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## THE SYDNEY BUSH WALKER

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A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bush Walkers,  
14 Atchison Street, St. Leonards.

POSTAL ADDRESS: Box 4476 G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. 2001.

Meetings at the Club Rooms on Wednesday evenings after 7.30 p.m.

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### FEBRUARY, 1975.

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JANUARY GENERAL MEETING.

by Jim Brown.

When the General Meeting was called to order at 8.35 p.m. on 8th January, immediately following a Committee Meeting which must have been conducted at a gallop, a tally of heads disclosed about 30 people. While apologies were read for several members of the Bali contingent who were still away, your reporter surreptitiously counted the full members and found that, apart from the brand-new or slightly worn prospectives, we had a quorum plus about 2 to spare.

The December minutes were agreed to with nothing arising, and in Correspondence there were a couple of items worthy of note. The Melbourne Walkers Annual Magazine "Walk" is now available; minutes of the Nature Conservation Council meeting held in October had been received; the "Friends of Kuring-gai Chase" (anti-airport) were holding a meeting later in January; and from Vincent Serventy on the question of the National Estate was advice of formation of an interim advisory committee and an invitation to reply with suggestions as to areas we felt deserving of preservation. This last mail item was dated October 2nd 1974, sought a reply by October 30th, but time had outpaced the mail services by a couple of months. Notwithstanding that it was late, it was agreed the Conservation Secretary should pass on our views.

Arising from a correspondence item from the "Save Colong" Bulletin, dealing with the fight to save Boyd Plateau from pine planting, we approved a donation of \$100 to this conservation cause. Alex Colley explained the need for funds owing to recent expenditure of between \$400 and \$500 on a brochure "Park or Pines" and the necessity to obtain professional advice on some aspects of the conflict being waged against Mining or Forestry interests.

The President advised that, as the Treasurer had just returned from holidays, he had not had an opportunity to complete a financial statement for December but this would be covered in subsequent monthly records. There was no Federation Report - even some doubt whether a Federation Meeting had been held since the last Club meeting.

The Walks Secretary acknowledged that owing to a dearth of reports received over the holiday period there was "not very much to be said". For instance, nothing was known as to Frank Malloy's projected push-bike trip into the Blue Labyrinth set down for December 13 - 15. However, Hans Beck had 8 people on a two-day jaunt over Tin Pot and along the Cox and described it as a "picnic".

The following weekend David Rostron's team of six successfully negotiated Davies Canyon, taking lunch on Saturday "half-way down an abseil" (actually there was a ledge between the upper and lower stages of the drop). There was also a jump into a pool estimated at near 50 ft. Gladys Roberts' party of 14 went across Curra Moors on the day walk of December 22, meeting very strong fresh winds along the coast. No reports were to hand regarding the programmed li-lo trip of December 22 - 27, or

the bike traverse of the Northern Blue Mountains advertised for December 29 - January 5, and the day walk originally set down for December 26 was cancelled owing to lack of bus transport from Garie Beach. Bill Hall's day walk of January 5 went forward as scheduled with about 16 starters, and in the prevailing cool conditions was reported as a pleasant outing.

And that was it. No one had any general business, and after the usual announcements, plus a report that a slouch hat with S.B.W. badge had been found in the Kosciusko country and was now held awaiting a claimant, we closed the January assembly at 9.12 p.m.

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DAL LAKE - KASHMIR.

by Allan Wyborn.

Up from Jammu is the only road from India into the Vale of Kashmir, known as the "happy valley". It leads over Patnitap and the Banihal Pass at 3,000 metres elevation, now reduced to 2,800 metres by the new Jawahar Tunnel. We left Jammu at 7 a.m. to get ahead of the daily military convoy of 100 trucks going north, and although only 287 km the journey in the Penn bus took eight hours over a very winding steep road. Sometimes we swayed round mountains with seven hundred metre drops into valleys and gorges. The local buses and trucks hurtle along with reckless abandon, only slowed by the one-way tunnels, and a particular hazard was a bunched military convoy of 80 trucks returning to Jammu. The Nashri Slip is a gravel section along the side of a steep ridge where no bitumen will hold, as the whole mountain-side is continuously slipping, and this was negotiated carefully. All along the road the signs were very amusing:- "Be gentle on my curves" and "I am Miss Nashri, my slip is showing", were a few examples.

After coming down from the tunnel the road is fast along the Vale to Srinagar at 1,700 metres elevation, the capital of Kashmir with a population of 400,000 and centrally situated in the Vale on the Jhelum River. All along this fertile stretch not a green leaf was showing, as it was early December. The poplars and chenar groves presented a very bare appearance. The terraced and patchworked fields were empty of crops, and the chill air gave notice of an early winter. The houses in the countryside were of brick walls and straw-thatched roofs, in contrast with all corrugated iron roofs in the capital.

