

The **Bushwalker**



No cliffs shown on the Topo map!
Wollemi National Park

Volume 31
Issue 4
Spring 2006

The Bushwalker 'Where Am I' Competition



Picture 29



Picture 30



Picture 31



Picture 32

The rules

- Each Issue has four photos taken somewhere in NSW in places where bushwalkers go. These will NOT be obscure places.
- You have to identify the scene (what the photo is of) and roughly where the photographer was standing for any ONE of the photos.
- Send your answers (up to four entries per issue) to: editor@bushwalking.org.au as quickly as possible.
- Usually, only one prize per person will be awarded in each issue of *The Bushwalker*, but you can score for different issues.

Deadline for entries

The Editor may start allocating prizes as and when sufficient entries arrive. The competition

remains open for un-guessed photos. If several really correct entries arrive for a photo, the editor will make an arbitrary selection of the winning entry. The answers will appear on the Confederation website when the awards are made.

Entry requirements

Just saying that a photo is of 'Grose Valley' or even 'Blue Gum Forest' would not be enough. However, something like 'Blue Gum Forest from the start of the descent down DuFours Buttress' would qualify. It is not enough to just say where the photo was taken from: you must specify the scene: what the photo is of. In short, you need to provide enough information that someone else could navigate to that spot and take a close

approximation to the photo. Of course, if you want to give a map name and grid reference, that would be fine too.

The prizes?

Three companies, well-known to us all, have donated cash vouchers redeemable in their stores. The *Paddy Pallin* group has donated two \$50 vouchers per issue, *Mountain Equipment* has donated one \$100 voucher and their allied store *Trek & Travel* has donated one \$100 voucher per issue.

Other rules

Any financial member of an affiliated bushwalking club can enter. We may check with your club membership secretary to make sure you are financial, so you must include the name of

the club to which you belong as well. You should also include your snail-mail address in case you win!

The Editor's decision is final. After all, he took the photos. This does mean that some areas of NSW may not appear in the competition for a while. My apologies to clubs in those areas.

Results from Winter issue

Photo 25: The bridge over the Snowy River near Illawong Hut, identified by several entrants. Prize to Paul Fredrickson of NPA

Photo 26: The cairn on My Yellow Dog, identified by James Bevan of SUBW

Photo 27: Where is this?

Photo 28: Where is this?

Photo 6 of Fourways from Tarn Bluff was finally guessed by Ian Partridge of NPA. Congratulations!

Photos 23, 27 and 28 remain open for your guess.

The Bushwalker

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The Confederation of Bushwalking Clubs NSW Inc represents approximately 65 Clubs with a total membership of about 10,000 bushwalkers. Formed in 1932, the Confederation provides a united voice on behalf of all bushwalkers on conservation, access and other issues. It runs training courses for members, helps to provide a free wilderness search and rescue organisation, and helps runs bush navigation competitions. People interested in joining a bushwalking club may write to the Confederation Administration, at the address above, for a list of Clubs, but a more up-to-date version can be found on the Confederation website at www.bushwalking.org.au, broken up into areas. There's lots of other good stuff there too.



Subscribe to The Bushwalker

Keep up with all the news and developments happening in the NSW bushwalking scene for only \$10 per year. This is to cover posting and handling: the magazine itself is free.

Send your name and address and cheque or money order to Confederation of Bushwalking Clubs NSW, PO Box 2090, GPO Sydney 2001. Make the cheque or money order payable to the Confederation as well.

Also please indicate if you are a member of a bushwalking club, and if not whether you would like a copy of the list of our clubs.

You do have to be a member of one of our clubs to enter the 'Where Am I' Competition.

From the editor's desk. . .

Well, The Bushwalker is now nearly to the end our second year of colour. Despite my appeals, we still need someone to help us with the advertising and marketing, both for this magazine and the nascent 'Bush Pages' on the web site. This magazine is expensive to produce and the colour advertisements help cover the costs. The web site also costs the Confederation money, and we have decided to have a commercial area under the heading 'Bush Pages' which can carry relevant paid advertisements. But we need an experienced marketing person to drive both of these areas. No pay, but plenty of glory! Enquiries please to admin@bushwalking.org.au.

We can't produce this magazine without something to print. Clubs and members are encouraged to submit relevant articles, with a strong preference for those with good pictures. We will also accept articles from outside bodies where the articles seem relevant to members. Articles may be edited for length and content to help fit into our page limit. Pictures should be sent at maximum resolution: 300 dpi JPG, PDF or TIFF preferred. Please send them separate from the text file. Do NOT send them embedded in a Word doc file. Actually, we prefer a simple .TXT file to a DOC file. Really long articles may not fit however - sorry about that. And, of course, the Editor is always interested in receiving bushwalking books and maps for review. Enquiries should be sent to editor@bushwalking.org.au.

The latest Photo Competition attracted only a few entries. This seems a great pity, given the large prizes being offered. Some of the pictures from previous issues remain to be guessed, as well as all the ones presented in this issue. Get with it!

Please note that opinions expressed by authors may not represent the official opinions of the Confederation or any Club. The Editor's opinions don't represent anyone at all.

Roger Caffin
Editor



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Wet and Wild in the Budawangs

Newhaven Gap to Wog Wog

Paul Ellis (Shoalhaven Bushwalkers)

In July 2006 fellow club members Kynie and Peter joined me for 4 days walking in the Budawangs. The hike certainly did not go as planned, thanks to some wild wet weather, but the conditions allowed us to put some of our equipment, clothing and our own abilities to the test. Having dropped one vehicle at the Wog Wog entrance to the park we were driven to the Sassafras entrance. Our plan was to follow the old trail past Quiltys Mountain



Southernmost tip of Mount Houghton

to Styles Plains, then cross Mts Haughton and Tarn to Bibbenluke then make our way into Monolith Valley before heading across Bibbenluke Ridge to Burrumbeet Brook, ascend onto Corang Plateau and make our way to Wog Wog.

The first morning was bright and sunny but very chilly, as could be witnessed by the thick amounts of ice and frost on the ground, yet to melt with the warmth of the rising sun. Suffice to say for the first hour we were well 'rugged up' with thermals, fleece, beanies and gloves, but these were soon discarded as we trekked the tedious trail to Newhaven Gap with our fully loaded rucksacks.

Once we had passed through the old gate at Newhaven Gap we really felt like we were now in the Budawangs. Even at this early stage in the walk we were treated to some interesting rock formations and we even had a stop to climb up on top of Camp Rock to admire the surrounding countryside. OK, it was basically an excuse to get the heavy rucksacks off our backs. We realised we were getting close to midday so we decided to stop at nearby Red Johnny's Cave for an early lunch. Back on the track we made our way through The Vines and

turned left onto the track to Styles Creek. We had originally planned to visit the Bora Ground on top of Quiltys Mountain, but decided we would rather spend the night in the Mt Haughton Camping Caves than in the camping area next to Styles Creek.

