

GROSE VALLEY

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

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Deadline for November Issue - Articles 26 October, Notes 2 November
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WALKING IN ENGLAND AND WALES

by Ainslie Morris & Mike Reynolds
(Your Overseas Correspondents)

Since earliest times Britain has been cross-hatched by footpaths which served as trading routes between isolated communities. The longer ways fell into disuse with the coming of roads and railways, although many shorter public footpaths continued as rights-of-way. England's most famous and popular long distance footpath, the Pennine Way, was the first to be developed as a route for recreational walking.

That was about as far as our knowledge of walking in Britain extended when we planned our two-month holiday visit to see close relatives and friends. Encouraged by some SBW members who had shorter walks in Britain, and undeterred by the derogatory remarks of a writer in the Federation of Bushwalking Clubs newsletter about muddy, crowded, boring tracks, we began to plan.

Where to walk? Australians need to approach walking in Britain from an entirely different viewpoint to the English, Dutch and others who live virtually on the spot. Asking ourselves firstly, what can we see that we can't see in Australia, and secondly, what interests us particularly, we began to select our walks.

Expectations for walking outside Australia must be different, you can't camp and light fires anywhere. You don't come to Britain for wilderness walking; this we have within one and a half hour's drive from Sydney. The English regard as wilderness high areas of hills, with almost constantly in sight the cultivated fields and villages of the valleys far below. Lovers of the outdoors understandably value these places, away from the noisy, built-up environments in which they live.

So to the second question - what were we seeking to fulfil our own interests? That which Australia lacks; the traces and remains of a long and complex human history was what fascinated us. (The Australian aborigines wisely left few traces of their occupation, thus leaving for the fortunate bushwalkers a precious near-pristine wilderness.) The other interest for us in walking in Britain was the charming scenery of village, farm, woods (all re-planted after a complete clearing over the centuries) and wildflowers completely different to our own.

Having clarified what we wanted to see, back to the question - where to walk? We obtained an excellent leaflet "Walking in Britain" at the British Tourist Authority office. It lists 52 "long distance footpaths" and "recreational routes", most in England, some in Scotland and Wales. So many! Now what? The map also showed the National Parks, such as Snowdonia and the Lake District. These are in high and comparatively remote places but are not what we mean by National Parks: sheep grazing is ubiquitous, forestry, quarrying and even farming and village settlement are in all British National Parks. There are also "Areas of Outstanding Natural Beauty" and "Heritage Coasts", so we considered these carefully. A little more research was called for: the leaflet lists Guidebooks and Maps, and we found a selection of these essential for rewarding walking. There are such general titles as "Classic Walks" and "Wales: Walking". The local library and the Travel Bookshop under Scots Church near the Harbour Bridge are good places to start. When we had selected our walks, we wrote away for those we needed. (The YHA Adventure SHops address for mail orders is in the leaflet also.) Also "Let's Go Britain and Ireland 1988" is excellent value, full of hints on walks, youth hostels and sights to see.

The five walks we selected were:

1. The South Downs Way - south of London.
2. The Dales Way - linking with the Pennine Way - in the Yorkshire Dales National Park.
3. Offa's Dyke Path - along the Welsh-English border.
4. Lake District - northwest England.
5. Cotswold Way - west of London near Wales.

We could thus sample several varied parts of England and Wales; we had all of July and August (summer); and we did not wish to walk constantly, but to also see people and throw in a little conventional sightseeing to take a breather from walking.

We took our weekend backpacks, tent, thermorests for comfort, down sleeping bags for warmth, a single-burner gas stove and a tiny cheap metho stove - the stoves being essential as cooking on a fire is virtually impossible anywhere in Britain. Carrying food for several days makes for a heavy pack, but we had to make our money last for a long time, and camping is cheap or free. The famous bed-and-breakfast places are prolific, and all walks can be done using them or inns, and Youth Hostels. A "B & B" averages 8 pounds to 12 pounds per person per night, or about \$16 with dinner and a pound for a packed lunch. One night, after we got soaked during 6 hours of walking, we succumbed to the Crown Inn at Horton-in-Ribblesdale; it cost two of us 43 pounds (double that for \$A), more than the rest of the week for all food, fares and camping fees! If you have only a short time in Britain for say one walk and prefer the ease of a day pack, B & Bs and Youth Hostels are ideal.

And why not the famous Pennine Way? It is a great challenge to the English who tramp along it in droves, but some of its 250 mile (402 km) length is over dreary moors utterly devoid of trees, wildflowers (except heather in late summer), and even birds. In the south near its beginning at Edale it looks bleak and just plain boring. The Way becomes very attractive as you approach Malham in Yorkshire, where the fascinating limestone formations are unique in Britain.

In choosing our walks we decided against the coastal Ways; in summer they are crowded and often windy, but could be a good choice outside the holiday season.

And so to Merry England and a different, more intimate way of seeing it - walking.

Search and Rescue Contact List

The Federation of Bushwalking Clubs NSW performs a vital function coordinating and supplying much appreciated bush walkers to assist search and rescue callouts.

Callouts are required when overdue or missing persons are thought to be located in an area of bushland necessitating large numbers of searchers. Callouts can occur several times a year, but may be mid-week.

