

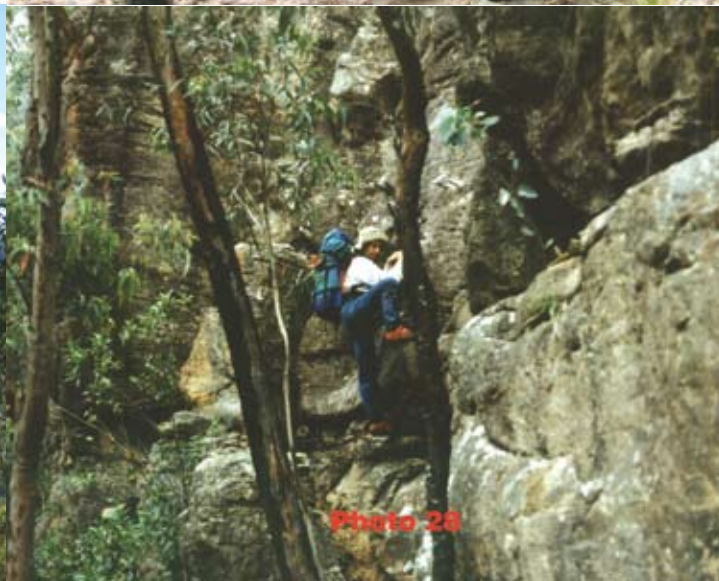
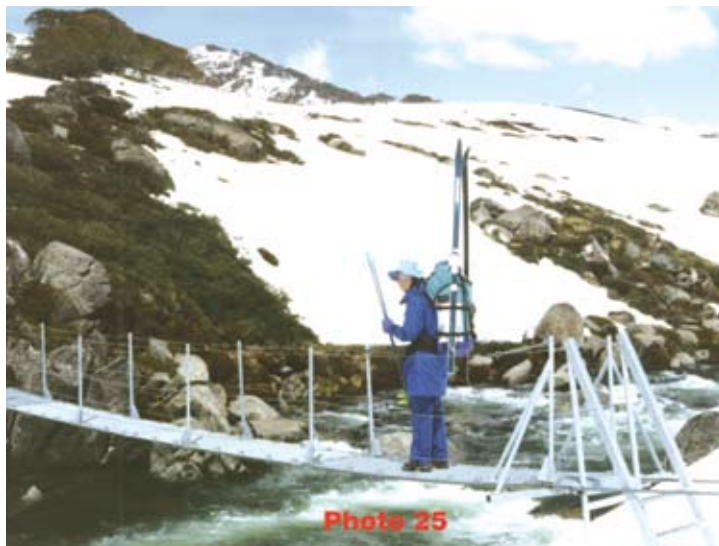
The Bushwalker



**Crossing a creek bed
on the Larapinta Trail**

**Volume 31
Issue 3
Winter 2006**

The Bushwalker “Where Am I” Competition



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 4 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 unguessed photos. If several correct entries arrive for a photo, the Editor will make an arbitrary selection of the winning entry.

The answers will appear on the Confederation Web site 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 DuFaur’s 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, **Mountain Equipment** has donated one \$100 voucher and their allied store **Trek & Travel** has donated one \$100 voucher.

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 also 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 Autumn Issue

Photo 21: Kedumba Valley from Solitary Pass (not from Mt Solitary)
Identified by Colin Wood from Armidale.

Photo 22: the long pool at the end of Wollangambe section 2, before the exit.
Identified by Dave Noble from SUBW.

Photo 24: Bridal Veil Falls from the foot of the Govetts Leap Pass (not just ‘Govetts Leap’!).
Identified by Ian Partridge from NPA.

Photos 6 and 23 remain open for your guess.

^{T h e} **Bushwalker**

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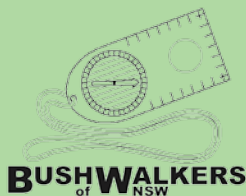
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The Confederation of Bushwalking Clubs NSW Inc represents approximately 65 Clubs with a total membership of about 10,000 bushwalkers.

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, provides 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 (below) for a list of Clubs, or to go to the Confederation website at www.bushwalking.org.au for a list of Member Clubs.



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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.

From the Editor's Desk . . .

Welcome to the winter 2006 edition of the magazine of the Confederation of Bushwalking Clubs NSW. This issue may not look quite so good as the previous ones as it has been prepared on a rather lean time budget. The Editor was away in Central Australia on the Larapinta Trail for a while, and got back just in time to assemble this. Our Graphic Designer, Barry Hanlon, is still away in Europe, walking and rogaining. Please forgive any errors and inconsistencies in the format: the editor is still learning.

What this shows is two things: Confederation members don't sit at home, and we need some more volunteers to help fill in the gaps when one of us is away. Please, volunteer if you can. We especially need people to help with advertising and marketing for both this magazine and the web site.

Clubs and members are encouraged to submit articles. There is a strong preference for articles with good pictures. We will also accept articles from outside bodies where the articles seem relevant to members. Articles may be gently edited to help fit into our page limit. Contributions should be sent to editor@bushwalking.org.au .

Our thanks to the contributors who have sent in articles, and our apologies to those who haven't seen their article make it into print yet. Sometimes we have too much for the page limit, and have to keep some articles back, hopefully for the next issue.

The number of entries to the Photo Competition varies by issue. We have some regular entrants who usually manage to score a few hits - and win some prizes, but we would love to see more entries. The Editor might even exercise some discretion in favour of new entrants. In addition, your attention is drawn to Photo 6, still unidentified. It's on the web site in the publications area. Surely someone can recognise this area?

Please note that opinions expressed by authors do not always represent the official opinions of the Confederation or any of the Clubs. The Editor's opinions don't represent anything at all ...

Roger Caffin
Editor



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A Pyrenees Tasting Pack

Michael Keats, Bush Club

Tread on a path in the Pyrenees and you step into rich and varied history. Preceding the walks of our Bush Club (Group 3) in June 2006 were not only other groups of Australian walkers but also some of the most bloody invasions and expeditionary forces of recorded history and religion. The line up includes Roman, French, Spanish and Moorish Empires, and Catholic, Protestant and Islamic waxings and wanings. The indelible mark of mankind is ubiquitous in the Pyrenees.

Pilgrims of the Chemin de St Jacques de Compostelle, readily identifiable by at least one scallop shell (*Pecten maximus*) on their packs or clothing, come to retrace the reputed steps of John the Baptist from various commencing points in France through the Pyrenees all the way to the town of Saint John de Compostela on the Atlantic Spanish coast.

Real bush? Old growth forest? Natural environment? In some places there are some remnants of what might have been after the last ice age. Much of the natural environment - serried peaks of geologically young fold mountains and once vast oak and beech forests, has been replaced with pastures on even the most precipitous slopes. Here goats, sheep, wild horses and cattle share the walking trails with pilgrims and mountaineers. Above the sky is full of flocks of griffon vultures and other raptors majestically riding the thermals in a constant search for the next meal. The occasional deer can be surprised in the woods and rabbits abound.

The 2006 European summer season had a torrid start, with the mercury in the mid thirties every day. With humidity to match it was very like midsummer in Sydney.

Our base in the rural Payes Basque was an old 18th century farmhouse, named Etxexuria (pronounced Etcherchuria or just "Etchers"). This is located in the Lantabat Valley near the tiny hamlet of St Martin and is about 40 minutes from St Jean Pied de Port. The house has been completely renovated and is a very comfortable abode.

