

"THE BUSH WALKER"

A journal devoted to matters of interest to Members  
of the  
Sydney Bush Walkers, Sydney, New South Wales.

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A SURVEY TRIP FROM ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND,

TO

HUDSON BAY, CANADA.

By A. WALKER.

First Instalment - - - St. John's to White Bay.

The 5th October, 1923 saw the happiest boy in the world start off on a long journey, some thousands of miles to boot, and per boot. I had just won the Best All Round Scout competition. It was not a competition of weight and measurement by any means.

Our starting-point was St. John's, Newfoundland, a prettily situated town, located on the one side of a bottle shaped harbour. It was quite close to this place that I had the good fortune to see Hawker & Grieve start on the first Atlantic flight, and again Alcock and Brown - the two daring Australian airmen who were successful. In passing, I would like to pay a warm tribute to Raynor, who tried to take off about ten times - but fate was against him - and who can beat fate?

The early morning saw four curious specimens of humanity gathered together at the Railway Station in Water St. First of all was our leader, "Johnnie", so called because at every little noise he ran for his gun, a very clever and remarkable fellow

I've noticed him go all day without saying one word. I'd like to point out that Johnnie was a he, not a she - as you would be inclined to think at first. Next came "Whitewash Joe", a Basque Indian - who knew Newfoundland inside out. He was given that name because it sounded very much like his original name, so much for him. The third, and the brains of our party (me excluded) was Jules Le Blanc, nicknamed "Mangy". You will readily jump to the reason why. Last, but not least, came "me". At that time I was fifteen years old - weighed eleven stone five and had two blue eyes till a wasp stung me on the left one - and I stood exactly five feet eight and a half inches. By the way, this is not a guessing competition, 'tis supposed to be a detailed outline of our trip.

The train was known as "The Sportsman's Train" on account of it's stopping anywhere in the game country at any time, and if it was eight hours late - well, who cared about that? Off on the stroke of nine for our long hike - visiting all the sights we could possibly see in the limited time at our disposal - six months - - .

Our first stop was Topsail - a picturesque, little village situated on the seacoast looking out toward Belle Island, containing the second-largest iron ore mine in the world. We hired a small launch and sailed over the nine miles of briny ocean. The launch heaved a lot, and so did "Mangy", but why bring that up, 'twas not his fault. Arriving on "terra firma" again we heaved a sigh of relief, and we all breathed the same prayer - more firma the less terra.

We went in a cable tram up the side of the hundred or so feet of the mountain. It was more like a cage, and at one time we all looked down and could see people waiting down below - a very funny feeling crept over me - but it happened to be "Johnnie's" very cold hand on the back of my neck. At last to the top ~~xx~~ we did arrive, and I can assure you we were more dead than alive. The manager of the mine very kindly put everything in our way - including a small truck I fell over - and gave us every assistance. Next morning we went down the mine daddy. Pardon me, I forgot myself. Seated inside the empty cable trucks, we went down, down; and still down, till we were approximately 3 miles out at sea, and going still farther. What a curious sight met our gaze! Everything was a reddish-brown colour, and all around we could see the sea oozing down the side of the walls. Down this mine we came across some exceptionally clean stables for the small, pathetic-looking pit horses - that were all blind - every one. Only one had ever seen the light of day, the others had been born and reared down below in the depths.

Coming to the edge of beyond, we heard a terrific explosion, but were assured that it was only some blasting going on. We investigated this, and found that the miners use a special hydraulic drill to bore into the ore so that a charge of gelignite could be placed in the receptacle.

I nearly had my arm torn out using the drill, the secret being to keep the shoulder pressed into the "rest", but it came back quick, and you know the result. So much for our mine visit. We came up again about four o'clock in the afternoon, full of cheerfulness and iron ore colouring. I had a letter in my shirt pocket and even that was stained.

At daybreak next morning we left the island and had a very nice trip back to Topsail. Nothing eventful happened - excepting breaking down twice and then having to be towed in to the bay. Our vessel was called "Happy Emma", but I'm afraid she wouldn't be after she heard the "nice" remarks given in her honour - in four languages.

Catching the train the following morning as we were late getting back, we spent nearly twelve hours in it. At one place the train ran alongside a lake and, as the fishing was good, numerous anglers were trying their luck from the side, the train slowing down to help them. By the time we got around it, the catch totalled three and six-twelfth dozens! Most of them were Rainbow Trout, consequently we had fresh fish for lunch, much to our enjoyment.

