

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A Monthly Bulletin of matters of interest to the
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EDITORIAL

The month just gone has been far from a happy one in many respects. We have witnessed what has probably been the most disastrous weekend in Bushwalking history when three persons lost their lives, one a Boy Scout who perished from exhaustion and exposure at Kanangra, and two girls who were drowned in the Megalong Valley. The fact that they were not all members of a recognised Bushwalking club should not make us complacent. Following only two weeks afterwards, a walker in one of our own parties was injured when she slipped on some wet rock and fell to the bottom of a cliff. A helicopter was required to lift her out of the Megalong Valley.

There is no point in discussing whether these accidents could have been avoided - it is too late. What can be done though, and I think it is our duty to do, is to ensure that the risk of an accident is at a minimum. Good treads on boots and walking shoes would be a number one aspect of safe walking, yet how many of us would wear them beyond the limits of safety. We all know that a first-aid kit is an essential part of every Bushwalker's gear, but I wonder how many go away every weekend without even a Band-Aid in the pack.

We should be especially concerned with the way prospective members, particularly those who have done no walking before at all, and visitors, are equipped. We should be aware of these things before we start. Nine-tenths of the time it is only common-sense which is required to avoid an accident. If a party is stranded (by floodwaters or fire) they should realise that they can live, if necessary, for more than a week without food as long as they have water. Panic is our worst enemy.

Whilst on this subject it would be opportune to mention the invaluable work done by the Federation Search and Rescue Organisation. On the weekend that the Cox was in flood, seven separate parties became stranded and as a result were overdue. Volunteer searchers and organisers worked continuously from Saturday, and by the following Wednesday all parties had been located. Many of the personnel concerned got very little sleep in that time.

S & R could do with a lot more support from S.B.W. members. Remember - next time it may be you who is needing help.

THE AUGUST GENERAL MEETING

Jim Brown.

If the present pattern of intake to the Club continues, the question amongst male prospectives will soon be "Shall we feign the ladies? - and August was no exception, with Helen Breakwell and Dorothy Noble as the latest recruits.

Arising out of the July minutes came a challenge to the claim that Lord Howe Island boasted a 3000 ft. waterfall off Mt. G. war. Since the top of the peak is given on maps as 2870 ft. Phil Butt could not swallow it - I don't blame him.

In Correspondence it was mentioned that two proposed constitutional amendments were coming up in September; a journalist Ian Thompson had requested information on the Club for an article he was writing for "Walkabout"; and the Director of the National Parks and Wildlife Service had accepted an invitation to address the Club. The letter to the Tasmanian Select Committee looking into hydro-electric development which would flood Lake Pedder had been sent and an acknowledgment received. Enquiries about the journalist elicited that he was contacting a number of clubs, and Committee was sending him the details sought.

The Treasurer made a dual report covering June and July, and indicating a closing balance of \$579 in the Club's working account. On Social activities the Music Hall evening yielded a profit, but some outlay had been incurred in the Museum night, leaving a favourable end result of \$17. Frank Ashdown opined that the Social Secretary "should not have parted with the money".

The Walks Report was a sorry account of "no starters" or "no report received". However there were seven people on Geoff Wood's Mt. Solitary walk, and 25 attended the Instructional Walk on Jerricknorra ("og Wog") Creek, despite petrol shortage troubles which had people toting gas in everything from water bottles to 44-gallon drums. Seventeen went on Bill Gillam's Snow Instructional and 26 on David Ingram's day walk of 30th. July.

Federation Report related to the "dual meeting" which normally forms the Federation Annual meeting; the usual monthly business included advice of an Orienteering competition to be held on 2nd. September, the views of Bouddi Park Trust on a proposal to extract sand for glass manufacture, and news of a final bid by petition to save the Church Creek limestone country.

At the Annual Meeting it was stated 26 Clubs were affiliated, no financial statements were presented, the fees were set at the same rate as in the previous year (10 cents per member), and in the election Bill Moore became President. The S. & R Organising Committee was discussed,

and a group of five appointed, Field Officer, his deputy, the Secretary, Cliff Rescue, and Medical Officers.

Some discussion followed on the desirability of pressing for the issue of financial reports and their distribution to affiliated Clubs. Gordon Redmond said the statements would probably be available at the August meeting: if not, the whole question would be aired again.

In a special announcement about the 40th. Anniversary Celebrations it was reported that about 200 bookings had been made for the dinner, and the site chosen for the camp, on a suggestion by Honorary member Roy Bennett, was on private land in the Cattai Creek area. The locality was given a very favourable report. Owen Marks assumed the role of Transport Organiser and we learned that Dorothy Lawry would be flitting over from New Zealand especially for the occasion.

