

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to the Sydney Bushwalker,
The N.S.W. Nurses' Association Rooms "Northcote Building," Reiby Place, Sydney.
Box No. 4476 G.P.O. Sydney. 'Phone JW1462

336

DECEMBER 1962

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RESIGNED REMINISCES

When I consider how my back was bent
From all that grog, a little tent
Sleep by day, carouse by night
Surfing in the dawn's first light.
Swimming through the Morong Deep
Christmas and a date to keep
The same old crew, the good old times
Of Christmas pudding minus chimes.

To the river, to the sand,
(The Tall girl's in another land)
Time goes by, and time goes fast
Here's to all the Christmas past.
And to the New Year which revives
Sinister thoughts in sullen wives.

Hi,

Man is gregarious. This is an axiom as fundamental as the atom, or income tax. The sharing of hopes and fears is a necessary exercise that no one can really avoid, or perhaps, would want to.

When one looks around at the range of peculiar soul-mates available, companionship becomes a quizzical thing, but a strong common interest is a wonderful starting point, transcending unusual physical features and diverse mental aberrations.

Christmas is a perennial reminder that togetherness and common interest is the all-pervading factor in the fabric of our lives.

If there is anywhere such a reminder would be superfluous, it is Reiby Place, Wednesday night.

However we bow to convention and this issue is dedicated to the joy that is Christmas, the hope that is Man.

It is also our 25th anniversary as a monthly magazine with Rigby cover and this is surely worthy of special attention.

"Joie de Vie" we hope you enjoy particularly - our first attempt at illustrated folk lore, and a commendable effort by the two artists concerned. The author has specially requested anonymity - why, we'll never know - but Knightley's a bloke whose confidence I'll always respect.

The crux of our Christmas carolling follows without further ado.

When Xmas comes around each year
We're drenched with honeyed phrases
And everyone's forced bonhomie
The spice of life erases.

But when I think of all the bills
That in their wake will follow,
I must confess my greetings kind
Are really rather hollow.

This Xmas message thus will be
Like molasses - unrefined
"Until the infant year appears
Let joy be unconfined."

At Our November Meeting

The meeting opened with an apology from Jess Martin, who was not able to be there to take the minutes. However David Ingram was equal to the occasion, and did the minutes as well as the ordinary secretarial duties.

The two new members were welcomed - Esme Biddulph and Bert van Loon. There was a slight delay when one badge couldn't be pinned because it was damaged. But hardly had the President started to effect repairs when our efficient Secretary produced another.

The President then told us of the death of Clem Hallstrom. He described Clem's high spirits and good humour and his club activities and we then observed a short silence in Clem's memory.

Highlights of the Treasurer's report were the receipt of £28.5.- in subs, which, it transpired, were paid after the despatch of the awful orange notice; and the receipt of £1.19.- for the hire of gear - nearly enough to cover the cost of one of the two tents which Frank Ashdown bought at the auction for £2 each. Our cash balance was down about £17 over the month.

The first walk described by the Walks Secretary was that led by Bob Godfrey at the 6 hour week-end. This was something of a mystery hike. It was programmed to go to Bunbunbah Creek, but somehow the party were next heard of in a hired station wagon on a prospecting tour of the Capertee and Turon. There was no mention of any walking. The second walk that week-end led by Bill Rodgers. appeared to have achieved all objectives, including Mt. Wallara, Mt. Guougang and Morong Falls. The party camped in an inch of snow on Friday night. The third walk - Reg Meekins trip from Yalwal to Tallong - went according to schedule, except that the River had to be crossed at Badgery's instead of at the bottom of Dynamite trail. There were 6 members and 2 prospectives on the trip, and the hospitality of the Crisp family at Tolwong station was as warm as ever. Wilf said that any walkers visiting the area should make a special point of calling in. A fourth walk to Bunbundah Creek and Dangera Creek was led by Alan Round. The week-end walk on 5-7th October was cancelled because the leader was away, but Raymond U'Brien's Sunday walk attracted 8 members. Some fine waratahs were photographed, but we're not saying where. Because of a scheduled T.V. filming on Sunday 14th the track clearing week-end on Starlight's trail was postponed. Unfortunately, the T.V. filming was postponed also. The Instructional week-end led by Denise Hull and Eileen Taylor went as per programme. The Saturday weekend walk was cancelled due to lack of starters and there was no Sunday walk. The Federation Search and Rescue week-end on 19-21st, was not so well attended as last year, but a splendid demonstration was held. About 20 members were there. The Sunday walk from Bundeena to Barie was led by Grace Rigg, who had 6 members and 3 prospectives on the trip. The flowers were good, and even the hakea was appreciated. Lunch was partaken in a secret cave of Frank Leyden's. Grace believes the walk should be counted as a test.

Stuart Brook's Mountain Lagoon - Colo River walk was taken by Wilf Hilder instead, and there were 7 starters. Unfortunately Tony Quietsch had cartilage trouble in the knee, and had to be taken back. The rest of the party went on to the Colo River, which was very welcome after a hot spell on the ridges. Great areas of felled timber were found at the head of Tootie Creek. There was a magnificent panorama from the top of Condor trig. Several serious errors were found in the St. Alban's military map. By 27 and 28th, Bob Godfrey was demotorised (station wagon returned to hirer). His walk to Woronora Dam and O'Hare's Creek was enjoyed by 6 members. David Ingram's George's River walk on October 28th was done by 12 members, 5 prospectives and 1 visitor. David described the country from Minto to Freer's Crossing as open farming country. There are very few campsites along the river, but there are some outstanding swimming pools, including Bushwalker's Basin. It was a good hot weather walk.

