

## 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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### AT OUR SEPTEMBER MONTHLY MEETING

Two new members were welcomed - Kath Gibson and Dot Barr.

Minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. Then came correspondence. A letter, on which half the Club were waiting to air their views, was read from Mr. Cameron, leader of the Search and Rescue Section of Federation, pointing out possible dangers which could arise on long "marathon" walks, such as Brian Anderson's scheduled walk this month from Katoomba to Bowral. The letter listed a number of points which should be borne in mind if the walk was to be conducted safely and successfully. There was a bit of debate as to whether Mr. Cameron was acting within his rights in sending us such a letter, but the majority agreed with Malcolm when he pointed

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out that it was a good thing to have such a conscientious leader of Search and Rescue. It was his job to look for people who get lost, and he was perfectly in order in pointing out likely difficulties; prevention was better than cure. The President read out the letter he had sent in reply. He said that "marathon" was an incorrect and misleading term to use as there was no element of racing involved. It was merely to be a long walk, and all precautions of parties keeping together in small groups, not walking difficult stretches in the dark, and organising transport out from points along the route, had been attended to. As Jim's letter had already been posted, further discussion by the Meeting was rather pointless, although it did allow a number of people to get a lot off their chests.

The Treasurer's Report was then read and received, and also Federation's Report for August. The office of Secretary for Federation is vacant. Are there any offers to fill this not too onerous position?

The Social Secretary read her Report, and commented on the successful theatre party recently held - 31 members participating. Tickets for Federation Ball (17/6 each) are available from Heather Joyce, David Ingram and Beryl Christenson.

Now down to General Business. Dave Brown said he had heard that Snowy Mountain Authority huts at Guthega are for sale, and moved that we write to the S.M.A. asking price, etc. Carried.

Alan Hardy pointed out that future park lands in Green Belts were being jeopardised, and Malcolm moved we instruct Conservation Sec. to inform us on the areas covered by the County of Cumberland plan.

John Bookluck wished to know why the new Walks Programme no longer adhered to the 24-hour clock time-table, and Geof Wagg in answer told him most members preferred a programme they could understand.

Frank Ashdown moved that the Club discontinues black-and-white Photographic Exhibitions. The number of exhibits gets less each year. Malcolm, in seconding the motion, said that we had only three serious black-and-white photographers at the moment. Various speakers gave their opinion on the future of black-and-white versus colour. Motion put and lost. Bob Abernethy then moved that Federation be asked to organise a Photographic Exhibition of all the combined Clubs. Eric Rowan, in seconding the motion, offered to act as organiser in getting the use of a floor in the Education Department where the show could be on for several days or a week. Motion carried.

Brian Harvey brought to the attention of members that cheap fares interstate are available by coach, the fare to Melbourne being £4/10/- single, £8/8/- return.

Jenny Madden asked whether the Club intended organising a Children's Christmas Treat this year. She notified her willingness to act as convenor of an organising committee, and calls for volunteers to help her.

D.B.

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KATOOMBA TO PICTON THE HARD WAY - 130 MILES

- Dot Butler

"What e'er's to do in April you  
Can put off till September."

.....

Now I'm all in favour of long endurance walks occasionally - say once or twice in a lifetime; it gives the walker some idea of the stuff he's made of and boosts his confidence in his own strength, - mental even more than physical, for there's no question that when physical weariness calls to the body to give up, it's the will that keeps one going to the end. That's why we gave support to Geof on his original 85-miler - such walks are good for the morale of a Club.

Well, we started right enough on that occasion, but as the Opera tells, things went awry at Harry's Humpy. The commentator asks:

"But what of Dot, Garth, Stitt and Putt?  
Don't tell me they have all gone phut!"

and the answer is

"By the bend of the river a little group sat,  
And they waited, and waited, and waited  
They were ready to move at the drop of a hat  
For their energy hadn't abated....."

Everyone knows the sad story; these leaders of the pack continued to wait for the rest of the field who never turned up as they had taken a short cut to McMahon's via the road at the back of Harry's Humpy.

Feeling we had failed to finish merely by a stroke of mismanagement, we decided it must be done again if only to prove to ourselves that we could do it. We chose for our next try a week-end which proved to be the wettest of a wet winter - 26 points (or was it inches?) of rain in 24 hours. The Cox was running 30 ft. abanker, and its various tributary trickles were roaring torrents. Although this made New Zealanders like Colin and Garth feel they were home again, it nevertheless washed out any attempt to do the trip, and we returned, drowned rats, on Saturday night. Pete hadn't been able to make it because of exams, which was lucky for him.

Third time proves it. We set the date for the first week in September when the moon was full, and just as far from the shortest day as Geof's trip had been, only this side of it instead of the other. Still no Stitt - more exams. We left it too late to book on the Fish so we caught the Chips, and at 8.30 stepped out smartly for Devil's Hole. The night was overcast, but a full moon behind white clouds cast a diffused glow over the country, and after descending the Devil's Hole we had no further need of torches. We stopped for a brief Howdy-do with walkers camped at the Old Hotel Site, then on and down Black Jerry's where Garth, with his great memory for detail, recalled the route we had prospected some weeks ago by identifying each gate we encountered by its lock, be it a chunk of wood or a bolt, be it round at the end, be it square, be it shiny, be it rusty, or what. The same sheep as chased Jim and Kevin ba-a-a-ahed at us, the Paddock Love grass which had scented the night air on Geof's trip was now golden in death, but the briar rose bushes with their poignant nostalgic perfume were the same as always, scenting the air as we dropped down to where the Cox gleamed in the moonlight. We walked about a mile along the river bank and camped in a thicket of flowering blackthorn. Ten minutes to cut a heap of bracken, a swift dip to disperse the dust of travel, then we demolished a slab of cake, set Colin's alarm watch for 5 a.m., and were sound asleep by midnight. We awoke in the scented dawn to countless thousands of lime green flowers scattered all over the prickly bushes - there is some good in blackthorn after all. Breakfast was cornflakes and such like out of a box. Colin, remarking that he was about to slit the throat of the sacred cow, opened a tin of condensed milk with a knife. One cow per meal was the order of things - the expendable cow. Having poured the contents on his cornflakes he announced that the expendable cow was now expent and tossed its empty carcass over the blackthorn bushes, causing a herd of its relatives to dash off up the river bank in alarm with tails flying. We rounded off breakfast with a pre-cooked chop or sausage, then the sleeping bags were stuffed into packs and we were away by 6 a.m. with destination Bimlow (we hope) - 50 miles away. The day was cool and invigorating, and although the various river crossings were cold and often deep - up to the neck on several occasions - nevertheless they were very welcome as our constant steady pace kept us warmed up. Some way along the Cox Garth, who had been at the rear for a while, caught up and announced mournfully that he had lost his watch - it dropped out of his pocket when he had slung his shirt into his pack at the last river crossing. He had

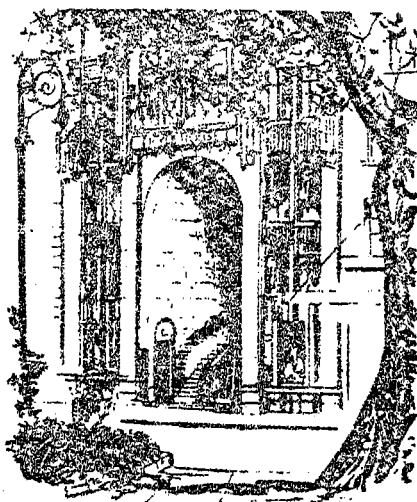
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gone back to look for it, but no luck. The light went out of the day, the sun retreated behind a cloud and we all walked on sadly. "Just shows you it would pay to insure such valuables," said Colin. Suddenly, joy! The sun shone again and all the world was bright and gay - it was insured. "You'd think that would be the first thing I'd think of," said Garth, "But I didn't."

