

# 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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THOUGHTS ON THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

The Annual General Meeting will be held on the 8th March and it is time to be thinking about the office bearers we want for the coming year. All positions are declared vacant although some members now holding office are standing for re-election while others are resigning their positions.

The people holding the following positions are not standing for re-election:-

President  
Secretary  
Walks Secretary  
Membership Secretary  
Magazine Editor(s)  
Duplicator Operator  
Delegates to the Federation of Bushwalking Clubs (4 needed)  
Committee Members (4 needed, 2 male and 2 female)  
Social Secretary

As can be seen from this list there is plenty of scope for change.

The Club is always enhanced by a certain amount of "new blood" each year and new members interested in Club affairs should consider standing for some of these positions.

Perhaps the least daunting for a new member would be that of Committee Member, a position which provides a good introduction to the running of the Club and for many members has been a stepping stone to more demanding positions.

Of course all candidates for Club positions must be nominated, so if you are interested in standing ask some member to nominate you. Conversely, you may consider whom you could nominate for certain positions and sound them out before the meeting.

A point to remember at the Annual General Meeting is that only members and not prospective members or visitors are entitled to vote.

As many members as possible should attend this meeting as the more there are present the more democratic will be the decisions.

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THE JANUARY GENERAL MEETING

by Barry Wallace.

There were 21 members present when Helen Grey called the meeting to order at about 8.30.

We had apologies from a number of people and would have welcomed a new member, Don Andrews, if he had been present.

The minutes were read and received with no matters arising. Correspondence in was confined to magazines from various organisations and the only outgoing letters were to our new member and the Federation.

The Treasurer's Report showed a startling balance of \$1,708.38, incomings \$125.10, outgoings \$487.15 and a final balance of \$1,346.33.

There was no Federation Report.

There was a Walks Report.

The whole of General Business was occupied with matters relating to the Club property, Coolana. Kath Brown suggested we run a separate account for the property in view of the increasing number of trust funds contributing to the continuing costs of ownership. The idea got a fair airing but was abandoned on the advice of the Treasurer. Dot Butler queried the amount paid in rates and it was passed over to the Coolana Committee to check on this.

At 9.15 Helen struck the gong and unleashed the hordes on the coffee and bickies - - - with metal spoons.

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SOCIAL NOTES FOR MARCH.

by Christine Austin.

- March 15 - People will remember Victor Lewin's last slide evening, both for the quality of his slides and the rather dramatic and unusual background music. Victor has been continuing his photography, as on a recent walk the party caught him surreptitiously sneaking around the rock formations, camera in hand. I'm sure you will all find this evening an imaginatively presented and rewarding experience.
- March 22 - To save some of those telephone calls we've again organised the evening before Easter as discussion time.
- March 29 - While on a mountaineering trip to New Zealand in 1956 Dot Butler, Snow Brown and George Grey were posted as missing in a blizzard at Mt. Cook. Actually they were safely holed-up in a high hut above the Franz Joseph Glacier for three days with a Magician, Whaka Newmarch...the only person who can tie a bowline-on-the-bight by inserting one end of the climbing rope in his navel and suitably contorting his abdominal muscles. Whaka is in Sydney to attend a Magicians' Conference and will be in the Club with his remarkable magic. Don't miss this!

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THE ASCENT OF MT. CHANGABANG.

by Malcolm Noble.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article consists of extracts from letters sent home by Malcolm when he was in India recently as a member of The Australian Garhwal Himalayan Expedition 1977. The expedition consisted of five young men, all members of The Sydney Rock Climbers. They were - Gary Mathew (Leader), Charlie Cuthbertson, Martin Hendy, Malcolm Noble and Andrew Henderson. Their goal was Mt. Changabang, a very distinctive peak 22,520 ft high, and one of India's most difficult mountains. It is situated in the Nanda Devi Sanctuary in the Garhwal Range at the eastern end of the Himalayas adjacent to Nepal.

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7th September 1977 - Joshimath.

Three of us arrived in Delhi on the 31st with a surprising minimum of fuss and apart from mild culture-shock, very quickly fell in love with the lifestyle - the relaxed mood is very infectious. Two of our party had to stay in Delhi to extract a liaison officer from the Indian Mountaineering Foundation and we expect them tonight.

