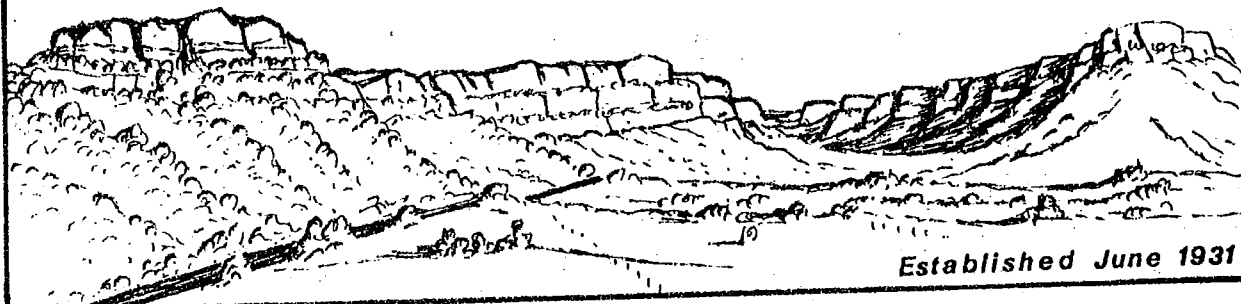


THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER



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 Business Manager.

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OCTOBER - 1991

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A FREE SPIRIT

(for Dot Butler)

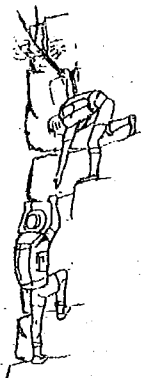
by Jim Brown



Perhaps a million years ago,
When Earth was growing cool,
A wise Celestial Being looked
Down upon a pool.
It saw the sea-weeds and the moss,
The burgeoning of Life,
And cried, exulting, "Given time,
There could be Man and Wife."



The aeons passed, the Earth-born thrived.
They filled the land and sea.
They grew and died but still renewed
The Earth with progeny.
At last evolved one creature
That could debate and think,
And over years wrote down its thoughts,
Recording them in ink.



But it was not without its faults:
It knew both hates and greeds.
It killed and maimed and wrecked the land
Beyond its honest needs.
The Wise Celestial Being
Looked down with deep dismay,
And Said, "This creature should be stopped!
Its vision's gone astray."

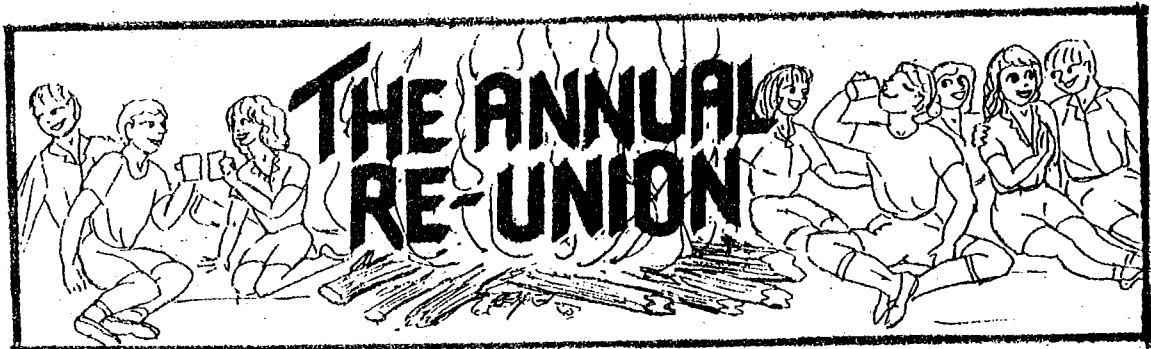
But then it said, "All is not lost.
I see that that some are here
Who wander widely, keeping step
To drums that they can hear.
FREE SPIRITS these; they may not be
A ruler, saint or scholar
But don't crave brief authority,
or worship just the dollar."



Perhaps that Lofty Being
Looks on this fire* tonight,
Perhaps it nods its head and says,
"I think you've got it right!
You honour one who found the way -
The way I had in mind.
You honour a FREE SPIRIT
Who walks tall amongst her kind."

(*the Reunion campfire -
Dot's birthday.)





by Helen Gray

The Reunion Weekend of the 14th and 15th September turned out to be one of the best reunions for many a year, thanks to beautiful weather, a large crowd, hard-working organisers and two special events - Dot Butler's 80th birthday and Coolana's 21st birthday.

By mid-day Saturday, when I arrived, most of the preparation had been done by two hard-working members; Ian Debert (who's responsible for organising - and doing - most of the work at Coolana these days) and Karl Lackmann. They had repaired the access road, rebuilt the toilet (wooden door and all!), cut wood, carried down tables and urn for supper, and much more, I'm sure, that I've taken for granted.

