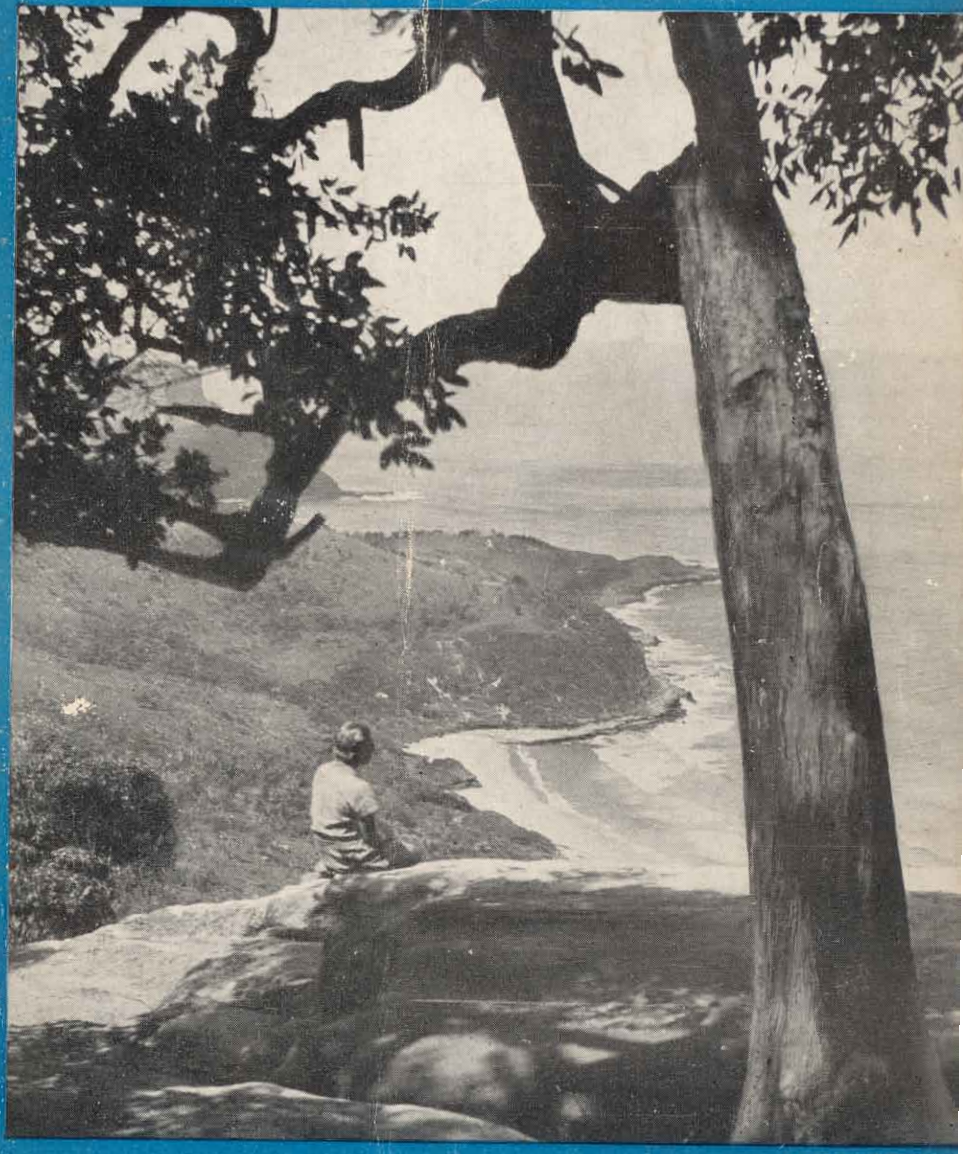
THE ELEVENTH EDITION OF THE—

BUSHWALKER



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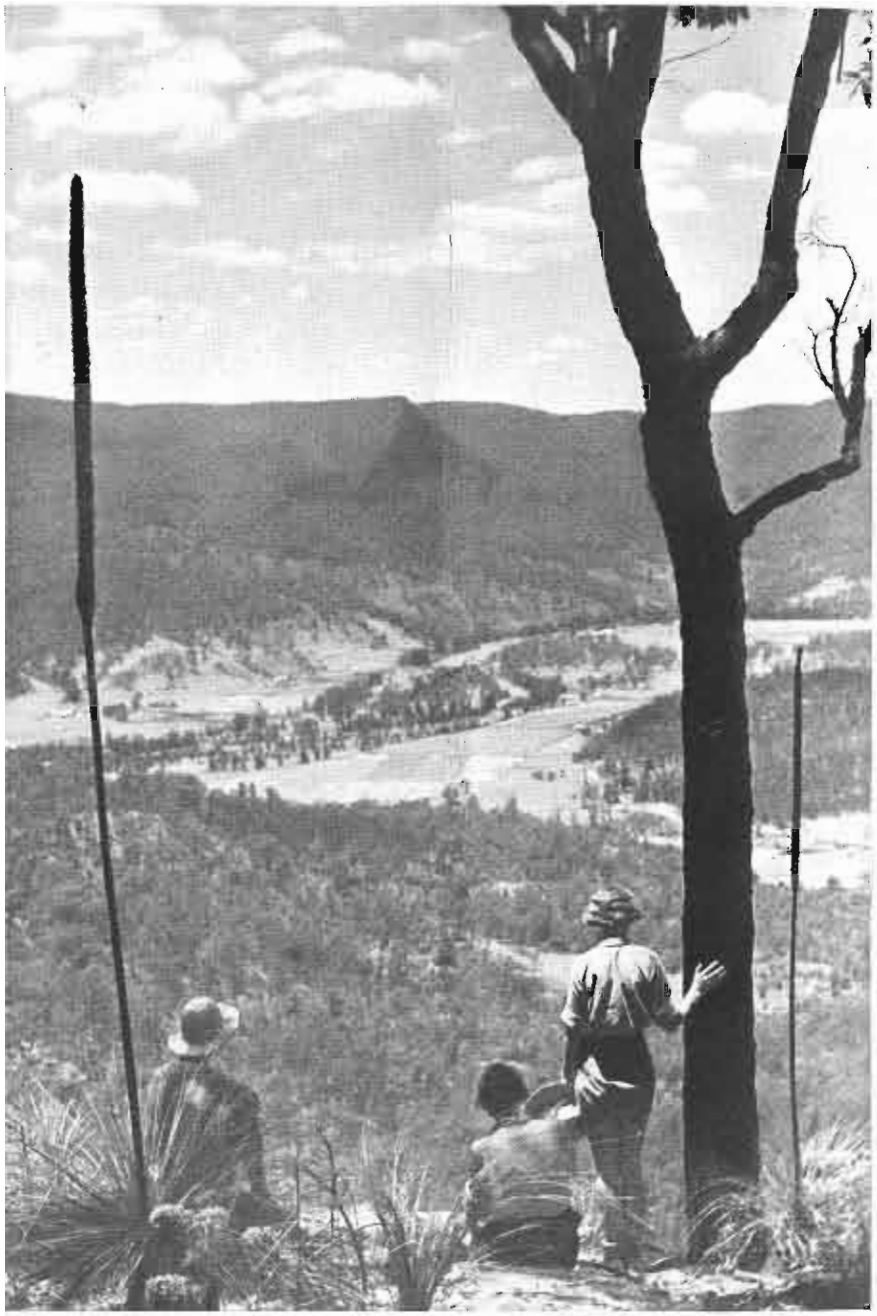


Burragorang Valley from Bimlow Tableland—David Stead, S.B.W.

The Bushwalker No. 11

Published annually by the N.S.W. Federation of Bush Walking Clubs

Honorary Editor: QUENTIN BURKE, Sydney University Bush Walkers

The Federation, which has twenty-three affiliated member clubs, has the combined objects of uniting people interested in bushwalking and similar activities, and of conserving the bushlands.

A list of member clubs will be found on page 50 and complete details of any club will be supplied by the Honorary Secretary of the Federation, Mr. R. T. Compagnoni, 50 Terry Rd., West Ryde, or by the Hon. Publicity Officer, Mr. F. A. Pallin, 327 George Street, Sydney.

Contents 1948

CANOEING at our BACKDOOR

By E. CONSTABLE (River Canoe Club)

One of the best rapid rivers in the State is at our back-door, so to speak. The Cox's is a fast and furious stream —when there is water in it—and we found her in half-flood at Christmas time, 1947.

Let's dispense with preliminaries and off to the river itself. We are seated in our canoe, moving forward at a respectable pace, for there are no still pools on the upper part of the Cox's, and few lower down either. The water is clay-stained from the subsiding flood and it is difficult to see any submerged rocks. We approach a rapid cautiously, for it is of the type that thunders with a deep drum-like resonance and with a swishing overtone. Stand up for a moment in the canoe, and take a peek. At the brink are the brilliant white splashes, dazzling in the sunlight as they dart upwards, the churning stretch of white water feathering along to a small waterfall, then the "run-off" with the inevitable rocks to dodge.

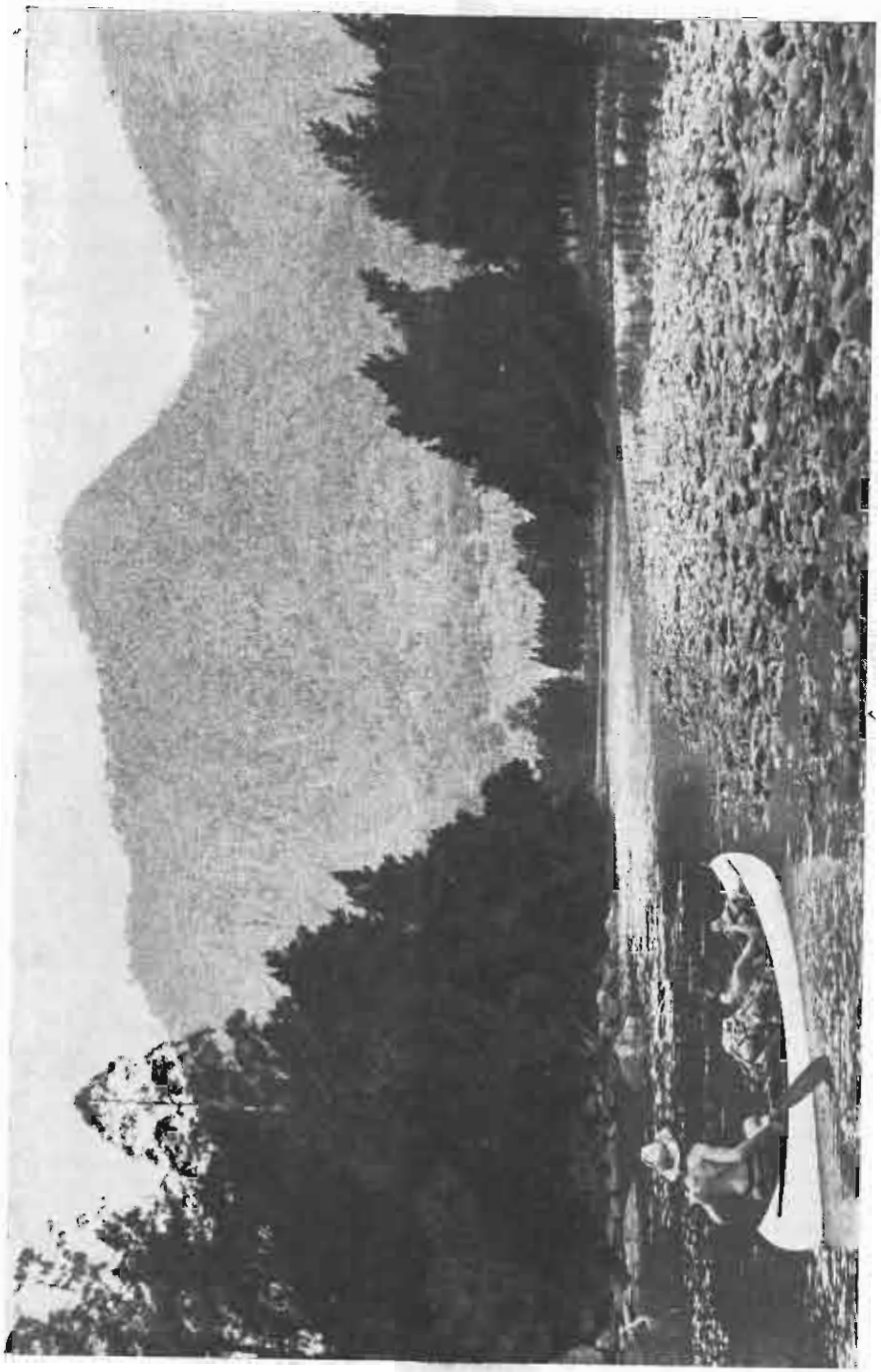
We've decided on our course and paddle closer. The pull of the water increases our speed; we paddle faster and feel apprehensive excitement as we slip over the brink into the grip of a terrific power that we cannot fight, but through which we can only hope to guide ourselves safely. The water swirls round us and past us—for a split second there is the exultation of flight as we jump the waterfall. The nose of the canoe is buried in foam, but rises faithfully to the crest of each wave and flings spray back at us. The waves diminish as we slow down into calmer water and turn to watch the other canoe shoot the rapid.

That's a fair sample of what it's like, folks! Some were bigger and could be only partially shot, and others, unfortunately, were smaller.

This particular canoe trip began at the bridge about six miles downstream from Hartley. There were two canoes, "Queste D'Or" with Keith and Jack, and "Snowy River" in which I paddled solo. Two glorious days followed, marred only by the ill effects of drinking the river water without first boiling it! We dreamed horrible dreams that night in which we plunged over Niagara, trees crashed on us from the caved-in banks, crocodiles swam beside our sinking canoes and prodigious floods swept us into a misty unknown. But we lived through it all, goaded on by sheer determination and a well-known brand of A.P.C. powder.

