



THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to
the Sydney Bushwalker, The N.S.W. Nurses'
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Reiby Place, Sydney.

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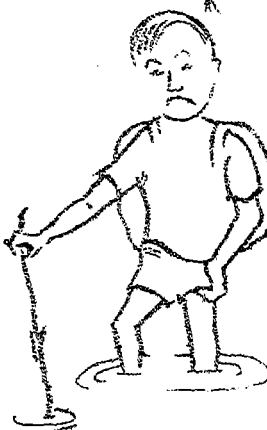
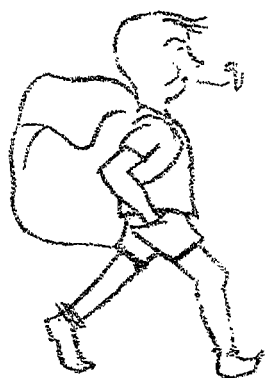
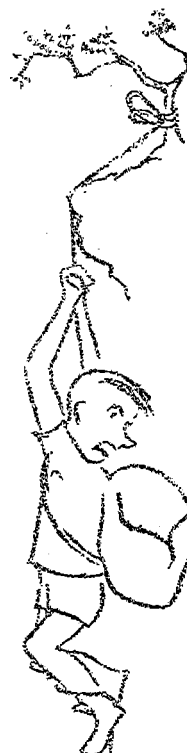
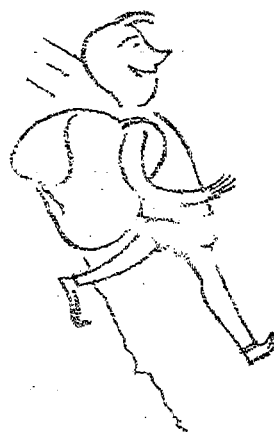
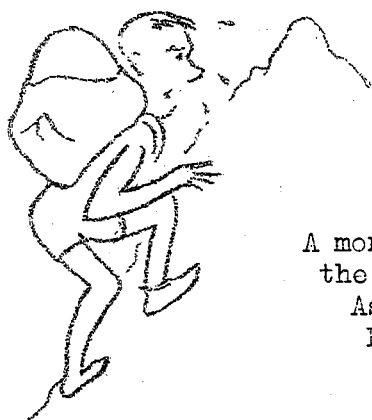
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JULY 1964

Price 1/-

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AT THE JUNE GENERAL MEETING.

Jim Brown.

About 50 people were on deck to see three new members welcomed - John Worrell, Michael Short and Jim Basilios (welcomed as heard with apologies) and to hear (vile Agenda) a "Presidential Address" on the evils of scattering cigarette ash etc over the Club Room, and the even greater evil of leaving fires alive. (Could this really happen in S.B.W? - what species of oaf could it be?)

In correspondence there was an enquiry from Eleanor Bragg, seeking photos of Lake Will (near Barn Bluff in the Cradle Mt. area) which was named for her father. The Nature Conservation Society advised it would hold its Annual Conference on October 10 and required early notice of any motions and from Lands Department which was handling our Kowmung enquiry back and forth between Sydney and Orange. Bulgo - portions 9 & 10 had definitely gone to Royal National Park and notified in the Gazette of March 20. The Scouting Movement expressed regret for the tree-felling incident at Era and said that a tree planting would be undertaken by the Troop concerned - the National Park Trust had been advised. In matters arising, several people felt we might follow up with an offer to lecture to the offending Scout Troop, but overall opinion preferred not to rub salt in the wound.

The Walks Report showed a quite heartening amount of activity, with about 20 people on Stuart Brookes' Boss Mountain trip, and 10 prospectives (apart from the members) on Peter Rempt's day walk. David Ingram had 22 on the Terry Hills area. 11 went on Bob Godfrey's trip from Waterfall over towards Campbelltown. Ross Wyborn on an unprogrammed trip to Bonnam Pic had a party of 12 (including 6 visitors) but no numbers of Jack Perry's trip to Jerusalem Bay was known. There had been an ambitious trip with two cars and two parties to do the Mt. Irvine - Wollangambe Ck - Mt. Cameron - Pine Forest from opposite end. One party succeeded (congratulations!) but one had to return and both teams finished up at one car at 10 p.m. Sunday!

Again in the Wollangambe Creek area Alan Round had a team of 5, while Roy Braithewaite's party of 8 went over the Blue Gum - Lockley's Pylon trip. Esme Biddulph topped the poll with 34 on a "Northern Suburbs Tour", whilst Wilf Hilder and one prospective tackled a "Four Peaks" trip and made very good time back from Ti Willa to Katoomba. Mt. Solitary had reappeared on the programme in a trip with Peter McNamara standing in as leader for Geoff Boxsell, and the instructional trip to Eureka brought out 32. Two day walks on the last weekend were led by Ernie French with 9 and David Balmer with four.

From Federation Report we learned that about 18,000 acres north of the Bell Road were being added to the Blue Mountains National Park, bringing its total area to nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ million acres. Federation hoped to obtain added representation on the Trust - a little later we asked our delegates to nominate Wilf Hilder.

Complaints about a farmer who tried to prevent walkers from using the Six Foot Track had been referred to the Orange District Surveyor. One problem was that the existing trails do not follow the exact line of the original right-of-way, which is shown fairly accurately on the Katoomba military map.

A fire lookout tower has been erected near the Narrow Neck road - quite an imposing structure it was said, and the suggested name "Big Brother". The Water Board was considering an extension of the White Dog road while the Old Cedar Road was being reconstructed from Bran Jan down to the Kowmung River.

