

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER.

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to the Sydney Bush Walkers,  
The N.S.W. Nurses' Association Rooms, "Northcote Building",  
Reiby Place, Sydney. Box No. 4476 G.P.O., Sydney.  
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OCTOBER 1960

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COMING ATTRACTIONS

Watch the Notice Board or contact Leaders for further details.

- OCTOBER 21-22-23 Kanangra - Bullhead Range - Kowmung - Bulga Denis Canyon -  
Hugh's Ridge - Gingra - Kanangra.  
Panoramas over the heart of the Blue Mountains walking country.  
Delightful river scenery on Kowmung. Roughish trip with  
steep climbs and rock hopping.  
Private Transport. Leader: Bob Duncan.
- OCTOBER 28-29-30 Bungonia Lookdown - Shoalhaven River - Bungonia Gorge - Blockup.  
Read "Sydney-side Scenery" (Prof. Griffiths Taylor) p.186 for  
description of the spectacular Bungonia Gorge.  
See Lake Louise and the sheer cliffs of the Blockup.  
Private Transport. Leader: Bill Burke.
- NOVEMBER 11-12-13 Boolejah Creek - Danjera Creek Exploration.  
A continuation of recent exploratory trips which have been  
described in recent Editions of "The Sydney Bushwalker".  
Unspoilt creek scenery, fascinating route finding on the  
plateaus.  
Private Transport. Leader: Colin Putt.

SOCIAL NOTES.

- Pamela Baker.

OCTOBER 19TH

"A Walk in the Forest" is a film of the trek made by a New Guinea patrol, as a native is brought to hospital in an attempt to break a "hoodoo" placed upon him.  
"The Moving Spirit" is a cartoon, showing the development of the motor car. Both are B.P. films.  
(Supper will be served - 1/- per person.)

OCTOBER 26TH

Members, who heard Professor Griffiths Taylor's talk on the geology of some of our walking country will be eager to come along again when the topic will be "South With Scott".

NOVEMBER 16TH

Jim and Malcolm will be producing another of their box office successes.

Slides for the Scenic Slide Competition - please hand them to me before NOVEMBER 9TH.

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JOTTINGS FROM THE HALF-YEARLY MEETING.

"From the Back Row".

Janet and Ian Harvey welcomed as new members...

Brian Harvey reported that a small party had visited All Saints' Church, Hunter's Hill, to give a talk on Bushwalking and bush cooking, and demonstration of gear, and offered to take those interested on a suitable one day walk ...

Jean Wilson has resigned from Asst. Secretaryship. Her place was taken by Helen McMaugh for the evening. A new Asst. Secretary to be elected at the October meeting ...

Pam Baker reported a loss on Supper Takings at Marie Byles' recent talk. This was probably due to member's inability to distinguish the supper collection box from the S & R Fund box. This led to a lot of chit chat as to whether Supper was necessary or not when Guest speakers were in the Clubroom and it was generally concluded that Supper was a good thing ...

Prospective members may now be admitted to Annual Meetings and allowed to attend the Reunion. Thanks to Snow Brown for starting the ball rolling ...

Wilf Hilder requested that Federation be asked to mark the White Dog track and reroute the washed away Diamond Falls Crossing. Motion carried.

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THE SOCIAL PAST :

SEPTEMBER 21ST. Angela McMahon gave a colourful talk on "Overland to India" (John Bookluck and Lyn Baber were on this trip) with many beautiful slides, particularly of India, where she spent some months after leaving the main party.

SEPTEMBER 28TH. Royal Life Saving Society.

Mr. Sellwood gave an informative talk, illustrated with a film, on methods of resuscitation. A barrage of questions from the audience was capably answered.

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THE LONG WEEKEND :

PIGEON HOUSE: The combined outing with the N.P.A. (including the Milton Branch) attracted 80 adults and 20 children to the Boyne River campsite near Pigeon House. A nature film was shown on Saturday night and Pigeon House climbed on Sunday. The weather was not the best for panoramas, but the glorious display of wildflowers made up for this.

ETTREMA EAST: Alex Colley led a party of 7 in an exploratory trip from the Yalwal - Ettrema junction up the Ettrema, up an unnamed creek on to the tops, along to Point Possibility and back down the long Eastern plateau to Ettrema Creek again. Wild flowers on the tops were rated the best and most widespread seen yet in any area - (pure white boronia among them). Navigation was made difficult on the East plateau by lack of a defined ridge and the presence of coppice growth - not to mention the prickliest scrub felt for a long time.

