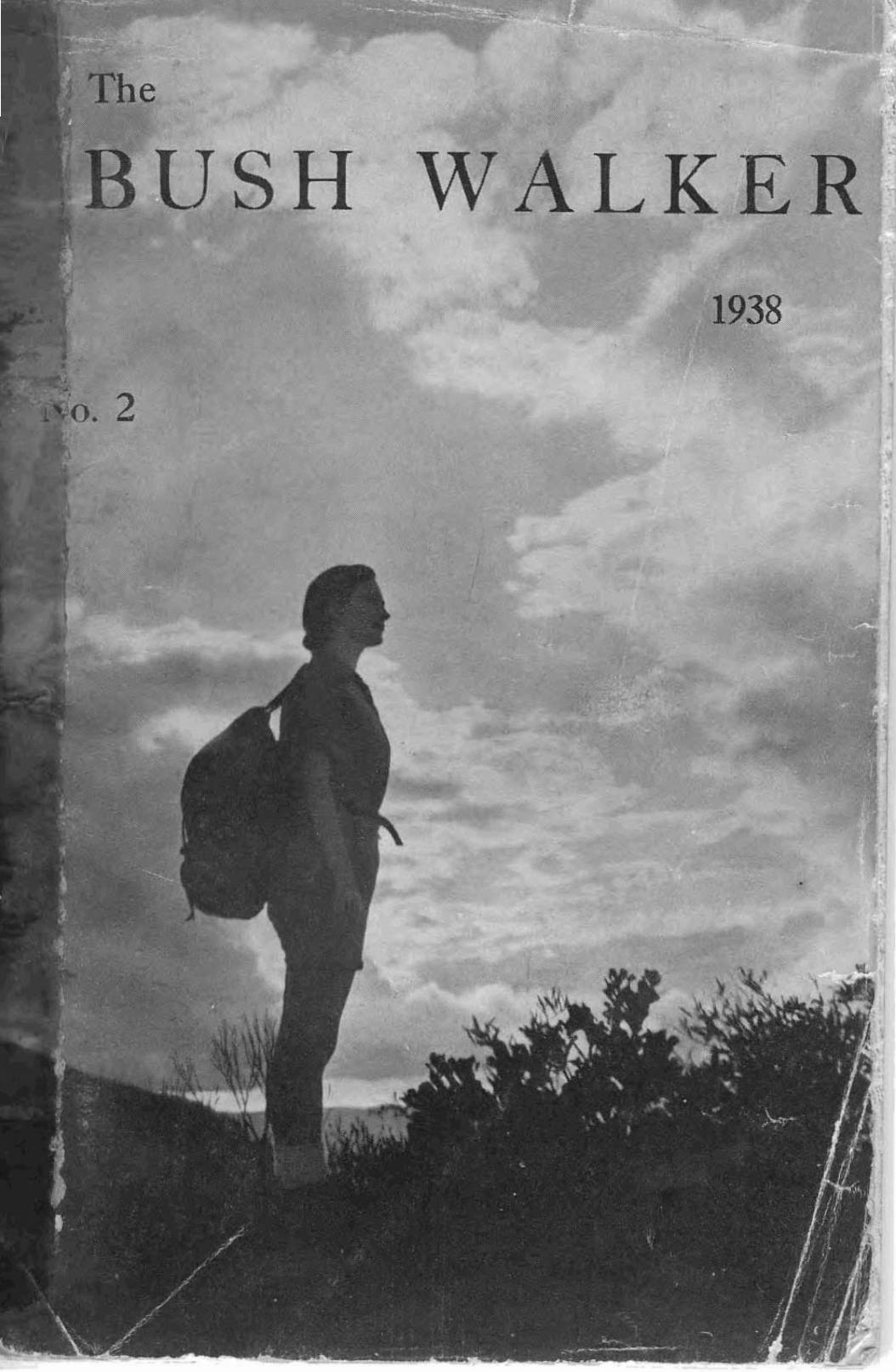
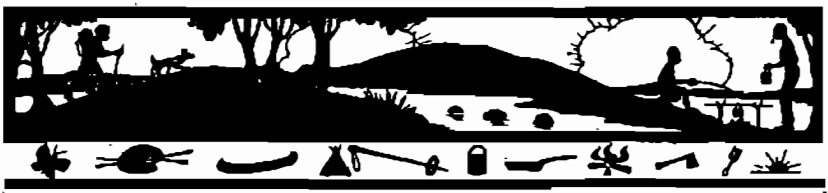
The

BUSH WALKER

1938

No. 2





THE BUSHWALKER

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NO. 2 1938

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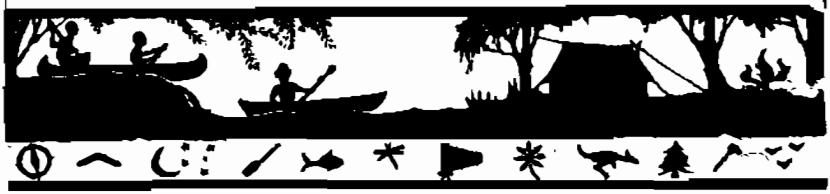

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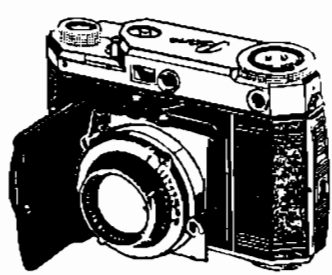

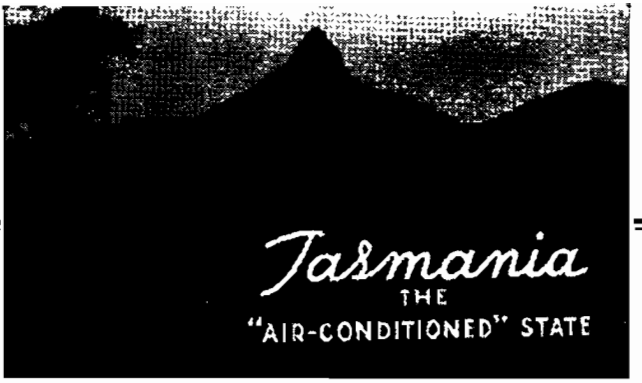

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THE BUSH WALKER

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The Information Bureau - - F. A. PALLIN, Acting Information Officer, 327 George Street, Sydney.

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and the **Magazine Committee.**

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The Federation

HE Federation has completed another successful and progressive year. A host of matters, some large, some small, have been dealt with, each calculated to further in some way or another the welfare of the bushwalking movement. In its own activities, and through its representatives on various public bodies, it has taken an increasingly important part in the public life of the community. Financially, its position is very sound, and receipts for the year were higher than ever before; yet, with the continual extension of its work, the funds available find a ready use.

This happy state of affairs is largely attributable to the loyal support accorded by the thirteen affiliated clubs, which have not only given their assistance whenever called upon, but which have frequently brought forward valuable suggestions.

It would be quite impossible to detail all the numerous matters which have been given attention, but it may be of interest to record some of the more outstanding items.

Garawarra continues to receive much consideration. This reserve—the first obtained as a result of the Federation's efforts—was intended to be a reserve for walkers, to be kept roadless and in its primitive condition so far as possible. The fight to preserve these ideals has been a long one, and the walkers' two representatives among the seven trustees have often had a very difficult task. Recently, with the support of the Federation, the Parks and Playgrounds Movement and the Wild Life Preservation Society, they were able to force the Trust to lay down a policy of limitation of permissive occupancies, with no transfers of existing permits. This is the culmination of a long struggle, and will bring about the gradual disappearance of the deplorable shacks in the Park.

The Federation was also represented before the Land Board in opposition to an application for renewal of a lease of 140 acres adjoining Garawarra. As a result of evidence given on the Federation's behalf, the renewal was refused, and the area is to be added to the Park.

The policy of delegating certain branches of the Federation's work to special standing committees has been carried a step further with the formation of the Conservation Bureau. This bureau has twelve members, who are not, of course, limited to delegates to the Federation Council.

The Search and Rescue Section has continued its work during the year, and gave useful service on two occasions. The great value of its thorough organization has been recognized by the police.

The Information Bureau has proved itself a boon, not only to members of clubs affiliated with the Federation but to many others as well. In this connection it is noteworthy that the Information Officer has prepared plans for a National Walk from Mount Victoria to Emu Plains; this is the result of an interview between representatives of the Federation and the Minister for Works and Local Government, who gave sympathetic consideration to a proposal for the making of tracks.

Efforts have been made in many ways to preserve native flora and fauna and to inculcate among the public a greater love of natural things. It is felt that much good has resulted, but real success in this direction can only be achieved by the united efforts of all who appreciate our bushlands. Consequently, the members of clubs have been asked to report all acts of destruction, and, so far as possible, to take any suitable action themselves. The response has been encouraging.

In conclusion, reference must be made to this magazine. Its first issue last year proved a great success. This year, with added experience, it is hoped that something even better has been accomplished. To all those who have contributed, to all those who have helped in its preparation and publication, the Federation gives its heartiest thanks. To the reader the hope is expressed that he or she will glean some real satisfaction and enjoyment from its pages.

A Glorious Failure

The Unconquered Heights of Arethusa Falls

By Dot English
(Sydney Bush Walkers)

OUR first attempt to storm the Arethusa heights took place last October when eight of us set out, encumbered with fifty feet of rope, hope in our hearts, a map, and various superfluous necessities in the shape of eating and sleeping equipment.

On a red-hot Sunday morning we left our camp close to the junction of Blue Gum track with the Rodriguez-Pass-Grand-Canyon round tour and headed up the valley towards the Falls. An indefinite track following the creek soon petered out in a tangle of dense river growth, so we bore up the hill on our right till we reached the higher ground where the tree-line virtually ceased as it met the rocky canyon wall.

For half a mile a wallaby track followed around a somewhat crumbly ledge hardly more than a foot or two wide in parts, then came to a sudden dead stop on the wall of the precipice, and we found ourselves under the spray of a sixty foot tumble of water—Arethusa Falls. Above our heads, with the branches of the lower one swaying just within hand reach, grew two small stunted bushes, distorted in their growth by the impact of many floods and the fact that they relied for sustenance on a mere handful or so of soil strewn in several small niches and crevices in the cliff face. We tested these very gingerly, for if they had pulled away in our hands it would have been good-bye. But they held our weight, so one by one the packs and the party were pulled and pushed up till we all stood on the slippery rock level from which the waterfall took its leap into the valley below.

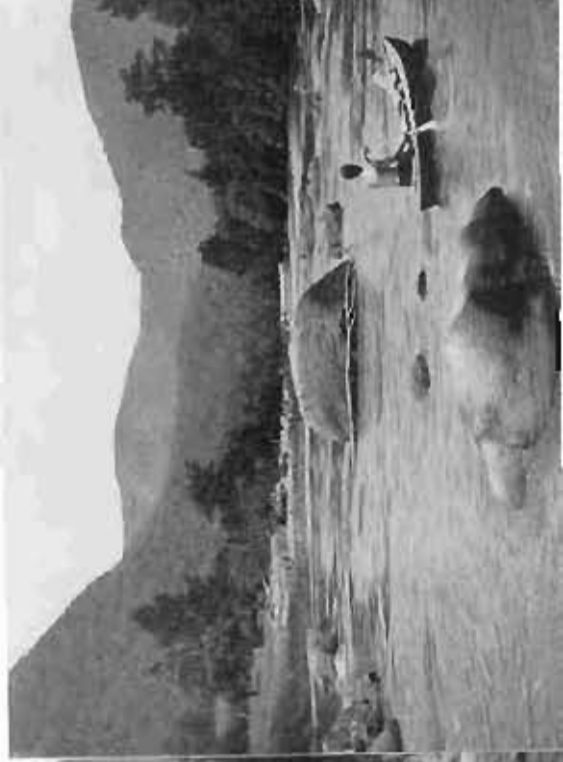
Breasting The Current

We were now in a high rocky gorge through which the water roared so that we had to yell to make ourselves heard. A little reconnoitring soon disclosed the fact that it would be easier to proceed up the watercourse rather than to attempt the side wall, although the former proceeding involved some exciting swimming. By means of some smart manipulation of the rope we managed to slide the packs down from a higher ledge of rock to the lower level where our swim would bring us out. Then the whole party took to the water and surged up current like a herd of cattle.

There was another waterfall at the end of this section, some six or seven feet in height, but a hasty examination of this showed us that an easier means of getting up must be sought. "It's a pity we're not salmon," gurgled the half-drowned leader of the vanguard, bobbing up and down in the foam, semi-dazed by the impact of water.

