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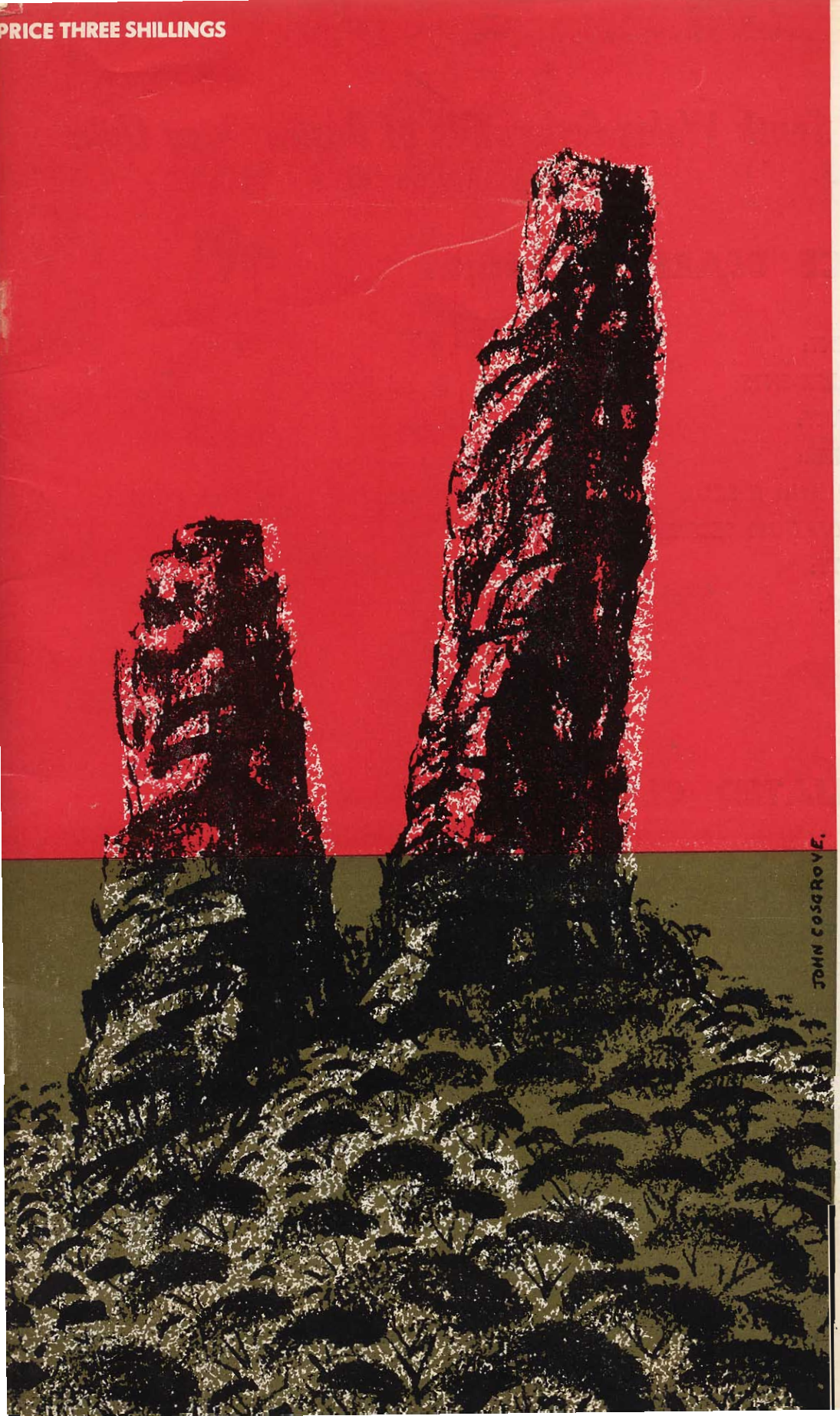

THE BUSHWALKER

1961

New South Wales Federation of Bushwalking Clubs

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Andy Waugh

The Bushwalker 1961

Published by the N.S.W. Federation of Bushwalking Clubs.
Honorary Editor: GEOFFREY WAGG, Box 2090, G.P.O., Sydney.

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The Federation, which has twenty-two 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 is found opposite, and complete details of any club will be supplied by the Honorary Secretary of the Federation, Mr. Max Rosentool, 43 Glenmore Road, Paddington (YW 1801).

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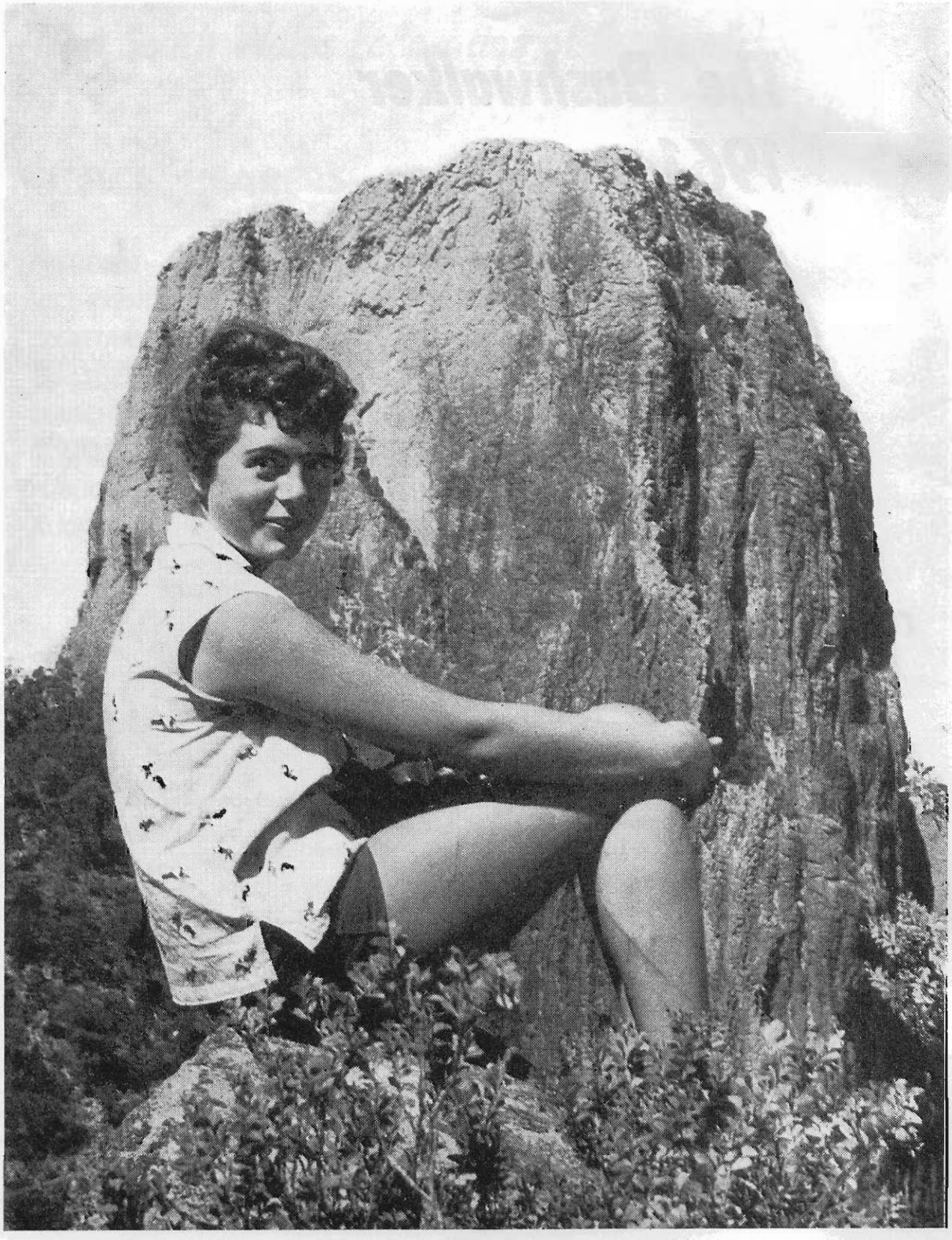


(Photo by Ray Killen.)

EDITORIAL

It is more than a decade since the last magazine of this name was published. This period, since 1948, has been one of a rapidly accelerating change commonly labelled "Progress," which, in its ramifications, has affected each of us to some extent.

The completion of the Warragamba Dam was only a minor facet of this "Progress," but no other had such a jolting effect on the walking movement. The proclamation of the Warragamba Dam Catchment as a restricted area, at once placed all our most favoured walking areas in the Southern Blue Mountains out of our reach. The first reaction of disbelief was quickly followed by the realisation that the authorities had power to exclude us from these places which we had come to consider our own, and were doing so as a matter of course.

Through the diplomacy of some patient men, it now appears that, providing we observe certain restrictions, we may, for the time being, make use of the area as before, but it seems—indeed, it is to be hoped—that the old easy complacency about our walking areas will never return. The sharp distinction between a piece of crown land and a dedicated National Park, has been very forcibly impressed upon us. No other single action could have given the National Parks Association more support, and the Association provides a rallying point, and a medium for action to all walkers concerned in preserving our precious and dwindling bush.

Another mark of "Progress," this time affecting the very nature of the bush itself, is the ever-spreading network of Fire Trails. As yet virtually untested in their nominated use, they are already providing access for the removal of timber in a manner very difficult to control, as well as to various unauthorised persons, and thus greatly increasing the fire risk. In addition, unless large sums are spent on maintenance, erosion will quickly render the roads practically useless, as well as disfiguring the bushland.

It seems a great pity that so much money has been spent, and so much hitherto unspoiled country laid open, before the effectiveness of the scheme itself was proved in practice.

Throughout these years of change, the walkers themselves have altered very little. In many cases, they are the same persons who went swinging out along the ridges from Kanangra ten or so years ago. A little more mature, perhaps; and sceptical about the lightweight walking they used to practise then, and sometimes even a little resentful at these new, young walkers, burning to do something no one has ever done before. Striving at reunions to make more noise (as if it were possible), than their predecessors, and generally enjoying their rich, new bushwalking experience to the full. And if it irks a bit to see such gay irrepressibility, it is the continual contact with young folk that keeps them in touch with their own youth and makes them the vital people they are.

And though some of our walking country is gone, there is still enough, if we take care of it, to provide a challenge, an inspiration, and a joy for many generations to come.

Our Cover . . .

Inspired by the Bread Knife in the Warrumbungle National Park.
Drawn by John Cosgrove—Lettered by Henry Gold.

THE WARRUMBUNGLES

by Gordon Robinson

The Warrumbungles, though not of outstanding height, are visible from a great distance. From the hills around Dubbo, sixty miles to the south on a clear day, small, irregular humps appear indistinctly above the northern horizon, giving little idea of their size and extent.

Travelling towards Gilgandra, more humps can be distinguished, until at last, all are connected into a rugged mass of mountains rising from 1,500 ft. to 2,000 ft. above the general level of the plains. The silhouette of the mountains is distinct in the clear inland air, standing out as vertical needle-like monoliths, or rising in conical peaks.

All the streams radiating from the mountains are tributaries of the Castlereagh, and, like the Castlereagh, are at first perennial in their flow. Away from the mountains they either evaporate or disappear into the ground, and in normal seasons become mere chains of waterholes. Some say that these mountains form the southern extremity of the intake beds for the Great Australian Artesian Basin.

The Warrumbungle peaks, composed of trachyte, are the remnants of true volcanoes, and in age, comparable with the Glass House Mountains in Queensland. The underlying rocks are sandstone, laid down in a gigantic

lake which filled the centre of Australia in Jurassic times, that is about 150 million years ago. There must have been many large volcanoes as well as innumerable smaller centres of eruption.

The main craters have long since disappeared, leaving the solid, vertical cores of lava which had solidified within the vents, and now remain after much of the overlying and surrounding beds of ash have disappeared.

In the early part of the eighteenth century the Warrumbungles were the tribal grounds of the tribe of the Kamilaroi. One such tribe was the Gunn-e-darr branch of the great Kamilaroi. Their days were spent hunting and fishing.

Just imagine the evening hush settling on the bush. Those birds that are the last to roost were drowsily protesting from their leafy beds every here and there. In family and in friendly groups, this Gun-e-darr tribe ate hungrily while discussing the events of the day — the day's hunt, and the game speared by each good hunter, the fish caught by trap and line by the women and children, the wild duck snared by the crafty wildfowl hunters, the yams, bulbs and berries gathered by the girls, the mussels and yabbies found and caught by the children. Hearty was the praise given by every family and group to those children who had done something to add to the food of the tribe, or to the stock of gums and resins used as cements in the making of weapons and utensils. There was grave talk, too, upon training progress of the elder boys. Friendly greetings broke out here and there as the shadowy forms of men came chattering into camp. These newcomers were the watchers returning from duty on the high mountains, who through the day kept a look-out for possible enemies advancing across the low country, for the Gunn-e-darr tribe had to keep watch on their surroundings, or they risked invasion from neighbouring tribes. The fierce Goonoo Goonoo lived to the east. There were also the Barraba men to the north, and the more peaceful Manilla tribe to the north-east. Other foes westward were the Coonabarabran tribe. They had to be ever alert against woman-stealing raids by the Boggabri and Narrabri men to the north-east, and the Quirindi and Murrurundi men south-east. Their most dreaded foes, though they came but seldom, were the distant and fierce Cassilis men, away over the range to the south.

All those tribes have long since vanished, but their tribal names live on as the names of townships where they once wandered and hunted and performed their lively corroboree.

In the year 1818, John Oxley, leading an exploration party, camped near the base of a mountain range which he called after the Right Hon. C. Arbuthnot, of His Majesty's Treasury. On 8th August, 1818, he set out to conquer this wonderful elevation, now part of the Warrumbungle Range, which was to give him a view of the Liverpool Plains. The facts are recorded in the journal as an approach from a hill that had been reached with horses at 8 o'clock in the morning. "The hill," Oxley writes, "was about three miles from our camp, and from it a view of the Arbuthnot Range was obtained, distance nine to ten miles. Its elevated points were extremely lofty and of dark grey approaching to black." A month before, George Evans, who was one of the party, had found a river which had been named after Lord Castlereagh, and its source was evidently in the Range.

In a map published by John Murray in 1832, the Range appears under the name of Arbuthnot Range, yet in 1844, in a map prepared by William Gardner, the range is called Warranbangle Range. In a plan of squatting districts of the Gwydir and Liverpool Plains, compiled by A. H. McLean, in 1847, the name is shortened to Warabangle Range. In 1851-1857, the name used by map-makers was Warranbangle. There is no evidence definitely to show by whom the range was called the Warrumbungles.

On 4th December, 1953, 8,000 acres of the Warrumbungles became a National Park, with an extra 6,000 acres reserved from sale, for public recreation, making a toal of 14,000 acres of Warrumbungles National Park. Since 1953, the hard-working Trust has done much for the area in publicity and improvements, with well-graded walking tracks to its high tops to allow the appreciative public to see the grand sights of what was once the centre of a gigantic volcano disturbance, and later the hunting place and look-out spots for the early aboriginals, and also the look-out place for John Oxley, looking down on the sweeping black soil Liverpool Plains. Now it is our land, where we may wander and appreciate the splendour of the peaks, and the scenery to be seen from them. May it always be so!

A CLIMB ON CRATER BLUFF

by Charles Ivin

The first part of our climb was to be a huge rib of glorious rock. This led to a large ledge, above which a questionable slab intervened between it and a long, vertical gully leading to the summit. From Lugh's Throne, we had studied the route and thought it feasible. Thus, on one cool, crisp morning, we reached the base of the climb, ready to match our strength against the Bluff.

John won the toss and led off on the manilla rope. Using small but firm holds, he quickly gained the crest, then making his way up the rib, reached a projecting rock which he used as an anchor. Next went Don, and then came my turn. This was indeed glorious rock, I thought, as I made my way up out of the shadow and on to the crest of the rib. Here, the morning sun had warmed the rocks and with each touch and movement, I felt my form building up for the

task ahead. Reaching the stance, I belayed Don, who led the next pitch through to a small ledge one hundred feet above.

We were happy, and thankful for this fine start. The climb had sufficient difficulty to make its conquest worthy, but not enough to make it a struggle. In this mood, I was glad of the freedom of leading the next pitch, which approached the vertical and provided a nice airy feeling as we neared our rib's top. Beneath the top, I noticed a thin abseiling string tied around a block. Someone had been here before us. Up till then we had hoped the climb was a first, but this discovery made that impossible. Perhaps they had given in to leave us the job of finishing it.

Over a small knoll, and we were on the ledge which now seemed a lot larger than it had appeared from our earlier reconnaisance. In the shade of its few shrubs, we extracted our half-melted chocolate and crushed oranges for lunch. Looking above, we studied the route ahead.

This entailed either a climb up very severe walls of doubtful nature, or exploiting one of two near-vertical gullies, which appeared to lead to the top. We settled for the latter problem, since once into one of the gullies, we could see chances of an easier route. But how to get started?

The right-hand gully was extremely narrow and overhung at the base, probably requiring artificial climbing methods. The left promised a definite route as far as we could see, but the first hundred feet were also overhung. We hoped to turn this on the left by climbing a slab up to another overhang, thence traversing right, and up to the gully. It was a gloomy aspect, in spite of our good spirits, and the small bush which peeped over the edge of the gully promising a sound belay point within reach of our rope.

"John's turn, thank heavens," I thought as I looked up at the improbable route. Quickly at first, John gained height, climbing with a smooth, effortless action that belied the increasing difficulty. However, the pauses between moves became longer as he tested first this hold, then that, in his struggle to balance against gravity. Calling from above, he told us he had found a piton in a crack. He clipped a carabiner and attached his rope to the piton, as a running belay to safeguard his next move towards the right on a rising traverse. This proved to be extremely awkward. He soon found himself on small, sloping footholds; a small overhang forcing him to lean out on his arms. He was tiring rapidly. Not having enough strength to continue, or to return over some near irreversible moves, he could only stay on his small perch.

Swiftly, we decided Don should climb up and help him back. This left me belaying two men at once. Being fresh, Don soon reached the piton. Here he paused to survey the next moves, in order to get John to a safe stance. All this time, John was attempting to place a piton to safeguard his descent. The delightful "poing-poing" sound of a well-placed piton echoed down. Attaching his rope to this by means of a carabiner, he was able to have a short rest, whilst I held him on tension from below. Then he carefully made his way back to the first piton, where he changed ropes with Don who, in turn, attempted to cross the thirty feet barring our way.

Watching a good climber knocked back from a climb does not inspire others in their attempts. John's repulse had affected us all, and a gloom settled about us as we saw defeat threatening. Don climbed to the second piton, but all keenness dropped when he saw the meagre holds at his disposal. Knowing his limits of safety, he wisely returned to he relative comfort of the first piton.

Meanwhile, John had been regaining strength and confidence so much, that he was off again and up to the second piton in no time. Carefully, he eased himself over to the tiny, sloping holds to his right and rested and adjusted himself for the delicate move further over into a small furrow in the rock. In here, he could find some crack to place another piton and safeguard his position. Considering the exposure and the difficulty of the rock, we had given up hope.

With thoughts of his own, John went across, balancing on improbable holds, to the furrow, where he quickly started to place his piton. Thud! Thud! Thud! This was no nicely-placed peg. Wherever he tried, the same dull sound resulted. To any climber, it was obvious the piton was unsound, but his use of another, next to the first, told us that John knew it, too. Sometimes a climber makes use of a safeguard which, in retrospect, seems quite unsound but, at the time, it gives the psychological boost in morale required for a severe move. Added boost or not, using this additional running belay, he started on the last ten feet.

A high foothold, in the form of a notch on the lip of the gully, provided the key. Using pressure holds for his palms, he ever so carefully inched his way over with the small notch as a fulcrum, turning on it up on to the smooth, holdless lip of the gully. Almost there, he felt his rope pulling him back. The friction of the rope through three carabiners and round a small bulge, was too much. He pulled with all his available strength, whilst I flicked the rope to ease the tension, but to no avail. He untied. Reaching over to the tree in the gully, he drew himself and the rope to safety. With a great feeling of relief, we joined him, safeguarded by a sound top rope.

Above, towered the final problem—a huge chimney rising vertically for over two hundred and fifty feet to the final overhang beneath the summit. Don took over the lead. Our backs to one side, feet on the other, up we went. Up one foot. Raising the back by levering with the other foot. Jamming our way up the narrow confines of the gully, we reached a huge chockstone, permanently wedged, we hoped, as we climbed over it. On and up in a race against time, for the sun was fast sinking, and we had to get off the mountain before we were besieged by darkness.

