

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER.

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to the Sydney
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THE HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING.

Just lately our general meetings have been a little on the slow side, but now we had our half yearly, complete with programme, that even promised us something to talk about. Lured no doubt by this promise 50 of the faithful followers presented themselves, and these the President, by dint of much diligent donging, managed to hammer into shape as a meeting at shortly after eight.

2.

After the minutes and reports were dealt with we arrived at General Business, and Malcolm began by moving that a fourth species of member be added to our lists, namely, the Associate Member. This he pointed out would be for the independent type of overseas or interstate visitor, to enable them to enjoy the benefits of the Club without feeling that they were getting them for nothing. Fees would be paid quarterly and be a quarter of the annual sub., and they would possess full members' rights except the right to vote.

The motion was seconded and the President added that as usual in such cases Committee had discussed the motion and recommended it as a good one.

Now Mr. Hardie leapt to the defence of all our innocent and gullible would-be Associates. He said we shouldn't exploit our interstate visitors; he said our Constitution was becoming too involved; he said that snooping after Associates and foreclosing on them every three months would lower the dignity of our Treasurer; he said that visitors should get the benefit of our Club rooms free and if their conscience worried them they could send a donation; he said he remembered once while photographing the Arc de Triomphe a gendarme tapped him on the shoulder; he said we had little to offer except that they could huddle in our tents; and finally he said we mustn't let them think we're only interested in money, let us be open hearted like when the Queen was here.

Kevin Ardill spoke then saying that, while interested in Mr. Hardie's views, he thought it probable that it was not the shoulder on which the gendarme had tapped him, and also commented that members probably cause the Treasurer more trouble than Associates would.

Frank Rigby said that in his opinion while we were providing certain privileges, our requiring a Test Walk might seem an insult to people who were already members of overseas clubs. Also how long was one an Associate before becoming a full member?

The President explained that there was no limitation on Associate membership but to become a member an associate must first become a prospective.

Malcolm, in answer to Frank's other queries, said the Test walk provision was to guard against odd types or where necessary to provide local knowledge. This seemed to round things off and the motion was carried.

Next motion was the alteration to by-law on reasonable notice. Sheila Binns moved this saying that as we were not meeting on a Wednesday this was plenty of time to round up starters and as nobody appeared to disagree strongly this was also carried.

Jack Gentle mentioned his proposed Christmas Treat for the children and said that at next month's meeting he would welcome ideas on how and where. Len Scotland then made his annual protest at not receiving sufficient notice of his subs. being due. He said he felt there was insufficient latitude for members of long standing.

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Brian Harvey
 'Phones: Business: BU5039, BU5660
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Frank Rigby drew attention to the article in the "Woman" saying that, while it was perhaps not everything desired, it was quite well done, and suggested that a letter of thanks might encourage them to provide us with some more publicity.

This brought us to the end of proceedings and the President closed the meeting with a rap of the Bone at 5 past 9.

They asked Mallory, just back from an attempt on Everest, "But why do you have to climb it?" "Because it's there", said Mallory.

Dot Butler, just back from Kosciusko, ran ten miles one night through the garden suburb of Wahroonga and the scented plum orchards of St. Ives. "Why do you have to do it?" they asked. "Just to see if I could," was the reply.

It's something about snow, or high altitudes, that gets them that way, I'm told.

A misogynist is a woman-hater. "That's me!", says bachelor Don Matthews. Sad, isn't it, when such a promising young man holds such uncompromising views!

A(S)SAIL ON GALONG.

- "Mulga".

When I decided on Galong Creek and Upper Breakfast Creek (more correctly Glen Alan Creek and Canyon) for a midwinter trip I was well aware that a similar trip hadn't gone for some time, and that Megalong Creek-Galong Creek had been washed out the previous July. And when the week preceding 16-17-18th July was rather wet, and we were only three starters, and it was miserable in Katoomba and drizzled on the way down to the 'Pub site' in Megalong, I thought that maybe even Tinpot had its points and Galong could well wait until the middle of the next dry spell.

If you stand at the end of Narrow Neck, looking west you will see the steep-cliffed sandstone canyon on Glen Alan, fed by the swamps in the shadow of the Neck and by Glen Raphael Creek. It reminds me of the view of Cedar Creek Canyon from Solitary, and hides some unexpected scenic beauties.

