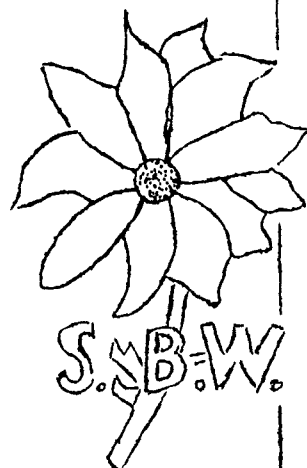


Nº9

1<sup>st</sup> OCTOBER 1932



## "THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER"

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

---

No. 9.

1.10.32.

---

### Publishing Committee:

Misses Marjorie Hill, (Editor), Dorothy Lawry,  
Brenda White, Rene Browne and Mr. Myles Dunphy.

-----

### A MIDWINTER NIGHT WITH A WET PACK.

By "DORMAN LONG".

When Robert Louis Stevenson set about the composition of his essay on "A Night among the Pines", it was with purposes far different from those I have in mind now when I begin to describe the recent misadventure which befell me. Whereas that master of English fiction wished to imbue his readers with some of the glamour of romance attending a warm night spent beneath murmuring pine-trees, I hope, on the other hand, with all the altruistic fervour of which I am capable, to warn fellow walking-enthusiasts, lest they should, consciously or unconsciously, imitate my dreadful example.

It all happened on "Peter" Page's official trip last Bank Holiday week-end, from Hartley Vale along the Grose River to Blackheath (intended, but Mount Victoria, actually). And here I take the opportunity of condemning the selection of the upper reaches of the Grose River for a pleasure-trip. If you are of so ascetic a type of mind as to think that your daily peccadilloes demand some occasional, self-inflicted, personal chastisement, --if, that is to say, you wish to do yourself a "gross" injustice, --then you will tackle the portion of the Grose River we traversed in the right spirit. But for recreation it should certainly be tabooed from the programme of every self-respecting bush-walker.

There were three of us in our party, a young man whom I knew by the nickname of "Davey" being the third member. When we started out on the Sunday morning, having camped the night near Hartley Vale Station, our greatest trouble was in keeping to the track. No doubt, in the early days of the Colony, before the railway line over the Blue Mountains was laid, a regular track enabled settlers to couple East with West. But since that time it has become overgrown with lawyer vines, brambles, and creepers of all descriptions. Had Dorothy Lawry and some of the other naturalists of the Club been with us, they would have been able to tell us the correct, botanical names; but, as it was, we found our vocabulary quite large enough to describe them the while they tore us to pieces. I differed from my companions in my attitude toward these monarchs of the wilds: they donned every stitch of clothing they had, in order to protect their flesh; I, on the contrary, with the blood of Scottish ancestry flowing through my veins, went with limbs bare, and preferred the via crucis (the way of physical pain) to the expense of new clothes afterwards. Somehow or other I for a while got ahead of my two mates, and, becoming tired of the ceaseless massacre, decided to try my luck on the river itself. Here we assembled, and prepared for lunch at three o'clock.

Epicureanism was the primary cause of my subsequent mishap. My liking for fried sausages and onions for dinner is notorious amongst Club members. But never again. While I was engrossed in the task of imparting a uniform brownness to the sausage skins, and an even degree of softness to the onions, "Peter" remarked that we had only about an hour and a half of sunlight left before dark, but I was too busy with my gustatory images to take much notice of the time. So perfect was my cooking that I felt like Dives, with my two friends each a Lazarus, sniffing at my sumptuous table. Then, when I was engaged in the process of consumption, the leader declared that "Davey" and he would move on, stating that he intended to camp at the junction with Creek Mount Victoria, and asking me to follow on within ten minutes. I replied that I would finish the day's journey, even if I had to use my torch or lamp. Little did I dream that the river, to which I had turned for salvation from the thorns, was going to turn out so treacherous!

It must have been half an hour, after the conversation last referred to, before I had everything packed, and was ready to start again. This time I made it my policy to keep to the river, sometimes hopping from rock to rock, and at others wading through the water, with my boots and socks on. My feet were certainly chilled, but I took comfort from the thought that I had a dry pair of socks in my pack, and that a comfortable night's sleep would be assured me. For a while I made great progress, and became hopeful of soon regaining my comrades, But all of a sudden the river changed its tactics. Gigantic boulders began to confront me. To climb up one was only to find as steep a drop on the other side. Moreover, the fastly vanishing daylight brought "Peter's" warning anew to my ears. At length I came across a very narrow defile, to get through which with my pack on my back would be impossible. I accordingly took it off, lifted it up on to the rock in front of me, and then turned aside to examine the next corner for likely footholds. No sooner had I begun my investigation than I heard a dull, scraping sound, followed by a resounding splash; and, on looking up, my pack had disappeared from view. It had fallen into the river! Desperately I mounted a rock, from which I located the pack, floating in a rectangular basin of water, surrounded on all sides by precipitous crags. To recover it was going to present a problem. And yet I could not bear to sacrifice it, because many pays would have to come and go before I replaced the lost equipment. Besides, abandonment would mean the frustration of all "Paddy" Pallin's efforts to convert a prototype into an up-to-date model; and, like some Gothic cathedral, that rucksack was still in a stage of transition. Accordingly I made my way to that corner of the basin nearest my pack. Readers can quite well imagine my anxiety, as I slid over the rock and held on to the top ledge, lest I should fall into the water and wet the sparse clothing left dry on me. That morning "Peter" had assessed the weight of my pack at forty-six pounds. I shall leave to physicists the estimation of what it weighed after immersion. As it was, I had gradually to drag it up the steep incline; and, while in the act, my memory was serving up to me an anecdote my mother told me before I left home the previous day, about a young man who died in a fortnight through spraining the muscles of his heart during a camping trip. At last the pack was on the top ledge, whence it was safely restored to my back. But now I felt as though I were a miniature Atlas, with the world suddenly hoisted on to my shoulders. In the last, remaining vestiges of twilight, I tried to continue my journey.

