



all nations
BUSHWALKERS INC



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NEWSLETTER OF ALL NATIONS BUSHWALKERS INC • FORMERLY ANC BUSHWALKERS INC & ALL NATIONS CLUB WALKABOUT GROUP • FOUNDED 1962 • INCORPORATED 1992

Alpinism For Beginners: A Climb To The Roof Of Europe.

Alison Lyon

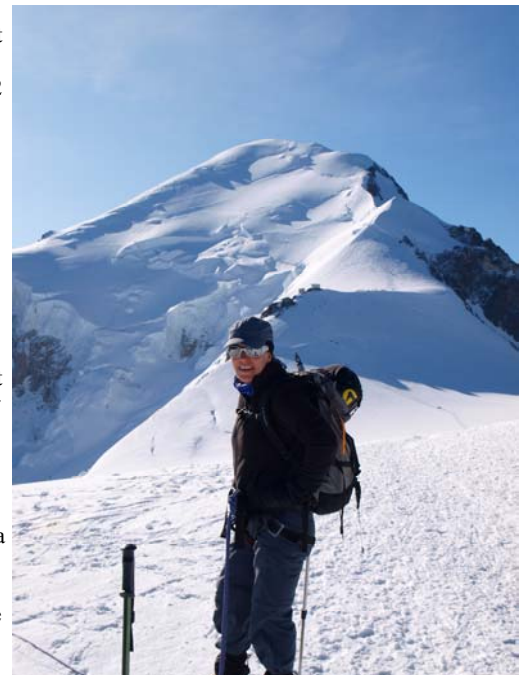


Mont Blanc has the accolade of being the highest mountain in Western Europe at 4810 metres and was first climbed in 1786. It also has the reputation of being the most dangerous mountain to climb in the world, with the highest number of fatalities, an obvious reflection of the thousands of people who attempt to reach its summit each year. But getting to the top of Mont Blanc is more than just a walk and I felt inspired by my trip to the Himalayas in 2007 to give the sport of mountaineering a go.

So after 7 months of training, which included running my first Half Marathon and a climbing course in the Blue Mountains I felt I was ready for an attempt on reaching the Roof of Europe.

Chamonix, is the town situated at the foot of Mont Blanc on the French side and I based myself there for a few days to recover from the jetlag before starting my climbing training. The mountain looked pretty daunting as I walked a few of the local trails facing the Alps.

The day I was to join my climbing group I decided to take a closer look at the mountains and took the 2 cable cars up to the Aiguille du Midi at 3842 metres. It was a thrilling ride up a sheer cliff face with 70 other people squashed into a little tin box. The end of the line is the starting point for climbers attempting the Three Monts Route to the summit (I would be climbing the Gouter Route), it also gave access to the famous Vallee Blanche and Italy. An ice cave with a sign saying 'Alpinists Only' pointed the way for climbers, I just peered past the signage and noticed a steep narrow ridge descending down onto the glacier below, with drops of over a thousand metres each side of the ridge. With fear for the 'alpinists' roped together with their ice axes out I took a number of photos and breathed a sigh of relief that I was not going to be doing that, as I was only a novice! The observation deck granted the rest of us 360-degree views of the many peaks that lie along the boundaries of France, Italy and Switzerland, including Mont Blanc. As I walked around I noticed the lack of oxygen. I was struggling for breath just walking up a few steps. Surely this would help in my acclimatization to the altitudes that I would be exposed to on my climb.



The Col du Dome, 4258m, only 522m to go!

That night I met the rest of my climbing group at our chalet base in the village of Les Houches. There were 10 of us in total, ranging from marathon runners, a soldier, doctor, teacher and a few with previous experience of mountaineering as well as total novices. Our chalet was a luxurious abode, with spa on the deck, an abundant supply of French wines and beers and a trained chef for a chalet girl.

We met our head guide after nibbles and drinks (very civilized!) and he gave us a slideshow presentation about what to expect on the summit attempt and during training. He announced that due to snow and ice conditions, there had been a change of venue for our training and to my horror some would be from the Aiguille du Midi and, yes, we would be going down that narrow ridge I'd seen earlier in the day! The questions from our group ranged from how many people had died on our route? How would we go to the toilet? (This was alright for the guys, who could just turn around, but for us girls it was a case of hoping no one was looking! It's definitely not safe to detach from a rope when climbing a mountain covered in crevasses).

Following a glass of wine, or maybe 2 more, and a sleepless night our group woke early to meet the 2 other guides that would assist with training (1 of whom we heard had led the 10th French Everest Expedition and succeeded in his bid for summit). Then it was a kit inspection and sorting the hire of climbing equipment (ice axes, helmets, crampons and so on). We were now ready for our trip into the mountains, didn't we feel the part, with all that gear attached to our packs!

Stop Press: See inside for your Christmas Picnic invite ...

continued from page 1

The first day of training was mainly to gain confidence in rock scrambling and climbing. It would enable us to travel at a reasonably quick pace in preparation for the crossing of the Grand (Gouter) Couloir. The Couloir is also known as the 'Ravine of Death', due to the number of people who get killed there each year by rock avalanches whilst making the crossing. In fact 3 people died there a couple of weeks before my attempt and had me doubting whether or not this trip was such a good idea.

As the training progressed I was quietly impressed with myself and I thought I was doing pretty well. But then fell on a flat path after a stint of rock scrambling...oops that wasn't good, too late: it had been noted by all. I hoped this little mishap wouldn't bar me from the group who would later climb to the summit.

Day 2 and we practiced glacier crossings and reached our first summit. Oh yes, I nearly forgot, guess who was the first to fall into a crevasse! Well, it's good to practice the technique of crawling out; all part of the training and thankfully was no reflection of my lack of experience.

Day 3 and I was able to have a go at some ice climbing, having descended from the Aiguille du Midi, thoroughly enjoying the experience of the steep descent, despite my previous nervousness. It was great, no need to look for hand and foot holds, just whack in the axe and crampons and you're moving. However, abseiling down to the opening of a huge crevasse, finding the rope ran out just before passing it was a bit daunting. But we all managed to avoid its gaping jaws.

So we had 3 days of rock scrambling, ice climbing, learning how to traverse glaciers, getting the hang of the ropes and a fitness test. It was only then that our head guide announced that he believed we were all capable of reaching the summit. Was he mad? To me it just looked un-reachable. That was it then: I was about to have a go!

The next day, after a leisurely breakfast at the chalet, we set off for the cable car and then to the highest Rack and Pinion railway in the Alps, to the Nid d'Aigle at 2372 metres. This was our starting point on the mountain and here we met the 2 additional guides that would be escorting us up. A 2 ½ hour walk followed from the end of the line, mainly on rocky paths with a quick glacier crossing. We were now at our base for the summit attempt; the Tete Rousse Hut at 3167 metres. The huts in the Alps are sheer luxury for a mountain attempt, mostly catered and have alcohol and water available for sale, doonas and toilets (although no running water). I've heard that they can get pretty busy though with 3 people sharing 2 mattresses. Luckily for our group we had plenty of room.

