

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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DECEMBER 1992

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EDITORIAL NOTES



Dear Fellow Walkers -

To my great regret this will be the last issue of the Sydney Bushwalker with which I will be involved. During the summer, whilst all you are enjoying extended walks throughout the countryside, I will be packing all my worldly possessions (not forgetting the bushwalking gear, of course) and relocating interstate. Thanks to all contributors, together I believe we have made an interesting magazine. Thanks also to you the readers who during the year have expressed gratitude to me about the magazine.

Putting out the magazine every month involves hours of work and so to the printing team and the production team many, many thanks for your continued efforts.

If it were not for Kath Brown and her many phone calls reminding me that she has a little free time next weekend and could I bring her some copy, you would probably never see the magazine. Thank you, Kath, especially for your advice on layout and the labour involved in performing it. Also many thanks to Morag Ryder for supplying beautiful drawings, sometimes on short notice.

Kath Brown has kindly agreed to receive all copy at her address until an interim Editor is appointed by the committee. Her address is 103 Gipps Street, Drummoyne 2047.

I hope we meet again soon. See you all at the Christmas Party.

DEBBIE

CLOSURE OF CLUBROOM DURING HOLIDAY PERIOD

Please note that the clubroom will be closed 23rd December, 30th December and 6th January next. However a barbecue at Obelisk Beach (Sydney Harbour) will be held on 6th January. See Social Program.

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS TO ALL OUR READERS FROM THE
MAGAZINE STAFF.



WALKS REPORTS



WARRUMBUNGLES TRIP - JULY 23/27

by Simon Fountain

Participants: Maurie Bloom, Laurie Bore, Kay Chan, Christine Floyd, George Floyd, Simon Fountain, Fran Holland, Bill Holland, Jean Kendall, Chris Maher, Geoff McIntosh, Jan Mohandas, Jim Stevens, Kris Stevenson.

Thursday Night: Drive to Coonabarabran, camp at Helen and Jim Stevens property.

Friday: Day circuit in Warrumbungles National Park.

Saturday & Sunday: Drive to Narrabri and overnight walk in Mount Kaputar National Park.

Monday: Exclusive visit to the Siding Springs Observatory.

Waking up on a shiny, frostless Friday the party of 14 walkers drove in convoy to the Warrumbungles National Park. Sharing a lookout with a couple of disinterested emus we got a spectacular vantage of the jagged country we would soon be walking through. Clothing off, as we threaded our way up to the Grand High Tops for morning tea. By this time everybody was well pleased they had come along. Blue skies framed these wonderful formations which jutted out of the green rolling hills. Jim was able to tell us how they were climbed (Helen and Jim included), including a great story that saw Dot Butler signalling the first ascent of Crater Bluff by lighting a fire to signal her success. The vegetation caught ablaze and set the mountain on fire, which had the locals talking for many years afterwards.

A traverse and a doddle to the top of Bluff Mountain for lunch which saw the party picking their way over ice sheets left over from a snowfall on the Monday. As suspected we were joined by two wedgetail eagles who soared over the cliff tops. Leaning back against the hard volcanic rock it was easy to be mesmerized by the collision of the brown western plains and the green and red bumps of the Bungles. Trickling down into West Spirey Creek we followed the dry bed back to the regenerated picnic area where we observed some tiny birds and some kangaroos. Driving back along the flat we caught up with the rest of the mob as hundreds of 'roos grazed in their protected paddock. The only thing spared being a noxious weed called blue heliotrope which occasionally kills animals that eat it and creates a real problem for local farmers.

A great day. We headed back for a guided tour of "Chitty", hearing how Helen and an offsider made enough mud bricks in eight mornings to build this attractive and energy-efficient house. At about the same time your correspondent locked his keys in his car, sparking the great Barina break-in which was masterminded and pulled off by Jim. That night there was a lot of exotic conversation and many different forms of holy water being passed around. Things are a bit sketchy but the three things I do remember involved: the rustling of beloved billy sticks; a familiar mummified figure awakening to deliver a clever pot shot before submerging again; and a very sensitive remark about the role of shirt ironing and the modern (or ancient) 90s man.

Saturday. 5.30 am Bill set fire to some sticks and all was forgiven. Quickly on the road to Narrabri, the designated rendezvous went a bit funny. The leading red rally car went hurtling hell east and crooked towards Mount Kaputar leaving the rest to ponder navels in Narrabri. Another spectacular day. Great hunks of exposed rock face and snow on the top of the range had the sartorially gaitered party jumping out of their skins. After a disorderly traverse from Bark Hut down to the fire trail we came across a series of bulldozed clearings. We suspect they were preparations for transmission towers which seemed a shame in this beautiful wilderness area.

Stage left as we fell off a steep unmarked descent into the Vale of Sighs. No loss of life, minor bruising only. At the bottom Jim remarked he had never seen so much water in the Park. Following Horse Arm Creek down to the well preserved Scutts Hut we came across a wonderful waterfall and deep, deep bottle-green swimming hole. Rock hopping and scything through the shaded, prickly clumps of nettles and sword grass we came to an abrupt and spectacular stop at Kurrawonga Falls. The gorge gave an expansive view out over the southern half of the park.