Below us, two eagles were rising on the wind in search of prey. Not us, we hoped, as we envied their freedom of movement from our dark, confined crack. It was a classic example of a chimney, and all our climbing experience came into play as each problem presented itself.

At the top, a small overhang barred our way. Time being against us, we were forced to use the sneaky device of lassoing a tree to get past this obstacle. We quickly scrambled to the summit to seek signs of other climbers' notes under a small cairn.

The sun was touching the horizon; the shadows alternated with pinks and violets as we plunged down the "green glacier," the huge gully winding up into the centre of the Bluff. The grotesquely shaped rocks made us think of Dante's Inferno, as the strange light reflected from them.

Darkness overtook us at the top of the tourist route, so we joined our two ropes together to abseil on a single rope to the bottom. This meant a return tomorrow to untie the rope, but saved floundering around in the dark over an unknown drop.

Down I went, springing up and down like a yo-yo on the nylon, until I reached the safety of level ground. A few muffled curses as they hit against hidden obstacles, told me my friends were coming down. Together again, we were glad for not having to bivouac on the mountain.

The stars shone brilliantly in the crisp air as we made our way up the ridge towards the hut. Looking back, we were rewarded with a view of the full moon rising over the craggy head of our peak, silhouetted against the sky.

SPRING SONG FOR BUSHWALKERS
(In Three Keys)

Come ye forest lovers all — nymphs and
dryads —
Spring is come, the moon is full —
Come out and dance among the glades,
The wind is warm, the stars ablaze.
The flowers in the dewy grass, scent the air —
The night birds pass on silent wings,
Come out and dance . . .

(I think this high falutin' verse,
Will not appeal to Gert and Perce,
I'll try it in a lower key.)

Come on, you hikers — blokes and sheilas,
Full moon tonight — let's get a nine!
We'll have a barbecue and jive —
Get in the groove — get on the beam!
Wacko — get hep you lazy b———'s.

(Whoop's! We're getting rather low,
These keys are tricky,
I'll have another go.)

The train will leave at eight-o-eight,
Now don't be late,
The track is fair, but rather steep,
The creek is running clear and deep —
The blue-gum groove is good for wood,
Now are you coming to my camp?
I offer nothing, neither moon nor beer,
Night birds or dancing —
Only guidance to the place and back —

I know the track.
There could be snakes, it might be hot,
Or cold and wet, you'll have a pack.
For most, I know, it lacks appeal.
Yet some are born for this delight,
The lonely, lovely bush at night.

—Nance Stillman.

The party in front of Waldheim Chalet. From left to right: "Snow" Brown, Dot Butler, Garth Coulter, and Keith Renwick. (Photos by Keith Renwick.)

A WINTER HOLIDAY IN TASMANIA

AUGUST, 1955

by Dot Butler

Inspired by the Himalayan party which had just successfully climbed Everest, we decided that our nearest equivalent would be a winter mountaineering trip in Tasmania. Keith organised the trip, and in the Clubroom, those who weren't able to go were, as is their custom, giving their opinion on what the outcome might be: You'll freeze! Why don't you go north to the Barrier Reef? Don't forget your waterproof pants! Do you know how it rains down there? Take your water wings! They're going to camp in "Snow's" tent ! ! ! (maniacal laughter off stage.)

Well, let me tell you all about it, lest you begin to think in terms of wholesale discomfort and shivering misery. It rained all right —and it snowed, and it sleeted, and it blizbarded, and it blew—a holiday so wet we might have been excused for growing a coating of moss on the south side, but that only happens to stones that have stopped rolling, and we hardly stopped once.

Arriving at Cradle Mountain Reserve about sundown, all prepared to camp in "Snow's" tent (too bad he had forgotten to bring his tent pegs), we were cordially greeted by Mac the Ranger, who said Waldheim Chalet was vacant, and we could stay there for 8/6 a night. We accepted this invitation with alacrity; thus, whatever the days might bring forth, we were assured of warm, dry nights. This was a great thing, but even greater was the deep sense of comradeship that permeated all our days at Waldheim—the sort of comradeship that fills you with a warmth that physical cold can't touch.

Built of rough-hewn native timber, Waldheim fits as naturally into its surroundings as grey lichen on a rock. Each year its ageing frame leans a little closer towards the earth which is its home. Some day, perhaps soon, it will fall to pieces, but when it has become one with the dark mould of the beech forest floor, we will think of it as of a dear, dead friend. All snugly ensconsed within, we slept with our mattresses on the floor in front of a big fire and dreamed of what tomorrow might bring forth.

Up at 6.30. "Snow" lit the kitchen range. We had breakfast, cut lunches, and were away by 8.30, bound for Cradle Mountain. We tramped along muddy tracks in shifting mist and low cloud, and over huge snow drifts thirty feet deep, from which we could see a gleam of lakes in the distance. We

...The wind shouting at our backs.

practised with ice axes, cutting steps up snow slopes at steep angles, and kicking up and down snow faces and over a cornice. Keith knew all the tricks and Garth was pretty to watch, but "Snow," new to all this, was like a gawky young puppy.

As we approached Kitchen Hut, all we saw of it was the chimney poking through the drift. "Snow" gambolled ahead, and with great exuberance, dropped himself down the chimney. The next thing we hear is a wail from down under the snow, "I can't get out!" We dragged him out, and as it was only eleven o'clock, decided to go and climb Little Horn, a sharp splinter of rock separated by a gap from the north-east end of Cradle Mountain.

For a couple of hours we wallowed waist-deep through snow which lay lightly on the low scrub at the base of Cradle. Imagine a howling gale, a snow storm, and us, all aiming for the one target. It was a tie; we all reached the gap at the same time. An icy blast hit us. We put our heads down and made all haste for the sheltered lee of Cradle. Here we ate our lunch standing up, stamping our wet feet in the snow, trying to warm them.

Although it didn't look far to the summit of Little Horn, we decided we were too wet and cold and uncomfortable for any more, so wallowed back to Kitchen. "Ha!" said the weather, "I was only fooling you." The wind promptly dropped, it stopped snowing, and out came the sun. Well, wasn't this mighty! The homing pigeons about faced and headed for Cradle again. Only Keith was a bit dubious about all this, and when we started the familiar sinking-to-the-waist progression all over again, he decided he had had enough, so returned to Kitchen Hut.

When we others got on to the steep slope of the mountain, the surface was harder, and instead of sinking, we now had to kick steps up the snow couloir. The summit ridge was well plastered, and on the sheltered side of the mountain were deep snow faces. We swung along with rising excitement, and at last reached the summit cairn. "Well," said Garth, quoting Hillary, "We knocked the

bastard off." Said I, continuing the quotation, "The occasions seems to call for more than a formal handshake," so we put our arms round each others' shoulders and jumped up and down on the summit of our own little Everest—three small figures under the sky and all the world was ours.

There were photographs to be taken while the sun lit up the snowy peaks and shining lakes, then the mist came sweeping over and we began the descent. It was great fun glissading down the steep snow slopes, and so back to Kitchen Hut. Inside the hut, Keith had worn a deep circular track in the snow that had drifted inside, as he stamped round for several hours, waiting for us to return. We pulled him out through the chimney, then followed our trodden tracks over the snowfields towards home.

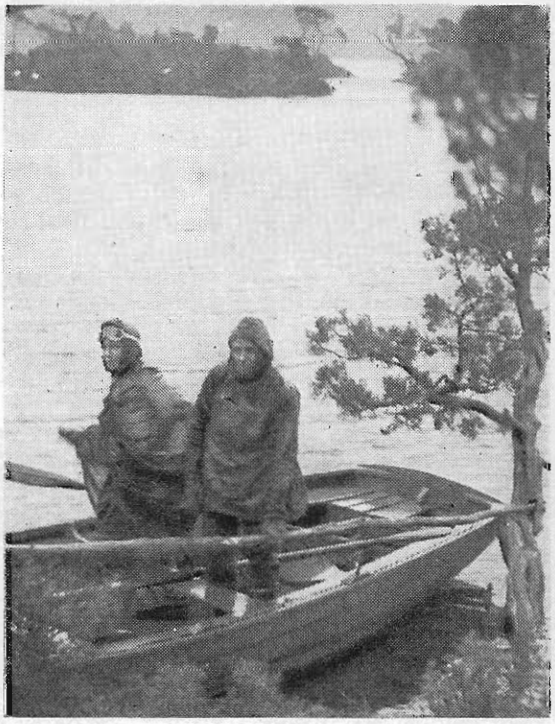
In the deepening twilight our eyes followed down Marion's Track, over the button grass flat with its meandering stream to the dark fringe of beech forset, where Waldheim nestled in its nest of trees, a white column of smoke drifting upwards—good old Mac had lit the fire for us, and that meant hot water for baths. While still floundering through the button grass swamp, we drew straws to see who would have first bath, and Keith was the lucky winner.

Home at last. While Keith filled the bathroom up with steam, we others set about getting the tea ready. Keith had done a mighty job catering for this party; we had everything. Did we need rice and cabbage for "Snow's" Foo Chow—it was there. Did we need celery, apple, onion, for our stuffed grouse—again, these were all available. That night we fed well, then sat in front of a big fire, our wet clothes draped all around to dry out, and listened while Garth read what was to be our nightly serial. "The Day of the Triffids."

Outside, the possums scuffled about in the brown, damp leaves, the moon stole over the snowy stillness, and when at length it peeped through the skylight, it saw us all sound asleep in front of the fire.

Next day, we were hit by a low, despite a favourable weather forecast. We looked out the kitchen window to see Mac's wallabies patiently bearing the continuous rain and wind, but we stayed inside and set our hands to some fancy cooking. Keith made a super chocolate icing cake; I made a couple of baked puddings; and "Snow's" piece de resistance was a marvellous piece of conglomerate called Foo Chow. But after a late breakfast, could we do it justice? It seemed a pity to have no appetite for all this luxury food, but it also seemed a pity to go out for some exercise and get our only outdoor clothes drenched again after spending all night drying them out. The problem was solved for me by putting on my boots and Speedo swim costume, and hurtling out into the gale for a run. Down the road to the four-mile signpost and back through snow and sleet did something for the appetite, and speaking for myself, I can say lunch was a good meal. Garth and "Snow" went out later to work off the effects with a walk to Dove Lake, and Keith took his exercise vicariously by reading South Col.

Looking out the window hopefully next morning, what do we see? More rain, wind and falling snow. But did that deter us after yesterday's day of sloth? No, and we set out to reconnoitre the cirque which holds Cradle Mountain and Barn Bluff together. Down and over the little stream, where a poor washed-out wombat peered about with misty nocturnal eyes vainly trying to find shelter under the footbridge, then up Mar-



Boating on Dove Lake.

ion's Track to the snowfields. And here we stepped into a strange world of cotton wool fog. In the windless silence we followed our faintly-showing tracks of the preceding days, being grateful to Garth for having sunk in so deep and so often, thus verifying the route. Occasional glimpses of snow poles also helped.

At Kitchen Hut we again got into an area of wind which dispersed the mist somewhat, and encouraged us to continue on towards the cirque and Barn Bluff. We battled along, knee deep in drifts at the base of Cradle, which looked huge and like the West Peak of Mt. Earnslaw (N.Z.) through the driving snow. A gale force wind, shouting at our backs, pushed us along and filled the air with icy drift. "It's going to be hell when we turn around," was at the back of my thoughts all the while. At last we came to a small thicket of trees where we hoped to have lunch, but there was no shelter from the wind, so we didn't even try to get out our food, but decided to return to Kitchen to eat. And so we turned our faces into the sweeping fury of the blizzard. The blinding drift froze up our nostrils so we couldn't breathe. By pulling our goggles low, closing up our parka hoods, and breathing warm air through the mouth into the hood, the nostrils thawed out and we fought our way back, half blinded, our parkas and ground sheets whipping madly round us with whiplash cracks that echoed like bullet shots past our ears.

Back in the comparative calm of Kitchen Flat, somewhat chastened by our experience in the storm, we hardly felt like eating. Waldheim was calling . . . Hot baths! Warm fires! Dry clothes! Ah! . . . The late sun shivered through a break in the skudding clouds as we slopped our way back, water trickling down between singlet and skin, sodden pants clinging to our knees and making walking difficult. We wriggled our toes in the icy mush inside our boots. Being dry was hardly a memory now. We side-tracked to have a look at Crater Lake. We were having a little argument with "Snow" as to whether you could get wetter than wet, and Garth was getting all technical about detergents. "Snow" didn't think it was possible. As he gesticulated to drive home his point, he slipped and fell into the lake. He emerged the colour of pummice.

Whether he was wetter than wet, he didn't say, and it would have been unkind of us to ask, but he was certainly cold. He shot off like a rocket for home and a hot bath. We followed, and before long we were savouring the luxury of being warm and dry. We took it in turns reading out a chapter each of our serial till tea time (that was the night we had stuffed grouse and baked vegetables), then found the suspense was getting so great we had to read on after tea till 10.30. In spite of our day's exertions we felt reluctant to go to bed, so sat talking till 1 a.m.

We awoke at 9 a.m. Snowing and high wind. We left late, about 11, but that didn't worry us; we felt by now we had got the measure of the weather—bad in the mornings, tending to clear by midday. Mac had given us the key and rowlocks of the boat at Dove Lake. We clambered round the walls of the flooded boathouse and inside, to find the boat half submerged. We put things shipshape and pushed out, getting the feet good and wet in the process. Who cares; what are dry feet anyway?

Snow was falling, partly veiling the rugged walls all around. Great gusts of wind would swoop down at unexpected moments and deal the boat a mighty blow. Rain and snow beat in our faces and eyes and got down our mouths every time we opened them to say "Gee, isn't this great!" With all these hazards to contend with, the pattern of our progress was a tortuous zig-zag, and the wonder was we got anywhere without being sunk. Peering through the falling snow we at last saw the white rail of the landing stage at the distant end of the lake, and managed to get there and tie up the boat.

What a country of contrasts this is. Leaving the cold and gusty lake shore, we entered a dense beech forest—a world of utter silence, where the only sound was the muffled plop of snow falling from burdened branches. We emerged from the deep timber, and there were the rocks of Little Horn, and there again were the rain, the sleet and the snow. We had a really exciting climb up a crisp snow couloir lying steeply between black fangs of rock. There were magnificent views from the summit, but there were also frustrated photographers, as it was too dull for colour.

And now we're coming down again and on the homeward run. We took a slightly different return route, following a little stream strong with winter, which tumbled along its rocky course under a beech tree canopy, and

so back to the windy lake. Our morning's practice at the oars had done nothing to improve our style, and we zig-zagged back to the boatshed, and from there ran back to Waldheim to warm up. Then followed the daily procedure of wringing out our sopping clothes and draping them round the fires to dry. A hot bath, dry clothes, and lunch by a big fire at 4 p.m., a session of Triffids, and life was a grand affair.

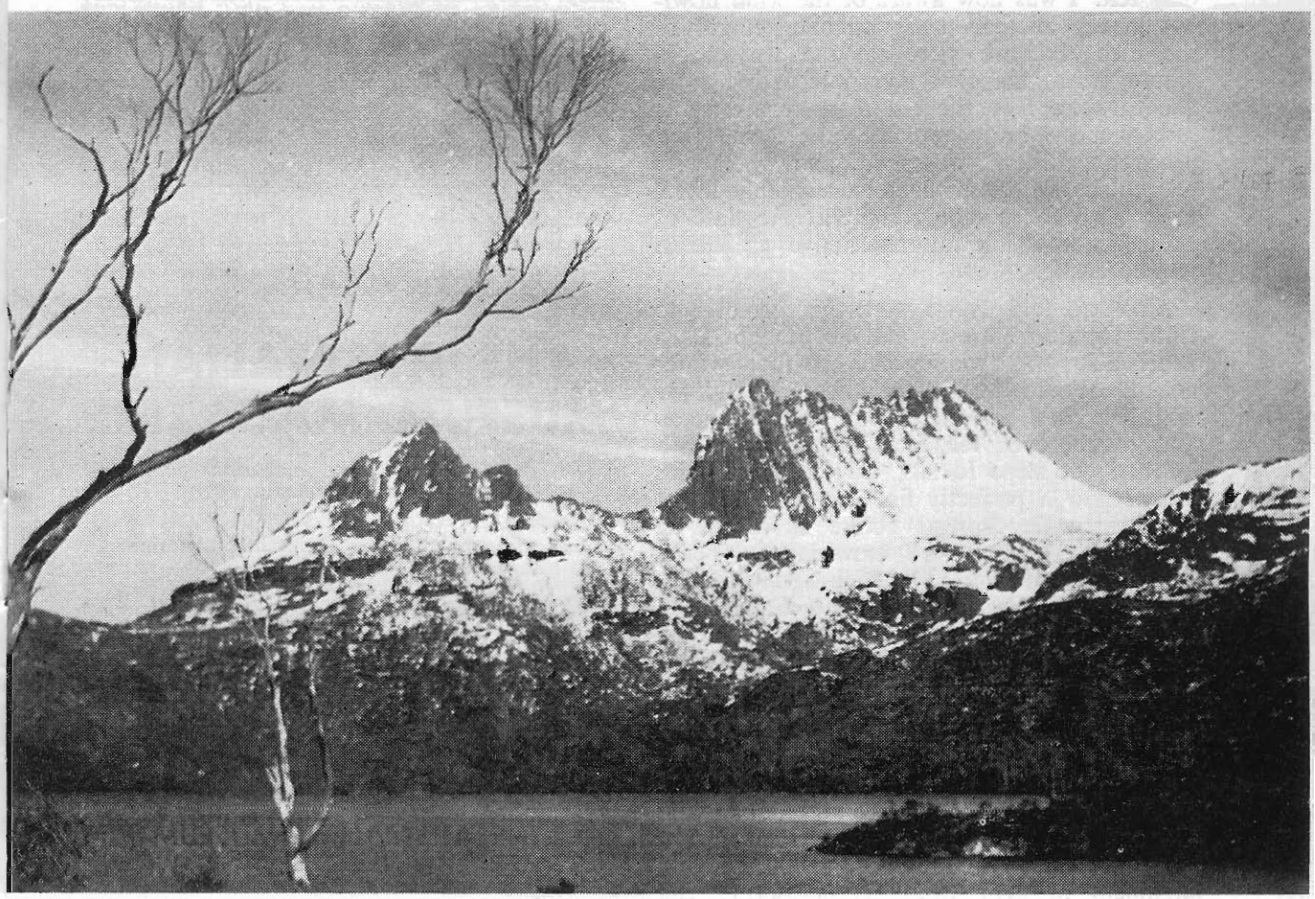
We had given up expecting fine weather, so were pleasantly surprised when we woke late on Saturday morning to a reasonably calm day. We got out to Kitchen about twelve o'clock (by now you have guessed that Kitchen Hut is the hub of most of the mountain climbs), and decided on a traverse of Cradle.

A lovely day. Ours the joy of climbing to a mountain top; to gaze out over a world of wonder and delight; to dream unutterable things and try to put them in words; to feel the fresh, keen air on our faces and the blood tingling warmly in our veins... We returned to Waldheim walking on air.

And there we met Gawd.

He had just come up for the weekend. Gawd was a depressing type, to whom the world was weary, flat, stale and uninspiring. The corners of his mouth drooped in a cureless pessimism. His every word was a blasphemy. He said he wouldn't belong to a club and be ordered about. He said there was nothing good about Waldheim — its foundations, the original tree stumps, were perishing of wet rot; there was dry rot in the upper structure; the kitchen annexe should never have been built; the hot water system was useless. He said dear old Laz Pura, who had perished from exposure near Kitchen Hut some years previously, had set out through the Reserve, intending to commit suicide,

Little Horn and Cradle Mountain above Dove Lake.



else why had he signed the visitors' book, "L. Pura, **late** S.B.W." We edged away from him as from a disease, and had our tea when he had left the kitchen.

And now it's Sunday—our last day. We plan to climb Barn Bluff, and be back to catch a taxi out to Sheffield at 6 p.m. Gawd said, "Don't be too utterly ridiculous; it can't be done!" We woke and got up at dawn and were away about 1½ hours later. With hard snow to walk on, we reached Kitchen in an hour—less than half the time previously taken—and then round the base of Cradle to the cirque. Soon a dense mist enveloped everything as we groped our way along between snow poles. After a time, there were no more snow poles to guide us, and the wind howling in the right ear all the time was the only indication that at least we were keeping our direction.