Mick Elphick told us that the Conservation Conference, chaired by Allen Stom considered some 16 motions. Subjects discussed included subdivisions, wild life destruction and the effect of burning off on bird life.

The meeting closed after a few announcements of general interest. Wilf told us that a new 50,000 scale map of Canberra is available, also a sketch map of the Upper Capertee and that the Ulladulla map would be available soon. A new songbook compiled by the Kameruka Club is available for 5/-, and proceeds will go to S & R. Also National Parks Association Christmas cards are available for 1/-.

DAY WALKS

Club members will be in camp at North Era and surfing at South Era from 26th December, 1962 to 1st January 1963. Day walkers will be welcome at any time during the period.

Infrequent trains to Lilyvale and walk out, or hourly trains to Waterfall, thence bus or hire car from Waterfall to Governor Game Lookout or Garie Beach, then walk a mile or so.

JANUARY 6 - Lilyvale - Burning Palms - Era - Garie. 6 miles.

A short walk through pleasant forest with an opportunity for surfing at uncrowded beaches.

Train: 8.42 a.m. Wollongong train from Central Steam Station.

Tickets: Lilyvale return @ 7/9 approx.

Map:- Port Hacking Tourist. Leader: Elayne Metcalf.

JANUARY 13 - Private transport to Wood's Creek - Burrallow Creek - Wood's Creek. 3 miles. A swimming trip in the Grose River District. Almost certain to be a hot day. Please let Alex know well ahead, so that transport can be arranged.

Train: 7.40 a.m. Hornsby via Bridge from Central Electric Station, to Turrumurra to connect with transport. If coming by car park off Pacific Highway near the Turrumurra Overbridge.

Map: Windsor Military. Leader: Alex Colley.

Letter to the Editor from Colin Putt.re - The Decline and Fall of the Rudolph Cup.

Alas, the Rudolph Cup has indeed disappeared, and no wonder! Like all those things which the gods love, it died young.

It was conceived on a winter's night in 1953, when Admiral Anderson and I sat considering the blank Sundays on the hot end of his walks programme. We decided that we ourselves would fill the breach, and having little personal experience of Sunday walks, we had the impression that they must be somehow tied up with conservation, birds, bees and flowers. For the first Blank Sunday we mounted "Flora and Fauna study, Coogee to La Perouse via the rocks." Ah - innocent youths. Nauseated by this masterpiece, somebody began to whistle the Eton Boating Song, and immediately the next Sunday walk became "Boat Race, National Park." As patron deity for the event, we chose Rudolph, who had so liberally irrigated us the Christmas before, in the Kowmung.

"National Park?", said a more senior member when the programme came before the Committee, "You mean, Audley?" "Yes", sparred the Admiral guiltily, "it will be perfectly orderly." He little knew! The first cup race was attended by eleven brave souls - and Rudolph, who graced his feast with thunder, lightning, water-spouts and hurricanes. It was an auspicious omen, and year by year thereafter the ceremonies flourished more and more. The "flora and fauna study", which only ended in our surprising a nudist colony in full swing and being shot up in the rear of the Long Bay rifle range was featureless and futureless when compared with its twin Sunday walk.

Year after year the Audley valley rang to the crash of breaking timber and the screams of the helpless victims as, deprived of their oars or their senses, they were pushed first over the finishing line. Year after year Rudolph sent hail, cloudbursts and thunder to mark his sacrifice, and the number of his devotees swelled. By 1957, scores of innocent civilian bystanders on the finishing line-bridge were being forced to empty 44 gallon drums of unholy-water on the victors. But in 1958, something was wrong, the Deity was absent. Not a cloud in the sky. Above the crunch of the breaking ribs of boats and bushwalkers, elephantine crashings in the bushes proclaimed the arrival of the Police! They were very decent about it, but it was obvious, by the time that they left us, that the Cup and its patron were exiled from their home shrine forever.

At first there was talk of transferring the cult to salt water and I for one put aside an 85 horse engine, a 6 x 4 inch centrifugal pump and a gold-sluicing monitor which I thought might be acceptable instruments of sacrifice, but it was not to be. The ceremonies had always been accompanied by the admixture of a fair amount of human blood with the water and it was felt that sharks could be a nuisance.... Rudolph's standard was briefly raised, under squalid conditions, at places such as Wallacia, but only ever as a Pretender to a throne already held by others. His days of pride and glory were done, forever. The Cup was bereft of its purpose in life, and the sad vessel withered, oxidised and died. Let no man try to re-create the past. Get cracking, and think of something new!

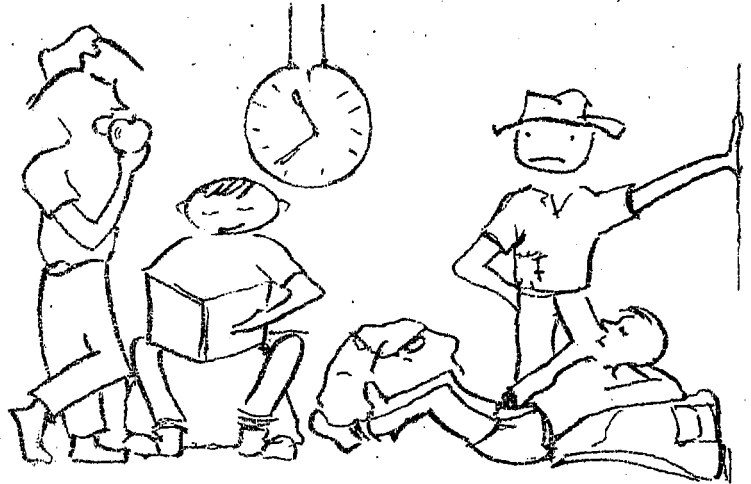
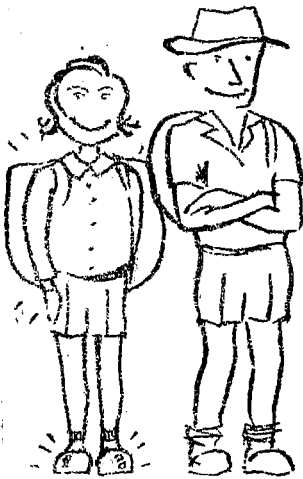
Puttch.