When a callout occurs the Club's contacts (currently, Bob Younger, Don Finch, Hans Stitcher and Ray Hookway) are notified and they are responsible for ringing around to find people who are available to attend

To find out more about S & R attend an S & R weekend. They are advertised in the program and occur three times a year. The next practice will be in 1989.

If you can be contacted at short notice, have time available to attend (remember the callout exists until the person is found) and are a capable bush walker this is your opportunity to participate. You can be included on the "S & R Contact List". For those who are able to donate their time to this service please fill in the details below and return to The Secretary, Sydney Bush Walkers Inc., Box 4476 GPO, Sydney, 2001.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Home Phone: _____

Work Phone: _____

I am available to attend S & R callouts:

1. Same Day Yes/No
2. Next Day Yes/No
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REPORT ON DAY WALK - SUNDAY 7 AUGUST
GEORGE MAWER'S MT. BANKS WALK LED BY CAROL LUBBERS
WITH NAVIGATION ADVICE KINDLY GIVEN BY KENN CLACHER

by Carol Lubbers

15 souls willing to risk hypothermia on Banks Walls comprising 10 members, 1 prospective and 4 visitors

The walk started at 9.30 am - Mt. Banks, Banks Walls, Explorers Brook, Banks Ridge and back to Mt. Banks - 15 km.

Gusty, bitterly cold conditions but sunny - beanies and gloves were worn most of the day. Fantastic views of the Grose Valley, Blue Gum, etc, especially near David Crevasse during a lull in the wind.

We were able to boil a few billies at lunchtime on the fire trail on the leeward side of Edgeworth David Head. There were a few cases of burnt faces from sitting in the sun at lunchtime! A couple of youngsters on trail bikes decided not to drive through all the bodies stretched out on the trail and turned back the way they came.

Thanks to Greg Bray, a fast, easy way down to Explorers Brook was found. After much shouting between Kenn Clacher (up the spur), Greg Bray (up the creek), the main party (in the creek) and the leader (half-way up the creek) it was decided to follow Greg when he found George's famous exit tree and the way up.

As the party were leaving the creek they got disobedient and didn't follow the leader and found a snake!!! Pandemonium broke out when a lady (who shall remain nameless) with a most strident voice dramatically announced the snake's presence to the horror of the visitors on the ledge below. With all the screaming the folks above thought a ghastly accident had happened. The snake disappeared into the long grass, the party tippy-toed through the grass and shot up the hill like the devil was on their heels. The leader rewarded their effort with mint slices. No-one wanted to go back down to the creek for water.

After that, it was just a scrubby ridge gallop back to the fire trail and on to the warmth of the cars before dark.

* * * * *

NEWS news

It is with pleasure that we announce the opening of
Canoe & Camping's new store on 15th August

at

226 Prince's Highway,
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Phone (02) 546 5455

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Thurs 9 - 7 pm, Saturday 9 - 4 pm.

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SBW IN THE MARQUESAS ISLANDSPART 2

by Frank Rigby

(Part 1 ended with Helen Gray, Barbara Bruce and Joan and Frank Rigby spending their first night at Nuku Hiva aboard two yachts in Taiohae Bay.)

We all woke early on a day which seemed to herald an improvement in the weather. The sun was catching the spurs which swept down from the amphitheatre and the whole prospect of mountains, village and bay was a joy to behold. I wondered what was in store for us.

My original plan had been to walk to Anaho Bay on the north coast of the island using horse tracks and 4WD roads. Since the Gendarme had informed us that the tracks were now overgrown we must rely on the roads because one does not sensibly take to the bush in that rugged terrain with its tropical jungle. How we would fare carrying packs uphill in this hot, humid climate remained to be seen; certainly the Marquesans would never dream of it. Talk about mad dogs and Englishmen! How we would return to Taiohae was another question again. And what about the dreaded nonos and the mosquitos? I reflected there were more unknowns about this Marquesan trip than one could poke a stick at!

