

# THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER



Established June 1931

GARIE BEACH

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 at 8 pm at Kirribilli Neighbourhood Centre, 16 Fitzroy Street, Kirribilli (near Milson's Point Railway Station). Visitors and prospective members are welcome any Wednesday.

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## MARCH 1991

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WHILE THE BILLY BOILS.

I see Jan Mohandas is going to take another walk to Kakadu, which reminds me of the current controversy about mining at Coronation Hill. The mining company has promised to take the greatest care in its operations and the mine would only last for about 20 years anyway. So why the fuss? As one wise old judge once remarked, "A precedent is a dangerous thing". If a new mine were allowed to open within an existing Park, the rush for royalty-free minerals would be on.

I'm sure you know that the Shoalhaven-Ettrema contains silver and copper. But did you know that all the land in the Blue Mountains, the Wolloml and the proposed Nattai National Park, lies over the Sydney Coal Basin? Already there is a coal mine at Helensburgh, two on the Nattai and several near Glen Davis. So how much damage would you like to see done to the tiny 5% of our state which is protected in National Parks? Greed knows no bounds - nor folly, I fear. As the old judge said,

"A precedent is a dangerous thing"..... A very dangerous thing.

See you on the track....

*Monday*

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS 1991

The following annual subscriptions were decided at the Annual General Meeting held on Wednesday 13th March 1991:-

Single active member	\$30
Household	48
Non-active member	9
" " " plus magazine	21
Magazine subscription only	12

According to the Constitution subscriptions must be paid no later than six months from the beginning of the Club's financial year, i.e. 1st January. The Treasurer would appreciate early payment.

\* \* \* \* \*

S.B.W. OFFICE BEARERS & COMMITTEE 1991

The following Office Bearers and Committee Members as well as other Club workers were elected at the Annual General Meeting of the Club held on Wednesday, 13th March 1991:-

President	*	Bill Holland
Vice-President	*	Spiro Hajinakitas
Public Officer	*	Helen Gray
Treasurer	*	Erith Hamilton
Secretary	*	Michele Powell
Walks Secretary	*	Carol Lubbers
Social Secretary	*	Denise Shaw
Membership Secretary	*	Barry Wallace
New Members Secretary	*	Peter Yardley
Conservation Secretary	*	Alex Colley
Magazine Editor	*	Judith O'Connor
2 Committee Members	*	Ian Debert
	*	Ian Wolfe
2 Delegates to Confederation	*	Jim Callaway
	*	To be appointed by Committee

2 Confederation Delegates  
not on Committee

Gordon Lee  
Sarala Seenivasagam

Magazine Production Manager  
Printers

George Gray  
Kenn Clacher Barrie Murdoch  
Les Powell Margaret Niven  
Kay Chan

Assistant New Members Secretary

ARchivist

Ian Debert

Solicitor

Barrie Murdoch

Auditor

Chris Sonter

Search & Rescue Contacts

To be suggested by Committee  
after consideration of a report  
submitted by Bob Younger

Kosciusko Huts Assn. Delegates

Ray Hookway  
Ian Wolfe

Transport Officer

Les Powell

NOTE: All Club workers are honorary.

For Annual Subscriptions  
see Page 2

\* Indicates members of Committee.

## FOUR TALES OF A CREEK

by Joan Rigby

I wanted to call this article "By George, we did it!" but I rather think that George did us.

It all started nearly four years ago when I moved to Tamworth. Of course one of the first things I did was to buy the 1:100000 maps for the interesting areas nearby and to hunt for possible bushwalks for Frank and myself. Georges Creek, running south from the New England park to the Macleay River seemed a possibility. It lacked the first high fall from the escarpment, characteristic of many of these northern rivers, dropping 1100 metres over its 40-50 km length. Forestry roads on each flanking ridge seemed to offer reasonable access and exit without the need for a car shuffle. When Ruth and John from Armidale spoke of day walks they had done in the area, I scribbled some notes in the margin of the Carrai map, and November 1988 found Frank and myself leaving our car in a convenient gravel pit almost at the head of the river.

