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Editor: George Mawer

42 Lincoln Road Georges Hall 2198
Telephone 707 1343

Business Manager: Joy Hynes

36 Lewis Street, Dee Why 2099
Telephone 982 2615 (H), 888 3144 (B)

Production Manager: Fran Holland

Editorial Team: George Mawer, Barbara Bruce,
Jan Roberts, Maurice Smith

Printers: Kenn Clacher, Kay Chan,
Barrie Murdoch, Margaret Niven & Les Powell

THE SYDNEY BUSH WALKERS INCORPORATED was founded in 1927. Club meetings are held every Wednesday evening at 8 pm at Kirribilli Neighbourhood Centre, 16 Fitzroy Street, Kirribilli (near Milsons Point Railway Station). Visitors and prospective members are welcome any Wednesday.

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DRYSDALE RIVER AREA AND THE MITCHELL PLATEAU. THE KIMBERLEY - WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

June 1994

Shirley Dean

Our plans were to explore the Worriga Gorge via the Palmoondoor and Pangoor Creek, and the Morgan River.

Leader: John Easton on behalf of Willis Walkabout plus 9 experienced walkers (3 Victorians, 2 Canberrans, 4 Queenslanders) - June 19 - June 30, 1994. Carson and Ashton Maps. On June 30 we drove the 4 wheelers over to the Mitchell Plateau Falls - 3 days exploring around and above the falls.

Overall the trip took 15 days, one of which was spent driving from Kunnanurra to the beginning of the walk, and one spent flying in a 7 seater single engine plane from Mitchell Plateau to Kunnanurra.

The whole region is lightly forested and open woodland with a variety of eucalypts, palms, cycads, tall cane grass and a huge variety of birds, and an abundance of aboriginal rock art. There is a potential treasure trove of minerals - bauxite, copper, silver, lead, zinc, gold, oil and diamonds. Fortunately the distances are vast so it is an extremely expensive operation for a mining company to set up all the infrastructure including aerodromes, roads, ports etc. To date only exploration has taken place.

It was a long day's drive in a 4 wheeler from Kunnanurra - Gibb River Road - Kalamburu Road - to the Miners Pool on the Drysdale River station, where we had the coldest night of the whole trip, 5 degrees. Theda Cattle Station owners welcomed us with a cup of tea the next morning and they were pleased to receive a box of local fresh fruit from Kunnanurra which we had taken in for them. The Morgan River, Palmoondoor & Pangoor Creeks are part of their property. Sometime that afternoon we left the 4 wheeler and walked to our campsite for the night on the Morgan River. The river was about 40 feet wide, wonderful dark blue water lilies, fish and small fresh water crocodiles. In fact both the creeks had water lilies, fish (which we caught and ate - 2 to 3 lb sotty grunters) and small crocodiles. As everybody else went swimming, so did I. As everybody else was happy to camp on the rocks beside water every night so did I. Only on one occasion did we actually startle a crocodile at night when it was attempting to go up stream from one pool to the next. Often though with our torches we saw the red gleam of eyes looking at us.

The next days were spent walking down the

Morgan River to the junction of Palmoondoor Creek, south up the creek along flat rocky beds, through small rocky escarpments, pandanus lined pools, exploring side creeks/gorges to water falls and plunge pools. Warriga Gorge was very narrow and very slow walking as we scrambled sometimes above the creek on ledges and sometimes pushing through pandanus. Morgan Falls was flowing, and must look spectacular in the wet season when it overflows. We camped in the Middle Level. That night, with a full moon and high cliffs surrounding our camp with bats flying overhead was awesome.

From Morgan Falls we walked on a bearing over the top through broken rock country, crossing many unmarked creeks to unmarked falls finally to a small comfortable campsite on a creek. The following day we completed our crossing overland from Palmoondoor Creek to Pangoor Creek, traversing grassy plains and open woodland, but no water. Late in the afternoon we reached Pangoor Creek, still no water. By walking upstream for about an hour we found pools of water, but not good for swimming where we camped. There were lots of red eyes seen that night as the small crocodiles get trapped between water holes in the dry season and then they eat each other.

Pangoor Creek has excellent rock art sites, Bradshaw figures as well as animals and representations of the ethereal Winjana spirit, and one of the party found a burial site.

Somewhere down this creek one of the party suffered severe scalding from boiling water and I was extremely grateful that the first aid equipment and knowledge was there, as well as being camped beside water, as we needed to spend an extra night in the same spot. We crossed overland to the Morgan River and spent the remaining days walking down large flat rock shelves, with good art sites and some grassy sections (this was the area we saw from the plane on our return trip). The final section of the Morgan River before we reached our original camp site, was a spectacular mini gorge.

On July 2nd we drove down to the Mitchell Falls car park and spent the rest of the time exploring up stream of the falls and the gorge itself. A wonderful way to finish the trip.

My lasting impressions of the trip are the magnificence of the country - the memories of camping on rock, the swimming, the clear light air, the fine days, and hope and pray that somehow or other the whole of the Kimberley is declared a National Park, with all sorts of Heritage value.

