



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

Editor - Stuart Brooks.
Business Manager - Alec. Colley.

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Hi,

Recently, there was a flurry of excitement and a certain amount of literary activity over the gradual dispersal during the day of a group out on a Sunday walk. This was due to a number of factors which includes mediocrity in leadership, the lush summer growth, the variation in excitability between individuals and the large number present on the walk.

Over the first three of these we have but little control, but something could be done about the fourth, perhaps to our mutual benefit. Anyway this is the way my mind ran on and so I set myself to pondering on this problem of just how many constitutes the optimum number to have on a walk. None? One? Two?.... Twenty? Who knows?

For those who have the embarrassing habit of going around talking to themselves the mental exercise in pondering on such a problem can prove most beneficial and in my case there was the added advantage that any conclusions could well help fill the magazine. So, in spare moments between tirades from the Boss I took to jotting down my thoughts on the subject, and before long I had a sizeable collection.

As the folder containing contributions for the magazine was a little lean it began to appear that the eighteen page editorial I threatened a short while ago would emerge earlier than you or I had anticipated. However, a timely letter from Denise Hull and an article from the prolific Mr. Colley have saved the day (and the reader), but I have not thrown away my bundle of jottings and they continue to sit in my drawer at work (occasionally being added to) against the day when they may be needed.

I was doubly pleased to receive Denise's letter as we have had some flattering comments about her previous efforts. In our Editorial vacuum, it is exhilarating to receive any comment, critical or otherwise, but our reading public is generally too acute to put anything in writing, and so I am afraid you and Denise, will have to take such comments as read.

Anyway, to revert to my original meanderings, I don't know whether you regard numbers as sweet young things, a tedious school topic, a chance in a lottery or something for being up, but if you are interested in the exercise of finding the most suitable number to have along with you in the bush I would welcome your communications on the subject, even if they may not be fit to print.

The exercise may be purely academic but with this, as with so many things, you can never really tell, and anyway I would like to share my eighteen page editorial with as many co-authors and ghost writers as possible.

D. W. G.

THE AUGUST GENERAL MEETING.

Jim Brown.

We were away to a late start, the President explaining that there were several items from last month's meeting to be clarified in the minutes, before Cliff Parry and Ian Jolly were welcomed to membership. One (not so new) member was summoned for the fourth or fifth successive month, but was still missing.

The minutes were signed as a correct record after it was decided on a comment by John Luxton that it was not correct to say of an over-large day walk that the party split up "and some became lost". After all Bushwalkers can never be *druv* and never become lost.

From Minutes, Alex Colley reported on the hard bargain driven with the typewriter agents, who evidently concluded we were going to acquire a battery of typewriters, and let us have a superseded model at £58½: then found we wanted only one.

The President reported that an amplifying system, of the type suggested by Maurice Berry would go to between £70 and £100 after which the whole affair was "left for the present". (Frank Leyden may have stimulated fresh argument on this a fortnight later at a Slide Night). The President also called attention to a reprint in the Magazine on "How to Put it over at Meetings" by one who doesn't. Ron told new members not to be shy of airing their views -- even old and new members may sometimes be right.

From Correspondence we learned that the Kuring-gai Civil Defence Organisation would hold a full course of First Aid Lectures at the Council Chambers at Gordon, commencing August 19 -- all invited; that Federation was to hold its Annual Meeting on July 16; and that Brian Harvey had set up his own insurance business to which the Club was transferring its affairs. Treasurer Gordon Redmond produced figures to show our cash in hand had risen about £25 to £245 at the end of June.

So to Walks Report -- which may be summarised:- Over the weekend 31st May - 2nd June, Snow Brown and party of 13, in spite of a "northern hemisphere" compass and some doubtful weather went in from The Vines to Mt. Renwick and found that the timber road from The Vines to Sally Creek clearing is not correctly plotted on the Budawang map. Some fairly good views despite the poor weather. Over the same weekend Wilf and one companion went up the Lower Kowmung to Cedar Road returning via the road, Mt. Cookem, White Dog and Katoomba. The object was to check the damage done by flooding in the Kowmung and the whereabouts of the foot of the Cedar Road -- incorrectly recorded on some maps.

On Sunday 2nd June Stuart Brooks took -- hold it -- 40, yes 40!! from Thornleigh to Hornsby via the gullies. The water is suspected of pollution and the trip, though pleasant, too short to be a test walk.

Queen's Birthday Holiday saw several parties abroad. Frank Leyden's taking the place of Alan Rigby, who was convalescing from an illness - lead the official jaunt, but a report was not received to the date of the Walks' report. Jack Wren had a party of 7 in the West and East Wolgan Valleys, to Bird's Rock Trig and Wolgan Gap - an interesting trip among ferny gulleys. A detailed report on the trip and sketch map was supplied covering the walk. Ross Wyborn and party of 4 were afield in the Mount Jellore - High Range - Bonnum Pic - Beloor Pass - Nattai River - Couridjah country. Fine cycloramic views are to be had from Jellore and High Range, and a successful descent was made from Bonnum Pic - another fine vantage point. The other holiday weekend jaunt from Glenbrook to Warragamba lapsed due to lack of starters.

