

Brindabella Bushwalking Club November 2024



My Bushwalking Adventures

Luisa Dal Molin, BBC Treasurer

Walking is something that I've been interested in for as long as I can remember. Growing up in a small country town surrounded by bushland with limited public transport and two parents who worked meant that walking was a necessity if I wanted to go anywhere. And the bush close by just called to be explored after school and during the long holidays.

However, as many of us are wont to do, my time spent bushwalking dropped off in my adult years and I predominantly kept to city tracks and paths. Study, work, limited knowledge of local trails and of safety in the bush stopped me from wandering further afield. This all changed when I discovered our local bushwalking clubs - here was an opportunity to explore our local bush with others, to learn and to explore new tracks and areas.

Joining a bushwalking club was also a way for me to explore our surrounding mountains. I've always been attracted to mountains, having grown up hearing stories of my family's life in the Italian Alps. In fact, my first venture up to the summit of a serious mountain (ie,+2,000m in height) was in the Italian Alps in my early twenties, walking the 'Strada Delle 52 Gallerie', a trail of caves and tunnels blasted into the side of Monte Pasubio during WWI.

I joined my first bushwalking club in 2016 and, as I'm apt to do, jumped right in. One of the first walks I signed up for traversed part of the Tidbinbilla skyline, from Tidbinbilla Peak through to Camel's Hump. In hindsight, I didn't really understand what was involved in that walk when I signed up, and I'm not sure how I managed to finish it other than through sheer determination.

That first hard walk taught me a lesson about the importance of doing my research on what an advertised walk would entail, and of assessing my capacity to complete it. Don't get me wrong, I've always completed each walk I've signed up for, bar one, but sometimes totally exhausted myself in the process. This is something we all need to be cognisant of: researching and understanding what would be involved in a walk, and seeking further information to help us make an informed decision about whether a walk is for us.

Regardless of the challenge of some of my early walks, the bush and the mountains continued to call to me. I ventured into overnight hikes, with one of first hikes involving an overnight

Issue 88



Sun 6 Oct. A Tallaganda Ramble.

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CONTRIBUTIONS WELCOME

[Email here](#)



Climbing out of the Wilkenson's Creek Valley, Kosciuszko NP Park

stay at Oldfield's Hut and a climb to the summit of Mt Bimberi. By now I was hooked and signed myself onto a range of one to three night pack walks in Namadgi, the Budawangs, and Kosciuszko National Park.

There were many lessons for me to learn along the way. I quickly learned that some commercial dehydrated meals are not particularly appetising. So I bought a dehydrator, searched the internet for recipes and guides, and started dehydrating my own meals. These have ranged from mushroom risotto, meat and lentil bolognese sauce with pasta, through to cold soak pasta salads and fruit leathers. Experimenting with dehydrated meals has been a lot of fun.

As my confidence grew, I took up another challenge, a solo traverse of the Overland Track in Tasmania. I spent weeks in the lead-up to my trip researching, listening to podcasts on topics ranging from trail etiquette, how to pack a backpack, through to hygiene on the trail. I found a bunch of useful resources including a web tool for organising and adding up the weight of my gear. I practised walking with a weighted pack, gradually increasing the weight until I could manage what I would need to carry. My research really paid off and I had a wonderful time, so much so that I returned and walked the Track a second time earlier this year, adding on several days to explore Pine Valley.

In other walks I have ventured to the European Alps, starting with the Tour du Mont Blanc and day walks in the Dolomites during 2023. This year I added some of the via ferrata tracks in the Dolomites as well, again very do-able with preparation and research, including undertaking a beginner rock climbing session. A head for heights is also helpful, although my strategy of not looking works quite well for me!

I've had some wonderful adventures exploring the bush and climbing mountains, and a 'not so wonderful' experience on my last trip overseas. Despite my fall and fractured spine,

something I don't recommend, I'm healing well and learning new ways to continue my bushwalking journey. I look forward to meeting and seeing you on a walk very soon.

