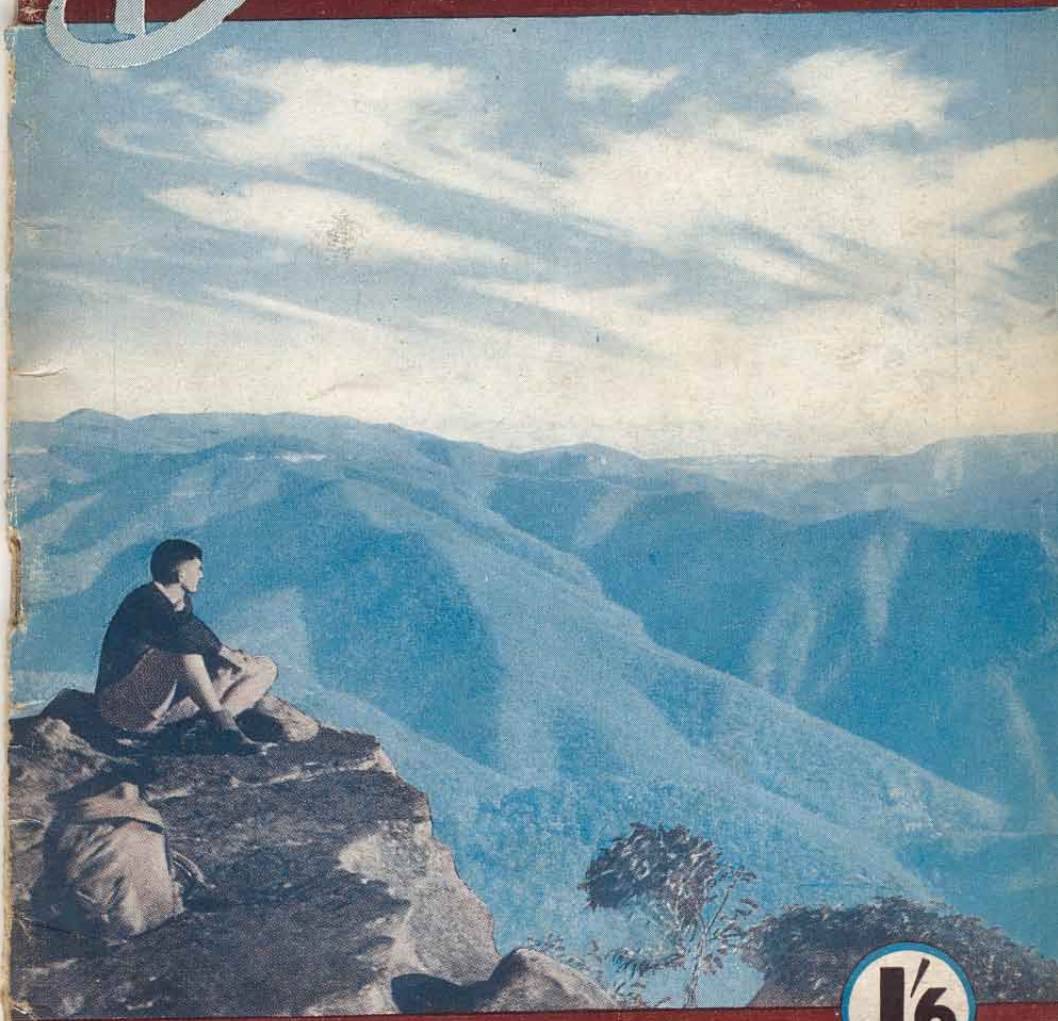
THE Bushwalker 1947



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PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE N.S.W. FEDERATION OF BUSHWALKING CLUBS.

TENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

Light shafts through blue gums. Photo by Stan Cottler, C.M.W.

I have been so keen a walker; filled my lungs
So deeply with the fragrance of the gums,
Their tang, their scent, their aromatic breath.
Their life invigorating, and pungent death.
These are mere words! They lack the power, the strength.
To lift the head, each step give added length,
As do the mighty trees in vibrant life.
Yet, ere the City's grim and noisy strife
Drowns all, I would shut out the noise a while
So peace can be remembered with a smile

. . . . .

Yet, by the walker's road, I can escape,
And change, and almost take another shape,
And so keep sanity still, and come to peace,
Wide-spread, serene, where jealousies cease,
And simple things give pleasure; wants are few—

—Extract from "The Bush Walker," by Dorothy Lawry ("In the Track of Rupert Brooks").

The Bushwalker

Published annually by the N.S.W. Federation of Bushwalking Clubs

No. 10 1947

The Federation which has twenty-three affiliated member clubs has two main objects:

To unite people interested in bushwalking and similar outdoor activities—canoeing, ski-ing, climbing.

To conserve the bushlands.

A list of clubs will be found on pp. 22-3 and complete details of any club will be supplied on request by the Honorary Secretary of the Federation, or the Publicity Officer:

Mr. F. A. Pallin,
327 George St., Sydney.
Phone: BX 3595.

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Hon. Editor: L. D. ("Chips") BAKER, River Canoe Club.

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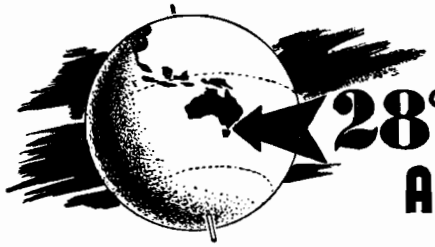


28° Outside the ANTARCTIC

DOT ENGLISH

Being seized with one of our periodical urges to exercise which afflict us but seldom in this city of scrambled seasons, we decided, as it was midsummer, to spend a fortnight somewhere in that region of Victoria known as the Western Coastal District, a name somewhat misleading to novices as it faces directly south-east.

The southern extremity of this coast is stormy Cape Otway, the continent's second most southerly tip, standing sentinel over treacherous Bass Strait in which lies King Island, the scene of many wrecks in the early days of the colony. One such wreck, causing the greatest loss of life, was that of an emigrant ship from England whose four hundred odd passengers (men, women and children) were drowned. Many bodies were washed ashore, but as the local inhabitants had only one spade on the island, it was inadequate for the job of grave-digging, so an appeal appeared in the Melbourne papers of the day for volunteers to go to the island and take spades to help bury the victims. At the same time a protest was lodged against the authorities who, although this wreck was by no means the first on that shore, still failed to put a beacon light on the island.

We already knew Torquay and Anglesea, having had a biking-camping trip there Christmas, 1942. Lorne, the next place mentioned on the map, is too much of a tourist resort, so we decided to skip it and continue on to Apollo Bay. One goes by train from Melbourne 45 miles to Geelong, then 70 miles by service car round a high road cut into the cliff faces and consisting chiefly of continuous c-shaped curves. On the landward side lies a long range of steep hills called mountains, off which the rains run freely and frequently so that, in a distance of 30 miles, twenty-five rivers and creeks course down to the sea.

It was drizzling when we got out of the car feeling somewhat sick and sorry for our respective selves, and facing the rather desolate prospect of grey sea, cold, wet sand and no place particular to go.

We had been told that we could buy provisions at the local shops, but our informant failed to mention that country shops here go in for a mid-week half holiday, and of course to-day was it. A foraging tour of the shopping centre revealed some sort of a fish restaurant open, where we had a meal and fed the infant her little selection of private victuals. Then, somewhat consoled, we once more faced the open road.

We passed a couple of inhabited motor camps with the usual sprinkling of uninviting concrete buildings. Curious eyes gazed at the unfamiliar sight of two hikers plodding through the rain with dripping groundsheets covering their packs and flapping around their knees, and a twelve-month-old baby in a sling in front, quite enjoying the novel situation.

The rain eased off, but the road went on and on. To the left lay the wild sea shore, breathing out loneliness and desolation, and to the right were fenced sheep paddocks. As the situation showed no sign of improving, we decided to pitch camp a couple of miles out from the township and do a bit of scouting around next day when the weather might be kinder.

The late sun shivered out spasmodically from behind scudding cloud as we abdulled the tent low to the ground in a small saucer-like depression among the sparse, coarse grass and low, storm-weathered scrub of the sand dunes. Seagulls screeched up and down the deserted beach and out on the leaden sea a flock of black swans rocked on the waves, caring little whether or not we imperfectly warm-blooded humans liked the general effect of grey skies, cold wind and showers.

The baby was fed and bedded down in her hammock slung under a nearby bush, and we were not long in following suit. There were more scat-

tered showers, and all night long the wind moaned over our hollow, the tent flapped, the temperature sagged through the shivering thirties and we wondered whether perhaps it howled less insistently around our third-floor flat back in Melbourne.

Here we spent ten days, shone on by a pale and fickle sun and rained on by irregular showers. Exploration trips round the iron-bound coast, while the small one slept in her hammock and kept the seagulls company, revealed vast sunless stretches of waste waters that beat on the black-fanged shore where long trailing streamers of yellow-brown seaweed waved hopelessly with the tides; precipitous hills rising straight up from the sea and covered head high with incredibly prickly bushes; a black mass of rock separated from the mainland by a narrow channel, called Seal Rocks, which belied its name by having no sign of life, either vegetable or animal. Shelly Beach, some distance further round, was at least true to label, being covered with cartloads of shells.

It was pleasant one fine evening when we set off for a prowl about in the hilly sheep paddocks, leaving the little elf infant asleep under the green bush, her white hammock shining in the soft twilight soft as a summer moth. The setting sun was crowning the hills with a greenfold aura as we crossed by a footbridge over the river where the wild black swans rocked above their reflections by the reedy margin. A soft sea mist clung to the hollows, but we turned our backs to the sea and set our eyes on the highest point of the nearby range of hills. They were well grassed and steep, and reminded me of the green and happy hills of New Zealand where I climbed so long and long ago. From the top we saw the coast in miniature stretching away in beautiful curves, lines of foam making a lacy fringe to a vivid lapis lazuli sea which misted towards the horizon to merge with a sky of slightly deeper hue. We descended in the gentle twilight and thanked our stars for this one glimpse of the Better Land, vouchsafed to us because the weather gods chose to co-operate.

Warning of an approaching LOW on the daily weather map decided us to vacate before we were flooded out of our hollow.

"And to think," I said sadly as we huddled in the service car watching the scowling rain, "that only five or six hundred miles north you can lie on the beach and bask cat's hours in the sun any old day of the week."

"That may be so," replied Ira, who always likes to see the whole of the picture, "but if you go a similar distance south you strike the northern limit of drift ice from the Antarctic."

That was an aspect of the situation which had not occurred to me. I pondered it the rest of the way home.

CAN YOU SIT — BONA DEA ?

One night the Federation delegates found themselves in the passage-way outside a Yale-locked door. After trying all the keys they eventually resigned themselves to spreading newspapers and sitting on the floor of the passage. But, oh! what groans and stiff muscles and aching joints! What relief when one poor young man was offered as a cushion a brief-case containing the cat's meat!

Despite the fact that bushwalkers spend so much of their week-end life sitting in the ground, hardly any of them, it seemed, had taken the trouble to learn how to sit on the ground comfortably. This is an art very easy to learn, but like all arts it has to be acquired, unless what is natural in childhood is cultivated after we are given our first little chairs at kindergarten.

The art, of course, is that of sitting cross-legged. When you first try it, especially if you have reached middle-life, you find it is painful, because your muscles have grown stiff. But, with ten minutes' practice every day, at the end of about three months you find it is far more comfortable than sitting on a chair, and you begin to wonder why mankind ever took to chairs, which clutter up the house so unnecessarily.

