking Clubs N.S.W.

By building up our conservation fund, which was founded by member donation, the Club can allocate the interest to whatever projects or organisations it favours. Individual members can contribute to the fund, knowing that the proceeds are used for projects of benefit to the Club.

* * * * *

THE 1990 SBW REUNION

by Greta Davis

We arrived at Coolana mid-afternoon to find many members already in residence. These included Barry Wallace and Lynne Jones, Bill (the new President) and Fran Holland, Don Finch (the outgoing - I wouldn't say "old" President), Tom Wenman, Maurie Bloom, Margaret, Bob and Cindy (the dog) Niven, Les Powell, Mike Reynolds, Dot Butler, Carol Lubbers, various members of the Brown and Gray clans (bushwalkers ARE a colourful lot) and remnants of Ian Debert who had disappeared down the river doing some exploring for his Birthday trip. Later arrivals included Spiro Hajinakitas and Brian Hart.

After much deliberation, we pitched our tent on a high and previously uninhabited terrace and then proceeded down to the already burning campfire (well, Bob Niven and Les Powell were already there) to have a cup of tea and to solve some of the world's problems which had resolutely got unsolved since the last time they were discussed.

To get some exercise, I accompanied Fran Holland to the river flats where she watered the native trees that she had planted earlier in the day. Since it was rather overcast, only a few hardy souls were actually swimming.

On our return to the "upper levels", it was time to start Happy Hour so as to be in the right mood for the formalities to come. After dinner, we all moved down to a grassy bank just below the hut (which looksterrific with its new concrete floor) where Ian Debert had set up an enormous bonfire earlier in the day.

This was duly lit and we proceeded to the hitherto mysterious ritual of the induction of the new SBW President. However, before that there was much singing led by Tom Wenman, Bob Younger and Mike Reynolds. There were also two skits. The first was organised by Dot Butler and was a dramatisation of the Banjo Patterson poem "Bush Christening", with Patrick James as the Priest and Carol Lubbers as the boy. This was followed by Jim Brown's production which was to do with the wet weather and "Hughie", and starred Jim, Dot, Tom and Mike. Then Bill Holland was duly inducted into his high office and after some more singing and some cake, we all crept off to bed.

The next day saw us emerging from our tents to scattered showers, so we abandoned the traditional damper making competition and most people headed back home about mid morning.

This was my first reunion. Thanks to all of the members who were there for making it a most enjoyable weekend.

(Note: The damper competition did take place later with about 7 dampers being made.)

THE GOURMET GRUB DITTY

By Mirium Challis

(To be sung to the tune of "Botany Bay")

Chorus: Farewell to my waistline for ever,
Farewell to those Ry-vita blues
After feasting with Jan on the weekend
We are now buying size 22s.

It was a fine October weekend
When we set out for Kanuka Brook,
Brenda with stilettos tied on her pack
Really made the train passengers look.

Chorus

We all assembled for intros
And Jan - with his flu nonetheless -
Was anxious to see ample alcohol
Should be carried to make us leg-less.

Chorus

After two hours of relaxed ambling
And gorging of mulberries sweet
We arrived at our first destination
Sat down and took the load off our feet.

Chorus

"Let's eat!" cried the party assembled
For they only had two things on their minds:
To feast on their gourmet creations
And to sunbake their exposed pink behinds.

Chorus

Gourmet lunch was a mere appetite -
A prelude of great things to come.
Though a hot day, some avoided the water
(Was it the sight of Mirium's big bum?)

Chorus

After numerous swims in the pools
We arrived at the K-Brook campsite,
The crowds donned their evening wear finery
And prepared for a revellous night.

Chorus

Bill and Jan, Jenny Ward, Lorraine Bloomfield
For the best-dressed award all did vie,
And Morrie Ward - though he said that size doesn't count -
Felt obliged to wear a massive black tie.

Chorus

Michele stunned us all with her pink chiffon,
Kay and Patrick made a dashing young pair,
And after demolishing great food and wine
They all started to let down their hair.

Chorus

As the evening wore on the crowd mellowed
Rob and Bill both gave us a song,
Whilst Patrick W. spoke of religion
With Judy O. - who by then was long gone.

Chorus

By about 12 or one in the morning
Only the hardy remained
To hear of the "Nuttella fantasies"
Of that poor twisted man, Patrick James,

Chorus

Next morning Patrick wasn't so cheerful
 And we all were a little subdued
 As we sipped at Rob's filter coffee
 And surveyed the remains of the food.

