

EAGLE ROCK

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bush Walkers, Box 4476 GPO, Sydney, 2001. Club meetings are held every Wednesday from 7.45 pm at the Ella Community Centre, 58a Dalhousie Street, Haberfield (next to Post Office). Prespective members and visitors are invited to visit the Club on any Wednesday. To advertise in this magazine please contact the Business Manager.

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THE CONSTITUTION.

by Barrie Murdoch.

What a good idea, Patrick, to suggest that as the Annual General Meeting approaches, I write an article on the Constitution. What an idea! What a .....

Of course, an essential to a well informed membership is that each member has a copy of the constitution, and Bill Holland is doing his best to bring that desirable condition to reality.

We have six classes of membership:- prospective, active, non-active, honorary-active, honorary and associate. Only active and honorary-active members are entitled to vote.

The committee will consist of:- president, vice-president (only one now), public officer, treasurer, secretary, walks secretary, social secretary, new members secretary, conservation secretary, magazine editor, membership secretary, two ordinary members and two delegates to Federation. Nominations are made verbally at the meeting subject to verbal consent of the candidate. If necessary, a ballot is conducted in such manner as the meeting directs.

Fifteen members constitute a quorum. A member has one vote only, no proxies are permitted and in the case of an equality of votes the chairperson has a second or casting vote. A member who owes money to the Club, other than the then current subscription, is not entitled to vote.

Any questions?

\*\*\*\*\*

CONGRATULATIONS.

by Alex Colley.

Congratulations to the Unsworth Government, and the Hon. Bob Carr in particular, on the prompt implementation of the promise to create three wilderness parks in 1988 (Yengo, Mann and Ettrema), and in addition the creation of Tantawangolo/Coolangubra Parks on the far south coast. In the face of opposition by development interests these have been difficult decisions, particularly Tantawangolo which is strongly opposed by woodchip interests.

The government's action in protecting the remnant of our natural areas by the passage of the Wilderness Act and the creation of these parks may well be the most significant and enduring Bicentennial event.

SUGGAN BUGGAN.

by Ainslie Morris.

Suggan Buggan - roll that around your tongue - is just over the Victorian border. The map of that name, together with Thredbo 1:25,000, covers the very southern portion of Kosciusko National Park. Maurie Bloom's Snowy walk from Boxing Day 1987 to New Year's Day 1988 took in this area, lower than the alpine Snowy Mountains area we had all previously walked. With an altitude range from 1135 m to 1830 m at The Pilot, the walking is predominantly through tall forest, along shady fire trails.

Names of places recall the summer grazing and mining days, starting with Dead Horse Gap, our meeting and weighing-in place. Open grass and woodland took us off track over the Great Divide from Thredbo River to Cascade Creek, where on the second day we had lunch at the well-known Cascade Hut. This hut, as with others in the area, can easily be reached on foot, horse, cycle or 4-wheel drive (illegally from over the border), so it's nice to get off tracks at times.

This led us into bad scrub - head-high, dense, on a steep slope, from Dummy Salt Camp southwest to the Cascade Trail, and influenced Maurie to alter the proposed route considerably throughout the week. A white bit on the map tempted us to camp a couple of hundred metres east of Cascade Trail where brumbies had left huge piles of manure. We found these on every pleasant grassy camp site.

Squeezed into Carter's Hut we opted for morning tea in its shelter from the rain. The fire was kept going for an early lunch, but then it was off up the ridge to The Little Pilot. There is a wide grassy camp site in the saddle to the south, but the water-gatherers missed the spring and dropped 120 metres to the firetrail before finding water. All fourteen of them got three cheers from the fire-tenders as they trudged one by one up into camp.

The mist cleared as the evening sun's rays slanted on it, and next morning was as clear, still and sunny on The Pilot as one could wish for superb views. We were not first there, although such is human nature, we felt we were. On the old tin trig on the ground were inscribed names and dates, whether of walkers or horse-riders I know not. I copied some inscriptions thus:

Mr. & Mrs. A. J. E. Turner  
River view  
Armidale. 18th April 1939.

Miss Freda Jarrett  
"Allen Vale"  
Eccleston Via Grison.

Iris Rabbitt,  
Warialda. N.S.W. 22.1.39.

