



**THE SYDNEY
BUSH WALKER
ANNUAL**



A P R I L :: 1934

Well, Uncle, when I asked him, said it was a noxious weed,
But I fink it's a monkey, Ma, or somefin' of that breed.
He said it wears a floppy hat, a khaki shirt an' pants,
An' carries 'normous loads around, an' lives on nuts an' ants.
An' the men-ones beat their chests an' yell, "I'm tuff!" until
you quail,
But Uncle says the female is more deadly than the male!

Now, one day Uncle met a lady bush walker, it seems.
An' Uncle fell in love wiv her, she haunted all his dreams.
So Uncle went an' bought hissself a khaki shirt and shorts,
An' wombled off one Sunday for to do his "Pattern Walks."
I s'pose that they went walkin', Ma, but Uncle called it "hike,"
Ma, why should these fings want to WALK? I'm sure I'd
raver byke.

They rushed froo woods an' gullies, Ma, d'you fink they were
afraid?
(I'se not afraid in woods, Ma—incept they's lots of shade.)
An' Uncle's lady led the walk, so Uncle did his best,
But they never even stopped once to have a lickle rest:
Till after he had scumbled on for more than half an hour,
Poor Uncle wilted where he stood, just like a wayside flower.

An' no one noticed he was left, an' no one stopped to see,
An' Uncle saw a lickle creek an' made hissself some tea.
An' Uncle must have slept, Ma, for when he looked around
They's lots of creepy-crawly fings a-wrigglin' on the ground;
They's snakes, an' ants, an' lizards, Ma, an' a great big 'nor-
mous spider,
But wusst of all a BUNYIP, wif a mouf—this wide—or
wider!

An' Uncle, was he flightened, Ma? Not he! He frew a punch
Right in the middle of the place where the Bunyip keeps his
lunch.
But Uncle must have missed, Ma, for the nex fng Uncle knew,
He's sploshin' in the water, wiv his clothses all wet froo.
An' just then Uncle's lady-love came back to look for him,
An' laffed till she was fit to bust, an' asked him could he swim?

An' Uncle lost his temper, Ma, an' said a big, bad WORD,
An' the lady bush walker looked as tho' she didn't ought have
heard.
I'se finised all the story, Ma, d'you fink that it's all true?
D'you fink if I went bush walkin', I'd see a Bunyip, too?
Now Winnie says they's no such fings, that Uncle must have
dreamed it,
But Uncle's sure an' so am I, that Uncle must've seen-ed it.
"SCOTTY."

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KYLE HOUSE

MACQUARIE PLACE, SYDNEY. Phone B2355

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stroll down the Snowy River to Jindabyne did not prove as easy as anticipated. The Snowy, easy going at first, soon became precipitous and increasingly difficult to negotiate; so turning our backs on the river, we climbed over the Perisher Range, and so reached the road a few miles above the Hotel Kosciusko.

A visit to the bar was followed by a visit to the bake-house, from whence we emerged bearing twelve pounds of freshly baked bread, and an open go was declared on the tucker. Recovering from unaccustomed food, we took the road for nine further miles, and camped on the Thredbo River for the rest of our very enjoyable holiday.

EDGAR YARDLEY.

FREE GASTRONOMICAL JOYS

Come on, all you independent spirits, who would be beholden to no-one for your creature comforts. Get you out into the lonely bush, and along the desolate sea-shore, and see how you fare when there is none to provide shelter for your head or food for your stomach, away from

"That all-softening, overpowering knell,

The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell."

and see if you can live as the sparrows live—on just what old Nature provides.

And what does she provide?

It is said that all life emerged from the sea, so let us visit our ancient watery home in search of sustenance.

I had it (*unofficially*) from the Marine Zoologist at the Museum, that everything in the sea is edible; nevertheless I would not recommend that any aspiring devotee of Natural Living take to eating clam-shells, even for their lime content, nor sample the succulent blue-bottle. However, practically all the little shell-fish of our coast are edible. In the Islands it is often found that, whereas the natives of one island consider a certain shell-fish poisonous, the natives of another island include it as a staple part of their dietary. The internal portion of the sea-urchin is said to be quite a delicacy to the Italians, while the Chinese revel in seaweed biscuits. These biscuits, though resembling, in my opinion, nothing so much as a sun-dried frog, are extremely appetising, but all my efforts to manufacture a similar product from the sea-kale of Era were futile. Perhaps there is some secret process used. However, sea-kale eaten raw is quite good.

There is no necessity for me to mention fish, oysters, crabs, lobsters, prawns or crayfish. Everyone knows they are worth eating, but not everyone is familiar with eels as food. Try them.

Suppose we leave the sea-shore and follow up one of our rivers, right into the heart of the bushland. On such a river

as the Cox, watercress is very plentiful: dandelion leaves, used by the French as a salad vegetable, are to be found, the root of same being valued for medicinal purposes.

While on the subject of medicinal plants it might be as well to mention that the liquid obtained from boiled blackberry leaves is frequently used by herbalists as a blood purifier. The same applies to couch grass, while my grandfather swears by milk thistles as a laxative. Says he, "They work you like castor oil," which is well to know if one has indulged too freely in the wild Jack-apples obtainable in the Black Gin Creek thickets.

In the vegetable line, nettles can be used for soup; bracken tops have been likened to asparagus, but you needn't put much faith in that being true. The person who gave birth to that statement was probably delirious from starvation. The soft white part of grass-tree shoots is quite edible, and has been known to save an explorer from starvation for some weeks.

One of the most delicate dishes I can suggest, in all truth, is mushrooms and periwinkles cooked in sea-water. The beauty of this mess is that it can't be spoilt, either in taste or appearance, by the addition of anything else you may care for.

Before I leave this fascinating subject of food I must say a word or two about our native fruits.

Perhaps the best known are blackberries; but we also have wild strawberries, which thrive luxuriantly in National Park; wild raspberries—not so plentiful, but possessing more flavour, lillipillis, geebung, five-corners, ground-berries, and pigeon-berries, which are parasitic growths of the ti-tree.