Some four feet up the dark rock wall was a neat circular depression, like a plughole with the plug removed, and attention was directed to this as being the only other possible way out. To step into a depression four feet up a vertical wall is difficult enough on terra firma, but when the take-off is an unstable fluid and all the mob around are treading water and hurling bright remarks about to the tune of "Stick to it! After all, you can only break your leg," well, the task is more than doubly difficult. It speaks very well for the whole party that they all did get up at last. Then we shouldered packs and continued our way, but gingerly sliding over the slippery rock and making a handrail with the rope when necessary, all of us more or less wet and somewhat chilly, with the roar of the water continually dinning in our ears.

. . . . and so with the building of the dam farewell Warragamba.



Taro's Ladders . . . Clear Hill

Morong Cascade

A Gloomy Canyon

The walls of the canyon now closed in till they were hardly more than fifteen yards apart and almost touching overhead, thus closing out the light of day so that we went in an eerie gloom, climbing over huge boulders, sliding foot by foot up slithery waterways, squeezing and creeping under rock ledges, snaking along in a fine powdering of rock sand that had lain undisturbed for centuries. In some places it was necessary to swim, floating our packs before us wrapped in ground-sheets to keep the water out.

We might have gone ten miles or we might have gone less than half a mile—all sense of time and distance was forgotten in the din of many waters and the feeling of being the only people left in the world, and above all the conviction that we must go on—go on, finding a way to surmount all obstacles that might bar our progress.

It came as a rather demoralizing shock, then, when one of the party suddenly announced the time to be three o'clock. We now realized that we were chilled to the marrow, and hungry too, having eaten nothing since breakfast at 7 a.m., being too engrossed in the hazards of the trip to think of dinner. When we found ourselves up against a forty foot sheer wall of rock so smoothly polished that even a lizard would not find a foothold there, and over which a waterfall, passing through a cleft in the rock, hurled itself into a deep pool below, we decided to call it a glorious failure and retrace our steps, vowing to return again in the near future as no mere waterfall was going to give us best.

A Second Attempt

That was some months ago.

Early spring ripened into mid-summer and the hot sun warmed the icy mountain creeks—a decided advantage when most of the day is to be

spent swimming in a dark, sunless gorge. In the interim, also, several members of the original party had been mountaineering in New Zealand and, rightly or wrongly, were thought to have improved in climbing technique.

So another assault on the unassailable was planned. We were to be a smaller, and therefore less unwieldy party, and planned to travel light, to the extent of carrying no superfluous clothes or cooking utensils and discarding tents and sleeping bags in favour of the *Sydney Morning Herald*.

Jack Debert and Gordon Smith left on the Friday night for Katoomba with the intention of exploring downstream from Minnehaha Falls as far as possible on the Saturday, and they were to return and meet Bert Whillier and me at the Arethusa Falls camp on Saturday night. The next morning we would retrace our previous route with a minimum of lost time, and the added advantage of knowing what to expect between the farthest point we had reached in the Gorge, and Minnehaha Falls.

We had already been informed that the Rover Ramblers had put this trip down on their programme for the same week-end, but were rather unprepared for the zeal with which their members patronized official walks —there were no less than thirteen camped at the Arethusa Falls camp-site, all ready and eager for the morrow's doings. As there was no sign of Gordon and Jack, Bert and I amalgamated with the little boy scouts' party, and soon after 7 a.m. next morning we broke camp and proceeded up the valley.

If it had been a long business getting eight of us up the first waterfall, you can imagine what it was like getting fifteen up, but we had great fun. The whole fifteen surmounted the first water hazard in goodly style, despite the fact that one or two of the young lads could not swim. They were given scoutly assistance by their comrades till we all stood re-united on the other side.

Realizing that it would take more time than we had at our disposal to shepherd such an enormous party further up the gorge we decided to try our luck up the left hand wall of the canyon. A display of spider-monkey tactics, plus a very satisfactory manipulation of the rope and all the mob sprawled among their packs on a damp ferny slope some hundred feet up the canyon wall. A sally further upstream proved fruitless, so we were obliged to turn back on our tracks, as it were, but on a higher level, and follow along the rocky cliff face. Here we found a pleasant little tree, some forty feet high, which swayed out from the side of the cliff on its eight inch diameter trunk. With the aid of this tree we scrambled and hauled our packs up the cliff face. This operation took much time, and one of the lads had the misfortune here to lose hold on his pack, which dropped right back into the water in the canyon below. It was retrieved by dint of much effort, and we continued upwards. It was now ten o'clock. Someone suggested he had heard shouts down below—possibly Gordon and Jack, but being uncertain on the subject we forgot the matter forthwith.

Still More Hazards

Rounding a ledge we found ourselves in another canyon, equal in hazards to the one below. To cut a long story short, we followed the same crawling, swimming, clambering, sprawling, snake-like tactics here, and about three o'clock gained the flat heights of the tableland. It was raining a fine mountain drizzle; we were wet through and hungry, so when we heard renewed shouts in the gorge, proving beyond doubt the presence of Jack and Gordon, we merely marvelled that the voices still seemed to come from the same place as they had at ten o'clock, then shouted a hearty "good-bye" and departed, catching a train home about five o'clock.

The next day we heard from Gordon and Jack that they had got down the canyon from Minnehaha Falls for quite a long distance. Then,

rather than retrace their footsteps, they camped and continued down on the Sunday morning, hoping to meet us coming up. They were stopped, however, by the canyon floor dropping away into a waterfall chute some sixty feet high, so here they stopped and yelled. Then they went away, to return later and yell again, but finding that Bertie and the Englishberg and the drove of little boy scouts did not materialize they called it a day and went home.

Thus ended the second attempt on Arethusa Falls to Minnehaha Falls via the waterways. You will see that it has not yet been done. The little boy scouts have done something just as good (or perhaps better), in their achievement, and the Bushwalkers have done the gorge upstream to a certain spot which we shall call X, and downstream to a certain spot which may or may not be X, but the original course has eluded us a second time. David Stead has seen fit to include it on the official S.B.W. Walks Programme for next year. All those innocents who think to attend this walk, expecting it to be just an ordinary creek-bed trip, be warned!

An Early Explorer

George Caley and His Work

By R. Else Mitchell

(Warrigal Club of N.S.W. and Coast and Mountain Walkers of N.S.W.)

AMONGST the early inhabitants of New South Wales was a botanist, George Caley, who had come out at the instance of Sir Joseph Banks in 1800. Energetic and resourceful, he was a man admirably suited for pioneering work and, though the chief duty for which he had come to the colony was the collection and classification of botanical specimens, he still found time for ornithological and exploratory pursuits. It is of his explorations that worthy mention is merited for like many of the early pioneers his endeavours were ill-rewarded and well-nigh forgotten.

In 1801, soon after his arrival in the colony, Caley undertook several short journeys beyond Prospect westward and south-westward towards the Nepean River and Liverpool. Subsequently in that year he traced part of the course of the Nepean, which had been discovered in 1789, and made a journey to Mount Hunter, an eminence some miles west of Camden.

From this point it was anticipated that an expansive view of the Blue Mountains would be presented but the outlook was deceptive because only the lower southern slopes of the ranges were visible, and Caley remarked casually that "they did not deserve the name of mountains" and were merely high hills. Thereupon he resolved to explore them and was destined within a few years to alter his impression.

Traced the Nepean

In the next two years all Caley's spare time seems to have been spent in the Central Nepean area. Not only did he trace the course of the Nepean over parts not previously known but he also explored thoroughly and defined the boundaries of the Cowpastures, then known as Vaccary Forest, which was to become the birthplace of the wool industry. It was during these expeditions that he discovered the Warragamba River some miles above its junction with the Nepean, and the headwaters of Blue Gum Creek, a tributary of the Nattai River at Picton Lakes.

Soon after his return from the Cowpastures in 1804 Caley organized an expedition to make a bold assault on the Blue Mountains from Richmond. After six days of difficult travelling over Kurrajong Heights, across the swampy headwaters of Burralow Creek, and along the northern brink of the chasm in which the Grose River runs, the party reached Mount Tomah (Table Hill). The rugged nature of the country had by this dispelled the idea Caley had previously held that the mountains were merely high hills and though his men were already sorely fatigued he persuaded them to continue westward.

Reached Mount Banks

Six days later, after crossing the heads of deeply entrenched creeks and scaling broken sandstone escarpments and buttresses, the party reached Mount Banks which Caley named after his benefactor Sir Joseph Banks. This prominent feature, now known as Mount King George, had been Caley's immediate objective, and from it he obtained expansive views in all directions particularly towards the coast, the country around Prospect which he had left over a fortnight before being clearly visible.

From the barren top of Mount Banks below which the Grose River flows peacefully in a yawning chasm of abhorrent depth by him called the Devil's Wilderness, Caley stared into the western fastnesses of the mountains. He saw no large valleys except the one below, and the ground rising gradually towards the horizon appeared swampy and scrubby. He relates that "by these appearances it might be imagined easy to travel over that space provided the inaccessible valley close at hand was crossed. Yet," his diary continues, "there is no doubt but what others of a similar nature would present themselves as I am too well convinced now of their rugged and impassable state."

Caley realized, with the stock of provisions diminishing and the spirit and enthusiasm of his men extinguished—himself fatigued and almost exhausted—that further progress was not possible, and with disappointment he returned to Sydney. The journey had been accompanied by such hardships that Caley suffered from its ill-effects for some time afterwards for, as Governor King said, it was so hazardous "that it could only have been undertaken by a man possessing the bodily strength and enthusiastic mind of Caley."

Later Explorations

Caley visited Burragorang Valley in 1806 near where Barrallier had made a depot a few years earlier, and he confirmed the account which that explorer had given of good forest land and fertile soil which could be developed for agriculture. It has also been suggested that he made a final attempt to cross the Mountains from Emu Plains but there is little to support this conclusion other than the existence of a cairn of stones near Linden which Governor Macquarie named as Caley's Repulse.

How unfortunate it is that a man of such outstanding ability and courage—a pioneer in the true sense of the word—was not able to achieve the success he deserved. Indirectly however his knowledge and ability were instrumental in gaining the coveted objective of a route over the Mountains in 1813, for it was he who suggested to Lawson, one of the members of the successful party, the plan of climbing the main ridge between the watersheds of the Grose and Warragamba Rivers and following it to the western plains.

Without derogating from the performance of Blaxland, Wentworth and Lawson, let it be remembered that it was Caley and men of his calibre, undaunted and enthusiastic, who made the crossing of the Mountains possible.

—— o ——

Bushwalking Attractions in the North

By M. J. Dunphy

THE central Northern Tablelands are deserving of more attention from bushwalkers and amateur explorers. Barrington Tops, Upper Macleay River, New England National Park and the upper lengths of the two Bellingen Rivers offer unlimited bushwalking adventure and scenic attractions of the kind which appeals to rough-country pedestrians. Places such as Paterson Lookout, the track between Bulga and Comboyne, Apsley and Tia Falls, and the Big Hill over George's Creek are well worth making an effort to see. Several are in the first grade of Australian scenery.

The climate, below the 2500 feet level, is noticeably more tropical than about Sydney. The middle of summer is hot, but it is excellent to be on the heights from 2500 to 5200 feet. The tops are too cold for winter walks and camps.

a lookout seven miles distant from the guest-house, and located on the New South Wales border.

I cannot say, from the travelling viewpoint, that I enjoyed the journey there and back. The track through the forest was (as it perennially is) very slushy, by reason of the fact that the dense timber never permits the sun's rays to dry up the ground. The horses, therefore, picked their way more cautiously than even a human being would. Moreover, the particular horse I had must have been a dietetic faddist, for it not only sampled every different piece of vegetation along the way, but it also had to stop while it chewed and thoroughly digested each mouthful.

Botanical Oddities

Two outstanding oddities of the botanical world, however, made the excursion well worth while, apart from the view over New South Wales, which was its objective. One of these so-called oddities was a species of gigantic crowsfoot elm, which stood sentinel-like along the route, the base indicating the origin of the name. The other was an occasional belt of antarctic beeches, reputed to be three thousand years old; so old, in fact, that they had become covered with mosses from top to bottom, and, in some cases, there was almost enough space for two or three persons to take shelter under their roots, from which the earth had been eroded away through the course of the ages.

Not having had enough physical exercise from the horse-ride to the border, I decided to go the next day on a full day's walk. Accordingly, I took lunch with me in my rucksack, walked along the narrow neck overlooking the Albert River, descended on to Moran's Creek, which I followed till I reached the Albert River, and thence I walked to the Markwell home, where I had first met Mr O'Reilly. It was a pleasant change to be looking from the valleys up on to the mountains.