Footnote for scholars. Rudolph is, of course, a pagan deity, the last member of the Bushwalker's Partheon. He is the God of blood, iron and hypophosphites, the operator in Sod's Law, the holy wielder of the 'Last Bloody Straw'. His mottoes are "Never give a sucker a break", and "Always hit a bushwalker when he's down". He can take the form of other pagan gods to get them into trouble, but he more usually takes the form of well-known bushwalkers to upset billies into the fire, walk through tent ropes and stand on pipes, eggs or compasses. In invisible form, it is he who guides the smoke from camp fires in the way it usually takes and puts extra greasy rocks in the best stream crossings.

JOIE DE VIE

- by Puffing Billy
Illustrated by Helen Gray

Maddening crowd at Central
Milling round the clock;
Walkers all awaiting
Just to dig the rock.

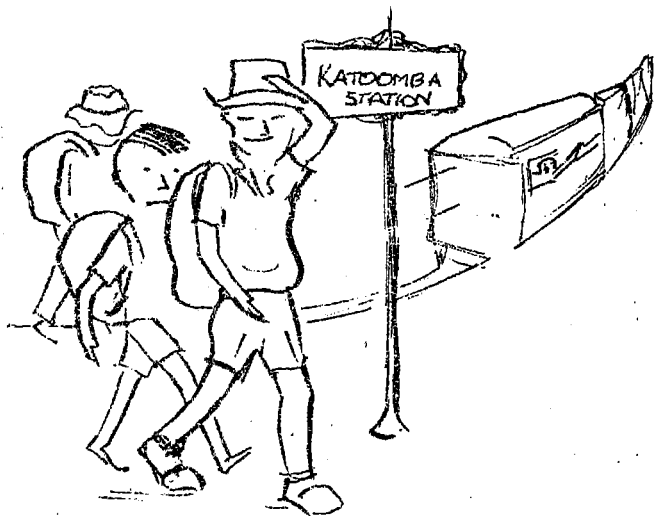


Demure, shy prospective,
New boots, tent and pack,
In innocence told Mummy,
"I shall soon be back."

Leader tall and gangling,
Confident and neat,
Assures those who'll listen,
"This'll be a treat."

Members unbelieving
(Been misled before)
Piled all their food in,
Then a whole lot more

All out at Katoomba
Into wintry wind;
Leader in a panic,
Prospective left behind.



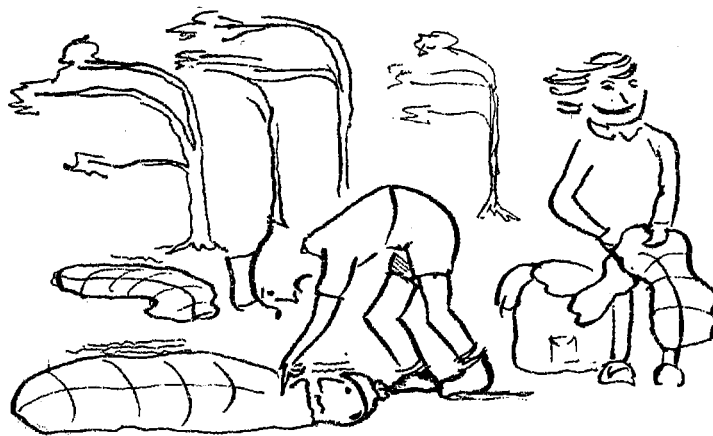
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Finds her safe at Medlow
Skulking in a shed;
A member organised her,
Both are snug in bed.

Waking in the dawning,
Prospective at the leap;
Leader getting frantic,
Members still asleep.



Leader on the rampage,
"Time we made a start."
Members remonstrating,
"Too windy to depart."



Finally at sun-up
All upon the track;
Leader as the vanguard,
Members at the back.

Sun uprising brightly,
Fiery red and hot;
Members all a-strolling,
Leader at the trot.

Soon the track divideth,
Leader wears a frown -
One path going upwards,
Other going down.



Members pointing downwards,
Leader pointing up;
Prospective gives the answer,
"What about a cup?"

Leader most unwilling,
Members take command,
Get the fire going,
Prospective lends a hand.

Track goes round in circles,
Leader's frown gets deep;
Members crying loudly,
"Hill's too b-----y steep."



Leader starts to ponder -
Doesn't know the land;
Trembles with foreboding,
Mutiny at hand.

Altercation follows:
Going east or west?
Members all recumbent -
They just want to rest.



Leader and prospective
Forward on the track;
Members knowing better,
Slyly heading back.

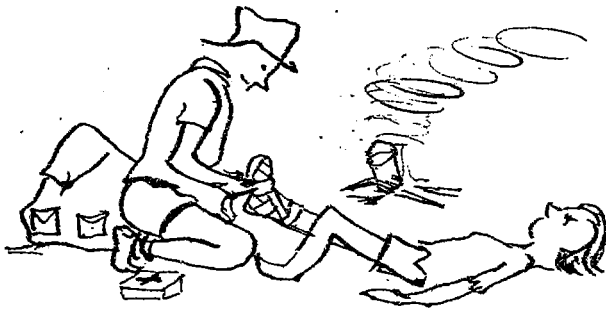
Leader quite undaunted,
With compass is endowed;
Prospective starts
 complaining
In accents long and loud.

