

THE YODELLERS RANGE

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 door to the Post Office). Prospective members and visitors are invited to visit the Club any Wednesday.

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JULY - 1990

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WHILE THE BILLY BOILS.

On a recent walk, we saw a vacated campsite at the bottom of Roots Ridge. The fire still burning, with plastic and rubbish scattered around. Two young casurinas had been chopped down and turned into stakes, and left driven into the ground.

A party of walkers told us that fishermen had camped there. Now in many countries you have to pay high to fish in a trout stream. Here it can be done free, which is probably a mistake. To many, 'free' equals 'worthless' - they only value what costs them dearly. Had those fishermen paid \$500 each to visit the Kowmung. they might have appreciated how privileged they were to have access to a whole National Park, for as long as they wished.

As money seems to be the only value left, then perhaps those costly guided tours are actually of some benefit to the bush. When people have to pay \$300 or \$400 to see a natural area, they might realise it is precious.

If the pleasure experienced on a bushwalk were to be valued in money, I must have had about \$1000 worth on our 3 day walk to the Axhead!

See you on the track....

Money



SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE NOW OVERDUE! Please pay if you have not already done so. If you are not sure, check with Tony Marshall Phone 713 6985. Unfinancial members may not receive further magazines or Walks Programs.

Tony Marshall
HON. TREASURER.

Single active member	\$30
Household	48
Non-active member	9
N.A. member with magazine	21

CINCH CREEK AND SALVATION - WHAT A WAY TO SPEND EASTER

by Brenda Cameron

Bill Capon's Easter 1990 Walk in Morton National Park

The Party: Bill Capon, Brenda Cameron, Oliver Crawford, Geoff McIntosh, Bob Milne,
Jan Mohandas, Les Powell, Michele Powell, Jim Rivers, Rob Webb, Ian Wolfe.

On a fine and sunny Good Friday morning (the first sunshine in weeks, it seemed) we set off on our 5-day walk. Appreciating this break in the seemingly endless rainy weather, we waded across the strong current of Danjera Creek, then walked across Danjera Dam. A short climb, taking leeches off us as we went, brought us on to a plateau to the west of Danjera Creek. We then had a long, warm walk along the narrow plateau, quite scrubby with occasional distant views across to Ettrema and Sturgess Hills and others to the west; we descended Atkinson Spur to Bundundah Creek, had lunch and a refreshing dunk in the creek. We then followed the creek up (many crossings involved) till eventually we found a suitable camp site next to the creek. A comfortable, enjoyable evening with the tranquil sounds of the softly flowing creek as background.

Saturday - Yesterday was just a warm up really, now the excitement was to start. Firstly, yesterday's fine weather evaporated overnight, and we did not have to wait too long for the anticipated rain to begin again, which it did as we were standing around the fire having our breakfasts. This resulted in a rapid putting aside of plates of muesli and porridge and a quick scramble for raincoats.

At about 8 o'clock we resumed our walk at a brisk pace up Bundundah Creek - now all in gloom (the creek, not our party). Many creek crossings and wet rocks to negotiate - much concentration was required. How nice those dry socks had felt at breakfast. We reached the junction with Monkey Ropes Creek and had our welcome morning tea break under a nearby overhang, during which we did a side trip about 50 metres up Monkey Ropes Creek, which was about as far as we could go, a very imposing waterfall barring our way. However the bit we saw of Monkey Ropes Creek was very aweinspiring, and it seemed the more so in the rain. It was like a little canyon, with impressive geology and an interesting variety of vegetation and this huge virtually unscalable waterfall forming for us a dead-end to the creek. A quite dark place in these conditions; and fascinating.

We continued a short distance up Bundundah Creek, then exited out via a steep little ridge which brought us to Pass Point. Here we enjoyed a most spectacular view of the damp misty valley up which we had just come. And as we got up on to the plateau, so the rain stopped for us.

There followed some very pleasant walking across the plateau in a more or less westerly direction with fine views in all directions of the distant landscape. At the bottom of Rodgers Hill we decided to have lunch - not the most scenic lunch spot, but at least it was dry, the rain not having restarted yet.

After lunch we went up Rodgers Hill, down again the other side and straight on towards Cinch Creek. We arrived at the western edge of Ettrema Plateau, with Cinch Creek below - it was all very beautiful, silent and remote. Glorious country, with those rounded, ancient Budawang-type rock formations everywhere. And space, so much space! We were actually looking for a way off the plateau, which appeared as though it was going to be difficult. However, we were not to be denied our descent into Cinch Creek, and after a few abortive attempts had been made to find a safe way through the cliff line, we eventually found a way down, firstly via what must be the roughest, scrubbiest side creek ever, followed by a small spot of rope work.

Then we were in Cinch Creek, which looked untouched and mysterious. We climbed straight up the other side, as scrubby as ever, to the cliff line through which we had a mucky scramble. However, by this time I was so covered in sludge from various places, why worry about a bit more mud.

Now we were on to Pioneer Plateau for some more very agreeable plateau walking and with splendid views at its western edge. In a burst of late afternoon sun we walked north a little way and decided to camp near the edge of the plateau with views across to the sandstone walls on the other side of Ettrema Creek, of Hamlet's Crown and many ridges and gullies stretching away endlessly. A top camp site this, with plenty of water for us in the rock pools. We sat around the fire, sun setting on the other side of Ettrema Creek, with all those views, drinking our rum and lemon barley - really, what more could one ask of life? Then we had a huge starry sky and nearly a full moon, when it rose.

Sunday - We were to be denied the pleasure of seeing the early morning sun shining on the walls across the creek, the sky having clouded overnight. So we put our cameras away, very philosophically - at least it remained dry; and still everywhere looked vast, remote and wonderful.

After packing up, we continued in a northerly direction along the plateau, via Billy's Pass, then on to a saddle and then we had a short climb and brief scramble up on to Hamlet's Crown. Here we lingered for morning tea with magnificent views up and down Ettrema and beyond. A scramble, using the rope here and there, off Hamlet's Crown then the very steep descent down to Ettrema Creek - I would say one of the prettiest creeks I have ever walked in. We had our lunch on a rocky area next to the water. Then we spent a most absorbing two hours or so rockhopping and wading, with just minor scrub bashing, down Ettrema Creek, until we reached our old friend Cinch Creek again, at its junction with Ettrema. We proceeded up Cinch Creek.

