

July

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

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CONTENTS

	Page
Editorial - Timber	1
At Our June Meeting	2
Social Notes for July	4
Night and Dawn on Currockbilly, by "Prolix"	4
The Lower Income Group, by "The Gent in the Tent"	6
Kindred Spirits, by Jim Brown	7
Gossip	9
The 1948 Photographic Exhibition	10
First Aid in Ernest	12
Castle Rock, by Dot Butler	13
Curtailement of Rail Services (Walker's time-table)	14
Extracts from Federation Bulletin for June	15
Camp Fires (Paddy's Advt.)	16

EDITORIAL

Timber

lasting
Perhaps the most/damage caused by the war will be, not
the loss of life and waste of goods, but the destruction of our
last reserves of timber, with consequent erosion and loss of soil.
There is not much commercial timber left anywhere near Sydney, and
as demand increases, it will pay to remove what remains. Wherever
we walk timber is being removed if there is a negotiable route in
the vicinity. The bulldozer has hastened and cheapened road construct-
ion and will enable the exploitation of timber in hitherto inacces-
sible places - e.g. above Yeola. Trees have been stolen from private
lands and public reserves (a case of timber stealing in Kuringai
Chase was reported in our October magazine). Even the Mark
Morton Reserve, dedicated as a primitive recreation reserve, is
likely to be despoiled of its best trees. No doubt there is an
urgent need for timber, but is any attempt being made to conserve

2.

its use? The bulk of houses being erected are of timber or timber frame construction. Bricks make a better job, but brick-making is hard work, and this is 1948.

Only a few bushwalkers, foresters, naturelovers and others care whether the trees go or not, but the damage goes far beyond the destruction of trees. Recently there have been disastrous floods on the North Coast, an area from which vast quantities of timber have been removed. It is no co-incidence that even more disastrous floods were reported a few weeks ago from the Columbia River in Canada, another timber producing region. The same thing occurred in the Tennessee Valley until a vast scheme of dams and re-forestation was carried out. The reason for the flooding is simple and direct. Clearing and burning of timber exposes the soil. This increases the surface run-off - particularly on steep hillsides - and the loose earth is carried into the stream-bed or out to sea (air travellers report miles of muddy sea off the North Coast). Thus more water runs off the land while at the same time the rivers become shallower, resulting in floods. So long as timber is removed without regeneration the floods will get worse. Most of the damage is man-made, and could, by the same token, be prevented by man.

AT OUR JUNE MEETING

The President was in the Chair and there were about 70 members present.

In the correspondence were letters from the Ministers for Lands and Conservation in reply to our letters dated 1st April on the subject of timber cutting in the Mark Norton Primitive Reserve. The Minister for Conservation, Mr. Weir, who is advising the Minister for Lands, said that his view was "that it is not impossible to carry out timber operations without despoliation of recreational values, providing a special supervision of the operations is exercised and stringent conditions are attached to any licenses granted to timber getters to operate within the Reserve". It was resolved to reply to the Minister for Conservation, pointing out that the area must cease to be primitive once timber cutting was allowed. The trees selected would inevitably be the tall straight trees, which were, ipso facto, the most iconically attractive in the area. Only stumps would remain where the best trees stood. It was also resolved to point to the damage done by timber cutting in National Park some 40 or 50 years ago. The trees cut then would not be replaced for a long time to come.

Also in the correspondence was a letter from Mrs. Vanda Sawtell asking that we should celebrate our twenty-first birthday by donating £10. to the "Save the Children" Fund. This was discussed at length. Allan Hardie pointed out that we were not a charitable institution

and that such a gift would not come within our Constitution. Marie Byles said that as one of our objects was to help others to enjoy the bush, and as presumably the children saved would enjoy the bush when they got here, therefore it was within the Constitution. Claude Haynes suggested that if we wanted to be charitable, we could start with the devastated areas on the North Coast. Elsa Isaacs, who moved that we donate the £10. thought that the Club had a self-centred outlook and that it was regrettable that we couldn't sometimes subscribe to something for somebody else. The motion was defeated and thereupon Phil Hall rose, said he was "just about boiling at the lousy self-centred attitude shown" and that he would take up a subscription himself.

After this that well chewed bone of contention and procrastination, the Narrow Necks land alienation, was dug up once more. The usual people said the usual things and it was resolved, on a motion by Roy Braithwaite, that the Federation be approached to request that the Government be contacted with a view to resumption of lots 14 and 15 as a National Park.

Ray Kirkby then read the report of the photographic committee and invited people to the next meeting when there would be a lecture by Ira Butler on "The Exposure of Film". This would be followed by a simple supper. In reply to a question as to whether the Club paid for the supper, Ray said that if the Club paid for it it certainly wouldn't be simple.

