

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bush Walkers, Box 4476 G.P.O., Dyfnry, 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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MARCH, 1986.

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S.B.W. OFFICE BEARERS & COMMITTEE 1986.

The following office bearers and committee members as well as other Club workers were elected at the Annual General Meeting of the Club held on Wednesday, 12th March, 1986:-

President	* Barbara Bruce	
Vice-Presidents	* Barrie Murdoch	
	* Ainslie Morris	
Hon, Secretary	* Greta Davis	
Hon. Treasurer	* Bill Holland	
Hon. Walks Secretary	* Carol Bruce	
Hon. Social Secretary	* Narelle Lovell	
" Asst. "	Patrick James	
Hon. New Members Secretary	* Michael Reynolds	
" Asst. " "	Margaret Reid	
Committee Members	* Fran Longfoot	* Ian Debert
	* Joy Hynes	* Malcolm Boadle
Federation Delegates	* Gordon Lee	Tim Coffey
	* Spiro Haginakitas	Ian Debert
Hon. Conservation Secretary	Alex Colley	
Magazine Editor	Ainslie Morris	
" Business Manager	Bill Burke	
" Production Manager	Helen Gray	
" Printers	Fran Longfoot	Morag Ryder
	Stan Madden	Ben Esgate
Search & Rescue Contacts	Tony Marshall	Bob Younger
	Ray Hookway	Kath McInnes
Archivist	Phil Butt	
Hon. Solicitor	Barrie Murdoch	
Hon. Auditor	Gordon Redmond	
CLUB TRUSTEES	Heather White	Gordon Redmond
	Bill Burke	
Kosciusko Huts Association ) Delegates	Ray Hookway	Jim Percy
Projectionist	Alan Doherty	

\* Indicates members of Committee.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.

The Annual General Meeting considered and passed the following Constitutional Amendments:

(a) That clause 10(c) of the Constitution be deleted and the following be inserted in its place:- "A monthly general meeting shall be held each month for the transaction of general business and the filling of vacancies".

(b) That clause 5(c) of the Constitution be amended by deleting therefrom the words "but not exceeding one half of the annual subscription".

Please amend your copy of the Constitution accordingly.

Please also note the change to the Social Programme necessary to comply with the first of these amendments. The A.G.M. decided that general meetings would be held on 9th April and 14th May instead of the advertised social events.

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GRASSY HILL.The third Colo River trip, 29/30 November, 1 December . . . .Canoe Creek - Colo River - Angorawa Creek - Drip Rock . . . .Don Finch, Leader plus 11 others.

by Alastair Battye.

On Friday night around 10 o'clock of a forecasted fine and hot weekend, twelve stalwarts, having distributed cars fairly evenly (and of course tidily) around the wilds of the Colo Heights, set off for a preparatory couple of hours walking along a fire trail for the purpose, we were told, of shortening our walking on the Saturday.

Walking a fire trail at night is a less than joyous experience. The full moon carefully arranged by our leader could not be seen for the rain clouds surrounding us. Of course there was no need to worry about that because the weekend was to be fine and sunny. After an hour of stumbling along the trail in the dark, the rain set in. There must have been some cosmic upheaval when we finally reached the selected camp site for the rain stopped for us to get our tents up and we could at least crawl into dry sleeping bags.

The Saturday morning of the fine and dry weekend dawned - of course - wet! Well, soggy, anyway. After breakfasting and cleaning up and packing we were all ready to leave at 7.30. All that is except the leader, who finally managed to be ready fifteen minutes later. Then a damp walk along the rest of the fire trail and a long, damp slither down Canoe Creek Point to the Colo itself.

Twelve of us stood on a rock just above the river debating whether to jump straight into the river whilst we were still hot (!) from the scrambling down the slope, or to push and shove through the scrub along the banks, or to have a cup of tea.

The last idea failed, democratically. Most took to the river and two or three started working along the banks. The river surprisingly, to the author anyway, was not cold. The wind was, but that could be avoided by keeping swimming. Unfortunately for the author, he doesn't carry any spare fat, so after a couple of hours in the water, cold though it wasn't, there was a somewhat introspective debate carried on as to whether it would be preferable to suffer hypothermia by staying in the water swimming or to suffer hypothermia by climbing out into the chill wind.

In the midst of this debate, surprise, the clouds parted and the sun came out.

Some little while later, in the middle of what was showing signs of being a beautiful sunny day (weekend?), we reached the lunch spot and had lunch, some of the party already showing signs of incipient sunburn. A couple of hours for lunch on the sandy beach in the sun then off again. The water was great.

Not so the weather. Around a mile further downstream 'the storm' hit. Out of the water was freezing. In the water was less so but impossible. The rain rained so hard there was no water surface on the river, just a vague interface of wild splashing which made it not just impossible to see anything at all, but difficult to determine just where to locate one's nose to breath. And that rain kept on and on and on. Fortunately navigation was just a matter of staying in the river and going with it, through rocks and rapids and all, because visibility was strictly nil.