Dreams of childhood gastronomic happiness invariably turn to pigeon-berries and plum-puddin' grass, which we consumed in vast quantities, spending half an afternoon gathering a paperbag full that we might have half-an-hour's gorgeous gorge in bed that night.

Ah well, a man is only as old as his stomach, and if he can still enjoy such puerilities he is still young. Here's hoping you all stay young.

DOT ENGLISH.

THE NEW DOLLY BALLAD

I'se tell about a fmg. Ma, what Uncle Ian told.
One day when he went campin' an' caught a drefful cold:
He called it a "disease," Ma, this fmg I'se going to tell,
An' when I asked him where it hurt, he groaned an' said, "Oh,
hell!"

I fink it's called a bush walker, this fmg what uncle met
The day he came home sniffin' wiv his trowse's awf'ly wet.

with a satisfied feeling of achievement.

Subsequently a deviation on the latter part of the descent was explored by others, and this saved the climb down the chimney.

The charm and grandeur of the unspoilt bush still clings to Clear Hill, but now someone with more ingenuity than poetry in his nature has fixed a rope-ladder for the convenience of weaklings down the one bit of real climbing on our original route. The Philistines, I fear, will yet put an escalator up Mount Cook and a lift up Kanchenjunga!

FRANK DUNCAN.

KOSCIUSKO—THE COUNTRY OF EXTREMES

A great deal of publicity was given a few months ago to a trip in summer from Kiandra to Kosciusko, along the Main Dividing Range. The same trip has been done by many walkers, including some of our own members. The following are the experiences in December, 1931, of a party comprising Win. Ashton, Marjorie Hill, Brenda White, Bill Purnell, Reg. Shortridge and Edgar Yardley.—Ed.

After inspecting the Yarrangobilly Caves, we returned to Kiandra, which as every schoolboy knows, or should know, is the highest town in N.S.W., being 4,600 feet above sea level. Kiandra used to be a big gold mining town, with a population variously estimated at between ten thousand and thirty thousand souls. Poor souls! When the gold went, they went too, leaving only about one hundred behind to sit on the pub verandah and talk about the good old days. To-day the town consists of a score of straggling houses at the foot of a scarred hillside, surrounded by miles of bleak and barren upland and marsh.

Commencing our walk in earnest, we left the road and made good progress, following directions given us by Bob Hughes, the "Oldest Inhabitant"; and did not get mislaid until after lunch, when we found that we were heading for the Tumut River. Repairing our error, we reached Nine Mile Diggings during the afternoon, and camped in a sheltered gully on the side of "Cabramurra" or Table Top Mt. Climbing Table Top the next morning, we met a boundary rider, who pointed out a prominent snow covered peak in the distance as Jagungal, or the "Big Bogong." Heading south we crossed Happy Jack's Creek, a tributary of the Tumut, traversed miles of grassy valleys, and finally halted on the lee side of a hill to shelter from an oncoming storm. From this time on there was never any sign of rain, the weather throughout the whole trip varying only from hot to very hot.

Every step we took brought those alluring snow clad heights nearer, and when on Wednesday evening we camped,

we were abreast of Jagungal, which is about three miles west of the main ridge. The day had been spent in climbing steadily through sparsely timbered upland pastures, coarsely grassed and often swampy. The glass that night touched freezing point, and it is worthy of note that while the days were extremely hot and dry, the temperature always dropped considerably at night, and often a skim of ice was to be found on our water bucket in the morning.

On Thursday morning some of the party climbed to the top of the "Big Bogong," before resuming the southward journey along the range. Our packs were mercifully growing a little lighter by now; for owing to our meagre knowledge of the country quite a lot of unnecessary gear was carried, making the early stages of our journey very arduous. A notable feature of this part of the walk was the keen, constant, westerly wind blowing hard and dry, which tempered the fierce heat of the sun. The wind was very severe on the skin, making us much redder on the right side than the left, and cracking our lips so badly that we dared not laugh. A pained expression in lieu of a smile was the best effort which some of us could make.

Christmas day was spent at Dicky Cooper Hut, which is several hundred feet below the summit of the range on the western side; and in climbing Gungarten (the third highest peak in Australia). On regaining the range we had our first glimpse of Kosciusko itself. Its bald rounded top did not look half so grand and majestic as that of the rugged Townsend, a mile or two to the west. In a little while we caught glimpses of the long serpentine road which climbs to the top of Australia's highest mountain. That night we camped on a small tributary of the Snowy River, between the road and the range, opposite a moraine of huge stones (evidence of one-time glacial action, we are told), and only about four miles from the summit. The Snowy River is aptly named, being fed by the numerous rapidly melting snow drifts on the sheltered side of the range. Our water supply, a brawling torrent during the day, died to a tiny trickle after sunset.

On Sunday we left our tents standing, and became tourists, "doing" Hedley Tarn, the Blue Lake, Mounts Townsend and Kosciusko. We indulged in toboggan races across the large snow drifts, using ground sheets as toboggans. This was fraught with much merriment and excitement: for sometimes a fair speed would be attained, and the snow terminating suddenly, coarse grass and boulders would be all that was left to slide on. We caused mild excitement amongst the tourists when we explained that we had walked from Kiandra, and had not come from the hotel by car!

Our objective achieved, with lots of time to spare; we decided to take it easy for the rest of the time; but our little

passing local residents and occasional motorists. When the grade eased to its normal steepness we shipped the tow-line, and then the fellow of the party had to show himself no mean pusher. No parents ever slaved for their offspring as we did for our little Question Box, sitting comfortably behind his green mosquito-netting fly screen. Then came half a mile of sharp loose ballast that chewed chunks of rubber from the little half inch tyres, and rattled Milo's teeth. About the middle of the afternoon we had to stop and give Milo a rest from the constant shaking. At times he must have felt like a blancmange in an earth tremor.

Next day while we lunched we had Edith Hill in sight before us. It is a boomer for everything on wheels or feet, so we had to consider a plan of action. First I went a mile onward up the hill with all I could carry, including rifle, water, and Marg.'s swag. Returning, Marg. was put on to the tow-rope, the brat made comfortable, then I set my hobnails firmly into Australia and pushed—and pushed. An old lady we got some milk from reckoned it was the hardest kind of holiday she ever heard of.

