

TOUGH CREEK

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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EDITOR	Judy O'Connor, 43 Pine Street, Cammeray 2062 Telephone 929 8629
BUSINESS MANAGER	Joy Hynes, 36 Lewis Street, Dee Why 2099 Telephone 982 2615 or 888 3144 (Business)
PRODUCTION MANAGER	George Gray - Telephone 876 6263
TYPIST	Kath Brown & others
ILLUSTRATOR	Morag Ryder
PRINTERS	Kenn Clacher, Les Powell, Margaret Niven, Barrie Murdoch & Kay Chan.

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## B U S H F I R E S !

Extracts from a talk given by Ben Esgate on 31st May '89

PANIC is the biggest killer. When faced with a fast-moving bushfire, people forget every bit of good advice they have ever been given.

If a fire approaches when you are out walking:

FIND RAINFOREST - this has thick, dark green foliage (lilly-pilly, coachwood), and is a safe retreat. So are clumps of lawyer vines and tall trees without undergrowth (like Blue Gum). Green casuarinas (she-oaks) also burn poorly.

AVOID - low, thick scrub, in forested or open areas. Dry swamps are full of rushes which burn fiercely. Avoid wearing synthetic materials, as flying cinders will melt them into your skin. Wool or cotton is best.

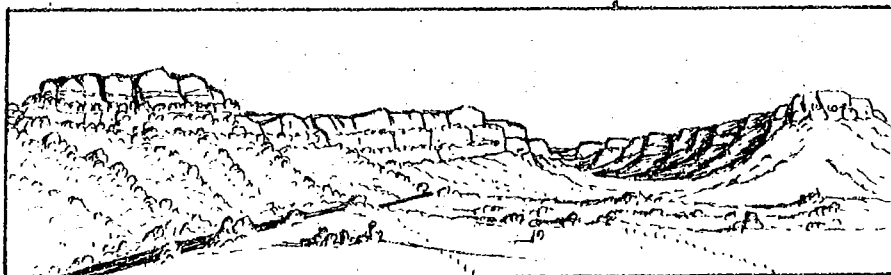
Because heat rises, fire races UP hill, but burns slowly DOWN hill. Head down into a gully. A rocky stream bed, even if dry, is good. Smoke also rises, avoid being asphyxiated by lying down, where the air will be fresher and contain more oxygen. If the fire is going to pass fairly close, use a large boulder to shield you from heat radiation.

Always carry matches. If the situation is really desperate, you can light a fire and walk behind the flames. A bushfire cannot burn ground already burnt.

Remember that even the biggest fire passes. Once it HAS passed, walk carefully over the burnt ground. Try keeping to rocky patches to avoid treading on burning cinders.

\* \* \* \* \*

(This article was first published in November 1989. In view of the extremely dry condition of the bush at present, and the great danger of bushfires, it has been decided to re-publish it. Ben Esgate is an authority on the subject, having lived in the Blue Mountains for many years. In addition to being a bushman and bushwalker of vast experience, he was a Bush Fire Brigade Captain for a considerable time.)



**WESTERN ARTHURS - SW TASMANIA FEB 1991**

by Ian Wolfe

Six of us stepped out of the coach at Scotts Peak Dam into a blustery wind which gained force with every minute. So it was quickly on with the Gortex jackets, to keep the wind out, and on with the packs, to prevent being bodily blown away (Chris only just made it). After lunch, in a slightly sheltered creek, we wandered down the board-walk towards Junction Creek coming to terms with the enormity of our 10 day packs.

The old three sided shelter is no more at the copse campsite but that is definitely no loss. What is a loss is the marvellous old sign post which has welcomed and farewelled generations of SW walkers (ah well, dust to dust).

Of all the myriad sights and experiences of the SW there is none more unique than standing on the button grass plain outside Junction Creek at sunset, looking up at the cloud spill over those incredibly crafted peaks of the Arthurs. I have stood there now on four very different occasions marvelling at the vista and wondering what the next day will bring.

Well, in our case it brought a beautiful clear day with a cooling breeze to aid our climb up Moraine A. Up and up you toil, deeper and deeper the pack settles, farther and farther the plain recedes. Until, suddenly, without warning, you are on the top striding through Quartzite tors and meadows of mountain moss. Like little kids we dropped our packs and scrambled to the top of the isolated columns to enjoy the view.

The jutting prow of Mt Hesperus provided a suitable luncheon spot. Far to the north loomed the Franklin Range and further east, beyond Lake Pedder, rose the Mt Anne massif. The entire length of the Arthurs Plains contained us on one side and the valley of the Crossing River bounded us on the other whilst, far to the south gleamed the fang of Federation.

