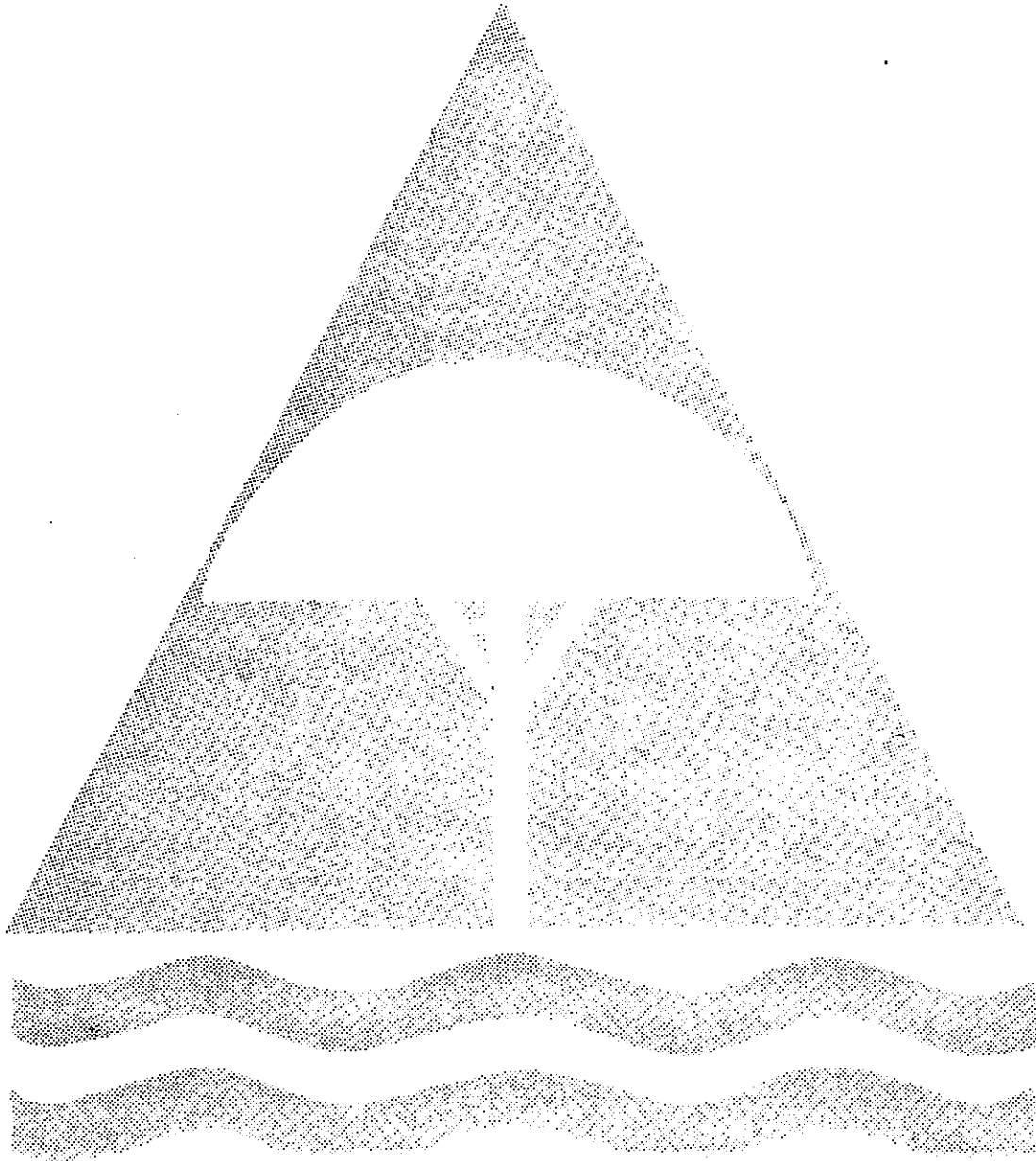


# NPA Bulletin

National Parks Association of the A.C.T. Inc.



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NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION OF THE A.C.T. INC.

"A National Park for the National Capital"

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AIMS AND OBJECTS OF THE ASSOCIATION

- \* Promotion of National Parks and of measures for the protection of fauna and flora, scenery and natural features in the Australian Capital Territory and elsewhere, and the reservation of specific areas.
- \* Interest in the provision of appropriate outdoor recreation areas.
- \* Stimulation of interest in, and appreciation and enjoyment of, such natural phenomena by organized field outings, meetings or any other means.
- \* Co-operation with organizations and persons having similar interests and objectives.
- \* Promotion of and education for nature conservation and the planning of land-use to achieve conservation.

## EDITORIAL

Nearly another year gone and as it will be 1977 before the next Bulletin is out, may I take the opportunity to wish all members the very best for the festive season and may 1977 be a vintage walking and camping year.

What goodies do we have for you in this issue? Well there is a fairly strong emphasis on bush safety which follows from the talk presented by Harry Black in August about being lost in the bush. There are a couple of cautionary tales and some practical hints. Anyone who would like to lump a 200 lb. pack (90 kg to our more up-to-date members!) through the bush can learn how to lift it, thanks to Reg.'s note.

Finally, following from the item on leeches in the last issue, we have a message from Brigit Hodgkin, who says that soap on boots and socks acts as a good repellent. It might be worth compiling a list of useful tips, lore and legend concerning ways to cope with the less pleasant bush inhabitants - do you know any? If you do, let us know and we'll see if we can combine them into a general interest article.

