

WOLLEMI N.P.

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to the Sydney Bush Walkers Inc, 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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Jagungal by Chance

By Maurice Smith

As we slogged up the steep track in the thick mist/fog heading up towards Mt. Jagungal our leader George Mawer declared that he wanted to contour around the crest of Jagungal. Those in the party who wanted to go to the top could do so, but with the only prospect of seeing more of the thick mist/fog.

The higher we walked the colder it became, until as we crested a ridge in the thick fog, we stopped to put on some warmer clothes, refuel the boiler and then plunge on through the fog. Two minutes later we were all amazed to find the Jagungal trig directly in front of us. We all therefore admired the view from the trig, all 360 degrees of thick fog, with visibility down to 10 metres.

Today was 29 December, 1993, the second morning of our 6 day walk in the Snowies starting at Round Mountain and heading for Guthega Dam, with an expected finish date of 2 January, 1994. Our leader was George Mawer, capably assisted by 16 other co-leaders.

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We had all arisen in the very early hours of ~~26~~ December and made our way to Adaminaby where we collected a bus to take us to Round Mountain. All 18 of us were present at the start in quite cool windy conditions. On board the bus we found that Ray Hookway, although present on the bus, was not able to walk with us, as he had a bad back that was not up to a 6 day Snowy's walk. As our bus coughed and spluttered its way and climbed higher, the temperature dropped. The rain started, and then turned to sleet, and then turned to snow. One of our party, a cross country skier, suggested that Mt. Selwyn had more snow now than during the very poor '93 snow season.

On arriving at Round Mountain car park, we dived into our packs, for our warm clothes and wet weather gear as the snow fell around us. My warm cap was not to leave my head until mid morning on the 30th. Annie Maguire was to extremely grateful for her last minute purchase in Adaminaby of matching bright pink cap and gloves.

The original (modified) walk plans called for us to camp down on the Tumut River on the first night. As the weather was so foul we made our way to Round Mountain hut nearby which we camped for the night in the snow after happily cooking in the hut. Some of us chatted for a while with several walkers from Narrabri Bushwalking Club, who were camped in the Round Mountain car park, they were hoping for better weather before starting out walking.

My feet were so cold that they were hurting despite the pleasant warmth in the hut. We met a rather deaf character in the hut who was unconcerned about walking around in bare feet, both inside the hut and outside, did he have no feeling in his feet? A lone walker came through the hut door after having walked in from O'Keefe's Hut, he told us that the Tumut River was readily crossed, it was only about mid-thigh deep.

After retreating to my tent before 7pm to get into my sleeping bag to warm up I have various random thoughts, such as, "maybe I should have gone on Tony Holgate's Colo River 6 day trip as it would be much warmer", "I'm glad I resealed the seams on my tent a few weeks ago", "how will Peter Lafferty of our group survive in his bell shaped tent fly?", "how is Maurie Bloom's group doing in the Snowies, they started out a day earlier than us?", "how did aborigines handle the sudden bad weather they encountered when they were in the mountains in summer gathering Bogong moths?". As my feet slowly warm up I struggle to keep my eyes open and by 8pm I fall asleep with warmer feet and with the last thought that this is my first "snow camp".

December 28th saw us awake to snow covered tents. Reports from other members indicate that they had been awake at various times in the night listening to the snow, sleet, rain and wind. Basically not much change in the weather from last night. One of our group has pulled out as he does not wish to chance his luck in catching another dose of pleurisy, he will walk and hitch his way back to Adaminaby. After packing the wet tent etc., we were on our way, down the hill to the Tumut River, heading towards O'Keefe's hut. Linking arms in groups of three and four we crossed the Tumut, my feet could not be any colder, it seems.

