



**Winter Newsletter
June 2008**

PO Box Q23 Queen Victoria Building,
Sydney NSW 1230
www.bushwalking.org.au/~allnations



NEWSLETTER OF ALL NATIONS BUSHWALKERS INC • FORMERLY ANC BUSHWALKERS INC & ALL NATIONS CLUB WALKABOUT GROUP • FOUNDED 1962 • INCORPORATED 1992

Palona Cave to Garie Beach

Royal National Park

Sunday 3 February 2008

Leader: Charles Bowden

In spite of the heavy rain, the anticipated flurry of cancellations from fair weather friends didn't eventuate and ten of us set off along Lady Carrington Drive before turning off onto the overgrown track leading to Palona Cave. The narrow track was lined with head-high shrubs and bushes which delighted in showering us as we brushed past so that by the time we reached the limestone cave, our wet weather clothing had been thoroughly tested and, in some cases, found wanting.

Nonetheless, we made good time in the inclement conditions and pushed on up the track that borders Palona Creek. Waterfalls were displayed at their best and we made the startling discovery of a patch of sundews on a boulder mid-stream: most unusual for a plant that is normally found on sandy soil.

Eventually the track petered out as the creek veered westwards and we crossed over the channel to start the off-track section of the walk. The slope was remarkably gentle and open scrub allowed us to make good time.

An impromptu stop to photograph a giant Golden Orb spider allowed many to discover that other notorious denizens of the bush were hitching a ride on lower limbs. A frenzied bout of leech removal ensued before we went on and eventually reached the top of the ridge and a rocky tor with 360 degree views of the surrounding hills and vales. It offered an ideal place for morning tea although the rain continued unabated.



Golden Orb Spider

Shortly afterwards, we emerged onto Wisers Track, a prominent firetrail that led us past Colbee Knob to Sir Bernard Stevens Drive. Crossing over, we briskly walked south alongside the tarmac for 800 metres before turning off onto the Curra Moors Trail.

Broad and well-maintained, this trail is also popular with mountain bikes due to its easy gradient. Summer flowers were in evidence in the heath alongside the trail including a little patch resplendent with Christmas Bells and sundews, this time in apposite terrain. We also spotted a luxuriant example of the "pubic hair" plant, always a good subject for light-hearted banter!

continued next page

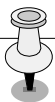


Invitation to the ANB Inc Annual General Meeting

All Members are invited to attend Sunday 29 June 2008

**Your invitation/nomination/proxy form
is inside this Newsletter**

**Come at 10:30am for morning tea and hear the presentation from
the Bushwalkers Wilderness Rescue Squad.**



PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Well what a great year this has been. I'm sure you have enjoyed the walks, bike rides, games nights, drives, car camps, social outings and all of the other activities that have been put on by the club this year.

A special thanks goes to all of the activity leaders, without whom we would have nothing to do! It is not always easy to plan and commit to something 3 months in advance, and it always amazes me as to the variety of activities that are on the program.

Thanks must also go to the committee members who keep the club running and put in their own time so that we can all enjoy our weekends. Thanks especially to Suseela, who is standing down this year, for doing a wonderful job as program co-ordinator.

Which brings me to the AGM...don't forget to turn up on 29 June 2008 to find out how the club is going and our plans for the future. This year we will also have a special presentation by the Bushwalkers Wilderness Rescue Squad, a presentation not to be missed if you are interested in survival in the bush.

We also want you to join the committee, so don't be shy and put your hand up either before the AGM or when you turn up, your help and support will be most welcome.

Liam Heery



The group - photo by Charles Bowden

from previous page

Eagle Rock on the coast soon loomed into view and Bob found a sheltered spot under the nearby cliffs where we stopped for lunch. It afforded splendid views of Eagle Rock and adjacent Curracurrong waterfall plunging 80 metres into the sea while large swells rolled in to crash against the hollowed base of the cliffs, the resulting booms reverberating through the rocks we were sitting on.



Doing the Eagle Rock - photo by Mark Leslie

After lunch, we climbed on top of Eagle Rock, disturbing a small brown snake along the way who snuck back into his hole at our arrival. After taking in the rain-shrouded view along the coastline as far as Burning Palms, we set off along the coastal track to Garie Beach, stopping periodically along the way for more clifftop views.

At North Garie Head, we opted not to climb down to the beach as the unrelenting rain was not conducive to swimming. Instead, we had afternoon tea on the lookout point before retracing our steps for about 250 metres, then turning west onto Curra Moors Trail once again. A brief stop for a final waterfall on Middle Rill also yielded a large red yabby claw, victim of some predator, and then we headed up the waterlogged track to the carpark and a final de-leeching session before changing into dry clothes.



Brown snake - photo by Liam Heery

After a false start, most of us adjourned to a pleasant Thai restaurant in Sutherland for the usual recovery meal before wending our respective ways home.

Thank you to Jasmin Tan, Moon Yong, Mark Rea, Len Sharp, Bob Seibrigh, Liam Heery, Jacqui Joseph, Mark Leslie and Katherine McNevin for maintaining duck-like temperaments on a day of unceasing rain.

FEATURE

Beware ... Nepalese Toilets!

(Trekking The Everest Highway Part 2).
By Alison Lyon



The Camps

The Himalayas can definitely be described as the best place to pitch a tent. Despite the freezing cold at night, being amongst the peacefulness of the mountains is truly breathtaking. OK, if you are close to a monastery you may be woken early by the monks striking the gongs, but that beats being underneath the flight path in Sydney any day! World Expeditions, the company I travelled with, provided what you could call a moving hotel. The porters generally got to the sites before us and tents were usually up and ready when we reached them.



*Enjoying a cuppa at 5288 metres!
(Gorak Shep)*

The Food

Meals were generally eaten in the mess tent (yes, the porters carried tables and chairs and would erect a large tent for us all). Lunches along the trail would usually be a picnic along the trail or set up by a stream. I was amazed at the variety of food that was placed in front of us each day, considering the equipment the cooks had. Dhal, all forms of potatoes, curries, chilli, apple pie and even meringue. As I was not suffering from problems with altitude I was able to enjoy my food, the crew got to know how good my appetite was and eventually learnt to top up my plate without even asking. I was a little embarrassed, as nobody else seemed to be able to match my appetite! It really was amazing how hungry I felt and was a good excuse to eat up to 3 chocolate bars a day, something I would never normally do.

Showers, Toilets and Other Necessities



Time for a bath?