In next to no time we were at Kanangra, and then the Kowmung Junction. It seemed very early for lunch, but we settled down to our bread and cheese, and Colin even found time to light a fire and brew a huge cauldron of tea, to which Garth added sugar and I added milk, and we were doing our best to drink it up when various youths hove in sight from various directions and converged on our billy of tea. They told us they were the Catholic Bushwalkers and they were engaged in (Shame!) a marathon handicap race. We didn't tell them that Bushwalkers deplore marathons, although we might have so quoted Club Policy. We merely felt superior that we weren't indulging in anything so low, commercialised, plebeian, vulgar and depraved as a contest - we were merely indulging in a long walk. The C.B.W's looked a bright lot of boys, all in high spirits and having a wonderful time. We donated them the extra half-gallon of our tea which we couldn't drink ourselves, they told us the best



# PADDY MADE

IT HAD TO COME!

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place to cross the Kowmung, and we sped off down Cox. Looking back we saw their vanguard streaking off up Kowmung to their finishing tape somewhere up on Kowmung heights.

Now we're at Harry's Humpy with Colin climbing up an orange tree and getting stuck in a fork, and Garth having to thump his boot out to release him. He threw down a great heap of oranges, and Garth pulled down more with a hook manufactured out of a piece of fencing wire, then off with the boots and socks and we sat in the grass under the trees with petals from the plum blossoms wafting like snowflakes across the moving scented air, the sun shining in a clear blue sky, and we ate oranges, and oranges, and oranges. Is it possible that keen intelligent adults don't know when they've had enough? I still maintain that 25 oranges at a sitting are 10 too many, but Colin blames drinking Cox water, or a stray wog from home, or anything except sour orange juice for the fact that he spent Monday at home alternating between bed and the outhouse.

Right. They shook the gravel out of their socks and rinsed out their boots - I was wearing sandshoes - then heigh-ho for Bimlow. The road went on and on, as no doubt you know, and so did we, and about 8.30 we struck Bimlow. We settled on a nice grassy spot by a blackthorn bush, Colin took his billy and went off on what proved to be a Grand Tour to the river for water, then we sat in our sleeping bags and gorged on pre-cooked chops, bread and butter, tinned fruit and cream, and despite barking dogs down by the store we slept like logs till 5 a.m.

Swayed by the weight of numbers I had brought my hob-nailed mountaineering boots on this trip - Did you ever hear of anything so silly? (Still, they had been good in Tasmania a couple of weeks earlier). I had worn them as an experiment for the ten miles down to the Cox on Friday night, then carried the darn heavy things on my back for 50 miles down the Cox, but now with the greatest of pleasure I wrapped them in a half-tent due to be jettisoned and a piece of plastic groundsheet and stowed them on a floor beam under the store at Bimlow. Will probably retrieve them somehow, some day.

With packs containing now only lunch and sleeping bag and a few minor oddments we hit the road once more. The boys were having trouble with their heavy clinkered boots. "I'll bet these blokes who carol about the joys of tramping along the highway never tried it," said Colin bitterly. "Could anything be more devastating to the feet than the interminable thump, thump, pound, pound along a hard road." And much as I would like to think in terms of the romance of the open road I'm afraid I must agree that the modern description "road-bash" is much more realistic and to the point.

Garth had decided that the 85 miles that were good enough for Geof's crowd were good enough for him too, and it was Picton for him. The blisters he had acquired on the Minni Minni Range trip were still with him; he was now down to the 6th layer of skin and doubted if there were any more under that; he would probably make the 25 miles to Picton and call it a day. Colin, however, had planned for a hundred-mile week-end, and the itinerary was to be up the Nattai,

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up Starlight's Track to Hill Top, then a few extra miles along the main road to make up the even hundred - "and we'll do those last few miles even if we do them on our hands and knees," said Colin. So I set out that morning with that simple programme and not much else in my mind: 40 miles to go. Average 3 miles per hour - 13 hours walking, plus half an hour for dinner and perhaps tea. Should finish up by 8 p.m.

"If we reach Sheehy's Creek by 10 a.m. we've got the game sewn up," said Colin. Well, we reached Sheehy's Creek at 10.30. Half an hour was nothing to worry about. I was thinking of Garth whom we would soon be leaving to make his painful lonely way into Picton alone, rather than delay the speed of the party. ("Good-bye Captain Oates." "It is a far, far better thing I do than I have ever done before.")

"Look," said Colin, "I'm going out with Garth to Picton."

"What!!!!," said I. "You've planned this 100-miler for 6 months."

"Yair," said Colin.

"You'll get in to the Royal George at 2.30, and that's a ridiculous hour to finish a trip."

"Yair," said Colin.

"You'll kick yourself for months if you don't finish now."

"Yair," said Colin.



"It's only another 15 miles. You could do that easily."

"Yair," said Colin.

"I'll lend you my sandshoes and I'll walk barefoot."

"No," said Colin, "But you go on. I'll go in to Picton with Garth."

So Colin gave me his map and a good torch, and feeling like a captain deserting his sinking ship and crew I said good-bye and sped off up the Nattai. I ran the first ten miles to still the turmoil within.....

"Oh, he rides fast to dull the pain  
Who rides from home, etc. etc..."

and the green and gold clearings of the Nattai, and the tall swaying wattles in a perfection of flowering, the little deserted farm buildings and the Nattai walls flashed past in a haze. By the time I slowed down I guessed it was dinner time so finished off the food in my pack except for a small chunk of bread and a handful of popped rice.

