

## THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER.

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to the Sydney Bush Walkers,  
The N.S.W. Nurses' Association Rooms, "Northcote Building",  
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APRIL 1960

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### EDITORIAL.

This time last year the Editor quoted from "Parkinson's Law". He does so again.

"Work expands so as to fill the time available for it's completion."

This reminds us of certain Club activities, e.g. colour slide showings expand to fill the time available for more interesting pastimes than just sitting in the dark and looking. (See also "At Our Annual General Meeting"). It is regrettable, but true, that Contributions to the Magazine do not expand to fill the space available for them. The same applies to Walks and the Walks Programme, and the Walks Secretary has our sympathy.

The Editorial has now filled available Editorial space.

A NOTE ON NATURE :

"The elephants of the Addo Bush National Park seem at last to have grown accustomed to the electric cable-rope and the tramrails fencing off the National Park (Eastern Cape Province): they have come to accept it as a natural phenomenon. Their numbers have now reached the 25 mark. Several species of antelope indigenous to this region but which have since disappeared, have recently been reintroduced....."

(From the Bulletin of the International Union of Nature  
Conservation.)

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A considerable amount of publicity has been given to Safety in Industry and on the Roads in the last few years. Members should therefore be interested in the brief outline of the S & R demonstration and in the report on Lifesaving techniques, both in this issue.

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Next month's attractions: (We wish we could say ..  
Just two of the  
many attractions. If we had any more, we  
would.)  
"Choose Your Companions Carefully - You May Have to Eat Them"  
- Advice to young explorers.  
"Cavernous and Capers at Coolamine".

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SOCIAL NOTES FOR APRIL.

Social events for April are restricted owing to the Easter and Anzac Day holidays. The only announcement we have to make is that on the 27th Mr. E.F. Penzig will give us an illustrated talk on "Australiana". This will be a new subject for us and should be very interesting.

- Pam Baker.

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INSTRUCTIONAL.

Alex Colley led an "Instructional" with a difference" in the Joe Craft's Creek area on March 26-27th. Prospectives found water and camp site, swam a "shark infested flooded river", scaled precipices and led members safely back home.

AT OUR ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

- Alex Colley.

The meeting commenced with a welcome to new member, John Canham, after which minutes were read and confirmed and the Annual Report adopted.

First debate of the evening centred round a motion by Ron Knightley that resigning Club members and members crossed off as unfinancial be not asked to return their badges unless the Committee felt that there was a specific reason for the return of the badge. Everybody (except Edna Garrad, who couldn't see why non-members should wear badges, and one other) thought this was a good idea. The other couldn't see why non-members should have badges either. It would particularly encourage that waster of Club workers' time - the badge hunter-and might embarrass the Club if people over whom the Club had no control but who wore its badge, acted contrary to its principles.

At the President's request the meeting stood and observed a short silence to honour the memory of a member who, in the short time he had belonged to the Club, had won the esteem of all who knew him. "We would go a long way", Jack said, "before we found the like of Mike Peryman. On walks he couldn't help too much and had been a real friend to his Clubmates".

There had, according to the Walks Secretary, been more goings on on walks. Frank Rigby's party, caught in the dark, had performed energetic gymnastics round the camp fire as stones exploded. The S. & R. weekend on the Colo had been attended by some 130 who had covered 100 yards of the roughest country in the State. Audrey Kenway's walk had been white-anted by none other than David Ingram and the walk had, as a consequence, been done backwards.

Brian Harvey, reporting the last Federation meeting, said that Federation had adopted a scheme to create a special fund to meet the cost of transport of injured walkers. The profit of the Federation Ball had been transferred to the fund, but no ideas had been put forward for raising further funds.

Malcolm McGregor told us that there were now exactly 119 bound copies of the song book in our cupboard.

Brian Harvey then presented the prizes for the swimming carnival. The pride of victory was, however, a little tarnished by his description of those who attended as being too young, too old, or too decrepit to compete. The threat of rain had, apparently, daunted the able bodied swimmers.

The annual sub was fixed at the same rates as last year. A move for reduction lapsed for want of a seconder. The meeting agreed to a motion by Ron Knightley that receipts for subscriptions received by post should be posted out with the next outgoing Club notice (instead of in special envelopes at 5d.).

Pam Baker, Miriam Steenbohm, David Ingram and Joan Walker were elected as room stewards.

It was then decided, despite the decision of the February meeting against a slide viewer, that we purchase a Gilkon 35 m.m. slide viewer for £7. 5. 0. This viewer has a light which plugs into a power point.

