

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER is a monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bush Walkers Inc, Box 4476 GPO Sydney 2001. To advertise in this magazine, please contact the Business Manager.

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THE SYDNEY BUSH WALKERS INCORPORATED was founded in 1927. Club meetings are held every Wednesday evening at 8 pm at Kirribilli Neighbourhood Centre, 16 Fitzroy Street, Kirribilli (near Milsons Point Railway Station). Visitors and prospective members are welcome any Wednesday.

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More about Mobile Phones

One thing that has become rather obvious since we started talking about mobile phones is that more and more people are getting them and that, like it or not, we'll just have to learn to live with them.

There is however already sufficient evidence of their intrusiveness to the cause concern to many Club members that they may become a major disturbance on Club walks.

At the last committee meeting it was decided that its probably time for a few rules controlling the use of mobiles on walks. A sort of code of conduct if you like, that will give us access to the advantages of mobiles and yet minimise the intrusion. To get this going a small subcommittee was formed to come up with some recommendations. Its unlikely that we'll be able to please everyone or even anyone but we might be able to make a few rules that will be acceptable and workable.

What we need now is some input from the general membership. So think about it a bit and write us a few lines (or pages) and tell us what you think should and should not be allowed. Try to be impartial if you can, but if you have strong feelings about it, 'spit em out now'. Everything received will be considered but nothing will be published. Confidentiality is assured so 'go for it'.

What Animal Was That

Morag Ryder is putting together a series of sketches of animal skulls to help identify the animal that was. The first is on page 12 of this magazine and there will be more in future issues. Like me you've probably often wondered and often made a guess as to what it was. This should help.

Thanks Morag.

NEVER TRULY DRY HINCHINBROOK ISLAND - JUNE 1994

Louise Verdon

It was with much excitement that our party of 10 gathered at Sydney Airport for the trip to Townsville. The plane trip to Townsville was uneventful and after a quick transfer we were on the bus heading for Lucinda - a small town in far north Queensland where we were to spend the first night before crossing over to Hinchinbrook Island. That night we enjoyed a pleasant meal at the local establishment followed by an after dinner stroll that quickly developed into a fast trot when the heavens opened rather unexpectedly.

The second day commenced with a leisurely, but intermittently wet, morning. There was ample time to explore Lucinda's shoreline. Hinchinbrook Island loomed close by. A large volcanic island that from this vantage point appeared to thrust out of the ocean as a green and lush oasis cast against an azure blue ocean, its rugged skyline immersed in a blanket of cloud.

We were greeted upon arrival at Hinchinbrook by a troop of fit but semimouldy members of the Glasshouse bushwalkers. They had spent a very wet 7 days on Hinchinbrook and were eager to rattle off the delights of climbing over slippery mossy rocks during downpours of rain as they scrambled up Diamantina mountain (the second highest mountain on the island). Despite their comments we did not allow their tales to "dampen" our enthusiasm and so it was that our group set off to explore the delights of Hinchinbrook.

The first part of the walk took us along an idyllic tropical beach the likes of which are often only seen on postcards and travel brochures. There were palm trees swaying in the breeze, blended white sand, gentle waves caressing the shoreline

and a parade of assorted flotsam and jetsam where rainforest encroached upon the sands. Ahh tropical paradise. After a lunch/snack break we then plunged into a delightful canopy of rainforest that eventually led us to our home for the night - Sunken Reef beach. There was plenty of time to make camp and partake of happy hour before the evening showers set in. It was a heterogeneous mixture that night - gusty warm winds, showers, stars and finally by morning an all embracing calmness.

The trek from Sunken Reef beach to Banksia Bay wended over small hillocks, through rainforest and tropical beaches. I was certainly pleased that our intrepid leader, Morie Ward, had plans for making camp at Banksia Bay beach and not at Zoe Bay the usual campsite. Like most estuarine areas of northern Queensland Zoe Bay had the mandatory "beware of crocodiles" signs along its shoreline. My mind was haunted by thoughts of dipping my billy into a harmless looking stream to find my hand fondling the contents of some hungry crocodile's mouth. No thanks.

Banksia Bay beach was to be our base camp for the next two nights. It appeared to be a benign secluded semicircular beach. At our end of the beach there was a lattice of sparse ~~waste~~ high mangroves. Hidden off to the right was a waterfall that had an easily obtainable fresh water supply. Beyond the entrance to the waterfall the eye was then led along a 500 metre stretch of sand that ended with a small outcrop of volcanic rock iced with abundant oyster species. We were soon to discover that we were not alone at Banksia Bay. A "pesky" goanna took absolute exception to Tom's salami. The goanna insisted on pulling the salami out of Tom's pack on a number of occasions and he was on no occasion easily persuaded to part with his prize. But Tom, not to be outdone

by the goanna, demonstrated not only remarkable mind taming capabilities but also remarkable recycling and cooking abilities. Tom would have to be the only man I know capable of snatching salami from the jaws of a goanna, recycling it instantly into fishing bait and proceeding to catch and cook two magnificent bream for our lunch, all within the space of about 45 minutes. The speed and dexterity with which he gutted and cooked those fish humbled us in the knowledge we were watching a true master.

