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1932

"T H E S Y D N E Y B U S H W A L K E R"

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

No. 10.

December, 1932.

Publishing Committee:

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

You have probably all heard that an interesting new magazine will shortly appear on the market - "The Walker & Outdoor Scientist"; it is to be the public mouthpiece of all the well-known Walking Clubs of Sydney, each Club being responsible for its own section. Marjorie Hill has consented to edit the S.B.W. contributions.

When this new publication was first talked of, many members feared that we would drop our own little paper, but to all enquiries in this regard we returned an emphatic "No".....

Some time ago, Peter Page gave me these verses, taken from a Bank Journal:

The Editor knocked at the Pearly Gate,
His face looked worn and old;
He meekly asked the man of fate
For admission to the fold.

"What have you done," asked Peter,
"To seek admission here?"
"Oh, I ran a monthly paper
For many and many a year."

The gate swung open sharply
As Peter touched the bell
"Come in," he said, "and take your harp,
You've had enough of hell."

So, when Marj. asked me to take over the Editorship of "The Sydney Bush-walker", I gazed well at her to see if she "looked worn and old" after running a paper for over a year, but detecting no sign, I decided to risk it.

But if the worst comes to the worst, I do hope St. Peter will give me something more exciting to do than sitting around playing a harp.

Brenda White.

"The Sydney Bushwalker" extends a very hearty welcome to all new Club Members, and also wishes the Compliments of the Season to all members, both old and new.

PADDY CAN SAVE YOU POUNDS (£) AND POUNDS (lbs.)

When planning that Christmas trip, you should on no account miss a visit to Paddy Pallin's place, just to see what is available in Camping gear.

If it is a TENT you want (and Campers hate lending tents) - have a look at the Queensland pattern Tent, which holds 2 in comfort (7' x 4'6" (and a bit extra) - 5' high) costs only 27/6. It has an 8" wall and is a thoroughly weathertight and satisfactory tent. Made in Japara, it weighs $2\frac{1}{4}$ lbs, complete with guys.

Shakespeare must have written in allegory when he penned the line "Macbeth hath murdered sleep". He surely referred to the ubiquitous mosquito, the bane of Summer camping. Keep him - or is it the "hers" that bite? - at bay by means of a NET. An effective net can be fitted to the Queensland Tent for 3/6, or a 7 x 5 for 4/6. They are fitted with press studs so as to be completely detachable, yet absolutely effective against those winged pests which buzz by night.

A Rucksack capacious enough for your camping gear can be bought for 13/6 and a groundsheet weighing 12 oz. for 6/6.

Screw-topped Jars in stout aluminium, with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter capacity are now available at 1/6, and small Jars for Honey, Marmite etc. in Nally ware. There are also unbreakable screw-topped Nally containers, guaranteed watertight for such divers necessities as salt, pepper, matches (remember Dorman's awful plight), citronella (should you scorn the net), face powder (tell it not in Gath), talcum (for men as well), and many other things.

Ration bags, billy hooks, tent pegs (don't lose them), leggings (a la Trailers), buckets (they are invaluable), capes (lettuce leaf style), shirts and shorts (M. & F.), dried potatoes (ready in 15 minutes), onions (O. fragrant breath of Spring, or Onions without tears), and other vegetable and soups are there.

Sun hats (darkest Africa and palm leaf style) are there also - but enough! the Editress has delivered her ultimatum - - -

You'll find Paddy Pallin's place at 312 George Street, above Hallam's new shop, opposite Wynyard Station. PHONE - B.3101.

FOR SALE - Used Maple Canoe - 12'6" long, weighs 60 lbs.
£10 or offer.

LOST IN THE WILD DOG MOUNTAINS.

As most of the active members of the S.B.Ws. were at Clear Hill during the King's Birthday week-end of this year, it is known that a party of five men, namely: The Duke of Clear Hill (Taro), "Norm" Colton, Reg Shortridge, Dick Tarr and the writer, accompanied by five of the fair and gentle sex, camped there also.

As far as the Duke and myself are concerned, King's Birthday camps at Clear Hill originated in the dim, misty pre-S.B.W. days (about 1922 or 3 to be exact), and with the idea of experiencing REALLY cold weather - you know the idea, tents stiff with ice, trying to keep warm in a few thin blankets, and that exhilarating dip into the Glen Raphael water hole, and ever and anon the surge and moan of the restless, lonely wind as it swept down the glen. So much for all that. One Clear Hill camp is like another, geographically. Scenically, every trip is a brand new one into strange new country.

On Sunday I had a strong desire to revisit my beloved happy hunting ground, the Wild Dogs, and on putting the question found the entire company willing, excepting Dick Tarr and Hilda Buckle, who preferred to stay in camp. So taking three rucksacs with food and necessities for the party, we set off; rather late for such a journey. (Take warning, Walkers, and start the day with the dawn).

After installing a new bottle and book on Clear Hill proper, we descended to the Medlow Gap and forced our way through the almost impenetrable growth of wattle thickets and at lunch time were at our blazed tree at the foot of Mt. Mouin. (This tree has a Mountain Trail's Club blaze on either side and marks the site of an old track which circles round the western side of the Mouins as far as the head of Merigal Creek; it has been well blazed by M.J. Dunphy as far as the Blue Dog ridge and from there on to Merigal by the writer. It is delightful walking country, possessing that remoteness and loneliness so essential to walking enjoyment. At Merigal Creek is a lovely natural lawn of grass and practically permanent water.) At this tree we had lunch and decided to leave our packs and go light to Merigal; at least Colton and I did, but not so Taro; he insisted on his pack's company and well for him. After $\frac{3}{4}$ hr. smart walking we reached Merigal Creek, the hour about 2 p.m. Here, Colton, Shortridge and I conceived the evil notion of climbing to Meri Merigal a plateau belonging to the Wild Dog Mts. Taro O.K'd the idea and assured us that he would lead the lassies back to camp, but as a precaution we decided that he was to leave a chalk mark on our packs; (we had no doubts but he would find them), so off we went.