We now followed the track through dense eucalypt forest and then descended via an overgrown track through rainforest to meet up with a small tributary of Kilpatrick Creek. This required negotiating our way over and under some large fallen tree trunks, then it was a stiff climb onto the ridge between Quiltys Mountain and Mt Sturgiss, before the descent to Styles Creek. Once there we topped up our water supply from the crystal clear running creek water and admired the views across Styles Plains to Mt Haughton and Hoddles Castle Hill. It was only 3:00 pm so we had ample time to cross the

plains and tackle the imposing climb to the camping caves on Mt Haughton. Well, at least we thought so.

I was keen to cross Styles Plains by cutting around the eastern edge of the swamp, rather than the more direct route which forces a direct and rather wet-foot-inducing crossing of the swamp. Prior to the walk I had checked with some friends



Sunset Cave

who had followed this route and learned it was not only quicker, but also more interesting. Unfortunately, the track through here has become badly overgrown and with all the animal pads criss crossing we soon found ourselves navigationally embarrassed. To save time we decided to take a bearing and cross directly towards Hoddles Castle Hill, hoping to meet up with the original track. We had no choice but to take the old route directly through the swamp.

We must have done something right as we soon located the original track. We now followed this and crossed the swamp which did indeed provide rather wet feet, but once on the other side we were faced with a similar problem. The once well defined track that takes you to Mt Haughton has become overgrown and is easily lost in the maze of animal pads. Daylight was now starting



On a mist-shrouded Mt Tarn

to fade. We did not panic: I knew from previous trips here that if we could head straight for the forested ridge below Mt Haughton we would easily locate the track to the cliff line at the top. I decided to take a bearing and we set off in that direction, keeping the ridge directly in sight. It was now a race against the fading light and it was with the last vestiges of light fading that we found a small rock cairn near the bottom of the ridge. Ahead

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Book Review

Overland Track

John Chapman &
Monica Chapman,

1st Edition, John Chapman, 2006. ISBN 1 920995 02 1, Retail price \$17.95

This A5 paperback booklet (64 pages) is extracted from the longer guide book “Cradle Mountain Lake St Clair and Walls of Jerusalem National Parks”.

It is intended for those walkers who only want to do the Overland Track. It is of course lighter than the full book, and cheaper.

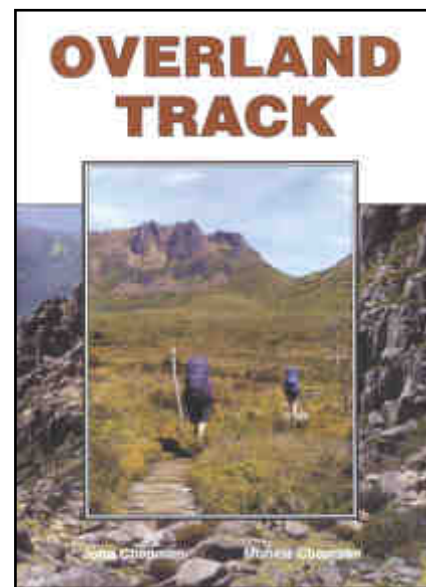
The authors have got the colour photography down pat here too: the pictures look really good. Obviously they have lots of pictures to

select from: the ones in this booklet are different from the ones in the longer book.

The topo maps for the Track are almost enough to see you through the whole walk by themselves, although they only have 50 m contours. Well, the country is a bit steep after all. Personally, I would prefer to be carrying the proper topo maps as well, but I have used the authors' topo maps elsewhere without resorting to the 'real' ones. You could get

away with just this booklet. The route is well marked on the maps, and fairly well described as well. You are now required to walk the main Overland Track from north to south during the summer season, so the reverse direction is not described.

The book also some information about the flora and fauna of the area, the weather to be expected (most seasons in one day), and a brief bit about transport logistics.



was another. With our head torches now on we followed the cairns up the steep ridge. We arrived at the camping caves in the dark, my companions congratulating me on my excellent navigation in difficult conditions. I refused to take sole credit though, citing the team effort it took to get us to our destination.

We were totally exhausted after the past two hours crossing Styles Plains, but we gathered enough strength to collect



Attempting to dry clothing (dusty)

some dry wood for the campfire, set out our sleeping areas and cooked up our meals. But it wasn't too long after dinner that we all retired for the night.

The next morning found us waking to overcast conditions. We quickly packed up our gear and followed the faint track south along the Mt Haughton cliff line. The rock formations along here were most interesting and Kynie felt a future hike could be spent exploring the passes onto Mt Haughton. We crossed the saddle onto Mt Tarn where a well defined track could be followed across the top. Sadly, there were no great views today as the mist closed in and the rain commenced. We wasted little time descending off the south west end of Mt Tarn and followed the faint trail through the rainforest. We had lunch under a sheltered rock overhang before following the track down the ridge towards Bibbenluke Camp. We now made our way towards Mt Cole, hoping to find shelter for the night in a camping cave, rather than pitching our tents in the rain.

These days it is much easier to follow the track to Mt Cole from Bibbenluke. There has been quite a lot of track

improvements made in this area. Once we had ascended to the Mt Cole cliff line and taken shelter in one of the camping caves, Kynie told us about a very nice cave on the side of Mt Donjon that not many people know about. We decide to let Kynie show us this cave. We followed the track around the side of Mt Cole and ascend the track that eventually leads towards Monolith Valley. A narrow side track then brings us to one of the best camping caves in the Budawangs which has a westerly aspect. For this reason it has been nicknamed 'The Sunset Cave', though there wasn't much of any sunset to be seen this evening. The cave has ample room for at least two large parties of hikers. The wind weathered walls have formed into natural hangers for wet clothing and shelves to store gear. There is even a log book which can be found in a plastic container in the middle of the cave. We spent the evening reading the entries in the book and adding our own. Despite the howling winds and wet weather I found the cave to be quite dry and warm, even though it is quite narrow compared to other camping caves in the Budawangs. I certainly had a comfortable night in my sleeping bag despite the howling wind outside.

The next morning there was no improvement in the weather. In fact it had got worse. We decided there was no point in spending the day in Monolith Valley or climbing up onto Mt Owen. The bad weather made certain that today's planned activities would prove pointless. We decided to head out to Burrumbeet Brook. We were in no hurry to vacate Sunset Cave and it was well after 10:00 am when we set out to brave the elements. Everything was soaked within 5 minutes of leaving the cave. I was glad we were all wearing our best Gore-Tex. [Guaranteed to keep you dry? Ed.]

We made our way around Mt Cole and descended to the saddle then made our way to Bibbenluke. During this section Peter somehow lost his steel water bottle which he had attached to the outside of his rucksack. Luckily he had a spare. We followed the forest track to Bibbenluke Ridge. The wooden duckboards in the

forest were very slippery so we needed to take care. By the time we ascended onto the main ridge the rain had ceased, but in its place was a strong howling wind that was extremely chilly. As we descended to Burrumbeet Brook we could make out the distinctive cone of Corang Peak in the distance to the west. Eventually we reached Burrumbeet Brook and selected a suitable cave for the evening. We spent the rest of the afternoon drying wet clothes and attempting to collect dry firewood. It was a nice sight to see a night sky full of stars from my sleeping bag. I hoped our final day would see us walking out in sunny weather.