Settling on a skinny and virtually untouched campsite on the edge of Little Horse Arm Creek, the party enjoyed their delicious hour. There was a lot of smoke that night and an impromptu waterbed Geoff created when he sat on his wine bladder. Sticking to goat tracks the next day, we followed the creek up. Skating over basalt platforms and avoiding rock slides. A meeting of considerable minds then took place. A decision was made. The party would head back up to the ridge avoiding the slow going along the creek, pushing through a series of saddles to the cliff tops at Eckford's Lookout.

A spell of petite bush-bashing, exposed rocky ridges and a lone snowball that cannoned off Mr. Mohandas's melon, found us underneath some impressive cliffs. Working our way around the western side looking for the best chute, we settled on a slot that had a section of exposed rock face. With Maurie and Jim showing the way, the rest of us followed. Wondering whether Jim's considerable frame was the best anchor we could choose, everybody did a great job in scrambling up safely. Chris and Kay were so exhilarated they vowed to do it again the next time they were in the neighbourhood.

Gazing across towards the Great Dividing Range and through the smoky haze to the Liverpool Range the view on top was terrific. After respectful debate over the direction of the car park, a group video degenerated into a standard issue snowball fight. The survivors made their way to the trig on Mount Kaputar which marked the end of a fabulous walk.

Thank you to Jim Stevens whose knowledge and love for these wilderness areas gave us an unique insight into the rhythm of nature.

* * * * *

KENN CLACHER'S CANYONING WEEKEND - CLAUSTRAL/BELL CANYONS
WILL BE HELD ON 6/7 FEBRUARY 1993 INSTEAD OF JANUARY 9/10
PLEASE NOTE YOUR WALKS PROGRAM



THE GREAT WEST WALK - THE NEXT CHALLENGE

Wilf Hilder

The about-to-be-completed Great North Walk (17 stages) from Sydney to Newcastle has grown into one of the major features of our Club's 65th year celebrations. The 17 programmed stages of this some 300 km epic walk have attracted quite a lot of interest in SBW and among the other walking clubs.

As you will see from last year's and this year's Summer Walks Program, that exactly 12 months after the first stage of the Great North Walk was programmed, the next great walking challenge is on - in stages - from Sunday 20th December 1992. This time it is Sydney to Lithgow, starting as before from Macquarie Place. Unlike its northern namesake, the Great West Walk - this walking saga has no kit of maps and information, no guide book or benevolent Government Department to design and nurture it. This Great West Walk traverses some very familiar walking areas but to make it interesting it will include a number of seldom seen attractions - another hard act to follow?

I am using similar guidelines that I used in planning the stages of the Great North Walk - medium walks in the summer and medium/hard test walks and medium/hard weekend test walks in the cooler months, and making full use of public transport to and from each walk. To complete the challenge in 12 months it is necessary to program a walk each month. The success of this type of challenge is good teamwork. As for the great North Walk, it requires the help of many people and cooperation is essential to the smooth running of this walking saga.

The challenge of the Great West Walk - Sydney to Lithgow - is just ahead of us. Let us go!

* * * * *

THE LANDSLIDE - CYCLORAMA POINT - KATOOMBA

by Clio

In the October issue of the magazine Geoff Grace attributes the collapse of the escarpment below Cyclorama Point to mining subsidence. As far as I am aware, no mining was conducted in that area.

A resident claimed small crevasses developed after a lightning strike around November/December 1930. A more likely explanation can be attributed to the erosion of the underlying shales of highly compressed muds which are susceptible to the action of wind and water. Mount Talaterang and the Pigeon House are examples where this occurred at two separate levels. Newspapers of the time carried pictures of people standing astride the fissures. By late January the gap was nearly three metres wide. Such was the public's interest that special buses were unable to cater for the crowds of sightseers.

Early on a late January morning heavy rumblings and earth tremors were felt as far away as Mount Victoria as part of the rock face fell into the valley. When it was suggested that gelignite be used to clear the remainder of this loose outcrop there were bowls of protest from businessmen, motor drivers and bus proprietors. By mid-February the gap had increased to ten metres and the block was now forty-three metres long and some ninety-five metres deep. Dot Butler recalled that during May "we were all camped out somewhere and had our ears to the ground sleeping when we heard this terrific rumble-rumble-rattle and of course we all thought it was an earthquake. But apparently it was Dog Face Rock going down miles away."



THE PADDY PALLIN UPDATE

FROM THE LEADERS IN ADVENTURE

SEPT-NOV 1992

Welcome to Issue 1 of the Update, our way of letting you know the latest developments in products and activities available at your local Paddy Pallin store.

GORE-TEX VALUE - THE BARCOO. \$249

The Tanami Barcoo jacket is now available at all Paddy Pallin stores.

At \$249.00 it represents outstanding value for money for a fully featured Gore-Tex rainshell. The Barcoo passed with flying colours

the stringent tests carried out by W.L. Gore as part of their Guaranteed

To Keep You Dry programme.

The Barcoo is mid thigh length and features seamfree shoulders, a waterproof front closure, external-drawcord and 2 large volume pockets.

