

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER.

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to the Sydney
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EDITORIAL.

Our proposed Editorial utterances on the subject of Our Views
on Publicity or The Duties of Members and Prospectives on Instruction-
al Walks have devolved into the following fun, so there is no
Editorial.

INSTRUCTIONAL WEEK-END.

- Dot Butler,

The Binns' Bonfire Blowout at Euroka.

The Instructional-cum-Publicity-cum-Cracker-Night week-end was a sparkling success. There were 44 present, including 4 children but not counting fractions, a reporter from "Woman" and a photographer. Members outnumbered prospectives in the proportion of about 10 to 1.

On Saturday morning the weather did its dismal best to dampen spirits, but gave up the unequal struggle in the early afternoon so that when the main body stepped off the train at Glenbrook a fine autumn afternoon greeted them. They were soon out to Euroka Clearing, the apprehension felt by some on hearing gun-shots en route being soon allayed when they discovered the early arrivals were only letting off a salvo of bungers.

Camps were soon established, the slum down by the creek being occupied by the stinking workers (mostly juvenile), while the privileged non-stinkers, presided over by the President and his Lady, occupied the high ground on the ridge above. Here the reporter and press photographer were also domiciled. The remainder of the afternoon was spent fraternising. Soon cooking fires were being lit and dinner was eaten to the accompaniment of sparklers with the soup, crackers with the chops, volcanoes with the vegetables, not to mention red sodden remnants of rockets in the drinking water.

The camp fire was lit soon after 7 and Jim gave his instructional talk on campcraft to a quiet audience. Then the fireworks were turned on and peace vanished. Near at hand bungers banged, crackers cracked, Tom Thumbs spluttered, pin wheels whirled, volcanoes belched forth fire and smoke, other things too numerous to mention jumped and whirred and spat like wild cats in a Satanic atmosphere of fire and brimstone, while from a high hill station rockets roared up from the ground carrying their trail of sparks into the hollow dark.

Down by the river a distraught cow, separated from her calf, had been giving voice to heart-rending bellows throughout the night. This caused some concern to those who thought themselves light sleepers, but after the cracker orgy there were no further complaints about the cow.

A sing-song followed the fireworks. At about 11 o'clock people began drifting off to bed, the last late song-birds quitting the camp-fire at 3.30 a.m. It rained a bit in the early hours of the morning but everyone was dead to the world and its weeping, and it passed almost unnoticed. Dawn brought long creeping swathes of white mist; a lone cooking fire made a slender column of smoke in the still pre-breakfast silence, and one by one the sleepers awoke.

The reporter and photographer did the rounds early getting items for their paper. The Three Monicas had to be forcibly evicted and sent down to the creek to pose as Bushwalkers Bathing: they perched fully clothed on the bank with their boots on and washed behind their ears. How typical!

IMPORTANT TRANSPORT NOTICE.

BUSHWALKERS REQUIRING TRANSPORT
FROM BLACKHEATH . . . ANY HOUR
RING, WRITE OR CALL . . .

SIEDLECKY'S TAXI AND TOURIST SERVICE,
116 STATION STREET, BLACKHEATH.

24 HOUR SERVICE.

BUSHWALKERS arriving at Blackheath late at night
without transport booking can ring for car from
Railway Station or call at above address --
IT'S NEVER TOO LATE!

'PHONE B'HEATH 81 or 146. LOOK FOR CARS 3210 or TV270
OR BOOK AT MARK SALON RADIO SHOP - OPP. STATION

While the prospectives were instructed in First Aid and Map Reading a party from the lower camp, who thought they knew all about broken limbs and contour lines, set out for a little private rock-climbing. This was great fun and eventually developed into an instructional effort in a made-to-order chimney. They returned to camp in great hilarity - a party of Highland warriors being led by the Chieftain on horseback while his standard-bearer bore aloft a bleached cow's skull on a pole, bagpipes skirling wildly in the clear upland air and Highland Flings being flung among the heather.

After some wild skirmishing with a wheel-barrow and a late lunch it was time to pack up and go home, which we did. There will be another Instructional Week-end (neat, with no trimmings) on 14-15th August. We'll see you there.

ERROR: Sunday walk, 20th June, led by Merle Watman and Frank Ashdown:
'Phone number should read B0259, Ext. 313. Do not ring after
4.

.....

Sheila Binns' walk scheduled for July 3-4, Perry's-Blue Gum - Blackheath, will not be led by Sheila but by Roy Bruggy.

.....

QUIET GOES THE DON.

- Geof Wagg.

An explanation of the uproarious procedures in the Committee Room last Committee night.