▷ cont P 14

Pedal Pushing

with John Hogan

A group of eight S.B.W. cyclists stood in the crisp morning air overlooking Shellharbour and sipped on steaming cups of coffee etc whilst the smell of toasting crumpets dripping with butter and honey attracted a large circle of seagulls.

Within a few minutes bikes were assembled, helmets donned and we were off along the cycleway towards Lake Illawarra. We soon crossed the highway and entered Blackbutt Reserve where we picked up another cycleway which took us past the shopping mall and down to Oak Flats on the shores of Lake Illawarra. We took a devious route through a couple of new subdivisions to avoid having to ride along the highway, finally coming out near the junction of Albion Park Road. Now we knew we were in the country as the strong odour of cattle replaced the salt sea smell. A short ride took us to morning tea at Albion Park where we mustered all our strength for the big climb ahead of us up to Jamberoo. This climb was rewarded by wonderful views back across a very sparkling Lake Illawarra with its backdrop of deep green mountains domed by a perfectly clear blue sky.

Just before Jamberoo we turned off for another

climb to Minnamurra Falls. At this stage we were surprised to see cars queued up at the gates of the park and some even being turned away. We rode past them up to the gate where a Ranger waved us through. Not only had we jumped the queue but we didn't have to pay either!

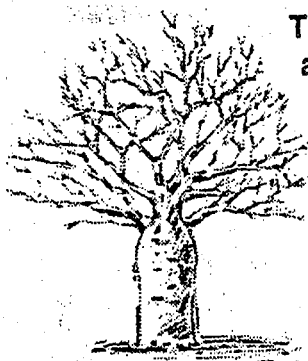
We soon learned the reason for all the cars - Minnamurra Falls access was closed off by a landslide in 1989 and in recent times the NPWS have spent a lot of money putting in new tracks, bridges and a suspended viewing platform as well as a new visitors centre and we had just fluked the opening weekend.

So after a nice lunch and an inspection of the falls we again took to the saddle and commenced our return. We had a very brief stop at the Jamberoo Pub where a very good band was playing but alas we were running out of time so we pushed on. The return trip took us through Dunmore and Albion Park Rail where we encountered our final hill up to Shellharbour.

Once in Shellharbour we made straight for the pub to replace some of the fluid lost during the past 57 kms.

All this happened last May and it was such a great day that I intend to put it on again this May with the probable addition of a side trip down from Moss Vale on Saturday. Watch the program for more details. John

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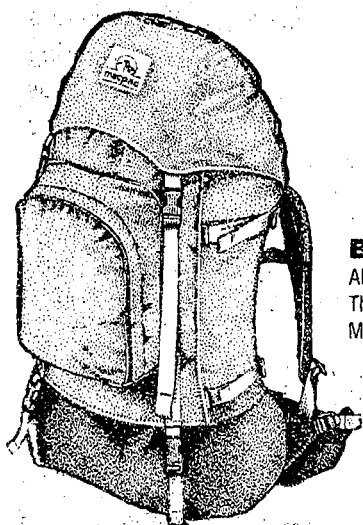
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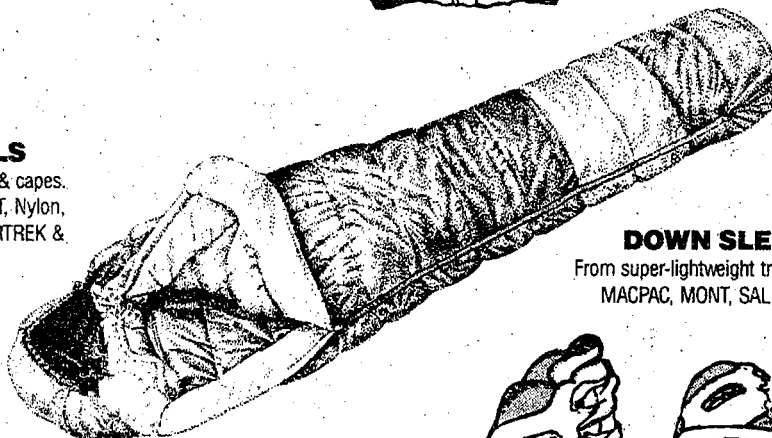
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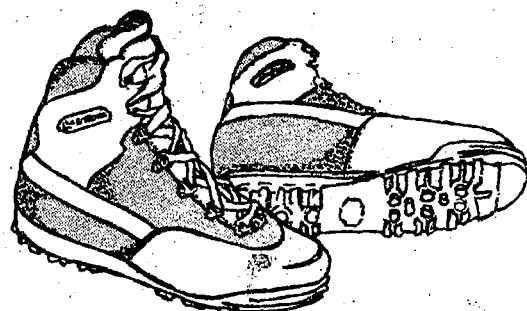


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Maureen Carter

Party members: Tony Holgate (leader), Carol Beales, Zol Bodlay, Maureen Carter, Frank Grennan, John Hogan, Jean Kendall, Anne Maguire, Jan Mohandas, Martin Morrissey, Denise Shaw, Vincent Smith, Fiona Wagg, Morie Ward and Pamela Zeulinger.

