
THE BUSH CLUB NEWSLETTER



Summer 2010

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Walks Program Summer 2010-11 p.17

Walks Reports Spring 2010 p.11

WALKS SUBMISSIONS

Email addresses

Walk submissions for the newsletter:

walkssecretary@gmail.com

Short notice walks:

bushclubsnw@gmail.com

Postal address

Walks Secretary
PO Box 95, Pymble Business Centre,
NSW 2073

71ST BIRTHDAY WALK

By Cynthia Brew

Thank you to all the walkers who attended the graded easy walk that was intended to be led by me. I am sorry for being unavailable as I was unexpectedly in hospital on the day of the walk and for two days before. The event shows that it's a good idea to enquire and book early for a walk. Thank you to those who came. I hope you contacted Carol, the organiser, to find out arrangements. Thank you to Ron Mead for leading.

I feel that there is still a need for, and interest in, Grade 1, easy relaxed-pace walks. I only intend to propose this type of walk in future. I would be willing to mentor any member who would like to become a leader to lead this type of walk. I'm pleased that everyone enjoyed the day.

MOUNT AIRLY

By Michael Keats

Walks into history are a speciality developed by leader John Cooper. These walks are a blend of great walking with lashings of historical interest. Airly Mountain with its rich mining history and plentiful archaeological sites is an exceptional walk in the series. On the day John led a happy crew of seven members, a prospective and two visitors including industrial archaeologist, Steve Imrie, who has spent many years studying and exploring the area and who probably has greater knowledge of Airly-Torbane history than anyone else.

The dirt road into Mount Airly traverses some very plastic clay formations almost at the crest of the climb to the parking lot. Several days of continuous drizzle plus some earlier traffic had worked these clays into a semi liquid state making for tricky driving. It was a relief to park on the grass, get out the gear, and listen to John's briefing. Similar drizzling conditions stayed with us for the whole walk. At times it was like walking in a cloud, at other times it was light rain.

When it came to the industrial history of Mount Airly, John deferred to Steve. Before we set off we learned we were standing in Short Street, one of the many surveyed streets of Airly Town.

Steve also explained that the small quaint stone building to the east of our position was not a surviving building of the early mining times but a recently constructed (circa 30 years) dwelling owned by Frank and Wendy Wilkinson of Glenbrook and used for short stays.

Immediately north east of the property marked on the map as "Rock Bottom" (formerly also known as Burnett's Farm), but now bearing the name 'Airly' on the fence, is a large rock with three very mature eucalypts growing on top. This is known as the "Rock of Ages." In the days when Airly was a thriving town, this rock was used by the photographer Henry Mow, as a backdrop for many of

his portrait shots. Behind the rock is a stone chimney, the only remaining evidence of his house.

We move on, walking north along Genowlan Street, that in the late 19th century was not only was crowded with the tramway moving torbanite shale, horses and carts carrying tools and explosives for the mines, but pedestrians busy going about their daily lives. Some 200 souls crowded into this narrow place.

Next on the historical trail was a series of visits to mine adits, air shafts, overhang and cave houses, free standing dwelling chimneys and remnant infrastructure whose use we could only conjecture. This, Steve explained to us, was all part of the 'southern mining' area. The tramway serving this area was completely independent of the 'northern' or New Hartley area that was next on the visiting list. Pointing to a detailed map Steve showed how ore won from the southern mining area was moved by a complex system of horse lines, tramways, a self acting incline and a double track skip haulage through a mountain to a rail head at Torbane - massive infrastructure for the time.

We now entered the northern mining area where significant capital investment was evidenced by large brick chimneys with fire-boxes to create draughts of fresh air to serve the miners at the active working face. The most impressive remaining structure is a huge, riveted, steel, cylindrical boiler that was used to drive a winding engine to haul ore up and over the cliff line above Torbane.



Steve's comprehensive map also showed a network of water collecting tunnels high up on the talus slopes that fed water to keep the steam boiler functioning. We also noted the amount of effort used to construct bridges, viaducts and support buildings for the northern haul way.