To complete this restful day we took a late afternoon walk over to Agnes Island. This island lay just at the end of the bay. It can be crossed via a sandbank that we waded across at low tide. This island had a beach comprised of broken coral chips and the higher areas were covered by banksias and grass species. From the highest point on the island we enjoyed watching large turtles bobbing in the waves and feeding from the reef that surrounded the island.

The next day we were all up early to commence the Mt Bowen assault. We walked via Ramsay Bay to the start of Warrawilli Creek and from here proceeded to rockhop an endless 3½km over wet slippery rocks with full packs. Some of our party became distracted by shreds of brightly coloured cotton material moving slowly over the rocks but this cotton material faded into non existence by the time we commenced the ascent into a tangle of rainforest and lawyer vines.

By the afternoon the way to the top was no longer clear. Night dropped suddenly and we made a hasty camp where we stood - over a small bed of rocks and roots at the base of a large cliff. Of course there was the mandatory shower of rain through the night. We were, after all, in the wet tropics. > cont' page 11



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AUSTRALIA



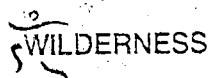
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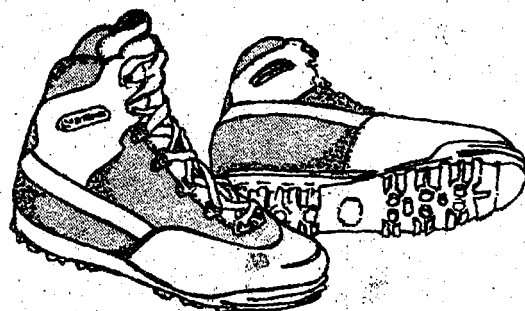


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KAKADU '94

- David Rostron

Despite the rave reviews by other Club members about the area, the "turn-offs" - heat, humidity and mosquitoes had discouraged me from venturing to Kakadu. Pressure from others continued to increase and, as a result, 26th June found our party of 13 departing Darwin at 6:30am for Gumlon Falls (UDP). Our route was a circuit of the Southern Escarpment over 13 days.

To our delight, the negative aspects did not materialise. There were virtually no mosquitoes, only one day of humidity and top temperatures were in the 24-28 degree range. There were cooling winds on most days. Unexpected were the low overnight temperatures for the first 6-7 nights - 8-12 degrees. There were some cool experiences in our summer bags.

The memories are of an overwhelming kaleidoscope of beautiful creeks, pools, cascades and falls, delightful campsites and fascinating rock art. In a word, "Magical"!

The first night found us camped on the level plain of Waterfall Creek. There was great preparation of a variety of mosquito-proof shelters, with Geoff and Grace Wagg's homemade "aviary" winning the prize. At 2:00am on this 8 degree night, we thought the fire in the creek bed had flared up. Not so - it was Heather and Gyll who had given up on shivering in their summer bags. They were huddled over the fire and stayed there till dawn. At one point it was only 6 degrees in the creek bed.

Later that morning, we climbed and struggled among the maze of big boulders where Waterfall creek descends through the escarpment. I was alarmed at the prospect of similar difficulties in other creeks

causing long hours of walking to complete the trip. The amazing part of the escarpment is that almost every creek has different characteristics. There were very few other major difficulties.

In this area, rocky tors and buttresses abound and we were delighted to find our first rock art. Our progress improved and lunch was enjoyed at the Buffalo Pool. More rock art was found in the afternoon and that evening, we enjoyed a small campsite by a beautiful pool and cascade.

On the following day, we had our only navigational "blip" of the trip when re-entering an escarpment and found ourselves a few hundred metres west of the intended creek system. Some reconnoitring and then following a compass course brought us to the delightful Gronophylum Creek.

Over the 13 days we saw little animal life - a buffalo, a pig (who snorted at our presence), 2 goannas and 2 dead snakes. In abundance were the green ants that build leaf nurseries in trees. There were many green ant "attacks" when innocent walkers brushed past a nursery. Judith and Fusae appeared to have been singled out for special treatment. They would jump about and pull at their clothing and hair to remove the biting tormentors.

The trip was almost a Pyjama Party, as many members walked in summer pyjamas. However, they needed no encouragement to remove these at the magnificent pools. Wayne commented to Marella on the fourth day - "That's the first photograph I have of you with clothes on".