As we walk up the Farm Ridge fire trail, we see lots of snow all around, as well as lots of little streams and rivulets, as the effect of gravity is evidenced with the rain and melting snow heading down hill. As we walk along the fire trail, Steve Lengakis and I find the previous year's New Year's Eve camp site where we had great views of Jagungal, with problems from the heat, but not this time. In fact all we can see is lots of very low cloud and snow on the ground. The inside of these clouds is not very different one from the other. Barbara Bruce's walking shoes are falling apart, the soles have almost detached from the uppers, she has managed to find some twine to hold them together, will it last? A quick conference among the ladies is held, the result is that Maureen Carter tells us that she has a spare pair of Volleys in the bottom of her pack, the right size for Barbara, they are promised to be extracted at the lunch stop.

Lunch time sees us with Frank ("the firebug") Grennan and Peter Lafferty managing to get a fire going with very wet timber and so a billy is boiled. Barbara is now wearing Maureen's Volleys. Through the clag we walked along the fire trail until O'Keefe's Hut emerged. As it turned out we were to have the hut to ourselves for the entire night. A fire wood gathering expedition saw several of us taking it in turns warming up by wielding a small saw from the hut on a thick log which we lugged back in sawn sections to the hut.

After a warming meal during which a considerable quantity of wet socks, boots, etc., were dried out by hanging over the fire we enjoyed each other's company and got to know one another better. Erica Sandison, warmed up by sitting inside the large fireplace. As the night gathered us up in its icy fold we hoped that tomorrow would bring better weather. A frantic gathering up of packs, food, etc., ensued because a rat was seen in the hut. Len Hainke was not worried about the rat, he slept in the hut due to wet gear. However, one of the inner soles of his Volleys drying out near the fire were nibbled by the rat during the hours of darkness as he slept. Poor rat, hope it survived this meal.

The following morning saw us head over Jagungal. As we stopped for lunch on the long ridge leading off Jagungal the clouds were lifting and we could see a bit further. Unfortunately on the descent, Len Hainke injured his knee, which was to give him problems for the rest of the walk.

We had hopes that by the evening the worst of the weather would be behind us. This was not to be, as within an hour, or so, a very thick fog rolled down and enveloped us, limiting visibility to about 25 or 30 metres at best. This made for tricky navigation as we made our way up to our proposed camp site at Tarn Bluff Tarn. One or two members of the group were of the opinion that we were on the wrong hill, however, this was proven to be false. At the top of the Bluff we dropped our packs in the thick fog and while we scouted around for individual tent sites, George Mawer went off and came across Maurie Bloom's party who were camped adjacent to the tarn. After setting up our tents near the other group, a pleasant night was spent with much intermingling of the groups, all comparing notes about the foul weather, and catching up with members not seen for some time.

The next morning dawned clear of cloud, fog, rain, snow, sleet or wind. As George passed the word around that this was to be our lay day, we pulled out all of our wet gear and it was soon spread around on convenient trees, bushes, rocks, and so on. I even removed my warm cap and swapped it for a sun hat, and while lathering up with sun cream found that I had a nose blistered from the cold winds of the previous two days. For quite a while the camp site had the appearance of a large laundry as the sun dried out and the breeze aired our gear. Mid morning saw us on a day walk to the top of the nearby Cup and Saucer Hill, on the way we saw quite clearly the top of Jagungal, which we had stumbled over the previous morning. The view from the top of Cup and Saucer was excellent, looking down on the Big Bend in Valentine Creek.

After strolling back to our camp site for a leisurely lunch, we each "did our own thing" in the afternoon. Most of us had a wash in the bitingly cold water of the tarn and were very refreshed by it. Late in the afternoon, we were even looking for shady spots to get out of the afternoon sun! That evening saw playing games, with labels on the forehead requiring, at times, considerable mental effort, especially for Judy Mehaffy who had never heard of Tokyo Rose, the label for whom she wore.

The following morning 31 December, saw us on the trail again, in sunny but windy weather, heading around Cup and Saucer Hill to Valentine Creek, which we crossed in ankle deep water after unsuccessfully scouting around for a while looking and hoping for a dry crossing. After crossing the creek we made our way along a rough track beside the creek. It was alongside this creek that I saw my only snake on the whole walk. It was about 30 centimetres long and green/grey in colour, and made off at a rapid rate when it heard me.

