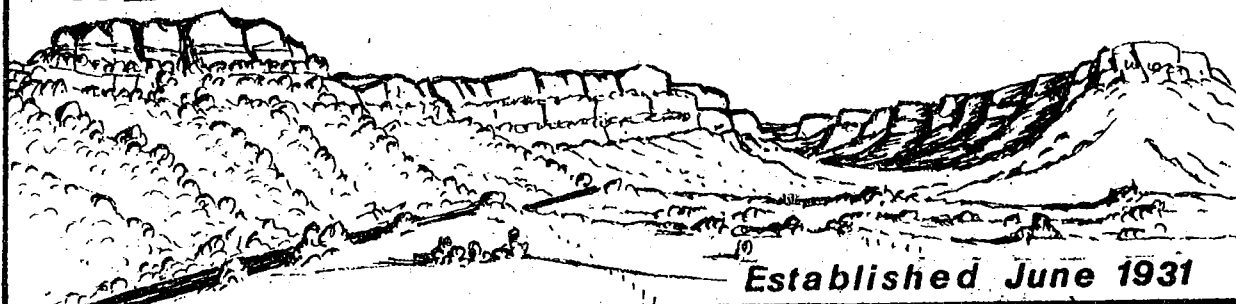


# THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER



WIDDEN 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 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. To advertise in this magazine please contact the Club Secretary.

\* \* \* \* \*

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GEOFF MCINTOSH'S MORTON NATIONAL PARK WALK

by Errol Sheedy

Geoff and his twelve faithful followers set off from the Wog Wog entrance at 8.30 am on a morning of mists and low cloud. Distant vistas were scarce and fleeting because of the constantly enveloping cloud - although a brief meteorological debate was waged at one point as to whether it was fog or cloud. Morning tea was had on the edge of the track, south of Goodsell Basin, with a fine view of grey.

A side trip to Admiration Point was cancelled, in view of the conditions, as was the ascent of Corang Peak. We continued on to Corang Arch where most of the party walked over the top of the arch, and Geoff drew some startled gasps with fancy footwork on the wet rocks approaching the summit. After this excitement we descended the conglomerate slope and had lunch, sheltering from the rain in one of the eroded caves.

The track took us across Canowie Brook and over the saddle to Burrumbeet Brook and the large camping cave. By this time it was two pm and because of the weather it looked rather later. Packs were dumped and Geoff led an unsuccessful trek across the hill in search of views. There then followed an enthusiastic "happy hour" before the participants adjourned to their stoves which Geoff had advised us to bring in view of the scarcity of firewood in the vicinity.

It was about this time that the cloud rolled right into one end of the cave, and a person walking towards her gear disappeared from sight - a rather eerie phenomenon. Most people were in bed at 8.30 pm, and those few who talked around a mini, flickering campfire followed them an hour later.

Sunday dawned still cloudy but with a promise of fine weather. We retraced our steps and continued down Canowie Brook, stopping for an exploratory trip in search of more eroded caves. After that we followed Canowie Brook to its junction with Corang River where there are, as the sketch map says, many rock ribs. Morning tea was had perched around the base of one of these rock ribs, before continuing north-west, and somewhat off-river. Broula Brook proved to be a delightful stream which we followed (down the middle) for a brief moment or twain. A cross-country stint then took us to the cascades where our homeward track would begin after lunch. This was a pleasant meal with pools upstream and below, and much swimming was enjoyed.

We then followed the track, climbing up to the track junction we had seen the previous morning. The afternoon grew warmer and warmer as the sun was now out, and some thoughts were given to the cool walking conditions of yesterday. Afternoon tea was had at Tinderry Lookout, before the final stroll back to the cars, where Geoff indulged in some good-natured weighing of packs.

Many thanks, Geoff, for the leadership and the footwork.

