

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to the Sydney Bush Walkers, c/- Ingersoll Hall, 256 Crown Street, Sydney.
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275

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CONTENTS

	<u>Page</u>
At our October Meeting -- Alex Colley	2
Why Don't you go Lightweight? -- Frank Rigby	3
Leica Photo Service (Advt.)	5
Snakes Alive -- "Earthworm"	6
Hatswells Taxi & Tourist Service (Advt.)	7
All Hooper's Fault -- Jim Brown	8
The Sanitarium Health Food Shop (Advt.)	11
Your Walking Guide	12
September Walk's Report - Brian Anderson	13
The Wagg Wedding -- Dot Butler	16
White Ant Borings	17
A Saga in Seven Scenes -- John Bockluck	18
"As I Found It" -- "Bull Moose"	19
Social Notables	21
Bushwalking Terms -- "Bull Moose"	22
Federation Report - October	23
Chuffer Stoves are in Again -- (Paddy's Advt.)	24

RESURRECTION

I saw the moon come floating, faint and white
Over the hill and soft as spreading snow
The dark bush blossomed in a flower of light
That shone with silvery glow.

No secret was revealed; nothing was said,
But quietly in the hush
A grave within my heart opened, and one long dead
Walked with me through the bush.

AT OUR OCTOBER MEETING

-- Alex Colley

The meeting was attended by over 60 members and prospectives.

It commenced with a welcome by the President to two new members - Geraldine Thorley and Reta Rodgers. The President then welcomed our two new joint Hon. Secs - Yvonne Renwick and Dot Barr - and thanked Sheila Binns, who is going to England, for the good work she had done for the Club. Sheila was elected Treasurer within a week of becoming a member, and had been a Club officer ever since - 2 years as Treasurer and 2½ years as Secretary. Jim Brown, who has been either President or Treasurer throughout this time, said that it had been a pleasure to work with Sheila, who had made his own tasks easier by her help. He formally moved a vote of thanks, which was carried with acclamation.

Correspondence contained a circular entitled "Must Man Eat Meat?" This opening for a debate was passed over (Where are our "vego's" of yesteryear?)

The Social Secretary briefed us on coming slide nights, a theatre night, and dinner at the "Taiping". She described Pastor Torvell's talk on Labrador as one of the most interesting we had heard, and said that his frank and vivid description was enjoyed by us all. Should anyone like to make a donation to the Labrador Mission she would be pleased to forward it.

Jim Brown then moved a vote of thanks to the President for making his grounds available for Malcolm McGregor's send-off and said that, hard though it came to a Treasurer to suggest spending money, he thought we should re-imburse Brian for the cost of refreshments. Brian said expenses were negligible and refused reimbursement, but appreciated our vote of thanks.

John White gave us a verbal report on the weekend spent by 20 of our members at the Barnardo Boys' Homes. He said that the boys had for the most part not enjoyed a very good start in life, and the Home was run as a home, rather than an institution, so as to give them as normal an upbringing as possible. Mr. Green, who was in charge, suggested that we might take some of the boys who lacked normal contacts with the outside world on trips with us. He invited any club members on walks nearby to call and have a cup of tea with his wife and self. Heather Joyce said that it was better to take 2 or 3 boys on a trip than a larger number, so that they would become part of the bushwalker party instead of getting together on their own. David Bennett thought that if we encouraged them to come on walks when they were at the home they would know where to come to when they left.

In the absence of anyone else to thank, or any contentious matters, the meeting closed early. It was a good preliminary work-out for our joint Hon. Secs., who will soon be equipped to deal with the higher subtleties, such as the election of Assistant Social Secretaries.

--- Frank Rigby

Now that the hot weather is on us once again it's high time you started heaving things out of your pack or else modified your gear. Take an honest-to-goodness look at all that junk you're humping around on your precious back, throw those sentimental attachments to the four winds and be RUTHLESS. Weight can be an insidious enemy - it gradually creeps up on you almost unawares as you come to believe that even the luxuries are essential. Unless you make a really conscious effort, it is far easier to add weight than to subtract it.

"But why should I?" you ask. "I carry 30 lbs and there's nothing wrong with my walking." Very well, my friend, but have you ever had the pleasure of carrying 10 lbs less - obviously what you've never had you can never miss; try a 20 lb. pack on your next summer weekend trip and I'll guarantee you'll never hump 30 again. And then there are the heavyweight walkers who are really off the beam; struggling up a ridge on a hot day and wishing for the energy of some spritely member of the party who seems to pace it off so effortlessly. Well, maybe they can't have all the stamina they'd like, but they sure could help themselves no end by shedding a good-sized hunk of that superfluous ballast. There is undoubtedly a critical pack weight (which varies somewhat between different people) where, with moderate walking experience, the pack seems to become an integral part of the body and makes little or no difference to the staying power. As we add avoirdupois to this critical figure, so the pack begins to act as a powerful brake on the body and holds us back; now the weaker the walker, the more severely will this brake act per additional pound above the critical. It is up to the individual to determine his own critical weight and try to adjust his pack accordingly, if he has any desire at all to derive the maximum enjoyment from his recreation.

Having, I hope, established a case for lightweight walking (as if one were needed) I will now prove that it is quite feasible to start off on a summer's weekend trip (Friday night - Sunday night) with a gross weight of 20 lbs. on your back, and without any undue hardships, either. If you are more particular in selecting and preparing your gear and are prepared to accept a little more austerity in some directions, you can get this down to 15 lbs. Maybe you can reduce still further but you will start to cut in on essential equipment such as happens with the Marathon pack. You will notice that my lists provide gear for a self-contained walker, and include tents, for even if you share a tent, you will have to carry it yourself (theoretically, anyway!) for some part of the trip. All weights have actually been determined, not guessed, and while variations in item weights do occur from one article to another, they should not be large enough to upset the final figure unduly.

SAMPLE LIST FOR THE 20 lb. PACK.

