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New South Wales Federation of Bushwalking Clubs

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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.

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Walkers' Christmas, Festive cheer: Cold tinned pudding, Hot tinned beer.

Ham and chicken (sausage)
too,
Or more likely D.V, stew.
Bad luck all the sweets you
brought were
Made unfit to eat by water.

So a nut we try to crack —
Place upon a rock and whack!
First blow, nothing; cursing louder,
Second blow, it's crushed to powder.

Still the dinner's not a failure —
Tastes like the Hotel Australia.

EDITORIAL

The urge which drives man out into the unknown on voyages of discovery is the same force which has raised him above the level of the beasts. He is not content merely to exist; despite his preoccupation with things physical, man's life is thought; he craves knowledge. Different men strive to acquire knowledge in different ways; Bushwalkers by seeking to explore the wildest and most inaccessible places on the earth's surface. There, under conditions of hardship and danger, they pursue their ideal and in discovering the physical object, be it mountain, valley, river or ridge, they also discover themselves. In these pages you will read of walks and climbs and explorations, but between the lines you will also read of young people gaining a realisation of themselves, growing in moral stature and discovering truth and joy.

These are stores of youth — not only of the young in years but also the young in heart, for, no matter what his age, that man carries within himself the spirit of eternal youth who goes out into the untamed corners of the earth in search of adventure.

Here you will read tales of the gay travellers who stride on eager feet, from youth to age, over the grey-green forested hills of Eastern Australia; who find their way down deep, silent aorges—places of magic and enchantment with their strange sense of unshared secrets. You will read of mystery lands of the Aboriginal Dreamtime—of red ochrous earth and peaks and buttresses of South Australia. There are stories of daring ascents of rocky tops in Tasmania and sandstone faces in the Blue Mountains, and a ghostly encounter in a storm-bound Alpine hut. You will hear how the Search and Rescue Organisation carried out a rescue in a remote and difficult canyon, and you will read of life among the precipitous snow-clad ranges of New Zealand and its high country musterers, men of rare vitality and wit who draw their strength, endurance and good humour, much as the Bushwalker does, directly from their environment.

Through all these stories you will discover that simplicity is the keynote of happiness. The Bushwalker's wants are few; food and warmth and shelter he carries on his back. He spends his week-ends living wisely and happily with a few friends. Whether or not he reaches the destination he planned to reach, at least he has travelled hopefully which, they say, is better than to arrive, besides which, it has all been a lot of fun.

Be you Bushwalker or not, we offer for your entertainment the vitality, joy and adventure that sing through the following pages. It has been our pleasure to write. May it be your pleasure to read.

COVER DESIGN, ILLUSTRATIONS AND LAYOUT BY GEOF WAGG

COUNTR IN NEW ZEALAND

By Ron Kennealey Sydney Bush Walkers

Photos by Dave Osmers



High country musterers never walk with a light step, even at 2.30 a.m. The row their tricuni-studded boots made on the bare pine floor of Macorora's dining room brought a waking that the horses had come inside through the night. A shouted rejoinder from Kevin to someone inside the kitchen brought forth a more orthodox explanation for the racket: today we were starting the spring tailing muster and in such style would we be breakfasting for the next four days, provided the weather held.

The brief greetings and casual remarks of people bound by an easy bond of past associations passed between the homestead people and the four hired musterers as they stamped into the breakfast table Evan Kevin and the two Peters had staged an unexpected and riotous arrival during dinner some several hours earlier. That they would make such a rigorous re-appearance after a brief absence was hardly what I had anticipated, but then my knowledge of New Zealand high country and its star performers wasn't far above tourist level. The light mist which hung around the houses evoked a loud discussion about the chances of its clear-

ing for, if it stayed on the high slopes, there would be no mustering that day. The musterers talked and argued loudly and assertively; a style well suited to free spirits who rarely felt the need for a compromising statement, especially when the talk hinged, as it largely did, on dogs, sheep, mountains and men. They occasionally lapsed into narrow, dogmatic statements, but far more frequently were they given to humour — bawdy, ironic and ludicrous. Few people I have kown could match these hardy shepherds for early morning gusto.

Out in the yard it was still dark and the process of assembling the day's contingent of dogs produced more confusion than system. Threats, cajoling and physical persuasion per manuka hill-stick finally got all 32 dogs inside the crate on the Rover. Limited seating consigned two men to the dog box. The Rover, like all old station vehicles, was occasionally as headstrong as a young horse and on a road which provided a magnificent view of Lake Wanaka (in the daylight), but no great sense of security, these performances were a bit alarming. Far more alarming, however, were the sudden outbreaks of

The Minaret Station Musterers



ted) in terms unflattering to both parties. Miss Swanson (Beardy variety) partied the insults by scratching her ear in very leisurely fashion.

When Evan eventually appeared as a very tiny figure on the skyline it was time to start the real business of the day. Between the lat of us, working at widely dispersed points, we would clear the long flank of the mountain of ewes and lambs and bring them down to the yards near the roadside some four miles away. In its early stages the muster was largely a series of contest between dog (generally one, occasionally two) and little groups of ewes and lambs. The encounters were always interesting to watch and the result never certain. The mountain matrons had far more independence of mind and courage than sheep of the plains and wrong move by the shepherding dog, operating to a whistle code, could precipitate a headlong rush in the wrong direction. On the steep and rough terrain this could mean the sheep being lost to the muster. However the tally of such losses was small, for a high country musterer does not long cultivate the company of a dog given to errors of judgment.

We moved in a jig-jog pattern along the slope, ever looking out for the odd sheep that sheltered behind piles of boulders or grazed at the foot of the frequent cliffs. The heavy tussock grass that covered much of the mountainside was physically exacting for the dogs during their fast out-flanking movements. I appreciated the need for the dawn start and the large number of dogs in the heat of the day the winter-conditioned animals were disinclined to travel quickly and the exertion of the long uphill runs would have soon exhausted a lone dog. After a couple of hours the numerous little groups had merged to become a series of winding lines of slowly moving sheep. Occasionally we caught sight or heard the shouts of one of the other musterers or more rarely caught a glimpse of Evan against the snow-clad top of the mountain.

At the point where the descent to the yards began, the numerous stately processions lost





On Minaret Tops

violence among the third class passengers. New Zealand sheep dogs fight with less provocation than Irish race-goers and during the donny-brooks one had to be ready for swift evasive moves, for the combatants were not selective. The free-for-alls were quelled by vigorous use of a hill-stick.

After eight or ten miles the Rover stopped, the crate door was dropped and the dogs became a brief tumbling stream The mist showed signs of clearing and Evan decided to go up. I was the end man in the line that moved up off the winding track through the fern and manuka scrub. The fast pace Evan set against the steep grade was at first enjoyable as it dispelled the chill of the morning drive, but when gooseflesh had been entirely replaced by perspiration there was no lessening of the tempo of the march.

I thought they were trying me out in the way veterans are ever prone to test novices, but to have kept up with them entailed a possibility of my becoming a temporary immobile heap, so I lagged behind. Later I was to realise that their rate of travel was a natural one born of years on the hills and far removed from exhibitionism. They waited for me to catch up at an elevation from the roadside of about fifteen hundred feet where Evan had stopped to point out to each of the men his "beat," or section of the moun-tainside, for the day. Shawn stayed behind while the rest of us started running again. The long even slopes which lifted steeply from the lake gave way to more rugged country as we climbed higher. When Peter reached his stopping point I stayed with him. I needed the rest and I enjoyed the light-hearted stream of talk he directed at his dogs, the sheep and anything else in earshot. The dogs who, with one exception, never moved far from him, appeared to enjoy his company also. The exception was a fine looking Beardy bitch who attached herself to me. Peter expressed his indignation at this transfer of loyalties by referring to the Beardy as Miss Swanson (a Wanaka female he detes-

their dignity and merged to form a noisy, milling mass. With the reunion of men and dogs complete I anticipated a fairly easy conclusion to what had been a fairly strenuous morning, but in doing so I hopelessly under-rated the opposition. Without warning a couple of lambs cut off from the side of the mob and went helter-skelter back up the mountain. Immediately there were 30 or 40 more lambs racing wildly behind them, and the dogs, incapable of restraint in their excitement, making frenzied but useless chase after them. When the dogs gave up, the lambs stopped high above us. The process of apprehending the fugitives was a lengthy and strenuous affair for the dogs were limited in handling lambs separated from the ewes. The lambs, lacking the older sheep's fear, would not wheel away from the barking dogs but would run alongside or dodge behind them in a neat side-stepping move. By a series of stratagems we out-generalled them, but the effort it involved made the earlier part of the day a picnic affair.

By half-past three the first day was virtually over but my tally of new experiences was not complete. My conviction of two months' duration that New Zealand beer was an error in chemistry inflicted on an unfortunate population was lost that afternoon. The cameradie of the mountain nomads, the magnificent scenery and a state of dehydration were together responsible. I sat by the roadside sharing in the gay tumultuous conversation of the musterers and delighting, on a now familiar basis, the loveliness of the long blue lake with its framework of ungentle snow-topped mountains, and all the while finding unexpected pleasure in the taste of South Island beer. It had been an interesting day from any aspect.

The next day I awoke early but no steel-clad boot broke the silence of the old house. Instead there was the more acceptable sound of light rain singing a soft song against the roof. There would be no mustering that day. I went cheerfully back to sleep on the thought of a late, leisurely breakfast in a warm room.

Part of the Muster moving toward the Station



TWO RACES OF WALKERS

By R. P. Harrison Catholic Bush Walkers

There is, or there used to be, on the way up Debert's Knob from Medlow Gap a pair of worn-out sandshoes hanging on a stick stuck in the track, and the wag who left them there has written these words on them:

> "Be a boots man. Don't let this happen to you."

There is, or there used to be, a pair of wornout hobnailed boots hanging from a stick stuck in the bank of Bulga Denis Canyon of the Kowmung River. These boots bear no admonitory inscription. Perhaps the walker who left them there considered their shattered condition more eloquent than any marks which could be made by an indelible pencil. At least they certainly represent the opposite point of view from the facete fellow who raised the monument on the slope of Debert's Knob.

Whenever I look around at the treble-hobbed, clinkered, tri-counied things which weigh down the feet of many walkers today I am appalled at the unnecessary burden placed upon the most valuable part of a walker's anatomy — his feet.

I can but think that the matter has got completely out of hand, for if we pause and consider a moment we must acknowledge that we really do not need all this "protection". Why, there are walkers still living who were renowned for walking barefooted!

To my way of thinking those walkers who wear all this heavy leather and metal are the draught horses of the trade — the inartistic, the unimaginative, as compared with the true artists of the track and walking game—those lightlimbed, quick-footed ones who wear the lightest possible footgear consistent with protection for untoughened civilised feet.

To draw another comparison one may go back to old Fuller's description of the "wit-combats" between Master Shakespeare and Master Jonson:

"Many were the wit-combats between him and Ben Jonson; which two I behold like a Spanish galleon and an English man-of-war; Master Jonson (like the former) was . . . solid, but slow in his performance. Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage . . ."

What a difference there is between the Mercury-like skimming of the ground and silent

padding of the Orthopedically Correct Volleyers and the thunderous thumps and scatterings of stones and small boulders when the Heavy Brigade comes alona!

How the peace of the bush is shattered by these awful clatterings! How one's quiet, thoughtful enjoyment of the bushland is broken by the thud, thump, crunch, and grind of metal against stone!

And the weight the Heavy Brigade carries! Enough to provide ballast for a windjammer in a howling gale!

I have a pair of treble-hob-covered (no clinkers, no tri-counis) boots which I wore once because I allowed myself to be talked into something against my judgment. Each boot weighs 2½lb. dry. Imagine the combined weight of them when they are wet!

Our feet are like the pistons of the motor-car engine. I ask you, can your feet be "pistoned" up and down at the end of a fair walk (say, Jenolan Caves to Katoomba) more easily when covered with something weighing $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to each foot than with something weighing less than 11b?

The wearing of heavy boots covered with hobs tends to encourage the wearer to leave all to the boot. He plonks his foot down anywhere and worries not about standing on small movable stones, whereas the Light Brigade ones know that they must use legs and ankles and choose their footfalls and virtually dance and parry their way through the malign forces of nature lying in wait for them along the track in the form of rocks and rough footing. This using of the muscles, legs, ankles and feet, as well as having beneficial results for those parts of the body, induces a greater awareness of treacherous surfaces.

Do you not think that the bone structure of the footsuffers damage from the jarring caused by the hobs when a member of the Heavy Brigade is forced to jump down from higher ground? The thought of this alone is enough to deter me from wearing such heavy metal on my feet, also the thought that I may be jumped upon by some irate hob-wearer who chances to read these words effecually deters me from proceeding further on this subject. And so adieu.



Beyond the barriers of city streets, the eternal clacking of feet and tongues and the frightening immensity of buildings piled one upon the other like layers of rainbow cake, far out where the blue begins, I came upon a solitary man.

He sat on a solid log that was well polished along its whole length as if he had shifted his position from time to time to catch up with the sun. He was old, without the weakness of age. The strength of the hills above the river was in him and the granite endurance of the waterwashed river-stones that bulged from the mud walls of his hut.

Age had taken whatever beauty or ugliness once lay in his face, making it simply the face of any old man who sits on a log with the sun beating its heat into his wrinkled skin. As I dropped my rucksack on the hard tramped earth in front of him, I said, "Good day. You've got a fine spot here."

Without getting up, he gave me a searching look, surprising in its intensity to one who is accustomed to the quick and shallow appraisal of people immersed in personal affairs and the business of making money. His eyes were a remarkable blue, sharp with intelligence yet candid as a child's.

