



# THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

November 2017  
90th anniversary edition



Photo: Andrew Schopieray. Mt Airly mesa Mugii Murum-Ban SCA

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### Key contacts

Members are welcome to contact the following officers on club matters

**President** John Kennett  
[president@sbw.org.au](mailto:president@sbw.org.au)

**Vice President** Vacant  
[vicepresident@sbw.org.au](mailto:vicepresident@sbw.org.au)

**Secretary and Public Officer** Isabelle Moss  
[secretary@sbw.org.au](mailto:secretary@sbw.org.au)

**Treasurer** Anne Marie Cooper  
[treasurer@sbw.org.au](mailto:treasurer@sbw.org.au)

**Activities Secretary** Alex Allchin  
[activities@sbw.org.au](mailto:activities@sbw.org.au)

**Membership Secretary** Thuy Ho  
[membership@sbw.org.au](mailto:membership@sbw.org.au)

**Technology refresh** Richard Quinn  
[technology@sbw.org.au](mailto:technology@sbw.org.au)

**Communications Sec.** Jim Close  
[communications@sbw.org.au](mailto:communications@sbw.org.au)

**New Members Sec.** Bruno de Villenoisy  
[newmembers@sbw.org.au](mailto:newmembers@sbw.org.au)

**Social Secretary** Vacant  
[social@sbw.org.au](mailto:social@sbw.org.au)

**Conservation Secretary** David Bell  
[conservation@sbw.org.au](mailto:conservation@sbw.org.au)

**Bushwalking NSW Delegates**

Caro Ryan  
David Trinder  
Alex Allchin  
John Flint

**Walks Report Secretary** Rachel Grindlay-  
[walksreporting@sbw.org.au](mailto:walksreporting@sbw.org.au)

**Magazine Editor** Vivien de Rémy de  
Courcelles  
[editor@sbw.org.au](mailto:editor@sbw.org.au)

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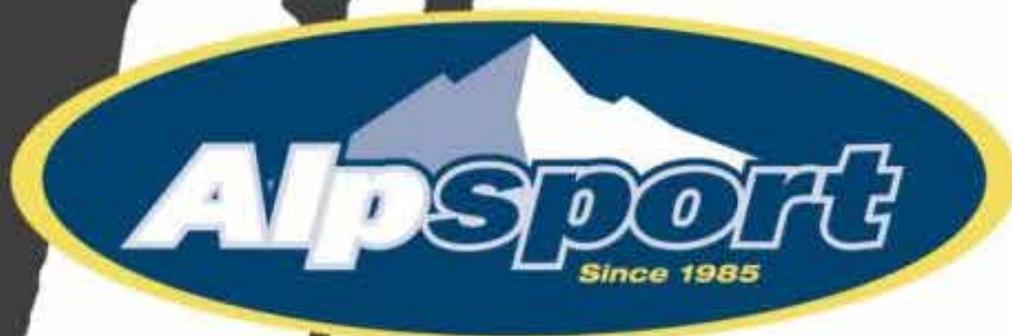


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# From the President

John Kennett. Photos by Peter Cai.

Welcome to the 90th Anniversary Edition of the Sydney Bushwalker. Our Editor has done a splendid job selecting a range of articles from the Magazine giving a taste of the flavour and the fun so many club members past and present have enjoyed.

## Social Secretary

We still have not got a replacement or replacements for the role of Social Secretary. Using people who already have roles supporting SBW, we will be able to run the Xmas Party. But after that, if no one comes forward to run the social nights, I will have no choice but to suspend the social program for 2018.

## 90th BBQ

Everything came together just right for the club's 90th birthday celebration BBQ at Lane Cove on October 22. It had poured cats and dogs on the Friday but the weather was perfect on the Sunday, including the timely arrival of a downpour at 4pm to encourage everyone to leave so that we could finalise the clean up.

I did a rough count of 120 people when giving my address, with probably another 20 either coming or going before or after that, meaning that about 140 attended. Especially pleasing was the terrific representation of the older brigade and ex-Presidents. We owe a special thanks to Roger Treagus for rounding up the club "legends". BTW they may look a gentle lot, but it was a like a scene from opening hour at a Boxing Day Sale when they were told they were entitled to a club T Shirt!

We conferred pride of place to Shirley Dean who joined the club in 1944. Shirley was given the honour of cutting the cake. Hopefully, she got the first piece.



Don Finch was pivotal in making the day a success, providing all the BBQ facilities, recruiting Wayne Steele as fellow cook, and encouraging me in the months leading up to the BBQ to persist with the celebration. All the meat was eaten, including the

extra emergency supply that Angela Beveridge raced off to the local mall to secure.

Genevieve, Susan Healey and first time new leaders Penny Pang and Melinda Long lead walks that brought about 40 members to the BBQ on foot. Genevieve also put together the event registration facility on EventBrite, without which we would have been in the dark about the likely attendance.

Geoff Goodyer did a marvelous job with the drinks, every last lettuce leaf of Lucy Moore's salads was consumed, Jenny Lian contributed the bread rolls free of charge, David and Mindy brought a fantastic seafood platter, Penny and others brought pastries, and Graham Byrne's 90th Birthday cake was delicious, as were all his cup cakes.

Some fun awards on the day: Rising Star to Jo Daly, Best New Leader to Margaret Rozea, Most Valuable Player to Geoff Goodyer, Best Clubman to Nigel Weaver, and Best Supporting Role to Robert and Nancy Pallin.

## SBW Heritage Project

Roger Treagus is kicking off a Heritage Project to collect stories from earlier days of the club. The excellent attendance of many of the club "legends" at the 90th BBQ inspired Roger to undertake the project. Roger, an experienced writer, collated stories about Wilf Hilder a few years ago. He proposes to conduct interviews in the next few months. The Committee has approved funding of the modest costs of the exercise.

Related to the Heritage Project is a proposal to fund the digitising of two sets of photos that members generously brought to the 90th BBQ: Ian Debert's collection of founding President Jack Debert's photos, and Nancy Pallin's collection (see below). A digitised collection would make a very interesting social night presentation.

## Dunky's Rogues Gallery

Nancy Pallin brought a collection of "Dunky's" photos to the 90th BBQ. Dunky was Winifred Duncombe, an active member in the early days, who took many photos of various characters in the club.



Winifred was a participant in one very notable walk in 1934, a ten day trip across the Wollemi, similar to Gordon Smith and Max Gentle's "A Colo Uraterer Venture" in 1931. It's the little details on these old trips that fascinate me. Running out of food, they trapped eels for dinner (not sure how tasty eels are). Bill catches fish on the Colo and Kowmung to supplement supplies on modern day trips, but I have never heard of anyone trapping eels. Another nice touch, frequently seen in the 1930s, was that at the end of trips when coming back into farm land, they would visit the local farmer, who invariably offered tea, scones and jam. Apart from Norma Carlon, I would be very reluctant to pop in on the local farmer these days. We are more likely to be greeted with a shotgun.

### Angela Barton's Kedumba Overnight

October saw three extraordinary trips on which a total of 26 Prospectives gained their overnight Qs. Rod Wales and Robert Carter had nine and seven respectively on the first weekend of the month, with Angela Barton setting a record in recent memory of ten in the last week of the month. On paper, managing such large numbers of Prospectives with very small numbers of experienced members seemed a daunting task but I understand all went very well - not a single hiccup reported.

### Canyon Leader Pathway

An SBW Canyon Sub-Committee is being formed with some of the most experienced canyon leaders and Terry Moss as chairperson. The Sub-Committee will manage the Canyon Leader Pathway under which a person must attain a certain level of competence before being admitted to the list of approved SBW canyon leaders. It's a good move, demonstrating the club's ongoing commitment to safety.

### An Interesting Canyon Trip

One wonders what the current canyon leaders would make of the February 1965 club trip to

Claustral Canyon lead by Dot Butler (See the article later in this Magazine). First was the number of participants: 50 people requiring 15 cars. The vast majority had never abseiled before. Second was the equipment, which according to Spiro who was on the trip, comprised a kind of sling shaped in a figure eight around the waist attached to a carabiner which had to be hauled back up for the next person after each abseil because there were only so many carabiners.

They went in three parties. The first completed at 4pm and the last lead by the popular but accident prone Snow Brown, checked in at 9pm. Conducting a count, they realised that they were short one person. Apparently a straggler arrived at the point where a rope was required to ascend from the floor of the creek only to find that Snow had prematurely pulled up the rope and headed off. The straggler was rescued early the next day. Another notable



incident on the trip, not breaking canyon safety rules but certainly breaking with current expectations of fatherhood, was that one gentleman attended while his wife was in the midst of giving birth at a city hospital.

### Honorary Life Members

Leigh McClintock was awarded his Honorary Life Membership at the BBQ in recognition of his very lengthy service on the Committee and role as a trip leader. He was seen very carefully reading his award - either very proud or just checking that McClintock was spelled correctly. The other new Honorary Life Member was a bit slack and arrived at the presentation ceremony 10 minutes after it concluded. Richard Brading, honorary club solicitor for 20 years, will have to wait until the Xmas Party!

### Bits and Pieces.

New full member and new trip leader, Simon Karantonis, had an unusual problem when joining the club. He deposited \$775 in the SBW account instead of the standard Prospective fee. Eventually his local child care centre drew his attention to the fact that the \$55 he had deposited in their account was less than they expected.

The club boomerang did not come back. In keeping with an old club tradition, boomerang throwing was included at the 90th BBQ. But the boomerang was missing at the day's end. I have been assured it will reappear at Coolana.

Spotted at the BBQ : Eduardo bowling bouncers at his 4 year old. Apparently, the idea was to toughen up the young lad. However, judging by the photo, the boy had no trouble pulling his father to the fence.



The next Basic Skills Workshop is on Saturday December 2. How about some more women members volunteering to help? Rather than just Carley and Lucy Keatinge?

There are solid fuel fire bans all summer in both the Wollemi and Kanangra Boyd National Parks.

# From The Editor

The club turned 90 in October. To celebrate, this month's magazine presents a selection of articles that were published in the Sydney Bushwalker during this rich history. These articles demonstrate how SBW members are adventurous, determined, resourceful whilst possessing great bush and navigation skills and always being ready for a laugh in good company. These qualities and camaradery extend beyond the club's activities. This selection of

articles is only one amongst many others that could have been. It comes from suggestions by some of the greatest contributors to the SBW magazine project that aims at digitising all the club's magazines and make them available at the click of a button. You can go and look for some of these gems [here](#). Why not sign up and help with the project? If all members do one magazine this year all magazines could be digitised before the club turns 91!

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## Hikers or Bushwalkers ?

From January 1937 Magazine

A small matter, but one of considerable significance arose a few weeks ago when the Hikers' Club of Sydney changed its name to the Rucksack Club, unknowingly choosing the same name as the leading English rock-climbing Society.

The reason for the change is obvious. The term "Hiking" has not met with favour in Sydney, despite the fact that its origin is Anglo-Saxon, not American, and that its use has been blessed by the great Lord Baden Powell and the Scout Movement generally.

"Bushwalking" is the term that Sydney prefers, or, to be more precise, has invented and added to its dictionary. The efficient recreational walker who knows how to camp as well as walk is, with us, a "bushwalker", not a "hiker."

It is hikers who go out and get lost; it is bushwalkers who rescue them. It is hikers who leave their fires alight, often causing bush fires, or despoil the landscape by leaving papers, tins and orange peel about; it is bushwalkers who put up fires and clear away litter. In short, the hiker is, in Sydney's opinion, the muddling inefficient; the bushwalker, the expert.

Thus it is that the Hikers' Club of Sydney, which took its name thinking it was following the best traditions, has seen fit to eliminate the word which has fallen into disfavour and to adopt something else. It is also significant that "Paddy" Pallin who

used to sell "hiking" gear, now sells only "camp gear for walkers".

For those who have only recently joined the bushwalking movement, it may be of interest to recall that origin of the name is found in the origin of our Club. A long and heated discussion took place about the best name for the Club. Eventually "Sydney Bush Walkers" was chosen, not because anyone intended to coin a new word, but because it met with less opposition than any other suggested name. That was in 1927. The Club grew by leaps and bounds and came into the public eye through its work for the reservation of the Blue Gum Forest and other park lands.

Other Clubs were formed subsequently, among them the Hikers' Club of Sydney, but the Sydney Bush Walkers always remained the largest and most influential, so that when the walking clubs arranged to federate, there was no doubt as to name by which they would be known. The term "bushwalker" had acquired a certain prestige, so the Federation was termed "The N.S.W. Federation of Bushwalking Clubs."

Each country chooses the name it prefers. In England people "ramble"; in America they "hike", in New Zealand they "tramp"; in N.S.W. they "Bushwalk" - unless they got lost - when, of course, they were "merely hiking"!

## New members

The committee approved the following new members at the November meeting:

Mignon Booth  
Nigel Butler  
Carmen Byrne  
Ghada El-Ghoul

John Fuller  
Nick Rutledge  
Sarah Sheridan  
Jason Watts

# Blackheath to Richmond via the Grose Valley

King's Birthday, June 1931: Jean Malcolm.

