

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bush Walkers, Box 4476, G.P.O. Sydney, N.S.W. 2001. Club meetings are held every Wednesday evening from 7.30 p.m. at The Wireless Institute building, 14 Atchison Street, St. Leonards. Enquiries concerning the Club should be referred to Mrs. Marcia Shappert - telephone 30.2028.

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JUNE 1977.

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THE EXPLORERS WAY.

by John Fox.

I knew that the easy track we were following would soon end and that when it did the real walk would begin. Len Newland's stated aim was "to explore access trails into the Kangaroo Valley". This involved finding vehicle tracks which were last used over twenty years ago and I had looked forward to this weekend ever since I knew that the walk would be on the Autumn program.

Our party of three members and two prospective members had started from Fitzroy Falls at eight forty five that morning and were making good time on the Eastern Rim track beside the cliffs falling to the Yarrunga valley three hundred feet below. On reaching its end we decided that we would begin our exploration so we did a quick recon, without our packs, to find where the service trail met the main road. We found that, sure enough, the service trail actually did meet the main road, but at a spot, beside the canal, never dreamed of when viewed from the road.

We returned to our packs and prepared to plunge into the scrub and make our way to the Water Board canal forming part of the Kangaroo Valley section of the Shoalhaven Scheme. This was the third time that I had crossed this section of scrub and again the route chosen was different, but just as difficult as both other times.

It was with a sense of achievement that we reached the canal at about midday. During the morning we passed many kinds of obstacles by many methods, one detour around a twenty yard section of swampy ground took us thirty minutes and we were able to look back down a watery track devoid of trees to where the detour had started. During the three hour trek I saw, for the first time, the unique "Newland Method" of path clearing demonstrated. This method requires that the leader should, on reaching scrub which may prove difficult to push through, lie prostrate upon it thus clearing a path for his followers. There was however no time for us to take advantage of the bridge thus formed, for Len was up before any of us could set a foot on him.

After reaching the canal we followed it to its end then travelled via the Water Board road until we reached a spot where an old road, slowly being reclaimed by nature, branched to the west. About five minutes down the track we arrived at 'the lunch spot' where a stream flows across the track. At this spot we took a one hour break for lunch and resumed our exploration at two thirty. According to our map this track should travel to a shed situated on the north-eastern slope of Mt. Carialoo. But we knew from experience gained on previous walks here that the track was newer than the map and actually travelled via a different route which went nowhere near the shed. Consequently we were looking for an older road bearing north of this one and leading eventually to the shed.

The track we sought was found quite by chance. "This looks like a storm water run", said Len, "but I'll take a look down there anyhow."

It was of course the track we were looking for so we pushed on down it. About one hundred metres down the hill we found a large sign proclaiming the park boundary and warning any roving bands of vandals that damage to the sign would attract a fine, this message rather spoiled the feeling of aloneness which had been slowly creeping over our party.

We were elated over having found a track which was on the map, so we pushed on looking for some sign of remains of the building.

"It should be pretty close," said I, looking at my map. "We'd better keep an eye out."

"Don't bother to look any further," said Len immediately I'd had my say. "There's a shed around here."

The shed was as good as when it was built, a credit to the builder. We decided against camping here, however, as, besides being spider infested, it had the disadvantage of being a dry camp.

After looking around a little we decided to continue along the track until we found water, and to set up camp by five o'clock. After the shed the track, by now hardly to be found, led around the eastern side of Carialoo. As we proceeded, doing our best to keep on the track after each forced detour, the scrub became very thick. We eventually found a small stream with a reasonably level spot, just right for pitching four tents, nearby.

We set up camp and cooked dinner by firelight after a very enjoyable day. After eating, the conversation revolved around plans for the next day's exploration. It was about half an hour after dinner that I took steps to liven things up a little. In bending over to get some more food from my pack, which was by a fallen tree a little way from the fire, I came into contact with said tree and almost gouged my eye out. The injury was only minor but the course of the night's discussion was changed to what would have been the wisest course of action had it been more serious.

One by one we succumbed to the call of the sleeping bag and drifted away from the dying fire to our tents. The spot we had chosen for our tents was amongst the trees, on the eastern slope of Carialoo, and was well sheltered and very comfortable.