"Snow" knew by the grace of Heaven where we were going, if no one else did. He headed off eventually up a gentle incline which couldn't be seen to rise in the fog, only felt. I was now aware of the wind howling in my left ear, and couldn't get rid of the idea that we were on the way back. "Snow" drew maps in the snow with his ice axe to show how the cirque performs a big loop, but my brain couldn't take it in. But, of course, "Snow" was right, and when with miraculous swiftness the mist suddenly lifted, there we were, standing right at the base of Barn Bluff, which towered above us like a mighty castle.

Mac had told us we were the first ever to climb Cradle in winter, and he thought Barn Bluff also was waiting for a first winter ascent. Would we be the first? Would we not! We had a little bit of everything on that climb, even ice faces up which Garth led and cut steps for us. So to the summit. It was now a perfectly fine day—the map of the Reserve lay spread before us in all its topographical detail—the snow-dappled peaks of Cradle, Rowland, Oakleigh, Pelion East, Ossa, Pelion West, Frenchman's Cap, Lyell, and a faint ethereal blue which was the ocean beyond Queenstown. Garth strode enthusiastically in all directions, taking the perfect photo, with "Snow's" voice following him up, "Take one for me." ("Snow" had lost his camera at the start of the trip.)

At last we left the top and climbed and slid and glissaded down again. It was now late afternoon. Behind Barn Bluff, mighty streamers of light from the westering sun radiated out into the endless blue, where a few clouds — wind flowers — had scattered their petals of gold light. We could not keep from looking back every few paces . . . .

'I have had my invitation to this world's festival and so my life has been blessed;
My eyes have seen and my ears have heard . . . '

"Well, it's been a wonderful party," said I. "Who should we thank for all this?"

"I know," said "Snow," and over the glowing hills his eager young voice rang out, "Thank you, Hughie, for a glorious day."

—oOo—

Back to Waldheim in time to have a hot bath, some tea, and be packed up ready for the taxi, which arrived at six. We carried our gear down and stowed it in the boot, and ourselves and ice axes inside. We turned round for one last look at Waldheim. "Ought to have a match put to it," said Gawd, but in our memories it will stay eternally embalmed — a mansion and a home. One last wave to Mac, standing there in all his rugged gentlehood, genuine goodwill beaming from his face. We will come back again some day . . . Goodbye . . . Goodbye . . .

SNOW SWIMMING

by Benjie Esgate

It all started as — "I'll bet you can't" — by a Captain's Flat bloke; that I couldn't reach Tinderry Pic Trig (5,308 feet) in the short weekend, Saturday afternoon, Sunday, and return, about 32 miles. Having no outdoor gear with me, yours truly started with some chow, a billy and one single blanket, about 4 p.m., Saturday, in early July shortly after a record fall of snow. All the southside slopes were well covered by twelve inches or so of frosted snow.

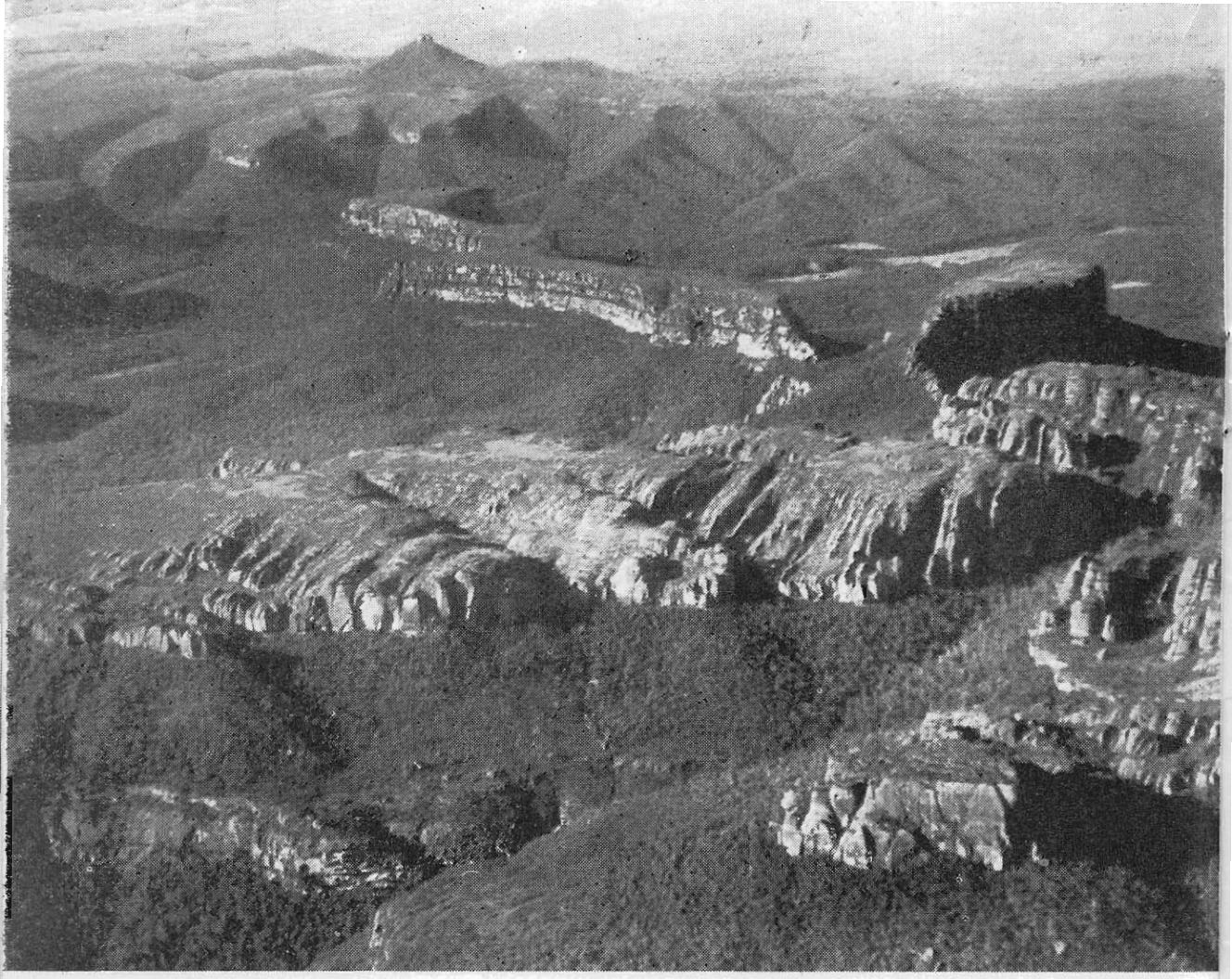
When I reached the east bank of the Queanbeyan River it was just twilight and the stars were fairly sparkling, so was the air. I decided to camp on the high flood bank in the edge of tall trees. Having lit the fire, I went down to the river where the backwater came in close. There was a sharp clank as I dipped; the reason—after several large rocks were dropped in—one and a half inches of ice. So up to the fire and grilled chops, then on went some logs and into Blanket Bay.

I survived the night and was ready to wade the river by the last starlight, Sunday morning. I stripped off and stuffed the togs into the old army pack and took to the water, which was running extra strong from the snow thaw. After getting about one-third across the shoal, the water started to move me downstream, and I was losing bottom, so I quickly decided to get out, as swimming was risky on account of the cold. On reaching the shore, I had to cross a small beach of pebbles, and by the time I'd reached the top of the bank, the pebbles had frozen to my feet about one inch thick where the trickles were contacting the frozen stones. So fast were they stuck that I returned to the camp, stirred the embers of the fire, and melted them off. The birthday suit was slightly goosey also.

Eventually, I crossed on two large, green saplings broken down by the snow, which I managed to drop across a small gorgy chasm. I then re-togged and set sail for Tinderry, about eleven miles off, in a very vigorous manner.

I reached the top about 11.30 a.m., after a fair amount of breaking through hard snowdrift from four thousand feet upwards. A wedgetail eagle sitting on the trig greeted my arrival, but my lungs were feeling the cold air, so I took a couple of snaps, then climbed back down to the lower snow level and boiled a pot of snow. So-now tea's not bad. Feeling rejuvenated, I headed for Captain's Flat via my swinging bridge, which swung about six to eight inches below water in the middle.

So then to cash in on the bet. One very special, large piece of fillet steak, grilled with spuds, onions, and all the trimmings. I was well fill-ed, and how!



An aerial view from above Seven Gods Mountain, looking south-east, with Pigeon House Mountain on the horizon.

PIGEON HOUSE MOUNTAIN

by Colin Watson

Quotations and source of the historical data in this article are from the pamphlet, "Captain Cook's Pigeon House and Early South Coast Exploration," by R. H. Cambage, F.L.S. I am grateful to the Mitchell Library for making this publication available.

On 21st April, 1770, in the Log of Captain James Cook, R.N., on H.M.S. Endeavour, is written, "a remarkable peaked hill which resembled a square dove-house, with a dome at the top, and which for that reason I called Pigeon House." And what a landmark it is on our coast! For it can be seen from around Mount Cambewarra in the north, to Bateman's Bay in the south, and along the Budawang Range in the west. It lies about 15 miles west of Warden Head, near Ulladulla, and 85 miles S.-S.W. of Sydney. Captain Cook's description of this mountain is most appropriate. The country lying to the west and north, known as the Budawang Range and Clyde River Valley, is indeed remarkable for its scenery. Of all the places I have visited, I do not know of any other area that has so much to offer within a compass of about 500 square miles. No two mountains in this area are the same, and each has an individual character.

It was 51 years after Captain Cook sailed up the coast that our early settlers began to explore the area. Credit for the first ascent of Pigeon House Mountain goes to Alexander

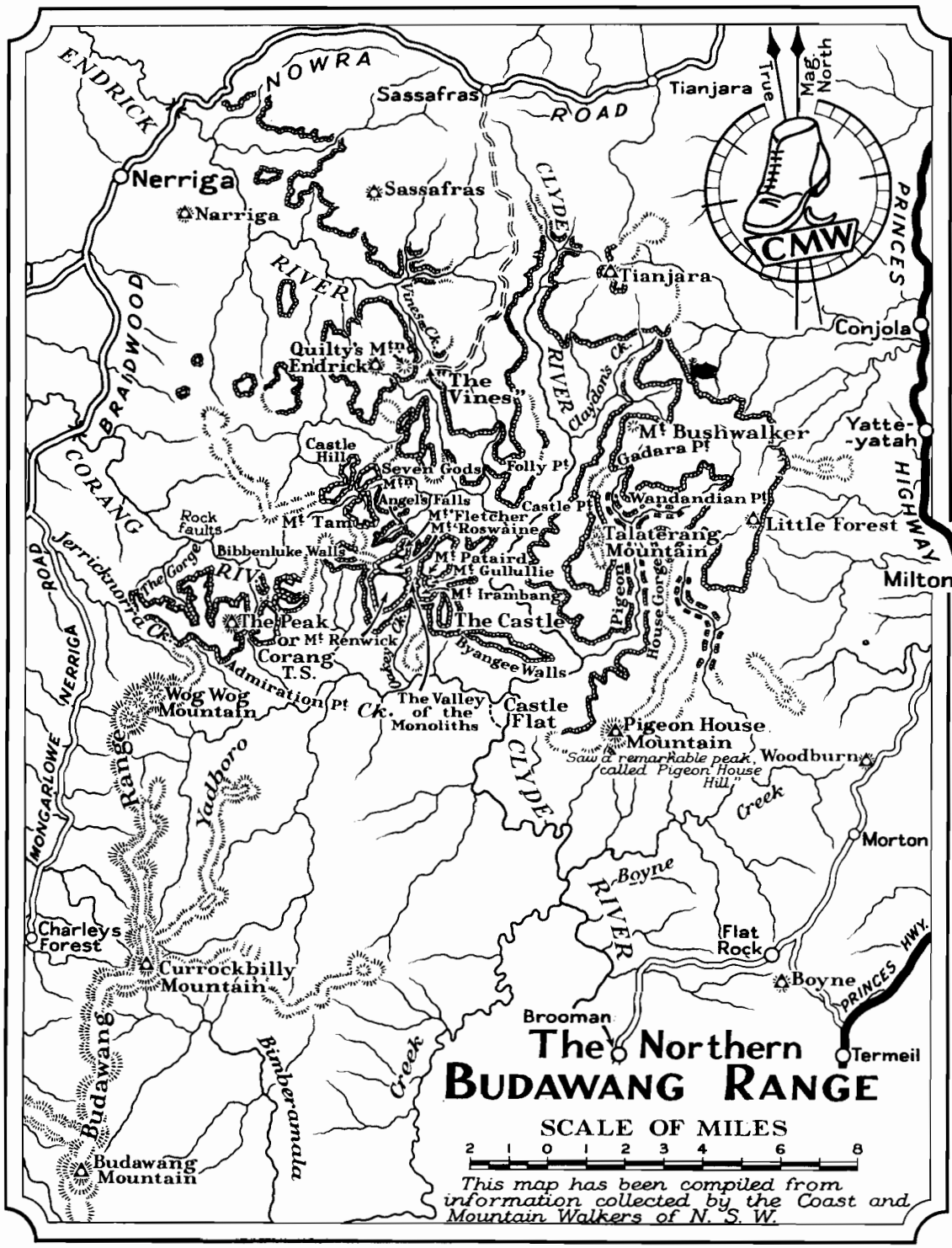
Berry, Hume and Thomas Davison, who, in January, 1822, followed the Clyde River to the head of navigation and, leaving their boat, went westward, crossing Bimberamala Creek, then made towards the northern part of the Budawang Range. Berry's narrative is interesting; they reached "a small river, ten or twelve miles west of the Pigeon House." (This is now known as Yadboro Creek.) "There is first a steep ridge, at the top of which is a lofty terrace of pudding-stone. The country upon this assumes the form of a tableland, and the soil is a poor clay, covered with stunted bushes. The cone of the Pigeon House rises upon this plain. It consists of horizontal sandstone, and the dome, which crowns the whole, consists of enormous masses of the same material. At the foot of the cone we found a run of water." A month before, on 1st December, 1821, Lieutenant Robert Johnston, in the "Snapper," discovered and named the Clyde, following it up as far as it was navigable from Bateman's Bay.

Induced by the grandeur of the scenery, the writer has done much bushwalking in this area. From Pigeon House Mountain can be seen Mount Budawang, lying 18 miles south west. This mountain can be climbed quite easily from the west, near Mongarlowe. From its grassy, rounded top, one can see the undulating country of the Upper Shoalhaven Valley to the Tinderry Range and beyond in the west, Mt. Dromedary (also named by Captain Cook) and mountains in the south, and along the Budawang Range to the high peak of Currockbilly Mountain, 3,709 feet, in the north. This mountain we climbed one misty morning. Reaching the summit, we waited a while, and fortunately, the mist cleared, and we were able to walk around its grassy spurs and rocky outcrops. Currockbilly reminded me somewhat of some of the mountains I had seen in Tasmania. The ridges that form this mountain are grassy in some places, but most are rocky, knife edges, falling away to Bimberamala, Yadboro, and Belowra Creeks on the eastern side, while to the west, the ridges drop away less steeply to the farms below. It is interesting to note that Surveyor W. Harper, in 1821, made surveys around the upper portion of the Shoalhaven River, near Bungonia, and travelled southerly to this vicinity of the Budawang Range, where he saw Pigeon House and the ocean. He was probably the first white man to observe it from the south west side.

Continuing north along the Budawang Range, one comes to Wog Wog Mountain and, descending, to the headwaters of Jerricknorra Creek, which rises on the divide, a low section of the range. The country north from here makes a complete change. At this point, the eastern side drops steeply in wooded gullies and ridges into Yadboro Creek, below the high cliffs of Admiration Point, while on the western side is a wide, open, high, swampy and grassy plain, gradually falling away to form Jerricknorra Creek. This valley affords pleasant walking over undulating hills and across grassy flats to the motor splash crossing on the Mongarlowe-Nerriga Road. In winter time, this area is subject to heavy frosts, and I have known the temperature drop to 18 degrees late in May. During the summer months, the whole of the area referred to in this article should be treated with care, as there have been some bad fires through this country. Most of Jerricknorra Creek is private property or leased.

About 2½ miles from the splash crossing on this road, we leave the car and, walking south east, cross the valley over undulating hills, passing the lagoon, with its lovely reflections, and proceeding along the bridle track, which breaks the cliff line, on to the high plateau above the valley of Jerricknorra Creek. The ease of the walk around this plateau enables the walker to enjoy fully the glorious spectacle of valleys and mountains. This refreshing experience continues as far as Mt. Renwick. Crossing a very narrow neck and skirting around a grass hill, we reach Admiration Point. This point truly lives up to its name. Looking west we see the divide of the Budawang Range, the headwaters of Jerricknorra Creek, Wog Wog Mountain, and the Shoalhaven Valley in the distance. The great mass that is Currockbilly, rises in the south, Yadboro Creek flows 1,800 feet below us into the Clyde River. In the east are Pigeon House, that great sentinel The Castle, and Mt. Renwick. Close by, to the north, is Corang Trig, a round, conical hill of about 200 feet. The evening of our arrival at Admiration Point will never fade from my memory. On that January afternoon, we walked over carpets of flowers — Christmas Bells, Fringed Violets, yellow flowers and blue flowers. It was a botanists' paradise. We arrived just as the sun was setting, and with the joy and exhilaration that the beauty of the scenery brought us, we looked and marvelled at the cliffs of Mt. Renwick, The Castle, and Pigeon House, glowing with the last rays of the setting sun.

Next morning was rather misty, and occasionally the sun would break through. After about half an hour's walk, we arrived at the


ENDRICK
NOWRA
ROAD
Sassafras
Tianjara
True
Mag. North
CMW
Nerriga
Narriga
Sassafras
CLYDE
RIVER
Tianjara
PRINCES
HIGHWAY
Conjola
BRAIDWOOD
CORANG
ROAD
Quilty's Mtn
Endrick
Vines Ck.
"The Vines"
Claydons Ck.
Mt Bushwalker
Yatte-yatah
Castle Hill
Seven Gods Mtn
Folly Pt
Gadara Pt
Angels Falls
Castle Pt
Wandandian Pt
Rock faults
Mt Tamer
Mt Fletcher
Mt Roswaine
Little Forest
Talatarang Mountain
Bibbenluke Walls
Mt Pataird
Mt Gullullie
Jerrickuorra Ck.
The Gorge
RIVER
Pigeon House Gorge
Milton
Mt Irambang
The Peak or Mt Renwick
The Castle
Corang T.S.
Admiration Pt
Ck.
Byangee Walls
Wog Wog Mountain
The Valley of the Monoliths
Castle Flat
Pigeon House Mountain
"Saw a remarkable peak, called Pigeon House Hill"
Woodburn
Creek
Morton
MONGARLOWE
Range
Yadboro
CLYDE
Boyne
RIVER
Charleys Forest
Currockbilly Mountain
Flat Rock
Boyne
PRINCES HWY.
Brooman
The Northern
BUDAWANG RANGE
Termeil
Budawang
Bimberamala
Creek
Budawang Mountain
SCALE OF MILES
2 1 0 1 2 3 4 6 8
This map has been compiled from information collected by the Coast and Mountain Walkers of N. S. W.

trig. What a cycloramic view there is from Corang Trig or The Peak (2,828 feet). Not only can one see most of the country already described, but far to the north and west, and in the east, the ocean. On a clear day, as was Queen's Birthday, 1960, one could see many hundreds of square miles of the Southern Highlands and South Coast. The country close at hand changes once again, especially the headwaters of the streams which flow into the Corang River. The cliffs above these small streams are rounded, weather-beaten outcrops of mostly conglomerate, making all sorts of rounded, weird shapes, and one can also see wind-eroded caves and tree ferns in some of the narrower gorges. In January, Fred Kitchener and I were sitting on the Trig and looking north along this plateau, when we noticed one of these large caves, and decided to investigate. After about fifteen minutes' walk across the plateau, we were looking down into the cave from the cliff top. We could not descend but, looking up, could see what we thought to be an arch. We scrambled around and found this a very fine, natural arch. One is able to walk over the arch, and also look through it to the valley below.

Walking out towards the end of the plateau, just before going down the conglomerate spur, one can see across the valley to the Corang River, meandering its way around a small, swampy plain, something like the button glass plains of Tasmania. At the end of this plain, the Corang River drops suddenly, several hundred feet, through a number of rock faults crossing the river. These faults and folds in the hills can be seen most of the way to Bibbenluke Walls. The area is of interest to both botanist and geologist. Incidentally, it is quite an interesting walk from Jerricknorra Creek across The George and along the Corang River to Bibbenluke Walls, a somewhat different trip from the scenic walk over the Corang Plateau.