As it was a camping trip involving a few of weeks of heavy-duty exercise a number of friends asked the question 'What about showers?' 'What about toilets?' Well, according to the pre-departure briefing, we would be offered 2 bowls of warm washing water each, first thing and at the end

of the day's walking. Michelle assumed that the bowl would be big enough for sitting in; I didn't want to shatter any illusions. So, soon enough Michelle, to her horror, discovered that it was big enough only to fully immerse 1 hand and so that was it for the remainder of

the trek. We wore our hats permanently in order to cover the disgrace that lay beneath. Whilst on the trek we did discover a few places where we could pay for showers, costing around \$4 each. It basically involved standing in a shed under a bucketful of warm water with a showerhead attached.... Pure luxury when you are desperate! We had to ensure that water was heated by kerosene, not wood. The chopping of trees in the National Park is rightly limited.

As for toilets, well I must admit I think we were all initially a bit nervous about this. At each campsite a hole was dug and the toilet tent erected. The first time I used it all my will was taken in order to prevent me from vomiting! Michelle decided that a bunch of flowers should be placed in the hole between each use, however that meant it filled pretty quickly and the poor porter who had gotten the job to dig the hole was constantly being called upon. It wasn't long before we left our inhibitions behind; it is amazing how quickly you learn to cope. I found that shoving toilet paper up my nose and inhaling Tiger Balm was the best solution in preventing my gag reflex from initiating!

Along the trail there were some opportunities to use the facilities of local teahouses. Toilet facilities were usually what can be best described as sheds raised from ground level by stilts. The flooring was generally planks with gaps in appropriate places! On the last day of the trek whilst using one of these facilities I found to my horror that the flooring was wet and slippery (as some of you may know, my balance under such conditions is virtually non-existent!), you can imagine what happened next...I promptly fell into the toilet. This provided a great deal of entertainment for the rest of the day; luckily one of my fellow trekkers had a bottle of dettol and wipes so I didn't smell too badly. Fortunately for me we were to stay in a local lodge that night in Lukla, before getting the flight back to Kathmandu...nobody had a problem with me getting into the shower first.

Due to lack of laundry facilities and because of weight limitations, clothing and underwear had to last more than a few days. Amazingly none of us smelt too badly. One of my fellow trekkers boasted that he had made 4 pairs of underpants last the 3 weeks. Michelle decided to have the luxury of a clean pair each day, she did have the heaviest bag and we were sure the porters drew straws as to who was going to carry it!

The Crew.

The crew (37 in all for our trip), were the friendliest, fun and most patient. I learnt a lot about their lives and their hopes for the future. Most did not come from the local area, but owned small farms elsewhere. Working for World Expeditions meant they could achieve a better life for their families with whom they managed to spend around 2-3 months with each year. Ang, our guide, invited us to his home in Kathmandu to tell us about a medical clinic (www.kushudebu.org.np) he had established in his village and for us also to meet his brother who had summited Everest twice and was planning an ascent in 2008 with the aim of holding the highest rock concert on earth (he is the lead singer of a Nepalese rock band).



Michelle and me at The Everest View Hotel.

Nepal and trekking in the Himalayas has definitely been one of the best experiences, my first visit there last year will certainly not be my last.

SNORKELLING

Malabar Beach, Malabar

Saturday 12 January Leader: Charles Bowden

A fine sunny day greeted us at Malabar Beach which is located in Long Bay from which the nearby (but fortunately not adjacent) penitentiary gets its name. Although the beach is wide and sandy, at the water's edge the sand is replaced by long striations of rock heading out to sea. These are full of holes and crevices, ideal for marine life to flourish.

After staking out a spot in the shade under the lifeguard tower, we decided to snorkel at the southern end of the beach, away from the prominent outfall pipe on the opposite shore.



Stingray

Within the first few metres of entry into the water, we found a dinner-plate-sized stingray nestled in the sand near a boulder. He remained motionless, undeterred by the excited thrashing overhead as we all sought to get a good vantage point.

Regular snorkellers are already aware of my passion for nudibranches, species of colourful sea slugs, and examples of the attractive *Glossodoris atromarginata*, white with black margin, were to be found everywhere. We also found examples of a blue species, *Hypselodoris bennettii*, including a pair in a mating clinch.

There were plenty of fish to be seen including the usual morwong, leatherjackets and bream. However a small clingfish was an unusual find as was a dark-coloured trumpet fish. On returning from our second foray into the water, we found two more stingrays to cap a rewarding day.



Nudibranch (G. atromarginata)

This is an ideal snorkelling venue with grassy mounds in the shade, toilet facilities, plenty of parking and, of course, a convenient café to adjourn to at the end of the day for refreshments.

Thank you to Mehrdad Golestan, Kate Davidson, Mark Leslie, Carol Cox, Sharyn Mattern, Karen Erdmann, Jan Steven, Alison Lyon and Peter West for making it a pleasant day.

Parsley Bay, Vacluse

Saturday 2 Feb 2008 Leader: Charles Bowden

A drizzly morning failed to deter the snorkellers who ventured to Parsley Bay, the shallowest and most sheltered snorkelling location in Sydney. The tide was out when we arrived and you could walk virtually to the steps at the northern end of the bay before getting out of your depth.



Pipefish

In spite of the intermittent showers in the morning, the water was quite clear and we were rewarded with a range of unusual creatures including a stingray (not the Steve Irwin variety), a large leatherjacket (a fish, not apparel), a flounder (looks like roadkill) and a pipefish (indistinguishable from the seagrass it was hovering in).

There were plenty of bream, trevally and blackfish while schools of goatfish scrounged the sandy bottom.



Flounder



The Parsley Bay Group

The weather steadily improved as did the range of marine life presence on the incoming tide.

The only sour note was the unexpected and unannounced closure of the food kiosk leaving stranded caffeine addicts and famished alike.

Thank you to Katherine McNevin, Wayne Lee, Faye Xu, Pan Wen Jun, Mehrdad Golestan, Alison Lyon, Carol Cox, Jan Steven, Eileen Ross, and Richard Milnes for sharing the day.

WALK REPORT

Rogaine – Metrogaine, Mona Vale

Sunday 24 February 2008

Leader: Charles Bowden



The three ANB teams

Twelve people ultimately signed up for this event allowing us to enter three teams. Last minute cancellations and inclusions caused some confusion but we were able to sort it out before the massed start took place.

The course was held in and around Mona Vale and neighbouring suburbs, incorporating beaches, parks and streets. A warm sunny day made for ideal conditions and we all enjoyed an invigorating social occasion. The hardest part was trying to work out the clues which were at times quite confusing.