It didn't. Next morning the overcast conditions were back and although we didn't get any rain, the scrub was still wet enough for us to put on our wet weather gear for the walk out. After leaving Burrumbeet Brook we passed by the impressive looking Profile Rock Hill, crossed Canowie Swamp plains via brand new duckboards and scrambled up the conglomerate slope to the top of Corang Plateau. We now made our way across the plateau, ignoring both Corang Arch and Corang Peak which was well hidden behind a thick mist. Eventually we descended off the plateau, made our way to Tinderry Rocks, where we had a quick exploratory of some of the formations before finishing off our walk, arriving back at the Wog Wog car park by mid afternoon.

One thing is for certain: our equipment stood up to the test of wet weather, slippery logs and rocks and thick rain saturated scrub, the money spent on Gore-Tex rainwear, fleece jackets and Polypropylene thermal clothing was certainly well spent. The polypropylene clothing took little time to dry and even when wet, kept us warm. Our down sleeping bags kept us warm in the caves at night and in some cases, our tents made for great protective groundsheets on the dusty floor. The hike may not have gone as we had originally planned, but our experience and our equipment and clothing helped give us some degree of comfort in the wet and wild conditions.

A Spring Walk in Oxley Wild Rivers National Park

By Peter Rodger - Armidale Bushwalkers

Since its inception in the latter half of 2004, the Armidale Bushwalking Club Inc. has enjoyed a stimulating walks programme along with a steady increase in membership. In part, the club has drawn together a number of walkers who through personal trips and association with the Inverell Club, had walked various sections of the Macleay river system and its tributaries over a number of years.

However, for most club walkers there remained “gaps” in the Macleay River which had not been walked and in the



minds of many there was probably a notion that one day the river would be walked from its headwaters down to where it joins Georges Creek, which marks the beginning of predominantly rural land use on the run down to Kempsey and the sea. As this would involve an extended walk, the problem was always timing, six days being the desirable time frame to undertake such a journey.

The opportunity presented itself in early September when the writer inserted in the walks programme a seven day time slot for a walk from Dangar's Falls at Armidale to the confluence of Georges Creek via the Macleay and subsidiary streams. A good response followed, with 13 persons nominating to participate.

Saturday 2nd September dawned fine and warm as our party set off from Dangers Palls, together with 3 other club members who joined us for the first day.

The descent to Salisbury Waters is steep but not unduly demanding and arrival there signaled a lunch stop in conjunction with the day walkers who would return by the same route.

Camp that night on the creek was enjoyed at a large flat site, one of only a few along the upper reaches of this section of the river. Our journey continued the next day, passing the Gara River junction and involving a good deal of rock hopping and river crossings. Whilst tedious and slow, progress was consistent, unlike the rock barrier which we had crossed on the first day and which requires some care to negotiate.

As we progressed downstream, passage became easier as the valley widened and many of us renewed acquaintance with campsites we had previously used and visited. One such point is near where Bakers Creek joins the river and where two symmetrical bends form a heart shaped feature, sometimes popularly referred to as the “Heart of New England”. Another significant feature is a large and very old angophora tree on a river flat just south of Kerosene Creek. This stands as a marker to the very steep razorback ridge which is a point of ascent to the feature known as the Cocks Comb, a scenic



vantage point near Table Top Fountain.

River crossings were obligatory, with none presenting any real difficulties. However, once past the point where the Chandler River joins the Macleay there was a noticeable increase in river flow.



This, we reasoned, was due mainly to heavy rains of the previous week which would have influenced river levels in the Styx River, a major tributary of the Chandler. Further downstream we passed the Apsley River confluence, but further influence on river levels, if any, was imperceptible as the river's course was now generally wider.

Our last night was spent at East Kunderang, a former grazing property now incorporated in Oxley Wild Rivers National Park. It is a location steeped in history, and probing its background makes for an interesting project. We had arrived at lunchtime and so had plenty of time to explore and absorb some of the atmosphere both immediate and adjacent.

Our final day was only of around 3 ½ hours duration to our rendezvous point for pick-up. All of us had enjoyed the walk with good river and weather conditions, including a cool change which came in a couple of days before the end. In that context we had timed our trip nicely, early spring to perhaps early summer being the most favorable.



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Mount Dawson Gardens of Stone

30th – 31st August 2006

Michael Keats, The Bush Club

Stepping out of the lead car at Wolgan Gap for the convoy to catch up, the senses must grapple with a change in scale – a scale of magnitude that defines the Wolgan and Capertee Valleys. There is a massiveness that dwarfs other similar areas. The next most wonderful thing is the purity of the air. There was just the faintest trace of rain around, enough to settle the dust, wash the trees and give that slightly peppery but unmistakably central western NSW country aroma. What a great place to be, and soon to be walking.

The other vehicles caught up and we were then on our way down into the Wolgan Valley. As we passed the Wool Pack Rock, Wool Pack Gap and Collett Gap I already wanted to be at our destination and starting. The magnetism of this place for a bush walker is irresistible. Less than 1000 m to the east the impossibly complex pagodas of Wolgan Mountain and Donkey Mountain also beckoned.

Passing the confluence of the Barton and Wolgan Rivers the valley narrows, the



Mt Dawson, in fog

cliffs appear higher than ever, the Wolgan flows clear and close to the road, the wattle is in full bloom, suffusing the scene in gold. Nature is in a playful mood. There is still rain in the air as we park outside the Old Newnes Hotel (circa 1907). Here others join us and our group is now complete. Graham facilitates the introductions before we drive the last few hundred metres to leave the vehicles and start our deep communion with this spiritual area.

At the gate he appeared. He was almost an apparition, a shock of sun bleached dirty white hair over a deeply suntanned visage. His shirt collar erect around his neck, black with sweat and dirt, arising out of an equally dirty blue jacket, bright grey eyes scanned us knowingly from beneath grotesque hedges of straw that passed as eyebrows. “Yer can drive another kilometre” was the greeting, “the road’s open past my place for the neighbour and the gate’s never closed. You’re walkers – good luck to ya. I’m Glen, Glen Day”, as he

proffered a gnarled hand with fingernails outlined in ingrained black. Then he was gone.

09:50 and we were on our way. It was a special morning. Bits of blue sky were struggling to get through the cloud. As we swung up the old road it tried to rain then the sun won through. There is a section of wattle along here that can only be described as incandescent in its glory. If it was ever necessary to prove our national colours should be green and gold, this is the valley and the place to do it. Click, click went the camera.

10:10 and we had negotiated the old track to its terminus and, where it had been washed away, the Little Capertee Creek itself. Time for a good long drink before ascending the nose that divides the creek into minor and major sections. Earlier I had offered to travel as ‘tail-end Charlie’. When not leading I like this role for many reasons. One of them is that you feel no pressure and the other is that there is time to savour each view and to take time to capture images.