Walking down the conglomerate slope is like walking down a huge hill of potatoes. We cross the valley, over a low ridge, and continue up a long valley with low cliffs on either side, gradually climbing to the top of the cliffs. Again, the flowers are out in abundance. After passing several large caves on our right, we pause and, looking back, see in profile on the end of a cliff, a head with all the human features. Continuing up the valley, keeping on the right hand side of the creek, we climb on to a rocky outcrop, where extensive views to the south are seen once again. On a previous occasion, one of our members, interested in anthropology, found aboriginal sharpening stones nearby.

From here, it is easy walking across the open country. We see the folds in the hills to the north, the cliffs of Mt. Renwick to the east, and Bibbenluke Walls in front. Skirting around to the north of these walls, we come into another valley with Mt. Tam on the northern side. To this point we have walked, on several occasions, from the north, having come from the burned out saw mill near Vines Creek. The Vines is about six miles distant, and all that remains is this burned out mill, now mostly overgrown with saplings. A car can be driven to this point from Sassafras, a distance of about eleven miles through the Army Proof Range, over a very rough road, of which the last few miles are at times practically impassable. The country is rather open and scrubby across the tops, but where the road goes quite close to the top of the cliffs overlooking the Clyde River, is a view extending to Mt. Bushwalker and Talaterang Mountain.

Just south of The Vines, at Quilty's Mountain on the Endrick Trig plateau, is an aboriginal bora ground. Here we see what is left of an aboriginal ceremonial ground of many decades ago, small rocks being laid out in the shapes of various animals. Not all the rock shapes are said to be authentic, but it is known from records that the aborigines had these ceremonial grounds. In the distance, again, is the "remarkable peak" of Pigeon House, and one reflects upon that April day, 191 years ago, when the aborigines little realised the consequences of Captain Cook's visit, when he named that peak. It is interesting to note that in the late 1820's, some old blacks remembered seeing in their youth the wonderful sight of Captain Cook's vessel sailing past their shores. This was related to some of the early settlers on the coast.

In the valley below Quilty's Mountain, the old timber track winds its way south through tall timbers, fern trees, and across a couple of creeks reminiscent of areas of the Blue Mountains. Following this timber track through a forest, we eventually come out on to the edge of a large, swampy plain, which constitutes the headwaters of the Endrick River system. Looking south-west we can see Castle Hill, a great, square block of stone standing out on its own. Castle Hill was named in 1828 by surveyor, Robert Hoddle, who was engaged in some of the

early feature surveys of our South Coast, and was, perhaps, the first white man into this area. The valley is quite extensive, with a tributary going around Castle Hill to the low ridge separating the Corang and Endrick valleys. This is a very easy route to Bibbenluke Walls. Another route is across the plain and around the base of the eastern cliffs of Seven Gods Mountain and on to Mt. Tam. Crossing its flat top, we descend down a cleft in the cliffs, and eventually into the valley, where we had walked from Jerricknorra Creek. It is recalled that on several occasions, wallabies have been seen through the area; also several wombats.

Crossing the saddle between Mt. Roswaine and Bibbenluke Walls, we come to the caves under the cliffs of Mt. Roswaine. The writer remembers spending thirty-six hours in one of these large caves in bad weather conditions. The saddle just mentioned affords reasonably good camping, but water has to be obtained from the creek below. To the north-east, we have Angel's Falls, and there is a very excellent lookout below and just north of Mt. Fletcher, looking down about 500 feet to the bottom of the falls and across the valley to The Sentinel and Folly Point. This valley has an atmosphere of its own, comparable with the rest of the country. Back at the saddle and east to the Clyde River, the country makes a complete change —a most impressive part of the Budawang Range. In about eight square miles, there are seven mountains and one fairly high waterfall. We have Mts. Renwick, Roswaine and Fletcher in the west, and Mts. Pataird, Gulluffie and Irambang in the east, and a most impressive valley in the centre of these six mountains, called the Valley of the Monoliths, while on the south-east of all this mass. there is The Castle. The writer has spent a considerable amount of time in this section, and each time, there is always something new to be found.

After scrambling around the base of the cliffs to the south-west corner of Mt. Roswaine, we climb the rugged gully separating Mt. Roswaine and Mt. Renwick. Both these mountains are similar, and the walk across Mt. Renwick is easy. On this mountain are many tarns, and the low stunted bushes were a blaze of colour in January. After a walk of almost a mile, a most extensive panoramic view unfolds to what some consider to be one of the best in this State. I will never forget my first impression. It was Easter Sunday, there was not a cloud in the sky, an a westerly wind made the air clear and crisp. We arrived at the southerly point about noon. And what a view to behold! A magnificent and imposing panoramic view of our South Coast and the Budawang Range. What really puts the finishing touch to this grand scenery is the sight of the whole western side of The Castle, with its double cliff lines, and the rounded rocks of Mt. Irambang, with Oaky Creek winding its way through the thick forest far down below. Beyond The Castle is Pigeon House, with the ocean in the background, and here and there, dotted down the coastline, we see the sandhills, Bateman's Bay in the distance, and Mt. Dromedary, 70 miles away, and further south to the mountains west of Bega. Our eyes wander around to Mt. Budawang, Mt. Currockbilly, Corang Trig and, in the distance, the Shoalhaven Valley and mountains beyond.

This view so impressed the members of the Easter party, that it was decided to return the following Queen's Birthday weekend, and place a visitor's book on this point. On this weekend, a party of 25 walked in from Jerricknorra Creek via Corang River, and placed a book there in a container. The words on the flyleaf explain our reason. "This book was donated by The Coast and Mountain Walkers of New South Wales, in appreciation to all persons who have assisted in opening this area to bushwalkers. May all who visit this point on Mt. Renwick enjoy the beauty of our coast and mountains." A club bearing such a name as ours surely could not have chosen a more fitting spot. Thus do we express our gratitude and appreciation to all those bushwalkers who have been before us, and who have helped to open this scenic area. We are indebted to Ken Angel (N.T.U.C.B.W.C.), who gave us the first and most useful map of the eastern and south-eastern corner of this area, to Graeme Mitchell (1st Lindfield Rover Crew), for his map of The Vines and Castle Point, and, finally, to George Elliot (C.M.W.), who has given us a map covering most of the area mentioned in this article.

Leaving this glorious view, we skirt around the eastern side to the north-eastern corner, overlooking the Valley of the Monoliths. A heavily-crevassed, rugged valley, carved out in great sections, as though some giant had cut it up centuries ago. The cliffs and stone are in all sorts of odd shapes, from pyramid to minarets, oblong to circular. A really weird valley, and a world of its own. Some

of the places in between all these great blocks are very rugged, with large boulders. A stream which occasionally flows underground, makes its way through these moss-covered boulders and rotting vegetation. There are lovely little glens with quiet streams wandering through ferns, sassafras, and scented satinwood. Other parts are open with grass, Christmas Bells, and other flowers, while in places, we have the Lyre Birds; and what a treat it is to hear them singing! A natural bridge of stone is also to be seen under Roswaine. At night, you may see the glowworms in the dark recesses of these glens.

Leaving Mt. Renwick by the eastern pass, we find our way through this valley, and eventually into the gully between Mt. Pataird and Mt. Gullullie. It is very scrubby, and we find it quicker to walk along the bed of the creek. Eventually, we break through the gully overlooking the Clyde Valley. Scrambling around the base of the cliffs, we cross a gully to a large overhang of Mt. Irambang, where there is cold water, green, mossy rocks, and beautiful ferns. Skirting the base of the cliffs of this mountain, we come in view of The Castle, that sentinel of stone in the shape of a giant tadpole, this portion before us breaking away and tapering off to form the tail. This is the section we climb. About the centre of the tail, we have a naturally-formed tunnel where one can take a short cut to the eastern side, when coming up from Yadboro Creek. From Irambang, it is better to keep to the centre of the saddle, and along the eastern wall of the tail to the blaze. The climb to the top is reasonably easy, and the route has become fairly well worn, except for a few places where one could go wrong and be in difficulties. The centre of the tail is quite narrow and the mountains we have come through are an impressive sight. While resting, our eyes wander up the Clyde Valley, with the double cliff lines flanking both sides, Castle Point on the west, and Mt. Bushwalker and Talaterang Mountain on the opposite side. Thinking back to some time ago, I remember some of the trips I have had around these mountains. On several occasions, we came out from Milton, passed Egan's deserted farmhouse, built of slabs in the last century, and reached the top of Egan's Gap. Walking along the old track, through fairly open forest country, one comes to Cradle Plateau. This is quite a vast open plateau, covered with Christmas Bells in the early Autumn. Standing on Mt. Bushwalker, above the junction of Claydon's Creek and Clyde River, on a clear day one can see Point Perpendicular, at Jervis Bay. From the former, excellent views are obtained of Pigeon House Gorge to Pigeon House, with Talaterang Mountain on the right. It was across these tops that surveyor, F. T. Rusden, surveyed this area from Sassafras, in 1833. Looking down about 2,000 feet, we see the Clyde River winding its way around the valley floor, where on one occasion, the river came down in flood after heavy rains had nearly washed our tents away, although we were camped 16 feet above the river.

After our rest, we drop down to a rather wide, scrubby ledge and scramble around this ledge to our final climb. Care needs to be taken on this climb, as it is quite a few hundred feet to the base of the cliffs. We climb across several boulders, up a rocky chimney and eventually find ourselves on top. We had a perfect day in January, warm, but very pleasant. There were quite a few pools of water about, and a mass of yellow flowers. Out on the end is a small cairn, containing the visitors' book, placed there by the 1st Lindfield Rover Crew and Senior Scout Troop. We find the first recorded party to climb The Castle was a C.S.I.R.O. group, in August, 1948. For many years, this mountain, rising 2,920 feet, with double cliff lines from Yadboro Creek, presented a formidable task. It has come to my notice that this mountain may have been climbed before, but due credit must be given to this group for finding a negotiable route. After recording our names as the forty-eighth party, we rested on the end to rink in the splendour of it all To the west, we see Mt. Renwick, Admiration Point, Mt. Currockbilly, the great sea of ridges and spurs rolling south as far as the eye can see, to the east, the town of Milton, nestling in the green hills, and rich pastures on the coast, below us, Byangee Walls and the green flats around Yadboro House, at Castle Flat. At the beginning of the last century, the Pigeon House blacks roamed this area. This tribe, on Mt. Kingiman (meaning meeting place), east of Pigeon House, numbered about 600 when the white settlers arrived on the coast. It was in 1828 that surveyor Hoddle was in this locality, and he gave the native name of The Castle as Cooyoyo, and recorded the native name of Pigeon House as Tytdel or Diddel, having found difficulty in differentiating between the native "t's" and "d's." From Castle Flat, we see Longfella Ridge. The track up this ridge

dates back before the white man came to this continent, and leads to the base of Pigeon House Mountain, rising 2,358 feet above the valleys, with the ocean in the background.

The description of R. H. Cambage, F.L.S., is very fitting, "The Pigeon House it situated in midst of romantic mountain scenery, overlooking profound gorges, which are still being carved out by the waters of the Clyde River, and having great steel battlements of Talaterang and The Castle (Cooyoyo), standing as mighty sentinels around. Its symmetrical, conical shape and towering, massive crown often shrouded by mist and cloud, and sometimes crested with snow, make it an object of general interest in its majestic setting amidst surroundings of natural beauty and rugged grandeur."

May it not be long before this grand scenic area is proclaimed a National Park. It contains scenery equal to world standards, scenery not seen anywhere else in this State, and recorded in the early history of this continent. At the moment, the Army Proof Range shadow hangs over the area, and it could be lost to nature lovers. Let us not forget the future generations, that they may enjoy, as we have enjoyed, the rugged grandeur of the Budawang Range, the Clyde River Valley, and Pigeon House Mountain. May it be kept in its present primitive state for posterity, and may this national heritage be not lost in this so-called progressive twentieth century.

NO PORRIDGE FOR ME

by Gordon Robinson

It's not the porridge! It's cleaning the billy afterwards that I dislike.

Being somewhat old-fashioned, I use to insist on having my porridge, followed by bacon and eggs, and rounded off with tea and toast for breakfast, bushwalking or not.

It did not take me long to discover that the tea made in the porridge billy just wasn't 100 per cent. Apart from being a strange colour, the grains of porridge floating about somehow affected the taste, and I could not help feeling I was eating the tea.

Some quick and efficient way of cleaning the billy of uneaten porridge was imperative for an enjoyable breakfast in the bush, I felt. How do the experts do it? Being very fortunate, and having an aunt and sister as well as a mother at home, I don't have much opporunitty to practise the art of washing up. In an emergency, I have filled the gap, only to be instructed to leave the saucepans, and indeed, any utensils likely to have dried foodstuff clinging to the sides and bottom. I could do the plates and cutlery, and hold the glasses momentarily under the tap, but the rest was women's work, and would be done later.

On occasions when my behaviour has been extra good, I have been allowed to tackle a saucepan or two. I can get the majority of the porridge out with the scratcher thing, but it won't do the corners or the part where the handle joins the top of the saucepan. Poking about with a skewer is fatiguing work, and uses up much time. Then I discovered the "scritcher." It's an apparatus specially designed for such things. It usually rests between the taps in well-organised households. That's how we do it at home.

But I cannot take a scratcher, a scritcher, a wad of steel wool, a skewer, and other sundry instruments along on a bushwalk. A bloke would look like a golfer with a full bag of sticks, and choosing the correct iron or instrument would become equally involved.

The procedure must be simplified. A tent peg could be used instead of a skewer, true, but perhaps we could do away with the skewer. The obvious way is not to burn the porridge, and stirring with a long stick while it is cooking reduces the possibility of this happening.

I tried cleaning the billy with dead fern leaves. I've even tried, when nobody's looking, green leaves. The best so far has been sand and water, but it is surprising how little sand there is on bushwalks. I once decided to substitute by cleaning the billy with dirt and water. I was very thoughtfully doing this at some distance from the others, when I happened to notice some members pointing at me. Nothing was said, mind you, but they made some tapping motions to the sides of their heads.

I don't eat porridge on bushwalks now. I have cereal. Did you know that you can go ten miles on a plate of Fluffy Krumsies?

PROSPECTIVE

I regarded the pair without enthusiasm. They stood in front of the indicator board at Central — a contrast to our little group, who wore thick socks and shoes, and the sort of clothes that would obviously "take it," and carried packs. I had only expected Her — but we seemed to have Him, too. Oh, well, only a day walk, luckily. Still, if they started with us, we'd have to be responsible, and I was the leader.

I stepped forward and introduced myself, and for the first time heard The Voice — a most penetrating affair. We were to hear plenty of it all day, and hardly a sound from Him. He was introduced as My Friend Fred. She was very badly equipped, despite my suggestions by letter. Sandals and no socks, very tight matador pants, and a thin, nylon blouse. He was rather highly coloured, but no glittering thread, anyway. She had a beach bag — rather heavy (the handle broke later). He carried an airways bag. I was surprised that she had even thought of coming, but gathered during the short train trip that she had had a friend before My Friend Fred who was a "hiker," she said, and she had always wanted to try it.

The train eventually left us at our nice, little station, and we clumped up the steps and over the footbridge, crossed the highway, and merged into the trees. She kept up a flow of shrill chatter, and My Friend Fred came along a little behind, in a sort of quiet, moody silence. Now and again, we waited while pebbles were got out of the sandals, and when we edged down a rocky slope to the creek, of course a strap broke. I produced a pair of thongs, which I usually carry when I'm going swimming, also a band aid or two for the inevitable blisters. We stopped by the creek and ate some fruit. My Friend Fred sat a little apart, still very quiet, and our chatterer held the floor. Quite entertaining, as a matter of fact—and pretty, too.

The track led over a hill and down to another creek, where we would swim, bask, and have lunch. The beach bag, of course, was a bit awkward, and when the handle broke, My Friend Fred too it over in a gloomy silence, and She carried the airways bag.

We all enjoyed the swim, the shrill prattle died down a bit at lunch time, and we lounged in comfort, dozing a little, and quietly conscious of a whip bird nearby, the burble of the creek, the sunshine, the breeze. A gentle murmur came from the young men, and I was pleased to see that My Friend Fred was in the group. Perhaps the day would not be a dead loss for him after all.

Suddenly, our heavenly peace was shattered by a loud, raucous transistor set. I groaned. These occasions need tactful handling, but I really had no trouble. My Friend Fred reached a long arm across and neatly gathered it up, turned it off, and gave the little lady a cold stare. She pointed out that it was HERS—that she had carried it (he had refused, it seemed, hence the heavy beach bag)—she wanted it—she hated him, anyway—etc., etc. In fact, she quite shrilled at him. She groped in the beach bag, seemingly for her make up, and her hand coming in contact with a tomato, she let fly. It whizzed past him, hit a lovely angaphora, and trickled in an ugly cascade down the smooth trunk.

It was only a little storm, really, and hardly merits such attention. Peace was restored with another swim, and eventually we reached the highway, and our day was nearly over. As luck would have it, a car stopped at the milk bar just near the station, and the party in it turned out to be neighbours of our little "prospect," and it was quickly arranged that she return home with them. There was only room for one, anyway, so My Friend Fred remained with us.

I could not help wondering what she had actually seen during the day. She would obviously never come again—the bush could not interest her less. However, the story does not end here, it really begins. My Friend Fred has quite definitely become Our Friend Fred—in fact, one might say he came home the day he so reluctantly tagged along. He is a first-class camper and bushwalker, and at the moment, is happily organising a trip to Tasmania next summer. He is already a committeeman, and one of these days will have a say in Federation matters, I think, and also National Parks. What a lucky Prospect for us.

—Anon.