The third day the weather altered to fairly heavy rain, and we were glad of the cool change. But the going was sheer tribulation and hard work, and the little bloke had to walk at the worst bits. The fact is he wanted to walk quite a lot, but between his slow pace and desire to collect and play with the countless stones—a play paradise quite new to him—he kept us back: so when we could we dumped him and his collections of stones and sticks aboard, and made the pace.

I began to respect that pram and its makers also, for they certainly knew their onions when they designed it.

At length, on the fourth day, allowing one day in camp on account of rain, the big prospect south lifted into sight, and there stood the perambulator at Kanangra. Young Milo Kanangra had reached the place he was named after. No doubt ours is the first perambulator to be shoved to Kanangra and back, and I think it will be the last until a better road is made—and I hope that never happens anyway. Next time we walk!

MYLES J. DUNPHY.



THE FIRST DESCENT OF CLEAR HILL

Note.—In other countries people make first *ascents*. In Australia, which is a topsy-turvy country, we make first *descents* instead.

One of the first long week-end walks undertaken by my wife and myself after arriving in Sydney was down Nellie's Glen, through the Megalong Valley past the Woolshed, and

down Black Jerry's Ridge to the Cox River.

The chief features through the greater length of this route are the impressive bluffs, ridges and precipices of the Narrow Neck, or Clear Hill, Plateau. I well remember comparing it with the plateaux which figure so often in the tales of Rider Haggard, plateaux which usually have but one way of access, and this very difficult, and whereon are found the most weird and wonderful of ancient civilisations.

It was in this mood that we fell into conversation with a walker, who told us of the approach from Katoomba via Narrow Neck. When I suggested that it would make a most interesting route out to the Cox from Katoomba, he pooh-poohed the idea with vigour, and held forth on the ring of inaccessible cliffs at the end. He mentioned several unsuccessful attempts during the past years to find a way off the plateau.

Later, in June, 1928, we joined a popular Bush Walker trip to Clear Hill, at the end of this six-mile long plateau. On the way out we mentioned to some of the party our ambition to pioneer a route to the Cox via the end of Clear Hill. And, as we arrived at our camping spot at Glen Raphael early, we set off for an evening exploration of the possibilities of a descent of the cliffs, feeling delightfully light and fresh without our heavy packs. A short time found us at the very end of Clear Hill, perched up in the air with cliffs on three sides of us, and a fine clear view, one of the best I have seen in New South Wales, of bush-clad ridges in every direction. Tortuous valleys at our feet wound away in the distance, but most striking of all was the feeling of airy lightness and detachment, and freedom from the petty cares of every day life.

A photo, or two were taken, and then the search began. Soon our efforts were rewarded, and we climbed down the gully to the west of the southernmost point of the hill. The descent was in the form of steps or ledges extending in the direction of Mount Mouin. After repeated deviations and retracing of our steps, we came to a sheer cliff within fifty feet of the bush-clad foothills below.

These last fifty feet were the only serious difficulty of the descent, but even here it was not long before three of us, E. Austen, J. Debert and myself had climbed down a chimney-like crack and solved with a shout of pride the descent of Clear Hill.

We returned to camp very pleased with ourselves, and made plans for the morrow, when the Austens, J. Debert, Gwen Adams and ourselves made the descent with our packs, and lit a smoke signal from a clearing on the Dog Track, to let our friends, who had stayed on Clear Hill, know of our safe descent.

We spent the next night near the junction of Breakfast Creek and the Cox, and so home via Jerry's Ridge, tired, but

officials dutifully protecting the purity of the Canberra water supply. For the first time we realised we were liable to be shot at dawn for trespassing on the sacred catchment area. However, nothing happened, and we climbed the gentle wooded slopes of Mount Bimberi, through tall timber changing to straggly snow-gum and snow-grass as we went upwards. On the rounded summit there was about a foot of snow, and we stood in a freezing blast as we picked out the features of the most interesting landscape-view I had seen in Australia. The Tindery Range stood out on the one hand, the crystal snows of Jagungal and the Kosciusko Plateau on another, and most interesting of all, the really pointed Jounima Range, which threw its challenge across the intervening miles of blue hills and valleys.

A few weeks later we had answered that challenge, and were speeding up the lovely Tumut Vale, green as the English countryside from the recent rains, to Jounima State Forest, just short of Yarrangobilly. Here we parked the car at the cottage of the forester in charge, and set off by the blazed trail to the Jounima Branch Creek, after which the trail and blazes faded out. On the second day we struck the usual unpleasant tangle of dead and living snow-gum mixed up with scrub and boulders, making progress very slow, so that we were glad to reach the pile of granite rocks that forms the final route to the top (5,628 ft.). From this we looked down on a natural grassy upland, and beyond it to the other summits of the Jounima Range.

We dumped our camping gear on the next col, and set off to climb as many peaks as we could that afternoon. Big Plain Bogong and the Pillared Rocks fell to our efforts, the latter providing the best rock climbing we had seen in Australia, as well as several properly giddy looking photographs which would do credit to any British rock climbing journal.

Next morning we wakened to a howling gale, and when we put our heads out of the tent found we were in a wilderness of driving mist. We set back by compass, and no one, unless he also has followed the compass through trackless wilds, can realise just what this means. Once, for instance, we stood on some slippery snow-covered boulders and looked with horror through a parting in the mists below, where a series of unknown ridges and valleys lay directly in the line of the compass. Was the compass wrong? Were our reasons wandering? I have never felt so utterly forlorn and lost. Indeed, had not the mists parted further to reveal a landmark on the mountain opposite, I do not know if we should ever have ventured down or ever have discovered that those hills and dales were phantoms conjured up by the mist, and having no existence in reality. As it was we did go down, and after ploughing our way against

a hail storm, eventually arrived back with chattering teeth, feeling that the compass was the most wonderful thing man had ever invented—next to fire—at any rate the fire in that hospitable forester's cottage.

