

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bush Walkers,
14 Atchison Street, St. Leonards.

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Meetings at the Club Rooms on Wednesday evenings after 7.30 p.m.

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NOVEMBER, 1973.

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THE OCTOBER GENERAL MEETING.

by Spiro Ketas.

President Bob devised an informal setting for the October General Meeting. Instead of sitting on the hall's dais he and Sheila were seated behind a desk alongside one of the side walls and members chairs were arranged in a semi-circular fashion in front of the desk. It was a suitable change, particularly for small meetings, and that it was, with only 30 members present.

Three new members were welcomed into the club, namely Dianne Lynn, Sev Sternhell, Geoffory Bridges. Last month's minutes were quickly endorsed and then Sheila proceeded with the correspondence. Your reporter noted nothing really reportable except for the notification from New Zealand that Barry Pacey was not renewing his membership as he intended to settle in that country after his impending marriage.

Our lady treasurer presented the Treasurer's Report - opening balance \$875.83 and a closing balance of \$920.51.

Then it was Wilf's turn to take the floor after assuring the meeting that he would report only on last month's activities and not the past three months', being absent on the past two occasions. Snow Brown's trip on the 7th, 8th, 9th September down Cabbage Spire and through Bulga Dennis Canyon was enjoyed by a small group of members and visitors as was Ray Carter's Castle trip, both blessed with good weather. Carl Bock's Sunday walk on the 9th attracted 32 starters, 7 of which became separated for four hours as they climbed Mt. Wondabyne.

The next weekend Hans Beck's trip down the flooded Cox to Splendour Rock was attended by four members, a new track past Black Horse Mt. was reported. Wilf's Nullo Mountain trip was cancelled due to car trouble, and that Sunday, 16th, Meryl Watman led a party of 13 from Waterfall to Garie with the assistance of a bus. Wild flowers in their full glory and tea trees in full bloom. On Sunday 23rd Joe Marton's Govett Leap and back trip via Rodriguez Pass, Beauchamp Falls and Evans Lookout drew 15 starters away from their comfortable urban structures to contend with a wet day in the mountains.

On the long weekend 19 fit starters attended Bob Younger's Mt. Guouagang trip, a good hard walk with the Cox running well. Also that weekend an unprogrammed Wolgan trip, Newnes to Glen Davis, organised by Jim Vatiliotis and led by Don Finch, lured 16 walkers - a pleasant walk in ideal conditions. That Sunday 30th, Bill Hall's walk was amended slightly, the party camped at Burning Palms instead.

No information was available concerning Frank Taeker's Blue Gum Forest trip except that it went. Wilf's test walk in the Sugee Bag Creek area was completed in cloudy weather by 16 starters. A sort of Scotch mist prevailed but the party were able to get a good view, wild flowers also in abundance, no fires allowed on private property, but the party returned to cars at dusk. Elaine Brown's Sunday walk in the Bobbin Head

area attracted 13 $\frac{1}{4}$ S.B.W.s, the quarter being the latest addition to the Duncan clan all snug and secure on his father's back.

In General Business it was reported that Mr. Rogers of Sugee Bag Creek had rung the club complaining about the leaving behind of rubbish and the illegal parking of cars by various people including bushwalkers. Apparently Mr. Rogers had lost two cows which had swallowed plastic bags and died as a result, also he was questioning the legality of walkers using the access road. A motion was passed in favour of replying suitably to Mr. Rogers indicating that bushwalkers were not responsible for the rubbish.

Another motion endeavouring to increase the publication of the walks programme from the present four times per annum to six times per annum was defeated.

Dot Butler and Owen Marks reported that Neilborne Cottage on the Mt. Scanzi Road, Kangaroo Valley, has a new owner who has built a swimming pool over our access road. Dot reports that he had 20 head of cattle which he intended to fatten up, sell, and buy horses for children's rides.

The meeting closed on an ironic note when Don Finch announced that a Federation Search and Rescue Demonstration Weekend would be held at none other than Sugee Bag Creek.

COLO RIVER.

The River Canoe Club of N.S.W. extends an invitation to interested members of the Sydney Bushwalkers (and their friends) to attend a film and discussion of a canoe trip on the Colo River from Glen Davis to Upper Colo recently done by members of the River Canoe Club.