The ascent is very beautiful. The weathering rocks are lichen encrusted, wattle blooms everywhere, while architectural Xanthorrhoeas and Old Man Banksias give perfect balance. A real bonus is the unfolding view of the valley back towards Newnes – the perpendicular cliffs bathed in sunlight. At the top of the major crest (about 120 m up) there was time to drop the packs, re-hydrate and enjoy a quiet moment reflecting on how lucky bushwalkers in Sydney are. Just think - 2 ½ hours away 4 million people are oblivious to some of the most beautiful scenery the planet has to offer. Another part of me says thank heavens they are!

Emerging onto the western edge of the cliffs is like looking down on creation – the Capertee Valley is magnificent; the field of vision goes forever, the bushwalking/ exploring opportunities unlimited. I think I now know why there are so many copies of the Glen Alice 1:50,000 sheet in the Bush Club library. It is extraordinary country and the Genowlan Plateau to the north is a compelling destination.

Sated with glorious views Graham then led us south through multiple labyrinthine tracks, slots and defiles. A side one is the Orchid Slot. It’s named for the profusion of 3 species of orchids encrusting the walls – *Dendrobium speciosum*, *D. striolatum* and *Liparis reflexa*. We were just a bit early to see it in its full glory.

Graham chose the lunch spot with care. It would be hard to find a place of greater dramatic effect. There is here an erosion residual of superb proportions. It has been given many informal names by bushwalkers ranging from ‘The 4th Sister’ (relating to The Three Sisters at Katoomba) to ‘The Lost Sister’ to the Bread Knife and The Blade. I do not believe any of these names to be appropriate – the residual monolith is too grand and I would propose that it be called the “Gindantherie



Gindantherie Pinnacle

Pinnacle”. I make this recommendation on the fact that it is a perfect tower and the name Gindantherie is a recognized local area name reproduced on the CMA map.

Feeling heady from lunch our pilgrimage continued, with Graham continuing to offer us more and more delights. There is another place (apparently unnamed) that deserves proper recognition and that is a protruding rock overhanging the Wolgan Valley from cliffs that only those with zero fear of heights (or self-destructing goats) would visit. This place has a logical name based on observation. I would designate it ‘Commandments Rock’. First it is apparently suspended in space. Second there are on the top of its level surface, scattered by nature in a very appropriate way, 10 tablets of stone – one for each commandment. When one of our number climbed it the setting for a God-to-Man event complete with residual evidence was perfect. [‘Struck by lightning, struck by lightning ...’ - Ed]

15:00 we walked into the ‘cave area:’ the site of our camp. It is yet another example of the diversity of erosion residuals in this amazing country. The ‘caves’ are more like a section of a canyon with many shelf-like structures spread over a distance of about 75 m. The walls tower 15 – 20 m. There are small caves, platforms and larger areas with delightful dry powdery sand. What makes it so unusual is that far from being in the bottom of a valley it is 900 m above sea level.

The biggest decision for each of us was where to set up camp? In the end we scattered over the area. The biggest group of 4 stayed at what was affectionately called ‘Upper Mount Dawson’ as it was elevated 2 metres above the base level. One had a private cave, another a platform with a view, yet another pitched a tent.

A walk of some 200 m took us to yet another vantage point with stunning views over the valley and Pantoneys Crown. It was here some time later we gathered with pre-dinner drinks to watch the sun set. The sky was a tapestry of nature’s best with a mix of cloud types, colours and a wonderful light play. There is something very special about a warming glass of cheer, convivial company, a great setting and a golden orb of light sinking behind the mountains while the selvedge of the



The major slot in the decent

clouds suffuses pink then gold before the colour drains away.

The moon and stars complemented the firelight over dinner. Conversations and discussions finally ebbed at about 08:20 when 'Goodnights' were exchanged and a hush descended.

It was a bit of a shock to the system to be woken up at 06:25 and be the last person in camp to greet the new day. First I thought it was me but the whole area was enveloped in mist. Then I remembered. At 06:30 we were going to climb Mount

Dawson and look at the view. At 06:40 without even a cup of tea I joined the party. It was only a ten-minute walk and we were there, on top of the highest point. The view, well it could have been anything. It was a total white out. There were however wonderful rocks to photograph.

Later, and before our departure a second party revisited and enjoyed the views. I did not bother returning as my camera batteries (2 of them) were both exhausted from overuse the previous day!

By 09:00 the return journey was underway. It was so hard to leave. At a key point at the top end of a major slot we stopped on a rock platform that is the equal of Mount Dawson. Just by rotating the head you can scan the valley of Red Rock Creek to Point Cornell, the headwaters of Little Capertee Creek where the narrowest of spaces separates the commencing point from the sheer drop off into the Capertee Valley and the chasm-like gorge as the Little Capertee Creek plunges a hundred metres or so. A full 180 degrees and due east is the crest of a mountain only designated as 2987 E 317 on the 1:50,000 sheet of Glen Davis (Edition 1 AAS). This special place also has no name. I would call it 'The Presence Table' because that is what it is. It is a place where my spiritual fibres start to tingle. Not many places do that to me.

At 10:50 we stopped for morning tea at yet another compelling viewing spot. Then to give us a well-deserved break from perpetual beauty we headed east along the ridge that would lead us to the descent into Little Capertee Valley. At 11:45 we sat

on the top of the nose, reflected on the myriad joys of the last few hours before the climb down.

At 12:50 we were opposite a little cottage and out-houses that Murray advised he had stayed at with another club. Curious, we had a good look around and checked on the amenities. A suspicious wombat eyed us off, disappointed there were no food offerings. By 13:15 packs were loaded into cars as we salivated at the thought of ice creams from the Old Hotel. It was a bit of a shock to the system to find the place closed and the nearest ice cream a good hour away.

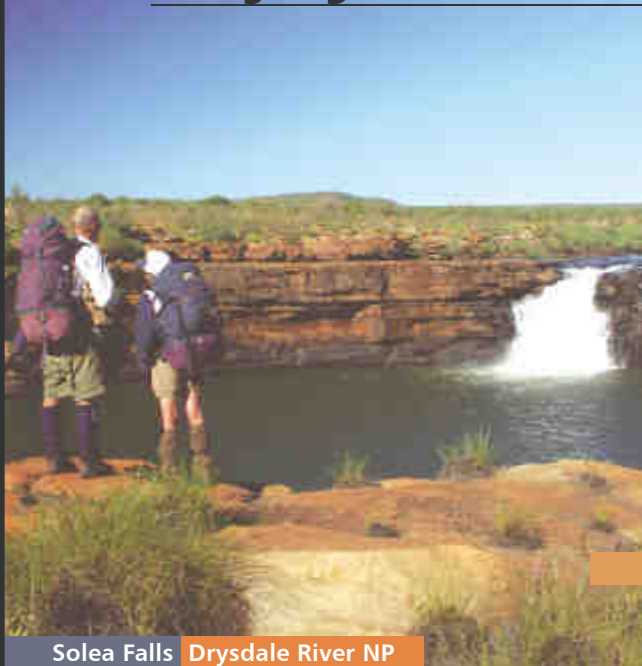
Here it was farewells all round as members thanked Graham for one of the most satisfying pack walk experiences the Bush Club has staged.