The role of BBC Treasurer

As well as introducing myself, a key reason for me writing this article is to give you some information about my role as the current BBC Treasurer.

As Treasurer, I look after the BBC bank accounts and advise the Committee and the membership as a whole on financial matters. I'm responsible for compiling and maintaining the financial reports, including at the financial year documents which are required under legislation. In practice, this means arranging to have the financial records audited, and providing the audited records to the BBC membership (at the annual general meeting). I also work to ensure that BBC meets all requirements pertaining to its financial status.

In summary, the role of BBC Treasurer is relatively straightforward. It's a lovely way to be more involved in the Committee and to contribute to the club itself.



On top of Mt Oakleigh, along the Overland Track, Tas.



Tackling the Via Ferrata degli Alpini al Col dei Bos, located between Tofana di Rozes and the Lagazoui Dolomite groups, Italy.

SOCIAL NEWS NOVEMBER 2024

Monday 7 October: (public holiday) walk and picnic Yarralumla Bay)

8 members enjoyed a ramble through Stirling Ridge, Westlake and beyond before meeting another 12 members for a picnic by the lake. Not picture perfect weather, but we enjoyed meeting up and chatting with friends. A lovely walk in the bush



incorporated many of the historic sights into the scenic town walk. The boardwalk is particularly pretty. Some of the places we visited included Osborne House gardens, the Uniting and Anglican churches, the Pill factory and the

Nancy Kingsbury Park. Lunch at Bundanoon Club was delicious. On the way back to the train station, some of us met lovely Christine who owns the old butcher shop (now a house of course). She was gracious talking about the history and showed us inside. A great day was had by all and some members will visit again. Not bad for \$2.50 return train trip (2 hrs each way).

Upcoming Events

8 December Sunday lunch Womboin (note the change of date, time and venue). An email with details early December.

*Elaine Atkinson
Social Convenor*



(so close to the city). We encountered many large kangaroos and mums with their joeys as well as large hares. So good to be in nature.



Thursday 17 October: train trip to Bundanoon
12 club members enjoyed a fabulous relaxing and peaceful day in Bundanoon (formerly known as Jordan's Crossing) in the Southern Highlands.. Weather perfect,

noisy cicadas, beautiful trees, beautiful gardens, a great group and the list goes on. On the way to morning coffee at Potters Pantry, we checked out some of the heritage trail and



Great Times and Fond Memories with the BBC

Julie Pettit

Following her appointment as a life member (see August issue), I invited Julie to write about her experiences in the BBC.
Ed.

From memory I joined BBC around 2003-4 although the exact date escapes me. It was after I had experienced the Overland Track in Tasmania in 1999 and the Annapurna trek in Nepal in 2001. I was still working full time then and had 2 adult children still living at home (as they do) – so life was quite busy and there was not much time for extra activities. Nevertheless these two trips whetted my appetite for bushwalking and when I found out about a planned “introduction to BBC weekend trip” to Mongarlowe where we were to stay in cabins and do day walks I jumped at the chance to join the group as a prospective member. We had a great time and the wonderful Judy Grant took myself and the Foxes under her wing and made us feel very welcome.

From then on I joined in weekend walks whenever work and home commitments allowed. I was fortunate to be able to join a BBC group organised by Leslie and Barry McCann in 2005 planning to a walking trip in a number of South America countries from Tierra del Fuego through Argentina, Chile, the island of Chiloe, Bolivia and Peru and culminating in walking the Inca Trail to Macchu Pichu. This trip was a most wonderful experience starting out with a 3 day stopover in Easter Island where we learned about the culture and rather sad history of the island and its people and saw the impressive Moai statues.

Over the years I have enjoyed many wonderful trips away, both in Australia and overseas with my BBC friends many of which have been organised and led by our much valued member John Clune. Memorable trips included to Germany to Berchtesgaden and the Rheiusteig area, the Dolomites, Sicily and Malta, Montenegro and two trips to New Zealand not to mention more local trips on the Great North Walk, the Great South West Walk, Mt Beauty and many others. There were also the memorable Country to Coast trips organised by Trevor and Lyn Willson and the Riverina trips that David Wardle and Prue Deacon organised. So many lovely memories shared with good friends.