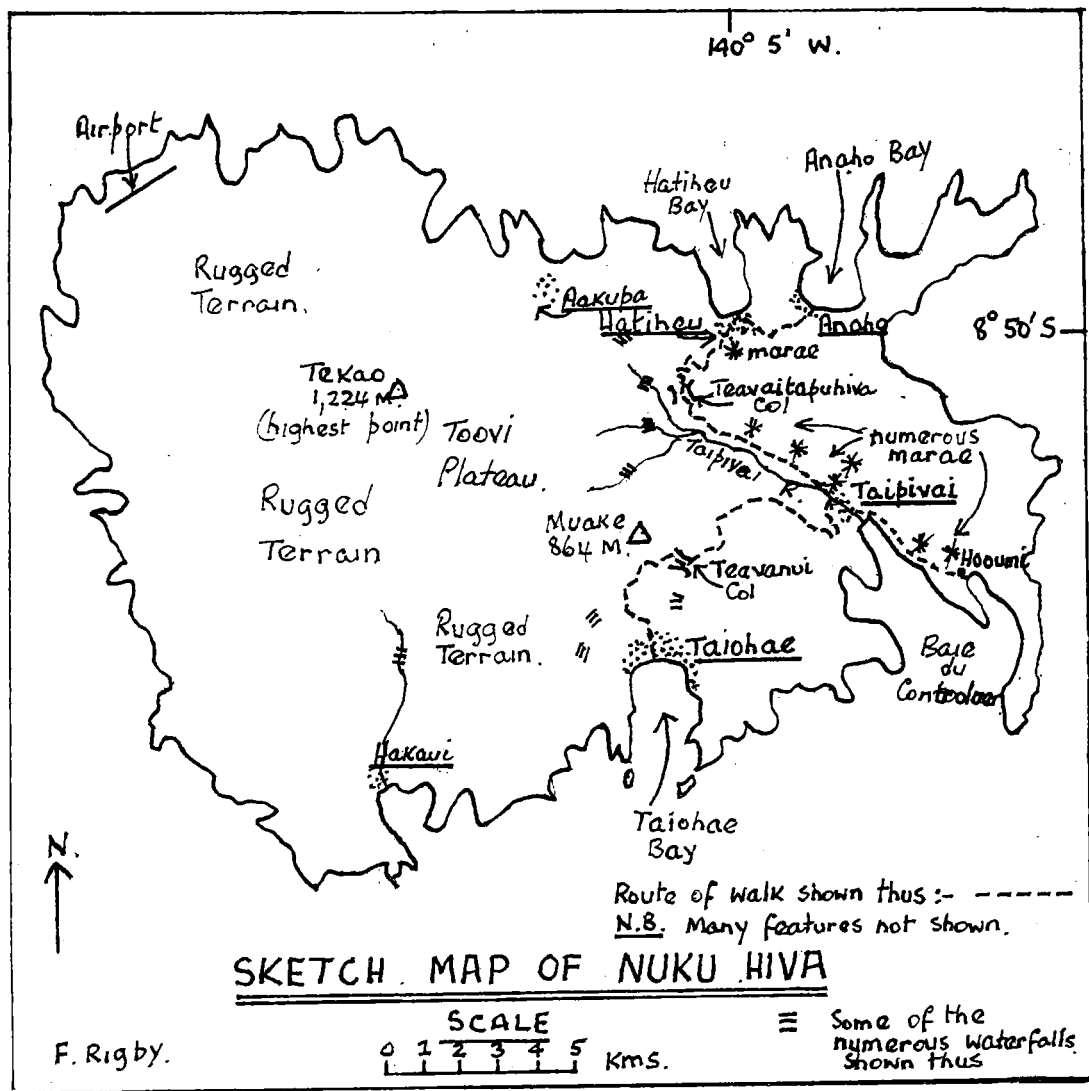
My thoughts were interrupted by the yacht's radio. Sparky (hosting Helen and Barbara) was talking to our skipper Hans and something was in the wind. It seemed that Sparky and his lady were tired of Taiohae and were planning a day sail around the coast to Anaho Bay. Would the Aussie backpackers care to accompany him? Even bushwalkers must be flexible, especially in the Marquesas, so we gladly accepted the kind offer. In the late afternoon, without even having raised a sweat, we sailed slowly into one of the most beautiful places I can ever remember.

Anaho is the stuff of which romantic South Seas dreams are made - the bay calm and blue, its clear warm waters gently lapping a white sand beach beyond which graceful coconut palms swayed in the breeze. There were glimpses of a small village in a perfect setting, thatched-roofed huts amongst the palms, a couple of Polynesian girls in colourful pareos. As if all this were not enough, the backdrop of rugged mountains, standing out in sharp relief in the low sidelight, took our breath away. We had come a long way for a bit of Paradise and at that magic moment it seemed that we had been rewarded.

Two bushwalking tents were added to the village, our first camp in the Marquesas; it was great to be back to the simple basics even if this included food from cans. (Contrary to popular belief, fruit does not fall from trees into one's mouth in the South Seas.) Neither did we find the villagers to be cannibals; in fact, we found them to be friendly, generous, fun-loving people despite the barriers of our mediocre French and our non-existent Marquesan. Within hours we were invited to a singing rehearsal in a special building decorated with palm fronds and flowers. An earth oven was also being dug so it was apparent that something important was afoot in Anaho. But in our experience in Polynesia every question has two or three different answers depending on who is questioned; accordingly, the village was expecting (a) a group of rich American tourists, (b) the President of France, or (c) the bigwigs of a large European Bank. Whoever it was, we would have to remove our tents in due course because such foreign intrusions were considered incompatible.

On the second morning, as the pigs, the breadfruit and all the other trimmings were baking under the hot stones and the banana leaves, we reluctantly donned our packs and set off for the trek across this remarkable island.

The heat was now on, literally, for the first time. The sweat poured from us as the packs, the uphill and the climate took their toll. An hour's walk along a track (no vehicles at Anaho) brought us to the roadhead at the village of Hatiheu where refreshments from the store, the wonderful scenery and the local children thankfully kept us from getting on with the walk. (White Ants would find the Marquesas ideal territory for practising their art.) The route ahead wound up to the col of Teavaitapuhiva (sonorous, these Marquesan names, the problem is pronouncing them) at 443 metres. Not very high, you may say, but it seemed like Mount Everest to me with the climate in reverse. At the col we were greeted by the sight of two magnificent waterfalls tumbling into the head of the Taipivai valley. I was also relieved to find that the large blank area marked on my map as "nuage" ("cloud" to you) actually existed.



