

## 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.

#### A Walkers' Programme.

If any one questioned the President's comment in his addendum to the Annual Report that interest in walking was recovering, the new walks programme should be sufficient answer. It is an extremely interesting programme, with several trips we have not seen previously, and revivals of others which have not appeared in recent times. It has a generous sprinkling of test walks, as well as several deemed too severe to be so marked. Above all, it suggests a genuine enthusiasm on the part of members, an eagerness to get out into the bush and do some real honest-to-goodness walking. A past Walks Secretary once observed that the walks programme is the most important document issued by the Club. It certainly is one of the best barometers of our activity.

For the purist, it is satisfying to find that all the train times on the new programme are correct, even though one (5.21 p.m. train to Mittagong on a Friday) will entail a change at Picton, and completion of the journey via the Loop Line. With a few exceptions, place names are accurately rendered, though necessarily abbreviated, a "d" is missing from Couridjah, and there is some vacillation in the spelling of Terrey Hills: but slips like "Glue Gum Forest" and Mr. King George" are purely typographical, and may occur very easily when typing complicated names into restricted space on stencils. The programme itself is clear and looks well, and does credit to the production team.

That old bugbear of Walks Secretaries, the day walk, is still giving trouble and, of the 18 Sundays on the programme, only 10 have been filled. However, two of the remaining weekends are occupied by the Instructional Walk and Corroboree, when it is customary to leave the Sunday open. It is not difficult to find a reason for the missing day walks. A large number of the most active walkers hold day trips in something like contempt, preferring to miss a programme than to appear leading a day walk. Others, while glad to avail themselves of these "trips without notice" will not involve themselves from three to six months in advance, leaving it to a valiant few who sometimes saddle themselves with two day trips on the one programme.

Of course, the proof of the pudding ... after all, if the exciting day walks on the programme fail to take place, then it becomes a facade, suggesting that we are far more active than we really are. This programme deserves the fullest support, which means support from the members for those leaders who have devised fascinating and attractive trips, and support from the leaders themselves, who should not try to cancel their trips simply because something more appealing presents itself. It is a significant point that the thoroughly dependable leader almost invariably finds himself with a party.

Naturally, with such a walkers' programme, there are some trips of quite rugged character, in the vicinity of 40 miles and correctly classed as rough, to be carried out in the course of a normal weekend. Leaders of these trips should resist the temptation to build up a large party by accepting very inexperienced walkers and members who are plainly out of condition for a rough trip. Several of the trips listed could easily burn off a beginner. Further, if the leader of one of these tigerish walks finds the Editor angling for a place in the party, he will probably be doing both himself and the writer a kindness by declining gently but firmly.

### EUREKA!!!

Archimedes hadn't seen Clem Hallstrom's Easter pudding when he uttered his famous cry. Or maybe it was because Clem allowed someone else to attend to the pudding while he took a look at the Block Up. It was a source of great agitation when the pudding apparently failed to displace a weight of water equal... etc. etc. However, that was merely because it became waterlogged. Clem intends to revert to cucumber as a more stable item of diet.

— G O O D F O O D . . .

G O E S W I T H G O O D W A L K I N G —

DRIED FRUITS:

APRICOTS	APPLE RINGS	PRUNES
SULTANAS	RAISINS	STONELESS DATES

BISCUITS:

WHEATFLAKE	RYVITA	VITAWHEAT
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CONFECTIONS:

APRICOT ROLLS	FRUIT NOUGAT	FRUIT & NUT ROUGHS
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AND:

WHOLEMEAL BREAD	SALTED CASHEWS	ALMONDS
ALL BRANDS QUICKLY-MADE BREAKFAST FOODS		

T H E S A N I T A R I U M H E A L T H F O O D S H O P

1 3 H U N T E R S T R E E T , S Y N D E Y .

#### AT THE APRIL GENERAL MEETING.

April's general meeting was a reposeful one, with about fifty members present, including the two welcomed, Enid Hallstrom and Ted Weavers.

After years of jealously storing up the minutes of the Annual General Meeting until they had properly matured, it seemed almost brash and indecent to find those of March 13th being confirmed by the vote of people who really could remember what had occurred. And then on to correspondence, which contained (inter alia, of course) Elsie Bruggy's resignation as committee member to take on the portfolio of Assistant Secretary, and also Elsa McGregor's resignation from Membership Secretary - the two vacancies to be filled at the May meeting.

There was, too, a letter from a lady who harboured dark doubts of our sincerity on conservation matters, particularly on Era. Her motives and her arguments were themselves far from lucid, but she urged us to allow our big bushwalking heart "That pulsing organ to swell to the size of a split pea". What we were to do after this access of generosity was not clear. A suitable, if almost too rational, reply had gone forward from our Conservation Secretary.

After reminders of the S & R practice on the first week end of May, report was given of the first operation at Blue Gum Forest

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on March 28/29, when six members attacked the buried log in the bed of the Grose with drills and gelignite, shattering it into sections. It was announced that the follow-up working bee was set down for April 25/26 - manpower needed.