By about 2 or 3 o'clock I was at a clearing in which was a blitz buggy containing bunks and a Silent Knight refrigerator and all mod. cons. From here Colin said it was 6 or 8 miles of trackless river work to reach the foot of Starlight's Track. Should do it by dark, so on I pushed. Instructions were to keep up the side as far as possible out of the river-bed thicket, so I bore off to the right and pressed on for several hours. Then I got into the river bed itself, which started going uphill rapidly. It was very rocky and rugged, the growth very dense, and all chance of finding a clearing on it called McArthur's Flat faded from possibility. Could I possibly have by-passed McArthur's Flat? Was I up some side creek?) I shall have to go back some time and find out. I climbed out of the river bed and headed up to the walls on the left, hoping I might be able to climb them and so get a long view of my whereabouts, but what might have been a possible climb with a party I reluctantly decided was an unjustifiable risk when alone. From the base of the cliff face though, with the sun now proposing to set in the west, I could see the river winding off to the S.E. But my direction should be due east, so I cursed heartily and decided to return to the blitz buggy site with all speed in the remaining hour of daylight. I ran all the way back, not losing too much height at first as I had hopes I might cut Starlight's Track on the way; but no, and soon after dark I was back at the blitz buggy site sitting in my sleeping bag among the bracken and eating my miserable chunk of dry bread while I studied the map by torchlight. Having resigned myself to being a day overdue, for the first time in all my walking experience, I decided to spend a couple of hours next morning going upstream right in the river bed, then if there was a clearing to be found I would undoubtedly find it, but if unsuccessful in two hours I would have to return down the Nattai and go up to Picton.

I spent the next a.m. from about 5 till 7 pushing up the river bed, but when I struck the same traitorous rocky creek-bed as yesterday I knew there was no point in going further and repeating yesterday's debacle, so with something of relief I pounded off down the Nattai to Sheehy's Creek. Heavens, how swiftly time and the scenery passes when you hurry! By about mid-day I was sitting at

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13 H U N T E R S T R E E T, S Y D N E Y.

the very spot where I had bid good-bye to Colin and Garth yesterday, eating a tin of peaches and a ditto of condensed milk ripped open with a piece of fencing wire, this providential tucker having been found in a deserted habitation on the way out. Then up Sheehy's Creek to the Waterfall, and via a road which didn't seem to be the one on the map but which brought me out to the Mowbray Park road, and so in to Picton by 3 o'clock. I sent a telegram home to say I was on my way, and enquired re departure of the next train. It wasn't due out for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours, so I plugged off up the main Highway where the road-sign pointed Sydney-wards, hoping some kind soul would offer me a lift. However, the few cars that passed no doubt thought I was out for a light canter for the good of my health and passed on. Ha! but what's this I see crawling up the hill in low gear? - a bulk-concrete truck with a convenient girder for a perch at the rear. How easy it was to sit down. It wasn't till the vehicle reached the brow of the hill and whizzed off at 60 m.p.h. that the brain began to function. "Hell, what an asinine thing to do! How do you think you're ever going to be able to get off - it might go 50 miles in the wrong direction before it slows up on another hill. What if a traffic cop comes up on a motor bike and orders you off. Odearodear! Meanwhile the yellow dotted lines on the road whipped past underneath like bits of yellow streamer dropped into a jet plane's slipstream, and a passing woman driver with a mouth that looked like it ought to have been set out in the bush to catch dingoes eyed me with a look which said, "What a disgrace to the country!" and I studied the sky and hoped for a hill where I could drop off. Ah, at last the concrete Juggernaut changed down for a steep pull and I vacated my perch with relief. A man and his son who had thought it was all one huge joke

swung open their car door and in I leapt, and so through to Liverpool at 60-70 m.p.h. "Dad's in a hurry," said the boy with pride as Dad's car swung over to the right side of the road and even left the paved surface for the soft edge. "He doesn't generally drive so fast." In to Liverpool still in one piece - just in time to catch a train right through to Wahroonga, and so I was home almost before the train would have left Picton.

And now what have we to say for ourself? Well, long walks such as the one described are possible, and no great hardship physically provided the footwear is suitable, but the "life is real, life is earnest" atmosphere is a bit hard to take and leaves no time for fun, and when it's all said and done, fun is essential.

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#### FEDERATION REPORT - SEPTEMBER

New Secretary: Mr. Peter Cameron of the C.M.W. has been elected to the position of Hon. Sec. of the Federation. The position of Secretary to S. & R. has now been vacated.

The publishers of "Entertainment Guide" are inviting Bushwalking Clubs to advertise in a future edition. The advt. will be free. Further details may be obtained from the Secretary of Federation.

Bushfire Fighting in the Royal National Park: Reported that conference had been held with Mr. Watchorn of the Sutherland Bushfire Fighting Brigade. The names of volunteers will soon be collected and a letter from Norman Allen, who is in charge of arrangements. A practice day will be held on November 6th.

It was further reported that an alderman of the Blue Mountains City Council had requested the presence of a representative of the Federation at a meeting to be held concerning bushfires on the Blue Mountains. Mr. Allen will attend as an observer.

Federation Annual Ball : Wed., 5th October, in the Rainbow Room of the Hotel Australia. Tickets 17/6d. from Paddy.

The Bong Bong National Park Proposal: The Dept. of Lands has reported

- a. The Barren Grounds Section (of some 4,000 acres) should soon be declared a Faunal Reserve; it is already a Reserve for the Preservation of Flora and Fauna.
- b. The Budderoo Peninsula Section. All the available Crown Lands will be Reserved for the Preservation of Flora and Fauna. This should be about 5 or 6,000 acres.

It is now planned to have the Budderoo Peninsula added to the Barren Grounds when the latter becomes a Faunal Reserve. This would put a permanent reserve over most of the plateau with the hope of later encouraging resumption of some of the alienated lands.

Barrington-Gloucester Tops: An Inter-Departmental Committee has been

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established to make recommendations to the Dept. of Lands on the disposal of Crown Lands in this area. Close liason has been kept between the Federation, the Barrington Club and the Northern Parks & Playgrounds Movement. The Inter-Departmental Committee held a meeting in Newcastle on Thursday, Sept. 8th. Mr. Tom Moppett attended and placed the recommendations of .....

The Wild Life Preservation Society of Australia,  
The N.S.W. Federation of Bushwalking Clubs,  
and The Caloola Club

....before the Committee. The recommendations had been co-ordinated. They show two Faunal Reserves (one on the Barrington River, the other on the Paterson) and a National Park over the general plateau of the Barrington-Gloucester Tops. We are also happy to record that The Fauna Protection Panel has agreed to ask for the same Faunal Reserves. The Chief Guardian of Fauna was present in Newcastle to put these proposals. Mr. Moppett reports that the Newcastle Meeting appeared to be conducted in a very friendly and understanding atmosphere. The Barrington Club, the Northern Parks & Playgrounds Movement, the Newcastle Tech. Bushwalkers and numerous local bodies also gave evidence before the Committee, all of whom had general agreement with our proposals. There appeared to be assurance that no Crown Land would be alienated in the area.