Ray then asked for suggestions for entertainments at the party and re-union in October.

After this he read an extract from a Wyong paper which described suggested improvements to Frazer Park. The improvements included better road access, shelter sheds, sanitary conveniences, a caretaker's office, and a kiosk, at a total cost of £5000. Though several members, including John Johnston, who used to live in Newcastle, thought that nothing could be done to keep the park in its relatively primitive condition, it was decided to appoint a sub committee to see what might be done. The sub committee consisted of Ray Kirkby, Maurie Berry and Bill Henley.

Eric Rowen asked for assistance in obtaining 1000 yards of barbed wire for Era.

Maurie Berry, speaking for the Bluegum Forest Trust, said that five beautiful trees had been chopped down and asked for information from anyone who knew anything about it.

It was announced that the system of marking test walks on the programme was to be re-introduced.

The meeting closed at 9.30 p.m.

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SOCIAL NOTES FOR JULY.

On the social programme for July there are two very excellent presentations.

On 16th, Ron Knightley will tell us of his very interesting walks in New Zealand. He will be assisted by Mr. P. C. Wray who will show technicolour slides of the places described by Ron. This lecture should have particular appeal as many walkers have been to New Zealand and many more intend going soon. So be early for the front seats! Get a glimpse of country you love! Be at the Club on 16th July!

On 23rd July, Mr. John Skinner will present some sound films. These form a carefully selected group and are sure to be of interest to those who love the outdoors.

The big event in August is on Friday 20th. No need to walk around town searching for that good restaurant. No need to line up in queues. We have it all arranged for you. See you at Pakies in Elizabeth Street. at 6 p.m. on Friday 20th August.

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NIGHT AND DAWN ON CURROCKBILLY

By "Prolix"

By the time our meal was ready night had come and with it the hazy outline of the moon showed through the passing mist, which now moved higher and imperceptibly across it. Our valley had cleared of mist. Looking up the valley towards the tops we were attracted by the edge of the misty cloud, now moving northward, coming slowly towards us straight edged, as a blind being slowly rolled back and revealing the sky clear, velvety black and studded with innumerable glittering stars. Further and further the veil moved silently overhead and away to the north, admitting the soft clear light of the moon. Very noticeably the air chilled as the sky cleared; dew rapidly settled on everything, hastening our retreat to the bags.

Early, very early, next morn with the first glimmer of day I peeped out of the tent. What a sight! I woke Prolixia, quickly donned shorts and boots and took my trusty camera.

Prolixia's grumblings at my disturbance were short lived and gave place to wonder.

In the crystal clear air of the dawn, framed in the V-shaped lower end of our valley, dark as a silhouette, distant ranges steep sided showed dark in shadow. Draped over these a white vaporous mantle spilled over from the valley of the plateau in trailing wisps and shawls - silent and still. Over this a band of rosy light, heralding the dawn, hung mingling with the lightening blue of the sky above. It was thrilling.

We scrambled up the side of the main range, soaked with dew, to the top and beheld the grandest sight of our lives. Stretching as far as the eye could see north, west and south the great valley was filled and brimming with greyish white mist spilling over at the edges of the Budawang Range and plateaux to the north. The sky was completely devoid of cloud.

Far to the west the Main Range reared its bulk out of the white sea as a distant undulating black mass. Apart from one or two isolated high spots the whiteness lay unbroken to the far distance beyond vision. Budawang Range from Wog Wog to Budawang Mountain was the eastern bastion - the highest points between the Main Range and the ocean. To the east the air was clear, with a few wisps of mist in the lower valleys, and the ocean in the distance beyond the rolling Clyde Country and Pigeon House. Far south Dromedary Mountain reared its great hump.

From the side of Currockbilly sheer crags drop steeply away to the rough Clyde country.

Suddenly - the sun rose over the horizon with a path of gold across the sea, sharply silhouetting the far coastal headlands and bathing the tips of our mountain range in light, accentuating the shadowy ridges below.

The distant ranges to the west took up the tune and changed from purple to golden hues. Slowly the light began to play on the woolly surface of the dead still cloud nestling in the valley, bringing the grey shadow of our mountain rapidly toward us followed by gleaming whiteness. The fading night-shadow retreated behind the western ranges and distant horizon, changing from purple through to blue as the new day grew stronger.

A little later we became aware of a new interest. Movement! At first almost imperceptibly the air currents began to draw at the mist. Soon the movement became established and a smooth silent flow of white sunlit vapour poured out of the shadow through the gap south of Currockbilly and out to be absorbed in the warmth of the new day.