After lunch an afternoon of very pleasant ridge walking took us past Lakes Fortuna, Cygnus and Ceres. Through the Capella Crags we capered and one of us "thought" he climbed Mt Hayes. It is here that the highland moor disappears and you enter the realm of ice shattered quartz with great needles and pillars of rock at every turn through which we threaded. Our well earned sojourn was taken at Square Lake on what is called the Shelf Camp. This hangs 40m above the lake to provide extended views to the west and yes, a sunset to sink into your soul.

Next morning it was up and up to reach the saddle to behold the jewel of Lake Oberon nestling in its cirque. Round its edge we travelled to swim and "take tiffin in a tarn". Here a gap in the range provided panoramas left and right to be marred only by the revelation of the advanced state of disrepair of one of our members' nether garments. The summit of Mt Pegasus was passed and Mt Capricorn was conquered all in the soft sunlight and a balmy breeze. After descending what can only be called an earthen cliff some of us dropped our packs and flew out to Dorado Peak for a side trip.

That night we camped on the edge of High Moor overlooking Lake Dione but not before enjoying another stunning sunset from the summit of Mt Columba. With the new day came fog, thick and rolling, damp and clammy. Visibility was down to 30ms but the path being clear before us and the itch being in our bones it was over the Beggary Bumps we bounced. Then down and down through the Tiled Chasm we gingerly trod not knowing the bottom of the cliffs we traversed on narrow ledges. Only knowing that far below Lake Ganymede beckoned with a cold embrace.

However, as we rounded The Dragon the sun at last succeeded in burning through the fog. From the vantage point of the Lovers Leap a classic mountain scene unfolded with Lake Minas being framed by Mt Shaula and Mt Taurus. The track then commenced to lollipop along the ridge to the twin summits of Mt Taurus where we had lunch in the blazing sun but ever increasing wind. Down along the ridges we raced to carefully cross the rock dyke that dams Haven Lake. The waves were crashing through the outlet and spray filled the air as we hurried into the campsite. After an extensive search we claimed the best of a bad lot before yielding to temptation and heading off on another side trip.

The goal was Mt Aldebaran, and it was worth attaining. After clambering across great sheets of strata slopping at about 30 degrees we reached the summit. Aldebaran is one of the premiere vantage points in the Arthurs being so situated as to provide views north and south along the range as well as of the Eastern Arthurs and Mt Rugby to the west and south.

Well, after three glorious days of views we were due for a "no views" day and this we received in full measure. Out of the cirque of Haven Lake we climbed in full wet weather gear into the driving cold wind that greeted us at the saddle. All morning we walked the tops in the cloud carefully checking our route at each stage. Beautiful Lake Sirona was just a slate gray blur dimly perceived through the the murk and the summit of Mt Scorpio was just a pile of rocks in the mist. However, as we descended past Lakes Vesta and Juno they, like the goddesses of old, revealed themselves to rouse our spirits.

Then up and round to find Promontory Lake and eventually to camp amidst the pines. We had planned to have a rest day here and so we did. Well, a rest from carrying our packs anyway, for, much to my amazement, the next day dawned quite clear with the wind abating.

So on with our day packs and off across the moors we strode to capture Canopus. However the mountain captured us for it rivals Aldebaran for optimum placement for taking in the views. You can look back and see Promontory Lake suspended on the edge of a great abyss and then turn about to see Federation Peak dominating the skyline.

But one Peak is not enough, so back we strode to climb up through the heather to enjoy the twin summits of Carina Peak. But two peaks is not enough, so back past Juno and Vesta we strode to finally enjoy the panorama from Mt Scorpio that had been denied us the previous day. By this time (3.30pm) it had been a decidedly unrestful day (why does this always happen?) so we slowly wound our way back to Promontory Lake.

The Gods obviously decided that we needed a real rest day so they summoned up their minions to conger up the elements of nature. These they visited upon us next day in full measure in the form of rain, cloud and wind. Much swapping of books, card games, sleeping and long walks by the lake sufficed to fill the day. When next morn dawned bleak and gray we regretfully realised that it would not be our lot to traverse the Crag of Andromeda and Centarus Ridge to camp beside the still waters of Lake Rosanne.

When tramping the high country of the SW one always walks the line. Constantly balancing the equation of the weather, navigational difficulty, potential for hypothermia and the physical/psychological capabilities/capacity of the party. Courage lies in calculated prudence rather than irresponsible exuberance. We had supped aplenty of the heights and achieved all that was attainable but still the decision to resile was not an easy one.