• It 'appens last committee night committee members sat;
 Jim 'adn't brought the dominoes an' things was rather flat,
 An' Malcolm 'e'd cleaned our end out with a snappy game of grab -
 • Insisted that we use 'is cards; I reckon we was 'ad.
 When all at once Tom puts 'is crown and anchor board away
 An' then stands up as though 'e 'as important things to say.
 'E knits 'is brows an' clears 'is throat an' Umms an' ahhs a bit
 Then says: "I've got this 'ere to say, an' this 'ere 'ere is it:
 It seems that that there 'olland cove 'at got 'imself mislaid
 Gets this mysterious message an' it's made 'im all dismayed.
 Some right gallah gets 'old of Paddy's Easy Day Walks book",
 "'E lifted it did 'e?" says Jim, "No bought," says Tom, "but look
 Alongside every walk 'e scribbles some unkind advice",
 "A sample, Tom", says Jim, but Tom says "No, it wasn't nice!
 But what we ought to do", 'e says, "is find the culprit out".
 "'Twas Mathews done it" Malcolm said "I've not the slightest doubt".
 "I move we get 'im" Alan says "an' force him to confess".
 "Those in favour?" queries Jim, an' everyone says "Yes!"
 Two couriers was wanted so we calls for volunteers
 An' Malcolm oils 'is rusty rod 'e 'asn't used in years.
 An' Tom, 'e turns 'is collar up an' pulls 'is 'at brim low,
 Feels for 'is cosh an' sticker, right! then out the door they go
 While we in the committee room is tense an' silent sitting,
 Our voices 'ushed, our ears alert, girls even stopped their knitting.
 An' then above the outside noise we 'ears a muffled squawk
 An' Don is 'ustled thru' the door, says Grace "We'll make 'im talk".
 Don vainly seeks a friendly face, 'e pleads "I didn't do it",
 But we are bound to seek the truth an' eager to pursue it.
 Jim gives a frown an' glares at Don, who's quaking in his chair,
 "Now did youse do it? Own up lad an' tell us straight an' square".
 • Don wants to see 'is lawyer then; won't plead without advice,
 So Binnsie roughs 'im up a bit an' kicks 'im once or twice
 Until at last 'e sobs 'is guilt but begs us to consider
 • An' show a little kindness to 'is children an' 'is widder.
 Our 'earts is touched, we didn't know that 'e 'ad family ties,
 An' so we pats 'im on the 'ead an' bids 'im dry 'is eyes.
 Says Jim "We'll let you off this once, but don't come that no more".
 Don thanks us warmly, say "Goodbye", Tom opens up the door
 And Malcolm with one well placed kick most skilfully directed
 Connects with Donald's derrier and Donald is ejected.

What goes on? They tell me John Bookluck carried an iron stool five miles through the scrub just to sit on it to have lunch.

...
 Says Ross to Judy the egg expert, displaying his peeled luncheon egg "What's the significance of this purple spot on my egg?" "Don't worry, Ross" came the reassuring reply, "That's only where it's been inoculated with a culture of polio virus".

. . A PERSONAL SERVICE
TO CLUB MEMBERS . .

Brian Harvey wished to announce he has joined the Firm of J.C. Foat & Co. Pty. Ltd., Insurance Brokers, of "Phoenix House", 63 Pitt Street, Corner Bridge Street, Sydney, and will be pleased to effect and supervise all classes of insurances entrusted to his care.

Telephones:

Business: BU5039, BU5660
Private: JW1462

AT OUR MONTHLY GENERAL MEETING.

The President called us to order shortly after the appointed hour and the meeting was soon under way with the reading of Minutes and other preliminaries. At the call of "Business arising from Minutes" we got our first taste of what was to prove a lively meeting.

Alex Colley pointed out that as yet we had no official motion that we seek new club rooms and proceeded to remedy the matter. Then Mr. Cosgrove, hearing from the Minutes that the Catholic Bushwalkers had borrowed our screen, moved that we write offering to sell them our old one: "even five shillings" he pointed out "would be something". Dormie asked anxiously had our new screen been returned, but Jim calmed him by assuring him that it had. Alex, getting back to the Club rooms, moved the specifications be published in the magazine and discussed at the next meeting. It was pointed out that the specifications had already been decided on, but Alex said that they had never been decided on by the Club as a whole. Colin quietly interjected that the Club had never decided on anything as a whole. Kath Brown moved that the affair be given into the charge of a sub-committee, and after a certain amount of haggling a committee comprising Messrs . Hooper, Meadows, Abernethy and Putt, the latter as Convenor, was elected.

It was suggested that Mr. Schafer, who had been consistently voting against all motions, was possibly the Russian delegate.

Next came the reports, and these were hardly under the inhabitants of the back benches, who had been in of mind all night, started a mass migration in the Gents. Jim asserted that it was against the rules cross the chamber while a member was speaking, but out that theirs was more a case of crossing to the nobody could deny.

Bill Cosgrove then broached the subject of publicity, being of the opinion that some journalistic hay could be made out of Mr. Holland's misdemeanours. Len Scotland pointed out the Macquarie Newsroom might prove co-operative. Allen Strom, anxious that all this enthusiasm might not be wasted, reminded us that Federation had been after a publicity officer for three years, but Len hastily declined under pressure of work. Tom Moppett gave us a report on the cherished Blue Gum dam; then Alex moved that the winning pictures from the Photographic Exhibition be reproduced in the magazine. Ken Meadows said that this would probably prove more expensive than in previous years but undertook to supply an estimate of costs to the next meeting.

Then Mr. Ardill asked if, in the interest of increasing club membership, he might have permission to write sporting bodies inviting them to join us on walks. For a while there was a little misunderstanding owing to Kevin ambiguously referring to large women's sporting bodies. Dormie cynically suggested that we make sure the walk we invite them on does go.

Dick Hoffman thought it would be a good idea for us to censor the literary efforts of the "Woman" reporter covering Sheila's instructional weekend. Colin Putt assured us that this manner of insult would be a sure way of being badly reported. Ken Meadows suggested that it would be a good idea if the President would act as the Club's official voice, but Jim warily declined to be held responsible for whatever eventually appears in print.

The shutters were nearly up when Mr. Cosgrove suddenly remembered that he objected to the way in which the previous month's meeting had been reported. Well, while we would avoid hurting anyone's finer feelings, we think that the general opinion agreed with Dormie when he said that he found the change of style refreshing. This last outburst appeared to expend what was left of our oratorical energy, and in the hush that followed Jim seized the psychological moment to bring down the bone upon our May monthly meeting.

