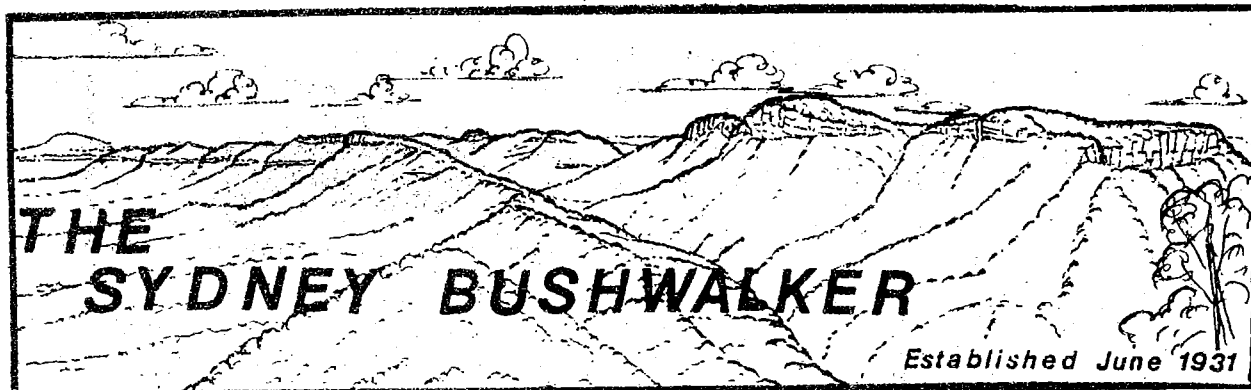


JUL 1992



AXE-HEAD RANGE

NBH0852

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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JULY 1992

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EDITORIAL NOTES



Firstly, I would like to thank those walks leaders who have been sending in walks reports. Various members have commented that the magazine should cater to the membership activity, thus reports on its outdoor activities are very important. We will try to publish as many as possible, however, we will sometimes need to shorten them for space reasons. Please keep them coming! Also please send contributions to the food section.

The next Special Issue will be in September and will be a combined Spring Wildflowers and Bush Safety Issue. I have seen various members busily identifying items of shrubbery - well some of us want to be let in on the secret too!!

See you on the track, DEBBIE.

NOTICE FROM COMMITTEE

Members who do not request and receive a receipt for subscriptions paid but require evidence of membership when purchasing goods with a discount, then they should produce their magazine wrapper as evidence of membership.

NEW MEMBERS



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

	Telephone	
	Home	Business
ATKINSON Colin - 12 Yarrennan Ave, West Pymble 2073	498 1041	427 0288
DEAN Mrs Ione - 28 Saywell St. Chatswood 2067	419 6130	259 5852
MCDONALD Bruce - 96 Wakehurst Parkway, Narrabeen 2101	913 8646	411 3355
PROVAN Doreen - 3 Reuss St. Leichhardt 2040	560 1408	250 3241

★BLUE GUM FOREST★

"60th ANNIVERSARY"

Dear Club Secretary

There are now only just over two months to go to the Blue Gum Forest 60th Anniversary weekend.

The Confederation committee has been working hard to make this event a success but we can't do it without your help.

The weekend will start on Friday night (4th September) with the Blue Gum Ball. The ball will be held once again at Petersham Town Hall from 8pm to 12 midnight. The cost will be \$10 or \$25 for family tickets. The theme for the night will be "Blue Gum Forest" and clubs can compete for "The Boot" by organising the best decorated table.

All bushwalking clubs are invited to start gathering in Blue Gum at midday on Saturday 5th September. Some things to remember are:

- * We will camp in "The Meadow" not at Blue Gum
- * Bring plenty of water containers - we will have to carry water from clean creeks
- * Bring garbage bags - we will do a cleanup of Blue Gum while we are there
- * Please avoid using Perry's lookdown as an access route if you are travelling by car. We want to keep the parking area at the top clear for Sunday
- * Anniversary t-shirts will be on sale at \$15 each
- * It may be possible to organise buses from Blackheath if there is enough demand - let us know

On Saturday night we will have a campfire where members from different clubs can renew old friendships and make new ones.

On Sunday morning we will clean up the area before the dignitaries arrive for the formal part of the weekend at 11am.

If you have any older members who would like to attend but are not confident of being able to manage the climb in (and out!) let us know. We may be able to help.

If you want any more information or would like one of the committee to come and talk to your club please let us know by ringing:

ROBYN ARTHUR - 897 2270

SEE YOU THERE!!



BUMBLING ALONG...



by Stuart Corner

Bumble: To act ineptly or floundering. Very apt. There we were all ten of us floundering up Bumble Hill 20 kilometres west of Wyong pushing bicycles laden down with tents, sleeping bags and all the usual necessities for camping out overnight on one of the all-too-rare weekend bike rides on the SBW program, this one organised by George and Christine Floyd.

