

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

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A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bush Walkers, Box 4476 G.P.O., Sydney, 2001. Club meetings are held every Wednesday evening from 7.30 pm at the Wireless Institute Building, 14 Atchison Street, St. Leonards. Enquiries concerning the Club should be referred to Ann Ravn, Telephone 798,8607.

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OCTOBER, 1981.

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CONSERVATION NOTES.

by Alex Colley.

South-West Tasmania.

The Tasmanian Wilderness Society (129 Bathurst Street, Hobart, 7000) has appealed to fellow conservationists to support its campaign to prevent further destruction of South-West Tasmania. The S.B.W. has not received a copy of the appeal, but Club members who have enjoyed this beautiful country might like to help. The society asks supporters to:

- * Ask your Federal member to support its call for an enquiry.
- * Write a letter to your local paper.
- * Sign a petition (a copy of which will be available in the Clubroom).
- * Make a donation towards the \$3,000 cost of the campaign.

The society lists the threats to the South-West as follows:

1. Hydro-Electric development which will only provide 4 - 6 years projected growth in electrical demand, while cutting the wilderness by at least 30%.
2. Forestry for woodchipping and pulping which will reduce the wilderness by at least 30%.
3. Exploration by mining companies: Shell and B.H.P. have applied for licenses covering nearly 1500 sq. km. along the eastern edge of the wilderness.

The South-West is an area of national significance that is in danger of becoming a national disaster. Although some portions of the South-West are within national parks, substantial areas including features such as the Gordon Splits remain unprotected. Furthermore, national parks in Tasmania have been altered or revoked for hydro-electric and forestry purposes. The South-West is part of our national heritage and, therefore, deserves national involvement.

Threats to Bushwalkers on the Cox.

Following threats to Club members by the owner of a property at the Little River - Cox River junction, the advice of the National Parks and Wild Life Service has been sought. The property is about half-way between the park boundary and the Six Foot Track and about 5 km outside the park.

Walkers have followed this section of the Cox since the earliest days of the Club, and before. A strong case could therefore be made for the provision of access. This might be achieved by several means:

- * Negotiation by the N.P. & W.S. with the land owner.
- * Purchase of land by the Service.
- * Creation of a walking track (the Lands Dept. is now active in this direction).
- * Investigation of the land-owner's boundary, which may fall short of the Cox.

We have been advised to start by writing to the Director of the Central Region of the N.P. and W.S.

Rainforest Fund.

The Australian Democrats have given notice of a motion in the Senate calling for the preparation of a national plan for the proper conservation of Australian forest resources and the establishment of an Australian Rainforest Fund. Because the principal opposition to the preservation of rainforests rests upon the employment provided by the destruction of these forests, the fund, which could be used for the provision of alternative timber supplies, and the compensation of employers and employees in the industry, if necessary, could be the key to preservation.

The Colong Committee has written to all members of the Australian Parliament asking them to support the motion, and has received a large number of interested and many sympathetic replies. It has also written to Mr. Wran stating its belief that if his party supports the motion in the Senate, and adopts it as State Government policy, it will be the means of saving our rainforests. Mr. Wran has replied that the Government would certainly examine the proposal.

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OBITUARY - DICK HOFFMAN.

by Helen Gray.

The death occurred last month of Dick Hoffman. Dick joined the S.B.W. in 1950, and was involved with the Club for a number of years. A disease which severely affected his eyesight, plus family commitments, resulted in his leaving the Club some years later, but he kept close friendships with many Club members.

Those of us who knew Dick through his past and recent illness saw a man of courage with the ability to face up to life, and death, with calmness and without ever losing the ability to laugh or to take an interest in others. I will miss him very much.

The Club extends its sympathy to his wife, Audrey, and to John, Delia, Olwyn, Megan and David.

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OBITUARY - MRS. ALICE CARLON.

by Bill Burke.

Farewell, Mrs. Alice Carlon of Green Gully, a noble lady and a long time friend of all Bushwalkers.

She spanned many eras in her 92 years lived almost entirely at Katoomba and Green Gully and could remember meeting aborigines on their walkabouts from Megalong through to Toongabbie for tribal ceremonies.

The first time I met her was in '39 in company with Alex Colley and Bill Hall on a 33 miler - "that poor boy, they will kill him" - she confided to a guest who later became my wife.

