

THE MODGILLERS 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 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 Business Manager.

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# AUGUST 1991

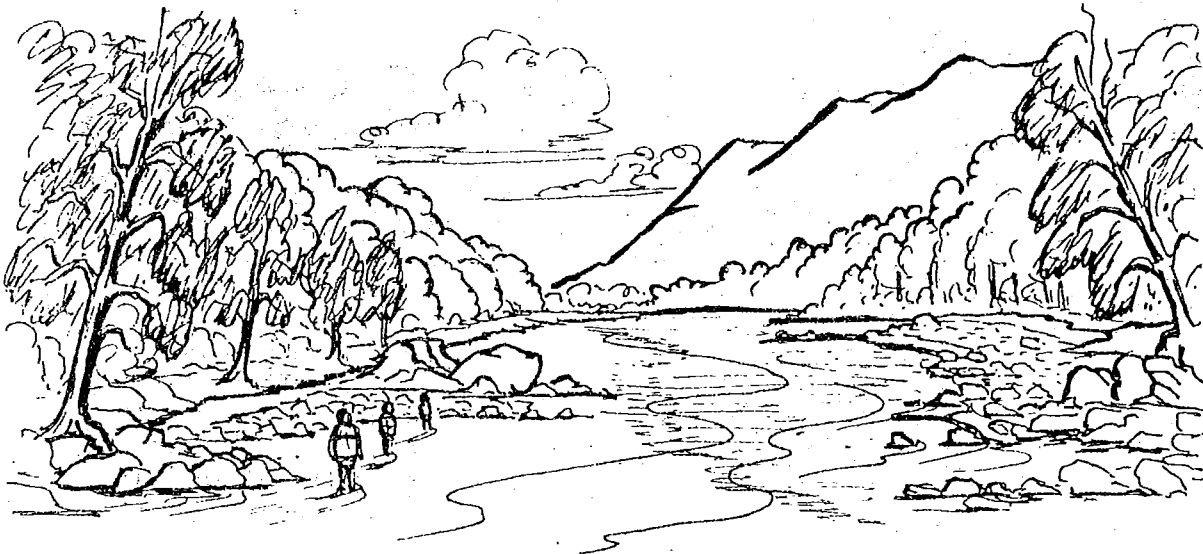
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OUR NEWEST HONORARY ACTIVE MEMBER

BARRY WALLACE

At the June Committee Meeting it was decided to offer Honorary Active Membership to Barry Wallace, a member of 25 years with the Club, and who has worked actively for SBW in various ways during all that time, as well as leading many walking trips.

On receipt of the Secretary's letter, Barry gladly accepted the offer and is now our newest Honorary Active Member.

This is his record during those 25 years:-

- Admitted to membership June 1966
- Federation Delegate 1967/1968
- Committee Member 1968 and again in 1973, 1982 and 1985
- President 1974/1975
- Vice-President 1980/1981 and in 1983/1984
- Coolana Management Committee - 1976 until Coolana Committee was disbanded in 1984
- Membership Secretary 1991
- "Political Roundsman" (General Meeting notes for the magazine) from 1977 to present
- Partnered Phil Butt in using the printing equipment (a rather temperamental machine) in 1984/1985
- Produced the address labels each month for the magazine, also the membership list for the annual report, for the last 5 years to the present

\* \* \* \* \*

## **A TROPICAL BUSHWALK**

### **- A REMINISCENCE (Part I)**

by Brenda Cameron

England - June, 1991

Summer here this year is very late in arriving, with the country enveloped in cloud, beset by cold gusty winds and squally showers and a maximum daytime temperature which struggles up to 15 degrees (!). As I acclimatise myself to this half-forgotten experience, which follows closely on two senses-assailing days in Bangkok, I can at last reminisce on two weeks of my life which were for me a most profound experience - a visit to the Northern Territory, walking in the Kakadu wilderness with river excursions before and after the walk.

For me and 25 others, it all started on 11 May with our arrival at Darwin Airport in the hot early afternoon. There we were met by Russell Willis and Andrew Griffiths of Willis' Walkabouts who were to lead our two groups.

So after loading our packs, a week's supply of food and ourselves neatly on to our minibus and trailer, we were on our way - 5 hour's driving across the N.T. landscape with its scrub fires, and hills and vivid colours.

In the early evening, we arrived at the town of Katherine where we spent the night in a quite comfortable bunkhouse.

Next day was spent going along (by boat and on foot) the beautiful gorges of Katherine River. We boarded our first boat at a wide stretch of the river where the soon to become familiar Pandanus palms lined the water's edge. Upstream a little and the scenery changed to the dramatic gorges along which we cruised or walked as the terrain dictated. It was all stunningly beautiful. There were a number of canoeists about portering their canoes between the gorges; an interesting way of experiencing the place.