From mid-afternoon onwards they arrived - bushwalkers by the dozen, from aged 80+ days (the MacIntosh baby Thomas) to the 80+ years. Notices on the track encouraged everyone to camp on the high terrace, the purpose of this being to discourage people from camping on the tick-prone river banks. Thus everyone camped within "visiting" distance of one another, which resulted in much more intermingling than usual and a really fun "Happy Hour" on Saturday evening.

When darkness fell, the huge pyre was lit. What a light! And what heat! The semi-circle of people rapidly moved back - the performers were certainly well illuminated. The campfire items were many and varied, thanks to the likes of Jim Brown (whose lack of literal intestinal fortitude prevented him from attending but not from contributing). Thanks too to Don Matthews, a star writer, actor and singer, and to Dot Butler who either presented, or performed in, almost everything. Community singing as usual started the evening, and then came the sketches, starting with "Red Riding Hood" in full costume. A later sketch, "Indercella" was even more elaborately costumed - (Patrick James, Jim Percy and Mike Reynolds were overheard comparing their frocks, "I had to travel to a second St. Vinnys," Mike lamented. "The first shop had absolutely nothing in my size!")

Dot produced "150th Birthday of the Dinosaur" with "Professor" Colley as narrator. She also organised me into telling something of the history of Coolana, and had Don Matthews bring his photographic history of the hut building. We were treated to a number of songs this year, thanks to Mike Reynolds, Geof Wagg, Don, Bob Duncan, Karen Brading, and visitor Andrew Pettigrew (Dot's daughter's husband's brother) who sang and played the mandolin in a tribute to Dot, while his daughter Bindi modified a South American poem to fit the occasion. Dave MacIntosh gave us a poetry recitation, and Bob Hodgson played on the mouth Organ.

The President was festooned with the symbols of office yet again. ("Tradition's important," said Bill. "So I want to be inducted here at Coolana even if we did have the ceremony in March.") For the umpteenth time we missed Jim Brown as we ex-Presidents struggled to remember the right words to say. With an "Ode to Dot" by Don (again!)** and a short speech from Bill Holland, Dot was presented with a large signed birthday card, and a tree (to be planted by her the next day and to have a plaque attached - again by her - on the occasion of her 100th birthday!)

(** Don's Ode will be published in our next issue - ED.)

Then supper was announced, and we moved to the tables to see a ROW of birthday cakes with a total of 80 candles. Spiro Hajinakitas had spent the previous week baking fruit cakes. Chris Austin had also cooked banana cakes. Everything was devoured in as little time as it had taken us to sing "Happy Birthday" to Dot and cheer her as she blew out the candles.

After supper there was singing, talking, reminiscing and story-telling among the small groups who stayed around the still very hot fire. One ex-SBW, Alex Sourdin, had unexpectedly turned up. He had been in the Kangaroo Valley pub, near where he now lives, when visitor Andrew Pettigrew (also a local) called in on his way to Coolana. "I'm off to a birthday party of a friend, Dot Butler," said Andrew in passing. "Dot Butler!" exclaimed Alex. "I know Dot Butler! We climbed over the arch of the Harbour Bridge together one night in 1957!" And so he had come along to the reunion too.

Sunday was as lovely a day as Saturday had been, a perfect day for damper making and walking, and just sitting and talking. For the damper competition there were dampers of every shape and size, and the odd wombat dung and rock entered to confuse the judge, Bob Duncan who, it was rumoured, wouldn't know the difference. But he did, and also resisted any bribes, so the judging was fair but the winners' names were lost in the noise of the scramble as the ravening hordes, who hadn't eaten for a least an hour, descended on the table and devoured every edible crumb.

It was tree-planting and boundary-walking time, led by Dot. She dug a hole, the ex-Presidents did their token shovel full, and the tree was duly planted and watered. It now grows near the Coolana notice (where we park the cars) and all visitors are asked to PLEASE give it a water whenever they can. The Boundary walk along the cliff tops was a pleasant one, with wattles, gums, orchids etc in flower.

This account in no way conveys the spirit of the weekend. There were 70 people or more, about 10 of them children. It was a lovely, lively, happy occasion, and did, I'm sure, prove that these weekends are much appreciated and that the tradition of SBW Reunions will continue.

* * * * *

***** CLUB RAFFLE *****

Mr. Keith Sherlock has very kindly presented an oil painting to the Club. It shows a scene in the Blue Mountains well known to bushwalkers. Your Committee has decided the best way for this painting to find a home with a bushwalker is to raffle it to Club members.

The painting will be on display during Club meetings. It could be a great addition to your living room. Tickets for the raffle will be sold up until the draw which will take place during the Club's Christmas party in December. Applications will also be welcome by mail.

The cost per ticket is \$2-00 or three for \$5-00, proceeds of the raffle will go to the Club's Conservation Fund.

