



all nations
BUSHWALKERS INC



Spring Newsletter
September 2012

PO Box Q23 Queen Victoria Building,
Sydney NSW 1230
<http://anbwalkers.org.au/>

Keeping Track

NEWSLETTER OF ALL NATIONS BUSHWALKERS INC • FORMERLY ANC BUSHWALKERS INC & ALL NATIONS CLUB WALKABOUT GROUP • FOUNDED 1964 • INCORPORATED 1992

50th Anniversary Walk and Picnic Engadine - Audley - Sutherland

3 June 2012

Grade 2

Leader Terry Redmond

In the weeks leading up to the walk, the emails, texts and phone calls flooded in. At one point there were 35 people booked on the walk. I asked Peter Bonner if this would be a record, but he told me the record was 36.

The day approached and the weather was ominous. Once again the emails and texts flowed in. It seemed that sickness, death and "other plans" were decimating the walk's numbers.

The morning of the walk arrived and blessedly it was not raining. The cancellation text messages kept flooding though. We all stood there on the Engadine platform – 19 brave and true souls. 16 had not made it.



Addressing the troops, I complimented them for their pluck and dedication. Very few of our walks are ever cancelled for something as insignificant as rain and today once again showed that we are a stout and hardy bunch of bushwalkers. To keep spirits up I mentioned that Catharina had prepared a treat for us all, so a hot cup of soup would be waiting for us at trails end.

Shortly after heading off it started to drizzle. Slowly this morphed into a steady shower, but we were saved from downpours on the day.

Because of the weather it was agreed that morning tea would be cancelled. Like myself no doubt, all were looking forward to that hot soup.

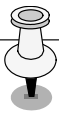
One notable thing on the walk was that I trialed an idea that I had developed. In large parties it has been traditional to appoint a "middle man" who supposedly looks after the middle. I remembered where I had held this appointment on one of Charles's walks and four stragglers (self included) had gotten separated from the mob when Charles had detoured to a lookout. To avoid this I nominated a "pointer" at every spot where the track branched. The "pointer's" task was to point people in the right direction. Since none were lost, I can report that it was a successful experiment.

Coming down the hill to Audley, we could not find Peter and his entourage. Scouts were organised and were just about to be dispatched when someone spotted Peter in the big shed across the river. So we discovered that the lunch site was a further 1.5 km upriver.

It was like coming to the promised land. Catharina's smiling face and a big pot of bubbling soup. I believe that Catharina's minestrone soup will go down in club folklore. It was just the right thing at the right time. It was more than soup to our weary and soggy crew. It was something to warm us up, cheer us up and get us into the party mood to enjoy the BBQ, birthday cake and coffee.



Footnote: Not everyone walked back to Sutherland but opted to get a lift in one of the picnic helper's cars. Thanks to all who made it a day to remember in more ways than one.



President's report

In this, my first report as your club's new president, I shall be devoting most of my remarks towards thanking all those involved in making our 50th Anniversary celebrations such a memorable event.

Many of you reading this will have attended so anything I say will not come as a surprise. But for those of you who were unable to be there on Sunday 22 July at the Woodstock Community Centre in Burwood, it was a remarkable occasion by any measure.

The Ballroom was decked out with balloons and bunting. Banners old and new reflected the club's evolution while printed excerpts from old newsletters and press articles were laid out on the tables for guests to (re)familiarise themselves with the club's origins. The tables themselves were garnished with flowers and bunting.

A mountain of food was prepared and served including hors d'oeuvres, a buffet main course and a huge cake for dessert. The unfortunate mishap that altered the cake's appearance prior to unveiling (see the photos on our website) fortunately did not affect its taste: it was entirely consumed by day's end.

There were speeches and videos, a club quiz and lucky prizes, a charity raffle and a sing-along. The presentation of certificates to members past and present in recognition of their contributions to the club was particularly noteworthy. But most impressive of all was the attendance: the ballroom was packed, all available seats were taken. The list of members past and present in attendance spanned the five decades of the club's existence. Without your presence and support and participation, the club would not be the thriving institution it is today and our celebrations would have been muted. So first and foremost I would like to thank you all, not just for being there on that day but for helping keep the club's spirit alive.