This valley is of interest for its history and its archaeology. In 1842 a young American sailor deserted his whaling ship in Taiohae Bay and made his tortuous way overland to the valley of the dreaded Typees, among whom he lived for several weeks. He was Herman Melville, perhaps better known as the author of "Moby Dick". Melville later used the experience to write the fascinating fact/fiction book "Typee". At that time, and earlier, the Taipivai valley had a population of many thousands and contained numerous "marae", the huge stone platforms used for religious and social purposes. Today Taipivai is a sleepy little village of a few hundred people and the maraes have been mostly consumed by the jungle. It was interesting to reflect on how the fashions change - a pretty church artistically decorated and beautifully maintained had been built almost next door to an ancient marae now overgrown, crumbling apart and used as a pig pen. Fortunately the generous and kindly natures of the modern Typees have not changed for we were given all the fruits of the valley, including delicious pawpaws and pamplemousse, the large sweet Tahitian grapefruit.

But how could I forget to mention the other inhabitants of Taipivai, the malicious nonos? Here I had a disadvantage. Even with my spectacles I could not see these tiny insects and, worse still, I could not feel the bites. But a day later I suffered! By contrast, Helen and Barbara, being much more sensitive souls, knew what was going on and when they warned me all I could say was "What nonos?" Even so, we all sported an impressive collection of itchy red lumps for the rest of our stay. They were bad only in certain places and, according to the locals, were always worse in someone else's village.

Once more we climbed into the hills and experienced our one and only "high camp" at about 350 metres. Not so high, of course, but enough to give some relief from the heat and

and humidity of the valleys. Under a full moon in a clear sky we enjoyed the spectacular scenery and I made history by sleeping in a flannelette bag for the first and last time in the Marquesas.

Next morning it was ever upward along the road - we were revelling in this high open country even to the extent of refusing rides. Surely by now we must be the talk of Nuku Hiva: "Have you seen the crazy foreigners humping big loads on their backs, actually WALKING across the island and then being stupid enough to knock back a lift when it was offered?" For my part I couldn't help reflecting on this topsy-turvy world of ours: only 100 years ago these Polynesians had never seen a wheel or a horse and walked everywhere, now they were driving modern motor vehicles and wouldn't walk a hundred metres if they could ride.

And so we reached the col of Teavanui at 576 metres and what a panorama was laid out before us! Across the blue sea the island of Ua Pou thrust upwards into clouds of its own making. Much closer the rugged south coast of Nuku Hiva stretched away to east and west and immediately below Taiohae village and its horseshoe-shaped bay dotted with white yachts sparkled in the sunshine. All around us the green mountains and the waterfalls plunged downwards to the sea. It seemed the Earth had gone berserk at this spot, determined to compensate for all the dreary parts elsewhere on its surface. But there was history here too - I remembered the stories I had read of the 18th and 19th centuries, of the navigators, the slavers, the whalers, the sandalwooders, the French gunboats and the missionaries. All of them had done their bit to devastate the Marquesan race.

Hot, dry, sticky and filthy and covered with nono bites we finally reached journey's end, a stone signpost (surely the only one on Nuku Hiva) in the middle of Taiohae which told us that we had walked 32 kilometres from Anaho on the north coast. Not a tremendous distance over three days, I suppose, but then this walk, you might have gleaned, was somewhat unusual for the SBW.

Might even qualify for a test walk, I mused as we washed the dust down with Hinano beers all round.

TO BE CONTINUED.



TRIP REPORT - 27th to 29th August - KOSCIUSKO NATIONAL PARK

by Ian Wolfe

Lack of snow forced the abandonment of the intended route to Tin Hut and Bar Ridge. Instead we went in from Guthega to Illawong and then up to the saddle between Little Twynham and Twynham. The last half of this first day was in 30 m visibility, raging wind and bitter cold (well below freezing at lunch time). Needless to say we were all glad to call it an early day and dived into our tents.

A foot and a half of snow fell overnight and the weather improved marginally, visibility with clear vistas appearing occasionally for two minutes at a time. Feeling optimistic we did a half day trip out along Watson's Crags before the weather closed in again and we spent the afternoon practising building emergency snow shelters.

Day 3 began with a magnificent orange sunrise and a crystal blue sky. However the Gods were laughing at us for no sooner had we packed up than the orographic cloud descended with a vengeance. Another day of tantalising two minute views breaking the monotony of skiing in the clouds.

Nevertheless everyone enjoyed themselves and the trip back to Guthega via Tate West Ridge was quite pleasant on the new snow.

Four persons attended this ski trip.

* * * * *

ODE TO LUNCH

by Ray Franklin

(On Sunday, 28/8/88, Errol Sheedy led a party of ten on a vigorous bush-bash from Waterfall to Otford. At one point, as it crossed a road near the park entrance, the party was hailed by a well-meaning young ranger who, thinking we were with a group of boy scouts, tried to direct us down the track they had taken. On being told who we were, as well as who we weren't, thank you very much, the lad compounded his unintentional insult by saying, "Oh, a club, eh: you mean, like the N.P.A.?" God did not strike him dead on the spot, and the always polite Mr. Sheedy confined himself to a dignified "Not exactly". but it could have been otherwise.....hence the following fantasy.)

