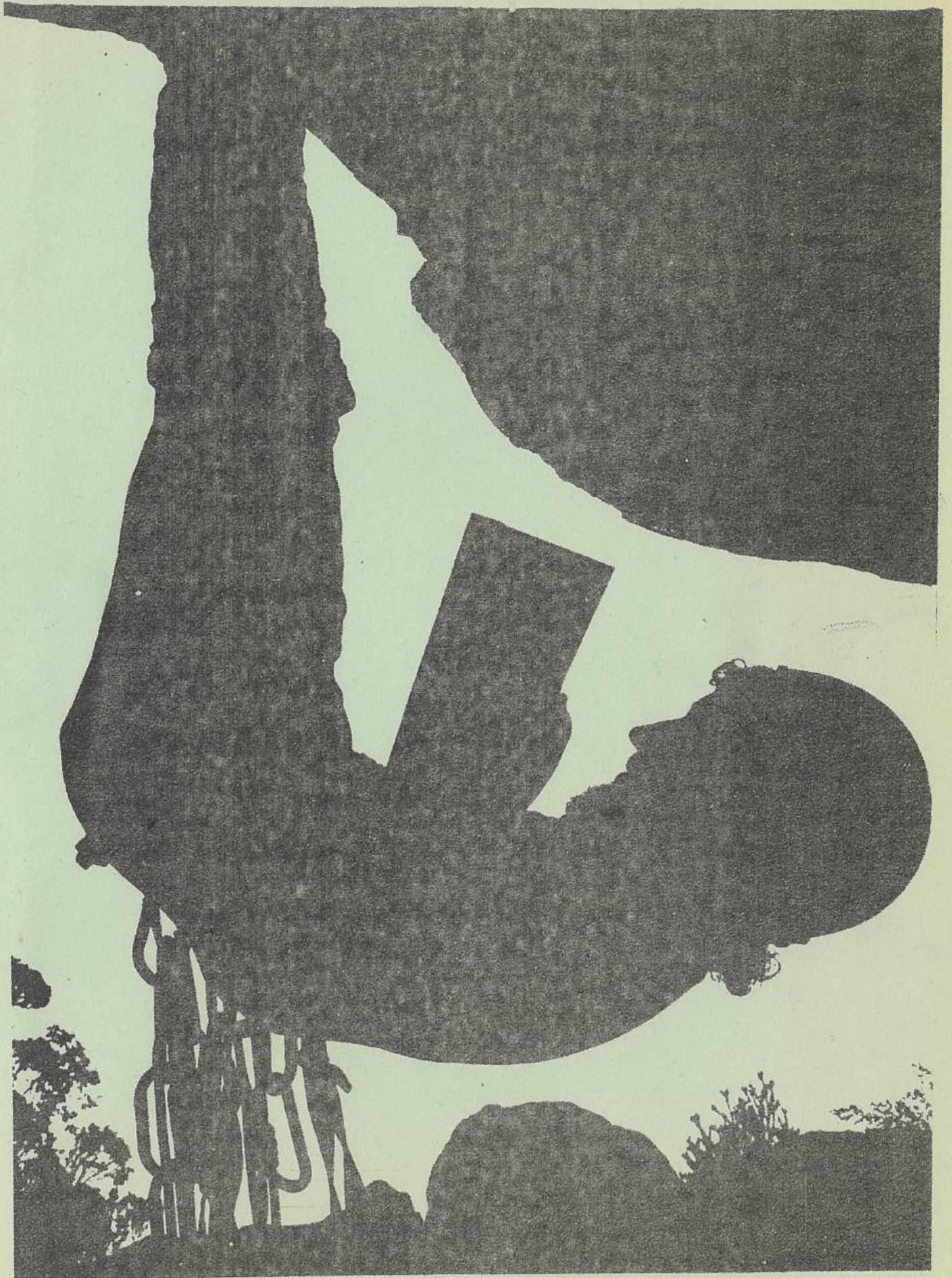


MOBSAC



THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW SOUTH WALES BUSHWALKING & MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

By walking through the door to a club meeting, you will not automatically become a member of the UNSW Bushwalking and Mountaineering Club. It takes many trips and many shared experiences for you to fully appreciate and understand the backbone of our club.

Official membership is relatively easy, requiring a few club trips and demonstration of basic bushcraft skills, but to be totally involved with the club, thereby reaping the greatest benefit, you must live through many experiences similar to those related on the following pages.

The companionship and survival of shared happiness, as well as misfortune creates a strong bond with others who have been there and know what it's like.

We welcome you to our club.

Meetings are held on the second Tuesday of the month at 6.30pm in the Roundhouse or Stage III.
(Check display board at entrance to Roundhouse for location of meeting.)

L. VINING

WHAT IS MOBSAC?

Mobsac is a magazine produced by the people for the people of the U.N.S.W. Bushwalking and Mountaineering Club.

We look forward to a production about every three months, whenever a club member will take on the role of editor. You can be an editor - no specific skills are required.

Mobsac is - representing many of the activities which interest club members.

M is for Mountaineering. Members rock climb and mountaineer as close as the Blue Mountains and as distant as Antarctica. One club member is presently climbing in the Swiss Alps. Snow and ice climbing in the N.Z. Alps is one of the Club's favourite summer time activities. Several years ago there was a club expedition to South America, while last year an expedition to climb Balls Pyramid was successful.

O is for Orienteering. Last year our club was host to the Australia wide Intervarsity 24 Hour Orienteering Event.

B is for Bushwalking. Whether the satisfaction of moving efficiently through rugged untracked wilderness, with only a map and compass is your thing, or whether a gentle nature track with frequent stops to examine the flora and fauna appeals to you, you will find club leaders and club trips to suit you.

With the descent of Arathusa Creek in 1946 a new form of bush-walking developed - Canyoning.

It's a new sport that involves the decent of a creek through canyons wherever they may flow - over waterfalls, through pools, in tunnels and along slots and gorges. It's a wilderness activity in a world that few people realise exists, if ever, have a chance of experiencing.

Canyons are slots, where a creek has cut into the underlying rock beds, forming chambers, cauldrons, tunnels and narrow fissures. Pool and waterfalls are numerous, log jams of huge cedar trees hinder progress, freezing water, little sunlight, cold air and towering walls give a feeling of awe and the awarness of a presence. Ferns, moss, dampness, the inevitable snakes and deafening noise of churning water make this a world that few dare intrude.