"Cutty-grass is hurting,
Like a sharpened steel;
Lantana thick and prickly
Makes my senses reel.

"Boots upon my tootsies,
Raising blisters sore;
Pack upon my shoulders,
Half a ton or more."



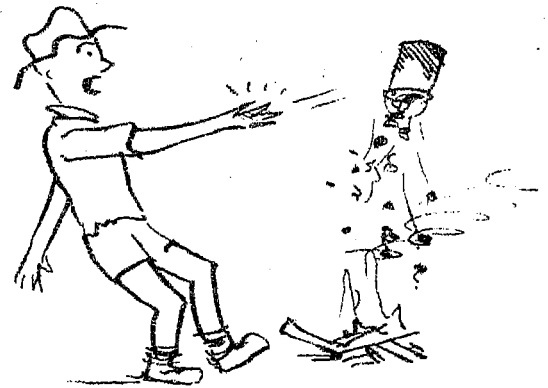
Leader finds a river,
Starts to make a camp;
Prospective near expiry
From lassitude and cramp.



Leader's ministrations
 Soon bring her around;
 Learnt first-aid from Harvey,
 So she's safe and sound.

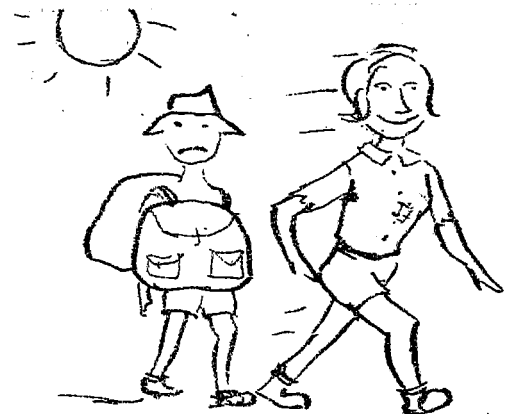
Boils up some goulash,
 Dehydrated stew;
 Prospective feeling better,
 Looks at life anew.

Red-hot billy handle
 Singes leader's hand
 Spilling dehydrated
 Out upon the sand.



Prospective's ministrations
 Fail to quell the pain;
 Learnt first-aid from Harvey,
 Forgot it all again!

Morning finds them striding
 Back along the track;
 Prospective bright and jaunty,
 Leader has her pack.



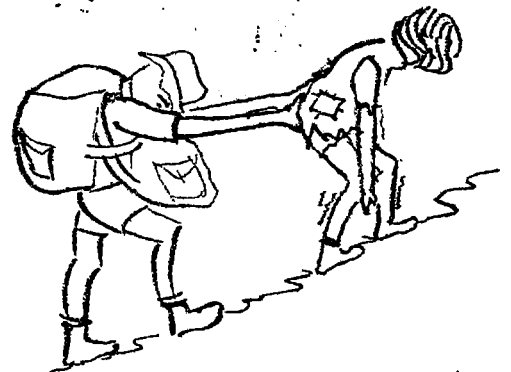
Thunder storm o'er Sydney,
O'er the mountains, too;
Track is under water,
Worse than last night's goo.



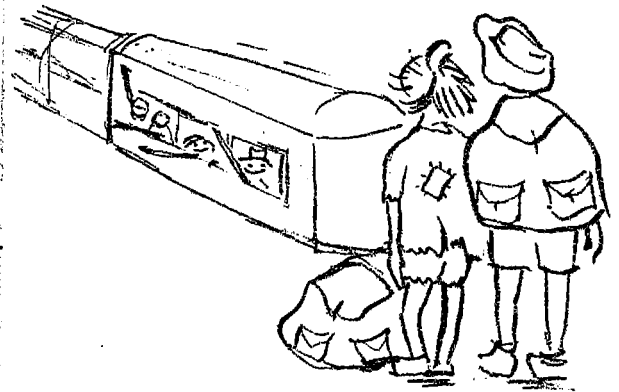
In mud and slime they wander,
Prospective near to tears;
Just because it's oozing
Up around her ears.

Prospective starts complaining,
"Wish I wasn't here."
(Members back in cafe,
Good Katoomba beer.)

Leader strides with vigour
Through the virgin bush;
Prospective now before him,
So that he can push.

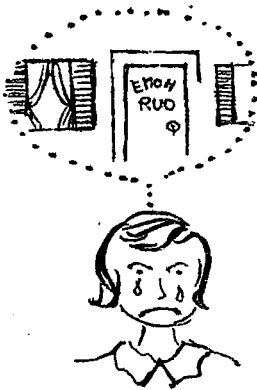


At last they see the station;
 Train is going out.
 "S. and R. will find you,"
 Thus the members shout.



Leader somewhat jaded
 Ponders on the cost:
 Confessions to Committee,
 How she and he got lost.

Thus we end the story
 Of a prim young miss;
 When asked about the leader,
 All she said was this:



"Forget about the pleasure,
 Forget about the pain,
 Forget about the leader -
 JUST TAKE ME HOME AGAIN!"

(Author's Note:

Story is fictitious,
 Nought to do with facts;
 Who ever heard of members
 Guilty of such acts?)

PADDY MADE

IT COMES AROUND EVERY YEAR

Christmas

When the theme of our way of life places emphasis on goodwill to all men.

To our many bushwalking friends, all here at Paddy's send greetings.