"Troubles come not singly, but in shoals", Shakespeare once made one of his characters say. So I found in my case. The tremendous burden of my rucksack was rendering further walking an arduous ordeal. In fact, so uncertain was my

balance that I was groping and crawling more than walking. As for climbing, that required a sustained, Herculean effort, and I was becoming more and more fatigued. To make matters worse, a thunder-storm came over, and I was forced to take refuge from the heavy rain beneath my waterproof sheeting, while I planned what I had best do under the circumstances. Of course, it was now pitch-dark. There was but one course open to me, if I wished to avoid contracting a severe chill, and that was to keep on moving till I reached the others' camp, even though it took me all night. But when I found my torch, the feebleness of the light it gave reminded me that I had not renewed the battery. So I looked for matches, in order to light my small hurricane-lamp, but water had even penetrated the tin in which I kept them, and they were ruined. The rain having ceased, I proceeded; but, while the torch-light illumined my immediate footsteps, I could not tell where my more remote ones would lead me. Once, when I was about to step forth into an abyss, I realised the danger I was in. While I was thus on the verge of despair, I noticed a gleam ahead of me, as of a dying camp-fire. At first I thought it a mere hallucination, a chimera of my distorted fancy. But as I approached nearer, those glowing embers became realities to me: they were so wonderfully protected from the rain, too, being in a small cave, with a substantial heap of dry firewood neatly piled alongside. Needless to say, I decided to spend the night here.

My first thought, as I commenced to convert the cinders into a blazing fire, was that "Peter" and "Davey", having surmised the predicament I was in, had prepared the fire for me, and had then moved on, in order to complete the distance. With a heart full of thanks, I breathed beatitudes upon them, --yes, and upon our Bush Walkers' Club, too, seeing that it was an institution which could inculcate such divine foresight in its members. I did not worry about any tea that night, nor about cleansing my teeth. My sole concern was to get my belongings as dry as possible for the morrow. Later on I improvised a bed for myself, by means of the waterproof sheeting, with the wet tent drawn over me for a counterpane. In spite of the rain, I managed to doze off into a very brief sleep; but my slumbers were soon terminated with the sight of a brilliant reflection, visible through my tent. Lifting the counterpane, I noticed that my blanket, which I had placed close to the fire, was igniting at the corners. I jumped up, but my bare feet almost failed to support me, so numb with the cold they had become. Moreover, I was beginning to shiver all over, and my teeth to chatter. Rescuing the blanket, I resolved to spend the rest of the night either sitting or standing beside the fire. Each time I felt myself going off to sleep, I would bring myself to with the recollection of the fate of my blanket. Towards dawn, I sank back from sheer exhaustion, and fell asleep, a modern Jacob, on a bed of stones.

As soon as day broke I hastily packed up, --which was no easy task, considering that the textiles had swollen so much overnight as a result of their saturation. Nor did I worry about the lawyer-vines, or the rents they inflicted on my clothing; but I made a human tank of myself, and forged onwards with but one purpose in view, to make up the leeway of distance. Very welcome was the smoke I could see arising from "Peter's" camp near Creek Mount Victoria. But more welcome still was the breakfast they gave me on arrival, and the furnace they created helped all the more quickly to dry my accoutrement. However, my mind was soon disabused as to the "divine foresight" of "Peter"; for, when I mentioned to him the incident of the fire already prepared for me, his answer was that, although his nickname was "Peter", he was not the Angel Gabriel. From then on we did not unduly bustle ourselves, but proceeded along Creek Mount Victoria, and finished up at Mount Victoria.

Thus concludes this chapter in my life's history. One thing stands out clear, --that I am somehow peculiarly gifted with a tutelary deity, an amicus certus in re incerta, who always comes to my assistance in my darkest adversity. In conclusion, if anything has been learnt from the reading of my narrative, I shall be well pleased with the knowledge that I have achieved something toward the perfection of New South Wales bush walking.

"WHERE THE SLOPES OF MT.MOUIIN SWEEP DOWN TO THE COX".

Now Walkers, this Clear Hill's a wonderful sight  
With its mountains up-rising to left and to right,  
And Bushwalkers love in that region to roam  
'Though it's bleak and it's lonely and far, far from home.  
Large parties assembled to hike out that way  
To celebrate dear old King George's birthday;  
They feasted, they sang and they scrambled o'er rocks  
Where the slopes of Mount Mouin sweep down to the Cox.

In the depths of a beautiful, fine, frosty night  
The Pages and Duncans awoke in great fright;  
They had camped in the valley away down below  
And were snoozing so snug in their camp-fire's glow,  
When they heard coo-ees sounding 'way up on the hill,  
Sure it gave the poor fellows a terrible thrill.  
"Who is it," they said, "at our solitude mocks  
Where the slopes of Mount Mouin sweep down to the Cox?"

