

The Bushwalker

A hiker wearing a blue jacket, a wide-brimmed hat, and a backpack stands on a large, flat rock formation. The hiker is looking out over a dense forest of green trees. The rock formation is part of a larger cliff face, and the hiker is standing on a small, flat area of the rock. The background is filled with lush green foliage and trees, creating a sense of being deep in a forest.

Blue Mountains, but where?
See Editorial

Volume 38
Issue 4
Spring 2013

Wouldn't you like to be here?



Renjo La and Cokyo Lakes, Nepal. Photo: Nina Gallo



Unburnt Snowgums, Kosciuszko National Park. Photo: Graham White, South Coast Bushwalkers

Editor: Roger Caffin
editor@bushwalking.org.au

Graphic Design & Assembly:
Barry Hanlon

Proofreader: Roy Jamieson

Confederation Officers:

President: David Trinder

Administration Officer:

admin@bushwalking.org.au

Website: www.bushwalking.org.au

Address all correspondence to:

PO Box 119, Newtown, NSW 2042

Bushwalking NSW Inc represents approximately 66 Clubs with a total membership of about 8,700 bushwalkers.

Formed in 1932, Bushwalking NSW provides a united voice on behalf of all bushwalkers on conservation, access and other issues.

People interested in joining a bushwalking club may write to the Bushwalking Administration **admin@bushwalking.org.au** for a list of Clubs, but a far more useful on-line list is available at the Confederation website **www.bushwalking.org.au**, broken up into areas. There's lots of other good stuff there too, including the Australian Bushwalking FAQ.



Index

Wouldn't you like to be here?	2
From the Editor's Desk	3
Lawson Cave Falls	4
Sierra Valdivieso Circuit	
Tierra del Fuego Argentina	6
Adrenalin Ledge, Newnes Plateau	9
Exploring Broula Brook in	
the Budawangs	12
Cascade Walk	13
It's all About Canopy	14
Book Reviews	15
Gardens of Stone National Park and Beyond	
Book 4	
Butterflies, Identification and Life History	

Front Cover: Blue Mountains, but where? See Editorial. Photo: Roger Caffin.

From the editor's desk. . .

The cover looks spectacular, doesn't it? I tried to persuade my wife to step out onto the lower tip of the overhang, but she wasn't having any of that. Ah well.

But you may have trouble guessing where it was taken. It's above the Empire Pass at Lawson in the Blue Mountains. "Oh, it's just a trivial little walk, isn't it, and hardly worth doing." Actually, 'they' are reviving the west end with (much) improved steps, and it is quite a nice half-day trip. Several fine waterfalls of course, plus the Pass itself. That's a long ledge (several kilometres) of adequate width running above the river, with cliffs below it and above it. There are trees growing out of the lower cliff, so you don't realise the exposure, and there are none of those pointless handrails. We ended up at Echo Point (no echo), and walked back across the top to the start. The flowers on top everywhere were in great shape.

We walked the Pass after visiting the Lawson Cave Falls which Brian Fox describes in an article in this issue. The Falls are just as he described them. One of the advantages of seeing the articles before they get published.

Articles for Publication

We are always happy to receive pictures for the Inside Front Cover. If you would like to see yours published, send them in. In particular, little 640x480 photos and, little photos from cheap phones are just not good enough: they simply do not print well enough at 300 dpi. We need the full-size originals, straight from the camera and uncropped and unretouched, so we can set them up for the printing process.

Apart from that, please keep those bushwalking articles rolling in. We need them. If you are describing a walk somewhere, it would really help if you could give the reader (who may be from far away) some idea of where the walk is. We don't need GRs, just a general idea. We need suitable photos for most every article, so please include a few. Once again, note that little, cropped or shrunk photos will rarely be accepted. If you want to include a DOC file or a PDF (in addition to the mandatory plain text file and full-sized photos) to illustrate how the photos fit into the text, please do so as well. That can only help.

However, photos embedded in DOC or PDF files are not accepted by themselves, and neither are scans of standard photographic prints - with the possible exception of historical items where the print is all that exists. Finished DOC and PDF articles are not suitable by themselves either: we often have to rearrange the text to fit on the page with ads or other changes. Plain text plus original photos!

Finally, the opinions expressed by authors may not represent the official opinions of the Confederation or of any Club. The Editor's opinions are his own, are subject to change without explanation, and may be pretty biased anyhow.

Roger Caffin
Editor



What do you think of

The Bushwalker

Readers are invited to complete a short survey.

Go to: <http://tinyurl.com/thebushwalker>

The survey will take less than 5 minutes.

Closing date is 15 December.



Lawson Cave Falls

John and Brian Fox



The photo in the Library



Lawson Cave Falls. Photo: John Fox

In Lawson Library there is a framed series of photographs hanging on the wall that depicts various waterfalls in Lawson. In 2004 Brian visited the library and was intrigued by one particular waterfall named “Lawson Cave Falls” as he hadn’t previously heard about it, let

alone known its location. Since then he has endeavoured to solve the “hundred year old mystery”.

He began systematically exploring the many various creeks and gullies in the district but was unsuccessful in locating it. He highlighted on a map all the areas he

had searched and recorded the details and locations of all the waterfalls (33 both major and minor) that he’d found.

On Wednesday 29th December 2004, we did an explorative bushwalk at south Lawson to try to locate the falls. We explored the creek system between Ridge Street Lawson (where we left one car) and Boronia Road/Albert Road Bullaburra (where we had left the other car). We didn’t locate the said waterfall but we did walk through some pretty sections of the creek with interesting grottos, moss covered rocks, clean running stream and tree ferns.

In an effort to follow up the extra clues re the location of “Lawson Cave Falls” provided in an article in the Blue Mountains Echo (13.9.1912) the second time John accompanied Brian on an explorative bushwalk was on Tuesday, 23rd January 2007. This time we drove to the end of the bitumen section of Genevieve Road, and did a major bush bash down a steep, overgrown slope and found the going was tough – and yet again the falls we were looking for remained elusive.

However in September 2013 Brian eventually solved the mystery. Thanks to the services of a friend, David Tobin, a “wanted poster” was put on a social Internet site. It generated quite a few responses but no positive leads. A month or two later David Tobin tried another Blue Mountains social media site. This time within all the replies was a positive response from Daniel Brown, with a photograph. David Tobin inspecting the photo realised that the negative from the old photo in Lawson Library was the wrong way around! He did a mirror-image, and then it was a perfect match - all of the main rock formations aligned perfectly.