Bouddi Natural Park: The Park Trust regrets to announce that moves are being made to mine Black Sands (Rutile) on the northern end of Putty or Kilcare Beach. Already much pegging and cutting of bush has been done. The Trust is objecting to the Dept. of Mines proceeding without prior consultation with the Trust and is asking for an assurance that the quality and quantity of material to be taken is worth the amount of upheaval caused and secondly, that the mining company be required to deposit a considerable sum in trust to ensure replacement of vegetation after operations have ceased.

Bungonia Gorge: Signatures from members of the Geology Staffs at the Universities of Sydney and New England and the University of Technology at Sydney and Newcastle, were obtained to a petition asking the Minister for Mines to cancel certain Mining Leases at Bungonia in order that a National Monument might be declared about the Gorge. The Minister says he is having enquiries made.

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SOCIAL PROGRAMME ALTERATION: The lecture by J. Savage, scheduled for Oct. 26th, has now been changed to Nov. 30th.

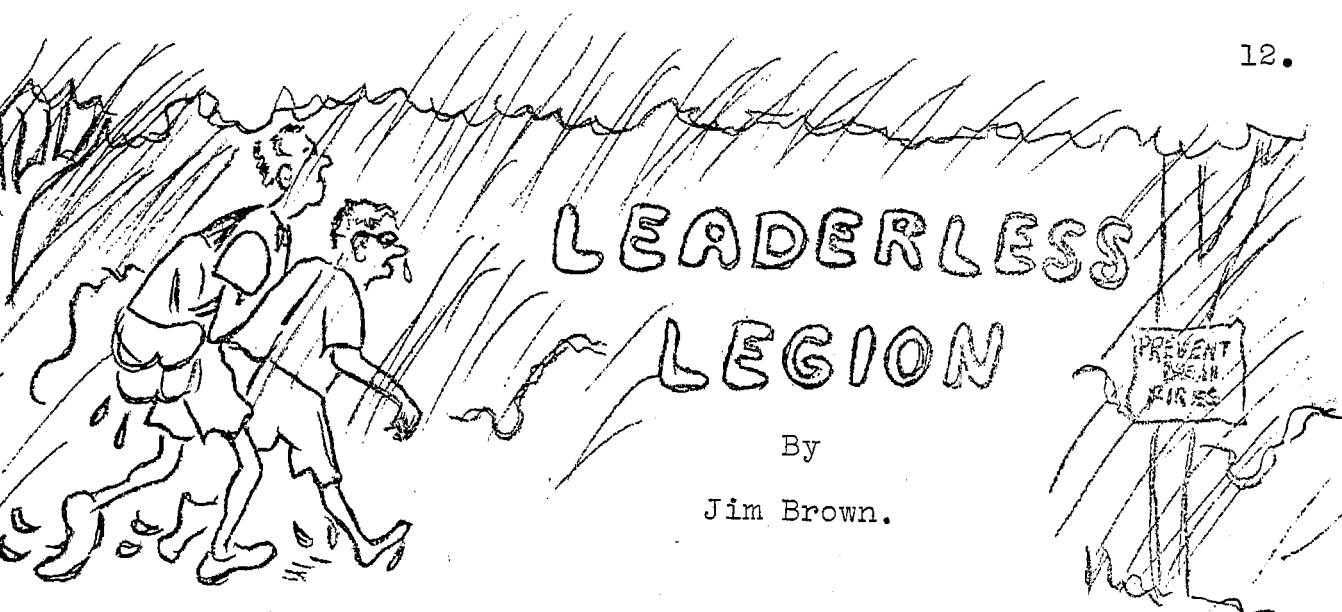
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CHILDREN'S XMAS TREAT: Jenny Madden (WL5317) has offered to act as Convenor of a meeting of all Bushwalkers interested in organising a Children's Xmas Treat this year. If you would like to offer your services and go on an Organising Committee, or if you merely have suggestions to offer, would you please ring Jenny. (WL5317).

.....

Douglas and Marj. Johnston have a daughter.

.....



By

Jim Brown.

At approximately 2.30 p.m. on Thursday, 15th September, the 'phone was handed to me and I heard the familiar voice of Admiral (24-hours) Anderson. I said, "You've got yourself a party - about nine or ten - Checked in the Club last night."

He said "Oh," and there was a pregnant pause. Then he said he had a wide variety of sound reasons for not going. There was a leg still misbehaving after a stumble in the snow country, his return to work on Monday, and a military parade on Monday night. Then he became rather vague with references to a car and something about dawn, all of which didn't seem to tie in; I said sympathetically "Ah, Ah," for it was clear that the poor fellow was unhinged and wandering. There and then he came back to the point and explained he wasn't wandering, not on the week-end of that deplorable Katoomba to Bowral walk, anyway.

So the Leaderless Legion began to assemble outside platform 7, Central, shortly before five on the Friday afternoon. I was first there, and shortly after the Editor tripped up brightly and was duly shocked to learn that the Navy had retreated. She fidgeted for a moment, then borrowed a penny from me and scuttled away. Three minutes later, what time I wondered where Ardill had concealed himself she returned to tell me her pack weighed just 12 lbs. I felt overweight with about 22.

At 5.5 they all rolled up together, Schafer and Digby and Gowar, with visitor Jack Marshall, all squiring Heather Joyce. Then Kevin arrived molto agitato lest Patsy shouldn't find the "green Vauxhall" parked "somewhere near Central." (Patsy was charged with collecting the Ardill car and delivering it in one piece to Wanganderry at about 2 p.m. on the Sunday.) We made aboard the Fish Express, while Kevin tried a last urgent 'phone call. We were the proletariat, travelling second class, whilst Joyce, Digby, Gowar and Schafer shocked a rudely staring femme by wearing shorts in a 1st class car. "Yes, Lady," sneered Schafer. "Legs! Lovely, aren't they?"

We rolled away from town, Kevin still wondering how long Patsy would seek the "green Vauxhall".

We came presently to Katoomba without any alarming developments, and I have no doubt Snow met the others at the top of the steps. Kevin

and I had decided to visit that famous chemist Mr. Gearin on the wrong side of the track, for some of his famous restorative potion, and for us the rest of the trip became somewhat of a repetition of the marath.... the long walk of April last - a kind of private trip, occasionally interrupted by catching up with other laggards. Hereabouts Kevin produced his brightest idea of the whole week-end, so we each put five ounces of best Bundaberg on our back. There's no fuel like an old fuel (aged in wood).

Ten past eight, and we were charging out towards the Water Towers. The charge was moderate, being a leisured 3 m.p.h. Towards nine we glimpsed torches moving out along the Necks as we went down the Causeway. Some time later we sighted them again climbing out of Diamond Spray Falls as we started down. The night was calm, mild and starlit, but as we beat up over the Narrow Neck itself a darkish scum of cloud, quite a deal larger than a man's hand, drifted up out of the south east. The first few splashes of rain fell as we dropped down into Glenrapheal, and there Kevin and I settled down on a deep couch of grass. Yes, we had a tent.