On through teeming Srinagar we left the bus on the side of Dal Lake, which is about 8 km. x 4 km., and is Srinagar's aquatic plaza. It is a spring fed lake flowing into the Jhelum, and its floating gardens and islands are lined with hundreds of houseboats moored to their shores. One of these famous boats, the Mona Lisa, was to be our home for the next four days. They are reached by a fleet of shikaras, small boats with an awning and paddled by teenage boys. Without the shikara you would be virtually a prisoner on the houseboat, but a shout of the word quickly brings one across.

Our houseboat was about 5 metres wide and 20 metres long, with living room, dining room, and two bedrooms each with bathroom having hot and cold water, flush toilet, etc. On top was a sundeck, but as the sun only appeared for a few minutes all together, we did not go up there. The furnishings inside were quaint with all sorts of Kashmir handcrafts, but really comfortable with wood stoves in the living room and bedrooms. As the temperature was below freezing for most of our stay these stoves were mostly alight.

To us four perhaps the biggest novelty was the servants, at least five to each houseboat. Our man in charge was Sultan, surely the most cheerful of Kashmiris, then Sona our waiter and general duties man, 35 years old and most of them working on houseboats. Next in order of seniority Abtel the cook, little seen in the external kitchen, Karim the dishwasher and toastmaker, and lastly Madakhar, who "burns the boiler" and cleans the bathrooms. Add to these Sultan's wife, mother, six daughters and two sons - the children ranging from 16 to 3 - all ten of whom literally covered the kitchen floor, and you can see why we learnt so much about the family life of the Kashmiris. Combined with these conditions was good food and plenty of it, making the whole an unforgettable experience.

Enough of the houseboats. Next morning we boarded our shikara, the "Jolly Swagman", in freezing conditions. Two boys paddled us up the lake for an hour. Sultan kept up a running commentary while squatted over his "firepot". These clay lined wicker baskets full of live coals are carried under the cloaks of most adults and children during winter months. We passed many island gardens such as Nehru Park and Chenah Bagh. The placid surface reflected rows of poplars, other shikaras and the surrounding mountains in an unreal setting. Alighting at Nishat Bagh, we inspected the terraced gardens and "tearoom" laid out hundreds of years ago by Asaf Khan. Of course most of the flowers were missing, just the last roses of summer left. Further up the lake are the famous Shalimar Gardens, which we did not visit. Both gardens have marvellous fountains and cascades. The return journey explored the floating vegetable gardens, tended by special villagers. We saw potatoes, turnips, tomatoes, kohlrabbi, cabbage, and also lotus roots, the latter being harvested in two-metre-deep water.

We went next day to Akbar's Fort, about 4 kms. to the west of Srinagar, and 200 metres high on the top of the Hari Parbat. First we threaded our way in the shikara through the narrow intriguing canals of Old Srinagar. Leaving the boats with one of the boys in a congested landing place of black mud, we sloshed through back alleys in pouring rain until we cleared the city and approached the fort. Our guide led us up the slippery slopes and we breached the walls by squeezing through a spiked gate made from 20 cm. thick hardwood, having bribed the two soldiers on guard as we had no official permit. The length round the walls was about 1,500 metres, and being 20 metres high on top of the steep slopes, the walls must have been almost impregnable when occupied by the Moghuls over four hundred years ago. Inside we saw temples, barracks, baths and ancient gardens. From the slotted battlements and the towers, the defenders had a commanding view of the lake-studded countryside and the city. We did too for a few minutes in a biting wind, until all was blanked out by a heavy snow-storm, of which more later, and which continued all the way back. The

drop in temperature confirmed the Kashmir proverb "one must have fan and fur together".

On the following day the mountains were transformed by a least one metre of snow, the first of the winter. The passes were closed, and we were snowbound in Srinagar. This gave us the opportunity to see more of the manufacturing of the various crafts in the city, consisting of weaving and embroidering of Kashmir wools, walnut wood carving, silversmithing, jewellery, papermaché, painting, etc., and accumulating good purchases. Also to the east of the city we climbed the 330 metre high Shankaracharya Hill in the late afternoon, and saw the snow covered ranges a glowing pink in the sunset. On top is an ancient Hindu temple of stone named after Shankaracharya who fought Buddhism from here.