We spent well over two hours on the top absorbing all, the sun by this time outlining the multitude of ridges below in the shadows as is rarely possible at any other time of the day. No words of mine are adequate to describe such scenes as these nor their effect on the spirit - perhaps only music could do it - such music as the lovely floating violin melody in the Bach E Major Concerto.

We breakfasted somewhere between 9 and 10 a.m. hungry and thankful.

THE LOWER INCOME GROUP

By "The Gent in the Tent"

During the past year or so we have seen the formation of a Ski Section and a Photographic Section. Now, we give you the Lower Income Group!

According to the Club Notice Board, the official walk on King's Birthday week-end was designed to cater for this group. In common with the leader, I am a member of the staff of a semi-autonomous commission (Govt. Dept.) and felt that the L.I.G. was definitely my dish.

Great Oaks from little acorns grow and doubtless the L.I.G. will thrive and prosper as more and more members become aware of the advantages offered, but as the total muster was 6 for the initial function, it is assumed that most S.B.W.'s are fairly affluent at the present time. Future functions might be denoted on the programme by a suitable asterisk for the benefit of the thrifty. What with the expense of Federation Levies, 21st Birthday Celebrations, Working Bees, etc. etc., members of the group are confident of a rapid rise in attendances at its functions.

As to the actual outing - Dormie, Allan, Bill and Jack camped on the Woronora bank on Friday night. Love of my own cot and the excuse that Ray worked late shift on Friday night enabled me to have a comfortable night at home, then meet Ray and join the party about 9 a.m. on Saturday. The move-off was approx. one hour later. The river was running well over the Needles and as he flitted daintily between the rapids, Jack had the misfortune to step on a log which rolled. He prescribed a graceful arc, landing in a pool, where a weighty pack ensured his immersion right up to the neck. After a change of costume he rejoined the party to proceed along Old Illawarra Road at a reasonable speed.

Once or twice during the morning timber and other tracks caused momentary hesitation, but Camden Military Map soon had us on the right track again, until hunger forced a halt about 1.30 p.m. We could have been at Eckersley or a couple of miles from it, but a 'reccie' after lunch located the site of Eckersley P.O., with well and cellar still intact. The ruin is famous as having been visited by one Allan Hardie - now leader of the present party - 20 years ago.

Saturday night's camp site soon became known as "The Bog" - there was seeping water in most unexpected places. A blackfellow's fire operated by 2 members of the party caused some interested comment, but tea seems to have been prepared to the satisfaction of all cooks.

Sunday morning's start was 10 a.m. - ideal for Winter Climate!! The route of the old Illawarra Road now twists and turns along ridges, dodging the Woronora gullies to the East and rough country around the head of the Punchbowl Creeks to the West. Noon brought

us to the rocky crossing at the head of Woronora River remarkable for a large volume of water seemingly flowing straight from a swamp. A good sunny luncheon place until a sharp shower urged us to pack up.

A search for ruins of Reveree's ("The Frechman's"), also visited by Mr. Hardie 20 years ago, near the river was unsuccessful. Banksia, wattle and thick scrub have reclaimed the ruin. Darke's Forest is a lovely spot, cool and peaceful, comprising mainly a brave show of Sydney Red Gums. Rain hastened us through the scattered settlement of Darke's Forest to a cleared sandy site on Madden's Creek with bogey hole (not availed of) adjacent.

The early birds were up at 8 a.m. in the drizzle on Monday morning, while the sleeping beauties crawled out about 9 a.m. The cortege moved off at about 10.30 a.m. along the Helensburgh track in steady rain. A 3 mile splash through mostly forest country brought us to Frank's Hut (without the hut, which would have been welcome) on Bulli-Appin Road. Thence to the Loddon River, but not to Loddon Falls, which are on M.W.S. & D.B. property - and forbidden fruit! A cross country pad soon had us at Sublime Point, where, after much preening, 6 sedate walkers nibbled afternoon tea and sipped coffee. Not satisfied with the repast, such as it was, one of the party found a bag of Dad's Cookies and a few Shortbread, evidently left as nourishment for the birds, but used for nourishment of bushwalkers instead. I'm sure I heard a child-like voice cry "Hey", they're mine" as we scuttled away with our treasure trove. Here the leader got misplaced for a few minutes by following a sign "Men" instead of the Austinmer Track. We slithered down the 1000ft. to Austinmer station whence a comparatively empty train soon had us homeward bound.

Total cost, rail fare and food about 15/-. No early rising and every consideration. Verily the Lower Income Group is well served.

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KINDRED SPIRITS.

By Jim Brown.

