

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER.

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to the Sydney Bush Walkers,
The N.S.W. Nurses' Association Rooms, "Northcote Building",
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PHOBIAS.

- Kath McKay.

O Walkers, as you go through life
You'll find that phobias are rife.
Phobia this and phobia that,
Fear of dog and fear of cat;
Androphobia - fear of men;
Tridekaphobia - fear of ten
and three, that is to say, thirteen;
Nudiphobia - being seen
In the muddy (or the nude)
By some pert and peeking prude;
Gamophobia - fear of marriage
(A phobia we all disparage.)
Walkers, novice or old buffer,
Very very seldom suffer
Gynephobia - craven feah
Of girls, the Weaker Sex (oh yeah?)
And so far we have not observed
That Lalophobia has unnerved
Those walkers who some fame are seeking
By not infrequent Public Speaking;
Nor do the horrid fear of heights
(Bathophobia) or dark nights
(Scotophobia) seem to trouble you,
Happy, carefree S.B.W.!
But of two phobias beware,
Avoid them with the utmost care:
Ergasiophobia - fear of work,
(Although we're sure you never shirk)
And lastly, (this is sure to sobia)
Fear of walking - BASIPHOBIA.

SOCIAL DOINGS.

- Pm Baker.

- MAY 17TH Roy Craggs is showing some of his slides of New Guinea. All those folk disappointed by the cancellation of the Kokoda Trail trip can now do the journey in the comfort of their padded chairs.
- " 24TH The Harvey's have been to Lord Howe Island often enough to be classed as residents. Last year they went with the Ashdowns. You can see what makes this Isle so appealing when they bring along their slide collection (censored).
- " 31ST Just the night to talk about your trip for the long weekend.
- JUNE 21ST John Bookluck: "Faraway Places".

AT OUR APRIL MEETING.

- Alex Colley.

The meeting opened soon after 8 with our newly elected President in the chair. In business arising from the last meeting we learned that Paul Barnes had accepted his election as Federation delegate, and that a "team" of lecturers had been organised to instruct the Narwee Boy Scouts in Bushwalking.

In correspondence was a letter offering hospitalisation and 24-hour nursing service for any alcoholics in need of it. An alcoholic specialist would be in attendance. A query as to whether the letter was correctly addressed evoked the reply that there could be no doubt about it coming to the right address.

Our Social Secretary said that 190, including 59 children, had attended the Reunion and our thanks were due to Malcolm McGregor and his entertainers for organising such an enjoyable camp fire.

The Walks Secretary (Wilf Hilder) told us that 230 had signed the visitors' book at the Federation Reunion. The Yalwal walk had been cancelled because of transport difficulties, but 14 prospectives and 9 members had attended the Instructional Weekend, and nine more had turned up at Burning Palms on Jim Brown's Sunday walk. Eighteen members had been on the official Easter walk to the Castle, and had a most enjoyable 4 days with marvellous views from the Castle. Nine had gone on Gordon Redman's walk from Kanangra, David Ingram led a walk around Brindabella, and another party started from Currockbilly.

The meeting then discussed the date of the Federation Reunion, which is poorly attended by S.B.W. members because it is so close to our own. No solution was found to this old problem, but the difficulty will not arise next year because Easter is later. Frank Ashdown then inquired how the S.B.W. came to be committed to build the camp fire at the Reunion, and Federation delegate "Snow" Brown informed the meeting that the S.B.W. was only supposed to see that the fire was put together, all clubs had been expected to assist in getting wood.

Brian Harvey informed us that there were 12 cars at Medlow Gap at Easter, and another had been sighted along the Gingera Range. He appealed for slides suitable for an N.P.A. Christmas Card.

Brian also moved that we obtain a case for the Club projector and this was approved. He told us too that our club room is to be airconditioned next summer.

A motion by Brian that Colin Putt be asked to carry a small S.B.W. pennant on his expedition to Mount Carstensz (Dutch New Guinea) and place same on top thereof when he gets there, was carried.

A motion by Wilf Hilder that the Committee investigate the cost and design of a cloth badge suitable for affixing to packs, jackets, etc. was less successful. The motion was lost, after a short debate.

Heather Joyce told us that both the spelio and rock climbing societies were doing research into the suitability of nylon rope for climbing purposes. Heather also thanks volunteers who had offered to come out on the search the previous weekend.

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The meeting closed with the election of Bob Godfrey, Gladys Roberts, Brian Harvey and Alex Colley as room stewards.

THE DUNCAN -

Robert has arrived in the U.S.