	<u>LBS</u>	<u>OZS</u>
Standard Rucksack with steel frame	5	7
Superdown Sleeping Bag and Cover	3	8
Two-man A Tent of Golden Japara with 12 x Alum. tent		
pegs	2	8
Ground Sheet - Cape of medium weight material	1	-

SAMPLE LIST FOR 20 lb. PACK -- (CONT'D)

	<u>LBS</u>	<u>OZS</u>
2½ pint Billy		6
Aluminium plate		3
Enamel Mug		5
Aluminium Knife, fork and spoon set		3
Torch and batteries, medium sized		8
First aid kit and "kit tin"		6
Toothbrush, toothpaste, small sliver of soap		1
Japara water bucket		3
Map and compass		3
Polo-neck sweater, medium weight		14
Spare socks		3
Food containers		5
Food (net weight)	3	8
Towel <u>or</u> swim costume <u>or</u> spare shirt or blouse (all lightweight)		5
TOTAL	20	-

SAMPLE LIST FOR THE 15 lb PACK

	<u>LBS</u>	<u>OZS</u>
Frameless rucksack	3	7
Superdown sleeping bag and cover	3	8
One-man A tent of golden Japara with 12 x Alum. tent pegs	1	12
Ground Sheet - Cape made of light gauge plastic		8
Billy - 1½ pint		4
Aluminium plate		3
Plastic cup		1
Aluminium knife, fork and spoon set		3
Torch and batteries, very small size		4
First aid kit and "kit tin"		4
Toothbrush, toothpaste, small sliver of soap		1
Japara water bucket		3
Map and compass		3
Polo-neck sweater, light weight		12
Spare socks		3
Food (net weight)	3	-
Food containers		4
TOTAL	15	-

You will notice that I have omitted several items, which seem to be dear to the heart of many bushwalkers e.g. slacks, windjacket, the second billy, excess toilet gear etc. They are by no means essential. On the 15 lb. list you swim without benefit of costume, dry naturally, and don't have a clean shirt or blouse to put on for coming home. If anyone can prove that any of these items are essential, I'll be only too pleased to hear their arguments. However, I do not suggest that you have to adhere strictly to the foregoing lists to arrive at these pack weights, as they can be modified within limits to suit individual requirements. For instance, on the 20 lb. list, you might prefer to substitute a plastic cup or bowl for the enamel mug and use the saved 4 oz. to advantage somewhere else - that is only one of the many modifications

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which can be made. The main thing to watch is that when you add something, don't forget to subtract the same weight away from something else simultaneously. Finally a few hints:

1. Regard ounces, not pounds, as being significant.
2. Steel tent pegs are unnecessary,
3. Dice that heavy sleeping bag as soon as you can afford a lighter one.
4. Leave billy lids at home.
5. If you must have two billies to handle your food variety, then enter a food party.
6. Heavyweight torches are dead loss on normal weekend trips.
7. Prune toilet gear and spare clothing to the barest essential minimum.
8. Examine food container requirements critically - this is dead weight which is only useful indirectly - include aluminium or plastic containers only when japara or polythene bags are impracticable.
9. Plan your food list scientifically - leave the water at home and you can still live happily on 3 or 3½ lb for the weekend.

So next time you're preparing for a walk, give a thought or two to that unnatural hump on your back. Each pound off your back might well be as good as five years off your age!

(Now that the Snake Season is with us again, this article becomes of pertinent interest -- Ed.)

SNAKES ALIVE.

--- by "Earthworm".

I was reading an article by a Mr. Sherman A. Minton Jr. on snake-bite the other day, and here are the very latest details on these beasties. (The article was dated Jan. 1957).

He has carried out a lot of experiments on the toxicity of the venoms of a large number of snakes and his results are very interesting to say the least. He lists ten of the worlds most deadly snakes in the following way -

	<u>Length</u> <u>(feet)</u>	<u>Fang</u> <u>Length</u> <u>(Millimeters)</u>	<u>Venom</u> <u>Yield</u> <u>(Milligrams)</u>	<u>Lethal dose</u> <u>for man</u> <u>(Milligrams)</u>
North American Coral Snake	2-2½	2	3-5	5
Malayan Blue Krait	3-4	2½	5-10	1½
<u>Australian</u> <u>Tiger Snake</u>	4-5	4	35-40	2
Indian Cobra	4-5	4	175-250	20
African Mamba	7-10	6	75-100	20
African Puff Adder	3-5	15	160-200	120
S.E. Asia Russell's Viper	3-4	12	150-250	50
Sth. America Fer-De-Lance	4-6	17	80-160	70
Sth. American Bushmaster	7-9	25	300-500	150
Nth. America Diamond Back Rattlesnake	4-5	13	200-300	140

I now quote from his paper -

"What snakes have the most toxic venom? After giving due weight to all pertinent factors, we would put at the top of the list the poisons of the tiger snake of Australia, the blue krait of India v the krait of Formosa".

These venoms are almost fifty times as toxic as potassium cyanide. They are toxic to the nervous system producing paralytic symptoms and death from depression of respiration and the heartbeat.

If you look at the table again another point emerges. Our "friend" the tiger produces twenty times more venom than is needed for a lethal

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dose, and the next on the list, the cobra delivers ten times.

Wait a bit, don't give up Bushwalking yet -- there is still hope. The tiger has a poor injection system and short fangs; most of the poison is left on the skin outside the bite, so before you make an incision, if you have to treat a bite, make sure you WASH THE SKIN FIRST WITH ANY LIQUID AVAILABLE, water or saliva or --- or anything wet. This also applies to most other Australian snakes.

The taipan is also mentioned at about the same rating as the tiger, but is not listed because of insufficient performances.

The moral of this little tale is -- If you see a tiger snake, make sure he doesn't see you.

FOR SALE.

Here's the perfect article to take on your walking trips. Punch out that story for the Maga on the spot.

Margaret Ryan is selling an Oliver portable Typewriter - condition almost new. See Margaret for further details regarding price, etc.

ALL HOOPER'S FAULT

--- Jim Brown

It was, of course, All Hooper's Fault. All, that is, except the weather; and, following recent revelations in the magazine of his meddling with S. Charcundus, I'm not so sure that the foul weather was entirely uninfluenced by him.

The party for the assault on Big Yengo Mountain was to be Binnsie, Hooper, Admiral and self. In case you are so iggerunt as to be unfamiliar with Mount Yengo, it is alleged to be a large flat-topped object, height 2158 feet, eight to ten miles east of Putty on the back road from Windsor to Singleton, and overlooking the Upper McDonald River, some 35 to 40 miles north of its junction with the Hawkesbury near Wiseman's Ferry. I say "alleged to be" because, like Cloudmaker, Mount Yengo seems to have quite an attraction for cumulus cloud, and only appears when I'm well away from it.