It's always pleasant to meet or hear about people who have the same inclinations as yourself. For that reason I feel sure that most Walkers who read the interview with Bee Miles featured in the Sunday Telegraph of June 20th, were impressed by the resemblance of her 15-point philosophy for happy living to the Bushwalking ideal. It touched me particularly because the article mentioned that Bee Miles was temporarily resident in a cave "near the storm-water channel which runs beside the Rushcutters Bay tram depot," and I read it whilst myself occupying a sandstone overhang, albeit on a somewhat briefer tenure.

It might occur to you to enquire what I was doing in a cave

8.

anyway, to which I should retort that it's none of your business, and has nothing to do with this story, anyhow. However, when a projected search of the Grose folds up at the 11th hour (actually it was nearer the 10th hour, as I remember) and there are no lost bodies to find, what can be better on a sunny Sunday than a copy of the "Telegraph", a pot of tea and a sandstone overhang above the railway line near Brooklyn where one may scoot down as each train whistles out of Hawkesbury River and take up position for a classic railroading photograph. Boy, oh boy, wait until I show you my shot of 3814 bringing 11 cars single-handed up that 1-in-36 grade. Anyway, I like caves: in my freelance walking days I was too (proud) (light-weight) (impecunious) to take a tent, and often relied on overhangs. I found they had many virtues not incorporated even in my present excellent Paddymade Willesden, but lacked portability, and were distributed in a lamentably haphazard fashion.

So much for caves, but not for their occupants. For those who missed the item in the Telegraph, I suppose I'd better say something about that for a change. Let me first make the point that it was the "Tele" which reported the Bendethera party had left a sick member behind, and having so discharged myself of any responsibility for quoting Miss Miles accurately, I should like to bring under notice a few of her points for a happy life:

- Point 8. Sing when you are happy.
- Point 9. Sleep when it is dark.
- Point 10. Don't give a rap for appearances, clothes, money, social position or what people think of your manners, fashions or tradition.
- Point 13. Vary your life as much as possible.
- Point 14. Live toughly, dangerously, excitingly, exhilaratingly and simply.
- Point 15. Remember the past and try to profit by its lessons; live in the past and prepare for the future.

How remarkable! These exhortations could almost be taken from a hand book for Walkers. It's just what most of us do anyhow, even though the predominant moronic element can scarcely be expected to observe Point 15.

Of course Point 11 ("Cut your possessions to a minimum") is directed to the heavyweight walker.

Point 12 says: "If you are a woman, give way to your harmless, rational, material impulses and emotions - but a man must restrain all these." Comment: Well, well. Is that fair to men?

I cannot agree with Point 5 - "Drink only when you are thirsty, and then milk, water or soda water" or Point 6 - "Eat only when you are hungry." Perish the thoughts! Why make a virtue out of a

frequent necessity? Still, these things are not alarming: after all, we have our own food and drink faddists. What is alarming is this. Listen: "If I were dictator of Australia, in place of Mr. Chifley, I would have every young man and young woman on reaching maturity examined for tuberculosis and venereal disease. To those who were healthy I would give a metal flannel flower to wear in their button-holes."

What a perfectly horrid notion. Imagine droves of people charging around wearing flannel flowers - people who have never been on a test walk, nor been grilled by Committee. What of their sociability, stamina and regard for the Club's welfare (vide Clause 5f - the Constitution)? Is nothing sacred? But wait... wait... a more appalling connotation occurs to me... No, no, it isn't.... it couldn't be... Has Committee all these years been hoodwinking members, deluding us in a belief that we must bash through scrub, bring cups of tea to leaders, read maps and strap twisted ankles before awarding us our flannel flowers, whilst secretly vetting us from a medical standpoint? What Gestapo methods are employed, what secret dossiers compiled? I shall bring up this matter at the next general meeting.

Well, I hope my readers have found some inspiring message, some ennobling lesson herein - for I'm hanged if I can. In the meantime I shall tell all prospectives to have an X-Ray -- it's much easier than test walking. You've had me, mate.

----- G O S S I P

On Sunday morning of June 6th seven beautiful damsels waited at Glenbrook station to catch the west-bound train. It pulled in and there were plenty of vacant seats. They were about to get in when they spied, descending from the very front carriage, far beyond the platform, the answer to the lady passenger's prayer. They reached the front carriage before he got clear and queued up to be handed in one by one. Our popular author and train-traveller then threw his pack back into the carriage and had started to climb in to continue the journey. In no time he would have been discoursing with wit and charm upon meteorology and mountain scenery if his Club mates hadn't dragged him out again. On the return journey from Penrith, however, fresh opportunities were presented. With the able assistance of our first aid expert he put over such a good line that the girls are going on a Sunday walk. Prospectives were agog at the technique and teamwork. The walk comes off this week-end, July 4th, if you're interested.

