



WALKS  
and  
TALKS.

BC

Issue No 14  
The Magazine of  
The Bush Club.

WALKS AND TALKS

The Magazine

Of

T H E B U S H C L U B

The Annual Party and Dance is right upon us, and it is to be hoped that everyone comes along and enjoys the evening.

Welcome to the many new members who have joined us since the party last year. We hope they enjoy the many walks and camps on the schedule, and that they will come and enjoy the social evening too.

Do not forget that before the Sept. issue comes out we will have reached the end of the Club year - which means possible changes on the Committee, and new members and new ideas can always be welcome.

Thanks go to the contributors of this magazine, who are so forebearing when some of their contributions get mangled a bit. Please continue sending items - it is good Club spirit.

Nance Stillman,  
Hon-Ed. 2 Rose Ave.  
North Sydney

Fortunately the Bush Club Now Has a Tracks'

Committee!

There is some concern among club members about the poor condition of tracks in certain areas. A Tracks' Committee has been formed to organise working-bees to clear the undergrowth from these tracks.

Would you like to lend a hand?

(Please contact Paul Rann or Alan Sugarman).



## EASTER 1959

### MEMORABLE WEEK ENDS WITH THE BUSH CLUB

You have all probably heard by now quite a lot about the epic trip at Easter. It certainly had its ups and downs, and will not be forgotten in a hurry by any of us. We arrived at Drury's Farm at about mid-night, after a bumpy bush trip from Nowra. Those of us who were more tired than hungry went straight to bed, but those who were more hungry than tired made some supper.

The next day was perfect weather for walking - warm and sunny, but not too hot - and our packs with their four days supplies were not too unbearably heavy. Pigeon House Mountain was standing out clear against the blue sky, just asking to be climbed but we skirted round and left it behind, looking ahead to the more exciting challenge of the Castle. After a long steep descent we came suddenly upon the Clyde River and crossed it where the water was deep enough to wet the ends of our shorts. On the other side was a grassy flat, ideal for camping, and a stockman's hut (Yadborough House) for shelter if needed. The tired ones stayed and camped there, but the more energetic ones kept going along Yadborough Creek, which flows into the Clyde at the grassy flat, crossing and re-crossing the creek several times in water about up to our knees, with glimpses of the Castle every now and then to beckon us on.

A couple of miles up the creek we came to a very good camping spot, and settled down for the night. We were all a bit tired and did not stay out of our sleeping bags long, especially as Albert had told us that those who were wanting to climb the Castle next day would need to be up by 5 a.m. You can read the story of that lovely day elsewhere in this issue, so I'll leave it out of this story.

When we were back and washed and fed, we were settling down to enjoy the camp fire, but had hardly got going when gentle rain began to fall, and we scattered to bed.

The gentle rain became steady and then heavy, and I woke every now and then to see if it was coming into my tent, but I stayed snug and dry all night. Some time in the murky dawn Albert came along to each tent to tell us to get ready to start as soon as possible, as the creek was rising fast. Breakfast was just what we could find in a hurry. I had a billy of stewed apricots hanging in the tree at my tent door, and brought them inside to eat, but promptly upset them and had apricot juice all over my floor instead of rain water. If its not one thing its another in this camping life!

With wet tents packed we got going, and I heard about the uncomfortable nights some of the others had spent with the water coming into their tents. The creek which had been up to our knees a couple of days before, was now above our waists and flowing so fast, that we could not keep our feet. We decided not to try to cross there, but to keep going along the bank looking for a more suitable place. We joined up with a party of Scouts who were in the same predicament as we were. They had a length of rope which they managed to fix to the end of a slippery sloping log jutting out into the creek. One of their strong swimmers got across to the other side and fastened the rope to a tree, and then one by one we edged carefully down the slippery log, grabbed the rope and took the plunge into the torrent. It was only a few yards across, but the thin rope was straining to hold us against the swift current. Everyone got across safely, some getting wetter than others. I was pleased and surprised to find my pack was not a drag, but seemed rather buoyant.

On the other side we found the rest of our party, who had a cheerful fire going in "Yadborough House" and we were soon drying out and drinking good hot tea. (Wonderful stuff).