CINCH Creek indeed! Never was a creek more inaptly named. Stinging trees, slippery rocks, gushing currents, waterfalls, many crossings, light fading, weariness. And for the most part there was no way through on the bank, we just had to keep negotiating the rocks, crossing and recrossing the creek with its strong currents and slimy boulders. (One large boulder I particularly remember, there was no alternative way through - the rock was narrow along the top - some of us negotiated it as if riding a horse.) This was a scary creek walk! We were also tired; our camp for that night seemed a long way off. It was all very hideous!

Just as we were at the end of our tethers and with ominous-looking waterfalls ahead of us, we left Cinch Creek, clambering over one last series of large mossy boulders, and started to climb up Dog Leg Spur, bound for Paul's Pass - just beyond which was our sanctuary for the night, Dog Leg Cave. Good, not long now, we thought. Just up this ridge, through the Pass and we're there!

So we went up, having to bash our way through dense prickly scrub. We arrived at the rock face at the top, and spent some time scrambling among the rocks and getting ripped and scored by the scrub, darkness now fast approaching, searching for this elusive Paul's Pass. Alas, it was nowhere to be found, not tonight anyway. We were each silently and stoically contemplating our options for the night when we just happened to come across this overhang, just big enough to accommodate our party, and what's more, with a little waterfall a few metres away! Wonderful! Now we laid out our ground sheets, got the fire and the rum and lemon barley going, and in no time at all we all felt quite human again.

This fortuitously stumbled upon overhang quickly came to be known among us as (Bill's) Salvation Cave. It wasn't the most comfortable of nights, I for one kept sliding down the sloping stony floor on my thermarest and groundsheet; but it sure as hell beat tying ourselves to trees or whatever we would have had to do.

Monday - Firstly we had to find Paul's Pass. In the light of the new day it still proved extremely difficult to locate and about an hour more of scrimming among the rocks and scrub and vines elapsed before Ian's joyous cries were heard along the cliff line - which told us immediately that the Pass had been found. The mood of our party, which had been.....shall I say subdued?....suddenly lightened as though someone had turned on a switch. Now for the Pass - a climb on to a rock, a holding-everything-in-pushing-packs-in-front squeeze through a narrow gap, followed by the interesting bit - reversing along a narrow shelf with a 60-foot drop below, in a sitting position using our hands as (gentle) propulsion. Quite safe, so long as 100% concentration was applied and cold sweat didn't make the hands slippery. And in a matter of seconds we were at Dog Leg Cave for a very relaxed morning tea, accompanied by a warm glow of achievement.

We continued on along Ettrema Plateau going north-westerly along its edge until we reached Possibility Point. Here again, we were all captivated by the marvellous vistas - in particular the ancient, timeless and imposing cliff walls nearby, Ettrema Creek again and all the ridges and creeks which from our vantage point seemed as they must go on forever. Close to here we had lunch while enjoying these views. We then went more easterly, to Majors Hill, and then cut across Putt Flat and up Ettrema Hill. A modest little hill - there again, it has much to be modest about; probably the most boring hill I've ever been up! Nothing but scrub on top, couldn't see a thing; even the trig had given up and collapsed in a defeated rusting heap.

Our next objective was Leyden Creek - we had to get down to it, cross it, go up the other side and on to Colley Plateau for our camp site for the night. We reached the eastern edge of Ettrema Plateau, stopping on our way to drink water out of rock pools ("animal" style, like cats lapping saucers of milk). Rob remarked it reminded him of a John Wayne movie where Wayne claims the water in a horse's hoof print was the means of his survival. Bill's navigational flair soon brought us to the exact spot in the rock face he was aiming for, which offered such an easy way through the rocks as to resemble a rock staircase. So that bit was easy; then came the difficult part, the descent to the creek. Ghastly, thick scrub, brambles, vine, it was slippery, muddy, many patches to fall or slide down. Dense, prickly and muddy all the way. Fortunately there always seemed to be a strong sapling or root to grab onto just whenever you needed it to prevent an unintentional hasty descent.

Then we were on the creek - made it again. I bathed my sore, scratched legs; it felt very soothing. Getting up the other side was easy, some reconnaissance around the rock face followed by a slight scramble brought us on to Colley Plateau, with the light just beginning to go. Just time to find the headwaters of a creek, get our water and a few minutes later we were at our camp site. Another super wilderness site with lots of soft scrub to lie on, making it a very comfortable final night.

Tuesday - Last day and our walk out. A long morning walking basically north-easterly along Colley Plateau to Corroboree Spug. Very difficult to find, this one, but with careful navigation we found it, as we had found everything this trip, and went down it; and at about 12.30 an empty beer can and some plastic announced to us that we were near Corroboree Flat and "civilisation" - after four and a half days of being in marvellous, glorious wilderness country during which we didn't see another soul nor the slightest sign of any alien matter. Australia has so much still of this sublime, unique landscape - may it forever be preserved so, for the enjoyment of future generations of responsible bushwalkers. Never have I been more immediately and consciously aware of the dangers of letting 4WD trails and the like and other marauding paraphernalia of "the masses" come anywhere near and so violate what pristine areas remain of our extraordinary and splendid bush. It would indeed be a sacrilege and a sacrifice of something which Australia must be immensely gratified to have.

At Corroboree Flat, a total though chilly immersion in Bundundah Creek was very refreshing and useful for getting most of the sweat, mud and blood of the body. In another couple of hours we were back at the cars - half of the party going the "pretty" way up and over the ridges, the other half choosing to have a leg stretch via the road.

This was a rough walk, in the true sense of the word; there was a lot we had to cope with. Michelle told me later that a spur-of-the-moment photograph she took had us looking, as she described it, like pioneers in the 1920s, coping with the privations, the weariness, the general strain, the unknown. But we never despaired, not with the good company, our good leader, the commonsense attitudes of all and the competent navigational skills of our party.