LEADERS ORGANISING EXTENDED WALKS AND WHO WISH TO HAVE THEM INCLUDED AS PART OF THE CLUB ACTIVITIES PROGRAMME SHOULD ADVISE THE COMMITTEE IN WRITING.

Brumby's Run

Ian Wolfe

Banjo Paterson wrote a lovely poem about who is Brumby and where is his Run. This poem has great significance and meaning for me when I am in the high country south of the Alpine Way for it is here that the brumbys run. It had been many a year since I had ventured down towards the lonely peak of the Pilot and so I resolved once more to sally forth. Last time we had traversed the ranges on foot weaving our way twixt Snow Gum and Mountain Ash so this time I opted for an alternate mode of transport. It had struck me on my last foray what marvellous cross country skiing terrain this would be in winter. So on with the skis!

Seven stalwart souls gathered at Dead Horse Gap on the August bank holiday weekend for an easy/medium 3 day trip. Gently up the ridge we silently slide carefully remembering how to ski after an absence of 8 months or more. Through the snow gums on a sunny day we threaded our way till at last we emerged onto Horse Flat. This is a lovely elevated plateau which affords great views of the jagged skyline of the Ramshead Range to the north.

After a leisurely morning tea taking in the sights we continued along the tops to link up with the Cascade Trail before descending down Bobs Ridge towards Cascade Creek. I had been warned that this section was occasionally steep and that it could be "interesting" in icy conditions. Well as the snow was fairly soft we had no such problems and after a relaxed lunch we emerged into the frost hollow of the Cascade Creek. The snow also decided to give out at this point, which is fair enough at less than 1500m elevation. The hut was only 800m up the valley so off we pleasantly trudged.

It was then,

we heard their hoof-beats pass,
and caught a glimpse of brown and black,
dim shadows on the grass
and watched the brumby horses turn and fly,
back to the hills again

(with apologies to B Paterson).

Well actually they didn't turn and fly. Instead they were somewhat irritated at us for displacing them from their favourite afternoon sunning spot and disconsolately wandered about down by the creek for some time. We didn't complain as it was very pleasant watching these wild creatures as we set up camp by Cascade Hut. The hut itself is quite picturesque being constructed of split logs and very well sited. Inside there is a sleeping bench for five and outside a very fine loo with a view.

We then decided to go a-skiing in the gloaming. Out along the Cascade Trail in the soft twilight of the passing day we sloped. Once over the ridge we entered the realm of the mighty Mountain Ash forest. To ski amongst these cathedral like trees covered in fresh snow is one of the most peaceful activities I have encountered on this earth. You can feel the tranquillity of these ancient trees seep into your soul.

Next morn it was back up Bobs Ridge to drop the packs before skiing out along the open tops towards Jerusalem Hill. This was a perfect day of warming sun, gentle breezes and extended views. The tops hereabouts undulate through a series of gentle knobs, little saddles and open meadows. This makes for effortless skiing as you enter into the pervasive rhythm of stride and pole.

Lunch was entertained on a hillside overlooking the Murray Valley and the lonely sentinel of the Pilot. In a good year you can ski there and back in 3 days (ah well, another one for the "list"). Back along the track we skied and down into the valley of the Thredbo River. By this time the wind was beginning to strengthen and so I opted for the first reasonable campsite. This was tucked away in a little side creek near the saddle leading to the Jacobs River. In retrospect the ideal spot to have camped would have been either in the hanging valley at Grid 145540 or at Sams Camp Grid 165538. Nevertheless we had a pleasant, if somewhat windy night, thinking how much nicer it was to be a human cuddled up in a down sleeping bag in a waterproof tent than a Brumby with its tail to the wind.

A fair amount of rain fell overnight and as we were fairly low at this point the erosion of the snow cover was fairly obvious the next morning. The continuing high winds and low ceiling also meant that we had to abandon our proposed trip to the Pinnacle. Instead we had quite a pleasant ski around the Sams camp area following the snow covered horse trails. These are well worth seeking out as the horses know all the easiest ways about. They find all the low points and gentle gradients. All you have to do is to put yourself into equestrian mode and start thinking "Now where would I go if I was a horse?".

Ah, me! before our day is done
We long with bitter pain
To ride once more on Brumby's Run
O'er all his wide domains.

CROSS COUNTRY SKIING TRIP

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Contact: IAN WOLFE H: 411 5251 B: 312 8491

OUTBACKSCAPE

by Deirdre N Kidd

Asphalt ribbon stretched to the horizon,
A never ending tarmac spinning out behind
leads us ever onwards in our 4 wheeled cocoon,
fugitives fleeing further from the daily grind.

Red red earth shares with sparse vegetation
Tertiary greens, touching kangaroo greys,
Gleaming black crows cleaning bloodied carcasses,
scavenging at intervals strung out along the way.