Opening General Business high waterfalls took another thumping. Those over 500 ft. in Australia appeared to be Kanangra, Wallamumbi, Tully, Ellenborough and Tomat, with Govett's Leap at 527 ft. holding pride of place. Wilf Hilder announced an excellent guide book to the New England Plateau area produced by the University at Armidale, and spoke of maps covering the Goulburn Valley (Upper Hunter) area now due for release. The price of 50 cents was likely to rise to 75 cents, he told us. A two-column sheet Oberon South, covering the Upper Kowmung, may be available soon.

David Ingram mentioned a comment that the recent Instructional weekend in the Wog Wog area had been attended by a good many members, but a prospective had been unable to get accommodation in a car: he asked that Committee enquire into this. Frank Ashdown put the point of view that if an Instructional weekend involved travel by private transport, prospectives should have a priority.

To wind up there were the "announcements", including Owen Mark's advice of a Theatre Party to see Strindberg's "Dance of Death" on 21st. September. Owing to the length of the performance, it commences early, and a meal is included. The library was reported to be a going concern under the management of Ivy Painter, opening each Wednesday from 7.15 to 8 p.m., with books at 10 cents per fortnight and magazines at 5 cents.

Then, with a volunteering of the old brigade to serve again as Room Stewards, we were off the off at about 9.15 p.m.

QUOTABLE QUOTE ———

A witty comrade at your side,
To walk's as easy as to ride.

Publilius Syrus.

ANECDOTES OF A CENTRAL AUSTRALIAN BUSHWALK Frank Rigby.

Back in May-June, Joan and I went walking in the western MacDonnell Ranges of Central Australia. Although somewhat experimental, it was a success and we thoroughly enjoyed the two weeks' adventure; but instead of describing the trip from beginning to end, let me just give you a few anecdotes as I remember them. Some could arise from any long bushwalk but a few are peculiar to the Centre.

The situations which develop when bushwalkers and orthodox tourists get mixed together are old hat. Well, there we were on the coach travelling from Alice Springs to Ormiston Gorge - for the tourists it was a one-day jaunt, but we were going bush for a fortnight. They had nothing more than a camera apiece while we were burdened with two rucksacks and three four-gallon tins of food. This in itself was enough to provoke some questioning looks, but it wasn't until the driver stopped to enable us to place our first food dump that the fun started. They watched unbelievably as the two oddballs (and one a woman at that!) carried off this mysterious thing wrapped in brown paper, hid it among the branching trunks of a river gum, and then returned empty-handed. From then on we had to confess all our sins. A sample of the questions and statements could go like this:

"You're surely not going to walk in this country?"

"How will you ever find Alice Springs again?"

"We've brought water from Alice. What are you going to drink for the next two weeks?"

"you will perish from the cold at nights."

"What do you eat? Won't your food go bad?"

Etc. etc.

Talking of food dumps. it's a small world, even in the Centre. We placed our second dump at Ellery Creek, some hundreds of yards from the road. We felt that in such a place it would be safe for a hundred years. Returning a week later, we found to our concern that the Department of Works had moved in for road repairs. To get access to filling they had bulldozed a new road within twenty feet of our precious tucker! It was a close call.

When is Central Australian fly time? In winter we reckoned it to be from about 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Much to our relief, they didn't put on a show at all in the early morning, and generally speaking the great Australian outback pest didn't prove too bothersome. In fact, at times when we were on the track, we wondered where they were hiding; that is, until we decided to stop for lunch. As soon as the food came out, they homed in from everywhere and nowhere. Decoys were useless - their only interest was whatever you were about to put in your mouth; the salmon tin placed at a distance didn't even draw a single fly.

Photography can be terribly trying at times. On the south summit of Mt. Sonder, Joan discovered just what she'd been looking for -- a bush which grew a particularly attractive flower and this one was the very best specimen we had come across. We must have a close-up picture. It would have been simple except that our prize was surrounded by an ant bed sporting some most ferocious looking ants. Just at the precise moment when the shutter should have clicked, an ant found its mark on the photographer with a vengeance. There followed one or two unprintable words and a hurried retreat, and of course no picture. Well, you must try again. The flower was just nicely in focus for the second time when the wind came up -- of course it's suicide to stay in such a place waiting for the wind to drop. The whole business became something of an ordeal but feminine staying power was at last rewarded. Thank goodness this story has a happy ending -- Joan was quite proud of the result.

You find some queer things on mountain tops. On the summit of Sonder we found one boot, a Peer Gynt Suite gramophone record and an entry in the book for "Christmas Eve and Christmas Day". I wondered about that boot; how did the owner descend the mountain with one boot on and one boot off? Or did he do it completely barefoot -- with all that spinifex too? We heard the Peer Gynt story later. It seems this fellow had two great loves in his life -- the Peer Gynt Suite and Mt. Sonder, so he decided to marry the two. Somehow he humped a record player up the mountain so that he could hear his beloved music on his beloved mountain. Hmmm, understandable I suppose. No doubt he then made a ceremonial sacrifice of the record to the mountain.

