

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to the Sydney
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AT OUR AUGUST MONTHLY MEETING

- Tom Moppett

The Meeting opened about 8.20, after some delay to allow the numbers to increase, with the President in the chair but only about 30 members present. First Colin Brandis and Laurie Baillie were welcomed as Members.

The elections for a new Committee Member (Lady) and Federation Delegate were deferred to the September (Half-yearly) meeting. In the correspondence was a letter to the A.B.C. from the Publicity Sub-Committee requesting the arrangement of Bushwalker broadcasts.

The Treasurer reported an increase in rent from 25/- to £2 per week. He said that he believed that funds could cope with the increase for the balance of this year, but that an increase in subscriptions must be considered next year. Further, when an increase is being considered, the fact that the two previous subscription increases were followed by considerably increased resignations should be remembered.

Regarding the trail marking suggestion in Federation's "Pallin" report (see Federation Report), Tom Moppett's motion "that this Club

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approves the suggestion provided it is carried out according to true National Park principles and suggests that the first trails to be marked be those in the easy walk booklets" was passed. Geof Wagg specially requested that no signs be placed at Kanangra Walls or Paralyser, explaining that he still hoped to defeat the Paralyser maze. Arising from the Federation Report, Jack Gentle said he had heard that the blazing of a track over Bushwalkers' Hill had already commenced and he would investigate further.

The Social Secty. thanked all members who had entered slides for the Colour Exhibition for making the event the big success it was.

The Walks Secty. reported that the Walks Report preparer, Mr. McGregor, apologised for being unable to prepare the Walks Report due to illness.

Tom Moppett announced that the Caloola Club had produced Yarrowonda No.11 (proof copies had been handed round the Meeting), which described all National Parks and Faunal Reserves and areas suitable for reservation, and gave the latest information on their administration. He thought it was valuable information for all who were concerned for the preservation of parks and reserves, and in addition would be most useful for planning holiday trips. Production had cost over £200. He moved that the Club donate £15 to the Caloola Club to assist with production costs and obtain 300 copies and distribute them to all members. He suggested that in view of the Treasurer's Report members might care to make donations to Club funds. The Treasurer reported that the expenditure of the £15 would be likely to cause, at worst, a deficit of only a few pounds provided there was no further unusual expenditure. Several members supported the motion and congratulated the Caloola Club on their production. Jim Brown said the Club expended little sweat or finance on conservation and should support the proposal. Ron Knightly pointed out that there would be postage in addition, but that this could be reduced by partial distribution in the club room, and that in any event he supported the donation. There was one rather sour reference to a certain duralumin ladder. Heather Joyce said that in spite of the Caloola Club having provided the money and that she felt they should not have advertised themselves but bushwalking generally. Alex Colley (on sick list) sent a message that he opposed the suggestion, but as there is no provision for absentee or proxy voting in our constitution this could not be recorded as a vote. (Alex believed that the money would have been better spent on a publication with much of the information replaced by entertaining articles suitable for sale to the public.) The motion was carried by a large majority. (Several donations ranging from 5/- to £2 were given as promised.)

Frank Ashdown suggested a £5 Life Membership subscription for Non-Active Members.

The Meeting closed at 9.35 p.m.

SOCIAL PROGRAMME- Wed., 27th SEPTEMBER: Bring your friends to see Ron Knightly's slides and hear of his adventures on Macquarie Island.

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JOURNEY TO COOKTOWN

- Jack Perry

I left camp on Monday, 5th September - the place: the camping ground at Cairns - and headed north with rucksack on back, bound for Cooktown. The dews are quite heavy in this region; time is lost drying out the tent.

It was a bright sunny morning and good walking along the Cook's Highway through a sea of sugarcane. With its pink plume-like flower it looked very impressive nodding in the bright northerly breeze. The cutting was in full swing; lorries laden with cane were continually passing on their way to the sugar mill. On the return trip they would pull up and give me a lift. Between walking and lifts I reached Port Douglas by lunch time. I called in at Hartley Cafe and inspected the crocodiles. They were of the saltwater type, the largest about 25 ft. There were also some specimens of the taipan preserved in spirit - probably the deadliest snake in the North, or Australia for that matter.

The highway follows the coast line here - one of the best scenic drives in Australia with the Pacific Ocean on the right and a mountain

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range on the left. Port Douglas is 43 miles from Cairns and one of the oldest towns in North Queensland, settled in 1877. After lunch my lift carried me on to Mossman, nestling at the foot of Mount Demy. One of the sights is Shepherd's Rock, a rock formation resembling a shepherd tending his flock. I bought some foodstuffs and started walking once more. The canefarms were now less frequent and the natural bush more in evidence - coconut palms, wild banana, ginger bush, whilst the blue convolvulus was in full bloom. One of the farmers who gave me a lift assured me he had the most northerly cane farm in Australia.

I walked the last four miles to the Daintree River, arriving at dusk, and here I pitched camp for the night. I had covered about 62 miles that first day, walking 12 miles. The Daintree River here was about a quarter mile wide. It was slightly salty. It was not far to the mouth of the stream from my campsite; the tropical growth comes right to the water's edge. I noticed the luminous trail of fish in the dark water. As I carried a small mosquito net I erected it as the mossies were starting to make their presence felt. I was up at dawn, and as I was having breakfast one of the householders from across the river rowed over and had a yarn.