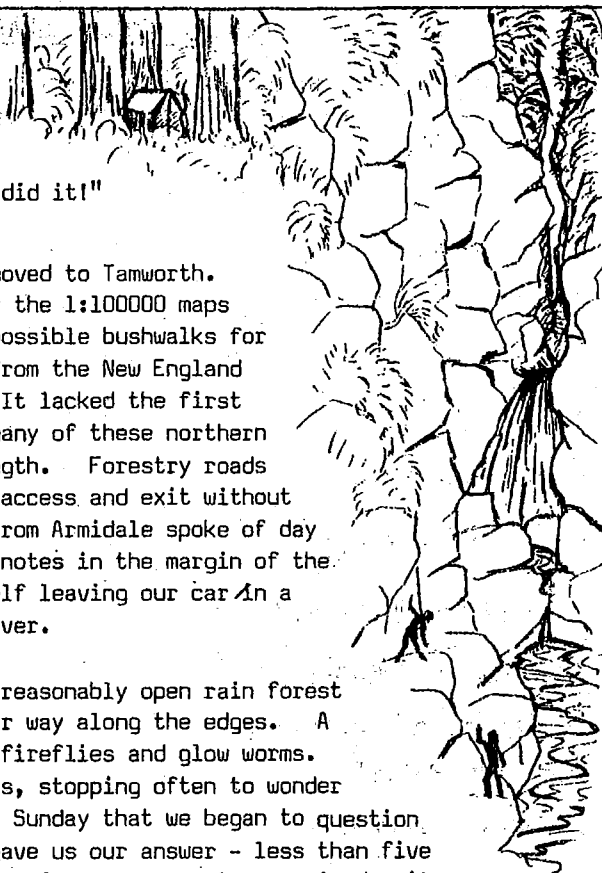
It was a pretty creek, small of course, with reasonably open rain forest on the banks. We paddled a little or threaded our way along the edges. A rain forest campsite was found, made memorable by fireflies and glow worms. We enjoyed the differences from our southern creeks, stopping often to wonder and admire, so that it was not until midmorning on Sunday that we began to question just where we were. A distinctive eastern bend gave us our answer - less than five kilometres from our start and an impossible distance from our vaguely conceived exit point. A small canyon at the next bend convinced us that it was better to climb than to swim - an earlier deep wade had been chilly enough for Frank - so we scrambled out up a very scrubby spur to that convenient forestry road and stepped it out to the gravel pit.

We planned to see more of George - he seemed well worth attention. The New England walking guide, which we acquired and studied carefully, described a series of four one-day walks covering the upper two-thirds of the creek. Now one-day walks may be a good idea if you live in Armidale but not so attractive from Tamworth. So, in November 1989, Frank and I set out to make a two-day walk over one of the middle sections. We would descend from the Boulder Flat fire trail by the ridge and creek route described, proceed upstream three or four kilometres (we had become less ambitious) and return to the fire trail by one of the upstream spurs mentioned in the guide.

To aid us we indulged in a 1:25000 map (we had become more aware of navigational difficulties in rain forest), and set out into typical New England weather - unsettled. However we left the car in another gravel pit, followed the fire trail to its end and started down the ridge. There was an unplanned delay while we waterproofed packs but the country, the map and the guide all seemed to agree. The guide recommended a gully rather than the ridge from here down, but this did not appeal to us. Descent into the gully appeared difficult and its use possibly suicidal, so we stuck to the steep ridge. The creek was not so very far below but sounded high and fierce to me, the weather had now settled to a drizzle, the scrub was thick and untracked and a mist was rolling in. I sat down. It took some talking, but I did convince Frank that I was not going on. By the time we got back to the car he was as relieved as I was. Score was now one-all.

Over the years we built up a picture of the authors of the walking guide. They were 20-year-old tigers reconstructing walks, probably over a few drinks, after the bruises had faded. Any reference to thick scrub meant bush-bashing, and they had an uncanny ability to give precise map references for points which could not be checked on the ground. However, after translating their descriptions to our terms, we made good use of their work.

New Year 1991 and Georges Creek called again. We had looked into the lower third from the Kempsey road and seen a pleasant farming valley. This time we would take the long but sure way in. Six kilometres down the New England ridge trail should put us above the farmed area



and we had four days to reach one of the upstream exits. I think I should describe this trip as a "no match". We reached the creek as planned in the late afternoon, found a few cows, a wire fence, giant solanums, lantana and cutting grass. We bypassed the cows successfully to find the narrow creek banks thick with lantana, cutting grass and gympie. However we found a pleasant enough campsite between a myrtle and a gympie and settled down, convinced that the creek would improve on the morrow.

The lantana did peter out the next morning, but the creek was not attractive. Gympie and cutting grass dominated the small stretches of bank, the creek boulders were not suitable for rock hopping and the bed too rough for wading. The base rock was a dull grey, making the water appear black, and it was slippery, wet or dry. Mid morning we stopped for a cuppa after only two slow kilometres. Another 200 metres and a thunderstorm broke over us. While we waited for the rocks to dry a little I looked over to the next stretch of river. It appeared even worse than what we had seen before. No banks, big widely spaced boulders and - - A tiny campsite! A decision - we did not like the river, three more days like this would be awful and this was the last likely exit for eight kilometres. Not far but we were walking for fun. We would camp and in the morning, perhaps, explore upstream with day packs. Tent up, wood collected and another thunderstorm with raging winds had us huddled in the tent with parkas on, hoping the tent would hold and trees stay upright. Enough was enough. We walked out the next morning.