A very cosy, comfortable half-night was put in, till I heard Kevin murmuring over and over "Jimmy Brown, Jimmy Brown.." in the first pallor of 5 a.m. I vaguely wondered if this was the dawn which deterred the Admiral, and obediently crawled ex bag. We moved off on chocolate at 5.20.

Up the hill beyond Glenraphael there was a sudden upheaval in the scrub at the trackside, and Arne Jonsson emerged, having travelled independently on the later train and walked past us during the night. He accompanied us a little way, then stormed ahead, and we presently met the whole advance party in the little overhang just below Clear Hill. They were having breakfast (or some of it) sitting in their sleeping bags. Fancy, breakfast in bed on a mara...(naughty! naughty! long walk.

Miracle of miracles, Kevin and I actually led the field down and over Debert's Knob and part way along the track to Black Dog, the while mists wreathed about the higher points, and sometimes a little thin sunlight put warm olive colours in the drab of the ranges. The flyers, Heather, Dot and Snow flitted past us, but for a time the rest trod close on our heels; someone said the cool overcast with a hint of rain was fine for walking, Kevin said "Admirable" and Schafer screamed "Don't say that name to me." We mentioned our tent, and Digby argued the merits of "an open-ended polythene sleeve",... and if it should rain you apparently slept in an inverted U position, somewhat like a leech en route to the nearest bushwalker. We stopped at the flat rock on Black Dog for the view and an orange, and the rest passed by.

Breakfast by the Cox from 8.0 to 8.50. The runaways were off as we reached the river: the Schafer team was taking breakfast on the west bank, and Jack and Arne preparing to move on the far side. We were away in light rain twenty-odd minutes behind the rest, back in our accustomed position as Tail End Charlies. My last time over the Policeman had been in 1940, but the way was quite obvious, and within an hour we were making the gradual ascent of the range towards the Cooken track which is, by the way, virtually non est. We identified the gate, but immediately found we had a tendency to veer too far

south and west towards the rim of the Kowmung, and it cost Kevin much effort with his compass to drag me back onto a decent SE bearing. Mist and rain stayed with us as we slopped towards Kowmung House, and Jack Marshall joined us over the last half mile or so. Apparently Arne had found his feet were playing up and had decided to withdraw, but hadn't been able to join the others to say so, and Jack had waited for him in vain for a while. He considered we were three quarters of an hour behind the rest.

We took a spell at Kowmung House, and trundled off towards Bran Jan just after noon, a good hour and a quarter behind estimated timetable. For the first couple of miles along Cedar Road Jack was with us, but obviously itching for a greater rate of knots, he pushed on hoping to take the rest at Bran Jan. In point of fact, even the sluggards met the main party, arriving at about 1.45 just as Dot, Heather and Snow were pulling out into the heaviest shower of the week-end. We started lunch to a barrage of counsel and instruction about the Bran Jan facilities from Neil: we finished and moved off alone again, just after 2.30, caped up against the mizzling rain.

We'd not been along Scott's Main before, and were amazed at the wealth of grasses in pockets of shaley soil, at the continuity of fences, and pleased at the jeep track which confirms a route otherwise requiring pathfinding in places. The ridge top is fairly flat from a walker's viewpoint, and we were able to maintain our regulation "three miles an hour, five minutes halt" routine, but with the hands of our watches creeping towards five we began to realise that the light would dictate our future. The old jeep trail was good in daylight, but it would be nearly impossible by night: I recalled a couple of "horror stretches" between Water Gully and Byrne's Gap, and suggested aiming for the Gap by last light - (Ho! ho! also Ha! ha!). At our 4.45 halt we took in a little high octane, and fairly flew during the next hour - we might as well have stayed on the range and turned in early!

For those who follow, there's some kind of a trap nearing Water Gully from the north: the faint jeep trail apparently follows the ridge right around the top of the Butcher's Creek watershed, joins the Church Creek/Kowmung route and enters Water Gully from its south-western end. The Blue Mts.-Burraborang Tourist Map shows the track dropping directly off Scott's Main into Water Gully. Kevin and I imagined we were on the latter, but it didn't work out, and we spent the last few glimmers of the day searching up and down a shadowy creek to find the track out from Water Gully (where we weren't anyway). With great reluctance and greater oathing regarding Water Gully, Scott's Main, Byrne's Gap, Bowral, Admirals and maaa....long walks generally, we sat down for the night. Apart from Kevin's gashing his lip whilst breaking timber and my spilling the rice we passed a warm and comfortable night.

There was no future in shifting without light, so we breakfasted on the spot, moving off shortly after six in the misty morning up the gentle ridge to the south and hoping to sight Byrne's Gap. It was far too hazy for that, but we did intersect the jeep track, and after a little indecision followed it eastward to reach Water Gully by the back door just before 7 a.m. So we had been west of it after all!

In places we could see footprints of the others and wondered if they had managed to stay with the jeep track with enough light to pass the awkward places the previous evening. By now, of course, our own target was Wollondilly bridge and rescue by David Ingram; we couldn't count on cars waiting past 4 p.m. at Wanganderry. A walking party would have to be through Wanganderry by three to have any chance of making Bowral on foot for the last train, and the car owners would assume that people unable to be there at three would aim for Wollondilly.

At a few minutes past eight we came to the Tonalli, and learned there from a couple of motor campers that three (one named "Snow") had passed the previous evening, and the rest before us that morning. That gave the racehorses just a chance of making Bowral, but the other quartet - not in the event.

Little remains to tell of our own walking. Kevin was anxious to get to a phone to tell Patsy at Bowral to await further instructions instead of leaving for Wanganderry at 1 p.m., so he streaked on from Yerranderie to reach Upper Burragorang about elevenish. I knew by now the feet wouldn't stay the distance to Wanganderry or Bowral, so paddled sedately along, plying myself with rum and chocolate at hourly intervals, and (after a most unexpected meeting with Bob Savage leading a veritable convoy of cars to Yerranderie to inspect the old silver mines) came to the Wollondilly just before 12.

Dependable David arrived at 12.7 $\frac{1}{2}$  p.m. and took us back to Spring Corner, where Kevin contacted Bowral. I settled down in my sleeping bag as we rolled sweetly south to Mittagong, where Patsy united Kevin with the beloved green Vauxhall. We went in convoy out to Wanganderry to join the rabble that waited there. Just before we arrived (4 p.m.), the cars of Jack Gentle and Len Fall had headed along the track towards Malcolm's farm at the head of Burnt Flat Crk. There was, however, another utility standing by, and its driver explained that he was an old hand freelance walker, thinking of joining S.B.W. who fancied he might be able to help bring in the way-wearied travellers - a nice gesture. We were then five cars, sundry car-travellers, two retired marath...long distance walkers, and a bevy of children, all waiting and brewing tea in the grey chilly afternoon, watching for Snow's gaudy red-white-and-blue cape to waft over the slope of Wanganderry Hill. Now that they knew the others were still en route to Wanganderry the drivers were quite happy to stay on a while longer; they couldn't have passed - Gladys and Len Fall had been there since 11 a.m. The Fall and Gentle cars came skidding back to the junction about five, and we brewed more tea.