Lamington Park did not convert me into an avowed equestrian, as much as I learned to like horse-riding before my week's stay was concluded. While youth and vigour remain with me, I feel that I can best react to the ecstatic influences of the bush with my feet having direct contact with the ground.

Cabbage-tree Palms

By A. H. Pelham
(Warrigal Club of N.S.W.)

THE most frequent palms in sub-tropical and temperate scrubs in New South Wales are the Bangalow or Piccabeen Palm (Arcontophoenix Cunninghamii) and the Cabbage-tree Palm (Livistona Australis).

The range of the Cabbage-tree extends from Gippsland to Queensland. It is only found in scrub forest; isolated specimens on the Illawarra are survivors of an original dense scrub that has been cleared for settlement.

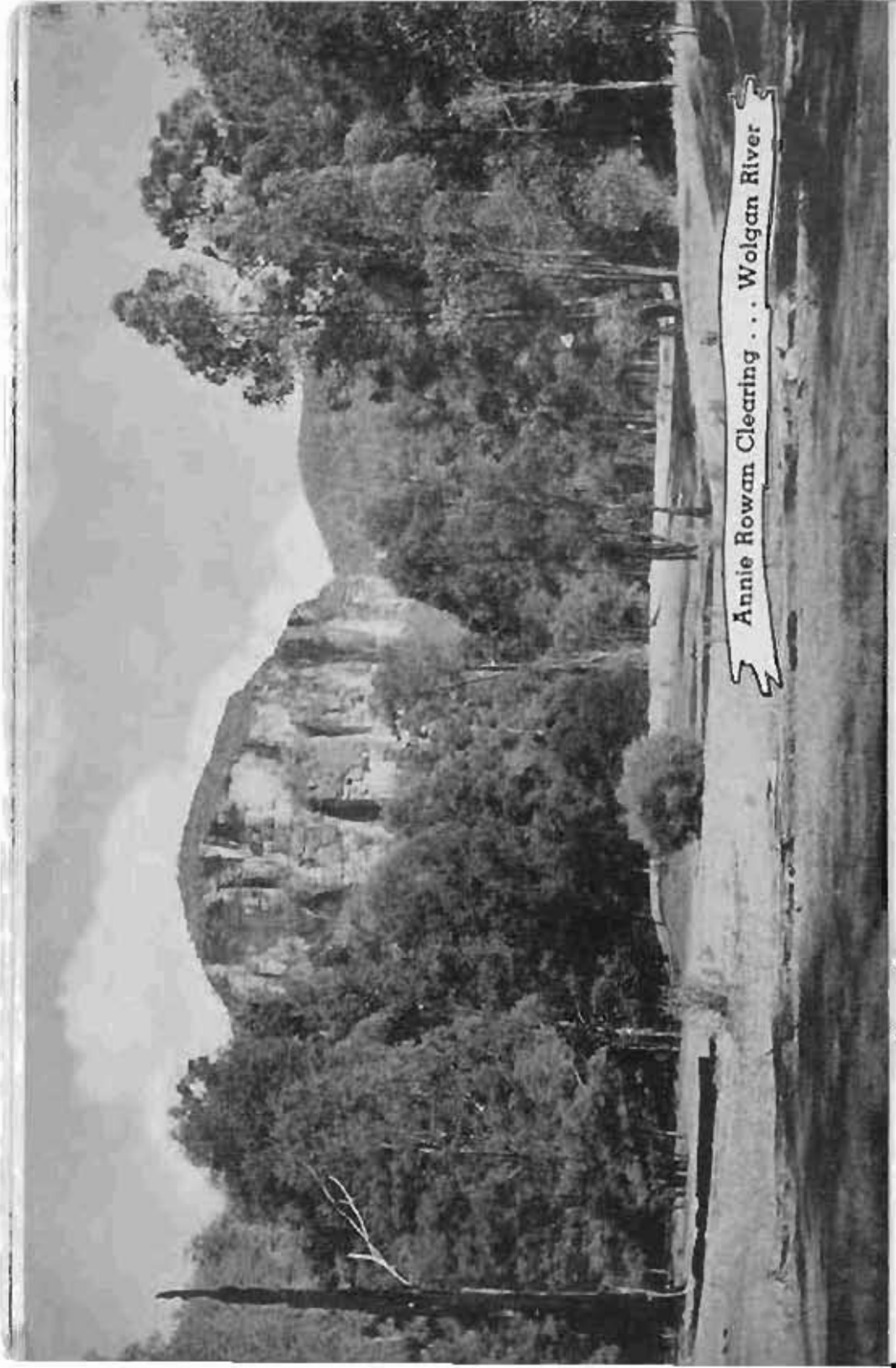
The central growing shoot is edible and when boiled has a faint resemblance to cabbage. It is reasonable to deduce from some of Banks' remarks that it was so used by the Cook expedition.

The Cabbage-tree is readily distinguished from the Bangalow by its leaves: the former's leaves are fan-shaped with leaf incisions directed in a radial manner towards the apex of the leaf stalk, while the segments of the leaves of the Bangalow are pinnately arranged, that is, in the semblance of a feather.

Livistona Australis readily germinates and makes an excellent garden subject. Shelter is needed when young.

Bushwalking from babyhood

Reveries



Why Do I Walk?

By R. Lofts
(Rover Ramblers)

I WONDER if we walkers all seek the bush and mountain trails for the same reasons.

Have you ever lain on your back beside a small camp-fire alone, gazing upwards at the stars as they pass slowly through the tree tops, and then asked yourself some of the "whys" that we find so hard to answer, among them (and not the least important): Why do I walk? Probably we will each have a different answer, but there must be some very definite reason.

Man has progressed. He has expanded from within, while the lesser animals have only changed because of the demands made by the nature of their surroundings. We can speak of the habits of a rabbit, a crow or a trout, and by observing the habits of one of these we will know the habits of all their kind, but by observing the habits of one man, we could hardly claim to know the habits of mankind.

The more primitive man is the less individuality he has. As we pass up the human scale through the ages, we find tribe or class habits resulting in communities with individual habits. Then they mixed, resulting in new ideas being introduced, which in time were built on to, until at last individuality was developed and to-day it is impossible to describe the average man.

A Long Climb

Man started his upward climb about 50,000,000 years ago. Yet the story is just begun. We can back-track some of his journeys by his fossils, or milestones marking his way. His more recent footsteps may be traced by what may be termed "living fossils," these serving as a very grim reminder to man that he cannot stand still on the journey. Man cannot see too far ahead, or he would be frightened by the difficulty, danger, or distance, and losing heart would slip back to the depths from whence he came. He can however see just far enough to encourage him and make him want to see around the next corner.

The urge for self-improvement has always been with man, all too often in the more primitive form of gain at another's expense. Yet some men have learned that material advancement leaves something still to be desired. It seems to me that we have been put into this world for a purpose, and that purpose is the gaining of knowledge and experience that we may use and share them with those we meet, and so gain the end for which we were made, whatever that may be. Some claim to know the end and others strive only to see around the corner just ahead. Others are carried along with the party, neither knowing nor caring for the past or future, living only in the present, and so in spite of themselves they have advanced along the road.

Man, being more animal than God, must prove to himself his strength and endurance. He takes pleasure in racing over the miles or climbing a hill. He goes until his breath comes in short gasps and his legs can scarcely force his body upwards.

It is a pity that we have no real mountains in Australia. We never have to make decisions that we know mean life or death. We never have to fight against nature in her wildest moods. We do not know what it means to descend a mountain in the teeth of a gale, with the snow blotting out the landscape and the wind trying to tear us from our hand holds. It is a pity because it is then that the spirit of man takes charge of the body, driving it onwards, when mere animal strength is exhausted. It is then we do the impossible, those deeds which fill us with a thrill of pride, the Pride of Race. But we have no mountains here and the experience, the fuller understanding and the love of nature born of that experience are lost to us.

Man is born to share experiences. It is fine to tramp through the bush, over hills and down valleys, to climb a cliff and then laze around a camp-fire with a friend. You will never forget the comfortable feeling of a good meal—a feeling of goodwill to all, the exchange of ideas, the idle talk of trivial things, the good old tunes played on a mouth organ, then retiring to your sleeping bag, pleasantly tired, at peace with the world.

Real Adventure

There are times when we seek out some unknown spot, where man has not yet trod. This is real adventure. You do not know what is ahead when pushing your way up some unknown valley, or having climbed a cliff with great difficulty, you do not know whether you will be able to go around the next corner. You may have to try somewhere else or perhaps return the way you have come, but whether you succeed or fail it is an adventure and has been worth while.

There is the carefree experience of a crowd around a large camp-fire, not a serious thought in the whole lot. What a memory it makes, the songs, the laughter, the "stunts" and the good-fellowship and the calls of "good-night" as each seeks his rest, leaving the fire a red glow dying mid the deepening shadows of the forest. Then the morning, with the blue smoke from the cooking fire rising lazily to the tree tops, the shafts of sunlight shooting slantways through the trees, making the forest a fairy-land, beautiful beyond description, and the laughter and good-natured chaff echoing back and forth from the surrounding cliffs. It is a memory we all love, a memory we would hate to lose.

Camp-fire Economy

By Horace Salmon

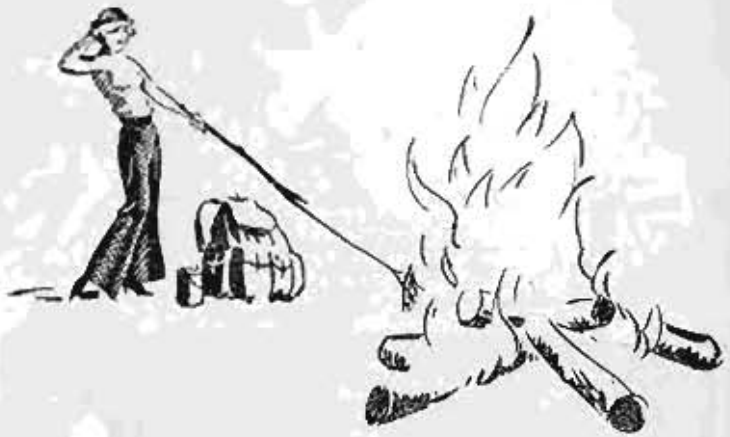
(Trampers' Club of N.S.W.)

As one moves around the more popular camp-spots these days one is struck by the scarcity of firewood. Some years ago a friend and I smiled quietly when asked not to use too much wood at Glen Raphael, as it was getting scarcer every day. And it is only too true, not only of Clear Hill but of Era, Norton's Basin and even of Blue Gum, where wood is harder to find than it was a few years ago.

I am told, on good authority, that after the much hated hut was demolished in the Gums, one party of Club members kept a blazing inferno going for days with the slabs which should have supplied firewood to many parties. It is hard to realize why they needed that blaze between 25 December and 1 January.

Maybe I'm lazy, but when I reach my camp site, possibly late in the afternoon, I like to find enough wood about to build my fire without having to climb three or four hundred feet up a hill or walk half a mile through dense scrub to get enough fallen timber to cook my frugal fare.

So much for cooking-fires: now for the ever popular camp-fire. I am not going to decry the latter; far be it from me to run down this ancient rite. After all, one gets to know one's companions far better around "The Boree Log" than in any place of which I know, but, even if a party is composed of a large number of cooking parties, after the evening meal has been cooked and eaten, one cheerily blazing camp-fire is ample around which to spread the ground-sheets and join in the ritualistic comradeship which we all like and enjoy so well.



The cooking-fires need not be wasted, for as they die away they are usually ideal for baking that important item of the Camp Sacrificial Feast, the damper.

In these days when all thinking people are concerned with the menace of soil erosion, I need not labour the danger of lopping saplings and so removing the natural anchorage of the soil; but I have seen small trees felled to make tent poles and billy sticks, and know of cases where trees have been lopped and left to dry in order to have firewood for future camps. This is sacrilege, because Nature supplies ample quantities of fallen timber if we are not too free in its consumption.

Another danger of big fires, especially in dry seasons, is the flying sparks which will be only too ready to find a nest of dry leaves and twigs in which to hatch a bush-fire.

Even after the camp-fire is over the unburned logs can be conserved by the simple expedient of extinguishing them in a nearby creek or water-hole, or grinding the burnt end to pieces in the dirt and then leaving them in a handy position for use the next night or by some future camper.

Another advantage of wood conservation is that we need not carry a hatchet, thus cutting the pack down by, at the very least, one pound.