But a further digression - a word about Meri Merigal. This plateau was discovered by Shortridge and myself on the Sunday of Anzac week-end. I say discovered because it was generally believed that the Mouin consisted of three peaks forming a crescentic chain with the outward curve towards the West. When Shortridge and I reached the top we were amazed to find a perfectly flat plateau about 200 yds. long N. to S. and about 100 yds. E. to W. It is so flat and even that it should be possible to land an air plane there with little or no damage. At the southerly end rose the mass of Mount Dingo. But Dingo is separated from our plateau by a definite gap,

and so there are four main masses in the Wild Dog Mts. This was duly reported to M.J. Dunphy and named Meri Merigal (the place of the Dingos). A better name would be "the place of the Eagles", for here they abound.

This is the place we explored for the second time, and at 4.30 we deemed it advisable to start for home. At five it was practically dark and at 5.30 we reached our packs having followed the track without trouble. But alas, on our packs were no chalk marks. What to do? We ooo-eed, no result. We then "consultated", supposed that perhaps Taro had reached Medlow Gap further along, and had gone on. So we set off to Clear Hill. It was now so dark that we had to use our sense of direction rather than vision. After a while we imagined we could hear faint ooo-ees, thought we could and thought we couldn't, so to say. We replied lustily but silence reigned. Reaching the foot of Debert's Knob we heard the faint ooo-ees again. Again we replied, but still the baffling silence. Here I suggested climbing up Debert's Knob and making a bonfire, and soon we had a mighty blaze going. Again we called in unison, but no reply; a bigger fire, a faint call, seemingly from the eastern side of Mouin. Leaving Shortridge to tend the fire, Colton and I raced back to near the foot of Mouin. We stopped and called again, but no reply. We decided then that it was useless to search in that country with only one torch, and besides mountain acoustics are peculiar, so we retraced our steps to the fire. It was now about 9.30 p.m. and we were tired and hungry. We pushed on towards camp, thinking that perhaps Taro's party had ooo-eed from Clear Hill. Nevertheless, we were worried, as the night was bitterly cold and the lost party had neither food nor blankets and perhaps no matches. After much stumbling and barking of shins, we reached and climbed Clear Hill, surely for the first time at the hour of 10.15 p.m. Half an hour later we crawled into camp and to our dismay found our camp fires low, and no cheery voice of welcome. Dick Tarr and his friend Hilda informed us that the others had not arrived and so our fears were realised. At this juncture Harold Chardon, Wally Roots and Sid Robinson came over and heard the story and without a word turned about and a little later returned, rucksacs on backs, ready for the search. In the meantime we three tucked up and with good result. It was wonderful to feel one's energy return as the food went down.

By eleven we were packed up and on the move again, six strong, and I do believe, three were enjoying the fun.

Never has Clear Hill seen such a weird procession as that which wound its way so late that night. About midnight we reached the end of Clear Hill and saw dimly a campfire on Glen Alan Creek. (We saw it also on the way back to camp but I reckoned it was the camp of the Duncan-Page-Yardley party who were to have gone that way). However, we ooo-eed six strong and woke them up. They called back and presently their fire flamed into life. Chardon signalled in Morse with his torch "who are you?" As no one down below understood Morse, we got no reply. Our party was quite decided that they were the lost ones, but in my own heart I knew it was not so. We descended to the foot of Clear Hill and then made a straight line to the fire. After much crashing and sliding down the 1000 ft. slope, we reached the camp only to find Frank Duncan's party. Here was a nice how-do-you-do. We had to find our way back to Medlow Gap via a veritable labyrinth of creek heads which fed Breakfast Creek. This we did, I may say without a great deal of trouble, and at 1 a.m. Monday arrived at the blazed tree at the foot of Mouin.

Here Harold the tree fellow, felled a few dozen dead trees with his broad axe, (a truly man-size one) and with such a goodly camp fire snatched two hours' sound sleep.

The original three of this party had walked a goodly mileage for the day; but Shortridge was the hero in this regard. He arrived at Katoomba at 2.30 Sunday morning, arrived at Glen Raphael for breakfast and had spent the rest of the day as described above, very nearly 30 miles and no sleep (and - no complaints).

At 4 a.m. we were up, and after a bite to eat decided to set out in different directions. Colton, Roots and self were about to set off for the east side of Mouin, when we heard a shout, really heard it this time, from the direction we were about to travel to. We therefore set off at a very excited double. A few hundred yards and we came on them making their way towards our camp. They were full of beans and pep after their "gruelling" experience.

And here's ingratitude, they declared they weren't lost, knew where they were, didn't want any of our breakfast, such weakness having breakfast with only a thousand feet of climbing and 4 miles back to camp, and how foolish we were to so disturb ourselves on their behalf, shades of Mrs. Littlejohn. -

- and we, we sipped no sup, nor bit nor bite, all for the love of a lady.

So now, Duke of Taro Tora, (with the estate of Clear Hill chucked in) we don't believe you were lost.

ALAN P. RIGBY.

REPORT OF WALK OF OCT. 9. '32.

Owing to a cast-iron S.B.W. rule concerning appointments of substitute leaders when the real ones fail to Fridayize - this leader on arrival at Central Stn. found himself throneless 'mongst hordes of S.B.Ws. Worse still - the route had been altered, so all the caches of strawberries, cream, cakes and beer made through the week just to show 'em what a real leader can do, were all wasted. Seemed a fair mob had turned up, so the real leader took it as a compliment - alas!!

The day was glorious enough to lure all past, present and future members. A challenge is here thrown to the above to produce a better day than was this one. Off we went, the false leader too, and reached a false station - H'burg. For some reason only six stepped out. The multitude were either asleep or just rebelling 'gainst a false leader. The superior six took the track to the coast. The real leader and A LIVE WIRE got ahead and waited just above Pageville - and waited. Two members of a kindred club appeared, and after some chat the S.Bs. joined them and set off to Burn. Pal. Still no signs of the official party. Came lunch, when the Live Wire was pinched by a big hairy-chested sheik named Frank, who shall be nameless. The sole survivor of the walk departed sadly for Era, there to find the missing fragments of the official walk and many other renegade S.B.Ws. yea - even the Walks Sec.

The real leader, the false leader and the faithful few, set off to Lilyvale via Burn. Palms. At the 'acking they were lucky enough to strike

several members of a kindred club, so by using these as camouflage, the two leaders were able to make a show on Central.

The moral in this for leaders who would lead, is - keep good with Mouldy Bacon.

Says Taro.

LITERARY EXPLORATIONS.