Group organizers and hosts Bob and Sue Taffel were at station and airport to welcome us and provide transport to Etchers. We were a mixed lot - comprising non-walkers, moderate walkers and addicted walkers. It was Bob's task to run

a program that made everybody happy. He did a remarkable job.

Part of the charm of the visit was to indulge in the local cuisine. Our cook Sally was, surprisingly, English but through her craft as a 'cuisenaire' had developed all the skills necessary to 'cook like a local'. Her meals used local recipes made with fresh ingredients bought in the local markets, served with local wines.

To the walking. Bob chose fairly local walks to suit the varying abilities and high temperatures. Pack walking would have been great but was not an option.

Our first walk started at Col d'Iphariatze, a saddle at 328 m and a none-too-inspiring place, bare of trees and windswept. Our route was along a ridge, followed by a steep descent into the Pagardeyko Erreka (Erreka = Creek). Humidity was high and we were grateful for the shade of the oak trees. To the east was the Bois d'Ostabat (Ostabat Forest); this green patch was most welcome. To our west was a pretty collection of more than a dozen villages including Behaune, Ascombeguey and Orsanco. Most sported a church steeple and provided serial photograph opportunities.

As we swung east onto the GR 65 we encountered pilgrims. By the time we reached the Chapelle de Soyarza there were frequent groups of pilgrims in both directions. The chapel is surrounded by a planting of plane trees, pollarded and cajoled into forming a continuous, interwoven crown. The effect



is dramatic given that the chapel is so elevated. Here we enjoyed morning tea and limited conversation with pilgrims.

Then it was time to head southwest to Harambeltz and the chapel of St Nicholas. This

chapel is in a rather sad state, now being mostly used for storing agricultural items. This was where we had lunch. Some ate outside but the heat drove three of us into the undercroft area where large squared beams now lying on the floor improvised as seats. Whether it was the location, the heat, the bizarre carved symbols in the stonework or just the right moment but I recall the conversation being very philosophical, deep and meaningful.

As we passed through the south-west section of the Bois d'Ostabat, near Harambeltzko Erreka, there were improvised ladders fixed to very large trees that led to hides, for pigeon shooters. The climbing was good fun and provided excitement and photo opportunities

After crossing another Erreka - the Ithurberriako, we joined the Chemin de St. Jacques de Compostelle where time and feet have lowered the track level by nearly a metre, resulting in a tunnel like effect. Emerging from the tunnel we were soon in the village of Ostabat. Here were some 17th century buildings still in use including one that served the function of a gite d'etape or hostel for travellers: devout pilgrims or a seasoned bushwalkers.



Given the heat we decided that although it was Sunday we all merited a drink. The local hostelry was open so in we went. Whilst a beer was popular the most consumed drink by far was a "Citron Presse". Made from freshly squeezed lemons, this drink is served with an accompanying jug of chilled water and for the weak, a bowl of sugar. It is truly refreshing and no hangovers. Mind you, one of these without sugar is about all a guy can handle.

Our second walk was to the south west of Etchers. We drove through the villages of Iholdy, Irissary, Osses and Saint Etienne-de Baigorry and up the steep foothill slopes of Aintziaga (872 m) to park at the border crossing of Col d'Ispeguy (672 m). What followed was a truly beautiful walk through oak and beech forest along the slopes of Olate (935 m)

We border crossed several times as we passed through Nekaitzeko and the Col

d'Elhorrieta. Shepherds of long ago had constructed stone corrals to protect the flocks at night. Today the crumbling stone walls and terra cotta tiled roofs make it impossible not to achieve postcard perfect shots of this area. The long-haired sheep with their black faces and habit of nuzzling each other make for unforgettable images in beautiful scenery.

At the saddle was a rare find in the modern world – the border between two major countries completely open and marked only by border stones ('bornes') every few hundred metres. In real tourist fashion we posed with our legs straddling the border.



Five of us set out from the saddle to climb Autza (1,304 m). An irresistible part of the deal was to summit and return in 90 minutes! As we climbed the views became spectacular but the wind became an issue, with some gusts lifting you off the ground. One member reluctantly turned back.

Above the tree line there was no real pad to the top, and across the rock scree there was no identifiable route at all. Two of us really forced our pace and finally, using every bit of shelter, managed to reach the 'first' summit, an area of ground that looked like peat which was eroding rapidly. From this point we were able to walk and climb with relative ease as the top of the mountain protected us from the worst of the wind.

These mountains are relatively young fold mountains and include an array of sedimentary formations that have been squeezed and buckled to form the high peaks. The diversity of rock types was amazing: sandstones, quartzites, greywackes, volcanic breccias, mudstones and conglomerates. Each of these rock types revealed something of the changing environments when they were laid down.

Finally the top was ours. We had allowed 60 minutes up and 30 down: we had 5 minutes spare. This we used to look around,

as the 'top' is quite extensive. Imagine our surprise when we found a small depression at the top complete with a contingent of 8 armoured soldiers in full battledress, hunkered down speaking on walkie talkies to others in their unit. Their language was probably Basque as neither of us could detect French or Spanish. Now was the time for photos. Opportunities to have your picture taken with such a backdrop are rare without faking it.

On the way down we consoled our two team mates who ran out of time to join us on the summit. Back with the group they allowed us time to snatch a bit of lunch and retail our story. The return journey was nearly all in Spain and was a pleasant stroll back to the general store ('venta') where we had parked the cars. Bob invited us in to explore the diverse (!) range of goods on sale: marijuana, cooking pots, guns, clothes, food of every description, cow bells, boots and knick-knacks. Jewellery was available next to miner's picks and farm utensils. Great pitch-forks with wooden tines stood outside. It was bizarre and reportedly typical of many border establishments.

We asked for "Citron Presse" but alas they had no citrons. We had to settle for a bottled version which, while it did not pack quite the same punch, was an acceptable thirst quencher.

That night Sally put on a typical Basque meal. There were sausages and meats from the area, two varieties of rich local pate, local potatoes, an amazing selection of char grilled capsicums, chillies, mushrooms and zucchinis, and a selection of local cheeses and breads. Adding the beer and wines that Bob had laid in made a feast fit for a king.

The highest peak on the walk on day three was Larla (700 m). The start was considerably lower at the village of St Martin d'Arrossa – about 250 m. Stunning flowering pink tamarisk scented the air. As we climbed the La Nive River was revealed, sparkling in the sun. Near the top of first ridge we disturbed a DIY builder creating a home in a great setting as remote as it is possible to be in the Pyrenees. With words of encouragement we left him to his labours and pushed on.

Morning tea was taken high up on a side road near a decay-

ing collection of farm buildings. Some real effort had been expended in constructing the track along the ridge line: at times the retaining wall was over 2 m in height and the road capable of a small vehicle. Neglect and erosion made it now useless except as a footpad. Also along this section is a collection of crumbling shepherd's huts that provide more excuses to take photographs of this stunning scenery. On several huts the roofs as well as the walls are made from lichen-encrusted flag stones that look so good.