After two days delay we heard the passes out of Kashmir would be open to one way traffic. Hundreds of local people who had been sitting on the floor without heating in the bus depots, and enduring much discomfort, surged into their buses, and, accompanied by many army and other trucks, started out confidently. Our particular convoy was nearly two miles long, and became hopelessly jammed going up Banihal Pass near the 2,600 metre level. The one way system had broken down when a dozen large buses tried to pass others stationary in line, and tangled with those coming down.

Darkness was now on us and we waited with the threat of more snowfalls in the freezing conditions. Huge banks of snow that had fallen threatened to slip down across the road. Already two men had been killed and others injured by snow boulders, and the position looked grim, expecting to spend the night there. After three hours the traffic miraculously began to move, and we edged up slowly, through the tunnel, and over the pass. The journey then back to Jammu proved uneventful, but took over thirteen hours.

To conclude, for any walker wanting to visit Kashmir, we would recommend the month of June, when flowers in the Vale and mountain meadows are at their finest, and walking is best among the peaks.

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#### COLD WATER TREATMENT OF BURNS AND SCALDS.

by J. H. Revitt.

(From the Bush Fire Bulletin - Summer 1973/74)

Until a few years ago the first-aid treatment of burns and scalds was essentially negative. Apart from covering the burned area with a clean dressing, securing rapid transport to hospital and re-assuring the patient, first-aiders were usually taught what not to do. This negative approach was designed primarily to reduce the risk of infection and to ease the patient's treatment in hospital where casualty surgeons often had the unenviable task of removing butter and other substances from a raw and painful area. The principle seemed to be that if little good was being done, at least the first-aid treatment was calculated to do the minimum of harm.

In Iceland immediate immersion of the burned part in cold water is a

# Paddy made

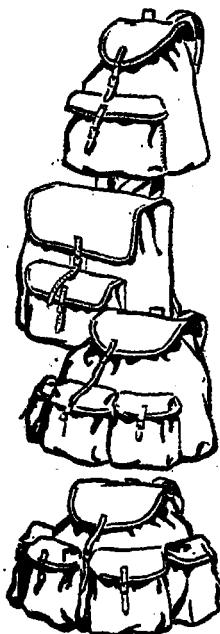
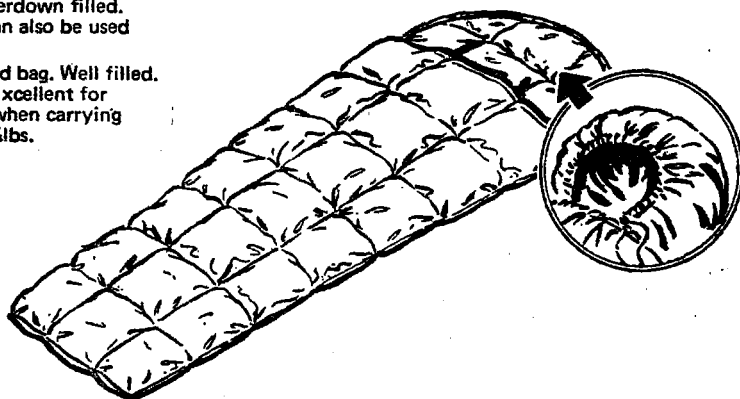
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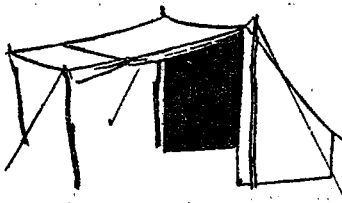
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### 'A' TENTS

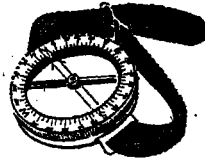
One, two or three man. From 2½ to 3½lbs. Choice of three cloths. Supplied with nylon cords and overlapped doors. No walls.



### WALL TENTS

Two, three or four man. From 3½ to 4½lbs. Choice of three cloths. Supplied with nylon cords and overlapped doors.

Everything for the bush-walker, from blankets and air mattresses, stretchers, boots, compasses, maps, books, stoves and lamps to cooking ware and freeze dried and dehydrated foods.



# Paddy Pallen

69 LIVERPOOL ST. SYDNEY — 26-2686 61-7215

traditional way of treating a burn. Dr. O.J. Ofeigsson of Iceland proved the value experimentally. In a series of tests during which anaesthetised rats were given various burns and scalds, he showed beyond any doubt that prompt immersion of the burned part in cold water hastened the healing process and prevented and alleviated many of the complications. His work has since been confirmed in humans and in animals by other doctors.

