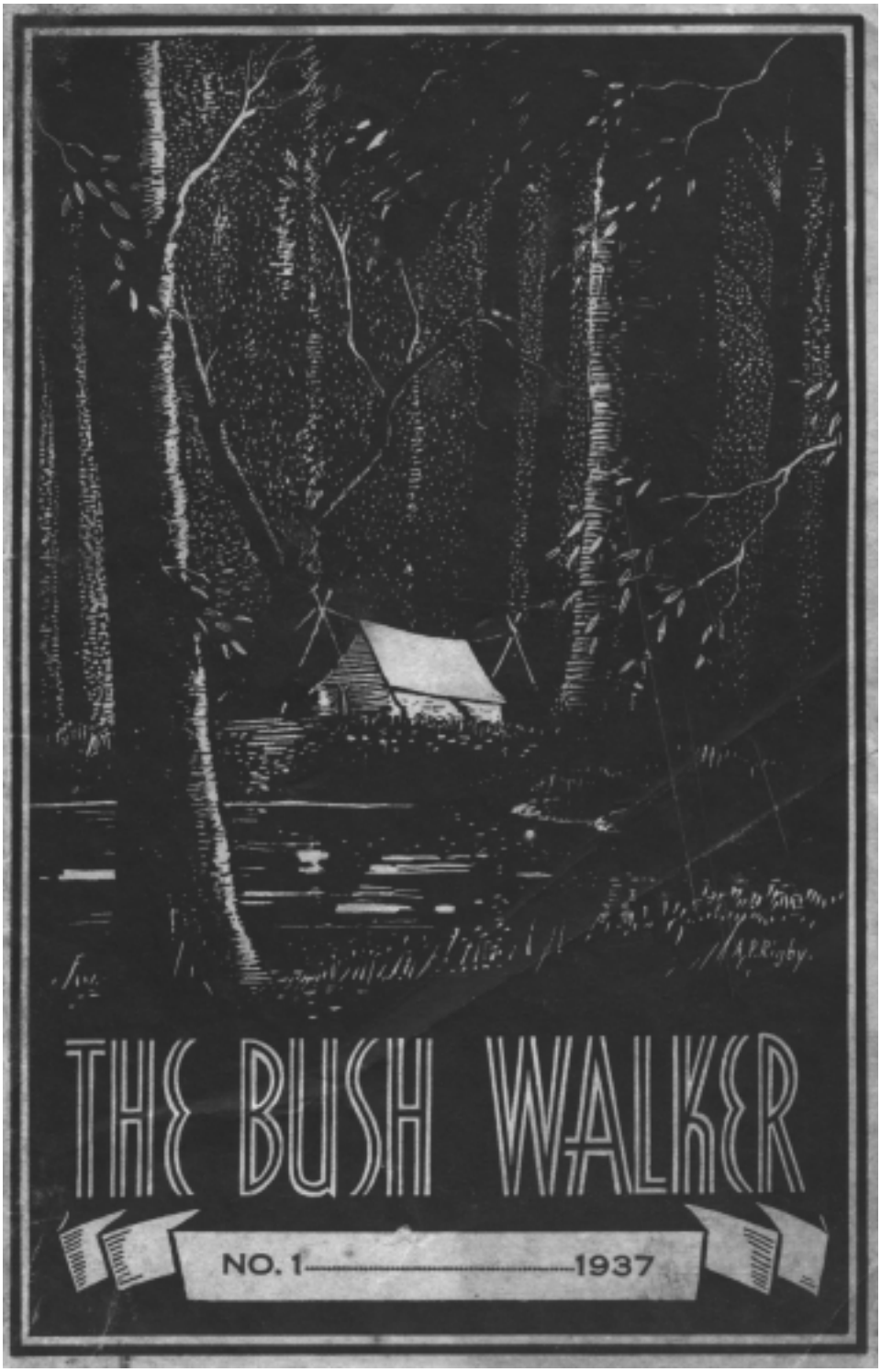


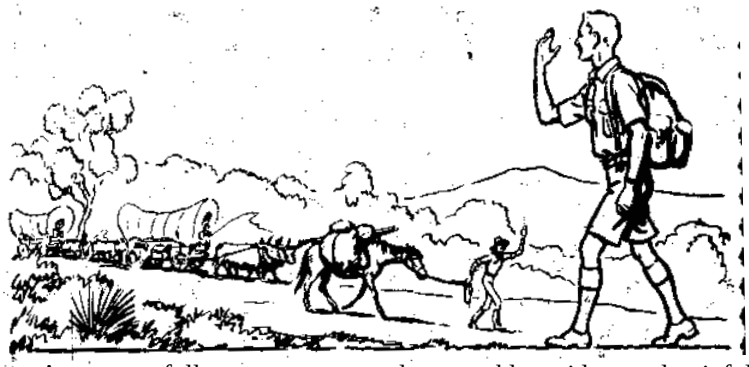
THE BUSH WALKER

NO. 1 ——— 1937

STURT, HUME, HOVELL, CUNNINGHAM,
LAWSON, BLAXLAND, BARRALLIER

Names picked at random from the list of Australian explorers

THE FIRST BUSH WALKERS.



As we carefully trace our way, along trackless ridge, and painfully push through rugged creek bed, we can get some faint idea of what difficulties they faced and what obstacles they overcame in their efforts to discover what lay beyond the distant hills.

And sometimes the thought comes, how much easier their task had they been properly equipped with camp gear as we now know it.

let us emulate these hardy pioneers by ever seeking to explore new regions to scale virgin peaks, and to bring back records of our travels and the wonders we have seen.

But, Of course, we shall stick to our Paddy-made camp Gear, so well suited to our needs. Light ht, efficient and strong, we would never swap that far the weighty burdens carried by our forbears.

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Burn or bury all your
rubbish and your tins,
And hide your bottles
as you would your sins.

THE BUSHWALKER

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SOMETHING ABOUT THE FEDERATION OF BUSHWALKING CLUBS

When the bushwalking movement started in New South Wales its founders had certainly no motive but to enjoy themselves. Probably the members of it have still no other motive. But the bush is for us the playing-field of our recreation and the preservation of that playing-held must necessarily loom large in our activeties. Long before the federation of the various bushwalking clubs, they had done much useful work in this respect, and Blue Gum Forest and Garawarra reserves for public recreation stand as monuments to their labours.

The Federation of Bushwalking Clubs was formed in 1932 to co-ordinate the work of the various clubs. Its objects are to promote the establishment of national parks and primitive areas, to prevent the spoilation of the bush, the natural scenery and the wild life, to function as a bureau of information for bushwalkers, and generally to protect the interests of bushwalkers, and further the bushwalking movement.

Bouddi Natural Park was the first monument to the work of the Federation, and perhaps the most commendable, but each monthly meeting shows something further accomplished. Looking over last year's work we see that the Federation was instrumental in restoring the fast train to Lilyvale on Sunday mornings; in revising various maps the Railway Department is publishing for the use of walkers; in arranging broadcasting appeals concerning protection of native flora and fauna, tidying up picnic rubbish and putting out fires; in persuading the Minister to provide a track in lieu of that being taken away to extend the Lady Carrington Drive; in interesting the Minister generally in the making of tracks for walkers so that the Federation was asked to prepare a scheme for such tracks.

The Federation's principal object for the moment is the further- ance of the projected Blue Mountains National Park and PrimitiveArea which if achieved would give us a parkland comparable to those in America and New Zealand.

Two sections of the Federation are of considerable importance to the outside public; one is the Information Bureau, which is collecting an increasingly large amount of useful data for walkers, and which was once instrumental in assisting to locate some lost fliers because of this. The other is the Search and Rescue Section which is working in co-operation with the Police Department and promises to make much easier the finding of the next party of "hikers" to get lost —of course they would not be "bushwalkers" if they were lost!

Despite the representation of 13 clubs on the Federation's Council, it is known that there are thousands of bushwalkers who belong to no club and are not associate members of the Federation. Ways and means are being devised of persuading these unattached walkers to organize so that their weight may be thrown behind our work, for co-operation and unity mean strength. At the same time although the Federation looks primarily to the furtherance of bushwalking interests, it is nevertheless on cordial terms with other recreational bodies realizing that there is room for all—even motorists—if people will only give and take.

THE BEGINNING

By “ANON”

‘An article for the next issue?” gueried our editor, and as the lift was coming and “ But I was in a hurry, I answered, “Yes now I came to think of it, what have I to write about’ For no record breaker am I. No miles of snow plains have I traversed, nor “bagged” virgin peaks, nor walked the Grose in a week-end. It is true I was with a party that “did” Mount Solitary in a day, but all I remember of that memorable trip was falling down the Golden Stairs in the morning and dipping up the Kedumba Pass in the afternoon. The rest of the gallop is as hazy as the mists that rested on Solitary that day.

I have thought and thought about the trips I have done, but always my mind reverts to the very first one, when the magic of Blue Gum Forest transformed me from a casual hiker to lifelong Bushwalker. How I looked forward to that trip I was to sleep in the open, a thing I had never done in my life before. My outfit was rather extraordinary:—one small military pack, without extra pockets, one small, grey blanket, purchased specially for the great occasion, black strap-shoes with wooden heels, a bulky, yet wholly inadequate supply of food and other sundries too numerous to mention. What would not push into the peek was tied on the outside, or carried under the arm. On the Friday night before Eight-Hour day, the party boarded a train at 7.30 or thereabouts, and whiled away the journey by alternately sleeping, and eating a large cake which had been kindly donated by a friend of one of us.

Eventually we tumbled out on to Blackheath Station, and took to the road to Govett’s Leap. At the Leap, one of the party cheered our flagging spirits by raising a series of echoes. Then, with two torches between the lot of us, we started down the track which had not fully recovered from a week’s torrential rain. The glowworms were shining along the reeks, but so appalling was my ignorance that, looking up the cliff face, I remarked how close the stars seemed to be.

Neither of the torches shed a particularly bright beam, and pump soles and wooden heels were not so good on that slippery path. Half-way down, I moaned loudly, because I had left a heel behind on the last flight of steps. It was going to be most awkward, I complained, finishing the trip on one heel. However, my fears were put to flight by an examination of the other shoe. It was heelless, also. But when we came to that part of the track that runs parallel to the creek, slippery paths and wooden heels were soon forgotten. By this time, the moonlight was helping us on our way, and I shall never forget the sight of it on those small waterfalls.

At last we reached the Junction. Here an argument ensured as to which was the best crossing. To prove his point, one of the party took a flying leap, and landed in the water, long pants, and all—all, in this instance, meaning pack, bread carried under the right arm, and a billy, containing a pound of butter, in the left hand. We soon had a fire going and untying my blanket from the outside of my pack, I rolled up in it, and my ideas of admiring the stars were lost in a dreamless sleep. About 4.30 to 5 o’clock the ground grew harder and the blanket gave less warmth, so I was able to enjoy the lovely sight of the sun’s rags gradually penetrating the slight mist in the valley

A dip in the creek, and a hearty breakfast, and then away we went towards the forest—THE FOREST as I had always heard it called. The trip along the track and the numerous crossings of the creek were all of tremendous interest to me, the mug. Then we met the outlying blue gums and gradually, as we neared the Grose, the real forest was before us. There is no need for me to try to describe to any Bushwalker the glorious experience of seeing those tall gums for the first time. (See photo, page 36.)

We pitched our tents (one of heavy canvas) and wandered around, enthralled with the beauty of the place. During the day Bushwalkers seemed to arrive from all directions, and by evening there were tents and fires all around us. I had a great time examining the different kits and wriggling into a sleeping bag for the first time. The next day I spent exploring those parts of the forest that I had not seen day before; and scorching, beyond human aid, a pair of shorts that one of the party had hung near the fire to dry. This was done during one of my efforts at cooking, which were most strange.

It is of the camp fire that night that I always think whenever good camp fires are talked of. The night was cloudless and stars hung in the branches. A massive log burned while the bushwalkers sang to us "Old Folks, Young Folks." "Hey, ho, Come to the Bush, "Where the Slopes" and all the old favorites. Ernie and Edger obliged with solos, and then together gave us "The Two Gendarmes." I think it was Let pura's "Volga Boatmen" with the last note dying away in the rippling of the Grose, that completed my conversion from a mere hiker to a person with bushwalkery ideals.

Last Eight-hour weekend I was down the Forest again. Perhaps it was a trifle crowded and one was apt to come upon hosts of small boy scouts at very odd moments, but I found that after four years,the hold of the Forest over me was still as great. Let's hope it stops forever as lovely as it is now.

THE EPIC GANGERANG TRIP

By GORDON Smith
(Sydney Bush Walkers)

While the engine had a drink at Bailey Heights, I met Hex, who With little difficulty he persuaded me to accompany him this was October, 1929, and after looking at his map I found Gangerang to be a long, unsurveyed range, commencing- near the Kowmung River and extending in a generally South-western-direction, culminating in its junction with the Kanangra It was bounded on one side by the Kowmung, and from these rivers, spurs of on the other by the Kanangra, and various length and grade rose to meet the parent range.

Minus tent and blankets, we made good time. Lunch next day was eaten at the Kowmung Junction and night found us well along the range. Lower Gangerang is rather thickly revered with gum and turpentine suckers, and the view is restricted.

Next day the highest point was climbed about mid-day and after progressing along a narrow ridge topped with finely cut granite chips, we reached kanangra Walls at 4 p.m. (See map, page 50.) Years rolled past and after Max's return from Queensland a trip was arranged for Anzac weekend 1987 the itinerary being as follows: Wentworth Falls via Kedumba· to the Colt, over Scotts'' Main Range to the Kowmung, a traverse of the Gangerang via Ti-willa Buttress to the Cox-Kanangra Junction; thence Breakfast Creek and Katoomba. Friday brought two inches of rain and Max arrived at Central with umbrella, leather coat and NO pack. He was sent home to follow on a later train, while the rest of the party consisting of Dot English, Hilma Galliott, Jack Debert, Bill MeCosker, Len scotland, David Stead, Alex Colley and myself boarded the 6.30 p.m. train.

Wentworth Falls gave us a wet reception as we left the station at 9 p.m. A heavy mist lay like a pall over everything and the valley was white and ghostlike. Light rain fell intermittently, but there was not enough to cause undue discomfort. In an hour Queen Victoria Sanitarium loomed out of the darkness and by 1180 p.m. the descent of the Kedumba Pass had been accomplished Three tents were erected and after a little desultory conversation silence reigned supreme. Dave, my tent mate, snored gently, but whatever the cause,sleep passed me by and a long and wakeful night was the result. In the small hours I wandered some distance up the pass cooee-ing to Max who ultimately arrived an hour before dawn.

At 6 a.m. I stole Jack's thunder and woke the others who arose without protest and after crossing the stream, left at 6.40 am. The weather had improved and it was pleasant walking in the coolness of the early morning. It was necessary to speak severely to Dot and Alex who showed a tendency to linger by the wayside. Then weproceeded at a brisk pace as far as Reedy Creek where 1 1/2 hours were devoted to breakfast and I had my first qualms as to the adequacy of the food list. Ten minutes were spent talking to Fred Gray who had taken over Till's ; selection and at 10.45 a.m. we had forded the Cox Dear Seymour's.