Arriving at Grand Falls, near the depot of the Harmsworth Pulp & Paper Mills, we left the train - seeing it for the last time for fully six months. It was with mixed feelings of regret and stiffness that we saw it draw away from us on its long trip round to Port Aux Basques, connecting with the North Sydney mail boat.

Making our camp on the border of the big timber country, we settled down for the night and checked our supplies. Next day we made ourselves known to the manager of the mill, who showed us every stage and process of the milling.

Next day, we saddled our borrowed packhorses, and made for the thick country and the land of the axe. What musical noises greeted us as we neared the cutting fields! The sound of the cross-cut, the peal of the axe, and then a thundering noise as if a mighty avalanche was coming - then crash - the giant was lying on the ground, no more to raise its proud head and toss it in the wind, but to become material for somebody's newspaper in London. Johnnie and myself were dumb with awe as we took in the grandeur of the whole spectacle - the men with their multi-coloured lumber-shirts, and the sweet music of the gentle winds from Heaven and the scent of the pines. We were introduced to "Longfellow", champion axeman. He stood five feet three in his boots - but, oh boy, what a crack hit. He induced me to put an apple on the palm of my hand, and he chopped it in half, and not a sign of a cut was on my hand! Having induced the foreman to let us chop down a tree, Johnnie and myself proceeded, and when mine fell first I nearly cried to think that such a majestic piece of handiwork was at the mercy of mere man, and for his benefit.

Going up the tree to get a view from the top, I was stung by a wasp. Jove, stung was not the right name for it! I've tried hard to remember the first words I uttered, but they certainly were NOT tut tut, or some other nautical term.

The song "My Blue Heaven" resulted from that episode.

Having got our trees down and on the river, we paddled them down the few miles to the mill. Sailing down the river on the logs was one of the greatest thrills of my life - second only to joining the Sydney Bushwalkers. Johnnie and I had a race, both on the log and in the water. His log bumped mine twice, and twice I nearly had a watery grave, but managed to dive deep under his oncoming log. Having survived two lives we eventually reached our destination, and had to jump quick - for I was nearly taken in with my log. We had the pleasure of watching our logs go through the usual process - too tiresome to mention - and out they came at the other end in wood-pulp to be made into paper.

Next day we started on our long trek across country never before visited by white men. We went north-west to a place called White Bay. Whitewash took the lead, and onward we went in single file through the most heavily timbered country I've ever been through. Not long started, we sighted a silver fox - but spared his life as we had only enough ammunition for meat only. That night Joe camped us on top of a hill about a hundred feet high. Sensing something important, we followed him and said nothing. He would not allow us to light a fire, and kept on murmuring, "fox - spirit". A good moon shone above us and the stars were as clear as crystal, and below us was a most wonderful, clear lake. We could see the reflection of the stars and moon in its depth, and after patient watching at last Joe's words came home to us. Out of their lairs in the opposite hills came hundreds of foxes - large, small, silver-grey, black, brown, in fact all colours - and gathered round the lake, not one daring to drink, but all standing as still as death, and how eerisome it was to us all! Not a breath of wind moving in the trees - not a bird visible - then, oh, what horrors - a large, wolflike fox about as big as a Newfoundland dog came out and took his place at the head of the lake, and gave a blood-curdling bark - and then drank in silence for a second that seemed like hours to us watching the spectacle. Next he barked again, followed by the rest all together. Then they all drank for a minute, and as if by magic they barked a regular three times, and then followed their leader to their lairs. Whitewash declared to us they were spirits - but, real or not - I could not sleep that night, thinking about that ugly-faced leader and the mysterious surroundings.

Baked rabbits and damper, washed down with billy tea, were all we had for breakfast. Porridge not allowed owing to its capacity for filling. Having slung our packs on our backs, each pack was a sleeping-bag with shoulder-straps just similar to ordinary packs, and as we only carried flour, ammunition and lines, and sugar, salt and tea, and matches, with a first-aid kit each, and enough leather to do two or three mendings - our packs were quite light. We depended on our guns for food, and as the berries were out we had them for preserves. To the other side of the forest, which was thickly infested with game of all sorts and sizes, we had plenty to eat and, helped out by the fish we caught for breakfast, well, we lived like gods.

By this time my weight was reduced to eleven stone nothing - but I felt as fit as an "official bushwalker", having "done" more than ten miles per day.