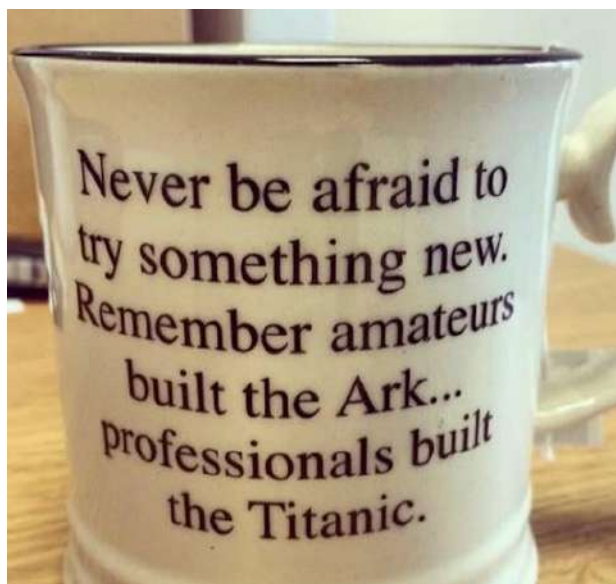
I recall an amusing event on our trip to the Dolomites when a group of us were walking in the hills and meadows above Malcesine. We had just completed a rather tiring climb and collapsed for lunch in a beautiful,

lush, grassy meadow on a hillside covered in wildflowers and with wonderful views of the craggy mountains when a herd of large and intimidating cows with their clanging neck bells started to come our way. We were obviously occupying their well worn route to somewhere and they were not to be stopped. They were very inquisitive of us and being so large were not to be messed with so we hastily packed up and moved. Defeated by a bunch of cows!

My involvement with the Committee began in 2011 when I took over the Secretary position from Anne Campbell and I have remained in the role until recently. I have enjoyed being involved in the running of the Club over the years and have been responsible for organising and maintaining of the Club’s records, organising Committee meetings and the annual AGM, as well as seeing through three changes to the constitution and two archiving exercises with deposits of records with the ACT Heritage Library. I have also been an active member of the Social sub-committee since 2016 and remain part of this group.

Due to family and other commitments I have mainly been involved in the Wednesday walks and over the years have led a number of Easy walks on the Northside. More recently my grandmother duties have curtailed my walking opportunities somewhat with the arrival of another little grandson. The joys of my close involvement with his upbringing outweigh the lost walking opportunities however, I look forward to being able to participate in walks more frequently when he starts school next year.

I have had many wonderful walking experiences with the Club over the years and made some great friends. I look forward to meeting more of the newer members as well as catching up with my old friends in the years to come.



Interested in walking the Smokers Trail?

- The Smokers Trail connects Corin Dam Road to Orroral Valley, starting from the Square Rock carpark and ending at the Orroral Valley picnic area. It is mostly firetrail, about 18km, some up but mostly downhill. For some strange reason (completeness!) I'd like to walk this trail, probably in May 2025. The walking won't be too hard but the transport arrangements are. A possible plan is to meet at Tharwa, position sufficient cars at the end, and then pick up walkers at Tharwa and drive to Square Rock carpark. At the end of the walk we'd then need to retrieve the cars at the start, so it's a long day for the drivers. But if we can persuade a couple of friends to drop us off at the start we'd avoid the need to collect cars at the end of the day.
-
- Please email me (Leigh Hermann at hermannsuk@hotmail.com) if you might be interested. And, if so, are you willing to drive, or even better, have a friend who can help with transport?