Nepean Times

(Penrith, NSW) Saturday 7 September 1912, page 6 of 8

Lawson

(From our Correspondent)

Spring is here, and everything looks beautiful. Tourists are fast pouring in, and available cottages are being eagerly taken. There is no doubt whatever that a great future is before our town, its attractiveness and its nearness to the Metropolis being great factors in its popularity.

The Lawson Tourists' Association, following up their policy of catering for the entertainment of visitors, conducted a party of tourists to the Lawson Cave Falls on Wednesday afternoon. Coaches left the railway station at 2 p.m. with a party of 20, and although the walk was rough and precipitous, the visitors thoroughly enjoyed it, and were unanimous in their praise of this little known beauty spot. Afternoon tea was provided by the association, and the party returned to town about 6 p.m. well pleased with their trip. The party was personally conducted by Mr W G Staples, chairman of the Board of Trustees for the Reserves.

Notes

1. Was the correspondent who wrote this “Nepean Times” article the same person who wrote the following article in the “The Blue Mountain Echo”? The contents of the articles and the language used are so similar that there seems to me very little doubt. The latter article just adds a little more detail.

2. To be able to return to the township of Lawson by 6 pm the party of 20 would

have needed to have left the vicinity of Lawson Cave Falls well before 5 pm (as indicated in the “Echo” article) as it would take more than an hour to negotiate their way down the creek, up the hill, load the coach and drive the horses. But perhaps there is a tendency for us in the 21st century to underestimating the stamina and fitness of the people of that era?

The Blue Mountains Echo

Friday 13 September 1912, page 1 of 8

On Wednesday afternoon, in glorious weather, the first picnic inaugurated by the Lawson Tourist Association took place, when about a couple of dozen of ladies and gentlemen, under the able guidance of Mr W. G. Staples, visited the Lawson Falls.

The party, conveyed in two coaches, left the offices of the Association soon after two o'clock, and after a drive of about a mile and a half, left the Main Western road and struck across country for the Falls. The route ran through some gorgeous bush scenery, the tree ferns being particularly fine, whilst the waratahs were already beginning to announce the advent of Spring with their scarlet inflorescences.

After much climbing, the party arrived at the Falls, which are undoubtedly one of the finest, though, perhaps, the least known of any of the Mountain Falls. Soon busy hands were at work getting the billy boiled, and when that was accomplished, all sat down and enjoyed an "al fresco" meal.

A photograph was taken, and about five o'clock the camp was struck, and a start made for home. Another track was taken and after some mountaineering the coaches were reached, and a drive home brought a most enjoyable afternoon's pleasure to a conclusion.

Notes

1. Lawson Falls was referred to as "Lawson Cave Falls" in the Nepean Times article.
2. The journey of "about a mile and a half" along the "Main Western Road" in today's terminology would be about 2.5 km on the Great Western Highway. They would have travelled west from Lawson and left the highway at what is now called Bullaburra – in those days there was no town between Lawson and Wentworth Falls.
3. Waratahs are generally in bloom at Lawson in late September or early October – hence as it was early September they were only in the initial stages of budding.
4. Lawson has many fine waterfalls. On the north side they are: Fairy Falls, Dantes Glen Falls, St Michaels Falls and Frederica Falls. While on the south side they are: Cataract Falls, Federal Falls, Junction Falls and Adelina Falls. Further down the hill at Hazelbrook there is Terrace Falls. All of these were recognised as "tourist potential" and formed tracks, infrastructure and signage were installed. However the writer of the above article is quite correct – the above falls visited was (and still is) relatively unknown to all but a select few and the falls and its vicinity are spectacularly impressive.
5. Boiling the billy over an open fire and having a cup of tea at a tourist destination was the norm back in those days. These days this is rarely done – reasons include: open fires are generally illegal, the water quality is dubious, commercially produced drinks and food can be easily brought in and consumed and going to a coffee shop afterwards is seen as so much more appealing. In other words, very few opt for being content with the simpler lifestyle of yesteryear.
6. The "al fresco" meal eaten outdoors probably consisted of sandwiches, fruit and biscuits washed down with a cup of tea. There is no mention of sausages being cooked.

7. The photograph that was taken that day is almost certainly the one that is depicted at Lawson Library where people are standing on either side of the falls. [Several are visible to the left.]

8. By 5 pm in early September the light in the enclosed valley of the Lawson Cave Falls area would be getting rather dim. It took us half an hour to get to the spot where no doubt the coaches would have been waiting – and once we started to ascend, we were walking at a brisk pace on a well trodden pad. And so if the party waited until at 5 pm to leave the falls, we're sure that by the time the last person reached the coach there would have been very little daylight left.

9. In 1911 there were very few motorised vehicles ("iron horses") – so it can be assumed the coaches were horse drawn.

Trip Report

Lawson Cave Falls

Map: Katoomba Topographical Map, 8930 – 1S Third Edition

Weather: A very warm, dry, spring day with quite a deal of sunshine.

Starting point: the N end of Booth Road, Bullaburra.

Directions: walk past the boom gate to the second lot of 66kV power lines, where Bruce's Walk crosses the ridge. Turn left and follow Bruces Walk to the bottom. Scramble upstream for a few hundred metres on the right hand fork, either over the huge log pile-up or up on the left bank from the pile-up.

Near the bottom of the descent there is a left fork to an old shelter cave in the left hand creek. Brian located fragments of an old glass bottle and an old spoon here. There's an old log for sitting on.

Time: about 30 minutes each way, plus time at the Falls.

Description: The Lawson Cave Falls and its environs are very impressive. The width of the pool at the front from one wall of the cavern to the other is 22 m and the distance from the waterfall to the front edge of the pool is 18 m. The pool itself we estimate to be 18 m by 15 m. The waterfall has about a 9 m drop from the chockstone to the pool. The height of the overhangs of the cave above the pool would be about 12 to 20 m and on the LHS it juts out from the cliff line 6 m and on the RHS 8 m.