Now a general note for the members who might be wondering how our Walks Booklet is progressing. The ANU has offered to do our printing and February 1977 is the proposed publication date.

N.H.M.

## CLEAR-FELLING U.S.A.

(Here's an interesting snippet from *Environment* vol.18 no.2 of March this year. I have been unable to find any other mention of this and wonder what happened at the Circuit Court of Appeals. If any member has information on this subject, I'm sure we'd all like to know. - ed.)

CLEAR-CUTTING in Alaskan national forests has been banned by a federal district court judge; if the decision is upheld by the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, clear-cutting in the forests of all the western states, and perhaps eventually throughout the nation, would be barred by the Organic Act of 1897. The Alaskan district court's decision greatly broadens an earlier federal court ruling in West Virginia (see "Overview", *Environment*, December). The Organic Act limits commercial logging in national forests to the cutting of single identified trees, but loggers have continued to clear-cut large areas, with government approval; the court decision would put an end to this practice. 20 to 25 percent of the nation's lumber supply comes from the national forests, and much or all of this would be cut off by a ban on clear-cutting. The National Forest Products Association, a trade group, called the prospect of such a ban the "gravest threat" ever faced by the lumbermen and one which "would just about wreck the industry", causing "widespread unemployment, shortages, and higher prices" (*Wall-Street Journal*, January 27). Environmentalists charge that clear-cutting causes soil erosion, permanently alters the environment - making it difficult or impossible to reestablish the prior forest system - destroys wildlife needlessly, and affects water supplies.

## TALLAGANDA WEEK-END, 10-11 JULY

It did not seem a very good morning to be leaving for a week-end camp. Heavy fog shrouded the city, and thick frost carpeted not only grass and hedges, but trees as well. Would we really want those tents? Wouldn't "the forestry hut which has four wire bedsteads and enough floor space to sleep fifteen people" prove better? However, it was not long before the sun was shining, the fog rolling back off the hillsides, or lying in thick blankets in distant valleys. Frost still mantled the trees (at one point clustering around a small, spired church); but it was a fine clear day when eighteen of us reached the camp-site - the forestry hut on a flat (still frosty) clearing beside a creek. Here, two earlier arrivals were busy trying to make the hut, with its broken windows, scattered glass and muddy floors, habitable. Some stout plastic sheets over the windows, a good log fire in the broad fireplace with billies on the boil, and the hut took on a more welcoming aspect, and after lunch we were all ready for a walk.

We followed the forestry road to a saddle. Lyre birds could be heard in the gully, but we were surprised when one large male bird crossed the track in front of us. A couple of wailabies were also seen departing rapidly at our approach. From the saddle we turned up through the scrub for a 600 m climb to the top of Round Mountain. Here on the rocks, amid a stand of White Ash with an eagle wheeling overhead, we enjoyed the views as well as a rest and sustenance, before moving on to the second peak, a big point ("two 4,000 ft peaks in an afternoon") and returning by a different route through partly burnt scrub, to our camp. Four of our members reluctantly left us at this stage, but another member arrived, as ice was re-forming on the muddy water in the rutted wheel tracks; and the chill and the dark saw us all inside as soon as evening chores were complete. Here, a cheerful fire, toasted marshmallows, a variety of drinks and a helpful song-book, whiled away the evening until we made our way to our various sleeping quarters under an all-but-full moon and the gaze of a curious possum.

Next morning, after comparing notes on the record cold of the night (ice on the inside of campervan windows) and photographing the height of the frost on a car hood (would Glyn's committee like a copy?), we set out on a morning walk through the gully forest, where we came across plenty of evidence of past logging in the area - tracks, skid slopes, loading platforms etc. Brown barrel (*E. fastigata*) and Peppermint (*E. radiata*) were the dominant trees and brambly vines the dominant obstacle encountered, before we came out on to the saddle of the previous day.

The afternoon saw us off again, this time in the direction of the cleared land to the east. Here the only wildlife was two foxes trotting casually across the open paddocks and in the distance the eagle still keeping his vigil over Round Mountain. Late afternoon saw cars and vans pull away one by one and the end of a very pleasant and happy week-end.

Cynthia Hook

## A WALK IN THE TINDERRY MOUNTAINS - 10.10.76

After a wet and bleak week not many members were keen to join this walk and only eight hardy ones met at Michelago on that Sunday. However, as it happened, the sun felt it had to do something for such a brave group and shone brilliantly during the rather hard climb with lots of scrub-bashing and rock hopping. On top of the high rock area, where a cairn made the leader think that it was the 'Onion' (which it wasn't, so we named it 'Little Onion') lunch was a welcome occasion and with sunshine and a beautiful view all around - we could even see snow on the far away higher mountains - everybody enjoyed the rest. The return trip was shorter; after the first difficult part, we went straight down a steep slope and after a while saw 'our' track. The rest back to the cars was easy. A very enjoyable day and one we will not forget: it started to rain on the way back home along the highway!

Question: Does anybody know the right approach to the 'Onion'? We were quite close to it and could see it from the top of 'Little Onion'.

H.L.