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It is considered possible that the word "hike" is of early Saxon origin. The Scottish poet, Henryson, used the term "hake" as far back as 1450. The Dutch also have a word "hakeu" meaning "to walk in long strides."

Land of Many Waters

Tasmania Calls

By W. A. Holesgrove

(Coast and Mountain Walkers of N.S.W.)

WE wanted to exchange ideas with walkers of another State working under conditions different from our own, and we felt that Tasmania would broaden our outlook, increase our knowledge and make us better bushwalkers. It did all this, and probably helped us to a better appreciation of our own bushlands.

We soon discovered that Tasmania is a land of many waters, and we had no fears of having to make a dry camp. We listened to a member of the Hobart Club giving some instructions for a trip and saying, "You cross a creek here and you'd better have a good drink because you won't strike any more water for about an hour." Our laughter seemed to puzzle the Tassies.

We found water everywhere, sloppy buttongrass plains, mud that tore at our boots and into which we plunged up to our knees, glorious lakes reflecting the mountain peaks rising steeply from their shores, cold still lakes, rivers that seem to be full-grown almost from their source, and tiny creeks stealing silently through the bushes and mosses beneath our feet.

We loved the myrtle forests, cool and damp and quiet, where the track winds among the ferns and beeches, through aisles of glorious tree-ferns with tiny brown leaves like Nature's own confetti strewn underfoot, and soft moss spread alongside like green snow covering the ground and swathing the tree trunks.

We felt that if fairies are anywhere they must surely be in these delightful spots. When we looked at the fantastic outline of Cradle Mountain, it seemed to us like some relic of a lost world, and we half expected to see prehistoric monsters hiding among those ragged pinnacles. We felt sure that Lake Wilks nestling high up on the side must have some strange beings lurking in its depths.

New Country Beckons

When first we saw Tasmania looming up ahead we were glad that we were walkers and not tourists. Behind driving rain squalls there was new country, mountains, lakes and rivers calling us on. After a long delay at Burnie while the train was being repaired, we started out along the glorious North Coast. The Bass Strait waves were breaking lazily on one side, and on the other green fields merging into misty hills held promise of the mountains.

We reached Sheffield well behind schedule and the other passengers gave us a musical farewell. Then for many miles Os Connell took us in the Waldheim car through lovely farming country, and stopped while we investigated waterfalls and gazed at distant cloud-crowned mountains. He told us something of the flowers and birds, the trees, lakes and mountains ahead of us, while we climbed the highlands along a very rough track, crossing trout streams, passing patches gay with boronia, waratahs and buttercups, white with iris and ablaze with the vivid colourings of the kerosene bush.

A night at Waldheim was all too short. We had to push on, climbing out of Cradle Valley, past where Crater Lake lies dark and still, deep down among steeply falling hills. For a long while we gazed at the scarred sides of Cradle Mountain sheering up from Dove Lake and culminating in a row of ragged pinnacles with a faint streamer of cloud lying along the crests. Then as we climbed higher on to the plateau we quite suddenly sighted Barn Bluff, utterly different from Cradle.

Challenge of the Mountains

Cradle is fantastic and fascinating, Barn is solid and majestic, a massive pillar of rock seeming to join earth and heaven. We felt that whatever happened we must climb these two mountains, and promptly made a start on Cradle, climbing without packs. Just as we reached the summit a heavy cloud descended blotting out sight of everything but a small circle of jumbled rocks among which we crouched in an endeavour to dodge the icy wind. Disappointed, we started down, still wrapped in an impenetrable blanket of swirling white mist, and felt as though we had been released from a dungeon when we emerged into the daylight on the lower slopes and saw lovely Dove Lake with its tiny islets and coves sparkling

far below. Then on we went to Windermere Hut, while Barn Bluff watched over us solemn and aloof, the summit lost among the clouds.

Next day the clouds closed right down into the valleys. We did not sight Barn Bluff all day and had to give up the idea of climbing it. We pushed on to Pelion Hut, a good deal of the way being along an old track laid down many years ago by the Pelion Copper Mining Co. Ragged peaks stood round us as we crossed swampy buttongrass plains and plunged deep into the myrtle forests, finding wild violets and daisies and patches of eucalypts to remind us of home.

From Pelion Hut we climbed into Pelion Gap, reputed to be the coldest place in Tasmania, then on to the summit of Pelion East, a real rock climb with a reward of a magnificent panorama of mountains and lakes strewn beneath us. We sat outside the Du Cane Hut after tea

that night with a feeling of awe in our hearts as we looked across at Cathedral Mountain, a massive inspiring pile, rising up out of the shadows of night that shrouded its base. The great buttresses and organ pipes were like giant fingers pointing to the heavens, glowing with a rich golden hue as they caught the last of the setting sun.

A Difficult Climb

From Nicholl's Hut we climbed Mount Olympus, struggling through masses of dense undergrowth and prickly kerosene bush. We appreciated the change when we reached the zone of stunted bushes and mosses on the upper slopes, and scaled the rocky pinnacle like mountain goats to find a panorama of almost indescribable grandeur. As far as we could see ragged peaks broke the skyline, and from every depression we caught the gleam of water. Our old comrades, Barn Bluff and Cradle, left behind a week earlier, were on our northern horizon. Down below, the Narcissus River and Lake St Clair shone up through the long streamers of mist creeping down the valley. While the wind roared over our heads we ate our lunch on a tiny grassy flat under the lee of a friendly rock and looked across past the glistening white pyramid of Frenchman's Cap to see the ocean off the west coast.

We walked round Lake St Clair through about twelve miles of myrtle forest and spent a night at Fergy's Camp at Cynthia Bay. Then we travelled by motor lorry with some of the Hobart Club to Hayes near New Norfolk where we camped in a delightful spot among a clump of willows on the banks of the Derwent.

We had intended spending a couple of days in the National Park, but our time was nearly up and we headed for Hobart, along the Lachlan River among the hop fields, then through fields of ripe raspberries up on to the Mount Wellington Range, and down the other side into the Huon Valley, still among raspberries and cherries and apple orchards. The farming folk along here were wonderfully friendly and hospitable, but this might be said of every one in Tasmania with whom we came in contact.

As soon as we reached Hobart railway station we were invited to go round to the "Barn" where one of the railwaymen proudly showed us the new streamlined trains for the Launceston run. Incidents like these show a keen desire on the part of the Tasmanians to help visitors. When the town folk are so friendly it is not surprising that the hospitality of the walking fraternity and of the country folk is almost overwhelming.

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Australia must have seemed a queer place to the first settlers with its rugged mountains and valleys. One of the first attempts to cross the Blue Mountains was made by boats from the Hawkesbury River under Col. Paterson. The boats were taken up the Grose some miles over numerous cascades and falls, but the trip was abandoned as impracticable and because one of the boats was damaged. Another expedition was made by boat in 1818 to explore the Warragamba. The party was under the leadership of Sir John Jamieson and according to their reckoning travelled forty-three miles up that river over a great number of rapids. The furthest point reached by the party as identified subsequently, however, was only about twelve miles upstream.

Coastal Walks

By M. J. Dunphy

THE coastline of New South Wales is 800 miles long measured in a more or less straight line. If estuaries, harbours, lakes and coastal lagoons are included, the mileage can be doubled, at least. A summer walk along the shoreline will yield a remarkable amount of adventure and scenic interest. For fishing, swimming and sketching, this type of walking tour stands alone. When planning a trip allow for a relatively slow rate of travel because of sandy "going" in parts, the temptation to laze on the dunes and in camps by lagoons, to fish in likely places and yarn with the locals.

Usually extra fishing gear is compensated for by having to carry less food, stores being procured at shorter intervals than in the mountains. There are difficulties, inconveniences and dangers, of course. Some lagoon bars can be crossed by wading. Where rowboats are unprocurable at deep entrances of estuaries, detours must be made. Indispensable articles of the kit are rubber-soled canvas boots, mosquito-net and dope, short strong fishing-rod with reel and hooks, fish-knife, oyster-opener, cloth bags for bait, anti-sunburn oil, a belt-axe and wire gridiron. There is nothing like variety, and a coastline walking tour is a change from the big hills.

The Creek Junction

By Beryl Heather

(Coast and Mountain Walkers of N.S.W.)

We are camped among the heather
Where the two creeks come together,
And my ears are tuned to hear each tiny sound,
For a quiet charm is reigning
As the day is slowly waning,
And the birds are flying o'er me nestward bound.

With the clouds above me lifting,
And my mind so freely drifting,
I can clearly hear the music that I seek.
And I listen, heart aringing
To the rippling, gurgling, singing,
Where the waters meet and mingle in the creek.

Makes me surge with thoughts exciting,
All my inner self delighting
As I strive to find expression for my joy.
For I fly from all that's mortal
Through a rarer, finer portal,
And I feel that I'm in Heaven's sweet employ.

Fills my heart with adulation
And a joyous exultation
When I hear that bubbling laughter roll along.
Lilting tunes and airs appealing
To my ears come softly stealing
Till my head is in a dizzy whirl of song.

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At the annual meeting of the Federation Council in July last Mr Theo B. Atkinson retired from the office of Honorary Secretary, a position he has held since the inception of the Federation in 1932, and his untiring and unselfish efforts have been very largely responsible for its success. He will of course be seriously missed from the secretaryship, but his help in other capacities will no doubt be equally invaluable. The vacancy so created has been filled by Mr C. D'A. Roberts who has taken an active interest in Federation and conservation matters for some time and it is hoped that he will carry out the duties incident to the office in as efficient a manner as his predecessor.

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The manner in which the Lett River got its name is interesting. Blaxland's journal of the successful expedition which crossed the Blue Mountains in 1813 states that after descending the mountain-side near Mount York the party came upon a "riverlett" which was followed downstream. In later years the name was separated and the stream was known as the River Lett. Now it is called the Lett River.

An Appreciation

By H. A. S.

ALL those walkers who knew Thomas McMahon, of "Strathmore," Cox's River, will be deeply grieved to hear of his death on September 7th.

Tom was a good friend to all bush walkers and was a keen conservationist—it was his oft expressed opinion that the mountains to the west and south-west of his property were only good for preservation as a National Park.

Since he was the third generation of his family to live in "Strathmore," he knew the country intimately—was foreman for Goodlet and Smith in their timber camp on the Cedar Road and claimed to have ridden from Ginkin via Jenolan, Megalong and Black Dog to his home in a day.

Tom's cheery greeting will be sadly missed by those members of the walking fraternity who, in future, use the camp sites which the McMahons so generously place at our disposal.

Clear Hill—Gateway to Fascinating Land

By R. ELSE MITCHELL.

(Warrigal Club of N.S.W. and Coast and Mountain Walkers of N.S.W.)

CLEAR HILL is a precipitious headland forming the southern extremity of the Narrow Neck peninsula. A track leads from Katoomba over the Narrow Neck to Clear Hill which as its name implies presents a marvellous panorama of well-nigh limitless expanse.

Across the valley of the Cox's River, range after range unfolds—the heights of Kanangra, Gangerang, and the Main Dividing Range are visible, while far in the distance the yellow sandstone walls of Burragorang Valley, the Gib at Bowral and other well-known landmarks can be seen. The landscape is sharply dissected by the Kowmung and Kanangra Rivers which have torn deep narrow gorges between the mountains.

Clear Hill is now the starting place for many an interesting walk. A mile or two from its base are the Wild Dog Mountains, while a half day's walk will take one to the most charming reaches of the beautiful Cox's River. By the more energetic walker the Kowmung and Kanangra Rivers and Gangerang Range can be attained in a day or two, and there is an endless variety of other attractive features.

For years, however, the track to Clear Hill was a dead end because the headland could not be descended and parties desiring to make trips in the district had to use the route through Megalong Valley and Carlon's homestead. It was realized that a direct way over Clear Hill would be much shorter, and in June 1928 a party of walkers succeeded, after a little trouble, in finding a hazardous way down the rocky buttress at the end of the Hill. This was however too difficult and dangerous to become a regular track because of a rock face which necessitated a long detour along a ledge.

Some time after the first descent, William Tarr, an enthusiastic walker, conceived the idea of swinging a ladder down the rock wall to make the route easily accessible and more expeditious. This was accomplished by stringing together small lengths of saplings with fencing wire and two ladders made in this fashion were suspended down the cliff to obviate the worst obstacles and the long detour.

Since the erection of these seemingly flimsy ladders the trip to Clear Hill has become more popular, and an excellent round trip can be accomplished from Katoomba in a week-end by going down the ladders and then returning through Carlon's and Megalong Valley. As the ladders have been standing for many years repairs have been necessary from time to time to ensure their safety and recently the saplings were replaced by wooden battens well painted to resist the weather. So serviceable have the ladders been however that many thousands of walkers have passed over them to the valley below in safety, though perhaps not without trepidation—the first time at least.