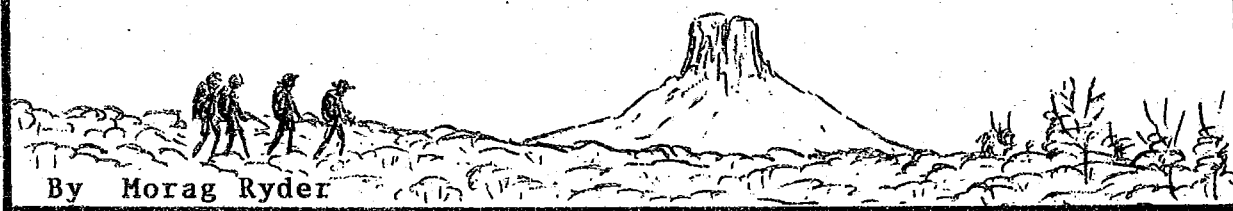
Yet even in our parting from the uplands we took not the easy trodden path, but instead a less frequented route. Chapman calls it a "direct and scrubby route". For those of you who have felt the SW scrub tear your legs you can appreciate what he infers. Yet the transitory discomfort is as naught to forging a path through the virgin hills as the mist swirls and twirls about you. One can begin, in part, to empathise with the spirit of what it is to "pioneer".

Our route linked up with Moraine K and brought us to a pleasant camp on 7 Mile Creek. This was followed by a leisurely solitary day's walking up the highway of the taped Arthurs Plains Track. Turning always turning to look back up at the Arthurs towering above the plain, seeing the cloud spill through the ranges and the rain approach like a curtain.

Then back, once again, to Junction Creek to stand on the button grass plain looking upwards as the sun sets, to wonder, when will I be back again?

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## BOTANY IN THE BUDAWANGS



By Morag Ryder

Leader: George Mawer

Party: Burt & Mary Carter, Carol Lubbers, Carole Beales, Les Powell, Bill & Fran Holland, Ray Turton, Vicki Cheesman, Denis Gardener, Maurie Bloom, Jan Roberts, Don Williams & Morag Ryder.

Friday, 4 October, 9pm

Mary Carter and I peered through the fog south of Nowra, trying to see the turnoff to Pointers Lookout. "That sign said Pointers Road" said Mary. A quick U-turn and away we went, down a dirt road which eventually petered out at a locked gate. A difficult 5-or-6 point turn, and back to the nearest house for directions. Wrong road; we had missed the turnoff. Back to the highway, driving slowly on the shoulder while traffic streaked past... there it was; 'Pointers Lookout', on a big blue sign. This time the road terminated at several parked cars and the embers of a campfire. Dew was forming as we bivvied, so I threw a sheet of plastic over my fly. Just as well, at 5am the sun rose over a saturated world.

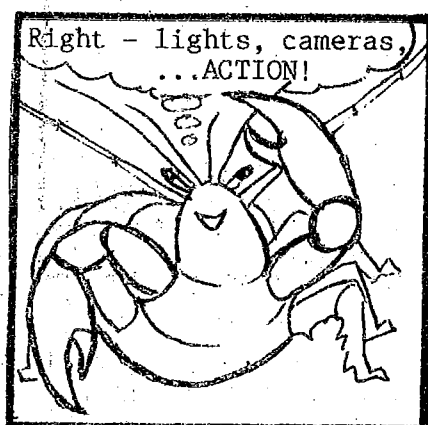
Saturday 5th

A leisurly start about 8.40am, and hot already. It seemed a very long trek over the heathland in blazing sunshine, we were glad to descend to Pigeonhouse Creek. Once below the cliffline the scrub became thicker and thicker, all nicely laced together with lawyer vine.

Morning tea in a rocky gully provided a rest but little water, just one or two rock pools and a lot of moist ground. If this was almost dry, what would the upper reaches of Tallaterang Creek be like? The prospect of having to carry water up for Sunday night's camp was not inviting.

With cries of joy and thankfulness we finally reached the cool, calf deep waters of Pigeonhouse Creek. No level ground anywhere, we squeezed ourselves between bushes for our long awaited lunch. After floundering around in the jungle for another half kilometre or so, Maurie declared the existance of level ground. Hard to believe, but there it was - mostly covered with small melaleucas, but definately level.

Having set up camp, a leisurely dip was in order and early happy hour was declared at 4pm. (Why ar'nt all bushwalks like that?) As the evening cooled, we were entertained; first by Burt's harmonica and then by the frogs. They were calling and mating everywhere, folk who craved a little excitement in their lives took torches and knelt in the sedges to watch. A small brown and metallic-gold variety was prolific. Green tree frogs were less common, but their trapeze artistry drew loud applause. The frog pervs were dramatically interrupted by the appearance of a large blue yabbie.



Seemingly oblivious to lights and shrieks, it trundled around the plastic bags and hastily lifted feet, dabbling its claws here and there. After being photographed, it seemed to lose interest and wandered away. By 9pm we too started wandering away, to sleep another night under a blaze of stars.