Having to get off and push came as a shock. Not the getting off. I expected that. We all had to do it. It was trying to push. Hell, it was as hard as pedalling! I don't remember it being like this last time, but then last time was 13 years ago.

I've come back to serious cycling after an absence of some 13 years. I've done the Sydney-to-the-Gong, the Great NSW, Mulga Bill's and sundry other rides in the last 12 months, and I've never had to get off and hoof it, but then I've not tried riding the countryside laden with tent and trappings. Must be age. Ah no, I know what it is. 13 years ago we didn't have mountain bikes and granny gears: ten speeds was the ultimate in gearing. I like that explanation much better.

Anyhow, it was worth the effort. Bumble Hill is the one gut-busting ascent in what is otherwise an extremely pleasant ride through the stud and hobby farms of the Yarramalong and Hawkesbury Valleys. By and large they're pretty flat and very pretty. Bumble Hill is the daunting barrier between the two. Never mind, what bumbles up must bumble down and the corresponding descent to the Hawkesbury was very exhilarating.

We'd set out from Wyong about 10 am on Saturday morning, the plan being to cycle 80 kms to the Mill Creek campsite near Wiseman's Ferry, spend the night there and then clock up another 65 kms into Windsor on the Sunday. "It's one of the rides from the Hang Ten bicycling book," explained George Floyd handing out photocopies of the relevant pages. But we're doing it in reverse because the trains through Wyong are very crowded on Sunday afternoons."

"Station - railway - the - into - left - then - right - the - to - around - Road - Alison - follow - Wyong - at" intoned Maurie Bloom, duly reading the ride instructions backwards from the end. There were plenty more where that one came from during the weekend, but I'll spare you the rest.

At this time of year it must be one of the best bike rides in the Sydney environs. The valleys were green, unnaturally so, the sun shone and the roar of the motor car noticeably absent. This is a favourite water skiing area and in the summer the roads are full of people who get their kicks by being dragged up and down the Hawkesbury at high speed. Whatever turns you on, but not for me thanks.

We made Mill Creek campsite with little daylight to spare after running the gauntlet of several aggressive-sounding dogs which seemed determined to defend their owner's property with all the canine ferocity at their disposal and with neither chain nor boundary fence to constrain them.

We were warned. A party of locals supping beer outside the bottle shop in Spencer had told us. "There's a dog just down the road. He'll go for you, but just say 'piss off Bastard' and he'll stop 'cos that's his name." Very re-assuring. In the event these beasts showed an amazing ability to stay within the confines of their patch: All bark and no bother. Not so the kamikaze blue-heeler in the suburbs of Windsor. Yards before the station

it threatened to put a catastrophic end to an otherwise enjoyable ride by repeatedly running across my path. I requested it to depart by immediately employing the native terminology I had recently learnt and this so shocked the creature that it immediately prostrated itself under my front wheel. My brakes saved us both.

I digress, that was later. Back at camp we discovered that Mill Creek had but two drawbacks: its leeches and its distance from the pub at Wiseman's Ferry. To save weight the Floyds came equipped with only a fly-sheet..... George and Christine, the leeches of Mill Creek thank you for your generous blood donation.

The campsite is about 6 kms from the pub and that includes a ferry ride and 2 kms of dirt road. Would that it were 1 km or 20. At one we'd have gone for some booze. At 20 we wouldn't have given it a thought. At six we were sorely tempted but decided the dark and the distance were too much. Deb Shapira shared some port. John drank the beer he'd had the foresight to buy in Spencer and the fortitude to lug it into camp. The rest of us abstained.

Next morning it was on the ferry and across the Hawkesbury to continue our journey, but not before a quick detour for an inspection of the Great North Road. The plaque at the end tells how 500 convicts built this, the most difficult stretch of the inland route to Newcastle, in a mere six months in 1829. They scaled the steep sides of the Hawkesbury Valley by drilling and blasting away the escarpment and hewing the stone into huge blocks to hoist their road high above the river, the marks of their chisels still sharp in the rock. But how did they live: and how many died? The plaque is enigmatically silent.

As I stride this piece of history, this national treasure, long unused, its career cut short by bushrangers and the coastal steamers, I recall that other Great North Road which the Roman armies built up the spine of Britain. It can still be seen in parts 2000 years after they left. It's hard to believe this antipodean great North Road was built, travelled, neglected and passed into history in a mere two centuries.

The rest of the day presented its own challenges. Riverside tea shops selling pies and cakes, the Ebenezer church (oldest in Australia still in use) and its nearby Devonshire tea house, all called for serious attention and to rejuvenate ourselves we had to quaff an ale or two in Windsor while we waited for the train.

You don't have to suffer these distractions bush bashing in the Blue Mountains, but to hell with the kilojoules, a great time was had by all and we resolved to do another one soon.