After very little sleep I was ready and roped together with my climbing partner and our guide. We left the hut around 4:30am, an Alpine start. In complete darkness our guide then led us towards the Grand Couloir along a path that separates the Tete Rousse and Bionnassay glaciers. We would stop at a ledge from which to observe the stone fall activity in the Grand Couloir, before crossing. However, before I'd even reached the Couloir I was beginning to think that I would not make it up. Slipping and sliding on the rocks it was taking a lot of effort to keep up with the guide and stay upright. I was totally out of breath. Just as I thought this the guide stopped, grabbed my head torch and surveyed the rocky slope above us, we must have reached the ledge. "Just watch my feet and move as quickly as you can" were his words: we were about to cross the Grand Couloir. So with my heart in my mouth we were across in a few minutes and then it was a 2 ½ hour climb/scramble up a cliff face to the Gouter Hut at 3817 metres (650 metres above us). We took advantage of a series of cables and used them as hand lines or belays. Once at the hut we rested, fuelled up and put on our crampons for the next stage of the climb.

The first part of the route above the Gouter hut was almost flat. Then a steep climb zig-zagging up the slope avoiding crevasses to the summit of the Dome du Gouter at around 4260m. My breathing was now beginning to settle and becoming more comfortable as I realised how to control the panting for oxygen by taking bigger and slower breaths. We made a slight descent to the Col du Dome 4255m and moved onto the Bosses ridge. I think it was at this stage I finally thought that I could actually reach the summit; it was now only 325 metres in height to go. Then it

was the magnificent summit ridge with breathtaking views down into the Chamonix valley. Unfortunately my climbing partner could not look down, but I was impressed he would and could climb, despite his fear of heights.

We reached the summit 7 hours after setting off from the Tete Rousse hut, a 1700m ascent, and what a feeling! But all too quickly I realised I was only half way and still had to get down safely. The views were amazing, a panorama of famous peaks, most notably the Matterhorn. We spent 45 minutes enjoying the perfect weather and clear blue skies. Apparently it was 36 degrees in the valley...cooler temperatures for us: I was wearing every available piece of clothing, happy that I'd packed that extra fleece and my balaclava.



Arriving at the summit

Going down was easier, despite tired legs, though we still had steep slopes to negotiate we were obviously a lot quicker in our descent. Assisted by the fact that the lower we got the more oxygen there was to feed our starving muscles. We enjoyed a rest and an omelette at the Gouter Hut and felt re-energised to tackle the Grand Couloir.

Once across the Couloir, however we heard a bit of a rumble. The guide shouted "run" as the rumble became louder and louder. My heart started racing. I tripped over the rope as rocks, some larger than us started bounding their way down the slope towards us. We managed to reach a ledge to shelter behind and we watched as the rocks bounced from one side to the other down the ravine for the next 5 minutes. Once all was quiet and our heart rates had settled we set off again to reach our base for the night. I glanced up the slopes and checked out the rocks above. Our guide confirmed that we were not yet in the clear. But we made it in one piece and now I can definitely see that mountaineering is not a sport without perils!

After a few jugs of wine to celebrate and a night in the hut we set off again across the ice and walked back down to the train and our home in the valley. A dip in the spa at the chalet relieved our aching muscles. Then followed a BBQ with a couple of the guides so we were able to further celebrate our group's achievement. Our head guide informed us that of the 14 groups so far this year only all members of 3 had made it to the summit. I was pretty proud of my new group of friends.

I had a great week in the French Alps, placed my life in the hands of some magnificent guides from Mont Blanc Guides and would never have reached the top without them. However, I do admit that the climb was a lot harder than I expected and I felt like I had run a number of marathons on summit day. I cannot imagine how fit those guides must be to climb the mountains on a weekly basis.

I had a great aid to my recovery by spending a week holidaying in The Auvergne (Massif Central Region) with Mum and Dad, who popped over from the UK to join me. We enjoyed the cheese and wine of the area and more beautiful scenery.

So what next? I'll have to find another mountain to climb and set a new challenge, maybe something a little higher and more remote...who knows...I guess you'll just have to watch this space!

WALK REPORT

Mount Murray Anderson, Ku-Ring-Gai NP:

Sunday 19 July 2009 Leader: Liam Heery

There are not that many areas close to Sydney that are unexplored and do not have tracks. So when I planned this walk it was to join two tracks together, with the middle bit bush bashing.

We headed off to try and find Wilkins Trig, but only managed to walk around it, before deciding to head off into the bush off the Perimeter Trail. The going was extremely tough with high and dense bush to push through. It took all of my navigation skills, combining GPS and compass to keep us on track and heading in the right direction. The going was so tough that it was almost 1pm before we knew it and we had not even reached our half way point.

We came to an exposed rock platform and I was about to give in to those with rumbling tummies, but decided it wasn't that much further to reach Mt Murray Anderson and hope for a better lunch stop.

What a great decision that was, as we came to the top of Mt Murray Anderson and looked down at a spur that ended in another rock platform sitting up like a pulpit overlooking Smiths Creek. We made our way to the point to enjoy one of the most magnificent look-outs over the Hawkesbury basin, with views from Smiths Creek to Cowan Creek and surrounds.

After a leisurely lunch in brilliant sunshine we packed up and headed off to the next obstacle in this exploratory walk. As we headed for Stingray Bay, and again came across almost impenetrable bush, it became clear that we would be unable to make our way across to our objective, the Long Track. A quick re-evaluation of the maps and I decided on a shorter route out.

However by 3pm it again became obvious that we would be unable to make the alternative exit and we decided to cut our losses and head back to the track we made on the way in. This required a fairly steep climb and was so tiring that I had to get Bob and Alison to take over from me at point duty, to break our way through the bush.

By using our GPS we were able to identify our earlier track and then miraculously found a faint track that we had missed on the way out. This made our return a lot easier and also saved considerable time, so that we made it back to the cars just on 5pm and before it got dark.

This walk was a great example of an exploratory walk where conditions dictate where and when you go. It also showed the need to re-evaluate where you are going to go at all times and also to make sure that you have a cut off time to turn back if needed.

Thanks to Jacqui, Bob, Phil, Alison, Meiha, Terry, Hugh and Nick for helping me explore a fabulous area so close to Sydney. I hope that you will be there for Part 2 and possibly Part 3 when we will complete the full circuit.