Sidney Nolan images in Pro-Hart country
set against a canvas of intense blue sky,
Major Mitchell parrots, parading plumed whiteness
pecking at the earth now pinking their crests.

A family of emus disturbed from their grazing,
keeps disdainful vigil at a nearby creek.
A tea stop releases into this ancient landscape,
vivid inspiration, artists brush and palette seek.

THE SEPTEMBER GENERAL MEETING

by Spiro Hajinakitas

The meeting commenced at 8.30 pm with President Bill Holland in the chair and about 30 members present.

New member John Fan was welcomed to the Club.

Business arising from the August Minutes indicated that Keith Sherlock's donated painting is to be raffled and not auctioned as first suggested.

The Correspondence revealed that the alleged negligence case against the Club has been set to be heard in a District Court at a date to be set. The litigant is claiming for pain and suffering and loss of income. The Club's insurance company has notified their solicitors who are defending the case.

The Treasurer's Report showed a \$1012 surplus for the month.

Confederation Report - the meeting decided to pay the full \$3.50 per member as at 1/7/91 but future subscriptions to Confederation will have a ceiling of \$1200.

The Walks Report was presented by Carol Lubbers who advised that most walks went as per program.

Conservation - Alex Colley reported that the Water Board has stated there will be no increase in the Warragamba catchment and agreed with Alex that consumers should be charged heavily for excess water usage. Tim Moore has been notified of the proposed building of boarding houses in the Nattai area and on the Axe Head Range, which will be opposed. The campaign to have the Blue Mountains declared a World Heritage Area is continuing and 30,000 pamphlets have been printed.

A sub-committee of three was elected to review the guidelines on Prospective Application Forms.

The meeting closed at 10.30 pm.

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THE LEADERS IN ADVENTURE

A TROPICAL BUSHWALK

- A REMINISCENCE (Part II)

by Brenda Cameron

England - June, 1991

Food drop day followed. Firstly we packed up our camp and, having had to change our swimming up the Gorge plan, ascended the cliffs of the gorge and shortly arrived at a lookout which afforded us our first view down the Gorge of Twin Falls. We proceeded to the top of the Falls where there is a large flat area for the helicopter. Andrew took some of us down an impossibly narrow and confined chimney to begin a descent down the first part of the Falls, and then another extremely narrow slot - hardly room enough to squeeze the body into, let alone to chimney, and very claustrophobic. Then we descended a series of rock shelves, with the power and noise of the Falls at our side always. Got as far as we could safely go by this route and had the most marvellous of views down the Gorge - the colours bright and vivid all the way to the distant horizon, the deep jade colour of the water in the Gorge, the orange, rusts and browns of the towering, ancient cliffs lining the Gorge, with their patches of vegetation, the greens of the surrounding country and the deep blue sky. From here we also had a good view of the crocodile's tracks on the little sandy beach lining the pool below. Retraced our steps and our squeeze up the narrow confined slot by which we had descended, clawing our way back up because there was no room to chimney.

Just after midday, right on schedule, our helicopter arrived and replenished our food stocks and so replenished our backpacks.. We staggered 500 metres or so to another tropical paradise which was our campsite for that night - a large sandy area with palm trees, a large pool alongside and a little freshwater croc.

Back at the Falls there is a relatively easy route right down to the pool by way of a rainforest gully and during the course of our day there a few of us went down by this way. It's an easy scramble down the 150 metres descent and once there the sense of overwhelming power from those Falls, the feeling of immense but confined space at the bottom of that big amphitheatre, the threat from the dark pool, engendered a marvellous sense of exhilaration. It was also easy to scramble round the rocks around the pool to get various views of the Falls.

We had received wine with our food drop; so we had another lovely evening on a flat rock next to the creek, firstly in the declining light with the wine and good food and good company and, later, gazing at the heavens with their shooting stars and satellites.

The next day we continued up Twin Falls creek with lots of lovely rockhopping and more impressive gorge scenery. Later, the character of the creek changed as the rocks gave way to trees. A hot afternoon slog followed a long lunch break with the creek scenery and the trees in particular very pretty. After finding a campsite on yet another flat sandy area next to the water, some of us did various excursions away from the creek out to rock formations in search of as yet undiscovered rock art.. Andrew took Michele and I to such a site and we spent a most absorbing hour or two around this area clambering around the rocks, losing one another (a very disorienting place), shouting to keep in touch with one another. When out of contact with the others and therefore temporarily alone, with just the whining of flies and the hot sun and the still air, I experienced deeply the feeling of ancient people having been here and the time that has passed since then; a strange sensation, for me it added on another thick layer of perception of the whole land, of the whole of Australia in fact. There was also one particular sequence of rock formations, a little away from the others, which I can only say resembled the ruins of some ancient now ruined city - they were shaped and arranged as large vertical pillars of rock in groupings. Amazing.