The reason for their formation is unsure although some people suggest the influence of a soft sandstone layer and the size of the catchment. Canyons over much of the Blue Mountains and present day discoveries of new sections in unexplored areas are a regular occurrence.

Little equipment is needed - a pair of sandshoes, swimmers, a day sack, a couple of plastic bags, some abseil gear and perhaps an airbed.

With the election of a Canyoning convenor in late '78, a proper instruction weekend will be held for the adventurous on 24 & 25th of March. Saturday will involve a descent on airbeds (a must) through the slots and gorges of the Wollangambe River near Mt. Wilson. Placid pools, occasional sun soaked rocks and exciting side canyons make this an ideal first canyon. Sunday morning and we will be able to show you how to abseil, followed by a descent of Grand Canyon - a narrow slot that requires an abseil at the start and a compulsory swim to finish. You are welcome to participate in both trips over the weekend or just one if you have other commitments. For more information, don't hesitate to ring me.

BILL BLUNT
Canyoning Convenor
Ph: 811317 (home)

THE PURIST

*I give you now Professor Twist,
A conscientious scientist.
Trustees exclaimed, "He never bungles!"
And sent him off to distant jungles.
Camped on a tropic riverside,
One day he missed his loving bride.
She had, the guide informed him later,
Been eaten by an alligator.
Professor Twist could not but smile.
"You mean," he said, "a crocodile."*

OGDEN NASH.

S is for Skiing.

Cross country skiing is the winter sport of many members, although some have been known to don down hill skis when nobody was watching. Club members have been to and are presently in New Zealand, Europe, America, Snowy Mountains, Scott Base.

S sometimes stands for a bit of sailing.

A is for abseiling i.e. the skill of descending a cliff by rope. The technique is used extensively for canyoning, rockclimbing and mountaineering. Instructionals are held now and then.

C is for everything else.

Canyoning - The Blue Mountains has hidden in its boundary some of the best canyons in Australia. Definitely a summer sport. Hard or easy - take your pick.

Canoeing - Caveing

Although there are specific clubs on campus for these activities many members enjoy an occassional trip.

Cycling

There are an increasing number of Cycling touring trips appearing on our programme of activities. The Bushwalker and cyclist use the same gear, only the pace is a little fast on a bicycle.

"Since 80% of Greece is mountainous it provides good sport for the alpinist, skier and mountaineer."

True but incorrect.

Yes, Greece is a mountainous land with the highest peaks over 2900m. The snow descends to 1300m. However, the mountains are easy and no special techniques are required to ascend them. Quite comparable to the Victorian highlands, on a larger scale.

Winter sports are quite undeveloped in Greece so one finds all the peace and tranquility one desires when stepping off the lightly beaten track. The snow falls in December, whilst January, February are the best months.

Mt. Parnasses (2450m) is a good example of skiing in Greece - extremely well developed facilities, as good as you would wish for and only 150 people using them mid-week for \$2.50 a day ticket (students/club members) otherwise a staggering \$12.50. I went there with Dave & Rosita Sanders and had a great time skiing and basking in the glorious sunshine whilst overlooking the soiled blue Mediterranean Sea.

Next landfall was the Olympus massif (2900m). To all outward appearances my cousin and I were going there to spend Christmas in order to do a lot of walking, skiing and snowcamping. Fools that we were! The true inner and secret motive was to visit "me ol' friends" Aphrodite and Eros. The approach from Litchoron sounded easy - drive to 1100m then walk up to 2100m where there was a refuge. Full of spirit we started. I was loaded up with all the usual paraphernalia, my cousin with sleeping bags and duvets. One hour later and 200m higher we had to stop and camp. My cousin had forgotten essentials! Zut!

On the morrow I hotted up towards the refuge, and hopefully one of the peaks. To welcome me Aphrodite spread a white carpet of welcome. I nearly turned red with anger as it happened to be knee deep at 2000m and steadily getting deeper. Talks about being over exuberant in her welcome.

Not put off by mountains and snow we decided to try our luck at skiing. 150kms later saw us Seli, one of THE resorts. It was ??? Smiggen's Holes would put it to shame. The lift was not functioning. Why not? Too much wind. What wind? Higher up. Oooh! What about later? Don't know, there is no electricity anyway. Grrrrr. Off with ski boots and on with super guides and crampons for a trot and a ski in the mountains away from lift and all.

This time was going to be it. We would drive to Ellassona and then continue to a refuge at 1900m on the backside of Olympos. The refuge area was jointly shared by the Greek Alpine troops. Scene: one dark, windy and wintry night with two torches flashing in front of soldiers after 17kms of steep dirt road. Is the refuge here? No its 300m further on. Oh! But you'll never make it there. Why not? There's too much mud on the road. (What mud?) Anyway come for a cup of tea and you are welcome to sleep in the barracks (typical Greek overhospitality). Do you want anything to eat? Have you got enough food? Here take these rations.

Loaded up our sacks and walked to the refuge using a short-cut. It turned out the following morning that the road was not impassable.

Most Skiing enthusiasts have visited Blue Lake in the winter months when everything is shrouded in White and the lake surface is as solid and immobile as the surrounding cliffs. Blue Lake in summer is a sight to be seen. Remnants of snow in December are reminders of its seasonal change in beauty.

As well as the visual splendour of the region there are two other great advantages of visiting the Snowy in Summer. The weather is refreshingly cool and invigorating to illustrate this point let me mention an extreme case we spotted of a woman tourist, fresh from her motor car, wearing 3 cardigans and an overcoat. Walking soon warms the blood, but go prepared. The traffic is comparatively light - that is on-track and on-road traffic. It's hard to imagine that this place in winter is a human ant nest.

A very pleasant, easy 11km walk starts from the top of Mt. Kosciusko (the shuttle bus takes you very close to the summit). From this vantage point over the alpine landscape you can preview the route you are about to take.

The walk, along a well-worn track, has much to offer - elongated Lake Albina (a feature of the glacial landscape), Club Lake Carruther's Peak, a grandstand which affords an unequalled view along the line of the Great Divide, and of course Blue Lake which is the largest and deepest of the glacial lakes, probably resulting from excavation at the point of convergence of three valley glaciers.