Malcolm has a soft spot for this area and was as keen as mustard. Tine and I tried to persuade the few peculiar types whom we thought would be foolish enough to come on such a trip in such weather, but they all glanced sheepishly out of the window at the Wednesday night sleet and murmured apologetically that they just couldn't get away that weekend. Friend Meadow's eyes lit up when quizzed. "Yes", he said, "I've been along Galong twice; once going up, and again when I was washed down". Answer enough!

We found dry wood in a hollow tree on a camp spot at the first crossing of Megalong Creek, half a mile above the 'Pub site', and that, together with some of the Past-President's 'hand-lotion' made the wetness bearable. Saturday dawned fine, and to our surprise developed into a perfect weekend, so we felt most jubilant and very sorry for those who had thought twice and stayed home. "Fortune surely favours the brave", quoth the leader at fairly regular intervals, until his philosophy was shattered by his courageous but none the less abortive attempt to climb the last cascade of Galong under several feet of water.

Where was I? Oh yes, that dreary trek to Duncan's and down Black Jerry's. Galong is one of the most beautiful and (on the first trip, at any rate) exciting creeks in the area. Open grassy flats lead to Box Canyon (granite), and a succession of seven cascades, most of them steep, dropping into crystal clear pools. The creek was much higher than in June last, but uneventful up to the Canyon and last cascade. By this time the party seemed to be in their element, so the ever intrepid leader thought: "We started to go through Galong Creek; we're nearly there; should we go around this one? Never!" And with such thoughts he doffed his woolly shirt, grabbed the rope, and edged towards the uninviting shower bath. We pass over the next few seconds, and then haul the bedraggled one from his precarious seat overlooking and almost in the pool beneath the cascade. "Oh well, (condescendingly) it would be a bit tough for you two. Let's go around instead." So we did.

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F R O M

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 D N E Y .

The last mile of green river flats above the canyon was a welcome rest and a fitting prelude to a cuppa with Mrs. Carlon, and then on through Carlon's Creek to a camp spot on the far bank of Breakfast Creek just above the junction. Jack Perry (12.27 ex Central with eleven miles on an empty stomach, found us there at 9 o'clock.

Upper Breakfast Creek is mostly rock-hopping to its junction with Glen Alan Creek, where the first sight of the latter is a vertical waterfall of some forty feet and about as wide, dropping into a deep pool. A quartzite ridge climbs between the two creeks, and you can scramble around the right hand side to the top left of the falls in perfect safety. Three or four falls are negotiated in a similar way, and the last one, two miles upstream, is the father of them all. Those two miles are not conducive to comfortable camping, as Digby and I had found. There's nothing luxurious up to the Breakfast Creek junction, and we found one spot above it big enough for two men if one of them doesn't mind propping himself in the tent with a bush which grows conveniently where his feet pass as he slides down the slope. But it's only by giving him the best of everything, and breakfast in bed when it's below freezing on the Pub site, and sound advice on life in general, that I can persuade my mate to come on these two-man jaunts.

Above the last fall Glen Alan Creek is left behind, and the terrain flattens out as you come close to the track which runs from the foot of Debert's to the Thickets. There are a few good sized pools in this stretch, and some comfortable campsites, albeit a little swampy.

We met the track on the southern side, on a ridge a little above the creek, and followed it as it swung across and north. You can take a side gully on to the third Glen Alan spur and meet the track under Glen Raphael Head, as Malcolm has done, but our route was easier. (If you care to come out via the Head, see Wagg and Co. for details.)

Apart from Carlon's Head, and far worse, is the spur leading to it. That is that. For those who like this sort of punishment, Digby is leading a Megalong-Galong-Carlon's Head trip at the end of October. How about it?

On a recent occasion our Poet Laureate was at the Laird's place while the younger set indulged in one of its periodic noise bouts, (sing-song and trip-discussion Ross would call it). "Write us a poem" said his mother through the din, "telling what we have to put up with being parents to such a boy!" "Certainly", said our Poet Laureate, and dashed off the following poignant little tale, entitled -

"COLD COMFORT".

- "Mulga"

It's not so very far away,
The time, I mean to say,
When Mrs. Laird's exuberant boy,
Ross, that is, her pride and joy,
Will have the price to pay.