Available in Red and Mid Blue

THE PADDY PALLIN CLUB

Back in June we launched The Paddy Pallin Club in order to stay in touch with regular customers. For an annual subscription of \$10.00 members receive a host of benefits including a special Club members discount on their purchases, special rates on adventure activities as well as exclusive trips for Club members. Members receive a newsletter full of outdoor tips, product news, competitions, information on new offers etc.

To join simply pick up a brochure in your local Paddy Pallin store or telephone 008 805398 TOLL FREE.

THE TIKA CORONET - FOR TRAVELLING BUSHWALKERS.

You're off on some lengthy travels that could involve some bushwalking along the way? If so the Tika Coronet (\$389) could be the pack for you. It has both a top loading and front opening facility, a comfortable 2 size adjustable harness system that can be zipped away for avoiding the airport baggage chewer! The front pocket zips off and converts to a daypack. A fine pack for those travelling to Europe but stopping off in Nepal on the way home to trek around Annapurna.



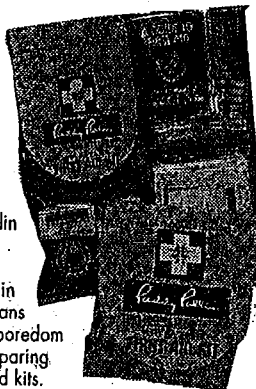
'medical' contents, the kit also contains a fully laminated First Aid Booklet, Casualty Record cards, a notebook and pencil and printed information on Hypothermia and Emergency contact numbers. \$69.95

PADDY PALLIN COVERS THE COUNTRY!

All 400+ products in our catalogue or any other item of outdoor equipment can be sent anywhere. So if you can't make it to a Paddy Pallin store call Toll Free 008 805398 for a copy of The Paddy Pallin Catalogue and full details on our Mail Order Operation

EXPANSION AND FACELIFT FOR CANBERRA STORE

By the time you read this the painters and carpet fitters will have left and our Canberra store will be looking bigger and brighter. So next time you're in the National Capital call in.



THE ADVENTURE FIRST AID KIT

A while ago some Paddy Pallin staff were tentbound in a storm on the Main Range. As a means of relieving the boredom they began comparing personal First Aid kits. Noticing a number of similarities in what they had ended up with over the years, the idea of developing a specific Adventure Kit came about. A week or so later we were meeting with St John Ambulance and many months later the joint Paddy Pallin/St John Ambulance Adventure First Aid Kit was born. The kit is packed in a brightly coloured, flexible, multi pocketed PVC pouch sealed with weatherproof press zips. Apart from the

DON'T BAG THE ENVIRONMENT - 16,000 BAGS SAVED!

A big thank you to all our customers for the tremendous support you have given the above scheme whereby every time you elect not to take a bag for your purchases Paddy Pallin donates 10 cents to a charity. In the first 6 months of this year we were able to donate \$800.00 to the Wilderness Society and \$836.00 to a range of charities local to each store. That equates to some 16000 bags not going into precious landfill, less energy being used because we need to order less bags. Thanks to you, everyone benefits.

NEW INTEGRAL OFFERINGS

Drytech, the fabric that revolutionized the Bodywear market, has two more garments in the range.

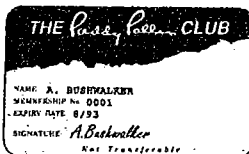
The cycle short style **Techshorts** are obviously ideal for cycling but also well suited to canoeing or bushwalking with the stretch of the Drytech Jersey fabric accommodating the most extreme movements. Available in Blue and Red at \$35.95

For those who prefer short sleeves we've chopped them off the old favourite, the **Techcrew**, to give the **Techshirt** with a price of \$35.95

Paddy Pallin

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THE AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLERS HAVE ARRIVED See them in your Paddy Pallin store now!

Spain 1992

Peter Miller

(Peter and Brian Hart booked a two-week trip to Spain in Australia with an adventure travel company. There were 13 in the party, including the guide.)

These comments on Spain are meant to give a general impression rather than a step by step exposé of walking and travelling in that delightful country. Spain is endlessly fascinating and most of the time we found the people very friendly and helpful. The Alpujarras are well worth a visit but I think a privately organised trip with someone with a bit of local knowledge and a smattering of Spanish would be preferable to spending two weeks with a group of strangers. The trip cost A\$930 which covered transport from Malaga to the Alpujarras and return, accommodation, entry to the Alhambra, the services of a Spanish speaking guide and the cost of taking the bags from village to village. Extras included transport up Mt Mulhacen, the cost of a guide around the Alhambra and meals other than the very scanty Spanish breakfasts.

Now read on

I met Brian Hart in Madrid, he is the club's expert on Spain having been there four times. It was a great buzz to be in Madrid which is a very lively city. Spaniards are very noisy people who speak loudly and think nothing of talking and singing in the street until 3am. Waiters clearing dirty dishes from a cafe table can make as much noise as a World War II air raid. Another thing about the Spaniards is that they have no idea of using rubbish bins. Taverners are ankle deep in litter and the locals just stand in the mess and add to it. The Spaniards eat very late and we soon got into the habit of dining out at nine and ten o'clock.