Now, three weeks later we prepared to try again. This time we would descend to the middle river near the Cunnawarra Creek junction, make a base camp and explore up and down stream with day packs. We followed an old forestry road through wet sclerophyll thick with regrowth to its end according to the map; found with relief that it continued down the side of the ridge, and, although overgrown with everything from raspberry to solanum, and despite the regulation thunderstorm, it took us to a 10 foot wide sawn stump about 200 feet above



the river. From there we slithered, sidled and slipped down a dangerously steep slope to the water. No campsite here, so although it was late, we picked our way upstream. There is always a campsite at creek junctions. Cunnawarra should be our destination. Around the bend I stopped at the first compulsory swim. Frank called me up and we tried to bypass over the ridge, a steep fern-covered slope, falling to cliffs and going on and on with no return to the invisible creek. Finally a gully of wet rock blocked us and we managed to slither, again through raspberry and loose rock, to the creek and a long swim in the dark water. The only possible campsite was a square metre of small rocks; the creek junction, 50 yards ahead, was hopeless and the two creeks seemed to run back into narrow slits.

We filled our wineskins and tried the other option. A scramble three hundred feet up the ridge on the east side where, amongst giant bluegums, we found two small areas flat enough to fit a tent and a fire. There at 7.30 pm, in the last of the daylight, we made camp. Apart from a regular leech hunt, a territorial dispute with a nest of jumping ants and a continual slide from the top to the bottom of the tent, we passed a good night.

Next morning we moved cautiously up Cunnawarra Creek. After less than half a kilometre we found the lowest of the falls on this creek. Water shot from a narrow cleft to split into hundreds of milky streams on the face below. Two dark pools were cradled in the surrounding rocks. The map suggested that the creek above, where it falls a hundred metres in about

four hundred metres could be worth seeing, but possibly for the first time in the bush we were feeling uncomfortable. The creek, though not deep like Claustal or impressive like Davies, seemed dangerous. The rocks and wet leaves made our progress slow. There was no relaxation from care. The roads were only a few kilometres away and three hundred vertical metres, but the country between was difficult. Wet, scrubby and thorny, even after using the old track we were scratched and bleeding. If we were unable to reach that track again it would be a fight to escape the creek. Never have I felt so vulnerable to an accident.

We turned back from the falls and went a little way up Georges Creek. The suggested route out was from here but the steep sides looked unpleasant. The creek was pretty, and possibly easier, but still required caution. We had had enough. Lunch by a pool, a swim and sunbake, then we filled our wineskins and clambered again from trunk to trunk up the steep siding to our camp. Here we resolved our territorial problems with the ants and settled back with a double rum and lemon. This evening, despite intimidating rumbles and a spectacular lightning display all around the horizon, the regulation storm held off until 2 am.

We broke camp in the morning and started back the way we had come. The first long swim was a relief after the slippery wet rocks. It was followed by three or four shorter swims, including one through a narrow high-walled canyon. I enjoyed this until I remembered it was above these sheer walls that I had been slipping on wet ferns two evenings before.

We found our marker for where we entered the creek and a somewhat easier route up the first one hundred feet. With care we found our downward track and followed it up to the giant sawn stump. I greeted it like a long-lost friend. In this country you could be two metres from the overgrown road and never know it.

Back at the car we removed another population of leeches and swore never again to visit Georges Creek. It has its beauties, but its defenses are strong. Frank and I have given it best, game, set and match.

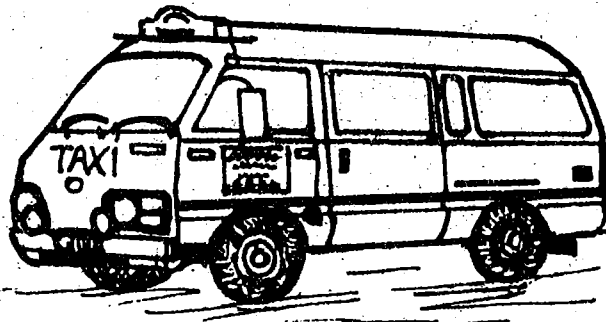
If Michele now writes about some lazy summer trip Bob King led there one Christmas -- I don't want to read it!!

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NO BOOTS AT ALL

by Jim Brown

The Boot - has it fallen upon evil times? Is it the symbol it used to be? Well, what sort of a symbol was it, anyway?

I have vague recollections that, during my early years at Primary School, say about 1925-6-7, I was regarded by some of my school-fellows as something of a "sissy" or wimp, because my parents had provided me with shoes which didn't come up over my ankles. Shoes may be all right for girls, but all true men and boys wore BOOTS. Maybe my recollections are amiss, but that's how I remember it.

Certainly, at the beginning of the bush walker movement in and around Sydney at much the same time, boots appear to have been the accepted and acceptable footwear. As evidence, I'm almost sure that the badge of one of the long-established Clubs is a boot. And of the symbols with which we invest our incoming Presidents, the first one is "The Boot" - indicating that we esteem walking.

These symbols are hung, like the Ancient Mariner's Albatross, around the new President's neck. Fortunately The Boot is on a fairly long chain, but by the time you get through "The Map" and "The Flannel Flower" to "The Clasped Hands" (to signify friendship and social activities), the chain is so short that Presidents wearing spectacles are best advised to remove them, and one wonders sometimes if the clasped hands might ever separate and try to strangle the wearer.

There were also several songs commonly sung around camp fires and at Reunions which gave favourable publicity for boots - indeed, treated them as a vital part of the bush walking scene.... more about that later.