The Tindery Mountains near Michalago had called to me, not only from Bimberi, but ever since I saw their granite slabs glistening in the morning sunlight as we drove back from Kosciusko. Bad weather had again been predicted, and my companion shocked me rather badly by meeting me at Sydney Station with—an umbrella! It rained as we crossed the grassy sheep country, but we could occasionally pick out the highest summits between the drifting mist. It was our last view of them for two days. Unlike Bimberi and Jounima, you can see the very tops of this range from the valley farms at its foot.

The lower slopes were wooded, but almost devoid of undergrowth, while the upper ones were covered with rampant scrub, rocks slippery with wet lichen, and dead snow-gum fallen across the living in a general criss-cross of inconvenience. We struggled up to the first summit, and as we stood there the mists swept aside, revealing a little rocky knob considerably higher. I vowed that, come what might, I would bag that anyhow. And I did, and found an incomprehensible trig sign on top. Then, as we started down, a wonderful thing happened. The mists swung right away for a few minutes, and the valley beneath lay like an emerald set in sapphire hills and bathed in golden sunlight, and, more wonderful still, I found we were higher than anything else. I realised joyfully that it was the Tindery itself (5,307 feet), that I had climbed without knowing and had safely in my rucksack.

The thing that struck me most about these three mountain ranges, all of whose rocks are granite, was the paucity of undergrowth on the lower slopes, and the almost complete absence of the wild flowers that grow in such luxuriance in the apparently more barren sandstone country around Sydney and the Blue Mountains. An occasional splodge of golden wattle or purple hardenbergia were all I could see. Another interesting thing noticed, especially at Jounima, was the openness of the upper northern slopes and the denseness of the scrub and snow-gum on the southern ones, doubtless due to the snow lying there longer.

MARIE B. BYLES.

FIRST PERAMBULATOR TO KANANGRA TOPS

When a man acquires a small family and is still afflicted with bush mania, he has to pause frequently in his family-sustaining activities, and cogitate furiously on what to do with wife and nipper. And hence the perambulator trip. It was something different, believe me! I've got a backache yet.

looked very strong and deep. We decided on what we thought was the lesser of two evils, since it was getting dark, namely, the rapids. Ninian took a tent rope across, jumping from rock to rock, slipping in and hauling himself out again, and then we all scrambled across with the aid of the rope, getting more or less wet in the process. By this time it was pretty dark, so we camped on the only available spot, a ledge about five feet wide with a sheer cliff at the back, and a sandy slope to the water's edge in front. It was impossible to say how far we had come that day, but it could not have been more than three or four miles. We slept well, in spite of the fact that our legs were hanging in space.

Friday was declared a day of rest, and on Saturday we decided to climb up a watercourse to the top, and try and cut off a corner by walking across the tops. We got up all right, and walked about one and a half or two miles through very thick country: the undergrowth was right up above our heads and we had to push our way through, the only redeeming feature being that the ground was fairly flat. We eventually struck the Colo Gorge again at a point 3,150 feet above the river, and the cliffs looked impossible to descend. Ninian and I had got down about a hundred feet when a rock fell from above and cut my head open. Ninian rendered first aid and we carried on. But it took us two and a quarter hours to climb straight down from the top to the bottom. The rest did it in two and a half, but they had my pack to lower as well as themselves.

The rest of the trip consisted mainly of blackberries, raspberries, and lawyer vines, which grew in thick masses seven or eight feet high all along the base of the cliffs. The boys bashed their way through with a thick wattle stick, step by step, and we put in time, while we were waiting, in eating lovely big juicy raspberries and getting bitten by bull-dog and jumper ants. Often one or two of us would have to dance on a nest of ants till those in front were able to move on a bit, and then the ants were ready to jump on those who next had to walk over their nest. There was also a luxuriant growth of stinging nettles the whole way down the Colo, but we had so many other things to contend with that the stinging nettles brushing round our necks did not worry us. At least we could push our way through them, whereas we had to *cut* our way through the other things.

We went fishing every night, and caught eels five or six pounds in weight, as well as some nice perch. But our lines and hooks were not strong enough to hold them, and we lost more than we caught. On account of the flooded river, we had only one decent camping spot on the whole trip, and that was not much to talk about, as it was on sand.

Several times we picked up the old survey track, but it was so overgrown it was not much use to us, and every now and then there were land-slides over it and we would lose it altogether. One day Ninian, Wal and I climbed up and found the track, about two hundred feet up, somewhat overgrown, but possible to follow. It gradually rose higher and higher up the side of the cliffs, until we were walking round the tops of cliffs about 2,000 or 3,000 feet above the river, on a path about eighteen inches wide, with a decided slope to the outside into space. It was not so bad when it went round the bends into the cliff, but when it was on the outside, it just about made my hair stand up, especially when there were little slides over it, and we had to kick a hole before we could put our feet down.

We expected to reach Upper Colo and civilisation on Wednesday, 17th January, but we were then still a long way off. Our flour ran out on Thursday, together with the porridge and powdered milk. We cooked our last food on Friday night. I caught one lonely eel on Saturday morning and we had it for breakfast. We arrived at Upper Colo at 3.30 p.m. the same day, having walked from 6.30 a.m. We were tired, hungry and horribly dirty, for our soap had run out four days before. We ate two loaves of bread and butter, and I'd hate to say how much tea we drank!

WIN. DUNCOMBE ("Dunc").

—*—
**THREE TRAMPS IN QUEST OF MOUNTAINS:
BIMBERI, JOUNIMA, TINDERY**

Australia is an ancient land and a stable land. It has, therefore, no earthquakes and few mountains, and what mountains it has have been mainly worn down to rounded hills and plateaux. Nevertheless it was in quest of mountains that I took three expeditions in 1933.

Mount Bimberi is the highest summit (6,274 feet) in the range that forms the western boundary of the Federal Territory. To reach it we went by car 40 miles from Canberra to Tidbinbilla, whence we walked first through grassy sheep land, then through bushland to the pass at the head of Tidbinbilla Creek. Here we descended to work up the valley of the Cottar River, a sparkling, dashing, mountain-stream. There was no track the first part of the way, and as the valley was V-shaped, the going was fairly slow. Further, as it was the depth of winter, the fording of the river at every bend was distinctly cold.