4. a large group of members will be invited to attend, but not more than 20. The first opportunity for the exercise of debating talent occurred when Kath Brown moved that, having acquired a slide viewer, we collect also a library of donated slides to be kept in the Club by a custodian appointed by Committee. The Club projectionists offered to act as a selection committee. Then Ron Knightley moved that the number be limited to 200 and boxes for storage be purchased. It was decided to collect 200 but opinion veered towards cardboard boxes for free. Allan Hardie then moved that, at Members' Slide nights, the number of slides from each member be increased from 20 to 36, the number of proper slide box holds. Edna explained that we often had more slides than we could show, and limitation to 20 per member seemed fairest. Ken Meadows then moved an amendment that the number be not 36 but 20 per member. This prompted another amendment that the Social Secretary determine the total number to be shown and divide by the number of exhibitors, which prompted a further amendment that we buy the Social Secretary a calculating machine. Colin Putt suggested a few double exposures for those whose talent was cramped by the 20 limit.

By 9.30 all motions had been withdrawn, and the Club Officers for 1960 elected. Shortly afterwards members were orbited towards "The Satellite".

#### OFFICE BEARERS 1960-61.

PRESIDENT:	Ron Knightley
VICE-PRESIDENTS:	Jack Gentle: John White
SECRETARY:	Bob Duncan
ASSISTANT SECRETARY:	Jean Wilson
TREASURER:	Ray Kirkby
MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY:	Irene Pridham
WALKS SECRETARY:	Eric Adcock
SOCIAL SECRETARY:	Pam Baker
CONSERVATION SECRETARY:	Brian Harvey
COMMITTEE MEMBERS:	Lyndsey Gray, Helen Barrett Bill Rodgers, David Brown
FEDERATION DELEGATES:	Paul Barnes, Gwen Seach, Geof Wagg, D. Brown.
SUBSTITUTE FEDERATION DELEG.:	Heather Joyce, Brian Harvey
TRUSTEES:	Wal Roots, Joe Turner, Maurice Berry
MAGAZINE BUSINESS MANAGER:	Brian Harvey
PARKS & PLAYGROUNDS DELEGATE:	Mrs. H. Stoddart
HONORARY AUDITOR:	Nan Bourke
HONORARY SOLICITOR:	Colin Broad
EDITOR:	Don Matthews
N.P.A. DELEGATE:	John White.

#### WALKING IN THE KOSCIUSKO AREA?

If any members visiting the Alps in the near future are prepared to do some investigational work on Conservation, would they please contact

TOM MOPPETT.

'Phone JA8873.

LETTER FROM BINNSIE.

"We have had only one short walking jaunt since the holidays last July, when all of us (except father) had a night in the Lake District at the beginning of last October, a perfect swan song to a wonderful summer. Stayed at the same hotel where I spent the holidays, and on the Sunday morning had a round trip up Rossett Ghyll, over Bowfell and back down the Band. To everybody's surprise there was barely a word of complaint from my niece, unaccustomed as she is to such strenuous exercise, but perhaps the presence of the dog, on whom she dotes, helped to cushion matters. Coming down the Band, much to my horror, I had more trouble with my old "ski-ing" knee than I've had for years, had to drag out the old elastic bandage and wondered at one stage whether I'd end up by rolling down. The autumn colours were simply glorious, but unfortunately there was quite a heat haze and the scope for colour slides was rather limited, it was not until we reached the valley floor again about four o'clock that the haze lifted and then of course the light was beginning to fade and I only managed three or four slides.

At the end of last summer we had a really worrying time in these parts of England with the acute water shortage - just think of no baths for eight or nine weeks except for the one I squeezed in whilst in the Lakes, and no matter how often one tried to bath in a basin it was impossible to feel clean. Things got so bad that the water board was on the point of cutting mains supplies when the rain fell in the middle of October, and true to the old saying of either a feast or a famine, it has hardly ceased since. It was estimated we'd need 30 inches of rain if the reservoirs were to be full by April, well, they've been full to overflowing since mid December, but still the water board has done nothing about increasing the capacity to store more of the water now running to waste - it is criminal really, for the maximum capacity of Bury's supply is only a bare 120 days which soon disappears if we have a prolonged dry spell.

Just before Christmas I had a letter from Bev and Don Read, and was very disappointed to learn that although they had passed close to Bury in their travels having mislaid my address they had been unable to call in. However, we are now almost all set for a reunion at Easter. They wrote to say they were booked into a hostel at Saffron Walden (Essex) about 40 odd miles from London and wondered if it were too far for me to join them. I've already booked a seat on the midnight train which arrives London 5.30 a.m. Friday, and I'll join them for breakfast before we go to Saffron Walden, and returning I have a sleeper on the 11.20 p.m. Sunday train which arrives in Manchester in time for me to get home, wash and change, and swallow a bite of food before arriving at the office perhaps a few minutes after 8.30 a.m. starting time. I feel quite excited at the thought of seeing real live bushes again, and there is another interest too, for I've never been to that part of the country before. There's only one thing left to be fixed up now, and that is the "food list" - just like old times!

I'm already planning weekends away for this summer and the annual two weeks holiday. The weekends, of necessity, will not be too far away from home, except for Whit when I hope the extra day will give me a change to get over to the east coast. The first week of the holiday is again booked for the Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel, for me and the dog, and then in the second week I plan to cycle round the midland area and part of the Welsh border country. With good weather it should be very interesting round there.