Participants: George and Christine Floyd (leaders), John Montague, Chris Nugent, Stuart Corner, Maurie Bloom, Peter Martin, Deborah Shapira, Brönnie Niemeyer and John Carlson.

* * * * *

SOCIAL NOTES

by Belinda McKenzie

- 29th July - Slides of exotic places, should not be missed!
INDIA and NEPAL - by Bob Younger.
- 19th August - PHOTO COMPETITION - Bring prints for display (this is for prints only). We will have a competition for slides later on.
THEME - Your favourite place and show us you favourite place.
Judge is undecided at the moment but it promises to be a good night. Don't forget your old prints for Nostalgia Night in October.
- 26th August - CLUB AUCTION - Another night not to be missed! Your chance to clear away un-needed gear. Anything that can be sold, but please no rubbish. This is an opportunity to buy or sell clothes, backpacks, tents, sleeping bags, ski gear.
Auctioneer is not decided as yet.

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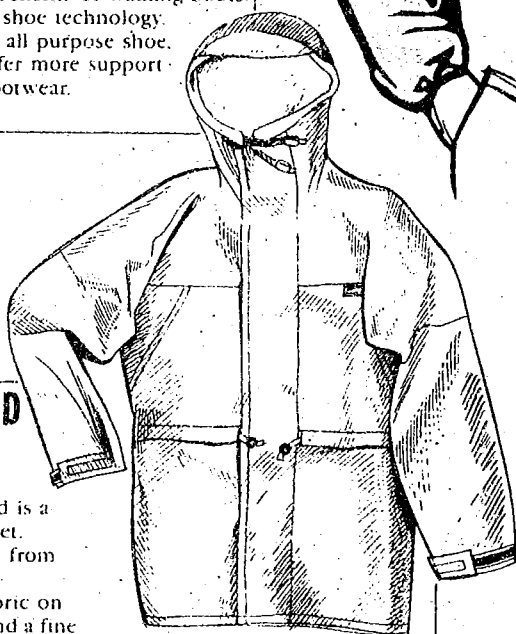
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BOOGEYING IN THE BOGEY HOLE**by Alan Mewett**

Sunday, March 8, 1992. It is warm and sunny with a pleasant sea breeze. Twenty-four Sydney walkers have been enticed to the Catherine Hill Bay - Caves Beach coastline by Frank Woodgate's description in the SBW Walks Program: a beautiful coastal walk - beaches, headlands, sea canyons, pools, swimming, sea caves.

After a car swap delay, we assemble at Caves Beach, south of Swansea, introduce ourselves, and listen to Ione Dean's short talk about the history of the area. As we prepare to move off, a Ranger approaches and warns us of death adders in the gullies. The older, experienced club members hang back as Frank leads off through bitou-bush in a sand dune reclamation area.

We are south-bound for sea, surf, sand, swimming and soul satisfaction. We pause on Quarries Head to admire the view north towards Port Stephens and wonder at the colour, the azure of the deep water turning to aqua as the crested waves curl towards the shore. We look down on energetic seas dashing against the rocky inlets and through Frank's sea canyons.

We drop our packs and daks for a pre-lunch swim at the Bogey Hole, a large rock pool sheltered from the pounding surf by an expanse of conglomerate rock. It appears safe with submerged rock platforms to the north and south, constantly fed with fresh sea water from the platforms and from the wash of waves that break on the seaward rock. It is an idyllic setting and twenty walkers are up to their necks in it.

A few swimmers, including the writer, are tempted to leave the water and sit against the seaward rock, enjoying the "spa" of the wash and watching the other swimmers cavorting in the pool, our backs to the sea. Without warning, we are enveloped by the white water and noise of a big wave hurtling over the rock, and four of us are lifted and dumped, skidding along the conglomerate towards the pool. Naked figures leave the rock hurriedly.

Across the pool, the four are helped from the water, our thighs and legs bloodied. The writer looks down at his left thigh and imagines a shark has bitten his bum. In fact, the conglomerate rock has been like a cheese shredder on naked skin. Members, prospectives and visitors move around the injured, assisting. Sterile pads, adhesive strips, tape and bandages have erupted from packs and there are clouds of antiseptic surgical powder puffed on to raw buttocks, elbows, knees and feet. Willing and caring hands carefully patch up all abraded and bruised areas of naked skin. There are reassuring words from mates and strangers alike.

Now dressed, we lunch quietly on the shore side of the Bogey Hole. After the sight of so much blood it is a wonder that few appetites appear to be affected. Frank is cheerful in spite of a bloodied foot. I face my visitors and laugh nervously; they must think we are a lunatic lot.

After lunch we cross Middle Camp Beach with the odd limp evident here and there. The walk pauses at Catherine Hill Bay and three of the injured depart to seek medical aid on their way home. Five other walkers also leave, some of them to help the injured retrieve their cars.