Next morning after breakfast we packed our gear, left it at the camp-site and explored the immediate vicinity. We found the track, collected our packs, and followed it back to the spot where we had lost it the previous day. We skirted the large fallen tree which covered the track, and made our way back to the shed.

At the shed began a bludge day, with morning tea. When Len Newland says, "Let's have morning tea," he means - light a fire and brew a cuppa, not stop for a brief rest and an apple or orange, so we were there for

about half an hour. From the shed, after morning tea, we made our way to "the lunch spot" where we had a two hour lunch break.

After lunch we began the easy return route by track and road all the way. As it was not dark when we reached the cars at Fitzroy Falls, we decided to do the tourist bit and see the falls from the western side of the valley. A short walk brought us to a lookout where we had a magnificent view of the falls.

As an end to a very fine weekend of walking we went to Bowral for the inevitable Chinese dinner, complete with chopsticks.

The Fitzroy Falls area of Morton National Park is a magnificent walking area so keep an eye on the walks program in the future for more walks there. I have one on the winter program which is a weekend test walk and there will no doubt be others in the future.

* * * * *

THE MAY GENERAL MEETING.

by Barry Wallace.

It was around 8.24 p.m. when vice-president Bob Hodgson began the task of bringing order to the general hubbub produced by 40 or so members together with various prospectives, friends, camp followers, assistant chair-persons and a partridge-in-a-pear-tree.

We had apologies from the president and Chris Kirkby, who were not present, and from Gordon Lee, who was. The sole new member, Marylon Morris was welcomed with appropriate enthusiasm by the multitude, who obviously liked the taste, or feel, or something, of two-handed clapping because throughout the evening they tended to burst into applause at the slightest provocation. Could this be a new trend? Who knows? Who cares? Listen if you must to the next exciting episode of "General Meeting - 77".

The minutes of the previous meeting were R & R with a brief discussion of the successive non-appearances before committee of bearers of a proposed conservation policy. They are still trying!

Correspondence in included minutes of the last Federation meeting, with an attached list of affiliated clubs; together with a number of club magazines.

Correspondence Out - A letter to Bryden Allen thanking him for organising the abseiling instructional at Kanangra and the folk dancing prior to general meetings; a letter of thanks to Bowral Ambulance station for their assistance in a recent rescue on the Nattai; a letter to the Lands Dept. regarding Coolana trustees.

The treasurer's report indicated a starting balance of \$1555.39 and a closing balance of \$1866.05. Keep those subs. and letters coming in, folks.

There was no Federation report because there had been no meeting to report since our last G.M.

The applause at the conclusion of the walks report was only eclipsed as critical comment by Bob Hodgson's suggestion that those who wish to provide a step-by-step account of their walks set the whole epic down in glowing prose and hand it to the magazine editor-person.

General business saw submission of a written motion to the effect that we investigate buying a modern slide projector for the club. This got a fairly quick nod and was then followed by a proposal that Rod Peters be recruited to investigate and report back to the next G. M. The vote was unanimously in favour, with a comment that interested parties should contact Rod with any ideas or suggestions.

Then it was just a matter of announcements, and the gong unleashed the ravening hordes onto the coffee and bickies at 9.14 p.m.

* * * * *

NOTE TO MEMBERS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

The special 50th Birthday issue of the magazine will be in lieu of the October magazine and will be posted as usual.

Extra copies will be available at 50 cents per copy.

1977 SUBSCRIPTIONS

The rates for the annual subscription for 1977 were decided at the Annual General Meeting and are due and payable. They are unchanged from last year at:-

Ordinary member	\$8.50
Married couple	\$10.50
Student member	\$ 5.00
Non-active member	\$1.50

The magazine subscription for non-active members or others who wish to have the magazine posted to them - \$4.00

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K A N A N G R A K A P E R S

by Gordon Lee.

Kapers it has to be in an area that abounds (no pun contemplated) with names - Paralyser, Strongleg, Rip (should be Rick), Rack, Roar and Rumble, Baldy Bill, Baldy Harry and so on. Obviously this terrain has been named by Bushwalkers enthused, frustrated, or endowed with a puckish humour.