However, we planned to move off shortly after 6.30 a.m. on the Saturday, 24th August, and as events moved, Hooper was unable to join us at the last moment. So, at 6.35 a.m. we were only three as we stormed off toward Windsor, the Colo, Putty and Big Yengo.

The morning was wet. Towards Windsor it was even wetter, and by the time we were past the Colo and climbing towards Parr's Brush (now rejoicing in the new-fangled name "Colo-Heights") we were running through cloud and a modified deluge. Just beyond Colo Heights there were actually residual patches of slushy snow in the ground - rather amazing as the land is well under 2000 ft. It made me think of the start of Admiral Anderson's Paralyser trip last year.

Once on the gravel road we bounced and clattered along in a great bow-wave of yellow water to pass the Putty road about 9.10 a.m. and to reach the bridge over McDonald River just three hours out. The plan had been to leave the crate off the road here, follow down the McDonald some eight to ten miles then strike up to the east on to Yengo. Very elementary it sounded, except that the map was one designed in 1940-41 to baffle potential invaders, the visibility varied from 200 yards to a mile occasionally, and it was pelting cold rain.

Just north of the McDonald River bridge there's an old shanty in a paddock so we retreated into it to "brew up" and talk it out. We lit the fire in the annexe, and before long we were drinking our tea - virtually out in the rain, while clouds of reek poured from the hut. Red eyed we studied the downpour and the closed-in sky and decided that even if it abated later in the day (which was questionable) time and the unknown nature of the ground were against us. Understand - there was no white anting - it was a logically argued case, in which the dominant motif was "we are mobile - we don't have to suffer a wet bush-bash. He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day".

The map (Singleton quarter scale) showed we could motor on north to a point some 15 miles from Singleton, then return via Wollombi either to Wiseman's Ferry or via Colga to the main North road. So the tentative plot was to drive on, and if the weather relented we could halt, and have a bit of a walk about, and camp as seemed desirable.

Onwards we went, braving the splashes of yellow mud sent up by overtaking cars, and once retaliating by splashing the occupants of a stalled Wolseley. "Got him!" cried the Admiral, but I felt abashed; it was like shooting a sitting bird. Retribution came upon us when we left on the side road towards Broke, and settled in the sandy ford of Wollombi Brook.

"Bunbum", said I, "It's not that deep", and opened my door; and closed it quickly.

We stripped off our footwear, and scrambled into the tide. We had settled in a large hole near the bank, and the exhaust pipe was well under. I asked Binnsie to pass out my raincoat, flicked it open, and my spare sweater went "plop" in the brook. The Admiral was highly amused.

Well, we shoved the bomb back out of the worst of the crater, and got the exhaust clear, and submerged the fan. The engine turned over and shot a jet of water from the exhaust, but so much water was kicked up we couldn't depress the accelerator without killing the engine. I set out to remove the fan belt a few times, but with an overpowering dread of dropping the nuts off the generator bolts into the creek. Then we left this and strained and heaved again and had moved it a few inches backward, when the local search and rescue unit arrived with a tractor and wire rope and hauled us forward through the ford.

Of course, it was all Hooper's fault. If he had been there we'd have had enough man power to push the car out backwards.

We decided the gent with the tractor had the local council in his pocket, and had frustrated every bid to build a bridge or concrete ford. Probably he also used his tractor to scoop the two holes in the sandy bottom close to each bank. Anyway he told us he had taken 25 cars out the previous Sunday - six quid's worth.

The interior of the car was now kind of soggy, and its occupants looked as though they'd done ten miles wet bush bash. The rain was constant.

At Broke, where we took fuel, I nodded at the leaden sky. "Doesn't look like breaking".

"Beautiful rain," said the garage man, gravely. "We need it".
I didn't disillusion him.

South toward Wollombi with the worms gnawing, the abandoned shanties all far from the road, and steady driving rain. Then I saw it - no, you fool, not S. Charcundus.

Actually it was all Hooper's fault. If he'd been with us we could have got out of the ford backward, we would have taken another road, and we wouldn't have been at this place just as the anguish of empty stomachs became insufferable. Hunger, like height, definitely influences one's judgement.

10.

There, slam by the road was the steel piping canopy off a truck. I jammed on the brakes, and we stopped less than a hundred yards on. (Ever since the ford my brakes had been acting like oiled machinery). I outlined my plot, and we reversed to the where I hopped out and spread a tent over the framework. Then moved in with our lunch items and began to gather firewood.

We were there fully five minutes in increasing rain. Instead of remaining taut, the tent sagged in between the metal ribs, gradually giving the effect of a worm's eye view of a well-padded sleeping bag.

"Evacuate" cried the Admiral, "We'll all be drowned!"

And when we were back in the car he added solemnly that he had joined the trip convinced that it would be orderly, well conducted, a change from the muddles led by other "festering slob" of his acquaintance, but now "he knew everyone in the Club was the same. There was no hope". As he propounded this interesting theme, the tent collapsed into the canopy. At the same moment the rain eased, and a little later a small streak of blue sky blew over the ridge.

Actually we had no further particular strife, except that it didn't clear up really and truly: we occasionally had a while when it wasn't raining, and this introduced a new hazard. With the wiper stopped, every considerable paddle splattered the screen with muddy water so that one dived for the wiper switch, and carefully avoided the brake pedal which was more liable to start a spin than check the car. More hazardous than bushwalking, eh? Intrepid, eh?

We went through Wollombi and Laguna where we stopped between squalls for a brew up; we started to look for deserted huts, but the only one we found wasn't deserted. We passed in a welter of red mud through Kulnura, sympathising with the poor citrus growers who were battling on in huge modern homes with television sets, and reduced to Land Rovers for work and Customlines for pleasure motoring.

By the time we came to Mangrove Mountain we had virtually agreed that we were going home. Somehow it seemed the ultimate defeat. Through Calgay with the afternoon light growing dull, until we came to the Highway near Mount White. We stopped to look at the local roadhouses to see if they offered meals, and there was a sign right at the road junction.

In letters a foot high it said "White Ants Exterminated".

Hurriedly we drove on towards Sydney. All Hooper's Fault. If we had backed out of that ford, we'd never have made it home on Saturday night.