The evening should be of particular interest to anyone planning a trip in this rugged, isolated area. Many people are attracted to this magnificent region, but many are unaware of the difficulties involved as little information is readily available about the area.

Date and Time: Friday, 30th November, 8 p.m.

Place: St. Peters Church of England Hall,
187 Princes Highway,
St. Peters.

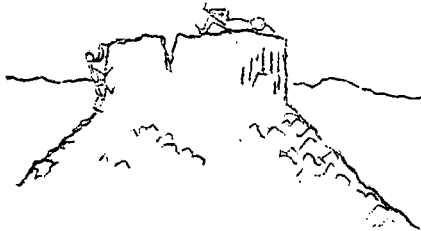
A light supper will be provided and there will be a donation of 50 cents for adults and 20 cents for children.

* * * * *

PAGE'S PINNACLES.

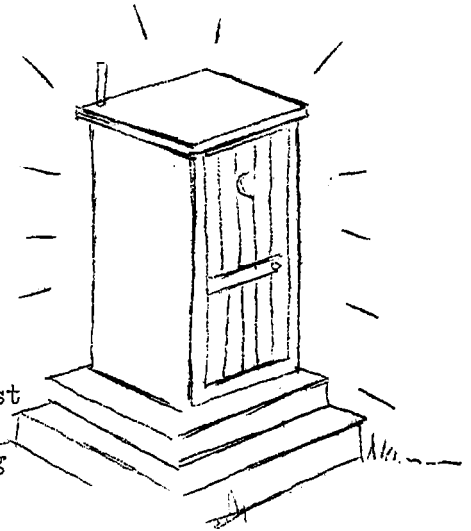
by Don Matthews.

Illustrated by Helen Gray.



I sat on top of Page's Pinnacles, just east of Craft's Walls, a few months ago, as a fitting climax to a most enjoyable Wallace walk.

Actually, when I reached the foot of the Pinnacles, the others of the party were already on top. I looked at the twenty or so feet of almost vertical rock between me and the top, and muttering that there must be an easier way, scrambled around the base of the knob. There wasn't.



I looked up again. Dot's face appeared over the rim. "Come on, you old so-and-so," she said, "you can do it." "I know I can," I replied, "or at least all of me except my right knee can, but the thought of getting down again makes me uncomfortable."

"We'll get you down," said Dot, so up I went.

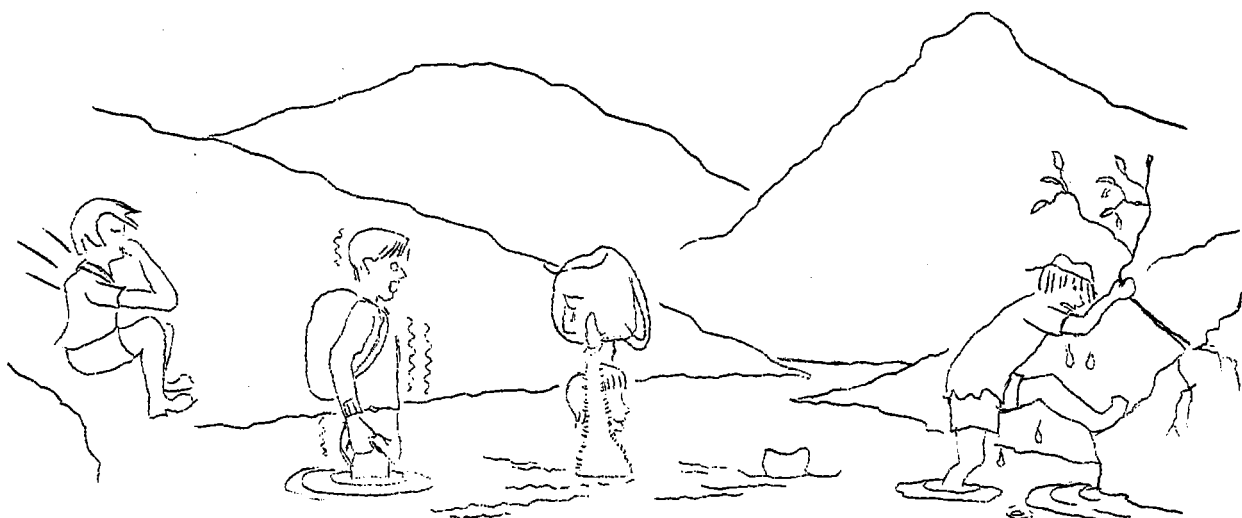
The members of the party were mostly supine, just relaxing after the climb up from Gingra Creek, and taking in the autumn sunshine.