Poor parents, knowing not how nor when
Their laddie will be home again;
Enduring anguish, worry, fret,
Is he safe and dry? or wet?
Or home to writhe in pain?

Underneath the shower rehearsing
Opera, his parents cursing -
Practising new song and antic,
Parents, driven nearly frantic,
Soon need mental nursing.

Mountaineer and Troglodyte, he
Hasn't yet crossed Aphrodite.
Then the trouble will begin!
Be thankful for the state you're in,
With worry only half as much
As wondering in whose amorous clutch.
He is, and who will win.

Who was the young friar we saw at the Fancy Dress Dance, sworn to vows of celibacy? Brother Matthews!!

We asked Ian Wood how he came to take up mountaineering, and this is the answer he gave us, with acknowledgment to his friend Peter Armstrong.

THE STORY.

I met a grizzled mountaineer,
He didn't tell his name;
He said, "I love the cold severe,
And it to me is very clear
We climbers are a little queer
But harmless just the same".

I thought, "This fellow has the bug
For snowy mountain tracks;"
I then commenced to sigh and shrug
And said, "A man must be a mug
To put on boots or skis and lug
Those bloody heavy packs".

His eyes grew red and glowed like fire -
A vivid sight to see.
He roared (to demonstrate his ire),
The pressure of his blood got higher,
He yelled, "This dusty city mire
Is not my cup of tea!"

"Give me a snowy frozen slope
A chilly mountain trek,
To cut some steps or double-rope
Instead of sticking home to mope,
For there I cannot even hope
For ice chips down my neck.

"And let me tramp through forests lush
And up to driving sleet
Where, far below me, rivers gush,
And trudging knee-deep through the slush
We fill our boots with icy mush -
All trampers hate their feet.

"A sleeping bag's the best for bed
At highest elevation.
I tuck me up when I am fed,
A small serac beneath my head;
A mountaineer, true blue, should dread
A healthy circulation".

THE REALISATION.

And then he stopped, his speech was done.
He dreamt of wind-blow heights.
And yet I stood transfixed as one
Who'd seen the light - his point was won.
To think that I had missed the fun
Of sleepless, frigid nights!

THE DECISION.

And so that day I made this pledge:
 "A mountaineer I'll be.
 I'll buy some crampons, skis and sledge
 And up I'll climb and then I'll wedge
 Myself upon a frozen ledge.
 I'll be as cold as he.

"For other sports I'll leave no room;
 No - not for any price -
 And when it leads me to my doom
 Engrave in frost upon my tomb
 A picture of the Western Cwm
 And bury me in ice.

FINALE.

"In wood, I'll carve an effigy
 Of Shipton, Hunt, or Hillary.
 I'll dream about a snowy ridge,
 I'll sleep with feet inside the 'frig.,
 And at the head-end of my bed
 I'll hang my statuette of 'Ed'.
 I'll cover up with icy hoar
 And never, never, never thaw.
 I'll wear my clothes until I learn
 To scrape them off when I return
 I'll talk at length on mountain topics
 And shun all people from the tropics,
 Those who swim or sunbathe, I
 Will cut them dead, by word and eye;
 All comfort-lovers - may they rot,
 And those who like their dinners hot.
 I'll go and brave the coldest storm
 And kid myself that I'm still warm:
 And I will never stop admiring
 Photographs of Mt. Aspiring.
 I'll talk the lingo, smoke a pipe
 And grow a beard, the ginger type.

POSTSCRIPT.

"And when I'm in the mountains lost
 And wake up to an inch-thick frost
 And find the matches soaking wet
 I'm sure that I will never fret
 But up I'll jump and to the skies,
 (Which I can see through ice-filmed eyes),
 I'll shout, 'I'm happy, never fear,
 I'll live and die a mountaineer!'"

EPITAPH.

"But now it's morn, I'm not so bold.
 I look outside - it's bloody cold!"

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TELEPHONE 60, KATOOMBA.

FEDERATION REPORT - SEPTEMBER.

- Allen A. Strom.

BUSHFIRE DANGER PERIOD will commence on October 1st, 1954. On and after that date (and until February 28th, 1955) all fires for cooking purposes must be lit in a "properly constructed fireplace" and an area for five feet around must be cleared of all inflammable material, both living and dead.