It was a forerunner of many happy meetings, of innumerable cups of tea and damper in the kitchen - no bushwalker party returned through Carlon's without Sunday afternoon tea - of many happy hours on the front verandah talking to Norbert (Norbert was mostly to be found sitting on the front verandah), trying to put the ring on the nail, or just plain lazing on the beds.

My children stayed there on school holidays and loved the place and loved Mrs. Carlon and Norbert, who didn't mind them combing and shaving him whilst he rested.

Green Gully was always a smiling happy home to all who drifted by or stayed and yarned and enjoyed the pleasure of her company, while at the same time she ran the house, the garden and poultry yards. There were always chooks with their heads off waiting to be cleaned and mountains of feathers flying. Feeding the peacocks, chinese silkies and the plain bush birds, robins and wrens, that flew in and out of the kitchen at will.

She was the most cheerful and active person I have ever known and in her gym boots and faded print dress was equally at home running a rabbit trap line, serving the most delicious meals or discussing the state of the nation with all and sundry. Mrs. Carlon possessed the capacity to meet and talk to anyone, from tiny tots to Uni professors, at their own level.

The funeral was not really a sad occasion. Her friends from the mountains were there, some walkers and her children and grandchildren. Eleven by her daughter Bernadette and two by her son Bert, and we all shared the memories of the strength and joys she had imparted to us over the years. They came from as far apart as Darwin and Hobart to say their last farewells.

I can only repeat - Farewell to a Noble Lady.

JIM'S KANANGRA WALK.

by Bill Gamble.

There must be a certain satisfaction for a leader when his programmed walk is completed as planned. Such was Jim Percy's Kanangra walk on the weekend of 12/13 September, 1981 (map: Kanangra 1.31680, 25 km Medium).

Soon after midnight on the Friday, the members of Jim's party had reached the overnight car camp at Boyd Crossing. The mild temperature, coupled with a near full moon, removed most of the inconveniences of making a camp in the dark. If anything, there were grounds for complaint that the moon was too bright for sleeping in comfort. The opossums did not arrive to attack packs and food sacks as suggested by John Newman and the early stirrings of kookaburras were only just ahead of Keith Docherty collecting wood for the fire. Among other things noted, there was running water at Boyd Crossing and some wood by the fire pits, courtesy of Kanangra-Boyd National Park.

Out of the chaos of breakfast and packing gear, Jim urged us into vehicles and on to the carpark at Kanangra Walls, where we grouped for a reasonably early start at 8.30 am. There was time to look at the rock overhang adjacent to the top of Murdering Gully (the soak was dripping away merrily) and then we pushed ahead at a fairly leisurely pace for morning tea at the south end of Crafts Wall. In effect, time to absorb the panoramic views, sharply clear in the morning light, and to let everyone with a bit of knowledge on the area spout forth.

The traverse around the base of Crafts Wall and the climb over Mount Berry were in the current idiom 'no sweat', but Mount High and Mighty did bring on a little for most of the party. The top of Mount Stormbreaker was lunch stop in warm sunshine. It could be said that this hint of summer weakened the wills of Barry Wallace, Yvonne Kingston, Joy Hynes, Ian Debert and Bill Gamble, for they lay back and minded the gear while Jim led Tony Muscat, Kathy Gero, Keith Docherty and John Newman for the optional side trip to Mount Cloudmaker via Rip, Rack, Roar and Rumble. They reported on their return about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours later the known fact that the excellent views are to be seen while climbing Mount Cloudmaker, not from its bush-covered top.

There is a sense of anticipation when one moves away from the beaten track to an unmarked route. In this case, it seemed to be a straight forward plunge down a ridge to Kanangra Creek. On timbered slopes such as this one, there are thoughts on how dense the growth and how clear the ridge system to be followed. And on all ridges, the question of how steep and tangled with undergrowth the last hundred metres to the bottom?

From the initial steep descent off the top of Mount Stormbreaker, the ridge (heading generally north-west and parallel to Thunder Creek) descended clearly through open bush in a series of drops which cushioned the impact of the 800 metres in little over one hour. The last hundred metres, as expected, were toe-jabbing and there was the added hazard of avoiding stinging nettle before reaching the creek. The bonus was the sight of a slope covered in large, yellow flowers. A reminder of spring. By this time, Jim had moved ahead and while our thoughts were pre-occupied with a long, cool drink from the creek, his were in finding a suitable campsite for the night. This he

found about 5 minutes upstream on the opposite bank about 10 metres above the creek.