General Business was called and Dormie produced a large volume, the Annual of the Mountain Club of South Africa, a body he had visited on his recent tour. The journal had been sent as a complimentary to the Club, and he suggested we respond with twelve months' issues of our magazine - duly carried.

Sheila Binns reminded us of subscriptions due - David Brown (a resident of Katoomba when not in the bush elsewhere) passed on the tidings that hot showers were now obtainable at the Reserve at Katoomba at the nominal fee of 1d. per person per dip - Frank Barr was presented with the lug bashing outfit which had been waiting for him since the Reunion, and it was called a night at the highly respectable hour of 8.47.

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#### INSECT ANTICS.

By John Bookluck.

On reading your editorial (April's, of course) I am encouraged. You have spurred me so print this - if you dare.

If all members of the Club are not familiar with the fact that Neil Schafer and myself (see who the article is by) did 120 miles by foot in the Kosciusko area then they should, or else the wrath of the bearded walker shall be brought down on them as truly as the devil punishes his sinners.

By now you are probably asking, what about your story?

Well, early one evening, camped by the Indi River, my kind friend (Neil) fished out a stick insect from the freezing waters. He gently placed this thing, which was more dead than alive, on a groundsheet. We discussed the possibility of applying artificial respiration, but Time the All Healer beat us to it. The stick insect had revived. It would not leave Neil. It kept coming back to him and sitting on its haunches like a Moslem with his hands raised in praise of Allah. (Allah!! ..... Neil did have a beard .....)

This started me thinking, for I shudder every time I think of the curse he placed on a utility truck which pulled up to let out passengers and proceeded on its way without giving us a lift. His eyes blackened, his brows knitted (two purl, one plain - Ed.) a dark cloud hovered overhead and he muttered some terrible expression, in Australian, too. Next day we passed that car jacked up on the road with its back axle off.

It was probably at the Indi River that my bearded friend acquired a fellow passenger, for Neil complained of extra weight (I thought it

might be the result of being closer to the centre of the earth). The stowaway was discovered. Hidden in a dark corner was a large tri-antelope spider. It took Neil and myself some coaxing to evict it. Not long after the disposal of the stowaway came an embarrassing moment for Neil. The affectionate arachnida had crept up Neil's trousers at a good pace. He (Neil) had two alternatives - forsake his insect love, or drop his strides in a public camping ground. A little later I saw Neil scraping his trouser leg behind a bush.

### LAMINGTON VIA RUNNING CREEK.

By Molly Gallard.

### PART 3 - DOWN TO NUMINBAH.

We left O'Reilly's rather late on the Wednesday morning, for there were so many farewells to be bade. The weather had deteriorated and there were heavy mists and thick rain. We reached the point where we thought our turn off might be and began to search for a track. There were several openings which led nowhere but into thick scrub, and visibility was only about 50 yards. As it was almost 12.00 we decided to have lunch. It was no use proceeding into jungle in the mist, so we finally decided to sit tight until the mists lifted enough to see where we were going. We made camp in the middle of the Border Track and hoped to goodness that no one would come along.

The next morning the position was no better. Our only chance now was to make for Binna Burra in the hope of catching a bus to Southport. It seemed as though it was going to be a race against time. At lunch time it took us fifty minutes to get a fire going, and even then the water wouldn't boil, but we made tea just the same. It was smoked but good. At the best of times it is hard to make a fire out of rain forest wood, and at the high altitude there is sometimes a current of air around the billy which seems to prevent it boiling, however good the blaze.

Further along the track we met the hostess from Binna Burra, who was leading a walking party from the house. We apologised for not being at Binna Burra as previously arranged and explained our position and enquired about buses. She said that buses were quite out of the question as they were completely booked up for Saturday and there would be no bus before then. This information didn't make us feel any happier.

We continued on, wondering what to do next, when we saw a man coming down the track from Mt. Meriono. He soon caught us up, and it was when we stepped aside to let him pass that Betty recognised him as some one she had met before on a walking trip down Christmas Creek and who was now working at Binna Burra. We stopped to chat, and told him of our troubles. He suggested an easy way down off Wagawn, giving us minute details. We accompanied him along the track till we reached the turn off to Wagawn, which was about four miles from Binna Burra, and then said goodbye and set off along the two mile track to Wagawn.

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The view was magnificent, but we couldn't halt to admire it for long as we had to get to the valley before dark, and there was still that fourteen mile road bash the next day into Murwillumbah. Betty picked up her pack and was about to start off when she stepped back with a cry "snake!". But before we could see anything it had disappeared down a hole. Bill turned then to pick up his pack, and there was another just behind his pack. We left in a hurry.

The track held good for quite a way, following the land marks as described, and then we lost it. No doubt the fast growing jungle had grown over it. We had been told to bear well to the left to a patch of lantana or we would find ourselves at a cliff face. We wandered back and forth but no sign of a track or a blaze mark did we see. Finally our wanderings brought us out at the top of the cliff face. Well, at least we had some idea where we were, so we climbed back up and found the lantana patch and found ourselves in amongst the old familiar lawyer vine again. After sidling around the ridge for a while, Bill found a way down and also something that could have been a track. This brought us to some huge caves. We were on the right track at last but it was 6.30 and we still had a long way to go. These caves were about a quarter of a mile long, and at the end - O, joy! - the border fence. As the ground was well cleared either side of the fence it didn't take us long to reach the border gates and there, like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, was a bus.