We had a grand send off at Central Station, Mr. and Mrs. Kuhl, mother and one or two others being at the train to see us off. Knowing we were doing rather a gallop trip and all feeling in a frivolous mood we told the parents not to worry if we didn't turn up till Thursday. The carriage was packed with another Party of SBW's so we had a jolly singsong all the way up to Katoomba. Boarding the train at Strathfield, Bob and his brother got into another carriage to get a seat, so, when we emerged shivering at Blackheath, we met "Beno" for the first time. The peculiar thing is, both brothers call each other "Ben", making it confusing for strangers.

It was a freezing June night, so we rather welcomed the two miles out to Govett's Leap, to warm us up. Being glorious moonlight, the view of the valley, bathed in mist was lovely. We eventually got a rather unwilling fire going and had a welcome supper of cocoa and biscuits. We didn't bother with tents, but made use of the two refreshment rooms handy and retired about 11.30pm. Saturday morning Linda, Corkie and I were all glad to rise as our shed had an air-gap about one inch all round which made it chilly. I for one felt the wind whistling under me and was cold several times during the night. Of course it was a very exposed spot, as we realised when we viewed the valley below us in the morning sunshine, a sea of mist, but the view was worth the discomfort. Breakfast was quite a fastidious meal, as we had tables and chairs to hand.

About 9 o'clock we started off down Govett's Leap, which is very steep and in an hour's time when we reached the bottom knees were decidedly wobbly and felt detached from the rest of us. We had a spell and were able view with satisfaction the drop we had accomplished. We followed Govett's Leap creek and about 12 o'clock struck Blue Gum Forest, where we had a light lunch of Johnnie Cakes etc. The weather looked a bit threatening, but the rain kept off. We came to the Junction and then started off down the Grose River, which was undulating creek country all afternoon: very pretty and green.

At 4.45 we decided to stop in a green glade, which seemed a suitable camp spot, and all set out to get everything done before darkness came down. We had a very sumptuous meal, indeed Linda was accused of over eating because she lay down after it and was appropriately chorussed with "Another little job for the undertaker". We were sitting talking and enjoying the warmth of the fire about 8 o'clock, when the rain suddenly started, so it was a case of dive for the tents and keep dry. My tent was put up like a doorway or lean to of Linda's, so we able to chat even if we were forced to retire early.

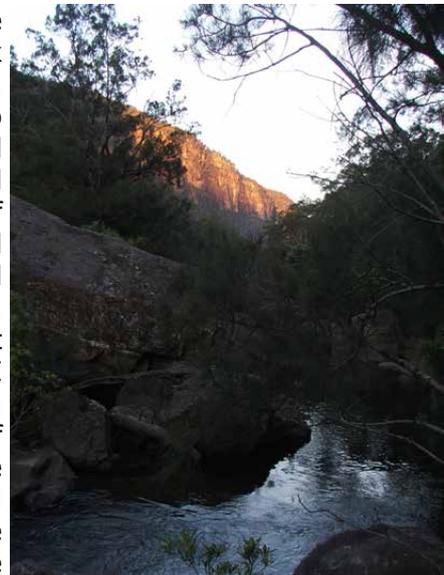
The rain wasn't heavy but lasted off and on all night and cleared about 8.30 Sunday morning. On

starting off, we found the country very, rough and got soaked with the wet undergrowth. Being for the most part in shadow, the bush had not dried, and the leader got the worst of it. It was rocky country, but very pretty. We lunched on the rocks beside the river, and paddled our feet in the little pools. I remember we all ate heartily at this meal, feasting on boiled bacon, Linda's "Donkey", etc., etc. However we didn't waste much time, as we knew we had to cover the ground and couldn't afford to loaf while there was daylight. We had hoped to reach Wentworth Creek before sundown, but it was about 4.30 pm. and still no sign of it.

However, we decided we must be almost there, and camped at the first available flat. This was a very pretty spot with a creek flowing just handy. The tents went up, a stack of wood piled nearby, and we settled down to tea. There were several courses and everyone did justice to them in front of the blazing fire. We had a bit of a sing song, and I decided to retire early, rather to the amusement of the rest. All along I had spoken of walking all night, Monday, if necessary, should we be running late and it had become the joke of the camp. Linda had said she would walk with me. So, of course, it was quite in order that I should have some extra sleep that night. We had a jolly time that night, as I only dozed, I could hear all the fun from my tent.

Next morning Linda and I arose early and she confided to me her fears that we hadn't covered as much ground as we thought and she proposed we girls start early and let the boys pick up on us. It was a glorious morning and the boys went down to the Grose, where they made a dreadful amount of noise and splashing having their cold shower. I bet it was cold, too. Ian hung his socks to dry on an overhanging branch above the fire and Corkie did the same. Somehow Ian was unfortunate and just managed to retrieve one sock from the ashes, minus the back of the leg. So we sang the popular ditty "Another little job" and Ian put on the sock to let us see the latest style in hosiery. Here also Beno decided we had too many loaves, so he played football with one, to lighten the load in his pack.

The going was pretty rough and 11am came without



any sign of Wentworth Creek. We were on the right hand bank all the way and there were dozens of little creeks, which we started numbering "No. 1 Wentworth Creek", No. 2 and so on and soon reached 20. We had been told Wentworth Creek is elusive, but quite unmistakable when reached. We kept going till 1 o'clock and then decided to stop for a short rest and lunch. By this time I saw my all-night walking expedition looming large on the horizon, and it was with impatience that I stopped at all. We had oranges, dates, figs, chocolate etc. and other handy eatables, but I felt I couldn't eat as I was too anxious. I relieved Corkie of her rucksack and gave her mine, which was lighter, as I carried an eiderdown against her heavy blanket. We covered the country as quickly as possible, altho' I felt I could have gone much quicker; just nervous energy. About 4 PM we came to a large creek and we knew we had reached Wentworth Creek at last; no doubt this time the creek was in flood and, as we had to go up stream a bit, it took us the best part of an hour getting across and the precious daylight speeding on. According to what we had been told after Wentworth Creek the track was easy, but we hardly found it better than before. I took the lead from Ian as I seemed to be able to keep the track better, altho' at times it was very elusive. We came to Linden creek after some time.

5.15 saw us still walking and no sign of getting out of the valley with the track no better, so we held a council. Bob was for camping the night, Linda was prepared to fall in with anything, and I was for keeping going and trying to make Richmond for the early train. Ian and I were the only ones who had to be back at work the next day, and I felt I couldn't rest if there was a chance of getting thro' by the morning. Bob considered it was too dangerous travelling by night

Very reluctantly Ian and I left the others to go ahead on our own. There was no time to fix details if we were to make the most of the daylight, and so we set off. We made a good pace as I seemed to have seven league boots and two can cover rough country so much quicker than six. I managed to keep the track fairly well. Then darkness came down and it was necessary to travel by torchlight. I had to pick out the track and then swing the torch back for Ian to follow, so our pace was slow and

the ground was very rough. Also, I was inclined to forge on ahead, forgetting Ian was in inky blackness behind. Never were we more grateful for our outsize torch or "motor-lamp", as it had been nicknamed. It was a Godsend that night.

We decided about 9 o'clock to stop, as we were just ploughing rough country. Also I was terribly tired in the legs and fagged out picking the track, so we thought a rest would revive us and we could scout for the track afterwards. We were quite near the water's edge, so I just dropped where I was, and Ian went to fill the billy. Walking had kept us warm while the dew was falling, but I discovered it had made my clothes quite damp, so I changed into my woollen things, so as to not catch a cold. The wet things I rolled in my groundsheet and strapped them to the outside of my pack. Having scouted around in search of wood, Ian thought we had better get higher up on a rock ledge to light a fire. We scrambled up on a ledge which had a rock which we could lean back on. The wood round about was non-burning or damp and Ian had to prowl around all over to find some suitable for a fire. The worst of it was that I was left in inky darkness, and had to call out now and then, so that Ian could locate me.

Twice, that fire went black out, but eventually we got it going nicely. Ian accidentally put his snakebite outfit on the fire, thinking it was a twig in the half light, which was unfortunate. Just then I remembered my wet clothes and discovered they were missing, evidently having been dragged out by the bushes on the way up. It seemed a simple thing to go straight down the way we had come up, but they were nowhere to be seen. We decided to eat first then Ian would go below and look for me.

We were by no means burdened with food having only half a loaf of bread, a jar of jam, (over which Ian danced) and some figs. Unfortunately we had no tea and a cake of chocolate was lost with my things, so we had to make do with Ian's one bar of chocolate between us. The hot chocolate, bread and jam was very welcome, as it warmed us up and revived us. Ian then took the torch and tried to trace our track from the water's edge, but this was impossible, owing to his other tracks in search of wood and mine later, so that he scoured the country in a semi-circle below our camp, not a sign of the



missing things could he find.

He returned disappointed and stoked the fire. My snakebite outfit was with the missing things so we felt as if our luck was out and were rather dejected. I lay back and gazed at the fire, thinking how nice and warm it was, and enjoying the spell.

The next thing I remembered I awoke with a start to discover that I had fallen asleep sitting at the fire, and Ian awoke simultaneously, to gaze at his watch in amazement. It was 10.30 PM, so we had slept one hour: rather a difference from our intended ten minutes spell. The warmth and fatigue had just got the better of us, but I felt much revived and the loss of my belongings had receded into the back of my mind and didn't seem half so vital. Before our little nap, we had considered the desirability of staying there the night, but now decided to start off immediately, as the fire was low and we were a bit chilly. Having packed up, we discovered we had been sitting right on the track, so that was a piece of luck. We managed to stick to it for some time, and both felt much fresher and cheerier than previously. There were footprints which we religiously followed, whenever possible, as the owners were more likely to be on a track than us. At times I would find myself peering ahead into the inky-black water; we had unconsciously come down to the river's edge, which made us realise how one can lose sense of direction in the bush at night. It seemed to be up and down, up and down all along this part of the river bank. We would lose our friendly footprints, and at once made a circle to see which way they had gone. They gave us confidence somehow and made the bush seem less lonely, knowing they could not be more than two days old, probably less. Thus we were thankful for the dry night, as the rain would have obliterated them from the sand. Of course, on the rocks we would lose them, but, as soon as we struck the sand, we were pretty sure to find them after a search. The ground being rough, we had short rests, as our legs got tired and we could not afford to risk a broken ankle, or worse. I had not eaten any figs for the whole trip, as I didn't care for them, so it seemed the irony of fate that I should have them in my pack and be reduced to them that night, when we sat down. Indeed, I quite developed a liking for them, they were so juicy, and, having eaten sparingly at lunchtime, I was really, hungry. Ten minutes was our maximum rest, as we soon felt the chill night air, when sitting down. There were little creeks galore to cross, some dry, others with just a trickle, but I had an unquenchable thirst and enjoyed a drink many times.

After a while we had a friend in the moon, which shone out gloriously bright, lighting up the river and the track, and making almost as light as day. At times I was able to put out the torch when the going was fairly easy, as we wanted to reserve it as much as possible. The scenery was rather picturesque now and many times we stopped to admire the landscape in the pale moonlight. At this part it was mostly rocky country. Suddenly, we seemed to round

a bend in the river, and stretched before us was the wonderful sight of an arch spanning the river. It appeared to be a rock arch covered with bush and the river flowing through it. We both stopped short and gaped at it, unable to believe our eyes, as nobody had mentioned this wonderful sight to us. It was 2am and, as we expected the opening out of the valley, thought it might be an hallucination. We seemed unable to get enough of it and just gazed and gazed at the sight, enhanced by the moon on the water giving the appearance of an underground river in a fairytale. Still we were puzzled that we had not heard of it, so Ian went down to see that the river was flowing in the right direction. We have since made enquiry and find that it was probably caused by a bend in the river, our standpoint and the moonlight striking the water: a truly wonderful structure had it been real. We went on and were now close to the bank, which was flat and, after a while seemed to get past the arch without ever actually being abreast of it. Not now so sure we were on the right track, Ian kept going down now and then to test the flow of the river and see that we were really travelling downstream, and so we kept going. It had crossed our minds that the arch might mean the flattering of the valley, but the hills still towered above us on either side. After three days in the valley, it seemed to me endless: as if it would never widen out.

About 5am Ian went down to test the water and, as I thought he was rather quiet, I called out "Is it going the right way?" Imagine my dismay when he called back quietly but ominously "No". Up till then I had felt energetic and hopeful, but at that I just collapsed. We seemed to have been more off the track than on for the last hour or so, and the going had been terribly rough. We had lost track of the footprints too. Tired as we both were, we seemed to be slipping and sliding all over the place, and several times just escaped a fall.

We lay down to have a much needed rest and talk the matter over. The only thing to do was to face our position. We had no map, as Bob carried that, all we had was an end of loaf and jam (which wouldn't last us long) a compass and a whistle. The compass is pretty hopeless in winding country, as you have to take an average of about four readings to get anything like an accurate direction. We decided to rest until dawn which would be in about three quarters of an hour, but did dare not close our eyes in



case we would sleep. We imagined ourselves lost in the bush, how long we could last out and how we could proclaim our whereabouts to searchers. Ian was by far the stronger of the two of us and was wonderfully comforting to me, anxious as I was. They say the darkest hour comes before the dawn, and I felt this was true. Our idea now was to get up high and see our whereabouts and, if we had really gone wrong, to go back and try and pick up the others, where we had left the track. It seemed as if nothing but disaster had dogged our footsteps since we had left them.