- G.W.

In the main stream of water just above the Blue Gum diversionary weir some misguided philanthropists have constructed three parallel lines of stones which have the effect of deflecting the stream on to the now nicely silted up weir, thereby eating away the good work of the Putt Construction Co. If any walkers going to Blue Gum would kindly remove these stones it would be appreciated.

On June 16th METRO GOLDWYN MCGREGOR will be producing
"MURDER AT THE MEETING".
Seeing is believing. Be there on the 16th.

NEWS FROM THE NEW ZEALAND CONTINGENT.

- Keith Renwick.

We spent 10 days at Stewart Island waiting for the weather to change so we could go on some trips around. After about 7 days of camping out in heavy rain it eventually did change and we had hail! This, of course, didn't help our plans, but we still had a very enjoyable time thanks to all the local inhabitants who were very friendly indeed.

Peter and Betty returned north a few days before us to get jobs at Dunedin to boost the finances for more trips and at the moment of writing (12th April) are still there. Coral (Monday) went with them and further on to Christchurch where she also was to resume work. We waited on a few more days to see if the weather would clear so we could see more of this beautiful island, but it didn't, and we too eventually returned to Dunedin. I spent about a week here looking around, including a visit to the Roslyn Woollen Mills, then once again struck out, this time for Christchurch. Another day or two here then off to Arthur's Pass. Here I once again met up with the Tasmanian girls.

After a beautiful fine day on Mt. Avalanche we made for the West Coast and the glaciers in once more declining weather. February 23rd saw us at the Franz Joseph Glacier where we had a wonderful time cramponing around on the glacier in drizzling rain. A proposed trip to one of the huts further up the glacier was frustrated by the weather so we went down to the Fox Glacier where, to our surprise, we found Frank Cooper (Sydney Catholic Bushwalkers) was Guide. The weather cleared on Saturday afternoon so Val and I pressed on up as far as we could and made about 2 miles, of a quarter its length, before we had to turn back. The next day was clear and cloudless so we went out to Lake Matherson for the famous views of Cook and Tasman, about 12,000 feet.

It was with great reluctance we now turned north, having already overstayed our allotted time. We stopped off at the Zeremakau River, near Greymouth, to hunt for Greenstone, then on up to Punakaiki to see the Pancake Rocks of layered limestone. We spent a good part of that night investigating the Limestone Caves at Fox River. We also spent part of the next day there and investigated several new passages. One we were in was a sort of middle layer with 90 odd feet to the river below and some 60 to 80 ft. to the roof above. Quite a cavern!

Unable to dilly-dally as much as we would have liked we went on to Westport, thence via Buller Gorge to Nelson. A day or two here then on to Picton with a trip on the Sounds. From Picton we came down the east coast to Christchurch once more, arriving 9th March. Here I am now working and more or less set up for winter. I have joined the C.T.C. (Christchurch Tramping Club) and have so far been on a trip to Dalthorpe and Selwyn River, one up to Mt. Hamilton on the Craigieburn Range, which trip we finished by investigating a cave near Castle Hill Station, and one trip to Pigeon Bay on the Banks Peninsular. I also wandered out to Sumner to have a look at some volcanic caves there, and on another occasion went on a conducted bus tour of the Cashmere Hills and part of the City. Easter should see us up at Harper's Pass and after that - well, wait and see.

YOU CAN WASH IN A BILLY.

By the Conservation Secretary.

While walking in the Warrumbungles recently Myles Dunphy found two rock pools close together, one beautifully clear and full of life, the other looking dull and whitish with not even a tadpole underwater swimming or a water beetle water skiing.

Someone had washed himself or the dishes with soap in the pool. Not only does soap kill all life but so Myles was told, sheep have absolutely no palate for it, and I don't blame them. Not so good in sheep country (or anywhere else) and it doesn't make the sheep owners well disposed towards walkers.

A paragraph from the "Code of Ethics" reads -

"A high standard of camp hygiene should be maintained. All rubbish and human waste should be buried at a reasonable distance from the camp or hut and away from tracks. Food scraps should not be left on a dead fire, nor thrown into a creek or pool - they should be buried. Tins should be burned and bashed before burial, so that they will rust away."

Please, add to this that washing and washing up should not be done in a pool or creek, then don't go into the bush again until you are "bush broken".

CHEDDAR CHOPPINGS.

There's an old saying amongst the bushwalking fraternity: "Join the Walkers and stay young". Well, Dave Brown decided to prove the saying and consequently he caught the measles. Think of it, a tiger covered with spots - but here's hoping that by the time this comes to press he will have recovered.

It is now our turn to say "Bon Voyage" to Colin Putt who sails later this month to join Jane and baby Margaret, alias "Schmoo", in New Zealand. We'll see you back in late July, Putts.

Here's a hurry up and get well call to Heather Joyce who is now recovering from an appendicitis operation. Hope we'll be seeing you out on the track soon Heather.

As we've said every month, we just can't get everywhere, but Gee, as far as gossip is concerned, we certainly miss out on some beautiful trips. It's a bit early yet to find out all that happened on the car trip that Mr. Renwick led down to the Fox Grounds in the middle of last month, but we've heard rumours that Dot, Colin and Ross returned literally covered with scratches after having been caught up in a lantana patch, though for what reason we haven't yet heard.

It was certainly good to see all those old and new faces in the Club for Bob Savage's slides on the Canadian Rockies last month. Thanks very much, Bob, for a super night.