The advantages of this form of treatment as a first-aid measure are immense. It relieves the intense pain and gives comfort to the burned patient who becomes more easily manageable and receptive to reassurance. For the first time it gives the first-aider something positive to do; something that can be done at once; something that does not require elaborate equipment or training, and something which favourably affects the outcome of the injury. Apart from the immediate good, immersion of the burned part in cold water prevents further damage, enhances healing, helps to combat shock and probably reduces the risk of infection.

The following points are worth considering in a little more detail:-

Time factor. The burned part must be immersed in cold water immediately, nothing should interfere with this aim, there should be no delay other than to extinguish naked flames. The object is to lower the temperature of the burned area quickly, even if there has been a delay, immersion should still be carried out. It has been shown that even after a delay of 45 minutes healing is improved.

What to do. The burned part should be immersed in cold water making sure that every part of the burned area is covered. If the burned area cannot be immersed satisfactorily due to anatomical difficulties or the receptacle being too small, clean sheets soaked in cold water could be applied and re-applied frequently to the burned area so that the necessary cooling may be achieved. The patient should be re-assured constantly.

Immersion period. Whenever possible the patient should have the burned part immersed until there is no longer any pain. This varies with the nature and extent of the burn, and can be from a few minutes to several hours. While lengthy periods of immersion can be achieved easily with small or moderate burns, patients with extensive burns must be removed to hospital as soon as possible.

Clothing Removal. Cooling should be started immediately by immersing the burned part including the clothing in water. Time must not be wasted in removing clothing at the cost of delay in getting cold water to the damaged part. Once the burned area is in the water the clothing should then be removed unless it is sticking to the body.

Water temperature. Recent evidence suggests that it may be desirable for water at room temperature to be used, when immersion is likely to be prolonged or when burns are extensive.

Water cleanliness. Ordinary tap water is quite satisfactory.

Conclusions. Cold water as a first treatment on burns or scalds, either

by immersion or water soaked compresses is inexpensive, readily available, humane, harmless and very effective. It relieves pain, restores morale, reduces shock, prevents complications and hastens the healing process.

(The author:- Mr. J. H. Revitt, St. John Ambulance Brigade, Adelaide, S.A. E.F.S. Manual, 1972.)

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YALWAL - AUSTRALIA DAY WEEKEND.

by Robert Hodgson.

It was a very close call, the leader nearly white-anted on the Wednesday night, but finding a few keen starters and not being able to put them off with the walks announcement, the intrepid four found themselves at Danjerra Dam at Yalwal at 11 p.m. after a strikingly devious journey via Waterfall, Picton, Hilltop, Moss Vale and Nowra.

A beautiful clear night so it was decided no tents necessary, but of course, around midnight, it started to rain, slowly at first so just throw the tent over still folded. It finally became pointless to doing anything about remaining dry as to do so would have meant getting soaked in the pouring rain.

Next morning, a fine day, the car was left on the shore of the dam at 7 a.m., the only known point being the evening's camp site which was a long way off. Clarke Saddle was reached but no sign of the bridle track promised by the map, only a rusty old barbed wire fence. So a 3 kilometre bush bash in what was rapidly becoming a very hot steamy day to Reynolds Saddle.

No prizes for guessing the first action of the party on arriving at the beautiful stream flowing on pink bedrock granite which was Bundundah Creek. Within half an hour but still before 10 a.m. two of the party were in swimming again, but this did not seem to hinder the progress of the party up the creek as the base of Twelve Apostles Spur was reached in time for another swim and lunch at noon.

During lunch the sky became ominously black, the temperature dropped markedly and it began teeming rain, which stopped as suddenly as it started, perfect conditions for the climb up Twelve Apostles Spur.

The climb was noteworthy for its virtually impenetrable jungle of ....., with their needle pointed leaves ready to prick when brushed the wrong way. Near the top the Apostles were reached but even though these rock monoliths are of impressive size they are almost completely buried in the forest.

Once on the top it became apparent that the weather was anything but stable, a terrific wind was blowing, it was starting to rain again, there was much lightning and thunder, and it had become bitterly cold. The



weather deteriorated further as the party approached Sturgiss Hill, alternately loping across open clearings and pushing through head high scrub, when suddenly emerging from the thickest scrub patch onto a road. As it was going in the right direction the road was followed with much enthusiasm except for one member of the party who complained that he felt like he was freezing to death and that at least it was warmer in the scrub.

The storm passed very quickly and by the time Paul's Pass was reached it was 4 p.m. and the sun was shinging. Paul's Pass is worthy of note as it enables the walker to scale an impossible cliff easily and without exposure. The pass starts in the cave in the cliff face next to the chimney where Dog Leg Creek disappears into oblivion. A small cairn in the cave marks the spot where the lower part of the cliff has moved away from the rest of the rock leaving a vertical gap of less than half a metre down which an earth and rubble ramp has formed. The party eased their way sideways down the slit mostly with rucksacks carried on heads as near the bottom a narrow section meant that the rucksack had to be lifted above head height to fit through.