I started walking to the small township of Daintree, about five miles away. There were plenty of coconut palms laden with fruit. I climbed one and cut off a few green nuts. The skin is quite soft to cut when green and makes a delicious drink. The small store was closed down so I had to ring Mossman and get my stores sent out on the bus, which arrived about 5 p.m. that afternoon.

Daintree lies on the riverbank in a tropical setting amidst coconut palms. The Daintree Valley is good dairying country being free of frost. In the winter the cattle from further up the Peninsula are fattened in the valley before going to market. There is also a small butter factory here. To the north is Thornton Peak, second highest mountain in Queensland. I obtained a lift of 3 miles up the valley where I made camp for the night. There was the usual heavy dew. It was 9 a.m. before I started walking up the valley. It is about one mile wide and the banks of the river are lined with cedar and fig trees. There were some large mobs of cattle grazing, being of the zebu cross. This type resists the ticks and is used to the tropics.

The road had now petered out to a cattle pad. The stream which I had forded a few times was now quite deep and the pack had to be floated. I was told that there were freshwater crocodiles here. They grow to about 5 ft. long and are considered harmless. All the saltwater type that are dangerous to man have been shot out of this area.

Where the track shot up a spur on the right I had lunch and dried out the gear. After repacking I set off, climbing up on to the backbone of the ridge. It was open parkland on top of the ridge, but a few yards down on either side was jungle matted with lawyer vine. I followed the pad in a nor-east direction until sundown when I pitched camp, having walked about 15 miles for the day. The lawyer vine is well named the "wait-a-while vine" as I discovered when I had to push

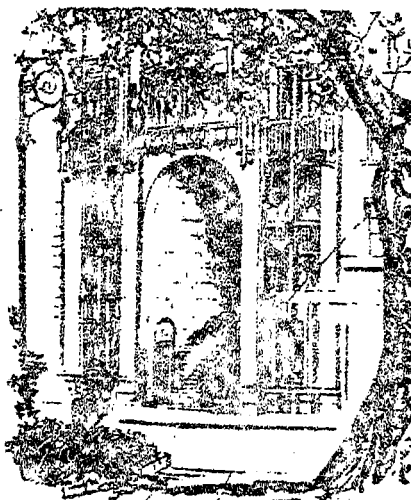
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through it to get water for the evening meal. As I was up about the 2,000 ft. mark the night was pleasantly cool. I awoke to an overcast sky, and as there had been no dew to wet the tent I got away to an early start. The ridge on which the track climbed ran into rain forest where the branches of the trees practically met overhead and there were quite a few orchids in the tall trees. I met an old prospector with swag on back on his way to Daintree for rations. He assured me he was getting a little gold in the creeks hereabouts.

Three hours walking brought me to Gold Hill, about 3,000 ft. From here there was a fine view. Away to the east on the skyline was Capt. Cook's monument or "Pieterbot", a tall spire-like rock first sighted by the famous navigator on his voyage up the coast. I had reached the highest point and the track now led down into open grassland where I had lunch at a small creek. I was now in the "China camp" area, once the centre of tin and gold mining but now deserted save for a few old miners who made a living washing the gravel in the creek-beds for tin. I noticed all the gear - sluices, cradles, dishes - as I passed through. The country was now dotted with termite mounds about 5 ft. high. As the track persisted in going west I was getting

anxious as I should be bearing north; however I decided to follow it until sundown. About 5 o'clock I came upon a tin shack with a set of cattle yards. The shack consisted of one unlined room furnished with three hessian bunks. In the centre was a table and food cupboard. There was a small verandah at the front entrance. On pegs driven into the wall hung all the gear of a cattle camp - pack saddles, hobbles, harness, branding irons and two rifles. The shack was deserted. Outside on the clothes line were pegged numerous white objects. Closer inspection revealed what is known as "jerked meat". The meat is treated with coarse salt and then hung on the line to cure in the sun. I pitched camp a short distance from the dwelling and was cooking tea when the owners arrived - two young chaps and a station hand. They were very friendly and invited me over for a talk. The place was known as the "Ten Mile" and I was about six miles off course. However it was a blessing in disguise as I had travelled around the headwaters of the Bloomfield River across which I would have had to get a boat or wait for low tide and wade. It is infested with sharks and crocks.

My hosts were very interested in Paddy's "Federation" rucksack and camping gear and obtained his address from me. I was invited to breakfast and loaded up with as much jerked meat as I could carry. I found the meat, when boiled with potatoes and pumpkin, very appetising. It will keep for a long while. It is the custom on most stations to give travellers a handout of meat.

My friends directed me to the track which led to Ayton, a small village at the mouth of the Bloomfield river, 14 miles distant. The country was similar to that which I had traversed the previous day. It was quite hot walking as I was down about sea level again. I arrived at the township about 4 o'clock and stocked up with some food as the rations were getting low. All the stores are brought into Ayton by sea, a boat calling once a month. The main export is timber. The tropical fruits, pawpaws and pineapples, grow well here.