This trip along the gorges of Katherine with their high red sandstone cliffs against the vivid blue sky, the colours of which deepened in the declining afternoon sun as we returned down river, was a most fitting and enjoyable prologue to our Kakadu experience.

But now for the walk. However, firstly a long bus drive back through Katherine and Pine Creek townships and then by way of a bumpy gravel road to the UDP Falls camping ground and the start of our walk.

Monday morning - our two parties, with 7 days' food distributed among us, ascended the easy track alongside the UDP Falls. At the top, I had my first real perception of the vastness of the whole area and of the clear bright light defining the distant ridges and their subtle colours.

Followed Waterfall Creek basically, frequently cutting across country through the bush. My initial impression was of very green vegetation and trees, attractive wild flowers, Pandanus palms and enormous ant hills. And all the time the heat - which could have been enervating, however frequent drink stops made the walking comfortable and enjoyable.

During the afternoon, to get the adrenalin going we had a lovely and cool canyon to scramble along with massive boulders and some aboriginal rock art to divert us. One final scramble brought us out of the canyon and to a dramatic change of scenery as we emerged on to a plateau which had immense sandstone structures towering above us. Michele's exclamation "This is Egyptian!" describes it graphically. We lingered for photographs and to savour the immensity of this ancient and timeless landscape.

On to more mundane things, we picked up Waterfall Creek again and in the middle of the afternoon decided to camp by the creek. Some acclimatisation is needed when walking in these tropical conditions and it had been a hot and tiring day with packs at their heaviest, so the early camp was welcomed.

During the evening, we all enjoyed the first of many extremely good and nutritious and varied meals prepared and cooked by Andrew, who led our group. Obviously a lot of trouble is gone to by Willis'

Walkabouts to ensure such variety and therefore enjoyment of the meals. We were all to appreciate this during the walk.

Next day began with a short climb out of Waterfall Creek and wonderful views of the sphinx-like sandstone cliffs from yesterday which overlooked the valley.

A regular feature of this walk was the many side excursions to view aboriginal rock art. We were to spend quite a lot of time over the fortnight crawling, scrambling, lying down or just standing round or on the rock structures viewing the primitive and varied art forms. It was another rewarding perspective of the walk, for us made more so by Andrew's considerable knowledge and obvious sincere liking and interest in the subject. Some of the artwork we saw I doubt has been seen by too many people.

On to a saddle for more panoramic views of the area - impressive rock formations abounded and the perfect bright clear light clearly defined the many physical features across the country as far as the distant ridges. Into the next valley and we soon arrived at Big Pool Falls (well named) on Barramundi Creek for a cooling swim stop.

Mauri offered us a possible theory as to how Barramundi Creek was named - an early pioneer, preparing and laying the foundations for his home one Sunday, asked a local: "Can I borrow your barrow Monday?".

A long, sweaty afternoon followed, solid and enjoyable walking across country which was very green after the Wet and later many pagoda-type rock formations surrounded us.

Eventually we arrived at Palm Tree Creek and a lovely campsite which was on a series of ample rock shelves. Lovely evening on a wide flat rock next to the pool with the wide universe above us with its satellites moving steadily among the stars.

The next morning we continued along the Palm Tree Creek with its pretty vegetation including the ubiquitous Pandanus Palm and white sandy patches with reptilian looking trails.

Mid-morning we stopped at a gorge-like part of the creek which comprised a series of pools on different levels. One long pool had a small and powerful waterfall at one end which made a wonderful jacuzzi and massage for the pack-carrying muscles, of which full advantage was taken.

Afternoon - the air was hot and still and pierced by the occasional haunting bird cry. We left the creek and walked through remarkably attractive woodland with tall straight trees and attractive vegetation below. Arrived at Cascades Creek and shortly afterwards our campsite, a sandy area by a large pool on the other side of which towered massive sandstone cliffs set into which was a variety of vegetation, all reflected very attractively by the pool.

Just up the creek from our campsite was a rocky gorge, flame-coloured in the late afternoon sun, in which was set a series of cascades and pools. This was the start of a most lovely section of the creek which was to provide us with further scenic pleasures the following day.

Thursday morning, continued up Cascades Creek with its cascades and pools which shortly became a lovely canyon - perfect and sublime, high-sided walls and pretty reflections in the water. After seeing more primitive rock art, we left the creek, the lovely Cascades Creek, and proceeded across country to Graveside Creek and our campsite for the evening. Before pitching our mozzie nets for the night, Andrew led us further down the creek, with us ogling the little waterfalls and gorges as we went along, to Graveside Falls - the most spectacular and highest which (up until then, Jim Jim and Twin Falls were yet to come) I had ever seen. It plunged some 150 metres down sheer vertical cliffs to a distant dark pool far, far below, with towering pillar-like structures standing alongside the Falls.