9th September 1977 - Lata (8,000'), camped on the verge of the road.

Much has happened in the last 48 hours - the remainder of the party and the Liaison Officer have arrived and we left Joshimath this morning. I don't think any of us quite realized the magnitude of organising involved with even a small party like ours - we now have to have 16 porters and God knows how many goats (you would like the little saddle-bags they carry).

The scenery is just incredible - very steep and remote crags appear mystically and ridiculously high above - it is amazing to think that the main mountains are another 12,000 ft above us.

14th September - Ramani Gorge.

Normally it would be impossible to get a letter out from here, but unfortunate circumstances have made it possible. Up till now we were managing with only the normal quota of problems (rain, porters' pay, muddy campsites, etc.) but now our Liaison Officer, Kumar has definitely succumbed to altitude sickness. (He had apparently been above 14,000 ft before, but I suspect being given one day's notice by the I.M.F. that he had to accompany us into the Garhwal Himalaya, was not quite enough.) As he is returning to Delhi tomorrow, we are now all writing by candlelight.

We are four days march out from Lata (the road) but rain and reluctant porters have made it five days. The main summits have been hidden by cloud and only today did we catch a glimpse of a long steep ridge running ridiculously high into the clouds - this was the north ridge of Nanda Devi. The mountains up there are truly in a sanctuary.

The continual wet weather is depressing. Tents are wet and down gear is gradually getting damper.

We are accompanied by a British group (seven) who are planning camping in the Sanctuary and doing studies and explorations. Fortunately they have amongst them Frank somebody who is a surgeon - he analysed Kumar and also treated a porter who was hit on the face by a large rock that came through his tent.

This gorge is very spectacular. This is as far as the goats can go, so we have to arrange for some porters to do double carries in the next few days.

A massive Indo-Japanese expedition is attempting Nanda-Devi, so fortunately the Rishi Gorge (tomorrow) has fixed ropes in place.

I had headaches the last few days and slight nausea now and then, especially going over the 14,000 ft pass (second day out), but am feeling much better now. The others seem well also. We are very sad to lose our L.O. as he has been very good.

13th October, 1977 - New Delhi.

After leaving Ramani and our L.O., we moved up the Rishi Gorge which would rate as one of the most spectacular around. There is a short section of fixed rope over slabs to negotiate which is quite tricky - how the porters do it with 25 kg I'll never know. Splendid view of Nanda Devi plastered with snow on its vertical west face.

Next day Gary and self left early with two porters (one from Nepal) to fix a rope across the first river. (We made a deal with the British team that they fix the second crossing and we do the first one.) By the time half a dozen porters arrived we had quite a reasonable flying fox up (using pulley I happened to bring), and we had all of them across and loads in 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours. We arrived at the second crossing (much wider river) amid chaos - porters who didn't want to get wet feet had talked some of the British into putting up a flying fox, but it had so much sag that you hit water anyway at the far end. Much argument and hullabaloo but eventually all across safely.

We camped where we landed on the other side - very pleasant. About 9 pm around the campfire we heard whistles blowing upstream in the darkness. Went to investigate and we found Frank (the London surgeon) and Steven (Physics Professor) stranded on bluffs on either side! They had tried to cross the glacier upstream and were caught by darkness. We advised them to stay there till morning (Steven was wearing shorts) and we went to bed. Altitude about 12 - 13,000 ft!

Next day brilliant weather (monsoon ended) and we did the last leg of march to base camp - an idyllic spot between a small lake and moraine of Changabang glacier, with staggering views of the eastern side of Nanda Devi. Changabang is never visible until you move up onto the glacier itself.

The British base is just down the valley a bit. As I may have said before, they are here to trek around with a bit of climbing - by the time we left they had climbed Rishi Kot and were well advanced on a spectacular 21,000 ft unclimbed peak! They are very friendly.

We stocked Advance Base by all doing three carries up the glacier.

The first was hell 'cause we had ridiculous packs, about 20 odd kg and we took 10 hours over two days on the wrong route. Quite an easy glacier once you know the way.