Being either of unsound mind or mesmerised by the thought of walking in this bushwalking "Mecca", I agreed to take myself on one of the normal Hodgson Hobbles. If it's not a hobble with Bob to begin with, with or without Bob it'll be a hobble at the end. And so it came to pass on the w'end Apr.30 - May 1 I joined Spiro Hajinalitas, Brian Harding, Dick Winthorpe and of course Bob for my first attack on Kanangra Country.

Arising (being aroused) at the crack of - that can't be right, who's ever heard it crack. The only things that crack at that hour are my knees. We slept in till sparrow - no, I'd better rephrase that. The diamonds of heaven were losing their lustre as the armies of darkness retreated before Apodlo's advance, and the symphony of night noises softened slowly, replaced by the sounds of the morning ensemble. Hang all that, we got up and got going.

Unfortunately I had the dubious honour of carrying the heaviest pack. Shame prevents me from saying how heavy. The belt for the lightest went to Brian who was only hefting 13 lbs (or 6 kg for the purists), 9 lbs of gear and 4 lbs of food.

A merry skip 8 km along an access road partly without breakfast brought us to the start of our "walk", Mt. Thurat (4237'), 500' further up. A cold SW wind was possibly a godsend for it helped cool the fevered brow as we stretched our legs on the uphill bits. The next of these was Paralyser (3795') by way of North Thurat Range, Mt. Carra-Mernoo (4012') and Mt. Cyclops (3979').

We came off Paralyser to the north and then dropped (quite laterally) 1400' to Sally Camp Creek. Doing a Hodgson hop, skip and jump down this "terrible descent" was not without incident. First I managed a forward over-the-pack roll and back on the feet, much to my surprise. Then a little later, hearing a rumble reminiscent of a rolling boulder, I looked and saw just that, a brown thing about 15" in diameter bowling at me shins at a rocket rate of knots. Have you ever tried to bow your legs, jump, feet astraddle and climb a non-existent ladder simultaneously, with feet rooted to the spot? And while trying to accomplish this have the 12" gap between your legs widened by a 15" boulder?

To be belted by a boulder would have been bad enough but to find you'd been walloped by a wanton wombat is downright damnable. There is some excuse for the wombat. Had you had Hodgson tramp all over you at full gallop while having your day's doze, then savaging the nearest bushwalker

sight unseen, could be considered justifiable wombatside.

Lunchbreak at the base of Nooroo Gable was a most delightful spot on Sally Camp Creek. It was almost beautiful enough to keep the thoughts of climbing the formidable Gable from spoiling my lunch. Here the crystal clear waters of the creek tumbled over a number of small waterfalls leaving several attractive pools. Sheltered from the bite of the winds and in comforting sunlight we gathered strength of body and mind for the onslaught ahead.

3,200' up, 2 km on and 2 hours later you wished you hadn't. You don't have to be a masochist, you only have to be a bushwalker and do silly things like climbing Nooroo Gable. Still, when I had recovered sufficiently to take an interest in proceedings, the views were magnificent from Guouogang (4232'), Cloudmaker, Broken Rock Range, Wild Dog Range made the strained muscles and aching lungs worthwhile - I hope.

To get a bed for the night all we had to do was to scratch off Guouogang, slip down to Mt. Bullagowar (3577'), sidle past the Bullagowar Buttresses, balance a knife-edge ridge, then tumble on down to the Kanangra River at 600'. Here the aches and pains of the past 10 hours were assuaged by a good feed and anaesthetised by a very potable mixture of Inner Circle and Happyade suitably diluted with hot water.

If your mathematics aren't up to it I'll do it for you. Since lunch we had climbed 3,200' and descended 3,600', so it's little wonder that thoughts of "bed is a beautiful place" were foremost. An almost full moon in a cloudless sky turned her shining face on the poor wee mortals seeking succour for their tortured bodies cradled in the bosom of Mother Earth.

I had pitched a clear plastic flysheet over my sleeping bag and settled back blissfully for a righteous rest. How, just how, do you sleep while the restless waters of the creek rumbles a rock, with Hodgson sucking and blowing his organ, a relentless moon tries to give you nocturnal sunburn and you hear the constant drip, drip on to your sleeping bag of the condensate from your fly?