The bus driver lived in a small house just inside Queensland and he told us that the bus went to Murwillumbah every day, leaving the gates at 8.00 in the morning. That meant we could catch the Saturday morning bus which left us all the next day to ourselves and we would be able to visit the Natural Arch, which was only a couple of miles down the road. After enquiring for a good camp spot, we left in high spirits.

We camped on soft green grass near a good open stream in the Numinbah Valley. The weather had improved considerably, in fact it was quite fine. The next morning we set off for the Natural Arch, which is in a small reserve and seemingly quite a popular picnicking spot. The Natural Arch was fascinating. A stream flows at quite a high level and at one time no doubt it tumbled over the rocks to the fully below, where it continued on its way, but in the course of time the water has worn a hole in the rock surface which allows it to fall through into a big cave below. It is possible to see this formation from inside the cave and also to look through the hole from above into the cave. Well constructed concrete paths lead to the view points. The place is really well worth visiting.

We were up early next morning, anxious lest we should miss the bus. I think we were there at 7 o'clock to be exact. The 14 mile trip into Murwillumbah was pleasant, although the road was bad, and we were able to look back and up at the plateau, although the top was hidden in mist most of the time. I think we were all sorry when the bus finally rounded a bend and we were no longer able to see Lamington Plateau, the scene of a really super holiday.

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Said the toiler at Blue Gum "What wonderful anti-Australia propaganda could be made of this! Men working up to the waist in cold water, cutting timber, dragging logs, and working from dawn to dark - no pay and even bring your own tucker!"

IF YOU ARE GOING PLACES  
CONTACT

SCENIC MOTOR TOURS,  
RAILWAY STEPS,  
KATOOMBA.

DAILY TOURS BY PARLOR COACH TO THE WORLD  
FAMOUS JENOLAN CAVES AND ALL BLUE MOUNTAIN  
SIGHTS.

TRANSPORT BY COACHES FOR PARTIES OF BUSH-  
WALKERS TO KANANGRA WALLS, GINKIN OR OTHER  
SUITABLE POINTS BY ARRANGEMENT.

FOR ALL INFORMATION

WRITE TO P.O. BOX 60, KATOOMBA  
TELEPHONE 60, KATOOMBA.

#### UNOFFICIAL HISTORY.

It happens in the best regulated families: the Jenolan River party at Easter travelled down the Cox at such a pace on Good Friday that the advance guard reached Breakfast Creek before they could pull up for the Jenolan River.

While the Shoalhaven party emerged from the scrub near Tallowal Creek, and travelled blithely "north" for half a mile before the leader noticed that the westering sun was well behind his right shoulder.

#### TRAIN TROUBLE.

Jenny and Stan Madden looked like stealing a march on Bill Rodgers' Easter party by joining the 5.47 train west - but it baulked at Penrith and was side-tracked to allow the train carrying the official party storm through. Nothing daunted, Jenny and Stan walked out to Black Jerry's.

Similarly, the Shoalhaven party had train trouble, using a total of eight trains and two cars to get to and from Tallong. The official party on the 5.10 was delayed by a bad case of "hot box" and a weary engine, and were finally trans-trained at Moss Vale to a following service. Frank Rigby came in solitary splendour on the 9.18 ex Central which finally steamed out at 11.10 p.m. On the return trip, the three somnambulists of the party "came home with the milk in the morning" - on the 1.17 a.m. from Tallong on Tuesday - very satisfactory for the one who expressed a wish to catch an early train.

BUDDEROO!!

By Allen A. Strom.

Budderoo! Have you ever poured over the Kiama Ordnance Sheet and wondered what lay beyond and about that name?

I always had a sneaking suspicion that there was something of great interest to tempt the settler out that way ... a long way out... out on a limb, as it were! I've wondered too ... where did that name come from? Perhaps it sounds aboriginal, or an anglicised version of an aboriginal name for there are similar sounding words in many Australian place names. But the locals pronounce it as a sort of "Buggeroo" or "Buggeroh" and I strongly suspect that its isolation gave the place its name. Politeness has probably calmed it down to Budderoo ... a fine sounding name anyway, despite its doubtful ancestry.

We started off from just below Knight's Hill, perched high (about 2,000 feet as a matter of fact) above Macquarie Rivulet, near Tongarra. The view looking north over the coastal plain around Dapto and Albion Park, over Lake Illawarra and straight at Mounts Kembla and Kiera, was first inspected in order to give an orientation to the Budderoo visit.