Some of us went to see the old fellow now 97 years old and not enjoying the best of health. As a bushman and local explorer he was first class and his reminiscences of the early bushranging days are most interesting. After a swim and some chocolate we commenced the ascent of the Policeman Range, passing Alum Springs en route. Where the Policeman joined the Scott's Main Range (about 1,500 ft.) a turn was made to the southeast and after a two hours' non-stop journey

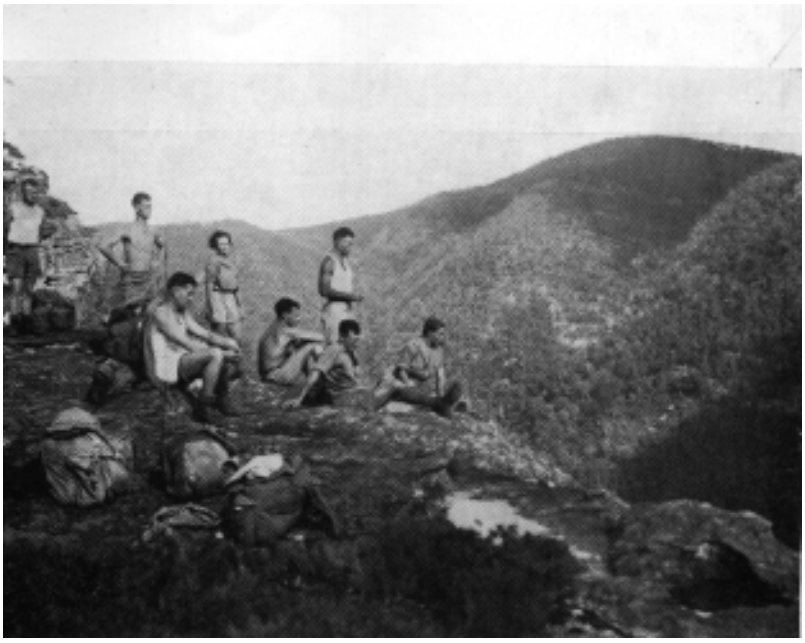


Photo by D. D. Stead *Block donated by D. D. Stead*

THE "TIGERS" ON THE RIM OF TI-WILLA CANYON

Photo by B. Harvey. Block donated by Brenda White

CARLON'S HOMESTEAD, GALONG CREEK, MEGALONG.

The bushwalker's mecca.

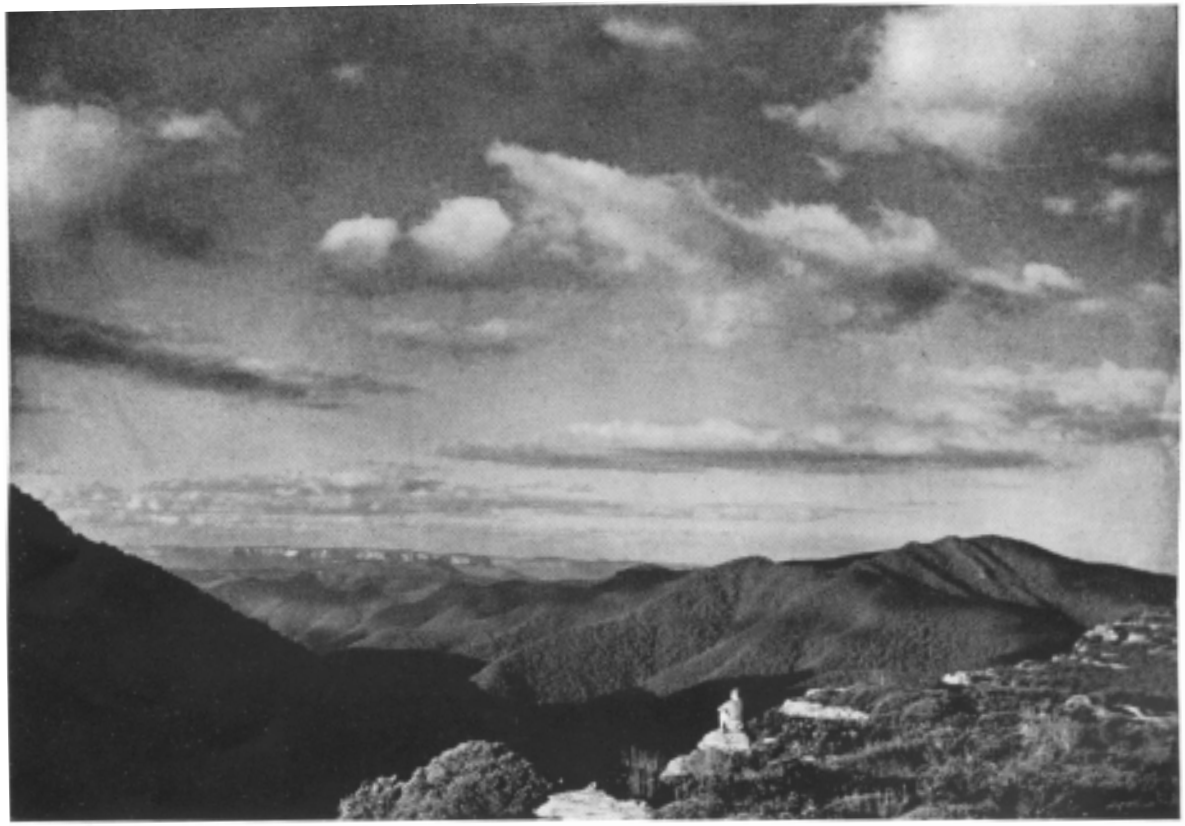


Photo by E. P. Harvey. Block donated by the Sydney Bush Walkers.

VIEW FROM KANANGRA WALLS NORTHERN SIDE

from the Cox, the Kowmung House at 1.30 p.m. provided a very welcome shelter from a rather steady downfall of rain.

Although a liberal supply had been brought, the relentless and machinelike precision with which the food was being consumed caused me some consternation, and all I could ray then, or on future occasions when Mar or Jack gave me a nasty hungry look, was "Wait till you reach Carlon's'

Leaving our shelter at 1.50 p.m.. Devin's Range was followed tothe Kowmung and the party proceeded upstream. At 4.40 p.m. we reached our objective for the day there the waters of Ti-Willa Creek Mingled with those of the Kowmung The camp site was not ideal and rain fell occasionally, but 1.15 p.m. saw our stomachs reasonably full and a rather quiet camp.

I slept poorly again and just when I had wooed slumber successfully, Jack arose and rekindled the ashes of the dying fire. Well! You all know Jack. His raucous voice soon woke everyone and in the pale dawn we commenced our camp chores. Any bad language will be censored, so we'll leave it at that. But if there is anything in the theory of the transmigration of souls. I'LL bet Jack was head gaoler. something in Nerds day. Imagine a poor Christian martyr enjoying a last few minutes of'shut-eye·, and hearing Jack bellow forth·'Get up and pack; the Lions are hungry No doubt in subsequent existence's, he was an "oyez oyez' herald in the middle ages and later a slave driver in the plantations.

The morning was misty but gave promise of a one day. As theKowmung was approximately 700 ft. here, there was a climb of some3.300 ft. to Mount Cloudmaker, the highest point on Gangerang. Before leaving at 1.36 a.m. I had been forced to jettison my boots,one sale of which had completely rotted away. got, incidentally,walked bare-footed most of the way, but occasionally wore a pair of shoes on rocky stretches.

The Ti-Willa Buttress was sparsely covered and from its narrow ridge afforded good views of the Kowmung upstream. so well was it graded that 8 climb of 2000 ft. to the base of its walls was accomplished by 9.15 with only one spell of five minutes. After the chocolate ration had disappeared the base of the rock face was followed towards the head of Ti-Willa Creek. Scrambling to the top, the party took advantage of a Bat rock overhanging the canyon to survey the land-scape and give our photographer a chance.

Below lay a very fine deep gorge with imposing granite slider reminiscent of Kanangra. On the opposite side, the bulk of Mt.Bolwarra towered above us; to the west Cloudmaker higher but not so striking, headed the gorge. In the north the distant Wild DogMountains were partially shrouded by the mist.

Some time and energy were lost while Max found an Old Man cave of his. It was a big overhang and during a cloudburst would have proved most desirable but a hungry company noticed the absence of water, snorted and passed on.

As we crested the ridge a magnificent panorama unfolded before our gaze. After running rest for some distance, Gangerang made a grand sweep to the south-rest to join the Kanangra plateau. The famous Walls glistened in the sunlight. Gingra Range hid our view of the I(Kowmung but to the south Mount Colang stood in bold prominence. To the east and south-east, as far as the eye could see was an endless network of rivers, creeks and mountains.

Turning our backs an the view, we climbed the Last 100 it. up the steep overgrown hillside to the summit of Mt. Cloudmaker. No one recited "Excelsior·', but I guess that Trig was a welcome sight to mast of us at 12.25 PM. Good views were visible of the Guouogang-Jenolan Range also Mts. Cyclops and Paralyser. A halt was called

long enough to read the accounts of various trips contained in the bottle and to add our own thereto. Then on to Dex Creek and lunch at 1pm

My crepe shoes had been in the wars. Jack lent me a pair of sandshoes which however were torn an top and exposed all my toes- so that when the march was resumed at 2.50 p.m. over swampy flat country covered with low bushes and occasional trees, I found difficulty in keeping the others in sight. Our objective was Mt.Moorila,but with the limited information given an the map, it was inevitable that Max should make errors and follow a wrong ridge. On one occasion we found ourselves on the wrong side of Moko Creek. Instead of crossing a saucer-like depression as one might expect seeing it was a highland stream, it was necessary to decend sharply, cross several hundred feet to the correct ridge. Unfortunatly time would not allow us to venture on Morrilla proper,which is an outlier overhanging th Cox, and at 4pm commenced the long decent of the ridge to Konangaroo Clearing. This was thickly covered with mountain holly which gave my soxless feet and legs·one hell of a time." The exposed toes kicked every tenth rock and I worked up quite an enthusiasm. Dave, also suffering from sore feet, and myself fell behind rapidly. After some time we agreed that anything was preferable to mountain holly, and decided rather foolishly to forsake the well padded ridge and descend the precipitous hillside on the slant in the direction of Moorilla Creek. Well, in the course of time after a few landslides and bruised feet the creek bed was beneath oour feet. Jack, who had been waiting for us on the ridge above joined us in the gathering dust. Our torches directed us along the creek and once the Cox" was reached, short work was made of the last 3/4-mile to Konangaroo Clearing, where the cheerful glow of the fire was sufficient reward for our late arrival.The others had arrived at 5.40 p.m.

It was a glorious night and when the full moon had topped the hills, the valley was hooded with light. After tea we lazed around the fire and aired our views on everything in general. Dave. who is a naturalist son of a naturalist father-no offence meant- has a pet diamond snake. This reptile is fond of babies, takes her saucer milk with gusto and holds up his—or was it her—face to be kissed. Still Dave insisted that there was nothing but friendship between him and his diamond snake.

Conversation gradually languished, the tents were erected and by 10 p.m. all was quiet.

After sleeping like a log I.woke to hear Jack in full blast. During breakfast I happened to glance casually to one side and near the bank twenty or thirty yards away there seemed to be a peculiarly shaped drab coloured animal. The light wasn't Very good, but after concentration. I discovered that it was Bill McCosker an hands and knees leaning over the bank. Let us draw a veil over his suffering. He was paying for a mixed diet of curried salmon and banana fritters.

At 7.30 a.m. Hilma and Len who had both packed quickly made upstream for Breakfast Creek and twenty-five minutes later the rest of us were 'flat out'along the cowpads in hot pursuit. To save our feet Dave and I kept to the western bank, striking some rough stuff:and losing some distance on some bends. The others crossed three or four times. The sunshine was brilliant and this stretch of eight miles of river with its park-like grandeur has an everlasting beauty that time cannot alter.

A mile from Breakfast Creek, the vanguard overhauled Hilma and Len and reached the junction in 1 hour 50 mins. even the

ghostlike McCosker was there within twenty minutes. As I have often seen half a day taken over this stretch by men walkers this said something for the stamina of the present party. Mast of us splashed in the water before eating our chocolate but although this is no Lifebuoy advert. I regret to say that at this stage Hilma hadn't had a bath for three days.

The many crossings of Breakfast Creek were commenced at 10.35 and after a Journey without incident we breasted the last steep hill and reached Carlon"s at 12,25 pm.

There were quite a few bushwalkers here, but owing to the reputation that Carlon's are establishing for the quantity and quality of the 'eats' there was some congestion and our little crowd didn't sit down till 1.50 pm. This was a big moment of the trip, While Max clad in blue pajama suit, had lain on his lonely bed of bracken— hollow logs are obsolete these days-his lips murmured "Carlons". He was a short priced favourite, but unfortunately he had made at breakfast a pancake consisting of half a billy of batter. Even a super-eater like Max has his off days. Jack and I went through each course twice but that vegetarian wonder Dot who lives on stewed nettles and ground-berries—oh yeah?—-after having two helpings of MEAT vegetables, three sorts of pudding, scones, raisin loaf, jam and cream, thoughtfully cleaned out the cream pots with a spoon,

The ascent at 12.50 pm. of the long ridge terminating at Carlon Head was a painful affair. At 4 p.m. we had commenced to pick our way up through the rocks and soon after I produced my 35 ft. of rope to haul the packs in one place. It was all interesting and mildly exciting but when after turning a corner, the real Carlon Head appeared, there was a momentary silence, To exaggerate things is a common habit, but when I saw this 25 ft. wall of almost vertical rock with a slight outward bulge in one place, I realized that this was true to label. At the base of the rock the ridge was very narrow and as it was necessary when climbing to veer to one side so as to take advantage of a slight depression from where the top could be reached rather easily, a slip meant an unpleasant fall of some hundreds of feet to the valley beneath.

With Dot holding on ten feet from the ground, Jack and I made a base, Alex stood on our shoulders and Bill formed another tier above him. The idea was for Dot—our star climber—to step on Bill's Shoulders and scramble the last few feet in her inimitable style to the depression. But as she began to apply her weight, Alex, who cried out that he couldn't stand the strain. Dot stepped back to one side and Bill -stout fellow- made a desperate effort upwards, my head was pressed against the base of the cliff and Alex quite forgot to get off, but Hilma kept up a running commentary quite illuminating even if somewhat disconserting to the victim climbing: "Bill's climbing-hanging on by his nails Oh he's right over the edge-shaking all over—there's nowhere to put his feet—he may do it-he's UP.

One helping hand and the agile Dot was beside him. The rope was thrown up and after that it was easy enough. The ones on top placed themselves as advantageously as possible: the climber below tied the rope around the body and made the ascent.The easiest way to use the rope, provided one has sufficient confidence in the rope and the people holding it, is to lean well forward with the hands, take the slack around one wrist at a time, and practically to walk up the face of the wall.. Len and Hilma without any experience made hather hard work of it by trying to climb the rock without the assistance of the rope, The last I saw of Len was a pair of somewhat dirty feet dis-

appearing over the rim—soles to the sky. Hilma had same bad moments and just before reaching the depression I was afraid that the weight of her body and the angle of the rope would cause her to rotate and spin backwards against the wall and over the steepest part of the the precipice. It didn't quite happen and the next moment Dot had outstretched her hand. But if I had known that the knot in the rope was nearly undone at that moment - wow!!

Much time was lost hauling the packs to the top, but after, the ascent was easy and at 5 p.m. everyone was on top of the Head waking up the echoes.

Ten minutes; later the ridge was followed eastwards cutting the Glen Raphael track within a mile. Len, who was leading, took us at a furious,. rate until dark the bushes aggravating the scars of yesterday. After he had been put under restraint a steady pace was maintained non-stop to Katoomba. We crossed the Narrow Neck and where the road commenced had 25 minutes in which to cover the last two miles of a 70 miles trip. One grand final effort brought us to the platform just as the train should have gone. But alas! both watches were ten minutes slow.