Tony Holgate's walk in Croajingolong National Park, began with 11 whimps (including the leader) booking into hotel/motels in Cann River on the first evening, where, instead of a camp fire everyone dined at the hotel. Have you ever been served a Chinese meal without rice? John was. A car swap was accomplished on the Tuesday so that four cars only were driven out to the Thurra River to begin the walk. The volunteer camp host tried to influence where we left our vehicles but Zol, with great authority, declared that we had permission from the ranger to leave them there. Anyway, the host told us, "the car park's full!"

Croajingolong National Park begins at the New South Wales border, directly abuts Nadgee Nature Reserve and extends for about 100 kms south along the Victorian coast, broken only by the town of Mallacoota. It is renowned for its golden unspoilt beaches and fantastic dunes, which are well vegetated in the southern section of the Park but loom large and mostly unadorned by plant life in the north.

As we stretched out along the beach the scene was reminiscent of Bob and Blanche at Berrara multiplied by six, as the couples strolled along hand in hand next to the crashing waves. I hoped my professional skills as a mediator/counsellor would not be needed and indeed they were not.

Leaving Mueller Inlet with plenty of enthusiasm and heavy packs (for some of us), the first clear sunny day was filled with dips in the ocean, welcome sea breezes and some rock hopping, where we saw the remains of a deceased catamaran, but mostly easy beach walking. As the intended length of the first day increased, Zol reminded Tony of his special burden - the 2 litres of Cab-Sav and a few kilos of happy hour. Due to lack of drinking water we plodded on to Fly Cove where mutiny occurred and we stayed the night there rather than at Wingan Inlet, having covered 20 km (says Tony) or 24 kms (says Zol). This is the delightful cove with tiny waves (I love them and call them Welsh waves) that once sheltered George Bass and his crew. The first white walkers in the area were shipwrecked in 1797 at Lakes Entrance and attempted to walk to Port

Jackson with 3 actually surviving - want to organise a re-enactment Wilf?

We were enjoying happy hour when the predicted southerly arrived blowing over tents and sending campers off to secure their temporary dwellings, leaving 7 of us to shelter amongst the rocks and middens to eat dinner. I don't know why they all seem to fear my pen when there is a plethora of cameras! The smell of Rid was in the air as the mosquitoes were ferocious but the sea lulled us to sleep. A higher than expected tide would have inundated Denise and John if they had maintained their original camp site. I was glad I had planted half a skyscraper of granite on my Eclipse to keep it on terra firma.

Thursday brought a cloudy morning which dissipated all too soon into another hot but breezy day. The brackish water, peppered with mosquito larvae, was not particularly appetising on muesli but a short distance away delicious fresh water was available at Wingan Inlet, even if it was a Tasmanian light brown due to the melaleucas. Tony obtained tea, cake and information on crossing the inlet from the Camp Host whilst we watched the seals on the Skerries or just relaxed awaiting low tide. We all safely negotiated the two swift flowing channels by linking arms and laughing. We enjoyed glorious views as we ascended the Red River Track through the dunes whose predominant cover was *Banksia serrata* with splashes of pink provided by the hyacinth orchids.

After descending from the dunes there was plenty of exercise for the legs as we jumped over the grey granite rocks covered with pink lichen. Most of us camped safely for the night high up on the beach, north of Sandpatch Point, but Morie had chosen a site with the potential for an indoor pool at high tide. Plenty of water, including some pretty cascades, to drink and wash bodies with.

Next morning the first obstacle was a crossing of the Benedore River which presented no problems after Anne's valiant rescue of Zol as he fell over in the current whilst rushing to assist Pamela. On a pleasant walk along the Old Coast Track a few endangered ground parrots were flushed out by Jan out front. We stopped just north of Little Rame Head for an early lunch, but as our leader was so flexible and as many campers (with cars) stay at Shipwreck Beach we called it a day at 11.30 am. Seal Creek was a perfect camp site where the party could swim in the ocean or the creek, stroll around the rocks or just lie around and read a book, like I did. Another perfect day was followed by a happy few hours of jokes around the campfire in a rocky cove. > cont'd P14

A LITTLE MORE ACCURACY, PLEASE

Ronald Knightly

Following the Hon. Bob Carr's visit to SBW in 1986 The Sydney Bushwalker carried two articles written by me and titled "Has Conservation Gone Off Course?". I preached two themes. One, that in a democracy with universal franchise, pursuit of a grab-all-you-can policy could lead to a time when the silent majority might turn on the vociferous minority (that's us) and not be content with frustrating our future hopes but reverse previous gains as well. Two, that we must never be guilty, nor even appear to be guilty, of telling fibs for, once our credibility was shattered, so also would be our cause.

It was thus with great concern that I read the unascribed lament, "Wilderness Lost" and Alex Colley's "Managing the Royal, Garrawarra and Heathcote National Parks", both in our December 1994 issue.

