



**THE SYDNEY
BUSH WALKER
ANNUAL**



**NOVEMBER
1935**



Photo by R. Savage.

THE UPPER COX'S RIVER AND BLUE MOUNTAINS PLATEAU.

OBJECTS OF THE SYDNEY BUSH WALKERS.

To amalgamate those who esteem walking as a means of recreation.

To form an institution of mutual aid in regard to routes, and ways and means of appreciating the great outdoors.

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To help others appreciate these natural gifts.

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MOUNT ROYAL

'Twas on a winter's evening, the rain fell drop by drop,
When two sweet maids set forth to scale a lonely mountain's misted top.

It rained that night; it rained next morn; it rained with hell's own ire.
"Oh, stay!" the farmer cried in fear, "and rest, ah! rest beside my fire."

"Nay, tempt us not!" they boldly cried. "The sought-for mountain looms
ahead."
No mountain loomed, nor anything, but mist and skies of dripping lead.

"Ah, well!" the farmer sadly said, "a shed on yonder rainy height
Perchance may shield your foolish heads through dripping rains of inky
night.

They slung their packs upon their backs and hied away and up aloof;
But when they reached the shed, it had no ends and very little roof.

The wet came down; the wet came up; the mud floor changed to wat'ry lakes.
So in the night they rose in haste, and floored it with some fencing stakes.

Through aching hours they laid upon their solid hardwood railing bed,
And still the rain came down upon both them and their good roofless shed.

Next day at break of dawn they rose—except there was no dawn to break—
And strode forth up the mountain side, and rain did follow in their wake.

They climbed the mountain's topmost peak, but aught of mountains saw they
none,
And nought of anything at all save mist and rain and streamlet run.

When once again they reached their shed the water even deeper lay;
Undaunted, once again they slept—or did not sleep—till dawn of day.

"But what was all this walking for? "I pray thee, Auntie darling, say."
"Well, that I cannot tell, my love, but 'twas a splendid holiday!"

AUNTIE "M."

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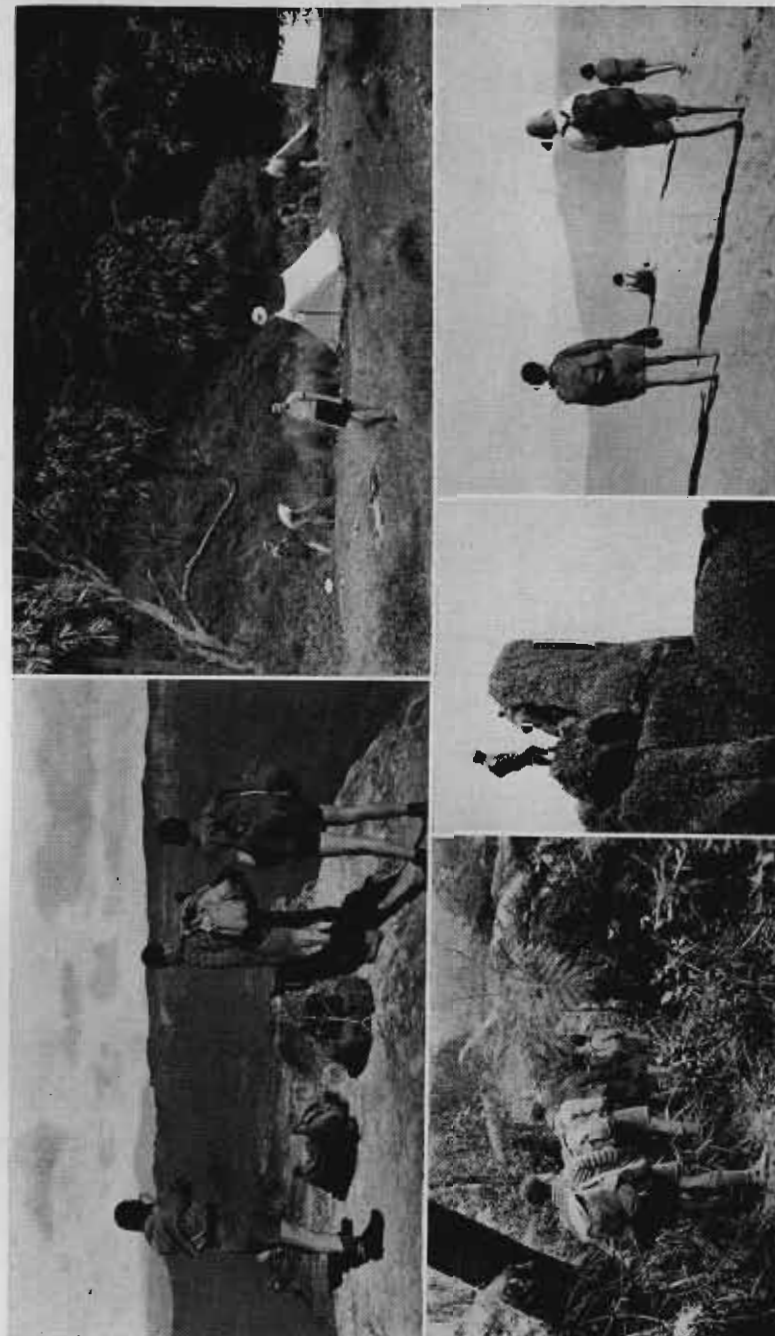
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Organisation: "JOCK" MARSHALL.



PHASES OF BUSHWALKING—OR IS IT TRAMPING, CAMPING, RAMBLING, CLIMBING—OR BIKING?
Photos by C. Barnes, W. Duncombe, M. B. Ryles and D. Lawry.
(V. Editorial).

NEWS OF THE FEDERATION OF BUSH WALKING CLUBS

The chief matter to report is the reservation of Maitland Bay, and the district north and south, as a park. The area reserved stretches from the north end of Killcare Beach to Macmaster's Beach, and includes the whole of that inspected by the District Surveyor with our representatives. Superimposed over a portion of it near Little Beach is an aeroplane landing ground. This is the spot where the District Surveyor stood admiringly and said, "Golly! what a glorious place for a park! Think how many cars could be parked here!" Instead of cars there may, perhaps, one day be aeroplanes. However, the rest of the area will, we hope, be ours for all time, more especially as we nominate half the trustees, and we still hope to get the area south of Killcare Beach also reserved. The Federation has to thank the Erina Shire, The National Parks and Primitive Areas Council and The Parks and Playgrounds Movement for their co-operation in urging the reservation of Maitland Bay.

This year it was Maitland Bay. Last year it was Garawarra which we obtained as a park. But to get it reserved is not all, and the Federation put up a good fight to prevent the conditional purchase at the source of the water supply from being converted into freehold. So far the efforts have not been successful, but it is felt that the labour has not been wasted, and, anyhow, there is still the possibility of resumption with compensation.

Last year Garawarra, this year Maitland Bay—and what next? Narrow Neck and the Grose Valley have long been sponsored by the National Parks and Primitive Areas Council as part of a proposed Blue Mountains National Park, and it has been suggested that our united efforts should now be turned to saving these unique areas as permanent wildernesses. The Federation has already helped forward the good work one step by publishing a leaflet setting out the necessity for the reservation of parklands to be kept in their primitive state.

A rather ambitious and, some say, hopeless task, is a campaign against litter. But, if you propagate a good faith long enough, it generally bears fruit. It takes about fifty years, the historians tell you. Well, the first half-year has gone!

A less ambitious but very useful task is the gathering together of information concerning maps, walks and routes for the use of all affiliated bodies. This will be additional to the records which have been kept for some years by the Sydney Bush Walkers.

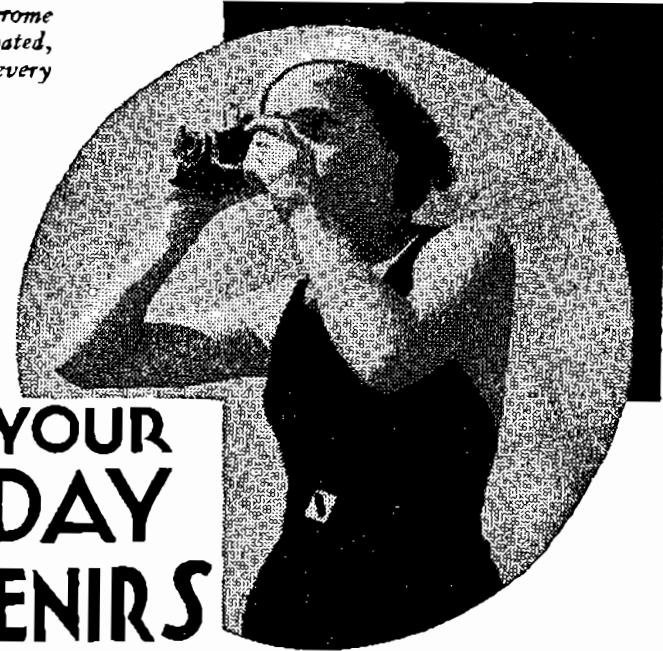
These are some of the Federation's more outstanding activities, but much else besides has been done, and although now meeting monthly, it generally has to work overtime at each meeting.

Dear Popsy,

As I was strolling round town the other day, I happened to go through **ANGUS & COOTE'S ARCADE**, which, as you know, runs **BETWEEN PITT AND GEORGE STREETS, OPPOSITE THE LIBERTY THEATRE**, when who should I see but our old pal, Gwen Laurie. She has a ducky little kiosk there, and **SELLS** all sorts of **TOBACCO, CIGARETTES, LOLLIES, AND CHOCOLATES**. So be sure and buy your chocs. and smokes from Gwen next time you are in town.

Love from Topsy.

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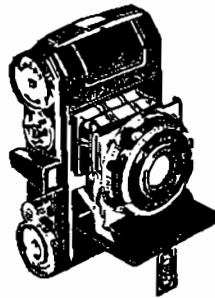
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out into the countryside during the winter, can feel more deeply the return of these things. How can he tell, if he sits in an armchair awaiting Persephone's return, whether or not the chestnut buds are swelling, whether the first orphan'd lamb has raised its cries from a frost-enchanted farm. Indeed, he does not know. But he who has seen so long the black smitten trees, whose eyes have grown wearied with the colourless hills, is quick to see a mist of green on a wood, the indication of sunlight over a valley, and to note where amid sodden leaves, the "faint fresh flame of the young year flushes" into life the primrose roots. Soon, spring bursts forth and he who sits indoors cannot help but hear, and timidly steps out to see if it is true. But we, we know it is true, and we share just a little of the pride, for we have watched over the flowers in the making, companioned the trees in the budding, seen the miracle in its preparation.

"For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins."

JOAN ELLWOOD.
(Southern Pathfinders, England.)



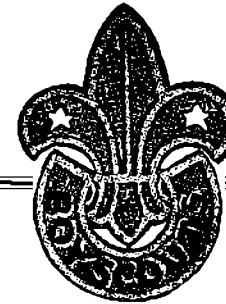
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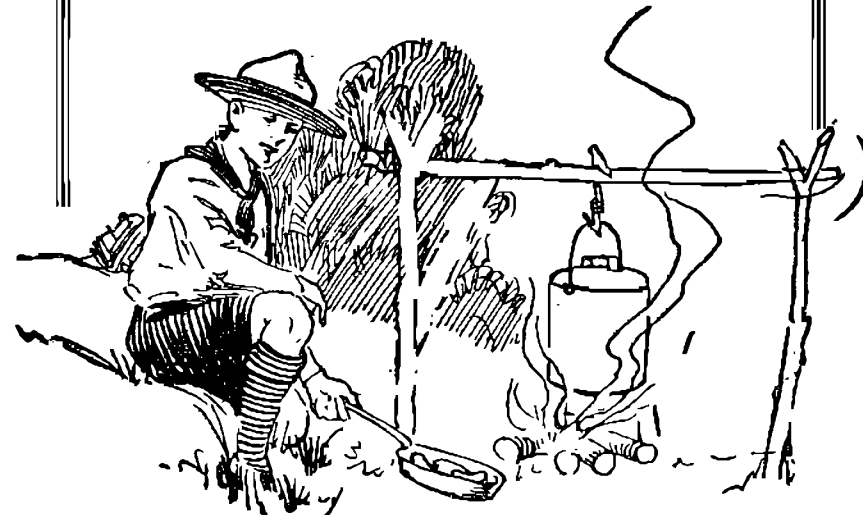
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thought of a feed at Katoomba. I was greatly relieved when all the dangerous spots had been passed.