KOSCIUSKO: Colin Putt took 12 to Guthega, and camped near the Snowy River in ideal weather. A snow cave was built in case of emergency and a nearby hut would have coped with anything worse. The party climbed on ice at Twynam, Watson's Crag, and around about, and were given general instruction in snow climbing techniques.

BARRINGTON TOPS: Mick Elphick with party of 7 camped on Barrington (Carey's Peak) and spent most of the weekend waiting for thick mist to lift.

THREDBO & PERISHER: George Gray (4 in party) visited Thredbo and Perisher areas skiing. Good snow and weather.

ETTREMA WEST: Reg Meakins' party of seven - from Yalwal via Point Possibility to Ettrema Creek, up the other side, across to Tolwong, down Tallowall gully along the Shoalhaven and out via Tallong. Conditions somewhat similar to the Colley party. Wildflowers impressive.

ERA: Others spent a peaceful weekend at Era.

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HOLDING THE NATURAL AREAS.

- Allen A. Strom.

All of us who love our true Australian bushlands are concerned over the kind of precarious existence which it is living, and how it will be able to face up to the demands of the future when there may be three or four times as many Australians with more leisure time and much better means of transportation. Amid what has been called the "concrete jungle" of an industrial society, we will be much more desperately in need of the spiritual refreshment that only experience in a natural world can bring.

Did I say all of us "are concerned"? - I wonder! So many of us are so concerned with the enjoyment of the "bushlands" that we fail to think about our responsibility to the bush. Bushwalkers like their bush in very large doses of primitive wilderness, and by and large, they seek out such places in a kind of "enjoy it now for tomorrow it will die". There's little question as to ameliorating the demise. Perhaps it's a relic of the primitive agriculture that moved on to new lands when the old had been destroyed by overuse. But it is certainly an unreal approach to the problem of holding natural areas.

The problem of holding natural areas is bound up with land usage, economics and the pressures of increasing human populations. In fact, the increase in human populations is the most bewildering aspect of modern living since it threatens living standards in all its aspects. I am not concerned about where the populations are bursting at the seams because any reaction we have seen so far has been to meet increase by increase and to press more and more of our natural resources into use like squandering our life's savings.

Bushwalkers - or those that cared - have been battling along for years in an effort to save the primitive lands and not without successes; but I have a feeling that their story has always lacked a conviction because they seldom made it quite clear that they wanted the natural areas to be held for the whole nation to enjoy, each according to his skills and capacities. It is just not possible to preserve large tracts of public lands for the casual use of some odd thousand people. Furthermore, the tide runs quickly to the ebb if the odd thousand people are so busy enjoying themselves that they seldom or never become vocal or active.

The unoccupied Crown Lands of New South Wales are running out. The stream has dried considerably, very considerably, since the end of the Second World War. Perhaps the next decade or two will see the end of this kind of Crown lands and the land usage pattern of New South Wales will have been determined. The land the bushwalkers will then use must be within our National Parks and Nature Reserves. It is futile bemoaning the day that must come; let us be ready for it - or the peoples that will then use it. Maybe I hear you say - "I shan't be worrying about bushwalking, then. What's the odds?" Such an attitude is but vindication of my line - most people are selfish mammals and the ranks of the bushwalkers are perhaps a little more tinged with these characters than some other groups of people.

National Parks and Nature Reserves are public lands, they belong to the public who have a birthright to use them. The limit is not upon the kinds of use so much as upon the effects of use. Instead of bemoaning the dwindling

numbers of areas where bushwalkers can do what they like, may I suggest there are two lucrative fields for the attention of the bushwalker worth his bush?

1. Active, vocal propaganda that all our National Parks and Nature Reserves should lay down "planned usage", so that all the interests of all the people are accommodated, perhaps in a limited fashion but at least, recognised.
2. Active search for suitable areas for National Parks and Nature Reserves.

The strongest criticism and indeed, the truest, that can be levelled against the great body of nature conservationists, is that their approaches are too academic - all wordy and without plan. Perhaps I can join with the United States Secretary of the Interior when he wrote recently to the Director of the United States National Parks Service:

"Because of the situation which America confronts in this respect, I ask you and your colleagues in the National Parks Service to give high priority to a program of studying and identifying areas which should be preserved for the enjoyment and inspiration of all the people of America. These should include seashores, scenic mountain areas, prairie grasslands, places of national importance in our history, and other nationally significant types of areas. The important thing is that those places of high intrinsic value for the public refreshment, enjoyment, and inspiration be quickly identified, and steps taken to protect and preserve them for this over-riding purpose before they are irretrievably lost to other uses. Action on this problem I believe to be of transcendent importance."