I took the opportunity to go down with Andrew to the pool below. Or rather, Andrew purposefully and skillfully led the way down a steep gully and sidled around, while I followed over the moving rocks, across the face of the steep ridge, over the rotting fallen tree trunks, clinging on by my fingertips (it felt like that) as I sidled along the incline. Over some large boulders, then there was the pool and the power of the waterfall as it hit the water. It was like being in a huge, deep amphitheatre. To one side of all this was a silent, secret little cave with a micro-system all its own - its own plants, its dark mysterious pool. A final look at the main

pool and the Falls; what a place, what an experience, what a privilege to be there and to see it all from below.

Finally for that day, a short walk out to the edge of the nearby escarpment for an extensive view out over the wilderness stretching to the far horizon with ridges and a pall of smoke clearly outlined on the skyline. From my viewpoint it was all set off by a pretty pink blossomed tree in the immediate foreground framing the perfect picture.

Another hot sweaty day followed as we walked across country to Surprise Creek and Surprise Falls, where we were to camp. Firstly we found the head of Surprise Creek and scrambled a short distance down to a pool - which in itself was a surprise; silent, pastoral and tranquil and quite out of context with the surrounding geology. Descended a short way by a series of rock shelves to our campsite. This campsite is hard to describe in words - reader, just take my word that wild imagination could hardly conjure up anything more idyllic; I will attempt to describe it thus - a flat rocky area through which trickled the creek; at the edge of the rocks was a large precipitous drop (actually this was not a good campsite for sleepwalkers) and extensive views over a large green valley.

At the site was a pool just perfect for swimming: even the bottom of it was smooth to walk along, nothing to hurt your feet and around the outside of the pool were flat rocks to lie on to dry off. What a life!

It was a pleasure to wake up periodically during the night as I did and to savour being there with the dark open valley behind me and the stars above me.

There was, however, one disturbance to this nocturnal peace when a frantic shriek rent the air - Kay, lying in the open next to a small pool, was abruptly awakened by the sensation of a reptilian presence scuttling, or maybe slithering across her face. It turned out to be a goanna trying to assert a territorial claim!

In the morning, with all nerves restored, we departed our lovely campsite and continued across country. Very hot again, but cloud cover developed which was welcome as we walked across quite open plains. Passed quite near some sharp-edged pinnacles which we were told actually mark a sacred site. For me it was classic N.T. scenery.

Arrived at Twin Falls Creek at about lunchtime and here we were to camp for two nights.

Now we had some drama. Our plan had been to swim or lilo up Twin Falls Gorge the day after tomorrow. However, we soon learned from a ranger nearby that a saltwater crocodile was in the gorge or the pool below the Falls - so that particular compulsory swim was out.

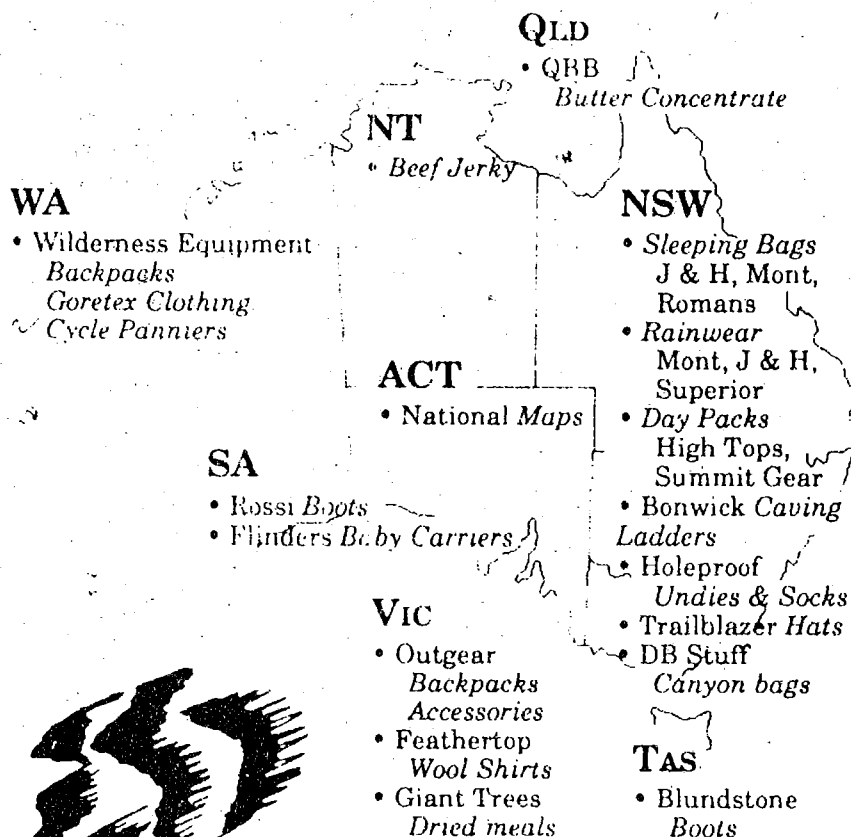
In the early evening some of us went a little way on foot along the gorge. We went along as far as were able, a stretch of possibly saltwater crocodile infested water preventing further progress! It was certainly worth going this short way along; the gorge was an overpoweringly awesome place with its silent still water, sinister and very beautiful.