At the top three rousing British cheers woke the stillness of the early morning, and Joan let off her crackers in honour of the occasion. This was at 12.35 a.m.

On the Narrow Neck Road it began to rain steadily, and we gathered around to don our ground-sheets, looking like a contingent of the Ku Klux Klan in the misty darkness. Katoomba Station was reached at 1.50 a.m., and it was found that a train was due in twenty minutes. The Coonamble mail carried homewards a very sleepy band of walkers!

GORDON SMITH.

(Note.—Mr. Peter Page has drawn the attention of the Club to a very narrow ledge along the middle of the cliffs on the Kedumba Valley side of the Korrowall Buttress, and this obviates the worst of the bad steps referred to in the above article. But even so, if the Korrowall Buttress is to be descended, climbers would be advised to take about 20 feet of rope, both to assist themselves and to lower their packs down in certain places.—Ed.)



THE WINTER RAMBLERS IN ENGLAND

Now with the decline of the year begins the best time for walking. Spring is delightful, and on winter days when I am pent in a chilly office, I think wistfully of that day last spring when we wandered into Kent, by orchards of young trees, each crowned with dazzling blossom, through copses shining grey and green, where the tree-roots had been hidden by the spreading of countless white anemones, past hedges of blackthorn, banked and topped as if with snow. Indeed, "spring goeth like a bride . . ." But, then, I want to stand and gaze, to breathe the scented air, to stretch in the unaccustomed sun; and in summer, I know, we long for water in which to bathe or dip our feet, and then, oh! for a shady pine wood, we cry, wherein to laze till tea-time.

But in September and October, just as the robin and the seagull now make their appearance in town and country, the winter ramblers become obvious, and our motto, "We won't go cosy," calls with meaning to the spirit of the more adventurous. The summer walkers, the fair-weather folk, drop off and those who are faithful throughout the year, wet or fine, hot or cold, are to be seen in the full glory of their plumage—shorts of khaki and jackets of leather, suede and blanket, all in more or less sombre hues, relieved by the brilliance of socks, gloves, scarves and caps of every conceivable hue. An added touch of radiant colour is given by the purple knees peculiar to this most interesting of the winter fauna of the southern counties of England.

In winter, then, we wake at seven o'clock, or six or five, if we belong to that ever-to-be-lauded body of stalwarts who live on the other side of the metropolis, and in the dark of a fireless Sunday morning, prepare our solitary and uninspiring breakfast, pack the Bergan without which no winter Rambler is complete, and trudge through bitter winds and chill rain to the meeting-place. Not a cheerful start, think those who lie snug a-bed, and with the inevitable afterthought: "They must be mad," the Sybarites fall asleep again. But . . . to be climbing a slope of the North Downs at ten or eleven of a frosty morning, and to halt at the top for coffee and the other blessed comforts carried in those much-maligned rucksacs, and if the day be kind, to pick out familiar places across the Weald,

Leith Hill, Box Hill, Colley Hill, and, perhaps, if we are a little further south, the first ridge of the South Downs—a magic sight—like a wall set straight across the path to the sea . . . that is but one reward. And even to wander all day in a damp and penetrating fog has its excitement, in that it is not such a common phenomenon as is generally supposed across the seas surrounding us. And to tramp through rain on a particularly strenuous ramble, and totter into the station waiting-room in the evening feeling as though we will never cease to lift up our feet in a mechanical march, then are warmth and rest to be appreciated, and we are thankful for our homes and beds in a way that we have never been before.

We hear much of "the glories of autumn," but, I wonder, how can they who venture not into the open between September and May, know and appreciate the real splendour of the trees. To see a solitary tree dropping its gold on a suburban pavement is truly a happy sight, but how much more enviable it is to look over the roof of a forest, where every kind of tree is putting forth its best endeavours and the soft-rounded heads weave an undulating tapestry of copper, saffron, tawny and silver.

We swing along, ten, twenty or thirty of us, and feel vigour replace the lassitude of summer. Our pace quickens, and we talk at our fastest and loudest, of dances and Youth Hostel tours. Easter with us is generally an unpleasant time, between the seasons as it is, tricking us with false promises of warmer weather and then sending a fall of snow or an icy wind to damp our ardours for bathing and short sleeves. But we continue to arrange our week-end tours at Easter and Whitsuntide, and as each one is drawing to an end, we look ahead like children, to the next. Thus we come to the erstwhile haven of our dreams, a public house, or very occasionally, a cafe; here we gather round the fire and create as stuffy an atmosphere as possible, transact Club business, perpetrate atrocious puns and jokes which call forth groans and, if we have both piano and pianist, indulge in ear-splitting community singing, to the great interest of the regular patrons, who emerge from their chimney corners to inspect us at closer range. That is the companionship of winter. In the summer-time you would have found us scattered and inert, four lunching in a field, half-a-dozen in the saloon bar behind their manly pints of Burton, a few more drinking tea in the front parlour set at their disposal, and sundry others, enthusiastic photographers and archaeologists, wandering around the silent church, the deserted street, the timbered charm of the houses with their Sunday expression of blank dignity.

When, too, we set off after tea in the dark, linked arm-in-arm, in twos, fours and eights, we are seized with something of the same spirit that thrills us at the age of six, when we venture into the strange dark street to sing carols or explode fireworks. Torchlight, headlight, window-light and the incomparable light of the moon, what flashes of beauty they segregate and set before us for the delight of the moment! Corporeal bodies cease to exist, except when we stumble against each other, and our companions are noisy ghosts, and if we feel averse to noise at that moment, we drop away to the rear and feel more keenly the content that the earth breathes out. A hasty blowing of whistles intrudes on dreams and with a somewhat guilty mind, we "close up the gaps, please!" and proceed once more with the jocular shadows who are by day substantial ramblers.

There are few days in England when we cannot ramble with enjoyment and perfect safety. This I have on the authority of an Australian who has walked in both countries, many years in each. He who has known warmth and beauty and the sun, and has gone

the way and making necessary a crossing to the other bank. Large piles of driftwood make the nightly camp fire an easy matter, and in places there are wonderful swimming holes.

Grace and I commenced our return journey a trifle late, and the shades of night were descending long before we reached camp. The running of the rapids was the only guide to safe crossings, and I was sorry I hadn't carried a torch. But at last the camp fire came in view, and soon some soup, very pleasing to the palate, was warming the cockles of our hearts.

With the prospects of a rather heavy day on the morrow, all of us went off to bye-bye at about 8.30.

I awoke just after dawn to find Jock pouring out cocoa. In spite of the fact that our breakfast had been cooked the night before, we failed to make an early start, and it was 8.45 when the party commenced to climb the Korrowall ridge, following the track which continues along the top for a mile or two before leaving for Kedumba Creek. The grade was moderate and good progress was made. Couch grass and spinifex covered the ground, while autumn leaves and pine needles provided a soft carpet for our feet. Turpentine and spotted gums grew in great profusion, and adjacent gullies afforded glimpses of growths almost sub-tropical. An early lunch at the cave and Katoomba Railway Station in time to "do" some of the sights seemed a "fait accompli."

With alarming suddenness the ridge reached up towards the sky. It was suggestive of a "saddle" further on, and before arriving at the top we commenced to make a detour. But following the slopes of hillsides is a slow and tiresome job, and soon it became apparent that the expected saddle was only a figment of the imagination. So, after making a fierce attack on the chocolate, the most suitable spot was selected for an ascent. Until one was actually climbing it looked easy—a grassy slope inclined at an angle of 80°, but, unfortunately, slippery and practically devoid of scrub, suckers or rock. Moreover, our only possible line of approach was on the slant, so that when half-way up, the climber was balanced precariously on the brink of a forty-foot drop. In the event of a fall he might be lucky enough to clutch grass en route and reach terra firma without a broken neck, but no one had a desire to be a pioneer in this respect. It actually was a babe in arms compared to what lay in wait for us later on; fortunately, we didn't know this, or the party would have made tracks for Kedumba Creek. Jock had left his strong climbing rope at home, and there was only about thirty feet of thin tent cord at our disposal. After the rest of us had negotiated the climb, Jock tied the packs one at a time to the cord, and scientifically dodged the avalanches of stones as they were hauled to the top. An hour and a half later we were resuming our march along the ridge. Suddenly all signs of grass, vegetation and trees died. The ridge narrowed and became a series of rock tops. A halt was called to consume another pound of chocolate. Then the serious business of the day commenced. For an hour or two we progressed slowly, climbing up and over huge castles of rock. From the tops of these the views were magnificent and completely unobstructed over about 350° of a circle. The world, as it were, was spread at our feet, and the breath-taking vista of highland and valley, stretching in all directions as far as the eye could see, lent to us a feeling of ethereal detachment. All agreed that this indeed was the most spectacular vantage-point within our experience.

Some of the obstacles were worse than others, but were surmounted by care and mutual assistance. Then Jock, who had been a little ahead, returned to ask us whether we all had our Clement's Tonic

that morning. The rocky top was split in two by a gap 20 feet deep, and it was necessary to descend into this by way of graduated rocks. Here the ridge was four feet wide. Before us loomed a huge pinnacle of rock with the edge shaped remarkably like the bow of a cruiser, about fifteen feet high and inclined at an angle of 75°. On either side of this yawned a sheer abyss. Fortunately there were numerous rocky projections to give assistance to hands and feet, and with packs on backs we climbed to the top without any great difficulty; but the pearly gates would certainly have opened for the one who slipped or lost his nerve—or do I perhaps flatter my comrades?

All went well for a time until we were confronted by a massive bluff of rock ahead. Jock and Joan each made an attempt to scale it in different places. Both reported failure, and Joan had quite an interesting time getting back again. Jock and I then reconnoitred on the eastern side, and found the only possible solution—a cleft 20 feet high. On the outside of this was a rock face first inclined at an angle and then almost vertical. Below, the trees in Kedumba Valley appeared as specks, and we quickly turned our eyes away. Jock, although he admitted a complete absence of enthusiasm, managed to get up here after a fine piece of climbing and let down the rope. Mr. Coffee-Royal followed and guided the packs over the edge as they were hauled up. Each pack in turn jammed in the crevice, and I had to climb half-way up the rock and pull it outwards until it was in a suitable position to be dragged over the top. Grace came next. She had had no experience of this sort of work, and was rather awkward on rock climbing, but there was certainly nothing wrong with her nerve. First she and then Joan made the journey. One of my arm muscles had cramped during my long pause between heaven and earth (am I this time flattering myself?), and I had the devil's own job to make the top.

We were now on a tree-covered ridge again. It was 4.30, and, of course, there was no hope of catching the 7.50 train. Solitary proper was reached in the gathering dusk, but it was some time before a point was found which Tom and I could recognise as one which we had passed on Saturday. At 6.25 we were able to point nonchalantly to the Bushwalkers' Cave, but I confess there were some anxious moments before arriving.

Tom and I got the water while Jock lit the fire, and under the influence of heat, food and drink, our spirits, never too depressed, soared high. Our appetites were keen, and there was no particular hurry.

At 8.30 the fire was extinguished and we commenced to climb down the ridge on the far side of the saddle. We had four torches, all of which had seen use already.

The descent of the ridge to the valley was made slowly and carefully. The night was intensely dark without moon or stars, and a light fog developed later into a misty rain. The track required finding at times, and one or other of us would often stop short to find himself hovering on the brink of an immense drop. It was a relief to come to a lower level.