### THE 1960 WALKING TRIAL.

#### PROLOGUE AND DEPARTURE .

- Don Matthews.

The alarm rang at 4.50 and the Trial Organiser leapt from his bag to round up the slumbering starters. After all, this was a Walking Trial, and even those who weren't starting until 0900 shouldn't be allowed too much rest. Across Megalong Creek to the Southside -

In the dim light a few early starters were shaking the sleep from their heads and looking for dry wood without much success. Meanwhile Mephistopheles McGregor had laid a fire, sprinkled it with magic liquid, and suddenly as he waved his wand, flames leapt into the air to announce the start of the 1960 Walking Trial.

Two seconds later, the flames disappeared and disappointed prospective breakfasters turned to where the elder Esgate had been patiently coaxing life into selected dry tinder. At this stage the Editor started to ask the parties for candid copy. Response was nil, and the mug held hopefully in the left hand remained empty. ...

6.

Snow's party warmed stewed chops in someone's mother's saucepan - Mick Elphick shoved a frying pan full of sausages into the heart of the roaring fire where they stayed until the fire died down sufficiently to allow recovery, by which time they were mainly charcoal (good for the teeth).

Robert A. Duncan's party, mysteriously missing on Friday night, was located up the hill under the trees, eating a Butler styled dry breakfast of powdered milk and Bournvita followed by cold rice pudding. A cold leg of lamb was available for later sustenance. This party was quietly confident about its chances. When asked about other parties' prospects, Mr. Duncan volunteered that Stitt didn't have a hope. . . he had never yet successfully traversed Galong Creek, and when asked about his trip had got a shifty look in his eye and changed the subject. But said Duncan, it doesn't matter if he does cheat, he hasn't got a hope of winning.

At this stage R.A.D. discovered that he had forgotten his shorts and decided to lead his party from behind. The difficult decision of whether or not this was constitutional was avoided by his later appearance in shorts borrowed or pinched.

On the flat was parked Doherty's car with the boot lid open. Closer inspection showed a body in the boot. Identity had to wait until hunger drove the occupant out. Helen Barrett! But that's not all. Sometime later Carl shut the boot with a clang. Helen had disappeared. Knock, knock. Carl opened the boot and out stepped Helen changed and ready for the Trial. If we hadn't seen it we wouldn't have believed it.

At 6 o'clock Snow, Heather and Bill Ketas set off with packs bobbing on their backs and a warning ringing in their ears about going down the "right Blue Dog".

A few minutes later the Esgates and Mick Elphick strode off. At this point the observer, mug still empty, lost interest and went to get his own breakfast, looking up now and again as pairs of heels disappeared up the road or down the creek.

Later on the Organising party drove leisurely down to Carlon's, and struggled to the second flat above Carlon's to make camp.

.....

As six of the trips finished by climbing Galong Creek, a small party of observers wandered down at about 3 o'clock, picked out a convenient short sidle around the top fall (ostensibly for any Trialers who didn't like climbing in water, but actually to keep their own tails dry) and continued to halfway down the Canyon where the Stitt party was met.

They were making good time and appeared to be in good condition. Although nothing was said at the time, we understand that they were not impressed with the descent of Glen Alan Gorge - (it's the sort of Creek that's easier to go up, unless you know it backwards). However we now have positive proof that Stitt has, despite Duncan's foreboding, successfully negotiated Galong Creek.

# Sanitarium

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Downstream a bit was Reg Meakins, enjoying a SWIM in this icy cold torrent whilst waiting for his companions to bypass the last obstacle which had proved difficult to negotiate in boots. They were taking their time and enjoying the trip. So too were Molly Rodgers, Irene Pridham and Yvonne Remwick who stated that they'd had a pleasant day relaxing and enjoying nature.

.....

By 4 o'clock, at the foot of the Canyon, there wasn't a sign of further parties, so the observers retreated for a late afternoon tea.

## ARRIVAL.

- Malcolm McGregor.

Through the day various non-trialers arrived and a regular village was established up in the paper barks. All was peaceful until 3.06 p.m. when a great pounding was heard coming up the slope and in raced Dot and the Dalai Lama with Rona and John to check in and then flop to the ground. Jim Brown ambled up and said "Been running eh?". "Yes" said Dot "we ran all the way". "Disqualify them" cracked Jim "this was a walking trial". The committee - that's me - considered this suggestion but when Dot and the Lama looked at me menacingly I decided to let the time stand.

8.

It wasn't long before other parties started to come in, Jack Wren and Co., the Stitts and Garth, Arnold, Reg & Co., and the rude things some of these people said about the trips, almost made me blush.