Flood conditions the next weekend caused alteration to the Friday trip which went instead from Mt. Victoria down the Upper Grose, Pearce's Pass - Mt. Banks, Coal Mine Creek - Grose River and Creek - Mt. Hay - Leura. Wilf and party of 3 found Pearce's (Pages) pass had been reformed. "Y" Creek was a good route to the ridge east of Mt. Hay and from the latter point the Fire Trail was followed. On the same weekend Geoff Boxall and 2 members also went from Mt. Victoria to the Grose, thence Blue Gum Forest, Grand Canyon to Blackheath. John Luxton was joined by 2 members and 5 prospectives and 1 visitor on a Saturday morning trip to Narrow Neck - Splendour Rock - Megalong - Katoomba. A very satisfactory test walk, but it was noted that the log book at the Rock is being filled with unnecessary scribbling. Sunday saw Bill Burke (15 in party) doing Burrallow Creek and Cabbage Tree Creek from Bowen Mt. It proved slow, scrubby going, but the party were given a fine lyre bird serenade.

On 21-23rd June the weekend walk was deferred and quite a few possible starters went out on a S & R search on Saturday 22nd. Same weekend Brian Harding went it alone on a "2 peaks" trip. Edna Stretton took 3 members, 12 prospectives, 1 visitor from Perry's to Blue Gum and back via Grand Canyon starting noon Saturday 22nd. Taxis proved hard to acquire at Blackheath and prior booking is advisable. Gordon Redmond was unable to lead his scheduled day walk which was deferred till July 21.

Wilf was substitute leader from the walk on June 28-30, from Minnamurra Falls - Electricity Commission trail and ladders - Carrington and Gerringong Falls - Barren Ground - Kiama. Two in the party. Fine views were found, but the erection of T.V. antennae on Knight's Hill will not improve the landscape. Useful track clearing not finished to date has been done by Rucksack Club members on Hoddle's Track down off Hoddleback Mt.

The other walk on 28-30th June was Alan Round's trip in the Danjera - Bunbundah Cks area - report to come. Dick Child had 18 from Waterfall to Audley on June 30. Tracks are reported as becoming overgrown, but pleasant walking was had.

Edna Stretton reported a successful night at "Music Hall" and lamented the poor roll-up of slides for the Annual Exhibition to that date.

The President said there was now room in the Club's cabinets for some of the Library. He proposed that discussion of the operating conditions of the Library be left to the Half-Yearly Meeting, but appealed for a librarian - to which Ernie French responded. Sandra Bardwell, from her experiences as Membership Secretary, reminded members, especially prospective members, of the need to pre-arrange tent accommodation and spoke of the Club's equipment hiring facilities. The President, having pointed out he didn't want to do too much moralising, said it was a bad business when members of walking parties hurried on ahead. It was also common politeness to tell a leader you wished to join his trip and to ask permission to bring a visitor. Another thing which was sometimes overlooked was leaving word where you were going and who you were going with - the failure to do this led to an embarrassing position recently when parents of a prospective who was with an overdue party could give no indication of his whereabouts and company.

Bill Cosgrove sought some enlightenment about the Club's financial position and the Treasurer's remarks on the cost of the public address system. On learning that the financial committee hoped to produce the rabbits out of the monetary top hat soon he expressed his satisfaction.

Frank Ashdown complained that the Walks Programme was difficult to read. (We have noticed the same, also that maps are printed small and hills are higher than they used to be, but hadn't realised the Committee was responsible). Jess Martin explained the technical problem and it seems the next programme will be easier, provided a suitable typewriter is available. Frank was also concerned about a clash of train times on the programme, coupled with the lack of a magazine write up: Jack Gentle said he was reporting the advance data on day walks and would arrange, so far as possible, to provide material covering from mid-month to mid-month to avoid any gaps in magazine coverage.

Wilf Hilder reported the next Walks Programme was under preparation and mentioned some of the latest mapping developments, including reproduction of the four sheets covering the area of the old Jenolan military survey. Bill Cosgrove asked the latest on the T.V. aerials at Kanangra and Heather Joyce said Federation was enquiring from the PMG Department. The President undertook to make some discreet enquiries via a personal grapevine. Wilf Hilder said Clear Hill may acquire a Water Board tower and also mentioned that a T.V. beam station was being erected just outside Heathcote Primitive Area - no one consulted the trustees, although material for the work was being taken through the Reserve.

Bill Burke complained of prospectives coming out with incomplete gear and one prospective Graham Hogarth voiced the view that too much was

expected of prospectives, who were often treated as "Second Class Citizens." This lead to a good deal of debate without any motion before the meeting. Some held that prospective members must conform and learn the right thing to do: others said that the members who "breathed down their necks" were only trying to be helpful, and after all every prospective was given his list of "Hints" and if he read it would know our guiding principles. The discussion drew to a pointless conclusion, which was about all that could be expected.