Blue Lake is so lovely that it would be a pity to simply stop, look and pass on. My suggestion is to start the walk after lunch one day, camp at Blue Lake, then walk out to Charlottes Pass the next morning.

Two alternate routes will lead you to Charlottes Pass. We tried the track down the Blue Lake Valley via Hedley Tarn, but wouldn't recommend it because of fairly thick scrub. The other way is to follow a signposted path just past Soil Conservation Hut which takes you gradually down to the Snowy River.

This is only one of many walks in the Snowy. For more information and maps on the area refer to "Snowy Mountains Walks" Compiled and published by:

The Geehi Club Box 344 P.O. Cooma, NSW 2630.

LINDA VINING.

Did you know that \$11 of the money you pay every year to belong to this establishment goes to the Sports Association? Ever wonder what happens to it after that? Well dear reader, part of that eleven dollars goes towards buying equipment for the University of New South Wales Bushwalking and Mountaineering Club. Isn't that incentive enough to join the club?

Okay, so you don't care what happens to your money. What about meeting people? If your new to University or even if you've been here a few years how many people do you know around the university? The best way I know of to meet new people is to join a club. If you're a bushwalker or climber then the Bushwalking and Mountaineering Club is where you should be.

What about experienced walkers? Good question. Let me answer it with another. Have you been to Buggery? No? well we have club members who have. Or what about New Zealand. Haven't been there either? Well you don't know what you've been missing. So you can see that even for the experienced bushwalker joining the Bushwalking and Mountaineering Club can show a whole new range of experiences you had never even thought of before.

Here's something else you may not know. Each year an Intervarsity Orienteering Competition is held. What's that you ask? Well its slogging around in the bush for twenty four hours trying to navigate your way around a lot of different checkpoints. Sounds like fun? Well ask someone who was in this years event. They loved running around in the rain. Didn't you gang?

Probably one of the best reasons for joining the U.N.S.W. Bushwalking and Mountaineering Club is the diversity of activities we undertake. If you're a bushwalker who would like to try rockclimbing, then go ahead. We cater for most of the rucksack sports including bushwalking, rockclimbing, mountaineering, ski touring and orienteering so if you would like to diversity your interests or specialize in one the B.M.C. can cater to your every whim.

So if your'r a fresher who wants to get to know people and experience something different or an old hand who wants to become more specialized, the University of New South Wales Bushwalking and Mountaineering Club would like to have you join us and find out what we're all about.

"Most Europeans suffer from slight chills and internal troubles on first arriving at a hill station... hill water seems to contain particles of mica which for a time upset the internal economy of the newcomer."

Hugh Rutledge
"Everest 1933"
Hodder and Stoughton 1938.

This time was to be it. We were at 1900m with the closest peak at 2800m - just a simple walk. However, Eros jealous of the attention that I was paying to Aphrodite decided to conceal the palace. Gradually the wind increased and the fog set in. Had to turn back All the way to Athens 450km away. Naturally you would guess. As soon as we were back to Ellassona there stood Olympos, proudly standing in quiet mockery, with not a single cloud in the sky.

Two weeks later

SCENE I

A lad with a huge pack, and two skis sticking out, thumbing rides along the highway and watching Parnassos gradually disappear as rain closed in.

SCENE II

A semi-finished building 30km from Parnassos, an unfinished room A lad with waterproof gear watching the deluge and wondering whether he should continue.

SCENE III

A typical ticket office, damp lad buying a bus ticket to return to Athens.

SCENE IV

The sun peeping through as he boards the bus.

SCENE V

The next day brilliantly sunny and one frustrated skier in the midst of Athens.

Finally the Sojourn in Greece was at an end. One last fling. Parnassos I shall return. And fortunately so. The snow was excellent, the weather unapproachable, the atmosphere friendly, and ques non existent. Plenty of off - pista skiing with free camping in the car park much to the amusement of the "locals" who could not believe that a person can endure such cold during the night. (-5 to -10 degrees C.) Had to knock back constant invitations to go and sleep in the heated restaurant after the centre had shut for the day. But no thank you. Sun, sea, sky, ski...are enough.

***** NICK B.

For those of you who knows Nick you will appreciate this snippet from his last letter from Greece.

"On the first of January got it through my thick skull that I ought to run a marathon since I'm living next to the historic course. After no training for four months I thought It would be a joke. Anyway a week later it was a "fait accompli, with a time of 3hrs 10 minutes. Very pleased with myself and still 3kgs o'weight".

An Olympian beher was Zeus,*
Always playing around fast and loose,
With one hand in the bodice
of some likely young goddess
And the other preparing to goose.

Zeus was the chief of the gods living on Mount Olympus in the Greek mythology and, indeed, no goddess, nymph or mortal woman was safe from him if we go by the myths.

SLEEPING BAG AFLOAT

It was our first night on the pyramid. Now all we had to do was haul the last of the gear up to our bivouac ledge 100m above the sea. The last item was Bill's sleeping bag, ever so carefully wrapped in his bivouac sack. He got it up, we set it down and it rolled off. Ian and I could well understand Don's (the person closest to it) hesitation in making a lunge for it!!

As Bill was still climbing up and incident we had some difficulty oblivious to the convincing hum it wasn't a practical joke. He was not amused.

Sleeping bag was last seen heading in a south-east direction (towards South America). Bill spent the rest of the week sleeping in borrowed duvet jackets, with feet in pack.

ROSS VINING

The 2 reflections related and the blue rinse incident occurred on the Club's Ball's Pyramid Expedition November 1978. Party members were: Ross Vining, Bill Blunt, Ian Brown, Don Fletcher.

It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness.

MAN BITTEN BY GIANT CENTIPEDE

I awoke with a tremendous burning sensation on the top of my head thinking what a terrible nightmare. But the nightmare was real. I fumbled around looking for a torch groaning and rubbing my head. Ian, my companion sleeping on the ledge beside me awoke reluctantly. As he reached over to look at my head I felt it, crawling slowly down my neck, all 100 legs of it. I squirmed and writhed as we brushed it off. Kill! Kill! Kill! A post mortem examination revealed my assailant to be a 10cm long giant centipede (centipedus deadus).