## LOST IN THOUGHT

"Have you ever been lost in the bush - even for a short time?" Harry Black has just asked that question. Look how many hands are going up - wouldn't have thought they had ever been lost. Still I'm safe enough on NPA walks. On my last trip I noticed the leader using map and compass. He seemed to know everyone's capabilities as well but had a hard time keeping everyone together. He let some of the more experienced walkers go ahead down the creek and we all regrouped at the bottom. Must have visited the area beforehand as he warned us of a few difficult spots on the way. But that's not my responsibility.....

Just listen to that! Harry Black has said it is my responsibility. Every member on a walk should know how to use a map and compass and spend time on the way to check their position as if they were the leader. I suppose it is possible to become separated or the leader to be injured.

This talk does concern me after all. Now what's he saying to do if lost - Relax and work out the last known spot, work out a plan and leave a note at any fire. When walking break branches at about every 30-40 m in the direction you're going. A big smoky fire will help attract attention. Survival is 80% mental attitude, 10% equipment, 10% skill. When planning a walk, imagine what could go wrong and how you would meet it - a change in the weather, an injured member etc.

Hypothermia.....that's when our body temperature drops, something to be considered in our area with its changeable conditions. I didn't know it could be so serious and death come so quickly if precautions are not taken. The outset is rather insidious and often not noticed by the affected person himself. Symptoms show when the body temperature drops below 35°C and below 23°C the person is beyond self help. Among the symptoms are fatigue, apathy and listlessness. Reactions slow down and the person can stagger as he walks. Shivering, paleness and slurred speech may occur and the fingers and hands may start to swell. The

personality alters and defect in vision may be present until ultimately collapse and death will occur.

What to do? No exertion for the patient, find shelter and stop heat loss by piling dry clothing on top and huddling together in a sleeping bag or between other people. Warm him up from inside with warm drinks but DON'T put him near a fire, rub or massage him or give alcohol, as these actions can precipitate death.

Now how do we prevent such a situation? Well, we lose 60% of our body heat from the head and neck! That means something on the head - even a paper bag - and a scarf across the face if conditions are severe. As for the rest of the body, air is a good insulator so woollen clothing should be worn, loose and in layers. Those spare dry socks will be useful on our feet or hands. Windy wet conditions are much worse. Wet clothes lose heat 200 times more quickly than dry. If there is a wind, evaporation is greater and those clinging wet clothes have little air space between. Leaves stuffed into clothing, or tied around the legs if wearing shorts, will help. At night you can make a mound of branches 2 m high and burrow in. Put your feet in your rucksack, with your boots off. Take your arms out of parka sleeves and tuck them around your body. Snow? then dig a hole and settle in. When stopping for any reason, drop into the lee of ridges and stay out of the wind.

I'd better take a note of those precautions for future walks. Have a minimum of four in a party, take matches, a water-proof parka, fire lighters, a length of cord, long trousers, a balaclava, overpants, a ground sheet and perhaps a survival blanket. Finally if I am lost it is best to eat small snacks every ½ hour than wait for one large meal.

Well the talk's over now and I think I'll have a cup of tea and a chat before going home..... Now where did I put that compass?

*Jenny Morrison*

## TWO HOURS OUT - NINE BACK

It was to have been an easy day, camping at Gingera overnight on Friday - an early start to walk 6 miles to the saddle below Bimberi - a 2 mile, 2000 feet climb to the top and return by Saturday night.

Friday evening, with a promise of a fine week-end, it drizzled all the way out and we made the locked gate at Gingera just on dusk without too many bumps after turning off the maintained section of the road at Ginini. A good meal, a yarn and we settled into a quiet, still night as the rain eased. Morning broke calmly with a strange even light and as I turned the curtains back and wiped the mist from the window, the truth dawned - we were snowed in with nine inches of snow and it was still snowing heavily.

Beautiful as it was, all thoughts of the walk were off and it seemed essential that we moved out as quickly as possible before the snow became any deeper.

Breakfast would take too long and that could wait. So it was on chains and off. We were going well, luckily avoiding the stones and ruts now hidden by the snow until we almost reached the saddle at the northern end of Gingera. Coming around the corner we found ourselves committed to a wheel rut which we had avoided by straddling the night before. Suddenly both wheels on the driver's side dropped into a soft spot and the bottom of the van rested flat on the centre ridge. To make matters worse, a young stream flowed down the rut into which we had sunk.

The situation looked hopeless, 19 miles to Piccadilly Circus, the deep narrow rut, no way to get the jack under the body with it lying on the flat grassy centre and as well the icy running water had to be contended with.

Digging deeply through the centre ridge we managed to divert the water, but not before breaking the handle of the shovel. Fortunately the handle was fixable and the dam held the water back. The only point of lift could be the bumper; this was dangerous and weak but it managed to hold. Even with the full extension of the screw jack to about 15 inches, the wheel still hung down in the rut into the mud and it was still too low to get the small hydraulic jack under the spring. We then packed the spring up with rocks, and took a second lift on the screw jack. The hydraulic jack then took the load and we got some rocks under the wheel. The front wheel then needed attention but it was easier to reach and didn't hang so low on its spring. The nine inch square of plywood I carry proved invaluable in using the jacks.

The next main problem was rock and where do you start looking for suitable pieces under nine inches of snow? The track we had made and an area where a spring had melted the snow were the only sources for loose pieces. A small armful looked very insignificant each time it was dropped into the trench. To add to our troubles, the snow melted on our clothes as soon as it fell and once again demonstrated that coated nylon jackets are not waterproof. It let water right through a thick pullover and shirt to my singlet and after all Harry Black had said! My trousers were too tight for leaves.