A reminder about Insurance

- There appears to be some confusion regarding insurance cover provided by the club. The following is an extract from the club program.
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- All members of Brindabella Bushwalking Club are covered for public and product liability insurance through our affiliation with Bushwalking NSW. This insurance cover is negotiated for all bushwalking clubs throughout Australia by Bushwalking Australia. All members sign an acknowledgement of risk each time they attend a club activity. Members are NOT covered for personal accident insurance, which remains the responsibility of individual members. Members may feel it necessary to insure themselves against any personal accident or injury that might occur while undertaking club activities.
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- **Members and visitors participating in club activities are strongly advised that they should have some form of ambulance insurance in case of an accident requiring evacuation by emergency services. If you purchase separate ambulance cover, make sure it covers activities in NSW as well as the ACT.**
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- **Leigh Hermann**
Walks Officer
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- **Comment:** One hopes that things have improved since 1982 when the Australian Law Reform Commission

commented as follows on a 'model policy' for personal accident insurance:

- 'While an exclusion in relation to professional boxing and motor-racing might be reasonably foreseeable, the same cannot be said of its extension to 'football...water-skiing, underwater activities, ski-jumping or competitive snow or ice sports'. Similarly, an exclusion of liability for an accident which occurs while the insured is driving under the influence of alcohol might be reasonably foreseeable but not the actual exclusion contained in the model policy which not only extends to all accidents while the insured is 'rendered less capable than usual of taking care of himself' by reason of alcohol, but also to accidents while he is similarly affected by reason of mental unsoundness, narcotics or drugs. It appears not even to matter, in relation to the latter, that they were taken in accordance with medical advice. This model policy also excludes risks attendant upon 'aerial flight or aerial activity other than travelling as a passenger in a fully licensed standard type aircraft owned or operated by a recognised airline over an established air route'.

National Park Visits

- You can compare different policies [here](#).
- With the holiday period coming up, you may be wondering about options for National Park visits. Here are a few:
 - Julia [Zemiro's Great Australian Walks \(SBS\)](#) series 2
 - [Wonga Walk](#) in Dorrigo N.P. (recently reopened)
 - [Murramarang South Coast Walk](#) (accessible at various points)
 - [NSW National Park stays](#)
 - [Grand Cliff Top Walk, Blue Mountains National Park](#)

All issues available on website

- NSW Bushwalking Maps - [January 2024](#)
- Wikiloc for Walks - [March 2023](#)

Overheard while walking past a school:

Boy: But I don't WANT to go to a foster home!

Father: No, not a foster home! **Forster!** We're going to Forster, New South Wales for our holidays.

Ed.

A BUSHWALKING TRIP Circa 1930

An extract from 'How Maisie lived for one hundred years 1906 -2006': A Melbourne girlhood edited by her daughter, Glenda Naughten, 2024 pp. 122-124

There was another adventure that I had cause to remember very clearly for the rest of my days. Like gypsies, we girls hired a canvas covered fruit cart and horse, putting our blankets and food on board, while two of the girls drove it out to the Plenty River. The rest of us caught a train and met them at the appointed spot on the river in the late afternoon. Someone had put an old boot over the footbrake in the cart, and a box below the floorboards was stacked with our food and a hurricane lamp, while a bucket for watering the horse clanked along beside the cart. With all the jogging, the tomato sauce had spilled everywhere on the way, and so did the salt, making a mess to clean up after we arrived. But after a six mile walk with the cart, we found a lovely spot to camp on the riverbank under huge gum trees.

Two of the girls didn't want to sleep on the ground so, after the horse was drawn out of the shafts and tied up, they ran the shafts into a dense hawthorn shrub so that it would stay level, and they could sleep in the wagon. One girl had actually brought a sheet for herself. We cooked chops for tea and later, took it in turns to read *Three Men in a Boat*.

At about 9.30, it began to rain gently, so we put up a small tent with no ditch or fly. We had to put the horse harness into the small tent and our blankets too. Six girls then settled into the caravan, and I went off to the river with a billy to get water for the old horse. Just as I was getting back over the river rocks with the full bucket, I slipped and landed awkwardly on my left arm, fracturing it badly, the bone showing through. I staggered in shock back to the camp, where they put my arm in a sling. Then, carrying a torch, Miss Ray, Daisy and I walked a mile and a half in the rain to Mernda to find a doctor.