Frank's departure has left the writer, as co-leader, in charge of the afternoon walk. With Frank's sketchy, sketch map and Geoff Bradley's knowledge of the area to assure us, we set off around Deep Caves Bay, past Flat Island, to the caves on Timber Beach. As we pass through a "hallway" Geoff recounts how, at high tide, it is a great thrill to stand there and have the waves go over your head. Oh yeah! I've had enough adventure for one day, thank you all the same!

We nibble afternoon tea in the shade of the cliff, and then bound back along the beaches to the pub at Catherine Hill Bay. A few of us dawdle taking in Flat Island, which is not an island, when two trail bikes race along the beach.

The bikies are confronted by one of our visitors who lets them know in their own language what they can do with their machines. The riders are effectively stunned and so is Judy MacMillan. Oh, come on, Judy, you've heard worse on the school playground!

Back at the pub, the passengers enjoy their drinks as drivers retrieve their cars from Caves Beach. It has been an eventful day, mostly enjoyable, and unforgettable for some of us. Thank you, Frank.

FOOTNOTE: Two months later, the scars on the writer's left arm, thigh and foot serve as a constant reminder of the Sogey Hole bleed, a time when he and others were caught off-guard by a danger ever-present on our coast.

CONFEDERATION NOTES



MEETING HELD 16/6/92

Ron Muir from The Colong Foundation for Wilderness was guest speaker addressing the meeting on various Wilderness proposals now under consideration. Proposed plans for certain wilderness areas on display at present should be seen and people should submit their views to get wilderness legislation established quickly.

It was agreed to pay the costs of repairing the S & R radio equipment. The Upper Blue Mountains Walking Club has been admitted to membership. Approval has been given by the Parks Service for the holding of the Blue Gum Forest 60th Anniversary celebrations.

The Tasmanian Dept of Sport & Recreation plans to set up a pilot scheme for accreditation of organisations and trip leaders. Confederation will pay travel and accommodation costs for a NSW representative to attend. Gordon Lee SBW was nominated as representative.

Various local branches of NPA have been in touch about Insurance Schemes.

Search & Rescue: 26 people attended the last First Aid Course.

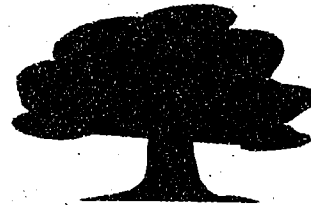
The "Rock Squad", specialising in cliff rescue, held a practice in May. Contact is being made with State Emergency Service authorities in an effort to have a better understanding by them of the part walker S & R is best equipped to play.

Conservation: At least three bodies - the Total Environment Centre, the Colong Foundation for Wilderness and NPA are all planning campaigns to support the Wilderness Legislation measures. After discussion, it was resolved to make donations to each organisation, and as Confederation's allocated funds for this year are low, to provide for them from next year's budget.

Annual General Meeting: Bookings have been made at the Burwood RSL Hall. Delegates and visitors to the AGM are asked to pay \$5 towards cost. However this includes afternoon tea.

THE ROGAINE which was run by the Confederation on 26/27 June attracted 57 teams and there were 215 participants. See "The Bushwalker", July.

CONSERVATION CORNER



LOGS FIRST

by Alex Colley

For more than six months wilderness conservation has occupied centre stage in State Parliament. The bone of contention has been the determination of the Forestry Commission to log old-growth forest regardless of the wilderness values of these forests or the endangered species dependent upon them.

Following prolonged protests by some 200 conservationists over the logging of Chaelundi State Forest in the Guy Fawkes Wilderness, a blockade and many arrests, John Corkill, a co-ordinator of the North-East Forest Alliance took the Forestry Commission to the Land and Environment Court. The Court ruled that logging and roading would be a breach of the National Parks and Wildlife Act because it would spell the death knell of the 'truly exceptional' wildlife values. Subsequently John Corkill challenged the State Government under two more Acts - the Environmental Planning and Assessment Act and the Heritage Act. In all he won seven challenges, after which he was moved to say, "If I don't enforce the State's laws, who will?"

The Government reacted by introducing a regulation exempting forestry and other agencies from sections of the National Parks and Wildlife Act related to endangered and protected species.

Then the Opposition, with the support of the Independents, succeeded in passing the Endangered Fauna (Interim Protection) Act, giving the National Parks and Wildlife Service power to approve or refuse applications to log forests where logging would kill or disturb wildlife.