There was quite an air of excitement as the clock went past 5 p.m., for now some of the long trips should be coming in. There was a shout from the ridge and down came Snow's party, still with some steam left, and Snow told me afterwards that he is now an authority on Bad Dog, the Bad pups and all that horrible stuff out along Blue dog. I thought it was very good of Snow to make an investigation of this sort; no doubt he did it so that all other members will be able to benefit from his firsthand experience. "What was that you said Heather?"

Well, that's how it went. In they came, but I must mention a bit of a side trip that started at 10 past 5. We were worried about one party which was coming up Galong Creek. They should have been in by now so Reg Meakins said that he'd go down the creek and see. At 7 the wanderers came in, having bypassed the top fall, and so missed Reg, but in the meantime President Jack had set off to see what he could find. At 8.10 Reg and Jack came back and were pleased to find that all was well. The key point is that Reg had done a trial trip and then had gone down Galong to the Cox on this search and come back in 3 hours, most of it in the dark. Try it sometime!

Around the campfire the handicaps were opened and the times adjusted with the Butler Duncan party as the winners. It was a good weekend. 41 people did trial trips and another 20 or 30 were on the spot to cheer them on.

#### EPILOGUE.

The Duncan-Butler party collapsed in a heap in a good imitation of complete exhaustion. This was an obvious fake and we have since bribed the honest member of the party with chocolate mellah to confirm our suspicions. Also a time schedule was left lying on the ground to confuse the organiser. Estimated time of arrival was 5.15. This was to allay any suspicions about a too liberal handicap.

.....

Snow's party spent the long weekend at Era. Slow recovery?

.....

#### THE WINNERS :

Duncan - Butler - Scott.

Route: Down Galong - along Cox's to Breakfast Creek - Ironmonger - Carlon's. About 15 miles.

.....

The most difficult trips: See Geoff Wagg's following account.  
Time about 12½ hours, including lunch.

Snow, Heather, Bill Ketas.  
Route: Mitchell's Creek, Narrow Neck - Blue Dog - Glen Alan Creek - Carlon's.

Time about 11½ hours, including lunch.



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APPLICATION.

WALK 28. (GRAY, LOGANBERRY, WILF & WAGG).

- Geof Wagg

We lay on the well padded corrugations of the floor of George's Kombi Van and through the depths of sleep heard the noise. "Gosh, listen to those gang gangs", said someone sleepily. "That's not gang gangs, that's Evelyn". "Oh".

I reached up to examine the alarm clock and find why it hadn't gone off and the dashed thing exploded hysterically in my hand. So began the day. George rolled over and would have gone right out the side door if it had been open. I opened it and went out to search for John Loganberry, who had slept outside. Malcolm's face appeared peering through the condensation on the side window.

"What, not out yet?"

"We'll be right", replied George, reclining in his flea bag.

A nearby beret (It wasn't a beret. It was a rolled up Balaclava...Ed.) turned out to have the editor inside it with his joke about someone being asleep in Doherty's boot but we got our reply wrong. The answer it seems should have been: "Left or right". Malcolm had come to offer us permission to drive to the Black Jerry's turnoff in exchange for 50 minutes of our time. We weren't too sure how far it was to this turnoff but such an offer is hard to refuse.

10.

At 6.50 a.m. we commenced walking from Black Jerry's turnoff, the scent of Wilf's knee linament drifting delicately on the morning air. And it was a magnificent morning. Better even because of the menace of an occasional heavy rain cloud that made the sun seem brighter.

7.30 exactly, and the Cox's River had never been more beautiful than now, cradled in greenness, glittering in the rapids and sliding silently on wet stones.

8.00. We left it's junction with Harry's River. George led off up a ridge.

"Hey, George, we're getting a long way from the river." But George has a memory for detail and the ridge dropped gently to set us safely once more on the river bank. The canyon passed quickly and we left the echo of a song somewhere among the upper crags, then on to the good straight stretches with hard packed sand and shingle beds.

9.10. At Mumbadah Creek put us twenty minutes ahead of the schedule and at the next perfect spot we stopped for first lunch. It was easy to relax. The sun was shining and on the trees the bright new leaves gleamed finely against the blue background of cloud hanging heavily over the west.

"Looks like we're in for a drop of rain", predicted Wilf cheerily, as we packed 30 minutes later. And it did rain, the first drops falling as we commenced our climb up the West Queahgong buttress at 9.50.

It's a fine climb, steep and to the point with scarcely a saddle in the whole 2,800 odd feet. Squalls swept like billowing gauze up the valleys and the scattered raindrops plodded like our feet on the dry slope.

