

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

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	Page
Bungonia Gorge on "P" Plates	2
Going North?	3
New Members	4
What Now? Series on First Aid	4
All This and Sputnik Too	5
Lunar Walking Gear - Answers	8
What Now? First Aid Answers	9
Advertisement - Eastwood Camping Centre	10
Travels Through Central & Eastern Europe	11
Assistant Printers Needed!	12
The One That Got Away	13
Committee Meeting Report 2/10/85	14
Social Notes	14

BUNGONIA GORGE ON "P" PLATES.2/3/4 Aug. 1985.

by Patrick James.

Sitting in the comfort of the Mittagong Chinese Restaurant, surrounded by my companions of the last two days in various stages of spruced-upness, one starts to think about bushwalking. Do you really need a hole in the head to be a bushwalker? Careful, if surreptitious, observations of my fellow walkers during the weekend indicated that they were just normal members of society. Perhaps 'normal' might not be the exact word - but it will do.

The weekend started normally enough; after driving south from Sydney along highways and finally byways, we stopped at the first roadside campfire we saw. Luckily Roger, my trusted guide, seemed to know the two shadowy figures crouched around the flames. Within about an hour, more people arrived and introductions were made. Strangely enough, although the faces remained the same, the names varied, not only during the introductions, but throughout the weekend. Thus Bill - Bob - Barry was the one with the red co-ordinated wardrobe - red tracksuit, red underwear, red hat, red wine and red nose. Angelique answered equally well to Angela or Adrienne. Was this, I wondered, as a bright green prospective, a test to check my memory, a strange S.B.W. rite, or name changing to protect the innocent.

Saturday at 8.30 am and we were on our way. The customary introduction circle was done away with as the names varied and were obviously false (perhaps nom de marcher).

The walk itself was straight forward; down 600 metres, along a bit, up 600 metres, lunch, down 600 metres, along a bit, camp, eat sleep eat, along a bit to the waterfall, back to camp, eat, pack, then off through the gorge (well worth the effort), then up 600 metres, into the cars and off to sample Mittagong's sino-epicurian delights.

During the weekend, this impressionable prospective was impressed on a number of occasions. Most notable was Heinz's/Helmut's light to dine by: this was either a new Eveready product, skillful use of luminous paint or the cutest piece of bio-engineering imaginable. I was amazed by the variety of food which appeared from the confines of the packs, a variety to rival David Jones' Food Hall: yogurt, cream, red and white wine, some medicinal spirits, chocolate biscuits, and, if I remember correctly, rice pudding. Robert/Roger's demonstration of the nutritional properties of some animal scats was memorable. I've eaten food which tasted like scats, but not vice versa.

The two hour happy hour also impressed me; what a delightful way to end the day. Our leader's insistence that cooking dinner not be started before sundown I thought was odd. Was this to make all the food uniformly badly prepared or simply to define the end of happy hour? As a polite prospective, I quietly saluted and followed orders.

Should I be asked to give out prizes for the weekend the recipients would be Marty for the "neatest and most refined diner" award, and Simon for his luncheon dish "surprise du jambou". Fran would get a special prize for her companionship as I gasped my way up those 600 metres.

So as the last honeyed prawn follows the sweet and sour pork and my feet send back messages that they really do belong to me, I feel a bit less prospective and think I look forward to another trip with the Holland machine.

GOING NORTH?

by Ainslie Morris.

Sapphire fossicking and visiting two little gems of national parks can add delight to the uneventful New England Highway drive to Brisbane. You'll need a day for each.

Fossicking adds another dimension to the bush and improves observation in the way that bird-watching and wild-flower identification can.

Inverell is the centre of the fossicking area and is 730 km from Sydney. Turn off at Guyra or Glen Innes, or if coming south you can take a quiet dirt road down the foothills of the Great Divide from Deepwater through Emmaville. The Tourist Office in Inverell provides excellent information.

We (Mike Reynolds and I) had no idea of where to start, and no equipment, so we took advantage of the Council-run Nullamanna Area, 20 km from Inverell, or watch out for it if coming from Emmaville. You may camp in the tiny village itself - just ask.

A signpost clearly indicates the entrance to the FOSSICKING AREA, open 9 - 5 on Tuesdays, Thursdays, weekends and every day during the school holidays. Cost is \$4 plus very cheap equipment hire; we hired one bucket, one shovel, two sieves and hessian bag. You'll get muddy, so wear an old shirt and shorts. Rubber gloves protect your fingers.