Then there was the problem of getting across the main river. More and more refugees kept arriving at the hut, so there were plenty of opinions and advice about what was the best thing to do. A party of boys from the Kameruka Club were equipped for mountain climbing, and had two long

lengths of nylon rope, which they managed to stretch across the river. It was by this time getting towards late afternoon, and the thought of getting all wet again was not very appealing. However Nance let her pack be taken across to try out the rope, and then with her pack on the other side she felt she had better go and keep it company. Albert felt he should go too, so set off along the rope with his pack, and Nance followed hand over hand, while the rest of us watched rather anxiously. She shouted happily from half way across, and said how good the water felt, but the rest of us had decided to leave it until next morning, and let Albert and Nance go ahead to make arrangements with the bus service.

The rain stopped, and the river started to fall. We had a pleasant sociable evening in Yadborough House with about 40 others, and Brian was at last able to cook some of the food he hadn't had a chance to cook before for various reasons. We kept wondering how the other two were faring with no roof over their heads, and wet clothes and wet packs. The rain began again just before daylight, so we lost no time in getting breakfast over and down to the river. We did not give ourselves time to think too much about it, but one after another got ourselves into the water and clung on to the rope, letting ourselves drift with the current until a bit more than half way across and then having to pull hard to get to the bank on the other side. It was really rather fun and not nearly so bad as it looked. The day was showery with mist blotting out all the scenery and we were not tempted to sit down and rest anywhere, so kept going steadily walking and gradually drying out, until we got to Drury' Farm again in time for a late lunch before the bus was due.

Unfortunately we missed the last train from Nowra, but were able to join with a party from the Sydney Bush Walkers and chartered a bus from Nowra to Sydney, and were all home some time after mid-night.

---oOo---

Flora Graham.

## EASTER 1959

### CASTLE MOUNTAIN.

I expect the Easter 1959 camp to the Pigeon House area will never be forgotten by the seventeen Bush Club members who were lucky enough to be in it or on it. The successful crossing of flooding rivers was an exciting experience, but the trip to the top of the Castle was one that will be happily remembered by the super lucky seven who made it. Albert has told me since that when the party left Sydney, he thought it was most unlikely that anyone would get to the top, and he was therefore delighted that the day turned out such a success.

It started at 5 a-m, a raw and a heavy mist. We breakfasted standing round a good fire, which soon made everyone feel comfortable and ready to be off. A few others poked heads out of tents, shuddered at the grey moisture-laden surroundings, and withdrew again to the comfort of warm sleeping bags. About 6 a-m seven of us were ready to set out.

We had camped close to the foot of a ridge which led up in a good line towards the rocky base of the Castle towering above us. It was not the ridge we had been directed to follow - but we felt it more suitable as it would lead us directly back to our camp when we returned, and luckily it turned out to be fairly open - and walking up it was very pleasant so early in the morning.

In due course we arrived at the base of the Castle walls - a tremendous rock face, sheer in parts and with great cavities and crags in other parts. The ridge makes a sort of corner of a rough rectangle. Had we gone to the right I think we would have gone through some very rough country, and I hear rumours of a tunnel to be crawled through between the Eastern end of the Castle and Biangee Walls. This is a shorter route and does rather tease one's mind for some future trip.

We turned left, however, and picked our way along the base of the Castle Walls - sometimes close beside

the sheer rock face, pitted with blow holes from some pre-historic upheaval - sometimes down below the cliffs in order to climb around bad patches. We steadily worked our way along to the next corner, which no doubt was the top of the ridge we were meant to ascent. Still following the walls, the country became rougher and wilder, the going fairly slow, until we had worked our way into a water course at the head of the valley. We paused in this lonely spot - the water dashing over and under rocks, the mountain rearing its crags above us, while the valley below and far out into the distance, were still full of mist. The toughest part of the trip was ahead.

The water course marked the end of our route along the base - now we must go up. Straight above us was a sort of palisade of giant rocky crags, roughly connecting the Western end of the Castle to another cliff face - and at the same time dividing two valleys. Our way lay across this palisade, a steady climb but not difficult. We had been in damp shade all the morning, first because of the mist, and then because the Castle was between us and the sun, but on crossing the rocky ridge, we were suddenly in bright sunshine, and the ground was crumble soil with trees and scrub the rocks above us looking somehow less dangerous and spectacular because of the light. However, we could see no way up and had to keep along the base for some distance until at last we came to a little cairn of stones, and we knew the time had come.

