



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.



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OCTOBER, 1965

Price 1/-



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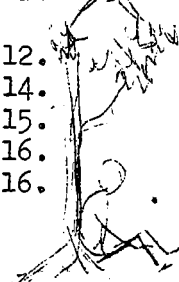
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AT THE HALF YEARLY GENERAL MEETING.

J. Brown.

When the September General Meeting was opened at 8.5 p.m. on the evening of Wednesday 8th September there was singularly little to indicate that it was the Half Yearly Meeting, and the tenor and tempo of the meeting remained much the same as a normal monthly meeting throughout.

John and Gaby Dede were welcomed as new members, but Phillip Nicholl was still missing, having become conspicuous as the new member who has been missing for about six months.

Once the Minutes for August were signed and consigned to the record we went on to Correspondence, which contained a letter from the Abbotsford Sea Scouts, voicing appreciation of assistance received from the Club party who visited Blue Gum Forest on the weekend of the heavy snow fall in July. There was also mention of Henry Gold's retransfer to the active list and Peter Harrington's advice on the construction by the Department of Civil Aviation of a beacon at New England National Park and its search for a site alternative to Point Lookout. From Tasmania there was a letter from the South West Committee seeking support in a protest against hydro-electric development that may submerge parts of the Huon Plains.

Quite abruptly we were at reports, where the Treasurer told us we were slightly up on last month's figure with rather more than £278 in the current funds. In answer to Frank Ashdown the Treasurer said the invoice for the new equipment bought by the Club had been received but not yet settled.

Gordon Redmond then proceeded to outline our financial position - somewhat stronger than at the same time in 1964. However there were numerous members - 34 single members and 11 married couples who were still to pay subscriptions. Frank Ashdown wanted to know if the Treasurer would keep the financial position of the Club in mind when advising on subscriptions next year. David Ingram mentioned that it would be mostly paying out for the rest of the year.

The Social Secretary being absent owing to illness there was no report, apart from spruikers for the Federation Ball who assured us that there were tickets available, so we went straight on to the Walks Report for August. On the first weekend Alan Rigby's party experienced snow during the first night. The leader had also been menaced by a bull (or cow) but there had been no combat because the animal fell over.

On an unscheduled day walk Gladys Roberts had led four members and 3 visitors down Middle Harbour Creek. Edna Stretton's Instructional Walk on Heathcote Creek attracted 8 members and 11 prospectives and the following weekend the Walks Secretary in person had 8 members and 5 prospectives on a walk out in the Blue Labyrinth - the route was somewhat curtailed. The same weekend David Ingram's walk from Campbelltown brought out 8 members and 11 prospectives, and heavy damage from last summer's bushfires was seen in the George's River valley.

John Holley's day walk on August 29 with 12 members and 9 prospectives went as programmed with a good show of wild flowers on the Glenbrook Creek area and the remaining walks had not been reported.

Bill O'Neill reported on Federation doings, including comment on the deputation to the Lands Department on limestone mining in the Colong area and hopeful reports that legislation on National Parks may be dealt with during the current Parliamentary Session. Representations had been made to the Water Board regarding access to the Yerranderie area via Nattai Pass, the Beloon Trig pass and the Sheepwalk region.

Allan Rigby advised that the Minister for Lands had asked for details of caves in the Colong limestone belt, and in the meantime all work on the mining of limestone was halted.

Margaret Child reported that most of the last Parks and Playgrounds had to do with Army housing on Harbour foreshores and car parks in City parklands, but there was news of a small area of parkland dedicated at Wentworth Falls and an indication that establishment of a rubbish tip at Dee Why Lagoon would not be sanctioned.

The President mentioned the Search and Rescue weekend to take place on October 16-17 and sought a volunteer to organise a S.B.W. contingent - no one offering. However, also in connection with S & R it was mentioned that a new register for volunteer searchers was being compiled so that contact officers would have up to date information.

On the subject of gear hire it was also mentioned that some borrowers had "done the dirty" and held out gear that would enable other prospectives to do trips. It was expected back on the Wednesday after the weekend of borrowing.

With only one question - from Len Scotland concerning the havoc at Governor Game Lookout - there was no real genuine "General Business" Len was informed this had been going on for some time and was associated with a reconstruction of the Garie Road.