- is living in truly alpine conditions, temperatures below zero every night, and is very grateful for the gift jumper given by the S.B.W.
 - isn't buying a car yet, but is making do with a pushbike as the town is only a couple of miles across. (This makes him a 3rd grade citizen of the car conscious U.S.).
 - has dined out on roast chicken nearly every night - the people are most hospitable.
 - has a desk at the University and another at the National Bureau of Standards. When he isn't at the Univ. they presume he is at the N.B.S. and when he isn't at the N.B.S. they presume he is at the Univ. whereas in reality he is out ski-ing. (So says the Duncan, but knowing what a conscientious bloke he is we can take that with a grain of salt.)
- Ski-ing is just at the back door, so he's doing plenty. Wherever the slopes level out you find a hot-dog stand, doing a roaring trade.
- finds the mountains rather like the N.Z. ones, rugged and broken, but hasn't yet been to the highest range.

SIX FEET UNDER

or

IT WAS ALL THE SNOW'S FAULT.

- Ron Knightley.

The wanderings of our Bull Moose in last December's "Bushwalker" were, but definitely, his wanderings. Just like a charlie I knew at Callan Park - he was wandering.

Take the statement: "And then at last Blizzardly Cold Canada, the land of the lumberjacks, bull mooses and Buckley's Canadiol Mixture. I reckon it's a lot of propaganda. I don't see any ice or snow....."

I'll agree with him about the Buckley's, and I guess he would know about Mooses. But about the ice and snow? Now, when I was there . . .

At 9.30 p.m. local time, we took off from London in our DC8 jetliner and, after a 3,200 mile non-stop flight, landed at Montreal at 11.30 p.m. This might sound like a two-hour flight but if it was, it was the fastest bit of self-inflicted wounds I've ever indulged in.

As I was travelling first class (at someone else's expense) I was smartly served with a free snack - hors d'oeuvres, smoked salmon, plus half a duckling washed down with champagne, hock, burgundy, cointreau and drambuie. The rest of the passengers settled down for a snooze, but my English companion suggested, "Another noggin or two, up in the bar-lounge".

With all other passengers snoozing, Frank and I found ourselves with two stewards and a hostess answering our every beck and call. In no time, they became just plain Bill, Jock and Hannaloray (whew! some name - and a chassis to match). As they soon got tired of answering our becks and calls, they removed the bottles from the bar and placed them on the table before us.

After we had convinced them that they were dealing with two VIP's travelling incognito to terra incognita, we were taken up front for a yarn to the crew. Here, we learnt that we were cruising at 35,000 feet, at a speed of Mach 0.8, using up our fuel at a rate of 4lbs. per second, and were (at the time of asking) just 13 miles south of the tip of Greenland. No moon - just pitch dark down below. Curses.

Onwards over Labrador, to our touchdown at Montreal. The ground was covered with a foot of crunchy snow, and twenty-foot icicles hung from the eaves of the taller buildings. Nerts to all bull mooses.

A Canadian, by the name of John, awaited us. "My house is just down the end of the runway a couple of miles, you know. Perhaps a quick rye on the way to your hotel?"

Much later I reached my hotel room and bed. When I awoke next morning I was proper topsy-turvy, biologically speaking, and on doing a count down on the previous day, I found that I had been twenty-four and a half hours between getting out of bed in London and getting into it again in Montreal. Local times can certainly be treacherous at Mach 0.8.

As I lay in bed in my heated room listening to the wireless, the announcer preluded every comment with "The time in down-town Montreal is now..., and the temperature is four degrees above". What was noteworthy in that? We'd had it much lower in London. But I found that there was just one trap - he wasn't referring to freezing point at all: he meant Fahrenheit zero. How about that, Bull Moose? (Wait for it - we haven't had the cold snap, yet.)

The next day again, John and I flew off towards Newfoundland. At 9,000 feet we flew over a thousand miles of Canadian countryside, including some Appalachian trails country, and every single inch was completely plastered in stark, white, virgin snow. Still with me, Bull Moose?

At one touchdown en route, you'd have thought we were nearing Reiby Place, except for the ice and snow around us. The sign on the airport said, "SYDNEY".

Just after dark we landed at Stephenville, Newfoundland - snow drifting down, snow-blowers scotting up and down the runways and icicles hanging from the noses of the ground crew. We then had a 50-mile taxi ride to our destination - fifty miles of hard, black ice in between six-foot walls of snow, leading us to Cornerbrook, a lumber and paper port.

Next day, we wished to visit an installation on the other side of the port - about three miles across the bay, or fifteen miles round by road.

"It's a pretty rugged road, even for these parts", said John. "We could walk across the sea ice, but I guess it would be warmer in a taxi".

The taxi suggestion might be heresy to a true-blue bushwalker; but me - I had visions of becoming really true-blue, so I gave the famous Shavian reply of,

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"Not bloody likely - I'll take a taxi".

After three days of motoring, inspecting and snow-shoeing in this snow-bound, pine-covered country it was time to return to Montreal, for I had booked in at a club house in the Laurentians for a weekend's skiing.

On trying to book a taxi to take us back to Stephenville next morning, the proprietor said, "Naw, sirr. Road between here and Stephenville's six feet under and the way it's blowing and snowing right now it'll be worse by morning. There was a load of fellers left Stephenville for here this afternoon and they've just disappeared. We'll find 'em when the blizzard blows out, I guess - holed up in some log cabin".