About 6 o'clock, all of a sudden, it seemed to be daylight and Ian clambered up on top to scan the landscape. We then discovered to our delight that we only come about 100 yards up a rather large side creek, and below us was the main stream taking a right angle bend. It was lucky we discovered our mistake so soon. With light hearts we climbed down, crossed the creek, and were soon able to pick out the footprints we had been following all night on off the main stream.

Both of us felt revived in body and spirit and kept on thinking we might still manage to get into town in time for work. Once, looking back, we imagined we saw the rest of our party some distance up stream, but it proved to be imagination, caused by a varicoloured boulder. We went on and on and on. Ian got very easily tired now, not having the extra rest I had on the Sunday night to fall back on. We stopped for short spells of five minutes, and Ian ate jam and bread, with the latter very much in the minority. I, myself, wasn't hungry at all. I didn't feel I could waste the time eating, so I'm afraid I became a slave for "pushing-on". As well as being fagged out, we both had sore feet, (I had a blister and had to walk on the side of my foot), sometimes we got high up because the track seemed good, then down to the water's edge on the sand, which was softer for our bruised feet. Walking almost became mechanical, and the climbing and rock hopping fatigued us. We thought we saw the roof of a house, but it turned out to be just a trick of the morning sun on a rock.

At last, about 10 o'clock, the valley really opened out and we knew we were approaching Richmond. It was very pretty on this part of the river and such a glorious morning for a real laze on the bank, but no such luck for us. About 11 o'clock we reached the track which branched away from the river to Richmond. Here we had a wash, (very badly needed), bathed our feet in the river, and endeavoured to make ourselves respectable. Ian discarded the "out-of-the-back" sock and borrowed mine, but even so neither of us looked "chic". After several enquiries the farmers round about all seemed to be Germans and unable to speak English, we at last gleaned the information that Richmond was eight miles away. What a tragedy it seemed!! Oh! those long weary miles on a hard metal road with sore feet. We had hopes for a lift which did not materialise. Many a rest we had at the roadside and Ian would just lay back on his pack and in two minutes be fast asleep. I didn't dare close my eyes in case I did the same. When we passed people on the road, we endeavoured to look happy and cheerful as tho, we were enjoying ourselves, instead of like two old pensioners limping along, as we really were when nobody was in sight. The last hundred yards we met Bob's uncle in a car out in search for him. They gave us a lift into the Post Office, and, after getting particulars sped off to the river.

It was now 2pm and, on enquiry, we discovered a train did not run till 4pm and no other conveyance was available. Feeling rather stranded, we adjourned to the public oval, where we regaled ourselves with fruit galore, until we felt satisfied. Later we boarded the train, where I gave Ian forty minutes to sleep while I stayed awake, and then he relieved me so that I could do the same. That took the edge off our tiredness and made us able to keep our eyes open for the rest of the journey. We arrived home at 6pm.

The party: Jean Ashdown (nee Malcolm), Bob, Beno, Corkie, Linda, Ian (Scottie) Malcolm, Jean.

Distance: About 90 km (56 miles).

## The Sustainability Corner

A few facts on bottled water:

It takes 250 mL of oil and three litres of water to produce one litre of bottled water.

Plastic bottles are among the 10 most common rubbish items picked up on Clean up Australia Day  
Australia recycles only 36% of PET plastic drink bottles, so around 373 million plastic water bottles end up as waste each year

A plastic water bottle can take anywhere from 400-1,000 years to break down

According to NSW Health, bottled water is not necessarily any safer to drink than tap water. There are typically more tests to confirm safety and quality of public drinking water than bottled water.

# Katoomba - Kanangra - Katoomba

by W.T.W. From October 1940 Magazine



Having caught an early train which left town at 5.17 pm. on Friday, 7th June last, we reached Katoomba, the jumping-off point for so many trips, at about 7.30 pm.

Reinforced with hot coffee to keep off cold and drowsiness, we took a car to the top of the Devils Hole, whence we set off at eight o'clock. Devil's Hole, always a drag at the end of a long trip, proved of little trouble at the beginning of this one and, after slipping and sliding on loose rocks and wet logs, we reached the foot in good time and began to lengthen out on the flat, easy track.

On a moonlight night Megalong Valley offers many attractions to the walker who is willing to forego a few hours sleep in order to cover a large part of the walk on Friday night. To the east Narrow Neck towers above, large and majestic, brightly lit on its great, bare rock faces, and dark and mysterious in sheltered corners where the moon does not penetrate. One strides through an avenue of tall gums, between the limbs and foliage of which the moonlight shin, casting fantastic shadows on the white track.



The Cox was reached, via Black Jerrys Ridge, at 10.45 pm. and a halt was called for chocolate. Then on once again, this time accompanied by the pleasant sound of the river flowing placidly by our sides. Truly, the river banks are alive at night! Possums, wallabies and other fauna scattered to one side with many a rustling as we came along, disturbing their nocturnal gatherings.

Towards midnight, an

opening on our right indicated that we had reached Jenolan River and Breakfast Creek showed up about forty minutes later. Finally. We halted at 1.00 am., a little above Heartbreaker, and, after cocoa, crawled into our sleeping-bags to sleep soundly until 5.30 am.

We were away rather later than hoped (at 6.40 am.), walking down the Cox in the early morning was very pleasant, and exhilarating, and we were quite warm when Konangaroo was reached at 8.27 am. Here we had chocolate and a few minutes conversation with Mr Carlon, Brian Harvey and Alf Watts, who were camping there for several days.

Arthur and I, who were inclined to race ahead, reached Kanangra Creek a few minutes ahead of the other two and, at 9.42 we all proceeded up the Creek, in which there was little water, and, for many long stretches, only boulders covered with dry, green slime indicated where water once flowed in abundance. However, higher up, where the Gorge becomes narrower, water was more plentiful.

We were astonished at the number of wombats to be found on the river banks as we went along. Apparently the dry conditions are driving them more and more to the main waterways for subsistence. Until recently, wombats were quite a novelty, but now one meets them at every bend.

We stopped for lunch promptly at noon and secured a well-earned rest until 1.10 pm. Shortly after resuming, we obtained our first glimpse of Kanangra Walls, still a long way off, but becoming rapidly closer. We were all very delighted to be in sight of our objective and to know that we were well up to schedule.

At 1.50 pm. we judged that we must be below Crafts Wall, and the great ascent began. The spur chosen was steep but not difficult and, after fighting our way through patches of thick mountain holly, we finally reached the Walls at 2.45 pm. we suckled oranges



and surveyed the long slope up which we had come, for fifteen minutes, and then on once again. Soon we were on top of the main walls, enjoying once again the thrilling breathtaking view of Gangerang, rising step by step from High and Mighty to Cloudmaker, of Thyrat [Thurat], of Kanangra Deep and The Spires [Thurat Spires], and then, to the south, of the magnificent Kowmung country. No matter how many, times one goes to Kanangra,

one can never tire of the glorious cyclorama one obtains from the many vantage points, nor can one forget the first inspiring view of one's first visit.

As the afternoon was well advanced, Ron and Norm decided to waste no time, and left immediately to pick up the Gingra Track, for we hoped to reach the Kowmung that night. Arthur and I wishing to complete the tour, hurried along to the famous dance-floor cave, where, incidentally, we found no water. At 4.15 pm. we set out along the Gingra, and found good, running water about twenty minutes down the track. Darkness had fallen before we caught up with Ron and Norm, and we still had a considerable way to go. Most of the way the track is good, and easy to follow even at night, but in one or two spots one is liable to go astray. This we did on Third Top. Instead of keeping to the crown of the ridge, the track skirts round on the left side of the Top, and the ridge changes direction slightly, bearing to the left. Anyhow, we kept to the top of the ridge and continued on until we found that we were going south instead of north-east. We retraced our steps to the summit of Third Top and endeavoured to pick up the track. We were unable to do this in the darkness and finally, after long discussion, we decided to make a dry camp where we were though it was only 8 pm. Fortunately a plentiful supply of wood was available, and, despite the stony nature of the ground, all were asleep by 9.30 pm.

Sunday morning found us up early and, after a hasty breakfast of biscuits and dates, looking for the track at about 6.30 am. I fear that, in our hurry to be off again, we failed to appreciate sufficiently the beauty of the sunrise as dawn broke over the distant mountains. We soon picked up the track, and in under two hours Arthur and I were speeding down the gentle slope of Gingra to the Kowmung with the others only a few minutes behind. We spent from 8.20 am. to 10.25 am. having a swim and breakfast, and discussing our ill fortune in missing the track on the previous evening.

We set off rather more slowly after breakfast in order to allow our somewhat liberal meals to

settle. However, we soon quickened up on the easy cowpads as we were rather behind schedule, and, after picking our way through the massive rock formations of the Lower Kowmung Canyon, reached the Cox at 1.20 pm. We spent twenty five minutes here for a snack, but not too much, as we had now to climb White Dog, which we did, reaching Kelpie Rocks at 2.30 pm. Although not comparable with that from Splendour Rock, the view from here is pleasant; one can see a large stretch of the Cox, bordered with casuarinas and grassy banks, and one notices regretfully the wide expanse of dry sand and the narrow stretch of water, glistening here and there with sunlight, where once a full stream flowed.

From Kelpie Rocks we followed a well-defined ridge



towards the base of Mt Mouin, and then turned and headed for Debert's Nob [Mt Debert]. Clear Hill was scaled by 4.25 pm. and ten minutes later, we were beginning the long-familiar walk into Katoomba. Darkness soon fell upon us, and so, for the third night in succession, we walked by torchlight, but on this occasion in order to catch a train. By this time all our batteries, with the exception of Norm's, were very low and we had to pick our way carefully in many parts.

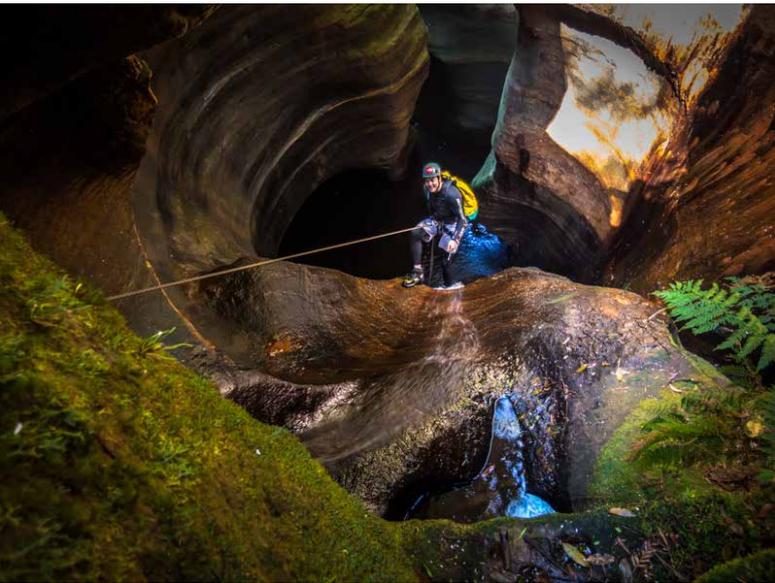
At last, at 7.25 pm. we reached the Tourist Road on Narrow Neck and soon were in the Golf Club, whence we rang for a car, and where we met very kind hospitality, in the form of milk and cream cakes. These were consumed with relish for we had had no real lunch that day.

Before the train arrived at 8 pm. we managed to pick up a billy-full of plum-pudding as well as apple-pies and cream, which had been ordered in anticipation on the previous Friday night, and to these you may rest assured we did justice.

Thus concluded an eighty one mile week-end walk from Katoomba to Kanangra Walls and back.

# Dot Butler's Private Swimming Carnival

Dot Butler. From March 1965 Magazine. Photo by Tom Brennan



Mick approached me in the Club room brandishing the unfilled Walks Programme. "What about you leading a walk down Claustral Canyon? I'll put it down for Sunday Feb. 21. That's the same week-end as the Swimming Carnival; the few odd bods who don't want to go to the Swimming Carnival can go with you." "All right," said I. didn't mind shepherding a few non-gregarious types down Claustral.

As February approached and the delights of canyoneering were noised around the party began to grow - from 6 to 8 to 14 to 23. This is beginning to appear quite a formidable party. And did you know, Mick is bringing eight engineers from the Opera House? Oh yes, don't worry, he's teaching them how to abseil off the wings of the Opera House roof. (Total 30). And Snow's bringing a number of friends too. Yes, he's teaching them to abseil out on a sandstone face in French's Forest. (total 37?)

Snow rings one night: "I know a bloke who plays a clarinet. Shall I ask him to bring it on your trip. That would be mighty!" (Claustral Canyon with clarinet accompaniment, that would be mighty!! I wonder how the giant red yabbies will enjoy it?)