Quite early in the evening the President pointed out that at the Annual General Meeting it was customary to wind up with the cry of "Let us Re-une". Although the deferred Reunion was to take place the following weekend he did not propose to cry the usual "Tally ho" but simply declared the Half Yearly Meeting closed.

WANT TO JOIN AN EXPEDITION?

C.K. Putt.

You often hear a bushwalker or rock climber say that he'd like to take part in an exploring or mountaineering expedition one day; often he thinks he really means this, and sometimes he really does mean it and will therefore be quite likely to go on one sooner or later. Yet there is a conspicuous lack of expeditions which start from Australia, we could be accused of tending instead to tag along as individual members of other nations' ventures.

As it is clear that Australians aren't getting - or giving themselves - a fair go in this regard, it may help to make public a little know-how picked up in the course of association with one or two expeditions. Too many local attempts by people with plenty of sense, drive and ability fail to get off the ground for lack of experience, which could equally well be direct or second hand to be useful.

What's really important?

To the members of a mountaineering expedition, the mountain naturally appears as the central objective. However, it's seldom the central difficulty; if you put the right men, properly equipped and supplied, at the foot of your mountain at the right time of year, the darned thing will practically climb itself unless you choke it with over-organisation from the home base.

Your biggest hurdle in putting an expedition into the field is nearly always money, a great deal of which is usually needed to get a body of men to whatever remote spot you have in mind. The members of the expedition can seldom raise more than half the necessary among them, and nowadays the non-profit organisations which support expeditions with a scientific side are almost as short of money as you are, you may get enough here to support the science and no more. You'll have to bludge, scrounge, and hunt for all sorts of odd contracts for a year or more, make every economy, and probably go into debt to be able to leave at all. Here, any expedition with a worthy object inside Australia has a very clear advantage, and this should be considered very seriously for a group's first effort.

Ranking almost equal with money is the difficulty of Permission. Any part of the world where you can still explore or make major first ascents will be found to be administered, in various respects, by a variety of Government Departments, each of which will quite rightly insist on documentary proof that everything about you, your plans, your equipment and your finances is meticulously right in the finest possible detail. These people are often remarkably slow in answering your correspondence

because of the amount of research they have to undertake before they can do so. However much time you give yourself at the start, the final permission (if any) to proceed will only arrive on the eve of your departure, long after all your boats are well and truly burnt. If, as usually happens, you have to get permission from some other nation again, to pass through their property, and call in our own Government to help in dealing with the other two, you will find that the time and effort needed are proportional to the maximum possible of interactions of the parties concerned, i.e. about twelve times as much as you thought?

Your dealings with Governments may give you the idea that your kind of customer is always, if not wrong, at least bloody unimportant, (which seen in perspective is quite right I suppose), but this difficulty can be small compared to the opposition of the unofficial guardians of your peak. These are anybody and everybody who lives or has interests in the way you will take, such as mining companies, headhunters, missionaries, beachcombers, witch-doctors, gun-runners, and so on. All these people must be recognised and treated as being very important, which they are because any of them can stop you, and you simply must identify every such group before you leave home and placate each of them before you step inside their sphere of influence. In the eyes of all these people, remember, you are wrong at the start for the very good reason that you are doing something different.

Nothing succeeds like success.

To raise money, you must be able to show that you know what you're doing and that you can get the necessary permission to go; to get the permission you must show that you are financially sound. Here is where the really detailed planning comes in; to get off the ground at all you must have, right from the start, a clear and detailed knowledge of your timetable and of your requirements of money, equipment, and official permits and where you're going to get them. You must look and act like experts on the subject of your own expedition, and your cost estimates and budgets must stand up to expert scrutiny. (They'll get it from your proposed sources of money, be sure of that.) Here previous experience helps, and it is a good idea to include in your organisation either a club or a person who has been through all this before. There are quite a few around, if you look. To be organised in this way has a powerful effect on both Donors and Departments.

The Gimmick.

To get yourself taken seriously, and to get the necessary money and permissions, you usually need to have some other objective as well as plain climbing. The usual one is Science, and I regret to say that

too many expeditions seem to treat this as a gimmick rather than a real and worthy objective. The result is that as a gimmick it is now somewhat played out, and may get you very little money after all. There is a need for other secondary objectives, and much thought has been given to them of late. The Yeti, now deceased, was one such; and it is possible to so tailor an expedition that its value for news or for advertising will pay for it. By far the soundest and most sensible expedition objective of the century is Sir Edmund Hillary's practice of building and setting up schools in the inhabited country below the peaks.