The Pilot was, I suppose, a navigational guide, as it stands out alone with its companion, The Little Pilot. To its south is a slanted forest of snowgums bent low by prevailing southwest winds, such as I had never seen in the alpine Snowies.

Now we were on the Suggan Buggan map to our turn-around point, camp on Pilot Creek just north of Cowombat Flat. While five energetic people spent the afternoon keeping to the program by climbing Mount Cobberas No.2 in Victoria, the other fifteen took themselves off in groups to view the incorrectly named Southern Cloud plane wreckage, surrounded by fields of yellow, white and blue alpine flowers. Many 4-wheel drivers were camped here by the Murray River at its source. We had fun standing over it, one foot in each state, for a photographing session.

Our return took us to Tin Mine Diggings which is popular with drivers, riders and walkers, and was certainly popular at one time with diggers who turned over a good kilometre of pebbles and earth in their search for tin.

We had delightful weather for our New Year's Eve feast and elephant dance (remember? - from kindergarten?), but the 1st January saw us trudging out in pouring rain to our cars at the end of the Cascade Trail and another great end-of-year walk.

\* \* \* \* \*

GUNGARTAN TO JAGUNGAL27th to 30th December 1987Morag Ryder

Frank Woodgate and I arrived at Guthega power station in the sultry heat of Boxing Day afternoon. Fran Tylman and John Janson were already there, along with Errol Sheedy, Derek Wilson and Bill Hall. Before long, Diana Lynn drove in with Hans Stichter and Madeline Graff. Then Brian Bolton arrived, soon followed by our leader, George Walton, who brought with him his wife Elaine and Tim Ranard. Laurie Bore would not arrive until the following morning.

Around 3 pm we heaved our packs onto our backs and perspired up the old fire trail to our camp at Whites River. By 5 pm, Happy Hour was under way, and we hid tins of extra goodies in the bushes, ready for our return on the 30th. No one was inclined to stay up late, and we were soon wandering off to bed under a mild and starry sky.

DAY ONE - WINDY

Laurie Bore joined us for breakfast, having arrived at Guthega at 5 am. By 8 am we were rambling up through eyebrights and flowering mint bush to Schlink Pass and thence Gungartan Trig. Morning tea was to have been on the trig, but the west wind was now so strong that we found a sheltered spot between rocks on the lee side. Errol was unwise enough to put down an empty plastic bag, which was promptly whirled far away down hill, defeating all his efforts to catch it. Seconds later, an updraught caught the wayward bag and whisked it uphill again, landing it almost at Errol's feet.

Morning entertainment over, we walked on the lee side of the hill, stopping only at a small snowdrift for a brief snowball fight. Hans scored a direct hit on Diana, who retaliated by sneaking behind him and dropping snow down his neck. Onward to good views of Lake Eucumbene, through snow grass spangled with varnished buttercups and Silver Alpine Daisies; down between the headwaters of Valentine and Finns Rivers to Tin Hut, where we sat on the 'back lawn' and lunched. By the time lunch was over the clouds were over too: over-head and getting thicker every minute.

Up and away at 1.45 pm, to become entangled in thick scrub and rocks along the top of The Brassys. Having admired the view from the top of Big Brassy, it was down to a sheltered flat on the east side of Brassy Peak. Shrieks from the bathing brigade informed us they had found a suitable pool of icy water. I filled my water bucket and looked at the leaden sky. No wind now, and the clouds were lower.

"I reckon it will rain tomorrow" said Tim. A prophecy which proved to be all too true.

Mathew Walton and his girlfriend Sue were to have joined us here, but time passed and they failed to appear. George was untroubled.

"They'll probably meet us on the track tomorrow" he remarked, as he went to bed.

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DAY TWO - WET

Rain began shortly after midnight. An occasional spatter at first, then longer showers. Then continuous downpour. About 9 am we decided to retreat to Tin Hut, and plodded up the ridge through an interesting mixture of rain, mist and sphagnum bog. Webbed feet were definitely the order of the day. Once on top, the weather improved - clouds lifting, rain ceasing. This provoked a lengthy discussion as to whether we should go forward or back. For about half an hour we waited while the debate raged. The appearance of Matthew and Sue from the direction of Tin Hut caused more discussion, especially as they brought the news that already there were about 15 people in the hut.