We rang through to the airport to report ourselves missing for the morrow's flight, only to receive the reply, "Don't worry sir. Rate this stuff's coming down, there'll be no planes out of here for days". Visions of skiing in the Laurentians began to fade a little.

After some research, we discovered that Canadian National Railways had a slogan: "Nothing stops us; not even snow drifts or mooses". There was a train due to leave next morning and, at the township of Stephenville Crossing, it would pass within 12 miles of the airport.

Promptly at 6.15 a.m. we battled through the snowdrifts to the station. Pitch blackness and screaming winds, with unseen snowflakes driving against our numb faces; the temperature a mere ten below (zero, of course).

We did not have to wait very long before a great choofing and chawing brought us all scrambling out of the waiting room. False alarm; it was merely an 80-ton snow plough.

"Where's the train?" we yelled.

"Durno. But it better be right behind us, the rate this stuff's blowin' back in again."

Just after dawn, the green and gold colours of C.N.R. came along the track and we were soon rattling along behind the plough. Perhaps I shouldn't say "rattling"; it was a really smooth train; quite the smoothest I have ever ridden in. But, then it was only doing Mach 0.01 with little more than 100 yards between stops.

By mid morning we made it to Stephenville Crossing - just two hours behind schedule.

"Where can we get a taxi?" we asked a shivering porter.

"Round the bend", he said in a tone of voice which left us wondering whether he meant the taxi or us. Undaunted, we picked up our suitcases and battled down the road and "round the bend" to the taxi rank. Could we get a taxi to the airport?

"Taxi to airport? Ho, ho, ho! We can't even drive down Main Street." All visions of my skiing weekend in the Laurentians faded away. We could do nothing but retreat to the local pub; I needn't describe it, because you've all seen a replica - at Jindabyne.

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	CARLON'S FARM	10/-	"	" " " "

WE WILL BE PLEASED TO QUOTE TRIPS OR SPECIAL PARTIES ON
APPLICATION

At 4 p.m., the taxi driver dug us out, and we drove off towards the airport behind a snow-blower, and by 1 a.m. Sunday we were back in Montreal in a crisp, clear four below.

Later on Sunday morning, determined not to miss out completely on the ski grounds, I caught a bus along the turnpike to Ste. Agathe. The sky was clear, the snow was crisp and the temperature a biting ten below.

Now, I'll tell you just one thing about skiing in Canada - it's got everything. Just every goddam thing. Loud speakers; candy bars; juke boxes; T-bars by the score; hot-dog stalls; mounties; thousands of dozens of skiers over, under and around one another; skaters likewise; tobogganists ditto; horse-sleighs aplenty; and automobiles tearing around with skiers hanging on behind. I can, I saw and I turned tail and ran.

So ended the lesson on skiing. In the next four days in Montreal, the temperature never once came above zero. And then at last, when we touched down at Gander on the flight back to London the temperature was - twenty-five below. Zero, of course.

You know, my trip to Canada has left me with just one big impression: that Moose was bullin'.

N.P.A. OUTINGS.CUDMIRRAH FAUNAL RESERVE, NO.7.

(From Bulletin No.23)

"Cudmirrah" is one of the Fauna Protection Panel's twentyone (others pending) Faunal Reserves. It is only about 310 acres in area, but it is situated between the Conjola State Forest and the seaboard with Barrara Creek as its northern boundary and another smaller creek just north of Red Head as its southern boundary. The Panel has spent over seven hundred pounds in the last twelve months in providing a shelter shed (with water tank ... water is a rare commodity on this coastline), fireplaces and signs.

Faunal Reserves are for the preservation, care, propagation and study of fauna. They seek to preserve habitat as the chief component of fauna conservation. "Cudmirrah" with its proximity to the sea with beaches and lagoons for swimming and fishing, presents a first-class problem to the principle of the Faunal Reserve. However, we plan to concentrate camping at the southern end of the Reserve and hope to influence visitors to the area to conceive the idea of holding natural areas for fauna. This requires staffing. We will never be able to provide sufficient staff to look after staffing. We will never be able to provide sufficient staff to look after "Cudmirrah" all the time; but we could provide supervision at holiday times and some weekends, if we could secure the manpower. We would also "fill in" by using Honorary and Ex-officio Rangers on an "out-of-pocket" basis.

If you are interested in our propositions, then lend a hand to achieve them. The first step is to visit the Cudmirrah Faunal Reserve, No.7, either on our official activity or "freelance".