On the following day, which was the Wednesday, we looked at another extensive rock art gallery with, once again, some interesting and different drawings - a "frieze" of a battle scene (we presumed) caught our attention as did a type of "animated cartoon" of a kangaroo in a series of hopping poses, supposedly being pursued, ending with a depiction of its death by spearing. Afterwards we continued across the hot plains, now headed towards the Koolpin Creek system. Into the shade again and through some particularly lovely rainforest, in which was an extremely large mound of leaf and other debris, I suppose made by a scrub turkey. We were still in the Twin Falls Creek system with the side creeks becoming drier as we progressed.

We stopped at the first viable campsite where there was still a little water around, collected our water from the diminishing pool then threw ourselves and our rank sweaty clothes in for our ablutions.

During the night, in the early hours of the morning it would have been, a number of us heard the most eerie, agonised, tormented cry from somewhere high up, quite close by. Presumably some bird-like creature. Andrew informed us next day that it was most probably a thick-kneed curlew. Whatever it was, it was the strangest noise I have ever heard in the bush from any creature be it feathered or anything else for that matter.

Off again next morning and we pushed on at a very rapid pace to reach Koolpin Creek some five hours later. This morning's terrain was varied including dried up creeks, more rainforest, woodland. We walked some 15 Km to Koopin and lunch and two hours of eating, resting and swimming. Afterwards, we emerged from the shade into the extreme heat and into Koolpin Gorge, which like everywhere else has some attractive geology - with smooth pink/gold rocks weathered by the water. It was a beautiful gorge to walk down, with some aboriginal art and scrambling by the deep pools. We shortly arrived at our campsite, yet another idyllic spot on a beach with a large pool, for another perfect Kakadu night under the stars.

Friday and our last full day of the walk. We continued down Koolpin Creek, great scenery all the way (usual sort of thing, rocks, waterfalls and pools). Today our campsite was reached at 11 am. The afternoon was to provide us with one of the highlights of the whole walk, our side trip to the Freezing Canyon. Freezing Canyon - it seemed a misnomer in the midst of all this hot weather, hot country. But we were to see just how well it was named. Carrying just our lunch and water bottles, we got to the creek which soon gave us classic creek scenery; large boulders, pools, gorges and glorious shade. A long pause for lunch and a swim, then things started to get exciting as the creek got wilder, the boulders got bigger and the adrenalin running high, we screamed along, looking for routes through or over each set of boulders, attacking them, and each one went. The reliable volleys stuck marvellously, as though fitted with suction pads. Whoever invented the volleys should get the Nobel Prize, I reckon. Emerged from a gap under a massive boulder and there we were at the beginning of Freezing Canyon. To describe it would just sound like hype, better to see it. It was just a superb canyon. At first we sat down and looked at in quite awe. Then Andrew shed clothes and shoes and began wading along its cold water and we followed, similarly shoeless and shedding clothes as we went. The water became deeper and the final 30/40 metres or so was a swim, a cold swim. For me personally, a non-swimmer, it was doubly exciting and gratifying to get to the end of the canyon (thanks to Michele who found little hand-holds for me in the canyon wall and when there weren't any pulled me along, with Tony anxiously looking on to give support if need be). At the end of this main part of the canyon was a small dry rocky area, then another pool which ended at an abrupt rock face down which the creek trickled. Returning down the canyon the cold water finally got to us and I think we were all shivering as we waded along before regaining our clothing where left. I know I was.

After this climatic afternoon we had our final evening out in the bush next to a large pool complete with, allegedly, a saltwater crocodile (this information from two rangers met by chance on the way back Freezing Canyon). I don't know about that (maybe I was getting a bit blasé about sleeping in the vicinity of saltwater crocs), I just enjoyed sleeping out again under a Kakadu sky, albeit for the final time.

Saturday morning, the last few kilometres of the walk, passed quickly as we walked by the creek back towards the road where our bus and trailer was parked. A final swim in the creek, and it was good then to put on different and clean clothes, which a lot of us did - as a change from the clothes we had been walking in for the past fortnight, which were quite "high" by now.

We loaded our packs on to the trailer, boarded the bus and heard the unfamiliar sound of an internal combustion engine. We were driven to Coolinda, where we were to stay the night at an accommodation area; but first, a cruise on nearby Yellow Water, two hours of this just before and including sunset. Once again, what can I say? Just that it was glorious display of wetlands, nature and birdlife - and the sunset. Another fitting climax to our walk. Another fitting climax followed, with an evening of eating, music, dancing and a quick nocturnal plunge in the swimming pool.

Sunday, the very last day of all, we had our long hot drive back to Darwin airport, where most of our party boarded the return flight to Sydney, and presumably the reality of work next day.

