
THE BUSH CLUB NEWSLETTER



Summer 2012

www.bushclub.org.au

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Holbeachs Descent

By Michael Keats

Walkers: Michael Keats, Graeme Holbeach, Brian Fox, Steve Deards, Col White, John Fox, Marion Davies, Judith Kowalski, Emanuel Comonos, Yuri Bolotin, Bob Seibright, Roger Clarke, Geoff Fox, Keith Maxwell and Rose Maxwell.

Holbeachs Descent is a parallel sided slot pass through the Kedumba Walls cliff line. It was discovered in 1992 by Graeme Holbeach then a member of the Sutherland Bushwalking Club. Graeme joined The Bush Club in 2012. In 1992 he wrote:

*'This was...an exploratory walk. The intent was to drop into Spring Creek from the east from Kings Tableland Road and follow it down as far as we could without rope. I noted 'approx GR 584 556 start of canyon'. From there, it was up to the 'false' Lions Head (wrong placement on 1st and 2nd editions of map). We agreed to drop into and follow the creek between the false and real Lions Heads. Still only 11:40am, and scratching for things to fill in the rest of the day, I perused the map (or 'comic' as the late **Wilf Hilder** repeatedly called it) and decided to see what the slight cliff line anomaly shown on the map, 150m to the west and 70m higher, represented. We descended the gully encountered there to the base of the cliffs, then came back up. From this point, we headed north to intersect the cliff edge ridge.'*

When Graeme joined the club, he brought with him a body of knowledge and experience about this area that had received little attention. The walks in the Jamison-Kedumba Valley tended to focus on Mount Solitary and the various

passes closer to the northern rim. There had also been minor exploration of the valley floor.

So when **John Cooper**, walks secretary, persuaded Graeme to share his knowledge and put the walk on the program, I immediately put my hand up. The prospect of missing out was not to be entertained. John was laid low by an injury and unable to lead, but the walk went ahead on the basis that Graeme would to all intents and purposes lead the walk. The writer looked after the paperwork and protocols for fifteen very happy members.



What's that?

The cliff line of Kedumba Walls, otherwise known as the western escarpment of Kings Tableland, over its 30km+ length from Wentworth Falls to McMahons Lookout, is punctuated by few passes into the Kedumba Valley. Apart from the steep, and tortuous locked Kedumba Valley Road, there are reportedly twelve other negotiable routes or passes. The ones familiar to the writer are The Goat Track, Spring Creek, Lions Head Pass, Kills Head Pass, Blue Drum Pass, and adding the

present walk, Holbeachs Descent, a total of six.

Mount Colong dominated the southern horizon, in the south west, Cloudmaker, Rip, Rack, Roar, and Rumble were easy to see. Swinging more to the west the sequence of Little Dingo Hill, Splendour Rock, Mount Dingo, Dingo Gap, Mount Merrimerrigal, Warrigal Gap, Mount Warrigal and Mount Mouin appeared as an extension of Narrow Neck. It was breathtakingly beautiful.

Terrifying drop

We came to a cairn marking the top of Lions Head Pass where there is a logbook, presumably completed by walkers up or down Lions Head Pass, as there is also a logbook on top of Lions Head. Lions Head is a small platform with a stunning view and was a perfect spot for morning tea. As we had made such good time we had a 15 minute indulgence before retracing about 30m and then heading due east into wild steeply sloping terrain. It was now Graeme's role to pilot us down the slope, across a small gully, over a ridge and into that rather terrifying steep verticality that is Holbeachs Descent.

The next 55 minutes were full on for concentration, use of ropes and controlled sliding, or to quote Frank Benedeich's colourful term, *slithering*.

...controlled slithering the best option

There are sections where it is near vertical, and plenty of other sections where *controlled slithering* is by far the best option. Maintaining the lowest possible centre of gravity was very desirable. When there was time to look, Holbeachs Descent could be seen as a stunning, broad, parallel-sided slot, full of unstable rocks, great ferns and a truly amazing route through the Kedumba

Walls. We did not follow the descent all the way to the valley floor. However, as it breaches the cliffs, there is no reason to suspect it would not go all the way.

The group assembled at the base for a small side trip to Spring Creek Falls which are not shown on any map and may not be the only falls on Spring Creek. Emerging from the confines of Holbeachs Descent, we contoured east around the base of the cliffs.