I was very headachy and nauseous my first time that high (17,000'), but soon recovered. The circle of mountains (including Changabang) at the head of the glacier are superb, with Shipton's Col on the west side.

Charlie's ankle started to play up after wearing his double boots up the glacier (past motorbike injury) and we gave him a couple of days to return to base and recover. Very pleasant at Advance Base except for nearby icefall which threatened.

All attempted to move off at dawn on 27th up a long gully beneath Kalanka - Charlie had to turn back early (ankle) and Gary 200 ft later (altitude) so three of us, Martin, Andrew and self continued up very slowly. Had to dig platform on first "level" site I found - incredibly exhausting work at these altitudes.

We were all so buggered after this first day we had a rest day at 'Camp I'. Weather still excellent and we slogged up to just beneath the Col between Changabang and Kalanka - tremendous views from here - about 21,000 ft. On 30th Sept. we set off (late 8 am) for top - rope of three slow and we belayed all along the ridge, which is very steep off both sides - a real knife edge. We were still some distance from the top at 3 pm and in cloud, so we decided to dig a snow cave. We had to be careful not to dig too far lest we pop out of the other side of the ridge! Horribly cramped night but warm except for toes - played tiddly-winks with Andrew to keep circulation going in them.

Strong wind and clouds closed in next morning - we kept going but terribly slow. We reasoned that it would take a good hour to reach the summit even though it was only about 150' away and it would not allow enough time to get back to the tent and food.

Going back down was incredible experience - wind racing up one side of ridge carrying snow and depositing it on the other side. We were all wearing duvets while climbing - comfortably warm. It was the first time I've seen such cold snow, though - my balaclava was frozen to my beard for ages and frost grew on every exposed hair. We were very exhausted when we stumbled into camp. Unknown to us Andrew's fingers were a bit frozen and he burnt one over the stove. It later came up in what looked very similar to frostbite blister but he is recovering well so far.

Climbing at high altitudes is very hard work - I might just leave the Himalayas for trekking in!

\* \* \* \* \*

# Paddy made

Lightweight bushwalking and camping gear.

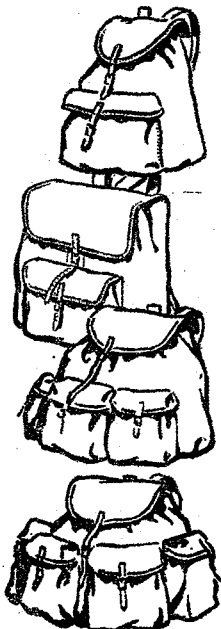


## CLOTHING FOR ALL OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES

**Pouch Parka:** Pullover type hooded jacket in proofed nylon. Front zip pocket and zip at throat. Draw cord in hem. So compact it fits into its own pocket. Weight 8ozs.

**'Eidex' hooded oilskin zip front parkas,** considered by experienced walkers to be an indispensable item of their gear. Weight 1lb 7ozs. Improved model, made to Paddy's specifications. All sizes.

Everything for the 'well dressed' bushwalker ... heavy wool shirts, wind jackets, duvets, overpants, string singlets, bush hats, webbing belts etc.



### BUNYIP RUCKSACK

This 'shaped' rucksack is excellent for children. Use-full day pack. Weight 14ozs.

### SENIOR RUCKSACK

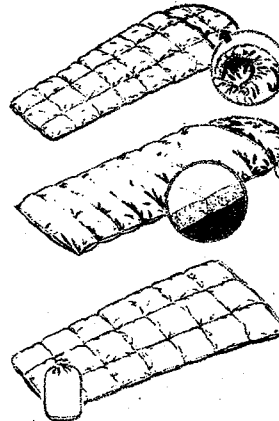
A single pocket, shaped rucksack. Suitable for over-night camping. Weight 1½lbs.

### 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.



### KIANDRA MODEL

Hooded bag. Extra well filled. Very compact. Approx 3½lbs.

### HOTHAM MODEL

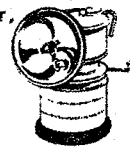
Super warm box quilted. Added leg room. Approx 4½lbs.

### SUPERLIGHT MODEL

Half the weight and packed size of regular bags. 9" x 5½" dia. 2lbs.