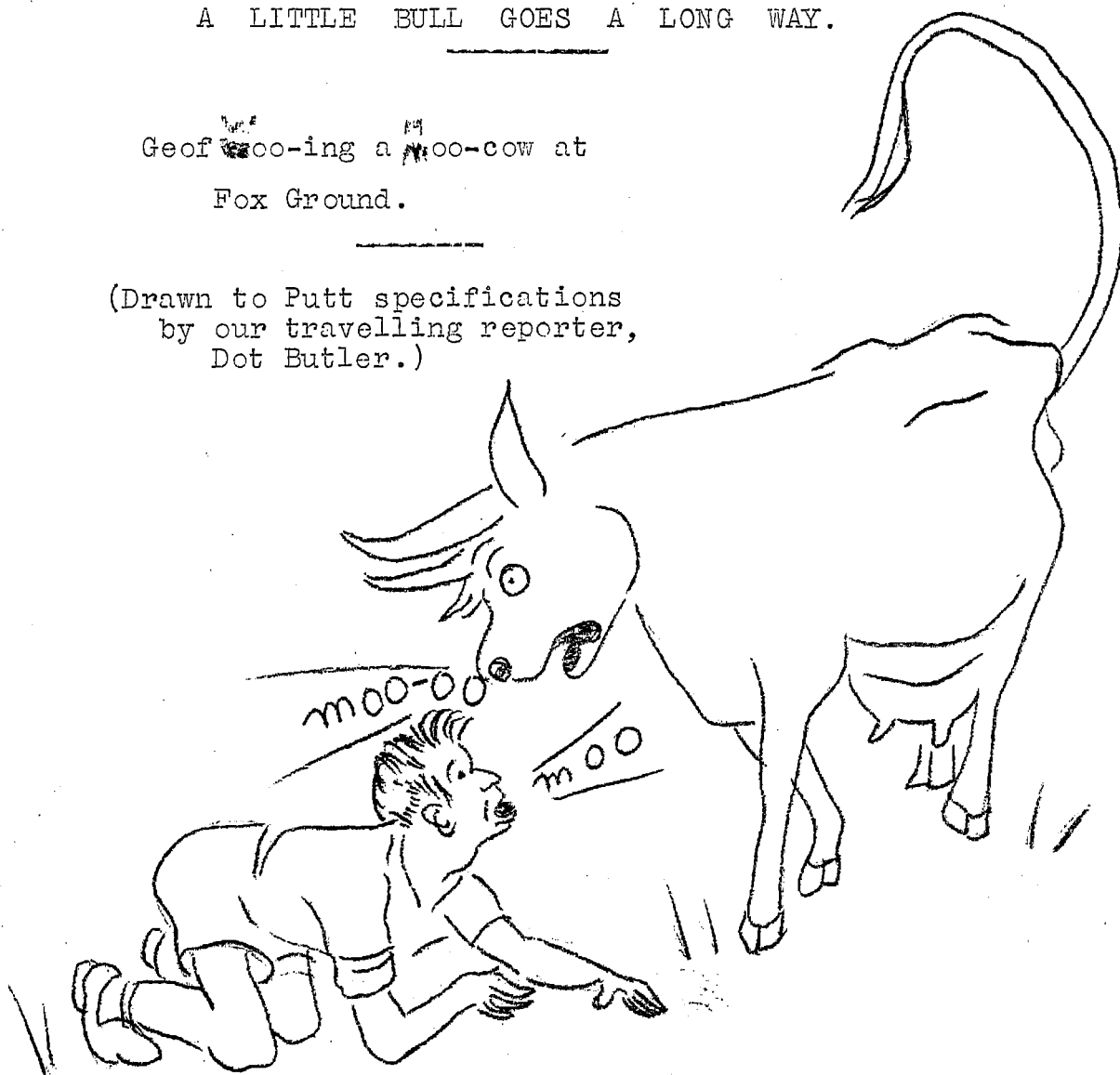
A report has gotten through to us that "Admiral" Anderson does not like the Army: reckons that you've only got to look sideways and they cancel your leave. Anyway Brian, there's not long to go now.

To help even up on the three new daughters born to Bushwalkers, announced in our last issue, we now have pleasure in presenting two sons - one to Gladys and Len Fall, and one to Jenny and Stan Madden.

A LITTLE BULL GOES A LONG WAY.

Geoff ~~was~~ moo-ing a ~~mo~~ moo-cow at
Fox Ground.

(Drawn to Putt specifications
by our travelling reporter,
Dot Butler.)



SPECIFICATIONS FOR CLUB ROOM.

The following specifications are regarded as being almost "Ideal" and not a rigid set of positive requirements:-

1. Size of room to be approx. 60ft. x 30ft., with seating for about 100 people, and toilet facilities (room should NOT be too long and narrow).
2. A room suitable for Committee purposes to be available one evening each month (size approximately 14ft. x 12 ft.).
3. Room to be situated in City block or inner suburbs.
4. Storage space required for Club records and equipment - either permission to leave on the premises two steel-built cabinets (and preferably the Library cabinet), or access to equivalent built in cupboard space.
5. The rental to be approximately the same as for present rooms (25/- per evening).
6. The premises to be clean and of reasonable appearance.
7. Nights available - no decision in this respect. Officially the Club's meeting night is Friday, but this matter to be discussed if Club Rooms suitable in other respects can be located.

THE A. E. M.

- Kev. Ardill.

First, I should warn you that the following few remarks are not intended to be facetious but are tendered in a most serious vein. After diligent research I have at last a solution to one or more of the chief hazards of bushwalking; I refer specifically to the food situation.