SEARCH AND RESCUE SECTION: The Secretary of the Section has found it necessary to resign his position. The services of a bushwalker in this position is urgently required. Please ring Paul Barnes at UB2651.

The Insurance on Bushwalkers attending Search and Rescue Searches has been effected.

It was agreed to pay the cost of repairs to a vehicle owned by a Bushwalker and damaged during a search.

A practice search was held at Carlon's on the weekend September 18, 19th, when sixteen members representing six Clubs were present. There was a test search and contact with 2KA, Katoomba, but the co-ordination with the R.A.A.F. was not successful. Plans are now being made for another practice weekend during November.

CONSERVATION MATTERS: Following an inspection by a party from The Fauna Protection Panel, a recommendation will be made that the Nadgee Area (30,000 acres) be declared a Faunal Reserve.

Cabbage Tree Island (near Port Stephens) has been gazetted a Faunal Reserve and "a scheme of working" has been prepared to give special protection to the Gould or White-winged Petrel.

10.

Kariong: The proposed reservation will be incorporated in the Master Plan being prepared for the Gosford Shire by the Gosford Town Planner. The next visit arranged for the area is on October 15th/16th and 17th (ring UA2983).

An area suitable for a Mallee Fowl Faunal Reserve has been located at Round Hill (between Euabalong and Mount Hope). Steps will now be taken to have the area gazetted.

Open Seasons: The Federation will express to the Chief Guardian of Fauna the opinion that Open Seasons should only be granted after confirmation of reports by The Fauna Panel's Field Officer.

The Department of Lands has informed the Bouddi Park Trust that Scott's Portion has been resumed. Patrols of the Park are still urgently required (UA2983).

The Federation will ask for information about finalisation of the Trust for The Warrumbungles National Park.

A Camp will be established near the summit of the Jamberoo Pass during the weekend November 26/27/28th. The purpose is to encourage inspection of the Barren Grounds-Budderoo Plateaux with the idea of interesting as many people as possible in our plans for reservations in the area. All assistance is welcome (ring UA2983).

The Federation will support a move to have all grazing in the Kosciusko State Park discontinued.

THE ANNUAL CAMP: Results of the enquiry show that very little alteration in the organisation of the Camp is desired. A majority was in favour of banning liquor at the Camp.

NATIONAL PARK BUSHFIRE FIGHTING ORGANISATION: The establishment of this organisation was approved by Federation. About 40/45 bushwalkers have volunteered. Arrangements will now be finalised with the Sutherland Shire Bushfire Fighting Brigade. More volunteers are desired.

Jean Schoen, who was such a tower of strength in getting the Bushwalkers the use of a hut for their recent Kosciusko holiday, called in to see them one weekend wearing a magnificent diamond engagement ring. Some lucky young engineer down on the Snowy has collected our Jean. Congratulations both.

.....

We asked Sheila for some more details of her accident at Kosciusko. "I can't tell you any more than I've already told you", said Sheila. "It happened so quickly. I was coming down a slope and hit a bloody snow-drift and that's all." Bloody! Bloody! Bloody!

The rescue, however, was a more leisurely affair and has been photographed from all angles in technicolour. It will be shown at the Club room in due course.

.....

Who wrote those lines, straight from the heart, in the Bushwalker classic on Young Men Marrying:

..... it isn't worth it
For the little bit of fun!

Don Matthews.!!!

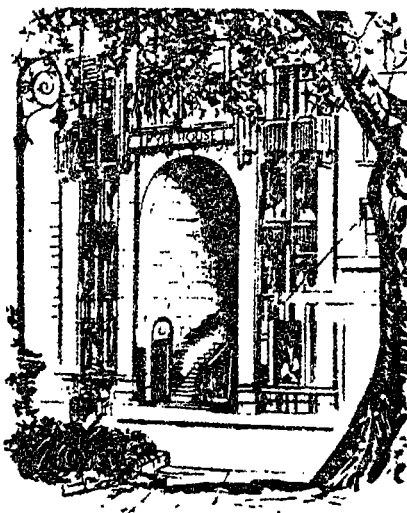
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CAVE CANEM
THE DOGS OR ON MY WALKS.

- Jim Brown.

By-law Section K Number 9 states: "Dogs shall not be brought on official walks".