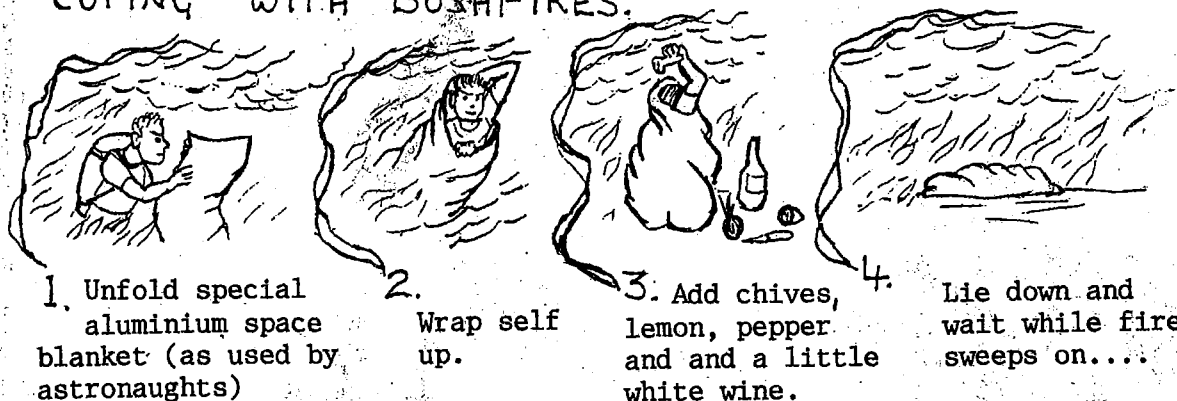
Chorus

In short, it was rather riotous.
 Congrats to Jan once again.
 Why don't you come with him next year,
 To experience more of the same?

Chorus

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THE MARCH GENERAL MEETING
AND 62ND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

by Barry Wallace

The meeting began at around 2011 despite all those people who kept insisting that the agenda required it to start at 1945. The 40 or so members present came to some semblance of order as the retiring President persisted in gonging the gong and calling for attention. There were apologies from Bob Hodgson, Bob and Jeff Niven, Narelle Lovell, Denise Shaw and Alan Doherty. New members Glad Rannard, Ron Watters and Phil Cohen were called forward but only the first two of these were present for welcome.

The Minutes of the February meeting were read and received with no matters arising.

Correspondence was comprised of incoming letters from the Melbourne Women's Walking Club (thanking us for the extensive information and advice provided in response to a letter from them enquiring about walks in the Kangaroo Valley area), from the librarian at Hurstville library, from Ainslie Morris resigning from her position as Hon. Archivist, from the A.C.F. appealing for funds, and outgoing letters to our new members.

The Annual Report of the Office Bearers and Committee for 1989 and the Financial Statement and Accounts (having been duly audited) for the same period had been posted to all members prior to the Annual General Meeting. These were now taken as read and received by the meeting with no matters arising.

At this point in the meeting a series of procedural motions were passed to permit the election of Office Bearers to proceed concurrently with the business of the general meeting and to establish the methods of voting. Georges Gray and Mawer were appointed as scrutineers on account of their intense scrutes, and the elections proceeded. It was all too exciting to describe here but you will have read the results in last month's magazine.

The Treasurer presented a budget for the coming year and proposed that the annual subs be increased. This was passed after some discussion and a rather close vote. The Treasurer's Report showed that we received income of \$591.00, spent \$1,370.50 and the current account at the end of last month was \$577.11.

The Walks Report began at the weekend of 16,17,18 February with Barry Wallace leading a party of three on his wine and cheese weekend in the Megalong Valley and Errol Sheedy leading a party of 24 on his day walk from Waterfall to Heathcote on the Sunday.

February 23,24,25 saw Carol Lubbers leading a party of 7 members through what she described as terrible weather along the Grose River, which she described as gross, due to recent and present rains, among fields of leeches which she did not describe in any way that we could include here. They (the party that is) were described as "tired but happy" at the conclusion of what our journalists would no doubt describe as their "ordeal in some of the ruggedest country in the state". Bill Holland's walk in the Eloura bushland with barbecue and swimming at the leader's house was led by Richard Brading, Bill being afflicted by some foot malady or other (gout has been mentioned). There were 9 people, some rain, and by the sound of it Richard had the hide to turn it into an extended walk of some sort. There was a barbecue however, so all's right with the world. Jim Calloway had a party of 16 on his Waterfall to Otford day walk; all are reported to have walked well.