\* \* \* \* \*

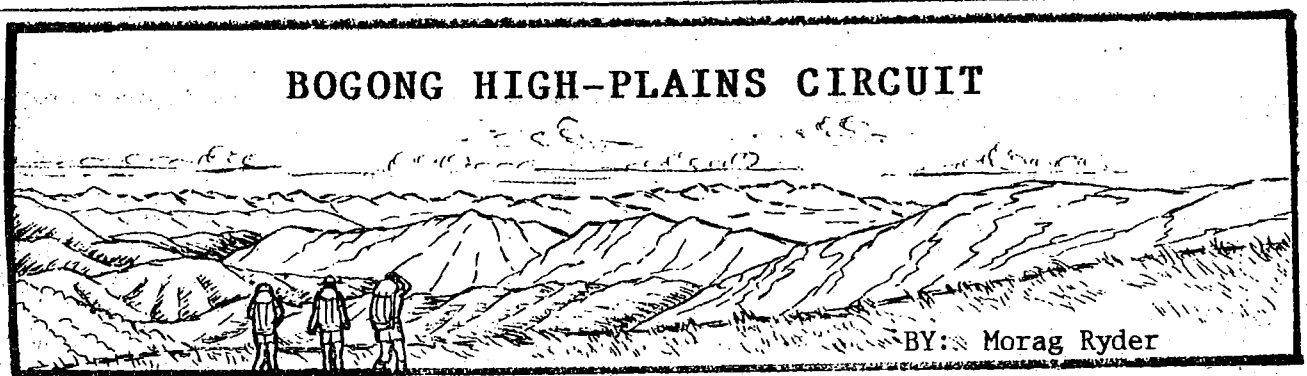
FIRST AID COURSE

25th/26th MAY and 26th/27th OCTOBER 1991 - The Confederation of Bushwalking Clubs of NSW will be running a FIRST AID COURSE. Instruction by St John Ambulance trained-bushwalkers.

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You get a discounted first aid course that is claimable on some medical/hospital funds and the cost includes bandages and comprehensive St John Australian First Aid book. The course is run on the last weekends in May and October every year.

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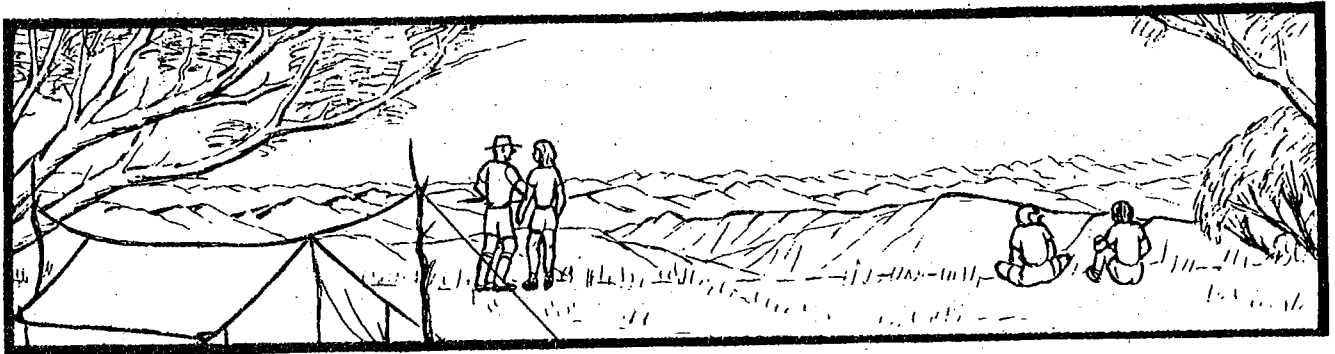
BOXING DAY to NEW YEAR 1990/91

Part Two.

Saturday, December 29

Lunch was in the shade of a large snowgum on the slopes above the creek, out of sight of the squads of day walkers marching along the roads.

Later, we made a slight detour to climb Mt. Nelse North, and persuaded a tourist to take our photos. This was definitely photographers country, with wide and lovely views in all directions. Uninterrupted views of The Fainters and Bogong Jack Saddle – our lunch spot on day One. We left the track at Duane Spur, and lounged under the trees swatting flies while Brenda discovered she had lost one of her spare joggers. Ian explored, and found us a campsite with wonderful views. All the eastern Alps were spread before us, glowing in the afternoon light.



Sunday, December 30

Back up Duane Spur and down to Big River for morning tea. On the way we saw several people coming up – including Judy MacMillan and Colin Barnes! Big River was beautiful, much like Kanangra, and like Kanangra, the climb out was long and steep. It was now boiling hot and I was very glad to drop my pack on the grass at T-Spur Knob. A whole 1½ hours to sit in the shade and drink tea, before strolling up to the head of the creek and the ruins of Maddisons Hut. Filled our waterbags and staggered uphill to a quiet campsite, thickly wooded with flowering snowgums. I took the opportunity to do my laundry, which dried in about 5 minutes.

A group went to Howman Falls, which were beautiful – a spectacular series of cascades falling through a dark rock defile, with a 'rock garden' on one side and bright green ferns on the other. Some swam in the large rock pool – they swore it wasn't cold. This campsite had even better views than the last one, with the added bonus of a mass of towering cumulus cloud in the northeast. As the sun sank, it slowly turned strawberry pink, while the ranges below turned midnight blue.