He took his pipe out of his mouth and said, "Saw you cross the river. You couldn't have done it last week. Water was up to the bottom posts." He nodded to a line of fencing below the hut.

He did not ask me to sit down, but he moved along the shiny log and that was sufficient invitation. "You must get lonely, down here," I said, thinking of the nearest town five miles away and 2,000ft., by track, up the mountain side.

"Lonely," he said, and frowned as if he heard a strange word, and I noticed his eyes were chasing the great white clouds that blew over the opposite ridge and scampered across the sky. "No, I'm not lonely," he said.

It seemed that the suggestion of loneliness unlocked his tongue. He talked about seasons, about martins and kingfishers, and snakes and fish and growing things. He knew very much more of these than I did. And all the time he talked, the bright blue eyes above the brown wrinkled skin were following the clouds across the sky.

I said, "You're a bit like a fellow I know; he says the only thing that really matters is nature."

He looked at me sharply, not accusingly, but as if convinced that I had gained a completely wrong impression from his words. "I'm no hermit, if that's what you're thinking," he said "You can't get along without people any more than fish can get along without water. You dry out and die."

We went into the hut. He hung a coal-black billy over the fire and told me about the children. Each week-end they came down the winding mountain track from the town to the old man's hut. "I don't know why they come", he said, "but I'm glad they do."

I thought I knew why, as he went on talking about the children with the frankness and simplicity of a child, mixed with the wisdom of age. He was in perfect harmony with the natural world in which he lived, and the deep humanity within him reached out to the young and the

older who came his way.

We drank our tea and I had no wish to leave the old man; I did not know why, except that there was something in him that most are striving to obtain and never obtain, and some go unhappily through life without even sensing the need.

For a little time we sat on the log outside the hut and silently took in the river, the set of the hills and the great clouds that never paused in their race across the sky. There was nothing irksome in the silence between us; what had to be said had been said, and complete accord often has no need of words.

"I've got to push on," I said at last, and

shouldered my rucksack.

"A pity," he said. "You're welcome to stay as long as you like." His eyes were as warm and friendly as a Spring sky.

"I'll come back, one day, with the kids from the town," I promised and strode off along the river bank in the path of the dying sun. Once I looked back and saw him standing by the log with the one hand shading his eyes as he followed my progress to the west.

I thought how strange it was. I did not know the old man's name, anything of his life, nor how he came to be in a hut by the river following the cloud patterns with his eyes. I knew nothing about him because, in two hours of talking, he had never talked about himself; he was bigger than that. He was an old tree with young branches reaching out into the world around him, into the lives of the people who came his way.

I have never been back to the hut by the river, and the children who trooped from the town to visit the old man on the log must be young men and women by this time. Perhaps they still go down the winding track. Perhaps they are lost in the endless tracks of the city. But wherever they are, the early influence of the old man will be with them.

When I become tired of the eternal clacking of feet, and am afraid of the immensity of city buildings piled one upon the other, I think of the two hours I spent with the old man by the river. And the thought of it is like a long drink of water from a mountain stream, cool and satisfying and giving the strenth to go forward.





CANYON

By Rick Higgins University of N.S.W. Bushwalkers

"Hell! Next thing the 'old timers' will probably tell us that Hay Creek Canyon doesn't require even one rope." This remark came from a party of four 'canyoneers' last February as they stood on the edge of a 200ft. waterfall, half-way down Bungonia Creek. They were staring into a seemingly bottomless pit with a narrow exit at the end of a 60 yard pool.

Actually the party had intended to go down Jerarra Creek, but the lure of bigger and better blackberries, just a little further ahead all the time, had ended them up in another pleasant little canyon. It was situated some two miles past their original goal, but no one even bothered to query its position, especially when the effects of the early morning beano began making their presence felt.

The waterfall had come after a very pleasant stretch of swimming through pools and scrambling down minor falls and cascades. However, still thinking this was Jerarra Creek, we assumed that the problem would sort itself out and promptly headed for the only possible belay (anchor for a rope)—a small tree some 12 yards from the falls.

With only one rope (all that is necessary for Jerarra Creek) I took off on a seemingly easy abseil to a sloping ledge, only to come to the end of the rope with five feet still to go to a very steep, slippery and exposed ledge. However, I let the rope ends snake over my body and was able to stop my yo-yo action on the end of the nylon by securing a toe hold. No sooner had I gained my balance, and realised

that we had a really nutty problem, when a shower of not too fine shale told me that Jerry was already coming down.

Shouting above the roar of the water, I persuaded him to stay on the end of the rope until a space for the packs had been made. This done, we vacated the ledge and clung to a sharp ridge of rock projecting about five inches on an exposed face. Peter and Terry successfully reached the ledge and, after a slight mishap, the rope was hauled through. This left the four of us, with no way back, having a shouted conference under the side spray from the falls.

As we were too far above the water for our one rope, and also as the rock was too rotten to hold a piton, it was decided to try and traverse our sharp ridge of hard rock. This continued from the fall round a corner fo some 30 feet and ended just short of a vertical chimney. The bottom of this chimney (about 60ft, down) was only 18ft, above the pool and, if only we could reach it, there was a small ledge there capable of supporting at least one bod with the packs. (It must be noted here that we were still optimistic; thinking in terms of bods and not bodies.) But it was an impossible climb down. However, about 10 feet higher up was a small bump, alongside the chimney, from which, perhaps, four people could abseil without it crumbling away, providing, of course, the rope didn't ride over it.

After many systems had been tried, there were two bods and four packs overcrowding the lowest ledge, one bod at the top of the chimney and one still half-way around the airy traverse.

"Well, now, only 18ft. to go. Really quite simple! Climb down a further six feet and jump! Right into the face of a 200ft. waterfall. There was an air of suspense as the broiling, muddy turbulence gave no indication of depth or snags.

Tying the packing on loosely with the belly strap, my thoughts flashed back to the first time I had been coaxed off the five metre diving board, and I tried to convince myself this was no worse, but the only answer I could provide was . . . 'Like hell!' Then, trying to muster some of the courage which I had suddenly lost, I launched off into space and immediately began to think how foolish we had been to even consider leaving those beautiful campsites with the luscious blackerries laid on and, who knows, maybe even some birds might have . . .

Sploosh! I was well and truly underwater with the violent currents twisting my frail frame in all directions and trying to wrench my pack away. Finally I surfaced, only to be blinded by the spray from the falls and blasted half-way down the pool by its force. Feeling like a trout that had forgotten to jump at the top, I swam to the other end of the pool where Jerry helped me onto a boulder and politely asked if I was wet.

Peter and Terry performed admirably (see picture) and we set off again feeling that the worst was behind us. After sliding down a small cascade we swam through a very narrow canyon and at the end a premature sigh was heard, for although, far below us, the valley opened out immediately, and about 1½ miles further downstream we could see the fantastic Bungonia Gorge forming a natural bottleneck before the Shoalhaven River, nevertheless between our party and the valley floor, some 20 yards distant horizontally, was a 250ft vertical drop to be accounted for.

With about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours of daylight left, we set about looking for an escape route. "If we had four ropes and a good belay we would just about make it in time, as long as we could keep out of the falls on the way down," said Terry.

"What say we wait here for Search and Rescue," was another helpful suggestion, but the awful truth then came in reply — "Don't be silly; they'd never get past the blackberries."

The south-eastern side of the falls terminated in a sheer cliff towering hundreds of feet above us; but on the western side, where we were standing, there were a number of narrow, shalecovered shelves below us, while still it was sheer above us.

After creating many minor avalanches and using some belays of psychological value only, we came to the bottom edge of a shallow gully, and peering over the drop we saw the final ledge about 15 feet below us.

With about half an hour of light left, I, selected a piton and began hammering away. Thud! thud! It certainly didn't sound too healthy so out it came, and in the next spot I tried it gave a clear ring as it was hammered home. A grin of triumph crossed my face as I confidently went down the rope hand over hand and disembarked on the ledge, still about 140ft. above the pool.

At this point the ledge was only about 1½ft. wide, but as I edged round the corner a magnificent campsite came into view; the ledge widened out to a full 8ft., and there was the added attraction of some reasonably solid vines growing up against the cliff. However, the complete concept of Nirvana was spoilt because of the 45 degree upward and outward slope of the ledge and the 6-inch layer of treacherous shale which precluded much movement without a rope belay. A moment later I heard the shout of "Next please" and then a hand cautiously

groped around the corner, followed an arm's length away by Terry.

Boy, what a gold mine!" he exclaimed.

By this time it was nearly dark, and when Peter arrived with our precious rope we set about exploring our little island and preparing for an interesting night. We were finally all settled down in our flea bags, and each one of us, and our rucksacks, were securely anchored to the cliff. It was a dry camp (even though there was a waterfall about 100 feet around the corner); there was no wood for a fire, and we woke at regular intervals when the rope tightened round our chests as it stopped us from sliding any further towards the edge. But, despite this, it was voted "the" bivouac-camp of the year, and the rum supply helped to maintain high spirits throughout. It was indeed a pity we had forgotten such essentials as bivouac seat, fuel stove, feature hat, slippers, copy of Omar

(Photo by R. Whitaker)



be omitted on future "One Rope Easy" Canyons would

Khayyam, and so on (see photo), but it was agreed that none of these would be omitted on future "one rope, easy canyons."

Breakfast of cold bacon and blackberries on biscuits and we stepped out of the harness, but not too far, into the warm sun. Only one problem left. The ledge, although 30 yards long, was surrounded on three sides by a 150ft. drop. The vines were the only way out, so with many belays from the ledge I copied the not-too-fardistant ancestors of rockclimbers, and a short ascent of about 15ft, produced a vine-covered platform. The others brought up the packs, and then Jerry gave us a fine display of balance as he led, belayed, across a delicately poised mound of shale on a steep slope. Then a real ridge - not just rotten rock, but one where we could actually sit down on some feeble excuse for grass. And what could we see some short distance away? Why Jerarra Creek, of course.

Several wasp stings later we arrived at the magnificent red, grey and gold limestone Bungonia Gorge and were fortunate in finding enough water in it to allow us to swim and float through the entire gorge and take pleny of time to enjoy this freak of nature, before we beat it back to the "big smoke" to become "slotted away into suburbia", awaiting another oppor-

tunity to break loose.

Still later that night, in a well known roadside cafe, after disposing of four huge steaks between us, Terry announced that the next Jerarra Creek attempt would be made without any rope, pitons or expansion bolts . . . and, further, that a 100% effective mutiny would be staged at the first good campsite with blackberries laid on, and who knows, maybe even some birds might . . .

Why do we climb mountains?
Because we are not all there.

A valuable
dietary supplement
for children
who "just won't eat"...

MARMITE the appetite builder



When children "go off their food", it is often beneficial to recommend Marmite Yeast and Vegetable Extract. Served on toast, bread and butter or as a broth, Marmite is particularly effective in stimulating the appetite... making youngsters hungry for their food. Equally valuable for older people and those convalescing after illness.



M152



Alex jumped out of his oncient bed and can across the hut. He sat down decisively in front at the fire and toasted his loes before putting on a ragged pair of carpet slippers. His sprightly movement made it seem as if it was early on a bright spring marning. In fact, though it was a bright day and it was nearly spring, the time was about half past fen. As the heat of the fire filtered through his quite civilized striped pylamas he furned to his mate: "If you're going to get up this early in the marning, Derek, you could at

least have put the parridge on to cook."

Derek, with the precise slow movements of an expert rack climber, had arisen some half hour before, been get to chap wood and built a crackling, spluttering fire under the large efficient chimney made of old flattened four gallon tins. Now he was sitting, legs stretched out, on the eauch with the stuffing coming out, by his live. He raised his round dark brown eyes and stared disdainfully at his late rising companion. "Lord Mock," he said.

Aler's small black beard widened slightly in he grinned He got up quickly, half filled a billy at water, hung it over the fire and sat down again. After a few minutes more relaxation, he get up, bounded across the hut like a young dag and dressed himself in a tatty T-shirt and a poir of shorts, leaving his corpet slippers clinging to his flying feet. He was quickly back seatest on his shair, staring at the fire.

Derek's broading eyes had not shifted from his muddy boots until a few minutes later he glansed at the billy. "Boiling," he said. Alex immediately came to life, picked up a porridge packet and poured enough in the billy for at least four people. He then started work cutting bread and preparing to try a few eggs and some at the stew left over from the day before.

Today they were roady to start on the real work in the mine. Up till now they had been occopied with building the hot and preparing the mine - clearing roof falls and sharing up the possibly dangerous parts. This had taken them several weeks, aften because of their unarthadox methods. When they were building the hut, they theorized that the framework did not need to be too steady because the tin lining and roof would hold the finished building up: the sart of theory which has been expressed as "it can't fall down there's nothing to hold it up." How ever, the theory only applies to the finished product, not to the unsupported framework. In his usual mankey-like enthusiasm Alex had swung on one of the bearers to get up and bong a nail m, with the result that would be expected by nonmal sivilized people. Alex found himself on the ground in the middle of a gignt Chinese matchitick puzzle.

