

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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LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Ainsley Morris

So, did you miss us? Really truly? We hope so, as it was the first time in years that Mike and I have not been on a SBW Xmas-New Year seven day walk. Are we getting slack? Never.

Despite a wonderful array of SBW walks in the Snowies, Croajingalong and Ben Boyd to tempt us, we changed allegiance to our nearest branch of NPA at Milton, and followed its President Ron Doughton into the Tasmanian Wilderness.

Fine warm sunny weather having been arranged we did the South Coast Track over seven days, having had a spectacular flight from Hobart to Melaleuca along the whole route of the walk on New Years Day. After our return to Hobart we did the Frenchman's Cap walk in the Franklin-Gordon National Park. Highlights were the scenery on a larger scale than in NSW, both coastal and alpine; the endangered orange-bellied parrot seen at melaleuca; a very big tiger snake lurking by the bridge (replacing the flying fox) over the Franklin; and wonderful mossy rooty muddy rain forest and alpine flowers very different to ours. Disappointments were the long board walks, cramped camp sites, and numerous walkers, all unavoidable but having the effect of reducing the wilderness feel so easy to get by going off track in Kosciusko National Park. However we finally did our first Tassie walks.

The western Arthurs and Federation Peak walks would give you more of a challenge but are too hard for us, so if you are younger and stronger, they offer spectacular glaciated scenery.

See you on the track, if not before, then next Xmas-New Year in our old haunts in NSW, the true "MECCA" of bushwalking.

Ainslie Morris and Mike Reynolds

PROSPECTIVES TRAINING WEEKEND AT "COOLANA"

Bill Holland

Both experienced and new members are encouraged to attend the training weekend scheduled in the Autumn Walks programme for 18th/19th March. This will be held on the Club's property "Coolana" in the beautiful Kangaroo Valley. Training will be given in map reading, bushcraft and first aid, offering you an opportunity to gain knowledge sufficient to meet the Club's pre-requisite for moving to full membership. It will not be all work. The property offers some delightful bushwalking and there will be time for a swim.

Assistance from experienced members would be appreciated. This is an opportunity to pass on knowledge to prospective members.

There is a shelter shed near the campsite and cars can be parked a handy distance. Therefore there is no need to have camping gear or large packs. Just bring along a light sleeping bag (or blanket) and a foam mat to sleep on. Tents are optional. You will have to provide your own meals and cooking gear. There will be breakfast for Sunday, lunch for both Saturday and Sunday and dinner for Saturday night. Don't forget a few snacks and we like to have a community happy hour (a drink and nibbles) before dinner on Saturday.

Family groups are welcome. Transport is by car leaving early Saturday morning. We plan to share vehicles so please let me know if you have your own transport or need a lift.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO ATTEND please phone to me on 484 6636 (h) or 925 3309 (w) early in the week commencing 13th March.

Bill Holland

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The lustrous purple blackness

of the soft Australian night,

waned in the grey awakening

that heralded the light

James Lister Cuthbertson

The following is a reprint of an editorial published in The Sydney Morning Herald on Wednesday, February 1, 1995

A FOREST ACCORD

If ever there was a cause where concentration of government effort was required to resolve a policy mess once and for all, it is the annual woodchip licence circus. To begin with, there is confusion about what the problem is. It is certainly not the existence of a woodchip export industry. Conservationists have learnt to target the woodchip industry as a tactical device to press the Federal Government on an area of Federal authority - the power to issue export licences. But that is not the heart of the problem. But it certainly helps to confuse the issue, since at the heart of the problem, it is State and not Federal power which generally operates.

At the heart of this policy mess, surely, is the question of what happens to old growth native forests. Conservationists want old growth forests preserved for aesthetic, scientific, cultural and broad economic reasons. The timber industry wants continuing access to ever diminishing stands of old growth forests for

their dwindling supply of saw logs. The industry argues that it can, to the benefit of the economy, log in ways which do not destroy the forests' essential characteristics.