Monday, December 31

Slight cloud in the morning, but still very warm. We passed quite a lot of campers down the valley, before turning uphill past the large and well kept Cleve Cole Hut. Fanned by a cool breeze, we went up the ridge to Mt. Bogong. Whole tribes of day walkers were doing the same, but at least there were a few flowers — cattle are banned on Bogong. The views were marvelous of course, but the strong, cold wind soon brought us to our feet, and we went out to West Peak, for a look over Kiewa Valley. The track now took us over Quartz Knob, which was short and steep, and down Quartz Ridge, which was long and steep.

Back in storm damage country again .... struggling through tangled branches to a cramped little lunch spot. Down, down, knee-jarringly down. At the bottom was an overgrown firetrail, a creek, and several other campers. We followed the road a little to an old helipad. Rather exposed and not many good tentsites, but the views towards Mt. Buffalo were 'million dollar'. Once again I tucked my fly among the bushes, deciding that the clouds which were building up over the ranges would bring rain.

I went back to the creek, collected water and washed my hair — harried all the while by mosquitos and leeches. By this time the fire was lit, so I ate early, keeping a wary eye on the increasing cloud. Mr. Buffalo gradually disappeared under the purple turbulence, I could see lightning flashing across the valley. At first we thought the storm would pass us, but then the wind changed and thunder began overhead. We hastily prepared the New Year celebration, while the ranges were obliterated by a dark grey curtain, illuminated with crackling lightning flares of phosphorescent green.

In the middle of our rapid 'happy hour' rain swept over us and we scrambled for cover, while Ian stoically piled logs over the fire. I checked the perimeters of my fly, decided that no floods would occur, and peeped out to see Ian leaning comfortably against a tree, with rain streaming from his parka, watching the roaring flames of a fire which even the downpour could not souse. Di and Tom were camped near me, and presently I heard music. They whiled away the stormy hour by singing bush ballads — very cool. Presently the rain eased, and we crept out to finish our interrupted eating, while the departing storm swore and stamped over Mt. Bogong.



January 1, 1991

Awoke at 5.15 to a clear sky, and watched the first rays of the sun casting long shadows over Mt. Buffalo. We were away by 7.15, climbing Mt. Arthur in the cool of the morning. More terrible storm damage. The track frequently disappeared under fallen trees, we struggled endlessly, sweating profusely in the increasing heat. Our rewards were good views over the Grey Hills Range, and a good rest before the scrub bash down Black Possum Spur. We slithered and stumbled through the thick bush, at least there was no more storm damage. Our reward - O joy, was a very overgrown firetrail, winding between the tall, tall timber for which Victoria is famous. Surrounded by tree ferns and singing birds, we strolled back to Bogong Village, torn between the longing to stay and the lure of a hot shower and clean clothes.

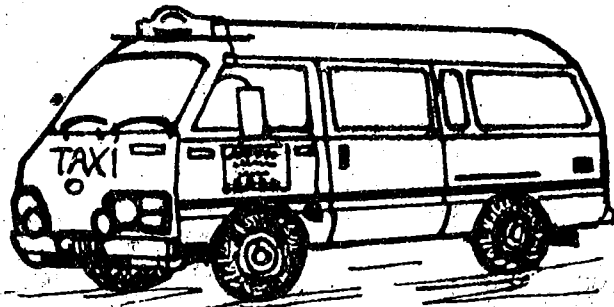
Stay where you are Mt. Bogong - cows or no cows, I think I will be back.