From Larla there are dramatic views to the west of the ridge that marks the border between France and Spain. Called the Crete d'Iparla, its highest point is Pic d'Iparla, some 1044 m high. It just begs to be climbed. Shortly after admiring this ridge we had a



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 **Air Niugini**

wonderful experience. As we crested a rise there was a flock of vultures – maybe 40 all, basking in the sun. With our approach they took fright and, as one, made to take off. None of us were quick enough to ready cameras and capture the moment when 40 two-metre wing spans opened simultaneously and 40 pairs of legs ran as one, lifting the flock into space with all the majesty of a single giant creature. We were too late: our photos just show a scattering of black dots disappearing across the valley into Spain. Next time....

A now solitary oak of huge size provided welcome shade for lunch, with a view north down a valley full of villages and the town of Bidarray. With lunch consumed I was overcome with a compelling desire to shut my eyes and take forty winks. Cruelly, I was awakened 30 minutes later by my co-walkers, each trying to get a better picture of me prone and completely out to it!

The 4th walk was to the Sommet d'Occabe. It is one of the classic Pays Basque walks with extensive views of the Forêt d'Iraty – one of the largest areas of old growth forest in the area. We parked at the Col de Burdinkurutzeta at 1135 m. Conditions were calm as we climbed the 90 m to the top of yet another col with views stretching for tens of kilometres. In the foreground was a deeply incised valley with serried sheer limestone cliffs defining the deeper gorges. This was the kind of topography I had wanted to see. Immediately below a jagged sequence of ridges begged to be climbed. What a shame that was not our agenda.

We pressed on to the Col de Sourzay. From here it was a steady climb through the forest to the Cromlechs d'Occabe (1382 m). Numerous great circles of stone stretch along the open meadow-like crest of this mountain. Presumed to be burial grounds of an ancient people there is evidence of latter day archaeologists probing to find whether each is a single grave or whether they were communal. Whatever the purpose, their position is indisputable, commanding a huge vista deep into the Navarra of Spain as well as the more immediate areas in France. Where the stone



Cromlechs d'Occabe

circles begin there were markers for the GR 10 (Grande Route 10), and we encountered many walkers. Some were talkative and many had the goal of walking the full length of the route.



A local walker on the GR 10

Lunch on a rocky ridge with a view over the Iraty Forest was a singular experience. I felt with the walk today that I had just started to get into the Pyrenees and the real walking experiences that it offered. After lunch it was time to start our descent via the GR 10 and several small settlements. The frequent small mounds where there was any depth of soil were mole-hills. You learn something every day.

Down the track we entered a beech forest where the tree cover had eliminated the under-story. Further on we entered an oak forest with an under-story of low growing box giving the impression of a false forest floor half a metre above the ground. Out of the forest and in cleared areas prostate yellow flowering pea like plants carpeted the ground.

The hot humid conditions that prompted my sleep on the last walk were still with us. As soon as I saw a stream I thought of a swim. The theory was great, the reality was oh so different. When we found a big enough stream it was so polluted with animal faecal material that the thought was banished. Swimmable water was fenced off, owned by a hotel and camping reserve.

Like the rest of us I had to settle for a cooling Citron Presse in a small local bar. It was a strange place with odd people coming and going. It was as if we had stumbled across a cell of some underground organization planning a diabolical plot. Well, we were in the Basque country.

Two of us went with Bob to

collect the car. Essentially we walked up a small creek, known as the Burdincurche-tako Erreka. Not only is this very beautiful it is also a gazetted nature reserve. We had the area to ourselves. As we crossed and re-crossed the creek we found the densest population of tadpoles I have ever seen. In the photo I took there would be at least 200 individuals. Further on a brilliant emerald damson fly rested for me to capture its image. Looking up after hearing a noise we spied a young deer moving through the woods. If that was not enough, a hillside ahead was purple in colour. Yes it was real. It was a solid carpet of a heather-like plant in full flower.

On reaching the vehicle Bob drove it a little to the west so we could see a geomorphological structure called the 'dinosaur': an exposed 2 km long limestone ridge with the crest called Pic de Behorleguy. It is also climbable. Rejoining the rest of the party we could not help ourselves in making them feel they had really missed out on not walking with us.

The four walks described are a summary of the experience I had of the Pyrenees. If I have the opportunity to go again I would want to pack walk and definitely opt for more rugged terrain.

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DISTRESS BEACONS

Keith Maxwell – President BWRS

The purpose of this article is to help you understand how distress beacons work and help you decide whether a distress beacon is appropriate or necessary for you as a safety item. This is NOT the last word! Be warned that the technology is evolving so this information may even be out of date at the time of publication.

The aim of a distress beacon is to transmit a radio signal in a life-threatening situation so that emergency services can quickly locate you. The major application is for aviation and marine use. The system to detect distress beacons relies on satellites, commercial aircraft and ground stations to receive and “fix” the position of distress beacon signals.

Co-ordination of rescue resources to respond to a beacon is based at the Canberra Rescue Co-ordination Centre (RCC). The RCC has links to Commonwealth resources (RAN, RAAF etc) and State Statutory Authorities (Police, Ambulance etc) and other emergency services.

The type of distress beacon is changing. A new frequency of 406 MHz for distress beacons is being phased in to eventually re-



place the older 121.5 MHz. The old transmission is analogue and is error prone. Although 97% of alarms are false alarms they are still investigated.

As of 1 Feb 2009 satellites will NO longer monitor the 121.5 MHz frequency.

Its digital method of transmission should eliminate false alarms. There are some other advantages. 406 MHz beacons give out a stronger signal and their location can be more quickly and closely determined. (The 406 MHz receiving satellites have a different flight path and configuration.) 406 MHz beacons have been designed to give out a unique signal so each beacon can be separately registered. 406 MHz beacon owners are encouraged to register their beacon, and registration is free!

Emergency services will be able to quickly eliminate false alarms plus confirm the owner and activity of the beacon. Friends and family of the beacon owner should be able to outline the planned activities by the beacon owner.

Better models of 406 MHz distress beacons include a GPS receiver. If the GPS receiver can get a “fix” then the 406 MHz distress beacon can send a location code at the same time as it sends its registration code. This location code means that the exact location of the 406 MHz distress beacon will be even more quickly determined.

See http://beacons.amsa.gov.au/What_is/406_vs_121.asp for a comparison between 121.5 MHz & 406 MHz beacons. In particular note the difference in accuracy (5 km vs 20 km) of the location for distress beacons.

Jargon

There are three major types of distress beacon:

- EPIRB (Emergency Position Indicating Radio Beacons) are just one type of beacon. An EPIRB is waterproof and designed to float upright in water (with its aerial vertical) transmitting its distress signal.
- PLB (Personal Locator Beacon) is a term used for beacons that are small enough for bushwalkers etc to carry.
- ELT (Emergency Locator Transmitters) refers to shock-sensitive beacons mounted permanently in aircraft.

Cost

At present 406 MHz PLBs are costly, being up to five times as expensive as a 121.5 MHz PLB. Although 121.5 MHz PLBs are particularly cheap (< \$300) and there are many outlets still selling them, you should NOT purchase one as it will be worthless in two and a bit years time. If you currently have an existing 121.5 MHz PLB keep it as it is still useful. The Australian Gov-

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Engineers Track Heritage Infrastructure Committee News

The Engineers Track Heritage Infrastructure Committee (ETHIC) was created last year and mentioned in Vol 30 Issue 3. Michael Keats reports that it has had its first round of funding approved, for 06/07. The following is an extract of the planning application as submitted to NPWS:

“A general survey of the route is included in ‘Back from the Brink’ by Andy McQueen, 1997 (pp 316-320).