The third night was in Gronophylum Creek surrounded by rocky tors. Heather, Gyll and Wayne exploited one tor, about 50m in height immediately above the camp, to the utmost. They clambered all over it to dusk and again by moonlight at 5:30am.

Our fourth day was spent mainly in Cascade Creek. Unbelievably beautiful cascades and pools were carved in red and yellow quartzite. We dallied for about 4 hours. The ultimate experience was a poolathon starting at the uppermost of 4 pools, swimming across this, climbing down and jumping into the next and so on to the fourth. We returned the same way - swimming and climbing. We agreed later that this creek section was the highlight of the trip.

The days passed quickly with the terrain changing to mainly flat escarpment dissected by creeks. Graveside Falls with its 100m drop in a very enclosed amphitheatre were most impressive. There were some early starts - 7:00am - for the cross country treks to avoid the heat of the day. We reached one campsite - Surprise Falls - at 10:30am.

Our day to Twin Falls began just after first light and we had covered the 15km to the gorge by 11:45am. There was some apprehension by the weaker swimmers and this was justified by Fusae who has virtually no body fat. After being towed for about 250m in 21 degree water she was shivering out of control - had hypothermia. Her thermals were changed, body heat applied and then massage was given for 10 minutes before she recovered. I was able to borrow a lilo from a commercial tourist group and she was "ferried" across the last 2 pools.

Even the presence of tourists did not spoil the magnificence of the Twin Falls Gorge. Gyll surprised us. After completing an 8m jump she went back for four more!

Twin Falls Creek provided many delights. The large pool and falls at the Amphitheatre were outstanding, resulting in a lengthy morning tea stop.

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PROSPECTIVES WEEKEND AT COOLANA

"Where on earth will we put them all if it rains?" That was the reaction to the news that we had thirty prospectives, and up to ten members (and children), coming for an instructional weekend at Coolana.

It rained! At least it rained in a steady drizzle for most of Saturday afternoon. Luckily, we had erected an annexe alongside the shelter shed and there was ample room for the four groups to receive the good word on map reading, first aid and bush craft.

In the morning, before the drizzle, we walked to the river and western boundary to show the newcomers some of the beauty of the Club's property.

They were very impressed. It was Coolana at its best. The river was low and the river flats passable although still covered by weeds.

Lunch followed then back to the workshops for the rest of the day.

Light dimmed about 4 pm. providing a good excuse for an early start to happy hour. It was more than that. I am not certain when happy hour gave way to the evening meal and when the meal gave way to a couple of hours of singing (with guitar) and some story telling - a good introduction to the social side of camping.

Sunday, and a misty start obviously signalling a fine day. More workshops, then a two hour walk along the cliffs and down through palm valley, with a bit of work on compass bearings.

Back to work, looking at tents and recommended gear. Lunch, followed by practical map reading before another walk to the eastern side before packing and back to the cars.

Some of us met in the township for coffees and a light meal before the trip back to Sydney.

It was a great weekend with valuable assistance from the members who came to help ease the introduction of the thirty prospectives to the mysteries of the Clubs entry requirements.

Thanks to Frances, Greta and Patrick James, Maurice Smith and Tony Holgate who were capable instructors. Also thanks to Lorraine Bloomfield for her assistance.

Bill Holland

Bushwalkers Confederation Ball

You are invited to join our SBW table for this years annual bush dance which is being held at Petersham Town Hall in Crystal Street Petersham (near station) on **Friday September 16th at 8 pm.**

This is an energetic fun night where all the bushwalking clubs come together to enjoy bush dancing to a live bush band and help raise funds for search and rescue equipment and conservation.

Each dance is 'talked through' first and is easy to learn if its your first bush dance. No need to bring a partner- just come along and bring a plate and your own drinks.

Dress is very informal and comfortable non slip joggers a must! Lots of lucky door prizes to be won (usually top quality bushwalking gear).

Support your club and have a great night out!

Denise Shaw is waiting to hear from you on 922 6093 AH.

Royal National Park

Only a few small sections of track have so far been reopened in this National Park, but it is expected that most will be open again by Xmas. □

New Members

There have been a number of new members added to our numbers in recent weeks. Please add the following names to your members list.

Joanne Kerr	810 0583
Paul Haynes	787 4382
Anne Carter	665 7175
Henry Roda	948 2715
John Gohari	456 3541
Linda Hallet	787 4382
Keith Bradbury	601 1046
John Archibald	665 7175
Michele Morgan	948 6754

Our treasurer wishes it to be known that our numbers now exceed 500.

Advance Notice

Long Ski Trek

Ski Touring (subject to snow conditions) 22nd October to 29th or 30th October. 5 or 7 or 8 days (optional).

