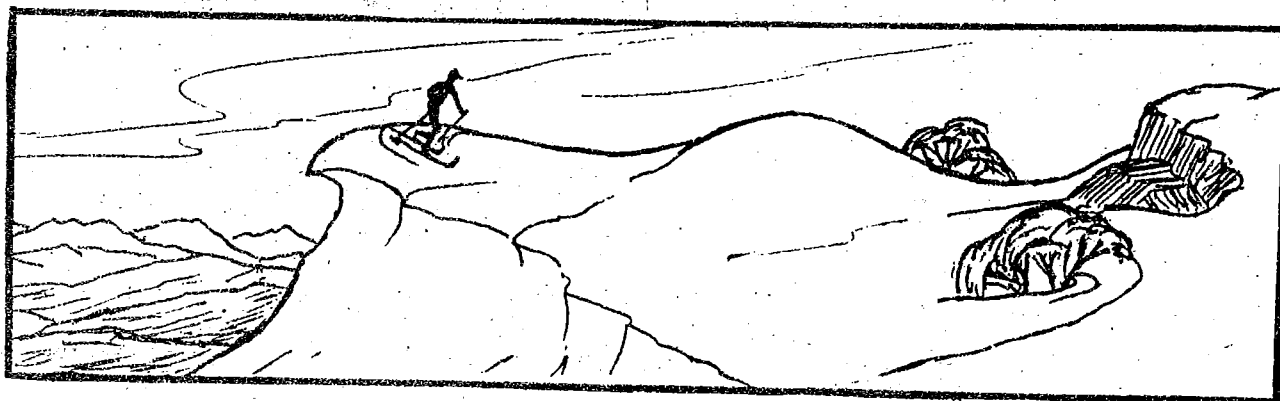


A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to the Sydney Bush Walkers Incorporated, Box 4476 GPO, Sydney 2001. Club meetings are held every Wednesday evening at 8 pm at Kirribilli Neighbourhood Centre, 16 Fitzroy Street, Kirribilli (near Milson's Point Railway Station). Visitors and prospective members are welcome any Wednesday. To advertise in this magazine, please contact the Business Manager.

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## AUGUST 1992

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### EDITORIAL NOTES

A RUSH JOB THIS TIME.....I'M OFF SKIING FOR TWO WEEKS.  
DON'T FORGET NEXT MONTH'S SPECIAL ISSUE ON WILDFLOWERS  
AND SAFETY. PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF TELEPHONE NUMBERS  
ON FRONT PAGE.

DEBBIE.



### BLUE GUM BALL

THIS IS REALLY A BUSH DANCE RUN BY THE CONFEDERATION OF BUSH-  
WALKING CLUBS TO RAISE MONEY FOR THEIR FUNDS. AS THIS YEAR  
IS THE 60TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEDICATION OF BLUE GUM FOREST  
THE DANCE IS BEING CALLED BY THE NAME OF THE "BLUE GUM BALL".  
THE CLUB PRODUCING THE BEST DECORATED TABLE WILL BE AWARDED  
THE ANNUAL TROPHY (THE BOOT!). THERE WILL BE RAFFLES, SPOT  
PRIZES, LUCKY DOOR PRIZES AND MORE. THE SBW WILL HAVE A TABLE  
SO COME ALONG - CASUAL DRESS, NO NEED TO BRING A PARTNER.  
BYO FOOD AND DRINK. PHONE DENISE SHAW 922 6093 (H) FOR MORE  
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\* \* \* \* \*

### CROSS-COUNTRY SKI TRIP

To any school teachers, budding school teachers (any others who can get  
holidays late September/early October).

MARK DABBS is proposing a cross-country skiing trip between 27th  
September - 11 October (school vacation) and would like to hear from any  
members interested in joining him. (Phone 638 7690 after 7.00 pm)



Leader: Ian Rannard. Party: Deborah Shapira, Denise Shaw, John Hogan, Mike Reynolds, Ainslie Morris, Stephen Ellis, Chris Johnson, Burt & Mary Carter, Alan Wells, Don Willcox and Morag Ryder.

#### Saturday 6th, 10 am

"Meet at the start of the Uni Rover Trail at 9am", said Ian. The trouble was that some people waited on the road, some on the start of the fire trail and some at the start of the walking track. By 10:15am we had sorted out the muddle, parked most of the cars at Kanangra Walls and begun walking. I noted with interest that the heel of one of Don's shoes had split away from the upper - and wondered how it would last for three days.