The map also shows, and Steve pointed out to us, the location of a much later vintage tunnel that was used to take the Torbanite through the mountain from Airly to Torbane. This tunnel was a source of coal, as well as transport for Torbanite. While at the boiler, John suggested we retrace our steps a short distance and have morning tea in the dry at the most impressive of the cave houses, a two room affair with separate kitchen annex that is crammed with many wonderful pieces of decaying domestic furniture and appliances from a century ago.



Morning tea under such conditions was very enjoyable. Photographs were taken of members at one of the 'windows' as well as 'pouring tea' from a classic shaped teapot into a 'cup'.

Time to move along. At a point where the tracked haulage line curves and climbs to the ridge top, we did the same, noting the tons of earth and rock moved to keep a constant grade for the haul way. Towards the top I noted for the first time (on my 4th visit), deeply grooved sandstone blocks on the haul way where the haulage rope dragged on the ground. At the top the collection of wheel fragments and wire rope that I assembled some years ago was still in place.

A visit to the cliff edge above Torbane is mandatory. Regrettably, the swirling clouds and showers meant most of the view was hidden. The downhill alignment of the tracked haul way was not explored as it was too wet.

Given the wet conditions, John called for an early lunch in another cave system that proved admirable, apart from its use as a feral goat refuge. After lunch, Steve brought out an exceptional piece of research in the form of a composite map, stretching over a metre in length of north Airly detailing the mine details for both Torbanite and coal. The map (see last newsletter, p. 12) shows the complete maze of tunnels and adits. Seeing that map really brought home to me just what enterprise had been undertaken in this area over 100 years ago.

Afterwards we threaded our way through the pagoda maze and climbed to the top of Airly Mountain. This walk in the wet had some very interesting sections. The spot that I enjoyed most was a high-level rock shelf under the pagodas with commanding views and a possible slot canyon drop down into Torbane. Looks like another trip to explore this canyon before it is 'locked off' by Centennial Coal, "as a safety issue."

We reached the top of Mount Airly in cloud and the road network a few minutes later. The planned walk—to descend the SW point off Mount Airly and walk back along the double track skip haulage—was abandoned on safety grounds. The pagoda descent would be very slippery and the heavy clay descent to the old tunnel would be an uncontrollable slide. It was bad enough when dry.

An old road up to the top of Mount Airly was our exit route. It has recently been 'regraded' and the surface is very loose. Several of us grabbed an impromptu walking stick for the downhill section. Thirty minutes later the group was changing into dry gear at the vehicles. There was unanimous support for mugs of hot chocolate and goodies at the

Lithgow Workers Club, just 30 minutes away. Steve was thanked for adding such a wonderful amount of history to the walk and bringing alive the silent reminders of a time past.

SNAKE

By Michael Pratt

Come mid Winter I was leading a walk from Helensburgh for "that other Club". We had arrived, braving cold rain and mist at the leech-infested valley of The Hacking where we made to cross the river. After previous crossings, negotiating slippery, uneven rocks or wading through icy water, this time I noticed a gravel bank downstream. Here despite the rain we were able to leap shallow channels with dry feet and safely cross with barely a splash in the water. I made our way up the bank and downstream through wet rainforest vegetation to rejoin the track. With the track almost in view I focused on tangled bushes ahead when the lady behind me shrieked, "SNAKE!"

"Where" I asked rapidly scouting the ground. "There" she said, "You walked right over it!" I swore an exclamation, thinking how close I had come to a "serious bite". Still, I wanted to see what I had missed and slowly backtracked towards her. Others in the party were keeping a discrete distance. And there it was, a moderate sized reptile, coiled up with head slightly raised. How come I didn't see it? It was not moving, not on a track but just 'in the bush'. Someone got a camera out. I then asked others to quietly move around giving it a very wide berth. Given the cold weather the snake hadn't moved but I noticed it was slightly flared at the back of the head. Someone suggested, "It can't be real". I said "Of course it's real; it's out in the bush, miles from anywhere and not near anything".