What a way to spend the Easter holiday, non-bushwalkers may think. (Or as the girl at work exclaimed to me with a shudder of horror, "Oh God, give me a motel any day.") People may ask did you really enjoy it? To which my reply would be: "Enjoy it? I thought it was fantastic - wouldn't have missed it for the world!"

* * * * *

Announcing.....THEATRE PARTY. Ensemble Theatre, Tuesday, 21st August.
Performance of "THE DOUBLE BASS" with Henri Szeps. Group booking - \$17.00.
Contact - FAZELEY READ - Tel. 909 3671.

TIMBERESE

<u>Selective Logging</u>	-	select a forest and log it
<u>Commercial Timber</u>	-	tree
<u>Forest Resource</u>	-	tree
<u>Harvesting</u>	-	cutting down
<u>Integrated Logging</u>	-	cutting down everything
<u>Resource Maximisation</u>	-	cutting down everything
<u>Forest Improvement</u>	-	clearfelling - this is said to improve the forest
<u>Sustained Yield</u>	-	forest management system designed to sustain a steady flow of money until all the trees are gone
<u>Allowable Cut</u>	-	the number of trees which can be cut during a single harvesting period. Ideally, the total number of trees available
<u>Forest Resource Maximisation</u>	-	sell all the trees for maximum profit
<u>Forest Management</u>	-	managing to get all the timber from National Estate Forests
<u>Sound Forest Management</u>	-	managing to sell the above for the maximum profit
<u>Multiple Usage Forest</u>	-	log it, mine it, then sell it to a real estate developer.

....courtesy of
Alex Colley and
the Sierra Club

Ed.



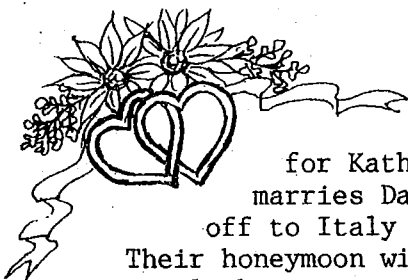
NEW ADDRESSES - Please make the following alterations to the List of Members:-

LEE, Gordon - 2 Bower Bird Close, Berkeley Vale 2259 (043) 88 5589
SEENIVASAGAM, Sarala - " " " "

WEDDING BELLS

for Kathleen Gray on the 4th of August - when she marries Daniel Zanardo at Carrs' Park. Then they are off to Italy to celebrate again with Daniel's family. Their honeymoon will be spent youth-hosteling around Europe - until the money runs out!

(Malcolm Noble, who became engaged at the same time as Kathleen, still hasn't set The Date. We'll keep you posted on this one).



BOGONG AND BACK

by Ian Wolfe



PART ONE - Maps: Trappers Creek, Nelse.

Mount Bogong, the highest point in Victoria, is a large, flat topped, U-shaped, isolated mountain which marks the northern end of the Bogong High Plains. It is renowned for its remoteness, magnificent XCD runs and potentially treacherous conditions.

In years past I had stood on the Main Range and seen Bogong glistening tantalisingly to the south. The call was insistant, and the resolve was formed. So at the end of August '89 we four arrived, praying for good conditions. Well, the gods gave us great snow but no views, the season being basically one month late.

Even though we climbed up, over and down Bogong, all we gained was our PHD's on the interior study of clouds. However, as they say, "If you wish to sometimes be a winner, you have to be a player and not a spectator".

In winter, Bogong is usually climbed from the north, via either Staircase, Eskdale or Granite Flat Spurs. All routes are on tracks up steep tree-covered ridges, which necessitates carrying your skis and walking through the snow. (We must have been mad.) Above the treeline, carrying an ice axe or crampons is advised for safety, as the sides of Bogong can be very icy. A slip could result in a 200 metre slide, concluding with an intimate encounter with a tree.

There are two halfway huts: Bivouac Hut on Staircase which sleeps four, or Mitchell Hut on Eskdale Spur. If you have a 4WD, drive into Camp Creek Gap and start from there; if not, walk in from Mountain Creek carpark. Once on top, the mountain is quite benign, with 7 km of gently undulating plateau to traverse. The southern end is lower, tree'd, and includes a number of creeklines which provide numerous campsites.

The Cleve Cole Memorial Hut is situated in this area. At the last count, seven people have ended their days on Bogong, mainly due to bad luck, inadequate gear or inexperience. This well equipped stone hut had bunks for eight, running water, a loo and a shower. Unfortunately the hot water system wasn't functioning.

As we found, in bad weather the S.E. end of the mountain offers a number of opportunities for exploring the creeklines, various spurs and some medium grade XCD runs. In good weather the top provides extensive panoramas, magnificent ski runs and usually, very easy navigation. The Victorians seem to have a preoccupation with ski poles, they even number them! Everything is signposted, along with magnetic bearings, so all you have to do is play 'dot the pole'.

For the best combination of snow and weather, the time to go is supposed to be at the end of August/beginning of September. Take five days food, a good book and wait for the sun.

How do you get off the mountain? Usually by retracing your steps. (Turn around first.) Alternatively, you can continue on to the Bogong High Plains. The problem here is that Big River is in the way. This involves a descent of 800 metres, fording the knee-deep river and ascending 700 metres. I recommend doing this route - once!

It is very pretty, but is definitely a 'big' day. In normal snow conditions Cleve Cole

Hut to Roper's Hut means 6 hours of walking/skiing plus rests.

This route has four advantages. It avoids the steep descents on the northern faces of Bogong. It gives a through trip rather than a 'lolly-pop' - always more interesting. It connects you with the northern faces of Bogong High Plains, which provide the only unobstructed views of Mount Bogong. And finally, it allows you to explore the northern Bogong High Plains at the end of the trip.

But as I said, once in a lifetime is enough!

PART TWO - Maps: Fainter, Nelse, Cope, Feathertop.

After having our faces iceblasted for five days on Bogong, we returned for another five days! (I said we were mad.) After a brief visit to the pub, we had spent the night in Tawonga South Caravan Park. Next morning we took Pyles bus service up to Falls Creek. Pyles run a regular service and have a fenced car park where you can leave your cars in safety.