I will pause here to give "Mangy" the Grand Prix for cooking. Jove, he could cook fish - rolling them in the ashes and then bringing them out, a feast for the gods! To him I am indebted for many of the hints only known to an expert kitchen-mechanic.

Nearing the burying-place of the Indians, I had an exciting adventure with a bear. Coming near a large cave, I saw three or four "dear, little teddy bears" - they did look "cute" - I felt like "cuddling" them, and realised their mother and father would feel that way disposed to me. After having a good look round for fear their parents were close, and assuring myself that everything was O.K., I laid my gun down and picked up one of them. They all came round and played about me. Forgetting time and their parents, I was suddenly brought to myself with a host of expletives in French, Canadian, and a mixture of both, for Mangy had missed me, and located me just in time - for the mother was just coming through the woods and, being untrue to her hubby, she wanted to make me at home and press me to a jelly. Beating Jimmy Carlton's time for the 220 yards by exactly twenty seconds, I arrived back in camp minus my breath and gun, and only went back at dark to retrieve it, and thought I was caught when the branch of a tree caught hold of my extremity. What a relief to get back to camp and the welcome glare of the fire, and someone to talk to, even though it was in monosyllables.

Next day Joe reported caribou tracks. Oh, what fun we had! The four of us set off to follow them, and just as I was coming on hands and knees over a hill I felt a bullet whiz past my ear - it was Johnnie. He had seen the movement of my body and let fly. Having said my prayers backwards twice, the two of us moved on, and - what luck! - coming over the hill towards us was an old timer with antlers on him fully five feet in height. Johnnie had first go and missed him by half an inch. I fired next and caught him just about an inch or so from the heart. Joe had the pleasure of having a dead hit. It was a beauty. It was my first taste of caribou flesh - just something similar to a mutton chop, only a little tougher and needing a little more mastication. The next five days we had caribou - boiled, fried, grilled, stewed, made into a soup, and every other possible way of mixing it.

Nothing very eventful happened till we ran short of ammunition about four day's good walking from our depot, White Bay. Ingenious "Mangy" made four sets of snares out of the wires in his belt and also a piece of string. Luck was with us. We had rabbit for the next four days, with an occasional bird to eke out our provisions.

On the second last night before reaching this out-of-the-way place we were looking for a camping spot so that we could have protection from the cold and have ample provision against roving animals. Spotting a cave in the distance, I ran for it and threw my pack in, and followed it inside - but came out twice as quickly, because inside was a skunk! Seeing is believing, but in this case it was smelling was more than believing. Gee, I won't dwell on the odor-cologne - but have you ever been near Moore Park on a very hot day? Well magnify that 25,000 times and then some more, and even then it will only be half as bad as the original.

Nothing very untoward happened till we arrived at White Bay after a four weeks trip with more excitement during that time than in all my past life. Yes, Bushwalkers, I did have a past. It was here that we had the pleasure of meeting Private Thomas Ricketts - the youngest V.C. in the world. He had served in the Newfoundland Regiment during the war.

We slept well that night as we had had fortytwo miles to walk from daylight that day.

x  
In the next instalment I will proceed to tell you about the most interesting part of the journey - from White Bay to Nain on the Labrador coast, where Le Blanc took charge of the party.

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### THE SONG OF SITTING BULL.

This is the Song of Sitting Bull,  
 The Big Chief, the Compass Bearer,  
 The Map Collector, the Trailer,  
 The Camp Cook; the Leader.  
 This is the tale of the Black Dog Track,  
 The track that is, but often isn't,  
 The track that, befriending, bemusing, betraying,  
 Wears at its belt the scalp-locks of many mighty hunters.  
 This is the tale of Big Chief Sitting Bull,  
 And the young hunter, Tom Fire Maker,  
 And the fair damsel, Dry-em-by-the-fire.  
 This is the tale of how they went to conquer the Black Dog Track,  
 There as it lay asleep,  
 Sprawled there between the Clear Hill and the Cox's River.

Climbed they down from the Clear Hill,  
 Down to the Medlow Gap,  
 Down till their feet were firmly set,  
 There on the Black Dog Track.