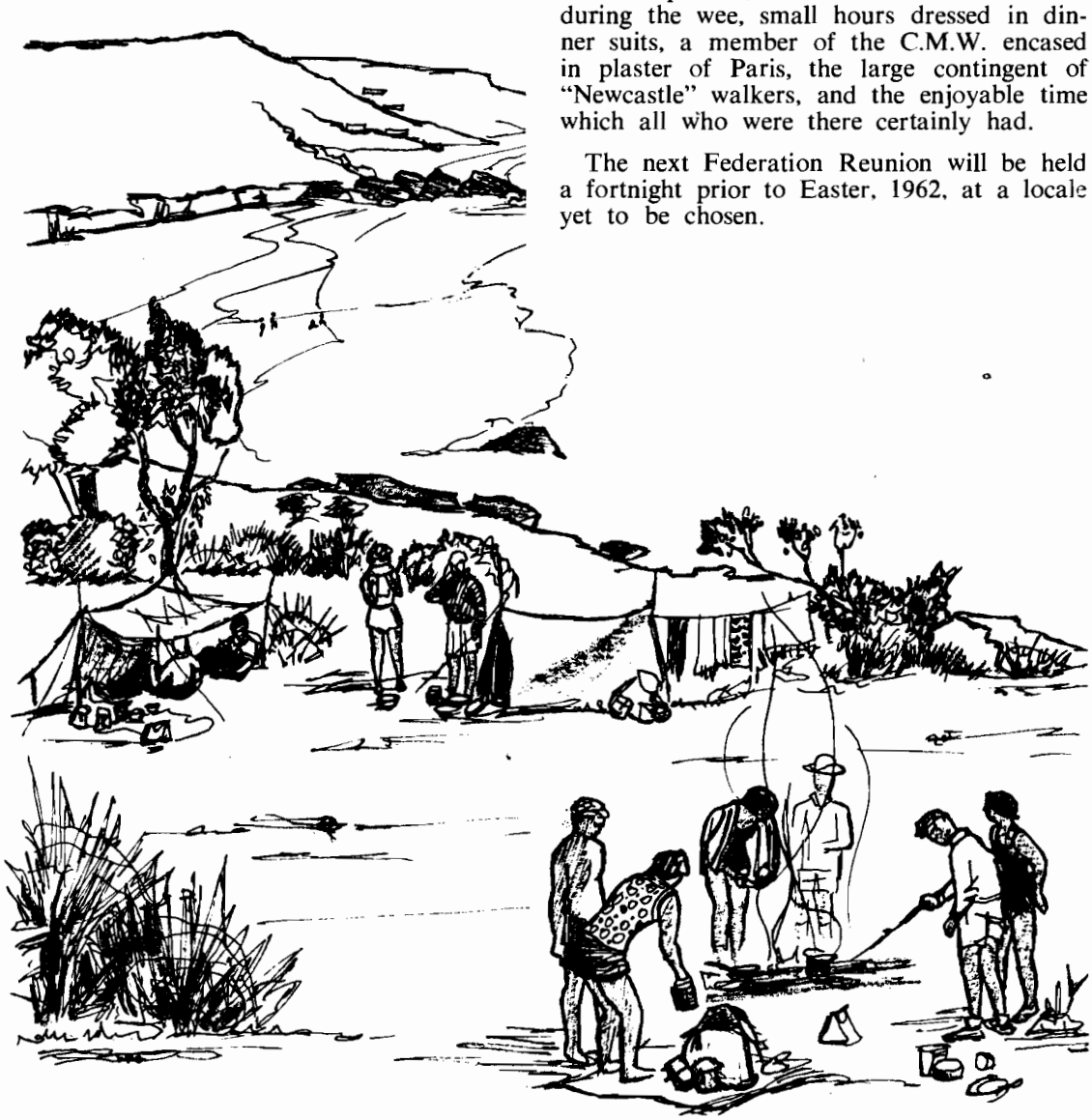
FEDERATION REUNION, 1961

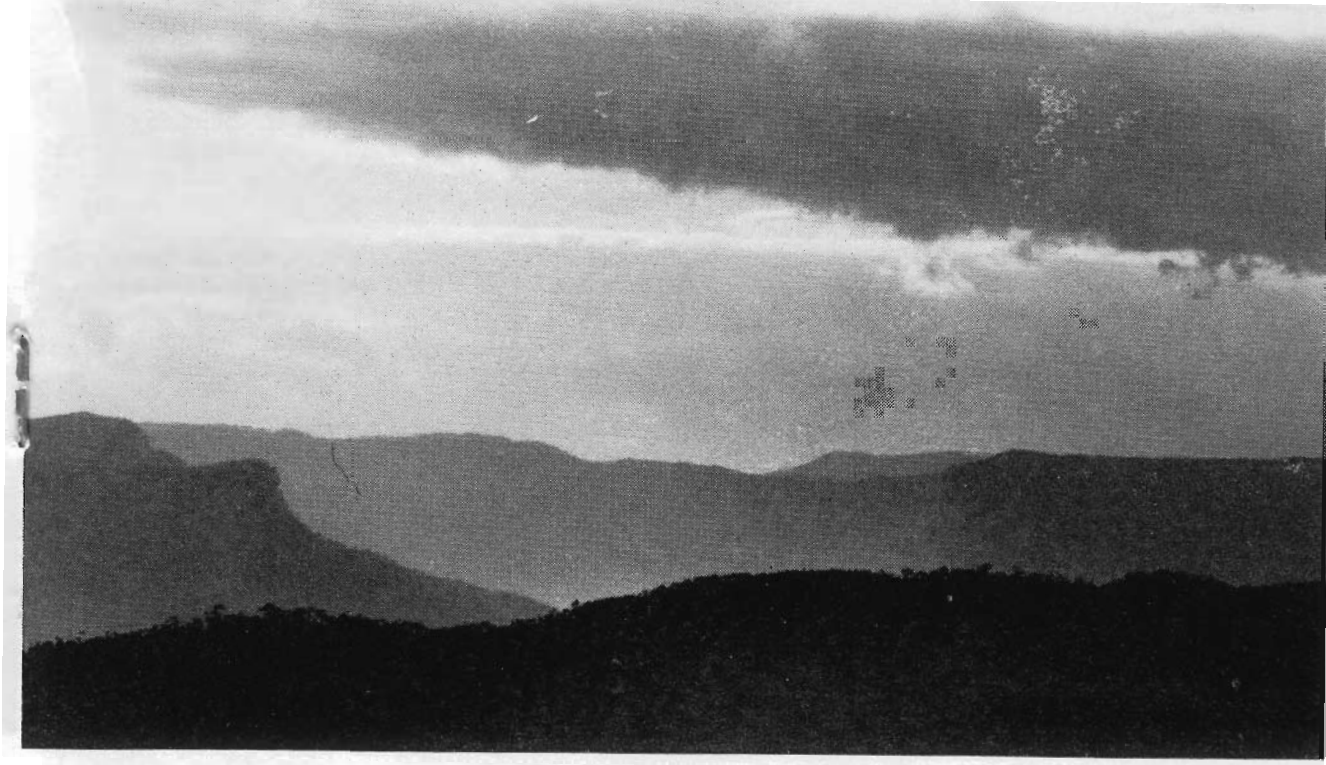
The Twenty-second Annual Federation Reunion was held at Burning Palms, Garawarra, on the weekend of 18th-19th April, and was, undoubtedly, a great success. Over 200 persons representing 14 affiliated clubs and visitors were present and enjoyed perfect weather and excellent camping conditions.

Our old friends, Kenn Stewart and "Paddy" Pallin, were there to lead the campfire, and they kept the entertainment and music rolling until supper was served. Outstanding among the many acts and skits was a lively and entertaining pantomime entitled "Rotten Wood," which was presented by the Coast and Mountain Walkers.

Highlights of the weekend were the glorious weather and surf, the number of young children present, two stalwarts who arrived during the wee, small hours dressed in dinner suits, a member of the C.M.W. encased in plaster of Paris, the large contingent of "Newcastle" walkers, and the enjoyable time which all who were there certainly had.

The next Federation Reunion will be held a fortnight prior to Easter, 1962, at a locale yet to be chosen.





South of Mount Solitary. (Photo by Alan Catford.)

A Philosophy of Conservation

by Alan Catford

The word "progressive" is often applied to the present-day period of man's affairs on this earth. Whether this is correct or not, is something which could be debated for a vast period, and which, undoubtedly, would be, if it were made an issue. However, like many debates, it would end as a stalemate if no agreed-on definition for the word itself could be found. For we must remember that, to different people, the same word may have very different meanings. Take, for instance, the one in question, and we can immediately become aware of two philosophies—as fundamentally different as imagination could make them. We must examine, briefly, each of these states of mind, before going further.

At its worst, the materialistic approach to life is the Law of the Jungle in essence. Completely selfish, it knows no scruples, even to the extent of employing Machiavellian tactics to gain its ends. Such an outlook takes no heed of the future in respect to public benefit, nor of the cost, as borne by others, of its exploitations. Any adherence to the Golden Rule which it may possess is motivated by the recognition of its necessity for continued survival in our society. A step removed from this probably hypothetical animal, is what we may term the average self-seeker. He has more or less of a conscience, which he will exercise more or less, depending on the degree of self-denial involved by the "white" side of a pair of alternatives. He is not without principle, but will need an emotional stimulus to precipitate a decision for selflessness. Thirdly, we might include him who, purely through ignorance of a finer way of thought, knows no other approach to life but the materialistic one.

Can we speak of the "worst" side of a spiritualistic (for want of a better term) approach to life? I think we can, because, like everything else, it is present in us all in degree only. Most of us order our spiritual approach to our affairs as some sort of compromise, which we may or may not recognise as the result of our own personal battle—the conflict of conscience. This emerges as both a realisation that "Man does not live by bread alone," and overtly as, among other things, selflessness. The person who aspires to this conduct of life will be trying to help,

not hinder; his leanings will be towards health and healthy things; he will value goodwill and right done more than profit, and preservation above destruction. What profits he may make will not always be of a material nature, for, in his book of values, the things of the spirit rate highest.

There, in a nutshell, we have the two fundamental motivation patterns of civilised mankind. The concept of "progress" within a particular person, will obviously depend on the interaction between these basic outlooks, forming his behavioural tone, general thought direction, or attitude. The predominantly materialistic type regards progress as a trend towards more profit and power, more things (possessions), and ease, rising to some degree of luxury and ostentation. If he is an industrialist or financier, he will view with satisfaction the building of new factories, listen to the music of the production line, calculate the probable horizons of profit-potential, and anticipate with glee the fall of rivals. He can envisage a nation geared and devoted to industrial expansion as its number one goal. If he is reasonable, the other fellow will not deny the advantages of material prosperity as aids to happiness (provided that it is enjoyed by the whole community), but he certainly would denounce the attitude which would make it the sole end of existence, even to the extent of almost deifying money and power. To him, progress, real progress, is of the soul, and there is no other kind. It will manifest itself in many ways, mostly unconcerned with personal profit, the accumulation of goods, or the abolition of work, but conferring more lasting benefits upon the whole family of man.

Nobody is totally in either camp, but most of us have leanings one way or the other, and these determine the extent of our concern with the rights and wrongs done in this world by men. Above all, they set our personal scale of values, so that the concept of progress will vary accordingly.

Yellowstone National Park, the first of its kind in the world, was conceived in 1870, and in 1872, established by Act of Congress. The genesis of the idea was one man's inspired and selfless realisation—that outstanding natural wonders should not be privately owned and exploited, but should be the property of the nation, for all to enjoy. He and his companions deliberately set aside their original plans for personal exploitation of the magnificent gorge they had just discovered, and to him, all free people must be eternally grateful. Here, in a world in which personal gain is held paramount, is something of greater value, an assurance that some natural beauty will endure, and that we, and our successors, will be able to enjoy it unspoiled. The world today has probably hundreds of national parks. Many of us believe that this is progress. It is part of an enduring future, whereas personal profit and power, unless to a large extent plowed back into the human soil when it came, is limited in value and temporary in nature.

National parks are conceived as virgin lands—places deliberately reserved and protected so as to remain virgin, places kept apart from lands which are used to sustain the people by providing, directly or indirectly, their housing, food, and clothing. Their value is roughly threefold. They provide opportunities for human beings to renew their old, sometimes forgotten, contact with nature, so that their minds and bodies have a chance to cleanse themselves of all that is bad in a civilised way of life, and restore a certain mental balance, which is quite likely the essence of health. Peace, inspiration, relaxation, exercise, and the development of initiative and self-reliance, are all there for the taking. Quite subtly, whether on mountainside or windy moorland by placid lagoon or dazzling beach, is instilled the love for it all, and a growing fascination, until it becomes a positive need, for which one soon hungers in its absence. A drug, perhaps, but a good one, the after-effects from which are only beneficial. Secondly, in the fields of nature study in its various aspects, the parks are rich in educational value. They have been described as "living museums." Visual artists record, by brush and camera, what nature presents for man's admiration. Finally, there is the future, which could well be non-existent for much of our dwindling primitive lands, were it not for the foresight embodied in these reserves. Refreshment, education, and preservation of some virgin land —these are three good reasons for the existence of natural reserves.

We who are conservation-minded, are always deeply concerned over examples, past or present, of needless, careless, or ill-advised destruction of nature — either of plant or animal. In their ruthless exploitation of our formerly bountiful timber reserves, early settlers thoughtlessly squandered a fortune. As no thought was given to the future, we who follow are unable to draw from many of these great stands of yesteryear. In order to

Looking west—from a point west of Mt. Banks, in the Blue Mountains National Park. (Photo by Alan Catford.)

avoid killing the goose that laid the golden eggs, they should have got that timber out sparingly, leaving many younger trees, and perhaps planting some. But here was an apparently limitless supply in this huge, new country—or so they thought—so never mind the future. The koala was massacred in many hundreds of thousands for its pelt; quite apart from the revolting nature of this destruction, again no thought was given to conserving this unique and endearing species —not even for future skins. Finally, through the efforts of a few dedicated people, the koala became firmly established in the public regard, and its precarious future was saved. Not content with destroying the native fauna outright, men brought rabbits, foxes, pigs, birds, and other foreign animals, which further threatened their security, and created vast problems as pests for the future generations. Weeds introduced by man make big inroads, intruding themselves on crops, and playing the part of pest in many other ways. Overstocking of drought-prone lands led to the creation of deserts that have turned upon man the destroyer, choking him with their dust and impoverishing him. Bared hillsides have developed great rifts through water erosion. Understanding of the principles of soil conservation has now reached most of the men on the land, and none too soon. Ignorance has been at the bottom of much of man's faulty treatment of the good earth.

Of course, these were the most retrograde of our first endeavours to colonise the Great South Land. They were good examples of that vicious combination — ignorance and selfishness, with lack of wise control as a result. Our very first settlers, being largely from the ranks of convicts who had served

Coast near Marley, Royal National Park. (Photo by Alan Catford.)

their term, were mostly of a type in which the kind of sensitivity required for a conservational attitude could hardly have been expected. Circumstances had kept their thoughts and actions on a far lower level, for the most part. Moreover, particularly in the neighbourhood of the first settlement, they found the land a difficult one to settle, a hard, foreign place to which they brought the kind of hostility that is the usual response to things new and strange. This attitude was undoubtedly shared by many of the free settlers who followed. There was probably little regard for the country on purely aesthetic grounds, because it was so different from the Old World—so grey and austere, the stunted and contorted trees of the coastal scrub so strange, the forests so monotonous, and the whole aspect of the land and its aborigines so primitive.

Familiarity can breed either contempt or respect. When concerned with real value, it usually leads ultimately to the latter. People need time in which to acquire an appreciation of the value of new things—a period of adjustment. Who can define the sense of beauty? Is it not, at least in part, dependent on long acquaintance? The people from England, whether or not their circumstances had been happy, were used to a softer land. They had now to accustom themselves to this harsh place of vast distances, heat, infertility, and its outlandish plants, animals, and unpredictable natives. It seemed so valueless that they made little attempt to preserve it or its native inhabitants. But, after a while, the soul of this great country began to impress itself upon the minds of people, and a new set of values came into being. The opening up of the interior removed once and for all the urgency of their preoccupation with survival, and men could begin to look around them with new eyes. Poets and painters, fascinated by the starkness of the outback, the grandeur of rolling hills and deep gorges, the vitality of the trees, and the glorious coastlines, set down their impressions, and many of these are standing the test of time.

In the same way, it will become the accepted background to the lives of the migrants who are now augmenting our once meagre population. Probably they too, at first feel contempt for this apparently featureless land, coming fresh from the mountains and old established cultures of Europe. They need time, and with time will be developed interest and familiarity, which changes the matter into a personal one. This creates that needed feeling of proprietorship, which can and should lead to a desire for conservation, or at least, a belief in its necessity.

It is realised, however, that of those who are affected in this way, only a small proportion will transform their beliefs into action. There is a hard core of indifference in the mass of the people. The ugly word "apathy," and its corollary "inertia," loom large in this aspect. Of course, let me hasten to concede, we cannot all be interested enough in every matter of value to devote time or lend much financial support to it, but we can all, with very little effort, provide the weight of our opinions. This, the kind of help conservation needs most, is within the reach of all. But the greater mass of the people are just not concerning themselves with such things; they need stirring up by any means available to those who are fervent for the cause, and can devote time to it. Example and publicity are the weapons which can break through this crippling indifference, for they can generate emotions and stimulate interest — forerunners of active participation. Propaganda has been effective in many ways, not all good. It can be equally useful here, in helping conservation to insist itself into the thoughts of ordinary folk.

Aiding the general inertia resulting from apathy, is the unfortunate lack of true individualism, or of independent thought, which pervades this country. Conservation, nature study, etc., are unsensational subjects to most people, and take second place to other interests which have gained mass approval. Conformism dictates that it is not the done thing to be concerned with such a matter as "conservation." When conformists do not understand, they are inclined to ridicule; thus we may hear flippant remarks such as, "where did it come in the last race on Saturday?" used to conceal ignorance and reveal an attitude. Stemming from conformity is, of course, a reluctance to lend support to anything which does not bear the stamp of mass approval. For the same reason, once the resired attitude towards our subject catches on, there will be no problem, as far as the majority goes.

Even more active opposition may be encountered, but this is likely to be in connection with specific proposals for reservation of land, where they conflict with private interests, usually concerned with commerce. This is unfortunate, for someone must suffer, and it resolves itself into a matter of deciding which use of the land will better serve the

common good. Of course, this cannot be done justly, unless responsible bodies and individuals are properly educated as regards both sides of the question. Such clashes cannot be avoided, but what about argument on a general level? Should the decision for acceptance or rejection of this national need rest with the outcome of a conflict between spiritual and material philosophies? No. Nor should there be any such conflict, for the benefits that will follow wise and comprehensive planning for land usage will, in the long view, go to all, augmenting the prosperity of the nation in all respects. Selfish use of land has no place in such a plan insofar as land will be designated for certain purposes, so designed as to prevent needless spoliation, and with due regard to the preservation of species and their habitats; nor will the retention of natural areas benefit only minority groups such as bushwalkers, as will be shown.

The importance of national health to the material prosperity of a nation, not to mention its spiritual well-being, is undeniable. It is essential both to provide natural refreshment by the retention of certain virgin areas, and to encourage their use by all the people in a proper way. Many, if not all, of our native fauna help to preserve the balance of nature by maintaining links in food chains. It is not proposed to go into details of the many possibilities of natural imbalance caused by man's interference; it should be sufficient to point out that ignorance and greed have often led to unpredictable tragedy, sometimes by quite complicated chain reactions. Due regard paid to these possibilities will pay dividends to all interests. Then there is the tourist industry. As was agreed, most of us have at least some degree of national pride; this follows from the knowledge that we possess here a worthwhile country, including much that is unique, in scenery, flora, and fauna. This, in itself, is a spiritual or cultural value, but its realisation also leads to increased awareness of our country's worth, both at home and abroad, with a consequent rise of attention. The result is increased tourism, which is likely to be followed by increased settlement by people who already like the country, and who will, therefore, be an asset to it. Both bring capital and increase the strength of this large, vulnerable country in a fast-changing world. The point being raised here is that we should not neglect our country, lest it lose value, both culturally and economically.

The practical result of our national pride should be a country which is flourishing as a result of sound planning for its accelerating growth, and its natural treasures zealously guarded. But plan unwisely, or not at all, and many of our irreplaceables will vanish, and probably never return. We must not forget that Australia, stripped of too many of its original characteristics, whether they be forests or fauna, could eventually all but cease to be the Australia known far and wide as the land of uniqueness. To some, this may represent purely economic loss; but to conservationists, there is something terrible in this wastage — as terrible, in a way, as the pollution of the atmosphere by atomic fall-out. After all, we have only one Earth to preserve or ruin.

Civic pride is not a strong point in this country, as can be deduced from the prevalence of eyesore buildings and litter. Developing culture, and an increase in public conscience as a consequence of developing pride, are the only counters to this evident disregard. Moreover, pride of possession can be a strength in itself, and would contribute much to the security of this country. We have often been told, particularly in wartime, how much we love our country. Do we actively justify this?

It may be pointed out that only a minority are instrumental in doing harm by bad development, neglect, or vandalism; but the rest of us, by our condonation, are also responsible. In addition, the desire to preserve what is irreplaceable in nature should, in a cultured community, be an ideal, not needing the compulsion of threats, such as from erosion, plagues, and other consequences of man's mishandling of his heritage. Is the apparent widespread indifference to this concept one measure of our cultural worth today?

Progress? In its material aspects, it should be devoted to the supply of our physical needs and the easing of daily chores, so that people may devote more time to living the real life which is concerned with the culture of true values—beauty, goodwill, health, the arts, etc. Love of these things is the driving force which is a necessary part of all worthwhile endeavour. Let us not be embarrassed in recognising the presence of this capacity —this love—within all of us. But it must be realised that in so many it has become a very small voice, all but drowned in the clamour of superficiality, which is a mire from which only the determined will escape.

This implies effort, and effort is an integral part of culture. This is why so many succumb to the lures of ease and sensation, taking the line of least resistance, as it were. We have won for ourselves immunity from the terrors of the jungle, only to sideslip into this other menace, subtler, but no less real, the desert of complacency. The culture of ease is not progress.

How many of us today are, then, really progressive? But let us not be too cynical. The real values may be quite close to the surface in many more people than we may realise—enough, in fact, to create the nucleus of a force to be reckoned with, provided that they can be brought more to the forefront of people's lives. This is the province of religion, and the task of its ministers is to turn the hearts and minds of people towards things of the spirit rather than dwelling on the material. But it is a slow process, and our specific problem is an urgent one. It has already been suggested that example and publicity, or propaganda, are the most effective methods of influencing the mass mind. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that an increasingly active programme of mass education by those who are already convinced, will soon result in the creation of a public opinion for conservation becoming a part of the moral code of the nation. Then, for the first time, with the bulk of the hitherto apathetic population behind the ideal, we will have got real horsepower into the drive for the retention of a fair proportion of Australian nature. This means that many more wildernesses will be preserved by public demand, and those who hitherto have spoiled our clean bushlands with fire, defacement, litter, etc., will find themselves up against that most effective curb—public disapproval. For undoubtedly, the most powerful influence over the average person's public behaviour is public opinion. It is to be hoped that the funds necessary for the promotion of such a big programme of publicity will be forthcoming from a newly created National Parks Authority.