The original compass and chain survey field books (3) by the Royal Engineers from 1859 over the full length of the Track are located in State Records, Kingswood. This survey is remarkably accurate when compared to the modern 1/25,000 CMA maps. The survey records bench marks, construction camp sites and other recoverable features.

A general survey of the overall track is proposed with a detailed survey west of Wentworth Creek for 10 km towards the Devils Wilderness past Dark Creek, Wilderness Brook and Luminous Creek including the 240 m long false lead up Wentworth Creek. Also the top 2.5 km from Darling Causeway down the western side of Surveyors Creek, across the upper Grose then to under Ikara Head. In both these locations there is extensive dry stone walling and hand drill holes, and the Engineers Track is 80% or more intact.



Dunns Leap One of the intriguing names in the Blue Mountains

Brian Fox

Joseph Frederick Dunn was a publican of the Post Office Hotel at Frederickton, about 10 km north of Kempsey. With his wife Evelyn Isabel they had 5 children, all born in the Kempsey district. In 1908 they decided to go on holidays to Mount Victoria, most likely to visit other family members, (Mt Victoria school records show a number of Dunns). However, this was to unlike most holidays where you return home safely and before you know what it's like you're back at work and you feel as if you've never had a holiday.

An incident occurred which gave rise to a name and an intriguing feature which is still there today, nearly 100 years later. While on the holiday two of the boys - Arthur in his early 20s and his younger brother Charles Daniel just 14 years of age, went exploring along the top of the cliff line just below Mount Piddington. One of the overhangs they explored has a sloping floor and is made up of Mount York Clay Stone. This is a reddish very fragile rock with gives a very loose footing to walk on. It was at this point on Sunday 10th May

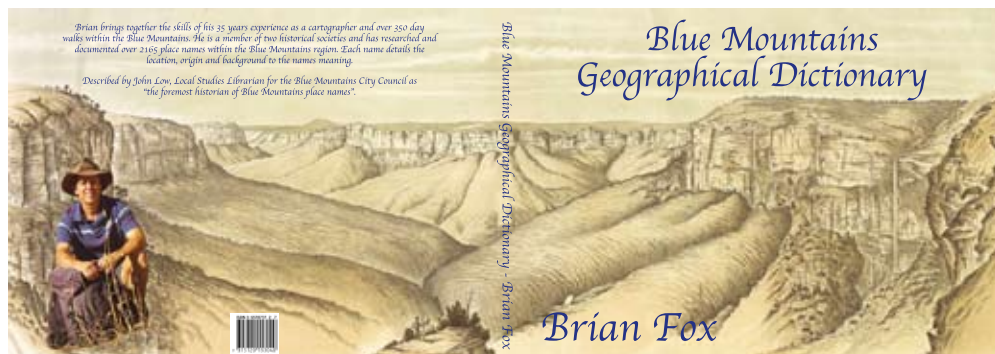
1908 that the younger boy slipped and fell over the cliff edge. He fell all of 55 m.

If he had died that would have been a tragic end to their holiday, and over time the event would have passed into history and been forgotten. But not only did the boy survive, but he survived with only minor abrasions and bruises. While Arthur was wondering how he was going to tell his parents, Charles was able to walk home!

Now what makes this spot more intriguing is that at the top where he slipped an iron spike has been hammered in and a piece of wire has been tied to the spike. At the bottom where he landed the other end of the wire is tied to the base of a sign. The wire shows the trajectory of his fall, and the sign reads ‘Dunns Leap 200 ft’.

Access to the bottom of Dunns Leap is via the Fairy Bower Picnic Area, near the old Toll House at Mount Victoria and a 170 m side track before reaching Cocks Cave. The top is reached via Mount Piddington, Ferris Cave and a 30 m side track.

Dunns Leap is just one of the many colourful names found in our Blue Mountains region, and 1 of 2166 names recorded in the Blue Mountains Geographical Dictionary by the Author. This book can be purchased from the author for \$45 plus postage. He can be contacted on 02 6332 2590 AH.



ernment has pushed to relax some of the design criteria for 406 MHz PLBs to encourage the manufacture of smaller, less expensive PLB.

Some current models of PLB that maybe useful are the

- McMurdo “Fastfind” & “Fastfind Plus” (compact with a weigh of about 300 g) http://www.mcmurdo.co.uk/Images/CMS_Images/Fastfind%20&%20Fastfind%20Plus.pdf
- GME “MT400 406 MHz EPIRB” (not as compact and a weight of about 550 g) <http://www.gme.net.au/epirb/mt400.php>
- KTI “RB8 Personal Locator Beacon” (yet to be released) (<http://www.kti.com.au/epirbs.htm>) that promises to be compact and light. This PLB is expected

within 3 – 6 months time.

One Australian supplier of the Fastfind is Pilot Supplies (based in Victoria)

<http://ozpilot.com/cgi-bin/webitempage.pl?fastf> with a list price of \$1395.

An Australian supplier of the GME MT400 is Prospectors Earth Sciences (based at Seven Hills) <http://www.prospectors.com.au/> with a list price of \$539.

WARNING

Many 406 MHz beacons available for purchase (eg via Google) from the USA have a P... registration code. **These P... registration code beacons cannot be registered in Australia!** You need to check the web address to be sure that you are NOT buying an incompatible beacon. Remember, however that registration of a 406 MHz PLB is free!

Maintenance

Generally all beacons have a test button to confirm that they are operating correctly. As a minimum, test the beacon at the manufacturers recommended interval. Batteries are long life and require the manufacturer / agent to replace them. Do NOT go past the ‘use by’ date.

Accidental Alarm

There can be heavy penalties for false alarms. These penalties can be avoided if you know your beacon has accidentally started sending a signal by phoning 1800 641 792.

Further Information

http://www.amsa.gov.au/search_and_rescue/index.asp is an excellent site.

Myles Dunphy and William Cuneo

Two misguided nomenclaturists of the Blue Mountains

Jim Smith

During the Dreamtime pursuit of the “Rainbow Serpent” Gurangatch by the Quoll Mirragan, through the Burratorang Valley, Gurangatch rested in a number of waterholes along the Wollondilly and Cox Rivers. In his unpublished notes on this Gundungurra story R.H. Mathews listed three of these waterholes on the Wollondilly: Goorit, Kweeoogang and Mullindi. None of these names appear to have ever been published on any map of the Wollondilly River. However the waterhole name Kweeoogang was to have the curious fate of being moved by white men to two different mountains far from the waterhole.

The only published use of the place name Kweeoogang (as Queahgong) in its correct context appears in an account of a trip by Robert Etheridge of the Australian Museum to the Burratorang Valley in the early 1890s. He was accompanied by Maurice Hayes, Burratorang Valley landowner and William Albert Cuneo, Thirlmere Station Master. Hayes had been familiar with the Burratorang Valley since the early 1840s and had purchased two portions of land beside the Wollondilly River in the 1850s. He would have had ample opportunity to talk to the Gundungurra people of the valley. His property was called Queahgong. Mathews does not give the exact location of Kweeoogang waterhole but does describe where Goorit and Mullindi waterholes were, and Hayes’ property lies between these. This property name probably reflects Aboriginal usage for this locality.