To Carrington Falls first of all, the mecca of many a bushwalk, giving its usual fine show, perhaps enhanced by the recent fresh in the Kangaroo. Nearby the swamps are aflame with the little Christmas Bell (*Flandfordia nobilis*) spangled with the white of the Sundew (*Drosera binata*) in flower. From Carrington to Gerringong Falls (on the Gerringong Creek) is by strange and devious timber-getters' tracks ... a maze to trap young players. Finally we made the swamps nearby the falls. These are the large hanging swamps or swampy plains for which the headwaters of the Kangaroo are famous; and very important too, for in these peaty masses is retained the waters of the rainy times, to be slowly released as the conditions dry out, thus ensuring a continuous flow in the valleys of the Kangaroo River and its tributaries. One realises then, how vital it is to protect those peats from the ravages of bushfires ... the fires that burn slowly and often unobserved, until the whole peaty mass is consumed.

These swampy plains bring happy recollections of their close cousins the snowy plains ... the low, bent and white-barked Scribbly Gums assisting the delusion. Wide, gently falling greeneries, studded with the red and yellow of Bells when we saw them, many of the specimens beginning to seed... a good sign; apparently this is too far out for the picker, both amateur and professional.

One gets so many disappointments with waterfalls, that one tends to build up a "buyer-resistance". But Carrington and Gerringong Falls (particularly when there is plenty of water feeding from the swamps) must rank with the best of the more modest type. Largely because they are at our "back door" we are ready to forget them. The Gerringong Falls are most attractively primitive; the fall drops the full length of the wall. The valley floor is untouched and crowded with Rain Forest ... indeed a splendid sight. Looking down the valley the shelving nature characteristic of the Illawarra is apparent, all



# BUDDEROO LOCATION MAP showing a proposal for a.....

## BONG BONG NATIONAL PARK

(ABOUT 12,000 ACRES)

Comprising.....

### PART "A."


The Barren Grounds  
(Abt 3½ thous. ac.)

### PART "B."

The Budderoo Plateau  
(Abt 8½ thous. ac.)

### BOUNDARIES:

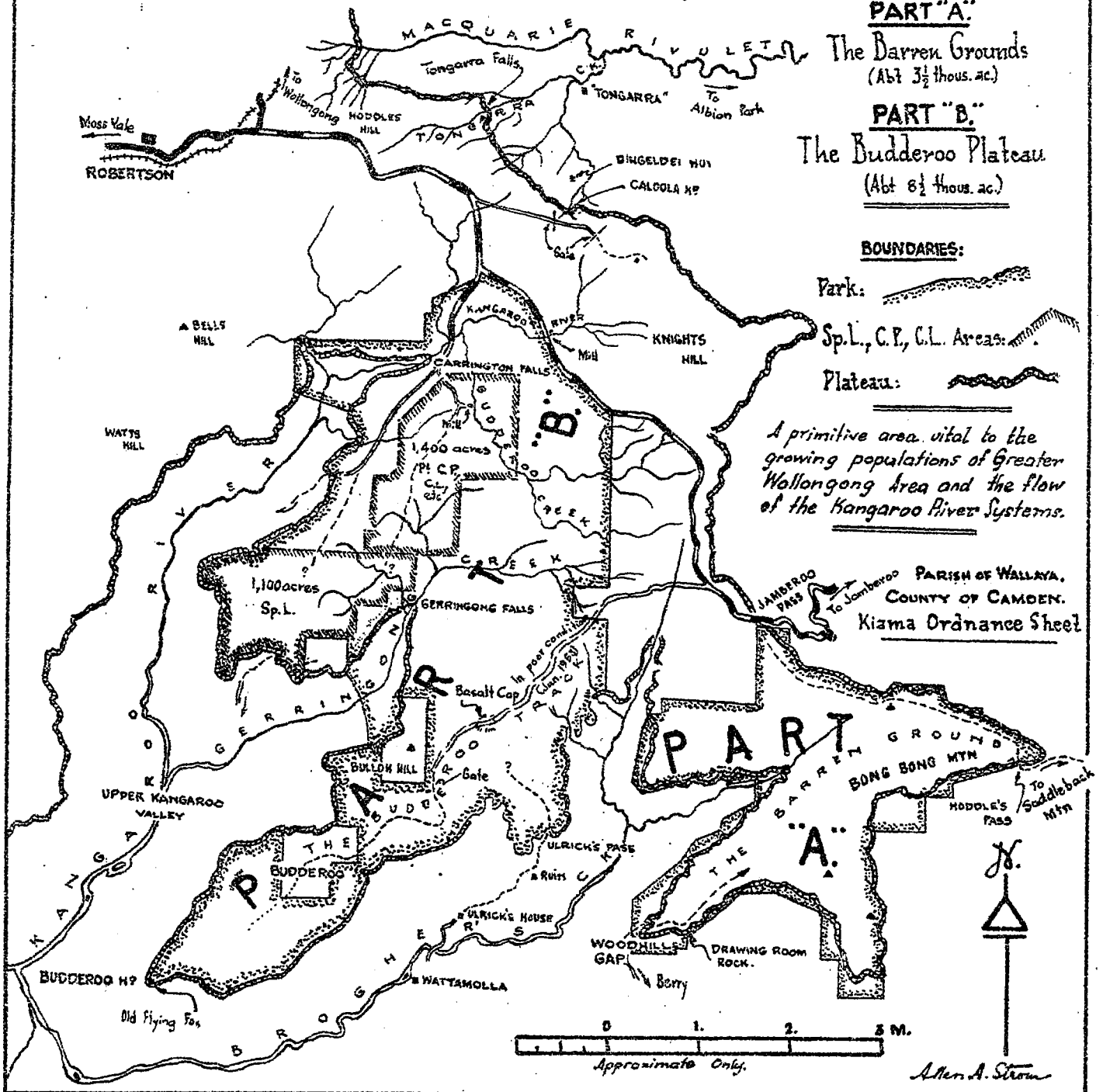
Park: 

