

## THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A monthly Bulletin of matters of interest to the Sydney  
Bush Walkers, C/- Ingersoll Hall, 256 Crown St., Sydney.

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### EDITORIAL

#### Who Is a Bushwalker?

In naming the Club "The Sydney Bush Walkers," the founders chose a simple and descriptive title and created a word which has since passed into general usage. The word "Bush" distinguished us from track (race) walkers. A few years later "hiking" became extremely popular when train loads of people went on "mystery hikes" organised by city retailers, and the wisdom of insisting on our self-chosen designation became apparent.

When the Federation was founded the word "bushwalker" was used to describe members of affiliated clubs, or anybody who wore a pack and went beyond tourist tracks. Our members were zealous in trying to extend the "bushwalking movement," because they believed that the more bushwalkers there were the more conservation could be effected. They succeeded in popularising the so-called "movement." Thousands of "bushwalkers" now go out, but most of the conservation work is still done by members of our own and two other clubs, while a big proportion of the others who go out merely litter campsites or hack the bush about.

To the public Sydney Bush Walkers, bushwalkers generally and hikers are one big happy family, though it is pleasing to find that the press, at least, usually talks of lost "hikers." But the distinction is often ignored. For instance State "Hansard" of 22/3/59, under the heading "Bushwalkers: Mountain Districts", records a question by Mr. D. Clyne, in which he asks "whether, in recent months, a number of tourists and bushwalkers have been lost while viewing mountain scenery in N.S.W.....?" At one time people seeing a bushwalker would remark on the size of the pack and ask how many miles he was going. Now they tell him not to get lost. Those who do distinguish between bushwalkers, tourists and hikers don't know anything about the existence of clubs. They usually ask "do you belong to the bushwalkers?" At our last meeting a long letter to the Federation from the Ski Council was read. Its subject was abuso, rule breaking and thieving in unattended huts in the Kosciusko area. Though the members of affiliated clubs were not blamed for this, it is significant that such a letter should be written to the Federation. And anyone who skis knows that "bushwalkers", to the skier, include hoboes, hikers, shooters, fishermen, or almost anybody else who happens to be there in the summer. It is always the "bushwalkers'" fault if huts are rifled.

Searches for lost persons, damage to property, cadging lifts from motorists, shooting of stock, and fire risks, make the people wandering about the country wearing packs increasingly unpopular, and to most people members of the S.B.W. look just like any of the others. There are two lines of action we can take. One is to do our best to educate people on the right lines. Our Federation delegates try hard to do this, though most of their words seem to travel no further than the eardrums of the delegates who happen to be at meetings. Apart from such work all we can do is to see that our own house is in order. In many country districts our Club is well known and respected and we can do much to retain and increase this good will. In conservation circles we have a well established reputation which can be enhanced by favourable publicity.

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AT THE APRIL GENERAL MEETING.

By Jim Brown.

There has been a regrettable tendency in recent times for each monthly meeting to swoop on one hapless topic, inspect it microscopically, turn it inside out, and generally bash it about mercilessly to the exclusion of all else. On the other hand, the April General Meeting, attended by about 60 members, devoted its time to two major issues, and found itself interested in several more. Further than that, it opened its heart and its purse to the tune of about £50, and toyed daintily with the notion of yielding up a far greater amount of pelf.

Chronologically speaking, the first intrusion on the calm of the evening came with Brian Harvey's inquiry whether other Clubs invited to join our official walks had done anything about it. It had to be acknowledged officially that the response had been very slight, indeed almost imperceptible.

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Era was mentioned at some length, as the Club had received notice of resumption from the Lands Department and a reminder that we must seek compensation if desired. It was agreed that we should make the necessary demand through our Era Trustees. This motion was merely a stepping stone, however. Alex Colley proceeded to move that we also write to the Minister for Lands suggesting that we might be willing to forego this payment if he could see his way to meet us in (1) abandoning the amalgamation of National Park and Garawarra (2) adding the resumed Era lands to Garawarra and (3) allowing the Club some representation on Garawarra Trust. A favourable reply from the Lands Department would mean, of course, an extraordinary general meeting to ratify the project.