Then exulted Big Chief Sitting Bull,  
 Now our feet are on the Track!  
 Now we trample on the Black Dog!  
 Now we face the mighty Cox's River!  
 Now we beat old Morrieberry!  
 He was betrayed by the Black Dog Track,  
 And bemazed in the Little Cedar Creek!  
 He did not reach the Cox till nightfall.  
 But we'll be up at the Kowmung then!  
 So exulted Big Chief Sitting Bull,  
 And he trod the Black Dog underfoot.  
 But the maiden, following meekly  
 Asked a question that was sobering,  
 Asked the Big Chief, Wasn't Morrie  
 Known throughout the land  
 For his wisdom on the trail  
 As a mighty hunter?  
 Wasn't it a wily dog, then.  
 That could trick the Morrieberry?

So they went on more sedately,  
 Keeping all their wits about them,  
 Looking round for all the bush signs,  
 Keeping careful feet upon the Black Dog.  
 And the Track, it writhed beneath them,  
~~Writhed-from-underneath-their-feet-~~  
 Writhed, but led them through the Gap,  
 Writhed from underneath their feet then,  
 Where Mt. Mouin towered above them,  
 Where the land spread out in fingers,  
 Where the cattle camps had been.

Then began a mighty wrestling  
 Of the three against the Black Dog.  
 How it twisted, jeered, and vanished,  
 Hid beneath the grass and bushes,  
 Dodged behind the hills and creeks there,  
 Did its best to lose and leave them!  
 But the three clung grimly to it,  
 Spread to capture, closed to hold it,  
 Lost it, found it, trod upon it,  
 Missed it then, but thought they saw it  
 Vanish towards the Cox's River.  
 So they followed hotfoot after,  
 On along a likely spur,  
 On beneath the gums and wattles,  
 On to catch and grip the Track  
 Ere it reached the Cox's River.  
 But the Black Dog, clothed with magic,  
 Blackest magic, deepest guile,  
 Man defying, man eluding,  
 Hid among the further spurs.

Big Chief Sitting Bull strode onwards;  
 Tom Fire Maker close beside him;  
 Dry-em-by-the-fire kept pace too,  
 Headed for the Cox's River,  
 Making speed towards the river -  
 Till a chasm yawned before them,  
 Sheer the line of cliffs unbroken  
 Dropped into the gulf before them,  
 Lined the creeks on either hand, too,  
 Blocked all hope of further progress.

Took the Big Chief compass bearings,  
 Marked the spot upon his map,  
 Turned and faced the Little Mountain  
 Rising o'er the Black Dog's Lair,  
 Led them swiftly back towards it,  
 Back along the spurs towards it,  
 Seeking for the Black Dog Track.  
 Close beneath the Little Mountain  
 Made they camp when darkness fell,  
 Rested 'neath the sheltering gum trees,  
 Gathering strength for next day's hunt.

Early then the stalking started;  
 Quickly was the quarry sighted;  
 But the Black Dog is elusive,



And they could not hold it long,  
 Writhing from beneath their feet,  
 Slipping through the grass and bushes,  
 Swiftly fled it towards the river,  
 Towards the mighty Cox's River.  
 But the Big Chief led the hunt still,  
 Led them swiftly through the bushland,  
 Led them on beneath the gum trees,  
 On along the thrusting spur,  
 On towards the Cox's River,  
 All their senses taut to watch it,  
 All their sinews stretched to catch it,  
 Fleeing from them to the river.

Soon before them dropped the mountain,  
 Falling sharply to the river,  
 To the thread-like, silver river;  
 While amongst the rocks close by  
 Hid the Black Dog - - -  
 Hid and panted.

Downward then led Sitting Bull,  
 Climbing down the rocks and mountain,  
 Plunging swiftly towards the river  
 Through the scrub and steep rock-slides,  
 Through the young growth and the trees,  
 Through the sunlight and the shadow;  
 Climbing ever downward to the river,  
 Till, two hundred feet above the water,  
 There before them lay the Black Dog!  
 Lay and wagged its tail before them,  
 Spread its tail to make a roadway  
 For them to the river!  
 Mighty was the shout they raised!  
 Mighty was the joy they knew,  
 As, exultantly, they trod upon it,  
 Trod upon the Black Dog  
 Where it fawned before them  
 Fawned upon the victors,  
 Sitting Bull and Tom Firemaker,  
 And Dry-em-by-the-fire as well.  
 Thus was the Black Dog conquered,  
 Thus did they reach the river,  
 Led by Sitting Bull, the Big Chief,  
 The Trailer, the Leader.