If you are using science as the excuse for your expedition, make sure that your scientists are adequately trained and that their work is faithfully done and reported. Don't louse up the game for others!

"Choose your companions carefully, (you may have to eat them.)"

A good companion for a weekend trip may be totally inadequate on an expedition. Lots of people can let you down or drive you mad given the length of time and constant proximity which an expedition offers. Here are a few qualities which could be regarded as essential in an expedition member:-

Ability - Can he (and here read "she" too where applicable) really organise and perform his duties as a scientist, cook, transport officer or whatever he's going to do for you? Has he already demonstrated these abilities? And, of course, can he climb consistently at the standard required by the nature of the mountain? (Not by some other standard, you don't necessarily choose a champion stepcutter for XS rock work, or vice versa.)

Compatibility - Can he and the others really put up with each other for the duration of the expedition? It isn't easy, you know.

Drive - Does he recognise what needs doing and get on with it smartly, always, even under the most adverse conditions?

Health - Is his health robust enough for the toughest conditions you may meet?

Responsibility - Does he always recognise and understand his responsibilities, and stick with them until they are discharged? If not, he is a danger to the party.

Specialties - Has he some special skill which is of real use; medicine, science, languages, climbing specialty, etc?

Reputation - How good is his reputation, as a walker and climber, as an expeditioner, in his special skills, and as a citizen?

Real Keeness - Is he really going to go with you, in spite of all the difficulties given above, and many others? Will he sell his car, toss in his job, leave his girl behind and go into debt to be in the expedition? He will probably have to do all these things, and so will you.

This last is the hardest and the most unavoidable test of all, not many will pass it. "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, for many are called, but few answer."

How are your chances? If you can meet these tests reasonably well, if you seek the acquaintance of a wide cross-section of climbers and walkers, and quietly let it be known that you're keen, sooner or later, and perhaps in the most unexpected form, the offer of a place in an expedition will come to you. You can improve your chances, over the years, by training and study. But when you do get an offer, it must be recognised and accepted at once. I say recognised, because if for instance all your dreams are about the Himalayas, your first expedition is sure to be planned for the Antarctic and, failing to get permission for that area, goes to Alaska! As for accepting, if you're fair dinkum about all this there is no point in delay, and you could miss your one and only opportunity. Second chances are only for those with exceptionally good qualifications.

Once you are in it, it's up to you to see that all the difficulties are recognised and overcome. This is where we came in.

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LETTER FROM NEW GUINEA

- Dot Butler

Mt. Hagen, PAPUA.
23rd August, 1965.

Dear Bushies,

This is the most fantastic place I have ever been in. Sixty thousand natives have come in from the remotest parts, all dressed in startling head-dresses and not much else besides, except for a generous coating of pig-fat and the usual lap-lap od woven net in front and a bunch of leaves behind. The girls and women (the Marys) wear a bag net down their backs, tied on at the forehead, and a grass or cloth skirt, and everyone looks wild and free and photogenic. I am running riot with the camera and can only hope my first excursions into photography will be successful.

Having seen all of Port Moresby in two days, on the third day I got the plane to Mt. Hagen. T.A.A. managed to lose the luggage of 6 passengers, of whom, of course, I was one, so we six arrived at Hagen with nothing but what we stood up in, and me separated from my camping gear. However the District Affairs Officer, Phil Robb, with whom some of our party were staying, fixed me up at the Primary A. School where all the visiting womenfolk were staying; the men were billeted at Primary T. School which was further out of town. The furnishings were about 50 sacks filled with shavings and chips from the sawmill, and three grey cotton blankets which will eventually be sold to the locals to get in some money for the Show organising Committee. However, later in the day I met up with Ian Watson who had a brand new Reserve Bank flat unoccupied (he is about to move into it himself next week), so he put it at my disposal and I invited in a very pleasant Scottish couple, Iain and Greta Marshall of Rabaul, and we lived in magnificent comfort with hot and cold water, shower, stove, refrigerator - in fact everything.