Most creek beds in the MacDonnell Ranges are very useful. Quite often they are the best walking routes, invariably the best place to light a fire, an excellent source of driftwood, useful for lunching and sometimes the only reasonable spot to pitch a tent. The one thing they are quite useless for is a source of water. However, if you camp in a creek bed, keep a weather eye open, even in dry Central Australia.....

Like the night we spent in a narrow valley in the Chewings Range, back of Standley Chasm. We had basked in the sunshine of a week of cloudless skies. That night, as usual, the stars shone with that special brilliance that belongs only to the Centre, and once again we admired them. Later, as we lazed around the campfire after dinner, the conversation went something like this:

Joan: "Where's the Southern Cross?"
Me: "You know darned well where it is."
Joan: "Well, where is it? You find it."
Me: "Stop joking, will you."

Anyway, I looked up at the sky. That's funny, where is the Southern Cross? Must be the smoke in my eyes, I thought. I rubbed them and moved away but there was still no Cross. Infact, there were no stars at all. When we came to our senses, we realised that the whole sky had clouded over in less than ten minutes -- low scudding clouds with a hint of menace now

galvanised us into action. Our plans for the creek bed were abandoned; instead we burnt out a couple of spinifex clumps on higher ground and put up the tent.

P.S. It rained that night.

Fortunately, the birds have made a wonderful come-back in the Centre since the devastating drought of 1958-66. Most prolific are the budgerigars. At Ormiston Gorge, one could feel the air vibrate with the beat of countless wings as the early morning flights soared up and out of the gorge. We used to call them Flight 1, Flight 2, etc., they seemed so regular. If you have seen the brilliant green flash of sunlit wings against red rock faces, then you have seen beauty that you will never forget; and you will never be able to look at a budgerigar in a cage again. One day we were tramping up a valley and there ahead of us was an old dead mulgar tree, its branches bare and stark. Just then, a large flock of budgies settled on that poor old tree. Quite suddenly, it seemed the tree had come alive, as if by the touch of a magic wand, causing the green shoots to burst forth in one splendid explosion. I counted eighteen budgies on one small branch. I would think there might have been upwards of two hundred birds on that single tree.

Have you ever been woken in the early morning by the notes of the butcher bird? Surely there is no more pleasant way to face a new day. Not so charming were three crows who followed us everywhere. I don't imagine they were the same three crows, but there were always three. In a land where tragedies have occurred through lack of water, the thought of three crows dogging you in anticipation of a meal can be a little chilling.

Talking of hazards, there are some cattle around the ranges. Just how hazardous they are is a moot point, but on the way out from Alice our driver told us a tale (and I wish he hadn't in a way) of a stockman who had been paled up a tree for several hours by a wild bullock in unfrequented country. Naturally, every time we saw a cow we feared the worst and it is remarkable how at such times there is never a climbable tree in sight. We are still alive.

Much ado about nothing. I was awakened one night by a rustling noise, quite loud in my ear. SOMETHING was under the groundsheet. If I moved, the noise would stop, but only to start up again. At that hour when rationality (and courage) fly out into the black of the night, one starts to imagine all sorts of horrible things. Unashamedly I woke Joan and with a torch on the job we cautiously folded back the groundsheet, ready to do battle with the intruder. What a surprise! A tiny frog, apparently eager for company, peered back at us with two big innocent eyes.

Billy baths are a bit of an ordeal, but well worth it. After about four days, it becomes difficult to live with oneself and it is time to do something about it. The contrast between "before" and "after" is so astonishing that billy baths, at least in retrospect, became one of the

sweet experiences of a long trip. I suppose it's something akin to that idea of "pleasure being the cessation of pain".

"This time, let's bed down where we'll get the early morning sun", said Joan, "I think this spot should be just about right." Fahcyng myself as a pretty smart sunrise surveyor, I went into some abstruse calculations and had to contradict her. "No, we would be right in the shadow of that big gum." I reckoned. "Over here is the place." Unfortunately my science won out. Taking to the sunless chill of a very cold morning, we found ourselves right in the shadow of the big gum; the spot Joan had selected was, of course, bathed in the warm rays of the rising sun. It seems that a man can't win.

Even privations can have their pleasures. For our side-trip to Mt. Sonder we expected to be without water for possibly two whole days. This is no joke when you're walking hard and climbing mountains in such a dry (although generally not hot in winter) climate. Every drop must count. We carried six pints from Ormiston Gorge and managed the first day's walking without yielding to the temptation to drink. After making camp, we carefully measured out our precious water for a brew of tea. And what a brew it was! I have never enjoyed tea so much in all my life. By comparison, tea at home is only a habit - out there I enjoyed the pleasure of every sip. Then there was the can of boysenberries we opened for lunch on Sonder's summit. After a stiff dry, four-hour climb, every single berry, every drop of syrup was nectar of the gods - I had not realised such beautiful things existed, least of all in a tin can. As with most other things, we lose our true appreciation of food and water when they are always on tap and when we can satiate our appetities. That's that line from Banjo Patterson, something like:

".....pleasures that the townsfolk never know."

