

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

Established June 1931

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bush Walkers, Box 4476 G.P.O. Sydney, 2001. Club meetings are held every Wednesday evening from 7.30 pm at the Cahill Community Centre (Upper Hall), 34 Falcon Street, Crow's Nest.

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DECEMBER, 1984.

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Christmas Greetings

AND BEST WISHES FOR THE NEW YEAR

EDITORIAL.

What a great year of bushwalking 1984 has been. The bush blossomed in the Spring with wonderful displays of wildflowers, and the new shoots give it a fresh and healthy look after all those years of drought.

With some hiccups the printing of the magazine on the offset printer and new paper finally gave us a new look for the November issue. We hope you liked the improvements, and realise the voluntary workers still have skills to develop in order to turn out a professional looking job.

Line drawings and maps should create no great difficulties as you can see, so do think of contributing them with or without an article.

Letters to the Editor to voice your opinions on walks, social events, conservation issues, or just to let us in on a humorous anecdote or news would be most welcome.

Contributions to the magazine are now being solicited (that means eagerly sought) for the February issue in 1985, so if you're just been thinking of writing or drawing or making up a quiz or song or poem or joke - act now!

I have had my job as Editor made a pleasure by the fine team effort of typist, Kath Brown, and printers and collators, and look forward to producing our magazine in its 54th year.

My best wishes to you all for some fun trips over the summer, and a Happy Xmas.

AINSLIE MORRIS.

FIRST AID COURSE

ST. JOHN AMBULANCE TRAINING IN CITY.

- * Need to RENEW your St. John Ambulance First Aid Certificate?
(It expires after 3 years)
- * Need to get one because you are on the Search and Rescue list of volunteers? (It is compulsory for insurance cover)
- * Need to upgrade your knowledge of first aid so that you are confident in its use on bushwalks?

YES? Then come to our Club's special group training session after Easter in readiness for the winter walking season.

DATES: Weekend of 13th and 14th April 1985
(Saturday and Sunday 9. am - 5 pm)
AND one evening on Wednesday, 17th April (For the exam. 6-8 pm)

VENUE: 6 Hunt Street, Surry Hills. (Train to Central or Museum Stations)

Give your name to Ainslie Morris by phoning 428-3178 or at Club meetings as soon as possible if you feel your first aid knowledge is not "up to scratch".

KAKADU AND THE FAR NORTH

by Ray and Fusae Dargan.

1984 has been a history-making year of walking for us. Our first Tasmanian trip from the Walls of Jerusalem to Lake St. Clair via the Mountains of Jupiter, in January with David Rostron, Craig Austin and Malcolm Steele. Again with David to the Macdonnell Ranges in June - another first for us. Then in July to Darwin, Jabiru, Kakadu and Katherine Gorge National Parks, our first time in the Top End of Australia. More recently several skiing trips.

It's the Top End experience that prompts this trip story - not many walkers have been there from our Club whereas our other trips were in better known areas and the Tasmanian and Macdonnell Ranges trips have been written up by Malcolm and by David.

A good way to do the far north would be to start by hiring a 4-W.D. vehicle in Darwin and allow at least a week, but possibly two or three. This was not what we did as we stayed with Patrick McBride, now living in Jabiru and involved in conservation-related aspects of the uranium mining. We did several trips from Jabiru as a base.

July is the best month, the coolest month, and approximately equivalent to Sydney summer climate although rain is almost unknown at that time of year. August and September are much hotter and any earlier in the year floodwaters from the monsoon may still close roads to desirable areas.

OBIRI AND EAST ALLIGATOR REGION.

In the region of Obiri Rock and East Alligator can be seen some of the best Aboriginal rock painting in Australia, some very large wetland lagoons and swamps, numerous birds of many species and the abundant wetland plant life. The birds, plants and crocodiles are not nearly as accessible and visible as at Coinda.

The region certainly establishes the significance of Aboriginal rock painting as art and compares well with the bark painting in the Art Gallery of N.S.W. The Tasmanian Tiger is included in the Obiri art indicating its presence in the region within the last few thousand years. The East Alligator River is typical of the tidal streams and mangrove swamps of the area - and in common with all the lagoons and creeks of the monsoonal flood plains, not recommended for swimming because of the crocs.