They saw torches gleaming - a signal, of course,  
But no one could read it, 'twas Harold's strange Morse.  
After fearful suspense they heard voices quite clear,  
Then six stalwart fellows in camp did appear.  
"Och, sorra," they said, "poor old Taro's astray;  
Wid four lovely damsels he's lost in some way;  
They have no food to eat, not a match in their box,  
Where the slopes of Mount Mouin sweep down to the Cox."

We all sympathised deeply to hear this sad news,  
Then returned to our blankets to finish our snooze,  
But "Orang-outang" Roots and the rest of his pals  
Spent the whole of the night searching 'round for the gals.  
But nothing they found, and when morning dawned clear  
Old Taro and maidens quite safe did appear;  
But they dote on search parties - 'tis so orthodox,  
Where the slopes of Mount Mouin sweep down to the Cox.

QUEENSTOWN ON LAKE WAKETIPU.  
NEW ZEALAND.

Once upon a time, long before tourists discovered that New Zealand was a place of untold beauty, Queenstown was inhabited almost entirely by gold fossickers. In 1861, just about the time of the discovery of the first paying goldfield in Central Otago, prospectors discovered that the whole of this Lake region, especially the valley of the Shotover, was rich in the precious metal, miners poured in from all parts of Australasia up the treacherous Molyneux River, some even rowed their boats twenty-five miles up the Lake from Kingston situated at the foot of Lake Waketipu. Queenstown itself is like a town in a fairy tale, it being so delightfully pretty. The foot of Queenstown rests upon the deep blue water of Waketipu which in length is 52 miles amid majestic mountains. Facing the town is the mountain range the "remarkables", huge sierra, sculptured not by gigantic agents of nature. Other rugged ridges and graceful peaks line the length of the lake from head to foot.

During stormy weather the Lake becomes very wild, waves beat the shore, reminding one of the sea, while the reflections of the black clouds above give the Lake an uncanny appearance. On still spring days, reflections in the mirror surface of the Lake are of indescribable beauty. The water is never very warm, being snow fed. I had one swim, but cannot recollect another.

Whether the desire be restfulness or wandering in the more beautiful wilderness of the country which abounds, Queenstown should satisfy your desires. Situated more than a thousand feet above the sea, you inhale pure air, a tonic for the tired, a stimulant for the strong. On the shores of this majestic Lake close by Queenstown is a beautiful park; down towards the edge of the lake, in the quieter part, lies a fitting remembrance to that famous Antarctic Explorer - Captain Scott and his companions; towering above it 5,800 feet is that giant peak Ben Lomond, which has special attractions to those not averse to a good climb. Mt. Bowen, a twin peak, is the easier climb, but from Ben Lomond one of the most splendid views in the world is obtained as you gaze upon the snow-capped peaks visible for miles in the distance.

For those who enjoy walking and are able to undertake what we call a strenuous walk, the trip from Glenorchy, situated at the head of the Lake, to Glade House, which is the start of the Milford track to the Sounds, is well worth doing, total distance about 50 miles. Huts are established en route. Two very well appointed steamers are on the lake, having been built for tourists by the New Zealand Government.

The steamers, during seasons, make excursions to various points of interest, one of them Elfin Bay, from where through avenues and valleys of native forest one may walk in little more than an hour to the enchantment of Lake Rere and see beyond the snowcaps of the Humbolt Range.

Another favourite trip is from Queenstown to the head of Lake Waketipu by steamer, viewing mountain peaks and ranges, passing delightful islands clothed in a mantle of green.

Many pleasant drives are around Queenstown. I was rather fortunate in having a car travelling from Christchurch to Dunedin, up the Central Otago district renowned for its excellent orchards, through Lawrence, Beaumont, Roxburgh,

Alexandria, Cromwell, via Pembroke on Lake Wanaka, over the Crown Range to Queenstown -- all of these beautiful places are well worth mentioning because of their own particular charm. After leaving Pembroke one passes through the deserted Cadrona Valley, which was once populous with gold seekers, until the Crown Range begins. This is a climb of 4,000 feet to the summit, a tedious climb I can assure you, but when, far below, the town of Queenstown is seen in all its beauty set beside the beautiful waters of Lake Waketipu, one is well rewarded.

Certainly New Zealand lends itself to the lover of the great out-of-doors. Its variety of scenery awakens a desire to see more of this wonderful land, so on one goes ever in search of the beautiful it has to give.

I would not advise you to do this trip during winter months, recollection of the cold up Central Otago I won't forget in a hurry, but during spring or summer it is a paradise. I shall never forget it and some day I shall visit it again, who knows?

CLEMENT E. ARMSTRONG.

-----  
"THE DROUGHT-BREAKERS' ANNUAL PICNIC".

(over)-Caste.

<u>Maid Marion:</u>	A charming young thing addicted to fires and celery. Chief characteristic, a happy smile.
<u>Darkest Africa:</u>	Gin Maloolm. A promising artist of dramatic ability at the table. Can eat anything; very fond of strawberry jam (and most other things too!)
<u>The Cook:</u>	Dunc, a simple child from the big open spaces. Has one under her nose and fills it with food at every available opportunity.
<u>The Legionaire:</u>	Griff, a "careful" country lass; owns a pair of tame, mauve socks -- origin unknown (the socks, that is.) She'll never get fat for nothing goes to waist!
<u>The Joadja Hunter:</u>	Vic Thorsen, hero of "How I got to Joadja -- and Back", and other romances. A doughty warrior.
<u>The Plagued One:</u>	Scotty, a red-haired desperado; tools of trade, a knife and fork. Pet aversion - stomach ache.
<u>The Author:</u>	The less said the better! --- Gawd 'elp 'im!