We now have several inches of snow around us, I've not long since expended time and energy clearing the paths from the gate to the house and the footpath outside, and already the wretched stuff is beating down again. Wot a life!

6.

N.S.W. FEDERATION OF BUSHWALKING CLUBS DEMONSTRATION WEEKEND.  
20TH-21ST FEBRUARY, 1960 COLO RIVER.

A great deal of preparation went into the weekend's work - about 130 attended from many Clubs.

PROGRAMME.

Saturday: Distress calls in the Bush: Jim Hooper, S.B.W.  
Introduction to the use of G.B.C. Kits: J. Bednall, C.M.W.  
" " Cliff Rescue Work: Colin Putt, N.Z.A.C., S.B.W.  
Spear fishing and sharks: Brian Weston - Underwater Research  
Campfire Saturday Night. Group.

Sunday: First Aid and Stretcher Making: Rucksack Club  
Safety in Canoes: Cruising Canoe Club  
Ground to Air Demonstration of panel kits: (Camden Aero Club  
(C.M.W.  
(S.S.W.)  
S.S.S. Cave Diving Group - Use of Aqua Lungs - Underwater  
Communication gear.  
Canoe accident and resuscitation. C.C.C. and Bob Allen, S.B.W.  
Cliff Rescue and Rope techniques. Colin Putt, N.Z.A.C., S.B.W.,  
Malcolm McFarlane, S.S.S.  
(communication)

.....

George Grey was to give a talk on "Stars and direction finding" but the clouds beat him.

.....

The "Underwater Communication" demonstration was both interesting and amusing. With visibility on the bottom of the Colo NIL, the swimmers had to be directed from the shore.

For the Cliff Rescue and Rope Techniques, a line was passed from the beach under water and up to the top of the cliff face to give an actuality broadcast to the audience.

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Jim Brown's Yengo party found the going on the sandy McDonald River slow. Only two of the party had time to reach the summit, and they were caught by cliffs and didn't reach camp again until 8 p.m.

Tiger Brown!

---

CONGRATULATIONS to Kath and Bruce McInnes - a daughter.

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1960 REUNION.

- Valerie Gilroy

As our car nosed about the ridge above Woods Creek, looking for a parking spot, it seemed that there were more cars, and more luxury models than ever. This was evidently going to be a grand reunion.

As we descended to the creek in happy anticipation, the bell birds were ringing a welcome. Frequent notices on the trees pleaded with us to dig up some sort of item - from classical to strip-tease - for the campfire. Soon in view were the beautiful trees and grassy slopes, spread far and wide with the familiar small tents. They eventually housed 205 bods, whose ages ranged from 8 weeks plus to 80 years plus. Is there any other recreation (except eating) which can give pleasure to such a wide age group? If so, name it!

Seven thirty came quickly, and the quiet grey day was transformed into an enchanted night, as the clouds parted to allow the full moon to trace the trees in the sky. Soft incantation summoned a wood spirit, torch in hand, to the huge stack of logs. Suddenly, a fire-ball descended from the trees. Flames spurted from the logs, and yards of grey chiffon, lurex-threaded, draped the branches of the trees. Excitement filled the air. We had the fire! The show was on!

The first item was a mime by some children. This was an innovation. There are now so many youngsters that it was felt they should be given a place. There were about 50 of them with Ed Stretton as conductor to give us some action songs too. They all looked proud to be included in the show - and the parents at least enjoyed them. What a crowd they looked gathered there. Perhaps the nucleus of the future S.B.W. Club, if they can forget the tortures of the bush inflicted on them by their parents.

The programme that followed was delightfully varied - sweet and saucy, with no sour. Individual names are too numerous to mention, but there were sketches and parodies, interspersed with community singing, harmonica solo, violin pieces and individual songs. Not one item but had its laughs of enjoyment.

Two especially hard-working "charlies" were Malcolm McGregor and Jim Brown. They were authors, script-writers, musical arrangers, costume designers, producers, directors and actors all in one. If Hollywood knew of their talents they'd be lost to us - that's for sure! Imagine them as great lovers like Errol Flynn, breathing hot-blooded passion down a maiden's neck - or Western types - like Gary Cooper - shooting their wordless way into the pure arms of the heroine - or just plain hams.

What delightful nonsense they tickled us with. Perhaps their best effort was when, with heavy dignity, they presented various upstanding members of the S.B.W. with various dubious awards for conspicuous behaviour. There was the M.M. (Malcolm McGregor himself) presented to 3 young ladies for "maidenly modesty". Alex Colley earned the R.A.N.R. ("Renwick Aquatic and Nautical Ribbon") for an occasion of great "fluidity". Snow Brown and Carl Doherty got the "Order of the Rolling Stone" for rolling stones and have stones rolled upon, respectively. Brian Harvey was decorated with a Bond 7 cork - the "U.C." (Underwriter's Curse) to the strains of the "Underwriter's Lament". Lastly David Ingram got the LL.B. (Li-low Bachelor) for being the first man to brave the "tossing of the crossing of the Clyde on an inflatable mattress".