On the Saturday night before the trip Heather rings; "I'd like to join your trip. If I can persuade Grace to come, we'll be there," Another phone call from Joan. "Digby is in bed convalescing from a wog, so I think I'll come down the canyon. Do you think I can get there on my motor scooter?" "Sure. Nothing easier," (always keep the note of optimism high.) Still I wonder how she'll get it down the abseils. Anyhow, last Christmas when we were in N.Zealand we saw a pushbike that had been manhandled up to the summit of Mt. Rolleston, so nothing is impossible.

The final count looked like 50. The rolling stock required to get everyone there was 15 cars. Sunday morning about 8 a.m. they began to arrive at the Mt. Tomah deserted farm. We had decided that a bit

of system would be necessary to get this mob safely and expeditiously down and up again. The plan was to send the early arrivals ahead with the ropes, which they would set up at the abseils. The main body of troops would then follow through, using the standing ropes, and a third party of tail-enders would round off the party and bring down the ropes as they came. Everyone was to have their own sling and karabiner. If they hooked on smartly and got off the rope smartly taking no more than a minute over each abseil, it would still take an hour at each abseil to get the whole party down. (As I say, I like to keep the note of optimism high, even if I know it's myself I'm kidding - when it came to the point some people took considerably longer than one minute.)

The first contingent was stamping around torn by a desire to be on their way and yet wanting to stay till everyone had arrived, just to see what a mob of 50 people looked like in that remote spot. Eventually they set off, headed by Ross Wyborn with the ropes.

Just as the official leader was departing with her faithful brood Mick arrived with his followers, so it was a large party that sped off in the tracks of the vanguard, leaving Duncan and Snow Brown to take over the late comers. We dropped off the side of Mt. Tomah straight down to the creek, some choosing a direct route and getting scratched in the lawyer vine and saw-grass, others going a few hundred yards further along the track on the top of Mt. Tomah, thereby getting into rocky outcrops clear of the pestiferous vegetation. This is the better route, though it involves going back a bit on your tracks when eventually you meet the lower line of rocks above the canyon.

The topography of this canyon country is most interesting; from the top of Tomah you look down onto an odd little hill called the Camel's Hump, and the canyons can be seen deeply indented in the grey-green hillside, completely circling the Hump except for a narrow saddle, scarcely more than twenty feet wide, like a naval cord joining the little hillock onto Mother Tomah. The idea is to enter the canyon on the right-hand side of the saddle, go once round the Camel's Hump, and climb out via a side creek which takes you up to the saddle again, but this time via the left-hand side.

A steep slide down the dry hillside, and we were soon splashing down the shallow waters of the creek, watching the canyon walls getting steeper and higher the further we penetrated into the cool gloom. We hurried to catch up with the first party and at last heard their voices reverberating through the rocky chasm, just as we came to the first bombing pool. This is a place where you hurl in anything you may be carrying and then jump in after it. A party of C.M.Ws had been down the day before, headed

by that wit Rae Jerroms, as a large painted sign propped upon a rock testified. In large letters it said "GO HOME YOU S.B.W. TRIBE". It recalled to mind similar signs I had seen chalked up in Canada at the time of the Queen's recent visit there: ZABET,CHEZ VOUS, translated out of the local French idiom, says ELIZABETH, GO HOME, But, whereas the French sign dripped with venom, the C.M.W. sign was just good clean Australian fun. Our friends of the day before also warned us that the bombing pool had only 4.5 inches of water in it. This was not quite true, and our party gaily jumped in.

We finally caught up with the tail-enders of Ross's crowd at the first abseil, and by the time our larger party had all got down, the last party had arrived, so from now on it was just one continuous string of people inching their way down the gorge. There are three really intrepid abseils, coming in quick succession, the first about 30 ft. the second about 20 ft. and the final one, which is the most exciting, 40'. By the time people have got down the first two, it is too late to retreat so whether they like it or not there is nothing for it but to swing themselves down into the bowels of the earth, hemmed in by dark slippery ironstone walls closing in on top to block out the daylight. Half way down this awesome hole the abseiler lands on a small ledge, what time an icy waterfall pours without cease down his neck. He then has to complete the drop, and lands in a long syphon-like pool through which he swims for long ages (or so it seems) till his feet touch bottom and he can clamber out among fallen rocks at the other end. Then a further timeless scramble over these huge boulders till one comes to a high shelf, overhung by a massive rock wall, and open enough to be lit by warm sunlight. Here we stopped for lunch quite early in the day, hoping that all the party would be together eventually so we could get a photo of the whole 50.

It was lovely lying in the sun, eating our waterlogged lunches and meeting all the folk. However the count was still far from complete when Mick urged half the party to their feet, so as to get them on their way and up the retreat rope and thus avoid a bottleneck. We just hoped the tail enders were not having too much trouble, and that we would see them eventually, and with last minute instructions to everyone to look out for a loop of cord hanging from a tree about 30' up on the left wall of the gorge, which was the way out, we continued our way down gorge. There is another long swim through a completely covered in tunnel, with just one ray of sunlight piercing the gloom, lie a golden sword, and then you come to the looped cord over the tree.

This is called Wade's Way, because on a previous trip the young Butler, being light and lizard-like in his climbing tactics, was able to climb-up on the thin narrow ledges and put the rope over the tree for the heavier members to use. A permanent cord is left there, and those wishing to exit by this route merely tie their rope onto the cord and keep on pulling until their rope is over the tree.

Our first party mounted this in fine style, Shirley going up like a rocket with strong arms pulling her from above. Our last man pulled, up the rope and we continued on 'up the steep watercourse which led to a spur which eventually led us up onto the Camel's Hump. A second large group aid likewise, pulled up their rope and departed, and finally the third and last party aid likewise.

Arriving at the cars about 4 p m, now the long-drawn out checking in began. All the first and second groups seemed complete by sundown, but it was 9 o'clock before the last lot arrived, given their direction, by John White going to the end of the track with his car and shining his headlights down the mountainside. Gordon Edgecom's young sons David, did his bit to call Dad home by blowing loudly on a trumpet which he had carried throughout the trip.

Well at last here they all are, a couple of the girls looking as if they have really bitten off a bit more than they could chew. We wrote down the last name and added them up. What! Only 49: Where and who is the 50th? By a process of elimination we calculated it was Gordon Edgecame. But how did he get astray from his group? We worked out all the possibilities and probabilities and waited till about 10 o'clocks and still no Gordon. By now it was so late we concluded he must have decided to stop where he was and continue on in the morning. So about seven of us spent the night on the lounge room floor at Snow's place at Katoomba leaving just as daylight was breaking and a great red sun heralded day of colossal heat. We retraced our route down the watercourse, then split up into two parties, one to explore a side creek which might have led Gordon astray, and the other to return into the Gorge itself. It was not long before a shout from below announced that our wanderer was located. It appears he had. been somewhat in the rear of the second party. It was not till they all had surmounted the rope-hazard, pulled up their rope, and departed, that Gordon came through. He missed seeing the loop of cord, so continued on down the gorge in the expectation of meeting up with his party eventually. When he didn't find them he retraced his steps. By this time the third party had reached the exit spot, got all their members up, pulled up their rope and left the canyon, and by the time Gordon came back and found the cord, all the ropes had been taken up and he was left lamenting. Being a sensible person he made himself as comfortable as he could for the night with a wet jumper and a groundsheet and settled down to wait for the relief party which he knew would come back for him. It was still early morning when we recommenced the climb back to Tomah, but already a fierce heat was dazzling the dry mountainside. We took it slowly, and we back to our cars by midday and then the long hot drive home.

All in all it was a mighty trips and when you consider the vastness of the multitude it was something of a triumph only to have lost 2 percent of the party.

# 200 Miles, Rough

Wade Butler. From April 1973 Magazine

What's the maddest thing you've ever thought of doing? Perhaps you could walk to Alice Springs or Bourke, but I decided Hill End was good enough. So, at one day's notice, I told Bruce we were walking up to Hill End and he'd better be ready in time. We set out from Wahroonga on Monday (19th Feb.) with no provisions. We planned to get these at Hornsby on our way through. Bruce decided he had better get some sandshoes and a bit of money, so we left late in the afternoon. After about half an hour shopping in Woolworths we got all our provisions for the next 10 days. As we were to go very light we didn't bother with plates, tin openers, spare clothes, tents, or useless junk like that.

From Hornsby we headed off through the Hornsby quarry, out past the Fish Ponds then up through some scrubby valleys to Galston, where we camped for the night. There was an old abandoned corn field which had plenty of beautiful corn and watermelons, on which we gorged ourselves, then went to sleep. Next morning we filled up on corn then headed off following the power lines to Glenorie. We crossed over the main road, then down into Kelly's Arm of Little Cattai Creek. Further down this creek there is usually nice open fields but now it was one great lake as it had been raining heavily for the last fortnight. As Bruce couldn't swim this posed a few problems and we ended up going upstream in a few places so we could walk across the swamp. Later that afternoon we decided we had had enough of the swamp and so we headed up onto the ridge, crossed the Cattai Road, then down the other side where we met another swamp. It was getting late so we made camp on a very steep slope. We had to sleep against trees so we wouldn't roll down hill into the creek.

By this time Bruce had had enough of rough going, so we headed back onto the road, aiming to get to Lower Portland by lunch time. At the road junction we separated, Bruce walking down the road to Lower Portland and I was going to take a short cut across the ridges. To my surprise I found a terrific road following the exact ridge I wanted, so I raced down this, expecting to get to Lower Portland hours before Bruce. After about 5 miles the road reached the Hawkesbury, but Lower Portland wasn't in sight. I thought about this for a few minutes, then came to the conclusion I must be downstream from Lower Portland. After another two or three hours walking I was sure I would end up back where we separated, and who should I see but Bruce walking down the road towards me. "Where's Lower Portland?" I asked. "It's back that way about half a mile". Bruce had got there only about half an hour before me, as the road proved to be very long, and he was now out looking for some water to drink. We crossed the Hawkesbury on the ferry and had a nice big lunch

at the junction of the Colo. Bruce's new sandshoes had given him blisters, so he thought he had had enough and would hitch back home.

"Oh, well, I'll have to do the Colo by myself," I thought. "But not to worry. It'll be a cinch." So I set off up Wheelbarrow Ridge and covered 12 miles that afternoon. It looked like rain so I camped in a stable with a friendly cow who wanted to chase me all the time. I managed to lock her out of my barn and she had her own. "Why do women always chase me?"

After my delicious breakfast of cold porridge I set off on the Putty Road to drop into the Colo about 4 miles further on. I passed some Council workers on the Putty Road who said, "Lots of people get lost in that country, mate." I thought, "Blow them, you can't get lost following a river," so, leaving all forms of civilization, and after getting a supply of oranges from an abandoned farm, down into the Colo I went. The river looked really good. It must have been about 5 or 6 feet

above its usual level, and there were some really good rapids. I headed up the right bank (north) only to find the going was extremely heavy. There were wet bushes, blackberry vines and quicksand everything to slow a person down. At this rate, I thought, I would take about 8 days to get up the Colo River to Glen Davis, so I crossed to the other bank and found the going, to my surprise, a fair bit easier. "I can't go back now," I thought, "I've come too far already," so I pushed on through the wet scrub and blackberry vines and didn't stop until I reached the junction of the Wollangambe, which was also in flood.



It didn't look too bad, so I hopped into the water with my pack above my head. Suddenly I went under water and the pack sailed off downstream, so I swam after it thinking, "I mustn't let my bread get wet." I reached the other side, having recovered my pack, found a nice flat spot and examined the damage. To my horror two rolls of bread had got wet, and my muesli and several other things. It was

a beaut spot where I was, and just about dark, so that's where I stayed for the night. The beaut clear water of the Wollangambe was a relief after the muddy Colo, so I drank plenty of it.

By this time, as I headed upstream, I was closed in by the really big cliffs on both sides of the Colo. They were quite a sight to see. It started to rain and I thought "My raincoat will only get torn," so I didn't wear it. To keep warm I just kept going, through that rotten undergrowth laced with lawyer vines and blackberries. There was a nice little creek coming in on one side with beautiful clear water in it, so I had a beaut big drink. "That's a funny smell," I thought. Looking up I found a smelly dead eel in the water I was drinking out of, but as he was downstream of me I didn't really mind. The going was better than I expected, and at this rate I would be out of the Colo in four days.

About a mile further on I met a couple of people in a canoe. "How long have you been in the Colo?" I asked. "Eight days", was their dismal reply. As I had been only a little over one in the Colo, I thought I must be making mighty good progress. Apparently they had a lot of trouble at the rapids; they had to carry their canoe across because it was likely to be wrecked if they tried to paddle through the 10 ft. drops. In the lower part of the Colo the river is very quiet for about half a mile at a time, then there is a mighty great rapid, dropping from 5 to 15 ft. The further up the Colo you go, the closer it is between rapids, but the shallower they get. I was getting a bit cold talking to these people, and so were they, so after about 5 minutes we headed off in our different directions.

It was still pouring rain, and it was getting dark, so I had to find somewhere to sleep. To my delight there was a beautiful dry cave with dry sand and dry firewood in it. I didn't waste any time making a small fire to cook my sardines and rice. Yummy! I wrung out my clothes, used them as a pillow, and went to sleep.