We went to Toledo with its winding picturesque medieval streets and ornate cathedral. We found our way to the El Greco museum but it did not really inspire us with any great love of the master painter's work. Many of the paintings were of saintly old men looking thin and drawn with an excess of piety, peering into the twentieth century through myopic eyes and several centuries of accumulated dust and grime. We also went to the Alcazar (Spanish for castle) which was important to Franco's forces during the Civil War in that it did not surrender to the Republicans even though it was almost reduced to a ruin by mortar and shell fire. It has now been restored and is a famous tourist attraction complete with one room with bullet holes in the walls and ceilings.

A visit to the Royal Palace in Madrid leaves one quite breathless with wonder at the Spanish zeal for ornamentation. The palace is approached across an enormous courtyard and a very grand flight of stairs leads to the formal rooms above. Heavy crystal chandeliers hang from the ceilings and some of the many hundreds of clocks collected by earlier Spanish kings tick away in the corners or on the shelves of flamboyantly decorated furniture. The throne room is a marvel of carved lions, thrones, crystal and gold with a ceiling painted by Tiepolo. One room has a ceramic ceiling in the ornate Chinese style and another room contains a table with its top covered in a delicate mosaic depicting birds made from thousands of pieces of coloured stone less than a millimetre wide and a few millimetres long. The armoury contains a big collection of swords, pikes, guns and suits of armour for men, horses and boys. There was also a suit of armour for a large dog and the man-sized cod-pieces brought out the most vulgar comments from Brian.

We travelled by train to Malaga through the Chorro Gorge catching glimpses of the narrow steel and concrete pathway fixed to the cliff face. Brian later walked along the pathway and brought back some photos showing the complete lack of handrails and missing sections of the path. At Malaga we met the group of English people who were to be our companions for the next two weeks.

We had lunch at a restaurant where the waitress tried her best to look after the funny tourists and made my tea with milk - yes, ALL milk, it was vile but I could not refuse to drink it as she had done her best. From Malaga the road goes along the incredibly ugly

Costa Del Sol (coast of the sun) with its rows and rows of jerry built houses packed onto every square inch of the barren hillsides. There are no beaches as we know them only narrow strips of grey shingle along the polluted Mediterranean. We went to Bubion in the Alpujarras which is on the Southern side of the Sierra Nevadas. The area was colonised by the Moors who irrigated the country by constructing aqueducts and diverting water from rivers up to 20kms away. The aqueducts are still in use today and the steep hills have been terraced up to the level of the aqueducts. The villages are very interesting. The flat roofed, whitewashed houses are all joined together and straggle up and down the hillsides with hardly a flat spot anywhere except the village square. Most villages have a whitewashed church and it is usually the most substantial building there.

Bubion is a pleasant village high on the side of a hill and reached by an amazingly steep and winding road which is barely wide enough for two buses to pass. The view from the hotel was across a valley to a steep ridge which leads up to Mt Mulhacen, the highest mountain in mainland Spain.

As we had a day to ourselves Brian suggested a walk across to the ridge facing the hotel. We walked up the road and found an old mule track going down into the gorge and followed it to a stone bridge across a creek. A maze of tracks led up the other side but with a bit of Brian's local knowledge and a bit of good luck we found ourselves by late lunchtime at the firetower we had seen from Bubion. We followed the road down for a few kilometres and then left it to find a small farm where Brian had camped on previous trips to Spain. From the farm we went by a variety of tracks and across country to the road and caught the bus back to Bubion in time for dinner on the terrace with the English people.

The suit cases were transported by road to the next village each day and left at the hotels or hostals where we stayed at night. We followed mule tracks or roads from one village to the next and it was an interesting way to spend two weeks.

We walked to Ferreirola and lunched beside an old deserted water mill which was built in a gorge next to bridge. We found an Australian living with his very attractive Spanish wife who invited Brian and myself into their charming house where we were entertained to lunch and cups of tea. While we were there it rained quite heavily and we were glad to be inside with all the Poms outside getting wet.

It had been planned to walk to Trevelez which is the highest village in the Alpujarras but the weather was very cold and wet and we were not absolutely certain that we trusted the guide to find his way across open country without a track. We decided to go by taxi to Trevelez and so eight of us plus day packs squeezed into a small taxi and set off along a very narrow winding mountain road in the pouring rain. We got to Trevelez where it was cold and wet and, being summer, there was no heating on at the hotel.

Trevelez is the centre of the ham curing industry as the climate is just right for turning perfectly good legs of ham into tough, stringy, tasteless lumps of indigestible fat and muscle. Every taverner has several hams hanging from hooks in the ceiling each with its own plastic container to catch the noxious effluent that seeps from the curing meat. The meat is cut in the direction of the muscle fibre thus ensuring that when it is placed between two slices of dry Spanish bread the unhappy purchaser of this simple but expensive repast will have the greatest difficulty in eating it. We did not see what happened to the remainder of the pig.

We braved the cold and wet conditions to walk along the Rio Trevelez but it was hardly worth the effort. The scenery would have been very pleasant on a sunny day with views up to the mountains on each side of the river but it was just too wet and cold and miserable. We stopped for lunch and then trudged back along the track which was running with water which filled our boots and made the track quite slippery.

