



THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER is a monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bush Walkers Inc, Box 4476 GPO Sydney 2001. To advertise in this magazine, please contact the Business Manager.

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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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Jennifer Trevor-Roberts
Delegates to Confederation: Ken Smith
and Jim Callaway

March 1997

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NEW OFFICE BEARERS

Congratulations to all office bearers elected at the Annual General Meeting on the 12th March 1997. They were:

Committee

President	Tony Holgate
Vice-President Morie Ward	
Secretary	Michele Powell
Treasurer	Greta James
Public Officer Fran Holland	
Walks Secretary	Eddy Giacomel
Social Secretary	- position open -
Membership Secretary	Barry Wallace
New Members Secretary	Jennifer Trevor-Roberts
Conservation Secretary	Bill Holland
Magazine Editor	Patrick James
Confederation Delegates	Jim Callaway, Ken Smith
Members Representatives	Peter Dalton, Don Wills

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Business Manager	
Assistants to New Members Secretary	
Miriam Kirwan, Patrick James, Peter Rossel	
Archivist	Dennis Morgan
Hon Solicitor Barrie Murdoch	
Hon. Auditor Chris Sonter	
Kosciusko Huts Assoc Reps	Don Wills, Kenn Clacher
Search and Rescue Contacts	Allan Donnelly, David Robinson, Bill Holland
Coolana Maintenance	Joan Rigby, Patrick James, Fran Holland, Margaret Niven
Reunion Organiser	Spiro Hajinakitas
Training	Patrick James, Allan Donnelly, Bill Holland

Some Notes on Kanangra Walls By P. Beaver

The following is an extract from the 1948 No 11 issue of The Bushwalker.

We have all been to Kanangra Walls at sometime of our walking careers and here are some interesting points concerning that strange and wonderful place.

In all official reports it is called the Kowmung Walls and it was not until recently (comparatively speaking) called Kanangra. Even this is a misnomer, for it is a corruption of Kanangaroo, as it was once called, being at the head of the Kanangaroo River.

About 1890 Mr C. Whalan was appointed caretaker and guide of the walls, and at his own expense and time, cut a buggy track along the same ridge where the tourist road now

runs. He was also the first person to call attention to the glorious scenery.

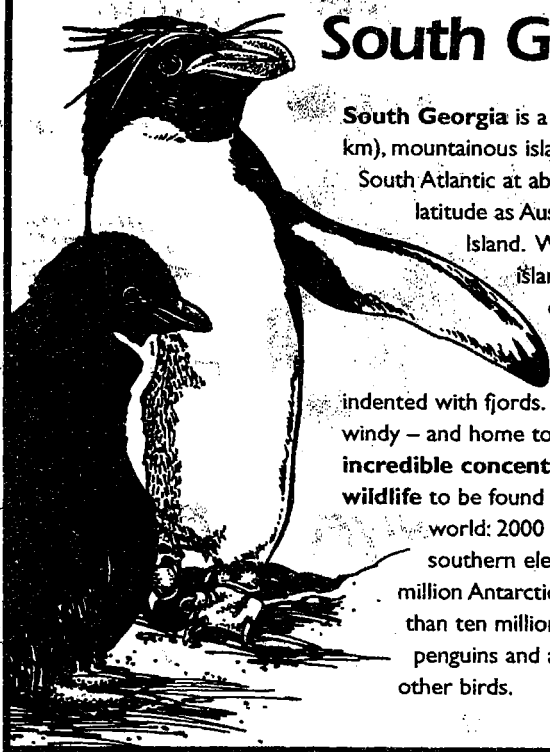
The Trig Station at Kanangra was known as Paddy's Castle and the spires as the Three Brothers. Has anyone in recent years seen the ancient chalk drawings that appear under a rock shelf at the base of the precipitous wall edging the south-east corner of the Kowmung? The drawings number about a dozen all told and vary in size from six inches to six feet - fantastic designs of the human figure. A tomahawk and spear were found close to these drawings.

In 1889 Surveyor Leigh recommended the building of a road to the Walls to open up country suitable for selectors.