Then we were up to the piece de resistance: you may recall a request from Paul Barnes for Clubs to indicate to Federation what they considered a suitable policy for National Parks. In S.B.W. a sub committee had been set up and its report was published in the June magazine. We were now asked to consider the adoption of this report. After formal receipt and "taking it as read" (which very few people had actually done at that stage) we took the report paragraph by paragraph. Debate was protracted, and it was soon evident that many members were trying to square two different viewpoints (1) that parks should be kept quite primitive (2) that reasonable access should be there for all and sundry. Unfortunately your recorder came to an end of his scribbling paper about half way and could take only vital notes thereafter. However the essence of the deal was -

The paragraph headed "General Principles" was adopted, but "Roads" drew long discussion, when Frank Rigby suggested that in a parkland of considerable extent perimeter roads were unrealistic and denied the area to the majority. This drew the crabs from the exclusionists, who were still careful to say Kosciusko State Park was somewhat of an exception. However Frank Rigby's amendment that "a minimum of roads should penetrate far into the park" was carried. "Fire Trails" was the next sub-title, Ron Knightley making the point that fire trails did not necessarily become public roads, and, after comment by Wilf Hilder, we agreed that "fire trails MAY (not merely) destroy bushland" and amended the report accordingly. Apart from that, we adopted the report's proposals. Next "Tracks" and discussion on the second paragraph of this section which opposed "building a multiplicity of tracks." It was suggested this was open to misinterpretation, and even that the second paragraph was redundant. But finally "Tracks" was left substantially as originally framed. "Buildings" was the next sub heading. After short discussion we deleted only one word "proposed" before the "swimming pool at Euroka". We deleted it only because it was repetitious!

"Commercial Interests" came next. We deleted the wording in brackets, which was actually only by way of explanation anyway. Alan Round seemed to believe there would be little harm in taking river gravel, but this met with no favour. There was some debate on whether "public works" included roads, which we had previously accepted. However we agreed that we should seek as primitive areas at least 50% of any National Park, and in recognition of the difficulty of tying this proviso on to certain areas, agreed to add to the final paragraph the thought that "we recognise there is a public demand for areas incorporating roads and such improvements, and suggest such areas should be established as 'recreational parks'".

Your reporter's paper having long since given out he was unable to note any of the tidying up business of the evening, but with the Parks policy disposed of and the evening well advanced, no one was inclined to put forward anything of consequence as the June meeting ambled to a belated end.

NATIONAL PARKS AND NATURE CONSERVATION

A.Strom.

The statement on National Park Policy published in "The Sydney Bushwalker" has prompted me to reflect, as I have often done recently, upon the real significance of National Parks as a contribution to nature conservation. Because the statement on policy didn't do this, I have the feeling that it has missed a valuable opportunity to be something more than an expression of a bushwalker's point of view.

Defining "National Parks".

Unfortunately, "National Park" is not defined in the legislation of New South Wales and as a consequence, every commentator is free to have his own opinion and does so, with gay abandon. This unfortunately is actually a reflection of world policy, believe it or not. The Americans talk a great deal about the nature conservation values of their National Parks but in fact, they are always stressing (and using) their Parks for recreational activities associated with natural conditions; and this concept of nature conservation seems to have engulfed the report of the committee of The Sydney Bush Walkers.

Conflicting Interests.

There is a great and tremendous difference between National Parks for recreation and National Parks for the preservation of the biota - preservation of the biota for human values that transcend the sensuous pleasures of being in the quiet, the beautiful and the aesthetically enriching places. The Americans appear (and I say "appear" because I have been denied the opportunity to see at first hand) to have all their eggs in one basket. Their National Parks are to provide for all kinds of recreational activities from hotels to hikers as well as scientific research. This might work if -

1. The National Parks are large enough (and perhaps the United States wins out here).
2. The pressures of people can be held at bay (and information seems to show this is a losing battle).
3. The National Park System samples all the various kinds of environments in adequate quantity (but unfortunately scenic values usually come first).

Now Great Britain has another approach. There is a National Park System and a National Nature Reserve System. The first provides open space for recreational and other uses, the second system to hold environment for true, sound and well-applied nature conservation.

True, Sound and Well-applied Nature Conservation.

I think I have come to the conclusion that true, sound and well-applied nature conservation cannot be resolved by a National Park System.

Firstly, because National Parks must provide for recreation. I know that the term "recreation" can be difficult to define and this indeed, spells disaster for the bushwalker's intention to keep the "wilderness" for their private enjoyment. Those of us who saw the wild lands as places miles from nowhere are indeed, very, very privileged people. It cannot be repeated, and each year and each child which is born, puts this kind of experience further and further away from succeeding generations.

Secondly, because we select National Parks for their "national park values" - (a kind of combination of scenic, wildlife, geologic and topographic qualities which give pleasure to those who would be amongst them) - National Parks do not even try to supply a system of samplings of biotic communities.

My guess is that staking our hopes on National Parks, particularly National Parks in New South Wales, will only lead to the loss of many wildlife species. Admittedly, National Parks can contribute to a wildlife conservation programme but "can" is not enough, if the species are to survive. Many of the places of little "national park value" must be reserved and held as national nature reserves. Environment wherever it occurs is worth holding and not mark you, for the usual emotional pleasures of recreation but the long term needs of biology in its application to the human needs of medicine and agriculture.

Experts on Nature Conservation.

If the bushwalking fraternity is to have a policy for national parks, it must face realities. The most threatening reality is over-population of the world and the demand for living conditions that need land and more land. This is not a country of vast open spaces but just a region awaiting exploitation. We are failing as experts on nature conservation because our policies are not attuned to reality. Like all bushwalkers I like it lonely and I like it rough; but my experience has told me that most of my "loneliness" must be largely imaginary if the children of the future are to have anything at all. Because we were and are, too concerned with getting pleasure from the wildlands, we've lost a valuable opportunity to integrate nature conservation into land usage. By the turn of this century, there will be no more wildlands anywhere to select for our National Parks and Nature reserves.