Anyhow, there it is. For ordinary people there is perhaps little point in learning to sit cross-legged, but for bushwalkers it is a small thing which makes all the difference to the comfort of camping, especially when sitting in a small tent on a rainy day.

What's in a name

By JOHN HOUGHTON (C.M.W.)

A browse among the meanings of Aboriginal names can bring some interesting answers to Juliet's cry from the balcony.

Unfortunately, our knowledge of the pure Aboriginal tongue is very sketchy, and in consequence the search for name-meanings is sometimes inconclusive and not above dispute. Even the word "kangaroo" is contentious, for although generally accepted as meaning "big toe," it may just as likely be derived from "ka"—nose or head, and "gura"—long. Indeed, it is possible that the word is not native, for it does not appear in the earliest vocabularies —where the kangaroo is known as "karai" and various other names.

Philology was not an ordered science until well past the turn of the last century and by then there were few Aboriginal dialects uncontaminated by contact with the white man's tongue. Threlkeld's study of the vocabulary and grammar of the Awabakali was the first intensive work, and it is said that some words in his "Lexicon" are of doubtful purity.

In the 1790's there were some 300,000 Aborigines in Australia, divided into some 500 tribes. There are now about 50,000 pure-blooded Aborigines in the continent. Each tribe spoke a distinct language, but similarities of vocabulary and grammar indicate a common ancestor-tongue. The natives had that custom which so complicates the study of primitive languages. If a person named, say, Blue Gum, died, it was necessary to coin another word for the tree, because it was believed that to speak the dead man's name would anger him and he would wreak vengeance on the speaker. Frazer refers to one tribe that changed its word for water nine times in five years due to bearers of the name "water" dying. Obviously this custom would hasten divergence from the parent tongue.

The Kurrigai, or Kurringai, tribal group occupied, or rather, roamed, the coastal belt from Port Macquarie to Bulli and westwards to a line running approximately through Mt. Victoria and Barrington. The Awabakali were members of the Kurrigai and not an entirely separate lingual tribe.

Some of the names that trip so lightly from the tongue of a walker have very fitting meanings. There are:—garrie or garai—sand; moorilla —pebbly ridge; morong—bleak, cold; dandenong—high, lofty; bulger, boogong, bulga — mountain; Kiandra — sharp stones.

Those who have been through the country between the Olney State Forest and the Macdonald can recall the distinctive dome-shape of Warrawalong; Threlkeld refers to it as Warrawallug (wallug—human head).

"Kanangoora" means "day." To many of us this is a happy association—dawn on Kanangra Tops in a cold, greying, half-light, a western sky sprinkled with expiring stars, the glow of reddening sunbeams on low-hanging clouds, and the flashing golden flood across the plateaux and ranges heralding another perfect walking day.

But the meanings of some names serve merely to substitute "Why?" for the original "What?" Kowmung River, for example.

The word Kowmung conjures up thoughts of clear, sparkling water chuckling over pebbles, the varied greens of casuarinas sweeping low over placid river reaches fringed with lush, grassy slopes, that refreshing plunge alongside the ferny flat at Hughes in midsummer after a tiring descent from the Tops, or the early morning scramble through the canyon with the mists wisping and curling into the blue.

It comes as quite a shock to find that "Kowmung" means "sore eyes." I have yet to find out why, but the story is doubtless to be found somewhere in the archives of the Mitchell Library.

The suggestion that the Aborigines thought the Kowmung "a sight for sore eyes" is, I understand, felt by the philologists to be more in the nature of wishful thinking than of scientific investigation.

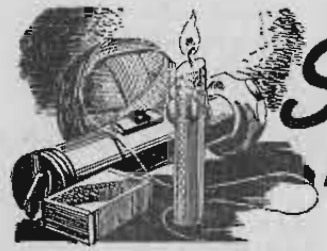
Tuglow (to fall heavily), Budthingeroo (human hip-joint), Jenolan (foot), and Duckmaloi (bar of rocks in stream), are also names that hint at a story somewhere for the searching.

"Burragorang" is of ethnographical interest, for it is said to be the name of a tribe that wore nose-pins.

Turning from place-names for a moment, we find that, as in all primitive tongues, birds with distinctive calls were given onomatopœic names by the Aborigines. Pulcherry cherry (wagtail) is delightful. Repeat it a few times and you can almost hear a beak snapping at midges. The native name "boobook" was adopted by Latham as the scientific name for ninox boobook.

Here is a short list culled from my notebook:—

girraween—place of flowers
euroka—sun
tuggara—cold
merri merrigal—bold dogs
moorongal, mumba, moomba, munderah—thunder
bogan—swamp rushes
mirrigang—wild dogs
coora, cooranga—blue gum
billaway, billowie—river oak
grong grong, werong werong—bad camping ground
elonera, illawarra—pleasant place by the sea
tarrondal—the cricket ....
paddy melon—little kangaroo
coala, coolah, coolac—native bear
cocapara, gorrawarro, kukuraka—kookaburra
kedumba (Katoomba) — falling water
moonee—very good
colong—wombat
bolwarra—high
karinya—happy home
mittagong—dog
kurrajong—fishing line
barooby—southern cross
boom boom—bittern



Subterranean BUSHWALKING

By "TROGGY"

Oh, who will come cave exploring? The noble art once so necessary for the existence of the human race, is now a science itself. To many it is a tiresome venture to "crawl around in muddy holes in the earth", but to me it is and will remain an exhilarating sport. Life underground is analogous to that of the mountaineer, in fact one eminent spelaeologist describes it as "mountaineering reversed"—need I say more?

Colong was destined to give me my first experience of cave exploration. The final plunge down to Caves Creek provided a never-to-be-forgotten thrill (or fear) of what lay before, followed shortly by an awe-inspiring sight of the gaping entrance to the Grand Arch Cave. Since that day I have sought the refuge of many caverns from Buchan to Bendethera, each with a charm of its own.

Of course, being a "caveman" has its attendant risks. I recall once having watched a candle flame gradually die out for want of oxygen. We had struck a poeket of bad air in a deep, almost vertical tunnel many hundreds of feet from the surface. We did not wait to observe its effect on the human body, but certain involuntary conclusions were forced upon us during our hasty retreat to the upper regions.

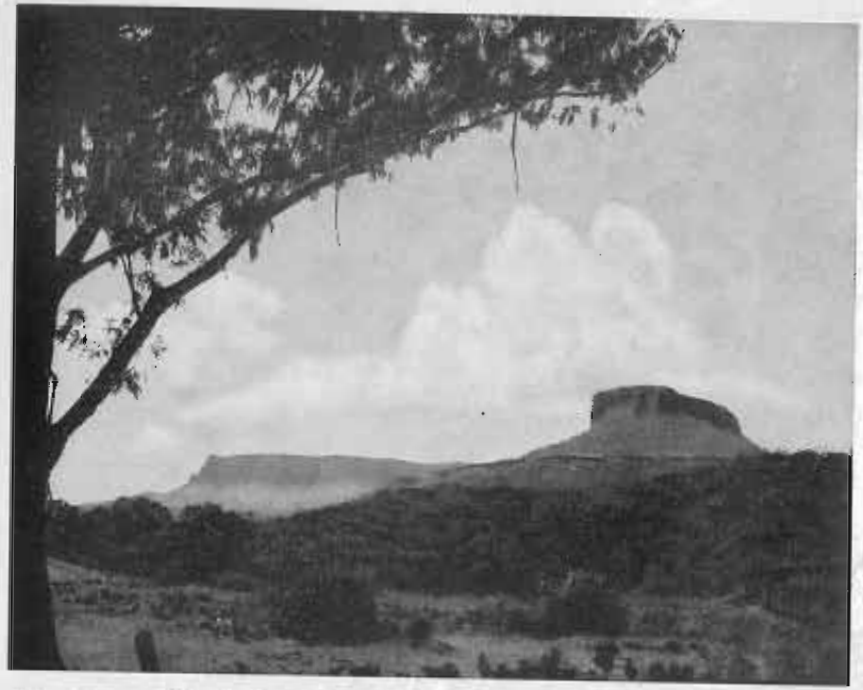
A big attraction for female troglodytes is the small bats which inhabit most caves. Despite the said ladies' discomfort, however, these little creatures are quite harmless provided your nerves can stand the demoralising flutter with which they fly past your ear. Usually they hang, head down, in clusters from the cave roof when not on the wing, and their presence is revealed by their barely audible cries of alarm with which they greet your approach.

One piece of equipment is required for subterranean work which is most important, that of a light. The newcomer will go through the various stages of candles, hand or belt torches and even carbide lamps—borrowed from Grandpa's push-bike—are sometimes pressed into service.

For some time I pinned my faith to one of these old trusties and was rewarded with a really excellent light, although at the same time was cursed roundly for polluting the air with the doubtful aroma of escaping acetylene gas. Eventually, with sighs of relief from my comrades, I was converted—perhaps I should say modernised—to the use of an electric headtoreh, the ultra in mobile eave lighting equipment.

Caving is not all hard work with no reward; scenes beyond compare await those who don't begrudge the effort. A myriad of stalactites, stalagmites and thosc fascinating little "mysteries", helictites, adorn the caverns in company with shawls, some "Persil" white and others, discoloured with ironstone, appearing as rashers of bacon. The King of all calcite growths is perhaps the union of a stalaetite and stalagmite to form a massive column. Colong and Jenolan sport some very fine examples of this type of formation.