Special thanks go to the organising group so capably led by Fenella Walter with the invaluable support of Nick Collins, Catharina Muller, Peter Bonner, Jan Steven, Len Sharp, David Cunningham, Liam Heery, Jacqui Joseph, Chris Webber and Bob Seibright, all under the guiding hand of my predecessor, Suseela Durvasula. It was a monumental task with many components, made light by your willingness and enthusiasm to make it happen.

Thank you also to our photographers Nick Collins, Fiona Bachmann and Marcela Whitehead, and to our videographer Lily Chen, for capturing so many memorable images of the event.

Finally, thank you to all those who stayed behind to clean up afterwards. Many hands make light work as the saying goes and the place was cleaned and tidied with astonishing speed and efficiency.

I have been fortunate to inherit a committee comprising most of those involved in the club's administration in the past 12 months, plus one new face (other than my own): an experienced, talented and hardworking group. I would like to thank outgoing Membership Co-ordinator Bob Seibright for his valuable contribution over the past 3 years. I reserve my final thanks to our outgoing President, Suseela Durvasula, for all her hard work and dedication during the past three years which, inter alia, saw the introduction of many important innovations to the club such as a new grading system, modern equipment, improved activities program and a new website

I look forward to working for and with you, the members, to ensure All Nations Bushwalkers continues to prosper.

Charles Bowden
July 2012



Happy Birthday (photo by Fenella)



Deck the hall (photo by Nick)



All together now (photo by Marcela)



Famous former luminaries Geoff, Denise and Ed (photo by Nick)



Get your raffle ticket - Peter (photo by Nick)



2nd prize (photo by Marcela)



I've a use for this (photo by Marcela)



Volunteer Steve (photo by Fiona)



Studying for the quiz (photo by Marcela)



The Girls (photo by Nick)



Trivia host Charles - Which country? (photo by Nick)



The winning team (photo by Marcela)



**I am, you are, we are
All Nations - sing along with
Chris (photo by Nick)**



Bernice and Judy (photo by Nick)



Exceptional contribution (photo by Marcela)



**Exceptional contribution
(photo by Marcela)**



**Surprise surprise!
(photo by Nick)**

Wonderful 50th Anniversary Lunch
Great Club to belong to
Jen Strong

One touch of nature
makes the whole world kin.
-William Shakespeare

Congratulations on your 50th anniversary
ANC - Fantastic Club!! Evid & Merida

Happy 50th Anniversary - may there be more than another
50 to come. A fun club to belong too! Sandy Gith

Happy 50th & may more to come!
Sue Yap 22/7/2012



Comments from our Guest Book Sunday 22 July 2012

Charles Bowden

An auspicious day in so many ways! Not just because I had a prize-winning
entry in the photo competition!

It was wonderful to see so many members past and present in attendance. All had
a great time judging by the many smiles and positive remarks.

It was also marvellous to see how many club members were involved in the extensive
organisation of the event. A huge vote of thanks for their tireless efforts.



Alex CUESTAS
Being in the club only 3 years
but feels like so much more...

It is wonderful to be able to
visit so many nice people and
visit awesome places...

Looking forward to the next 50 years...

22/7/12 - Geoff Maynard (former member - walks coordinator,
newsletter editor, membership secretary)

Memories!

7/12 - Gary Daley - Hopefully keep all the walks
green and they'll be self-sufficient.

12 - Denise Kruse + Ed Grads
My memories are of the Young Group + all the
fun we had - trivia nights, camping + dinners.
Now for the next 50 years.....

How great to see All Nat's reach 50! Thanks for the fantastic
walks & camaraderie - what a great bunch of people!! Here's
to the future may it be as fun as the last 50 have been
Beth Reichelach

It's great to see the ANC Bushwalkers still flourishing so well.
What a great group of people it has been my privilege to know. Thank
you for all the years of friendship. Jean Bourne (Walker).



I have had so many wonderful experiences & friends in
the ANC/ANB it's fantastic to see so many here and have such
a great celebration organised!! Christopher Webber

A club with many activities and attracts a great
cross section of people from many nations.
A great group of people. *John Bell*

THE ALL NATIONS PHOTO COMPETITION 2012

And the winners were...

Andrew McRae, Catharina Muller, Len Sharp, Charles Bowden, Yuko Imai.