The "Wilderness Lost" lament reveals an obvious case of the first theme stated above; but I was most disturbed at our reporter's inability to honour the second theme. I refer particularly to the claim that bushwalking is an activity "in which more people participate than in any sport". It reminded me of a public meeting several years ago, convened to discuss recreational use of Lake Burragorang. One speaker was Gordon Lee, expressing the views of the 2000 members of the Federation of Bushwalking Clubs; and he was followed by Paul Barnes, representing 6000 members of the National Parks Association (need I point out that this is a case where 6 plus 2 most definitely does not equal 8?). Someone behind me gave vent to a muted Bronx cheer. It was the President of the Australian National Sportfishing Association, which claimed a membership in the millions. How glad I was that no one called for a vote that day. The massacre at Little Big Horn would have been a non event by comparison therewith. Just like our wilderness aspirations.

Lest us stay in there hollering, though. The overture was a flop, but we haven't reached the final curtain.

Alex's article on the draft management plan for the three national parks disturbed me even more because of its repeated violation of theme two.

Firstly it states that "some 3 million visits are made to the (Royal) park every year". Now, I presume that Alex has repeated some NPWS fiction and not

made his own guesstimate, but let us give a moment's thought to that "3 million" figure. A usually reliable source (my solar powered, hand held calculator, backed up by the p.c. in my attic office and confirmed by some simple arithmetic learned at my father's knee) tells me that this averages out at over 8200 souls per day - weekdays, weekends and holidays, hail, rain or shine. Now, I walk regularly in the Royal and Garrawarra national parks. I have walked and driven to Audley, Bundeena, Maianbar, Marley, Wattamolla, Burning Palms, Hellhole - you name it, I've been there. No one could convince me that the Royal is being "visited" by over 8000 souls per day. Not even if we totalled all three parks would I believe such a figure.

Apart from this, I know that no one has any factual idea of the numbers involved. How do I know? Because they have never counted me. Or, more cogently, the groups with which I have walked or driven. In the last two years I have only once encountered any NPWS presence and once had a near miss. The encounter was with Federation Past President, Stan Cottier, now acting as honorary ranger for Garrawarra. Standing on the verandah of the hut that we (SBW) built nearly 50 years ago, I asked him about visitor numbers. He could not even hazard a hazy guess. The near miss occurred when I was walking along the Bulga track from Otford to the Burgh Track. As I neared the ranger station, one of those much reviled, four wheel drive, off road recreational vehicle things with three people in it emerged and turned towards the Governor Game lookout (and if you don't know what one of those "things" is, ask Alex. He's an old hand at driving them through wilderness.) Now, I am sure that no one looked in the rear vision mirror to ascertain whether I was one or many, to ascertain whether I/we had been double counted by someone else and then enter the subject visit/s and activity on some statistical fact sheet.

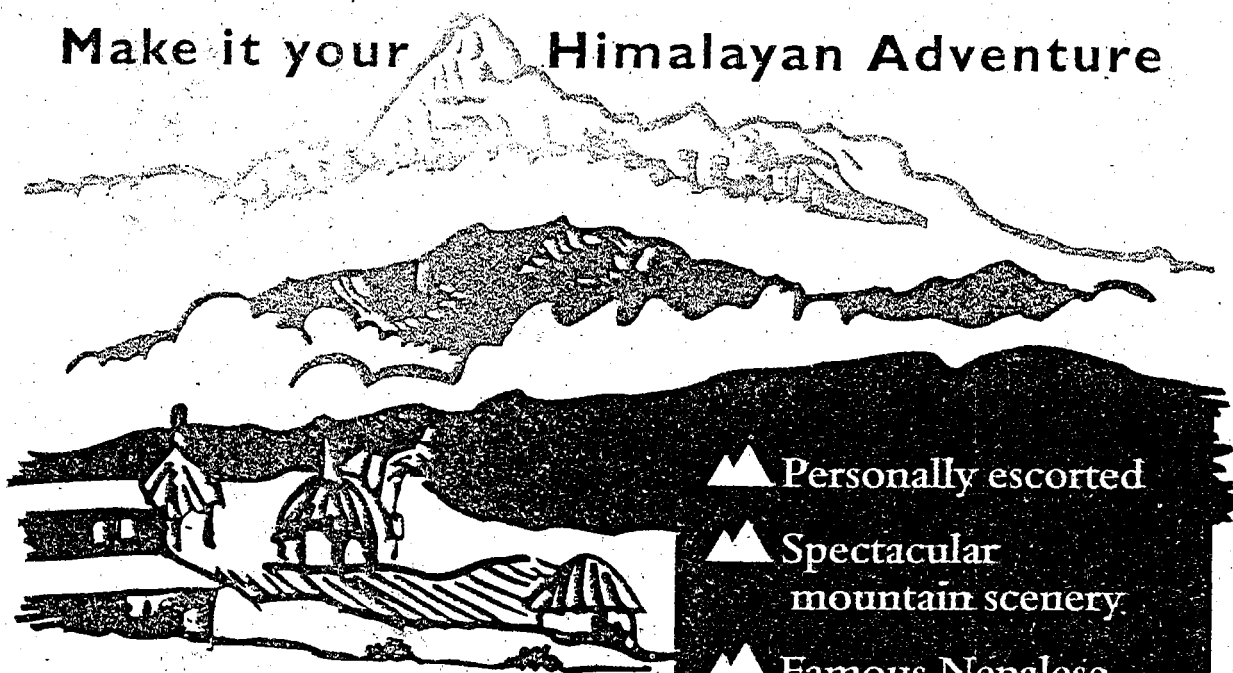
Moreover, I have twice passed through in an uncounted 48 seat bus. So we and goodness knows how many other bus loads were never entered in any tally sheet. Neither I nor anyone travelling with me has ever been numbered.