A silent party marched through the ferns along the Coal Mine Track. Even when my shin-bone collided with half a tree I didn't swear—much. At the foot of the Narrow Neck two torches were "dead" and the other two on their last legs.

Two ladders and a steep path winding around narrow ledges constituted the so-called Golden Stairs. I led with a torch which glimmered feebly in the mist. Joan was practically asleep on her feet, while the only thing that kept Jock from a similar condition was the

MOUNT SOLITARY (Via the Back Door)

The Friday before King's Birthday, 1935, found Tom Kenny-Royal and myself making a last-minute dash for the 5.17 p.m. mountain train. The journey was without incident—if one omits the important ceremony of eating—and at 7.40 we had left the Wentworth Falls Station, on the Blue Mountains Plateau, and started on the road to the Falls.

The Jamieson Valley below was shrouded in darkness, and it was necessary to use the torches, as we skirted the top of the Falls and took the rough and muddy track to the King's Tableland Road. The top of the Kedumba Pass, otherwise known as the Goat Track, was reached in due course, and at 9.45, after descending carefully, we were making preparations for camp under a shelving rock on the little flat about half-way down the Valley.

The morning dawned bright and nippy, and a lyre bird nearby woke us with his liquid notes and supplied a sufficient excuse for an extended period in the sleeping bags. For an hour or more he gave a wonderful exposition of mimicry.

Completing the descent to the valley we had breakfast on the creek at 8.45, and then followed the track towards Maxwell's, crossing the creek and keeping a keen look-out for a convenient ridge to follow up to Mount Solitary. With my usual accuracy I selected the wrong ridge, and after much strenuous climbing it vanished at the foot of a young precipice. However, after a tortuous journey through various clefts the top was reached.

Solitary is the large mountain one sees from Echo Point, Katoomba, and is the southern boundary of the Jamieson Valley. To the east are the King's Tablelands, and west the Narrow Neck Peninsula. About three miles long with a maximum width of a mile it presents the appearance, from the distance, of a huge dome-shaped plateau, but actually it is broken up into numerous ridges and gullies. It was our intention to traverse Mount Solitary, descend the opposite end, and then ascend the Narrow Neck Plateau, where we would meet the rest of the party.

Following the high ground in a general easterly direction, over rocky and rather prickly country, our eyes were gladdened with the sight of the Bushwalkers' Cave at 12.5 p.m. This lies in a saddle on the southern end of the mountain at the head of a gully with water 500 yards distant. Mr. Coffee-Royal assured me, with tears in his eyes, that if necessary half an hour would suffice for lunch, but an hour later he was still eating steadily.

At 1.35 Tom and I climbed the other side of the "saddle" and reached the western end of Solitary from where a steep ridge sloped down towards the Jamieson Valley. There was a track of sorts here, rough and rocky, and judging by the chocolate wrappers, newspapers, etc., frequented sometimes by tourists from Katoomba. At the bottom of the rocks we reached the permanent way of the old coal trucks and managed to walk faster.

This was a delightful portion of the trip. Tree-ferns grew in great profusion all around, while the northern walls of the valley on our right, and those of the Narrow Neck on our left, stood out in bold prominence.

At length the ascent of the Golden Stairs was commenced, and at 3.50 p.m. we were standing on the Clear Hill track along Narrow Neck, gazing at points of interest in the surrounding landscape.

At Diamond Falls the rest, viz., Joan Fitzpatrick, Grace Edgecombe and "Jock" Kaske were waiting more or less patiently. With his usual courtesy, Mr. Kaske had the water bucket filled and ready for me to carry. The party moved off and reached the second Narrow Neck about 5 p.m. There was a bitter wind blowing, and it was lucky for us that the cave at which we stopped was on the leeward side.

The all-important function of tea was the primary consideration. The piece de resistance was 3½ lbs. of steak and no one was quite happy until this had been cooked. As we sat in the fairway there passed various members of the S.B.W. en route to Clear Hill. With great skill they avoided stepping either on us or in the fire.

After tea, Joan produced some crackers and made a nuisance of herself. I suggested that she should keep some for any stray bushwalkers whom we might encounter. This no doubt saved our nerves from complete demoralisation.

At 8.30 the tumult and the shouting died away, and we all slept, but only in spasms, for the bush rats kept up an unholy racket amongst the crockery all night.

Our object now was to descend from Clear Hill to the Cox River by the Black Dog Range, follow the river down to the Korrowall Buttress of Mount Solitary at its south-eastern extremity, follow this buttress up, and then traverse the mountain once again, and return home by Narrow Neck.

Leaving camp at 7 a.m., we reached Glen Raphael Creek at 7.50, and had breakfast. With the exception of the "Duke of Clear Hill"—Tarro—who was going to potter about his beloved domain, all the bushwalkers present were following the same route as us down to the Cox off the end of Narrow Neck from Clear Hill.

We were first off, and after spending some time at Clear Hill, commenced the descent at 10.30. Our progress was steady, but before Medlow Gap the track faded amongst a maze of foliage, and it became a case of "sauve qui peut." I went to the bottom in a series of standing glissades; at least, the movement started as such, but finished as a toboggan.

The "Black Dog" gave us no trouble, and at 1.35 p.m. the grassy bank of Cox's River was beneath our feet. After the "icebergs" of the party had bathed and we had put away a heavy lunch, we moved about a mile and a half downstream, and camped a little east of Cedar Creek.

Grace, who was anxious to see more of the Cox's River, accompanied me as far as the Kill's homestead, two and a half miles further on. I wish I could do justice to the Cox (illustration page 40), parts of which I have traversed a score of times. Imagine a stream generally shallow and seldom more than forty yards wide, all a-glitter with sunshine and moving gently over sand and sand-stone rock. On either side lie bright green grassy flats, sloping gradually to the steep wooded hillsides which at times seem almost to reach the azure sky. The blue mountain haze hangs lazily around the summits of the distant tablelands. Giant casuarinas lean forward towards the water, casting their reflections on its shimmering surface. The path is a cowpad a foot wide and, as a rule, follows the line of least resistance. It is made by the wild cattle who gather in little bands along the river banks and generally stampede at the approach of the traveller. One moves silently along the track, and hears the whirr of the wonga pigeon, or sees wallabies in twos and threes bounding up the steep hillsides. Sometimes an outcrop of rock descends to the river, barring

Knob Hill and follow it down, but it will not be anyone with a tendency to claustrophobia! It is gorges like these which make you appreciate the feelings of Governor Phillip's explorers.

For us, our ambition changed from seeking the waters of the Many Caverned Creek to merely standing on the brink of its precipices. And next day we walked along the open, heathy spur from Butterbox Point to where the Many Caverned Creek emerges from its cliffs. This time we got down a little gully to a point perhaps half-way down the crags. Across the Many Caverned Creek the red ochre cliffs rose five hundred feet, sheered and cleaned by recent landslips, and below us the waters of the creek dashed out from their gloomy defile into the sunlight of the gum-clad slopes of the Grose Valley. Coming back we climbed an isolated rocky knob guarding the entrance of the Many Caverned Gorge. We called it Peanut Point, built a cairn on top, and reckoned it as a "virgin peak."

Are there any other ways off the Mount Hay Plateau except by going further east than Walford's route where cliffs break down altogether? We doubt it, but we have still to try the side facing Govett's Leap Creek.

MARIE B. BYLES and MARJORIE SHAW.



COLONG CAVES

The first mob-expedition to the Colong Caves was made in 1934, when our party of twenty-one, led by Tom Williams, did the trip. Previous to this, the Caves had only been visited by a select few.

The expedition left Sydney on the Thursday night before Easter. Tom had arranged that we should do the eighty-odd mile trip from Camden to Yerranderie and back in a lorry for the very reasonable sum of 10/- per head. But the jamming of twenty-five people, plus a similar number of hefty rucksacks into that lorry, caused us to resemble the proverbial sardines. I was so wedged that I could neither completely sit nor completely stand, and spent the night uncomfortably vacillating between the two. However, rolling through that magnificent valley in the frosty Easter moonlight was an experience not soon to be forgotten. Arrived at our destination at 3.30 a.m., we literally threw ourselves down on the grass. No one so much as thought of pitching a tent. Fortunately the rain-god decided to overlook such defiance of his majesty.

At 7 a.m. the dead almost simultaneously came to life. After much washing and breakfasting, we tramped the remaining mile into Yerranderie amidst a fine drizzle.

Yerranderie is a very old settlement. The first exploration of the country was made by Lieutenant Barrallier in 1802. He managed to reach a spot south of Mt. Colong, now known as Barrallier's Pass, but did not succeed in his objective of crossing the mountains. Settlement gradually took place during the next fifty years, but it was not until 1871 that the first discovery of silver-lead ore was made. Since then the district has chiefly been noted for its silver mines.

After pausing in front of Mr. Golding's store sufficiently long to give the natives time to admire us, the expedition set off on the seven miles' trek to the Caves. Our route was via a bridle track, which passes through the Colong Swamp and skirts round to the north of Mt. Colong. We reached the limestone bluffs at Cave's Creek at about 4.30 p.m., and camped just above the entrances to the Caves. Our trip had been waterless, and we had not had a proper meal en route, so that our tempers, which were already pretty bad, were not improved by having to belt down the nettles in all

directions before we could so much as lay a ground sheet. However, a good dinner set us all to rights, and some even felt sufficiently energetic to follow the indefatigable Ninian Melville when he afterwards proposed to take a party into the Cave. One rather "stout cove" found the squeezeholes and abysses so terrifying that he fell out of the Cave into a clump of nettles from sheer exhaustion. On reaching camp again he fainted, and there were loud cries for brandy, which I duly proffered. Ninian considered himself also so exhausted (!) that he swigged a good half before offering the remainder to the patient.

The first survey of the Caves was made by O. Trickett in 1899. They were already known to some local residents as the Bindook Caves—"Bindook" being the native word for a made waterhole. Trickett requested that they be called the Colong Caves after Mt. Colong, the most prominent landmark in the vicinity. Colong is derived from the native word "Colung," signifying the home of the Bandicoot.

The Caves are situated in a belt of limestone about five miles long and a quarter to a half-mile wide, running between Lannigan's Creek and Church Creek. The Caves are the Colong or Key Cave, the Onslow Cave and Lannigan's Cave. Their general direction is S.S.W.

The Key Cave has two entrances. The southern one lies about sixty feet, and the northern one about one hundred feet above the creek. It is sixty to eighty feet wide, and about two hundred feet long. It reaches a height of perhaps seventy feet. Stalactites hang from the arched roof, and near the southern entrance there are four large pillars which have sunk with the floor, thus becoming separated from the roof.

Twenty to thirty feet below the Key Cave is the opening to the Onslow Cave, which is a series of narrow passages. On the wall in one passage there are numerous shawls which, though earthy and opaque, are not wanting in beauty. Ninian Melville found a second entrance to this cave, a little to the south of the original one.

About thirty feet above the level of the southern entrance to the Key Cave is Lannigan's Cave. It is probably seven hundred feet long, and contains many branch passages. From the entrance the cave slopes steadily downwards until a spiral turn with a hole to the right is reached. Having negotiated the spiral by means of a rope attached to the wall, one continues in a general south-south-westerly direction. After one has successfully wriggled through the first real squeeze-hole and slithered down a sharp slope, one finds oneself in King Solomon's Temple. This is perhaps the most imposing chamber in the caves. At the entrance stands a squat stalagmite, while a single column and two magnificent twin columns stand guard at the end of the cavern. They are about forty feet high and delicately fluted. One of them shows the fan-tracery effects reminiscent of a Gothic cathedral. (See illustration, page 21.)

