

Walks
and
Talks

THE Magazine
of the
BUSH CLUB

Issue number 17

MARCH 1960

WALKS AND TALKS

The Magazine

Of

THE BUSH CLUB

Summer is nearly over, and Easter is the next big event. Last Easter the BUSH CLUB had a very wet but wonderful time round the Pigeon House area. I hope we can try again some time, as after all none of that party climbed Pigeon House in the end - and as for the Castle, those who did not reach it have a really good treat in store.

This time the main event on the schedule is a trip to the scenic Barrington Tops, with an alternative trip to the old favourite, Rocky Ponds.

Wally's Xmas trip was a great success - due to good organization and preparation and leadership. Those packs must have been very heavy to start with. Gordon's Wombeyan Caves trip was very good too, and might easily be repeated one of these days. A good camp site and interesting country.

Several Club members hope to leave on a very enterprising trip from Brisbane - to Darwin - to the Alice - to Adelaide - with all sorts of interesting stops later this year. The Club wishes them a very good and successful journey.

The call has gone out for help in compiling the next Walks Schedule - a matter of great moment to the Club. Let us hope the call is answered - worthily.

Sorry about the dreary cover - Who could help with covers???

Nance Stillman,
Hon-Ed. 2 Rose Avenue,
NORTH SYDNEY

BUSH WALKERS' HOLIDAY.

Nance Stillman.

Friday 19th Feb. 6 p.m. Ruth and I leave Alan in drizzling rain at Casino - he to return to Sydney, while we head westwards, with no fixed idea except the one that draws us to the out-back. First we have to reach Glen Innes in time for the bank on Saturday morning, so the further we get to-night the better. At Tabulum we have to decide whether to turn off for a good meal, or carry on with just a snack. The road is bad, and great rolling rain clouds try to discourage us, but they do not. We push on into the gloomy dusk over the winding range road and upward on to the tablelands, arriving at Tenterfield in driving wind and rain squalls at 9 p.m., having seen a very wet fox on the road. We get our good meal and have our first night under a roof for a fortnight.

Saturday morning we make the bank, get supplies and petrol and turn west through Inverell and Warialda (stopping to gaze towards the Nandewars) and on to Moree, about 3 p.m. We visit the baths, and swim in the hot spring. Feeling greatly refreshed after our 192 miles, we find a garage and make enquiries about camping, and then set out for the "16-mile". The country is flat and lonely, the trees and bushes small, the road almost straight. The "16-mile" turns out to be Whittaker's Lagoon (a P.W.P), quite a stretch of water, lovely river gums, a long water-trough, windmill and tank. There is very little grass. We see a large snake on the road, and snake tracks in the sand as we gather wood. The evening is perfect - the sunset reflected in the lagoon. There are many birds, and apart from those a wonderful silence and peace. We climb the side of the tank and dip out some water, light a small fire almost in the mud, and enjoy our soup, grill and veg. fresh fruit and coffee. A perfect night follows the lovely sunset, and soon we lie in great comfort looking at the sky brilliant with stars. I do not wake until daylight and so enjoy the fresh morning, the sunrise across the lagoon shaded by river gums, the many birds at the water, parrots, magpies, large water birds and all the little twitterers.

The car is filthy with red North Coast mud, so we give her a good sluice at the trough, and then have a washing day as we know everything will dry very quickly in the clear western air. As we are packing we see cattle approaching, with a drover. The cattle, about fifty head, make straight for the lagoon, while the horses, about six, make for the trough. The drover is a treat to see. He rides a magnificent stock horse, with the long stirrup, easy and graceful. He is a fine looking man, tall and slim, burnt nearly black by a life in the sun. He tells us he has brought the cattle from the "40 mile" and they are so fat they almost wobble along. Many of them are stud cattle from the Sydney Show, some cows with little calves - so he moves them very slowly. He is proud of his horses and pleased with the little mare carrying the pack saddle. She is a recent purchase and only a two-year old. He has a pleasant quiet slow way of speaking. The cattle start mooching about and the horses to scatter. He says he must get them to the next shade before it gets too hot. One crack of his whip brings the stragglers out of the water - a quick wheel to the left, another to the right, and the whole outfit moves compactly and gently off in a little cloud of dust. He touches his hat to us, and rides behind. No yelling, no lasoo-ing - no fancy clothes; it all seems so simple and competent. We feel we have seen something that is a credit to Australia.