ANB2 looking determined



ANB3 happy to be seated!

Nonetheless all teams did well, ANB1 coming 58 overall out of 118 teams with 1740 points. ANB2 came 89 overall with 1210 points and ANB3 not far behind on 1100 points and 96 overall.

A bonus came at the conclusion of the event when Fei won one of the raffle prizes.

Congratulations to:

ANB1 – Len Sharp, Mark Leslie and Katherine McNevin

ANB2 – Alison Lyon, Catharina Muller, Fei Xu and Pan Wen Jun

ANB3 – Charles Bowden, Margaret Weiss, Amy Holtan, Remy Lanz and Unita Upa Boroh

Fairlight Beach, Fairlight

Saturday 8 March 2008 Leader: Charles Bowden

This has always been a popular venue for the club's snorkellers and this outing proved no exception, 17 people including 3 children turning up on a bright sunny day to enjoy the water.

The high tide that greeted us proved to be dramatic for one beachgoer (not one of us) who got into difficulties soon after our arrival and had to be rescued by Stan.

We were soon enjoying the clear conditions with fish in



Rock cale

abundance. The southern reef had a large number of sea hares while others found a dead octopus. As the tide receded, the more adventurous swam out to the northerly outcrop emerging from the sea and practised some duck diving.



Sea hare

Towards the end of the day, one of the children gashed her foot on the rocks, probably due to an oyster shell, but fortunately her father was on hand to help dress the cut and she soon recovered.

Thank you to all who came, too many to name, but who contributed to a fun day out.

Photos by Charles Bowden

Postcard from Judy Dervin Perugia, Italy



Dear Friends

The time has just flown by. My five weeks in Perugia were very enjoyable although the weather was wet, cold and windy a lot of the time, with snow in the city, March 23. I had come unprepared, so had to borrow a warmer jacket, scarves, jumpers and hat. I stayed with a very nice family in an apartment in the centre of the medieval city. I had a large room with ensuite bathroom, with half pension. Quite luxurious accommodation. The Signora was a good cook, (she gave me some of her recipes) and cooked for me and her two children, aged 13 and 18, and sometimes visitors, each evening.

The school experience was enjoyable. The teachers were lovely. I was in a class with only 3 other students, two young American girls and a young Japanese girl. We had two hours of conversation and two hours of grammar each morning, 5 days a week. I was glad I hadn't arranged to have additional private lessons, because the brain was overloaded at times as it was.

I met up with my Italian friend Dedi, who was my Rome 1963/64 au pair charge and has lived in Perugia for many years. We met up almost every day for coffee or to go out for a meal, and I visited her family in Perugia most Sundays for the midday "pranzo".

An Australian friend visited Perugia for a few days before Easter, and the three of us went to a characteristic restaurant "Dal Mi'Cocco" for some typical Umbrian food. The set menu changes every day, it is quite cheap and the place is always

packed. Speaking of food, there is always some celebration that is an excuse to eat some special cake or food. Soon after I arrived it was International Women's Day, 8th March, which is very much celebrated here in Italy. Mimosa is sold in the streets on that day, shop windows decorated with mimosa, and of course there is a mimosa cake - sponge and cream, yellow and white, light and sweet. Soon after that, at Easter, there is the typical Torta Pasqualina, which we had at school during our morning break. It is a kind of panettone-like bread made with cheese and eaten with pancetta (bacon).

Around the same time this year it was San Giuseppe, 19th March, celebrated here as Father's Day, so lots of fancy cakes to buy for Dad in the Pasticceria, and of course the traditional sweet cake "bigné", fried pastry with custard inside.

In Perugia there is also a delicious pastry made from almond meal in the shape of a snake eating its tail - this is the "torcolo di San Costanzo" (29th Jan but seen all year round in Perugia).

Perugia is a medieval town built on a steep hill, so lots of steps and narrow interesting and picturesque streets with interesting names - my favourites : Via del Struzzo (ostrich), Via del Topo (mouse), Via dei Gatti (cats) and my street Via del Bufalo (buffalo). Always new areas to discover in this town.

I made some trips into countryside to visit Spello, Todi, Città della Pieve, Arezzo, Assisi, Gubbio and stayed one night with an English student I met at the school who has bought an apartment in an old house (1200's) in a tiny "borgo" (40 inhabitants) up in the mountains on the way to Gubbio, and wants to stay forever. Enough of Perugia for now!!

I'm now staying in the very beautiful countryside outside Bologna. This is a big cherry growing area and the trees are in blossom at present. The countryside looks beautiful and green, some wild-flowers already. Hoping to do some gentle walks soon in this area.

Cheers and best wishes to you all, Judy.

Kayaking /canoeing /rowing Lane Cove River, Lane Cove National Park Saturday 16 February 2008 Leader: Peter Bonner

The instructions were BYO canoe/kayak or hire from the Lane Cove Boat Shed which on Saturdays does not open until 11.45am. In the end due to delays we did not get onto the water until about 12.25pm. Richard Milnes & Eileen Ross were in the Club's double kayak, myself in my own kayak and Annette Sudan with children Louise & Henry in a hired snub-bowed rowing dinghy.

The water was quite muddy-looking due to the recent heavy rains. Nevertheless the weather was kind to us, warm dappled sunlight played on us through the riverside trees and overhead my favourite white fluffy clouds added contrast to the blue sky. This was the first time Annette had rowed a dinghy... so progress was slow. Eventually at Annette's insistence the two canoes went ahead.

We soon found out there were very few places to make a landing for lunch. I had planned to paddle upstream to the 'Blue Hole' sandy beach just before De Burghs Bridge, but it was not to be, so we turned back. As Annette came into sight gamely rowing on, we found a rock ledge where Richard was able to make a dry landing. Unfortunately Eileen was in a hurry to join him and, with one foot on dry ground, did the classic push off in the double kayak and so landed in

the water. Luckily the bow line had been tied off and Richard was at hand to assist Eileen out of the water and onto the rock ledge which was very slippery. Having watched all this from the safety of my kayak, I went and escorted Annette to the landing place, the dinghy was pulled up onto the rock ledge and everyone made it safely to the lunch spot. Eileen, good sport that she is, said she was OK and drying out nicely and, as a former Nepean Fours rowing team member, shouldn't have fallen in. She hadn't swallowed any of the murky muddy water and was much refreshed with a cup of hot tea from my Thermos flask. I also managed to pour some of the hot water on to my thigh: I let out such a yell of pain that had all of us so startled we almost fell off our little rock ledge.