A glorious Kanangra day. I thought of the times when I'd caught glimpses of the Pinnacles through the rain or mist of a typical Kanangra Easter.

I was stirred from my reverie by some one muttering "..... nettles," and I became suddenly aware that I too was more nettled than I'd ever been before. Kowmung nettles. It was worth it, though.....

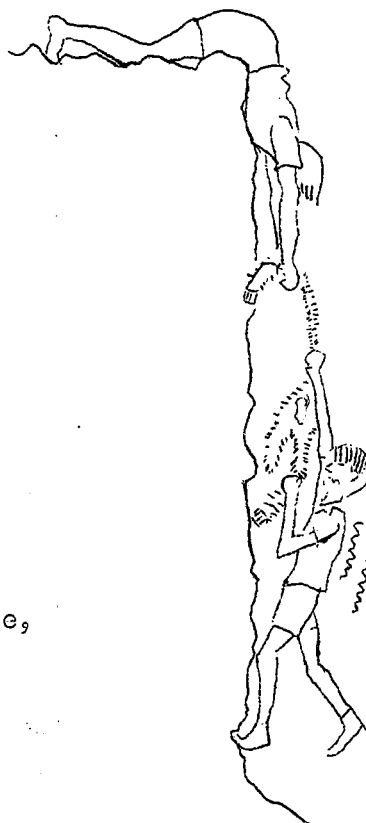
Roots' Ridge is a delightful way to the Kowmung. After an initial steep descent you get a view of the river from the razorback above Rainbow Bluff, and then the well-defined ridge fans out for about four hundred vertical feet of open grassy forest, letting you down gently to the river. The Kowmung banks were mostly overgrown towards Gingra. The camp spots are still there, but covered in long grass - and nettles.

At the Gingra junction we were on the wrong side. The water looked shallow, innocently gliding over pebbles. Somehow, fortune didn't favour the brave souls who tried it first. One of these even jumped off a log thus splashing those parts of himself which were not submerged.



At dusk, in late May, the Kowmung is decidedly chilly, but just up Gingra there are pleasant spots, casuarina lined, with plenty of wood. Gingra Creek is pleasant walking, Breakfast Creek style, for about five miles. Then it enters a narrow rocky gorge as it turns south. A good spot for summer.

I got to my feet and walked to the edge of the rock. "Here," said Dot, pulling out her pale blue mohair cardigan, "I'll let you down on this." She turned to the others, one eye on me. "He needs some psychological assistance." I stopped in descent, with one toenail on a miniscule foothold. "My wife Tine," I said, "used to help me through difficult places by offering me chocolate from the other side." There was no response, so I descended gingerly to a point where it wouldn't matter if I did fall off, and allowed Dot's cardigan to spring back into shape.



Page's Pinnacle was named after Peter Page by Miles Dunphy. I was down at BEN RICKETTS at Jamberoo on the June long weekend, to pay tribute to Rae and Peter at the official opening of the new septic tanks. There was a grand turn up of S.B.W.s and other past and present cabin dwellers from all over the place.

Frank Duncan, of Clear Hill fame, was appropriately clad in tie and tails at one end, and gumboots at the other, and formally opened the new footbridge and the several edifices with a fine display of S.B.W. oratory.