He didn't sense the danger,
As we made that cheerful push
From the bush across the footpath
To a tract of trackless bush.....
"Oy, you should've turned off over there,"
He grins and points and shouts:
"You've missed the blooming pathway -
You lot are with all the Scouts?"

There were snarls, the air electric:
For far less have strong men died.....
Bared teeth, a few stepped forward -
"Back, back!" our leader cried.
Then he faced up to the Ranger,
Tried to settle all his doubts:
"Of course not, foolish man," he said:
"Do we look like we'd be Scouts?"

The ranger - young, impulsive - had
Still one more wrong thing to say:
"A club," he mused, "for walkers, hmmm -
You mean, like N.P.A.?"
That was it. There was no holding
The more choleric of the bunch.
They tore the Ranger limb from limb,
And cooked him up for lunch.

Yes, he went into the billy, lads,
And the "chuffers" gently roared.
It's a warning to the silly, and
The lonely and the bored:
That if you must have converse
With bushwalkers hereabouts,
You should never, ever, ask them:
"Hey, are you lot with the Scouts?"

* * * * *

NEW MEMBERS - Please add the following names to you List of Members.

Mansfield, Neil - 6 Milner Road, Artarmon, 2064	Phone (H) 419 7344
Perry, Keith - 42 Albert Drive, Killara 2071	" (H) 46 6134
Perry, Christopher - " " " "	" "
	(B) 268 7181

Ian Wolfe's new work phone number - 227 7435.

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WHAT'S IN A NAME?MELON COUNTRY

by Jim Brown

Everyone has heard of that gambit in psychology where the head-shrinker utters a word and the victim is asked to reply with whatever "associated word" comes first to mind. I wonder what my reply would be if the psychologist said "Melon?" and awaited my response.

Would I say "Grose" or "Nepean"? Well, perhaps, because I would be remembering a hot Sunday evening in February more than 40 years back, sitting on the dried grasses along the river near Richmond and, with whole-hearted support from my companion of the week-end, Ken Meadows, polishing off the whole of a fair-sized watermelon we'd bought at a roadside stall. We needed it, too, because that broiling week-end we'd "done" the Grose from Blackheath to Richmond, and our body fluids needed topping-up. As we ate, the sun went down in a glory of red and gold beyond the Kurrajong Hills across the rose-tinted mirror of the Nepean.

Or would I cry "Wollondilly", thinking of the melons that used to grow wild along the banks of that river? Planted originally I'd guess by the poor devils who eked out a precarious existence there during the Depression years. The melon skins were dark green, stippled with paler patches, and they looked ever so inviting to a thirsty walker - but they weren't watermelons. They were jam melons with succulent but tasteless greenish flesh. In spite of that, I recall taking one to bed with me one stinking hot evening and gnawing lumps of it at intervals during the night. Even if the taste was insipid, it was better than the turgid river water.

But again, if the head-shrinker said "melon?" I may even murmur "Wollemi". Because in the environs of Wollemi National Park there are so many places including the word "melon" or something very like it. Let's look at these numerous Wollemi "melons". First, of course, the divide between the Colo and Macdonald River systems, which carries the Putty/Singleton road, is called "Mellong Range". Flowing from it, about 45 km north of Colo Heights is "Melon Creek" which joins the Macdonald just upstream from its lesser relative "Little Melon Creek".

Quite a lot higher up, the "Mullen Malong River" (also called Branch Creek), flowing from the northern face of the Hunter Range, also comes into the Macdonald. Surely that name is simply "melon(g)" again, with the map-makers trying out two differing spellings.

Flowing from the western side of the main north/south Mellong Range, and draining into the Wollemi and thus the Colo, is "Molong Molong Creek" (and "Molong Molong Swamp"), and overlooking this area from the west is Mount Molong, on a long spur running south-west from Gosper's Mountain. My guess is that these are all variants of the "melon(g)" theme, but I won't offer any opinion as to how the same name got applied to the mid-west town of Molong out past Orange. That does seem rather a long way from my Melon Country.

Somewhere in between, however, just east of the cement town of Kandos on the Mudgee Road, there's a big hill called "Cumbermelon" which seems to be a compromise between "cucumber" and "melon".

And there's a final example which doesn't appear on the maps "Melonjelly". Back in 1953 I was lucky enough to be invited to join a week's walking in the northern Blue Mountains planned by Alex Colley. One of our targets was Mount Monundilla, the big basalt hump three days' march along the then trackless Hunter Range from the Putty Valley. At the outset we asked one of the local inhabitants for information. Well, no, he'd never been to the mountain, but of course you could see it, as a big flat-topped crown in the north-west, from any of the high points above the Putty Valley. No, he'd never heard the name Monundilla - the Putty people always called it "Melonjelly".