If you are compiling your list of gifts for the festive season remember we have a wonderful range for bushwalkers, campers and those who enjoy motoring, touring and skiing holidays.

Apart from the items listed in our catalogue we have some new lines.

Nylon capes. A beautifully light 9 ozs. £3.6.6

New improved models of our special walking boots and super huskies from £4.6.6 to £6.6.6

New model 'H' frame pack, a smaller and more economical version of the popular large model. £9.10.6.

Heavy rag wool socks and towel lined stretch socks, wonderful for walkers and skiers, from 13/6.

Just out. The 1963 edition of "The Melbourne Walker" Volume 34, at 2/6.

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.

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FEDERATION REPORT, October 1962

S.B.W. Delegates. Only three delegates from this Club attended, as usual. No advice was received from the fourth delegate.

Search and Rescue. Supt. Jardine of the Police Department has been detailed as liaison officer with Search and Rescue. Additional cliff rescue gear is still being acquired. It is proposed to purchase another V.P.T. 1 walkie-talkie outfit.

Annual Ball. A total of 308 attended the Federation Ball on 14th September. A profit of £89 resulted from the sale of ball tickets and the profit from the guessing competition was £137.12.3. Prizes were won by (1) Mr. D.M. Mittlehauser, 30 Anderson Street, Belmore (ii) G. Young, 98 Janet Street, Leichhardt.

Publications Committee. Ideas for improved distribution of the next "Bushwalker" Annual are requested.

Blue Mountains National Park. Picnic areas have now been provided at Mt. Banks and Hungerford's Gully (The Slide or Pages Pass) - not to be confused with Hungerford Creek which is further to the north east. At Hungerford's Gully, a track is being built to the Grose River cliffs. Two rangers are now employed and patrol at week-ends.

Heathcote Primitive Area. Fireplaces are to be built and tracks cleared. The Trust is taking action about excessive clearing of Scout camping sites and the Scouts are now co-operating in camp ethics. Vehicles on Water Board and Electricity Commission's access roads have been restricted. The Miara lease of 85 acres is to be renewed to the Mountain Trails Club.

N.P.A. Central Region is to survey primitive areas in National Park and Kuringgai Chase. It appears likely that a national park will be established in time on the Shoalhaven River (Horseshoe Bend) on the Western Park about the Blockup. The Gloucester Tops reserve has been extended and the fire trail from Barrington Tops to Gloucester Tops is no longer trafficable for vehicles.

Tracks and Access. Improvements to tracks in several areas are under consideration. The Kameruka Club has undertaken to provide a section of track, suitably drained, at the dangerous portion of the Korroral Pass. The Hobnails Club will blaze Page's Pass, (Hungerford's Track). C.M.W. are to place additional pitons at Tarro's Ladder and at Carlon's Head and to improve the chains at that location. Starlight's trail and Bellon Pass are to be cleared and cairns erected where necessary.

Colong Caves. A gate has been erected there, according to reports, but the location of it is not clear. No doubt more details will be forthcoming.

Minute Secretary. Owing to pressure of business, Mr. Rosentool has had to resign from the position of Minute Secretary. The position must be filled at the November meeting and the Club's delegates would be pleased to hear from any members willing to take the position.

N.Z. INVADERS!!

With what must be the biggest operation since Okinawa, Colin Pitt plans to invade New Zealand this month (probably make about as much noise as the Yanks did, too). No less than 25 will leave Sydney late in December for a weeks climbing.

PLUMBING TROUBLES ???DO YOU NEED -

NEW ROOF, GUTTERING and DOWNPIPES ??

OR DOES -

THE ROOF AND GUTTERING NEED RE-PAINTING ??

OR PERHAPS -

A NEW WATER SERVICE OR HOT WATER-INSTALLATION ??

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	PERRY'S LOOKDOWN	4/-	" " "
	JENOLAN STATE FOREST	20/-	" " "
	CARLON'S FARM	12/6	" " "

.....

WE WILL BE PLEASED TO QUOTE TRIPS OR SPECIAL PARTIES ON APPLICATION

.....

SANTA CLAUS' LAMENT

You all know me. I'm that hard-working fool
 Who slaves all year round where the temperature's cool,
 Hustling and bustling to make lots of toys,
 (a) To drive parents mad with their incessant noise.
 (b) To gladden the hearts of all good girls and boys.

(Parents read line (a); Children, line (b)).

Not stopping to rest, it's a turbine I am,
 Just belting along like an old Bondi Tram.
 And even with Philip's now famous advice,
 I find with it all, twelve months just suffice.

A few days ago I was finally through;
 So I packed all those toys without more ado.
 And labelled them clearly to each land on Earth,
 (This year I resolved to give Cuba wide berth).

I hooked up my reindeer, took off like a shot
 But straight from the snows, 'down under' was hot.
 And with all of the chores I had to do first,
 By Xmas morning I'd a helluva thirst.

I minded the time, when inspecting Wood's Creek,
 To some scruffy campers I'd happened to speak.
 Now this mob was clearly not thirsty nor hot,
 I asked for the secret and here's what I got.

"When thirsty or hot or just feeling low,
 You'll quickly be cured if only you'll go
 To that old-world hotel on the Kurrajong trail
 'North Richmond's' the name - its business, good ale."