There was no track - but it was easy to keep our direction simply because there is no alternative. We had to climb and scramble back towards the palisade ridge, until we arrived at a sort of pinnacle of rock about half way between the saddle and the top. We sat in a bunch and enjoyed the spectacle. Around us space, with heavy mist to the South - sheer drop on three sides and very blank looking walls of rock straight ahead. Below us a large eagle wheeled and floated in the sunlight over the valley to the North. Flora and I would have settled for this as the terminus and never mind going any further, but fortunately for us our companions were all made of sterner stuff and although the next bit looked very dangerous and in

fact almost impossible, it was found after some trial and error that we could scramble up a chimney with a few heaves and a welcome hand here and there, and suddenly we were right at the top, with the whole flat plateau spread out before us.

A heavy mist cut us off from the rest of the world, blowing up from the valleys and making a wall, but not drifting over the plateau itself, and the whole scene was never blotted out all at once. We overlooked lonely ridges and valleys - sheer rock faces - and the Biangee Walls striking out towards us - perhaps a challenge for a future trip. The Clyde River seemed gentle and peaceful showing briefly here and there as it curved along the valley floor - and the Pigeon House stood out a few miles to the East.

The plateau is mostly flat rock, with lots of pools. There is a Cairn with a hook in a brass holder, and we noted the Bush Club's visit with due ceremony. It is interesting that the party included the President, both Vice-Presidents, the Hon-Sec., the Walks Secretary, besides two lay members.

We had a leisurely lunch and a good look round. We met nine boys from another Club, who had hoped to find a shorter route to the top, but in the end had had to start from the little cairn of stones and come over our tracks. We went down by the same route, but it was faster going and we arrived back at our camp about 4-30 p.m. where we enjoyed a good mug of tea provided by the kind campers who had remained behind.

From our camp to the Eastern tip of the Castle, straight above the ridge we had ascended, is approximately one mile as the crow flies. The journey round the base and up to the top took us about five hours.

---oOo---

Nance Stillman.

## EASTER 1959

### THE ROPE.

It was stretched right across the swirling brown flood waters of the Clyde River, 100 yards of nylon rope, life line of 40 bush-walkers marooned at the little stockman's hut. But are they going to use it without fear of losing their packs, or more than that? Their eyes go down to the "water gauge", a twig stuck in the river close to the bank, and then up to the sky, so generous with its heavenly gifts. In doing so, they go over the green bracken-covered slope to the hut which they know to be fitted with packs, billies, wet ground sheets and all that bush-walking paraphernalia, (besides a good fire). Time is going on, noon, then afternoon. But finally two decide to cross - all along that rope, cutting the river at a sharp angle, following the swift waters - and so up the steep slope on the other side, Long Fellow Ridge.. The wet packs felt twice as heavy as usual, particularly one of them, until it was noticed that the water bag buckled to it was still full of river water.

A last view of the Upper Clyde River Valley, Biangee Walls and the Castle - scene of past achievement, and as night was falling, "Home". "Home" was a shelter under giant boulders, where after some time a cheerful fire lit up kitchen, lounge, dining and bed-rooms, all comfortably close together, while the rain was rushing down outside (and inside at the same time). Early start next morning, past the top of Pigeon House Mountain and down to further adventure. Doctor's Creek, a deep narrow water race, crossed on a fallen log. Then Jindelara Creek. Would we make it, or turn back.

The brown flood was not really wide, but very swift and deep - one attempt was unsuccessful. So up the bank again to pack our rucksacks into our ground sheets, on a buoyant bed of bracken, and tied up with tent ropes. A good push out from the bank, a short quick swim, and we are across safely! Now, only a short walk to Drury's Farm, where the bush should be waiting for us. But we did not reckon on the last crossing. Where is the log bridge?