Climbing the ridge to Strongleg (2616') was enough to spoil anyone's breakfast. However, the 2000' behind us we then began the "Highway" walk along the Moorilla Range past Mt. Moorilla Maroo, Mt. Karrung, Mt. Carra and on to Mt. Cloudmaker (3819'). Then down Rumble, Roar, Rack and Rip, High and Mighty, back on to the Kanangra Walls and so to the cars.

Since we were too late for church, we decided to have a small snack at a little French Restaurant in Govett's Leap Road, a glorious way to end our little stroll. Would I do it again? Why not?

* * * * *

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A. M. S.

by Irving Calnan.

An article in "The Lancet" of 27th November, 1976, treats the subject of acute mountain sickness (A.M.S.) in detail. However, for the bushwalker aspiring to become a trekker in high altitudes, and for many in recent years, this has meant a visit to Nepal and the various treks in the Himalayas, the authority on the subject was Stephen Bezruchka's excellent book "Trekking in Nepal" (1.) which covered altitude sickness in the chapter on "Health and Medical Problems".

"The Lancet" article was interesting for the statistics it contained about trekking, as well as its detailed medical content. Acute mountain sickness (A.M.S.) and its severe complications, high-altitude pulmonary oedema (H.A.P.O.) and cerebral oedema (C.O.), were studied in 278 unacclimatised hikers at 4,243 m. altitude at Pheriche in the Himalayas of Nepal. The overall incidence of A.M.S. was 53%, the incidence being increased in the young and in those who flew to 2,800 m., climbed fast, and spent fewer nights acclimatising en route. It was unrelated to sex, to previous altitude experience, to the load carried, and to recent respiratory infections. The severity of A.M.S. was inversely related to age (independent of rate of ascent) and the highest altitude attained, and was highly correlated with speed of ascent. There were 7 cases of H.A.P.O. and 5 with the more intractable C.O., and of these twelve, eleven had flown in, nine had spent only one night at Pheriche, and none were on acetazolamide. Eleven required evacuation. Acetazolamide, compared in a double-blind study with a placebo and also compared with no tablets at all, reduced both the incidence and the severity of A.M.S. in those who flew to 2,800 m. but not in those who hiked up to that altitude. Prevention consists in slow ascent, rapid recognition of warning signs, and prompt descent to avoid progression.

A study was undertaken at the village of Pheriche on the main trekking trail to the Everest Base Camp (at around 5,356 m.) and to Kala Pattar above it (5,545 m.). During the month from 10th October to 10th November, 1975, 330 of 522 trekkers camping on their way up were given questionnaires which they handed back on their return through Pheriche from the highest altitude reached. 52 questionnaires were discarded because they were inadequately filled in, leaving 278 completed questionnaires. 60% of those who completed the questionnaire fully were interviewed to verify the completeness and accuracy of response.

The accompanying diagram illustrates the trek and the daily stages which, being fixed by the trekking companies and the porters, were for the most part constant.

During this one month period, a total of 648 people left Namche Bazaar to proceed to higher elevations. 126 (or 19%) turned back before reaching Pheriche, usually because of headache, dizziness or shortness of breath. Most of those had flown to Lukla. This group was not included in the study of the 522 who then reached Pheriche or higher. 278 (53%) completed the questionnaire; these had, therefore, been above 2,800 m.

altitude for a minimum of four days.

The total incidence of A.M.S. in these 278 trekkers was 52.5%. The incidence of symptoms reported on the questionnaires by the 146 trekkers with A.M.S. was as follows:- headache (96%), insomnia (70%), anorexia (38%), nausea (35%), dizziness (27%), excessive breathlessness on exertion or at rest (25%), headache unrelieved by analgesics (26%), reduced urine (19%), marked lassitude (13%), vomiting (14%), incoordination (11%). This order of symptoms is similar to that reported by others.

The incidence of A.M.S. in males (53%) was similar to that in females (51%). The incidence was 42% in those who walked in from Katmandu and 60% in those who flew to high altitude. Amongst the control group, however, divided into placebo or acetazolamide groups and subjects taking no tablets, 47% of those who trekked in from Katmandu developed A.M.S. compared with 85% of those who flew in.

The study showed that to walk to 2,800 m. in 12 days conferred substantial protection, since of the control group 47% of the walkers, but 85% of the fliers, developed A.M.S., and of the entire group only 42% of the walkers but 60% of the fliers developed A.M.S. Those who developed A.M.S. had a higher rate of ascent on foot from 2,800 m. and spent fewer days to reach their maximum altitude.