From the "Sun Tree Book"

The tree which moves some to tears of joy, is in the eyes of others only a green thing that stands in the way - But to the eyes of the man with imagination nature is Imagination itself. As a man is, so he sees."

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- 2) The trial will commence from the traffic island at Strathfield station at 1.30 p.m. Saturday. The first section of the trial will end at a good camping spot (If the fire ban is still on, bring your primus). The second half of the trial will be on Sunday morning and will finish at the lunch spot where there will be good swimming for the afternoon.
- 3) The course will be about 110 miles.
- 4) Any number of secret controls may be situated around the course
- 5) The course has been set from Gregory's Street Directory and from the Windsor, St. Albans and Liverpool Military Survey Maps.
- 6) Each competitor enters at his own risk and the organisers accept no responsibility for liabilities.
- 7) All rules of the road are to be strictly adhered to, especially the 30 mph speed limit.
- 8) Bring as many passengers as possible - they will help you to work out the clues.
- 9) Please lodge your entry with George Gray or Dave Brown (Dave Brown YL 7137)

YOUR WALKING GUIDE.

November

- 15-16-17 Victoria Falls-Grose River, Faulconbridge. From the top of Victoria Falls, along Grose to the end of the Faulconbridge ridge, the going is fairly rough. (sandstone rock-hopping and bush scrambling). Also near summer temperature will make it harder, although there is the advantage of being able to dive in for a swim anywhere along the way. Definitely be in good condition - travel light and don't forget your hat even if you wear nothing else. The scenery in this area is second to none for sandstone cliffs, so take that roll of colour film. Return train fare 26/-.
- 16-17 Woy Woy to Palm Beach. Walking is easy to medium along good tracks. Swimming spots near National Fitness Camp. Pleasant views of southern Brisbane Waters. Also ferry ride to Palm Beach rounds trip off nicely with interesting aspects of Broken Bay. Combined total cost is approx. 15/-.
- 17 Nepean Lookout - Glenbrook Gorge area. A good medium Sunday test walk. Mainly track walking to Nepean Lookout via Euroka then medium creek walking through Glenbrook Gorge to Station. Descent from Lookout is easily negotiated. Return fare 12/3. From Lookout views of Nepean and Sydney Plain.
- 22-23-24 Solitary - Cedar Ck. Tourist track walking to and from Solitary. Going will be a little rough off Solitary and in Cedar Ck., although bushfires have now made the climb out of Cedar Ck. to the Ruined Castle a lot easier. From Solitary good views of surrounding cliffs of Jamieson Valley and tourists on Echo Point. Return fare 22/2. Easy ascent and descent on Narrow Neck by means of Golden Stairway.
- 23-24 Red Ledge Pass - Mitchells Ck. Very interesting trip for those who like exploring ways on and off Narrow Neck. A little intrepid in some spots on Red Ledge and Mitchells Ck but these are easily negotiated. Leader will probably make a base camp at Coral Swamp making the trip a lot easier. Return fare train 22/2, if tempted by taxi fare is approx. 1/- each way for car load of four. View over Megalong.
- 24 Erskine Ck. Lookout - Breakfast Ck. area. Mostly track walking except for Breakfast Ck. where going is a little scratchy. Medium test walk. Return train fare 12/3
- 29-30-1 Arethusa - Grand Canyon. As leader intends going through with packs, care should be taken to waterproof equipment. Rope work and pool swimming involved in Gorge. Views in Gorge and Canyon area are excellent. Leader also intends to meet up with Brian Harvey's Blue Gum walk.
- 30-1 Blue Gum - Govett's Leap. Ideal summer walk with swimming at Blue Gum and easy tracks to follow. Tracks down Perry's and up Govett's are in fair order. A Bonno, photographic area for campfire scene merchants. Train and car fare approx. 28/- Scenery is mighty. Prospectives don't miss this walk.
- 30-1 Car Trial. Somewhere near Sydney. This is not a race or reliability trial of cars, but more like a navigators trial where all can join in. The roads will be of a good standard - distance 110 miles. The trial will begin at 1.30 p.m. Saturday and end mid-day Sunday. The overnight and Sunday noon camps will be near good swimming holes. Bods

- wishing to take part with or without cars please contact David Brown YL 7137 or George Gray (See page 11 for details)
- December
- 1 Fireworks Ridge - Campfire Ck. Test walk. Tracks except for Fireworks Ridge and Campfire Ck. where the way is fair to medium. Leader intends to make for swimming hole in Glenbrook Ck. before returning to Station. Return train fare 12/
- 6-7-8 Glen Alan Ck. - Upper Breakfast Ck. area. Good tracks except in Glen Alan Ck. where leader wishes to spend a fair amount of time Swimming. Only long climb is Devils Hole but graded track makes this easy. This trip gives any quantity of material for photographers. Weather will be hot so light load is preferable. Train fare 22/2.
- 7-8 Martin's Lookout - Sassafrass Gully. Medium Creek walking most of the way although a little bushy in parts. Spots for swimming. Return fare from Springwood 15/5.
- 8 Era-Burning Palms. Ideal Sunday test walk. All track walking with good swimming and surfing at Era and Burning Palms. This part of South Coast is very photographic for colour enthusiasts. Return fare 11/2.
- 8 Children's Party - Bare Ck. Further details from Jen. Madden - WL 5317.

SEPTEMBER WALK'S REPORT.

-- Brian Anderson (Walks Sec)

Well, it's pleasing to find that all walks during September managed to leave Central Station before being white anted.

The month's walking began very quietly as David Brown's Marathon and the associated Saturday camp trip were transferred to the last weekend of September, but more of that later. However, Laurie Rayner's Sunday walk down Tunk's Ck. Galston Gorge proceeded as planned with seven bods attending.

On the following weekend approximately 120 walkers joined the pleasant Saturday walk from the President's front gate to his back door where Malc. and Elsa McGregor were farewelled by their bushwalking friends and a bunch of phony Scotsmen who paraded in paint brushes and tartan shirts, worn of course, at a lower level.

Although most were late getting to bed on the Saturday night, nine members and eleven prospectives still managed to accompany David Ingram down Spring Gully, Cowan Creek way. It's interesting to note, here, that of the eleven prospectives, eight were females. Probably the importance of this fact, could be best summed up in Frank Barr's own statement "Aw - Bonno!"