With the temperature at 5° and brilliant blue skies above, Lost Rock was soon found, as were Mounts Goondel and Savage. Lunch was in a sheltered saddle and by 3:30pm we were on the banks of the Kowmung. A very deep Kowmung. Ian bravely waded through the icy water - but when it reached the tops of his long legs, the party began to moan and whimper. So Ian went upstream and Steve went downstream to find something more suitable for short legs. We removed shoes and socks for the shallow crossing, stubbing our blue toes on the rocky bottom.

The campsite just inside the mouth of Lannigans Creek was decorated with garbage, including two dixies the size of washtubs and an un-opened 4 kilo can of baked beans. Unfortunately, the better campsite a little further up was occupied; as it was now 4:30 and rapidly growing dark, we cleaned up the mess and made ourselves comfortable.

#### Sunday 7th, 8 am

Our packs were on and the fire doused when Ian reviewed his troops. The entire heel of Don's shoe was now flapping, and despite using half of Denise's sticking plaster, it could not be mended. There was nothing for Don to do except return to the start and wait for us.

Lannigans Creek began wide open and easy, so we rock-hopped along in fine style. Gradually the pools became larger and the bed narrower. Thank goodness the water was low, or we would have waded much of the way. It was 11 am before we reached Colong Caves, so the anticipated inspection was cancelled.



Instead we had a 'snack stop', filled our water bottles and turned up Green Gully. Very narrow and full of vegetation - but by doing a steep sidle we avoided most of it and emerged at a low saddle, with just a few metres to climb onto Mount Billy.

The rocks of Mount Colong were now above our heads. We slowly clawed our way up the near-vertical grass slope and then tackled the grey scree slope. Despite gathering clouds and a bitter wind, the view from the top was magical as ever.

A 20 minute lunch and then on, past the giant campsite to the equally impressive trig. Surveyors in the past must have had much time to spare, in order to build this 5-metre hollow cone of dry stonework.



Getting down to Colong Swamp was not so straightforward. "We have to sidle around here" said Ian, "Then we walk down a steep slope and through thick scrub to the road" So we sidled around, walked down a steep slope and came to another cliffline. As very few of the party were willing to tackle a possible chimney down, we retraced our steps and did a bottom-slide down a large rock, which brought us below the intervening cliffline. The road at last! How nice it was to walk on flat ground, after spending one and threequarter days going either down or up.

The campsite was lushly green, with lots of clear water and verbose frogs. A freezing wind blew away the clouds while we toasted our toes and enjoyed 10 different kinds of 'happy hour' nibbles.

#### Monday 8th, 6:00am

With a long way to go, Ian decided we should make an early start, and began breaking twigs in the dim pre-dawn light. By 7.30 we were saddled up and while not exactly rarin' to go, made a quick descent to Blue Bush Point on the Kowmung, pausing only briefly to admire the views from Mt. Amour.

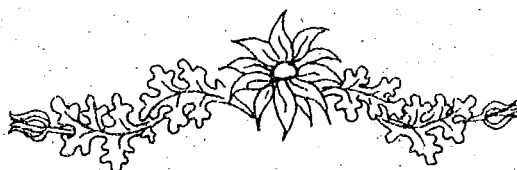
The bonny banks of Kowmung were alive with campers of all kinds and it would have been nice to dawdle and chat. No, no time; said our stern leader, we have to tackle The Climb. We paddled through a shallow and very wide Christys Creek, (flood damage?), avoided the initial rock face of Colboyd Range, and climbed at a steep angle to the first saddle.

Colboyd Range is not nearly as popular as Bullhead, but that day our party was just one of many. It seems that fine weather brings out walkers faster than rain brings out the snails. With the temperature still only about 7°, we were glad to keep moving, but we were soon overtaken by a party of six energetic young walkers. They climbed the exposed face of Stone Hag with packs on their backs, while we conserved our adrenaline by passing packs and going up a less exposed crevice.



More parties on Mt. Bungin, and we revelled in warm afternoon sun while crossing Pindari saddle. Pindari Pass at last - with A Vision Splendid from the top. Mount Colong, The Axehead, Wanganderry Walls - you name it - all glowing in the afternoon light.

After that we had nothing to do except wriggle through spring-loaded scrub on the tops, and soak our feet in The Black Swamp before getting back to a carpark full of bushwalkers at Kanangra Walls.



## BUILDUP BUSHWALKING

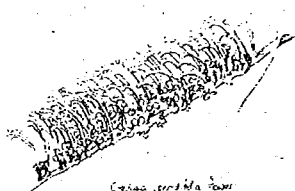
The north Australian climate is often represented as having only two seasons: Wet and Dry. No one who has lived there can fail to distinguish a third, the Build Up, which lasts roughly from October to December.