Camping near Mt Dawson

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Wollar Creek

August 2006

Julie Cox, Watagan Wanderers



After half a dozen previous packwalks and camps into the Goulburn River National Park I was looking for a new part to explore. Wollar Creek appeared particularly interesting on the map, with cliffhines with a wide looking creek leading to the Goulburn River, approx 14k long before reaching private property. Warning the other 4 Watagan Wanderers to pack plenty of water, I also loaded the van with 30 litres in the event the creek was dry. Drought has been very severe in this area.

Friday morning

The drive to the small township of Wollar was very scenic. We passed goat, emu and llama farms, stockmen driving cows and calves along the road with their 12 dogs, and of course kangaroos and wallabies. I parked about 7 km along Mogo Rd at a spot closest to the creek, and we were setting up camp on a wide sandy creek bed within 30 minutes.

After lunch the aim was to explore without packs the upper 5 km of the creek. Within 5 minutes of walking we

came across a very old sow snorting in an almost dry, dark soggy leaf-ridden waterhole. She only had one ear, flies buzzed around her head and eyes and she appeared not to see or hear us. We had another glimpse of a pig further upstream and though we saw no more on our trip there was plenty of evidence of their presence.

Throughout the afternoon we oohed! and aahed! at the spectacular walls and at the height and force of previous water levels which had left their marks on boulders and in trees. We came quite close to wombats, found tortoises and catfish in many of the few remaining pools and puddles, and emu droppings along the creekbed.

That evening back in camp we found a sad looking

tortoise and it was a ten minute walk back upstream to take him to the nearest waterhole.

Saturday

I awoke to hear Don expressing concern to Di that a 15 minute walk downstream had produced no water. Not relishing drinking the sort of water we'd seen yesterday, even if we did find it, we returned to the van with packs and drove 3.5k further along Mogo Rd to another point close to the creek. Water replenished, we were once again camped in Wollar Ck within 30 mins.

This time my aim was to explore, again without packs, the 6 km down to the Goulburn River. With eagles soaring above them, the cliffs rose to 74 meters but were more wind blown than before and the most brilliant yellows and oranges in colour. Again more wombats, all healthy looking, but also more skulls and carcasses. There were many soaks where the animals had dug for water in the sand. The fish and eels were trapped in ever-decreasing murky black puddles.

A pleasant surprise when we reached the Goulburn for lunch was a long fresh pool at the end of Wollar Ck, and the Goulburn was flowing nicely. On the way back to camp we explored side creeks and mini canyons in the breaks in the cliffs whilst listening to the calls of lyrebirds. We found many of their nests in caves.

Sunday

In the morning we were welcomed into the new day by a chorus of bird calls that was so beautiful, it was the main conversation at breakfast. Today we would walk the 3k upstream to our previous campsite, thus completing the creek not once but twice. There was so much to see. If you only walked in the creekbed you missed out on the upper level, so we always walked high or low one way, and the reverse on the way back.

Today the rock faces were lower but with many more caves. One very dry cave contained the mummified remains of a huge kangaroo that had gone in there to die. The skin on his face and legs was like paper and stretched so tight, and his hide was like leather. We also found fossils in the rocks along the creekbed.

During morning tea at our old campsite we watched 3 goats high on the slippery rockface, feeding and walking about so surefootedly, until they made me so nervous that I called a return to camp.

Four of us were high up exploring a really long cave when along comes white-haired Don strolling down the creek with the three goats in tow. Talk about "the lonely goatherd"! All eight of us now continued back to camp, goats eating continually along the way and helping Alan explore each nook and cranny. These goats were in no way wild. Too friendly and clean, and either angora or cashmere.

Back at camp they joined us for lunch, helped us pack and playfully butted each other. Then they followed us up the cliff to the van. We found out later that they belonged to a nearby farm and were quite used to coming and going as they wished.

A promotional advertisement for Wilderness Hiking New Zealand. It features a logo with a green mountain silhouette and the text "Wilderness Hiking NEW ZEALAND for the true outdoor New Zealand experience". Below the logo are two small images: a sunset over mountains and a wooden cabin. The text "www.wildernesshikingnz.com - info@wildernesshikingnz.com" is displayed. A large blue box contains the text: "With us you'll spend less time on the road and more time exploring the real New Zealand". Below this, it says "We cater to your needs". Further down, it reads: "Let us help you plan the adventure of your dreams. Select from one of our 4 amazing journeys or talk to us, for groups of 4 or more people we can customise your perfect adventure." At the bottom, there is a photo of two hikers on a rocky peak, with the text "Contact us on; Wilderness Hiking New Zealand - www.wildernesshikingnz.com - info@wildernesshikingnz.com - ph; +64 21 385340". At the very bottom, it says "Book a Hiker Adventure Trip in January and receive a \$100.00 discount".

A Mid Winter Day Walk

Saggers Creek

Trevor Henderson, NBC

In recent years there have not been many club walks in the bush between Bulahdelah and Stroud. Much of this country has been “harvested” and is a bit degraded in the wake of chain saw and bulldozer assaults, but Saggers Creek still contains some natural gems. Whilst parts of the previous State Forest have been added to the western extension of Myall Lakes NP, the area we walked in is still within the timber getters’ private domain.

Our party had all arrived at the Jarrah Forest Road and Kens Firetail junction by 9 am. We left the cars and headed west into the southern arm of Saggers Creek. After crossing the first side creek the track swings to the south and away from our proposed route. There is an unmarked track which heads up towards the west, which we followed for several hundred metres before stopping for morning tea. At

this point the track is a narrow slot through a patch of thick vegetation and so when four trail bikes suddenly appeared I don’t know who was the most surprised, but they managed to zigzag their way through without a single cup of coffee being spilt, or word being spoken between the opposing philosophies of the bush.

After our encounter with the noise machines it was time to head for the bush. We headed down into the valley, reaching the main creek within 15 minutes and then walked downstream. There was plenty of water and debris from a big storm two weeks earlier. This section of creek is particularly attractive with rain forest and some of the biggest Casuarina trees I have ever seen. But the most impressive feature is the creek bed itself. It cuts down through layers of pinkish coloured volcanic rock forming a series of cascades, waterfalls and deep rock pools. There was quite a bit of scrambling to get past these obstacles. About two kilometres downstream


the creek is intersected by a remnant track that goes north to the main Saggers Creek Trail. We followed this to the ford on the north arm where we stopped for lunch. Just upstream from the ford is the ruin of an old timber mill including the remains of shell and tube steam boiler, foundation brickwork and the ubiquitous pile of beer bottles.