We knew from talking to the rangers that they would be attempting to snare the crocodile that night and therefore make the gorge and pool safe. As can be well imagined, a night of speculation and nervous and jocular comment ensued but in the morning there was no definite news on the croc.

However, we had other things to do on this next day - a long side trip from the camp site along the road to Jim Jim Falls, about 11 km away. We began the road bash at around 7.30 am in the relative cool of that early hour. The road was mostly soft sand which made the walk quite hard going with footwear sinking into the soft yielding surface. We did as much corner-cutting as possible across the stark hot ground with its burnt out saplings. Arrived at Jim Jim Falls at around 10 o'clock, the last part of the track being like a rock-hop by numbers with track arrows telling us which rocks to step on. The Falls were in deep shade then but were a magnificent sight, plunging 150 metres into the large pool. Michele and the two Tonys swam the 100 metres or so against the current emanating from the Falls and managed to actually get under and behind the Falls and their powerful deluge. They all agreed it was a most fantastic experience. I can only say that from my position sitting on a rock, the whole scene was tremendously elemental.

We sat around eating our lunch, then in the heat of the afternoon there was a long sandy road back to our campsite at Twin Falls creek. Another twilight excursion on foot along Twin Falls Gorge ended the day.

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OBITUARY - BARRY ZIEREN, S.B.W. MEMBER 1968-1989

by Jim Brown

For many of the older members of the Club August 4th was a day of sorrow, when one of our number, Barry Zieren, left us after a period of serious illness.

Barry came to the Club in 1967, and was admitted to membership in January 1968. During a membership of more than 20 years he married Elaine, a second marriage for both of them - and joined in a long sequence of day walks, together with some selected overnight trips. Barry was well past his youth when he joined us, but was still strong and fit, and soon came under the spell of the Australian bushland. He delighted in going to new places, provided the walk was reasonably tailored to the capacity of Elaine, who was less robust but also eager to find our bushwalking gems.

I am glad to remember that, having met Barry early in his Club time, Kath and I were able to introduce him to some of the places we felt he would enjoy. Thus we went, as a cheerful foursome, to the Budawangs (from Wog Wog to Mount Owen and Monolith Valley), the upper Cox River valley below Megalong and Kanimbla, and to Blue Gum Forest. It was obvious that he gained great pleasure from seeing those places, and I recall him looking out from the Yaddobro Rim, and saying you could walk or ride a bike all day through his native Holland without seeing a real hill.

It was Barry who made me think deeply on another matter. Barry was about my own age, but had lived his childhood and early manhood in Holland, where he experienced the Nazi occupation of his homeland between 1940 and 1945. For many of our age who had the fortune to live in the "Lucky Country", and came through unscathed, the War years were not much more than an interruption to our way of life - a time when we felt some of the precious years of our youth were being "wasted" in activities that were necessary and inevitable, but not the sort of things we really wanted to do.

But can you imagine what it must have been like to live in a conquered occupied country? What would you have done? What would I have done? For a few there may have been the honorable path of resistance, but for so many it would have been necessary - either for personal survival or to save those near and dear to them from reprisal - to submit and make some show of collaboration with the invader. I have heard that Barry in later years did admit to knowing of the Dutch resistance movement, and having some contact with it, but I never asked him about it, and he did not volunteer any comment, except that life in Holland was pretty wretched during the War years.

One thing is quite clear - that Barry, during his early manhood, between the ages of about 22 and 27, could not have found much happiness in his life. His was too much of the "free spirit" that Tom Wenman mentions in our 60th Anniversary History, to have placidly submitted to conditions that may have embittered many a man. Barry's triumph is that he came out of this bleak experience a "whole man" - kindly, good-humoured, with a love of beautiful things, whether it be wild country or great music, and a lot of faith in the basic goodwill of humanity.

I should like to think that, under the Southern Cross, Barry may have found some of the sweet things of life that had been denied him in those early adult years - some recompense for the "lost" years.

We mourn the loss of a good man, and extend our sympathy to Elaine and his other relatives.