Months without rain have parched the land. Temperature and humidity slowly build up to peak levels. Great, fluffy clouds fill the skies. The land lies waiting.

Suddenly the wind springs up. Temperatures drop dramatically. Rain buckets down as lightning flashes and thunder roars with intensity that has to be experienced to be believed. Then it is over and still once more. Trees burst into bloom. New growth covers the land with a blanket of green almost as you watch. Every day brings new pools and more flowers. This is a time to relax and enjoy the changing landscape.

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The Kakadu trip described on pages 40-43 in the current (Winter 1992) edition of WILD was Willis's Walkabouts Kakadu Circle No. 1 in 1991.

# Paddy Pallin

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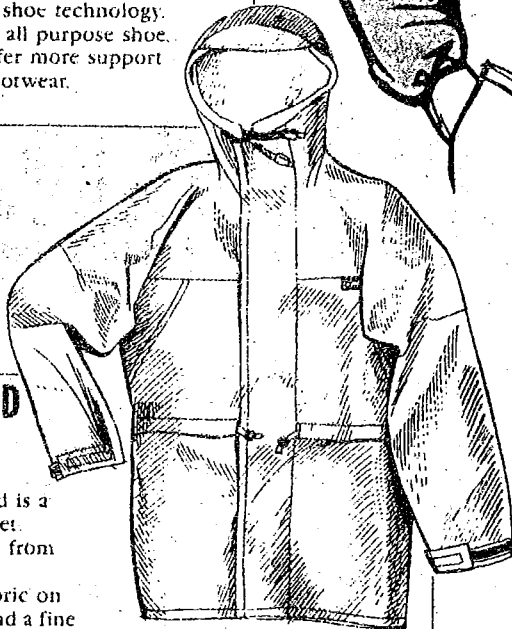
### HIGH TEC LADY LITE \$93.50

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## HINCHINBROOK ISLAND

**Holiday Trip led by Morie Ward  
20-28 June 1992**

**by Barbara Bruce**

It seems like no time at all since I made sure I was among the first to ring Morie to go on this trip and now I'm writing about it as a past experience!

And it seems like no time at all that the ten of us - Morie, myself, Robin Plumb, Maurie Bloom, Erith Hamilton, Brian Holden, Ainslie and Mike Reynolds, Jean Kendall and Jan Mohandas - were cracking jokes as we boarded for Brisbane at 7.15 a.m. on Saturday the 20th of June. In more ways than one we were doing the right thing; it was fine as we flew out of Sydney - a glorious day in fact - but I understand the weather deteriorated to rain while we were away enjoying the renowned Queensland weather. At this time, too, on inquiring after Jan's health, I discovered he had incurred a serious knee injury a couple of weekends before when an unseen broken tree branch pierced his knee as he was climbing over a log. I will say even at this stage that, except for when he had to go downhill, this injury did not affect his speed at all (as if you hadn't guessed!).

All Morie's connections worked perfectly so that at 4.30 p.m. we were in the huge, sunny, second floor room we were all to share that night - some with beds, some with mattresses on the floor. Visible from our windows, the majestic, rugged contours of the southern section of the 5 km long island were so close you could almost reach out and touch them. Dining at the highly recommended local pub it came to light we would be celebrating two birthdays during the week: Jan's and Mike's. We ensured they would be memorable for them both.

Early next morning saw us being taken by small boat to Picnic Beach on the south western tip of Hinchinbrook Island, then, with our feet on the firm, damp sand we felt the exhilaration of knowing that we were now actually on our adventure. The calm sea glittered in the sunlight. It was a couple of kilometres or so along this wide beach of Mulligans Bay before we found the orange plastic ribbons indicating the turnoff and the track. Along the way there were lots of 'sand dollars' which Robin collected for her infants school class, but I was fascinated by star shapes in the sand formed, I supposed, by tiny crabs.

Where the track took off into the bush there were millions of mosquitoes - or so it seemed. We donned our insect repellents copiously - but the menace waned after a few metres. We walked through magnificent dappled rainforest, which for most of us was reminiscent of parts of Kakadu. In the process we came across a phenomenon exclusive to Hinchinbrook Island: small brown and orange moths which adhere neatly to one

another on leaves and branches. As we disturbed their stillness they created the likes of a brown snowstorm for our delight and we watched as the branches and leaves lifted to their normal position while the weight depressing them flew off in apparent consternation. Their senses are such that not many of them actually bumped into our bodies. I think Mike will turn out to be the one with the most successful photograph because on one occasion he managed to use the light behind him and Ainslie in front with the moths to good effect. Quite a fascinating experience.

As we approached Mulligans Falls, we came across six other people lunching at the base so we chose to lunch at the top. It wasn't so far from there to our campsite at Sunken Reef Beach either.