Some time after 5.30 two of the cars departed, and David and I drove 7 or 8 miles west to the Bullio region in case the walkers had reached the road beyond Wanganderry. The light was almost gone as we came back to the junction, and after a brief discussion we concluded that the strays had either (a) changed their minds and retreated to Burragorang, or (b) mislaid Burnt Flat Creek and were destined to pass another night out. A hasty arrangement was made to organise some search and rescue activities on Monday evening, and at 6.15 the cars departed in column towards Mittagong. At that moment Snow's coat of many colours was coming down the last hill towards the road. ....but that's another story.....

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## SUMMARY OF THE REPORT OF THE FAUNA PROTECTION PANEL.

Year ended 30th June, 1955.

(Summary prepared by Alan A. Strom who was nominated by the Sydney Bushwalkers' Club for a seat on the Fauna Protection Panel.)

EDUCATION & PUBLICITY: All school teachers are Rangers under the Fauna Protection Act and, in order to stimulate teachers to take an active interest in fauna protection, a summary of the Act is published in the Education Gazette from time to time. Because of the place given to fauna protection in the Natural History and Biology Courses, many enquiries come from teachers and pupils.

An essay competition for school children brought 40 entries this year.

During the year 1954/55 five films were added to the Panel's Library:

1. "Bird Lovers of N.S.W." (Story of the Gould League)
2. "Living off the Land" and
3. "Everything from Nature" (both on aboriginal life.)
4. "Feathered Fishers"
5. "Teddy Bears at Play."

Widespread showings to children and adults have been made of the following films from the library:

The Kcala; Australia's Platypus; Keith the Wombat; Kangaroos; Spiny Ant-eater; Protect your Birds; Fine Feathers; Old Man Possum; Our Bushfire Menace; Bushland Fantasy; Birds and Billabongs.

A good deal of publicity has been given by the A.B.C. and press, particularly "The S.M.Herald". Numerous talks have been given to various bodies, including Faunal Societies and kindred organisations.

HONORARY RANGERS: An average of 2,194 bulletins per quarter have been issued to rangers in an attempt to maintain contact and promote press publicity.

LOCAL FAUNAL SOCIETIES: No new Societies were formed during the year, but Branches of the North Shore Fauna and Flora Protection Society were established at Avalon and Newport. The Societies perform very useful work both in the educational field and in direct protection. Their activities are many and varied.

THE NORTH SHORE FAUNA AND FLORA PROTECTION through its Branches has undertaken to plant native plants, arranged film shows, and a public exhibition of native plants and animals, interested people in koala preservation on Palm Beach Peninsula and arranged for the appointment of many Hon. Rangers. The Blue Mts. Fauna & Flora Preservation Society has continued to work for the establishment of a National Park in the Blue Mts. Among the many activities of the Gosford District Fauna & Flora Protection Society was the calling of a Conference of Conservation Societies to further a proposal to establish a National Park in the Kariong area. Other Societies operating during the year are at Leeton and Wollongong.

RARE FAUNA now includes 15 species. They are: Platypus (2 species), Spiny Anteater, Koala, Southern Whiptail Wallaby, Mallee Fowl, Brush Turkey, Lyre Bird (2 species), Purple-crowned Pigeon, Red-crowned

Pigeon, White-headed Pigeon, Wompoo Pigeon, Paradise Parakeet and Ground Parrot. Penalty for interference in any way with these animals is up to £50 fine and/or six months imprisonment.

KOALA CONSERVATION: During the year a survey of Barrenjoey Peninsula was conducted by the Panel's Field Officer. He reported that the koala population was estimated at about 120, that there were no signs of disease and that there was evidence of breeding. The koalas are threatened by increased building operations, but with extensive tree planting and the creation of permanent Reserves it should be possible to save them from extinction. About 600 gum trees have been planted.

In the Kuring-gai Chase Koala Reserve a great deal has been learnt about feeding and treatment of koalas and breeding has taken place.

BIRD BANDING SCHEME: The Wildlife Survey Section of C.S.I.R.O. has inaugurated an Australian Bird-banding Scheme to increase knowledge of the movements and habitats of Aust. birds and thus provide a body of scientific information on which measure for protection can be based. The Panel has been working with the Wildlife Section in this work.

FAUNAL RESERVES: Two such reserves have been approved:

1. The John Gould Faunal Reserve (Cabbage Tree Island near Port Stephens) named after John Gould, and also because it is the nesting place of the Gould Petrel.
2. The Boorganna Faunal Reserve (600 acres on the Comboyne).

The following proposals are under enquiry by the Dept. of Lands:

1. The Barren Grounds. 4,000 acres near Kiama.
2. Nadgee. 30,000 acres in the extreme S.E. corner of the State.
3. Lion Island at the mouth of the Hawkesbury River.
4. Killarney, St. George's Basin. 375 acres.
5. Barrington Tops. Two reserves - one on the Paterson River, and the other on the Barrington-Kerriput River area.
6. Ettrema & Endrick. On the headwaters of Ettrema Crk. (Near Nowra) and the Endrick River (near Nerriga).

SANCTUARIES: Now number 402, fifteen having been added during 1954/55.

FIELD STAFF: The Field Officer has spent a very useful year policing the provisions of the Act, particularly the licensing provisions, and the inspection of areas suggested as suitable for Reserves. Whenever possible he has established touch with Hon. Rangers with a view to encouraging their interest, and he has been responsible for the appointment of a considerable number of persons as Hon. Rangers.

BIOLOGICAL UNIT: The Public Service Board has approved of the appointment of a Biologist to carry out scientific investigations regarding the care and protection of fauna.

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Happy future to Tine and Don Matthews, married on 23rd Sept.

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Best wished to Ray and Jo Moore, married at Warrington, Lancashire late in June. They expect to arrive in Sydney during Feb. next year.

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THE 85½ MILER - (WOT, AGAIN!)

<u>PARTY:</u> Jim and Kevin, The Schafer push (Neil, Don Gower, Digby.) Heather, Snow, Dot, Arne, Jack Marshall (C.M.W.)	By The 85½ Milers. "I'm the half" (says Digby) "Anybody who is more than half there wouldn't go on a trip like this."
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In the Club on the preceeding Wednesday: Who's going on the Admiral's trip? Surely there are some starters? Someone will have to go if only to see that the Admiral gets there. Poor old Brian, we can't let him down. All the other Clubs have heard of this trip; we'll be a scorn and a hissing if the trip doesn't go. We can't let the Admiral down!