So that was it, it was all over - a wonderful fortnight. No words can adequately end this account of the walk, without sounding clichéd. So I won't attempt it. Just, as I have said, a fantastic two weeks.

For a final moment, a few acknowledgements would be in order: Jan Mohandas worked hard and efficiently in liaising with nearly 30 individual bushwalkers (in addition to those who couldn't make it) and with Willis' Walkabouts (the organisers of the walk) in bringing the whole thing about; Russell Willis and Andrew Griffiths of Willis' (respective leaders of our two groups) by their spot-on navigation, imparted local and historical knowledge, joke-telling ability and cooking provided the bones of the whole thing; and finally Peter Christian's hospitality and generosity in making his home available to all of us on several occasions for pre-walk meetings, as well as what I am sure will be his absorbing and painstakingly created video of the walk, which will be enjoyed by many of us now and in years to come, and likewise to Margaret and Bob Niven for hosting the re-union. On behalf of the whole group, I say many thanks to all of you.

THE CONFEDERATION OF BUSHWALKING CLUBS NSW INC.

SEPTEMBER GENERAL MEETING

by Spiro Hajinakitas

Conservation

Confederation voted to support Nature Conservation Council in criticising the NSW Government in its failure to declare the DEUA WILDERNESS.

Confederation will write to the Premier to have the remaining State Recreation Reserves (such as Lane Cove N.P.) under the control of the National Parks & Wildlife Service.

Roger Lembit will submit a Kosciusko N.P. Plan of Management.

N.C.C. Conference is to be held on 26/27 October in the Royal Botanic Gardens commencing at 10.30 am.

Tracks & Access

Confederation will continue to assist the N.P.W.S. in the Kanangra Track clean-up and removal of rubbish from various camp sites.

The Blue Mountains City Council is to be contacted in regards to track standards as there are some offending signs in the lower Blue Mountains.

Insurance

Confederation's new policy will be mailed to Clubs, who must send their comments by 31st October.

The Insurance Sub-Committee will meet again on 19th November.

Bushwalkers Ball was attended by 130 people from 13 Clubs.

Newsletter

Due to absence of Editors on holidays there will be no publication for two months.

1991 Combined Annual General Meeting & Annual Conference was considered to be a great success.

Membership

Canberra Bushwalkers have paid and have been readmitted. S.B.W. and Geehi Club have still not paid and were removed from the membership, but will be readmitted if payment is received by next General Meeting.

General Business

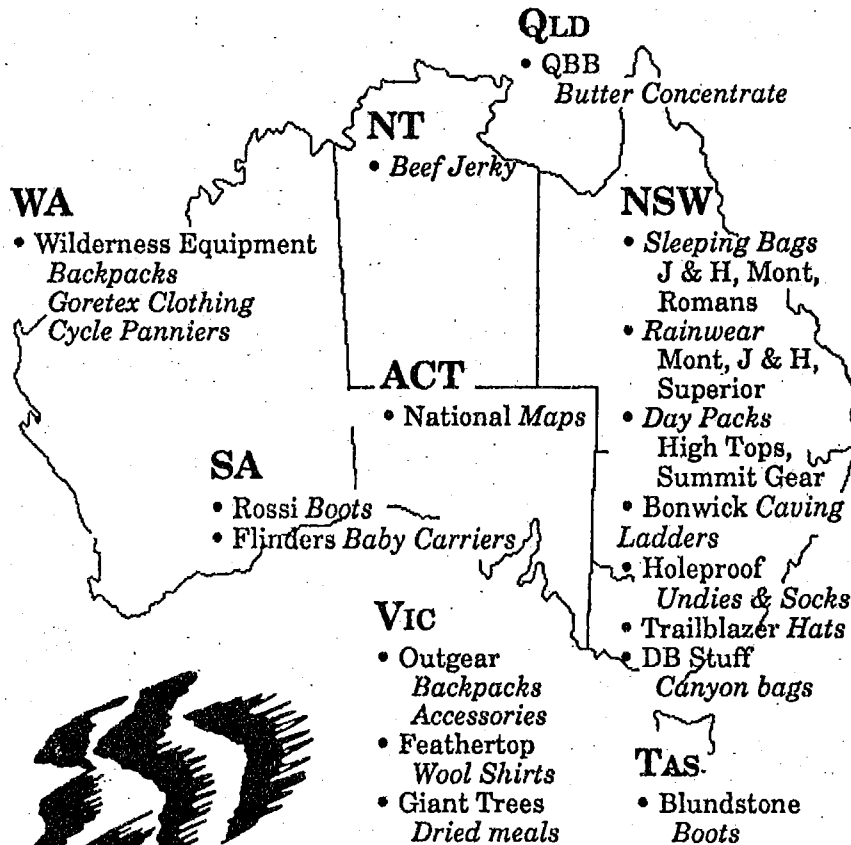
On 2nd September 1932 the Blue Gum Forest was dedicated and celebrations on a weekend close to this date in 1992 will be held.