Arnhem Land is a sandstone escarpment which rises several hundred feet above and to the east of the flood plains of the Alligator River system.

In the region of Obiri numerous outlying bluffs of the escarpment occur. As the region was close to Jabiru we spent some time climbing onto these cliffs and bluffs (usually in the evenings) and were rewarded with exciting views and sunsets.

COOINDA.

Coinda is a surprisingly pleasing commercial motel/camping ground on Jim Jim Creek. It is a very pleasant place to camp and provides experiences of bird life and wetlands beyond belief in comparison to our usual bushwalking areas. It was possible for us to hire a large motored punt and spend an evening exploring the very large billabongs in search of crocodiles and birds. We sighted five crocs, two at very close quarters, and about 30 species of birds in two hours on the billabong.

We had the punt as close as three metres to a Jabiru crane and equally close to many other birds. The wildlife is well accustomed to the organised boat trips available each morning and evening and therefore quite unafraid. By hiring a punt we had much better opportunity to see the wild life than was possible as a passenger on the organised punt trips. Had we had the time we should have camped the night and repeated the exercise the following morning. Bird species to be seen include the Pied Goose, Straw-necked Ibis, Plumed Egret, Black Cockatoo, Nankeen Night Heron, Lotus Bird, White-breasted Sea Eagle, Burdekin Duck, Jabiru Crane, Chestnut-quilled Pigeon, Whistling Kite, Rainbow Bee-eater, Blue Winged Kookaburra.

BAROALBO SPRINGS.

This is a permanent large creek with chains of water holes through a mini rain forest along the creek banks. The water holes occur at the base of the Arnhem Land escarpment from which the creek descends. Indications are that a day or so following the course of the creek up into the escarpment would be very rewarding. Unfortunately time did not permit. In the dry season the area is an oasis within the very arid country nearby. In fact the whole vast area is extremely arid during the dry season once away from the few permanent creeks and wetland areas.

The water pools of the creek at Baroalbo Springs form a retreat for fish during the dry season. Thousands of fish of twenty or thirty species populated all of the crystal clear pools through the rain forest. A hundred metres from the creek was a dusty desert of stunted timber.

JIM JIM FALLS AND TWIN FALLS.

The Jim Jim Falls and Twin Falls Gorge area of the Kakadu Park is apparently well worth a couple of days and provides good camping and walking. However as a 4 W.D. vehicle is required we did not visit the area.

KATHERINE GORGE NATIONAL PARK.

Katherine Gorge National Park is about 350 km south of Darwin and provides a range of walks up to 5-6 days duration on routes well marked by the park authority. Plenty of swimming, liloing, canoeing are available in the gorges of the Katherine River which are very scenic and enjoyable. Two or three days there is well justified.

We regarded the trip as most rewarding. It's a very different part of Australia with much to offer and if one were to allow ten days or more then the Kimberly area could be visited also. One would have no trouble spending three weeks in the area but July is the month in which to do it.

NOTES ON KAKADU (The Editor).

The Colong Committee has made a submission to the Australian National Parks and Wildlife Service on the management of Kakadu National Park. The full article is in The Colong Bulletin for September 1984. Dot Butler and Alex Colley have visited the area several times. It is not possible to reproduce all their recommendations here, but it emerges from them that the elimination of private vehicle use in the Park would prevent many problems and conserve its natural condition for people to enjoy. Airboats in particular could disturb the birdlife which is the most prolific in Australia and of any wetland park in the world.

"DAYTRIPPIN'!"

by Peter Christian.

The Tigers' eyebrows scowl at the scourge of day trippers all around,
 Apparently a plague of threatening proportions has decimated their ranks.
 They wail at lackadaisical outings without the customary aches and
 exhaustion.
 They mourn for the "old days" of torturous "tiger walks" ordeals, done
 without thanks.