-----

On October the 1st., 2nd., and 3rd., we -- the members of the Drought-Breakers' Union -- held our annual picnic and water frolic between Leura and the Blue Gum Forest.

A most auspicious start was made on Saturday afternoon, the rain commencing soon after arrival at Rocky Point; tea was a swimming success, and the long night hours were whiled happily away in song and mirth while the boo-boo birds snuggled under their covering of wet bark, and the sweet strains of "Joadja -- Joadja -- Joadja-a-a-aaa" rose and fell in harmonious rhythm, now bursting into a full glorious crescendo, now murmuring low and sweet as the swamp over a mud hole.

We slept! ----- and woke again. The swamp swamped on. The Joadja joadja-ed; eleven o'clock, twelve, one, three, five a.m. --- even the boo-boos boomed less loudly.

It rained! It rained even harder!! but ere long conjurers with matches produced fire, then food, then large appetites, and lastly an elephant's sufficiency all round.

Later it fogged! We carved holes in the fog and jeered at it. It lifted; all was not well however, for plague had taken hold of one little community, twenty-five per cent of the inhabitants being stricken with a mysterious malady. Pale and thin he lay shuddering in his blanket with his teeth tightly clenched, and later the Legionaire collapsed under her pack and became all loose at the joints, so we there and then dissolved the "Union" and formed a Limited Hospital Co.

That night a mysterious thing happened! Lights appeared in the sky; superstitious people thought the end of the world had come or that they, too, had the malady. But no! the stars were out instead.

The Cook cooked ---- and ate. We all ate, even he of the teeth so tightly shut; and on the morrow dawned a day of peace and drought. It didn't rain for seven hours, and light of heart and heavy of foot, we collected the invalids and wended our way over to Lockley Pylon overlooking Blue Gum Forest, where was obtained a grand view of the Grose Valley, Govett's Leap Creek, Evans' Lookout, six waterfalls, Mount King George, Mount Bell, Mount Hay, and a recumbent form on a neighbouring hillock like a sausage-roll left to die, this last being all that remained of the Plagued One after a strenuous journey of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

Artificial perspiration having been applied with good effect, our band of hardy oot-cases rallied magnificently, and little more than an hour elapsed before all were again looking for "the home of the swallow" with forks full of food.

Maid Marion looked charming, hidden beneath a large mug -- handled variety -- and gurgling deliciously over a tomato while she wielded a yard of celery in one hand with consummate skill. Darkest Africa was a trifle on the hungry side, but in between mouthfuls, out quite a dashing figure in a carefully singed tweed skirt, and hat of the marquee tent variety without guy-ropes.

The Cook looked hungry, ate hungrily, and acted generally as though she were hungry. In 15 minutes food was at a premium and the market closed with buyers running riot. There were no sellers. The Joadja Hunter sat stern and silent --- a soul apart, above and beyond the mundane presence of his fellow mortals. It was a time of sadness. First we slaughtered a bull-ant; then, the blood being swept up and put in the fire, calm was restored until a fly fell struggling into the tea. We wrung him out, but he was quite dead. Two more flies followed; they died too. We sobbed into our hibs. The celery ran out; so did the tea; our appetites followed, so, silent and grim, we cleared away the debris, packed up and strode relentlessly ahead with never a backward glance at the dead.

After we had been going some time -- about twenty-three seconds --- the Legionaire found two eggs. Two real eggs! ----and positively insisted on taking them along. They were very heavy, so I took one; for five miles we staggered under the weight of those eggs, and then the Legionaire stood on one and bent it all, so we left it. And in the train she treated the other so unkindly that it was all broken up. I offered it my handkerchief, but it was no use, and finding it inconsolable at the loss of its shell, we put it out of its misery and poured it through the window.



We were all affected by the sufferings we had witnessed during the day, and were drooping forlornly over the seats, when through the open window were wafted the sweet familiar strains of that favourite old tune "J-----a -- J-----a-- J-----a-a-a-aaa", and life once more seemed very desirable.

Strong shudders shook the manly frame of the Joadja Hunter, but conquering his emotion he raised his eyes to ours, and in a firm voice joined in our toast "Kindness begins at home" with much fervour.

To-day we are changed -- more humble than of yore -- and when life seems as dust and ashes, our thoughts turn to the splendid example afforded by Tennyson's Brook and the boo-boo bird, and we likewise set our faces to the fore and go on -- and on -- and on ---- and on -----. 'Tis the only way!

BARNEY.

-----  
JACK, THE CHEESE-EATER.

Last Sunday, Muriel Cox and I went exploring into the Berowra Creek country from Kuring-gai. We had a splendid walk; learned a lot about the district; saw much natural beauty and quite a number of interesting and unexpected signs of man; and came home fully determined to spend many more days exploring that part of the country.

Apart from this determination, the main results of the expedition are that we have a brand-new walk for the next programme; and that we feel we must tell you all of our first, and perhaps, most interesting discovery -- the enterprising storekeeper at Kuring-gai. He sells maps!

While still waiting for the train to move off so that we could cross the line, we noticed maps displayed outside the neat, oiled-wood store beside the line on the Cowan Creek side, so, of course, went across to investigate. We were just in time to notice the last of the picnickers (a couple who were not too sure of the route) examining the map of Kuring-gai Chase and the notice that it was "on sale withing, price 3d."; and to observe them buy a map, ask directions for picking up the start of the track, and set off for Cowan Creek.