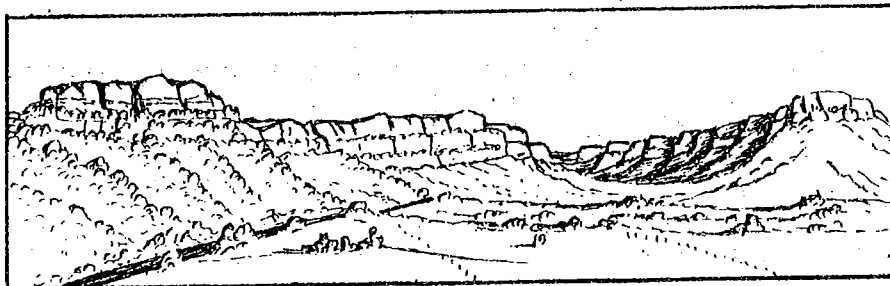
We had a very long walk back to Bubion along a gravel road that went on and on and on. Apart from the lunch spot and a very good view above Bubion it was just a day of hard, uninteresting walking.

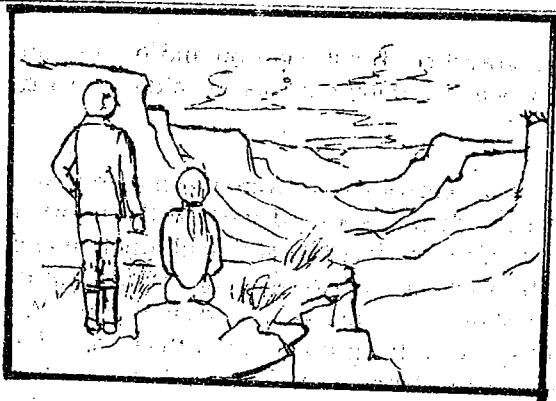
After the typically poor Spanish breakfast of toast and a cup of tea we were taken by bus and long wheelbase Land Rover up to Mt Mulhacen. It was a long drive and the weather became colder and duller the higher we went. We were dropped at a road junction and started the long walk up a Jeep track to the summit. I was wearing five layers of clothing and walked as fast as possible but could only just keep myself warm. We reached the summit where there was a lot of snow on the ground and a thick mist that prevented us from getting a view of Africa that Brian claimed could be enjoyed on a clear day. There is a shrine at the summit with a statue of the Virgin and the remains of a building that, I think, was once used by one of the religious orders. At 11,424 feet it is quite an exertion to walk and move quickly and it was fearfully cold. I was glad when we finished lunch and headed back down. The upper levels of the mountain are almost completely barren with only a few stunted grasses and herbs clinging to life among the dark, slaty rocks. We all (14 including the driver) had to fit into the Land Rover for the journey back to Bubion. We arrived at the hotel without incident and the driver admitted that he had come down the very steep road without brakes.

We went to the Alhambra in Granada and it was all that I had expected. It is wonderful to look forward to something for many years and find that it lives up to ones expectations. Unfortunately, the courts and buildings were crammed with people and it was difficult to see anything or to take photographs without numerous heads in the way. We saw the Generalife and the summer palace and the Lions Court and were very impressed. After the guide had done his bit and sent on his way we went to the Cathedral, the Capilla Real where Isabella and Ferdinand are buried (although the four wood and iron coffins in the crypt are alleged to be empty - yes, Napoleon's troops were here too and had a look inside) and also the incredible Monasterio de la Cartuja. This last is a Carthaginian monastery with paintings of the monks being slaughtered in England for refusing to abjure the Pope. They are shown with beatific looks on their faces while axes are being sunk into their heads and arrows being plunged into their bodies. The various chapels are covered with the greatest riot of ornamentation that I saw in any church in Spain. The alcove behind the main altar with its Venetian glass windows and ornate statues was like an underwater wonderland. Not one square inch of wall, altar, ceiling or floor was left undecorated. It was quite attractive in a bizarre way. Another chapel featured large wooden chests inlaid with mother of pearl that took one of the monks 37 years to make. In the evening we saw the Alhambra floodlit - magnificent.

Brian and the group of English walkers then took off by bus to Malaga and I spent the next six weeks travelling in Europe with a beautiful lady - but that is another story.

* * * * *





A RE-UNION SKIT

MOUNT COLONG &

THE KOWMUNG

by Tom Wenman

A weary party of bushwalkers looking up at Mount Colong -
 "Yes," says the leader - for leaders know such things -
 "Yes," says the leader, "There is always water on top of
 Mount Colong." - - -

Some time later, a weary party on top of Mount Colong:-

Let the merry cymbals sound
 Gaily pipe pandean pleasure
 Bank your billys, stamp around,
 Tread a gay but classic measure.
 Every heart with hope is growing
 For the glimpse of water flowing.

Sadly, no water was found.

Poor wandering ones, though you have surely strayed,
 Take heart of grace, your steps retrace -
 Back to the Kowmung tomorrow.

So it was, on the morrow, that the party, sadly chastened,
 and somewhat dry, retreated down the hill to the swamp at
 the bottom, where a thoughtful Bill Burke had preferred to
 camp. But the water was scarce there - so it was on to
 the Kowmung.