Its rather cold on, or in, the water these days. Perhaps this accounts for the presence of some prominent musical members of the Canoe Club in our club room of late. Or are there more tangible attractions?

10.

Do you know the lass who, when accused of spreading subversive propaganda among the lads, to wit the words "No, John, no!" said that she was only teaching them not to take no for an answer?

The hammock habit is spreading. Max Gentle favours the U.S. Army type, complete with verandahs, mosquito-proof walls and about 200 yards of rope, stays and halliards. Brian Harvey remembers that he is an old salt when he slings the hammock between the trees at Warrawee and hears the ripple of the nearby creek.

Bob Savage was sighted the other day, right out in the open, all doed up in red tabs and brass buttons. Reason for this display of elegance was not another war, but the Governor's Levee.

CONGRATULATIONS TO:

Peter Allan and Joyce Fletcher, who announced their engagement in the Club on Friday 18th.

Wal Jones and Jean Macdonald who are married.

Paul Barnes, who is now the father of Josephine Barnes.

THE 1948 PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION

The work of the Social Committee and its helpers in organising and advertising the photographic exhibition was rewarded by one of the best displays seen in the Club room. There were a large number of exhibitors and a wide selection of prints. We were fortunate in having Mr. Keast Burke from Kodaks Ltd. along to give us some very helpful comment and advice on photography for bushwalkers. The following is a summary of Mr. Keast Burke's comments.

As an exhibition of pictorial work the exhibition was "staggering" and would have done justice to a purely photographic club. The technique of the work was in many cases absolutely faultless and the presentation was very good. It was impossible under the conditions to select the best print exhibited, but he had instead selected some of the best presented. The palm for the best panels exhibited went to Mr. Stead and Mr. Butler. David Stead's "Burraborang" and "Alpine Grandeur" were particularly good, while Ira Butler's snowscapes were "absolutely breathtaking". The other photographs which appealed most to him were Arthur Gilroy's river scene and study of a fence curving over a hill, Phil Hall's "Cradle Mountain and Dove Lake", Luke Priddle's Tasmanian Mountain Scenes, J. S. Thorpe's fine pictorial work, Roley Cotter's "Gangerang Range", and John Noble's flower studies.

Mr. Keast Burke then considered exhibitors individually and his comments were as follows:

Roley Cotter: A versatile worker with good technique. His warrumbungle picture was excellent, particularly as mountain subjects

were always difficult. His Shoalhaven River scene was good but it was a pity it was so hard. "Gangerang Range" was admirable. His subjects were good, but his work generally required more care.

John Noble: His flower studies were excellent considering the difficulties of this type of photography under bushwalking conditions.

Ira Butler: Work technically beautiful, but seemed somehow to get away from the bushwalking atmosphere. The etching-like photograph of a snow gum was admirable, also his marine subject (seagull from low-flying plane) while the study of an iron urn and a teapot was a novelty. The work was characterised by perfect technique and embodies a beautiful tonal range which would carry his work through in any company.

Allan Wyborn: His studies of trees were very fair, but there were hardly enough to judge. His panel of general work was good though the technique was a little soft.

David Stead: His "Burraborang Valley" was particularly good. It was the best study of Burraborang he (Mr. Burke) had seen. "Late Breakfast" and "Kowmung Capers" were good in that they captured the spirit of bushwalking. In this regard Mr. Stead's work was the most satisfying in the exhibition.

George Dibley: The work was fairly good photographically and one of the good points was the figure interest; however, more care was necessary.

Arthur Gilroy: A beautiful panel showing perfect general landscape technique, though more pictures of bushwalking interest might have been included.

Malcolm McGregor: Technique and presentation good, but many of the photographs would be capable of improved arrangement and care for form. This particularly applied to his foreground interest.

Phil Hall: His "Cradle Mountain and Dove Lake" was the best of the Tasmanian Lake scenes. It had beautiful tonal range and good foreground interest.

Luke Priddle: His exhibit was characterised by good presentation. The Tasmanian scenes were delicately handled and had good tonal range, especially "Fronhman's Cap, Russell Falls" and "Mount Pelion East".

June Winsbury: There was hardly enough work on which to judge, but the out-of-doors portraits were good.

J. S. Thorpe: Work mainly of general pictorial type. The technique was excellent, and though his photographs were not particularly of bushwalking interest, they would do credit to any photographic club.

12.

Allan Hardie: A great variety of scenes but viewpoints had been rather hurriedly chosen. He should watch the foreground interest and posing of figures.

Bob Eastoe: A rather mixed group of which the best symbolic picture was "Aspiration". His portraits lacked roundness; lighting should be more carefully balanced. He could be more definite in the purpose of his studies.