We then congratulated the storekeeper on his enterprise, for we have never seen maps sold on the spot before. He has only been there for about twelve months, but is keenly interested in the district, and has prevailed on the Tourist Bureau to allow him to satisfy the many inquiries he receives by the sale of the Tourist Map of the Chase. In six weeks he has sold nearly sixty copies.

In the middle of the talk he said: "Excuse me a minute, please, there's Jack come for his breakfast." We looked round, and there, perched by the noticeboard, was a beautiful, grey thrush. Our new acquaintance returned, and, to our surprise, he had some scraps of cheese which he proceeded to crumble in the palm of his left hand. Then he called quietly to the bird: "Come on, Jack, here's your breakfast!" The thrush flew into the store, perched on his hand, and ate the cheese while we stood by and continued the conversation. This storekeeper is a real nature-lover, and is gradually getting all the birds to come to him.

Jack flew on to the counter while some more cheese was crumbled for him, then

back on to the hand to eat it, and (although his friend had still more cheese for him if he wanted it - and there was no doubt he liked it) he finished his breakfast by picking up all the crumbs that had fallen to the floor.

He would make a good bush walker, that thrush!

D. LAWRY.

-----  
"PARTED"

Off on a trip with the Bangers  
Went the wife of Ourang-outang Roots.  
She looked a real Bushwalker  
From her hat to her old black boots.  
She said: "If the soles come off them,  
And the uppers are rent in twain,  
I must take them home to Wally  
To prove that I walked in the rain."

Staying at home to study  
Was poor Ourang-outang Roots,  
Trying to earn some money  
To keep his fair wife in boots.  
But little she seemed to worry  
As along the Creek she sped,  
Till she suddenly fell in the nettles -  
Then she wished she was "bloomin' well dead."

By the side of the rushing river  
Camped the wife of Ourang-outang Roots;  
She chaperoned the party,  
Who were madder than bandicoots.  
They talked of nothing but eating  
Till at last into bed they crept  
Then she lay between Cora and Maisie -  
Thought of her Wally - and wept.

"Budgong."

PADDY HOLDS AN EXHIBITION.

Now that so many of us are taking stock of our camping gear, it is good to hear that there is to be an exhibition of rucksacks, tents, camping gear and gadgets at PADDY PALLIN'S place above Hallam's, opposite Wynyard Station.

He has taken extra floor space so as to have plenty of elbow room and the show will run for a fortnight from MONDAY, 17th. OCTOBER.

If you can only manage to get along at lunch time, why not take a sandwich and you will be provided with a mug of tea at nominal cost?

This is to be "an every ounce counts" exhibition and there will be some new lines in weight-saving ideas. Also, Paddy claims to have solved that campers' problem of -

WHERE THE WEIGHT COMES FROM,  
and has arranged a special exhibit explaining his discovery.

There will also be a collection of oil paintings on view executed by Mr. Rhys Williams. These paintings depict scenes well known to bush lovers, such as "Burragerang", "Jim Riley's Hut on the Nattai" and so on. These alone will well repay a visit.

You will be very welcome.

F.A. PALLIN,  
312 George Street, SYDNEY.  
(Over Hallam's -  
Opposite Wynyard Station.)

THE BUNDANOON OFFICIAL.

It was a merry little crowd of nineteen that filled the two reserved carriages on the train bound for Bundanoon on the Friday night of Eight Hour weekend.

Bundanoon was of a velvety darkness when we arrived, but our torches soon put us on the road to a camp site about a mile from the Station where tents went up, sleeping bags down and all was quiet till Dorman tried to shout the echoes down early next morning.

There was no water on top, so a hungry nineteen were soon looking for the turn-off which led to that slippery-dip which takes one down to Bundanoon Creek. What a slippery, slithering sliding time we had. Some were there who could hearken back twelve months to the climbing of that hillside. Those in the lead had fires going by the time the tail of the party arrived, and so - breakfast.

A comfortable feeling under nineteen belts, packs shouldered and we were away along the old track beside the creek. The creek was feeling quite boisterous after the recent rain and gurgled and bubbled all the morning, tearing over the boulders it could not roar under or between. The nettles were in great fettle and before lunch there were some very queer looking legs in the party.

Lunch at the junction of the Bundanoon and the Tallawah was a welcome respite from the morning's nettly tramp. A swim and a sunbake put the finishing edge to already sharp appetites and lunch was despatched in good Bushwalker style. There was a gorgeous clump of rock lilies growing in a tree overlooking our camp site. The lilies had reached perfection wherever we saw them and the hillsides were masses of mauve and yellow interspersed with the green of the Burrawangs. It was Spring in all its gay revelry.

The going became easier and we made an early camp at the junction of Bundanoon Creek and the Kangaroo River. Next morning we awoke to a wet world, but what cared we once breakfast fortified us, and off we started under ground sheets. Some of the stalwarts carried the members of the weaker (???) sex across the river and we squelched our way upstream. We discovered a boat on the opposite side of the river which quelled any qualms as to the crossing of the Kangaroo. The boys swan across, launched the boat and ferried the remainder of the party and packs across. By Sunday lunchtime, we had made the Stanaforths farm. From there we left the river, climbing the ridge behind the farm. That hill didn't look so formidable, but one learns by experience. Before we started to climb the last pinch we saw some jungle that was worth the fight it took to get through. The Burrawangs were in full seed there, patching the landscape with their glorious orange fruit.

