

# THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER



NEAR MT. PERINGER

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bush Walkers Incorporated, Box 4476 GPO, Sydney 2001. Club meetings are held every Wednesday evening from 7.45 pm at the Ella Community Centre, 58a Dalhousie Street, Haberfield (next to the Post Office). Prospective members and visitors are invited to visit the Club on any Wednesday. To advertise in this magazine please contact the Business Manager.

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(Deadline for July issue - Articles 29 June, Notes 6 July)

WANDERING IN WOLLEMI NATIONAL PARK

by Christina Steers

One Saturday morning in February 1988, eleven members of the Sydney Bush Walkers made direction from Mount Irvine for Tesselated Hill and Bungleboori Junction on the Wollongambe River, a distance of approximately 8 km and listed as a medium overnight walk. The day was overcast and misty, and drifts of rain blotted out the views.

A route was found down to the junction with the use of a rope on one tricky section. Dislodged rocks were a problem, and shouted warnings were frequent.

Soon after making camp amongst rocks at the river's edge, the rain thundered down. A fly shelter was erected near the fire, where a hot toddy of rum and lemon barley water was prepared to warm us. A cup was delivered to my tent, where I lay snug as night descended.

Day dawned with little promise but no rain as yet, but after we ascended the ridge at the point of the junction, making for Lost Flat Mountain, the mist floated down. Colours were intensified, as drizzle dampened the gum tree trunks, creating patterns varying in shades from rose to mustard.

At 4 pm we heard a car, and could see dwellings across the Wollongambe River, but we still had a creek and the gorge to negotiate. The leader had a good backup crew, so we arrived at the Wollongambe at the anticipated point where there was a break in the sheer rock face of the gorge. We were heartened by the sight and smell of camp fire smoke rising towards us. We descended on the ropes and tracked around the ledge to a cave where a party of four men were sheltering - one Australian and three Europeans. They had liloed in on Friday, and now faced the problem of ascending with an injured member. The Australian had dislocated his left shoulder, and his arm had been fixed at the horizontal, until reduced by one of his party. Now he held it supported in a sling, and I could only imagine his problems on the climb out the following day.

A large black kettle was boiling on their fire, which we were welcome to, provided we had the tea or coffee. The men were grateful for a cup, and also a map, and the promise to build a cairn at the point of departure from the creek, up river. We crossed the waist-deep Wollongambe River, and continued upstream to an unnamed creek. This was a bush-lover's delight, even in the eerie light of dusk, with green, mossy rocks, ferns and cascades.

We negotiated a high waterfall in the rapidly fading light, sidling along a narrow rock ledge above the deep pool below, then up with a rope and a hand-hold to the top of the waterfall, which we traversed on hands and knees under a rock overhang. From then on we depended on our night vision, or a white sandshoe one step ahead. The weird blue light of many glow-worms added enchantment to the drama. Only at the last were torches produced from wet pockets or the deep cavities of rucksacks, to light our way over boulders.

Fortunately a log in the stream bed, familiar to the leader, had not budged, and a small cairn was built as promised. We ascended the hillside rapidly with torches held in our mouths, but we were beaten at the top by a cliff-face which gave nothing away.

At 10 pm, those who had said that there was no question but that they had to be back in Sydney that night, had weakened, and dying batteries were the deciding factor. A convenient low cave and overhang to accommodate all eleven of us materialised, for which we were enormously grateful. Food and water were in short supply, but everyone had a nibble before we settled down in the cold, still night. For an hour I shivered in my damp thermal jacket and light sleeping bag, then made a frantic, noisy search for my few remaining leathery apricots which miraculously warmed me.

We were up at first light, pulling on soggy clothing, then in high spirits made our way rapidly up through the rock face. By 9 am we were on the Mount Wilson-Mount Irvine bitumen road where one of the cars was parked. Whilst drivers motored off, we built a fire and reminisced over our recent challenging experiences.