After a lot of loud knocking and calling, he came to his door in bare feet. He bound my arm to a wooden splint, which he made me promise to return. Of course I said that I would, but he just replied, "I don't expect you will". He also told me that in his opinion, I would need to have an operation done on it as it was a complex break. We trekked back to camp, where the others were so kind and concerned, giving me the saddle for a pillow, and the pain and the smelly saddle kept me wide awake.

To add to the eventful night, the six girls in the waggon were all tipped out when the rain weighed down the

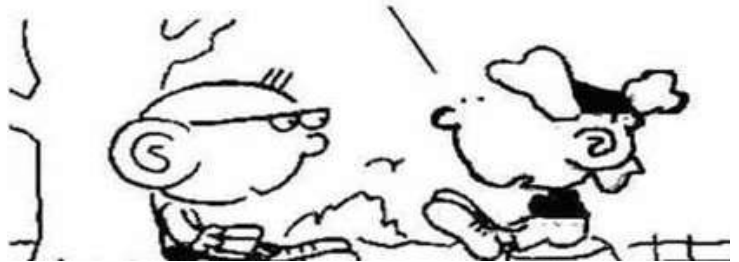
hawthorn shrubs dislodging the shafts, so we all squashed into the one leaking tent, and had to turn over in unison. The rain was continuous and, finally, we were all saturated. At dawn it was still raining, but we got a fire going with difficulty after partly sheltering it in the tent, with the smoke nearly choking us. The others harnessed the horse to take me to the train terminus, while all the other girls had to huddle in the tent, no doubt bored to tears.

Back to civilisation and, for the first time in my life, I entered a proper hotel, where we had a good hot lunch and some of the girls played a player piano. I left them there to catch a tram to the hospital, feeling very ill and, above all, annoyed with myself for having the accident, which I knew would put me out of work and bushwalking for some time. I was admitted to the Alfred Hospital for an operation on my arm, as it did turn out to be a difficult fracture. Worse was to come. When the doctor saw it for a checkup six weeks later, he said that it was not setting straight and that he'd have to reset it. Everyone thought that this should surely cure me of camping!

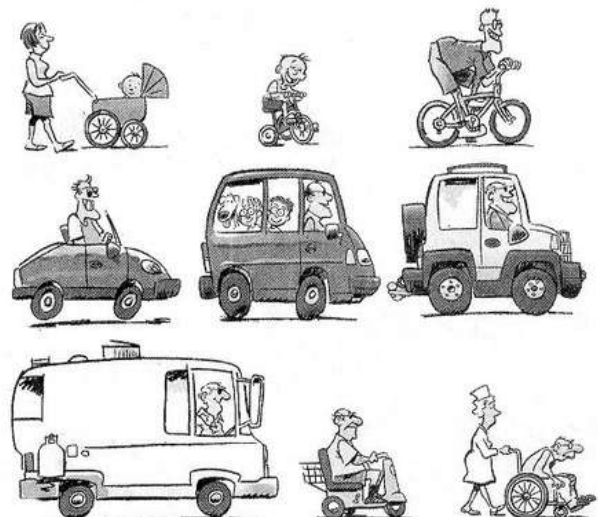
(Republished with the permission of Glenda Naughten who can be contacted [here](#))

Ed.

I started a band called 999 megabytes.
We haven't gotten a gig yet.



The Wheels of Life



William Westwood - alias Jackey-Jackey 1820-46

[An occasional series](#)

Bushrangers of the Canberra region

William Westwood was transported for fourteen years to New South Wales from Essex in 1837. Prior to this conviction for stealing a coat, he had served twelve months imprisonment for highway robbery. Working on the Gidleigh property at Bungendore,

Westwood claimed that he stole because he was poorly fed and clothed. On the verge of arrest, he bolted and started bushranging around Lake George to support himself. After seven months Westwood was caught at Berrima in the Southern Highlands. He managed to escape from the lock-up at Picton and spent another three months on the run. He was sent to Port Arthur in 1842, from which he escaped three times.