8.

An S.B.W. version of the B.B.C. Show "My Word", featuring Geof Wagg as "Rank Mamure", and Bob Duncan as "Tennis Shorts on", kept us chuckling.

The thanks of the audience go to everyone who took part, on the stage, or behind the scenes, for the best show of the year!

After the new President, Ron Knightley, had been ceremoniously welcomed, cautioned and installed, six unfortunate new members stood the initiation trial of mind and water.

Supper was served and welcomed with the usual S.B.W. enthusiasm, and a ring of tail-warmers circled the fire - now a fiery furnace fit for the ordeal of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego.

What happened then, I know only from hearsay - apparently a good time was had by quite a few. Arthur and I now belong to the group who not only fall asleep at midnight, but have reached a further stage - we aren't even disturbed by revellers. However, during the night, as we turned gently on our li-los, it was reassuring to hear an occasional uproar. We knew that there were still those among us sufficiently vigorous and indifferent to softness to carry on the tradition of celebrating the Reunion all night. That's the stuff the "tigers" were made of!

The bell birds rung in a mild sunny Sunday. On the day's programme was chattering and nattering, and more chattering with many friends. There was talk of past, present and future events. There was much tea-drinking, lots of swimming and some recuperating.

A frequent pastime was the game of "Guess Whose?" played by the adults amongst the children. At one stage when looking at a half-moon of children I had the weird impression of looking at a group of S.B.W. members transformed into Pixies. Imagine that great hairy length of Kevin Dean, transmuted into a delightful little girl! Fantastic, that's what it is!

All too quickly the happy hours passed. Up the hill the cars we had to go the bell birds chiming a farewell as we climbed, until their delightful tinkling was drowned by the revving of motors. Goodbye until 1961. Thank you, hard working organisers, for a job exceedingly well done.

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#### THE SECOND STRING TO ANZAC WEEKEND.

For those whose feet might have been worn down to the knees over Easter we recommend Brian Harvey's Official Walk to Splendour Rock as a means of recuperating. Leaving Katoomba on the Friday night, Saturday will be an easy day of about 11 miles. All you require to carry on Sunday is a cut lunch and of course a camera to capture the stupendous views from the Rock - easily one of the best vantage points in the mountains - then back to the same camp as the night before. No heavy pack on the Sunday! S'lovely. Plenty of time to get back to Katoomba on Monday - with good views of the Warragamba Dam. Specially good walk for New Members or Prospective Members who have had a little weekend walking experience. It is interesting to note the Bushwalkers' War Memorial is at the Rock - another reason for the trip being at Anzac Weekend. Total walk about 33 miles. Fares 23/11d.



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23/24/25TH APRIL

ANZAC

13 HUNTER ST. SYDNEY. BW1725.

NINETY MILES ON CREEK AND RIVER.

- Molly Rodgers.

AN ORGANISED TRIP.

## Preparation:

Organisation is the key to a really successful trip. I know because I found out during preparations for our trip last Christmas.

It was sometime in November that Alex Colley invited Irene Pridham, Bill and myself to accompany him together with Frank Leyden and possibly Bill Cosgrove on a trip that would include a day walk up and back to Davies Canyon. For further inducement, Frank showed us his beautiful "black and whites" of Davies Canyon. How could we resist!

Immediate arrangements were made to meet at Alex's place the following Tuesday where we would discuss our route and food. The route held no real problems except that no one knew much about what we would find up Kanangra Creek, nor about the ridge we would take up to Gabe's Gap. But extra time was allowed in case we struck any difficulties. Hence our route - Carlon's, Breakfast Creek, Cox, Kanangaroo Clearing, Kanangra River, Davies Canyon and back to Kanangra Creek, and follow it up to the ridge up to Gabe's Gap, Gingra Creek, Kowmung River, Cox and retrace our steps from Kanangaroo back to Carlon's, all of which would take 9 days.

10.

Our food was discussed at great length and Frank offered to work out the food list for us. It was decided that we would leave 2 days' food at Gabe's Gap two weeks beforehand and at the same time try out some of the menus and find out if it might be possible for 5 people to fit comfortably in an abdulled two-man wall tent for 9 days. Frank suggested that before the actual trip we might arrange our food so as to leave one day's food, say, at Kanangaroo Clearing, and two days' food at Kanangra River and Creek junction, thus saving us from carrying more than three days food at a time except on our first day, of course. Good idea!

A few days later our food lists for our food dump at Gabe's Gap and the weekend arrived by post. Meantime Tine and Don Matthews had joined our ranks but would food on their own and "lone wolf" Cosgrove who was still undecided would, if he came, be completely self-contained.