After having a meal in the town, we stretched our-selves on the floor of the waiting-room. In the warm fires gleam some of us probably saw pictures of Carlon Head the last steep slope of Cloud-maker; the sun- light sparkling on a Kowmung rapid. We drowsed, and along came the mail train.

FIRST DESCENT OF CARLON HEAD

By C. A. Culberg
(Sydney Bush Walkers)

Having heard that all previous attempts to scale Carlon Head had met with failure, I determined to try myself and that it must "go."

Reconnaissance seemed to indicate only one way up— by following the centre of the ridge. Previous parties had considered this impossible, and had tried to find a route up the side, some distance back toward the main walls. The ridge consists of steps of rock, which have vertical faces, and are each twenty to thirty feet high, and from ten to twenty feet wide. Thirty feet is not a "climb" to an experienced alpinist, but to a beginner the thrills on this narrow ridge were plentiful.

Natural hand and foot-holds are conspicuously absent but in some places kind souls in previous attempts at conquering Carlon have cut rough "steps."

Ron Compagnoni ("Comp"), having had his Swiss blood roused by talk of climbing, decided to join me in the assault (from the top) one weekend after I returned to Sydney. When attempting the ascent, I had been stopped by a vertical wall of about thirty feet, which looked impossible to climb or to turn. We thought that we had a better chance of going down, for one can, if necessary, leave one's rope behind, although it is bad mountaineering practice.

Having studied the methods of such climbers as G. Winthrop Young, F. S. Smythe and other prominent Alpinists, we invested in fifty feet of 10 m.m, Italian hemp and perfected our knowledge of the correct knots.

We left Sydney on Friday night on the fast "Fish" train for Katoomba and walked out along the Narrow Neck Peninsula to Corral Swamp, where we camped. As the usual winter rains had not fallen we expected the swamp to be dry so we had carried water from Diamond Falls Creek, which the track crossed a mile back. The water froze overnight and Comp. and I nearly followed its example, despite our "Articdown" sleeping-bags.

Leaving Corral Swamp at nine o'clock we arrived at the top of Carlon Head about an hour and a quarter later. To mark the commencement of the ridge leading to the Head we cut the Club's diamond blaze on a suitable tree about ten feet on the right of the Clear Hill track. The blaze is about ten minutes from the Glen Raphael camp site and one hour from Corral.

The view from Carlon Head is wonderful and is in my opinion quite as appealing as that from Clear Hill.

Descent was made without rope, which was used for the ruck-sacks only. Steel-framed rucksacks are definitely unsuitable for rock-clambering, most of all on vertical faces or in narrow chimneys.

The first few "steps" were reasonably easy, but when we came to the top of the wall which had stopped my ascent it seemed at first that we were beaten. But, after about twenty minutes' reconnoitering we lowered our packs and decided to have a try. A couple of foot-and-hand-holds were well placed at the top of the wall but lower down all that could be used was "faith and friction," the action of high winds and rain on sandstone being rather drastic to natural "holds".

(Continued on page 46.)

HOW TWO GREENHORNS WERE INITIATED INTO THE RUCKSACK CLUB

By Susan Abramovich

(Rucksack Club & H.H. Club)

This is the tragic story of how two poor Greenhorns were taken by the Kind-Faced-One (?) for an initiating walk for the Rucksack Club of Sydney. They were confiding; she had a Kind Face; they trusted her; they did not know the Vicious Vice that runs at the core of all meatless eaters; they found out; and the tragedy was not so much that they lost faith in her, but in human nature and in the human race.

The Kind-Faced-One asked if she could bring another girl with her in their car. "Certainly," said the Little-Fat-Greenhorn, always willing to do a good turn, "but the car is a baby and there is not much room.

The two Greenhorns met the Kind-Faced-One and the other girl, a Hefty-One, who had brought with her two large packs, a pile of rope and a Large-Man ... and the car was a baby They all got in, but you could see only packs and rope.

"And where might you be going?" asked the Little-Fat-Greenhorn of the Hefty-One-with-the-Rope.

"Rock climbing," replied the Hefty-One.

"Oh!" said the Little-Fat-Greenhorn, not particularly interested. The doings of others were no concern of the Greenhorns, for they were being led by the Kind-Faced-One on an initiating walk for the Rucksack Club poor trusting Greenhorns that they were.

They left the car at Katoomba Golf Links, and after that they did not see the Kind-Faced-One for dust. The Hefty-One, the Horned-Footed-Goat, took off her shoes and socks and ran bare-footed over the hills. The Husband raced, and the Little-Fat-One waddled after.

The Husband said, "They're a long way off, honey, can't you go a little faster?"

The Little-Fat-One panted, "I can't do any better."

They walked and WALKED and WALKED(ED!—the Horned-Footed-Goat, the Kind-Faced-One, the Large-Man, the Husband, and the Little-Fat-One waddling after. The sun set; darkness closed in the stars came out; and still they walked.

Said the Horned-Footed-Goat, "We have to meet two others who are also going rock-climbing."

"Oh," said the Little-Fat-One not in anywise interested in rockclimbers or others, for this was only an initiating walk for the Rucksack Club as far as she was concerned.

Night grew blacker. They slithered through a swamp. Said the Kind-Faced-One, "This will be a good place to camp," and camp they did right in the middle of that swamp. other two rock-climbers cooeed down the mountain ranges.

"Here they are," said the Horned-Footed-Goat.

"Oh," said the Little-Fat-One without the least interest. What were two rock-climbers more or less in the other party?

Said the Kind-Faced-One to one of the new arrivals, "I should love to go rock-climbing. I have never been rock-climbing with the Sydney Bush Walkers, you know."

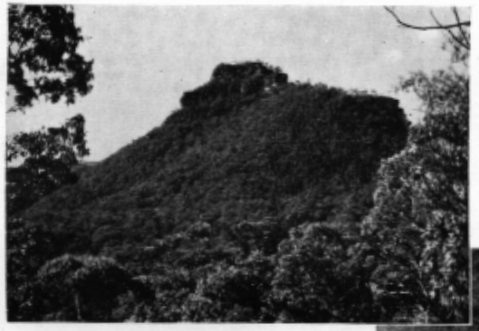
Said Dave, I know a very good Bandicoot Track*, and if you

(* NOTE: A bandicoot is a small animal about the size of a rat! — Ed.)

CARLON HEAD.

To illustrate articles:—

(1) The First Descent of Carlon Head.
(2) The Epic Gangerang Trip.
(3) How Two Grecnhorns were initiated to the Rucksack Club.



"The Horne-l-Footed Goat"
(Dot English).

Photos by "The Kind-Faced-One (?)".

Blocks donated by I.M.B.

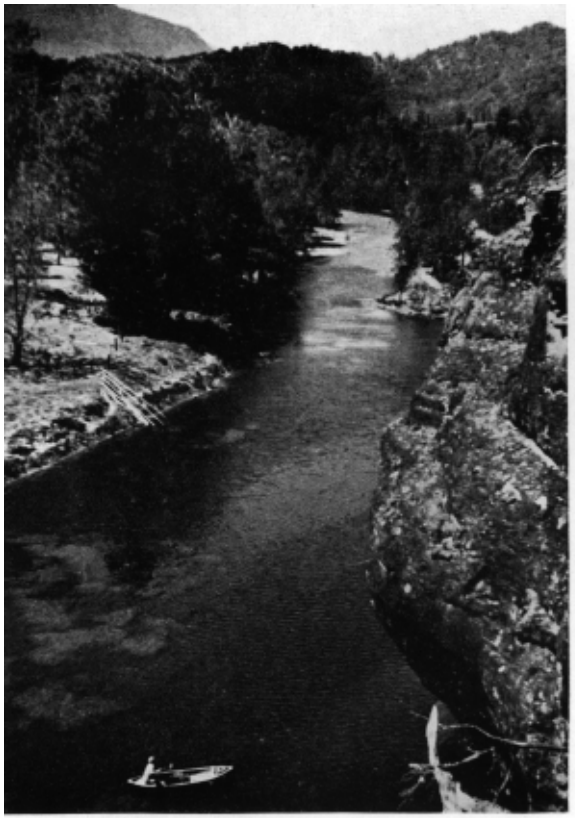


Photo by Ray Bean.

THE LOWER COX'S RIVER.

Photo by Richard Croker.

THE GATEWAY — THE MACPHERSON RANGES.

like I will take the two poor Greenhorns down that way while you go rock-climbing with the Cream of the Sydney Bush Walkers."

Next morning the Kind-Faced-One said to the Little-Fat-One, "The Horned-Footed-Goat has misled me badly. It turns out that the Bandicoot Track is as difficult as the rock-climb. I don't think Dave could take you down it without a rope, and we have only one rope in the party."

"Oh," said the Little-Fat-One, thinking this only meant the Kind-Faced-One would lead them as originally planned.

"So, don't you think you could manage the rock-climb," the Kind-Faced-One continued. "The Horned-Footed-Goat says it is not really difficult."

From then on the Little-Fat-One was in a devil of a temper.

Said the Husband in pleasant spirit, "I wonder why this track is so well-worn?" There was no answer.

Half an hour passed and the Husband, hoping to break her gloom said, "This track is very well worn, don't you think?"

But she merely snapped him up and they proceeded in silence till they reached the rocks down which they were to go.

Trembling in every limb the Little-Fat-One climbed fearfully down the first 20 feet on to her Husband's shoulder. Then the rope was fixed round her waist and the full horror of the situation broke upon her. Her teeth chattering, she was let down a further 20 feet and again landed on her Husband's shoulder. Then a third pitch of 20 feet far worse than the others followed. The rock overhung and she seemed to drop through space before her Husband caught her trembling form. Could life hold anything more terrible? It turned out that these were merely preliminary steps. reached the brink of the precipice. They let the rope down; it was not long enough; they sat dangling their legs over that awful chasm and discussed the situation. Eventually Dave tied the rope round himself and was let over the edge. The Little-Fat-One turned hey eyes away in horror.

Meanwhile the Horned-Footed-Goat had been walking casually up and down the cliff-face like an ordinary bushwalker along a plain straight track!

Dave reached the bottom and it was the turn of the Little-Fat-One. With terror in her heart she edged to the least precipitous part of the cliff.

"Not that part," they called, "over there is the proper place," and they pointed to an overhanging bulge. "You climb with your feet," they explained. She bumped with her bosom instead and her feet dangled over space. "It's all right, honey-pot," called her Husband from above, "You're doing splendidly"—she hung panic-stricken while Hell opened beneath her! "Almost down, darling," he cried again—she continued to hang' Then she felt the pleasant touch of fingers on her feet. Was she down at last? Oh dear no! An agony of a lifetime passed before she realised that Dave had climbed up by giddy ledges to give that helpful finger-touch.

She was really down! She did not care about anyone else once her Husband reached her side. But by this time she was sufficiently recovered to sit up and take pleasure in noting that the Kind-Faced-One turned a distinct shade of green as she in turn was lowered over.

Then they went down the almost perpendicular slope beneath. In ordinary times it would have been impossible, but after the cliff face it was a mere nothing, The Little-Fat-One alternately rolled and fell until she reached the bottom, and after that the Kind-Faced-One led her at a run through the bush to Carlon's where they all rested in the sun waiting for the sumptuous dinner for which Mrs. Carlon was renowned.

Then said the Kind-Faced-One, "We are late, the dinner will take an hour to cook; there is a Big Hill; Gordon is a Walking

(Continued on page 52.)

THE ROCK-CLIMBING SECTION OF THE SYDNEY BUSH WALKERS

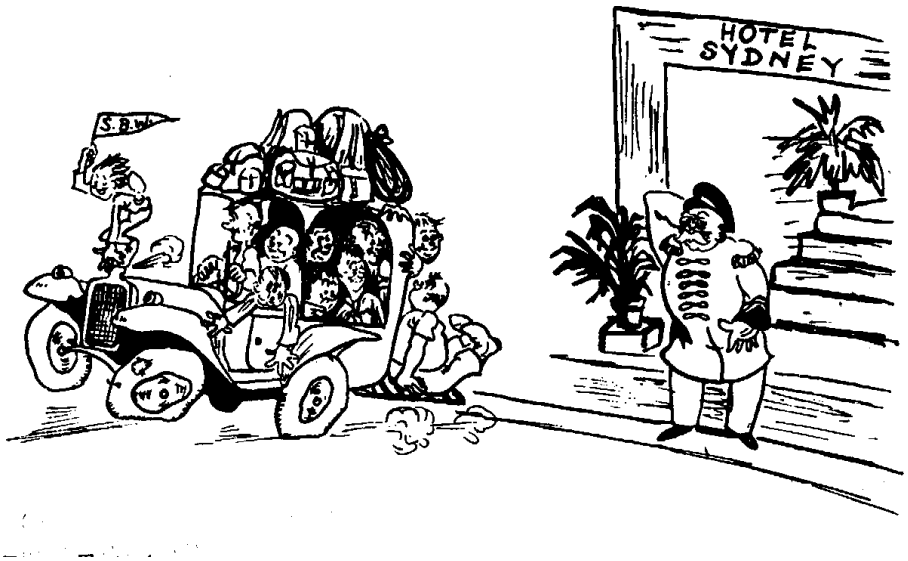
By DOT ENGLISH.

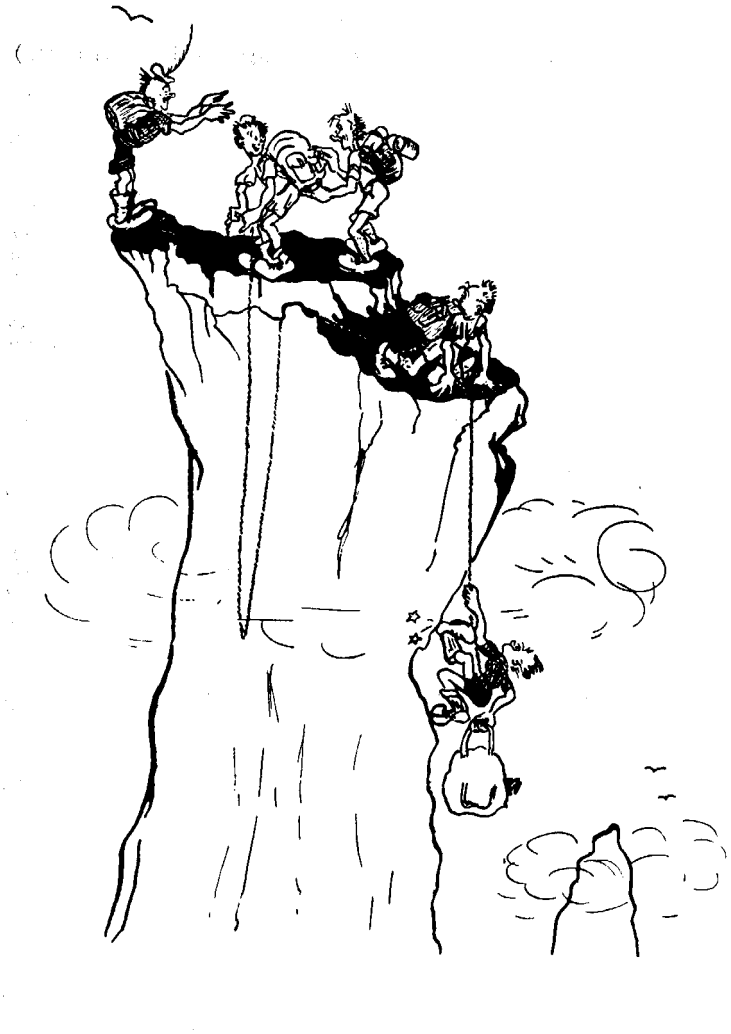
(Sydney Bush Walkers).