In the arguments between the conservationists and the timber industry each side paints the other as intractable. In the timber industries demonstrations in Canberra last week, much has been made of the conservationists' refusal to give even a little in relation to loggers claims for access to old growth forests. Yet surely the weight of the argument here is on the conservationists' side. As Justice Stewart said in his forest and timber industry draft report in 1991; "The traditional old growth milling industry is unlikely it exist at anywhere near its present size beyond the next decade or so. Many of the mills dependent on old growth will probably close and jobs will probably be lost. Second, those mills that can afford to switch to regrowth logs will face a log shortage caused by the old growth being cut too rapidly ... Australia is in the process of restructuring an industry from one that is labour intensive and based on old growth forest hardwood to one that is equipment intensive and based on plantation softwood." continued on page

NOWHERE IS A PLACE

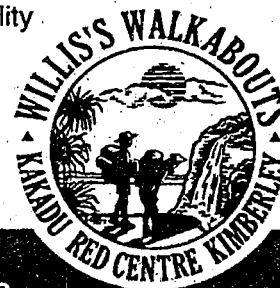


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FOUR DAYS AT "TERRIBLE HOLLOW"

by Jim Brown

Recently the press reported that the mortal remains of an Australian bushranger of the 1860's - Captain Moonlight- had been exhumed and reburied near the grave of a member of his gang, in accordance with his last wishes. It reminded me of an "easy" Easter camp we attended in April 1977, based at Macarthur's Flat out from Hill Top and on the Nattai River.

The association of ideas is, of course, due to the fact that Macarthur's Flat on the Nattai has long been believed (by local inhabitants of the Southern Highlands at any rate) as the site of the hiding place of the fictional Captain Starlight in Rolf Bolderwood's novel of the bushranger and his gang "Robbery Under Arms". So much so that the bush road out from Hill Top to the edge of the Nattai Valley is shown on maps as "Starlight's Track". In the novel, Starlight, an English "gentleman" who has gone wrong, strikes up an acquaintanceship with former convict Ben Marston and his sons Dick and Jim Marston and they begin by duffing (stealing) horses and high grade cattle and concealing them in "Terrible Hollow", to which access is gained by a narrow winding bridle track not too far from the town of Dargo (?Bargo?).

Well, let's accept that Terrible Hollow is Macarthur's Flat. In 1977 our member Tony Denham programmed an easy Easter camp at the place, with people coming when they wished and joining the colony and leisurely day walks from the base camp to be arranged. It seemed a suitable project for a pair of walkers around the 60 years mark, so Kath and I joined in, driving down to the rim of the valley on the Good Friday morning and "reporting in" to the leader just before lunchtime. There was by this stage a group of about 15 walkers in residence, including three or four prospective members trying it as one of their early overnight trips. As it actually turned out, the easy, leisurely

camp proved so hair raising that, when we presented a musical special item for the Club's 50th Anniversary camp in October of that year, we featured the events of the Easter camp, with a couple of songs based on the more startling events.

The first came on Easter Saturday, when Tony proposed a stroll of several kilometres downstream along the Nattai, then taking to a major tributary "Wanganderry Creek" flowing in from the south west. We'd only made a couple of kilometres up Wanganderry Creek when one of the prospective girl members broke a leg. Yes, broke a leg! - and in circumstances you could barely believe: a small sandbank about 10 or 12 centimetres in height collapsed under her foot, causing her to fall sideways and snapping the fibula (the brooch bone of the lower leg) just above its contact with the major bone or tibia.

Originally we couldn't believe that there was a fracture. "Just pulled muscles - give her a rest over lunch and she'll be right". But of course she wasn't, and finally we fabricated a kind of litter out of bush timber and carried the lass back to our base camp. I have some old slides showing members of the party knee deep in the Nattai in places where we either had to cross or where the bank was too rough, with six people in turn acting as stretcher bearers. In the October songfest we told the story to the tune of "Nancy Brown" - a rather roguish ballad which was popular at campfire singsongs at the time:-

Now the first lamb to the slaughter
It was Ossie Brownlee's daughter
And it happened up on Wanganderry Creek.
Bitten by a snake we thought her,
Or perhaps a dog trap caught her,
When we heard her utter forth a piercing shriek.

We decided that she oughter
Bathe her ankle in the water,
A badly twisted muscle was our hunch. ▷

Then if two strong men support her
And the rest of us escort her
Why she'll walk out on her own when
we've had lunch.