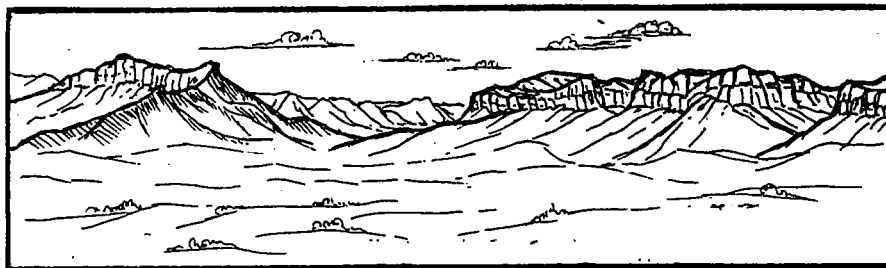
So we have a concentration of these "melon" names in an area of perhaps thirty to forty kilometres each way. Of course we all know what a melon is, but I'm pretty sure the name was not bestowed so generously over the area by people thinking of the European word "melon". "Melon" as we know it comes from an Ancient Greek word (seems they always had a word for it) and means a gourd-like fruit. We even use it in the botanical name for the Woody Pear (*Xylomelum pyriforme*) which translates roughly as "Wood fruit, pear-shaped". My guess is that the Wollemi "melons" have an aboriginal source.

I then remembered my pleasure when I'd worked out that the place name "Kanangra" probably came from the tribal name of the aborigines who lived thereabouts (Gundungura or Gandangarra). So I went to that mine of information, the book "Wild Places" - and drew a blank. It seems the tribes that lived or hunted in the region included the Dharug (to the south), the Darkinjang (east towards the coast), Wiradjuri (west) and Wonorua (north - Hunter Valley). Clearly not a tribal name. In fact, that idea proved a lemon - which is an anagram of melon, of course.

However, from "Wild Places" I did discover that one of the earliest penetrations of the area by Europeans was in 1817, when a party led by a mineralogist William Parr and including a bloke called Singleton explored the country north of Colo Heights (once called Parr's Brush). Parr reported the presence of nice park-like country at "the flats of Mellon", considered to be Long Wheeney Creek near Putty.

What we need now is someone knowledgeable about aboriginal dialects who can tell us what "melon(g)" meant to those people. At present, if I had to go for psychological tests and the Doc. said "melon?" and I said "Wollemi", he's sure to think I'm round the twist.

* * * * *



THE SEPTEMBER GENERAL MEETING

by Barry Wallace

It was around 2011 when the President in the chair called the 25 or so members present to order and called for apologies, which there were from Keith Perry, Jan Mohandas and Jim Oxley. New members Keith Perry, Neil Mansfield and Chris Perry were called for welcome, with Chris Perry having already tendered an apology.

The Minutes of last month's meeting were read and received. Matters arising included advice that CMW will accept the Club's Gestetner duplicator, Mt. Druitt Bushwalkers have been advised of details of our path to incorporation, and the Land Tax Commissioner has confirmed that SBW Inc. is exempt from land taxes.

Correspondence brought a letter from FBW requesting updated S & R lists, also from FBW asking if we wished to sell chocolates (carries for a good cause?) to provide funds for S & R. We took this one on the fly and voted to send them \$45.00 and keep our pearly whites intact. There was also a letter advising that the audit, required as a result of the change of Treasurer, had been successfully completed. A letter from the Ella Community Centre advised that the Centre will be closed on certain dates. There was a letter from Jean Kirkby resigning from Club membership and there were outgoing letters to Gordon Redmond, offering Honorary Membership, and to Bob and Christa Younger offering Honorary Active Membership.

The Treasurer's Report brought news that Jim Oxley has resigned and Don Finch was slow to duck and now holds that exalted position. Our situation is that we started the month with \$7,029, received income of \$2408, spent nothing because no cheques were written, and closed with a balance in excess of \$9,000.

The Walks Report began with the weekend of 12,13,14 August. Chris Perry had 5 on his Kosciusko N.P. ski touring trip and Bill Capon reported that the route for his Wolgan Escarpment trip had to be extensively modified but that the 8 starters still thought it was good value. Carol Lubbers' wine and cheese walk was relocated to Boobera Pool as there were insufficient cars offering to transport the 8 bon-vivants who attended. They also reported that wine and cheese is really quite heavy if you carry enough of it. Despite the programme's dire warnings

about the need to be confident with spikes and chains (what sort of club is this anyway?) there were 15 starters for Jan Mohandas' Carlons Head walk enjoying the fine and beautiful day. Things went somewhat awry for the lucky 13 on Bill Holland's Colo River stroll. One of those Sternhells was at it again. This time Peter badly sprained an ankle down in a Colo side creek and did very well to hop out before dark, with a little help from his friends.

Over the weekend of 19,20,21 August Jim Oxley's crew of 7 hired a car to get to his Kanangra Creek trip to enjoy the generally fine weather that weekend. Oliver Crawford's Wollongambe wilderness walk did not go, but Oliver did. He was one of the 6 starters on Barry Wallace's Bonnum Pic walk. Allan Mewitt had 20 people enjoying the thick coastal scrub and fine, mild weather on his Govett Ridge trip, the only day walk that weekend.

Carol Bruce led off for the following weekend with her Ettremah area walk. The party of 7 walked from Blayden's Pass via a number of anatomically named er.... features, across the tops to Danjera Creek. Ian Wolfe's ski touring trip, with its 4 would-be skiers, was rerouted to the slopes of Mt. Twynam due to the general lack of snow, and another Ian, Debert this time, had a party of 10 enduring cool, damp weather with some hail on his Newnes area walk. Errol Sheedy had 11 starters and fine weather on his Waterfall to Otford walk, and David Underwood's party of 15 stepped it out from Glenbrook to Springwood in fine style to catch the 1645 train home.