The Falls from underneath. Photo: Roger Caffin



Sierra Valdivieso Circuit Tierra del Fuego Argentina

Fiona Bachmann
All Nations Bushwalkers
April 2012

Day 4: Light snow on the mountains

The Lonely Planet notes my cousin purchased describe this walk as a 48.5 km, three to four day 'adventurous trek through the heart of Argentine Fuegian Andes, crossing superb rugged wilderness in splendid isolation'. It also accurately described it as demanding, with a start approximately 15 kilometres from Ushuaia, in the southern tip of Argentina. Although recommending taking an extra two days food for contingencies, it failed to convey the full impact of five days involving mountain climbing, snow, winds, deep water crossings, constant wet feet, frozen boots, and climbing through sooty trees.

As my cousin Kathryn and I were already at the end of the world for our Antarctic expedition cruise, it seemed like an opportunity to also explore the surrounds of Tierra del Fuego (Land of Fire!). Of course the notes did recommend doing this from December through to late March, and we were in

April. Recommendations rightly included a good tent, all weather clothing and an extra day's food supply.

I've always found walk time estimates generous and couldn't think of when I have finished outside an allowed time. With that in mind and given it was a busy Easter weekend we booked BnB accommodation for our probable return on Friday evening, thinking at absolute worst we would be back to it on Saturday morning. Freshly off the ship from Antarctica on Tuesday morning we left our details at the tourist office and excess gear with our BnB hosts.

The first sign that this might be the awfully big adventure we had joked about was the local taxi driver having trouble determining the starting point. The quoted 100+ Argentinean pesos became ~ 100 after a couple of U turns, a drop off and return with concern to check our welfare, before moving us along to the proper start. Along the way he also failed

to start the meter, turning it on as passing the police check point exiting the city, and then turning it off again. It appeared bargaining a set price as we had wasn't legal. Finally around 2 pm we actually left the road and agreed to postpone lunch until we covered some distance toward our first night's camp.

We wandered left and right before being confident of what was actually the right path. Fairly shortly we met a Canadian couple walking the other way. They gave us less than glowing reports of the ground ahead. But they hadn't done the whole circuit and we were Aussies. What would Canadians know about harsh cold and wet conditions - hmm?!? At least I kept quiet, not game to pull out until my cousin also wanted to.

We found a path that was wide and muddy, but clear enough. Our first water crossing came up quickly. The rapidly flowing water was less than knee high, but too much to just pass through even with gaiters and waterproof boots. After some consideration it was shoes and socks off and a brief chill, rather than the remainder of the day damp and chilled. We found a makeshift large leaning stick and holding each other's wrists to get across we made it safely to the other side. It felt like we had already been adventurous, but later this seemed just par for the course.

We resumed walking coming to a fork in the path. So we headed up to the side agreeing to go no more than ten minutes if we didn't find the next turn off. We didn't find it, but did see unusually coloured fungi, and the first of masses of autumn coloured Fagus (Beech trees).

After returning to the main path we entered a wide open plain that left me



Day 3: Oh, what lovely weather we are having

wondering how one could tell anything from anything and navigate any further. It was squelchy underfoot as we commenced crossing the seemingly endless supply of sphagnum moss, which would continue for days. To Kathryn's credit then, and many times following, she found us a way out. As nightfall approached we found Refugio Benete; a small wooden hut with a pot belly stove. We met locals walking dogs on return from a day trip. Although they were friendly, it was a relief to see them go and leave us enough space in the small hut. We started a fire, had part of 'lunch' for entree and cooked our evening meal, pondering the wisdom of undertaking this trek. As I lay in my sleeping bag on the still, flat floor I could feel the rocking motion of ten days at sea. (Or was that the red wine and vodka tonics of the previous night's farewell?). It also seemed the self inflating sleeping mat had a hole and was self deflating.

The second day brought clear light with views of snowy topped mountains, golden Fagus, and water with patterns of snap frozen leaves and twigs. We headed northwest on no real track anticipating views of Monte Olivia, making it to a lunch stop behind a boulder. It rained and wind blew stronger than what we could currently walk in. When it eased we headed up a gravelly wash over loose shale rock going two or three steps up, then sliding down, two or three up again, and then sliding down less. I think this took at least one and a half hours, before searching for an elusive eastern pass. The pass offered views to a small lake. There were always beaver dams adding to the volume of water bodies, changing the water course, and confusing us over which landmarks to follow. The beaver's work showed what an industrious creature it is. They take trees, build dam walls and block water, with great efficiency.

I learnt to look for cairns and felt encouraged and relieved at each sighting. We crossed more water, now just charging through, saving dry socks for the end of the day. Socks would only be dry for a few hours at most if changed now. We camped near the base of a waterfall, beside sooty trees from a recent bushfire.

On day three we attempted to climb steeply southward toward a prominent boulder which was marked with a cairn. We climbed through snow, dense blackened sooty trees, and across several streams, but not far forward. I had icicles in my hair, soot on my face, and by late afternoon we both found it difficult to stand against the brewing blizzard. We dropped our packs and scouted for a camp spot, settling next to a large pond. By 4 pm we were huddled in the tent

trying to get warm, while watching the snow sneak its way between the tent and fly. I had removed my shoes and rain jacket, but remained in my day layers just adding a sleeping bag and liner.

We contemplated our options for the remainder of the day and following days. We were now about half way through the circuit with two days' walk out in either direction, in volatile weather conditions, with three days food supply. Water wasn't a problem. One way we had already navigated, whereas the remainder was unknown. So with the disappointment of not seeing the circuit through we conceded it was safer to return the next day the way we knew, if not earlier. We also needed to move to a lower height sheltered from the wind and snow, or stop the snow accumulating between the tent and fly. Kathryn ventured out into the snow and wind to build a rock wall around the tent, while I cooked in the tent vestibule. With domestic chores done we settled into the Macpac quarters. Kathryn read me her new camera manual while we distracted ourselves from what didn't bear thinking about. Through the trip Kathryn did keep reminding me it was another night of three course meals (soup, packet pasta and biscuits) and sleeping in silk sheets (sleeping bag liner), and possibly breakfast in bed.