I have a song to sing oh - (sing me your song oh) -
 It is sung to the noon by a thirsty loon
 Who fled from the noisy thong oh.
 It's a song of a bushwalker walking back
 Whose step was slow and whose mood was black,
 Who had sipped no drop but who craved a lot,
 As he sighed for the flowing river.
 Heydee, heydee, Misery me, Lackaday-dee -
 I shall revive, if I find still alive, a beautiful flowing river.

A FEW YEARS ON - By the same river a somewhat over-plentiful
 supply of water.

The water is wide, we cannot get o'er,
 If only we had wings to fly
 Or could borrow a rope from a rescue crew
 We then could cross to the other side.

There is a river that flows to the sea,
 She's muddy and deep as deep can be,
 But not so deep as the trouble we're in,
 There's one or two here who cannot swim.

But what's this that appears from the sky?
 It's asking us if we wish to fly,
 And far above the rugged hills
 We're back to our cars without any spills.

The party returned to dine at the Wayfarers Inn.



"Ray Hookway's Walk DID GO".

Letter to the Committee - - -

from Ray Hookway

Dear Sir or Madam

I nearly choked on my Coco-Pops when I read Barry Wallace's report of the September meeting in the October Bushwalker.

Ray Hookway's Yeranderie walk DID NOT GO !!!!!

It most certainly DID GO !!! Led in fine style by Wayne Steele.

This is the second year running that I have been unable to lead this walk due to my sudden absence from Sydney, this time in Darwin, but each time I have managed to co-opt a first class leader. Last year it was David McIntosh.

The other problem I did have was that my work number was not published in the walks report and only people who knew me phoned me at work. I was not home very much in the time leading up to the walk.

I have not decided yet who to sue, the Club, the Walks Secretary for omitting my work number, Barry for defamation, the Editor or the magazine business manager, or all of them. I have sought expert legal opinion.

I feel that this incident has severely damaged my reputation, a reputation built up over many years and recognized throughout the walking world, a reputation which I am now struggling to maintain. In what light am I now regarded by your readers?

Unless a full apology is published immediately I will instruct my legal representative to take immediate court action. Punitive damages should be considerable.

Yours sincerely RAY HOOKWAY

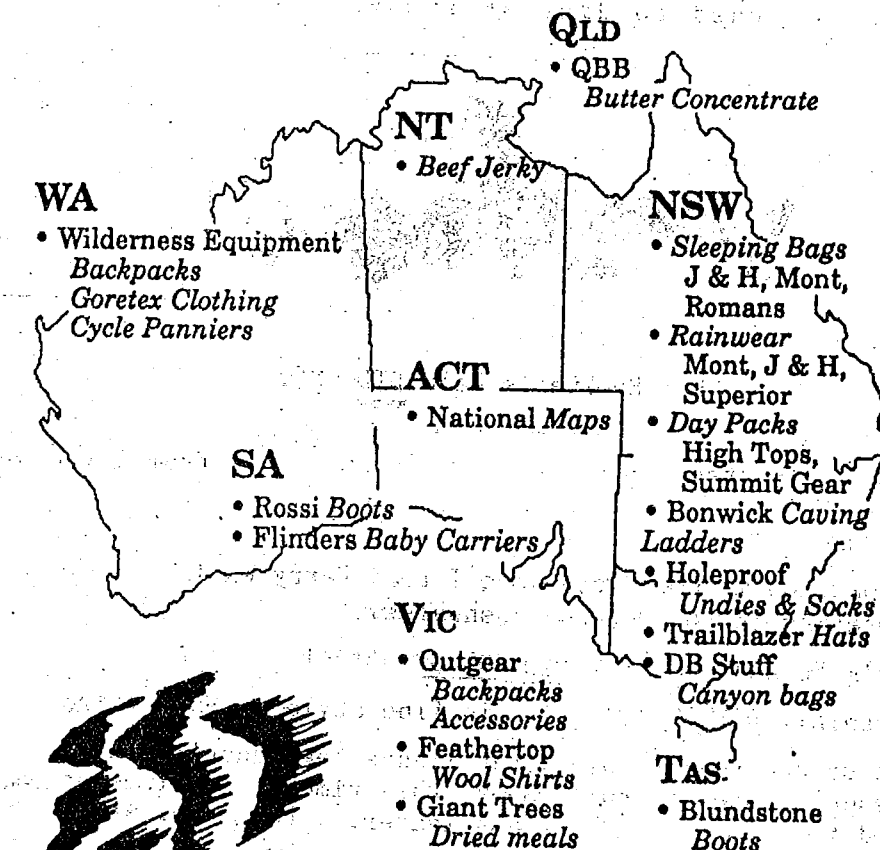
Ex President NSW Federation of Bushwalking Clubs

Ex Committee member, Sydney Bushwalkers

Member of magazine collating group for umpteen years

Etc. Etc. Etc.

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MONTHLY MEETING NOTES

THE NOVEMBER GENERAL MEETING

by Barry Wallace

The meeting began at around 2023 when the President, presiding, gonged the gong and called the 16 or so members present to order by calling for apologies. These there were from Margaret Niven, George Floyd and Erith Hamilton.