The leadership was commendable. Oliver was also cold, tired and hungry, but maintained his calm as he reconnoitred the way ahead. We came through unscathed and reassured that it is no great disaster to have an unscheduled night in the bush. It is just wise to carry emergency rations - and to protect wrist watches. Two were lost while scrambling up the creek.

NOTE:- This SBW walk was first published in the CMW magazine. ED.

\* \* \* \* \*

SHEILA BINNS, HONORARY MEMBER SBW

The Committee has invited Sheila Binns to become an honorary member of the Club. I am happy to report that Sheila has accepted the invitation. The letter from Helen Gray below outlines Sheila's career with the Club and gives some idea, the tip of the iceberg, of the work Sheila has done for SBW. On behalf of all in SBW, congratulations Sheila.

209 Malton Road, Epping, 2121.  
27.4.88.

The President & Committee,  
Sydney Bush Walkers.

Dear Barry & Friends,

As a member of last year's 60th Anniversary Committee, I'm proud of being part of the group which nominated Kath and Jim Brown to Honorary Active Membership. However it has been on my mind for some time that an equally deserving member was overlooked (probably because she has been away from Sydney for a couple of years and did not spring readily to mind). I refer to Sheila Binns, a tireless worker for our Club throughout all her years as an active member.

Sheila was a regular leader of walks for about 20 years. She took on her first official job in the fifties on the very night she became a member - that of Treasurer. Following that, Sheila was Secretary for four separate terms, serving in this position for a total of ten years and one month, and Minutes Secretary at least twice (a further four years). Another job she took on was that of keeping the membership list up-to-date and printing the address labels for the magazine. This she did every month from 1968, when we first started mailing the magazine to members, until well into the 1980s. (It was not until Sheila retired and moved from Sydney and the job was taken over by Steve Brown, then Patrick James and now Barry Wallace, that the importance and size of this job was appreciated.)

As Sheila is now well settled in Moss Vale and unlikely to return to active walking with SBW, I think it a fitting time to show that she is remembered and her past work still appreciated by making her an Honorary Member. We would be setting no precedent; on looking through our list of members I can see no other so deserving of our thanks.

Thus I would like to recommend that the committee consider making Sheila Binns an Honorary Member of the Sydney Bush Walker.

Yours sincerely,  
HELEN GRAY.

Following the above letter it was resolved at the Committee Meeting on 4th May 1988 that Sheila be invited to become an Honorary Member. Our secretary wrote to Sheila to this effect. Sheila replied that she would be delighted to become an Honorary Member. On further questioning Sheila said she was pleased, delighted, honored, thrilled and tickled pink. Good thinking, Helen.

EDITOR.

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Recollections of Charlie Brown's Christys Creek  
to Arabanoo Creek Trip

by Jack Higgs

Though much time has past since this trip, the benefit of distant hindsight often leads to fonder memories and a more fictional recollection than the factual details inherent in instantly taking pen to paper. After all herein lies Dot Butler's deserved reputation as a great raconteur, whereby a happy assimilation of fact and fiction marry to form a great story.

The party met in Katoomba at Charlie's recommended preference to Papadinos which I now think might have been my first disagreement with my leader as I didn't think it rose to the same heights, but then who am I to contradict one who has been nurtured on Margaret's magnificent curries.

Camp was made that night in a spot near Mount Bindo (I can keep a secret, Charlie) in magnificent tableland forest country with soft grass which set the tent pegs a-ringing. The outer warmth of a fire and the inner warmth of a dram of fortification set the mind at peace and gave the body an inner glow which meant a tranquil night's sleep before the rigours of the next day.

The rigours of the day certainly started in a tempestuous fashion as we had barely packed camp and were blithely travelling on the Kanangra Road; when we screeched to a halt and appeared to be set upon by a band of brigands in various states of strange dress and of strange appearance. Fazeley appeared unphased (nothing Freudian in this) which was a great comfort to me, being a new chum in this scene. With trepidation I emerged from the car and tentatively approached this odd band who were acting in a strange form of communication with what I now perceived were my equally strange kinfolk. I was finally reassured when I recognised David Rostron appearing more as the subject of an insurance claim rather than the investigator. It gradually dawned that this was also a party of Sydney Bushies and again a sense of foreboding crept through me as I had a weekend ahead of me with a similar bunch and I'd always had reservations about Charlie as I thought he'll probably get me down in some chasm and auction off my sandshoes!