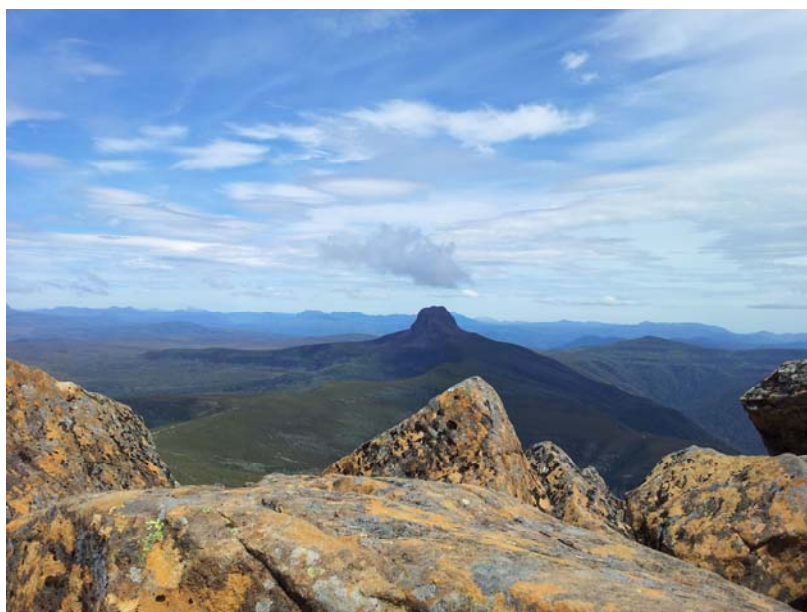
Winners each received prize certificates with cheques for \$20. The winners were decided by member's votes.

No prize was awarded for the CAMPING category due to lack of entries.

Our thanks to organiser Len Sharp and to all those who entered to contest. Held at the AGM July 22 2012



PEOPLE - Andrew McRae



NATURE'S WONDERS - Yuko Imai

Snap that special photo at a club activity to enter the 2013 photo competition...

Snap that special photo at a club activity to enter the 2013 photo competition...

FAUNA - Catharina Muller



FLORA - Len Sharp

The winning photos along with other entries are available for viewing in colour within the Club's Website <http://anwalkers.org.au/> in the Photo gallery

You will find them in

AGM 2012 Photo Competition



WATER SCENES - Charles Bowden

○ Notices Notices Notices Notices

Our New Committee for 2012/13

President	Charles Bowden
Secretary	Nick Collins
Treasurer	Helen Hindin
Programme Co-ordinator	Catharina Muller
Membership Co-ordinator	Yuko Imai
Newsletter Editor	Jan Steven
Webmaster	David Cunningham

The Barbara Mitchell (our 1st cake lady) Commemorative Boiled Fruit Cake Recipe

3 June 1012

INGREDIENTS:

125g butter/margarine
1 cup sugar
1 cup self raising flour
1 cup wholemeal flour
375g mixed fruit
12 glacé cherries
1 cup water
1 tsp bicarbonate of soda
1 tsp mixed spices
3 eggs

METHOD:

1. Boil for 12 minutes - water, bicarb, sugar, butter/marg, fruit and spices. Allow to cool.
2. Add eggs, flour (sieved) and mix well.
Pour half of the mixture into a greased paper-lined cake tin. Cut the cherries into halves and distribute cherries evenly over the mix in tin. Then pour over the remainder of the cake mixture. Bake in a moderate oven 180°C for about 1 hour. Cool on a wire rack.

NOTE: I added about 6 soft dates (chopped) and orange and lemon peel to the fruit mix. If the mixture is too stiff to mix well, add a small amount of full cream milk.

It is important to have the cherries evenly distributed so that every slice of cake has a piece of cherry in it.

Peter Bonner

FOR THE DIARY

**The ANB Annual
Christmas Picnic BBQ**

Come and join us
Saturday 15 December 2012
11am to 5pm at the
Crosslands Picnic Shelter
Hornsby Heights (end of Somerville
Road)

BBQ facilities and amenities available.
Bring your own meat, plate, cutlery, cup, folding chair etc. Salads, bread rolls and soft drinks will be provided.

We are also planning to lead a walk into the site on the day - more details will be provided in the Summer programme.

Membership Cards Reminder

**This is proof of your current
membership and should be carried with
you on all club activities.**

Present your ANB card at -

**Paddy Pallin Sydney stores
CampHikeClimb Hornsby
Alpsport West Ryde**

**which entitles you to receive free
store membership and/or discount.**

DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE

4 November 2012

SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO.....

jcsteven@unwired.com.au

Pictures submitted - 300DPI resolution preferred
to achieve good reproduction quality

St John Ambulance Apply First Aid Course

Seven Club members took up the opportunity to attend a 1 day training course on Sunday May 20 8:30am at Kegworth School in Leichhardt.