A jot of work was needed in the mine itself. The main thing was to make sure that the entrance was rate. The mine had lirst been duly in the 1860's by Chinese, whose main abject was to get as much gold as they could in a short time. The result was that they were not always careful about the safety of the mine. The work which they did in the main shaft, which was fallowing the prehistoric river bad, was excellent. The original pick marks, which look as is they were made yesterday, show haw carefully they could wark to make the tunnel property rounded and self supporting. Unfortunately they found the old river bad going down hill, so that their

tunnel soon is could not opscale to over simply widen of the river of material out a worked out a

No one know took from the plenty to their left by the Co of gold to the man must have be sluice the man must effect considerable shoring. The mol the thirty-to cavern at a dug. As might and Derek has

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tunnel soon became flooded. Apparently they sould not operate the mine on a big enough scale to avercome this difficulty and to they simply widened the tunnels at the lowest parts of the river bed to get as much gold bearing material out as possible, and left when they had worked out all they could in this way.

by FrunkMcKons

Coast & Mountain Walkets

No one knows have much gold the Chinese look from the mine, but it must have seemed planty to them. According to Alex, the tuilings left by the Chinese still bear about one ounce of gold to the ton. The yield for the Chinese must have been high if they didn't bother to thice the material more carefully than this. The major effect on the mine itself was that quite considerable coverns were dug without proper shoring. The main excavation was at the bottom of the thirty-foot vertical entrance shaft where a covern at least thirty feet by forty feet was dug. As might be expected, a great deal of the roal has folias in here and this is where Alex and Derek had to do most of their sharing work.

Since the time of the Chinese, the mine seems to have been operated mainly during depression periods. In the 1890's there was a fairly well organized operation by some Cornishmen, who are reported to have taken quite a deal of gold. More haphazant digging took plaze in the 1930's. It appears that these men were working more on the affichance than with any mal knowledge. Now Alex and Derek are mining there for the same basic reason in their predecessors.

Alex had set himself up in Sydney operating a small fibraglassing husiness, but the efforts of the government to prevent a boom in 1961 as suited in Alex's being prevented from making

money. Previously he had found that, despite studying for a fechnical training, he would never be able to advance very far by working for nomebody else. Now that he had hied working far himself and had been forced out of the running, not because he was not afficient but because he was loo small, he had left that he would never have the charte of leading some sort of independent life. He had felt he would always he tied down to the part of the small cog in the great occuranic machine. Same, per hope most; people finally resign themselves to this fam. Some try to work within the system to change it. But Alex had by then been impressed with the lutility of his life as it would have been and he looked for a way of except

To Alex the goldmine of labello represents an excape from systematized civilization and yet it is an excape not from reality but to reality. At the mine the fulfilly of life is accepted without the need for argument and the activities in the lives of Derek and Alex are controlled not by regular pips marking off the hours, but by immediate necessity and Interest. It makes no difference that it look three weeks to build the hut when it could have been done in a few days. It makes no difference that they could have had the mine operating a fortnight vertier if they had worked at it. They can and do work hard, but there is no langer the continual pressure to work a certain number of hours every day and take home a barely adequate wage packet and then spend the money. Now they work for the things

ally and in time build up a reserve.

But Alex is a restless man and dreams of the time when the gold mine will pay and he can sell out to some large mining interest. Alex has loo much energy to remain living in isolation and he has no doubt that the mine will pay off. He wants to be able to make anough money to be able to lead an independent, unconventional life without having to be isolated from society.

they want and find that by working when they

want to they can still cover themselves financi-

By half past I walve. Derek, content to be isolated from society, was methodically drying and putting away the last of the plates, in rea and tarks, billier and pans. Also was now impatient to get to wark and had already clathed himself in baller suit, boots and helmel. He knew Derek would not be hurried, neither by society nor even by himself. "I'll see you down the mine. I'll get to wark on the main shaft. By the time you're there there'll be some subbish to take out."

"Right," and Derek, staring, while he wiped, of the moving reflections in the babello River outside, as if he could stand their far the rest of his life. I'll he there.



The Mt. Chambers Gorge.

(Photos by courtesy of the South Australian Tourist Bureau)

Back in the Aborigines' Dreamtime, when the mythical monsters of their historical legend crawled across the vast inland plains, drank dry the waters of Lakes Frome and Eyre and hurled up the huge buttresses of the Flinders Range in their rage, there was formed the Wilpena Pound. Geologists may deny the truth of this story of its creation, but cannot produce an explanation more attractive nor better suited to this colourful landscape which, in the twilight shadows, might easily conjure up the huge twisted shapes of those ancient Dreamtime creatures.

The Aborigines gave it the name of "Wilpena", meaning the Land of the Bent Fingers as it resembled a human fist with beckoning fingers. To them it was a place of mystery and fear; they avoided its towering peaks which form a rough circle with only one gap, through which flows a creek of crystal clear water throughout the year; they feared its deep shadowy gorges and the thunder at its summits snatched rain from the passing clouds to give the immediate vicinity a rainfall higher than that of the vast plains surrounding it. No trace has been found of aboriginal camps in the area around the base, but on the southern extremity, known as Rawnsleys Bluff, you may find a ceremonial ground of considerable antiquity. Here, in overhanging rock shelters, are colourful native paintings representing the moon and the sun, the hunt, finger paintings and handprints and a host of varied patterns.

This, then, is the Mecca of the South Australian Bushwalker who is prepared to drive the 300 miles from Adelaide to enjoy some of the most colourful scenery to be found anywhere within the Commonwealth. After miles of rather dull, uninteresting plains, which extend from the north



of Adelaide to Port Pirie, the remainder of the route is through the rugged Lower Flinders Range. Passing through the Pichi Pichi Pass (named from the lubra's wooden dish) and then beyond the township of Hawker, suddenly the bluffs of Elder's and Wilpena Ranges loom up to overshadow all other. Suddenly the bare plains change to forests of graceful native pine trees through which the road of deep red gravel winds towards the mountains.

The first choice of the visitor to the Flinders should be to climb the 3900 feet to the summit of St. Mary's Peak, from which pinnacle there extends a glorious panorama. To the east is an unobscured view of the circle of peaks forming the walls of the pound and, in the centre of these, the comparatively flat floor of the pound in which forests of native pine are interspersed with natural clearings and stately gums. Eighty years

ago an attempt was made to cultivate this area and this was indeed the farthest north in the State that wheat was successfully grown. However, the difficulties of lack of roads and transport, coupled with flooding of the creek and access road, brought an end to this venture. As a monument to this intrepid attempt, the old Wilpena homestead still nestles just inside the entrance gap alongside the freshwater springs. The enormous roller and rusting farm implements lie nearby.

Directly across from St. Mary's rises Pompey's Pillar, a twin-peaked crest only a few feet less in height. Between these lies the watershed, from the southern side of which the Wilpena Creek flows towards the gap, whilst on the northern side commence the tributaries of the Ediowie Creek which, over the centuries, have carved out of the blood-red sandstone a mighty garge.



Aertal view of Wilpone Pound.

Whereas the ascent to St. Mary's has been clearly defined by the Adelaide Bushwalkers over a period of several years to encourage others to make the ascent, the way down to the Ediawie Garge lies over great slabs of tilled rock and through a jungle of shea-caks and mallee which arrests progress to a mere crowl. Hot and dusty, the walkers seem no closer to their goal till auddenly they top the rise and drop down an easier path into the north flowing creek. Like most of the creeks of this 10 inch rainfall country the flow is seasonal, but you can be assured of finding water at the rockholes which form at the foot of the three waterfalls. The first fall to be encountered is a mere 30 feet in height, but the two succeeding are each well over 120 feet of main fall topped with a lesser and Reasonably strong nerves are required to edge round the narrow ledge overlooking the falls in order to descend to the lower creek bed. Once down, the creek becomes less wild and the vegetation becomes thicker with splendid compailes, leading to an easy walk to the open plains beyand. Heading northward along these plains it is possible to cross the range via Braching or Bunyeroa gaps to return to Wilpena through the Aroana Valley.

Aroana Valley is a broad channel communeing at Wilcola Creek not for from the new and prosperous Wilpena Homesteod and extends northward like the calls of a serpent. At dusk the valley glows in purples and golds as the setting sun lights it with its magic touch and during the month of October from end to end the valley is corpeted with the purple-blue of the Salvation Jane and the deep red at the native hop flowers. Mo of this valley spring water serted Aroan post settlers.

Wild life of rop of the pla of emus, to gather round wedgetailed elatty peaks or prey

The proble ferent from the eastern State ideal conditioned for elabor cold since



Fogy 20

flowers. Mount Hayward rises from the midst of this valley and near its foot, close by fresh spring water and gracious red gums, is the deserted Aroona outstation, reminding us of the past settlers.

Wild life abounds in the area, from the red from of the plains, the euro of the hills, the flocks of emus, to the myriad colourful birds which gather round the waterholes. Overhead the wedgetailed eagle glides on silent wings over the lafty peaks and the hawk dives in pursuit of its prey.

The problems of the Flinders walker are different from those encountered by walkers in the eastern States. Winter and spring provide the ideal conditions in this region. There is little need for elaborate protection against either well ar cold since extremes are rare in the flinders. Nights are sharply chill; sudden downpours and thunderstorms common, but we lock the continuing wet at cold of other areas. Dry lirewood is easily obtained and there is shelter for camputes. However, in drier months, trips must be arranged to coincide with permanent rockholes and springs. These are numerous and well spaced, but a reliable map is essential in plotting them. A water battle of not less than one pint capacity, and preferably two, is an essential item at your kill for the Pound has claimed several victims through their inexperience and lock of obedience to elementary safety rules. We trust there will be no further such incidents to mor the pleasures of this natural beauty spot.

Sa, if you are looking for an extended walking trip that is different, why not answer the call of the land of the bent fingers?





By Colin Putt Sydney Bush Walkers, New Zealand Alpine Club

Saturday morning, Hundreds of naked Dani poured down the steep slope of the little airstrip and toiled up it again. The dance and the bagpipe-like singing were just the same as they had been for four thousand years, but this time it was in honour of the expected arrival of an

geroplane - our geroplane.

We sat on a fuel drum and waited, while the day were on the vapour rolled up the mountain sides and gathered at the top. The broad blue sky above the valley narrowed to a strip, and then that disappeared, too. Came midday - you can't fly in this country after midday - and the afternoon rain started. We retreated to a nearby hut, bludged five corn-cobs from a native who had brought his lunch, and began to eat. An old man, wearing a magnificent, ornamented keebewak with a tuft of fur on top, shinned up the flagpole, unhooked the windsock and laid it at our feet.

Dammit, I wouldn't give up hoping. In broken Dani I ordered the old pessimist up the pole again; to reinforce my arguments I pointed up to a speck of blue, the size of your thumbnail, which had reappeared over the Ilaga River. It was a finy speck of real, clear sky and suddenly there was the silhouette of an aeroplane right in the middle, getting rapidly bigger. It roared overhead, dived into the valley, made two tight turns below us, touched down, ground back up the hill to us in fine pitch, and there was the pilot, Dave Steiger, saying in richest American that he was "sorry he was a bit late," and his passengers, the Larson family, being fairly over-

whelmed by welcoming Dani. We climbed aboard. A frenzied round of farewells, the boneshaking, billycart run down the mountainside. then the comparative peace and quiet of normal

single-engined flight.

Wamena, the ultimate outpost of the Dutch empire, showed up through the drizzle a 3 p.m. A flat airstrip, native huts, a store, patrol post and a tiny hotel whose proprietors had heard that we were coming and that we had been living on nothing but two sweet potatoes a day for the past fortnight. They had kept a meal of rice and trimmings, enough for perhaps 15 or 20 normal guests' lunch; we five had it all tucked away inside 10 minutes. Some of the extras were incredibly hot Indonesian dishes, but they went down without touching the sides, so all was well.

Thus fortified, we painfully peeled off our mud-soaked clothes and washed them and ourselves in freezing cold water. The clothes, wrung out, went on again — we had no others. There was just time to get some afternoon tea at the store, so along we went in the rain and wet clothes, but feeling unusually clean. The storekeeper had no English; we knew no Dutch, Malay or Dani, but by pointing and grabbing we had soon acquired, self-service fashion:-

- 1 crate of beer
- 2 boxes of biscuits
- 5 cans of soft drink
- 3 lbs. of cheese
- 2 lbs. of peanut butter
- 5 tins of corned beef

This was taken to Duncan's room and vigorously attacked, but hardly three-quarters of it had been disposed of when the gong rang for tea. Here we met the other guests for the first time

— patrol, forestry and agriculural officers — all thoroughly fine types who gave us the central positions at the long table and passed the food along as fast as we could eat it; indeed, there would have been little point in their competing with us. The meal, after soup, consisted of Dutch bread in inch-thick slices, with butter, peanut butter, fish paste, hundreds and thousands, and so on. This the polite Dutch handle with a little knife and fork, which has a crippling effect on your style, almost like that of chopsticks. We, of course, grabbed the stuff and shoved it in with both hands. They never had a chance against us.



"It's a useful little technique he picked up in the East!"

It was towards the end of this meal that a new and disturbing effect appeared in all of of us: usually, as you eat, you get progressively fuller and fuller until you feel disinclined to take any more, but either the lack of food (we were all about two stone under weight), or the curious native diet over the past few weeks had done something to our stomachs! One minute I was eating ravenously, the next it was painfully evident that one more mouthful would burst me. From this stage on you are down to a slow walk; you can only eat and drink at the rate which digestion makes room for a bit more. The Dutch Forestry Officer noticed the symptoms and gave a kindly word of warning — "Before, I haf seen men die who eat too much after starving."

So badly were we slowed down that, even with the help of the other guests, we were hardly able to finish our private stock of drinks and biscuits before the town's single-cylinder generator was turned off at 10 p.m. Then a glorious night's sleep, spoiled only by indigestion, in a real bed, not as soft as the mud we had got used to but infinitely warmer.

Breakfast was a rushed affair: we had barely eaten a couple of plates of rice and five or six slices of toast when we were called over to the airstrip; the old DC3 had finished discharging cement and was ready to take us as back loading. We sat in a row sneezing cement dust and watching a naked native threatening the starboard engine with huge CO2 fire extinguisher while the pilot coaxed it to life.