Of course we are all familiar with Shakespeare, Milton, Browning, Longfellow, Emerson, Tennyson, "Banjo" Paterson, and Gordon, but how many of us know anything of the moderns? --- Squires, de la Mare, Rupert Brooke, Montague, Milne, R.L.S., Dorothea Mackellar, Myra Morris, the Housmans, to mention just a few. Yet, if we were introduced to them we would find many of them good companions. They are nearer our time, they have our point of view. And, of course, there are many gems tucked away between the covers of the less familiar ancients.

Now the idea of this page is to make these introductions. Just as, say, Paddy Pallin may lead you down Gibberagong Creek and through Duffy's Forest, and that walk will show you there is much interesting country to be explored round the Cowan Creek district, so you may come across a poem, or prose passage, that delights you and leads you to read more of that author's work. We ask you to let us have any such poems - together with the author's name, and where you found it - so that the rest of the Bush Walkers may also have the chance of exploring the writings of that author.

This issue, as the Kosciuszko season is upon us, we give you "Climber's Joy" by Dorothea Mackellar. What would you suggest for the February issue?

D. LAWRY.

CLIMBER'S JOY.

A pathway climbs on the mountain's flank, It elbows up like Z,
At almost any kink of the way, You can see two turns ahead.
Here are steps in the living rock, Here is a bloodwood bridge,
And here is an alley of sand that leads
To the pink-white quartz of the ridge.

But there wasn't a path where I came down, There wasn't a sign to guide.
The woven bracken clutched at my hand, The grass trees whispered beside.
Sliding down from a slippery ledge Into a myrtle tree -
The tougher the varied barriers are The greater pleasure to me.

Not that I think I climb so well, Not that I do not know
How light the mountains has let me down, But that it's good to go
Using all of my flowing strength Every muscle and nerve,
Speed and balance and judging eye All eagerly fit to serve.

DOROTHEA MACKELLAR.

MEMORIES OF EARLY DAYS OF S.B.W.

No.2.

"LINDEN CREEK"

In the June issue I wrote the first article of this series, "Sassafras Gully". You will remember that the causes of delay on that trip were rain, and fireflies! On this occasion the weather was perfect, there were no fireflies to blame, but

Peter Page wrote a song shortly after, which he sang at the Club's first concert. It begins:

"A party merry and gay
Set out on Anzac Day.
They gave us a fright
For they stayed an extra night
And here's what they had to say:
"Oh, we went down Linden Creek -
The language was not meek....."

You see, we had no idea at the start of going down Linden Creek; we left the train at Faulconbridge but turned off too soon, and camped beneath the stars. So next morning we went down the first creek we came to, which we found out later was Linden Creek.

If I were Dorman I should "here take the opportunity of condemning the selection of the middle and lower reaches of Linden Creek for a pleasure trip" - if you have only a day to do it. But given a long week-end the trip is well worth while.

The first few miles were easy going, mostly on a grassy track, and we learned then that it is not only in "rough stuff" that accidents happen, for Vera Rankin gave her ankle a nasty wrench long before the creek went wild, and I very narrowly escaped being hit on the head by a large rolling stone shortly after. Vera's foot naturally limited the speed of the party; but in any case we could not have travelled fast when we reached the rough parts of the creek - the Grose is known to be "tuff" - so are the streams that run into it!

"The way was long and rough.
We climbed o'er many a bluff.
Alf Docksey led, Alf Docksey said:
"This is the very stuff!"

Later, on a specially rocky bit:

"Molly, our fairy queen
Had weakened at the seam
Of what we saw we'll say no more,
But Plim let out a scream."

We sent the boys on, while amid much laughter from the girls, They sowed Molly back into her "made-in-a-hurry" breeks.

We girls were in shorts for the first time, and were enjoying such freedom of movement as we had not known before.

One thing struck me forcibly on that creek, that being small is not an unmixed blessing. Certainly I was able to walk or crawl under logs that others had to laboriously climb over, but on one occasion it was necessary to climb over a very large and slippery log on to a small ledge a few inches below water, but my legs just would not reach the distance, and I went in the water, pack and all, up to the neck. Peter sang of the incident:

"Now, Brenda as you know
On this trip did go.
She fell in the river and did a big shiver,
And merely said "Oh, blow!"

Now, I ask you, all you who know my vocabulary, is that likely?

Peter and Plim hauled me out, with much unmuffled mirth, and I dried out at lunch time.

There were fourteen of us in the party, seven girls and seven boys, and only very few are still active members of the Club - Nell Gundlach is married, we do not see very much of Gwen Adams (now Chowne) on the track these days, and still less of Vera Rankin and Molly Marden, but Thelma Moir, Win Lewis and myself are still going strong.

Of the boys, Roger Murphy got a position in the country shortly after, Plim has gone back to New Zealand, Lawrie Drake finds married life too engrossing to spare time for walking, Alf Docksey is also married and living away from Club activities, while Jack Debert spends his time trying to make something grow somewhere in the Burragorang, which leaves only Peter and Bill Henley, and nobody can deny that they are active.

But to return to the trip - Bill's activities were suddenly curtailed; as the Poet has it:

"Oh, Bill he is an Irishman,
An Irishman is he.
He said: "Don't wait or you'll be late,
I've bu...busted up my knee."

So we left Peter to look after him, and pushed on.

We had reached the Grose by this time but kept going so as to get as far as possible before dark. In fact, we were foolish enough to keep going long after dark, and only stopped, utterly weary, when we reached the fire where our advance guard, Jack & Gwen, were waiting for us.

We ate, then slept - I have rarely slept more soundly, or on harder rock! The one excitement of the night was when Roger's socks caught fire, fortunately, not the pair he was wearing. Early next morning, two of the boys sprinted back to see how Bill was feeling and returned with the news that his knee was much less painful, and that he and Peter would follow on slowly. Then, with visions of catching a train not too late in the day, we set off,

Jack arrived with a list of telephone numbers to advise anxious relatives.

He and Gwen had been on the Grose before and knew its vagaries, so they easily outdistanced us. On the way to Yarramundi and the telephone, they called at "Agnes Banks" and told the Luscombes of our impending arrival, so we were met by these kind folks with news that the kettle was boiling and the scones almost cooked, also that the next train was after 4 o'clock.