A BLUE RINSE

This experience will be related in the form of a letter. This letter was sent to Tilley's Soap immediately I got back from Ball's Pyramid.

Tilley Soaps Pty. Ltd. 8th December, 1978
29 Clarence Street
BOX HILL

Dear Sir,

Recently I led a small party of mountaineers to climb Ball's Pyramid, a rock spire in the Pacific Ocean (20km south of Lord Howe Island) There is no fresh water on the Pyramid so all washing had to be done in sea water. We used your "Tilley sea water and Hard Water Soaps" exclusively, and I wish to inform you of our unfortunate experience concerning the use of this product.

One member of our party attempted to wash his rather greasy, dirty hair. By rubbing the soap onto his hair he found it difficult to get up a lather. After about 20 minutes of attempting a lather, completely without success, he was dismayed to be told that his hair was caked with blue soap.

He stopped adding soap and we started to try to get it out of his hair. We tried rinsing with sea water, but that had no effect, we then tried hot sea water - that too had no effect.

Finally, as we could not leave him in such a state we were forced to sacrifice several litres of our precious drinking water. Using this freshwater (heated over a small stove) we eventually managed to remove most of the soap from his hair.

Following this unfortunate experience the rest of the party avoided washing their hair at all.

Our observations concerning this product appear to invite one of the following conclusions.

- Either:
i) The soap is not as good as it could be, in which case it should be improved.
ii) Your soap is not suitable for many washing tasks in sea water and accordingly the packet should carry a warning to that effect.

We await your reply with interest.

Yours faithfully
R. Vining.

Here are the latest tips from our local agent for the exclusive gourmet Bushwalkers and Climbers Club. Some members of this (ie UNSU!) Club are dedicated Flour cookers. Often other members of the club express wonder and amazement at the gastronomic marvels produced by this small band. Yet flour cooking is simple and cheap. Recipes are easily accessible eg. Paddy Pallin's Bushwalking and Camping book. I shall list some of these recipes again. Below; however, they are by no means original.

The two basic types of white flour are self-raising flour and plain flour. Self raising flour is simply plain flour with the rising agent (backing powder) added.

From the walker's or climbers point of view, flour has two main advantages. It is nearly 100% carbohydrate, and so is good food value for weight and conversely its water content is very low, so no "extra weight" is included. Add to this the delightful dishes that can be done with flour and it can only be a winner.

On the debit side, some people don't like the preparation involved with flour dishes. Particularly in adverse conditions, or if the chef is dead-beat already (from hard work, of course, not drink!) this may be a major consideration.

So on to the recipes, courtesy of Paddy Pallin.

1) PANCAKES - requires water (or milk) to be added to self-raising flour or plain flour (for a 'lighter' or heavier result) until a thick batter is achieved. Pinch of salt for taste if desired. Some people add egg powder to pancake batters, but only in small amounts, please. Pour sufficient of batter for one pancake onto a well-greased, HOT flat bottomed frypan. When cooked on one side, the pancake should come free from the pan bottom. If it doesn't, it may not be cooked. there may not be enough butter/oil in the pan, or the pan bottom may be too rough. Toss or turn the pancake, cook other side, and serve with honey, jam, cream and other goodies to taste. Add more butter to pan for next one.

2) PIKLETS (or "dropped scones" "Johnny cakes"): as for pancakes, only make the batter much stiffer and cook in smaller blobs. Often easier to do than pancakes.

3) DUMPLINGS: to self raising flour, add pinch salt, sugar to taste (if dumplings are to be for desert) and knead in a small knob of butter (this is not essential). At this stage, sultanas, chopped dates etc. may be added also. Begin to add water SLOWLY, kneading the dough, until a stiff, fairly dry mixture is obtained. Separate into a suitable number of dumplings, avoiding too much compression of the globules of dough. Drop into a boiling billy, replace lid, and cook for 12-15 minutes.

Unsweetened dumplings may be added to boiling stews - these are often called doughboys. Sweetend dumplings may be added to boiling stewed fruit, or to a honey-water mixture, to give honey dumplings. When served with hot custard, makes a memorable desert.

4) STEAMED PUDDING: Mix a sweetend, dry dough, as for dumplings (even drier, preferably). Add dates, fruit etc. to the dough, to taste. Steam inside a billy with a good lid. One common way of doing this is to put the dough in an enamel mug, sit the mug in a billy with 2-3 inches of water in, and boil (with lid on). Others favour making foil dishes or floured pudding bags. The principle is that

BUSHWALKING MAPS - TYPES AVAILABLE AND WHERE TO GET THEM

Maps play an important role in most bush activities. A leader must possess the appropriate maps, especially when the area is unfamiliar to him. But map-reading should not be left to the leader alone. Ideally, everyone on a trip should have their own map and know how to use it. Very useful if someone becomes separated, and besides, the leader is not infallible! This article will deal with the type of maps available and where to get them. Map reading is beyond the scope of this article, and can really only be learnt by practice and experience. So everyone should come along to the navigation instructional which will be held early this year.

Two main types of maps are used for bushwalking. Sketch maps are drawn by hand and consequently do not show great detail or topographic accuracy. They are useful for showing tracks, passes and negotiable routes. Sometimes they will be sufficient but usually they are used in conjunction with a topographic map. Topographic maps which are used for walking are mainly produced by the Department of Minerals and Energy (1:100000 series) and the Central Mapping Authority (1:25000, 1:50000 and 1:100000 series). These maps are the most commonly used by bushwalkers. The larger scale maps are sufficiently detailed for navigation of any degree of difficulty, while the smaller scale maps give a good overall view of an area and can also be used for walking if necessary. (In some areas of the State, eg. Snowy Mountains, the 1:100000 maps are the only ones available, which possess some navigational difficulties at times).

Maps can be obtained from most camping goods stores as well as the departments mentioned earlier. But probably the best way (certainly the cheapest) to obtain maps is through the club, which is an authorised map agent. If you want a map, you can get it through the club at wholesale prices (about 30-40% off retail price). For more details about this, see Bruce Spry.

Care of maps is important, so that each map lasts as long as possible. An unprotected map will not last long in a rainstorm; soon you will be left with a soggy ball of pulp. Always keep your maps in a transparent plastic map-case or a plastic bag, and if you have the time, money and inclination, cover all your maps with clear contact plastic. This will make your maps almost indistructable (except by fire) and map life is increased greatly.