The benched site was cramped and with the exception of Farry, who chose to look down on us from another bench about 10 metres higher again, we all erected our tents abutting like a row of terrace houses. There was some confusion about the capacity of one camp-fire to meet the cooking needs of all and three were lighted as a result; and it was not until after supper that everyone gathered at one place. There was a short-lived interruption as heated rocks under the fire exploded, but this soon gave way to the dulcet tones of Joy, John, Ian and Barry. Liquids other than tea appeared to both slake the thirst and provide lubrication for vocal cords. Certain renditions by Barry were deemed to be an appropriate climax to the evening around the camp-fire; and soon there was silence, save for the occasional snore from various quarters and the gurgling of a contented creek.

Jim decreed before lights-out that the starting time on Sunday morning would be 8.30 am for the walk upstream. And we did. There was a certainty about Jim's decisions which moved even the habitual laggards lurking within the party.

Kanangra Creek ran clear and cold throughout the walk upstream. We crossed it so many times, one lost count. Not that it mattered, the level was low enough to get across easily without wet feet. The gullies on the true right were counted and occasionally Jim checked his map; and there was general agreement after about two hours that the next ridge on the true right was our route home.

Barry and Yvonne had already established themselves adjacent to the ridge at what would be our extended morning tea stop, before moving on around a bend about five minutes upstream for our extended lunch stop. The stated reason for the change of venue for lunch was a better approach to the ridge and proximity to a shallow pool. In the warm sun some wild claims on swimming were bandied about. Some members of the party got their gear off, but more enthusiasm was displayed in the sun than in immersing themselves in the creek.

At 1.00 pm we moved off behind Jim, delicately at first through the stinging nettle, followed by some hesitation in mounting a steep bank and then with heads down for the slog up the ridge to Mount Berry. About halfway, a metre or two of goanna clung to a tree trunk watching us cross its domain. Barry was up in one hour and the rest of us were strung out over the next 45 minutes. Joy came up at the rear to tell Jim that there was no one else to come! The ridge had similar characteristics to the one we had descended, except that it was a little shorter and the height from bottom to top about 200 metres less.

A breather atop Mount Berry until 3.00 pm and then we were in harness for the home run. The southerly breeze which had cooled us on the climb up the ridge from the creek dropped away and the warmth of the sun was all too apparent, until we moved away from Crafts Wall after a short break and felt the return of the cool wind. John was so concerned about the likely ill-effects of the turbulence that he was prompted to put on a pullover for the walk from Mount Brennan to the carpark, Kathy put her long pants on; and, from memory, the others soldiered on as is.

Between 5.00 pm and a quarter after, the party walked up the last few metres of track on to the carpark, with Jim having fallen back to the rear to check everyone off the course. Off to the side, Kanangra Deep was long in shadow, while Kanangra Walls lay golden in the setting sun. However foot weary, I think all members of the party would have felt the afterglow of a good walk, well led.

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1981 FEDERATION BALL. by Barbara Bruce.

Twenty S.B.W. members attended this year - how the "personal touch" makes a difference!!!!

After the last Ball there was a survey to find out what exactly people expected of the F.B.W. Ball. As a result, this year Ashfield Town Hall was set up in such a way there was more room for dancing; a band provided the music (FREE!!!), with occasional taped music; there were mostly country dances - many of which were new to us; and we had the usual raffles and spot prizes.

Quite a few clubs were represented, with even the Northern Rivers B.W. Club having a contingent come down by bus especially.

It is symptomatic, I suppose, that when you get a group of bushwalkers out to enjoy themselves together, they have a thoroughly good time. Such has been the case in previous years and such was the case again on 6/10/81, even if the dance music didn't commence until an hour and a half late!

Gordon Lee, the Ball convenor, for the second consecutive year, organised it all with his usual boundless enthusiasm for which he deserves many thanks.

SOCIAL NOTES FOR NOVEMBER. by Peter Miller.

18th November - Bushwalking in Queensland. Dot Butler - slides.

Dot will show slides of her trip to the Cape York Pensnsular earlier this year. Dot will accompany the slides with her excellent descriptions of the places she visited.

DINNER before the meeting will be held at Chehades Lebanese Restaurant, 270 Pacific Highway, Crow's Nest at 6.30 pm.

25th November - Films.

We will be showing films on safety, the environment, orienteering and leisure by Bruce Petty. The films are made available by the Department of Sport and Recreation and should be very interesting.