The weekend of 2,3,4 September saw Wayne Steele leading some 11 souls over The Castle and Byangee Walls in fine and clear conditions. Chris Perry and his party of 12 had to trudge around 3 kilometres to the snow through a variety of mainly wild weather for his Kosciusko N.P. ski touring trip. They were rewarded with better conditions on the Sunday which was fine and calm. Of the day walks, Bill Holland reported 15 people on his walk along the Benowie Track, a number that rose to around 30 for the barbecue that followed at the leader's house. Paul Mawhinney had 13 starters and reported a pleasant walk for his Engadine to Waterfall trip.

Over the weekend 9,10,11 September Maurie Bloom had 16 people on his programmed walk in the Budawangs, but they were forced to vary the route somewhat due to gale force winds and thick scrub. Derek Wilson reported 14 starters and several lunches, at least I think that's what he reported, on his Cox River walk. Ian Debert's day-and-a-half walk from Wentworth Falls to Katoomba was cancelled and there was no report on Jim Callaway's Waterfall to Heathcote trip.

The Federation Report is covered.....out there somewhere.

General Business brought a motion that the meeting recommend that Committee reconsider its moves to review the test walks criteria to avoid making changes that would exclude walks that have appeared as test walks in recent years. There was a lot more to the motion, but I think that was the gist of it. There was extensive debate and explanation and the motion was lost. See Kath's article in last month's mag. for some background details.

A motion that we allocate up to \$150 as expenses for the coming Coolana working bee was passed, as was a motion, required by our incorporation, that in the event of the winding-up of the body our assets be passed to the Environment Centre of NSW.

All of this was followed by the announcements and the meeting closed at 2234.

Note: Somewhere during the Walks Report Gordon Lee reported 5 people at a rock-scrambling instructional and 8 or 9 at an abseiling instructional. They also reported that some light-fingered citizen had made off with one of the Club's abseiling ropes. Not the most pleasing end to the Walks Report.



FEDERATION OF BUSHWALKING CLUBS N.S.W. - Report of September Meeting.

by Spiro Hajinakitas

Judy Rawling of the National Trust addressed the meeting on the conservation and management of urban bushland. She distributed information sheets on this topic and outlined the Trust's role in the conservation and improvement of urban bushland and parks, and the condition of walking tracks, and amongst other things, concern over the proliferation of noxious weeds. Judy asked if FBW would be willing to lobby for more funds, train and educate people in the skills of bush management and take part in lobbying or cohesion. It was agreed that FBW write to the Superintendent NPWS Blue Mountains Division about the blackberry problem in Blue Gum Forest and publish an article in the Bushwalker re weeds in National Parks and the activities of the National Trust.

Tracks & Access - Barrington Tops National Park Plan of Management has gone to the Minister for approval.

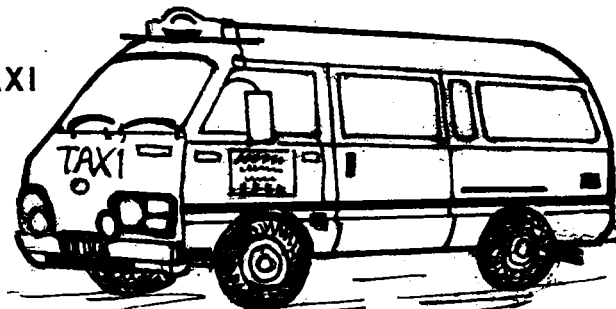
Ball Report - Only 121 people attended representing 12 Clubs, the small attendance probably due to the bad weather. Mt. Druitt Club won the table decoration prize. Total Profit about \$120.

Insurance - In response to FBW letter to clubs many new faces were present to discuss the topics of insurance and incorporation. The Meeting decided that at this stage it should concentrate on the issue of insurance and discuss incorporation at a later date. Insurance brokers G D Duncan & Associates Pty Ltd have indicated that the Commercial Union Insurance Ltd is willing to underwrite 4,500 minimum members of Federation at \$1.50 per member for a Public Liability Policy. Many questions were raised and it was decided that the Secretary would endeavour to get a representative of the insurance company to attend our next Council Meeting on 18th October to answer questions and to distribute copies of the policy. Interested Club should notify FBW of activities other than bushwalking and attend the meeting.

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-

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AUTHORS WANTED

by Patrick James

Despite the overwhelming response to previous requests for authors there is still some room for new blood. Actually it is not just authors that are required, specifically it is articles written by them. I would like to run articles on the following topics.

Analgesics and painkillers - The different types, i.e. water soluble, pills, capsules, powders, etc. single component and multi-component mixtures.

How many to take, complications. When not to give them. The most suitable general purpose type to carry in your pack.

This could be a tricky report to write as it might be considered as professional medical advice. The author should restrict him/herself to "over the counter" medications, conclude with "if pain persists consult your doctor" and ideally be medically trained. Drs Mac, Who and Finlay are unable to assist here.

First Aid Kit.

To discuss the contents of a first aid kit for different conditions such as day walks, weekend walks, summer and winter walks, coast/beach and inland walks, i.e. ticks to bluebottles.

Feet and Footwear.