We made our way up on to Kerries Ridge where we were to spend quite a few hours. The wind strength up on the Kerries was something else again. As we were sitting down eating lunch up there, a family group of six other walkers came along. The group comprised, father, mother (somewhat overweight) and four children, aged 13, 11, 9 and 7. They were on a six day walk as well!

Mid afternoon saw us arrive at Schlink Pass, where George found a note from Ray Hookway (of all people) telling us that he was just down the road at the Schlink "Hilton" Hut. Fazely Read went down to greet him and brought back to us a bag of goodies for our New Year's Eve party, however, Fazely left us to walk out with Ray to Guthega along the road. Eventually we made our way up on to Dicky Cooper Bogong where we found a high level camp site among trees and heath, overlooking Schlink Pass. We were all very glad to set up camp, as it had been a quite hard day's walk through boggy heath country.

After pitching our tents, getting water from a little creek nearby, we went into New Year's Eve party mode. After eating a wide variety of "nibbles" and drinking a copious quantity of rum and lemon barley, we then found room for our dinner. After dinner, jokes and stories were told, until the camp fire singing started up. At various hours during the night, we staggered off to our sleeping bags to spend the rest of the night. One or two members, reportedly managed to stay awake long enough to see in the New Year. Me, I was too busy snoring.

The following morning, saw us walk up on to the top of Dicky Cooper Bogong, to admire the great views and take lots of photographs. After leaving there, we wended our way through the Granite Peaks, to the Rolling Grounds and over the Consett Stephen Pass. Most of us contoured around Mt. Tate, making for Gills Knobs where we found a very pleasant camp site for our last evening in the Snowies. That night saw us indulging in more singing, recitations and jokes.

We woke on the morning of 2 January, to winds that were approaching gale force. Peter Lafferty, in fact, had his tent fly blown off him at about 7 a.m. He was fortunate that he did not lose it to the wind. Shortly after getting the fire started, the rain (or was it sleet?) started and with the driving wind behind it, the temperature was horribly low. As we packed our wet gear we were all well and truly rugged up in our thermals and rain gear. As we left our camp site, the rain stopped. By the time we were half way down to Guthega Dam, we were busy stripping off clothes to cool down. On arrival at the dam at about 10.45 a.m. we found a flat sunny spot and pitched all our tents to dry them and other wet gear out. Strange looks were received from the few tourists at the dam, but what the heck.

When our bus arrived to collect us we were driven back to Adaminaby via Jindabyne. A brief stop at Jindabyne surprised us with the high temperatures, quite a contrast to the cold wind and rain we had endured earlier in the day. The drive home from Adaminaby was hot and the car was buffeted by the very strong winds. We arrived at Goulburn for a meal at the Paragon Cafe and then drove home, I arrived home at 11.40 p.m. To bed after a hot shower.

Members of the group were:

George Mawer (leader), Barbara Bruce, Maureen Carter, Carol Lubbers, Annie Maguire, Judy Mehaffy, Erica Sandison, Fazely Read, Frank Grennan, Len Hainke, Bob Horder, Peter Lafferty, Steve Lengakis, Victor Lewin (to Round Mountain Hut only), Keith Perry, Maurice Smith, David Trinder.

* * * * *

GOVERNING RULES

by Jim Brown

With all the recent flap and hoo-hah about republics, there has naturally been quite a deal written and said about Constitutions, Rules of Governance, and the like. Most of the broad statements contained nothing that was entirely new to me, because as soon as I inherited the job of Club Secretary, almost 44 years ago, I found I had to become familiar with our simple little Constitution. Later, in my workaday life, I had to learn something of the provisions of the NSW Transport Act, so for a large slice of my life I have been aware (sometimes uncomfortably so) of regulations that govern many of us.

Indeed, I can almost sympathise with the veteran Club member, now passed on, who in the course of a debate whether some decision of the Committee was necessary and desirable, came out with:

"Rules were made for fools.
The wise don't need them,
And the fools don't heed them."