TRAMPING IN NEW ZEALAND

by Patrick James

New Zealand, beautiful New Zealand, the land of the long white cloud. And, when the long white cloud is raised like Salome's seventh veil, what do you find? You find sandflies, sandflies and more bloody sandflies. These small, horrible, terrible insects are named not for their association with the beach but for their number. There are zillions and zillions of them, as numerous as grains of sand and, like flying piranha, all ready to eat the unwary bushwalker. Sandflies have been aptly described as "the Keepers of New Zealand's Beautiful Places". They are also the reason why so many Kiwis live over here.

A good insect repellent is essential. We found tropical strength Aeroguard to be excellent. An aerosol can of insecticide for use in huts or tents at night is an essential item and not to be considered a wimpy luxury. Anti-histamine cream and/or pills for treatment against sandfly bites is a sensible addition to the first aid kit. Long sleeved shirt and long trousers are a good idea at night.

Aside from the insects NZ is a terrific place for bushwalking, or, to use the vernacular, tramping. In March 1991 we did two tramps, three days on the Abel Tasman coastal walk and five days on the Travers-Sabine alpine walk, and we had no problems at all. There are a number of things of complete contrast to walking in NSW. Firstly the place is so green and consequently so wet (or vice versa), secondly there are few rock shelters or overhangs. These factors plus the sandflies make the provision of huts a necessity.

Our experience of backcountry huts was very good; plenty of room, sufficient fire wood and reasonably clean. Some huts on some walks do get crowded. This was the case on the Abel Tasman coastal walk. Luckily we were advised to take a tent, which we did, and we could with smug satisfaction retire from a full hut to our insectproof tent. For huts, an addition to the essential equipment list are fire-starters. Usually there is insufficient kindling near the huts and what there is may be too thick or too wet.

The use of huts is no longer free; a daily fee of \$4, \$8 or \$12 is charged. There is provision for an annual hut ticket which is about \$50 so there could be some saving to be had for say a ten to fourteen day walk. It could be a part of the master plan for the defence of New Zealand but the topo maps that are available are expensive and at large scales. Two reasons for not buying maps. The real reason, perhaps, is that the tree canopy is so dense that for aerial mapping you cannot see the ground for the trees so that mapping at a small scale is not practical.

Tramping through the forest does get a bit depressing. The forests are enchanted with green and mouldy trees, gnarled and twisted roots, all bathed in dappled sunlight filtered through the almost continuous canopy of leaves. I had expected to come across Hansel and Gretel crying under a dripping tree. The tracks are well marked using the internationally acclaimed method of cut-up bits of old venetian blinds. The alpine walk was blazed with yellow, red and white marks in some secret colour code combination which I could not fathom. The system does work as we only lost the track a couple of times.

We walked out from the Abel Tasman walk by catching the ferry. You wait on the beach and flag the vessel down as it passes on its daily route. They come and get you in a small boat. On board the ferry you can get



coffee, drinks and snacks and it's a very civilised way to end a walk. The Abel Tasman walk crosses over a couple of estuaries. Normal tides around Nelson are about 3 metres, so that crossing the estuaries can only be done at low tide. It is a good idea to take your own set of tide tables.

On our last night of the alpine walk we stayed in a small 6 bunk hut. Just the two of us, until 2 am when 5 young people tramped in. Very quickly we gathered up our gear and went back to sleep.

When trying to hitch a ride back to Nelson after the walk, we were starting to despair after 90 minutes of getting nowhere when someone stopped and told us that we were on the wrong side of the road. So contrary to the road sign we changed sides and quick as a flash got a lift back to Nelson and a hot shower and clean clothes.

New Zealand is different from New South Wales: real mountains with snow on them; great ice cream; plenty of green: green hills, green trees, green fields; in the hills, rivers and creeks full of clean drinking water; an abundance of gravel; a magnetic variation about twice what we are used to and tides also double ours. The people are nice too.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE CHEAPER SLEEPER?

You may have heard that the duty on sleeping bag liners and stuff sacks has been reduced by 10%. Did you know that the duty on sleeping bags has also been reduced by 10%? Theoretically, that means the price should fall by 10%. Checked your local camping store lately?