My dictionary defines "dog" in this way: Noun - a domesticated carnivorous quadruped of the genus Canis. Verb, trans., - to follow as a dog: pursue pertinaciously.

Plainly the reason why the domesticated carnivorous quadruped of the genus Canis should not be taken on official walks is because of his habit of pursuing pertinaciously. In short, because a dog will dog. Understand, I have no quarrel with the By-law. Dogs are a trial, an unmitigated curse on a trip. I should know, because I have been plagued by dogs on trips.

It's a pity, but I like dogs. What's more, they know it. Once a dog has made up his mind to follow me, the most menacing gestures, the most ferocious threats will not dissuade him. With a knowing twinkle in his eye he will cower or slink with a beaten air behind the nearest shrub, then he will placidly pursue. The doggy anthology which follows will prove this.

1. The Hound of Hill Top. One searing February day I set out alone from Hill Top to walk Starlight's Track to the Nattai. A tearing, howling westerly gale was withering the forest as I went out along the road. Just as I cleared the skirts of the town, something moist, warm and hairy pressed against the palm of my hand as it reached the end of its backward swing. I had a dog, a big, short-haired, friendly fellow, who had to bend his head down to reach my trailing hand.

This was my first dog, and at that stage I hadn't perfected the persecution technique which has proved so exhausting and fruitless on later occasions, so I assumed he would soon tire of following me and beyond saying curtly, "Go on - Home!" I took no action.

An hour and three miles on I was growing concerned. The dog had such boundless vitality I could imagine him licking my face as I lay gasping in the knock-out heat of the afternoon. I could visualise him chasing me all the way down the Nattai. Presently I had to sit and rest. He closed up, leaned his huge head over my knees and breathed on my face with great gusts as hot as the wind. Plainly he was disappointed at my frailty. I could see him wavering, and took advantage of his indecision. Firmly I ordered "Go HOME!" and waggled a finger back down the track. At precisely this moment a wallaby thumped away into the scrub, and my dog took off in animated chase. I lit out smartly, and didn't see him again.

No.2 Brown Dog. From the end of Narrow Neck they run out - Blue Dog, Brindle Dog, Yellow Dog, Spotted Dog, White Dog, Black Dog and Red Dog, and their attendant litters. But never a Brown Dog, (until we saw Myles Dunphy's new Wild Dog Mountains Map). We met him out on Narrow Necks, forlornly ambling in a northerly direction between the second Neck and Corral Swamp, but he wasn't wedded to that course, and promptly about-faced and followed us. He was either tired or well-trained, for he kept station just behind and gave us no trouble.

We were looking for a little swamp we knew, about a mile past the Neck, and presently we left the track and began to cast around in the scrub. We couldn't pick the camp spot, and returned to the track at a point several hundred yards back toward Katoomba. The dog looked piqued. He wasn't used to being fooled about like this. When we set off south again he started to follow, but clearly with little faith in our purpose or sanity, and after a time he just vanished. Perhaps he is still out there, keeping goodly company with Blue and Brindle.

No.3 Followed from Fitzroy Falls. I really think I have the most affectionate feeling for this particular dog. He was such a superlative bushdog (in the same sense as Bushman) - so pitifully inadequate when we met motor traffic on a road.

He picked us up at Fitzroy Falls on a Saturday morning, and when he chased us east along Barrangary Road we used all our influence

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to turn him back. By the time we were on the way to Carialoo Mountain we were satisfied we had baffled him. Then we sighted him at the ruins of the sawmill, lost him for hours, fought through scrub, blackberry and bracken on the flank of Carialoo, and dropped down to the Bendela road for a late lunch. As the girls were lighting the fire and we drew water from a creek we saw him creep across the road.

With great relish he wolfed down fragments of meat and bread, licked out a sardine tin, and vanished again, while we toiled up on to the ridge between Carialoo and Grassy Mountain. He was with us on the spur, but disappeared as we dropped over towards Yarrunga Creek. We had to camp that night in a wild, rocky spot, part way down the range, and during the evening we thought we could hear him stirring beyond the light of the fire, but saw nothing. Something crunched our discarded meat bones during the night, but he was concealed in the morning until, as we picked up our packs, Beryl called "Here boy! Good dog!" Oh, he was there all right!