The last part of the track to Sunken Reef Beach edges along a creek, in which floated a covering of pumice granules (believed to have blown in from a volcano eruption a few years ago). Brian Holden thought he could stand on a branch to get past at one point - and ended up having an early swim. At least the Black and Gold saos he had been carrying in his hand all day were still intact. At Sunken Reef beach we had the option of two creeks for drinkable water. Freshwater Creek tasted nicer to me, but it was a matter of personal choice.

Now we were really able to relax in style. Some took a swim before setting up camp immediately behind the beach. I was simply sitting on the sand, enjoying the sight and the sound of the waves when my consciousness registered the sight of FISH - good sized fish about 55cm/15" surfing in the waves. What am I doing just sitting here - I could be adding an extra dimension to this! Up to my pack to find the fishing line my father had given me and some bait in the form of salami cadged from Maurie - I don't think fish are fond of dehyds. A blissful hour and a half later with the sun finally gone down, but fishless, I joined the others in our first happy hour.

Next morning was Monday and our plan was to climb Mt Straloch and with a bit of luck Diamantina of the interesting rock formation on top. Jan and Robin did not come. (Robin had been suffering a respiratory infection before she came - so it was a wise decision.) The rest of us set off in high spirits and with high hopes. Just as well we had high hopes.... the heights themselves were extremely difficult to come by. Going up the creek was fantastic - but once we hit the bush and the steep climb at the same time it was a very different story. Morie found himself having to practically lie on the bush in front of him to make a path. It was thick, all right. It took quite some time to find anything like a level bit of ground or rock for us to have lunch and although we could see the top laughing at us about 600' above, we felt we had had enough, thank you, and anyway we needed to be back by 5.30 p.m. or it would be dark. We opted to return by an ostensibly easier route, but it was far from easy just the same. We passed a 1.5m python suspended in a tree. After 10 hours we managed to be back in camp right on 5.30 p.m.

Next day we departed Sunken Reef Beach, with all its delights, for Banksia Beach - 13 km away. We lunched and swam at a delightful pool at the top of South Zoe Creek Falls with a grand view over Zoe Beach before descending the steep track to the foot of



the falls. We stopped to take some photographs of the falls (and came across another SBW member, Jan McLean, there on a boating honeymoon).

Zoe Beach is a popular camping spot and visually not without reason. I noted lots of shimmering fish waiting to be caught in the estuary, where they also warned of crocodiles. However we were to press on, fortunately, because it is also noted for being the worst place on the island for sandflies. Some distance along the beach we found the track turnoff. For 2-3 hours we followed the track through interesting rainforest and mangrove swamps, wary of the muddy bits. We passed some young people on a trip to achieve their Duke of Edinburgh award and their noise indicated they were enjoying the mud we had spurned.

Past the swamps at the far end of Zoe Beach we climbed to the saddle to take us over into our Banksia Beach campsite. 1-1/2 km our leader said. We all declared it to be the longest (by about 5km) 1-1/2 km we have ever trudged. The signpost was nowhere near where it had been anticipated. However we eventually came across it - with a tremendous sense of relief because it had been a rather arduous afternoon. Fortunately Morie declared a rest day for the morrow; we'd climb the Island's highest mountain, Mt Bowen the day after.

Overnight there was a small amount of light rain, just enough to impinge on our subconscious. Next morning we all took easily to enjoying the delights of this tropical island: swimming - although the tide was well out, the water was shallow and here the surf was non-existent but the water was a pleasant temperature; snorkelling; walking the length of the white sands of the beach to the oyster laden rocks; reading, chatting over cups of tea, washing clothes or comparing notes with the occasional other walker to pass through. Early afternoon, though, we broke camp to move to Little Ramsay beach which gave us a better start for the climb up Mt Bowen the next day. It was while I was collecting water in the idyllic creek near this camp that I made up my mind that I, for one, would not be climbing Mt Bowen next day.....it was too appealing to stay here and relax in the serenity. However, set up camp we did and started happy hour early because we had two lots of rum and lemon barley to get through to celebrate Jan's birthday the next day. Talk was mostly about the ascent of Mt Bowen (1121m) - how it would be steep but that there were no problems anticipated. There would be sharing of tent flies, stoves etc. to keep packs as light as possible although warm gear would also be required. The plan was to follow a creek until within a short distance of the saddle 1km below the peak where there would be a ribbon marked track; camp on the saddle and visit the peak either on the afternoon of arrival or first thing next morning and return to our beach camp late in the afternoon.