Gingerly stepping down the track, we finally are standing on the logs, swift waters racing past up to our hips. What if we should step over the edge, or slip between the broken planks?. So it is bundles again and swimming - submerged blackberry bushes giving us a last farewell, unwilling to part from us, until covered in blood we reach the other bank, and climb up into the bracken, and off again towards the Farm. Rain, flood, creeks and blackberries, nothing stops the race and we reach the bus only half an hour late.

---oOo---

Albert Fried.

Bush Club Members will all be sorry to hear that our friend Gus has had the misfortune to fall and break his leg. Not on some far and dangerous mountain top, not climbing out of a lonely steep gorge, not crossing a rushing torrent on wet slippery rocks - but on the Manly Ferry Wharf at Circular Quay. Well, of all things !!! Anyway it does not make it any easier to bear, and we all send Gus best wishes for a speedy recovery, and hope very much to see him out with us again before so very long.

---oOo---

On Saturday the 30th May, about thirty Club Members attended a very happy party at 12 Harrow Road, Sylvania, at Hazel's home. The evening was a great success - everyone looked happy - plenty of singing, lots to eat and drink - and Wally made a desperate attempt to teach a lot of no-hoppers how to dance (or was it reel). Anyway it was all good fun, and we hope the invitations may go out again some night.

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HAVE WE FORGOTTEN OUR LITTLE "B'S"    ??????  
(A Fairy Story by "Queen Titania")

Once upon a time a band of unpleasant young bush-walkers camped in a lovely grove, beloved of fairy-folk. Under the slender, swaying blue gums, upon beds of softest fern the scalliwags put up tents, then set to work to build a fire. Alas, the little green-clad tree gnomes wept as branches were torn down, willy nilly.

Around the glowing camp-fire after dark roistering commenced. Tins and even bottles were hurled about recklessly. The little fairy people were terrified, and clustered round their Queen in dismay.

The Queen, beautiful and wise, called a council of bush creatures after the vandals had gone to bed. She counsellled against aggression. "Let us make them ashamed", she said. All night we will labour to transform this glade.

With a will they all set to. The echnidas dug a big hole to bury rubbish - and the wallabies, possums, koalas and kangaroos carefully collected tins and broken bottles and filled in the hole. Some of the bigger animals bashed the tins to make them fit. Even the snakes helped collect scraps, and finally the hole was nearly covered over. After the fireplace had had a good sweep with fairy brooms, the spot looked quite presentable again. "You have done good work", cried the Queen, "but it is not enough. We must make this place more beautiful than before, and leave a message the creatures will always remember". She called to the spiders and gave them some instructions. All night long they worked, and in the early morning, when the first faint rays of the sun peeped through the trees, here is what the heavy-eyed campers saw when they poked tousled heads out of tents.

A glade transformed! From every bush, dew besparkled, hung webs of finest gossamer, and, strangest of all, in the centre of each web the letter "B" stood outlined in double-threaded silver! Amazedly the scalliwags crawled out of their tents.

Whatever could it mean - and who had cleaned up their mess? One, brighter than the rest, scratched his head thoughtfully and said - "I wonder if it means "Burn, bash and bury"!"

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(I'm quite certain it did!...H  
Hon-Ed.)

### PICNIC

What wishy-washy times are these! The following is taken verbatim from The Dictionary of Cookery by the famous Mrs. Beeton. How times have changed. Could any of these forty persons have been able to do a day's work next day? Perhaps no-one had to. What was their general state of health? Certainly they were not Bush-walkers.

Picnic for 40 Persons, Bill of Fare for.

A joint of cold roast beef, a joint of cold boiled beef, 2 ribs of lamb, 2 shoulders of lamb, 4 roast fowls, 2 roast ducks, 1 ham, 1 tongue, 2 veal-and-ham pies, 2 pigeon pies, 6 medium sized lobsters, 1 piece of collared calf's head, 18 lettuces, 6 baskets of salad, 6 cucumbers.

Stewed fruit well sweetened, in glass bottles, well corked. 3 or 4 dozen plain pastry biscuits to eat with the stewed fruit, 2 dozen fruit turnovers, 4 dozen cheese cakes, 2 cold cabinet puddings in moulds, 2 blancmanges in moulds, a few jam puffs, 1 large cold plum pudding (this must be good), a few baskets of fresh fruit, three dozen plain biscuits, a piece of cheese, 6 lbs of butter (this of course includes the butter for tea) 4 quartern loaves of household bread, 3 dozen rolls, 6 loaves of tin bread (for tea) 2 plain plum cakes, 2 pound cakes, 2 sponge cakes, a tin of mixed biscuits, 1/2lb of tea. (Coffee is not suitable for a picnic, being difficult to make)

Picnic, Things not to be forgotten at.