Sandy Hook was negotiated. Here it was only necessary to steer the canoes and let the swift current carry us along.

The Billy Healy Range next claimed our attention for several days. This is the most spectacular part of the river and is the toughest to negotiate. The stream flows round the range roughly in the form of an elongated horseshoe, and, except for a few short and comparatively calm stretches, it cascades for mile upon heart-breaking mile, with drops of anything up to 12 feet. Any Bushwalker who cares to deviate from the Six-foot Track and take a look at the Cox's where she flows between this path and the Billy Healy Range will understand why our speed was reduced at times to little more than a mile per day. One particularly hazardous spot lies about a mile below the Megalong Creek junction. Here the river enters into a maze of granite slabs, and races among trees that appear to live solely on gravel and water. The



Canoeing on the Cox's River, Burragorang Valley—John Wood, S.B.W.

impression is that all the rocks have been stood on end just to make it difficult. Here it took nearly half a day to portage, and our work was interrupted by a torrential summer downpour. The splashes from the raindrops obliterated the surface of the water, so that it looked like a thick mist moving along the rocks, and only the ineessant drumming of the falls disturbed the illusion. As the last drops streaked down, the drumming increased in volume and rose to a higher note. A canoe that had been drawn high and dry on the shingle was afloat. Yes, the river was rising and was becoming muddy again.

Just one more day of waterfalls, portages, thrilling shoots and hard work brought us to the Promised Land, Gibraltar Creek, where the fig trees were laden with the most luscious fruit imaginable, and there too, on a rock in all its pristine splendour was—a loaf of bread! We gorged and slept. Our previous activities had told on us. We were really fatigued, and on the following day, when we reached Little River, we hid our canoes and set out for home, satisfied at having pioneered the Upper Cox. That night it took us eight hours to go from the foot of Black Jerry's Ridge to Katoomba, certainly a record for the longest time taken. But canoe bags and paddles are hardly the right gear to take up Devil's Hole at four in the morning!

* * *

Anniversary week-end! And we were at Blackheath on the tail of a cloudburst. A lawn in the main street was under about four inches of water. What would the Cox's be like? We dodged about in the mist and found a taxi. Jack talked so fluently that before long, he had the driver willing to brave washaways, fallen logs or anything else, to get us to Euroka.

Saturday morning we were getting organised on the river bank. A newcomer, Kevin, joined the party as my bosun. By mid-day we were picking our way among the shoal and islands and backwaters that characterise this part.

"Queste d'Or" became difficult and sandwiched Jack's foot between her keel and a rock, and later she threw her crew three times in a distance of twenty yards. "Snowy River" chose a long rapid in which to give us our initial spill. If conditions did not improve we agreed we might be walking out over Yellow Dog. Towards camp time misty rain started to fall. This must have numbed our hands because both canoes got away from us as we were roping them down a cascade. "Snowy River" floated away, but "Queste d'Or" got snagged by her rope in the roughest part of the fall, turned over and bumped up and down on the rocks. When we finally freed her, the cargo was found to be as wet as could be. That night I believe I heard canoeing denounced as Public Menace No. 1.

In the morning, the weather looked promising and our spirits rose somewhat. We were about a mile above Jenolan River junction on a big swiftly moving, sandy-bottomed pool. How quickly conditions change! Here we paddled over dark strong currents where previously on bushwalking trips, we had splashed across, wetting little more than the soles of our boots! Half way along these pools, the silence was almost complete and contrasted violently with the tumbling roar of the rapids that carried us down from one pool to the next. We saw the mountains from a new angle — reflected in broad expanses of water. The great mass of Jenolan on the right, with her stepped silhouette, the Dogs overshadowing us on the left. Kanangra River, full and clear, flowing down from unspoiled country, was so unlike the muddy Cox's water that was still stained with the eroded soil of the Kanimbla and Megalong. The grand cavalcade of hills passed by, gradually changing in colour to a glorious misty ultramarine as we reached the perfect camp site at sundown.

One more day was left for this second trip and so we could not make a very thorough inspection of Black Dog Canyon, nor afford more than a hasty look up the Kowmung. Kill's Defile passed all too quickly and then came civilisation, abruptly, at the mouth of Kedumba Creek. We called in at the first cottage and found it abandoned; the second, too, was deserted except for a few fowls. At the

third, Mr. Lanoy received us and there we left our canoes for an "indefinite period".

Our walk-out lay up Kedumba. All went well till we reached Maxwell's, an impromptu museum for campers, which held our attention for at least half an hour. After that the track disappeared and we were just "somewhere in Kedumba". We four bushwalker-canoeists threshed about in the bracken at midnight, looking for a track and expected to be at work at 8 a.m. Finally we gave up, and slept just where we stopped. Dawn found us on foot again, with Kedumba Pass and six miles of road lying between us and breakfast (work had to wait!)

Our third assault on the Cox's was made via Burragorang. One Friday night a group of shadowy figures moved up the valley, looking for their cache of canoes. It was decided to ford the river, but someone trod on an eel, so camp was made immediately.

Our canoes were refloated next morning after a short chat with Mr. Lanoy, and six miles were covered before breakfast. This wasn't done out of sheer enthusiasm, but because we were joining up with a party of three other canoes lower down, and our gear had been left with them.

The river level was much lower than on the previous trips, but was still canoeable. Thrills are mild on low rivers but spills are just as plentiful, because there are more rocks closer to the surface. We reached the Wollondilly junction at mid-day and had lunch a little lower down. Tents had to be erected as a storm which had been following had caught up with us. After the meal, two canoes moved off, and the third canoe had no sooner started than she collided with a partially submerged stump and broke fourteen ribs—just like that!

The extra water from the Wollondilly raised the standard of shoots in the Warragamba almost to the thrilling stage, and it was in one of these that "Queste d'Or" became wedged among some rocks. She was rescued in due course at the cost of two cut fingers and one A.I.F. hat—lost.

The last day of the trip dawned, and the rest of the party failed to move off until 10.30, despite the broadest of hints. The rain had cleared away and the late summer sun tempered by a light breeze, provided ideal conditions for camera fiends.

Warragamba dam meant some six miles of dead water paddling, and the weir itself was crossed shortly after mid-day. The next part of the river can be quite romantic with the right moon, no mosquitoes, a full stomach and a wench of the Folies Bergere type reclining on silken cushions in the bow, but we were hungry and in a hurry. At Glenbrook Creek we could wait no longer for food, so stopped for a snack of gherkins, caramel sauce, herrings and chocolate pudding, delicately served on the one plate. This was our undoing—this, and the seemingly endless G.P.S. course, the stowing away of canoes, the packing up, the dressing and finally the short cut (?) to the station. We missed the last train!

In the wee small hours as we lay on the platform, the rain on the roof accentuating the cosiness of our sleeping bags, I chanced to look in Jack's direction. He was asleep, but his hands were clenching and unclenching as on the grip of his paddle. I could only guess as to what rapid he was shooting in subconscious memory. Running the white water gets you that way, for, as has often been said, "It's not so much the canoe trip itself, but the treasured memories which count."

VIEW FROM GOVETT'S LEAP

We stood, as it were, in the front of the gallery, which was the summit of a colossal amphitheatre of precipitous and most picturesque cliffs, rising in many places above the point where we stood, and in others broken by rugged ravines, fantastically adorned with trees, that seemed to hold on like the natives, by a great toe only.

—Mrs. C. Meredith, Sketches of N.S.W., 1844.

By "PHALANX"

To every explorer comes a periodic dream—that he may some day discover something yet unknown to man. Whether botanist, geologist, biologist, whether explorer or bushwalker, every one in the field has his eyes alert for some unclassified species or a new mountain. While bushwalkers and mountaineers scan maps for virgin peaks to conquer, for new routes to follow, the spirit of adventure that filled explorers of centuries ago has not yet quite disappeared from the face of our modern civilisation.

Our Australia is still far from thoroughly explored, and many of her districts await scientific expeditions to catalogue flora and geology thoroughly. There's Arnhem Land, the headwaters of the Murray, the Colo River, the Warrumbungles, and much more.

There is however, another world awaiting discovery for those adventurous enough to seek it out. It is underneath the ground . . . in subterranean limestone caverns. In N.S.W. we have scores of cave systems, few of which have been scientifically explored to their fullest extent: Jenolan, Yarrangobilly, Wombeyan, Colong, Borenore, Wellington, Goodradigbee, Bungonia. Bendethera to mention only some. There are caverns in these systems that have not known human feet. There are hidden grottoes there that guides walk past every day of their lives, lacking resource to extend searches further than the electric lights that shine for tourists. For the past hundred thousand years, perhaps, the only sound these grottoes have known is the soft whirr of bat's wing or the steady drip of falling water.

I find cave-exploring one of the most pleasant of all exploring activities available to a young and enthusiastic bushwalker. True, it is an "indoor" sport, but to play the game one must be at once a swimmer, a mountaineer, a weight-lifter, bushwalker, a rope climber, a photographer, a map maker and a miner as well as being a snake and a lizard and having the eyes of a cat. There is intense pleasure in every step through caverns vast or small; in the focusing of a torch on clusters of delicate stalactites hanging chandelier-like from a ceiling; in lighting the extent of a vast chamber with a ribbon of burning magnesium; in crawling on one's stomach through a hard limestone squeeze-hole; in scrambling over a muddy chaos of fallen rock; in swimming in underground streams. Here are new worlds for you to discover. Cave exploring is a sport, but a scientific sport, with a name as strange as the underground caverns it concerns: Speleology.

This is not a dissertation on speleology; for I want to tell you of one particular "Lost World" of Australia's subterranean kingdom.

The lost world of which I speak is within 300 miles of Sydney. Local residents have known of part of the extent of the cave system for years, and at one stage profitable tourist business was done, but fame was quickly lost to the more accessible Jenolan. Few realised that behind the dingy, weathered, tourist-broken portions of the cave lay a lost world, one that had lain entombed in silence and darkness for thousands of years.

My first visit to the area gave me a notion that there might be more in that huge limestone outcrop than was generally known; yet three further visits did not elucidate anything. A

fifth was contemplated, and just before it occurred, a friend told me that a squeeze hole we both knew as being full of water and impenetrable, was now dry enough to penetrate . . . time had prevented his going any further than what appeared to be the entrance to a new system.

Next weekend was the Eight Hour Holiday Week-end, 1947. My hitchhiking gods were with me and I made a record journey to the caves.

We followed the winding passages through the old tourist tracks. We came to the entrance of a tunnel and lowered ourselves into its dark mouth. Progress was slow, and then we halted. Technically we had come to a "flattener"; this is what speleologists call a tunnel where roof and floor are but eight or twelve inches apart, but quite wide. With ceiling digging into your backbone, stomach is flattened on the wet pebbles, and your head is turned sideways. You negotiate the crevice with a wriggling motion, your arms outstretched. Next we came to the siphon. This was a U-shaped tunnel that had been previously filled with water. Now but two inches of mud lay on the bottom. It was a cat run perhaps 18 ins. square. It took our clothes practically off our backs. Getting down the first bit of the U was easy enough, but it was the bending and coming up that was difficult. Bill came through like the cork of a soda bottle. Running water was not far away, and we bent down for a cooling draught before going any further.

Now we looked up and saw before us a waterfall of frozen limestone, sparkling with crystals and a delicate pink in colour. Here were new, alive formations, and running water.

We stopped to rinse the mud off our boots in the water. Progress up the waterfall was necessary, but we feared lest we spoil its delicate shades with mud. We need have had no fears. The tangle of wet muddy rocks

***Negotiating the Flattener*—see text**

up which we now had to scramble made it impossible to keep our boots from soiling the pristine colours of the waterfall in some places. It was not easy to find handholds on boulders whose surfaces were covered with a half an inch of muddy ooze, the product of perhaps a thousand years of slow depositing. Our upward climb was perhaps fifty feet and it ended abruptly in a vertical pipe which resisted all our efforts at scaling.

On the way down we climbed through a large open window (about 6′ x 6′) into a beautiful pink chamber: beyond it we glimpsed a vast expanse of cave . . . We felt like explorers on the brink of a new world as indeed we were. No human had ventured into this chamber before. Nature, provident with a regular rainfall had seen to that. Only a dry spell had opened the door for us.

The small entrance chamber had a limestone column as its main feature. Some roof movement had broken it in the middle, and the two parts were still growing, but now the twain shall never meet. Bill called it Pegies Peg, after a friend of his (thereby invoking the time-honoured right whereby explorers can name their finds) and we descended to explore the chamber we had discovered.

We paced this main chamber and found it to be 150 feet long and about 60 feet wide. In cross section it was like an oblique oval. The bottom of the chamber was choked with large boulders, all of which were covered with a bright pink film of hard limestone. Above, the ceiling was overhung with hundreds of stalactites, from 1-8 inch to 6 inches in diameter. Some hung strawlike in clusters like a frozen shower of rain; larger ones hung from a long crack like a row of organ pipes.

Bill drew my attention to the fact that our torches were waning in power. The headlights we wore on entering had cast a powerful beam; now they were shedding a dull glimmer. We had by this explored every recess and passage we could find opening off the main chamber, and yet there were more to look at. Each one held its own entrancingly beautiful limestone formations, from clusters of mysteries to walled cities on the floor.

When finally we got outside, darkness had fallen—we had been underground for six hours.