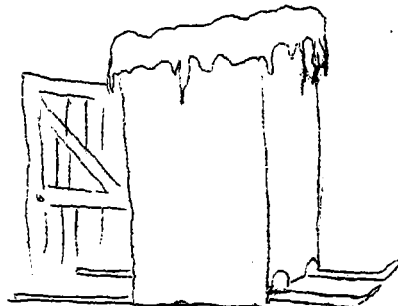
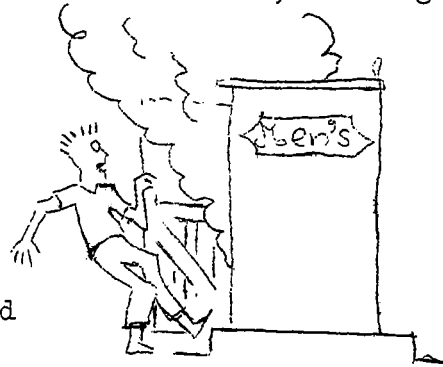
As the ribbon on the bridge to the goat enclosure was about to be cut, De Groot and horse, looking suspiciously like Nancy and Robert Pallin respectively, rode up and slashed it with a gleaming sword; and there was a sound like thunder and a great billowing of white smoke as the door of the MEN's was opened for the first time, to the great consternation of the opener.

It was indeed another Page's Pinnacle.

From the rain forest terrāce of BEN RICKETTS there are magnificent views across the rolling downs and out to the coast. A few hundred feet up the cliff is the Barren Ground Reserve, with Gerringong Falls and Carrington Falls not far away. All this, and septic tanks!

George Gray, who has very high standards in these matters, claims to know of a superior convenience. "The privy at the Valentine hut," said George nostalgically the other night, "is so constructed that you don't have to take your skis off."

But it doesn't often snow at Jamberoo.



DOWN THE TUROSS AT EASTER.

by Spiro Ketas.

Don Finch's "Trip into the Unknown" last Easter was actually a "first" for 21 of the 23 starters. Don and I had done the trip about eight years ago with Ross Wyborn, Gerry Sinzig, Bob Duncan, Kerry Hore and George Gray.

The morning of Good Friday found half the party at the Rigby's and the other half at the Wyborn's, both of whom now live in Canberra. After various assorted breakfasts the large party set off without Joan Rigby and without both Leslie and Doone Wyborne, which was rather sad as we were quite looking forward to walking with our "old mates", still we could make do with Frank Rigby.

Don's directions were somehow confused by the majority of the party thus over-shooting the turn-off before Cooma but he and Heather were able to round them up and lead them back to the turn-off where David Rostrun was patiently waiting for the party and displaying utter amazement at their bungling of such simple directions. On the way we encountered another large group of bushwalkers from Sydney hitching along the road, they also were off down the Tuross planning to walk to the coast. Regrettably, all our cars were full but we managed to squeeze in a couple of them.

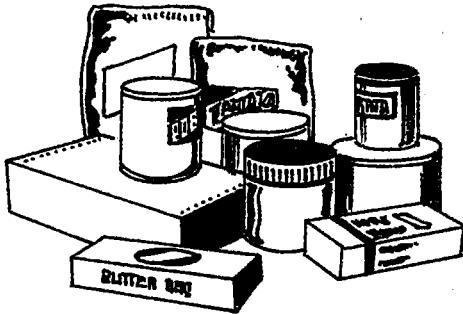
As Bill Clarke's farm was closer to the river we parked our cars on his property, not the adjoining property as planned and where we assumed Peter Levander and his three passengers were (they were doing a shorter Tuross trip). With a rather dubious bare rocky plateau as our reference point we set off into the woodlands. Eventually we reached the upper reaches of the Tuross, whose steep rocky banks formed a canyon-like scene. After much side climbing and scrambling we at last came in sight of a large pyramid-shaped promontory jutting out from our side of the river and we could pick out three human forms that we assumed belonged to Peter and his party. Then after a very steep descent we were able to join them and share the spectacular view of Tuross Falls, its endless volume of water falling narrowly and noisily into the distant pool below. When we had all finished admiring the scenery our thoughts turned to a camp site and it became evident that we would have to content ourselves with a rocky bed that night, but with the promise of grassy river-flats to come.

Upon reaching the river we set about softening our sleeping positions by placing dead bracken and leaves under our groundsheets. This job completed we looked forward to a relatively comfortable night to rest our tired bodies, and set about cooking our evening meal. This done, we ate hungrily then the majority of the party retired to their allotted rocks and in a few minutes were fast asleep, the brightly shining stars above us signifying an undisturbed night. We awoke at daybreak to be greeted by a cool sunny autumn morning and after a lazy breakfast we put on our swimmers and water-proofed our perishables as we were expecting a compulsory swim before lunch.