Bill Gillam objected on the score that the contributors for the purchase of Portion 7 should be consulted, and Phil Hall thought the offer would be silly - the Government was not so financially straitened as all that. The President pointed out that the contributors to the Era Fund had delegated power to an extraordinary general meeting of the Club to direct the Trustees. The motion was adopted, and afterwards Bill Gillam asked what would happen to the proceeds from the resumption, if the Minister would not accept our offer. The President replied that the cash would be placed in the hands of the Trustees, who may be directed by the Club in the terms of the Trust Deed. It may be utilised for some similar conservation project.

Some interest was displayed in the Federation comment on damage to huts in the Kosciusko area during summer months, but no one present could throw any light on the vandals.

It was announced that the non-active annual subscription had been fixed at the figure for the previous year, viz. 5/-. The sordid business of procuring Room Stewards was carried out without using the bone as a bludgeon, although one had to be "persuaded" by appointment of his fellow traveller as a supernumerary Room Steward.

We were back to our projection equipment, and some discussion in which Allan Hardie trumpeted the virtues of an equipment for showing slides and strip (not to be confused with strip-tease, he said). This instrument bore the recommendation of Maurice Berry, unable to be present at the meeting, and would cost between £30 and £40. Doubting Thomases wanted to explore the question further, and some offered to take a census of projection equipments offering, but the meeting wanted its £40 worth of slide-and-strip machinery, and voted the amount ex Special Reserve for Equipment Fund. Mr. Berry was authorised to do the purchasing.

Allied to this, Arthur Gilroy voiced the need for a decent screen. He thought theatre cine. screen in its unpunctured condition would be satisfactory, and moved that Mr. Berry be also empowered to "purchase or secure" some such screen material at cost not in excess of £10. After a query as to the connotation of the word "secure" the motion was carried. "What else will we buy?" cried Ed. Stretton in elation.

Whilst the meeting was in expansive mood, Alex asked that we give the President power to take advantage of any opportunity offering to publicise our conservation ideals, without waiting for the endorsement of a general meeting. Letters to editors, delayed until after a remote meeting, lost their significance, he said. Carried.

Taking advantage of the abundant generosity, Dormie suggested a gift to the retired Secretary, Hilma Galliot, for her years of unflinching effort on the Club's behalf. Bitterly opposed by the potential recipient herself, the motion was doomed, and had to be pared down to a very enthusiastic vote of thanks carried by acclamation.

Obviously feeling very gratified with what they had wrought, members allowed the meeting to close at 9.25 p.m.

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"Police, ambulance men and other volunteers are fed up to the neck with risking their lives for these people (lost hikers)..... A lot of people who become lost by leaving the recognised tracks may be good walkers, but that does not make them good bushmen. These people should be made to realise that they are risking other people's lives as well as their own..... Hikers are becoming lost so frequently lately that a successful search party often returns to learn that another fool is missing. It's practically a week-end ritual."

- Alderman Frank Walford,  
 Mayor of the Blue Mountains City Council.

AN EASTER PILGRIMAGE.

By W. Gillam.

Drawings by Dot Butler.

If a physio-analyst ever catches me on a couch and whispers in my ear "Spires" I would probably, being of a monosyllabic character, reply "nettles". This no doubt wouldn't satisfy the Doc, who might want to know if I had suffered "a deep traumatic shock about Easter 1950". So here goes on the Spires (Thurat) and nettles (ferociofolia).

While the photographers were arguing whether to give them a fiftieth at a fortieth (or some such thing) Dot Butler decided that an "Easy Easter" at Kanangra would be improved by light divertissements such as traversing Thurat Spires. Jim Smith, an enthusiastic N.Z. climber, backed her up, but for safety's sake a third was needed. I didn't have a camera and was eating on my own, so off I went. Bill Cosgrove, without Frank Leyden to contradict him, willingly supplied a possible route and an "escape route". We were to go up the scree slope between the last two spires, then attempt the face, about 300' of rock.