A very steep descent mostly under a leafy canopy with moss covered rocks and huge vines hanging from the trees ensued to Cinch Creek. The boulders in Cinch Creek have to be seen to be believed, rounded and about the size of a room they are heaped on top of each other like gigantic sandstone marbles making passage along the creek very slow and energetic. The further down Cinch Creek the smaller the boulders became until Ettrema Creek was reached at 6.30 p.m. just in time to spot another thunder storm on the horizon.

Fortunately this storm missed us except for the wind, and by 7.30 the sunshine was visible on Possibility Point. A hearty meal ensued with all members of the party agreeing on one thing, that it was the most varied day's walking ever encountered and possibly the toughest.

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Extracts from  
MONTHLY NEWSLETTERS FROM ANTARCTICA.

by Dot Butler.

Mawson is a cluster of multicoloured huts on a rocky little horse-shoe-shaped harbour, flanked by bays with blue and white ice cliffs, with the peaks of Mt. Henderson and the Mawson Range rearing out of the ice behind. It is the home of 25 men and 24 dogs - huskies of Greenland and Labrador extraction, big, hairy and friendly. The pups roam free and full of mischief, but the full-grown ones live on the doglings. One little pup was sent off on the Nella Dan to the Davis Base and another was given to the Russians at Molodezhnaya. There was a great celebration when the two Russian helicopters called in. Bartering of "Playboys" and less savoury literature in exchange for furry Russian hats was soon in full swing (lubricated, as you might expect). They departed with various gifts, including Kadaitcha, the 7-month old bitch.

Around March the dogmen start saddling up the dogs for training runs on the sea ice. This strips a bit of the excess weight from both man and beast.

Before the sea froze, strong winds freed a grounded iceberg which sailed up the channel and swept away the aerial feeders which the Radio Technician had set up on Hump Island. This was the second such catastrophe this year, and necessitated a lot of rowing back and forth to repair the damage.

In the midst of all the cheery doings, setting up the station, the carpenter was killed in a toboganing accident. He was a quiet, gentle, friendly man, respected by all. He was given as fine a funeral as Antarcticans can give. His last resting place is high on West Arm, where there is a wonderful panorama of rugged mountains, icecliffs and islands frozen into timeless beauty. Here, if one pauses a while, one can almost feel eternity. Their common loss has drawn the men together and a marvellous spirit of co-operation prevails.

The sea ice formed early in April. This brought out the dog teams, the ice yacht, the ice skates and the langlaufing skis, while the keen fishermen now had to cut holes in the ice. One of the men, however, decided that the "iron dogs" (skidoos) were for him when he went out to take photos of dog teams in action. Wade and his cobbler have been to the top of Welch Island, returning in time to help with the tanning of seal skins in Law hut - much to the disgust of the man who has fire extinguishers stored there. The radio men are hard at work tearing down and rebuilding the radio hut and can be identified by the bruises and band-aids plastered all over them!

The first litter of pups appeared in May. The event had dogman Ted busy preparing the maternity ward and running back and forth with morsels to tempt Norma's palate. She took it all with great calm and produced seven little bundles but only one survived.

The older pups are being taught to pull sledges. Grand sights to be seen of smiling doggy faces and wagging tails milling around sledges and men, traces in a glorious tangle. Five pups need three men to keep order.

There is some doubt whether it is a case of men training dogs or dogs training men. The working dogs get regular training runs. Wade and three cobbers are regulars on these occasions, and men and dogs are getting very fit.

Meanwhile four of the men, professing interest in the temperature of Emperor penguins' skin, had a fortnight's holiday at Taylor Rookery, 60 miles along the coast where they made a general nuisance of themselves in the rookery and took many heroic photographs. Significantly, they struggled home just in time for the Midwinter Celebrations. The feast comprised suckling pig, lobster, turkey, and the cake - a replica of the Antarctic continent. Before eating commenced Wade and three others lined up and completed the Mawson "streak" - the result a dead heat but one of the boys may be disqualified - he wore a beanie. Advice to future streakers: "Wear mukluks, fellas!"

A fitting climax to the dinner was a stirring Cossack dance, then a presentation of "Cinderella" with a remarkable degree of audience participation. Following this came talented guitar-accompanied folk singing, and a finale of place kicking and Japanese wrestling.

The Midwinter Mawson group photograph was delayed owing to a technical hitch: Wade's sandalled feet were not in focus! The photographer is to try again, hoping to capture this familiar rose hue.

