

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bush Walkers, Box 4476 G.P.O., Sydney, 2001. Club meetings are held every Wednesday evening from 7.45 pm at the Cahill Community Centre (Upper Hall), 34 Falcon Street, Crow's Nest.

\*\*\*\*\*

EDITOR: Ainslie Morris, 45 Austin Street, Lane Cove, 2066.  
Telephone 428 3178.

BUSINESS MANAGER: Bill Burke, 3 Coral Tree Drive, Carlingford, 2118.  
Telephone 871 1207.

PRODUCTION MANAGER: Helen Gray.

TYPIST: Kath Brown.

PRINTERS: Phil Butt, Barry Wallace, Morag Ryder, Fran Longfoot.

\*\*\*\*\*

# JANUARY, 1986.

		Page
Colo Adventure	by Tom Wenman	2
Incorporation	Barrie Murdoch	5
Blackheath Taxi - Advertisement		6
What Now? Series on First Aid	Ainslie Morris	6
Family Walk on the Cox's River		
"We Made Pictures with the Stars"	Alistair Read	7
"We Had Heaps of Fun"	Hayden Read	7
Batsch Camp to Yerranderie	Ray Hookway	8
Eastwood Camping Centre Advertisement		10
Car Dilemmas	Peter Rossell	11
Search & Rescue Practice	Ainslie Morris	
(1) Carrying a Stretcher Casualty Down a Steep Slope		12
(2) Lifting A Stretcher Casualty Up a Cliff		13
The December General Meeting	Barry Wallace	14
What Now? Answers		15
Advertisement - Canoe & Camping, Gladesville		16
Conservation Award to Honour Paul Landa	Joseph Glascott	17
Letter - Boiling Water Burns	David Rostron	18
Attention! Achtung! Day Walkers		
New Train Timetables	Jim Brown	18
Advance Notice of Walk - July 1986	Peter Harris	19
For Those Who Like Talking.....	Spiro Hajinakitas	19
Amende Honorable	Jim Brown	20
Social Notes for February	Bill Holland	20

\*\*\*\*\*

COLO ADVENTURE.

by Tom Wenman.

Being a record of the party walking from the Six Brothers fire trail, up the Colo and Capertee Rivers to Glen Davis on Don Finch's and Oliver Crawford's car swap trip, 1, 2 & 3 November, 1985.

When, on a Saturday morning at about 10 am our pleasant descent of a rainforest creek was brought to a sudden halt by a dramatic, seemingly impassable 200 ft drop, it seemed reasonable to hazard a guess that an interesting weekend was ahead. Combine that with the generally rugged character of the Colo River area and 'interesting' becomes something of an understatement.

But let's start at the beginning.

This something of an epic trip began with a short but agreeable congregation of bushwalkers at Windsor. Here, under the capable arrangements of Oliver Crawford and Don Finch the two groups exchanged vehicles to depart for their respective starts to the walk.

Our party consisted of nine walkers: Oliver Crawford, the leader, Brian Hart, Ric King, Fazeley Read, Peter Russell, Morag Ryder, Ainslie Morris, Mike Reynolds and myself. Five of us tumbled into Don Finch's van and four indulged themselves in the luxury of David Rostron's Commodore. "Not far to go," everybody said, "be in bed by 9.30". Good, I thought, being strongly in favour of a horizontal position after dark.

Thus it was that it was that we pursued a somewhat leisurely pace along the Putty Road until we found the turnoff, the Six Brothers firetrail.

The vehicles manoeuvred carefully along the rather tortuous track with the van leading the way, its headlamps illuminating the thick bush on either side with the occasional patch of Flannel Flowers and somewhat late flowering Waratah. The Commodore followed, its wavering headlamps pointing to all degrees of the compass.

Life seemed quite effortless until whilst plowing through a muddy patch the rear end of the van suddenly slewed sideways and came to rest with a jolt in a large pool of muddy water. "Bogged" is I believe the description of the situation. However nine bushwalkers came forward with a multiple of nine suggestions on how to extricate ourselves. Eventually with sheer muscle power we were on our way again. Life was not quite so easy or carefree thereafter, and after a succession of boggings and rocky manoeuvrings, having previously abandoned the Commodore, we finally made camp at about 12.30 pm!

It is one of the pleasures of a weekend bushwalk to wake up on Saturday morning to all those wonderful bush sounds, which on this occasion I fear included a leader urging us to greater things than lying in our sleeping bags.

We departed happily along the fire trail which continued to follow the ridge and passed a particularly nice campsite which Oliver had hoped to make the previous evening, had the track not been so washed out. Sometime after, we turned off into the bush at a point which reminded me of the front cover of the magazine. Here I felt the adventure of the Colo really starts, and I wasn't far wrong.

The descent was rapid and soon we were in the delightful creek which led us like the proverbial lemmings to our denouement.

Forcing a new pass to the Colo.

Looking over the 200 ft drop was quite fascinating. The contemplation of descent however was not so attractive. The situation looked impossible,

and we gloomily regarded the prospect of retracing our steps up the creek and climbing over an intervening ridge to the creek which we should have descended.

A number of our party however were made of sterner stuff. Peter Russell and Ric King carried out an investigation down the right hand side of the cliff face and returned with confident opinions that a way down was possible. With some trepidation, the remaining members of the party climbed down a short wall, traversed along a ledge and then in a series of faith-related movements, climbed down to a heavily vegetated sloping ledge. The Colo looked much nearer now, but still I fear somewhat beyond our grasp, for another 150 ft sheer drop separated us from our quest - for such it had definitely become.