George suffered with cramps in his thigh muscles after the first thousand feet but kept up the best pace he could where they didn't actually tie into knots. Whenever he stopped these muscles would quiver and bunch while George watched with disapproval.

Wilf's cry of "More Mumbadah Mum!" echoed the revolt of his creaky knees against climbing ridges. We struck thick regrowth scrub on the top 200 feet and altogether the climb absorbed our spare 20 minutes.

12.00. On West Queahgong summit left us a scheduled 90 minutes to regain the Cox's River, but we used this up before reaching Heartbreaker. Our high hopes were leaking away.

"If we were on the Cox now", I said "we would be in by 5 o'clock".

"The trouble is", pointed out Wilf "we're at least an hour away from it - More Mumbadah Mum".

"What about that hailstorm on Queahgong. I bet Malcolm didn't allow for that in the handicap."

The amazing weather was warm and sunny again now, even hot, but as we'd climbed, wave over wave of cloud had come, like Lochinvar, out of the west, bringing showers with sunlight sandwiched between and culminating in a short,

sharp, bitter cold onslaught of hail on the summit of West Queahgong. But an hour and the cold had passed, the sun was out and we were feeling thirsty.

"More Mumbedah Mum!"

I thought of my tin of strawberries as John and I kicked up the dust on Heartbreaker Ridge.

"I dunno" confided John, "everyone said how rough these ridges are. They don't seem too rough to me." Perhaps his trip to New Zealand spoilt him. We pressed on.

"Well, I dunno" said John, looking along the silver strip of river below us on the left, "it looks to me as though they've put the Cox through a tunnel right under this ridge.

No, the Cox was in its place. We arrived at 3.30. We had wanted to be at Breakfast Creek then. For half an hour we brewed and chewed. The sun shone; the grass was green and yielding, casuarinas swayed gracefully in a whisper of wind. The strawberries were delicious. It would have been wonderful to camp.

George's thigh muscles danced rhumbas and cha chas under their skin; Wilf creaked whenever he moved and as ever the odour of linament ascended like incense to heaven.

"Oh well, said Wilf "the Old Soldier isn't what he was. I think I'd better push along."

We all did. The Cox was cold and very wet in the deep parts, but refreshing. On the other side we really stepped it out, John leading. It was better than I'd hoped. To quote Geoffrey Winthrop Young. "A good party is sometimes refreshed by an increase in pace".

4.30 Breakfast Creek.

"Wonderful" said I.

"Amazing" said George, "but how long will we keep it up".

"I dunno" said John "I think we might get in by six yet". Wilf was already on his way. We walked, John and I heartlessly keeping the pace as high as we could.

"The faster you go the sooner it will be over". Wilf threw out his legs trying to regain his old stride but rolled and winced as he went. George followed tenuously like a kite on a fine string. We passed up the short cut over the Frying Pan because we didn't think we could climb it.

5.30 Carlon's Creek.

"Look, if you two think you can finish by six you go on."

"We finish together or not at all."

"Groan".

12.

We lined up, John leading, George, Wilf, me. Wilf had just annointed his knee and the liberal libations of linament blotted out all other odours including, mercifully, the dead calf. We walked and Carlon's Creek stretched in front of us like a piece of elastic. And then the climb. Hunched and steady plod, plod, up - up - up. George groaned and slumped down. John stopped, blowing.

"Keep - going - it's - almost - six". Up - up - up. Until at last the fire road. Involuntarily we sat down. If only we could have got up again, - but why consider the impossible. There we sat while the night closed down. In time we moved again along, around the hill, then fires, people.

"I've got some tea for you", says Kath.

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NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION OF N.S.W.  
PUBLICITY.

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SUGGESTED APPOINTMENT OF A PUBLICITY OFFICER ON AN HONORARIUM BASIS.

With a view to obtaining greater publicity and much needed public support for its activities, the Association is giving serious thought to the appointment of a Publicity Officer, on a partly paid or honorarium basis.

It is thought there should be men or women among Bushwalking and similar Clubs who may welcome an addition to their income in return for assistance in the compilation of the Association's journal, seeking out and preparing items of general interest in conservation and allied fields, and in general relieving the Hon. Secretary and other officers whose business commitments limit the time and energy they would otherwise be able to give to such activities.

Would anyone who is interested and feels that he or she may be able to assist in this way, please contact Mr. Allen A. Strom, Hon. Secretary, National Parks Association of N.S.W., 3 Cooperbrook Avenue, Gympie Bay.