At this late hour Frank Ashdown lashed out at the Era Fund and had almost got a motion accepted that we give donations back to original donors who wanted it and put the rest into General Funds when it was pointed out this was all quite irregular and ultra vires, and the night wound up at 9.50 with a reminder of the Federation Ball on the night of October 11.

DAY WALK GUIDE - AUGUST

- AUGUST 11. Lilyvale - Werong Pt. Palm Jungle - Era - Bus to Waterfall.
9 miles - Medium.
This will be a pleasant Sunday outing for all. Many dellghtful views of the near South coast may be enjoyed and photographed. The locality is the edge of the Garawarra Reserve.
Train 8.42 a.m. Steam. Tickets return to Lilyvale. Rail Fare 7/6 (approx) Bus Fare 3/- (approx).
Map: Port Hacking Tourist.
Leader: Pieter Rempt. LX3949. 663-034 Ex.312 (Bus).
- AUGUST 18 Waterfall - Heathcote Creek - Lake Eckersley - Heathcote.
9 miles - medium.
This is a good walk for beginners and will provide an opportunity of visiting the Heathcote Primitive Area.
Train 8.50 a.m. Elec. Change at Sutherland to rail motor.
(Note: Time shown in Walks Programme is incorrect)
Map: Port Hacking Tourist. Tickets return to Waterfall. Fare 6/-.
Leader: Grace Rigg. XY3518. MU4021 (bus).
- AUGUST 25 Sutherland - Woronora River - Engadine. 8 miles - Medium.
This section of the Woronora River is not often visited and will provide a pleasant days outing for all.
Train 8.50 a.m. Electric. Tickets Return to Engadine, alight at Sutherland. Fares 5/6.
Leader - Margaret Wilson XM0444 Ex. 229.
- SEPTEMBER 1 Hornsby - Tunks Creek - Galston Gorge - Hornsby.
11 miles - medium.
This will be an interesting trip in the Hawksbury area and should provide a good show of early wild flowers. Plenty of creek walking and a good introduction to the sandstone area.
Train - 9.10 a.m. via Bridge. Tickets return to Hornsby.
Fare 5/9.
Leader - Jack Perry - See Leader in the clubrooms on Wednesday August 28.

A LONG WET DAY

by The Fossil.

Uraterer on the second night of the cyclone. In the tent it is dry and warm. Outside, the rain seems to be reaching its pre-dawn climax. It isn't light yet, but soon I'll have to crawl out into that everlasting downpour again. There is a long day ahead of us. Our reserve of time used up finding our way over the flat ridges in the mist; no reserves of food. Packs gradually getting wetter inside and out - matches just dry enough to strike. Somewhere at the end of the day there will be another warm dry bed, under a roof - perhaps - if we can find our way down the ridge to the volcanic ramp leading through the cliffs to the Capertee, if we can cross the Capertee, if the road isn't flooded, if..... However, no use worrying, we can only meet our difficulties one by one as they come. Danger? No, we won't even get a cold - no germs out here. The worst that is likely is another night in the rain. We would still be warm in our bags, and missing a couple of meals wouldn't do us any harm. But people at home might worry, though goodness knows, if anyone should be able to look after themselves in the bush, we should.

Yes, it's getting light. Must prepare carefully if we are going to have a fire this morning. Do everything possible under the shelter of the tent. Then get out and prepare the fire, and when all is ready, get someone dry from inside to come out quickly, light the fire before he starts to drip, then get back and keep the matches dry. Just light enough to see. Out into the rain now. That wet heap just outside the tent? My long pants and socks - couldn't be wetter and couldn't be dried, so just left them out. Move quickly now so as to keep as dry as possible. Takes a long time to find twigs, but there's a pile at last. Out with the meta tablet and stand over it to keep it dry. "Righto Bill! Duck out with the matches!" Meta tablet lit. Little twigs on top. Plenty of smoke - should be right. But no, even a meta won't start it. Try the candle. Another few minutes smoke, still no fire. Well, someone has a bit of newspaper - surely it couldn't be dry enough to do any good, but it is. By this time the twigs are nearly dry and they burn.

A good hot breakfast, pack up in the tent; then, at the last moment, dry clothes into the pack, wet ones on, wet tent into the pack, and we are off, glad, in the cold, to be moving. Reg, who was here at Easter, knows the track to Green Hill, and for the next half hour or so we follow it. Then Wilf's cairn and the long ridge down to the Capertee. Wilf's "twigging" pretty obvious - some of the "twigs" about 2" through - but we had better watch the compass just in case. Not in favour of track marking - part of the enjoyment of walking is finding the way - but would gladly have hitchhiked in a helicopter today. Mile after mile, hour after hour (only four really), always on the look out for the tell tale dead leaves.