A stick of horseradish, a bottle of mint sauce, a bottle of vinegar, mustard, salt pepper and good oil. Pounded sugar, and if possible take a little ice. It is scarcely necessary to say that plates, tumblers wine glasses, knives, forks and spoons, must not be

forgotten, as also tea-cups and saucers, 3 or 4 teapots, some lump sugar, and milk if this last named article cannot be obtained in the neighbourhood. Take three corkscrews.

Beverages. 3 dozen quart bottles of ale, packed in hampers, ginger-beer, soda water and lemonade, of each, 2 dozen bottles. 6 bottles of sherry, 6 bottles of claret, champagne a discretion, and any other light wine that may be preferred, and 2 bottles of brandy. Water can usually be obtained, so it is not necessary to take it.

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Yes, our catering for a four day camp certainly pales before this. It was in Queen Victoria's day - a time of stilted manners but extraordinary appetites.

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Nance Stillman.

#### KATOOMBA

It was reported in the last issue of Walks & Talks that no hot showers had been provided for women at the Kiosk Reserve, although they were provided for men. This is not the case, and we hasten to correct the statement. There are very nice clean shower rooms for women as well as for men.

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#### A BUSH-WALKER IN SAIL.

In the last issue of Walks & Talks it was mentioned that I had been on the "high seas". Perhaps I had better expand on that - so here is a short account of a different kind of holiday. It is recommended to all those who believe that suffering elevates the spirit, or that work is fun.

The 42 foot schooner Clutha was worked by a skipper and a "green" crew of two, as she slid gracefully out of Sydney Harbour and headed North. Following its usual pattern, the Nor'easter withheld its energies until early afternoon, and we gained the shelter of America Bay, off Cowan Creek, by dusk.

A more peaceful anchorage could hardly be imagined. Oysters growing in abundance on the rocks, delightful stands of angophora trees, and phosphorescent water which flashed with nebulous light when disturbed.

There followed some days of short distance sailing, and waiting for suitable breezes to propel us North. Then the skipper decided to go South before the Nor'easters, so South it was --- past Sydney, Port Hacking, Wollongong, the mouths of the Shoalhaven and Crookhaven Rivers, and finally round the impressive sandstone Cape Perpendicular, and into Jervis Bay, where we anchored the night in Montague Road, off the Northern shore. Here leather-jackets provided non-stop sport and a bucketful of dinner - in about twenty minutes.

During the night a Southerly blew up, creating the much-dreaded lee shore situation, and we had to turn to and get out a second anchor, just "in case". After much mismanagement and some strange manoeuvres we got her further off shore and head on to the wind, the original anchor holding as well as ever. Balancing on the bow-sprit (that infernal invention) to tie up No. 1 jib was a dampening experience, with Clutha rearing up and down in sizeable waves.

Next day we moved across to Huskisson, then over to the Southern shore, where all was peace, perfect peace, and there we stayed for several days, fishing, idling and eating until the gale blew itself out. Such inactivity does not befit a bush-walker so I betook myself on a couple of shoreline excursions to the outer coast, exploring the local terrain, as'twere. The bushland is quite interesting, being old sand dunes grown over with mostly gum-trees and bracken. The sea was splendid - acres of foam and flying spindrift, while the great waves pounded the sandstone rocks. Then, imbued with the true Bush-walking spirit, I started to ENJOY the wind and rain, like food and drink, and explored further along that pitiless coast, ogling the queer patterns of horizontal strata and the booming sea caves.

When we finally left Jervis, after sundry troubles with various items of gear, we continued South against

a light Southerly, past more frowning cliffs and long yellow beaches, past Cook's Pigeon-house, so called on the Admiralty Chart. I looked across the heaving waters at the beautiful cone with its rounded top, purple in the afternoon light; and yearned a little; (a sentiment not understood by my mates, who were ordinary sailors, not Bush-walker sailors!).