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It was one of those evenings up on the North Shore when some of the bods were foregathered to see slides, and natter. There was a slide of a somewhat distant general camp scene, with tents, cars and an odd caravan scattered over the landscape. "Oh look, Daddy", said a daughter, rushing up to the screen and excitedly pointing to a splash of colour "there's our tent"! "Don't be silly, dear", says Dad "that's not the tent, that's your MOTHER"!

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Congratulations to our Ex-Navy member Bob Binks on his appointment as Surgeon Lieutenant-Commander, R.A.N.R. Bob holds the distinct honour of the longest period of Prospective Membership in the Club - about five years - owing to his being drafted to the Mediterranean Area early in the last war whilst a Prospective Member, when the Club had decided that all Members and Prospective Members would be retained on the Club's Book for the duration of the war.

P A D D Y M A D E G E A R . . . . .

. . . G O E S R O U N D T H E W O R L D ! ! !

A P P E A L F R O M P A D D Y .

Shortly after Christmas this year a Boy Scout Jamboree is to be held in Sydney: this has caused a tremendous pressure on the "Paddymade" factory through orders rolling in from all parts of the Commonwealth.

Despite an "all hands to the pumps" policy there are sure to be shortages. Paddy does not want his walking friends to be let down and so appeals to all those contemplating purchase of equipment before Christmas to place orders early. We will gladly hold any article on payment of a small deposit.

Also please check on any necessary repairs now. It will be impossible to handle any repairs in December. No Kidding.

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BOOTS

PLATES

CAR

TENTS

THE  
LOT !

THE GREAT RATIONALIST.

- "Taro".

This has direct connection with the S.B.W. because Ingersoll is the man our last home was named after.

Further than that, while Bob Savage is in the Club he will be another link, for he was named Robert after the great Ingersoll. Bob's father was a man and a half, and extremely right in the head.

Hon. E.J. Sherman.

April 1883.

My dear Colonel,

After you went away, the folks commenced. No one man ever received an equal amount of advice in an equal time. "You must walk, Colonel Sherman says that you are liable to fall dead for want of exercise. Do you hear? You must walk". "Yes" said Grandmother, "the apoplexy is lurking in your blood".

"You are liable to be paralyzed" said my wife. "Or to die in your sleep" said Mrs. Farrell. "Or after you wake up" chimed in the baby.

"You must walk" said Eva.

"You ought to run", added Maud.

"And never sit down as long as you live" shouted Clint.

So I started for Georgetown, and walked 5 miles before breakfast. Then I footed it to the Court, and walked home. After supper I took a stroll in the country, reaching home a little before midnight. The next morning my calves were swollen so they looked like yearlings. After being rubbed down with whiskey and red pepper and oiling my principal joints, I started out again about daylight and walked to Bladensburg - distant about 11 miles. On my return, about halfway home, I was taken with cramps and lockjaw. I managed by signs to attract the attention of some people on their way to market and was kindly taken home in a cart laden with garlic, kale and sassafras.

I was carried in very tenderly by the entire family, all of whom insisted more walking was what I needed.

"He stopped and cooled off too suddenly" said Clint.

"~~Lying~~ down in the road will give anybody the cramps", said Maud.

"I guess Col. Sherman knows what he is talking about" said Mrs. Farrell.

"Limber him up and start him again" yelled Clint.

So I was put to bed - covered with mustard, my legs straightened out by putting weights on my knees - and my mouth filled with dried apples so as to swell my teeth apart. As soon as I was able to speak, I sent for Baker that

I might dictate a letter to you for further instructions. Of course it is necessary for you to know my general condition.

1. Both my feet are covered in blisters.
2. The cords in my legs are as tight as the strings of a bass viol.
3. Great pain in the small of my back.
4. Sudden flashes of heat running up and down the spine.
5. Knees badly swollen.
6. Mind wandering.
7. Pulse 120.
8. Temperature of the body 115 degrees.
9. Fur enough on my tongue to make a sealskin sacque.

I think I have walked enough. The rest say not. Telegraph your opinion. I am held up in bed to sign this letter.

I have looked through WALK-ers dictionary without finding anything on the subject. I have also read Plato. on the sole.

Yours till death,  
R.G. Ingersoll.

.....

Ingersoll was 50 years old at that time. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  stone. Can you detect an echo of a certain weekend century walk. This is Ingersoll the great American Rationalist - the Crown Street junk shop was named after, the most irrational thing rationalists ever did.

#### DAY WALKS.

- David Ingram.

#### OCTOBER 16TH

Glenbrook - Glenbrook Gorge - Nepean Lookout - Euroka Clearing - Glenbrook.