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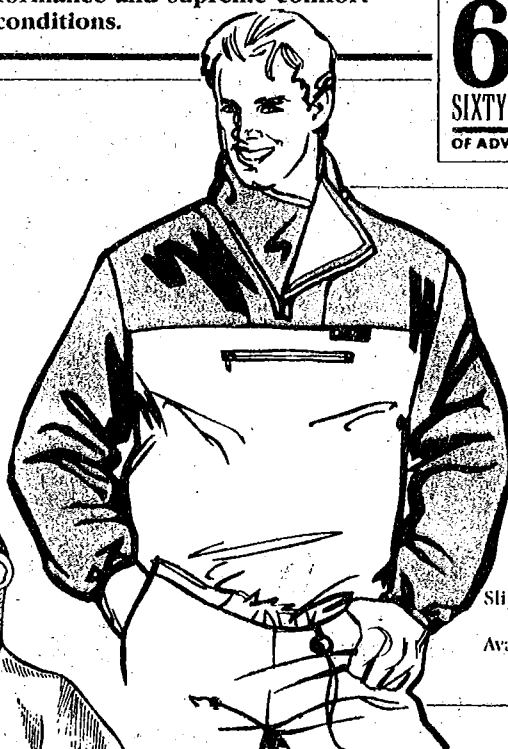
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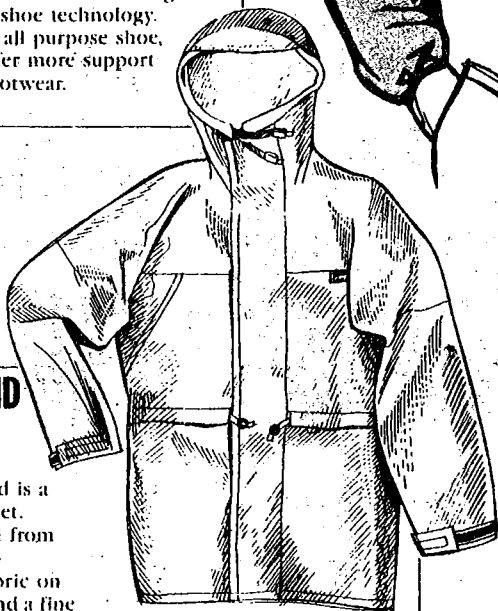
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## AN ACCOUNT OF THE SBW TRIP TO NEPAL, NOVEMBER 1990 (Part II)

(By Tom Wenman)

The second part of our walk was completely different from the earlier part in several ways.

From Lukla onwards we joined the very popular trekking route to the Everest Base Camp. The altitude, not a significant factor hitherto, now became very important, determining our progress. The altitude also meant that temperatures could be quite low, and conditions difficult. We embarked on this part of the trip with mixed feelings as we had so enjoyed the walk thus far, with the friendliness of the inhabitants and the remoteness from other walking groups.

As soon as we joined the main route we began encountering many more walkers, indeed there seemed to be a virtual avalanche of them returning from the (very) high country. Many were Germans or German speaking and all had a very serious demeanour. So much so, that we began to wonder exactly what did lie ahead. Tony, with his friendly enquiring attitude was at great pains to obtain from the returning trekkers, their impressions as to the conditions and why many of them looked so glum. However apart from the information that it was colder no particular reason could be ascertained for their lack of happiness.

We were delighted to meet once again, Angela and David who had been staying at the village of Phakding (just past Lukla) awaiting our arrival. Angela seemed to have fully recovered, and we were happy that the group was now complete.

Our way now led us up the Dudh Kosi river, so called because of its milky white colour, due to the sediment of the terminal moraines from which it flowed. The programme of walking, carefully planned to provide the acclimatization necessary for the trip, within the time available, had scheduled Namche Bazaar as the next destination.

This was within the Sagarmatha National Park which encompassed all of the area we were to visit.

Leaving Phakding we followed a roaring tumultuous Dudh Kosi, upstream through many small villages and a variety of tea/lodging houses many newly built or still building. The steep slopes bordering the river were thinly covered with pine trees, many newly planted and sprinkled with Rhododendron trees and occasionally birch. The air was clean and very clear and the towering sharp pointed snow blizzed peaks gave us dramatic evidence of our location.

The track was very busy and consequently very dusty. Frequently there was considerable traffic congestion, where trekkers, porters, sherpas, yaks and zopchioks converged on a bottle neck, however notwithstanding all this hustle, bustle and dust, the constant vision of the now, not so distant peaks and ridges provided an inspiration for our progress. We entered Sagarmatha National Park through a significant pass to which we had climbed from Phakding. Our trekking permits were checked and we descended once again to the Dudh Kosi. This we followed crossing several times, eventually by a dramatic suspension bridge high above a deep gorge, when we finally left it for the climb to Namche Bazaar. Our progress through the Pine and Juniper trees though slow due to the gradient and other traffic was quite delightful. A window on the next part of our trek was provided at the Everest View tea house where we were able to obtain the first view of the top of Everest and its surrounding mountains which we had had on the trek. A tantalising glimpse of what was to come.

A special mention should be made of Namche Bazaar, because, apart from the rather poor campsite in the stockyard attached to the hotel, and with possibly one of the most revolting toilets encountered so far, it marked quite significantly our entry into the world of the high peaks which we had come so far to see.