Morning came and our packs and boots were frozen under snow in the tent vestibule. The tent pegs were frozen in between the snow-turned-ice and our rock wall. As I bailed water from the lake and poured it onto the frozen tent peg rock lump, Kathryn chiselled the ice away. It had to be done quickly before the extra water added to the existing ice. I was on the verge of using the gas cooking stove to melt away the ice. After at least an hour, compared to the usual minutes, the tent was freed, as were we to



continue. The weather was currently clear and Kathryn confessed she was having 'dangerous' thoughts. I agreed to heading forward for an hour and then reassessing the situation. I noticed the hour passed before my frozen boots thawed to make them malleable enough to do up fully. Over two hours on Kathryn confessed the hour had passed, and we just kept going. We went up and down through knee deep snow and I picked readymade stalactite icy poles whenever I was thirsty. We walked around many huge ponds and found a beaver in one having its afternoon swim.

The day ended through more Fagus trees, crossing water, observing a full moon and camping in a sheltered forest. We even dined alfresco. I managed to collect cooking water by holding onto a tree overhanging the running water and scooping with my Trangia bowl. My tired feet did feel funny, but hurt less than usual. Kathryn made me a hot water



Day 2: Beaver dam

Day 2: How it was meant to be

bottle with a flask and spare jumper. I was also sleeping on Kathryn's spare clothes as my mattress was barely inflating by this point. I had no spare clothes to sleep on: I was wearing them all!

The final day had arrived and proved to be a long one with a correctly estimated eight hours of hard walking, and navigation. Even after days of water crossing and clumping through snow this looked hazardous. The path ahead was continuous water of undetermined depth and mostly fallen trees. As we pondered the best course it reminded me of those psychology recruitment tests. The type where one has to determine either how to survive after a shipwreck on limited rations, or move supplies over crocodile infested water using only two planks and a piece of rope. I don't think I will forget hanging like a monkey from a fallen tree, with full pack, dangling over water while trying to lever myself to the next point. (Did Catherine Zeta-Jones start this way?) I didn't fall in; I just couldn't let that happen.

Kilometres followed of squelchy sphagnum moss, skirting water and crossings, muddy bogs, rain, passing a peat cutting operation, guard dogs and emergence beside a youth rehabilitation centre. This left us with a 15 km walk back to Ushuaia, at nightfall. I had

originally thought this would be an easy three hour cool down after three or so days walking. I had never hitchhiked before and just didn't think one did this, especially next to a state correctional centre where one could be mistaken for an escapee. Although they probably looked less rough than us after five days alone in the wild.

To my fear, dismay and relief we managed to get a lift with a group of guys in a minivan. With limited Spanish and sign language we managed to be delivered to the edge of town very near

our BnB. Careful to leave our mud-encased boots outside but triumphant at completion of the Sierra Valdivieso Circuit we cheerfully entered, only to be greeted with great surprise and concern. Our hosts (mistakenly) expecting us back the day before, had contacted the Tourism office and the police who were on alerted to commence searching the next morning.

After much embarrassment and explanations that people can die if caught out in Tierra del Fuego, all was well that ends well. ♦



The wet season is SPECTACULAR!!

Don't believe what you see on TV weather reports. Weather symbols designed for temperate climates don't work for the tropics.

January, our wettest month, is far from the hottest. Most rain comes in short, sharp bursts. Sydney gets more 35° days than Darwin. We average sunny skies 45% of the time, almost as much as Sydney's 50%.

Don't believe it? The met bureau links on our wet season information page will let you judge for yourself. www.bushwalkingholidays.com.au/wet.shtml

Our **What to Expect** page tells you even more. www.bushwalkingholidays.com.au/wet2.shtml

Once you know the truth, think about coming along and finding out why many local people think this is the best time to go bushwalking. **Easy, hard and everything in between**, we offer trips to suit every bushwalker.



www.bushwalkingholidays.com.au rwillis@internode.on.net Ph: 08 8985 2134

Endorphin Gully.
Photo: Brian Fox

Adrenalin Ledge, Newnes Plateau

Michael Keats
The Bush Club



It was a glorious late autumn day with local areas of frost in the morning developing into a bright sunny day with occasional small patches of cloud. Walking conditions were pleasant but very cool to cold in areas of shadow, temperature range from 8 to 12 C.

Adrenalin Head¹ is the blunt-ended headland between the mouth of Adrenalin Creek² and the mouth of Endorphin Gully³. It is rarely visited and even less explored along the benched ledges below the massive cliffs. The attempt to walk the ledge continuously was thwarted by a quirk of geomorphology, but the sections successfully explored on this walk are spectacular.

The walk plan called for vehicles to be parked at the locked gate on the Gardens of Stone National Park boundary, then we would walk along the old access track to where we would head off down a ridge to the cliff edge, dropping down to pick up a bench in the sandstone cliffs formed by the more rapid erosion of the Mount York Claystone band. The intention was to then follow this bench in a clockwise direction as far as possible.

Following a thorough briefing and safety session at 0823, the group set off at a brisk pace reaching the take-off point from the old road at 0842. From this point it was an easy walk through open forest dotted with several species of *Persoonia*, (*P.*

lanceolata, *P. levis* and *P. linearis*) in the understorey. At 0857 we stood on an isolated pagoda which commanded stunning views north down Endorphin Gully and north east to the Wolgan Valley. There was no immediately obvious way down through the top cliff line.

Several adjoining pagodas were successively climbed and ways down from them tested. This happened at 0905, and again at 0917. At 0928, a magic and deep descending slot was located. This slot, now named the Endorphin Channel, is some 60 m in length and trends north west. Its continuation on the north side of Endorphin Gully can be seen as a forbidding cleft in the cliffs.

The Endorphin Channel is less than 50 cm wide and descends like a staircase through about 30 m of vertical height. At about 20 m down a side canyon empties into it by way of a short waterfall with a delightful, shallow pool at its base. This is a gem of geomorphology that thankfully lies within the Gardens of Stone National Park.

The Endorphin Channel has a landing area where it intersects with the basal cliff ledge. From here we could explore northwards along the ledge as far as the end point where it terminates in a non-negotiable drop. The views and the cave behind the ledge at this point are stunning.

Walking under a cliff. Photo: Emanuel Conomos



Scrambling over obstacles. Photo: Yuri Bolotin

After a retrace to the landing area, and contrary to envisaged plans, we pushed southwards, anti-clockwise, along a ledge. This ledge changed character several times as it entered the cliffed constrictions of Endorphin Gully. The comment was made that a further walk to explore the north western cliff line of Endorphin Gully is a must as it is even more convoluted and more incised with great features than the southern side.