Somewhere about that time I'd heard a definition of homo sapiens as "the tool-making animal" - the only one to devise implements to serve his purpose. If I'd known it at the time of the debate I could have rejoined in crude rhyme "also the rule-making animal".

Probably about the same time I'd read that "human beings are the only creatures that can weep" (ignoring crocodile tears, of course). I wondered if humans are also the only animals that identify the absurdity of some situations and laugh: and decided that, although both grief and joy are normal conditions, there is a good deal to be said for laughter at the right place and time. A wise old owl once said, "'Tis sweet to play the fool in season".

Even before the "rules for fools" debate, someone had called my attention to a rather odd clause in the Constitution then governing Club affairs. It read "Membership shall be open to all persons of both sexes over the age of 16 years", and I was asked if I knew anyone of "both sexes". I suppose at the time I giggled and had no answer. Many years later (why does one always think of the apt retort afterwards?) I suggested the rule was originally designed for a colony of snails, which are bisexual, but added a rider that, in my experience, the mode and pace of travel of most walkers was not like that of the gastropods - even if Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte believed that an army marched on its stomach. Well, of course, that would have been a French army, where the standard of cuisine was presumably much better than any Army tucker I remember. Anyway, the dubious phrase about "both sexes" vanished during the revamp of the Constitution in preparation for becoming an Incorporated Association.

Ours is not the only walkers' Constitution to have contained some ambiguous statements. Not long after I became a member, a girl prospective was on one of the same walks. In addition to SBW, she was also seeking entry to another smaller Club - long since defunct - and brought on the trip a copy of this other Club's rules, which several of our people read carefully. Now I won't pretend that, after 46 years, I can remember the exact phrasing, but the essence of one clause was "unmarried members of different sexes shall NOT occupy the same tent".

My Club crony and I were aware that the vexed question of "co-tenting" had been discussed gravely in SBW some years earlier, but by general consent the current attitude was to "let sleeping bags lie". However, from a purely

literal interpretation of the other Club's rule, it appeared it would be O.K. for his wife to share my tent, or conversely, my wife could legitimately shelter in his tent. Of course, neither Ken nor I was married at the time, so the issue really didn't arise.

In our Club - as with most Constitutions - it is difficult to get agreement to any amendment. Of all the forty-odd proposed amendments to the Australian Constitution since 1901, only eight have succeeded at the necessary referendum. Quite apart from the usual requirement to get an overwhelming numerical majority to vote for the alteration, there is the old human reaction of suspicion of, and resistance to, a change.

However, I do remember quite clearly the first time I heard a successful amendment submitted to the Club. At the time, the Club year ended on 31st January, but all new members paid the full annual subscription, and were entitled to a rebate of half of the amount in the following year, if admitted "after 1st August".

On 1st August 1947 there was a Committee Meeting, a young woman was admitted, and paid up for the full year. Then the Treasurer developed a queasy conscience and brought under notice that the first six months of the Club year actually expired on 31st July, and he moved an amendment to insert the words "ON AND" so that the Constitution would read - "On and after 1st August", entitling anyone admitted "ON 1st August" to qualify for the rebate.

At the time the Club had its quota of "bush (walker) lawyers", ready to cry "foul" or "unconstitutional", but none of them drew attention to the point that the Treasurer and the new member share the same surname.....well, not quite, because he was Allan Hardie (the legendary "Dormie") and her surname was Hardy. Anyway, no one questioned whether there was a relationship or favouritism factor, and the amendment was carried.

I recall all of this quite well, because during the next couple of years I went on a good many of the same walks as "Miss On and", and we found ourselves in accord on a wide range of topics. In fact, she typed the script of this magazine you are reading, as she has for almost all of the Club magazines "ON AND AFTER 1st August 1971", when I was doing my last stint as Editor.

* * * * *

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting will be held on Wednesday, 9th March 1994. The President, Office Bearers and Committee will be elected for the coming year. Only members may vote (not prospectives) and all ACTIVE MEMBERS are eligible to stand for every office. Come along and register your vote.