The study was unable to confirm or deny what many climbers feel - namely that previous high altitude experience is protective against A.M.S.; in fact two experienced European mountain guides, both of whom had visited the Himalayas before, developed C.O.

A.M.S. is generally a harmless, transient and self limiting syndrome, cured immediately by descent. 63% of the study cases were able to continue their ascent, dosing themselves with mild analgesics and sleeping pills for headache and insomnia. The remaining 37% of those with A.M.S. however, had to stop where they were for 2 or 3 days before proceeding, or more often they descended, occasionally to reascend later.

So to sum up the following quotation comes from Stephen Bezruchka: "Most people experience the mild symptoms of altitude sickness and so long as they are mild, no alarm should be felt but rapid ascent should be avoided. In the event of someone developing severe symptoms, they should descend IMMEDIATELY, preferably on a porter's or animal's back, to avoid undue exertion. The person should be kept warm."

Mild Symptoms

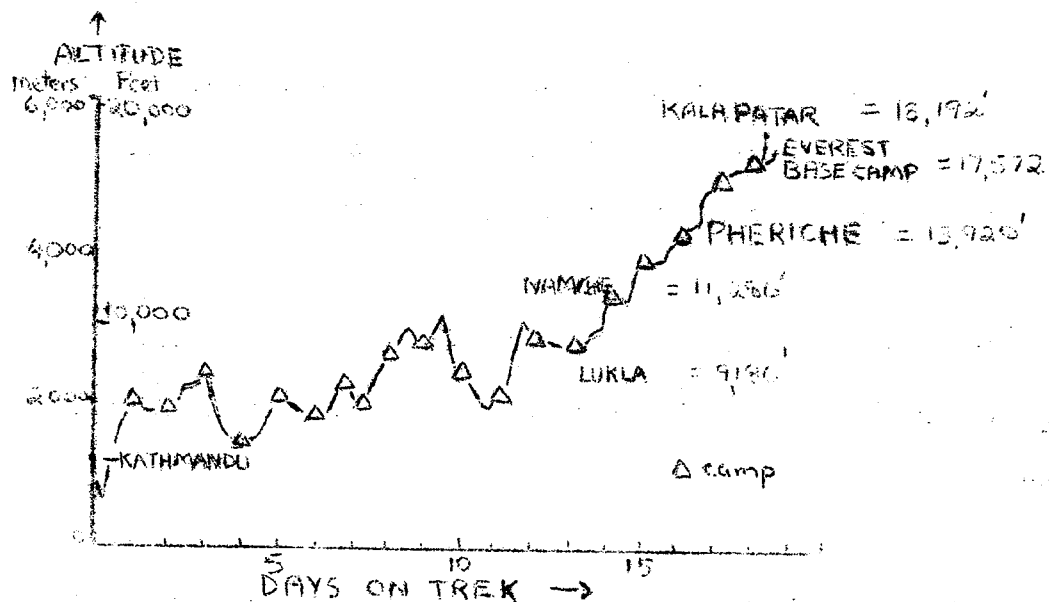
Headache
Nausea
Loss of appetite
Some shortness of breath
with effort
Sleep disturbance
Breathing irregularity
Dizziness
Weakness

Severe Symptoms

Marked shortness of breath with slight effort
Gross fatigue
Cough, dry or wet, not previously associated
with a cold
Low urine output
Wet bubbly breathing
Vomiting
Blueness of face and lips
Delirium, confusion, staggering

Note (1)

"A Guide to Trekking in Nepal" by Dr. Stephen Bezruchka -
 Sahayogi Press, Tripureshwar, Kathmandu (Second Edition marked \$US5.00
 - including airmail postage).



SOCIAL NOTES - JULY.

On July 20th Fred Lind and Christine Kirkby will show slides of their recent trip to Everest Base Camp. Fred has some spectacular shots of the mountains, while Christine will show some slides depicting the social aspects of the trip.

We have heard that David Cotton has some excellent photographs so a display has been organised for Wednesday, 27th July. There will also be some wine and cheese. Bring a wine glass please!