Turning away from the "3 million" nonsense and the equally nonsensical 94% who are car borne and the 44% who "do some walking", I move to the comments about the huts at Burning Palms and Era.

▷ cont'd P12

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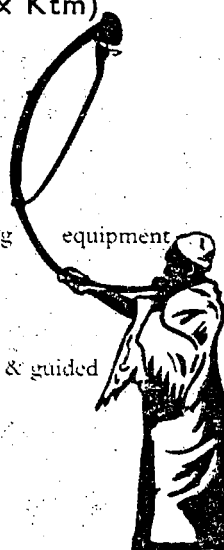
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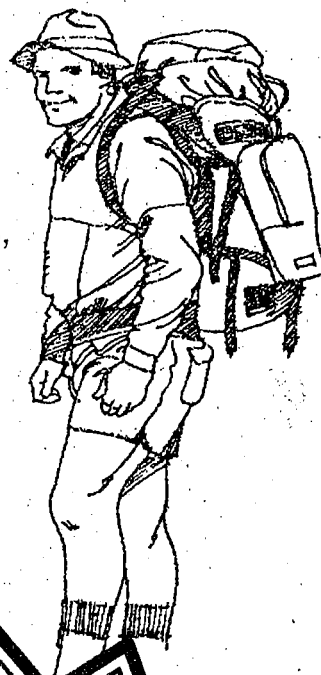
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Letter To The Editor

Dear Sir

There always seems to be an air of relief throughout the club in January - relief that the Christmas walks are over?, that our members have satisfied that primordial call of the hills?, or that we as a club have made it through another "mating season" relatively unscathed?

Some members however, are deeply concerned at the apparent slip in our moral code during this season and ask what the committee is doing to protect members at large from exposure to this dubious behaviour???. Are they prepared to let the actions of a few go unchecked and jeopardise the purity of our newest and younger members???. This matter certainly wasn't discussed at the last General Meeting.

The simple solution would be the appointment of a **Morality Officer** to the committee - responsible to the Walks Secretary. The duties of the Morality Officer would be to provide names, photos and full details of any member who:

- offers oysters, stout or any other stimulant during Happy Hour
- blatantly removes clothing
- reorganises tenting arrangements after the commencement of a walk
- zip sleeping bags together
- join tents together
- absent themselves from the general party without the express permission of the leader
- sit closer than 30 cm to another member at campfire
- misuse alcohol (administer too much or too little rum or kick over another member's portion)

The Morality Officer should also ensure that:

- an up-to-date list of who-lives-with-who-today is maintained
- there are no "double" reservations made at motels either at the start or end of a walk
- members dress appropriately - long legged and long sleeved thermals at campfire, and shorts for walking measuring no more than 15 cm from the knee
- members don't wear perfume other than those approved by the club eg RID (or Aerogard for teachers)
- any heavy breathing is only the result of the ascent of a steep ridge

Morality is a widespread problem amongst bushwalkers. CMW have had a Morality Officer for years producing a cleverly disguised report in the guise of "Tent Topics", the Catholic Bushwalkers are so concerned about the problem that the pope has been summoned!!

I urge the committee to take some action.

Concerned Camper. ☐

List Of New Members For December

Aggio Mr Damion 4 Ixion St Winston Hills (H)759 6914.

Leuzinger Mrs Pamela 214 Albany Rd Petersham 2049 (H)560 5536 (B)351 3618

Mace Mrs Nora 4 The Outpost Northbridge 2063 (B)958 2358

Miller Mrs Elizabeth The Barbette Castlecrag 2068 (H)958 7888 (B)744 2121

Yee Mr Danny 1 McKye St Waverton 2060 (H)955 9898

Change Notice

Ian Debert

My walk scheduled for Saturday Feb' 25th is now changed to Sunday Feb' 26th. Coastal walk - Newport to Dee-Why, meet at leaders house at 8:15 am, bus to Newport, walk (and swim) back to Dee-Why. BBQ swim and spa to follow. ☐

Prospective Leaders Night

A training session aimed at assisting rookie leaders with ideas for planning and execution of their first walks will be held at the Kirribilli clubrooms Wednesday 15th February at 8 pm.

Theme: Trip Planning and Safety Considerations.