At 1011 we entered a slot and gully complex, accessing it from the ledge. This slot first broadens into a cavern and then continues as a canyon, before breaking out into a negotiable way of route back to the ridgeline of Adrenalin Head. After a good explore around in this area we returned to the ledge and pushed further south. Almost on cue, a ramp up was found. This ramp led to an even higher ledge, and an amazing cleaved rock that was too narrow to walk through, although Brian Fox did attempt to scale the outer rock surface for the first few metres.

This was such a delightful spot that morning tea was taken. Over morning tea we reviewed the outcome of the exploration so far. Our revised plan now was to cross Adrenalin Head and drop down onto the known ledge on the western side of Adrenalin Creek and walk anti-clockwise as far as we could.

Resuming after morning tea, we followed close by the base of an almost vertical wall that included along the way a great circular recess in the cliffs. This recess is the product of chemical erosion and added a further dimension to the complex geomorphology of the area. Yet another ramp up was negotiated and then we found a narrow walk-through slot, that although it could have been avoided,

Adrenalin Ledge. Photo: Yuri Bolotin



we all went through just because we could!

By 1039 we were back in the open forest, and heading for the spinal ridge road, which was reached at 1043. A short distance along this road we took a bearing (150 degrees), and headed for the eastern cliff edge.

By 1056 the cliffs opposite the 'no contour'⁴ section of Adrenalin Creek were in view and our descent below the cliffs above Adrenalin Creek was under way. Another great slot down led into a secluded valley with its own micro environment. Here, in this hidden valley, the vegetation was dominated by soaring, massive and magnificent Brown Barrel Gums (*Eucalyptus fastigata*), a mid storey of Rough Tree Ferns (*Cyathea australis*), and an understorey of many fern species. Huge, clefted boulders scattered like giant dice are encrusted with a mix of epiphytes giving the valley the feel of being clothed in a green mantle. A watercourse hugged the base of a long sinuous cliff line. It is a totally captivating place.

The cliff edge lay just beyond this, and rounding a boulder that was green with epiphytic plants on one side, and barely supporting a lichen cover on the other, we descended a rough section of broken rock onto the beginning of the Adrenalin Ledge⁵. This ledge is one of the many wonders to be experienced in the magical place known as the Gardens of Stone National Park.

Walking the ledge is a little like being suspended in space; high above are towering cliffs, below is the very deep, parallel sided canyon that is home to Adrenalin Creek, some 200 m beneath. Across the void of space are glowing vertical sandstone cliffs. It is not difficult to feel detached from reality. The cliff walk is not easy. It involves a lot of scrambling, some crawling on hands and knees through tight sections and some incredible ultra-large spaces such as beneath the Diagonal Caves⁶ where a single curved overhang is over 100 m across and below which several hundred people could gather.

Near the extreme north end of the ledge, views of part of the valley of Carne Creek can be seen and some buildings of the Wolgan Valley Resort. The end point of the ledge is similar to that experienced on the ledge above Endorphin Gully. It just ceases to exist. We all lined up to have our photos taken. It was now 1227 and thoughts turned to food. The logical place for such a large group to eat was back at the Diagonal Caves.

By 1300 the group was back at the Diagonal Caves, and each selected their own preferred spot to enjoy a special restaurant with a view. As small puffs of wind happened and clouds covered the sun, the temperature dropped. This would be no place to be in two hours time. By 1325 the lunch break was over and we were all happy to be walking.

Rather than return the way we had entered through the Brown Barrel filled valley, we plotted a different route,

heading further south. A great pagoda encrusted ridge just begged to be climbed. It does not show up on the topographic map, but it is dramatic and has a knife edge cliff overlooking a short ravine. From the top the view is superb and showcases yet another aspect of the Adrenalin Creek system. Although the way forward looks daunting from the top, it is actually very easy. Just thread your way around a succession of pagoda bases to the north, and then the old road is in view, 1405. The vehicles were reached at 1414 ♦

[Place names used are not found on topo maps: they are entirely unofficial - Ed]

Notes

- 1** Adrenalin Head is the prominent headland located south of the Wolgan Pinnacle and between Endorphin Gully and Adrenalin Creek. It is characterised by massive vertical cliffs up to 116 m high and partly-negotiable benched ledges. The highest point of the headland is at GR 384 137.
- 2** Adrenalin Creek flows in an approximate north to south direction for 6.5 km, from the junctions of Birds Rock Trail and Sunnyside Ridge Road to its junction with Carne Creek. Contained in its headwaters is, Cathedral Cave. Michael Keats recorded 25th February 2013, "I have called this area, east of Fire Trail 6 and the next ridge east, and questionably Fire Trail 5, the Adrenalin Gorges of

Carne Creek. The name is inspired by a complex terrain so stimulating and so beautiful it really gets the adrenalin flowing". Cullen Bullen Topo Map GR 396 142, junction.

- 3** Endorphin Gully is located between Sunnyside Ridge, (Fire Trail 7) and Adrenalin Head, (Fire Trail 6). It rises on the spine of Sunnyside Ridge at GR 368 101, and flows north to join Carne Creek at GR 392 150. Both these names are due to the sensory impact of the scenery.
- 4** From time to time when the terrain is excessively precipitous and space does not permit, the topographic maps prepared by the NSW Department of lands show a blank section. In this instance it is for the terrain surrounding Adrenalin Creek from approximately GR 386 127 to GR 388 129. Nearly 200 m of difference occur in this short distance. The effect is magnified by the presence of cliffs up to 116 m high in the vicinity, giving a feeling of a huge void.
- 5** Yuri Bolotin and Brian Fox coined this name Adrenalin Ledge during a walk in



The View across Endorphin Gully.
Photo: Brian Graetz

this area, 8th April 2013. The Adrenalin Ledge is about 800 m in length and flows the base of the cliffs from approximately GR 386 126 to GR 388 133.