Some "vita-weat", a carefully hoarded tin of blackberries, and a large lump of roast beef were thrown into a bag as nourishment, and at the last moment Dot decided to take a pair of shoes.

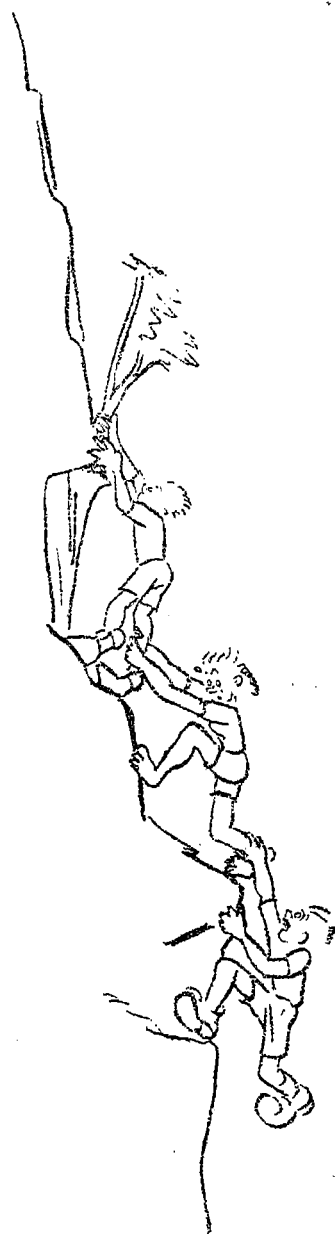
Then at 11 o'clock off we set down Murdering Gully (an extremely apt description). Dinner time found us on Kanangra Creek, philosophically eating blackberries with a knife and gazing with awe and apprehension at our "route". The scree was really a 'river of rock' composed of cubic boulders from a foot to three feet measurement, at a perilously steep angle, unstable, and interlexved with the most horrible mixture of blackthorn and nettle imaginable. Dante, I think, would have added another circle to his "Inferno" if he had seen it.

There is some debate whether the joys of mountaineering are best anticipated or recounted. For my part I prefer either to the experience. Half way up the scree I had grave doubts as to my sanity; why should I be puffing uphill behind a barefooted Amazon and a ragged moustachioed villain? If I had been in front I would have rolled a rock over the two of them, then rolled, like Jill, after them. However, I couldn't get to the lead so we were all spared an untimely end.

What had promised, from Kanangra, to be "catsmeat" (a N.Z. term of a contemptuous character) soon developed into torment as we ploughed through band after band of nettles. They couldn't be avoided; all handholds were covered with them and wobbly footholds frequently pitched one stern-first into the thickest patches. I don't know whether there is a saturation point for nettle stings: we certainly must have been very close to it. Our arms, hands, legs, stomach (one bush caught in my open shirt) were one red itching rash and our fingers had lost all capacity for feeling the edges of things. Each band, about ten in all, added its quota of viciousness and spite, so it was almost with relief that we arrived at the apparently sheer walls, for here only

such tenacious things as cobwebs and caterpillars could cling.

The scree led on to a "straight" face about 30 feet high which was obviously impossible. We tried working round it on the left with Dot leading on the first pitch. This led back to the face and was "no go". Then by reversing we were on a narrow ledge and couldn't pass, it was my turn to lead up. The only possible way was by a series of steps about 30 feet above one another connected by a series of cracks, some so small that a jammed fist would just hold, others negotiable with "chockstones" and only one or two wide enough to straddle. In one of these dark cracks I surprised a cockroach which resented my intrusion and gave off its sickening odour. For about two minutes my nose twitched while I hauled myself up. All managed to squeeze, grunt and worm their way, dodging flying rocks and knowing we couldn't possibly go back by the same route.