We day trippers defend our position among such cherished and hallowed
 company.
 We have our test walks, though considered "soft strolls" to toughen our
 insides;
 We cannot all be superhuman, oblivious to pain over sheer mountainous
 terrain.
 We enjoy the bush, not charging at a headlong push until we split our sides.

Why not smell the flowers, watch the waters flow, listen and absorb the
 quietude.
 Sensitivity we feel is a true measure of walkers, as essential as the gift
 of sight;
 No room for brashness or to treat with rashness, but time to tune and
 breathe in.
 Life is so short, why also cut the walk to a rip, rack, roar and rumble
 dubious delight?

Alas, so we are frowned upon, regarded with impunity to disdain.
 But take heart, my fellow worshippers of forbidden fruits and native roses;
 Think of how much pleasure we derive from our simplistic view of
 "bush bashing".
 Imagine a sane limit to lacerations, bruises, throbbing limbs to coronary
 thrombosis.

NOTE - From Kath Brown.

As the typist of the above poem I feel I must put forward a contrary
 opinion to the views expressed. Although for many years, owing to family
 responsibilities and increasing age, I have been a "day walker" only, and I
 feel day walking has a definite place in the Club and for bushwalkers generally,
 just the same the overnight bushwalk is what really thrilled me and gave me the
 greatest pleasure in those distant days when I went on weekend-walks regularly.

The weekend walker has pleasures, magic moments, that the day walker never
 knows. Waking to see the early morning light softly touch the glade in which
 you have pitched your little tent; that first flicker and then warmth as the
 breakfast fire is lit; that early morning cup of tea. And then, on the track
 at 8 am when everything is fresh and sparkling with dew. The distant views of
 river or ridges or mountain peaks. When it is time to make camp in the late
 afternoon what pleasant decisions - where to put the tent, where the cooking
 fire, where to fill the water bucket; and how enjoyable to settle down with the
 walking companions of the day to gather firewood, to cook, to eat, to socialize,
 to chat or sing songs, and then at length to crawl into that little tent, that
 cosy sleeping bag - miles from the cares and problems of everyday life!

ANY MINUTE NOW.

by Barbara Evans.

"ANY MINUTE NOW," said Jim, "we'll be out of this mess." We were on Beecroft Peninsular, trekking from the lighthouse to the Gorilla Cave. Jim Vatiliotis had promised us easy walking along coastal cliffs fringed with the lawn-like grass he remembered from an earlier trip. However, something (Spring perhaps) had happened since then, and there had been a great burgeoning of everything woody, spiky and dense. The once grassy peninsular was now six feet deep in what was doing its best to be impenetrable scrub. (Mind you, S. & R. would easily have been able to trace us, simply by following the trail of human skin dangling from the thorn bushes.)

We struggled to a slight eminence. Through a screen of foliage the distant coastline was just visible. It had a rugged splendour. "ANY MINUTE NOW," said Jim "we'll find easy walking along the cliff edge." Doubtful of such wild optimism we lined up tallest to shortest, thinnest to widest, each clinging to the pack in front. Thus arranged, our human submarine, with Brian Goldstraw in the twin roles of prow and periscope, plunged into the sea of softly waving greenery.

Some time later thirst overcame our crew. "We'll be coming to a little spring," said Jim "ANY MINUTE NOW." By this time we were walking along the cliffs. The scrub had diminished hardly at all. We picked our way as best we could over stone and thorn, but no stream trickled across our path. Eventually Tony Denham spotted a goodish puddle, and careful to leave some for the resident tadpoles (It was National Wildlife Week) we boiled up water for tea. Two hundred feet below dark blue waves sloshed restlessly on the rocky shore. Silhouetted against clear sky a large seabird flapped overhead, a fish wriggling in its beak. We lazed happily in the hot sun.