This Section just seemed to appear out of the blue, as it were. Somebody said, "Do you know anything about a Rock-Climbing section in this Club?" and a number of us gathered together answered, "Everything . . · We're IT," and Marie Byles pricked up her ears in excitement and donated a practically brand-new mountaineering rope with red-white-and-blue stripes woven through it as a hallmark of its excellence, and asked us to write up some of our major climbs for THE ANNUAL, and we were besieged on all sides by questions as to our doings so that our consciences began to get a little uneasy and we thought "Cripes, what have we done to deserve this? The only thing for it is to go out and climb some rocks, or we stand a good chance of being branded imposters."

Accordingly an Inaugural Meeting was guiltily called and invitations were quietly scattered around among those likely to befor our first trip. The picture below shows the party together with packs and stacked aboard the "Flying Frigidare" (or "Criminal Coach—use whichever term you think most fitting), leaving from outside the main entrance of the Hotel Sydney, bound for The gentleman in the gold braid doesn't know whether he ought to call the police or take it lying down.

Another respectable car came with us, to lighten the load on that faithful Frigidaire, and after a most eventful journey through Katoomba and down the Dark Road, and a night spent on the one hand in a stable with a racehorse, and on the other in a ditch where a puncture caused a forced landing, the two cars eventually converged at a point about half a mile above Carlon's where the road terminates. Here we had breakfast and then set out on the Big Adventure.





But I am not going into any detailed description of our climbing —it's one of those things you don't talk about, like Love or a pain in the stomach, which must be experienced to be understood. are a real lover of the gentle art of mountaineering the accompanying picture will suffice to thrill you with joy and exultation, and if you are not a mountaineer all the descriptive verbiage in the world will fail to bring any answering response from your cold hearts.

This from the Rock-Climbing Section.

You can come with us if you like.

HOW TO GET LOST

By "PADDY" Pallin (Rover Ramblers and Sydney Rush Walkers)

Don't be half-hearted with your walking. Plan your trips ahead, and if you are considering getting lost, do the thing in style and make a job of it.

Here are a few tips that will help.

Before you set off there are certain preparetions to be made. It is silly to get lost in easily accessible country, and so it is best to choose the wildest and most rugged territory. Of course, you must have information to help you to get into the area, so go to some one who knows the district and get some dope on it, but whatever you do don't take notes of what he tells you. Rely on your memory, or should he insist on giving you notes and route sketches, it is much better to leave them behind.

With food, you have the choice of two courses. You can so cut down the food supply that you will be on short rations before the first week is up, or you can take an extra liberal supply including lots of fresh or tinned fruit and vegetables (so full of vitamins,don't you know), in a number of bottles and tins. The latter course is preferable, because getting lost on an empty stomach is distinctly ultra vires or honi soit qui mal de mer (if you know what I mean). Besides the bottles and tins come in so useful for leaving messages behind for the search party. By the way, you mustn't dream of taking pencil and paper along with you, it is so much more fun writing messages with a burnt stick on rocks, or the tail of your shirt.

Then, of course, keep your proposed route a profound secret. If possible don't even let anyone know from what station you will be commencing your trip and need I say how foolish it would be to give anybody even a brief itinerary of your trip, because, obviously, that would make it so much easier for the search party, and that would spoil the fun. Unfortunately, for some obscure reason, parents generally want to know when you will be coming back, but be as vague as possible. It is even better to say you intend leaving from one place, and then change your plans at the last moment. This puts possible rescuers quite off the scent.

Having thus prepared, set off on your trip with light hearts and full knowledge that you are going to cause a spot of bother before you reach home again.

It is not a bad plan if you wish to get lost to leave map and compass at home, but some people prefer to take them along because then they have something to blame. If you do take map and compass, put them carefully in the bottom of your pack so as not to be able to get at them. In this way, you can't easily identify landmarks, and it is much simpler to get lost that way.

If you have any difficulty in getting the party lost, an individual member of the party can go off from camp without pack, map, compass or matches—just for a look round. Then he should wander round aimlessly for a while, admiring the scenery and pick a few flowers. Without a great deal of trouble he can very effectively get lost in a remarkably short time. But this is not a very matey thing to do, because even though he has the thrill of being really lost in the bush, it is a bit uncomfortable spending a few nights in the bush without a fire, on an empty stomach, when you're by yourself.

It is not nearly so bad if there are two or three. So it might be advisable for the whole party to leave camp without gear, food and matches and wander off. Besides, it is ever so much harder to find camp if there is no one there to answer your calls.

In the best circles, however, this is considered bad technique, because possums or bandicoots might raid the stores and it wouldn't be very nice if, after being without food for three or four days, the party stumbled across the camp and then found the tucker all messed up.

Another way to make getting lost more exciting is, on learning that the party is lost, to get very excited and rush about first in one direction and then in another, and, of course, it is even better if the party separates because that makes it so much harder for the search party.

Generally only the most enthusiastic "get-loster"" get astray without food. As a rule there is generally some rice or flour left, but, of course, it is simply not done to have any knowledge of cooking. Think what fun it must be to learn cooking when lost and after all you will want something to while away the hours until the search party finds you.

That brings me to my final point. Never make a smoky fire when lost; it might be seen by searchers, and as for proper signal fires, well, of course, as a good "get-loster"" you simply wouldn't know anything about such things.

When after days of heroic fortitude and endurance, you are found, or stagger weakly up to some lonely farmhouse, just think how you will bask in the sympathy and endearment of your distraught parents, to whom you have been so providentially restored.

STOP THAT CONFUSION!

By HORACE A. SALMON

(Trampers' Club of N.S.W.)

"'Er name's Doreen," e sez,

'Gorstruth, what's in a name,

A rose be any other name would smell as sweet.' "

C. J. Dennis.

Which is just what this article is about; when the Editorial Committee asked me to write an article and I suggested "Standardising Nomenclature" as a subject, some of the members looked rather blank until I explained the general idea, and this article is the idea.

There are many places on the map with the same name—likewise several names for the same place, which is not only confusing, but at times annoying. Let us take the Blue Mountain-Burragorang Tourist map; there are at least two Breakfast Creeks—first, the one we all know which heads up on Narrow Neck Peninsular and flows to the Cox's River. The other flows from the Blue Labyrinth to the Nepean. When Kill's gets its correct name the confusion will be still greater as Breakfast Valley has been the name of this property since Tom McMahon was a boy, and that's not yesterday, and yet Breakfast Valley is miles away from either creek of the same name.

"I spent the week-end at Bluegum," says a new Club member, and is immediately asked if he went in over Govett's Leap. A surprised look comes on his face as he exclaims: "No, from Couridjah He had been to the Nattai Bluegums. A tract of country west of Helensburgh also sports the name of Bluegum Forest.

The above are only a few examples of duplications of names in a comparatively small area—one could add Reedy Creeks, Eurokas, Table and Flat Tops, Pulpit Rocks, and of course Little River which is to be found in the Nattai River as well as in the Cox's Basin-approximately thirty miles away as the crow flies.

And then there is the confusion of two Narrow Necks on the one Peninsula. It is only since the advent of the new map that the First Neck was dubbed "The Causeway. By the same token many walkers who know First Water Creek don't know Diamond Spray Falls. The latter is a case of two names for one place. Another which comes to mind is Blue Dog Ridge. After climbing down the slate slide opposite Mt. Heartbreaker and walking to the Jenolan River we met Jack Duncan from Eureka (the one in Megalong, not the one near Glenbrook) inquiries to our route elicited the information that we had climbed down Blue Dog. "Where was that?" We explained. "Oh, you mean the Hornet's Nest." He had never heard of Blue Dog although he had forgotten more about the country than we ever knew.

Mounts Mouin, Warrigal and Dingo are unknown to the residents of the Lower Cox; likewise Medlow Mountain is unknown to most walkers: yet they are one and the same group of mountains. To the locals out Ginkin way, Tuglow Caves are an insignificant series of caves —any of which have fallen in—about half a mile upstream from the Tuglow Hut. The Tuglow Caves we know, are Horse Cully Creek Caves to the inhabitants of the district, so they were to O. Trickett when he first explored them in 1898. In the same district, Dungalla. Falls must be somewhere else- so say the residents—but Box Creek Falls have been there for centuries.

Endeavour to get information locally and your map names mean nothing, yet we are told that the Lands Dept. always consult old maps before allowing a new name. Let us stay with the locals of the Cox's River a while. Every paddock, every ridge, every hill, every river crossing is named. Leaving McMahon's for Scott's Main

we cross Kowmung Crossing; going to Kill's, Dellis, Sandy Beach and Oakey Creek Crossings, Myrtle Falls and the Wide Crossings are traversed. Every spot is named and is useful if directions are being given. The map doesn't show these names—conversely the locals don't know the map names.

A classic example of how names multiply is the case of "Bran Jan." Once owned by Butler, it was known as Butler's Hut; the present owner, Jack Sharpe, is very wrath if it is called anything except Bran Jan or Sharpe's place. It is not Butler's and it isn't a hut—it's a decent house and far superior to Kowmung House.

"Why," ask many walkers, "is the clearing at the mouth of Kanangra named Konangaroo?" If my information is correct, and I have no reason to doubt it, Kanangra was the oldest spelling of the name, later Konangaroo crept in. Nowadays the older spelling is used, but the alternative way is kept alive in Konangaroo Clearing.

Megalong-ites can confuse one gloriously when they refer to "The Old Man." This is the local appellation for Black Billy on Narrow Neck Peninsular. Just across the Cox is a range they call the Old Man Range. Here is a case of the same name for two topographical features not more than four miles apart by airline—and both names used by the locals. How confusing!

A glaring case of three names for one feature is that residual outlier which overlooks the Cedar Creek country.It is shown in official maps, mark you-as Mount Korrowal, Mount Solitary and Isolated Mountain.

What then, is the solution to this problem? Myles J. Dunphy Dogs was perfectly logical in his naming of the Wild Dogs even calling the stretch of the Cox round their base Merriganowrie Reach; aboriginal for "Where the Dingoes gather." The only "fly in the ointment" is that the locals don't know or recognise these names, vide the cases of Medlow Mount and the Hornet's Nest.

Another solution is to follow the lead of the National Geographical Society, and put the national name in italics under the anglicized name. Similarly we could put the italicised local name under the official name. The only difficulty is that this will clutter up the map to such an extent that topographical features will be unintelligible. Again we might forget new names and insert old ones or conversely forget old ones in favour of new baptismal tags.

Any of these solutions is possible but none of them make allowance for keeping alive aboriginal names—a very worthy ideal -r for perpetuating historical names. Of course, we ourselves are to blame for many names on account of our tendency to slap a name on a place because of some incident which happened there. New Zealand has solved the problem by the instituting of an Honorary Geographic Board which accepts or rejects new and suggested names after referring them to the district surveyor for comment. Isn't it possible for the Federation to co-operate with the Lands Dept. and establish a similar body in N.S.W.

Somebody asked me to make this article controversial and I hope I've opened up a subject which will set some of the wiseacres of the various clubs thinking to find a solution—I can't.

After all, what's in a name? WELL, I ASK YOU.

PEBBLES AND SAND

By FRANK A. CRAFT
(Warrigal Club)

Look at an exposed river bank anywhere on our countryside, and what do you see? A bed of river pebbles below, and layers of fine silt above. The pebbles are often very large; on the level plains of up to the Braidwood district, many miles from the hills, they are three feet in diameter, and are perfectly rounded through being along by water. The gathering of these pebbles ceased abruptly, and they were buried by great loads of fine loam, through which the rivers have carved new channels.

In many places, however, a stranger has appeared. Increasing quantities of sand are being carried in time of flood, filling the channels, and spreading the loam over plains, with their fertile soil. Even in the rivers about Sydney—Lane Cove, Woronora, George's, Port Hacking, and s, on—this action may be seen, and all walkers have observed it on the Cox, where many of the deep pools have passed out of existence in the space of a few years, having been filled with sand. Going further afield to the Hunter, Goulburn, Lachlan, Upper Shoalhaven—to name but a few—the destructive action of sand is a cause of great national loss, because the pools are filled, and the fields made unproductive

Why the invasion by sand? Is it just another phase of the natural shaping of the land surface, or something due to settlement? To give an answer, one has to be familiar with the experiments of Dr. Marshall, the New Zealand geologist and polar explorer. He took graded pebbles and fine material from New Zealand beaches, mixed them with water, and rotated the mixture in enclosed vessels for definite times. After the experiments, the material was again measured and classified.

As a result it was found that, when pebbles alone were used, certain grades only tended to be eliminated, and the material rubbed or knocked off settled as extremely fine mud. In Nature, this is the fertile soil.

When sandy material had been added, the grades between the description of fine silt and coarse sand tended to be eliminated. Another conclusion was, that the beach sands so common in the South Island were practically everlasting, because of the absence

These conditions are shown naturally by our Australian rivers. The upper parts of their channels, mainly the canyon sections, have acted as great mills, producing the fine material that was deposited on top of the pebbles in the lower valleys and plains, and which forms some of our best soil. Even the basal pebbles were well sorted and arranged from place to place.

In the normal action of the streams, sand was almost unknown, because it was ground up by the, pebbles, and eliminated. Under present conditions, as general rule, there are very few pebbles available for grinding, and large quantities of material have been swept into the rivers as a result of hillside erosion.

I suppose there are many people who will doubt one of these statements. A walker who has painfully felt his way across a river on a cold morning gets the impression that the world is a waste of river gravel, and that streams have nothing else to do except put pebbles in his way. If he examines the place after breakfast, when he feels more cheerful, he will see that the pebble beds actually continue under the silt banks, and the river has merely gouged a channel through them. When he becomes really interested, and looks.

further upstream, he cannot find a place where these rounded pebbles are forming at the present day. Terraces of angular fragments are common, and there are plenty of flatish stones with rounded edges, but no new mill stones.

In other words, the survival of sand is due to the fact that it is not being ground up by rounded pebbles, for two reasons: firstly, a great quantity of it is being poured into the streams, together with other material eroded from the land surface; secondly, the engines to destroy it do not exist, in most places, under the present channel conditions, a climax of landscape development has been reached independent of mankind, which no longer allows new pebbles to be formed. It is only too obvious that the continued filling of the river beds with sand is further hindering the work of reduction of the load carried.

In conclusion, we may refer to the Warragamba to illustrate these remarks. How many pebbles or stones survive its turbulent passage? Yet the sand gets through—look at the Nepean-Hawkesbury above Richmond!

RIVER ROVING BY CANOE

By TOM HERBERT

(River Canoe Club and Sydney Bush Walkers).

A twelve-foot cedar canoe moves gracefully along a placid stretch of the Shoalhaven.The two stalwart paddlers wield their blades with perfect rhythm and puff their pipes in comfortable contentment.

What actually happens is uncertain. One man struggles to gain a footing as he is swiftly carried downstream in the grip of the current. Bobbing along near him are sundry items of equipment, billy cans, food tins, clothing and a couple of paddles. The other man is waist deep in the racing water desperately clinging to a rock with one hand and the swamped canoe with the other.