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



# Paddy Pallen

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

SYDNEY BUSHWALKERS ANNUAL RE-UNION 1978.11th & 12th MARCH.

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

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

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

Motor transport is necessary between Richmond and the car parking area above Woods Creek which is about 1 km from the campsite. Arrangements can be made to meet people who travel by train to Richmond, or there may be room in some of the cars. People who want transport, or who want to be met, or who can give transport to others, should contact Helen Gray, 86-6263, preferably several days before the Re-union.

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

Go to North Richmond on the Windsor/Kurrajong/Bell Road. Turn left in North Richmond at the chemist shop. The sign post on this road reads "Grose Wold 3, Grose Vale 5". (These are miles, the sign should by now have been changed to km). After 1.6 miles, just past the entrance to "St. John of God Hospital", turn left. After 1 mile just over a bridge over a creek, turn right into Grose Wold Road. After 0.8 mile turn left into Avoca Road. After a certain distance the tar surface gives way to dirt road which winds along eventually turning left in front of a house (some gates may be shut in this area). From here on it is all bush, a Reserve, and the dirt road continues on for approx. 2 miles to a turning circle where the cars are parked.

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

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THE ITALIAN EXPERIENCE.

by Nancye Alderson.

I had spent three exciting and enriching weeks in London, the next priority was a visit to Italy. My ideas were not too firmly fixed apart from seeing the great works of art and I felt quite open minded about the country.

The tour arrangements were made with an English Travel Agent. They made Europe sound like a great experience, I was filled with the anticipation of what was to come. Finally I was on my way and fortunate to have a front seat in the coach. We travelled along the motor ways admiring the scenery through Belgium, Luxembourg, France and Switzerland.

Our first stop in Italy was at a hotel in Magenta. The time was 9.30 p.m. and we had been on the road all day. The forty two people travelling in our coach were absolutely ravenous. We all flocked to the dining room suffering pangs of hunger. There were murmurs of appreciation when the soup was served. Not so with the second course however, for it comprised two small thin slices of roast lamb and several lettuce leaves! The third course consisted of two penny ice creams!! (For those who remember penny ice creams.) No murmurs of satisfaction..... we were still hungry. To make matters worse, Italians do not serve tea or coffee with meals. We had to content ourselves with what we felt was a starvation diet.

We decided to turn in early and went to our rooms. The bedroom was comfortable but there was something different about the bathroom. There was a bath, a toilet and a bidet. For those who do not know, a bidet is NOT a root bath. A bidet is for the purpose of sponging and cleaning the body.

The bath towels were intriguing. They were made of damasc linen and were approximately 18" long. They looked like serviettes to me. Why do Italians have such small towels? Are we meant to have tiny bodies? I couldn't fathom it and would have preferred something larger. However, having been bushwalker-trained I accepted the situation.

We all appeared in the dining room the next morning after a sound sleep. Lo and behold, another surprise! The waiter served us with one bread roll each, as well as butter and jam. When we opened the rolls they were hollow inside. We were shocked into silence. There were two weak cups of tea to compensate. I was annoyed that I had carried a packet of dried fruit for weeks in England and gave it away because I could not see myself eating it.

We left the hotel before eight that morning and took a keen interest in the scenery as we drove along. Our bus driver was Umberto, an Italian from Sorrento. He was the strong silent type and when we started our coach trip at Belgium I thought what a superb driver he was. However, as soon as we entered Italy his driving changed completely. Honking at every vehicle which stood in our way, he forced cars, buses, trucks to move aside while he overtook them. He used the horn incessantly. Every small Fiat vehicle became a pawn in his game of "chicken". I was sitting

in the front seat of the bus and time and time again closed my eyes when we squeezed through narrow apertures or almost sideswiped pedestrians. The Italian driving has to be seen to be believed. Italians usually die from heart attacks as a result of shock (from the crazy driving) not from bodily injuries received in accidents.