This should be a casual, multi way discussion night to provide you with answers to some of your questions and help you to get your first walks under way. ☐

Recipe Of The Month

(contributions welcome)

This recipe was submitted by Barbara Bruce who tells that she enjoyed it on a recent walk and feels that it is good enough to share with us all. The original concept was from Wayne Steele with some fine tuning by Spiro Hajinakitas. Note that the ingredient quantities are for 10 people so adjust to suit your numbers. Bon Appetit.

BLACK EYED BEANS, LENTILS AND RICE

Original concept from Wayne Steele; spice added by Spiro Hajinakitas

For 10 people:

1300 gm brown rice
300 gm brown lentils
400 gm black eyed beans
100 gm cashews
35 gm dried onion
35 gm tomato paste/tomato magic/dried tomato
6 cloves of freshly chopped garlic
20 gm dried parsley
4 bayleaves
2 sticks cinnamon
4 cloves
200 gm block parmesan or other strong cheese
salt and pepper

Cooking time 1 hour.

Soak beans and lentils for as long as practicable. Add onion, garlic and other herbs to beans and lentils.

Simmer gently until cooked, stirring occasionally. Cook rice to be ready with the beans - approx. 1 hour.

Add cheese to bean mixture 5 minutes before serving.

Add cashews to mixture just before serving.

Serve over cooked rice.

The above herb selection was very tasty, but can be varied.

Cheese can be changed to any tasty cheese, but hard cheese is preferable for hot climate. □

The Waters Low And Getting Lower

Combined Canoeing - Walking Activity.
Weekend of 13th/14th January 1995

Bill Holland

We started as a party of ten, walking in from Tallowa Dam Road. Our intended campsite was on the beautiful Kangaroo River a few kilometres upstream from Tallowa Dam. It was a less than strenuous walk one hour down the ridge.

On previous trips we were always greeted by gentle waters lapping the grassy banks. Now the water was many metres away with a wide stretch of sun baked mud to cross. Nevertheless, swimming was an excellent way to wait for the arrival of the canoeists. All six arrived after about an hour and our party size increased to sixteen. During the afternoon six more walked in to swell our numbers further.

There were some minor benefits from the low water level. The canoeists had slightly less distance to paddle; we could walk around the banks to the old "Kimberley Park" homestead site instead of going over the headland; Fran found some interesting driftwood uncovered by receding waters; there were traces of old fire trails and an old earthen dam was still in excellent condition, despite being submerged for many years.

It was a great weekend but my main memory is of the dried out river banks. The low level of water creates a major problem. The water must have receded half a metre overnight, and it was low enough to start with. The trees along the bank are suffering as their root systems cannot cope. Without the trees the banks will erode when the water returns.

It was also a problem further upstream at the Club's property "Coolana". We called in there on our way home. All looks great until you see the river banks. Dead wattle trees, reeds and weeds. □

Abseiling Trip Report

Kanangra Boyd NP 25/26/27 Nov

Lynne Yeaman

Following an instructional into abseiling, three newly qualified abseilers set off to Kanangra with Kenn Clacher (myself, Margaret Sheens, and Angelica Langley). We were joined by old hands at abseiling, Edith Baker, Maureen Carter, Morie Ward, Alan Wells, Bob Horder, Tony Marshall, Tom Wenman and Maurice Smith. Day one we set off for Wallarra Falls. The abseiling drops were spectacular climbing down beside waterfalls - although they did seem to go on forever to a novice like me! The beginners quickly learned how to handle overhangs - I add some better than others! (Well done Margaret and Angelica - total professionals!) I managed to forget everything I had learnt (despite an excellent teacher) and ended up in the middle of a wonderful waterhole - I felt totally safe with Morie on belay.....!! Thanks Morie!!

After a very refreshing dip, lunch and a walk to Margaret Falls we headed back to the cars and set up camp. The day had been relaxed and not too strenuous. I began to hear Ken Clacher stories and expressions of surprise from members at our relatively easy day. This was all to change the next day - Ken lived up to his reputation!

I must add a special thanks to Tom for a wonderful serenade by the camp fire - certainly enjoyed by the entire party.

Morie and Alan left us very reluctantly on Sunday morning and we were joined by David Trinder and Carol Lubbers.

To put it mildly I was somewhat hesitant to take on Kalang Falls after my efforts on Saturday. After the first drop there was no turning back. The scenery was amazing with a lunch stop and swim about the half way point. Hindsight is a wonderful thing - all the drops were fairly easy even though some were rather long. The sense of achievement was amazing. Well done to Margaret and Angelica who put me to shame with their skill!

I will definitely be continuing with the abseiling.....I think!

Thanks to Ken, Edith and the entire party for your support - it was fantastic.

I forgot to mention Murdering Gully - need I say more than that it lived up to its name! Some mustn't have found the going too hard though judging by a

comment from a couple of young abseilers in an earlier party - they saw people tearing past them on the climb out going like "Ferrari's" !! ☐

A Little More Accuracy ▷ cont'd from P6

The article states "when Garrawarra was saved in 1934, the SBW went along with the NPWS policy of allowing the occupants to retain the huts during their lifetime". Come now, Alex. You and I, with other SBW members, were both foundation office bearers in the National Parks Association, remember? After us came the Act and after that the NPWS was born. The first director of the Service was a Mr Weems, formerly of the Shenandoah National park in the USA. Now this was after I had twice visited the Shenandoah during Mr Weems' stewardship of it and my first visit to USA was in 1964.