This thinking originated with the reading of an advance copy of Dot Butler's biography "The Barefoot Bush Walker", and coincidentally an article by Errol Sheedy in the January magazine telling how he was lured away from his original boots into sandshoes. This reading in turn revived some old memories including Dot travelling on the "Fish Express" one Friday evening in 1955 (yes, it was 1st April - All Fools Day) and we were going to Katoomba to take part in Geof Wagg's "85 Miler - Katoomba to Picton". From my seat opposite Dot in the same compartment on the train I noticed one of her sandshoes had a decided split in the sole, displaying either a bit of sock or some foot. In horror I drew her attention, and was rewarded with "Oh, dear!" Dot insits she added "Oh, well, it will let the water out," (on the many crossings of the Cox River). I was so worried about it, this sensible attitude didn't register properly at the time.

Another memory is my own conversion from boots in the 1948-49 period. Earlier, during a number of freelance pre-war walks I had used sneakers - with rubber sole and leather uppers - but after being required to wear boots for about five years (in the army during World War II) and on finding they were standard footwear for most SBW members in 1947, I submitted to the mode. Not for long. The jolt that went up the shin when walking in hobnailed boots along sealed roads on the last leg into Katoomba, Blackheath or Kiama soon persuaded me "there must be a better way".

Since the sneakers I'd worn earlier were no longer available, I tried sandshoes and quickly became convinced they were adequate in the easy conditions encountered in our Sydney-side bushland. I even made a few converts, including some of the most active of the new members and - almost to my surprise - the sandshoe suddenly "took off".

Sinful pride urges me to believe that I had something to do with the widespread adoption of sandshoes for bush walking. Ordinary common-sense persuades me that it is likely other members of our Club and the members of other Clubs were probably moving towards the same conclusion about that time. By 1950 I had finally discarded boots, after a Tasmanian trip, and that wimpish school-boy who had been derided for wearing shoes was doing a bit of gloating over the downfall of the dominant boot. (But was there something else? Did something in my sub-conscious say to me, "You don't have to behave like an Army tank and trample everything down. You can tread softly, go around that prickly hakea, avoid squashing that tiny boronia. You can make the Bush your friend, not something to be beaten down". All I can answer is - yes, for years, walking in my wimpish sandshoes, I always thought the bush was a friendly place, an ally, not an adversary to be defeated.)

I think the final seal of approval - the apotheosis - came several years ago, when several young people were overdue on a Colo River walk, and Federation's Search and Rescue organisation took part in the search. Actually the young people walked out under their own steam a couple of days late, but in the meantime some worried parents had managed to reach the Rescue Headquarters organised by the Police out on the Culouli Range, and one mother sent a large donation to S & R, accompanied by a letter praising the devotion, expertise and kindness of the people "wearing the dirty sandshoes" (the bush walkers). So, the sandshoe had become the mark of the bush walker!

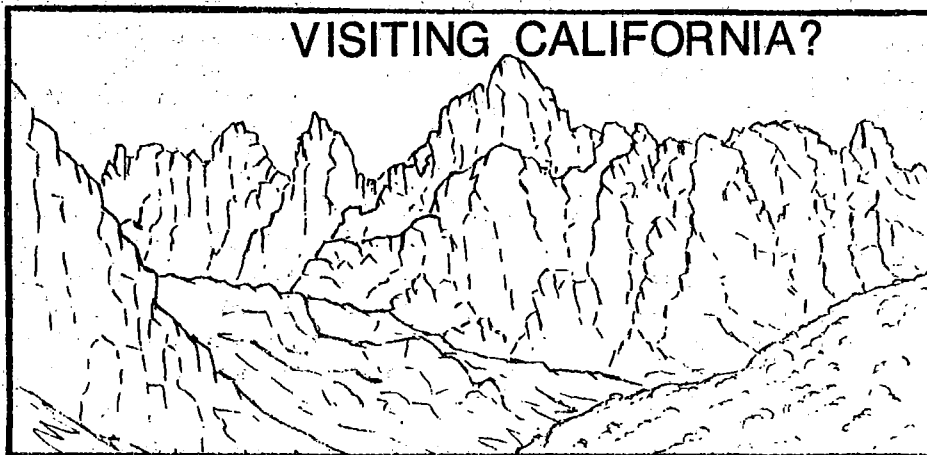
Now, I'm well aware some walkers still prefer boots (but not the hob-nailed variety these days), and like Errol Sheedy, I can see they may have merits in some areas. The essential fact remains that in our fairly kindly local environment the sandshoe in its various forms is good footwear and is widely worn.

This has, of course, put paid to those old campfire songs - "For They Were Large Boots" and "No Boots At All". You just can't sing the same words and substitute "Volleys" or "Reeboks" or even "Sandshoes", because all of those words are of two syllables, where "boots" is only one syllable, so it just won't scan.