In the meantime a stripped to the waist, crew cut, muscular male dinghy rower came by on a return trip from the 'Blue Hole'. I hailed him for a chat so he came along side and I learnt he was from the UK. We discussed all manner of worldly matters, as one does on these occasions. Later on, on our way back to the boatshed, he slowed down to speak in French to Annette and Henry, telling them he had been a spy and also spoke Russian! He certainly looked the part!

We saw ducks and water hens, frill-necked lizards and numerous water dragons, but the big carp and trout we had seen on Carol's walk remained hidden in the murky depths of the Lane Cove River. Thanks to Richard & Eileen for assistance in unloading the kayaks & Richard again making our safe landings, Annette for being a great first time rower, Henry & Louise for enjoying the day with us.

So all in all a very interesting day. "just messing about in boats" Now! who said that ???

WALK REPORT

Crawford's Lookout to Colo River Wollemi National Park

Sunday 9 March 2008 Leader: Liam Heery

I had walked to Crawford's Lookout a couple of years ago on one of Nick Collins's walks. I was amazed at the spectacular and unbelievable views into the Wollemi Gorge and down to the Colo River junction. So much so that I vowed at some stage in the future to return and make the descent to the Colo.

Today was the realization of that dream and for this hard rated walk I was joined by Jacqui, Len, Bob, Amy, Alison and Charles.

After a longish drive from Pennant Hills and along a fire trail, we reached the car park below the track to Hollow Rock. This seemed like a good spot to head for morning tea and was so good that it was hard getting everyone up again to continue the walk.



inside Hollow Rock: Charles, Jacqui, Bob, Len, Alison, Amy, Liam

Hollow Rock is an unusual rock form with a flat top but hollowed out underneath (not unlike a bridge). The views from the top are also spectacular ranging 360 degrees around the Wollemi.

Once I got everyone on the move again it was not long before we got to the edge of the gorge and came upon the views that I had remembered from years earlier. The exact spot though and which exact lookout was Crawford's was a mystery, there were so many similar and wonderful views.

After another rest and breaking ourselves away from the views, we commenced the "hard" portion of the walk, which was part rock climbing, part rock scrambling with 300 metre drops to the Wollemi below! The track however was well marked, by numerous cairns and a couple of guys making their way up after camping out for the night confirmed we were going the right way.

It didn't take long to reach the Wollemi River where we had lunch on a sandy shore and a well deserved swim up



The bathing beauties

a very long pool to a small waterfall / rapid. The thrill of being in the wilderness came to the fore when Charles showed his skill of sand rolling down the steep embankments into the river below...only to be abruptly stopped by a hidden boulder under the water!

Well fed and refreshed we set off back up the way we came. Being a hot day we welcomed the swim earlier and recounted Alison's story about hydration in the last newsletter, and Alison herself is now wondering if she should have told people to drink even more!

This walk is the start of a few more I have in mind for the Wollemi / Colo, so keep a look out and join me in one of the best wilderness areas in the world.



*Jacqui looking over the Colo River / Wollemi Creek Junction from
Crawfords Lookout.*

***Snap that special photo on a
club activity to enter the 2008
PHOTO COMPETITION***

***Judged at the AGM
Sunday June 29th...***

WALK REPORT

Duck Hole Circuit, Blue Mountains National Park Sunday 16 March 2008 Leader: Charles Bowden

In spite of the title, we never actually reached Duck Hole, as many found the challenge of negotiating Kanuka Brook more tiring than anticipated. After easily negotiating the track to Glenbrook Creek and crossing it on a warm and humid day, the faint track along the Kanuka Brook evaporated after about 1km due to recent floods washing away most traces.



Morning tea shelter & golden orb spider in silhouette

After more than 4 hours, with fatigue setting in and water running low for some, Liam and I went ahead to determine where the Crayfish Pool track was as I was becoming concerned that we might have walked past it. It turned out to be only 400m ahead and we startled a large black snake on the way.

In all it took about 5 hours to walk the 5km section of Kanuka Brook so I decided to abandon the original plan and we returned to Glenbrook via the Red Hands Cave trail instead.



Anthony hurdling obstacles

This proved to be a popular decision as bull ant bites

and bruised limbs were taking their toll. We did our bit for the environment by carting out a bag of rubbish discarded near Jelly Bean Pool before negotiating the steep flights of steps to the NPWS ranger station at the park entrance. The water bubbler proved to be very popular and a wallaby was sighted hurrying across the road before we wearily trudged back to the cars. The recovery meal at Lapstone was a welcome relief!

Thanks to Ken Beath, Liam Heery, Jacqui Joseph, Len Sharp, Amy Holtan, Alison Lyon, Wayne Lee, Bob Seibright, Anthony Milanoli, Jamie Thomson, Fiona Bachmann and stoic visitor, Anna Taouk, for persevering!

SNORKELLING

Shelly Beach, Manly Saturday 29 March 2008 Leader: Charles Bowden

A marvellously sunny day with calm weather & placid water greeted just 4 members out to take advantage of conditions. We wondered what the others were doing to miss



Eastern blue grouper with escort of mados

out on such a marvellous opportunity.

Entry to the beach was initially tricky as a large wedding party had booked out one of the nearby restaurants which had groomed the beach for a wed-

ding photo pose. Once this was completed, other beachgoers were able to make their way over the neat furrows, reminiscent of beach grooming on the Riviera.

The water was so calm that for the first time we were able to swim out along the eastern breakwater, normally a frothy concoction of surf and waves. The rocks were bare of any weed and lichen, an indication of the normal turbulence, but we found plenty of interesting fish also taking advantage of the unusual conditions. The western shore probably held a more interesting array of marine life and we all enjoyed the contrast.



Wayne intent

Thank you to Maninder Kaur, Wayne Lee and Eileen Ross for making it worthwhile.