I followed the road around to the sawmill and made camp for the night in a deserted cottage at the mill. On Saturday I arose at dawn and left camp early. The road followed the river for a while. It was very pleasant walking on the sunny spring morning, the country here on the coastal fringes being flat and open. There were a lot of wild pigs and a few dingos in this area. After lunch a utility came along on its way to Cooktown and offered me a lift. The road here was just a rough track. After a few miles we came to some wild jungle country dotted with large boulders laced with fallen tree trunks and lawyer vine, the quaint umbrella palm and the wild banana bushes. On some of the large rocks one could see Aboriginal drawings, mostly outlines of the human body.

We were now in the open cattle country and stopped a while at the small township of Rossville. The local inn is appropriately named the "Lion's Den". The walls of the bar room were lined with the skins of pythons which Mine Host had killed in his fowl pen. The pythons kill the fowls by crushing their heads with one snap. After gorging, the snakes are unable to get through the wire mesh and so fall easy prey to the irate Innkeeper.

On the road once again, the Annan River was crossed. The trees

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here were of the ghost gum variety. A few miles from Cooktown is Black Mountain, an awe-inspiring heap of black granite boulders, bare except for a green bush scattered here and there. The rocks expand and contract with the changes of temperature caused by the sun setting or a cloud covering the sun. The action of contracting makes a clicking sound. The natives fear them on this account and say a Debbil-Debbil dwells there. Black Mountain is also the home of numerous rock pythons which prey on the small rock wallabies that infest the mountain

I arrived in Cooktown as the sun was setting and camped in what was once the park. It had now reverted to wilderness. There was a strong wind which blows continually for weeks on end around this time of the year. In its heyday Cooktown was quite a large town, kept going by the gold and tin that were found in the area. One can still see signs of the large Radio and Aerodrome Station that were here during the last War. The bank and hospital are two fine buildings that give a hint of its former glory. There is a fine monument to Captain Cook who landed here, also one to Kennedy, the ill-fated explorer who lost his life exploring the Peninsula.

I returned to Sydney via the Mulligan Highway, but that is another story.

8.

LETTER FROM JOAN AND BEV AT ALICE SPRINGS

C/- P.O. ALICE SPRINGS.

30th July.

Dear Everybody,

Think of us as we sit on our little tails basking in the sun writing this letter. The breeze has that Sydney spring whisper in it, however when the sun goes down at 6 o'clock this afternoon we will reach instantly for our jumpers. Although the weather is supposed to be unseasonal, it is not unpleasant at night. Of course we have had none of the black frost promised and predicted by the local bods with grim expressions; in fact, it is beginning to appear similar to the yarn "now on the Cox in April '55 me water bucket froze stiff....."

We had two extra days on the train at the expense of the Commonwealth Railways. As you would no doubt have guessed from Sydney weather forecasts we had quite an interesting trip to Adelaide and count ourselves very lucky to have been delayed only two days. The Murray Valley, of course, was impassable to everything but a helicopter and we finished up pussy-footin' through the backblocks to Bendigo and on through Bordertown to Adelaide. In addition to being experts on which type of semi had the most comfortable seats, we are going to set up an information bureau on the ailments of sheep and the impossibility of growing wheat under present conditions. Didn't dare suggest that they (the farmers) might sow a crop of rice with excellent results!

Adelaide was very disappointing to us both; it's rather a scruffy little city. (Dalai Lama please note! Ed.) I bet you couldn't guess in 1,000 years who walked up to us on an Adelaide street corner and talked for $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours solid? None other than our "silent gent in the corner" - Jim Weston! He was himself returning from spending his holidays up north and well, 2 cups of coffee and 5 buses later we were on our way northward again.

One important point worthy of mention when hitching on trailers: Don't put your pack on the back of the prime mover; somehow it doesn't seem to improve the pack when it gets "mixed up" with the trailer!

We got through to Quorn quite easily and duly picked up the train which duly took 2 days to travel 50 miles!

Quote.

Porter: We don't build bridges across the creeks that flood here. Just run a bank of dirt across and when it gets washed out we just build a new line.

Passengers, (with a wail): Whenever will we get through?

Porter (with mock concern): If more water doesn't come down maybe in a couple of days...maybe a week."

It did have its funny side and allowed us to show off at Hawker where we took a quick stroll in the Hawker hills. Being late also

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gave us a daylight view of the Flinders Range, normally passed at night. This blue range runs parallel with the railway --- wait a bit, that's unfair to old age --- the railway runs parallel with the range for some hundred odd miles and from local reports there are some very interesting spots in the ranges worthy of a visit. We learned that at the end of August square miles of country form a veritable flower garden absolutely covered with Salvation Jane (blue) and Red Hop (of course, red). All we could do, of course, was "-oo" at somebody else's slides! Sheets of flowers with the blue ranges as a backdrop would be a sight truly memorable. These ranges were really the most interesting part of the trip up; after that comes miles of flat plain with intermittent shrubs, then when Oodnadatta is about 20 miles off you cop the blinding glare off the gibber plains and these continue well beyond Oodnadatta with its tiny group of houses with the inevitable pub. Whilst the men went in for a "quickie", Joan and I walked out of town, a very quick and easy walk, and came back to the train. Then on and on over miles and miles of flat country with its patches of red and yellow sand well sprinkled with gibber stones until you were sick of the sight of it. Up on the bunks to play "Jack's grab", and then an even better and more adult game - "Animal grab" - down again and miles and miles more of flat plain until bed and the welcome dusk.