Sp.L., C.P., C.L. Areas: 

Plateau: 

*A primitive area vital to the  
growing populations of Greater  
Wollongong Area and the flow  
of the Kangaroo River Systems.*

PARISH OF WALLAYA,  
COUNTY OF CAMDEN.  
Kiama Ordinance Sheet



10.

richly green. On the summit of the eastern wall and about three or four miles away, is a cleared space ... outstanding in contrast to the duller green of the forest ... capped with a few lonely Cabbage Tree Palms. The unusualness of the clearing, the richness of the green led to the assumption that this was a volcanic capping and we made off in the general direction of the hillock shown on the Kiama sheet as trig.2064, later to earn the name of Bulloh Hill from the presence of several ferocious bulls.

The capping was basalt well enough, and the land had been settled at one time. We had hoped to get a good view from the top, but this was somewhat thwarted by the bulls. We saw enough however to distinguish Knight's Hill standing above the general flatness of the sandstone plateau; and west of the Kangaroo, Bell's and Watts' Hills.

Next day we moved along what remains of the Budderoo Track as it skirts Cooper's Creek and began to get landmarks east ... Drawing Room Rock, Woodhill Gap, Broughton Head, Berry Mountain and Cambewarra. The track passes through the swampy plains and then rises to Budderoo, a goodly-sized hill formed by a very big capping of volcanic material and extensively cleared and developed in the past. Now, however, the eucalypts and the Rain Forest are fighting back whilst wide areas are becoming bracken covered. Little remains of earlier settlement ... the fallen fence lines, the corner posts of a hut, a few exotic trees. Some cattle wander as they please.

The Budderoo Capping peters out about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the end of the plateau, the Budderoo Head being sandstone... this being the fate that awaited us. Struggle as we may no break in the walls was discovered, a considerable drop faced us on all sides. Right out on the eastern face, we found an old windlass and some wire... perhaps a flying fox or a ladder of kinds, long since passed their usefulness.

The feeling of frustration somewhat dampened the appreciation of the splendid views around and down the Kangaroo Valley. The Head looks directly towards the township and as we camped at the Head, we saw the "lights go on again all over the town". Cambewarra, Mt. Brown, Red Rocks, Mt. Scansi, Tallowa Head, Grassy Mountain, Carrialloo and Barrengarry ... all accounted for in a wide panorama, together with a general backdrop of the skyline range south of the Shoalhaven.

On the third day a quick retreat was called in order to make the rendezvous with our transport. Back over the Budderoo capping, skirting Bulloh Hill we came upon the better section of the Budderoo Track, no doubt improved some little time ago by the timber merchants. The plan was to locate Ulrich's Pass which would lead us down onto the Brogher's Creek near Wattamolla and close by the "pick-up point". Back along the road, not far north of Bulloh Hill we crossed another volcanic capping, this one not cleared and still with many fine eucalypts. It was about this point that we left the road to follow the ridge striking south and before long we came to the Ulrich's Pass Track which led on to the slopes of Brogher's Creek and the termination of the trip. This Track would appear to be only made track off the plateau on the eastern face. Inspection of the walls from the valley of the Brogher's suggests many possibilities, but these would need careful investigation. In addition, the explorer would find large areas of Rain Forest to combat.

The loneliness of the plateau, the freedom of the wide swampy plains, the changing environment brought about by the volcanic cappings and the fine views made the Budderoo Trip very worthwhile. One felt again the value of isolation and the desire to keep the land for the refreshment of the soul. Here too is the extremely important job that this land must help to do: maintenance of the waters in the Kangaroo and its tributaries.

A little later when thinking back and trying to correlate with the Barren Ground, I looked over the Parish Sheet (Wallaya) and was agreeably surprised at the wealth of Crown Lands still available. There is freehold at Bulloh Hill, Budderoo and southwest of Gerringong Falls (on another volcanic capping) which are all shown on the map accompanying this report. There are some Conditional Purchase blocks on the Budderoo Swamps areas and along Budderoo Creek; a special lease is held on the head between Gerringong Creek and Kangaroo River. These appear to be all used for the taking of timber ... in a fit of optimism, one is inclined to hope that both these arrangements may lapse or be terminated.

On the Barren Ground, 3456 acres were set aside as a reserve for the Preservation of Flora and Fauna some two or three years ago after an application by a number of the Preservation Bodies. This area encloses the whole of the Barren Ground and is shown on the accompanying map. Prior to this reservation, the land was used for grazing and was subjected to periodic burning off in order to give the stock fresh green shoots. Since the reservation we are told that grazing still continues (now illegally and without cost to the grazier) and burned areas are often seen.