Nevertheless we decided to toss small sticks towards it to determine the issue once and for all. Perhaps it was dead? And it still stayed there; head slightly

raised. We got a little bolder and with still no movement I was persuaded to take a very long stick. I prodded it, pushed it and finally flicked it over. It was a rubber reptile indeed! The camera image was deleted. We resumed our push through the bush, rejoined the track and concerned ourselves again with the more mundane matter of leeches and a further raising of pulse-rates due to the climb ahead.

A CASE OF EXPOSURE

By Sandra Bushell

For those of you who think the Larapinta Trail experience is all gorges, ridges and vistas – you now have it on good authority that this is only scratching the surface. In another Bush Club first, a small group confirmed that, in bushwalking, adventures always lie just around the next corner.

Two groups on the Larapinta Trail briefly separated on the second day. One, seemingly bound for high adventure, took the elevated route and the promise of exposure. The second group of three opted for no exposure and a quiet afternoon in Standley Chasm. Pamela Warren, Barbara Fleming and I formed the small group and set off. Having quickly traversed the chasm floor, we decided to climb to greet our colleagues on their return. Our dilemma: should we take the chute route or perhaps the way lay along a ravine that disappeared off the end of the chasm.



Something spiritual drew us to the ravine route. Ever generous, Pamela (known to many in the club as ‘Pink Pamela’) said

she would complete a quick recce, while Barbara and I did what any self-respecting bushwalker would do: we took photographs of each other.

Pamela scaled some large boulders, peered over them and was met by a vision splendid: young love ‘in flagrante’, splayed across the rocks.

The young woman rose to meet Pamela. (The young man, Pamela reported, was somewhat more reticent and hid behind a rock. The young woman was soon dubbed ‘Helga’ in honour of our World Expedition lead guide Holger.) But back to our story:

‘Hello’ said the oh so polite Pamela.

Wishing to be seen as composed and totally unfazed in the face of the unexpected, Pamela proceeded to question the nude Helga about the route. *‘Could you tell me please Does this track go through the ravine and up to the ridge?’*

Composure, it must be said, was quite difficult to maintain, with the temptation of a camera hanging around Pamela’s neck and Barbara and Sandra closing in quickly, calling out *‘Can you see anything up there?’*

Gobsmacked, the totally naked Helga closed down the conversation rather quickly. Understandably, she feared the possibility of yet more walkers arriving. *‘What’s over there?’* we were now calling.

‘Finished! No track! Goes nowhere!’ Helga proclaimed in high-pitched, Germanic alarm. (The track did actually go somewhere. It was, in fact the return route for our colleagues.) Pamela had probably saved Helga and her compatriot from humiliation on a much grander scale.

Sensing Helga was not in the mood for further conversation, Pamela retreated. Again generous and on reflection, she mused *‘Perhaps she had something in her shirt.’* *‘Yes him!’* we replied in unison.

We returned to climbing the chute, laughter from our own jokes bouncing off the boulders, surely within earshot of the hapless young lovers. And who said the Larapinta Trail was quiet... dry... dusty?

LARAPINTA LOCOMOTION

By Bev Barnett

It was a balmy Alice Springs evening when twelve of us met in the bar of a local hotel for a pre Larapinta gathering. Over drinks we caught up with each other's doings and wondered what lay ahead before moving to the Pizza Parlour next door for dinner. We had come to Alice to walk the Classic Larapinta Trek the comfortable way, with World Expeditions.

The following morning we were picked up at our lodgings by our guides for the next seven days: Brad, Dan, Holger, Richard, and Si, all very knowledgeable and experienced in different areas.