Most walkers, especially on long trips, find that carrying the food is not half as much trouble as working out a satisfactory food list beforehand. How often have we found ourselves chewing the last day's provisions on the second last day of a trip, or worse still, found our pack contains about five pounds of dried veg. as we return to full and plenty.

The solution is so obvious that I'm amazed it has not been produced before. For your approval I introduce the Ardill Edible Map. The A.E.M. comes to you in an attractive range of flavours and sizes. The utility A.E.M. is printed on the best rice paper. An innovation that should please the vego's is that all contour lines are of the finest spinach and beetroot juices.

F O R E V E R Y M E A L
ON THE BUSHWALKER'S WINTER MENU
THERE ARE TASTY
V E G E T A R I A N F O O D S

FOR BREAKFAST: WHEATMEAL PORRIDGE, GRANOLA (A ready cooked breakfast food), DRIED APRICOTS, PRUNES.

FOR LUNCH: WHEATMEAL BISCUITS, MARMITE, "BETTA" PEANUT BUTTER, WALTHAM RAISINS, DATES, DRIED FIGS.

FOR DINNER: NUTMEAT, CANADIAN WONDER BEANS (thickened with onions), DRIED APPLES, NECTARINES and PEACHES.

FOR IN-BETWEEN SNACKS: NUTS, PURE FRUIT NOUGATS.

FROM

T H E S A N I T A R I U M H E A L T H F O O D S H O P,
1 3 H U N T E R S T R E E T, S Y D N E Y.

Without elaborating, a little thought will show the advantages of the A.E.M. You literally eat your way across the map of the country you wish to traverse. If you are a fast walker you probably need more food. The faster you walk, the more ground you cover, the more map food at your disposal. Slow walkers not expending so much energy will be satisfied with a small helping of map, or else equip themselves with the super A.E.M. One inch thick, this edition is fortified with vitamins A, B, C, D and Z., with O.P. rum additive. Our motto: "A lot goes a little way".

Last holiday weekend a party of walkers (I nearly said bushwalkers) were lost on the Cox. They sat down on one spot and waited until they were found. A great deal of trouble and expense would have been saved if this party had been equipped with the Ardill Edible Map (A.E.M.). You can't afford to squat. On the principle of only eating the portion of the map traversed the lost ones would necessarily have kept walking to keep eating, and doubtless would have rescued themselves.

To walkers contemplating round trips we suggest our circular job, and for spinebashers a special map with built-in extra meals.

One problem that may occur is that a party of A.E.M. rations may wish to retrace their steps. That is something that would need to be brought up later. Safe walking boys and girls.

EASTER PARADE (Cont'd.)

- Jim Brown.

PART II. TEST WALK.

A fine morning soon clouded over - the influence of yon circled moon, so the old salts averred - as we followed the creek up another mile or so and climbed out on a ridge. The spur bent north-east instead of north-west, which wasn't so good, but an hour through the scrub brought us to a broad dirt road, which doesn't appear on any known map, but heads generally towards Tomat Creek.

By this time rain was threatening, but were we downcast? The Laird singing group struck up and before long we were on to the theme song of the trip.... because Jill Matthews wanted to learn the words of "Green Grow the Rushes" we heard it seven times that day, and was it five or six times (?) on Monday. Donning capes in a drizzle, we sang our way to the head of Tomat Creek, where a sawmilling colony has changed the scene in recent years.

The plan was to lunch and wander around at Bindook, but when we came to 12.30, with the road reaching out up another hill, there were rumblings of mutiny and even more urgent rumblings from inner men all along the line, so we stopped at a little creek, stoked up between thin showers and finally came down the hill to Bindook's green paddocks in a soft rain.

There was clearly no future for the photographers in the mist, but we decided on a quick sprint down to the rim of the Chasm, which proved to be quite a considerable hole in the ground, slightly reminiscent of Kanangra, but without the grand distant views. Some of the party talked about a return to try to descend to the valley at a later date.

The way out was to be via the dotted line shown as Bill Cosgrove's track. Perhaps we should have had the redoubtable Bill along to give us some clues, but in his absence we set a compass course about north east through fairly open forest. At 4.15, topping a low spur, we could see ahead shallow sandstone cliffs: they were perhaps a mile away, and the timbered ridge above them was the northern skyline, with mists draped over it. We drew the conclusion that this was the northern side of Red Coats Creek, which leads up to Barrallier's Pass, and our target for the night. Perhaps it was, perhaps we were wrong, and it's doubtful if we'll ever know. The valley, when we came to it, was dense with ti tree scrub and so narrow that we were through and up to the low cliffs before questions began to frame themselves in our minds. So we topped the low scarp, and walked along it a while. To the north the plateau seemed extensive, which rather confirmed our opinion that this was Red Coats Valley, and we went back into it. Past five p.m., suitable camp spots, but no water: pushing through saturated ti tree wasn't entirely good clean fun.

With the light failing and the valley narrowing again, we came to practically impenetrable scrub, so we climbed back out, this time on the south side. Here Erics Pegram and Adcock, scouting on the flank,

IF YOU ARE GOING PLACES
CONTACT

SCENIC MOTOR TOURS,
RAILWAY STEPS,
KATOOMBA.

DAILY TOURS BY PARLOR COACH TO THE WORLD
FAMOUS JENOLAN CAVES AND ALL BLUE MOUNTAIN
SIGHTS.

TRANSPORT BY COACHES FOR PARTIES OF BUSH-
WALKERS TO KANANGRA WALLS, GINKIN OR OTHER
SUITABLE POINTS BY ARRANGEMENT.