No policy on National Parks is worthwhile that doesn't recognise the changing living of Man. The early Americans called their National Parks "pleasuring grounds" and that's what you'll get. If you really want to conserve wildlife - honestly for the wildlife values that transcend pleasure - National Parks are not the answer. Let's not fool ourselves and think we can keep the thousands out whilst the few score pretend to be "lonely".

WE MAY WELL WIN THE BATTLE FOR NATIONAL PARKS BUT FAIL TO CONSERVE
THE BIOTA.

FEDERATION REPORT JUNE 1964.

Blue Mountains National Park Trust. Federation has resolved to nominate Messrs. Alan Rigby and J. (Wilf) Hilder as candidates for the vacancy on the Park Trust.

Nature Conservation Society will hold its Annual Conference and Dinner on Oct. 10. The after dinner topic will be Rutile Mining. More details later. Six Foot Track. Federation's letter to the District Surveyor, Lands Dept. has now been referred from the Orange office back to head office in Sydney. Apparently lots of "referring" but little action yet.

Search and Rescue Practice Week-end. Oct 17-18-19 July, 1964 in Kuringai Chase. A Search and Rescue Demonstration will be held on October 17-18.

"Bushwalker Annual" Any contributions in the forthcoming issue should now be submitted to the Editor, Bill Gillam, Old Bush Road, Engadine.

National Parks Association. The Explorers' Groups, which investigate possible sites for National Parks, will give an exhibition of their work at the November Meeting of the Association. A new road is under construction by Army units in the Yeola - Upper Kangaroo River area.

Heathcote Primitive Area. The Trust is negotiating with various authorities who wish to :- (a) erect another power transmission line across the area.
(b) erect an aerial beacon on Woronora Trig. (the highest point)
(c) wish to drill for coal within the area.

A government grant of £1,000 will permit the employment of a full-time ranger.

Blue Mountains National Park. Mr. Alan Strom has been appointed a Trustee. All campsites were overcrowded during the Easter Holidays and the establishment of more has been suggested. About 20 acres of the Blackheath Water Reserve close to the Western Highway are to be transferred to the Trust for the establishment of a Park Information and Management Centre to cost about £25,000. £10,000 has already been granted toward the cost. Federation is to supply notes on bushwalking in the Park when required for publication in a booklet to be prepared as a guide to the features of the Park.

Annual Ball. This will be held on September 11, 1964 and assistance by anybody willing to work on the Committee will be gratefully accepted.



PADDY MADE

7.

We have always found most bushwalkers to be very practical people especially when it comes to buying their equipment. That's why it's always a pleasure explaining to them the features of Paddymade equipment, they so quickly appreciate the practical features and design of our gear.

We have always collaborated with walkers in designing and improving many of our items of equipment, that's why so many walkers recommend it. It's the best a walker can buy. PADDYMADE.

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A LONG STORY.

Ross Wyborn.

"See you at 7.00 at Penrith" I told everybody. I was to go to Penrith in Snow's car and after getting lost near Auburn eventually got there about quarter to eight. Then it started; who was to travel in whose car, where? We set the maps up under a light outside the station and I explained to them as best I could the route. They all sort of agreed saying it was only a 'biscuit toss'. We were to swap cars before the trip so we would have the right cars to go home in. This was a result of waiting 3 hours on Sunday night at Nowra after a similar trip (which worked),

The trip was for one party to walk from Mt. Irvine via a maze of ridges and Mt. Cameron to Dinner Creek (near Pine Plantation Road) and the other party was to do the trip in reverse. After much arguing and shouting we agreed upon the parties and which car was going where, except for Snow who had different ideas (argue, argue). Eventually Snow was pushed into a car and we left.

Dave Balmer drove Barry Higgins, the honorable editor and myself in John Powell's car to Mt. Irvine. On Saturday morning Dave and Barry who braved the cold night air in the scrub dragged us out of the car where we spent a warm comfortable night. It was not yet light and Duncan protested but we told him "It was the tough ones you remembered" and he finally got up.

When it was light enough to see we started out along the ridge to Tessellate Hill where we found some interesting "tessalations" (patterns on flat rocks). Our ridge went up and down, backwards and forwards, but we managed to navigate it with only a couple of very minor faults where we wandered a hundred yards down the wrong ridge. Soon we got to the long narrow part of the ridge which led straight to the junction of Wollangambe Creek and Bowen Creek. The views here were fantastic. We could see a drop in front of us and we thought we were nearly at the junction but when we got there it was only the top line of cliffs and we could see where the junction was still a couple of miles along the ridge. We pushed on through the thick scrub and some time later suddenly emerged at the top of a sheer cliff which dropped into the Wollangambe. Everyone looked astounded "Have we got to go down there?", "The ridge must go down at the end so let's have a look" I said. "Oh, no, even more of a drop down here". From where we were standing there were two possibilities, a knife-edged buttress which runs down to the Wollangambe closest to the junction, which apparently had been used by at least one other party, or another spur further upstream. But our problem was not only to get down, but to get up the other side. Barry said it was impossible to get down without a rope and if we did get down we would never get up the other side. We chose the second spur as it led us closest to a promising spur on the other side and also to some it looked easier. After climbing down and making a six foot jump to get past the top cliff line we found the going fairly simple and edged our way down to the "Gambe" in good time.