As we rounded the first bluff, we could hear falling water and see into a vast amphitheatre. The semi-circular arc of sandstone cliff was stunning, being at least 200m high and stretching for some 500m of curvature. The waterfall, from our vantage point, was more or less centrally disposed. It is an overwhelming site and a difficult one to photograph with a point-and-shoot camera. Our proximity also made it difficult to capture the full height and width of the vision.

It was no easy walk to the falls, even hugging the base of the cliffs. The resilient plant species that had established itself was not going to yield to a few itinerant bushwalkers; it was a fight all the way to the base, and all the way back to Holbeachs Descent. Close up, the falls are not so spectacular. They comprise a number of small falls, dropping short distances and separated by areas of rock.

[...it was decided to attempt the unknown](#)

At 11.35am, we were back at Holbeachs Descent where we had a brief discussion: should we go back up Holbeachs Descent and go exploring the ridge and some of the upper reaches of Spring Creek? Or sidle around the base of Lions Head and climb the Lions Head Pass?

Knowing how steep Holbeachs Descent was to come down, it was decided to attempt the unknown and sidle under the cliffs and Lions Head, ascending via the Lions Head Pass. This proved to be a challenging decision, with numerous ups and downs, and lots of 'do it yourself' body hauling over a variety of obstacles. We stopped briefly on the eastern side of the southwest spur extension below Lions Head, while Brian and Bob had a go at checking a vertical climb to the top of Lions Head. The feedback was they could possibly do it, however the rest of us may have some difficulties.



With this option ruled out, we continued around the spur, only to find we were too high to continue. After a bit of back tracking and dropping about 30m we ended up on a fine dry rock outcrop with good valley views and an excellent sunny spot for lunch. It was also positioned above a short slot descent that would enable us to continue sidling all the way, to where we would intersect with Lions Head Pass.

Lunch was pleasant and there were a few protests when it came time to move. I must confess to being tempted to stay longer. However, the reality is that once the sun starts to sink, the temperature can drop like a stone. So just after 1pm we were back walking. Movement on the western dry side was easy in comparison to the sheltered, wet

forest of the eastern and southern sides. We almost raced along.

A promising gully was explored which proved incorrect so the journey north resumed for another 60m or so when the Lions Head Pass was found. It is so obvious and must have a lot of traffic. About 40m from the point of intersection, there is a very large rock, called the Orchid Battlement Rock, which can be climbed, and indeed climbed through. The name derives from two facts. One it is encrusted with orchids, and two, when you have crawled through a choke within the rock, you emerge onto a platform with side pillars, or battlements.

The top of the pass was reached at 2pm. Roger, who was first to arrive, filled out the logbook and included the fact that the group had been down Holbeachs Descent, circled under Lions Head before making its way up to the top of the pass. We emerged onto the Kings Tableland Road just after 3pm. Total distance 11.38km, total ascents 570m.



What's in a name?

Ever wondered how **Burning Palms** got its name? According to some accounts, Myles Dunphy one of the first bushwalkers to explore the area, was camping amongst the cabbage tree palms in 1913. When night fell, he lit some dead leaves and, it's not clear quite why, hoisted them above his head. To his surprise, some campers further north, saw the flame and let a flare in reply. Fact or fiction? You decide.

And **Garawarra**? It's name is a combination of Gara (Garie) and Illawarra.

Bushfire... walker's nightmare especially if you're only a teenager

Next time you're on Perry's Lookdown, pause a moment at the plaque at the lower lookout commemorating the loss of four young lives:

Robert McIver	14 years
Kevin Phillips	13 years
Richard Stephens	16 years
Peter Tonks	18 years
Members of the Church of England Boys Society, Belmore	
<i>Who lost their lives in this vicinity in a bushfire on 30th November 1957</i>	

Over 50 years ago, on a November day in 1957, a party of nine cheery youths set out from Govetts Leap for a weekend in **Blue Gum Forest**. They belonged to the Belmore Church of England Boys Society and were led by the oldest, twenty-one year old **Barry Carter**. The youngest was only 13 years old, but most had been bushwalking before. As they went down the Govetts track they could see a bushfire burning down the valley, but were not concerned, as it seemed a long way off and there was no wind. Later, they could see a fire from the Junction Rock area, but continued with their plan to camp in the forest.

Lunch and swim

The party reached Blue Gum, had lunch and a swim but became increasingly alarmed at the thickening smoke and rising wind. It was decided to abandon the plan to camp. They would get out by the quickest route, Perrys Lookdown. At 2pm, with fires visible at a distance but with no apparent threat the party began the ascent. One of the boys needed assistance so Carter carried his pack as well as his own and, as a result, was at the rear of the party.