### Sunday 6th

Hot again, but the wind had changed. At 8.30am we began the gradual climb onto the lower level of Talaterang Plateau. Rock orchids were everywhere. They were a feature of the trip -- every-

large boulder seemed to be wearing a primrose bonnet. Flowers of all kinds were prolific. Open heath was a persian carpet of white, gold, pink and purple. There were thickets of head-high Boronia, various pea flowers, Eriostomen and Pimelia. Damp ground was pink with Sprenglia and Blackeye Susan, or mauve with Vanilla Lily.

Once on top, we had open going, with blue Sun Orchids in shady places, and wonderful views of The Castle. Morning tea was on an open rock shelf, then we began more serious bush bashing on the approach to Talaterang Creek. We were to have lunched there, but the water had gone underground, leaving only a mass of giant boulders. On through the saw grass -- to a tiny gully which secreted one clear pool of water. Lunch was declared in a relatively clear spot near a giant boulder. The wind brought thickening cloud, and the temperature became more bearable.

Post lunch was much the same as pre-lunch.... thick scrub and a plethora of flowers. We began climbing, gradually at first, and then a steep pinch up to the final cliffline. Along the 'wombat parade'.... large rocks, more scrub, large rocks.... eventually a halt was called on a gently sloping rockface. "I think there might be a way up here" said Maurie. Away he went, with Burt and Bill joining the exploration. Almost simultaneously, Maurie returned and Burt's head appeared above the cliffline. "There's a way up here", they cried. We went up with alacrity. An easy slot festooned with yet more sprays of large and small rock orchids. On top AT LAST -- with a strong wind to cool us. A brisk walk over rock platforms and through flowering swamps; and there was Talaterang Creek. Down through the Boronia and Baueria, across the creek's clear pools and onto a great rock shelf just above the falls.



We looked across the valley to The Castle and Byangee Walls, all outlined against a splendid backdrop of ranges. Having spread out our sleeping bags in the overhang, we returned to the creek, where there was much rubbing and scrubbing to remove charcoal from burnt bush. Thick indigo clouds began to build over The Castle even as we lit our fire and happy hour was to be

accompanied by an impressive display of lightning, as the clouds slowly rolled nearer. As we poured the third mug of rum-and-lemon-barley, rain rushed across the valley and we rushed into the overhang. I had set up my fly under the rock — just as well, for squalls of wind drove the rain in. Within half an hour the storm passed. We revived our slightly dampened fire, sat on sheets of plastic and began to prepare dinner, while the thunder slowly receded over Mount Talaterang.

### Monday 7th

Four metres visibility in the drifting fog. Amazingly, my fly had dried, probably because the night had been so warm. Around 8.15 we recrossed the creek and made our way through soaking vegetation towards Pällin Pass. The fog was lifting already — a beautiful, rather humid day, with all the world multi coloured with flowers. Morning tea was on one of the various lumps and bumps on Talaterang Plateau, and gave us our last views of the Clyde Gorge. Out into open country again, blazing sun and a slight detour to make Ngaitung Falls our lunch spot.

This was a long, relaxing affair — with cool shade, many cups of tea and deep rock 'bathtubs' for refreshment. Alas, all good things come to an end, and we reluctantly walked east towards Porters Creek Dam. Our last view of Pigeonhouse — with plumes of cloud drifting across; like the smoke from a volcanic eruption.

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### CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR CONSERVATION

by Alex Colley

For some years past I have been selling Henry Gold Wilderness Calendars in the Club room on behalf of the Colong Foundation for Wilderness, thereby raising some \$200/\$300 for conservation. With the Committee's approval I intend to increase the range of publications for sale.

Some of these publications, particularly the calendars and diaries, make much appreciated Christmas presents, and many members have bought a number of calendars for this purpose. However some members who don't come into the Club room might like to buy the publications, particularly the calendars and diaries, for themselves or their friends, and these could be posted if the postage could be paid as an extra.

Hereunder is a list of the publications and their price in the Club room or posted. They are available from the Colong Foundation for Wilderness 18 Argyle Street, Sydney 2000. Please write to that address.

	<u>In Club room</u>	<u>Posted</u>
The Colong Bulletin annual subscription (published bi-monthly)	Free	\$ 7.50
Henry Gold Wilderness Calendar	\$10.00	12.00
Henry Gold Australian National Park Pocket Diary	9.00	10.00
Blue Mountains forWorld Heritage	15.00	16.00
The Colong Story	7.00	8.00
Park or Pines	7.00	8.00
Blue Mountains World Heritage Posters	5.00	8.00