But the damage that was wrought her
Meant we had to "call a porter",
While a pack frame and two saplings made a
seat.

Over rocks and sand and water
To Macarthur's Flat we brought her
And the bearers tottered in about dead beat.

Realising overnight that there was not going to be
any swift and miraculous improvement, we held
council:- (sung to "No, John, no...")

Sunday morning we held council
And agreed there was no doubt
On our own we'd never make it -
Couldn't carry Janice out.

Oh, how then can we get her out?

Some thought we should hire horses
From the farm atop the hill.
Others said "a helicopter" -
Oh - but who would foot the bill?

Up the pass we sent three people
Since for help we had to call.
Chose 'em 'cause they looked the cleanest,
Barbara Bruce and John and Paul.

Oh, Bruce looked spruce and Paul is
tall.*

*Barbara Bruce and Paul Mawhinney were
two of the three who went to summon aid.

The commentator at the 1977 Reunion then recited
that -

"So there was now a division of activities:
some had gone to seek aid; others opted to
remain in camp and care for Jan. And a
much reduced party, headed by Hans
Stichter, decided to spend the rest of the
Sunday walking upstream along the Nattai

and trying to climb up to Russell's Needle, a
spiky crag on the western ridges beside the
river. One of the party was a prospective
girl, Meriel."

This was followed by a song, which I had to present
because, instead of a current camp fire ballad, I
chose a cheerful tripping melody which forms the
theme of the final movement of a Mozart piano
concerto (Kochel No. 453, if you're at all familiar
with some of the most delightful piano concerti ever
written).

"Now when the Hill Top team had left
And gone up Starlight's Track,
The rest of us debated what
We'd do 'till they came back.

And some agreed they'd stay with Jan
While Stichter led another team
To try for Russell's Needle, which
Lies several miles upstream.

Once aroused we didn't dally
And we pushed off up the valley
And blow me down! - it happened again
Near Rocky Waterholes Creek.

As Meriel tried to keep dry feet
A stepping stone she missed,
She turned a kind of somersault
And landed on her wrist.

The tally now - one busted leg
And one disabled arm.
We thought that maybe we should stop
Before we came to harm.

To Macarthur's Flat retreating
And there was Owen bleating
Because he'd trodden on a SNAKE
And no one seemed to give a damn!

It was true. Owen Marks, coming out alone to join
up with the camping party for the last days of
Easter, "trod on something that wrenched away ▷

< from underfoot" and rustled off into the tall bracken growing on Macarthur's Flat. A huge incident to him, of course, but to those of us traumatised by two significant cases of injury it was very small beer indeed. At least we acknowledged the event in the October festival where one of the lasses playing a role was given the line "Oh, that poor snake! Fancy having a heavy bloke like Owen dancing on your back!" And the "tally" went up to - "one leg, one arm and one snake with a sore back".

Later that afternoon our Hill Top reporters were back and right through to nightfall the "product" came in, sometimes singly, sometimes in a group. They were all SBW members - some 9 or 10 of them - and included some of our strongest walkers of the time who by some quirk of fortune had not been on an Easter trip. Furthermore the ambulance station at Bowral had provided a proper stretcher, no doubt being greatly relieved to know we proposed to do our own rescue operation.

On the Monday we got the injured out. Meriel was "walking wounded" of course, but her pack was carried. Jan was taken out on the stretcher with relays of bearers. Because of our ripening years, Kath and I were not required to be bearers, but we were able to break off small bushes and hold back branches to give better passage to those with the load - and also carried some of the gear of those with the real burden.

I heard later that veteran SBW member Ossie Brownlee felt we had mismanaged the whole rescue and should have tried to get a helicopter mission. Well, perhaps - I guess it could have put down on Macarthur's Flat. However, not long afterwards a former SBW member walking in the Budawangs with a Canberra Club party sustained a broken leg and was lifted out by helicopter. That kind of rescue operation was then in its infancy and as the stretcher was hoisted up to the hovering aircraft it began to rotate violently, causing rushes of blood to the extremities of brain and feet which left the victim as a very sick lad for some time. So I don't know. I always felt a sort of glow about the extrication of Janice - it bore out what I'd long maintained about the Bushies LOOKING AFTER THEIR OWN!