At our first stop for coffee in Italy we learnt that you paid a cashier who gave you a ticket for your drink and then you approached the waitress for your coffee and handed her the ticket. We also learnt that it was a good idea to offer the right money. Otherwise change could be given in the form of postage stamps, sweets or not at all. This is common practice throughout Italy. There is a shortage of coins in the country. On several occasions when I bought coffee and did not offer the right money I did not receive change. The 50 lire coin is in very short supply and of course 50 lire is the coin which you use frequently for buses, coffee and other incidentals. A number of shopkeepers were not happy about changing notes of large and small currency. There were times when we were in the unenviable position of wanting to buy something and were refused because we did not have coins or our notes were too large in value. I had the distinct feeling some Italians did not like foreigners.

Milan was an interesting city and we saw all the notable points of interest. The Opera House, the magnificent cathedral with its superb stained glass windows and marble monuments. Leonardo da Vinci's painting of the Last Supper is contained in a small church in Milan. The painting extends across the southern wall. During the 1939-45 war the church was damaged and only the wall containing the painting remained. The entire church has been re-built around the wall on which Leonardo's painting stands. I felt disappointed in the painting, it was very, very faded in colour, though the figures were quite clear. Here at last was the great masterpiece but it did not make quite the impact on me that I had anticipated.

One of the features of a tour of Milan is a visit to the cemetery. Great emphasis is placed on death and families spend vast sums on monuments erected in the cemetery to the memory of the dead. Marble, granite and other materials were used to create spectacular memorials up to 20' high. We felt it was wrong to spend so much money on the dead when the living appeared to be very poverty stricken. In one way we admired the creative skills of the sculptors, in another we felt the great monuments were sinister.

We had lunch in the oldest restaurant in Milan. My friend and I were late because we had been to the bank. We indicated to the waiter that we were with a group who were already seated. However, the waiter did not speak English - so we were ignored. After a long wait I spoke with another waiter who understood me and offered us a seat at a table. The restaurant was one of a bygone era. The lower part of the walls comprised wooden panelling, the upper section was mirrored. The whole setting was very elegant, mirrors, soft lighting, linen cloths, wine of your choice and Italian menu. We enjoyed it to the utmost.

The same evening we arrived in Florence which is a city with a charm

all its own. The architecture is distinctly Italian, every square and street brings to life the medieval period. The buildings are in warm rich colours, red or ochre or dull browns. Beautiful sculptures are to be seen everywhere. After dinner that night we climbed up a narrow cobblestone street to view Florence. We felt we were in another world, it was very beautiful.

There was one slight hitch at the hotel that evening. Four of us had been booked into the one room. Worse things could happen, of course. However one of our lady friends snored loudly all night. Nevertheless, I wasn't too disturbed, I was feeling tired from the travelling. This bathroom was reasonable except that the water from the shower sprayed over the narrow rim of the floor and as each person showered it became worse, like the great flood.

The city of Florence revolves around the Duomo or Cathedral. This magnificent building is made of green, white and pink marble in a very intricate design and architecture of various styles merged together. Inside the church are memorials to great Italians, Galileo, Dante, Michelangelo. For three centuries Florence was dominated by the Medici family and within the Duomo is a sumptuous chapel, octagonal in shape, with the walls and floor completely covered with marble of thirteen different types and colours built to the memory of the men of the Medici family. This chapel was really breathtaking in its wealth of colour, design, stonework and sculpture. Downstairs in the crypt the women of the family had been buried beneath the sandstone floor with a simple inscription in gold lettering as their memorial! An expression of male chauvinism if ever there was.

The afternoon was spent at the Uffizzi Gallery which contains many great paintings. Botticelli, Raphael, Giotto, they are all represented. The paintings thrilled me but I could not absorb everything, such a collection and so little time to enjoy it all. At the Gallery we learnt that it is "expensive to sit down for coffee", we were not told the price of coffee but ushered to the seat on the wall. (We must have looked poor.) An Australian girl was arguing with the two waiters serving coffee about the terrible Italian system of paying first before ordering coffee, and how they should change their ways. She was hostile, the men were amused.

Our time in Florence was all too short. I was filled with a longing to join a group of people with rucksacks who sat in front of the Duomo and basked in the sun. They appeared to have endless time and could linger in that beautiful city.