But even this measure may be too slow, for we live in a critical period. The urgency of the necessity to reserve adequate portions of virgin land which now stand in jeopardy, is such that ten years or less of the present degree of control could mean disaster. Methods such as door-to-door canvassing with petitions for the collection of signatures, which has already been carried out, must be continued energetically for the time being at least, in order to force the necessary legislation. After that, growing public interest should ensure that the new body will become an important one, whose voice will be heard, and that no longer will the destruction of all that is rare and beautiful in Australia be allowed to proceed almost unchecked.

If we are in time, and our country becomes liberally sprinkled with National Parks and Faunal Reserves, then we will all be rich indeed, for we will not need to own land individually in order to preserve it and enjoy the best that it can provide — its unspoiled self. And in the light of recent prophecies of population increases in the coming years, the time may well be nigh when many more of us than ever before will feel the need for the joy and freedom of the bush.

Ferns, Grand Canyon. (Photo by Alan Catford.)

NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION OF N.S.W.

The work of the Association is directed towards securing an improved National Parks system, which, we might hope, will not only provide recreation, interest, and inspiration for many, but in time may even be a counterbalance to concrete and cocktails in an overcivilised community where the artificial has become "natural."

A considerable number of projects are in hand, the most important of these being the proposed National Parks Act, which has been held up by frequent changes of Minister, as well as by the usual failure to recognise the importance of cultural matters.

There are proposals for national parks in a number of areas including Barrington Tops, Southern Blue Mountains (Kanangra-Kowmung), Nandewar Range, Clyde-Shoalhaven Rivers, and Myall Lakes. As well, a lot of attention has been given to such items as the preservation of Bungonia Gorge, the hotel to be built at Govett's Leap (including representation at a Land Board hearing), extensions to Lane Cove National Park, and retention of Travelling Stock Reserves suitable for camping.

The production of the Bulletin and the Journal, and this year the provision of material for a section in each issue of "Living Earth" (Journal of Men on the Land), takes a great deal of time.

It should be noted that the N.P.A. is not a club where each member might be expected to take an active part in activities. It is an association of people who believe in, and wish to further, its objects, and if they

do no more than become members and pay their subscriptions, they are making a valuable contribution.

Naturally, the more members who are able to give, in addition, some time, the better. Some ways in which they can help are by attending meetings and joining in discussions, writing articles for publication, suggesting to friends that they might become members ("Introductions to the N.P.A." are available). letting their Members of Parliament know that there is real public interest in nature conservation in general, and the proposed National Parks Act in particular. Walkers who travel to more distant walking areas by private car could assist by giving information about Travelling Stock Reserves which should be preserved for camping. The association would much appreciate such information on a map with a brief description of the timber and water situation.

An association differs from a club in that a member's enjoyment and satisfaction comes more from taking part in worthwhile work, rather than in recreational activities. However, the Association does arrange outings, mostly on long weekends, and quite a number of walkers are known to have enjoyed them, although they are no tiger walks. It is admitted that these walkers tend to be the not so youthful, and the proud possessors of families. In fact, on a recent outing to the T.S.R. at the Endrick River, there were more children than adults.

Enjoyable camps have been held at places such as Myall Lakes, Mount Canobolas, Kanangra Walls, Pigeon House, Benandra State Forest, and the Gloucester River.

RESCUE

In January, 1959, a party of bushwalkers from Sydney clubs were making their way down the slopes of Precipitous Bluff towards New River Lagoon, in the difficult South-West country of Tasmania. While negotiating a waterfall through thick scrub, one of them put his weight on a dead branch, which gave way, causing him to fall about 15 feet to the bed of the stream. When his friends reached him, he was unconscious and showing signs of cerebral haemorrhage. They made camp at once, and next morning, as the injured man showed little improvement, the two strongest walkers set out on an exhausting scrub dash which brought them, on the morning of the third day, to the lonely home of the Kings on Bathurst Harbour, where they radioed for help.

Within half an hour of hearing the call, a light plane from the Hobart Aero Club landed on the airstrip nearby and flew them both to Hobart, where the Hobart Bush Walking Club was preparing organisation for the rescue. Early next morning, two light planes and a helicopter flew to the airstrip on Bathurst Harbour once more, from which point the helicopter flew a doctor, who was prepared, if necessary, to perform field surgery, to the nearest possible landing place. Meanwhile, the two members of the party remaining with the injured man had been informed, by a note dropped from a plane, of these arrangements, and when on that morning the patient felt able to walk, they made their way slowly down the creek to meet the helicopter party. They met, the injuries were examined, and the patient and doctor flown back to Kings', then to hospital in Hobart.

It was a very efficient rescue, made possible largely by the use of aircraft. A lot of hours had been flown, but none that seemed unjustified with a man's life at stake —but it had been expensive!

Several months later, the victim, now recovered, received a bill for more than £400, the price of the rescue, which eventually he had to pay. The action of the Tasmanian Government in presenting this bill is quite unprecedented, but now must be considered as the possible fate of any walker meeting with an accident in country where such expensive means of transport or other services may be required to save his life.

In order that an individual walker should not have to suffer hardship through this, the Federation, after considering various solutions, finally founded the Rescue Fund. This money is held separately by the Federation to be built up by donations or by money raised at functions, and will be used at the discretion of the Federation Council.

Now, at least no walker need feel that he cannot afford to be rescued.

ANNO 8 B.F.T.

by Jim Brown

Scarcely a week passes these times without reports of the latest developments in the extension of Bush Fire Trails.

"There's a trail," someone says, "down off Shipley Plateau into Kanimbla Valley."

"Yes, but have you seen Medlow Gap? They've put in a regular road, with cement pipe culverts, and they've bulldozed out a great patch at the bottom of Debert's Nob—and landing ground for helicopters."

So the stories go from month to month. Many walkers look askance at the changes, some are downright dismayed, damning the trails as useless despoliation of the bush.

Me—I'm not going to buy into the fight at present. I recollect when our Club was pounding away at various authorities to make access ways and do something about the "fire beaten back from habitation to burn itself out in the bush" attitude.

Meanwhile, 1960 has been the Year of the Fire Trail: If they keep on spreading out (and I understand barely half the allocation of funds has been used to date), walkers will probably come to count the years from that date. Explaining why a certain jaunt used to be considered intrepid, an old hand may say, "Ah, but we did it in 5 B.F.T. (before fire trails). Why, when you went through in 1962, I mean 2 A.F.T., it was mostly a roadbash."

Something like the watershed between Erskine Creek and the Warragamba River must be nowadays. Now, there's one fire trail over which no tears have been shed to my knowledge, probably because so few walkers ever traversed it B.F.T.—and some of them would feel it deserves nothing better. walkers ever traversed it B.F.T.—and some of them would feel it deserves nothing better.

Caught between the Nepean River on the east and the rim of Kedumba Valley on the west, Warragamba River Gorge on the south, and the Blue Mountains Ridge, with its string of towns on the north, lies an area known loosely as the Blue Labyrinth. It is less than 20 miles across in both directions, and with its eastern fringe only 30 miles from Sydney, it seems almost suburban in character.

Its name provides the clue to its nature. In the years B.F.T., it was relatively trackless, save for a small patch out from Glenbrook and Springwood in the north-eastern corner. The whole area is deeply dissected by creeks, and although the ridge tops rise from near sea level at the Nepean to about 2,000 feet along the Kedumba Rim, the terrain is surprisingly featureless. Every ridge has a broad resemblance to the next on each side, grown with harsh and hardy vegetation on almost naked sandstone, every gully looks a twin to the one across the ridge.

Through this maze Erskine Creek describes a sinuous course, rising in the west and north-west of the Labyrinth and flowing generally east to enter the Nepean a few miles below the Warragamba. Between the two streams is the ridge we followed in the days when the Blue Labyrinth had its share of path-finding problems and roughish going, in the year 8 B.F.T.

About 10.30 in the morning of a bright September Saturday, our party of five stood below one of the few higher features on the western flank of the Labyrinth, Waratah Trig, 2,446 feet. We had travelled up to Wentworth Falls the previous night, taken a taxi a few miles out to Queen Victoria Sanatorium on King's Tableland, and camped a couple of miles further south. On the Saturday morning we had covered six miles more along the old road that continues out to the end of the plateau.

Waratah Trig is the high point where a ridge leading east joins the north-south formation of King's Tableland. It was "our" ridge, the butt end of the Erskine-Warragamba watershed, and from here our way was expected to be a "bush-push" of some 16 or 17 miles to the site of the Warragamba Dam. From previous Labyrinth experience, we anticipated restricted visibility, few vantage points, and a uniform growth of scrubby ridge-top vegetation.

However, I had always argued that the Labyrinth was less labyrinthine if one went about it properly: The military maps were detailed and, as far as I then knew, quite reliable. The dearth of visibility could be overcome by cautious bush "navigation," mostly a system of dead reckoning. So the

party was armed with a formidable collection of maps, we sported three compasses, and in addition I had produced a document which commenced:

Point	Bearing
A (Waratah)	133
B	80
Map Reference	**Distance**
395165	1100 yards
402157	400 yards

Each "point" represented a mapped turn in the direction of our ridge, each bearing was pre-converted from true to magnetic, each distance had been measured off by protractor. There were 28 legs ranging in length from 200 yards to 2,900 yards: We would estimate our rate of progress, usually about 1½ to 2 m.p.h. in that scratchy growth, compute the time needed for each length, and, at the end of the time, if the fork in the ridge was not evident, or if the compass did not swing round to a bearing close to our "plot," we would stop and cast around for the right spur.

After all this elaborate preparation, it came as something of a shock to find a very clear timber cutters' road turning off to the south-east just below the Trig, and showing ample evidence of sticking to our ridge. In fact, our systems were so attuned to the idea of going bush at Waratah Trig that we briefly wandered on to a less prominent side trail, and had to turn back after a few yards.

Back on the right ridge, and with growing disbelief, we trudged along a dusty trail for perhaps a mile, and then elected to make a lunch halt. Over this, Bill, Jim and I worked out exactly how far we had followed our ridge: It could be important when we did have to take to the rough to know precisely where we were. We still could not believe that this rutted path, freshly torn out by machinery, would lead all the way along the divide to Warragamba.

The exercise of fixing our position was a useful one. Peter, who had despatched a four-foot black snake along the tableland road, was going through a phase of living off the land, and had announced his intention of having snake and onions for dinner. The carcass had been carried in his water bucket, and at lunch time it was skinned and dismembered (can you dismember a snake?) Our work over the map gave us valid reason for keeping our eyes averted.

The timber road stayed with us another couple of miles after lunch, dividing once to send a tendril down towards the straighter, taller trees in Erskine Creek. We passed several foresters' camps, and a collection of earth-moving machinery, and finally decided that the road had forsaken us and was getting involved with the headwaters of Pocket Creek, south of our divide.

With something like relief we cut up a ridge and rejoined our watershed a good three miles beyond where we had expected to leave behind any vestige of a trail. The divide tallied with our pre-fixed bearings, the scrub was there and it was scratchy, but at least it had not been burned in the holocaust which swept parts of the Labyrinth in the previous (1951-2) summer, and the rest of the afternoon was uneventful.

At all the right places and times we came to our new bearings, and once we surmounted a rocky outcrop which gave views northwest to Katoomba and south towards Burragorang. Our high point was surrounded by clumps of pale boronia, burdened with flower at that time. Of course, maps, compass, and "plot" were seldom out of our hands, but at this stage it looked like an easy victory over the worst the Labyrinth could toss up to us.

Progress was so good that I called a halt soon after five o'clock, in a small saddle where a thick growth of a flowering pultanea fringed a patch of level ground big enough for a tent, and the steep ridge sides and greener vegetation suggested water may be found. There was water, too, just an ooze over rocks caught in a shallow bowl of sandstone, the lip of which was built up with a small, natural weir of twigs and leaves. That is, it was until we had two half-full water buckets, when we found our little pool had emptied suddenly. Jim had put a boot on the weir, and the tide had gone out. We decided to practise water economy and hopefully scooped together a collection of stones and leaves at the outflow to ensure a morning supply.

We pitched one tent on the only decent sleeping patch, and our fire was small, as a concession to the shortage of water. Peter cooked his snake and onions. The evening was mild and calm and heavy, with the blossom scent, and when it was full dark we could glimpse distant lights on the plain over towards Camden.

Considering the known treachery of the Labyrinth, we stayed up yarning too late, and didn't creep out of our sleeping bags until the sun was up in the morning. Foolish, but, of course, the early section of timber road had accelerated our trip, it was only eight or nine miles to Warragamba, and in a couple of miles we should be off the slightly vague Jenolan map, with its hairy sausage hachured ground forms, on the precise and contoured Liverpool map.

So we didn't move off on Sunday until something after 8.30, and again everything seemed to go splendidly for an hour and a half. In fact, I had just made some weak gag about tripping over the first contour line on the Liverpool map, when our ridge, running out immediately south of the steep gorge of Erskine Creek, suddenly plunged down.

"Another saddle!" said someone.

The ridge retrieved itself, ran level for a few yards, then started to drop again, this time into smoky blue depths. Suddenly, the bearings were 'way off—20 degrees or more. We stopped and consulted. There was nothing to take a cross bearing on, but it wasn't really necessary: There was the gorge of Erskine Creek out on our left. We could only be **there,** and whatever the map suggested, **there** was not on the watershed. The creek in front of us, with our ridge plunging into it, ran out into the Erskine. We were out on a limb, and somewhere over **that** way —probably that scabrous spur now beginning to rise above us—was our divide. The map showed it as terminating over Ripple Creek, which flows to the Warragamba, but it looked continuous and substantial enough from where we stood.

When we had digested this, we turned back. Not without some misgivings. This creek we must head, the one which really emptied into the Erskine and not the Warragamba, went a long way back, somewhere beyond our camp of the night. Peter was for going down into the gorge and up again, and secretly, I was half way to agreement with him. However, I argued, we were "doing" the divide, and how could we be positive that ridge over there was the divide? Apart from that I recalled how slow and difficult the sides of the Erskine gorges could be.

Back we went, on a day growing uncomfortably warm. We dived off the ridge to draw another small drink from our camp pool, then selected the next ridge bearing east, which promised to be the mislaid watershed. It was, too, but we didn't get confirmation for about two hours, and when we did, it was disquieting in a way.

It was about 12.30, and our lips growing unpleasantly dry, when a little valley barred our way. There could be no doubt that this time the creek below was draining out to the south-east, almost certainly into Ripple Creek and the Warragamba. Surely, then, there must be a saddle up to our left, only a few hundred yards away, forming the line of the divide. I would have liked to investigate, but thirst drove us down, though I kept looking doubtfully up the creek, trying to be quite sure the ridge did go over.

This was one of those lunches when you keep on thinking it was as well you mentioned the possibility of being overdue if the weather turned nasty, so that everyone had some reserve food, and parents or relatives had been judiciously cautioned. I found that the spring of my anxiety unwound slightly, and when we began to climb out of the creek, it was with almost fatalistic resignation. Either we get right back on the ridge and make it to Warragamba tonight, or we run a bit overdue . . . ah, well . . .

The first top seemed a long while coming, but it was worth it—it tied in perfectly with our ridge at the edge of the contoured Liverpool map: There was even another rocky pimple a few hundred yards north, on the right, bearing in the right place. With assurance restored, we tackled the longest leg, 2,900 yards on bearing 92 degrees, a scratchy stage that ended in our first "landfall" — a surveyor's L-shaped heap of rocks. Round we came to our next bearing, and now we were so confident we paused to see what strange formation could be denoted by a blue ring contour shown on the map on the top of the ridge . . . and reluctantly concluded it was a printer's error, and should have been an orthodox orange-red contour line.

Quite abruptly, at five o'clock, we walked out on to a broad logging trail, much trodden by tractors, which led us south-east, and then east, north-east, and east again, along the line of our ridge. The sun dropped and a wall of mistiness crept up from the valley on our right, which must be the Warragamba. The stars were showing when, in a break in the forest, we glimpsed lights that

looked unreal and theatrical through the belt of haze.

Jim breathed, "It looks like Brigadoon" (the musical had just finished a Sydney season).

A very brief pause, and we hurried on with rising elation to see if the suspension bridge at the Dam site was blocked to wayfarers from the Labyrinth. It wasn't, and at 7 p.m., with the last daylight gone, we walked out over the floodlit construction site....

I suppose the fire trail now follows our course. I seem to remember reading of a proposal to convert it into an alternative Western road, by-passing the lower Blue Mountains towns. If so, walkers have no legitimate grizzle, for we used the area very little.

As to other fire trails, we're not likely to know until the next bad fire year whether they succeed or not . . . and I daresay even then their sponsors and their opponents will be unconvinced of their demerits or merits.

Somehow, whether we care about the Labyrinth or not, whether we endorse the construction of fire trails or not, it's one of the things I'm glad I did — the crossing of the Labyrinth Before Fire Trails.

****

Here and There

"Of course we do." "Do what?" "Make mistakes!" "Of course we don't—it doesn't happen to bushwalkers."

It does, you know, and when we drop a boner, it is usually a good one. However, no matter how frustrating and embarrassing it may appear at the time, will be something to discuss at many a campfire, laugh over, and argue about, for we can seldom pin the blame—after all, who wants to? It's better that way.

It had been a quiet trip up the mountains on the all-stations train. A brief pause at Mt. Victoria for refreshments, then back to the now near-deserted compartment to sort out rucksacks, and prepare to alight at Bell, the second stop. At least it should have been Bell, but it wasn't. If only someone had thought to tell the guard, because the timetable did say, "Stops by request." Newnes Junction isn't very far from Bell, but it could have been worse. Could have got to Lithgow.

* * *

An opportunity to visit Colong Caves did not occur very often, so to enable the party to make the most of the weekend, it was decided to camp in the cavern. In due course, entry was made on Saturday morning with the intention of staying underground till midday, Sunday, which left time to make a quick dash back to the transport at Colong Swamp. Well, it should have been midday when they came up, but it wasn't. I believe that it is quite a shock to come out of a cave at midnight expecting to find the sun shining, especially when you don't know which midnight it is.

* * *

The Friday night train from Campbelltown to Camden had not run for more than six months, but how was our party to know? It had been running last time we had wanted to use it. The Station Master was not even sympathetic, particularly after we suggested that he should put a "special" on for the four of us.

A conference on what to do and where to go was in progress when a train announced as "all stations to Cooma" pulled in. One thought went through four minds — Bungonia, and without further formality, the party proceeded to enter the nearest compartment. However, before we had settled, our old friend, the S.M., arrived and enquired, "Where are you going?"

"Camden," was the reply.

"This train doesn't go to Camden," answered the voice of authority.

"That doesn't matter," came back our bright spark.

Well, we didn't get to Camden — or Tallong, that night.

—Rover.

This photo illustrates portion of a group of carvings near Wiseman's Ferry. The main figure is a male kangaroo, eight feet long, in a leaping pose; an emu, poorly proportioned, an indeterminate figure, and several emu tracks. It also shows the grid superimposed on the carvings, as described in the article. (Photo by John Lough.)

Aboriginal Rock Carvings Around Sydney, and Bushwalkers

by "Kudjal-bula"

I suppose this heading looks a little old-fashioned and rusty, but the carvings are centuries old, and are likely to last a few more yet. They won't mind being a little "square."

It's usual to begin at the beginning, and state who the aborigines were, and where they came from. Well, the truth is we do not know. They are quite different from all other races, such as the Mongols, Polynesians, Negroids, etc. Some anthropologists consider that the aborigines migrated from southern India, or even Europe, but there is no convincing evidence yet to support these theories. It will be sufficient to state that the aborigines have lived in Australia for some thousands of years, and that their mode of life during this long period of time underwent few changes. They still use stone tools and flaked chips, which our ancestors threw away several centuries ago.

The aborigines were distributed all over the continent, and each tribe had its own language. The inland tribes occupied large areas of territory, and the coastal tribes much smaller areas. This was because the standard of living on the coast was higher, through the presence of fish and shellfish, and, anyway, it's easier to spear a fish than to stalk a kangaroo.

Each tribe consisted of a number of families, each of which, generally speaking, lived together in a particular locality. The tribe as a whole, had possession of a definite area of country, and each family had its hunting ground, on which it generally lived. Each family did not live permanently at a particular place, from time to time moving around, but always keeping within the tribal boundary. In this way, they conserved the natural products of the land, and the game was not entirely wiped out.

They were essentially a race of hunters, and were not agriculturalists. In consequence, their mode of life was extremely simple—it is no use possessing dozens of spears, possum rugs, a bag of stone axes, a hundredweight of raw flints, and a set of stone knives suitable for every occasion, and rations for a week or two, if the boss, or more correctly, the "old man close-up dead," decides to move off tomorrow to Gebber Gunyah, ten miles away. So the aborigines became "lightweight walkers"—a couple of spears, or a club and a spear, a stone axe, or perhaps two, a piece of chert, a lump of red ochre, and a dilly bag, was all that was needed. The woman carried the child, yam-stick, household utensils, and off they went.