Summing up his impressions, Mr. Burke said that perhaps the main fault of the pictures exhibited was lack of bushwalking interest. The exhibits were good pictorially and the photographers were scenery-minded, but they did not convey much idea of the comradeship of walking. Such pictures as David Stead's "Late Breakfast" were typical of bushwalking appeal. These pictures were harder to take than still subjects. He had found exactly the same thing when compiling a regimental history. The men of his regiment had taken photographs of mosques, palm trees and the usual things of tourist interest, but they seldom took pictures illustrating the life of a soldier. The interest of the photographs could be much enhanced by more attention to bushwalking; such photographs would be the ones which would be treasured in the years to come.

FIRST AID IN ERNES

Herein we present the true facts of Eric Pegram's accident on the King's Birthday week-end, as garnered by our competent staff of news hounds.

There is a particularly savage granite ridge leading down via Cambage Spire to the junction of Christy's Creek and the Kowmung. In passing we mention that this ridge is literally studded with hobnails torn off various boots. The party had disintegrated into various small groups, the leading bunch being Eric Pegram, Jenny Felshow, Sally Mackay, Stan Madden and one other unidentified hunk of bushwalker. The river was "just a biscuit toss" away and Eric was descending the last grade when he had the misfortune to dislodge a large rock. With agility somewhat comparable to a circus acrobat Eric managed to move most of his anatomy from the path of the falling rock, but unfortunately collected a decent whack above the left ankle. He managed to return to an accessible position and by that time Sally had plaster in the ready position. With the cooperation of the quartet - mostly verbal - the ankle was attended to, the whole proceeding being reminiscent of a Cotter first aid lecture.

Eric managed to walk down the rest of the ridge to the Kowmung, where Roley decided to camp at once (3 p.m.). Next a fast party, consisting of Colin Lloyd, Luke Priddle and Kevin Bradley, were sent into Yerranderie without packs to hire a horse. They reached the town at dusk, stayed the night at the pub, and returned with the horse in the morning. Things went smoothly from then on, only difficulty being that Eric had to mount from the wrong side. The doctor found the wound quite clean, owing to the rest and prompt attention, and it will probably not be long before Eric is on the track again.

CASTLE ROCK

by Dot Butler

This is the rock we hoped to climb
That lay to the south of Nowra

This is the bird who checked on the dog
That walked by himself, that knew
the rock

That we hoped to climb
That lay to the south
of Nowra

This is the third, who
conferred with the
bird etc...

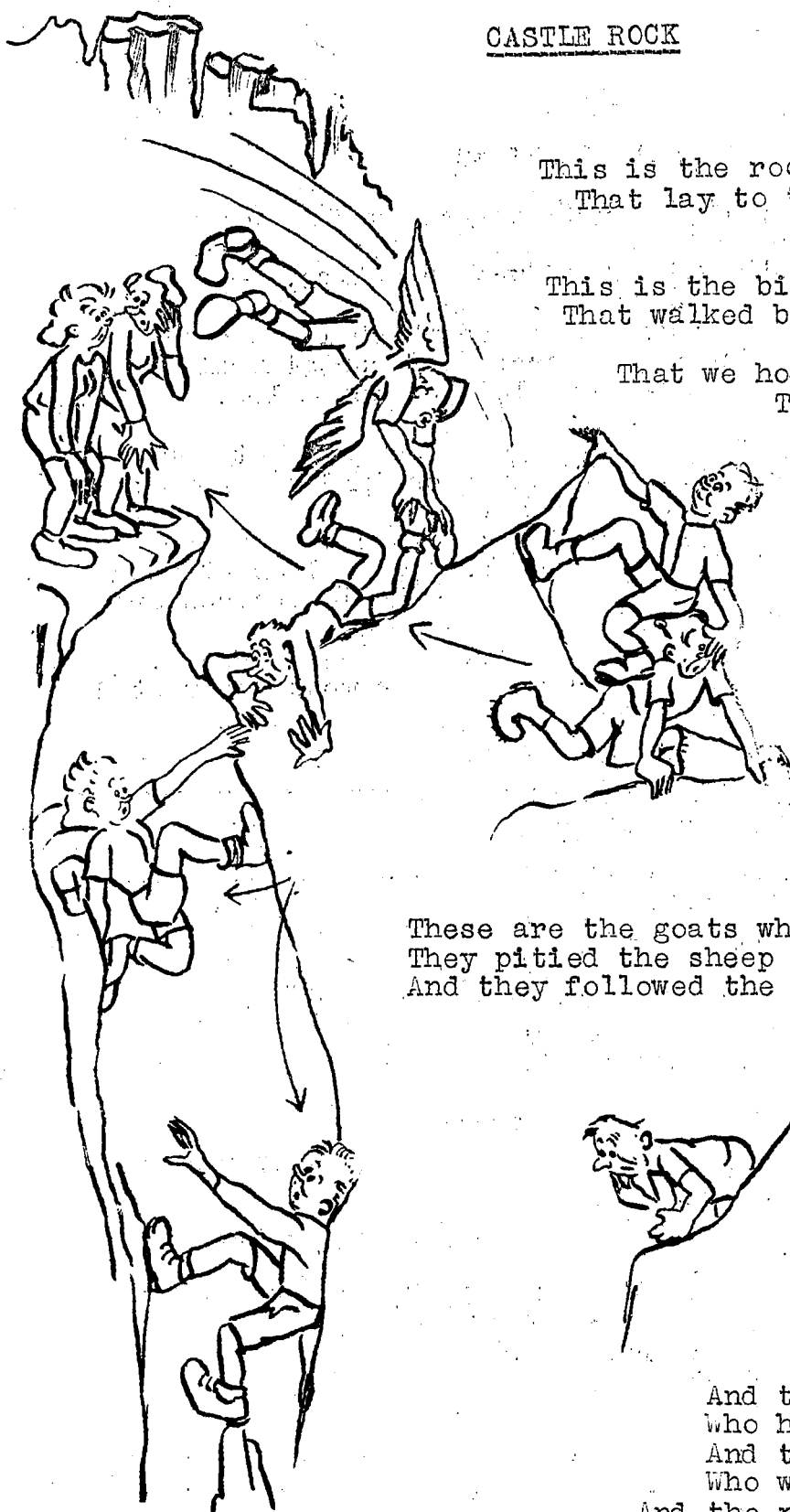
These are the sheep
who went to look
And they followed the
third
who conferred with
bird....etc...