WEDDING CONGRATULATIONS - TO

Victor Lewin and Rowena Evans
David Ingram (jun.) and Sue Butters



eastwood camping centre

BUSHWALKERS

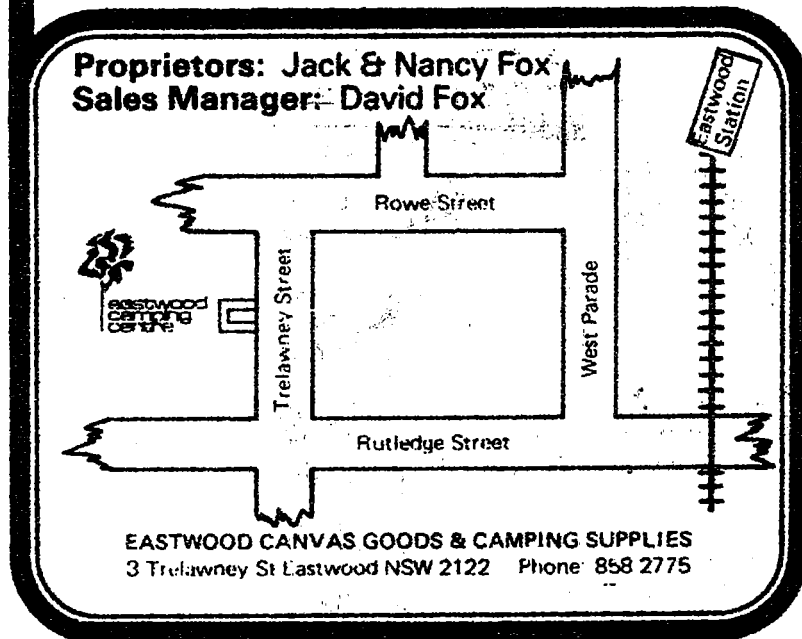
Lightweight Tents • Sleeping Bags • Rucksacks •
Climbing & Caving Gear • Maps • Clothing • Boots
• Food.

CAMPING EQUIPMENT

Large Tents • Stoves • Lamps • Folding Furniture.

DISTRIBUTORS OF:

Paddymade • Karrimor • Berghaus • Hallmark •
Bergans • Caribee • Fairydown • Silva • Primus •
Companion • and all leading brands.



WHY I DON'T GO BUSHWALKING - - -IN NEW ZEALAND.

by Frank Rigby.

In thirty years of bushwalking I have never implanted a walking boot on New Zealand soil. "Ignorant Ocker!" I can hear you saying. Well, at least do me the courtesy of hearing my arguments first. Actually, I've been to N.Z. only once, and that for a ski-ing holiday when the "guaranteed powder snow from May to October" at Mt.Hutt turned into a field of rough diamonds after three days of rain! This experience only served to harden my prejudices against the country, all of which were gained at least second or third hand and therefore thoroughly reliable.

First of all, the Kiwis don't even call our recreation "bushwalking", perhaps because we Aussies invented the word. You must say "tramping" when you cross the Tasman, but the only image that tramping brings to my mind is one of tramps. Understandably, I've no inclination to become a tramp.

Then there is the climate, or what passes for a climate in that suspiciously green, green land. Sure it's true that the once-a-century drought makes the outdoors almost tolerable. But, believe me, judging from the stories I've heard from returning Aussies, they went in the other ninety-nine years! "It didn't stop raining for three weeks"; "I didn't see the mountains at all - perhaps they're a myth"; "We were confined in a snow cave for nine days" and so on. Oh yes, you Kiwiphiles, you can't deny it. No wonder their Kiwi Jackets and wool shirts are so famous - just look at the superb research facilities!

Because of the climate the rivers are reputed to be almost unfordable - raging torrents of glacier milk that will either drown you or freeze you solid. Apparently the trampers form human chains and it is usual to sacrifice one or two members of the party at each crossing. Contrast them with our gentle streams where you can keep your feet dry and still have an optional swim in the pools.

Then there is, allegedly, a remarkable creature with the improbable name of "kea". It is supposed to be a bird, but judging from the accounts one hears (and they are legion) it may well be a devil-devil. Undoubtedly, it is the scourge of all trampers in Kiwi-land. It will thief anything from an expensive camera to an irreplaceable boot and make off with the loot, squawking in triumphant glee. The keas will peck holes in your new snow-tent and gobble up all your food. I ask you, can you possibly win when this mischievous tormenter has wings and you don't?