It was the end of the trip. We came into Standley Chasm the back way after days in the wilderness and ran slap-bang into tourists. One lady looked sympathetically at Joan and gushed out "You poor woman!" At the same time she gave me a withering look as if it was all my fault that my mate was rather grubby and had to carry a big pack. And on this whimsical (to us) note, we ended a colourful two weeks in the MacDonnell Ranges.

OBSERVER.

Unfortunately Observer's column does not appear in this month's magazine due to the fact that he is recuperating after being clouted by an enraged reader. We hope that he is soon well on the way to recovery.

OBITUARY

It is our sad duty this month to record the passing of Mr. Perce Harvey, brother of Club Member Brian Harvey, and one-time Club Member himself.

Perce joined the Club in April of 1936, after interest engendered from the popular Sunday walks, subsequent to trips to Blue Gum Forest, down the Cox, and the Dogs. He was very active in the following years, with vacational trips on the Wollondilly and out to Kanangra before the road was made. One of his favourite Meccas was Carlons' homestead, which he used as a base for many trips in the surrounding country. He was a keen exponent of the black-and-white photography and had his work published in the Kodak magazine. Increasing pressure of work with the advent of the War forced him to reduce his activities but he resorted to some car camping later. Deterioration in health did not permit him to resume walking. Nevertheless, he was still very interested in wild life and conservation. He retired from work three years ago and in the intervening period suffered poor health. More recently we saw him down at Ye Olde Crusty Taverne for luncheon on Monthly General Meeting days with some of his old walking associates. He was greatly looking forward to attending our Reunion Dinner on 20th. October, but that was not to be. He fell gravely ill on 28th. July and passed away on 12th. August. He left a wife, Cathie.

LATE NEWS: Just to hand is the news that on 3rd. September Club member Mr. Wilfred Chambers passed away aged 74 years. He was a very active member of the Club in days gone by, and a regular subscriber to the Club magazine. To his wife, relatives and other friends, we offer sincere sympathy.



PADDY MADE

Everyone who goes Bushwalking or Camping knows of the chances they have to take with the weather. Now and again along comes some really bad weather and very often just when you are least prepared.

For this sort of emergency, or trips in tough places, Paddy has turned out a "Bivvie" Bag.

These come in proofed nylon or plastic film and are large enough for you and your sleeping bag to fit into and give that vital extra warmth and protection that can mean the difference between a comfortable night's rest and a miserable one.

Nylon : \$7.65
Plastic : 75 c.

More good news for walkers. Just out is the latest edition of "Bushwalking and Camping" brought completely up to date for today's Bushwalker. 75 cents, or 80 cents posted.

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PADDY PALLIN Pty. Ltd.
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Socially Speaking.

Owen Marks.

Just a few introductory words on the Federation Ball last Friday night. It was a great success, and the twenty Bushwalkers representing S.B.W. certainly kept up the pace, no-one leaving before 2 a.m. Michael Brown had some trouble when he became afflicted by an attack of hiccups, though he quickly cured himself by gargling champagne. Honours though, must definitely go to our beloved President, Frank Rigby, who was the gay young blade of the party, (it must be that beard I think).

Last month in the Club room we were all entertained by our film star member John Worrall doing his stunt: 300 foot vertical cliffs and our handsome hero dangling on the end of a rope. In the same vein, the Police Rescue Squad talk was very informative. This talk was an appetiser for Ray Tyson's talk next month (18th. Oct.). The annual slide competition only just managed to get off the ground due to a lack of slides. It seems that there are less cameras on walks these days, and slides appear to be going out of vogue (a good thing maybe?). Peter Lanigan, my old mate, won the prize of a rare '67 muscat.

There are three social events this coming month:

- 20TH. SEPTEMBER. A lecture on the Snowy Mountains by the Publicity Officer from the S.M.A. I am not quite sure what aspect the lecturer will introduce to us, but I just hope we don't have too many of those diabolical diagrams, with multi-coloured water flows and levels. I can't make head nor tail of them.
- 21ST. SEPTEMBER. My. Theatre Party at the Independent Theatre - Strindberg's "Dance of Death". It is a very long play (4 hours) so it commences at 6.30 p.m. and dinner (2 hot courses and sherry) will be served during interval. The price is \$2.50 each (this includes the dinner), a saving of \$1.00, and you are cordially invited.
- 27TH. SEPTEMBER. Four films on Israel will be screened. Three of them deal with water conservation and usage, and desert cultivation in the Negev Desert. The fourth film is a tourist type film on the sights to be seen in Israel.

FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS --

A progress report on proceedings from our Birthday Convener, Brian Harvey.

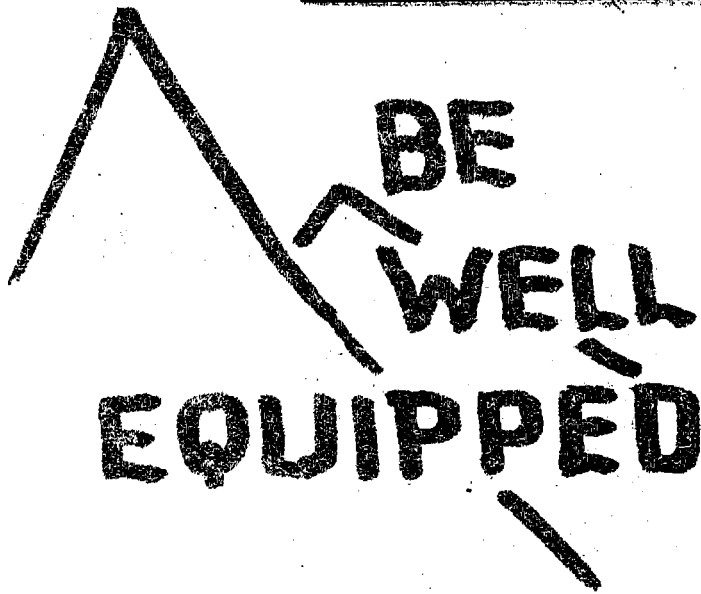
Only a few unsold tickets remain for the Dinner and Social Reunion at Ye Olde Crusty Taverne on 20th. October. To delay is dangerous. Book now by telephoning our Social Secretary - Owen Marks, home telephone number 30-1827, or Brian Harvey, home number 48-1462, business number 41-8880. The tickets have been specially prepared so that the reverse side can be used for autographs, for which a number of the old hands have expressed a wish. The tickets therefore, are not required to be handed in on arrival but those who have booked will be presented with a lapel name shield, prepared in advance. The shield will bear a number on the back - this could be lucky when the number is drawn from the hat during the evening!

Cocktails will be served on arrival "on the house" from 6.30 to 7 p.m. when members will be invited to have dinner commencing with a hot entree, and then to serve themselves from Ye Longe Bearde - an amply laid out smorgasborde of a wide range of cold meats and salads, to which you may return for a second helping. You then have a choice of two sweets, and collect coffee, with thick cream if desired. We recommend your meal be accompanied by a wine of your choice, but for those with other tastes, fruit cocktails and the like are available.

Members have a complete choice of tables at which to sit during the dinner, after which we hope they will circulate in cocktail party fashion for the rest of the evening until 10 p.m., reuniting with their friends and meeting the old hands, who have booked in strong force. A piano accordionist will be there to play request numbers and lead singing, although we believe from past experience at Ye Olde Crusty, the result will be spontaneous. We know why.

THE REUNION CAMP

Members have received circulars containing full details of the camp for the weekend of 21st. 22nd. October. We make a correction to a typographical error in the circular. For "years" read "800 yards". (This was created to test your ingenuity!). It is not the intention to publish details here as we have been accorded a great privilege in receiving permission to camp on this private property when many others have met with a declinature. In this way we can respect the owner's rights and privacy. However, if any past member requires the necessary location details, please telephone the above-mentioned and a copy will be posted. We do want names of volunteers for camp preparation on the weekend before so that the function will produce the most enjoyment and convenience for those attending. Those prepared to render campfire entertainment items should contact Edna Gentle as soon as possible.



JUST LOOK

AT THIS

We have just landed a range of woollen garments for walkers and climbers:-

Thick WOOL SHIRTS by Kaiapoi, N.Z.
Norwegian style WOOL MITTS and BALACLAVAS.
Also PULLOVERS AND CARDIGANS designed specifically for cold, wet weather. These are made from coarse greasy wool in natural colours and are a 'MUST' for winter and Christmas trips.

Don't forget too, that we have big stocks of MILLERS ROPES at special club prices.

Also just arrived are OILED JAPARA OVERTROUSERS and the revolutionary BEAR SPACE BLANKET.

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30 MOUNT STREET, NORTH SYDNEY, N.S.W.

MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT COMPANY

MT. KELLY

Dot Butler Ross Wyborn
Jerry Sinzig Maggie Dogterom
Lynn Drummond.

Sittin' in the Chinese cafe at Goulburn,
Despatching Chinese food to our belly,
Suddenly the thought came into our heads
That we ought to write up our trip to Mt. Kelly.

Yippi-i-ay, Yippi-i-ay,
Yippi-i-ay for the snows of Kelly!
Granite boulders, swamps and slush.
Yippi-i-ay for the snows of Kelly!.....