So there it ended. We'd had our easy, relaxing Easter camp - or was it just four days at Terrible Hollow?

A Forest Accord continued from page 3

In other words, in this highly emotional argument over trees, the conservationists are not the only dewy-eyed sentimentalists. The others are those in the timber industry who refuse to see what has been clear for decades - that there will soon be no place for the small old style saw mills equipped for labour-intensive processing of logs from native forests. As Justice Stewart noted, that part of the industry has long been doomed. In fact the shift to a plantation based industry is well advanced. That is why the licensing decision of the minister for resources, Mr Beddall - favouring employment considerations over conservation values - was short sighted. It tended to prolong the agony of an unviable sector of the industry rather than help it face the inevitable pain of restructuring.

The time is past when the Federal Government can lurch from crisis to crisis, never tackling the fundamental problem. There is much talk of the need for state - Federal cooperation, and for recognition of the social and economic problems accompanying the passing of the traditional old-growth milling industry. What is really needed is change of attitude by both sides in a highly emotional conflict of ideas. To realise this, the Federal Government should call a forest summit at which all interests are represented. This with good leadership, should produce a forests accord to end this messy business.



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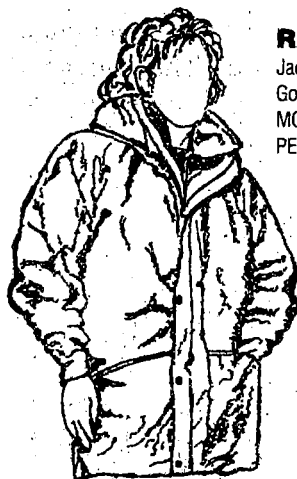
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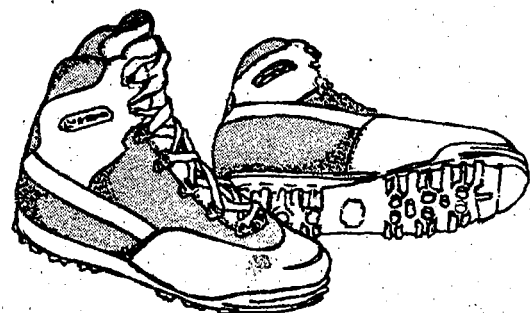


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From The Clubroom

Jan Roberts

Firstly, my excuse for missing the report in last month's newsletter. Since leaving for the South Island of New Zealand in mid December I've been walking in the Fiordland and Mt Cook National Parks. This was followed by time in the Snowy Mountains relaxing, and I didn't get back to Sydney until the second week in January. At Jan Mohandas' recommendation, my friend (and prospective SBW), Miriam Kirwan and I walked the Kepler Track out of Te Anau, and had a white Christmas day while crossing the Iris Burn. The Europeans walking with us were very amused with the snow, and were madly taking photographs to send home to friends and relatives as proof of their 'summer' walking in the southern hemisphere.

Club gossip has it however, that the Christmas party was a great success with several members notable for their strange behaviour?? But maybe this was a result of the extremely hot weather on the day.

SLIDES OF XMAS WALKS

January 25th

A walk on the mild side. Feedback SBWers who attended Elwyn Morris' presentation which covered multiple walks in multiple continents over multiple years was that the civilised world isn't always what it seems. Some of the highlights included encounters with bears and the hazards of trying to hitch-hike on the Golden Gate Bridge. Thanks to Elwyn for the interesting travelogue.

At last Wednesday's gathering Christmas walkers competed for the best story and photograph of the season. First up was Vincent Smith presenting his superb slides from Croajingalong National Park in Victoria with Tony Holgate (the leader) providing the commentary. With two social workers and two psychiatrists, none of the party dared express how they really felt about the walk, however the coast looks beautiful and will surely tempt others back.

There were no slides but Maurie Blooms' walk started on a high compared to last year, as the weather was beautiful we were told by Tom Wenman. However, Tom could only give us the story up until Barbara's accident near the summit of Jugungal, as he and Tony Crichton (who sprained his foot on the return) left to get help. We listened as the drama unfolded; which eventually resulted in an army of rescuers on foot, horseback, in the air and in vehicles arriving simultaneously. Barbara is making a speedy

recovery. Angelika Langley took up the story; the rest of the walk was ably led by Joe Van Summers and Jim Percy and went very well although shortened. New Year's Eve was celebrated in style with Anglika carrying three bottles of champagne.