We finally set off across Marrilan Heath with my map and compass in hand as a duty to Peter Miller who had only let me through the navigation test on his good graces. Thankfully under Mount Colboyd rather than over, we travelled and dropped off Mount Great Groaner which seemed synonymous with the nature of the country and my feelings at the time. On the precipitous descent into Christy's Creek, Maurie astounded everybody by performing a triple somersault with pike and landing on his feet at the head of the queue. "My God," I thought, "they're competitive, this group, they'll do anything to get in front of the leader."

The gaining of Christy's Creek enabled Kerry to indulge in one of her little foibles of having a chat whilst standing in the centre of the creek. Fazeley was the unfortunate fellow communicant when she would have rather been standing in the blackberries on the side.

Lunch was taken at Central Christy's and Charlie set off with rod in right hand and license in left in an endeavour to rid these streams of the introduced predator, the ubiquitous trout. He returned some little time after with two goodly specimens which purely for reasons of not liking to see waste, we therefore ate. That is we ate them after Margaret had resourcefully produced aluminium foil. No lemon though, which I thought was a bit poor.

About this time we were joined (thankfully after we'd eaten the trout) by two Kamerukas, descending Christy's Creek. This was a privilege indeed as they were our only sighting of endangered species on the whole trip.

After giving my son Jeremy a lecture (I do a lot of that) about not trying to keep his feet dry as he'd have to wade at some stage, we were last to leave the lunch spot and within 100 metres the rest of the party who were ahead were greeted by loud howls of mirth from Jem as his all-knowing Dad had disregarded his own profound advice and had ended upon his arse in a pool of water whilst trying to avoid wading.

The beauty of nature with the dense foliage on the creek rising to the bony ridges above, was enhanced by the sight of nature in naked form as we came round a bend to see the party devoid of their motley garb and awaiting Charlie playing with his mechano-set flying fox and that I trust was all. Packs descended over and bodies descended into a pool and our Kameruka friends departed downstream.

The highlight of the trip occurred shortly after when a monster trout was sighted in a deep pool. And so started the 'great trout hunt', all with the highest ideals of ridding the stream of these exotic introductions. Clothes were again discarded and Donny waded in to attempt to cajole the trout out of deep water. The fish initially seemed willing to be seduced but suddenly saw the folly of its ways. In any event it departed downstream in great haste, pursued by the Finch, flying low (and not even a water bird) and appearing like a cross between a blue hairy yowie and an outcast from the Bolshoi ballet. The flight of the Finch, to the accompanying chorus of Wendy's "Oh, that Donny, he's a hunter" goes down in my memory as one of my greatest wilderness experiences.

Others joined the fray and Kerry observed from midstream. Finally it was left to George, a prospective at that time, to come up with a 4½ lb prize. George's dexterity was thereafter greatly admired by the ladies of the party.

Camp was struck at a civilised hour and Carol unselfishly sacrificed her prestige tent site so our mini Taj Mahal could be erected and in turn she turned to nestle in the nettles. Happy Hour preceded dinner and trout supper was accompanied by Wendy's melodius refrains. Our campsite was idyllic, on a bank close to the creek in a coachwood grove and with the constant murmuring of the creek on one side and the periodic gurgling of Jeff's attempt to raise the local water table on the uphill side.

After the intense drama of the first day, the next day was somewhat more mundane. Memories of the beauty of the creek, the junction with Arabanoo, the walk down to the majestic Kowmung, flood back. Memories of Kerry standing in thread being seen to light a cigarette and Wendy was seen to snarl, again come to mind.