Another valiant try to move and we were off as if nothing had been wrong, through a long stretch of icy water and up on the hard road on the other side of the saddle. Our problems hadn't ended. Trees heavily laden with snow bent right down to the road and when hit rose quickly up out of the way, but this covered the windscreen with snow - the wiper gave up trying and the only way was to jump out and knock the trees with the spade. The higher we climbed, the thicker the snow became and shortly we were snow ploughing and frequent stops had to be made to clear a two foot heap from the front of the van.

Almost at Ginini turn-off it became too much to climb and push, and we got out to survey the scene. Then we discovered we had lost a chain. Surely it wouldn't be far back because of all the snow we had been through. We walked the whole 3½ miles back to the saddle and no sign of the chain except that the marks showed that it was in the water at the Gingera saddle. Grappling for it with a stick was unsuccessful and the water was too icy to try for it with our

hands. A heavy wet trudge back up the hill to the van to realise that it had 9-12 inches of snow all over its roof - no wonder it didn't want to climb! At roof height it was hard to move as it was well compacted, but with perseverance and now icy cold hands we achieved most of it. Another try and after four to five false starts rolling back and forth, we managed to climb the last hundred or so feet to the saddle. The Wintertread tyres did a good job and didn't slip even with one chain.

From then on our only hazards were trees across the road, some to be pulled away, others to be chopped and the ice which built up under the mudguards to later make the steering jam on two corners. We must have been an impressive sight on the lower sections of snow near Bull's Head with ice slush being flung up by the wheels almost as high as the van and the front covered with a thick layer of ice.

The damage to us, bashed and swollen fingers and next morning, sore feet! Yes, it was a nice quiet day - snow makes no sound as it falls.

*Reg. Alder*

#### PARK SAFETY

This is a list of safety tips compiled for the American National Parks. Basically it boils down to "use your common sense" but non-the-less safety points are always worth repeating -

- \* Know the area. Ask park rangers for brochures, maps, and advice about park attractions and hazards.
- \* Observe park regulations. They are for your enjoyment and protection. Snow-mobiles, all-terrain vehicles, fires, fishing, swimming, and other activities are governed by regulations that take into account local conditions and problems.
- \* Watch your children. Your knowledge, experience, and wisdom can't help a child who is beyond your protective reach and warning voice.
- \* Keep your distance from wild animals. Don't feed wildlife. Remember that all wildlife can be dangerous. Remember, too, that young animals are seldom abandoned - a very protective parent is probably nearby.
- \* Dress properly. Even in the heat of summer it is often cool in the mountains or in caves. If you are hiking on rough terrain, be sure to wear sturdy shoes or boots.
- \* Drive carefully. Park roads are not expressways, so take it easy and enjoy the view from overlooks and parking areas. Be alert for less considerate drivers who may stop without warning to see wildlife or scenery. Unusual hazards - rock slides, flash floods, unseasonal snow and ice, animals and visitors crossing roads at unexpected places - are all possible at some time in some place in park areas.



- \* Notify park headquarters of your plans to explore. Mountain climbing, hiking, or horseback riding in remote areas; exploring caves or lake bottoms; and numerous other enterprises can be dangerous even for experts. If they know your plans, park rangers can alert you to hazards, watch for your return and if necessary organise rescue efforts. Telling them your plans could save your life.
- \* Don't try it alone. Two heads are safer than one. Whether it's a short hike in the woods or a month-long backcountry back-pack trip, a companion may save your life in an emergency.
- \* Know your own limits. Strenuous exertion, especially in extremes of temperature or altitude, can be dangerous if you are unaccustomed to sustained exercise.
- \* Report trouble. Whether it is your own or someone else's problem, a park ranger can help only if he knows help is needed.

#### A WALK IN NEW GUINEA

It was suggested that the last day of my holiday could be spent walking from Hobu to Tusilu village. It sounded a marvellous opportunity, yet I was a little hesitant, as the walk, only five miles all told, was uphill, and New Guinea walking trails are notorious for proceeding straight up, and the climate is rather different from Canberra.

When we arrived at Hobu village, most of the men and youths were away, buying and selling at the market in Lae. The women and young children were far below the village, at the river, washing pots and pans, so it was a group of seven and eight year olds who made us welcome.

Hobu is a large village built at the end of an all-weather road, which connects it to Lae; it serves an outpost for the surrounding mountainous country, being an important medical and educational centre. A number of major walking trails lead from the village into the mountains and it was one of these that we took to walk to Tusilu. After leaving Hobu village and passing by the vegetable gardens we descended to the river. Wading through the river was delightful. From the other side of the river, the track wound slowly up through heavy jungle, ferns, mosses and flowering shrubs. The bird life could be heard, but rarely seen - just vague shapes flitting through the jungle darkness. Only once did we catch a glimpse of a beautiful red and green parrot. In contrast the butterflies were plentiful. Large white ones with delicate and intricate grey veins and an ochre spot in the centre of their wings were the most common in the jungle, while the little yellow, blue and orange ones appeared to prefer the river fringes.