PLEASE NOTE - A wrong phone number was shown in the last Walks Program for SASHA LITVAK, whose correct home phone number is 663 0755. His walk is on Saturday 26 February to Blue Gum Forest. Please mark you Walks Program accordingly.

RESIGNATION

From a letter to the SBW Committee, November 1993.

by Kath Brown

As you know, I have been doing the typing and layout for the Club's magazine for many years, more than 20, and now that I have turned 80, I have decided that I had better let someone else take on the job.

I have really enjoyed this particular work, as I like typing and I have found it interesting to be involved, through the magazine, with the many people who work for the Club. Also I have leard a lot about the various trips being done, so that I know that present SBW members are still going to the great places in the bush that I used to visit during my walking years.

I am bringing this matter before the December meeting which is not usually a busy one, so that Committee can start thinking about my replacement, or perhaps whether to alter the way the magazine is produced.

My present idea is to carry on until March 1994, by which time the Committee will have been able to make other arrangements.

During the time I have been involved with the magazine I have worked with a number of different Editors, and every one of them has been someone it was a pleasure to work with. Very good.

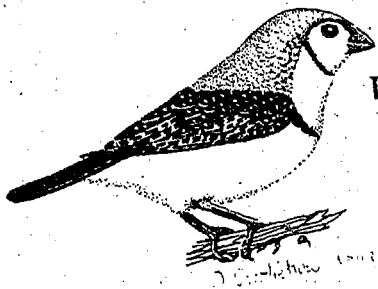
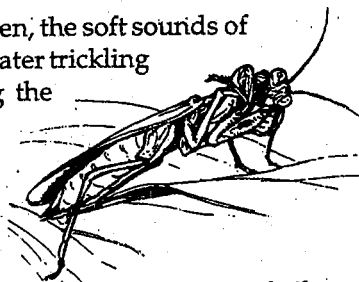
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WOLLEMI TRAVERSENewnes- Wolgan River -Colo River -Bob Turner's Track

by Colin Atkinson

Participants:- Tony Hogate (Leaader), Zol Bodlay, Ron Howlett, Jo Robertson, Colin Atkinson, Geoff Dowsett, Shirley Hicks.

"Seven days of walking, swimming, liloing. Early starts with three hour lunches/siestas during the heat of the day" - So read the initial description for the walk. This proved to be a comination of fact and fiction - actually it went like this:.....

Day 1, Monday 27th December 1993.

Woke up before even the sparrows and took a taxi to Central Railway Station to catch the 6.05 am train to Lithgow where a further taxi was waiting to take us onto Newnes. We (5 at this stage) arrived at the old Newnes Hotel at 10 am and then waited for the other two members of the party who were travelling separately. At about 10.45 am Geoff and Shirley had not arrived so we decided to head off. We commenced walking along the 4-W-D trail on the south side of the Wolgan River. Weather at this stage was cool with showers of rain. We were soon among the old shale mining ruins and stopped to examine these from time to time and tried to imagine the original purposes for the many brick walls and concrete/brick foundations.

The trail finished, according to the map, at a creek at MR497254, "Mount Morgan", and it was here that we stopped for lunch. During lunch Geoff and Shirley caught up to us having apparently just missed us at Newnes, and so now the party was complete. Contrary to the map, the trail did not finish here however, and we continued to follow it after lunch along the south side of the Wolgan River to the Rocky Creek junction. From here the trail crossed to the north side of the river and then crossed back again to the south side about 3 km from Annie Rowan Creek.

We arrived at Annie Rowan Creek at 5.45 pm and made camp for the night on a perfect area of lightly wooded ground just above the creek. The day had been fairly arduous, covering about 20 km with 7-day packs. During the day Zol won the "heaviest pack" award and so he seemed to be floating around the campsite when he finally removed his pack for the day. Gourmet evening meals were then prepared by all, followed by the luxury of sleeping on a lilo for the night.

Day 2, Tuesday 28th Decemebr 1993.