George Mawer's walk also had some last minute leadership changes, and was led by Maurice Smith, as George's doctor decided George should rest instead. No photographic proof of the walk was available on the night. Instead Maurice gave us a verbal presentation and commented that the party complained about the noisy helicopter flying low overhead at one stage (as it eventuated this was the helicopter on its way to rescue Barbara!)

Finally, Spiro presented his excellent slides of Ian Ranards's walk in the Snowy's which featured thermal pools and masses of wild flowers, again very different from last year's photographs. Meal time at Starvation Creek looked anything but, with billies crammed into every piece of available space on the camp fire, and lots of SBWers involved in a feeding frenzy. □

◁ continuation of SMH Editorial, from page 3

In other words, in this highly emotional argument over trees, the conservationists are not the only dewy-eyed sentimentalists. The others are those in the timber industry who refuse to see what has been clear for decades - that there will soon be no place for the small old style saw mills equipped for labour-intensive processing of logs from native forests. As Justice Stewart noted, that part of the industry has long been doomed. In fact the shift to a plantation based industry is well advanced. That is why the licensing decision of the minister for resources, Mr Beddall - favouring employment considerations over conservation values - was short sighted. It tended to prolong the agony of an unviable sector of the industry rather than help it face the inevitable pain of restructuring.

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CANYONING TRIP REPORTS

by Ian Wolfe

1.2-4 December 1994 Bungonia area - 9 participants

Saturday - a lovely day down Long Gully. Magnificent first abseil of 57m, a number of smaller ones thereafter. Lunch with a swim and a sunbake on the Shoalhaven before walking downstream to inspect Fordam Canyon. Also toured the ruins of the old Tolwong Mine and did some cascading in the river. Walked up the Bridle Track before heading back to the Bungonia Campsite. Diner was held with red wine and a progressive game of Boules.

Sunday - similarly nice day down Bungonia Creek with a number of very pleasant abseils and swims in the pools below. Visited the Gorge to see where the rock fall nearly ended my career last year (something about slaying the dragon). Climbed out via the Red Tape Track before heading off for an icecream at Mittagong.

2. 16-18 December 1994 Middle Christys Creek (Kangra) 11 partyers

Walked over Marilman Heath to Pindari Pass and then steeply down to the creek before walking back up to view Margaret Falls from below. Then down to Cronus Falls for the first big abseil. A number of smaller drops thereafter before reaching the mighty Barrallier Falls. We had a progressive lunch at this point which included diving for sunglasses in the pool below. Continued walking for a fair distance down the creek before completing the final three small, but very beautiful, falls. Camped at the junction of the two Christy's Creeks. Please note that this was not at the cramped northern campsite but on the terrace 20m up from the creek on the SW side.

Celebrated my birthday on the river bank with wine, port, cooler, party hats, party poppers, chocolate cake, Irish Christmas cake, munchies, tall tales and fireflies. Everyone agreed to conduct a repeat trip in 35 years time!

Saturday having been quite hot the prospect of a long ridge walk on Sunday afternoon led to a slight change in plan. Instead of continuing down the creek through the Rift to the Kowmung and then out by Stonehag we went directly up Great Groaner to the Colboyd Range. This had us back to the cars by 12 o'clock just as it was beginning to become furnace like. This we solved by a swim at Boyd Crossing and a drink at the Hampton Pub.

3. 6-8 January 1995 Bell & Wollangambe Creeks

The auspices were not good in the days prior as the heavens were pouring down torrents! Were we hesitant, were we dismayed ... yes, we were! And this led to some erosion in numbers. Nevertheless six members awoke on Saturday morning at the Mt Wilson sports field. A car shuffle and a close encounter with a very large dog at Holly Lodge saw us striding under a blue sky down to Bell Creek. Here we carefully inspected the water level and found it quite normal before changing into our wetsuits. Thereafter it was down the creek enjoying the splendid formations of waterworn rock and playing leapfrog with a Bankstown Bushwalking Club day trip (half SBW anyway!).