Resuming our journey we skirted round a large sea-dyke and on again into the scrub. "ANY MINUTE NOW," said Jim, "we should reach the path leading to the Gorilla Cave." Sure enough we came to a path and followed it for some distance. "It's the wrong one," said Jim, "but we're sure to find the right track...." "ANY MINUTE NOW," we chorused. He headed off into the scrub. Soon we came to another path. Jim said not a word, but you could see what he was thinking. There was a quick descent of a little waterfall, and we found ourselves at sea level at the head of a rocky inlet. On the right was a huge sandy-floored cave. On the left a sheer cliff pushed a little way out to sea, ending in the unmistakable profile of a giant gorilla.

In no time at all flames were licking round a big billy. Small and then larger bubbles began to rise. Jim was unscrewing the lid of a small tin. "Get your mugs out," he said, "Tea will be ready" - his face lit with an innocent smile - "ANY MINUTE NOW."

Well. It just goes to show that even a leader can be right sometimes. Through wraiths of fragrant steam rising from our mugs, we gave him an affectionate grin.

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NOTE FROM THE SECRETARY.

Please notify any change of address or phone number to the Secretary early in January for inclusion in the 1985 List of Members.



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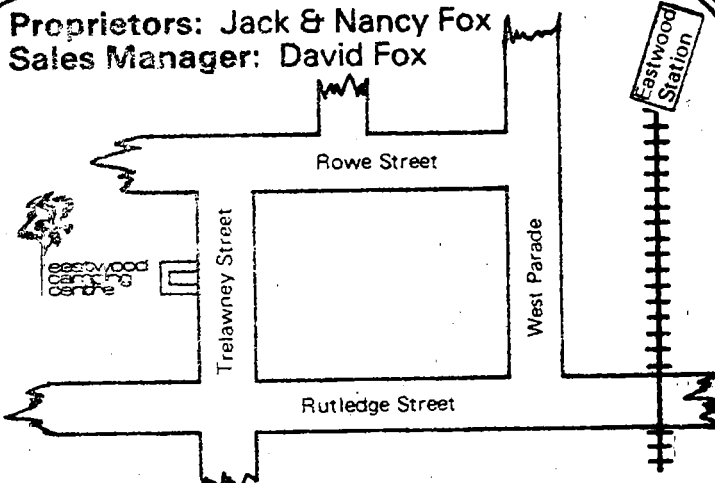
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A TRIP TO THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS IN JANUARY 1875.

by Dundas Allen.

In these days when a man can leave his office in Sydney on Friday afternoon, have two days in the mountains, and be back in his office on Monday morning, an account that my father, George Boyce Allen, wrote of a ride from Myalla to Kosciusko and back in January 1875 may be of interest.

My father, who at this time was just 18, had been at Sydney Grammar School, but was then in his first year at Sydney University. Myalla is a station just south of Cooma, then owned by Edward Pratt, a master at Sydney Grammar, but managed by his brother Sam Pratt, and which is now owned by Edward Pratt's grandchildren, one of whom, Gordon Ferguson, very kindly gave me information from his grandfather's diary which showed that he frequently had masters and boys from Sydney Grammar to stay at Myalla during the school holidays.

The railway line only reached Goulburn in 1869, and in 1875 anyone going to Cooma had to do the remaining 140 odd miles by Cobb's coach, going by Queanbeyan. My father's account only includes the actual ride from Myalla to Kosciusko and back, and I know nothing of his journey from Sydney to Myalla, except that he left Sydney at 10 in the morning of the 20th December 1874 to go by rail to Goulburn, and thence by coach to Cooma. Since he did not start on his ride until the 6th of January, he obviously spent Xmas at Myalla. From now on I shall let my father tell his own story.

Wednesday 6 January, 1875.

"Started from Myalla on our trip to Kosciusko. The party to ascend has sadly dwindled down - only Mr. Stephenson, Willie, Whitfeld and myself remain. Mr. Sam Pratt could not come at the last minute. We have for guide one of the men who was on the Snowy Mountains with Mr. Wallace six years ago - Jim Scully - Mr. Wallace was to have gone with us himself. Started out at 10 am, I on a tall grey horse, Greygo, Mr. Stephenson on the cob, Willie on a chestnut horse and Whitfeld on Cocky. Scully also rode and led a packhorse. Of course we all had our blankets and greatcoats strapped on our saddles. In fact we looked like a party of miners going to the diggings.