Shown as 8 map miles on the programme, but the actual distance would be nearer 10. A rock hop down the Gorge followed by a climb to the Lookout. Euroka Clearing is always a pleasant spot to visit.

8.54 a.m. Mt. Victoria train from Central Steam Station to Glenbrook.

Tickets: Glenbrook Return at 13/9d.

Leader: Hilda Vines.

Map: Liverpool Military.

#### OCTOBER 23RD

Heathcote - Uloola Falls - Flat Rock Crossing - Southwest Arm Creek - Audley. 12 miles.

8.50 a.m. Cronulla train from Central Electric Station.

CHANGE AT SUTHERLAND for rail motor to Heathcote.

Tickets: Heathcote return at about 6/-.

A trip into the central area of the Royal National Park where there are some unexpectedly beautiful spots.

Leader: Eileen Taylor.

Maps: Port Hacking Tourist or Military.

DAY WALKS (CONT'D.)OCTOBER 30TH

Boat cruise from Bobbin Head - Cowan Creek - Broken Bay.  
 Practically no walking involved.  
 8.10 a.m. Hornsby train via Bridge from Central Electric Station.  
 Alight at Turramurra for 8.52 a.m. bus to Bobbin Head.  
 Tickets: Turramurra Return via Bridge. Total cost about 17/-  
 including boat hire.  
 Leader: Brian Harvey. Please let him know by 26th October  
 at the latest so that the hire of the boats may be finalised.  
 5/- deposit required when booking.  
 Maps: Broken Bay Military or Hawkesbury River Tourist.

NOVEMBER 6TH

Otford - Mt. Bulgo - Thelma Ridge - Era - Lilyvale.  
 10 miles.  
 A visit to Era via the old routes used before the bus service  
 to Garie Beach became so popular. Excellent views from  
 Mt. Bulgo. All track walking. Surfing at South Era if the  
 weather is suitable.  
 8.38 a.m. Wollongong train from Central Steam Station.  
 Tickets: Otford Return at about 7/6d.  
 Leader: David Ingram.  
 Map: Port Hacking District.

Camden, Camping and Swimming.

5 - 6 NOVEMBER This camp is being led by Irene Pridham for Roy Craggs. Please  
 note the change in leaving times, Saturday morning instead of  
 Friday night. We will leave on the 10.27 a.m. Liverpool train  
 via Granville from Central. Change trains at Liverpool and  
 Campbelltown.  
 This is definitely a "spine bash" and anybody wishing to be  
 energetic will be disappointed.

From Joan and Frank Rigby in Tahiti :

We have almost come to the end of our  
 five weeks' stay here and have thoroughly enjoyed ourselves - in a few days  
 we will embark on the "J.V.O." (Dutch Mails) for New York and Canada. Much  
 of the time we have camped here on Tahiti and at Bora Bora and Moorea and although  
 we've had some wonderful campsites with superb outlooks, camping is certainly  
 more difficult here than in Australia. At present we're recuperating in a  
 quaint little palm-thatched bungalow just out of Papeete. There's lots of  
 bushwalking material here in Polynesia - what's needed is a contingent of lusty  
 S.B.W. bods (the one's who won't become "tropicalised") and a few machetes.  
 Our regards to all, Aloha, Joan and Frank Rigby.

Yvonne Renwick has been appointed an Assistant Membership Secretary in the  
 place of Edna Stretton.



### LETTER FROM LONDON :

- Audrey Kenway.

There was a small reunion in London last weekend when Sheila Binns, John Bookluck and I stayed with the Knightley's in their London house. We walked round London until our feet complained, taking pictures, or at least Sheila and I took pictures and John acted as technical advisor. We even found an angle where we could get all of St. Paul's Cathedral in.

The Knightley's have a wonderful car-caravan-tent all rolled into one, known as a Dormobile. After a slide session which went on till after 2 a.m. we all managed to rise on Sunday morning and pile into the Dormobile. We arrived at Windsor Castle in glorious sunshine, and photographed each other with the Castle as a background - just as a record. This was supposed to be one of the last days of summer, but the weather still is not too cold. The days are drawing in very suddenly. I had just got used to the long twilight when it vanished. It is a pity we don't have these long evenings in our summer. But I suppose we would moan about the short winter days that go with it.