Early Thursday morning six left on the climb. Robin, Jean, Jan and myself remained. Not long after, we four set off on a walk to the Boardwalk at Nina Beach; we would all be catching the boat from here in a couple of days' time. This was a most pleasant little expedition, especially since we only had to carry day packs. Along the way we were to become caught up in Robin's obsession to find and open a coconut. That proverb about determination leading to success took on vivid life. We were eventually to be successful in forcing one down at Nina Beach, carefully hiding the long branch we used to do this back in the trees ready for our return in a couple of days; we would surprise

the others and seek their help in getting the other one down. Shared around at Cardwell on our last night the flesh from the second one was to prove more mature and enjoyable. Jean and Jan climbed Nina Peak (25 mins to go up) on the return journey while Robin and I returned to camp for a late lunch and a relaxing afternoon. No happy hour this night; our thoughts went to the Mt Bowen group and how they might be faring. While we were cooking our meal we became aware of the bush rats hustling nearby. They were easy to catch sight of in torchlight - little brown creatures about 12-15cm/5-6". We first knew of their existence that very morning when Maurie Bloom announced that he had had one crawling over him constantly during the night (he hadn't closed his mosquito net) and Erith had been astounded to discover they had eaten a hole in her tent inner to get at the food bag pressing from the inside. There was no moon, it was dark and it was lonely without the others, so we bedded down about 9pm. I was unable to sleep at first and lay listening to the bush rats scampering around outside and undoubtedly inspecting my tent too.

When morning once again dawned fine I enjoyed the sensual pleasure of a swim in the warm surf just as the sun was rising and then Robin and I enjoyed our breakfast on the beach. Later Jean and Jan left on a day trip to Agnes Island, but as a comfortable pace for them was virtually a run for me, I elected to stay behind with the highlight of my day being the time Robin and I spent collecting oysters from the rocks in front of our camp. They were a small variety, to be sure, but that didn't matter! The more luscious were devoured on the spot while the rest were collected for bait, which we used for fishing late in the afternoon.

Much to our surprise Morie, with sweat pouring off him, appeared from among the trees at 2.45pm. Later Brian was to offer me one word to use to describe their adventure: "Horrendous!" We quickly learned they did not even reach the saddle on Mt Bowen and thereby hangs a tale in itself...

In retrospect it appeared that things went wrong for them from a very early stage. They believed they were to turn off into a second creek about 1km from camp; in reality this creek turned off at an earlier point and on later inspection it had looked so insignificant it did not look much like a creek entrance at all. Future parties beware!! Unaware, they pushed on, into a replay of our difficult climb of Mt Straloch two days previously. Near nightfall they wondered where on earth (or should I say where on the mountain?) they were going to camp/sleep. At this point Nature produced one of her little miracles and the six tired bodies managed to find about five flat spots to lie in. The sixth one used a rope to secure himself to a tree, I believe, and was not able to do other than to lie on his stomach all night. Despite their tribulations, many funny stories developed from this misadventure, including Morie's nightmare in which he was attacked by a dingo, of all things!

After this episode the happy hour celebrated on the beach at sunset was a very happy one, as was the evening which followed. Befitting for a last night in 'the wild'.

Our last morning was also Mike's birthday and after a harmonious breakfast on the beach we set off for the Boardwalk and our return to the mainland. On our way to Nina Beach we all shed our packs and took the track up Nina Peak. The views were quite

spectacular - 6 km long Nina Beach on one side, the mangrove swamps and the creeks within them on the other and in the opposite directions the beaches we had walked and Hinchinbrook's rugged ridges. At least we had managed to climb one mountain! A tremendous spot for photographs.

Six hours later, after a slow, picturesque boat trip via Cape Richards resort to Cardwell, we were taking hot showers in comfortable units before becoming the town's only nightlife at its 'top of the range' Pizza Palace. There we found that our tourist office manageress was also our waitress.

Next day, prior to our return to Sydney, Hinchinbrook Travel presented us with a video so that we could show it at the Club. So watch the Social Program!

\*\*\*

### HOW TO GET TO HINCHINBROOK ISLAND

We flew Sydney-Brisbane-Townsville. If you get in early enough, cheaper flights are available. At Townsville airport we took a bus (\$3) to Townsville Transit Centre. We then caught a bus to Ingham, where we were collected by a small bus arranged by Hinchinbrook Travel, who had made all our arrangements for the time we were in the Hinchinbrook area. At Townsville we also purchased fuel for our stoves, but there has to be somewhere closer than where we bought ours!

\*\*\*\*\*



### HINTS FOR FOODIES

Breakfast (from Nordic Ski Club Guide to New Members)

Muesli (pre-add sugar and milk) 80 g/day

Dry Biscuits (vita wheats, ryvita, etc) - 4 biscuits/day.