Photos by Charles Bowden

Notice board

From your Committee

**The AGM will be held ...
Sunday 29th June 2008,**

**Woodstock
Community
Centre
Church Street, Burwood**

All club members are welcome

10:30am - Morning Tea

11:00am - BWRS Presentation

**AGM commences at
conclusion of presentation.**

Photo competition

**Bring your lunch and enjoy an easy
walk in the local area afterwards.**

DATE BARS

From Mark and Moon

1 cup of self raising flour
1/4 teaspoon of salt
2 cups of chopped dates
1 cup of chopped nuts (we used almonds)
1 cup of sugar (optional)
2 eggs
Method:
Mix dry ingredients together
(we did not use any sugar)
Add beaten eggs
Make into stiff dough
Turn on to floured board
Roll out 1/2 inch thick, place in greased tin
Bake for 40 min in oven at 160°C
Allow to cool in pan, then cut into desired size pieces

The Cyclist's Plea

*Protect me from punctures
And gears that slip,
And people who ask if
I've had a good trip;
From hills that go up,
Never seem to descend,
And bike-weary knees
That complain when they bend;
From drivers who think
That they own all the road,
Flies in their thousands
That taunt me and goad;
Last but not least,
Give me muscles of steel
For pounding the pedals
To turn the back wheel.*

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FREE MAPS AND BROCHURES

NEW RELEASES

Western Sydney Parklands Track
(A3 sheet unfolded)
Lane Cove and Garrigal National Parks
with supplementary leaflet on Fiddens
Wharf Walking Track

ALSO AVAILABLE

1. Barrenjoey to Narrabeen Lakes
2. Narrabeen Lakes to Manly Lagoon
3. Manly Lagoon to North Head & The Spit
4. Spit to Harbour Bridge
5. Harbour Bridge to South Head & Clovelly
6. Clovelly to Cronulla
7. La Perouse to Sydney Airport
8. Cook Park Trail
9. Harbour Circle Walk
10. Harbour to Great North Walk

**Copies obtainable from
Council Libraries, Community
Centres, Tourist Centres
or contact -
Sydney Coastal Councils Group
Level 12 Town Hall House 456 Kent
Street Sydney**

Peter Bonner



Photographic Competition

**to be held at the
next AGM**

Sunday June 29th 2008

Prizes as well as a certificate will
be your reward.

The winning photos will be
published in the Spring issue
of Keeping Track.

There's still 3 weeks left to snap
that special photo at one of the
Club activities.

Photos must have been taken since
the previous AGM.

Categories are:

**PEOPLE
WATER SCENES
FLORA
FAUNA
NATURES WONDERS
CAMPING**

We need 4 entries per category to
run a viable competition, so en-
courage your fellow members to
enter with you.

(Sorry, only one entry per category)

How to Enter

Each photograph should be dis-
played on a sheet of A4 size paper.

*If you don't have a (decent) colour
printer, email the photos to
Charles Bowden, our Web Master,
who will arrange printing for you
at no cost.*

On the reverse side put your name,
category, the date and place where
your picture was taken.

On arrival at the AGM, hand your
entry to **the organiser Len Sharp.**

*The organiser's decision is final as
to eligibility in accordance with the
rules.*

FEATURE

'The Two Sisters' Milford Track Adventure, NZ 2-6 March 2008

by Jan Steven



My sister Sally and I booked this holiday in July last year. Early bookings were essential to secure a private twin room of which there are about 12 at each lodge. Otherwise there are bunkrooms sleeping 4 or 6 people.

To test ourselves we walked a 16km section of the Bibbulmun Track in WA and thereafter did regular walking with loaded packs over the 8 weeks before leaving on March 1.

From my diary

Day 1

We woke this morning to light rain falling. Brekkie at "Bob's Weigh" across the road from our departure location in Queens-town before setting off on the coach with 48 other walkers at 9:30am for Lake Te Anau on our 'Sisters Adventure'. Arrived 12 noon for lunch at Te Anau Hotel – delicious soup, club sandwiches, muffins and fruit. Our first chance to meet some of our fellow walkers who seem to be a pretty decent bunch. Last chance to shop, and pose for a group photo before continuing our journey. Whilst this was being taken, the returning Milford Track walkers' coach pulled alongside to change guides and we were greeted with the vision of limping footsore walkers who we thought were hamming it up for our benefit. Another 28km on then a 1 hour cruise to the head of the lake, landing at Glade House Jetty and the start of The Milford Track. A short walk followed in light misty rain on a rather muddy track up to Glade House for our first night. At 4pm we met for a 1 hour nature walk around the area which still allowed us plenty of time to unpack/repack and shower before drinks then a very good 3 course dinner. Introductory talks and slides followed, then it was early to bed. Lights out at 10pm. (The generator is switched off)

Day 2

Lights on at 6:45am. Beautiful clear blue skies and a cool temperature greeted us. After making lunches, breakfast and last minute adjustments to unfamiliar packs we set off at a leisurely pace for the 16km hike to Pampolona Lodge. The group of 50 walkers was well spread out as people leave when they are ready so one never feels pressure to keep up. Spectacular vistas with Mt Sentinel towering over us as we followed alongside the Clinton River and through lush beech forests. The river was very fast flowing after the recent heavy rain and we learnt that walkers the previous day had been transported to Pampolona Lodge by helicopter, as the track was flooded. How lucky we were not to miss out on a day of the track. A circular sidetrack known as the Wetland Walk was worth an extra 15 minutes to see more fabulous mountain views and really interesting plant life. Some of the more hardy stopped for a brief swim in Prairie Lake, which is fed by a high waterfall, towards the end of the day's walk. Savoury scones and tea revived us on our arrival at Pampolona and our room looked out on to huge mountains crowned with permanent ice fields. Just enough light left to take a photo.



The descent from the pass

Everyone was in high spirits this evening. The jigsaws and cards were out on tables along with the wine and nibbles. A couple of the fellows even had a go on the old Pianola before aching calf muscles got the better of them. It was early to bed again in anticipation of the big day to follow. The Mackinnon Pass!

Day 3

A clear fine day as we set out at 7:40am on today's 15km walk. Most had already left. I didn't get very far before a heel blister got the better of me and I waited for one of the guides to strap it. On we went to Mintaro Hut, (where the independent walkers stay)



View from the top of Mackinnon Pass

and we made our last stop before our assault up the notorious zig zag track leading to the top of the pass. We took our time going up, taking photos of plant life and enjoying the impressive views.

About 2 hours behind the lead walkers we arrived at the cairn erected in 1912 as a memorial to the efforts of Mackinnon and Mitchell who found the pass through to Milford Sound in 1888. After photos at the Memorial and 2 cups of Milo we still had another 40 minutes to the Pass Hut, where, after a short break for lunch we began our descent.

This was a real test. Most agreed going down was the hardest part of the day but probably some of the most beautiful scenery

if you had time to look up from where you were placing your feet. Sharp granite rocks from recent avalanches and really rough terrain with sore feet are not ideal walking conditions for novices like my sister and I who only do easy walks.

On the way down we experienced what we thought was the sound of an avalanche somewhere. This was really eerie since we couldn't see it but we

learnt later that it was an ice avalanche and is quite common at this time of year.