There are very few Europeans visible amongst the teeming mass of dark skins. Mothers are passing by the window as I am writing this in the Reserve Bank office, with loaded net bags down their backs and naked brown babies sitting astride their shoulders. Magnificently decorated warriors are pacing down the street with their spears and bows and arrows. The clean-up boy for the Bank arrived similarly attired, on a bicycle (a wheely-wheel), and proceeded to trade birds of Paradise to the Marshalls. A big trade in bows and arrows is also going on.

The Show, which finished yesterday, has been too utterly fantastic to describe in words; only the photos will do justice to the colour and variety. On the first day we were here, i.e. two days before the Show started, the tribes began to come in along the several roads leading into Hagen, some of them walking 200 miles to get here. They would arrive in a dense mob. First you would see their spear tops coming over the brow of the hill, then the waving plumes of eagle and bird of Paradise, then the throng of wild dark figures all chanting their native songs, the whole bunch led by some tall young Australian boy, the District Officer, who had

marshalled and organised all the people from his Patrol District. Throughout the day they came in and scattered out to make camp in the mile and a half of kunae-grass and bamboo longhouses which had been constructed for them beforehand. Their food - a huge pile of sweet potatoes about ten feet high - was stacked at the front of the huts, they got their water from the river, and as simply as that the Administration catered for their 60,000 guests.

There was a great commotion the first day when the wild Wabagi tribesmen, newly arriving from some remote part, came through and tried to raid the trade store belonging to the Hagen boys who are their traditional enemies. These, of course, repelled the invaders, and in the twinkling of an eye out came the spears; stones and spears were flying through the air and whizzing past our ears - luckily they are good shots, and they were not aiming at the whites. The Marys and children ran helter skelter for the protection of the white man's buildings while the warriors chased off over the hills uttering wild screams and throwing their weapons. Of course the whites took for cover too, the Administration having told us that if ever a "ding" brewed up that was the only course of action, and let the tribesmen fight it out among themselves. They rushed past and through us in a vast seething mob, and for the few minutes it lasted it was quite too realistic for the visiting whites from gentle Toorak and Wahroonga and such like civilised Southern parts. There was a big riot-squad of native police boys, in sky-blue shirts and shorts, carrying circular wicker-work Mediaeval-type shields and armed with guns and wielding batons. They had been told to use the guns if absolutely necessary, but try to keep it clean with batons if they could. They appeared from all directions, swinging out with enormous gusto at the fighting warriors, and soon they had all disappeared back down the road in a cloud of Hagen dust. When all was quiet again we were told the invaders would not be allowed to come to the Show and were being sent back home (a dreadful penalty), but I believe that when they were calm again they were allowed to come back. There were no other 'incidents' except for one only boy who drank too much beer that he was so happy drunk he started a fight and was promptly brought before the Administrator. He tried to answer back but was told sharply to "fasim bloody mouth quick time" and promptly put in the calaboose and kept there for the duration of the Show. As no one else wanted to suffer this dire fate there were no more fightings. Actually, for all their apparent ferocity, they grin and laugh and enjoy every wild moment of it.

A group of five or six of us were down the road one morning, photographing the whiet peaceful countryside, when over the hill suddenly appeared five thousand tribesmen from the Jimmy River. They must have taken us for the welcoming-in committee, because there followed a very enthusiastic session of handshaking. By the time I had shaken hands little hard black hands of all the luluis (or headmen) I was beginning to know how Royalty feels after a hard days work. "me Jimmy boy", "me Jimmy boy", "me Jimmy boy" each introduced himself, and we would point to the large gold medal which the Administration had issued to all the chiefs,

and say enthusiastically, "Ah, you Number One boy!" and a huge grin of appreciation would light up the wild features.