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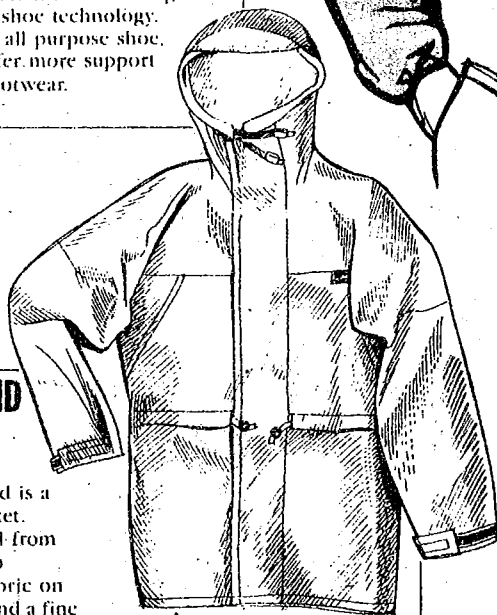
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### SLIPSTREAM \$99

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Sizes: XS-XL



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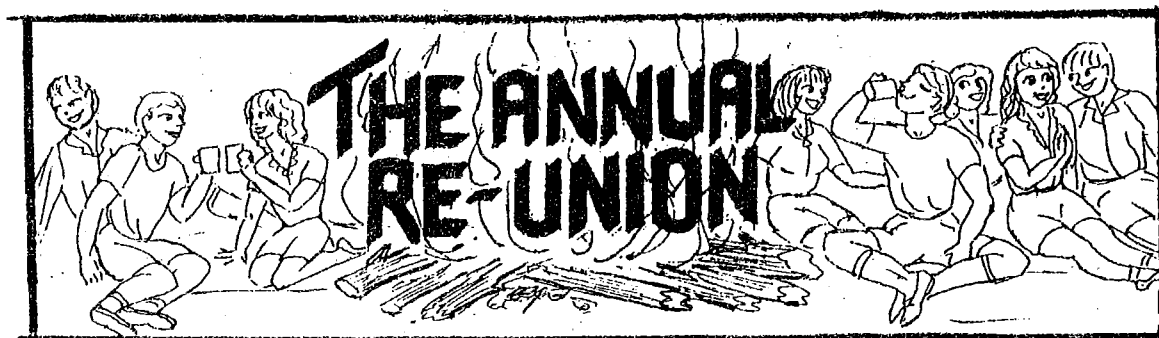
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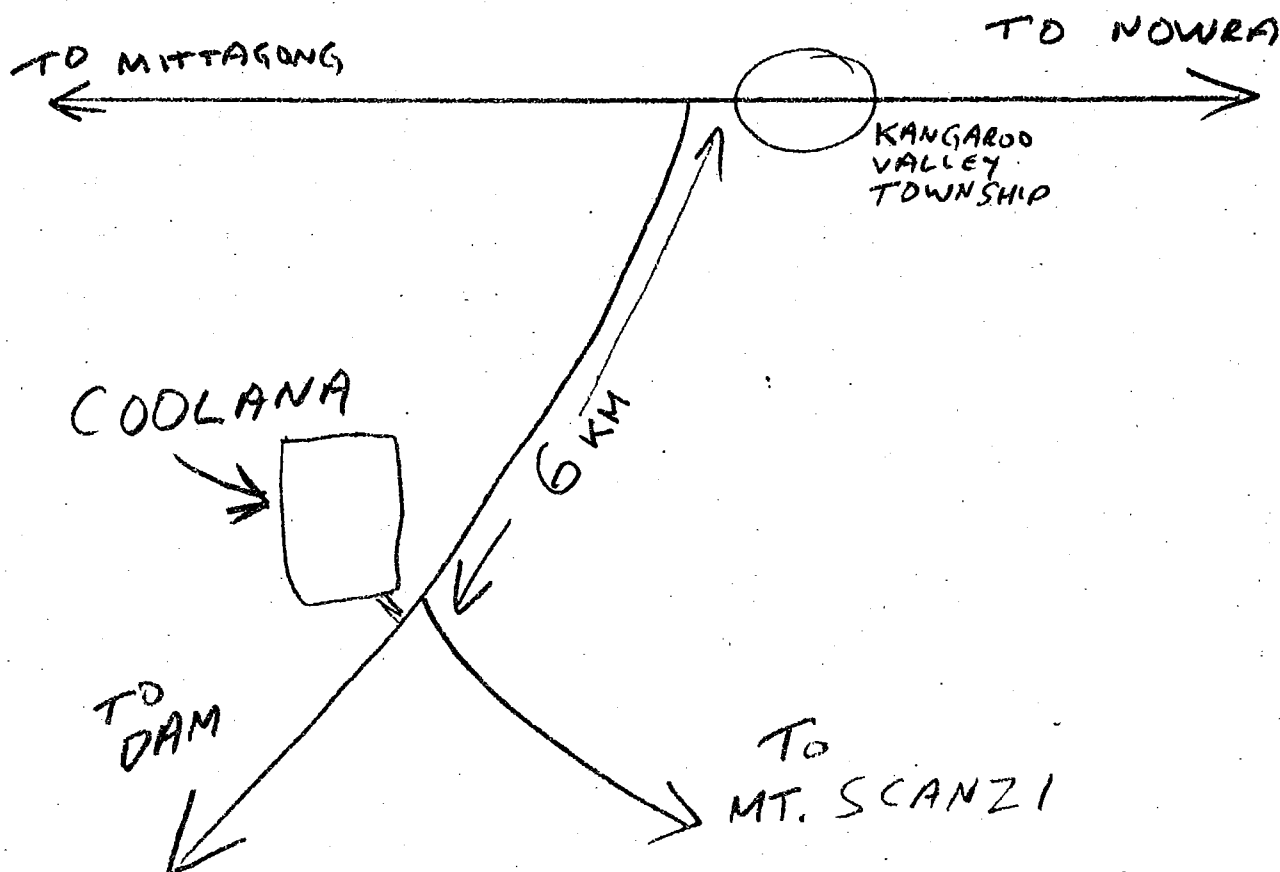
This year the Club's Annual Reunion will be held at "Coolana" on 14/15 September.