We soon dismissed the idea of arriving back in time to visit the Sutherland Falls as we slowly made our weary way down to Quinton Lodge arriving at the tail end of the group about 5:30pm. It was reassuring to discover some walkers have arrived as late as 11pm in other groups!

During dinner I began to feel really unwell and discovered I had become dehydrated and so had to sit up in the dark until midnight drinking water to rehydrate myself.

Day 4

Rain overnight clearing to azure blue skies.



Crossing below Giants Gate Falls

We crossed 3 main avalanche sites and some pretty scary swing bridges suspended over roaring rivers, then up a steep rocky ledge blasted into the rock in 1808 alongside Lake Ada, which seemed to never end. I didn't dare look over the side!

The last 3.2kms of the walk are flat, through bush on a track built by convicts in 1890 leading to Sandfly Point. Today we weren't quite the last to arrive and by the time we staggered on to the ferry, those waiting on board applauded our arrival.

The short ferry ride took us to Milford and the conclusion of the Milford Track Walk. Another 'room with a view', this time over to Mitre Peak on Milford Sound. After a hot bath, which I had much difficulty getting out of, we had drinks, dinner then certificate presentations and an early night for me. Some of the younger and not so young headed for the pub next door.

Day 5

A more leisurely start this morning and at 9am we stepped aboard the 'Milford Monarch' for our cruise around Milford Sound. Splendid sunny weather as we cruised around these mighty peaks rising from the waters of the sound. Majestic Mitre Peak rises over 1 mile from the water. Dolphins sunning on rocks or showing off in the water with the Bowen and Stirling Falls thundering down after the plentiful rain of the past few days that we were lucky enough to avoid.



Mitre Peak on Milford Sound

We were then transported back to Queenstown by coach, via the Homer Tunnel with a brief stop at Te Anau where we did our limping act accompanied by much laughter from us and the incoming group. Here we bade farewell to our friends who were going on next day to do The Routeburn.... I wonder how they fared.

This is a really spectacular walk that you can do as we did; escorted with meals and accommodation, or you can walk independently. You must book as numbers on the track at any one time are restricted. The season runs from mid November to mid April.

The Campfire Carol

(Words by LESLIE PAUL)

*Leap high, O golden flame, the day is dead,
Give warmth and cheer, O flame, the sun has fled,
Stoutly your gleam maintain, youth's not abed,
Ring out the hearts' refrain, goodwill to all.*

*Now droops the crimson flower, 'neath silent skies,
Flickers the crimson flower, flickers and dies,
These merry singing hours, a swift-flown prize,
Pass whilst the soft dew showers, goodwill to all.*

Envoi -

*Peace to the strong, the thinking and the free,
Peace unto all, peace unto all.*

The words of The Campfire Carol (Leslie A Paul) reminds me of the many enjoyable late nights sitting round campfires here in Australia & earlier on in England; talking, the odd joke or two, singing, drinking hot sweet cocoa, and finally often the most enjoyable, reminiscing about camps in the past. The time all the tents were all blown down in a sudden wind and the rain storm that went almost as quickly as it came, or the time in the Wolgan Valley when wandering local goats got into my tent and ate all my tea bags! I have a photo with the bags hanging out of the goat's mouth.

The fire light dies down with the flames, a light brush of wind stirs the embers to cherry red amid the black charcoal and grey ashes, a faint creaking sound comes from the charcoal as it cools down, a night insect whines past your ear. Suddenly it's time to go to your tent and crawl into your sleeping bag. The dawn bird chorus comes early in the bush.

Peter Bonner

CAR CAMP

'3 Dams' 400 acre property Monkerai via Dungog NSW

22-24 March 2008

Leader: Peter Bonner

This camp was arranged at the request of a number of walkers who were unable to participate in the hard full pack walk programmed for the Easter long weekend, but in the end the forecast rain kept most 'wanna be' car campers at home. Our small group travelled in two 4WD cars with one cancellation at the last minute. It did rain in the end but it was not slippery underfoot and very little rain actually fell.

Our journey to the '3 Dams' campsite was easy with very light traffic. The only incident being when I stopped to buy a big bag of ice, only to find I had left the 'Esky' at home, so I had to return the ice and ask for my money back!

On arrival at the campsite we found it bone dry! Louise and Bill the owners were just ahead of us, so we all worked hard together to erect the tents and my big blue shelter tarpaulin. That done, a campfire was lit and soon we had steam up on a boiling 'billy' for that essential drink: tea.

After afternoon tea or was it late lunch, the pit toilet was established: polished mahogany seat with gleaming brass fittings placed on top of a sturdy plastic milk crate, with a hole cut to suit and the crate supported on flat timbers front and back. The dunny was located in such a position that it was screened from the road and campers but afforded the incumbent 'comfort seeker' a wondrous view down the valley encompassing the 3 dams and the hills beyond.



3 Dams Valley gate - Bill, Louise, Jasmin and Amy

Highlights of the camp were the walking visits to the neighbouring properties and enjoying their hospitality, and viewing 'The Grand Design' house under construction of the nearest neighbour and obtain permission to walk through their properties for some spectacular views. Some time was spent looking at maps to bone up on the local swimming holes which in the past I had not been able to locate. We also did the long walk along the Monkerai reserve up a steep hill to the eastern ridge and then back down the cleared steep slope under the power line that was full of tree and shrub stumps, clumped grass, vines etc - very slow going. I have vowed not to come down that way again! By the time we got down to the campsite dirt road we were more than ready for a 'cuppa' and positively strode along the kilometre or so up the hill to the campsite to get the campfire burning again. On the way we passed Bill & Louise fishing in the 3rd dam. The fish were not biting, so they joined us for tea.



No.3 dam - Louise and Bill trying their luck

you leave out in the sun. Amy & Jasmine filled it up at the nearest dam and refusing all male assistance lugged it up hill to the campsite but it never got hot enough. Jasmine's bathing suit never got wet!

There is nothing! absolutely nothing! better than sitting round a campfire with good companions after a good meal, as the darkness of night closes around you, listening to the evening twittering of bird songs until all is quiet and the fire light dims to glowing charcoal coals. Then you snuggle into your sleeping bag knowing that the dawn chorus of the birds will wake you up. It's too early of course so you turn over and doze until someone more energetic than you lights the camp fire and the cry "billy's boiling" gets you out of bed for another day at a great campsite.