After about an hour's stroll, we approached Tusilu; the last stretch being up a steep and slippery hill. The village is about the same size as Hobu, but is made of local materials - woven fibre, thatched roof etc. Our first call

was to the First House of the village (the chief's house). Unfortunately he was away and only tambuna (old lady) and the younger women of the family were home. Tambuna greeted us happily, recalling another time my father and stepmother had called in. At this stage a bag of lime-lemons, a gift for the village women and a bag of sweets for the children were presented. The children who had been very quiet until then, suddenly became chatty. They talked about the new litter of piglets (a couple of weeks old) which came wandering forward to meet us and scavenge a few morsels of sweets, and showed us their prize toy - a rim off a large tin, which can be bowled along with a stick. (A change from the yoyo craze.)

From Tusilu the track climbs steeply up to a saddle over 4,000 ft and then descends to the next valley village. Time didn't allow for further exploration but I look forward to a time when a pack trip along such tracks is possible.

*Jan Kiek*

#### NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following new members: Janet and David Palfreyman and family, Bruce Elliott (Turner), Pamela Swaffield (O'Connor), Robyn Brown (Griffith), Jay and Ross Carlton and family (Torrens), Dr and Mrs R. Rea and family (Forrest), Lesley and Barry McCann (Higgins), Frances and Philip Marsh (Campbell), Nerolie Weeks (Barton), Margaret and Les Pyke and family (Hughes), Bruce Hamilton (Turner), Sue Whittington (Campbell), Glenda Marsh (Yarralumla), Helen Carne and Leckie McLean.

#### 1976-77 MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS

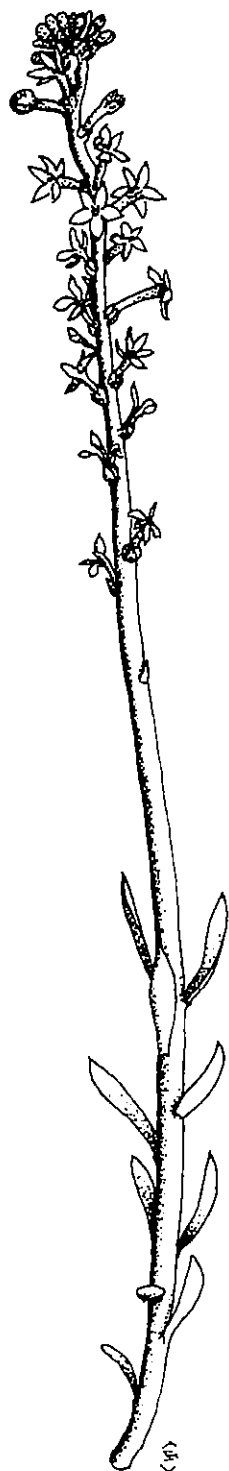
R.P. Fisher, R.J. Tomkins, K.G. Crawford, J.G. Curtis, M.A. Rafferty, B.H. Scougall, L.F. Tucker, I.E. Dahl, P.D. Cooper, T. Hunter, C. Westwood, K. Parjmans, E. White, E.R. Stephens, E. Koch-Emery, K.H. Kay, B.W. Campbell, C.I. Fleming, L.W. Huston, C.M. Bradfield, B.K. Graham, J. Kiek, W.R. Watson, R. Lansdowne, P. Judge, P. Lewis, T.W. Plumb, J.L. James, L.G. Adams, G.R. Samundsett, R. Story, C.L. Watson, N. Gill, J.A. Carnahan, E.C. Favier, J. Holtzapffel, A. Gilpin, R. Bird, G. Chippendale, N.B. Lee, J.W. Doyle, B.L. Cohen, P.A. Michell, M.E. Lochrin, N.M. Dunn, M.J. Long, J. Schunke, F. Brand, M. Hardware, A.C.T. Credit Union, C.P.S. Credit Union, L.A. Whitfield, P. Roberts, N.E. Griffin, W.J. Perry, S. Gardner, H.R. Hegarty, L.C. Elliott, W. Boswell, B. Hammond, N.J. Windeyer, D.W. Reid, D. Hodgkin, K.W. Vine, K.R. Pullen, K.R. Campbell, G. Pierson, J. Thompson, R.W. Boden, G. Cashie, J.G. Robinson, F. Harrison, B.T. Watts, H.C. Hansen, L. Folger, J.E. Webster, R. Iannuzzi, J.M. Buckie, N. Trudinger, E.M. Garvin, G.E. Joyce, G. Schneider, and R.P. Campbell.

#### LIBRARY ACQUISITIONS

Bush regeneration: a practical way to eliminate exotic plants from natural reserves, J. Bradley. Mosman Parklands and Ashton Park Association.

Resource Book for Urban and Environmental Studies, Mari Davies. A.G.P.S. Canberra, 1976.

STACKHOUSIACEAE



This group of plants are named after a Cornish botanist, John Stackhouse (1742-1819). They are almost exclusively Australian, with some twenty species found in all States. One species is found in New Zealand and there are one or two species found in the Malaya - Philippines area.

Two species are found in the A.C.T. Illustrated is *Stackhousia monogyna* Labill. which is the more common one.

This perennial herb flowers in Spring and Summer and has a sweet scent which is released mainly at night.

*Helen Hewson-Fruend*

## IN THE MIDDLE OF A MOUNTAIN

It all happened 35 years ago, and as the theme of the August Lecture is 'Lost in the Bush', a complementary story about being lost in a cave is appropriate.