The sun had not reached the bottom of the gorge here all morning and we froze as we nibbled our lunch and slurped drinks amongst the wet rocks. After lunch we walked around the corner to find the sun shining. We left the creek on a spur where there was an interesting 5 foot waterfall in the main creek. The way up entailed a bit of climbing and pack passing up rocks on a narrow spur which on one side dropped into the "Gambe". Once past the first cliff line we bashed up through the thickest entanglement of scrub I have ever bashed through to the second cliff line which seemed more continuous though not as high as the first.

After looking around a bit Duncan spotted a good way up and a few minutes later we were scrambling up to the top of the ridge. We had been expecting all sorts of things but it proved just another ridge. The ridge was easy to follow being rather sharp and occasionally we burst through the bushes to the edge of the cliff where we had a good view into the Wollangambe Gorge. About 5 p.m. the sun was fading (in the west too, we weren't lost yet!) and we could see Mt. Mistake - our meeting and camping place with the others far in the distance (or we thought it was Mt. Mistake, it proved to be a closer hill).

No chance of making that tonight, we said, looks like a dry camp on this ridge somewhere. About 10 minutes later we climbed onto some rocks just before a saddle and there was a pool of water. As we shouted water, Dave came bounding through the scrub with a new lease of life. The pool was only 1 inch deep and had mud on the bottom, but it was wet so we camped there, lighting a fire on the rock, and later sleeping in the bushes below.

On Sunday we were again up before light and after a bite to eat and a sip of water (plus mud as the pool was emptying) we left at first light. Mt. Mistake proved much further than we thought. After one hill there was another. After about 3 hours we finally reached the right hill which was Mt. Mistake. Navigating got more difficult now but after we negotiated a very scrubby low saddle the scrub improved. There were many low ridges everywhere but only one led in the direction we wanted to go. One small escapade in the wrong direction led us to water so we were pleased, but there were many arguments as we made others. Duncan showed from a scientific view point that if you take larger steps with your right leg, than your left, you walk in anti-clockwise circles and vice-versa. Dave our mathematician enlarged on this to say that if you increased the length of your right step and decreased the length of your left step you will finally end up walking in anti-clockwise circles in the same spot. This didn't help our navigation much.

We climbed another bump and when we reached the top we found it was grassy on the small basalt cap. It must be "Blady Grass Hill". No sign of the others, I wonder where they are". We had given up yelling by this time. Maybe they will go home before we arrive at the cars and leave us here. Oh well, we must go on now. We covered the ground to Pommel Hill

in good time but were slightly mixed up thinking that Pommel Hill was Tambo Limb. In actual fact for the whole trip we were looking at Tambo Limb and calling it Mt. Cameron. Just below Pommel Hill we found Volley O-C prints going in both directions. "The cowards have only come here then gone back" we thought. We climbed Pommel Hill and had lunch on the track at permanent water. "It's straight track walking from here" we said as we left our grassy lunch spot. 15 minutes later we lost the track but we soon arrived at Mt. Cameron which is a beautiful spot with tall slender Blue Gums and soft grass. The road bash was uneventful and our thoughts were centred on whether there would be any car waiting for us. "Snow couldn't be that much of a dill" we all hoped. We were relieved when we heard shouts and started to run along the road. In our hurry we lost the road in the dark but soon found it again and saw the glow of the fire. It was them all right but no car. With a few strong words we soon got the full story out of them.

They had got onto the wrong ridge and ended up in a monstrous creek, which John Powell had a liking for and wouldn't leave, so they camped on small ledges alongside. On Sunday they located Blady Grass Hill and then not having enough time to complete the trip went back to the car. They had only arrived an hour ahead of us and John Powell and Rona had gone to get the other car. John and Rona arrived back at 10 p.m. and we were soon on our way home.

DAY WALKS.

JULY 19. Waterfall - Uloola Falls - Karloo Pool - Heathcote. 8 miles. The area around Uloola Swamp, seen on this walk, is to be set aside as a primitive area by the National Park Trust. It is of particular interest as are the several sets of aboriginal rock carvings to be seen en route. Suitable as a first walk for new member. Train: 8.20 a.m. Cronulla train from Central Electric Station CHANGE AT SUTHERLAND for rail motor to Waterfall. Tickets: Waterfall return @ 6/- each. Map: Port Hacking Tourist or Port Hacking Milit. Leader: Betty Farquhar.

JULY 26. Waterfall - Hacking River - Flat Rock Crossing - South West Arm Ck - Audley. 12 miles. Interesting country with good possibilities for map reading practice. Should be some good stands of wattle and other early wild flowers. Scratchy in parts. Bring a torch. Train: 8.20 a.m. Cronulla train from Central Electric Station CHANGE AT SUTHERLAND for rail motor to Waterfall. Map: Port Hacking Tourist or Port Hacking Military. Leader - Gordon Redmond.

AUGUST 2. Bundeena - Gibbon Head - Marley Beach - Wattamolla - Garie. 12 miles. The correct route of this walk is shown above. The leader proposes to explore the coastline between Gibbon and Marley instead of taking the direct track across the moors. Very scratchy in parts and gaiters are recommended. Train: 8.50 a.m. Cronulla train from Central Electric Station. 10.0 a.m. ferry Cronulla to Bundeena. Tickets: Cronulla return @ about 5/6 plus 1/6 ferry fare and 2/6 bus fare Garie to Waterfall. Map: Port Hacking Tourist or Port Hacking Military. Leader: John Holly.

AUGUST 9: Lilyvale - Era Beach - Stockyard Crk - The Burgh Track - Helensburgh. 12 miles. A walk in very familiar country, but with a difference. The scramble up Stockyard Creek is strenuous but interesting and the return trip via The Burgh Track provides a welcome change. Train: 8.42 a.m. Wollongong train from Central Steam Station. Tickets: Lilyvale return @ 7/7 return. Map: Port Hacking Tourist. Leader: Jack Gentle.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Rayner Mayer.