Here we enjoyed a so called rest and acclimatization day during which we climbed up to the National Park Head Quarters. Here, on a splendidly located site, overlooked by some mighty rock and snow ridges we had the most superb view of the concentration of high peaks surrounding Everest, as well as Everest itself crowning the Nuptse Ridge which lay before it. The view looked right up the valley of the Dudh Kosi which we were due to continue to follow and included the beautiful and somewhat isolated peak of Ama Dablam (6856 m).

The whole scene was of such a mountain grandeur which few of us had encountered before, that the question was heard, "Why go any further?"

Well, to go further we were committed, and so the next day began our ascent to Thyangboche, the site of a noble and important monastery and really the hub of the Sherpa Buddhist religion. The track continued to be very dusty but the surroundings of such mountains and the splendid weather more than made up for the discomfort. We lunched in a village renowned for its number of water driven prayer wheels each housed in little buildings over a bubbling brook and enjoyed relaxing in the warm sun amongst an attractive variety of trees and shrubs. Continuing at a slow pace to accommodate the altitude we eventually entered the area of the Thyangboche monastery through an elaborately decorated archway.

The monastery buildings were now dominated by a partially completed Gumpa - the previous one having been destroyed by fire about a year ago. The monastery grounds were located on a commanding saddle, and our campsite at the northern end afforded us good views of Lhotse, Nuptse and Everest. We were also pleased to be camping on grass. Sunset prevailed to cast an aura of expectation and excitement as we watched for the first time the changing colours of gold on the very high mountains, until finally Everest was the only one with the sun on its triangular peak. During this time, Geoff, very kindly lent me the use of his small portable cassette player and ear phones, and in one of the most transported sequences of my life, I listened to a beautiful duet from The Pearl Fishers, as I watched the changing colours of sunset on the very top of Everest. A memorable evening, and one to store in the mind for many years to come.

Our next day at Thyangboche was scheduled as a rest and acclimatization day, and according to plan we ascended some 500 metres up a nearby hill which gave us some superb views of the Thyangboche area and further up the valley, Ama Dablam. That afternoon we inspected the new monastery building. It is a superb edifice, built of dry stone walls, about 2 feet thick, and is of traditional design with a clerestory lantern surmounting the roof. The wood work was of local pine of substantial dimension and looked quite beautiful in its rawness.

On the morrow our walk resumed over frozen ground, and the sun eventually proved warm enough for us to forsake long johns and parkas. Our way, again somewhat gradual in its ascent, included a visit to the very old monastery of Pangboche. Here we inspected a Yeti skull and listened and watched with interest to the chanting of the monks accompanied by the throbbing beat of a drum. It all seemed very medieval in the dark and ancient confines of the interior.

Again a gradual ascent under blue skies with constant local distractions of other parties on the track, and superb views down into the valley of the steep ridges and creeks, whilst ahead, above and around loomed one superb snow spattered peak and ridge after another.

Dingboche (4860 m) more than previously epitomised the still semi nomadic nature of the people. A barren looking, dry stone walled village which grew barley and other crops during the summer, but would be even bleaker in winter, with some inhabitants returning further down the valley to Namche.

Here another rest and acclimatization day where most of us struggled up a local hill to about the height we would camp, on the next day. Once again we watched the sun go down on the peaks further up the valley until only the highest were illuminated, Makalu, Nuptse and Everest. Further entertainment was provided in the house where we had dinner, where the lady of the house was making Yak butter and several of the party tried their hand at churning the milky liquid. Tony proved the most adept at a very demanding operation.

Day 20 of our trek and -10° night but again a clear and sunny morning for the walk to the highest campsite of the trek, Lobuche (4930 m). Well and truly amongst the high mountains of the world our walk began along a pleasantly grassed valley in warm sunshine, with white mountain ridges, peaks, sharp rock walls, ice falls and moraine looking down on us from either side. Leaving the pleasant valley we climbed up over the rocks and rubble which formed the terminal moraine of the Khumbu glacier. Our breathing became more laboured and a cool wind tempered the warm benevolence of the sun. The mountain streams were fringed by ice and the whole area revealed a barren wilderness dominated by the surrounding mountains.

Lobuche (4930 m) was a not a pretty sight and we resigned ourselves to camping amongst the dust, rubbish and other trekkers for two nights. As with previous evenings when the sun went down, the



temperature dropped rapidly - down eventually to -13°. Notwithstanding the grottness of our surroundings, we were more than consoled by a beautiful sunset on Nuptse, watching the now golden ridge top fade against a scattering of pink flecked dove grey clouds, in a blue grey sky.