President's Report

Welcome to the Summer edition of 'Keeping Track'. With the warmer weather upon us, it's a great time to enjoy the longer daylight hours in the bush. Remember to carry extra water in the hotter climate. Our walks have become very popular in recent months with large group numbers. It's great to see such support for the Club, but try to book in early for walks to allow the leader to properly plan the day.

In other news, the Committee has decided to create a new position of a Walk Leader Mentor. Terry Redmond has nominated and been selected to perform this role - Congratulations Terry. The Walk Leader mentor's role includes:

*arranging mentoring for new leaders;
providing or arranging training on areas such as safety, navigation, etc;
providing a point of contact for new and prospective leaders - e.g. advice on suitable walks and walk gradings;
collecting waiver forms and statistics on numbers attending each walk; and
providing feedback to leaders.*

If you are interested in leading walks and are not sure where to start, contact Terry for assistance.

At the next Committee meeting in January we will be discussing whether the quarterly program should be electronically distributed instead of being printed and posted.

Of course, anyone who wishes to receive a paper copy will still be able to do so. There are several arguments for and against doing this. If you have views, contact one of your Committee members and let them know!

This year we are holding the Club's Christmas picnic at a new venue - Parramatta Park. The area has BBQs, plenty of room for games, opportunities for short walks and is close to public transport. The Christmas picnic is a great way to relax and socialise with other members. We hope you enjoy the new location.

Finally, as the end of year is upon us, on behalf of the Committee, I would like to wish all members and their families a Merry Christmas and best wishes for a happy and exciting 2010.

Suseela Durvasula - President

WALK REPORT

Birds and Bridges

Sunday 2 August 2009 Leader: Charles Bowden

Although the walk began a little later than anticipated following the delayed arrival of yours truly due to a train timetable misunderstanding, a group of a dozen walkers set off in the chilly air of an otherwise cloudless day along the broad cycle path next to the Cook's River. Early on, a set of exercise bars inspired a couple of walkers to limber up a bit before continuing.



Richard and Bob limbering up.

It is possible to cross a couple of dozen bridges on this walk, both foot and road bridges between Tempe and Concord West stations, and we managed to achieve 20 by the end of the day. The first bridge leads to a well-known chocolate shop which unfortunately is not open on Sundays. This did not stop a few sceptics from double-checking before reluctantly resuming the walk. Several of the footbridges provide striking views mid-stream, especially on such a sunlit day and photo opportunities abounded.

The river itself is not very prepossessing, channelled between concrete banks like an oversized gutter. It is also a tidal river and the walk coincided with a low ebb so that the muddy silt which lines the base of the 'gutter' could be easily seen, especially where it



Silhouettes - the group

emerged near the banks. The amount of salt water in the river could also be gauged when we spotted a small boxfish, a marine species, near the bank, a couple of kilometres upstream from the mouth.

As the sun began to thaw out both walkers and wildlife, the avian denizens soon started to emerge, especially waterbirds. Cormorants, both black and pied varieties, were visible along most of the river's length, as were several species of duck (mallard, chestnut teal and wood duck). At one stage, we saw a large darter perched on a fence, spreading its wings to dry while displaying to advantage its long snake-like neck and narrow pointed beak. At various points, white-faced heron and common ibis could be seen patrolling the mudflats. It was good to see the latter searching for food in a natural environment instead of importuning picnickers in parks.

Further along we spied a family of red-rumped parrots in their marvellous iridescent blue-green plumage feeding beneath some willows and, shortly before lunch, a group of noisy rainbow lorikeets added more colour to a flowering gum which they were despoiling for nectar.

We had just stopped for lunch at Freshwater Park in Strathfield, when club member Peter West happened to cycle by on an outing with his children and stopped for a quick chat. We continued with the next section of the walk which takes in a curious mix of urban streets, parks and golf courses, passing through Flemington and crossing over Parramatta Road before emerging at the start of the Moore Park Wetlands. These are fed by Powell's Creek (another concrete lined channel, distressingly referred to as a stormwater drain in my street directory) and have been greatly restored from a wasteland that existed for several years following the construction of the nearby Olympic site. The wetlands now abound in waterfowl, contentedly cruising among the islets of rushes dotting the marsh.



Plane trees & fountains. (Homebush Bicentennial Park with Olympic village in distance)

The track then leads into Bicentennial Park at Homebush where we finished at the Treillage Tower, a curious latticework structure rising just under 20 metres with 360 degree views of the parklands and mangroves. A recently planted avenue of plane trees flanking a series of fountains provides a directional focus towards Sydney Olympic Park.

The group then walked the short distance to Concord West station where some said their farewells while others lingered on at the nearby pub for a restorative libation before taking to the trains.

Thank you to Bob Seibrigh, Grace Hadiwijaya, Caroline Shabdin, Linda Pensabene, Anthony Milanoli, Spiro Stathos, Ken Beath, Helen Newman, David Cunningham, Gaye Maguire and Richard Milnes for your patience at the beginning and your kind words at the end.

WALK REPORT

Lockley's Pylon

Sunday 9 August 2009 Leader: Terry Redmond

Despite dire weather predictions of 12 degrees, we were blessed with a beautiful, warm and windless day. Perfect for a day of mountainous adventure. Aboard for the ride with Hugh and I were: club veterans John Rich and Chris Webber; prior Terry-walk survivors (and back for more) Dee Borthold, Catharina Muller, Meiha Cheung and Chris Bailey; new member Fred Gornall; newish member Enid Almeida; and Penrith couple Jenny and Colin. And somewhere herein lies the beauty and strength of our club, as when we come on a walk, we always see familiar faces and catch up with old friends.

Special mention to Fred who joined the club on the day and acquitted himself well. Welcome aboard!

Apologies to the six members and visitors who missed out on the walk. If you missed, then come along when we do it the next time (this gives you time to buy your 4WD which will guarantee you a berth). Catharina suggested we do it again and since the lady is walks coordinator, then "I hear and obey".

With my car in the garage, there was a bit of difficulty getting enough members to drive to the mountains via Strathfield. Further transport restrictions were due to the 9 km of dirt road out of Leura, which some cars could not negotiate. Special mention to Chris, Chris, Dee and Colin/Jenny for making their cars available. Extra special mention to Chris Webber who "christened" his three month old car on the 9 km of dirt roads. Thanks guys.

Painfully and slowly it all pieced together and the logistics for twelve lucky souls was organised. And what a great mob. Everyone was at least 10 minutes early! It was an auspicious beginning. I always knew who was going to be last-man and true to form, when volunteers were asked for, up shot his hand. Over the years, John has made an art-form out of being last-man. Anyone who gets bored and desires a spot of light banter, just has to drop back and they can have a nice chat with "gentleman John".