"The first thing I'll do at Hollandia," said Duncan thoughtfully, "I'll get two of those big tins of bully beef out of our stores and eat them."

Copies of Bushwalker No. 10 (1947), No. 11 (1948) and No. 12 (1961) are available from the Secretary,

Name

Address

Price 1/6, 2/- and 3/- respectively, post free.



IN KANANGRA GORGE

By Dot Butler

Sydney Bush Walkers

The steep country south-east from Jenolan is gashed by a series of three-thousand-foot deep chasms down whose precipitous sides waterfalls roar, then tumble as swift flowing creeks down dark, narrow boulder-filled gorges. They are savage, lonely places, visible only to the tourist on Kananara Plateau as near-vertical cliffs huna with close vegetation and dripping ferns, in the early morning filled with a sea of mist out of which isolated black peaks peep like islands in an eerie polar sea. To the eager young climber or bushwalker this is the country of his dreams, where his call to adventure is fulfilled. An aura of excitement hangs round the place names -Murdering Gully, Kanangra Gorge, Danai Brook, Thurat Rift, the Pooken Deep.

Fired by enthusiasm a party of young people, members of the Sydney University Bushwalkers Club, set out for the big adventure: a descent of Kanangra Gorge returning to the Plateau by way of Murdering Gully. They carefully practised their newly learnt art of abseiling, being careful to select adequate belays, to tie the approved knots and handle the ropes correctly. The accident happened so suddenly. Some of the boys had carefully descended the cliff by the waterfall, but a long time elapsed before the rest of the party showed up. It was nearing dusk. Young Dick Donaghey had climbed back to a ledge beside the waterfall to give assistance to one of the girls as she came down. He grinned encouragement—"It's nearly over," he said and stepped forward impulsively to help her. His foot slipped on the wet, slimy rock and his horrified friends saw him slide down a waterfall chute to lie an inert heap in the creek some 30 feet below. He was in great pain as they picked him up and carefully carried him to the

only bit of level ground they could find — a few square yards at the side of the gorge sheltered by a small clump of trees. Here they spent an anxious night, sleeping fitfully, and at first light on Sunday morning the fastest members of the group climbed out to get help. Reaching their cars they drove back to Caves House where they got the loan of ropes, axes and a stretcher and, as luck would have it, they also got Dr. Bob Binks, who was just returning from a fishing trip with a couple of friends. How fortunate to run into the Search & Rescue Section's doctor. The relieved boys poured out the whole story and Bob went straight back with them.

Back in the garge a silent group sat with their injured friend. There was little they could do to ease his pain. When Bob arrived he diagnosed the trouble, gave pain-killing drugs, strapped up the broken feet with adhesive bandages, bandaged up the sprained wrist and cut chin and stayed with the patient till late afternoon. It soon became evident that the party was not strong enough to try rescue operations. When they tried out the borrowed stretcher its shafts broke and it is still lying, unused, down in Kanangra Gorge. Leaving five of the boys with Dick, Bob and the rest of the party climbed out of the Gorge, drove down to Caves House, and sent an S.O.S. through to Sydney that this was a Search and Rescue job and all available manpower, especially rock-climbers, would be needed. Swiftly Paddy Pallin, Ninian Melville and the various clubs' S. & R. contact officers went into action, and the telephone wires ran

Meanwhile, how have the potential rescuers been spending their time, unaware of what is in store for them? Speaking for the Sydney Bush Walkers, it so happened that this week-end was their Annual Reunion. Round the merry campfire Paddy had pranced all Saturday night, leading the community in song and, as one of the reuners, I didn't get any sleep either. But who cares? We can fall into bed and sleep like logs when we get home on Sunday night. That sounds very nice in theory, but what actually happens? I have just hit the pillow at 9 p.m. when the phone rings. "Can I set out immediately for a rescue down Kanangra Gorge?" "Yes, of course, I'm available." "Very well, then; be ready to leave in half an hour with David Roots, Rus Kippax and Les Tattersall, of the Rock Climbing Club. So I put on my shorts and shirt again, got out the pack and put in nylon rope, sling and karabiner, eight bananas and a tin of herrings, which seemed to be the only food left in the house, and a sleeping bag, hoping there may be a chance for an hour's sleep when we get to Kanangra. Then the Rootsie's waggon arrives and we are away.

Crammed in the front seat we made the long journey through the night and, just as dawn was streaking the sky, saw the half dozen cars pulled up by the roadside near the mud hut site. A sleeping-bagged figure sat up in one of the cars and a torch showed up Paddy's face. "Try to get half an hour's sleep till the others arrive," he said. So we rolled into our bags and tried to sleep, but not very successfully, and then Nin Melville, head of the Search and Rescue set-up, was getting the party up and organised. He put David Roots in charge of the cliff rescue operations, so he and Rus and Les and 1, together with Colin Oloman, who had brought up the news of the accident, dodging the newspaper reporters and photographers, took off about 6 a.m. to go down into the gorge and reconnoitre the best way to bring Dick out. Colin led us down the way his party had gone, but instead of following their route down by the side of the waterfall we did a couple of long abseils which got us down more quickly, and by about 9 o'clock we were down having our first look at the patient. He was a quiet, dark, good-looking lad. It was a pity his chivalry had got him into this predicament.

We now had a close inspection of the three possible ways out, chose the one we liked best and sent up a pre-arranged signal to Col Oloman who had waited up above the waterfall, He went back to the cars to bring the men and equipment to the top of our rescue route, and for two or three hours while awaiting their arrival with the ropes and stretcher we reconnoitred up and down the rock faces, clearing away some of the debris and vegetable growth on our selected route, and then snatched a brief snooze in the sun. Dave and Rus got their heads together and worked out the mechanics of the flying-fox ropeways they would need, Dave lugging around a small pack heavy with his beloved pitons, expansion bolts, escaliers, piton hammer and all the rest of the ironmongery. Is it U or non-U to climb mountains with all these mechanical aids? I had rather inclined to the latter belief, but have now completely reversed my opinion; without David and his ironmongery they would never have got the boy out. David worked with all the ardour of an artist at his work and enjoyed every minute of it.

The boys down in the valley had now strapped Dick into the canvas and bamboo stretcher loaned by the Police, and could be seen as tiny ant-like figures bringing him up the rocky moraine to the base of the cliff. Here the full difficulty of the situation burst upon them. How were

the bearers going to be able to help with the stretcher when the cliff was nearly vertical, slightly bulging and had nothing in the way of handholds and footholds except for a narrow line suitable for only one person at a time? A rope was taken up the cliff to a small tree about a hundred feet above, but it was clearly impossible to drag up the stretcher by brute force over the bulge. I had been telling Rus Kippax how, at an S. and R. demonstration a couple of years back, I had been the victim and Col Putt had "rescued" me by pick-a-backing me like a sack of coals slung over his shoulder by my arms and lying down his back. Looking down from my high perch where I was helping the boys peg out a ropeway along the cliff face I saw that Rus was trying this method. Dick was unstrapped from the stretcher, tied to Rus' back by means of a bosun's chair, with his poor bandaged feet dangling, and Rus started his herculean climb. He was belayed from the trees up top and had a thin nylon handline to pull on when necessary, but he took the whole of Dick's weight as he climbed. Yarmak (Graham Nelson) followed behind to give a shove if and when possible: he boys up top heaved on the belay ropes, and inch by inch up they came. The rope tying Dick round Rus' chest slipped up and nearly throttled him. There were frantic shouts of "Ease off! Ease off!" Rus collected his breath for a few seconds, then the agony was on again. By the time he surmounted the climb the boys were hauling in the last of the 120 feet of rope and Rus collapsed on the ledge just about done in. God, what an effort! And what a man!

Now the stretcher was pulled up, Dick was strapped in abain, and the interesting business of launching him on the first of Rootsie's flying foxes began. Dave had hammered into the rock an expansion bolt, to which a link was attached. The rope which was to bear the stretcher was threaded through this, then carried across the cliff face for about a hundred feet and threaded through another expansion bolt link. dozen slings were then tied around Dick in the stretcher, karabiners were hooked through the loops, and by much careful manoeuvring he was hooked on to the bearing rope. By means of a rope attached to the foot of the strecher he was then pulled across to the extreme end of the rope, lifted onto the small ledge hardly big enough to take the stretcher, let alone he helpers, carried across another bit of ledge and launched on the next aerial ropeway. This one had no landing platform, as the only belay was a tree growing out from the side of the cliff, with only enough room for Rus to stand and pull the stretcher across. However, if we could lassoo

the bearing rope from a little side waterfall chute we could pull him across the necessary five or six feet and land him there. This called for some precise judgment, because the far end of the rope had to be slackened as the near end of the rope was pulled in to the chute, and both sets of operators were out of sight and call of each other. However, by sending a messenger back and forth across the face, bringing and relaying messages, the job was done, and it was with more than mere relief that we got him safely pulled in and landed.

Now it was necessary to manhandle the stretcher up a tricky bit of rock to a knife-edge ridge which lies like a partition between the two parts of the gully. The track-clearers had done good work here with the axes, and the sweating bearers did the rest. On the ridge top they took a well earned rest while the camp followers came up behind, untying and coiling up the ropes and bringing along the packs. Yarmak, with half a thousand feet of rope coiled around him, looked like an advertisement for Michigan tyres as he crept around the ledges.

The next move was to slide the stretcher down from this ridge into the creek in the next gully. Downhill proved much easier than uphill, and the bearers slid down with great gusto and surprised even themselves when they arrived so quickly at the creek. Here another well earned rest, and while we were resting who should come clambering down but good old Paddy and Bob Binks. They had a little reassuring chat with Dick, who had borne all this juggling about of his defenceless body with uncomplaining fortitude. He had supreme confidence in his rescuers. That's a good way to be when you have no choice.

Down at the creek bed a pleasant surprise awaited us. While we had been entirely engrossed in the doings in the first gully, Ron Wardrop and his helpers had been hard at it in this gully and a whole set of ropes had been erected up the steep mountain side, so it was only a matter of hooking on our burden and hauling away. It was now about 3 p.m. "We'll have him out by dark," we told Paddy as he and Bob started back up the creek the way they had come. I don't think Paddy quite believed this, or else he didn't want to raise the hopes of Dick's mother waiting back at Caves House in case she should be disappointed. Anyhow, the news got back to the Press and the A.B.C. that the patient was not likely to be brought out that night. While an avid public was being regaled with this bit of news the rescuers worked on relentlessly. By now they had properly got the feel of things and they came up like a rocket — the stretcher and six bearers, a set of relieving



Mist rising on Kanangra Walls.

bearers each side, several bods behind to push if required, all the camp-followers with the spare ropes and packs, while up at the hauling end six or eight boys hauled on the rope to such good effect that the karabiner (tied to a tree and used as a pulley) ran hot and the rope began to char. It was then a case of "Ease off! Ease off!" while the karabiner cooled down and a fresh sling was used to tie it to the tree.

By about 5 o'clock a fine rain began to spit, but we all ignored it and it soon gave up. Finally the route led up a slope where a number of loose rocks were dislodged and went hurtling down towards the stretcher. The bearers scattered with loud shouts and curses, and Dick's guardian angel safeguarded his defenceless head as the great blocks burst and exploded all around him. Finally up to the Plateau top by 6.30 p.m. just as dark came on and a thick mist enveloped the whole scene. Here Nin was waiting with a number of torches, so all who could spare hands took one and an eerie walk began with torches flashing through the swirling gloom, and shouts of "Don't go too far to the left or you'll go over the precipice. We don't want another accident on our hands!" "Don't go too far to the right or you'll finish up in the swamp!" "Don't go so fast, you in front; you're leaving the stretcher pary behind!"

We walked across the Plateau by instinct, came to the correct creek-crossing in the dark,

and when about a mile from the cars Nin let out piercing whistles which were answered by honking of car horns, and we came in by radar as it were.

Dick was transferred to Bob Binks' station waggon with a nice soft mattress in it, taken down to Caves House to a waiting mother who ran to him and kissed him through the window, and then Bob drove them down to Sydney and the North Shore Hospital for Dick.

The rescuers sorted out their gear as best they could by means of someone's arc light, then Rus Rootsie, Les and I drove off through the dark, a glance back showing the edifying scene of Press reporters taking down somebody's statements in little notebooks, and those somebodies were not us.

Down to Caves House, where Dick's brother was manfully delving into his pocket every time another car arrived, and shouting the occupants to drinks. We finished up, 35 of us, in the lounge, where rough walking types are not usually welcomed, drinking beer and answering Nin's roll call. One boy, who was still a bit shaky, knocked over his glass of beer. We mopped it up with a small handkerchief and wrung it back into his glass, leaving it for the drinks waiter; it would be a pity if the Caves

(Continued on page 48)

OUTWARD



A GIRL'S EYE VIEW

By Margaret Newell

As the ferry drew out from Brooklyn wharf into the waters of the Hawesbury and I waved good-bye to my friends, I had uncertain feelings about my immediate future, which was to be a month of complete isolation from civilisation at the Outward Bound School for Girls.

The sun shone from a clear sky on our arrival at the School, situated on a site commanding a truly magnificent vista of three arms of the Hawkesbury. I held in owe this great river, as something I did not understand and slightly feared, but in the days to follow, through constant association — canoeing, sailing and rowing — she was to become a familiar friend. Nature is beautiful and will be kind provided one does not abuse her. We had to learn her ways to enjoy the river, and the life in the bush, devoid of modern comforts we take for granted. Food, warmth and companionship, we were to

find, are really all one needs to survive. We were a mixed bunch from all over Australia, including two from Papua. It would be interesting I speculated, how we would react to each other and to the tests ahead.