The fact is that, when Garrawarra was reserved, its northern boundary was the rill that runs to the northern end of the Burning Palms beach. There were only some four or five huts on Garrawarra terrain and they have disappeared long since. That was what SBW "went along with". The present huts were quite legally built on freehold land owned by a Mr Gray, to whom we paid ground rent for many a year. Now, note well that "we". Yes, some of those shacks were and still are owned by members of SBW and other federated clubs, myself being formerly among them. Let us therefore be wary of being the first to cast a stone. It was in 1949 that Mr Gray sold out, the government buying the land as an addition to the Royal; but in the face of political imperative (remember that universal franchise bit?), it decreed the life tenure.

Next comes the comment "After 60 years, most of the original occupants are dead, but they have been allowed to pass on the huts to their relations and friends". As said above, the huts that were there 60 years ago have disappeared, long since. As to the death rate among owners of the later huts, I can say only that of the five owners of the hut in which I had a share, four are still alive and walking, while amongst my known contemporaries, the great majority are alive and voting. And your local politician knows it.

Now, what am I really driving at? Well, Alex foreshadows an SBW submission to the NPWS. Let us ensure that any SBW submission is factual, not fiction. A recent Sun Herald cartoon depicted a newly filled grave with a headstone proclaiming "Here lies a politician". Of two children portrayed, one is explaining "See - they even do it when they're dead." Please, PLEASE let us not prepare the ground for anyone to say the same about conservationists. ☐

The December General Meeting.

Barry Wallace

It was around 2006 and there were approximately 20 members present when the president, with Patrick at her side as substitute secretary for the occasion, gonged the gong and began the meeting. There were apologies from Maureen Carter, Denise Shaw, Ian Debert and Joy Hines. New members Elizabeth Miller, Damien Aggio, Danny Yee, Pamela Leuzinger and Norah Mace were welcomed into the club in the usual way with only some minor paperwork shortages.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and received with no matters arising.

Correspondence, apart from the usual commercial entreaties, brought only a notice from the RTA concerning pedestrian safety.

The treasurer's report indicated income of \$12,137, expenditure of \$13,357 and a closing balance of \$14,554. It wasn't all that good, \$12,000 of it was a maturing loan that we had reinvested.

The walks reports began with the weekend of 11, 12, 13 November. Maureen and David Carter re arranged their Kanangra Walls walk due to the prevailing hot dry conditions to go to their holiday house on the south coast. Bill Holland got with the strength and went with them, taking his Yalwal Creek walk with him. Not sure what the separate counts were but the totals were 8. They all did it tough by wandering around the various lakes and avoiding overheating. Wilf's sections 17 and 18 of the Great South Walk went, but there were no details. Ken Clacher had around 30 on his abseiling instructional day at Wahroonga and Greta had 8 on her Blue Gum Forest car swap day walk clash fixture. (Don't you just love the way the grammar checker complains about long sequences of noun modifiers.) Tony Holgate led a group of 22 including 4 children on his Garrigal N.P. trip.

There was no report of Ian Wolfe's 3 day cross country ski touring trip over 17 to 20 November. Ian Debert's Yalwal walk did not go but Maurice Smith led a party of 12 on his birthday celebration walk in the Castle area. There were various stories about grog and chocolate cake but the details, as is often the way with events of this nature, were not easy to pin down. Ron Watters had 36 on his Sunday walk in the Wentworth Falls area with reports of a thunderstorm late in the day. Jan Mohandas reported a hot day preceding the same

thunderstorms for the party of 8 on his Tootie Creek walk.

The weekend of 25, 26, 27 November saw the cancellation of Peter Miller's Shoalhaven River gourmet weekend walk. Ken Clacher had a party of 13 reporting a good weekend for his Kalang Falls, Wallara Falls abseiling trip. Jim Calloway had the party of 13 on his Engadine to Waterfall trip reduced to 10 by some undisclosed attrition or other. Bill Holland's walk in Kuringai Chase N.P. went with a party of 13, though cancelled due to hot weather.

We were assured that Ian Wolfe's 2 day canyon trip in the Bungonia area over the weekend of 2, 3, 4 December went, but there were no details. Wilf's overnight walk out from Bell was postponed to mid December. Wayne Steele is reported to have led his Mount Owen walk but again there were no details. The only day walk on that weekend was Greta James' Bluegum area trip. Greta was laid low due to a recent encounter between a scalpel and one of her legs, so Patrick led the party of 20 who turned up for the walk.