Is this a good thing? After all, I've discovered that the two "boots" songs I've mentioned both have rather smutty alternative words. One version of "No Boots" was sung by R.A.F. airmen operating in the Western Desert of North Africa in the 1940s, where pilots forced down sometimes fell into the hands of nomadic tribes who had a rather unpleasant way of showing their disapproval of the warring Europeans (whether British, Italian or German). It's to be hoped this isn't the practice in all Desert Wars.

Meanwhile, if anyone can come up with a tolerable "one syllable" word for sandshoes in lieu of "boots", we should be able to sing those songs again.

\* \* \* \* \*



### WHY NOT CLIMB WHITNEY?

Situated in the John Muir Wilderness Area is Mt. Whitney. At 14,495ft (approx 4,830 M), it is one of the highest peaks in the USA.

It can be done as a three-day or two-day trip. Two days would entail walking 6½ miles (climbing 3645ft), from car park to base camp. Very early next morning, take a day pack with lunch for the final 4½ miles and 2,500ft climb. Then back to camp to pack and return to the car park by dusk. If you're really feeling 'tigerish', do the whole thing as a one-day gallop! Interested?..... for full details write to:

Eastern Sierra Visitor Centre, P.O. Box 'R', Lone Pine,  
California 93545. (Ph. 619.876.4252)



**WITHER-ED CONSERVATION?**

by Morag Ryder

You can tell that an election is coming, can't you? Pollies are polishing up their smiles and their platitudes, everywhere signs are telling us What The State Government is Doing for You. Even the tattered remains of the State school system has been given a temporary reprieve, with several of the threatened 'reforms' being recinded. But before we all start cheering, it behoves the wiley bushwalker to consider what the State pollies have done for our little patch in nearly three years, namely - National Parks.

For a start: - NO new N.P.s, only a few minor additions.

The promised legislation to ban mining in all new Parks was passed, except that mining exploration will be allowed.

The Land & Environment Court is to be abolished. It has frequently upheld the requirements of Environmental Protection Legislation, so it is to be replaced with a 'new council' to manage our natural resources.

The proposed Wildlife Protection Act still has not been passed.

Local Councils are being given every encouragement to sell off public land to businesses.

If all this can happen in less than three years, just imagine what could happen in the next three! But don't bother to try and vote them out of office. After the recent re-alignment of certain critical electoral boundaries, this will be almost impossible.

**KAKADU'S GREEN ANTS**

Even our nasties are nice.

We have no leeches, no 'wait-a-while', no stinging trees. Mosquitoes rarely occur in large numbers in the good bushwalking areas. You seldom see snakes.

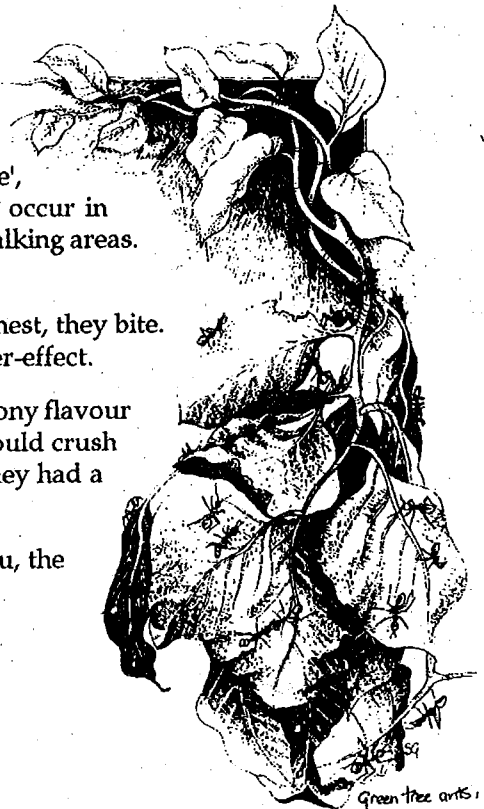
Our greatest worry is the green ant. If you brush against a nest, they bite. When you brush them off, the pain is gone. There is no after-effect.

Better still, you can bite back. The green abdomen has a lemony flavour and is an excellent source of vitamin C. The Aborigines would crush a nest and inhale the vapours to clear their sinuses when they had a cold. Where else are the nasties good for you?

Write for full details of our bushwalking program in Kakadu, the Kimberley and central Australia.



**Willis's Walkabouts**  
12 Carrington Street  
Millner NT 0810  
Tel: (089) 85 2134  
Fax: (089) 85 2355





### PART THREE - THE MACLEAY

Sunday, 1st January 1989

Guess what - it's raining. I woke up early, packed, lit the fire (eucalyptus leaves smell really nice when they burn) and sat on a log near the fire, drinking a cuppa and writing my diary, sheltered from the rain by my inflated lilo, standing on end over me.

Today liloing was pretty mellow - the water was moving, and quite a few fast shallow rapids kept us going. We were on the water by 9.30 am and whenever anyone asked, I refused to tell them the time. We passed morning tea time, we passed midday. David asked if it wasn't perhaps time for morning tea as his tummy was rumbling. David took off his volleys and Janet told us that this gave him a much greater sense of freedom. Whatever the reason, Dave was leading the way, forging on up ahead.