All that day, down Yarrunga, up Meryla Pass, and down the rough stuff of Bundanoon Creek he was with us, blatantly keeping close to us. He slaved up the west side of Stone Quarry Creek nearby and found his way to the tops with us. On the final trudge over the paddocks towards Bundanoon we once lifted him over a barbed wire fence. The next fence, taller, and equally ugly with barbs, he leapt,

passing gracefully between two strands of wire. But, dear, oh dear, what a fool he was about cars. Once on the road we were forever dragging him from the tarmac as he blinked stupidly in approaching headlamps. We were sorry to leave him at Bundanoon station.

No.4. The Brute at Bundeena. Not all dogs are as exemplary, as self-effacing as the Fitzroy Falls one. Nearly my worst, I think, was the little terrier that joined us at Bundeena one Sunday. It was a day test walk, there was no leader, and the party almost entirely of prospectives. We decided to go on. Near Marley, with the darting black and white body already causing some irritation, I managed to slither down a rock and sprain an ankle. We bound it with a great length of elastic bandage and went on. I contrived to slip and sit down in the outlet from Marley Lagoon, so with wet tail, wrenched ankle, and not the least little bit happy, we passed towards Wattamolla. Hereabouts the track becomes narrow, a slender thread of sand through dense underbrush and, as I limped along at a meagre rate of knots, the dratted little beast would hurl himself past brushing my uncertain legs, prop, and dart back again. Several times I was nearly thrown.

The climax came on the rock ledge over Wattamolla Beach, when one claws down over a very shallow cliff. I was poised on this rim when the brute whipped between my feet and halted on the brink of a steeply sloping boulder. Grimly lifting the injured limb, I urged him over the edge, and he slipped on all fours down to the sand. Quite unhurt he bounded away to pester the folk on the beach.

Said one girl behind, "Oh, the dog fell."

"No", said another dourly, "he was pushed".

He took the hint anyway. When we limped out of Wattamolla, he wasn't with us.

No.5. Bitch on Barren Ground. Another dog of great nuisance value, so infernally young, helpless and silly. It joined us out of Berry, and even Brian Anderson's fiercest imprecations wouldn't turn it away. As I say, it was a dumb hound. It had the worst features of the untrained, bumping its snout on our heels, doubling unpredictably between our ankles and once, near the rim rocks of Barren Ground, when I was out ahead looking for a pass to the top, it dropped me neatly into a knot of lawyer vine. It was a menace around a camp fire and had to be watched when food was unprotected. Brian was in a positive terror lest it try and share his tent - he had probably heard of the old objection to co-tenting.

Somehow it managed to stay with us all the way to Kiama. There we passed it into the tender care of railway staff, who promised to smuggle it on a train back to Berry next morning. We fetched a great relieved breath when we were through with that particular dog.

No.6. The Sausage Dog. This was one dog which didn't exactly dog. It was purely and simply an encounter. The scene is Kanangra Walls, the time eight o'clock on Good Friday morning. It is drizzling, and the party is camped in one of the lesser overhangs along the track

between road and Walls. George is officiating at the fire, holding a pan of sausages over the ashy embers. Two billies swing from a cross bar mounted on piles of stones.

A stockman rides up the trail on a wet-looking horse, with a wet-looking dog slinking behind. He tells us he has been searching for cattle duffers out on the Kowmung, and is headed back to his farm near Oberon. Yes, he'll be very happy to take a cup of tea from us this dreary morning. We tell him it will be brewed any tick of the clock.....

At this moment an atomic mushroom of smoke and ash billows up from the fire, which disintegrates completely in a splitting explosion. Water in the rocks of our fireplace, of course!

The dog recovers first. George is still squatting before the fire, speckled with ash, a piece of stick held out over the shattered fireplace. The frying pan is down the slope, the sausages rolling over and over among the wet leaves. Yes, the dog recovers first, snatching at the sausages. Ken and I stop laughing at George's bemused face, and snatch at the dog. Well, finally we recover most of our breakfast sausages..... but it's a long time before we can give the rider his cup of tea.

And Other Dogs. Other dogs - dogs encountered - dogs heard - or heard of. Some trips when the only dogs that bark are the poor tired feet. There used to be a dog at that big place along the Q.V. Homes road from Wentworth Falls, "Cherrywood". Not that I ever saw the dog, but there used to be a notice "Beware of the Dog". After some years it was replaced with "Beware of the New Dog". I often wondered what happened to the Old Dog.