D. Lawry.

ORDER       OF       SERVICE  
 USED BY THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKERS  
 for the  
MOCK                      WEDDING

Celebrated in July, 1931.  
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DEARLY BELOVED, we are gathered here to join together this Man and this Woman in search of Alimony, which is a dishonorable estate instituted by Society for the help and comfort of the one from the other in adversity. Into which unholy mess these two persons present come now to be joined. Therefore if any man can show any just cause why they may not unlawfully be joined together, let him speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace.

.....

I charge you both that if either of you know any impediment in your speech why you may not be unlawfully joined in the search for alimony you do now confess it.

Wilt thou hack this Woman with thy carving knife?  
 Wilt thou love her, beat her, lie and leave her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking her utterly, keep thee away from her so long as ye both shall live?

The Man: I will.

Wilt thou have this Man to thy wedding breakfast to feed together after Bushwalking fashion before thou sockest him for Alimony? Wilt thou disobey him, and disgrace him, allow him to keep you in sickness and in health; and, forsaking him completely, keep all you can get from him, so long as ye both shall live?

The Woman: I will.

Who giveth this Woman to batten on this Man?

The Father: I do.

{ The Minister, receiving the Woman at her Father's hands,  
 { shall cause the Man with his right hand to take the Woman  
 by her right hand, and to say after him as followeth }

I, Stan Well, take thee, Lily, to a splendid life, to walk, and to eat, to climb and rockhop, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sunshine or rain, in daylight or dark, till Mondays come round and work us do part.

I, Lily, take thee, Stan Well, to the splendid bushland,  
to walk and to eat, to cook and chop wood, for better not worse,  
for richer, not - poorer, in sunshine or rain, in daylight or  
dark, till Mondays come round and work us do part.

{ Then shall they loose their hands, and the Man shall - }  
{ lay the Ring, and the Minister's Fee, on the Book. }  
{ The Minister, after accepting the Fee, returns the Ring, }  
{ which the Man places on the Woman's finger, and holding }  
{ it there, says:- }

With this Ring thy freedom shed, with this fist I'll break  
thy head, and with all thy worldly goods thou shalt me endow,  
swelp me bob.

(Thenshall the Minister join their hands together and say)

Forasmuch as Stan Well and Lilly have conspired together  
to go Bushwalking, and have witnessed the same before this  
revolting mob, and thereto have perjured themselves either to  
other, I pronounce that they be Busheaters together so long as  
the food shall last.

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The S.B.W. Women have a Heroine of renown  
There is not very much of her, from tiny feet to crown,  
When on a walk her string of talk is never known to break,  
But still she leaves you gasping, at the way she skins a snake.

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GOOD NEWS FOR BUSHWALKERS.

F.A. Pallin, maker of "Paddymade" hiking gear has now opened up  
in Town at:-

236 GEORGE STREET - (Opposite Grosvenor St.)

Gear for Hikers

Made for Hiking

By a Hiker.

Lightweight groundsheets, Rucksacks of all shapes and sizes, and  
tents, may all be inspected at the above address.

Gear and tents made up to your own patterns.

For those who prefer to make their own gear I shall be happy  
to supply exact lengths of the materials required.

Proofed Duck,

Japara,

Downproof material, for eiderdowns,

Rings, Tapes, and all Accessories

Always on hand.

Strips of leather cut to any width.

Call and see "Paddy" Pallin about your gear for the coming season.

F.A. PALLIN.  
236 GEORGE STREET.  
SYDNEY.

BARRALLIER AND THE BURRAGORANG

(By Noel Griffiths)

I was admiring Reg. Johnson's delightful photos of the Burragorang Valley at the Rangers' Exhibition when I heard an excited, exultant cry - - "Bushwalkers"! Conservative business men coughed and tried not to appear interested, kind old ladies smiled indulgently. From every quarter of the Hall there swooped a sturdy throng (mostly feminine) to stand in admiration before a photo of Kangaroo Walls. "I was there last week" said one of the party, proudly, half-regretfully. There was an undercurrent of conversation and some-one was deputed to find Reg. Johnson and ask him how much he wanted for his photos, and whether he would make a special concession to Bushwalkers.

A special concession to Bushwalkers! The Almighty has given us blessings innumerable - - sound limbs, love of the great outdoors, an appreciation of the wonders of Nature and a great zest to go ever forward seeking more and learning more - - and yet in the artificial refinements of a departmental store we have to admit that we are not the potentates we feel ourselves out in the Bush, but must sometimes ask concessions.