Etheridge’s account of the expedition also uses “Mount Queahgong” to describe the bluff on the cliff top above the road descent into the valley. This is over 3 km SSE of the waterhole and at the top of a vertical cliff some 150 m high. This name appears never to have been published. The feature is called “The Bluff” on current maps. William Cuneo was probably responsible for the origin of the name Mt Queahgong for “The Bluff”.

It was bushwalker, cartographer and conservationist Myles Joseph Dunphy (1891-1985) who applied ‘Queahgong’ to a peak 32 km to the NW of the Wollondilly waterhole. Dunphy was probably the most prolific place namer of the 20th century, bestowing names across the Blue Mountains, Warrumbungles and Hawkesbury districts.

In a few cases Dunphy may have recorded authentic local Aboriginal place names, but the great majority were taken from published books of Aboriginal words from all

over Australia. Some are made-up pseudo-Aboriginal words. Dunphy also used historical references such as Barrallier’s diary of his 1802 Burratorang Valley exploration as sources for commemorative names, finding places to put the names of all the Aboriginal people met by Barrallier. One of Dunphy’s worst habits was to take Aboriginal place names that were in verbal use by local communities but not yet used on a map and put them where he pleased.

Dunphy first explored the Burratorang Valley in 1912-13. He apparently heard the name Queahgong used by the valley’s settlers and decided to use it for the peak



Part of an early 20th century panorama of the Burratorang Valley, looking up the Valley of the Wollondilly River. The Bluff on the right side of the picture is Cuneo’s Mt Queahgong and his Mt Kamilaroi is the pointed peak on the left side. Kweeoogang waterhole is behind The Bluff, four kilometres downstream of the junction of the Nattai and Wollondilly Rivers. This junction is marked with an ‘x’. Photo from J. Carne, *Geology and Mineral Resources of the Western Coal-field*, Government Printer, Sydney, 1908.

between Mt Jenolan and Mt Guouogang on what he called the Krungle Bungle Range. Dunphy may have wanted to match the sounds of Queahgong and Guouogang (for which he suggested the pronunciation Ku-o-wo-gang). Jenolan and Guouogang are genuine Gundungurra names first recorded by surveyors Henry White and William Govett respectively in 1833.

Another name moved by Dunphy was Dungalla Cascades. The Burratorang community, probably reflecting Aboriginal usage, applied the name Dungalla to rapids in the upper Burratorang near Coleman’s Creek. Dunphy moved the name to a waterfall near Tuglow Caves about 40 km to the NW of Coleman’s Creek. Dunphy enjoyed the double entendre of this name with the first syllables of Dunphy and his walking companion Herb Gallup.

It is ironic that the names Dungalla Cascades and Mount Queahgong were approved in 1931 by the Surveyor General, Hamilton Bartlett Mathews (1873-1959),

the son of R.H. Mathews (1841-1918). Mathews senior took considerable care to locate Aboriginal place names accurately. In 1931 his notebooks, which included the one that gave the true location of Queahgong, were still in the possession of his family. The sheer volume of place names proposed by Dunphy meant that Mathews junior and his successors were never able to have them investigated properly.

I believe that it is now time to re-examine the Dunphy legacy. The pseudo-Aboriginal names should be the first to be removed. Place names derived from Aboriginal languages far distant from where they have been applied could be replaced with genuine local words supplied by local Aboriginal communities. Where there are local place names that have not been used before

they can be used to replace Dunphy’s less appropriate suggestions.

Although the original Kweeoogang waterhole has been submerged by Lake Burratorang, the small headland that projects into the lake on the southern boundary of Hayes’ portion 34, Parish of Bimlow could be called Kweeoogang Point.

There would be resistance among bushwalkers to removing names such as Mt Queahgong. Dunphy’s nomenclatural zeal was part of his strategy for “claiming” the areas he wanted for bushwalking and conservation purposes. His names have allowed generations of bushwalkers to communicate with each other about their journeys. Hopefully bushwalkers will accept that the claims now being made by the descendants of the Aboriginal people who lived in these landscapes include the right to suggest more authentic place names than those made up by Dunphy or stolen by him from their rightful locations.

In my opinion the Gundungurra Tribal Council should be invited to supply a name to replace Queahgong and there should be a “clean sweep” of the foreign Aboriginal place names in the Gangarang Ranges.

Morriberri Pass could become Morrie Berry Pass, avoiding the use of a form of place name that simulates or mocks Aboriginal language. The humour embodied in such names as Singajinglewell Creek and Chinaman's Gully does not reflect well on the maturity of the bushwalking movement. (Although Dunphy did not originate these two names he perpetuated them on his maps). Peter O'Reilly's name deserves to be reinstated in the “Wild Dog Mountains” where Dunphy replaced a name commemorating him that had been in local community use for over 50 years.

The Geographical Names Board is not able to change existing place names without extensive community consultation. Local councils, Aboriginal community groups and the Confederation of Bushwalking Clubs would be some of the organizations invited to comment on any proposed changes to Dunphy's names.

Acknowledgement: Jim Barrett and Wilf Hilder commented on drafts of this article.

Editorial Note

Jim Smith is author of ‘How To See The Blue Mountains’. He is also involved with ETHIC, who are concerned with the Engineers Track in the Grose Valley.

He is completing a PhD on “Gundungurra Country” at Macquarie Uni. This is an edited version of an article from the newslet-

ter *Place names Australia*, March 2006.

This article is obviously contentious, and at present neither the Confederation nor the Editor have expressed any opinion on the matter. It is published as a matter of interest for our members.

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Tatonka Bushwalker pack, \$100, editor@bushwalking.org.au. 2-compartment internal frame pack, 70-80 litre, waterproof Cordura body, used a few times, in very good condition. Suit fairly big trips.

Fairydown sleeping bag, \$200, editor@bushwalking.org.au, Suit winter trips down to -20 C, good condition, high loft, centre 3/4 zip, hood, medium length.

Scarpa Lady Trek boots, \$150, admin@bushwalking.org.au, Size 37, tread as new, stitching perfect, worn on ~12 day walks - leather slightly sandstone scuffed.

Salomon Gore-tex boots, \$150, 0409 701 749, Dark blue, size UK 7, US 8 1/2 - too small for me

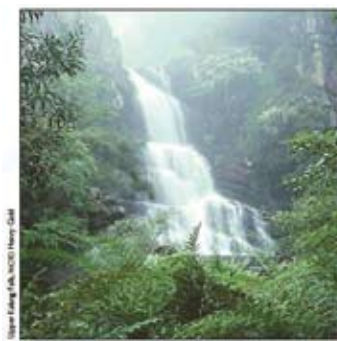
Trangia Stove, \$110, (w) 9978-3530 (h) 9956-5000, 25 Series (large) 25-8 SS coated bowls plus kettle. Used approx 12 times, excellent condition.

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NATIONAL WILDERNESS CONFERENCE, 2006

Geoff Mosely

Celebrating Wilderness – the Fifth National Wilderness Conference will be held at the Main Campus, University of Technology on Broadway, Sydney from 8 – 10 of September. More information and copies of the brochure can be found on the website www.colongwilderness.org.au



The first three conferences, beginning in 1977, were organised by the Australian Conservation Foundation and the fourth by the Colong Foundation for Wilderness in 1993. Australia was one of the birth places of the wilderness movement and our aim is to continue to provide leadership.