After lunch we headed down stream to look at the waterfalls and cascades. These falls are higher and more compact than those on the southern arm of the creek. The water drops about 30 metres in series of falls with deep rock pools at the bottom of each drop. This is one of most attractive and unique natural features in the Hunter Region and has been one of my favourite places for about 30 years.

The walk out was via the ridge to the south. The current edition of the map shows the route of the old trail. A new trail has been constructed to the south of this. The old trail is now overgrown but still easy enough to follow - which we



did. It’s a steep climb in places and there are some patches of lawyer vines. About halfway along the ridge the two trails merge and the going becomes much easier. Whilst the party had spread out a bit by the end of the day, we were all back at the cars by 5 pm - the perfect time to finish a winter walk. Most of the group then adjourned to the Plough Inn in Bulahdelah for refreshments and tea. This pleasant social occasion was a great way to finish a good days walking in a very attractive area.



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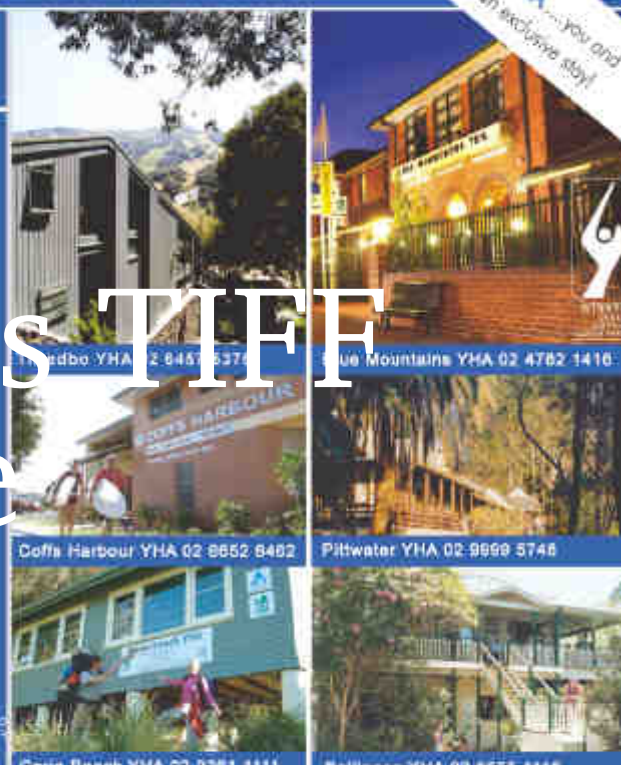
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A busy couple of months for BWRS

Bushwalkers Wilderness Rescue Squad (BWRS) has been busy in the last few months. There have been three callouts plus an evacuation from TrailWalker.

In recent years BWRS has assisted the Oxfam charity fundraising event called TrailWalker. TrailWalker is a 48 hour event where this year 446 teams of four followed the 100km route of bush tracks and fire roads around Sydney. The teams report to Control Points which monitor for progress and safety. The route is given on the Oxfam website well in advance so teams can train for this strenuous event. During TrailWalker BWRS members were on standby shifts as either first or second safety response teams. This event is a great way to polish our co-ordination skills and publicise BWRS.

Control Points have multiple tents at local parks with St John Ambulance volunteers, (supplied) food tents and rest / sleep areas etc. The first and second safety response teams move to Control Points to follow the bulk of participants. On Saturday morning the possible helicopter evacuation of a participant who had suffered a fall came to nothing when the helicopter was flagged away. The participant pushed onto the next Control Point for medical assessment.

Early evening on Saturday (26 August) Oxfam HQ notified the BWRS first response team at Davidson Park (around the 90 km mark, under Roseville Bridge) of a female participant with an inflamed knee. She could not walk any further. BWRS joined two paramedics to drive as far back up Middle Harbour as fire roads (and NP&WS gate keys) would allow. Fortunately she was only about a kilometre further up the track but on rocky ground. She was quickly moved up from a gaseous pain killer to morphine doses as the paramedic strapped

her leg and otherwise prepared her for stretcher transport.

The BWRS second safety response team was also called in for the stretcher carry / stretcher passing to move the woman off the rocky ground to the level track beside Middle Harbour. Recent revision training meant our casualty was handled extremely smoothly with good stretcher passing and rotation of teams to avoid fatigue as we moved beside Middle Harbour back to the ambulance.

At 8:15 am on a wet, lazy Sunday morning (10 September) the BWRS pager began its 'answer me' persistent beep, beep, beep. Call the Police Officer on the phone number shown. Can BWRS get to Captains Flat by 2pm to search for a missing shooter? The search may continue into the evening. A shooter had followed some of their dogs when they ran off. The dogs (only) had returned to the other members of the shooting party. The weather outside Braidwood is abysmal with snow on the ground.

BWRS has divided its Operational Members into a number of Callout Groups (based on member home locality). The aim is to share the workload and save time during the busy process of phoning Operational Members for callouts / getting personal gear out. Each Callout Group has a primary and secondary contact. Members responding to callouts follow the list on our Standard Operating Procedure. The SOP outlines the expected personal equipment and level of food to bring.

BWRS is not a primary rescue group so I was pleased that an adequate number of BWRS members were able to respond with their SOP at short notice. They were on the road when the 'stand down' came just before 11am. Later in the week we heard that the shooter had been found just 75metres from a track but four kilometres from where he was

last seen. Searchers heard a weak "help me". The shooter was in a foetal position and possibly only hours from death by hypothermia. He suffered two cardiac arrests during hospital treatment.

BWRS likes looking after lost bushwalkers. It is what we are good at and it helps maintain the good name of bushwalking. However as a volunteer search and rescue group we need to be aware of and be part of the bigger picture of rescue in NSW. In October 2005 we were part of a large search with other VRA & SES squads for a lost toddler at the resort village of Burrill Lake south of Ulladulla. In August and September this year BWRS was called out to be part of evidence searches with local VRA Squads.

The August search was around land adjoining HMAS Albatross outside Nowra. Recent new evidence justified a search for this year-old homicide. The September search was in streets of Swan Haven at Jervis Bay around the murder site of a local conservationist. A given area is intensively searched for evidence such as weapons or small personal belongings associated with the homicide.

Evidence searches demand different search skills from a typical large bush search. They are line searches where, depending on terrain, a group of searchers will move in a close



Morning tea - a special time anywhere

spaced line down a given area. Typically at the end of the sweep they turn 180 degrees and search an area adjoining the original sweep area. Toilet paper is an excellent biodegradable search area marker. The search team leader normally walks behind the line to ensure that the line moves forward evenly. There can also be an extra difference as you sometimes have lunch supplied!

BWRS could always use more experienced bushwalkers to join our ranks of Operational Members. We have a program of training events throughout the year to add the extra skills you need to provide this excellent community service. Operational Members can advance to our vertical rescue training where stretchers are lifted and lowered on cliffs or inside buildings etc. See our website www.bwrs.org.au or contact our secretary at secretary@bwrs.org.au for more details of how to join your volunteer bushwalking search and rescue group - Bushwalkers Wilderness Rescue Squad.