Previous courses have been run over 2 days, and this change to a single day course specifically targeting bushwalking groups proved to be popular. We had a full group of 25 people taking part from various other Sydney walking clubs as well as All Nations Bushwalkers.

Before undertaking this course we were required to study a vast amount of material on-line with a series of test questions on what we had covered. This reading complimented what was covered over the course on the day.

Our very able trainer Belinda Keir and assistant David, a St John Officer, took us through the many facets of first aiding - CPR, heart attacks and stroke; fractures, dislocations and



Suseela, Jan, Julie, Liam, Fernando - also attending were Helen and Jacqui

sprains; bleeding; spider bites and poisoning; shock; choking; asthma attacks; head and spinal injuries. The list goes on. All in all a very comprehensive coverage of situations we may encounter.

We were all required to practise on each other bandaging (causing some mirth) and other different scenarios, as well as



Julie and Liam, with Belinda Keir observing

CPR on dummies which was much harder then one would think.

In the afternoon we had to sit at little person size desks to complete our multiple choice examination. Each of us was then tested on how we would treat a certain situation chosen at random from a pack of cards.

Our day concluded close to 6pm and it was with weary relief we all went home.

Footnote: I believe the benefit of the training has already been put to practise on at least one of our walks since.



Change of Details
Don't forget to notify
Treasurer Helen Hindin
of any of the following -

- change in address
- email address
- phone numbers

Phone: 02 9331 1921 or
email us at -
club@anbwalkers.org.au

Another entry from the photo competition



Camping - Charles Bowden (only entry)

WALK

Meadowbank to Parramatta

6 May 2012

Grade 2

Walk Leader: Julie Armstrong

Meeting at Meadowbank Ferry Wharf we faced a dilemma as two of our walkers were carried over to Chiswick by Ferry from Parramatta and would not be able to arrive until 10.30. Anthony stepped up and volunteered to wait for the girls and catch us up before reaching Parramatta, so the rest of us set off.

Straight away we admired the view across the river to the new development of Rhodes and further on Homebush Bay where we could see the Olympic Arena. A lot of cleaning up has had to be done in this area to remove contaminated soil.



Boardwalk to the viewing deck - just a hint of urban smell

At Meadowbank on the north-western side of the Parramatta River, I pointed out where a tidal Pool used to be and where my Mother and her family and friends used to swim in the 1930s & 1940s. My Mother told me a story of one of the boys who used to swim with them diving into the pool and getting stuck in the mud and drowning. I am sure that

was to deter me from swimming there which I never did, but with my friends we used to play on the local river bank, in canals catching tadpoles and eels and on the railway line. We had much more freedom than children do today.

Continuing on we passed Meadowbank Park and reached Ermington Boat Wharf where you can see across the river to the Armory Wharf, Café and park. Just after that we walked onto the recently finished boardwalk over the mangroves with which everyone was quite impressed. We then passed the new housing development at Ermington, Silverwater Gaol across the river and under Silverwater Bridge arriving at our morning tea spot. Anthony and the girls caught up with us there which was very good timing on their part.

After Rydalmere Ferry Wharf we had to navigate through a few industrial streets following the marked bicycle route as there is no access to the river bank. Next we walked through the Rydalmere Campus of the University of Western Sydney which fronts the river bank and Victoria Road on the northern side. This site has retained some of the original buildings which were established as a female orphanage school in the 1800s and used as an asylum in the mid 1900s.

We then walked under James Ruse Drive, through a couple of North Parramatta residential streets, past the Baludarri Wetlands and through Bangihou Reserve. We crossed Mac-



At Rydalmere looking across the river to The Shell Refinery at Clyde

Arthur Street and the Gas Works Bridge to the southern side of the river. By then it was just after 1pm and becoming quite hot walking. We arrived at the Albion Hotel (Gas Works Hotel) for a recovery cool drink and lunch. The hotel has recently been renovated and met with all walkers' approval. Especially the Sticky Date Pudding Anthony bought to share.