A second meeting was arranged after our food dump weekend, when we left our food on Gingra Creek instead of Gabe's Gap, to discuss the food list and make any necessary amendments to same. Imagine my surprise then at being handed not one sheet but four, and foolscap sheets at that! I looked at them with amazement and then with great admiration. Sheet No.1 was "Food List for 5 Persons, 8 Days Christmas 1959", Sheet No.2 a list of food carried and how much of each commodity was to be left in tins at each of our three food dumps, Sheet No.3 the menus for the trip day by day and where we should camp each night, and Sheet No.4, believe it or not, a complete timetable of our movements on our first day from the time we were to leave Sydney at 8.8 a.m. to the time we were due to camp at Merrigal Creek at 5.0 p.m. All in neat columns and lines. Nothing was forgotten from the kerosene tins, meta tabs and rum to the veganins, Vitamin C tabs (40) and the BASK. Yes, sir, this was real organisation!!

#### Reorganisation:

After all the preparations for our trip, we suffered a disappointment, for Irene rang to say that she had succumbed to an attack of 'flu and it would be out of the question for her to accompany us. However, we collected her food and managed to stuff it all in our already bulging packs, although I must admit I had to make use of a string bag.

Bill Cosgrove turned up at Central after all, prepared to do the whole trip with us, so we immediately set to work to persuade him to join our food party thus taking Irene's place. By the time we arrived at Strathfield to pick up the last of our party the question was settled. He would join us.

Arriving at Blackheath, we found ourselves five minutes behind schedule. But in spite of the need to hurry, we managed to do some last minute shopping and then with packs and kerosene tins safely stowed in Hatswell's tourist car we were away.

On the road down to Carlon's after the car had left us we saw signs of recent heavy rain. In fact, further down, we found the bridge completely washed away and half the new gate had vanished and the road in a very bad state indeed. Later Mrs. Carlon told us of the flash flood they'd had the day before and warned us that the Cox would be sure to be flooded.

There was great need for resorting food at Carlon's and some of Bill's food and our clean clothes were left at Carlon's (in the string bag) to be picked up on our way back the following Sunday.

FOR ALL YOUR TRANSPORT FROM BLACKHEATH

## CONTACT

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APPLICATION.

After farewelling Mrs. Carlon we climbed the hill at the back of the farm and then plunged down into Breakfast Creek. Time bounded ahead as if on winged feet which caused Don to complain that she evidently didn't have enough weight!

It was years since I had been down Breakfast Creek and I thoroughly enjoyed walking along this pretty creek and plunging into the inviting pools. By about 3 o'clock we reached the Cox, which was rather uninviting but not nearly as swollen as we were led to believe although it did make some crossings a little awkward. We arrived at Merrigal Creek at 5 o'clock and pitched camp.

Breakfast next morning was cooked and consumed among the usual hordes of flies that infest the Cox banks. Seeing the effect these flies were having on the cook's temper, Alex produced the BASK and sprayed liberally my face, arms and legs and from then on this became regular practice at breakfast time.

On reaching Konangaroo Clearing, we were delighted to shed some of our weight. All food marked Konangaroo was carefully packed in one of the kerosene tins and hidden inside a hollow log. Then after a swim in a delightful pool we lunched, then pushed on up Kanangra River.

At the junction of Kanangra River and Kanangra Creek we left more specially labelled food in the other kerosene tin which was hidden in a secret cave that Frank knew. So now at last we were down to an ordinary 3-day pack.

Although the weather was very warm there was plenty of shade which made the walking quite pleasant and Frank lured us on by his description of a beautiful deep pool cut out of pure white rock. We could hardly wait! However, it was a little disappointing to Frank to discover on arrival that the bar of rock and sand on the lower side of the pool had been washed away thus lowering the level of the water, but nevertheless it was still a lovely pool. There was always plenty of water but not always pools deep enough to swim in. As that night's camp site was only half an hour further on we were able to take our time and lie about soaking up the late afternoon sunshine. Not that it was particularly late but as the river was fairly narrow there, the shadows lengthened considerably about mid-afternoon.

We camped on Jenolan Creek that evening, spending somewhat more than the usual length of time deciding where to pitch the tents. After a lively discussion Frank pitched his tent on an elevated piece of ground accompanied by much muttering as the ground yielded very little to the tent pegs. Willy and I settled for a nice patch of nettles in the hollow below his and Don and Tine eventually camped nearby.

As we ate our tea, Alex drew our attention to a peak behind the ridge opposite. The sun, which had long disappeared from all else, was gilding the very tip of it with the last rays. This peak, probably Paralyser, was also first to receive the sun in the morning.

#### Davies Canyon:

It was early to bed for all of us that night as tomorrow was the big day when we were to go up Davies Canyon. A big day which would need an early start. However, we didn't get away till about 8 o'clock leaving our fixed camp and taking one pack with our lunch.