The following weekend, 9, 10, 11 December, Bill Holland's Coolana training weekend had around 14 students and trainees participating in a mixture of first aid, mapping, and rockwork training. No Virginia we are not about to challenge the rockclimbers but walking parties do from time to time find themselves on interesting bits of rock and there is a general body of opinion that supports the contention that in this particular case it's better to learn by example than by error. Peter Christian's canyons of Kanangra trip went but there were no details. Alan Wells cancelled his Saturday lilo trip in DuFours Creek and Bell Creek due to local heavy rain but the Sunday lilo trip in Wollongambe River went with a party of 6. Don Brooks led 5 starters on his Saturday day walk over stage one of the Great North Walk. It was described as easy. Tony Maynes led 11 on his Bundeena to Otford by way of the rocks walk on the Sunday. It was described as challenging. That's as good a note on which to end the walks report as any.

The conservation report indicated that the Gardens Of Stone park has been declared. As is the usual practice the park encompasses all the presently held to be unusable bits of land in the area with excisions wherever someone thought they may be able to make a buck out of it.

Confederation report revealed that the 'draft' plan of management for the Royal is available. Confederation are to embark on some strategic planning during the coming year so be prepared to contribute if the opportunity presents. > cont'd P14



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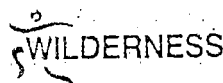
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meeting notes cont'd ▷

The idea of providing a bus service to Kanangra Walls has again come under consideration. A proposal to construct a walking track from Yadboro to Yalwal has been floated out there somewhere in what's left of bicentennial land. The track would go through a number of otherwise unspoiled areas and confederation will oppose on these grounds.

General business brought news that Laurie Bore has resigned from his position as Confederation delegate and nominations are open if anyone would be willing to do the job. It was around here that the president, in a sort of musing way, presumably putting the sentence together as she went, made an offer that immediately gained all Patrick's attention and probably that of anyone else who was following the words. "If you have the urge in the middle of the night or something just phone me." We are assured the remarks related to people volunteering for the position as Confederation delegate.

After the announcements we dispersed, with the president wishing all good walking over the festive season and admonishing us to drive safely, as the meeting closed at around 2117.

Barry Wallace □

Drysdale River cont'd ▷

I have set out some of the birds we saw: torresian imperial pigeon, peaceful and bar-shouldered dove, white quilled rock-pigeon, Australian pelican, brolga, oriental and black-fronted plover, Australian Bustard, great egret, rufous night heron, black-breasted buzzard, peregrine falcon, Australian Kestrel, red-collared lorikeet, red-tailed black and sulphur-crested cockatoo, little corella, galah, red-winged parrot, blue-winged kookaburra, red-backed kookaburra, red-backed kingfisher, rainbow bee-eater, pheasant Coucal, heaps of honeyeaters - white-throated, brown, rufous-throated, grey-fronted, yellow-tinted, white-faced, and blue-faced.

Shirley Dean □

Croajingolong cont'd ▷

New Year's Eve dawned with even more sunshine and a few laughs as the tide put out the breakfast fire with three billies still hopefully sitting on it. We crossed Seal Creek without incident or any brave rescues and walked through a beautiful

shady forest accompanied by a million flies along the Old Coast Road to emerge at Mallacoota Airport. It was worth the 7.30 am start as we arrived at the pub in Mallacoota in time for a well earned lunch after the foot blistering road bash. Everyone was well except for a few ticks (removed) and some blisters, but Denise had lost her blue knickers. Were they removed by one of the six lads from Victoria? They looked innocent enough in the pub but they were walking no further.

Our brave party left the pub and trudged 10 kms along the beach north to Lake Barracoota. At least the Inlet was not open to the sea (saving us the fuss and expense of water taxis) but it was a relief to change the scenery and walk up and down the huge bare dunes - it was reminiscent of a snowscape, complete with cornices and a telegraph pole almost totally inundated by the shifting sand. What a marvellous spot to toast the New Year in (at 10 pm). There were birds galore, a drinkable lake, an elongated happy hour, with delicacies and drinks carried from Mallacoota and another starry night.

Sunrise was greeted by a cacophony of whip birds, black cockatoos, superb blue wrens and a million more. Thankfully the brown snakes did not join us on the shore of the lake and Denise found her knickers! Many bootless walkers strolled along the shore for the last time together (on this walk) enjoying good views of Gabo Island and the sea breeze. We arrived at the Mallacoota Hotel just as the weather began to change. Another fine lunch was enjoyed as we celebrated the end of a great beach walk with only the ascent of Genoa Peak left on our agenda. This was scheduled for an early morning start, for those who were not whimpering out again and staying in motels. The car swap went well and everyone enjoyed a celebratory dinner of fresh fish with wine provided by the thoughtful leader. John Hogan even wore clothes for the occasion.

Suddenly, Tony announced that he was off, the walk to Genoa Peak was off and everyone took off in different directions. The Peak was subsequently conquered by Denise and John. I drove to Cann River that night, narrowly missing a wombat on the highway and slept well in my little car besides the river, whilst Vincent was joined in his tent by a curious hairy creature in the early hours. Thank you Tony for an unforgettable walk along a coastline filled with wonders and good company which will long remain with me.

Maureen Carter □