It did stop in the end. We did find the campsite in non-rain and the clouds even thinned and showed signs of breaking. The tents were set up, the fire started, we even contemplated Sunday may be fine and sunny. Some

of the energetic members of the party elected to climb a couple of the surrounding peaks, some elected not to. Dinners were eventually cooked still in daylight and amidst clouds of particularly sticky and annoying flies. Dusk and darkness finally got rid of the flies, but there was still no moon - no Halley's Comet either, just cloud. By 10.30 the fire was deserted. Friday night had been after all a rather late night.

Sunday, sunny Sunday. No! Cloudy, cool Sunday. After breakfast - today the leader was the only one ready on time - we all set off along the bank to work up some heat before taking to the river.

After a few kilometres of scrub and rock and wait-a-whiles and other assorted discouragements most of the party had taken to the river. After some time in the water the cold drove a fair number back onto the banks again.

By lunchtime though, after a final option of the river with rapids or an impossible cliff line sidle, we reached the beach at Angorawa Creek, our 'leaving the Colo' point. So we had lunch and contemplated whether it would be wet or sunny or just plain cloudy for the climb up the creek and the ridge.

Cloudy was the eventual and somewhat surprising decision of the fates - in view of the infallible law of Murphy. But it was not cold, it was humid and the ridge was a steep long scramble, up, up, up.

There was a top eventually and we could cool down a bit as we scrub-bashed along the top. Having eventually cooled off completely, of course the rain came down again.

Finally, after some interesting "committee" navigation (which ridge were we on) we did reach the fire trail back to the cars which, after six kilometres, finished the walk with dry clothes and cars and well anticipated pizzas at Windsor.

In retrospect it was a great trip, a good party that was fit and able and didn't really care much about the weather, AND the scenery was magnificent. Our fearless leader did well and he couldn't really be blamed for the rain - or couldn't he?

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#### ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS 1986.

At the Annual General Meeting held on 12th March, 1986, the following subscriptions were decided upon:-

Single member	\$20
Household - (\$20 plus \$10 for each extra person in household	\$30 (for 2 people)
	\$40 ( " 3 " )
	\$50 ( " 4 " )
Full-time student (unless included in household subscription)	Not decided at A.G.M.
Entrance Fee	\$ 5

Non-active member subscription and prospective member subscription will be decided by Committee and advised in the April magazine.

Members are reminded that subscriptions are due and payable as at the A.G.M. The new Treasurer, Bill Holland, will receive your fees either at the clubroom, or posted to The Sydney Bush Walkers, Box 4476 G.P.O. Sydney, 2001.

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"RHYMES OF THE TIMES".

by Jim Brown.

For the 1986 Reunion Campfire a sketch called "Rhymes of the Times" was prepared. It dealt - mostly in a light-hearted fashion - with the current proposals before S.B.W. for Insurances and also our "Incorporation" under recently enacted State legislation. Amongst the points made in support of Incorporation is the fact that we could register our Club name, so making it inviolate if (for example) a sporting goods shop wanted to call itself "The SydneyBushwalker Supply".

We are probably jealous of our name, because when the Club decided to call itself "The Sydney Bush Walkers" in December, 1927, THIS WAS THE FIRST KNOWN USE OF THE TERM "BUSH WALKER" TO DESCRIBE OUR PARTICULAR GAME. The term is now used widely by the media, and has even got into the Macquarie Dictionary.

One of the songs in the Reunion sketch (rather more serious than the rest) was called "Name of the Game", and used the traditional English melody "Liliburlero".

No. 1 - "NAME OF THE GAME".

The term "Bush Walking"'s the NAME OF THE GAME  
And WE are the people that gave it that name.  
Whether we perish or go down to fame  
That is the name no other should claim.

Walkers, Walkers, Sydney Bush Walkers  
Our's is the name - the NAME OF THE GAME.  
While ever we last - now, future or past  
That is a name no other should claim.

The seeds by our founders were carefully sown  
And other bush walkers have come to be known,  
The ranks of the walkers have grown and grown  
But the NAME OF THE GAME is our own.... is our own.

Walkers, Walkers, Sydney Bush Walkers..... etc.

No. 2 - "INCORPORATION".

(John Styx' song from Offenbach's "Orpheus in the Underworld".)

Will we be incorporated?  
Will we become a Company?  
On the Stock Exchange be rated? -  
We will have to wait and see.

If we go Incorporated  
Will it drive us round the Bend?  
If our profits get inflated  
Will we pay a dividend?

Will we be Incorporated?  
Will we become a Company?  
Can it be anticipated  
No one sues just me and thee?

In the circumstance I've stated  
Once we're really integrated  
Will our risk be dissipated?  
We will just have to wait and see.

NOW WHAT?  
F I R S T A I D.

by Ainslie Morris.

Last in the series on FIRST AID to test your knowledge of  
what to do in a bush emergency.