- 6** The Diagonal Caves, GR 384 127, were named by Yuri Bolotin and Brian Fox during a walk in this area, 8th April 2013. The caves are on two distinct levels and slightly offset from each other. It is not possible without some significant risk to climb from the upper to the lower caves. Both caves provide extraordinary opportunities to take exceptional photographs within and also of the surrounding cliffs.



iPhone apps



Buller Howitt



Wilsons Prom

Whether you are visiting the famous Three Sisters, prefer to go for a bushwalk through Blue Mountains or visit the stunning snow country of Kosciuszko; SV Maps can help you find your way.

Please call to place an order on
1300 36 67 96 or visit www.svmaps.com.au



Exploring Broula Brook in the Budawangs

Ian Barnes Batemans Bay Bushwalking Club



Well weathered conglomerate cliffline



Under the natural arch

Broula Brook is a southern tributary of the Corang River in the western Budawangs Wilderness. Most Budawang visitors who start from the Wog Wog car park near Nerriga circumnavigate Broula Brook as they walk eastward along the main track to Corang Arch and then return via Canowie Brook and the Goodsells track.

Most visitors to this part of the Budawangs almost certainly pay little regard to what lies within the Broula Brook catchment, apart from admiring its surrounding impenetrable cliffines from a few vantage points along the established tracks, notably from Corang Arch. They are also certainly rarely tempted to launch into the thick scrub to see what lies within the basin. A lack of fire of the last half century has allowed an almost impenetrable scrub to develop, typical of much of the Sydney sandstone landscape. The wise would wait until a major fire clears the ground allowing easier exploratory walking.

However, the temptation has been too great for five Batemans Bay Bushwalking Club members who recently spent four days in fine, cool weather exploring under the cliffines in the upper reaches of Broula Brook.

The familiar trudge along the main track eastwards from Wog Wog carpark occupied most of our first day. Picking up the old overgrown Corang track from just northeast of Corang Peak, we descended northward through the broken cliffline to then immediately push westwards off the track into thick scrub toward Broula Brook. The narrow pass through the rock between the catchments of Canowie and Broula Brooks at 365924 was easily negotiated. We then contoured under the southern cliffline and descended quickly to the only respectable creekside campsite in the area at 360922.

The well protected campsite was not only central to upper catchment exploration. It had ample flat ground for upwards of ten tents, firewood at easy arm's reach and clean running water.

After a chilly first night, adequately buffered with an appropriate sized campfire, on day two we explored the upper reaches of the Brook by traversing under cliffines which varied in height from 30 to 80 metres. We explored all the narrow gully heads, some terminating in weeping waterfalls and pretty rainforest glens. Pinkwood (*Eucryphia moorei*) was noted in a number of places. Abandoned lyrebird nests adorned some low rocky ledges, otherwise evidence of wildlife was scant.

The cliffs are visually interesting, of conglomerate sediment, heavily honeycombed from thousands of years of

wind and water erosion. The sculptures of caves, overhangs, holes, cracks and ledges are, at times, stunning. The conglomerate of river stones, pebbles and sands all overlay the much harder, and tilted, metamorphic bedrock. The union between the two rock groups is sometimes so evident one can run a finger along the fine line between these two geologic events separated by a mere 100 million years. It was even more sobering to think that the thin junction of rock in front of us occurred about 300 million years ago, at the time of Pangea!

Apart from the two obvious gaps separating Broula Brook from Goodsell Creek to the west and Canowie Brook to the east, and referred to elsewhere in this text, the cliffline is impenetrable without rock climbing expertise for most of its six kilometres. Only two or three exits were found which did not require above ordinary rock scrambling skills. All exits still required a significant scrub bash to the main track to the south. Almost all the cliffline overhangs were not suitable for camping, mainly due to lack of flat ground.

We came upon a handsome natural arch at 361915 not previously known. It is approximately a quarter the size of the more popularly known Corang arch and is easily accessed from the cliff base.

On day three we continued the cliffline traverse, completing the eastern edge to 364924 and then climbed a rock ramp to the top for a sunny lunch and from where a very good view of the Budawangs to the north was enjoyed. A kilometer distant to the east, two walkers were briefly seen on the distinctive Corang arch.

The afternoon was spent exploring the remaining western cliffline on the locally, and appropriately, named Frog Mountain (its aerial view reveals its jumping frog shape – see aerial photo). The one and only pass westward to Goodsell Basin, the area we explored in September 2012, was proved to be quite accessible. It is located at 357922 and it was in a small overhang at the pass that we found the only evidence of previous visitation – one small rusty tent peg and a cache of well dried and decaying firewood, left probably thirty years ago.

On day four we left the area by walking Broula Brook downstream to the Goodsell Basin track on the Corang River. From there it was a slog along the well marked track back to Wog Wog.

Despite the heavy bush bashing in some areas due to the tremendous fuel build up the six kilometres of cliffines traversed were often pleasant and certainly interesting. The discovery of the arch was notable. ♦



Frog Rock, start of the ridgeline to Frog Mtn

Cascade Walk

Ian Smith

I'd heard it was good; one of the better walks they said; then it had that magic word "cascade" in it, surely designed to attract the likes of me. It's in New England National Park, 736 square km of virgin bush criss-crossed by many a trail, from 10 minutes to 10 days. I'd been inspired by doing the combined Weeping Rock (1.5 km medium) and Eagles Nest (2 hr hard) tracks a couple of weeks earlier, just below the famous Point Lookout with its vistas across to the ocean.

That walk was labelled hard because of its steep inclines, though the steps were mostly in good condition. They meandered through fallen trees still clutched by Spanish moss and lace lichen, exposed rocks draped with Sphagnum and dazzling ferns backlit by the winter's sun, much like the stands of Antarctic Beech at the appropriately named Beech Lookout a few kilometres down the road.

At Weeping Rock the splash of large droplets of cool water was music to walk by as you admired the majestic ramparts that rose to the heavens above you and blotted out the sun. At times the grab rail was the only sign of where the moist trail went on its zig-zag route as you scaled the heights once more.

My appetite thus whetted and Lorraine also keen, we stopped in on a trip to Armidale to do the Cascade Track along the Five Day Creek. The weather, for once, was perfect. A nice chill was in the air, especially noticeable when you were deep in the forest, like we were immediately after leaving the car.