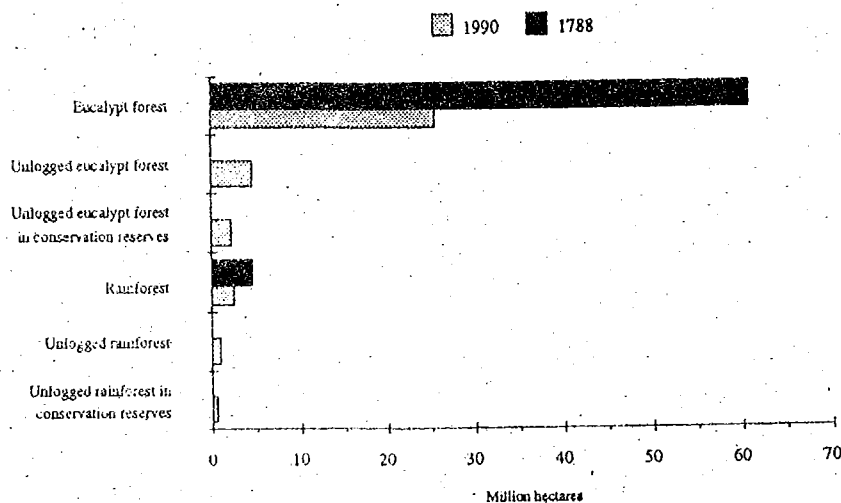
The Government responded with yet another Act, passed in March - The Timber Industry (Interim Protection) Act. This Act precluded logging in a number of old-growth forests until an environmental impact statement was obtained and also imposed a moratorium on eight wilderness areas nominated under the Wilderness Act. In the rest of the state forests the Commission was free to pursue its wilful way. The Act was pushed through under the Government slogan of "jobs, jobs, jobs" which also means that it doesn't matter what damage people do so long as they get paid for doing it.

Yet another Bill was placed on the parliamentary agenda by Dr. Terry Metherell - the Wilderness (Declaration of New Areas) Bill - which had the object of having the wilderness areas described in the Colong Foundation's Red Index declared as wilderness. The Bill covered 19 wilderness areas. Although the Bill lapsed following Dr. Metherell's resignation, it did provoke action and may be taken up by another member.

Tim Moore gazetted 10 wilderness areas within national parks. This is important in that these areas now have statutory protection instead of depending on park management, which is often unfavourable to wilderness. On April 9th he presented to Parliament a schedule giving the date by which the NPWS is to report on each wilderness, the display period during which it will be open for public comment, and the date of the final submission to the Minister. Seeing that only one wilderness had been assessed before these announcements, this was a very positive step.

Also on the parliamentary agenda is the Opposition's South-East Forests Protection Bill, which, if passed, would protect most of the major south-east old-growth forest areas.

Figure 1.2 Remaining forest that is unlogged, 1990



Source: AUSLIG (1990) and Resource Assessment Commission.

(Australian Surveying and Land Information Group)

On April 22nd the Club was fortunate to have a run down of all the wilderness areas, illustrated with Henry Gold's slides, presented by the Colong Foundation's Project Officer, Keith Muir. This talk helped greatly to elucidate the present position and the threats to which our wilderness areas, which are the last refuge of many endangered species, are subjected.

* * * * *

MONTHLY MEETING NOTES



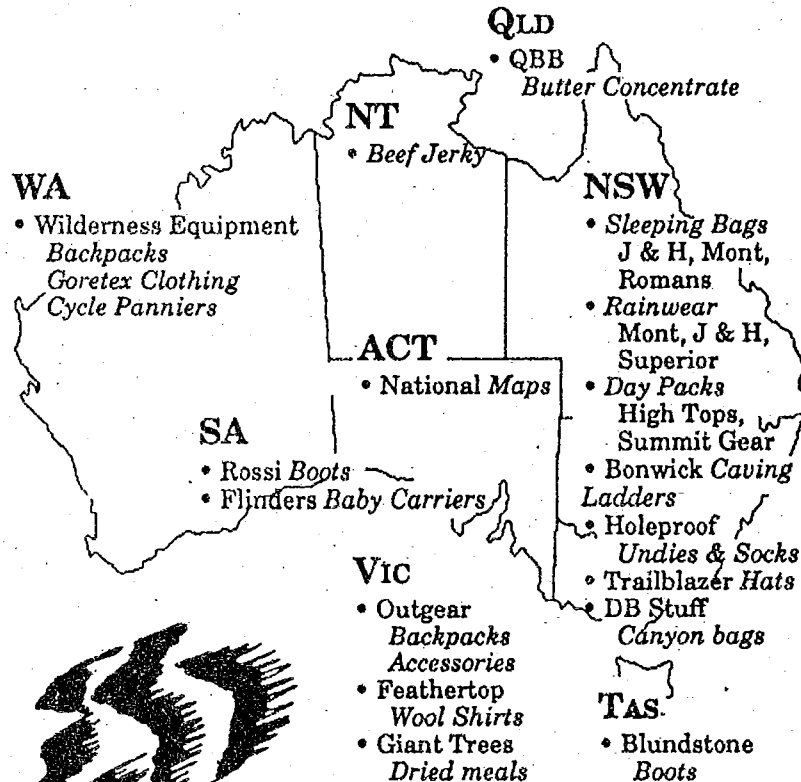
THE JUNE GENERAL MEETING

by Barry Wallace

There we were, with around 18 members present and the President in the chair, initially tinkling an upstart glass bell, such as might serve to call attention to the wants of patrons at a tea house, for order. It didn't work, of course, so after a while Ian went and got the bone, the only true source of power for the chairman at an SBW General Meeting and got the show on the road so to speak at around 2011. There were apologies from Bill and Fran Holland, Spiro Hajinakitas, Helen and George Gray and George Floyd.