We are both anxiously waiting the return of our first films, Joan to check the results and me because I've been trying to be smart - not too smart I'm hoping - and we expect either a thumping great 20 good shots or a dazzling bunch of flops. High spirits prevail - Alice at 3 o'clock in the morning! Well, we seem to have written lots and lots, so will leave you with that to digest. Bye...

JOAN & BEV.

ANOTHER LETTER - this one from Pat and Ian who have
just heard of the Wagg-Aird Engagement

Canberra.

Dear Geoff,

What's this we hear about this 'ere decision to engage
A special combination set to last you all your days?

A floor-scrubbing, dish-washing, hot-potato-masher,
A door-closing, bread-cutting, cup-and-saucer-smasher;
A spin-drying, bean-stringing, dirt-and-dust-wiper,
A bed-making, biscuit-baking, pay-packet-swiper;
A back-warming, sock-mending, fast-efficient-cooker,
A clothes-pressing, tea-brewing, extra-good-locker;
A beth-running, nappy-changing, string-bag-jumper,
And what is more, to cap it all, a Geoff-Wagg-thumper!

.....

Dear Grace,

We hate to cast a shadow but we often pause to wonder
If the average in dream-men doesn't end up just as under:-

You'll find he is a shower-hogging, early-morning-moaner,
A Sunday-paper-snatcher, and a frosty-morning-graener;
A practised-alibier and a secretary-slayer,
A champion-putter-offer and a regular-mislayer;
A bathroom-floor-flooder and a cold-foot-putter,
A grubby-hanky-hider and a birthday-overlooker;
A doormat-misser and a drying-up-escaper,
A cake-tin-cleaner and a pudding-basin-scraper;
A saucepan-lid-lifter and a bad-bargain buyer,
A long-grass-grower and a cut-finger-cryer;
A sock-holing, baby-spoiling, leaky-tap-forgetter,
But if you thump him hard enough you're bound to make him
better!

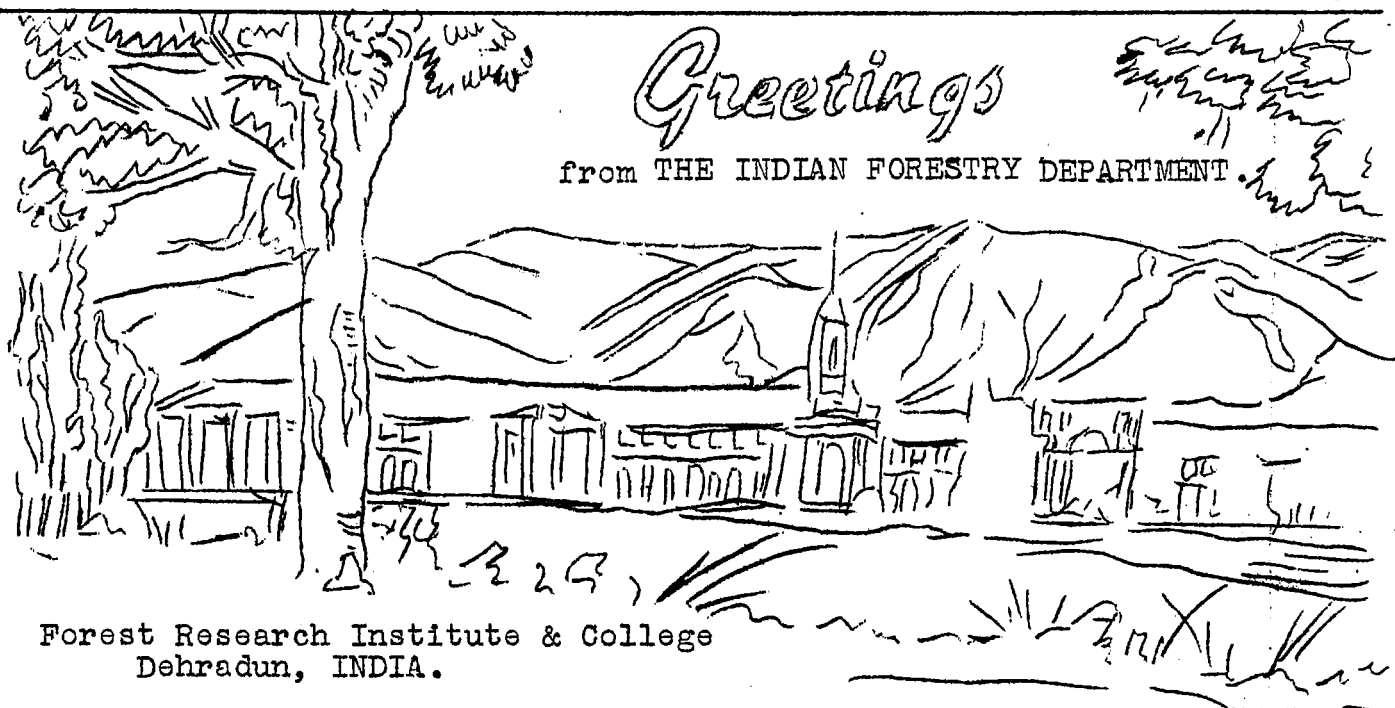
We hope we haven't made you feel you'd rather be a lone you,
For you'd miss the life-long audience you each will need to
moan to!