We ended the walk after lunch, with Anthony, Yuko, Jasmine and Sandi feeling energetic and keen to retrace our steps the 10kms back to Meadowbank. Margaret, Helen, Enid, Virginia, Sharyn and I decided to catch the Rivercat back. As the water level was too low for the ferry to dock we had the extra excursion of a bus trip to Rydalmere Wharf to catch the ferry with a stop at Olympic Park arriving at Meadowbank at 4pm. Birds seen from Parramatta Wharf on Sunday included Cormorant, Pied Cormorant, Heron and Ducks.



Thank you for joining the walk Anthony, Pan, Xian, Jasmine, Yuko, Enid, Sandi, Catharina, Virginia, Helen, Margaret, and Sharyn. Special thanks to Yuko for being photographer on the day.

Footnote:

Baludarri was the eldest son of Burrumattagal elder, Maugoran from the Darug Aboriginal tribe. Baludarri the name means Leather Jacket fish. Baludarri is remembered in European history for assisting Governor Phillip's expedition up the Hawkesbury River by acting as an interpreter with other tribes.

The Baludarri Wetland has recently been given a grant of \$22,000.00 for a plan of management by Parramatta Council. This follows on from the past five years removal of weeds, clearing and planting by council staff. Parramatta Council recognizes the significance of the salt marsh wetland area which is an important habitat for migratory birds, including several rare species such as the Great Egret (aka Heron) and Latham's Snipe.

Paddy Pallin Rogaine

17 June 2012 **Grade 3-5**
Co-ordinator: Charles Bowden

Four ANB teams consisting of 10 participants in all set off in pouring rain on the Saturday to drive to the rogaïne site on a private property near Clandulla, north of Lithgow. After several hours driving, the rain continued unabated on arrival as we set about searching for ground devoid of both puddles and cattle dung on which to pitch our tents. We then spent most of the evening huddled around the blazing fire that a neighbouring camper, complete with ute-load of firewood, had thoughtfully established and generously allowed us to share. At least we were able to toast marshmallows!

Fortunately the rain stopped during the night and Sunday dawned dry if cold with sunny patches: ideal rogaïne weather. However the watercourses were full to overflowing so most competitors got wet feet early on.

The ANB teams all did very well with Team 129 (myself & Andrew) breaking the 1000 point barrier for the first time, soon followed by Team 127 (Len, Catharina & Fiona on her first rogaïne) on 740 points, ahead of Team 128 (Liam, John & Julian) on 620 points with Team 121 (David & Gillian) achieving 460 points. To keep this in perspective, the overall winners got 2090 points, but then again we walked while they ran all day! Nonetheless, it was an excellent effort. Overall placings (out of 158 teams of which 60 were in the Veteran category) were:

Team 121 – 130th and 53rd

Team 127 – 84th and 35th

Team 128 – 104th and 44th

Team 129 – 56th and 19th

Overall team entries were down on previous years, probably due to a combination of weather and distance from Sydney. So many thanks to all my fellow ANB participants who stayed the course, and special thanks to John for sharing the driving.



Team 2



Team 3



Team 1



Team 4

FEATURE STORY

Sierra Valdivieso Circuit Tierra del Fuego Argentina April 2012

by Fiona Bachmann

The Lonely Planet notes my cousin purchased describe this walk as a 48.5km, 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, climbing through sooty trees, and test the hardest of trekkers.

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 actual start. Along the way he also failed to start the meter, turned it on as passing the police check point exiting the city, and then turned it off again. It appeared bargaining a set price as we had wasn't legal. Finally around 2pm 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 - hmmm?!? 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 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 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. This offered views to a small lake. There were always beaver dams adding to the volume of water bodies, changing the water course, and confusing which landmarks to follow. The Beaver's work showed what an industrious creature it is. They take trees, build damn 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, and sooty trees from a recent bushfire.

On day three we attempted to climb steeply southward toward a prominent boulder, 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 packs and scouted for a camp spot, settling next to a large pond. By 4pm 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 the days layers adding a sleeping bag and liner. We contemplated our options for the remainder of the day and 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 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 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. Throughout 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 possible breakfast in bed.