Round Mountain - Jagungal - Main Range - Thredbo. Medium.

David Rostron

Invitation Bar B Que

There will be a Barbie at Nol Chapman Street Strathfield commencing 12: noon on Saturday 5th November. BYO meat and drinks.
Belinda Mackenzie.

Blue Mountains National Park

All tracks closed because of the January bush fires have now been reopened except for the section of The Cliff Top Track between Bridal Vale Falls and Evans Lookout.

This section of track is likely to remain closed for at least one year, until the scrub grows where the track passes very close to the cliff edge. □

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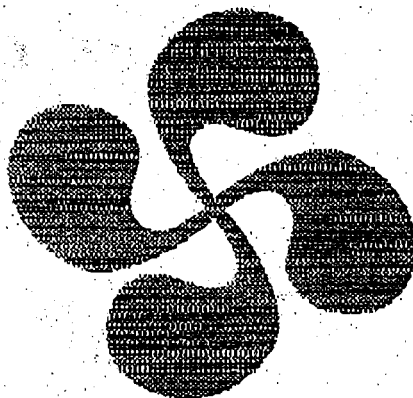
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FROM THE CLUBROOM

by Maurice Smith

Peter Treseder

How would you feel if this had happened to you? You are on your way to achieve a world first climb. Behind you are many months of research, planning, organising and training. You and your team are very concerned because the seventh member of the party, with a third of the food hasn't arrived. In-transit to your mountain you find that your unclimbed mountain had been climbed!

Well, this is what happened to Peter and his team in a book shop in a Malaysian airport transit lounge. When Peter was idly flicking through a book about the mountains in the area they were to visit there in the book are the "facts" about the first climb of the mountain.

As reported in previous editions of this magazine two club members, Morie Ward and David Robins were members of the Peter's six man group. Peter emphasised that he selected party members based on their compatibility rather than their rock climbing ability.

They travelled to Borneo to climb Batu Lawi, a large pinnacle of rock jutting out of the dense tropical jungle.

Despite the early setbacks they kept on with their expedition. Even if they couldn't be the first in the world to climb the peak, they would at least be the first Australians to do so. The result of that determination was brought to us on the evening of 20 July when Peter came to the clubroom with his audio-visual equipment. For the evening the clubroom moved to a large room at nearby St. Aloes College (our thanks to them for the use of this room).

The attraction of Peter brought to the clubroom a large number of members. Unfortunately, many of those members are rarely seen in the clubroom on a regular basis.

Certainly, all present enjoyed the socialising before and after the show. In addition, of course, they also enjoyed the show itself.

To start the evening, John (Social Secretary) Hogan introduced Peter as a "legend in his lifetime" and gave a brief summary of some of Peter's achievements. If you are a regular reader of "Wild" magazine you will know that it is rare for each edition to not include a new exploit by Peter.

The idea for climbing the peak came from reading Dick Smith's book about his helicopter flight around the world. The book included a photograph of Batu Lawi and a challenge for an expedition to climb it. Inspired and sponsored by Dick Smith and the Australian Geographic magazine, Peter began the research phase. He found that very little had been published about Batu Lawi, including the fact that it did not appear to have been climbed. Maps were a major problem, as was finding a local guide who could be trusted.

As part of the research Peter described how he came to learn of the infamous World War II Sandakan March. In this march a large number of Australian prisoners of war were brutally treated by their Japanese captors. Among those who died was a famous name in the history of our club, namely, Gordon Smith (no relation to this reporter) who was the leading light in the pre-war tiger walkers group.

Before embarking on their travel, the non-climbers endured a rigorous training program. This included climbing some of the rock faces on Katoomba's Narrow Neck.

The slide show opened with faces of some of the Australian prisoners of war who died in the Borneo jungle in the area in which they were to walk. The black and white slides were a poignant reminder of this era and their sacrifice. This was followed by scenes of some of the

jungle in which Peter's group walked. Seeing these slides gave me a much better appreciation of the tropical environment in which the group walked and the POWs died.

Having found a local guide who was multi-lingual, and hired young porters, the group were on their way. Flying in to the highlands of Borneo, courtesy of one of their sponsors, Malaysian Airlines. Due to one-third of their food not arriving, their guide and porters assisted by hunting jungle wildlife for meat. Perhaps it was best that we didn't learn just what local animals it was that they killed and ate.

On the 10 day walk in to Batu Lawi they met village elders who had been porters for the previous party to attempt to climb the peak. The villagers told them that the party started the climb, but had given the effort away after problems with dangerous rock conditions. The village head man advised that the previous party had radioed for helicopter assistance to lift them to the top of the peak. So maybe Peter's group would be the first to climb the peak after all.