New members Rodney Harroll and Len Heinke were called and welcomed in the usual way. Len became a member in May but was unable to attend that meeting due to other commitments.

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The Minutes of the preceding General Meeting were read and received as a true and correct record with no matters arising. Correspondence was comprised of an outgoing letter to Tim Moore and a letter of return thanks to the membership from Michelle Powell.

The Treasurer's Report indicated that we received \$3,122, spent \$564 and closed the month with a balance of \$7,099.

The Walks Report began at the weekend of 16,17 May with Ian Debert's walk down Gingra Creek and up the Kowmung River. It seems the 12 members of the party spent a fair amount of time separated into sub-units of various sizes, beliefs and persuasions. The weather was good, however, and they all reached the cars just a fraction after dark. There was no report of Bill Capon's Budawangs walk but both day walks followed the trend and ended in the dark. Wilf Hilder had 10 or 12 walkers, depending on just when you polled the party, on his Berowra to Brooklyn walk which ended at Cowan, and Jim Callaway reported 17 on his Waterfall to Heathcote trip.

The weekend of 23,24 May saw Spiro out with a party of 13 enjoying good weather and the unlimited views promised for his Megalong Valley trip. Alan Mewett was able to report that he had lost not one of the 15 starters on Jerusalem Bay walk and Errol Sheedy had a party of 12 plus Jim Callaway, whom one would never really count as lost in that area, on his Bundeena to Waterfall trip.

The following weekend, 29,30,31 May we had Carol Lubbers leading her base camp trip from Airley. It was a perfect winter weekend, with cold nights and mild sunny days. Some 14 starters attended on the Saturday, and 17 on the Sunday. Not all of the party did the same things at the same time, but in general the party climbed Pantoneys Crown on Saturday and browsed around the diggings on Genowlan Mountain on Sunday. Greg Bridge had 16 on his Megalong Valley day test walk, and there was no report of Morag's Offord to Bundeena walk.

Kenn Clacher's long weekend walk to the Blue Breaks went but there were no details. It was the same story with Maurie Bloom's Budawangs (gaiters desirable) trip. Ian Rennard was much more forthcoming about his Mount Colong walk. There were 13 starters although one of these failed early due to inadequate footwear. They reported crowds on the Kowmung River, good weather and an enjoyable trip. Dick Weston reported a party of 5 on his day walk that weekend, to complete the walks report.

The Conservation Report included an odd item on the depredations wrought on staghorn (or was that elkhorn) populations by marauding bushwalkers. An article in last month's magazine dealt more fully with this scurrilous accusation and our response to the perpetrator of this vicious untruth. There was also a report that the sudden burst of declarations of **Wilderness Areas** have disturbed landholders in many of the areas affected.

There was no Confederation Report.

General Business saw passage of a motion that we donate \$200 to the Cancer Council of NSW. After that it was just a matter of the announcements and it was all over for another..... at 2110.

WALKS REPORTS



"THE CROCKS WALK"

by Ian Debert

I led my traditional walk on the 16th/17th May from Kanangra - Pages Pinnacle - Gingra Creek - Kowmung River - Hughes Ridge - Kanangra. I originally had 14 booked on the walk only to find Morag had injured her ankle jogging during the week so this put an end to her weekend away. When we arrived at Kanangra I discovered that our only prospective, Chris Johnson, had to work so our numbers were down to 12. Out of the rest of us, namely Ray Hookway, John Montague, Margaret and Laurie Bore, Lyn Jones, Barry Wallace, Bob Hodgson, Keith Perry, Dick Weston, Patrick Wasielewski, Allan Wells, some were fit and others were ????? Bob Hodgson was recovering from operations on both knees and went like a Bondi Tram! Barry Wallace who has been having troubles with a leg and back problem handled things with little difficulty, and then there was Ray Hookway who claimed to have been bitten by a leech the previous weekend but there was no evidence showing (sounds a strange story) and yours truly had a cold.