By a miracle the whole party managed to book on the Fish, i.e. all except Arne who got the 6.30. Jim was first at Central, waiting for the others, and made the startling announcement "The Admiral isn't coming." Bombshell!!!! By the time the train reached Linden the party had temporarily run out of adjectives and ideas about what they would do to the Admiral when they caught up with him. At Katoomba they went through it all again when Snow heard.

Jim and Kevin excused themselves and disappeared in the direction of one tavern, and the Schafer trio to another where they all had one (one only) beer, then hurtled off to Narrow Neck. Snow, Heather, Dot and Jack did likewise without preliminary alcoholic stimulation.

11 p.m. The Schafer mob were first to the cave at the end of Clear Hill and bagged most of the level ground. 11.30 Snow's party arrived after a couple of off-the-track excursions round the swamps which wasted a bit of time. The three sleepers were awakened by the new arrivals who accused them of being a low lot of skunks, catching a taxi out, but it was a dirty lie - they didn't, and Schafer, having defended the honour of his clique, and tried (unsuccessfully) to sell the new arrivals a special lightweight torch, snored off on the rock floor again.

6 a.m. The Cave-dwellers were having breakfast in bed. Schafer drew such a lurid picture, with appropriate sound effects, of what would happen to Dot if she drank her mug of Glenraphael swamp water, carried with great trouble as far as the cave, that she recoiled in terror and threw it out untouched (i.e. untouched except for the fact that she had already mixed half her milk powder ration for the weekend in it.) Snow and Heather were just finishing their grapefruit course when a pleasing apparition thudded down the track and squatted with the Cave-dwellers. Cheers of welcome! Arne! Five minutes later more thudding footsteps and Jim and Kevin flashed past with a grin and a few words of greeting. The Cave-dwellers hastily downed the rest of their breakfast and set off in pursuit. Down Taro's Ladder, and as they watched Heather, wearing a faded blue pack with two nicely rounded rear pockets, backing down just below Don clad in faded blue Speedo trunks, someone had to comment that you could hardly tell the difference between Heather's pack and Don's behind, (which was a fact).

Snow loves all dogs, brindle, yellow, white, etc., and all their

attendant litter of pups, but his greatest love is Black Dog, and he told the party so and enlarged on all its good points, accentuated this week end by a smother of colourful wild flowers - a remarkable and beautiful sight. Snow and Dot are going to be served with a summons for rushing past Jim and Kevin on the left, while Heather is to receive a letter of commendation for sounding her horn and passing on the right. And so down to the Cox. Digby, Schafer and Don settled down for a second breakfast, Kevin and Jim, by preferential booking, took up their accustomed place at the rear, while the others crossed the Cox. Here Arne stripped to the waist and had a good all-over bath with plenty of splashing and soap behind the ears. He announced he already had sore feet before he had set out, and might not go right through.

Heather, Dot and Snow swung off down the cowpads of the Cox, Heather leading at a truly terrific pace (these lightweights can certainly fly), her feet twinkling under her like a metronome beating a fast six-eight time. Up the Green Hills to the track on Policeman's Range - Snow's unerring instinct in the low visibility conditions of mist and light rain showed the keen bushman he is. At last on to the Scott's Main Range track and so on to Branjan for lunch. Within 20 mins. along came the Schafer trio, and Jack who had waited three quarters of an hour for Arne who never appeared, and as the first trio were pulling out Jim and Kevin arrived. The interminable length of Scott's Main Range was rendered less noticeable to Heather as Dot and Snow gave her an hour by hour account of their recent holiday in Tasmania, and Heather did the same service for her companions by serving them up Central Australia.

Dropping off the range at last down to Byrne's Gap it became evident that speed was essential if they were going to make Yerranderie before dark. Dot set off at a run in the now fading light; there could be no question of not getting through to Yerranderie; Garth had said he might be there to make tea for the weary walkers, and visions of his disappointment if no one turned up spurred the feet. A couple of miles out of Yerranderie torches were necessary to find a way on the overgrown track, and thanks to directions from a camping fox-shooter the vanguard made Yerranderie by 7 p.m. Dot called in at a lighted house to ask how far to the hotel (1 mile) and was fed tea and cake and lemon-cheese tart by hospitable old Mrs. Trott, while Snow and Heather made a fire of the Lord Mayor's derelict fence posts and cooked their tea squatting under the balcony of the Post Office. A run up to the pub by Dot failed to locate the Coulter motor bike so she returned to the others and the three of them bedded down in super luxury on a mountain of straw in the Lord Mayor's fodder shed. They shared their bed with a clucky hen and chickens, and in the early hours of the morning a horse came in for his breakfast (their bed.)

7 a.m. saw Snow's small party astir after 8 hours of almost unbelievably sound sleep in the hay. Mrs. Hen wasn't allowing her brood to stir till the interlopers were out of the way - they looked too hungry. Snow was inoffensively lighting a small fire outside to heat up the breakfast beans when a great hulking figure bore down and threatened to kick him arseoverapex for trespassing on private ground. Snow was putting his point of view, amid the stream of profanity, that the footpath was not private property when Dot piped up from the shed with words of apology intended to smooth him down. A secondary

explosion took place and he bore off at a rate of knots shouting he was going to "put them in." A great clatter from his backyard suggested to Snow that he was forging the leg irons and handcuffs, and when Dot, prior to putting her socks on, shook out a stream of gravel against the iron side of the shed, Heather cried "Buckshot!" and leapt for cover. Breakfast over, these three stepped it out down the road to reach the Sheepwalk by 9.10.

Meanwhile what of Jim and Kevin and the Schafer push? To learn about the first two, you'll have to read the Brown account. Neil, Digby, Don and Jack pulled out of Branjan after Saturday's lunch some 15 mins. behind Snow's advance party. However, trouble was soon afoot and this time the foot belonged to Neil. An old ankle injury, aggravated the night before by sneakers, the devilish Narrow Neck and super-light-weight torches, soon had him limping badly and wincing in pain. By a system of trial and error with remedies various, the party was eventually able to make quite a reasonable pace by providing the sufferer with a walking stick, driving him in front and applying a good dose of rum at frequent intervals to the offending tendon. The light started to fade as they swung off Scott's Main down towards the Water Gully. Everything was dandy until a creek was crossed, and in the growing darkness the track was lost in a grassy clearing on the other side. But no, there it was again, this time a double cart track. Cheers! Back and forth across and up the creek it went and finally up a ridge and on to a saddle. The first wave of uncertainty broke over their slowing senses. After another quarter-hour of playing ducks and drakes with this illusive trail, the tragic truth at last dawned on four weary trampers; they were heading due west, indisputably bound for the Kowmung! The hopelessness of reaching Yerranderie that night was only too obvious and hopes of making Bowral seemed but a fantastic dream. Visions of the Admiral, probably quaffing beer and surrounded by dancing girls, only inflamed the situation. There was only one thing to do - return to the grassy clearing and camp for the night. Ah, tucker, lashings of it, and glorious, glorious sleep! The touch of madness was made manifest when it was conceded later that they had actually camped at Water Gully, which venue they had been seeking ever since leaving Scott's Main.