As part of the Commandant's boat crew at Port Arthur, Westwood helped save two men from drowning, and was granted six months probation. During this time he was again arrested for robbery in Tasmania and in 1845 was sentenced to be transported to the penal settlement on remote Norfolk Island for the rest of his life.

On Norfolk Island, the Commandant ordered that the prisoners no longer be allowed to keep their own tins and utensils for cooking

food. In response, Westwood led a mutiny, personally killing an overseer and three constables. He was hanged in 1846, and buried at a location known as 'murderer's mound' in non-consecrated ground outside the Norfolk Island cemetery.

Ed.

Queanbeyan Beginnings

[Another occasional series](#)

These notes are sourced from the Queanbeyan Museum's website - see link [here](#).

The meeting place of two rivers was known by the local indigenous population as 'Quinbeyan' which is the name of the Queanbeyan Museum's Historical Journal. Before Europeans arrived there were a thousand or more Ngambri and Ngurnal people living in family groups across their traditional lands.

To hunt and fight, a Ngambri man prepared an arsenal of equipment. He generally owned spears of hard wood, boomerangs, a parrying shield, a nulla and a woomera to throw his spears. Tools that the Ngambri used included stone scrapers, cutting blades, axes and grindstones. Nets were woven from the flax extracted from the pimelia bush. Rugs and cloaks were sewn from the tanned skins of kangaroos and possums using fine animal sinews as thread.

The Ngambri diet was high in protein from animal and reptile meat and fish. Carbohydrates came from tuberous plants including the yam daisy, bulrush and convolvulus. The fruits of the native raspberry, the apple berry and the native cherry were high in fibre and sweet. Honey was a sweet treat.

Each year the arrival of the Bogong Moth in caves in the mountains gave the Ngambri a feast and cause for celebration. Neighbouring clans would join the Ngambri in the mountains to gather the moths. The Yuriarra moth cooking stone was the base camp for the gathering. Friends and foes alike would put aside their differences. As the traditional custodians of the Bogong Mountains, the Ngambri and their kin group, the Ngurnal, hosted the ceremony. Women always took charge of the base camp and prepared the moths.

Marriages could be arranged between members of friendly clans or by the theft of a woman from a less friendly group. A marriage was generally arranged by parents and a child could be promised at a very early age.

Ed.



Breaking News: The Bowral Gran Fondo Cancelled, Riots Erupt in "The Bowral Lycra Riots"

From our AI correspondent who was asked to write a pretend news article about a Gran Fondo event in Bowral NSW Australia that was cancelled at the last minute due to traffic controllers not arriving in time, and the ensuing riots and looting that took place by middle aged men wearing Lycra cycling gear. These riots are known as The Bowral Lycra riots. In the riots and looting, many lattes were stolen.

Bowral, NSW – Chaos descended upon the quiet town of Bowral today, as the highly anticipated Gran Fondo cycling event was cancelled at the last minute due to the failure of traffic controllers to arrive in time, sparking what is now being referred to as "The Bowral Lycra Riots."

The annual cycling event, which draws hundreds of middle-aged enthusiasts clad in colorful Lycra, was set to be the highlight of the year for participants from all over New South Wales. However, as riders gathered at the starting line early this morning, organizers regrettably announced that the event would be postponed due to logistical failures.