The party came to a halt beside a photo of apple-blossom and early morning mist. I wonder if the happy spectators knew who was the first white man to rejoice in the beauty of the Burragorang and its heavenly mists? The name of Barrallier is familiar to many, and only recently I had the good fortune to come across a translation of the Journal of his exploration of the Burragorang and in an endeavour to find a way across the mountains. (N.S.W. Historical Records, Vol. V, p.748-825). This Journal will have been read by some, but it is of such deep interest to Bushwalkers that at the expense of seeming tedious I shall quote complete extracts from it verbatim. The life of Barrallier is intensely interesting, but cannot be quoted here at length. Suffice to mention that at the time of his Burragorang adventure he was an Ensign in the New South Wales Corps, that he ultimately rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and that before his death he supervised the erection of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square, London.

He set out to cross the Mountains early in November, 1802, and left Parramatta with four soldiers and five convicts and a waggon drawn by two bullocks. At Prospect he picked up an Aborigine named Gogy. At the Cowpastures he saw the wild cattle, progeny of the Cape cattle which escaped from the settlement soon after its establishment in 1788. He mentions the "battle-fields of the bulls" and also that he found the carcass of a bull gored in combat. After having had kangaroo for dinner one day, he went for a stroll away from his camp, and says "After having walked for a little while, I perceived two natives seated under a bush, one of

whom seemed as if he were anxious to run away, while the other remained seated and appeared to be trying to induce the former to stay.

Gogy, the native I had in my service, started running, and went and sat with them, where he remained until I arrived. He came and told me that one of the natives was a mountaineer called Bungin, and the other knew the white men and was called Wooglemal (which means 'one-eyed'). I went to the mountaineer to examine a mantle with which he was covered. This mantle was made of skins of various animals sewed together. It was a very great curiosity, and as I was desirous of obtaining it, I proposed to him to exchange it for a new axe, but he would not part with it, and told me that the nights were very cold and his mantle was his only covering. I was compelled to abandon my proposal, and in order to attach to me the mountaineer, who would be very useful to me in the country I was in, I had the head of the kangaroo given to him to appease his hunger, after which he came and proposed, as a token of friendship, to exchange his old axe for a new one I had offered him for his mantle. I filled him with joy by complying with his request.

Of the "perspectives of surprising beauty" to which Barrallier alludes, I cannot here make mention, but in view of the gastronomic accomplishments of some of our members (including the ladies!) I cannot pass by without alluding to his "soup made of boiled rice with pickled pork". He says, "I saw that the two natives had their share, but whilst one of the newly arrived mountaineers would not partake of this food, the other ate it with avidity. The former, having caught a lizard, roasted it, and devoured it. I tasted some of it and preferred to opossum".

On Nov. 9, 1802, he says that at 6 in the morning, when between Picton and Nattai, he heard the natives shouting "Coo-ee" (spelt "Cooy" in French) to call their distant tribesmen. This is the earliest reference to that well known Australian call.

After he entered a fertile valley, Barrallier refers to thick fogs in the mornings and "mountains entirely composed of granite" which to him appeared inaccessible.

He adds, "The soil of the ground I went over up to 3 o'clock in the afternoon appeared to be very rich. The hills are covered with kangaroos which resemble a flock of goats grazing peaceably and offer to the eye a pleasing pastoral picture. I sowed four pumkin seeds, which I happened to have on me, at the foot of the mountain, in a place denuded of bush, and also the stone of an apricot."

In another part he refers to "loose rocks which rolled down the hillside".

After pushing on strenuously he writes on 28th Nov., "I then seriously considered the situation in which I found myself, seeing no appearance of being able to procure any beasts for the subsistence of my troop, except some snake, which it was repugnant to eat."

Our provisions were nearly exhausted. The small quantity of rice and flour left did not allow of my continuing to advance in a country offering absolutely no resources. The courage of my men was entirely abated, and nothing but the orders for the return journey would suffice me to dispel their melancholy - - After having cut a cross of St. Andrew on a tree to indicate the terminus of my journey, I returned by the same route I had come".

Now just how far did Barrallier penetrate? The late R.H. Cambage, C.B.E., F.L.S., at one time Under-Secretary for Mines, who had a profound knowledge of botany, geology and surveying, as well as bush-craft and a good eye for country, devoted a lot of time and thought to the question, and in lectured before the Royal Society of N.S.W., the Royal Australian Historical Society, the Zoological Society and the Institute of Surveyors, as well as in published articles, advanced the conclusion that the terminal point reached by this courageous explorer "was towards the head of Christy's Creek, about 15 or 16 miles in a direct line Southerly from Jenolan Caves".