***Limestone Columns, Colong Caves* —John Noble**

Anybody who now cares to search for the cave is welcome. Should he find his way through the labyrinth to the U-shaped siphon, he will discover —as we did later—that the breaking of twenty years drought has filled the siphon and much of the tunnel with feet of water, through which I defy any one to swim.

Provident nature has resealed the entrance to that subterranean world. It was lost, was found, and is now lost again. Fifteen feet of water has again entombed nature's vast treasure-house. It rested untouched for hundreds of thousands of years. Just for a few short hours its dark recesses knew the sound of human voices and the dim light of a torch.

ATRAX ROBUSTUS

By F.V.C. (Rucksack Club)

Bushwalkers on the northern side of the Harbour will sometimes come upon a silken sheath shrouding the entrance to a rock crevice or opening at the foot of some old stump or post.

This is the home of the Funnel-Web (*Atrax robustus* to the initiated), probably the world's fightingest spider.

The Australian flair for mislabelling things has resulted in *Atrax robustus* being commonly called a trap-door spider. But it is not a trap-door though it is a member of the group that includes the true trap-door spiders. Funnel-web is its more correct name. Never in any circumstances does it make a lid for its burrow. It never really makes a burrow at all but always uses a natural, ready-made crevice.

The common trap-door spider is a comparatively harmless thing that has never been accused of biting a human, though, of course, in the common fashion of spiders, it is equipped with poison fangs and undoubtedly would use them if provoked far enough.

The Funnel-Web, on the contrary, has an unenviable record of deaths to its discredit. For that reason alone it is worth knowing by those whose pleasure takes them into the bush or into suburban gardens, if only that it may the more surely be avoided.

Recently while turning over a patch in my North Shore vegetable plot I unearthed a black and shining creature that reared up on its hind legs and defied my spade.

It was a female *Atrax robustus*, one of the fiercest and most fearless of living things and among the very few Australian spiders considered dangerous to man.

She was a magnificent specimen, quite an inch and a third long (not including her legs) and as full of fight and venom as a tiger snake. She made no attempt to escape but stood there on her four hind legs and sparred at me with her four front ones, her deadly, quarter-inch fangs, sharp as a pair of hypodermic needles, bared and ready to strike.

I secured a wide-mouthed glass jar and quite easily slipped it over her, for she stood her ground and showed no inclination to retreat. Then I slid the blade of the spade under her, tipped the jar right side up and she was mine. The screw top of the jar made her secure in her prison, her rage and venom impotent behind its transparent walls.

But she had no thought of surrender. When I approached my hand to the jar she struck like lightning at me through the glass until drops of crystal venom dripped from her fangs. She was the very embodiment of ferocity. The end of a pencil introduced under the loosened lid was attacked with fury and without hesitation. *Atrax robustus* is a creature entirely lacking of inhibitions and will offer combat on all occasions and against any odds.

At first glance she looked a repulsive ogre but when natural repugnance was overcome sufficiently to allow a close inspection it had to be admitted that she paraded a sinister sort of beauty that was all the more fascinating because of the murderous propensities that lay behind it.

The fore-part of her body—the cepha'othorax—was ebony black with a high metallic polish. The abdomen, as big as a pigeon's egg, was very dark brown, almost black, and covered with a soft, velvety pile of short, fine hair. The under surface of her body was a dull, reddish brown. Her legs were encased in polished black armor.

In the female *Atrax robustus* the legs are short and thick, in the male somewhat longer. With his longer legs and lighter body the male is more active than the female and just as well for him considering the canabalistic nuptial habits of his mate.

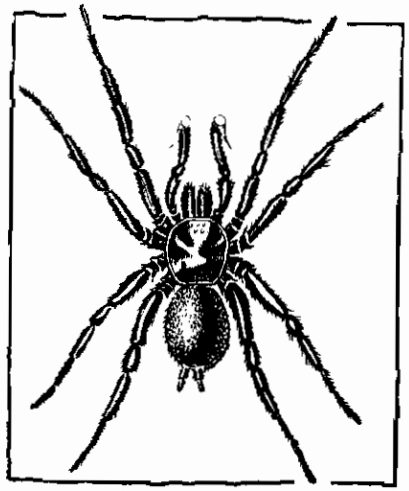
The deadly fangs when at rest are folded back into grooves beneath the head and compare in size and efficiency more than favorably—or should I say unfavorably—with those of the most deadly snake. They are slightly curved and have a hair-fine channel throughout their length, connected with a large venom sack at the base and opening into a miniature aperture just above the point.

Woe betide the luckless creature in whose flesh these terrible weapons are sheathed for the venom they carry is as lethal as that of a snake. Adult humans have died in from 11 to 13 hours of being bitten, children within two hours.

It is like a snake that *Atrax* strikes. the fangs not meeting pincer-fashion as in many other spiders but protruding downwards like a snake's and, like a snake's, driven into the victim's body with a lightning plunge, leaving two clear punctures that easily could be mistaken for a snake bite.

Fortunately the range of *Atrax* is restricted. Mostly it is found on the northern side of the harbor in an area that includes Point Clare on the Hawkesbury River and places as far west as Epping and Eastwood. But specimens have been seen on the south side also.

It does not dig a burrow but makes its home in crevices among rocks or at the roots of old stumps or the bottom of rotting fence posts. This hideout it lines with web which it forms into a funnel-like entrance. From this den the creature emerges to hunt its prey which consists of beetles and other large insects—and, it is suspected, other spiders as well.



Atrax Robustus—Male

Atrax Robustus—Female

It will without hesitation attack a human hand inadvertently placed near its burrow. When this happens the deadly fangs are buried deep and with such determination that it is with difficulty that the little fury is wrenched from its victim.

Not long ago such a case was reported to me. A woman tidying her garden at Lane Cove was bitten on the hand by a funnel-web that rushed at her from its den in the border of the bed. So firmly did it embed its fangs that she tore its body in two in her efforts to dislodge it.

TREATMENT.—As for snake-bite—and call a doctor.

Spiders are not insects. They are arachnids. (Remember Arachae, the beautiful weaver.) Arachnids are a class of the arthropoda, which includes insects. The arachnids include scorpions and ticks as well as spiders. The class is characterised by the division of the body into two parts the cephalothorax and the abdomen—and by the possession of eight legs. Insects' bodies are in three distinct parts and they have six legs. Spiders of the genus Atrax are included in the sub-order mygalomorphae.

But calling them big names won't hurt them. A well-placed walker's boot is about the only argument they understand!

Walking Through the Monaro Highlands, Jounama Creek—L. A. Lyons

This Illustration is contributed by Kodak (Australasia) Pty. Ltd.

Marathon

By IAN ROSS (S.U.B.W.)

The Kanangra Marathon has taken place. The scheme was to work off some youthful high spirits by staging a walk from Katoomba, via the Platform Cave at Kanangra, to Yerranderie, first team home to receive an insignificant prize and some honour and glory.

There were seven teams, seventeen walkers in all, three other clubs being represented in addition to the S.U.B.W. which perpetrated the whole scheme. Picture the scene: 9.20 p.m. one night in May, no moon, no stars, just a touch of light rain. A row of bushwalkers on the footpath outside Katoomba Railway Station, a small cluster of astonished nocturnal bystanders, and the Official Starters brandishing a flag and warning that two breaks would disqualify. The drop of the flag, and eleven pairs of iron-shod boots roar down Katoomba Street towards Narrow Neck, while six other pairs reveal their subtle intention of taking the long King's Tableland route by shooting unexpectedly back through the railway gates and pounding off towards Wentworth Falls.

For various reasons, only one team —Bill Taylor and Alan Jackson—fulfilled all the conditions, turning up in Yerranderie in the good time for the 60 miles of 25 hours 35 minutes. Two parties decided to sleep on the job—one of these was Bill Woof who had overfed his ample silhouette in Katoomba while waiting for the start —and then bypassed Kanangra, coming up to Yerranderie at their leisure.

Then there was Jack Kelly who lost a boot while crossing a much swollen Cox's River at the foot of Black Dog at two in the morning. Finally, one party, whom modesty and shame prevent me from naming, accidentally climbed to the top of Ti-willa Buttress when they meant to have climbed Jingery Ridge, and were so overcome with disgust and chagrin that they went straight back to Kowmung and into Yerranderie.

But the best episode of all occurred at Kanangra. Bob Shelston and Marie Naylor had nobly pushed their bikes through a snowstorm out to the Platform Cave, there to prepare an incredible stew for the sustenance of the weary passing through and to ensure fair play. They left late on the Saturday afternoon, and shortly afterwards Twid and Alan Tapsell appeared, and fell voraciously on the stew, which had been left a-bubbling. Then in the corner they spied a tin of Grainut, a cereal beloved of so many rugged types, who feel no doubt they can eat anything if they can eat these unpredictable granules. This tin they consumed, remarking however that it was the stalest and soggiest Grainut they'd ever eaten. It was only a month later that a casual conversation between Twid and Bob revealed they'd been hoeing into a tin of dried mutton—neat.

Well, everyone staggered into Yerranderie eventually, some of us in the middle of the night, with hot eyeballs and heads ever-aching from following vague tracks with wilting torches, others on Sunday morning. The prize, of £1 worth of liquid refreshment, was duly shared at Mrs. Nott's by such as were able to stand.

Such was the Marathon—and now to parry the brickbats. The scheme was criticized on several counts, chief among which was that it was foolhardy. This would I contest: every club runs an occasional ambitious walk, and this was simply such a walk, with added safety in numbers. In addition, single walking was not allowed, sealed copies of the route to be taken were handed to the starters, adequate food was obligatory, the country was familiar, and the time available—a whole week-end—was adequate for anyone to walk out to civilization should he decide not to follow the entire route. Bushwalking at night has its risks, but they are often taken, and in any event are in no wise comparable with those attendant on mountain climbing, which is officially condoned.

We still talk about it, and now the memories of those last few miles down the Long Track are becoming less acute, the "never agains" are changing to "maybe sometimes". Quien sabe?

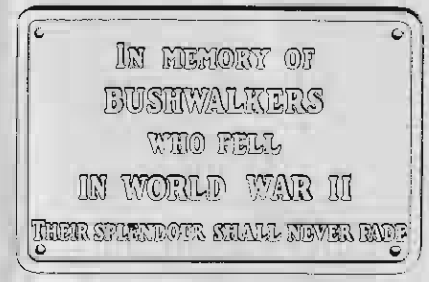
Memorial

Plans for a memorial to walkers who gave their lives in the recent war culminated in a simple ceremony at dawn on last Anzac Day. Although it had been hoped to locate a suitable eminence in the Blue Mountain Area and name and dedicate it as a memorial, no such spot remained unnamed, and it was suggested that a plaque, affixed to Splendour Rock, would be a fitting tribute. This suggestion was adopted.

Splendour Rock is a magnificent, almost cycloramic viewpoint at the southern tip of Mount Dingo in the Wild Dog Mountains, surrounded on all sides by a ten-mile circle of wilderness, in which our departed friends had spent many an happy hour. Access is via the Narrow Neck from Katoomba with the final few miles only a faint route. Federation feels that this wilderness ensures protection.

More than one hundred and forty walkers, including many contemporaries of our heroes, had approached in the dim, pre-dawn, light to assemble before the flag-draped plaque. As the sun's first rays breasted the rim rocks of King's Tableland, a hymn was sung led by the Y.H.A. Choir. The President of Federation, Mr. Stan Cottier, spoke a brief introduction and asked Mr. "Paddy" Pallin to dedicate the memorial. Mr. Pallin offered a brief prayer and unfurled the monument, after which the solemn service concluded with "The Recessional", a short valedictionof Laurence Binyon spoken by Mr. Tom Moppett (President of the Sydney Bush Walkers), and the National Anthem.

Dawn had by now revealed the Dog Ranges descending to Merriganowrie Gorge, the mist-tipped slopes of Gangerang, and the Grand Gorge topped by Kanangra Walls. The simple ceremony in this magnificent setting provided a lasting memory to all those privileged to be present.



on Staring

Whilst walking about the countryside either in the Bush, or by the sea, or in open country, wherever our various walks may take us, we see the larger objects of nature, such as the trees, shrubs, rock formations, mountains and the larger animals and birds. We are interested in them as our fancies take us. But when we pause on our journey for a spell, then come the opportunities to stare.