From the Editor is reported a 14 mile spine bash trip in Wheeny Creek with 11 others. Frank said, at one stage the party was going so slow that they were averaging 1/8 of a mile per hour. (Heck if they went any slower they'd stop!) Yvonne Renwick had a nasty experience whilst walking bare footed in this area, when she walked on some live coals of a burnt out log. If the truth were known, it's probably one of Digby's subtle ways of burning off the members.

14.

Saturday walk, jointly led by Jess Martin and Edna Garrad in the Salvation Ck. area proceeded well despite an abundance of ticks trying to get free rides on passing bushwalkers. Jess and Edna's party comprised six members, one visitor and a prospective prospective.

Dot Butler's Sunday climbing trip in Glenbrook Gorge had 14 members and four visitors all over the rock faces. Also Colin Putt's demonstration of climbing techniques made the day a profitable one for prospective climbers.

Now the last weekend proved very popular for walking with 41 bodes joining the three programmed walks and the deferred marathon.

On the Friday "nighter" troubles of all kinds handicapped Joan Walker's party of six members along the Cox and Blackheath Creek. Firstly the multitude of sleepy snakes basking in the sun and secondly the four would-be marathoners who just "didn't make the grade".

John White and 19 others armed with maps, compasses, film, projectors and good ideas ventured out to Dr. Barnado's Home for boys at Picton to show the lads the Walkers' way of life. John reports great interest was shown by the boys and that a wealth of potential members were available if the club were to invite one or two, now and then, on official suitable club walks.

Rumour has it that one of the boys was so grateful for his outing that he presented Bob Binks with his catapult.

Finally, Sunday's walk led by David Ingram to Uloola Falls had seven members and three prospectives.

Now, if I may be so bold to include the 120 walkers at McGregor's farewell, the tally for September would be 226.

WARRUMBUNGLE NATIONAL PARK PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

May we remind all photographers about this lucrative competition which closes on 29th November. Two sections:

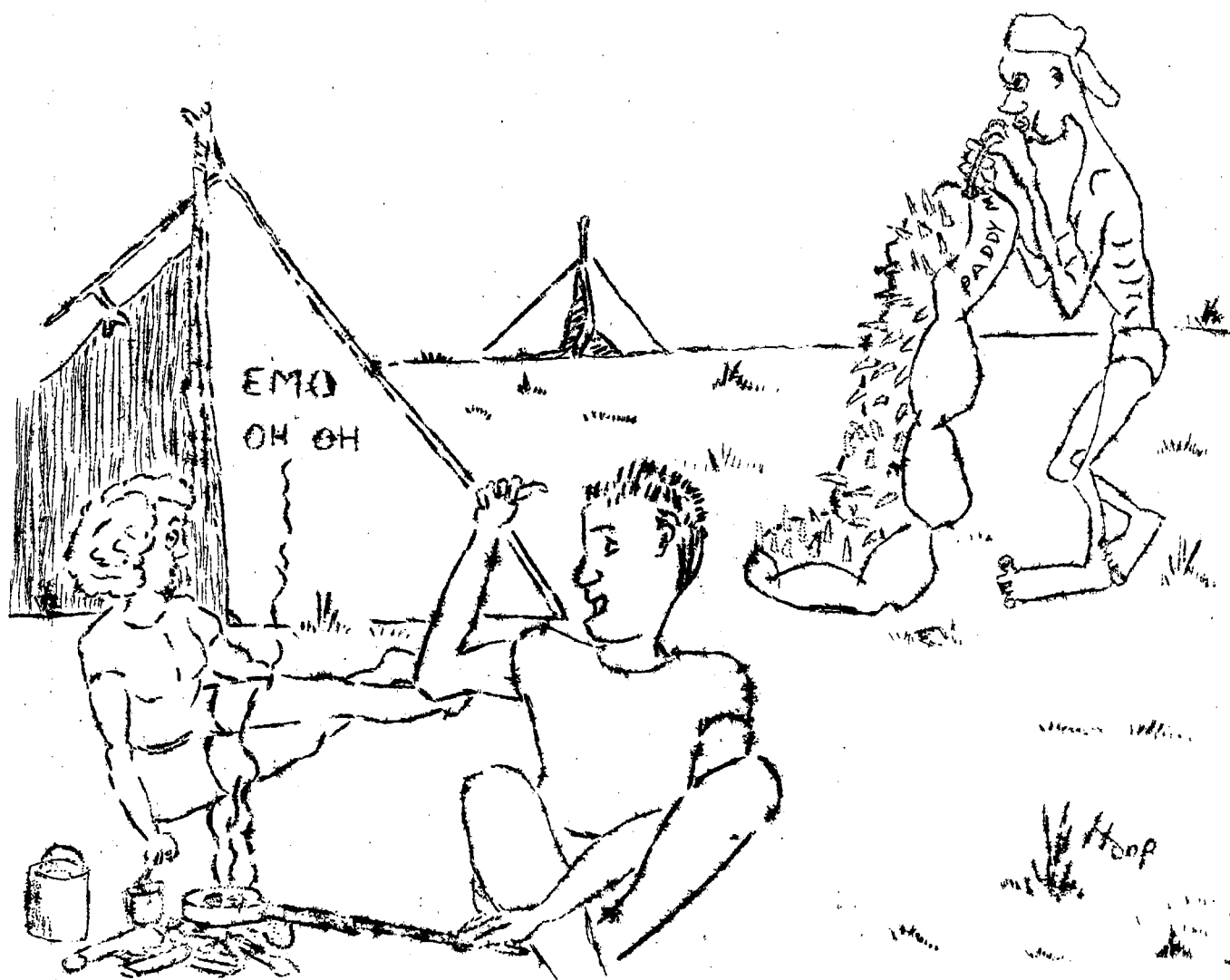
- a) Colour Transparencies 1st Prize £75 and five consolation prizes of £5 each.
- b) Black and White Prints ... 1st Prize £25 and five consolation prizes of £5 each.

Entry fee is 2/- each and entries should be accompanied by the official entry form and sent to the Secretary, Warrumbungle National Park Trust, C/o Mr. G. A. Gould, Shire Clerk, Coonabarabran.

The Competition Rules with the attached Entry Form was included with your April, 1957 magazine. If you can't find this, Ron Knightley will be pleased to oblige with a duplicate.