The hard digging up out of Frazer's Creek is done for you by back-hoe, and you are shown how to sieve. In no time you're shaking your "rattler" and getting fossicker's back as you stand leaning over the big wash-tank. Then it's tip out your cleaned gravel, and with tweezers or fingers you pick out your first little blue stone - a sapphire! We found eight in a morning, but we were slow. Regulars showed us larger stones they'd had cut, some worth a few hundred dollars.

The blue sapphire, with the red ruby, diamond, emerald and opal, are the most desired gemstones. Sapphire, which means blue, is a variety of the mineral corundum coloured by the presence of some titanium. This area produces 80% of the world's sapphires.

A bonus for cyclists visiting Inverell in early September is to see the Grafton to Inverell Cycling Classic, of international standard. There is also a fun run on the day for you keen joggers.

The scenic gems are two little national parks on the Mt. Lindesay Highway 30 km out of Tenterfield. First is Boonoo Boonoo (pronounced Bunny B'noo), which has a good 14 km track in to it, clearly signposted on the right. We had the campsite to ourselves; water can be collected on the way in from one of several creeks as you cross them, or from the swimming hole on the river 100 metres from camp. This river descends in cascades and falls for 210 metres into a gorge. The gorge may be viewed from the top, but to see the falls you'll need to go to the bottom. It looks far, but only takes 1½ hours return for fit and experienced walkers. Near the bottom the track disappears into a steep rock scramble in rain-forest, then you clamber over huge boulders for a view of the falls. For a day walk you'd need to negotiate these, then it looks a bit easier to follow the river down on flat rock ledges.

Bald Rock (Boonoo Boonoo to the aborigines) is also off the unsealed Mt. Lindesay Highway to Brisbane, a few kilometres further on but on the left. A good 6 km track takes you to a picnic area where you may camp overnight. An easy walk takes 1 hour return, and raises you 200 metres above the surrounding wet sclerophyll forest. The beauty of the rock is in its coloured streaks, shown in the 1985 N.S.W. wilderness Calendar

for August. We read that there are views out to the peaks of the Scenic Rim and the Tweed coast, but we could hardly see the rock itself for mist and rain. Now we'll have to go back - oh dear!

The Mt. Lindesay Highway twists along the border through lush cattle grazing hills surrounded by peaky rocks. Mt. Lindesay itself dominates the scene; it looks impossible to climb, but a walker can get up to the base of the upper cliff.

NEW MEMBERS.

Please add the following names to your list of members:

BROWN, Jennifer, 3/26 Pacific Street, Watson's Bay, 2030 Phone 337-6872
JAMES, Patrick, 15/46 Robertson Street, Kogarah, 2217 " 588-2614

WHAT NOW?

Series on FIRST AID.

by Ainslie Morris.

Test your knowledge! Discuss with friends before reading the suggested ways of dealing with the emergency.

Write a letter to the Editor if you have other suggestions.

SITUATION 2.

It is night-time, after dinner. A billy of very hot water has been placed 1 metre from the fire, where it can't be seen. A person wearing shoes and socks steps in it.

PLACE: Cox's River. There is a river and steep ridge walk of 3 km to a fire trail.

SYMPTOMS: Pain in foot and ankle.

Signs: Blisters.

What will be your:

- (1) IMMEDIATE ACTION?
- (2) ASSESSMENT OF BURN?
- (3) TREATMENT -
 - (a) Of burn ?
 - (b) Of patient ?
- (4) FURTHER ACTION?

Answers are on page 9.

"A SINGULAR WOMAN".

The Club has arranged a screening of the film "A Singular Woman" to be shown in the clubrooms on Wednesday, 27th November (see Social Notes).

This film is the story of Marie Byles, and her efforts to preserve the area now known as Bouddi National Park.

An exceptional film about a remarkable woman - and a past member of this Club.

ALL THIS AND SPUTNIK TOO.

by Jim Brown.

An Exploratory Trip into the Northern Budawangs, 1957.

"There it is! That's it!" And fourteen bush walkers jumped up, ran out into the darkness away from their fires, and watched Sputnik One - Man's first space vehicle - move across the starlit sky, rather like a falling star itself, until it disappeared from our sight.

The occasion was Colin Putt's exploratory trip into the Northern Budawangs about 10/11 October, 1957, and we were camped for the Saturday night on Tarn Mountain. Just one week previously the Russians had taken a mean advantage and launched Sputnik One into orbit around the Earth over the Labour Day Holiday week-end. Or maybe they just didn't care about New South Wales celebrating its Labour Day on the first Monday in October.