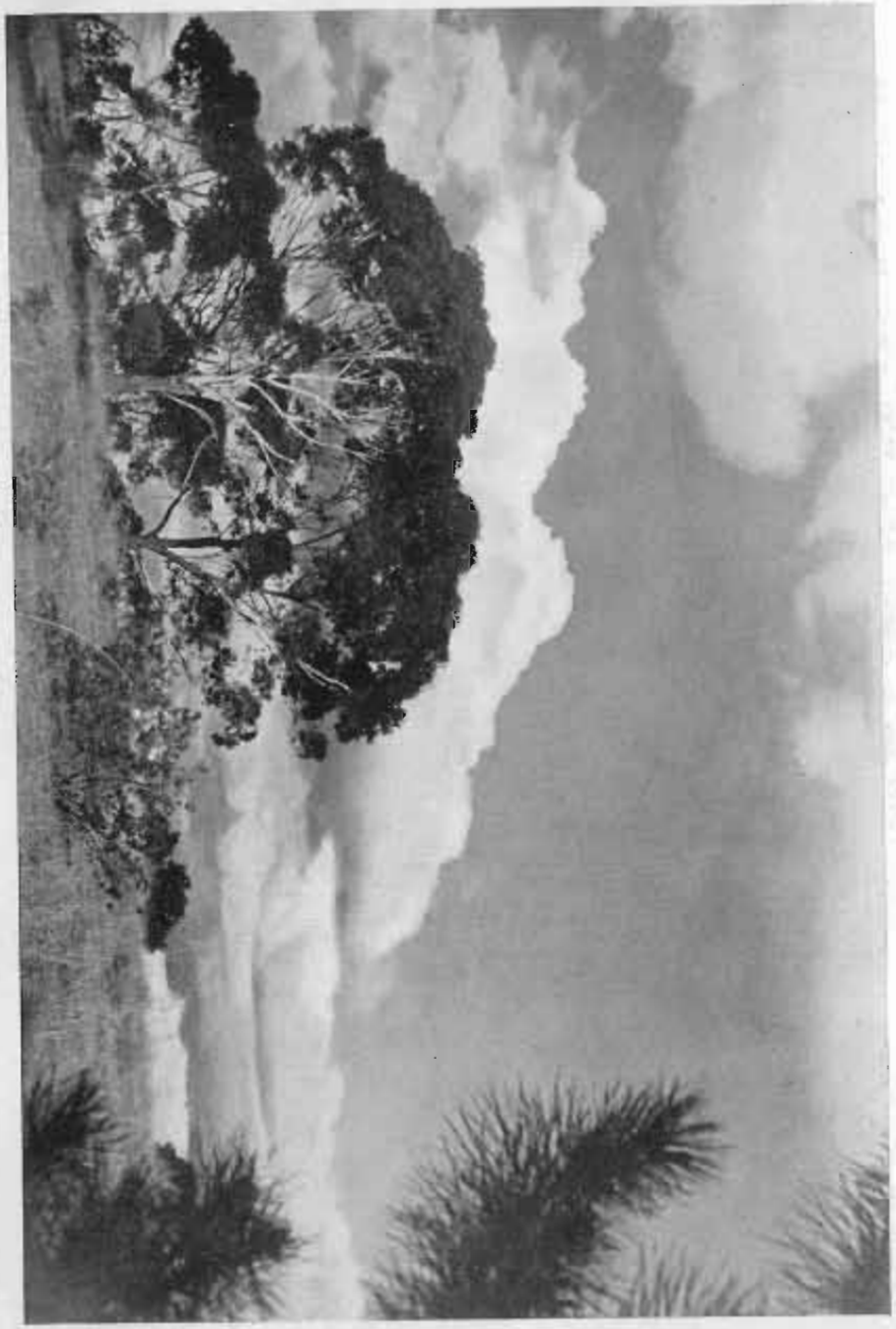
Again I ask, "who will come cave exploring"? You'll find the temperature delightful and plenty of water to cool your heated brow—it does get hot. Have you found, dawning within you, gentle walker, a new and exciting interest in limestone caves? If so, and if you don't mind scraping skin off your knees, repeatedly bumping your head, wriggliug through squeeze-holes like a contortionist, worming along damp stream beds, encountering squadrons of zooming bats and, above all, seeing nature at her best, then I say you're a promising recruit. Push some matches, a candle and a slab of chocolate into your pocket, grab an electrie torch and let's go—it's fun!



The Castle—Clyde-Budwang area Jack Wren (S.B.W.)

(See note on Page 27)

Morong Cascade, Upper Kowmung River Arthur Gilroy (S.B.W.)



Gums, North Katoomba

R. T. Compagnoni, C.M.W.

TED RILEY GIVES YOU AN

Introduction to Canoeing

A really successful canoe trip is the result of considerably more planning and organisation than a walk. Hence, in the following brief advice to those who contemplate this type of holiday, I shall assume that you are an experienced bushwalker, complete with lightweight gear and all the knowledge necessary to feed, clothe and sustain yourself for a few weeks in the bush.

The first, and by far the most important requisite, is a canoe of the type best suited for your proposed trip.

For river canoeing down rapids and races, decide on a Canadian canoe with upswept stem and stern and almost flat bottom. The size should range from 13ft. to 16ft. long, 31in. to 36in. beam, 10in. to 14in. deep amidships, and from 70lb. to 110lb. weight. The best construction is 10oz. to 18oz. canvas over solid planking, $\frac{1}{16}$in. to $\frac{1}{4}$in. thick with ribs $\frac{1}{8}$in. to $\frac{1}{4}$in. thick, 1in. to 2in. wide, spaced 1in. to 2in. apart. Canoes of 26 gauge or 24 gauge galvanised iron with wood ribs, keel aud rubbing strakes and airtight ends are good for amateurs, but heavier and harder to repair than the canvas covered wood type. Waterproof plywood or wooden planked canoes are not favoured, owing to the general vee bottom shape, which will not easily slide off obstructions. Also, they more readily develop leaks. For the same reason the canoe with a canvas skin over a wood framework of ribs and stringers is not recommended for "white-water" trips. Snags and rocks easily puncture canvas, which has no wood backing. Manoeuvrability, stability, and the weight-strength ratio are important factors with Canadian canoes, for which single paddles are the inevitable choice.

For lake, estuary, tidal and similar canoeing where wind and waves are encountered, the kayak type of canoe with low ends, straight gun'ales and decking over half to three-quarters of the craft is undoubtedly the best choice. The size should range from 14ft. to 18ft. long, 28in. to 33in. beam, 8in. to 12in. deep amidships, and from 50lb. to 90lb. weight. Cockpit dimensions are 6ft. to 8ft. long and 24in. to 29in. wide. Although the canvas covered wood construction will give a greater feeling of security, the vee or round bottom wood canoe or those having a canvas skin over wood framework are quite suitable for open water canoeing, where it is always possible to set a course or choose a landing spot. In England and Europe the kayak type of folding canoe is favoured for this type of canoeing, which primarily calls for a fast, lightweight craft, which can hold a conrse and keep the occupants dry in choppy water. Spoon blade double paddles are favonred to give speed, since manoevrability is of lesser importance.

Having decided the type, size and construction necessary in the canoe, you must now face up to the real problem of procurement. If you subscribe to the present-day dictum of "It's not what you know, but who you know!" then you will borrow a canoe, but don't forget to foot the bill for damages, if any! The remaining alternatives are to buy, build or hire.

There are two firms, one in New South Wales, the other in Victoria, building and selling first-class quality Canadian canoes of canvas covered wood construction. They are 15ft. and 16ft. long and cost £40 and £48 respectively, complete with paddles. A second firm in New South Wales sells Canadian canoes with canvas skin over wood framework, 13ft. to 15ft. long for £18 to £24, without paddles. A Queensland firm have 17ft. racing kayaks for £21/10/- and 11ft., 14ft. and 17ft. "Granta" folding kayak canoes from England are also available for £30, £45 and £55 respectively. Many

city stores stock plywood kayak canoes from 8ft. to 12ft. long and, although the highest price is only £20, they are designed with airtight ends for children rather than canoeists. The average good second-hand canoe should not cost more than £25 and any which sell at less thau £10 are best left alone. Good second-hand kayak eanoes can be traeed through the "Launehes, Yachts and Marine Engines" classification of thc "Sydney Morning Herald" and if you are lncky, you might eomc across a Canadian canoe.

To successfully build a canoe, reasonable ability with woodworking tools is essential as well as time—minimum six months—to procure timber and other materials and huild the canoe. Thc several plans, material lists and construction booklet which the River Canoe Club of New South Wales have made availahle, is by far the best guide for the would-bc builder.

Only a limited number of Canadian canoes can be hired for trips anywhere in New South Wales and consequently bookings must he made well in advance. It is possiblc to effect daily hiring of reasonable Canadian and kayak canoes at Lane Cove National Park aud The National Park, Andley. Both places provide a gcod testing area where canoemanship can he developed in preparation for a trip. The majority of the canoes available for hire at Narrabeen Lakes (eastern end), Casula, Swansea, The Entrance, Long Jetty and Penrith Weir are designed for children, though at the two last-named places there are a limited number of good Canadian canoes. Unfortunately the area of use is limited.

The proud possessor—temporarily or otherwise—of a canoe, can now buoyantly deliberate on the venue of thc trip. In the meanwhile, a few daily or week-end trips on local waters are advisable to bccome accustomed to the canoe and to learn the essential strokes and best methods of stowing the gear.

The popular "white-water" rivers of New South Wales are the Shoalhaven, Manning, Murrumbidgee, Murray, Macleay and Nymboida. There are innumerable others, many of which have not yct been scraped by canoes. Milder, though equally intercsting, is the Hawkesbury River System, Lake Macquarie and the trip through Wallis, Smith's and Myall Lakes, The Broadwater and the Myall River from Tuncurry to Port Stephens. Here again there are many similar canoeable lakes and estuaries all along our coastline.

However, the first group of rivers are not always flowing with "whitewaters" so that eareful planuing becomes essential. The southern rivers of New South Wales, which have their sources in the Australian Alps, are generally maintaiued at the requisite 6in., minimum water level over lapstonc rapids, by melting snow from September to early December. For every other river on the Australian coutinent, rainfall and river levels for at least two months prior to the time of the trip must be recorded, to ensure a really successful trip. When interpreting the relationship between the rainfall (from the daily newspapers) and thc river levels (from the Water Conscrvation aud Irrigation Commission) make due allowance for the level at which the river ceases to flow, the previous dry spell and the run-off from the actual catchment area of the river. River levels are easily interpreted after floods, but commonsense and a little practice will soon allow you to plan and therefore enjoy a trip on a "whitewater" river. None of these problems are associated with lakc, tidal or estuary trips, and, although the water level is assurcd, it is still necessary to study the district military or parisb maps to check on supplies of frcsh water and cven the proposed camping sites.

Canoe transport by passenger train is not as cheap as goods, but both safer and faster. A 100lb. canoe can be railed 200 milcs for £1 and should arrive at the destination 3 to 4 days after despatch. Local road transport should not cost more than 1/- per mile and obviously becomes cheaper if there are a number of canoes. Local 'phone books or newspapers will always give a clue to a carricr willing to give a price for transport. Protective packaging is only essential for goods rail. For long distances, air transport should not he overlookcd, for a 100lb. canoc can be freighted from Sydney to Melbourne for £2/15/- in a matter of hours.

Canoe gear and packing is most important. Two canoeists on a 14-day trip will require two four-gallon square cans with 7in. lever lids for foodstuffs

(Continued on page 38)

K. Bean

A "white water" thrill.

R. T. Compagnoni (C.M.W.)

Descent "en rapelle" during a Search and Rescue demonstration.

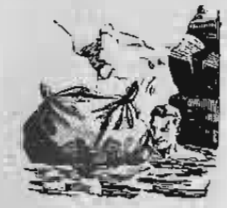
Black Jerry's Ridge — Arthur Gilroy (S.B.W.)

A scarce-seen, leafy path beneath tall trees;
And trees themselves, that sway to every breeze,
Standing straight and stately, friended or alone.
Then, the fine friendliness of birds, full-grown,
Knowing not man; and the liquid notes
Of lyre-birds; butcher-birds; a song that floats,
Joyous and free, through sundrenched air; the calm
Serenity that is the mountain's charm;

—Extract from "The Bush Walker," by Dorothy Lawry.

The Floating Pack

By P. H. BARNES, S.B.W., and Yannuga



The first essential for floating a pack is a good sound groundsheet of adequate size in which to wrap the rucksack—for average rucksacks—a 6ft. x 4ft. sheet is large enough. I'll refrain from elaborating the idea of a good, sound groundsheet, leaving you to try, if you dare, a sheet having any pinholes, punctures or leaky stitches. You'll soon find out what I mean.

Lay your rucksack, pockets downward, in the centre of the groundsheet, and fold up the sheet on all four sides, making a more or less neat parcel. If the rucksack has a frame this will be uppermost, and the ends of the sheet can usually be tucked firmly under it.

Now tie the parcel or bundle securely with string, bootlaces, or, preferably, cotton cord, so that there is no risk of it unwrapping in mid-stream, and leave a few feet of cord dangling to act as a tow-rope. But, have the tow-rope attached at or below water-level, or the pack will be swamped when pulled along.

You'll find that the heaviest pack, when properly wrapped and gently lowered into the water, still pockets downward, will float surprisingly high and with little effort can be steered or towed along.