But the keas, it seems, are almost lovable by comparison with the notorious N.Z. sandflies. Myriads of these nasty, vindictive little horrors have driven many an Aussie half-crazy. "Give me the March flies of the Snowy Mountains anytime" I have heard them cry. "Stay above the treeline" is, apparently, the standard advice - I'm not sure though how one stays alive while reaching said treeline. Any advice? Alternatively, it is possible to barricade oneself in a hut, where one will probably be driven, anyway, by the climate.

Talking of huts reminds me of a song we used to sing around the campfire. It was introduced to we Aussies by the Kiwis themselves so it must be true.

The lines that stick in my memory go something like this:

"I've had a gutsful
Of trips where the huts 'r' full,
No more double bunking,
Double bunking for me."

The Kiwis don't appear to have songs about beautiful campsites; oh no, only songs about huts where double bunking is a way of life!

The pack weights they carry in N.Z. really daunt me. What the trampers put in them to achieve loads of sixty pounds and upwards is a mystery but one assumes that it must be necessary to stay alive. It goes without saying, that with that burden on my back, I wouldn't survive the first day.

Finally, there is the firewood, or more correctly, the stuff their trees are made of. Virtually incombustible, they say, but don't worry, just forget it and pack your chuffa instead. Perhaps "me ol' black billy" just wouldn't be appreciated in N.Z. If only the Kiwis would clear-fell their native forests and replant the whole country with eucalypts we might even accept them as our seventh state!

Well, there it is, folks - scenery that can't be seen, toes that turn to webbed feet, rivers of death, misery-making wildlife, sardine tin huts, packs that grind you into the glaciers and firewood that isn't. Please don't let me put you off but - - - - -

Because "The Sydney Bushwalker" is a famous magazine with world-wide circulation, I suppose this article will be widely read in New Zealand. I am therefore expecting to see shortly a retaliatory piece in the "Tararua Trampler", or similar, entitled "Why I Don't Go Tramping - - - in Australia".

Come to think of it, I could even cop a blast or two from the local Kiwis and the Aussies who have dared to enjoy these tiny islands off our south-east coast. Hostile letters to the Editor, angry articles in rebuttal and downright libel will be dealt with promptly after I've consulted my solicitor.

Perhaps, after all, I ought to take a tramp up the Mitukituki Valley or womewhere next summer just to confirm my prejudices. Any starters?

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HOUSE/CAR SWOP IN NEW ZEALAND.

Bill Gamble has received a letter from a walking acquaintance in New Zealand, asking if he knows of anyone interested in swopping homes and cars for a month commencing 26th December, 1981. If any Club members (despite the above article) are contemplating a North Island holiday soon, John and Dawn Barker may be good people to contact. Their address:-

J.A. Barker, Chartered Accountant, P.O. Box 2309, Auckland 1, New Zealand.
Telephones (in N.Z.): 793 902 (bus.), 466 411 (home).

And who said boots were mandatory in the N.Z. mountains, with this recollection of John by Bill: "Looking back downhill, I saw this bloke in sandshoes, no socks, jogging uphill and then proceeding to kick his way across a steep slope of packed snow." Ouch! (Mt.Hart, Milford Track, March 1976)

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

from Tom Herbert.

Dear Helen,

Herewith is a photo copy of Jack Debert's letter to the Sydney Morning Herald. The letter was written in 1929, 50 years after the dedication of the National Park in 1879.

The address shown on the letter is 258 George Street and this was the Boy Scouts' Rooms where the S.B.W. had its first meeting place. I think Jack's letter was good public relations work for the S.B.W. giving its philosophy and its address. Best wishes. TOM HERBERT.

NATIONAL PARK.To the Editor of the Herald.

Sir, In reference to "R's" letter in Saturday's "Herald", I would advise him that when in future desirous of showing our National Park to visitors, he would take them to some of the more unfrequented spots. While appreciating the difficulties under which the National Park Trust labours, owing to lack of finance, it is fully recognised that the most beautiful parts of our wonderful National Park are those untouched by the hand of man. It is regrettable that the remarks of Mr. W. F. Leighton Bailey concerning an ungrateful public are only too true, and it is a great pity we cannot educate the frequent visitors of our park to be more alive to its beauties, and the need for assisting in keeping clean this great playground.