Hopefully, everyone in the club will become competent navigators; after all, there is no excuse for anyone after the club instructional. But don't wait until then; anyone will be pleased to show you what mysteries they are performing when they pull out their map.

PETER TOMSETT.

How many times have you driven past the Hydro Majestic Hotel at Medlow Bath on your way through the Blue Mountains without ever giving a thought to its interesting history?

The Hydro story started with the Commercial Hotel, Medlow Bath built in 1895 which Mr. Mark Foy purchased. He also bought the residence of Mr. Hargraves, the son of the discoverer of gold in Australia. He linked the two buildings with a wonderfully long hall, hanging his art treasures on the walls.

The first use of the grand building was as a Hydrobathic Hospital, opened in 1904, well sited on the natural mineral springs at Medlow Bath.

At this time, Electrotherapy and various water treatments were considered the most advanced medical methods for treating a number of ailments.

A large supply of electricity being a "must" for the X-Ray machines and Electrotherapy, the Hydro plant was imported from Germany.

It was a steam-driven plant, and it was set to open up. Two doctors were brought from Germany to supervise treatment and carry out operations if necessary and the fame of the treatment at the Hydro spread to Europe, from whence came Bertha Krupp for the cure. Whether the hydropathic cures were any good or not, Fraulien Krupp was satisfied, anyway, and she presented the Hydro with a Steinway grand piano in gratitude.

Among the famous people who stayed at the Hydro were the American actress May Yeo Hope. (she wore the Hope Diamond), Daniel O'Connell, Lord Derby, J.C. Williamson, Julius Bleau 9th. (of 4711 Eau-de-Cologne fame), the Rajah of (How do you spell it?) who brought his family and his own retinue of servants.

Among local people who attended the Hydro at that time were the Governor-General and Sir Edmund Barton, the first Prime Minister.

Tommy Burns had a special Gymnasium erected while he trained for his World-famous fight with Jack Johnson for the Heavyweight Championship.

Madame Melba used to journey often to the Hydro just to sing in the Casino, because of its remarkable acoustics.

The Hydro would probably be the only Hotel in Australia where a full Cabinet Meeting of the Australian Government was held - at the time of the Carruthers Government.

In 1923, a disastrous fire swept through the Hydro and burnt away over 200 yards of the building - 130 bedrooms were lost.

Mr. Foy then decided to drop the whole Hydropathic idea and turn the place into a Family Hotel at reasonable prices so that everybody in Australia could enjoy this beautiful spot.

a small layer of boiling water gives off steam and this cooks the pudding in its mug/foil dish/bag.

Quantities for a 1 person dry dough for dumplings or steamed pudding would be 2 desert spoons self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 desert spoon sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$ oz butter, and sultanas/dates etc to taste

Puddings and dumplings swell on cooking, so make allowances.

Serve puddings with custard for best results.

5) DAMPER: I've never done it, so consult the books.

CHARLIE MORRIS

Coming Club Events

* AUDIO_VISUAL EXTRAVAGANZA Tues. 3rd April

* RESULTS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION will be displayed at April meeting

* BUSHIES B.B.].

The snail reached Noah's ark too by persevering!

Dear Laurie,

It is with great regret that I realize I don't have the qualifications necessary to fill your vacant position advertised for a Chief Enter-tainer at Bushwalking Barbeques.

However, Ross and I are getting into condition in order to make a humble contribution to this years event.

Here are a couple of limericks we've either dug up or made up for your approval.

"What a shame", said a winsome young miss,

"That an organ that brings me such bliss

With its delicate touch

Should be wasted on such

An unpleasant production as piss."

There was a young couple named Vining

Who to MacDonald's one day did go dining

They ate fish and chips

But while licking their lips

Their stomachs bemoaned the new lining.

"On the beach" said John, sadly, There's such

A thing as revealing too much."

So he closed both his eyes

At the ranks of bare thighs

And felt his way through them by touch.

VININGS.

From that time, the Hydro Majestic started to boom.

It was crowded all the time.

It is estimated that there were 70,000 guests a year, which means that, in the time of its existence, the Hydro has had more than 5,000,000 guests.

With the coming of the second World War, the Hydro was turned over to our American allies to house the wounded from Guadalcanal - the American Marines - and it acted then as a Hospital for the American Marines for quite a long time until, as the Allies moved Northwards to fight the Japanese, the Hotel was returned and re-opened.

In 1945, the Hotel, together with the Lapstone Hotel, was chosen for the Inaugural Meeting to form the United Nations.

At that time, the Hotel Lapstone was managed by Mr. John Macken who had moved out of the Hydro Majestic to let the Americans come in to use it as a Hospital.

At the time of its opening, the Hydro was completely self-contained. It had its own electricity plant, which also supplied Blackheath or Medlow Bath; a water plant which supplied Blackheath and its own sewerage treatment works.

Added to that it had the first golf course - probably the first in Australia and Mr Foy brought out from Glen Eagles in Scotland some experts to lay down the course.

However, at that time, golf did not enjoy the popularity it has today and the course gradually fell into disuse until taken over by the Council some years later.

To produce food for the Hydro, the Valley Farm was cleared and developed.

Tracks were made down to the Farm and a Flying Fox erected to bring the produce from the Farm to the Hotel.

The Hydro produced all its own milk, butter, eggs, poultry meat and vegetables, which could be delivered by the Flying Fox in just five minutes - whereas a horse, plodding up the hill with a cart (a matter of ten miles from the Farm to Medlow Bath), would have taken three hours.

All the perishable foods such as meat and vegetables, were kept in the Hydro's own freezing works.

All laundry was done by the Hydro's own Steam Laundry. Communication between the Hotel and the Farm was by telephone - which was one of the earliest Telephones in New South Wales.

Motor Omnibuses - the first in Australia - were introduced to convey guests to the beauty spots on the Mountains and to Jenolan Caves.

Style

Like stuffing, style can determine how warm you will be.

The most common style is a simple rectangular shape. Its roomy and comfortable. Make sure the bag is fitted with a tailored hood with a drawstring to guard against draughts and reduce escape of warmth from the bag.