Rome was yet another experience. We were warned that people were poor and to watch our handbags. Visitors were known to have bags torn from their shoulders by motor cycle riders. However, no one in our group suffered this fate. The bus stopped at the Hotel Tiffany where we were to stay, late in the afternoon. There was an antiquated lift which broke down after the first group of six travelled to the third floor where we were to be located. The porter who was to carry the bags looked so frail I thought he might suffer a heart attack carrying them upstairs.

Our room was clean and comfortable, though the decorating was half

finished. There was wallpaper on two and a half walls and then the rest of the room was painted. One corner of the room contained the shower inside a plastic type recess, it was like a telephone box, a modern one where you keep pushing the door in. We made ourselves at home, glad to be settled there for a few days.

In Rome the past and present seem to blend into one. There are the modern city buildings and the ancient Forum ruins, the Romas Baths, the Colosseum and Hadrian's Villa. The Colosseum stands at a very central point and is magnificent to see lit up by night. It is a huge monument which reflects history and the death of the Christians as they fought the lions in the arena. The Colosseum could hold 50,000 people in those days. The Colosseum was begun in 72 A.D. and inaugurated by Emperor Titus in the year 80. The inauguration was marked by 100 days of festivities. During those festivities 9,000 wild beasts were killed and 2,000 gladiators lost their lives. Around the arena was a net to protect the spectators! I felt quite moved by the historical significance, the thought of the cruelty and human suffering which had taken place on that very spot.

Another central feature of Rome is a vast white marble monument to Victor Emmanuel II. It commemorates the unity of Italy. There is a great staircase with several flights leading to the Altar of the Fatherland, containing numerous life sized human figures sculptured in white marble. Then there is a colonnade with two black chariots on top. One of my last glimpses of Rome was looking back and catching sight of those magnificent winged chariots rising into the sky. The monument is very impressive in its white marble opulence.

The ancient Forum intrigued me. It was used for public meetings, debates were held there and justice was meted out by the Roman lawyers. The very cradle of Roman civilisation which gave orders to all the people. Now of course, it is in ruins in the middle of the city, but the tourist can visualise the bygone days.

The Vatican, St. Peter's Cathedral and the Sistine Chapel are overwhelming in their beauty. The Sistine Chapel is one of the most outstanding masterpieces of Italian art. It is recognised for the frescoes of great beauty painted by Michelangelo. Vast corridors are lined with paintings, tapestries and marble sculptures en route to the Sistine Chapel. This is a great experience for art lovers. St. Peter's Church contains great works of art, mosaics, sculptures and paintings achieving magnificent effects. The blending of materials, marble, alabaster, bronze and colour are beyond imagination.

Rome is fascinating, it combines history, traditions and beauty of a past era; there is art at every corner.

In spite of the horrendous traffic, the empty bread rolls, the scarcity of toilets, the "stand up" or "sit down" service in the coffee shops, the lack of coins, for every lover of art or history Italy is a must. There was only one last step for me to take and that was to throw a coin in the Trevi Fountain in order to ensure my return.

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DAVID COTTON'S PHOTOGRAPHIC ADVENTURE WORKSHOP

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I am running a Photographic Adventure Workshop on Saturday and Sunday, 1st and 2nd April. Come along either day or both, camp overnight if you like.

The show is being held at Glenburnie Orchard, Darkes Forest, and will be run on a continuous basis and the work to be covered is basic black and white photography including film processing, enlarging and print making, and general photographic know-how to help you improve your photographic technique.

GENERAL PROGRAMME:

For both days the programme will be basically similar, with an introduction to photography, followed by basic simple print making and enlarging techniques, advanced enlarging techniques, film processing, and towards the end of the day the "Ilfospeed" system of print making will be covered. During breaks on both days short discussions on various aspects of photography and techniques will be given. A campfire barbecue will be held on Saturday evening. On Sunday for those interested, a short bushwalk can be arranged.

Everyone is welcome to attend this workshop whether experienced in photography or not. Children are especially welcome to attend and will be shown how to process their own photographs.