A Reserve for the Preservation of Flora and Fauna is never satisfactory to the Preservationist since it can be readily annulled. The recommendation of this Report is that the Barren Ground and the Budderoo Peninsula be joined together (as shown on the map, certain alienated lands will prevent full junction) in a Bong Bong National Park (from an aboriginal name for the plateau) with Preservationists on the Trust .... and a Trust anxious to police the deed of their Trust.

### INFERNO.

Try to imagine 20 folk going through the jumble of boulders at the foot of Bungonia Gorge. Voices everywhere, heads, legs and arms protruding through crannies - Ardill forming a human bridge - Sheila Binns spreadeagled over a boulder between Jack Gentle and Roy Bruggy, and neither sure whether she wanted to be hoisted or lowered - Frank Rigby poised and posed interminably on a pinnacle for the camera men. Happily that misanthrope, George, had been left in camp with Gladys and Len.

...

There was a moment of unnecessary alarm at Blue Gum Forest last weekend when a report filtered through that someone had poured jelly down inside Brian Anderson's bathing trunks. Agitated enquiry elicited it was jelly as eaten, not "jelly" as used to blow up recalcitrant trees.

"IF YOU ARE A HIKER".

The following are extracts from a Ladies' Journal produced by Molly Gallard :

"No matter what excuse you make to the civilised world for this getting out into the country - 'need the exercise', 'want to get out more in the air', 'walking is good for my figure' - the real truth of the matter is that you are gypsies at heart..."

"The camp fire is the real clue to your gypsiness, and should be the finishing joy to every hike. It need not be, and hardly ever is, a roaring true gypsy fire; but a small practical cooking fire is a possibility for even the lone girl hiker .... If two neighbouring rocks present themselves, build your fire between them so that they support the frying pan or broiling rack. No rocks being accommodating that day, gather an armful of sound, dry twigs about the thickness of a lead pencil or a little larger, and select three of the best ones for the starter. Stand them in a tripod .... Find two heavier sticks, quite log-ish ones, and place them at either side as a support for a frying pan. Make sure of your supply of sticks and in fifteen or twenty minutes after your wigwam is started the meal is cooked. Don't leave a spark of the fire behind you."

"First see that your feet are comfortable in well-fitting, low-heeled shoes, snug fitting under the arches .... If you wear a skirt have it short, and full enough to "make" a fence or ditch, but if you would be as free as the butterflies dancing on the road ahead, wear breeches or knickers, wool golf hose for protection from the brambles, a comfortable and practical sweater, a blouse with a loose collar turned back .... You will probably want a pair of old gloves also."

"No need to warn you that walking according to Hoyle, walking against time for a given goal, is all right for professional hikers, but not for you who go for the joy of just being outdoors. Walk where you please and as fast or slowly as your own inclination dictates. Don't time yourself."

"Forget the burdensome impedimenta of the old-fashioned hiker or of the professional camper who must carry coffee pot, frying pan and stew pot. Get instead a compact aluminium pocket kit. The Boy Scout kit is to be preferred, for this style is small enough to fit a large pocket, but is more easily carried in its own khaki case on a strap over one shoulder. Being made of aluminium its weight is negligible ...."

"If you like to walk in the rain or if the weather man has played you false and given you a misty, sprinkly day, then don't plan to have a camp fire. Leave that for the experienced hikers who know where to find dry wood even in a downpour and how to build a roaring blaze even in a strong wind. Go on your jaunt anyway, and carry in your pocket (in place of the matches, knife and kit) a generous supply of assorted sandwiches and the inevitable chocolate bars. Raincoat pockets are generous and might be induced to hold an apple or two besides. Don't even consider an umbrella. If you are that

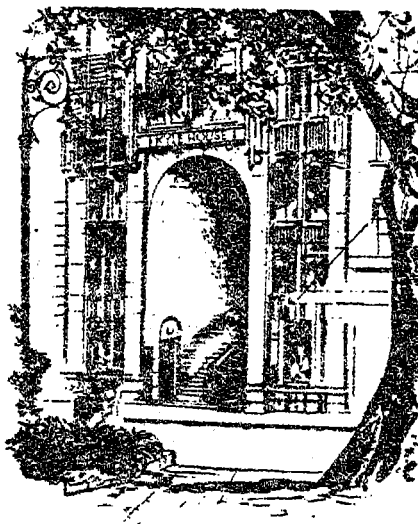
# PHOTOGRAPHY ! ? ! ? !

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Enlargements



Your  
Rollfilms

or  
Leica films

deserve the  
best SERVICE

LEICA PHOTO SERVICE

31 Macquarie Place  
SYDNEY N.S.W.

kind, don't hike on a rainy day."

The journal? "Modern Priscilla", of Boston, U.S.A.

The date? AUGUST, 1922.

The Walks Secretary is wrath. With all the officers, assistants, dog-wallopers and cleaners listed on the Walks Programme there is one notable omission - the Walks Secretary. He has been promised two mentions next programme.