The day progressed from a light spattering rain at brekky to dryish when we entered the water, then progressed back to quite heavy rain - we were getting wet! David wore a woollen jumper and his raincoat. Down a rapid with many overhanging trees, David headed for a log and his lilo went sideways. Dave and his lilo parted - Dave was swimming up to his neck, wearing his entire wardrobe - WET! He passed the obstruction, regained his lilo and paddled on. King Gee Tuff!

At 12.55 pm Bob said we would stop for morning tea after the next rapid. None but me knew the time and I wasn't saying. We stopped, David got out his watch and couldn't believe his eyes. Bob changed his mind and said, "This is lunch". It was now hot and sunny, so once again I broke out the orange and black fluoro sunning attire and we all plastered on the sun cream.

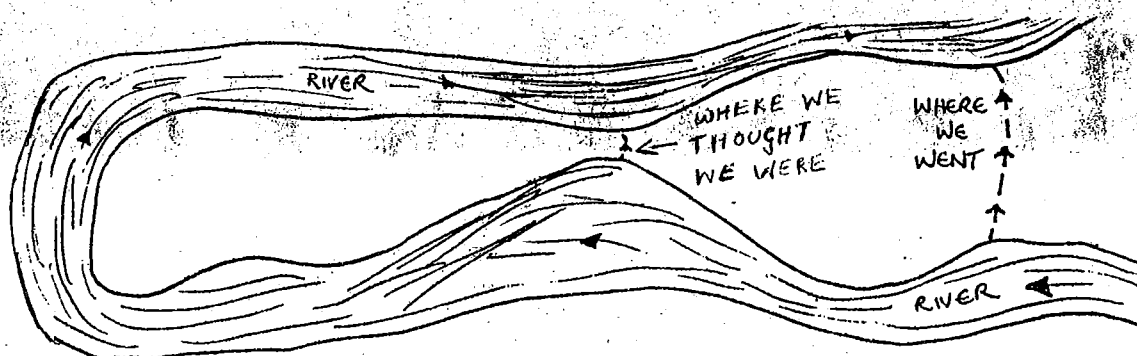
Everyone put stuff out to dry - including my tent, which shrank! We drank tea from the boiled billy and Janet patched yet another pair of pinprick-sized holes in her lilo (must be from sleeping on it at night - prickles in the grass etc.). Everyone contemplated on how much excess food we would have at the end of the trip. If Bob didn't have his annual 'not to be missed and eagerly anticipated' dental appointment on the Tuesday, we would all stay an extra day or two....

More interesting memories from the trip.... Edith's panic-stricken face down every rapid, just before she falls in. Bob's 'ballet leg' that always kicks up high whenever faced by an unbalancing rapid - was it the right or the left leg?

Bob decided to take a short cut overland here, as the river does a massive 2½ kilometre hairpin bend. So, covered in sun cream and beach attire, carrying our inflated lilos, we headed into the bush to go up, over and down. NOT SO!

Up, along, up, along, up along.... We were temporarily 'but never truly' misplaced. We stopped to take photos - everyone dressed for the beach, with our lilos blown up, bashing through the bush - ha ha ha. And then we started going down, up, down, up, down, into a thickly bushed gully surrounded by several steepish uphill and no river in sight. Out came maps and compasses. Where were we.... it all seemed so simple and easy. Just a quick ten minute hop over the hill and more absorbing of sunshine while drifting downstream aboard

our floating crafts. Eventually, after an extremely steep, bushy, dusty, dirty descent, we were found; but maybe it was not the same river. The water was deep, dark and cold, the sun has gone, there's a breeze blowing and we had a particularly difficult, muddy time breaking through the bush to reach the river and proceed on our way.



We started heading through cow properties, the water became very sluggish and was cow patty coloured. We must have been getting towards the end of the day's paddling, but where to camp away from all those cows? We passed some (EEK!) .... PEOPLE, .... playing around in a motor boat. (So no one had dropped The Bomb while we had been away and there were still people out there inhabiting the planet.) We were now more worried about where to camp, so that we didn't have to share with other people.

We beached ourselves near a cattle crossing and struggled uphill to find a really cosy camp spot, just big enough for four small tents and a fire, hidden among some dense bushes which protected us from marauding cows and well away from those OTHER PEOPLE. Others had partied here before, so we collected their many rusty tinnies and threw them into a large pile, well away from our cosy spot. Eventually we managed to collect enough old, dampish, rotten wood for an OK fire which didn't really catch well until the rain started to pour. So we all retired to sit under Janet and Dave's large fly, drinking tea and port, shivering and watching from afar our raging bonfire. Even the rain couldn't put it out.

#### Monday, 2 January 1989

It was a sad awakening, the end was near. We paddled across a large pool, around the bend and in the distance was the wonderful, large, overstocked grapefruit tree that Bob had told us about, next to the old shack. We didn't go near the tree though, because there were heaps of people, tents, 4WDs all around it, like a carnival. We landed and deflated the lilos. Bob and Dave skoled the last litre of port and we headed up a monstrous fire trail. Weaving and winding, the trail generally kept going fairly steeply uphill.