We had a bathe in the Grose, (where the sandflies bit Lawrie and fell off dead) and while Mrs. Luscombe was providing us with an excellent lunch, her husband, who declared that "he couldn't help thinking of that poor chap with the crook knee", took the cart as far up the river as he could to give Bill and Peter a lift.

After lunch we set off for Richmond. We collected Jack and Gwen at Yarramundi, had more to eat at the store, and reached the station in plenty of time to change, and just before train time, in hobbled good old Bill with the faithful Peter in attendance.

BRENDA WHITE.

"BUSH WALKS"

It was recently suggested that there be published with each issue of The Sydney Bushwalker a more or less detailed description of a walk in order that a permanent record of trips of interest should be preserved and so made available to members in an accessible form.

As present, information regarding practically any trip can be obtained from some member of the Club and particularly from the Hon. Recorder, but the detail supplied here will act as a supplement to those two services.

Contributions to this section of the "Bushwalker" will not only be welcomed but are definitely requested.

Kurrajong - Comleroy - Wheeny Creek Bridge - Colo River -
Wheeny Creek - Kurrajong.

This is a week-end walk of about 26 miles, eight along a rarely used country road and the remainder by a track along the Colo River and Wheeny Crk.

Train to Kurrajong Station, having previously bargained with a garage proprietor or car owner to meet the train and drive the party from the station to the junction of the Comleroy and Blaxland Ridge Roads, a distance of $5\frac{1}{2}$ m. Arrange for the driver to meet the party at the same place in time to catch the last train on Sunday night. The owner of Greendale Farm, one Wholohan, has both a car and a lorry by which he would convey the party. His phone number is Blaxland Ridge 1.5 and his charges reasonable. Alighting at the Blaxland Ridge turn-off, continue down the Comleroy Road past Greendale Farm for a couple of miles until the land begins to fall away. At this point the

road may still be followed or a short cut, (no track) taken by leaving the highway and going straight ahead down the gully to a small bridge, quite an unnecessary structure, spanning Wheeny Creek. So far the trip has been 3 miles or if the road has been followed the whole way, $4\frac{1}{2}$.

This is a suitable place to camp unless it is considered preferable to push on to the bank of the Colo River a further $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles along a presentable road, making about 9 miles for the afternoon. After meeting the Colo River which eventually flows into the Hawkesbury through some very pretty country past dairies and citrus orchards, the road develops into an excellent cart track and hugs the river, following the flow of the stream through the districts of Upper and Central Colo.

Central Colo P.O. is 7 miles along the river after first striking the Colo at the end of the Comleroy Road. Continue on past a school and over two culverts, which it pleases the natives to designate as bridges, until a track on the near side of a house darts away to the right. The means of exit is known to the farmers as "Through Wheeny" and is mainly occupied by large mosquitoes and semi-wild cattle. Follow this path for about 5 miles and then cross an elbow of the creek by a track which is generally hidden beneath very muddy water. When across the elbow, take the track to the left, and when that peters out cling to the creek for 6 miles until Wheeny Creek Bridge, that unnecessary structure, which was crossed the previous evening is sighted. From here, stagger up the head of the gully to the main road and the waiting car.

E. MORONEY.

L O S T!!!

The Walks Programme said:

"Nov. 19-20. SEARCH & RESCUE PRACTICE - Very Rough and Rough.
Leader - A.P. Rigby.

Alan said:

"The 'lost' party is supposed to have left Helensburgh 3 days ago to walk to Little Garah but has not turned up, so we are sending out 3 search parties, one each from Lilyvale, Helensburgh, and Waterfall. I will lead the 'lost' party, and put up smoke signals. Who will lead the search parties

It was finally arranged that:

Wally Roots would take the 2 p.m. train on Saturday to Lilyvale; would camp at Era with his party; but would come back to Lilyvale on the Sunday morning to pick up any extra searchers from the 8.35 a.m. train.

Dorothy Lawry would take the 5.15 p.m. train on Saturday to Helensburgh and camp by the Hacking River on the site of the last Sports Carnival.

Marjorie Hill and party would catch a train to Waterfall at about 8.30 a.m. on Sunday (the new suburban timetables were not out although the summer service was to operate from Sunday, 20th. November).

The boundaries set were:

On the North - the Garie Road; on the West - the railway line; on the South - an imaginary line from Lilyvale Station due east to the coast (passing just south of Bulgo Trig.); and on the East - the sea.

The stage was set; and Jupiter Pluvius added "an air of artistic verisimilitude" by sending a prolonged thunderstorm and plenty of heavy rain early on Sunday morning. Thus, though the rain ceased soon after 10 a.m., the mists promptly began to rise, and for long the clouds still hung low, so that visibility was exceedingly bad, and no lost party could see any landmarks, but must stay on the nearest hilltop and make smoke signals till rescued.

Unfortunately, Jupiter rather overdid things by turning the Sydney end of his storm into a veritable cloud-burst, which disorganised traffic and telephones, and (apparently) converted Marj. Hill and her prospective searchers to the idea of spending Sunday in quiet meditation at home. However, Alan and the other two search parties were already in the field, so the game went on -- though Wally got no reinforcements.

Did you see the "write-up" in the "Herald" on Monday morning? Well, this is the inside story from the Rescuers' point of view. Doubtless Wally will tell you what searching is like; and Alan, or Mouldy, or Noel Griffiths, will say what it feels like to be lost.....

The Rescue Party (officially known as the Helensburgh Party) consisted of Dorothy Lawry, Margery Shaw, and Frank Whiddon. We detrained at Helensburgh at 6.12 p.m. and followed the Burgh Track through the bush to the Hacking, reaching camp just at dark.

At 5.40 a.m. the rain started, and (as is usual with these "tuff" folks who scorn tents) Margery hastily accepted an earlier invitation. This early awakening was somewhat annoying for we were looking forward to a good sleep-in as we had been told not to start from camp till 9 a.m. However... The thunder rumbled round, and the rain poured down. Gradually the storm worked north, but soon returned and gave us a second issue before passing away to the south. We were glad it was not our job to make signal fires, and decided to allow the lost party some extra time. Towards 10 a.m. the downpour eased off to that steady rain which may last for a day or a week, so, deciding it was time we were on the track, we finished packing and tied the sopping-wet tents on the top of our rucksacks. To our pleased surprise, the rain stopped; and we left camp at 10.16 a.m.