A few final tips: If you have a pair of shoes or any similar article which may be wetted without bothering (an armful of bracken fern will serve the same purpose); place it in the groundsheet under the pack. This provides a sort of bilge-water space, taking care of any minor leaks and preventing water getting into the pockets. Always handle the pack gently when floating it, and keep it on an even keel. Don't try to make it shoot rapids, for instance. Always stop and unwrap the pack as soon as possible to empty out the bilge-water that will persist in leaking in.

Good sailing!!

The tin mine road

By H. M. WHAITE (Warrigal Club of N.S.W.)

In a direct line the Big Tin Mine lies seventeen miles south of Kosciusko, and about four and a half miles north of the Pilot. Records of alluvial tin and gold deposits in this locality date back to 1875 and in 1892 the New South Wales Parliament was asked to provide assistance from the prospecting vote in order to develop the area. But no serious attempts at development took place until the Mount Pilot Syndicate commenced operations sometime in the middle of last decade. These operations were not successful, and their memorial takes the form of several huts in a hollow east of Tin Mine Creek, a few workings and minor roads and the forty-mile long "Tin Mine Road" from Victoria. The New South Wales Mines Department report for the year 1938 contains what might well be termed an obituary:

"Mt. Pilot Syndicate N.L. has gone into liquidation after an expenditure exceeding £9,000 in an effort to work the extensive shallow tin and gold alluvial areas approximately 20 miles west (sic) of Mt. Kosciusko in the parishes of Beurina and Mayangul, county of Wallace. Much of this expenditure was incurred in the making of new roads and the repair of old roads in this rough 'snow' country. Hitherto, access has only been possible via Benambra, in Victoria; but the opening of a new road via Mt. Kosciusko is now contemplated with the primary objeet of gaining access to grazing areas."

I first heard of the Tin Mine Road some years ago when I called in at Dead Horse Hut on my way to the tops and was told of it by Jim and Ken Nankervis. I was eager to follow it but no opportunity arose until January this year.

Our walk started from Benambra, a small township fifteen miles north-east of Omeo, with which it is connected by a daily mail car service. Until recently Omeo was connected by car with Bairnsdale only, but I believe a service car now runs once weekly over Hotham Heights to Bright. Alternatively one may cross the Bogong High Plains to the Glen Wills Road and catch a mail car into Omeo. We followed this course and at the time of reaching Benambra had already spent several days among Victoria's Alps.

One Tuesday morning in January we set out from Benambra each carrying about eighteen pounds of food for nearly ten days walking. This quantity we subsequently found quite adequate, and the basis of our food was a wide range of home dehydrated vegetables and meat, commercial dried fruits and dried egg, spagbetti, milk and sugar.

Our way led easterly along a lane across the level plain skirting the south side of the picturesque group of hills known as The Brothers. Five miles from Benambra, near The Brothers State School, we turned north and, leaving the open plain, rose slowly in over three miles to what had been described to us as "The Gap." Here the Tin Mine Road branches east from that running north towards Tom Groggin.

For the next two miles we followed a good road but, after entering a gate, our way became a cart traek running eastward through undulating grasslands up the valley of Morass Creek. We passed several tin huts, all locked, and camped that night in a secluded gully fourteen miles from Benambra. Next morning, after passing several more locked huts and a mile and a half section of road equal to a state highway, we came to Marengo Hut, also locked but identifiable by its small vegetable garden. This hut is about eighteen miles from Benambra and about 3,050 feet above sea level. Thereafter until we reached the Tin Mine we had the directions from "The Melbourne Walker" (1946 issue) to confirm our pathfinding and from the border northward we had the very substantial help of the snow-leases map.

Continuing eastward, we soon left the open paddocks and entered scribbly gum forests, reminiscent of those found in the Shoalhaven country. These continued right to the border. The Tin Mine Road was here a well defined, blazed track with a later section of properly formed road. In about three miles we rose to the top

of the divide between Morass and Limestone Creeks, the former a tributary of the Mitta; the latter a tributary of the Indi. Through the gums we caught a glimpse of Big Cobberas and the Pilot, both now much larger than when last seen from Bogong High Plains the previous Sunday. Then we dropped nine hundred feet into the valley of Limestone Creek, which at this point wanders through lush green river flats. We followed these flats downstream for nearly two miles, passing Painter's Creek Hut (locked), to the old Limestone homestead (also locked) in a large clearing beside the creek. We were now twenty-five miles from Benambra and 3000 feet above sea level. This, we thought, was an appropriate spot for a rest, so we declared the following day a holiday and used it to explore the limestone caves in a bluff across the creek. At some earlier epoch, falls had occurred in these caves, so they proved less extensive than expected, though interesting enough. Later in the day we climbed the hills to the east and found the blazed track which would lead us back on to the Tin Mine Road. The road leaves the valley by an easier grade further upstream and this track saved us from retracing our steps up the valley.

Next morning we followed this track out of the valley on to the broad flat top of the Divide. The Cobberas and the Pilot were much nearer and we glimpsed the snow-topped Ram's Head Range low to the north. Three miles out we rejoined the Tin Mine Road. It was here a faint, blazed trail verified by rough wooden bridges at each of the numerous creek crossings or by a formed surface whenever it sidled round spurs. This was a pleasant land of running streams and long grassy glades where brumbies fed and unconcernedly watched us pass or galloped off at our approach. Late that afternoon we dipped into Rest Home Creek and began to work round the spurs above the Indi. By now Big Cobberas had disappeared behind its foothills and the Pilot dominated the landscape. Finally at fifteen miles from Limestone Creek and forty miles from Benambra we came to Quambat Flat, 3,750 feet above sea level.

Quambat, a corruption of "Cow wombat," is surely one of the happiest places in these hills. Like Geehi it is dominated by a brooding mountain; like Tom Groggin its level flats span the border of two States. Three main tracks link Quambat with the outer world. That to the south-west leads to Benambra, that to the north leads to the Tin Mine and Dead Horse Gap

while that running east leads to the Snowy via John Freebody's selection. We camped on the New South Wales side where Pilot and Forest Hill creeks combine to form the Indi.

There was once a wooden hut at Quambat, but it has been burnt down and only the stone chimney remains. The Tin Mine Road continues from near its site and, sidling round the western spurs of the Pilot, rises twelve hundred feet in six miles to the saddle between that mountain and Quambat Ridge. Here we left our packs and, skirting Little Pilot on its south side, climbed the thousand feet to the top of the Pilot in half an hour. The view from the trig. station (6,005 feet) was very extensive. At our feet, yet over three miles away, Quambat marked the border. Beyond, the Cobberas serrated the Dividing Range and west from them ran the Bowen Mountains, through which we had been journeying. Further west we saw The Brothers and glimpsed portion of Omeo Plains nearby. Bogong High Plains appeared closer than when seen from Kosciusko but, as from that mountain, the most prominent points were Bogong, Nelson and Cope. The sugarloaf summit of Feathertop was probably veiled in mist. To the north, the broad flat ridge fell to the neighbourhood of the Tin Mine, began to rise at first gradually, then sharply as it reached the hills south of the Cascades. Further north the Ram's Head Range rose abruptly and impressively to its snow-clad summits. Kosciusko peeped shyly through the mass of peaks.

Knowing that a party from Corryong was staying in the Tin Mine huts—we had met two of them on horseback in the saddle near the Pilot—we camped that night on Tin Mine Creek in one of those pleasant glades that are such a feature of this area. We were about ten miles from Quambat and about a mile before the Tin Mine huts. Next morning we found that they had been expecting us to reach the huts and "Doc" Carter had allotted us sleeping quarters in one of the numerous huts. It was he who warned us of the one deceptive point on the track north to the Cascades about half a mile before the point where it first erosses the Pinch River.

(Concluded on page 38)

Growing Pains

By M.W.

The Gymea Lily was just right. George grasped the fifteen-foot stalk and shook, while the rest of us leaped vigorously around as if we were playing basket-ball. When our prey eluded our fingers, we crawled on all fours and pounced. In this and other similar operations we bagged a goodly supply of seed. When I got home I climbed down to the cellar to the Old Tin Department, filled a couple from my precious supply of sandy loam, pushed in some seeds, and found a place for these treasures in an already overcrowded nursery.

As I had no energy left, I did not label and date these tins. However, this is not important. It is a great thrill when you look at the nursery one morning and see a shoot breaking through the soil—"Is it a eucalypt? Or did I plant Honeyflower seeds in this tin with the sharp piece at the side?" By the week-end the plant still remains a mystery, so I greet Paul: "What looks like ——— when it is eight days old?"

"Those," he replies, "are the Callitris seeds which we collected up O'Hares Creek. Mine came up last week, too."

If the combined botanical knowledge of our club fails to solve my mysteries, I try another authority before I write to Dorothy Dix. There's always Paddy. When you saw us in furtive conversation in a corner of the shop the other day, he was not giving me the first offer of his new lightweight (2oz.) week-end rucksack. He was just asking me to look out for some seeds of Grevillea asplenifolia, which a friend of his was wanting.

I seldom come home from a walk without a pocket full of seeds. Of course they do not all come up, and many plants die in infancy. But even the most experienced growers have unaccountable and persistent failures, and luck plays an important role. Paddy's young assistant succeeded in growing, at his first attempt, something that Paddy had planted for years without success. Sydney's leading authority on wildflowers and their cultivation told me how hard it is to get Macrozamias to grow. Whereupon I dumped my supply of seeds on top of the soil under a shrub and several months later, during a blitz on the garden, I found half a dozen vigorous young palms growing there.

Why do we do it? So that we can have blossoming in our gardens the trees and flowers which we love in the bush without leaving the bush less beautiful for others. By taking advantage of Nature's prodigality in her means of reproducing her flora we can sit at home and watch the bees busy on the Golden Glory Pea or inhale the heady perfume of Boronias. Our failures and vain experiments are just something to talk and laugh about by the camp-fire; and for those of us who are not happy unless we have something to winge about, reluctant seeds of native plants are a perennial satisfaction.

"Pleasant but destructive work. Killing hundreds of trees every day, and laying the foundation of a nation-wide erosion. Every day, throughout settled Australia, thousands of axes kept rising and falling; thousands of trees were dying to every tick of the clock. If a machine could be invented which could recall those axe strokes, then release them in one concentrated blow, what a terrible roar of destruction would result!"

—Extract from "Lightning Ridge," by Ion L. Idriess.

By HORACE A. SALMON (Trampers' Club)

Darwin may not have been right when he said that the Blue Mountains were formed by the sea rushing up the Valley of the Cox, but he came nearer to being prophetic than anyone knew at the time, for when the Warragamba Dam is completed, the Valleys of the Cox and Wollondilly will be an immense inland sea stretching from the Kowmung to above the Nattai and almost to the Wollondilly Bridge. Not only shall we lose much of the scenic splendour which we love, but also many of the pioneer families of that region will he absorbed into the population of the areas to which they will be forced to move. It is the purpose of this article to place on record in some small measure a few of the more notable of these families.

The names of Leary and O'Reilly are to be found mainly in the Central Burragorang, while around Bimlow, the Maxwells and Pippins were among the earlier settlers. To-day, Mick Maxwell, possibly the oldest inhabitant, still strides around his property with a spring in his gait and even rides over to Kanangra on cattle round-ups. Down the 'Dilly we pass The Junction and a few miles up the Cox's another early family lives—the Kings, of Curramutta, and further upstream several of the Pearce family reside.

At Strathmore Crossing we pass the home of Delly Kill—he and his brother Mostyn, the latter well known to walkers. They were horn near Kill's Defile at the junction of Kedumba Creek with the Cox's and the ruins of their boyhood home will be covered by the waters of the dam.