Two of the rescuers are present members of the Association, and the other two were locals recruited from Yerranderie, both self-expressed experts in their knowledge of the caves. As it turned out one expert's acquaintance of the caves extended no further than the upper entrance hole but the other guide was a real help in his knowledge of the particular system into which our friend had disappeared.

The story is told by the one rescued and as she says there is a moral - don't go alone into caves or leave your party. There is always another side to a story and in the final paragraphs one thing she doesn't say after "and shook hands..." was "could she have a further look around the caves" - we could have kicked her in the pants. Anyhow let her tell her story and leave the other side to it .....

This is a story with a moral in it. Now it's all over, it seems a most exciting adventure to remember, not to repeat. It all began with Reg. finding an entrance to Colong Caves halfway up the hillside and imperiously insisting that we scramble up the slippery slope and eagerly explore its musty mysteries (excuse the alliteration, it just crops up regardless). Armed with sundry torches and candles and a fishing line(?) we dived down into the bowels of the earth and cautiously made our way along winding passages lit to changeful shapes by our feeble lights. It was discovered that my candle, held aloft and carried ahead - threw the most satisfactory light. Anon we placed it behind some towering pillar or translucent overhang and stood back to admire the effect. O lovely, colourful, tricksome, fanciful, treacherous candle!

On the whole, to me, the formations were disappointing, for I had been through the caves previously, and I believed we should have gone in the lower entrance to see the best portion. So after half an hour's uneventful wandering I squeezed through a hole leaving my green billy bag, containing matches and more candle, behind, and held my lighted candle, now about two inches long, in the midst of a set of exquisite crystal stalactites. Everyone was beginning to wonder how they were going to get back through the maze of passages, and, after a few fainthearted protests from the others, I scooted off round the bend of my own little passage saying I would be back in a minute.

Cursing my insatiable curiosity, the others sat down to wait, and when their torches got dimmer and dimmer and three-quarters of an hour had elapsed without a reply to their yells, they struggled out, nearly losing their way once or twice, to blessed sunshine. Sunshine! What wouldn't I have given for a ray of it! Three and a half minutes after I left them the passage I was following forked. I stopped and looked round me. A green twine led over the uneven, damp floor to my right, and to my left an inviting hole showed dim vistas leading down.

"Pity!" I said aloud, "But I'd better get back to the others now." Looking along the branch off to the right I noticed the floor had sunk about three inches showing fresh looking cracks along each side wall. Turning hurriedly back to the passage I had come from, I began to think this phenomenon over when suddenly my candle went out! I fastened my incredulous gaze on the red spark of the wick and then saw nothing more. There was absolutely no distinction between having my eyes open, and having them shut. Pitch blackness on all sides, rough damp walls and floors, ceilings stretching away out of reach and hitting one on the head within a few inches. I took three steps forward and realized I had no sense of direction.

Then I yelled. The walls reverberated and it seemed to me the mountain shook with the unearthly din. Skipping the first unanswered half hour, one o'clock midday found me sitting on my straw hat and doing some systematic thinking. That green string couldn't be found - and if it could? I might go following it the wrong way! Those cracks? Some parts of the caves were dangerous - subsiding floors, and whatnot! Supposing I crawled forward on my tummy feeling for cracks? I thought over the topography of the passage I had come along - sudden drops, slippery bits just skipped over by blessed candle light, and, oh horror! - that bit where the ceiling came down to within sixteen inches of the floor - surely they would never think I'd gone past that?

Here I discovered I could see the luminous dial of my watch - how I blessed that dim green circle of reality in a universe of inky blackness! Sounds - the only ones to break the blanketed silence were bats flying over or loose earth falling down the slope in front of me, and the comforting tick of my watch when I put it against my ear. With conscious effort I made myself relax as much as possible and began filling in eternity with mental arithmetic.

Yarranderie -  $8\frac{1}{2}$  to 10 miles away. Suppose they got out of the caves by 1.30 p.m., have lunch - then Long-legs sheers off to Y., gets there about 4 to 4.30 p.m. (I must here record that it took him 1 hour 50.) Rustles up a posse, Ropes, candles & so forth and comes hot foot back again - gets to caves about 8 p.m. - I should be found about 9 p.m.

As a result of all that intensive brainwork I decided to worry at 10 o'clock. Meanwhile, I took off one boot and, holding a bit of my straw hat handy tried striking one sprig against the other with no result except that I got very warm. Tired and disgruntled, I actually dropped off to sleep for a full hour. When I woke I felt like an icicle and wanted to scream my head off. I let off steam in one mighty coo-ee and wondered just how long I could sit in one spot like patience on a pedestal or Buddah on a box or something. The temptation to get up and wander about was almost insupportable.

Standing up I bumped my head, chafed my cold arms and legs and sat down again. I couldn't have moved more than a foot, but there was no trace of the spot I had been sitting on, no warmth or familiarity of shape. This steadied me considerably. "No wandering for you", I told myself and stared, wide-eyed,

into the blackness, as for the first time the enormity of my plight dawned on me. "Suppose they never find me?" "How long does it take to starve to death?" Death! I certainly wasn't ready for the old gentleman with the sickle yet, so with feverish energy I set to rubbing a handful of straw hat along my boot. The straw got red-hot and nearly burned a blister on the palm of my hand, but, of course, it didn't ignite.