Occasionally one of the twiggers had been off the beam a bit; there follow compass readings, consultations, searching, but we find more broken branches leading in the right direction, and we are on our way. On and on in our little circle of visibility in the pouring rain - no landmarks visible, but there's only one way down, and Wilf has been all the way, so we follow the trail of the broken branches, our only clue to position being time - it would take something over three hours altogether, provided we don't spend too much time finding the way. At last the ridge narrows, the ground falls away into a gully on the left. Soon we look clear through the trees to the clouds beyond and are on the edge of the Capertee cliffs. About 1 p.m. now, and we spend valuable time finding the start of the route down, and here's a small overhang anyway. Let's light a fire (if we can) and have lunch. The wind is tearing up from the valley now, and its mighty cold gathering wood on the mountain side in soaking clothes, but the miracle is accomplished again - the fire lights. Thank goodness for a few dry clothes to put on and that lovely warmth.

After lunch the route of the twiggers becomes obscure, but there, below the cliffs, is the volcanic ramp down which we have to climb. More time lost looking for broken twigs. We find them, but they lead to a 10' drop - definitely off the beam - didn't come up that way in 1946, no, it was round to the left. Bill and Reg hardly believe it at first, but yes, there's the track through a break in the cliff line. Then some very rough steep going over slippery volcanic rubble and mud till at last we are on the green slopes leading to the river.

The River itself - no. 1 hazard - wide, muddy, but not so fast. I've been bluffed that way before; it might be only 3' deep. Try that 50 yard wide stretch with pack on top of shoulders. No go - 3', 4' and shelving steeply. Well, how about staying on this side, crossing Running Stream Creek, and going on to Glen Davis, where three strands of wire tope, remains of an old bridge, span the river? Yes, but it would be near dark, or after when we came to Running S trogm, and, besides, a small stream cascading over boulders would be much worse than a big smooth one. There might be a log across the river - we saw one on the way down. Another half mile, no log - maybe an hour to dark - there's a narrow stretch only 20 yards wide and not so fast - must be deep. River smooth for 2-300 yards below - better give it a go no, before dark. Off with everything and tie the pack in the groundsheet with cord from Bill. Not cold because wet through anyway. Walk in as far as possible, a good push-off. Moving down fast but getter over. Forty yards and I can touch bottom. Over! hooray! Tie Bill's cord to a stick and throw it back over. Some shivering under the groundsheet while Bill and Reg get ready, a little help with Bill's pack, and we are all over. Surely nothing can stop us now?

We push on and find the track, cross two or three little streams that flow in from the South. The valley is filled with the sound of

rushing, pouring water. But now a roaring sound - the third little creek from the South. Looks three or four feet deep as it boils over the boulders. A log takes us over about a third of it to rocks in the centre. A stick might help for the rest. Getting dark quickly now. Searching for a stick, Bill loses his groundsheet - we find it, luckily, in the water. It all takes ages. A stick at last, some very careful groping across the torrent and Reg is across, then Bill and I. Surely this is the last obstacle? But where is the track now? Out with the torches. Reg's torch packed up the previous night - Bill's dim. Where is that track? Up the hill? No. Along the edge of a steep rocky bank - down to the river - over boulders into blackberry through barbed wire - how deep's that cut? Can't be much. Right back to the river, still no track. What hope have we got with one small dim torch? how about settling for that beautiful dry cave for the night? But Bill thinks we might still somehow find the track up the hill behind the cave. And somehow, with a one hundredth-candlepower torch, he did. I walked right over it with a stronger torch. Now we are on the way again. Torches very weak. A little further and we stop to change my batteries. Bill's torch almost useless and Reg following in my footsteps. Switch on torch again - won't work at all. Oh, damnation! to get this far and then be left in inky darkness in pouring rain, surrounded by rocks and blackberries! Its always some fiddling detail that stops you - the speck of dirt in the carburettor, the loose lead, the perished stopper of the fuel container, or just a soaked torch. No hope of finding the faint track without light and darned hard even to camp here in the dark. But Bill comes to the rescue again. Gives the torch the right twist and there's light, and the track.

Now we must move as quickly as possible so that the batteries will last the distance, and we musn't waste time looking for the track, or lose it. Some anxious moments when the track peters out in open flats, but we are lucky again. If we can only make the old shale road to Running Stream Creek! - but torch failing now - just a little blob of light about 6" across, just, and only just, enough to pick out the track. Weaker and weaker, batteries almost gone, but what's that? Bits of tin and old iron, then a black patch. Are those wheel tracks? Yes, they are - we're on the old shale road at last. We can get along without a torch now if we have to. Half an hour along the road and the skeletons of the Glen Davis works are around us. Along the concrete road to the tennis courts, turn left and we are almost there. But why, oh why, did I leave the car keys under a rock in a paddock 50 yards from the road and 300 yards from the car? Fool that I am - never thought of getting back in the dark without a torch. Only hope now to go back to the car and retrace steps. Torch light now hardly visible, but grope my way slowly past the standing ruin, over the fallen ruin - yes there are the rocks, and there's the stone covering the keys. Back along the road, through the little flooded creek, and now, will the Land Rover start after three days in the rain?