And moaning on your ownsome is a lonesome sort of game,
And marriage sees there'll always be "the other one" to blame!

The Woodies.

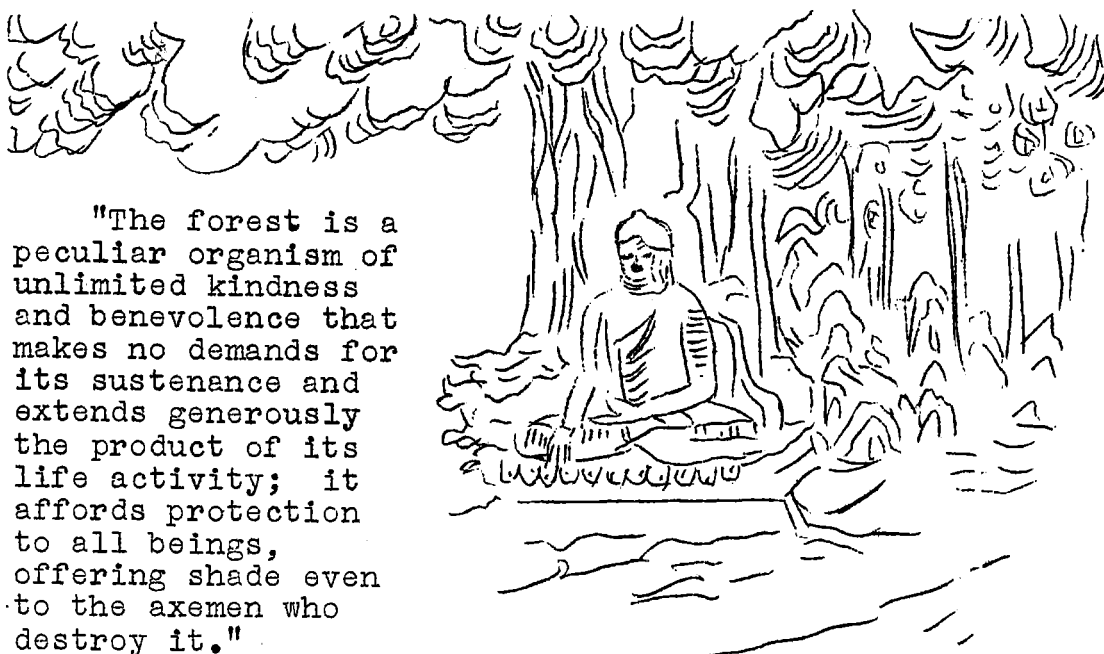
Greetings

from THE INDIAN FORESTRY DEPARTMENT



This year 1956 is the two thousand five hundredth anniversary of the death of the Buddha who taught his disciples to have love and kindness towards plants, trees, insects and animals, as well as man.

.....



"The forest is a peculiar organism of unlimited kindness and benevolence that makes no demands for its sustenance and extends generously the product of its life activity; it affords protection to all beings, offering shade even to the axemen who destroy it."

- Gautama Buddha.

- Marie Byles.

WALKS REPORT FOR JULY, 1956.

- Malcolm McGregor.

A rather mixed bag of walking this month, again; rain has hampered quite a few trips and no doubt deterred some of the walking people.

Bev. Price's caving trip drew a complete blank to start off the month. The leader is in Central Australia with Joan Walker and there was no enthusiasm amongst others in the club to set out for the cave trip. Score 0.

Sheil Binns, however, led her group successfully to St. Helena and home again. Colin Brandis, a prospective, attended and enjoyed himself although he had to catch a late train due to pressure of business. He arrived late at camp but moved in comfortably. Sheila reports that the track is overgrown and is difficult to find in places; also there have been a few landslides in Wentworth Creek but they are not hard to negotiate. Score 4 and 1.

Now, speaking about arriving at camp after dark. When there are new prospectives on a trip the leader should, if at all possible, try to camp in daylight so that our new people can become accustomed to the setting up of a camp with the help of their eyes and not just by sense of touch. We have heard that for the newcomers this camping in the dark is most difficult.

On Saturday John Noble led Grace's trip from Cowan to Edwards trig. He also reported tracks are being overgrown. "Wot, no walkers?" Score 8 and 1.

Frank Young helped the score along to 11 and 2 on Friday 13th. But the thirteenth and Friday was a bit too much; they ran out of time after leaving The Hook and set out for Medlow, but someone had moved Murphy's Track and the party had to make a new route up the cliffs.