New member Arthur Makinson was welcomed in the usual way and we proceeded to the reading of the Minutes of the previous meeting. These evoked no response when matters arising was called so we moved on to the Correspondence, of which there was none, in the absence of George Floyd.

The Treasurer's Report indicated that we had an income of \$825.93, spent \$886.46 and closed the month with a balance of \$1,728.74 after having re-invested around \$12,000 to restore ourselves to apparent church mouse status. Don't say you weren't warned.

The Walks Secretary was present so we proceeded to the Walks Reports. These began with the weekend of 16,17,18 October with no report for Len Heinke's trip in the surprising Boolijah Creek. The Search & Rescue practise weekend went as scheduled but there was some mention of excitement occasioned by the presence of electric fences in the search area. There were 5 attendees from SBW and some measure of hilarity with a multiplicity of lost/injured parties each having their own script, although just who was writing whose lines is not clear. Jan Mohandas's gourmet weekend trip was cancelled due to the leader having an operation on one of his knees to repair damage done by an errant eucalypt stake on the downgrade from Pantoney's Crown some time ago. Wilf's Great North Walk stages 13 and 14 saw the team of 5 undertaking a 1600 metre climb with water to a dry campsite where they were rained on overnight and attacked by the local leeches for their trouble. Eddie Giacomel's Blue Mountains day walk went, but there were no details. Morag Ryder led the party of 8 on her Faulconbridge to Glenbrook day trip through continual rain to lunch in an overhang. The continuous rain caused 4 of the party to abandon the trip just before an afternoon of blazing sunshine and fierce heat set in.

The Club's 65th Anniversary Reunion was held over the weekend of 24/25 October. Much was written about the event in last month's magazine so enough said. The only other event that weekend was a day walk led by Errol Sheedy from Cronulla to Sutherland. The party of 10, or was that 12, went swimmingly in warm weather. David Roston's extended ski touring/walk (still second guessing the conditions, David?) from 24 October to 1st November was a mystery to all present at the meeting, which probably doesn't differentiate them from the people who went on the trip, come to think of it.

The weekend of 30,31 October/1st November was the appointed time for Kenn Clacher's XCD extravaganza in the Snowy Mountains but unfortunately no-one knew whether it went or not. There was no such uncertainty about Tom Wenman's Kanangra-Boyd weekend walk - it did not go. The party of 13 on Zol Bodlay's Marra Marra N.P. day walk was described as rowdy and given to swimming at every opportunity. Despite all this they came out before dark. Jim Callaway had 3 on his Engadine to Waterfall walk. It rained

until 1030 and the wet rocks were no fun. The swimming they indulged in after the weather came good improved spirits somewhat, and they still reached Waterfall by 1530. Tony Manes's party on the Bundeena to Otford via the rocks trip also complained about slippery rocks in the rain, but all 10 of them managed to avoid damaging encounters with the forces of gravity as best we can tell. Bronny Niemeyer led her Harbour Foreshores walk in drizzle to lunch time when the weather improved somewhat. There were 8 in the party 7 guys and Bronny. How does she do this, time after time?

The weekend of 6,7,8 November should have seen Len Hainke leading his walk in the interesting Yarramun Creek, and maybe it did, but there were no details available to the meeting. Morrie Ward's Barrington Tops walk was deferred to the following weekend and Jan Mohandas's Colo River walk, led by Bill Holland, did not go. Vic Lewin's day walk from Loftus to Heathcote went but there were problems. It seemed some of the many intending starters dropped out at the last minute and others went to the wrong railway station. The best available estimates put the number at 10. Wilf Hilder's stage 15 of the Great North Walk had a party of 15 enjoying excellent scenery.

The Conservation Report indicated a reply had been received from the NPWS to our letter regarding the removal of the huts from the Royal National Park to the effect that they had no record of a 40-year-old resolution to remove the huts and seeming to hint at the possibility that the huts may be found to have some heritage value if present research, by something they called their Cultural Heritage Division, indicates this to be the case. The search for the NSW State Government's Wilderness Fund continues unabated but with little success. It seems that after a brief glimpse of a shadow, when Tim Moore as Minister for such things accepted our donation of \$130 with an observation that of course the government had already made an allocation to the fund, it was just the terminology that hid the reality from our eyes, this rare and now surely endangered creature of government expediency has not since been sighted or heard. More to the point, nor has our \$130. I do wish they'd re-broadcast "Yes, Minister". It somehow helps one to understand things like that.

The Wilderness Society is opposing the renewal of the woodchip export license and logging on Mount Royal, near Barrington Tops. Wilderness calendars are available for sale, excellent Christmas gifts as they say.

The Confederation Report indicated that NPA are considering joining the body incorporate but only putting forward 2,497 members as active or subscribing members. This has disrupted the delicate calculations regarding subscriptions levels which had been based on a larger number of participants. Volunteers are requested for the manning of a Confederation booth for an exhibition at Darling Harbour in February next year. The term "visitor" has at last been defined, for insurance purposes at least. Tracks and Access Committee will once again ask the NPWS when the Govetts Leap walking track will be re-opened. Last heard of they were surveying water flows in the surrounding area or something. Confederation's walking Code of Ethics is to be dusted off and reviewed to bring it up to date.