Under the heading of *Celebrating Wilderness* the Conference theme is *The Contribution of Wilderness to a Sustainable Society*. While celebrating what we have achieved, and the benefits of wilderness for happiness and conservation, the principal objective of the meeting is to work out how wilderness can make an even bigger contribution as part of a move towards a more environmentally conscious society.

The work of the conference will be undertaken through three workshops. The first workshop will consider how best to promote to the community the enduring benefits of wilderness; the second will examine the obstacles and opportunities to achieving more and better wilderness protection across Australia; the last workshop will seek to overcome management and philosophical difficulties confronting wilderness protection.

We believe the Conference will appeal to both activists and professionals; indeed to anyone who is interested in the role the wilderness areas can play in the environmental revolution we must have.

The speakers include Helen Gee, on celebrating wilderness; Bob Brown on wilderness and inspiration; John Sinclair, Keith Muir and Alec Marr on the current status of wilderness; Virginia Young and Haydn Washington on moving the wilderness agenda forward; and Peter Prineas on the need for a National Wilderness system.



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A Wombat in the Desert



Wombats do like the snow, but there are other places in Australia as well. Places like the centre of Australia, where there is sand and spinifex and ancient rocks and waterholes and, well, new things to see. Things like the Larapinta Trail which wanders along through the West MacDonnell Ranges for some 230 km. And so plans were made for a winter trip.



In a spirit of indulgence the Wombat decided to travel by train: the Indian Pacific and Ghan trains. There is effectively no luggage limit on the train, and gas canisters could be carried, discretely tucked away at the bottom of the pack, to be sure.

Only an hour late in arriving at Alice Springs, the Wombat tumbled out onto the platform complete with packs, food drops etc. Redbank Gorge at the far end of the Trail is hundreds of kilometres away, but there are several companies offering transport and assistance with food drops: even a Wombat is not going to carry food for 230 km if alternatives exist. A car was waiting.

Water and food drops

The Larapinta Trail runs along several ranges within the West MacDonnells, but many points can be accessed from a road of some sort. The NT Parks rangers have placed water tanks at these points.

At some of the tourist-accessible points food drops can be left. More details will be found under Expeditions in the FAQ soon.

The ride along the asphalt Larapinta Drive was exciting in a high speed 4WD. A food drop was made at Ellery Ck in a locked steel box, and the key was carefully packed away. The luxury tourist resort of Glen Helen further on was visited briefly – the accommodation there looked like converted shipping containers. Then the corrugated dirt road to Redbank Gorge was tackled – still at high speed. But the car parks at the end were reached safely, and the Wombat

happily bade farewell to wheels.

The car parks had cars and car campers in them, so the Wombat headed off towards the Redbank Creek below to camp. The Wombat was moved to comment that it was now clear why people camp in the creek beds here: soft smooth clean sand abounds, rather than the harsh jagged rock of the ridges. What about the river you might ask? A river of sand most of the year, only showing water during the wet season – if lucky. And there was a water tank down by the river too, out of sight of the car campers.

But the Wombat was reminded of the laws



of physics here. Wind blowing through a narrow wet gorge and then expanding on the downwind side gets cold. Never mind the desert, it was -4 C overnight, and the tent was well frosted inside. This was of some concern the Wombat's gear was all ultra-lightweight, including the 300 g sleeping bag. A reasonable night was had, but only by wearing all available clothing. Was each night going to be this cold? Better camp sites were chosen hereafter.

The books say climbing Mt Sonder takes 8 hours, but the Wombat thought this excessive, and was back at the bottom for lunch. You might think that 'Mt Sonder' would be the highest point around, but think again. The real peak has a metal trig tower on it, but is separated from the main ridge by a very complex route down across a narrow scarp. Mountain range? These are the eroded remnants of multiple layers of rocks, laid down 800 MYears ago and uplifted 350 MYears ago. Allow an hour each way maybe to get to the metal trig, and bring a hand line too. Ah well, the tourist summit had a fine cairn and good views all around.

After this jaunt up onto the rocky ridges the track along the flat valley below was explored. The topo maps suggest the valley floor is flat, but the topo maps have rather

coarse contour intervals and many small ups and downs are simply not shown. But the Wombat was glad to be travelling, and the way was easy. Water was picked up at the Rocky Bar Gap tank and the climb to the campsite at the Lookout above started. The sun was low and falling fast when the sign-board at the Lookout was reached. Oops – where is the campsite? The top of the ridge was covered in sharp rock and thick spinifex: hardly good camping. But a couple of scattered small cleared tent sites were found and the best was enlarged a little. Here the Wombat found something interesting: the spinifex is very poorly rooted, and large clumps can be removed with a heel. Also the rock protruding from the ground is very shattered, and lumps can be hammered out with another rock. A good, and much warmer, night was had, with a spectacular view of Mt Sonder at dawn.



The next stop was at Ormiston Gorge, where there is a Ranger station and supplies of Coke and ice cream. The Wombat was not ashamed to indulge. The Gorge itself was impressive and the walk through it enjoyed. Out in the Ormiston Pound the Trail was left for a cross-country route to Mt Giles. The Wombat was not sure about this at the start: pushing through thick spinifex didn't seem like a great idea. For those who have never met spinifex grass, just think of round tufts up to half a metre tall of lengths of sharp high-tensile steel wire radiating outwards. It goes straight through gaiters, and likes to stick in. But the land in the Pound had more vegetation and less spinifex, and was easy enough to walk across.

As the sun set a dive was made for the bank of Ormiston Creek, where a waterhole and a sandy bank were found. A swim was considered, but the air was cold and the water colder. The Wombat settled for a brief wash before dinner, which was eaten while the ducks quacked on the waterhole.

Next day the spurs of Mt Giles were explored. There is a route up one of them, but it isn't marked and the Wombat was not impressed by the shattered rock. More fun was had exploring the narrow gorges cutting into the side of Mt Giles. Each one was found to have clean cold water coming from the cracks in the rock and collecting in little pools. Dry water chutes and falls were spectacular to explore.

Late in the day the Wombat decided to head back to the Trail on top of the Heavitree Range to the south. A route was found up a small rocky gully, but the Wombat thought it a bit thin. The plan had been to move sideways onto a grassy slope, but the 'grass' turned out to be thick spinifex!



The Trail went on, along the Range and the valley floor below, past gorges and water holes. A wild windy night was spent on a saddle above Lomindra Gully. Saddles are not good places in high wind, but the tent held, with the Wombat's support.

Camp was made by the Ellery Creek water-hole and the Wombat even managed a brief cold bath. Hard decisions had to be made: there was too much food in the drop. Some was left behind, although all the chocolate was kept for some reason.

From here the Trail went out onto the plains for a while as it moved from the Heavitree Range to the Chewing Range. Hugh Gorge carried the Hugh River and it was flowing – slightly. A pleasant and different world from the dry plains and the rocky ridges. The payback was the steep climb onto Razorback Ridge, where the rock on top was

ultra-hard and razor sharp. It sliced straight through 1000 denier Cordura gaiters, to be stopped by the thick socks underneath. But the scenery was ... impressive. Camp was made deep inside the range this night on a nice little patch of level gravel in a creek bed, leaving Spencer Gorge to be tackled in the morning.