Honey 20 g/day, vegemite 1 film canister/3 days, jam 25 g/day, peanut butter 30 g/day, margarine 30 g/day.

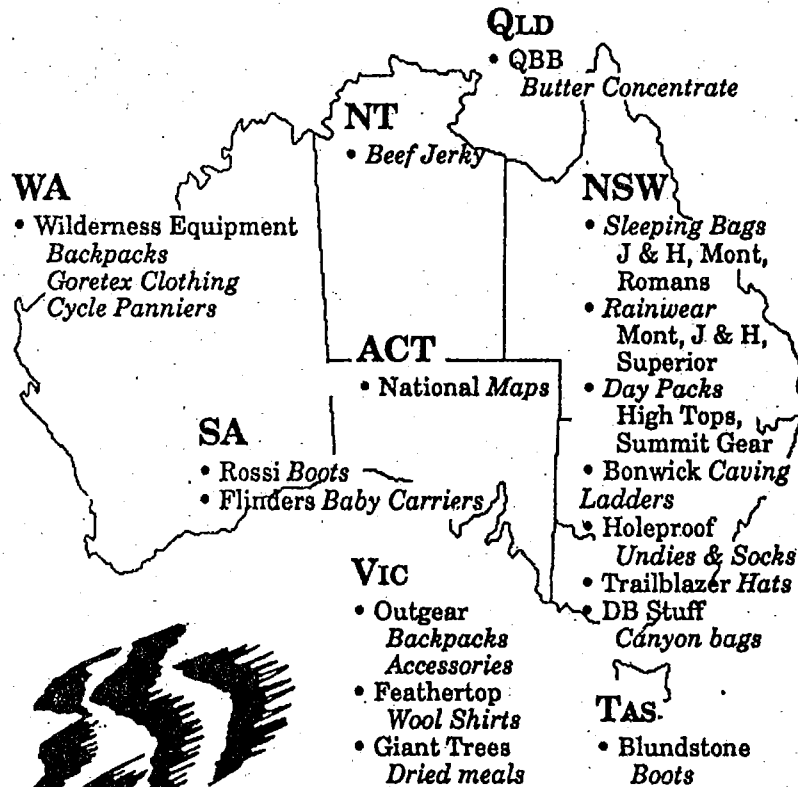
Orange drink powder or Milo or Tea/Coffee.

FOR SALE :- BRAND NEW PACK 85 LITRE "TRENDSETTER" - \$185.00

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## CONSERVATION CORNER



### WILDERNESS

#### HELP TO SAVE WHAT'S LEFT OF IT

by Alex Colley

The voluntary wilderness conservation movement is opposed by wealthy development interests which employ a staff of highly paid employees to defend their proposals and are able to retain expensive consultants and lawyers. For this reason the Alex Muir Art Exhibition of paintings and pastels is of vital significance to the movement. Dr. William Muir is donating the net proceeds of the sale of his late brother's works to the Colong Foundation's Myles Dunphy Fund. Income from this fund has already funded the successful Nattai Park submission, together with the research for the Wilderness Red Index and Dr. Geoff Mosley's "Blue Mountains for World Heritage" submission, published in book form.

The Wilderness Red Index inspired Dr. Metherell's Wilderness (Declaration of Areas) Bill which triggered the declaration of ten wilderness areas within national parks and the assessment of ten wildernesses nominated under the provisions of the Wilderness Act. The Hon. Ros Kelly, Minister for Conservation, has promised that the Commonwealth would provide every possible assistance with the preparation of a nomination for World Heritage listing, a promise confirmed to a deputation for the Blue Mountains City Council, and the State Government is willing to have the Blue Mountains included in the Indicative List of World Heritage nominations.

The exhibition will be opened by the Patron of the Colong Foundation, The Hon. Neville Wran A.C., Q.C. at the Artarmon Galleries, 479 Pacific Highway, Artarmon on August 11th, but will continue until August 25th from Monday to Friday between 10 am and 5 pm and on Saturdays from 11 am to 3 pm. Alex Muir is described as a lyrical abstractionist. His paintings have been acquired by the National gallery, and an exhibition of his works held in 1973 was very successful.

Members of the S.B.W. interested in modern art are urged to see the exhibition and bring it to the notice of any of their friends interested in art. The paintings and pastels will probably sell for between \$500 and \$1500, which means that every sale will contribute some hundreds of dollars to the Myles Dunphy Fund.

Members are also urged to submit their comments on the NPWS Wilderness Assessments to the Director. The areas assessed are Deua, Bindery (Mann), Lost World (Border Ranges), Goodradigbee, Kanangra Boyd, Binghi, Nadgee, Guy Fawkes, Washpool and Macleay Gorges.