After much swimming we blew up our lilos and traversed the narrow, deep pools, marvelling at the size of the orange crayfish to cries of "Dinner, Dinner!"

Eventually we emerged at the Du Faur's Creek junction and shortly thereafter the Wollangambe junction. Then it was down to the first exit to camp on the sandbank.

Intermittent misty rain fell for most of the night and continued next day. This lowered the temperature slightly, but enough to make us a tad cold. As such we elected to call it quits when we reached the second exit at 11.30 a.m., having traversed the main part of this spectacular creek (the waterfalls were particularly pretty).

The trip concluded with a short walk out, a car shuffle and then fish and chips at the Windsor Seafood shop. □

"And then there were..."

Patrick James

Maurie Bloom's "Call of the Wild" Christmas walk in the Snowy did not go according to plan.

The story of the walk follows. But first, to set the scene, the characters in this story are:

first leader Maurie Bloom

second leader Jim Percy

leading lady Barbara Ellis

messengers Tony Crichton and Tom Wenman

chorus Helana Chan

Greta James

Patrick James

Angelika Langley

Rosemary MacDougal

Mary Moffit

Margaret Sheen

Jo van Sommers

Of the original 14 starters on the walk, but one had to go to Japan, and then there were 13. With gallant and carefree disregard to any superstitious nonsense concerning numbers we made our separate ways to Adaminaby on Boxing Day and joined to bus to be dropped off at Round Mountain. The drop off point was full with parked cars, as bad as Bondi on a hot Sunday in summer. All were experienced Snowy walkers except one who was making his maiden trip. In the process of getting our act together, packs on backs, gaiters on legs, etc, the march flies did seem to be a bit more aggressive than usual, I was told.

The plan was a "Call of the Wild" 6 day walk finishing at Kiandra. Day 1 was uneventful; easy walking under a blue sky and finishing with a beautiful sunset. Day 2 started well, another beautiful day with blue sky. The easy walking changed in the late morning as we bashed our way up the footslopes of Mount Jagungal. Just as we reached the ridge leading to the summit, just within the treeline, and just at about 11 am, Barbara our leading lady, lost her balance, her fully loaded six day pack had its own way and she fell heavily on her left elbow. Her cry of "I think I've broken my arm" was quickly answered by a rush of medical help. Amongst the chorus we had a surfeit of medical skill and knowledge. Barbara could not have picked a better medically endowed team with whom to have an accident. Very quickly Barbara was made comfortable, her pack removed, her injury examined,

reassured that we would not abandon her, a shade erected to shield her from the sun and her legs covered to protect from the march flies. The diagnosis was that Barbara had dislocated her elbow at least plus a very strong possibility that a bone or bones were broken.

After a number of discussions and conferences our (first) leader decided that medical evacuation of the patient was called for. Note that here Barbara has become 'the patient'. To get help the two most likely lads were selected as messengers. An easy choice as the two messengers, Tony and Tom, were the fittest of the bunch with the best knowledge of the Snowy area. We had lunch and then the messengers went through their packs to discard unnecessary objects, rum, etc. The plan was that they would walk to Round Mountain, get a lift to the nearest civilisation and raise the alarm and then rejoin us for the rest of the walk. Now this is where the story starts to become involved and difficult to follow. Actually the story becomes a series of sub-stories, namely Tom & Tony's story, the patient's (Barbara) story, Maurie's story and the chorus' story.

Tom and Tony's story. Tom has written a separate account of their story. The following is a condensed version. After lunch on Day 2, Tom and Tony went off to get help, and then there were 11. On the way they met a couple who had a mobile phone with them. Beauty, a call was made, contact established and help was on its way. They did walk out of the park and managed to get a ride to Cabramurra. After much waiting around the flesh pots of Cabramurra the likely lads received confirmation that a helicopter was on its way to rescue Barbara from the wilds of the Snowy. The messengers split-up. Tom returned to the bosom of the party. Tony, who had sprained his ankle in the rush to get help, decided not to return to the walk and so sported himself as a tourist for the remaining days.