Next day we picked up the bridle track, and the valley opened out into intermittent meadowlands, culminating in the deserted Cottar Homestead, where we found two government

ditions weren't too good as we pushed on. Ultimately we came to a slight rise in the range, a point from which we could look across over vale and hill to a treeless dome—obviously Uraterer. Often after long and painful effort we would reach a similar vantage point, but always the mountain seemed as unapproachable as ever.

The late afternoon found us sitting on the crest of our goal, tired but satisfied, gazing on a most expansive cyclorama, a scene of great wildness rather than beauty; in the foreground a maze of wooded gullies, cliffs, and crags, and in the distance the dim outlines of far reaching mountain ranges. At dusk we camped under a clump of quince trees within twenty yards of a permanent spring. The soil was probably volcanic, and amazing fertility could be seen everywhere. Two brothers (Gosper) settled here 60 years ago, and the presence of 150 rather wild cattle indicated that the site is still used for grazing purposes. Repeated stampedes in our direction gave us some exciting moments.

Next day we left with regret this throne of the everlasting hills to find our way back to the Capertee. That Max succeeded with a minimum of mistakes says much for his ability as a bushman. The sight of our fern covered camp site was very satisfactory.

The bridle track continued downstream through wonderful gorge scenery. Wallabies, pigeons, and duck were seen. Three miles from the Wolgan, the track vanished, and we plunged into the roughest going I have ever seen. The steep sided banks were strewn with boulders, and overgrown with blackberry, lawyer vine, lantana, and nettles. After 1½ miles in 4 hours we camped in the only available spot where it was possible to lie down.

After breakfast the same conditions prevailed until we reached the Capertee-Wolgan junction, from where the Colo flowed through huge boulders alternating with strips of sandbank, which were certainly a change, although treacherous on account of quicksand. Alas! the sandbanks ceased; the river was too deep to follow, and the effort of pulling oneself and pack repeatedly up an angle of 60 degrees to the bank was a day's work alone. Scrambling over rocks and bashing our way through lawyer vine constituted the programme for the rest of the day. A sandbank near Wollemi Creek was our next camp site.

The following three days were hard; the distance for one was only 4 river miles, and we weren't loafing. The mental strain was as great as the physical. I had a number of festering cuts, and the constant irritation by prickly undergrowth tried my patience. The air was blue with my language at times, and even my monosyllabic friend rose to the occasion once or twice.

I tried wearing long trousers, but had these ripped from knee to waist.

The Colo River is in the form of long smooth pools, alternating with rapids where the water flows through barriers of boulders. Still and deep, it is ideal for canoeing. Towering walls of sandstone rise almost from the water's edge, and there are narrow shelves where gum and turpentine grow wild. The pools teem with perch and eels.

We hadn't much time for fishing, and our swims were mostly quick affairs. After our camp chores were finished we just lay down and slept immediately.

At the close of the third day from Wollemi Creek we reached Wollongambi Creek, a pretty spot and an old surveyors' camp. We had heard of a track from here, and the following morning Max found it about 400 feet up. It zig-zagged along the steep hillside, a foot wide sometimes, obliterated by landslides in places, and covered with fallen timber. Such as it was, progress was quicker than the river bank. After Blacksmith's Creek we lost the track and decided to climb the range—about 1,800 feet, and descended into Tootie Creek. A thunderstorm overtook us, and in the dusk we were lucky to find a dry cave.

Next day we followed Tootie to the Colo, where we found a cattle track which, seven miles further on, brought us to the first orchard on the river. We nearly reached Wheeny Creek that night, and a few hours' walking next morning brought us to Kurrajong—11½ days after the start.

GORDON SMITH.

MORE ABOUT THE COLO

When Gordon Smith and Max Gentle went down the Colo Valley, it was at least dry weather, but when we followed in their footsteps last January we started off from Lithgow in teeming rain, and, though the weather cleared, a flooded river accompanied us all the way.

There were seven of us, four boys and three girls. It was a beautiful walk along the Wolgan River to Newnes; in places the trees met overhead, the ground beside the road was blue with violets and bluebells, and the rock cliffs rose about 2,000 feet above us.

It was on the fourth day out when we started down the Colo itself, that the really rough stuff started in earnest, and we kept getting blocked by cliffs and having to climb up above them. The river was now running through a gorge with tremendous walls on each side, almost as close together at the top as at the bottom. About 5 o'clock we got stuck by a cliff dropping sheer into the water, and it was a toss-up as to whether we should climb up and over, or cross some rapids which

An ugly name, isn't it? Some say the man who surveyed it had previously lived in China, saw a likeness to some river there, and named the Kowmung after that Chinese river. Maybe. The first time we worked our way down through the Morong Deep—up above Werong Creek, that is—we decided the surveyors probably called it "Kowmung" as being about the ugliest and worst name they could expect to get published on any map. . . . Yet, how could they, after seeing the fairy-like beauty by Hanrahan's Creek? And the lovely pools by Billy's Point, and other places? The friendly river oaks! The smiling, gravelly reaches down by Gingra! The fascinating rockbars near Tiwillia Creek, and other places! The grandeur of Sunset Bluffs, the Tuglow Limestone, Orange Bluffs, Mt. Cookem, to name a few only of its mighty bluffs and buttresses! Its waterfalls and gorges, that delight the bush walker, had they no appeal for the surveyor? He left most of them unnamed, and perhaps it is as well, though I feel now that the Chinese Kowmung must be a beautiful river indeed, if it is worthy of its Australian namesake.

To unite and form the Kowmung, both the Hollander's and Tuglow Rivers had to cut narrow, impassable gorges through a granite outcrop, and, in addition, the Tuglow had to drop some 200 feet or more over a series of three falls, but in the Kowmung shale soon reappears, the country is fairly open, and stray fences and stock routes are met, and one feels there are men and homesteads in the offing. However, they do not appear; instead the blue limestone bluff in which the Tuglow Caves are hidden is seen rising directly from the river as The Gridiron is negotiated. Then the great granite gorge, "The Morong Deep," is reached, and Myles Dunphy was quite right when he told Harold Chardon in 1930 that that was "5-mile-a-day-country." It is only about 10 miles long, and in many parts is quite impassable anywhere near water-level, as the first 150 feet or more consist of sheer, waterworn, red granite walls. However, there is plenty of room on the sides of the gorge, which is 1,800 to 2,000 feet deep, while wombat and wallaby tracks often give a fair foothold.