I opened my muesli next morning only to find it stank and the mildew had already started. It isn't a very palatable dish anyway, so I threw it in the river for the yabbies and assorted Colo monsters. It was still pouring rain but that didn't make any difference to my already soaking wet clothes. I saw this little black object in the middle of the river, which seemed to be duck-diving for something at the bottom. I got up closer to it and there was a little platypus diving for worms on the bottom (or maybe it was my muesli he was after). As I was rounding a bend, on a relatively easy-going patch of quicksand, I was confronted with a cliff. I didn't want to go back, so I decided to climb up the middle of it, in amongst a few small bushes. Half way up the cliff there was a tin, nicely sealed, full of all sorts of goodies, so I picked out the best - a tin of corn beef, a bag of rolled oats - and left the muesli for the lizards. It must have been left by the Army; it was in a typical Army green tin.

Further along, as I was coming through some low scrub and pools of water, I came across a funny looking lizard, all tied in knots in a puddle. I gave it a prod but it was very reluctant to uncoil itself and reveal its true identity - a big red death-adder! If all death-adders are as sluggish as this one, I don't think many people would get bitten. Further on I came across another one which was just as sluggish, so I left it alone.

By now I was getting well up the Colo. After passing the junction of the muddy Wollemi Creek I crossed the river and took a short cut thus bypassing a loop and saving a couple of miles. A beaut cave was my camp spot for the night. Two and a half days had put me well up the Colo and I should be coming to more open country soon. After a few hours of bashing through the thick scrub next morning I came out onto a small track. This made the going much easier and I covered about 15 miles that day, instead of the usual 8 or 9. I met another party coming down the river with inflatable rubber rafts. They remarked, "You're travelling very light for a trip like this, aren't you?", as I only had about 20 lbs. weight of pack. "Yes," I said, "You'll wish you had a very light one when you get down there a bit further." The poor suckers - they'll regret it.

The next morning I crawled out of my 3 ft. cave, very cramped but moderately dry, thinking today I should be well out of the Colo, now called the Capertee River. While following the track I was rather surprised when it turned round, went back again and ended up in a big meat-ants' nest. "Have I been following the Colo just to end up in a meat-ants' nest? I have higher ambitions than this." So I found the real track and slogged on into Glen Davis. The only food I could buy was a loaf of bread, but this would do until I reach Sofala. I was feeling mighty fit, the weather wasn't too bad and the tracks were good, so I headed up to the south of Mt. Gundangaroo. There was a nice track following an underground pipeline which led me through farming country for several miles before I headed back onto the Glen Davis road. As it had started raining I didn't feel like stopping so I kept on walking, and walking. I must have covered over 30 miles that day on less than a loaf of bread. I was very pleased when it cleared up so I had a good night's rest below the cliffs of Mt. Genowlan.

Airly Turet and Pantoneys Crown. Photo by Andrew Schopieray





Views West from near Mt Airly: terrain that Wade would have gone though. Photo VRC.

Seven days walking had been a bit rough on my poor old sandals and they had burst at the seams. The left one was already tied up with string, but not to worry, Hill End can't be all that far away. I crossed the Great Divide near Capertee and down a fire trail onto the Turon River. I was relieved to find the Turon was very open, compared to the very rugged Colo country. I took it easy that afternoon, eating blackberries and swimming in the flooded river. An easy 20 miles was enough for that day.

It must have rained that night in the upper part of the river because the river level had risen 2 ft. overnight. It would be a mighty river to canoe down as there are no large rapids and the river is flowing fast all the way down. As I was running low on food I had a big spending spree at Sofala and bought a loaf of bread. Yes, another one! I also bought a tin of jam and some sultanas for variety. I must have looked rather scruffy because the shopkeeper turned up her nose when she saw my bedraggled dollar note. I decided to have a feast that lunch time and ate three-quarters of the loaf of bread and half a tin of jam. That was apparently too much because I had a gut-ache for the rest of the day.

Before reaching Upper Wallaby I decided to swim across the river to by-pass a big bend. I loaded my pack aboard a big log and set off across the stream. The current was fairly strong and the log wasn't very manoeuvrable, so I was half a mile downstream before I got to the other side. One consolation, though, my bread didn't get wet! Every 5 or 10 minutes there would be a big plop! I was determined to find out what was plopping. I would creep up along the bank to try to surprise the maker of the plop, but it took an awfully long while before I realised it was caused by lizards diving in off the trees. There were hundreds of other lizards who would go racing down the bank and keep running when they hit the river. When they found they weren't getting very far on the surface they would

duck-dive and disappear in the muddy water.

Just as well I carried plenty of string, because both sandals now were falling away desperately at the sides. I didn't like going barefoot because there were lots of cactus bushes which had a bad habit of sticking into my feet.

After two days on the Turon I was getting very close to my final destination. I was on the left bank following the river down when I was confronted by several cliffs dropping straight into the water, I didn't want to cross the river just yet so I managed to climb around, with sandals dropping off. Eventually, however, I had to cross over, but this was at a place where I had to leave the river for the final climb up the hill. Once I reached the road I threw my sandals away and walked the final 2 miles to Hill End. barefoot. There were lots of apples and blackberries to make the walk worthwhile, so if you want to go to Hill End, be sure it is when the apples and blackberries are ripe, and walk there, don't drive.

"That was a nice 10 days stroll," I thought, "but now I've got to get back home again." I didn't fancy walking barefoot all the way back, so I hitched. Apart from one maniac who drove his car into a cliff then off the edge of the road, and another driver who received a smashed windscreen, the trip home was quite pleasant, but only took one day.

Why don't you go for a walk somewhere, like Bourke, but make sure your sandals are good."

Note from the Editor: during the Christmas break of 1993 Tony Holgate led a trip along the Colo River from Newnes to Bob Turner's Track (the opposite direction to Wade's walk). The report of Tony's trip can be found in the February 1994 magazine.

### Walk updates

Don't forget to check the Short Notice Activities bulletin for any amendments to the quarterly program such as changes in walk dates.

Many walks that go into the walks program are planned weeks or months ahead and unforeseen circumstances can arise in the meantime affecting walk details and dates.

# Follow The Leader? Or Paper Chasing

by Helen Gray. From June 1977 Magazine

Owen Marks is a great organiser and talker, we all know that, and he does insist on having the last word. Sometimes this is difficult, particularly if he's arguing or organising with someone, like me, who likes to have the final say too. He's overcome the problem of late. He either leaves notes, or only rings if he's 100 miles away, on a public phone, with 20c worth of S.T.D.

A couple of months ago, Owen headed for South Australia, while we Grays and Shapperts headed for Tasmania. Owen had departed some weeks earlier, vaguely hinting that he might meet us somewhere in Tasmania. On the eve of our departure, the phone rang. "Owen here, in Melbourne. DON'T TALK! Meet you Launceston Post Office 2.30 Saturday. If I'm not there..." CLICK.

Six days later we arrived at Devonport, Tasmania. It was mid-morning, many miles from Launceston, with not a hope of getting there by 2.30 pm. "As it's pointless to rush," rationalised George, "Let's not go there straight away but go to Georgetown instead; there's a new cantilevered bridge there..." etc. etc. This wasn't on our itinerary, and was miles in the wrong direction, but we agreed.

It was hours and miles later, and the bridge was in front of us - and on its western approaches, an empty-bill-board with large charcoaled letters "S.B.W. Welcome to Tassie. Don't hurry, will wait. Owen."

A year ago it was less straightforward - Owen, Frank Taeker and I had been sight-seeing in Bangkok. The time had come to move on, Owen to Bangladesh, we two to Burma. Owen had the last say - "See you at Calcutta airport in five days."

A sensible arrangement. After all, on a previous trip we'd arranged, in Sydney, to meet at Madras on the 1st January, and in that Indian city of millions we'd just walked into one another. But Calcutta! Owen

wasn't at the airport when we arrived, a long search was fruitless, and he didn't get off that day's plane from Dacca. But Frank is not always useless, for on this occasion he worked out where Owen might have left a note, and he was right.

"Kicked out of Bangladesh. Meet you Hotel Oberoi, Darjeeling." Hotel Oberois are everywhere in India, but Darjeeling was a long, long way off. Still, it was only 10 am, we had planned to go there anyway, there was a plane going in an hour to Siliguri and it was only another 50 miles from there.

It was late at night when our taxi driver deposited us, two of his six passengers, at Darjeeling's Hotel Oberoi, and our journey's end. Well not quite. "We believe you have an Owen Marks staying here?" A glance at the book. "No!" Frank again, fearfully "Is there a note?"

There was "This place is a morgue! Have gone to Traveller's Rest. Owen."

One mile more. The temperature had now dropped to 0°C. I was still dressed in a cotton sleeveless dress and sandals, but with a small case of winter clothes (locked, and no key) in my hand. We had left Rangoon before dawn that day and had been flying and driving for about 20 hours. I don't think I'd eaten all day and I certainly hadn't been to the toilet, so all things considered I wasn't too happy and was beginning to think Owen wasn't really one of my favourite people after all. Then, from the shadows, that laugh...

"Hello. I thought you'd catch up eventually." Followed by, "Don't you look ridiculous in those summer clothes!"

"Owen; For goodness sake take us to the Traveller's Rest before we drop."

"The Traveller's Rest" !?! Oh! I'm not staying THERE anymore! It's a good thing I ran into you..."



Helen Gray (fifth from left) amongst past presidents at the 90th birthday BBQ. Photo by Peter Cai.

# Salute and Farewell to Marie Byles

Dot Butler

In the beginning were the barbarians - the Angles, Saxons and Jutes, the Picts and the Scots, with a sprinkling of marauding Danes. The Dark Ages were followed by the Renaissance and in the year sixteen hundred and something were born the parents who gave birth to Nathaniel Byles. Nathaniel begat John who died of apoplexy while driving over Nuffield Common but not before he had begotten John Curtis the coal merchant who begat Henry Beuzeville (by now the Huguenot strain is evident) who begat the Rev. John who begat Cyril who married Ida Margaret (one of eleven Unwin children) who, at 8.58pm on Palm Sunday, 5th April 1900, gave birth to a daughter, Marie Beuzeville. A Burmese astrologer later proclaimed "This person was born under a bright star."

Born before the end of the Boer War and in the last year of Queen Victoria's reign when England was at the height of her Imperial Glory, Marie was to witness two World Wars and one world-wide Depression, the atom bomb over Hiroshima, the coronation gift of Mount Everest to the second Queen Elizabeth, the first visit to the Moon, the unspeakable horrors of the Vietnam War, the end of British might and glory, and in Mahatma Gandhi the first apostle of the power of truth and non-violence on a large scale.

Both her parents were radicals. Mother was a feminist who wore no corset and her skirts merely down to her ankles when all other girls were firmly laced and wore skirts brushing the ground. She hated housework and was a vegetarian, so Marie followed suit.

Father was a signal engineer with the Lancashire & Yorkshire Railways. Neither parent was musical but Father said he could always distinguish between "God Save the Weasel" and "Pop goes the Queen" because people stood for the former. He was a fresh air fanatic and always slept with his window wide open even though he might wake in the morning with snow piled up on his bed. He took his three children on long walks in the English countryside in all weathers.

In 1911 Father emigrated with his family to take up the job of Signal Engineer with the N.S.W. Railways. (His ashes are now scattered below the signal station at Redfern.) To the newly arrived "Pommies" it was a strange new land. Most amazing were the tall graceful Eucalypts casting astonishingly little shade. Father bought three acres of bushland at Beecroft and built the family home "Chilworth". To Marie the chief joys of life were tramping holidays (the word "bushwalking" had not yet been coined), especially in the Blue Mountains with the stupendous precipices. One year the family walked home from Mt. Irvine stopping overnight at Kurrajong among the bellbirds. Although only children, Marie and her

two brothers walked 20 miles a day. Other holidays were spent at "Seawards", a tiny cottage which Mother had built at Palm Beach when it boasted only two other cottages and a guesthouse.

Father's nickname for his small daughter was "Mrs. Mahabili Pushbar, the Lady what gets things done". Maxie certainly had a mind of her own. She insisted that another small cottage be built on the estate so that her two brothers could be separately housed. She chose her own school - P.L.C. On leaving school, when all other girls were 'putting up their hair', Marie startled her parents by having hers cut short and announced that she was going to study Law. It was now 1918 and the first World War had just ended. At Law School Marie found herself, one lone female very much afraid of the opposite sex, in the midst of an uproarious class of over a hundred young men, mostly returned soldiers. They were very brainy and very high-spirited. A distant relative of Marie's was a judge and the text-book on Crimes contained many of his judgments. The lecturer delighted in picking these out to read to the class. As soon as he said "Mr. Justice Byles" the class would stamp furiously till the dust rose. Despite such embarrassments Marie persevered and proved herself a brilliant student. Mr Kenneth Street, later a judge and Lieutenant Governor, gave his opinion - "Miss Byles has a mind as clear as crystal". At the age of 24 this pocket edition, seven stone, 5'2" girl entered the profession as a Law clerk. Her first case was representing an old man who had 'taken' someone's water tank. She got him off on the more serious charge of stealing but he had to hand back the tank.