William Tarr has earned the gratitude of all these walkers who have been to Clear Hill, and in recognition of his services he has been designated "Taro, Duke of Clear Hill!"

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The Federation is glad to arrange for photographic and other lectures on subjects related to bushwalking, river canoeing, conservation and the like. Inquiries are particularly welcomed from outside bodies and may be directed to Mr G. B. Loder, 41 Douglas Street, Ryde.

The Challenge of the River

Daring the Nymboida in an Iron Canoe

By JEAN JOHNSTON

(River Canoe Club of N.S.W. and Sydney Bush Walkers)

WE came from Sydney up through drought stricken western districts where every one stared at our dust covered canoe, borne on a trailer behind the car.

Our objective was Nymboida, where we planned to commence a canoe trip down the Nymboida or South River, to its junction with the Clarence which we intended to follow to Copmanhurst. Jock Kaske had loaned us his fifteen foot iron canoe, the "Trailblazer," that veteran of many trips. And it was to carry Frank English, my husband Bill, and myself, with ten days' stores.

We stowed our food into four airtight kerosene tins, our garments and sleeping gear into proofed bags, and packed all into the canoe. Everything was covered with ground sheets and lashed well in.

We left Nymboida on Monday, 6th April, on what was to be the most eventful canoe trip we had undertaken. A fourteen foot weir below Nymboida necessitated a semi-portage, and then we were away.

The river ran swiftly, a three foot fresh the week before ensured a good depth of water, rapids were plentiful and gave us many thrills. The current was at times so strong that it took us under low hanging trees by which we were brushed out of the canoe to float downstream till we could land and bail out.

On the second day we struck trouble by attempting to shoot a rapid that really needed to be treated with more respect. We lost a paddle, some eggs, and a lot of time. But this did not deter us from treating all the rest in exactly the same way.

On the third day out we met our first serious obstacle, that is, the first we treated seriously. Here the river took two bends within a hundred yards, with falls on each bend. The first we negotiated by roping but the second we portaged round. This portage took time but was rendered quite easy because of the yokes which Jock had made for the canoe. These screw onto the gunwales and enable the canoe to be carried upside down on the shoulders.

Thrilling Rapids

Below these falls the river descended into a gorge, which provided some thrilling rapids next morning. We got away early, as rain threatened and we had no wish to be caught there with storm water coming down. About ten we left the gorge and floated into a long pool where the Main River came in on our left. On the hillside above was a most picturesque little bark roofed shack, covered with vines. It had been built and was inhabited by Bert Fenny, an Inspector of Stock, who treated us with true Australian hospitality. Reluctantly we left his place late in the afternoon, getting through the Bridal Falls below it without any difficulty.

For a while the country was more open and next morning we came to the first settlement on the river—Jackadgerry. There is a wine bar at Jackadgerry, and the boys went up to sample what they fondly hoped would be local vintage. It wasn't, but nevertheless, somewhat fortified, and rejoicing also that we'd been able to obtain some more solder, we essayed to shoot the local rapid just to show how it should be done—and we were all thrown out.

Here we were told that there would be no more bad rapids, but we came across a wicked looking one that afternoon. Practically all the water in the river plunged into a fissure, about ten feet wide between rock walls. Bill wanted to shoot it. Frank and I didn't. Eventually the boys got the canoe through by following a small channel, dragging where necessary. We camped that night at Hanging Rock Station.

Under Sail

When we left next morning we had on board a weird arrangement of two poles and a kite shaped tent lashed together, which on the first long pool became a sail. With a strong wind behind us this gave us more speed than our three paddles. It gave us plenty of fun too; being erected in the bow with Frank in charge and Bill using his paddle at the stern as a rudder. When approaching a rapid Bill would call for the sail to be lowered. The roar of the water prevented Frank from hearing and we would just sail down the rapids, endeavouring to dodge rocks and trees, while Bill made frantic efforts to keep the boat head on into the current.

Eventually we took down the sail and then came upon a rapid which nearly finished the trip. While deciding which channel to take we were caught in the main current which whirled along and landed the canoe broadside on to a couple of rocks. With the tremendous force of the water holding her there the boys had partially to unload the gear on to a rock in midstream. Scarcely able to retain a footing, they heaved with all their strength to get her once more into the current, and then to reload and float down to a place where they could land and effect repairs. In the meantime, I perched on a rock with swift deep water between me and the shore, and waited to be rescued. The strength and force in the water

Romance of Mount Werong

By R. Else Mitchell.
(Warrigal Club of N.S.W. and Coast and Mountain Walkers of N.S.W.)

MOUNT WERONG to many will be but a name—and in fact it is little else, even though it appears in the Post Office directory. The village of that name lies some thirty miles south-easterly from Oberon, the nearest railway town, and is in the heart of the mountains on the Main Divide near the eminence from which it derives its name.

One time, not long ago, Mount Werong promised to be the centre of great mining activity as the country around is very metalliferous and contains, according to assays, gold, silver, lead and copper in reasonable quantities. When the mining possibilities were first made known company promoters, metallurgists, and Pitt Street mining engineers flocked to the spot in their limousines along the rocky and muddy dray track from Oberon.

It was not long before the local inhabitants were cajoled into subjection and a company was floated to exploit the mineral resources. Galvanized iron sheds were erected, engines set up, a dam built, and a pumping plant installed to provide water for a sluice, and the waters of Ruby Creek diverted by an aqueduct from one side of the range across the other side into Limeburner's Creek where mining operations were to be carried on. Soon the place was a hive of industry and the clank of the metal grader and crusher mingled with the intermittent detonations of the donkey engine and pumping plant.

Ere long, however, the invaders of this primitive demesne were rebuffed. The lode did not give the yield which assays had predicted and the company fell into financial difficulties; those who controlled it realized that the proposition was doomed to failure and work ceased. No attempt was made to move the plant or any of the machinery or even an old motor truck, all of which still stand as though they had just been abandoned.

Nature Takes Charge

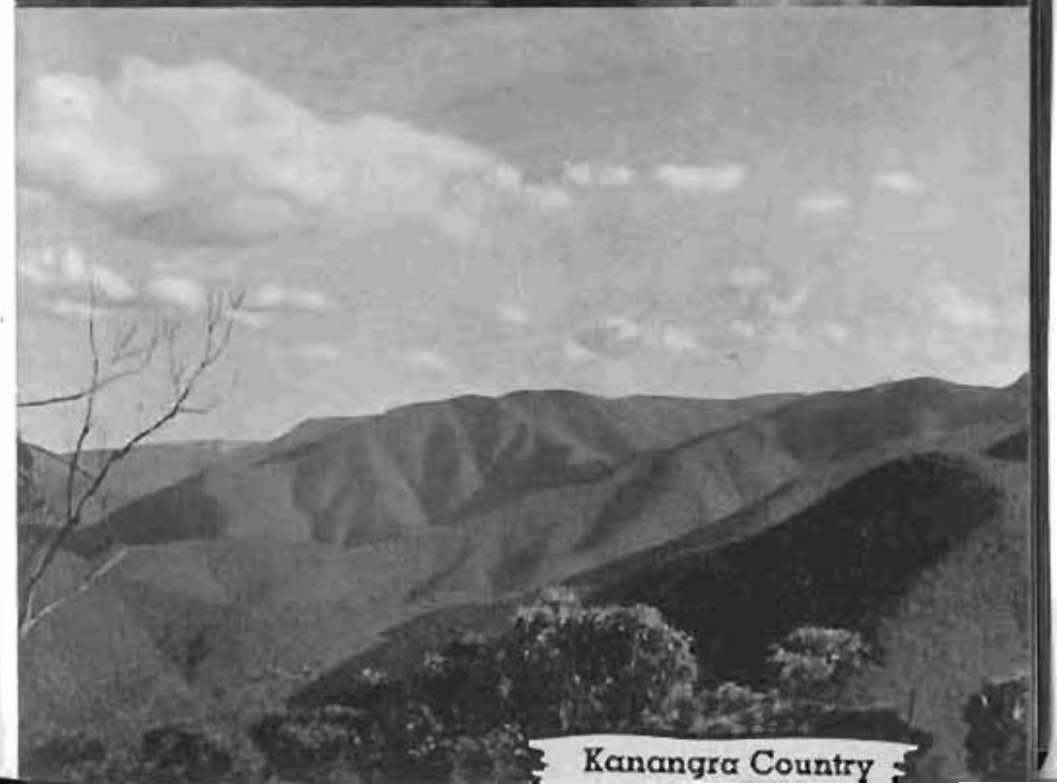
Since the cessation of work no mining on a large scale has been carried on at Mount Werong—grass has grown in the water race, the aqueduct has eroded away and collapsed, the dam is choked with reeds and water hyacinth, ferns have adorned the pumping plant shed, poking their stiff fronds fearlessly between spokes of wheels and belts which once whirled and hummed with energy, the crusher and grader have seen the ravages of rust and their joints and working parts have seized.

The road which had promised to become a highway to an El Dorado has reverted to a bush track winding through the forest timber of grey gums and stringybarks to a few scattered bark huts, the abodes of a handful of hardened and yet hopeful prospectors who eke out an existence by toiling for the precious yellow metal with only occasional luck.

There is but one mail a week to Mount Werong and no telegraph communication. The mailman comes in on Thursday afternoon, leaves a few letters or old papers, sometimes none at all, passes the cricket score or other fresh news on, and then departs with the one or two missives which connect the inhabitants with the outside world. Once every six weeks a truck comes out from Oberon with supplies, and apart from a casual visitor or an occasional stockman the miners see only each other from day to day.

In a windowless bark hut at the end of the bush track dwells Ted Billett, the uncrowned king of Mount Werong, his mate Ramsay Grimshaw,

Casuarinas . . . Kowmung River



Kanangra Country

Swampy Plains River

Burning Palms

two faithful cattle dogs, and a Malay game cock—Jack Johnson is its name. Ted is one of nature's gentlemen but he's getting on in years. He's been quite a globe-trotter in his day—mining here, farming there, droving on the roads somewhere else; he even kept a butcher's shop in Sydney once and fought in the South African War, made his fortune three times and lost it again; no wonder he is respected in this little settlement.

Tales of the Past

Ted will tell of days gone by in real backwoods style, his colourful narrative decorated with drover's curses and punctuated by an occasional spit into the fire with unerring aim.

"Now, boys," he'll say, "you must stay here with me a few days. No, don't put your tent up, you can sleep in my place; let's have something to eat, then we'll talk."

And so you'll eat one of Ted Billett's doughboys, and then listen attentively for hours to his yarns. The evening passes in no time—reminiscences—reminiscences—related in that genial and naive style which the cynical city dweller admires but cannot cultivate. Then next day you'll probably come across Wally Bryant—he'd be all right except that he's a Pomaly—and Ernie Sharp—poor Ernie is crippled with rheumatoid arthritis—and maybe one or two others.

There is no one else. The inhabitants are decreasing fast; one fell over a cliff some time ago and was killed; then Jimmy Inglis died. He was an identity and is said to have been responsible for building the dancing platform and mud hut at Kanangra. His hut, now deserted, is the mansion of Mount Werong; it is made of slabs cut with machine-like precision and roofed with solid shingles three feet long and eight inches wide. There is aesthetic beauty in this structure such as no orthodox architect could achieve.

Maybe you'd like to wander through the glorious forest, across the grassy mounds where the earth was ruthlessly torn up in search of mineral wealth, to South Head, a rocky promontory overlooking Werong Creek Gorge—"The Hole" they call it. The vision spreads to the Ruby Creek Falls, a silver thread slithering down the rocks, to the Kowmung Valley and the ranges beyond, and then into space. . . . What solace and quiet this place presents. How one admires Ted Billett and the local inhabitants. What a destructor of peace and beauty is civilization.

—O—

Did You Know

. . . That the first settlement on the Hawkesbury was near Windsor and that at that time there was no road from Sydney, all supplies and crops being taken by boat along the river and around by the ocean to Port Jackson.

. . . That Fort Denison was called "Pinchgut" because in 1788 a marine off the first fleet was "sent to a small island, a barren rock at the middle of the Harbour in irons for eight days on bread and water."

. . . That silver-lead ore was first discovered at Yerranderie in 1871 but was not worked thoroughly until 1899 since which date over £2,000,000 of ore has been extracted.