FOR ALL INFORMATION

WRITE TO P.O. BOX 60, KATOOMBA
TELEPHONE 60, KATOOMBA.

came on a chain of rock pools nicely filled by the day's rain, and in the last glimmers of a grey evening we hastily camped on a scarp looking back towards Bindook. There was just enough earth and moss on the flat rocks behind the pools to take a tent peg, and we were shockingly exposed to the South-west, but what wind there was breathed from the ESE. We were surprisingly comfortable, all things considered, and even wandered round from fire to fire in a kind of misty, smoky fog, drying off clothes and gear soaked by our passage through dripping vegetation. This intended "lolly" day had become quite a fair slug, and we had ended - somewhere west of Nyanga Heights and south of Red Coats Creek, with grave suspicions that Monday was going to be even less lolly-like.

Eight o'clock was again decreed starting time for Monday, and we actually moved off at 8.10. In the dreary dawning someone discovered an empty whisky bottle outside Frank Ashdown's tent, which prompted Frank to chant "Whisky for My Johnny", and tent-fellow Johnny Bookluck to declare his innocence.

We shan't dwell on the rather grim morning of Monday, while we scrub-shoved across Nyanga Heights, looking for the point where Barrallier Pass goes over to the east. We didn't find it, and presently, passing through some swamps which could have been the extreme top of Red Coats Valley, we crossed the spur and dropped down into a ferny glen which may have been Barrallier's Creek. At this stage we were unable to tie in anything with the map, save that we were going generally east, and a glimpse of cleared land could be seen ahead. It's just possible we came down Myanga Creek but, if so, that's just as hard to reconcile with the sketch map. Of course, with visibility of only a few hundred yards, it's easy to draw wrong conclusions. Finally we came out on the road about a mile south of Colong Station, declared no luncheon halt, but ten minutes for a snack, and then

proceeded to bash it out along the Colong Stock Route.

The original notion of going over the Coal Seam Gap into Yerranderie was abandoned. We would almost certainly travel slowly, and in the misty conditions may have to grope around to find the saddle, and miss the 2.0 p.m. (only) bus. On the road the strongest could stride along and detain the bus at the junction 3 miles east of Yerranderie. At first, however, I couldn't even reconcile the road with five-years-old-memories and the map, but we persevered, with the cloud lifting, falling into little groups which made their own time.

The more rugged ones came to the road junction about ten minutes before the 'bus. As your reporter approached, we saw the bus vanish down the road, and found Wal McKenzie waiting for us to report that eleven of the party had managed to wedge aboard: that was just about capacity loading. The driver had promised to return, but wouldn't be able to make it before about 8.30. If we could organise other transport, we were to 'phone a number in Camden. As we discussed this, the rest of the party - now 19 - assembled. The last arrived only ten minutes or so after the going of the 'bus - a valiant bid by some who had thrashed it out along that hilly road ("some come a-limping and some come a-lame") at the end of six hours steady going.

The adjacent farm was deserted for the day, so "Digby" Rigby and I walked two miles down the hill to the next property, to find that Yerranderie exchange was closed and wouldn't answer. There might be a truck for hire in the town, they told us. So Frank and I started back to join the party, and as we neared the junction, Frank managed a hitch on a utility up to Yerranderie town to snatch two middies at the pub, to find the post office quite shut down and no transport offering. At about five o'clock he rejoined us at the road junction, and we resigned ourselves to wait for the return of the 'bus - provided it would return.

I think I would have felt thoroughly depressed then if it hadn't been for the temper of the party. To a man (or woman) they behaved as I like to think our people always do - in high spirits, showing much consideration for each other, with no carping or whinging. They brewed tea, and sang (including the twelfth rendition of "Green Grow" - how appropriate the words "eleven for the eleven who went to Heaven!")

In the last light, a truck came up to the gate of the nearby farm, and the driver gave us a message - there was a bus on the way for us, he didn't know just when - but there was a 'bus. We started to organise tea from the sundry left-overs, a bit of cheese here, some rice there, flour which Sheila made up into a very reasonable damper, a stew of dried veg. for the Bruggy crew. I ate the sardines which time and anxiety had prevented me having at lunch.

Happily we had miscalculated. We'd fixed 7.30 as the best possible time to expect the 'bus, but it rolled in at 6.40. The stew went into the fire, tents were whipped down, fires doused, and in ten minutes we were aboard, and singing again as the bus sped down the woeful road to the valley, and along between the moonlit cliffs. What did we sing? - a host of things, but I remember much Gilbert and

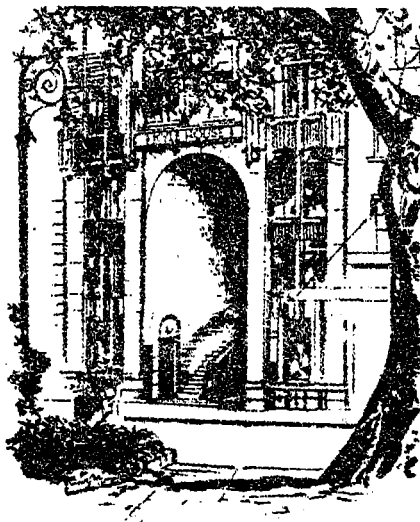
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Sullivan, and, naturally, "Green Grow". It looked as though we would just miss the 8.42 train from Camden, but the driver, learning this, sped on through and overtook the train near Narellan: someone - I think Frank Burt - hustled across and held the train while I paid off the bus driver and we swarmed aboard with our packs. The conductor came through and said something about tickets. We all produced cash; and he vanished suddenly - we finally settled the business and made honest travellers of ourselves at Liverpool, buying excesses from Narellan at the barrier, and single-journey tickets to our city destinations at the booking window.