JUNE 10-11-12: Queen's Birthday Weekend. CUDMIRRAH FAUNAL RESERVE, No.7.How to get to Cudmirrah:

Follow Princes Highway south from Nowra. A little south of the Sussex Inlet turnoff (and between 25m to 26m from Nowra) is the Red Head Turnoff on the left. A fingerboard says "To Cudmirrah Faunal Reserve", along the Red Head Road. Follow the Red Head Road for three miles (approx.) to a fingerboard which points to left (north) indicating route to Cudmirrah Faunal Reserve". (Red Head Road continues straight ahead - east).

At approximately four miles there is another fingerboard "To Cudmirrah Faunal Reserve" and a large notice indicating the existence of the Reserve. Continue northward and then generally easterly to Shelter Shed and fireplaces, about 1 mile.

PLEASE DO NOT CAMP WITHIN FIFTY FEET OF SHELTER SHED AND ASK OTHERS NOT TO DO SO.

ALL ENQUIRIES: Len Fall: JA5959. 81 Hampden Road, Artarmon.

NEXT MEETING OF N.P.A. - MONDAY, JUNE 19TH, 1961.

In the large hall G.U.O.O.F., 149 Castlereagh Street, Sydney - 7th Floor.
Your opportunity to discuss our work - make a note now to come along.

Letter to the Editor.

Dear Sir,

re Satellites.

Manned satellites at present are headline news, but far removed from bush-walking interests. However, there is one manned satellite which is, or should be, of importance to the Sydney Bushies - the "Satellite" Cafe in Pitt Street opposite Reiby Place - where they gather after meetings and social nights to natter, plan trips, drink expresso coffees or milk-shakes.

When at the "Ingersoll Hall" clubrooms, it was the practice of many to repair to the "Granada" Espresso Bar in Oxford Street - an establishment which remained open until mid-night to cater for the general public, and to which we were not under any obligation.

Upon moving to our present clubroom, arrangements were made with the then proprietor of the "Satellite" to specially re-open about 9.45 for the sole convenience of our members. This cafe normally closes at 8 p.m. and this re-opening entails overtime rates of pay. Mr. Paulos tells me, and I have confirmed by observation, that there has been a falling-off in patronage of late which, if allowed to continue, may have dire consequences.

This is not a free advertisement for Mr. Paulos. It is a plain warning to the Bushies to realise and appreciate that the "Satellite" has, over the past two years, become almost an inseparable part of the social life of the club - something I don't wish to see torpedoed. The service rendered is a wonderful advantage to our Social Secretary and her offsidiers, who would, in similar circumstances in many other clubs, be expected to put on tea and coffee every evening at the conclusion of the club evenings. It is therefore up to members to give the cafe the support it deserves - or else!!

A handful of members has become regular Wednesday night patrons for dinner - a practice which could well be adopted by others and so add to the social side of club life, particularly for those who do not get away walking as much as they'd like. There is the added advantage that we are able to converse with and actually see our friends in the electric light - instead of being plunged into anti-social darkness on most evenings of the month in the club-room, or sit like stuffed shirts through the general meetings in regimented silence.

Our fifth Object is the promotion of social activity - let's uphold it.

Yours faithfully,
Brian G. Harvey.

Extract from letter from Ron Knightley:

"The Knightley's have been having rather a quiet time of it, over the winter months, but are looking forward to spending Easter in the Peak District of Derbyshire with Bimmsie and the Reads. We had them out here for a weekend recently, along with Dorothy Bridgen. Naturally the kodachromes covered everything from Scotland to Yugoslavia, but the Knightley's modest contribution didn't seem to get any further than the shops along Knightsbridge.... I've had a bit of variety, really - ten days in Canada during January, and a week in Scotland this month..... Coming home we must have got lost, because we travelled from Oban on Scotland's west coast, via Edinburgh, the Lakes District and a couple of hours at Liverpool University looking at cyclotrons!"

DAY WALKS.

MAY 21ST Cowan - Edwards Trig. - Cliff Trig. - Elanora Bluffs - Cowan.
11 Miles.
Some ups and downs on this one and a few scratchy patches of scrub.
There should be opportunity for map reading.
Train: 8.40 a.m. from Central Electric Station to Hornsby via Bridge.
CHANGE AT HORNSBY for Cowan.
Tickets: Cowan via Bridge @ about 6/3 return.
Maps: Hawkesbury River Tourist and Borken Bay Military.
Leader: Jack Perry.

MAY 28TH Cronulla - ferry to Bundeena - Marley - Wattamolla - Garie - bus to Waterfall.
12 miles.
Scratchy coastal scrub in parts, but some lovely moorland and coastal scenery. Note the early start which is necessary to catch 9.0 a.m. ferry from Cronulla to Bundeena.
Train: 7.50 a.m. Electric train Central to Cronulla.
Tickets: Cronulla Return. Total fares, train, launch and bus about 10/-.
Maps: Port Hacking Tourist or Military.
Leader: Hilda Vines.