We found another slippery-dip down the other side and by the time we had reached "the bottom of that terrible descent" there were several pairs of muddy shorts for display. We had hoped to make the other side of the Budgong valley but the running creek proved too much of a temptation. It was an excellent camp site and the campfire entertainment after dinner was most enjoyable. There were those who could, those who couldn't, those who will try and those who won't, and some who try and can't, but some of the party enjoyed themselves so much that twelve o'clock saw them just about to look for sleeping bags.

An early start next morning and we were at the beginning of a long but rather lovely road trip, broken about 9.30 o'clock by a stiff climb. As we sighted Nowra and were getting down towards the lowlands, the cliffs were covered with rock lilies. The clematis was also making a good show. We made good time, did not stop for lunch and were able to catch the three-five train. The forerunners of the party (or the fore-bargers) booked two carriages and as the train pulled out of Bomaderry the party was too interested in food to realise that a very happy and interesting trip was nearly over.

"Just one of 'em."

-----  
AN S.B.W. CHRISTENING.

The sun shone with extra strength one Sunday afternoon in July, for it was the day chosen for the christening of a Bonnie Scotch laddie.

The bonnie bairn was born in our fair city, but his parents decided to take him to the bush for the fresh air we all enjoy so much. We can all imagine the father's disgust when he discovered that in the little bush town a cathedral hadn't even been heard of, but not to be discouraged by this, he set to work and built one himself.

Just about three o'clock all eyes were focussed in the direction the happy trio were sure to take; and what a trio! Father and mother with smiles of satisfaction and the young fellow with howls of dissatisfaction.

The ceremony was very simple and impressive, and marked by an exciting incident. After the Minister had finished trying to drown the little fellow he was handed to friendly arms. You can realise the occasion warranted something special in the way of a memento for the babe, so the elders gathered together to discuss ways and means to honour our budding Bushwalker.

A silver cup suitably engraved was decided on, and the way the little chap received it will go down in history. It is rumoured that the cup is about one-third the size of his father's mug, so it must be some cup, because we can vouch for the size of daddy's mug.

"Pretty Boy."

-----  
REPORT OF OFFICIAL WALK OF SUNDAY, SEPT. 4th. 1932.

By the Leader - His Grace the Duke of Clear Hill,  
O.G. - S.B.W.M.U.G. - N.T.B. - P.G.  
-----

If a legal definition of an official walk is "that gathering of a person or persons at the spot and time shown on programme", then take this as the real report of last Sunday's walk, and beware of imitations.

According to programme - members were to assemble at Richmond, the 9.28 arrived at 11. His Grace, the Duke of Clear Hill, cycled up to Richmond. He found a large crowd awaiting him - quite in order for a Duke - still, a bit unusual as no public announcement had been made.

A few inquiries revealed the awful truth. Some hikstery trains had arrived and more were to follow. The populace were thoroughly enjoying the show. The get up of His Grace even tickled them. One village maiden made musical reference to "hairy legs", the import being somewhat vague to His Grace.

However, the official train arrived, but no S.B.W's - just possible they had come by an earlier hikstery train. His Grace decided to ride on to the river and perhaps catch them. A bit on His Grace asked some village lads if they had seen a walking party going along. The answers were astounding - such delivery - such force - such "too rights" --- evidently a large turn up for the club, Miriam must be very popular methinks the Duke. So on again. The black road began to turn yellow - strange! A close investigation showed it to be orange peel - it surely must have rained oranges there that morning. Alas! the real cause soon appeared - " 'Unnerds" and " 'unnerds" of " 'ikers" - all sizes - all colors - all ages - and all over the road - making driving most difficult. Something should be done about this. His Grace received universal acclamation as he threaded his way through - quite in order - though some of the remarks may be further considered on some long wet day.

"Ye gods", thought the Duke, "if my bunch are mixed up in this mob, it's boundary riders I'll be wanting." Luckily they turned up river to Penrith. On to Yarramundi for His Grace, and still no signs or tracks of S.B.W. Leaving the bike at the first house over the river he pushed on per foot.

It was then after twelve and that generally means tucker and that generally means river, so leaving a nice deep sandy bush road, he pushed through to the river and up a bit. Somehow it seemed to be a solo trip, but anyway the day was good if the going was bad.

The track is not the grassy pleasure it used to be, stacks of trees have fallen right across the road, making it an obstacle race, not to mention very treacherous loose ground, half sand and leaf and a few barbed wire fences thrown in. His Grace went on until a nice, grassy, shady wattle-decorated dining room appeared. We all know the rest. After that a de-luxe lounge. Smooth silent river, acres of yellow blossom, also reflected in the glassy water, and grey gum trunks weirdly distorted by the rippling. Seven varieties of ants, five of flies, quite a score of singing birds, a fine harmony for eye and ear. A lad walking along the other river bank with a foxterrier also slipped into the picture. "Blue blood, blue blood, of what avail art thou?" read on. The doggie glanced across the 100 feet and stopped, the lad went on, then stopped, then whistled, then whistled, then whistled, then shouted, then roared, then filled the quiet river with threats, accusations, large colorful words. To sum up - he cast grave doubts on the legitimacy of the foxy and promised extensive alterations to its bodily structure, when it got home again. Poor doggie seemed to understand all but remained gazing across at His Grace, who was thinking hard about that saying - one cannot escape neighbours. The lad gave it up, the doggie sat up, and the Duke packed up, and off again. Five minutes later, glancing across the river, he spied doggie patting along level with him. Duke stopped, dog stopped, and so on. This was certainly a "mystery 'ike". The rough going left no room for doggy thoughts until a howl caused a stop. There stood doggie at a dead end to the track up against a big stone bluff. He howled pitifully and as the Duke went on his way he actually cried till the distance blotted him out.