When they were three quarters of the way up, flames were suddenly noticed close by to the left, on the party's southern side. Carter decided they should push on, hoping to shelter in the rainforest gully

...drop packs and make a bolt for it

behind the cliffs. They rested briefly on the last pinch when, realising the fire was coming up fast, Carter shouted to drop packs and make a bolt for it.

Prayers for salvation

But he quickly realised this was futile, they would never make it. He screamed out to take shelter behind any big rock. He and three of the boys crouched beside a rock, and Carter led them briefly in prayers for their salvation. The other five had gone on, out of sight. But panic broke out amongst Carter and the boys with him when fire burst out next to them. As he recalled at the inquest:

'...two of the boys with me couldn't stand it any longer and started to run uphill away from the fire. I was going to run uphill, too, the fire was coming all around us. I didn't think we had any chance...but I suddenly thought if we could get back down through the fire and take the burning we would get...our only hope was to get back down to the forest. I meant the river but I said forest...for a moment I forgot where I was. I didn't know where the others had gone.'

Without thinking I ran down, through the flames...and forgot I was on Perrys Lookdown. And then I fell and rolled...all I remember is rolling over and over. When I pulled myself together I was at the bottom of the hill we were climbing... I was only singed. When I looked back up the hill I could see the three other boys and I yelled out to them to come down...'

While Carter and the three boys had been praying by the rock, the other quicker boys had forged ahead. They either had not heard Carter's shouts to take shelter or did not heed them. One had not dropped his pack and, although he could hear Carter yelling to come down, he was cut off by flames. He crawled under a rock ledge, using his pack to shield himself from the fire but when his clothes caught fire, he had no choice but to run down the mountain through the fire where he found the three boys who had been with Carter sheltering behind a large rock. The four stayed there for an hour but the wind changed and the fire came at them again:

'...we stayed on the rock as long as possible and then made our way down into a gully and came upon a pool of water which had a large rock over it. Three of us sheltered underneath the rock and one in a large pool of water nearby. We stayed there for over an hour.'



Faces just out of water

The four eventually made their way down to the Grose but the fire raged again so they jumped into the river and stayed there for about an hour, with just their faces out of the water. Eventually they were able to camp on the river shingles listening to forest trees crashing down and wondering what had become of Carter and the other four boys.

Bare foot run in swimming trunks

Carter was safely in hospital. On reaching Blue Gum, beside himself with distress over the fate of his party, he had run off to Govetts Leap, bare-footed

and wearing only swimming trunks. At 6.45pm he had stumbled into the kiosk at the lookout in a state of shock and exhaustion. A search party, comprising a doctor, three police officers and several civilians, was immediately organised. As they went down from Perrys at 9.30pm the trees were still burning. The doctor recalled 'there was great danger to the search party.'

Four badly burned bodies

In the early hours of the morning, the searchers found four badly burned bodies near where the track meets the base of the cliff. The coroner later found the boys had died from 'the effects of burns, shock and asphyxia accidentally caused when burned in a bush fire.'

The search continued until 6am when the four boys who had sought refuge in Blue Gum were discovered – burnt, cut, hungry, in shock, but alive. They were making their way slowly up from the forest. They later agreed it was Carter's orders to take shelter and then to run through the flames back down to the river that probably saved their lives.

Edited extract from *Back from the Brink* by Andy Macqueen, 1997.



Rung above the others

He was once called *The Duke of Clear Hill*. If that doesn't ring a bell perhaps the name **Tarro's ladders** will. Anyone who's faced the precipitous drop through the crack of rock face at the end of Narrow Neck in the Blue Mountains will have appreciated his efforts some five decades ago.

Sometime in the 1930s, **Walter Tarro** built the original pre-fabricated wooden

ladders that provided the main link between Clear Hill and Wild Dog Mountains. He put them together in his home in Auburn and transported them in the sidecar of his motor bike. He rode as far as the road went in those days and then carried them on his back to Clear Hill and, on his own, installed them. Many thousands of bushwalkers have been in his debt ever since. (The original wooden ladders have been replaced by iron spikes).