And so it was, on the way back we stopped in Dungog to visit the home of Pauline Cambourne, former Dance Director of the Australian Heritage Dancers Inc. We were shown round the large garden with its many fruit trees and came away with loads of beautiful lemons and cumquats. Jasmine found friendship with George's wife from Linga Longa property and they met up later in Sydney for lunch.

So in the end, despite a bit of rain and a few leeches, we had a good camp with good walks and made friends with the local property owners.

Thanks to Amy and Jasmine for your company and of course to Bill & Louise Lovelock for the privilege of camping on their 3 Dams Valley property.

Photos by Peter Bonner



The "Pancake Cooks" Jasmin and Amy

Wild life?
No snakes! But going by the tracks there are certainly plenty of kangaroos. Amy our visitor from Norway was pleased to see several Greys, and unusual for this area, a big Red kangaroo suddenly appeared bounding up a grassy slope. Common native brown ducks visited the dams and kookaburras delighted Amy with their chatter. Jasmine had concerns regarding her morning shower so I took up one of those black bag thermal water heaters

SNORKELLING

Forty Baskets Beach, Balgowlah Saturday 12 April 2008 Leader: Charles Bowden

The last snorkel of the season and eleven eager beavers (porpoises?) negotiated the steep stone stairs down to the beach. Although the sun was shining the slightly cooler weather and water meant that we had the beach virtually to ourselves and no trouble securing a table and seats on the grassy lawn behind the beach.

The southern end of the beach is ideal for snorkelling because it marks the start of the North Harbour Aquatic Reserve, not that this seems to be much of a deterrent to several anglers on the shoreline. On our first swim, we discovered that the water close to the beach was a little murky from storm-water runoff but that further out towards the point conditions were much clearer with plenty of marine life.



Len checking the swell

So after lunch, at Bob's suggestion, several of us walked the 400m track to Reef Beach and then swam back around the



Red sea urchin



School of black-spotted goatfish

point to 40 Baskets. This proved to be a winner as we found plenty of interesting outcrops and channels in clear water with fish in abundance. A highlight was the discovery of a pair of big flutemouths (long thin needle-like fish) and a large porcupine fish hiding in a boulder cavity.

Thank you to Eileen Ross, Liam Heery, Jacqui Joseph, Alison Lyon, Bob Seibright, Len Sharp, Sharyn Mattern, Annette Sudan, John Rich and Richard Milnes for taking part.

Photos by Charles Bowden

Vale Eric Palmer 1920 - 2008

Vale Eric Palmer, good friend of Paul & Ursula Goessling and Peter Bonner and sometimes member of this Club. Eric had to give up walking and his membership when his knees made walking too painful.

As a young man Eric saw army service overseas in the Papua New Guinea campaign and, on his return at the end of the war, Eric trained as a carpenter and became a successful builder. On retirement he built his own yacht, and with Paul made many local sailing trips. Later after he sold his yacht 'Anulka' Eric, Paul & Ursula made trips to interstate National Parks, often taking with them Paul's Trailer Sailer.

Eric also bought a sea kayak and we three made numerous kayaking/camping trips and day paddles together. In 2001 Eric started as a Volunteer with Meals on wheels and continued with the help of Peter Flynn. In early November Eric was diagnosed with inoperable pancreatic cancer and died on 4 January 2008, just before his 88th Birthday. Having no living relatives, Eric left his entire estate to several charities; his small fleet of kayaks/canoes/sailboards went to the local Police Boys Club.



Eric Palmer taken September 2006 up Cowan Creek

"Farewell Eric, I shall miss all those cups of tea and chats we had together, the sausage sizzle cycle rides with you and Paul".

Eric was an accomplished video filmmaker of the 4WD excursions he went on around Australia. Eric's multi skilled talents show up again when he joined at my invitation 'The Living Writers Group' at Wahroonga where he was warmly accepted and penned some very good writings.

Peter J Bonner

WALK REPORT

O'Hare's Creek Circuit Dharawal SCA

Sunday 20 April 2008 Leader: Charles Bowden

Twelve walkers met at the Fix Café, undeterred by the damp weather, and headed for the start of the walk, closer to Campbelltown than Appin. On its steeper gradients, the fire-trail was slippery from the rain but we made good time and reached the first of the many sections of O'Hare's Creek that we would encounter. Large sandstone slabs, potholed by years of swirling waters, normally afford a good vantage point near a water meter but the creek was quite swollen so we were unable to cross to the overhang shelter on the far side.

After a hurried morning tea snack in the drizzle, we set off to find Matilda and Horace. Along the firetrail we found a notice advising that the area was being surveyed for platypus sightings which came as a pleasant surprise although we failed to spot any that day. After a bit of reconnoitring, we located the



Aboard Matilda

We then moved on to the end of the track and headed out along the spur towards the creek. Soon we found Horace, not as heavily cloaked in shrubbery, and some even managed to squeeze in behind his steering in spite of the rusty metal protrusions.

Leaving Horace to the elements, we headed to the end of the spur and found a brick cairn erected a couple of years ago to mark the turning point to descend to O'Hare's Creek. The higher water level made crossing a challenge but exemplary team-work initiated by



Checking out Horace

Mark soon saw the group across safe and dry. The next crossing proved easier after Bob lobbed a couple of large boulders into the water to act as stepping stones, then it was a short sideways climb up the ridge to meet up with another old track leading to a wide flat sweep of the stream.

Here O'Hare's Creek pours off a wide lip into a deep pool that is an idyllic swimming hole. Initially only the walk leader ventured in for a swim, much to the amusement of the others.

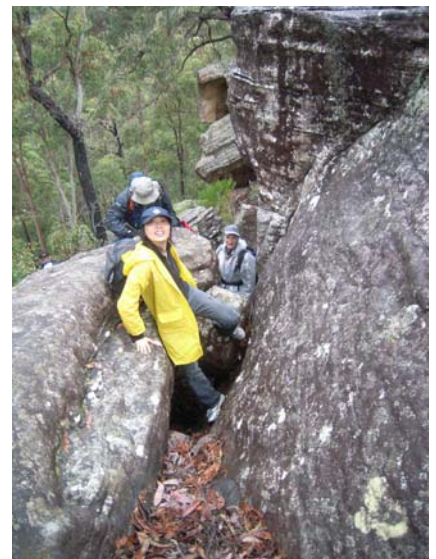


Team effort

The water was quite cold but the rain had stopped and it was refreshing although the waterfalls were gushing so strongly it was not possible to get right under them.