'Tis a terrible thing to be a Duke.

The quiet track again and nice grassy going, if lopsided, some horses, then some cows scattered up the hill, bar one, a Mrs. Jersey. She was on her dig and propped and breathed heavily. Just here the going is only six feet wide - and steep. His Grace, with the politeness of his class gave her every possible inch in passing, when crash!!! The bank caved away and His Grace was plunk in the river half way up to his coronet. A wild frantic clutching at the grass enabled him to arrive on earth again. Justice demands the remark that the cow did not laugh. His Grace seems always to strike trouble with these moooin' affairs. As the ducal trow were soaked in Grose, His Grace immediately joined a nude club and after a good squeezing and baling out passed on his happy way.

Back to Yarramundi again, to wonder why people ever drive there for pleasure. It is a dead, torn-about sort of place with a few very worried looking trees, six blades of grass, endless stone and sand and rusty rails and evil junk of every description. It might easily be some old obsolete crematorium or suburb of Danteville. His Grace reclaimed the bike and pushed off again. Approaching Richmond droves of the villagers were passed on their way to meet the "hikers" coming from Penrith. They were certainly squeezing every drop out of the day. They actually mistook His Grace for the advance guard of the "hikers" and put many questions to him as to the whereabouts of them. Could an S.B.W. sink lower? So, with a few more flickers of acclamation from the waiting crowds His Grace rode through and back home again.

This official trip will always remain an outstanding one for its good feeling, its complete lack of argument, its low food consumption, its mileage, its precision of movement when getting off the mark, and in fact its wonderful unanimity at all times. And last but not least, its chivalry on meeting The Lady of the Dairy.

-----

The Hon. Recorder comments:-

Those hikers must have raised a dust! Miriam assures us there were 13 people in the official party that day - not the official party described above, of course - and that the walk was carried out "as per programme." She and her party saw no sign of Taro or his trusty bike, and apparently he was too dazzled by the beauty of the hikereens to see mere khaki-clad bush walkers -- or even fair Miriam.

-----

THE PHILOSOPHER OF HAT HILL.

By Enjee.

Bidden by a prominent Sydney advertising man to spend the night at his week-end cottage at Hat Hill, Blackheath, so that they might set off early next morning and scramble over Perry's Lockdown to the Blue Gum Forest, a few of our members had a unique experience recently. They arrived long after dark, but even in the blackness of the night they could sense that the cottage at which they were invited to spend the night, was no ordinary place. When the door opened, there, framed in a shaft of mellow light, stood a most interesting figure of a man. He had greying hair and piercing eyes, a pleasing voice and a ready smile. Doubtless in the electoral roll his occupation was shown as "Gardener" or "Caretaker" or some other utterly inadequate description! But he was an aristocrat and a scholar and, as our members were to discover later, a real Philosopher!

"Come in," he said cordially, "and make yourselves at home." The appointments of the cottage were as unusual and as charming as the exterior. The lounge was full of curios. Cushions were strewn on a large divan, a log burned cheerily in the hearth, rows of shelves were crammed with books - Wells, Priestley, Shaw, David Grayson, Tolstoi, ranged side by side in careless disorder. There was a framed inscription on the wall:-

"Guest - you are welcome here! Be at your ease. Get up when you're ready; go to bed when you please. Happy to share with you such as we've got - the leaks in the roof and the soup in the pot. You don't have to thank us, or laugh at our jokes. Sit deep and come often - you're one of the folks."

The visitors inspected the furniture and ornaments with interest, but the slumbrous properties of the solid convict-built four-poster bed from Norfolk Island determined them to turn in for the night. Some slept in the house; others in their hike tents in the adjoining bush.

Sunrise, the magpies' rich warble and the joyous songs of countless other birds found members already rubbing the sleep from their eyes to admire the entrancing view from the hill-top on which the cottage stood. Fleecy mist lay in the valley; cliff faces stood bravely out, unashamed in their sheer nakedness, warmed and caressed by the ardent morning sun.

The Philosopher, like his visitors, was an early riser. Clad in his dressing gown, he helped them with their simple chores. After an appetising breakfast the party sat on the wide sun verandah, admiring the glorious expanse of scenery and chatted idly before commencing their strenuous descent into the valley. They were amazed at the Philosopher's grasp of present-day affairs.

"Don't you find it slow here?" someone asked him.

"Slow?" he answered, pausing in the act of lighting his pipe. "Not a bit! You see, there's the garden and the wild life all around. I have a wireless set and there are all those books to read and in the distance, just where the haze is



clearing, I can see the City. In that space of buildings and narrow, noisy streets and speeding streams of traffic, our members of Parliament, business magnates, clerks and factory hands and the vast army of unemployed live and have their being, unceasingly struggling for power, ascendancy... or only food and the bare necessities to live upon. Their lives comprise only urge, push, bustle and relentless grind, or empty, dreary days without end. From here I can look down in quiet security and smile."

He pressed the tobacco more firmly into the bowl of his pipe, then turning to his interrogator, he said: "There's a motto on the wall, well worth remembering. It reads:

"For what are we all in our high conceit  
When we in the bush with God may meet."

There's commonsense in that. Think it out."

The party set off a little disconcerted. But there was champagne in the air that day and soon members tripped and scrambled down the hill-sides and drank the nectar from bright red waratahs. They trod the moss beneath tall trees or waded through the creek and scrambled over rocks.