At 7 p.m. on 20th there will be an hour of Folk Dancing prior to the evening's entertainment, and on 27th, also at 7 p.m., the Singing Group will be practicing in the Committee Room. All members are welcome to join these activities.

A L P S P O R T S

Although the days are shorter in Winter it is still an excellent time for bushwalking activities - the cooler weather makes us so energetic - but the right gear is essential.

Take advantage of our prompt and efficient mail order service NOW, to upgrade your walking gear and so make the most of Winter 1977.

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NEW ZEALAND.

FOLLOW THE LEADER?

OR

by Helen Gray.

PAPER CHASING.

Owen Marks is a great organiser and talker, we all know that, and he does insist on having the last word. Sometimes this is difficult, particularly if he's arguing or organising with someone, like me, who likes to have the final say, too. He's overcome the problem of late. He either leaves notes, or only rings if he's 100 miles away, on a public phone, with 20c worth of S.T.D.

A couple of months ago, Owen headed for South Australia, while we Grays and Shapperts headed for Tasmania. Owen had departed some weeks earlier, vaguely hinting that he might meet us somewhere in Tasmania. On the eve of our departure, the phone rang. "Owen here, in Melbourne. DON'T TALK! Meet you Launceston Post Office 2.30 Saturday. If I'm not there " CLICK.

Six days later we arrived at Devonport, Tasmania. It was mid-morning, many miles from Launceston, with not a hope of getting there by 2.30 p.m.

"As it's pointless to rush," rationalised George, "Let's not go there straight away but go to Georgetown instead; there's a new cantilevered bridge there" etc. etc. This wasn't on our itinerary, and was miles in the wrong direction, but we agreed.

It was hours and miles later, and the bridge was in front of us - and on its western approaches, an empty bill-board with large charcoaled letters:

"S.B.W. Welcome to Tassie. Don't hurry, will wait. Owen."

A year ago it was less straightforward - - -

.

Owen, Frank Taeker and I had been sight-seeing in Bangkok. The time had come to move on, Owen to Bangladesh, we two to Burma. Owen had the last say - "See you at Calcutta airport in five days."

A sensible arrangement. After all, on a previous trip we'd arranged, in Sydney, to meet at Madras on the 1st January, and in that Indian city of millions we'd just walked into one another.

But Calcutta! Owen wasn't at the airport when we arrived, a long search was fruitless, and he didn't get off that day's plane from Dacca. But Frank is not always useless, for on this occasion he worked out where Owen might have left a note, and he was right.

"Kicked out of Bangladesh. Meet you Hotel Oberoi, Darjeeling."

Hotel Oberoi-s are everywhere in India, but Darjeeling was a long, long way off. Still, it was only 10 a.m., we had planned to go there anyway, there was a plane going in an hour to Siliguri and it was only another 50 miles from there.

.

It was late at night when our taxi-driver deposited us, two of his six passengers, at Darjeeling's Hotel Oberoi, and our journey's end. Well - - not quite.

"We believe you have an Owen Marks staying here?"

A glance at the book. "No!"

Frank again, fearfully - "Is there a note?"

There was! "This place is a morgue! Have gone to Traveller's Rest. Owen."

One mile more. The temperature had now dropped to 0°. I was still dressed in a cotton sleeveless dress and sandals, but with a small case of winter clothes (locked, and no key) in my hand. We had left Rangoon before dawn that day and had been flying and driving for about 20 hours. I don't think I'd eaten all day and I certainly hadn't been to the toilet, so all things considered I wasn't too happy and was beginning to think Owen wasn't really one of my favourite people after all. Then, from the shadows, that laugh

"Hello. I thought you'd catch up eventually." Followed by, "Don't you look ridiculous in those summer clothes!"

"Owen! For goodness sake take us to the Traveller's Rest before we drop."