Outward Bound training, though bosically physical, produces great mental and spiritual challenges. Such was my experience at 11 o'clock one night, when rocketed by a whitsle blast out of a sound sleep into a state of utter confusion. "Three minutes to get dressed and down on the beach" I heard shouted about the hububub. With clothes askew I arrived puffing, still completely non-plussed. "You have been tarpedoed! Scott Patrol, take to the whaler. Paddle out 40 yards, drop anchor and don't come in till daybreak" came the order.

Some 15 minutes later saw us sitting up like shage an a rock contemplating the long night





Page 28

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sitting up like the long night



[Photos by courtney of the Outward Baund Movement]





THE BUSHINGLESS

THE BUSHWALKER

ahead. Not a star penetrated the blackness; the air was chill and rain seemed imminent as we settled down as comfortably as possible. The shock having worn off, we began to see the funny side and determined to enjoy our situation. Two weeks of new experiences had provided ample opportunity to observe the strengths and weaknesses of one another and this night it was suggested we have a session of "seeing ourselves as others see us."

Each girl was placed under the "spotlight" whilst the others individually, analysed her character. Opinions given were unreservedly truthful and each felt she benefited tremendously. Some three hours later we were interrupted by a small row boat bearing large billies of steaming cocoa delivered by some soft-hearted instructors. Being absorbed in the process of mind over matter, the appearance of hot cocoa (which, incidentally, tasted heavenly) made us feel quite cheated; after all, it was supposed to be an endurance test. Light rain began to fall until my feet, which were ankle deep in water, felt quite warm in comparison to the rest of me. Consideration for others ran high that night, and no one complained. We sang everything from "Old Black Joe" to the "23rd Psalm" with great gusto and when dawn finally broke we paddled in feeling quite triumphant, to luxuriate with deep appreciation under the hot shower.

Rock climbing is a sport which instinctively appeals to boys, but to girls it presents an awesome proposition. After careful instructions in general climbing procedure, I stood apprehensively at the foot of Submarine Crag, a perpendicular face scarred with several cracks up which we were to climb. Together with the male instructors were three very competent women climbers, who attacked the face as if setting off to do their shopping, which considerably allayed my fears.

The rope came hurtling down from above; it was my turn. I knotted it around my waist, had it checked and was ready to go. Working my way up with grim determination, I felt around for footholds rather than handholds, my legs being more reliable. I was half way, I knew, as the girl before me had become stuck at this point and, wedging my knee into the crack, there being no foothold within reach, I groped around for a handhold to pull myself up. Relief flooded through me as I gained security and, with increased confidence, continued to climb until able

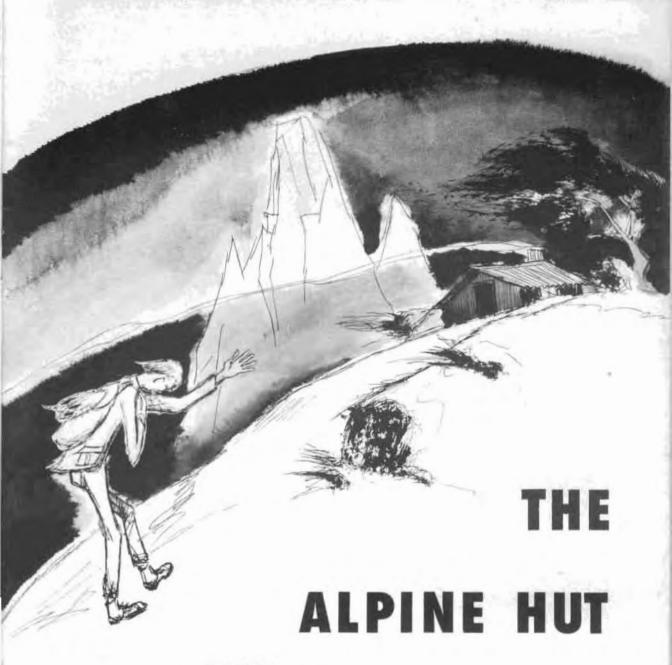
to see over the top. "Fall!" shouted an instructor, and I imagined that "swift journey in an elevator" feeling. My friend up top was evidently doing her job well, as I fell a full six inches and, dangling like a spider at the end of his web, I realised my complete safety. My feeling reaching the top was as if I'd just broken the sound barrier or something equally grandiose.

I remarked to the instructor that I thought we should have more rock climbing and he replied, "We only give you a taste of the wine, never the whole bottle." This is true of everything at Outward Bound; it creates the spark and leaves you to kindle it. I packed more into a month there than I normally would in a year.

I have merely scraped the surface of the physical side of my many experiences in the course, but I have tried to reveal how success in these things was dependent on mental determination. However, there is a deeper and more meaningful side to Outward Bound training, one which is not taught but caught, that is, spiritual —the presence of God in the reality of nature. No one is forced to take part in religious devotions, but all did. On Sundays we had an hour's free time to use as we wished, as long as we were quiet. After a week of non-stop activity I found it heavenly to relax in the sun watching the world go by. Too infrequently does one make time to be quiet and appreciate the marvels of this life, or even realise the necessity to do so. As W. H. Davies puts it:

"What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?"

We were a very different bunch on the day of departure from those who made the same journey a month previously. Midst laughter, shouts and floods of tears we said our good-byes to the staff and the School, with promises to write and return being flung about with gay aban-Such promises in similar situations are rarely substantiated for any length of time, but this case I felt was quite different. At Outward Bound we had learnt a sense of service, the sort that does no require reward, as we realised by tidying a deserted stretch of beach littered with rubbish dumped there by passing craft. The satisfaction of restoring its natural beauty was all the reward we wanted. So I felt sure that we would return to the Outward Bound School to do whatever we could do to improve and maintain it for those who were to follow as, in fact, has been the case.



Kath McKay Sydney Bush Walkers

Hewson was a solitary sort of bird, and often climbed alone, so it was not surprising that he was unaccompanied when he set off, rucksack on back, to spend his holidays in the mountains.

"Looks like bad weather coming up," said the barman in the little hotel where he stopped for a last drink before leaving civilisation. Hewson looked out of the window at the swirling clouds.

"Oh, only storms, I think," he said. "We don't often get really bad weather at this time of year, and especially with the wind as it is. If it shifts, then we'll have to look out for trouble."

"Oh well, you can have your mountaineering

as far as I'm concerned," said the barman with a short laugh. "I've lived here a goodish while now — upwards of six years — and I'm always glad of a solid roof over my head when the bad weather comes." He glanced at the sturdy stone walls and the steep roof where the snow slid off easily in winter.

Hewson paid his score and strode off. He knew these mountains well, but never tired of them. It was summer time now and the air, sharp even at this season, was sweet with the scent of flowers. He sniffed it hungrily, as a dog does his meat. Ah, this was the life! Here a man could breathe, away from cities and crowds. Eight whole days were his to play about with. He had mapped out his course and there were a couple of peaks that he wanted to bag this time — oh, not dangerous, lots of people had already climbed them — but there was something about getting to the top that carried with it a peculiar satisfaction. Non-climbers did not understand. They thought you were a bit touched if you went off and avoided your fellows and lived with only the mountains for companions.

Hewson looked at the clouds again. Just as he thought; only storms, and they were going round, away from him. It would be a fine day tomorrow. His one-man tent would give him enough shelter for tonight, and farther on there were huts where he could go if the weather turned bad. With a song of pure joy in his heart he made camp beside a little alpine stream and cooked his solitary meal as daylight waned.

It was not until the sixth day out that the storms caught up with him. He could see them coming with the incredible speed of clouds in the high country, which are so close to the earth, anyway, and blot out the landscape in the twinkling of an eye. The Nairn Hut was just over the next ridge and Hewson hurried towards it, knowing that if the mists enveloped him he was lost, in more senses than one.

The tempest broke when he was still 50 yards from shelter and furious rain and wind tore at his clothing. He battled along, blinded by storm, bent double before the blast, and for the last few yards was almost on his hands and knees. It was a relief to see the stone wall of the Nairn Hut loom up before him. He edged along to the doorway, opened the door and fell inside, exhausted. By a superhuman effort he rose again and pushed the door to, shutting out the tempest. Ah, to be safe from the biting wind! Blessings on the people who had built this hut.

Dry wood was left in a corner, and Hewson soon had a fire going. He looked through the

one little window pane, but, of course, could see nothing but driving cloud. How long would the storm last, he wondered? Oh, well he was nearly at the end of his holiday and had been lucky with the weather for six days. It could not hold forever.

But all the next day the wind blew and the gale howled like the spirits of the damned. Hewson did not mind: he had a slim volume of mountaineering history with him and there were numerous chores to be done. The day soon passed, and although at nightfall the wind was still blowing, Hewson knew by certain signs that the morrow would be fair.

He had just finished washing-up from the evening meal when he thought he heard a dragging sound, different from the storm, near the door of the hut. He listened intently, but heard nothing, so went on with his ocupation of filling a billy from his waterbag and putting it on to boil for an afternoon cup of tea.

There was the sound again. There was no mistaking it this time. Whatever . . .? Surely no one was abroad in this weather? Hewson moved to the door, braced himself against the expected blast, and lifted the latch. As the door was torn open, a body leaning against it slithered in and fell in a heap on the floor of the hut. Hewson pushed it aside and forced the door to with all his strength till he could clamp down the latch and shut out the shrieking wind. Then he stooped to look at the man on the floor.

"Poor devil! All in," he muttered; and, gathering him up, placed him gently on one of the bunks. He was light to lift and the pack which Hewson eased off his back seemed to have very little in it. The stranger was dressed in nondescript climbing kit, somehow queerly old-fashioned, and a length of rope with one end frayed hung out the top of his pack. It was an old model, frameless, and had seen much service. The man himself was not in his first youth—about thirty-five, Hewson guessed. He got some hot water from the fire and proceeded to bathe the wanderer's wrist. Presently the eyelids fluttered and the eyes, a peculiar light blue with a dark line round the iris, opened.

Hewson smiled at him encouragingly. "Feeling better? That was a bad storm to be caught in. You're all right here, though. You just lie still and I'll get some hot soup for you in a jiffy."

"Silly — to go out like that." The stranger's voice was weak and apologetic. "No, I don't want any soup, really . . . Better presently . . ." He stopped, exhausted.

"Oh, but you must have something to put



some strength into you. Have some tea, then? The billy's nearly boiling."

"Thank you, that's very kind of you. I've got a mug somewhere in the pack," the man said vaguely.

"Oh, it's all right — I always carry a couple of plastic mugs. They're light and easily packed, not being rigid." As he spoke he put two bright cups on the table. The stranger's eyes rested on them curiously.

"I've never seen any like that before," he said. "What did you say they were made of?"

"Plastic. Don't you know it? Everything's made of plastic nowadays — or nearly everything. Sometimes it breaks, but not often, and I must say it's a great help to lightweight gear. Here's your tea ready. Powdered milk? Sugar? My name's Hewson, by the way."

"Thank you. Mine is Fraser." He swung his thin legs to the ground. "I'm all right now. May I come nearer to your fire?"

"Of course: it's your fire as much as mine. This is the Nairn Hut, as you doubtless know. I expect you have climbed here before." His companion nodded. "Many times," he said, "but I never get tired of it. The more you climb the more you want to. I — I feel at home in the mountains. I haven't lived in civilisation for some time."

Hewson made a wry face, "You're lucky," he said. "My job's in the city. My holiday ends to-morrow and I have to go back."

"Do you always go alone?"

"Oh, generally. Sometimes I join a party, or find a congenial spirit who will fall in with what I want to do; but I like being by myself — no one to blame if things go wrong!" He grinned cheerfully.

"There's a certain risk, you know, in being alone."

Hewson shrugged. "Maybe. You just have to trust to luck, that's all; and be careful. You're alone, too, so you evidently prefer it."

The elder man's face clouded. "Yes," he said, and seemed lost in reflection for a time. "I had a very dear friend," he said at last. "He was killed in these mountains."

"Bad luck!" said Hewson sympathetically.

"There are some places," Fraser went on, "where you simply cannot get to alone — you must have someone else to help you. Dick and I often climbed together and were used to each other's ways. Rock faces always threw out a challenge, and we conquered all we attempted, except The Sentinal — you know?"

"Yes, I've looked at that," Hewson said, "but it's practically impossible, isn't it?"

"So it is generally considered, but Dick was a very good mountaineer and he thought there was a chance we might get up on the western side. We planned for months beforehand, made sure that our gear was well-nigh perfect and waited for favourable weather. It was a still, sunny morning and we started early. All went smoothly till we were three-quarters of the way up. We were, of course, roped together and Dick was in the lead. He was sure-footed as a mountain goat, but somehow—and who knows how these things happen?—They are over in a flash—he slipped and fell down into the abyss. I belayed the rope round a jutting fragment of rock, but to my horror the rock broke off. I wedge myself between another rock and the cliff face, and braced myself for the strain. The rope paid out to its full extent, and I felt myself being dragged over . . . Quicker than thought, driven only by the unreasoning instinct of self-preservation, I whipped a knife out of my belt and cut the rope . . . " Fraser passed a hand wearily over his face and shut those queer pale eyes. "Well, you see before you a coward, who let his friend die.'

"But there was no sense in both going," Hewson responded warmly. "You could not have saved him. In those circumstances you were quite justified in cutting the rope."

"You think so?" queried Fraser and sighed deeply. "Oh I don't know, I don't know. So that is why I always go alone now; I am no danger to anyone." He turned and looked out of the tiny window. "There — the storm has passed. It is bright moonlight now."