Brian Hart now took up the challenge and traversing to our left, i.e. downstream of the Colo, spied to our right a break in the seemingly resolute walls of the Colo River. We traversed to our right through some thick scrub, and after a somewhat long and frustrating struggle reached a sharply descending creek which Brian identified as the key to the break in the defences of the river and our further progress. A steep earthy descent grasping life-saving shrubs and trees, a delicate traverse and we were safely, and speaking personally very relieved to be, standing on the bank of the Colo. The descent since we had left the creek had taken us two and a half hours. It was time for lunch and we all enjoyed a relaxing swim in the pleasantly refreshing waters of the river.

#### The Voyage up River.

Following lunch we departed upstream in search of our fellow walkers who were venturing into the Colo wilderness area from the settled and fertile valley of the Capertee.

Soon after leaving the sandy bank of our lunch site we came to the junction with the Wollemi Creek. Shortly thereafter the sketch map indicated a short cut across a narrow neck of a ridge around the end of which the river winds in a long U shape. The way up by the junction with a small dry creek was easy enough but the descent to the other side had us a bit baffled. Of course, when we eventually descended, the way we should have come down was easy to pick. It is a useful effort none the less and cuts off a considerable loop of the river.

From the top of the saddle the view is very worthwhile. Far below, the golden Colo, bordered by a narrow strip of white sand, winds its way between precipitous cliffs, which for the most part are covered by tenacious vegetation, only occasionally yielding space to eroded rock walls.

Our journey upstream, despite the pleasant temperature of the water, was tiring. Progress along the narrow banks was difficult due to the vegetation, and walking upstream was reckoned to be definitely inferior to walking downstream. Every now and then whilst wading through the water members of the party would sink up to their knees in quicksand.

There was however a certain delight in tramping along the sandy bed of the river in the sunny warmth of the afternoon, occasionally disturbing a flight of ducks. (It is interesting to note that early pioneers and bushwalkers also commented on their presence.) The soaring pinnacles of cliffs on either side with their eroded rust coloured terraces and overhangs impressed upon the senses a feeling of imprisonment in an inviolable wilderness. Let us hope..... The clear blue sky beyond the cliffs provided a perfect backdrop as well as giving us a delightful day.

A broad strip of sand growing more substantial with grass and trees on it volunteered itself as a choice for a campsite. Should we go on, or wait here for the other party? It was 6.30 pm and the decision was quietly unanimous. We thankfully began to gather some of the plentiful driftwood

which lay in piles against some tall old casuarinas.

However, after we had well established ourselves, an echoing "Day Oh" drifted down the river and our fellow voyagers from upstream came into sight. It transpired that by the time they had reached us they had been walking for 12 hours owing to some access problems with their vehicles resulting from non-existent keys to gates. After the fraternal greetings were exchanged we settled down to cook and chat around the fire. It was however a fairly subdued evening as most sought their sleeping bags fairly early that night.

A dawn chorus of birds heralded another blue-sky day. Our party, the "upstream trudgers" were away early at about 7.15 and we soon plunged into the river. The water was not cold however.

We had been told by our comrades, the "travelling downstream party", that after about 1½ hours a cattle track along the bank made for easier walking. We had 6 km or so to go before arriving at the alternative to last night's campsite and after our experiences of river walking the previous day we were anticipating a fairly hard struggle. The banks however proved more open and therefore more accommodating to our progress.

It did not seem long before we came upon the alternative choice for last night's camp, and further on the junction of the Wolgan and Capertee Rivers. These join together to form the Colo. At this significant location we disported ourselves - emptying our sandshoes of sand, swimming and taking a short rest.

#### The Capertee River.

The river bank walking had by now considerably improved with stretches of flat grassy areas and of course the wonderful cow track. Tall and stately casuarinas reminiscent of the Cox River abounded with some magnificent examples of Turpentine trees, their rough bark trunks soaring upwards towards the sky. Following the cattle track became the order of the day, crossing the river where it crossed, and locating it through some delightful but on occasions somewhat nettle-covered glades.

The towering cliffs above what had now become the Capertee River still contained and dominated our progress and vision. The river however had taken on a different aspect. The many rapids made it appear more like a mountain stream although the cliffs on either side had receded from the valley floor. We travelled at what seemed a very fast rate compared to our previous efforts.

Gosper's Creek was reached and sometime afterwards we lunched in a pleasant glade. Our walking now was almost entirely along the river bank. On the last swim, and a final emptying of sandshoes, and we pursued our way along the bank gradually leaving the river further away on our right. The valley had opened out considerably now - we sometimes pushed our way through the scrub, sometimes more effectively followed the cattle track.

The next objective was Freshwater Creek and we were now well into cattle country, with the occasional four-wheel-drive track appearing. The sense of wilderness decreased with these features. At last we encountered Freshwater Creek and thankfully rested and drank its cool waters.

The way home was now quite straightforward, just following the firetrail to Glen Davis. Some, like cattle who had smelt water, raced ahead, whilst others plodded steadily along the undulating track. All however were pleased to be within close distance of the cars.

The track was pleasant enough and presently we came to a deserted farm house, shortly after which we joined a black, shale made road, which led us to the now desolate scene of the ruined retorts of the former shale treatment

works. All looked sad and deserted but one could well imagine the activity, the smells and industry which formerly flourished here. On a nearby hill 'The Paradise Mineral Works', itself a mere shell of former activity, looked gloomily down on the now quiet pastoral scene where a herd of cattle grazed amid the ruins.

The Wolgan River had stirred memories of the "Lonely Ghostly Shay", and now some trick of the wind produced from the ruins a mournful whistle.