Upon arriving at the base of Batu Lawi the two best climbers began a day-long climb of the peak face. Due to low cloud and mist for quite a long time those climbers could not be seen from the nearby vantage point. Eventually the visibility improved and with keen eyesight the climbers were seen as mere specks well up the face of Batu Lawi. Late in the day the two reached the peak and after appropriately celebrating then returned to the base of the peak by quite a few abseils. The two left behind appropriate ropes that the other four party members in turn used over the next two days to also reach the peak. After reaching the top they each enjoyed the exhilaration of abseiling down the face.

continued page 10 >

◀ from page 5 Kakadu
 Shortly after leaving the creek on our 9th day we found the most impressive Aboriginal art sighted on the trip. The site comprised rocky tors and caves - one could imagine the location as a haven during the Wet Season.

Koolpin creek was our next catchment. That afternoon we walked past one suitable campsite and, after 2 hours, were concerned the next could be some distance off. The long grass on the creek flats presented an extreme fire danger. We eventually settled for a high camp amongst rocky tors about 50m above the creek. The setting was almost mystical - a pleasant contrast to our campsites adjacent to water.

Day 10 and the trek continued along the almost level banks of Koolpin Creek for about 15km to near the start of the gorge - which is 2-3km in length. We enjoyed a beautiful sandy campsite and pool and reached the gorge the next morning. More rock art caused us to dally and the cool morning breeze discouraged us from swimming the first gorge section.

We rounded a corner to sight a magnificent pool about 250m in length. This was irresistible to most of the party. We leisurely swam this section, admiring the rock formations and walls. More pools and falls followed. In the last, after lunch, the water temperature was 25 degrees.

We were at the road head with a day to spare. The camping ground was unattractive so we headed west for 2km to Freezing Gorge where there were more delightful pools and rock formations. We spent the next day exploring.

Bus pick-up time was 9:30am on the road at the South Alligator River, 8km away. We were away at 6:50am and enjoyed the pleasant cross country trek in the cool morning.

It was magic - we'll be back!

Party members were Marella Hogan, Wendy Lippiatt, Heather Finch, Gyll Anderson, Andrienne Shilling (tea lady), Fusae Dargan, Judith Rostron, Grace and Geoff Wagg, Bob Duncan, Spiro Hajinaketas (morning fire lighter, porridge chef and chief culinary adviser), Wayne Steele (Dispenser of Rum & Lemon Barley for Happy Hour and co-navigator) and David Rostron (Leader). □

◀ from page 6 Peter Treseder

On top of the peak they found the semi-rusted empty smoke canisters left behind by the previous party to signal their helicopter. So indeed Peter and his group were the first to climb the peak from the base. The other scenes spotted from the peak was the logging roads encroaching into the jungle. Their guides know that logging is destroying their lifestyle and their environment and seem resigned to it, despite their effort to have the area surrounding Batu Lawi declared a national park.

Peter closed the session by playing the John Denver song "Its About Time", a haunting tune about what is happening to our environment. As ever, Peter we enjoyed your slide show that was more than just a slide show. Rather, it was a life experience that we enjoyed. I look forward to your next visit to our club room. Maybe next time we will need an even larger room for your visit. □

Advance Notice

Long Ski Trek

Ski Touring (subject to snow conditions) 22nd October to 29th or 30th October. 5 or 7 or 8 days (optional).

Round Mountain - Jagungal - Main Range - Thredbo. Medium.

David Rostron.

Letter to the Editor

Mobile Phones

On the subject of modern communication systems and bushwalking, referred to in your May editorial, my conclusion is that mobile telephones will become part of bushwalking gear whether one likes it or not. Individual walkers may for the time being choose not to have a telephone, but the Club will soon have no choice.

Already there has been comment in the press about the desirability of bushwalkers carrying mobile telephones for use in an emergency. Enough to suggest that the Club would be criticised if it is involved in an incident where a mobile telephone could have saved public funds, the time of rescue teams, a life or permanent injury. It will become a responsibility for the club and its leaders to ensure that there is at least one mobile telephone in every walking party.

The Club should accept the existence and use of mobile telephones and set out a code of use for members on walks. Whether the Club purchases mobile telephones for leaders to carry is something which will have to be considered eventually.

Bushwalkers are going to have to live with mobile telephones because -

- a) the world around us is changing in this age of communication, and the carrying of mobiles will become the norm; and
- b) they will be seen, like a compass, to be a prudent, if not essential, part of a walkers gear.

Personally, I do not much care for what is happening, but that is not going to make mobile telephones go away.

Bill Gamble.

Never Truly Dry. cont' from P2:

◁ The rain was enough to ensure that our clothing never really dried out. It provided the appropriate microclimate for the culture of moulds and greeny brown slime especially on sleeves and shirtfronts.