After catching the Halley's Comet chairlift to the top of the resort, we began the trip. Our aim was to ski around the perimeter of the southern Bogong High Plains. The weather, you ask? Well, what had been raging blizzard 24 hours earlier, was now cloudless blue skies, blazing sun, a gentle breeze and extensive, crystal-clear views. (I could hear the gods chuckling.)

A subsidiary aim had been to ski the XCD runs on Mount Fainter - North and South; so we headed along the Niggerhead Range. This is a delightful ridge which gently undulates through small knolls and glades of snow gums. We camped just short of Little Plain and were treated to a sky in which every inch twinkled with stars.

I said before that the gods were chuckling. Well, about 2 am they began roaring with laughter and the day dawned grey and grim. Prudence being the better part of Folly, we skied back through the murk along our rapidly disappearing tracks to Tawonga Huts. There are four huts on the map. One is locked, one is used for chaff storage and swarms with mice, one has no windows but sleep six and the remaining hut - well, to describe it as a grotty hovel is being charitable. Nevertheless, it did have a fireplace and provided a marginally warmer abode than a tent.

The following day dawned with a slight improvement on the previous one, so off we trudged along the pole line. This led us to a unique point in the middle of a barren, featureless, windswept plain. Four pole lines converged, conversed for a brief moment and then went their separate ways, totally ignoring our transient appearance.

The weather was improving and revealed such vistas to behold that an ascent of Mount Cope was entertained, achieved and rewarded with extensive views.

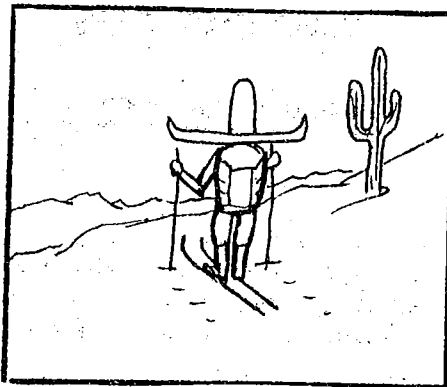
The afternoon introduced us to the dubious sport of aqueduct leaping. There are numerous aqueducts in this region, which provide magnificent, relaxed, level routes through the trees - as long as you are on the bunde side. The trick is to get there without going waterskiing!

The night was spent in Ryder's Hut (sleeps six and is very clean), before proceeding to Cope Hut (sleeps 16 and is not very clean). If the water tank is frozen, get your water well away from the hut.

The weather was now quite good, and being packless, we decided to have a bit of a 'blast'. Wallace Hut, Langford Gap, Mare Point, Kelly and Fitzgerald Huts; then back via the aqueducts. A day when you feel the pleasant ache of achievement!

The trip was concluded by an icy slide along the Rocky Knobs and a series of exhilarating runs down to Rocky Valley Pondage under - you guessed it - blue skies and blazing sunshine. The Bogong High Plains are well worth visiting, there is much to see and explore. The terrain is fairly easy and there are a profusion of huts and pole lines. Five days will let you see it all.

However, it is popular. On the last day I saw more people on skinny skis than I have ever seen before. So perhaps you should brush up your Spanish and take a holiday down Mexico way.



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PLEASE ADD TO YOUR WALKS PROGRAM

September 1 & 2:

NATTAI - Proposed National Park

Mt Jellore - Nattai R - Russell's Needle
& return IAN DEBERT 982-2615

TEST Walk Medium 20km

Maps: Hilltop & Mittagong

South America

Chile & Argentina:

7 1/2 Weeks Beginning November 1990

This trip is unlike any other tour now on the market. If one area turns out to be especially good, we have the flexibility to spend extra time. If another is somewhat disappointing, we can move on.

The trip includes Iguazu Falls, the nature reserves of the Valdes Peninsula, a boat trip through the Chilean fiords and a number of bushwalks of up to a week in the Andean Parks on both sides of the border.

Willis's Walkabouts collects a guide's fee of \$1295. All other expenses are on a share basis with the guide paying an equal share.

Write or phone for a free brochure.

Willis's Walkabouts: South America
12 Carrington Street
Millner NT 0810
Phone (089) 852134



LILLOING DOWN THE GUY FAWKES RIVER

BOB KING'S CHRISTMAS TRIP - 1989

PART TWO:

December 31st 1989 & 1st January 1990

by Michele Morgan

Sunday, 31 December 1989 -

We wake up and the tents are very soggy, so the others stay in bed. The sun looks great creeping across the misty, green fields and in rays through the trees. I throw away a contact lense and Bob finds it. Bob exhumes the melted oyster tin from the fire - aluminium almost burns! Ilse and Mike eat their damper for breakfast - at first they don't like it and then they get stuck in to it.

We started walking - first back to get the last fresh water and then on with it. The day was hot and sunny. We mooed back at bulls that mooed at us (on the other side of the fence), we unintentionally frightened off whole herd of cows and calves, we trudged up hill and down, through slippery cowpats and over endless barbed wire fences, most electrified, and sometimes we found gates.

Stopped at a creek for morning tea and I had a swim. Then on for more of the same. Fought our way over a blackberry infested creek and past more cows and over more barbed wire fences. We stopped at a muddy creek for lunch and we all stripped off and went swimming - it was too shallow and smelt of cowpats. On again, trudge, trudge, over more barbed wire fences, through more scratchy, long grass.

We eventually reach another property and look forward (at the very least) to some uncoppattied drinking water. The rest of us collapse outside the gate of the house while Bob goes inside to ask for water and say hello. While resting against the gate post, I am attacked by a killer pet lamb grown up - the more I push it away, the more it leans on me; it starts nibbling straps on my pack and then more so, and then it nibbles my fluoro pink shorts and then it starts on my hair! I am saved when Bob tries to ride it - it takes off - fast - in horror! Unfortunately no one's home. Once again, the dream of longed for tea and scones is quashed.