Persons attending should bring along some of their favourite black and white negatives or take a roll of black and white film with them on their next bushwalk. The S.B.W. Annual Re-union and Easter trips should provide some interesting subject material. Where possible, film-camera should be of a 35 mm format with 125 ASA film. Use as much of the negative as possible for the subject to reduce enlarging magnification when making prints, as the greater the enlargement beyond a certain degree the lower the quality of the print. If your camera has been out of use for a long time, check the light meter battery if it has one; it is usually best to replace an old battery with a new one.

Film should be processed prior to the workshop. Whilst we will be covering film processing it is best to have some processed film as we will be starting off on print work. People with sensitive hands should bring along a pair of rubber gloves.

COST: This will vary with the individual depending on the amount of work done. A basic rate to cover the cost of material will be worked out. For double weight material the cost will be about 7 cents each for postcard-size prints and about 20 cents each for 8 x 10 inch. Single weight material will be cheaper, and for 35 mm film, about 45 cents each film.

Running an Adventure Workshop is a bold venture as it is very "in" amongst many people in our society today to proudly proclaim, "I can't

do it. It is too hard." Very often before they have even looked into or tried what they have so very proudly told themselves they cannot do. In our society today we are conditioned to fail. This is a serious social illness or disease. The causes are complex and may be a fear of mess, a fear of failure or success, or the simple process of imprisoning oneself behind a barrier or security blanket with the things that we know and feel safe and sure with, rejecting that which we don't know and feel unsure of. "Media mugging" is definitely a cause of putting down creative and adventurous instincts.

During the latter part of World War 2, the survival of shipwrecked sailors was a cause of grave concern. It had become apparent that some sailors were not surviving, these being mostly in the younger age groups. The only logical explanation was that these men had little experience of life, did not know their capacity, ability or inner strength as did the older men. As a result a movement was set up to develop survival instincts and to show the men how to get to know their capacity, ability and inner strength. This movement was, of course, The Outward Bound Movement. Their motto is "To seek, to strive and not to yield." The movement survived and is still in operation today catering for everyone.

The choking off of individuality and personality, creativity and adventure in our society starts off when we are at quite a young age. Nobody really escapes. It is up to ourselves as individuals to regain and develop these valuable attributes at every available opportunity.

#### HOW TO GET TO DARKES FOREST:

Travel south along the Princes Highway through Waterfall. Follow the old highway (do not take the Expressway). The turn-off to Darkes Forest is about 15 km south of Waterfall or about 6 km past the Stanwell Park turn-off. Glenbernrie Orchard is the first farm on the right hand side 3 km west from the Highway on the Darkes Forest Road.

Transport will be a problem for some. See David Cotton in the clubrooms for transport arrangements or team up with someone that you know is coming.

\* \* \* \* \*

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THE BIG THIRST.

by John Fox.

It was nearly 9 pm when a party of thirsty and weary bushwalkers stumbled into a small clearing on the bank of a tributary of Kedumba Creek in the Blue Mountains and, by the feeble light of small torches which they carried, prepared their evening meal and made camp.

The party of five members and four prospectives had begun their journey at 7.15 that morning from Central Station, little dreaming of the arduous day which lay before them. Even the first and normally easy part of their trek proved to be somewhat unusual when they were forced to alight from the train at Clyde, catch a bus, and join another train at Westmead. After arriving at Katoomba good time was made to the lunch spot by an old mine tunnel below the Ruined Castle.

During lunch, Keith Brister decided to slightly re-arrange his sitting position. On moving he was startled to see a five-foot black snake hightail out of the grass by his feet. This was very interesting to Christine Underwood, who being a sheltered Kiwi had never seen a snake before. Christine's ignorance of Australia fauna then prompted Peter Christian to place a fine specimen of cicada upon her arm and was rewarded by an ear piercing scream. The cicada fell to the ground and died of shock.

After lunch the ascent of Mt. Solitary proceeded as planned and the proposed campsite was reached at 3.15 pm. No water was to be found anywhere near this site so the party pressed on to find a site with water. The hapless walkers were however to find no water on Solitary and were forced to continue on towards Kedumba Creek, 2,000 ft below.

The descent route chosen was via a spur sloping steeply to the east. After slipping and sliding down this spur, the first water since lunch was found and everyone had a long, long drink. Crossing the small waterway, the trek was continued up the opposite bank, over a ridge and on to a tributary of Kedumba Creek which was followed downstream in search of a suitable campsite.