At 3.30 we reached the summit of the middle spire. It had taken an hour on the scree and the same on the rock so now we felt we had earned a rest. In brilliant sunshine we munched an apple, built a cairn, gazed at the wonderful view. The Spires are no more than 50 to 100 feet wide at most, and are connected by a knife-edge a mere yard wide. They fall on one side to Kanangra Deep and on the other to the similar Danae Brook. The vision of the immense deeps, purple in afternoon shadow, cut by innumerable waterfalls with the glorious yellow of the Walls dominating all, is a wonderful sight. In a moment of drowsy triumph I had even forgotten the nettles.

No quick or safe route (we had no rope) could be found on to Big Misty, so after building further cairns we tried our "Escape route" off the shoulder of the third spire. As a contrast to the struggles on the cliff face this was quite safe and straightforward, although a few loose rocks provided their share of amusement. Soon we were back on the scree, rattling down, backwards. Going down was far more exhilarating. The rocks were very unstable, some even started to slide after a loud coo-ee, and it was necessary to watch through

one's legs where to put the feet. An exaggerated view was thus obtained of the slope. The scree seems nearly vertical - it was gauged by rule of thumb at  $89^{\circ}$ , with Kanangra Creek just under one's heels, and a thousand feet or so below. Adopting Christian Science principles we ignored the nettles, although even this was not entirely satisfactory.



It was getting dark when we reached the creek and all the party were tired after six hours of solid going and almost continual climbing. The prospect of getting over the few bluffs to Murdering Gully, easily negotiable in the morning, but now in the dark an extremely slippery and unstable route was not at all pleasant. We struck the last bluff just as the light was getting really bad. All went well till the final pitch of about fifteen feet. Dot, as usual, went up by her strange process of levitation, but I had neither the strength nor the nerve to follow on the rather insecure footholds. Finally she had to let down an ankle for me to grab, then

hoist me up. In doing this the only safehold was broken so I climbed to another stance, let down an ankle for Dot, who in turn let down an ankle for Jim. Both pulling together Jim came up and we all stumbled off into a very dark Murdering Gully.

At seven o'clock we were back in the cave, wrapped in sleeping bags and lapping up our tea. To all inquiries we merely replied "catsmeat".

(By the absence of cairns it is presumed that this was the first traverse. Any information to the contrary would be appreciated.)

After Clem's cucumbers, and having had experience of the various and assorted palates of our fellow walkers, you would think that bushwalkers are well nigh shock proof as far as edibles are concerned. Paul Barnes' day walk provided something new. A cream horn itself is rather a rarity these days, but when the consumer liberally spreads peanut butter on the pastry before wolfing it we begin to think Clem may have a serious rival. If the initiators at the next reunion want further particulars they can be obtained from

FOR TYROS IN TASMANIA.PART I."WHEN THE BLIND LEAD THE BLIND ..."

By Jim Brown.

I commence this writing with some misgivings, both because I feel there are many Club members with wider knowledge of the Tasmania scene than I, and because, as a very modest pacemaker, I doubt whether times and distances quoted will meet with general approval among the stalwarts.

You must blame your Editor for commissioning such a frail mortal to supply this information, but your Editor assures me there is need for an Information Section on Tasmania, for the consumption of those bound south for the first time. I intend to restrict my notes to the three areas recommended to the beginner in Tasmania - (1) the Cradle Mt. - Lake St. Clair Scenic Reserve (2) the Frenchman's Cap trip, and (3) the National Park. You see, I have been a beginner in those areas myself, I haven't tackled any of the really savage stuff, and certainly wouldn't suggest a newcomer to the island trying anything else without very experienced guidance.

I feel, too, that I should give the credit line to Harry Ellis, who provided me with much valuable information before we crossed Bass Strait. Indeed, quite a deal of what follows will be virtually pure Ellis. This, at least, means that my story is not entirely a case of the blind leading the blind, though if you meet normal Tasmanian conditions, you will certainly fall in the ditch. Which brings me to weather and allied conditions.