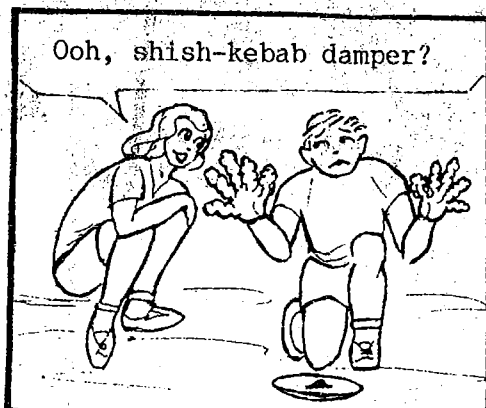
We trudge on looking for a good site to greet 1990. We find several sites and finally Bob stops in long (flat) grass well over our heads and says "This is it" (all serious like). We are horrified! We trudge on - Bob climbs over another barbed wire fence and we notice that ahead are head-high stinging nettles and blackberries and that Bob is in a box of fenced off land. We don't follow him! Just a bit further on we find a great spot and stop.



Dead tree for both firewood and back rest. We go for a swim in the river, which is muddy but quite deep in parts. I dry off sitting in sun, on big old bleached log. Everyone wanders around (in bare feet - ahhh foot freedom, mmmmm) in a bit of a dream, slowly erecting tents. Did I mention that yesterday morning Bob left his pegs behind (he didn't have to carry them up that hell hill from the river - a convenient accident), so we all lend him several at great personal expense - and he carries them for the rest of the trip.

Happy Hour is several cups each of Hot Rum and Lemon Barley/Tang, Peanuts, Halva, Egg Noodles, Smarties, Crab Paste on bikkies, Violet Crumbles and Smashed Cheese CC's - Bob later brings out Port. After this marathon of "extra" food, our packs should feel incredibly light - except for the dratted, hardly used, much carried lilos/helmets/buoyancy vests/wetsuits.

Mike makes a mini damper with what is left of flour from Ilse's previous grand effort. He attacks it like a kid playing sand castles, but tells us it is like mixing cement - he puts



all the flour in and sculpts a big mountain, then hollows it out in the middle and pours in water and stirs, and more water and stirs, and more water and stirs, and throws fork away and uses fingers - fingers are soon wearing sticky dough and pan is empty. We suggest toasting his fingers over the fire. He eventually ends up with a small scone and puts it with great care into a pan to cook. It comes out black all over, but Mike says "Perfect!".

Let me share with you two "Austrian" quotes from Ilse:

1. "Eat more to lose weight!" (i.e. lose weight from pack); and -
2. "Your right hand is where your thumb is on the left side." "Everyone knows that - we teach all Austrian children left from right this way".....

We celebrated New Year's Eve at 10.30 pm (so Ilse could go to bed) with whistles, fire jumping by Bob, singing Auld Lang Syne - I sang the words and everyone else hummed the tune, we hugged and kissed each other - Bob had started growing a beard - IK! We stood on a log and swayed to the tune, and Bob tipped his tea all over Mike's ground sheet - hic! Then Ilse went to bed. I sang songs and then the three of us sang atrociously from my song sheet, but Mike and Bob couldn't read all the words and kept on singing the wrong thing, they said the words were too small..... that's their story.

I built the fire up and all the beautiful bright stars disappeared from the sky, although Bob insisted that there were bright red moving things in the sky.... no one else could see them though. I went to bed after Daylight Saving Midnight and so did Bob, but Mike stayed up to greet the Real New Year - tend the fire - drink more port.

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CONFEDERATION OF BUSHWALKING CLUBS NSW INC.

Report of Committee Meeting, 19 June 1990

by John Porter

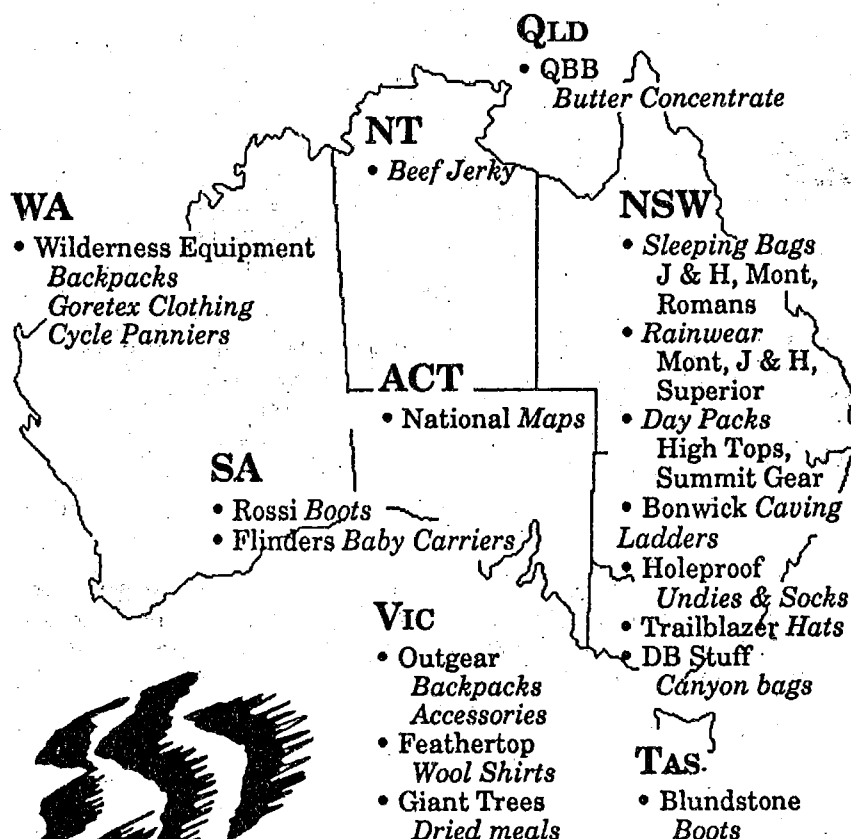
This year the Confederation Ball will be held at the Petersham Town Hall, on Friday September 21st, with the band 'Sunup' providing the music. Various door prizes will be awarded during the night from items generously donated by leading Sydney bushwalking stores. Dress will be formal bushwalking attire, i.e. volleys and shorts. All are welcome. Admission will be \$10 each or \$25 for a family. Tickets will be available in mid-July from John Porter, Deborah Shapira, Kay Chan and Gordon Lee.