The ascent up Arabanoo Creek was again interspersed with endeavour to rid the stream of the noxious interlopers, but to no avail. Again Charlie produced his mechano set and Kerry was seen 'ad medium filum' extinguishing a cigarette; Wendy was seen to smile.

Charlie knew a direct route up a spur to Glandfields Lookout which was a quick exit and certainly better than continuing upstream with the numerous difficulties of negotiating waterfalls.

Back at the cars we ran across some masochistic acquaintances of Charlie who had run the Six Foot Track marathon the day before and had felt like some further flagellation the next day.

Many thanks to you all for a really enjoyable trip, the memories of which probably bear no relationship to the actual events of the excursion.

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THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

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&  
C



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M Y R M E C I A

One February Sunday-noon  
 They bashed across  
 To Mount Myuna,  
 Shoes and boots,  
 Two score and more,  
 Trampling Emmett's tenancies.

Brave David scrambled up Goliath's Volleys\*,  
 Scaled the hairy, moving lollies,  
 Into cave-like Stubbies\*  
 Attacking inner Underdaks\*.  
 "Oh Dave! Where is thy sting?"  
 Embedded in Goliath's skin!

Yells of curses and alarm,  
 The walker's pants are down,  
 Stingose\* splashed on those  
 That pain afire;  
 The bull-ant swept  
 To ground to (sadly) die.

When invading hordes of human feet  
 Tramp the Wild's territory  
 Bringing pain and fear;  
 Walkers, give some thought  
 To creatures small,  
 Especially genus MYRMECIA.

\* Registered trade marks.

(Anonymous victim)

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THE SYDNEY BUSH WALKERS INCORPORATED - ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS 1988

Single active member	\$25
Household (Single plus \$15 for each extra person)	
Non-active member	\$ 6
"    "    "    plus magazine	\$18
Magazine subscription only	\$12

Please attach your cheque/money order to the form provided on the last page of March or April magazine and post to The Treasurer, Sydney Bush Walkers Incorporated, Box 4476 GPO, Sydney, 2001. If a receipt is required please send a stamped self-addressed envelope.

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A FEW THOUGHTS FROM VICTORIA

by Sandra Bardwell

It was good to read Dave Rostron's account of his walk in Victoria's high country in the April 1988 edition. I hope that readers will overlook the inclement weather the party endured and succumb to the temptation to venture across the border to explore some of "our" fine walking country.

However, I am not writing a promotional feature, but expressing concern on two counts engendered by Dave's story.

Firstly, the intrepid eight were not merely walking in "Victoria's Alps" - they spent nearly all their time in a national park! Bogong National Park to be precise. Perhaps this year, the State's Parliament willing, the park will become part of a much larger Alpine National Park, contiguous with Kosciusko National Park. Victoria's national parks (and similar reserves) are now managed by the Department of Conservation, Forests and Lands, which includes among its disparate parts, a National Parks & Wildlife Division - which does not have direct responsibility for park management!

Secondly, and of greater concern, is the apparent obsession with lighting fires for cooking and warmth, which has been noticeable in other trip accounts in the magazine too. For example, how wasteful of energy (if not almost silly) to walk 200-300 metres from Federation Hut to find wood!

Certainly, during my apprenticeship with SBW in the early 1980s and for many years afterwards elsewhere, a fire was an integral part of each night's camp. However, in the last few years, as bushwalking has grown rapidly and enormously in popularity, campfires have flickered into disfavour. The main reasons are:

- ° dwindling timber supplies at popular campsites
- ° awareness of the ecological value of dead timber
- ° aversion for the ugly scars left on the ground by campfires

Portable stoves, or choofers, are now IN and fires are OUT (except in a dire emergency when the need for warmth is crucial).

This article of faith has been a key feature of the Minimum Impact Bushwalking campaign being waged in Tasmania (see Wild 23, Summer 1987). It will be emphasised in the forthcoming Visitors Codes for the Australian Alps National Parks, to be produced by NSW, ACT and Victoria with the help of the Australian National Parks & Wildlife Service. In Victoria, the Department of Conservation, Forests and Lands stresses the preferability of stoves, especially in national parks, and especially near and above the tree line, at every opportunity.