At the junction of Werong Creek and the Kowmung is Venn's Hut, and the first 40-acre clearing. For about a mile on either side, upstream and down, there is fairly easy going—if you don't mind lots of large lapstones—with casuarinas, bracken and nettles, some grass, and cow tracks.

Then the Kowmung enters Rudder's Rift, where the river is knocked from bluff to bluff for about 8 miles. The Rift is wild and grand, but not impassable unless the river is "up," though a lot of wading is necessary. In the first half of the distance, we waded across the river about every ½ mile: after

that, about every 10 yards, except for one section of half-a-mile or so where we had to keep high up on the hillside on the left bank.

The Rift ends at Dicksonia Bluffs, and the river enters on the friendly, tranquil section we call the Middle Kowmung, where river oaks (casuarinas) line the grassy banks, and pebbly rapids separate lovely swimming pools. This is shale country again, and is where the river (which has been flowing south-east) swings round to flow north-east through the rugged Bulga-Denis Canyon: then, in peaceful, friendly mood again, on past Ferny Flat Creek, Flower Garden Creek, Gingra Creek, and the Cedar Road.

Beyond Tiwillia Buttress, the country is wilder again as the river flows through the Kowmung Canyon past the Devil's Elbow and under Mt. Cookem to its junction with the Cox's River, but, though the going on the Lower Kowmung (from the Bulga-Denis Canyon downstream) is roughish in parts, at its worst it is 2-mile-an-hour country—very different from the Upper Kowmung.

Quite 50 per cent. of the Sydney Bush Walkers know the Kowmung from Dunphy's Shortcut, or Roots' Route, or Hughes' Track, to the Cedar Road—it is part of their highway from Kanangra Walls to Katoomba. Not quite so many of our members know the rest of the Lower and Middle Kowmung, and only a few have earned their spurs on the Upper Kowmung.

DOROTHY LAWRY.

BARRINGTON TOPS

The name "Barrington Tops" seems to suggest being high on top and looking down. But, though they form a saucer-shaped plateau 5,000 feet high, it is seldom you have the feeling of being on high and looking down. In fact, their charm for me lies not upon the tops, but in the surrounding pastoral lands, the approaches through sub-tropical jungle, and, perhaps most important of all, the people who live there and with whom I have made friends. Nevertheless I feel sure it would be a delightful trip to follow the Barrington River from its source in the wide, swampy country of the tops to the lower coastal lands, and fish in the many pools on its course downwards.

I have traversed four of the five approaches to the Plateau, and to my mind the Allyn River route is the loveliest, for there is a marvellous charm in the soft green of its narrow valley hemmed in as it is by low rolling hills. The jungle, or "brush," to use the local term, begins quite suddenly. One leaves the cow-paddocks, and steps into the dense growth of trees, vines, ferns, and mosses too numerous to take in except as a glorious

PROTECTIVE LEGISLATION

As walkers, we are greatly concerned with protective legislation. It is of vital importance to our outdoor life that adequate and effective laws shall exist to set aside and protect large areas of land sufficient for the purpose of securing the perpetuation of all species of native flora and fauna.

The three Acts of Parliament mainly concerning us, viz.: The Birds and Animals Protection Act, the Wild Flowers and Native Plants Protection Act, and the Bush Fires and Careless Use of Fires Act, are admirable in many respects, but are hopelessly inadequate to prevent irreparable damage being done to the unique and wonderful natural life of this State; much less to acquire and preserve areas sufficient to re-establish species now in danger of extinction.

Recently the Rangers League convened a conference of interested bodies, including the Anthropological Society, Aust. Forest League, Parks and Playgrounds Movement, Wild Life Preservation Society, Royal Zoological Society, Naturalists' Society, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, Sydney Bush Walkers, Mountain Trails Club, Federation of Bush Walking Clubs, etc. Arising from the deliberations of this conference, a deputation awaited on the Hon. Mr. Chaffey, Chief Secretary, who represented the Premier. After a sympathetic hearing of the general principles involved, the Minister asked for concrete amendments to the various Acts concerned. The task of drawing up those proposed amendments was entrusted to a small committee, including Mr. Myles Dunphy; and is nearing completion. The following are among the more important proposals to be made to the Government:

- (1) The establishment of a permanent sub-department to administer all protective acts (divided control, as at present, does not tend to effective administration). The sub-department to be similar to the Victorian Dept. of Fisheries and Game, with a Chief Inspector who undertakes all prosecutions for breaches under the Acts, and a small staff of inspectors equipped with motor cycles, who would investigate complaints by honorary rangers.
- (2) Licensing of growers and wholesale and retail sellers of protected flora. The present Act allows of much abuse, and there is a large illegal traffic in wild flowers.
- (3) Control of destruction of trees on both Crown and private lands. This would facilitate the protection of scenic beauty spots, and minimise damage by erosion.
- (4) Protection of all native flora, with scheduled exceptions.

- (5) A licensing system for all breeders and aviarists similar to that under the Birds and Animals Act.
- (6) Inspection of habitations of caged birds.
- (7) Twenty-five per cent. royalty on all skins, etc., taken in open season.
- (8) Re-introduction of the Gun Act, which would do much to prevent needless destruction of native fauna.

We are hopeful that a great proportion of the recommendations will eventually be accepted and become law.

However, it behoves every Bush Walker, both inside the Club and outside, to use his influence on fellow walkers and on everyone with whom he comes in contact: to continue to urge for a greater and more general protection of our flora and fauna: more important still to press for the reservation of land to be used as "primitive areas" for breeding and re-establishment of species nearing extinction: and to become where possible an honorary ranger, and thus be able to check vandalism and wilful breaches of the law, and exercise a restraining influence on the thoughtless and the careless.

EDGAR YARDLEY.



THE KOWMUNG FROM END TO END

"I am told there are people who do not care for maps, and I find it hard to believe."—Robert Louis Stevenson.