As we started out on the walk the views started to open up and build like a good symphony to a crescendo. Firstly far off hints, then glimpses of cliffs through the trees. We detoured a little to a rocky knoll for morning tea, where we looked down into Govett's Creek, but this was but an entrée to our visual feast. Finally wind-



The Pylon, with Chris Webber standing on top

ing our way over the last hill, we took in the majesty that is the Grose Valley. A steep little climb later and we were on top of Lockley's Pylon itself. I felt sorry for the lone artist we found there. He must have thought Pitt Street had come visiting and it was no wonder he shortly relocated.

How else could we improve on this idyllic situation except by gorging on our lunches. So we dined in five star splendour. In fact I cannot think of any restaurant in the world that has a view to match.

After lunch, most joined me on a side trip down the hill as we followed the track that descends into the Blue Gum Forest. It was worth the 100m descent and ascent again to get more magical views from a different vantage point. Everyone must have believed that I have shares in a walking pole company, since I kept reminding people to bring their poles next time (or go buy one). The fact is, they make descents and water crossings not only easier but much safer.

Having veterans Chris W and John along added an extra dimension as they pointed out features of the landscape and told of their exploits walking in the Grose Valley.



The last "leg" of the walk

Starting on our way back, Chris Bailey and Hugh were given the responsibility of leading and they did a great job. Perhaps we have a couple of budding walk leaders here. This gave me the opportunity to catch up with John at the rear and have a chat.

One regret I harbour about the walk was the "vote". I had done my research and found there was a nice pub called the Alexander Hotel in Leura, which boasts not only beer, but panoramic views. Trying to put on a pretence of democracy, I asked if people would like to go for a nice, cool, refreshing beer or settle for a coffee. Catharina piped up "coffee". This was not good. Then Jenny voted "coffee". That meant that her husband Colin had just been taken out - it was looking bad. Then more of the girls voted the wrong way. I have to complain. This is the third consecutive walk I have now led, that has been detoured to the coffee shop by the ladies. In desperation I am now thinking of asking the committee if I can put on a "men only" bushwalk.

If one has to drink coffee then there is no better place in the mountains than Schwarze's Cake Shop at Wentworth Falls. And what cakes! We all forgot about calories and got into it. Hugh ordered and scooped down the largest piece of black forest cake anyone has ever seen, and then contemplated having a second.

Despite the group choosing the wrong drug of addiction at walks end, I must say that you were a great bunch and it was a pleasure to have spent the day with you.

Patient assessment and the unconscious patient

Andy Meynell

The basic assessment of a patient is a fundamental role of the first aider, this is where we can make the biggest difference to survival. There are many causes of unconsciousness, it would take a whole newsletter to go through them so in this article I will look at how to recognise and manage an unconscious patient.

Assessment

DRABC

D – Danger, check that it is safe for you to approach the patient, look above and all around you for hazards.

R – Response, see AVPU below – SHOUT FOR HELP, dial 000, ask for ambulance.

A – Airway, make sure the patient has an open and clean airway by tilting the head back.

B – Breathing, assess for breathing by looking, listening and feeling for breath. Place your ear over the patient's mouth while looking down the length of the body for chest rise.

C – Circulation, look for signs of life, normal breathing, movement, response. Checking for a pulse is now not appropriate for a first aider to assess circulation due to many people not being able to find a pulse even on a conscious patient (try and find your own, did you get it first time?). Any major bleeding should be treated at this point.

AVPU

The easiest way to recognise an unconscious patient is to use the internationally recognised AVPU scale.

AVPU works on how the patient responds to stimuli.

A – Alert, this is what you are now and hopefully will still be by the end of this article!

V – Voice, if the patient appears unconscious as you approach them but when you speak to them and they respond to your voice they are said to be responding to voice.

P – Pain, if the patient does not respond to voice, you may have to inflict some pain (the fun part of first aid), by firmly squeezing their shoulders for example, at times you may need to apply a lot of pressure, we only want a response though not an injury! If there is any reaction at all, this may be a moan or trying to push your hand away, the patient is said to be responding to pain

U – Unresponsive, if after checking for voice and pain response the patient has made no response at all they are said to be unresponsive.

Ok, so which of these response levels mean a patient is unconscious? The last three, basically - if the patient is not in their normal alert state they are classed as unconscious and should be treated as such and professional help should be sought as soon as possible.

Management

Any unconscious patient needs to be placed into a recovery position to maintain a clear and open airway, this is fundamental in all medical emergencies.

Over the years there have been many varied positions taught, whilst teaching people this valuable skill I realised that many people became confused with previous positions that they were taught years ago. I tried to simplify it by breaking it down into four parts:

- D** Drainage
- O** Open Airway
- S** Stability
- E** Ease of breathing

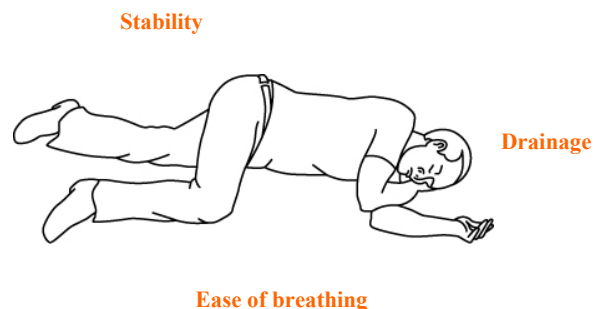
If the patient is in a position that has all four of the elements then they are in a recovery position. Take a look at your patient before you move them and check off the four parts. You may only need to tweak their position slightly.

D - Drainage - if the patient vomits, is bleeding from the mouth or even just salivating the fluid needs to come out of the mouth as an unconscious patient is not able to swallow and has lost their gag reflex so any fluid may be either inhaled into the lungs, or cause a blockage which stops breathing. To avoid this, the mouth needs to be inclined towards the ground to allow drainage.

O - Open airway – The head needs to be tilted in such a way to allow free movement of air through the windpipe. Think of the windpipe as a hosepipe, if there is a kink in the pipe no water/air will flow. This is the case even with a spinal injury (see below).

S - Stability – The patient needs to be in a stable position. If there is any chance of losing drainage, open airway or ease of breathing then the position of the patient needs adjustment or some form of packing placed around the patient to prevent movement.

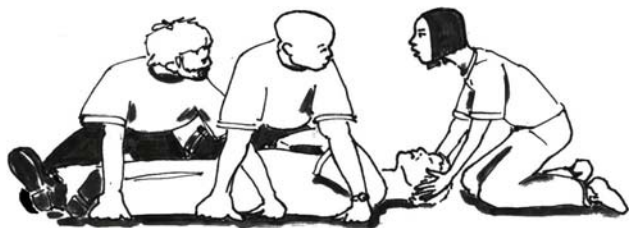
E - Ease of breathing – If the patient is lying on their front every breath they take they are having to lift their whole upper body to inhale. If you were to slide the knee, on the side that their face is, up the ground so that the knee is now bent and lifts the hip on the same side, at the same time this will take weight off the chest and allow ease of breathing (this sounds a bit complicated but in practice is easy. Try it. Get on the floor lying on your front and move your knee and hip until you feel weight taken off your chest).