First try, no go. Second try, a little put-put and then the engine roars into life. Another downgrade on our switchback obstacle race. And from the kind farmer and his family ^{who} took us in and gave us hot coffee and toast and we learn of another piece of luck - no open crossings between us and the main road, but the Bridge at Richmond will probably be closed - that means another hour's travel - 140 miles to go through rain and fog and its 9 p.m. before we start. Twenty m.p.h. plenty on that muddy wahsed out road. Eleven thirty and we are in Lithgow. Let's go along Main Street and ring up home. That phone box will do. Familiar, yes, of course the house behind the box is where I lived for my first ten years. Hedge replaced by shrubs, another room at the side, otherwise no change. Same shop across the road, same name. Then to the post office - conflicting reports of Richmond bridge - better go by Penrith to make sure. On we go - mist, rain, reflections, glare. Getting sleepy now, curse it. Reg would take over, but its a bit tough driving some one elses not-too-familiar car on a night like this. Thump! a big hole washed out of the bitumen. Alert again now. Clarence, Bell, Mount Victoria, Katoomba, Springwood, Penrith, Blacktown, Parramatta, Ashfield. Wonderful, how quickly we go through the metropolis when there is no traffic and all the lights are green. Now at last we are going up Pacific Highway - heaviest rain of the trip - driving across horizontally in sheets; a buffet of wind at every intersection. Home, a bath (how on earth do you get dirty in the rain?) and to bed by 4 a.m. A rest, but not a sleep, and its light again. Seven a.m. and the sun is shining on the trees. A nice fine day for sitting in the office.

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PADDY MADE

ON KEEPING WARM

Whilst musing through a train window on a wet cold morning my thoughts, naturally enough, turned to methods of keeping warm in similar conditions, perhaps somewhere between Kanangra and the Cox.

Fueling up the body with plenty of good tucker and moving at a brisk pace is O.K. but how to conserve that precious heat.

Emulate Tibetan monks who are reputed to be able to keep warm by sheer will power? Sounds a dubious method to the likes of me. Just have to resort to insulation, that's pretty well proven. Now what's in stock at the shop to answer that one?

Feet - a pair of those Norwegian greasy wool socks will certainly do the trick. Pretty reasonable too at about 14/6 a pair. Or perhaps a knee length pair in the same wool would be better still. A sock like that has always been hard to get, they'll be good to have this winter. 26/6 pair.

String singlets, can't miss out on these they're absolutely amazing 21/- & 30/-.

That greasy wool jumper from Norway I bought last year is a beauty. It would solve the problem for anyone for less than a fiver. Certain to be popular this year.

Balaclava, come cap or Commando type beret, a very versatile piece of head gear that will be handy in an icy westerly on Kanangra at 21/- a gift.

On top of all this I'll need to keep dry. What better than a dependable Kiwi type oilskin parka at 7/10/-.

Yes, I'm sure we'll be able to cater for you too for winter walking gear at

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WINTER JOURNEYS - A MIDWINTER MEMORIAL.

- Claretless.

~~"For me it was a very bad night. a succession of shivering fits~~
which I was quite unable to stop, and which took possession of my body for many minutes at a time until I thought my back would break such was the strain placed upon it. They talk of chattering teeth; but when you body chatters you may talk of cold. I can only compare the strain to that which I have been unfortunate to see in a case of lockjaw. One of my big toes was frostbitten, but I do not know for how long. Wilson was quite comfortable in his smaller bag and Bowers was snoring loudly. The minimum temperature that night was - 69; and that taken on the sledge was - 75. That is a hundred and seven degrees of frost."

(Appsley-Cherry-Garrad).

When one has grown old so to speak with the one sleeping bag, the approach of winter is often regarded with mixed feelings. Sleeping bags do represent investment capital and those people with a summer and a winter bag I regard in the same class as those with two cars. The only justification of two cars is that your wife could conceivably do the shopping in one. The only justification of two sleeping bags would be to put one inside the other, and possibly take less food. It is a horrible dilemma. The effectiveness of an ailing bag can be increased by all manner of methods; finding a heavier lining, wearing balaclava and gloves to bed or persuading someone to knit or crochet a cummerbund. Cummerbunds, or kidney warmers, allow for a really artistic treatment and if sufficiently long can dramatise the situation. A cummerbund sufficiently long and gaudy and properly wound can give one a splendidly Oriental effect.

The diversity of behaviour among bushwalkers is an absorbing study, in debate on parliamentary rules, as in their behaviour in the bush. Margaret Mead, who can erect a social system on the way women walk to the banana patch would surely be tossed if she attempted to classify and postulate the mores of bushwalking. ~~In native hierarchal communities~~
there is a knot for affixing the roof beam, a way of stirring the traditional fermented beverages and a separate way of preparing a snack and a feast. Uniformity is insisted upon the ground that fragmentation of custom would eventually fragment the community.