George asked anxiously, "Are you going on?" Matthew cocked an eye at the scurrying clouds. "Why not - it is'nt raining?"

That settled matters. Five decided to stay in Tin Hut, and the remainder of the (augmented) party resumed their journey, along the western slopes of the Brassys.

The Rain Gods, now sure of their victims, proceeded to give us the full treatment. Thick mist, strong wind and heavy rain were our lot for the next 8 hours. Having taken a bearing from a fleeting glimpse of the Cup and Saucer, we squelched past the Mail Box to lunch. Two tent flies, strung between rocks and trees, provided a little shelter while we ate. No need to find water, it was pouring in streams from the flies. Fed but chilled, we continued, knee deep in bushes, their canopies of white flowers almost fluorescent in the gloom. With visibility down to a few metres, Tim decided to navigate by the old fences. We spent the afternoon eagerly looking for rusty wire and prostrate wooden posts in the grass. This occupation was interrupted only by some anxious members who wanted to discuss possible/impossible/preferred/unlikely campsites.

Despite the delays, by 2.30 pm we reached a sheltered spot north west of Tarn Bluff, on the banks of Geehi River. Here Matthew's fuel stove proved to be an excellent fire lighter. Placed under a teepee of wood, it soon gave us a beautiful fire. Even the Rain Gods admitted defeat and allowed us a few bursts of feeble sunshine.

"I think it will be fine tomorrow" said Tim. Reassured by our weather prophet, we drifted off to bed.

DAY THREE - CLOUDY

Early mist lifted to give us a glimpse of Jagungal, and by 9 am we were climbing McAlister Saddle as the fog became cumulus cloud. Morning tea among the flowers at the foot of our objective, then up the rocky water-course and through carpets of flowers to the saddle. Other parties were sighted in the distance, but we had the trig to ourselves. Matthew and Sue climbed without packs, just for the view, but because Sue had strained her hip, they decided to take a shorter way to the next campsite.

Down we went, past the whirling, quarreling ravens, over carpets of Silver Daisies and through the trees to a grassy spot near the Tumut River for lunch.

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Accross the river and up hill on the fire trail, then out on to the open plains beside the Tooma River. Legions of gold Billy Buttons rattled against our shoes, and blue daisies formed pools of colour in low lying places.

As the creek at Ryries Parlour was too small for bathing, ablutions were carried out on the Tooma. Gentlemen in a large pool at the main ford - ladies in a small pool, discreetly hidden by the bushes. Presently, ten squeaky-clean bushwalkers dropped their packs on the lush grass of Ryrie's.

"Matthew should be here by now" said George, and began to prowl up and down. Time passed and still no Matthew. Unable to stand the waiting, George went to centre of the clearing and began to utter the loudest day-oh's I have ever heard. His efforts were rewarded by a faint reply from the opposite ridge. After much day-ohing back and forth, a smiling Matthew appeared, carrying two packs, with Sue close behind, still limping a little. It seemed there had been some confusion in the directions given. However, after being filled with tea, Matthew forgave us enough to make music for us on his harmonica. When Jagungal was outlined against a golden backdrop of clouds, the temperature went down with the sun. Then the fire was built up - and up - and up, while stars played hide and seek among the clouds.

#### DAY FOUR - FINE

5.30 am. Birds singing down by the creek and the sky pale blue and clear as glass. By 8 am we were back among the Billy buttons, up to the old fire trail on Gray Mare Range. The Hut was occupied, with another party camped by the creek below. We waved and continued to Back Flat Creek. Hot sun, March flies, sparkling water, swathes of flowers - and time for morning tea. From Back Flat Creek to Straight Creek and then to Geehi River (again). We left our packs at an old campsite and, armed only with cameras, went to inspect the cataracts of Valentines Falls. Thanks to the rain, they were magnificent, and a group of bathers braving the icy water added interest to our photos.

Shouldering heavy packs again, we toiled up the ridge to have lunch at Valentines Creek. The sun was positively blistering, and we were glad to retreat to the shade near the Hut. After spending time chatting with another party, we spent most of the afternoon following Duck Creek. All too soon the fire trail was reached, and we began the last leg of our journey. But life is full of unexpected pleasures, for beside the road was Ray Turton, lurching with Victor Lewin.