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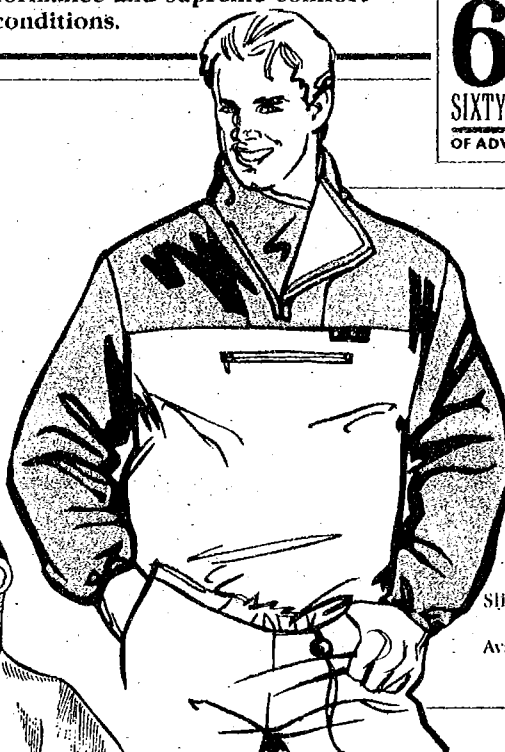
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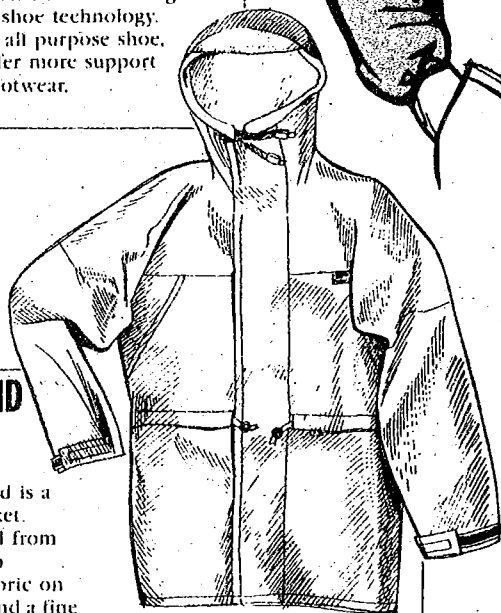
Sizes: 3-8



### SLIPSTREAM \$99

Slipstream is the ultralight solution to cool breezes and unexpected drizzle. The zippered shawl collar seals quickly and snugly in variable weather conditions. And opens up in warmer conditions for added ventilation. An adjustable drawcord hem offers similar comfort options around the waist. A lightweight 300 grams, the Slipstream is made of durable easy care Exodus cloth. Available in colours Ebony/Sage and Ebony/Blueberry.

Sizes: XS-XL



### VAGABOND \$159

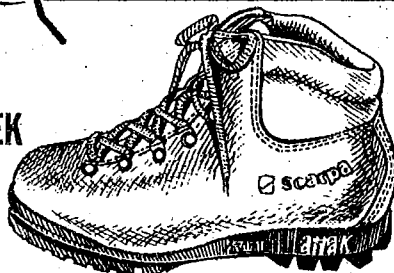
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MY INAUGURAL WALK WITH SBW INC.

by Frances Ing

I had always thought my level of fitness and walking was rather good until the Monday after my very first walk with the Sydney Bush Walkers Inc., for I woke stiff, exhausted, scratched, beaten and still bleeding (but thankfully tickless), then somehow painfully returned to the relative haven of work to continue earning my daily crust. Maybe, after all, I am an 'easy level' walker.

However, by Thursday I was singing the praises of Morrie Ward's foray into the Barrington Tops National Park with 13 other members on September 27, 28 and 29, and hell's teeth, by Friday, I was even reading the fine print of 'medium level' walks again!!

On inquiring prior to the weekend, I felt reassured when Morrie asked me more questions about my level of experience than I had questions about the Club or the coming weekend.

So, heeding his good advice, I made sure I was laden with the lightest pack anyone could possibly have for a weekend.

The group was certainly most welcoming, friendly, witty and nearly all of good walking experience..... comments I had heard about SBW from further afield. But I was not prepared for the near sumptuous level of snacks, sandwiches, salads and wonderful array of evening meals.... not to mention your 'happy hour'!!! Flambé fillet steak with peppercorns and cream looked so much more appetising than my light freeze dried dog food!

I won't even mention the melted chocolate with dipped mandarins and strawberries because by then I was sound asleep on top of a horrendous tree root. Sleep I did.

The trek itself was eventful and requires some colourful language in description. Impenetrable undergrowth, slippery traverses, grasping lawyer vines, wet and cold rock hopping (from first hand experience in Wangat Creek), wonderful lush fern forests, tinder dry vertical slopes, picturesque river valleys, cosy camp site, and a never ending fire trail that led to the most spectacular view of the whole weekend..... the cars.

Thanks SBW, I enjoyed your friendship and bush walking skills, and would love to walk again with you.