Morning came and our packs and boots were frozen under snow in the tent vestibule. The tent pegs were frozen 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 in Kathryn confessed the hour had passed, and we just kept going. We went up and down through knee deep snow and I picked ready-made 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 al-fresco. 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 bottle with a flask and spare jumper. I was also sleeping on Kathryn's spare clothes as the 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 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 when 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, rain, passing a peat cutting operation, guard dogs and emergence beside a youth rehabilitation centre. This left us with a 15km 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 muddy 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 police who were on alert 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 Beaver

WALK

Berowra to Brooklyn via Porto Ridge Ku-Ring- Gai Chase NP

24 June 2012

Grade 5+

Leader Liam Heery



Berowra Creek Lookout

As this was to be a long walk – 26km, and included an off track portion, I was pleasantly surprised when I had 8 other eager walkers not only book onto this walk but actually turn up. Not only that, but everyone was on time and ready to go at the appointed hour, a necessity due to the length of the walk and the expected loss of light by 5pm.

Heading off from Berowra the first thing we noticed was the cold! It was still only 6 degrees and the car thermometer registered 3 degrees on the way. Needless to say a brisk pace was welcomed by all as we negotiated the back streets and trails to the start of the bush track leading down to Berowra Waters.

After one or two quick stops for some people to disrobe, we reached the lookout over Berowra Creek to Crosslands. The view was shrouded in a dense mist coming up from the water, making it look like we were above the clouds.

After a short break we headed off again and managed to get to Berowra Waters in no time at all. There we were greeted by the roar of a load of bikies heading across on the ferry.

Passing the marina, we discussed the closure of Berowra Waters Inn, who were to serve their last luncheon on the other side of the river that afternoon. Talk of lunch stirred the morning tea rumbles and it wasn't long before we reached our morning tea spot on the rock cliffs overlooking Berowra Waters.

Here we had time to rest and warm up in the morning sunshine, provided that other people in the group didn't take your shade.

After sufficient time we packed up and made our way towards Cowan, crossing a couple of creeks while negotiating a few steep climbs and descents along the way. It was on this section that we encountered most of the trail walkers we passed during the day. Luckily they were going the opposite direction so we were not too put out by them. The track though is taking a fair old beating from the "extra" traffic that trail walkers



Porto Ridge descent - Photos Charles Bowden

are generating and some of the more interesting sections have been made easier to accommodate them with the installation of steps, etc. In my mind having a detrimental effect on what used to be a nice bush track.

At Cowan, I gave anyone in the group the opportunity to leave the walk at this point, however no one took up the offer and everyone wanted to go the whole way.

We stopped at Jerusalem Bay for lunch, amongst the biggest crowd I've ever seen there. A mixture of trail walkers and day trippers taking up most of the good spots in the sun. However they all moved on and we had a pleasant lunch break.

Not long after lunch and just before the climb out of Jerusalem Bay we met another group coming from Brooklyn. Being polite we gave way to them and engaged in polite discussion. One of them had an accent that I recognized and I asked if her name was Kritikia. Sure enough it was and there I was talking to an old friend of my sisters who I had last seen over 25 years ago.

Following the big climb out of Jerusalem Bay we meandered our way to the fire trail that leads down to Brooklyn. Still conscious of time I kept the pace up until we reached the start of the off track section across to Porto Ridge.

Again people were given the opportunity to take the fire trail if they didn't want to go bush, but again everyone decided to partake in the full adventure.

Normally the route across this part of the ridge is reasonably open and a bit scrambly until we get to the top of the ridge where the undergrowth gets heavier, and so it was today. We made reasonable progress and it wasn't long before we intersected the bush track I was looking for.

This leads to a wonderful lookout overlooking Peak Hill and the Hawkesbury River, out to Barrenjoey Headland and the open ocean. Given the time, we had made good progress and were able to stop here to enjoy a leisurely afternoon tea in the diminishing light.

With about only half an hour of daylight left we packed up and made our way along Porto Ridge to join up with the Brooklyn fire trail and then linked in with the "old" track descending into Brooklyn (rather than taking the roller coaster cement driveway).

Spot on 5pm, we hit the roadway and within 10 minutes darkness had descended. Our timing was even more perfect, when those travelling home by train were able to enjoy a drink at the Brooklyn pub before catching the next train.

Those who remained headed back to the Hornsby pub where we had a delightful meal and well earned drink.

Thanks to Jacqui, Bob, Nick, Charles, Andrew, Suseela, Rajiv and Len for joining me on a great days walk and for persevering with the time schedule.