We reached Whites River camp around 4 pm, retrieved our tins of goodies for happy hour and settled down to a session of laundry and hair washing. As the sun dropped down to Dicky Cooper Bogong we began passing around the delicacies. Along the road, hikers were toiling up to Schink Pass, perhaps they intended to spend the night at Schlink Hut. Despite their heavy packs, I envied them, for my enjoyment was almost over, while theirs was just about to begin.

\* \* \* \* \*

SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE.

by Alex Colley.

When Governor Phillip arrived the whole of what we are pleased to call "our heritage" was wilderness. (It wasn't inherited of course. We just took it.) The Aborigines had already modified it to an unknown extent by hunting and the use of fire to clear scrub and promote pasture growth, but these depredations were nothing to what we and our forbears have done to the country with our axes, chainsaws, guns, matches, bulldozers, etc.

After 200 years of exploitation most of the people of this State at least are realising that the remnants of the natural environment are scarce, irreplaceable and beautiful. Even in economic terms they are valuable tourist attractions.

The wilderness preservation movement dates from the formation of the Mountain Trails Club in 1914 which gave rise to the National Parks and Primitive Areas Council, both of which terminated in the 'sixties. Although Myles Dunphy O.B.E., who inspired both these organisations, proposed most of the major national parks in N.S.W., their dedication was usually the result of a prolonged campaign for each park. Nor is a national park a wilderness area - e.g. the fourth largest winter city in N.S.W. is in the Kosciusko National Park.

In March 1984 the Colong Committee proposed to the newly appointed Minister for Planning and Environment, the Hon. Bob Carr, that a State Wilderness Bill be enacted. Mr. Carr was very receptive to the proposal and appointed a Wilderness Working Group comprising representatives of nature conservation and the NPWS to report on it.

It was most appropriate that Mr. Carr announced his decision to support a State Wilderness Act at a well attended meeting of the SBW held on January 22nd 1986. He chose to announce his support on this occasion because, as he said in his opening remarks, the SBW were the first to adopt the conservation ideals inspired by Myles Dunphy and the Mountain Trails Club. In his talk to the Club he said:

"I don't think it is unreasonable, as we approach the 200th year of European settlement, to seek to preserve a small part of the State essentially as it was when Europeans first stepped onto our shores.

This is a responsibility that falls on this generation. In the next century the European forests will have been destroyed by acid rain: the rainforests of South-East Asia will have been logged and great areas of Africa turned into desert. Even Antarctica will be touched by pollution.

Wilderness areas will be precious to a degree we cannot now conceive. Australia has a chance to conserve more than perhaps any other nation."

The Working Group presented its report in June 1986. The Wilderness Bill was introduced in November last year and it is now enacted. The significance of the Act is, as Mr. Carr said, that wilderness is now "enshrined as a legitimate land use". It has moved up from the bottom of the scale of land use priorities, not to the top, as it should because of its scarcity and vulnerability, but at least to a respected position.

Wilderness once declared can now be revoked only by Act of Parliament. Any person or organisations can submit a wilderness proposal, which will have to be assessed within 24 months. The Act also provides for interim protection orders while proposals are under consideration and the establishment of a wilderness fund. Spin-offs from the Act are the Minister's promise to investigate two potential wilderness areas outside the park system per year, and the declaration of three new wilderness national parks within three months.

Mr. Carr concluded his second reading speech with a tribute to the individuals and organisations which have worked for decades to see wilderness protected in N.S.W. "Their efforts," he said, "will figure large in future histories of Australia."

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60TH ANNIVERSARY REVIEWOCTOBER 1987.

by Barbara Bruce.

Early in 1986 a Sub-Committee was formed to organise the 60th Anniversary celebrations. In 10 or 15 years' time (i.e. the 70th or 75th anniversaries) there may be a group of people whose task it is to set in motion the celebration of those events. So in their interest I set out below items considered by the 60th Anniversary Committee which can be used as a guide or recipe.

As a Committee we had a Chairman and Secretary and Minutes were kept of our various meetings, a copy of which was sent to the President (who is ex officio anyway) and to the Committee.

Of great importance is the BUDGET! All events were self funding, but it was still necessary to use Club funds to start the projects rolling and therefore we were asked to submit a budget of projected income and expenditure. This wasn't easy but we managed eventually, and of course it was revised from time to time.