\* \* \* \* \*

JEAN KIRKBY - VALE

by Grace Noble

To those of our generation of bushwalkers, and to her family, her death is a sad loss.

In the nineteen-forties Jean joined the SBW, where she met and married a fellow-bushwalker, Ray Kirkby. (This tradition seems to have continued to the present day!) Then, after some years of active walking, the arrival of children meant active walking became family camping, which many of us shared with Jean, Ray and Christine\* at places such as the Wolgan and Jamberoo.

Jean was a person of many and varied interests. An economist by training, she also had a great and informed love of music, drama and art, and I still find myself thinking, "I must ask Jean what she thinks of that play, that concert, that world crisis".

If Sir Thomas More was "A man for all seasons" in the sixteenth century, Jean was surely a "Woman for all seasons" in the twentieth.

\*Christine Austin



THE OCTOBER GENERAL MEETING

by Barry Wallace

There were around 18 members snugly ensconced in the downstairs meeting room when Spiro, in the chair, gonged the gong and called the meeting to order at around 2024. "Power," says Spiro and gently taps the gong again.

There were apologies from Erith Hamilton, Fran and Bill Holland, and Patrick James. New members Alan Wells and John Bowers were called for welcome but neither were able to be present.

The Minutes of the previous general meeting were read and received with no matters arising. Correspondence brought a letter from Mr. Gerry Sturgess of the N.S.W. Premier's Department (referred to the Conservation Secretary for later mention), from Peter Miller (ret.) requesting re-instatement to membership, from State Rail re the gate at Engadine station (Jim Callaway confirms that it's open again), from Confederation regarding the S. & R. information recently supplied, from Keith Sherlock confirming his agreement to the proposal that we raffle the painting donated. There were also letters out to our new members and from the Conservation Secretary to the Manager of the Sydney Water Board. A letter from the Taxation Office provided clarification of our income tax classification, and a letter to Confederation advising them of limits which S.B.W. propose to apply to future affiliation fees.

The Treasurer's Report revealed that we received income of \$626, spent \$1,503 and closed with a balance of \$2,764.

After a brief pause for a social report we moved on to the Walks Report. The report began with the weekend of 14,15 September with the Re-union. There around 80 attendees enjoying a fine, mild, tick-free weekend with campfire, damper competition, boundary walk and the planting of Dot's tree.

Over the weekend of 20,21,22 September Geoff McIntosh reported drama on the rocks up around Glen Davis Trig with things getting windy in more ways than one. 'Tennyrate, the 9 starters all got back to Glen Davis in one piece. Dennis Gardner's Box Creek, Tuglow Falls walk did not go but watch for it as the weather warms up. Maurie Bloom's Belanglo State Forest mapping instructional went, but there was no report. The Sydney Harbour N.P. day walk under Ralph Penglis was reported as a "wonderful, positive day" and there were 15 people on the walk. There was no report of Alan Mewett's Marra Marra N.P. walk.

Morrie Ward had a party of 14 on his Barrington N.P. lush subtropical rainforest walk over the 27,28,29 September. He reported beaut weather and a low leech count. Due to some slower than expected progress on the Sunday morning Morrie shortened the walk by going the long way round on the firetrails. Ian Debert's Cox River trip that same weekend was cancelled. Of the day walks, Dick Weston's Saturday trip from Woodford to Springwood had a party of 3 enjoying scratches, leeches, rock orchids and a thoroughly good day. Eddie Giacomel's Grand Canyon, Bluegum trip went but there are no details, and Mark Weatherly's proposed Maroota N.P. trip had a party of 6 enjoying a rather warm day in a pleasant patch of bushland not far from the city. (I didn't stand a chance, Mark, Carol had the details on a piece of paper, and read them in her inimitable way. I did manage to get in a mention of the Powerful Owl and the 2/3 crow it appeared to be clutching, however.)

The October long weekend saw Ian Rannard leading a party of 14 to program in unexpectedly hot weather on his Goulburn River walk. They reported limited water and numerous grazing cattle. George Mawer's Rusden Head, Pigeonhouse Creek, Mount Talaterang walk attracted 15 starters in fine, beautiful but hot weather. Their Saturday evening campsite on Pigeonhouse Creek ended up crowded with frogs, frogs, frogs, not to mention the huge yabbie who rampaged through it all seeking who-knows-what. Come to think of it, the leader did say he was suffering heat-stroke. Not to be outdone, their Sunday night camping cave on Mount Talaterang played host to a brief but violent wind/lightning/rain storm. After all that they reached the cars by 1600 on Monday.

Ian Wolfe led a party of 9 on his four day cross-country ski trip. Saturday was fine, Sunday saw white-out conditions, Monday was fine again but Tuesday was described as scungy, so they only went to Seaman's Hut that day. Jim Callaway led a party of 9 on his Waterfall to Heathcote walk on the Sunday, and did a solo Helensburgh to Otford on the Monday. The weather was hot and swimming seems to have been the order of the day. All of which brought the Walks Report to an end.