We were driven to a small park on the banks of the Todd River, where we had the usual photo opportunities before setting off for the official start of the walk at The Old Telegraph Station. Here, we had a look at the original Alice Spring, after which the town was probably named. Our first stop was the nearby Pioneer Cemetery, where, only a few lonely graves, almost lost on the broad landscape, remain. From there, we followed a well-marked track, which, once upon a time, was the old highway, and led through low hills towards the West MacDonnell Ranges. En route we crossed the Ghan railway tracks—no trains in sight—threaded our way through witchetty bush and mulga scrub, then climbed up and over Euro Ridge, a stony outcrop with wonderful views of the surrounding countryside. Soon we were descending towards Wallaby Gap, and our campsite for the night. After setting up our tents, we relaxed over happy hour, while Richard, our cook, put his considerable talents to work preparing a delicious dinner, which was

topped off with a cream-covered pavlova. This delicacy proved a fatal attraction for a small grasshopper, he flew into the pav, and expired, mired in cream, what a fate!



Day 2 continued along Section 1 of the Trail, and passed through Bloodwood Country in the morning. The boys showed us how to harvest the Bloodwood 'coconuts', (that is they waded through waist high grass, and tried to knock down one of the few coconuts with a stick) and how the insect, which makes its home in the seeds of these trees, affects the fruit.



Just before morning tea, we took a detour to the Scorpion Pool, a very pretty spot, although with little water present. From there, we walked to Hat Hill Head Lookout, then down to Simpson's Gap for lunch. After lunch, we drove to Standley Chasm and did a 2km walk up and behind the Chasm itself—not your usual tourist stroll! There were some tricky sections here, and Holger assisted us through the climbs and slots. It was good fun, but a bit scary. We returned to Simpson's Gap to camp and dinner: fresh barramundi for the crowd, chicken for me.

Early in the morning of the following day, we drove to Serpentine Gorge, and took many photos of the reflections in the still water. We followed the Heavitree Range all day, viewing many white rocks and red ironstone outcrops. Here we were on Aboriginal land—a series of low ridges with 800 million year old stromatolites (fossils), a type of cyanobacteria, and one of the first life forms on earth. We had lunch on a high rocky outcrop called Trig Point, marked with a 44 gallon drum and other rusted ironmongery, from which we had extensive views. Another restaurant with a fabulous view!

The afternoon was very hot, and we were all very enthusiastic about having a swim at Ellery Creek, especially as we hadn't had a shower since leaving Alice. We changed into our costumes and headed for the water ...only to discover it was bitterly cold! It was the quickest dip most of us had ever had! Brrrr, but did we look smart in our boots and bikinis! We were driven back to camp, where we relaxed with pre-dinner drinks before consuming Richard's chicken and pasta with great gusto.



Clean at last -Bev and Sandra

The next morning, we spent time at Serpentine Gorge, and then walked to a knoll known by the Aborigines as Eagle Landing. The walk again followed the Heavitree Range all day ...we walked 5km along the ridge line with flowers each side of the track, and views right and left to the MacDonnell Ranges. We left our packs at Counts Point Junction, and walked to Counts Point—for me, the most fabulous views of the trip.

Rolling green valleys dotted with red rocks, and in the distance, our great challenge, Mt Sonder, the pregnant lady. It was a photo opportunity paradise!



We lunched amid these fabulous views: Richard had provided wraps with a selection of mouth-watering fillings, which the boys laid out under some low trees for our delectation. However, all good things come to an end, and after lunch we reluctantly moved on into Lomandra Gully, followed by an undulating plain of mulga woodland. En route to our campsite, we passed through the independent walkers' camp, and chatted to a lone walker setting up camp.

Day 5 was divided into two sections: first, Serpentine Bush Camp to the Ochre Pits, second, Ormiston Gorge to Finke River Camp. The walk to the Ochre Pits involved crossing the ranges at Inarlanga Pass, where we saw wonderful cycads. We walked along a rough riverbed, and scrambled up a narrow pass, from which, it was an easy walk to the Ochre Pits. These have been in use for thousands of years and there are numerous colours available, which would have been used on ceremonial occasions. From here, the views of Mt Sonder are much closer, with the breasts and stomach of the figure of a pregnant lady much more clearly defined. We lunched at a shelter shed at the Ochre Pits - as the heat from the sun was reflected strongly from the multi-coloured cliffs, we were very grateful for the shade. After lunch we drove to Mt Sonder Lookout, and walked up the Finke River to our campsite for the next few nights. On the way we had some photographic fun with a large hole in a rocky outcrop.