After all this the "Cocks" walk began at 8.45 am sharp. We left Kanangra car park on a beautiful day, stopping to look at the breathtaking views, took off for a scramble down Gordon Smith Pass and had morning tea at Crafts Walls, another great spot. From here some of the party went one way around Crafts and the leader went the best way and waited for the rest of them. We were then on our way to Pages and on to the Gingra - going down Pages is steep but you get down fast. The creek looked great and three of us even had a swim (well a dip anyway), when it was suddenly realised that Laurie was not with us, so we made a sub-committee decision and decided to have lunch and wait for him to catch up. Lunch over and no sign of Laurie, so crocks Barry and Bob went back up Pages. Next minute Laurie came down with them, for reasons unknown, he had ended up in Gabes Creek, but he was certainly glad to see us.

After a bit to eat we were on our way. John asked if he, Allan and Keith could go ahead and get a fire going at the campsite we had used last year. I stayed with the tail-enders and caught up with the middle group at 5.45 pm at an earlier campsite (not the campsite we had used last year where the three front-runners were), so again the party was split. With some music from Bob's harmonica an enjoyable night was had by all.

Next morning we caught up with the others and decided to send Marg and Laurie up the Gingra Track and arranged to meet them at Coalseam Cave. We all went up the Kowmung which was fairly easy, but Allan decided to have an unscheduled swim. Lunch was at the bottom of Hughes Ridge or Ferny Flat, with a long log to cross the river, which saved getting our feet wet. Then for the climb straight up, however you can. It was steep but enjoyable when the views came into sight. Once again we were on our way to Coalseam Cave where we found Marg and Laurie.

We all finally walked together across the Tops (the first time together since Saturday!!). It was just on dark when we reached the cars and a few spots of rain began to fall - good timing.

The "Cocks" did well considering their disabilities, and I strongly believe that if nothing exciting happens on a trip it is rather boring. We finished the weekend at Youngs at Katoomba for a meal.

WALKS REPORTS - CONTINUEDDAY TEST WALK, ROYAL NATIONAL PARK - 24/5/92

led by Errol Sheedy

Twelve walkers left the ferry at Bundeena and set out for Waterfall on a clear day of sunshine caused by a cool southerly breeze which had blown away pollution.

The first stretch was an eroded track with plenty of running water. Morning tea was enjoyed at Little Marley in such glorious conditions that some members of the party threatened to mutiny by remaining. Jim Callaway joined at this point and left at Wattamolla.

By this time the whips were cracking and the party moved to Curracurrong Creek. Here a slight detour was made to view Eagle Rock. Lunch was held further up the creek but was shortish due to the leader's concern of being benighted in the bush. From here the party moved south through scrub, not as thick as previously experienced since recent bushfires had reduced the level of she-oak and hakea. The party then followed the fire trail to the Sir Bertram Stevens Drive which led half a kilometre later to the Wolumarra Track. Here the party partook of afternoon tea before descending to Bola Creek and Lady Carrington Drive. Some lucky members saw a lyrebird raising and lowering its long tail feathers. The party headed up the Couranga Track and arrived at Waterfall together with a red cloudy sunset.

Those who participated in this 26 km "stroll" were: Barry Moore, Peter Dyce, Robin Plumb, Maurie Bloom, Vince Foksett, John Carlson, Patrick Wasioleski, Bronny Niemeyer, Helen Ketelbey (P), Arthur Makinson (P), Brian Holden and Errol Sheedy (leader).

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BUSHWALKERS NSWANNUAL CONFERENCE

All Club members are invited to attend the combined Annual Conference and Annual General Meeting of the Confederation of Bushwalking Clubs NSW (Inc). The Conference is a time for bushwalking clubs to meet, exchange information and find out in-depth what the Confederation has been doing on the behalf of bushwalkers.

PLACE: Burwood RSL, 96 Shaftesbury Road, Burwood
 DATE: Saturday 22nd August 1992
 TIME: 10 am to 6 pm (1000 to 1800)
 COST: \$5 per person (Includes afternoon tea)

PROPOSED AGENDA:

10.00 Opening of Club
 10.30 Welcome by President and summary of activities for day
 10.45 INSURANCE COMMITTEE REPORT
 12.00 Annual Report Summary
 12.15 Lunch and outdoor shops gear SALE

 1.30 Presentation by Insurance exchange of Australia
 2.30 Discussion Groups
 3.30 Afternoon Tea
 4.00 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
 5.30 Wind up

SUNDAY, 23rd August: *** BUSHWALK *** BYO Day Pack and essentials for a medium day walk

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Bushwalking in the Arid Lands

Australia's arid lands contain some of the most dramatic and inspiring landscapes in the world. Every year hundreds of thousands of people come to see places like Ayers Rock and the Olgas. Tens of thousands spend a few days touring those parts of the mountain ranges which are easily accessible by vehicle. They spend an hour here and an hour there, never knowing the wonders they have missed. Not one in a thousand takes the time to really experience this magnificent wilderness in the only way it can be fully appreciated - on foot.