JUNE 4TH Pymble - bus to Warrimoo Road - Cowan Creek - Ryland Trig. - Bare Creek - St. Ives.
12 miles.
In this area, Cowan Creek is an unspoilt freshwater stream. Bare Creek does not live up to it's name - gaiters or slacks recommended.
Train: 8.10 a.m. Electric Central to Pymble via Bridge.
8.46 a.m. bus Pymble to Warrimoo Road.
Tickets: Pymble Return @ 4/3 plus 2/- return bus fare.
Map: Broken Bay Military.
Leader: Jack Perry.

NEW GUINEA ADVENTURE.

- "Mumbedah".

It is difficult to visualise Colin Putt sallying forth on a long trip without his trusty "Puttmobile", but even this vehicle has its limitations, for it has never been known to become airborne for more than a few seconds (on the roughest roads in the State) nor to become completely amphibious beyond fording a few doubtful crossings of lesser streams. Colin, however, we are pleased to say, has no such limitations for soon he will have to become airborne and cross some unknown rivers.

About 5th June he putts off for Netherlands New Guinea, and with five colleagues from the New Zealand Alpine Club will make an attempt to climb Mt. Carstensz, a 16,500 footer, the top 3,000 being composed of glaciers and snow. They will fly from Sydney to Hollandia, where their gear and supplies, mostly from New Zealand, will be repacked into smaller packages covered with plastic (I.C.I. of course!) and hessian for air drops.

Colin has been chosen leader of the expedition, and has put in a tremendous lot of work in the organisation of visas, transport etc. as well as choosing suitable

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minutes "Snack-on-the-Track". Figs Raisins Glace
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13 HUNTER ST. SYDNEY. BW1725.

gear - from steaming jungle to bitter perpetual snow conditions.

The party will carry with them the pennants of the New Zealand Alpine Club and The Sydney Bush Walkers - and Colin has promised to implant these on the highest peak and photograph them in Kodachrome just to prove it! We are indebted to Mrs. Betty Baker, one of our ex-members, for running up the pennant on her machine - out of nylon for lightness, the green letters S B W being embroidered on a gold back ground, with a white edging. There will be an official presentation of the pennant to Colin in our Club room, when we will be able to personally wish him good luck.

The only other Club member who has been to this height is Marie Byles, who believes she reached about 18,000 feet in the mountains on the Tibetan border, according to an aneroid barometer borrowed from a local mission station.

On behalf of those members and readers who will not be able to join in personally wishing Colin and his party every success, we convey to Colin their highest hopes for his conquest of the peak and a safe and happy return.

The following official details are printed by courtesy of the
Australasian 1961 New Guinea Expedition. ... (Ed.)

Objects of the Exploration are (1) to explore and map an unexplored section of Dutch New Guinea; (2) to make a geological survey of the area; (3) to collect botanical specimens in the area for chemical and botanical investigation; (4) to

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investigate the possibility of fossil remains in the area; (5) to investigate the apparent underground disappearance of huge glaciers in the area; (6) to climb the permanently ice-covered Carstensz Mountains.

Members of the Expedition:

Leader: Colin Putt, of Sydney, a chemical engineer, Australian Section Secretary of the N.Z. Alpine Club.

Deputy-Leader: Philip Temple, a public relations officer, of Christchurch, N.Z.

Lyn Crawford, professional alpine guide at Mt. Cook, N.Z. returned from expedition to Andes in 1960.

David Cooper, of Auckland, N.Z., an industrial chemist; a food and supply expert, has climbed and explored many lonely areas of N.Z. Alps.

Tim Barfoot, of Auckland, N.Z., an estate agent; has partnered Cooper on many N.Z. Alps climbs.

Duncan Dow, resident Government Geologist at Wau, New Guinea; has made many mountain surveys of little explored sections of Australian New Guinea.

The expedition will meet in Sydney with the exception of Dow, who is in Wau New Guinea.

The five Sydney and N.Z. members will fly to Lae where Dow will meet them on June 6 and then fly to Hollandia, capital of Dutch New Guinea.

Stores and equipment are being shipped direct to Hollandia to be available when the expedition arrives.

Small single engine aircraft, probably Cessnas, will ferry the party and equipment, altogether weighing a total of approximately one and a half tons, to a small mission station and airstrip in the Ilaga Valley, approximately 130 miles south of the northern coast of New Guinea.

Using Ilaga station as a base the party will fly in by Cessnas its food and equipment, weighing about three-quarters of a ton, to the expedition area in the Carstensz Mountains, named after the Dutch explorer Jan Carstensz, who first sighted them in 1623. Highest peak in the mountains is 16,503 feet high.

The party hopes to find two or three comparatively level pieces of ground, and drop their equipment on to these without parachutes from about 15 feet.

At Ilaga the party will hire a train of about 15 natives and walk the 60 miles through unmapped country to the Carstensz Mountains. This is expected to take a week. The expedition will leave the natives about the 10,000 to 15,000 feet level to return to the Valley as the cold prevents the natives operating above this level.