Shortly after the passage of Sputnik I sought my sleeping bag, as the leader had decreed a very early start next morning for those who wanted to get to Mount Owen (then know by S.B.W. as Mount Renwick). As I snuggled down in philosophic mood I drew a kind of comparison between this first venture beyond the confines of Earth and what we were doing in a small-time way....looking for something new. At least, however, we were there with all our abraded shins and aching muscles, whereas Sputnik One was un-manned, just a mechanical presence in Space. And before I slept I prayed (if an Unbeliever can pray) that Homo would be Sapiens enough to refrain from making a future battleground in Space.

But that is not my story. The story is about one of those exploratory trips of the 1950s into the Northern Budawangs, told to the best of my recollection after almost 28 years.

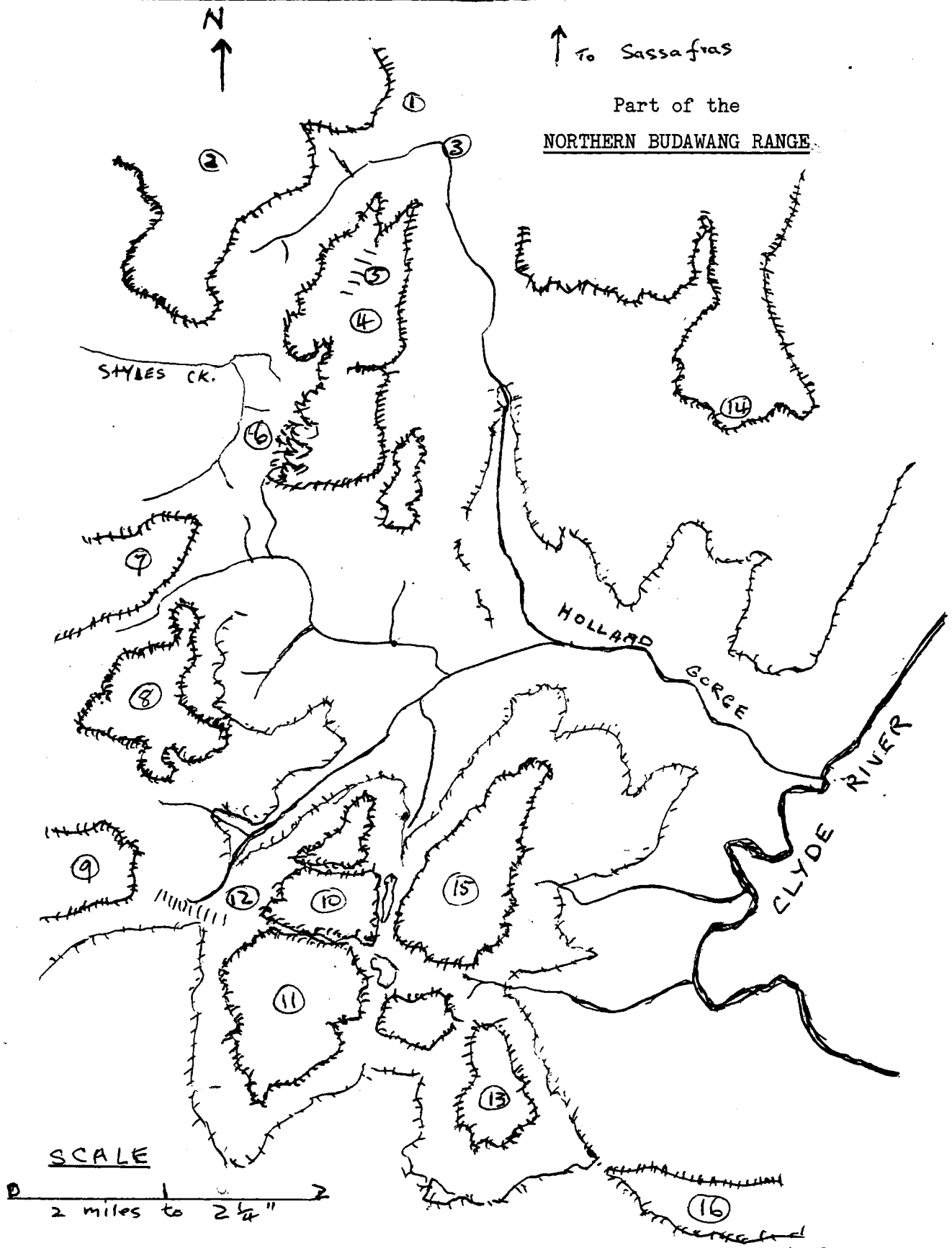
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First it needs to be explained that the Budawangs were not extensively explored until the 1950s, even by those questing souls, those insatiably curious people, the bush walkers. Difficulty of easy access was the main problem in days when only the affluent or those besotted with the automotive machine owned cars. During the War years the car population had actually diminished - you couldn't do many Budawangs trips on a ration of a gallon or so of petrol each week.