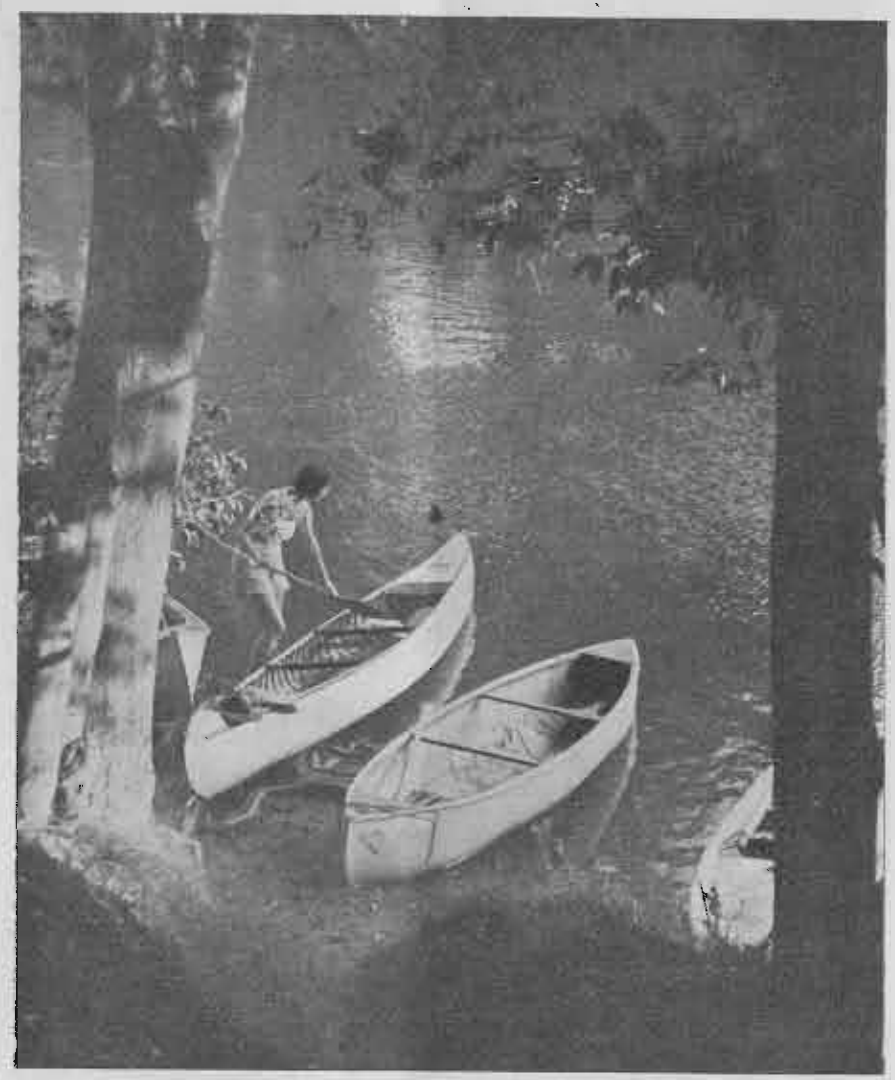
Just stare at the ground, rocks, trees, or bushes close to where you may be resting, and you will no doubt see some small denizen amble or fly into your range of vision, or you will see something strange about a small plant or tree you have never noticed before and which will arouse your curiosity to investigate further. Even whilst stretched out on your back, enjoying the sunshine, staring at the tree tops or sky, a strange bird or unusual cloud formation may happen along.

On every walk I have derived frequent pleasure from sitting and staring. During a walk along the bank of George's River I once selected a sheltered place in the sun away from the cold southerly and unearthed an ant lion. I placed him on some sand and just stared at him whilst he constructed his pit and eventually captured ants that fell into it. Quite a lesson in natural history.

On another occasion I adopted the same attitude and watched an army of large ants who were feeding on crumbs from my repast when they were attacked by smaller ants. Again I have watched dragon flies going through their egg-laying business, the male clasping the female behind the head and hovering over water reeds whilst the eggs were deposited.

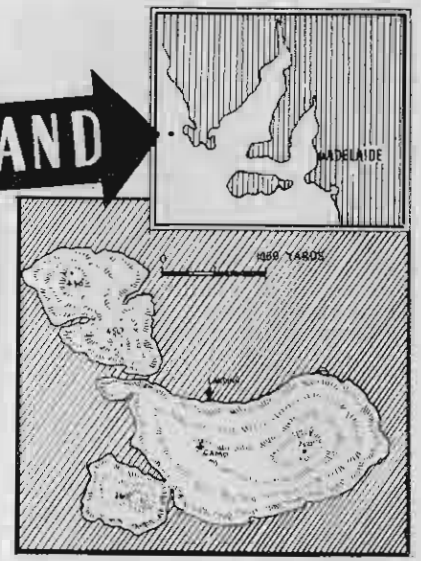
These things I had read about or heard about but simply by staring they had become realities. Try it yourself next time you pause for a five minute rest.

TOM BLACK, Rucksack Club



While Canoeists Lunch—**J. O. Kaske, R.C.C.**

GREENLY ISLAND



By H. A. LINDSAY
(Adelaide Bush Walkers)

On February 16, 1802, Captain Matthew Flinders, R.N., wrote in his Journal " . . . . In the evening the wind veered to the southward and at sunset we passed Point Sir Isaac at a distance of half a mile. Our course was then directed towards two high pieces of land which appeared in the offing and obtained the name of Greenly's Isles."

On December 7, 1947, from the deck of Neil Tapley's cutter, "Wandra", we surveyed the same scene—across a sea as empty as when Flinders sailed it 145 years previously. We were a party of five; four of us—Colin Hutchinson, botanist, Alvin Williams, photographer, Clive Behrndt, biologist and myself as leader—were members of Adelaide Bush Walkers; accompanying us was John Mitchell, of the staff of the South Australian Museum. It was our intention to land where human feet have seldom trodden: the precipitous slopes of Greenly Island, lying some 15 miles to the westward of the southern tip of Eyre Peninsula, South Australia. The trip was undertaken as part of the Club's programme of seeking areas of land which we might be able to persuade the Government to add to the list of sanctuaries. Greenly offered considerable promise in this way for it has been estimated to have been cut off from the mainland for at least 20,000 years. It rises steeply from deep water on all sides and is protected by its isolation and the difficulty of landing on or leaving it except when the weather was exceptionally favourable. We hoped to find that it was uncontaminated by foreign intrusions of plant or animal life. We were not disappointed; our survey showed that it was a "made-to-order" survival area, with the harmless milk thistle as the only foreign item in its flora and fauna.

Ventures such as this had been planned when our Club was formed; two of our members had already taken part in the first recorded crossing of the rugged Gammon Ranges and Greenly was second on the list. We had been commissioned by the Museum to make a comprehensive collection of the island's flora and fauna and by the Royal Geographical Society to prepare an accurate map—tasks which would occupy us for every minute of our projected 10 days' stay.

Gradually the island's features became distinct as the cutter ploughed towards it through the heavy swells of the southern ocean, rolling without a break from the Antarctic continent. Shortly after noon we sailed into a little bay on the northern side, dropped anchor on the only patch of shallow water anywhere near it and scanned the shore for a spot to land. At first we could see nothing save steeply shelving granite rocks on which the surges rose and fell and where seals by the score lay basking in the sun. Then Neil Tapley spotted the granite ledge which is the only practicable landing place and towards it we pulled the heavily-laden dinghy. Two of us fended her off the rock while the rest landed the stores and

gear, then the cutter sailed, leaving us marooned for 10 days if the weather held fair and for heaven only knew how long if it remained stormy. Still, we had stores for a month, a gun and fishing lines to eke them out, a still for condensing sea water in an emergency—and the main thing was that we were there at last. I had been trying to reach Greenly for 20 years but on every previous occasion the weather had had the final say.

The first job was to select a camp site, but everywhere we saw only rocky slopes as steep as the roof of a house. Only on the main backbone ridge, high above, did we see any hope and there we did find a level spot, well sheltered by thickets of she-oak and teatree, and to it we manhandled all our gear, including our precious 32 gallons of water in 4-gallon drums. Four hundred feet of climbing doesn't sound much, but when you carry a 50lb. load on each ascent and your route lies over glassy rocks or loose screes, it is strenuous enough.

In putting the camp 400 feet above sea level we had more things to consider than finding a level spot. We had also to put it out of reach of seals and penguins. Seals are friendly and playful creatures but they are also inquisitive and they will climb to an astonishing distance above the sea in order to find a sheltered spot in which to sleep—we found some of them at over 300 feet. We had camped close to a seal rookery on a previous occasion and we found nothing in the least funny about the state of the camp after a few pup seals had been playing with our gear. As for the little fairy penguins, they too are found up to 500 feet above the water. By day they lie silent in their burrows, but at night they emerge by the hundreds and raise a deafening clamour. We had had one experience of trying to sleep alongside a penguin rookery and we didn't want another.

Collecting occupied us for most of our stay. Stones by the hundred were rolled over in the search for reptile and insect life; every patch of brush or herbage was closely examined for new plants. No corner of the island was neglected; with hands and bare feet feeling for any roughness which would afford a grip, we inched across steep slopes of granite to isolated pockets of soil where there might be some new plant; we

Eagle's Nest on Greenly Island

—A. Williams

scrambled up and down cliffs for the same purpose. At night the work still went on, for then we crawled our spotlights through the mazes of the gnarled and twisted tea-tree trunks in search of the smaller marsupials, or caught moths around the lamp.

Greenly is far from barren. No eucalypts grow there but parts of the higher portions are covered with dense scrubs of she-oak, tea-tree and a giant correa. The cliffs and crags are interspersed with open areas carrying pig-face, saltbush and grasses. Pretty finches flit through the trees, swallows swoop and dart in the clearings, lorrikeets and honey-eaters flash past and high in the sky circle pairs of the rare and graceful sea eagles. Cape Barren geese feed on the lush herbage. There are no snakes but at every step you take, lizards whisk out of sight under the stones. By night wallabies emerge from the scrub to feed and native rats rustle and scamper in the fallen twigs. Seals, both hair and fur, are numerous. The strangest feature of the island is this: to the northwest and south are large land masses almost completely cut off from the main portion by deep crevasses which the wallabies cannot cross, and on these outlying portions the grass and herbage grows luxuriantly. Confined to the central part, the wallabies would soon eat all the fodder on it and then die out, were it not for the fact that these outlying parts act as seed areas from which the prevailing wind blows seeds every year to reseed the central part, thus making the place a unique little self-supporting world.

It was never silent on the island. From the huge seal rookeries came the grunting, yapping, bellowing and coughing of the seals, some of which made weird and wonderful noises. Three in particular earned the names of the Screaming Woman, the Knock-off Whistle and the Watchdog. Cape Barren geese honked all day, creating the illusion that there was a farmyard on that lonely spot, and all through the night the fairy penguins wailed and cried. Day and night the ceaseless wind sang through the she-oaks and always, as an accompaniment, came the rumble and roar of the surf at the foot of the crags. Every evening we were treated to one of nature's masterpieces as the setting sun threw the outline of the twin peaks across the darkening sea in two great purple shadows, divided by a broad fan of rose-pink light where the sunset glow shone through the north-west crevasse.

It was fine during our stay and so we missed the sight of Greenly in stormy weather, though we had a narrow escape from seeing quite a lot of the latter. Owing to low visibility, the cutter was close in before we saw her and so we had no warning to start packing; Neil Tapley sent us scurrying by saying that the barometer was down to 29, a storm was coming and if he didn't get us off in a hurry, he might be forced to leave us for quite a while before it would be fine enough to come out again to pick us up. Under the spur of "Hurry or be left" we performed a job of packing and loading in record time.

We sailed back to the haven of Coffin's Bay with a rising wind kicking up a heavy following sea and brilliant lightning flashing through the gathering clouds. It was well that we got off when we did, for the bad weather lasted for days, the wind rising to gale force at times.

Our stay left with us the type of memories which do not fade. Once again we had lived for a time in one of the wild places of the earth; we had seen a little piece of the original Australia. We can now make an estimate of the results of our work: over one hundred separate species of plants, four of which, in the cautious language of science, "have not yet been identified", a new race of lizards, some insects "which may be new species", an accurate map made of the place, and a whole file of data. The names which we gave to prominent features of the island have been approved; best of all is the fact that our suggestion that the place be declared an inviolate sanctuary has received official approval and now needs only to be passed by Parliament to become law.

When that has been done the main purpose of our trip will be achieved, and this unique little survival area will be preserved for posterity.

Mt. Pelion East, from the Slopes of Ossa—Luke Priddle, S.B.W.

Lunch at Syncarpia—George Dibley, S.B.W.

Round about the HUNTER RANGE

By "SKIP" (S.B.W. & S.U.B.W.)

Some time ago I read in the "Sydney Bushwalker" that two of its earlier pioneers had ventured forth into the Maephersons. Because they did it a long time ago before anybody else had got "tired" of the Blue Mountains, and even the more adventurous hadn't got further north than Barrington, and, as, I say, because it was so long ago, therefore they were the first bushwalkers to have done that thing.

The years have rolled by and bushwalkers have been to Tasmania and to Atherton and not a skerrick of the eastern coast of Australia didn't have a hobnail mark on it somewhere or so it seemed. Pessimism made me broody, and when I brood I brood over maps, and lo and behold what did I see but somewhere I hadn't ever read about or heard about, complete with bits of country around the 4,000 feet mark.

And nobody had been there, either. After inspecting Parish maps, County maps, Military Surveys, Geological maps and Aeronautical Photos and writing to at least half the inhabitants of the 2,500 square miles—which makes about twenty of them — and gathering together some foolhardy types such as only a Bushwalking Club can produce, we got going.

How we got there would receive a disapproving frown from the capitalistic elements, but we left Denman on the Goulburn River one Friday night which we spent in Garrawa Hall. The journey cost 2/- per head and four schooners.

The next morning we roadbashed much to the astonishment of the other half of the population I hadn't written to. This King's Creek was a pretty valley with cows and things and a few lumps of fossilised wood and flat floor and steep sides which we started climbing, after seven miles too far on the road.

The top of the watershed wound around heads of innumerable creeklets and was very rough and very narrow. It rejoiced in a trig. station called Corner Hills which gives a 360° panorama all around the place from Barrington to Monundilla. It was also inscribed "Baerami Horror" after the tribulations that some locals had in its ascent.

Baerami Valley looked lovely from up top, and though we saw a sort of Carlon's down below we were kept out of the valley until nigh on sunset. A request for milk resulted in 2/3 pint of cream per stomach for tea, which actually turned us off cream for quite a while.

The Monundilla I mentioned before is a local highspot, basalt capped like Hay and King George, forty miles from the nearest pub in any direction, and this is what we were heading for. Baerami Creek starts up that way and has a road going up it halfway there, so up the road we went next day.

More milk, tons of advice, a lift in some prehistoric machine, and oh! joy (tempered with thoughts of cream) we were at last being the first since the aborigines to walk over that bit of country. But I doubt if they did it for pleasure. We were told there was no road. As we had noticed its disappearance some five miles back, we were nonplussed.