Come along for a nice relaxed and friendly weekend, an opportunity for new members and prospectives to get to know other members and their families. Yes, children are very welcome, the more the merrier.

Activities will include camp fire singing, entertainment, supper provided, swimming if warm, damper cooking competition (bring self-raising flour), Coolana boundary walk led by Dot Butler whose birthday will be celebrated at the campfire.

People who can provide transport and people requiring a lift please phone Spiro Hajinakitas 332 3452, Ian Debert 982 2615 or Helen Gray 867 6263.

See map below - entrance to Coolana sign reads "S. B. WALKER".



MEMBERSHIP ENQUIRIES - Peter Yardley 878 2499 (H) or 428 4444 (B)  
or Bill Holland 484 6636 (H) or 925 3309 (B)

JULY GENERAL MEETING

Notes by Jim Oxley

The meeting began on time with Bill Holland having the pleasure of welcoming one new lady member to the Club.

The meeting was advised that the committee had approved payment of the NSW Confederation of Bushwalkers affiliation fee of more than \$1500. The committee felt this claim was excessive and put the Club in an avoidable difficult, financial position but felt that previous commitments had to be adhered to. Spiro Hajinakitas agreed to fill the vacant delegatory position to Confederation.

Problems of insurance were discussed with more consultations to take place, especially regarding Coolana.

Barry Wallace, in absentia, accepted his nomination as Honorary Active Member.

Erith Hamilton gave the following statistics for June, 1991:-

|                        |          |            |               |
|------------------------|----------|------------|---------------|
| Income                 | Subs     | \$3425     |               |
|                        | Interest | <u>224</u> | \$3649        |
| Expenses               | Mag Post | 151        |               |
|                        | Social   | 147        |               |
|                        | Rent     | <u>786</u> | -1084         |
| My transcription error |          |            | + 138         |
| Surplus for month:     |          |            | <u>\$2703</u> |
| Surplus for year:      |          |            | \$3724        |
| Bank balance           |          |            | \$5989        |

The walks reports were led by Bill Holland who, perhaps noticing the absence of more erudite leaders, grew lyrical in the exploits of his party. I must opine, so smooth was the telling, I felt I was actually there. I must go on one of his walks to check his accuracy - it's been some time. Anything to follow could not improve on Bill at Tooti Creek!

The other walk of that weekend led by Rudi Dezelin went.

The following weekend walks led by Jan Mohandas and Greg Bridge went. Apparently Jan only led a small army of 16 - must have been a speed test.

The following weekend saw Bob Younger down Breakfast Creek "occasionally cold" - tried immersion I suppose. Victoria Falls went and Alan Mewitt went with 16. Things must be busy in the band - I missed his splendid vocal style. Apparently Confederation Rogaine didn't go although I thought it did - ho hum. The end of June saw Patrick James and party having a splendid time drinking and eating his 50th at Kanuka Brook. Nancye Alderson's Saturday walk went. Eddy Giacomel led 17 to Blue Gum

On the first week of July, Sev Sternhell's walk went. Snow didn't happen for six hopefuls. Greta James's trip to the Royal National Park, Bronnie Niemeyer's bicycle trip in Kuring-gai Chase and Victor Lewin's Heathcote National Park walk all went.

Alex Colley advised that the Water Board was throwing a few spanners in the works of that Blue Mountains "development". There were further dastardly deeds up the Nattai - apparently it's all under control - for the moment!

The meeting broke up in good time, around 9 pm.

\* \* \* \* \*

CONGRATULATIONS TO - David and Janet McIntosh whose first child, a boy, Thomas Elliott, was born on 10th June (when other bushwalkers were battling floods in the Blue Mountains). Janet's maiden name was Waterhouse.

## Conservation

On 10th July the Club's Conservation Secretary, Alex Colley, wrote to the State Minister for Planning in support of the concern expressed by the Sydney Water Board about the Blue Mountains draft Local Environment Plan. The Plan could permit the creation of up to 2150 additional unsewered residential lots, creating grave problems on the questions of water supply and sewerage.