The going for our very large party was indeed very slow, our path littered by large boulders resulting in some careful and slippery climbing, scrambling or jumping. Thus we arrived at the pool at about midday and

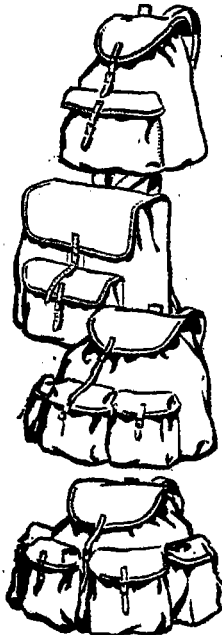
Paddymade

Lightweight bushwalking and camping gear.



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Now, the bushwalker can fully equip himself with the aid of Paddy's range of lightweight foods. Beef curry with rice; sweet and sour chicken with rice; chicken curry with rice; instant mashed potatoes; Surprise peas; Surprise peas and carrots; butter concentrate in tubes or 12oz tins; condensed milk in tubes; mixed vegetables; Kraft onions, Ovaltine energy tablets; freeze dried egg powder; Staminade; Kraft personal servings of jam, tomato sauce etc; army ration biscuits; farmhouse stew; savoury mince; beef curry; chicken curry; sweet and sour chicken; chicken supreme; 4 serve packet soups; Alliance beef steak stew; Alliance beef mince; Kendall mint cake or Kendall rum butter candy.



BUNYIP RUCKSACK

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

SENIOR RUCKSACK

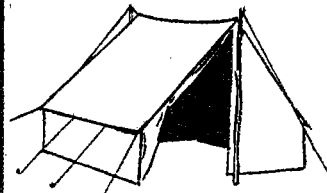
A single pocket, shaped rucksack. Suitable for over-night camping. Weight 1½lbs.

BUSHMAN RUCKSACK

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

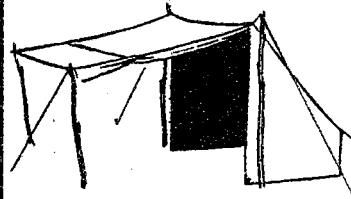
PIONEER RUCKSACK

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



'A' TENTS

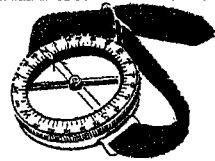
One, two or three man. From 2½ to 3¾lbs. Choice of three cloths. Supplied with nylon cords and overlapped doors. No walls.



WALL TENTS

Two, three or four man. From 3½ to 4½lbs. Choice of three cloths. Supplied with nylon cords and overlapped doors.

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



Paddy Pallen

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

we gazed not too happily at the black, unfriendly and cold water which comprised the 30 metres long pool. Our leader was the first to dive into the pool and slowly and reluctantly the remainder of the party followed. Although only a relatively short swim it took more than an hour for the whole party to complete this obstacle. We emerged from the water resembling half drowned rats and hurried out of the shade into the sunshine and on to a warm lunch spot, where we learned that our vanguard party led by Dot Butler had actually missed out on the swim, preferring to climb up the 250 metres river banks.

Again, after lunch we made our way slowly down the river, sliding and jumping over huge boulders, avoiding swims wherever possible, and we had no success whatever at discovering the promised "river flats". And once again our large party broke up into small groups, the faster members of the happy band a long way in front of the slower ones. The Tuross also continued on in its usual manner, a continuous and determined flow of fresh clear mountain water twisting and bouncing as it slowly dropped height each metre bringing it closer to its end, the far off Pacific. Early in the afternoon we passed some very comfortable camp sites but as we had not covered much ground we reluctantly passed them by, that is, all but Ross Hughes who found the lure of one such "perfect" camp spot irresistible and decided to camp alone in his little green heaven sheltered by gums and water an arm's reach away.

An hour or two later we made camp at a not-so-perfect spot yet immeasurably better than the previous night's river rocks. As always at good camp sites in good weather a jovial and garrulous atmosphere was established. Three or four cooking fires were lit and young Tsiko (a high school science teacher on his first bushwalk) entertained us with his humorous accounts of the problems of teaching 6th form co-ed classes and various anecdotes concerning the mating habits of some sea creatures, the latter having no connection with the former. Our appetites for both food and talk satisfied we retired to our respective tents and slept soundly and happily dreamed of open river flats with easy underfoot grassy tracks and not a sign of a boulder anywhere.