An early start for our final day's ascent. Up at 5.15 am and after a somewhat rushed breakfast, we were away in our down jackets and the cold air.

It was hard going and the altitude took its toll as we first followed an icy creek up the valley and then began the climb over several moraine ridges of the Changri Nup Glacier to the two or three small stone buildings which marked the semi permanent village of Gorakshep, at the foot of Kala Pattar (Black rock), which was our ultimate destination.

We began the ascent of this seemingly insignificant little lump (5500 m), surrounded by the giants of the world, slowly, with for me a gasping struggle. I paused many times on the steep and twisting track and was relieved when the party stopped to regroup about half way up. With Sherpa Lakpa leading the way we continued. I found myself very much at the rear of the party and everyone seemed to be encountering difficulties of one degree or another - except that is Roger, Ray and Leslie who seemed to be having no difficulties at all. Despite her bronchial trouble, Carol seemed to be going quite well but it was a bit of a challenge between myself and Deborah as to who was going to be last. Eventually we reached the stony top, and tottering from one stone to another moved along the summit ridge to the summit itself.

We had frequently paused to admire the view on the way up, but now with some relief we looked at the grand amphitheatre of some of the highest peaks in the world. Naturally our gaze focussed on the massive bulk of Everest, and our eyes followed the original route by which it was climbed, up the Khumbu ice fall, which looked remarkably insignificant from our vantage point. Across Lho La pass in Tibet we could see Chantse (7550 m) whilst slightly nearer Nuptse (7879 m) really dominated the scene to the east. The symmetrical peak of Pumori (7145 m) directly to our north towered over us. All around us were quite simply the most magnificent and awe inspiring collection of peaks, passes, rock walls and snow fluted ridges that you could ever expect to see. It wasn't only the altitude that took our breath away.

Descent was easy but we were all very tired when we stopped again at Gorekshep where lunch was provided for us. Then the long slog back to Lobuche which was enlivened by a mighty avalanche pouring off Nuptse, and we were pleased to be welcomed on our return with cups of tea and hot water for washing. We were now in the very much relaxed stage of our trip, and whilst we continued to enjoy the mountain views, our thoughts were about flying out from the rather primitive looking airstrip at Lukla. This I am pleased to say was accomplished without incident or delay and it was for everybody, quite heaven to get back to the Shanker Hotel and indulge in a hot bath and lounge around the magnificent hotel gardens with a cold beer.

Very definitely a worthwhile trip, which was well organised. For myself, I enjoyed everyday of it and don't regret a dollar of the cost.

---

Letter to the Editor -

from Paddy Pallin Pty Ltd

I am writing to enlist your support in helping to promote two coming events.

- a. The 28th Paddy Pallin rogaine will be held on Sunday, 16th June. Is it possible for a team to represent the club as well as private entries?
- b. The annual Paddy Pallin X/C Ski Classic will be held on Saturday, August 3 in Perisher.

Both events allow people to compete for fun in much the same way as the "City to Surf Fun Run" does. We are keen to see people enter these events and have a good time.

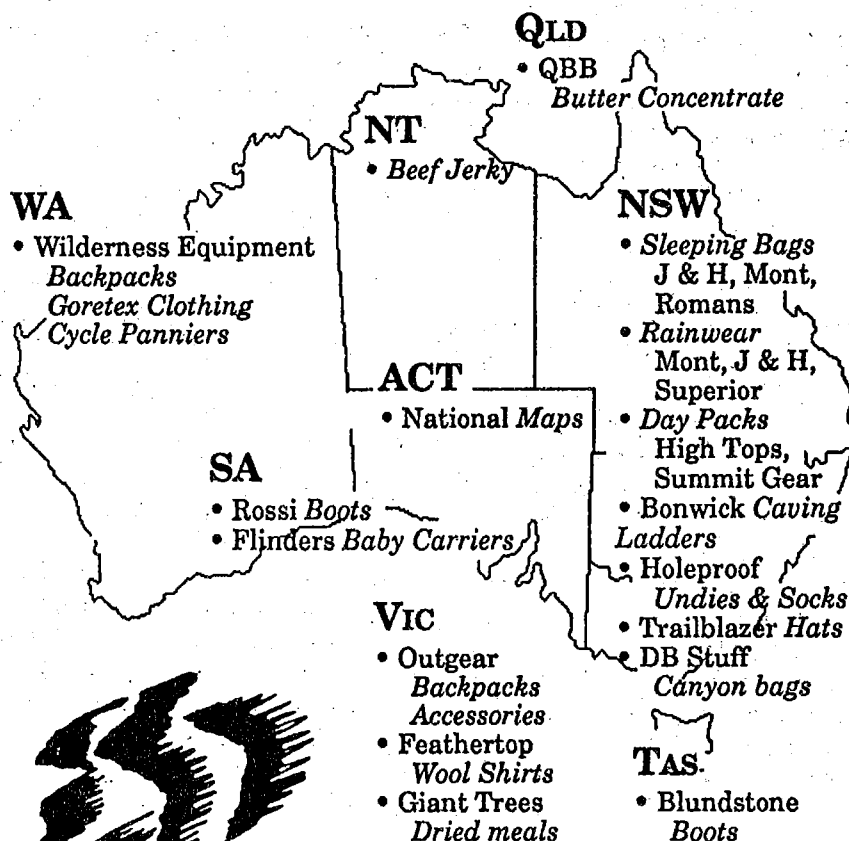
Entry forms will be available from Paddy Pallin at Kent Street City or Miranda from early May.