One might have expected the crowd to become silent and droopy in the local train between Campbelltown and Liverpool, but instead everyone was on the alert, and there were boisterous moments when someone snatched Rigby's hat (the only thing concealing his shame, his untidy thatch). He bought it back from Elsie Bruggy at the cost of one of his hoarded cigarettes, with Isabel Wilkie acting as intermediary, since the contracting parties couldn't trust one another. Even in the electric train there were quite vociferous farewells as each member flaked off at his station.....

And our advance party? Well, they had worked the oracle. Seeing an empty bus heading towards the valley, they had virtually commandeered it, with Kevin Ardill giving detailed instructions about picking us

up. He had then 'phoned through from Camden to the Hotel at Upper Burragorang in hopes that a message could be sent on to us.... which had been done. Incidentally, the cost of the 'phone call, including opening fee, was 3/11d. As this is directly chargeable to the cost of the journey, it looks as though I make a profit of one penny. What's more, I'm going to keep it as a souvenir of a trip which could have been difficult to lead, but was really very pleasant because the crowd was such a happy one..... souvenir of Easter Parade, 1954.

FEDERATION NOTES - MAY MEETING.

- Allen A. Strom.

THE QUESTIONNAIRE prepared by Vice-President Lionel Fleming on matters arising from the Annual Camp was presented to Council. Brian Harvey has a number of these..... he would appreciate members approaching him for a copy.

FIRES LEFT BURNING ON THE COX'S RIVER over the Easter Weekend was the subject of a letter published in "The Sydney Morning Herald" on April 26th. The letter was written by the Secretary of Federation.

GANGERANG MOUNTAIN MAP: Since this map has been printed, the Royalty due to Mr. Myles J. Dunphy has been passed on to the Federation. A letter will be written to Messrs. Dunphy and Pallin thanking them for the service they have given to Bushwalking in having the map produced and printed and certain sums of money made available to Federation.

INSURANCE OF BUSHWALKERS taking part in official searches was discussed. A plan placed before Federation was passed on to the Search and Rescue Section for an expression of opinion.

HONORARY TREASURER: This position will be vacant after June 30th. Is there a volunteer in the house?

SEARCH AND RESCUE REPORT: Direct report on the Easter Search will be made at the June meeting. However, arising from the search, a number of matters have been discussed amongst S & R personnel, and with the Police. These include.... communications and transport, control of searches, air-ground communications, standardisation of maps, signalling, return of search parties, recruitment and reimbursement. Some decisions on these matters is expected to be arrived at. Next practice weekend..... September 18/19th at Green Gully (Carlton's). There will be an attempt to obtain police and radio co-operation.

BUNGONIA GORGE: Letters written to the Secretary of the Canberra Alpine Club and the Secretary of the Bungonia Caves Reserve Trust seeking assistance in saving the Gorge as a National Monument. The Canberra Alpine Club has agreed with the proposals.

BARREN GROUNDS: The Chief Secretary has approved the dedication of the Barren Grounds as a Faunal Reserve. The proposal now goes to the Department of Lands for approval.

MORTON PRIMITIVE RESERVE: The Trust of the Reserve has unanimously agreed to hand over the administration of the Morton to the Fauna Protection Panel as a Faunal Reserve. Meanwhile certain preliminaries are being investigated.

PROHIBITION OF SALE OF SOME WILDFLOWERS: After discussions with the Government Botanist, the special panel arranged by the N.S.W. Rangers' Patrol has asked the Dept. of Local Government to ban the sale of the following wildflowers during 1954/5 :

Native Rose; *Boronia floribunda*, *ledifolia*, *pinnata*;
both Giant Lilies; all three Christmas Bells; two
Rock Lilies; Wax Flowers.

BARRINGTON: (a) A letter to the Chief Guardian of Fauna enclosing the proposal for a Faunal Reserve in the Barrington Area. There has been a further discussion with Mr. F.J. Griffiths on the matter.

(b) Letter to the Barrington Club asking for information about their proposal for a National Park and submitting ours.

USE AND ACCESS TO FAUNAL RESERVES: A long discussion has been held with the Chief Guardian of Fauna on these matters. The attitude of the Walking Movement was submitted to him.

Mr. J.R. Kinghorn, Ornithologist to the Australian Museum will deliver a lecture on "Protecting Our Birds" at the Museum, College Street, on Thursday, June 24th, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

Queenslanders interested in the National Park Movement are commencing an appeal for a memorial to Arthur Groom. The Federation will obtain information about the form of the memorial with a view to assisting the appeal.

Visits to areas of interest

June 26th, 27th, 28th: Beecroft Peninsula.

Tolwong Area over Queen's Birthday Weekend ... Ettrema Area.

Kariong Park Proposal: June 18th, 19th, 20th.

Budderoo-Barren Grounds: July 16th, 17th, 18th.

Bouddi Natural Park: Work Party on July 2nd, 3rd, 4th.

Assistance is urgently required for some track rehabilitation work.

These visits are all to areas of interest to Bushwalkers and coincide with Conservation Projects. Members interested in obtaining first-hand knowledge of the projects or desirous of interesting others should ring UA2983.

STOP PRESS!

To Val and Arthur Gilroy - a daughter.

Also, to Wal McKenzie and wife - a daughter.

THE WARRUMBUNGERS.

- Geof Wagg.