"I have a biro," says Maggie, "but where's some paper to write on?
Let's ask the waiter."

"Certainly," says the Chinese waiter, eager to be of service,
"Black pepper or white pepper?"

"Neither," says Dot in her best English accent, "Writing peppah!"

The waiter retreats into the kitchen and reappears with a large
sheet of (transparent greaseproof) writing paper.

"Make it sound good," says Rosso, "so that Donnie the Sparrow will
be sorry he didn't come. I don't know what's come over the lad; fancy going
on a moon-watching ceremony when he could have come on a mighty trip like
we've just done."

We shovel down another mouthful of rice, pen poised above the grease-
proof paper.

"Begin at the beginning," says Rosso, "so's you'll get your facts
right."

Right! About 8 p.m. On Friday night the five of us left from
Bankstown in Jerry's car, and about 1 or 2 a.m. we piled out at the
homestead gate at Gudgenby and prospected round for a campsite.

Dot favours high bivvies. She sells the idea of getting above the
river flat with its damp mists and frost, so the party climbs a few
hundred feet up a bouldery hillside and bed down. Ross and Margaret are
soon dead to the world among their own private heap of boulders. The other
three share a bit of flat ground under snow gums. Jerry produces an
occasional snore; Lynn gives an orchestral performance as on a muted
Wurlitzer organ; Dot heaps black curses upon their unconscious forms but
can't overcome her state of inertia to move out of earshot.

No watch in the party of course. We get up two hours after bull call. Says Rosso, "Now put this down: At dawn, there was the leader trying to whip the party into action...." (Not likely! He was still in his fleabag when the rest had finished breakfast).

At last we got the leader up and away. As we passed the homestead we exchanged a greeting with a lass who was scattering food scraps on the grass for a great flock of excited currawongs.

We walked a couple of miles through golden paddock grass where small flocks of kangaroos were feeding along with the fine conditioned cattle. Pink and grey galahs were feeding on the ground with black currawongs, and one white cockatoo bustled among them like an overseer. Ducks rose from the swampy river flats at our approach and a scarlet breasted robin performed his little fluttery dance on a fence post.

We approached the wooded hills through a ringbarked forest of snow gums, hopping and skipping over a great scattering of dead fallen branches.

We came to a ridge flanked on either side by creeks bright with snow water picked up from wild places in the Alps. Rosso decided in favour of the ridge, which led in the general direction of Mt. Kelly, so we crossed Middle Creek, and the up, up, UP progression began. We stopped for lunch on a flat area where Jerry was delighted to find that all the trees bore a coating of lichen on the south side, just like he'd heard about but never seen before. Then away we go again. Soon we come to the first snow and stop to put our boots on. "Eh, aren't we glad we didn't decide it was a sandshoe trip," says someone as we plug through the ankle deep snow.

Soon we leave the treeline. The ridge now consists mainly of huge granite boulders, well plastered with snow. Our prospective, Lynn, with the short legs and large pack, plugs manfully upwards. "Don't forget you're going to ask for this to be counted as a Test Walk for me Ross."

"It sure is a test walk," says the leader, clambering over the mountain's knobbly backbone. He is going like a threshing machine. Soon Lynn is left behind. Now she is stranded on a granite boulder twenty feet high, wondering what to do next.

"Jump", says Jerry, knee-deep in snow covered bushes below. "With heavy boots you always land feet first."

From the top of our ridge (unnamed on the map, so we called it Nobbler's Knob) we could see Kelly ahead, spotted with snow patches, but down in the valley below was a mighty grassy campsite, so we voted Kelly as the objective for tomorrow rather than this afternoon and headed down. There was much sliding and glissading among the snow gums and verglassed granite boulders, till at length we reached the creek.

It didn't take long to agree on the perfect campsite. And now to put up the tents.

"Pitch her low and wide," says Dot. "We've got three to fit in."

"Pitch her high," says Jerry, "What if it snows tonight?"

The tent sighs in the night wind, lamenting the uncertainty of the situation. The sky has clouded over, which brings forth the remark that Owen Marks' moonwatching ceremony this same night might be all ceremony and no moon. As daylight fades the mountains wrap themselves in a sheet of mist, which soon appears to be doing peculiar things. We can't decide whether it's raining or snowing higher up. Ah well, off to bed to make up for a late night last night, and see what tomorrow brings forth.

We had compromised by pitching the tent neither high nor low, but it was not steep enough. It snowed in the night; the snow built up on the roof and caused it to sag ominously. Large Jerry slept snug and dry down the centre. You would have thought he would have been happy, but No; as the two small femmes on the outer felt the clammy japara coming in contact with their sleeping bags they shrank away from the sides towards the middle, and poor Jerry, not wishing to put his feet in someone's face, spent an anxious night wishing he could stretch out his legs.