The day after Midwinter brought the first real blizzard with a good snow cover around the station, with Wade and his cobber being first skiers to take advantage of it. Cross country ski trips can now be taken down the coast to some spectacular ice caves.

July brought the sun for the first time since Midwinter, also a Giant Petrel was sighted. Dave Luders, the officer in charge of the station, set out to teach the dogs to 'sit', and believe it or not, after fifteen minutes Dave could sit real good!

Wade was with the first dog trip for the year, speeding off to Auster Rookery, 50 kilometres east of Mawson. The party of four was joined by four others on snowcruisers and this combined effort successfully counted 18,300 penguins. One at a time! Back at the camp the remaining pups had a field day when, to their delight, they were all untied to run free around the camp. On that day the men were to be seen moving very quietly between buildings as the slightest noise brought an ocean of fur and tongues down on the unsuspecting.

September brought a remarkable amount of sunny, windless weather and a feeling that summer was not far away. Dribbles of melt on metal surfaces, the sun still up during the evening meal, and Wade Butler was seen skiing in shorts down the slalom course he has marked out. Seals are being drawn out to bask on the sea-ice, and the chief seal-taggers tagged over seventy. The numbered tag is placed through the hind flipper after a bag is thrown over the seal's head. Rodeo scenes prevail during the subduing phase. The assistants enjoy it hugely. The little pups are brought out to play

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in the sun and the place begins to look like a zoo with mothers and offspring of three litters rolling about in furry mock battles.

Two dog teams set off for Taylor Glacier to count Emperor chicks and take photographs. Their departure was not without incident: in the first wild rush out of the harbour one team of 9 dogs became detached from their sledge and wrapped themselves around a skier. Extrication was no small feat!

October began with the year's big dog trip to Fold Island. Wade and party undertook this 240 mile return trip. They conducted a census of Emperor penguins there. This continues to be a small rookery, 250 adult birds and 470 chicks being counted. The party returned lean, brown and very fit.

After 6 months absence, October welcomed the return of wild life. Firstly Snow petrels, Antarctic skuas, then Weddell seals to pup. Antarctica's clowns, the Adelie penguins kept their annual nesting schedule arriving on the 20th - right on time. This animal activity is providing a wealth of interest and enjoyment.

By November both the skuas and the Adelie penguins are incubating, with the skuas keeping watchful eyes over the Adelie rookeries for any unguarded eggs.

Norma has produced her second litter for the year - two healthy pups. Meanwhile five mischievous pups from earlier litters scour the camp for fur and food whenever they tire of basking in the unaccustomed luxury of the first days above freezing since February. This warmth has eroded the sea ice surface to sharp ripples while the warming waters rot it from below, producing areas of black ice and small patches of open water. Around camp the disappearing snow brings cleanup work as a winter's rubbish comes to light...

Now that little red rustbucket, the "Nella Dan" is less than a month away and those departing the camp in December are seized with a sense of urgency in finishing their winter hobbies and packing. Wade will not be returning till March.

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Postscript: Doone Wyborn thought it was going to be too much trouble to write to Wade so instead he went down personally, bearing with him a 14-lb Christmas cake that Leslie had made (1 ft. across), which she hoped would outlast even Doone's appetite during the trip down and Wade would eventually get some of it. However adverse weather prevented the "Nella" landing at Mawson, so Doone and the cake have gone on to Davis base (or Casey). Perhaps there will still be some cake left when the boys get together on the return trip to Melbourne in March.

Postscript 2: (How to Combine Work with Fun). Leslie will fill in the lonely three months while Doone is in Antarctica doing some incredible bushwalking trips to get rock samples in the Watsons Crags-Geehi-Mt. Jagungal area, assisted by (wait for it!) a Ph.D. scholarship from the Australian National University, PLUS a landrover, PLUS all petrol (gratis), PLUS a key to all those nasty locked gates in the Snowy. Hard to take, yes?

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WALKS SECRETARY'S NOTES FOR MARCH.

by Bob Hodgson.