However to decide on the budget we first needed to determine the likely events and their venues, i.e.

- \* a Nostalgia Night
- \* an Anniversary Dinner
- \* an Historic Day Walk
- \* a weekend campfire Reunion

But we also decided to do the following:

- \* sell an Anniversary Port
- \* sell Club T-shirts
- \* have a Banner painted
- \* produce a Book

Once these items were confirmed our agenda became as follows:

1. Nostalgia Night (at the Club Rooms)
  - o Photos and other items of interest
  - o Drinks
  - o Supper
2. Anniversary Dinner (at the Holiday Inn Menzies)
  - o Meal
  - o Decorations
  - o Music
  - o Tickets
  - o Nametags
  - o Photographers
  - o Master of Ceremonies
  - o Pre-dinner drinks
  - o Candles
  - o Special Guests
  - o Official Table
  - o Anniversary Cake
  - o Speeches
3. Historic Day Walk
4. Weekend Reunion
5. Port  
T-Shirts
6. Book
7. Appointment of new Honorary (Active) Members



- 8. Articles describing the celebrations - printed monthly in magazine. An item was submitted to the S.M. Herald Letters Page RSVP section.
- 9. Thank you letters - when it was all over.

Now I believe the whole affair is wrapped up and put away, ready for future reference!

- - - - -

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR.

Barbara's account is very straight forward and as you all know nothing is ever straight forward especially with a committee, remember a camel is a horse designed by a committee!

We were a committee of 9 and met on 12 occasions, at each other's houses which were dispersed through the metropolitan area from Dee Why to Epping to Allawah. Each meeting averaged 2.2 hours and was attended by 7.91 people. In total some 209.5 people-hours was expended.

The inside activities went smoothly. Our historic day walk was smooth but smooth with mud; we forgot to organise things with Hughie and she sent down rain, rain and more rain and after young Stan had spent all that time turning grass into lawn.

For the weekend reunion we did organise, everything went perfectly, including the weather.

We decided to produce a book, 60 Years of SBW, very simple very straight forward. Not so. Writing, proofreading, re-writing, typing, publishing, printing and binding are simple words hiding a maze of pitfalls and extra work.

This explains some of the behind the scenes activities of the 60th Anniversary Sub-Committee. Things like budgets, changes of venues, T-shirt designs, and book hassles became run-of-the-mill items which we took in our well developed bushwalking stride.

\*\*\*\*\*

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THE SPIRIT OF THE VALLEY.

by Brian Holden.

South of my home there is a valley walled in by high sandstone cliffs. The floor is wide and a shallow river meanders through sandy banks. That valley is more than just something which can be seen and touched for, from her form, her substance and the life which resides within her springs a spirit. It is a spirit intrinsic to her peace, beauty, natural balance and ancient past. Those who come and sense the valley to be peaceful and beautiful feel something of that spirit during their stay there. Those who also feel the balance and the history and who allow their imaginations to take them back to a time before humanity had ever entered the valley, will feel that spirit to be more real.

They will visualise countless sunrises and sunsets, over countless living things, season after season of countless hot, dry days filled with brilliant light and countless bleak ones. They will visualise countless breezes ruffling countless leaves and those leaves wet after countless showers. And then they will look and see in a way they have not seen before the trees which witnessed hundred of those seasons and they will pay homage to those trees which stood in that valley at a time when the quality, quantity and position of the valley's every minutist part was dictated entirely by the physical forces of nature. That was the time when the valley's spirit was at its fullest glory - when no earth, organism nor scene was changed by the will of a man.

The first men who came did not significantly dim that glory. They were gentle nomads who passed by or lingered awhile, but they were always one and the same as the spirit of the valley for the spirit of the valley was as one and the same with their culture - and it was not in their culture to change the valley. Then on one momentous day in the valley's history men from an entirely different culture came upon it.

At first the valley intimidated them. They saw that the vegetation was hostile and confined them during the day as did the total darkness at night, but they needed the valley to help them survive in accordance with the only ethic they knew - and a battle for dominance began from which they were to emerge the victors. They changed some of the valley profoundly and they gave the remainder a reprieve. They put roads over the floor and up the sides. They traded most of the oldest trees. They ensured the permanent contamination of her waters. They brought in the manufactured products of their culture and they discarded them there, once their purpose had been served. They dimmed the valley's glory and as they did so, weakened her spirit. And then they left - but as they were going, others were coming and they continue to come.