Being warm, though, I dozed again - you'll think this is endless. So did I! And promptly at 9.5 p.m. I looked at my watch and heard rumbles in the passage ahead - then a flicker of warm, reddish-orange light and an angelic trumpet call of Deliverance.

Just for a moment I didn't believe it all - though it seemed just as natural as a pre-arranged rendezvous. I stumbled hilariously forward and shook hands --- so ended my eight and a half hours' vigil in solitude - more terrible and more unbelievably wonderful than any other event in my life. I am, I hope, the wiser in many ways, and the sadder for the anxiety I must have caused everyone.

*Submitted by Reg. Alder*

#### BUSHFIRE SAFETY

Bushwalkers the world over are exposed to various hazards, in particular injuries and weather changes. Australia offers another hazard which is sufficiently common to warrant a page of advice - the hazard is bushfire. Here are some of the do's and don'ts taken from the recent book called "Bushfire" by Ted Fenner....

##### A. For the motorist:

1. If you know that bushfires are burning in a given area, don't go there. If the fire is not serious, there will be nothing to see. If the fire is serious, you might hamper fire-fighting operations, and endanger yourself and your passengers.
2. If unavoidably caught in a bushfire area, make a mental note of cleared spots such as roadside rest areas and crossroads as you pass them.
3. Don't try to drive through thick smoke or flames. Well before the fire front reaches you, make for a reasonably clear area and stop.
4. Remain calm. Wind up all the windows. Avoid heat radiation by getting low in the vehicle and hold up newspapers or large hats etc. to the windows on the fire side. The fire front will only take a few minutes to go past.
5. After the fire front has passed, the calmest person in the vehicle should get out with the fire extinguisher and inspect the exterior of the car. Avoid touching metal parts, especially exterior door handles, as these will be extremely hot. Nine times out of ten no other bad effects will have taken place.
6. In a very severe fire a tyre or two may have ignited. Extinguish these. If the fuel tank cap is burning this can be smothered by a foam extinguisher or a rug, cushions or coat. Check the boot, under the bonnet and underneath the vehicle.

7. Other occupants should emerge when burning leaves and branches from any overhead trees have ceased falling.
8. Assist any other motorists who may need help.

B. For the bushwalker:

1. Don't go bush camping or walking when fires are in the area, or on acute fire danger or total fire ban days.
2. If unexpected fires occur while camping, consider the situation carefully.
3. Don as much protective clothing as is available, and prepare a smoke mask from a wet handkerchief or some other wet cloth.
4. Keep to the lowest areas, creeks, etc. until it is obviously safe to move out of the area.
5. Keep to areas with sparse fuel, and note the positions of nearby rocks or other natural formations which might provide shelter from heat radiation.
6. Don't attempt to escape from a fire by moving uphill - people go slower uphill and flames go faster. Take every opportunity to get downhill of the flames.
7. If trapped in bush with a fire approaching, consider the merits of the following three procedures:
8. In moderate fuel take shelter behind large rocks, logs etc. after clearing away flammable material as much as possible.
9. Flames less than 1.5 metres high and 1.5 metres deep can be run through in order to reach a burnt out area if the body is adequately clad in protective clothing. Determine your path, cover your face, take a deep breath and go. High flames and lack of visibility of the far side indicate that no attempt must be made to pass through the flames.
10. As a last resort if trapped, and when no danger to other persons will arise from doing this, make yourself a firebreak. Always remember this is a LAST RESORT. If the wildfire does not reach your position, but your firebreak goes on to cause destruction or death, you could be open to prosecution under the bushfire laws.
11. After a bad fire avoid sleeping overnight in low areas - carbon monoxide build-up could occur.

MAKING LIGHT OF A HEAVY LOAD

If you think that swinging a 25-30 pound week-end pack over your shoulder with the ease of a trained soldier is difficult, consider then how the sealers on Macquarie Island coped with packs loaded with 200 pounds of blubber.

The pack is placed on the ground, straps uppermost and then you lie down face up on the pack so the straps can be fixed around your shoulders. Pause, rest awhile then turn over on all fours so as to carry the pack over onto your back. Crouch and then stand up.

Sounds easy, doesn't it?

*Reg. Alder*

## NPA OUTINGS

### DECEMBER

4th-5th, Saturday-Sunday  
Gudgenby

Ref: Canberra 1:250,000

A pleasant camping weekend at the forestry hut, with day walks in our local (proposed) national park. A two day pack walk will be arranged if sufficient members are interested.

All people wanting to go on this outing are requested to contact Ian Currie (958112 home) as there have been some changes made to the programme advertised in the last Bulletin.

Leader - Julie Henry 485130 (home)

12th, Sunday  
Christmas Party

Wine, cheese and biscuits will be provided. Bring your own barbecue and if you have a gas burner, please bring it along to avoid cooking congestion. Following the barbecue, Christmas carols will be sung, so come in good voice.

Meet mid-afternoon onwards at Blue Range Hut.

Take the Mt Franklin road, turn right on to Blue Range Road 3.2 miles from Uriarra homestead. Watch for NPA signs.

Contact - Ian Currie 958112 (home)

### JANUARY

9th, Sunday  
Naas Creek

Ref: Tantangara 1:100,000

A walk in the Naas Creek area.

Meet at Naas Creek crossing at 11 a.m.

All those intending to go on this walk, please contact the Leader.