For 1.5 km it's dead easy along a 4WD road, then the trail splits into four options: the Lyrebird walk (medium grade about two hours); a multi-day walk to the coast (serious bushwalkers only need apply); Wrights Lookout (medium, about an hour) and the Cascade Walk. We

plunged off to the right, past a memorial to John Beaumont Williams, an inspirational teacher, lover of nature and renowned botanist; the sort of bloke you'd like to have had as your guide.

We walked on alone, a state we were to find ourselves in the whole day. We followed an easy trail through open woodland beside a cliff face until eventually we started our descent, walking for another 20 minutes before we finally heard the telltale splashes deep in the Gondwana forest as we moved past some massive fungi. We'd wondered where the "hard" tag for the trail had come from; we were about to find out.

At times it was all we could do to locate the track as it simply followed the creek line. In times of heavy rain it would be clearly impassable. However, its beauty was what continually grabbed our attention. Except, that is, when I diverged to the stream to get a particular photo and was trying to make my way up again. Placing my foot, and my faith, squarely on a large rock, I lurched upwards. Partially, anyway, at least, until the earth gave forth of its large historical remnant and I plunged in the general direction of down until I was soaked to my shins. All of this was after Lorraine's "be careful" cry that I have been reminded of since.

The filtered light bouncing off the crystal clear waters of the fern-lined rushing stream lit the rocks that guided its path and gave relief to the gloom of the forest depths. Ancient trees that had passed their "use by" date lay at crazy angles determined by the latest flood. Now fodder for insects and fungi, their mere presence lent grandeur to the walk



Climbing up to Wrights Lookout

as we scrambled our way upstream and, in time, reached the highest of the cascades from whence the trail diverged and started up the hill through the open forest again.

Lorraine clearly struggled on the ascents, so it came as something of a shock to me when we came to the intersections again and she expressed a keenness to add Wrights Lookout to our journey. Heck, it was only 500 metres away, how hard could it be?

After 50 metres we had our answer: "very", as we dragged our weary bodies up the steep incline and beneath a fallen log at one stage that made it difficult for me to get through with the backpack. Still, at some time we made the plateau and stepped out to view one of the grandest panoramas NSW has to offer.

Layers of ranges seemed to be in a contest to become the highest as the horizon extended all the way to the sea, and row upon row of deep blue hills undulated in the foreground. Here you could understand how someone might have a desire to wander through it all, pitch a tent 'neath the stars and waken afresh to another day in the wilderness. We had other agendas, friends at Armidale beckoned and we'd spent 5½ hours doing a listed 3½ hour walk. Pretty much par for the course these days! ♦



Step into New Zealand's Heart...

www.WalkingLegends.co.nz

Lake Waikaremoana Great Walk
Tongariro 3 day Hike
Coromandel 4 day Hike
Small Packs, Fun Groups

Request a brochure...

Ph: +64 7 308 0292

info@walkinglegends.co.nz

Walking
Legends

It's All About Canopy

Phil Zylstra
pzylstra@uow.edu.au

Marking the tenth anniversary of the 2003 fires with a symposium on fire was an almost inevitable decision for the Australian Institute of Alpine Studies*. One of the presenters at the symposium, Phil Zylstra (Research Fellow at the University of Wollongong) put it thus, “There’s no indication of a fire of this scale in the few centuries prior to European occupation. Quite possibly it’s the first natural fire of that scale in modern times.”

Apart from its almost iconic status, the 2003 fire season has become a reference point for the study of fire in the Alps. There’s an opportunity to look back from here, through fifty years of data on fire behaviour. It’s equally a place to look forward at a new era of fire which is clearly influenced by Climate Change. Phil Zylstra’s current work** has made good use of those fifty-odd years of data, and he was able to present the essence of his findings at the symposium.

He debunks a commonly held belief - that the older the forest, the more readily it burns. And while the wider community may still believe otherwise, those present at the symposium were very supportive of

the revised view. “Most people who’ve worked in the Alps have already come to that conclusion by various means.”

In basic terms, Phil’s report is based on asking which is more likely to burn when set alight by natural causes - an older forest of Snowgums, which has matured to the point where its canopy is quite separate from the forest floor; or an area of the same type of forest which has been burnt some time recently and where there is usually no distinct break between canopy and understorey growth. Earlier work by Phil used a fire behaviour model he had developed based on physics and the geometry of the forest to predict trends in flammability for this forest type, suggesting that the most flammable period was in the younger stages.

“I looked at the map data gathered since 1957 relating to Snowgum forest over the two States and Territory to see if fire did favour one fuel age rather than another. I was looking to validate the model; I was looking to see if the model could predict the trends.”

And that is exactly what has happened over the last 50 years. Despite the common belief that a long unburnt forest

would burn more readily, the map data suggested that it could not in fact be the case. “The data validates the model and offers empirical proof. We can see that Snowgum forests burnt up to 14 years previously are 2.3 times more flammable than mature forests.”

Of course this isn’t to suggest that hazard reduction burning does not have a place in managing these landscapes, but rather that a greater understanding of forest type and its response to fire is useful information to have.

Spending time and resources to gain a clearer picture of fire behaviour is obviously worthwhile. Organising opportunities for the right people to have access to findings like this, via organised moments such as this symposium, is key to adjusting the thinking and methods employed by parks managers.

*The Australian Institute of Alpine Studies is an umbrella organisation for alpine researchers of all disciplines. For more, visit: <http://www.aias.org.au/>

**The historical influence of fire on the flammability of sub-alpine Snow Gum forests & woodlands, due out in the August edition of the Victorian Naturalist.



Open alpine forest, unburnt for 50 years



Recently burnt alpine forest, 2 m high scrub

Which is more likely to burn - an older Snowgum forest with its canopy separate from the forest floor; or its recently burnt equivalent with no distinct break between canopy and understorey?

[Editorial comment: and we see similar problems with the typical control burning around Sydney: what's left is a huge mass of dead and very inflammable fuel, just waiting to go up. And the more it is control-burnt, the worse it gets. RNC]

Book Reviews . . .