My thoughts however did not linger on these matters. It was 7.15 pm, we had been walking for twelve hours, ahead were the cars, and there the agony would stop. Well I and three others might think so, but fate had something else in store for us.

#### Postscript.

We agreed to meet for tea in Lithgow and thither we departed. But some five miles from Lithgow an unfortunate kangaroo decided to cross the road. Our driver had no chance as a foolish motorist proceeding in the opposite direction had his lights on full beam. For a second or two the 'roo was illuminated by our head lamps, being by then directly in front of the car. There was a bang and our saga for the night had commenced.

To cut the matter mercifully short, I arrived home at 6 am on Monday morning, after some four hours 'sleep' in the waiting room on Lithgow station and a desperate doze on the 2.30 am mail train from there to Sydney.

An epic walk indeed!

\* \* \* \* \*

#### INCORPORATION.

by Barrie Murdoch.

At the General Meeting on 11th December those present, about fifty, resolved that the Club incorporate in accordance with the provisions of the Associations Incorporation Act.

It seemed to me that the meeting was perhaps more impressed by the possibility of the incorporated body owning Coolana outright and being the registered owner of the Club name, than it was by the rather nebulous advantage of there being a particular entity to be sued in the event against the Club for negligence. As was explained, incorporation will not prevent members being sued - indeed one should assume that at the very least the Leader and other members present at a walk on which an accident occurred, would be joined as defendants. The fact that the Club has decided to insure has made the question of incorporation as a means of reducing the liability of members for negligence largely academic.

The next step will be to consider the amendments to the Constitution which will be required to give effect to the insurance scheme and the incorporation. No doubt there will be considerable head scratching done between now and the Annual General Meeting.

\*\*\*\*\*

NOTE also: Any Club member who wishes to move any other Constitutional amendment should let me have it in writing by the February Committee Meeting for inclusion in the notice of the A.G.M.

- - - - -

**BELVEDERE TAXIS BLACKHEATH****10 SEATER MINI BUS TAXI****047-87 8366**

• KANANGRA BOYD

• UPPER BLUE MOUNTAINS

• SIX FOOT TRACK

PICK UP ANYWHERE FOR START OR FINISH OF YOUR WALK

- BY PRIOR ARRANGEMENT

**Share the Fare**

-

**Competitive Rates**WHAT NOW?Series on FIRST AID.

by Ainslie Morris.

Now here is a common ailment which many people believe is treated with massage - but they're wrong!

SITUATION 5:

It is a warm, humid morning, and the party is climbing up.

PLACE: A steep, dry ridge.

SIGNS: A stiffening of the leg muscle as it contracts and shortens.  
Moist cool skin.

SYMPTOMS: Painful muscle cramp, continuing when resting.  
Difficulty in walking. Nausea. Tiredness.

What is your -

- (1) IMMEDIATE ACTION?
- (2) ASSESSMENT?
- (3) TREATMENT?
- (4) ESTIMATION OF CAUSES AND HOW TO PREVENT RECURRENCE?

Answers are on page

-----

FAMILY WALK ON THE COX'S RIVER.

"WE MADE PICTURES WITH THE STARS". by Alistair Read.  
(aged 11)

On Friday, 15th November '85, at 6.00 pm we were all packed. There was my sister Janelle, 16 years, my two brothers Blair (14) and Hayden (9), and our three friends Andrew, Steven and Sarah. I couldn't believe our good luck the next morning because the rain had gone and the sun was shining.

At 8.00 am we arrived at the "Six Foot Track". Not a soul was there, but gradually they all arrived - over 40 people and most of them were kids! It was fun racing down the Six Foot Track and I knew that we would get to the Cox's River for a swim soon because I had been on this walk last year and the year before. Soon we were there, and was that water refreshing!

Later on Saturday afternoon we camped at a beautiful grassy plain near the river and we all helped pitch the tents. Mr. Rostron organized a game of cricket with a tennis ball and bits of wood. Andrew and I slept out for the first time and we made pictures with the stars. A satellite moved slowly across the sky.

After Sunday lunch Andrew and I left our group and joined Mr. Rostron's small party to go up Galong Creek, the hard way to Carlons Farm. We had to climb past 12 waterfalls and crawl through one. We felt proud when we completed it. I wish there had been more of it. John Redfern helped me. At the top we met the others and I was sad it was all over.

I'd like to thank John Redfern and Ray Hookway for driving us there and back, Aunt Fazeley for filling us up with porridge and especially David Rostron for such a good weekend.

- - - - -

"WE HAD HEAPS OF FUN".

by Hayden Read.  
(aged 9)

Aunt Fazeley asked me if I would like to come on a bush walk, so I asked my friend Steven because I knew he was fit. We couldn't wait to start walking. On Friday night it rained cats and dogs so we rang a kind lady at Katoomba and stayed the night. In the morning it was so warm and we were so excited.

After a bit of mucking around we started and Steven and I kept up front. We had heaps of fun in the river all that day. There were slippery rocks, rapids, mini waterfalls, deep places, shallow places and warm water in rock pools like a bath.

Steven and I had a large tent just for the two of us. I chased a rabbit through the nettles and nearly got one. The next day you should have seen us rocket out of the water when Mr. Butt said that a snake was coming down stream, but I wasn't scared.

Steven and I dragged ourselves up the hill and waited for ages for A.F. When we got there we all had a fizzy drink. Steven said it was the hardest bush walk he had ever gone on. I'd like to do it more often but I have to go to church.

Thank you, Mr. Rostron. I am looking forward to going again next year.