The mountain area in which the party will climb is shaped like a horseshoe and it hopes to make its base in the middle so it can reach any sections of the mountains in the shortest time.

PADDY MADE

ON KEEPING WARM -

Whilst musing through a train window on a wet cold morning in May my thoughts, naturally enough, turned to methods of keeping warm in similar conditions, perhaps somewhere between Kanangra and the Cox.

Fueling up the body with plenty of good tucker and moving at a brisk pace is O.K. but how to conserve that precious heat.

Emulate Tibetan monks who are reputed to be able to keep warm by sheer will power? Sounds a dubious method to the likes of me. Just have to resort to insulation, that's pretty well proven. Now what's in stock at the shop to answer that one?

FEET - A pair of those Norwegian greasy wool socks will certainly do the trick. Pretty reasonable too at about 15/- a pair. Or perhaps a knee length pair in the same wool would be better still. A sock like that has always been hard to get, they'll be good to have this winter. 24/9 a pair.

STRING SINGLETs, can't miss out on these, they're absolutely amazing. 21/- and 30/-.

That **GREASY WOOL JUMPER** from Norway I bought last year is a beauty. It would solve the problem for anyone for less than a fiver. Certain to be popular this year.

BALACLAVA, cum cap or Commando type beret, a very versatile piece of head gear that will be handy in an icy westerly on Kanangra at 21/- a gift.

On top of all this I'll need to keep dry. What better than a dependable Kiwi type **OILSKIN PARKA** at £6.15.0.

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The N.Z. Alpine Club, of which Sir Edmund Hillary is a member, has given its support to the expedition but is not sponsoring it.

The expedition will spend about five weeks in the area.

It hopes it may be possible to clear a small landing strip so that the party will be able to fly out directly from the Carstensz Mountains. If this is possible it will give them more than a week longer to explore the area.

The area receives up to 50 feet of rain a year on the southern slopes - or 600 inches a year.

The expedition will be in the area during the "dry" season when it receives approximately only 2 feet of rain a month.

The nearest known native villages in the area are in the Ilaga Valley from which the expedition will set out.

The expedition has been unable to find any reports of natives living in the area it will explore.

The expedition will carry a two-way morse radio to keep in contact with Ilaga mission.

It expects the area to be rich in fossil remains because of its known limestone formations.

The expedition is also interested in the disappearance of huge glaciers in the mountainous area. The glaciers apparently disappear into huge underground limestone caves as there are no signs of rivers in the area where the glaciers disappear.

The only other people known to have reached close to the expedition area are three Dutch explorers who climbed one of the peaks in the Carstensz Mountains in 1936. The Dutch party made the climb from the southern side of the ranges while the Australasian expedition will climb from the north side.

Leader of the expedition Colin Putt, of Waitara, Sydney, has already written to one of the Dutch climbers, Wissel, and studied his reports on the area made 25 years ago."

FEDERATION REUNION.

- "Taro".

Once again the Federation Reune has been and gone. This time with perfect weather - remember last time, huddled under oilys, watching showers trying to spit the fire out, while all the singers and talkers fought the wild windy bass of the surf and lost, and then battled through boggy ground to tenty homes.

This time we had a clear calm night, The Milky Way - the cream of the sky - never so dazzling. The glass stayed at 62° all night.

If this is not perfection - you tell me. In spite of this I do not think B.P. is an ideal spot for a re-une, which obviously is a getting together. The whole place

is a scatter of nests, to find anyone even in daylight is quite a job.

A proper re-une would be in a more open flat, where the many groups could be seen, heard and talked to.

I can recall re-unes where each Club had its pennant announcing its cluster, where every one was issued with a disc stating name and club. North Era would be far better even if big timber is not available. In summer only a token fire is needed, the creek would suffice, and the Pacific - quiet from there - awaits the surfers or bogey holers.

Once again the surf bass did its job and made it hard to catch the goings on. The C.M.W. again topped the attendance score, plus a fine skit on Robin Hood, the work of Helen McMaugh, who missed it by being away on the high seas - not too high, we hope.

It was good to get a witty and coherent spin for so long - and the location - in the bush - gave it reality. And they had their own orchestral accompts. to "South Pacific" music, from our clever mouth organist Frank M. Kone.

Another fine legit. turn came from Ken Stuart who, after some coaxing, revealed the advantages of one enchanted evening. This gave enormous pleasure to the entire company, he seemed to warm up the whole show - and turned it into a really gay communal spin that could, and should, have gone on till dawn - everyone was just in tune for it. I cannot recall such a simmer. THEN - crash! at 10 supper was announced and the entire circus collapsed like a pricked balloon, and never recovered. 10 o'clock, Gad -! Clocks should be forgotten at these jollos, everything should drift, like wind swept leaves, fun without end, amen.

Shhh .. only cringing shame stops me telling the world that out of the S.B.W. 250 - barely a dozen turned up.

WALKING GUIDE.