It is a very pleasant creek, Baerami Creek, very pleasant, and very easy to follow. It has innumerable headwaters, but which one we were on we don't know. In the middle of the afternoon we climbed out of it on to a ridge, and there was Monundilla. Much nearer now but not on this

ridge—which ditched us in some unknown creek for the night.

We shall pass over the next few days in silence in memory of bushwalkers who were bushwalkers. We were lost with only a glimpse of our mountain now and again. Between the nows and agains we were in the creeks. But somehow we stumbled on to the main ridge and stuck there until, much to our astonishment, Monundilla was in front of us, above us. We staggered up to the top a day later than as per schedule.

I shall leave the magnificent view for the next venturers to describe. The other astonishing thing was the prolific jungle growth at this altitude, just like Mt. Wilson. But the pleasant varies directly as the unpleasant and vice versa, and you've guessed it, so help me, having had lawyer vines and nettles yourselves.

On the other side of this four thousand foot "mound" we found a small tent-sized plateau, a little way off from a convenient soak. Wood, water and whatnot blessed our dirty socks but the postulate of direct proportionality which you've just read brought on a westerly gale from sunset to sunrise exclusively.

And so on to the next day which was like all the others except that we covered twice as much ground and only one river. Here we were on the Hunter Range following the route of the old cattle duffers who lifted their pocket money from Putty and took it over Nullo Mt. to Denman.

All went well this day and we followed the range fifteen miles, past the twin basaltic peaks and high sandstone cliffy lump of the three Kekeelbon Mts., getting lost on Mt. Brown further on, until we got to Coricudgy. From the Kekeelbons a cattle pad winds its way to Mt. Coricudgy, but it disappeared here and there gremlin-like and only came to light on narrow saddles where it just couldn't help it.

Around Coricudgy the scenery changed, what with hungry cattle and the effects of bushfires, and timber-getters. I predict a fine flurry of conservationism when the place becomes more popular with bushwalkers, because although at the moment the fine timber on top of these basalt capped mountains is a bit out of the way, timber shortages may eventually lead to heavy inroads on these natural resources.

On the flanks of Coricudgy the track became a road which led out into The Ovens on the head of the Cudgegong River. Max Gentle knows this country and can tell you all about the road there from Kandos. So will I if you want to know, and more, but suffice to say we reached Rylstone two days later, after numerous friendly clashes with very interesting locals, a story unto itself.

So now I feel pessimistic all over again. We've done it; we were the first to go right through on foot, and I'll be going there again.

But I brood again, I brood.

Kekeelbon Mountain—see text

Mt. Warning from Echo Point, Lamington National Park
—George Dibley, S.B.W.

The Scenic Rim

By ARTHUR GROOM

Sixty miles south-east by air from Brisbane, a mountain mass rises from the ocean at Point Danger, and zigzags roughly a little south of west, like the knuckled backbone of a prehistoric serpent. The mass is known as the Macpherson Range. It is cut by very few gaps. Sixty miles inland it joins the Great Dividing Range, and turns north-west, continuing in a chain of jagged blue peaks against the skyline, presenting a bold escarpment to the east, and downward ridges reaching out to the fertile Darling Downs to westward.

An aerial view shows the grand layout like the rim of half a giant wheel with Brisbane as its hub on a radius sixty miles distant; and bitumen highways and railways appear as the uneven spokes heading out towards the rim. The whole area has been christened the Scenic Rim. It contains the wind and rainswept plateau of Springbrook, rising to 3,106 feet, the whole of the Lamington National Park up to its summit of 3,860 feet, the New South Wales State Forests of Mebbin and Wyangerie with summits to 3,800 feet. A mile east of the Interstate Border Tunnel and slightly north-west from the end of the Lamington National Park the Rim drops for about twenty miles to an average height around 2,000 feet, then it jumps over the 4,064 feet dizzy cliffs of Mount Lindsay (named Monnt Hooker by Explorer Alan Cunningham).

From here it swings on to include Mount Ernest, 3,650 feet, Mount Barney (originally Mount Lindsay), 4,447 feet, the outlying Mount Maroon (originally Mount Clan Morris), 3,161 feet, Mount Ballow, 3,800 feet, Mount Clunie, 3,725 feet, Wilson's Peak, 4,043 feet, Mount Superbus, 4,493 feet (the highest summit in Southern Queensland), Mount Roberts, 4,350, Mount Steamer, 4,200 feet, Sentinel Peak, 3,849 feet, Mount Asplenium, 4,214 feet, Mount Huntley, 4,153 feet, Spicer's Peak, 3,850 feet, Mount Mitchell (two peaks), 3,757 feet, Mount Cordeaux, 4,100 feet nearly sixty miles w.s.w. from Brisbane. It rises to the Mount Mistake plateau at 4,000 feet, thus completing a magnificent curve of mountains. Much has been written of these ranges though little is actually known of them.

From Point Danger to the Mount Mistake Plateau, the crest of the rim would measure about 120 miles, including the whole of the Macpherson Range from Point Danger to Wilson's Peak, and some of the Great Dividing Range. Except for a section about fifteen miles inland from Point Danger, the crest of this magnificent mountain chain still remains greatly untouched by man. It is a primitive wilderness on an old volcanic backbone, carrying vast forests of ancient trees and little known river sources right to its crests. Clouds cap and dampen the rain forests sometimes for weeks at a time, and then lift with majestic movement to give flawless visibility. It is then that the lucky man or woman who has scrambled or walked to one of the higher vantage points feels like an ant standing at the archway of a garden, with the sneeding civilization of to-day in strange stillness thousands of feet below. History has played strange tricks with the Scenic Rim. Explorer Alan Cunningham, in 1828, named part of it the Macpherson Range, but when Queen Victoria was counselled to set up the State of Queensland in 1859, the name of Macpherson was switched from the original line of north and south across the mountain mass, to fit the east-west watershed splitting the Coomera, Albert, and Nerang Rivers which flow northward, from the Richmond and Tweed Rivers which flow southward, so that the proposed Interstate Border Line could rise from the sea at Point Danger, and continue high up over a skyline wilderness still unknown to man. Two men, Francis Roberts from Queensland, and Isiah Rowland from New South Wales, set out in 1863 to define the crest. Rowland did not stay long on the job. It took Roberts nearly four years of hard patient work to locate a theoretical Border Line, and peg it down to its practical

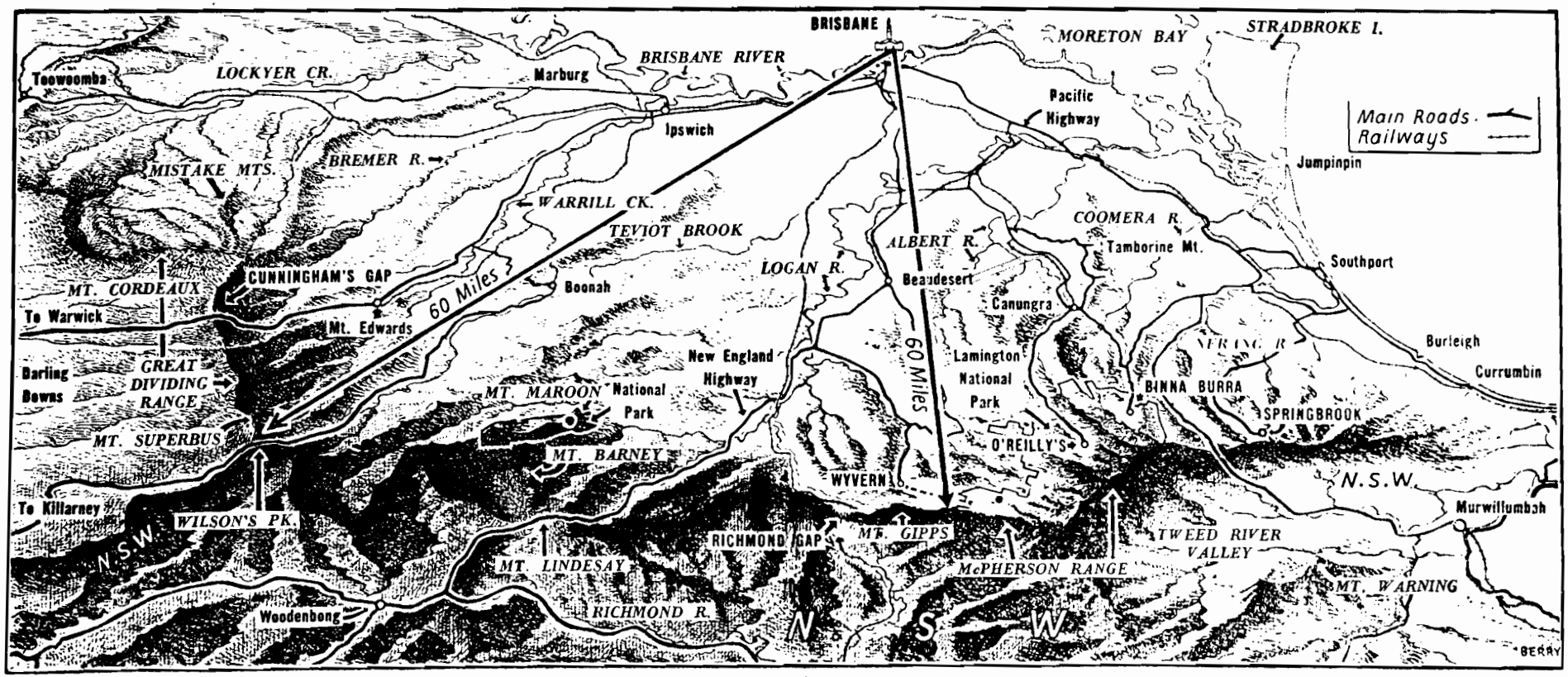
location along that first hundred miles of tortuous zig-zag from Point Danger to Wilson's Peak. His remarkable feat is a forgotten chapter of history and bushcraft. One of his marked trees still stands on the shoulder of Throakban, marked CCCXXX. Roberts and his one or two assistants would set out with heavy packs on a Monday morning and ascend nearly 4,000 feet up any chosen, narrow, jungled razorback, to work until the following Saturday, sometimes in cold sunshine mottled through the tree-pattern, more often in a dripping, bitterly cold fog. Writers have described the razorbacks as "unscaleable walls of rock". They rise in sharp fins from the Tweed Valley, covered with dense tangle of plant life, like steep stairways to the sky. The surveyors' only shelters from cyclone, bitter cold nights, or torrential storms, were small damp caves or rock overhangs.

Shortly after 1901, early pioneers stormed the northern shoulders of Springbrook Plateau from where they could look down into the Pacific Ocean. There they cut down hundreds of acres of thick jungle, burnt it in the summer heat, and grassed the land. They remained almost as a forgotten colony for some years, at the end of an incredible track which wound many miles across cascading streams and up mountain sides at dizzy grades. In one or two spots these settlers reached the Springbrook crest and bared the rich volcanic earth to cyclones and erosion: now a small farming settlement with its several accommodation houses knows the folly of too much bared

summit, and boasts proudly of the nearby Warree National Park which includes most of the lower rain forest of Springbrook spared by the pioneer.

In 1912, the well known O'Reilly family humped their worldly goods up a narrow ridge to 3,100 feet, and settled on Robert's Plateau four or five miles north of the Macpherson crest. They named their hilltop Green Mountains, and thousands of people have stayed there and set out to walk through the forests and ravines above and below. In 1934, a small company of nature lovers took over a block of freehold land known then as Mount Roberts, 2,589 feet above sea level, and bounded on three sides by a precipice. From there a main "rib" extended to Mount Hobwee on the Macpherson crest at 3,860 feet. The Binna-Burra Lodge now stands more than a thousand feet straight above the lovely Numinbah Valley, and graded walking tracks have been cut from earth and rock, leading in many different directions.

Many more attempts might have been made to clear and settle the heights had not two men, Robert Martin Collins and Romeo Watkins Lahey, devoted many years to a strenuous campaign to set aside in perpetuity much of the seemingly endless dark green forest, resulting in the gazettal of the Lamington National Park of 47,000 acres in 1915 (now 48,100 acres). To the average city dweller, it is perhaps enough, for it contains a wealth of natural scenery far beyond his capacity to understand. To the nature lover who knows the sacrilege of "a crowding of the wilderness", and to those who



The Scenic Rim —Courtesy Courier Mail

would walk in meditation and scramble further afield, the Lamington National Park is not all. It is not even the promise of enough.

There is a strong movement on foot to bring the whole of the Scenic Rim area into one large National Park, making it by far the greatest area of primitive mountain wilderness within the Commonwealth; large enough to permit reasonable accommodation facilities while also allowing much of the area to remain untouched. It is not merely a State matter. The future of the unique mountain chain is far too important to be classified merely as "belonging to Brisbane". It belongs to the people of Australia in all the aspects of public heritage, education, recreation, and silent meditation.

The comparatively few people who have spent a lifetime exploring, scrambling, walking, climbing the rim from end to end, without even yet knowing the whole area, all seem to agree that the complete mountain chain should be set aside as one great National Park, with access roads only to the fringe of it, and moderate accommodation centres only on the suitable "shoulders" where buildings may be placed in complete harmony with the natural surroundings. Within this scope there is ample room for a chain of seven or eight main accommodation centres, approximately 20 to 30 miles apart. Each centre would be connected by graded walking tracks through the wilderness areas, and where distance necessitated a stop-over camp, small bush huts would be placed at convenient intervals. To walk the Scenic Rim from end to end would take a good walker at least three weeks by graded track. Even then he would by-pass large areas of untouched wilderness into which tracks might never be built.