The daily routine was for the men to go out hunting with the older boys, while the younger boys stayed with the women, who either fished or searched for vegetable foods. In the afternoon all returned to camp, or rather, home, and the food was shared. If you were lucky, and speared a kangaroo, you were entitled to eat only a small portion of it, and even that portion contained many of the inferior cuts. The choice parts were always given to your elder relatives, in accordance with custom, and the bulk of the remainder went to other members of the group. There was one consolation: you shared in the food brought back to camp by other aborigines.

While the aborigine's way of life was primitive and uncomplicated, his social structure was, perhaps, the most involved of any people. Each aborigine in a tribe had to control his behaviour towards each relative according to custom, and on all occasions. For instance, like some white people, he never looked his mother-in-law in the face; however, it was his duty to provide regular amounts of food for her. The aboriginal languages have a name for every relative. The number of such names is somewhat greater than the small number of relatives a man of European culture can name. Each aborigine belongs to a totem, e.g., the kangaroo totem, the emu totem, the koala totem, etc.; in fact, one for nearly every natural species of animal, many vegetable species, and even sometimes for heavenly bodies.

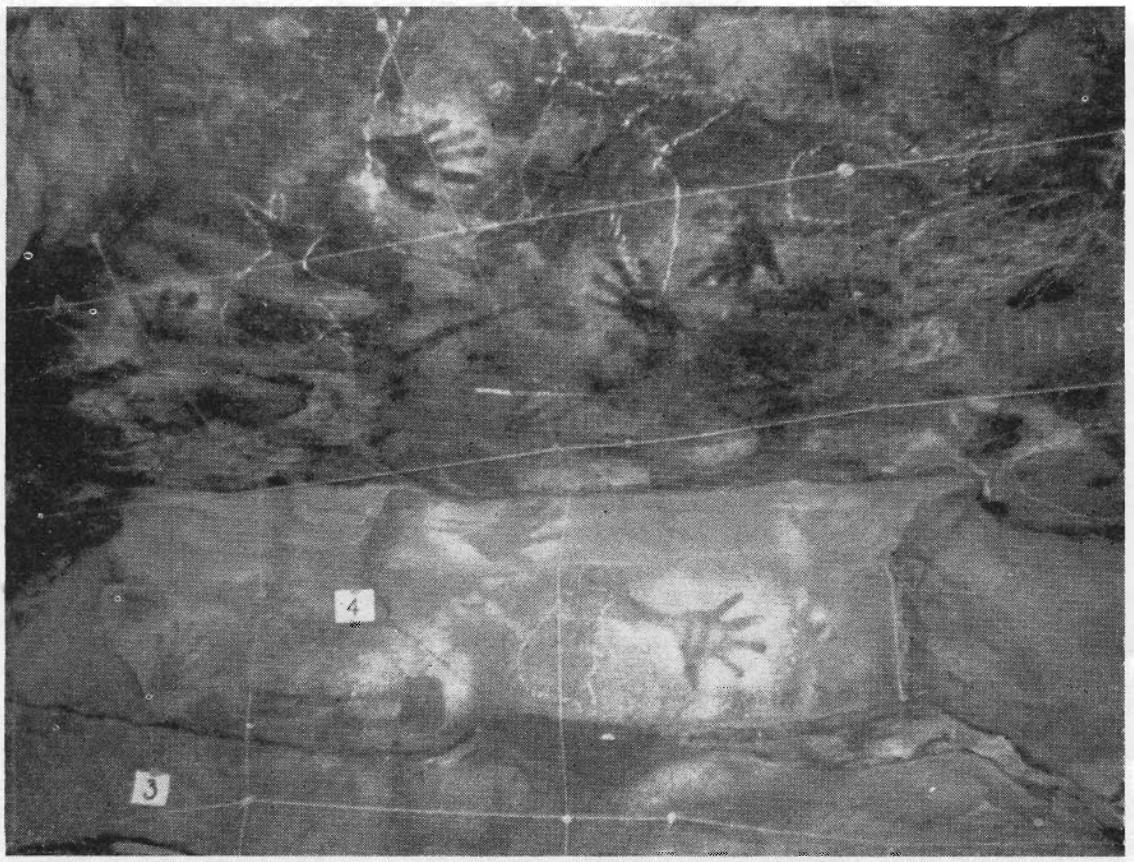
Now these totems regulated the life of each totemite. He had certain duties to carry out at ceremonies, performed with the object of increasing the natural species of the totem concerned. It was believed that if the kangaroo totem corroboree was not held at the usual time, there would not be born any young Joeys, and as a consequence, the tribe would be short of kangaroo meat. It was, therefore, of great importance that this corroboree be performed. Each totemite was also prohibited from eating or, indeed, killing, the species that was his totem, although he could assist a member of his tribe who belonged to another totem in the killing of his totem.

The aborigines believed in reincarnation, and that, after death, the spirit returned to perhaps the sky, where it stayed until it was born again. Their ancestors and the old men of the tribe were always held in great respect. They had no written language, but their culture was rich in legends, folklore, and songs. These, they performed at corroborees, and on other suitable occasions. Undoubtedly, some of these are illustrated in the rock carvings around Sydney.

Their style of drawing sometimes is animated, and yet is always conventional. Human figures and deities are always depicted facing the observer, as also are boomerangs, axes, goannas, etc. Kangaroos, koalas, and fish, are always drawn in profile and, as every intelligent person knows, each of these animals has two eyes. So often, although the drawing is in profile, both eyes are shown, undoubtedly because it was "correct" to do so.

The rock carvings around Sydney* include figures of deities, or perhaps famous warriors, and portray incidents in their lives, and also include a number of casual drawings. We know little of their meaning, because the last survivor of the Sydney Tribe died in 1863, and tribal life ceased long before that. Thus, it took only seventy-five years to obliterate completely, the tribe that had the misfortune to live around Sydney. This was because Governor Phillip and his colony failed to understand the customs of the aboriginal people—fortunately, the errors of the past are being corrected now, and the aboriginal population is increasing in most parts of Australia.

* The Sydney area is considered to extend from the Shoalhaven in the south, to somewhere about the middle of the Blue Mountains in the west, and as far north as, perhaps, the Hunter River. The number of figures in each group of carvings is smaller, and the distance between each group is greater around the outer limits of the area described, and the centre of the area in which carvings greatest in number and complexity occur, can be described as the Hawkesbury Region. This area was occupied by the Cammaray Tribe in the south side of the Hawkesbury, and the Dharruk Tribe on the north.



Portion of the ceiling and wall of a rock shelter about 10 miles from Wiseman's Ferry. The photograph illustrates a grid of string held to the rock surface with plasticine for recording purposes. A number of hand stencils and two stencils of hafted axes can be seen. The grid is of two-foot squares. (Photo by John Lough.)

There are about 2,000 known drawing having over a hundred figures. Some groups have clean, sharp outlines which are at least sites, some being only a single figure, some 200 years old, and some have outlines so old that the rock can be walked over by an observant bushwalker, who remains unaware that there is a single mark on it. Some rites have figures carved in the rock by a succession of artists through the ages. This has been determined by examining the variations in style used in different parts of the site.

The next question to be answered is how the lines were carved by the aborigines in the rock. It was generally done by forming first of all, a succession of punctured holes close together, and the outline so formed, enlarged and smoothed by rubbing. No specialised tools or implements have ever been found on a site, but it is believed that the holes were formed with the aid of a hammerstone and a piece of hard basalt, shaped somewhat like a pyramid. Often, the original punctures can be seen in the bottom of the groove.

How can a faint carving be seen? It is easiest at night time. Using a torch, held a few feet away from the groove, close to the ground, the groove appears as a shadow, which can then be outlined with chalk. There is a rock near Berowra, which has 74 figures on it, but if you were taken there in daylight, you would see only about six. It took many night hours to trace all the lines of the figures on this rock, which was recorded last year.

Now, it is not much use to the community to seek out a carving site, perhaps admire the figures, chalk out the outline and, perhaps, take a photograph or two. It is quite probable that this site is unknown to the museum, and is unrecorded. Unless you are certain that

a site is known, it is a good idea to report it to the Australian Museum, or even to Paddy Pallin. If you ever do this, include a description of the figures, and their approximate size. Perhaps a rough sketch of the group would not be beyond your artistic ability. Of course, it is even better if you can spare half an hour of your time, and record the site while you are there. The equipment needed to do this is only a few sheets of squared paper, a foot rule, and a piece of stout string about twenty feet long, and, of course, chalk. First of all, the aboriginal outlines are carefully chalked out, taking care to follow the groove in the rock, and not the outline you imagine should be there, and that in fact cannot be seen. It is very easy to fall into this sort of error. A grid of squares is then constructed over the chalked outlines, each square measuring one foot, by means of the string which is chalked, held taut, and twanged. The outline is then either photographed, or transferred by sketching on squared paper, using preferably the scale of half an inch to one foot. If your carving group has been carefully and accurately recorded, and if it is of interest, it will almost certainly be published by the Museum or some similar body. It is necessary to orientate your drawing of the site with a north point, and endeavour to ascertain exactly where the site is in relation to some fixed reference point, such as a trig station. It is of assistance if the site itself is described, i.e., in a saddle, or twenty feet below the crown of the ridge, etc. The depth and nature of the grooves are also noted; some are smooth, others have the punctures showing.

If your interest in carvings continues for any length of time, you will notice that although there are similarities in all sites, there will always be a figure or two in each, completely different from any you have seen before, and this factor alone will prevent the work of recording the aboriginal art galleries becoming monotonous. You will, perhaps, notice that many adjacent sites appear to be linked by footsteps of the different figures depicted. By this, I mean there may be a series of footsteps pointing in a definite direction, either to an adjoining site, perhaps half a mile away, or in other cases along the ridge.

It is highly desirable that no damage be done to these sites. This is often caused by those who insist on carving their initials on the rock, though, in general, this occurs only at sites that have become too well known. There is another kind of damage which has been noticed at many sites recently; this is caused by well-intentioned folk using a pebble or piece of local stone to "freshen up" the outline. They certainly would have used chalk if they had remembered to bring some. The damage that a stone can do is considerable. The stone leaves a scratch mark which stays on the rock surface for a year or two. All too often the "toucher-up" is unable to follow the aboriginal outline, and succeeding visitors tend to make their scratch marks over the scratches that they can see more easily than the faint grooves. After a relatively short period of time, a new groove can be added to the original one. Anyone using the night time recording method can easily be misled into believing that the new scratched groove was put there by the aborigines, and an incorrect interpretation may be put on the group. The correct thing to do is to outline the carving with lump chalk, which is very cheap. It is quite all right to leave the chalk on the rock when you leave, as the first shower of rain will wash off all traces of it.

If, then, you find a group which you think may not be known, do your best to describe it without damaging it, and inform the Museum. The author, in conjunction with members of the Coast and Mountain Walkers of N.S.W., has been locating and recording rock carvings for over two years. In this period, the group has recorded about forty sites, comprising 374 figures.

It had been a wet weekend and a long, slow trip along the Nattai and up Little River to get to Couridjah just in time to miss the evening train. Then came another wet grind across to the highway, where it was hoped to get a lift to the city.

The hour was late, the small party was tired, wet, and miserable, and as time wore on, tempers frayed, but joy of joy when a big semi-trailer lurched to a halt. Packs were hurriedly thrown on, and the driver greeted the boys with "Where are you going?"

"Parramatta," was the reply.

A slight pause followed while the driver considered this before replying. "Try the other side of the road. I'm going to Melbourne—be back in a week if you want to do the round trip."

—Rover.

THE BEAUTY OF COAST WALKING

by Henry Gold

Coast walking, in the true sense of the word, means walking where the land meets the sea, following the course of the seashore, with its great variety of scenery and points of interest to the nature lover. Unfortunately, this kind of walking is not being practised to the same extent as bushwalking, which is mainly due to the constant spreading of population over the coastal regions, and one has to travel a considerable distance from the metropolitan area to find untouched, natural beauty equal to the mountains closer by.

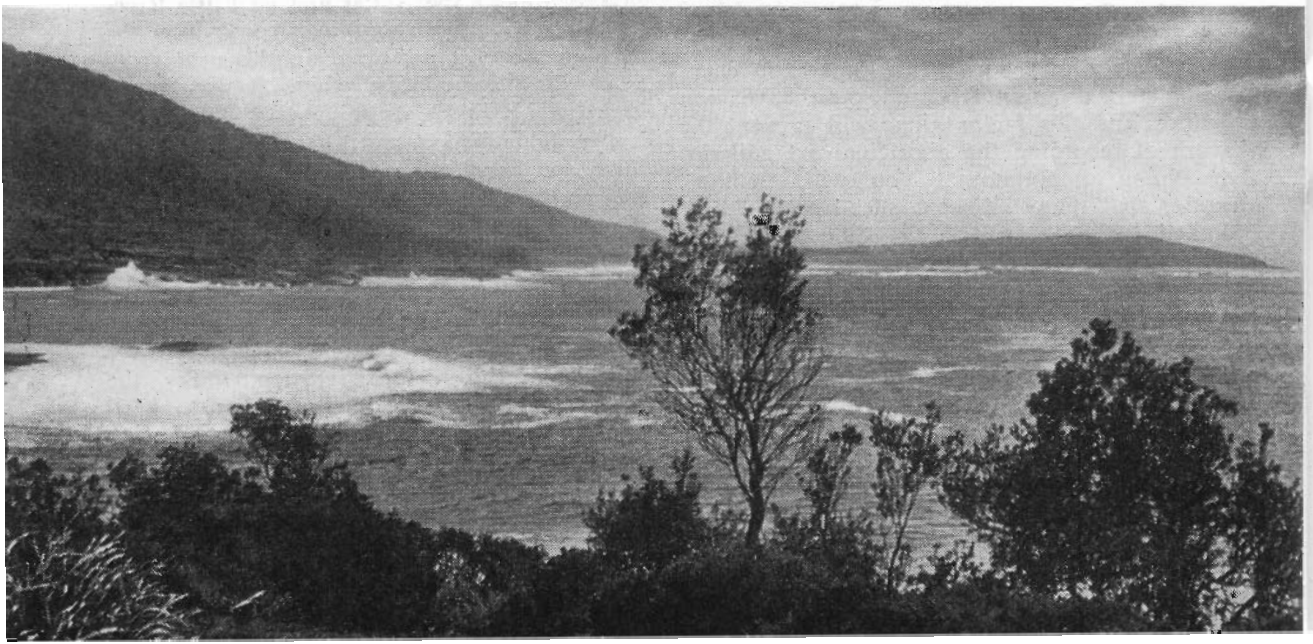
However, a small section of the coast located between Port Hacking and Stanwell Park — our National Park — has been preserved, yet certain parts of it, such as Garie or Wattamolla, were deprived of their original beauty through roads which have made them accessible by transport. Nevertheless, it is a beautiful stretch of coast well known to us, as there are few who have not "boiled the billy," at Era or another favourite camp site.

Examining the northern shore, we find it does not prove so favourable for coast walking within reasonable distance, because it is broken up with a labyrinth of bays, channels, and lakes. Let us, therefore, turn back to the south coast and examine its possibilities.

From Stanwell Park southward, the shore becomes well populated again, until the first break at Shell Harbour. The coast there to Omega, a stretch of approximately 25 miles, offers good opportunities for coast walks, despite some populated spots one has to pass on the way. One particular point of interest is found in the rocks between Omega and Kiama. These are rich with fossils, which can be seen exposed in the cliffs above the pounding waves.

It is worthwhile to venture further south, as far as Ulladulla, a distance out of reach for a normal weekend walk. Starting southward from there, the coast is marked with a number of lakes until Bawley Point, a small township by the sea, from where a gravel road makes connection with the Princes Highway. Between Bawley Point and Tomaga River entrance to the south, lie approximately 45 miles of coast which offers everything one could expect from coast walking. Empty beaches, lagoons, grassy hills, dense gum forests reaching almost to the edge of the sea and spectacular rock formations. Amongst those are high and jagged quartzite cliffs to satisfy the rock climber. The different geological formations in that area have a strong influence on the variation of scenery and vegitation.

...The Murramarang Range to its full extent. (Photos by Henry Gold.)

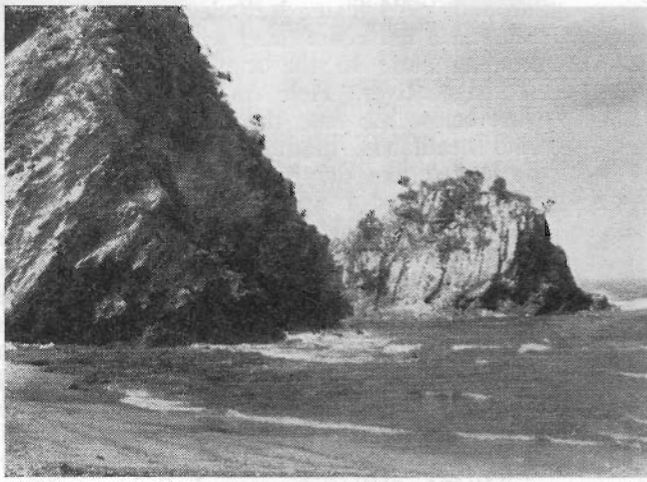


The story of my first walk along that part of the coast I hope may raise interest in some readers to take the rucksack and give coast walking a trial.

In February, 1957, my annual holidays were due, and I intended to spend some time further down the south coast, which was at the time familiar to me only as far as Nowra. I tried to gather information about the first unbroken section of coast south from Nowra, but without success, other than a description from a bushwalker friend who had viewed small sections from a boat during fishing trips undertaken from Bateman's Bay, and he considered it to be well worth a visit. So I decided to start from Burrewarra Point, the southern end of my proposed route, and walk back north sixty miles, as far as Ulladulla.

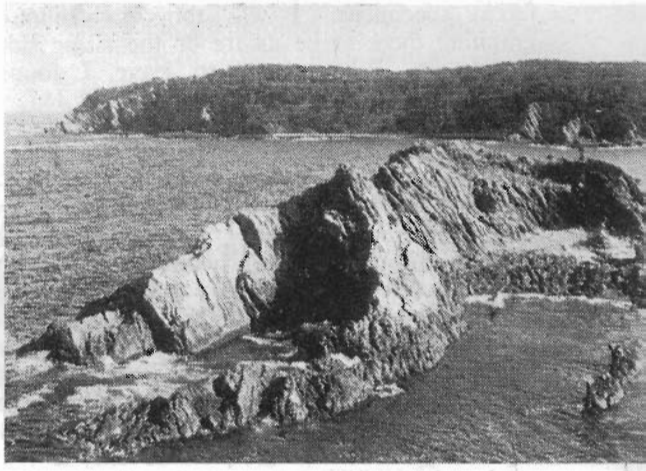
After some successful hitchhiking, I was left at Mogo Creek, which crosses the Princes Highway and flows into the Tomaga River, a broad tidal channel reaching three miles inland. It was getting dark and started to rain, so I had to find a camp spot quickly. This proved not so easy, and it was almost dark when my tent stood upright in a jungle of undergrowth. Wet, hungry, and miserable, I crawled into the tent, where a cloud of mosquitoes greeted me. After a quick, cold tea, and a few notes in the diary, I made myself mosquito-proof by wrapping a towel over my head and neck, just leaving the nose free to breathe, and burrowing as deeply as possible into the sleeping bag. I had nearly found peace, when a terrible stinging pain struck me on the shoulder, nearly sending me through the roof of the tent. The cause was a huge bull ant, which was still clinging to my flesh through the shirt. After removing it, and making sure it could not attack again, I relaxed, and soon went to sleep, despite the many scratching noises coming from under the ground sheet. That miserable night was one of the worst I have ever experienced. The short notes in my diary are full of powerful expressions. It could have happened in many other places, therefore it is not characteristic of coast walking.

The next morning was glorious. Its cheerfulness made the happenings of last night appear like a vague dream. I made an early start, and soon came across a gravel road which brought me to Tomakin, a small place consisting of a few farmhouses. Leaving Tomakin behind, I climbed a hill from where I had the first view of the sea and the coast



. . . High and jagged quartzite cliffs.

. . . Granite boulders of large size.



. . . My camera captured beautiful scenery.

around. An extensive view to the south showed a flat coast lined with yellow beaches coming close to the southern shore of the Tomaga River. Here on the northern shore just below me rose the first rocky outcrops and headlands, gradually increasing in size. It looked like the beginning of a promising coastline, and I was happy to have chosen to start from this point.