Most of us had a reasonable night's sleep despite the limited space. The acrobats in our party managed sleeping stances that included draping one's body over boulders and fig roots, wrapping prehensile buttocks around saplings to prevent that unexpected midnight slide down the hill and for a while there was some discussion what the pros and cons of tying oneself to trees for that little bit of extra night support.

With the light of day and a little exploration our route to the top was readily redefined and by morning tea time had arrived in the saddle below Mt Bowen where we had hoped to

camp the night before. Morning tea was disrupted by the arrival of some juicy looking leeches and ticks so perhaps it was fortuitous that we had not spent the night at this location. We dumped the packs and put out the tents to dry before proceeding to the peak of Mt Bowen.

Now for five days Mt Bowen had loomed above us grey and misty, always blanketed by thick rainclouds but for this day it was fine hot and sunny - perfect for our adventure. As we traversed the ridgeline to the top there were magnificent vistas over Nina Peak to the north, the gullies and creeks we had walked through to the east, Diamantina and The Thumb to the south and on the western aspect of the island there was an array of mangrove lined channels carving serpiginous patterns over the landscape. It was obvious that fires had, in the recent past, blazed a trail

of destruction over the summit of Mt Bowen. Its legacy? Charred skeletons of banksias amidst a carpet of tussock grass.

From our high and lofty perch we enjoyed lunch, an intense photo session, wonderful views and a laugh over the entries in the logbook. It seems our party was the only party this year to reach the summit in perfect weather.

The descent allowed us to enjoy those last glimpses of Hinchinbrook in its full glory. We collected our packs and tents and proceeded down the same route. Again we were forced to camp in the rainforest on very limited space. Most of us slept either nestled between or draped over the roots of a large strangler fig that dominated the central campsite. Oliver however had wisely chosen the high ground and appeared to have had a good night's sleep.

NITMILUK NATIONAL PARK (Katherine Gorge)

EXPERIENCE THE WONDER OF THE WET

Nitmiluk's marked trails are easy to follow in the Dry, not so in the Wet. The land bursts into bloom, a year's growth compressed into a few months. Small dry creeks turn into torrents. Waterfalls spring to life. Only someone with an intimate knowledge of the park can take you off the track and show you the hidden gorges and waterfalls that the winter tourists never see.



SPECIAL OFFER

Join me next February for my 11th anniversary special, the most exciting Nitmiluk expedition Willis's Walkabouts has ever offered, a trip with plenty of time for swimming and relaxation, a trip I enjoy so much that I will personally run it for as few as two people, provided I have the confirmed bookings by 1 December. Book and pay four months in advance and you get a 20% discount. See you there.



Willis's Walkabouts

12 Carrington Street, Millner NT 0810

Tel: (089) 85 2134 Fax: (089) 85 2355

cont' from p 11

And so it was down, down, down the mountain until we were again met by the trials and tribulations of Warrawilli Creek. This time the rocks were drier and we made hastier progress through the creek. Our weary bodies were seduced from the mountains by the promise once again of the se sand and surf. By now it had taken three days to complete an 11 kilometre circuit.

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Our last day on Hinchinbrook was taken at a restful pace. We again walked over to Ramsay Bay

and along the beach past the mouth of Warrawilla Creek and then headed into the rainforest towards Nina Peak. After a quick climb to the top and back it was on to a lunchspot that was 5 minutes (or 30 minutes for some) from the boat jetty. The naive group took the 30 minute option to the jetty which involved a big rock scramble and a high powered sprint with backpack to the boat. Morie took the 5 minute conventional route to the jetty but came back to the beach to coach us for the sprint to the boat which was about to leave without us. Nonetheless we all made it on board in time to enjoy our farewell trip through mangrove channels and onto Cardwell.

As we sped towards civilisation it was a wonderful feeling to reflect on our seven fantastic days on Hinchinbrook. The rainforest lived up to its reputation. Some days it sprinkled, some days it poured and some days were just so beautiful and sunny but at no time were we ever truly dry.

The group comprised:

Oliver Crawford, Jan Hodges, Tony Holgate, Jean Kendall, Jan Mohandas, Michele Powell, Dave Robinson, Louise Verdon, Morie Ward (Leader) and Tom Wenman□