It would seem that future policy and events are shaping slowly towards this goal. Considerable public interest and agitation is being directed towards more National Parks along the Rim, slowly closing the gap, with the ultimate goal of complete reservation.

By LES BISHOP (Rover Ramblers)

Accidents rarely happen in bush-walking. In fact this was the first our Club had had for a period of more than twelve years of walking, in all conditions and types of country.

At half past one the all-male party of fifteen left the train at Blackheath and grouped themselves about the two coaches which were to take them to Kanangra Walls. As the cars passed through Hartley and Lowther, the drone of their engines had a dulling effect and talking died to short static remarks as the members of the party stole short naps.

Our trip was to follow Middle Christy's Creek down to the Kowmung River, then up Church Creek into Yerranderie. This first day was to be a hard one.

At five, in the first grey light of dawn the party tumbled out, collected rucksacks and moved down beside the shelter of the old clay ruins near Kanangra, there to huddle about two fires which willing hands soon had blazing merrily.

Breakfast over, the party moved like so many cattle across the road taking a direction slightly west of south so as to come out on the ridge overlooking Middle Christy's in Myles Chasm. Exclamations of delight and anticipation broke out on our first sight of the creek which we were to follow as much as possible down to the Kowmung.

Twenty minutes walking brought us to a two-hundred-foot falls which started in a shallow basin of granite on the edge of the cliff, then tumbled down into a large rock basin below. The party paused here, taking in the view and dropping stones over, timing them to estimate the distance to the bottom, while others looked for a way down.

It was decided to move to the left and attempt a descent down a very steep gully which could be called a fault in the forbidding rock walls. This descent was made possible by the shrubs and ferns that had sprung up in the black soil that for ages had been washed into the rift.

Once again on the creek we found ourselves in a rocky amphitheatre formed by sheer walls that rose as high as the level we had just left.

The next fall was different altogether from the one just left and caused the party to divide. The creek narrowed down through a rock funnel and dropped some fifteen feet into a deep pool twenty feet wide. To keep to the creek it would have been necessary to take to the icy cold water of the pool, so the alternative was taken by climbing up the ridge and around.

Half the party preferred the left ridge and the rest the right side. The party on the left side arrived back at the creek, and were met by some of the party from the right hand side. The looks on their faces told us that something had happened!

The story was told as quickly as possible as we moved down to rejoin the rest. Bill, in his descent to the creek, had dislodged a large boulder which had struck him a glancing blow on the head and knocked him farther down the steep slope. The boulder followed him down, passing across his right knee. He had dazedly completed the down run to the creek where he was made comfortable with numerous sleeping bags and treated for shock.

The wound was ugly—a deep semi-circular gash starting at the top of the kneecap and running around the outside of the knee to a point on the centre of the shin bone. Water was

boiled and the knee washed with a solution of Condy's crystals. The wound was then drawn together with sticking plaster and a crepe bandage applied. The next move was to have a quick lunch and get Bill back to the Kanangra Walls road and attempt to get transport at least to the Caves House — the nearest habitation — twenty miles away.

After lunch Bill tested his foot and as the knee had stiffened he found it impossible to place it on the ground. He was now a stretcher case and we had a race against the light to carry him back four miles and up approximately one thousand feet.

The stretcher was made of two young saplings, twelve feet long, with a blanket doubled over and sewn up. As the blanket had been brought along in that state it was necessary only for us to thread the shaft through and lash on the cross pieces, throw on a couple of sleeping bags and again we were ready.

Four took up the stretcher, five others carried two rucksacks each, while the rest beat a four-foot track east up on to the ridge between Mounts Colboyd and Bungin. Changes of positions became more frequent as the climb continued, and a welcome rest was had on the crest of the ridge with the knowledge that about eight hundred feet of the climb had been completed.

The tortuous five-hour trip is a long story, but monotonous. First the stretcher was held head high over large boulders, then at ankle height whilst going up a gulley. We had a model patient on our hands, for in all the trip he did not murmur or groan once, and of all the party he had the most trying trip—the signs of which were apparent when we reached the road.

A couple of the party had hurried on and with sheer good luck had intercepted a car of sightseers, who were only too ready to help.

Bill was made comfortable in the back seat and Herb went to accompany him on his trip home. First he was taken to the Lithgow Hospital, where he was given a stimulant and had nine stitches inserted in the wound.

As the car disappeared a weary party dragged itself back to the clay ruins to make camp just on dark. The next two days were spent in following Hughes' Ridge down to the Kowmung River, then up Denis Range and along Scott's Main into Yerranderie, leaving Middle Christy's Creek for another programme.

Limestone Caves of N.S.W.

Well Known Caves (Extensive): Jenolan, Yarrangobilly, Wombeyan, Wellington, Abercrombie, Bendethera, Bungonia, Jerrara or Colong, Tuglow.

Lesser Known and Extensive Caves:

1. Arranarrang—Mongala Creek, tributary of the Tumut River.
2. Belubula—10 miles N.E. of Canowindra.
3. Boree Caves—Between Molong and Cudal.
4. Big Hole—South of Braidwood.
5. Cooleman—Cooleman Creek, tributary of Goodradigee River.
6. Goodravale—Goodradigbee River.
7. Narrangullan — Murrumbidgee River.
8. Cave Flat Caves—Junction of the Murrumbidgee and Goodradigbee Rivers.
9. Isis River Caves—near Crawney.
10. Kybean—20 miles S.E. of Cooma.
11. Stuart Town Caves.
12. Rosebrook—Near Cooma.
13. Wyanbene—25 miles south of Braidwood.
14. Yessabah—near Kempsey.

Caves are also reported at (a) Alum Creek, near Bredbo; (b) 4 miles S.S.E. of Cudgegong; and (c) some 6 or 7 miles from O'Connell in the Bathurst District.

Detailed plans and descriptions for all the above caves may be inspected at the Mitchell Library (Trickett's Report on the Limestone Caves of New South Wales).

Grateful acknowledgement is made to the Mitchell Library for use of the above information.

P. BEAVER (R.R.C.)

The People one Meets

By MARIE WALSH (Yannuga Bush Walkers)

One of the most pleasurable of bushwalking experiences is the friendliness and hospitality of the people one meets.

The climax of one of our trips was when we were all silently wishing we could lie down and die; only there was nowhere to lie down; and when the nettles and lawyer vine and 60° slope finally gave out there was the thorn forest and closely growing saplings. We reached the road speechless with fatigue, hot and thirsty beyond description. Arthur and I volunteered to go along to a farm for some water. There we were greeted by a charming lass who handed us glasses and took us to the canvas bag hanging ou the verandah. When I had finished my third glassful and was filling our bucket, our hostess, Robin, said, "The kettle's boiling. You had better have some tea now." We explained that there were other distressed persons languishing by the roadside, and we were promptly sent to fetch them. The party was then introduced to the rest of the family and settled down to a picnic on the side lawn. An unlimited supply of fresh milk, tomatoes and cucumbers was placed at our disposal. "Oh, what a feast, what a wondrous night."

Robin and her brother had intended to ride in to a dance that night iu the town uear which we were going to camp, but they decided to drive the truck in so that we could all go together. We were all invited to the dance and were assured that we looked respectable enough to he accepted by local society. And, helieve me, the more energetic of the party did go to the dance, hut confessed next moruing that bushwalking footwear proved unsuitable for dancing. so they danced in their socks.

We had another pleasant experience down near the Wingecarribee. Our way led through a farm and as we were looking for a place to ford the stream a voice hailed us and directed us to the crossing. As we scrambled up the bank we were asked where we had come from.

"Mittagong, via Joadja," we replied.

"Oh, come up and have a cup of tea and tell us about it," said our hostess. While tea was being prepared, most of the party were taken by our host aud the house guests to inspect the farm which was most up-to-date and interesting. They returned to find the living room table loaded with large slabs of chocolate cake, fruit cake and plain cake, while Mrs. Johnson and I were deep in discussion of the history of the district, surrounded by maps and journals of the Royal Historical Society.

We have found a host of good people during our walking. At Hornsby is a bus driver who greets us with, "Oh, the people with the map again!" And he shows us where there is a good hole for swimming or where the wildflowers are to be seen. At Milton is our friend, the police sergeant, with whom I had been in correspondence. He popped out of the pictures to yarn for an hour about the hills to the west which he had explored in the course of business and pleasure; and then he directed us to a jolly friend of his who stored a hundredweight of our supplies for a week and offered help on any future trips we might be making iu the district.

These chance acquaintances probably do not realise how happy we are to have met them and we do not forget. Around remote camp fires dotted down the rest of our lives we will rest after a hard day's walk and —"Remember the people we met . . ."

The Acropolis, Lake St. Clair Reserve—E. Stephens, Y.H.A.C.C.

Our Attitude Towards Nature

By MARIE B. BYLES

Some time ago there was a controversy among bushwalkers as to what we meant by a "primitive area". I don't wish to revive the controversy, nor to assert that one definition was better than the other. But the controversy brought out two divergent attitudes towards nature—the first that the reason for conserving wild life was that mankind might enjoy it—the second that wild life had rights of its own and should be allowed to live happily whether any human being saw it or not.

That nature has rights of its own is the point I wish to make.

In modern times man has assumed that nature existed only for his use. This attitude has meant that if he saw a bird eating his fruit he destroyed it. If it seemed to his profit he overstocked his pastures, and cut down his trees, and having exhausted the profitableness of this particular area he passed on to exploit the next.

The result of this attitude is seen in huge tracts of fertile land turned into desert, hardly an area of fertile land (except perhaps on parts of the North Coast) where there is not soil erosion to a greater or lesser extent, only a small decimal point percentage of our timber coming from forests where the trees are re-grown, silting up of rivers and dams, destruction of forests by bush fires (lighted to provide young grass shoots), and so on and so forth.

These facts are known to everybody. But what is not realized is that until our attitude towards nature basically alters, we shall continue to do these criminally foolish things, and we shall, moreover, do them on an increasingly larger scale the more potent becomes the energy—atomic or otherwise—we are able to employ. In the past, civilizations often "dried up realms to deserts", but only on small pin-points of land. Nowadays the destruction is world wide.

Among primitive people, and civilizations, such as the Chinese, which have survived a long time, nature was regarded as inhabited by spirits, and it was at the risk of vengeance from those spirits that man destroyed it wantonly. This belief hides a basic truth. Nature is alive, just as is man, and an appalling nemesis awaits us because we have treated it as a dead inanimate thing to be exploited for our profit.

For the farmer the problem is how to co-operate with nature by giving back to it equal to what he takes from it, and how to destroy as little as possible. His attitude should be, not "Does that bird eat my fruit?" but, "if that bird eats my fruit, does it eat injurious insects also? And even if it does not, are there other ways of protecting my fruit than by killing that bird?" Only when he is absolutely satisfied that it is his life or the bird's is he justified in destroying it.

For bushwalkers the problem is easier than for the farmer. But even for us some destruction is inevitable, and our job is to reduce that destruction to the minimum, and try and make up for it in other ways. If we light a small camp fire, we destroy the grass; if we tramp through the bush we tread down the little flowers. But if we have lands set aside as primitive areas, perhaps we have compensated nature for these things. Further, with a little thought we can reduce our destructiveness. The best way of learning how to do this is to regard nature as a living being we love deeply and wish to know about, so much so that sometimes we like to stop and look at things, instead of rushing as quickly as possible through the bush.

If we do this, we shall soon see for ourselves that nature is a living being, which responds to our love and interest, just like human beings, and that we get more from it by co-operation than by exploitation, again, just as from human beings. And then we shan't out of sheer wantonness kill anything. This may seem going to extremes, but it is the natural result of a changed attitude to nature, and without a changed attitude, we cannot stop the rape of the earth, which is more dangerous to man's future than the atom bomb.

The Next Objective, Mt. Feathertop—Murray Shepherd

Some Notes on Kanangra Walls

By P. BEAVER (R.R.C.)

We have all been to Kanangra Walls at some time of our walking careers and here are some interesting points concerning that strange and wonderful place.

In all official reports it is called the Kowmung Walls and it was not until recently (comparatively speaking) called Kanangra. Even this is a misnomer, for it is a corruption of Kanangaroo, as it was once called, being at the head of the Kanangaroo River.

About 1890 Mr. C. Whalan was appointed caretaker and guide of the Walls, and at his own expense and time, cut a buggy track along the same ridge where the tourist road now runs. He was also the first person to call attention to the glorious scenery.

The Trig. Station at Kanangra was known as Paddy's Castle and the spires as the Three Brothers. Has anyone in recent years seen the aboriginal chalk drawings that appear under a rock shelf at the base of the precipitous wall edging the south-east corner of the Kowmung? The drawings number about a dozen all told and vary in size from six inches to six feet—fantastic designs of the human figure. An aboriginal tomahawk and spear were found close to these drawings.

In 1889 Surveyor Leigh recommended the building of a road to the Walls—to open up country suitable for selectors.

Leigh also reported that Cedar timber was plentiful in the nearby gullies and that the timber-getters were sending it to market by means of the Cox's River, but, as the timber could only be carried down the creeks when they were in flood (approximately every ten months) this method was unsatisfactory.

The mud hut at Kanangra was constructed by an ambitious pioneer who had ideas about establishing a guest house there. The building was never finished owing to a shortage of roof thatching materials.

Grateful acknowledgement is made to the Mitchell Library from whence the above information was obtained.

Summit Won! Mt. King George—Norm Hunt, S.T.C.B.W.