There was dense, rainforestry type bush on both sides, but no cover on the track, and we experienced extremes of humid sunshine alternating with freezing, windy rain as we slogged forever upwards. Finally, after our fearless leader had rejected on our behalf many lifts in the back of 4WDs, we made it to the car, which was parked near a derelict hut with a fresh water tank next to it. The water was really clear and sweet. Bob and Dave decided that it wasn't poisoned (taste test method), so we all drank from the tank, mmmmm ..... changed and departed - almost the end.

We reached Janet's car, unloaded and farewelled Dave and Janet. Then Edith, Bob and myself headed off to spend a wonderful evening at Bob's parent's property on the Gwydir River. They welcomed us with a feast, champagne to welcome 1989, home grown vegies and roast, Bob's Mum's famous pudding, talk and stories. A wonderful end to the trip.

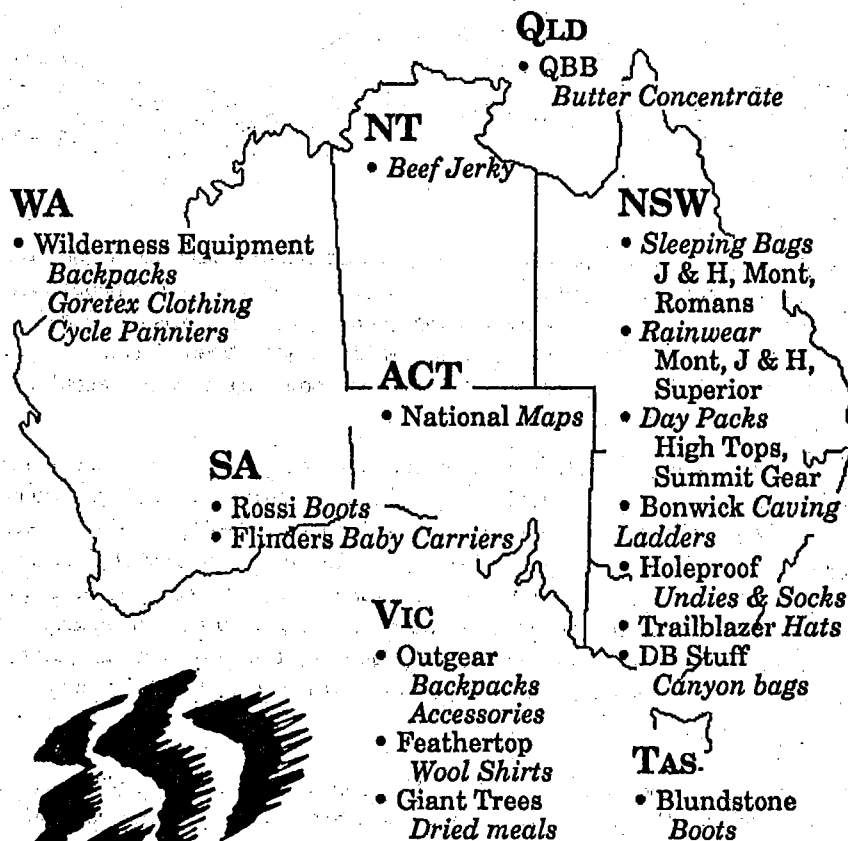
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#### SPECIAL EXTRA WALK FOR ANZAC WEEKEND - 24,25,26,27 APRIL.

KANANGRA - Hughes Ridge - Butchers Creek - Bull Island Gap - Yerranderie -  
Mount Colong - Kowmung River - Kanangra. 80 km MEDIUM.  
LEADER: Kenn Glacher 449 4853 (H) - 968 0059 (B).  
Maps: Kanangra & Yerranderie.

\*\*\*\*\*

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THE FEBRUARY GENERAL MEETING

by Barry Wallace

The meeting began at 2014 with around 20 members present and the President in the chair. There were apologies from Patrick James, Bob Niven and Jeff Niven. New members Kevin Burrows, Stewart Corner and David Pisani were welcomed into membership.

The Minutes of the previous meeting were read in a stripped-down form which unfortunately eliminated most of the details, and received with no matters arising. One can only wonder what is the point of reading severely truncated minutes and then asking those present to affirm that they believe them to be a true and correct record.

Correspondence included a letter of return thanks from May Pallin, a letter of thanks from Warwick Blayden for being provided access to the Club's minute books and a letter from Dr. Martin Jaffee thanking us for our donation to the Save the Hacking committee.

Next came what Bill called the "Club Management Section" of the meeting. This dealt with committee decisions regarding the reunion. You probably read about that in last month's magazine. The Treasurer's Report indicated that we received income of \$215 and spent nothing.

The Walks Report began with a scythe-cut through those walks programmed for the weekend of 18,19,20 January. It seems Alan and Anita Doherty's canoe trip on the Saturday, Jan Mohandas's Glenbrook Creek walk on the Sunday, and Alan Mewett's Hawkesbury River area walk on the Sunday were all cancelled. It was left to David Rostron and his party of 10 starters, enjoying the delights of Morong Deep, to carry the flag for that weekend. Perhaps I should explain that around this time the weather was extremely hot and dry, and a number of walks were cancelled on safety grounds and on advice from the relevant authorities due to the risk of bushfires in the walking areas.