<http://www.polyu.edu.hk/fmo/useful/images/recovery.jpg>

Spinal injury – Most people are scared of moving a patient who may have a spinal injury: this is a healthy fear. We don't know that there is a spinal injury, we can only suspect a spinal injury. People can and do live for many years with a spinal injury but can only live for seconds and minutes without an airway.

It is still imperative to maintain the airway of a patient that has a spinal injury. If possible use bystanders to assist to keep the spine in line as the patient is moved into a recovery position.



http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Recovery_position_maneuver.jpg

The golden rule with unconscious patients is move them as little as possible. If they have the four elements of a recovery position they don't need moving, but they must be moved if they do not have DOSE.

Feel free to photocopy this box and keep it in your wallet, car, first aid kit etc.

D	Danger	A	Alert	D	Drainage
R	Response	V	Voice	O	Open Airway
A	Airway	P	Pain	S	Stability
B	Breathing	U	Unresponsive	E	Ease of Breathing
C	Circulation				

Andy is a fully qualified UK Paramedic and has undergone mentor training here to become an Intensive Care Paramedic which will convert his qualifications to Australian standards. He also ran first aid courses in the UK on behalf of the British Red Cross for two years.

The information in this article is intended as a guide only. It is not meant to replace professional medical help or the knowledge and qualifications obtained from an accredited first aid award. The author advises that all participants in adventure activities should enrol on a first aid course and know what to do in an emergency and when to call for professional help. The author and the All Nations Bushwalkers club accepts no responsibility or liability for any action taken by club members or visitors in response to the information in this article.

WALK REPORT

Springwood - Magdala, Glenbrook and Sassafras Creeks

Sunday 6 September 2009 Leader: John Rich

Meeting at Strathfield Square we drove to Springwood and started down Magdala Creek which still had some water running.

The trees and shrubs along the track displayed a fair amount of flowers but the few rock orchids had no flowers yet. The most interesting were the Waratah buds which were just on the point of opening to full bloom. The Magdala Creek track has some interesting rock formations and overhangs, also nice rock pools which had some very good reflections.

At Martins Falls we managed to get down to the pool where we found some well formed stalactites under a low rock shelf. A late morning tea was had at the junction of Magdala Creek and Glenbrook Creek; someone just had to discover a leech which caused some excitement.

After morning tea a steep climb brought us to the top of Martins Lookout where we could see the white memorial cross on the opposite cliffs. Returning to the junction of Magdala Creek and Glenbrook Creek, lunch was called for but without the accompaniment of the leech.

Good time was made along Glenbrook Creek noting some very nice pools, again with good reflections. At the junction of Sassafras Creek we followed the track up Sassafras Creek then up to Springwood.

Resting on a large flat rock in the late sun we were fed by Hugh with very welcome chocolate before finding a café to replenish our strength. All participating walkers made a 200%



effort and realised that they could do a grade harder walk as I had made a mistake on the elevations in my walk grading.'

Sitting round a table with hot chocolate, coffee and pizza chatting and laughing over the day's events rounded the walk off nicely.

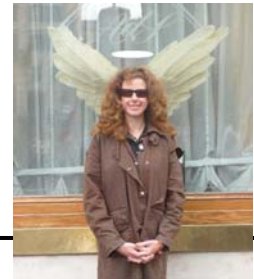
Thanks to Peter Bonner, Ken Beath, Terry Redmond, Hugh Redmond, Delia Tripoli and Alice Lim who provided the group photo.

DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE: 1 FEBRUARY 2010 - SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO jcstevan@unwired.com.au

FEATURE

Camino Pilgrimage - Home via Roma

Fiona Bachmann



I flew home from my Spanish Camino pilgrimage via Rome, Helsinki, and Bangkok. My cousin and travel companion, Peter, travelled with me from Spain via budget airline Ryanair to Rome. Ryanair offers cheap online only bookings and an absolute cattle class service. They have a fifteen-kilogram luggage limit that I exceeded by two kilograms. So with bag contents flowing onto the airport floor I randomly grabbed items and proceeded weighing them on the spare check-in scales to find what I could carry on, wear, eat or give away in order to meet the restriction. I learned from this that an Australian full length Drizabone weighs 1.5kg, and an Italian-English dictionary 500g. I wore my raincoat onto the plane and pretended to be interested in reading the dictionary. This experience reinforced that lightweight travel gear is worth its weight (or lack of).

On arriving at Ciampino, the secondary Italian airport, no one cared. There were no customs or security whatsoever. It was late and dark and we negotiated a shared taxi ride to the wrong hotel. Perhaps I actually should have read the dictionary.

The next morning we caught the train from this outer suburb to Roma. The surrounds to Ciampino airport were just like any other light industrial area: busy traffic, noisy, and bland graffitied buildings. Roma city itself was busier, noisier, with older grander buildings, more fountains, less graffiti, and much pigeon poop. We wandered our way past Piazza Della Repubblica and had gelato at Fontana di Trevi, of Audrey Hepburn fame. Our small apartment was near the Pantheon and Piazza Venezia. Next to this the highlight of the first day was finding a Laundromat and properly washing out a month's worth of trekking dirt. This seemed a requirement in a city where even the police or Carabinieri looked like they had just stepped out of a cosmetics advertisement.

On Sunday we walked along the Fiume Tevere, which is lovely if viewed from a distance, but polluted up close. We waited in Vatican Square for the museum to open only to find out we were in the queue for mass with the Pope. So I saw Benedict XVI on his home ground, and then lined up for two more hours to see the Vatican Museum. During this



Vatican Museum

time numerous guides offered to move us to the front of the queue

for a considerable fee. We declined and stayed with the remaining tourists and beggars lining the outside of the Vatican walls and segregated from the incredible opulence within. Inside were marvellous sculptures, maps, paintings, through to the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, which is the only part not allowed to be photographed. The most enticing exhibit to me was a slowly rotating sculptured golden ball approximately 2.5metres high in an open courtyard. I am not sure what it was meant to be, but I thought it represented the world. I marched across the lawn intent on getting the best angle for a short film of its movement. Once done I noticed I was all alone and my cousin was taking a photo of me while he stood inside the sign that said "Please stay off the grass." Oops! We walked that afternoon in the Botanical Gardens viewing the densely built area below, past more fountains, statues, and foreign embassies and walked on as much turf as we wanted.