The letter points out that, as one of the principal groups seeking recreation in the Blue Mountains National Park, the Club is concerned at the aquatic and scenic degradation that could result from adoption of the Draft Plan, and mentions the problems that could be caused by the construction of multi-storey resorts along the escarpment and fingers of housing development on fire-prone ridge tops.

The Club's letter urges the Minister to take heed of views expressed by the Water Board and the State Pollution Control Commission.

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### 50 YEARS ON....

Dot Butler first climbed the second of the Three Sisters in 1940. In 1990, in the company of Peter Treseder and Steve Irwin, she climbed it again. The A.B.C. made a documentary of this, and one scene showed them raising the Australian flag on the summit.

I wonder how many of us will be rock climbing when we are 80?

Morag Ryder



### CONFEDERATION OF BUSHWALKING CLUBS OF NSW INC JULY GENERAL MEETING

by Spiro Hajinakitas

The Annual General Meeting of the Confederation will be held on the weekend of 24/25 August 1991 at Burwood R.S.L., 96 Shaftsbury Road, Burwood, phone 774 0459. Any member of an affiliated club is welcome and can contribute to discussions although only delegates can vote. Some of the intended matters to be discussed will include Insurance, Incorporation, Future Direction of Confederation and displays of outdoor shops. Saturday 10 am start, lunch and dinner can be arranged, morning and afternoon teas provided. On Sunday there will be a sausage sizzle and a possible bushwalk.

The NSW Government's proposal to establish another 1,000 beds in the Kosciusko National Park has been opposed by the NPWS who want any development to occur only outside the Park.

Confederation has expressed concern at the apparent increase in horse riding in the Blue Mountains National Park and is to enquire if permits have been issued and if npws should limit the number.

Delegates from SBW expressed concern at the amount our affiliation fees had increased. Confederation is of the opinion that a charge of a given amount per head count of affiliated clubs whether big or small is the most equitable equation. The debate was adjourned to the Annual General Meeting where, if it so desired, SBW could present their proposal.

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SOCIAL NOTES

Fran Holland

First of all some good news. The management of the Kirribilli Neighbourhood Centre have advised that our normal meeting room is now available to us on the 3rd Wednesday. All meetings from September will be upstairs. Members coming straight from work are very welcome to join others in the kitchen with 'take aways'. Good variety available in the area. Of course, every third Wednesday we meet in a local restaurant for a pre-meeting dinner as shown on the programme.

On 21st August there is a quiz night. Lots of fun and good prizes.

The following week, 28th August, Ben Esgate will give us "Recollections of a Mountain Bushman". His stories of walking in the Blue Mountains in the years before bushwalking became popular. Back in 1930's, and earlier, tracks were few, maps non-existent and you had to rely on your own bush sense. Ben is an interesting and entertaining speaker. We can learn a lot from his experience.

SEPTEMBER 4th Committee Meeting

11th General Meeting (1/2 Yearly)

FRIDAY 13th CONFEDERATION BUSH DANCE - 8.00pm at Petersham Town Hall  
There will be a table for SBW, casual dress, B.Y.O. food and drink - come along and join us for a fun night. Phone Denise Shaw 922 6093 or Carol Lubbers 319 5450.

14th & 15th SBW ANNUAL REUNION - Come along for a nice relaxed and friendly weekend.

# 18th Hypnosis & Effects on Performance  
Talk by Ernest Feist, Psychologist & Clinical Hypnotherapist.

25th Nancy Bird Walton, Famous aviatrix and author. She will tell the story of life from the time she took her 1st flight age 17 through to taking lessons from the legendary "Smithie" and establishing the NSW Air Ambulance Service in 1967. Nancy will sign copies of her book "My God! It's a Woman" available at the club tonight.

# Dinner before the meeting at Maharaja Palace, Indian Restaurant, 1 Broughton St., Kirribilli

CHANGES AND ADDITONS TO MEMBERSHIP LIST

Apart from having many other talents, Peter Yardley, our New Members Secretary, is a very friendly man. He has asked the Editor to let members know that he is happy to have phone calls at work as well as at home. You can get him on 428 4444 (work) or 878 2499 (home). Please mark your membership list accordingly.

Belinda McKenzie has moved house and her new address is 3/69 Neil Street, Merrylands. Her phone numbers are: 637 5724 (home) or 646 8443 (work).

NEW MEMBERS

Please add the names of the following new members to your list.

HESTELow Helen - 22A Old Berowra Road, Hornsby 2577 - 476 4195 (H) 229 7606 (W)

HOPE William - 31 Herbert Street, Manly 2095 - 977 2068 (H) 238 7986 (W)