Over the weekend of January 25,26,27 Barry Wallace's Shoalhaven bludge walk was cancelled due to a lack of starters but Ainslie Morris and Mike Reynolds reported 6 people on their Lake Durras circuit walk with lake vistas by moonlight and a rather unusual dance involving Morrie Bloom and a snake. Bill Holland's Tootie Creek bludge, led by Patrick and Greta James, failed due to a string of last minute cancellations. George Mawer, leading the only day walk programmed reported 17 starters and a good day for it as well.

The weekend of 1,2,3 February saw Kenn Clacher leading a party of 10 on his Kalang Falls, Wallara Canyon abseiling trip. They reported an enjoyable trip and expressed surprise at how easy it was to negotiate Murdering Gully when it was dry!! Ian Debert's Macarthurs Flat swimming trip did not go, and there was no report of either Barry Ihle's Thornleigh to Chatswood stations walk or Peter Christian's Glow Worm Cavern abseiling trip. Jo Van Sommers did report 24 starters on her Wentworth Falls area day walk on the Sunday.

February 8,9,10 saw things end as they began. Bob Hodgson's Yarramun Creek trip was cancelled due to lack of starters, there was no report of either Errol Sheedy's Kangaroo Creek walk or Sandy Johnston's Halletts Beach trip and Alan Mewett's Mill Creek trip was cancelled. Bill Holland's Eloura Bushland bushwalk/barbecue shrank to a barbecue only, although we are advised that attendance was good, with a party of 25 stayers exhibiting (I think that's what the vicar said) great stamina. Only Greta James was out there doing it, with a party of 8 on her weekend trip to Constance Gorge.

Even good old Confederation failed us. They have had no meetings since our last general meeting.

The Conservation Report brought news of a meeting held with Tim Moore, the N.S.W. Minister for the Environment, regarding the effects of raising the storage level of Warragamba Dam. The Minister has invited interested groups to evaluate the likely effects and lodge submissions with him. A motion was passed that we write opposing the raising of the storage level.

General Business passed with no matters for debate. There was one announcement from the President to the effect that if you arrive at the clubroom prior to 1945 hours (quarter to eight in the evening) you should be careful not to disturb a yoga class which occupies the room up to that time. It seems that it is their practice to conclude with meditation and the entry of a

group of bushwalkers busy in raucous conversation does not enhance or even assist the experience.

The meeting closed at 2102 with the Social Secretary a little taken aback when the hordes enquired after the advertised wine and cheese. The coffee seemed perfectly OK to me, for an instant that is.

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### NEW MEMBERS

Please include the following new members on your List of Members:-

	<u>Home Phone</u>	<u>Bus. Phone</u>
BURROWS, Kevin - 11 Page Ave, Wahroonga 2076	487 2270	233 9000
CARTER, David - 3 Bluegum Crescent, Picnic Point 2213	773 4637	818 1033
CARTER, Maureen - " " " " " "	" "	790 0656
CORNER, Stuart - 18 Maida St. Lilyfield 2040	818 2865	555 7377
DAVIS, (Ms) Lyn - 13 Byrne Ave, Russell Lea 2046	-	964 8618
DOMINY, Dianne - 1/28 The Boulevard, Cammeray 2062	956 7804	561 8100
DOMINY, Tom - " " " " " "	" "	436 3877
KENDALL, Jean - 12/141 Jersey Rd, Woollahra 2025	363 4812	452 5088
MILLER, Graeme - 16 Daphne Ave, Castle Hill 2154	634 6809	626 9264
MONTAGUE, John - 8/10 Curt Street, Ashfield 2131	798 4241	699 2522
MORGAN, Jennifer - 82 Crescent Road, Newport 2106	997 6203	451 6999 Ext.50
PISANI, David - 18/177 Sydenham Road, Marrickville 2204	560 4793	718 7077

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### CALLING ALL NAVIGATORS!

On May 18/19 Bankstown Bushwalking Club will hold an inter-club Rogain. A base camp will be established, with food and drink provided for the competitors throughout the event. There will be a 6 hour and a 12 hour event. Teams of two to five members can compete. Bring your family and friends and enjoy the weekend.

For all details, contact Robyn Arthur ... Ph (W) 886.1862-(H) 897.2270

### SOCIAL NOTES

- APRIL 10th GENERAL MEETING  
A selection of slides will be shown after the meeting
- 17th THE RISK FACTORS OF HEART DISEASE  
Talk with slides by Jacqui Wilson from the National Heart Foundation
- 24th DINNER AND JAZZ NIGHT (CLUB CLOSED)  
This is the night before Anzac Day so if you are not driving to a walk, how about joining us at the Strawberry Hill Hotel, 453 Elizabeth Street, Surrey Hills at 7pm. Contact the Social Secretary by 22nd April to confirm numbers.