Important Notice

To all members and subscribers

Overdue subscriptions

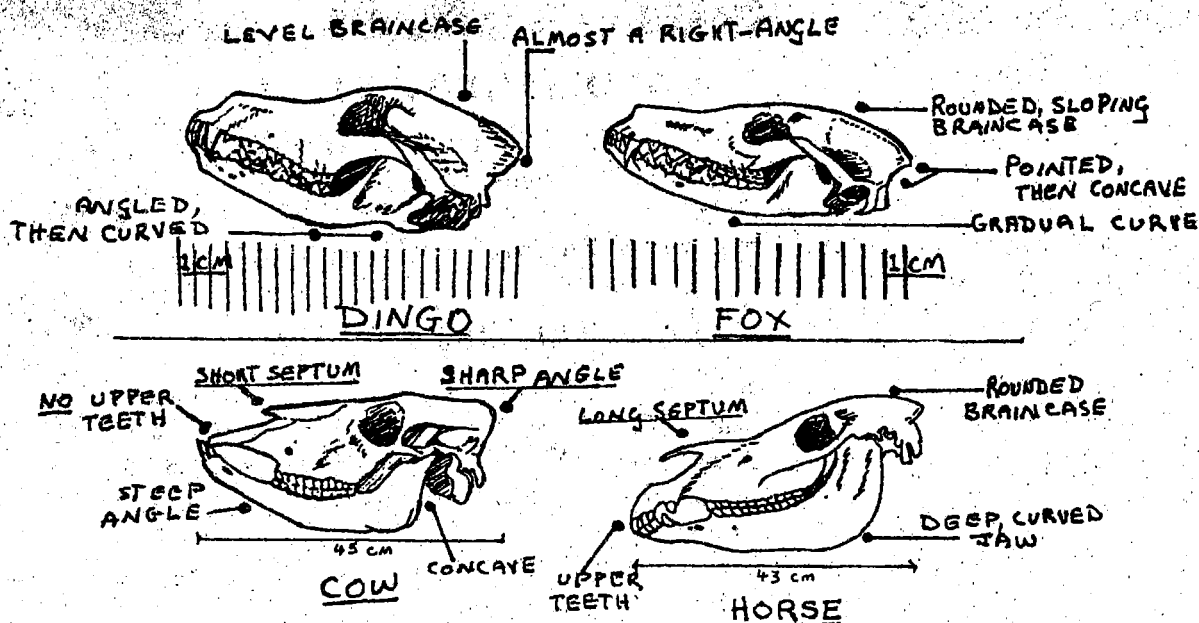
In the July Magazine we ran a notice to remind people about their unpaid sub's but regrettably failed to also remind them about how much to pay. Its all very well to say "but we told you that months ago" which isnt much help if your like me.

Anyway, for those who need a further reminder:

Single Member	\$30
Household	\$48
Non Active	\$ 9
" " plus Magazine	\$21
Magazine only	\$12

WHAT ANIMAL WAS THAT No. 1.

A field guide to help identify animal skulls likely to be found in N.S.W.



Note: Due to selective in-breeding, DOG skulls vary enormously - ie., bulldog, greyhound and miniature poodle. The only positive identification is from the teeth. For this, contact the Australian Museum.

The July General Meeting.

At around 2000 when the president called the meeting to order and commenced proceedings there were 18 or so members present. There were apologies from Alex, Dot, Bill and Fran and Joy and Ian. New members Ray Kidd and Steven Mackay were accorded the usual welcome with applause, constitution, badge, handshake and warm greetings.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and received with no matters arising.

The correspondence read and accepted was composed entirely of routine items such as letters to new members. There were no matters arising.

The treasurer's report indicated that we received income of \$1,999, spent \$616 and closed the month with a balance of \$10,867. Some of this balance was redeemed investments slated for reinvestment so don't get excited folks.

The first cab off the rank for the walks reports was Ian Rannard's walk at Mungo Brush over the June long weekend. There were 9 starters and a good time was had by most. Kenn Clacher's walk, covering a string of place names in Morton N.P., a least one of which ended in cliff, initiated some subset of the 8 walkers who attended into the school of blurred-scrub walking. Others had walked with Kenn before. Belinda McKenzie led 5 starters on her walk in the vicinity of Erskine Creek. The walk was truncated and rerouted a little but otherwise went to program. Brian Holden's cycle trip in the Oakdale area went, but there were no other details. Ken Smith's day trip from Manly to Cremorne on the Monday was described as a leisurely stroll which meandered along past cappuccino stops and other landmarks of a languid landscape. With a party of

21 what more could one expect. Large parties were always slow.

Morie Ward led a party of 10 on his extended trip to Hinchinbrook Island. The area was beautiful but they experienced unsettled weather with some rain over the first few days. The weather improved after that and all was forgiven by the time the walk ended.

Bill Capon deferred his walk in Kedumba Valley, which had been programmed for the weekend of 17, 18, 19 June, to the following weekend. Brian Holden led a party of 12 or 13 on his Jervis Bay cycling trip. Dick Weston had a party of 12 on his Evans Lookout to Evans Lookout via Junction Rock walk. The walk was somewhat rerouted due to track closures and the rather confusing information provided about such closures by NPWS. David Robinson's walk from Otford to Waterfall was abandoned for the same reasons.