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Speaking of errors and omissions: We have had date trouble ourselves. What's in a date? A seed - yes, we know .... but we had our Search and Rescue looking for the airplane part on the weekend of March 28/29, which should have read 21/22, and is now corrected for the record.

ALL THE ANSWERS.

Do you work in a store/office/factory (strike out words which do not apply) surrounded by non-walkers?

If so, how do you fare when you intend to set out on a trip straight from work, and take your gear to the store/office/factory (delete unnecessary words)?

Are you bombarded with silly questions, and do you answer them over and over again, ad nauseam?

If you are a fellow sufferer, you will be interested in this project. I propose to have a number of "pro forma" duplicated (on the Club duplicator). These papers will be available to members (also prospective members) proposing to join a Friday night trip, straight after work. They should be properly filled in and posted in a prominent position near one's bench/table/counter (cross out words not required) and all enquirers referred thereto.

Before going to press, however, I should be glad of any comment or criticism, any suggestions as to additional data which should be incorporated. Any such correspondence should be enclosed in an envelope and addressed to the Editor and will be treated confidentially.

Appended hereunder is draft of the proposed form:

- 
1. NO, I am not going HIKING. I am going BUSHWALKING.
  2. YES, we leave on a train/car/bus/ferry tonight (delete words which do not apply).
  3. We expect to return next SUNDAY/MONDAY night (strike out day which does not apply).
  4. We will travel to \_\_\_\_\_ (insert name of destination) near \_\_\_\_\_ (fill in only if destination is an obscure place). We will then join a 'bus/car/launch to \_\_\_\_\_ (fill in or delete entirely as required).
  5. From there we will walk to \_\_\_\_\_ (insert name of place at which it is expected to complete journey) near \_\_\_\_\_ (if final destination is an obscure place). We will return by 'bus/car/launch to \_\_\_\_\_ and by train from there to Sydney.

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(Space to insert return travel particulars if foregoing is not appropriate). In such case, delete sentence commencing "We will return, etc."

6. We will walk about \_\_\_\_\_ miles which is (very little)  
(quite normal)  
(a long trip). Delete unnecessary phrases.

as/but/because (the going is easy)  
 (it is fair average country)  
 (it is very rough). (Delete unnecessary phrases).

7. NO, I can't tell you how many miles we walk in a day, because it depends on the kind of country. Anything from 3 to 20.
8. Well, the weather looks good/doubtful/lousy and/but I expect it will be O.K./we'll get by/we'll get wet (Delete words not required.)
9. (a) NO, I don't expect to get lost because (we know the country  
 (it's a pushover  
 (I'm the leader  
 (the leader knows  
 his stuff
- OR
- (b) YES, we may get lost because (the country is difficult  
 (I'm the leader  
 (the leader hasn't a clue.

NOTE: Delete either (a) or (b) completely. Cancel out inappropriate phrases in remaining sub-section.

10. YES, it's COLD, but we carry sleeping bags and so/but we will be quite all right/fairly warm/mighty cold anyhow (delete phrases which do not apply). COMMANDOS TO DELETE ENTIRELY re SLEEPING BAGS.
11. NO, we don't exactly sleep under the stars. We carry light weight tents, weighing only two or three pounds. COMMANDOS TO DELETE ENTIRELY.
12. There will/will not/may be men/women in the party (delete phrases and sex not appropriate).
13. FOR MEN ONLY. The women normally carry all their own gear.
14. WHAT DO WE EAT? Well, here's my menu:
- | FRIDAY   | Breakfast | Lunch | Dinner |
|----------|-----------|-------|--------|
| SATURDAY | do.       | do.   | do.    |
| SUNDAY   | do.       | do.   | do.    |
| MONDAY   | do.       | do.   | do.    |
- (Delete days not involved.)
- NOTE: Additional space will be allowed on the final form for these vital particulars.
15. We will cook over wood fires in the open.
16. NO, we aren't worried about snakes/spiders/ticks/leeches or rabbits (delete if inappropriate).
17. Space for additional information.

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Naturally, such a document will be available only to bona fide walkers joining a walk direct from work. We have no intention of

letting our brain child be used for shaving paper or the like. It will be necessary to make application for its issue on the proper form. I am at present drafting this "form of application" for a form.

### DOWN IN THE FOREST .....

..... were 31 members of S.B.W., some willing assistants from Y.M.C.A., and 2nd Bexley Scouts, who happened to be in Blue Gum: one chain block; one engine-driven drill: 2 axes: 2 mattocks: one cross cut saw: one fettler's fork: and several plugs of gelignite. All this on the weekend 25/26th April, so if this report seems brief considering the effort expended and work achieved, it is only because time is a limitation. We shall be glad to have gossip pars etc. for the June issue.

A few went down the pass on Friday night, but the majority of the main party camped at the top, rose at 6 a.m., toted the terrific weight down the 2,000 feet of Perry's and breakfasted in the forest. Some of the girls had packs of 40-50 lbs. on that descend, and the men about 70 lbs, with Colin Putt shouldering the chain block (about 100 lbs.). Others came in throughout Saturday and by late afternoon the whole labour force was in the field.