The Conservation Report told of a response from Sydney Water Board to Alex Colley's earlier letter. It seems that the Board are going to attempt to persuade us all to use less water. A letter from Gary Sturgess indicated that the transfer of State Recreation Areas to Conservation and Land Management from the National Parks & Wildlife Service will be limited to those S.R.As. where recreational features are considered prime.

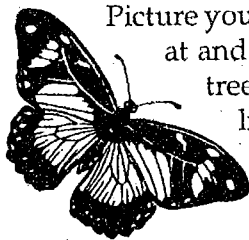
Confederation Report indicated that further work is proposed for the tracks on Kanangra Tops. F.B.W. have written to the Blue Mountains Council protesting at plans for much more extensive tourist type tracks in the lower Blue Mountains. The F.B.W. insurance policy is now available in PLAIN ENGLISH. Confederation Annual General Meeting is reported to have cost \$200 and is judged to have been successful. The report that F.B.W. is to protest over the staging of the 1812 Overture at Blue Cow resort leaves us puzzled, perhaps we missed some critical (no pun intended) detail.

Of General Business there was none and the meeting closed at 2122 followed by the screening of slides.

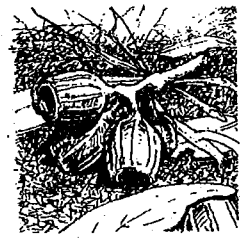
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## BUSHWALK KAKADU: CLOSE FOCUS

Kakadu is much more than an inspiring landscape with many deep gorges and beautiful waterfalls. It is also a subtle place where many of nature's masterpieces are seen only by those who walk through at a leisurely pace with a keen eye and a sense of wonder.



Picture yourself rambling through Kakadu, stopping to look at and listen to the small birds as they flit through the trees, having a break and watching small lizards scamper through the leaf litter on the forest floor, pausing for a swim and watching the butterflies as they visit the wild flowers that line the river banks. Evening comes. While you relax and soak up your surroundings, your guide prepares you a three course meal.



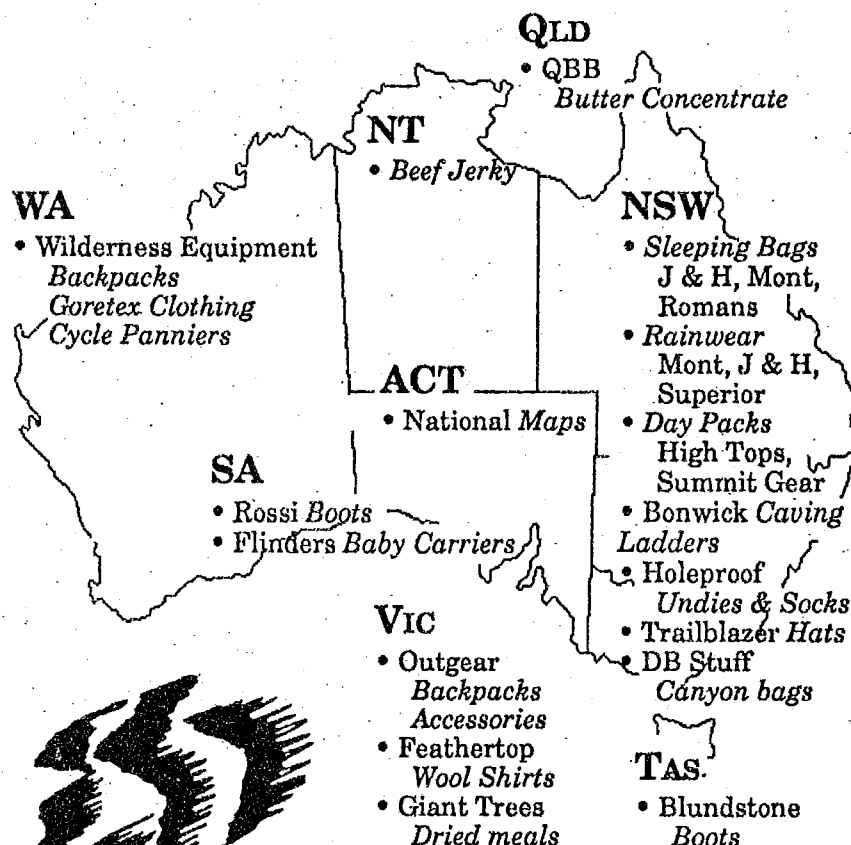
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THE CONFEDERATION OF BUSHWALKING CLUBS NSW INC.

by Spiro Hajinakitas

OCTOBER MEETING

The Insurance Committee will soon be sending out copies of Policy to each Club asking for comments. REPLIES FROM CLUBS to be received by the Confederation before 30 November.