"The Traveller's Rest" !?! Oh! I'm not staying THERE anymore! It's a good thing I ran into you"

* * * * *

DINNER before the July general meeting will be at 2 Chapel Lane, near Crown Street, at 6.30 p.m. Contact Peter Miller at 95-2689 if you are not sure how to get there. * * * * *

Paddy made

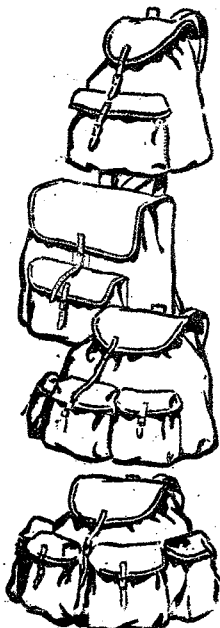
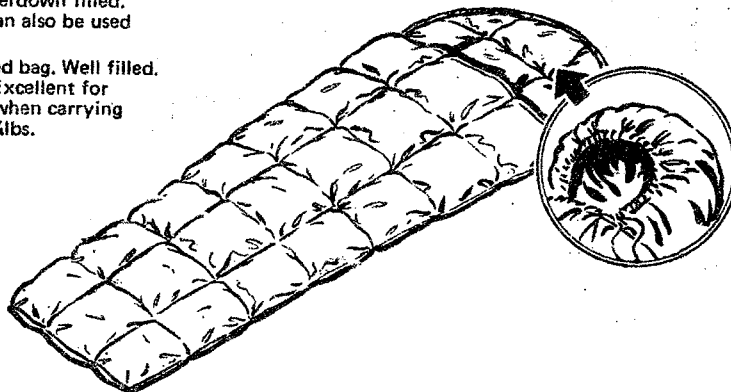
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A single pocket, shaped rucksack. Suitable for over-night camping. Weight 1½lbs.

BUSHMAN RUCKSACK

Has sewn-in curved bottom for extra comfort in carrying. Will hold 30lbs. 2 pocket model 1½lbs. 3 pocket model 1½lbs.

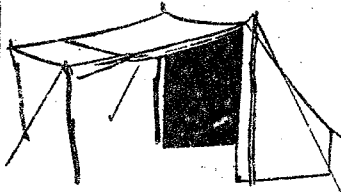
PIONEER RUCKSACK

Extra large bag with four external pockets and will carry about 40lbs of camp gear. Weight 2½lbs.



'A' TENTS

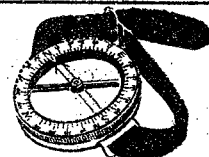
One, two or three man. From 2½ to 3½lbs. Choice of three cloths. Supplied with nylon cords and overlapped doors. No walls.



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, Pally

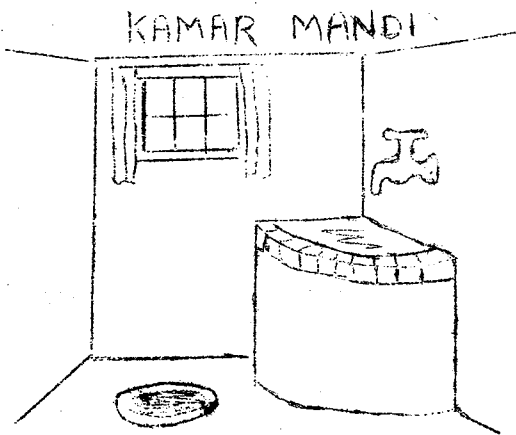
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THE MANDI OR THE SHOWER INDONESIAN STYLE

by Ken Ellis.

The Indonesian word for washing oneself, as opposed to clothes, dishes etc., is "Mandi". Bahasa Indonesia being a logical language, the word for the room where one does this is "Kamar Mandi" (kamar being room - would you believe) often abbreviated to just "Mandi". Having just been shown the bedroom when checking into a hotel, one inquires, "Mandi?", and the hotel-keeper toddles off, leading the way to this wonderful monument to one aspect of Indonesian life.

From the appearance it would need a vivid imagination to realise initially that this was a bathroom, and then, how it should be used. Hotels near the main tourist entry points, such as those in Denpasar and Kuta in Bali, have implicit instructions, often in a rather dubious English, to introduce the intrepid newcomer to the ritual. Even these leave a



lot of doubt and often downright confusion. (It must be pointed out that hotels referred to are not your international five star class, but the half star village efforts where one really gets to grips with the nitty gritty life of Indonesia, or it gets to grips with you!)

A typical Mandi is a plain room about 10 to 12 ft. square (3 to 3.6 m for the metricated). Forming a quadrant across one corner is a bath made of bricks and concrete projecting into the room about three feet and standing about four feet from the ground.