The great day of the Show arrived. The various tribes were marshalled on the Airstrip, and all came dancing and stamping down the road to the Showground. It was a scene such as you would not see in a lifetime of travel - all chanting and beating on their drums, with warrior boys racing round and round, spears at the ready, looking fierce and protecting the advancing throng, and the Marys and children padding along in the rear. A water lorry had been going round since dawn wetting the road to lay the dust, and the Showground had been covered with shavings and chips from the sawmill wherever there was bare earth, so that, although there had been no rain for quite a few weeks, the dust was not a problem. Most of the Showground was well grassed, in any case. There were all sorts of parades, singing, tom-tom-type playing on drums, and fluting on weird native flutes with an eerie sound like a field of grasshoppers all shrilling together. The Marys in some tribes were also dressed up in fur and feathers and lots of red and blue and white paint, all greased up to a glorious shiny tan and singing tribal songs in high sing-sing voices. We wandered around taking photos and getting excited by it all; we were too occupied to go back to the town for food, so lunch each day was peanuts and lollywater. Stan Moriaty, the cove who organised me into going on this trip, is in with all the bigwigs. He has spent most of his time in the Members Stand with the officials and important visitors, so I have been milling around with the Marshalls and their friends. I am going to stay with them in Rabaul later, but in the meantime will be doing a side trip to the Trobriand Islands.

On the last night of the Show there was a torchlight procession, tens of thousands of natives rushing up and down the airstrip under the stars carrying flaring torches of bamboo and kunai grass, and us in the midst of it all watching the tough bare feet pounding over the fallen embers with complete unconcern. One felt a great urge to toss off one's clothes, grab a torch, and rush along too.

The day following the Show we had a trip down the Wagi Valley. It is the most glorious valley in the world, rich and fertile and completely unused except for a few native gardens, surrounded by ranges of 10,000 ft. mountains. Sir Edward Hallstrom has a very lovely Bird of Paradise Garden in a most attractive setting amongst the hills, and there we had lunch by the fishponds. The following day we hopped aboard an Agricultural office truck which was just leaving for the distant Baiyer River cattle station, and sitting on sacks of white pyrethrum daisies on the back of the jolting truck we enjoyed the sun and the wind and the glorious scenery for some 60 or more miles. The weather in the Highlands is cool and bracing, being 5 or 6,000 ft. above sea level, and the air has a strange crystal clarity about it, found only in lands which have not been taken over by the internal combustion engine. It flows, like limpid water, among the trees. Lovely stuff.

Next month I will tell you about the Trobriand Islands and Rabaul.



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11.

It is a pleasure to study the thoroughbred camper at his pastime.

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NATURAL HISTORY - A TASTE FOR HONEY.

B. Gillam.

Leaders, in the days when I was a prospective, were leaders in more than the peripatetic sense. They counselled the new recruit on what to wear (a tie for the early train home on Sunday), what company to keep if you wanted to catch that early train and above all else how to construct a tripod. A meal which included stewed apples and custard, the lot cooked on a tripod was de rigeur for Saturday night.

Stick suitable for tripods were as eagerly sought as tent and abdul poles; one carried leather bootlaces, the fast sandshoe boys too, to lash the structures together; billy hooks were constructed in harmonic groups so that the cook could raise or lower the custard in octaves. Success of the walk was measured in the appropriateness of the cross bar, for without the cross bar tripods are merely fetish. A thin blackwattle sapling providentially cut and trimmed by someone else was ideal. The rule was a foot of fire to each foodlister, all cooking to be done in daylight so that no one may stumble into the tripod and strict division of labour. For six months I carried an allotted one tin of corned beef, carted 3.252 buckets of water, a rough mean, and after successive trips to the creek which varied greatly in distance and declination I received soup, curried hash, apples and custard and 0.252 of a bracken mattress.

Having gained my badge, list of rules and improved my constitution I soon regressed to the parallel sticks school, burnt a lot of food and ate about the same amount raw then as often as not slept peacefully on a jumble of boulders and logs. It is true I built tripods for some time. I always seemed to be on trips that were ridge-bound at dusk. The solution of descriptive geometry problems is beyond the sticks available on ridges. Girls with glasses made passes at such structures I did erect and the custard invariably curdled. Attempts to divide labour did just that. Requests met with wrong comprehension, mild sarcasm or downright rebellion.

Being inoffensive and solitary by nature and very fond of food I could see this would not do. In half a lifetime of parallel sticks I have evolved a method, a calculus of cooking based on soup at five, stew at six and reconstructed fruit at seven. Requests are then limited to -

Line up your plates for soup. A quick look at the watch tells you what to announce.