On Saturday Mr. O.F. Gentle led the O.F. trip over Solitary (there is a small prize for those who can guess the meaning of O.F.), and look at the scoring - 17 and 5. Beautiful weather blessed the trip and Jack reports the prospectives camped well and WERE READY TO LEAVE ON TIME. (Ants, etc. please note!), but his last comment - the track is becoming overgrown.

The next three programme trips failed as no starters were in evidence. Score still 17 and 2.

Alex Colley helped on Sunday with a pleasant trip to Gonyah Bay, twelve attending to make the total 26 and 8.

Because of a sprained ankle and consequent reluctance to walk 35 miles rough, Dot Butler changed her Bungonia trip to Glenbrook Gorge (2 miles easy and 2 miles chicken feed). A bit of rock-climbing and rope work passed the time, but more of this anon. Score 30 and 10.

Jim Brown finished the month with the Blue Gum-Lockley's trip and reported everything to plan. They arrived at the Forest at 4.30 after leaving town at 12.27. Score for month 35, and 11 prospectives.



THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING will be seen to their greatest advantage on Paddy Pallin's Sunday walk on 9th September. Trains to Mt. Kuring-Gai from Central: 8.13 steam train or 759 electric train via Harbour Bridge. There will be plenty of time to admire and photograph blooms, and there are rock carvings for those interested.

SIX-HOUR WEEK-END - CORRECTION: Due to an error in preparing the Walks Programme, the walks as programmed for the week-end of 5-6-7-8 October will now be held on the week-end of 28-29-30 Sept.-1st Oct. The walks programmed for 28-29-30 Sept. will be held on the week-end of 6-7-8 October.

For your List of Members: Mr. Frank Young, 25 Culver St., RAMSGATE.

YET ANOTHER LETTER

Dear Editress,

Although you may think you know your Shakespeare, do you recognise this? -

O Editress Dear, receive my petition,
The young 'uns, of course, will howl "Sedition!"
But I think it high time we gave an audition
To the fine old stuff we call Tradition.

Here is the S.B.W. - a fine, flourishing tree, but it was not born that size - it had to be carefully tended from seedhood, and it is of those who did the tending I would write. Many of them could walk into the Club now and be quite unrecognised save by the elders, and yet it is to these that we owe the Club's existence. Not only the men, but the girls, too, played a part, one in particular. How many on any Club night would alert at the name of Vera Rankin, for a long time sitting by the Presidents taking notes of all the long and painful birth pangs of the Club.

Many would not know the names of Alan Rigby and Jack Debert, and many others - 2 towers still remain with us, Messrs. Duncan and Berry.

One way these things could be brought into focus for all to see would be to have a large album containing not only the names but the portrates of the builders of our club. It could include many of the thousand snaps of the past, making it quite a fashion parade in itself. It could show the variety of packs before they settled down to the rucksacks, the first of which was Chas. Kilpatrick's imported "Bergan."

The album could well devote a page or two to Myles Dunphy, that great architect of many other things than bricks. All his experience, gained before clubs were thought of, was handed cheerfully to the Club. And what a model of a walks leader he was - always laden with interesting information about the surroundings, and strange as it may appear now, he was always in sight - even close to the party he led, and always kept part of his mind for the tail end. The lamest duck got the pace agreeable without any noticeable emphasis, and like the rest found time to see, enjoy and absorb every mile of the trip. To-day, of course, when a week's trip is done (even absentmindedly) in a week-end, the country slips by like a runaway movie, but the lads always know what trip they are on - that is why they carry the Walks Programme.

Another great chance was missed - every Reunion should have had its group picture. (I grew tired of hammering this into the snapshotters). How interesting these would be to the present generation, then quite unpredicted but now well grown, and some even engaged in the production of new members. Also, as the Club has turned out so much human material, there should always be a group picture of the babes and sucklings and more so's.

Another important item for the album would be the programs of the many really fine concerts they gave in city halls so long ago.

And what could be remembered and written of the gay nights at the homes of various members when the S.B.W. was as much a social as a walking club. One special one - at the home of Gwen Adams (how many know that name?). It was a kind of two-story house and it swarmed with S.B.W.'s like an overturned hive!

Yes, there could be much of interest in that album, including press cuttings of the many times when our members came in conflict with the LAW!

But most important of all, I think, would be the portraits of those fine workers of the succeeding executives - all those goodies who kept the machine so well oiled.

Then there is room for many quite unique snaps of the past, ones where more longs than shorts are seen, and one priceless one taken on Chas. Kilpatrick's Bilpin trip where the lovely tawny-maned Molly Marden is shown carrying several packs while the blokes walk nonchantly carrying walking sticks. Anyone interested may see this; Brenda White has it. This was in March '28!

A call to the elders should produce a fine crop for this album. So next time there is a lull in general business this matter should get some mention and maybe that thing they call Tradition may find its feet.

- TARO.