Seasons - weather:

Those who have walked in the Alps will know that tramping there is restricted to the summer months. Although the Tasmanian walking country is only about the same elevation as our Blue Mountains, with prominent peaks reaching 5,000-ft, the seasonal limitation applies there also. Walking trips should not be undertaken before the end of November, and reliable weather is not likely after mid-March, and even during those months weather conditions will often approximate those of a severe winter in the Blue Mts. At 3,000-feet in the Cradle Mountain-Lake St. Clair Scenic Reserve quite heavy snowfalls, with temperatures below freezing point and almost incessant rain and wind may be encountered in January and February (one walker died from exposure in snow near Cradle Mountain in the first fortnight of this year).

The high country which provides most of the Tasmanian walking area lies rather to the west of a north-south line drawn through the centre of the island, and it is along this line of tops that the savage weather blowing in from the Southern Ocean is met. While rainfall in the Derwent Valley on the east is lower than that of Sydney, on



the west coast it is common to record rain on 250 days in a year. Entries in the log books in the huts through the Reserve prove that the region is unvisited from April to October each year, and in the summer months are hundreds of comments "arrived wet through and miserable", or "blizzard conditions - heavy snow all night", or "weatherbound all day in the hut". In planning that Tasmanian trip, try to allow a spare day or two in case the elements are very unkind.

### Clothing:

With these conditions, it is logical to take what you would for a winter trip near home. A really windproof jacket, woollen sweater, long trousers and gloves are essential clothing items. The long pants should be a pair in which you will not hesitate to wade through knee-deep mud - not your best slacks: indeed, Tasmanians urge the wearing of long trousers for all walking, and although shorts can be worn on the tracks and in fair weather, there is no doubt that in walking off recognised trails, or in storm, slacks are the only safe dress. They also have the advantage of discouraging the leeches which abound (at Narcissus Hut we saw the verse:

Leeches  
Are Creeches  
With no pleasant Feeches).

And there is no doubt that in slacks you feel far more secure from snake bite. On snakes - we saw two only in three weeks walking, but others have been less fortunate, and it should be remembered that all Tasmanian snakes are venomous (don't forget the first aid kit!)

Boots are the most desirable footwear (this from one who abhors boots and always wears sneakers in the hills of home) and gaiters are a good anti-mud, anti-leech, anti-snake precaution.

Even in the finest weather you will end the day's march spattered with mud to the thigh - deeper if you have fallen in it - so there must be a complete change of warm clothing.

### Equipment:

It is evident that our standard walking equipment is satisfactory from the fact that most Tasmanians trampers use Paddymade or similar gear. Rucsacs, sleeping bags are quite suitable: tents - in good proofed condition for preference - are satisfactory for those stages where huts are not available or are overcrowded. Groundsheets should also be in good proofed condition and are adequate for track walking in reasonable weather, although something in the nature of a parka would be best for rough country or as a precaution against a really bad spell of storm. All our other items of standard gear measure up to needs.

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On a recognised trail a hatchet is NOT necessary. I dare say that if forced to camp in snow it would be a great asset, but all huts are furnished with axes, and very few of the camp sites noted were completely denuded of timber. On the other hand, if a venture into the wilds is intended, an axe of some kind is absolutely necessary. This would apply equally to doubtful tracks where no recent information as to condition was available.

#### General Track and Ground Conditions:

This will be dealt with in greater detail in the three paragraphs covering the Scenic Reserve, the Frenchman trip and the National Park, but a few general facts are:

The country varies between beech (myrtle) forest of junglelike character, a few patches of gum forest, and open plains of button grass. As a rule, the ground is wet and while on the track one is frequently ankle-deep in mud, and sometimes may plunge in above the knees. On the button grass plains better going will often be found just off the path where the slime is not so much trampled, or the mud may be avoided sometimes by stepping from clump to clump of grass. This can be quite exacting walking as each pace is made from a soft, slippery surface or an insecure grass tuft, and it is almost impossible to attain an even, swinging stride. For this reason, Tasmanian miles frequently seem unduly long. It isn't wise, even where a track exists, to estimate on more than two miles an hour - less on steep rising grades.

Camping sites are not numerous and to a walker accustomed to the endless array of perfect spots on the Cox, a number of "campable" places (by Tasmanian standards) may be by-passed on the score of "Too wet", "Too exposed", "Overgrown". Some reorientation of opinion is necessary, and it is the accepted thing to spread small boughs and underbrush on the damp ground and pitch the tent over all.