Soup, these days comes in foil packets which claim four generous serves. If there are two of you the undrunk portion goes into the stew. If there are six of you, add another packet of a different

flavour then for requests for more point out that this hungry lot has already had enough for eight people. All soup is cooked the same way, left on the side of the fire until you see someone genuinely drool as the pot bubbles. You can then say with superb casualness -

Soup in about five minutes.

A touch of deprivation adds greatly to your reputation as a cook. Nice as it is, soup is only a tormenter. The serious course is the meat course. This comes in two types: that to be eaten with mashed potato or a thinner brew as meat sauce for spaghetti. If you are unsure of the appetite of the crew go for the latter. A pound of spaghetti will feed half Trieste and you can always put some water in the sauce. The meat for stew or the sauce, can be browned, (sauteed) at home and wrapped in foil. A handful of chopped meat for the stew or 4 ozs of mince steak per person is the norm. Take some extra butter for warming up and the appropriate sauce for seasoning. I go for mushroom in the stew, tomato for the sauce. Stew can be thickened with the breakfast porridge - stir it into the butter when warming up. At this stage it doesn't lump and like salt the sooner it goes in the less likely it is to be forgotten. In either dish add two or three dried apricots. They give it an exciting aroma. Bracken gathering goes better if they can scent, on the ridge, in the interval between soup and meat, what is coming next.

Fruit, if the rest of the meal goes well is the liquer to the heady wine. Sufficiently cooked, sweet enough and with the juice just thin enough.

Someone else can stir the porridge or cut the bread at lunch. All you need in the morning is tolerance. And at midday a taste for honey.

F C R S A L E - THE KNIGHTLEYS' DORMOBILE.

Having gone all flash with a new station-wagon, the Knightleys can't afford to keep the Dormobile as well, so it is up for sale.

Details: 1960 Bedford CAL van, English built. Fitted out as four-berth motor caravan. Built-in gas stove, sink, wardrobe and other cupboards. At 54,000 miles it is in good condition. Recently re-upholstered, near new tyres through. Pack-rack included. Finance available. Registered to January 1966. If interested, phone Ron Knightley - 20544 (business)
483747 (home)

BUSH FIRE DANGER PERIOD.

In and around the Sydney Metropolitan Area the declared bushfire danger period usually commences on the first day of October and extends to the thirty first day of March in the following year. The dates for the bushfire danger period may be heard on radio news programmes and are published in the leading daily newspapers. They may also be obtained from the Secretary of the N.S.W. Bush Fire Committee. 2056 - Ext. 2835.

Even restricted burning is entirely suspended during periods of TOTAL PROHIBITION when it is an offense to light any fire for any purpose in the open air.

Maximum penalty: £200 or two years imprisonment or both.

CAMP COOKING OR BILLY FIRES.

A fire may be lit in a properly constructed fireplace distant not less than fifteen feet from any log or stump and the surrounding ground cleared for five feet.

Maximum penalty for failure to comply with this regulation. £50 or six months imprisonment or both.

GARDEN REFUSE AND RUBBISH FIRES.

May be lit in only properly constructed incinerators or in a cleared space of fifteen feet. If in a cleared space they may be lit only between seven o'clock in the evening and seven o'clock in the morning.

THEY MUST BE PUT OUT NOT LATER THAN SEVEN O'CLOCK IN
THE MORNING.

Householders please note: Incinerators must be designed to prevent the escape of any sparks or incandescent or burning materials.

- from a circular to Bush Fire Brigades.

Congratulations to - Bruce and Kath. McInnes on the arrival of their third child - Geoffrey John.

Garth and Margaret Coulter on the arrival of their third child - Rachel.

DAY WALKS.

A new Railway Timetable will commence on Sunday October 17, 1965. All train times on the existing Walks Programme should be checked with the leader of the walk.