BE IN IT THIS IS YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY FOR YOUR CAMERA TO PUT A FEW CHIPS BACK INTO YOUR POCKET.

I.P.Y. — INTERNATIONAL PHYSICAL YEAR



"MY DEAH — I'LL INTRODUCE YOU AFTER TEA ——— HE'S ROUND THE BEND A BIT ——— ONE OF OUR SCIENTIFIC MEMBERS ——— HAS SOME QUAIN'T NOTIONS ON COMFORT ——— QUITE FASCINATING REALLY!"

TYPISTE'S LAMENT.

Oh to be the typiste of our magazine
Punching off the words as you've never seen,
In bursts the Editor regularly on the dot
With the old complaint of being on the spot.
So he leaves it to me to fit in this and that
And if it doesn't make the grade he nearly leaves me flat.
Stories and advertisements are just a minor thing
But deciphering the writing really leaves its sting.
Though when it's once more finished I feel a little sad
To have to wait another month to see what's in our Mag.

THE WAGG WEDDING.

--- Dot Butler

In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, Geoffrey took Grace to be his wedded wife on Wednesday, 18th September 1957, and with this union another star was born in heaven.

The bride (of course) was late, which was a good thing for several other guests whose taxis had been held up in traffic jams on the way. We late ones converged on the doorstep with the waiting priest and photographers and were telling each other in a gush of typical Bushwalker frankness what a fortune each of us had squandered on taxis and here we were ten minutes late in spite of it, when two white ribboned cars drew up at the church, one backwards and bewildered and the other frontwards and in its right mind, and out stepped the bride. All our sordid preoccupation with money vanished like a puff of smoke.

On the tender air of evening was wafted a faint elusive scent of carnations and hyacinths, and time (and Grace) stood still for one breathless shining instant while Henry took photos. At the threshold of the church stood the bride, gentle and pure as the moonlight, sensitive and soft as starlight, and I'm drawing this picture specially for Geoffo because he, poor fellow, was not there to see it; he was already inside - standing down the front with his back turned and trying to pretend he was waiting in all patience, but the frequent screwing round of his neck so he could look up the aisle and get a glimpse of the doorway through which his Grace would appear gave the game away. To the interested spectators Geoffo's guarded performance looked as obvious as Garth getting undressed under a groundsheet on Cronulla beach - and Pete too, the time Betty ran away with his pants and him standing helplessly there clad in nothing but a coating of sand and his hair all wild about his head while half a dozen of us held up a screening groundsheet, shouting, "Hey!!! Bring back my shorts!!!" But I digress. Where am I? In Church. Oh yes. I get a side view of the staggeringly impeccable second-best man and it is the same Stitt, with every hair in place. And that other offsider is a wondrous tidy Boy Brown.

Outside under the stars of a spring evening Henry's flashlight flared, the shutter clicked, and time once more took up its breathing. The kindly smiling priest welcomed the bride at the door and we others went inside.

And now down the aisle come two pretty pastel bridesmaids, Judy and Jean, and then Allen, his face one great grin from ear to ear, trying(?) to look portly and paternal in his role of giver-away, proudly pacing down with the bride on his arm.

And now, as the pair stood before him, the priest, his face shining with sincerity, told them of the Third Member of the Party who would henceforth accompany them on their long walk through life, and how their love for each other would spread, in service and understanding, to others with whom they came in contact. And we thought, "You don't have to tell that to our Geoffo - or Grace either".

The ceremony continued with the reading from the book.

Quietly the "I wills" were said, and Pete, who had been pre-occupied all the time with whether he had the ring, found at the last minute that he did, in fact still have it. Then they went up ad altera Dei - to the alter of God - God who giveth joy to their youth - the two now one, and the priest gave his blessing, "God be with you my children" and it was over - or rather, it was just begun.

WHITE ANT BORINGS.

The party started walking at 10 a.m. At 11 a.m. a little over a mile had been covered, and at least 30 minutes had been spent waiting for photographers and more blatant types of white ants to catch up. The Leader took the length of nylon rope from the top of his pack; looked along the perfectly flat valley, waited for the last laggard to come up and announced in a tone not to be argued with - "All right, now we rope up!"

Even on marathons four o'clock reveille and five o'clock starting is the exception proving the rule. On an unnamed bluff somewhere south of Sassafras Colin Putt threw down the gage. Those who wanted to get closer to Mt. Renwick could rise at four etc..... What's more nine out of fourteen in the party did just that. It hasn't been heard of since the Admiral had Hooper up and going at 5 a.m.

The peak of Ultra-Confidence Dept.: Some of the Pajama Game Theatre party adjourned to a certain suppery after the show and were served by a well-meaning and charming Naussie lass who has an aptitude for getting her delicacies mixed without any fuss or bother whatsoever. Someone ordered a butterscotch milk shake while two rugged individualists sought loganberry malted milks of all things. ("Notz on zee menu, zir, but orf kos we haf them", in the most assured and charmingly-accented manner). As our group, with palates tingling with anticipation discussed the admirable versatility and enterprise of this suppery, back came the order. Faces dropped as they saw the outcome stripped of all its glamour -- two ice-creams and a cup of coffee!!!

Who was it that went home in the train from Glenbrook with charcoal over her face and with dirty knees? Disgraceful!!!! One of the passengers was heard to remark that bushwalkers NEVER wash!!!

What an entertaining introduction Henry Gold flavoured his slide night with recently - it's an idea that could profitably be taken up by others who have slides to show. Henry said one of his reasons for joining the S.B.W. was because he was told that "we do everything". Let the memories flood back for a moment and we think you'll humorously agree that this is by no means the over-statement of the year!

How to remain cool, calm and pass the buck: Picture the scene (in the black of night, naturally) on the Admiral's most recent Hawkesbury boat trip. There was Alan Wilson at the helm, sure and confident in his course and the supposition that the big cruiser had oceans of water on all sides. Suddenly a waving light appears dead ahead and a frantic voice cries out "Turn right, turn right, you're heading straight for my front garden!" What had happened? Where were they? Which way did the river run? Nobody knew. In the midst of the confusion our Alan suddenly had a flash of brilliance. "You take over, Admiral", he calmly announced "I'm going to have my tea". And sure enough he did.