Back in the Park. On Day 3 the patient (Barbara) was rescued by the helicopter, and then there were 10. The machine came all the way from Westmead Hospital. It almost missed us as we had moved down off the mountain and it went to the top. We laid out our packs to form the correct 'ground to air' message signal and signalled with mirrors. They saw us and landed. Quite an emotional experience to have strangers come to the rescue of one of the party. Of course we took plenty of photos and posed with the crew. The patient was taken to Woden Valley Hospital in Canberra. > continued page 14

The January General Meeting.

Barry Wallace

There were some 20 or so members present at around 2014 when the president called for order and got proceedings underway for the new year. There were no apologies or new members for welcome so we moved on to the minutes of the previous meeting. These were read and received with the only matter arising being a mention of our continuing need for a Confederation delegate.

Correspondence saw receipt of about a ream's worth of reports from the Sydney Water Project group. There was a letter from the department of prime minister responding to our recent letter which expressed our opposition to woodchipping and pointed out its effect on our ability to meet our commitments to international conventions on greenhouse gas emissions. There was also a letter from Chris Harcher responding to the concerns over sponsorship expressed in our letter about The Royal and mostly explaining why his government thinks it's *all right*. There were calendars from Confederation S & R, on time but with corrections. There was a letter from Confederation musing about the future and advising us that the strategic planning group gets underway in February this year. Contact Andy McQueen if you wish to assist. There were also outgoing letters to the P.M. as mentioned above and to Confederation expressing our view that mandatory accreditation of walks leaders was wholly inappropriate for voluntary organisations such as bushwalking clubs. There were no matters arising.

The treasurer then rose to tell us that we earned income of \$636, spent \$12,234 and closed with a balance of \$2,008.

The walks reports revealed the absence of the walks secretary. Fortunately Bill Holland was able to step in and begin with Ian Wolfe's 2 day Kanangra Walls abseiling trip over the weekend of 16, 17, 18 December. There was a general belief that it went, but no-one had any details. Wilf Hilder led a party of 4 on sections 17 and 18 of the Great Southern Walk reporting good wildflowers and warm conditions. Maurie Ward led his Saturday Sydney Harbour walk and barbecue. There were 28 on the walk and an untold number at the party. It was a warm day with swims and ice cream stops, and in the late afternoon a strange sea mist rolled in to shroud all from view. Bronny Niemeyer led 18 or so on her Xmas gourmet

walk which was declared to have been a good walk by at least one of the survivors.

Tuesday 27 December saw Jim Callaway leading a party of 9 on his Helensburgh to Otford coastal walk. Jim expressed his bafflement over the disparate walking capabilities of the party members and was left to ponder whether he, as leader trying to hold the party together, had travelled too fast or too slow

Christmas this year delivered more clement weather conditions in the Snowys. Ian Rannard led 18 on his trip in the area round Coolamine Station from 27 December to 1 January and described it as pleasant. Maurie Blume and the party of 13 on his programmed Round Mountain to Kiandra walk from 26 December to 2 January ended up with more than the weather on their minds. It seems that Barbara fell and broke an arm somewhere on the slopes of Jagungal. The pain was intense and shock a probability so party members went out to summon help. There were some uncertainties with the mobile phone techfix they encountered along the way, but in the end, just as the main party were beginning to shift for themselves as one might say, the cavalry, or in this case a helicopter, two ranger's vehicles and five horsemen, closed on the party from all points of the compass. Escape was out of the question. They went quietly, if you cynics out there will believe that of Maurie, and Barbara and Maurie were flown out to Canberra. The party remnants were re-united at Mackies hut and roamed the area enjoying the perfect mountain weather. They also reported celebrating new year's eve with certain liquid refreshments carried to the site at great effort by one of the party members

Tony Holgate reported a party of 15 on his Croajingolong N.P. coastal ramble from 27 December to 2 January. Conditions were pleasant, the beaches cleaner than they have become accustomed to, and the weather was fine and mild. George Mawer's walk out from Round Mountain over the period 27 December to 2 January went, with Maurice Smith leading the party of 11 when George was laid aside by some illness or infirmity of other. The weather was fine, the march flies numerous and vicious but somewhat suppressed by the light frosts each morning. Geoff Dowsett's walk from Ben Boyd Tower to Green Cape Lighthouse, scheduled for 2 to 6 January was cancelled. Meanwhile back in the land of weekend walks, Ian Wolfe's lilo trip down the Wollongambe over the 6, 7, 8, January went but there were no details. ▷

◁ Elwyn Morris reported a party of 25 and more bushland than one might think on her Sunday walk from Milsons Point to Gladesville.