Consider the bushwalker. If one shares one's tent with another bushwalker, one side of the tent will be halfhitched to the peg and the knot itself driven into the ground as added anchorage. This is the sensible, simple way to do the job. It is the way I have always done it. The other half of the tent will be dependent on a complicated system of loops, tight knots and surplus string which, since no one has been able to tell me the official name, I call a half-fixed semi-running bowline. Some will not cook without a tripod, some eat only stick-bacon. Casual observation

will show that the tripod people spend their cooking time rummaging through their packs to account for the least morsel of the food they were told to bring; the stick-bacon eater leaves home confident that he has packed everything. Since he inevitably walks alone the loss of a morsel is nothing; as soon as the food is warm it can be gulped down and the stick thrown into the fire. Tripod people justify their rig by having stewed apple and custard; the stick man eats raw dried prunes and apricots in the warmth of his sleeping bag.

Winter journeys bring out the real diversity of the species, or is it genus. The argument as to how, where, why and when to camp starts soon after midday. There are those who argue scientifically and say that since cold air is heavier it will roll to the lower ground, ergo camp on a ridge where one will be at least warm. This can be refuted by observing that rivers frequently throw up log dams that one comes upon just as it really gets dark; that is half an hour after one should really have camped. By dismantling the dam a service is done to conservation and an immense fire can be built. These are the extreme viewpoints on campsites. Inevitably one falls between the two and camps on low frosty ground where there is no wood and if one is really lucky just a modicum of water.

The choice of campsite is strictly speaking the leaders domain. It is when the crew is camped that the real diversities appear. Mittens-on-a-string appear around necks, a 'clava' hide the luxurious locks of the only girl on the trip and cummerbunds and kodney rags of all description are drawn from hidden recesses of packs. The fire is piled high with gusto and then the serious business of preparing for the night is undertaken. Souls are shrived, bags toasted by the fire until an instant more would singe the feathers, bootlaces loosened and the tent space aligned to allow the convulsive leap into bed. Then the tossing and turning commences. Those who put off the purchase of a new bag until next winter curse the summer-made decision. Perhaps they cough on one of the loose feathers or their hip stretches through to the only stump on the camp spot. In a closed tent to stop draught the tormented souls see the warm comforting flicker of the fire. The abduled tent cleverly placed to catch radiant heat becomes a reverbatory furnace, the parboiled sleeper wrestles with the great decision to reduce the number of garments knowing that at some unpredictable time the fire will go out and conditions will approach the ideal. Those who donned long pants find that the warmth really didn't penetrate to their skin, those who persisted in shorts find the warmth of their bags illusory. There will be someone in the camp who is indifferent to cold, has said so loudly before bedtime and then proceeded to demonstrate the fact by snoring immediately. The stick bacon man will lie in front of the fire, emulating his own bacon; turning, spitting, warm on one side, roasted at the end and his body-fat slowly congealing at another extrimity. The only warm, comfortable person in the camp will be the middle one in a three-man tent, one who has eaten well, stood in front of the fire in shorts after mortifying the flesh with a cold wash, has bought a new sleeping bag that very week-end, has made a double silk liner for the bag and has carefully warmed it and is sleeping between two people who neither toss nor turn nor snore. Ah, blessed memory, this happened to me only once.

Letters to the Editor.

In reply to the editorial in the July issue of this magazine, I wish to strongly protest to the remark that "the President should put away his bow." Does our editor realise to what an appalling extent our Club's courting and matrimonial status quoes have declined?

Since statistics show (happily, for women) that the world is populated with more "eligibles" of the stronger sex than otherwise, why is it that our Club (which, after all, should appeal to more males than females because of its activities) has such a poor springling of same? Could it be that the idea of a rather robust girl who may prove to be his equal on a walk, frightens a prospective boyfriend on to the more scientific side of walking; or perhaps the majority of our "eligibles" are non-active members.

The fact may not be realised by some of the male S.B.W's that a girl may not only walk to enjoy the scenic beauties of nature but that the charms and beauties of the opposite sex can often be equally as appealing.

As for our editor's observations as to whether or not matrimony should be considered a necessary function of the club, he should realise that a matrimonial partnership of 1 bushwalker (male) + 1 bushwalker (female) is bound to inevitably result in "little bushwalkers," a thought that may please our treasurer and his future successors.

Therefore, Mr. Editor, please refrain from swaying our President from his matchmaking ways.

N.B. The stronger sex is the weaker sex because of the weakness of the stronger sex for the weaker sex. ^{"The Lamenting Lady" (EW)}

(There was one isolated occasion L.L.E.M. when I was able to influence - detrimentally as it turned out - Mr. Knightley's course of action, and I have never been forgiven. You should have no fears, therefore that anything I happen to say or write will, in anyway, sway our good President from his carefully, albeit casually, thought-out line of attack. You may be equally well assured that I am conversant with the biological facts referred to in the latter lines of your letter. - Ed.)

SOCIAL NOTES FOR AUGUST.