- - - - -

"A SINGULAR WOMAN" the life storey of Marie Byles, will be shown on ABC TV, Australia wide at 9.25 p.m. on Monday, January 27.

BATSH CAMP TO YERRANDERIE.  
11,12,13th OCTOBER 1985.

by Ray Hookway.

Maps: Bindook 1/25,000. Yerranderie 1/25,000.

Leader: Ray Hookway.

Participants: Fazeley Read, Bob Milne, Les Powell, David McIntosh,  
Blair Read.

The first time I visited Batsh Camp the two walk leaders did not appear at the start until after 9 am on Saturday morning because they could not find Batsh Camp in the dark! A Boy Scout finally gave them directions! I had a similar problem on this walk. Recent changes to the Yerranderie road, to bypass Lang's property, have masked the turn-off to Batsh Camp, particularly on a wet, stormy night. David, who is a Scout Leader, helped me out.

Batsh Camp allegedly derives its name from it being the depression era campsite of the collectors of bat droppings from the nearby Colong Caves.

We drove from Oberon to Batsh Camp in blinding rain interspersed with magnificent displays of lightning which lit up the whole countryside like a floodlit stage. Fazeley spent the time scouring each side of the road for friendly dry barns, but after one torchlit sortie across a wet paddock to examine a possible dry sleeping spot we surrendered ourselves to the elements and proceeded to Batsh Camp. The rain stopped and we made a good dry camp at 2 am just beyond the Batsh Camp turn-off after being pushed out of a boggy section of the road.

Next morning we drove nearer to Batsh Camp in David's Landrover, shouldered our packs and set out along the old road before turning off and heading east across the swamp to climb Kooragang Mountain at 335166. The easiest route to Yerranderie from Batsh Camp is via Barrallier's Pass and Mount Meier but I consider that the views via Kooragang Mountain are worth the extra effort. I still foolishly thought that the weather would clear and let us see something.

We walked north along Kooragang Ridge to 353179 and headed east to the point at 363176. There is a route down from this cliff down a steep cleft at the western side of this point. Pat Harrison and I found the route years ago and named it Flannel Flower Pass. The cartographers obviously dismissed our discovery because it isn't marked on the map.

We set out for the ruin of Colong Station, skirting the massif at the end of Bulls Gap.

Lunch was eaten in light rain around a fire near Colong Creek before heading NNE to Colong Gap skirting Little Rick (Square Rock) on the way. The normal spectacular scenery of Mount Colong and its approaches and the sheer cliffs of the Mootik Plateau were only occasionally glimpsed through the thick mist and rain as we reached the old overgrown bridle trail which crosses the Mootik Walls via Colong Gap. The Tonalli Plateau, Byrnes Gap, the Axehead Range and all of the other magnificent scenery which normally greets you at the narrow Colong Gap were only tantalizingly visible through breaks in the mist.

The only route to Yerranderie Peak is very obvious from this point. Keeping high to avoid scrub we approached the causeway to the peak. After crossing the causeway we skirted the first small cliff to the right and then proceeded up the first gully to the left and clambered up onto the main ridge to avoid the sheer cliffs on the right. Keeping high we skirted the main peak on its right till we hit the well-worn track to the peak, worn by visitors from Yerranderie.



David left us briefly to bag Yerranderie Peak now hidden in the gloomy mist (it was now 5.20 pm), while we followed the track down the cleft in the cliff on the north side of the peak. The cleft becomes a creek at 425205.

Heading north we met the Yerranderie Road, and after a cursory examination of the bleak camping conditions at the old Court House we proceeded to West Yerranderie and got permission to sleep out of the rain on the verandah of the old Store. This was a rare privilege, but a possible help was the sight of Blair, 13 years old, wet and bedraggled and with one arm in plaster!

A cheerful meal was enjoyed under moist conditions around a large fire surrounded by dozens of large kangaroos. Females grazed with their large joeys also grazing whilst warmly ensconced in their mothers' pouches. Big male 'roos boxed and grappled with each other whilst emitting loud growls, the first time I have heard kangaroos make a noise. The growling continued late into the night. Large male 'roos stood tip-toe, balanced by the end of their tails, whilst they menacingly scratched their chests with both front paws, but it all appeared to be friendly bluff.

Next morning, after inspection of some of the Bartlett's Mine workings, we followed the Yerranderie-Tonalli Gap Road to Colong Swamp. The good dirt road winds past the old workings of the Silver Peak Mine, a glaring example of the environmental disaster which can be caused by uncontrolled mining.

Morning tea was had by a creek at the start of the track to Colong Caves at 367213.

The start of the track on the northern side of the creek from Colong Saddle is marked with discs on trees but these discs appear only occasionally as you proceed. The very faint track, which was marked on earlier maps, crosses the saddle and skirts Mount Colong at about the 730 m contour, crossing the end of several deep gullies which drop off to the right. At 344205 on the ridge from Mount Colong to Mount Billy there is a cairn marking the start of the old track down Green Gully to Colong Caves.

We proceeded a short distance west along a spur, then swung back and down around the eastern side of Green Gully and dropped down into Caves Creek. Lunch was eaten at the spring near the caves before tackling the almost sheer 1,000 feet (it sounds higher in the old units) Acetylene Spur. David, Blair and Bob made a brief inspection of one cave before we set out.

We followed the fire trail from the top of the spur back to Batsh Camp, but a foot track can be used to shorten the trip and cut out a few hills.