The Wombat was impressed by Razorback Ridge, and was even more impressed by the route onto Brinkley Bluff the next day. This is meant for 'trekkers and backpackers'? Hum. The top of the ridge was just as 'interesting' as Razorback had been, before the easy valley to Standley Chasm was reached. Standley Chasm was narrow and impressive, but dry. The Wombat thought it had rock-climbing possibilities.

The ascent from Millers Flat up 'Mesic



Gully' to Loretta's Lookout was even more impressive than the previous ones. The Wombat was moved to suggest that the Chewing Range has guts, and would be worth exploring further - if you knew the reliable waterholes.

From here the Trail moved onto the Run-gutjirba Range and became much easier, all the way to Alice Springs. Some of the non-perennial waterholes in the Gaps had good water and were very pretty, but they were always cold. The Wombat indulged in some baths anyhow. This would have been better country for trekkers, but the Wombat met none. Maybe it was too early in the year? But later in the year the waterholes start drying up.

Soon the Wombat was in Alice Springs, where a pleasant few days

were spent cleaning up and relaxing. Some short local walks were explored, with small black-footed rock wallabies coming very close at morning tea. Then the Wombat boarded one of those huge flying things and was home in just a few hours.

Guide books and Notes

The official Track Notes are for 'trekkers and backpackers' and assume you will take 19 days from Alice to Redbank. Many of these 'days' are ridiculously short. Experienced walkers will travel faster, and may prefer to start at Redbank and travel at their own speed to Alice Springs.

The Trail is well marked in both directions and the track is usually quite obvious - barring a few places at critical bends on rocky ridges. Keep an eye on your map.

Guide books are coming from both John Chapman and John Daly. JD's maps don't have contours, and the notes are for the 19 stages of the E-W direction. This book would probably suit the 'trekkers and backpackers'.

John Chapman's contour maps are to his usual high standard, with campsites and water signs shown. Most navigation was done with JC's maps, although the higher-resolution topos available free from the NT Parks web site as PDFs were also carried.



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MOUNT DROMEDARY

Paul Ellis (Shoalhaven Bushwalkers)

On the weekend of 11-March-06 I travelled down the south coast of NSW to Mystery Bay, south of Narooma to join the Shoalhaven Bushwalkers for a weekend of car camping, kayaking and bushwalking. One walk on the agenda was the steep trek up the slopes of nearby Mount Dromedary, a walk I had wanted to do for many years. On Sunday 12th March five members of our large party decided today was the day.



Two party members at one of the Tors

A clear sky, the sun beating down and the temperature rising into the early 30s. We needed our heads read to be climbing the 730 m to the summit of Mt Dromedary. It was 9.15 am when we jumped into Jan's car for the 15 minute drive to the small village of Tilba Tilba. We parked the car on a vacant patch next to Pam's General Store, put on our packs and set off on the trail which commences next to the store. A small breeze had started which did help to cool us but it was still quite hot.

At first the Tilba Tilba track is quite wide and level and passes between dairy farms, but it soon ascends to a locked gate. From here we had good views of the rocky western flank of Little Dromedary to the east. By now the temperature had risen considerably and already my shirt was soaked in sweat - and we had hardly begun the walk.

We continued on, the vegetation either side of the track quite thick and providing ample shade. The track ascends continually, but thankfully the ascent isn't overly steep and we set an easy pace. We were starting to gain some height and got occasional views through the trees of the coast below us, but I made an effort not to look at the summit above as the distance to the top may just dampen my enthusiasm in this heat. I continually sipped water from my hydration bag, hoping the 3 litres would last the expected 5 hour journey.

Before long we passed a cairn on the right of the track, about 2 km from the start. This marks the grave in the nearby bush nearby of an unknown Chinaman, a miner from the 1800s who died here after gold was discovered on the mountain. The track itself was created by the miners during the gold rush. We climbed on, setting a steady pace but stopping for regular breathers. I was quite surprised when we passed 'Halfway Rock' a large granite boulder set at the left side of the track. Just a few metres past this rock is a well defined Battery Track leading off to the left for about 800 metres to where the old miners once had a steam powered rock crusher. Some items of old equipment may still be found in the area.

We stopped for morning tea on some small rocks in the track about 100 metres further up. The rest break was welcome after the climb so far. We continued on, the track steeply climbing to the saddle. I concentrated on keeping a steady pace without trying to push myself too hard. I felt the others were doing the same, no one was falling behind or pushing ahead too far. Eventually we passed a pit toilet to the left and just beyond was a shelter and a large log table. We had arrived at Dromedary Saddle.

It was here we were told that we could find a small footpad into the forest that would take us to some impressive rock formations. We found the track behind the pit toilet and followed it for a short distance through the forest before we reached an amazing scene. Rock Tors and monoliths rose from the forest floor and dominated the forest. We were informed this was a sacred



A spectacular balancing rock

aboriginal area, for most of the formations had a rather phallic resemblance. We spent the next 30 minutes exploring. The shapes and colours were magnificent and I ran my digital camera batteries low by continually taking photograph after photograph.

The formations continued on and on, occasionally giving us excellent views of the

coastline below, some framed with tree ferns and other rainforest plant species. However, our main aim was to reach the summit of Dromedary Mountain, so we headed back to the saddle and followed the signposted track through thick rainforest as it again started to ascend steeply.

After a short distance we passed a signpost that signalled a short cut track which ascended very steeply to the summit. We decided we would return via this track and instead, follow the rainforest circuit to the summit. The rainforest track was magnificent. Many species of plant and tree, many



Yet another phallic Tor

signposted along the trail such as the giant Pinkwood and Sassafras and the floor of the rainforest adorned by ferns, lichens and mosses. The walk was so interesting that we were almost able to ignore the steepness of the track to the top and eventually we came out onto the summit at exactly 1.05 pm and sat down at the trig to enjoy lunch. The summit was well overgrown, but still provided views of the coast, but the best part was the cool breeze that helped drive away the heat we had built up during the ascent. With lunch finished we shouldered our packs for the descent back to the car at Tilba Tilba.

As we reached the end of the forested area just above the farmland we were treated to a wonderfully strong cool breeze that almost knocked us off our feet. We had just one kilometre to walk to Pam's General Store and a refreshing ice cold drink, my hydration bag had only just lasted the day's walk. We arrived back at 3.00 pm and were back at Mystery Bay Camping Area 15 minutes later.

Cradle Mountain Lake St Clair and Walls of Jerusalem National Parks

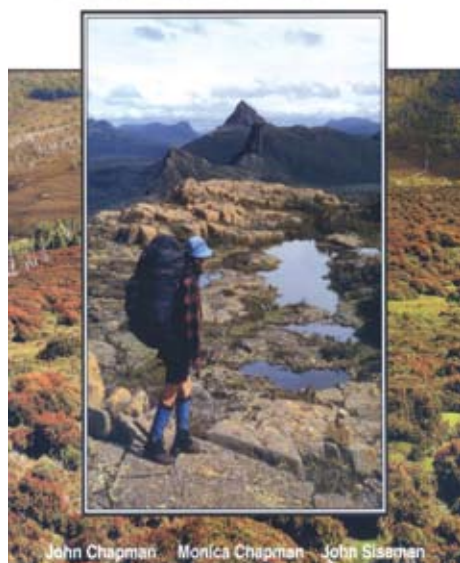
John Chapman, Monica Chapman,
John Siseman.