Roger Lembit reported the playing recently of Tchaikowsky's 1912 Overture at Blue Cow, Kosciusko N.P., together with "live" cannons.

As a result of last week's Council elections in which the "greenies" had a victory in the Blue Mountains City Council, further undesirable developments may now be more difficult for developers.

* * * * *

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PAGES FROM THE PAST

(extracts from the Club's first minute book)

In October 1927 there existed only one walking club in Sydney, The Mountain Trails Club of N.S.W.. There were also large numbers of recreational walkers who desired to amalgamate for mutual benefit, some of them approached the M.T.C. for membership.

- The members of that club were primarily an amateur exploring and bushcraft body with a rigorous constitution and conditions of membership preventing acceptance of other than qualified bushmen and ladies were debarred from membership.*

In a spirit of helpfulness some of the M.T.C. members took the initiative and on Friday October 21st. 1927 constituted themselves as a separate walking body

First Meeting (21st October 1927)

Room 3. N.S.W. Sports Club Building. 10 Hunter St. Sydney.

Present:

Roy Davies, Maurice Berry, Alfred Cranston, Alan Rigby, John Cockerill, Eric Dickson, John Gillespie, Harold G. Peatfield, Myles J. Dunphy.

Gathering declared to be the first meeting of the Waratah Walking Club, the name to be changed later if desired.

(this meeting dealt with membership, objects of the club, the constitution and conditions of membership)

Second Meeting (11th November 1927)

On account of the large attendance the gathering was forced to leave Room 3. and use room 5. (the long room) Mr. Eric Dickson was elected to the chair.

Present:

Miss G. Adams, Mrs J. Austen, Miss W. Lewis, Miss L. Loxdale, Miss M. Loxdale, Miss L. Smeaton, Miss D. Smeaton, Messrs. E. Austen, M. Berry, A. Rigby, J. Gillespie, M. Dunphy, G. Banks, L. Brown, A. Cook, R. Foster, H. Gallop, ? Goldberg, A. Gallagher, A. Hodson, G. Kilpatrick, W. Livingstone, W. MacQueen, R. Murphy, K. Matthews, G. Mitchell, J. Pawley, F. Portlands, R. Rudder, F. Rice, G. Smith, H. Sherrard, W. Tarr, J. Toten, J. Turner, L. Pira (37 in all)

(First business dealt with subscriptions, much discussion then)

Motion by Mr. Kilpatrick, seconded by Mr. Cook, "that the annual subscription be 10/-" carried on the voices.

(Members were given the option of paying in advance or by instalments. The election of officers was next, followed by discussion on the name for the club)

Mr. Tarr suggested that nothing American be selected (hear, hear). Mr. Gallop suggested "The Sydney Tramps" Mr. Dunphy suggested "Waratah Walking Club" because it something in common with the M.T.C. badge. Mr. Gallop said that in the first place he always objected to the M.T.C. badge because of the waratah embodied in the design. The waratah was too commonplace.....and generally done to death.... Mr. Pawley said he listed carefully to Mr. Gallops remarks but was still in favour of the waratah..... as for the name of "Sydney Tramps" he asked members to imagine themselves going to a farmhouse and upon enquiry as to whom they were, replying that they were Sydney Tramps... the name was too common, it sounded low to him.

(After more discussion, motion of abeyance carried. The balance of the meeting dealt with the constitution and amendments to membership rules.)

PAGES FROM THE PAST (continued)Third Meeting: (9th December 1927)

Held in No. 5 room

Mr. Roy Rudder was in the chair.

Present: The committee as elected, + 17 other members and 14 nominees

(The first half of the meeting dealt with correspondence etc. admitting new members and arranging a walks programme. Discussion on the Club's name followed)

A Motion moved by Mr. Duncan that the word "Sydney" be in the name of the Club was carried. The following names were suggested:

Mr. Dunphy;	Waratah Walking Club	Illawarra Walking Club
	Gynea " "	Manmi " "
	Talawalah " "	Milpera " "
	Wilbura " "	Booral " "
	Bungama " "	Elaroo " "
	Werai " "	
Mr. Carr	The Bush Rovers	
Mr. Berry	The Bush Walkers or The Sydney Bush Walkers	
Mr. Duncan	The Sydney Walkabout Club	
Mr. Gallop	The Sydney Tramps or The Sydney Walkers, The Bushwalkers Guild of Sydney, Kirrang Walkers	
Mr. King	The Sydney Tramping Club	
Miss Loxdale	The Sydney Bushwalking Club	

Mr. Gallop stated his objection to the word "Club" as being suggestive of a gathering for beer drinking etc.