SITUATION 7:

A member of the party slips on a rock and a loose rock rolls on to the foot and ankle.

PLACE: A creek in open level country about 1 km from a long steep fire trail.

SIGNS: Tenderness in ankle, swelling, bruising.

SYMPTOMS: Pain, pallor, difficulty in walking.

TEST: What is your -

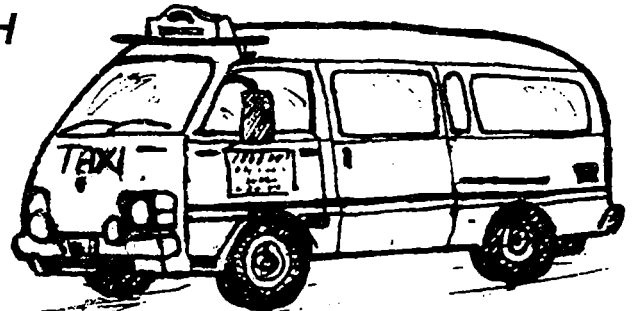
- (1) IMMEDIATE ACTION?
- (2) ASSESSMENT of the signs and symptoms?
- (3) TREATMENT of the patient?
- (4) FURTHER ACTION you would take?

For POSSIBLE ANSWERS see page 15.

## **BELVEDERE TAXIS BLACKHEATH**

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• KANANGRA BOYD

• UPPER BLUE MOUNTAINS

• SIX FOOT TRACK

PICK UP ANYWHERE FOR START OR FINISH OF YOUR WALK

- BY PRIOR ARRANGEMENT

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**Competitive Rates**

NOTES FOR YOUR GUIDANCE - POTATO POINT TO BITHRY INLET.

by Helen Gray.

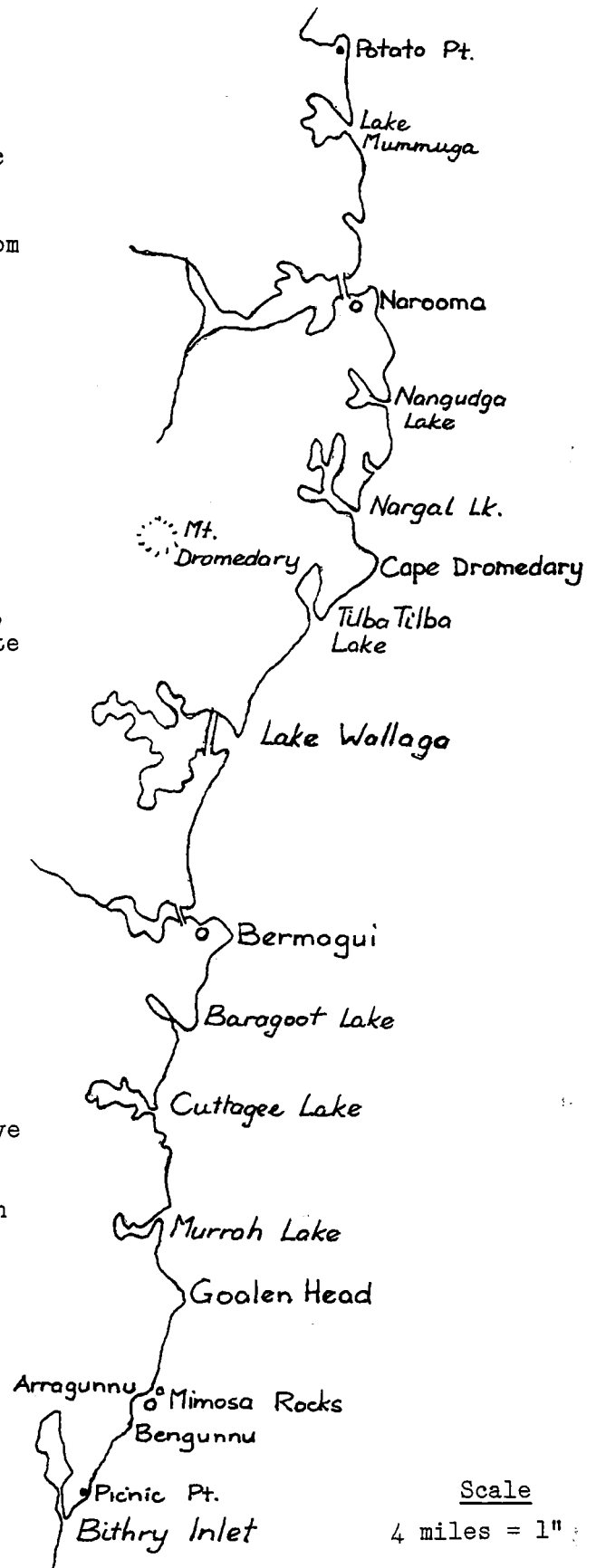
"If it was such a good trip, why don't you write it up for the magazine?" said Ainslie, failing to disguise the tone of desperation of an S.B.W. editor. Thus I am writing fragmented bits of what I hope is useful information for anyone planning a similar trip, rather than a trip story. (For two reasons. Firstly, the typist wants it yesterday and, secondly, the cast was so many and varied - in both numbers and types - I can't do justice to them as personalities and friends.)