Next morning, while the leader gave orders from the shelter of his tent, the three from the other tent spent an interminable time fanning and blowing and gently wooing an unwilling fire. When at long last it was going, Ross deigned to get up and cook his breakfast.

Soon we were off for the 1,400 ft. climb to the top of Mt. Kelly, with NO PACKS! There were no problems as the mountain is not particularly steep, and before long we were enjoying the view from the top; the beautiful vistas of unsullied snowfields, granite outcrops and snowgums, and in the distance the Main Range at Kosciusko gleaming in the sun.

But now we must be on our way. A glorious run down. "Downhill Bushwalking is always best," says Maggie - figures flitting through the trees, down to the marshy creek bed and the tents. We ate lunch, took down the dried out tents, and then off on our way down valley, keeping up a bit out of the creek bed and undergrowth. Wallaby tracks, and later on cattle tracks, made for easy going.

Now comes the ring barked forest and then the cleared land. Very pleasant walking in the late afternoon sunlight; a lyre-birds strong vibrant call sounding from the forest thicket. We went off at a tangent over the paddocks so that we could get a last long-distance view of snow-capped Kelly which Jerry wanted to photograph. This detour meant that we found ourselves cut off from the homestead paddock by a reedy swamp.

"All or nothing," says Rosso. Remember we have to make this as difficult as possible to make it a test walk for Lynn."

So we pick our way gingerly at first, jumping from tussock to tussock through the mud, but at last, thoroughly wet, we abandon care and just plough through the mud and cold water. A flock of crows flap overhead, jeering at our plight.

Back at our homestead Maggie says a last farewell to the two beautiful horses, Jerry revs up the car and we're away, first stop Goulburn for a Chinese meal. That's where we entered the story and that's where we'll leave it, singing,

Yippi-i-ay, yippi-i-ay,
Yippi-i-ay for the snows of Kelly.

SUNDAY WALKS FOR THE COMING MONTH.

Walks Sec.

17TH. SEPTEMBER. Spring is in the air, and the wildflowers in Kuringai Chase should be putting on a good show for this Sunday Walk to be led by Gladys Roberts from the Sphinx down to Cowan Creek along the horse trail, and from there to Mt. Kuringai, passing through Bobbin Head. It is a very pleasant and easy 8 miles. The map is the Broken Bay O.S. Electric train leaves Central at 9.10 a.m. for Turramurra, where transport to the Sphinx will be by bus. Tickets should be purchased to Mt. Kuringai return in order to take advantage of excursion rates.

24TH. SEPTEMBER. Prospectives wanting to do a day test walk should mark down this one of Jim Calloway's. The route is Royal National Park, Winifred Falls, Deer Pool and Bundeena. I assume that the ferry will then transport walkers back to Cronulla. Catch the 8.20 a.m. electric train from Central and change to the rail motor at Sutherland. Map: Port Hacking Tourist. Grading: 10 miles medium TEST WALK. Leader: Jim Calloway who can be contacted on 2-0961 ext. 3077 between the hours of 9 and 11 p.m.

1ST. OCTOBER. No Sunday walk scheduled.

8TH. OCTOBER. David Ingram is going north to Wondabyne. From there he intends walking to Kariong trig, Lyre trig. and Koolewong. This walk is a TEST WALK and is graded 10 miles medium. Map is Gosford Military. Train is 8.30 a.m. country train from Central. Tickets return to Koolewong. Leader David Ingram - telephone number 635-7733 (during business hours).

BRAINTEASER.

Answer to last month's brain teaser: Berry gave the wren to Holly, and received the holly from Finch, Finch gave the holly to Berry and received the berry from Gold, Gold gave the berry to Finch and received the finch from Wren, Holly gave the gold to Wren, and received the wren from Berry, while Wren gave Gold the finch receiving from Folly the gold. Sounds complicated doesn't it! If you had a go at solving it you'll know that it fact it was complicated.

This month's BRAINTEASER. Three Bushwalkers went away on a trip, and as it turned out, they were away from civilization for a total of 17 days. Their names were Peter, Owen and Bartholomew. Unfortunately Peter had forgotten to bring along any soap. Because the problem associated with remaining unwashed for such a long time was bound to arise, Bartholomew lent his cake of soap to Peter, and shared Owen's. Later on Owen and Bartholomew swapped their cake of soap with Peter. At the end of the trip Owen and Bartholomew had a quarter of a cake left, while Peter had a third of a cake left. Each person used the same amount of soap per day. The question is, when did Owen and Bartholomew exchange cakes with Peter.

If that's too much for you, try this: Insert one letter 13 times to make sense of this. HEHATOAEETHEAETOFHIITETERATE.

Answers to both of these problems in next month's magazine.

BOOK REVIEW

Reviews Editor.