"In Africa, there is no Past or Future, only the present". -
A traditional saying.

At the very foot of Africa lies a country, with great similarities to Australia. South Africa is a large country, relatively underdeveloped possessing great mineral wealth. Water is an all important commodity and where there is water, there is life. Large sections of the interior are semi-desert and desert supporting only very scanty grazing. The most populated region in the country is the Witwatersrand complex, the most important mining area in the country. Johannesburg has a population of about $1\frac{1}{4}$ million and Pretoria about half a million. The rest of the population live mainly around the coast.

Few South Africans include Australia in their travels preferring to travel northwards rather than eastwards. Yet whenever Aussies learn that I come from South Africa, something seems to click. For through hearing or reading, well nigh everyone has learnt of the current troubled times in South Africa.

In simple terms, the fact is that there are some three million Europeans and twelve million Africans, each with their own standard of living. The problem is whether the two groups could assimilate and if so how. The Europeans are themselves divided on this point: a majority seem to favour complete separate development whilst a minority (but still a fair proportion) would favour integration. The protagonists of separate development point out, for instance, that even in the Deep South of America where the Negroes and White have lived together for a century or more, 'apartheid' exists in practice even if not on the statue book. On the other hand, the integrationists argue that separate development is not practical because in fact integration has already taken place in industry.

The eventual outcome is difficult to foretell because the pressure exerted by the outside world on South Africa is great and only complicates an already difficult problem. A compromise might be a federation of a large number of small states each with their own white or black Government. But Time alone will tell.

The topography of South Africa is much more rugged than Australia. There is no extensive coastal plain and there is generally at least one folded mountain range before the escarpment is reached. Bushwalking is thus much more up and down rather than along. Rock climbing is rather popular and there are some fine areas especially round Cape Town with good solid granite.

The finest climbing area in South Africa is the Drakensburg-Maaltj area in SW Natal. Here extend some mighty ranges for over one hundred

miles and up to 11,000 feet in height. The centre of this area is Bergville and Royal Natal National Park, where a splendid mountain amphitheatre is flanked on one side by the Eastern Buttress and on the other by the Sentinel with Mont-Aux-Sauces on top of the plateau.

South African public opinion is much more enlightened on the need for and use of National Parks. There is a National Parks Board (a Federal Body) and each state also has its own Department of Nature Conservation. The most famous of these parks is the Kruger National Park in NE Transvaal. The wild animals are in their natural surroundings and one drives through by car in easy stages. Rest camps are scattered around the Park and the best time for viewing is early in the morning or in the late afternoon when the animals wander down to the water holds. Other lesser known Parks include Etosha Pan (some 40,000 square miles in area and even better than the Kruger Park), the Kalahari Gemsbok National Park and the Golden Gate National Park.

Finally, Africa in general as well as South Africa is a fascinating and interesting place in these 'years of change'. It is well worth a visit, perhaps en route to Europe - one will hardly be disappointed.

SOCIAL NOTES FOR JULY.

Those bushwalkers who move in N.P.A. circles will know Len Hainke and the contribution he is making to the work done by that group. On July 15 Len will feature a programme "From Coast to Mountain" beginning with some fine shots and commentary on Nadgee and followed by his impressions of Barrington.

Bushwalkers will be particularly pleased to see Malcolm McGregor's name on the current programme. I have no need to expound on the quality of Malcolm's wild flower transparencies and an excellent night is assured on July 22.

The Annual Colour Slide Competition will be with us again on July 29. The judges will be Bill Rodgers, Alan Rigby, and George Gray. The limit is 6 slides per person, with no categories, but all slides should be clearly labelled. Slides should be handed to Ed. Stretton on or before the 15th July.

The Sydney Bushwalkers are invited to attend a Social Evening to be held at the Roseville Scout Hall, Martin Lane, Roseville on Saturday, 25th July, 1964 at 7.30 p.m. in aid of The South Indian Ocean Expedition to Heard Island. Donation 7/6 single, 10/- double. Please ring Shirley Dean 843985.

THE BUSHWALKER IN SOCIETY. II.

This month the great pogonological psychologist, Have-a-lot Ellis, continues his study of Bushwalking Man's proneness to distinguish himself from Normal Man by indulging in pogonoculture, or beard-growing.

The Psychology of Ziffs. (continued) Have-a-lot Ellis.

"Beards are like good ideas : Women and children never have them."

We continue now with another case history of bearded S.B.W. men.

Case II.

Mr. N.P. is a particularly tall man, reaching a height of six feet one and one half inches. His case history is particularly interesting as it reveals the development of Homo sapiens when free from the complex socio-economic influences of modern western civilization.

"My father suffered from a strong desire to grow a beard, but lacking the courage to grow one at home, he went on a lonely antartic expedition to Bird Island, taking me, then only one month old, as his sole companion. On this island he grew a beautiful beard but try as he would, he could make nothing of his moustache. He was irked by the fact that the walruses which basked on the shore in great numbers greatly excelled him in this department, and he determined to discover their secret. One day he approached an enormous bull walrus, which lay sleeping on the beach and he began to examine its moustachio. His natural jealousy would not allow him to believe that the beautiful growth was genuine, and to test this point he gave the growth a sharp tug expecting it to come off in his hand. This partially awoke the animal which yawning lustily swallowed him.

Thus it was that I was left an orphan at the age of eighteen months. I grew up on Bird Island and as I grew my beard grew too. It was never cut but the natural abrasions of life seemed to prevent it ever attaining a length greater than six feet one and one half inches.