Cross the little creek which enters the Hacking there, we climbed the hill immediately behind our camp, and followed the spur (roughly south-east) right back to the main range, of course stopping every 40 or 50 feet of the climb to look for smoke signals. By the time we were on top of the ridge the mist was so thick in the gullies that the field-glasses were useless, but as we proceeded (breasting the wet scrub as though it were the surf at Era) we kept an open formation and zigzagged along the ridge so as to look into the gullies to north and south. Periodically we coo-eeed but got no reply.

We reached Lilyvale Track right at Bulgo Trig., and, after inspecting The Jungle from the Bulgo Lookout, carried on along the track to the Unemploy Camp. Here we saw lots of beautiful, blue smoke - three columns of it - but

the lost party was not responsible. Once Frank had thought he saw 3 smokes to the north-west, near the end of the big spur which was our immediate objective, but I could see nothing but low-hanging, trailing clouds and rising mists - certainly nothing blue like wood smoke. This is interesting because we learned later that green boughs make a greyish smoke.

Following the Burgh Track across the creek, we turned to the right, and so out along the big ridge, tacking from side to side in our search for smokes. The clouds had now lifted, and the mists with them, but no smoke could we see. When about half way out, and on the southern edge of the ridge, we tried ooo-ee-ing again, and, to our surprise, got three replies! The first came from our left, apparently a small party down on the next, low spur. The second group from what seemed a fairly large party on the Carrington Drive down near the mouth of Wilson's Creek; and the third, faintly, from further along the ridge to our right. With much calling, we tried, unsuccessfully, to get some of them to tell us who they were -- then we guessed, "No. 1 Wally, No. 2 Marj., or some hikers, No. 3 the 'lost' party", and proceeded on along the ridge. Within 10 minutes we had not only again made touch with Mouldy by ooo-ees, we had seen him, and then sighted the smoke signals!

It was just about noon when we reached the 'lost' party, and the sun came out. They were 700 ft. up, and hugging the southern boundary fence of National Park. Alan was feeling rotten, thanks to some frankfurts, so, after taking a couple of photos, handed his fire over to us and retired to the tent. Expecting the other parties to turn up at any minute (we did not know how Sydney had been celebrating), we changed into dry clothes and spread all our wet things (tents included) out to dry, then stoked, and ooo-eed, and searched the countryside with field-glasses, and waved the meat safe till after 1 p.m. Deciding then that the luncheon adjournment must be on, we ate, then built up the fires again and kept them going till after 3 o'clock but the other search parties failed to appear.

Rousing Alan, the boys packed for him, and we left "Rescue Heights" about 4.30 p.m. and descended to the Carrington Drive by "Rigby Pass" through some very beautiful country. The weather was now glorious, and, fortunately, Alan improved as he walked, and was able to get right through to Waterfall under his own steam.

We hope Alan will lead some more "Searches" in the future; they are good fun, and add considerably to one's knowledge of the district and of bushcraft. For instance, the 'lost' party, being unused to getting lost, made the mistake of building their fires right on the top of the hill instead of 50 ft. or so down the slope, where the smoke would have shown up against the trees. The 'rescuers' learned that green boughs give a grey smoke, not blue like wet wood and that, just because the country was so broken, the area was the easiest possible to search. This was quite a discovery.

There is an idea, though, that any folk who feel like getting lost in future would be well advised to do so far from Era - that is, if they want to be rescued. Attractive place, Era!

D. LAWRY.

SONG OF THE BLUEGUM FOREST

Flower of our forests - images of splendour,
Majestic creations - mighty of limb and smooth.
Growth ever fierce - valley bound.
Unpreaching ever - hill tops to glimpse.
Plaything of gales - and of zephyrs,
Scorning them all - serene - immovable.

Parthenon trunks - flowerlike foliage,
Linking - entwining - amorous ever.
River caressed - sun caressed.
All seasons uniting - yielding strength to endure.

From centuries they came - to centuries they go -
Saved - by miracle from Fire!
Any by like miracle from Axe!
To live - to wave - to shelter - to invite
The sons and daughters of generations to come.

Sing ye mighty Roots - invisible
Living muscles of Giants
Gripped deep and tigerish - ever drinking River,
Sensing the lust of Storms - relaxing never.

Sing - ye mighty Trunks - ye organ pipes
Silken and smooth.
Ye laugh at Summer blast,
Ye laugh at Wintry teeth.

Colonnades fantastic - when moonbeam touched.
Fit parents for leaf and bough so wondrous.

Sing - ye boughs - ye twigs - ye leaves -
Sing - and dance - and wave - and spin
To every vagrant breeze.

Wonderful green - wonderful trees -
Wonderful Blue Gum Forest.

TARO.

"THAT OPEN AIR LIFE"

By BARNEY.

Hiking being all the rage at present, I invited my friend Cuthbert Blue-bottle to taste the joys of an open-air week-end with me some time ago.

Cuthbert is a nice chap in many ways, but he does like his own way a lot, although he has only two prominent vices, the possession of a prodigious appetite, and a penchant for promiscuous punning. Of late he has changed somehow, and I have noticed a most peculiar metamorphosis of manner at times, especially when such words as "camp", "hike", "sleeping-out" and "tent" are mentioned; his eyes go dead and fish-like, and weird inarticulate sounds issue

from the region of his chin. Then I hastily change the subject and within an hour he reverts to normal.

However, that is by the way! Cuthbert was enthusiastic; he always is about anything new, and so one Saturday afternoon saw us striding manfully away with our packs, headed for a secluded little beach with "a delightful surf, sunny aspect, and charming scenery --- ideal for camping."