Leader - Julie Henry 485130 (home)

Australia Day Long Week-end, 29th-31st, Saturday-Monday  
Lake Tabourie

Ref: Ulladulla 1:250,000

Camping at Lake Tabourie Caravan Park (north of Bateman's Bay) - swimming at the surf beach or in the lake and walks along the coast and to Pigeon House.



NPA OUTINGS

JANUARY AUSTRALIA DAY WEEK-END continued

Please contact the Leader before 19 December if you intend to come as camp sites must be booked.

Leaders: Joan Goodrum 816090  
Jan Kiek 862140

FEBRUARY

6th, Sunday  
Murrumbidgee River Ref: Cotter: 1:100,000

By popular request, the most enjoyable wading-cum-swimming event of the year is on again!

Meet at the Cotter camping reserve parking area at 10 a.m.

Leader: Andrew Fordham 479784 (home)

12th-13th, Saturday-Sunday Ref: Berridale 1:100,000  
Kosciusko National Park Kosciusko 1:100,000

This year it is planned to camp at Sawpit Creek, the headquarters of the Kosciusko National Park. Day walks in the Park are planned, while the more ambitious members may do a pack walk - if sufficient numbers are interested.

All members intending to go on this camp, please contact the leaders.

Leaders: Ian Currie 958112 (home) - camp caretaker  
Pat Mitchell 473264

20th, Sunday  
Shoalhaven River Ref: Canberra 1:250,000

A day walk along the Shoalhaven River. This is NOT suitable for children.

Meet at the Shoalhaven River crossing on the Braidwood Road at 10.30 a.m.

Leader: Reg. Alder 542240 (home)

26th-27th, Saturday-Sunday Ref: Ulladulla 1:250,000  
Green Patch

A camping weekend at Green Patch. Walks will include a visit to the botanical gardens and a walk along the beach to the "Hole in the Wall".

## NPA OUTINGS

FEBRUARY 26th-27th continued

Meet at Green Patch camp at 11 a.m.

Take the Bateman's Bay road, turning left at Prince's Highway and proceed north to Jervis Bay turnoff (between Milton and Nowra). Green Patch is a few km. beyond Jervis Bay township on the Wreck Bay road.

Allow three and a half hours' travelling time.

Leaders:           Jan Kiek   862140 (home)  
                  Garth Abercrombie 814907

### MARCH

5th-6th, Saturday-Sunday  
Dingo Flats

Ref: Canberra 1:250,000

A camping week-end with walks in the area and a "John Schunke's barbecue" on Saturday night!

Meet at Uriarra homestead at 10 a.m.

All those intending to go, please contact the Leader.

Leader:           Pat Michell 473264 (home)

12th-14th, Saturday-Monday  
Little Peppercorn Plain

Ref: Tantangara 1:100,000

Camping by a creek on Little Peppercorn Plain with walks in the area (Peppercorn Hill and Mt Jackson).

Meet at Yarrang Billy Caves Visitors' Centre on Saturday at 11.30 a.m. for a picnic lunch and a visit to the caves and thermal pool before setting up camp at Little Peppercorn Plain.

For those wishing to do the pack walk, meet on Friday night at the hut on Little Peppercorn Plain (where the powerline cuts the Brindabella - Rules Point Road).

All members (both campers and pack walkers) are requested to contact the Leaders.

Leaders:           Joan Goodrum 816090  
                  Jan Kiek       862140

13th, Sunday

A walk for those NPA enthusiasts left in Canberra! Please contact Hela Lindeman for information 864926 (home)

MARCH continued

20th, Sunday  
Mt Orroral

Ref: Bimberi 1:50,000

This is a steep walk, not suitable for young children - ideal for those who want to stretch their legs!

Meet at the picnic area on the road to Orroral Tracking Station (just over the Orroral River Crossing).

Leader: John Holtzapffel 815817 (home)

26th-27th, Saturday-Sunday  
Dubbo Hill

Ref: Brindabella 1:100,000

A must for all blackberrying enthusiasts! Plus walks in the area.

Please contact the leader if you intend to go on this camp.

Meet at Brindabella at 10.30 a.m.

Leader: Lyn Richardson 412425 (home)

#### GENERAL MEETINGS

at 8.00 p.m. in Room 1, Griffin Centre,  
Bunda Street, Civic

DECEMBER No Meeting

JANUARY No Meeting

FEBRUARY, 17TH

Dr R.D. Hughes of the CSIRO will speak on:

"Insects seen in the A.C.T."

# National Parks Association outings summary

## DECEMBER

4 Saturday -		
5 Sunday	Gudgenby	Camp
12 Sunday	Blue Range Hut	Christmas Party

## JANUARY

9 Sunday	Naas Creek	Walk
29 Saturday -		
31 Monday	Lake Tabourie	Camp

## FEBRUARY

6 Sunday	Murrumbidgee River	Walk/Swim
12 Saturday -		
13 Sunday	Kosciusko National Park	Camp or Pack Talk
20 Sunday	Shoalhaven River	Walk
26 Saturday -		
27 Sunday	Jervis Bay	Camp

## MARCH

5 Saturday -		
6 Sunday	Dingo Flats	Camp
12 Saturday -		
14 Monday	Little Peppercorn Plain	Camp or
13 Sunday	Cave Creek	Pack Walk or
	Local area	Walk
20 Sunday	Mt Orroral	Walk
26 Saturday -		
27 Sunday	Dubbo Hill	Camp