Leigh also reported that Cedar timber was plentiful in the nearby gullies and that the timber getters were sending it to market by means of the Cox's River, but, as the timber could only be carried down the creeks when they were in flood (approximately every ten months) this method was unsatisfactory.

The mud hut at Kanangra was constructed by an ambitious pioneer who had ideas about establishing a guest house there. The building was never finished owing to a shortage of roof thatching materials.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the Mitchell Library from whence the above information was obtained. ■



South Georgia - Where's That?

South Georgia is a large (3755 sq km), mountainous island located in the South Atlantic at about the same latitude as Australia's Macquarie Island. Well over half the island is permanently covered by ice and snow. The coastline is deeply indented with fjords. It is wet, cold, windy - and home to one of the most **incredible concentrations of wildlife** to be found anywhere in the world: 2000 reindeer, 300 000 southern elephant seals, two million Antarctic fur seals, more than ten million macaroni penguins and an abundance of other birds.

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Banksias and Bilbies - Book review

by George Mawer

In his 'Red Centre Ramble' story Frank Davis mentions the 'official' two seasons and the earlier inhabitants' 'six seasons' for Central Australia.

Regrettably, although quite a lot of people seem to be working on the 'Seasons for Australia' project there isn't much available as yet. However I did find a small book - Banksias and Bilbies - by Alan Reid, published by the Gould League of Victoria, which gives an excellent introduction to the concept.

The following introductory excerpts from the book may whet your appetite.

European Seasons

Urban people from European cultures usually relate seasons to a frame work of particular dates and weather patterns, but our seasons originally related to natural events rather than numbered days of the year. Bursts of flowering and nesting, falling of leaves, falling of snow, times for ploughing or harvesting, and changes in day length were recognised, named, and celebrated in Europe for thousands of years before our present calendar was designed.

European Calendars Don't Work For Australia

The British brought a calendar of four seasons of equal length to Australia. (In Australia the first day of each season was moved from the solstice or equinox back to the first day of the month for bureaucratic reasons). This calendar is appropriate to their small temperate islands with their

fairly regular seasonal patterns, but it certainly does not match the climate of northern Australia, and relates only very roughly to the natural seasons of southern Australia. Most aboriginal calendars had from five to seven seasons by which activities were carefully planned.

In northern Australia a basic pattern of six seasons is now well recognised and widely used. It is based around wet and dry seasons rather than summer and winter, but in the south the old European calendars are still imposed onto our wide ranging and very un-European climates.

In recent years several people have attempted to design more appropriate and useful calendars for their regions. For example, naturalist Stuart Taylor, of the Conservation Commission of the Northern Territory, has compiled a calendar of five seasons from natural event data in the Darwin region.

In the south, Alan Reid has suggested a new calendar of six seasons based on a similar analysis of extensive local records. Fr. David Ranson has published a proposal for five seasons for an area further up the Yarra Valley, in an attempt to relate European Christian spirituality to our different climate.

The number and names of seasons, and the dates on which they start and finish, may not seem very important, but our continued use of a calendar designed for the other side of the world is an indication of

how out of touch we are with our land. Our relationship with it reflects an imposition of old habits, rather than an attempt to work with its unique variability and extremes. Land management based on natural data rather than rigid and hopeless expectations may result in land use which is more sensible and sensitive, producing better outcomes for agriculture, recreation, fisheries, tourism, and national identity.

Residents of Melbourne have known for a long time that the European calendar does not match their seasons, even though they experience the most European climate of any Australian capital city. Because knowledge of aboriginal seasons appears to have been lost for this area, the Field Naturalists Club of Victoria, the Gould League, and Melbourne Parks and Waterways have attempted to recreate natural seasons for at least some parts of the metropolitan area.

Using vast amounts of natural events data, collected by many people over many years in diaries and logbooks, the naturalists determined when natural events clumped into bursts of flowering, seeding, and changed animal behaviour, and were able to define six natural seasons for the Melbourne region. ■

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The February 1997 General Meeting.

by Barry Wallace

The crowd, including some 25 or so members, simmered gently in the slowly dying warmth of a typical Sydney February day. The president, having checked his papers one last time, called the meeting to order at around 2006 and called for apologies. There were none. New members Mark Asic, Michael Bickley, Christine Daley, Tanya Entsief, Scott Kirby, Ian Lovett and Lori Scott-Aitken were called for welcome and variously responded or no.