Now Clutha in her then state was hardly a dry boat. Water easily found its way below during rough weather; so when the wind freshened and the sea rose, our cautious skipper put about, and back North we went. We spent three days and two nights at sea, and it was a good introduction to ocean cruising - a most uncomfortable sea and not too strong a following wind, which necessitated alertness on the part of the helmsman to prevent jibing. Not much sleep, and with the constant rolling, pitching and corkscrewing and water sloshing across the floorboards of the cabin, the interior was a squalor of water, oil, flotsam and bad language.

There were moments of great beauty - the changing colours of the sea and sky, billowing sails, virgin coastlines, the flash of green and blue as dolphins dived, hump-backed, under our bows. Did I hear somebody say "There goes a Bush Walker, lost to the sea"?. Not a bit of it. A man can have two loves. Sometimes I think I love the one that keeps still and doesn't rock the bed, the more! But the other is also fascinating.

---oOo---

Alan Catford.

At Easter time approx. 80 people were known to have camped in what is known as the Pigeon House area and at the next Federation meeting it was reported that "Some camp sites in that area had been left in an untidy condition". This is very sad and perhaps no Club is entirely guiltless - but we could easily see that it does not occur again as far as The Bush Club is concerned.

Have YOU ever left a tin unburied - or peelings and litter in a cold fire place - ????????

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## A NEAR THING IN THE NEW ZEALAND ALPS

In the early days of my alpine climbing activities, I was detained at "The Hermitage" on one occasion due to guides not being available, as they were all away at a rescue on Mt. Sefton.

I accepted the offer of The Auckland Tramping Club to accompany them on a one day climb on the Sealy Range, ascending by Mt. Sebastopol to the South of "The Hermitage", traversing the ridge westward, crossing the summits of Mt. Annette Mt. Kitchener and Mt. Ollivier, and then returning by a short cut to finish at the back of "The Hermitage".

All went well on the climb. We traversed the summits without incident, but on the return there was an occurrence which nearly ended in tragedy.

At one particularly steep snow couloir, the leader decided to glissade down the slope to save the longer and more tiring descent on the ridge. He went first, doing a perfect glissade, controlled by his ice axe. One of the girls in the party, who was next in line, said that she would not glissade down without the aid of the rope. As the leader had the rope, she had to cut steps with her axe, and descend without the aid of the rope. I was next in line. As I did not want to show my timidity I set out to glissade, but without previous experience or tuition, I was soon off my feet, slipping down the steep slope out of control a rapidly gaining speed. The snow at this late hour of afternoon was icy, and the slope finished over a drop like all good alpine slopes do.

Whilst trying to work out what my next move would be, I remembered I had once read about one of the Everest expedition, Wyn Harris, a leading climber in that party, and how he had slipped on an upper glacier of Everest. This graphic account of what he did came back to me clearly and I decided to put it to the test.

First I rolled over onto the front of my body, next I grasped the head of my ice axe firmly with both hands, and then gradually dug the pointed end into the ice, making sure that the axe would not be wrenched out of my hands.

Slowly but surely I came to a halt. It did not take me long then to kick a foot hold and stand up. The leader called out enquiring as to how I felt. I assured him that I was all right. I soon cut steps and traversed across the slope to the rocks at the side of the couloir.

The leader decided that there was to be no more glissading that day. We cut steps down the steepest parts and then worked over to the rocks where our descent was much surer.

Although I went on more climbs on that visit to the Alps, the shock of that slip did not have any effect on me until several weeks after I had returned home.

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WALLY McGRATH.

#### MEMORABLE WEEK ENDS WITH THE BUSH CLUB

The schedule read "Katoomba, Cedar Valley, Cox Katoomba - leader Paul Rann". That sounded attractive, and Paul's invitation to come was warm and enthusiastic, so I made the effort and got ready for the 6.26 p.m. train on Friday night. It was a warm night and good to get out to the cool fresh air of Narrow Neck.