"Strathmore," nestling beneath the Lookout named for them, has been the home of the McMahon family for three or four generations. Tom McMahon died in 1938, but his brother Reg and his family live "over the river" at "Black Goola." A grove of pine trees on Hunt's Flat marks the site of the school where the McMahon boys had their early education. To-day, Os McMahon is "Lord of Strathmore," but his mother still commands the homestead. She and Mrs. Reg are sisters. Their maiden name was Donohue and the McMahon Brothers used to ride thirty miles to do their courting at the girls' home, "Applegrove," above the Wollondilly Bridge. Another brother, Os, who now lives at Coolac, also married one of the Donohue sisters.

No trace is left of the homes of the various families whose children were the playmates of the McMahon boys, but about forty years ago quite a settlement existed on Morris' Flat between Strathmore and "The Commodore." Over the river and upstream from Commodore Ranch was the home of Johnny Seymour, who failed to achieve his life's ambition of living to 100 when he died at 93, about 1937. It was easy to start Johnny reminiscing—just aver that the Maxwells were the first Valley family on to Kanangra and he would immediately tell stories to prove you wrong. Personally, I don't care who gained the honour, because both families were early into the Valley and did much to develop the country which we love so well and which, within the next few years, will be covered by the reserve water supply demanded by an ever-growing metropolis. To those who knew them, the early families of the Burragorang and the Lower Cox Valleys will always be remembered as grand people, who were the friends of all bushwalkers.

Do You Know of These Clubs?

They form the New South Wales Federation of Bushwalking Clubs

The Mountain Trails Club of N.S.W. Restricted to adult male members. Interested primarily in the more remote areas and tougher heavy-pack walks. Membership by invitation only.

The Sydney Bush Walkers. Founded 1927. Membership: both men and women. Planned programme of activities. Membership closed at present.

The Rucsack Club. Membership open to both sexes. Meets on alternate Wednesdays. Walks are held every week-end some easy, some tough. A certain standard of both walking ability and general conduct is required. Applicants for membership subject to probation period of two months.

The Rover Ramblers Club. Membership restricted to past or present members of the Rover Scout section of the Boy Scouts' Association. Meets monthly, first Friday. Walks vary from medium to tough.

The Coast and Mountain Walkers of N.S.W. Open to membership for both sexes who will be actively interested in bushwalking. Meets weekly (Thursdays). Walks arranged for every week-end. Various types of walk — simple to arduous. A knowledge of map reading is an essential qualification for membership.

The River Canoe Club of N.S.W. Membership open to both sexes. Canoe trips arranged for every long week-end. Week-end walks arranged in winter and also one day walks each month. Standard of swimming ability required of all members. Meets first Friday each month.

The Trampers' Club. Membership open to both sexes. Test walks required to be done by prospective members. Meets fourth Tuesday each month. Variety of walks arranged.

The Bush Club. Mixed membership—walks arranged for all types of walkers. Members also interested in ski-ing. Meetings quarterly.

The Y.W.C.A. Walking Club. Membership restrieted to members of the Y.W.C.A. Arranges walks, camps, lectures and film evenings. Hostel week-ends also arranged 2-3 times annually.

The Sydney Technical College Bushwalkers. Membership primarily of students—but not exclusively. Walks held on alternate week-ends. Of fairly active nature. Club meets on first Thursday of each month.

The Walkabout Club. Mixed membership — caters for the experienced week-end walker. No fixed meeting place.

The Camp Fire Club. Mixed club, walks arranged mostly easy. One two-day walk and two one-day walks arranged each month. Applications for membership received. Meetings quarterly.

The St. George Bushwalking Club. Membership mixed. Walks or camps every week-end. Applications for membership welcomed.

The Newcastle Technical College Bushwalking Club. Mixed membership. Walks of both difficult and easy variety arranged. Anxious to expand membership. Particularly interested in the Barrington Tops area. Meets only for administrative purposes.

The Youth Hostel Association Campers' Club. Open to all members of Y.H.A. who have completed six hostel week-ends and three day walks. Walks arranged at fortnightly intervals (two-day and one-and-a-half day alternately) and most holiday week-ends. Walks vary in degree of stiffness—but are so arranged that the pace is suited to all members of parties. Emphasis is placed on seeing the best of the country in the time available.

The Yannuga Bush Walkers. Caters for members of the Roman Catholic faith who combine bush walking with attendance at Mass on Sunday morning. Both one-day and two-day walks are arranged. A good standard of toughness is maintained. Application from intending members invited. Visitors welcomed.

W.E.A. Ramblers. Men and women, particularly those who like to combine day walks with the study of our natural flora.

Warrigal Club. This club is now re-organising after a relatively quiescent period. Open to men over 16 having some technical or scientific interest in bush walking.

Y.M.C.A. Ramblers is a mixed club which specialises in relatively tough walks. Membership of the parent body is necessary.

Adelaide Bush Walkers. An interstate club for men and women. A particular interest is taken in the problems of Conservation and natural history peculiar to their State.

Sydney University Bush Walkers. For students or graduates. This club does most of its walking during the long vacation but maintains a regular programme throughout the year.

The Wanderers' Bushwalking Club. Mainly recruited from the Parramatta district.

The Bushcraft Association. Developed for those who are interested in a practical knowledge of bush materials and the use of bush lore—for food, shelter and self preservation. Camps run as training for leadership. Mixed adult membership.

For details of Club Secretaries' addresses, etc., contact the Hon. Publicity Officer,
Mr. F. A. Pallin, 327 George Street, Sydney. 'Phone: BX 3595.
Or R. T. Compagnoni, Hon. Secretary, 50 Terry Rd., West Ryde. 'Phone: Ryde 313.

So you're a Bushwalker

R. H. GRAVES

Now, being a bushwalker, no doubt that you talk of the tough ways and rough ways where real walkers walk . . . and you talk "Conservation," which is quite a good aim, but by "Conservation" what you mean by that name? Do you mean conserve nettles which sting your bare knees? Do you mean conserve honey that's stored by wild bees? Do you mean conserve eels which kill fish in the creek, or preserve all the bunnies so fat and so sleek? Would you save the sharp sedge that cuts through your skin, is the use of forked sticks found on ground a bush sin? So, as a bushwalker, I've no doubt you talk of the vandals like me who take things as they walk.

The crayfish or yabbie that lives in the creeks, do you know how it burrows and causes dam leaks? No doubt you'd preserve it, be damned to the dams; and also the vines whose roots grow into yams . . . or perhaps you don't know a yam-bearing vine, or that most useful bush plant that's called "Settlers' Twine." Its botanical name is impressively long . . . Gymnostachys Anceps . . . (roll that off your tongue). Or perhaps you don't know of the bark like green leather. It's a most useful thong when you're cut in bad weather . . . it's Aster Ellipticus . . . but what's in a name . . . do you know where to look and find some of that same? . . . And what of those saps so milky and white . . . get one drop in your eyes and you've lost your sight . . . do you know that evil potential Death Shrub . . . Duboisia? . . . you'll find it in forest and scrub.

Take the nettles: no doubt they annoy you a lot, but boil for ten minutes and you'll gobble 'em hot. The honey the wild bees have stored in the tree has a bush fragrant flavour that's pleasant to me. The slippery eel, when fried in a pan, has a sweetness and richness for the palate of man. The cute little bunny is goodo in stew, or "braisse-en-clay" is a fine meal for two. Some of the sedges are stronger than twine, they grow all through the Bushland and they're yours, Nature's and mine. The forked stick blown down from a tree in a storm makes a fine swinging firestick as you see by its form. The yabbie, when boiled in water with salt, with yams makes a meal in which there's no fault. Settler's Twine has a strength so incredibly great, one long, grass-thin leaf takes 200lbs. weight. Aster Ellipticus, the leather bark tree, grows real greenhide laces . . . their cost is quite free. And beware of all saps that flow milky and white, tho' one sort is safe, most such saps have a bite, and Duboisia, that shrub with the venom of snake, know it, avoid it for very life's sake.

It's vandals like me see these things as we walk. We make use of the bush . . . and don't gabble and talk. For example, three sticks that lie dead on the ground, make a killer for bunny, who dies without sound . . . dry fibres of bark laid in strands make a rope. You can trust your life to it . . . and don't have to "Hope." The dead hooks of a branch will soon make a pack that will ride like a "Paddymade," high on your back, and sedge or dead palm will make a good thatch, while lantana will stand you in lieu of a match. Some thorns make you fishhooks to catch you your eel . . . things like these in the bush will fill you with zeal . . . you want to learn more, that is easy to see . . . We're willing to teach you—the cost is quite free. At a quiet hidden place in the National Park, there's a gang who will teach you of bush, branch and bark . . . they'll teach you direction and time by the sun and a thousand things more, for their work's just begun. "Seek and ye'll find" is a phrase old and true, and to seek out and find them is right up to you. Now as a bush lover perhaps you may see how the craft of the bush makes "vandals" of these.

The writer of this article, better known as "Wontolla," in the course of his army service in N.G. in World War II, was engaged in training Australian and U.S. troops how to survive if lost in the jungle. While not necessarily endorsing his views, I feel that they merit earnest consideration.—Honorary Secretary, Federation.

Conservation Without Tears

By R. T. COMPAGNONI, C.M.W.

C-O-N-S-E-R-V-A-T-I-O-N.

What, again?

Young walkers, and older ones who prefer to walk carefree and with a minimum of serious thought, may well wonder at this oft-recurring theme. They may even have tried to read one of the learned articles appearing from time to time in "The Bushwalker," only to pass it over for more palatable fare.

Conservation is not only for the bulging brow and the professional air. It can be served by every walker exercising a little thought. I seek not to belittle the fine efforts of our pre-war conservators. Our enjoyment of Bluegum and Garawarra is due to the strenuous efforts of these people and for this alone they are worthy of the eternal gratitude of all walkers. But you and I can show our appreciation in concrete form, even though it is only by applying strict rules to the little commonplace duties around our camps, until eventually these rules become automatic actions.

"Put out that fire" is, of course, a cardinal principle of conservation. Fire is, in this country, the worst enemy of preservation. Erosion and drought follow in its trail. Water is the best extinguisher—use it generously. If your water supply is limited, exercise the utmost discretion as to place and size of fire. Little water means dry bush. Fire means no bush. Sand is next best for killing fires, but success cannot be guaranteed. Experienee has shown that sand-covered fires have lived underground for hours. Wind may blow sand off and re-kindle the flames. After putting out your fire, ask your companion to check your action.

We all know the charm of a narrow foot-track. Preserve these by walking in Indian file instead of line abreast. Contrast the "hikers' highway" to Burning Palms with the cowpad on the Cox's. Narrow trails mean less plants trodden under the boot. This maxim is particularly advocated where the pad winds to and fro across streams. A single trail makes a minor indentation, worn firm and hard, in a bank. Mass crossings tend to drag the bank down, silt up and widen the stream. A narrow trail causes less damage to hillsides, thus minimising erosion.

Do you carry a tomahawk in the bush? Why? It adds a pound or two to your load and few experienced walkers find it necessary. And, doesn't a person carrying a tomahawk automatically seek something to cut?

We have all paused to admire plants and flowers and we might well say that this flora remains by virtue of conservation practised by a previous generation of walkers. If we, in our turn, don't pick or trample down these highlights of the bush, future bushwalkers will enjoy what we have enjoyed and thank us as we thank earlier enthusiasts.