"We did not halt at all during the day and at 6 pm arrived at Kalkite - a station of Mr. Donald Ryrie's - 35 miles from Myalla. We invited ourselves to stay there the night, as indeed it seems the country fashion to use other peoples' houses almost as inns. Mr. and Mrs. Ryrie were very polite and kind and asked us to stay a night at Kalkite on our way back from the mountains. Of course we gladly accepted. (Kalkite is on the Eucumbene River, a couple of miles above its junction with the Snowy River.)

"The day had been, and was, still very hot, so we were glad to find a cherry garden close to the house. Though they were only the wild or Kentish cherries we enjoyed them very much. Towards the evening there was a thunderstorm and several showers fell before we went to bed. We shall have a miserable camp on the mountains if the rain continues.

Thursday 7 January, 1875.

"Gloomy morning. Up early. Started off about 7.20 am. Crossed the Snowy which was not deep, about 8 and halted on the hills about 900 feet above the Snowy River at 9 am for breakfast, which consisted

of tea, damper and some tinned meat. Started again about 11.15. As we ascended I suppose we got into the clouds, for a gradually increasing rain came on and lasted for over two hours, just long enough to wet us thoroughly. During the rain we halted for nearly an hour on a hill, from which we got our first clear view of Kosciusko. It appeared nearly covered with snow. The first snow we passed close to us lay (as far as I could afterwards ascertain by Mr. Scott's aneroid and the known height of Kosciusko) about 5700 or 5800 ft above the sea. It was only a small patch - quite hard frozen.

The rain cleared off in the afternoon, and it was quite fine about 4.30 when we reached the place where we intended to camp for the night - about 20 miles from Kalkite - nearly 6000 ft above the sea. We hobbled the horses, lit a good fire, had tea and otherwise tried to make ourselves comfortable. A thick fog however came on about 8 pm, more like a Scotch mist than anything. The day was not so cold but the night was rather chilly - at midnight 45°. Did not sleep well. Had to get up several times to put wood on the fire.

Friday 8 January.

Got up before 5. Had some breakfast and at 6.30 started off to walk to Kosciusko. We had a terrible climb. I was never so thoroughly exhausted in my life and don't think I ever shall be. The distance was nothing and it was not the 1400 ft or thereabouts of ascent that tired us, but it was the succession of ridges that we had to cross, the alternate ascent and descent. I am sure we ascended 3 or 4 times the height of Kosciusko above our camp, if we include all the hills. We were all wet through almost directly we started, owing to the wet grass and scrub, and besides that we had to walk through the river.

There were lots of snow in patches of several acres in extent, some of it was over 4 ft in depth, but quite hard and frozen so that we walked over it without sinking. We could not make very good snowballs. The air in the morning was cold, but as the day wore on the sun became powerful though the air was still quite cool.

We got on to what Scully said was the summit about 11 am. It was a long and rather narrow ridge. As we walked along it I saw through the clouds a peak evidently much higher and apparently precipitous. I showed this to Mr. Stephenson and he agreed that that was the summit and that we had better try and get up that. We had to descend into a deep gully and then ascend a steep cone-like hill about 800 ft above the gully. It was a dreadful climb.

Scully and Mr. Stephenson got up first, and we afterwards, about 20 minutes to 1. I must say I was delighted though tired. On the top of the cone is an enormous natural pile of stones about 40 or 50 ft in height, and on top of this is a round cone of stones placed by some surveyor - about 8 or 10 ft high. On this we sat in turns and so that we could say that we were for the time the highest people in Australia - 7300 ft above the sea. We all wrote our names on a slip of paper and put the paper in a tin matchbox, and fastened the matchbox onto the topmost stone. I also brought down a piece of the top of Kosciusko with me. We descended off the stones and ate our dinner of damper and jam and snow on the grass. I forgot to say that we could distinctly see the Murray on the west side. It rises just at the foot of the mountain. The day was however not good for seeing. The mountains and gullies (very deep on the Victorian side) were pretty clear but the whole of the low country was hidden by clouds.