Back at the cars at 3.15 pm we proceeded to Katoomba for hot chocolate at Aroneys, and pizzas at the Pizza Parlour for some. Aroneys was deserted, the rain having driven most "normal" walkers home early.

With pleasantly full stomachs and dressed in dry warm clothes the ordeal of the past two days took on a different aspect to the participants, and with fingers only lightly crossed they were able to say that they had enjoyed the experience, walking in an area only rarely visited by S.B.W. walkers.

\* \* \* \* \*



## eastwood camping centre

### BUSHWALKERS

Lightweight Tents • Sleeping Bags • Rucksacks •  
Climbing & Caving Gear • Maps • Clothing • Boots  
• Food.

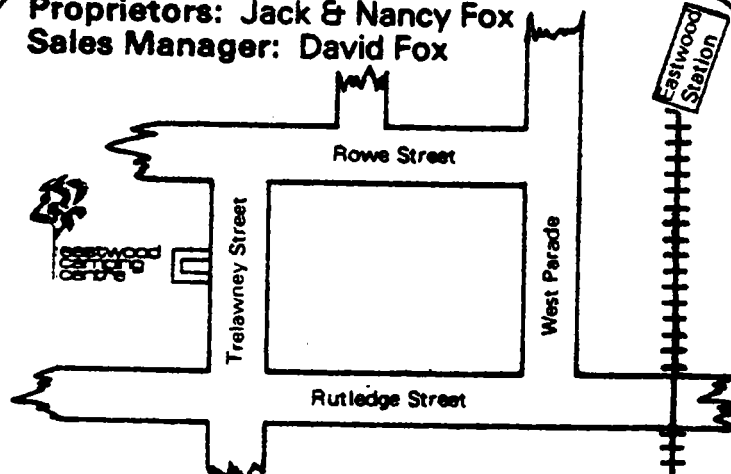
### CAMPING EQUIPMENT

Large Tents • Stoves • Lamps • Folding Furniture.

### DISTRIBUTORS OF:

Paddy made • Karrimor • Berghaus • Hallmark •  
Bergans • Caribee • Fairydown • Silva • Primus •  
Companion • and all leading brands.

Proprietors: Jack & Nancy Fox  
Sales Manager: David Fox



EASTWOOD CANVAS GOODS & CAMPING SUPPLIES  
3 Trelawney St Eastwood NSW 2122 Phone: 858 2775

CAR DILEMMAS.

by Peter Rossell.

Organising a Bush Walk is one thing; getting there and returning home safely with your passengers and car is another. It is generally and sensibly accepted that a minimum number of cars should be involved and all walk participants be distributed evenly over the available car space. People accept lifts either out of necessity or convenience, but few realise that by making his or her car available, the owner places his vehicle at risk.

This was highlighted during the recent "Glen Davis - Six Brothers" trip organised by Don Finch and Oliver Crawford. To make things more complicated a car swap was also part of the exercise.

During this trip two cars received damage. Oliver's car had the misfortune to collide head-on with a kangaroo; David Rostron's car was damaged whilst negotiating the Six Brothers fire trail at night. Neither car owner can be held responsible for the accidents. Oliver had no control over the kangaroo's lack of road sense. David was not even driving his car.

This type of misfortune no doubt is not new in the history of the Club. It has happened before and will happen again. What concerns me is that the car owner(s) can be left with the cost! This I don't think is fair. By providing their cars, they are helping others. If things go wrong, beyond their control, they should be assured that financial help from the other members of the party can be expected.

On a bush walk all participants are in it together, for better and for worse. This situation exists from the moment you are picked up till you are safely deposited again at your doorstep. In Oliver's and David's case, Don Finch took the initiative and wrote to each member of the group requesting a proportional donation, totalling \$25.60 per member.

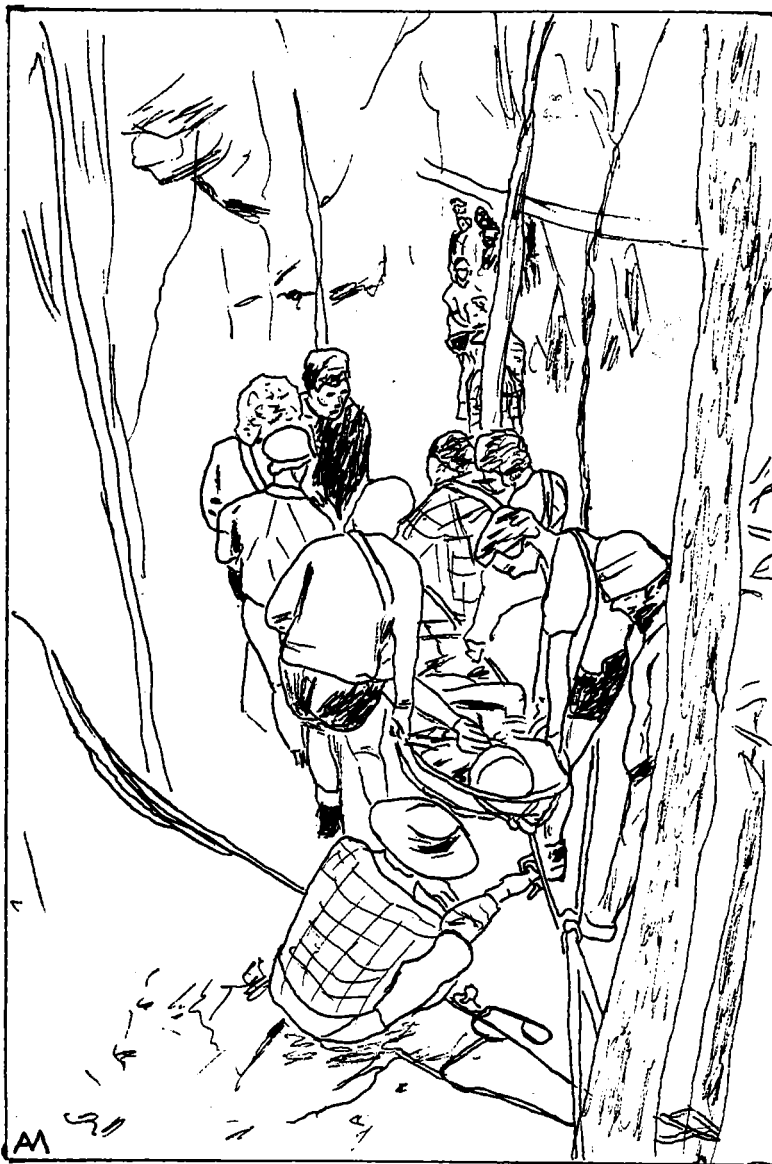
In the event of a similar car accident I would like to suggest the following:

1. Payment of damage cost can only be considered when the accident was not due to negligence on the part of the owner and the car is insured. Mechanical failures are excluded.
2. The maximum amount the car owner can be re-imbursed is the basic excess on his insurance policy, which I believe is approximately \$200 at present.
3. The car owner, through the Walk's organiser, can request that all participants make an equal contribution to help to raise up to \$200.
4. Should the party be small in numbers, or for other reasons is unable to raise the required amount, Club assistance may be requested.
5. A sub-committee be formed to investigate the claim and make recommendations to the Club Committee.
6. The Club Committee's decision to be final.

No doubt arguments for and against the proposal can be raised, but let's start the ball rolling. Perhaps we will finish up with a solution which may be beneficial to all concerned.

- - - - -

(The Committee received a letter from Wendy Aliano in December on the same issue. Members are invited to write in with their opinions. Ed.)

SEARCH AND RESCUE PRACTICE - 19/20 OCTOBER, 1985.(1) Carrying a Stretcher Casualty Up or Down a Steep Slope.

Drawing by Ainslie Morris from photograph taken by Mike Reynolds.

-----

The casualty is lowered in a stretcher down a steep slope by using a rope and pulley with juma as brake. Six people lift the stretcher using webbing over their shoulders, which makes it surprisingly easy. Any number of people (shown in background of picture) take the strain by pulling on the rope downhill. (To go up, they pull on the rope uphill.)

\*\*\*\*\*

SEARCH AND RESCUE PRACTICE - 19/20 OCTOBER, 1985.(2) Lifting a Stretcher Casualty up a Cliff.

Drawing by Ainslie Morris from photograph taken by Mike Reynolds.

-----

The casualty lifted in a stretcher up a cliff is a much more complex rescue. It requires practice with a small group, use of a two-way radio (shown), abseiling gear and prussicking gear. The stretcher was devised after trial and error and made by S. & R. It can be dismantled to carry in packs. The two rescuers shown held the stretcher as they and it were pulled up by people on a ledge above.

\*\*\*\*\*



A motion that we build a second, more accessible fireplace in the hut at Coolana was discussed at some length. There did not appear to be a cost estimate or consensus, so a motion that the motion lie on the table was agreed upon to permit further working through of the idea.

Then followed the announcements. The Walks Report was taken as read, and it was all over at 2206 hours (K+1 that is).

- - - - -

#### WHAT NOW?

#### FIRST AID ANSWERS.

by Ainslie Morris.

#### Situation 5.

##### (1) IMMEDIATE ACTION:

- ° Ask the casualty to lie down in the shade.
- ° Give a cup of Staminade or water with glucose and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of salt per litre to replace lost fluid and body salt. If nauseous, ask to sip slowly.
- ° Gently stretch the affected muscle:- if a calf muscle, press the toe end of foot towards the knee; if a thigh (front), bend knee tightly and pull foot toward buttock; if a hamstring (back of thigh), sit up with legs straight and reach for toes.
- ° Apply cold. I found an aluminium water bottle very cool when full, and very effective in relieving cramp. Another good reason to carry water at all times!

##### (2) ASSESSMENT:

Cramp. Some heat exhaustion may be setting in, so ask if a headache is developing and watch the casualty when you continue walking.

##### (3) TREATMENT:

Do NOT massage.

When pain and spasm ceases, no further treatment is necessary. Suggest that the person does not exert him/herself too much, and if symptoms recur, to rest.

#### CAUSES AND PREVENTION.

See St. John's "Australian First Aid", p. 346.

Causes: Overuse, excessive jarring, a small tear, loss of body salts and fluids caused by excessive sweating.

Prevention: Drink Staminade or similar before the climb, and as soon as thirsty. Climb at your own pace - it's not a race.

GET FIT before summer walking.

- - - - -

#### EARLY NOTICE OF ST. JOHNS AMBULANCE FIRST AID COURSE.

Set aside the weekend before Easter, 22 and 23 March, 1986, when Grace Matts, caver and bush first aid instructor, will teach and examine all who want a Basic Certificate or to upgrade.