The nominations are opposed by loggers, graziers, miners, resort developers, off-road vehicle clubs, horse riders and many other anti-conservationists. Submissions by bushwalkers, who know and appreciate wilderness better than any others, would be very valuable. So if you want the bush preserved, send your comments to the Director of the NPWS, Mr. W. J. Gillooly, Box 1967 P.O. Hurstville 2220. I will be glad to provide the necessary information to any member prepared to submit comments.

\* \* \* \* \*

## MONTHLY MEETING NOTES



### THE JULY GENERAL MEETING

by Barry Wallace

The meeting began at 202x. Given that x is one of several values depending on which of the various false starts you take as valid and whose watch you believe. The President was in the chair and there were around 20 members present. There were apologies from Joy Hines, Margaret Niven, Bill Holland Ione Dean, Laurie Bore and Denise Shaw.

New members Doreen....., Bruce..... and Colin..... were welcomed into membership with yet another procedure. As each new member came forward they were asked to provide a brief verbal resumé of their walking to date and then asked to wait at the front of the meeting until all new members had passed through this process and were present. The group were then collectively welcomed, with individual presentations of badge, constitution and list of members. After all that they were allowed to resume their seats.

The Minutes of the previous meeting were read and received with no matters arising. Correspondence was comprised of letters to new members and nothing else of note.

The Treasurer's Report brought news that for the month of June we earned or otherwise acquired income of \$2,303, spent \$6,967 and closed with a balance of \$2,435. Keep those subs coming in folks.

The Walks Report began with a brief summary of Spiro's Flinders Ranges trip. There were 16 on the trip, the weather was superb and there was enough water, just. Meanwhile, back at the ranch, over the weekend of 13,14 June Stan Madden's base camp trip at McMasters Beach saw varying numbers attending for the walks, the socialising and the camping. On Saturday the party walked to Box Head, enjoying the spectacular patterns in the rock formations. Saturday overnight saw the odd shower of rain but Sunday was fine enough for the 9 who were present to go and play tourists at Maitland Beach. Ralph Penglis reported 14 and good weather for his Sydney Harbour "without getting your feet wet" walk, and Wilf:- If we are going to write about Wilf's walks report we had best start a new sentence, or two, 'cos Wilf certainly provided a most fulsome account indeed. Stage 6 of the Great North Walk it was. There were 12 starters who burst forth from Cowan at around 0800, weather fine, track poor, to Jerusalem Bay. The birthday cake at lunch proved no handicap as they raced away for the early train from Wondabyne. There were lots more detail. Maurie Bloom's Map Reading Instructional had between 15 and 22 participants, none of whom became lost.

The weekend of 19,20,21 June saw Don Finch leading a party of 10 on his Corang River trip. The weather was cool and fine and a good time was had by all. Ian Debert's Saturday start car swap via Bluegum Forest trip saw the party of 11 enjoying a late Saturday lunch and fine weather generally. Their post dinner veg-out on Saturday evening was interrupted by the arrival of two walkers who were experiencing some difficulties with their day walk car-swap from Perry's to Victoria Falls. It seems they had been unable to locate the track up to Victoria Falls and were retracing their steps when, surprise, surprise, darkness fell. Ian's mob were able to dissuade them from moving further toward Perry's with their last and failing torch and got them to stay at the campfire for the night.

Eddie Giacomel had some number between 11 and 24 on his day walk in the Bluegum area, and Alan Mewett, not to be outdone by Wilf, provided an extended account of his Muogomarra Nature Reserve walk, including statistics for the last five years. There were 19 on this year's walk and they encountered numerous rock carvings, with a little help from Zol Bodlay. The weather, however, was damp and cold.

Deborah Shapira's cycle trip from Penrith to Bents Basin was cancelled when Deborah's middle-ear infection produced that most unpleasant vertigo which is so often one of the side effects. George Walton scrubbed his Megalong Valley wine and cheese trip scheduled for 27, 28 June, but Geoff McIntosh took the 23 takers for his Redledge Pass, Galong Creek day walk out in the rain.....they survived. Errol Sheedy's RNP day walk did not go.

Jo van Sommers led 10 on her mid-week Lawson to Hazelbrook walk through fine, sunny weather.