Notwithstanding this, a few walking parties, taking train to Nowra and hire cars beyond, managed to make the first dint in the protective armour of the Budawangs. The late Ray Kirkby led some trips into the area between Sassafras and Wog Wog about 1947/8, and about the same time Grace and John Noble trudged along the southern part of the range from near Mount Budawang itself to Currockbilly and Wog Wog. A little later Alex Colley who, in company with the late Maurie Berry, had ascended Currockbilly from the east (somewhere along Belowra Creek), also led some parties in from Sassafras towards The Castle: these met with mixed success owing to the abominable weather often encountered in the area.

Others, including Ken Angel and some of his friends who produced a map of the region, and Ron Knightley and colleagues also tried conclusions with portions of the Budawangs and gradually there was a spread of bushwalker awareness of a relatively unspoiled and spectacular country. In the mid-1950s Frank Leyden and some friends made a fresh try from the Sassafras side, with a measure of success, and it was about this time that the increasing ownership of private cars brought the area within the reach of a wider circle of walkers.

At Easter, 1957, Alex Colley and party came in from Wog Wog and reached Mt. Renwick/Owen. Over the June holiday week-end that same year a party camped at Yadboro Flat: one group climbed The Castle and the others



- | | |
|----------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. The Vines | 9. Bibbenluke Mountain |
| 2. Quilty's Mountain | 10. Mount Cole |
| 3. Kilpatrick Creek | 11. Mount Owen |
| 4. Sturgiss Mountain | 12. THE SADDLE to Mts. Cole & Owen |
| 5. Hidden Valley | 13. The Castle |
| 6. Pagoda Rocks | 14. Folly Point |
| 7. Mount Houghton | 15. Shrouded Gods Mountain |
| 8. Mount Tarn | 16. Byangee Mountain |

scaled Talaterang from the Clyde River - a reprint of The Castle party's story was published in the magazine in April 1983. Simultaneously members of the Coast and Mountain Walkers, in particular Colin Watson, were undertaking exploration in the region.

I had first been in the Budawangs with a party which went from Wog Wog down Yadoro River to the Clyde and out to the coast over the Pigeon House ridges at Easter, 1952, and later had joined in a couple of the trips following the Leyden explorations from Sassafras. Like all the others, I was impressed by the promise of this new walking ground. However, most of these trips were private ventures, and did not get into printed walks programmes.

Which brings us, finally, to the Colin Putt exploratory of October, 1957. I think this may have been the first official programmed walk for nine years that entered the Budawangs from Sassafras - the previous one being Alex Colley's in June, 1948, which had been plagued by deplorable weather. Colin's avowed intention was to get from Sassafras to Mount Renwick/Owen (and who knows.....time permitting, The Castle).

Transport was by Putt-mobile, a fairly large truck furnished with a canopy in which up to 16 or 18 walkers could be conveyed with a minimum of comfort, but a high level of satisfaction. This time there were 14 - some I can still recall are Colin (driver/leader), Heather Joyce (White), George Gray, John Manning and Eric Pegram. Friday night was spent at Tianjara Falls, and in the morning, turning south at Sassafras, our vehicle got us most of the way to the site of the ruined sawmill at The Vines.

At that stage the easy way south, passing east of Quilty's Mountain and through the level swampland of Styles/Sallee/Hoddles Creeks was not known, so we dived straight down from the old sawmill into Kilpatrick Creek and up the other side on to the northern end of Sturgiss Mountain (needless to say we did not know those names, nor did we have any map worth a pinch of salt). There was a small cliff to surmount to reach Sturgiss Mountain, but it couldn't have been formidable because I cannot remember any butterflies invading my inside as they do on even modestly steep places.

However, the party did get rather widely dispersed and selected a variety of different ways of scrambling down into the top end of Hidden Valley (then called "Hopalong Valley" because of a fancied resemblance to the gullies where Wild West character Hopalong Cassidy used to pursue the rustlers in the T.V. series). When finally the scattered party assembled on the scrubby but reasonably level floor of Hidden Valley, Colin Putt announced sternly, "We will now rope up". Thereafter the party kept fairly coherent shape.