The weekend of 24, 25, 26 June saw Jan Mohandas leading 6 brave souls on a walk from Kanangra Walls to Thunder Bend and back over Paralyser. The weather was very cold and the party hurried to keep warm, arriving back at the cars at around 1600 hours. Carol Lubber's trip to the castle and back, via Mt Cole as it turned out, attracted 7 starters. Again, conditions were cold but in this case the party hurried because they were pursued in the early stages of the walk (well that's Carols story) by a multitude of schoolboys. Greta James's day walk from Govette Leap was relocated to the Lower Blue Mountains due to the aforesaid track closure confusion. There were 15 on the walk which went from Faulconbridge to Glenbrook. Bronny Niemeyer led her Cowan to Berowra trip to program with a party of 18 and only one ice cream stop, albeit a greatly protracted one. There were reports of Peter Miller loitering suspiciously at one of the way points and joining the walk for

the rest of the way. He probably thinks that area is his back-yard by now. Wilf on the other hand has no such illusions, he knows the whole state is *his* backyard. That's why he has programmed walks to take in such large areas of it. On stage 8 of the Federation Walk he led a party of 12 on a trip delayed by last minute rescheduling by State Rail. The weather also failed him at the later stages of the walk with rain and winds. You just can't trust anyone nowadays.

David Rostron's Kakadu area walk had a party of 13 with cooler than expected conditions. The payoff was that there were no flies or mosquitoes and the weather remained dry.

July 1, 2, 3 saw Tom Wenman and a party of 12 doing the Kanangra to Katoomba walk in overcast but fine conditions. They wimped out on the last part of Narrow Neck however, using a mobile phone to call up taxis. Of the day walks that weekend Rudi Dezelin's trip in Marra Marra N.P. went, despite some phone contact problems which robbed some starters of the pleasure, with a party of 7. Eddie Giacomel led a party of 26 on his Cowan to Gosford walk with 3 extras joining at Patonga. David Robinson's walk to Bluegum was cancelled due to track closures or reports thereof. It also appears that Peter Christian led an impromptu walk involving 4 starters that weekend but your scribe has no other details.

All of which ends the walks report.

No conservation report was presented to the meeting due to the absence of Alex Colley the conservation secretary.

Confederation report indicated that they have received two responses so far to their letters regarding preservation of access to Megalong Valley areas via Carlon's Farm.

continued next page >

< The first of these, from the department of Conservation and Land Management was less than helpful, urging us to contact a lawyer.

There was no general business and few announcements so the meeting closed at 2119.

Help Needed

We have received a request for assistance from Peter Miller of Saint Ignatious' College, Riverview.

It seems that about four times a year Peter takes a group of boys from the school into the Kowmung Valley for a five day walking / camping / swimming / fishing etc trip. The school requires that at least two adults, regardless of sex, be present throughout the full duration of the activity.

Peters next walk is scheduled for 24th to 29th September 1994 and it looks like he may have to cancel if he can't find another adult (21 years or older) to assist with supervision by accompanying the group. The role of the second person would be as a presence and or back up supervisor in the case of an emergency situation.

If you would like to talk to Peter about it Phone direct on 882 8249 or reception on 882 8306.

Advance notice

Nepal Oct' 94

I'm planning a trip to Nepal in late October for one month. High altitude trekking to Everest Base Camp.

People who would like to come should get in touch with me ASAP.

Saska Litvak
phone (h) 663 0755
" " (w) 385 4188
fax 663 1227

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Helicopter Invasion of National Parks

In May the Colong Foundation wrote to the Blue Mountains City Council objecting to the proposed "Fly Neighbourly Agreement" that permits operation of helicopters over national parks.

extracts from The Colong Bulletin

Helicopter joy flights have now expanded the horizon of environmental debate. Joy flights offer significant degradation of the scenic appeal of the Blue Mountains and possibly a loss of jobs from the tourism industry. Furthermore, it appears that unless conservationists and local residents campaign like tigers and get the issue in front of a decision maker, we will be unable to stop helicopters ruining the serenity of our national parks.

Ms Lisa Corbyn, Deputy Director of the NSW Environmental Protection Authority, describes the effects of Helicopters this way. "The Blue Mountains is one of the few places where tourists and residents can find peace and tranquillity that provide the antidote of our hectic modern lifestyles".

It seems that this peace and serenity is about to end. Ed

THEATRE PARTY

Fazeley Read is organising a Theatre Party to see "SIGHT UNSEEN", by Donald Margulies at the Ensemble on Thursday November 19th. Cost is \$23 each. If interested contact Fazeley on 909 3671. The deadline is Wed 2nd November.