Behind Burrewarra Point, the shore became more and more spectacular. There, the rocks consisted of hard quartzite, and the long and narrow headlands reached far out into the ocean, some accompanied by bizarre-shaped remnants, still bidding defiance to erosion. The walking was not easy, particularly if one is used to the smooth sandstone platforms around Sydney. Here, the strata of rock was almost vertical, with a slight angle towards the sea, and one has to move over the upturned edges of sharp quartzite. The beaches between the headlands were small, but of rich mineral sands nearly black in colour.

I stopped to have lunch and a cool swim. In the hope of finding fresh water soon, I turned half the contents of my water bottle into cups of tea.

Making good progress after acquiring the proper technique on the rocks, the headlands began to recede, and the coast formed into a line of jagged cliffs, spurs, and small, rocky bays with pebble beaches. The pebbles created queer, rattling noises as they were shifted back and forth by the action of the surf. It was in one of those small bays I found the skeletons of sponges, swept on in hundreds, almost covering the pebble beach. A closer inspection revealed nine different specimens. I was too busy photographing them to be aware of the rising tide closing in. When ready to leave, I found myself trapped. The few shelves and ledges around the cliffs were already submerged, and even a retreat on the ledges known to me was too dangerous. Most of the surrounding cliffs were overhanging, only the northern one, which I had to pass, showed a possible escape. Climbing up to investigate, the top turned out to be the narrow ridge of a spur coming down from the higher cliffs. Climbing down the other side was impossible, for this was overhanging, and the bottom out of sight. My only chance was to follow the spur upwards and eventually reach the very top of the cliffs. I had climbed only a few yards when a huge diamond snake blocked the way. Curled up in knots and loops, it covered the entire width of the ridge. Climbing around it was out of the question, for there were sheer drops on both sides. It would have been foolish to start an argument, because my position in the rocks was anything but firm. Consequently, I climbed back down into the "prison," and decided to stay there for the night. There was no driftwood to burn, and an attempt to light some dry sponges failed. However, most of my food required no cooking, and I was going to miss the cup of tea in any case, for the level in the waterbottle was falling fast. With only one pint left, and fearing to find more dry watercourses, I had to quench my thirst with a mixture of fresh and salt water, plus fruit saline added in large quantities, which, under the circumstances, made quite a presentable drink. Despite those few inconveniences, I was in high spirits after satisfying my roaring stomach, and about to make myself comfortable, when my old friend, the snake, came down, obviously seeking the last patches of sunlight. Fortunately, it did not come right down to see me, but disappeared after a while into some cracks above.

It was a beautiful, full-moon night. I was lying on a narrow strip of dry pebbles between the high water mark and the bottom of the cliffs. Deep shadows lay in the rugged cliffs above. Wet rocks nearby seemed to glow with a silvery light, and the crests of gentle-moving waves were glittering like diamonds on black velvet. Every sound drowned in the murmur of the surf which, together with the rhythm of the rolling pebbles, slowly sent me to sleep.

Again, a cloudless morning greeted me, promising to become another hot, summer day. I started before my neighbour, the snake decide to appear, and made a successful climb to the very top, where I crossed through bush in line with the shore until Maluya Bay, a small settlement on a most spectacular coast. After obtaining good, fresh water, I continued to follow the cliffs, or cut unscalable headlands through fairly open forest, until just before dark, I finally reached Batehaven, the most southern settlement in Bateman's Bay. There, was an extensive beach and enough space behind it for camping.

Only those who have had a swim in the early morning hours will appreciate how much I enjoyed the surf while the first beams

of warm sunlight came stealing from behind the horizon. That day, I decided to leave my camp where it was and walk back south to explore some of the rocky points which I could not scale the day before, and also make a closer inspection of the marine life in rock pools. There was a great deal to see as well as to climb, and my camera captured some beautiful scenery, with a most perfect harmony of colours. There were yellow cliffs with patches of grey and orange, against dark blue sky above, and below, the black beaches with white surf joined with emerald green water. Now and again, a platform of black basalt, covered with yellow seaweed, would reach out from underneath, or a conspicuous boulder of white quartz would stand glittering in the sunlight. Some pebble beaches, with pebbles of white quartz and red porphyry, added to the colourful scene.

Arriving back at Batehaven, I reached my tent just in time to shelter from a thunderstorm, the result of a hot summer day. Strong winds whistled through the treetops, and the surf sounded like an echo from the rolling thunder.

Next day, I continued walking north. The cliffs within Bateman's Bay became gradually lower, and finally flattened out towards the river entrance. At the same time, the coast became increasingly populated. Almost exactly north, the contours of Mt. Pigeon House were visible through the morning haze. Arriving at the township, I did not spend much time there and, after having bought some food, I headed towards the bridge across the Clyde River. By now I had covered twenty miles, with twice the distance still ahead.

Not knowing the condition of Durras Water entrance, I planned to reach the north-western bay which swings close to the highway near Benandarah, and then to follow its northern shore back to the coast. I was able to obtain a lift to Benandarah, and the walk from there to Point Upright, the north head of Durras Water, brought me through fairly open forest with plenty of wild life.

To my surprise, I found the cliffs to be sandstone, not very high, with occasional layers of soft shale clearly showing. The extensive platforms, furrowed with channels and numerous rock pools, promised easy walking. The cliffs at Point Upright were honeycombed by round-shaped caves, obviously windblown, forming a weird pattern for some distance. Steep, thickly-overgrown slopes rose from the tops, marking the beginning of the Murramarang Range. Having passed Point Upright, I was able to see the range to its full extent up to O'Hara Head, which dominated the horizon about eight miles north. This part of the coast offered some beautiful scenery. The slopes which rose from the sea to a height of six hundred feet, were covered with rich vegetation of tall gum trees and undergrowth of short palms, bushes and vines. There was water in the creeks, and between the headlands on the edge of the forest lay grassy flats, which made luxurious camp sites. I did not miss the opportunity to try one out, the early hour of the day, and soon rested on a thick mattress of grass beside a small fire, watching seagulls as they flew by.

Next day, the walking was fast compared with the slow and careful progress back south. Rough seas and high tide forced me to avoid the rocks. The thundering sound of crashing waves penetrated through the thick forest as I crossed one ridge after the other. Slowly the bush began to thin out until it finally disappeared, leaving grass-covered slopes.

O'Hara Head was a prominent landmark. It blocked every view ahead until I stood on its highest point. Doing so, a look north revealed entirely different scenery. Low hills, extensive beaches and lagoons as far as I could see. That new scenery was due to a sudden geological change. O'Hara Head forms the last sandstone outcrop, and from there on granite takes it place. The smooth rocks which gently sloped into the sea were broken up occasionally, and granite boulders of large sizes lay scattered along the shore. Constantly washed around by the sea, their bases had worn round and narrow. Soon the first beach took possession of a long stretch of shore. A few sheds indicated the presence of Kioloa, a small settlement some short distance inland.

The sand hills threw long shadows in the late afternoon sun. Numerous seagulls were searching for food in the bulk of flotsam and jetsam left behind by the receding tide. The sun was low as I stopped to find a campsite amongst the sand dunes. I was then close to Bawley Point, the small township I mentioned earlier as the ideal starting point from north. That completes the 45

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LURE OF THE BOGONG PEAKS

by Alan Catford

July 11th, 1959

9.00 a.m.: Arrive Inspiration Point, over Talbingo Mountain — can see the Bogong Peaks to the east. They draw me like a magnet, those bare cones of rock. Route is down a steep hill, across a creek. The still pools at its sides are covered with ¾in. of ice. Scramble up rock ridge — very thorny bushes—to a bald, blackened rock—a huge dome called Black Perry. Just miss fine camera shot of wedge-tailed eagle at summit, as always do. Linger, having lunch, taking pictures.

1.00 p.m.: Must press on. Cross saddle, ascend to main ridge—strenuous, so sit down on log with burnt end to eat last sandwiches. Too much butter, so smear some on log. Follow top of ridge for about four miles.

2.30 p.m.: Sight peak aiming for — wild delight, it has patches of snow on it. Snow! must get there at all costs. Come to end of ridge — it ends in a confusion of little ravines — leave singlet over bush to mark ridge — also mark tree in front of black stump. Follow creek feeding swamp, keeping creek on left.

2.45 p.m.: Under peak now—begin ascent. Heavy going, getting tired. Deadline for return — 3.15, or darkness will beat me back to the old bus I left at Inspiration Point. Up, up. Startled by little sounds all around. Oh, only gang gang cockies dropping their dinner—gum fruits. They have no worry, they're home right now. Sensible, no ambitions. Should turn back—no, must finish.

3.30 p.m.: Right on top. Bare granite: the "snow" is frozen seepage, quite thick—wonderful, frigid snow daisies around. Can see big, snow-covered peaks in south — Mt. Bogong? Mt. Kosciusko? Take pictures, start descent at 4.00 p.m. Have to hurry, but can't much—too tired, too rough. Down at foot of mountain — keep creek on right. Come to swamp, search for marker on tree where? Oh, yes, there's the black stump. What, no marker? Wrong black stump. Try this one—no, too far from tree. Try next ridge, no black stumps at all. Go back, look up hill for singlet—no, only white tree trunks in the gathering dusk. Try going up this ridge (getting cold, could do with singlet), up, up—no singlet. There, oh no, only tree trunk. Try traversing this way a bit—no, no —well, cross this little creek and try next ridge—what's this, another swamp? Maybe —well, we'll go up here, nothing to lose now —what's that triangular lighter patch—only another tree—no, it's the singlet! At least we'll be a little warmer camped in that hollow tree all night. Great snakes, no, you'll freeze on this mountain ridge! Keep going, stick to back of ridge.

6.00 p.m.: Pretty dark now. Quarter moon behind dense overcast. Can't see the bare twigs that slap and scratch. Not cold in shorts and shirt—working too hard. Keep plumb on back of ridge, and may be back at bus by 8.30. Got to pick up pack I left on Black Perry first.

6.30 p.m.: Can't see much now, only the lightest things, tree-trunks, rocks. Stumble along, feeling the way—no severe croppers yet. Interminable bush — lonely, cold, yet beautiful, fresh, and free. Crash, thump, thump, thump—plenty of 'roos about. How do they see to bound through the bush like that?

8.30 p.m.: What's this, a log with a burnt end—could it? Feel all along it, cannot see it, but ah! greasy — taste it — BUTTER! Well, well, found the needle in the haystack. Definitely on the right track now—only one buttered log in this bush. Now there's the black hump of Black Perry silhouetted against the western moon glow. Won't be long now—back at 11, maybe?

Scale the rock, awkward—can't see much —sheer drop hereabouts—where's that pack —quite near the top—ah, here it is—these dates are good, but disgustingly sweet. Saddle up, and off. Awfully tough going down ridge —treacherous rocks, thorny bushes. A few croppers, no serious damage, except to seat of pants—huge rent—never mind, no com-

pany, only possums, and they don't mind. Have to go slowly, can't see. Hell, can hear creek, but how much longer? The dark bits I can't see are the shrubs—usually thorny. Down, down, down. Ah, the creek—11.30 p.m. Back by 12 now. Ah, that old bus, that hot food, that sleeping bag, that sleep! ! ! Cross the icy creek — anywhere, can't see anyway—straight into blackberry bushes or something on other side—swear for first and last time, no point — uses up energy and morale. Up hill now to road—put foot out to cross little gutter and fall into six-foot ditch. Can mortal man take more? This would be a cinch in full or even half moon. Up, up, will the road ridge never come? Marvellous what energy you can muster when you have to. Ah, now it flattens out —no, more yet. Still no road, can see the next valley ahead. Where's the road? can't have missed it. Can hear the creek in valley —could it be? Look at Scorpio—it's wrong way round—must have turned a complete circle—how?

Back track then, and hope for the best. Wonder if I can last the night? Aha! the road—no it's a tree trunk—not going to be fooled this time. Large tree trunk though. It **is** the road, the blessed road! Now, which way to the bus? Walk left ten minutes—no, wrong. Walk right 15 minutes, and there she is. Heaven on wheels! Ah, that hot food, that sleeping bag, that sleep! ! !

Time: 1.45 a.m.

Continued from page 45

miles of good coast for walking, and therefore I shall end my story at this point.

My tent stood on top of a grass-capped sand hill. There was peaceful silence in bushland behind, only the murmuring song of the sea echoed through the dunes, which shone in deep orange from the setting sun. A group of seabirds, silhouetted against the sky, passed by silently as dusk settled over water and land. The vastness of the ocean looked dark and mysterious. Its blackness came creeping over the dimly-lit sand of the beach, where my shadow-filled footprints formed a straight line, gradually disappearing in the distance, following on and on along the shore over hills, cliffs, and beaches, where days ago I had enjoyed the beauty of coast walking.

EUROKA

(Aboriginal for sun)

The Earth awoke; for many million years
She'd slumbered midst her flat and barren lands;
The mud was hardening underneath the meres, (1)
Below them, buried deep, cemented sands. (2)

She looked around and saw the landscape drear,
No trees or palms stood stately and erect,
No power of rushing water was there here,
To carve the valley, and the hills dissect.

And then she stirred and drew a long, deep sigh,
And gently with her mighty muscles drew,
Slowly that massive frame was lifted high,
And from the pristine plains a plateau grew. (3)

But now the clouds caressed the ready height
Which thus conceived and bore a hundred rills.
They seaward tore in rock-consuming might,
And carved the deeps, dissected from the hills.

Earth looked again and saw a landscape wild,
With twisted trees in poorly nourished sand,
Vast deeps with tumbled boulders piled,
Split off from rampart rocks on either hand.

So then a peaceful paradise she planned.
And thrust a richer rock between the hills,
Which quickly weathered into fertile land
With gentle contours swelling 'mongst the rills.

The sunshine warms Euroka's grassy cup,
The wind is stayed by hills which wall it round,
Angophoras and red gums lift their glory up,
How peacefully pastoral the cow-bells sound!

In deep content we lie upon the grass
And see how deep the blue seems through the green,
Too rapidly the golden minutes pass —
But when we leave, it is with souls serene.

—J. G. McKern (31-7-1955).

(1) Wianammatta Shale.
(2) Hawkesbury Sandstone.
(3) Blue Mountains.

THE WIND

by GEOF WAGG

Have you ever walked as I have, through the pre-dawn stillness, when all the world at hand is shades of grey and all the distance silent save a bird? You go until you reach some high and exposed p l a c e and there, where mountains and the hills drop down in fading blue to the horizon, watch the east as sunrise stains the vastness of the sky. And while the light grows stronger raise your eyes till, stretched across the summit of the amber dome, you see the finely drawn lines of cloud —wind cloud. Even as you stand, perhaps you will feel the first faint breath upon your cheek.

The wind—not the mean wind of the city, rude and furtive, springing at you suddenly from alleys, filling your mouth with dust and factory smells, but the clean, bush wind.

The bush wind, free, unfettered, blowing up with deep and deeper breaths drawn from fresh, ferny gullies, roaring along the valley, buffeting the cliff walls and catching the skirts of the waterfall, throws them up over her head beyond all modesty.

Day-long, this wind will dog you as you walk, raking through the trees beside the track with airy fingers until they thrash and strain to their very roots, in an effort to be free. Now, for a moment, the wind withdraws, the trees regain composure, then back it comes again, ruffling their leaves and dignity; the frenzy starts once more.

Or if your path lies through some patch of scrub, the playful wind will take this as a game and come panting round the fringes, shouting overhead and thrust long, tenuous arms among the bushes to catch at you as you pass. And when you stop to eat, you must choose a sheltered place below an overhang, while, up above, the wind will wait, impatiently rushing over the rock edge and swooping down to snatch flames from the fire.

The day wears on and you grow weary of your boisterous companion. His breath is colder, too, and so you are glad at last to see the tableland give way to ridges that run in intricate designs of light and shade to fringe the river you can see below. You conjure to your mind an image of the camp spot you will find—soft grass, the river clear and loud nearby, and peace, above all, peace from the restless wind.

As you descend, the wind increases force and goes rampaging over ridge on ridge, thrusting apart the bending, suppliant trees, and trying to snatch the sunlight off their leaves; colder and wilder, from one far distance to the other, the wind goes tossing on the sea of ridges.

Still you go further down the dropping path, and soon you find the ridges either side throw up their barriers of rock to spend the petulant fury of the wind, and here you find your peace.

The river flats are wide and lighted by the long rays of the setting sun. The casurinas stand like a hundred years. The river, like a miser, counts its innumerable stones, and you, in peace, set up your little tent.

You cook and eat your meal, then as the dark draws down, the tired and dying wind comes dragging slowly up the valley. It softly moans above your tent, and sighs in the casurinas, and the long, sad needles of the casurinas mourn in sympathy as it passes, and the night is quite still once more. The campfire flames rise straight into the stars.

"There'll be a decent sort of frost in the morning—if that wind doesn't get up again."

* * *

In the manner of a wind, we, the writers have ruffled through these pages you are holding. Some of good substance, bearing the seed of thoughts which will take root, flourish and have effect, some of such light material that it will be borne away by the very next wind that blows, and never leave a trace, yet each serving its purpose. First, in the writing that carries us in thought to many happy times and places, then in the reading, by which the richness and the triviality, the things that make us what we are, are yours; we scatter them on the wind like coins and confetti, and anyone may pick up what he will.

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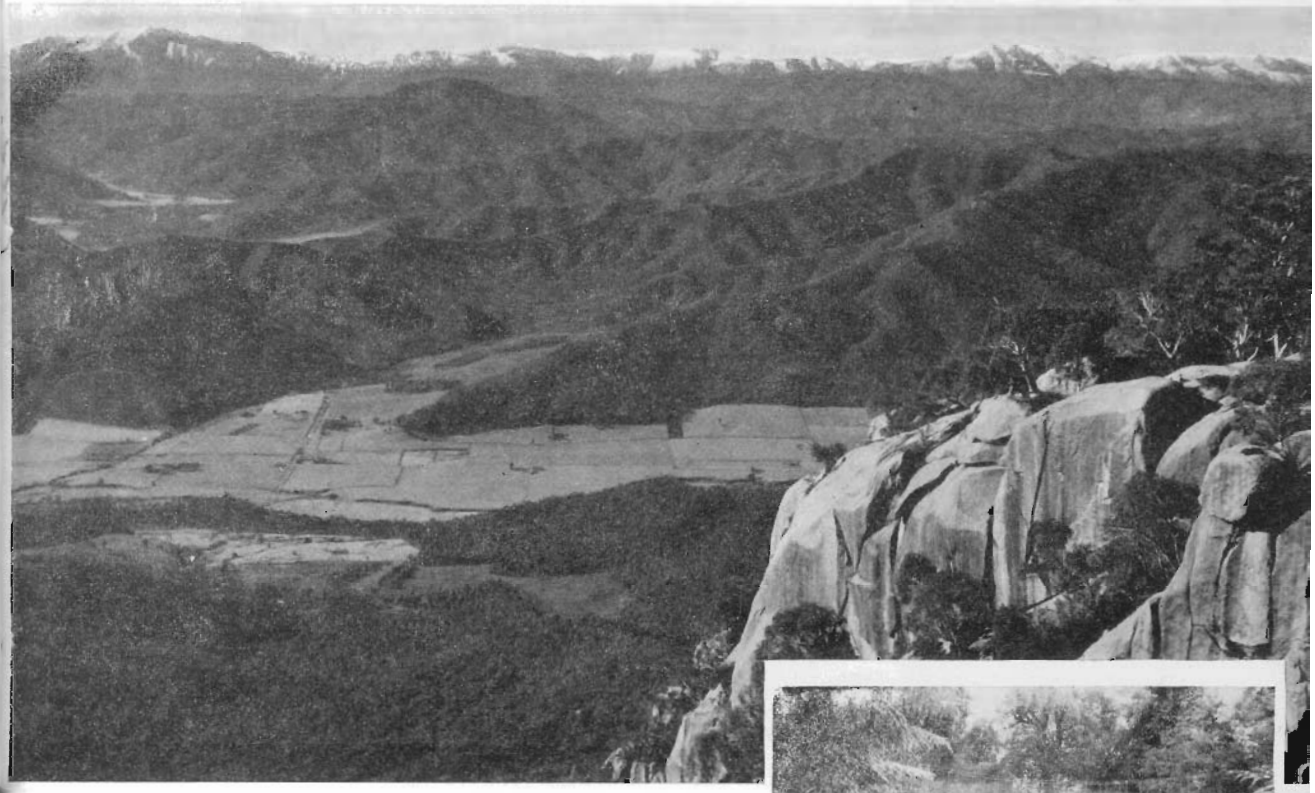

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