Some are wont to fill their rucksacks with paper wrappings and food tins. Along with their extra weight, these things carry the onus of their disposal, as all walkers must unfortunately recall some pleasant spot blighted with sodden papers and rusty tins. Remember the dicta of a certain sage and "burn, bash and bury your tins." Paper, if dry, burns easily; if wet, can be compressed and duly interred with your tins. The sight of an old but neat fireplace is a not unpleasant reminder of the passage of our fellows, often reassuring—the sprawling debris and chopped trees of he who walks but thinks not, bring back the rhymster's adage "where only man is vile."

Lastly, let us all recall what we have learned by example. Let us, who have at least a basic conception of bushcraft and conservation, help others not so endowed. Many a person who hasn't our ideals and may, by his actions, be hastening the destruction of our beloved bush, may do so because he has had no opportunity to learn. Approach him quietly, suggest the proper course and the reason and in most cases you will find an eager pupil. Most people who go to the bush will look after it if only they can think to do so—please help them to think.

ARETHUSA CANYON

By QUENTIN BURKE

Accomplishing what others have failed to do is one of the most satisfying of all experiences. That is why many bush walkers strive to go to places where none have been before. So it was that we read a challenging article in "The Bushwalker", in which we were invited to try and ascend the canyon between Arethusa and Minnehaha Falls.

Then in 1945 we read that the canyon had been successfully negotiated. Although we lost the self-satisfying glory of being the first to descend we could still be among the first few.

But it wasn't till December, 1946, that Peter Mac, Ron Warner, Eric Howie, my brother, Kerras, and myself, stepped from the Fish at Blackheath into the teeth of a summer thunder storm, with the avowed intention of CONQUERING THE CANYON.

Some Blackheath friends sheltered us for the night, and at four a.m. next morning we ate a cold breakfast in the grey light of dawn, and hitchhiked in a passing truck to Katoomba. We travelled light, carrying nothing but such foods as chocolate and sultanas, 75 feet of rope, a camera, wrapped up in a waterproofed bag and in a sealed tin, and several groundsheets.

At 7.30 we arrived at the Minnehaha Falls, and descended the pathway to Katoomba Creek. Here tracks end, and we plunged through blackberry bushes and lawyer vines down the left hand side of the creek. Although vegetation grew less sparse a few hundred yards down the creek, the banks became steeper and burnt timber impeded our progress. At times we had to wade downstream across enclosed pools. The creek was swollen a little above normal, and aroused fears about "the canyon" farther down.

At one rather steep spot, some energetic samaritan has erected a length of fencing wire which, if firmly grasped, enables one to traverse the spot with impunity. As I yelled instructions about this wire I turned to see Eric make a grab at the wire and . . . miss! A loud splash below indicated that he had landed in the water. While happily laughing at his plight, I saw my brother come round the bend, likewise make a heroic grab, miss and likewise disappear from sight. Undaunted, these two continued downstream via the water. A few minutes later Peter Mac was heard to shout exasperatedly, "We came down here to get wet, didn't we?" and with that he plunged noisily into the water and continued downstream with the others in mermaid fashion. More conservative, I remained dry shod till we stopped about three miles from Minnehaha Falls. Here the creek dropped suddenly through a crevasse into a pool about forty feet below.

We reconnoitred the top of the canyon on both sides, but found that it got deeper and deeper and more and more difficult to descend because the sides became more and more concave. Indeed, at one spot you could have stood with a foot on each side of the canyon, though none of us were so completely free from acrophobia as to attempt it. So we returned to the waterfall and decided that it would be easiest to descend to the canyon floor from this point. With a little searching, we discovered a pot hole about 20 feet deep, which would take us about half way down. This pot hole, which was about six feet across, had a window in one side from which it appeared possible to descend to the canyon floor.

When the ropes were rigged it was decided unanimously that I was the lightest member of the party and should, therefore, be the first to descend. With some trepidation I went down the rope and stood in two feet of icy cold water at the bottom. The next part of the descent appeared easy, so I signalled above and the others came down one by one. When we were all gathered in this dingy hole, we pulled the rope from around the tree and it snaked down in coils on the water. There was now no turning back.

We clambered out the window and down the rope onto a very convenient island. Here we completed waterproofing arrangements, which consisted of putting our shirts and wind jackets inside a groundsheet and placing this bundle inside small haversacks. Peter Mac's bundle was attached to his neck by a rope and subsequently bore a remarkable resemblance to a plum pudding as it bobbed around and about in the water.

We were now in a large pool with very steep and slimy sides, perhaps 50 feet deep. We "dove" off our island into the water and swam through pool after pool of cold rushing water. In places the walls reached 100 feet high, and through a tiny cleft in the roof we could occasionally see the sky, but never a glimpse of sunlight.

I don't know exactly how long we spent in the canyon, for time is elusive in such timeless places. For about an hour we clambered over giant boulders, massive driftwood logs that had been jammed there for decades; and scrambled through waterfalls, down slippery chutes into frothy pools below.

By this time our teeth were chattering and we were shivering all over. so when we burst into an open space of flat dry rock we decided to have a pause for refreshment and to thaw out a little. With some driftwood we lit a fire and five naked forms huddled over it in an attempt to get warm.

It was just after lunch that a major catastrophe befell me. While rinsing some sand out of my boot it was whisked out of my hand and disappeared over a waterfall. Repeated divings in the bubbling whirlpool at the bottom of the fall failed to locate the boot. So we pushed on downstream, with the writer walking with one shoe on and the other shoe off, like the character in the nursery rhyme.

There was another half-hour of canyon-scrambling—swimming before we emerged into beautiful summer sunshine at the top of Arethusa Falls. After a welcome sunbake at the top of the falls, we climbed down the very, very convenient tree-roots beside the falls (which I fear will not last very much longer) to the shale beds beneath.

The famous bushwalker, Dot English, whose feats are almost legendary, walked across the Gangerangs in bare feet. Well, I walked down to Syncarpia with one boot and one paperbark sandal.

At Syncarpia we spread our clothes out to dry and lazed and swam in the sun. Then we commenced the climb up Rodriguez Pass to Evans' Lookout. At five we were climbing those tortuous concrete stairs to the lookout proper, and a few minutes later paused to admire the view. Strengthened by consuming the remains of our chocolate, I could not resist a concluding theatrical gesture —I took my remaining boot and flung it over the lookout. The last we knew of my boot was a dull thud a few seconds after it had spiralled out of sight.

It was eight-thirty when a motley crew of five stumbled into a Blackheath Cafe. One had no boots, another had no seat in his pants. But refreshed by steak and eggs, we returned to our packs and a good night's sleep.

Came Sunday and we sun-baked and swam in the Blackheath swimming pool . . . but the pool was not as invigorating nor the slippery dip as thrilling as that we had experienced the day before.

THE CASTLE

About 13 miles west of Milton on the south coast of N.S.W. is a huge sandstone feature known as the CASTLE. It dominates the Clyde-Budawang National Park Proposal, and is a vertical-sided island of rock, some half mile wide. Sheer above the ridges of Dry Creek, its altitude is about 2,000 feet.

All enquiries to date, from both bushwalkers and local inhabitants, have failed to find a record of anyone who has scaled it, although several attempts have been made by experts with elaborate equipment.

Search and Rescue Section

By BILL KNIGHT (Chairman)

As its title indicates, the above section shoulders the task of searching for bushwalkers who do not reach their destination within a reasonable time. Although primarily instituted for the benefit of members of clubs affiliated to the Federation, the services of its members are also available to the general public on request. Reorganising after September, 1946, a new list of volunteers has been compiled, and now totals over 100 names. These members give their services free of charge, although loss of time and fares may entail considerable expense. Paddy Pallin gives his office as organising headquarters. Many calls have been received during the year, but after an assurance that the section would be ready for action within a short period, enquiring relatives have been content to wait another 24 hours, and in nearly all cases the missing persons have reported within that period. There were two exceptions. On Sunday, March 2, last, two University students were reported overdue, and as they were already 48 hours late, a party was immediately warned for duty. Monday morning, at 9.30, found the searchers, eight in number, assembled at Paddy's, plans were finalised, and arrangements were made to take the 12.55 p.m. train West. At twelve noon a message was received that the missing men had arrived at Richmond. In the other case, a youth had separated from his companions in the upper Nattai district, and Mittagong police were in charge of the search. On this occasion a party numbering eight left Sydney for Mittagong at 1.50 a.m. on Friday, April 11, and after combing the territory allotted to them, were recalled, as the missing boy had arrived at Balmoral at 9 a.m. While the search was in progress, headquarters was collecting further volunteers to travel on the 5.20 p.m. and 8.20 p.m. trains, and approximately sixty members were ready to join in the search for the week-end. The organisers take this opportunity to thank all those who offered their services so willingly. They also desire to emphasise the importance of safety measures in bushwalking, one of which is "not to get separated from the rest of the party." If, by the adoption of simple safety measures by bushwalkers, the section does not have to operate once in a year, it will have justified its existence.

On May 3 and 4 the section held a most successful demonstration at Tunks Creek. Approximately sixty members attended, and the interest in proceedings never flagged. A camp fire discussion on Saturday night was well attended, and McLeod Smith (Mac), was peppered with questions, after a treatise on the psychological effects on a person being temporarily lost. He also had an attentive audience on Sunday, after lunch, when he dealt with medical restoratives. The high-light of the Sunday morning was the rope work display by Rorie Lofts, assisted by Wallie Lawrence. Many of the members lowered themselves over a 25ft. vertical cliff, and successfully tied the knots so ably demonstrated by Rorie and Paddy. A special bus enabled members to return to Hornsby in comfort.

The lost PIJARROT

A Glimpse into the Future

DOROTHY LAWRY

One wet Saturday night early in 1939, the Secretary of the S. & R., the Room Steward and I reclined beside a smoky fire awaiting the arrival of the rest of the Pirate Crew.

Said Jean:

"Here's a paragraph for the magazine, Dorothy. Did you know the S. & R. is talking of crossing pigeons and parrots? Then the birds will be able to say where the lost party is, instead of bringing in illegible messages . . ."

Maurie's contribution also was news:

"Did you know it has recently been discovered that when homing pigeons fly close to a broadcasting station they lose their sense of direction?

"That's where the 'pijarrots' will come in! When one comes under the influence of a station and gets dithered it will just drop down and ask, 'Which way did I come?' "

Scene: The control room of the National Broadcasting Station 2SBW.

Time: A dark night in the distant future (well, maybe not so very distant). Enter Pijarrot, staggering, but addressing Operator politely.

P.: Which way did I come? Where am I? I am sorry to trouble you, sir, but your "field" is so strong that I am dithered and don't know which way I am going. Could you please tell me? It is most important.

O.: Who the . . . ? What are you? Where did you come from? Gosh!

P.: I'm a pijarrot, and I've got an urgent message to deliver for the S. & R.

O.: A pijarrot? The S. & R.? Never heard of them!

He turns away to attend to his instruments.

P.: Won't you please tell me where I am? And which direction Sydney is? My message for Bob is very urgent; the lost party is in a bad way.

O.: What lost party? Who are you, anyway, and what are you talking about?

P.: I'm one of the pijarrots that the S. & R. bred by crossing homing pigeons and parrots, and I'm on a very important job. The S. & R. sent a party out to search for those three chaps that have been lost in the mountains for a week. We have found them and I'm bringing in word where they are and that they are in a bad way and need an ambulance party sent to them, but I flew too close to your station, and all the electricity has upset my sense of direction and I'm lost. Won't you please tell me where I am and which way to go?

The pijarrot was so very earnest that the Operator was convinced—and he saw he could make a "scoop" and get ahead of the newspapers, so . . .

O.: I'll do better than that, Pijarrot. I'll put you right on the air and you can send your message through without flying any further to-night.