A little further down the passage and just before the entrance to the King's Cross cavern stands another single pillar. King's Cross was very aptly named by Oliver Glanfield, who has already made a survey of a very large part of the Caves. It seems to be the centre of the known part of the Caves, and numerous passages leading into the Onslow Cave, the Maze, Penelope's Bower, and The Terraces, open into it on all sides. These last are one of the finest sights of the Caves. They occur on a sloping floor which they cover for a distance of perhaps eighty feet. They form a series of crystalline basins enclosed within frilled and delicate rims, once of marble whiteness, but now muddied by visitors.

SUZANNE REICHARD.

The next person after Mitchell, of whom we have record, as having made Mount Hay his especial hobby, is Mr. Frank Walford, former editor of the "Blue Mountain Echo," and this brings us from the ancient to the modern explorers. It was he, apparently, who discovered the only known practicable route from the plateau to the Grose Valley at a point nearer to Mount Hay than the Lockley Pylon route.

Mr. Walford's mantle has now fallen on the shoulders of the writers of this article. Marie Byles's interest dates back to 1918, when she and her father added their names to the select few in the visitors' book, which consisted of a bottle placed in the cairn on the summit of Mt. Hay, while Marjorie Shaw's interest dates back to 1925, when she and her parents went out to Mount Hay and back in one day.

When membership of the S.B.W. brought us together, our mutual interest in Mount Hay made us decide to try to re-discover Walford's route, which no one seemed to know about, and generally to explore the ridges and gullies of the plateau. The first attempt to reach Walford's route was made from the tops, when Marjorie led an official Bushwalker party out, but failed to find any way down those sheer cliffs. Next attempt, we decided, should be made from below. We had only a two-day week-end at our disposal, so we mutually egged each other on to make the most of it. Marj. said we would travel light, take no tent and camp in a cave. Marie agreed, but a little dubiously.

"Do you think," she said, "we shall find a cave near water?"

"Pooh!" said Marj., "before I joined the Bushwalkers I never heard of needing to camp near water." So Marie at once pretended she had never really wanted such an effeminate luxury.

Mr. and Mrs. Shaw kindly entertained us for the Friday night at their Leura home. Marj. had apparently decided we would leave at 6 a.m., but Marie said "5 a.m." very firmly, and Marj. at once pretended she had really meant 5 a.m. all the time. So at that hour we turned out of our warm beds into the dark, wintry night-air, and were off along the track a quarter of an hour later, then down Shortridge's Pass, and at the Blue Gum Forest in time for breakfast at 9.10 a.m. Breakfast eaten, we picked up the track down the Grose. We knew we had a big day before us, and it was delightful to find this excellent track taking us right along below the cliffs of the Mount Hay Plateau, sometimes through open grassy flats, sometimes through dark sassafras- and coachwood-forests. But time was fleeting, and, when after four or five miles the path became overgrown with lawyer vines and thorn bushes, we looked with anxiety at those precipitous crags above. How soon would they break down? If they went on much longer the allotted time would have elapsed and we would have to return the way we had come. After five or six miles they did show signs of breaking; but when we looked again round the next corner, there they rose sheer as before. So we went on again more anxiously than ever, but at last we saw a gully up which a line of trees appeared to climb right to the top. We decided to try it.

It was the middle of winter, but the midday sun was unpleasantly hot as we struggled up the steep grass- and bracken-slopes, literally dragging ourselves up by tufts of undergrowth. Then we reached the rocks. Would they "go"? We hauled ourselves and then our rucksacks up on to various ledges. Yes, they did "go." Soon after 1 p.m. the cliffs lay below and a wooded slope above, and we decided that this must be the forgotten Walford's route.

The climb was only half done, but the rest was an easy if

strenuous struggle through steep bushland on to an open spur, and then on to the main ridge which is fairly thickly wooded. The gully up which we came proved to be the third beyond Mount Hay, a point to remember if you approach from the Mount Hay Plateau to the Grose, for from above there is no means of telling which gully ends in sheer cliffs and which does not.

We camped at the col before reaching Mount Hay. As Marie had anticipated, we did have some difficulty about water, and had to fill the billies with teaspoons from pools in the rocks. There was plenty of water in the stream below the col. But who would camp down below when there is a perfectly good cave on the heights above? Below our cave the plateau dipped away in tier below tier till it reached the coastal plain, beyond which the lights of Sydney glimmered on the eastern horizon, with Pennant Hills Wireless Station conspicuous among them. But that was the only sign of civilisation: for the rest there were the silent hills and no light except the light of stars. In the morning, Venus hung like a lighthouse lamp above the rocky pile on our left, so we called it Venus Beacon and set off to climb it before returning homeward by the usual route along the ridge to Leura.

Arc Shortridge's Pass and Walford's route the only two ways off the plateau? Hudson Smith, of the Hikers' Club, investigated the only likely gully near Lockley Pylon, got up on to a shelf, found a blank wall of rock above, and then spent a hectic twenty minutes in getting down again. The deep gully, whose stream flows from Three Knob Hill, splits the plateau in two, and has its exit under Mount Hay and Butterbox Point, provides another possible route, and in search of this, Marie went from the Blue Gum Forest to where this creek emerges from the plateau into the Grose Valley. With some difficulty she went a short way up the Canyon, but was blocked by a waterfall and apparently cliffs on all sides, some rising in fifty-foot relays, some rising sheer five hundred feet. If it was this gully down which Dixon got, it was no wonder he thanked God he got out alive!

But the glimpse of that gorge was so fascinating that, accompanied by Ernestine Anderson, we decided to investigate it from above, and go as far down it as possible. We camped near Butterbox Point, where there was both a cave and a stream and no necessity to spoon water from rocky pools. From there we followed the course of the stream towards its source, finding that every tributary ended in a waterfall, and that the seemingly gently sloping wooded spurs turned into caverned cliffs at the bottom. Still we went on hopefully, and eventually succeeded in making our way to what seemed a gentle slope right to the creek bed. But when we came to go down, we found the same cliffs as before, a little more broken, that was all. We were able to climb down till we stood on the verge of the final gorge. Fifty feet below ran the dark mysterious waters of a stream hemmed in by caverned cliffs, a stream whose waters had never seen the sunlight, and whose boulders had never known the foot of man, and Ernestine quoted:

"Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea."

Up and down the valley the cliffs rose higher than ever, and deep beneath their many caverns flowed the Many Caverned Creek. And this was the stream we had so lightly decided to cross next day on our way home! Perhaps some day an enterprising person will seek to enter its gorge at its source in the green swamp under Three

MOUNT HAY—EXPLORATION ANCIENT AND MODERN

Most people know Mount Hay as the rounded summit which you see beside the two-humped Mount King George, peering above the long line of the Blue Mountains Tableland, as you look from Sydney across the intervening plain. To geologists it is known as one of the basalt caps that break the level skyline of the Blue Mountains sandstone. To walkers it is a round hump at the end of a ten to twelve mile ridge from Leura. You tramp out along wooded plateau-land past Table Hill, where there is a green swamp and a perennial pool of clear water; past Three Knob Hill, three grassy mounds capped by rugged, weathered rocks; along treeless, heathy ridges, where the ironstone prevents even the hardy gum tree from growing; and finally to Butterbox Point beside Mount Hay, where the long vista of the Grose Gorge opens at your feet, cliff-hemmed from its source at Hartley Vale to far below Mount Hay, a forested valley looking as virgin as in the days before the white man arrived (illustration page 22). Mount Hay itself, being covered with fertile basalt soil, grows luxuriant vegetation which prevents it from having a really first-class view; but where Mount Hay fails, Butterbox Point makes up, for it provides a grander view of the Grose Valley than any other point, and from it you seem to stand right above the silvery ribbon of the river nearly 2,000 feet below.

It was natural that the Round Mountain, as Mount Hay was first called, should attract the attention of the early settlers, and in 1789 Governor Phillip's curiosity caused him to send an expedition to take a compass-line march from the plains to find out all about it. Anyone who knows the Blue Mountain gullies will not be surprised that the party returned in five days without even having seen their mountain, and extremely glad to get out of those labyrinthine gorges.

Dixon was the next person to attempt to reach Mount Hay, but instead of doing so he got enmeshed in the Grose Valley at its foot, and when at length he emerged on the plateau, he "thanked God"—to use his own expression—that he had got out alive, and he never had the slightest desire to repeat the expedition.

Mitchell went about the matter more systematically, and at his instigation Govett, of Govett's Leap fame, made a survey of the ridges leading from Leura across the plateau in the direction of Mount Hay, and by this means eventually found the right one, got out there successfully, and Mitchell followed with his own theodolite a short while after. Explorers are not given to under-exaggerating their discoveries, and Mitchell returned with a sketch showing the cliffs of the Grose Valley sheering right down to the river, and a description of the scenery as "very wild, consisting of stupendous cliffs 3,000 feet deep." Mitchell does not give the date of his visit, but it would be in the eighteen-twenties, and there is no reason to suppose the view from Mount Hay was different then from what it is to-day, a wild view it is true, but the cliffs are only about 500 feet and the valley is not more than 2,000 feet deep in all.

Other people must have followed, but so far we have not been able to locate their records in the Mitchell Library, or ascertain who made the track down into the Grose, by what is now called Lockley Pylon, from the spur of Three Knob Hill. All we know is that this route was brought under the notice of the walking clubs by our own Reg. Shortridge, and has accordingly been called Shortridge's Pass, and now forms a favourite route to the Blue Gum Forest in the Grose Valley.

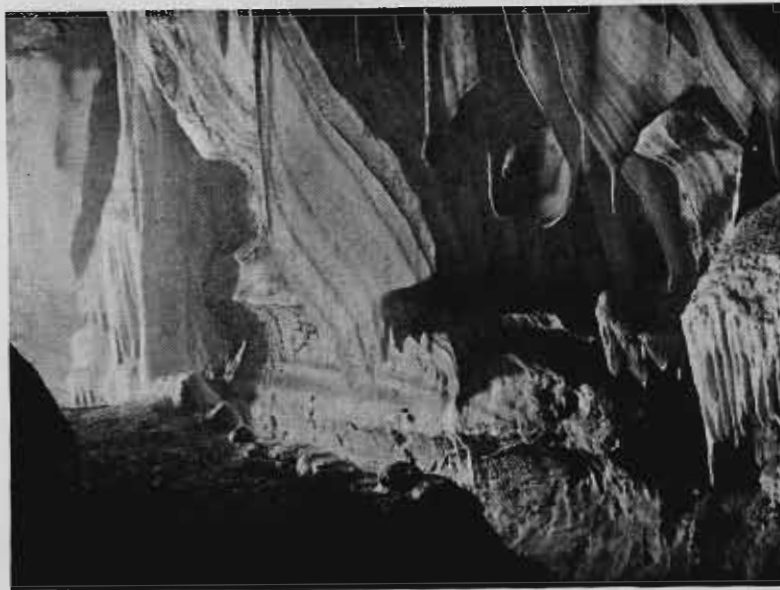


CANYON OF THE GROSE RIVER FROM BUTTERBOX POINT, MOUNT HAY.

Photo by M. B. Byles.



THE NEPEAN AT THE ANNUAL CAMP SITE. Photo by L. Douglas.



THE TIGLOW CAVES. Photo by O. M. Moriarty.

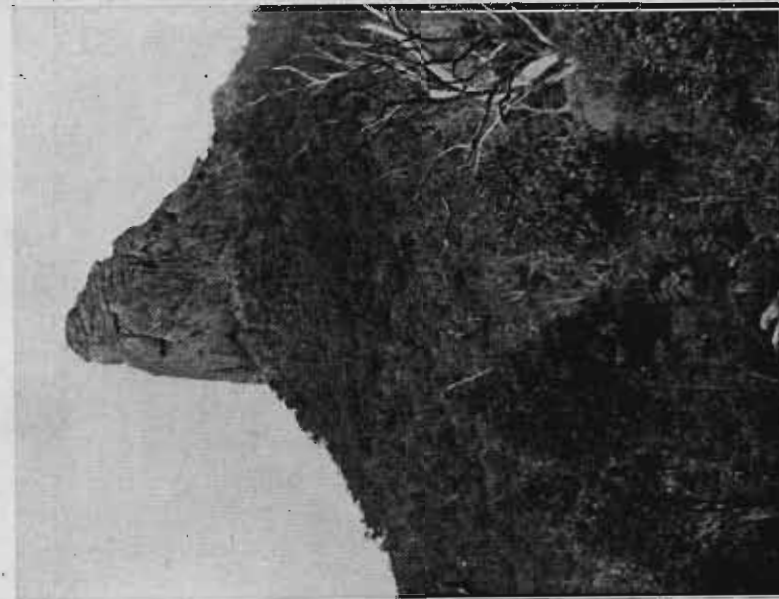


Photo by E. Higginbotham.
THE SPIRE, WARRUMBUNGLE MOUNTAINS.