We were now on ground already known to George Gray and myself, and we made good time along Hidden Valley and out to the big grassy/reedy saddle between Pagoda Rocks and Mount Houghton, where we took lunch. In fact, I think the early afternoon stage, along a wombat parade below the cliffs on the eastern side of Mount Houghton and then up a gap on to Mount Tarn was suggested jointly by George and myself. Along the way we found the burnt sticks of a campfire in an overhang, and someone said, "Probably C.M.W. - they're prowling through this place too."

On Tarn Mountain, however, we were all at a loss, but Colin and John Manning went "looking" with a vague snippet of information about a way down "in the second slot". While we waited they explored and confirmed that the "second slot" would get us down below the cliff and on to the long reedy spur that runs down to the very beginnings of the Corang River. But it was too late in the day, so we camped on top of Tarn in the shelter of a big

rocky mound, shaped rather like a rising moon. That was the night we saw Sputnik Cne.

We had used up so much of the week-end that The Castle was no longer an option, but we could still hope to discover the link between Tarn, Bibbenluke Mountain and the western face of Mounts Renwick/Roswaine (Owen/Cole). Colin accordingly decreed a 5.00 am departure, without packs, on Sunday to look at the way down from Tarn and to find the saddle connecting Bibbenluke with the Mount Renwick massif.

So, obedient to the last, as walkers always are (Ha, Ha, Ha) nine out of the 14 got out of their sleeping bags about 4.15 am and moved off in picaninny daylight at 5.10 am. They did pass the Corang headwaters, skirt Bibbenluke Walls and find the saddle leading to Renwick before the enemy, time, forced a retreat. But another couple of links in the chain of discovery had been forged.

Here I confess I went only to Bibbenluke Walls, where I discovered I had lost my watch. It was an old one, and used only on walks, but it had been a gift from my parents in 1934 and had been with me all through the War years. I left the party and turned back looking for it.....and didn't find it.

About 10.30 the reconnaissance party returned and we all packed and left Mount Tarn, retreating by the same route. As the Putt-mobile approached Sassafras we met an incoming Army convoy whose commander was shocked to learn he would be loosing off mortar bombs in an area where civilians went bush walking.

And night fell. We ate at Nowra. No one looked up to see if Big Brother in the Sputnik was still watching us.

* * * * *

LUNAR WALKING GEAR - ANSWERS.

Last month you were invited to put numbers in order of priority against the following items, so that you might safely reach your destination after a 200 mile unscheduled moon-walk:-

<u>Item</u>	<u>Correct No.</u>	<u>Rationale</u>
Box of matches	15	No oxygen
Food concentrate	4	Can live for some time without food
50 ft of nylon rope	6	For travel over rough terrain
Parachute silk	8	Carrying
Portable heating unit	13	Lighted side of moon is hot
Two .45 calibre pistols	11	Some use for propulsion
One case of dehydrated Pet milk	12	Needs H ₂ O to work
Two 100 lb tanks of oxygen	1	No air on moon
Stellar map (of moon's constellation)	3	Needed for navigation
Life raft	9	Some value for shelter or carrying
Magnetic compass	14	Moon's magnetic field is different from earth's
5 gallons of water	2	You can't live long without this
Signal flares	16	No oxygen
First aid kit containing injection needles	7	First aid kit might be needed but needles are useless
Solar-powered FM receiver- transmitter	5	Communication

WHAT NOW?FIRST AID ANSWERS.

by Ainslie Morris.

(1) IMMEDIATE ACTION.D R A B C

* D - Danger - look for danger to yourself, the casualty or bystanders. Is the billy empty or put next to the fire?

* R - Response - quickly assess the state of consciousness of the casualty. If fainting from pain and shock, lie him/her down with feet raised. Lift leg well above burn. Immediately pour on WATER and remove hot shoe and sock.

WATER - Tell someone or get a canvas bucket full of cold water, or use a large billy, or plastic bag in a hat. Use a creek only if very close by - remember, it is dark. Leave foot immersed in water for 10 minutes. Do NOT break blisters.

(2) ASSESSMENT OF BURN.

All burns are serious. In the torchlight it is hard to see if:
Superficial or deep?

Superficial: Only the outer layers of the skin are damaged. The area is red and painful, sometimes with blistering.

Deep: The damage may extend to deep layers of the skin, which may then look white.

(3) TREATMENT.

(a) OF BURN: Do NOT apply any lotions, ointments or oily dressings. Do NOT prick or break blisters. DO apply a sterile non-stick or other clean dressing, and bandage lightly - e.g. roll-on bandage. Always carry both of these in your First Aid Kit.

Burns are a common accident. Treat as for a deep burn - you can't tell.