We started our walk at Potato Point, a small coastal holiday-type settlement due east of Bodalla, and finished at Picnic Point near Bithry Inlet (or Lake Wapengo). The walking distance was about 85 km, spread over 5½ days. The party varied from 19 to 12 persons throughout the trip.

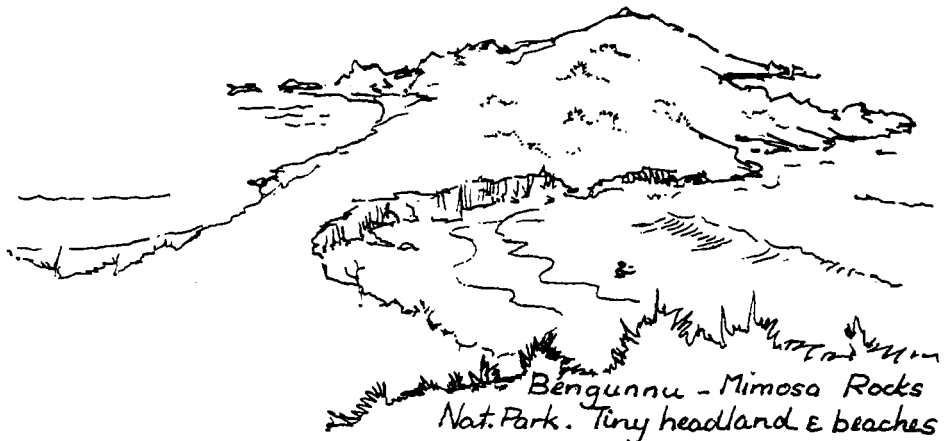
Country towns - Avoid them or use them?

One or two of the regular coast-Christmas-trip-walkers declined to come this time because of the amount of "civilisation" to be walked through, in particular the towns of Bermagui and Narooma. However, this proved to be an advantage for some; those who would have been excluded from most trips because they couldn't start on Boxing Day, or had to return to work earlier than New Year's Day, were able to meet us/leave us at appropriate towns and times. This meant, of course, that the trip had to be well-timed, and certainly car swapping needed some extra thought, but it did mean the pleasure of the company of friends I would otherwise not have walked with. By having one food-party I was able to put food parcels in various cars, so that for the first two days we had light packs, and when at Narooma we met Barbara Evans we collected her plus the next two days food. When Jo van Sommers and three others left us on Sunday we were able to collect from that car three days food for the remaining 12 people for the last few days. (For those questioning my arithmetic, there were many other comings and goings that I've not mentioned.)

The towns also enabled us to buy fresh bread and meat when needed. As for the towns themselves, they are of the fishing/holiday home type, usually on estuaries, surrounded by dairying country, and even at this peak holiday time, relatively uncrowded. We found that most, if not all, people swam at the beach nearest the town and we had only to walk to the next beach to be by ourselves again. We always lunched and camped in complete seclusion.



Scale  
4 miles = 1"



### Lakes and Estuaries.

This stretch of coast abounds in fresh water lakes, many with deep outlets to the sea. Three outlets are "no-goers"; Wagonga Inlet (Narooma), Lake Wallaga, and Bermagui River. Map information can be misleading. Two lakes shown as closed to the sea proved to be deep crossings. Our trip coincided with high Christmas tides, so we had to plan our lake crossings at the lowest tides. Although most were only waist deep then, they were very fast-flowing and the sandy bottoms soft and uneven. Crossing right at the ocean's edge was usually best, where the water was at its widest but shallowest. Even so, I was glad to be in a big party, able to cross in groups holding on to one another.

### Fresh Water.

While the guide books and the locals all declare a lack of water, we didn't find it any problem. Certainly running water is in short supply, but many beaches have small lakes and swamps behind the dunes. And one of these, showing no signs of anyone camping there before, was positively idyllic. "Wine-skins" were needed occasionally for carrying lunch water. (On one very hot day, near Bermagui, we asked if we could get water from a garden tap. The owner said not only could we have water, we could all have showers too. He also kept his distance - I guess we stank!)

### Transport.

Our trip, with its coming and goings, involved quite complicated car-swap arrangements. ON an average trip, one would still have to allow an extra half day for getting cars to the other end and one car returning with the drivers. The road distance must be almost double the walking distance of 85 km along the beaches, as a glance at a map will show, so the returning car (in our case, George's) did probably 300 km before the walk began. Two of our party used the bus service, which has a lot to recommend it. Buses tie in with the trains which terminate at Bomaderry, near Nowra.