I would like to draw attention to the fact that two years ago Wattamolla was a perfect camping place, but of late, owing to the greater number reaching the place by motor car, it has been utterly ruined by a careless public, who seem to think that a picnic involves the leaving about of hosts of paper, empty tins, and broken bottles. Those who see Wattamolla at present, for their first time, think it very beautiful, but had they seen it two years ago, they would have been enraptured with its beauties, which were then unspoilt by the untidy picnicker.

Sydneysiders, in the main, are unaware of the true beauties of National Park, but those who have traversed the many creeks and unfrequented ridges, realise what a fine inheritance has been handed on by the far-seeing statesman, who, in 1879, declared open to the public the first stretch of country, namely, eighteen thousand acres in extent. Of recent years, a further eighteen thousand acres have been added, and it is to be hoped that that glorious stretch of coastline, from the existing southern boundary at Garie, to a point just north of Stanwell Park, will be taken over by the park trust. This would then ensure that a number of beaches in proximity of the city would ever remain in a natural state.

I am, etc.,

J. DEBERT.

Hon. Secretary, Sydney Bush Walkers.

258 George-street, Sydney.

Sept. 17. 1929.

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(Fellow Members,

This unsigned letter arrived recently and it is just too good to throw away. Although frivolously written it has a grain of common sense and besides, there are not enough walks' articles coming through. I ask the author to own up - this could be the start of something big! EDITOR.)

Letter to the Editor.

IN REPLY TO THE ARTICLE ON CALENDAR REFORM.

Dear Sir,

The recent article on Calendar Reform in the August magazine, while interesting from a philosophical point of view, is simply a waste of time, and why anybody should try to convert the world is simply beyond me, although I do know that Albert Einstein and Immanuel Velikovsky both were in favour of it. It is as pointless as the fortune left behind by George Bernard Shaw to change the English alphabet. Surely the author realises there are more pressing problems than his hobby horse.

I have an idea that is equally important, and, unlike his, does not involve changing God's rule in any way. It is this. Why doesn't our planet have a name? Before you laugh and say "Earth", think what the Russians, the Copts, the Aleuts, the Magyars, and the Tuaregs call it. Not to mention the Arabs, the Hindus or the Gurindji. Obviously it is quite clear that every tongue has "earth" in its own language, and it may even be possible that some primitive culture has a genuine name for our planet. What is needed NOW is an International Name and that is the responsibility of the various nations on this planet, with the urgings of the citizenry. YOU.

Let this magazine lead the world. Let us be the hiccup that shook the civilized ramparts. Let us fire an arrow of intellect into the scientific and literary world. Let this be a trumpeting call that will outblast and outlast Roland's famous call through the centuries.

What can you do? Write letters to the editor of your favourite newspaper, make reverse charged calls to your Federal and State members, tell the local crackpot, shout it aloud from the ziggurats, write intellectually to Max Harris or grammatically to Patrick White (or vice versa). Refuse to let Joan sing at your wedding free, and SHOCK the Establishment. Get the local school councils to brainwash the next generation (look how the litter problem has been solved in only 20 years!), blackmail your worst politician, get influential millionaires to forgo frippery and sally forth forthwith.

Civil disobedience there can be too, but in a very subtle way that even timid typists can do by simply placing the stamps upsidedown each time they mail a letter and showing the world that they are members of S.N.O.O.P. (Society for the Naming Of Our Planet). Imagine the whole population of Sydney leaving their phones off the hook. Even a baby could be involved, and could ask his father without shame when he grew up - "What did YOU do in the SNOOP campaign?" and the father could puff out his chest and say, "I involved you, my cherub, into giving our Planet a name by making you take the phone off the hook, when you were but a dimpled babe".

Even young ladies can emulate their great-grandmothers of the Suffragette Movement by doing all sorts of things, although I am not in favour of them

copying Lysistrata. That would be going too far.

Let this be a broadsheet. A pamphlet announcing to the world that the light at the end of the tunnel is the 1st January 2000 when the Naming of Our Planet can come true. A whole new world crusade to round off the 20th century and all from your own S.B.W. magazine. Let THEM follow into the new millenium with SNOOP as our rallying cry.

As for the small problem of WHAT to call our planet, I will leave that to you, gentle reader. Just write your selection on a piece of paper and mail it to the Editor. An easy decision.
Long Live Our Magazine.

.....
(Unsigned for ethical reasons)

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THE HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING.

by Barry Wallace.

The meeting began at 2020 with the President in the chair and about 25 members present. There were apologies from Barbara Bruce, Fazeley Read and Tony Marshall.