Old Man From the Fiery Range

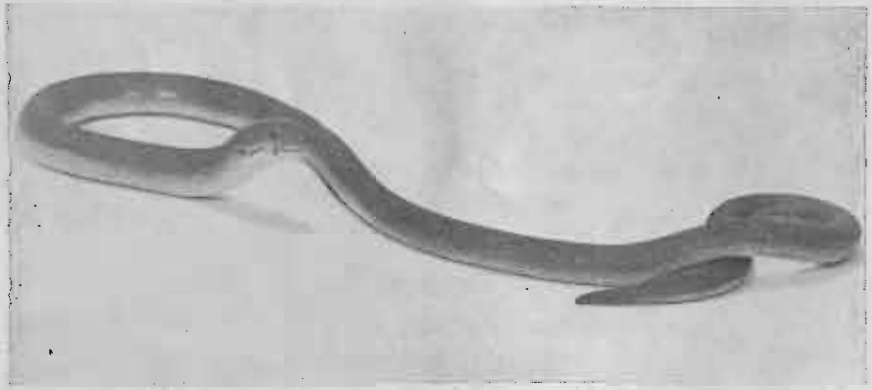
By A. FRIED (R.C.S.)

Our small party was plodding along the stock route to Brindabella. Suddenly we beheld an old chappie wildly gesticulating from the tree line, where we could now discover a canvas-topped cart. Having been out in lonely bush country for well over a week, we did not mind a little change. He pleaded with us to follow him to a place where he had a uranium mine. While he packed his camping gear he told us about the mysteries of "His Range". He showed us, near the camp site, a spring which was always warm, even on bitterly cold winter days. I dipped my hand in, unnoticed; the water was stone cold.

Meanwhile the gear was packed and we started together, our guide perched high on his cart and chatting happily with his good horse, his dog, and five bushwalkers, in turn. The day was perfect. The clear, spicy mountain air unveiled endless wooded ridges framing the green rolling country of "Long Plain". Thick clusters of white snow daisies formed a pleasant carpet. We good naturedly listened to the endless flow of words from our guide.

The uranium mine did not disappoint us. It gave us all we expect when we go out into the bush: distant views of dark mountain ranges, silhouetted through the snow gums, and a thick mat of purple flowers which was to be our bed at night. In the dark we could hear a lonely man scratching his fiddle as he dreamed happily of uranium mines and mysterious mountain springs.

THE COMMON LEGLESS LIZARD (PYGOPUS LEPIDOPUS)



Pygopus lepidopus, the common Legless Lizard is completely harmless, but on account of its somewhat snakelike appearance, is usually killed on sight. The tail is quite unlike that of any snake and the last inch is darker than the fawn to tan coloured body. The habit of curling the tail as shown in the photograph is very characteristic. figure eights and even lovers' knots being also commonly formed.

The two scale covered vestigial hind legs are slightly on the underside of the body, level with the anus. The tail commences just behind this point and is about two-thirds the total length. The head is not a bit like that of a snake (more like a tortoise's) the eyes have lids of small scales (snakes have no lids) and the comparatively large, flat and thick tongue is only slightly divided at the end. It is quite amusing to see one of these little fellows chewing up a small house fly and then licking its "chops" with this broad fleshy tongue.

Finally the external ear which is apparent in the illustration is, of course, absent in the snakes. This specimen was about fourteen inches long.

The range of this lizard is quite considerable and it is common up and

A Balanced Meal—David Stead, S.B.W.

down the coast where it occurs amongst the sandstone flora. This specimen was captured about five feet from the ground in the upper branches of a Banksia in flower where it was probably eating the small insects attracted by the large orange bottle brushes. This habit of living on the inside of thick bushes, such as the Banksias, might easily account for the fact that they are so seldom seen by bushwalkers.

Mysterious Hinchinbrook

By A. L. WYBORN (S.B.W.)

We were looking for a tropical island—with a difference. Ours was not to be a coral island, but a mountainous one; a mainland island. Studying the coastline of North Queensland, Alice and I decided upon the biggest — Hinchinbrook. Here, running parallel to the coast, was 100,000 acres of tropical jungle, twenty-five miles long by seven wide, without a single inhabitant; the second largest National Park in Queensland. Situated between Ingham and Cardwell, and separated from the mainland by the scenic Hinchinbrook Channel, which varies in width from three miles to one half mile, it is seldom visited, but tales of crocodiles, and thirty-foot pythons did not deter us. For what could be more intriguing to a bushwalker than an island with peaks up to 3,600 feet, and with scenery said to equal that of any water passage in the world?

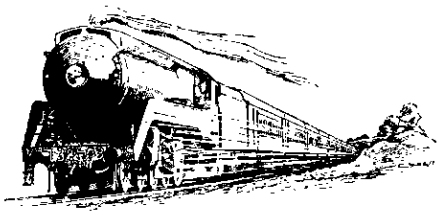
Thus we eventually joined at Tully a mixed goods train known as the "Midnight Horror", and arrived at Ingham in the very early morning. There we were met by Mr. Davids with a big lorry, and transported to his home in cosmopolitan Halifax on the Herbert River, the centre of a rich sugar growing area. On the way from here to Dungeness we could see, over the tall sugarcanes, the southern peaks of Hinchinbrook, black against the early sun, while silvered clouds hung serenely in the sky. High up on the sides of Mt. Straloch a waterfall gleamed, while crowning Mt. Diamantina was a prominent square boulder of huge proportions, known locally as the Devil's Ice Box. It was high on this latter peak that an American bomber crashed during the war. Shortly after the disappearance of the plane, an aboriginal canecutter reported seeing something on the mountain, but only a further report after a year had elapsed led to the solving of the grim secret.

About half way to Dungeness we passed a sugar cane locomotive hauling a heavy load from the fields to Ingham mill. Everywhere one was reminded that this is the sugar kingdom. At Lucinda Point there was a sugar boat, the Bundaleer, taking on 3,000 tons of raw sugar before proceeding north through the Hinchinbrook Channel.

Dungeness is a narrow strip of land along the mouth of the Herbert River, flanked by mangroves and used as an anchorage for a few launches, which seemed to be painted into the scenery, it was so calm. Transferring to one of the launches, we followed the sweeping curve of the river to enter the Hinchinbrook Channel. A mile away lay the southern tip of Hinchinbrook Island, a delightful spot known as Picnic Beach. It was our intention to camp here first, but lack of fresh water forced a change in plans, the season being exceptionally dry.

Four miles to the north-east we could see the easily recognised Hillock Point, the most easterly part of the island, where strong south-easterly winds constantly blow at this time of the year, August, but our course lay to the west and then north through the sheltered Channel. Passing the Seymour River on the left, we turned Reis Point on the right, and came in sight of the rounded Haycock Island in the centre of the Channel. This island is only 600 feet in diameter, and yet is 150 feet high, and was several times planted out with different coloured bougainvillea, until the fires of careless people destroyed what must have appeared a glorious sight. Now this tiny isle is a haven for bird life, and as we chugged past, hundreds of spoonbills and white ibis rose into the air.

Proceeding up the passage, the scenery on both sides was excellent. Behind the mangrove lined shore of Hinchinbrook, the dense jungle climbed the mountain range, which runs like a backbone down the middle of the island, until the slopes became too steep for vegetation, and the rocky ramparts, over 3,000 feet high, looked down aloof and austere. Here and there along the Channel a tiny inlet beckoned, only to end in a steep watercourse. When Mr. Davids asked us if we should like to do a little



The Landscape from the Train

Robert Louis Stevenson was an enthusiastic walker as well as being an accomplished writer. It is no wonder, therefore, that he wrote a delightful essay entitled "Walking Tours"—an essay that every bushwalker should read.

In that essay he said: "It must not be imagined that a walking tour, as some would have us fancy, is merely a better or worse way of seeing the country. There are many ways of seeing landscape quite as good; and none more vivid, in spite of canting dilettantes, than from a railway train."

It is true that there are no more vivid ways of seeing landscape than from a railway carriage window. But Robert Louis Stevenson, when he made his series of visits to Sydney in the 1890's, did not have the opportunities that we have now of seeing New South Wales by train. Since then, for example, the "daylight" expresses have been introduced to operate as far as Nowra, Albury, Forbes, Dubbo, Armidale and Kempsey. In addition, the train traveller to-day can view the glorious scenery in the vicinity of Hawkesbury River from a comfortable seat in an air-conditioned Newcastle Express.

S. R. Nicholas,
Secretary for Railways

fishing, we were wondering where the bait was to come from, but soon found out. Small fish for bait were taken in a drag net skilfully cast from the back of the dinghy. As the round net, about seven feet in diameter, fell on the surface of the water, small lead weights around the edge carried the net down, and a slip rope manipulated from the boat pulled the net into the shape of a trap and was dragged to the boat. The first cast netted not only bait, but a one pound barramundi or great perch.

At 2 p.m. we arrived at our Hinchinbrook camp spot on a tiny creek between Leafe Peak and Wilkin Hill, the landing being made through a narrow gap in the mangroves. This was the only place where fresh water could be guaranteed, and thus had to be our base camp. Even then the water was only in two pools a few feet wide.

It was with mixed feelings that we watched the launch depart as we cooked a fish lunch; a six-foot dinghy our only link with civilisation for the next four days. However our attention was immediately given to meeting some of the island's inhabitants—sandflies and mosquitoes, which attacked in hordes from the mangroves. No exposed area of skin was immune, and we were forced to dress from head to foot—indeed a strange sight in the tropics. At sundown the sandflies unexpectedly departed and we defied the mosquitoes from behind our net tent.

The camp site was very interesting. Many years ago a tribe of alleged cannibal blacks used the site as a feasting ground, the shells from the plentiful oysters being thrown into one huge mound. It was so strange being on the actual spot where this ceremony was performed in the dim past. In recent years an enterprising man named Neims set up a lime kiln here, and demolished portion of the mound during his stay. We found relics in the shape of rusted rails, a silver candlestick, a grindstone and odds and ends. He had also planted mangoes, paw-paws and the pandanus or breadfruit, all of which were thriving. A difficulty arose as to where we could pitch the tent, for all around us was thick jungle. The solution suggested itself—on top of the elevated mound of oyster shells, which was about twenty feet square, eight feet high and quite level. A few dead leaves took away the sharpness of the shells, what an unusual bed we had! During the night we could hear the crocodiles in the mangroves only a few feet away; the large ones roar while the smaller ones make a barking noise. Across the jungle floor scampered lizards and paddymelon wallabies, making quite a din on the crackling leaves, and causing a few alarms to the sleepers.

Early next morning we heard the throb of large engines breaking the stillness, and through the jungle we could see the Bundaleer, a majestic sight as it glided north up the Channel, taking advantage of the full tide. It was au eerie feeling to see her in such a narrow place, only a few yards away, and without a sign of anyone on board. Little did they know that hidden eyes were watching from the jungle of Hinchinbrook Island. The only other sounds we heard from civilised sources were rifle shots from straight across the Channel, as someone in a launch dodged in and out the mangrove islets shooting crocodiles.

Climbing Wilkin Hill later we stood transfixed at the splendour of the scenery. We looked up the Channel as far as Cardwell, and down past Lucinda Point. Running north through the maze of mangrove islands in the narrows was the Boat Passage, parallel to the main Hinchinbrook Channel. A few miles in from the mainland shore rose the Cardwell Range, with Mt. Westminster Abbey plainly discernible at 3,000 feet. On the island side flat mangrove country interspersed with twisting creeks, lay right up to the base of the towering Hinchinbrook Range. This range is about twenty-four miles long and it is the most remarkable feature of the island. The northern end starts off at about 2,000 feet with Mt. Pitt and Mt. Burnett, rising to Mt. Bowen at 3,650 feet, the highest point, about half way down the island. The wide portion of the range is at the southern end, one huge mass of rock cliffs dominated by Mt. Diamantina and Mt. Straloch, and being very difficult to climb at any point.

Apart from rambling through the jungle we spent many happy hours in the dinghy. It was a real cockleshell, about six feet by four, and leaked like a sieve, thus requiring regular bailing. However it was quite suitable for exploring and fishing, and at least there were no sandflies on the water. We went round Wilkin Hill to the north into Deluge Inlet, and up Boyd Creek until stopped by shallow sand banks. At low tides countless oysters were exposed all along the shore, and at first we gave them attention to such an extent, that later we did not even notice them. The fishing was quite good in the passage, and we anchored in the best spots to save rowing against the tide. There were barramundi, grunter, butter cod, and the fingerprint or moses perch, the latter a delicate pink with a characteristic black mark near the tail. Needless to say the fresh fish were quite a welcome addition to the menu.

No animals were encountered on the island in daylight, but a large variety of birds were always about us, to leaven with their song the otherwise complete quiet. When walking in open grassy places we carried sticks, and were constantly on the watch for the dreaded taipan or great brown snake, which always attacks when met. Several fatalities have occurred close by near Ingham from this snake, which is very ferocious and the second largest venomous snake in the world, but happily we did not see any.

Another excursion was to the top of Leafe Peak, whose steep sides were clothed in a type of pine tree, and the top was a mass of grass trees about three feet high, so close that one had to walk on top of them. From here another glorious panorama stretched out, similar to that from Wilkin Hill but on a grander scale. We could see the launch coming up the Channel to us, while the camera winked at all directions of the compass.

Back at camp Mr. Davids and a small Italian boy, Irmo, were catching bait from the dinghy while we packed our rucsacs. The cruise back down the Channel was a leisurely one in bright sunlight, trying various fishing places with good results. Mr. Davids gave us much interesting information about the Hinchinbrook area, amongst which was the proposal to set up a resort for public recreation on Missionary Bay at the north end of the island. Here there is protection from the strong south-east winds and the sandflies, and wonderful fishing facilities are offered, with trips out to the Barrier Reef.