After three years in a lawyer's office, having saved £600, she was able to realise her ambition of going around the world by cargo boat, mountaineering en route in England, Scotland, Norway, Canada and New Zealand. Her book followed - 'By Cargo Boat and Mountain'.

Returning after a holiday most unusual for a girl she now determined to start work on her own. The owner of the Duke of York Eastwood cinema let her have a partitioned piece of the foyer at 15/- a week. Father gave her a brass plate, Mother gave her £40 and the Estate Agent gave her an introduction to a Bank Manager. The year was 1929 and Australia was just entering the Great Depression which lasted into the thirties, nevertheless Marie found business and got a reputation for absolute integrity in her profession.

Her recreation was bushwalking with girl friends. At first they carried revolvers - one had an enormous Colt automatic conspicuously displayed in her belt. Marie's lay at the bottom of her rucksack. Their armaments also included a tomahawk. Soon,

however, these were left at home, not because the girls were braver but because the weapons were heavy. There was no light-weight camp gear to be bought. They carried eiderdowns and camped in overhangs. Marie became an excellent bushman. She could find her way in our often monotonous and featureless bush by using brains, compass, sun and map.

In 1929 she joined the infant Sydney Bush Walkers Club, then two years old. Nine years earlier she and three girl friends had made a first expedition to Boat Harbour, a romantic place which, captured her imagination when seen across Pittwater from the Byles' holiday home at Palm Beach. Marie was keen to see it made a National Park. Now she had support from other like-minded people. Dorothy Lawry pressed for a change of name from Boat Harbour to Maitland Bay. The S.B.W. wrote to the Lands Department and they obligingly put the new name on the map. Marie now began softening up public opinion by writing articles showing that the Park was all but dedicated. 1932 saw the beginnings of the Federation of Bushwalking Clubs and Marie persuaded them to make this their first conservation project. The Lands Department sent their District Surveyor to accompany a S.B.W. team to assess the value of the area as a National Park. He was most cooperative and added the land at the northern end of Killcare Beach. Later large additions were made to the Park.

Now, with her S.B.W. friends she had climbing, skiing and horse riding trips to Kosciusko. In 1932 Marie booked Betts Camp and she and Kath Mackay climbed Mt. Townsend and descended 5,000' to the Geehi flats below. It was at Betts Camp that Kath made herself immortal by writing in the visitors' book the poem which ended "Burn, bash or bury all your rubbish and your tins, And hide your bottles as you would your sins."

Under the heading "Worthy Causes to be Espoused" Marie supported the Wild Flower Protection legislation initiated by Rae Page, and the Blue Mountains National Park which Myles Dunphy proposed. She worked for the setting aside of Garrawarra and Era, and also the Barren Grounds. With a local working bee she helped plant Cheltenham Road with scribbly gums .

Marie was able, during the Depression, to save enough money for two trips to New Zealand. She and a girl friend, with two professional guides, climbed Mt. Cook. On their second trip they went into the unexplored Mahitaki Valley near Milford Sound and named various peaks, rivers and lakes. One small lake she named Lake Dot after Dot English (now Butler). (Dot tells me the name has now been transferred to a small peak, Mt. Dot. Anyhow, having her name on a mountain is more to her liking than having walkers ask her is Mother Butler's Swamp (!!)) named after her. Ed.)

Marie's mountaineering ambitions culminated in her

organising and leading an Expedition into Western China with its objective Mt. Sansato (around 20,000') - the "White Dragon". The party successfully climbed lesser peaks in the vicinity but the Black Dragon (i.e. stormy weather) prevented them from reaching the summit of the White Dragon. This failure set Marie on the road to contemplation and she began a study of Eastern religions.

In 1937 for £60, Marie bought several acres of Crown Land at Cheltenham and on this had her small cottage built - a few rooms around a 12' verandah facing north which she has worked, eaten and slept for over 40 years. Its name, "Ahimsa", derived from Gandhi's teachings, means "Non-violence" in word, thought and deed - or "Peace".

In 1941 Marie and Paddy Pallin started the Bush Club, still an active club. On one walk a boy became ill. Rudy Lemberg carried him out and Marie shouldered both their packs and her own. The strain was too great on her fragile feet; her arches broke down. This was the end of her active bushwalking. She now turned her mind to a closer study of Buddhism and Meditation, taking a year in India to make pilgrimages to the Buddha's 'sacred places', and visited the Himalayan foothills and later Burma and Japan. Her books on different aspects of Buddhism followed.

She made her house available to a visiting Buddhist nun and after her departure a small Buddhist society was started in Sydney.

On the morning of 21st November 1966 a neighbour who had dropped in was horrified to find Marie's battered and unconscious body on the floor - she had been attacked by an unknown assailant. Her fractured skull and jaw were repaired and for four more years she carried on. Then, at the age of 70 she severed all connections with legal work, sold the office and handed over her practice to her partner and her house and grounds to the National Trust. But she could not be inactive. Finding that the Alexander Posture Therapy helped relieve her injury she wrote yet another book - "Stand Straight without Strain".

Marie had a horror of mental decay in old age. Into her 80th year she was mentally alert and an inspiration to all who knew her. She always maintained that a person's life and death - their "karma" - is pre-ordained. Is there any significance in the fact that exactly 13 years after her attack, on 21st November 1979, Marie died.

Ceremony of scattering Marie's ashes at "Ahimsa" by Graham ("Mouldy") Harrison of S.B.W. was held on at 11am on 12th April 1980.

# The Essential SBW Dictionary

Andrew Vilder. From July 1999 Magazine

A humorous look at some commonly used words in the Club.

Andrew has compiled a list of commonly used bushwalker terms to assist new walkers.

**Billy can:** h. a water-filled receptacle for cinders and ash. Sometimes used for cooking.

**Billy stick:** n. thin piece of wood which disappears immediately it is laid upon the ground. (refer :kindling)

**Bonox:** n. a male Bovril.

**Compass:** n. a type of donkey. (see also: jackass)

**Coolana:** n. the opposite of a Thermos:

**Daypack:** n. an over the shoulder, nylon carrying device usually containing a Coolana of drink, sandwiches and sometimes a tent (depending on the leader.)

**DEO:** abb. Deputy executive officer (usually shouted by walkers who have mislaid the leader)

**Distance:** n. the horizontal component of a bushwalk, as opposed to the vertical component, the grunt. (distance x grunt = one bushwalk)

**Flannel-flower:** n. a shy, retiring person who wears long pyjamas: (see also: wallflower, shrinking violet)

**Flu:** n mysterious non-specific illness afflicting bushwalkers on evening before rainy weekends. Often transmitted by telephone.

**Gaiter:** n. South American crocodile.

**Gatorade:** n. croc repellent.

**Hill:** n. immovable obstruction between a campsite and a carpark

**Jacaranda:** p.n.. (Aborig.) Tall mountain in northern Snowy region, often misspelt as Jagungal

**Kindling:** n. (myth.) a small dry piece of dry wood readily found near a campsite.

**Kowmung:** n. a hairy creature akin to the yowie said to inhabit Kanangra gorges,

**K2K:** n. a rugged cereal taking about eleven hours to digest. Not to be confused with Special K, or KT26 — a sneaker.

**Leader:** n. a type of question disallowed in court.

**Noodles:** n. DNA gone wrong,

**Office bearers:** n. pl. located under the Oki joists and floorboards.

**Prospective:** n. mobile device used to transport tin cans over long distances.

**Six Foot Track:** n. what remains after you shift a billiard table.

**Skin:** n.(1). a violent person with shaven head.(2). old wine-cask liner used to imbue water with an alcoholic flavour.

**Skinfull:** n. happy-hour.

**Volley:** n. (NZ) a depression in the landscape between two hills

**Wombat:** n. nocturnally active mobile concrete block, also called a sump-thumper.

## Social Program

**Wed 13 Dec (start 6.30pm)- SBW Annual Christmas Party.** Do not miss this great opportunity to eat and catch up with fellow members. The club supplies all drinks, alcoholic and non-alcoholic. BYO cutlery, drink container and plates. All required of you is to bring yourself and a plate of food to share. This great event is held at the back of the Kirribilli Neighbourhood Centre unless it pours with rain.

**Wed 10 January (from 6:00pm) - SBW Annual Picnic.** Beach Picnic at Balmoral Beach. The annual SBW feature event. Come to the southern end of Balmoral Beach and join with old and new members for a very enjoyable evening. Come early for a swim or from 6 pm. Bring along a picnic meal or buy fish and chips at the nearby shops. No need to phone, just come. Family and friends welcome.

*If you have any ideas for social events, contact Tracey Avolio: [social@sbw.org.au](mailto:social@sbw.org.au)*

*All meetings are held at the Kirribilli Neighbourhood Centre, Fitzroy St Kirribilli and start at 7.35 pm unless otherwise stated. The KNC is within easy walking distance of Milson's Point station.*

*Why not join other club members for dinner at "The Pizzeria Rio", a cheap pizza place that is next door to the Kirribilli Neighbourhood centre in Fitzroy Street. Club members assemble there from 6.00pm on.*

# Walks and Activities Report

Rachel Grindlay

Leaders: After the activity, reports must be submitted via the [online form](#). If your walk is cancelled, please send a brief email advising the same to [walksreporting@sbw.org.au](mailto:walksreporting@sbw.org.au). Keep the signature sheet as this is a legal document. If you want your report to be published as an article email the report and any photos (jpeg or tiff format) to [editor@sbw.org.au](mailto:editor@sbw.org.au).

You can also send one or two photos to the editor for inclusion in the walk reporting section of the magazine.

27 Aug - 9 Sep 2017	Tirol, Austria	Austria	<p><b>Alan Sauran</b></p> <p>Jim Close Valerie Close Jenny Stephens Alan Sauran Suzanne Aubrun Rosemary MacDougal Sarah Bodlay Berenice Torstenson</p> <p><i>Visitors (Bush Club)</i></p> <p>John Sharpe Rogo Owens Jill Paillas Katherine Gloor</p>
<p>All walks completed as planned.</p> <p>Usually back to the hotel in time for swim, spa and sauna.</p> <p>Walkers fed on wheat beer generally performed better than walkers fed on standard beer.</p> <p>Two walkers brought a strong strain of flu with them from Sydney but were partially cured by taking frequent steam saunas.</p> <p>(This was a joint walk with The Bush Club)</p>			
23 Sep 2017	5 Mountains of the Wild Dogs	Blue Mountains NP	<p><b>Frances Bottrell</b></p> <p>Margot Bull Mark Wrigley Wayne Gardner</p> <p><i>P Members</i></p> <p>Tom MacDonald William Suriyadi</p>
<p>Who Let the Dogs out?</p> <p>I had for some time wanted to reprise Alan Carpenter's 5 mountains of the Wild Dogs walk and I thought, this time, In memory of him, we will actually climb all 5...not such a big deal, so I hatched a plan. Our small party started very early and made swift work of the sea of stinging nettles that is Carlon Creek with only half a dozen ouches and "ooh that hurts" on the way down. Next Blackhorse Ridge. It's not really a BIG climb in the scheme of things (who am I kidding) and we poured ourselves onto the top and stopped to admire the view all in good time. With the weather getting slightly warmer, we made our way to Blackhorse Gap and onto Blackhorse Mountain. It's about this time, I start to remember how unforgiving Mt Mouin is and it's nowhere near as close as you think...Still, on we go, looking forward to morning tea at the lookout. By the time we plonk ourselves on the rock for a rest, I am beginning to question my cunning plan, and wondering if I can escape without anyone noticing! Only 2 mountains down, it's getting really warm and a fair bit to go. Slipping and sliding our way back down Mouin we came across a group from the Upper Bluiies just out to climb Mouin for the day. Why oh why are we doing them all? With the heat sapping my energy and me dreaming of a helicopter ride home, we made our way to Mt Warrigal. At the shute up to Warrigal, we meet another group who are just out to climb Warrigal! Such sensible people. Why are we doing all 5 in a day? Thankfully at this point most of the group admits to being quite stuffed so we just make the gesture of climbing up the shute and back down. Hey ho, we did Blackhorse twice so that counts. With the heat ramped up to suffocating, we soldier on. Merrimerrigal and Mt Dingo, out to Splendour for a bit of a lie down. That done, all we had to do was get back to Dunphys, via Mobbs - very dry - Soak which thankfully had a few litres hidden way up stream to get us along the fire trail back to the cars. Massive day, and one that I will plan differently next time. Hmmm, did I just say next time?</p>			

<p>23 - 24 Sep 2017 Christys Creek- Kowmung River Kanangra-Boyd NP</p> <p>After a warm morning on Saturday it was nice to reach the river by early afternoon for a swim. After starting to set up in what seemed like a great campsite, Helen found another one that even better. Post lunch naps, fishing and reading followed by a superb happy hour.</p> <p>We had planned to leave at 8 but everyone was ready early for the walk out. Our prospective Christian did well and as he said after the trip "I am going to make sure I don't carry a fridge up that hill next time"</p> <p>Refreshments at the Hampton hotel afterwards were a nice way to finish a great weekend with a fun and very competent group.</p>	<p><b>Bill Raffle</b></p> <p>Alexa Bullen John Currie John Flint Murray Henwood Helen Macdonald Nicci Riley Rod Wales</p> <p><i>P Member</i></p> <p>Christian Binting</p>
	