Correspondence brought letters from Shirley Dean regarding the 70th Anniversary celebrations (again? Mother always did like having the last word), from the Hon auditor advising of his agreement with the annual accounts and praising the quality of work by the Hon treasurer in their preparation, from the administering body for Kakadu, thanking us for our letter re the plan of management, and from a Nepalese restaurant at Newtown sending the club a Christmas card (any clues out there?). We sent a letter of thanks to the donor of the chocolates of the January general meeting, letters of advice to Joan Rigby and George and Helen Gray, and to our new members.

The treasurer's report indicated that we started the month with \$7,486, received income of \$687, spent \$2,647, and closed with \$5,499.

Then came the walks reports. Australia Day marked the beginning, with a bout of inclemency over that particular weekend. Maurice Smith led

his Ettrema Wilderness walk over two days, probably for this reason, but there were no other details. Spiro cancelled his Blue Breaks walk at Kanangra Walls car park. Tony Holgate and the party on his upper Kowmung River trip sat huddled together on Friday evening watching objects 30 metres away vanish and reappear as rain squalls came and went, sighed, ordered one more hot chocolate, and booked into the nearest motel for the night. After a succession of pastry stops, plan Bs and other delaying manoeuvres the remnant of 4 hardy souls finally did a trip via Mount Solitary and Kedumba Pass.

The following weekend, 1-2 February saw Elwyn Morris leading a party of 9 on her Saturday Palm Beach walk. It seems even the day walkers were watching the weather by this time, the party numbered 15 the previous evening. Alas they were deceived, conditions were sunny and mild with a slight breeze. Eddy Giacomel's Saturday walk along the Colo River was transferred to the Sunday and then further modified due to the height of water in the river. Geoff Dowsett's car shuffle walk along the Shoalhaven River went, with a party of 2 but no other details. Errol Sheedy led 18 starters on his Sunday walk in the Royal. Conditions were overcast and cooler, and a shower at lunchtime forced a retreat to a cave near Deer Pool. The diamond python Errol almost stepped on near Marley Lagoon was so unimpressed with the weather it

didn't even open an eye as the party carefully sidled past.

February 8-9 saw Wayne Steele and a party of 14 enduring a very hot weekend on his Cox River walk. To add insult to all this, Galong Creek had a fair amount of water and provided such treacherous going that most of the party climbed the ridge to escape. Elwyn Morris ran her base camp trip to Kiama with a party of just two. Conditions were fine and sunny and none of the party are about to say otherwise. Maurice Smith led his two one day li-lo trips out of Mount Wilson with 8 starters each day. Both days were described as a good trip. Ken Smith led both his Saturday and Sunday day walks from Glenbrook and Leura respectively. There were 8 on the Saturday walk and 3 on the Sunday trip. Don Brooks had 25 on his Sunday walk out from Springwood. Conditions were hot and one of the party became ill during the walk. Somehow or other John Hogan was mixed up in all that. The Coolana maintenance/training weekends went well with many prospectives attending the instructional weekend and the maintenance crew striving bravely to hold back the flood tide of weed resurgence.

Bill Holland's midweek walk on Middle Harbour Creek went to program with a party of 5, and concluded the somewhat shorter than average walks report for this month. We weren't getting off that lightly however, as Eddie took over the floor again to launch a plug for contributions >

◁ to the Winter walks program. Conservation report was brief, concerning only two outgoing letters, to Sydney Water Corporation accepting their offer for a delegate to visit National Parks sites under their control as part of the development of plans of management for these areas, and to Bob Carr congratulating his government on the declaration of the 100th National Park in NSW.