As we paused for a leisurely lunch, grateful for the hiatus in the rain, a plastic bag was snatched by the breeze and sent sliding down the falls and into the pool. While the guilty owner (yours truly) blazed a hazardous route to the far edge of the pool to get the bag, it became wedged against a large boulder, prompting the indefatigable Bob to take the plunge after all and retrieve it. Peter then gave an impromptu lesson in fossicking as he trowelled successfully in the humus for a lost coin.

Plaudits for effort and initiative all round faded as the rain threatened again so we decided to pack up and head off back up the ridge. After completing the circuit in good time, we took a detour up a side creek and climbed a steep slope to the base of imposing sandstone cliffs. A more recent but unnamed relative of Horace lay upturned, stainless steel nuts still gleaming in stark contrast to the rest of the body.



Up the cliff

After pausing for afternoon tea in the shelter of the cliffs, we clambered up to the top and then returned along the firetrail to the cars, pausing occasionally to indulge Kim's passion for insects.

A recovery meal was later enjoyed at a Thai restaurant in Sutherland. Thank you to Jacqui Joseph, Liam Heery, Lyn Cheeseman, Kim Dennison, Moon Yong, Mark Rea, Bob Seibright, Zvonko Grkavac, Peter West and visitors Daisy Wu and Naomi Nomura for cheerful miens in spite of the inclement weather.

Photos by Charles Bowden

WALK REPORT

Suicide Rock to Peak Hill via Dead Horse Bay & Sandy Bay

Sunday 27 April 2008

Leader: Peter Bonner

This walk that was put on to fill the void in the ANZAC Long Weekend programme got off to a bad start when I forgot to tell Elizabeth not to get off the train at Hornsby as I had changed the meeting details. Elizabeth had to wait for an hour to get the next train to Brooklyn on the Hawksbury River. In the meantime Nick, Fenella, Julie and myself took ourselves off to the nearest coffee shop and I braced myself to meet Elizabeth when she got off the train. No one else had turned up although Saturday had been such a glorious day, but rain was forecast for Sunday. Up to ANZAC Friday we had experienced 13 days in a row of heavy showers. (The last time was in 1931). A number of members elected to stay home.

As it turned out, Sunday was a beautiful sunny day, very few clouds with the temperatures up to 26° C. The track around to Dead Horse Bay and then Sandy Bay was overgrown as one would expect after all the rainy days, but the route up to the Peak Hill saddle was truly overgrown and I found it hard work bashing my way through. It was such slow work we didn't get to the saddle until 3.30pm so I decided to forget about Peak Hill & return Via Porto Ridge. Nick said he



Group photo on Sandy Bay

recognised a place where he had come up with Liam some time ago but there was a lot of loose rock which made it a slow and difficult descent down to the dirt road. The very last section was done as dusk turned to dark and our two torches helped as the last piece of track was very slow going, with more loose rocks. However, cold drinks at the Fisherman's Rest Hotel, some of the amber colour, soon revived us. The return journey was by car.



Thanks Elizabeth, Fenella & Nick for your company and Nick again for the photos which showed that it wasn't all hard going with some excellent views and a wild Blue Tongue Lizard spotted by Elizabeth,

NOTES FOR KAYAKERS & CANOEISTS

- 1. Jeans are never to be worn while kayaking**
Please wear appropriate clothing such as shorts, thin trousers or something light that will dry quickly.
- 2. Shoes are to be worn at all times**
Due to oysters and other sharp objects please wear old joggers, wet booties, reef sandals or the new plastic shoes called 'cros'.
Whatever you wear, they should not come off easily and, remember, they will get wet.
- 3. Thongs or slip-on shoes must never be worn while kayaking.**
- 4. Bring the following**
 - Hat
 - Sunscreen & insect repellent.
 - Water bottle, you will get thirsty on the water.
 - Towel & change of clothing (to be left in a vehicle) for after the trip.
 - Rain gear (should it be forecasted).
 - Sunglasses, preferably Polaroid to counter sunlight reflection off the water and helps to see underwater objects including fish.
 - Lunch!
- 5. You must wear the buoyancy vest when in a club kayak, this is a club rule.**
- 6. Always assist with loading & unloading canoes & kayaks.**

Peter Bonner

with sundry squatters residences on the way and in some places a very pretty walk on the bed rock of Sandy Bay Creek. Alas the spectacular armies of Helmeted Soldier Crabs often seen at Sandy Bay at low tide were off on manoeuvres somewhere else as we didn't see one of them.



Photos by Nick Collins

Welcome to New Members

Jamie Thomson

Hermine Jessurun

Lyn Cheeseman

Jennifer Thompson

Colin Herbert

**See you in
the bush**



DEADLINE

FOR NEXT ISSUE

4 August 2008

**SEND YOUR
CONTRIBUTIONS TO.....**
jcsteven@unwired.com.au
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ACTRA Paddy Pallin 6 hour, Oaillen Ford, Shoalhaven

5-6 April 2008

Leader: Charles Bowden

We set off in two cars from Sydney, meeting up at the turnoff from the free-way, a few kms past Marulan. Here we made the serendipitous discovery of several apple trees that had run wild, full of fruit which Len zealously picked before acquiring a sack of potatoes from the veggie seller across the road.

We made good time to Oaillen Ford and found a suitable campsite above the Shoalhaven River where we could park the cars nearby. Having pitched our tents, we hauled in lumber for the campfire and soon had a good blaze going to last us the night while we admired the clear starry skies.

The next morning we packed up and headed towards the gate of the nearby private property where the rogaine was to be held. With around 250 participants, it was one of the smaller events with 113 teams in total. The course was fairly fast over mostly open ground with lots of farm tracks and paths to provide unexpected assistance. Occasionally a deeply eroded gully provided a cautionary topographic challenge.

ANB entered two teams, Len & Wayne being one and David & myself the other. Len & Wayne came in 101 position overall on 490 points having suffered an early navigational setback while David & I managed 54 overall on 830 points, a good result. I was initially chuffed that we had cracked a top 10

position in the Men's Veteran category, coming 7th; however my euphoria was later mitigated when I discovered that there were only 11 MV teams!

Still, we all had a good time and enjoyed the event, the only real disappointment being missing out on a door prize in spite of waiting over an hour while names were read out, all of whom seemed to be ACTRA members. We consoled ourselves with a good meal at the pub in Mittagong on our way back

Thanks to Len Sharp, Wayne Lee, David & Gillian Perkins for coming along and taking part.



Campfire carousing

Photos by Charles Bowden

Prizewinner Fei Xu at the Metrogaine



A big 'Thank you' to all who contributed to this newsletter - Editor