It was in truth quite clear. The tempest had ceased as suddenly as it had begun and a round moon shone down on peaceful alpine pastures with snow-daisies.

"I think I'll push on," Fraser said. "I know these mountains like the back of my hand and an hour's tramp should get me to the shack where I live."

"Oh, won't you wait till daylight?" Hewson said. "You were in pretty bad shape when you came here and I do think you ought to rest awhile."

Fraser shook his head. "No, I'll be going," he said. "Thanks all the same." He put his arms into the straps of the light pack and his gaze fell on the book open face downward on the table. He looked at the title in the light of the kerosene lantern belonging to the hut. "History of Mountaineering in the Southern Alps," he read" That should be interesting."

"Yes, I know most of the places mentioned and many of the people, "Hewson said and went towards the door. He opened it and looked out. "Isn't it amazing how the wind dies down!" he said. "Tranguil as the tomb."

"Well, so long," said Fraser, "and thanks again." His lean figure strode off into the night.

Hewson shut the door and returned to the fire. He picked up the book again and stifled a yawn. Might as well finish it and turn in early. There was only one chapter to go. He read one page, "The Sentinel," he read, "has never and then been conquered. Many mountaineers have attempted it, and two men lost their lives in doing so. On a day of perfect weather in 1910, Charles Fraser and Richard Parr, who were expienced climbers, and had many peaks to their credit, worked their way up the western side and had advanced three-quarters of the way, when one, or both — we shall never know footing and fell, a sheer drop of 200 feet. Their bodies were recovered by a party in the valley below. A frayed rope suggested that it had been cut by jagged rocks and failed to hold them.'

Hewson stared at the page and felt his scalp creep. He rushed to the door and strained his eyes in the direction Fraser had taken. Nothing was stirring under the moon.

PHOTOGRAPHY IS SIMPLE

A Brief Exposure on Modern Photography for Bushwalkers.

By Gordon Robinson
"The Bush Club"

INTRODUCTION: Physical aberrations accompanied by the apochromatically corrected convergence of the dispersion of variably diffused light is passed by general acclamation through the diverging lens and projected through a rapid rectilinear lens by means of a soft focus, held between a tomato and a ripe banana.

There seem to be many spools of thought on types of film, cameras, light meters, etc., suited to Bushwalkers.

Let us begin with the camera. If we are going to participate in photography it is generally agreed that a camera of some description is necessary for first class results.

Have you ever looked at the modern 35 mm. camera head-on? Frightening, isn't it! Covered in gadgets. But don't allow them to scare you—all you must know is which ones to leave alone and it will perform as well as any simple box camera.

The key word is Focus — it being the photographic word for distance and derived, as every one knows, from the Latin word for abode (cf. Far from the Old Focus at Home — Dickens).

Exposure—is the time sunshine takes to overexpose the negative, giving foggy results which, so say the best, is not good.

Loading the camera — Do not allow yourself to get depressed after trying to follow the printed simple instructions for a few hours. Everybody becomes entangled, strangled and slightly mangled on their first few attempts. However, if your fumbling persists for, say, two years, drop photography and take up fiddlesticks, where you can continue to fumble, but it's not

Always remember, when in doubt — guess! Never ask a fellow photographer for advice on exposure. You might say casually: "What do you reckon I ought to give it, Charlie?"

Charlie says:

"What film are you using? Is it colour?

"What is that in Weston? Have you an ultra violet filter?

"What make of lens? Make of camera? Serial number?

"Has it got a neck strap? Has it got a windscreen wiper?

"What is your fastest speed? What are you going to photograph, anyway?"

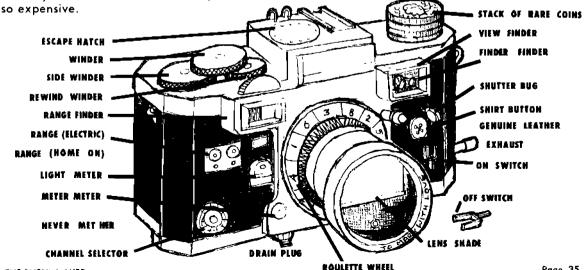
Actually, Charlie hasn't the foggiest idea what exposure to suggest and hopes you can't answer these questions.

I's much easier to give it f8 at three weeks, if your camera is constructed that way.

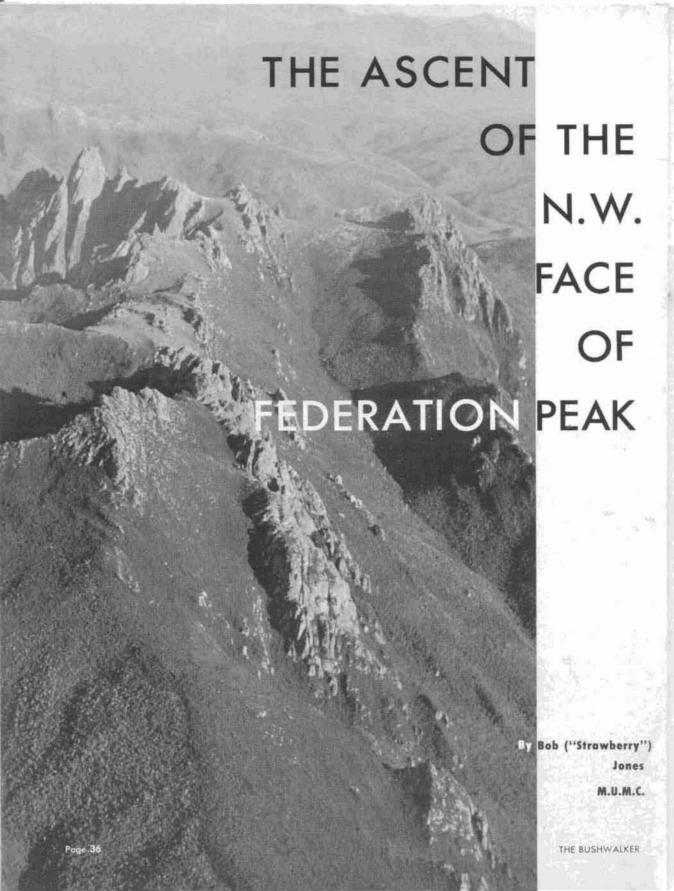
A friend of mine, while exploring the old mining town of Glen Davis, came across an old, old woman whose wrinkled, parchment-like skin reflected many years of worry and hard times. She was sitting on a cold stone step, in an old battered dress, outside her fast-decaying shack where she had eeked out a wretched existence for many weary years. A strange tale she told my friend, of the life she had led in the boom days. It was a gay, happy life then, but alas, the boom didn't last—and now she was all alone in her poverty.

"Poor old girl, she must have been really destitute. What did you give her, Harry?" I enquired.

"fl 1 at 1/100th," was the instant reply.



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It was Monday evening, January 1st. I had just blown out the candle and I was carrying out that ritual peculiar to those who use sleeping bags. The night was fine and we were banking on a fine day for the morrow.

As I lay there, slowly drifting off to sleep, my thoughts ranged back over the preparations for the trip: to long letters written to Jack and doubts about there being enough people to make the trip possible. There were only four of us who finally boarded the plane on Boxing Day, 1960: Jack O'Halloran, the leader, Geoff Shaw, Robin Dunse and myself.

The march into Berchervaise Plateau had been a hot, exhausting slog. I could still see us stretched out 'neath some bushes on that hot afternoon on the slopes of Mt. Picton. We brewed tea while we waited for the heat of the day to pass. As we slogged along the South Picton Range the haze of bushfire smoke hung far to the north—an unusual sight for the southwest of Tasmania. Then again, sleeping out at nigh during the march up Berchervaise Plateau was unusual also! Our combined thoughts then were, "If only we have this weather during our attempt at the climb!" It was also suggested that drinking water would be a problem on the climb.

Now, after a combined reconnaissance of the route, our thoughts were still mainly for good weather. Geoff and Rob had viewed the climb roughly in profile from the most eastern ridge of the peak, whilst Jack and myself had traced a route from the valley floor directly below the climb. Our findings agreed on one point - the overhang about two-thirds of the way up the main face would be difficult to negotiate.

We woke the next morning to fine weather, with the early morning cloud dispersing. Although our intentions of any early start were good, time was wasted as we decided what type of equipment and food would be most suitable to take. We were merely setting out for a "look" at the climb, so only meagre rations were taken. It was 10 a.m. when we

finally left camp.

We climbed to the Terrace and then traversed north between the Federation Massif and a large pinnacle which was visible from camp. We then descended a couloir facing north-west, and at 12 noon we began climbing on its western side, our aim being to meet the "Blade Ridge" which ascends directly from the valley floor. I climbed with Jack, whilst Rob and Geoff climbed toaether.

I led up the first pitch for 120 feet over greasy, scrub-covered rock. The route led

straight up from the gully, across a smooth, shallow watercourse and up on to a buttress. Jack followed and led 70 feet further up the buttress. I joined him and we paused to view our surroundings. Opposite to us on the other side of the main couloir on the most western ridge of the mountain was a huge gendarme. It rises straight from the valley floor and when viewed from the Devil's Ears it appears as a separate entity to the left of the Peak proper. From our vantage point we could see a magnificentclimb which began from the coloir itself on good slabs and leading into a magnificent chimney. The climb ended in a crack. It was from the top of this feature that Rob and Geoff had done their reconnaissance on 30th December.

By this time the others were drawing near, so I led down and across towards the "Blade." An easy pitch of 70 feet up a corner brought Jack and myself to that point where the "Blade" ridge joins the north-west face proper. Here we rested and waited for the other two to join So far we had done 350ft, of climbing. When all four of us were together we took stock of our situation. We were perched on a blade of rock which plunged away into awesome depths on either side. Immediately above loomed the gigantic north-west face of Federation Peak. The scale was tremendous and we marvelled at the view. As we munched chocolate we talked over our immediate plans. The time was 2.30 p.m., which gave use at least six hours of daylight time to reach the top. Also, the weather looked like being fine for the remainder of the day.

I started off and climbed to the top of an easy diagonal ledge one rope-length away. Jack followed and then led through; first up the face for 20ft., along a groove for about 20ft. and then straight up to a good stance near a pinnacle. The exposure over those delicate holds was emphasised when some chocolate slipped from Jack's pocket and went spiralling into the depths. After passing my companions I began climbing up a couloir of moderate difficulty. About 40ft, up it branched and I took the right hand fork and climbed upwards for another 40ft., well protected by large boulders. Here I encountered a grassy ledge which we later called the "Bus Stop." I followed it left for a further 20ft. Here I belayed myself to a rock and in response to earlier requests of the other two, I untied so that Jack could belay them over the difficult section.

Whilst these manoeuvres were taking place down below me I made a study of the overhang, 120ft. above me. It did seem that a way

might be forced up it by taking a route up an overhanging chimney — if we could get into it! Unfortunately the interchange of ropes down below took quite some time and it was ages before Geoff appeared. Jack followed and, leaving Geoff to bring up Rob, we joined forces once more.

I led off, first left for 10 feet, then upwards in a groove for 50 feet. I banged in a piton and a delicate move brought me out onto the face again. From here I climbed upwards diagonally to the right for 25 feet until I reached a large protruding floke. I fixed a runner and traversed left for 15 feet towards a corner. I was only 8 feet below the overhang. There I banged in a piton and prepared to belay the others. Jack joined me and we agreed that, in order to climb into the chimney, we had to traverse around the corner. Jack set out and tried hard; he came back shaking his head. "Can't even get a piton in." I had a look at it and then decided we might force it lower down. So I climbed down to the flake and then began traversing on delicate holds. Jack's encouragement egged me on, "Good on you, 'Herman'; you're fairly dancing over those holds."

By painstaking steps I inched towards the corner — a delicate move — and I found myself around it, beneath the chimney. A few sure blows with my hammer and I had secured a piton and attached a runner. I yodelled to the others. Entering the chimney proper involved a few very strenuous moves, relying almost entirely on the arms. I then climbed 20 feet up the chimney and anchored myself.

As neither Geoff nor Rob felt like leading, Jack had to remain where he was and belay Geoff up to the flake. By now it was raining lightly. Upon reaching the flake, Geoff's exclamation was, "The blooody thing's loose!" Jack followed my traverse to the piton below the chimney and belayed Geoff in turn. He then climbed up to me, leaving Geoff to bring Rob up. It was now 8.15 p.m. and visibility was poor. Rob reached the flake and with a sterling effort completed the traverse to Geoff in semi-darkness.

Geoff joined Jack and myself whilst Bob, who was the only person wearing a parka, remained below tied to the piton. Geoff was straddled with his legs across the chimney, Jack was squatting on a chockstone and I found myself wedged above them, half supported on one foot. Under these conditions we resolved to pass the night. We cursed loudly when we thought of the food and gear which we had left behind at camp, but fortunately we did not storve altogether; Geoff had a bog of peanuts and I had some raisins and chocolate. It was at this stage that I had an acute attack of "dropsy" which seemed to last the remainder of the trip. First I dropped the bag of peanuts, but luckily they

landed on Geoff's head and so were saved. Next I dropped my own bag of scroggin and, before vanishing altogether, it also struck Jack's head.

After this sequence of events I was abused in two dialects—broad Yorkshire and loud Australian. They were convinced that I had dropped off to sleep. Jack was insistent: "Bob! Are you asleep? Bob! You must be asleep!" Later on, in endeavouring to find a more comfortable position, I dislodged a stone which struck Jack on the leg. After this I was strongly advised by the others not to move for the rest of the night!