General Business saw further debate on the 70th anniversary dinner proposal. Peter Miller, no, not the avuncular one, had come prepared with a schedule listing the features of the various possible venues to enable even the thickest of us to understand and exercise our democratic right to select the site most acceptable to us. There is every indication Peter had come to perceive the deeply-recalcitrant nature of the beast he was dealing with by now, as his sense of the ridiculous gradually overwhelmed his impatience with the process. There was one brief period of clenched teeth speak, however, when the very date and day for the occasion were questioned. Silly boy, he had thought we had that one nailed, at least, and indeed it turned out we had, as a proposal to move it to Friday night went down on a show of hands. A motion that we hold the event on the originally proposed evening at the Epping Club costed on 150 paying guests suffered a similar fate. The meeting definitely had the bit in its teeth by now, and a motion to not hold a dinner was passed, to drive an oaken stake through the heart of the beast before more serious schisms could be

caused. They were happy enough to vote for a barbecue at Manly Dam Reserve at around \$50.00 per head (plus \$6.00 parking charge for non residents Peter cautioned). That ended general business. If there was anything else offering, it would have been too much of an anti climax, whatever it was.

Confederation report was brief, no meeting since last report, no report.

Announcements were next. There was an appeal that we all think seriously about the coming election of office bearers, but it will all be over before you read this. With that the meeting closed at 2145. ■

Job Vacancy

Persons for Social Activities Committee

The position of Club Social Secretary was not filled at the AGM. So - as Social Secretary should be a fun job and not a hassle - It has been decided to trial a Social Activities Sub-Committee that would come up with ideas for each quarter. One of the Committee to be at the clubrooms on the night to act as presenter. (Not necessarily the same person each time.)

This is a chance to express your social organising skills so if you feel that you might like to be one of the Social Committee, phone Tony Holgate and talk about it.

H 9428 5294 W9922 8790

Acknowledgment

The Club has received a collection of photographs from Kathleen Cosgrove, sister of William Cosgrove. These have been sorted and added to our archives.

Bill Cosgrove passed on about five years ago. He was a very active Club walker during the fifties, sixties and seventies. He was keen on getting into new country and was on many exploratory trips with Alex Colley and Frank Blayden and other explorers of that period. Thank you Kathleen.

Change Notice Katoomba to Carlons

Please note that due to circumstances outside of his control, the Greg Bridge day walk listed for Saturday April 12 is now deferred by about a month to Saturday May 12.

The walk is listed as - 14 km medium grade, mostly fire trail, some exposure on Taros Ladder, car shuffle.

Greg Bridge 9804 6490 (h)
after 8.15 pm or 9437 6655 (w)

Apology

For contributions that could not be printed in this issue. This is due to postage limits being exceeded. These will all be printed in coming issues. Thanks Ed.

Red Centre Ramble

By Frank Davis

I had visited Alice Springs some 20 years before. You know, the usual tourist bit - Simpsons Gap, Stanley Chasm, Ormiston Gorge. The bus stops for half an hour, you walk for 5 minutes, snap off a few Kodaks, back to the bus - off to Ayers Rock (we didn't even know it was Uluru then).

This would be a real visit. The lure of joining Don Brooks for three weeks of walking in the MacDonnell Ranges was irresistible.

The morning we started the trip the radio news announced that it was officially the start of the WET. There are "officially" two seasons here, WET and DRY.

The first inhabitants have six seasons, they also have a background of thousands of years of weather forecasting. Now it was Gurrung - the season of hot dry weather, it would become Gunumeleng - the pre monsoon storm season towards the end of our trek. I chose experience over science: carried no wet weather-gear - never got wet.

Our trek starts with a three day walk from Simpsons Gap to Stanley Chasm. There has been 'no substantial rain since January '94' we are told and it is reflected in the landscape. It is dry and dusty, vegetation is desiccated and myriads of flies test our patience. We pass Bond Gap and then Aerenge Bluff. Twelve kilometres are covered and we halt to camp, there is no relief from the heat, dust or flies.

Day 2. We pause at Spring Gap to climb Mount Lloyd, some remain at the pool, some

walk the ridge to the first peak, I halt at the second. The tough ones stride on to the summit. We move off in small groups, on past Jay Creek to Fish Hole and a pleasant camp site after a hard day.