Whether by chance or by design, there were no new members to welcome. The Minutes of the August meeting were read and received with no business arising, and the Correspondence was limited to a change of address notice from Fran Christie (hello Fran) and a pile of magazines and handbills.

The Treasurer revealed that we began the month with \$1816.39, spent \$330.54, earned or otherwise acquired \$199.00, and finished up with \$1684.54. The Coolana account had a closing balance of \$405.50.

All of which brought us with breathtaking suddenness to the (gasp!) Walks Reports. Unfortunately the first walk, Peter Frank's Newnes trip scheduled for 14,15,16 August was a damp squib. It didn't go! The other overnight walk, Peter Harris' Yalwal to Mt. Edwards et al had 5 starters and reports of a "hairy" climb onto Mt. Edwards. Hans Stichter reported schisms within the 46 people who started on his Glenbrook Gorge day walk on the 16th. Something to do with a group Re-uneing somewhere. Roy Braithwaite had no such problem on his Fenowie Track walk, there was not much potential with only 3 starters. But there again - - -.

The following weekend, 21,22,23 August, saw Don Finch doing the Wolgan River, Capertee River, Pipeline Pass circuit with 4 finishers and one dropout. It was reported as a good, fast walk. Peter Miller had 4, 5 or 6 people on his Coolana weekend, and Ian Debert had 5 members, 5 prospectives weaving their way around the Bonnum Pic to Burnt Flat Creek circuit. Of the two day walks George Walton had 11 people on a brisk ramble to Bluegum and Sheila Binns reported a "standard walk" for the 19 people who showed up on her Waterfall to Heathcote trip.

Len Newland explored Beehive Point with 8 people over the weekend of

28,29,30 August. Len says he will go back for more, so watch that programme. There was no report of Peter Miller's Gibraltar Rocks walk the same weekend. On the 30th Jim Percy had 5 members and 5 visitors on a Waterfall to Engadine trip which was reported spoilt by burning off operations in the park. Jim Brown led a Saturday walk on the 29th, attracting 26 starters on an easy trip from Wondabyne to Pindar Cave and back. "Uneventful" was the only description given for Jo Marton's 14 to 17 man trip out to Mt. Solitary on the 30th.

George Walton had programmed a 4-day trip, 28th August to 1st September, Kanangra to Katoomba. It was reported as a good walk with one member and 8 visitors (?).

Over the weekend of 4,5,6 September Bob Hodgson had 8 members on an "excellent" trip in the Wollongambe Wilderness. Brian Hart's Corricudgy walk did not start. Roy Braithwaite reported thickening scrub but good wildflowers for the 17 people who started on his Jerusalem Bay trip on the 6th, and John Newman had 7 members, 4 prospectives and 5 visitors on his Otford to Lilyvale walk to complete the Walks Report.

The Federation Report brought news that the Birds Rock colliery E.I.S. is to be withdrawn, and a proposal to scale down S. & R. operations. F.B.W. has written to N.P.W.S. supporting the proposal to reduce accommodation in the snowfields and to Morton National Park Superintendent regarding trail bike usage in the park. The N.C.C. is preparing a regional environmental plan for Newnes plateau and will support minimal burning off. It is reported that the Bush Sports activities are being well supported. Murray Scott will check on the liability of clubs, and the insurances available.

General Business was next up. A motion to remove mattresses from the hut at Coolana, in view of their combustibility and an increase in vermin infestation was moved and carried. So too was the constitutional amendment included in the notice of meeting. This has the effect of providing an additional class of membership, honorary active membership. This provides the benefits of honorary membership without removing the member's right to participate in debate at meetings.

Coolana was chosen as the site for the 1982 Re-union. A motion was passed that S.B.W. request F.B.W. check on whether S. & R. may conduct searches for members of affiliated clubs without police permission. (The answer was NO in case you were wondering.) The meeting also passed a motion supporting Fergus Bell's involving the S. & R. section in public debate over administration of searches.

Announcements brought news that only gas fires are now allowed in camping areas in Royal National Park, except where wood is provided. There was also a report of difficulties with a farmer at Flaggi Clear on the Cox. Alex Colley will seek further information.

The President gonged the gong, and it was all over for another meeting at 2202.

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6/7/8 November

WALKS POSTPONED: The Barn Dance at COOLANA has caused Don and Jenny Cornell and Ian Debert to postpone their respective walks to a later date.