The tent and a valuable camera have disappeared as well as many items of minor equipment. Search at the bottom of the torrent is Impossible. Water is in everything; leaves of bread are soggy masses of jelly. Mournfully everything is unpacked and laid out to dry. The paddles are recovered a half-mile down-stream. Without a tent the canoeists sleep under the stars and do likewise for the next ten nights.

Days of endless variety, roaring torrents, long deep pools, gleaming sand banks, the rugged grandeur of the gorge, the solitude of evening after an exciting day, the glorious uncertainty of what is ahead—all these are for those who venture along rivers by canoe.

ONE MAN'S MEAT ....

By K.M. (Sydney Bush Walkers)

"Food," said George, as his chop-bone whizzed past the noses of the company and lodged in the camp-fire, "Food is never properly appreciated by civilized man."

"Meaning to say that Bush Walkers are not civilized?" put in Bill.

"Meaning to say that it is not until one has been thoroughly wet, cold, tired and hungry that one can know the real value of food. Man's Favourite Food, Meat, Chops, Steak, Stew. Ah!" Christabel—Panky for short—wrinkled her nose in delicate disgust. Panky is a vegetarian.

"If you can call such stuff food," she said, thrusting an inquiring spoon into a billy of half-cooked rice, "I'd call it poison."

"Nothing can take the place of meat in the well-balanced diet," said George gravely. "I saw that written in a butcher's shop the other day. It must be true."

"Oh, that's nonsense, you know," said Banky, gently. "Any dietician will tell you how to balance your diet perfectly without a shred of meat."

George shook his head. "No good. I'd be as weak as a kitten without my pound of flesh. You'd see me tottering up the track—"

"Like Banky," Bill chuckled. "You often see her tottering, don't you? No, my lad, that argument won't wash. You know she can walk the legs off you.

"Maybe," said George with dignity. "Speed isn't everything. Besides Panky's used to the diet

"That's just it," said Banky, turning a sizzling slice of nutmeat in the frying pan. "You've never really tried it. You've no idea how delicious and nutritious rice can be, for example, cooked—"

"Sounds like a song," broke in Bill. "What is there half so nice as a savoury stew of rice, so nutritious, so delicious, so completely free from vice?"

" ... Cooked," went on Banky, ignoring the interruption, "to a pale, golden-brown, with butter, in the frying pan, and then stewed tilltender! Youjust try some, George. It'll be ready in about five minutes."

"You'll never convert him," said Bill. _"He's a real"He-Meat-Man' Extordinary the lenghts some walkers will go to have a bit of un-tinned meat by them to the last. I was on a three weeks' trip once with a chap who clung to some bacon through thick and trip once with a chap who clung to thin, and oh my, how it deteriorated. Our favourite song in camp was'Green Grow the Rashers, O.' Then there was another time—a Christmas camp, when we had a ham. Every morning, with my own eyes, I saw our leader creep into the stores tent and scrape the grublets off before serving ham for breakfast."

"A little more such talk," said Banky, "and I won't be able to eat a thing. Now, George, where's your plate? This rice is done to a turn."

"Rice, rice glorious rice, she'll have it cooked in a trice," chortled Bill. "Eat every grain of it, let none remain of it, rice, rice, glorious rice! with apologies to the johnny who wrote that charming song about beer."

George dug a tentative fork into the mound on his plate and took a mouthful. Panky eyed him breathlessly. "Well?" she said at last.

"I have eaten rice before," said George, "but none like this." "There! What did I say? Isn't it delicious?" said Panky rapturously

"Madam, you mistake my meaning. I state merely the sober fact that it is differelit from any rice I have heretofore tasted. What is the matter with it?"

"I expect," said Panky, a little dashed, "that you have always had the refined rice before. This is the unpolished article; full of vitamines, absolutely unspoiled."

George bowed politely. A peculiar expression flitted across his face

"Since you, William, are so lyrical, allow me to contribute my little song on rice:—

"Beside the unpolished rice he lay,
So sick he could not stand,
'Gee, but it's tough,' he moaned,'the stuff
Tastes like a rubber band.
Bring me instead the pure, refined
Rice of my native land."

"With apologies?" said Bill anxiously.

"With no apologies," said George firmly, and arising, emptied his plate into the darkness of the night.

SITTING-DOWN-RUNNING

FROM WELLINGTON TO BRISBANE

By HUDSON SMITH.

(Rucksack Club of Sydney)

Country life amongst the calves and lambkins, not to mention tractors and ploughs, having become somewhat de-bunked, we decided to cycle up to the warm exotic land of Queensland, with visions of spending the rest of the winter basking in the tropical sun and perhaps experimenting with the simple life on some coral isle in the Tropic seas. We were to realise later that we had left too late in the season and by the time we arrived in Brisbane the aforesaid tropic sun was getting too much so, putting an end to our journey in that city.

Doubtless to the dyed-in-the-wool walker who considers any form of conveyance, other than a pair of boots propelled by brute force, as "sissy" and effete, cycling must appear a sneaking, underhand use of modern mechanical conveniences and roads, and a miserable evasion of the issue. Nevertheless it retains much of the individualistic and adventurous charm of walking, while enabling one to travel far beyond the limitations imposed by nature upon the walker's horizon, but at the same time, and I write with conviction, it provides sufficient physical exertion to give one at the end of the day that appetite necessary for the enjoyment of those camp-fire dishes to which walkers are such fanatical victims.

Please do not run away with the idea, however, that cycling, at any rate as practised by us, means settling down to a steady fifteen miles per hour with a minimum of one hundred and twenty miles for the day, rain, hail or snow. On the contrary, we sought the maximum of pleasure with the minimum of effort. On our first day out we covered eighteen miles; on the second day we achieved seven miles, most of which we walked. On some days, however, we did fifty miles, but although our daily efforts were erratic, an average day's journey was between twenty-five and thirty miles. The weather was mostly fine, but very cold, with frosty nights, and in the mornings each of us would lie: snugly in our sleeping bag waiting for the sun to thaw things out a bit and hoping the other fellow would get up and light the fire and cook breakfast. The consequence was we seldom left camp before about 10.30 or 11 a.m. We then travelled until lunch time (with hardly a stop, mind you, except to rest after walking up a hill, or to admire the scenery) and after spending anything up to an hour and a half over lunch, we watched out for a good camp site about four o'clock. The result of this method of travel was entirely satisfactory to us and we never broke any records to write home about.

The route we travelled was from Mumbil, a small village some fifteen or sixteen miles from Wellington, through Mudgee, Cassilis, Merriwa, Scone, Tamworth, Armidale, Dorrigo, Coramba, Grafton, Ballina, Murwillumbah, Tweed Heads, Southport, to Brisbane. This route provides a remarkable cross-section of northern New South Wales and a wonderful variety of scenery, mountains, valleys, streams and even dry stages where we had to drink unpleasant mineralised water from bores and wells, and the cyclometer registered 724 miles when we reached Brisbane.

Many incidents of the trip can be left to the imagination. Neither of us could be called expert cyclists and to add to the difficulty of balance on bad roads, our machines were loaded with food, camping gear and clothes (not nearly enough clothes as we discovered on the first night out).

Consequently on the narrow roads in the mountains we developed an almost hypersensitive respect for motor lorries, and on hearing a motor, would get well on to the side of the road and even dismount until it had passed. On one occasion we thus waited for fully ten minutes before the lorry appeared round the bend ahead of us although we had thought it right on top of us. One evening, in the dark, I got bogged in a very muddy creek bed while trying to collect a bucket of water from a very dirty hole, after having walked a couple of miles to find water. There was a bleak, windy night we spent camped under a bridge, miles from civilization, where we could not find a tree to tie the tent up, the water was undrinkable, and the few small sticks of wood we were able to gather would not burn, with the result that next morning we were up at dawn and away in a thick fog, to find water and wood to cook breakfast; water we found ten miles on, but not a stick of wood. This was in the black soil country, which is surely most inhospitable country for campers.

Lastly, there was the episode of the difference of opinion as to the right road which occurred near Ballina, resulting in each of us taking the road we fancied and, chuckling with triumph at the supposed discomfiture of the other, we met each other coming in opposite directions down the main street.

THE RHYME OF AN EARNEST TRAMPER

By K.M. (Sydney Bush Walkers)

Tramp, tramp,
What if you've got the cramp
What if your heel's begun to and your nerves are on the ramp
The peace of the dusk is round us and we'll soon make camp,
So tramp, tramp, tramp.

You of the huddled houses, who've never humped a load,
What do you know of the free life and the lure of the winding road,
Of the pain and the joy undreamed of in our weariness and scars,
And the fresh tang of the dawn-wind, and the friendship of the stars?

The rains may fall and the storms come or the sun blaze down,
It's all the same to our Brotherhood of the Lean and Fit and Brown.
O this is the test for a real man to prove his spirit's worth
In the grim peaks and the silences of the wise old earth.

What if the world declares we're mad?
It's a saying the world has always had
For those who escape its toils:
We carry peace in our bulging pack
And laughter races us up the track
To the place where the billy boils.
So,

Tramp, tramp,
What if your blanket's damp?
What if the track is inky black and the moon's not raised her lamp?
The rain's stopped and the wind's dropped and we'll soon make camp,
So tramp, tramp, tramp.

OUR SANDY MACDONALD

By DOROTHY Lawry

(Sydney Bush Walkers & H.H. Club)

In 1934 Win. Lewis and I were booked for yet another trip to the Upper Kowmung, but only for the second week of our Looking for somewhere new to walk during the first week, the South Eastern Tourist Map. Most of it was latticed red lines that denoted good roads, good land, settlement.At first glance, there was just one interesting patch for a bush walker-where the Blue Mountains were a mass of black hachuring; but I was looking for new country!

Then my eyes focussed on a large white patch in the north. It was almost entirely blank, so I knew it was rough country, unsurveyed, unsettled, and only about sixty miles from Sydney in a direct line! I looked no further.

In the eastern section of this white patch was shown the Macdonald River, flowing S.S.E. to join the Hawkesbury at Wiseman's Ferry. There was one town on the river, St. Albans, which was on the old northern highway some ten miles beyond Wiseman's Ferry, and about 25 miles from the nearest railway station, Windsor. Two miles beyond St. Albans the road swung away from the river, which was only crossed by one other road, some thirty miles away in an airline. This was the road from Singleton, through Howes Valley, to Putty. It is forty miles from the railway at Singleton to the Macdonald River. Win. and I collected two other girls, made up a food-list, and, on the 13th May, 1934, Piled into "Christine" and drove to St. Albans, intending to garage the car there while we explored westwards into the hills for three or four days. The afternoon was hot; St. Albans slept in a sabbath calm. I drove on along a country road that took us up river between dairy farms for another twelve miles, then we parked "Christine" at the Post Office, a lonely farm.

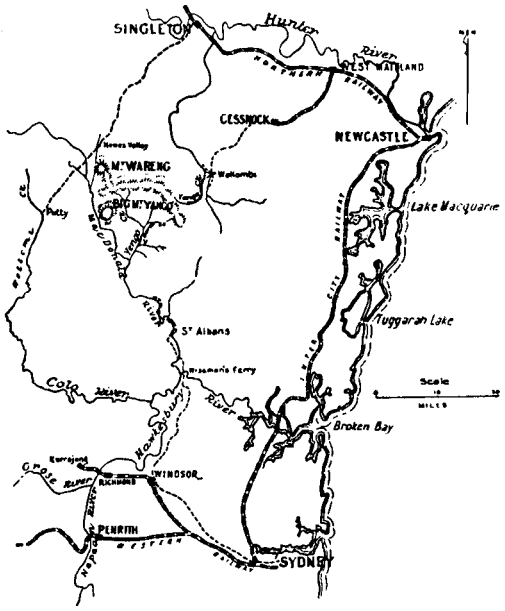
Swinging up our rucksacks, we set off without a care in the world—except to get back to that car in four days' time. We had no map, but were prepared to make one as we went—and we went on up-river, for we had already seen enough to know that the surrounding country was an absolute maze.

There is at least one other Macdonald River in New South Wales,.up in New England, and I know nothing about it. But our "Sandy" Macdonald is a most interesting place, where the history of the Hawkesbury Sandstone area can be read very easily. The sandstone, of course, was laid down under water; then came a long, slow lifting of the whole region, and the rains of those days formed the Macdonald River and meandered to the Hawkesbury, and to the sea.

As the hills rose, the river kept on deepening its gorge, until there came a time when the country sank instead of rising. Then all the grains of sand and earth, that continued to be washed from the hillsides by the hundreds of little creeks, accumulated in the bed of the river until it was choked with sand, and here, as at various places

Again the land rose.(or started to rise?)and here as at various places round Sydney, we can see that in recent geological time there has been this rise of nine or ten feet. Along the Macdonald it has lifted the sand above water-level, and, down around St. Albans, a new bed has been cut between rich river flats that are backed by steep, barren, sandstone or ironstone ridges.

As we proceeded upstream, we watched the hats narrowing until only narrow. massy banks separated the water from the hills that



rose almost sheer for two or three hundred feet at the lowest parts, and nearly a thousand feet at the highest.

Every time we crossed the river we had to paddle because there were no stones, only the sand, but as we went on the water got shallower until, at the junction of Yengo Creek with the river, there was only about three inches of surface water in the Macdonald, and none in the creek. This was about five miles beyond the last house.

Although the valley had been settled for very many years, we four women were the first walkers who had been seen in the district! The local people told us, if we had the time, we could easily go right through to the Putty Road, about 35 river miles, but we could neither find, nor hear of, anyone who had been right through. We did not have time to go beyond Yengo Creek, but returned to the car.

In 1935 I planned to follow the Macdonald down from the Putty Road to St. Albans, but abandoned the trip because, a week before we intended starting out, we were advised that water could only be got by digging.

1936 was also a very dry year, and my holidays were postponed until October, but, having collected three men as fellow explorers, we set out from Wollombi on the 17th October intending to cross the ranges, follow down Yengo Creek, and walk up the Macdonald River to the Putty Road. There was a heat-wave in full blast, and our way led along a hot, dusty road for eight miles, or so, up Yango Creek. Yes, we told the local dairy-farmers what we thought of the local names when they told us we were on Little Yango Creek; that we could not do our proposed trip in a week, or in a month of Sundays, because Yango Creek and the Macdonald were so rough; and that, instead, we had better take to the ranges, and follow the old Sulky track to Big Yango homestead (now disused) on one of the heads of Pig Yango Creek. One of our advisers had been born on his father's farm on Little Yango Creek 65 years before; we were

the first walkers any of the people there had seen.

Our plans allowed slightly less than a week, so we decided to take the advice offered by all our new acquaintances, and go through to Howes Valley, and the Macdonald River at the Putty Road, by the shorter route over the ranges.

In spite of the intense heat; the lack of water, and the bush-fires with which the whole country was studded, we got through, but it was no pleasure trip. However, we learned quite a lot about the district, including the fact that all the creeks and rivers seem to be choked with sand, and that digging in the sand is the usual way of getting water from the Macdonald. Sometimes it floods, but usually there is no surface water.

On this trip I first saw the two basalt mountains that were to prove such good friends in the 1937 trip—Big Mt. Yango, which is surmounted by Yengo Trig. (2164 ft.), and Mt. Wareng, also topped by a Trig. (1934 ft.). The sandstone ridges of the area are mostly about a thousand feet above sea-level, so the two mountains are good landmarks.