The conservation report brought news that Alex has written an article for the magazine reviewing the draft plan of management for The Royal and inviting comments or submissions. An E.I.S. has been prepared for a boat ramp at Bonnie Vale with the associated parking area for boat trailers and cars. There was also mention of an article from a Victorian NPA magazine covering the question of control of foxes and cats.

Confederation report advised that they are in the process of preparing of a revised code of ethics for bushwalking. Confederation have received a copy of the prototype of the new photoimage topographical map which CALM propose to publish in place of the present hand prepared maps. General opinion seems to be that if you have any old style topo maps you should hang onto them.

General business brought a couple of motions concerning Coolana. We voted for the addition of shelving and hanger hooks to the hut. ("Will that affect it's inherently fire resistant design?" I hear you cry.) We also decided to spend up to \$100.00 to replace the gatepost which has either fallen down or been knocked over. A donation of \$200.00 to the Careflight helicopter service was also approved.

After the announcements the meeting closed at around 2156.

Barry

And Then...continued from P12

◁ Besides the helicopter we also had an ambulance come to our rescue. The ambulance crew, two dashing men in uniform, were accompanied by a NP&WS ranger in a 4WD ute. The ranger and one ambulance man went off to look at the route up to Mount Jagungal so we served the other ambulance man tea and Christmas cake whilst we all waited. Eventually the motorised tourists came back for their tea and cake.

With the evacuation of the patient by air our first leader could not remain idle in the bush and made immediate plans to be at her side. Maurie arranged to get a lift out with the ranger. So off they went, the ambulance with the two men in blue, the 4WD with the ranger and Maurie leaving behind the rump of the party under the direction of the second leader. And then there were 9.

The Patient's Story. The full story will no doubt follow later however the condensed version is that she was flown to Woden Valley Hospital and after waiting for Maurie to arrive was eventually operated on. In the mean time she did have a morale boosting shower. Barbara is now a paid up member of the cargo cult.

Maurie's Story. The trip out of the park in the 4WD was normal except for a slight detour to try to catch some people illegally riding horses in the park. Luckily for Maurie the riders were not found otherwise a long delay would have ensured in herding the horses out of the park. Maurie got back to Adaminaby, met up with Tony and then went hot foot to Woden Hospital.

Back in the Park. We moved off in the direction of O'Keefe's hut where we had arranged to meet up with the two messengers. We camped near the hut and at about 7 pm on Day 3 Tom turned up, and then there were 10. New Year was good, no, better than good, it was terrific. We started with an early happy hour which extended through dinner time, dinner was abandoned, the purple people eater made a visit and two of the chorus demonstrated by song, action and gestures that 'you can't get a man with a gun'. At the stroke of midnight (New Zealand time) the new year was welcomed with cheers, hugs and kisses and champagne. After more singing to make sure the new year was well and truly welcomed we eventually dribbled off to bed, 10 tired and emotional but happy people.

The walk back to Round Mountain was uneventful; good weather, good navigation, no unplanned detours. The bus arrived some 20 minutes late loaded with food, drink and a smiling, limp-free Tony. The bus trip back to Adaminaby was a song-filled, feeding frenzy. Bush walking is tough!

Notwithstanding the accident and the change in plans walking in the Snowy area has merit, perhaps even great merit and I, who was on my maiden Snowy walk, look forward to going back again, provided we get the same designer weather. Next time I'll wear longer shorts (or perhaps short longs) to save myself from the bloody march flies. Next time I'll bring along a good book to read in the sun, comfortable gaiters, not the sweat boxes I have at present, more rum in case we run short, maybe some champagne for New Year (or more rum) and a song book. Thank you all: leaders, helicopter crew, ambulance crew, Woden Hospital, NP&WS ranger, bus driver, fellow walkers and Barbara's elbow. □