(A ballot was held and the final choice narrowed down to "The Sydney Bush Walkers" and "The Sydney Bush Walking Club" and finally our name was chosen. The rest of the meeting dealt with financial matters (balance of £19-18-1½) meeting room and general business)

Mr. Austen desired an expression of the opinion of the members as to the distance they were prepared to go on day walks... the Secretary was instructed to notify the estimated mileage of each walk.

The meeting closed at 9-50 pm.

The Club is most fortunate in having regained possession of our first minute book. The early minutes are very detailed, obviously a dedicated secretary with time to spare. Extracts from these minutes will be published from time to time in the magazine.

All minute books, magazines and other records from the past sixty four years are lodged in the safekeeping of our Club's Archivist, Ian Debert.



Please note that
Bob & Christa Younger's
telephone number has
changed to 580 1158.

WALKS REPORT - BUNDEENA to OTFORD - Sunday 18th August.

by Keith Docherty

There were five members and four prospectives. We caught the 8.30 am ferry from Cronulla and on arrival at Bundeena we were waylaid by Jim Callaway. He wanted us to sign a petition for the upgrading of the Coastal Track. There were a lot of people at Bundeena for the "Walk of Shame", due to start at 10 am.

I had walked from Otford to Bundeena the previous day and found the track from Marley to Bundeena via The Water-run in a shocking state. It has been located in the wrong place. It is the most recently upgraded part of the track but it is the most eroded. It doesn't give me much faith in the NPWS ability to improve the rest of the track.

I elected to take the Tadpole Track from behind the caravan park to Marley. Some people seemed to want to make a race of the walk while others preferred a more leisurely pace so, at Little Marley, I gave them the choice of catching the 3.26 pm or the 5.38 pm train from Otford. Two members and a "power walking" prospective said they would like to try for the 3.26 pm train, so I sent them on their way. This left the rest of us to enjoy a relaxed stroll in glorious sunshine.

Just after leaving Wattamolla a small brown snake wriggled across the track, the first I've seen since autumn. At Curracurrong we had a side trip to see the pool and waterfall before crossing the creek to visit a cave, then walking across country to rejoin the track. Maurie Bloom had added considerably to the weight of his pack by collecting the many aluminium cans that had been discarded by thoughtless people.

On arrival at Curracurrong we were surprised to catch up with the three sprinters. They had stopped for lunch and they really must have had to sprint from then on to catch the 3.26! The rest of us had an hour for lunch and conversation. A few good jokes were told and many subjects were discussed.

At Burning Palms a couple of deer were grazing near the new surf club that looks like a large motel (how did they get permission to build that in a National Park?). The steps from Palm Jungle seemed to be tiring some legs so I decided it wouldn't be fair to lead them all the way down to Werrong and then have to climb the hill on the other side. We continued on the track to Otford instead, arriving at the station at about 5.10 pm. That gave us plenty of time to freshen up and change our clothes before the train arrived.

It was an enjoyable walk in beautiful weather in good company.

"NAME OF THE GAME"

by Jim Brown

(First published March 1986)

Tune: 'Liliburlero'

The term "Bush Walking" is the NAME OF THE GAME
And WE are the people that gave it that name.
Whether we perish or go down to fame
That is the name no other should claim.

Walkers, walkers, Sydney Bush Walkers
Our's is the name - the NAME OF THE GAME.
While ever we last - now, future or past
That is a name no other should claim.

The seeds by our founders were carefully sown
And other bush walkers have come to be known,
The ranks of the walkers have grown and grown
But the NAME OF THE GAME is our own..... is our own.

Walkers, walkers, Sydney Bush Walkers..... etc.



SOCIAL PROGRAM

by Fran Holland

The social activities in September were most successful; the Coolana reunion was the best for some years whilst the two meetings addressed by our guest speakers attracted very good attendances. Our thanks to Ernest Feist and Nancy Bird Walton.

Now is time to remind you of the following events;

OCTOBER

16th B.B.Q. and Singalong at the clubrooms.
Bring your own food, club will provide liquid refreshments.

23rd Wilderness Society

30th Slides + video of Kakadu

NOVEMBER

6th Committee Meeting

13th General Meeting

20th Abseiling and Canyoning Techniques - Ken Clacher
Slides from previous abseiling trips welcome

27th Peter Treseder - The 1st skyline traverse of Hinchinbrook
Island - Slides and Talk by the famous long distance walker.

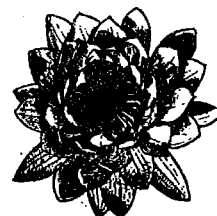
Pre-meeting dinner, 6-30pm
La Trattoria (Italian restaurant), 34 Burton St.

BUSHWALK THE GREEN

KAKADU AND THE KIMBERLEY AT THEIR SPECTACULAR BEST



Join us on a tropical trek through a landscape full of wildflowers and waterfalls. Enjoy a swim with every break. Relax and let us prepare you a 3 course meal every night.



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