Setting up tents on a windy riverbed is an exhausting experience; the tents acted like huge sails and we had to find sizable rocks to help anchor the corners. After struggling for what seemed like an eternity, we were given another chance to bathe, this time at Glen Helen Resort—and with hot showers to boot! We cheerfully paid \$5 for the privilege, but not everyone was lucky with getting hot water...for those of us who did, it was absolute bliss!!!!!!

A couple of us enjoyed a quiet glass of champagne, while others wandered up the very attractive gorge, until the time came to return to camp. On our return, we found that Richard had put a Dutch oven in the coals of the fire, and, after drinks and nibbles we enjoyed a wonderful beef and Guinness stew followed by freshly baked cake and cream from Glen Helen. Perhaps this was to soften us up for the night ahead...

Holger briefed us on the plans for the assault on Mt Sonder to be undertaken the following morning. We were to wake at 2:30am, have breakfast, and be ready to drive out of camp at 3:30am. A half hour drive would see us walking by 4am in order to be at the summit by 7:15 am when the sun would rise. The walk is 8km up and 8km down, and we would be walking for several hours in the dark, using torches to light our way. We were told to take plenty of warm gear, as it would be cold at the summit.

We set off as planned, and it wasn't long before the walkers had divided into two groups, fast and slower. It was difficult to see by the light of just one torch, but walking in a group using the lights of several torches helped. About the half way mark, Dan told us we were ahead of schedule, but, the second group must have slowed, and we were told some time later, that in fact, we needed to pick up the pace! We scurried along as fast as possible, and just made the summit two minutes before the sun came over the horizon—pretty tiring stuff! However we were all on a fantastic high, swathed in warm clothes, photographing madly

and enjoying hot drinks and chocolate provided by our trusty guides.



A great achievement! The trip down was much easier, but we were amazed at the terrain we had covered in the dark! We arrived back at the vehicles about 10:50 am, and were driven back to camp to relax and await brunch...and what a feast it was! Scrambled eggs, tomatoes, bacon, hash browns, spaghetti, chicken pasta, toast and salad, YUM! Followed by coffee or tea. Our afternoon was free to do as we pleased, even the offer of another shower at the Resort! We walked up the river, then relaxed, whilst some read, others caught up with diaries or snoozed. In the evening, the food kept coming... an entrée of damper, plus the previous night's stew, followed by roast lamb and vegies cooked in camp ovens over the fire. Richard excelled himself by providing apple crumble and cream, baked in a third camp oven.... delicious!

As everyone was quite tired we retired early—with Lynne and I sleeping outside for the third time. We had not slept outside in swags before this trip, and found it a good experience. The only problem was condensation in the swag, so my sleeping bag became a bit damp each time. It was lovely to feel so close to the earth and stars.

Our last morning was spent dismantling the tents before packing up the vehicles and driving to Ormiston Gorge. Unfortunately due to the vast amount of water in the Gorge, we were unable to complete the full circuit, but we did walk part way, and were ready for a final celebratory lunch with the usual goodies plus artichokes, various flavoured wraps,

salami, corned beef, etc. After lunch, we had a wild photo shoot with the boys, and then it was time for the return trip to Alice. We stopped at John Flynn's Grave on the way and also visited Anzac Hill Lookout for another, final photo frenzy. There were lots of hugs and farewells as we were dropped off at our various hotels after a challenging, scenic and very enjoyable walk with great company. Many thanks, Lynne, for organizing it.