On the weekend of 2,3,4 March Jim Percy led a group of 7 on his Bungonia Gorge weekend trip in rather hot weather. This weather no doubt suited Kenn Clacher's party of 10 in Carra Beanga Brook. It's not clear whether getting separated from the main party on Saturday night entirely suited the two party members who did it, but the two groups were re-united early on the Sunday with much relief all round. Margaret Reid reported 12 on her Blackheath area day walk and Maurie Bloom had his 14 starters finishing up at a run for the 1918 train. (Yes, Virginia, they probably do have trains that old.)

Jim Rivers led a party of 5 or 6 on his Megalong Valley walk over the weekend of March 9,10,11 and Les Powell (you remember, young Les who helped string up exhibits at the Nostalgia night) led a party of 9 on his Gunmarl Saddle trip. Jan Mohandas's day walk to Ruined Castle attracted a troupe of 20 - to complete the Walks Report.

The F.B.W. Report revealed that there have been numerous enquiries regarding affiliation and that the upcoming S & R practice weekend (too late, you have missed it) will be held at Howes Swamp. There are also two letters, which we are hoping to publish. All a bit of a mystery at this remove, but all will no doubt become clear in due course.

The Social Secretary reported that it had been a good month for arachnidophiles if no one else. The Conservation Report indicated that the proponents of the Barallier Trail appear to have abandoned the idea and what's more they didn't get the State Grant of \$35,000 for a wilderness college. N.P.W.S. have come out in support of the proposed Nattai Wilderness Area and Tim Moore, the NSW Minister for Conservation has rejected the proposal to permit grazing in Kosciusko National Park.

At the call for General Business, a motion for a vote of thanks to the outgoing committee was passed by acclamation.

Announcements were followed by the President closing the meeting with the traditional "Let Us Re-une!" at 2151.

STRICTLY FOR THE ADVENTUROUS....

Kenchenjunga, the world's third tallest mountain is situated in a remote area in far eastern Nepal, near the Sikkim border. It is open for trekking only for organised groups, which implies Sherpas, (guides), porters, cooks, tents etc. The trek will depart Sydney on November 30, 1990 and return January 17, 1991.

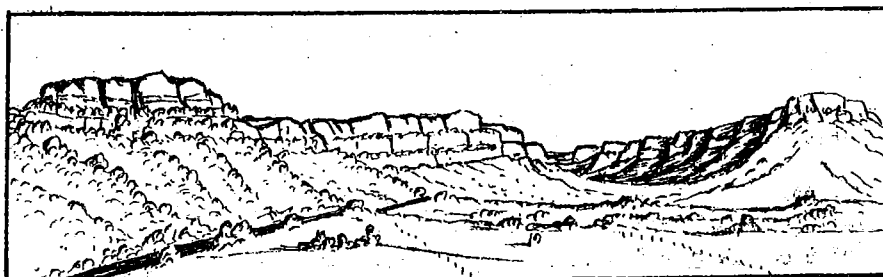
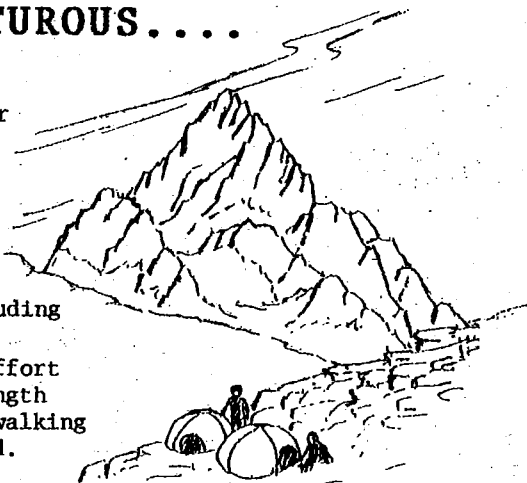
Group Size; We have preliminary flight bookings for 7 and the trek will go if we can get 5 takers, including the leader.

Grade: Trekking is not hard and the average daily effort is comparable to a medium day walk. However, the length of the trip requires commitment and high-altitude walking at the end (essentially optional side trips) is hard. You always finish up very fit and very thin.