If you're a cold sleeper the mummy bag may suit you better. Mummy bags are contoured to the shape of the body, making it the most efficient insulating shape available, the warmest, the quickest to heat up, and because it uses less material, the lightest. A drawstring around the hood is standard for extra warmth. A top price is also standard.

Zips

As well as facilitating ease of entry to bag zips give you some control over how hot the bag gets. The longer the zip the more control you have. It can save you buying 2 bags - one for summer and one for winter.

Zips can also be one of the biggest culprits in allowing warmth to escape so make sure the zip has an insulating flap inside.

Many bags have zips right down one side and along the bottom allowing bags to be opened out and used as a quilt, (we use ours in winter on our bed at home when not camping) or paired with another bag the same shape and zipped together as a double.

Stitching

When you examine your bag in the store ask the assistant to explain the difference between a sewn through stitching and a box quilted. It's easily demonstrated when looking at a bag, but takes a long time to write about.

Selection

Do not buy your sleeping bag at a department store. See the range at a camping store eg. "Paddy Pallins" "Mountain Equipment" where the staff is better equipped to help you.

Once you've narrowed the choice to 2 or 3 bags try them out. Crawl into the bag, zip it up and down, roll it up and see how well it compacts unroll it and make sure it returns to its intended loft.

Care of Bag

Store your bag loosely. If constantly compress the stuffing will lose its fullness when travelling stuff your down bag into its sack, or roll a synthetic bag. When you reach camp, take your bag out and let it expand to its full loft.

Air your bag regularly, in sunshine and on a breezy day whenever possible. Use a cotton or silk inner sheet to keep bag clean.

Warm water and soap will generally eliminate small patches of dirt but if bag is a disaster, machine wash or dry clean, according to directions on manufacturers label. Always dry bag thoroughly in sunshine and wind to prevent stuffing from matting.

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BUYING A SLEEPING BAG

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Warmth and comfort in a sleeping bag depend on a number of factors - whether it's calm or windy, whether you're in the open or under cover, clothing you're wearing, and whether you're a cold or warm sleeper.

Bags range in price from \$10 to \$300. If you're considering venturing into the wilds during winter you need to give careful consideration to a bag that suits your needs. Remember your sleeping bag could mean your survival. As with so much of your wilderness gear you need to consider quality and suitability, rather than initial monetary outlay. If well cared for your sleeping bag will give you many years of service.

When buying your bag consider the following features:

Stuffing

The stuffing of a bag governs its warmth. It forms a barrier between the cold air outside and the warmth your body is generating inside the bag. We're really our own heating units. Without efficient insulation by the stuffing in our sleeping bags the heat we generate escapes.

As a general indication the thicker the bag, the warmer it is. Down, as the price tag on a down-filled sleeping bag will instantly tell you, is the Rolls-Royce of fillings. It's light, resilient, and allows body vapours to escape.

Down is the fluffy fuzz that grows next to the skin of ducks and geese. Its quality depends on the age, health and size of the birds from which it was stolen. Finest goose down is usually built into bags intended for extreme cold. Each bag must be correctly labelled giving the percentage by weight of down.

Next to down polyester stuffing makes the best insulator. Most Australian manufacturers prefer to mix it with either down or other synthetic materials. Polyester bags are considerably cheaper than down. They're more easily washed and dried (down tends to mat when wet) Lide down, it doesn't trap body water so the inside of the bag doesn't get wet from condensation.

However, when camping a down bag with a polyester bag of the same insulation value - the polyester bag will weigh 1½ times more than a down bag, and will occupy 25% more space when stuffed for carrying than a down bag.

Coverings

An important function of the covering is to extend the life of the bag. It can also help the insulation.

Top quality bags are covered with ripstop and tight woven nylon. It's more rugged and tear resistant than cloth material, washes and dries easily, is odorless, folds and rolls easily and is water repellent. Best of all if you have it around your sleeping bag you won't wake up in the morning and find a lake in your bed.

All covering materials will burn so don't go to sleep tucked around the fire where sparks could reach you.

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"Snow is not a wolf in sheep's clothing - it is a tiger in lamb's clothing".

MATTHIAS ZDARSKY

The above quote somewhat aptly describes the snow scene. Time and time again you will hear club members saying 'take enough gear and take the RIGHT GEAR! Don't be blase - once your tent has blown down four times in the one night and torrential rain has you soaked to the ski you will need the right gear and the fitness to get you out of there in a hurry.

With this in mind the club conducts a number of activities which will introduce people to what is involved in ski touring and mountaineering. The basis of the activities is a ski-instructional held early in the season. This is a weekend where the old hands give up their precious ski time to show the newcomers the principals of skiing, what is good gear and how to snow camp. It is up to the individual to decide whether skiing means anything to them. The smooth swish of skis through intracked snow, the rasps of edges across ice, the silence of the bush and the ploomp of snow as snow laden tree branches free themselves of their glistening burden means a lot to some of us - but may not appeal to you.

The beginner will get to experience the dull ache which develops in unsteady legs inaccustomed to the rigours of the diagonal stride. He or she will curse those who can ski seemingly so effortlessly that they can revel in the world of white. The old hands do not seem to have to concentrate on the next stride or battle against the pull of gravity which seeks to have you lying in the snow instead of gliding on top of it.

After the ski instructional it is really up to the individual. We do not seek to cajole people out into the snow. The newcomer will have to go on trips to become proficient. It takes courage to ask a group of people if you can go on a trip with them but the rewards - well they can only be experienced, not described.

Once the fundamentals of touring are mastered perhaps you would like to sharpen your skiing but competition with the speed aces of cross country racing. This really amounts to competition with oneself as the good racers are usually only seen at the start. Racing is a great way to find out how little you know. Races with a bush-walking type atmosphere i.e. there are a lot of other mug skiers like you and me, are the Paddy Pallin Classic and the Kosciusko Tour. Some members have already won Paddy Pallin T-shirts - you may be next.

Mountaineering? Every October long weekend some members of the club join in with the New Zealand Alpine Club's instructional at Blue Lake. There safe mountaineering techniques are learned. The hard slogs, adrenalin racing experiences and unique personal achievements have to be experienced. So if mountaineering is for you, join the 'tent city' at Blue Lake.

The invitation to join our club members at the snow is always open. The experiences are unique - but do not come without effort by you to get yourself on trips.

Come revel with us!