"Barrallier had unfortunately wandered into one of the roughest and most inaccessible parts of the Blue Mountains," he adds, "and we must surely feel that his arduous and intrepid attempt to cross this formidable barrier deserved better success".

Vice-President Miles Dunphy does not agree entirely with the late Mr. Cambage's conclusion as to Barrallier's turning point, but ~~xxx~~, he, and every-one who knows the Burrigorang, must surely agree with Mr. Cambage that Barrallier deserved greater success than actually crowned his daring and praiseworthy efforts.

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#### A BONNIE SCOTCH LADDIE:

Marie F. Byles,

Note - For those not familiar with the Lake District it may be mentioned that this is the English Mecca of the tramping, rambling and rock-climbing clubs, and that it was the home of the poet Wordsworth. The Holiday Fellowship Association is a rambling (or "walking", as the Bushwalkers would call it) society with many centres throughout Great Britain. The Newlands centre is situated near the shores of Derwentwater and about eight to twelve miles from the highest group of mountains among which is Great Gable. Causy Pike, the Catbells and other mountains nearer it are considerably lower, while Skiddaw, in the opposite direction, though high, is the kind of mountain up which you could make a road if you wanted and therefore of little interest to climbers. Saddleback, beyond Skiddaw, is nearly as far away as Great Gable. Hence ~~arise~~ arises the bad position of Newlands for those who wish to climb mountains. I do not know what the Scotch Laddie thought about it, but Wordsworth would have said that the disadvantages of Newlands were more than compensated by the exquisite beauty of the squirrel-haunted woods along the shores of Derwentwater.

Newlands is a centre of the Holiday Fellowship, but the fellowship at that time consisted of two and no more. One was a Scotch laddie who believed in wasting no moment of an extremely limited holiday. Each day his feet must climb at least three thousand feet and walk at least twenty miles along the level. If the expedition did not cover twenty miles he invented a longer way back to make it do so. The other young fellow was also an excellent walker, but I found it easier to cover twenty or thirty miles according to his calculations than according to my own. He had a most original method of multiplying the distance shown on the map by two whenever the route went uphill. I gathered that Euclid had failed to discover the important rule that the hypotenuse of a right angle triangle is double its base. The results when applied among the English Lakes were splendid, I never quarrelled with them. But the Scotch laddie was less mathematical and liberal in his ideas. His miles were calculated strictly according to the map with all the uncompromising austerity of his Puritan forefathers.

We had all come to climb mountains, but from the point of view of the mountaineer Newlands is not well situated, for nearly every climb must be commenced by at least an eight mile walk to Seatoller before you start the ascent, so that sixteen miles of road and path walking are added on to whatever mountain you chose.

This seemed a waste of energy to me, but to the Scotch laddie it was quite satisfactory because it assured him his twenty miles without any mental effort.

The first day we climbed Great Gable together and ran down the thousand feet of scree slope through Hell's Gate. It was most thrilling, but it had been a long day because we left before breakfast - nearly thirty miles according to the other young man - and the sight of a waiting bus at Seatoller was a temptation not to be resisted. It would cut out four miles at any rate of that hard high road. But the Scotch laddie turned away his head in unutterable scorn; he was too polite and good-natured to make any remark about his weaker brethren, but, for his part, he tramped forward along the road with an iron will that would brook no feeling of tiredness.

The second day was to be an off one, so the Scotch laddie and I climbed Skiddaw. At lunch time a long and careful perusal of the map brought the disturbing information that we should return without completing the necessary twenty miles. However, elaborate calculations revealed that a route back via Brassenwaite would solve the difficulty. So, after lunch, we parted company. The Scotch laddie struck off resolutely along the spur and I saw his lithe figure outlined against the sky until he descended the rocks into the valley. For my part I sat and meditated over the distant landscape below and dipped back into the past and those stirring times when - -

"The Red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle" Then I dropped down the slate-shingle slope, loafed beside babbling brooks, watched the squirrels in the woods and finally arrived back in plenty of time for a bath before dinner.



Just as we finished eating, back came the Scotch laddie hot and dusty with a good twenty-five miles in his pocket and the glowing sense of duty nobly done.