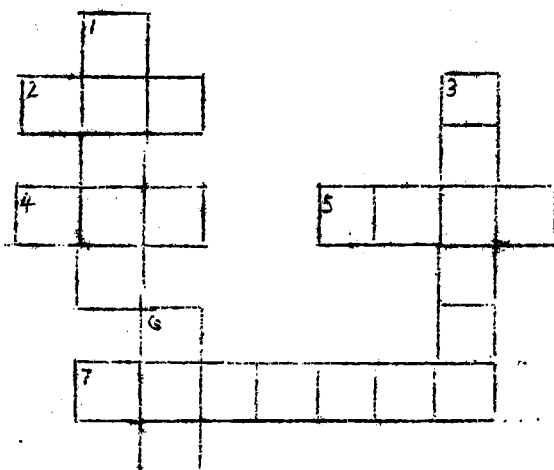
"Bushwalking and Camping - Paddy Pallin's Handbook on Australian Bushcraft" 75 cents.

Recently released is the seventh edition of Paddy Pallin's little green book which most Bushwalkers will have seen at some time or other. This booklet was first published in 1933 and apparently is still in demand. It certainly deserves any fame it has acquired, being a goldmine of information and tips on walking, camping, canoeing, climbing, caving, and all the other things of an outdoor nature. This new edition has been rewritten in parts, as well as being rearranged into what seems a more clear cut order. Compared with the previous edition, it is about the same size (82 pages as against the old 76). One pleasing new feature is the addition of an alphabetical index in the back, making for easier location of relevant chapters. The book deals with everything the new Bushwalker would want to know about this sport, including what to wear,

what to eat, what to carry etc. The booklet is also jam-packed with hints and those little things which seem unimportant, but which can make the world of a difference - like how to fold a map, how to make a damper, or how to waterproof a tent. All these things add up to what is invaluable knowledge. The section on ski touring, a relatively new aspect of outdoor sport, has been completely rewritten and enlarged, obviously reflecting newer techniques etc. It is pleasing also to see that the thoughtful little comments interspersed throughout the book have not been deleted from the new edition. For example "Take care of the ounces and the pounds will take care of themselves" and "A nick in the back of your knife near the point enables you to lift hot billies off the fire easily" and "Let no one say, and say it to your shame, All was beauty here before you came."

To sum up, this is necessary reading to every now Bushwalker, to be read not only for pleasure, but as he or she would read a textbook. For experienced Bushwalkers who haven't yet read the book, I guarantee you would learn something you didn't know before by having a glance at it. At 75 cents, excellent value:

N.P.

S.B.W. CROSSWORDNO. 1.

SOLUTION
NEXT
MONTH

- CLUES: 1. Levelled with stone.
2. Gift of the ...
3. Frolicksome.
4. Comes from Judaea.
5. Test.
6. Australian river.
7. general meeting.

To complete the crossword you require 26 letters of the alphabet, each being used once only. This is an easy one; next month's will be harder.

CHURCH CREEK TRIP

Where are you going for Labour Day Weekend, September 29th., 30th., October 1st. and 2nd.?

Let me tell you about my walk in the Church Creek area. At Church Creek there are outstanding limestone formations whose beauty and sanctity are threatened by the controversial mining leases granted by the Government to a local cement company. Despite a spirited fight by conservationists, it looks as if the cement company is going to win; so this may be our last chance to see these unique formations unmarred by the horrible mess that must surely, before long, develop in the area. The walk also takes in a beautiful stretch of the Kowmung River on which it is hoped to make two camps, and Mt. Colong with its magnificent views. At twenty miles over three days, it should be a fairly leisurely affair with plenty of time for explorations and photography at Church Creek. For further details, refer to the Walks Programme. It is hoped to provide transport for all who wish to come and I would like to hear from both car-owners and non-owners as early as possible (preferably ten days in advance) so that proper arrangements can be made.

....Frank Rigby.

FROM YOUR LIBRARIAN

You are reminded that your library is now open from 7.15 p.m. to 8.15 p.m. on all Club nights.

The Committee has approved the reduction of fees to 5 cents to cover all publications for a lending period of two weeks.

Inspect your library next time you are in. There are typed lists of all books available. These books cover varied topics of particular interest to Bushwalkers. Prospectives will find the instructional books most helpful.

Your Librarian is here to help you and will appreciate suggestions and information regarding the type of literature you prefer.

OCTOBER MAGAZINE

Articles and contributions for the Fortieth Anniversary issue of the S.B.W. Magazine are still required (urgently). The Editor would be very pleased to hear from you if you have any ideas.

THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTORS

The Editor wishes to thank the following contributors to this month's magazine:

Jim Brown, Frank Rigby
Brian Harvey, Oweh Marks,
Dot Butler, Ross Wyborn, Jerry Sinzig,
Lynn Drummond, Margaret Dogterom, Ivy Painter.