Stoves make cooking quick, safe and easy. They are now light in weight, economical and easy to use. While Dave's party was hunting for wood at Federation Hut, I would have had a cup of tea and would have been well on the way to serving dinner. With a stove there are no disasters with wobbly billies, no singed fingers and hands. True, a stove does not exude atmosphere and it doesn't readily encourage conviviality, as a fire does. But a stove does not make an enjoyable evening unthinkable or impossible. True again, you have to carry a stove and the necessary fuel, but a pound or two isn't much of a price to pay for helping to keep the bush intact.

So please, Sydney Bushies, give stoves a try and confine fires to properly constructed fireplaces, where wood is provided or naturally abundant.

\* \* \* \* \*

Minimum Impact Bushwalking - seems excellent theory especially at or near the timber line. In practice the impact of even a large number of bushwalkers and their fires is insignificant compared to one bushfire. Readers comments are invited - EDITOR.



THE MAY GENERAL MEETING

by Barry Wallace

The time was around 2011 when the President called the 30 or so members present to order and began the May General Meeting.

There were apologies from Alan Mewett, Kenn Clacher, Denise Shaw and Don Finch. New members Suzanne and Bill Blackwell were called for welcome but only Bill was present.

The Minutes of last month's meeting were read and received, the only business arising being mention that the printing instructional day will be scheduled sometime after June. Further debate on Coolana was deferred to General Business.

Correspondence brought a letter from Tom Moppett requesting Club historical details, a copy of minutes from the latest FBW meeting, notice that the Kameruka Bushwalking Club has been disbanded, notice of a general meeting of Natural Areas Limited, a letter from Jim Brown querying the accuracy of non-active subscriptions published recently, a letter from Helen Gray proposing that Sheila Binns be granted Honorary Membership, and two letters of resignation, one from Rod Peters in Canberra and the other from Sheila Binns. Correspondence out comprised letters to new members, and a letter to Sheila offering Hon. Membership. Somehow or other business arising brought notice that the Taxation Department has ruled that SBW is not required to lodge a tax return.

At this stage the Treasurer was still knee deep in alligators in a corner, so we granted her plea for mercy and passed on, you guessed it, to the Walks Report.

Oliver Crawford opened proceedings with a novelty item, a two day walk where it rained and the 8 people present completed the walk on time. Alan Doherty reported 12 starters on his Cox River walk experiencing some problems with swollen streams. Hans Stichter's Glenbrook day walk had 20 starters, 5 of whom abandoned the effort after showers at the start.

Over the weekend 22 to 25 April George Walton cancelled his Kowmung River weekend trip, but Carol Bruce reported fine sunny weather and pleasant country for the 7 people who attended her Coolangubra walk. Bill Capon had 9 starters enjoying his Newhaven Gap, Clyde River walk in muddy conditions with good weather. Maurie Bloom had 21 on his Budawangs walk, sloshing across the marshy surface under sunny skies. Errol Sheedy had 28 on his Kangaroo Creek day walk in fine conditions and the Splendour Rock Anzac Day Remembrance saw 70 members from 13 clubs enjoying campfire singing, poetry, and later, the sunrise.

Whether by blind chance or otherwise there was some re-shuffling of walks which left the last weekend in April, a very wet weekend, devoid of all walks save Kenn Clacher's Newhaven Gap trip, which he wisely cancelled.

The weekend of 6,7,8 May saw Les Powell and the party of 4 on his Timboolina walk swimming the flooded Shoalhaven and reversing the sequence of the walk to cope with the aftermath of the rains. At least there was no shortage of water. Jim Percy led a party of 10 on his Kanangra Creek trip. Again the waters forced changes, as they abandoned plans to ascend Murdering Gully. Ian Debert had 10 on a shortened version of his Megalong Valley birthday walk. Of the day walks, Alan Mewett led 14 on his Gundaman area walk, where, due no doubt to generally sloppy time control, they emerged 14 minutes early. It won't do you know! Morie Ward's day walk has been transferred to the following weekend and the next Walks Report.