We rested briefly at the entrance to Davies Canyon then went on. As we rock hopped along, the ridges either side closed in further until they became walls and after turning a bend, we came upon our first waterfall. We sat down, devouring the spectacle and handfuls of sproggin while the photographers rearranged us into a more photogenic foreground.

To get above this fall we first had to climb about 15 ft. of rocky wall on the left which necessitated a shove from the rear and a helping hand from above, and then a climb through close undergrowth. The grade was so steep that our faces were only a foot or so away from the ground and our handholds invariably nettles. We climbed a long way from the water. By peering down through the bushes, the next fall was visible and the big pool at the bottom of it.

Some little while later we came to the water again and stood on some rocks watching it rush around a smooth stone gutter and then gush out into mid-air looking for all the world like a fireman's hose. This was quite spectacular and once more the cameras clicked.

We were feeling pretty hot both from the heat of the day and from our exertion and were looking forward to a swim in the big pool at the bottom of the last fall. When at last we reached it, a wind blew down from above and clouds covered the sun and we shivered. Frank was the only one to brave the water and did so, but briefly.

# PADDY MADE

A great month for walkers. The cool weather marks the beginning of the season for harder trips and April brings two long week-ends this year, so it's a wonderful combination.

For Easter trips especially, it is wise to prepare for changeable weather, so make sure you have all the equipment you require.

If it's a new sleeping bag, the ideal selection for cold weather is our new model "Hotham" bag, with the special "walled" quilting. A bag that is certain to keep you warm under our coldest conditions. Enquire to see one next time you are in the shop.

Prices - Regular £12.13. 0  
Extra long £13.10. 0.

Our terylene filled bags have proved very successful and are a boon to those who are allergic to down. Weight for weight it is as warm as down and their negligible absorbancy makes them particularly suitable for humid climates.

Prices - Regular £ 9. 9. 0  
Extra long £10. 1. 9.

We still have a little grenfell cloth left and the customer who can purchase one of these Jackets at our price will make a great investment, so don't delay, order one soon.

Ladies' £4.17. 6d.  
Men's £5. 5. 0d.

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201 CASTLEREAGH ST SYDNEY  
BM2685

The last accessible fall is over a wall of rock about 70 ft. wide and made up of many falls all dropping from the same level. The grey canyon walls with their narrow shelves of greenery curve around as if to enclose the big pool leaving a narrow opening. The photographers climbed into hair-raising vantage points and balanced precariously as they waited for the sun to reappear. No one lingered but all hastened back to the sunshine that we had previously tried to avoid and lunched.

The way back was, of course, much quicker but made more so by cutting out a lot of the sidling. Instead we slithered down to the water over loose stones and soil mostly in bottom gear. Alex went for a swim but the rest of us were content to rest a while before going on. Down through the fern trees, over tangled roots and fallen logs we went, the smell of rotting vegetation rising from the damp earth. We negotiated the remaining falls without difficulty and arrived back in camp at dusk. How lovely to see the tents already pitched.

Arriving back at the junction of Kanangra River and Kanangra Creek next morning we collected our hidden food and after re-sorting it, we had a swim, then lunch, and off up Kanangra Creek.

The creek was surprisingly wide and open after Kanangra River but only a small stream of water flowed over the coloured stones. We soon lost count of the snakes we saw, in fact we became quite blasé.

About two miles from the junction the creek narrowed, and it was here that we witnessed a drama, a fight for life. As we rounded a bend, a wallaroo bounded in rather ungainly fashion up the middle of the creek, then stopped. A movement on the left bank caught our attention and a fox streaked away out of sight. Then to the right another appeared and wallaroo and fox stood facing one another. We stopped and watched. Although the fox's attention was focused on the wallaroo he was, nevertheless, aware of our presence. The fox made a move. Gingerly stepping from rock to rock, he went round the back of his quarry. Without shifting his position the wallaroo lifted his tail and brought it down with a mighty thump. Fox resumed his original position, occasionally snapping at the wallaroo but not quite touching him. He was obviously conscious of our presence and no doubt resented it. And so it went on. Each time he went round the back of the wallaroo wallaroo would thump his tail hard. Time was passing rapidly and we could no longer wait. As we started to move fox disappeared but wallaroo remained. He seemed rather dazed. Just as the last of us passed he bounded back down the creek, his throat all bloody evidently from previous attacks. We had won him a temporary reprieve.

Two or three miles further on we came to a large dry creek on our left. After consulting the map, it was decided that the next ridge was the one we should climb next day to Gabe's Gap. The usual hunt for the best camp site began so Tine and I decided to sit down and wait till a tent was actually pitched.

Breakfast was cooked and eaten next morning with seemingly more than the usual number of flies so I stood blindfolded while Alex BASK-ed my face and into my ears, the backs of my legs and crooks of my arms. Would we never be free of these persistent pests!

Frank had made a reconnaissance of the ridge the previous night just to make sure. We wanted to start our climb as early as possible to avoid the heat of the day, but it was still about 8 when we left.