Photo by S. Reichard.
THE COLONG CAVES.

WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT PRIMITIVE AREAS?

"FOR SALE—Attractive building lots on Konangaroo Clearing, right at junction of Kanangra and Cox's Rivers on the new Blue Mountains Grand Scenic Highway. Small lots suitable for week-enders. River frontages. Fishing, swimming, shooting; splendid views. For particulars apply Buyem and Cutemup, Agents."

Fantastic? Maybe. A possibility? Certainly. Tourists will not always be content to stay on the heights of the Blue Mountains Plateau and gaze on the mysterious valley from afar. Then what will happen to our beloved Blue Mountains? Small hope for the wallaby and waratah, loneliness and loveliness, if roads are cut indiscriminately through the heart of the mountains.

We walkers do not wish, much less hope, to keep the Mountains to ourselves, but all we ask is that the development shall not be haphazard, lest, as so often happens, the process of "opening up" shall destroy the very beauty spots which it is intended to make accessible. Realising the imminence of the danger, a group of clear-sighted bushlovers has been formed, calling themselves the National Parks and Primitive Areas Council (N.P.P.A.C.). They have formulated a plan designed to give the greatest possible access to motorists, tourists and walkers consistent with the preservation of natural things. This plan is fully explained in a pamphlet accompanying this issue. The Council is the spearhead of the movement, working in close co-operation with the Federation of Bush Walking Clubs and Interstate bodies. To be effective they must have the intelligent and enthusiastic support of interested people.

"What can I do?"

Here are a few suggestions.

First of all, get hold of one of the pamphlets and read it through twice, and then read it again. Understand it thoroughly and realise what may happen if things are allowed to drift.

If you are one of those capable people who give lantern talks about your trips, a few words introduced casually during the course of the lecture would perhaps plant seeds which some day might grow and bear fruit.

A school teacher could promote debates and discussions amongst the older scholars.

Members of walking clubs, social clubs or debating societies could arrange debates on aspects of the project, thereby interesting people in the subject, and at the same time increasing their ability to answer objections. I feel sure that members of the Council would gladly give a talk on the question to any interested club or society.

But what about the "Nobodies" like you and me? We, too, can do our bit by realising that one enthusiast pulls more weight than a dozen uninterested people. How many people do you know who are naturalists, bush-lovers, tree-lovers, wild life preservationists, and so on? Not necessarily members of clubs, but just plain folks who have these things at heart. These people should know all about the primitive areas scheme, and it is your job to tell them and make them as enthusiastic as you are.

Such a question as this will probably never become a political one, nor can we look to any political party for support, but a small body of people who know what they want can generally achieve their ends.

Let each and every one of us be sure, therefore, that the N.P.P.A. Council is strong in the knowledge of the steadfast support of all members of walking clubs, and, as a result of their efforts, the backing of an ever-increasing body of intelligent people who regard our mountain wilderness, not as an area to be "opened up," "improved" and exploited, but rather as a unique heritage which must be guarded for posterity.

PADDY PALLIN.

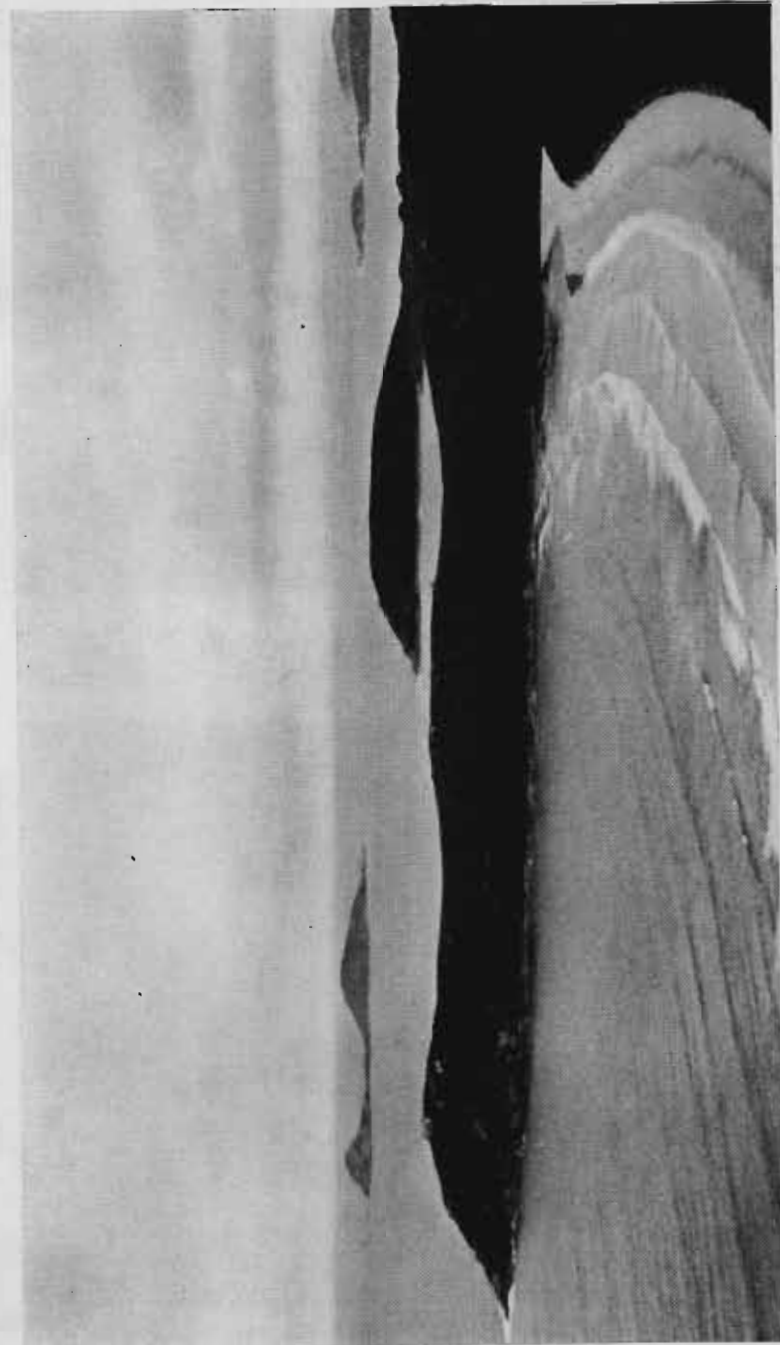


Photo by R. Croker.

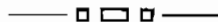
TONGUE POINT, WILSON'S PROMONTORY — AUSTRALIA'S LAND'S END.

From here also we saw the sun, in a blaze of molten glory, depart to his other kingdoms.

At six o'clock next morning the car called for us and sped us along the beach over the sand dunes and on to the plains, now rosy in the light of the rising sun.

"Wonthaggi—Leongatha—Korumburra—and it's a great day for a hike!" And it was; a great week!

J. TRIMBLE, R. CROKER and L. G. HARRISON.



RE-UNION AT EMU PLAINS

The fourth Annual Re-union of the Sydney Bush Walkers was, without doubt, the most successful function the Club has yet organised. As the year's big social event, as a camp, as an entertainment, and as a re-union of members, old and new, it fulfilled its object admirably.

The reasons for this were many and varied. Previous re-unions had been held at Euroka Clearing, a spot which lent itself very well for the purpose; but the decision to change the venue to Emu Plains met with popular approval. The location of the camp site is very easy of access from the railway station, yet sufficiently secluded from houses and traffic; there is ample level space for the erection of many tents; enough wood for culinary and campfire purposes; and, before all, the broad Nepean River at one's feet, more or less at the historic spot where white man made his first river crossing to explore the interior of Australia. Perfect weather prevailed throughout the week-end, and was in no small measure responsible for the excellent attendance.

When darkness fell about 90 members and 6 children answered the call to the camp-fire, a pyramid-shaped beacon which had been built in a slight depression, the sloping bank forming a natural amphitheatre for the spectators.

The fire was lit with ceremony due to such a great occasion. Four fire-eaters, bearing blazing torches, rushed round and round the pile; then, the dance having reached its climax, they stopped suddenly, blew flames from their mouths, and the beacon was ignited. This was followed by some community singing, and then the big event of the evening took place. Firstly, the Herald (Edgar Yardley) appeared, and in stentorian tones called upon Thomas Ambrose Herbert to arise and show himself before all men. The President was then conducted to the throne before the fire. Next, the learned Professor Malcolm delivered a profound address on the origin of "The Bone," which is the presidential mace of office. Until this time we had been under the impression that "The Bone" was merely a remnant of a defunct cow. We were not surprised to learn, however, that this venerable object is a relic of great antiquity, which dates back to Palæolithic times, and is, in fact, the wish-bone of the famous (or infamous) *Megastegosaurus Bushwackodon*.

In tracing the life history of this famous animal the learned Professor said:—

"Behold! the mighty Stegosaur,
Famous in prehistoric lore
Not only for his weight and strength,
But for his intellectual length.
You will perceive by these remains
The creature had two sets of brains—
One in his head (the usual place),
The other at his spinal base.
Thus, he could reason "a priori,"
As well as "a posteriori";

No problem bothered him a bit—
He made both head and tail of it.
So wise was he, so wise and solemn,
Each thought just filled a spinal column.
If one brain found the pressure strong,
It passed a few ideas along;
If something slipped his forward mind,
'Twas rescued by the one behind;
And if in error he was caught,
He had a saving afterthought;
As he thought *twice* before he spoke
He had no judgments to revoke,
For he could think without congestion
Upon both sides of every question."

In conclusion, the Savant advanced the remarkable theory that the species had become extinct through the members sitting down suddenly, thus dying of concussion of the brain.

After which Ernie Austen recited the Honourable Charges, and the President swore to uphold the dignity of the Club and of his high office. When Paddy Pallin presented the Dishonourable Charges, Tom swore again with the same remarkable facility. A touching scene was witnessed when Bob Savage performed the sacred rites of anointing the unfortunate President with the tears of blood shed throughout the year by prospective members. Then the old President (Mr. T. A. Herbert) greeted the new President (T. A. Herbert, Esq.), and uttered a few words of warning and advice. The ceremony concluded with the whole company singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow"; and so say all of us.

But, as Barney would say, "the night was yet a pup!" The entertainment had been planned rather more carefully than on former occasions, and met with a deserved success. Choruses, solo items by old and new members, old numbers which have become classics amongst Bush Walkers, a camp-fire play complete with a king, a queen (a womanly woman), a handsome dook, and luvly princess—not forgetting the curtain—all these and more gave delight to the assembled audience. The title deeds of Maitland Bay, which we have made great efforts to have reserved as a national park, were presented to Marie Byles (one of its chief sponsors) by the "Bert Brothers" (Herbert and Derbert), Solicitors, together with all the mosquitoes, sand-flies, sharks, etc., which are alleged to abound there.

And when the time came to depart to our tents we were all loath to leave that magic circle of light and warmth which has become the symbol of comradeship and good fellowship to us all. Our circle of friends had broadened; old friendships renewed and new friendships begun. Some folks found this spirit of brotherly (and sisterly) love so exhilarating that they didn't go to bed at all but danced and sang the night away by the glowing embers of our finest camp-fire.