Luck was not against me for in my twentieth year the island was visited by an American tourist ship on a world cruise. The tourist viewed me with great curiosity but the captain could not take me aboard as I could not produce my fare, and there being an excess of males in the ship's ballroom already, none of the passengers was anxious to help me.

Two years later another ship called at the island and took me aboard. The captain of this ship had been sent around the world to collect strange animals for a big circus company. The circus manager had heard of me from one of the tourists and thought I might be an attraction in his show.

At this time I could not speak a word of any language, so the captain put me in the hold with the parrots that I might be taught the rudiments of basic English.

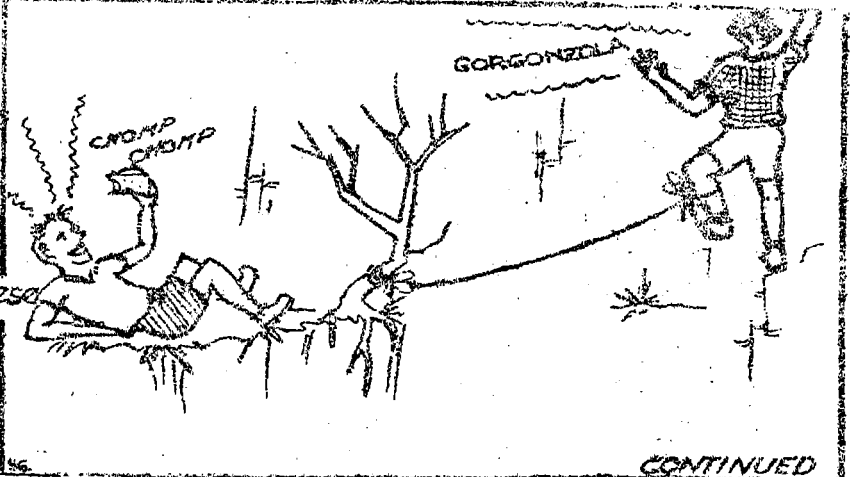
At first the captain was very impressed with the length of my beard, but he soon became greedy and demanded to know why it grew no longer than six feet one and one half inches. I could not tell him because the only phrases I could utter were "cocky wants a drink" and the first six lines of the Lords Prayer. He came to the conclusion that I suffered from a hormonal deficiency, and thereafter I was subjected to an injection of 100 grammes of testosterone daily, cut onions were rubbed into my chin four times a day and I was fed on nothing but goats flesh.

Far from having the desired effect this treatment, and in particular I suspect the cut onion massage, made my beard fall out completely and irrevocably. At first it seemed that my circus career was ruined, and the captain had me cut to half rations, but then it was decided that the performing horse would like quite well without a tail and my rations and hopes of fame were restored.

On reaching America I was put into show business and I was an immediate success. I have married the circus hermaphrodite and we have five children, three and a half boys and one and a half girls. My "beard" is attached to my upper lip and I have learnt to lift it in a most natural and spontaneous way to allow the ingress of food. I do not approve of people who grow beards for frivolous reasons, but I believe, and everybody with whom I have discussed the matter has agreed, that I am perfectly entitled to grow my beard as, after all, I have been to Bird Island.

Lil Sweetie Nuggetheart.

MEANWHILE: On another face of the mountain, 720 feet above the valley floor, ~~Peewee~~ Carrotnoggin, a member of the Famous Kamer-B-ruka Cheesechompers, does a 720 ft. traverse, breathing the aroma for which the KB Cheesechompers are famous, and safely belayed by his friend Owl Pipeclay.



CONTINUED

OUR FIRST TWO YEARS AS SYDNEY BUSHIES.

Betty Farquhar.

Just two years? Surely it must be longer, all the wonderful walks we have had, the beautiful country we have seen and the ever interesting and delightful company of other S.B.W.'s that we have enjoyed.

Our family mostly married, Ern and I middle-aged (young middle aged we like to think), what to do for an interest on limited £.s.d. A glimpse of Paddy Pallin on T.V. giving a talk on bushwalking, was this what we could do? Hiking? Yes, we called it that. We had both been interested in walking when we had first met and married. Several outings on our own, limited of course through lack of knowledge, were very enjoyable, the bush was a wonderful place, yes it was a delight, we liked it but how much better with other company? Friends of long standing, relatives, we looked around at them for company. Not interested in walking, some physically not able to attempt bushwalking, several still tied down with families (we were lucky we had ours when we were young) others who preferred the comfort, so they said of doing their sightseeing by car. What about the girl who bought her paper from me each morning, hadn't we seen her with a pack on one Saturday morning hurrying for a train? Edna Garrad, yes she belonged to a club - come in she said any Wednesday evening, Reiby Place, S.B.W.'s. We went that very Wednesday.

A wait at the door, nobody taking any real notice of us, Ern stopped a fellow and suddenly we were under the wing of the membership secretary. Papers handed to us all the club rules etc. being explained to us. What had that girl said? A MAP READING TEST, heavens, I'd never make it. Ed. Garrad arrived, "Well, hellow, meet Dick Childs" she said, "Dick, Ern and Betty would like to go on your Sunday walk", "Delighted, very pleased to have you", said Dick our first club walk all arranged just like that.