(To be continued.)

INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION ON LIFE SAVING TECHNIQUES  
MARCH 1960.

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- Bob Binks.

The following is a summary of the discussions held by the medical section of the above convention.

The first subject discussed was "Mechanisms Involved in Drowning". Surgeon Commander Miles who is in charge of the Royal Navy Underwater Research Group spoke about contributing factors which could happen before entering the water such as head injuries, alcohol etc. which would in themselves cause a state of unconsciousness and by repressing normal reflexes make the inhalation of water more likely. He also mentioned factors which occurred whilst in the water such as fatigue, oxygen intoxication, (from breathing pure oxygen through a 'lung'), and particularly condemned the practice of hyperventilating the lungs before diving in order to be able to stay underwater for a longer time. He explained that this is a common cause of syncope.

The difference between salt and fresh water drowning was discussed by Dr. Halmagyi and others. In salt water drowning additional fluid osmoses into the lungs from the circulation so that there may be a quantity three or four times the amount that was inhaled. In fresh water drowning on the other hand the shunt is in the opposite direction and the water inhaled rapidly enters the circulation so that the lungs may be dry in a matter of 30 seconds. The effect of this sudden increase of circulating volume plus the electrolyte imbalance which occurs is that it causes ventricular fibrillation or cardiac arrest - in other words, the patient dies from heart failure.

The physiological basis of artificial respiration and the comparative efficiency of various methods of artificial respiration were discussed and demonstrated. Convincing demonstrations of mouth to mouth and mouth to nose methods were shown on anaesthetised and curarised volunteers in the Page Chest Pavillion of R.P.A.H. Mouth to nose artificial respiration was shown to be possible whilst still in deep water, but it did not seem practicable in surf. Great stress was placed by all speakers on the importance of maintaining a clear airway by extension of the neck and forward displacement of the lower jaw. Attempts to empty water out of the patient were considered to be a waste of time as the fluid in the air spaces would not come out by any amount of tipping, and that in the windpipe and main bronchial tubes amounted to only 1/30 to 1/40 of the effective lung volume. Vomitus or other material in the mouth and throat should be cleared out with the fingers or a cloth. Artificial airways (tubes) were considered likely to cause vomiting unless the patient is fully unconscious and flaccid.

Other resuscitation measures were considered and a method of closed chest "cardiac massage" was described which consisted of pressing the breastbone down rhythmically five times between each inflation of the lungs. This can only be done when there are two operators, and they cannot be done simultaneously. It was considered that any patient requiring artificial respiration should be subsequently removed to hospital for observation and/or further treatment.

The medical committee issued the following conclusions and recommendations:

1. The most efficient type of artificial respiration is intermittent positive pressure breathing. Manual artificial respiration is less effective.

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2. Expired air artificial respiration is recommended as the best universally applicable field type of artificial respiration.
3. The best methods of expired air artificial respiration provide an adequate airway, are free from air leaks, and provide adequate inflation pressures.
4. The most important single factor in providing airway patency is maximal backward tilting of the head. In some persons in addition, forward displacement of the mandible (lower jaw) and/or separation of the lips may be necessary.
5. The recommended methods of expired air respiration are mouth to mouth or mouth to nose according to circumstances.
6. Accessory apparatus and appliances, such as masks and artificial airways, are of some value in **certain circumstances** as adjuncts to expired air respiration (but no recommendations are made regarding their use).
7. The Silvester-Brosch and the Holger-Nielsen are the recommended methods of manual artificial respiration. The Silvester-Brosch provides better lung ventilation but the Holger Nielsen may be the preferable method in some circumstances.
8. 100% oxygen given through a suitable machine provides better resuscitation than expired air or manual respiration. This should only be given by fully trained professional rescue personnel.
9. Closed chest manual systole may be a significant advance in the rescue of persons about to die of circulatory arrest from ventricular fibrillation or standstill.

#### WALKING GUIDE.

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|-----------------------|--|
| APRIL 22-23-24-25     | Anzac Weekend. Splendour Rock. See Page 3.<br>Leader: Brian Harvey.  |
| " " " " "             | Anzac Weekend. Picton- Car to Nattai River - Martin's Ck.<br>Nattai Plateau - Little River - Blue Gum Creek - Couridjah<br>Car down to the Nattai, pleasant walking and scrambling<br>on the Nattai, and on Little River and Blue Gum Creek.<br>Rough ascent to plateau and scrub pushing on top.<br>Check details with leader.<br>Leader: Roy Craggs. |
| APRIL 29-30-<br>MAY 1 | Photographic excursion. Car to Badgery's, Long Point and<br>Bungonia Lookouts - Bungonia Gorge.<br>See the grandeur of the Shoalhaven River and Bungonia Gorge<br>the easy way. Walking available for those who want it.<br>Map: Sketch map of the Block Up and Bungonia Gorge.<br>Transport: see leader.<br>Leader: Ron Knightley.                    |
| MAY 1                 | Waterfall - Kangaroo Creek - Audley.<br>Mostly track walking, pleasant bush and creek scenery.<br>Leader: Dick Child.  |



CHECK THE NEW WALKS PROGRAMME FOR DETAILS OF THE  
FOLLOWING WALKS.