Practically all water on the normal walking trips is safe drinking, and usually there is sufficient firewood near to hand. Certain Tasmanian timbers will burn when almost green.

Pathfinding on the familiar trails of the Reserve, National Park and the way to the Frenchman is fairly simple. The trail is reasonably clear and staked in many places, which is as well, for maps are not to be trusted. Tracks shown on some maps as cut out by surveyors or miners have been disused for 30 or 40 years and have disappeared in the dense forest of the West Coast. It is almost an axiom in western Tasmania that you don't walk without a track (or the means of cutting one). If you mislay the track, half a day would be well spent in relocating it.

Now, since it's too late for Tasmanian expeditions this season you're in no hurry to hear the rest of this, and I'll bide my time for a month before going on to the individual regions.

FEDERATION NOTES.

By Brian G. Harvey.

CLEAR HILL LADDERS: Paddy Pallin passed on to the Federation a complaint from an outside walker that a fencing-wire-and-sapling ladder in a chimney of the western side of Clear Hill was in a dangerous condition. Mr. Frank Peters, of the S.U.B.W. was delegated with authority to deal with the ladder as he thought fit. The top was attached to a dead stump.

Y.W.C.A. Walkers Club has dissolved (through lack of "recruits" I believe).

FEDERATION REUNION will be held at Euroka Clearing on 6/7th May. Hot dogs will be provided gratis, and a nearly-full moon and fine weekend arranged with the observatory.

KOSCIUSKO HUTS. Attention of delegates was drawn to the severe and wanton damage done to utensils and food in the various alpine huts, particularly in January. Any information as to likely persons responsible will be appreciated.

SYDNEY UNIVERSITY has invited walkers to partake in a series of lectures on astronomy and hopes it may assist in direction finding.

SEARCH & RESCUE SECTION was fortunately not required over Easter despite swollen creeks and rivers.

FEDERATION DANCE, held on 24th March, was a great social and financial success.

THE CODE OF ETHICS is now in the hands of the duplicators and already is being distributed to smaller clubs. It is hoped a copy will be in the hands of all our members at an early date.

THE CODE OF ETHICS.

by Brian Harvey

As mentioned in the Federation Notes, the long-promised Code has now been produced in small quantity, and a copy will be forwarded to all members as soon as the magazine staff are able to produce the balance.

The Code was the brain-child of the Federation President, Mr. Stan Cottier, a very ardent conservationist of the Coast and Mountain Walkers, who made much research into walkers' ideas of "do's" and "don'ts" on matters appertaining to behaviour and practices of the fraternity, and to whom we are indebted for his continued and untiring interest.

A small committee re-edited the original, which was more of a concise summary of ideals, and the finished product will soon be before the eye of the critics. The Federation intends to have copies printed for general distribution amongst the walking public. The Code is not regarded as complete in itself, and is more of recital of the general standard which we hope will obtain amongst members of federated clubs. However, the Federation has an open mind on any suggestions before being to the expense of printing a large number for general propaganda, and any further ideas on the subject will be warmly received.

SOCIAL NOTES FOR MAY.

On May 19th Mrs. Jordon, who recently visited China, will show us some of her beautiful slides of the Orient. Although these slides will not be indicative of our favourite hobby, nevertheless, they are sure to have particular appeal.

We hope the slide night on 26th May will be a success. We appeal to the members who have slides to be sure to bring them along. Just a few will do.

Photographers! Remember the Photographic Exhibition on June 30th. You must enter that masterpiece!

- Edna Stretton,  
Social Secretary.

G O S S I P.

On Walkabout weekends we are generally prepared for at least one member of the party being an expert on flora and fauna and quoting botanical names by the packful. We're even more indulgent towards blokes that peer at rocks and endeavour to tell us how the world was before we humans mucked it up. Now a new menace has been discovered - an insect expert. He made his debut on an easter walk and one semi-old member who pointed to a "centipede" was informed that it was an "arthropod" (we think). His interest in insects abated somewhat after spending a night with a bull ant in his sleeping bag. When the swollen knee he copped has returned to normal we will no doubt hear more from the expert..