These are the goats who went to climb
They pitied the sheep who would merely look,
And they followed the third....etc....

This is the skunk who
forgot the rope
And roused the ire of the
climbing goats
who pitied the sheep, etc.

But alas, the weather!
It wrooked the hope
Of the shivering skunk
Who forgot the rope,
And the thwarted goats
who had hoped to climb,
And the sodden sheep
who would merely look,
And the rain-drenched third,
And the Moppett bird,

But our hopes remain we will try again
to climb the rock, that lies to the south of Nowra.



CURTAILMENT OF RAIL SERVICES

(Research by Jim Brown)

Commencing as from June 26th and until further notice, severe cuts have been made in country rail services.

The list of trains shown hereunder are those which it is anticipated will continue to operate during the period of curtailment, and is based on Railway Dept. pamphlets Nos. 152, 153, 154 & 155, issued 26/6/48.

- NOTE: (1) Trains shown hereunder are those leaving Central between 5.0 p.m. Friday and 3.0 p.m. Saturday ; on Sunday morning: and return services on Sunday evening.
- (2) No attempt has been made to indicate services within the Metropolitan Area (including Waterfall, Campbelltown-Camden, Penrith, Richmond-Kurrajong and Cowan). Local services are liable to frequent alteration at short notice.
- (3) Trains shown are those serving the area bounded by Nowra, Goulburn, Lithgow and Newcastle - the region most frequented by walkers.

DAY	TIME	EX	SERVING STATIONS
		SYDNEY	
<u>ILLAWARRA</u>			
Fri.	5.15 pm		Waterfall to Wollongong
	6.18 pm		Engadine to Nowra
	9.27 pm		Engadine to Pt. Kembla (connection for Kiama)
Sat.	2.10 am		Hurstville to Nowra (paper train - mixed)
	8.45 am		Helensburgh to Nowra. Moss Vale Branch.
	12.55 pm		Engadine to Nowra
Sun.	9.12 am		Waterfall to Nowra
<u>SOUTHERN LINE</u>			
Fri.	5.12 pm		Mittagong to Goulburn
	5.21 pm		Campbelltown to Moss Vale: Camden: Picton Loop
	6.5 pm		Liverpool to Picton.
Sat.	1.50 am		Campbelltown to Junee (except Maldon, Yanderra, Yerrinbool and Aylmerton).
	8.38 am		Menangle Pk. to Goulburn. Picton Loop.
	9.55 am		Campbelltown to Cootamundra.
	1.35 am		Menangle Pk. to Goulburn.
Sun.	9.20 am		Casula to Bundanoon.
<u>WESTERN LINE</u>			
Fri.	5.17 pm		Springwood to Mt. Victoria (Booking compulsory)
	5.19 pm		Emu Plains to Mt. Victoria.
	6.35 pm		Emu Plains to Lithgow.
	10. 0 pm		Penrith to Mt. Victoria.
Sat.	2.45 am		Penrith to Orange.
	9.58 am		Wentworth Falls to Orange; 8.40 a.m. Emu Plains to Lithgow
	10.15 am		Springwood to Mt. Victoria.
	1.25 pm		Emu Plains to Mt. Victoria.
	8.55 am		Emu Plains to Mt. Victoria.