- OCT.17 Audley - Saddle Trig - Curracurrong - Garie Beach - Burning Palms - Otford. A gallop across the Royal National Park involving at least 14 miles. Plenty of ups and downs with some bushfire damage. Wear old shorts. Train: 8.20 a.m. Cronulla train from Central Electric Station. CHANGE AT SUTHERLAND for National Park train. Tickets: Otford return 8/-. Map: Port Hacking Tourist or Port Hacking Military. Leader: Jim Calloway.
- OCT.24 Minto - Bushwalkers' Basin - Punchbowl Crk - Freer's Crossing - Minto. 12 miles. Bushwalkers' Basin alone is worth the trip. An old fashioned type test walk. Swimming available before lunch. Train: 8.25 a.m. Goulburn train from Central Steam Station to Minto. Tickets: Minto return 7/1. Map. Camden Milt. Leader: David Ingram.
- OCT.31 Helensburgh - Wilson Crk - Era Beach - Burning Palms - Lilyvale. 12 miles. Plenty of ups and downs through the Garrawarra Primitive Area. Don't count on reaching Era Beach for a swim before lunch. Train: 8.42 a.m. Wollongong train Central Steam Station to Helensburgh. Tickets: Lilyvale return @ 7/7. Map: Port Hacking Tourist. Leader: Jack Gentle.
- NOV.7 Lilyvale - Werrong Crk - Werrong Beach - Bulgo Beach - Stanwell Park. 10 miles. This outing takes up where last week's left off and traverses part of the Garrawarra Primitive Area south from Burning Palms beach. Train: 8.42 a.m. Wollongong train from Central Steam Station to Lilyvale. Tickets: Stanwell Park return @ 12/-. Map: Port Hacking Tourist. Leader: John Holly.
- NOV.14 Waterfall - Mt. Westmacott - Kingfisher Crk - Myuna Crk - Waterfall. 8 miles. A good trip through the southern portion of the Heathcote Primitive Area. A panorama from Mt. Westmacott. Some bushfire damage which should be recovering somewhat. Train: 8.20 a.m. Cronulla Train from Central Electric Station. CHANGE AT SUTHERLAND for rail motor to Waterfall. Tickets: Waterfall return @ 6/-. Map: Port Hacking Tourist or Camden Military. Leader: Jim Calloway.

F O R S A L E.

One "EVEREST" Sleeping bag 6'6" Nylon covered. Brand new order. £26 from Mountain Equipment. Will sell for £18. Graham Wootton. Ring 262301. Ext. 3201. Mon - Fri. 8.30 - 4.30

FEDERATION REPORT - SEPTEMBER, 1965.

Federation Ball about 270 present: profit £67 approx and profit from "Guessing Competititon" about £90, this goes to Search & Rescue Fund.

A member of a Newcastle area walking club has suggested a "Walkers' Insurance Scheme" to cover costs of injuries to walkers. This is to be investigated with Lloyds of London.

It was suggested that a letter be written to the State Premier, Mr. Askin, asking that "this Federation have adequate representation on administration of forthcoming 'National Parks Act'".

Federation was told that a Department of Civil Aviation Air Beacon has been erected in the Heathcote Primitive Area and that a power line to the beacon is to be constructed through the park. This is probably at the southern end. The Secretary of Heathcote Primitive Area is watching the matter carefully and is getting co-operation from the Department.

Whilst dealing with this area, Paul Barnes announced a meeting of the Trust and the full time Ranger and Honorary Rangers of the H.P.A. to be held on the next Saturday, and appealed for more Honorary Rangers for this area. This is interesting work in a fine area and is a good opportunity for young members to come into actual contact with conservation and its problems.

Search & Rescue. A S & R Demonstration is to be held on the usual Colo River site on the weekend of 16th and 17th October. This is always a good show. Rock Climbing, Canoes - First Aid a Parachute Drop, Camp Fire and all Sydney Bushwalkers should be there. This is a very popular show.

Maps: Among new maps issued is the long awaited Bindook 1.50,000. The Lands Department naming committee has decided the official name of Mobbs Swamp be given to the area on Merrigal Creek, below Merri-Merrigal, sometimes called Mobbs Soak. A track is being cut to this area direct from the track from Medlow Gap.

As a final item to General Business A.P. Rigby moved "that Federation initiate action to have All Firearms and similar weapons licensed." This motion was well received and carried unanimously.

S O C I A L N O T E S.

The rock-climbers in the club should be pleased about the film "Hazards in Rock Climbing" to be shown on October 20. This is a splendid production and will be of interest to both those who enjoy dangling on the end of a rope as well as those who are less trepid. On the same night some interesting facts concerning Overseas Telephone Communication will be presented in film form with Ron Knightley there to answer any queries. Frank Ashdown has been tripping again - this time to Fiji. If his slides and commentary are as good as those concerning his trip to New Zealand, then as "A Tourist in Fiji" he will be equally successful.