WALK

Nepean Gorge via Mulgoa Trig Blue Mountains NP

1 July 2012

Grade 3

Leader: Charles Bowden

Eleven walkers turned up in five cars (an inadvertent 'salute' to the launch of the new Carbon Tax) on a slightly chilly and overcast morning at the carpark at the end of Fairlight Road. The first two lookouts (The Rock and The Ravine) were enjoyed, as much for the signs of blue sky as for the views along the Nepean River and across to the Blue Mountains. By the time we reached Rileys Mountain Lookout, the sun had broken through and we were treated to welcome sunny spells for the rest of the day.



Nepean River – NE view

The lookouts afforded clear views to quite a distance while occasional wildflowers gleamed in the undergrowth such as some delightful blue lobelias (incorrectly labelled as orchids by the writer during the walk – apologies!).

The Nepean Shallows Lookout at the northern end of the gorge is no

longer obscured by trees and there are excellent views of the mouth of Glenbrook Creek and Penrith beyond.

The downhill scramble from this lookout initially alarmed a few with its narrow rocky chutes and slippery leaf litter. However all emerged onto the old 4WD track 70 metres below without much difficulty, if slightly ruffled by the slithering and sliding.

During lunch we perched on a rocky platform above the river in time to see the Nepean Belle paddle steamer chug upstream and back again. Other watercraft, fishermen and kayakers, also plied the waterway which looked very full.

After lunch we found the old 4WD track to be seriously overgrown, no doubt to all the rain we've been having. Indeed a lot of regrowth was evident in the forests of spindly saplings we saw as we wended our way along the track and, later, the firetrail that led us back to the cars.

Most of us then adjourned for hot refreshments at the Peppercorn Café in Mulgoa before heading back to Sydney. Many

thanks to Jennifer, Yuko, Nick, Sandy, Terry, Spiro and Rajiv, to visitors (but by now new members) Sam, Jordan and Kye with special thanks to Sam for assisting with the car pool arrangements.



Nepean River – SW view.jpg



Nepean Belle



Lunchtime

Welcome to 16 New Members

Jennifer Shumack
Peter Turner
Patricia Bekiaris
Kristy Howard
Sue Nineham
Richard Nineham
Lily Chen
Gill McCartney
Carolina Rodriguez
Kye Thompson
Dianne Bennett
Vivienne Chen
Serene Leow
Gareth Dando
Sophie Lewis
Divya Ramachandran

See you
in the bush



WALK

Historic Hotels Kings Cross and Woolloomooloo

1 July 2012

Grade 1

Leader: Helen Hindin

Twelve people met outside the *Kings Cross Hotel* on a somewhat windy but sunny winter's day to explore some of our city pubs. At 12 noon when the pub opened we trooped upstairs to the Balcony Bar to enjoy our first drink together. *The Kings Cross Hotel* features many photos of celebrities and other Kings Cross characters from the past. This was a pleasant place for a drink before setting out on our walk.



**View from the back of the terrace
houses in Victoria Street**

Heading off along Victoria Street from "The Cross", we admired the architecture of the old terraces that were saved from demolition by Jack Munday in the 1970s. Jack was leader of the New South Wales Builders' Labourers Federation (the BLF) and the figurehead of the famous 'Green Bans' of the period. These were industrial actions intended to protect the natural and built environment of Sydney from excessive and inappropriate development and were highly successful.

Cutting down the steep stairway off Victoria Street we then headed down to the waterfront at Woolloomooloo for lunch at the *Frisco Hotel* where we were able to sit on the veranda and enjoy the sunshine as we ate lunch.

Other pubs we visited were: *The Tilbury* and *The Woolloomooloo Bay Hotel*, rather more upmarket, with views of the Botanic Gardens and the Finger Wharf development from the upstairs balcony.

The Bells opened in 1922 was our next drinking stop. This pub used to be a favourite with locals, sailors and "wharvies" alike and now has a different clientele from the apartments which have replaced the wharves and the sailors.

The East Sydney Hotel calls itself "the last country pub in the Sydney Metropolitan area" and hasn't seen a refurbishment in some time. On Sundays from 5pm they have live music and the band was setting up as we left for our final pub.

The Old Fitzroy Hotel, which is built with some of the bricks made by the early settlers, is home to one of Sydney's first Independent live theatres. Each year they host up to 12 productions in their Old Fitzroy Theatre.

What a nice relaxing Sunday it was and our 'thanks' to Helen for being our able leader.

Jan Steven



Lunch at The Tilbury Hotel

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