On the more serious side, there was a discussion about the use of our National Parks by commercial operators, especially in the Blue Mountains National Park. Two of the areas mentioned were Claustal Canyon and Mount Banks, where numerous bushes and shrubs have been cleared for easier access and a variety of bolts and pitons have been placed. Also discussed was the inexperience of the leaders and organizers of these commercial groups. Any feed back from SBW members giving examples etc. would be helpful.

The next S & R practice weekend will be October 20-21 and the next First Aid course is October 27-28. If anyone has not received their First Aid certificate from previous courses, please contact John Porter.

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FIJIAN DREAMS

By Almis Simakevicius

PART TWO: LELEUVIA

Across the placid waters we follow channels in the reefs. The turquoise water looks so calm. Ovalau's imposing mountain ranges are ever present and schools of flying fish keep us amused. There's our tropical island! A spit of land covered with coconut palms. We land at a sandy beach near a collection of huts and sheds. We settle in. Our dormitory looks like something left behind by McHale's Navy. A long shed with rows of single beds draped with the everpresent mosquito nets.

Time for an exploratory walk around the island in the afternoon sun. The sand consists of tiny smooth grains of coral which pleasantly massage our feet. Into the interior of the island so that Dietmar can snack on a few coconuts between meals. Rhonda finds one of the island's kittens, a scrawny specimen, and persuades it to join in the tour. It takes us about thirty minutes to complete our stroll.

The wail of a conch shell means lunch is served. The communal area has rows of tables and bench seating. Noodles with meat, bread and lots of black tea. We meet travellers from Germany and Sweden and a few from New Zealand. The Swedes never having had so much sun before, tan fantastically. Nobl, an Austrian, has turned so brown that I had initially mistaken him for one of the Fijian staff. The remainder of the afternoon was spent playing volleyball and relaxing.

Another red tinged sunset as the silhouettes of coconut palms and a lone yacht anchored off shore make a superb colour photo. Before the sun totally slips away, the diesel generator throbs into action, lighting up our camp. Kerosene lanterns are placed at the entrances of bures and huts. Then curry is served with black tea and lots of fresh bread. A convivial atmosphere and plenty of laughter. The island's four cats and assorted kittens finish off the curry leftovers as guitars are brought out and an informal Kava session begins.

Kava is part of the South Pacific lifestyle. It is a drink used in ceremonies both formal and casual. It's made from the root of the pepper tree which is then pounded to a dry pulp. Wrapped in a muslin cloth and washed in a Kava bowl half filled with water, the liquid resembles a sample of Yarra River water. It's a mild narcotic which explains its widespread use and is credited with increased libido, although heavy imbibers are likely to sleep in quite late the next day. It numbs your mouth and leaves a refreshing aftertaste. A runny tummy tonight - just adjusting to the conditions.

The constant lapping of the water against the sand and the gentle breeze amongst the coconut palms provides a soothing influence, inviting me to snooze just a little longer. At breakfast we meet Mike from England who has been sitting around all covered up as if he was cold. He'd been swimming and cut his foot on some sharp coral which had caused an infection. Now his whole body had become sensitive to pressure and sunlight.

The toilets are modern and you flush them with bucket loads of sea water. Bucket showers as well. There's also an area to wash your clothes.

Today we're taken out by Emosi, our host, who shows us the wonders of the coral reefs during a few hours of goggling. Formations of various coral shapes and colours which suddenly end at the edges of chasms, and richly coloured fish gliding about in the translucent blue waters. The tropical sun above soon dries us off as we cruise back to Leleuvia.

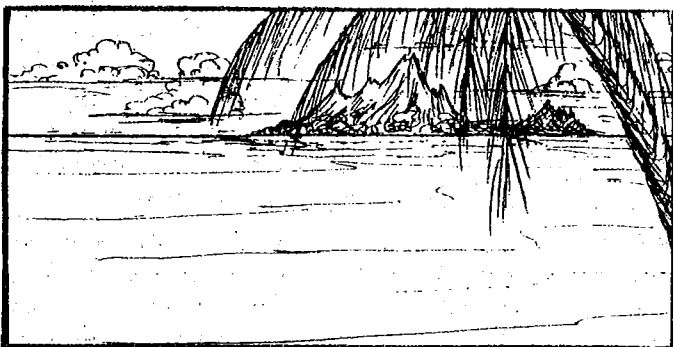
That afternoon two New Zealand yachts anchor offshore and their crews are welcomed to our island. One of the yachts has been through an enormous storm. They are a part of a flotilla sailing around the Pacific. Once a year the Suva to Leleuvia race is held. The original destination used to be Levuka, but while the crews were celebrating ashore, the town's youngsters would slip out to the yachts and appropriate any liquor and firearms they could find. So these days when the yachts reach Leleuvia there's a huge campfire and Emosi does all the catering. Tonight more kava and guitars with a couple who kept us laughing with their special brand of New Zealand humour.

I woke early for a change. The staff were already busy about their tasks, the two cooks warming the tea and doughnuts. They simply love cooking. Their curries remind me of

Caribbean cooking with all those spices tingling your nose. After breakfast, some guests took the runabout to Fiji's main island of Viti Levu, Mike to see the doctor, some to cash travellers cheques and some to other islands. A quiet interlude for diary entries and cleaning packs. Rhonda's walkman needed some attention, but we couldn't get the speed quite right. Cheryl, having a good olive complexion from her Indian heritage, wasn't too worried about sunbathing, while Janice took another walk around the island. Meanwhile I had caught Dietmar's interest in living off the land and we had rowed out in the dinghy with a few hand lines and bait. The hot sun and lack of bites soon drove us back into the shade of the trees where Chris was filling in postcards.