It was the mass of black hachuring on the South-Eastern Tourist Map that first made me want to see the country between Yerranderie and Jenolan Caves. It was membership of the S.B.W. that enabled me to reach that wild country: and it is the country itself, and more particularly the river, that now holds my heart. Quite often people say to me:—"What! Going to the Kowmung again this year? Why don't you go somewhere else for a change: see some other part of the country?"

But they do not suggest anywhere else that sounds half so interesting; and, when one only has a fortnight's holiday each year, there is a lifetime's exploration available in the Kowmung country.

It's big, and it's rough, and it's uninhabited. It's no place for weaklings, or lovers of luxury and bright lights, but for variety, and beauty, and fascination, what can compare with the untamed Kowmung? Nowhere in all its 60 or 70 miles does it touch civilisation. Actually there are four 40-acre clearings in all its length, and three or four fences stray down to it, while nine or ten huts, occasionally occupied by stockmen, or lived in by gold-fossickers, the prospect-holes and workings of these men near Church Creek, and the old, deserted Cedar Road by Gingra Creek, complete the tale of man's handiwork along the Kowmung.

Little Beach, as well as many sandy coves tucked away between rocky headlands. Behind the beaches and sea-battered cliffs are forests of macrozamia or burrawang palms, growing under large, graceful gums, and from the tops of the hills are magnificent views of ocean-spanned moorland. It is the only remaining unalienated stretch of coastline of any length within easy reach of Sydney, and as the nearer beaches become more and more crowded we shall increasingly feel the need of the



MAITLAND BAY. Photo by Marie B. Byles.

solitudes of this area, and we heartily congratulate the Federation on its move to secure it for posterity before it is too late.
M.B.B.

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NATIONAL PARKS AND PRIMITIVE AREAS COUNCIL

How many of us have seen the hand of man ruthlessly destroy some incomparable beauty spot on the pretext of making a useless area of land play its part in the production of a national dividend?

In the past there has been no effort made to control the activities of so called private enterprise in this direction, with the result that Australia is now faced with many problems, increasing in importance as the years speed by.

Denudation of our watersheds has caused, and is causing, much concern amongst those people who think, by its effect on rainfall and soil erosion, with the consequent silting up of rivers in their lower reaches where they are of most use to mankind.

The question of the preservation of our native flora and fauna that has at all times claimed the attention of a very large portion of our populace, vitally interests all those people who enjoy the simple pleasure of the great outdoors.

Preservation of beauty spots and the securing of scenic wonders for exhibition to tourists is now a very pressing need, and one that in the past has been considerably undervalued by our governing authorities.

When to the foregoing is added the ever increasing need of dwellers, in an age of machinery, for that perfect relaxation and sense of quiet and solitude which is to be obtained when one is close to nature, you have the reason why six well known Trailers and Bush Walkers banded themselves together, in October, 1933, under the name of the National Parks and Primitive Areas Council.

These persons, all of whom are proficient bushmen with an extensive knowledge of the geography of our country, had for some time previously considered these varied problems. Many other organisations have, in the past, approached these problems from different angles according to their own particular aims and objects, but with little success owing to lack of co-ordination in their effort. Could these various bodies but combine, and all work to the same end, a different tale might be told.

Co-ordination of effort, then, is what the new Council aims at achieving, and thereby hopes in a large measure to solve the problems mentioned earlier.

The Council has been, and is being, very carefully selected with a view to the perfect harmony of its members, as well as securing a group of enthusiasts which is both highly trained and available for duty at a moment's notice. The cost of carrying on this public service is being borne by the members themselves, and will be considered money well spent when their plans are brought to fruition.

At the present time the Council is concentrating its efforts on the Blue Mountains National Park Scheme, and to date has had some considerable success in the matter of preliminary negotiations for the first section of the scheme.

Other schemes under consideration include all types of country from the Queensland border to beyond the Victorian border, and will mean in all probability years of work for those comrades of ours who have put their shoulder to the wheel.

In conclusion, let me say that the Council is working in very close contact with the Federation of Bushwalking Clubs, the Federation, in fact, being the only body to have representation on the Council.

B. C. S. BULL.

GARAWARRA NATIONAL PARK

Proposed Recreation Reserve and Primitive Area

Garawarra (from Garie and Illawarra) is a name given an area of approximately 5,000 acres of country on the near South Coast of N.S.W.

It is bounded on the North by National Park, on the South by Bald Hill and Otford, on the West by the South Coast (or Illawarra) Railway Line, and on the East by the Pacific Ocean.

Access is obtainable from Waterfall (24 miles from



ERA BEACH.

Photo by "Barney".

Sydney), Helensburgh (28 miles), Lilyvale (31 miles), and Otford (32 miles) Railway Stations.

Within its boundaries is a diversity of country claimed to be unequalled in N.S.W. in such a limited area, and certainly unequalled within such easy access of the Metropolis: for within 1½ hours (or less) travel from the City one comes upon glorious river scenery on the upper reaches of the Port Hacking River—a wealth of undisturbed flora and fauna along its banks and in the densely covered gullies. On the uplands, rising to 948 feet at the Bulgo Trigonometrical Station, may be found a variety of the inhabitants of Australia's inimitable bushland, including wonderful specimens of the gums—blackbutts, bloodwoods and many others, while at Bulgo Look-out may be obtained a panorama rivalling such famous viewpoints as Bulli Look-out and Sublime Point, with a jungle at one's feet and beaches apparently so close that a stone could be tossed into

the blue Pacific.

Then over the edge and down precipitous tracks to the grassy and tree-covered undulations giving on to the creeks and lagoons, and so to the golden beaches and into the glorious surf.

Of this 5,000 acres, the Crown wisely yielded to the representations of such organisations as the N.S.W. Federation of Bush Walking Clubs and the Parks and Playgrounds Movement of N.S.W. and reserved 1,300 acres, the only available Crown lands in the area.

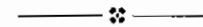
This 1,300 acres comprises a very beautiful and diversified portion of Garawarra, including as it does, Bulgo Trigonometrical Station, the adjacent plateaux, well timbered country nearby, the upper reaches of Black Gin Creek, and some two or three miles of ocean frontage in which are Burning Palms Beach and the Palm Jungle. It also embodies some very interesting cliff and rock formations, possibly the most notable being the "Figure Eight," which at low tide forms a natural bathing pool in the rock shelf some six feet deep.