We awoke to a clear sky and Tony announced an 8 am start. We eventually headed off at 8.45 am (not a very obedient group). The 4-W-D trail had now finished and so we continued downstream on the Wolgan River bank, staying on the south side. We reached Houston Creek at 9.50 am and stopped for lunch at 1.05 pm at about 1 km upstream of Camp Creek. Started walking again at 3 pm and reached the Camp Creek junction at 3.15 pm.

There was very little water in any of the side creeks and the Wolgan itself seemed quite low. The walking however was most enjoyable with the river presenting an ever changing panorama to us at each bend. The cliffline at the sides of the river was becoming more vertical and spectacular as the day progressed. The day was sunny but with a cooling wind making walking conditions ideal. At 4.30 pm we reached a creek junciton just before the Capertee Junction (MR 635223 "Mount Morgan") and made camp here for the night on a sandy bank overlooking the river and with its own bathing and spa facilities which were greatly appreciated by all.

Day 3, Wednesday 29th December 1993.

Another 8 am start was announced and we eventually moved out at 8.50 am (group even less obedient). We soon reached the junction with the Capertee River and



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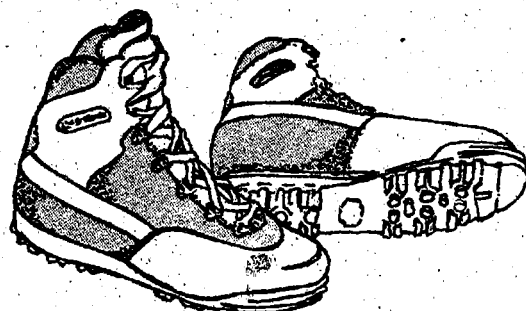


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also met a group of walkers from Queensland Uni who were even later starting than us and so we felt better for that. Walking was easier now, mainly on sandy, shallow river flats.

At 11 am we reached Girribung Creek and stopped for morning tea. During the stop Tony lost a gaiter which blew into the river and was taken "who knows where". We were now entering the Colo Gorge proper and the river was now starting to pond, and so we decided to inflate lilos and start liloing. Zol had brought a plastic boat, the "River Rat" as his main flotation device and this seemed to work well. The rest of us were armed with lilos.

So with our inflated equipment to support us we finished our morning tea break at 11.50 am and once more headed down stream. The next section was quite interesting as we all developed our various liloing techniques. The most successful seemed to be the "lie flat on the stomach with chest on pack" variation, but much protective sun cream was required on the backs of legs.

At 1.45 pm we arrived at the saddle before Wollemi Creek (MR 687235 "Six Brothers") and had lunch. On the map the saddle looked an obvious way to cut about 1.5 km off our journey, but in reality the possibility of negotiating the saddle seemed very remote and so we abandoned the idea and stayed on the river. We set off from lunch at 2.50 pm and arrived at the Wollemi Creek junction at 4.30 pm and made camp for the night. The sun was shining down very strongly and we were lucky to find a nice shady sand bank to camp on. Unfortunately the Wollemi was hardly flowing at all.

At about 7.30 pm the Queensland Uni group also arrived at the junction and camped the night. Their plan was to exit via the Wollemi the next day.

Day 4, Thursday 30th December 1993.

We started walking at 8.30 am (a walk record) and travelled through some lovely gorge country. The method of transport was a combination of liloing large ponds and pulling packs along on lilos through shallower sections of river. Weather again was clear sky and very hot.

Tony went off on a one-person tour of Barakee Creek and returned with glowing tales of spectacular waterfalls etc. At 12.15 pm we reached Boorai Creek and stopped for lunch. After lunch the party split up and Geoff and Shirley went on ahead to try and make Canoe Creek so that they could then exit the gorge on Friday to be ready for an engagement on New Year's Eve.