\*\*\*\*\*



# CANOE & CAMPING

265 VICTORIA ROAD  
GLADESVILLE, 2111  
PHONE (02) 817 5590  
HOURS - MON.-FRI. 9-6  
THURS. 9-8  
SAT. 9-4

(PARKING AT REAR OFF PITTWATER ROAD)

## A LARGE RANGE OF LIGHTWEIGHT, QUALITY, BUSHWALKING & CAMPING GEAR

- LIGHTWEIGHT FOOD FOR BACKPACKERS AND CANOEISTS
- COLD WEATHER PROTECTION CLOTHING AND RAINGEAR
- MAPS, BOOKS AND LEAFLETS
- INFORMATION SERVICE FOR CANOEISTS AND WALKERS
- KNIVES • COMPASSES • SURVIVAL GEAR

## WE STOCK THE LARGEST RANGE OF CANOEING GEAR IN N.S.W.

QUALITY TOURING CRAFT OF ALL TYPES    HIGH QUALITY, PERFORMANCE COMPETITION CRAFT

- A HUGE RANGE OF PADDLES FOR ALL TYPES OF CANOEING • WETSUITS • SURF SKIS
- ALL TYPES OF SPRAY COVERS • WIDE RANGE OF JACKETS & CAGS • FACE MASKS
- FOOTWEAR • MANY TYPES OF BUOYANCY & LIFE VESTS • HELMETS





CONSERVATION AWARD TO HONOUR PAUL LANDA.

From The Sydney Morning Herald, November 23, 1985. by Joseph Glascott.

Environment groups will mark the first anniversary tomorrow of the death of Mr. Paul Landa, the former N.S.W. Minister for Planning and Environment, by launching an annual conservation award.

It will be known as the Paul Landa Award for Excellence in Conservation. The first recipient will be named next year.

The groups behind the award are the Nature Conservation Council of N.S.W., Wilderness Society, Australian Conservation Foundation, Federation of Bushwalkers, Total Environment Centre, National Parks Association, Friends of the Earth, Colo Committee, Colong Committee and the Rainforest Information Centre.

Mr. Landa suffered a heart attack while playing tennis on November 24 last year and died at the age of 44.

The environment groups said yesterday that Mr. Landa's term of office as Minister for Environment was "one of the most active, innovative and productive in Australia". During his term in the portfolio, from soon after the election of the Wran Government in 1976 until February, 1980, he doubled the total area of national parks in the State.

He set up the Wollemi National Park in the Colo ranges area west of Sydney - the second largest after Kosciusko in N.S.W. and covering 500,000 ha. With the Premier, Mr. Wran, he was an architect of the N.S.W. rainforest protection policy which saw the State's last rainforests preserved in parks.

He was responsible for rewriting the State's planning laws to give emphasis to public participation and environmental impact assessments.

He introduced the N.S.W. Heritage Act in 1977 and oversaw a program of restoration and conservation of historic buildings.

He moved to protect the coastline from exploitation and phased out sandmining in national parks and reserves.

The establishment of a string of long-awaited coastal parks was announced during his term, including the Broadwater, Bundjalung, Yuragir, Hat Head and Crowdy Bay national parks.

However, he regarded the Wollemi park in the Colo-Hunter region, the largest wilderness area in N.S.W., as one of his proudest achievements.

A spokesman for the environmental movement said yesterday, "Paul Landa will be remembered by environmentalists as an outstanding Australian who translated his concern for the environment into effective action. He often stated his belief that human beings had an obligation to the next generation to leave the world in as good a condition as they inherited it. The award is being established with that sentiment in mind".

Mr. Landa's widow, Mrs. Ann Landa, said her husband was "proud of his achievements in the environment field and he would have loved the idea of honouring people in the movement. I hope it will become as prestigious as the Archibald Prize for art and the Miles Franklin Award for literature."

The environment groups said the award would take the form of medal and a cash prize.

Members of the public and organisations would be asked to contribute to a fund over the next year to establish the award.

\* \* \* \* \*

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

by David Rostron.

BOILING WATER BURNS.

I would like to comment on your second article. I have had two serious boiling water burns in recent years through billies being knocked over. I have also investigated a number of boiling water accidents. It is obvious that the severity of the burn is caused by the retention of hot water in clothing - the longer the clothing is left on, the more severe the burn.

Accordingly, I believe the first thing to be done is to remove the clothing (socks and shoes) within seconds - and immediately place the affected area in cold water. The cold water may prevent blistering and certainly provides the greatest relief for pain.

On a recent trip I was contravening the golden rule of "No bare feet around a fire", and spilt a small quantity of boiling water on one foot. There was initial discomfort for about a minute and then no further symptoms after I had placed my foot in cold water. There was no redness of the skin. Over all, it proved the point that it is the retention of heat by clothing, socks and shoes, which causes the damage. So the first action must be "GET THAT GEAR OFF".

-----

ATTENTION! ACHTUNG! DAY WALKERS.

NEW TRAIN TIMETABLES.

by Jim Brown.

From 15th December it was proposed to introduce new railway timetables on the Illawarra (South Coast) line, to coincide with the opening of the Wollongong/Port Kembla electrification. Because of landslips near Stanwell Park the introduction of some of the new arrangements has been postponed.

However, since 15/12/85 new timetables have been brought into operation for the Illawarra line, including trains between the City and Waterfall, and particularly between Waterfall, Wollongong and Nowra. Included in the changes is the cancellation of the 8.32 am Sunday train from Central to Wollongong.

Since the changes affect the utilisation of inter-urban electric railway coaches, a new timetable for trains to Cowan, Gosford and Newcastle (Northern Line) has also been introduced, and there may be alterations to the Western Line (to Blue Mountains and Lithgow) which I have not yet checked.

Leaders of walks using rail transport should check the new transport facilities, and members wishing to go on day walks should either contact the leader or enquire about present train times - especially on Illawarra Line trips.

Free handbill timetables can be obtained at most stations and at the Information centres at Central Station and York Street, near Wynyard.