The noon hour passed, the sky grew dull and overcast with heavy clouds. Thunder rumbled in the distance, then gradually sounded nearer and yet more threatening. Large drops of rain began to fall - and then deluge! Rain fell in torrents, sheet after driving sheet. Two of the party sheltered in a hollow log; others crouched beneath thin groundsheets or in their tents. The wind blew gustily, thunder crashed on every side, the rain fell even harder, then as suddenly as it came, the storm passed over. The sun smiled out, drops of moisture fell with heavy pit-a-pat from leafy branches, the birds resumed their interrupted twittering and in single file the hikers went their way. A young man's voice broke out in song - Torsini's "Seranata" - full, rich and clear it sounded, overflowing with the joy of living. How pleasantly it all seemed in the valley!

Then came the stiff ascent when the party paused awhile to rest.

"Do you know," remarked the junior member, "I think the Philosopher was wrong. He would have us humble and contrite when we should be spiritual giants. He should alter his motto, for a man in the bush ... the thoughtful, observant man, that is (here our junior member waved his arm as though to embrace the glories of the whole earth)... with God will surely meet!"

-----

Dear Editor;- What is it in the 'bush' which makes its devotees more tolerant? How often we find interests in common among people with whom we might never associate when in earshot of the G.P.O. clock. Quite apart from the fellowship felt when we are hungry and weary in each other's company, or come upon a glorious view side by side, there is something else hard to define. Perhaps the peace of the natural surroundings gives us a new angle from which to judge the orientation of our city and home life. Personally, I think that the standards, class divisions and rules and regulations suffer a loss of dignity and importance when viewed in this perspective, and I for one am not sorry to turn my back on them for a while, leaving behind the existence we enjoy by the courtesy of Henry

Ford, the "Sydney Morning Herald" and the Income Tax Commissioner.

And now comes the moral. Next time you apply your thinking cap to some domestic problem of the club, perhaps about compatability, or maybe loyalty or some other long word ending in Y, look at it from the point of view of a bush lover and not as an amateur legislator, of whom Australia has too many already.

Now Mr. President, how about holding our constitutional meetings at the end of a twenty mile walk? I venture that we would haggle less over pettifogging details, and show a rather more liberal spirit. What? Not feasible? Of course it's not! but neither are most other sensible suggestions.

Yours,

"An old crook" (I mean member).

-----

"WALKING'S BLISS".

Do you know of the sturdy Bushwalkers  
Who walked from B. to N.  
Who did sixty miles in forty-five,  
And topped two hills more dead than alive?  
Of the girls who waded not the stream  
But carried by Richard without wetting a seam:  
Had Brenda tried to cross, no doubt  
The bubbles would have been about:  
But Richard lifted her like a babe,  
And with pack an' all he laid her safe.

We swung along the forest scene,  
While pleasure filled our hearts serene  
With Springtime's glorious colour dream  
Of flowered beauty in sunlit gleam:  
Now doth the golden colour glow  
And the silvered stream so gently flow.

We live in Beauty's sweet refrain  
Till rudely awakened from pleasure to pain;  
The subtle urge of the nettle's kiss  
Disturbs our ecstasy of bliss;  
A million needles these foes do bring,  
And nought can shield us from their sting -  
Barelegged we seek to scramble through  
Till at last the nettles have taken their due;  
And we stagger out upon the creek  
Its cooling balm to bathe our feet:  
Like giants refreshed we go our way  
And come to the end of a perfect day.

-----

"SCRATCHES"

SOCIAL NOTES.

The S.B.W. Social programme continues interesting and varied.

On 19th. August we had a demonstration of what Peter Page, Ian Malcolm and Paddy Pallin can do in the way of conducting Community Singing - if they make the St. James Hall audience laugh as much on 2nd. November as we did on that night, our 5th. Annual Concert should be worth attending. After the Community Singing, the room was cleared for dancing.

On 26th. Aug. Mr. Frank Cridland gave an interesting lecture on "Early Days in National Park and Port Hacking District." It was he who named one of our favourite beauty spots - "Uloom Falls."

13th. September is a night to be remembered by all who were at the Bluegum Ball - it was an outstanding success both socially and financially, and great credit belongs to the Committee, headed by Joe Turner, which was responsible for bringing it into being. Our friend and fellow-walker Mr. Cleary was in the official party.

Two interesting events occurred on 23rd. September - the first was a lecture on the Koala, illustrated by the most delightful lantern slides. The speaker, Mrs. Howells, certainly knows her subject, and we learnt quite a lot we did not previously know about "the gentle Koala."

The second event of that night was much more exciting, and to the majority of us, quite unexpected - the announcement of the engagement of Phil White and Norm Colton. Although Phil has only been a member for a little over a year, she is very well known and liked, and Norm - well, Norm is an old stager, popular alike with S.B.W's and Trailers. May they both be very happy!

On 5th. November our worthy President, Cliff Ritson enters into "the bonds of matrimony" - but knowing his future wife as well as most of us do, we think that he will quite enjoy being "bound."

Here's luck to Win and Cliff!

I'm sorry to have to end these reports on a note of sadness - but - Mary Harrison is going back to Tasmania. She has only been coming out with us for a few months, and now, when we have shown her only a few of the places worth walking to in N.S.W., she has to go back home. Still, she hopes to see more of Sydney later on, and has promised us a warm welcome to the Hobart Walking Club when any of us visit Tasmania.

Bon voyage, Mary, and don't forget us.

Brenda White.