5th Edition, John Chapman, 2006

ISBN 1 920995 01 3

Retail price \$34.95

CRADLE MOUNTAIN LAKE ST CLAIR AND WALLS OF JERUSALEM NATIONAL PARKS



This A5 paperback book (192 pages) is the 5th edition of this well-known guide book. It has improved maps and pictures over earlier editions, and extra information about some areas. The paper has a gloss finish, making for a very crisp appearance. Some of the extra information is more brief as it is intended for the more experienced walker. The book covers both day walks from several places around the Park, the Overland Track, and some longer through-walks, some into remote areas.

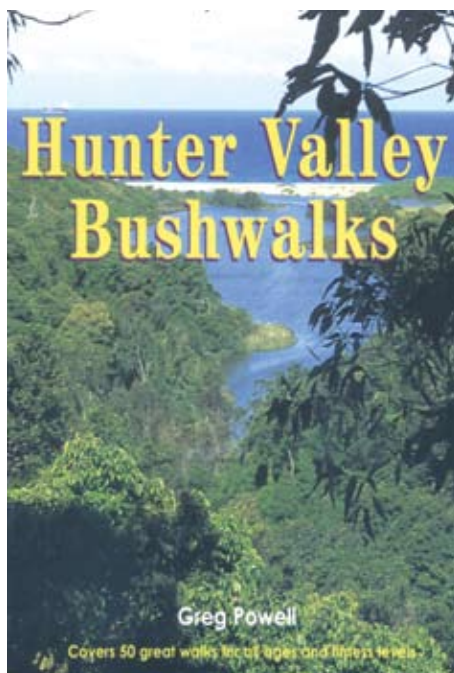
The authors have got the colour photography down pat: the pictures look really good. Many self-published books suffer from poor colour balance, but there is none of that here. I won't say the pictures are enough to start you packing immediately, but I am sure they will influence you.

The topo maps are almost enough to see you through the simplest walks by themselves, although they only have 50 m contours. Well, parts of the area are a bit steep after all. The routes are well marked on the topos, and fairly well described as well. They include the Overland Track, Pine Valley, Walls of Jerusalem to the east and the Penguin Cradle Trail to the north. You are now required to walk the main Overland Track from north to south during the

Hunter Valley Bushwalks

Greg Powell, Kingsclear Books, 2003

ISBN 0-908272-73-1



This A5 paperback book (172 pages) covers rather more than just the Hunter Valley, and lists a lot of short easy walks ranging from 1 hour to one day long, with some overnight ones too. The font is very clear, and the sketch maps (no contours) show the routes reasonably well. It doesn't include any pictures. Greg lists the topo map you need and any other references, and also makes suggestions for further walks in the area of each walk.

This is a book for browsing through when you are wondering what might be suitable for your next walk. I have to confess I was inspired to do one of them myself the weekend after getting back from a long hard two-week walk. It was enjoyable.

Both this book and the Pathways to History are available directly from Greg for \$22 and \$12 respectively, including postage.

Greg Powell
37 Frederick St
Valentine 2280 NSW

summer season, so the reverse direction is not described. Some other descriptions do include reverse information. In addition, profile maps are included so you know how much climbing will be required for each stage.

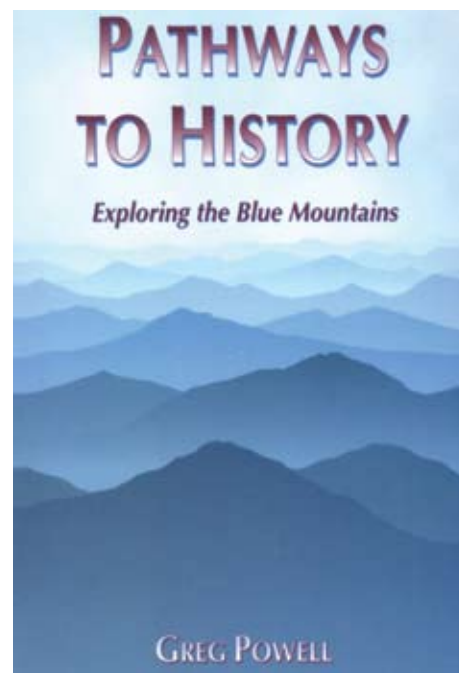
The book also includes a fair bit of information about the flora and fauna of the area, the weather to be expected (most seasons in one day), and a brief bit about transport logistics.

Those who last saw the Overland Track 'ages ago' will be startled at the changes:

Pathways to History

Greg Powell, Macstyle Media, 1995

ISBN 1 875293 21 3



This A5 paperback book (160 pages) is not really a book of bushwalks. Rather, it covers the exploration routes used by the early explorers trying to cross the Blue Mountains from the time the First Fleet arrived. The well-known explorers are listed, along with some earlier and relatively unknown ones. Each chapter covers a different exploration or event. It contains useful sketch maps and some photos.

The book is more of a narrative than a guide, but it does include descriptions of trips done by the author as attempts to retrace the exact routes used. Quotes from the original logs are given along the way. Enough information is given that the reader could follow the routes - although some of them may require some scrambling or even abseiling. It seems the early explorers had the same problems though.

You can't sit down and read a guide book through, but that is what I did with this book. It is well-written, and made fascinating history.

massive huts and great quantities of boardwalks. There are now charges to be paid for the Overland Track as well. It isn't any use bemoaning these changes: there area is so beautiful that it has become hugely popular. This book isn't going to reduce that popularity at all.

The next issue of The Bushwalker will have a review of a booklet titled 'Overland Track', which is basically extracted from this book. The booklet will be lighter and cheaper, for those wanting to do just the Track itself.



Cameron Barrie crossing the Snowy River en route to Blue Lake
Photo: MVP / Taryn Miller



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Hiking in the Chillime Valley on the border of Nepal and Tibet. Photo: Robin Boustead

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5 REASONS

WHY YOU
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- 1 PADDY PALLIN'S SATISFACTION GUARANTEE**
Paddy Pallin has been outfitting travellers and outdoor adventurers since 1930. In that time, we've learned a lot about what it takes to make great gear.

That's why we proudly guarantee all our gear against defects in materials and workmanship. If any of our products fail to perform as claimed during normal use we will refund, repair or replace it. Satisfaction Guaranteed!
- 2 STOCKISTS OF THE WORLD'S LEADING BRANDS**
Paddy Pallin has been committed to bringing you the best products from around the world for over 75 years. Some of the leading brands we are proud to stock include Macpac, Pallin, Scarpa, Berghaus, Exofficio, Osprey, Cloudveil, MSR and Icebreaker.
- 3 KNOWLEDGEABLE SALES STAFF**
Our staff are people who love the outdoors. Their real-life experience and specialist training ensures that every time you enter a Paddy Pallin store, you can be sure you are getting sound advice on the right equipment for your next adventure.
- 4 PADDY PALLIN PRICE PROMISE**
If you find an identical product offered at a cheaper price, we will happily match it. Even if the product is on sale. All you have to do is let us know. That's our Price Promise to you.
- 5 COMMITMENT TO CONSERVING THE ENVIRONMENT**
At the heart of Paddy Pallin's original philosophy was a strong commitment to the environment.

The legacy continues to this day.

Our Don't Bag the Environment initiative encourages customers not to take unnecessary shopping bags with their purchase. We then donate twenty cents to a nominated cause for each bag that is refused.



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