And in the fledgling morn, a lucky dry night's rest, a plate of Terry's and the finding of the track had made the world a better place to walk in. Setting off at 6.45, Jack, Digby and Don left Neil alone with his curses at Byrne's Gap, to come in slowly to Yerranderie and then seek transport out, still voicing his now over-familiar plaint, "Schafer's last walk." He eventually hobbled down to the 'Dilly bridge, Arne catching him up on the way, and the two of them hitch-hiked back to Sydney, down but not quite out.

The new trio hot-footed it into Yerranderie and of course had to bump into the identical Character who had maligned Snow's party. The conversation went something like this:

"Good morning. How are you?" asks Digby in his best greeting style.

"Whaddyer expect for a mornin' like this?" mumbles and grumbles the Character.

"Hmm. Have you seen any other bushwalkers come through?" persists Digby, still undaunted.

"Yeah, the pests. I hunted three of 'em out of the hay shed this mornin'," he snarls, as if referring to a pack of mongrel dogs.

"Oh, I see. Then they couldn't have been our crowd," insists Digby, and sensing a highly explosive atmosphere, the eighty-fivers sped off, spurred on now by the certain knowledge that Snow, Heather and Dot were somewhere ahead. Bash, bash, bash down the road, with Jack steadily pulling away at a consistent 4 m.p.h. On to the Sheepwalk and as the miles left their mark the idea of reaching Bowral was fading fast, but hopes for Wanganderry were higher than ever. As Snow, Heather and Dot sat on a hill admiring a view of the Wollondilly less than half a mile away, Jack hove in sight and the four then went on together. Digby and Don arrived at the river later, ruminating ruefully about the footprints and wondering just how many hours ahead Snow's party was. A couple of miles up the 'Dilly these two were greeted by some trackside tent dwellers. "You'll have to hurry," they shouted, (the stragglers' morale sank to the depths). "The rest of your party passed through a good seven minutes ago," (and the spirits rose up again in instant jubilation). Only seven minutes ago! It seemed incredible but it was true! The six finishers merged shortly afterwards as the river was crossed some three miles up from the Sheepwalk, and from there on the party stayed together. ("you mean strayed together" - this from Don.)

Lunch on the river at 12.30. 1½ beautiful hours relaxing; then off on the quest for Burnt Flat Creek. When Snow came to it he said, "This is it," but Don and Digby were a little way ahead still plodding up the 'Dilly, and as Digby was the only one who had been there before the four following thought they had better go on too. One and a half miles further on and a poor crestfallen Digby had to admit his error and the party returned. Three extra miles all to no purpose! Groans of despair. Snow's feelings can be imagined, especially as he was suffering from a knee whose lubricating oil had given out, but he said nothing. Up Burnt Flat Creek, and here they had to be twice rescued by Snow when they started off on wrong side tracks. The road went steeply up and up and UP, and as the miles went by the party began to spread out. Don's long legs worked like pistons, with Jack rattling along a pace behind and Dot panting along in his footsteps, afraid to slacken pace in case she gets left behind - never mind if she drops dead of exhaustion. At last the road flattens out after what feels like a ten thousand foot ascent up a gibbery, landslide-encumbered road. We see Dot taking great breaths of summit air. "Isn't it great to fill your lungs with pure mountain air," she says, or words to that effect. "What lungs?" says Don, in a voice from the tomb, "I spat mine out 2 hours ago and 200 miles further back."

Out to Malcolm's farm by 6.10 and along the beautiful soft chocolate and russet road that looked good enough to eat. Dark coming on made no difference - the legs just carried on. Topping a hill about 6.30 the lights of various cars were seen in the distance. There was a certain amount of starting up and stopping and turning and slow departure, but the weary walkers were too comatose for this to convey anything to them. Don plodded through a dark grove of trees and stopped at a cross road to tell Dot and Jack that it was a cross road, and in the darkness and dereliction these three suddenly had a great

light dawn - This desolate spot, this dark fork in the road God knows how many miles from nowhere, is Wanganderry! This is it! We've made it!.....But where, alas, are the waiting cars? (The answer is, of course, just departed ten minutes ago.) Where is our Fairy Godmother? (We had been dreaming of Dave's handout of sweets for the past ten miles.) Where is Patsy-atsy-airy-ay and the Ardill chariot? Where are the Gentles and the Falls? Desolation upon desolation! Nobody there, nor likely to be now - and Bowral 15 miles away! Torches were dragged out from the bottom of the pack, the map was spread in the middle of the road, and as three figures poured over it and despaired Heather and Snow and Digby arrived. Snow was all for going up to a farm about a mile away and ringing for a taxi, and the others had just about agreed to this when car headlights bore down upon them through the blackness. Six torches gleaming from the roadside brought the vehicle to a standstill. It was (Ah Providence) a large truck, and the driver was a landholder from down the Wollondilly who was going in their direction, so the boys all piled in the back with packs, and Heather and Dot in the cabin with the driver. All the way along the dark road, as those 15 miles to Bowral flashed past, could be seen the ghosts of walkers plodding wearily along under their packs with sore feet and legs and knees and blisters and all the rest....8 o'clock...9...10...11...12 o'clock, Midnight. The feeble gleam of the last lights in Bowral. Made it! God help us! Never again!!!

As it was, however, they got a train at 7.20 and settled in to a box compartment all to themselves. They got in their sleeping-bags with grins of pleasure all over their faces and ate the left-overs from their packs, (that is, all except Digby who had taken an oversize swig of rum and felt ghastly), then dimmed the lights and lay all flaked out in a heap till the time came to get out.

The trip was solid all right - much more so than the April trip, to Picton was the general opinion, but a good trip to think back on nevertheless.

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On her recent walk to Willawarra (Refuge Bay) Jess Martin pulled a muscle soon after starting from Lovett's Bay. In spite of the ministrations by members of the party, Jess was still in pain when we arrived at Salvation Creek....aptly named in this case because Alex, Hilma and Frances Colley were there with the Landrover. While the party went on to Willawarra, Jess was able to camp with the Colleys and return to town with them.

Incidentally, West Head Rd. can be negotiated only by Landrovers or Jeeps, and is almost untrafficable north of Salvation Creek... It isn't so good just south of the Creek either. Our party assisted a car back onto the road after it had been stuck in a water channel in the road, and turned another one back before it became involved. Walking trips to West Head should be free from interference from motor traffic in the area - most modern vehicles can't get over the road.

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# I N V E N T I O N S     C O R N E R

## THE COMPRESSION IGNITION (DIESEL) POGO STICK FOR BUSHWALKERS.

To obtain the initial starting compression of 750 p.s.i.g., the driver must take the Pogo Stick up a suitable cliff or tree and jump off.