Day 3. At Tangentyere Junction we have a choice, the Larapinta Trail takes the high route along the top of the Chewings Range, the alternative is lower and through the central valley. We take the ridge top track, it is long, hard and hot. The views almost make the effort worthwhile.

Lunch is taken at the top end of Stanley Chasm. We shed packs a couple of times to negotiate obstacles, provide conversation subjects for some slightly startled day-trippers and reach the welcome kiosk. An hour's drive takes us to Waterhole Camp.

Day 4. A no-pack walk to Brinkley Bluff is made easier by driving part of the way. The Bluff looms large before us, I do not suffer Mallory's Syndrome, do not have to climb mountains 'because they are there'. To me mountains look just fine, and photograph better, from the bottom. I relax at the saddle while others climb to the top. Five of us pay the price for our 'easy' start when we toil to extract both vehicles from deep sand.

Day 5. On to Spencer Gorge, a fairly flat walk but blocked by water which requires a steep climb and descent to by-pass. At dusk we are bracketed by lightning, there is a scramble to erect flys by those who have been sleeping *al fresco*, a few

spots fall overnight but it comes to nothing.

Day 6. We walk to Hugh Gorge and swim through pools to penetrate this narrow gorge. Strong winds have turned our camp site into a wind tunnel, tents bear witness to their ferocity.

Day 7. We return to the vehicles, visibility is markedly reduced by the windblown dust. The wind keeps some of the flies at bay. Camp for the night is at Serpentine Chalet Bush Camp. The ground is hard and stony between stunted mallee eucalypts.

Day 8. Glen Helen is the transfer point. Today we farewell Elizabeth and Hans, greet Helen and Peter, then drive to Red Bank Gorge. The gorge is narrow and twisting, guarded by pools of cool water and displays colours and shapes that beggar description.

We drive to Glen Helen Bush Camp, there is a chain of reed fringed, clear, clean pools. I kneel to taste - salt! The swimming is more than acceptable.

Day 9. From Ormiston Gorge we head for Bowmans Gap. To do this we walk away from the gorge then climb to a ridge top lookout which reveals the magnificence of Ormiston Pound. It is difficult to take in this vast flat area after a week of ridges and gorges, I find my gaze repeatedly drawn to the enclosing walls which even at their distance loom as impenetrable barriers. Descending to the floor we follow the creek to Bowmans Gap and set up camp. >

◁ Day 10. An exploratory walk up the dry creek bed, we scramble up the gorge and are blocked by a sometimes waterfall. Some wander back downstream, five of us stay for lunch, sit and stare at an immense smooth rock face that slopes at better than 45 degrees and goes up and up towards the ridge top.

We comment on the smoothness and angle of the slope. It seems pointless to climb anyway. No one wants to climb - except Margo. Suddenly, somehow we're off, scrambling on all fours. The climb goes on and on, everyone on their own best route, heedless of the dislodged rock fragments sliding away behind them. Finally the top is reached and we look down into the pound again.

The view is magnificent. How many have seen the pound from here? How many would have climbed that crazy slope?

Half awake I watch the diamond necklace that is the Milky Way. Something lands on my head, I instinctively brush it away, feel it fall into the sleeping bag. I grab blindly to hurl 'IT' away. I hold a handful of large, damp frog with legs poking out between my fingers; he would have landed far away. I was wide-eyed awake now, stayed that way for a depressingly long time.

Day 11. We break camp, walk east along the pound floor to camp near the base of Mt. Giles. It is hot, dusty and as always, there are hordes of flies.

The camp site is dry and we walk to the gorge to collect water, a task we will need to do

again tomorrow if we stay to climb the mountain.

A lengthy discussion resolves the issue, it is decided to walk back to Ormiston the next day. A few are clearly disappointed.

Day 12. A long, tiring walk back to the vehicles, a drive to the oasis of Glen Helen then out to our 'salt lake' bush camp again and another windy night.

Day 13. With a large pool blocking Glen Helen Gorge we will climb over the ridge top. It is steep and fragments of flint hard rock slither away at every foot fall.