Tarro's Famous Ladders

Taro, born in 1879 was said to have invented and constructed almost everything he owned right up to his death in 1969, aged 90 years. His house was full of gadgets and his pack and tent were beyond description. He rode his push bike 100 miles (160km) every birthday until well into his 80s. It was while riding his bike that he was struck by a car and broke his hip and, some months later, sadly died.



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Happy birthday to us



When most people turn 73, they're not exactly bouncing over the moon, but when The Bush Club blew out this many candles, it was a source of great joy.

Almost 100 members and friends spread across Manly Dam picnic area recently for a BBQ to celebrate the club's 73rd anniversary. Our new banner flew high and the weather was kind.



Most came on foot with a range of walks being offered by Chris Paine, Bob Taffel, Paul Shea, Alison Briscoe, Bev Barnett, Trevor Brown, Michael Keats and Kevin Yeats and Doreen Anderson. Others came by car or by public transport. On the **central coast**, Bill Macks led a walk which 'went through territory others had not seen'. Walkers had so much food, it took them three sittings to consume it all.

Our President, **Lynne Outhred** gave a great speech and **Anna Hayes** provided the birthday cake. But the real meal of the day was the swapping of stories and jokes amongst old and new friends. The next big one? Our 75th, in 2014. Don't miss it.

But wait...there's more... Our Diamond Jubilee

By Lynne Outhred

Our next big milestone is our 75th **Birthday Party**. Although it seems a long way off, we need to start the ball rolling early next year. We're planning a really exciting project – walking in 75 National Parks, both in Australia and overseas. **Peter Birch** first put forward the idea and Carol Henderson and I formulated a proposal which has been endorsed by the committee.

The aim is to maximize the number of programmed walks and opportunities for social interaction. The main difference between this project and the **70 Rivers Project**, which involved seventy walks associated with seventy rivers, is that within one National park, there may be several walks scheduled. The plan is to produce a book similar to *Celebrating Seventy*.

We are looking for volunteers for the coordinating committee and the editorial committee so, in between Christmas pudding and champagne, maybe you could start thinking about suitable walks in National Parks both in Australia and overseas.

As this is the last newsletter for the year, I'd like to wish everyone a happy time with their families and friends over the Christmas and New Year period. Also, let's hope the weather is not too hot for summer walking.



You heard it here first

Most of us know Michael Pratt has been enticed back into the workforce but are others also after him?

I recently went on a solo walk, dressed in my usual well-washed worn and comfortable walking gear. Blue nylon shirt, blue belted King Gee shorts, dark blue socks with matching dust-excluders over near new sparkling lightweight boots. My hat, also blue, proudly displayed our colourful *Bush Club* logo. As part of my journey, I entered the historic Bulli Cemetery and immediately encountered a neatly dressed man and a woman.

The man said: 'Good day'.

He then paused, eyeballed me up and down obviously taking in all aspects of my apparel and then politely enquired further:

'Oh, are you here to work?'

Michael Pratt



As the photo above show, the pace was 'flat out' on **Terry Redmond's** recent Offord via South Era walk. It was Terry's first walk as a leader, though he has had much experience elsewhere. The turn-up was great, the weather perfect and the walk out along the little known track up to Governor Game Lookout pleased everyone. Terry says he likes to 'keep things compassionate' so people can 'admire the bush flowers, enjoy the

birdsong and take in the ambience.' All of which he delivered.



Terry with son Hugh

Re-think on snake treatment

In this edited extract, republished from Behind the Log newsletter (2012), Rod Lawler explains how the traditional method of crepe bandage compression for snake bite has been found wanting.

Australian snake venom is carried in the lymphatic system and the traditional first aid treatment is to use a pressure bandage to wrap the limb from fingers to armpit or toes to groin. The limb is immobilised and the patient must not walk out.

'...crepe bandages were essentially useless.'

Many of us carry a crepe bandage, or elastic Ace bandage to do this. However, on a recent training weekend, many members were surprised when they attempted to use these to apply first aid. The crepe bandages were essentially useless. Even with two of the heavier elastic bandages, it was impossible to wrap higher than just above the knee.

The bandage sometimes started to slip off straight away, and if it stayed up, there was no way to tell if it was firm enough or too tight. Blue toes or decreased venous return indicate it is too tight, but it is then necessary to unwrap the bandage and start again, allowing a surge of venom into the body.

Designed for the job

The Setopress bandage, on the other hand, is designed to regulate venous drainage. It is also wider (10cm) and longer (3.5m) meaning a single bandage can reach from knee to armpit and two will reach the groin.