But alas, the next day again consisted of more rock-hopping, although much easier and occasionally an old cattle track that directed us knowingly overland across sharp-cornered river bends. For the first time it rained lightly at midday, so at lunch time a large fire was lit and we all managed to have a hot drink with our lunch. Shortly after lunch the rain eased and the welcome sun smiled down upon us, and its rays accompanied us down the Tuross as it slowly sank into the west. Here we were afforded beautiful views, a double bonus in river scenery, the greens and browns of the trees and other foliage, the greys and reds of the rocky river banks interspersed with short golden beaches amazingly reflected in the clean, clear, calm water of the Tuross.

At dusk we were a few kilometres short of our desired camp site, a side creek near the road that would eventually lead us back to our cars.

After a cold frosty night we awoke at daybreak and after a hurried breakfast set off again down the river at a quick pace to ward off the cold, also having in mind the 38 kilometres or so that separated us on the last day from

our cars. By the time we reached our rendezvous spot the weather had warmed up considerably and we were thankful of our now light loads as we climbed and descended, twisted and turned through gullies and across exposed ridges as we mindlessly followed the seemingly endless dirt road to wherever it led us. At lunch time a farmer's son out for a day's horse riding galloped up to our camp and chatted with us for a while before galloping off again on his brown stallion. We wished we had a horse each for this last part of our journey as such a long road bash can become monotonous.

Earlier the car drivers had raced off ahead to arrive at the cars and drive them back to the farm on which we should have parked, and also saving the remainder of the party about nine kilometres of road bashing. This plan worked quite well and we did not have long to wait before they turned up at the farm. We said goodbye to the lady-farmer and thanked her for her hospitality and headed towards Cooma for a Chinese meal and then a long drive back to Sydney.

SUMMER PESTS

by Bob Younger.

TICKS.

There are several varieties but the only one dangerous to man is the bush tick (*Ixodes Holocyclus*), sometimes called the dog tick. The bite of a mature female may cause dangerous paralysis and death, particularly in domestic animals. Small children can also be dangerously affected.

In the minute juvenile stages ticks may swarm in numbers onto the victim and give rise to irritation when they become attached to the skin.

The mature bush tick is a small flattened dual creature about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch or less in length, yellowy grey or bluish black in colour, having eight legs and a tiny saw-toothed beak. When feeding it buries its head into the skin, sucking blood for a variable number of days before releasing itself.

It tends to secrete itself in body crevices.

Symptoms of Tick Paralysis: The bite may cause itching at first which could be overlooked. In a day or two the patient feels weak and sick while limpness and paralysis of various muscles, especially the legs, may develop. In this case medical attention is essential. In severe cases breathing becomes difficult and the pulse feeble and rapid. Death may occur suddenly from the fifth day onwards.

Treatment: Remove the tick immediately upon discovery. To make the removal easy and safe it may be killed by dropping turpentine, kerosene or ether onto it. It should be snipped off close to the skin with fine scissors or a razor blade, the head being removed with a pair of tweezers or fine forceps. Merely pulling the tick may force the contents of its body into the wound or leave the head attached to the skin.

Effect of FUNNEL-WEB SPIDER Bites: Delirium, shivering, salivation and excessive perspiration are usually pronounced. Pain may not be severe but the patient may collapse.

Treatment: As for snake bite, and seek medical assistance.

ANT, SANDFLY & Mosquito Bites.

Scratching the bites may lead to sores. Apply cold cream, baking soda or one of the special ointments available to allay irritation.

WALKS SECRETARY'S NOTES FOR
DECEMBER.

by Wilf Hilder.