\*\*\*\*\*

ADVANCE NOTICE OF WALK

by Peter Harris.

EXPLORATION - PRINCE REGENT RIVER RESERVE, KIMBERLEY DIVISION  
WESTERN AUSTRALIA.Time: June - July 1986 (4 weeks).Leader: Peter Harris (045) 78 4412 (H).Limit: 8 persons (subject to capacity of amphibian aircraft).

The Prince Regent River is a flora and fauna reserve of some 1,500,000 acres in the northern Kimberley division of Western Australia. The jagged coastline suggests a fiordland coast with hills falling steeply to the sea, and many islands and land-locked sounds. The vegetation is almost like equatorial rainforest in various areas. Rainfall is well over 50 inches per annum.

The Prince Regent River has its headwaters between Mt. Hann and Mt. Agnes and falls to the sea in less than 30 miles through an enormous, precipitous gorge, which is in fact a long fault line in the massive worn-down plateau of the Kimberley. The gorge is of great anthropological importance, being the home of the legendary Wandjina. The fauna is not yet known, but the Australian Academy of Science has declared the Prince Regent River area to be of "outstanding value as a biological reserve and a national park of great scenic beauty and a priceless asset".

The route depends upon future investigation, but it is currently planned to fly by amphibian aircraft into St. George Basin; explore the tidal ocean waterfalls, Mt. Trafalgar, plateau and gorges, and walk into the Kimberleys towards the Mitchell River.

Participation is invited from capable and compatible walkers. Humidity is expected to be high. The area is generally inaccessible, even to 4-wheel drive vehicles, and largely unexplored. Party complement will be finalised by the end of February '86.

\* \* \* \* \*

FOR THOSE WHO LIKE TALKING....

The Federation of Bushwalking Clubs has an ever-increasing demand for SPEAKERS to give talks to interested schools, youth and community groups.

Federation hopes to get enough people on to a roster to enable it to only have to call on the services of each speaker once every twelve months.

Slides and notes will be supplied to speakers when required.

Are you willing to put a few hours back into bushwalking? If so, ring the Federation President or Secretary (both S.B.W. Members).

GORDON LEE

Phone: 74 1824

SPIRO HAJINAKITAS

Phone: 357 1381 (H)

or send by mail your name, subject, contact phone (day/night) and availability (day/night) to:-

Spiro Hajinakitas,  
46/8 Bortley Place,  
ELIZABETH BAY. 2011.

\*\*\*\*\*

AMENDE HONORABLE.

by Jim Brown.

When Members of Parliament are accused of "misleading the House", there is usually a call for the retirement of the offending Member. Of course, no one expects anyone to do anything about it.

Well, I have to confess to "misleading the House". In the October magazine, recalling events of 28 years ago in the Northern Budawangs, I wrote "On Tarn Mountain we were all at a loss, but Colin (Putt) and John Manning went 'looking' with a vague snippet of information about a way down 'in the second slot'..... They confirmed that the 'second slot' would get us down below the cliff and on to the long reedy spur that runs down to the beginnings of the Corang River'.

I learn now that I was in error. To be quite correct, what I should have written was "On Tarn Mountain we were all at a loss. Various people went 'looking' (may I interpolate 'some looked at very steep descents, which caused me to shudder and mutter NOT BLOODY LIKELY!). However, George Gray went prowling down the slots in the rocks, found slot number one wouldn't go, and then tried number two, bashing down through quite a growth of scrub until he emerged below the cliff-line. He came back and reported and Colin and John Manning went 'looking' and confirmed..... etc. etc."

So now, 28 years later, I learn that George Gray found the way ahead on the day itself and found the easy link between Tarn Mountain and Corang heads since used by thousands of other walkers..... Sorry, George! I just didn't know. All I knew was that someone suggested to the leader there was a way down in the 'second slot' - I thought it may be hearsay based on comment by C.M.W. members who were also exploring the area at the time.

However, like Ministers of the Crown who "mislead the House", I don't intend to do anything silly like resigning. I withdraw my original statement and apologize, and I believe it will be accepted. After all, in S.B.W. we're a lot more civilised than politicians, aren't we?

\* \* \* \* \*

**SOCIAL NOTES \*\*\*\***

As bushwalkers we are aware of the fragility of the environment and the damage caused by ill-conceived and opportunistic development. By time you read this magazine we will have had the opportunity of voicing our concerns to the Minister for Planning and the Environment, Mr. Carr. (a guest at the club on 22nd Jan.)

Following this theme, Milo Dunphy will present a slide evening at the club on Wednesday 12th February, entitled "Kakadu - Recreation Area or Mining Pit". Milo is a fine speaker and has many years of active involvement with conservation and environmental protection.

The following week, 19th February, is magazine wrapping time, also time for the pre-meeting dinner at "The Fernery".

On Wednesday 26th. February, Doug Wean will be give "Practical First Aid in the Bush". This will be a professional presentation by a man well versed in medical matters and bushcraft. Those members who attended the Search and Rescue practice last year will remember the impact of Doug's presentation on that occasion.

**Programme:**

- |          |   |
|----------|---|
| Feb 5    | Committee Meeting                                     |
| Feb 12   | "Kakadu - Recreation Area or Mining Pit"/ Milo Dunphy |
| * Feb 19 | Magazine wrapping                                     |
| Feb 26   | Practical First Aid in the Bush (D. Wean)             |

\* Dinner before the meeting at "The Fernery" Vegetarian Restaurant  
61 Alexander St. Crows Nest. BYOG 6-30 pm. sharp.