There will be a change on the August social programme. Instead of the T.A.A. films on August 21; Frank Ashdown will be talking to us and showing us slides about the North Island of New Zealand. Frank has entertained us before and I'm sure this presentation will be of the usual high standard. In a later programme Frank will feature the South Island.

Another ever-popular Members' Slide Night will be held on August 28. Don't worry about your shots being under-exposed or over-exposed, just bring them along and let's see some slides of the country through which you have been walking.

DON'T FORGET - FEDERATION BALL - FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11.

Paddington Town hall.

MILLINGIMBI - Via DARWIN.

Denise Hull.

It was cold enough for a cardigan and coat at Mt. Isa aerodrome when I left at 7 a.m. for Darwin. The big T.A.A. plane was loading up for Sydney and across the tarmac was the five seater Beechcraft which was to take me in the opposite direction. There was a flurry of activity as a trailer loaded with mail, parcels and luggage was trundled across to the little craft. One of the accompanying men in shorts, whom I later discovered was the pilot, called out to me to weigh myself and let him know the result, and the next minute my fellow passenger and I were aboard and off into the sunrise.

Miles and miles of flat, harsh-looking country with the fringe of the Barkly Tablelands away to the left, and later we came down at Borrooloo, the Native Welfare station over the border in the Northern Territory. In the centre of the flat wilderness was the Welfare Officer's house - and nothing else - except a very inebriated gentleman, who tottered across the airstrip as we touched down and draped himself across the wings. A blast from the pilot brought him to his feet with a request for a lift to the next stop. What astonished me was where he had got it at that hour of the day in all that wilderness. As we had half an hour's wait for the plane, my fellow passenger, a diamond driller, undertook to enlighten me and led me along a $\frac{1}{2}$ mile bush track to the local "store", a wonderful heterogeneous collection of clothing, spurs, tin foods, laps etc. hidden in the trees. Here I was offered a can of cold beer and as it was obvious that no one had the faintest intention of offering me a glass, I did what every one else was doing and up-ended it!

The next stop was Roper River Mission where we picked up a native girl en route to the Dentist in Darwin. The natives in the Territory are as home with the aeroplanes as the town dwellers are with a bus service. One could clearly trace the course of the Roper River as it flowed through the mudflats into the Gulf of Carpentaria along which we flew for quite a distance. Roper, I discovered later, was a member of Leichardt's party in the overland trek to Pt. Essington. Next was a call at a cattle station en route, a two hour stop at Kathrine and then Darwin.

Darwin I found an attractive town with some pleasant buildings, a good public library and quite a bit of history if one bothered to poke about. That something like seventy air-raids were made on Darwin during the war years was something that I, for one, had not realised before. But what I found probably even more interesting, were the people I met, particularly some of the women who were staying at the C.W.A. hostel - women from the outback who really knew the country and who were greatly interested in it. One lass was a champion rider and crack shot - now married to the manager of her father's cattle station, 1000 sq. miles in area. She was most interesting in her account of the shooting of buffaloes by means of the

'tranquilising' gun so that the animals could be brought in to be slaughtered at their own abattoirs on the property and chilled for export. They had the first Australian licence issued for overseas export of buffalo meat for human consumption - previously it had only been sent south to be used as pet food. The other woman, an English-woman, had lived in the Territory for over twenty years and in a varied life she and her husband had managed a gold-mine near Tennants Creek and now they owned a store on the track between Katherine and Wyndham in the north-west. In the evenings after tea I enjoyed getting them talking together about their experiences and the people they both knew in the Territory. I was only sorry that I did not have a tape recorder with me.

My ambition had all along been to find work outback, either on a cattle station or on a mission so that I could see something of the life in the Territory. I was therefore very pleased when I was offered the position of relieving sister for a few weeks at a Methodist Mission station in Arnhem Land. Mililingimbi is 350 miles east of Darwin on the north coast of Arnhem Land and it is another 150 miles further on to Gove Pen. where the bauxite is to be mined. It was so exactly what I had hoped for - and above all would offer a wonderful opportunity of seeing the aboriginal in something of his natural surroundings - that I felt if I did nothing else it was worth alone coming for all this way.

Milingimbi is built on the shore of the bay of one of a group of islands close to the mainland. All around the area for quite a distance along the shore are dozens of shady tamarind trees planted over a hundred years ago by visiting Maccassan sailors. There are about 450 full-blood natives in all - 150 of them children attending the mission school - but even after 40 years association with the Mission they are still tied in so many ways to their old tribal customs.

Soon after I arrived one of the old men died in hospital and the sudden piercing wailing of the women was shattering in the extreme. After Sister and I had attended to the old man we wrapped him in a sheet and he was taken to the native camp. Here the body was painted according to the native custom, re-wrapped in the sheet and the next day the burial service was held by the mission in the little church cemetery. I noticed that the name of the man was not mentioned throughout the service and discovered this was in deference to the native custom as the name of those who died are never mentioned to avoid distress to any relative who may be nearby. After the grave was filled in, large stones are placed on the top to keep the spirit in - a curious mixture of old and new beliefs.