We followed our leader trustfully along the edges of precipices (it was dark and we couldn't see how far the drop would be if we fell) until we came to the end of a ledge, and here Paul just disappeared over the edge, calling us cheerfully to follow. We found there were spikes in the cliff face, very conveniently placed (our good friend Arthur had a lot to do with these) and it was not nearly so hazardous as it looked. A track went steeply

down from the bottom of the cliff, disappearing in the darkness, and we followed it along till it levelled out and the going became easier. There were several fallen trees blocking the track, which had to be got over or under or around, and I seemed to bump into most of them before I saw them so arrived at the camp site with several bruises, and bits of skin off here and there. The camp site was a grassy clearing near some water on the slopes of Ruined Castle. It was while we were getting some supper ready that somebody noticed the first leech, and from then on for the rest of the week-end, the leeches seemed to be constantly with us. I tried to discourage them from coming into bed with me, but they are slow to take a hint.

In the morning Paul took us to the top of the Ruined Castle where we had a lovely view of the valleys on both sides and the cliffs of Mt. Solitary and Narrow Neck. I think Paul must have decided then that things were too easy, so he left the track and took us down a precipitous slope to Cedar Creek. The under-growth was thick right to the creek bed, so we walked along in the creek. This consisted of irregularly shaped stones with slippery surfaces, and a few miles of that sort of going soon found out all our weak spots. I think everyone slipped over at least once, and some of us (including me) several times. We very soon gave up any hope of keeping our feet dry, and just plodded along through the water or out of it whichever seemed easier. Sometimes the water got too deep for us and we had to take to the precipitous hillside for a while, getting tangled up and torn in the under-growth. Paul let us stop somewhere along the creek for lunch, and cheered us up by telling us what a lovely spot the camp site was going to be, just a few bends further on. All afternoon we slipped and scrambled and clambered and hopped and stumbled along the creek bed until we came to an open clearing, just when I was about ready to drop from exhaustion, and although it was not the one Paul was aiming for, he decided

that under the circumstances it would do us. It was wonderful how that revived our spirits and energy, and after a clean up in the creek and a good meal, I almost felt that I could do it all over again. The night was fine a mild, and Nance and I decided not to pitch our tents, but at about mid-night we were wakened by growling thunder and bright lightening, and after lying awhile and telling ourselves it probably would not rain, some very loud thunder and vivid lightening brought us to our feet in a hurry, and we pitched a tent between us using two convenient trees, and just had everything inside when the first drops began to fall. It was just a short sharp storm, about half-an-hour, and then beautifully clear again.

The next morning was beautiful, and the creek bed did not seem nearly so horrible as we set out along it again. In about half-an-hour we came to what should have been our camp site, and here we left the creek and took to the ridge - very steep and leading us after some time to the cliff base of Mt. Solitary. I was sure we would have to come down again and do some scrub bashing, because anyone could see that it was impossible to get along the base of the cliffs. However, Paul assured us there was a way, and to prove it he started off and we followed, balancing precariously on little ledges and clinging to poor little bushes and sliding and panting in the heat. All the day before as we struggled along the creek I had thought longingly of being up on a ridge, and now that we were upon the ridge I thought longingly of that cool shaded creek. We couldn't have lunch because there was not any water, and it was no use stopping because there was no shade. There were no leeches. At last we came to the track and followed it back to our Friday night camping spot, where we had our late lunch, but were almost too exhausted to eat it.

However we had to get back, so set off along the track we had followed in the dark on Friday night, over and under the fallen trees (ouch!), and I still managed to bump into some of them, up the spikes in the cliff again, and so on to Narrow Neck in time to see a lovely sunset. Leeches dropped from our packs in the racks overhead going home in the train, a specially good assortment coming out of Ruth's boots, which contained quite a colony.

It was certainly a memorable weekend, and I still bear some of the scars - but after all it was good training for the Easter Week End, and a very good one to remember.

---oOo---

FLORA GRAHAM.

LET'S GO TO A FEDERATION MEETING.

Time 3rd Tuesday any month you like.

Place In the Heart of Sydney

Height 6th Floor

Location In a little room with curtained windows overlooking an alley-way far below. The clocks of the city are striking 6-30 p.m. as Gordon and Dave make their weary way to yet another Federation meeting.