The next day included a trip to the Colosseum, and Palatino including the home of Augustus Caesar. We learnt of brutal entertainment for the masses, and the battle of Romulus and Remus to rule the ancient city. Throughout the city there were many tacky tourist stores selling statues of these two, as well as crosses, fake Ferrari t-shirts, scarves, postcards and 'Men of the Cloth'; believe it or not a calendar of enticing young priests. Not to mention, should you wish to get a brand new religious outfit in the finest silk and gold adornment, this is the city to shop.

On the last day we ventured to the Catacombs at Appia Way. This was a long walk and bus ride to negotiate, much to the amusement and some sniggering of the locals. They wouldn't actually think to help a tourist despite the economic injection they get from them. Here an Australian was actually guiding a tour of lost remains and a small underground city. Afterwards we introduced ourselves to find our guide was Victorian. Who else would still manage to gloat that his AFL team were the reigning premiers, even when so far away from home.

On the bus ride home we watched the unruly traffic weave around us with brash scooters taking on shiny sports cars, and buses alike in a complete free for all. On the metro train service sophisticated monitors display ongoing ads and forced entertainment on to travellers. We alighted at Spagna to walk home through the most glossy of fashion streets and biggest of names and displays, including a continuously playing three and a half minute Louis Vuitton promotional video that I refused to leave until I had filmed its entirety myself, much to the annoyance of my male non-fashion appreciating cousin!

Birds flock over the city at dusk. Together they twist in a pattern like a sandstorm arriving, indicating the end of daylight. Many small parks reek of bird poo and the park benches can't be used as council workers fight to keep them clean. Nonetheless this is all part of the character of the city.

Intent on trying to negotiate a trip to the Ducati factory in the north at Bologna I found an Internet café. Due to Italy's equivalent of anti-terrorist legislation a foreigner has to provide a Passport just to use an Internet terminal. So although no one stamped my passport or checked my luggage on arrival, a photocopy of my passport was taken before I could check my email and surf Italy's own tourist sites. In the end I found it wasn't possible to travel there at short notice, so I have an excuse to return to Italy, but not to Roma. Been there and done that.

WALK REPORT

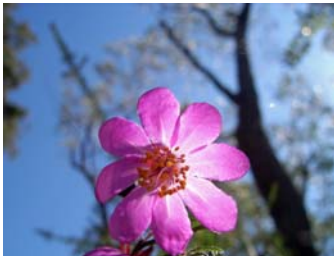
Lost and found; flowers and light

Sunday 13 Sept 2009 Leader: Charles Bowden

What a day for an onset of senile dementia! First I left behind my coins and cards at the café where we assembled, then I miscalculated the numbers for the car shuffle, then I 'lost' four walkers before morning tea and finally I left behind my folder of forms at the 'recovery' venue. It's a wonder I was able to remember the way. Fortunately all individuals and items were recovered sooner or later without undue drama.

Personal mishaps and miscalculations aside, it was a suitably cheerful and optimistic group of 20 walkers that took part in this popular saunter along the Illawarra coast, starting from a spot near Treverrow Trig on Maddens Plains, overlooking Scarborough. The weather was in our favour, bright and sunny, indeed rather warm by the afternoon as the temperature climbed towards 30 degrees.

The Forest Trail which makes up most of the walk follows the top of the Illawarra escarpment all the way to the Wodi Wodi Track which skirts Stanwell Park. Both tracks appear to have deteriorated markedly. Fallen trees have forced walkers to carve their own paths through the bush, duckboards over sensitive marshy areas have collapsed or been washed away, signs have been damaged or souvenired, seats broken and steps leading to and from creeks have become covered with eroded soil making it difficult to find a secure footing. We saw a number of large bags of materials and timber on the Wodi Wodi track which indicates that some maintenance will shortly take place on the steep hillsides flanking the creeks. We can only hope that further work is planned for the southern section of the Forest Trail as well.



Dog rose

In spring, the Forest Trail is normally thick with wildflowers and we were treated to a fine array of predominantly yellow flowers with dogwood (*Jacksonia*) most evident, growing in thick bushy clumps everywhere we went. Other prominent yellow members of the Pea Flower family included *Pultenaea* and *Dillwynia* species. Fine examples of Golden Glory and Yellow Wedge Pea Flowers were also evident.



Dotted sun orchid

The one disappointment was that we found just one solitary waratah, perched halfway down a cliff, having on previous walks seen many fine specimens of the State emblem including a whole meadow of them on a couple of occasions. Said 'meadow' was completely overrun with bracken and I suspect that this invasive plant has smothered the more susceptible native species.

Flowering Gymea lilies were in abundance, however, as was the attractive Fuschia Heath with its white-tipped bell-like flowers and a red spiderlike Grevillea. Interesting finds were the distinctive 'drumstick' flowers (*Isopogon*), large violet Native Iris and the crimson Coral Pea climber. Two unusual plants that attracted attention were a small group of white Paper Daisies perched on the cliff edge and another small group of pale blue Dotted Sun Orchids (*Thelymitra ixioides*) by the side of the trail in a moist and shady depression.



Gymea lily

Being such a bright clear day, the views along the coastline were spectacular. Some claimed to be able to see Port Kembla to the south or Eagle Rock in Royal NP to the north, sights which defeated both my eyes and my binoculars. Nonetheless the cloudless vistas stretched a very long way.



Leader's perch Photo by: Katherine McNevin

Our lunch spot was the cliff top overlooking the Coalcliff mine, one of the more unusual sights on the walk. From time to time trains obligingly emerged from and disappeared into the tunnel on the hillside across from the mine. A nearby rock formation is reminiscent of a hag-like witch's head, scowling at the sooty disfigured landscape below.

After a final lookout over Stanwell Park itself, the Forest Trail descends fairly steeply to the valley floor carved out by Stanwell Creek, emerging among a large stand of Blackbutt. At Stanwell Creek itself, most of us took the opportunity for a short, scrambly, rock hopping side trip to the base of the railway viaduct, built in 1920 and the tallest of its kind in Australia.

Upon rejoining the Wodi Wodi Track, we followed its meanderings along lush slopes before emerging at the railway station platform.

Thank you to Bob Seibrigh, Chris Othen, Alison Lyon, Alex Puestas, Colin Brown, Katherine McNevin, Brian Sisk, William Meats, Terry Redmond, Fred Gornall, Linda Kelen, Helen Newman, Fenella Walter, John Buchan, Elizabeth Saadeh, Catharina Muller, Safwan Barbour and Yubang Zhang for remaining enthusiastic to the end. Special thanks to drivers Terry, Alex and Chris for transportation services (including taking on a badly rutted road) and very special thanks to the backseat foursome in Alex's car, squeezing in above & beyond the call for the shuffle leg!