BRIAN CORLIS - A PASSIONATE DEVOTEE OF BUSH WALKING

Imagine growing up at a time when the only constraint on being a real boy was an admonishment from mum to be home in time for tea. Living at Adamstown Heights, a hop, skip and a jump away from what is now the Glen Rock State Conservation Area with its lagoon, beaches and rocky headlands, provided a diversity of opportunities for almost every true-blooded boyhood outdoor experience. Such were the conditions that enabled young eight-year-old Brian to develop a love for adventuring.



Early bush forays were partly formalized when Phil Corlis, Brian's dad, the then Scout Commissioner for Newcastle, inducted Brian into cubs. Within the Scout troop, Rex Filson, (some five years Brian's senior) became his mentor. So successful was the relationship that the two have remained life long friends,

despite losing contact for a twenty-year period.

Brian's first 'real walk,' (defined by Brian as an overnight pack walk), to the Broken Back Ranges was as a 14-year-old scout. Brian was particularly impressed with the leader, Alan Walker, a senior scout who had suffered polio as a child. This disease had left him with a wasted right arm and partially paralysed down his right side. Despite these handicaps this leader had a rugged determination to succeed. Seeing him walk and climb was inspirational.

In company with Rex, Brian embarked on extended walks including a fourteen-day adventure in the Lamington National Park. Later, both young men joined the Newcastle University Bush Walking Club and went on many walks together. Brian was also a confidant and close friend of the late Selby Alley now one of the Newcastle Club's immortals. The Newcastle Club has perpetuated his memory by constructing and maintaining a magnificent hut bearing his name near the Basden Falls in the Barrington Tops National Park. Brian helped in the construction of the hut as well as carry the building materials for many miles over the Barrington Plateau.

At twenty-one Brian married and moved to Brisbane, working as a research assistant at Queensland University for a two-year term. On conclusion of that assignment he moved to Armidale, where he lived for many years and was an active member of the University of New England Mountaineering Club. Within this club Brian developed a passion for rock climbing, concentrating on the Warrumbungles and the Macleay River Gorges.

Contact was temporarily lost with the Newcastle bushwalking fraternity and its network of friendships. It was not until the 1990s that Brian returned to NSW and responded to an invitation to a Newcastle Bush Walkers Club reunion. Rex was absent from the event, however, an article written by the club historian

and published in the Newcastle Bush Walker, claimed that Selby Alley had discovered the Williams River Falls. This article prompted a response from Brian pointing out that he, Brian, was the discoverer and he produced a sketch map showing the location. Brian's letter resulted in him being welcomed back into the fold. He and Rex re-established their relationship. Both had studied Botany together at Newcastle University. Brian's continued love of Botany is today manifested in his photographs. These are not just photographs but detailed studies of exceptional quality and brilliance. I had the opportunity to view a selection of his work which is outstanding and I could not but help notice the credits on the back of many of the huge prints. Brian wins significant photographic awards and has been invited to submit entries for an Australian exhibition to China.

Brian is also a writer, and has to his credit the definitive work on the Colo River—"Colo River—Passes and Routes" (2005). I asked Brian how he was drawn to the Colo. He put it this way. "In the 1980's when I returned to Sydney, the Colo was one of the few remaining truly wild rivers set in an equally wild environment – the Wollemi Wilderness. Walking in the Colo catchment is what real bush walking is all about. Tracks are few or non-existent. Very few bushwalkers go there. This is a place where discovery can still occur."

When embarking on this project - to get to know the Colo - the only information available was a map drawn by Bob Buck. Now Bob was a rock climber and his descriptions of what was a 'pass' assumed possession of skills that would challenge a veteran mountain goat. When Buck annotated his map with the word 'steep' he meant precipitous to the point of suicidal. When he said 'rope handy' he meant essential for the survival of normal souls.