The weather was now becoming sultry and I readily agreed when the other young man suggested a day on the lake. But it was in vain that we tempted the Scotch laddie with visions of coolness and of shady woods where delicate birch trees dip their fairy fronds into the sparkling depths of Derwentwater. In vain we pointed out that the spirit of Wordsworth brooded, - not over the bleak mountain-tops, but rather over the "primrose at the river's brim" and the daffodils at "the margin of the lake". He was not to be led astray. Wordsworth's spirit could brood where it listed, but not one moment of his precious holiday, let alone the very last day, would he waste in a boat. So he shouldered his rucksack and set off for Saddleback. That was the last we saw of him, but doubtless every minute till his train left was duly marked by the faithful record of his footsteps on the mountain side.

I have met many enthusiastic trampers and climbers belonging to many different countries - Britain, Norway, Canada, California, New Zealand and Australia, - but never any equal to that Bonnie Scotch laddie. He is my ideal; Let him be yours also.

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#### SOCIAL NOTES.

Quite one of the most enjoyable functions of the year was a Kitchen Tea given to a member of the Sydney Bush Walkers, recently.

The venue was Marley Beach. There, amid sylvan surroundings, a blazing log fire to keep the feet warm, and good fellowship to keep the heart warm, this notable function took place.

After a long and seemingly endless preamble by Tom Herbert, the official leader of this week-end, the guest of honour, having registered hysterics at least four times, received a delightful Sponge and a Bath Plug, the Sponge being to remember the giver every time she squeezed it, the bride groom elect to purchase a Bath to fit around the Plug.

Gwen Laurie next presented her set of Canisters - these we might mention, consisted of a jam tin labelled Spice, a cocoa tin labelled Tea, a pepper tin labelled Sugar, and a minute, unknown brand of tin, labelled Flour. These canisters all nested.

Then in rapid succession came a Bread Saw of really quite unconventional pattern, it being a machine Hack Saw blade with black sticky tape for a handle, presented by Miss Drewell,

and a Bread Board to go with the knife, the latter being from Sunlight, and was a sample of weatherboarding, properly inscribed. Vegetarian Frank Duncan, who had secured a large bone while waiting for the Bundeena Ferry, with due ceremony presented his contribution, holding the view that it would make a good beginning for the stock pot.

Norman Saille gave a most useful cleaning set, a broom and a mop about 9" long, a Brasso bucket, and a small Container for the soap.

Cherie Jessop presented a bottomless mug, apologizing for the fact that her piece of exquisite enamelling had not arrived from England in time for the Kitchen Tea.

Mouldy produced a fine collection of "unbreakable" crockery, there being in the set a rare patterned milk jug, which unfortunately had no base attached, then there were three sections totalling two-thirds of a plate, the complete rim of a baby's plate and a bottomless cup.

A speech from Ilma Ellis, who received these little marks of esteem and appreciation, brought the Kitchen Tea to a happy close.

M. Bacon.

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The final dance of the Season was held at Miss Bishops Ball Room on Sept. 2nd and proved to be both financially and socially successful. Owing to a couple of innovations in the way of entertainment, the evening will be remembered by all who were present.

There was a unique presentation of Debutantes, when the clubs blushing beauties paraded before the Dancers and made their bow. Presented by the Social Secretary resplendant in a gorgeous Diamond (?) Tiara, they made a charming group in their diaphanous evening dresses, with Tulle bandeaux round their heads and each carrying a white lily. After curtsying to the Pres. Mr. H. Chardon, who wore his decorations, they had the usual debs. waltz - a performance which was much enjoyed by the on-lookers, if not by the participants. The following were Presented:-

Miss Fortune	(Mr. G. Harrison)
Miss Deeds	(Mr. W. Roots)
Miss Guided	(Mr. T. Herbert)
Miss Placed	(Mr. R. Croker)

There was also an eccentric Dance performed by two Gentlemen friends of one of the Members, which was greatly appreciated.

Mr. A. Hardie was the winner of the prize, with his lucky Supper Ticket.

The Social Committee's Funds will benefit to the extent of £2.10.7.

On behalf of the Social and Concert Committees, the Social Secretary would like to thank the following members for their courteous and generous help towards the concert, in the matter of a considerable amount of typewriting which they have done.

Miss J. Trimble  
Miss F. Ferrier  
Miss D. Drewel

Miss G. Lawrie  
Miss H. Mc Cartney  
Miss I. Ellis

Rene D. Browne Hon. Sec.

#### FOUND

1 Nally Mug, 1 China Mug, 1 small piece of embroidery & cottons, 1 Red and yellow crepe de chene scarf, 1 Book containing 4 plays by Granville Barker.

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