Perhaps some members may be interested to hear about travelling conditions hostels, etc. where I have been. In England it is very simple to get about by bus and train. There are buses linking every town with London somehow or other. I also did some driving, and managed to see some lovely country away from the main roads just when the spring blossoms and bluebells were out in May. I have not done any walking - mainly because the people I have been travelling with are not walking types, and time has been limited for each country. I met another girl who was interested in driving, and on the ship coming over we decided to try and hire cars and explore Scotland and England. This has proved to be a very satisfactory way to see it, and to get photos. The cost is not too high, and if two or three share it it works out well, specially if you get the car from a country town. We often stayed at farm houses, which are very plentiful on country roads, with bed and breakfast signs. We met some very nice people and found this much more pleasant than hotels, and a break from roughing it in hostels.

Some hostels in Scotland are particularly good. The ones in the larger towns such as Perth, Aberdeen and Inverness are a good example of what a hostel can be. We did stay at one near the ferry that goes "over the sea to Skye" and I am sure it is a cowshed in winter and a hostel in summer. The cows hung around and seemed to think they had more right to the women's dormitory than we did. There were no lights. My friend boldly informed the warden we had a car (she was hoping he would say no and we could retreat) and he said "Alright, bring it in". So we forced our way through cows and mud and parked it at the door. This rule about no cars seems to be enforced only in Holland. We were refused once only on the Continent, in a country hostel north of Amsterdam.

In June four of us took a car to Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and back through Germany, Holland and Belgium. The Scandinavian countries are well worth a visit. The clean and colourful houses, and the people who seem to lead an outdoor life made us feel quite at home. They were certainly friendly, and did their best to give us directions in what English they understood. It made me feel ashamed to find most of them, including children, speaking a little English, and we couldn't speak a word of their language. If we asked the way to the hostel they would often take us there to make sure we understood. Fortunately one of the girls spoke some German and this, plus some hand signals, usually saw us through. The language problem never seems to be too much to overcome,

specially when people are so willing to be helpful.

It is not really true that Continental hostels don't have washing facilities. It is just that you only wash if you have no modesty, you can stand cold water, or you are getting desperate. There are hot showers at Copenhagen with no curtains, but as our only audience was a tribe of Swedish schoolgirls, we braved that one. Amsterdam has hot showers too, with three squirts of water, all going in the wrong directions. The only really good one was in Oslo, where we stayed in a church school which is a temporary hostel during the summer holidays. Here we were served a Scandinavian breakfast of seafoods, salad and other things usually eaten later in the day. It was very tempting and we sampled a bit of everything.

Oslo is a modern city, and we spent an interesting day there. We visited the Folk Museum and saw old Viking buildings brought and re-erected to show how they looked long ago. Also the Viking ships, and the more modern Kon Tiki Raft, and Amundsen's Polar Ship.

The Norwegian mountains and fjords were spectacular. We drove over some narrow roads, having to stop when we met other cars, and slipping in the wet gravel. There was snow along the roadside. North of Bergen we put the car on a ferry and came down two of the larger fjords. We didn't get far enough north to see the midnight sun, but on several nights it didn't get quite dark. One of the main expenses in touring Scandinavia are the car ferries. There are so many crossings. We couldn't get in at the ship hostel in Stockholm, but had afternoon tea on board, and went out about ten miles to a very pleasant hostel in the pine forest at Sodertalje. We did carry some tinned food in case we did not like the food over there, but need not have worried too much. There is plenty of the sort of thing we could eat in the shops. We usually did our own cooking at the hostels, if only to clear some space in the car. Lunch was easy, as we carried flasks which we filled each morning, and bread, tomatoes and some of our stock of tinned meat were simple to prepare.

If I had known before I started what it is like to drive in a strange city, on the wrong side of the road, surrounded by thousands of cyclists, I might never have done it. The highways are excellent, but the narrow streets and canals in the cities were very intrepid. We barged into one-way streets the wrong way, turned round on the German Autobahn, and somehow came out unscratched.

We started off on the wrong foot when the car people gave us a pilot to get us out of London, and he turned out to be an Australian tourist. He got us lost, and drove straight through Scotland Yard by mistake! I managed to get into Parliament Square going the wrong way on our return to London, and disorganised traffic while trying to get out. A London taxi-driver looked down on me and said patiently "Go on, 'ave another bash, I'll wait".

My last trip before starting work was a Cook's Tour to Switzerland. The houses are so pretty I wanted to bring them home and put them in the garden. After travelling through shabby old France the difference was striking. There is a quality about everything they make, right down to the quaint wrapping paper in the shops. We had good weather on the two trips we did up the mountains by cable car and cog-railway. It was a thrill to be up at 13,000 feet among the snow and glaciers. The ride up was a bit hair-raising, but the view well worth it. One thing impresses me in England that should please most of you. They do not throw litter about. The beauty spots are all tidy. Best wishes to all.