<p>23 - 3 Oct 2017 Wollemi Wilderness Wander Blue Mountains NP, Wollemi NP</p> <p>An enjoyable trip through a variety of country new to the leader. No people seen along the way. Detailed report to be provided at a later stage for the magazine. Area has potential for many future trips. Section between Mt Wilson and Bungleboori suited to 2/3 day trips as open due to fire.</p>	<p><b>Alex Allchin</b></p>
<p>24 Sep 2017 Wild Dogs Blue Mountains NP</p> <p>We went to Iron Pot Mountain to look for native rock orchids and we weren't disappointed. Many orchids were in the process of opening but they still gave us a wonderful display. Although this is a short walk, we had a very enjoyable day which finished at the Megalong Cafe for afternoon tea.</p>	<p><b>Angela Barton</b></p> <p>Michael Barton Isabel Yersen</p> <p><i>P Member</i></p> <p>Bruce Dennien</p>
<p>29 Sep - 16 Oct 2017 Spain Again España</p> <p>Thirteen days very enjoyable walking at a leisurely 22 km/day average, with a few rest days in between. We had rain when crossing the Pyrenees, but after that it was sunny and hot all the way. We ate well, drank very well, and got to explore Spain off the beaten track. Grace's apparently endless willingness to interpret for us was much appreciated, although it did hamper the team's own linguistic development. After nearly three weeks together, one of the party was still unable to remember "cerveza", and another had similar difficulties with "café con leche"!</p>	<p><b>Leigh McClintock</b></p> <p>Grace Love Michelle Rose Petros Nikoloudis</p> <p><i>Visitors</i></p> <p>Cathy Piggott Milton Webster</p>



30 Sep - 3 Oct 2017	Budawangs	Morton NP	<p><b>David Carmichael</b></p> <p>Glen Draper Michael Hensen</p> <p><i>P Member</i></p> <p>David Sweeting</p> <p><i>Visitors</i></p> <p>Amie Sweeting Rory Hentschel (CMW)</p>
1 Oct 2017	Mount Crialoo	Morton NP	<p><b>John Kennett</b></p> <p><i>P Members</i></p> <p>Yvonne Chan Kelly Jirsa</p> <p><i>Visitor</i></p> <p>Anthony Doyle</p>
1 Oct 2017	Otford to Bundeena	Royal NP	<p><b>Kavita Joshi</b></p> <p>Nicola Le Couteur Nigel Wingate</p> <p><i>P Members</i></p> <p>Christian Binting John White Justyna Terlecka Ken Ji Margaret Austin Mikey Luong Peter Murchie Richard Gilzean Mark Seier Peter Tzavellas Christine Yates</p>
3 Oct 2017	Retrieving Alex	Wollemi NP	<p><b>John Kennett</b></p> <p>Alex Allchin</p>

An excellent 4 days of enjoying the Budawangs plus great to catch up with Melinda Turner's group around the campfire.

Beautiful day to ascend this mountain that overlooks Kangaroo Valley and Coolana. Before the walk, I dropped in to see the work crew at Coolana and was rewarded with bacon and eggs for breakfast cooked by Don. Ascent has some fun moments requiring a rope and getting through some narrow slots. Mostly poorly defined tracks on the eastern side of the top which become very clear near the trig and leading to the north west corner and great views. All up only 4.5 hours but well worth it. I recommend it and Mount Scanzi as excursions from Coolana.

A great sunny day with warm weather. Perfect to start the walk on a coastal track. Lovely company and everyone was quite fit and kept up at a very good pace.

We all met at Otford station at 7:30am for an early start and finished on time to catch a ferry at 4pm. Unfortunately there was a huge queue for the ferry hence 3 people were left behind after 2 ferries were full.

A decent distance covered and everyone was supportive to each other and made a very delightful journey throughout the day. We had a nice spot next to the water for lunch and got some time to soak into the scenery.

A lot of prospective members joined on the walk. As always some laughter and jokes kept the humor going in the group when the hills were high and day got a bit hotter. Leader really enjoyed the company of bush walkers and hope to see them next time.



No one accompanied me on the drive up from Sydney, and for a long time it seemed that Alex wasn't going to join me on the way back. Finally, I found him on a farmers property at 3pm, after having driven 30 kms south to get sufficient network to pick up Geoff's text from Melbourne, giving me the latest Spot GPX update on his progress. First thing I did on picking him up, was get the key to the showers at the Grey Gum cafe and push him through the door.

On the way up in the morning I located within an hour the Devils Hole art site, a brilliant series of axe, boomerang and club stencils.

3 Oct 2017	Cowan to Brooklyn	Ku-ring-gai Chase NP	<b>Robert Carter</b> Gordon Jagger Anthea Michaelis Tim Sutherland John Millard <i>P Members</i> Monique Olgers Viviana S Flores Peter Murchie Isabella Clarke
5 Oct 2017	Sugarloaf Bay	Willoughby Council	<b>Genevieve Savill</b> Tracy Edwards Susan Healey Melinda Long Belinda Smith Damien Smith <i>P Members</i> Alex Michie Jennifer Mles Kristensen Henrik Kristensen
6 Oct 2017 ok	Gap Creek Pagodas	Mugii Murum-ban	<b>Yuri Bolotin</b> <i>P Members</i> Paula Kelly Rob Rawson
7 Oct 2017	Ruined Castle & Mt Solitary	Blue Mountains NP	<b>Chris Dowling</b> Matthew Dickerson Angela Barton Tim Sutherland Einion Thomas Jodie Dixon Karen Kool <i>P Members</i> Mikey Luong Tom MacDonald <i>Visitor</i> Helen Kool

### **Help needed**

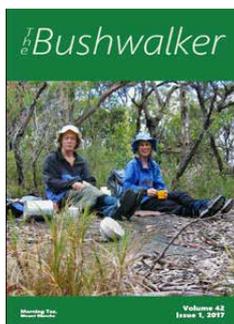
Remember to please give leaders plenty of notice if you need to pull out of a walk, so that other members can have the opportunity to take your place.

We continually need to expand our pool of leaders, so if you haven't put on a walk before, think about what you might put on the Spring Program. Maybe you have a favourite walk near Sydney that you are familiar with? Just one walk is all we are looking for.

<p>7 - 8 Oct 2017</p> <p>Thornleigh to Brooklyn</p> <p>Ku-ring-gai Chase NP, Berowra Valley Regional Park</p> <p>This walk was a bit of a speculator for an overnight Q-walk close to Sydney with transport at either end. Although the leader had walked this route previously in 2 days with full pack he obviously had blocked the experience out of his mind.</p> <p>Some may consider this walk not to meet the Q-walk criteria however here are a few stats – distance = 51.7km; moving time = 14:07 hrs; total ascent = 2026m; total descent = 2198m; total ascents over 50m = 12; total ascents over 100m = 7. It is safe to say that we were all pretty buggered as we walked the last few km to the Anglers Rest in very welcome light rain.</p> <p>Overall the group was very impressive as to how they approached and participated in the walk with each of the Prospective Members stepping up and proving their preparedness for an overnight walk. Great interaction (except on the ascents) and camaraderie throughout. Congratulations to those who have now completed all of the criteria to apply for Full Membership.</p> <p>A good solid walk that will be repeated in the future.</p>		<p><b>Robert Carter</b></p> <p>Gordon Jagger Nicola Le Couteur</p> <p><i>P Members</i></p> <p>Antony Milch Jason Watts Lisa Joseph Ben Joseph Peter Tsavellas Carmen Bryne Sarah Sheridan</p>
<p>7 - 8 Oct 2017</p> <p>Wollangambe Crater</p> <p>Blue Mountains NP</p> <p>The party met at Bell, everyone was there half an hour early! A quick discussion about the car shuffle to get back to the start at Mount Wilson and off we went, so straight forward; and that's how it continued.</p> <p>This was an overnight qualifying walk, half on track and half off track through reasonably open ridge top terrain, with the Wollangambe area adding some great views over the rugged creeks and river valley and lots of dramatic rocky outcrops, and a very pleasant camp site.</p> <p>Waratahs were a highlight of the trip - there was a smattering of them along the route; but not many flowers in any one spot. Many of them were showing signs of doing it a bit tough in the very dry conditions, but it is fantastic to see the splashes of stunning red in the rugged Australian bush.</p> <p>This was the first overnight bush camping experience for a few of the group. A great evening was had around the camp fire.</p> <p>It was a great weekend with a great bunch of people and everyone seemed to have a good time.</p>	<p><b>Rod Wales</b></p> <p>Jeff Boyd</p> <p><i>P Members</i></p> <p>John Fuller Will Suraydi Sonya Berson James Hoy Emily Deck Priya Singh Ghada El-Ghoul Annette Miller</p>	
<p>8 Oct 2017</p> <p>Blaxland to Faulconbridge 1944 Revisited</p> <p>Blue Mountains NP</p> <p>This followed a route by Jack Whitford back in 1944. Good walking conditions though with a little afternoon rain. Pippas Pass is a good entry point to Glenbrook Gorge though the route along Glenbrook Creek to the Duck Hole remains a slow passage due to fallen timber, boulders and flood debris. Lunch at Lost World Lookout (great views) and we rejoined Glenbrook Creek to head upstream to Faulconbridge. The bush is very dry even in the rainforest (no sign of leeches!). Those who went to the pub afterwards gave a toast to Jack Whitford.</p>		<p><b>David Bell</b></p> <p>Patricia Huang Sally Reynolds Alex Alperovich Rosemary MacDougal Tony Crichton</p> <p><i>P Members</i></p> <p>Anthony Powell Yoon-Jung Kang</p>

8 Oct 2017	Tank Cove to Juno Point	Brisbane Water NP	<p><b>Roger Treagus</b></p> <p>Helen Dalton Misako Sugiyama Jan McLean Jenny Lian Honey P</p> <p><i>P Members</i></p> <p>Clare Corcoran Clare Wang Wilhelmina von Buellan Don MacLennan NPA Anne Corbet NPA</p>
8 - 12 Oct 2017	Week at Illawarra	NA	<p><b>Bill Holland</b></p> <p>Fran Holland Bill Holland Patrick James Barrie Murdoch Phil Hayes Peter Stitt Dot Stitt Helen Gray Maurie Bloom Barbara Bloom</p> <p><i>Visitors</i></p> <p>Kate Murdoch Yi Wen Zhang</p>
10 Oct 2017	Taronga Zoo to Manly	Sydney Harbour NP	<p><b>Margaret Rozea</b></p> <p>Steve Watson Tim Sutherland Myee Allison Jan Davies Nick Rutledge</p>
12 Oct 2017	Berowra Circuit	Ku-ring-gai Chase NP	<p><b>Margaret Rozea</b></p> <p>Virginia Riley Don Andrews Sally Reynolds Anthea Michaelis</p> <p><i>Visitors</i></p> <p>Jason McCall Power (Bush Club) Amy Chik (Bush Club) Terry Perram (NPA)</p>

<p>12 Oct 2017</p> <p>After a bit of rain yesterday and this morning, it was a lovely clear, dry night for a bushwalk. It was nice to see that National Parks have done a bit of maintenance on the Sphinx track since our last walk here as it was badly needed. Wildlife spotted by some of the group included a goanna and an owl.</p>	<p>Sphinx and Darri Tracks</p>	<p>Ku-ring-gai Chase NP</p>	<p><b>Genevieve Savill</b></p> <p>Jenny Stephens Philip Worledge Belinda Smith</p> <p><i>P Members</i></p> <p>Jennifer Mles Kristensen Henrik Kristensen</p>
<p>14 Oct 2017</p> <p>Misty and at times wet day that thwarted long distance views but made for some dramatic scenery around the cliffs. Beautiful waratahs around Cedar Gap. Pretty good trip, the Knife Edge is always fun, lots of humour amongst the group. Most went to the pub at Katoomba after the trip, while seven made their way to a Harris Park Indian restaurant for dinner. A good day celebrating 90 years of SBW.</p>	<p>Mt Solitary - 90th Celebrations</p>	<p>Blue Mountains NP</p>	<p><b>John Kennett</b></p> <p>Yoon Lee Nicola Le Couteur Tim Yewdall Kavita Joshi Tony Crichton Cvet Jankulouska Aman Singh Margaret Rozea</p> <p><i>P Members</i></p> <p>Andrew Schopieray Mark Thieben Mike Cave Peter Murchie Anthony Powell Eduardo Da Silva</p>
<p>14 - 15 Oct 2017</p> <p>A most enjoyable walk. Misty on Saturday with some early light drizzle, pleasantly warm overnight and for splashing down the River but not too hot for the hill climbs. Lots of trout heading upstream in the River and display of flowering rock orchids on the walls of the Gorge.</p>	<p>Lower Jenolan Gorge via Krungle Bungles</p>	<p>Blue Mountains NP</p>	<p><b>Owen Kimberley</b></p> <p>Michele Powell Helen Zimmerman Tim Sutherland</p> <p><i>P Member</i></p> <p>Daniel Mutryn</p>
<p>14 - 15 Oct 2017</p> <p>Another exploratory trip into this rarely travelled area of the NW Budawangs. Found an awesome camp site that I'm planning to use again for our next exploratory trip. Found more routes onto plateau to the west. Big thanks to mates who keep on returning to help explore this area!!!</p>	<p>Exploring Brulee Brook</p>	<p>Morton NP</p>	<p><b>Melinda Turner</b></p> <p>Jodie Dixon Stephen Dolphin Glenn Draper Tim Hager</p>