Keith Maxwell
President BWRS

New GPS Chipset

At the top end of the Garmin range of GPS receivers are some new models with improved sensitivity compared with existing models.

GPS technology is constantly changing. The Garmin eTrex and Geko models are good GPS receivers for bushwalkers being comparatively low cost, lightweight and easy to use. Other manufacturers also can supply similar simple, lightweight GPS receivers.

However the new Garmin 60x and 76x series GPS are larger, more advanced but more expensive. These GPS receivers are more sensitive than the eTrex and Geko models but start at over \$480 in the USA. They have the "SIRF Star 3" chipset. The link below is a Garmin press release for these 60x & 76x series GPS.

<http://www.garmin.com/pressroom/outdoor/010306b.html>

A member of BWRS recently did a comparison test between an eTrex and 60x series GPS receiver

and found that the 60x was far superior in maintaining satellite lock within a closed canopy of trees. The eTrex often lost satellite lock (a GPS receiver needs to "lock" onto a minimum of four satellites to get a three dimensional location; no lock equals no location) while the 60x maintained satellite lock.

Some other Garmin GPS receivers getting this "SIRF" technology include Forerunner 205 & 305; Edge 305. To be sure of getting this new technology look for the "SIRF" logo on product information.

Naturally, other manufacturers are including the SIRF Star 3 chipset in their GPS (and getting rave reviews). Thus it is highly probable that this improved technology will continue to filter down to lesser model GPS receivers. It may be time for serious gear freaks to go web surfing!

Keith Maxwell



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NAVSHIELD 2006

Keith Maxwell
President BRWS
Pictures by Julian Dryden

NavShield 2006 was held on first and second days of July in Nattai National Park of the Southern Highlands. The area used was north of the Wombeyan Caves Road and bounded to the east and west by Russells Needle and Bonnum Pic. The undulating plateau was cut by the gorges of the Nattai River and Wangandery Creek, thus controlling movement around the course. Unlike Coolah Tops (NavShield 2005) dense undergrowth / regrowth after controlled burn-offs made for slow walking. Navigation was particularly challenging since the 10 metre contour interval concealed much more undulating detail on the ground than the map suggested. There were few fire roads to provide easy movement around the course.

Some old hands rose to this navigation challenge. Kangaroo Valley RFS have competed strongly in many past Nav-Shields and were the winners of the two day NavShield while Berowra Bushwalkers were winners of the one day event.

The aim of the NavShield is to run an Emergency Services bush navigation training event that showcases the skills and abilities of Bushwalkers Wilderness Rescue Squad (BWRS). A successful NavShield requires a well run base site, an accurate but diverse course, good event administration plus an overall Safety Plan & radio Communications Plan that casts a safety net over the event. NavShield is a unique navigation training

event as it uses realistic country typical of bush search and rescue. Within a limited time teams must plot the location (via Grid References) of the checkpoints and decide on a viable route that maximizes the points they can achieve without incurring penalties for returning late. Checkpoints are set in a random pattern over around 100 square kilometres and are allocated a points value that takes into account the difficulty of locating them. The challenge for teams is to plan a route that takes account of their team's abilities. There is no easy common answer.

A total of over one hundred one-day and two-day teams congregated on a chilly morning for the event briefing then pandemonium of the massed start at 8.45am as they all sought to get their Control Card and go.

All levels of navigators benefit from NavShield. There is always a deliberate mix of easy to difficult checkpoints temptingly placed so that teams can still get plenty of practice even in the one-day event. Beginner navigators gain confidence from actually finding a checkpoint then choosing a route to the next one. Experienced navigators are rewarded with checkpoints on outstanding locations. This year the highest value checkpoint was Russell's Needle.

By providing a quality bush navigation event BWRS now regularly has local and interstate teams from Ambulance (including paramedics), NP&WS, SES, VRA, Rural Fire Service, Armed

Services and Police Rescue Squads.

The weather was overcast, dry and very windy during Saturday.

Sunday was calm but still overcast and dry. NavShield unfolded on its usual pattern. Late Saturday morning there were a number of withdrawals

of (inexperienced) participants with minor aches and sprains from a lack of fitness and inability to judge their stamina. During Saturday afternoon two evacuations, one as a possible hospitalisation, were required. While fortunately the injured persons had been able to get to a fire road, access was still through private land (over paddocks to a fence line). The Safety Plan was activated and the two NSW Ambulance Paramedics (& 4WD ambulance) were despatched.

The evacuations were completed in around an hour. It is not uncommon in these situations for the injuries to be far less worse than initially expected. Both casualties

responded well to treatment in the First Aid tent.

While evacuations require an urgent response they do have a known location. Where do you start to look for an overdue NavShield Team? Two one-day teams failed to return by the cut off time of 7.30pm. You have to wait but try to collect information on these teams so as to a plan a response. What does the team's "Intentions Form" show? Did either of the teams report (as required) to a Radio Check Point? Have our roving BWRS Bushrangers seen either team today? Have other teams seen these overdue teams?

One team returned around midnight but the other team



Berowra Bushwalkers, winners of the one day Nav Shield



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was still out at daylight Sunday. A number of BWRS Bushrangers were deployed into likely areas. Fortunately this second team returned to NavShield HQ around 10am. They were glad of their matches (that are part of the compulsory equipment for all NavShield teams).

Socialising and interaction between the Emergency Services was always an unstated aim of NavShield. The large base camp provides ample room to enjoy camp fire mingling after participation in NavShield. BWRS uses a local group to provide catering. There is no need to waste time cooking when you are tired; just eat and mingle. The local RFS provided plenty of hot, tasty food in a friendly atmosphere.

As usual, the major Award Ceremony for the two day event at 3pm Sunday was a great relief. Another great NavShield nearly in the bag with all teams home (unlike some years when there are some still outstanding teams at 3pm). The NSW State Rescue Board considers NavShield to be a valuable training exercise in bush navigation for the Emergency Services and accordingly sponsors group shields for the best team of each Emergency Service. Thus, Brian Goodes on behalf of the Chair of the Board gave out the principal Awards and individual trophies. Harvey Black, VRA Director of Training also assisted. The last and still pleasing award is the Attendance Cups. If you can attend five, ten or fifteen NavShields then I will, on behalf of BWRS, make a special presentation for such dedication. As usual, many persons showed their enjoyment of NavShield by accepting their Attendance Cup.

Packing up, while it is still a big job, is a great relief. Generators, lights, marquee tents, tables, water drums and banners etc all need to be packed away into cars, trucks and trailers. Everyone is on a buzz from the magic of NavShield.