The Treasurer's Report indicated that we began the month with \$2534.42, received income of \$1674.15, spent \$645.82 and closed with a balance of \$3562.75.

General Business revealed that the Coolana transfer has been returned from the Stamp Duties Office and so the transfer is now registered.

Despite various lines of investigation and a good deal of undeserved animosity towards them, it appears the Coolana ticks are there to stay.

The Gestetner duplicator is to be advertised in the Club magazine.... any takers?

The meeting closed at around 2116.

\* \* \* \* \*



# eastwood camping centre

## BUSHWALKERS

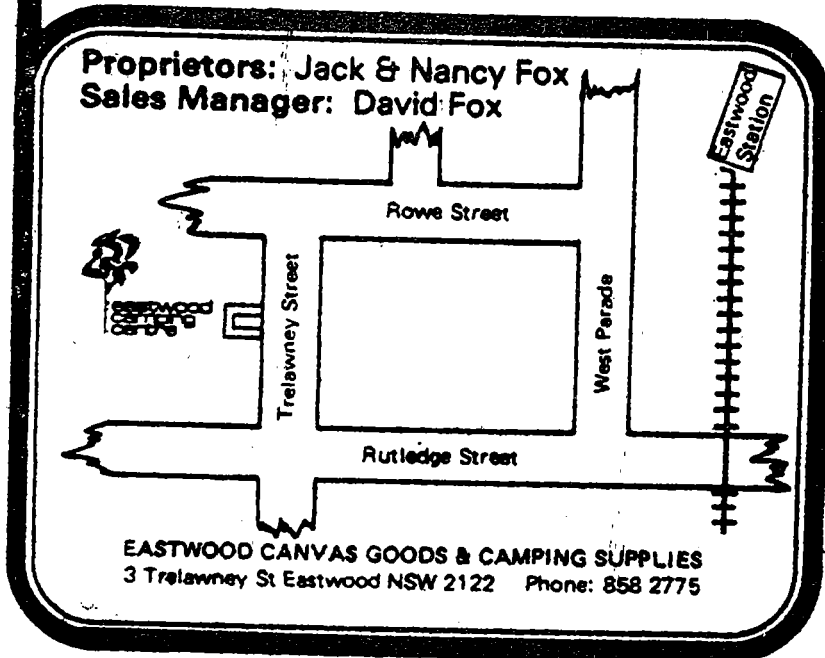
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FEDERATION OF BUSHWALKING CLUBS NSW - Report of May Meeting.

by Spiro Hajinakitas

Tim Moore is to meet with a small delegation from FBW. Roger Lembit will bring up the issue of tracks and access to National Parks and the intrusion of 4 WD and horse riders; Keith Maxwell - insurance; Herb Lippmann - education; Gordon Lee - Logging, rainforests, national parks clean ups; Ian Wilson (or Tim Coffey) - Warragamba.

A letter from Brian Harvey praising FBW for the fine effort in organising the Anzac Service at Splendour Rock. Also a letter to say that The Kameruka Club has ceased to exist.

Gordon Lee requires articles for the Newsletter. Gordon's address: 2/22 Sunbeam Avenue, Enfield 2136.

Kowmung Report: Any last minute suggestions to be included in Ian Wilson's submission to the Government please ring Ian 517 2962 (H) before 8 pm or work 27 7766.

Tracks & Access: The Government has established a National Parks Access Committee which Roger Lembit fears will be favourable to 4 WD particularly in Wollemi and Blue Mountains N.P. Dave Noble urges all Clubs to write to Mr. Moore and protest strongly. Roger's new phone number is (049) 33 7961.

Search & Rescue: 1. Lost couple in Mt. Kuringai 13 May found (by accident) by a member of S & R out on a cycling trip. 2. Renewed search for crashed plane 7 years ago will take place in October. 3. S & R training weekend 23/24 JULY - a 24 hr rogaine in Northern Budawangs, map Endrick ref.gr. 377073.