The latest edition of the **Bushwalking NSW** magazine is available for downloaded at:  
<http://www.bushwalkingnsw.org.au/bushwalker-archives/>

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**THE COLONG BULLETIN**

*If not, you can download it from the Colong Foundation website at:  
[www.colongwilderness.org.au](http://www.colongwilderness.org.au)*

<p>14 - 15 Oct 2017 Wog Wog and Corang River, Arch and Peak Morton NP</p> <p>We ended up all meeting on Saturday morning instead of camping on the Friday night and heading off from Wog Wog. An easy walk to Corang River and then up through Canowie Brook with burnt trees against white rocks and lunch by the creek. We then went on to Yurnga lookout with a little scrambling and canyon discovery and admired the view of Mt Owen and Mt Cole with Mt Pigeon House photobombing in the background. On the way to Mt Bibbenluke we'd discovered there was a cave camp which would suit us perfectly. Happy Hour was renamed to Happy Time and the drinks were flowing much quicker than the Corang River itself.</p> <p>Sunday was a beautiful warm and sunny day and we headed up Birrumbeet for some scrambling, discovery of another cave camp and world class limerick making. We didn't make it to Murrumbooie Falls as we had a long walk back to Wog Wog. Having said that, would love to hear from other members if they've reached the falls as the off track is quite thick. A quick wander across Corang Arch and lunch in an overlooking cave we headed up to Mt Corang before disturbing a baby red-bellied black snake and had a enjoyable walk back to the cars. All walkers had a fantastic time (at least that's what they told me) and prospectives were excellent.</p>	<p><b>Simon Karantonis</b></p> <p>Alex Allchin Jo Daly</p> <p><i>P Members</i></p> <p>Emma Simpson Karen File</p>
<p>15 Oct 2017 Palm Beach to Warriewood UBD</p> <p>Nine of us enjoyed a very decent walk up very some decent hills with some very decent coffee along the way! The weather behaved thankfully. Rather than take the high route at Warriewood, the tide was low so we clambered over the rocks. Just shy of 18km when we got back to the cars. A very good day indeed.</p> 	<p><b>Tracy Edwards</b></p> <p>Richard Darke Melinda Long John Robb Barbara Gray David Ho Andy Ojong</p> <p><i>P Member</i></p> <p>Nick Rutledge</p>
<p>15 Oct 2017 Cowan to Brooklyn Ku-ring-gai Chase NP</p> <p>A very pleasant day with some big ups and downs, combined with fantastic views of Jerusalem Bay, Hawkesbury River, and a distant view from the ridgetops down to remote Porto Bay. (Photos by Chris Miller.)</p>  	<p><b>Nigel Weaver</b></p> <p>Chris Miller Margaret Weaver</p> <p><i>P Members</i></p> <p>Emma Vickery Don MacLennan</p>

<p>15 Oct 2017      Wollangambe Ramble      Wollangambe NP, Newnes State Forest</p> <p>Waratahs were blooming in profusion, many with a pinkish tinge. We rambled at a reasonable pace through some spectacular scenery. Nearly all got wet bums sliding down a "slippery dip" to the lunch spot next to Goochs Crater. Congrats to all the Prospectives who had no trouble on this walk.</p>	<p><b>Geoff Goodyer</b></p> <p>Alexa Bullen Nicola Le Couteur Alex Alperovich Jose Correa</p> <p><i>P Members</i></p> <p>Carmen Byrne Warwick Chate Lee-Anne Nel</p>
<p>15 Oct 2017                      Blackheath                      Blue Mountains NP</p> <p>Not a view in sight!! Mist, mist and more mist with some rain as well. I tried to point out, that on a nice day the views were spectacular, but was told many times by the prospectives, "it's not about the view, it's all about the Q". An enjoyable day and we arrived back at Pulpit Rock at about 3.30pm.</p>	<p><b>Angela Barton</b></p> <p>Chris Dowling</p> <p><i>P Members</i></p> <p>Ghada El-Ghoul Karin Hosken Rouzz Lichaa Jay Benedicto Ashwin Ramesh Emily Hohnke Michael Catchpoole</p>
<p>19 Oct 2017                      Acron Oval Circuit                      Garigal NP</p> <p>This circuit incorporates some good hills, nice views, single track as well as some fire trail. Lot of wildlife was heard throughout the night and Alex even managed to locate a yabby in one of the creeks. Good group, lovely walk.</p>	<p><b>Genevieve Savill</b></p> <p>Tracy Edwards Susan Healey Jenny Stephens Philip Worledge Belinda Smith Damian Smith</p> <p><i>P Members</i></p> <p>Alex Michie Vaasugi Velmurugu</p>
<p>21 Oct 2017                      Abseil Refresher                      Wahroonga</p> <p>A strong turnout compared to the last time I ran this, when I only had two starters. There was no competition for space at Wahroonga Rocks, so things went pretty smoothly, and people had a good opportunity to refresh their skills. The morning seemed to fly past. Thanks to Lucy, Rod and Jo for all of their work setting up, belaying and coaching everyone throughout the morning. The numbers meant that the volunteers were worked pretty hard! Photos by Jon Bell and Rachel Grindlay.</p> <div data-bbox="97 1619 1182 2136"> </div>	<p><b>Tom Brennan</b></p> <p>Lucy Keatinge Jo Squires Rod Wales Jenny Lian Damon de Costa Melanie Freer Paul O'Callaghan Alex Alperovich Charles Dunn Karen Kool Stephanie Hickson John Flint Dan Dan Shao Richard Darke</p> <p><i>P Members</i></p> <p>John Fuller Ewelina Przybyszewski</p>

<p>21 Oct 2017 Perrys - Blue Gum - Lockleys Pylon and back Blue Mountains NP</p> <p>Great views and with an enjoyable group of people.</p>	<p><b>Ed Squires</b></p> <p>Carley Finn James Collier Petros Nikoloudis Michelle Rose</p> <p><i>P Members</i></p> <p>Tom MacDonald Monique Olgers</p> <p><i>Visitor</i></p> <p>Michel Kisso</p>
<p>22 Oct 2017 Riverside Walk to 90th Birthday Picnic Lane Cove NP</p> <p>There were 13 keen walkers on the Riverside Walk, including 2 visitors.</p> <p>We set off on time from Macquarie Park station and collected those who drove to the park. We made good time doing a clockwise circuit with a morning tea stop at the cafe halfway. A good 11km walk in time to join in the SBW 90th anniversary bbq at Tunks Hill picnic area to enjoy the meat, salads, drinks and yummy cakes.</p>	<p><b>Melinda Long</b></p> <p>Gina Binetti Katrinya Dening Yeok Ken Williams Karen Carkner Vincent Murray Misako Sugiyama Sarah Homewood Cathy Hoare Kevin Reeves</p> <p><i>P Member</i></p> <p>Clare Corcoran</p> <p><i>Visitors</i></p> <p>Harry Heinemann Dylan Smith</p>
<p>22 Oct 2017 Station to River walk Lane Cove NP</p> <p>We started at 09:30, walking along Station to River walk from Chatswood to Lane Cove National Park, then following the Great North Walk to Tunks Hill Picnic Area to join SBW 90th Birthday party. Our members enjoyed the walk and the SBW Birthday party. We saw cockatoos and Aboriginal engravings on the way to Tunks Hill.</p>	<p><b>Miu Pang</b></p> <p>Kin Lee Nigel Weaver Margaret Weaver Peter Tzavellas</p>
<p>22 Oct 2017 Thornleigh to Lane Cove Great North Walk</p> <p>A fun relaxed morning meeting at the coffee shop in Thornleigh for a chat over coffee before heading off along the Great North Walk towards Lane Cove National Park.</p> <p>Everyone in good spirits as we walked with anticipation of the afternoon's BBQ &amp; birthday celebrations at Tunks Hill.</p> <p>Great to meet new people &amp; catch up with familiar faces.</p> 	<p><b>Susan Healey</b></p> <p>Tracy Edwards Jenny Stephens Ismael Avalos Richard Darke Martyne Preston Jo Daly Margaret Carey Catharina Muller</p> <p><i>P Members</i></p> <p>Natasha Hughes Susan Stanton Emma Simpson</p>

<p>26 Oct 2017</p> <p>Six of us meandered through the backstreets of Belrose before heading off into the bush following the Heath Track, Bare Creek track and Cascades track back to civilisation. Just 8.7km but with some reasonable hills. Found a large yab-bie and several eels but no one had cooking equipment to whip up some bush tucker. Next time perhaps...</p>	<p>Belrose Circuit - night walk</p>	<p>Garigal NP</p>	<p><b>Tracy Edwards</b></p> <p>Susan Healey Jenny Stephens Leigh McClintock Nick Rutledge</p> <p><i>P Members</i></p> <p>Alex Mitchie</p>
<p>28 Oct 2017</p> <p>Great walk with a small group. Only one prospective who performed admirably not just in walking but in listening to tales of lost and injured bush walkers over the years.</p>	<p>Wentworth Falls Classic</p>	<p>Blue Mountains NP</p>	<p><b>Mark Wigley</b></p> <p>Jim Collier Karen Kool Carley Finn Alexa Bullen</p> <p><i>P Members</i></p> <p>Linh Nguyen</p>
<p>28 - 29 Oct 2017</p> <p>The Mt Airly mesa of Mugii Murum-Ban SCA is a beautiful area that needs to be explored at a slow pace. Less than 3 hour drive from Central Sydney and with easy access to the plateau via two trails, it warrants further visits to discover more of its pagodas and ruins from early mining. Article to follow. Photos by Andrew Scopieray.</p>	<p>Mugii Murum-Ban exploration</p>	<p>Mugii Murum-Ban SCA</p>	<p><b>Vivien de Remy de Courcelles</b></p> <p>Emmanuelle Convert Joan Chan</p> <p><i>P Member</i></p> <p>Andrew Scopieray</p> <p><i>Visitor</i></p> <p>Justine de Remy de Courcelles</p>
	<p>28 - 29 Oct 2017</p> <p>A happy group of walkers met at Wentworth Falls. It was a hot morning as we made our way to Kedumba River where we had morning tea. We crossed the river and set up camp among the trees and kangaroos. A pleasant afternoon with an early Happy Hour. Luckily it was overcast on Sunday morning and we climbed to the pass with a cool breeze cooling us down. It was already hot.</p> <p>We had wonderful views for Lions Head. A very enjoyable weekend with everyone helping to make it a success.</p>	<p>Kedumba Valley</p>	<p>Blue Mountains NP</p> <p><b>Angela Barton</b></p> <p>Ghada El-Ghoul Sebastian Brunsdon Keith Lamb</p> <p><i>P Members</i></p> <p>Warwick Chate Tom McDonald Dinesh Arora Sarah Binks Clive Howard Rob Rawson Priya Singh Nigel Butler Jenny Clough Wilhelmina von Buellen</p>

29 Oct 2017	Helenburgh to Otford	Royal NP	<b>Nigel Weaver</b> Rosemary MacDougal Tim Yewdall Misako Sugiyama <i>P Members</i> Sonya Berson Henry Lacina Mike Cave Eduardo Nickel de Silva
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This walk replaced the original one, which was from Woy Woy to Wondabyne. The new walk was needed because of a late change in trackwork scheduled by Sydney Trains. We left Helensburgh and followed the Burgh Track by a rather circuitous route down to the crossing point on Hacking River, where we crossed the creek without getting our feet wet. We then went uphill to Garrawarra, and proceeded to Bulgo Lookout where we enjoyed the fabulous coastal views. Later on we enjoyed the magnificent view of the south coast from Otford Gap before heading to the station to round off a pleasant day. (Photos by Tim Yewdall.)



31 Oct 2017	Midweek Luncheon	NA	<b>Bill Holland</b> Fran and Bill Holland Barry and Kate Murdoch Phil and Jan Hayes Dot and Peter Stitt Judy and Colin Barnes Robyn O'Bryan Patrick James Marian Plaude Gerry Leitner Jim Percy Fazeley Read Spiro Hadjikanitas Ros Duncan George Mawer  <i>Visitor</i> Yi Wen Zhang
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This was the bi-monthly gathering of mainly older retired members. but all are welcome to join future events  
On this occasion we also celebrated George Mawer's 90th Birthday.

**Can't think of a walk to lead?**

There are well over 1,000 overnight and extended trips outlined in the Historical Walks Database, found by logging in to the Members Area on our website and following the link to Historical Walks Record

[www.sbw.org.au](http://www.sbw.org.au)

Here you will find a list of all the overnight or extended walks run by the club from its inception to the present day. Look at the region you are interested in and see what walks have been done there in the past!

Use this wonderful resource to help plan your next walk!

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