The papers predicted beautiful weather! Cuthbert chattered blithely on, not caring whether I answered or even listened; that was at 3 p.m. At 4 his exuberance had somewhat abated and grunts and staccato sentences were his sole addition to the murmur of the bush. At 5 he tripped and barked his shin; "?&%@¹/₂''(¹/₄Z" said Cuthbert. I looked shocked; this was not like Cuthbert at all. Half an hour later we picked our way down the hills to our camp site; Cuthbert was silent ----- but it took all his manly forbearance to resist the temptation to say some rude things to me and the bush in general. He didn't look happy. He was, he said, hot, sticky, blistered, hungry, thirsty, tired, and aching all over; he would like (1) a swim, (2) a rest, (3) a lot to eat, and (4) a sleep. As we had only come twelve miles I was not very sympathetic. I explained kindly but firmly that (1) the undertow was too strong just then for a swim, (2) the tent should be put before dark, (3) tea would take a while to prepare, and (4) it would take the two of us to do everything. Cuthbert looked witheringly at me, gulped twice, and offered weakly to put up the tent while I prepared tea; he had his way and tea took up my attention for the next three quarters of an hour. When I looked for Cuthbert the landscape had altered a trifle; my pyjamas were draped negligently on the bank of the creek, one leg floating gently in the current; a billy looked as though it had been under a landslip; the butter was spread out amongst two onions and some garlic sausage; and the tent waswell, I wasn't quite sure, even when I got up closer, whether it was up or down. I think it was up but there appeared to be something radically wrong with it.

The ends were too near together and in the gathering darkness the sagging guy-ropes gave it an air of some great spider in an alcoholic dream about to spring; the effect was enhanced by a curious buzzing sound from within. I cautiously moved aside the tent flap and gazed upon the contents; peacefully he slumbered, recumbent on a buttered slice of bread, an egg (a little the worse for wear), my hat, and a dented plate. Two bull ants played around his nose, while a black beetle clung affectionately to his chin, endeavouring not to be shaken off by each soul-shattering snore. His middle rose and fell rhythmically and a beatific smile adorned his face. Then suddenly, without any warning, Cuthbert swelled visibly and, with a noise like a bursting water-main, gave vent to a hearty sneeze. Instinctively I grabbed at the tent to save it, but too late! It took a quarter of an hour to extricate Cuthbert from the folds, rid him of the ants, take the tin of jam off his left hand, and scrape the egg off the tent. Then it began to rain! I will draw a veil over the next seven hours, for when I think of the plate of soup Cuthbert sat in, Cuthbert's language, the four times the fire went out, the ants' nest we re-erected the tent on, and finally the pool of muddy water we rolled round in that night, I feel tired.

No, we didn't sleep in very late. Cuthbert was up at 4 a.m. trying to make a fire; he used four boxes of matches and succeeded in burning his thumb and singeing an eyebrow off. When I came out he looked cross. Breakfast was not a success; Cuthbert said so frankly and quite forcibly and I almost agreed with him. The bacon fell in the ashes, but was rescued. Cuthbert mixed the milk for his morning "standby", porridge, which he carefully tended. After the thirty-third stir he staggered weakly away, scraped the smoke off

his eyes with a stick, and returned to the attack. Very carefully he placed his left foot on the bacon -- and then things happened! There was a wild yell and Cuthbert made a frantic grab at the porridge as his knee came into painful contact with the fire place, making it tremble violently. His face was pathetic as he realised what was going to happen -- and then it did! I shut my eyes. Sczzzzzz!! Sczzzzzzzzzzz!!! Aczzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz!!!! Fearfully I looked. There was no fire. Clouds of steam rose from a heap of wet ashes parked under the tea-billy (upside down), and the porridge!! ----- and Cuthbert!!! ----- Cuthbert with a sigh withdrew his hand from behind him and regarded some of the porridge with a jaundiced eye. There was porridge over most of Cuthbert so he couldn't complain that he hadn't had his share. He also had the milk ----- on his elbow together with the milk billy.

We finally ate a tin of sardines and a wet crust of bread between us. Cuthbert didn't talk very much, and when he did some of his words were new to me. Several hours later we arrived back in town, just as the sun was re-appearing for the second time, and there was a look of fixed determination in Cuthbert's eye. Without any preliminaries he shouldered his way through the crowd round the buffet, and above the roar of departing trains, I heard his stentorian tones: "Four pies, three cups of tea, six ham sandwiches and a large slice of cake, and hurry up." Too late I remembered the five shillings I'd lent him the day before.

No, I don't take Cuthbert away now. Somehow he doesn't seem to appreciate the open air life, and once when I again suggested it he was rude enough to make a noise like the bath water going down the plug. Since then I haven't really pressed him.

MEANDERINGS OF DELILAH.

Why don't you write about the Barrier in the "Bushwalker"? Well, here I am. No, I am not a writer. I have never done anything worthy of record (not having pushed a pram to Kanangra) and if I were asked what really is my "forte" I think I would be inclined to be truthful and reply in the words of the prophet of old, "making half a pound of filet look silly". Yet - I would like to tell you something about a certain lovely spot. It is a perfectly dreadful morning. I should be downstairs doing my weekly wash. (You know Heather and I dirty an awful lot of clothes). But a storm is brewing and I always maintain that it's better to have the clothes lying about dry than wet. The black clouds are bringing back memories - of Barrier Reef days. Storms in the tropics leave vivid impressions. As you all know I have a rather pronounced weakness for a very special little tropic isle. If I were at the other end of the globe and I heard that a party was being organised for a trip to "Nor' West" I would "down" tools - don my sun-bonnet and off! (No, my dear Graham, there would be no dust!)

Whatever is there on the Reef that attracts you so much? My friends look almost forbearing. Do they think I harbour some dark and dusty "affaire de coeur" in these mysterious parts? (No, beloved Samson, believe me I am a one-man woman!) Let me dispel this idea for all time! There is no settlement whatever on Nor' West. I just love it for itself. All the year the wonderful things that live there call me - and because I am a poor wage-slave only once a year may I answer the call. Then I am thankful I am engaged in an occupation (hush! whisper it not!) which brings six weeks' annual respite from "rankling care and heart-corroding doubt." It is nice to be oneself if only for a little while! It's worth the twelve long months of