DAY	TIME	SERVING STATIONS
	EX	
	SYDNEY	

NORTHERN LINE

Fri.	5. 7 pm	Gosford, Wyong & N'castle Area (Booking compulsory)
	5.30 pm	Elec. train to Hornsby then all to Gosford.
	5.58 pm	Hawkesbury R., Woy Woy all to Newcastle.
Sat.	1.25 am	do. do. do.
	6.35 am	Asquith all to Newcastle.
	8.15 am	Gosford, Wyong, Newcastle Area to Tamworth.
	9.30 am	Hornsby to Newcastle.
	12.12 pm	Hornsby to Gosford.
	1.10 pm	Wyong, Morisset and Newcastle Area.
	1.15 pm	Hornsby to Wyong.
	2.33 pm	Hornsby to Newcastle
Sun.	9.10 am	Asquith to Newcastle.

RETURN SERVICES (SUNDAY AFTERNOON)

<u>ILLAWARRA.</u>	2.20 pm ex Nowra - all stations to Watarfall.
<u>SOUTHERN.</u>	5.52 ex Burdanoon - all to Campbelltown (connection at Picton from Loop Line).
	5.35 ex Goulburn - all to Mittagong.
<u>WESTERN.</u>	3.38 ex Mt. Victoria - all to Penrith.
	5.45 ex Lithgow - all to Emu Plains.
<u>NORTHERN</u>	5.55 Wyong all to Asquith.
	4.52 ex Newcastle. All to Gosford, then Woy Woy and Hawkesbury River.
	7.33 ex Gosford all to Hornsby.
	6.45 ex Newcastle, Hamilton, Broadmeadow, Cardiff, Cockle Creek, Morisset, Wyong.
	7.30 ex Newcastle, Broadmeadow, Fassifern, Gosford.

EXTRACTS FROM FEDERATION BULLETIN FOR JUNE

The State Dept. of Conservation has prohibited cutting of trees within one chain of the bank of most of our coastal and inland rivers.

The Public Relations Committee has been abolished.

The film night arranged in conjunction with the National Trust was attended by about 30 walkers.

Mr. Graves is taking up certain complaints about parties of Rover Scouts direct with the parties concerned. He would like to mention any praiseworthy activities of scouts and the Federation Secretary would like information of any such activities.

Readers please note: The messy bits were done, not by the typistes but by the Editor.

CAMP FIRES

Last month we were discussing camp fires and their importance to the enjoyment of camping. There are many ways of enjoying a camp fire. With a small group of people things can be quite informal. Yarns, arguments, discussions and songs can ebb and flow as the group pleases, but as the size of the crowd increases so does it become more necessary for a certain amount of organisation and control. Whatever the number of folks around a fire however, the chap or the girl who can lead a few songs is always welcome and an asset.

The choice of song is important. Not every song is suitable for open air singing by average voices. Quite frequently requests are heard at camp fires for some song heard on the air. In the majority of cases these songs are flops when attempted as chorus items. Only when there is a person with a good voice, and suited to the song in question can most of these songs be enjoyed at a camp fire. Every once in a while, a song comes along which has the makings of a camp fire song and these are generally grabbed and frequently apt parodies are written.

By and large however, the mainstays of any camp fire sing song are the old and tried favourites. Songs (like furniture) are old because they are good, not because they are old. If a song hasn't got something it is soon forgotten whilst the worth while ones keep on keeping on (like Berger's paint).

In singing a song there are three important points to bear in mind, words, tune and pitch. The successful leader must know the words of his songs and it is a good plan to have a little book in which to collect songs and stunts encountered from time to time. Nevertheless this book should only be used as a reminder; a song sung from a book is not half a song. The leader should be able to sing in tune. This does not mean he should have a first class voice. As a matter of fact, people with really good voices seldom make song leaders. If possible, however, I think that an aspiring leader should try out his favourite songs accompanied by a piano, for too often do we hear would be songsters who iron out the liveliest songs to little more than a monotone. Having mastered the words and music there remains only the pitch. This detail is the most frequently forgotten, but bad pitch ruins more songs than almost any other factor. The campfire leader must know on what note to start any particular song, to enable average folks to sing its highest and lowest notes in comfort. The faculty of striking the right pitch is only learnt from experience, but an average person can soon master this art if he expressly watches this angle of singing.

Hope I'm not boring you folks.
More next month.

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