No one we met in the Howes Valley-Putty Road section of the country had ever seen any walkers before, except the mail contractor who drove us into Singleton, and he had done some walking himself. However, Mr. Harry Jackson, who has a property beside the Macdonald, was very friendly, and showed Alf. and Norrie a short-cut which enabled them to climb Mt. Wareng and get back to camp before dark. He told us that the sand only choked the Macdonald for five miles downstream, and then the river became rocky and rough.

He had been no further.

In the autumn of 1937 we had some rain, and when Win. and Harold Chardon and I reached the Macdonald River from Singleton on May 14th there was a little surface water to be seen from the road. It did not go very far before losing itself in the sand. However, every few miles it came to the surface for 9 short breather, and, thanks to the recent rains, the surface was comparatively hard.

We soon found that Mr. Jackson had been misled by a rocky outcrop, and that the sand was continuous to Yengo Creek. It did not take us long to discover also that we were mistaken when we thought the river had been surveyed. Below Yengo Creek, yes. Above Yengo Creek, no, although the Macdonald forms the boundary between the Counties of Northumberland and Hunter, and was so clearly marked on those maps that we Were tricked into relying on them instead of preparing to map it for ourselves. I think the surveyors stood on top of Big Mt. Yango and drew in the river. They certainly missed so many bends that most of the time we were just wildly guessing where we were. The day we went up Big Mt. Yango and back to camp was quite a relief; we knew where we were all day.

When we turned up Yengo Creek we found it had missed the recent rain; the sand was very soft, and the going very heavy and slow. This was our fourth day of sand slogging, and when, about mid afternoon, we came to a rough, rocky stretch, we cheered. Rockhopping was a glorious change. So were the ranges next day, and the sight of Wareng and Big Mt. Yango, with whose help we reached a track that led us over to a good camp-site on Little Yango Creek, where the water was actually running, and gurgling! And so to Wollombi.

The “Sandy” Macdonald proved a “oncer”, but I am glad I went, though it was not the pleasure trip a stroll down the Cox would have been. I learned a lot from these “explorations”, and one thing in particular that can only be learned from dry trips such as these. I now truly appreciate water—the smell of it, the sound of it, the sight of it; the feel of it, and the taste of it!

Photo by Wm. Chardon. Block donated by D. Lawry.

THE SANDY MACDONALD.

hoto by Ray Bean. Block donated by the Rucksack Club.

THE COLO RIVER.

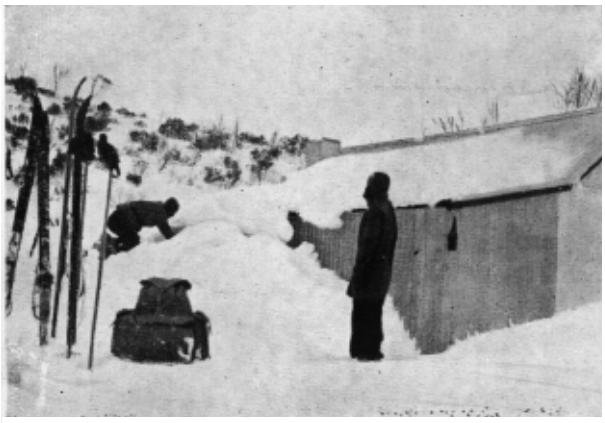


Photo by Tom Moppett. Block by courtesy of Australian Ski Year Book

DIGGING INTO THE HUT — SKI-ING THROUGH BLIZZARDS.

Photo by Horace Salmon. Block donated by Coast and Mountain Walkers.

A CAMP IN THE BLUE GUM FOREST.

v. p. 6.

SKI-ING THROUGH BLIZZARDS FOR TWELVE DAYS

KIANDRA TO KOSCIUSKO IN WINTER

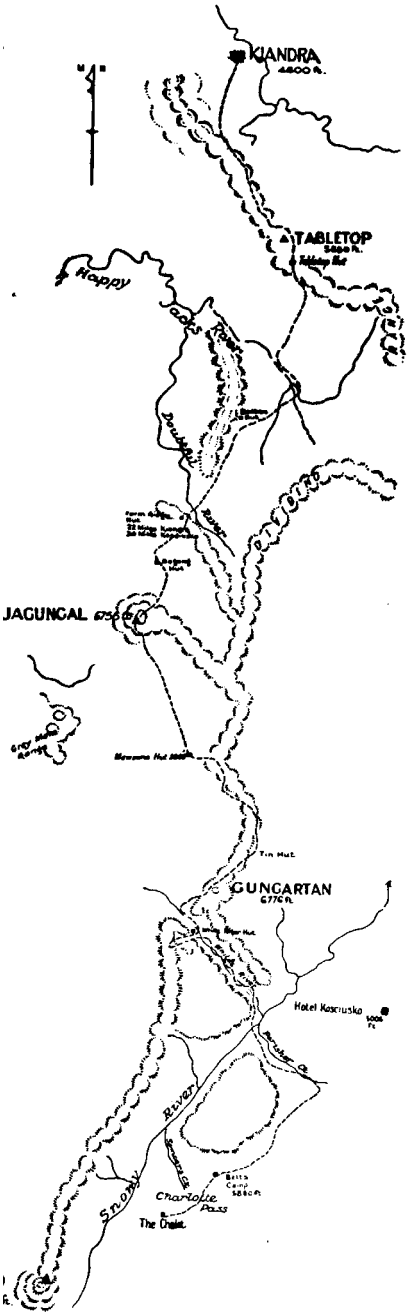
By Oliver Moriarty
(Sydney Bush Walkers)

The journey from Kiandra to Kosciusko is through some sixty miles of snowfields by the most direct route. The mountains vary in height from 5,000 to 7,000 feet, and consist of outcrops and offshoots from a great broken tableland, some 25 miles wide and with a minimum height of 4,000 feet in the upland valleys. In summer-time, herds of sheep and cattle are pastured on the tableland and the stockman who them have erected huts in some sheltered valleys. These huts are the only shelter available to a party making the trip in the snow.

In the summer of 1936, we left Sydney for Kiandra bearing tins of provisions well packed and waterproofed. With pack-horses we spent 12 days traversing the range, noting every feature that might act as a guide or landmark in the winter's snow. Depots of provisions were left at three of the six cattlemen's huts along the route selected for the winter trip.

There were three in the Party for the winter trip, the other members being Miss Jean Trimble, who had an ambition to be the first woman to do the trip across the range, and Mr. Tom Moppett.

Well equipped with new skis and heavy rucksacks full of food, clothes and eiderdown sleeping bags, we left Sydney at the end of July for Kiandra, and after two days there getting our skiing legs, packs were made ready for an early start next



morning. But next morning, heavy rain was falling and the wind blowing a hurricane, so all day we sat by the fire in the cosy lounge. Towards evening the rain changed to snow, and next day the hills were wrapped in a heavy curtain of fog and falling snow.

Up on the tops the wind was at gale force, but reckoning on shelter by keeping below the eastern edge of the Divide, we left at 11 a.m., intending to reach the Chalet, Kosciusko, ten days later.

As we climbed on to the crest of the Range, the gale from the west lashed us with showers of icy sage snow, and we had reason to be thankful that our clothing from head to foot was wind and snow-proof.

By lunch-time the snow was falling more thickly, and we could seldom see more than 50 yards. On the exposed portions of the Range we traveled side-on to prevent the blizzard lashing the exposed portions of our faces. By 4 p.m. we knew we were under Mount Table-top, but could see nothing ahead except a whiteness which was fog and falling snow. We altered our course to pass around the mountain and shortly before dark were in the vicinity where we expected to find a hut. With the limited visibility, our exact location was uncertain, and thoughts were turning to the prospect of la night in the snow, when we ran across the hut.

The snow was up to the roof, but with a spare ski-tip we burrowed down and found the latch of the door, which, as in all such huts, is never locked, and opens inwards. Once in, the door was closed and thenceforth we entered and left by the window, after levelling the snow to the sill. Our provisions, left in the summer, were found hanging from the rafters, and a stack of dry firewood was in a corner. A roaring fire was soon going, a three-course meal was over, and we lay in our sleeping-bags too deeply tired to heed the hard floor beneath.

Next day we set out once again with the ever-attendant fog, for a hut on the lowest slopes of Jagungal. On reaching the valley we ran out of the fog and found the sun smiling on a land of melting and broken snow. In the centre of the valley, the river was a rushing torrent, waist deep with icy water. To cross it was reckoned too uncomfortable, and there was the risk of a fall and a disaster in soaking a pack full of food and gear.

We followed upstream for two miles until the river had broken into four separate creeks and was only knee-deep. Taking off our boots and socks, we stepped into the icy water, to feel the burning sensation of extreme cold, until feet and legs were quite numb. Our skis and stocks were tied together with light rope, of which one end was taken over the stream so that the whole consignment could be floated across. Continuing through the valley, tributary streams were crossed in the same fashion.

There were two other huts on the way to the Bogong Hut, for which we had been making, when our progress was checked by the river. We now hoped to reach the second hut (Farm Ridge) as the weather was fine. With half a mile still to go, darkness had fallen, and a river which had broken its covering of snow was across our course. On the other side the slopes rose steeply and the snow had turned to hard ice. We were fatigued, and progress was so slow that we stopped and prepared to spend the night out. Under some trees on a steep hillside, the snow was dug away until the ground was clear. On the three sides of the cleared area and above, our little japara-silk tent was erected, and water-proof sheets were spread on the ground. On the fourth side, with small kerosene-soaked rags carried for the purpose, a blazing fire was lit of dead branches torn from the trees. Tea was soon cooking, and then we spread out our sleeping bags and slept the sleep of the weary until morning.

Once again there was fog, but we did not know that we should see no more fine weather until the trip was over. There were twelve days of continuous bad weather on the Alps, and we were out for the whole period. The trip was not to be one of sight-seeing and pleasant skiing, but a running fight with the elements.

The barometer was half an inch below fine weather reading when we arrived at the Bogong Hut at mid-day, and banks of fog were rolling over the mountains around us. The snow around the door was broken away and we entered to find a comfortable, two roomed hut with a stack of dry fire-wood. On the table were the the remnants of a meal, as though the cattlemen had departed suddenly in the autumn, perhaps hurrying away before the falling snow became too deep.

Jagungal, which rises to a height of 6,700 ft., was only a mile away, and directly above us wrapped in clouds and fog. Our course lay over the top of the mountain and down the far side. We looked eagerly for the fog to break and show the summit, 1,400 ft. above us, for it is the most prominent landmark in the Ranges, but two days were to elapse before we saw the mists roll sway and show the mountain for a few minutes only.

With the barometer still reading low, we set out next morning to cross the mountain. For an hour we proceeded up-wards, while the wind increased in force and the fog gave place to thickly falling snow. A few stunted gum trees, showing up in the snow, marked the ground level. At last we reached the timberline beyond which trees do not grow. Now nothing could be distinguished, as all around us was a whiteness which was a carpet of snow merging into falling snow. The wind was so violent that we had to lean strongly forwards and sideways to withstand it. So, not knowing where we were travelling, we retraced our steps to the hut, where we had great meals of roast potatoes, as the cattlemen had left a supply of these and plenty of dripping.

There were breaks in the weather about noon next day, so we packed up and left again. Through breaks in the fog we climbed upwards, and when about half way were rewarded by a sight of the mountain, as the mists roped away for a few minutes. Nearing the summit, the fog rolled down more thickly than ever, and the wind was so strong and boisterous that shouts a few yards away could not be heard. Bending to the gale, we slowly gained the summit and the Trig. station, to meet the full Mast of a blizzard from the west.

Leaving this cold and eerie spot, we took a coarse down the mountain, stopping every few yards to avoid running over steep banks of allow in the fog. Nearing the base, good fortune was with as, as we ran ant of the fog and saw the light of the setting sun diffused in rosy colours by banks of cloud on the snow-capped mountains to the westward. A swift run of six miles across the valley brought as just at dark to the Mawson Hut nestling under the Divide at a height of nearly 6,000 ft.

The usual fog was with us next day, but a trip of some 20 miles was made northward along the crest of the Divide and back to the hat. On this trip, when the fog lifted, the brown grasslands of the Monaro could be seen under an icy blue band of sky, far away beyond the edge of the snowfields.

We awoke to find the blizzard raging more strongly than ever, and it was impossible to leave the Hut. As the weather had been continuously bad, we reckoned it should be fine on the following day, and that we would dash right through to the Chalet. At the evening the blizzard was still strong, but had abated by the dawn. The sun came up behind banks of clouds and touched the summits of the white mountains and hills with pink and fiery colours, while the lower slopes were still in the grey half-light.

Away early, we were scarcely to the top of the Divide when the wind rose again. The fog rolled over us as we headed along the crest of the Range for Kosciusko. After about two hours we rose higher among the peaks of Gungartan. The fog now gave way to a lashing blizzard from the west, and we made slow progress towards the valley, where lay the last hut in which we had left provisions. As soon as possible, we ran down to the shelter of this valley, with the blizzard still raging on the tops.

The hut was gained in early afternoon, but as the course to Rosciusko lay along the top of the Divide, we dug our way into the hut to wait for the next day.

Being now a day behind schedule, we were off at dawn and climbed to the top of the Range. The fog was so thick that we often could not tell whether the snow in front of us was rising higher or falling. As our height increased, we struck the full force of a terrific blizzard. Progress being too difficult and there being a distinct risk of completely losing our bearings, we turned back. Reaching the Hut at 11 a.m., we decided to follow down in the shelter of the valley until we reached the Snowy River, cross it and proceed straight on until we came across the line of snow poles between the Hotel and the Chalet. The distance was reckoned about 14 miles.

We ran fast down the valley until within a few miles of the Snowy. Here the slopes went down steeply for some two thousand feet, with many vertical banks of snow, and thick scrub along the lower slopes. These slopes we negotiated slowly, the skis being taken off and carried as we plunged knee-deep in the snow and scrub.

The Snowy was found flowing swiftly between rugged banks. Stepping carefully on the rocks in the water, our gear was carried across and the skis floated over. Half an hour was taken in crossing, and then a rag, soaked in kerosene, was used to light a fire of sticks to warm our numbed limbs while beef tea was heated.

Climbing high above the river, we followed the side of a gorge a thousand feet above a little creek breaking through the snow at the bottom. Like flies on a wall we sidled along, and by nightfall the bed of the gorge had risen to our level. Though reckoning we were only a few miles from the snowpoles, we dug the snow away on a small area and camped until morning, with snow falling in gustsof wind.

The sun shon brightly on our last day out, and starting at dawn we reached the snowpoles some five miles from the Chalet at 9 a.m. An hour later we were sitting down to a hearty breakfast in Betts' Camp, that welcome haven to so many skiers.

[Editor's note: The Editor tried in vain to persuade the author to use more suitable terminology to indicate the unique nature of Kosciusko Plateau, a high, undulating, almost featureless upland, where the difficulties of finding one's way in good weather, let alone bad, are far greater than in a mountain country with sharply defined peaks, ridges and valleys. It is only by understanding the nature of the Kosciusko Plateau that the reader can appreciate the magnitude of the accomplishment of the author and his companions]

BUSHWALKING IN SOUTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND

Being an Expedition across mainly unmapped country between Lake McKerrow and Milford Sound

By Marie B. Byles

(Rucksack Club, Sydney Bush Walkers, and H. H. Club)

This was nominally a mountaineering expedition in quest of virgin peaks, but such peaks shelter their wildness behind a dense wall of almost impenetrable bush, and that is where the bushwalking comes in. We were simply calling for it when we chose one of the whitest parts of the map, the Tutoko District, north of Milford Sound, and set forth to ink it in.