There is every indication that Ian Wolfe's ski-touring trip from 3rd to 6th July went, but we have no details. Bill Holland reported 20 on his Starlight's Trail - Beloon Pass - Hilltop walk, enjoying a good weekend. Laurie Bore's Wollangambe crater walk on Sunday 5th July saw the 11 walkers toiling through a long day to reach the cars at dusk. Rudi Dezelin led the 11 on his wildflowers and mangroves day walk in Marra Marra NP until lunch-time. The views were beautiful, but the last view the party had of the leader he was preparing what appeared to be a 3-course lunch. It is unclear whether he consumed this by candle-light.

Tony Manes led the 16 on his Bundeena to Engadine day walk along at a fast clip. Despite this there was mention of scrub-bashing by torchlight. This ended the walks report.

Conservation Report covered the news that the NPWS's Wilderness Areas Assessment is out for comment. Ten areas are covered in all.

General Business brought mention of a proposal to establish a paint-ball war games facility adjacent to the Marra Marra NP. A motion that we write in protest was passed. Alex will prepare and mail a letter to appropriate departments.

Then it was just a matter of the announcements, and the meeting closed at 2135.

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#### ADVANCE NOTICES OF EXTENDED WALKS - CHRISTMAS/NEW YEAR

WOULD ALL LEADERS PLANNING PROGRAM OR OFF PROGRAM EXTENDED WALKS IN DECEMBER/JANUARY PERIOD PLEASE ADVISE THE WALKS SECRETARY, BILL HOLLAND 484 6636 AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE.

WE PLAN TO DISPLAY THESE WALKS ON THE NOTICE BOARD AND PUBLISH THEM IN THE MAGAZINE AHEAD OF THE SUMMER PROGRAM IN ORDER TO GIVE ALL MEMBERS AN OPPORTUNITY TO PARTICIPATE, OTHERWISE THE WALKS ARE SOMETIMES BOOKED OUT BY THE TIME THE SUMMER WALKS PROGRAM REACHES OUR MEMBERS.

RETRACING HISTORY

by "Clio".

In a small cairn beside Barrallier's Falls (Middle Christy's Creek) an eight centimetre long glass container was found earlier this year. Inside were some damp sheets of paper which recorded Myles Dunphy and Norm Colton's journey on 22nd January 1934. (Unfortunately this record had deteriorated too much to decipher.)

A second party visited the falls over the King's Birthday weekend in 1940. Their route was Kanangra Walls - Middle Christy's Creek - West Christy's - Kowmung - Le Tonsure - Mount Colboyd - Kanangra. It was later stated that this was the first mixed party right down Middle Christy's. The participants were ? Kinsella, ? Martin, ? Helmrich, ? Stodart, Hilma Galliot, Edna Stretton, Jack Debert, Gordon Smith, Tim Coffey, Roley Cotter, Bill Hall and Bill Cosgrove.

Finally, there was Marion Ellis and Harry Ellis in May 1946, also of SBW who decided to "....do Christy's Creek to show that there's life in the old dog yet."

Myles noted in his journal that he and Norm were the first Europeans since 1802 to Barrallier Falls which Myles also named. A cairn was built with a message wrapped in lead-foil on a hillock well above the falls. Before departing Myles cut the Mountain Trails Club's blaze into a sassafras close to the pool below the falls. Later Myles was to be stricken with heat exhaustion, with other complications, resulting in a rather unusual rescue - but that is another story.

The Dunphy files note that later in the year C. Barnard and R.E. Mitchell (later Mr. Justice Elsie Mitchell) visited the area. Then Trevor Krok and party (no date) and in April 1940 Gordon Smith, Jack Debert, Alex Colley, Mrs. Smith, Miss P. White and Miss Christian. Gordon and Max made the first (complete) ascent of Middle Christy's Creek in the late 1930's.

In February 1802 Ensign Francis Barrallier arrived at a creek which he named Shellstone Creek (the junction of Christy's Creek with the Kowmung). He continued westerly but was finally thwarted by a waterfall. Due to a lack of rations, and considering the time that he and his men had been out, Barrallier decided to retrace his route. Before leaving he cut the Cross of St. Andrew into a tree near the base of the falls.

My journey was to see whether any of these explorers had left any traces of their passing. I recalled that Barrallier bypassed a waterfall and found somewhere a small flat area with an empty native shelter. This should have been prominent and I had recalled seeing a cairn, on a small flat beside a waterfall, many years ago.

The weather was overcast and misty and the water flowing over Barralliers Falls was creating a small maelstrom. A number of trees in the amphitheatre were scarred but these appear mainly to be by rocks or possibly flood-borne logs. Imagine my surprise when, upon opening the cairn, I found a small metal-capped glass container. The lid bore the name "Yardley's - British Made Est.1770". Had I found proof that Barrallier had passed by here?

Once I had dried out the contents the page completed by Myles had "Note in bottle", which proved that one's memory is not always true.

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