The bath is always full of water and is replenished from an overhead tap. The floor drains away to a circular hole 10 inches diameter (oversized, you think) offset from the centre of the room.

Mandi equipment consists of a small plastic bowl with a handle very much like a plastic saucepan. On sighting the water in the bath, one's first thought is to climb into the thing, but then you realise earlier guests might have been in there as it has no drain. It takes some ingenious deduction aided by a few cryptic instructions (like the "No soap in here" sign at Denpasar) to work out how to use the facility. After a period everyone develops his own technique. The plastic saucepan is used as a dipper to scoop water out of the bath and pour on oneself. The first dipper-full over the head is a shocker especially on cold mornings. One soaps up and uses several more dipper-fulls to rinse off - easy, practical and very efficient. The process can either be done squatting or standing - depending on the positions of the windows and doors. (Generally people are not too interested anyway - except the tourists.)

All the water drains away down the hole which essentially is a continental type toilet, known in the trade as a "squatter". Toilets with seats are for one star hotels and up, and even if you did find one, you would be wary if using it in a village hostelry.

The Indonesian Mandi is a good water conserver for you do not use more water than necessary when you have got to scoop it over yourself. The dipper is also used to flush the toilet - no strings attached here! The used wash water serves as a bonus flush - the height of efficiency.

In private houses the Mandi has also been seen used as a fish tank. Fish up to two feet long can be kept here. It is normally well lined with weed and green slime for them to eat in any case. When ready for a fish dinner you are almost guaranteed of a catch. Got to be careful bathing though, in case you scoop too deep.

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WALK NOTES.

by Len Newland.
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WALKS NOTES FOR A COLD JULY

Test Walks

- 1, 2, 3 - Newnes, over the ridge via Constance Gorge and Dean's Creek and down to the Wolgan River via Rocky Creek, thence back to Newnes. The leader of this expedition is Gordon Lee.
- Sunday 3 - The same weekend sees Joe Marton lead a day walk from Katoomba to Mt. Solitary and Chinaman's Cave via Echo Point, the Giant Stairway and the Golden Stairs.
- Sunday 10 - A day walk led by Errol Sheedy from Heathcote to Head of Navigation, thence along the ridge to Uloomla Falls and Waterfall.
- 22,23,24 - The Wattagan Range (Wyong), featuring such notable places as the Basin, Mt. Warrawalong and Wattagan Creek. The trip is to be led by Brian Hart.
- 29,30,31 - Carlon's Farm to Cox's River and back, via Blackhorse Range, Splendour Rock and Breakfast Creek, with your leader Hans Beck.
- Sunday 31 - Another day walk, this time Helensburgh to Waterfall via the Burgh Track, Palona Brook, Neram Ridge and the Uloomla Track. Ray Carter leads this one.

WALKS NOTES FOR A COLD JULY (CONT.)Weekend Walks

- 15,16,17 - Barry Wallace leads a classic from Wonganderry to Bonum Pic, then via the Wollondilly River and Burnt Flat Creek back to Wonganderry.

Exploratory Trip

- 29,30,31 - The Reunion so impressed the President and Peter Miller that they can't wait until next year to get back to Coolana. This is a get-to-know-your-Club-property trip.

Day Walks

- Sunday 3 - Bill Hall reappears on the programme after a lengthy absence to bring you this walk in his favourite Waterfall area. See en route Kingfisher Creek and Myuna Creek.
- " 10 - For those who like the near north, David Ingram's trip goes from Wahroonga to Mt.Ku-Ring-Gai via the Grosvenor Track, Cockle Creek and Bobbin Head.
- " 17 - This Sunday features Waterfall to Engadine, with stopping places Uloomla Falls, Karloo Pool and Head of Navigation. The leader is Paul Mawhinney.
- " 24 - Waterfall to Heathcote this time, by way of the Morey Track, Myuna Creek, Woronora Trig and Heathcote Creek. This walk will be led by Neil Brown.
- " 24 - Same day service, and the north side features Roy Braithwaite and an easy meander around from Bobbin Head to Berowra via Apple Tree Bay and Cowan Creek. Note method of starting.

Instructional

- 15,16,17 - Ski touring from Sawpit Creek, with David Rostron. Good value, considering the number of ski trips that appear on the programme.

LEADERS

Anytime. Put your walks for Spring on the programme now.

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