- Nov.30th - David Rostron is li-loing down yonder Cox from Breakfast
1, 2nd Dec. - Creek junction. Good tracks from Carlons to launching
place. Thrills, hills 'n chills down river to White Dog
and a 10 ft. (pardon 12 metre) track back to Carlons.
- Sunday 2nd - Sam Hinde leads this easy trip to Kingdom Come from
Heathcote. Plenty of swimming on this walk. Special
excursion tickets to Waterfall and the train is 8.48 E.
daylight saving time.
- 7, 8, 9 - There's gold in them thar Kiandra diggings on this
historical trip. Wilf reckons there's plenty of gold left
but if you ask me I think he's talking about wildflowers
rather than nuggets. Better browse thru Snowy Mountains
Walks by Geehi Club for the good oil on this area, before
you go. Travelling time is around 7 hours each way using
Rod Peters patent short cut.
- 7, 8, 9 - Roy Higginbotham's lower Kowmung trip is starting at
Medlow Gap - track to the Cox and up to Cookem (magnificent
views). Then along Scott's Main and then down a spur to
the Kowmung. Rough tracks along the crystal pools to White
Dog.
- 7, 8, 9 - Blue Gum from Mt. Victoria with Hans Beck. This most
scenic walk has good tracks all the way. Lush campsite
near Blue Gum, with swimming laid on. Well graded climb
up to Neate's Glen. Please boil all water you drink at
Blue Gum.
- Sunday 9th - An easy stroll to Little Marley from Bundeena with Kath
Brown. Tracks all the way and a cool swim in the Pacific
(if you like that sort of thing). Train 8.48 a.m. electric,
return Cronulla, then ferry to Bundeena.

- December 14, 15, 16 - Abseiling around Kanangra with superb views across the gorges as far as you can see. Genial John Campbell is the leader on this trip.
- 15, 16 - Enjoy the Sabbath in the luxury of Owen's place at Bondi. Swimming, sleeping and talking (by whom?) are on programme. I have been reminded that in my fairly comprehensive transport list for this "trip" I have omitted horses, camels and Paddy Waggon - perhaps I should have added elephants, roller skates, billycarts and pogo sticks. Owen said that while prayer mats are optional, sleeping bags are not.
- Xmas Trip - 21st to 26th Alan Fall is off to The Pilot near the Victorian border on this five day walk in Kosciusko National Park. Tracks nearly all the way with first rate scenery. Plenty of lush campsites in the acres of alpine meadows which are a riot of colour with glorious wildflowers. Please book early to make Alan's job of organising transport a bit easier.
- Sunday 23rd - Meryl Watman is leading an easy walk from Heathcote to Engadine along pleasant bush tracks and the lovely Kanangra Creek. A cool swim at lunchtime in a crystal clear pool. 8.20 electric train, change at Sutherland.
- Xmas & New Year & Recovery (as they used to say) at Burning Palms on the Pacific Ocean. Base camp with swimming, sunning and surfing etc. for all. Drop in when you feel like it. Drop out likewise. Camp will probably be near Ranger's Hut. There is no official leader for this trip, but Bill Hall (phone 57-5145) knows this area like the back of his hand and will be able to tell you the various ways to get there.

A summer pest not mentioned by our worthy President is the lowly LEECH. The dictionary defines this biological species as "An aquatic worm furnished with a sucker, used in medicine for bleeding; formerly the name for a physician".

Leeches are really not a summer pest, they are with us always, or at least, when and where it's wet. Hence the adjective "aquatic".

Anyway, the treatment is the same as for other irritating bites. Getting them off is usually the first problem, as many victims (mainly female, including myself) are inclined to get hysterical. Quite unnecessary - the leech is pretty harmless, really. Well, for removal of the leech, a lighted cigarette, a sprinkle of salt, or any strong insect repellent such as Aerogard has fairly quick results. A band-aid over the bite to help arrest the bleeding is useful.

Kath Brown.

M O U N T A I N

E Q U I P M E N T

* * * * *

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* * * * *

THE S.B.W. XMAS PARTY 1973.

The Club party will be held in the clubrooms on Wednesday, 19th December. No dancing, just talk, food, drink and general socializing. What to Bring: A glass for drinking and a plate of party food. All drink (alcoholic, soft, punch) is supplied FREE.

Any enquiries (or offers of help), please phone 93-4830.

Elaine Brown, Social Secretary.

SOUTH-WEST TASMANIA.

Anybody wishing to attend a two-week South-West Tassy bushwalk during February, 1974, contact Bill Burke (phone 871-1207) or Spiro Ketas (phone 357-1381) as soon as possible.

Track walking most of the way and air-drops of food to be arranged.

Very spectacular scenery.

FOR SALE

An Asahi Pentax Camera (S 3) with light meter.

Please ring Ken Pearson - Home 41-7733.