Red Belly Black snake

To regulate the tightness, and therefore effective pressure, the bandage has a continuous series of **green** and **brown** rectangles printed along its length. As the bandage is stretched, the **green** rectangles become squares. Increase the tension, and the **brown** rectangles become squares.

The brown indicators are the ones for treating snakebite

When the **brown** indicators become squares (maximum pressure), lymphatic return should be minimised and the circulation of venom reduced. The squares are also offset slightly so if you cover the squares with each wrap of the bandage you should get the right amount of overlap.

They are printed off-centre to assist in providing a controlled wrap of half width overlap at each turn by covering the visible squares at each wrap. This half width overlap is required to provide correct pressure, and prevent the bandage causing a tourniquet effect.

Finally, the bandage is textured, which helps prevent it slipping down a thigh or calf, which would immediately reduce the pressure and effectiveness of the bandage.



This technology doesn't come cheap, at around \$19.00 each. However they are designed to be washed and reused and are effective for other injuries such as a sprained ankle or twisted knee and can be used over a pad to control bleeding or alleviate something like a cracked rib. They can replace crepe and elastic bandages in your first aid kit. Enquire at a pharmacies.



Letter to the Editor

Recently I took a friend of mine along as a visitor on a 12km grade 2 walk. My friend is 82 years old but a fit and experienced walker. Six weeks earlier we did a walk in the same park over 14km. This day was a bit warmer and the pace was not leisurely, but solid-fast, which ended up stressing my friend. The walk had started at 9.40am and the leader got to the finish line at 1.40pm. Have never heard of a walk finishing so early in my life.

All walkers age and slow down. Others suffer injuries and need to slow down. It seems that there is an unspoken attitude in the club that if one cannot hack it - then one should shuffle off to the Ramblers Club. It seems thoughtless, let alone unfair that older and enfeebled club members need to leave their walking friends and go off to another club. Do others in the club feel this way too?

Leisure-gives-Pleasure

Letter to the Editor

Which leader of some repute, having joined another leader's group on the train and duly completed the attendance form, failed to materialize in the circle when a roll call was taken at the start of the walk?

24 signatures but only 20 participants to be counted. Our erstwhile leader among the missing. (Oh why do "predicaments" happen to him? But historically they do.)

A search party was sent back to the station which coincided with a train pulling in from further down the line. Our 'lost sheep' and companions were spotted emerging from the rear carriage.

Explanation: It seems our missing friend and companions were somewhat dilatory in heading for the exit when the train on which the group was travelling, put down its passengers. The doors shut, he and others were trapped but able to offload themselves at the very next station where they fortuitously met with a city-bound train to immediately transport them back to their intended destination.

Escorted by the search party our 'errant leader' and his companions were joyfully received with clapping, merriment and mirth as they sheepishly rejoined our group for a second and this time, fully inclusive count of heads.

He who Located our Absent Friends



Reds in the bed? No, but watch out for the caves

According to historical accounts, rockclimbing in the Blue Mountains did not emerge as a recreational sport until about 1929 when a small group formed the Blue Mountains Club. Their equipment was makeshift. They used window sash cords for ropes, heavy spikes, forged by a local blacksmith as

anchorages and the belaying techniques of the day were crude and dangerous by today's standards.

The founder was said to be **Dr Eric Dark** who had moved to the mountains in 1923 with his wife, Eleanor, a well known writer and fellow member. Eric became known for his socialist views born of a concern for the poor and suffering. He also became a communist sympathiser. During WW2 he was a sergeant in the Blue Mountains Volunteer Defence Corps and he and his men were ordered to find caves which might be of use as guerrilla bases in the event of a Japanese invasion.



Eric Dark on the first ascent of Boar's Head Rock, Katoomba, 1931.

One of the caves he found and recorded was on the side of Mt Hay. Another, which he did not record, was found by Eric and Eleanor in 1937 in a gully off Fortress Ridge. They had been searching for years for their own private cave, and decided this was it. Eleanor named it Jerrickellimi (*retreat of the dark people*) and the family spent time there over the years as a retreat from the pressures of life. Their journalist friend, Frank Walford, used explosives to clear a boulder from the floor of the cave which they fitted out with camping equipment.

After WW2, when there was a rise in paranoia about communism, Eric and Eleanor were accused of being communist agents. It was claimed by

some that their unregistered cave would be used to support a communist takeover. Needless to say the claim was baseless. Regretfully, there seems no record of the whereabouts of the cave.