Thank you for your help.

Ian Gibson, Managing Director

\* \* \* \* \*

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JIM BROWN'S BOOTS

by Errol Sheedy

There was movement in the bush  
For the word had got around  
That Jim Brown was leading a push  
To keep feet closer to the ground.  
You see, he had this theory,  
Created by brain power,  
That big boots made him weary  
And too tired for Happy Hour.

He mused upon this curious case,  
And said, "It's really quite a shame.  
Fireside festivities I cannot face;  
Heavy boots have made me lame.  
The soles are far too thick,  
Those hobnails are of steel.  
I could easily kick a brick,  
But I cannot face a meal."

And then the revelation dawned -  
Illumination from on high.  
A great idea was spawned  
That few would dare deny.  
"Get thee to a sports store, Jim,  
And there some sandshoes buy!"  
'Twas the grand edict from Her/Him,  
The Great Bushwalker in the sky.

So he dutifully took heed,  
And softly, softly went his way -  
A different bushwalker indeed  
From that of another day.  
Now in the bush he took more care,  
As he looked down at the flowers  
And knew he was a visitor there,  
For those few precious hours.

Now no more would his feet  
Send the sharp stones flying wide,  
Or the hobnails drum a beat  
As he raced down Solitary's side.  
But finally, goodness knows,  
And to be rather truthful,  
Jim has several more bent toes  
Than when he was more youthful.

\*\*\*\*\*



THE APRIL GENERAL MEETING

by Barry Wallace

The meeting began at 2020 with the President presiding over the 18 or so members present. There were apologies from Spiro Hajinakitas and Jim Callaway and no new members for welcome.

The Minutes of the previous general meeting were read and received with the only matter for mention being the continuing review of our insurances in the light of cover provided under our affiliation with Confederation.

Correspondence was a little confused due to most of the letters having already been passed on to the Club officers concerned without a record being kept. It was all out there ..... somewhere. There was a collection of flyers and magazines received from other clubs and in future these will be displayed on the notice board until close of meeting, when they will be available for collection by interested parties.

The Treasurer's Report indicated that an adjustment of \$100.00 had been taken-up to correct a previous mis-statement. Other than that, we received income of \$1,166, spent \$854 and closed the month with a balance of \$1,512. Keep those cards and subs rolling in folks, and help to keep the Treasurer happy.

While we are on the subject of matters financial, the committee will prepare an annual budget for presentation to the next general meeting. Come along and cheer the projected income, hiss and boo the expenditures and be amazed at the final deficit/surplus/break-even result/clash/fixture.

Then came the management report. It seems that Spiro has agreed to be re-union convenor and would appreciate your support. Alas, the flaxen haired Denise Shaw will not be playing the part of Social Secretary this year. Fran Holland will, and her twisted arm is recovering nicely, thank you.

All of which propelled us headlong into the Walks Report. Over the weekend of 23,24,25 March Bob Younger led a party of 12 on his Blayden Pass walk. There was no report of Karl Lachman's Shoalhaven River canoe trip, and of the day walks Errol Sheedy led 12 on his somewhat re-routed, due to the lack of water in certain of the creeks, Waterfall to Heathcote trip, Alan Mewett reported 10 starters and a lovely day for his Ten Mile Hollow trip, and Jim Callaway reported "to program" for the 8 bods on his Engadine to Heathcote walk.