An ever changing land

The Red Centre is not the Dead Centre. It is the living heart of the world's oldest continent. Rain is infrequent but when it does arrive the land springs to life. A few days after a good rain, new growth turns the red sands green. A few more days and a blanket of wild flowers turns the landscape into one of the most colourful in the world. Put a few good seasons together and the animals multiply in their thousands. The sight of thousands of budgerigars swooping and turning in unison is one of the most inspiring in the world.

As well as being infrequent, the rains which bring new life to the land are irregular. In some years it may not rain at all. Even at such times, an astounding variety of plants and animals is waiting to be found by those willing to wander slowly through the land, from oasis to oasis, stopping to observe and enjoy the small things the masses miss as they rush through - a grasshopper so perfectly camouflaged that it is invisible until it moves, a small lizard scuttling by in search of its dinner, a bird as it comes down for a drink.



Wet year or dry, the eternal landscape provides a peaceful and inspiring environment for those who take the time to experience it. White ghost gums stand in stark contrast to the red rock and blue sky. The soft pastel lilacs and mauves of dawn give way to the bright yellows of the early morning. These slowly fade with the increasing sun then deepen into the magnificent reds

"Those who wish to experience the best that the arid lands have to offer have a special responsibility to care for these lands"

which precede the sunset. At night the cool, dry air brings every star into focus allowing you to appreciate the heavens in a way which is impossible in any city or town.

Respect and responsibility

But for all of its timeless grandeur, the land is a harsh mistress and quickly punishes those who dare to go out with inadequate water, clothing or knowledge. Those who take the time to get off the beaten track and out into the wilderness need to treat the land with respect, respect both for what it can do to them and for the damage they can do to it. The slow pace of natural change in the arid lands makes them surprisingly fragile. Those who wish to experience the best that the arid lands have to offer have a special responsibility to care for these lands, to ensure that they keep

each waterhole as pure as it was before they arrived, to avoid careless acts which might damage the natural surrounds, to take nothing but photographs and leave nothing but footprints.

Bushwalking holidays

If you are reasonably fit and would like to enjoy a wilderness bushwalking experience with a small group of like minded people in an arid land environment, Willis's Walkabouts may be able to offer exactly what you want. All those who take part are provided with a comprehensive information booklet which enables them to prepare for the conditions they will encounter. Every trip is accompanied by one or more experienced guides who will navigate through a land where there are few trails or tracks. The guide will explain the things you see and will cook you a three course meal every night. You will be free to relax and enjoy this unique wilderness experience.

For full details on all our bushwalking holidays, contact

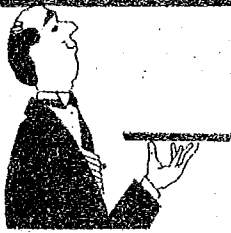


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HINTS FOR FOODIES

DRIED APPLES

by Christine Floyd

Dried Apples are well known to most bushwalkers, often talked of with contempt and usually eaten "straight", having been boiled to death over an inferno, then drowned in a gallon of custard. (Did I hear you mutter "Wot's rong wif that??")

On the recent Flinders trip Geof Wagg demonstrated that with a little imagination and careful cooking, the basic "apple and custard dessert" could be delivered night after night in delicious combinations, providing variety a-plenty for the taste-hungry palate.

The secret to good apples according to Geof, is to allow them to soak in plenty of cold water, before cooking slowly in the embers of a gentle fire. (Note the apples were soaking long before preparation for any other course was begun.) Here are some of the combinations that kept the team happy for eight nights - all served with wonderful thick custard, by courtesy of Shirley Dean. Proportions are presented in brackets.

Dried Apples	and	Dried Pineapple & Dried Banana	(2:1)
"	"	Dried Pears & Ginger	(6:3:1)
"	"	Dried Apricots	(2:1) or (1:2)
"	"	" & a few Dates	(2:1)
"	"	Dried Peaches & a few Prunes	(2:1)
"	"	cooked with a Cinnamon Stick & Sultanas (3 dstsp Sultanas per kg of Apple)	

Dried Apples can also be used in main course dishes. The following recipe for a **Fruit Curry** is good for those longer walks. The sweet fruity flavour can be varied with the choice and quantity of fruits used. The following quantities make a generous meal for two.

FRUIT CURRY

50 g Dried Apple	25 g Dried Onion
25 g Dried Pineapple	50 g Sultanas
80 g TVP (chunky pieces)	1 tblsp Tomato Magic (optional)
1 Beef cube	4 tsp Curry Powder (adjust to taste)

Soak all ingredients in cold water for about 30 minutes. Cook in the embers of a gentle fire for 20-30 minutes. About 10 minutes before serving add: 25 g Dried Bananas. Serve with boiled rice.

75 g per average appetite

100 g per person on a hard walk

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