You are invited to attend a
MEMORIAL EXHIBITION

of oils and watercolours, by the late

HARRY EDGEcombe
(Grace Noble's father)

to be opened by Mr. Stan Cross,

3 p.m., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15

PICTURES ON VIEW

3 to 9.30 p.m. Sat., 15th September
10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Sun., 16th September.

School of Arts, BEECROFT ROAD, BEECROFT.

Enquiries: Mrs. G.H. Edgecombe, 7 Oakleigh Av., Thornleigh.

AFTER SEVENTEEN YEARS

- Edna Garrad.

Over the years I have had some very happy holidays with Marian and Harry Ellis - more particularly in Tasmania and Victoria. This year, however, we proved that to revisit haunts nearer home can be equally enjoyable.

Easter on the Dogs had been rather a horror. Rain, mist and leeches. Our holidays started the following Friday and we altered our original plans and decided on a week at Carlons - no wet tents, no leeches - and if we had to walk in the rain every day, at least we had a dry spot to return to! It was a great success. The weather was perfect - sunny days with just the right walking temperature. After the rains all the falls were grand, and every creek had its frequent delightful vistas. Upper Breakfast Creek, Galong, Megalong, etc. were all revisited and we had long leisurely lunch times, usually with a dip in the bracing creeks and a thaw out in the sun. We would return in the evening to Mrs. Carlon's famous and filling dinners. I particularly remember the lower part of Megalong Creek with the water pouring over the masses of pink granite in falls and cascades. The Cox at this point was tumultuous. Coming home over the paddocks that night all the well-known tops stood out against a clear blue sky, and it was all very satisfying.

On the following Saturday Bert Carlon drove us out to Kanangra where it was planned we would spend a few days with a set camp and Harry would do a lot of colour photography. The further the car travelled the worse the prospects became; great heavy clouds which looked full of snow, and a biting wind. We decided to camp in the cave above the track leading to the Plateau and this proved a very good move. That night we had a very violent rain, wind and thunder storm, but were quite sheltered. The lightning was in blue-green sheets and we were very glad that our little tents were not standing the strain of the deluge. It rained all next morning and we were beginning to become apprehensive and visualise walking back to Jenolan when it cleared. The wind, however, was terrific and it continued all the week. It was hard to retain your balance on the tops and we were continually buffeted. The visibility was wonderful - clear and cold - but it was not good weather for photography. The Falls were exceptionally lovely and we had a pleasant wander up the river above the falls. We decided to leave on the Tuesday morning and got an early start. (Marion and I suspected that Harry wondered how we would make out with fairly heavy packs on the Gangerangs). It was tough going in the wind but we made the 100-man cave by 1.45 p.m., which we thought not bad going. This cave-dwelling was a very pleasant experience - more particularly as we were so sheltered, and it was good to look out to the starry sky. When we used our tents again it was quite dull!

Next morning we enjoyed the Tiwilla Tops, and then came Compagnoni's Pass, which I did not enjoy. The narrow track was very wet and everything I touched came away in my hand. I quite expected to finish in the depths of the valley below - a mangled mass! As we struggled down I wondered if the pass had deteriorated badly - or

did the trouble lie in the 17 years since I last walked this route? On the previous occasion by coincidence we followed the Compagnoni brothers up the pass - they were just ahead of us - and although glad to have their footmarks to guide us I don't remember that there was any particular difficulty. Time marches on!

The walk down the Tiwilla ridge was grand but we were somewhat nonplussed when we saw the Kowmung. It was a brown raging torrent and we hated to think what the Cox must be like. It was decided to try to cross and go out through Burragorang. It was now 5 p.m. and you can imagine how cold the water was. Harry went across to test the depth - choosing a spot where it was relatively quiet and not too much depth or drag in the river - and the water was up to his armpits! Not wishing to risk any damage to photographic gear he finally carried his own and our packs over on his shoulder - making four trips in all in the icy water. Marion and I went over hand in hand - the water up to Marion's neck even when she walked on her toes! It was interesting to see that one of the boys' schools had taken over "Branjan" for their walking club. Very enterprising.

The Cox for the half day after we joined it was a horror. Banks scoured out by the river, road washed away, bridge washed away, no trees (except the ones which had been felled and were a frightful pest to climb over), dust everywhere, weeds head high where there had been cultivations, etc. Then in the evening light whilst we were vainly trying to find a pleasant place to camp, Marion and I were scared by a bull. Harry was a long way ahead out of sight and this huge animal started bellowing and pawing the ground and making towards us. Marion, who is country born, was saying "Never run from a bull, Ed," and at the same time going for her life trying to find a place to slide down the embankment to the river! Needless to say we did find a place and I am happy to say the bull lost its interest and I did not have to plunge into the river - which I was quite prepared to do.

That night we might just as well have been camping in the Sahara. The wind was still strong and blowing the sand and dust everywhere. The tents blew down as soon as they were erected and had to be given a lot a special attention. The food was seasoned with sand. However we did sleep.

Fortunately next morning after an hour or so going through weeds over Harry's head, blackberry bushes, etc., we came to some workmen rebuilding the road, and from there on all was well. It was very exasperating because on the opposite bank the farms still appeared to be occupied and do doubt the going would have been more normal.