P.: Oh, thank you! But do you think Bob will be listening? Do you think he will recognise my voice? What if he thought the message was just a hoax?

O.: I'll put you over the television, then he will know it is you all right. Just a minute, though, who did you say your sponsors were? This is not a commercial station and I have to be careful. Who is this S. & R.?

P.: The S. & R., sir? Why, that's the Search and Rescue Section of the New South Wales Federation of Bushwalking Clubs!

. . . .

So the pijarrot got his message through; but he did not get the good night's rest he had earned, for, unfortunately, some ornithologists had the television turned on and when they saw the strange bird the hunt was up. If Pijarrot had not been warned by an ardent conservationist who happened to be with them at the time, his number would have been up. He is still flying for his life, and appealing to the S. & R. to hurry and breed lots more pijarrots so he will no longer be a rara avis.

War Memorial

Plans for the memorial to bush walkers who gave their lives in World War Two have been accepted by Federation and a Committee consisting of the President, Tom Moppett and Brian Harvey (both of S.B.W.), has been entrusted with their completion.

The proposal to choose and name a suitable peak in the Gangerang Region has had to be abandoned as all peaks worthy of such high dedication already carry familiar names.

The alternative accepted is to affix a brass plate with bold, raised lettering, to Splendour Rock, that magnificent view-point at the Southern end of Mount Dingo. Here, where the eye is drawn to the glory of Kanangra Walls, surely the spiritual home of bush walkers, is a spot beloved of many of those whom we seek to honour. (See cover of this issue.)

"We will remember them"

We sink to sleep; and the silence spreads
Night sounds, and silvery shafts of moonlight
Slanting through the trees, add magic to the night;
Fast-driving clouds, hiding the moon; the grey
Coldness of dawn; bird-calls greeting day;
Wind; and sunshine; deep pools in creeks;
Lapstones; and long, steep ridges, crowned with peaks;
The range-filled view; and trailing smoke of a train:—
All these have brought me joy, and will again
Whenever I escape, by secret thought,
Or with my rucksack, from the city. There's naught
Can keep me from them while I've strength to walk!
Yet I leave them, join in the fuss and talk,
Fight the old fight for bread, enslaved by goods,
And insatiate appetites, timid moods.
Oh, why do I yield, when, out there, freedom waits,
And all that's left of leisure, that creates
Beauty's reflection . . .
O! dear, green Earth! O! mountains, deep within
Your hearts the bushland keep! May we who win
To peace, and living Beauty, there enshrined,
Guard them, and thee, forever, from mankind!

—Extract from "The Bushwalker," by D. Lawry.

From Carlon's Head

The broken rocks, and scrape of sliding nails,
A final heave, and then the mournful wails
Of crows, protesting that I thus intrude
Their high demesne, disturb their solitude.
They call again with dismal, wailing cry
As, turning, I watch eagles soaring high
Above the sloping and majestic height
Of Guouogang, with distant cliffs of white,
Kanangra Walls, upon the southern rim;
And on the left, the ramparts fierce and grim,
The manes of further mountains clear and blue
In distant splendour; and I sense anew
The joy that only open ranges bring
To lonely hearts in lifelong wandering.
A sun-scorched valley lies below the land
On which detached, alone I make my stand;
Detached, alone, at peace on timbered range
With memories of scenes that never change,
Of sunlit valleys and of silent hills,
So far from clamoured haste and petty ills
Of city life; the quiet scene sinks deep
Within my thoughts; I feel the silence creep
Into my very soul, a sweet release
In lands where even hills themselves breathe—peace.

R. KNIGHTLY, S.B.W.

Rope-work during the descent towards Arethusa Falls Q. Burke, S.V.B.W.

The Breadknife, Warrumbungle Mountains Arthur Gilroy (S.B.W.)

Badgerys Crossing, Shoalhaven River Arthur Gilroy (S.B.W.)

Healing the Diseases of Civilisation

BONA DEA

Bushwalkers sling their rucksacks down in a lonely forest glade and clear a space for their camp fire. The grass and the little violets are burned. The bushwalkers leave. Patiently Nature sets to work to repair the damage they have done. In a year or two the wound has been completely covered over.

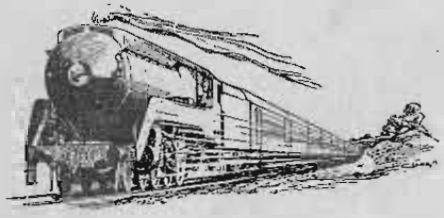
A bush fire shrieks through the same forest glade, leaving a black desert behind it. Once again, without complaint, without hurry, with infinite patience, Nature starts her healing work. In thirty years or so a blackened V-shaped patch at the foot of a lordly tree alone shows the ravages of that fire. The forester nonchalantly walks past and dubbs the tree "G.B.O." (guts burned out) and thinks no more of the infiuity of patient work that went to heal the wouud the fire had left, so that it was not a dead tree he saw, but only a scarred one.

We go into the bush with the many ills we have gathered from civilisation —sore throats, sciatica, chilblains and what-not — or emotional and mental injuries, because we have lost a child or lover around whom our whole life had centred—or spiritually depressed because of failure in business or frustration of some other cherished desire. And on us, too, Nature works her mysterious healing power. We wonder how we got rid of the sore throat and the sciatica, when we were wet through and chilled half the time, or why we forgot the false beloved, when we passed so many plaees which could have reminded us of her, or why the business problem ceased to be a problem when the facts remained the same. It was not just change or exercise, because we had tried going to theatres and gymnasium classes and they had not the same effect.

No. There is a mysterions healing power in Nature, a deeper wisdom than in science or in books, a balm that even doctors are often powerless to frustrate and without which they could effect no cures at all. If only we can relax and let Nature work her will with us as she does with the wild things. But civilisation makes it hard to relax, hard to stop worrying out things with our pnny little intellects. We think we know best, and that our own way is the best way. We want our own individual desires and wishes. We have lost a sense of oneness with the rhythm of the universe, and have forgotten how to give up our own wills and do the will of life. Nature cannot teach us anything new, but it can teach us the old, old story of how to let go our petty separateness and re-find on onr own level the harmony of life, which is known to the plants and animals.

Many years ago Edward Carpenter wrote a book he ealled "Civilisation—Its Canse and Cure." Reviewers scoffed. But to-day, with the futility and suffering of a second world-wide war, and the steady depletion of our natural resonrces through forest-destruction, soil-erosion, and water-wastage, people are beginning to realise that civilisation is indeed a disease for which we must find a cure or perish. And now reviewers do not scoff when Elyne Mitchell writes "Soil and Civilisation," in which she shows how past civilisations have perished because they lost their sense of rhythmic harmony with Nature, and that what took place in the past in small areas is now taking place the whole world over, so that not one, hut all civilisations and the whole human raee, will perish—unless we basically change our attitude.

Bushwalkers destroy Nature far less than most civilised people, and more than most city-dwellers they have experienced that subtle healing power which rises like the cooling dews of evening from Mother Earth. Perhaps because of these things bushwalkers will help men to re-learn a reverence for natural things, such as people had when they believed they were inhabited by spirits, and a sense of the harmony and oneness of all creation, and thereby a cure for the deadly disease of civilisation.



TRAIN TO WALK

"One of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey." Such was the opinion of William Hazlitt when writing about walking trips over one hundred years ago. Bushwalkers of to-day will readily agree.

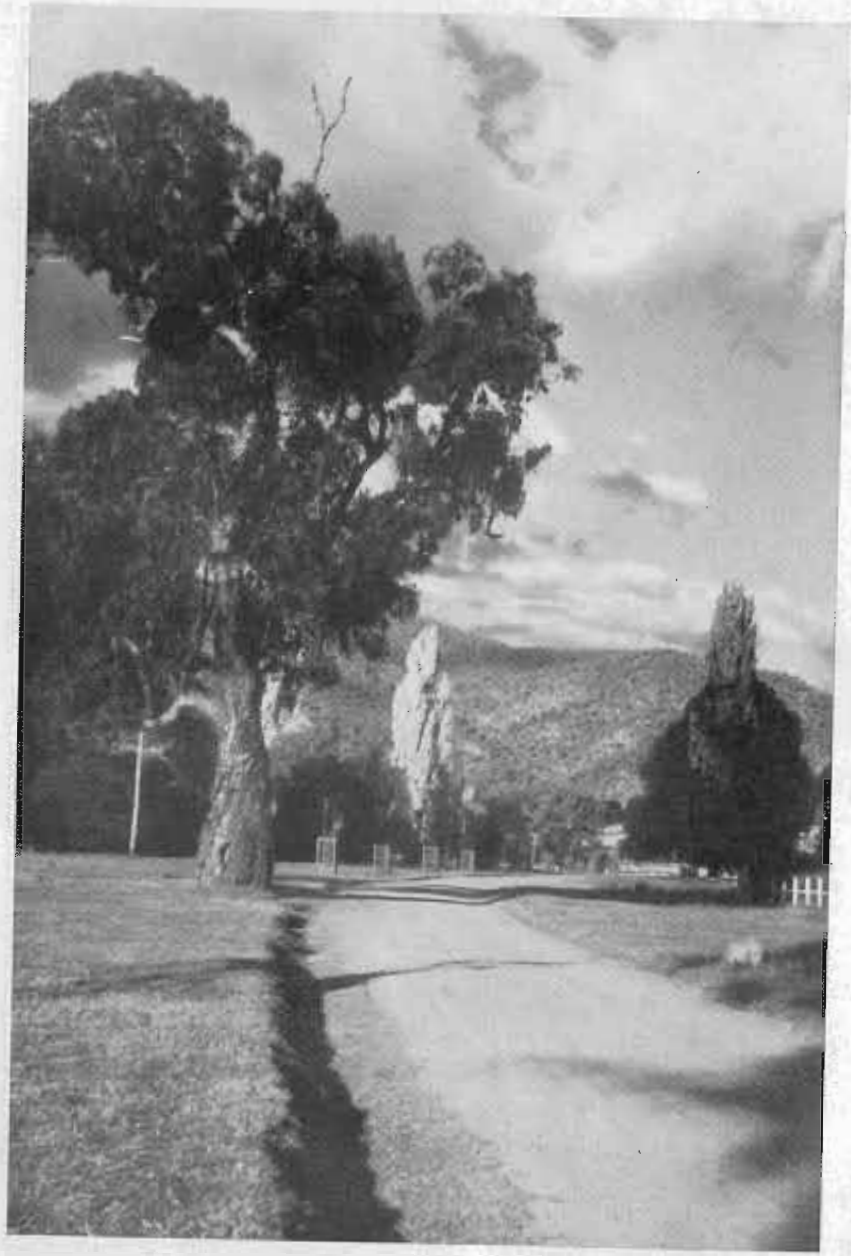
Hazlitt knew what conditions were required for a pleasant walk when he went on to say: "Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner."

Walks fulfilling these conditions abound in New South Wales, particularly on the South Coast, the Southern Highlands, the Blue Mountains, and in the vicinity of Hawkesbury River. They are readily accessible by railway. All the enterprising bushwalker needs to plan a series of such walks is a map and a knowledge of train timetables. If he travels during week-ends he will have the benefit of special excursion tickets issued for travel (at single fare for the return journey) within the Railway Tourist Area, which extends from Sydney as far as Nowra, Canberra, Orange, Mudgee, Singleton and Dungog.