A SAGA IN SEVEN SCENES:

-- John Bookluck

It's six years ago, I'm told, that Jack Noble led this same walk which Beverly Price led in the first days of June, 1957. The trip being Wentworth Falls - Hippocrene Falls - Kedumba Ck - Wentworth Falls and it is worthy of being mentioned in despatches, also proved a trip of incidents.

Scene I: Central Station. A group of walkers cry in unison, "Where's our leader?" while some mumble something about better places to go.

Scene II: Strathfield Station. Loud cheers as leader boards.

Scene III: Wentworth Falls. Leader taks tally, "Hm.. 2 Johns, 2 Jacks, 2 Peters, 2 women, 2 D's, 1 O.B.E. total 13 ... not bad."

Scene IV: Camp - Mob is gathered around small camp fire by Don Reed while large one built by Stitt is neglected. Topic of discussion is submarines and aqualunging. Their voices are droning. I find myself under the spell of soft glowing coals and as I gaze I reflect. We came down the cliff face by a series of ladders and wired-in paths cut into the rock face. Tracks and ladders are both in good condition. Wentworth Falls are unique in their way. Whilst W.F. falls over hard projecting rock to form a veil, Hippocrene Falls are in fact the reverse. The water has cut back into the rock and falls over in a needle like mass. From here the track thins out. The creek has to be crossed numerous times. Although a dry season, there is considerable water in the creek and the rocks were damp, slippery and cold, but the fire is warm.

Scene V: Kedumba Creek crossing. Lunch. Those wet and slippery rocks make many take an unwilling plunge. Perhaps the most notable plunges were made by Don and Oswald who managed to go in up to their ears in a foot of water. It is not all such. Often we leave the river for an enjoyable stroll through a river flat. Now before we come to Kedumba Creek crossing our river flats close in and the creek finds its way through a granite gorge similar to parts on the Cox. Through this Gorge the water tumbles while we bushwalkers negotiate our way by crossing from side to side. Steep walls of the gorge made way to a green and pleasant river flat to Kedumba Creek camp side. (Recent errosion has cut deeply into the camping side).

Scene VI: Sanitorium: Afternoon tea.

Don Read: "Tea's ready,"

John Proudfoot: "Shall I see matron for permission to use phone?"

Beverly: "No, I'll be going over as soon as I have drunk."

Bruce McGuinness: "How many bods ahead?"

Bev: "Let me see, Six."

Oswald: "Shall we pull up for them?"

John B: "No, wave to them".

Lynette: "I feel guilty".

Scene VII: At Station - All are gathered round coal fire.

Bev: "How did you get here?"

Stitt: "By private car - you remember that young couple you knocked back; well they took Peter, Eric and I to the station and after hearing Peter was a naval officer of an English Sub. we were swiftly and quickly taken for a quick tour of the mountains."

Bev: "That still leaves three."

Jack Perry: "Dave, Jack and myself walked in."

Chorus: "Hikers!"

MORAL for Leaders Never knock back a lift. There's sure to be some section of your party who won't!!

"AS I FOUND IT."

(With profuse apologies to Shakespeare for the perversion of his "Seven Ages of Man")

-- "Bull Moose"

Every walk's a stage,
And all the men and women merely actors.
They have their comings and their goings, as each
finds his place in one part or another ---
At first a crawl
Which develops to that first unsure step,
And so begins a life of wandering steps.
Then the Prospective with heavy gear and sweating brow -
All energy and boots while in his teens,
Drawn by some frightening urge, repulsed
by frightening women,
Till someone pins a flower on his chest.
Then sure and game with easy stride on risky ridge,
Singing bawdy songs and spinning yarns so blue
So to the Marathon - lightweight - flat out from
dawn till dark,
Full of bloody oaths, sharp in a challenge
and bearded like a pard.
Then the lover carrying all her heavy gear,
Co-tenting and foodlisting.
Lazing by a stream or by some seaside beach
And so the weak fall by the way.
The sixth age shifts to a jovial old man,
Sitting by a campfire sipping tea,
Potbellied and full of humorous tales,
His manly coo-ee subdued toward a childish treble.
Last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history
Is second boyhood - a tired old codger with
delusions fast and free
Sans Pack - Sans Boots - Sans Souci.

AFTER THOUGHT



"YER KNOW FRIEND THAT LAST SWIM-HOLE HAS LEFT ME VAGUELY
WORRIED ----- I CAN'T HELP FEELING WE MUST'VE LEFT
SOMETHING BEHIND?"

CHRISTMAS TRIP -- DAVIES CANYON

24 - 25 - 26 - 27 - 28 - 29
DECEMBER.

BLACKHEATH - CAB CARLONS - BREAKFAST CREEK - COX RIVER - KONANGAROO -
KANANGRA RIVER - BASE CAMP FOOT OF DAVIES CANYON - UP AND DOWN DAVIES
CANYON WITHOUT PACKS - RETURN SAME ROUTE - RETURN CAB CARLONS TO
BLACKHEATH.

TO BASE CAMP - TYPE M - MILEAGE TOTAL ABOUT 45
WITHIN CANYON - TYPE R - MILEAGE TOTAL ABOUT 6
TRAIN 3.55 p.m. (S) - ON TUESDAY 24th DECEMBER.

RETURN TICKETS TO BLACKHEATH

LEADER -- FRANK LEYDEN BO 233 EXTENSION 771 or 770. Early
notification necessary.

Features of Davies Canyon Christmas trip.

Davies Canyon is one of the unique scenic features of the Blue Mountains. It is especially interesting to Bushwalkers in view of its challenging remoteness and difficulty, its Styx-like chasms and impressive waterfalls and the variety of its wild life and flora. The few previous parties who have attempted it have been generally time-pressed and mainly concerned with "getting through".

The present trip proposes to follow a route in the Canyon made by Bill Cosgrove and the Leader last Christmas. There need be no climbing exposure greater than that of Taro's ladders and no compulsory swimming or roping. The trip offers an opportunity for members to explore Davies Canyon in the easiest manner and with adequate time, and any moderately good walker should enjoy the trip. Access is by river walking, giving opportunity for swimming. Weight may be reduced by making a food cache on the way. Gym boots with a golf-shoe rubber heavy-tread or volley sole, extra large with 2 pair heavy socks, would be suitable. The canyon is glass-like granite similar to the Kowmung, alternating with some crumbly sidling and good footwear is essential. Rock-hopping is also encountered. The Leader has some slides and photographs that may be seen. Early notification of joining the trip is necessary.