Given these loose descriptive terms, Brian set about a systematic review of

each described pass, plus locating quite a few more on the way. Brian still maintains a friendly contact with Bob who now lives in Taree. Brian says that the impetus to produce the book came from George Daniel while they were exploring Pinchgut Junction. George said, "It is about time someone produced a book on the Passes of the Colo" making it abundantly clear that Brian was the right man for the task. The book is still selling well although Brian is concerned that copies are being bought by bass fishermen. He is very concerned about the cavalier actions of some river fisherman and the way they abuse the environment.

I asked Brian if there were more passes for him to write up and whether these would appear as an appendix to the existing book or whether a revised book was in the offing. This conversation led to a brief but melancholy discussion about ageing and stamina. "Yes", says Brian wistfully, "There is unfinished business in the Colo, but it is unlikely to be completed by me. I simply do not have what it takes anymore. The future for such exploration and documentation lies with young vigorous bloods like Tom Brennan and Ian Thorpe."

Brian is concerned about young people becoming skilled and adept bush walkers. "Former rich recruiting grounds such as the Scout Movement have been emasculated by a bureaucracy designed to make everything safe. There is no culture of genuine adventure, derring-do and really learning by your mistakes," said Brian, with fervent passion. "I am not sure where bush walking is headed, but we sure need to think hard about where the next generation of walkers will come from. You (Michael) are imbued with the same passion for exploration as myself and it is a pity that you have come to bushwalking 'late in life'. I think you have achieved more in your years of walking than most bushwalkers achieve in a lifetime."

On the subject of technology and sophisticated applications of it to bush

walking, Brian was roundly scathing. “Reliance on a device such as a GPS is no substitute for real map and compass work. We have a problem that the next generation of walkers may never learn ‘to read the ground.’ It worries me that such skills are being lost.” But despite Brian’s comment that he does not have what it takes anymore, he is still an active walker and still leads bushwalks.

REVIEW

By Maureen Carter

**Paddling around New South Wales by
Scott Rawstorne & Geoff Greenwood
Published by Total R&R Pty Ltd 2010**

I have noticed that as injured and ancient knees are slowing us bushwalkers down we are taking to the water in kayaks or canoes. Rawstorne and Greenwood have written a very valuable book that not only gives detailed descriptions of interesting paddling all over New South Wales but also notes the distance, time taken, start and finish points, parking, location of toilets and conditions to be expected on the water.

They give a detailed description of each route complete with maps and include interesting historical information and notes on local eateries. I was intrigued with the quotations at the end of each paddle and one of my favourites is “Find ecstasy in life; the mere sense of living is joy enough” – Emily Dickinson.

I was familiar with many of the Sydney and South Coast paddles but appreciated the effort which must have gone into describing paddles in far flung places such as Chaffey Dam, near Nundle and just south of Tamworth or a 22 km trip on the Edward River in the Riverina at Deniliquin.

Chapters are also included on equipment, clothing, skills and safety. This book, which is full of delightful coloured photographs, can be obtained from www.escapology.com.au or email paddle@escapology.com.au. A generous

discount is available for those purchasing more than one copy.

It would certainly make a wonderful gift, if you could part with it after enjoying the paddle descriptions, which abound with the sense of humour of the authors. Better still, do what I did and buy several. You will also be rewarded with monthly bulletins on all the latest interesting paddling destinations that the authors have discovered.

|  | Office Bearers 2010-2011 | |
|--|--|-------------------------------------|
| President | Bob Taffel | 9958 6825 |
| Vice President | John Cooper | 9449 7369 |
| Vice President | Lynne Outhred | 9484 2657 |
| Club Secretary | Carol Henderson | 9879 6709 |
| Assistant Secretary | Graham Conden | 9413 9996 |
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| Search and Rescue Representatives | Kaye Birch Graham Conden Dick Weston | 9449 9759 9413 9996 4753 1003 |

CONTRIBUTIONS WELCOME

Thank you to all those members who contributed articles to this issue. Please send anything you think will interest our members to Lynne Outhred

bushclubeditor@gmail.com or

106 Chapman Ave, Beecroft NSW 2119

Note: We have established an email address for the Bush Club Editor to facilitate any future change of editor.