S. R. NICHOLAS,
Secretary for Railways.

Backwater—On the Cox at foot of Heartbreaker

J. Houghton, C.M.W.



Talbingo, N.S.W.

like bread, tea, sugar, flour, etc., and tobacco, all of which deteriorate (along with the canoeist) in the presence of moisture; one waterproof gunnysac, 12in. to 15in. diameter, 5ft. long with double throat, or two of smaller size, for sleeping bags; tent and clothing, which is also wrapped up in the groundsheets; and one small gunnysac, military pack or even a sugarbag for canoe repair kit, fishing gear, cooking and eating utensils and other foodstuffs like vegetables, which can stand a wetting. Apart from two 40ft. coils of stout, pliable rope, there should be no other loose articles in the canoe. The two food cans and the one or two gunnysacs of clothing should be placed in the centre of the Canadian canoe and only the utilities container should be lashed to the thwarts, for in the event of an accident, there is sufficient air to enable the other packages to float clear of trouble and they can always be recovered when the canoe has been reseued. If they are lashed in, then you have ever so much more dead weight to heave out of trouble. The packing must equally trim the canoe fore and aft, port and starboard, for the position of the bow and stern man will trim the canoe down in the stern for the pools, while they can readily move or lean forward for the balanced trim for rapids. Kayak canoes require similar packages, though difficulty may be experieneed when stowing beneath the fore and aft decks. The canoeists require an unencumbered cockpit and the canoe is always trimmed down in the stern.

SAFETY FIRST

The element of risk in canoeing is possibly one of its greatest appeals. The wise canoeist will enjoy the thrills but minimise the danger by learning and applying these rules for canoe safety which experience has dictated and time proved to be invaluable.

1. Most important is the ability to swim at least fifty yards whilst wearing shorts, shirt and shoes. If you are not a swimmer, then you should make some provision for a kapok life belt or some type of inflatable rubber cushion.
2. Always stow the towing and stern ropes in a coil well clear of your feet.
3. To minimise the risk of swamping, either in still or choppy waters, or rapids, use a suitable spray cover in the centre of the canoe where the greatest chance of filling occurs. The spray covers should not be such to offer any obstruction to the crew.
4. Two canoes should NOT shoot a rapid at the same time.
5. When approaching a rapid, head for the shore, disembark, and make a thorough personal inspeetion, for it is unwise to rely on anyone else's interpretation of it. After inspection you can decide on one of the following:—
   (a) Portage the canoe and contents around the rapid.
   (b) Portage the contents only and rope the canoe through the rapid.
   (c) Portage the contents and shoot the rapid in the canoe.
   (d) Shoot the rapid with canoe and contents.

   These suggestions can be modified as to whether you apply them to whole or part of the rapid, but in any case make up your mind according to your ability and to the limitatious of your canoe.
6. If you swamp or capsize and are thrown out, do not attempt to get aboard the canoe, but retain your grasp as close to the stern as possible. In a rapid, remain at the stern as long as the current permits, but once it swings you ahead, let go and abandon the canoe. In still water keep to the windward side of the canoe and get it to the shore by swimming with it.
7. If you leave the canoe in a rapid, go down with the current—don't fight against it, and remember that the fastest water is the deepest and safest, being unimpeded by rocks and other obstacles which could cause severe injury.

   If you go downstream feet first, keep your feet well up and if head first, use dog paddle or breast stroke. Overarm swimming obscures your vision in fast water and offers no protection.
8. Use water-tight four-gallon tins and waterproof canvas bags for clothing and gear, as, apart from dry storage, they give additional buoyancy.

Remember that necessity is the mother of invention and that logical decisions are a natural outcome of coolness, calmness and commonsense.

New South Wales Pocket Almanac — 1813

Compiled and printed by G. Howe, Govt. Printer.

NATIVE FLOWERS

Character and Description of Embothrium Speciosissimum or Warratah.

This beautiful flowering shrub begins to show for blossom in August: comes into full flower in September; and continues in bloom till October. It thrives best in a light, sandy soil, by the side of a run of water, where, if the situation be warm or sheltered, it arrives frequently to the height of 10ft. It has of late years become scarce about Sydney, being destroyed much by cattle. Its wood is very useful to basket makers, which has doubtless much contributed to its scarcity.

[*Now known as Telopea Specisissima or Waratah. CF. Flora Australiensis, Vol. V.—Ed.*]

The Dorianthus, or Gigantic Lily
Gymea Lily

This noble plant begins to flower about the latter end of September (the exact period depending somewhat on the situation), and continues blowing 120 days from the first bursting of the bud. The head, or flowering part, is divided into 10 sections, each containing four buds, which burst and blow alternately every three days; and the height of its stem is from 10 to 15 feet.

The natives of Port Aiken, where this plant is found, call the blossom Coo-meear and, when in blossom, are in constant search for it on account of the honey contained at the bottom of each flower. The roots, which they call Waa-nung, they roast, and eat with their fish, as bread. Of the stems they construct their fish-gigs, which they call Moo-ting, being very light, buoyant, and tapering in form.

The existence of this plant was reported first to Governor Hunter about 14 years ago, by Mr. Ball, who discovered it during a journey from the Cow-pasture plain to Port Aiken, where a boat was appointed to meet him, among the high and indeed mountainous ridges of rocks that run parallel with the coast; but, being unable to procure a specimen, Mr. Lewin was in 1800 employed by the Governor to go in quest of it. This excursion Mr. L. readily undertook, and leaving Port Jackson in a whaleboat at the latter end of September, in a few days reached Port Aiken, where he commenced his pursuit among the different branches of the fresh water creeks that emptied themselves into that port; from one of which he had the satisfaction to discover a plant in full flower, towering from a crevice in a stupendous rock, from which view it had a noble and most beautiful appearance. Mr. L. proceeded, and brought in some of the finest specimens, which met with the admiration they lay claim to.

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TIN MINE ROAD—*(Concluded)*

Thanks to his advice we travelled that short section without difficulty. Soon after lunch, we left the glade country, crossed the Divide and commenced sidling the timbered spurs which fall to the Indi. It was still early afternoon when we reached the track from Top Groggin to the Cascades and soon after we camped in the familiar surroundings of the Cascades Hut, eleven miles from Tin Mine Creek.

The remaining days of our trip were spent on the higher tops, in territory familiar to Sydney walkers, and which needs no special mention. It is the country south of the Cascades that should be investigated further and I would like to see our walkers exploring it as thoroughly as they have the areas further north.

These I recall:
Blue wavelets, sunlit, dancing,
Chased by a breeze; a beach of golden sand;
An eagle above me soaring; the wide land
Beneath my feet; and rest after a climb;
Oranges; and full many a view sublime;
The homeliness of a little fire, with tent close by;
Then hot food, and fresh tea; a darkening sky;
The comfort and joy of the big camp-fire,
Flames leaping, while the fairy sparks fly higher,
Into the night, and the cold dark . . .

Extract from "The Bushwalker," by D. Lawry.

ANNUAL REUNIONS

RE-UNION '46

The 1946 Annual Camp and Re-union, set down for October, had to be postponed owing to a fire-lighting prohibition and was finally held in 1947, on the 7th and 8th February. Fate still declined to smile upon us and the camp was dogged by bad weather. The venue, Burning Palms, in a park set aside through early Federation efforts, was felt to be most appropriate.

Rain took a prominent part from mid-day Saturday and persisted throughout the week-end, but this did not deter young and old from being present. Official attendance figure was 241, which included walkers from seventeen of the affiliated clubs, Taranaki (N.Z.) and Melbourne Walking Clubs, and visitors.

The Campfire Concert was ably led by Frank Ricketts, of S.B.W. & R.R.C., with Paddy lending his usual vigorous support. Proceedings were formally started by a procession of club Presidents, each bearing aloft a flaming torch.

Once again, the Visitors' Book figured prominently and many "old hands" turned back its pages with interest. This "Log" is now available for inspection at Paddy's, illustrated by some excellent photos.

RE-UNION '47

The 1947 Annual Camp was held on the east bank of the Georges River near Macquarie Fields. Members attended from twenty-two clubs, a pleasant feature being the presence of visitors from two Melbourne Walking Clubs and a party from the Newcastle Tech. Club.

Two fires illuminated the singer and vied with a full moon to light an audience of some 250 who sat in tiers on the grassy bank. A perfect night, a perfect spot, found for us by the Rucksack Club.

Under the old firm of Ricketts and Pallin the concert went with a swing and included all the old favourites. Supper was such a success that the concert started again under those apparently tireless musicians, Roy Gaddelin and Bruce Wickens of the River Canoe Club, and Wick Allen of S.T.C.B.W. This section will not be forgotten quickly by those who participated.

Although bumper fires were provided by S.T.C.B.W. and St. George Bushwalkers, Ern Warbrick just couldn't keep away and flitted from fire to fire, stoking merrily.

Jack Wren received many warm compliments on his skilful organisation of this camp.

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GOOD WALKING FOR 1948.

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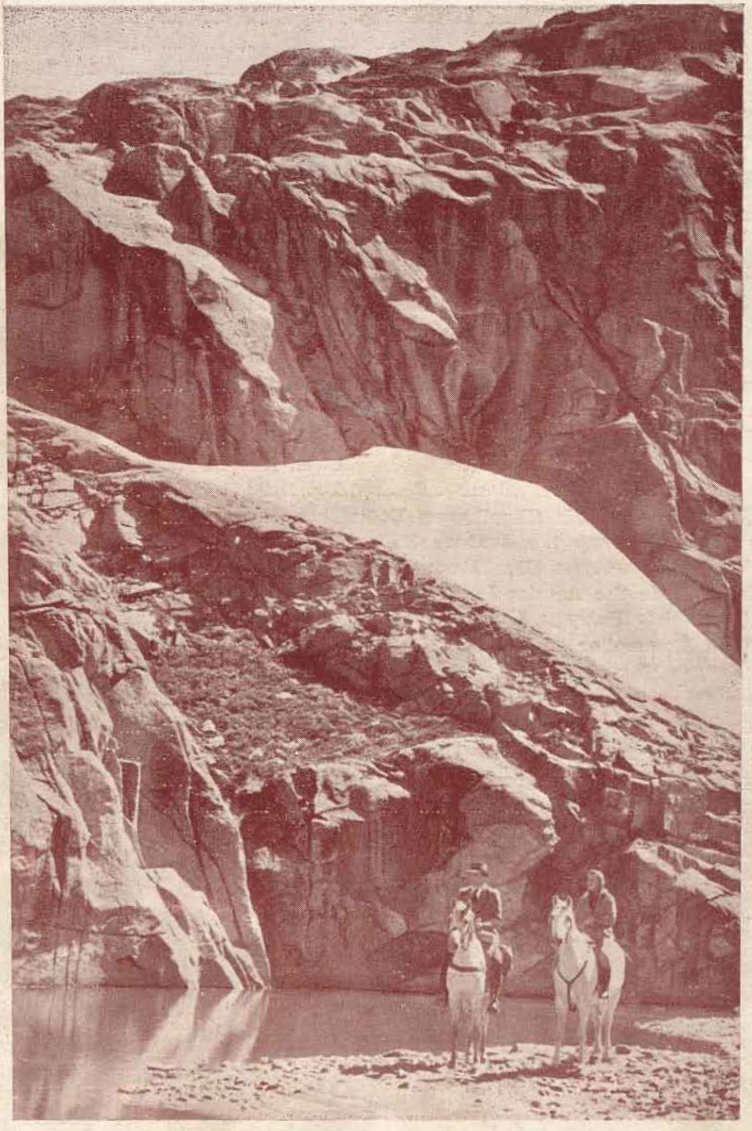

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