The results of NavShield 2006 can be found on the BWRS website at www.bwrs.org.au/navshield/index.html

Despite the obviously high workload the members of BWRS still enjoy planning and running their annual NavShield. We get to do some great bushwalks (such as visiting Russells Needle) in setting out the check point flags for NavShield. We also visit friendly towns like Mittagong. It truly is a group effort to bring all the components together (administration, maps, trophies, First Aid, Radio Check Points, Safety, Bushrangers, paramedics, caterers, water resupply, toilets etc) on the NavShield weekend. We look forward to practicing the organization skills required / liaising with other Emergency Services.

Many thanks to all those members of BWRS and other groups (WICEN, NSW Ambulance, and Wingecarribee RFS Caterers) who all helped make NavShield 2006 so successful. In particular WICEN radio amateurs have now helped BWRS at TEN NavShields. In the early days of NavShield BWRS would try to be self contained. We would rely totally on our own HF radio network. We would also spend Saturday afternoon cutting onions, tomatoes etc and buttering bread in preparation for the evening meal. Thank you WICEN for helping BWRS to make NavShield a far safer and smoothly run event.

The atmosphere at NavShield is always infectious. Once again the NavShield participants enjoyed the mixture of dry but cool weather, good food from our caterer, a well-planned accurate course that was set in challenging bushwalking country with good event organisation and Awards. In the days since NavShield BWRS has again received many unsolicited emails of thanks and congratulations.

There can be no better way to polish up your navigation, map reading and socialising skills than participation in NavShield 2007 on the first weekend of July.

Don't miss our nineteenth NavShield on July 7th / 8th, NavShield 2007.

John Day

1933 –2006

On the 7 July 2006 John Day died in Durham England.

John was very active member of New-castle Bushwalking Club from the mid 1950's through to the late eighties.

He lead many clubs trips including expeditions to the Snowy Mountains, Tasmania and the Blue Mountains and he was one of the pioneers of cross country skiing within the club.

In the early days he even made his own skis. He appears in the photographs in the logbook showing the construction of the Munro Hut on Gloucester Tops during the 1960's.

John was a fun person to walk with, always ready to share his knowledge of the bush and always entertaining around the campfire with an endless collections of stories, bush poetry and music. His enthusiasm is perhaps best

summed up by one of his favourite sayings "forget the map get on with the walk".

John was a master cabinetmaker who worked for the railways; the quality of his woodwork was legendary. I particularly remember the several wooden boats he built and took to annual camp at Myall Lakes, they were like pieces of fine furniture, almost too good to put in the water.

His other interests included progressive politics, environmental issues and world peace. He was a founding member of the Newcastle Peoples Chorus. The chorus was touring Europe when John died a few hours after singing in concert at the Durham Rugby Club.

All NBC members extend their sympathy to his wife Joan and children Vicki, Stephen and Andrew.



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Attendees who have been to five or ten NavShields

A Brief History of Search & Rescue

This October marks an important date in the history of the NSW Federation of Bushwalking Clubs (now Confederation of Bushwalking Clubs NSW Inc.). Seventy years ago, over the long weekend, four young men became overdue on the walk down the Grose to Richmond. Despite the use of an aircraft it took nearly a week for them to be found.

A party of bushwalkers, largely organised round public transport, divided into smaller groups to enter the Grose Valley. One party set out from Blackheath, another party of walkers started upstream from Richmond and a party under Paddy Pallin entered the Grose Valley via the Faulconbridge track to walk upstream. Paddy's party located the tracks of the lost party and were in several kilometres of finding them when a separate party of police made contact. Following this search Paddy sent a letter to the Federation requesting that the

formation of a bushwalkers search and rescue squad should be considered. Federation liked the concept and, in November, gave approval for the formation with the power to act on its own initiative.

But there is a little behind this story. Earlier in the year Ninian Melville, founder of the CMW, proposed forming a Topographic Bureau within the Federation. One of its roles was to "Record particulars of persons who would be available in cases of emergency, for search and rescue parties". Unfortunately Nin was transferred to the country before the idea could be implemented.

Then in August three skiers, undertaking a winter traverse of Bogong High Plains, became lost in blizzard conditions. City newspapers carried the full account of the rescue of Percy Hull and the death of Cleveland Cole. This was the first time that a

Warwick Blayden

search/rescue incident involving outdoor recreation had received such extensive publicity for nearly a decade. (This had been the search for the bodies of skiers Evan Hayes and Laurie Seaman the slopes of Kosciusko).

Statistics are incomplete but it would be fair to say that less than half a dozen searches had been required for members of bushwalking clubs since 1927. However the growth in the number of hikers which had begun in the early 1930s meant greater publicity whenever people did become overdue.

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From The mail bag. . .

Dear Sir,
With regard to the result for Photo 24 of the Photo competition in the Autumn Issue: the waterfall on Govetts Leap Brook where it goes over the Taylor Wall is called "Govetts Leap", not Bridal Veil Falls. That was an older but incorrect name. And the walking track is Rodriguez Pass not Govetts Leap Pass.

Brian Fox

Dear Sir,
In his article attacking Myles Dunphy's nomenclature, Jim Smith makes some interesting points. Perhaps Jim could apply to have Kweeoogang (sic) used for the small headland he suggests.

The trouble is that criticism comes easily. Myles spent considerable time researching and developing his nomenclature. It is far more colourful, euphonic and wonderful than the mediocre names we find in most other parts of Australia. As it is his work underwent a considerable review in 1968 and apart from a number of minor changes, it was vindicated.

Patrick Thompson
Colong Foundation
for Wilderness

Dear Sir,
Regarding the article on Mount Dawson. I have had informal advice that the nomination for the Gindantherie Pinnacle is likely to be accepted by the Geographical Names Board and will appear on the next edition of the Ben Bullen 1:25,000 Sheet.

Michael Keats
The Bush Club

Dear Sir,
Last issue of "The Bushwalker" (Vol. 31, Issue 3) contained an article extract by Jim Smith critical of the nomenclature used by Myles Dunphy in the Blue Mountains. One of the issues is the misapplication of the traditional names - both Koori and European.

It's ironic that Jim, whilst supporting usage of the Gundungura language, wants restoration of "Peter O'Reilly Mountain" (for Mt Mouin) when "Mouin" was recorded in 1833 by Surveyor Govett.

Similarly if Dunphy believed he located Barrallier's termination point then why shouldn't he name features in the vicinity after Barrallier's aboriginal guides?

But Jim does have some valid claims. Ninian Melville's humour with "Chinaman" now seems out of place on Mt Solitary ("Mummie" by Govett). And why should a fox terrier be immortalised by a creek on Cloudmaker?

There is a strong case say for the replacement of Joalah with "Jakular" since the purpose and meaning are in alignment.

Trouble is it's just not Dunphy who has created this problem. There are other features and areas where bushwalkers have had their impact to the detriment of indigenous peoples. Should we overturn seventy years of usage?

EDITOR - please select one of the following endings: 1. There are many paths to the top of the mountain but the view is always the same; 2. Fear not - you will as soon get a fart out of a dead man.

Warwick Blayden

[Why discriminate? - Ed]

Mountain Equipment

Trek Travel

Paddy Pallin