A trip to Paddy's for necessary gear, a map, a compass and a couple of Paddy's books. What was it Paddy said in his book "Bushwalking around Sydney" most people took one look at a military map and recoiled in horror, I did just that, no I'd never make the test. We read and reread our paper books and maps, went on as many day walks as possible, we looked and learned, asked questions, met new people, saw new country, it was wonderful. Our test weekend. What excitement, did we have enough food, too much, too many clothes, were we packed too heavily. We cast furtive glances around at Central no our packs looked the same as everybody's. The new tent reposed in Ern's pack as yet not unpacked bad weather and overtime having prevented a preview pitching. Would we be able to get it up alright without looking too green at the job? I had, had valuable verbal instruction from Edna. Arriving at Era close to tea time, we observed the man in front of us collect his first tent pole some minutes before camp site, we'd ask him for advice, yes he was pleased to help. Ern French how helpful he was, stoutly declaring later round the camp fire that we were fooling him surely we had pitched a tent before, what a glow it gave us.

More interest packed day walks, Wednesday Club evenings always something new, something different, an instructional week-end, a source of great information and learning to two very green would be bushwalkers. Then our tests, first-aid, general questions on bush craft and that map reading!! (the examiner would say according to my Ern that my pass if it was one open to debate) Ern, he admits was not much better. However, I am sure we have both since acquired a lot more knowledge on the subject of learning, listening and being helped by other club members.

In three months our badges, what a thrill. Our family? Well old mum and dad hadn't really gone off the deep end, fancy a S.B.W. badge in only three months? (we of course glossed over the map reading, it's wise not to tell kids everything). Were they proud one daughter telling all and sundry her parents had taken up hitchhiking!!

We have made good friends in our short time as Sydney Bushies and our lives have been enriched by their company. Such names as Barrington Tops, Era, Burning Palms, Blue Gum, Cox's River and many others mean so much to us now, yes it's really great to be a S.B.W.

FROM JERRICKNORRA TO YADBORO VIA RENWICK AND THE CASTLE.

- Wombat.

Snow had been raving about a swap-cars trip for ages and at last it was arranged. One group was to drive to Jerricknorra and walk to Yadboro; another was to drive to Yadboro and walk to Jerricknorra, and cars and owners were to be sorted out at Nowra on Sunday night. My job was to drive Dave Balmer, Jim Jellybean and Alan Barclay to Jerricknorra. Alan couldn't get out to Camden till late so after tea on Friday I crawled into the cot for a pre-trip snooze. Immediately the phone jumped off the wall, and there was Dave Balmer saying he was at Campbelltown and there was no bus. Then I had to pick up Alan and Jellybean. By 11 o'clock I was worn out but we set off with the passengers in their fleabags and snoring loudly. At 2 a.m. we reached Braidwood and Dave Balmer woke briefly to tell me it was quickest to go via Mongarlowe. What a joke! We didn't reach Jerricknorra till 3 a.m. and I fell out of the car and crawled into a fleabag myself.

One hour later, at 4 a.m. it was sparrow chirp and an enormous mixed flock of galahs and crows settled on the trees above us and squawked till the air trembled. They flew off after a while but then, at 4.30, my passengers, who had been sleeping in the car all night, got up, and, on that vast plain, lit a fire not 6 feet from my head, cooked breakfast, and yak yak yakked. About 9 a.m. Snow, Sandra Bardwell, Helen Gray, Heather Joyce and two new members, John and Ric arrived - they had been camping on the Endrick River - and we set off. We roared up Jerricknorra Creek and up onto Corang Plateau. It was a cool clear day with a stiff S.W. breeze, and the views were magnificent. Currockbilly looked a monster. Nobody climbed Corang Peak but we all went down to see and scramble over the great natural arch. Helen said George had a photo of Corang Peak framed in the arch. Jellybean and I weren't going to be outdone so I held his feet while he hung down to the vantage point and then he did the same for me.

As we walked on we could see a series of fires back across the plateau. Evidently a grazier was following us with a flame thrower. It was not the sort of weather in which it would be easy to start fires. A plague on him and all his kind. We had lunch on the tussock plain and creek at the foot of the conglomerate slope and then pushed on till we reached the base of Roswaine at about 4 o'clock.

Now began a big argument. We had arranged to meet the mob led by George Gray walking from Yadbore, and swap car keys, in the big cave between Roswaine and Fletcher. Snow and Helen wanted to go out to the end of Renwick first; some of the others, including Ric, said they were wrecked and they wanted to walk straight around to the cave. In the end we all climbed up the big crack onto Renwick but some took their packs and others didn't. Those who hadn't brought their packs scouted around a bit and then went down again while Snow and Heather and Helen and John and I trotted off across the swampy tussock tops to the terrific lookout at the end of Renwick.

By the time we got back to the crack it was past sundown. Climbing up the other side onto Roswaine was a bit hairy but Snow led the way. The light was failing rapidly now and we raced across Roswaine at the double. Even so darkness fell as we reached the other side and we stumbled down the rock slabs, easy in daylight, like drunkards. Ahead we could see a black sawtooth of rock peaks against the night sky; Helen said we should go between the second and third peaks. That little maze of valleys and rocks between Roswaine and Fletcher is tricky but as we stumbled through the darkness we met Digby, who walked from Yadbore, and he led us to the cave.

The camping cave was full of bodies, Ross Wyborn, Mick and Evelyn, George Gray, Joan Rigby, Joe Gore and dozens of others, but we squeezed in too and cooked our tea. Then the ceremonial swapping of car keys took place. I was to drive Joe Gore's Peugeot. He wasn't too happy about the idea, but there seemed no alternative. He gave me a long lecture on its idiosyncrasies, "And remember" he said "You've got to pull the starter knob right out". Ross Wyborn said that the road on which the cars were parked didn't come right down to Yadbore Creek, but we would know where to go up because there was a red cow standing in the creek.