When we got on to the Wollondilly it was just as lovely as we always remembered it, and we proceeded home with vivid memories of the wide river, fine trees, cliff faces and the heavenly blue sky - ready as always to forget the small difficulties and unpleasant moments which, after all, contribute to the making of a happy holiday.

HEY, HELL AND ? (Could it be Duncan?)

- Monica 2.

I've just been to Kossi, and it was beaut - lots and lots of snow, blue skies, sunshine, fun and trouble.

On the way down we ran into a bit of bother in the shape of fog and hoar frost which froze the windscreen solid and reduced visibility to the minimum. Every few miles Bob had to get out and chip the ice off his side of the windscreen so he could see for at least a few miles more. Finally he gave up and for the last 50 miles to Cooma he drove with his head (with the "Yak" hat in No.5 position) stuck out of the window.

From Cooma up to Smiggins the sun shone and the breeze breezed and all was bright and gay. But trouble wasn't far away and it came in the shape of a hitching girl and a broken-down bus. Bob pulled up with a scream of brakes!! and jumped out to see what was wrong. The startled occupants from the bus scattered to the four winds - they evidently had never seen a "Duncan" dressed in a Yak suit and with a day's growth on face.

Half an hour later we started off again loaded down to the gunwhales with two Chalet types. A few miles further along the car started to make queer clanging noises so we stopped hurriedly. Eeek!! the fan was kaput, the engine was boiling and we were in danger of blowing up! An hour later we got going again and eventually made Smiggins where we met the rest of the mob.

The ride up in the Snowmobile was as eventful as usual, with the mobile going hippity hop over the small bumps and tottering to the top of big ones, then taking a head-first dive and landing with a bump which makes you think that all your birthdays have come at once. We were dumped off at the road and climbed on to skis and into packs for the long climb to the hut. I started off first as I had no climbing skins and skidded the first hundred yards on the seat of my pants till I came to a flat bit and managed to get to my feet. About half way up the hill I heard a loud skidding sound and as I wasn't moving at the time was concluding that it must be someone else when a voice said, "Hullo love. I'll take your pack," and there was a tall handsome bearded skier, namely Mr. Schafer. All arrived at the hut for lunch except Bob who had taken the car back to the Hotel to bed it down for the fortnight.

The days after that all run together, punctuated by memories of climbs to Cooma Hut and the Perisher Tow, excursions to Guthega and days when we just played around the valley. All these doings were nicely timed to coincide with meals which were large and delightfully often. Tuesday of the second week saw us climbing Mt. Duncan with Mr. Duncan as the intrepid leader. We did take an offering to the gods, but I don't think that they could have liked Marcelle's scones for that night we got a blizzard. However, it did not blizzard so hard that we could not go to a party at Warragang the following night. The party was to celebrate Bob Strizek's (the snowmobile driver) birthday. He told us after that it was the best birthday that he had

ever had and we agreed heartily and only wished that it had been ours. I was the only non-drinker in the party and drank Coco Cola while the others had a variety of things from Punch to Vodka. Surprisingly enough though, it was I who had the hangover the following day. Whatever we did drink, however, had the desired effect for we skied the mile home in just over 10 minutes. The following morning this verse appeared in the Trips Book of the hut:-

There was a young skier named Duncan
 Staggered home from Warragang drunken,
 As he fell on his bed
 In low tones he said,
 "Never, never no more double-bunken!"

Saturday morning we were up early and left the hut by 9 o'clock. At Smiggins we found that the road was closed at the Hotel, so we had to ski down. Ugg! Five miles to the Hotel but it felt like fifty! Two hours later we arrived there to find that Bob had nearly dug the car out. The engine was behaving itself but didn't seem to want to go for very long. Then we discovered that the exhaust was completely blocked with ice, and spent the next two hours trying to free it.

Finally we got to Cooma and stopped for a meal. The people in the cafe must have had a bit of a shock when we walked in, Bob capering about in his "skin of a sacred pie-eyed wombat" and a pair of socks, and Marcelle and I looking very elegant in baggy ski pants, damp windjackets and our climbing skins wound around our waists. But the meal was super.

One thing about going to Kossi, you appreciate home when you get back.

FEDERATION REPORT, AUGUST

- Brian Harvey

The President, Mr. Norman Allen, was in the chair and 20 delegates were present.

BUSHFIRE FIGHTING ORGANISATION: It was resolved to circularise Federated clubs requesting names, addresses and telephone numbers of walkers willing to volunteer for bushfire fighting in the Royal National-Park-Heathcote area. With the heavy growth following the rains, fire danger is expected to be high in the coming summer months.

RANGER PATROLS: It also was resolved to ask for volunteers to patrol the Royal National Park at week-ends to spread Fire Safety propaganda, to check dangerous cooking fires, and assist in fire spotting and fire patrol generally.

NARROW NECK: A diversionary track to Clear Hill over Bushwalkers Hill is reported to have been blazed and working parties are required to make a permanent track.

FEDERATION BALL: Walkers are reminded that this will be held at Hotel Australia on Sat., 6th Oct. Early bookings will be necessary with Club Social Secretaries as the number of tickets is limited.



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