(b) OF PATIENT: Give fluids e.g. sweet tea.
Give pain-killers e.g. Panadol.
Help him/her to bed.

(4) FURTHER ACTION.

IN daylight, the patient should be able to walk out. Split the pack load between the party.

Cover the burnt foot and ankle well to keep out infection, e.g. a clean sock over the bandage, and shoe loosely tied. A section cut out can give comfort and still provide a walking sole.

Two people to assist patient to fire trail and seek transport to hospital. The patient can expect at least two weeks off work with daily medical treatment.

PREVENTION !!

SO - keep billies right next to or on the fire, or else empty it and place with your eating gear. Keep shoes on always at the camp-fire. They reduce the severity of burns, especially if you walk on white ashes which look dead but are actually very hot.



eastwood camping centre

BUSHWALKERS

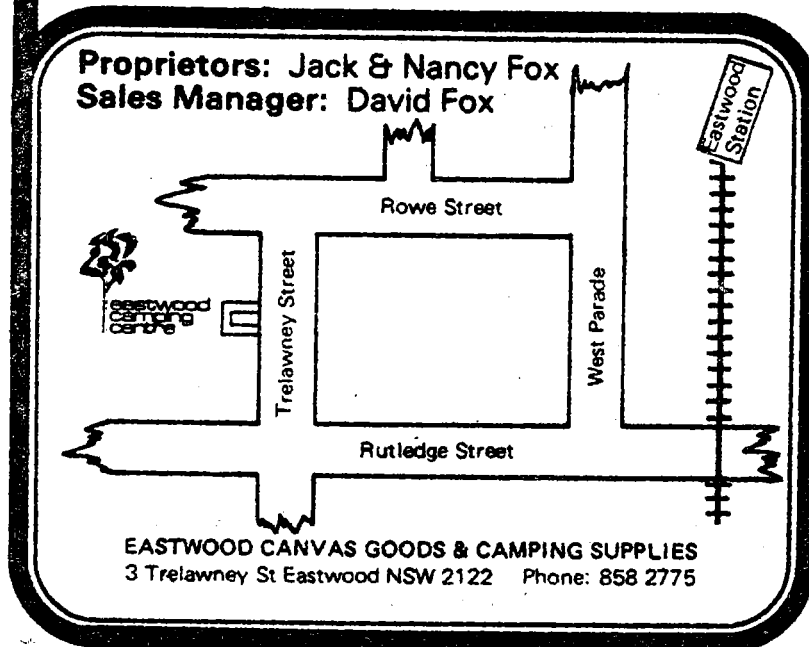
Lightweight Tents • Sleeping Bags • Rucksacks •
Climbing & Caving Gear • Maps • Clothing • Boots
• Food.

CAMPING EQUIPMENT

Large Tents • Stoves • Lamps • Folding Furniture.

DISTRIBUTORS OF:

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



TRAVELS THROUGH CENTRAL & EASTERN EUROPE.

by Rudi Dezelin.

Here is an account of a recently completed tour of parts of Europe during this year's northern summer. Members planning an overseas trip to Europe may find my experiences and advice helpful in planning their itineraries.

Flying Thai Airlines to Bangkok I joined a Polish "LOT" Airlines flight to Warsaw and then on to Stockholm. Polish Airlines is one of the cheapest airlines available on the S.E. Asia - Europe sector. The return fare from Sydney to Europe was approx. \$1450. This is some \$300 or \$400 less than the big, established western airlines charge.

Sweden. Arriving at Stockholm's modern ARLANDA Airport, I was met by a Swedish friend whom I knew from a previous (1978) holiday in Europe. My friend showed me the sights of Stockholm, the beautiful, clean and tidy Swedish capital. Stockholm is known as the "Venice of the North" due to its waterways and the lakes surrounding the city.

Sweden is about the most expensive country in the whole of Europe, about the same as Switzerland. However, I found I could get delicious, healthy and inexpensive meals at a good self-service restaurant with smorgasbord dishes, a Swedish speciality now internationally known.

Owing to Sweden's very high latitudes, it has very long hours of daylight. The sun was up by 4 am in the morning and it was still light at 10 o'clock at night. Hence the name sometimes used to describe Sweden - "The Land of the Midnight Sun".

On the last Sunday of my visit we went on a lovely bushwalk to a lakeside national park, just outside Stockholm. It was a warm and sunny May day and the flowering tulips, daffodils and silver beech trees were a beautiful sight. Swedish people appear to be very nature-loving and fitness conscious. There were thousands of people to be seen cycling and walking in the park on this glorious spring day.