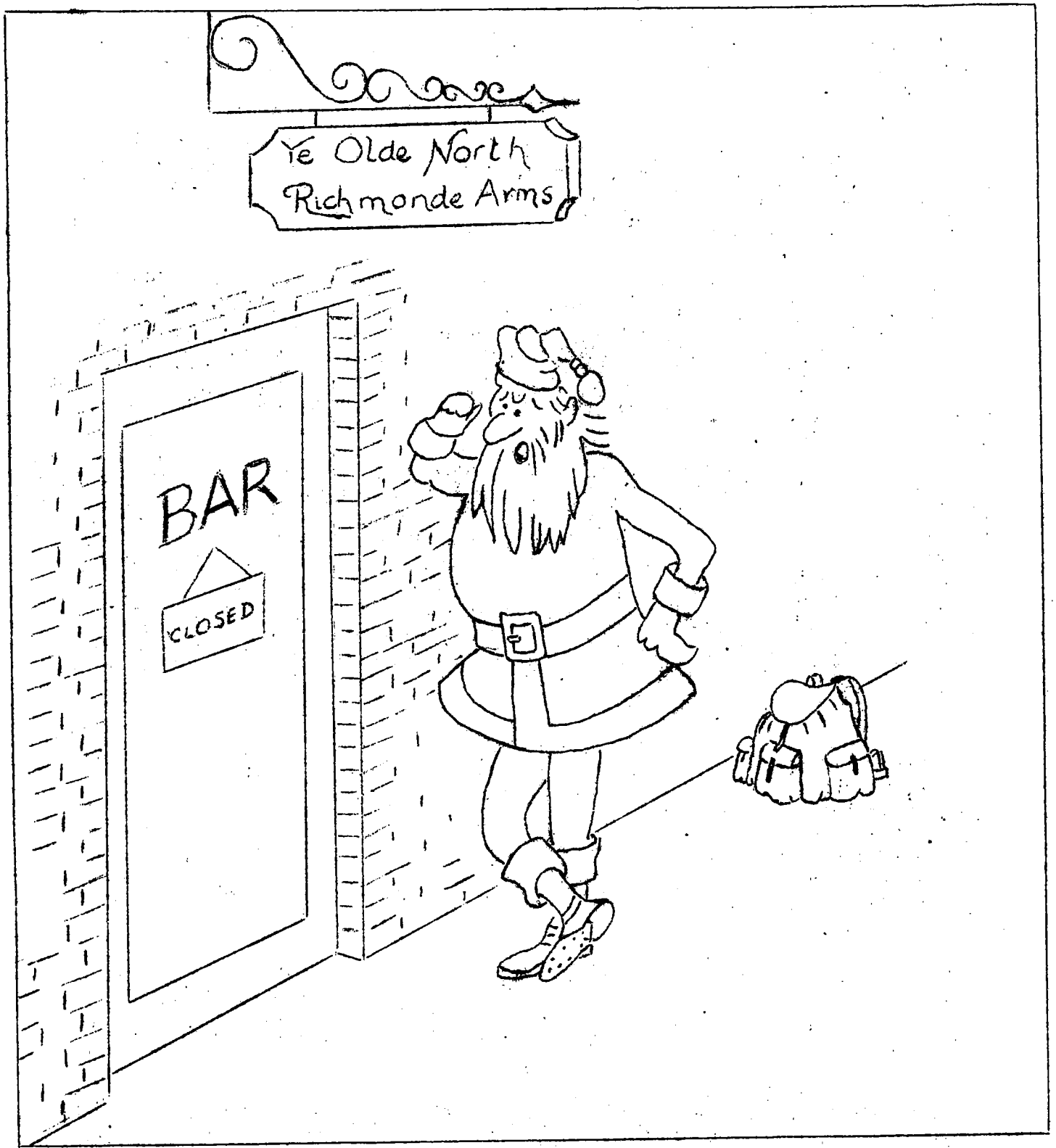
So I said to myself "That's just what I'll do,
 Belt off to North Richmond and sample their brew."
 But, hark ye my friend, aye, here is the rub,
 There was no blinking beer in the North Richmond pub!

Knightley and Gentle, Ingram and Scott,
 Those no-hoppers had been there and knocked off the lot.
 Ned Kelly's not in it when that mob's in gear,
 (And Ned was a boy who could really swill beer.)

You'd think they'd be happy, be lit like a light,
 With all that they socked down last Saturday nite,
 But those coots remind me of Bennelong Point.

.....

(Rather than risk offending certain members, and possibly, a
 few politicians, the last line has, regretfully, been withdrawn. Ed.)



JUST FOR PROSPECTIVES AND NEW MEMBERS.

You enjoy open air, camping, walking and that glorious freedom from civilised impedimenta that one only finds in the bush or you wouldn't be hanging round S.B.W. wasting your Wednesday evenings listening to a lot of earbashers.

If you run true to form, like most of those scruffy looking characters you see round the clubroom, you will find, or perhaps have already found, that a day walk conjures up ideas of a few week-end trips you'd like to do. Go out for a week-end, and you'll be full of ideas of what you could have done with a day or two extra.

This is why public holidays are so popular with bushwalkers (the country will really go to the pack if any bushies ever get into parliament). That extra day or two permit a variety of walks ordinarily out of reach. These are the threepences in the bushwalking pudding. The Xmas period is the daddy of them all. With a bit of fast talking, a few lies to the boss or a forged sick leave certificate, most of us can wangle 7 or 8 days straight, and this really opens up some vistas!

If you are in this category, and haven't any ideas of your own, you'll find plenty of interesting possibilities available. All "club" walks over this period are privately arranged, but if you are young and attractive, pleasant company, and/or a reasonable walker (in that order), you should have no trouble joining up with one of the bunches. But don't make the mistake of rushing up to the leader you select and shouting breathlessly "Can I come on your walk?" There is a certain rigid protocol to be observed when urging in on a private walk. First find your leader. He will inevitably be found standing, talking, map in hand, surrounded by a small fish-eyed group (who probably have no intention of going on the ruddy walk, and aren't interested anyway). Join the outskirts of this group and listen in (or make a fair pretence of so doing).