GREG CAVE

This chart, compiled from details supplied by the manufactures, gives an idea of what is available in Sydney stores.

MAKE MODEL	FAIRY EVEREST MUMMY	FAIRY KOSCIUSKO	PADDYMADE BOGONG205 WITH ZIP	PADDYMADE CLOUDMAKER 205 WITH ZIP
Style/shape	Mummy style, built-in hood	Mummy style built-in hood	Untapered hooded bag	Tapered hooded bag
Filling	Prime goose superdown	Superdown	Superdown	Featherdown
Weight	1.7kg	1.8kg	1.9kg	1.9kg
Covering	Ripstop nylon inside & out	Ripstop nylon inside & out	Nylon	Down proof cotton japara
Dimensions	1880x762x355	1880x762x 584mm	2050x750mm	2050x750mm
Construction	Box wall	Box wall	Walled quilting	Sewn through
Temperature Range	Sevre	Cold to sevre	5 to + 15 deg C.	5-20 deg. C.
Recommended use	Winter any- where in AUST. N.Z.	Summer or Winter Aust. N.Z.	Ski touring mountain- eering	General Camping
Water Repellant?	Dewproof	Dewproof	Water Repellant	Water Repellant
Recommended cleaning method	Dry cleaning	Dry Cleaning	Wash or dry clean	Wash or dry clean.
Washable	Warm water & soap	Warm water & soap	Yes treat as wool or silk	Yes treat as wool or silk
Flammability	Mildly	Mildly	not readily	not readily
zip	2336mm, down filled flap	2540mm, down filled flap	Nylon 2680mm	plastic 2680mm
Waterproof carry bag?	Water Repellant	Water Repellant	Yes	Yes
Guarantee	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Colour	Green	Green	Red	Fawn
Features	Hood, drawcord chevron com- partments	Hood, draw- cords chevron compartments	Plenty of foot room	Light compact for warmth given
Price as at 1/2/79	\$171.	\$132.	\$186.	\$88.

Boxing Day in Sydney was wet, but by the time we reached Canberra the grey clouds were high in the sky. The last shower fell as we devoured our good quality, cheap counter teas at the Adaminaby Pub.

To Kiandra by dusk, and tents were quickly pitched behind an old ski lodge in the remaining light. Next morning dawned clear blue. We were away by 8.30, walking south along a jeep track atop a grassy plain to Nine Mile Diggings. All that remained of the once bustling mining town were high scarps of bare earth, piles of excavated stone and dry water races made of stone. - no evidence of any huts, and no nugget or specks of gold to be found.

That first day, we revelled in the sun and lunched by a creek amongst the buttercups and daisies and golden billy buttons. But the March flies found us and particularly liked Laurie, although the feeling was not mutual.

Along the track towards Tabletop, we passed a point where the compass went haywire - evidence of ironstone beneath our feet. The track petered out on the sides of Tabletop, but the scramble to the top was rewarded by views all around, Jagungal rearing to the south-west.

Down the south-eastern side to a grassy valley, and then we trustingly followed another track which appeared in the appropriate place. "What happened to that first cross track? It must be insignificant and we've passed it without noticing. Ah good, here's the second cross track - and about time too as we're all getting rather pooped. Not far to go to Brook's Hut. A few hundred yards east along this track and then south along another. Should be a nice early camp."

But alas, no such track eventuated and we retraced our tracks to the junction to determine our whereabouts. Either some tracks must no longer exist, or our track was not on the old 1964 map. What to do? Common sense prevailed. We headed south down the hill and, at the end of our energy, came to a grassy glade amongst the trees beside a small creek - the best campsite of the trip with abundant wood, flat grassy ground and lots of lovely water. Curry dinner for the Meadows, steak for the Braithwaites, then we tumbled into bed.

Next morning we took better precautions against flies and sunburn before continuing south to Happy Jack's Plain and the road winding along it. Walking over the brow of a hill, we beheld a hut not far from the road. We were rather surprised to find it was the elusive Brook's Hut in very good condition.

Our exact whereabouts known, we bounced over the snow grass tussocks in the direction of Jagungal. An hour later found us at Happy Jack's River just below the road. There we lunched, despite the lack of shade. Across the road, we followed up the creek system. Navigation was no problem as Jagungal dominated the landscape. The first piece of shade, a spreading tree above soft green grass, was a welcome rest spot. We pushed on over hill and dale avoiding the worst scrub. Just as Laurie was really beginning to suffer, we reached the fire trail which runs past Farm Ridge Hut in ruins and O'Keefe's Hut on the northern side of Jagungal. The drinks of Quench were really refreshing.

- * One pair of willing legs
- * Sand shoes - probably more useful than boots in N.S.W. conditions - they are light, dry easily and are fairly inexpensive.
- * socks - preferably without holes, and with a firm top to prevent leeches crawling down. Long socks are good for scratch scrub, especially when legs need to be shaved, or shown under skirts during the week.
- * shorts - of any colour and description as long as they are tough for bum sliding, log crawling etc. Nylon shorts dry easily and are comfortable.
- * T-shirt or cotton shirt - cotton absorbs sweat and is colourful enough for good photos.
- * Wool jumper and wool shirt - wool is warm even when wet.
- * oil skin - Yak jacket or passion killer - as a waterproof jacket it "breathes" slightly, and wears better than nylon in the bush.

ALSO

- * Sunhat - especially when
- * wool singlet
- * wool long johns
- * swimming costume
- * overpants - nylon or oilskin - a must in cooler conditions
- * gaiters - for mud or scrub.

PACK - frame packs are still probably the best for bushwalking - easy to pack and reasonably comfortable to wear. High frame packs catch in branches and scrub, wide frames may restrict arm movement, so pick the most comfortable one for your body shape. A waist belt is a useful accessory.

A light, good quality nylon day sack is excellent for day trips and is also useful for carrying gear in at uni.

OVERNIGHT GEAR

- * Insulite pad - sleeping mat - the thickness of the mat should be invariable proportional to the amount of subcutaneous padding over the hips.
- * Sleeping bag - with down or fibrefill filling. The amount of filling varies with the temperature range in which you want to use it. A full length zip makes the bag versatile but the zip should be padded to prevent heat loss. (see article on Sleeping bags in this issue).
- * Inner sheet - light cotton or silk is good. It is to keep your sleeping bag clean inside, and for use in very warm weather to keep the mosquitoes, sandflies etc. at bay.