looking-forward to. What do you want to know? I don't know just where to begin. To me all my Barrier trips have teemed with interest from beginning to end. I never could understand the "disgruntleds" who returned on earlier boats - the vast army of the Disillusioned. Hardly a day has every gone by without some fresh new joy - a glorious tightening of the muscles and the daily sigh: "Dear God! This life is sweet!" Shall I tell you how one occupies one's time on my specially-beloved tropic isle? First, let me say this for the benefit of those who may not know me. (the happy, chosen ones!) I am not horribly energetic. Although a certain section of the Club has conferred upon me the signal honour of "Associate Barger" and although I have accepted this same with due deference and respect, I, nevertheless, feel that it has been done more in the camp-fire spirit of "camaraderie" than as a recognition of tremendous "barging". May I take this opportunity of thanking these, my friends, and to say that I am proud of any connection, however slight, with such a truly time-honoured and illustrious section of our bushwalking community. But perhaps even the "dilettante" may prove useful upon occasion and if she can find ready listeners it is a real joy to sit and watch the firelight leap and "startle the night with song" (and others maybe). On the other hand, as a "hanger-on" of scientists, however, I have few equals. So on occasions when lady turtles must be observed in the process of egg-laying (purely for purposes of scientific research) I am always there - the Ever-Ready - to hold the torch. (for these shady rites are ever performed in blackness, milady having sufficient sense of privacy to shame many a bushwalker - I recall with reluctance a certain incident at Bomaderry Station recently - not connected with egg-laying, of course) So when you read in a prospectus (a very alluring prospectus - and never be trapped by the promise of birds of Paradise for there never are any) that a party of scientists "and others" are setting off for So-and-so on such-and-such a date you will recollect (maybe) one of the "and others", who has written a few meagre lines in a "Bushwalker".

The duties of an "and other" are delightfully negative. So you may be a queen lotus-eater. If, as you retire (at any hour, for we have no program of events on our dream islands where Tide andnot Time is the only consideration) you may hear that a party is rising at five to view the "Muttons'" departure, you may do so too. There is never any scarcity of alarums on Barrier holiday trips - The holidaying farmers see to that. They are the blots on the landscape of our early slumbers, or to use Ted's expression, the weevils in the dog-bisouit of sleep. They take a great delight in clanging tin-cans at a time when romantic island-lovers have only just retired. But that is another story. If you are really interested I could tell you some other time about the curious habits of the mutton-birds, (and others). However, just to whet your appetite, so to speak, or to induce you to lay this miserable effort entirely aside, may I say that those of you who have the military "bug" (Listen in Bob and Noel and Harold) would do well to study mutton-birds and their astounding system of line-formation and - last, but not least - their extraordinary demonstration of the fact, that, upon occasion, (when making a getaway) "Silence is Golden" (not inferring that any of the abovementioned ever find it necessary to make a getaway of the "tout suite" variety). When I first camped upon a Barrier Is. I thought I should scream to use the flapper's expression. Priding myself upon a musical ear I wondered however one could holiday happily amongst such fierce, nerve-wracking meowlings and catwalladerings. The "muttons" sound like a million stalking fiends from Hell. But, strange to relate, before many moons had elapsed the sounds came as music to the ears. I am not exaggerating! (Mr.Einstein! Everything is

relative! Why didn't you tell us before?) Often now on a lovely fragrant night I would give much to hear the jargon of the wild birds. After several Barrier trips spent camping on a large number of small islands and happy hours spent 'listening-in' to Mutton melodies, I wish I had the gift to commit to manuscript a little of what I have heard. Here is a happy hunting-ground for the orchestral artist - Here, unheard combinations of weird intervals - to which is added the gentle lap, lap of the surf on the sands, the murmur of the waves on the outer reef, the soft, rustle, rustle of the casuarinas - a sea-bird darting across a clear evening sky. One plaintive cry and he is gone. All these steep the mind in song, if only one has "ears to hear" and "eyes to see".

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eye-lids upon tir'd eyes."

The sounds of the wild things! Couldn't someone persuade Alfred Hill to journey to North-West!

Would you like to hear about Patsy? - am I boring you? If I am, remember this - I have never asked you to read anything before in the "Bushwalker" and if I really don't interest you this time I promise never, never, never to do it again! (Drop me a note and let me know how you like my little talks - Auntie Cora speaking) Patsy, at first sight, looked a bad lad! (At no later date had I ever any reason to revise my first impressions). But you should never jump entirely to conclusions - as the Kangaroo said to Dot (nothing personal intended here! - otherwise I'd have substituted "monkey" for "kangaroo"). His name was Patrick Bligh O'Connell. You may be sure I was not satisfied to let it rest at that! I wanted to know, quite naturally, what he was doing running around a six-foot boat carrying tubs with a name like that! "Well, you see," said Patsy, "I'm the black sheep of the family". (He was continually quoting the obvious, I discovered upon further acquaintance) "I'm a direct descendant of Governor Bligh on the one hand and Daniel O'Connell on the other - but I've gone wrong." "Well, Patsy," said I (sort of anxious to put him at his ease as he seemed a little nervous talking to me) "If Daniel O'Connell and Governor Bligh have ever brewed as excellent tea under such distressing and hazardous circumstances" (I forgot to tell you that we were undergoing an overnight ocean voyage to Heron Island in the early pioneering manner) "he would not have been given over in his grey hairs." After that Patsy and I became firm friends. (I still have his photo! - Stop giggling, Mouldy!) Well, Art is long and Time is fleeting and Brenda White said to me: "Well, old dear, if you're going to write something for our little scrap of tissue-paper don't go on, and on, and on - your middle name's not Brook - just make it snappy now." "Righteo, Big Sister", I rejoined, and here I am yet! What on earth'll she say? (No, I won't publish it in the next edition!)

(Sgd.) "DELILAH"

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Let's all get together and pray that no more Dunphys join the Bushwalkers.

FROM KATOOMBA TO HILLTOP.

When I was a young child attending school, the delights of a holiday or outing were often clouded by the knowledge that on my return to school I would have to write a composition about it for the edification of my fellow students. Although such qualms no longer have power to detract from the happiness of my holiday, nevertheless, it is with much the same feeling that I prepare to write this effusion, feeling in a way that now I have had my holiday, this is the price I must pay for it.

What I would prefer to discuss at the moment, from the viewpoint of a would-be psychologist, is; why should such childish dislikes manifest themselves in later life, despite a conscious desire to suppress same? But the subject set for discussion is: Details of a walk from Katoomba to Hilltop, so I must cease this aimless self-questioning and proceed with the work at hand.

Let us commence at the beginning and proceed in a logical way to the conclusion, in the manner of all good raconteurs.