### Highlights.

This is a beautiful stretch of coast, so comparisons are between good, better or best! The section near Tilba Tilba was quite beautiful. We walked along a farm road on the cliff top, with views of the sea to our left, to our right a lake, and beyond the grassed hills of dairy farms with the backdrop of Mount Dromedary.

My favourite area was south from Murrah Lake, particularly Goalen Head, a wide grassy headland from which there are views up and down the coast. Just beyond the headland are some of the most beautiful secluded beaches you could ever hope to find. The rolling farmlands now give way to the natural vegetation and more rugged coastline of Mimosa Rocks National Park. Here



we were forced to climb inland over a low range before dropping to the next beach, Aragunnu, where we camped. A couple of hours in the bush made a nice change after days of sand, rocks and grasslands, but the heat soon made us long for a sea breeze again.

From here to Bithry Inlet is completely trackless. Above the small beaches the land rises steeply. When it is necessary to leave the beaches one finds oneself in very scratchy scrub, but if one goes in further and higher the vegetation changes to trees with grass underneath. Apart from a few campers at Aragunnu and again at Picnic Point (where we had left a car) we saw no sign of anyone, not even a footprint in the sand. Being our last day I didn't look for a campsite, but for a party of our size it may have been a problem, unless we had slept on the sand. Small streams or soaks can be found at most beaches. The sands are really white, so the sea appeared an intense turquoise. Glorious!

And the final ingredient for a great trip was there; a compatible group. We were a mixture of oldies and youngies, males and females, extroverts and quiet ones, with different occupations, life-styles and opinions. There were lots of ideas to exchange, stories to tell one another, laughs to be had. We parted with the promise of reuniting in a year for the next stretch of coast.

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FROM THE WILDERNESS SOCIETY.

1. RAINFOREST.

Dial 015 to send a telegram or send a telex in office hours to the Prime Minister, R. Hawke (number is 61616 Canberra) to "Support the Cohen Rainforest Plan", which proposes setting up a \$10 mil. fund to compensate people who lose access to logging and for reafforestation. The aim is to protect tropical rainforest in Queensland and Tasmanian forests. (A telegram would cost \$3 on your phone bill.)

2. KAKADU.

Stage 3 has been promised as National Park but there are 60 or so mining leases in it. Write short letters asking for Stage 3 to go ahead immediately, no mining, and control by the traditional owners.

<u>TO:</u>	The Prime Minister, Mr. R. Hawke, Parliament House, CANBERRA. A.C.T.	Mr. Barry Cohen. Minister for the Environment.	Senator Gareth Evans, Minister for Resources and Energy.
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REPORT OF COMMITTEE MEETING OF 5/3/86.

Coolana's river flat area is very overgrown with weeds and everyone camping there should be asked to take tools to help clear it.

The printing equipment will probably be moved in April.

The Constitutional Amendments were further discussed with a view to presenting a new draft Constitution at a future Extraordinary Meeting.

\* \* \* \* \*

NEW MEMBERS. Please add the following names to your List of Members.

COOKSLEY, Gayle, Box 1359 G.P.O., Sydney, 2001	Phone 92 6977
GRACE, Geoff, 23A Alexandra Street, Hunters Hill, 2110	817 2807
MATTHEWS, David, 15 Womerah Street, Turrumurra, 2074	449 4037



# eastwood camping centre

## BUSHWALKERS

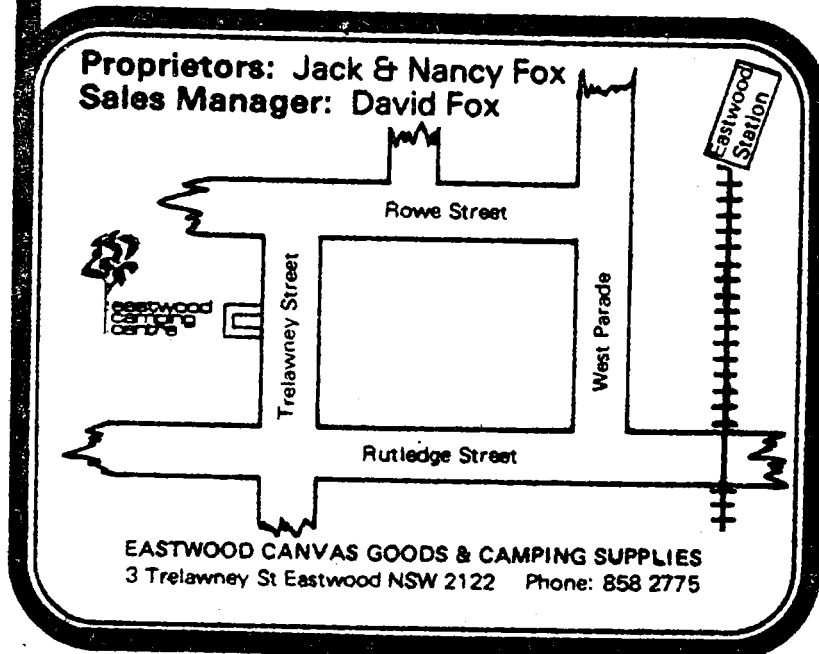
Lightweight Tents • Sleeping Bags • Rucksacks •  
Climbing & Caving Gear • Maps • Clothing • Boots  
• Food.