Treasures of the Forest

She-Oaks or Casuarinas

By A. H. PELHAM
(Warrigal Club of N.S.W.)

THIS genus of trees is among the most interesting in Australia. The leaves are reduced to minute scales or teeth, their functions being taken over by the branchlets which we commonly call "needles." The scale leaves are to be found in evenly spaced whorls along these branchlets or cladodes. They are united at the base and vary in number with the different species from four upwards.

The She-Oaks are mainly dioecious, that is, each species has male and female flowers on different plants, each sex having readily distinguishable flowering habits. The female flower is almost always of tassel form. The change of colour from green to various shades of brown in the male tree is due to the abundant flowering of the genus. The first part of the name is thought to indicate that the tree is a false oak; the word "oak" refers to the grain of the timber.

The following list will be sufficient for reasonably accurate identification of species in the County of Cumberland and the Blue Mountains. Casuarina Luehmanni has been omitted, as it never (?) crosses the Divide.

Species Common to Mountain and Coast

C. Suberosa. (*"Black She-Oak"—"Dohlteah."*)

An elegant tree, up to forty feet. It likes poor sandstone soils. The timber is light and prettily marked. It is used for cabinet work and shingles. The aborigines used it for boomerangs. "Bark usually hard, rugged and rather corky, but not so corky as other She-Oaks."—(Anderson.) Branchlets usually ascending, the teeth (leaves) being six to eight per whorl. The cone is cylindrical—oblong, bald, about half to three-quarters of an inch in diameter.

C. Torulosa. (*"Forest Oak."*)

A small to medium tree, up to seventy feet. It has been almost wiped out of the Sydney area by the demand for shingles and baker's wood. It prefers moist better-class soils. The timber is red and well figured. Branchlets are frail and very slender, drooping, smooth; the teeth are usually four to the whorl. Cone is shaggy, near-globular to barrel-shaped, about three-quarters of an inch in diameter.

C. Stricta. (*"Drooping She-Oak"—"Mountain Oak."*)

"Tall shrub or small tree always on dry ridges or rocky soils, generally in open country, but showing no particular preference for any soil type—gradually being exterminated by stock." However, I fancy that it is not to be found at all on the Hawkesbury sandstones. It is very common on the upper slopes of the Shoalhaven, e.g. at Badgery's Crossing. Branchlets, despite the common name, do not always droop; the teeth are nine to sixteen to the whorl. The cone is distinctive, being one to two inches long.

C. Rigida. (*"Scrub She-Oak."*)

A slender shrub, found on poor sandstone; easily distinguished from another small Casuarina (Nana) by its slender habit, longer and thicker branchlets and larger cones. It prefers elevated positions. Anderson does not include it in the mountain division, but it is common on the mountains.

(Note: In Sydney district the ridge to gully sequence is: C. Rigida, exposed ridges; C. Suberosa, upper slopes; C. Torulosa, lower sheltered slopes; C. Glauca, lower salt-water banks.)

Species Confined to Mountain Division

C. Paludosa. (*This could be called the "Small Marsh Oak."*)

A shrub, rarely above ten or twelve feet, usually very small; the branchlets are slender and the cone small. It is often difficult in the field to separate it from C. Nana.

C. Nana. (*"Dwarf She-Oak."*)

An exceedingly ornamental dwarf shrub, seldom exceeding a few feet. I have found it very easy to raise from seed. It is common on the First and Second Narrow Necks.

C. Cunninghamii. (*"River Oak."*)

This is the famous Oak so well known on the banks of mountain streams. In conjunction with the Water Gum (Tristania) it is the chief factor in preventing erosion on the banks of fresh water streams. Settlers cut it to make a few square yards of rapidly lost pasture (e.g. Kowmung-Cox junction), and young seedlings are almost invariably eaten by stock. There are practically no saplings in the Kowmung area. This tree is the most beautiful in the mountains, and governmental protection is most urgently needed.

Species Confined to the Coast

C. Glauca. (*"Swamp Oak."*)

A better name would be "Estuary Oak." This is the majestic Oak that used so thickly to fringe our brackish creeks and estuaries. It is very rapidly being destroyed, the trees being cut down for "improvements" such as jetties, even in Kuringai Chase and National Park.

A Fine Record

Bushwalkers' Work For Conservation

By C. D'A. ROBERTS

(Coast and Mountain Walkers of N.S.W.—Chairman Conservation Bureau)

BUSHWALKERS have, during the few years of their existence as an organized force, achieved an extraordinary record in the realms of conservation.

Their efforts have in that time probably been more successful in obtaining reservations of lands for public purposes than have the joint endeavours of all other bodies. As a result of their foresight, Bluegum Forest, Garawarra, Bouddi National Park and the Southern Blue Mountains, to mention some outstanding examples, have been set aside for the enjoyment of the people, we hope, for ever.

Reference to the annual reports of the various associations concerned with the preservation of flora and fauna and the acquisition of park lands will show that the value of its work is rated high amongst all those who have kindred objectives, whilst any one who has had the good fortune to represent the walking movement on outside organizations cannot fail to have been deeply impressed by the attention given to its views.

Started From Scratch

There is every reason to be proud of our accomplishments when it is remembered that those responsible started from scratch, without experience, influence or wealth. Their achievement has sprung from that determination which can only be engendered by the certainty of an urgent and necessary objective and a just cause. There has been no easy road to success; it has been a matter of convincing the powers that be of the merits of their case, sometimes in the face of opposition which has had a flying start, and those very advantages that the walkers have lacked. The fact that they have won is not so much a tribute to themselves as to their cause.

Bushwalking is, primarily, purely a recreation, providing only for the enjoyment of those who engage in it. Until a few years ago, its devotees did not, as walkers, take any part in public movements, although many of them did individually take an active, and often leading, part in public efforts to preserve the natural things of our country.

Even when the era of the clubs arrived, their purpose was at first confined to pleasure, but with organization it began to be realized that the walker had original and distinctive ideas on conservation matters. So the movement, as represented by the various clubs, entered the arena as a separate entity, or, rather, a number of separate entities. The next step was the co-ordination of the energies of the different clubs by the formation of the Federation. This resulted in increased influence and paved the way for the enhanced success which has followed.

Many Activities

The work of the Federation has steadily grown; conservation remains its major objective, but its activities embrace many other spheres as well. The time has come when its Council has thought it wise to have the help of specialists in certain branches of its work. Thus the Information Bureau and the Search and Rescue Section have come into being. Now a Conservation Bureau has been formed. Its objects, summed up, may be said to be to advise the Federation on schemes relating to the preserva-

tion of nature and the acquisition of reservations of lands, to originate such schemes, and to deal with propaganda relating thereto.

This Bureau wants the help of all bushwalkers—not only members of clubs affiliated with the Federation but "freelances" as well. It wants to take an interest in your ideas and it wants you to take an interest in its work. If you know of any areas which you think should be reserved, if you see anything going on which may damage flora, fauna or natural things, don't leave it for someone else to report but inform the Bureau or one of its members at once. Delay is dangerous.

In accepting the task of saving the gifts which nature has bestowed on us, the bushwalker has undertaken a service to the community. We live in an age which is, belatedly, becoming conscious of the need to preserve, and, though our ideas are rather in advance of general thought (as those of any progressive movement must be), we have in the main the support of a sympathetic public. We need not doubt that our efforts will be appreciated even more in the future than they are to-day.

Educational Value

The educational worth of our pastime is probably just as great as its recreational value. Amongst other attributes, it trains us in those very things that make for success as conservationists. Firstly, it teaches us to know something of natural things and to appreciate them; this gives us the desire to preserve and the knowledge of how to do so. Secondly, it teaches us to think for ourselves; this results in progressive individual thought. Thirdly, it teaches us to pull together; this produces that co-ordination that enables at first ourselves, and later the public at large, to assimilate each successive advance in thought. With equipment such as this we can hardly fail to achieve something.

We must, of course, temper our enthusiasm by the knowledge that there are other pebbles on the beach besides ourselves. There are many ways in which land can be used—conservation is but one of them. We must remember, too, that much of our bushlands must be developed so as to cater for the motorist and the tourist; these areas should be preserved so far as is compatible with their development, and they therefore come within the scope of our work just as much as do the undeveloped areas. The main thing is to take a broad view, bearing in mind that provision must be made for all classes and types of people.

It is a remarkable movement to which we belong. Its members started with an objective of personal enjoyment; to-day, without enjoying themselves one whit the less, they are most successfully carrying out a service to the community.

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Co-operation in the Walking Movement

By M. J. D.

THE Bushwalkers Co-operative Society collapsed for want of adequate support. Some thought the existing services rendered by the organized clubs quite adequate. Others were critical about the scheme propounded for financial support. Others plainly were not interested. Those who favoured the idea sympathize with the promoter, Mr Frank Duncan, and accord him much credit for his praiseworthy attempt to consolidate the various administrative and social functions connected with organized walking for pleasure.

Southland

Sydney Walkers' Trip in New Zealand

By Gordon Smith
(Sydney Bush Walkers)

I LEANED back against the padded seat of the bus with a sigh of relief. After days of travelling by the *Awatea* from Sydney and down the east coast of the South Island by train, it was a relief to know that civilization was fading away from us.

We had left some of our cares behind with our suitcases. The Dunedin train had deposited us at the little township of Lumsden and now a special bus was carrying our party of nine towards the wonders of Southland. For nearly fifty miles our way lay aloug a straight road, stony aud rather uninteresting but affording views of distant mountain ranges.

About four p.m. the bus arrived at Lake Manapouri, sometimes called the loveliest of New Zealand lakes. Its extraordinary irregular coast line inclnding forty square miles of water, and its countless wooded islands backed by snow-topped peaks are features which lend to Manapouri attractions claimed by no other lake.

Several of us had a swim beforc resuming, and from the bus views of Manapouri remained with us for some time. Then the road commenced to follow Lake Te Anau, the largest lake in the South Island and forty-five miles long.

Upon entering the Eglinton Valley the scenery increased in grandeur. The river, ever on the move, splashed and foamed over small rapids. Snow-topped mountains met the eye everywhere, while for diversion the road passed through a spectacular birch forest. A gentle breeze stirred the waters of Lakes Gunn and Fergus, and about seven p.m. a steady climb brought us to the divide between the Eglinton and Hollyford Rivers.

A Beautiful Valley

The Upper Hollyford is almost beyond description. At intervals, waterfalls foam into the river which tears madly along its boulder strewn course. As we turned a corner, Mount Christina, 8200 feet, towered above us. We saw its huge snowfield glistening in the last rays of the sun. Then in succession appeared Student's Peak, Mounts Crosscut, Barrier, Talbot and Belle.

The only blemish on a remarkable valley was the dark and stony road, and we could visualize how wonderful it must have been to have followed the track along the river in the old days.

At last the bus reached the little village of Homer, where about sixty workmen were engaged on the man-sized job of cutting a tunnel through to the Cleddau River on the other side. When this is finished, it will be possible to travel to Milford by car, because the road on the other side is already in course of preparation. The work is hampered by avalanches, and last year several workmen were overwhelmed in one tragic disaster.

We dragged our car-weary legs to the Alpine hut which, provided with electric light and ten straw-covered bunks, proved a very haven of rest. On the front of the hut reads the notice: "Grave-Talbot Pass. Other than experienced parties accompanied by guides are forbidden to attempt the Pass."

After tea we had a long talk with Kurt Suter who had given up professional guiding to take charge of the cookhouse. He suggested that to wait a day there and climb Mount Macpherson and Monnt Talbot would be a good idea.

The bunks were very comfortable. When we awoke light rain was falling and heavy banks of mist covered the mountain tops. After breakfast the rain ceased, and at ten forty-five a.m. Dot English, Bert Whillier and I set out, each equipped with an ice axe, windproof jacket, snow-glasses, and of course the rope.

A New Experience

Above us could be seen the V of the Homer saddle. The air was most deceptive, and the huge mountains made intermediate distances seem closer than they were. There was a stiff climb of some sixteen hundred feet up steep scree slopes and occasional clusters of heavy boulders before reaching the Saddle. Here we looked around for the track, and it took a few minutes to grasp the fact that a narrow rock ridge set at an angle of forty-five to seventy-five degrees, and flanked on either side by a two thousand feet precipice, was the only possible solution.