MAY 19-20-21. Colong Caves - Private Transport.
Maps: Blue Mountains and Burragorang Tourist,
Myles Dunphy's "Bindook Highlands" Map.
See Leader Ben Esgate for further details.

"We hunted around and found the entrance to Lannigan's Cave above the Arch Cave and about 150' above the creek. A small opening led down into the cave, and through a narrow squeeze hole we came to King Solomon's Temple. This chamber contained five large columns about 40' high..... At the end of this chamber a small opening to the right led to the Water Cave. This cave positively beggars description. Numerous stalagmites were observed in the bed of the underground river, the water of which appeared to be of the faintest green..... one grotto resembled a jewel show with the shawls on the edges sparkling like diamonds. Opposite these shawls were pillars of a delicate pink shade, while another little grotto had a group of pure white stalactites like so many icicles....."

(From the S.B.W. June 1935 - Jock Kaske and Gordon Smith describing a side trip to Colong during their 194 mile Kowmung & environs trip.)

16.

MAY 26-27-29

Mt. Irvine - Bowen's Creek - Mt. Tootie - Mt. Irvine.

Maps: Wallerawang and St. Albans Military.

Private Transport.

See Leader Stuart Brooks for further details.

A rugged bit of country which deserves more attention. Similar to recent trips in the Yarramun - Bungleboori area recorded by Alan Round and Alex Colley.

JUNE 2-3-4

Tallong - Long Point - Lake Louise - Cedar Flat - Bungonia Gorge - King Pin - Tallong.

Maps: Yalwal Military.

Sketch Map of Shoalhaven River (Stuart Brooks, Bill Carter, Ron Knightley 1947.)

Extensive views of the river gorge from Long Point. Steep descent to the River, pleasant walking past casuarina-lined Lake Louise to Cedar Flat. Rock hop up Bungonia Creek. See tilted Silurian slates, huge limestone boulders in the creek bed, 1000' sheer walls of the famous Gorge.

Leader: Bill Rodgers.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY - JUNE 9-10-11-12.

Cars to Kanangra Road, Sally Camp Creek - Davies Canyon - Kanangaroo - Breakfast Creek - Katoomba.

A rugged trip for those in good form. Mighty waterfalls and cascades in the Canyon. Scrambling, sliding, rock hopping, wading. Pleasant walking along Kanangra River from the Jenolan Creek junction, and up Cox's River and Breakfast Creek.

Maps: Jenolan Military

Myles Dunphy's Map of Gangerangs.

Leader: Alan Round.

Blackheath - Blue Gum - Grose Valley - Richmond.

Steep descent to the forest - magnificent stand of Blue Gums - easy walking for a few miles down the Grose, then roughish mostly to about Wood's Creek level. Rugged gorge scenery.

Maps: Katoomba and Windsor Military

Blue Mountains and Burragorang Tourist.

Leader: John Canham.

Blackheath - Car Kanangra - Cloudmaker - Tiwilla Buttress - Kowmung River - Cox River - Narrow Neck - Katoomba.

Extensive views from Kanangra Tops. Steep climb to Mt. Cloudmaker (quartzite ridges) with views into Kanangra Deep and across to Yerranderie, Wild Dogs, etc. See the hundred man cave at the head of Tiwilla Creek.

Pleasant walking on Kowmung, some scrambling towards Cox's Junction.

Maps: Jenolan Military

Map of Gangerangs - Myles Dunphy.

Blue Mountsins and Burragorang Tourist.

Leader: Roy Craggs.

LORD HOWE ISLAND.

- Brian G. Harvey.

If there is one place in this fair State of N.S.W. which the Sydney Bushies have neglected, it is Lord Howe Island. Before the war, a couple of parties sailed over in the old S.S. "Morinda" - and Bob Savage is still remembered - my, what a reputation! Post war, I think ten have been over, Jean and I having made four trips. Kevin Ardill had to be dragged away after working there for nine months. Well, working of a sort, if taking out parties of beautiful females on boating trips and picnics was a hardship!

Lying 430 miles E.N.E. of Sydney, it is considered one of the most beautiful islands in the world, and is the most southerly coral island. Passage is made by flying-boat out of Rose Bay, the return fare being about £35. Owing to the necessity of having to land in the lagoon at high tide, one leaves any time from 2 a.m. until 11 a.m. The aircraft are old, so there is the added thrill wondering if you are going to make it! Landing on the clean, light-green translucent waters of the lagoon is something never to be forgotten, as the bow-wave curls up outside the plane window with shining golden sand below. But before you arrive, away on the starboard side is Pyramid Rock rising sheer 1800' out of the sea, just waiting for a climber. We had the good fortune to fly down to it last time and Frank and I got good shots through the least salt-smeared windows in the plane - in the toilet! The next things to catch the walker's eye before landing are two basalt mountains poking up into the sky - Gower (2833') and Lidgbird (2504), joined by a saddle and occupying the southern half of the Island. The island is crescent shaped, with the convex side facing the perpetual Pacific rollers from the east. On the concave western side, the tips of the crescent are almost joined by a coral reef, enclosing a lagoon about 600 yards wide and three miles long, skirted by an almost unbroken golden-sandy beach on the shore side. From a glass-bottomed boat one can peer down into beautiful coral depths, with myriad coloured fish darting about. Or the more intrepid can go out a-snorkeling or aqua-lunging from a specially fitted up launch, and view the submarine scenery close at hand.