We pause while Simon checks a turn-off, a LARGE slab of rock slips, grazes Don's leg, another even larger follows. They fall sideways, harmlessly down the hill, not along the track. It could have been much worse. Safely over the ridge we walk on to the Organ Pipes.

On our return we learn that a water level exit is possible. It is a little tricky and video toting tourists line the pool edge watching our progress. Are they hoping for that 'different' shot?

We visit Serpentine Gorge, an intriguing shaded haven but denied to us by it's blocking sacred pool.

Ellery Big Hole at least provides a compensating swim, then we drive on to camp at the Chalet Bush Camp.

Day 14. A car shuffle sees a split group walk the Nature Trail between the Chalet and the Ochre Pits via the dam constructed for the now dismantled Chalet.

Day 15. End of second week, we return to Alice Springs. We drive along normal streets between normal houses,

normal people are doing normal things. A hot shower, there are no flies in the air conditioned room. This is another world.

The two weeks have been tough, I remember the heat, the dust, the wind and always, always the flies. The loose, sharp, flint hard stones that demanded close attention dragging your eyes from the scenery. I sift through words, seeking the right one to describe the landscape. Rough, harsh, rugged - no - more than that - SPITEFUL. The heat sucks the moisture from your body, thorns pluck at clothes and skin, even grasses that appear soft have hard pointed seeds.

But spiteful is not the right word, the land is neutral; the thorns, seeds and sharp stones intend no malice, they just are.

The memories of these minor discomforts will fade, what will remain is the stark majestic beauty of the land we have been privileged to borrow for a time.

Day 16. We move to the east of Alice Springs, driving through terrain that is smoother, greener, and more gentle than the west.

Artlunga, an early mining site, is our first stop where we check out some mine shafts and remnant processing machinery.

The gold refining process, demonstrated by the machinery on display, reflects our group. We have been pounded and heated in the crucible of the West MacDonnells. Some have skimmed the dross from their surface and shine clear and bright, others have fallen short by varying degrees. ▷

A rough, rough road takes us to a camp site on the Hale River, which we will follow to Ruby Gap and Glen Annie Gorge.

Day 17. We are driven 4 km along the sandy bed of the Hale, explore a side gorge while Simon returns the vehicle to firmer ground.

Ruby Gap, named after a find of the precious gems, which proved to be garnets, is just 2 km further on. Camp is set up near a string of reed fringed pools, a delight after the sandy river bed.

Afternoon is spent exploring the track of the Hale River through Glen Annie Gorge and beyond. We disturb some feral donkeys, apart from birds the most wild life encountered so far.

Simon achieves a navigational high point, locates the grave of T. P. Fox. It is ironic that Fox has gained some kind of celebrity status, he reportedly shot himself on May 25, 1888. He was aged 55.

Overnight there are clouds and strong winds, the season of Gunumeleng - the "build up" continues.

Day 18. We climb out of the river bed, head east to the top of the ridges to site (a distant Simpson Desert. The return is by a different path and we try several creeks to lead us back to the Hale.

A likely gorge is followed but we are forced to retreat. The retreat takes some time though as we have reached the end of this "hanging gorge" perched high on the towering wall of Glen Annie Gorge. From the river Glen Annie is stunning to see, from this lofty perch the panorama is breathtaking. You

could spend a whole day here just watching the changing light patterns.

We return to camp after almost nine hours, it has been worth every step.

Day 19. The group fragments, walks back along the Hale river-bed to regroup at the vehicles.



Day 20. We squander time with a visit to an unimpressive Ross River Homestead then drive to N'Dhala to view the rock engravings. Though sometimes indistinct the engravings are different to those of the Sydney region and are quite impressive.

On the way to Trephina Gorge we pause to look at 'the largest Ghost Gum', (sounds almost American), then find that one of the vehicles has a faulty battery. We are now less than 50 km from Alice Springs, this could have happened at the remote Ruby Gap area.

Simon ferries most of the group to Bluff Camp then he and Don drive to Alice Springs for iced coffee, (they did get a replacement battery as well).