After half an hour or so depending upon the ability and practice of the leader, he will start to slow down and perhaps even permit an interjection or two. This invariably breaks the hypnotic spell and the mob will begin to drift away. Now is your chance! Sidle in closer and closer until you find the leader's glazed eyes occasionally peering through you. We trust you have not wasted the preceding 30 minutes. Rather should you have been madly thinking up a couple of intelligent questions or comments such as "Looks like a good trip, Charlie."

He will be so relieved and inspired to find that here, at last, is someone who does not think him completely crazy, that he will launch forth on another flood of words, but don't be dismayed, this second phase rarely lasts more than 10 minutes or so. Now comes your knock-out punch line, "Got many going, Charlie?"

Even the dullest of leaders will, by now, have realised your presence and arrived at the rather incredulous conclusion that his magnetic personality, the wonder of the unique trip he is planning, and his irresistible oratory have completely bewitched you. You will be inundated with times, tracks, gear lists, food lists, hints on what to do in cold weather, hot weather, wet weather - in a seemingly unending stream. He's yours, he's hooked, you're in!

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The Sydney Bushwalker

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Here are a few of this year's selection for your introductory guidance. This is not the place for any comment re the leaders or their walks - this must be your decision alone.

Frank Leyden is going down the Kowmung from Ginkim to Waterfall Creek to Kanangra, a leisurely trip - plenty of swimming, lazing and optional side forays. Friday 22.12.62 - Tuesday 1.1.63 inclusive.

Wilf Hilder's following the Capertee and Colo from Glen Davis to Upper Colo (we think), again with side trips which the less energetic can exchange for a day's spinebash at base camp - same dates as Frank's trip.

Stuart Brooks will be going down the Kowmung (if he can find it) from Tuglow Creek to Gingra Range to Kanangra and hopes to combine with Frank Leyden's party for several days including New Year's eve - Friday 28.12.62 to Saturday 5.1.63.

Alex Colley will be going somewhere, sometime, but up to now, at any rate, has managed to keep his timetable and itinerary a complete and dark secret.

Then there will be the usual free and easy camp at North Era - all swimming, eating and talk, with odd beds coming and going at all kinds of odd times. Here you'll meet a lot of the non-active members, bushwalkingwise (ugh!) and their numerous offspring. So don't count on sleeping much after 5 a.m. Kids are great alarm clocks.

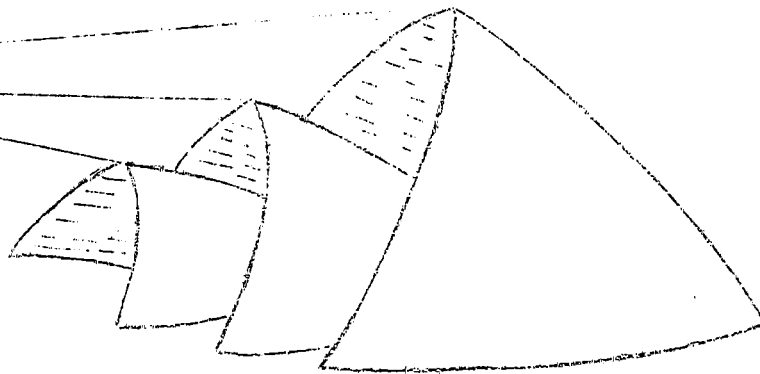
OUTWARD BOUND COURSE FOR GIRLS.

Dot Butler and Jane Patt have been appointed to the Women's Liaison Committee of the Outward Bound Movement, under the Chairmanship of Mrs. W.R. Cullen, O.B.E. This Committee has been formed to assist in matters concerning promotion, recruiting and planning work. This Committee of over 25 members represents many sections of Industry and Social Activities, of which Bushwalking is one. Plans are well advanced for the third Outward Bound Girls' Course to be held in Australia, which is to be conducted at Port Hacking, Sydney during February 1963.

On Saturday, 15th December, a visit will be made to the Outward Bound School on the Hawkesbury. Anyone interested in attending, to see the School in action, please contact Dot Butler. People influential in quarters which could be forthcoming with recruits for the next Girls Course are especially invited. Instructors are also wanted - see Dot B. if interested.

PADDY MADE

When new tents are made
Paddy will make them.



Paddy's been looking like an expectant father lately and your S.B.W. snooper was not slow to take note. Something was in the wind!

On a simple pretext Paddy's cunningly concealed workshop was invaded, and from odd sketches and patterns lying around, the above artist's sketch was created.

When confronted with this evidence, Paddy had to admit there was something in it. Asked about possible price, Paddy could only say that unfortunately it would far exceed his original estimate - in fact, it would probably cost about 6 times as much.