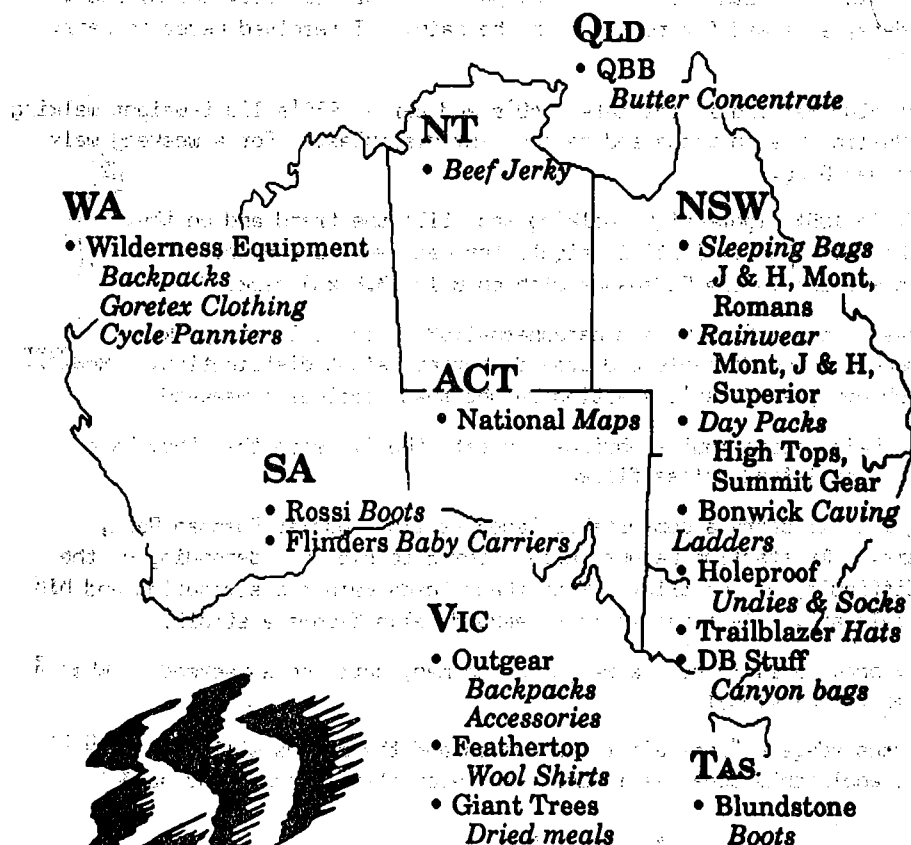
Estimated Cost; Return flight Sydney-Bangkok-Kathmandu; \$1,500.

Trek - \$47 per day. Expenses in Bangkok and Kathmandu - \$600. There may be additional flights - \$200. Total approx: \$3,800.

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MAIL BAGLIGHT-WEIGHT WALKING

by David Rostron

Morag's elequent editorial about light-weight walking in the 1950's and 1960's draws attention to the unnecessary burdens to which many present bushwalkers subject themselves.

My earliest overnight walking experience was with the Scouts when aged about 13. I struggled all weekend to keep up with the group. My pack was far too heavy and my body, particularly the shoulders, screamed for relief from the pain. I resolved never to carry unnecessary weight again.

In my early years of club walking in the late 1940's and early 1950's light-weight walking (as espoused by Paddy Pallin) was in vogue and he had many disciples. For a weekend walk my starting pack weight was 8 kg.

When I joined S.B.W. in 1964 light-weight walking was still the trend and on the "Very Hard" trips, such as The Three Peaks, initial weights for many were 5 - 6 kg. I recall Helen Gray starting one weekend in the Budawangs with an 8 lb (3.6 kg) pack.

Why the trend to these "monster" packs and paraphernalia? Obviously the packs, with their hip belts, are much more comfortable and provide better weight distribution. However some packs weigh as much empty as Helen's starting weight that particular weekend.

The "monsters" with their gaping mouths obviously create the illusion that they have appetites and will not be satisfied unless filled.

For weekend walking I still carry a comfortable Paddy Pallin 2-pocket Bushman Pack, weighing about 700 grams. My starting weight varies from 5 to 8.5 kg - depending on the time of year and the difficulty of the trip. With these loads weight distribution and hip belts become almost irrelevant. As a result many weekend walks become a stroll.

For a week's trip my pack is 14-15 kg - a weight which many carry on a weekend. What a waste of energy and time (in packing)!

Remember Paddy's famous adage - "Look after the ounces and the pounds will take care of themselves". It is as applicable today as it was then, even after metric conversion.

(I think David hit the nail on the head with his comment about "monster" packs with gaping mouths. It's all too easy to throw in 'this' and 'that' because they don't weight much, and finish carrying 20 kg of light weight gear! On a recent 4 day walk in the Snowys, packs varied from 9 kg to 18 kg. Yet the guy with 9 kg had ample food and warm clothing - what was in the 18 kg pack, goodness knows. Apart from a few 'spares', gear tends to remain the same on short or long trips; it is food which increases. This can be carried in a day pack or dilly bag strapped on the main pack. No need to buy a giant pack for the occasional longer trip, and then be tempted to fill it with unnecessary junk. EDITOR.)