The day slowly drained from the sky to be replaced by the infinite deepness of a bushland night with stars almost leaping from the moonless sky. Continuing by torchlight the party was enchanted by the flashes of hundreds of fire flies in the bush all around. Later it was found that the "flies" were really a species of beetle, this particular species being exclusive to the Blue Mountains.

Soon after cooking dinner and pitching camp the sound of snoring ~~permeated the bush~~ ~~as the party rested after a wearing day~~ ~~If any wild~~ animal had entered their campsite and had inadvertantly knocked out a tent peg, the party would have found all four tents down around their ears, as all were fastened together in order to make best use of the small area.

Not long after dawn the party was awakened by Leon Veller and his famous "noisy bird" imitations. Breakfast was over in short order and



the party pressed on towards Kedumba Creek for a swim. Having learned from the previous day's experience, plenty of water was now carried for lunch and the afternoon's ascent which was expected to be long, hot and dry. During the swim break a goanna was spied cleverly imitating a piece of bark on an otherwise bare dead tree near the creek.

Next came the serious business of finding the easiest way to the Kedumba Pass road. Bearing easterly through tinder dry bush via first one and then another ridge, a four-wheel drive track was found and followed to the Kedumba road where lunch was taken and most of the extra water consumed.

After lunch the long monotonous road bash was tackled in an effort to catch the earliest possible train back to Sydney. On reaching Wentworth Falls six of the group made use of a milk bar provided for weary travellers whilst the three tail-enders called in to an inn on the high road.

The last train but one for that day arrived and was boarded for the journey home. Thus ended an enjoyable but rather thirsty weekend.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### WALK NOTES.

by Len Newland.

#### WALKS FOR MARCH

##### RE-UNION:

The Sydney Bushwalkers annual get-together is on March 11th and 12th this year. All the usual festivities, including build-your-damper (and your own barbecue if the dampers are hard enough), campfire singing and so on. Come one, come all.

##### WEEKEND WALKS:

3/4/5th March - Peter Harris' Ettrema - Bundundah walk with abseiling. Marked ++ which means "Harder than a test walk". Phone 8887316 (H)

Easter - Peter Harris again, this time with a trip to the New England Ranges, also "Harder than a test walk".

##### BOAT TRIP:

4th/5th March - On Cowan Waters with Peter Levander. Phone 482208.

##### BASE CAMP:

Easter - Long Point Lookout, overlooking the Shoalhaven River. Your leaders: Laurie Quaken 4070280 (H) 4070271 (B) and Tony Denham 991246 (H).

DAY WALKS:

Sunday 5th - Barry Zieren's West Head walk, with swimming. 934830 (H).

Sunday 5th - Lilyvale to Otford via Palm Jungle and Burning Palms beach with Kath Brown. Also swimming. 812675 (H).

TEST WALKS:

17/18/19 - Victor Lewin attacks the Budawangs by way of 'Sassafras'. See Monolith Valley and Mt. Owen. Phone 504096 (H)

Sunday 19 - Hans Heck's famous Faulconbridge - Glenbrook walk via Glenbrook Creek. 6691155 (B).

Sunday 19 - Engadine to Heathcote via Scouter's Mountain and Lake Eckersley, with Jack Perry.

Easter - Newnes to Glen Davis via Wolgan and Capertee Rivers and back via Pipeline Pass. Leader: David Cotton.

Easter - Victor Lewin's Grose Valley Classic - goes from Bell Station to Richmond Station. 504096 (H).

Sunday 26 - Heathcote to Waterfall via Goonderra Brook and Uloomla Brook. Leader: Jack Perry.

\* \* \* \* \*

BUSHWALKER DINERS OUT.

Don't forget that the THIRD Wednesday each month is the evening for "Dinner Before the Club Meeting".

The meeting place - CASA NOSTRA Restaurant, 336 Pacific Highway, Crows Nest. Time for meeting: 6.30 p.m.

The food is Italian, prices range from \$2.00 to \$3.50 and the restaurant is licensed.

Please come and make it a success.

PETER MILLER.

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