Sunday was largely devoted to two favourite pastimes, in order of importance, eating and swimming. The sun was hot and the river cool, and the majority of people were to be found shooting the rapids or diving and swimming in the deeper pools downstream. The afternoon witnessed the presentation of a silver cup to the first really Bush Walker baby, John Oscar, son of Oscar and Esme Armstrong, who met as members of the Club and thus lay the blame at our door.

And so this happy re-union drew to a close. The total attendance, including those who came on Sunday, was 104 members and 8 children. May this be the forerunner of many Sydney Bush Walker reunions, all as wonderful as that held at Emu Plains, March 9th and 10th, 1935.

EDGAR YARDLEY.

Tidal River crossing was a thing to be dreaded, but Richard, with his long legs, was able to act as pack horse for the party. A camp was made in the ti-tree thicket beside the river where it runs into Norman Bay. Water for drinking was obtainable only at the spring on the other side of the river, and Richard had to strip and wade across, waist-deep, for a supply, while Graham held the torch and Jean was left in camp to prepare a meal.

On Tuesday we were on our way bright and early along the hard beach, and thence up to the Oberon Saddle, which proved to be the toughest climb of the trip. But it was worth it, for from the top we saw a superb view; to the west over rocky headlands, sandy bays and far-off islands (illustration page 19), while a stark granite peak stood challengingly between us and the sea. From here the track took us down to the graceful curve of Oberon Bay, with Mount Norgate on the eastern side.

After morning tea of half the day's ration of chocolate and nuts, we walked along the beach until we arrived at Fraser's Creek. We turned inland here, and made a beeline for two huge boulders standing sentinel on the skyline. Our object in making for these landmarks was to pick up the telegraph line and track running from the Chalet to the Lighthouse. Then followed tedious back-bending through close-growing ti-tree and wearisome ascending and descending of grassy hillocks eight to twelve feet high. Shortly after arriving at the track we came to a branch of Fraser's Creek, where we lunched—the knowledge of this campsite was later to prove a Godsend to us. From this spot the track led up the steep side of Marten's Hill to a vast plateau of coarse knee-high scrub and grass. Owing to the unusually wet season, the track was mostly ankle deep with water, and we had to negotiate a few unpleasant bogs, in one of which Jean sank to the knees and had some difficulty in extricating herself. Until we entered the heavy scrub on the other side of the plateau, only occasional glimpses of the island-dotted sea were obtained. Still following the track, we crossed several creeks and shortly before sunset arrived at South Peak, overlooking the Lighthouse. The Lighthouse, with its little group of cottages standing on a high rocky promontory 1,000 feet below, made a delightful picture in the soft evening light, but our hearty coo-ees brought no response.

We made good time down the track, and the head keeper, Mr. Dickson, gave us a cheery welcome and insisted on us camping in an empty cottage. He lit a fire for us of mysterious things known as Yallourn brickettes. We then inspected the gigantic lantern in the Lighthouse. The light is visible for 28 miles, and is lit by a small primus-like burner.

From the Lighthouse our next objective was Sealers' Cove. To pick up the track leading out there it was necessary to retrace our steps to our previous day's lunch spot, and then continue along the telegraph line. The alternative to covering the same ground twice was to follow the central ridge from South Peak to the boulders we had used as a landmark the previous day. The boulder-strewn hills appealed to us, so we started off on the stiff pull up to South Peak. Just near here we surprised two native bears having their gum-leaf lunch. Once we had climbed to the ridge, however, any hope of easy going soon vanished, for we found fallen timber, well covered with undergrowth, interspersed with huge boulders and thornbush. In many places there were large patches of fallen saplings, too tough to break and yet very treacherous to walk on. After a long, waterless, lurchless day, sundown found us in sight of the two huge boulders and a storm closing in on us. It was then that we remembered with thankfulness the campsite on the branch of Fraser's Creek, now only

a mile distant. We hurried down the last slope of the hill and, to our dismay, found our way barred by a dense mass of sword grass six feet high. Having negotiated this we found further trouble in a marsh of dense ti-tree interwoven with wiregrass, growing in about nine inches of water. It was just dark when we eventually got through and were more than pleased to pick up the track within the next hundred yards.

We were camped and had dinner well on the way when the storm reached us, accompanied by furious wind. The little tent withstood the severe test well, and we woke to a day that showed every promise of being dull and stormy.

Continuing along the telegraph line the track took us through some miles of swamp over a high saddle, and we reached the turnout to Sealers' Cove shortly before lunch. This well-graded track led us on to another saddle, and then round heavily-timbered hillsides. After about six miles we came into a glorious jungle of tree-ferns, beech trees and climbing ferns of many varieties. We revelled in the beauty of it as we made our way along the now water-covered track. Many years ago, large quantities of timber had been cut from this jungle, and there are still traces of the wooden haulage tracks. Leaving the jungle we crossed a creek, and the exquisite half-moon sweep of Sealers' Cove came suddenly into view. A solid slab hut nestles in the scrub at the edge of the beach, and we found this a welcome refuge from the bitter wind that was blowing.

For the following day we had planned a trip to Refuge Bay, so we turned in early on the sandy floor of the hut. We left about mid-morning, but after nearly two hours' fight through a dense swamp of sword grass and ti-tree about ten feet high, we knew that it was a hopeless task to try to reach Refuge Bay and return by nightfall. It took us twenty minutes to go back to the hut by the highway we had made. After lunch we spent the afternoon exploring the beach, while Graham tried to spear crabs but they seemed to know more about the spearing than he did, and the catch was nil.

The following day we regretfully turned our backs on Sealers' Cove and set off for the Chalet. Just before lunch we dropped our packs and took a side track to Lilli Pilli Gully. This is another beautiful tangle of ferns, but lovely though it was, it did not compare with the Sealers' Cove jungle. Shortly after lunch we picked up the track over which we had passed on our first day out, and were soon on Latrobe Saddle, having our farewell view of the glorious coastal scenery.

We arrived at the Chalet before five o'clock, and enjoyed immensely the hot baths provided. For our last day (Sunday) we planned a trip across to the other side of the Promontory, so immediately after breakfast set out across the rolling plains. We surprised a great many wallabies and two "old man" kangaroos on the ascent of Vereker Range. From the top we had an excellent view of Corner Inlet, the expanse of water north of, and between the Promontory and the mainland; also a full view of the isthmus of sandhills leading out to the Promontory. We made good time back and climbed to another fine view on the southern side of the Chalet, where we could see westward for miles over the beach along which we had motored to Darby River. The shallow shelving of the beaches made long regular lines of breakers that were fascinating to watch. Below us Tongue Point ran out into the sea like a huge tongue ready to lick up the small island at the end of it. To the east lay all the islands with which we had become so familiar during our trip to the Lighthouse.

else. My only disappointment was in not being able to reach the trig, but since the landslide no one has been right up.

It was a glorious day, clear and sunny, with banks of beautiful clouds, and I could see in every direction except due north, which was obscured by the rock Spire behind me. Away to the right were Split Rock and Needle Mountains, Scabby Mountain and many others, and a wonderful view of the plains stretching away towards Coona-barabran and the horizon. It reminded me very much of the extensive view from the top of Mount Mouin in the Megalong, only here the mountains were backed by rolling plain country.

I coo-eed to the girls below me and then followed a wild scramble down to them. They were quite happy and much revived, but the wind was getting very chilly, so on we went in our downward tumble. We were able to pick out a less difficult path by following an old water course instead of the landslide. On the loose patches I found the best way was to squat on my haunches and glissade down, much to the detriment of the skin on my thighs.

Back to the windmill again—after collecting our garments from various tree stumps. I thought that instead of returning as we'd come, it would be better to follow the old creek bed, as instructed by our axemen friends. We did this, and found it much easier going, as we were able to follow horse tracks most of the way. All we met on this homeward track were some friendly and inquisitive horses and some beautiful mountain lowries with their gorgeous coats of bright blue and red. We reached the homestead at dusk. Digger and the new Jackeroo were tickled pink when we asked them to our camp for tea. The girls found the three miles back to our camp about the last straw, but the lads kept up plenty of chatter and so diverted their thoughts from weary limbs to jokes and laughter. We had done sixteen miles that day together with climbing, which was not so bad for new chums.

Oh! what a meal we had that night—piles of chops, mashed spuds and a huge billy of fresh fruit salad and cream, toast and coffee! Then fire crackers. The boys were a bit timid of them at first, and sent the first huge rocket straight into our faces, causing a wild scatter.

We slept like tops that night, but Dot and Sue were too stiff to go further afield next morning, so I set off alone for Bluff Mountain, which loomed ahead of our camp.

The distance was much further than anticipated. There were many hills to traverse until I discovered that by keeping low and following dry creek beds they led me to my objective. It took me from 10.10 a.m. until 12 noon to reach the mountain. On the way I had a great time whistling birds. There were lots of honey eaters, a very tiny little bird smaller than a robin with an orange-yellow breast, and many beautiful mountain lowries, as well as others I did not know. I also startled a small band of kangaroos, and I don't know who got the biggest fright. They went off like the wind.

At the Bluff I struck another landslide, though a different type and much older. On the Spire there had been loose earth and small rocks; here there were piles of giant boulders, mostly squarish lumps bigger than myself. I clambered in haste as I'd promised to return by 1 p.m. to meet the big picnic crowd—Dad, and a lot of Sue's relatives and Buchanan's.

I found it rather thrilling going up, but felt a bit uneasy about descending on my pat, especially when I got up higher to the more cliff-like parts. I scrambled on in great haste until I came to the choice between a rock face and a very new little landfall. They both looked risky, so I decided to rest content with the glorious view I

already had. I appeared to be only a couple of hundred feet from the top, and I would have liked to have had the whole afternoon to spare. I heard later that a Dr. Docker and his daughter had been on top; also a party of Blue Mountain walkers called "The Cragmen," including a Dr. Hart and a Mr. White.

I secured a few snaps of the gorgeous view and could see clearly the haze of our camp fire across the hills.

I descended in my usual sliding fashion—tumbling, rolling, sliding and falling, losing my lovely apple and chocolate, the only fodder I'd brought, and just as I was about to enjoy it. My compass proved invaluable in getting back speedily, and I was just in time for the arrival of the three car loads of Sue's jolly relatives with food, laughter and brightness.

An hilarious drive back to Gilgandra ended the happy week-end and I now look forward to the time when I can spend, not a mere few days, but weeks and weeks exploring the fascinating Warrumbungle Ranges, which are so utterly different from anything near Sydney. (See illustration, page 21.)

EVELYN F. HIGINBOTHAM.



AUSTRALIA'S LAND'S END

"Wonthaggi—Leongatha—Korumburra—and it's a great day for a hike!" called the genial "Man in Grey" on Melbourne's Railway Station. It was a bright morning in May when this unorthodox greeting was given to Jean Trimble, Graham Harrison and Richard Croker, setting out on their trip to Wilson's Promontory the most southerly point of Australia, which is joined to the mainland by a narrow isthmus of sand.

At Fish Creek Station we left the train and transferred our packs to a service car which took us to the Chalet in Wilson's Promontory National Park. The run out was most interesting, the country being entirely different from anything we had seen previously. First the rolling hills of Fish Creek, then the dip down to open paddocks covered with heath, epacris and low-growing wild flowers. This, in turn, changed to sand hillocks where the road was composed of duckboards to allow the cars to cross the drift sand to the beach. When we arrived there the sand was hard and practically level, and presented a good opportunity to speed. From the beach we drove over more drift sand to low scrub-covered hills and, passing through the boundary fence of the Park, arrived at the Chalet which is situated on the Darby River.

It was so bleak here that we were glad to start walking, but before long we were peeling down to shirts and shorts. It was a long climb up over the bridge track to Latrobe Saddle, but from the top we saw a magnificent panorama which was a prelude to the rest of the trip—deep bays, sandy beaches, heathy country rising to boulder-strewn hills, and islands surrounded with the white of breaking waves. Our path led us down almost to the beach, through knee-high heath—a glorious mass of blooms shading from delicate cream to deepest crimson—and we were grateful for the track that made walking very much easier.