We did not stay on the mountain but came down early, and as it afterwards turned out, luckily, for had we stayed longer we should have been unable to find our camp through the fog. We went back to our camp by a somewhat easier road than the one by which we had ascended. We had one little dangerous piece of climbing however, the only dangerous piece on our journey. There was a very steep hill, slippery and very nearly covered with snow, and very high, more like the side of a gully than a hill. We crawled down this on our backs, clinging to the grass and making holes in the snow to put our feet in. Had we slipped we should have slid over the snow on to the rocks beneath. However, we didn't slip. We got back to the camp in the midst of a thick mist - fearfully tired. The night was damp and cold, still I slept very well.

Saturday 9 January 1875.

Luckily a finer morning. Had there been a fog we could not have found our way down the mountain. Rode on quietly and arrived at Mr. Ryrie's before 5 pm. We also halted 5 hours in the heat of the day. So we have been successfully up and down Kosciusko, and what is more we went higher than any of the other people who we know have been up. Neither Mr. Wallace nor Mr. Ryrie nor anyone they know of had been right up to the cone. They had only got on to the ridge. I think the most remarkable thing of the whole expedition is that we did not see one snake or one centipede, for which reptiles Kosciusko has a great reputation. Some men who were up with Mr. Wallace say they killed 19 snakes one day. I don't believe that.

Sunday 10 January 1875.

Started early and rode back to Myalla before dark. Got two batches of home letters."

At this point my father's account stops.

Many years ago my father told me that from what he had learned later, he was in some doubt as to whether the summit they reached was Mt. Kosciusko or Mt. Townsend; people who know the country better than I do and who have read my father's account say they think it was probably Mt. Townsend. The question is not of much importance. Kosciusko (7314 ft) and Townsend (7215 ft), which is about 2½ miles from Kosciusko, are both points on the main range, which is here over 6500 ft, and had been explored by Strzelecki in 1840 and surveyed since that date.

If my father did mistake the two mountains he was not the only person to do so, for in 1870 the Victorian Survey Department - in making a survey of the Victorian border - prepared a map in which Mt. Townsend is shown as Mt. Kosciusko.

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NEW MEMBERS & ADDRESSES.

Please add the following names to your Membership List:-

BROWN, Steve, 3/26 Pacific Street, Watson's Bay	Phone 337,6872
HATHERLY, Peter, 1/9 Hornsey Road, Homebush West	764,3002
LEWIS, David, 2/51 McDougall Street, Kirribilli	957,5990
WORNER, Greg, 158 Elswick Street, Leichhardt	560,2638

NEW ADDRESS of the New Members Secretary - JOAN COOPER.

Flat (upstairs), 73 Burwood Road, Burwood, 2134 - Phone 745-2728

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Madam Editor,

I feel constrained to tell you of a nightmare I had recently. Of course, the matters described could not really happen with a tolerant and enlightened crowd like S.B.W., but in a way my dream may serve as a dreadful warning.....

To start with, we were an ill-assorted party. Our leader was Dick Tator, a thorough no-nonsense, devil-take-the-hindmost sort of bloke. In his car he brought a quite appalling contingent, including those wild women Ann Arky and Vi Olence, and their current boy friends Des Parado and Donny Brook. The scene was set for argument and controversy.

The rest of the party included that charming old boy Ben Evolent, but regrettably he had as a visitor his son Mal- of whom the least said the better. In his car also was his old mate Sam Ovar, who takes every ten-minute halt as an invitation to begin a brew-up of his favourite Earl Grey: and, of course, his usual companion Emma Royd - and everyone knows she is a pain in the backside.

Another car-load was brought by Millie Peede - what a girl she is - all legs! With her was prospective Dollorous, who can be reduced to tears by the sight of a lawyer vine, let alone its bloody scratches. To hold her hand Doll had her brother Tim: when he saw a leech he was ten feet up a gum tree in three seconds flat.