On the Nattai, a few miles above Little River, there used to be a rather tumbledown farmhouse which we knew as "Barking Dog Farm". It was impossible to pass it by without rousing a chorus of yelping. Once, going back to a fixed camp by Sheehy's Creek at night, we passed the farm in groups of two or three, separated by up to half a mile depending on our fleetness of foot, and we could mark the progress of those ahead and behind by the clamour from B.D. Farm.

Then there was the dog we heard snuffing around our tent one morning on the creek below Heathcote. Some time later that dog must have triumphantly brought to his master a yellow water bucket. Of course, he emptied out the water before he collected it.

Finally, there was the savage dog which got away from the R.A.A. station at Lapstone Hill, and the Saturday papers reported "last seen headed for Glenbrook". That afternoon I was going out solo from Glenbrook to join a party at St. Helena, and as soon as I was out of sight of town picked up a stout stick about 3 feet long. I felt rather silly carrying it until I topped the ridge beyond Glenbrook Creek, and saw a huge paw mark in the sand of the track.

I made St. Helena in under fifty minutes - well ahead of the main party which came from Blaxland, starting an hour ahead of me. I carried my baton across the line of my throat and went like the

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proverbial bat out of hell, keeping my long pants on so that I could hold my $4\frac{1}{2}$ m.p.h. through the prickly parts of the trail. On the last few yards down into St. Helena the drawstring of my frameless pack snapped, and I swung about with flailing bludgeon. When the main party showed up twenty minutes later, I learned that the dog had been recaptured that morning.

Dog - verb. trans. - to pursue pertinaciously. Dogs shall NOT be brought on official walks. My oath! Not on my walks, anyway.

P.S. Did you notice that the By-law reference is K.9?

STOP PRESS!! One of the most joyful announcements to be made this month is the engagement of Pat Sullivan and Ian Wood. The happy tidings were announced at the Holiday Weekend camp fire on the Shoalhaven, and a select and enthusiastic gathering drank their health in fruit punch and sealed it with cake - both supplied by Pat and Ian.

WHAT IS A BUSHWALKER?

- Judy Wagg.

They are found almost everywhere, crawling around, climbing on, pushing through, delving in and falling off - not only mountains, hills, any spare bush you may have lying around, but buildings - they're not particular what sort; it may be the local railway station or it may be the Sydney Town Hall.

They cart a huge pack twice the size and weight of themselves, and boots inlaid with lead.

They love hills, mountains, the Cox, Kanangra, rice, other Bushwalkers, their packs, and above all their great huge hobnailed boots.

They're not much for trains (especially those which run late), work - in all shapes and forms - tourists, disapproving parents, and boy scouts.

Some people think they are mad; parents think that it is a craze that will soon wear off; girl friends (the non-bushwalking kind) are furious with them; dogs love them; policemen tolerate them; train guards and engine drivers are openly envious of them.

When Bushwalkers aren't planning a trip they are thinking about the one that they did last. They live by, with, and for bushwalking and regard it not only as a sport but as a wonderful feeling, for after a hard day's walking, through some of Australia's roughest country, to camp on lush green grass with a warm fire and tummies full is a blissful feeling beyond compare.

I know, you see, 'cos I'm one.

To whom has Tine Koetsier just become engaged? DON MATTHEWS!!!!
Congratulations Tine.

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PADDY MADE



NEWS FOR LAZY BONES
OR HIP HIP HOORAY!

There are some rugged folks who can throw themselves down on a cold slab of concrete and sleep like babes. These tough people do not even mind a few boulders or roots in their tents. It's all the same to them. Some of us, however, prefer a little grass or a few leaves and a hollow where the hip will come. Many folks cast envious eyes at rubber air beds but balance the weight against the comfort and leave them at home.

Now, however, Paddy has got the problem solved. He has on order some lightweight air-beds made from tough plastic. They will measure 36" x 27" and provide comfort and warmth from shoulder to hip. The cost will be about 35/- and the weight less than one pound. Stock expected in a week or two.



PADDY PALLIN
Lightweight Camp Gear
201 CASTLE REAGH ST SYDNEY
M2678