General Business brought a report on the legal proceedings, but you had the opportunity to read all about that in last month's magazine. There is a report that one of our members, Gladys Roberts, has been struck by a car and is laid-up in hospital with a broken leg. (Hello, Gladys.)

There was also some debate about the high proportion of members who do not appear to participate in Club activities. There was a suggestion we explore ways to "compel them to come in", so if you have any ideas one way or the other about this, let the Committee know. Better still, tell Zol Bodlay.

The meeting closed after announcements at 2131.

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"TOPS TO MYALLS HERITAGE TRAIL"The inaugural pilot walk held from 27 September to 7 October

by Rudolf Dezelin

Recently I had the privilege and pleasure to participate in the inaugural walk from the State's second highest mountain range to the coast at the beautiful Myall Lakes National Park.

This very interesting and exciting new walking trail covers a great variety of different country and vegetation types from the snowgums and antarctic beeches found in the Barrington Tops and Gloucester Tops to the beautiful paperbark-lined Myall Lakes and the coastal heath near Hawks Nest Surf Club where the 11 day, 246 km long walk officially ended. Some 16 people of different age groups and backgrounds attended this most beautiful walk. Among them the famous Canberra-based explorer and author Klaus Hueneker. Also we were privileged to meet the NSW Governor, His Excellency Admiral Peter Sinclair who joined us for a section of the walk during Sunday 4th October.

A lot of hard work and organising to make this walk a great success is due to the leader, Dr. Hanna PACY, a 72-year-old Tea Gardens retired doctor and the Secretary of the Myall Lakes Branch of the National Parks Association.

Among the highlights of this memorable walk were the Gloucester Falls, Gloucester Gap, Carey's Peak (the walk's official starting point), the beautiful 16 km long rainforest gully through the Myall River State Forest, the historic trestle bridge in Wang Wauk State Forest, old sawmill sites and abandoned State Forestry Commission campsites used by the forestry workmen during the 1940's and 1950's (e.g. Shorty's Camp), now a well kept Forestry Picnic Area and our campsite on the Saturday 3 October.

The fauna and flora species seen during our walk was spectacular and included numerous snakes, lizards and goannas, a koala and our French Canadian bird-spotter, Mr Pierre Charbonneau, documented 75 bird species which he intends to catalogue to add to the book needed to be published for "World Heritage" listing of this marvellous track.

All in all a most interesting, enlightening and enjoyable 11 day walk largely due to the excellent organising work and leadership by the leader, Doctor Pacy.

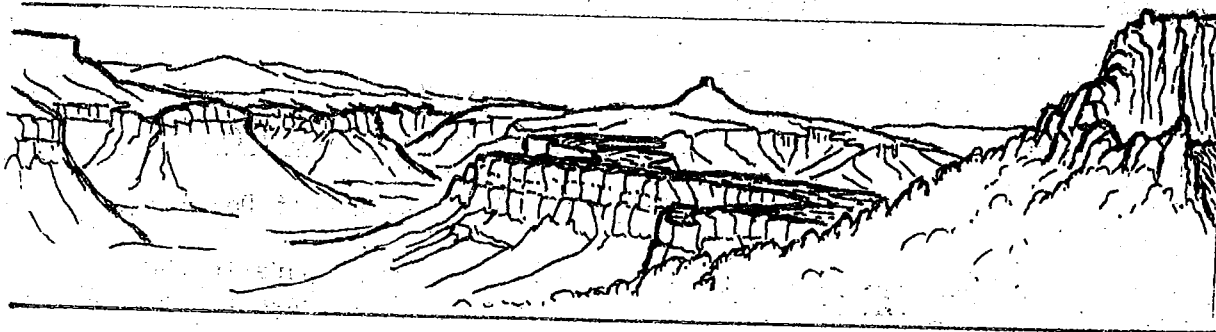
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NEW MEMBERS

The following new members were welcomed into the Club during November and December. Their names, addresses and phone numbers will be included in the List of Members for 1993 which will be posted to all members with the Annual Report next February.

BRADLEY Patrick
MACHINSON Arthur
SMITH Maurice
VERDON Ms Louise
WILKS Miss Shirley





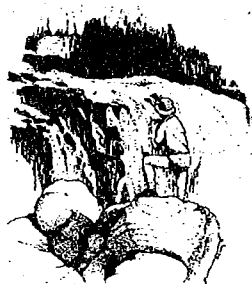
THE COMMITTEE HAS APPOINTED SPIRO HAJINAKITAS AS TEMPORARY EDITOR UNTIL THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING WHEN A NEW EDITOR WILL BE ELECTED. Spiro's phone 332 3452 (H) 681 4874 (B). However, magazine contributions should be sent to Kath Brown, 103 Gipps Street, Drummoyne 2047. Spiro and Kath will be in frequent consultation.

COOLANA

Committee has given permission for MEGAN FLETCHER to conduct a party of intellectually disabled people who may walk through Coolana on dates between 3rd and 11th January 1993. Club members who may be there at this time should realise that these people are not trespassing.

BUSHWALK THE GREEN

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