## CAMPING EQUIPMENT

Large Tents • Stoves • Lamps • Folding Furniture.

## DISTRIBUTORS OF:

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



A BREAK IN TIME.  
South Coast, Xmas 1985.                      by Joan Rigby.

The air fell still, warm and heavy over me as I slithered down the dune face. Before me lay a basin in the forest, a shallow reed-filled lagoon, with the stocky, twisted, dark casuarinas of the coast growing low over the flat shore. Nearby, a strip of short grass sloped to the water's edge, but water and land had no margin, one merged into the other, grass growing underwater, while water rose through the grass beneath my feet. On the lagoon's edge drifted a few white feathers as though here some Australian Odette had barely escaped her fate.

This was a place to conjure dark legends and secret fears of unknown worlds, a place to flee, back over the dune into the lighter world beyond.

That afternoon we had wandered along the sunlit beaches, enjoying the company, the sea and the soft breeze until, by the great log on the sands, someone had rested and we had gathered in the stragglers, the talkers and the energetic. Camp that night was to be a few kilometres away, just beyond the smooth headland, green against the sky and sea; but someone mentioned a possible camp "behind the dune", and one by one the curious had looked and returned quietly to the group. Yes it was a campsite, yes to wood and water, but no enthusiasm. How could you explain that brooding, heavy silence? Was this what Lawson felt when he wrote of the threatening solitude of the bush? So, accepting, we followed over the dune, missing already the gentle sea airs, and watched the mood settle over all.

Packs were emptied beneath the dark casuarinas, bright tents were strung between their trunks, a spread of violets claimed attention and became the chosen tent site, a fire was lit and voices rose in friendly talk. I moved away to sit on the dune rim and see the golden beach and the bright land beyond, but turned to see the lagoon with fresh eyes. Now there was colour, movement, even the air seemed cooler and the sound of the sea was a soothing background to laughter and chatter.

So we passed a pleasant night and woke to sunshine and our memorable, unusual campsite. The others packed slowly and started down the beach for another day. I had to return home from this place so walked packless with them to the next inlet, then returned alone to the lagoon.

The air fell warm and heavy around me as I walked through the brooding silence under the casuarinas. The darkness just beyond our knowledge threatened me and Odette had fled again, leaving a few feathers on the violets.

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FEDERATION OF BUSHWALKING CLUBS.

Spiro Hajinakitas stood down as Secretary to the Federation at the last meeting, but he will continue as Minutes Secretary. John Berry from C.M.W. was then elected as Secretary until the A.G.M. to be held in July.

Gordon Lee (Federation President) reported that the REUNION at Dharug National Park on 1st and 2nd March was very well run by C.M.W. with a beautiful supper. A number of families were there. It is extraordinary that back in the 1940's, S.B.W. would have 100 people at a Federation Reunion, and this year only one other S.B.W. member attended. How about a group of us going next year and meeting walkers from other clubs?

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BREAKING THE RULES.

by Frank Rigby.

Following the recent publication of Phil Butt's story (the title of which escapes me) about an intrepid solo walk in Tasmania, I thought it might be appropriate to follow up with my own solo experience on that island. The two adventures are as different as chalk and cheese. Any why not? Bushwalkers, to be sure, are not produced from set moulds!

I arrived in Hobart on June 14, 1984 to a chilly reception. The sky was threatening, the temperature at noon was 7° and a freezing wind tore through the narrow streets. The Hobartians were rugged up to their ears. The forecast for the next day was "cold, rain throughout"! I began to have second thoughts and if my return ticket had not been immovably dated I might have thrown in the towel there and then. Of course, I was breaking all the rules and I knew it! A week's solo bushwalk to the south coast of Tasmania in the middle of winter would not exactly be recommended by anyone in the game. But I had experienced an overwhelming desire to do something out of the ordinary, to rebel against the accepted wisdom. Mixed up in all this were vague notions of wanting to suffer physically and of "proving" something, something I could not quite pin down.

I had made my bed of nails and now I had to lie on it, so I boarded the bus for Dover that afternoon and the die was cast.

After overnighting in a friendly local pub a kindly orchardist lifted me to the Ida Bay Scenic Railway and, with a final 19 kilometres to the end of the road at Cockle Creek, I shouldered the heaviest pack (19 kg or 42 lbs) I could ever remember. I had wanted to suffer and my wish was granted for 12 weary kilometres before a rare tourist "who wanted to reach (by car) the most southerly point in Australia" mercifully picked me up.