The rest of the mob included Roy Stirr, who had brought his usual two casks of Red Ned, filling almost all of his pack so that his sleeping bag was lashed loosely on top, and dropped off going down Smiths Pass....and again going down into Gabes Gap....and again....and again.... With him was his pal Con Vivial and Billy Hooker, who has more hang-ups than anyone else I know.

Nurse Penny Sillin came along and tried to talk all week-end about her job and life-saving drugs, while Sue Perior sneered at everyone and everything. Finally, there was Belle Ijerent who was just spoiling for a fight with Ann and Vi.

Really, Madam Editor, I can't even begin to describe the trip itself, except to say that I found it a great strain.

Yours,

COL LANDER.

CORRECTIONS TO THE SUMMER WALKS PROGRAMME

Please make these alterations to your copy of the Walks Programme:-

11,12,13 January - Leader: BILL GAMBLE.

This is a day walk for Sunday 13th January, not a weekend walk.

3rd March - Leader: PETER CHRISTIAN. Correct phone number is - 449,3875

2,3rd March - Leader: BILL GAMBLE. Correct phone number is - 389,9071

BILL HOLLAND says - my walk on 12th January IS on Saturday, followed by a barbecue at my home. Walkers welcome to barbecue even if not attending the walk.

CLUB WALK IN SIERRA NEVADA U.S.A. - SEPTEMBER/ OCTOBER, 1985.

BILL GAMBLE will be walking again in the Sierra Nevada of California in the northern autumn of 1985, and he extends an invitation to members to join him. The proposal has been discussed with the Walks Secretary and it is intended that the walks be included in the Club's 1985 Spring Walks Programme. In short, they are open to any members (with the time, money and inclination) under the same conditions as apply to any Club walk.

Bill writes:-

"Commencing about the third week of September and continuing for a month, with a break or two to enable members to get away (from walking and/or each other) for a while, I am prepared to lead three walks (about 5-6 days each) in the Sierra Nevada as Club walks. Members may join me for any or all of the walks as part of a wider ranging holiday in North America.

"The first walk will start at Lee Vining (6100'), a small town on the eastern side of the range adjacent to Yosemite National Park. The other two will be farther south in John Muir Wilderness and in Sequoia-Kings Canyon National Parks. All walks are in the High Sierra - that is between 8,000' and say 12,000' (depending on the passes to be crossed). They will reflect to some extent walks which I made alone in 1976, 1978 and 1980. At times the walking will be cross-country and some scrambling can be expected. Rock climbing or climbing with aids will not be permitted. Camping for more than one day in places is planned to permit day walks.

"I would see the grade of the walks as medium, although it is always difficult to say how individuals will react to height and cold (one can feel a little light-headed and breathless around 10,000' and it will certainly go down to freezing overnight with the likelihood of snow ever present). My feeling is that a person who is capable (and comfortable) carrying a 15-20 kg pack for about 6-7 hours a day should enjoy the walk. If the walks do not provide adequate time for taking photographs, sitting and looking and wandering off to sense the sights, sounds and smells of this beautiful mountain range, then I will have failed to achieve the main reason for my going.

"At this stage I would like to hear from members who may be interested in joining me. My telephone at home is 389-9071."

* * * * *

SOCIAL NOTES FOR JANUARY.

by Roger Browne.

January 2 Clubroom closed.

January 9 - Open night. Come for a chat over coffee, or to plan and discuss walks, etc. The social secretary promises an improvement over the usual quality of the biscuits!

January 16 - NAVIGATION AND FIRST AID INSTRUCTION AND TESTS. Talks on map-reading, navigation, first aid, campcraft; as well as tests for prospectives.

DINNER BEFORE THIS MEETING AT Eric's Seafood Restaurant, 316 Pacific Highway, Crow's Nest. Meet outside at 6.30 pm sharp. Late arrivals ask for Sydney Bushwalkers (we're in the private room). Cheap, BYO.

January 23 - Hinchinbrook and Daintree - Slides and commentary by Tim Coffey, Paul Howard and Alex Colley.

January 30 - Equipment night - talks and demonstrations of bushwalking by bushwalkers and commercial suppliers.