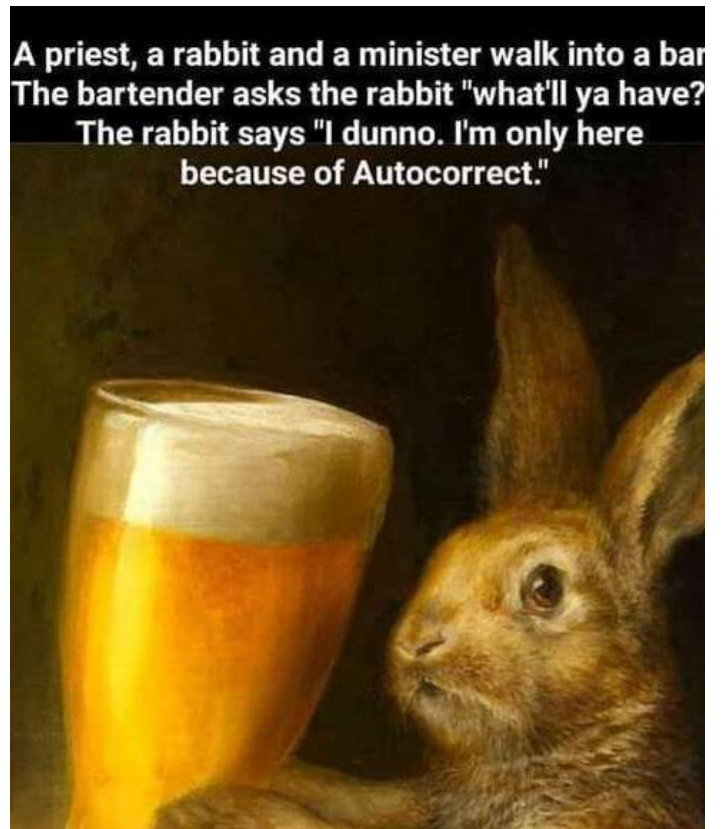
"It was chaos. Absolute chaos," said event coordinator Mark Williamson. "We were all set to go, but without the traffic controllers, we couldn't ensure the safety of our riders or the public. We had no choice but to cancel."

The cancellation, however, did not sit well with the hundreds of riders who had spent months preparing for the event. The streets of Bowral soon became the scene of an unprecedented riot, as frustrated cyclists stormed nearby cafes and businesses, looting what local authorities are now calling "a bizarre amount of lattes."

Video footage shows scores of middle-aged men in Lycra—often referred to as "MAMILs" (Middle-Aged Men in Lycra)—overturning tables and commandeering coffee machines. One witness reported that the situation escalated quickly after a group of cyclists was denied their post-race caffeine fix.

"They started shouting, 'No ride, no latte, no peace!' Then all hell broke loose," said a local café owner, still shaken from the experience. "They cleared out the espresso machine, took all the almond milk, and made off with a bunch of biscotti. I've never seen anything like it."

Authorities were slow to respond, overwhelmed by the sheer number of disgruntled cyclists filling the streets. By midday, the riot had spread to nearby bakeries and juice bars. Some riders were seen sipping stolen macchiatos and cappuccinos while rallying with fellow cyclists.



The local police have confirmed that no serious injuries were reported, though several coffee machines were severely damaged, and a number of cafes reported thefts of artisanal pastries and oat milk.

Superintendent Alex Briggs addressed the media, condemning the "unruly" behavior. "While we understand the disappointment of the cyclists, this is not how you handle a cancelled event. We are working to identify those involved and bring them to justice."

Bowral's quiet reputation as a tranquil retreat in the Southern Highlands was shattered by the unexpected riots. "We've never seen anything like this," said local resident Sarah Carter. "Bowral is usually so peaceful, but today was like something out of a nightmare. The sight of grown men in Lycra flipping tables was... surreal."

Organizers have apologized profusely for the cancellation and vowed to reschedule the Gran Fondo at a later date. As for the riders, it remains to be seen how the town will recover from the so-called "Lycra Latte Looting" incident, and whether future cycling events will need tighter security and possibly limits on caffeine distribution.

Police are urging anyone with information regarding the looting or who witnessed the riots to come forward, while local businesses are beginning the process of cleaning up the damage caused by the frustrated cyclists.

For now, the streets of Bowral are eerily quiet, save for the lingering scent of spilled lattes.