Next day I got stuck into what I had come to do: bushwalking with suffering. The "rain throughout" forecast had apparently been 24 hours too early and was laying in wait for me on the route to South Cape Bay. But actually, the track was so abominable, with bog up to the knees, that I barely noticed the deluge from above. With some relief I sighted the Southern Ocean and, with a degree of danger, skirted the coastline around Lion Rock and Coal Bluff to find what I had been looking for - a pleasant and spacious campsite above the bay into which flows South Cape Rivulet.

During a break in the showers I put up the tent and settled in. The darkness came swiftly so I cooked dinner in comfortable style inside the tent, using gas stove and candle. In this protected place, inside my spacious tent and with all the necessities at hand, I began to feel utterly secure, even somewhat smug. This rosy glow was short-lived. The rain restarted and the tent began to leak all over! My freshly-proofed Stormtite tent leaking? Panic! I looked up and was astonished to find the inside covered with leaf litter picked up when I had laid out the tent on the moist ground.

Painstakingly I removed this, remembering all the stories about hypothermia in the Tasmanian wilds. Of course the leaks would never stop until the inside surface had dried out. So I sat up into that rainy night directing the flows as best I could. Fortunately for me, the rain ceased at about the same time as I fell asleep, exhausted. The leaf litter was similar to hundreds of fingers touching the fabric, though in 33 years of bushing this had never happened to me before. There is always something new to learn!

Next morning I explored my exclusive bit of territory. Just below my campsite on the high bank was a fine, wide beach extending westwards for

half a kilometre to South Cape Rivulet which flowed into the sea through a tea-coloured channel at the far end. The Rivulet formed an extensive lagoon before it entered the channel, ideal for swimming except for its temperature. The scudding clouds and occasional drizzle clothes the landscape in that soft-light atmosphere so appropriate to the Tasmanian coast. The ocean pounded the beach day and night, lulling the mind into a state of quiet contentment. It was indeed a beautiful place, peaceful and harmonious, into which the turmoil of civilisation could not enter.

I crossed the channel and found the depth to be up to my chest, and freezing cold! At that moment, I remember, I first toyed with the idea of going no further westwards along the coast. That evening the toying gradually evolved into a firm conviction. It was not just the channel; why abandon your own piece of paradise just when you have found it?

And so followed a succession of relaxed days and nights, of showers and sunshine, wind and calm, soft low light, and always the thundering surf on my doorstep. The weather, quite unpredictable, was always cool but never bitingly cold. (My diary records a temperature range of 3° to 14° for the week.) No other human being, or any sign of the outside world, intruded. My own activities included gathering wood and water, cooking, eating, reading, walking along the beach and sleeping. But mostly sleeping, it seemed.

At the winter solstice the days at latitude 43°36' are quite short; one has about 9 hours of effective daylight. Students of mathematics could calculate that there are, correspondingly, 15 hours of darkness. I wondered how I would cope with this situation for extended campfires at night were out of the question in that place. For hyperactive types it might prove a problem. For me I found that I quickly adapted to 12 hours of sleep even though I should not have needed such rest. Only the muted daylight eventually seeping into the campsite could awaken me.

One morning, though, about the middle of my stay, the light did not seem quite so muted. Outside the tent something was different. Ah yes, that rocky headland enclosing the bay was bathed in sunlight, standing out starkly for the first time. Not only that, but the whole sky was blue and the air uncannily still. Since these unusual conditions persisted into the late morning I arrived at the momentous conclusion that I should attempt my first dip in the Southern Ocean. "Invigorating" is one word, but there are others (sea temperature 12°). Rinsing off in the Rivulet was "painful" (rivulet temperature 8°). Unbelievably, I was then able to sunbake for an hour on the beach, even though the air temperature at noon was a mere 6°. Then a wisp of a breeze coming in from the sea had me scurrying for warm clothes. You can beat the Tasmanian winter for only a tiny fraction of the time.

After seven days my allotted time had expired and, with some sadness, I packed up and departed, returning to whence I had come. It was, after all, only an interlude, could not be anything else. As I plodded the boggy track back to the roadhead I was full of reflections. Had I suffered physically? No, not to any degree. With all the modern wonders of technological civilisation which can be stuffed into a rucksack, life was secure, comfortable and relatively easy. And here was the uneasy contradiction: to enjoy a sojourn in the wilderness I was absolutely dependent upon the material goods I had brought from civilisation. Had I proved anything? Not so much. Only that I could thoroughly enjoy my own company for a week in a remote and lovely place. There had also been something else: a quiet simplicity that I had not previously experienced in communal bushwalking. Perhaps that was enough.

Breaking the rules may not always prove wise, but it can be supremely rewarding.

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

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NOW WHAT?FIRST AID ANSWERS.

by Ainslie Morris.

Your reference is "Australian First Aid - St. John" pages 343-4 and pages 234-36 (Current Edition).

SITUATION 7:(1) IMMEDIATE ACTION: R. I. C. E.