After crossing many rolling hills we finally dropped down the steep slippery track to Tidal River. Eight miles in three hours, and this in spite of the fact that our packs were heavy—Jean 40 lbs., Graham 40 lbs., and Richard 61 lbs. We had been warned that the

only one foot above it barred our path. Beyond it could be heard more intensely the roar which had always been with the water. It was as though there was a large waterfall up there whence the water came. After stripping except for a hat and shoes, inch by inch I entered that icy pool, and the water rose to my neck. Holding my torch above my head and with Murray trying to light my way from the edge behind, I dived through the narrow hole down which the water came. I was then in a huge cavern some 70 feet high. The water was entering by a waterfall 50 feet in depth from a hole high up on the S.W. side.

The Caves as we found them consisted of a narrow waterworn course in a great vertical crack some 800 feet long and 300 feet deep in the sheer limestone bluff which forms a wall across the bottom of the sharp U-shaped bend in the Tuglow River. Horse Gully, a great, deep gully, is a few hundred yards S.W. of the Caves entrance. Here the stream seems to disappear underground, doubtless to find its way to the underground waterfall and stream, and thence out again into the Tuglow River.

The only possible route down which we noticed, and did not examine, was a shaft to the left of the bottom of the first 70-foot rope. But probably it joins the tunnel 90 feet below as otherwise reached.

Climbing out of the Caves again, we brought all our ropes and ladders, section by section, with us, and so twelve hours after entering, returned to a world of darkness and a snowstorm, and the end of three marvellous trips.

O. M. MORIARTY.



PROWLING ROUND THE WARRUMBUNGLES

On Friday, the 24th May, my sister Dorothy, Susie Nelson and I set off from Gilgandra in the car about 3 p.m. I found a great deal of amusement in all the "comforts" the girls wanted to take along, but definitely put my foot down at a mattress. With my little pyramid tent where would we have been with a huge mattress, as well as my sleeping bag and their two eiderdowns, two cushions and four big blankets? By the time we'd picked up Sue the back of the car looked like a Mandelberg delivery wuggon. Sue had been obliged to get her mother to pack her stuff, and Mrs. Nelson had made sure we would not starve. Dorothy had catered very amply for us, and I'd told Sue to bring as her share bread, butter, chops and cake. She turned up with—

1 leg lamb, 2½ lbs. chops, 1 large tin jam, 6 apples, 6 oranges, 6 pears, 6 bananas, sugar, bread, 2 lbs. fruit cake, 8 eggs, coffee and butter. Also a very large supply of fireworks in honour of Empire Day.

The 45-mile drive through Tooraweanah was rather hilarious, as both the girls were speed hogs of the worst kind.

Dusk was closing in as we reached Buchanan's homestead, nestling amongst the quaint spires and hills of the Warrumbungle Ranges. Young Digger Buchanan, aged twelve, rode his pony ahead for the next three miles to guide us to the spot he'd chosen for our camp, and a tortuous track it proved for the car. Major Buchanan, who had also come along on horseback, and his son, were rather surprised when my tent went up in a jiffy. They'd cut six tent poles at least

twelve feet long and four inches thick, having expected something like the usual rabbit's big abode. It was a pleasant cleared spot near a spring, with trees and mountains surrounding, which the dying sun was now tingeing purple and pink. Though the grass looked rather dry, there were lots of lovely green Kurrajong trees, and most of the mountains were well tree-clad. Those that were not were peculiar mounds of green-looking basalt.

Dry wood abounded, and we soon had a hot meal ready, followed by a hot wash in my spare water bucket and a luxurious laze by our blazing fire. It was a glorious starlit night, but my tent proved plenty big enough for the three of us, in spite of the aforementioned bedding, plus a leather top coat and an old and voluminous tent fly.

We were up about 7 a.m. Our objective for the day was the Spire, a queer, conical peak which we had sighted from the homestead, its height being just under 3,000 feet, and we'd heard it had a trig. on top.

I was able to lend Dorothy khaki shorts, but Sue couldn't get into mine, so she set off in her scout shirt and pleated skirt. The latter soon proved too hot, and thinking we'd never see a soul all day I persuaded her to put it in my pack and walk in her powder-blue bloomers. We followed the creek bed which skirted round the base of the Bluff Mountain, and found both rough and good going. One patch of burnt stuff was very dirty, and we were all looking quite a sight when about 11 a.m. we came upon two men hacking down Kurrajong branches for the stock, as this is often done when rain has been scarce and the grass is not good. The younger of the men was just up from Sydney for a holiday and some experience, and they both seemed quite tickled to see us. We discovered that the rocky-looking mountain which we had been struggling to reach through the burnt patch, thinking it might be the Spire, was called Scabby Mountain. They gave us good directions as to the best way to tackle the Spire, which now could be seen some distance ahead, and also where to find water. They were anxious to provide horses for us for the next day to go further afield, but we were obliged to refuse this kind offer.

The sight of our objective now looming ahead lent wings to our feet. We were unable to find the hidden spring they'd told us of, but we did discover the windmill and tank where we had our lunch and I hid my pack in the dry creek bed. During lunch we were able to gaze up at the towering rocky top of the Spire.

Dot and Sue became very wobbly at the knees as soon as they started again, so by degrees we huug everything we could decently discard on tree stumps en route. By this I had on khaki shirt, very brief pair of milanese scanties and scout belt, from which dangled compass, two cameras and map. I believe my back view presented something like Tarzan of the Apes. The final rise was very hard going as there had been a landslide; dangerously loose dirt and rocks on a steep slope are not the best of climbing aids. The girls struggled bravely on with the help of staves which I could not induce them to discard for the less elegant but more reliable method of hands and knees. I urged them on with the promise of glorious views, but at last they fell and groaned that they were done for and could go no further. I was obliged to leave them to suck lollies and recover while I endeavoured to get further up. However, I also had to stop after a while on account of the sheerness of the rock cone. I felt I could have gone higher, but was afraid that in the descent I might fall many hundreds of feet and break my neck. However, I was above the tree line, and it was certainly a thrill to be way up above everyone

TUGLOW CAVES LOCATED AND EXPLORED

Any party which aims at exploring Tuglow Caves would be wise to start by including someone who knows their location.

On the Friday night before King's Birthday, 1933, our party of six left Sydney by car, and breakfast-time next morning found us camped near snow-filled hollows at Ginkin. Leaving the road we followed a track for some three miles to Denis' farm, on top of the range above Sheep Station Creek. The cars were left here and we set out to find the entrance to the Caves, about five miles away in the hills above the Tuglow River. The country was new to all the party, and the ranges around the Caves proved more tortuous than can be imagined without seeing them. Here the river takes about ten miles to cover what is less than three miles in a direct line. At a place opposite the Caves, after traversing a half-mile, it is found to have turned back and to be only 100 yards from where it started. In addition, limestone bluffs abound along the river, and the entrance to the Caves is a hole a few feet square hidden by scrub on the tableland about 150 yards from the edge of a limestone bluff. It can therefore be understood why the entrance was located only by a process of elimination, and after two days' intensive search.

Having found the entrance we tied a 2-inch rope seventy feet long around a rock and descended. The rope proved just long enough to take us to a short cross tunnel from which it was too dangerous to descend without more rope. From the tunnel we could see gleams of light which were coming down through a large slit about 10 feet on the river side of the entrance which we had used. After hoisting ourselves up hand over hand, we recovered our rope and hastened back to camp, and next day had to leave early for Sydney.

On the same holiday week-end a year later we made another attempt, taking 250 feet of rope in addition to that previously used. Again leaving the cars at Denis' we crossed the Tuglow and climbed the mountain above the old "Tuglow Hut," as the ancient selector's shanty is called. Keeping nearer to Horse Gully than to the river, we came down the mountain directly on to the Caves in a saddle about 200 yards from Horse Gully, some three hours after leaving Denis'. From the mountain above the Hut the Morong Falls could be plainly seen, although they were some six miles away.

Using the same entrance as previously, we descended over the 70 feet rope and let the longer rope down by clothes line. Turning to the right along the tunnel until immediately below the larger entrance, we tied the longer rope and turning back slightly towards the left again, descended first down a sheer drop of about thirty feet, the total length of the drop being about 90 feet.

We were now in pitch blackness in a fairly large tunnel which dropped at one end into a sheer shaft like the inside of a large chimney. Crawling along the passage we came to some active shawl formations and caverns with floors which proved to be hollow in places and, therefore, treacherous.

The passage ended in another chimney. Dropping the last length of our rope down this, I, with difficulty, managed to climb through a V-shaped opening into it, and grasp the rope to descend. After going down about 15 feet, a foothold for one foot was obtained whilst I could direct the light of my torch below. The powerful beams shone only on the sheer sides of the shaft, whilst a roar of rushing water came from far beneath. We decided that a rope ladder, at least, was needed to reach that water, so I came up again and we returned to the bottom of our 90 feet rope. Every member of the party was

palpitating with the same doubt as to whether we could climb up that rope. But at last we were all up on top again feeling the tingle of extra oxygen in our nostrils.

We then explored all over the surrounding limestone for another entrance. Only one with possibilities was found. It is a vertical slit in the face of the cliffs forming the side of a gully on the north of the entrance, and has been called "The Window," I believe. It is about 100 yards only from the entrance. Tying a rope to the top of the cliff we entered the slit, so narrow that we had to turn on our sides, and descended for some 20 feet. From here, at the bottom of a huge cavern, two tunnels led for some distance, but both ended in tiny vertical slits in the floor. Strings were lowered through these in the hope that stones on the end would carry them to the bottom so that they would be found below. But no trace of them was found, probably owing to their curling on a ledge.

Returning to Sydney, we concentrated our efforts on obtaining a rope ladder 100 feet long, only to find that rope ladders are unobtainable. But we found how to make them, and how to make them light, and when finished our 80-foot ladder weighed only 20 lbs.

The Eight-Hour week-end found us again at Tuglow. We took our gear, including three ladders, by pack-horse to the entrance, and pitched camp by a spring in a gully near there.

Coming to the bottom of the first 70-foot rope, we dropped a ladder down a sheer hole to the right of that previously used, only to find that it led to the same tunnel 90 feet below, which we had found before. So the old way was again used, but the last drop was made far more comfortable by a 30-foot rope ladder.

Lowering the rest of our gear to this point, we dropped the 80-foot ladder down the chimney on our left at the end of the tunnel after tying a life-line around Evan Sawkins. He was sent down, and after passing a small ledge halfway, arrived on the bottom of the Caves a few feet from the end of the ladder.

The party then descended, and we found ourselves on a platform about 10 feet above a rushing stream, crystal clear. Following down the stream, great caverns some 100 feet high were seen, and a marvellous array of "shawls" and stalagmites. Most wonderful of all and the like of which I have not yet seen in any other caves were the floor formations. Wonderful "diamond walls," scintillating carpets and skirtings of brown and pink. At one place the river forms a deep pool, the surface of which flows over a castellated weir of pink and brown to another pool beneath, the whole being repeated about three times, forming three marvellously beautiful waterfalls each about 5 feet high. (See illustration, page 20.)

The stream was followed until further progress was stopped when the water trickled away through the rocks. Outside on the river bank we had found where this water comes out into the river from underneath the tumbled rocks on the bank.

Retracing our steps upstream and examining all side passages we had a meal of chocolate and sandwiches by torch and candle light, and then, tattered, torn and bruised, we climbed up our ropes and ladders and reached the top fourteen hours after entering.

Next day, with some fresh members of the party, I returned below, and taking off our socks and putting on sandshoes, two of us entered the water to follow upstream. It was very cold, but it was impossible to proceed otherwise. Sometimes climbing up the cliff sides in narrow caverns some hundred feet high, sometimes crawling through the water with the roof only one foot above us, we proceeded through rich encrustations of "shawls" and stalactites. About four hundred feet upstream a pool about six feet deep with the roof

lies that most intriguing Cox's River encircled area—the Wild Dog Ranges.