- 1975  
March
- Sunday 2 - Both of the walks scheduled for the first weekend in March were covered in the January magazine, but one late comer to the list is John Campbell's Claustal Canyon day trip, with its three exciting little abseils and refreshing coolness. Remind me to look for the glow worms in the tunnel swim.
- 7, 8, 9 - Hans Beck is doing that classic walk from Carlons to Splendour Rock and the Coxs River. What more can be said other than this is first class "unimproved" walking country?
- 7, 8, 9 - All aboard for Peter Miller's "perfect campsite" on the Capertee downstream from Glen Davis. Peter must have discovered this spot on one of his recent jaunts through the area and decided here is the spot to spend a lazy summer's weekend.
- Sunday 9 - Highway-like tracks all the way (and some steps too) on Brian Willis's Govetts Leap, Grand Canyon test walk. Breath taking views from the bottom of the valley as well as the top.
- Sunday 9 - Kath Brown will be leading the throng on this easy stroll to Garie with a refreshing dip in the surf.
- 14,15,16 - There are no programmed walks for this weekend as it is assumed that everyone will be attending our annual reunion at Woods Creek. For the benefit of newer members, Woods Creek is a tributary of the Grose River at the point where the Grose exits from the Blue Mountains. The site is a grassy area with many tall trees with the steep banks of the shallow sandy Grose alongside.
- 21,22,23 - Bill Burke and John Campbell are combining forces to complete two walks of different character. Bill is walking down the Long Point track with a tremendous view of the Shoalhaven Gorge, and John is abseiling and climbing down Bungonia Creek. The two parties will meet and camp together in Bungonia Gorge then exit via Barbers Creek with its exceptional swimming hole, as a combined party.
- 22,23 - Another tracked test walk with Diana Lynn at the helm. Most people know of the area Katoomba - Mt. Solitary, so I need not tell you of its scenic splendour.
- Sunday 23 - Carl Bock is off on a day test walk in the country he seems to have a soft spot for. I think it's got something to do with the breathtaking spectacle of Broken Bay and the Hawkesbury River.
- Sunday 23 - Tony Denham is leading one of the very popular day walks to Burning Palms. This area always has this charm and special magnetism for the day walker.

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28 - 31 - It had been quite a while since a caving trip has appeared on our programme and I am sure it will re-awaken the speleologist in us. To get to Bendethera Caves without incurring the wrath of the locals requires a deal of walking, so Ray Carter is making the exercise into a three day walk with the caving thrown in.
- Easter
- 27 - 31 - Another even rarer type of trip, Gordon Lee, an old Newcastle -ite who knows the area like the back of his hand, is leading a cascading trip down the Williams River from Selby Alley Hut. Book early as this trip of necessity must comprise small numbers. A trip with a lot of appeal to the adventurous swimmer.
- 27 - 31 - Helen Gray is Bimberi bound on this epic trip around the headwaters of the Cotter River. A range really worth visiting - Bimberi for its size, Scabby for its rugged beauty and Kelly for its cyclorama. A most heartily recommended walk - but go prepared for snow.

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A TRIP TO FEDERATION PEAK, TASMANIA.

The Club has received the following letter from R.A. (Bob) Leavy, C/- C.G. Leavy and R.A. Leavy, Public Accountants, Box 300 P.O., Toowoomba, 4350.

"After seven years I have the opportunity to visit South West Tasmania again. I am planning to visit Federation Peak in a trip lasting about eight days covering Saturday April 5 to Sunday April 13, 1975. However I have now lost contact with all my old bushwalking companions and am writing to you to ask if there would be any members of your club interested in making the trip at that time. Unfortunately the commencement date is inflexible due to a conference I will be attending in Hobart.

"I have organised and carried out two extended walks in the South West in early '66 and '68, air drops being employed in both cases. I have also run three Reserve trips since 1965. So you can see I am no stranger to Tasmanian walking. I was University of Queensland Bushwalking Club Secretary in 1965. I would prefer to travel with only experienced walkers although not necessarily ones who have visited the peak before. I do not envisage using air drops for this trip."

Any members who would be interested in this trip should get in touch direct with Mr. Leavy.

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YOU CAN OWN A 6000 ACRE SANCTUARY!

(Advertisement)

by Paul Sharp S.B.W.Member.

Some friends of mine have formed themselves into a company and have obtained rights over more than 6000 acres of unspoilt bushland. They have agreed that, provided they get support for the scheme, the area will be preserved as a sanctuary, and you are now offered collective ownership of it.

It is proposed to allow a maximum of 50 persons to share this land under conditions which guarantee that it shall not be spoilt. In addition, each person will obtain individual rights to 2 acres of land immediately adjoining the sanctuary. On this 2 acres you may erect a residence and carry out any agricultural or related activities that you wish.

In addition to its ecological appeal your acquisition of this land in an unusually good investment, as you will realise from reading about terms of payment below.

PAYMENT.

To meet individual financial needs of participants, there is a wide variety of ways of making payment, for example:-

Method 1. Down payment of \$5,000, which is RETURNED IN FULL after 15 years! Net payment is thus NIL.