Dinner tonight is an extra lively affair with the party feel of a celebration. The yachties are still here and a few containers of liquor and beer add to the ambience. We get to know Emosi, a 51-year-old of mixed Chinese and Fijian genes, who runs The Old Capital Inn as well as this resort. A real entrepreneur, he used to lease from the Church an island across the reef, where he ran a resort. They recognised the value of the enterprise and raised the rent, as well as prohibiting liquor and scanty beach clothes. So he moved islands and now leases Leleuvia from the Chief of this region. The Chief is impressed enough with Emosi's business to want to become a partner.

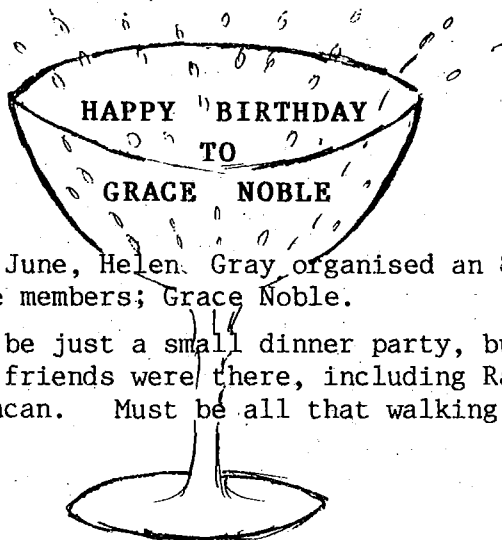
When the island resort was first set up, mice of plague proportions were in control. They were soon dispatched by cats and bait. Sometimes sea snakes venture ashore, but the evening's activities usually keep them away. The facilities on Leleuvia are constantly being improved for the comfort of guests.



This evening the six of us take our last walk around this tiny island. At the sandy spit end is a beached cabin cruiser which we've named "Minnow 11" after the TV series "Gilligan's Island". The tide is out and we walk onto the reef. Lots of moving starfish and furry coral. With Ovalau's mountains across the channel and the weathered trunks of the coconut palms, it looks primeval. The ominous clouds which envelop the distant peaks threaten to bring rain,

but the rainy season is still a month away. Our stay here has been lovely. "Leleuvia" means "I want you just a little" quite appropriate as it comes time for us to say "Mothe" - the Fijian farewell.

* * * * *



On Saturday the 16th of June, Helen Gray organised an 80th Birthday party for one of our long-time members; Grace Noble.

Grace thought it was to be just a small dinner party, but when she arrived, over 70 of her friends were there, including Ray Page and founder-member Frank Duncan. Must be all that walking which has kept them so fit!

THE JUNE GENERAL MEETING

by Barry Wallace

The meeting began at around 2015 with 16 members present and the President in the chair. It's surprising how those state-of-origin clash/fixtures people keep scheduling their matches to clash with general meetings. There was one apology, for Fran Holland. New members Peter Fox, John Gill and Vincent Smith were called for welcome, with Vincent Smith as a no-show.

The Minutes of the previous meeting were read and received. A motion to rescind the previous meeting's decision to write to the Confederation of Bushwalking Clubs requesting a return to monthly meetings was considered, but seemed inappropriate in light of the fact that the letter had already been mailed. In the end we resolved to write again telling F.B.W. that after discussion with our delegates (who had not been present at the previous S.B.W. meeting) we were prepared to support the idea of less frequent meetings on the understanding that it be reviewed at the end of the first year's operation.

Correspondence saw a letter of resignation from George Lauder on medical grounds, a letter from the Ella Community Centre advising dates on which the centre will be closed, outgoing letters to our new members, a letter from the Colong Foundation thanking us for the continuing use of the Club's printer, a letter from Wendy Aliano voicing her objection to the \$5.00 increase in annual subs., from Latrobe University requesting a copy of the Club's anniversary book and from a Mrs. Mary Knighton forwarding documents and materials from the estate of Marion Ellis. There was also the letter to F.B.W. mentioned above, one to Reg Alder advising him of permission to use material from early Club magazines, to Wendy Aliano inviting her to come along and discuss her objections, and another letter from Reg Alder advising of the National Library's desire to complete their set of "The Sydney Bushwalker" magazine. Reg also set out the issues they need to complete the collection. A notice will appear in this very publication.

As a matter arising Wendy then addressed the meeting about her objections to the \$5.00 rise in subs. The objection is based on the fact that most of the money raised will go as contributions to conservation bodies. Wendy holds that many of these bodies are unworthy and their activities and aims are inimical to Wendy's occupation as a geologist.

The Treasurer's Report indicated that we have earned \$8,705.00, spent \$6,363.00, and closed with a balance of \$2,342.00. At least part of that expenditure went to the purchase by committee of two video cassettes "Walk Softly" and "Safety in the Bush". We are advised that these will be available to members for viewing.

The F.B.W. Reunion at Coolana kicked off the Walks Report with news of an all-time low attendance record. "Was it due to the threat of ticks?" I hear YOU CRY. We may never know. WE do know however that David Rostron had 7 bods on his Katoomba - Paralyser - Guouogang dash. It was described by one of the survivors as a good hard walk although we are uncertain of just where the emphasis lay. Jan Mohandas had 10 on his 40 km Narrow Neck day walk on the Sunday.

The following weekend, May 18,19,20 saw Carol Bruce and John Porter leading a party of 12 on a moonless "night of the full moon" jaunt on the Caperty Plateau. The weather was described as beautiful. Bill Holland had a party of 10 battling their way through lyrebirds, choppers and high speed roo/wallaby marauders on his Long Nose Point - Mount Ayre walk. Wendy Lippiatt's push bike trip was cancelled due to the fact that the train line was being maintained in that area. It seems that the buses which replace the trains on such occasions do not carry bicycles. There were also some mutterings about similar restrictions on the XPT. Don't say you weren't warned.

The party of around 16 on Tom Wenman's trip over Ti-Willa and down Compagnoni Pass experienced some slight navigational difficulties, although it was not clear whether this involved watch-your-step spur or some other feature. They made up the distance on the Sunday however, so the trip went to program, with a small detour. Carol Lubbers' walk to Pantoney's Crown and Tyan Pic went to program with 13 starters. There was no report of Nancye Alderson's Ku-Ring-Gai Chase walk on the Sunday.