The local people are famous for their bark paintings and the greater number of these displayed at the recent exhibition at Farmer's during the Queen's visit came from the Mililingimbi area. The bark is taken from

the stringy-bark tree and the red, yellow and white colours from the soft sandstone - the black from charcoal. The brush is simply a few strands of human hair tied to a twig and a hollowed stone holds the colours for painting. Every bark painting tells a story mostly dealing with the age old ceremonial rites of fertility. It was an experience to watch the men sitting absorbed in their work with such infinite patience and knowing one was watching an art whose origin was centuries old but which was fast dying out. The old men will only teach those of the younger ones who are prepared to go through the various initiation ceremonies beforehand where they are taught the hidden meaning which underlies the various ceremonial rites and legends depicted in the paintings. As these ceremonies are not encouraged by the missions owing to their pagan origin, the art with all its deeper meanings must eventually die out.

The other day I saw two young women being painted by the older ones in preparation for a "purification" ceremony. The upper part of their bodies was painted with the juice of the stem and root of the orchid and the pattern of red, white and yellow then painted over the breasts and back and as amulets and bands on the forehead. The hair was powdered with white chalk and the result was very effective. Both girls had young babies and during their pregnancy were forbidden to eat the eggs of the mudgoose. The ceremony was conducted by four of the men whose "ceremony" it was - all ceremonies are traditional and can only be performed by those who "own" each particular ceremony. One of the men played the didgerido and the other the clapsticks, while two others performed the ritual dance in the clapsticks, while two others performed the ritual dance in front of the two seated women, breaking the mud goose's egg (which was bad!) and smearing it on their lips, showing that they were now purified and free to eat the eggs. The underlying meaning in this case was probably to indicate that the women were now ready to go again with their husbands after the birth of their child.

Life is not without its ups and downs at Milingimbi. The weekly air mail service and the 3 weekly mission boat with stores from Darwin, the ship from Brisbane on its quarterly visit with heavy stores - film companies - 2 in three months - anxious to get some concrete reminders of the ways and crafts of a fast disappearing race - and stranded on the beach are the two Indosian praus that arrived here two years in succession with their "shipwrecked" crews, apparently all looking surprisingly healthy and oddly enough the second time with the same man in charge! Isolated in hospital for quarantine purposes until the authorities arrived from Darwin, the good sister, finding they tended to have the roving "eye" where the native girls were concerned, gave them a nice dose of Pot.Brom. to settle them down. This not only had the desired effect, but also the somewhat unexpected one of loosening tongues that earlier had denied all knowledge of the English language!

All in all, one leaves Milingimbi with much food for thought.

FEDERATION REPORT -- JULY 1963

Shelter Shed on Mt. Hay Track. Federation has now donated the sum of £75 out of the Arnold Ray Legacy Trust Fund towards the cost of erecting a stone shelter shed and concrete water tank near the Mt. Hay track just before the drop down to Flat Top.

Grose Mining Leases are now reported to be refused.

Kanangra Tops. The Postmaster General replied in person to our query regarding the reported erection of a tower at Kanangra. He denied that the PMG were involved in any surveying in this area nor did they know who was. A member of Federation suggested that it might be an aircraft beacon. The meeting resolved to write to the Department of Civil Aviation, the Commonwealth Works Department and the Department of Interior to verify this suggestion.

Stony Range Reserve, Deewhy. We are invited to visit this reserve from August to mid October in order to see the wildflowers.

National Parks Association. NPA reported an exchange of 33 acres of grassland for 80 acres of heavily timbered brush land in the New England Park, and also reported that Cabinet has appointed yet another sub-committee to review the proposed National Parks Act.

Blue Mountains National Park. The 150,000 acres originally gazetted in 1958 have now grown to 170,000 acres: additional land now either already included in the Park or else proposed for inclusion are Red Hand Cave, Glenbrook Crossing, Colo Shire Crossing (north of the Grose), Blue Gum Forest, Hawkesbury Lookout, Sir Edward Hallstrom Reserve, Hat Hill and top of Perry's. It has also been suggested that Euroka and Reserve 627 near Glenbrook Creek be added.

A Bushfire Brigade is to be formed by the Blue Mountains National Park and all Federation members are invited to volunteer even if they do not live in the Mountains.

Clear Hill. It was decided to investigate the rumour that the Water Board was planning to erect an 80 ft. high radio-firetower on Clear Hill.

Search and Rescue reported on the month's activity and wish to thank all those who helped in the search for the body of the schoolgirl at Hammondsville.

Report of Annual Meeting of Federation of Bushwalking Clubs
Held July 16, 1963

Election of Officers. Most executive positions are the same as last year, Paul Driver - President, Grahame Mitchell - Secretary and Dick Higgins - Treasurer.

The Meeting decided to leave the affiliation fees at 9' per head with a minimum of £1 for city clubs.