Come, then; let us climb down and begin our explorations—'tis only 1,200 feet or so—for the Wild Dogs are some 2,000 feet above the Cox's River, and you'll find it quite good going. We'll climb down the Clear Hill cliffs by the pass discovered by Clubmates Ernie Austen and Frank Duncan,* and shortcut it by risking the ladders erected by the Cluh's "gadgeteer"—"Tarro"; then on over the ridge named after our ex-Secretary and ex-President, Jack Debert, and down again into Medlow Gap.

Cuddled closely into the end of Debert's Knob, and right in the centre of Medlow Gap Ridge, you will find a tree, and affixed to it a plate on which is painted a black dog with raised paw pointing to the head of the Black Dog Range and a remnant of the old Black Dog track.

What a wealth of romance surrounds the Black Dog track, once a much-travelled stock route which old Dame Nature is now doing her best to reclaim! Its very discovery is a romance.

A forebear of our good friend, cattleman Norbert Carlon—the "doorkeeper" of the Wild Dogs—wanted to find a shorter route for his cattle from the Burratorang Valley to the upper Cox River, and one of his aboriginal boys assured him there was such a route, and offered to show it to his "boss." After fighting his way up the spur and climbing through the funnel in the rim rocks, the "boss," very short of breath, sat down, looked into the canyon they had conquered, and said: "Well, Jackie, she is certainly a Black Dog of a track." And so the new route became known as Carlon's Black Dog track. Later, when Myles Dunphy was preparing his maps, he conceived the idea of honouring man's canine friends by naming the group "The Wild Dog Ranges," and giving to each ridge a different colour. Thus to-day we have the ranges Black Dog, White Dog, Spotted Dog, Dingo Pup, Yellow Dog, Brindle Dog, and Blue Dog.

Right in the centre of the Wild Dogs, and serving as the hub from which they radiate like the spokes of a wheel, are the mountains Mouin, Warrigal and Dingo. Believe me, you will be well repaid if you will climb to the top of each of these, because for glorious panoramas these three sentinels are unsurpassed.

Mouin (the name is aboriginal, vide Surveyor Govett) from almost any angle is a perfect cone, and as a landmark is all that can be desired. The view from its peak is cycloramic, and extends for mile upon mile over virgin range and gorge.

Warrigal, Mouin's nextdoor neighbour, is, by virtue of its size, height and donness, truly king of the Wild Dogs. Its beetling cliff-faces frown upon the lesser fry and bar man's progress to its summit in all but a few places. The Warrigal glories in isolation and spurns the company of those unfortunate animals who have not wings—man included. There are two known ways to the summit of the Warrigal, and two only. Go out sometime and see if you can add a third.

At the southern end of Warrigal is Merrigal Gap, then comes Merri-Merrigal plateau, Dingo Gap and Mount Dingo. When you go out to Dingo to share the wonder of Splendour Rock with the few who have preceded you, climb into Black Horse Gap, between Mouin and Warrigal, and then under the eastern rim rocks of Warrigal, look for the "Wombat Parade," which has been worn flat by countless generations of these nocturnal marsupials. If you follow in their footsteps to Merrigal Gap, you will save yourself much labour. Next climb on to Merri-Merrigal, which is a table-top and bare, save for

a fringe of trees around its edge, then on and out to the very end of Mount Dingo and lonely Splendour Rock. There you may fill your soul with the glory of the Creator's handiwork and revel in the magic of blue limned distance. (Illustration page 2.) The Cox's River is at your feet, almost 2,500 feet below; the Kowmung River junction lies away to the east, and you may look over the top of Mt. Cookem and the Scott's Main Range to the Walls of Burratorang and the Tonalli Range. Massive Gangerang lies in front, with Mt. Cloudmaker doing her best to stir up trouble in the heavens. Just to the right the Walls of Kanangra reflect the mellow light of the westerling sun, whilst the purple shadows stealthily climb the eastern slopes of Kanangra Grand Gorge. Then in a broad sweep lie the mighty slopes of Danae, Cyclops, the Paralyser, Guonogang, Queahgong, Jenolan, and many others—mile upon mile of rugged mountains with spur and buttress thrown into bold relief by purple-tinted gullies.

If you would journey to the Kowmung, amble down the White Dog, which starts right off the base of Mouin—it's not hard to find and follow unless it's misty. On the way down pause a while at Kelpie Point, a rocky outcrop just before you begin the descent, and absorb the beauty of the valley of the Cox and of the ranges beyond. And while you are there, look over Kelpie Creek towards Dingo and you'll see a real old warrior, the Spotted Dog Range. Make a point of travelling this ridge some day, for you will be well repaid.

Away to the west of Mount Dingo is the Yellow Dog Range, and a yellow cur he is, too. His coat consists of sharp-edged, broken stone and prickly mountain holly. Altogether, he is a most unfriendly hound.

At the first bend of the Yellow, the Brindle Dog Range sneaks off, and what a humpy-back old "mong." he is! It seems communion with his unfriendly neighbour has soured his disposition. Take my advice and view him from afar.

Blue Dog is now the only Range we haven't touched upon, so we will visit him as we wend our way homeward. You will find he starts just below the north-western end of Warrigal, and in contrast to his brindle kennel-mate, is an easy-going, good-tempered old beggar, without too many saddles upon his well-defined backbone. Just before it tapers into oblivion, you will find a rocky table-top, known as Knight's Deck, from which you may look over the valley of the Cox into the Harry's River country, to the Black Range and round about for many miles.

When you are roaming round the Wild Dogs and pause at noon-day to place your pack upon the ground to ease your aching shoulders, gaze skywards and let your eyes follow the effortless soaring of the giant wedgetail eagles. Such perfect grace, such poetry of motion! How different from our ungainly method of progression! Then, as eventide approaches, attune your ears to the singing of the birds. You will find bell birds here a-plenty, and thrushes and whip birds, too, and on every ridge you will be thrilled by the inimitable mimicry of countless lyre birds in the gullies down below. In the Wild Dogs "Life is very sweet, brother."

Ah, believe me, you will love the Wild Dogs!

WALTER ROOTS.

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* See "First Descent of Clear Hill," by Frank Duncan, 1934 Annual.

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Club Rooms: 5 HAMILTON STREET, SYDNEY

EDITORIAL

Early in the year some of our members got quite a nasty shock when they opened their morning papers and read how "Paddy," who supplies our walking and camping gear, had openly and unashamedly told the reporter that he liked the word "hike," and that for him it meant putting a pack on your back and stepping it out.

True, we had always known that some of our members, mainly ex-scouts, were addicted to the use of the term "hike," if for no better reason than because it had fallen from the lips of the great Lord Baden-Powell. We knew, too, that one of our members, on enquiring from a learned doctor of letters, ascertained that the word had a perfectly good Anglo-Saxon origin, being cognate with the word "hie."

But for all that, "hike" is, to a great many, an ugly word, and a term associated with picnickers in gaudy slacks, who litter the bushland with their tins and rubbish, and who are in no way akin to the serious members of the S.B.W., with large packs on their backs and provisions for a fortnight's sojourning away from civilization.

And that brings us to another point. Even without its objectionable features, hiking, some say, does not include camping, which

is one of the main activities of our Club. "The differences between hikers and walkers," we overheard someone say, "is that hikers only walk; walkers camp as well as walk." The logic is a little hard to follow, but the objection is fairly clear.

But what word, then, is it to be?

"Walking," the term suggested by the member in question, has obviously a very wide meaning. "I am going walking" might merely mean you intended to take a stroll round the park after Sunday School, and would not, we submit, necessarily imply that you intended to camp there overnight.

"Tramping" is Stephen Graham's word, but its associations are not all they might be. "There is a tramp at our backdoor" would not indicate to the nervous housewife that it was a respectable member of the S.B.W.

"Rambling" appeals to our English cousins, but to an outsider it does not conjure up visions of the strenuous walking indulged in by us, or by them also, for that matter.

We are left with the term of our own invention, "bush-walking," a word which seems to have come to Sydney to stay, and is applied in current usage to all those who go through the bush on their own feet, be they members of the Club or not. On the whole, it is an apt word for a forested country such as ours. But it has to be admitted that it is a little unwieldy, and also we would like to know whether you can go "bush-walking" over the sands and rocks of the seashore or the moorlands of the Kosciusko Plateau.

No word appears to fill the bill absolutely, and if our English members like to ramble, our New Zealanders to tramp, and the rest to "bush-walk," or even merely to walk, surely we may tolerantly accept them all into our ranks along with "Paddy" and the hikers, and admit that the term used is wholly a matter of taste, and does not really matter, as long as we all follow on foot the ways of the wind and the free, fresh air. (See illustrations, page 39.)

WILD DOGS

Perhaps the title of this article may conjure up in the minds of its readers visions of packs of dingoes* roaming through the land, of shadowy forms slinking in the timber, of wily warrigals† rounding up unwary wallabies for the purpose of the evening meal. To wearers of the flannel flower, however, and to other devotees of pack and billy, it will bring thoughts of a strip of country from which the dingo has departed, and in which two-footed nomads now love to roam.

On the Blue Mountains Plateau, some ten miles or so south of Katoomba, and at the end of that remarkable feature, the Narrow Neck Peninsula, lies Clear Hill, a spot well beloved of all outdoorsmen. From this magnificent viewpoint you may gaze over miles of serried ranges to the blue horizons and study the everchanging play of cloud shadows below.

It is said—and truly—that distance lends enchantment; thus, for years we "people of the little tents" were hypnotised by the distant horizons and journeyed forth to solve the mysteries of far-flung range and gorge, oblivious to what lay at our feet. But if you will take my advice, you will drink your fill of the distant scene, and then drop your eyes and study well your foreground, for herein

* A Dingo is a wild dog.

† Warrigal is the aboriginal name for a dog.

CONTENTS

Page

* Wild Dogs, by Walter Roots - - - - -	5
* Tuglow Caves Located and Explored, by O. M. Moriarty	8
Prowling Round the Warrumbungles, by Evelyn Higinbotham - - - - -	10
Australia's Land's End, by J. Trimble, R. Croker and L. G. Harrison - - - - -	13
* Re-Union at Emu Plains, by Edgar Yardley - - - - -	16
* What Can I Do about Primitive Areas? by Paddy Pallin	18
* Mount Hay Exploration—Ancient and Modern, by Marie B. Byles and Marjorie Shaw - - - - -	23
* Colong Caves, by Suzanne Reichard - - - - -	26
* Mount Solitary (via the Back Door), by Gordon Smith -	28
* The Winter Ramblers in England, by Joan Ellwood (Southern Pathfinders, England) - - - - -	32
* News of the Federation of Bush Walking Clubs - - - - -	36
Mount Royal (Verse), by Auntie "M" - - - - -	38

ILLUSTRATIONS

Map of Sydney and the Blue Mountains Plateau, by H. J. Chardon - - - - -	1
Cox's River Gorge from the Wild Dog Ranges, by W. J. Roots - - - - -	2
Tongue Point, Wilson's Promontory, Australia's Land's End, by R. Croker - - - - -	19
The Nepean at the Annual Camp Site, by L. Douglas -	20
The Tuglow Caves, by O. M. Moriarty - - - - -	20
The Colong Caves, by S. Reichard - - - - -	21
The Spire, Warrumbungle Mountains, by E. Higinbotham	21
Canyon of the Grose River from Butterbox Point, Mount Hay, by Marie B. Byles - - - - -	22
Phases of Bush Walking—or is it Tramping, Camping, Rambling, Climbing, or Hiking? by C. Barnes, W. Duncombe, M. B. Byles and D. Lawry - - - - -	39
The Upper Cox's River and Blue Mountains Plateau, by R. Savage - - - - -	40



Photo by W. J. Roots.

COX'S RIVER GORGE FROM THE WILD DOG RANGES.