They enter the building to observe a large notice hanging near the lift "OUT OF ORDER". Six flights of stairs later they stumble into the meeting room and stagger to vacant chairs. An exercise book is placed into their hot hands. This is an attendance book and must be signed by the attending delegates. They sign with their usual mark, and the book is quietly passed back as the Secretary is reading the minutes. Dave and Gordon are late again.

After listening to a long series of reports they find that their notebooks are overflowing with scribbles of various values. After the reports are completed there is "General business" and interest is renewed for every delegate wants to get his ideas discussed. "I've been instructed by my Club -", "I'd like to move!" "I believe -", and so it continues. Many and varied are the suggestions, but after an idea is tossed into the ring it really has to be good before it is adopted.

Time passes and its getting near pub-closing, so

the meeting is hastily closed and continued in a more informal atmosphere across the road.

---oOo---

GORDON ROBINSON.

It seems to me that Federation does a very fine work on behalf of all the Bush-walking Clubs and Bush lovers generally.

Not only do they organise Search and Rescue, they also lease and reserve camp sites such as Era, Blue Gum, Bouddi and others, and they instigated the National Parks Association, which is doing such valuable work towards acquiring permanent grants of virgin country to be reserved as National Parks for posterity.

Last year Federation ran a "Search and Rescue Demonstration" week-end, and the advice and information they had to offer was excellent.

I speak most particularly of the method they demonstrated for crossing flooded rivers. Their idea of tying rucksacks into ground sheets, using a base of bracken for buoyancy, is simple, and perfectly efficient. The pack rides high and well, and is no trouble at all even to a moderate swimmer.

They also illustrated many simple first aid treatments, and gave valuable advice and help to all Clubs whose members might get into bother in some remote districts. It is probable that another week-end will be arranged on similar lines, and Bush-walkers would be well advised to attend if possible.

The Federation Camp week-end was very enjoyable and is a splendid way of bringing all the Clubs together to meet socially.

---oOo---

Nance Stillman

## NO PORRIDGE FOR ME.

It's not the porridge! It's cleaning the billy afterwards that I dislike.

Being somewhat old fashioned I used to insist on having my porridge followed by bacon and eggs and rounded off with tea and toast for breakfast bush-walking or not.

It did not take me long to discover that the tea made in the porridge billy just wasn't 100%. Apart from being a strange colour, the grains of porridge floating about somehow affected the taste and I could not help feeling I was eating the tea.

Some quick and efficient way of cleaning the billy of uneaten porridge was imperative for an enjoyable breakfast in the bush, I felt. How do the experts do it? Being very fortunate and having an Aunt, a Sister as well as a Mother at home, I don't have much opportunity to practise the art of washing up. In emergency I have filled the gap, only to be instructed to leave the saucepans, and indeed any utensils likely to have dried foodstuff clinging to the sides and bottom, I could do the plates and cutlery and hold the glasses momentarily under the tap, but the rest was women's work, and would be done later.

On occasions when my behaviour has been extra good I have been allowed to tackle a saucepan or two. I can get the majority of the porridge out with the scratcher thing, but it won't do the corners and the part where the handle joins the top of the saucepan. Poking about with a skewer is fatigueing work and uses up much time. Then I discovered the "scritch". Its an apparatus specially designed for such things. It usually rests between the taps in well organized households. That's how we do it at home.

But I cannot take a scratcher, a scritch, a wad of steel wool, a skewer and other sundry instruments along on a bushwalk. A bloke would look like a golfer with a full bag of sticks and picking the correct iron or instrument would become equally involved.

The procedure must be simplified. A tent peg could be used instead of a skewer, true, but perhaps we could do away with the skewer. The obvious way is not to burn the porridge, and stirring with a long stick while it is cooking reduces the possibility of this happening, but we are not all "Frank Masons".

I tried cleaning the billy with dead fern leaves. I've even tried, when nobody's looking, green leaves. The best so far has been sand and water, but it is surprising how little sand there is on bushwalks. I once decided to substitute by cleaning the billy with dirt and water. I was very thoughtfully doing this at some distance from the others, when I happened to notice some members pointing at me. Nothing was said, mind you, but they made some tapping motions to the sides of their heads.

I don't eat porridge on bush-walks now. I have Cereal. Did you know that you can go 10 miles on a plate of Kelloggs Corn Flakes.

---oOo---

Gordon Robinson