The two main features of the job were to build a dam, or silt pack (a wall against which water-borne silt, rock and timber will pile up, gradually becoming fairly impervious to water) extending from the north bank across the main flow of the Grose: and digging a diversion channel to take the current - more and more over the weeks as the dam becomes effective. A fallen tree, about 70 feet long, was manoeuvred into position with the chain block, keyed against the bank at one end, and against a river oak and fallen timbers in mid-channel at the other. This took a party much of Saturday, and the final placing was done in the dawn of Sunday. Meantime another party cut sections of log to be braced against the tree, side by side, to form the main wall, and these were stacked on Sunday morning: further logs were cut and jammed under the downstream side, and rubble and branches piled against the upstream side.

Another party cut out the diversion channel, some 120 feet long: this had been opened by noon on Saturday, and at the close of that day's work was taking about one-third of the total flow. After a large, rotting log, almost buried in shingle, had been blasted and cut and moved against the south bank to prevent erosion there, the flow along the diversion increased to about 40% of the total stream, the remainder filtering through interstices in the silt pack.

Yeoman service came from the girls who, in addition to building temporary stone weirs, and tossing stones against the main wall, collected piles of the tins littering the Forest floor, cooked the meals, and provided vast quantities of tea for the smokos.

All the objectives of the working bee were carried out. We are now at the mercy of the Grose. If the River behaves fairly normally, with only minor floodings, there seems every possibility of success:



of course, a major flooding, before the silt pack has become established, may be a disaster. If this happens it would be the most valiant failure in this Club's conservation efforts. If it does succeed, it will be our most constructive effort in conservation for many a year.

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FEDERATION NOTES - APRIL MEETING.

By Allen A. Strom.

A compass and a sum of money has been found between Breakfast Creek and Carlon's. Owner please contact Stan Cottier, Forest Road, Kirrawee.  
 Notebook found near Tuglow Caves with details of survey of the caves. Owner please contact Paddy Pallin.

POLLUTION OF STREAMS (in particular, Nattai, Kedumba and Jox's) by town sewage. This matter was discussed in response to a letter from Paddy Pallin who asked that Councils concerned be requested to take steps to prevent pollution. Federation decided that such action was waste of time as Councils already contended that the treatment of sewage effluents was satisfactory.

The attention of Federation was drawn to a Current Series of drawings in some Public School Magazines. These gave admirable advice on "Bush Safety". The Federation will commend the Department of Education on this work.

FEDERATION REUNION, 1953: Favourable comment was made concerning the organisation of the Reunion and Campfire. The attendance was about 240. There were complaints of inconsiderate behaviour at an early hour. Regret was expressed for this; the matter will be again ventilated prior to the Reunion, 1954.

SEARCH AND RESCUE WEEKEND, May/2/3rd proceeding as planned and notified in previous report. It is expected that the Police will participate with transport and four members of the Cliff Rescue Squad.

BUSHWALKERS' BALL: The large hall at the Paddington Town Hall has been booked for Monday, September 14th.

MEETINGS OF COMMITTEE: At the rooms of the Big Sister Movement, Sixth Floor, Scott's Chambers, Hosking Place, on Thursday, May 7th: Social Committee 5.30 p.m., Mapping Section 6 p.m. Search and Rescue 6.30 p.m.

NEWCASTLE TECHNICAL COLLEGE BUSHWALKERS: would like a copy of Current Walks Programme with an invitation to join in. Secretary's address: Miss F.B. Walker, 42 George Street, North Lambton.

YOUTH HOSTEL, MIDDLE RILL, GARIE: Some discussion took place concerning the decision to erect a Youth Hostel in the National Park at Garie. It was stated that the building at Little Marley was now being used as a National Fitness Camp and was no longer under the control of the Youth Hostels Association. It was agreed that delegates should endeavour to obtain an expression of attitude from the Clubs concerning the erection of Hostels in National Parks. The matter will be further discussed at the May Meeting of Federation.

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And talking of records, we have it on reliable authority that the party which arose at 6.3 a.m., and lugged all the heaviest gear down Perry's to the Blue Gum working bee, included .... hush, no names ... but you try to rouse them out before 8 a.m. normally.



# PADDY MADE

## MEET TIM.

Tim is Robert's Dog. Tim is a mongrel but like most mongs he is related to the best dogs in the district. He's a large dog - quite as big as Robert and he has a lot of sense. In fact most bushwalkers would thoroughly approve of his knowledge of the English language. His reaction to the word "Dinner" would delight any walker's heart and his ecstatic waggings and barkings on hearing "Walk" would be thoroughly approved by all the walking fraternity. He has one failing however (if such it be): he resolutely refuses to carry a pack. Any attempt to place a weight on his back is resisted by violent shaking and if this fails to dislodge the load he promptly sits down.

Maybe if we were like Tim, covered with fur, and could exist on the contents of garbage tins or something similar we could get away on Bushwalks without packs, but alas! it is not so, and we do the next best thing and get a "Paddymade".

.ooo.



**PADDY PALLIN**  
Lightweight Camp Gear  
201 CASTLEREAGH ST SYDNEY  
M2678