Gordon Lee is leading a SBW CLEAN UP of the DEX CREEK AREA on 6/7 August. All interested helpers are welcome to attend.

\* \* \* \* \*

FEDERATION SEARCH & RESCUE - JULY TRAINING WEEKEND

"The 1988 Bicentennial radio controlled Rogaine"

- WHEN? Saturday and Sunday 23rd & 24th July
- WHERE? Northern Budawangs. Base G R 377073
- WHAT? A 24 hour Rogaine with checkpoints to suit both beginners and hotshot navigators.
- WHO? Any member of a Federation Bushwalking Club who is 18 years or over
- WHAT TO BRING? Your compass, volleys and a copy of Endrick 1:25000

For further details phone Bob Cavill on 520.5634

"WILL YOUR CLUB FIND THE MOST CHECK POINTS?"

(This is NOT a bicentennially funded project)

\* \* \* \* \*

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

Having been approached by our Walks Secretary to 'fill some gaps' on the walks program, I decided that I would offer some walks for the benefit of our walking club.

I suggested to our Walks Secretary that he might include, next to my home phone number, "call between 6 pm - 9 pm only", this having been included in all but one of my walks listings.

During the two weeks prior to the walk where this information was not included, I received several phone enquiries from members at various times of the day, including 6.10 am on a week day, and several after 10.00 pm.

Whilst I don't criticise our Walks Secretary for having inadvertently excluded the contact times from the program, I am rather critical and disappointed that intending walk participants do not use some commonsense and courtesy, when it comes to phoning walks leaders.

Some leaders, including myself, have young families and do not possess "night owl" traits, as obviously some of our other club members do.

I ask that intending walks participants show some courtesy to walks leaders and commonsense when it comes to contacting leaders prior to a programmed walk.

Perhaps some of our members would better appreciate the role of a leader if they would in turn become leaders themselves.

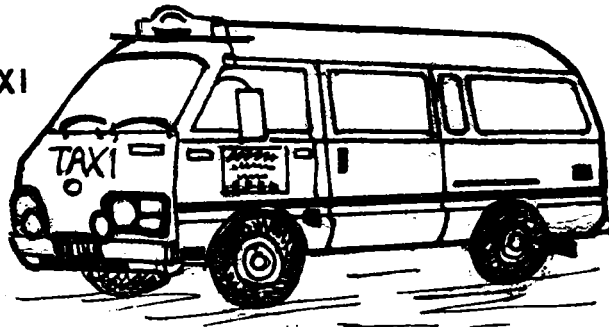
HANS STICHTER.

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## **BELVEDERE TAXIS BLACKHEATH**

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SPRING WALKS PROGRAM - From JOHN PORTER, our Walks Secretary.

Would all walks leaders and intending walks leaders ensure that they give to me at their earliest convenience walks to go on the Spring Program so as there is ample time to collate, type and proof read the walks before they go to printing.

I attend nearly every Wednesday night at the club rooms so as you may write your own walks details onto the program. I will accept walks addressed to me via the club postal address GPO Box 4476 Sydney 2001. The number and types of walks depend on people willing to put walks onto the program.

The closing date for the Spring Program is Friday, 29 July, 1988.

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VOLLEY FOOT

by Dr. Mac \*

With the colder weather now on us one of the more unpleasant maladies that afflicts bushwalkers becomes more prevalent. I refer to Volley Foot. This disease affects all forms of bush walking life, that is to say male, female, casual, tiger, day and weekend types of walkers.

Symptoms: Unpleasant odour from the feet area, an increase in the diameter of the circle of confidence, a desire to increase the distance between the feet and the nose. Secondary signs are damp socks usually accompanied by damp volleys.

Treatment: Treatment is simple and cure rate about 99%. Copious quantities of soap and water, the later preferably hot. In severe cases removal of the volleys and exchange with fresh dressing. The discarded volleys should be incinerated to prevent re-occurrence of the malady.