Method 2. \$10 per week. Full rights do not accrue to the participant until he has paid one year's rent, which, for cash flow reasons, M.J. and F.L. Management Pty. Ltd, the owners of the land, prefer to have paid in advance. Rent continues WITHOUT INCREASE - irrespective of inflation - for a total of 15 years. Then \$5,000 is returned to the participant who continues to have full ownership without any further rental or purchase payments.

In addition, participants are responsible for a small payment for rates and expenses.

All rights and titles are fully negotiable - you may sell your ownership, or pass it on to your children.

LOCATION.

.... In counties of Nundle and Scone, on Barnard River, about 20 km from Nundle, and 20 km from proposed new express road north from Newcastle.

The property is between two State Forests of approximately 60,000 acres, and participants should be able to enjoy the adjoining areas, particularly for walking or riding.

WILDLIFE. The area is very rich in a wide variety of indigenous wildlife.

TERRAIN. Lightly, medium and heavily wooded areas, from 1100 metres above sea level down to the Barnard River at 450 metres.

(continued next page)



(Advertisement continued)

The 2 acre lots will be selected by participants in strict order of becoming participants.

For further details contact me, Paul Sharp - of S.B.W. - at Box 228, Lane Cove, N.S.W. 2066, or you may phone B. D. and Associates at 644-6355 and ask for Frank Bulluss.

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NOTICE FROM THE SECRETARY

Helen Gray.

The following office bearers have indicated that they do not wish to stand for re-election to Committee for the year 1975/6:-

Bob Younger	Vice-President
Owen Marks	Social Secretary

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SOCIAL NOTES FOR MARCH

by Owen Marks.

The Annual General Meeting will be held on 12th March next. Only full members are entitled to vote, though non-active and prospective members may attend. The meeting will probably start before 8 p.m., so watch for "Notice of Meeting" which will be sent under separate cover and will give full particulars of time and agenda.

On 19th March we will see some more selected films from the Commonwealth Film Laboratory. The films on the desert aborigines and on the lyre bird were particularly good and much appreciated by a large audience last time, and we anticipate these others will be as good.

On Saturday, 22nd March, there is to be an "At Home" with music and Japanese food at the home of Ray Dargan, 4A/5 Girilang Avenue, Vaucluse, phone 337,1980. B.Y.O.G. (i.e. Bring Your Own Grog).

Some members of the University of N.S.W. Speleological Society are coming along on 26th March to enlighten us on "Beauties of Caving". As we have a couple of caving trips on the coming walks programme this will be of particular interest to those who haven't been caving yet, but would like to try it.

And of course, don't forget the great get-together of old and new members at the Re-union at Woods Creek on Saturday and Sunday 15/16 March.

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SYDNEY BUSH WALKERS ANNUAL RE-UNION 1975.

The club re-union is to be held at Woods Creek near Richmond. All members past, present and prospective members are welcome. Woods Creek is a delightful camping spot amongst tall trees (with many bell-birds) near the banks of the Grose River, which has safe playing spots for children on sandbanks by the shallow water. There are deeper pools further up where adults can cool off.

A big camp-fire is planned for Saturday night with supper provided by the Club. Helpers are needed to build the campfire - please contact the President. Other helpers are needed to help carry the supper ingredients and the dixies down the hill from the car park.

On Sunday there will be a damper-making contest, the dampers are traditionally cooked in the ashes of the Re-union campfire. So bring some S.R. flour - no fancy extra like sugar, sultanas or eggs are allowed. Plenty of instructors available if you haven't made a damper before!

Motor transport is necessary between Richmond and the car parking area above Woods Creek which is about 1 km from the campsite. Arrangements can be made to meet people who travel by train to Richmond, or there may be room in some of the cars. People who want transport, or who want to be met, or who can give transport to others, should contact Helen Gray, 86-1263, preferably several days before the re-union.

For car drivers, these road directions may be helpful:-

Go to North Richmond on the Windsor/Kurrajong/Bell Road. Turn left in North Richmond at the chemist shop. The sign post on this road reads "Grose Wold 3, Grose Vale 5". (This sign may now read in km.) After 1.6 miles, just past the entrance to "St. John of God Hospital" turn left. After 1 mile just over a bridge over a creek turn right into Grose Wold Road. After 0.8 mile turn left into Avoca Road. After 0.8 mile the tar surface gives way to dirt road. 100 yards further on bear slightly to the right past a gate. Continue along the dirt track and turn left in front of a house (some gates may be shut in this area). After 100 yards turn right, then continue more or less straight on to the end of the road (approx. 2 miles).

Most people arrive during the Saturday afternoon, so if you go earlier, don't worry if there are few other people there.

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