It is quite non-Australian ashore, with no gums, being mainly palm trees (thousands of them), banyans and trees of the fig type, with tree ferns and lianas and tree orchids. No more land than necessary has been cleared, so that a great part of the total of 3220 acres remains in an almost virgin state. This is due to the excellent provisions of the Lord Howe Island Act which has turned the island into a veritable National Park, coupled with the "islanders" zeal to maintain their island home in as beautiful condition as possible. There is no sign of vandalism, no tins, papers nor broken glass. In fact, better than any of our so-called National Parks on the mainland.

One of the outstanding features from the walker's point of view is that there are no snakes or biting spiders or insects, bar a few mossies. Even the lawyer vines have shorter barbs! So one can barge through anywhere free of being assaulted by a venomous beastie. Where there are some cut, or merely marked, tracks, there are some super severe one day walks of Test Standard for those who get down the rugged east coast in the steep jungle, back over the saddle into the basalt-boulder-strewn Erskine Valley and along the breathtaking ledge 300' above jagged rocks. Take your hob-nails for this job. Go prepared as for a Sunday walk - your rucksack is indispensable for photographic gear, swimming togs, lunch and billy. There are many good one day walks to be done in spite of the seeming smallness of the seven-mile isle.

One dare not be without a camera one instant - there's a scene at every turn - and then the scene changes with the time of day - every colour of the spectrum - and golden sunsets as the sun ~~sinks~~ beneath the western sea. There are living corals in the pools at low tide to be photographed, star fish, girls, beach scenes, palm framed shots, girls, hibiscus blooms, sea-birds, the plane coming in and taking off, girls, etc. Then there's great fishing for them what likes it - off the rocks for trevalley, blue-fish, cod. Out in Clive Wilson's boat for yellow-tailed kingies, deep sea salmon, with garfish in the lagoon off the wharf. Three miles of golden lagoon beach for swimming or the surf at Blinkie (no patrol) or still waters at Ned's Beach. One side of the island is always wind-free. No sharks in the day time.

A camping holiday is out. It must be appreciated that the "islanders" exist solely by the tourist trade, but here again the holiday-makers are called "visitors" - you are "visiting" their island, their home, so that you are not about to be taken down for a few bob. You are made genuinely welcome and the more often you go back, the happier time you have. It is therefore necessary to stay at a guest-house and this will cost you about £18 per week. Remember, air-freighted food is expensive. There is fortunately no hotel but one may purchase a drop of the doings at the Government bond, that is, for one health's sake, of course. The smaller guesthouses are pleased to put up a bit of lunch and supply a billy, but you might like to take your own. There are tanks at places where water is scarce in spite of the heavy rainfall of 65 inches, but the southern end has excellent creeks in the basalt country; one waterfall after heavy rain is 2000' high, the second highest in the world; it is said.

Mr. Lidgbird is like a segment of a circle lying on its end with the sharp end towards the sky, steep, with a rock climb before the summit, which is so narrow it can be straddled. Gower, although 300' higher, is easier of approach but a mighty steep safe climb. Last November, in spite of our age, we were up on top at 7.45 a.m. after rising at 3.25 to avoid photographic ultra-violet haze. One is not permitted to climb either mountain without a guide - not that the islanders doubt one's ability, but there have been so many S & R's by otherwise very busy people looking for benighted inexperienced bods, that the Board made it a strict rule and to offend is infra dig. The view from Gower is aerial, with the island at one's feet half-a-mile below. The shades of light blues, greens and the gold of the lagoon from this height have to be seen to be fully appreciated, and coupled with the white breakers on the reef and the Reckitt's blue sea outside, it's sure a sight to behold. The top is heavily clothed in semi-tropical forest, with tree ferns and giant mosses. A perpetual spring is a mystery to geologists. There's a swim to refresh one on the way home.

For those in the Club who are not partial to a hard-walking holiday on dried veges. and soup powders, particularly if they are otherwise regular walkers throughout the year, the Island presents one of the most scenic and relaxing places to recuperate to face another year of toil in the salt mines. Apart from the board, there is little other expense beyond hiring the very necessary push bike. There are pictures, dances twice a week, fish barbeques, library and general store. Most of all, there's the carefree unhurried atmosphere in shorts (longs for dinner please), open necked shirts, Kodachrome, fishing lines, sea breezes, the sun and a friendly welcome wherever you go. New South Wales' own Bali Hai. Come!!