MAY 6-7-8

Kanangra and Wedgetail Bluffs - Kowmung River - Misery Ridge.  
A rugged trip. See the Moore Loombah Steeps and Wedgetail  
Bluffs. Pass through Rudder's Rift. Rock hopping, scrambling.  
Views from Kanangra can be arranged.  
See leader re Transport.  
Map: Blue Mountains and Burragorang Tourist  
Kanangra Tops - Myles Dunphy  
Leader: David Brown.

MAY 8

MYSTERY WALK.

Hornsby - bus to ??? - Return bus to Eastwood. Traverse  
on area rarely visited by Club members. Total fares about  
12/-.

Map: Broken Bay Military.

Leader: David Ingram.

MAY 13-14-15

Nellie's Glen - Carlon's - Clear Hill.

Special walk for new members and prospectives - just as  
enjoyable for Old Hands.

View the scenery of our main walking country in comfort -  
plenty of time for photography and picking the Peaks. All  
track walking. Camp: Friday at the Pub site, Saturday at  
Glen Alan Crossing. Main climb about 1300' on to Clear  
Hill (Narrow Neck).

Maps: Katoomba and Jenolan Military

Blue Mountains and Burragorang Tourist

Myles Dunphy's map of Gangerangs.

Leader: Brian Harvey

WALKING THE CONTINENT.

- Clarice Morris

This is the centenary year for the crossing of Australia from sea to sea. The Northern Territory is holding celebrations particularly associated with McDouall Stuart the famous South Australian explorer who was the first to cross from the waters to the south of Australia to those beyond Darwin. When he set out in March 1860 he took two companions and ten horses. He actually made three attempts to reach his goal; the first time he had to return because of the blacks at Attack Creek. In 1861 he reached Newcastle Waters, and in 1862 he washed his hands in the Indian Ocean.

Now a hundred years later we read of the Russian dietician, Dr. Barbara Moore, who has been chalking up records in England for covering distances which put the efforts of bushwalkers in the shade. What's more she has been covering the miles on a diet which the believers in the theory of "Man walks on his stomach" would hardly approve of. She has come under criticism of one-time medico and author, Somerset Maugham, for her claims of perpetual youth, yet there must be some sound reason why she has displayed such endurance and stamina on "a back to Nature" diet.

Perhaps when the offer of the Blacktown Council, to finance Dr. Moore's trip to Australia and the 3000 miles walk from Perth to Blacktown, has been accepted, a few of the intrepid members of S.B.W. should volunteer to go along as outriders.

There will be handicaps on both sides. Its one thing to walk in the moist cool atmosphere of England and another to face the withering winds of Central Nullabor Plain. Apart from a tortoise companion, which she carried on her first marathon, I don't remember reading about Dr. Moore carrying a rucksack and her own provisions.

Having walked from John O'Groats to Land's End in winter she probably thinks an autumn walk across Australia would be ideal from the temperature angle. But anyone who has camped out in the western districts knows how hot the days can be and bitter the nights.

One of the most admirable features about Dr. Moore's performances is her adamant refusal to capitalise on her feats. Being a scientist, she has not succumbed to popular exploitation. Her diet is based on the sound biological principals of balancing the intake of fuel with the energy requirements of the body.

The inexperienced onlooker might think that the human engine facing the Nullabor would need as much stoking as the Trans-Continental. But I think Dr. Moore is working on the theory that if the body receives its food requirements, its sugars, proteins, mineral salts, vitamins and water, not to forget the fats, in the simplest digestible form, then the body will not have to waste energy in breaking down complex foods like meat and eggs, oatmeal and sugar to the forms in which they can be assimilated.

Anyone with a slight knowledge of physiology, knows that all the sugars and starches which we eat have to be broken down by a complex set of processes lasting from 2-5 hours before those foods are reduced to the only form in which they can pass into the blood stream - glucose. Dr. Moore by drinking fruit and vegetable juices fresh, gets her glucose, minerals salts and vitamins direct. In fruits, sugar is in its simplest form, glucose or fructose.

By the same token, such protein foods as eggs, meat and cheese, have also to be broken down into amino-acids before they can pass into our blood stream and be used to provide fuel for energy, repair and growth.

The nuts provide both oils and proteins. Extra energy is obtained from the honey which she includes and the lettuce provides mineral salts, chlorophyll and a gentle sedative.

Now's the time for those who can take their holidays in March to plan to walk a parallel course to Dr. Moore's to see if we on our bush experience can in any way approach her walking feats, either on her diet, or the diet which each S.B.W. member has proved, serves him or her best.

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