West Germany. On the following Monday it was with sadness that I boarded a train for Germany, as the Swedish people impressed very well with their cleanliness, friendliness and their helpfulness to foreign visitors. That night I arrived in Hamburg in West Germany quite late after a very long and tiring train trip through southern Sweden and Denmark. I stayed only one night in Hamburg catching a train for Munich in Bavaria the following morning.

My next stop was the mountain town of Berchtesgaden, near the Austrian border. It was very interesting to travel up the steep mountain road to inspect the famous "Eagles Nest" mountain retreat. The views from the top were unbelievably beautiful. At present there is a restaurant and coffee shop on the site where a former German leader used to have his vacation house. The place is very popular with international tourists, especially Americans.

Yugoslavia. Leaving Germany, I continued south to Yugoslavia. This is a poor and backward communist (non-aligned) country that is at present experiencing very serious economic problems. Be that as it may, it is relatively cheap to travel through compared to the northern and western European countries. This is mainly due to its very weak local currency, the "Dinar", and the consequently very favourable exchange rates for "hard" (western) currencies.

I found the Dalmatian coastline to be the most scenically interesting part of Yugoslavia. I spent a week on the island RAB off the coast of N.W. Yugoslavia. It is a very scenic little island with beautiful beaches

but tends to be overrun by hordes of German tourists during "the season" (July and August).

Hungary. Leaving Yugoslavia, I crossed the Hungarian border to visit this other small Eastern Bloc country. Its capital, Budapest, was a pleasant surprise. The city straddles the long Danube River and has very many fine old buildings dating back several centuries when Hungary was part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Hungary has very good and cheap food, especially paprika-flavoured dishes and its world-famous "goulash" is especially good. There are many restaurants in Budapest where one can dine and be entertained by live Gipsy bands! After Budapest, I briefly visited Lake Balaton, a rather large lake about 100 km south of the capital. The lake is rather "touristy" and is used for yachting and swimming by locals and tourists.

Czechoslovakia. The next country, Czechoslovakia, is another Eastern Bloc country. I found it quite unfriendly and uninteresting, except for the capital Prague, which has some fine buildings and old churches along the river. Its shops were very poorly stocked and it is normal practice for people having to queue up when doing their shopping.

I found Hungary to be relatively "free" and the most prosperous compared with the other Eastern Bloc countries.

Austria. It was with great pleasure that I crossed the Czech border to get into beautiful Austria! (Parochial prejudice, I call it! Ed.) The difference between Austria and the drab and boring Eastern Bloc countries is unbelievable! I was stunned by the wealth and prosperity so obvious in Austria: there are well stocked shops and the inhabitants are well dressed and prosperous looking. Austria is a "neutral" country though very "western" in its outlook and way of life.

I spent a most enjoyable five weeks here. Having bought a bicycle, I toured lots of quaint mountain villages by bike and "bushwalked" in some beautiful mountain country. There are still wild mountain goats ("chamois") to be seen grazing on the mountain peaks, and the alpine flowers one sees are spectacular.

The country in general is a real pleasure to travel through. Public transport is clean, very efficient and always on time. Austria, compared to the Eastern Bloc and southern European countries, is not cheap, but in my opinion, it was the most beautiful and enjoyable country of all.

ASSISTANT PRINTERS NEEDED!

In March next year the present printers of the Club magazine wish to hand over to someone else and there is, fortunately, a Club member who is prepared to take over if two assistants are willing to help.

This could be an interesting and "fun" job, involving two nights' work each month. Anyone wishing to "give it a go" would be wise to go along during the next three months' printing sessions and learn how it is done.

All work done for the S.B.W. is done by volunteers (and there are a lot of different jobs), so new members are invited to offer if they feel there is any work they can take part in. This applies to the many other jobs that need to be done in the Club as well as the magazine printing.

However, at the moment, ASSISTANT PRINTERS are wanted, so please consider whether you can help, and if so ring Phil Butt 94-6333 (H) or 339-7179 (B), or Barbara Bruce 546-6570 (H), or speak to Barbara or Ainslie Morris in the clubroom. The off-set printer is at present located at Seaforth but in future will probably be located at Turramurra.

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY.

by Peter Dyce.

The September issue of our magazine carried an interesting story of a successful trout fishing bushwalk in the Blue Mountains.