(\* Dr. Mac is a nom-de-plume assumed for ethical reasons.)

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CLUB AUCTION

Wednesday, 27th July

This is our annual Club Auction. Please bring along anything you may wish to dispose of - whether it be of a bushwalking nature or not. You may put a reserve on any article and if the reserve is reached this amount will go to you. Any amount beyond the reserve goes to the Club. CHARLIE BROWN will be the auctioneer. Charlie's auctioneering style will be guaranteed to amuse you even if you buy or sell nothing. An evening of entertainment is assured and (hopefully) the Club will make a profit as well.

Don't forget to bring your MONEY!

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Spiro Hajinakitas - 34/1 Tewkesbury Avenue, Darlinghurst. 2010. Telephone 332 3452

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MORAG RYDER now has a home telephone number - 809 4241.

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FOOTNOTES

- ° A PRINTING INSTRUCTION DAY will be organised soon for all those aspiring inky devils - watch this space for further details.
- ° What you missed No.1. 32 happy people gathered at the Club Rooms to literally wrap-up the May edition of the Sydney Bushwalker, your magazine. It really is quite sociable to sit and chat as you collate, staple, wrap, gum and label each magazine. Next time why don't you come along.
- ° What you missed No.2. The bush dance organised by the FBW on 13 May attracted 140 devotees of this form of exercise: a mixture of bush walking, jogging, and tap dancing. The hall was filled with members from 13 walking clubs. The event returned a profit of \$500. It is believed the band was "Cabbage Spire". A good, hot, sweaty time was had by all.
- ° Take note the Federation Ball will be held on 16th Sept. at the Lane Cove Town Hall. This really is a bush dance, dress is casual to very informal and is usually good fun. The various Clubs organise and decorate their tables. Watch this space for further details.
- ° Fazeley Read is out of hospital and mending slowly and surely. To set the record straight Fazeley's accident happened when she was on foot and crossing a Pedestrian Crossing. Maybe a motor bike is safer after all!
- ° Sixty odd years ago when SBW was founded a young lad of 9 was living in Drummoyne. Now in 1988 the Club is reasonably well established and the young lad is a mature gentleman of 70. Happy birthday Jim Brown, congratulations on your three score and ten from all at The Sydney Bushwalker and from your many friends in SBW.
- ° Congratulations to Sheila Binns our latest Honorary Member, see the report elsewhere in this issue.
- ° Barbara Bruce after intensive French lessons has gone off walking to the Marquesas Islands. Can we hope for an evenly tanned Barbara to give demonstration of traditional island dancing complete with grass skirt and smile at the Club Rooms on her return?
- ° Splendour Rock 1. A commercial pilot flying over Splendour Rock on Sunday 24th April reported a small bushfire. The Water Board Ranger when contacted by 2-way radio reported that it was just the campfires of the 70 or so bushwalkers camped overnight before the sunrise ceremony.
- ° Splendour Rock 2. The Blue Mountains RSL were impressed with the bushwalkers' Anzac Day activities.
- ° Joy Hynes and Ian Debert returned from holidays in beautiful Victoria with the news that their car had been broken into and their valuables stolen. What does one do with cars left unattended whilst enjoying the bush? Any comments?
- ° And talking of Victoria, in this issue we have a contribution from the Melbourne branch of the SBW. A report from the Canberra branch would be appreciated.
- ° On 24th September there will be a Coolana working bee plus bush dance at Woolaway.
- ° A Custom Revived: Dinner before social meetings - third Wednesday each month. 15th June and 20th July we all gather at the MEKONG Restaurant, 64 Dalhousie Street, at 6.30 pm. Other venues to be announced.
- ° July 20th - A 15 minute Video featuring "Walk Softly" (lent by Tasmanian Wilderness Society) to be followed by Members Slides of their holiday trips, either in Australia or abroad.
- ° July 27th - Club Auction.
- ° ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS - see Page 7.

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