Fortunately, on closer acquaintance, its terrors diminished. Wire ropes offered help occasionally. Our party had roped up, and after moving carefully one at a time in the more dangerous places, reached the top of this ridge, known as Talbot's Ladder without much difficulty. At the end was a big sloping snowfield. We could only surmise where the Pass continued, but knew that to reach our peaks we would have to climb. Snow, of course, was new to us, and we proceeded rather gingerly, kicking steps and inserting the ice-axe at every second pace. Light rain and a few flakes of snow fell, the mists rose around us, and only the knowledge that we could retrace our steps if necessary made us continue. We would reach the apparent top of a snow ridge, only to see another stretching upwards into the mists. Ultimately we reached the summit, marked with the usual cairn of stones.

This was Mount Macpherson, 6200 feet high, and, as I read afterwards, about the easiest snow climb in the district. There was nothing to see—the mists were too heavy. It was decided that it would be unwise to make the sharp dip to the saddle between Macpherson and Talbot, and the party retreated. The snow was easy, but the descent of the rocks required care. Rain fell heavily before we reached the hut at five-thirty p.m.

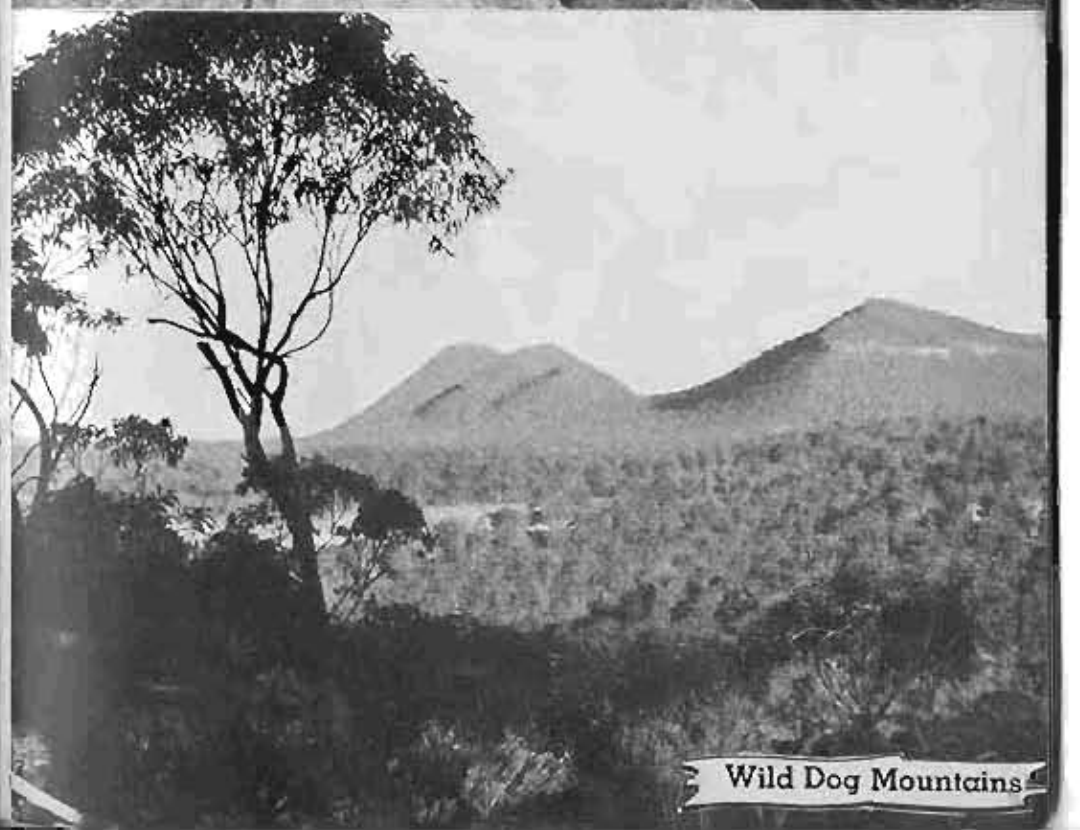
We now realized that to cross the Pass a guide would be necessary, and after tea asked Tom Cameron, the resident guide, whether he would act the next day. He was agreeable, but I went to bed in a gloomy frame of mind. The weather was threatening, and I had grave doubts as to whether some of the party would even try Talbot's Ladder, let alone succeed in crossing the Pass.

Next morning the sun shone brightly and the prospect of a fine day seemed assured. All our surplus gear, clothes and food, were left behind to be taken to the Divide the next Monday by Kurt Suter. Tom Cameron was ready at an early hour, and by eight a.m. the last of our party was toiling up the steep scree slopes which led to the Homer Saddle. It was a regular procession, but once arrived there, we roped, Tom starting off with Ada Meade, my wife May, my young son Bruce, aged eleven years, and myself as last man, while Dot English led the second bunch with Brenda White, George Dibley, Len Chant and Bert Whillier in that order. Talbot's Ladder did not present as many difficulties as anticipated. There is no doubt that the rope supplied confidence, and Tom looked after his flock like a shepherd. The wire rope helped greatly at some of the bad places.

Into the Snow Country

At the first snowfield we adjusted our glasses before proceeding. The snow was easy and not too soft. Only in one or two places near the rocks was there any trouble, and George was the first to provide a thrill by slipping. His "Hang on!" echoed around the hills, but his devoted team brought him to a stop within a few feet.

Barn Bluff . . . Tasmania



Wild Dog Mountains

Lake Wanaka . . . Glendhu Bay and Mt. Aspiring, N.Z.

Forbes Range . . . South Island, N.Z.

At Little's Dip, 5200 feet, we paused for some dates and chocolate. The Dip was a nasty steep bit, and care was taken. One by one we crawled through a hole in the rock and along a narrow ledge on to the next snowfield.

About mid-day we looked down on a valley and Tom said: "There's the Esperance Hut." We peered down four thousand feet to where a little red roof stood clearly defined amongst the greenery of the valley. So near and yet so far.

Then commenced the so-called Ledges. We sidled around these accursed things for hours. Some of course were easy and the penalty for a fall would have been a roll of thirty yards with the loss of some skin. There was wire rope at places, but at some nasty spots there was none. A typical example was as follows: We passed along a ledge a foot wide, sometimes dirt, sometimes rock. There were no projections to hold. The palm of the hand on a flat rock or a frenzied clutching with the fingers was the only support possible. Beside us a rock face of one thousand feet fell sheer into the valley. The rope was merely a moral protection. There was no hope of belaying, and in any case the three in front of me had no idea of it. As I edged my heavy rucksack around the corners I realized that if I slipped no power on earth could prevent my dragging the others with me over the precipice. When I add that Bruce, who was nearest had an interesting little habit of jumping forward just when the rope was taut, it can be imagined how glad I was when conditions improved.

After descending in spirals half-way to the valley, the ledges led us again to within a hundred feet of the top. Then a steep but fairly safe gully brought us to the tussock slopes and the Esperance River. Even then it was over an hour before a winding track through the bush led to the welcome portals of the Esperance Hut. A swim in the icy pool at the foot of the De Lambert Falls took away our fatigue and nearly our breath. It had taken nine hours to cross the Pass, slow going even for a large party.

After a rather chilly night with one thin blanket apiece, we bade Tom farewell and started downstream along the rough, wet and slippery track. Heavy bush on either side tended to hide the river scenery, but occasionally an open spot revealed a view of some magnificent snow peak. The track improved gradually until it joined the new road which is under construction from Milford to Homer. Since leaving the hut, the Esperance River had joined the Gulliver and then the Cleddau, along which valley the road was constructed. The bush had fallen away and we looked up the valley of the Tutoko to where, fifteen miles away, the massive snow-clad Mount Tutoko dominated everything in sight.

Milford Sound

Milford Sound with Mitre Peak and the Lion in the foreground was a marvellous sight, but our enthusiasm was somewhat tempered by a strong fresh breeze which greeted us, and after a cursory glance around we were glad enough to retire behind the cover of some bushes and think about lunch.

After making inquiries for accommodation at the Hostel, I suggested some exploration, and in the innocence of my heart took Bert and Dot with me. From the wharf it was found quite impossible to follow the half-mile of shoreline to where the Bowen's Falls shot out from the mountain-side a clear eighty feet in a perfect curve and then thundered five hundred and forty down into the Sound.

It was decided to follow a watercourse at right angles, and like most watercourses it soon became extremely steep. So we took to the ridge on the left which, densely covered with bush, climbed ever upward. The

growth was prolific, and seldom offered any views of the Sound. I fell over rotten logs and into holes covered over with green moss. When I had any breath I swore, while the only indication of the presence of Dot and Bert was a faint crackling in the bushes ahead. Every half-hour or so, in the kindness of their hearts they would stop and wait for me. We came to no viewpoint, and after about a two thousand five hundred feet climb we descended at a different angle, heard at last the roar of the Falls, and, making in that direction, soon had the pleasure of standing in the creek-bed immediately above the Falls looking across the Sound at the five thousand five hundred feet of Mitre Peak.

The Falls lay in one gully and between this and our watercourse lay the thickly wooded, steep and wide ridge. I suggested a right angle direction across the ridge, but that wasn't good enough for Bert and Dot, who led me in the direction of the Sound, climbing downwards and turning left occasionally to avoid jumping into the sea. So we progressed, the angle of our descent some eighty degrees, almost vertical and only possible on account of the thick foliage. We didn't walk down but slid, using suckers and vines as one would the rungs of a ladder. Periodically the system failed. A rock wall fell away to the Sound. We would stop—in time fortunately—clutch upwards for a hundred feet and then detour until another descent was possible. To end the suspense, I'll admit that finally we reached the road and the Hostel at eight p.m.

There was just time to have a hot shower and snatch something to eat before returning to the wharf. We had arranged a launch trip through the Sound, Theo Atkinson who had arrived by the *Mooraganni* and two or three others making up the party. A fifty-foot launch took us fifteen miles through the Sound to the sea. The water was calm and we slid softly through the waves; but at times the wind whips the Sound into fury.

Perpendicular rock walls towered three to five thousand feet above the water and in the background could be seen large mountains with apparently unscalable saddles on which age-old glaciers nestled. I was so sleepy that I was quite unable to drink in all its beauties, and spent most of the return journey dozing on a seat.

At nine o'clock, after a very substantial breakfast, the launch started for the far side of the Arthur River where the walk began. A miscellaneous assortment disembarked, clad in many ways. Apart from us, a few wore shorts but knee-breeches, long trousers and skirts predominated.

After walking for two miles along an enclosed track we reached the boatshed on Lake Ada where we left our packs to be transported to a point three miles upstream. Some of us had a very enjoyable swim. Scenery something similar to that of our Blue Mountain tracks followed. At one place a swinging bridge spanned a crystal pool where a large fish swam lazily, while to one side was a most picturesque fall, the "Giant's Stairway."

Three miles from the first boatshed was another, and there we waited for a launch to take us further up the Arthur River. We waited, and waited for over an hour while myriad hosts of sandflies smote us hip and thigh. One couldn't speak, hardly breathe. They were countless.

The welcome launch arrived at last, took us past the lake and along the winding Arthur River. This was shallow in places, and it was often necessary to crowd into the bow so as not to foul the propeller. The launch dumped us, and after another swim we ate our play lunch and had a cup of tea.

Magnificent Falls

It was six miles to Quinton Huts from here, and as some hadn't waited for lunch, walkers straggled in for hours. Bert and I were there at

four o'clock, and after some biscuits and tea walked a mile to see the Sutherland Falls. These majestic falls are reputed to be the highest in the world, and descend in three great leaps of eight hundred and fifteen, seven hundred and fifty one, and three hundred and thirty-eight feet, nineteen hundred and four feet in all. The spray is blown for an enormous distance while everything around the falls is fresh and verdant.

As it was our intention to do two stages next day, we left early and climbed to the top of Mackinnon Pass. A misty rain wet and chilled us and the famous view was practically non-existent. However, just as we were leaving, a break in the clouds opened up a vista of the Clinton Canyon making its tortuous way towards Lake Te Anau.

Down the zig-zag track we hurried out of the biting wind to reach the Clinton River, passing Lake Mintaro where duck were resting, through groves of ribbonwood, past dark gleaming tarns, while ever on our right silvery waterfalls tumbled down to flow as creeks into the river.

At the Pompolona huts we did full justice to an excellent lunch, and then pushed on to cover the last ten miles that lay between Pompolona and Glade House. The perfect track, well graded and grassy, cut a swathe through the verdant loveliness, while the Clinton lay on our left, gleaming stretches of rapids alternating with placid pools. Waterfalls fell everywhere from the surrounding mountains, and once an avalanche thundered down to disturb the peace of those idyllic regions.

Our party finished the day's nineteen miles in good style, just before dinner. Large appetites seem to be accepted as a matter of course on the Milford Track, and the maids returned time after time to our table without protest.