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Another lump specimen, looking like a mumps and measles case, combined, was Len Fall. His explanation, that while looking for lunch water he encountered head high nettles is a little hard to believe. No one could get that lumpy unless he slipped and rolled in the nettles. What a fall!

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The scene was Kanangra - the players, a poor weak female and a large hulking bushwalker. Bushwalker grabs sleeping bag off female and proceeds to show how to compress said sleeping bag into cover. Do we tell the rest of the story or just report that Molly Gallard was seen at Paddy's purchasing a new sleeping bag cover?

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Maurie Berry was also seen visiting the Pallin emporium. Seems that repairs are necessary to a broken strap on the flap of his pack. The question is - did normal wear and tear cause the strap to break or did the pack bulge a little too much as a result of an overload of delicacies on his recent Warrumbungles trip? An after-though - was Maurie merry?

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Much has been written about fires, the method of building them and the method of extinguishing them.

On Kath Brown's recent official week-end trip to the Shoalhaven a feat unparalleled in fire-control was performed. Firstly Jim decided to make tea before retiring on Friday night and so economical was the fire that an upturned billy put it out. The fire was quickly rebuilt and tea duly served.

But it was the breakfast fire on Saturday that was really intriguing. In almost no time the fire was kindled, the meal cooked, and, as the last of the water was used for washing up it was finally disposed of on the few remaining embers - exit fire - finis water.

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Many strange things occur in the bush, but on the same trip two members who had collected a bed of dampish leaves reported a luminous bed.

To prove their case a small quantity of leaves was carefully wrapped in paper and kept for display next evening. On the train home other passengers acceded to our request for lights out and the leaves were confidently unwrapped. No sparkle illuminated the gloom and one observer was rude enough to ask whether it was the bed or the sleepers that had been lit up.

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During a pause in the last lap of Kevin Ardill's Grose - Mount Hay trip we could not refrain from bitter reflections on the unfairness of it all. The leader was bleeding freely from his many lacerations. Other members were torn about to a lesser degree, but the prospectives, to a man, were unscathed. Pondering on this phenomenon, we remembered our own experiences as a leader, when we had ended up in a similar condition to Kevin. The reason is not far to seek. The leader must raise his eyes to distant horizons and look around and ahead to find the right route. He must also dash up and down the line, between the abraded members in front and the panting prospectives in the rear, offering words of advice, cheer and encouragement. He cannot at the same time watch the ground at his feet. The prospectives at the rear are beyond caring where they are going, and concentrate on following the track made by the ones in front, who have already taken the edge off the sharper obstacles. Need we mention that our own tender hide would have done justice to a Palmolive advertisement?

.....

H O B S.

As a lad, the word hob meant to me a convenient ledge on the side of the fire where the kettle could simmer or the coffee pot stew (not for us this new fangled notion that coffee boiled is coffee spoiled). If used in the plural it generally signified a much hotter spot by the side of the eternal fires which are alleged to burn in the nether regions.

Whether it is this latter association or not I know not but there is something which seems to make the average person somewhat reluctant to say the actual word. This especially applies to the treble variety. I have therefore now become used to interpreting such cryptic allusions as trebles, triples, tricounis triangles, clumps, clusters, three pronged sprigs, those nails which won't come out. One chap who apparently had recently staggered out to Blue Gum via the Mount Hay track referred to them as 3 knob hills.

However whatever the name they're just as good and Paddy has them at 3/- a pound. Three bobs for three knobs.

\_\_\_ooo\_\_\_

SKI GEAR.

Part of new seasons stocks are available now. Full supplies by the early June.

\_\_\_ooo\_\_\_

PADDY FALLIN,

CAMP GEAR FOR WALKERS,

'PHONE. EX3595.

SKI SUPPLIES,

327 GEORGE STREET,

S Y D N E Y.