June 1,2,3 saw Ian Debert's Gingra Creek walk diverted and severely truncated due to flooding in streams in the area. The 4 starters enjoyed near perfect winter weather. Morag Ryder had 15 on her Federal Pass day walk and Judy Mehaffey led 14 on her Stanwell Park area walk on the Sunday.

The Queen's Birthday weekend saw Ian Rannard with a party of 10 not quite getting to Mount Colong on his Mount Colong walk, Kenn Clacher leading 11 on his Axehead Range trip and Maurie Bloom and 10 starters truncating his Budawangs trip due to rain, swollen rivers and socialisation. The weather in the area was overcast with light rain. Deborah Shapira had 5 on her Capertee - Wolgan - Pipeline Pass trip. They had some problems with times and distances and reached the cars at midnight we are told. Of the day walks Sandy Johnson had at least 2 on his Ku-Ring-Gai Chase walk but of Ralph Penglis's Otford to Bundeena trip there was no report. All of which brought the Walks Report to a close.

The Conservation Secretary has received correspondence from Bob Carr, Leader of the State Opposition, to the effect that a Labour Government would create a Nattai National Park in their first term in office and that the weight of proof would lie with developers in conservation related development applications. They have also indicated that they would create National Parks in the South East Forests. As a matter arising from the Conservation Report a series of motions were moved to the effect of establishing and operating a conservation fund. The motions were then resolved to be left lie on the table until the next or some subsequent meeting.

The F.B.W. Report indicated a system of proportional representatives is being considered to provide better representation for smaller clubs. Something along the lines of 1 delegate for each 50 club members, up to a maximum of 4 delegates. A lighter S & R trailer is under consideration and there was discussion of the effects of sand mining on the Wollongambe and Bungleboori streams.

General Business saw the passage of a motion that we purchase a reconditioned collating machine up to the value of \$1,000.00. This followed the presentation of various options which George Gray has investigated on behalf of the Club.

The meeting closed at 2207.

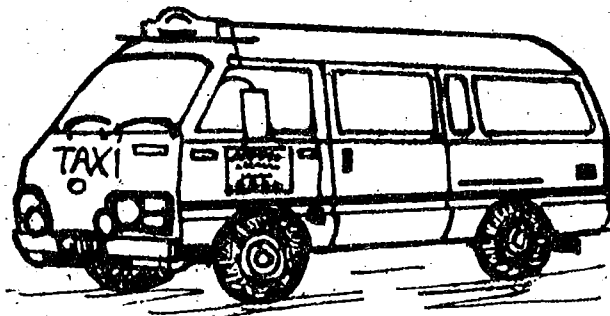
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LIGHTWEIGHT WALKING

by David Rostron

Further to the editorial and the letters about pack weights for weekend walks, I have detailed my gear etc. for the figures I quoted - from 5.0 kilograms to 8.5 kilograms. I carefully weighed everything on the kitchen scales. Surprisingly, it finished in this range. So it can be done!

Part of the Lightweight Philosophy involves anticipation of weather conditions and with the accurate forecasts now available, the correct gear can be chosen. However, for 3-4 months of summer walking I do not usually carry a parka - only a poncho/groundsheet.

Both winter and summer gear weights are quoted with some variations in the winter gear - i.e., type of parka and foamy or thermarest.

	<u>Summer</u>	<u>Extra for Winter</u>
Pack - Paddymade 2-pocket Bushman	.650 kg	
Poncho-groundsheet	.280	
Tent fly & pegs	.640	
Summer sleeping bag & inner sheet	.780	
Winter bag, extra weight		.820
Small billy, cup, spoon & knife	.300	
First Aid Kit	.350	
Matches & firelighters	.010	
Torch	.050	
Map & Compass	.100	
Parka - nylon		.250
" goretex		.625
Foamy/thermarest		.500 or .200
Wineskin/waterbag	.050	
Toiletries (toothbrush, paste, chux towel, toilet paper)	.080	
Spare socks	.050	
Spare underwear (or swimmers)	.050	
Jumper	.330	
Thermal singlet		.130
	<u>3.720 kg</u>	<u>2.075 kg max.</u>

Add food - say 1.5 kg to 3.0 kg dependent on taste and difficulty of trip. A hard trip will require mainly dried food to save weight. The figures will then be:-

Summer - 5.22 - 6.72 kg

Winter - 7.29 - 9.79 kg

If a light foamy and parka are taken in winter, deduct .675 kg.

FROM THE SECRETARY

A letter from Reg Alder advises that the National Library in Canberra does not have copies of all issues of our magazine. Any member who has the missing numbers (see below) and who would be willing to give them to the National Library, please contact the Secretary.

All issues prior to 1940 except November 1936

1940 - Jan, Feb, March, May, Sept, December

1941 - Jan, Feb, March, Aug, Sept, December

1942 - Jan, Feb, May, June, July, August

1947 - February

1952 - October

1955 - Aug, Sept, Oct, Nov, December

1956 - ALL - every month

1957 - Jan, Feb, March

1960 - June

1961 - May, July, August

1964 - Jan, Feb, Mar, April, May, June, July, Aug, Sept, October

1984 - January

SOCIAL NOTES

by Greta Davis

15th August - Come along and hear the remarkable Jan Mohandas talk about how he makes life and living so spicy.

22nd August - Ken Raupach is a physiotherapist and also a runner and sometime bushwalker.

Come along and hear Ken talk about preventing bushwalkers' knee, that dreaded complaint that has ended many illustrious walkers' careers in the bush.

29th August - A Night at the (Chronic) Opera. Back in the days of sail (well, before T.V. and videos) walkers sometimes entertained themselves with "musical plays" written by members, with melodies from everywhere, and some of these became known as "Chronic Operas". An attempt will be made to revive one of these, and hopefully two or three of the original writer/performers will join with later members to show how 'chronic' opera can be.

* * * * *

ON THE LIGHTER SIDE

I'm not lost the landscape's
all in the wrong places.