The brisk winds were brought to our minds as we approached the southern end of the Channel just on dark, and ran into quite choppy seas, which we left soon after for the shelter of the Seaforth Channel. Passing Mistake Creek in pitch darkness we took a short cut to the Herbert River, being amazed on the way by the brilliance of fireflies like lanterns in the forty-feet high mangroves. The trip ended just below Halifax, with Hinchinbrook just a memory behind us in the darkness.

Annual Reunion — 1948

Federation's 9th Annual Camp was held over the week-end, 18-19 September, 1948, at Python Gully, Heathcote Creek, and was attended by 245 walkers and their friends. Notwithstanding Jupiter Pluvius manifesting his usual interest during the camp-fire, this feature went with even more than its usual swing under the firm of Pallin and Ricketts. The pleasing number of items rendered by various individuals and clubs contributed materially to success and after supper a slowly dwindling group of diehards carried on till near dawn.

Sunday was given over to an athletic and swimming programme which was voted a great success by both participants and spectators. The whole show was arranged by a committee under Jack Wren of S.B.W. to whom Federation offers congratulations and thanks for a fine effort.

Search and Rescue

This section has been busy as usual this year in its two main capacities, propaganda and practice. Although the section has actually proceeded on two full searches it is considered a more important aspect to spread a knowledge of its basic safety rules throughout the whole walking movement, both within and without Federation.

Shortly prior to Anzac Day weekend this year, a call was received from the Police Department for assistance in the search for a non-walker missing in the Mittagong district and we were happy to be able to send a party. Police transport was provided from Sydney and although the lost person was not traced, valuable experience was gained, particularly in co-operation with the Police Force. Another search turned out in strength when a young lady became separated from her party between the Kanangra Main and the Middle Kowmung. Several parties were well beyond recall when news was received of this walker's whereabouts.

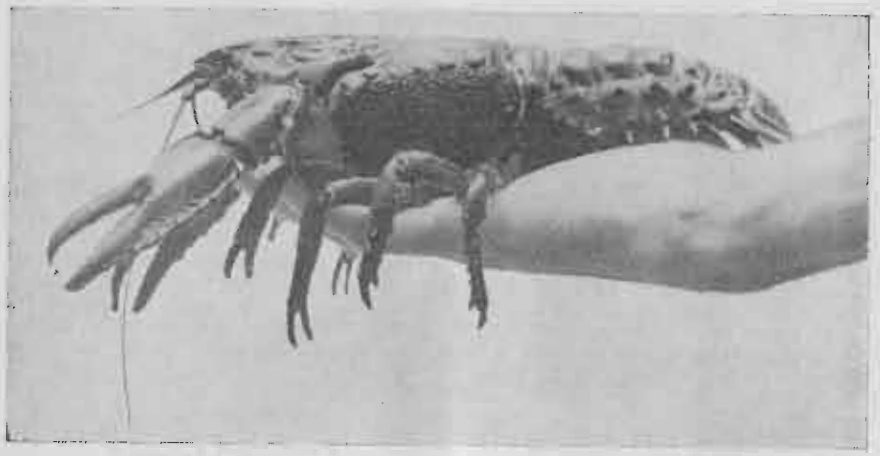
These searches, and others which have been ready to leave Sydney, usually provide valuable food for thought. Whether the term be "lost", "delayed" or "overdue", the reason is often well in existence before the party sets out and one of our main aims must be to eradicate these hazards by persuading all walkers to make thorough mental and physical preparation before setting out.

Our old friend, the Grose River, provides many a lesson. The Tourist Map shows a deceptive dotted line along the river all the way from Bluegum. So, the uninitiated say, "This looks like a nice easy trip." It may have been just such a party which was overdue on this river last June. An Englishman, new to the country, and a middle-aged friend, decided to "do" this walk. Apparently they made few enquiries and did not leave details of their route with anyone. But there had been heavy rain before their trip, the Grose was up and high sidling was necessary, delaying the party. Enquiry of the Federation's Honorary Information Officer would have told them of almost certain difficulties and probably advised a more suitable walk for such weather.

The girl "missing" near Kanangra was one of a party of three. The party separated to seek a blazed trail. The girl, skirting tussocks, twice veered from her line of route. The other two joined, stopped to take a compass reading and missed their partner who was not seen again for three days. Parties should not separate in rough country but if forced by circumstances to do so, should make full and careful arrangements to meet in a given period.

Another party, from an affiliated club, either overestimated its ability or underestimated rough country. They arrived at their railhead at midday on a Monday, but did not consider it necessary to 'phone or telegraph their homes. In the meantime, their parents, unaware apparently of S. & R. facilities, had rung the police instead of ringing either Mr. F. A. Pallin at BX 3595 or the Honorary Secretary at Ryde 313, in which case the normal hazards of the trip could have been explained and momentary anxieties perhaps allayed.

Search and Rescue rules are simple, and all walkers owe it to themselves and to the movement to know them so well that they are obeyed automatically. To become "lost" involves your chosen recreation in adverse and sensational press publicity, your friends in loss of time and money for wages and fares, and already overworked police in considerable additional duties. And by no means least, we are always indebted to local bushmen who readily give their time and knowledge.



MURRUMBIDGEE CRAYFISH (ASTACOPSIS SPINIFERA)

The Murrumbidgee Crayfish or Sydney Crayfish or Murray Lobster (ASTACOPSIS SPINIFERA). This specimen was about eleven inches long. The first three pairs of legs have pincers at the end, the first pair very formidable. In the creeks around Sydney the colouring is dark green with blue and red markings. In the streams on the upper Blue Mountains and on the Great Dividing Range, a bright red. They grow to over eighteen inches in length. The Yabbie is smaller but similar in colouring and distribution, occurring over most of Australia but is generally smoother on the body and legs and not spinous as in the above specimen.

D.S. (S.B.W.)

By RAY KIRKBY (Sydney Bush Walkers)

Do you wish to be booked together with your parrot to Kilimanjaro via King's Cross? Or do you wish to know how to do the cheapest submarine trip up the Yangtze Kiang? If so, I am your man. I am wonderful and I admit it myself. Of course I had to learn by hard experience but I may as well cash in on it and, years to come, as I drive past in my magnificent limousine from the palatial offices of "Dulbolla Travellers' Aids" to my princely mansion, "Dulbolla", set in the broad aeres of "Dulbolla Park", I see you cowering in the gutter with your dirty rucksack and saying, "He made his money out of us."

Any simpleton can go to the Railway and ask, "Is there or is there not a train running?" We have so much practice at that kind of question that we all are quite proficient. But how many are ahle, when required, to tell the Railways where to get off—at least, that is, of course where you want to get off—or rather where to get off if they will not let you off where you want to get off.

However, actions speak louder than words, let us to a concrete example.

To commence a Queensland trip I considered it advisable to alight from the Brisbane Express at Dulbolla. Dulbolla is a siding about 60 miles from Brisbane having quite three houses and no platform. The N.S.W. Railway Guide does not mention the place, so resort had to made to "Enquiries". Here came my first triumph. You know how the clerk, if asked the time of the train to Sulphanilamido, rattles it off without reference to index or page? This time he had to make a few enquiries from me before he could proceed!!! Then he seized a Queensland Guide and, like a huntsman getting the fox, his eyes gleamed as he actually saw the name "Dulbolla" in print for the first time. Like the Sun surrounded by its planets, like a lovely princess with lesser ladies clustered to her, like flies around a piece of bread and jam, Dulbolla was hemmed in by a symbolism which would have inspired Pitman. There were all represented—K.f.p., see page 68, %, and, yes, there it is, "! ! !" which means "Stops on Tnes., Thurs. and Sat. if required." And we should be there on Sat.

Next week Alex offered to buy the tickets—just "Five returns Dulbolla, please." Apparently, after making discreet enquiries, the man endeavoured to hide his ignorance by saying that he could not issuc return tickets there and that Alex would have to accept tickets to Brisbane "which is about the same". Not having sufficient data in his possession Alex acquiesced. After sifting all the evidence I gathered that N.S.W. is unable to issue return tickets to Queensland stations other than Brishane but what riled me was that, on a distance calculation, the overcharge was about £1 per ticket and we did not want to use a considerable proportion of the return ticket at all. Why could we not buy return tickets to the Border and then get single extensions to Dulbolla?

The official reluctantly agreed that this could be done but said it would make little difference in cost so I had to make a lot of calcnlations to prove otherwise and then, only then, did he ahandon his defences and surrender, knowing that I had an atom bomh up each sleeve. With good grace (and, I felt, with some respect

and a tinge of admiration for me) he handed me back lots of five pound notes and told me how to proceed.

The impact of a ticket to Border Tunnel on the train officials had varying effects. Some expressed great astonishment. Others looked at it as people probably looked at the first aeroplane and yet showed not the least curiosity. In the early hours of the morning, when it was still dark, a ticket examiner came through the train and happened to catch Jean away from her home base. Unfortunately, when he asked Jean where she was going, she could not remember beyond the fact that "It starts with 'D' ". He suggested "Deepwater. Perhaps Dapto. Not Dungog? Doonside, Dorrigo, Dubbo?" He conducted Jean back to the compartment to satisfy himself that it wasn't Gladesville. Then he became quite keen to know where we "Flannel Flowers" were walking—apparently he had dealt with peculiar people before.

Within a hundred miles of our destination we got quite "jumpy" as to whether the train might forget, or not be advised to stop at our destination. So I planned to ask the engine driver at Casino whether he intended to stop. However, just as I arrived at the engine, a station official handed him a form on which, a carbon copy, I could see the word "Dulbolla" written.

"Only one stop to-day," he said cheerily, "Dulboola."

"Dulbolla," corrected the engine driver haughtily.

The road may have been hard but the climax was worth it. The express came to a standstill and a voice called out "Seats numbers forty-two to forty-six—Dulbolla" and the conductor gave us advice on how to alight from a train as rucksacks, dilly bags, brown paper parcels, and cardboard boxes were flung out. Numerous passengers, whose heads protruded from windows, saw the inexpressible sight of girls jumping onto the rails.

My deah, we were there—and Dulbolla's fowlyards gave forth a vocal welcome.

From the Sydney Bushwalker.

New South Wales Federation of Bushwalking Clubs

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For further details of Clubs and their activities, contact the Hon. Information Officer, Mr. F. A. Pallin, 327 George Street, Sydney. 'Phone: BX 3595, or the Hon. Secretary of the Federation, R. T. Compagnoni, 50 Terry Road, West Ryde, 'Phone: Ryde 313.

Full Membership details of all Clubs were printed in the 1947 Bushwalker Annual.

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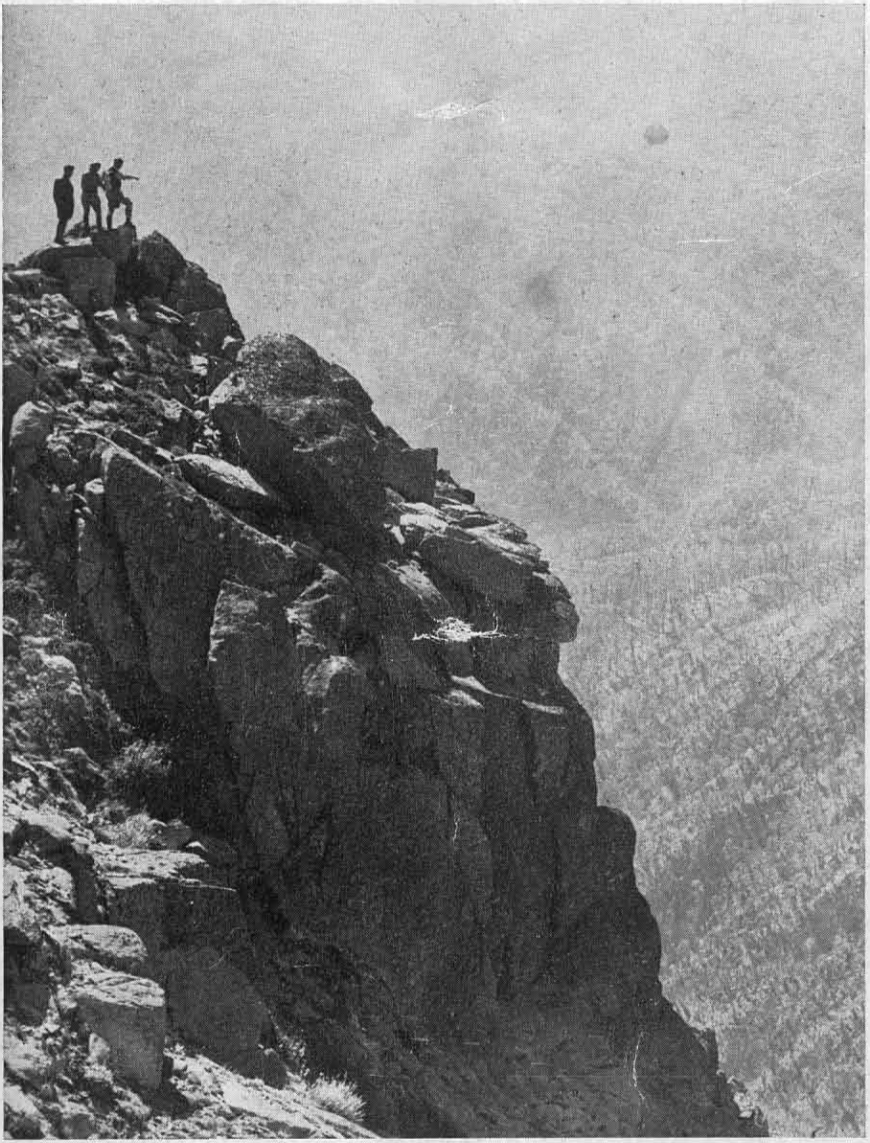

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