This has prompted me to tell you of a fishing experience in the Snowy Mountains last May. For many years now I have enjoyed my annual pilgrimage to Kosciusko, skiing in winter and fishing in summer. Trout fishing for me is one of the most rewarding of outdoor pursuits, combining elements of bushwalking with the excitement and anticipation of catching a nice fat trout to be cooked, wrapped in foil, in the embers of the camp fire. Finger licking good! Even when the fishing is not successful, the fresh mountain air, the sunrises, sunsets and starry nights are reward enough.

On this occasion my son David and I were fishing from our dinghy in Lake Jindabyne. We noticed a large truck pull up at the edge of the lake and then start to dump its load into the lake; we saw large black objects coming off the back mixed with a lot of liquid, but from the distance could not be sure what was being dumped. We were a little concerned that perhaps the lake was being polluted. The truck left only to return with another load. This time we started our motor and quickly raced over to see what was going on. Imagine our surprise! The truck was from the trout hatchery and they were dumping - can you believe it? Yes - they were dumping live trout into the lake. Some were monsters over 10 lbs in weight.

We started trolling and within minutes David had a strike. He played the fish right up to the boat, I got the net under him and lifted him into the boat. The fish was so big he was bent over in the net, in excess of 8 lbs. I removed the hook from the fish, and then, the incredible thing happened. David lifted the fish, admired it, and threw it back in the water. I did not know whether to laugh or cry! I said, "David, why did you throw him back?" He said, "Dad, it's not fair to keep these fish, they have just had their first taste of freedom after years of imprisonment at the trout hatchery."

We continued to fish, I landed a beautiful six-pounder, threw him back too; in all we caught six fish between us, the smallest about five pounds and they all went back.

When we got back to our caravan park we told our story, which some found hard to believe, but one man had been at the trout hatchery when they were cleaning out their concrete tanks of old breeding fish to put back in the lake, so our story was believed in the end.

Unbeknown to us, the caravan park was running a competition for the biggest trout caught that week - first prize an aluminium boat with outboard motor; David would have won for sure, but he said he was not sorry and was pleased he released his fish. The next morning as we passed the spot on the lake where we had our excitement the previous day, there was hardly elbow room, fishermen from far and wide had heard the news and were trying to catch a big one. We do not know if any fish were caught. We had had our rewarding experience.

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ALTERATION TO WALKS PROGRAMME.

8.9.10 Nov. FAMILY WALK - Megalong - Six Foot Track - Cox R. - Carlons
20 km Easy. Leader: DAVID ROSTRON 451 7943
This walk will now be led on the following weekend, 15.16.17 November.

COMMITTEE MEETING REPORT 2/10/85.

Insurance is still being investigated and the Committee will further consider problems arising from the proposals. A letter was received objecting to compulsory personal accident insurance. Members are able to voice their opinions at the next General Meeting (December).

Reinvestments of funds of \$3,000 at 13.7% p.a. for 4 years was approved.

A request is being sent to North Sydney Council that it advise when/if it proposes to redevelop the Community Centre. Also it is being asked to unlock the upstairs doors on to the balcony.

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SOCIAL NOTES.

by Bill Holland.

Don't forget, the CLUB AUCTION is on October 30th (next Wednesday?). If the mails are on time there is still the opportunity to put your old or unwanted gear to good use. Charlie Brown is the auctioneer.

In November, Greta Davis will show slides on Nepal on the 13th. Magazine wrapping follows the dinner on the 20th, and there is an important announcement about the 27th.

The Minister for Planning and Environment, Mr. Bob Carr, has had to defer his address to the Club until 22nd January '86 (to be shown on the next programme). Unfortunately, the House was meeting on the night originally scheduled.

We have, however, been able to arrange a screening of the film "A SINGULAR WOMAN". This film is about Marie Byles, and will be of tremendous interest to Club members. She was a member of our Club, and it was through her efforts that Bhouddi became a National Park. Appearing in the film are members: Dot Butler, Paddy Pallin, Bill Hall, Rae Page and Frank Duncan (and Fazeley Read's feet!). So, mark 27th NOVEMBER in your diary for "A Singular Woman" and pass the word to other members and friends.

- Programme: Nov. 6 Committee Meeting.
- Nov. 13 Slides on Nepal - GretaDavis.
- * Nov. 20 Magazine Wrapping.
- Nov. 27 Film - "A Singular Woman"

* DINNER before the meeting at "Eric's Seafood Restaurant", 316 Pacific Highway, Crow's Nest. BYOG. 6.30 pm sharp.

1986 WILDERNESS CALENDAR.

For \$7.40 you can send the 1986 Wilderness Calendar anywhere. This includes postage. Colour photographs are by S.B.W. member, HENRY GOLD. Fill in and cut out the application form below:-

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Colong Committee,
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