WALK REPORT

Golf Links Lookout Leura to Solitary Restaurant

Sunday 25 October 2009 Leader: Chris Webber

Present: Judy Archer, Safwan Barbour, Inez Noordhuis, Christopher Webber, Yubang Zheng



Despite the lowering clouds we only had two drop-outs and five determined walkers showed up. We parked our cars at the restaurant and all five piled into one car for the shuffle to the start. On the way, we stopped at Sublime Point for what should be one of the best views in the mountains – almost a 360 degree panorama. However, the clouds, mist and perhaps bushfire smoke meant we could see nothing to the east and only the tops of a few mountains to the west. Well that was kind of romantic to see them floating on the mist. Judging by what I had seen the previous day, there would have been a huge plume of smoke to be seen from a bushfire south of Wentworth Falls, but we could only smell it faintly. I had been asked to help man a roadblock that afternoon as the fire had not been contained. At least there wasn't any wind and it had not started raining yet. We could see a little bit of the walk we were now to undertake, and why the part that connected to Sublime Point is now closed – it's right next to a very high and sheer cliff. Walking back up the short track to the car we drove on to the real start of the walk. Now there was a little spatter of rain, but nothing to worry about.

From the Golf Links Lookout we walked down to the Pool of Siloam. The original is a Bronze Age rock-cut pool now outside the southeast walls of Old Jerusalem. It is mentioned in the Old Testament but for Christians has significance as the place Jesus sent a blind man as part of healing him. The Leura version has a lovely waterfall and beach. You can no longer swim there, as sand and silt from the built-up areas above it have filled in the deep plunge pool that used to be under the waterfall. It was still a pretty spot to stop and have morning tea.

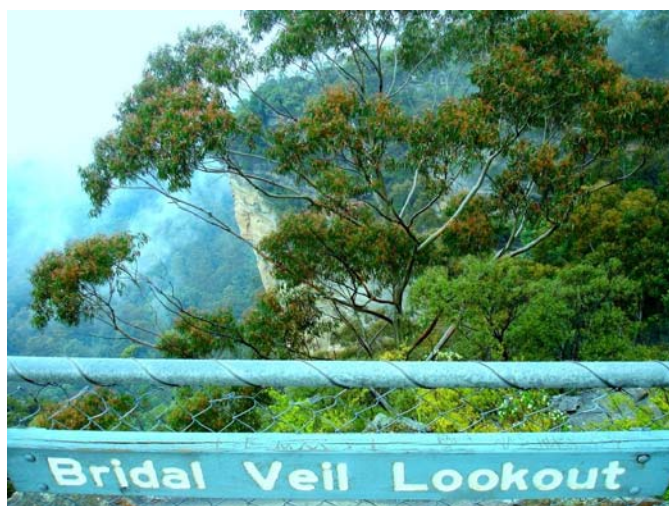
From the pool we went up a side track to Lyebird Dell, where there was a dry cave with a table and benches, much appreciated as we were now getting rather wet. The track crossed a creek and led us to another (deeper) pool and waterfall, every bit as lovely as the first one. Returning to the main track, we worked our way up many steps to a park, with a strange concrete cave, cleverly painted to look like sandstone on the inside. Here we paused briefly while some made use

of the park's other facilities, and put on extra rain gear. The rain was now constant and we were getting cold as well.

This walk contained many interesting sights in a small area, as well as a great variety of terrain and vegetation – from rainforest to scrub. Most of the time the trees kept the rain from us and it never rained really hard so we weren't too troubled by the weather. As we walked out of the park to the Elysian Rock this changed as the area was very exposed. The visibility was still pretty bad so we had more views of clouds and mist, and taking photographs of our walkers at the lookouts we were truly able to say they had their "heads in the clouds". Some walkers were getting delirious, seeing faces and horseshoes in the rock, so it was time for lunch, and we found a nice bench on a dry stretch of track under an overhang. It was cold enough to put on my beanie and I had already lent my gloves to some less well prepared ladies.

Our journey into the classical era continued, as we visited the Olympian lookout, followed by the Elysian Rock. In Greek mythology, the Elysian Fields in Elysium were the final resting place of the souls of the heroic and the virtuous, but we were unable to rest near the Elysian Rock as it was too wet and uneven. We also visited the Tarpeian Rock, which was originally in Rome, but as there were no political disputes, conquered kings, or confessed criminals amongst us, we were unable to throw anybody off it. Instead we gazed at the view, which again would have been spectacular except for the clouds and mist and rain. The mist did have the benefit of making every view different and unpredictable, so it took a long time for the group to experience "lookout fatigue" despite the large number of excellent lookouts on this walk. We also visited Fossil Rock which doesn't have any fossils but does have some marvellous rock formations that look like smoothly carved animals or fossils (and a lookout).

Before the steep downward descent to the Leura Cascades, we came to the best lookout of them all, Bridal Veil Falls lookout. We were lucky, as the mist had cleared when we got there, and we saw the falls in all their glory, with the rain making them even more spectacular than usual. The lookout itself is perched like a ship's prow on the edge of a cliff and is quite breathtaking. We were actually above the birds wheeling below us.



Next we wandered down to the creek that fed the waterfall, and Leura Cascades. The vegetation changed abruptly again from dry eucalypts and scrub to wet green rainforest. The water rushed and bubbled by us as we crossed the river and then climbed the other side. After a surprisingly easy and quick climb, we were once again gazing down on the cascades from quite a height from Majestic Lookout. >>>

SOCIAL

'Anything Goes' - the musical

Friday 11 September 2009 Peter Bonner

The pre-show dinner was held at the 'Sichuan Kitchen Restaurant, where nine members enjoyed an excellent meal seated at a round table, where everyone could talk to each other and be heard without shouting.

With stomachs pleasantly full, (we avoided the red hot chillis) we walked across Lakeside Street to the newly renovated theatre/hall of the Eastwood Uniting Church, where the EUC Musical Society put on this great show, to meet up with the three non-dining members. So in all there were 12 of us.

We all had seats with good vision of the stage and the actors. Young David Yoon secured a seat close to the musicians which remained mysteriously empty (the show was a sell out), until David bagged it and had one of the best seats in the house!

"Anything Goes" is a light romantic comedy where most of the action takes place on board a cruise ship voyage to the UK. With music and lyrics by Cole Porter the show opened on Broadway in 1934 to become one of the longest running musicals of its time. The orchestra of eight musicians gave us rousing on the beat accompaniment to all the songs with a dance routine, notably 'Anything Goes' and 'Blow Gabriel Blow' and sympathetic melodious interpretation for the songs 'I get A Kick Out of You', 'You're the Tops', 'Friendship', 'It's De-lovely', 'The Gypsy in Me'. I particularly enjoyed the tap dancing routines; all in all a great night out.

My thanks to the 12 members who came along and helped me enjoy this great musical show, and welcome to new members Tina Sourlas & Judy Archer and first timers to our theatre nights, John & Maureen Rich.