After installing the battery we rejoin the group to find the camp in turmoil, windborne dust

has built sand castles on everything inside the tents. Some are moved to shelter, on long grass amongst small eucalypts. The strong wind continues overnight bringing welcome cooler temperatures.

Day 21. Wind still blustery and cool, all in jackets. A real bonus - no flies and low humidity. Sleeping bags are packed for the last time. We walk the Ridge Top Trail to Turners Lookout then on to lunch at John Hayes Rockhole.

From here it is back to the vehicles and heading for Alice Springs. Some advocate a non-stop flight to hot showers and shops. In spite of this we make brief stops at Corroboree Rock, Jessie Gap and Emily Gap.

The Gaps are a pale imitation of some we have visited, but I would have hated to miss Corroboree Rock - there is an air of mystery about this outcrop - a type of rock we have not encountered elsewhere.

It is a place that would best be visited alone and in silence.

Frank Davis. Sept/Oct 96. ■

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The Internet and The Lilo Weekend

By Maurice Smith

The nature of my employment is such that I am frequently involved with the modern world of electronic communications.

An interesting instance of how it works to our benefit is shown in the slightly edited dialogue set out below. At one end of the electronic conversation is Roger Browne, a long time member of SBW who lives most of the year in England. Your scribe is at the other end.

Message No. 1 was received by me on Sunday 19 January "Maurice, I've managed to organise a trip to Sydney from 23 January to 11 February, and I'm keen to join you on your Mt Wilson Lilo Trip.

I see from the newsletter that you limit your trips to 8 people, and am hoping that by getting in early I can request one of those places (for both days).

If you receive this email on or before Tuesday, perhaps you could reply to let me know whether I should bring my wetsuit and Lilo. Otherwise, I'll bring them anyway and will phone you after I arrive in Sydney to see whether you have a place available.

I'm looking forward to my time in Sydney, and especially to some enjoyable SBW trips during that time.

Regards, Roger"

Message No. 2 - On Monday 20 January I replied "Hi, pack them! You're in. I look forward to meeting you. Give me a call in due course to arrange the details."

Message No. 3 - On Tuesday 21 January, Roger responded "Thanks. I'll phone you at the start of the week before the walk."

In due course Roger was as good as his word, and I received a phone call and was able to organise a ride for him to spend the weekend of February 9 and 10 at Mt. Wilson along with seven other members for a weekend's worth of liloing.

If ever there was a good weekend for liloing this was it. While Sydney sweltered we spent quite a few hours on the weekend in our wetsuits floating on lilos down Bell Creek on Saturday and Du Fours Creek on Sunday.

On Saturday we introduced 5 members who were novices on lilos to the frustrations of steering a lilo. On Sunday a further novice was also introduced to the same art.

On Saturday after making our way down Bell Creek and then to the Wollangambe River we returned to our cars at Mt. Wilson where the night was so warm that most of us slept out under the stars. Sunday morning saw two members leave us and another two join us.

It was an excellent weekend that all enjoyed, especially those members who had never before experienced the fascinating world of Blue Mountain's wet canyons. ■

A Few Ways To Make More Time Available

⌚ Set your alarm two minutes early every day and make yourself get up. After a month you'll have created an extra hour a day. And/or go to bed two minutes later every day for a month.

📺 Be economical with time. Mark the programs you really want to watch on TV and switch off as soon as they're over.

⌚ Use time spent waiting for trains, busses, at the dentist or doctor's surgery for reading, dreaming or writing - not raging over the delay.

📞 Unplug the phone or take it off the hook. If you have an answerphone, monitor your calls. Return only those you must. Arrange to phone relatives and friends so you're not interrupted in the middle of something else.

📋 Make lists: one of things to do at work, one of things to do at home, and another of people you must phone.

⌚ Don't put things down - put them away. Put things where you can find them again the minute you have finished with them.

💡 Learn to say 'No' to things you don't want to do or that aren't really necessary.

🌀 Take a fresh look at the things you do routinely and brainstorm some alternative ways of dealing with them. ■