Gardens of Stone National Park and beyond, Book 4

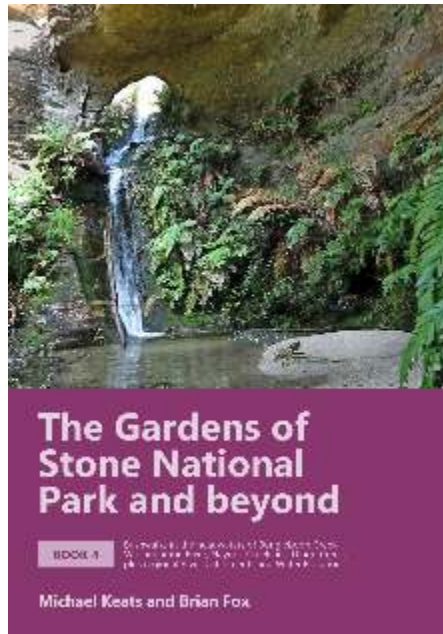
Michael Keats and Brian Fox
ISBN 978 098 705 4630

Yep, this is volume 4 of the mega-series. Michael and Brian are writing about the Blue Mts and Gardens of Stone National Parks.

Now, me, I go for the light-weight and ultra-light bushwalking style. This book is in severe conflict with that: 932 pages of good weight glossy paper and 1.78 kg heavy! It is of course in full colour - and there are an awful lot of very nice photos there too. But it is a bit heavy ...

The book is not a 'guide book' in the conventional sense; rather it is a collection of Michael's trip reports from actual walks there. There's an extensive preamble describing the Gardens of Stone National Park and all the catchments involved - in detail. Given the nature of the area the focus tends to be more on the convoluted and incredible waterways than the rather flat plateau tops.

In keeping with the emphasis on the water, this is followed by a substantial paper on Water Pollution in the area by Dr Ian Wright, School of Science and Health, Uni Western Sydney. He discusses in great detail, fully supported by a long history of careful water sampling, all the destruction and vandalism committed by the various companies, power stations, coal mines and so on in the area. All permitted (or ignored) by the government



bodies who were supposed to be regulating them. Just one quote: "although mining and smelting at Sunny Corner ceased almost a century ago (Napier, 1992), the environmental legacy

of that industrial activity is a dangerously and continuously polluted stream Daylight Creek". People fish downstream, without knowing. And of course we have the more recent admission by Wallerawang Power Station that they had been illegally discharging all sorts of heavy metals into the Cocks River for decades before they were stopped by a local Conservation Group - not by the government! OK, enough, enough.

There are 48 (or so) different day walks recorded. Each record contains at least one topo map with the route shown, Track Notes, many photos, a mention of the gear taken, and some grid references and times. The range of country covered is spectacular - with a heavy emphasis on water, canyons, slots, views and everything you would expect from such a wonderfully eroded bit of sandstone country. You will have to forgive Michael: he does get a bit poetic in places with his description - but this is normal!

Commercial details: the book is available from www.bushexplorers.com.au at \$50. All the other books in this series are there too, along with their earlier books back to Day Walks in the Lower Grose.

Roger Caffin

Butterflies - Identification and life history

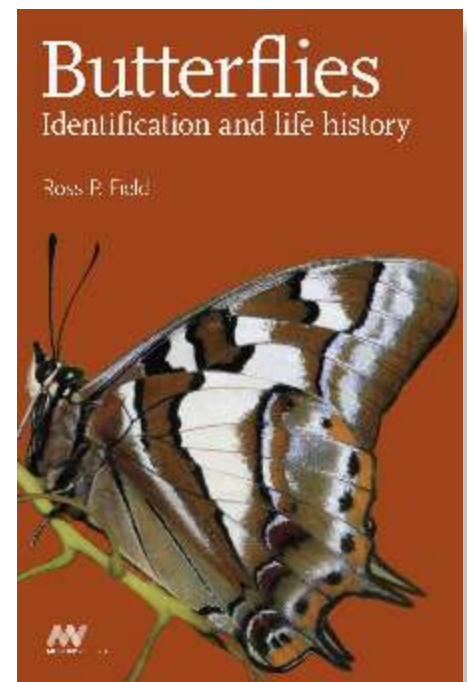
Ross P Field
Museum Victoria Field Guide
ISBN 978-1-921833-09-0

I guess it is a bit of a coffee table book, but it's a very beautiful coffee table! The biggest problem with it is that all the maps are for Victoria rather than NSW, but otherwise - so many gorgeous butterflies, and their caterpillar forms too.

Paperback, glossy paper, 315+ pages, full colour. The book starts with the expected chapters on butterfly biology and structure, classification, enemies, distribution and conservation. Then it has six chapters on the species, sorted into Skippers, Swallowtails, Whites & Yellows, Browns & Nymphs, and Blues. To be honest, I did not really appreciate just how many varieties we have. How many actual species are there in the book? I am not sure, but a lot. And each species gets its own full description, with many photos of the butterfly, the larva and the eggs to aid identification.

Successfully doing an ID might need a bit of careful study. I did try, but as a raw amateur I was not sure which features were the important ones. I think I got close, which was interesting. However, that's similar to trying to identify orchids: you get better with practice.

Ross Field has a PhD in entomology and has published more than 100



publications on interests such as insect ecology and the ecology, biology and conservation of butterflies. Ross had worked as an entomologist in the Victorian Public Service for the majority of his career and was previously Director of Natural Sciences and Director of the Environment Program at Museum Victoria.

Roger Caffin



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 **Bushwalking NSW**, PO Box 119, Newtown NSW 2042. Phone: 9565 4005. Make the cheque or money order payable to the 'Confederation of Bushwalking Clubs NSW Inc' as well: please do not abbreviate the name! (Yes, the bank account still uses the old name so far. That may change - one day!)

Please indicate which issue you want your subscription to start with. We don't want to duplicate copies you already have.



Join NPA

to protect the places you love

The National Parks Association of NSW (NPA) has a great bushwalking program across the state. However, it is our conservation advocacy that sets us apart from many other bushwalking clubs. If you are worried about the threats to our national parks and want to help protect them, please join NPA or donate to our conservation programs.



PO Box 337, Newtown NSW 2042

Ph: 02 9299 0000 **Fax:** 02 9290 2525

email: npansw@npansw.org.au

website: www.npansw.org.au

Special Offer! If you are already a member of a Bushwalking NSW Club, you may be eligible to receive a \$15 discount on our full price membership. Your contribution will enable us to campaign to protect the places you love for future generations to cherish. Call us today or visit our website and learn more about our work.