Edited version from *Back from the Brink* by Andy Macqueen, 1997.

Bush Odyssey

By Lynne Outherd

Morrie Donovan's 12-day trip to Kosciuszko some months ago took quite a bit of organizing because it involved two stages: firstly, a four day walk to drop food and, secondly, the 12-day walk itself.

Food drop

Morrie bought four large plastic drums which we filled with food and carried in a month before the 12-day walk to O'Keefe's Hut via Round Mountain Hut. After the 12-day walk, the drums were dispersed among three huts for food storage, water collection – or seats. We also carried an additional six days food that we were to leave at O'Keefe's Hut.



Helen Fastovsky

The first night was at Round Mountain Hut where it snowed heavily. The moon was full, lighting up a white wonderland. Next day we walked to Derschkos Hut and then O'Keefe's Hut, which is wallpapered with 1930s to 1950s newspapers so we spent a lot of time commenting on news, sport and fashion. On the last evening, we camped in a

hollow where the temperature dropped to minus 6 degrees.

Bush odyssey

Four weeks later, we started the 12-day walk, visiting many of the old Kosciuszko huts: Disappointment Spur, White's River, Schlink Hilton, Valentine's, Grey Mare, O'Keefe's, Mackay's, Happy's, and spent the last night at Four-Mile Hut. In the beginning the weather was fine and spirits high. We strolled along and enjoyed sitting around a campfire in the evenings sharing stories.



Morrie Donovan warming his toes

After scrambling down a steep hill we reached Valentine's Falls, a spectacular place with water plummeting into a large pool. We met groups of schoolgirls on a 30-day expedition, walking, biking and rafting. To ensure they were environmentally responsible, they carried *poo tubes* – large cylinders with a cap at each end and a carry strap. They were painted bright colours but their attractiveness was tainted by a faint odour, which seemed to emanate from the tubes. At Grey Mare Hut near Flat-Back creek, some of the girls visited our campfire and were tremendously excited there was a toilet at the hut.

At O'Keefe's Hut, the rain set in and the water reached mid-thigh and was flowing strongly when we crossed Doubtful Creek. When we reached Mackays Hut we put up tents in a strong wind, soon followed by heavy rain. It became a deluge, the wind grew stronger and we huddled in the hut

where the chimney smoked in great gusts, driving us out to the verandah, eyes streaming from the smoke.



Valentine's Hut

We watched the rain and contemplated the race to our tents. Once settled in our tents, the storm reached us and there was an amazing display of lightning. I felt as if I had pitched my tent next to a neon sign that lit up every minute or so.

Although eventually the thunder and lightning eased, the wind howled and the rain pelted down all night. Surprisingly, in the morning we were all dry. Instead of our planned walk we sat in the hut listening to the weather forecast (dismal) and compared possible escape routes (dismaying). Suddenly, the rain cleared, the sun shone and we all cheered up. We did a day walk and waited for the creek to go down (the water level had risen about half a metre, flooding the surrounding land).

The following day we were able to continue our intended route and after many creek crossings reached Happy's Hut. We passed the late afternoon reading entries in the hut book and were amused by one: 'Woke up at 2.30am with a f***g rat on my face. Rat ate the soap on the verandah.'

Next day we walked out in sunshine to Kiandra after a fabulous, and eventful trip.

Morrie Glossary of Terms

During one of the wild, wet days, we compiled a *Morrie Glossary of Terms*.

Walks can be described in many ways including: a doddle, cracker, flash,

messy, scrubby, sporty, cruisey, mongrel, grizzler, tiger.

People might be high or low maintenance, assets (good navigators) or just there. They might argy-bargy – have a friendly disagreement.

A 'how you're going' **creek** should really be a river and a small hill might be a 'piddling bump' or 'pathetic'.

At one point, I think we were likened to 'a bunch of bush rats' but I've forgotten the context, probably after twelve days without a shower.

What I will remember

The different huts with their beautiful vistas, sitting round the campfire as the sun went down and a blaze of stars appeared and Morrie's leadership, as well as his knowledge and love of the mountains. Truly, an odyssey to be remembered.



Happy Christmas to all members, families and friends. We've had a great year of wonderful walks, exciting adventures and loads of yarns and camaraderie. As the years fly by, these memories become more and more precious.

Happy holidays to those taking trips and extended walks or just lounging around the place and let's all look forward to a Happy New Year as we walk into 2013.