Our jumping off place was Homer, at the source of the Hollyford, which we followed to its mouth at Lake McKerrow It is a fourty-mile tramp along a muddy, watery track, roofed over by an exquisitely beautiful forest, and carpeted, curtained and bordered by ferns, moss and hanging plants. It is a bushland whose beauty is born of the rain, and even the birds seem to have learned their lovely songs from the dripping of rain-drops We camped in rough huts set in open clearings, where the sandflies foregather by day and the mosquitoes by night. It was all very beautiful, but the thing that surprised me most about the Hollyford Track is that some people walk it for There was only one exciting incident in the whole forty miles was when the wire cage over the Pyke River got stuck above mid-stream with me in it

I had come as far as Lake McKerrow with Kurt Suter, the Swiss mountaineering guide I had engaged, a most interesting man, who has followed a dozen or so different professions since the time he was born the son of a University professor to the days he hitchhiked across Australia, lived as a tramp, travelled with Wirth's Circus as electrician, wheeled a fruit barrow in Sydney, and finally returned home to be welcomed as a famous Australian explorer!

At Lake McKerrow we were joined by Tom Cameron, who was to act as porter, and who had blazed a route for us in advance up Stick-up Creek, a name ugly but apt, for the stream flows from the glaciers of Mount Tutoko, down a steep narrow valley filled with the usual dense bush. However, thanks to Tom, we had no difficulty in reaching the head of it in one day; but it had rained all the time; we were soaked to the skin and very glad to make camp at the top of the gorge, where the valley starts to flatten out (2,000 feet). we found a goad, draughty cave where a huge rock had fallen on a tree to provide us with plenty of dry firewood, a most important consideration on the West Coast where all wood is sodden and will not burn unless petted and coaxed.

The rain continued two and a half days more. We pitched the tent further up-stream where the forest partly gave way to alpine meadow-land, snow-grass, spiky pineapple plants, tests snow-berries, and the usual lovely alpine flowers, now nearly over. Tom went down to fetch up our remaining provisions and returned with them, and Kurt and I climbed Slab Look-out, as we called the top of the slab slope, 2,700 feet above our camp. After climbing with Dot English and Dr. Dark in the Warrumbungles I confess to feeling distinctly "windy" as I set off with Kurt for those smooth slabs sloping at a most unpleasant angle.. However, they turned out to be not even distantly related to the Warrumbungles in difficulty, for

roping was unnecessary, and I recalled the assertion often made that New Zealanders prefer snow and ice and do not go in for rock-climbing as understood in Europe-or the Warrumbungles!

Slab Look-out provided us with a view of the surrounding country and also compass sights, which proved useful in making a sketch-map afterwards.

Then followed our one and only perfect day in the Tutoko District and we made use of every atom of it from the time the alarm rang—quite by mistake of course—at an hour considerably earlier than that suggested by Kurt! We went up by way of Slab Look-out and thence to the snowy mountain-mass above it, several mountains joined in one. We named the two most prominent peaks,. Paranui (large Snow) and Parariki (Small Snow). Between them was a pass by which we hoped to make our way over to Milford Sound on our return home. It looked down on to three lakes which form the source of the river flowing into Harrison's Cove on Milford Sound, a river unknown, unmapped, untrodden. We called the pass, Toru Moans (the Pass of the Three Lakes) and the river, Brunhilda, for reasons to be explained later.

After shooting all the surrounding landmarks with the prismatic compass we cut back over the snowy heights to Halfway Peak and then along a ridge of rock and snow to the mountain at the far end, Rotokiki (Lake Seen), from which we looked down on the long silent depths of Lake McKerrow and beyond it to the bronze-silver sea bordered by cloud islands gilded by the early evening sunlight.

In the last of the twilight we went back along the ridge and down the slab-slope, well satisfied to have climbed over 6,000 feet in all, covered over 14 miles of country and put four unclimbed peaks and one pass in the rucksack. It had been an intensely interesting day topographically, but the mountains were scarcely as dificult as I had hoped.

"A mere walk, in fact," I remarked rather airily as I swallowed one of Kurt's excellent vegetarian stews with the pemmican nicely disguised!

"That's all right," he replied drily, "but I noticed you managed to walk your finger-tips off.

I looked at them ruefully and had to admit I was a little less sure about its being "a mere walk."

Our next objective was Tutoko, the highest of the southern group of Alps in New Zealand, and a mountain not climbed by very many.

After that one fine day, it rained as only the West Coast can. Wet day followed watery day and watery day followed wet, Tom's "Strand" and my "Punch" were exhausted and all Kurt's cowboys killed off, and still it rained.

At last on the afternoon of the 10th March it cleared; we climbed one more virgin peak, and decided on Tutoko for the morrow, .the highest peak of the district and seldom climbed. Once again the alarm was set optimistically for an hour much earlier than Kurt anticipated! It was a clear night when it woke Tom and me-its "girlish chuckle" never woke Kurt—and by the time we had persuaded him it was nearer sunrise than sunset, black cloud had gathered over the fatal north west-which proves conclusively of course that the weather would be all right if only people got up when the alarm went!

I had only a few days left and there were a great many more than a few possibilities of missing my boat to Sydney by reason of swollen creeks. We decided to give up Tutoko and make over Toru Woana Pass before the weather should stop us.

So we struck camp, Tom taking the gear down Stick-up Creek and back to Homer, while Kurt and I went the opposite way up the

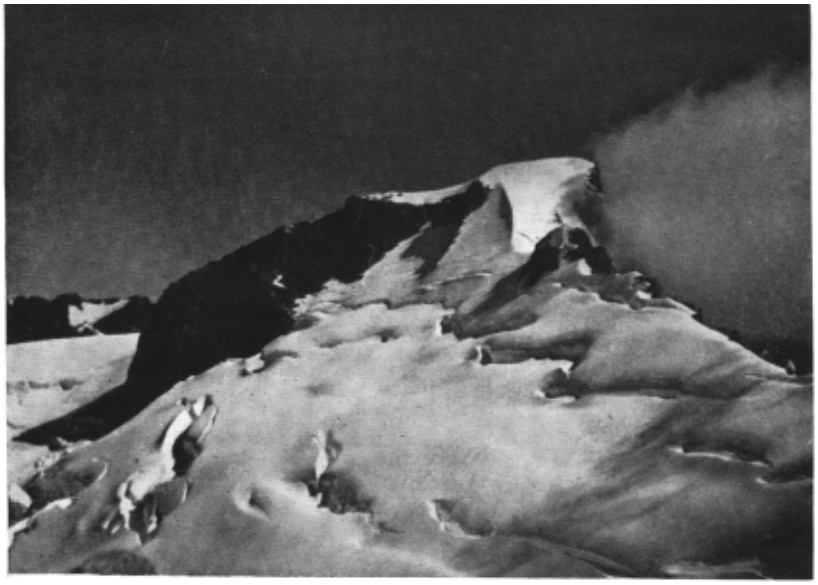
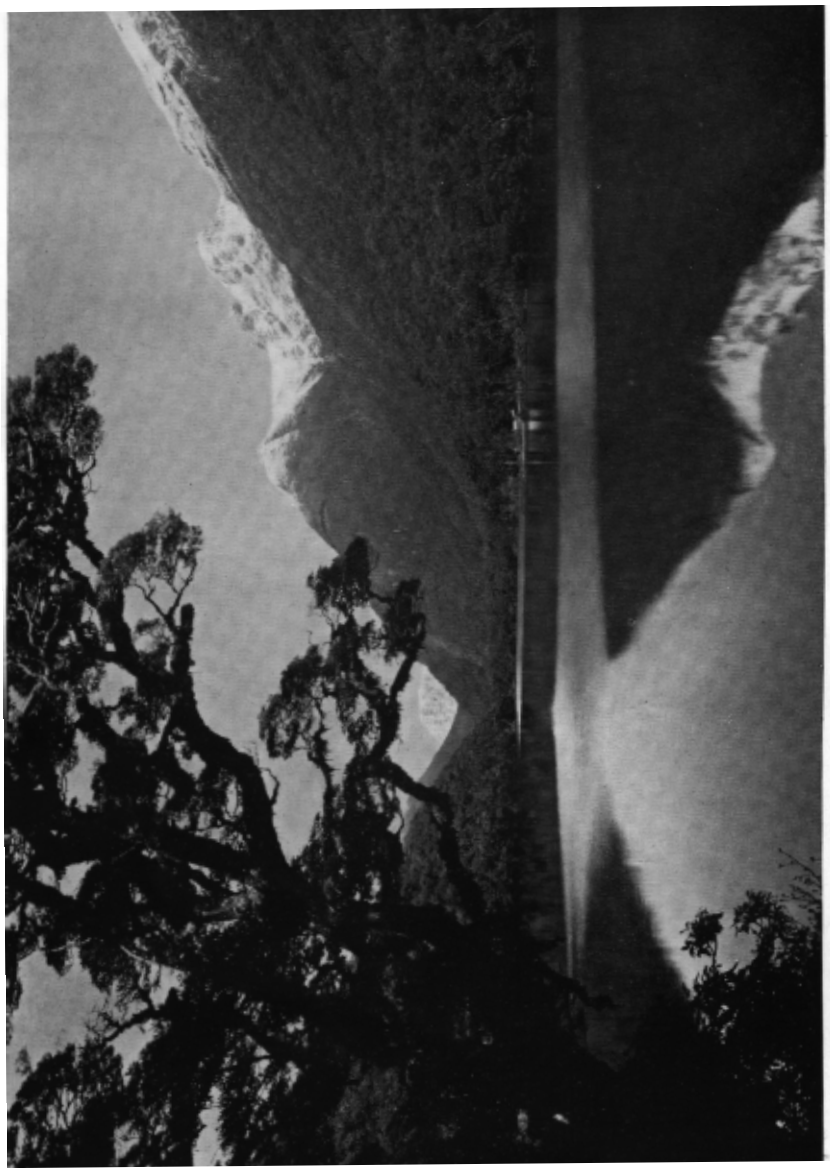


Photo by Marie B. Byles — Block donated by Marie B. Byles.

PARARIKI (SMALL SNOW).
The first ascent of this was made by a Sydney Bushwalker.

Block donated by O. H. Wyndham.

WERONG, SOUTH OF GARAWARRA.



Block by courtesy of N.Z. Tourist Bureau.

LAKE FERGUS, IN FIORDLAND RESERVE, SOUTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

Slabs. Mist was descending on the surrounding mountains, and a piercing wind whipped the powdered snow like needles in our faces. The top of the pass seemed never to come, but eventually we did drop down the snow-covered ice-slopes on the other side, and then on to the rocks where we could at last take off the impeding rope.

In the bottom of the valley was tiny Lake Dot, named after a much-discussed member of the S.B.W., and the large cliff-hemmed Lake Never-Never, "because we shall never, never go there again," said Kurt when we thought of the difficulties of getting there and saw that we should have to climb more than a thousand feet over the bluffs on the far side in order to get round it. But it was a lovely lake lying lonely among the lonely hills, unknown since the days the glacier receded and left it there among the smooth ice-rounded cliffs. Bygone times and lands that never were, seemed to meet in spirit there, and a stray pair of ducks upon its forlorn and empty waters recalled the Never Bird in "Peter Pan." So you can take which explanation of the name you prefer.

We made a cup of Ovaltine beside its shores and the thousand foot bluffs seemed visibly to decrease in height, but somehow or other they had resumed their previous altitude before we reached the top and sat down to suck barley sugar and contemplate the valley of Brunhilda River.

"Another Stick-up Creek," I remember saying. The river left the lake by a waterfall, and then flowed down a valley which was the opposite of broad and open even at the top, and we could not see the bottom!

We passed round the shores of another lonely lake, high up among the bare, wide hills, its grey waters lapping its untrodden shores. We kept up along the snow-grass and racks as long as we could but not half so long as we should have liked, far a deep gully cut across our route and we had no alternative but to descend. We dropped down the steep sides to the foaming torrent which fell from one rounded basin to another, ancient glacial moulins, or mills, so it has been called Moulin Creek.

As we reached the bottom the slopes flattened and the bush was extraordinarily open for New Zealand.. "Bush-hiking," Kurt said. I suspect this of being a term of contempt having something to do with the activities of the Sydney Bush Walkers in the easy, open bush around Sydney, but it is very descriptive, so I let it pass. As darkness fell, we reached Brunhilda River and crossed. 'We were well below the level of the waterfall by which it has its exit from Lake Never-Never. It was too late to And a cave, and we had no tent, Even in New South Wales I should think it was tempting Providence. On the West Coast of New Zealand it seemed madness. However, the sky had cleared by now, and possibly Providence protects the mad. Anyhow, nothing happened we slept well under the starlit sky and I dreamed I saw a finger-post to Harrison's Cove on Milford Sound.

In the morning we enjoyed more "bush-hiking" and we began to talk of Harrison's Cove by lunch, and what we should have for dinner at Milford Hostel. But after about three-quarters of a mile our hopes were dashed. The river entered a narrow V-shaped gorge, and we soon understood why no one seems to have been up this river and why it is not on the map. It was a case of surmounting one bluff after another through the thickest bush I have ever tackled, and that is saying a lot, Stick-up Creek had been true to name, and I thought I had struggled through dense bush on my own in New South Wales, but both were kindergarten compared with this. The spirit soared willingly up through the leafy wildernesses, but the flesh felt dreadfully weak as it heaved itself up, plus the heavy pack pulling

on to the stems and branches and pushing through them at the same time; in fact, the effort of making flesh and spirit meet was often excruciating. Then down the other side—one dared not slide or fail; one just had to cling precariously to roots and stems at the same time fighting against the impeding undergrowth and wishing to goodness the ice-axe were anywhere except in one's hand. If the wall of fire which Odin had erected around Brunhilda made her difficult of access, no less difficult was the wall of rock and forest around this river.The length of the river is not great but it took all day to do it; we did not rest much; Kurt is a first-class bushman, and I used to think I was not too bad myself, but I am not so sure now—there is bush and bush.

Once we emerged from the dense jungle and caught sight of the river hurling itself in some glorious falls, perhaps nine hundred feet over its rock rampart. The early morning sunlight, caught the dancing foam, seemed to fling it heavenward in radiant-exultation. It was a brief glimpse of the beauty of Brunhilda vouchsafed to Siegfried to cheer him in his struggles. Then the vision passed and the fight continued as before.

At last the ground on the other side of the rushing rapids seemed to flatten out and we decided to cross. The torrent swirled round to flatten out, and on my own, and the water was waist-deep.it; we were rewarded by some "bush-hiking." BY the time the last creek entered, the ground was flat on the other side also. We crossed back. After that it was a mixture of "bush-hiking" and boulder scrambling, but we were beginning to feel we had had enough. Then, at long last, the placid waters of Harrison's Clove spread out before us, and the towering heights of Milford Sound looked down protectingly. Oh, the peace and calm of the great mountains, and of a For a second time Milford Sound struggle ended and a battle won! seemed to me like the grand harmonies of Wagner's music, ineffably And lo, and behold! there on the shingle beach was the finger-post of my dreams- only six miles or so out of its position in dreamland—but what a six!

THE FIRST DESCENT OF CARLON HEAD

(continued from page 15.)

It was necessary to go down about half-way near the edge of the wall, which was about as wide as it was high, and then traverse back to the centre, as the ridge at the bottom here was only six feet wide.