After dinner we had a row on the lake situated a mile away. There was no rudder so the direction varied, but there was no lack of energy. On our return the manager pointed out our route over the Dore Pass. Supper followed and then we climbed into bunks not unlike those on board a ship.

Food supplies had been awaiting us at Glade House, so we arranged to leave before breakfast, but a morning tea of gigantic proportions sped us on our way.

The track led through the bush, across the Gladeburn and up a zig-zag path which made height rapidly. At the end of the tree-line the party paused for a snack. On resuming, snow poles pointed out the way ahead. The top of the Dore Pass seemed about five hundred feet above us, but in reality was nearer fifteen hundred feet. The grade became severe and our legs dragged somewhat wearily up and over one tussock after another. When the worst of the climbing seemed over it was still necessary to detour round bluffs and scree slopes before reaching the nick in the range. At each of our frequent rests it was no hardship to regard the view below. Later clouds scudded across the sky, but then the day was still young and sunny. To our left Lake Te Anau appeared, its blue waters skirted by densely wooded slopes. On the far right the Clinton River surrounded by snowy mountains flowed steadily to join the lake.

Dore Pass

At the top of the Pass an icy blast met us. The sky was clouding and we lost no time in commencing the descent on the other side. On the top and in various depressions lower down lay small fields of frozen snow. Only the previous Easter the Pass had known tragedy when a young walker from the Milford Track had fallen into an ice crevasse, never to be found again. However, at this time of the year we found the steep snow-grass slopes slippery but not dangerous. Dot and Bert were a long way ahead, and when the Murcottburn opened out they chose a spot to build a fire and make some soup.

Rain was now beginning to fall, but the going was comparatively level if at times rough. The track crossed the burn and swung away from it,

but later descended in long spirals to where open flats could be seen in the distance. Everything was green—trees, grass and foliage. At six o'clock we reached the Eglinton River Road after doing about twelve miles in ten hours.

The Homer bus was expected at half past six, but we were wet and cold, so the men, leaving their packs behind, commenced to walk. It was such a relief to stretch the legs that, when the bus overtook us, I preferred to keep going rather than shiver inside. The waters of Lakes Gunn and Fergus were whipped by the rains as I hurried past. I covered the eleven miles to the Divide in under two hours, and as the bus had stopped on the way for half an hour, the rest of the party was still packing food on my arrival.

A track left here for Lake Howden, the distance as advertised being two and a quarter miles. As it was only eight-fifteen p.m. at the time of our departure it seemed reasonable to expect to arrive at our destination by dark, nine-thirty.

After some level going the track commenced to ascend sharply. Dot and Bert were well ahead but some of the party were very slow, and darkness began to loom with no hut in sight. The track dipped again, and thinking we might have passed the hut and be continuing down the Greenstone River, Len went ahead to investigate. After some time he returned, stated he had coo-eed without reply, there had been no sign of a light and the track appeared to be dropping into a gully. We returned to where a signpost pointed out: "Key Summit—1½ miles."

Leaving the others, I followed the wet slippery track upwards. A cold, blustering wind was blowing at almost gale force. After a mile of this I decided that the hut could not be there. Every one was more or less frozen and the women, rightly or wrongly, wanted to return to the

Divide. I persuaded them to wait once more and followed the original track. Down and down I went, till finally a flicker of light caught my eye and soon I could see the dark structure of the Howden Hut. Dot and Bert were seated before a blazing fire, and the latter returned with me to assist the others. The last of the stragglers was there by midnight. Warmth, food and instantaneous sleep brought that day to a close.

No one seemed anxious to move the next morning and even the bright sunlight streaming into the hut could not induce us to rise before ten o'clock. The hut was beautifully situated at the junction of several tracks leading to Elfin Bay, Lower Hollyford and Routeburn Huts. The dividing range was a low flat saddle. From Lake Howden, a shimmering sheet of water about a mile long, a fast flowing creek ran north to join later the Hollyford River. On the other side of the saddle south of Howden was situated Lake Mackellar, two miles long and the source of the Greenstone River which flowed south at first to reach eventually Lake Wakatipu at Elfin Bay.

Bert, Len and I went back to the Divide for articles left there on the previous night. The distance was about two and a half miles along a charming track offering extensive views of the Hollyford Valley and many snowy mountain peaks including the majestic Christina.

We had arranged to meet some New Zealand friends at Kinloch on Lake Wakatipu on the next day but one, so our stay was limited, but as I lazed in the sun and regarded the ideal surroundings of this mountain hut, I promised myself that one day I would return to this beautiful Southland with its rivers, lakes and mountains and make this hut my headquarters.

The Search and Rescue Section

By W. A. HOLESGROVE

"PADDY speaking. There's a party overdue; we'd better have a meeting to-night." About half a dozen times during the last two years, members of the Search and Rescue Section have heard something like this over the telephone, and whenever called upon, the Section has been able to meet any emergency.

Arising out of the big Grose River search of two years ago, which showed the need of having an efficient organization to take care of Search and Rescue work, the Section has attained quite a measure of efficiency and has gained the official approval of the police.

When a party was recently reported overdue out towards Wentworth Creek, plans were completed for a comprehensive search to cover the whole area within a day, but action was delayed for twenty-four hours because the circumstances seemed to indicate that the party had taken on more than they could manage in a week-end; and this opinion was justified when they turned up next day. The main point, however, is that everything was ready to do the job if necessary.

Little time was lost in getting into action in the National Park search when a request for assistance was received at 5 p.m., and a search party left town at 4 o'clock next morning.

In a practice search, about sixty searchers combed a big slice of country between Campbelltown and Heathcote, found all the "lost" party, and gained a good deal of experience.

Apart from actual searching, useful work has been done on several occasions in convincing anxious relatives that there is really nothing to worry about.

More volunteers are still needed for Search and Rescue work, and the committee still wants to impress on all walkers that it is a good scheme when starting a trip, to leave a note at home giving particulars of their plans.

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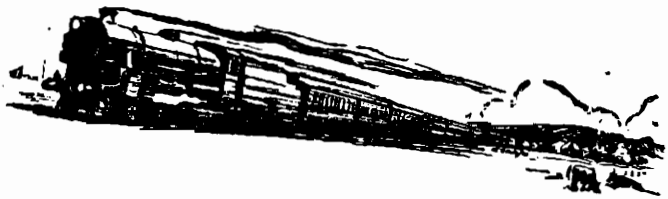
Full page: The Sydney Bush Walkers, The Rucksack Club (Sydney, N.S.W.), The Rover Ramblers Club, The River Canoe Club of N.S.W. *Half page*: The Coast and Mountain Walkers of N.S.W., The Bushlanders Club of N.S.W., The Trampers Club of N.S.W., The Warrigal Club of N.S.W., Marie Byles, Dorothy Lawry, David Stead, Allan Ward, Brenda White and Oliver Wyndham.

You Can't Walk ALL the Way

The train provides quick, cheap, and comfortable travel to many places where there are delightful walks.



Officers at Sydney Station and at Challis House, 6 Martin Place, will be pleased to advise regarding railway journeys anywhere in Australia.

EXCURSION FARES every week-end, and during holiday periods, to numerous stations within the Tourist areas.

W. H. NEWMAN,
Secretary for Railways (20)

frightened me. Repairs took some time to effect, but we were able to reach the Junction by four that afternoon. Apparently there had been rain on the Clarence as the river was muddy and higher than when we had come down it two years previously.

We pulled the canoe well up and tied her to a tree and left her there, as we were to spend the week-end with the Cruickshanks at Dumbudgerry Creek Station, three miles up the Clarence. We arrived there at tea-time in a storm of rain.

The Rivers Rise

This was on Saturday, and all that night and the next day and night it rained, as it can rain on the North Coast, so that we were not surprised to find on the Monday morning when we returned to the Junction, that both rivers were up and were still rising. The Nymboida had risen about ten feet and the Clarence five.

Fortunately someone had moved our canoe farther up the bank, and so we set out on what was to be the most exciting part of the trip, negotiating the gorge in a flood. About a mile below the junction all the water from both rivers cascades over a series of falls, which are anything up to fifty feet high. All the water meets and runs through a narrow rock-filled channel between high granite banks which imprison it for about a mile and a half.

We had to portage round the falls, and the difficulty was to find a place where a descent could be made down the steep rocky banks to the river. We were running just behind schedule, so to avoid a long and weary portage the boys put the canoe in the river at one of the few spots where it was possible to do so, with more than half the gorge still to negotiate, but below the last fall.

It was then just on dusk. The river was ugly, the water being about twenty-five feet above normal level and rising as we watched it. A rising river is more dangerous than the same level of water when the river is dropping. The boys lashed everything well in and pushed off, while I scrambled along the bank to view their progress at a spot where the river took a slight bend which created large waves and eddies.

As was expected, they filled up at this corner, and went overboard, each clinging to an end of the canoe, and were compelled to let the current take them where it willed.

Wreck of the "Trailblazer"

Then disaster! The bow caught in a crevice, and Frank sprang on to a ledge intending to pull up and bail out, but the force of the water caught the stern and the forward bulkhead started to give. Bill let go while Frank pushed the boat out into the stream to prevent further damage.

There we were, Bill and the canoe in the river, Frank on one bank and I on the other. With darkness coming on I stumbled downstream after them. Bill had a bad time, being caught in strong surges and whirlpools, travelling the best part of the gorge under water and very nearly drowning. Frank made good time over the two miles of rough country that brought him opposite the Winters' homestead. There he yelled for half an hour before they heard him and one of the lads came over to him in a flat bottomed boat which only held one. Frank had to swim the river behind the boat.

Bill and I fared better. We lit a fire and got warm and dry and then set off downstream for the homestead. Our goods now consisted of camera, money, matches, shirts and shorts—and we were very hungry. We met Frank and Ralph Winters who had come looking for us on horses, and soon we were sitting down to an enormous meal in a large warm kitchen.

Although the Winters, who had lived on the river for years, assured us that we would never find the canoe again, in the morning we set off upstream to look for it. We found it too, caught in a back eddy inshore near the foot of the gorge. The ropes, with which the paddles were tied in, had caught round a submerged tree and held it there. Not much damage had been done. Nothing was lost. Our food was dry and some of our clothes, and the rest dried while Frank and Bill mended the canoe. About four we were ready to set off again.

A fierce rapid below the Winters' caused us to lose a lot of time. The flood waters ran so strongly that each narrow place in the river was just a series of big waves. Our only course was to keep close to shore on the shallow side. In doing that we were generally among trees, which, at the pace the river was running, gave us some anxious moments.

Gordonbrook Falls was another nasty place, and so we halted before the next falls on Sir Earle Page's property, Heifer Station. We reached these just on dusk and we had had enough of flooded rivers in the dark.

In the morning I went on to Grafton in the cream lorry to pick up the car and bring it back to Copmanhurst. The boys finished the trip as planned, doing the thirty odd miles from Heifer Station to Copmanhurst in three and a half hours. Bill was swept off by a low hanging tree but swam after the canoe and caught up while Frank was doing his best to keep it from broadsiding. Then, at Lilydale low-level bridge which was under water, they had an exciting moment crossing the trough between the two submerged railings at a speed, according to the watchers, of fifty miles per hour.

Teaching the Young Idea

By Dorothy Lawry

(Sydney Bush Walkers, The H.H. Club, The Bunyip Club)

ON May 8th, 1938, a new walking club was formed, which, we are sure, will prove more and more important, as well as more and more popular, as time goes on. This is the children's walking club, the "Bunyips," as it has been named. Membership costs 1/- a year (and fares, of course), and is open to both boys and girls who, having been on at least one walk with the club, express the desire to join, and have their parents' consent and agreement that the Bunyip Club will take all care but accept no responsibility for any member. There is a proviso that any child under eleven must be accompanied on walks by an adult.

Each walk is in charge of a leader and an assistant leader, both of whom are experienced bushwalkers, and, for a start, the walks are averaging about seven miles.

The Bunyip Club has been formed by a number of enthusiasts from some of the federated clubs, and they are at present supplying the officers as well as the leaders of walks, but they hope gradually to hand over to the juniors more and more of the management of the club's activities.

The first walks programme shows a walk on the third Saturday in each month, and one on the Sunday immediately following, but already their thoughts are turning, we understand, to a walk a week, some hard, some easy. No trouble is anticipated in expanding the programme as plenty of experienced walkers are available and willing to lead the children.

We feel that every one will join with the adult walkers in wishing the "Bunyips" every success, and in congratulating those who have formed this new club to enable the children to enjoy the bush, to learn to look after themselves in the wilds, and to acquire the habit of protecting the bush and its beauties.