These newcomers are passing quickly through as their interest is purely recreational. Some come only for the sake of coming here and leaving there and are not of the spirit of the valley but are of themselves and where they go, they disturb the peace with their noise and they disfigure the beauty with their litter - and by so doing, they dim the glory and weaken the spirit of the valley.

And some come to share the spirit of the valley and where they go, they create no litter and they rejoice in this and they say it is because they are one with the spirit of the valley. But the strength of that spirit is drawn from a harmony that can only be created by the random forces of nature and which can only be disturbed by the willful behaviour of insensitive men. If that harmony is to be regained, it is only sensitive men who can regain it - and in so doing, the spirit's strength. Of all those who are now passing through, only he who, not only refrains from disfiguring the valley but who removes the disfigurement of others, can truly claim to honour it - and only he who honours it can truly claim to be as one with it. Significant numbers of this new man have yet to come into the valley.

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As I write this I feel for that valley and wonder if her spirit has been further dimmed since my last visit. And I think of spirit and soul in general and I acknowledge that the bulk of modern man has rejected the church of his ancestors and I wonder how long that same bulk of mankind can continue to replace the spiritual component of his own life, so essential for his fulfilment, with the superficial. And I wonder why we individuals who have discovered the bush to be a church and who claim to be amongst the fortunate few who are in communion with the mystical body of that church, balk at removing a little of that blasphemy which is the litter

left in that sacred place by unenlightened people. I wonder also, of the reasons for my past failure to demonstrate my respect for her by helping her regain her dignity and I have sought to find so that I may justify the barriers to action which appeared to have been so insurmountable to me.

The barrier I thought I found was that it was not I who desecrated and others were being paid to prevent it from occurring and to remove the disfigurement which was there, but it was a barrier of no substance for I as an individual with an individual's conscience and an individual's responsibilities. Wherever I meet with the natural environment from which my species evolved and of which my own body and mind is but a manifestation of that work of long ago, the relationship has to be a personal one. There was in fact no barrier except that which I erected to shelter myself from the inconvenience of demonstrating my respect for that valley and all valleys and all wilderness and for this I must stand in shame. I came as a guest to a feast and I made no offering in return. But the guilt is not mine alone and it follows that the shame should not be mine alone - so will you share it with me?

\* \* \* \* \*

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(Advertisement)



NEW MEMBERS. These new members were welcomed at the January General Meeting. Their names, addresses and telephone numbers will appear on the next Membership List:-

MICHELE MORGAN - PHILIPPA LEIBBRANDT - JOHN NAGY - GEOFF BRADLEY

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FOUND - Umbrella (black with curved handle) and jacket (brown wool) at Ainslie's BBQ on wettest January day since 1911. Phone 428 3178.

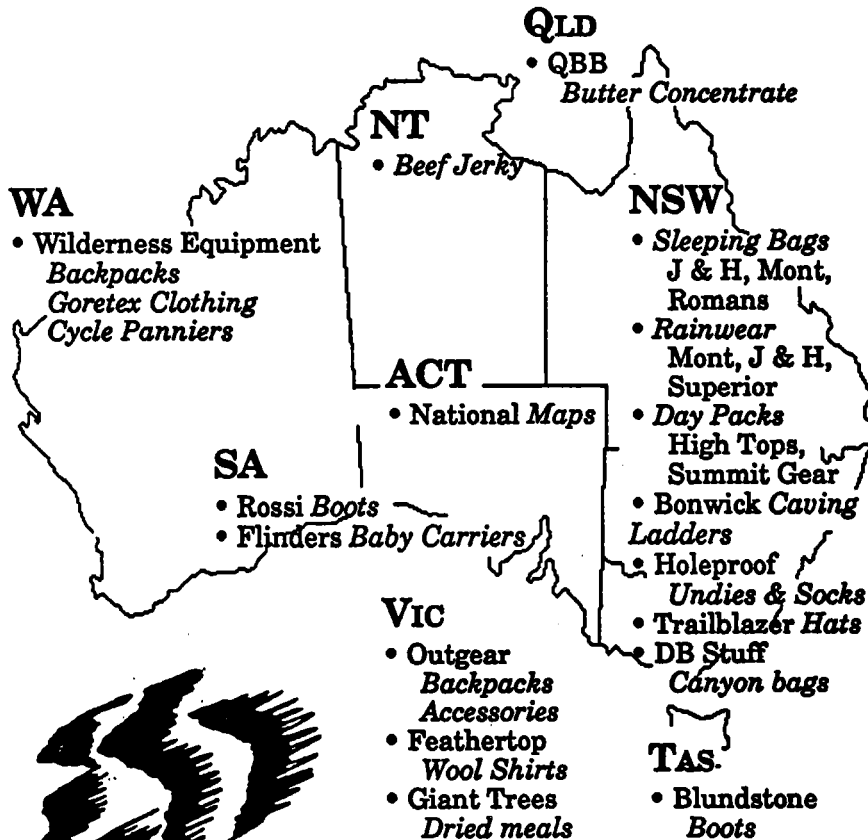
THE SYDNEY BUSH WALKERS - The First Sixty Years.