It was all arranged; we were to take the air for Tooraweenah at 7 a.m. on Friday morning. To do this our party made its way to Bankstown on Thursday night, Jim Hooper meeting en route a very happy tram guard who thought he had the "nicest legs!" At Bankstown Brian Anderson confronted us with a telegram from the pilot to say that he wouldn't be arriving from Melbourne until 10.30. "Oh, well", we said, "it won't make that much difference", and so we were still hanging around Bankstown aerodrome when the 'phone call came through:

"It is with infinite regret
That I report a sad upset:
In Melbourne it is rather wet -
My aeroplane is grounded!"

Jaws sagged; Anderson spoke to Melbourne and the trunk line cable melted, but that was the story.

After much haggling and an admirable last minute dash for the train the considerably reduced party of Dot Butler, Ken Angel, Frank Barr, Snow Brown, and myself (being too numerous to mention) were embarked and headed in the general direction of Kanangra Walls. We arrived there at dusk and spent a cosy night in the cave. The morning dawned bright and clear, and after some photography on the tops we set off down Murdering Gulley to the Spires. Never believe the old saying that "rolling stones gather no bushwalkers" because one collected Ken a beauty. In spite of our best efforts he was able to continue presently and we forced our way downwards into the beautiful upper reaches of Kanangra Creek. We lunched at the base of the scree slope between the two Spires, then while Ken rested his bruised quadriceps the rest of us sought the heights. After some intrepid scrambling we arrived on top and added our names to those in the cairn. On the way down we did some exhilarating scree glissading and arrived at the bottom at 4.15, the whole thing having taken us three hours. We pushed on then in search of a likely campsite and found one in a mile or so. "Will we put up the tent?" "No," said Dot and I, "What would we need a tent for on a wonderful night like this?" About 2 a.m. we awoke in the rain and put the tent up.

After breakfast next morning we pushed on in misty rain making excellent time, and spurred on no doubt by the countless nettle stings. When we stopped for lunch the rain started fair dinkum and most of us were drenched. Br-r-r-r!! Those icy rivers down the back! We hurried on to keep warm and quite early we reached an ideal wet night campsite by Merrigal Creek. Everyone agreed to settle in here and have a really comfortable night. Pardon my mirth; we counted without our nettle stings. These had so excited our nervous systems we hardly got two consecutive winks all night; excepting Snow, of course, who is impervious to such minor details as nervous systems. So we were glad when another dawn, albeit grey and clammy, filtered through the sky and we could be on our way, which was now by Breakfast Creek and Carlon's Head. About this time Frank (under Dot's bad influence) discovered that he had a pain in the popliteal fossa. (Editor's note:

The popliteal fossa is the hollow at the back of the knee housing a muscle called the popliteus, and the popliteus initiates flexion at the knee joint.) This worried Frank exceedingly. We hurried on up Breakfast Creek with Frank muttering encouragingly to himself: "I am not going up, I am going down hill; I am as fresh as a daisy". Up Carlon's Creek with groundsheets round our legs to frustrate the nettles, until we reached the foot of Carlon's Head about lunch time. "Lunch on top", said someone. A bad mistake! David and I struggled in the rear, our empty tummies crying pitifully for attention. We made it, but only just, dragging ourselves the last few yards on the immediate promise of a Rye Vita and honey. After lunch we all felt much refreshed except Frank who was upset - Dot had snuffed out his delicate little tea fire by lavishing great logs on it. We made off at a brisk pace and were soon pouring the dreary miles of Narrow Neck beneath our feet. Katoomba hove into view and we were soon having a nice sociable cuppa tea at Snow's place, the unofficial Bushwalkers' hostel. After that we caught our train home, which is about all except don't ask us our impressions of the Warrumbungles, because it's a rude answer.

The following letter from E. Caines (Ted) Phillips, "River Canoe Club of N.S.W.", may be of interest to members :-

CALLING ALL CARS! CALLING ALL CARS!

"The Editor of the 'Sydney Bush Walker',
Dear Sir:

As a constant reader of your Magazine for many years I have been particularly interested in recent comments concerning the falling off of attendances on official Club walks.

From my own observations I would say that the S.B.W. is not alone in this respect, all walking clubs apparently suffering a similar wave of disinterest. You will be interested to learn that a similar state of inactivity exists in the River Canoe Club of N.S.W. because Club outings and events are few and far between and attendances at these functions are usually most disheartening.

My own idea of the cause of this general lapse of interest is, despite arguments to the contrary, because nearly everybody is now "mobilized" - most of the populace, from the apprentice to the business tycoons, now doing most of "their walking" on wheels.

I am pleased to state that the R.C.C. Winter Mapping Walks (instituted in 1937) have not, even in recent times, been seriously affected as regards attendances, but since the general trend appears to point to reduced attendances we have instituted "all round trips" which cater for the public and private transport user alike. They are an experiment to encourage those, reluctant to the use of public transport, to join those not yet privately mobilised. Come on

"Ye who trod CARless o'er the land
Before you joined the mobile band".

Give it a burl.

CALLING ALL CARS! CALLING ALL CARS!"



PADDY MADE

WINTER COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR.

Winter comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings the skier!

Forgive the weak rhyme folks, but this is a reminder that the snow season is here. Adventurous walkers who are looking for new fields to conquer could do no better than turn to the snow. The ranks of the skiers could do with an infusion of bushwalker ideas for there are far too many folks who never range further than a few hundred yards from base. They spend their time like the ten thousand men of the Grand Old Duke of York, climbing up to the top of the hill and whizzing down again.

There are trips on the snow clad ranges to be done which have seldom if ever been done before. In short, the Alps are still waiting the ski tourer - the bushwalker who has acquired a basic knowledge of ski-ing - or, of course, the skier who has acquired a basic knowledge of bushwalking.

...

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