Throughout the night we were subjected to periodic gusts of freezing wind blowing through the crack. About 1 a.m. we all fell silent, listening to the unmistakable sound of trickling water. From then on we passed the time deciding what we could do if our chimney was suddenly transformed into a waterfall. After what seemed an eternity we noticed that the sound of trickling water had stopped and a new sound had taken its place—the unmistakable chirp of birds from the valley far below us. A half hour later and we were gazing out from our miserable bivouac at a bleak sky.

After we had stretched our cramped limbs our first move was to try and climb up the chimney crack from inside, as no one relished the thought of leading straight off onto an overhanging face. Geoff was the first to try to squeeze through the crack on the inside, to a chockstone about 15 feet above us. However, the bulk of both him and his clothing forced him back. During the manouevre I found wedged in a crevice my raisins which I had dropped during the night. I decided to try the crack next and to give myself every possible chance I stripped off and had Jack and Geoff remove my trousers. My efforts were not in vain and, after gaining the top of the chockstone, I put on my trausers then threw down the rope weighted with karabiners. From here I moved on to the face and climbed a pitch of 100 feet to the ledge at the top of the overhang.

Jack climbed up the face at the top of the chockstone and from there brought up Geoff. Leaving Geoff to belay Robin, he then climbed up to my ledge where we waited for them. The weather had become colder and it was sleeting lightly. Time passed and we could perceive no movement from the other two; we became impatient and finally we dropped them a top rope. A short time later they joined us, Rob and Geoff led off and we traversed to the right for a full pitch climbed for two pitches up an easy ramp leading to the summit A few steps led us to the cairn. Sunlight shone briefly as we shook hands, yodelling gaily. It was 8 a.m. on Tuesday, 3rd January.

A WET WALK

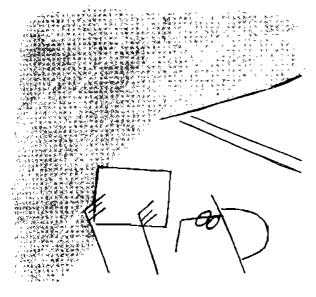
By Wally McGrath

(Being an account by a leader who, afraid of breakings his Club's rule, went on a scheduled walk under adverse conditions.)

On Friday it started to rain, and Saturday was worse. Some said is was a cyclonic disturbance, whilst others said it was an anti-cyclonic disturbance. It did not matter much to me as the end results were all the same.

When I awoke on the Sunday morning it was still pouring rain. What should I do, as leader of the day's walk? I looked up the direction sheet attached to the Walks Schedule and read that "all day walks must be held," so I proceeded, in my customary manner, to prepare for the walk. As a precaution against having to boil the billy in pouring rain, I packed my little thermos flask. It was full of piping hot tea. It could have been coffee, soup or any of those other delightful hot drinks, but this time it was tea. Next time I will make it Bonox and Rum! I also packed my little umbrella; I would put it up and poke the handle down my neck when I sat down for lunch so as to ensure protection from the rain. Then I set off to the station to catch the 8.42 a.m.

Not a soul turned up. I was disappointed, as some of my little friends in the Club had promised me that they would come. Where were the intrepid Bushwalkers who claim that they walk in all weathers? Where were those who, around the campfire, boast to the beginners of their experience in the rain and floods of the Clyde and Cox Rivers? Where were the Committee mem-





bers to whom we look for advice, inspiration and encouragement? In bed, no doubt.

Again I perused the Instruction sheet and found that the leader must proceed to the appointed place. Perhaps Central Station was not the appointed place after all, as members live at various points along the line. Some get on at Sydenham, so I looked out at that place, but not a soul in sight. Some get on at Rockdale and Sutherland, but again, not a soul in sight. Perhaps the appointed place might be where the walk starts as some could come by car. But at Lilyvale, again not a soul in sight. Too late to turn back now as there was no train returning to the city till 4 p.m., and, since the waiting shed has been demalished, there only remains the little house at the end of the platform—but this was no place to spend the next six hours. So I set out.

There is a good road up from the station, used by the firm which conducts the mushroom farm in the old abandoned rail tunnel. It ascends by way of a ridge for about two miles up to the outskirts of West Helensburgh. At this point, about five roads branch out in all directions. I did not want to get out my map as the high wind and the pouring rain would ruin it, so I tried to reason out which one of the roads I should take. I did not know which was the right one, but the one I took I at least knew would not be the wrong one as its general direction was right. I followed this road, but it gradually become no

more than a track and went steeply downhill. In about three-quarters of an haur I came out at Otford Railway Station. Here I went under the verandah of the only shop in the village and studied by map. The dotted track I had intended to follow did not exist and, the weather being what it was, I did not relish going through the thick, wet scrub, so I followed a good tarred road up to Bald Hill and thence to Stanwell Tops where the track to Kelly's Falls commences. This was the wettest part of the whole trip, as the track was overgrown and running with water.

After a while I came to a small stone igloo, or shelter, with a seat just big enough to take two people if they sat close together. Set in the stonework of this shelter, in bright red stones, were two hearts, each pierced with an arrow. It looked as if this shelter had been donated by the Otford Master Butchers' Archery Club! I had my lunch here in comfort and then proceeded to the Falls, which were only about a quarter of a mile further on. The amount of water going over the Falls made them very spectacular — a glory to behold.

After a short stay I retraced my steps to West Helensburgh, and instead of going down to Lilyvale I proceeded to Helensburgh Station where I caught the 3.12 p.m. Rail Motor home.

FEDERATION RE-UNION

1962

Blue Gum Forest was the venue of the Twenty-third Annual Re-union held on April 7-8, 1962. "The Forest," always a popular spot with walkers, proved to be a good choice for, in spite of the weather, which could be best described as having been extremely inclement, 200 people, representing 17 clubs, braved the elements and gathered at a re-union that will long be remembered.

The campfire, which really set the heart of the forest aglow, was ably organised by "Paddy", who officiated until supper was served. However, the stalwarts started up again and continued, apparently tireless, until well into the wee small hours.

Sunday was given over to meeting people, talking and with the aid of the log-book, always a feature of our re-unions, reliving past events.



My only companions on the trip were two leeches, found when taking off my socks.

The glory of the Club has been maintained: no scheduled walks have yet failed through lack of starters.

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KOWMUNG RIVER

NORTH PHIRAL

CLOUDMAKER

By Pat Harrison Catholic Bushwalkers Club NOTES

GANGERANG WILD DOG MOUNTAINS

LOWER KOWMENG, Nº THURAT

THE BUSHWALKER WERE THE

Page 47

Many a time from vantage points in the Wild Dog Mountains or from the boulder-covered slope of Mount Cookem I had gazed at the cliffs of Kooriekirra and Tiwilla as they appeared to slumber side by side, and whenever I gazed I was filled with a longing to traverse them both in one clean walk from Katoomba and return.

Plans were made from time to time, but it was not until Easter 1962, after I had decided to do it alone, that I found a mate with ideas similar to mine. I was overjoyed when Jim Callaway got in touch with me and told me he had to be back in Sydney on Easter Saturday night, because my time, also, was limited to two days. My plans were to go out along Narrow Neck on Holy Thursday after work and walk until we reached the Cox in the early hours of Good Friday.

Callaway readily joined up with me, and at 20.00 hours on Holy Thursday we were on our way past the old quarrry towards Narrow Neck in a blaze of moonlight which lasted throughout the night. We revelled in every moment of the walk along the Neck with Mt. Solitary and the Jamieson and Megalong Valleys bathed in brightness as we hurried on towards Clear Hill, whence we had a marvellous moonlight view of Lake Burragorang on one side and the shining

The Cox's River (Photos by Frank Leyden)

cliffs of Breakfast Creek Canyon on the other. Glen Raphael Falls were tumbling noisily into the valley far below, while ahead of us Debert's Nob was barring the way, and further to the right and between Debert's Nob and Breakfast Creek Canyon the wonderfully graceful outlines of Mt. Mouin, Warrigal and Merrigal seemed based on nothing more substantial than moonlight.

We scrambled down the chimney at the end of the Neck, traversed the cliff-line to Taro's Ladder, and soon were clutching the ice-cold pitons as we climbed down the face to Little Cedar Gap.

On and upwards over Debert's with its three small but deceptive pinches, down over Medlow Gap, then down White Dog Range across land-slides and fallen trees with Shaggy Dog and Mount Cookem looming up across the Cox, until at last at 00.27 hours on Good Friday we found an oak-needle-covered sandheap under a grand old drooping casuarina beside the brawling Cox. Tent pegs were useless in the sand so the good round granite boulders of Old Father Cox were used to hold down our tent guys while we slept soundly and well.

A thick fog was creeping around the tent when we awoke at dawn — a good augury for the glorious day to follow. The fog hid the Cox



from view although only a few yards from our camp, but the river's voice was not stilled and it could be heard rushing on its merry way.

We were away at 08.10 on Good Friday and crossed the Cox without any trouble and headed upstream for some pleasant river walking for a mile or so, withstanding temptations to linger at such delightful places as the green bend in the river opposite Kelpie Point.

It was 09.30 when we set foot on the Marcott Pass and, despite the climb of 3300 feet or more (wihout counting the ups and downs) to Cloudmaker, we found the Kooriecone Range

good walking indeed.

Gentle's Pass, through the wall on to Kooriekirra, was muddy and slippery, and glad indeed was I that I had not cut my fingernails for a week or more — they acted as grappling irons to haul me up the oozy slope. We crawled under the chockstone at the top of Gentle's Pass just before noon and spent a half hour at the tip of the cliff line in enjoying one of the finest views in the Blue Mountains. Below us were the Moko and Kooriecone Ranges: to our left were Moorilla Deck and the Strongleg Buttress, while beyond the Kanangra River was mighty Guouogang with his 3012-foot Nooroo Buttress, Near at hand to the right were the walls of Tiwilla Plateau and the Gangerang Range leading down to the Cox-Kowmung junction. Ahead of us and beyond the Cox were the Wild Dog Mountains in all their beauty, while surrounding all this vast area of beauty and grandeur were the walls of Narrow Neck and King's Tableland. The day was so clear that we could even see the white slash of the fire trail alongside Clear Hill. We were in the midst of a veritable Bushwalkers' delight — a region of blue and purple and gold in which a walker could spend an age of delightful and varied walking.

But Cloudmaker beckoned us on and we turned our back on all that beauty and began a 90-minute push through a dense scrub of eucalypt saplings. We had to keep an eye on our navigation as we broke our way through this close-growing forest of small trees where our view was cut down to a few yards in any direc-

tion.

We had been stripped to the waist since leaving the Cox and it had been hot work, notwithstanding the really splendid autumn day. Dex Creek, therefore, with its clear gurgling flow was a welcome pause for lunch from 14.00 to 14.30 hours.

We took the ridge to the right of Dex Creek and were on the old trig at Cloudmaker at 15.07. There are no views from Cloudmaker, but we loitered for half an hour, reading the log and writing up our own. Cloudmaker is not im-



To Mt. Morilla

pressive from this side and, in fact, Bolworra shows up much better to the eye when coming from Kooriekirra. The sawtooth which culminates in Cloudmaker (3819ft.) shows up best from the Kanangra side, whence the view shows Cloudmaker contrasted against the pit which falls away into Gingra Creek and whence the spine of the Gangerangs can be followed by the eye from Kanangra Walls through Craft's Wall and Stormbreaker. Nevertheless, Bolworra (3631ft.), when viewed from Tiwilla Pleateau, is a massive and impressive peak as its grey cliffs overhang Tiwilla Canyon.

It was 15.30 hours when we set out from Cloudmaker for the 600-foot drop down to the saddle leading to Tiwilla, and the burning question now was, "Can we find Compagnoni's Pass of the Tiwilla Cliffs, and then the tricky turn in the Tiwilla Buttress, before darkness closes in?"

We walked across the flat top of Tiwilla Plateau in the golden afternoon, the westering sun making the heathland glow with a yellow light — and we forgot about Compagnoni and paused to admire Bolworra and the Gingra Range, Cottage Rock, the magnificent square outline of Mt. Coolong beyond the Kowmung, the broken walls of rock around Yerranderie Peak, and onwards to the Burragorang Walls. Truly a noble sight, and here we were in the midst of the most wonderful walking country imaginable. The views from Tiwilla Plateau completed the glorious circle of panorama, for we had seen the first half from the tip of Kooriekirra.

Our efforts were smiled upon for we found Compagnoni's Pass quickly enough were down from the cliff line at 17.30 hours. The Pass itself was in a very muddy and slippery condition and sandshoes made the narrow ledges seem like glass. The little bit where it is necessary to twist one's body around before the final jump on to the last narrow ledge of mud was negotiated with a prayer that our momentum would not take us over the edge to a broken neck. We scrambled down the landslide below the Pass with the ever-present question of the fast-fading dayight, and the knowledge that we had little time in which to establish our position on the buttress. On through the high, rank grass in the gathering gloom with the forest all around and the question in our beings consuming us. We managed, however, not to go wrong before the turn in the buttress was put behind us, whereupon torch and compass got us to the Kowmung at 19.00 hours. Our only concession to cookery this night was a cup of tea, and after bread and

butter and sardines we were soon abed.

It rained a fair bit during the night, but next morning (Easter Saturday) we were early awake, and in our tent in the picaninny dawn had a cold breakfast of beans, bread and butter and water. Then we crossed to the eastern bank of the Kowmung at 06.45 hours and were on our way. This was to be our longest day, for we had to go from our camp near Tiwilla Creek along the Kowmung and up New Yards Range on to Kiaromba Range, thence to Mt. Cookem and up White Pup to Narrow Neck and Katoomba to catch a train to Sydney at 19.14 hours.