Points about looking after one's feet, especially on extended walks. Tips on first aid, i.e. bandages, plasters, etc. This could be a follow-on from the talk at the clubrooms.

Insect repellents and insect bite first aid.

There are a number of different brand repellents available. A "Choice" type report would be of interest to all. Is Oil of Citronella still available? What about Lyme disease?

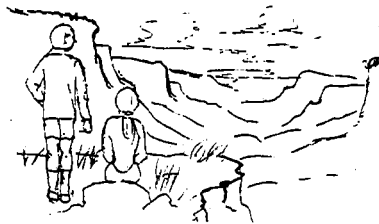
Drinking water and water purifiers.

Points on what water is fit to drink. The use of purifiers, filters, tablets, etc. Are they necessary in N.S.W. or in the other places we walk in, as an alternative to boiling the billy during fire bans.

Starting to Bushwalk.

A straight forward guide for new walkers. To cover a prospective's first day walk and first weekend walk with the Club. Starting from a pair of volleys and a string bag to day packs, weekend packs, tents and sleeping bags. Hints on getting gear, i.e. beg, borrow and hire. Try to make the introduction to walking as financially painless as possible.

Please contact me about the article you wish to write.

TRIP REPORT - 19/20/21 August - KANANGRA BOYD NATIONAL PARK

by Jim Oxley

There were seven in the party. The route was through Kanangra Tops then along Gangerang Range to Roar Knoll. We then headed north to Marooba Karoo for lunch and a magnificent view.

We dropped off Marooba Karoo's western ridge to Kanangra Creek then moved downstream to a Grade One camp site on a U-bend in the creek.

On Sunday we climbed a buttress to the north-east ridge of Mount Paralyser. The rest of the way to the trig was comparatively easy and offered magnificent views of Mount Guouogang and Naroo Gables.

The stroll along Thurat Ridge, then along the southing fire trail was made most pleasant by a continuation of the weekend's clear skies. The weather and a strong, happy party resulted in a most successful walk.

FOOTNOTES



- ° This month starts a series of reports by Ainslie and Mike on walking in England and Wales. A & M have been in the old country tracing their roots, and quite successfully it appears. As usual Ainslie has researched the trip thoroughly and has given plenty of good tips on how to do it. Similar to her report on walking in Central Australia but the astute and wide-awake reader will note the change in location.
- ° The continuing saga of walking in that tropical paradise of the Marquesas Islands where beautiful ladies whisper sweet riens in one's ear as they pass refreshing coconut drinks to quench one's thirst was thought to be somewhere between Tamworth and Kogarah however Frank came through at the 11th hour. Did you dear reader note the deliberate error on page 8 last month? Tahiti is 6000 kms east north-east of Sydney, it is Sumatra that is 6000 kms north-west of Sydney.
- ° Jan Mohandas is leading a walk to Kakadu and the Kimberlies for early next year. If you are interested, perhaps only slightly at this stage, contact Jan now so that he (and you) can plan and you can have your interest raised.
- ° Jim Oxley our new treasurer has been unable to continue so now we have a new, new treasurer namely Don Finch. The books have been audited as is required and Don is now trying to apply Ohm's law to bookkeeping.
- ° The Coolana clean-up went according to plan. The SBW Country Club now has a smoooooth level floor ideal for dancing. The water supply had an overhaul by George and John to remove sediments, leaves and an undisclosed amount of gold dust. Alan demonstrated that mountain men can get down to earth and left his mark all over the new floor. Some of the team kept Alan satisfied with a constant supply of cement mix. Down on the river flats the remainder of the team gathered in this year's harvest of nettles and weeds. Young Barbra could not keep her birthday (NB 25 Sept) secret so tools were stuck and happy hour limited to 90 minutes in order to go to "Woolaway" to help celebrate.
- ° What you missed 1. In September Gordon Ballard showed some silent movies on bushwalking and canoeing in the 40s and 50s. They weren't completely silent as Gordon gave a running commentary and comparison of then and now.
- ° What you missed 2. If we are late, then you missed Maryann Twitching, a councillor of the Australian Podiatry Association talking about feet. Obviously the basic, essential requirement for bushwalking is a pair of good quality, good condition feet. Maryann told/will tell how to look after these appendages each of which contains 26 bones with very complex joints and brought us up-to-date with the latest in foot health care.
- ° What you missed 3. 121 people had a ball at the Federation Ball, including 25 SBWs.
- ° WHAT NOT TO MISS. In November the social program includes "Meet the Minister", that is meet Tim Moore our one and own Minister for the Environment. This is your hands on opportunity to discuss environmental issues of concern to bushwalking. Come along and learn how to say "No, Minister". Hands on is not the most apt description but it does indicate that the discussions will be informal and down to earth.
- ° And who made the front page of the St. George & Sutherland Leader, young Maurie Bloom with his woggle in full view training scouts to be modern day William Tells.
- ° And our walking wounded. Bev Foulds slipped on a wet footpath, hurt her hip and ended up on crutches these last few weeks. Gordon Lee's fall off a ladder has prevented him from tripping the light fantastic of late.

* * * * *

THE WALKS SECRETARY points out that the dates of Kenn Clacher's walk and Ian Debert's walk on the Spring Program should have been shown as 25/26/27 November.