PADDY PALLIN Pty
Lightweight Camp Gear
201 CASTLEREAGH ST SYDNEY
BM2685

December 1962

The Sydney Bushwalker

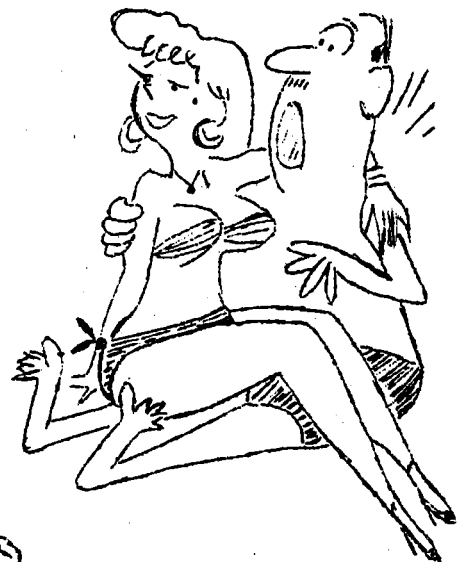
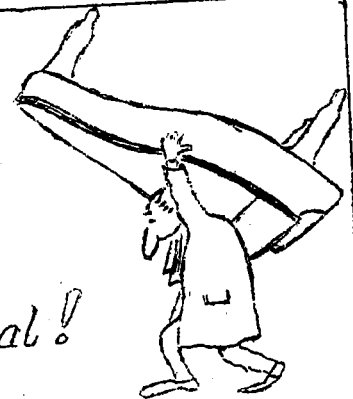
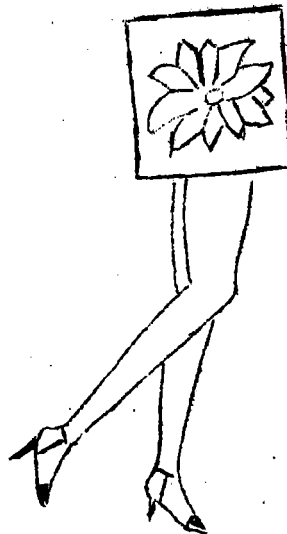
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XMAS DANCE

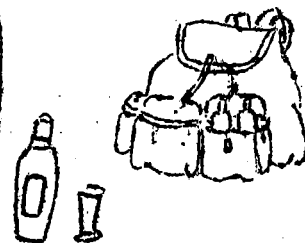
Historical!



Hysterical!



North Sydney Town Hall.
Saturday 22nd December.
17/6^d single (2 for 35/-)
Clothing optional.



SCIENCE, NATURALLY.Our Aboriginies:

The Australian aboriginal has been much maligned, being variously described as shiftless, dull, filthy, uncivilised (whatever that means) and dour.

H. Finlayson, sometime Curator of Mammals, South Australian Museum has studied them in their natural surroundings and his views, apart from their interest, must carry some weight. In his words, 'the typical western black is a fine figure of a man. Though he tends to be sparse, particularly around the legs, many men of middle age are as heavily muscled about the upper parts as the average white man. In emergency, they are capable of extraordinary feats of endurance in covering long distances in a short time without sustenance.

Amazement has often been expressed that the aborigines make no use of animal skins in constructing coverings to improve their living conditions, and this fact has been regarded as another instance of their "lowliness" and "stupidity". No one, however, who has seen the combination of acute observation and deduction, with boundless energy of application, which they bring to the solution of their hunting problems, could subscribe to that idea.

Rather, they have an in-bred dislike of all impedimenta. They will tolerate no sacrifice of mobility. A party may decide suddenly to move on to another locality. Without more ado, the men reach for their spears and walk away, and their women follow, carrying no more than a yam stick, (a sharpened stake about 4 feet long) a wirra (a shallow wooden bowl used for scooping aside earth loosened by the yam stick) and their youngest child.

In evolving a capacity to endure, naked, heat, cold and rain they have acquired something much more portable and permanent than a skin tent or a fur cloak.

So long as he is quite naked, he has a natural dignity of bearing, but when he dons the cast-offs of the white-man he becomes a scarecrow. Also, since he knows nothing of those precautions against accumulating filth which long ages of experience in the wearing of clothes have taught the white man, he rapidly becomes verminous and dirty.

In their tracking ability, they display more than acuteness of vision, for the rapid interpretation of what is observed is even more remarkable. The tracks of many of the small marsupials and rodents are almost identical, and are usually distorted in the sandy soil. Yet the aboriginal will unhesitatingly name the animal from its tracks, and the subsequent capture from its burrow will invariably prove him correct.

He is a remarkable eater, and I have seen two men sit down and in a six-hour session, consume a fifty pound kangaroo. This is not gluttony, but a very valuable asset in surroundings where meals could be a long way apart.

Among themselves, a general kindness of disposition is a marked trait, and there is little evidence of implacable hatreds and the lusting delight in another's pain, which in the natives of the Americas, for example, serve to remind one that man is part fiend.

A sweet tooth is a leading characteristic of both sexes at all ages, and the gins go to infinite trouble to get honey and other local sweets like the sugary exudation of the mulga twigs and the honey ant. The latter is relished exceedingly. It is a deep burrowing ant which feeds on the mulga bloom. After rain, its abdomen distends to a bladder the size of a grape, and is filled with a thin syrup, the sweetness of which is relieved by a slight acidity and a flavour of malt. The gins will frequently do half a day's heavy digging, sometimes following the galleries four feet deep in the loam to get perhaps fifty or a hundred ants.

It is a solemn moment for the gins when at last they lay down their yam-sticks, and prepare to give themselves up to the silent enjoyment of the ravishing delicacy. One by one, the feebly struggling ants are tenderly seized by the forepart, the abdomen placed between the lips, and its contents squeezed into the mouth

It is a solemn moment for the ants, also.'

My daughter brings home notes from school
Each one of them relating
The bugs to which she's been exposed
Their time of incubating.

In vain I've waited hopefully
For some slight indication
She's been exposed to anything
Resembling education.

Congratulations to Colin and Jane Putt on the arrival of their fourth child - a daughter.

We trust 1963 will find you contented, relaxed and at peace
with your fellow man.

Denise Hill Workshop Manager

Ed Taylor Staff Manager

Lola Wedlock Sales Manager

Shirley Technical Director

Stuart Brooks Office Boy