Next morning we were off, through those fantastic gullies between Irambang and Pataird and then around the wombat parade on Irambang. There were beautiful little waterfalls and fern gullies on this section. The Castle hides itself well from this side; you don't see it until you are almost on it and then when we did reach it we had a little trouble in finding a way up. But at last we found a well worn route up the tail; I'd never been up this way before. On top we met the President of the Kamerukas, Ted Hartley, and two girls. And what a fantastic view there is from the top; Talaterang, Pidgeon House, Byangee Walls and Corang are all below you. Only Cureckbilly in the distance is higher.

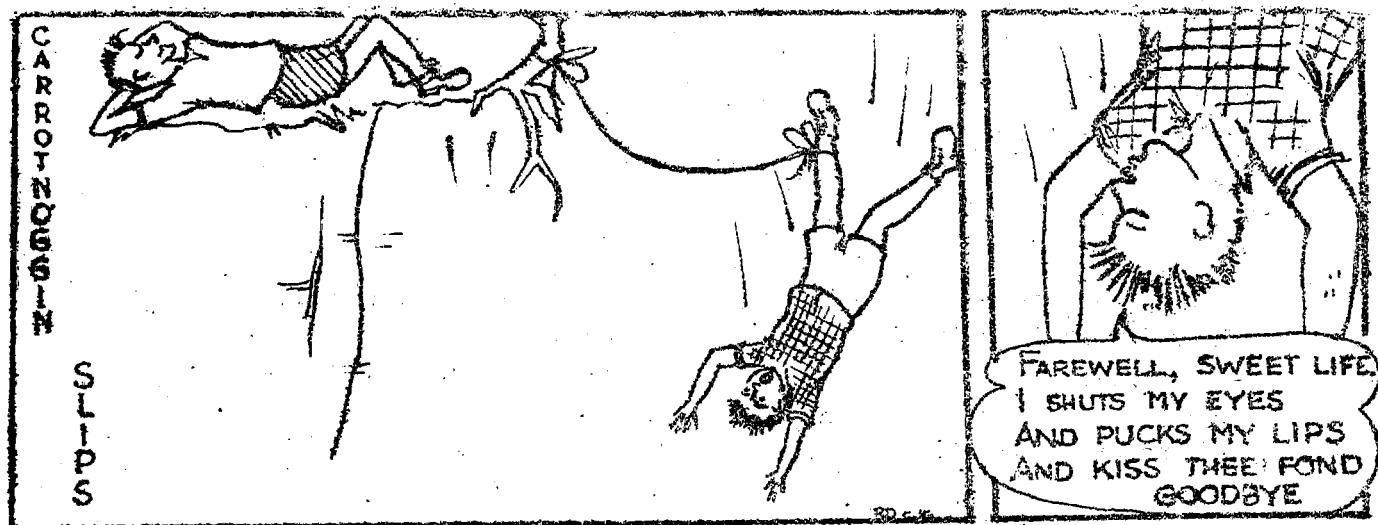
Coming down onto the tail of the Castle again Snow jumped the last six feet, landed in a crack, and badly wrenched his ankle. What a nong. And no one could find the tunnel through the tail. I poked up one cleft,

Helen Gray poked up another, Jim Jellybean scouted around but nothing looked possible. We all had lunch and waited for Ted Hartley to rescue us. He came down off the Castle in time and showed us the way. It was a crack we'd tried and rejected; it certainly isn't obvious from this side. It was a tight squeeze. Jim Jellybean wriggled and grunted and swore that Helen would never get through, but by breathing out hard she managed.

Snow's angle was swelling now; he was hobbling along on a stick, and he had the main descent of the Castle ahead of him. I decided to race after Ted Hartley and drive to Nowra to reassure the others that we weren't lost and that they would eventually get their cars back. I temporarily lost the track and decided to drop straight into Oakey Creek. What a bungle. It was a terrific scramble down and once in the creek all I wanted to do was to get out. It was a big mess of waterfalls, thick brush and mossy boulders. I followed it down for about two hours and then climbed up out onto the ridge. Who should I meet there but Helen, Heather and Dave Balmer and hopping along painfully behind poor old Snow.

By the time we reached the Yabboro it was dark, and our troubles had only just begun. We had to find the cars and we were damned if we could see a red cow. By sheer good fortune we came across some bulldozer tracks and following these up we came to a road and then the cars. I took out the key Joe Gore had given me and tried to open the boot. The key turned easily in the lock but the boot wouldn't open. I kicked and struggled for 10 minutes and then suddenly it opened. The door put on the same act but after 20 minutes we were inside the car. The interior lights wouldn't work and I couldn't find the ignition keyhole. Then I found it and pulled out the starter but nothing happened. I handed the starter knob back to Alan in the back seat and he pulled further. The car groaned into life and after spending 15 minutes coaching the headlights into action we drove off for Nowra.

Lil Sweetie Nuggetheart.



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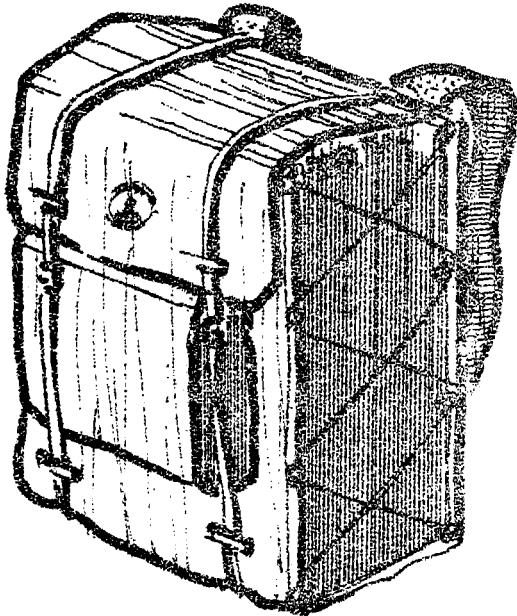
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