The drop in the event of a slip near the edge of this face was about one hundred feet, enough to give one a shaking up. On one side the wall is an overhang; on the other it appears impossible of Another twenty feet of rope would have enabled us to decend with ease, using a tree which grew a short back from the edge(There are actually two trees growing on this wind-swept ridge). But without the extra length the only alternatives were to descend on single rope and leave it behind or try the "faith and friction." We decided on the latter which eventually proved successful, and we arrived down safely having accomplished what we believe to be the first descent of Carlon Head.

In October, 1936 Stephen McCullogh, Ron Compagnoni and I made another descent of Carlon Head and at the same time Ron made the first ascent of the vertical wall which is the only really bad step on the climb,ascent or descent.back from the edge. wind-swept ridge.)

AFTER THE FIRE

By Beryl Heather Heather
(Coast and Mountain Walkers)

AFTER THE FIRE

The sky is dull and overcast,
And though the clouds are high
We hope that there will be come rain
For all the creeks are dry.
'Tis six months now since last we heard
The laughter of the rills,
The happy rippling gurgling streams
That trickle down the hills.

Right down the vale the fires swept
A week ago to-day,
And now there's just 8 blackened waste
Where once wall green and grey.
The birds and beasts in terror fled
Before the wall of flame
That hissed and roared relentlessly,
Destroying as it came.

The ferns and shrubs and flowers gay
That grew beneath the trees
Were swallowed by the ruthless rush
Of dame swept down the breeze.
And e'en the tallest strongest trees
Are black and badly charred,
For though they're victors In the fight,
Their boles are burnt and scarred.

I felt that it would hurt to see
The bush so desolate,
'Twas just as though a much-loved friend
Bad met a dreadful fate.
I thought that f would stay away
Until we'd bed some rein,
I'd wait until the flowers grew,
And all be fair again.

But came a low insistent call
From hills and valleys bare,
A voice that celled for sympathy,
For love in its despair.
It urged me out to weep with it,
The sadness dulled my brain,
So how Could I desert a, friend
That called to me in paint

And do you know that as I walked
Along the track to-day,
J saw some tiny bright green shoots
Beside the blackened wept
It must have been the dew that fell
Between the eve and morn
That coaxed their heads above the sail
And bade them be reborn.

NATIONAL PARKS OF NEW ZEALAND

By E. S. DOLLIMORE (Sydney Bush Walkers)

Since the idea of preserving magnificent regions of natural beauty unspoiled by the inroads of. civilization originated in the United States about 1870, the American system of conserving primaeval areas has found reflection in other new lands.

New Zealand is one of those countries which has made provision for the preservation of her scenic heritage. Her national Parks cover a total area of some two and a half million acres. There are parks at Mt. Egmont and Tongariro in the North Island and in the South Island in the Mount Cook, Arthur's Pass and Fiordland regions, while the scenic reserves of the Westland glacier country virtually form yet another national park.

Of all these the Fiordland Park is the largest, being about 200 miles long by 50 to 60 wide, or greater than the area between Sydney and Newcastle. What an example for New South Wales!

Possibly the section of this country best known beyond New Zealand is that original route from the Southern Lakes to the Coast between the head of Lake Te Anau and Milford Sound familiarly known as the "Milford Track." The Government has realized the necessity for having such country opened for the tourist, and the result is seen in modern accommodation and a well-graded track which make the Track possible for anyone, but on this account the bushwalker visiting N.Z. should not leave it off his itinerary, for it includes perhaps the grandest scenery of the whole district. Below turreted crags the Clinton Canyon marks a pathway through glossy beech forests to McKinnon's Pass, some 3,000 feet, thence the route follows the Arthur Valley and the shores of Lake Ada and culminates in the majesty and grandeur of the glorious Milford Sound, but no description can convey its beauties. You must visit them to understand why the Milford Track is called "The Finest Walk in the World."

BLUE MOUNTAINS NATIONAL PARK

THE FIRST STEP ACCOMPLISHED

M. J. Dunphy

(Hon. Sec., National Parks and Primitive Areas Council).

The first definite step towards the formation of the Greater Blue Mountains National Park, proposed in 1932 by the National Parks and Primitive Areas Council, was taken when 96,000 acres—160 square miles—of the scenic Southern Blue Mountains were gazetted, on 18th October, 1937, as a reserve for preservation of native fauna and flora When the existing contiguous recreation reserves and caves reserves of Kanangra, Dungalla, Edorong, Tuglow, Coolong and Mouin, and certain other small reserves, are added the imposing total amounts to 99,400 acres or 171 square miles; and this does not include Jenolan Reserve nor Konangaroo State Forest.

This constructive act of a sympathetic Government gives great satisfaction to the proponent N.P.P.A. Council, the N.S.W. Federation of Bushwalking Clubs and fourteen affiliated clubs, the Wild Life Preservation Society of Australia, Parks and Playgrounds Movement, the Rangers' League, Boy Scouts Association of N.S.W., the Australian Forest League, and to all others, societies and individuals, who, from time to time, have indicated to the Department of Lands the necessity for reserving an adequately large portion of the territory scheduled under this national park project as a nucleus for further action. If not too long delayed—because of the incidence of destruction of natural values—the eventual completion of the whole great plan will furnish New South Wales and Australia with a national park of the first order, placed exactly in correct position as regards distribution and relative density of the State's population. The best ultimate utilization of the immense wilderness barrier—the Great Blue Mountains region—interposed between the central coastal region and the vast interior Is the purpose of this project, which comprehends about 1,500 square miles of unproductive and unalienated country.

The anxiety of those who have been studying the progress of deliberate and incidental destruction of natural values taking place in the Kowmung and Cox's River valleys is relieved somewhat by the setting aside of 150 square miles of this valuable scenic territory. It is felt that the authorities are cognizant of the seriousness of the position and will take measures to discourage the destruction, by a certain few graziers, of the beautiful avenues of noble Casuarina Cunninghamii along the Kowmung, Kanangra, Cox's and Jenolan Rivers and their affluents. Also that they will prevent the almost regular burning-off of valuable bushland leases and consequent discouragement and destruction of wild-life; prevent cattle from eating down casuarina seedlings; and stop the shooting of marsupials and other wild-life by skin-getters and irresponsible persons.

If this destruction of fauna and Aora continues to operate surreptitiously in the equally scenic and good wild-life country contiguous to the new reserve (despite by-laws and regulations) the effect upon -the future Blue Mountains National Park will be disastrous, for the simple reason that the reserved highlands can hardly be considered a parkland of really national status until their gloriously beautiful and superbly rugged mountain streams are included with them. Of these the Kowmung River is the peerless gem of all our mountain

Block by courtesy of N.P.P.A. Council.

streams-a scenic garden and a pure-water stream far too valuable to be used for the purposes of sheep and cattle-raising—and spoiled thereby. It appears advisable to protect the few genuine great grey kangaroos of Bindook and the Southern Kowmung; and the rigorous protection of the natural river-bank growth, in this southern division of the future national park, is a matter of far greater importance in the eyes of conservators and bushland recreationists, than are the interests of a few cattle and sheep-raisers who, because of the extremely rugged and unproductive nature of the country, must operate on relatively large areas.

When the whole of that most remarkable rock formation known as Narrow Neck Peninsular, eight miles in length, was transferred from the Blue Mountains Shire and included within the Municipality of Katoomba, in July, 1936, the Blue Mountains national park project suffered a serious reverse. This elevated gallery of land was planned to bring the national park close to railway access at Katoomba and right to the door of the largest tourist centre in the Greater Blue Mountains. Katoomba would have been assured of a permanent primitive area on one side at least, administered by the State at no cost to the Municipality, whilst profiting from tourists using this point of entry, and also from publicity consequent upon its being a national park town—quite likely the only possible one. Now the nearest part of the great new reserve accessible by track along the Peninsular is distant about 10 miles from Katoomba railway station.

Recently the authorities decided to construct a motor-tourist road to Kanangra Tops. Conservators and bushland recreationists, who realize the value of the district as a primitive area, were greatly alarmed. The fact is generally recognized that when a motor road is constructed into valuable bushland wilderness it all too surely becomes an avenue whereby the majority of the forces of destruction enter, and sooner or later obliterate its natural beauty, wild-life content and peacefulness, pollute its clean streams, soil its natural cleanness and lower the value of other amenities prized by real nature-lovers.

In this connection it must be realised that of the four divisions of the proposed national park—Northern, Central, Southern and Nattai, the Southern division is best suited for the special purposes of a roadless primitive area. It is much more diversified geologically, topographically and scenically, and its wild-life content is greater because of more favourable conditions. The highland centre of this region is Kanangra Tops—the hub around which the whole Kowmung system turns.

It was felt that the new road would provide easy access for vandalistic and irresponsible persons who are the antitheses of healthy-minded and careful tourist adventurers—whether motorists, walkers, or trail-riders-and also of those bushmen and bushwomen whose minds are attuned to nature and whose habits of bushlife are based upon a careful consideration for fellowmen, their lower brethren the wild-life, and their most precious environment, the natural bushland. Lacking measures for the definite protection of this scenic wonderland, it was felt that the risks attendant upon opening the new road were too great to pass unquestioned.

The N.P.P.A. Council—first in this State to issue propaganda in favour of creating primitive areas, and proposers of the plan that national parks should consist of both primitive areas and tourist developmental areas, in order to suit every park purpose and serve every interested section of the community-approached the authorities and strongly pleaded that the adoption of some measure for the definite and permanent protection of the district, before the new road was opened, was a sheer necessity. A plan was furnished showing a new route for the road whereby the famous and much-used Kanangra

overland track could be preserved over the greater part of its length; and designs were included for separate camping areas for motorists, walkers and trail-riders, access tracks to sights (required by the Dept. of Local Government), and certain water supply catchment areas and wild-life refuges free from human interference. This plan was accepted and instructions issued that it was to be conformed to as far as possible. This consideration is greatly appreciated by numerous outdoor recreationists who persist in regarding Kanangra and the Kowmung as the region pre-eminently suited for their special purposes.

At the same time Mr. Arthur Lowndes, a keen conservator and topographer, and his assistants, quite independently laid before the authorities cogent reasons why the Kanangra-Kowmung-Gangerang country should be reserved as a primitive area. In the present absence of details, so far not furnished the N.P.P.A. Council, adequate credit cannot be given to a number of influential citizens who, at the instance of the organizer, Mr. Lowndes, recently presented a petition of signatories to the authorities, asking that a reserve be created in the region under discussion.

The National Parks and Primitive Areas Council desire particularly and sincerely to thank Government and the Departmental officers concerned for the splendid and timely gift of this magnificent reserve to the public. Also to thank Mr. Arthur Lowndes, his helpers and signatories to their petition, for their invaluable assistance to the B.M. National Park project and the primitive areas ideal. Theirs was a wonderful effort. To all the societies, clubs and persons who have given aid to the project from tine to time, including Mr. W. J. Baltzer of Blackheath and his friends, Mr. G. Mocatta and North Katoomba Ratepayers' Association, the N.P.P.A. Council renders grateful thanks.

It is suggested to all interested that assistance will be needed to have reserved the other scheduled portions of Greater Blue Mountains territory, each one a further step towards the grand objective of a great park to suit all sections of the community. The chief areas, not necessarily in order of importance, are as follows: Canyon of the Grose, Mount Hay Highlands, The Blue Labyrinth (between Lawson Glenbrook and Lower Cox's River), Bindook—Colong Marsupial Park, additional Kowmung country, the Couridjah Corridor and environs (Nattai) and the Canyons of the northern division.

Finally, it should be noted to their credit, and thankfully recorded, that the State authorities, within the last few years, have created a remarkable array of fine reserves for our people and for special purposes. Chief amongst these are New England National Park, Night-cap National Park, Mt. Warning National Park, Garawarra Park, Tallowa Primitive Area Reserve, Mt. Kaputar Reserve, and at least two large national forests. All of which are sincerely appreciated by a large and interested section of the public.

HOW TWO GREENHORNS

(Continued from page 19.)

Champion of International Fame, and his parties always have to run for the train."

So the Little-Fat-One swallowed a SCONE and a STICK OF CELERY which was all the Kind-Faced-One allowed, and set forth up the Big Hill. And the hill went up and up and UP. When they got to the top the Kind-Faced-One met two other members of the Sydney Bush Walkers and after that the two Greenhorns saw only dust until they overtook the official party of the Rucksack Club, the good old Rucksack Club. The poor silly Greenhorns were tended and fed by these kind people; their wounds were bound up, and they were led upwards by pleasant easy stages. What became of the Kind-Faced-One, the Horned-Footed-Goat, the Large-Man, Gordon or Dave, they neither knew nor cared. They had escaped from their dreadful clutches and that sufficed.

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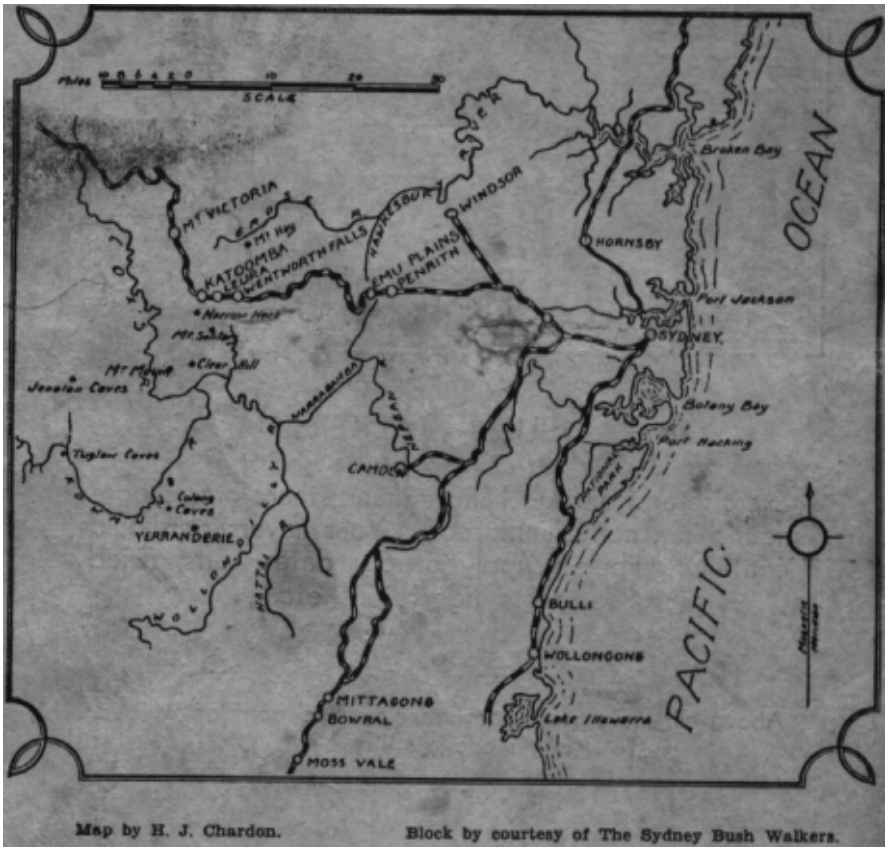
SCALE
MT VICTORIA
KATOOMBA
LEURA
WENTWORTH FALLS
GREAT WESTERN HWY
EMU PLAINS
PENRITH
WINDSOR
HORNSBY
Broken Bay
OCEAN
Port Jackson
SYDNEY
Botany Bay
Port Hacking
Jenolan Caves
Tuglow Caves
Colong Caves
YERRANDERIE
CAMDEN
BULLI
WOLLONGONG
MITTAGONG
BOWRAL
MOSS VALE
Lake Illawarra
PACIFIC
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