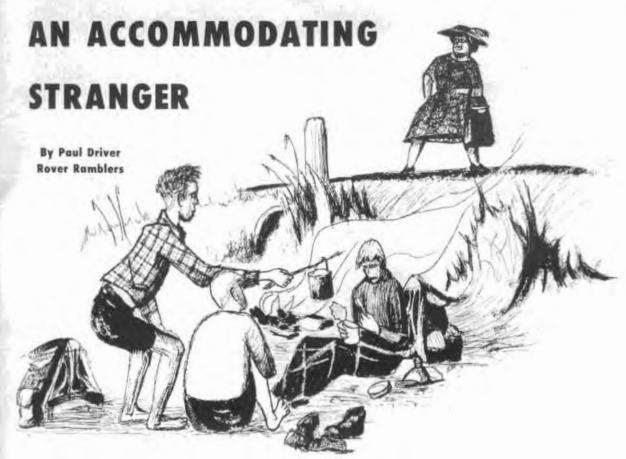
The November flood had left a lot of debris on the Kowmung, but we enjoyed the walk downstream as we followed the dingo tracks in the soft ground or paused to look at wild duck and wild black swan on the fine bend of water near New Yards Creek. The flood had scoured the bank near the last bend and we could not sidle but had to cross and recross before we began the 1000ft. climb up New Yards Range. As we climbed we looked back to a good view of Tiwilla and the Gangerangs.

There were brumbies with foals running along the range where Kowmung House used to be, and from here the views of the golden cliffs around Black Goola were as fresh as ever. I love this walk along Kiaramba Range to Mt. Cookem, and always the view of Black Dog Canyon and the Cox and Kowmung and Spotted Dog from the top of Cookem seem a just reward for the seven or eight mile walk.

Yesterday the question had been, "Can we find Campagnoni's Pass in the daylight?" Today it was, "Can we catch the train at 19.14 hours from Katoomba?" (This was the last train and we could no afford to miss it because we both had obligations on the morrow — mine necessitated an 06.00 hours departure with my family on Easter Sunday.)

Well, wemade it and reached Katoomba at 18.05 after pausing at the end of the Neck for a last look at Kanangra Walls shining afar in the evening sun, while near at hand the incredible beauty of Mt. Mouin and all around it was as if we saw it for the first time.

The joys of bushwalking are said to be threefold — anticipation, fulfilment and reflection. The first two joys had passed and could not be recalled, but brimming indeed was our measure of the third joy as we sat in the train that night in quiet reflection, broken only now and then by a word or two, such as, "We were lucky to find Compagnoni's before dark," or, "We'll do it again next Easter." But let us cease here, for Bushwalkers will know what we mean.



Our small party had passed a rather disturbed Friday night camped at a wayside culvert "on the road" somewhere between Morrisett and Martinsville. The number of persons who had found reason to meander along this route during the early hours of that morning was unbelievable and must easily have exceeded the combined population of the two townships.

Breakfast had been completed and we were in the final stages of breaking camp when "she" came along. She was a friendly soul, portly, elderly and eloquent would be the best description one could give of her. On foot, she was making steady progress apparently to Morrisett, still some five miles off, and was obviously pleased of an opportunity to pause and talk, or rather more particularly to talk, as her "pauses" were

Her first greeting was a vigorous, "Good morning. We've been blessed with a glorious day, haven't we?" This was immediately followed by enquiries as to our welfare, health and a polite query as to who we were and why we were where we were. The "Bushwalkers" part of our answer fell on deaf ears - this was fortunate as we were not prepared at that hour to elucidate the merits or otherwise of bushwalking.

However, the fact that we had actually spent the night at the mercy of the weather, the beasts of the fields and the unsavoury characters who, she assured us, infested the neighbourhood, distressed the poor soul considerably and we were to promise never to do such a thing again. She assured us that the Good Lord (whereupon she produced a Bible from the depths of her huge black leather shopping bag) had blessed her with a spacious home — the third house along the road on the right - and on future occasions, no matter what the hour, we were to take shelter there. We weren't to worry about disturbing anyone (although they were light sleepers). There was a wide verandah and if nobady was in evidence we were to just move in.

Our thanks were tendered for this offer and we politely enquired (as we were no doubt expected to do) for a fuller description of the

house which had been offered us.

(Continued on page 48)



ON CLIMBING

By Charles Ivin Sydney Rock Climbers

At various times in their week-end travels, Bushwalkers come in contact with cliffs, be it abseiling down a canyon face, climbing a ridge such as that up the "Castle" or just on the spikes at Carlon's Head. Most walkers feel a sense of exhilaration when climbing; there is the joy of their movement and balance; and their reward is the view won by their efforts. The more adventurous find they wish to explore further this realm of the near vertical and so

take up rockclimbing.

Either rockclimbing clubs or experienced climbers are sought by the intelligent since the new skills to be learnt are best not learn the hard way. The beginner soon learns that experience and caution must go hand in hand with the confidence that beginners have in abundance. After considerable climbing he can safely lead his rope and may want to discover new routes in fresh climbing areas. At this stage he is faced by a lack of information. Unlike England, where large organisations have existed for many years, Australia has relatively few clubs, and these are still in an early stage of development. In their first scratchings, the obvious climbs in Glenbrook Gorge and at Katoomba were explored. As experience and skill developed, the standards and number of climbers increased, but records are scanty of these first climbs.

Now, more than 10 years since Sydney Rockclimbing Club was formed, various members are making more serious attempts to record a guide for the climbers in years to come. This task is not easy and will take time and co-operation from all people who have even a scrap of information on climbs. The rest of this article is written in the hope of arousing interest in those who could help in the compiling of a comprehensive record of N.S.W. rockclimbing areas.

The first cliffs climbed were the most appealing and easily available, namely, those at Katoomba. The Three Sisters have had much climbing on them. The West Face route is perhaps the most enjoyable. Not the hardest, it has cracks, slabs, walls and chimneys in turn. Nearly every type of manoeuvre is required, whilst the exposure, gentle at first, becomes sufficiently high to suit any taste.

Glenbrook Gorge is handier, providing the easy "Orion," the layback up "Kippax' Crack", or requiring more energetic jamming techniques up Jack Murphy's climb. It is a good place to hold an instructional week-end since all grades of difficulty may be found. On sunny days the creek has collected many young hopefuls as they peeled off the practice rocks by the water's edge. Indeed, more than a few trips commence by difficult traverses across long cool pools, or in struggles up winding narrow torrents of cascades before the actual climbing begins.

The beauty of climbing is that it should be a leisurely sport without too much carrying of gear. Typical of this is the climbing at Bungonia Gorge. Cars taks the climber to his campsite, where he can leave behind all cartage worries. He speeds down exhilarating rock scree slides to the bottom of Sawtooth Buttress where he has the choice of a number of climbs ending in the classic alpine ridge to The Bluff at the top. Enjoyable views of the gorge and the novelty of limestone are but a few of the attractions. If the real beggar for work wants more he can go caving at night, so long as he doesn't doze off halfway up a climb next day.

The Fortress, Pulpit Rock and Mt. Banks have climbs worthy of any enthusiast. This area has

the advantage of good campsites close to sandybottomed pools in which the climber can cool off after the race down from the climb. The long ridge-bashes, best done in the cool of an early start, lead up for a thousand feet before the cliff face is reached. These hard "walks" distinguish the mountaineer from the rock-hopper, who prefers not to have to walk far to his rocks. Prospective rockclimbers who by-pass the pleasures of bushwalking do not get a full education in mountain lore. They forget that they must first reach the mountain before they can climb it. On the other hand, once there, they must have the necessary form to climb their peak with the safety factor in their favour. Because of this, climbing all over a 20-foot rock, when there's an easier way around, is not as senseless as it seems. The reasons for a 20-foot fall are always remembered, whereas a 200-foot fall may only allow enough time to wonder why.

Another fine area is the cliff line extending from Nellie's Glen right around and along the western walls of Narrow Neck at Katoomba. In English climbs, the climber walks to the bottom, climbs the face to the top and then descends by the same or an easier route. Here, Down Under, we abseil down and climb up, leaving for home along the top. The tourist

(Photos by courtesy of the Sydney Rock Climbers)



Page 47

tracks down Nellie's Glen, The Devit's Hole or the ladders at the beginning of Narrow Neck, all provide quick access to the base of the cliffline. Due to intensive development, this area probably offers the most to a rockclimber. All possible types of climbs are crammed along its walls. Their names, like "Rhum Cognac", "Whisky Gully" and "Gin and Tonic", recall the nights spent under the overhangs after the day's climb. In the firelight, mugs of claret were raised as the exploits of the day were toasted, or tall tales of impossible feats became jokes to the group as they yarned into the night.

As many as four climbs may done in a day a Narrow Neck because of its relatively low cliff-line. This allows a variety of climbs to be selected from the large number available. "En Passant" is a beautiful route up because of the consistent standard of good climbing provided. A mild severe, it starts with slab work, through a network of good cracks, up a layback then over a long airy traverse to a nose which is followed up to a fine sunny ledge. From here, an exacting balance clmib leads to the top. On a sunny

day, with a gentle breeze blowing and the rocks warm to the touch, one feels more like lazing than climbing. The "Three Trees' Belay" on "Knight's Mave" has had more than one climber sunning himself, oblivious to the binoculars on Cahill's Lookout. When the weather turns cruel, the overhangs provide dry rocks for expansion bolt climbing, although purists still frown on their use. But the idea of being able to make a Terrier bolt belay, almost anywhere, is of great comfort when you're a hundred feet out on a smooth expanse of rock and wondering what the hell you're doing there.

Sandstone's disadvantages must always be kept in mind. It is a relatively poor rock—weak, tending to powder, unsafe if wet and fickle as a woman. These disadvantages are only overcome by experience and respect for its changing moods. If the climber learns and applies his knowledge, then a huge, almost limitless, region for climbing is available. In this respect we are extremely fortunate. We can escape our city grime for a mountaineer's paradise where "firsts" will be put up for ages to come.

(Continued from page 27)

House proprietor thought we were rough, uncouth types who go around making messes. And here, too, I was re-united with my pack. Some kind person had picked it up down in the second gully and brought it all this way for me. He didn't know my shoes were in it. I had been doing the rock-climbing barefooted, but when we got into the scree gullies I could have used footwear. With a feeling of thankfulness I clothed myself in my shoes and gave Rootsie back his nylon socks.

Then heigh-ho for home and bed by 2 a.m. Tuesday. No sleep since the previous Friday night. It will take wild horses to get me up during the next 12 hours. The family got their own breakfast and got themselves off to school, while

deep unconsciousness washed over my sleeping body. Suddenly the telephone rang piercingly. I leapt out of bed. Said a sweet voice on the other end of the line, "Is that Mrs. Butler?" "I think so," said I, not being quite sure. "Could I interest you in a raffle ticket for Blonk's Household Cleaner? It comes in three colours "Go on!" prompted a malevolent voice inside me, "Say it! Tell her what she can do with her

me, "Say it! Tell her what she can do with her Household Cleaner." But years of training in politeness came to my aid and I said sweetly, "No thank you, not today" and hung up and went back to bed. Other people suffered worse than that, though. Rus, for instance, was woken up at 6 a.m. with reporters and photographers from six different papers pounding on the front door. He is thinking of retiring to a monastery.

(Continued from page 45)

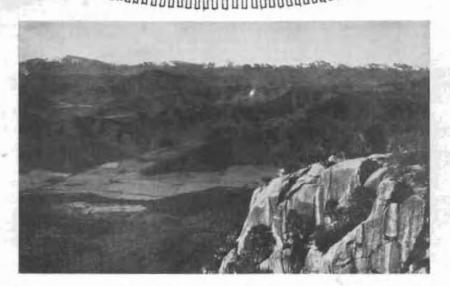
It was part of an old orchard which, unfortunately, had not been cared for as it should have been since her dear husband had not been so active (rheumatism, I think it was). This was a shame because the aforementioned bad types came under cover of darkness and took advantage of a helpless couple to steal fruit and indulge in acts of vandalism. But, little did they know! Next time she'd be ready! She wouldn't hurt them, mind you, but when they came sneaking around again they'd get the fright of their

lives. She'd only borrowed the gun and she would shoot into the air . . . but it would cure them of their bad habits.

We assured her that her plan should have the desired effect on any vandal, but couldn't help wondering how a party of Bushwalkers bedding down on the verandah at dead of night would react to a twenty-one gun salute from the bedroom window.

If you're ever in Martinsville on a wet night I can recommend a nice cosy verandah—you may be sure WE won't be using it.

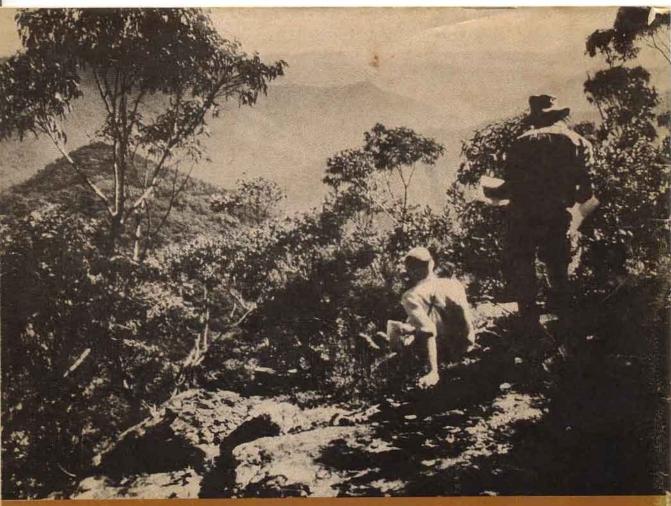
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