Easter saw a program of three extended walks. Ian Rannard had 16 people out experiencing the extremes of weather which turned out to be a feature of his Snowy Plains walk, David Rostron led 6 on his Mittagong to Katoomba walk through less severe but seemingly just as variable weather, and George Mauer managed to turn on a pleasant trip for the 28 stalwarts who braved his three-day Morton National Park base camp.

It is not clear whether the party of 13 on Wayne Steele's Allyn River trip did find the spot where Fazeley broke her leg, but we are told they did it in good weather whatever the outcome. Geoff Bradley's day walk on the Fish River had a party of 5 (2 wimps, Geoff and Bob Niven, 2 ladies, Margaret Niven and another, and 1 young man, played by Jeff Niven). Bronny Niemeyer's walk from Waterfall to Heathcote went with a party of 12, and Dick Weston had 16 enjoying the rock-hopping in the creeks around Glenbrook. This report was followed by walks announcements for the coming weekend.

Conservation Report brought news of further activities in the Nattai region, a comment on the value of protest letters on the proposal to raise the storage level of Warragamba dam and news of an offer by CSR to provide an area of land near one of their quarries for joint use by Confederation and Mr. Schloss' Wilderness College. At last report Confederation was not considering accepting the offer.

The Confederation Report brought to us by the visiting Jan Wooters in the absence of all our delegates concerned itself mainly with the Ball, the First Aid Courses and the AGM which is to be held over a weekend in August. If you would be prepared to billet country delegates or members please contact Confederation.

Of General Business there was nil, so the meeting closed at around 2112.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CONSERVATION NEWS

### SYDNEY'S WATER SUPPLY AT RISK

The Wilderness Society, Colong Foundation for Wilderness, Australian Conservation Foundation and National Parks Association have called for the Minister for the Environment, Mr Tim Moore to protect Sydney's water supply by saving the Nattai wilderness.

"The proposed logging and clearing for a market gardening in part of the Nattai wilderness may have enormous repercussions for the quality of Sydney's water supply. Allowing the proposal to proceed will add to the mounting siltation and turbidity of Lake Burragarang thereby adding to the incidence of toxic algal blooms", said Rod Bennison, Executive Officer of the National Parks Association.

Geoff Lambert, spokesperson for The Wilderness Society is concerned that "the Minister for the Environment, the Hon Tim Moore, has apparently done nothing since being alerted about the potential destruction of the Nattai wilderness near Sydney". Mr Lambert said, "Mr Moore's silence will be the downfall of this forest wilderness and lead to unacceptable pollution of our water supplies".

Mr Keith Muir, spokesperson for the Colong Foundation says that "the beautiful Blue Gum forests of the Nattai valley can be saved from the chainsaws. The Water Board must not be complacent in condemning the proposal within this catchment reserve. Strong protection of drinking water supplies should be the Board's top priority".

Sue Salmon, spokesperson for ACF said that "Mr Moore's strategy puts wilderness at risk. The Government should protect the Nattai wilderness while it is still wilderness".

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**SOCIAL PROGRAM**

by Fran Holland

Our meetings are held at The Kirribilli Neighbourhood Centre, 16 Fitzroy St. Kirribilli in the Gallery Room on the first floor except on the 3rd Wednesday of each month when we use the downstairs room on the left of the entrance verandah.

If you are coming straight from work why don't you meet other members over a pre-meeting dinner. Unless otherwise indicated on the programme we meet for dinner at The Brasserie Restaurant, Cnr Fitzroy & Broughton Sts at about 6.30pm.

Later this month we have two special events,

May 22nd BUSH PHOTOGRAPHY - How to get the best results  
Talks and slides by Henry Gold.

29th CLUB CULTURE NIGHT - a chance to see and hear the Club's talented members. Coffee and cakes for the interval.  
Contact Helen Gray 876-6263 for further details.

The following is the social programme for June.

JUNE 5th COMMITTEE MEETING

12th GENERAL MEETING - Supper with wine & variety of cheese

xxx 19th SLIDE NIGHT - SKIING - come and whet your appetite for the coming season. Learn how to build a snow cave.

26th 'THE EFFECT OF SUN ON SKIN' - talk by Dr. Ian Younger

xxx *Dinner at La Trattoria (Italian restaurant, 34 Burton St.*

Here is advance notice of two important functions in July. On the 17th July there will be the Club Debate when we plan to have four teams competing for the 1991 title. Later in the month, 31st July, we have organised a Club visit to the Sydney Observatory.

Telephone 484 6636 (H)

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**CLUB CONCERT**

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