The remaining five of us reached the last bend before Pinchgut Creek (MR 728164 "Colo Heights") at 6.15 pm and camped here for the night on a very comfortable elevated sand bank in the evening shade. When we unpacked, Zol found that most of his pack contents were wet, so a major drying operation commenced. Tony had found some ripe blackberries during the afternoon and so he cooked up a blackberry and fruit pie after dinner. Others contributed chocolate mix and custard to produce a very tasty community dessert. We then lay back beside the fire with full stomachs and tried to identify the various groups of stars above us - what a pleasant way to spend an evening.

Day 5, Friday 31st December 1993.

We decided on a later start today so that Zol could dry out gear and so that we could try some pancakes and maple syrup for breakfast. The pancakes were lovely but we needed another few kgs of mix to fully hone our pancaking skills. A "tinned" fresh Bass fish was produced as well, and this was also delicious.

We started walking at 10.20 am and lunched at 1.05 pm about 0.5 km before Canoe creek. During the morning Jo and Tony were developing their lilo rapid riding skills and managed some spectacular rides. We were well and truly

into the gorge section of the river at this point with sheer cliffs and an everchanging variety of colours in the rocks and tree growth.

The river seemed to change character slightly each day of the trip, so that there were always different views and panoramas to experience.

Started after lunch at 2.10 pm, stopped for water at Canoe Creek and stopped to camp for the night at 5.15 pm at MR 732128 "Colo Heights" just around the horseshoe bend from "Little Pass".

Ron went away and found six more "tinned" fresh Bass which he prepared for our breakfast.

A special New Year's Eve "happy hour" was convened at 6.30 pm and such a large assortment of nibbles was consumed that dinner was more or less cancelled that night. Four-fifths of the group saw the New Year arrive complete with mini fireworks and a special pineapple upside-down cake cooked by Tony.

Day 6, Saturday 1st January 1994.

It now became obvious to us that we were running out of time and so we decided on an early start this morning so that we could have a full day's walking and reach the Wollangambe junction for the evening's camp.

We finished our lovely fish breakfast and started walking at 8 am, stopping for morning tea about 1 km past the Tambo Crown bend. During the morning's travels Zol's "River Rat" developed some irreparable holes, so he transferred to his lilo. We lunched at Angorawa Creek at 1.00 pm.

We eventually arrived at the Wollangambe junction at 5.20 pm. Tony had made arrangements with Oliver Crawford and Jim Rivers to meet us here (they would come in from Bob Turner's track and walk upstream) for the night, complete with wine etc and so we were disappointed that they had not been able to make it to the rendezvous. However we were all quite tired after a hard day's walk/swim/lilo and late New Year's Eve and so we quickly had dinner and went to bed to prepare for another fairly hard final day.

Day 7, Sunday 2nd January 1994.

Everyone rose early today and you could sense that the "end" was near. We had breakfast and there was then a "staggered start" between 7.15 and 7.45 am as we all headed off downstream. We gradually regrouped and stopped for morning tea at 10.00 am. Shortly after re-starting we met Oliver and Jim who had travelled part of the way upriver the previous day but had not been able to make it to the Wollangambe. We spent some time talking, finding out what was happening in the Sydney to Hobart race and the cricket etc. and then set off again.

We all stopped for lunch at 12.50 pm near Mailes Cave and Oliver and Jim produced some nice wine (let's face it - any wine at this stage would be "nice") to wash down our lunch. Just prior to this Ron's lilo had "died" and he was walking along the river bank with Jim.

This section of the river consisted of the longest pools so far, and with the weather continuing hot we had to keep applying sun cream to ensure that the backs of our legs were well protected.

We eventually arrived at the bottom of Bob Turner's track at 3.15 pm, dried out as much gear as possible, deflated lilos and then started to walk out at 4.00 pm, arriving at the top at 5.10 pm. Oliver kindly offered to drive us to the petrol station on the main road at Colo Heights and from here the majority made their way to Windsor for dinner and drinks and a warm and comfortable feeling of satisfaction after a very enjoyable week on the river.

Thanks very much, Tony, for a great week of walking and liloing with not too many early starts and no midday siestas but many enjoyable experiences and good companionship.