A history of the oldest mixed bush walking club in Australia, which coined the word "Bushwalker". A paperback book, it has 166 pages of text, 26 pages of photographs, plus line illustrations. It is in a Limited Edition of 500 copies only.

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Federation Bushwalking Clubs NSW.Report of January Meeting.

by Spiro Hajinakitas.

Radio Fund Raising Report: Presented by Peter Treseder.

Amount donated to date is \$17,096.34 which includes \$3,860.53 collected at Echo Point (bucket brigade). Eight radios have been bought for \$12,560 and have been successfully used this year. The balance will be used to buy ropes, pagers, a shed to house S & R equipment and improvements to trailer.

A motion was carried to purchase two alpha numeric pagers and continue to operate them while S & R continues to raise the annual operational funds.

Kowmung Committee Report: Presented by Ian Wilson.

Ian would like to compile a brief list of slides or prints of the Kowmung (particularly the lower Kowmung) available from bushwalkers.

Search & Rescue Report: Presented by Keith Maxwell.

One callout last month, co-ordination with Police excellent, good atmosphere. Next practice at Newnes Plateau on 19/20 March, ref Cullen Bullen 435104. Bring abseiling gear. First Aid Course will be held on 21/22 May at Marrickville.

Bush Dance will be held on Friday 13th May - 8 pm till 12 midnight.

Anzac Day Service at Splendour Rock.

Jan Wouters is organising transport for elderly walkers and for the gate at Medlow Gap to be opened, and is attempting to get a piper and bugler.

Report. A disturbing rumour that the commercial ski areas in Kosciusko will in future be out of the Kosciusko National Park's boundary. This, it is rumoured, will be achieved by alterations to the existing boundaries.

Reunion. The Annual Reunion of F.B.W. will be held on 5/6th March at Diggers Flat.

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THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING AND THE ANNUAL REUNION.

The AGM will be held in the clubrooms on Wednesday 9th March 1988 starting at 7.45 pm. Notice of the meeting will be posted to all members together with the Annual Report to arrive 14 days before the meeting is due. All official positions are declared vacant and are open to any full member of the Club. For details of the new constitution see the article written by Barrie Murdoch on page 2 of this magazine.

The Annual Reunion at Coolana.

The annual Reunion will be held on the weekend following the AGM, thus on Saturday 12th and Sunday 13th March. The weekend revolves around the inauguration of the Club President, a simple painless bloodless operation, plus associated campfire activities of singing, sketches and supper. On Sunday a damper-making competition is held (only S/R flour, salt and water to be used), followed by the Annual Swimming Carnival for serious and non-serious swimmers and non-swimmers.

Coolana is on the Kangaroo River in Kangaroo Valley. Go via the Southern Highlands to Kangaroo Valley, thus from the north, and after crossing Hampton Bridge turn right (west) into Tallowa Dam Road. Coolana is on the northern side of the road about 100 metres past the Mount Scanzi Road turn-off on the left. Cars must be left at the top of the hill and members walk down to their campsites (not far, about 10 mins).

See you there.

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SBW T-Shirts. - are still available except size 22. Beverley Foulds, phone 798 5650 after 6 pm or Wednesday evening at the Club. \$7 each, postage \$1.50 extra.