17.

October, 1965

The Sydney Bushwalker.

LIFE ON WAVE HILL STATION

- Denise Hull

Well here I am, in 6,000 sq. miles of hot, flat red earth - at least, it wasn't hot last month - (July) - some mornings were 36°F with a biting wind - and a hot water bag and four blankets at night. Believe it was 26°F in Alice Springs one morning. Now, all of a sudden we are into the hot, humid weather again during the day - with a hope that the wet season will start within the next couple of months for everything is abnormally dry this year, owing to the drought. There seems to be sufficient water from the bores to water the stock - though believe the one at the homestead tends to dry up if the rains are late, and they have to cart water for household uses - which must be merry, I should think.

I have seen quite a lot of the work on the place. Watched them branding the cattle recently - the smartest piece of surgery I have ever seen - branded, castrated, injected for pleuro-pneumonia, all in about 2 minutes flat (with another minute for dehorning, if necessary. The beast is on its feet and away before it knows what has hit it, I think. It is amazing there are so few injuries - but the men are very quick with their lassoing and the horses trained for the job - a heavier breed.

There are 1600 horses on the place - watched them branding the horses - a more skilled job even than with cattle as horses seem able to do so much more with their legs when roused. The men were pretty nimble on their feet when handling the, I noticed. Also watched the horse trainer at work - a part aboriginal - he does about 6 a week and it obviously takes a lot of patience. Though they had me out mustering on one of their nice quiet ones recently - there are not many of them I would care to try and ride. Saw a very good exhibition of a buck jumper at work the day they had me riding - I have a suspicion it was put on for my benefit - but refrained from saying no, but these boys can certainly ride.

There are about 20 Europeans all told on the place - stockmen and jackeroos who are often out on the run 50 miles out for 4-6 weeks at a time - bore mechanics - 2 storekeepers - book keeper - butcher/baker - cook - the Territory cooks are either good and alcoholic or poor and non drinkers - the one at present is a non-drinker!! Ann Fisher, the manager's wife - who is about my age and I are the only European women on the place - and there is a terrific lot of coming and going during the dry season as we are on the road to most of the properties

in the N.W. of W.A. Many tourists do the round trip to the Ord River Scheme and so we get all sorts calling in here - even 3 car loads of "surfies" en route from Townsville to Perth. They come by car, heavy transport, cattle road trains - land rovers - bulldozers - even had a helicopter land in the back yard last week with a geophysics team looking for oil - quite a lot of surveyors come through looking for oil - minerals - water. People from the meat board - pastoral inspectors - car loads of women tourists - believe a bus load of 17 year old school girls came through one year - 4 jilleroos who stayed for 5 weeks in the stock camp which even the manager thought it was a bit hot but which of course the boys thought was wonderful. Anything that is reasonably young and feminine, of course, is in great demand up here. Nearly every one seems to stay for at least a meal - often one or two nights - the only thing they haven't come by so far is by bicycle, so far as I can see.

Some weeks it is quite difficult to do any letter writing as Anne likes me to help her with supper at night if we have visitors. And lights are off by 10 p.m. soon after. All this ceases when the wet sets in apparently, and then I gather we all live in icy (or humid) seculsion with the roads impassable and often the airfield too wet to land. However, everyone seems to survive it. Though now and again they have a suicide apparently!

So you can see it is all a very different life to the madding crowd in the city. There is a lot of bird life - one of the loveliest things I find to watch are the great flocks of budgies, it is so nice to see them free. I watched them on the dam the other afternoon wheeling and swooping in their hundreds with a great drumming of wings. There are flocks of the lovely grey and white corellas and teal ducks on the dam. Not a great deal of animal life and much harder to see, of course, but there are kangaroos, goannas, hedgehogs (or is it procupines) dingo, etc. It is also a geologists paradise - I have quite a few rocks round my room though I haven't a clue what I shall eventually do with them. Some of the outcrops are quite unusual and, I gather, of volcanic origin. I also picked up a good "pot boiler" the other day.

There - the News is on - all about the budget and how much more the old grog is going to cost us. I seem to have written a screed, but once I get started there always seems so much to tell.

Good Walking,

Denise Hull.

(Editor's Note). After reading this letter I am sure all subscribers will write to Denise.