COMING SOCIAL NOTABLES.

18th November. It is hoped to organise a theatre party on this night to the show "Cross Section" at the Phillip Street Theatre. Please contact Social Sec. Heather Joyce if you're interested - and remember the more in it the merrier.

20th November. Frank Ashdown, has some slides of the Great Barrier Reef to show us. Knowing Frank and the Reef, the combination should produce a rare night's entertainment, so come along and join in the fun.

27th November. If all goes according to plan, we shall be seeing the Shell film "Back of Beyond". Don't take this as definite at this stage, as we are still awaiting confirmation from Shell. The Social Sec. will be making further announcements.

AND OF COURSE

We're getting in early to tell you about the biggest night of all --

OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY'S ON THE WAY

Everybody who's anybody will be there Make sure you're not a nobody.

See you at the R.S.L. Hall on the 14th December.

BUSHWALKING TERMS.

-- "Bull Moose"

Looking back on my entry into the Club I can recall the wonderful feeling of getting away from everything. The release with a happy party of walkers from all the built up stresses developed through living a city life. However, my social compatability was sorely tried. It was only a matter of time learning the different bushwalking expressions, but this time can be rather humiliating and wasteful. It's surprising the slant a newcomer can get on the most obvious phrases. I can always recall someone asking "Are yuh goin' up the Cox or down the 'Dilly?" Imagine my embarrassment at having to admit I had never heard of the Cox or Wollondilly Rivers.

On looking around the clubroom now, I see so many new faces, a few of which must be in the same position as I can remember, trying to understand and get to know us. Therefore I suggest there should be a glossary of Bushwalking Terms compiled to help new members assimilate themselves into our company much more easily.

Just a glance at the following list will reveal some of the wrong ideas I had of these common terms.

Damper	- What happens when you toss a bucket of water on an ear-basher.
Slide Night	- Camping on a 45° slope.
Chicken Noodle Soup	- Obviously the soup made from the noodles of chickens
Kowmung	- The mung dropped by Kows.
First Aid Kit	- Advice given after Kitty fell.
Blue Gum	- Coloured Confectionery
White Ants	- Super-intelligent insects who lay in wait for bushwalkers and force them to turn back to civilisation
Bobbin Head	- Hiccups
Diced Potatoes	- Thrown out spuds
Pannikin	- What starts when a ridge is lost at dusk.
Diamond Falls	- Broken engagement
Campfire Club	- A weapon used on walkers who sing bawdy songs around a fire.
Exposure Meter	- A device used by leaders to determine whether further clothing may be removed.
Wattamolla	- What a dentist said when looking at a large back tooth.
Water bag	- Teetotal female
Rip, Roar & Rumble	- Noises to expect after a hearty meal.
Rock-hopper	- An advanced stage of grass hopper or a hopper for keeping rocks in.
Barbecue	- Line of waiting people outside a hairdressers.
Festering Swab	- Unsterile dressing

The need is shown. Here is the chance for someone with the knowledge to become the prospective's friend.

FEDERATION REPORT - OCTOBER

-- Ron Knightley.

The meeting opened at 6.50 p.m. with 16 members representing 8 clubs. At 9.08 p.m. the council became out of order when attendance dropped below the level required for a quorum. This however, did not deter the remaining keen delegates from continuing to thrash out general business until 9.35 p.m.

FINANCE: The Federation's financial affairs are still in a state of disorder and the monthly letter of complaint from the Chief Secretary was duly tabled. The new Treasurer explained that only one item remains to be straightened out and hence he expects to placate the Chief Secretary and the Auditor within a month or two.

COLOUR SLIDES featuring Wild Life. The Wild Life Preservation Society is appealing for donations of colour transparencies featuring wild life subjects. It is understood that by "wild life" they don't specifically mean bushwalkers.

CONSERVATION: The Conservation report included the following items -

- a) Mr. Keith Blackman has offered to give to the Warrumbungle Park Trust some of his property to cater for campers and an access route from Wombelong Camp to Camp Pincham on Spirey Creek.
- b) The New England National Park Trust has found it necessary to sell timber out of the Park to raise funds for park administration (cries of "shame!" "Dastardly deeds!" etc. etc.)
- c) Nandewar National Park Proposals are being drawn up and it is hoped that the bushwalking movement will help the agitation therefor.

FEDERATION OFFICERS.

Neither volunteers nor nominees were forthcoming for the following positions -

Assistant Information Officer

Booking Officer for Social Committee.

Can S.B.W. provide volunteers for these highly paid honorary positions?

MEMORIAL ANNIVERSARY.

Anzac Day, 1958, falls on a Friday. Federation suggests that all walks programmes converge on Splendour Rock on that weekend. A dawn service will be held on the Saturday morning to mark the tenth anniversary of the setting of the memorial plaque. Base camp will be at Mobbs Swamp. Nearest road at Carlon's.

THE DESOLATER

This is the forest's prime evil, the slovenly camper,
Wasting and spoiling and scattering litter and rubbish,
Leaving his fire unquenched, what to him if its embers
Kindle a blaze that shall sweep through the pines and the birches,
Miles upon miles in a fury of death and destruction!
This is the forest's prime evil, the reckless and ruthless
Let him be locked in a cell where a single barred window
Looks on the flame-blackened ruins of beautiful woodland!

From the New York Herald Tribune.

PADDY MADE

24.

CHUFFER STOVES ARE IN AGAIN

Paddy is pleased to report that the small Shellite burning Primuses are in again. These useful trouble-free stoves are a boon under all manner of different conditions.

They weigh 1 lb. 4 oz. Hold $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of fuel (sufficient for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours burning). Will boil 1 pint of water in about 5 minutes. They burn unloaded petrol or Shellite and require no priming or pumping.

Price 53/6. Limited stock available. No further supplies coming before Christmas. A phone call will reserve one.

Quart tins of Shellite cost 3/9. Refills 2/6.

Christmas Shopping.

Less than seven weeks to Xmas. Shop early for your Xmas trip.

Gifts. Plenty of suitable gifts at Paddys.

'Phone: BM 2685. PADDY PALLIN PTY. LTD.

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Lightweight Camp Gear
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