Although a considerable part of this 1,300 acres is covered by a reserve for Commonwealth Defence purposes, no difficulties are anticipated in this direction, as it is understood that the reserve is now of no practical value. The Minister for Lands is negotiating with the Federal authorities in the matter.

As to the remainder of the 5,000 acres, much more has yet to be done.

Some of the best of Garawarra, including the River Section and the two Era and other beaches, is in the hands of private owners, and the Federation before referred to is leaving no stone unturned to obtain for the people this wonderful area complete with all it has to offer.

J.V.T.



PROPOSED MAITLAND BAY NATIONAL PARK

(Reached per train to Woy Woy and launch to Killcare.)

An increasing number of our members are becoming familiar with the exquisite half-moon-shaped bay that bursts upon you as you drop down from the hills between Killcare and Kincumber. We have named it Maitland Bay because its northern headland was the scene of the disastrous wreck of the "Maitland" at the end of last century, and the boilers of that ill-fated boat still lie rusting on the rocks where it was flung.

But this is not the only attraction of the long stretch of virgin coastline from Wagstaffe Point to Macmaster's Beach, which the Federation of Bushwalking Clubs is seeking to have dedicated as a national park. There is Putty Beach, an ugly name for a lovely stretch of sands and surf; the rock-hemmed

made, after which Rene provided cocoa for all from her baby billy, and the singing was resumed. We went to bed about 1.30 a.m., and the sun was up before us.

When the morning got hot, we walked over to the Nepean River for a swim, and the fun that followed has resulted in adding a new word to the Club vocabulary, "c'logging." That is a joy and a memory the absentees missed, as was the wonderful bonfire over the hill on Saturday evening, and also the swim in the Blue Pool on Glenbrook Creek on Sunday afternoon.

As a Reunion, it was the best yet, and a splendid start for a year that, we feel, will also be the best yet.

T.R.I.O.

BLUE-GUM FOREST NATIONAL PARK

Some folk walk for prizes—round and round a great arena, or along a hard highway. Postmen walk for wages—



BLUE GUM FOREST. Photo by W. J. Roots.

delivering letters to the same houses day in, day out, for years. We walk for pleasure. Not only the pleasure that comes from splendid exercise and good company, sunshine and fresh air, but the joy that comes from beautiful scenery, bright flowers, and close comradeship with nature.

Thus it was that some Bush Walkers and Trailers just happened to be there when the lessee of one of the loveliest spots in New South Wales started ringbarking the blue gums. Their majestic beauty, the long years of their growth, the

tenacity of their roots in holding together the soil of the river-flat, all meant nothing to him. He wanted grass for his cattle.

He had the legal right to kill every tree. Reasoning and persuasion failed, so bargaining was resorted to, for the Trailers and Bush Walkers recognised that the trees must be saved. The Mountain Trails Club had 27 members, the Sydney Bush Walkers about 140, none of them wealthy, and the lowest price for his rights over the 40-acre block which the lessee would consider was £130—to be paid within three months!

The Wild Life Preservation Society was approached, and swung in behind the scheme solidly—with £25 cash. A committee was formed, representing that Society and the two Walking Clubs, and the fight to save the trees was on. While Club members were doing all they could to raise money, the Committee was approaching various wealthy and public-spirited citizens for assistance, and many responded to the appeal. To one gentleman in particular belongs the honour of having actually saved these wonderful trees. His response was prompt, and was a loan for 2 years, free of interest, of the £80 needed to complete the purchase price, £50 cash having already been raised. As a result of the sustained efforts of the walkers, that loan was paid back within the two years, and the Blue Gum Forest was given back to the Crown, to be dedicated as a camping reserve for all time. Four members of the organising committee were nominated, and appointed by the Government, as Trustees of the Forest.

When the grazing lease was granted, the Lands Department Officials were unaware that there was anything specially worthy of protection within the area, for the Forest is hidden in one of the sunken valleys of the Blue Mountains, some 7 miles from Blackheath, the nearest Railway Station. There are no roads leading to it, for the mountains rise precipitously all around to a height of 2,000 feet above the valley floor.

In the Forest the walkers can pitch their tents in peace, far from the noise of motors and the litter of picnickers. They can enjoy the quiet of the bush, the cheerful gurgle of the Grose River, the majestic beauty and cool shade of the trees, and the magnificent grandeur of the encircling heights.

The Blue Gum Forest is their own, physically as well as spiritually, for it is through their efforts that the trees still live. And, like a tree, the effects of those efforts are still growing and spreading, for the Lands Department officials now know that the walkers recognise and love beauty in nature and are anxious to preserve it, and willing to work to attain their object. So any requests for the preservation of primitive areas that the walkers make now receive very sympathetic consideration, and already two further areas have been added to the State's reserves.

D. LAWRY.

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EDITORIAL

New South Wales is an ideal land for walking, more ideal than we perhaps realize. To begin with, it has a dry climate. You might not think this to read some of our members' adventures in the course of which they appear to paddle and swim rather than walk. Nevertheless, so it is, at any rate compared with countries like New Zealand and Great Britain where a fortnight without rain is a drought. And then Sydney is blessed by being surrounded with a belt of barren sandstone country. Orchardists and farmers may not agree that this is a blessing, but for walkers it certainly is, for it gives them—precariously perhaps—an extensive region of unspoiled bush-land which no one else wants very badly. Furthermore, being barren land, the rugged tree-clad hillsides are comparatively



MOUNT SOLITARY AND THE BLUE MOUNTAINS PLATEAU.

Photo by "Burney".

WAY BACK IN 1927

a few enthusiasts laid the foundations of the
SYDNEY BUSHWALKERS

Month by month the club grew, slowly at first, and then more quickly. Difficulties, of course, arose and decisions had to be made, but they were settled in the spirit of comradeship, which was established in the bush.

And now we see the Club healthy and strong, eager to advance the cause of good walking.

"Paddy" is proud of his association with the Sydney Bushwalkers and hopes that by continuing to render good service he will continue to enjoy the confidence of the Club in the future.

F. A. PALLIN

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