Arising from Correspondence -

NP&W Service killing cattle belonging to Bert Carlon in Carlons Creek. The Secretary has spoken to Mrs Carlon. The Carlons and NP&WS are discussing compensation. It was agreed that no action be taken at the present time.

Closure of Govetts Leap Track - details will be checked with NP&WS by the Secretary and reported to next meeting.

Sports Accident Insurance - the Secretary will check if Certificate of Compliance will be issued and will send letter to clubs affected.

Camdens District Bushwalking Club are holding a combined club outing on the weekend 1/2 February 1992 at Apple Tree Flat near Tallowa Dam.

Stan Cottier's letter was read out by the President with Stan expanding on the rumour that action is being taken to Heritage list shacks in National Parks. Jim Brown and other members also spoke. It was resolved that Confederation will write to Tim Moore regarding the Heritage Listing of the 'Shacks' in the Royal National Park.

Conservation - Roger Lembit feels the Confederation should submit a report post haste regarding the review of the National Parks and Wildlife Service Act to be sent to the Government Environment Committee. Member Clubs are asked to also send letters.

Tracks & Access - Jim Callaway reported legal access to Engadine Station from Royal National Park was now available due to letters written by SBW. A vote of thanks to SBW.

Wollongong National Park Association - 'Walk of Shame' organisers found the National Parks Association is a conservation club and their insurance only covers the office staff. Wollongong NPA Bushwalking section would like to be accepted as a member of Confederation to gain proper insurance cover under the Confederation's policy. They were advised to apply to Confederation as do all other bushwalking clubs and the Confederation will consider their application.

General - Confederation dates for 1992 are:-

April 4/5th	S & R Training weekend
May 30/31st	First Aid Training
June 27/28th	S & R Rogain
August 22/23	Annual General Meeting & Conference
September 4th	Bush Dance
" 5/6th	Celebration of 60th Anniversary of the saving of Blue Gum Forest
October 24/25	First Aid Training

\* \* \* \* \*

WALKS ANNOUNCEMENT

The weekend walk 23/24 November - Carlons - Tin Pot Track - Cox River Breakfast Creek - Carlons - will now be led by KEITH DOCHETY instead of Ian Debert. Keith's phone number is 905 5985.

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PLEASE NOTE: The clubroom will be closed for three weeks over Xmas/New Year period. Resuming on 15th January 1992.

SOCIAL NOTES

Fran Holland

As mentioned in the October magazine, the club has been presented with an oil painting of a scene in the Blue Mountains. Mr. Sherlock, who donated the painting, has expressed the desire that the painting find a home with a bushwalker so we are running a raffle to be drawn at our Christmas Party on the 18th December by Keith Sherlock.

The painting will be on display each Wednesday evening and raffle tickets for sale. The cost per ticket is \$2.00 or three for \$5.00, and proceeds of the raffle will go to the Club's conservation fund. Applications by mail are also welcome - (a return addressed stamped envelope please).

A reminder of the rest of this month's social programme - on the 20th November Kenn Clacker is going to talk to us about Abseiling and Canyoning techniques. Members slides showing these activities would be very welcome as part of the evening, so please bring them along.

The third Wednesday of the month is also the evening we select a restaurant to meet for dinner - this evening we will be meeting at La Trattoria, Italian Restaurant, 34 Burton Street, Kirribilli, (Burton St., runs parallel to Fitzroy Street one block back towards Neutral Bay), at approx. 6.30pm.

27th November, Peter Treseder will tell us about the first skyline traverse of Hinchinbrook Island. He will also be showing slides of the trip.

DECEMBER 4th Committee Meeting

11th General Meeting - We will try and keep this short as Ben Esgate has kindly agreed to come to instruct us on how to behave sensibly and safely in the bush during these months when bush fires are a very real risk.

18th Club Christmas Party - a really good night for everyone - come along and bring a plate of food, the club will provide liquid refreshments.

25th Club Closed - Christmas Day

The next social activity on the programme is on Wednesday 8th January. The club room will be closed and as is now a tradition, we will meet for a BBQ at Obelisk Beach, off Chowder Bay Road, Mosman from 6.30pm. BYO food and drink. Contact Fran Holland (484 6636) Bill Holland (925 3309 Wk) or Ian Debert (982 2615) for details or transport.

NEW MEMBERS

Please add the following names to your List of Members:-

BOWERS John - 110 Prince Edward Avenue, Earlwood 2206

(H) 559 1434

WELLS Alan - "Corner Cottage" 66 Clanwilliam Street,  
Blackheath 2785

(H) (047) 87 7385

(B) (047) 82 1226