SUE CAVE

PHILOSOPHY? BUSHWALKING?

The philosophy of bushwalking? What a topic to be asked to write on! Whose philosophy? What philosophy? Does "my philosophy of walking" mean "why I go walking"? If so, I have twice already tried to answer that question.

The first attempt (Mobsac, March, 1973) was a rather shallow article which put forward a multitude of things I liked about bushwalking (which also of course includes ski-touring, canyoning, bicycle touring, etc) but never really explained why I liked them. I now blush somewhat to recall it.

The second article was written about three years ago, and my only copy was submitted to some forgotten would-be Mobsac editor. The would-be became a never-was and my article vanished. This was a pity because it was a rather more mature piece of writing about escaping from the complex multistrand existence of civilised life and relaxing into the simple single-minded lifestyle one leads in the bush - physically demanding but mentally refreshing.

Anyway I now feel that "philosophy" too was far from the whole truth, although certainly a part of it. Actually I don't think I have a personal philosophy of bushwalking, and I have more or less given up trying to find one. Walking and skiing and canyoning are simply things which I do and enjoy.

The basis of this enjoyment is not some deep philosophy, but simply a group of broad personal characteristics. As far as I am concerned the relevant personality traits in this case are a certain natural curiosity about the geography of the world around me, a preference for problems physical rather than abstract, a vague belief in health through physical fitness, and sheer enjoyment in using my own body to travel.

Taking one trait at a time I could fulfil each one of them in any number of ways. But only bushwalking (and allied activities) provide such satisfying fulfilment for all these requirements at once.

I have no doubt that every other bushwalker has his/her own quite different traits which walking fulfils for them. For me to say that I go walking for such and such a reason is not going to convince others to take up the sport if, as is highly likely, they find satisfaction in ways other than I do. Bushwalking, quite clearly, is really a very personal activity which is different things to different people.

But enough of this futility in writing on individual philosophies of walking. Surely there must be some common element among bushwalkers other than their enjoyment of recreation in natural areas? If there is, I can't find it. Perhaps there is an underlying concern for the preservation of the natural environment. For many walkers the environment is worthy of preservation in its own right, regardless of its use or otherwise to man. But there is also a very strong vested interest in one's own recreation. Thus it is doubtful if even this concern is a fundamental "philosophy of bushwalking" which explains "why I go bushwalking", rather than being derived from other inspirations once walking has been experienced and appreciated.

The track meant easier going, a rise in morale, and not far to go as we had nominated o'keefe' hut as our next campsite. However the last two miles seemed unending for Joanne whose blisters were becoming very painful. The hut and relief at last! But such a popular spot has little ready wood, and it was some time before the fire was blazing and the billies boiling merrily.

The third day was again fine - lucky us, despite our red arms and legs. After a late breakfast, Laurie, John and I set off to climb Jagungal. Joanne decided to rest her feet. Up the north west ridge; the grassy patches seen from the track eluded us and we tussled with the scrub. At the treeline and amongst the rocks, the wildflowers made a veritable garden - pink Crowea, alpine mint bush, pink and yellow daisies, heaths and eyebrights - one could spend the whole day there.

Laurie was puffing away while my morale was high as I'm usually puffing behind Tufts or some other fit people. Immediately he decided to return to camp and rest, the bush gave way to snow grass and John and I trotted on to the summit, inspecting a deceptive outcrop of snow white quartz on the way. We were alone on the windy summit, although a party of 30 had visited the previous day. As we departed, and Adelaide family of four approached.

Straight down the north side we followed a grassy gully almost to the track. Despite our fast pace, it took another hour to reach O'Keefe's Hut where Braithwaites were wondering what had become of us. A late lunch, pack up quickly, then back to Farm Ridge ruins. From there "most civilised track" (Laurie's words) which runs north along the grass ridge top to the Tumut River and Round Mountain; a very pleasant way to spend an afternoon.

The grassy flat by the Tumut River was our choice as a campsite, despite the lack of wood; the hill beyond could be climbed tomorrow. Joanne and I nursed our sore feet and searched for flat ground between the grass tussocks and myriads of ant's nests. John and Laurie recrossed the river and did battle with an old fence line. The fence posts they retrieved were ample for the evening and morning fires. The river was warmer than the alpine creeks and made a great bath. The ants disappeared with darkness as we put on our dehyds, to cook. Chinese noodles, sauce, onions and bacon were soon ready the surprise veges (2½ packets of them) needed only another minute's cooking, and I was ravenous. Then the whole billy of Veges tipped into the fire. Curses, curses, curses! Another try and dinner was ready 30 minutes later - delicious.

Next morning the sun was hotter than ever and the ants more active. John left early to hitch from Round Mountain carpark to Kiandra to collect the vehicle. His sign KIANDRA was written in charcoal on sheets of toilet paper. The rest of us wandered slowly up the track, inspected Round Mt. Hut, its grassy surrounds and ideal watering hole on the creek.

Close to 20 cars were parked near the road and there was plenty of traffic. Only an hour passed before John arrived in the Land cruiser. To Adaminaby Pub for another grand meal, we inspected Cabramurra; the old towns was a beautiful sight with lupins of all colours bedecking the slopes. A last night in the bush near Adaminaby, then home on Sunday to prepare for 1979. A really good way to end the year! And Laurie even carried a jar of pickled quail eggs in his pack!

Certainly members of this club seem to have a lot in common, and form a close network of friends, not to mention a dozen married couples from within the club over the past few years. But we are still all very different - witness the wide range of other interests evidenced by the wide range of chosen careers. We are just a little less different from each other than from the public at large.

In fact as a club, we even have a totally different "group personality" to walkers in certain other clubs, many of whom would simply not fit into our group, nor us into theirs. Our common tie is our appreciation of self-propelled travel through the natural environment, nothing more.

I give up. If "An Essay on the Philosophy of Bushwalking" was an exam question I would fail miserably. Bushwalking and skiing and canyoning I simply enjoy. Weekends in the bush, the club, Federation any my walking friends dominate my lifestyle, and I wouldn't have it any other way. Why? Who cares! Philosophy be damned.

PETER TUFT.

c. early
1979
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