In the first place it was only at the very last moment that Fate said to me, "What Ho, wench! Include yourself in the party!" At 12 o'clock I received word that my work conveniently terminated then and there, and thus I would be able to go on the trip. That meant one hour's frantic hurry to purchase my provisions, ring the homefolks and tell them I would be non est as far as they were concerned for the next two weeks, make all speed to the station, pack knapsack, buy ticket and catch train - with but half a minute to spare. The other two girls seemed to be in a similar hurry, our one male member being the only one to all appearances who maintained a cool, calm and collected exterior. However, he later distinguished himself by leaving in the train his fly-veil, with accompanying hat, so had to grow a substitute in the form of a matted beard and moustache. All I can say to those who are considering face fungus as an adequate substitute for a fly veil is, "Don't." The result is just too ghastly and it's liable to "get you in bad" with the lady members of the party.

Nothing disturbed our equanimity on the trip to Katoomba - no train-sickness, home-sickness, sea-sickness or whatnot, and having reached our destination we proceeded with all haste through the township to the outskirts of civilisation and thence down Nelly's Glen to the site of the old Hotel. We pitched our camp there, had a swim in the creek, lit a cheerful campfire, and after tea turned in to sleep. One of the girls awoke from an exciting dream at midnight, and, having told her bedmate that she had just been chased by a rhinoceros, was greeted by an alarmed question, "Where is it now?"

We awoke at dawn and were soon on our way again. As there was no time-piece among the party we had to guess the time, and when our inner consciousness told us it was time to eat we obeyed its injunctions pronto.

The first creek we reached was Megalong, and after our hot and dry walk this was a welcome stopping place for lunch and a swim. It was a very beautiful spot, and the effects of our protracted swim lasted us till we reached the Cox at the end of the day. We pitched our camp at the junction of the Cox and Gibraltar Creek. Time and space does not permit me to enlarge upon our walk down the Cox, past Galong and Breakfast Creeks and Kanangra River through some of Australia's most beautiful river scenery.

While our man followed the Kanangra up in the direction of Kanangra Walls, the girls of the party camped for two days at Kanangra Clearing, and

enjoyed the pleasures of unrestricted sunbaking, although one carried this beyond the point of wisdom and was unable to sit down for the next three days.

In a deserted log hut here we found an exciting piece of literature - "Eve's Own" - and though it had been torn down the centre and one half was missing, we were able to read one column in three of a thrilling, heart-throbbing, soul-searching romance about a deserted wife, who wasn't really deserted at all as her newly acquired husband had met with an accident in a distant town and lost his memory. We were greatly relieved that the last column of the drama was intact, as it told of the return of the prodigal, and they both lived happily, etc.

We spent the coldest night on record at Kanangra Clearing, although the weather was fine, but when we reached Moodie's Guest House two days later the rain came down in torrents, so we spent a couple of days there, swimming, riding and canoeing, and tried ourselves out as country wenches etc. One of the girls milked part of a cow (the back part) but doesn't wish anyone to assume because of this that she would make a good dairymaid. The flesh might be capable, but the spirit is indeed weak. It is rumoured that another lost her self-respect in a frantic rush for the gate when chased by a herd of inoffensive turkeys. No one but the lady in question knows whether she has yet regained what she lost.

It was a wet day when we left Moodie's, due as much to the tears they shed at our departure as to the damp-dispensing propensities of the rainclouds.

We had a few damp days in the Burragorang, but the rainy weather only seemed to enhance the beauty of the place. It was a glorious sight to see the mist rising and slowly drifting round the mountains, when the sun shone after the rain. We were rather sorry to leave the open valley to follow the Nattai River upstream, as it ran between the high mountain ranges. The Nattai appears to be very little frequented - a lack of tracks, and an abundance of native fauna in the shape of wallaroos, red-rock wallabies, rabbits, eagle-hawks and multitudinous birds all point to this conclusion.

We felt like true explorers going up the river, especially when for the last couple of days we thought we were lost. As our provisions had now been exhausted, except for a cup or so of good old Scotch oatmeal, it was indeed pleasing to the company to reach civilisation at last after a strenuous climb up a waterfall, and seven miles of greyhound speed to the railway station at Hilltop. We caught the last train which would get us to Sydney that night, and, due to that fact, the Bushwalkers' Meeting that night was honoured with our respective and respectable presences. Were they glad to see us again? We don't know, but we hope so!

DOT ENGLISH.

* for Moodie's read 'moody's'

SOCIAL NOTES.

The event of the year is now a thing of the past. The Fifth Annual Concert is over. It is very gratifying to know that the attendance was the largest we have yet had and some reports are that the concert was by far our best effort, to date, in that direction.

The Concert party deserve a pat on the back - not too hard, as the Members of the Ballet do not wear very much in the way of clothing - and they and all the other helpers have earned the thanks of all the Members of the Club and their friends who were present. Incidentally, they are going to be energetic enough to repeat the concert on Wednesday, the 14th. December, in aid of the Blue Gum purchase fund, and hope for another bumper house.

Our worthy President, Cliff Ritson is no longer a Bachelor but has joined the ranks of the Benedicts since he took unto himself a wife on the 5th. November. Prior to that event, on the 28th. Oct. the Club tendered him a Valedictory Social. Everyone was in the usual Sydney Bush Walker brand of high spirits, and dancing and musical items were the rule. During the evening Cliff was presented with some Cutlery as a token of the esteem and affection with which he is regarded. Opportunity was also taken to make a presentation to Eileen and Fred Rice in honour of their recent marriage and as an appreciation of the work that Fred has done for the Club almost since its inception.

We congratulate Peggy and Alf Docksey on their recent union. We wish them every happiness and know that two such fine people could not be otherwise than happy. Good luck to them.

Also congratulations to Lawrie Drake. He is now the proud father of a son.

Sydney Bush Walkers are sticking out their chests and looking quite Angelic since the recent Exhibition Debate. As the side that advocated Bush walking instead of going to church won the debate, we feel we are quite saintly. Anyway we enjoyed the evening, even if we didn't feel the need of justification. Our thanks to the Roseville Debating Society for coming along.

Have all decided to go to Barrington Tops at the first opportunity. Bob Savage's Slides and talk have made this imperative for those who have not already been there. It's nice to have our own Members' Slides shown and talked on now and again. Unfortunately, talks by Members are very rare indeed these days.

S.O.S. HELP WANTED ! ! ! on the 18th. December for the Annual Xmas Treat at Lilyvale.

RENE D. BROWNE,
Hon. Soc. Secretary.