- ° Rest the casualty.
- ° Ice packs - in the bush, use a wet cloth, or quarter fill a wine cask liner with water.
- ° Compression with a pressure bandage (elastic).
- ° Elevate the limb - rest lower leg and foot on a pack.

(2) ASSESSMENT:

It is very difficult or impossible to diagnose whether it is a sprain or a fracture of the ankle. A person may be able to walk on an ankle with a fracture of a small bone, and there are recent cases in the Club when people have done so. If it is a severe sprain ("rupture of the fibres of the ligaments on either side of the joint" - St. John p.344) the person can walk, but first give R.I.C.E. - it shortens recovery time and limits swelling. It is possible, however, for a person to walk (slowly and in pain) with a fracture; this can later cause severe complications requiring hospitalisation.

(3) TREATMENT:

As for a lower leg fracture - see St. John pages 235-236. Prepare for transport. The principle is to immobilise the limb joint - in this case, the ankle.

1. Remove the shoe and sock - one injured Club member suffered excruciating pain when her shoe was removed after several hours when she had a swollen fractured leg.
2. Splint from ankle to thigh - use a towel or the injured person's spare clothing (you'll be "splitting" the pack anyway) to pad between the legs, and wrap round a smooth straight stick.
3. Apply a figure-of-eight bandage around the ankles and feet. You should always carry a roll-on bandage, but tights or long-johns can be used.
4. Apply a broad bandage (long johns or shirt) around the thighs, at the knees, and above the suspected fractured ankle.
5. Give NO DRUGS or MEDICATION if in shock.

(4) FURTHER ACTION:

- ° Treat for shock if signs of it appear.
- ° Record every 15 minutes if in shock:
  - Breathing
  - Pulse
  - Skin
  - Eyes
  - Loss of feeling in foot
- ° If only slight shock, give painkillers e.g. aspirin, and cup of tea.
- ° Send at least two strong walkers to contact S. & R. (Search and Rescue contacts are on your Walks Programme - carry it or their names and numbers in your First Aid Kit.)
  - Make sure they:
    1. Know exactly where you are.
    2. The route out, and can navigate.
    3. Can give information on the casualty.
- ° Put a shelter up - tent or groundsheet, and make the casualty comfortable - and yourselves.

"Carrying out" may be attempted over a very short distance, but you would need 12 people - two teams of 6 to constantly swap over, plus helpers to clear vegetation ahead and carry two packs each (or be prepared to go back for packs). You would need to improvise a stretcher using sticks and packs, or possibly a light person could be carried by one or two big strong people. If the walk is fairly close to Sydney or Canberra, there will be trained S. & R. available and calling it is usually the best idea.

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This series on First Aid was written as a response to interest shown in an evening on the Social Programme. Members are welcome to contribute their knowledge on health and fitness as well as dealing with accidents.

EDITOR.

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#### BUSH DANCE.

The Federation of Bushwalking Clubs is holding a BUSH DANCE to raise money for Search & Rescue.

Date - Friday, 2nd May. Venue. Lane Cove Town Hall, Longueville Road.

COST: \$7 each at door - Bring your own drinks AND SUPPER.

Dress - casual. No need to bring a partner.

There will be a party from S.B.W. Contact Barbara Bruce (546 6570) or the new Social Secretary, Narelle Lovell.

#### SOCIAL NOTES FOR APRIL.

The 2nd April is the Committee Meeting and following the decision at the Annual General Meeting to revert to monthly meetings, the 9th April will now be a general meeting instead of the members' slides as shown on the social programme.

The following week, 16th April, the Wilderness Society will be our guests for an evening "Wilderness in N.S.W." They say that this is an exiting visual display linking together the wilderness areas of the state and in support of recently announced policy of the N.S.W. Government. Before this meeting there will be dinner at the "Green Gardens" Restaurant at 6.30 pm.

On Wednesday 23rd, wine, cheese, pate and nuts. The Club provides wine and juices, you bring along your favourite cheese, pate or nut dishes.

Finally, and possibly a first time for this Club, we will have a video presentation by Peter Christian on 30th April. Peter's "Coolana Revisited" shows water frolics and the damper competition at the 1985 Reunion, views of Kangaroo Valley (waterfalls too), scenes from the Barn Dance last November, and also some Federation Ball '85 activities. He will be using a video projector and 2 TV monitors. Your chance to be seen and heard.

April	2	Committee Meeting	
"	9	General Meeting	
*	"	16	"Wilderness in N.S.W." The Wilderness Society
"	23	Wine, Cheese, Pate and Nuts	
"	30	"Coolana Revisited"	video presentation/Peter Christian

\* DINNER before the meeting at "Green Gardens" Chinese Restaurant, 55 Alexander Street, Crow's Nest. 6.30 pm.

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#### CONGRATULATIONS TO -

Tim Coffey was runner-up in the Sydney Morning Herald Senior Citizens' Week Photographic competition, Sixty-Five Years or over. It was on display at The State Bank building on the corner of Martin Place and Phillip Street.