Oh yes, I managed to mislay 10 of the 12 tickets; I tried to keep it a secret but had to 'fess' up in the end but not a real problem as I had the ticket numbers and we are now so well known by the front of house staff! Oh yes again, it was young David who spotted the leading lady Katherine Sharpham from 'Seussical', who was once again leading lady, as (Reno Sweeny) a sexy evangelist? night club singer. See what you missed. Next Show in May/June 2010.

WALK REPORT

Cowan to Gunyah Hill Ku-Ring-Gai NP:

Sunday 1 Nov 2009 Leader: Liam Heery

It was three years ago that I first put on this walk and explored the area beyond Taffy's, and so it was going to be interesting to see how much of the area had changed.

Leaving from Cowan, we came across our first major obstacle. As we were about to cross the train line, the pedestrian alarm came on and the barrier came down to allow a very long coal train to pass by. However with just one carriage to go, the train stopped and some rail workers started to inspect the bogies. With the alarm sounding in our ears and the barrier still blocking us we had to wait for about 20 minutes before the train shunted off!

Remembering how long this walk had taken last time, I was eager to get a move on and the train was a frustrating delay. Moving off quickly we made good time and had morning tea overlooking Jerusalem Bay.

It was quite a warm day, forecast 30 degrees, so we were already hot and Bob couldn't resist a swim. However his time in the water was short lived when he heard a screech from one

of our fellow walkers demanding he get out so we could go!

The walk up the "hill" had some of us breathless and we took our time getting onto "Taffy's" track.

We reached Taffy's rock in time for lunch, but had to keep it short so that we still had time to explore Gunyah Hill.

On today's walk I had decided to practise my map navigating skills by compass rather than GPS (which remained in my pack) and was pleased with the result. We hit every target point and made good progress to Cliff Trig. Here we left one member of the group while the rest of us continued to Gunyah Hill. Although only a 3km round trip, it took us an hour and a half to make it as the going is very rough and tiring.

There are no views from Gunyah Hill, but there is a large tessellated rock platform on the way and we rested here for a few minutes while taking in the expansive views of the Hawkesbury and Broken Bay.

It was now time for the long slog back to Cowan and in the hot weather we were low on water, so shared around what we had, knowing that when we reached Jerusalem Bay we could refill our water bottles.

By now it was 7pm, and as Bob had to have another swim we did not get back to the cars until 7.30pm and then onward to a refreshing recovery at the Blue Gum in Waitara.

Thanks to Jacqui, Charles, Alison, Bob, Alex and Len for joining me on another punishing walk.

continued from page 10

This time, though, the photographs were of "Bushwalkers in the Mist". The clouds descended suddenly and blanked out the view completely. It was quite a startling transformation.

We were now only minutes from the end of the walk, and it was on the track leading up to the restaurant that we saw our only terrestrial wildlife of the walk – a snail!. The snail obviously was enjoying the weather, but despite being all thoroughly wet we were feeling terrific and had enjoyed the walk very much. The restaurant was open when we got there and

literally proved to be the icing on the cake, with melt-in-your mouth scones and other goodies. We had a most interesting group of people on the walk and I thank them all for their good humour and determination. I hope to see them all on a walk again sometime. We finished about 3.30pm. This was too late to help with the bushfire but I had time (after completing the car shuffle) to go to the Footbeat Festival at Wenworth Falls to hear some more interesting discussions about environmental issues before singing at the closing concert in the evening. It was one of the best days I'd had for a long time.

Welcome to New Members

Fred Gornall

Rowena Mitchell

Alex Cuestas

Alice Lim

Yuko Imai

Yubang Zheng

Safwan Barbour

Monica Flynn

Frank Shakeshaft

Ines Noordhuis

Giuseppe Mangogna

Bongsuk Cha

Adee Widjaya

Etienne Vanderwalt

Donna McCallum

Adele Stephenson



See you in the bush



Change of Details

**Don't forget to notify
Treasurer Richard Milnes
of any of the following -**

- change in address,
- email address
- phone numbers.

**Phone: 0416 925 245 or
email us at -
anbcomm@hotmail.com**

Easy Mountain Bicycle Ride & Sausage Sizzle Marramarra National Park

Saturday 17 October 2009

Leader: Peter Bonner

After one cancellation, there were only two of us; myself and a new member Ines thus making this a private activity. After fitting the folding mountain bike that Ines had brought with her into my Nissan 4WD as it would not fit on to my cycle rack, we were on our way. I will now have to check what type of cycle frame prospective cyclists have if they want a lift, as most of the new style frames will not fit on my cycle rack.

Driving up Bloodwood Road to the Marramarra National Park I turned left instead of right into the Park, and so we set off on our bikes on an unfamiliar stony track that became very rough when it started to descend.

Turning around and back to the 4WD, Ines who was cycling very well took this in her stride without an audible murmur as once again we folded up her cycle and drove to the correct gate. We were in such a hurry to make up time I failed to look past a fallen tree and so we rode past the track which would take us to the rock escarpment where I could safely light a small fire for the promised sausage sizzle.

After a while I noticed that my handle bars were coming loose and could not be tightened up as I did not have a hexagonal allen key in my cycle tool kit. I thought I had packed the lot; puncture outfit, pump, small shifting spanner, Phillips head and plain screwdrivers, snub nosed pliers, spare valves and dust caps, Swiss Army pen-knife, but no allen keys! The handle bars by now were so loose that I had to walk down bumpy sections of the track. Nothing for it but to turn back. I gave my car keys to Ines who shot off like a champion rough rider to get rid of her day pack and come back with mine. But she didn't come back. I had visions of her feet up on the dashboard, radio on, munching her sandwiches but no not at all. By no small feat of tricky handle-bar manoeuvring I arrived back just as she was setting off to help me.



By now it was lunch time so we found a rocky ledge with a good view a short distance from the 4WD and set up my small gas stove to fry our sausages, make tea and discuss the gourmet status of our different brands of sausages. Ines's were judged to be more acceptable than mine. Despite the setbacks we had a good day's outing. The final test came when we had to put all the rear folding seats up to accommodate both bicycles as my cycle would have lost the screws and the handle bars if placed on the bike rack for the return journey. One more mini disaster was yet to come; my 36 shot colour film somehow was double exposed so the only photo is the one Ines took of me at the start of the ride. Thanks Ines for your company and despite a day of mini disasters, I still enjoyed it.

Excellent weather, OK sausages cooked just right by Ines. We only saw 5 walkers the whole day...

Next time it will be on the correct track. We might even make it to the swimming hole! And I'll carry a hexagonal allen key in my cycle repair kit!

A big 'Thank you' to all who contributed to this newsletter - Editor