--0000--



MAIL BAG

Kath Brown

I was surprised and rather sad to read Ainslie Morris's letter in the March magazine about her sufferings when she bought and used a Paddymade A-frame pack in 1957. I have had one or two similar packs during my walking career, and always found my A-frame pack very comfortable and certainly did not have "searing pain in the back and cut shoulders". (I am also one of the "elderly women Club members", being in my 70s, but Ainslie did not talk to me, nor was I ever called a "Rabbit", and definitely not a "Tiger".)

But then I have always been very careful just what I put in my pack and also used foam rubber shoulder pads. What you put in your pack makes all the difference to your comfort whether it is an A-frame or an H-frame pack. Keeping the weight down is of primary importance.

Of course, if Ainslie had come along to S.B.W. in 1957 she would not only have got good advice about what to take to the bush and where to go, but she would have met and walked with some of the bushwalkers of those days, such as Bob and Christa Younger, Bill Burke, "Snow" Brown, George Gray, Geof and Grace Wagg, Frank and Joan Rigby, Sheila Binns, Jim Brown, Spiro Hajinakitas and many others whose company I'm sure she would have enjoyed. Also Dot Butler and Alex Colley, but as they are two ex-Tigers, maybe they would have worried her.

But better late than never. When Ainslie did come to S.B.W. in 1979 she at last found what she was looking for. And not only has she become a very good walker, carrying light-weight gear, but has done a lot of good work for the Club, which has been greatly appreciated.

During those missing years I at least was still able to do many great overnight trips, magic moments in the bushland, and happily carried my A-frame Paddymade pack, which I still use when going to Reunions.

* * * * *

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS - 1990

The following annual subscriptions were decided at the Annual General Meeting held on Wednesday 14th March 1990:-

Single active member	\$30
Household	48
Non-active member	9
" " " plus magazine	21
Magazine subscription only	12

The Treasurer would appreciate early payment.

NEW ADDRESS

Jo van Sommers and Jim Percy moved to Hazelbrook on 20th February. Their new address is:-

14 Mountview Avenue,
Hazelbrook. NSW 2779

Telephone (047) 586 009



FOOTNOTESWHAT THE UNCULTURED MISSED -

Our culture night, attended by nearly 70 people, was a great success. Organised by Helen Gray, it proved to be an evening of very diverse entertainment and laughter as well. We had singers, male and female, pianists, recitations, a guitarist, and a short extract from the "Chronic Operas". With two pianos, one without pedals and the other with a note missing our pianist, Owen Marks, had a lively time, rushing from one instrument to the other, as need be. As well as our gifted amateurs we had one professional, Alan Mewett, a star trombonist. He also starred in the unexpected role of Birthday Boy, when Helen brought him back on stage to present him with a giant sponge cake, large enough to feed everyone!

Many thanks to all our performers, who were:- Owen Marks (pianist-accompanist), Beverley Foulds (accompanist), Alan Mewett (trombone - demonstration and playing), Bob Duncan (songs), Tom Wenman (songs), Gordon Lee (recitations and songs), Ailsa Hocking (guitar and piano accompanist and songs), Roslyn Duncan (songs), Anita Doherty (songs), Barbara Bruce (songs), Dot Butler (recitation) and Geof Wagg with Jim Brown (excerpts from the Chronic Opera, "1001 Troglodytes").

WHEN IS A LYME NOT A LIME?.....when it's a disease

Lyme disease has been known in America since 1975, and there are now fears it may become widespread in Australia. Cases have been confirmed from Royal National Park, Buladelah State Forest and Bowral. Drs Rosemary Munro and Richard Russell are doing further research in NSW, and it is believed that the paralysis tick could be a vector. For further details read the January 1989 edition of The Sydney Bushwalker - and in the meantime - "Don't forget the".

AN ABSOLUTE MUST - the latest copy of "Wild" magazine - because it contains a terrific article about Dot Butler. I particularly liked the photo of Dot dangling from a rope inside a New Zealand glacier - barefoot of course!

AT LANE COVE TOWN HALL - A BUSH DANCE - in aid of Search and Rescue. The date - **May 11th**. Dancing from 8 pm until midnight, come and give S & R the support they deserve.



Band: "Hot Foot String Band"

B.Y.O. Food and drink

° Spot Prizes ° Door Prizes ° Raffle

Tickets (pay at door): \$10 single

S.B.W. Party is being arranged by Denise Shaw - Phone 922 8093 -

Dress informal - No need to bring a partner

CHANGE OF DATE OF WALK

The day walk to be led by Joe Marton - Faulconbridge, Glenbrook Creek, Springwood - will now be led on 13th May instead of 6th May. Please mark your Walks Program accordingly.

* * * * *