As for us, we have 70 odd miles to go to the next town and not a single habitation will we see on the way, so we had better start. The slam of the car doors and the start of the motor disturbs the Sunday quiet, and off we go. The road is of loose red gravel, and after about an hour we suddenly find ourselves well off the road and dodging a small tree or two, having slithered and skidded there with nothing to stop us. The plain and the road at that point are luckily on the same level, and there is no traffic whatsoever. We carry on the red road before us in a long straight line. Sometimes we are astonished to see what appears to be a herd of elephants in the sky ahead, but when we break through the mirage, it always turns out to be a few sheep crossing the road.

We usually have a cloud of dust behind us, but it is not hot, and the breeze disperses the dust very quickly. We pass many other P.W.P's (Public Watering Places) in this area, but none with the charm of Whittakers Lagoon. We arrive at Collarenebri in time for lunch, and have a pleasant surprise. The town is on the Barwon River, which is running wide and deep, and there is a little landing with steps, and a brand new dressing shed. We are soon in the water, and our lunch tastes extra good. We get some petrol, fill up all our containers with water, and set out for Walgett, 42 miles away. Walgett has no baths - and seems asleep in the Sunday heat. Nothing is open, and we cannot get any information about roads or camping. We must now decide whether to head south for Coonamble, or west for Brewarrina and ultimately Bourke. Well this is our chance to see the west, so we head for Brewarrina, an 85 mile stretch. We will have to press on - the road is bad, long and lonely. A side road mostly runs beside the gravel road, and it is hard to tell which is the worst. I try to cross from one to the other several miles out, and get stuck in a sort of sand ridge. The wheels spin in the loose sand. The road lies ahead as far as the eye can see - there is no traffic. How do I get out? Ruth-power, and on we go. We anxiously look for mile pegs, they are a comfort as one counts them off. On this road there are none. The shadows get long - even those cast by the little western trees, but the sky is clear the bright and the car running beautifully. A little after sunset we are relieved to drive into the main street.

We enquire about camping and are advised to go up a short street and then down on to the river bank. We have nice clean grass just beside rapids, where years ago the dark people trapped fish in hand made pools. Some of the fish traps are still there, but they fish with hand lines now and many floods and droughts have disturbed the set up. Our camp site is within a few yards of a path on which the dark people pass too and fro, as they walk between their homes on the river bank and the town. The river, the Barwon again, comes towards the town in a long reach with fine river gums along the banks until it drops several feet through the rapids and goes round treeless rocky bends and out of sight. There is a boat which seems to ferry people across the river, and people fishing along the banks. It is too close to town to light a fire, so after a simple meal, we saunter up to a cafe for a good cup of tea. We are served by a smiling half-caste girl, and in the cafe are quite a lot of full-bloods. They are having a meal too, and take turns at putting 6d's in the juke box, and we can see their feet shuffling to the rhythm. Across the road is a fine bowling club, with many players, and two night tennis courts, the players all dressed in regulation white. The street is lined with cars, as many of these people will drive home over the dusty bumpy roads when the evening is over. We return to our camp and bed after our long day.

Monday morning at 7.30 the wading and fishing birds are all disturbed by the take-off of the Air Liner as she leaves the other side of the town and swoops over the river, gaining height. Soon they settle down again, and we must breakfast and pack, for to-day is to be "Bourke" day, sixty odd miles away. After some attention to the car and a little shopping, we set out about ten o'clock. At the "5-mile" we see a humpy and a white man feeding a pet emu, and shortly afterwards - well, a genuine swaggy, grey whiskers, black billy, water-bag and blanket roll complete. We stop to pass the time of day, and are pleased to offer him a lift to Bourke, where he says he has heard of a light job down the Darling. He tells me he is a poet - "A good one" he adds proudly, and has been on the road almost all his life, except when he was in the navy during World War I. He has mostly worked as shearers cook. He is good company and tells us many things about the out back. We see emu's not far from the road, they look at us contemptuously, and go on grazing. The swaggie says they eat insects, grass-hoppers and grass. Away to the left we are excited to see a low tree-covered hill. It is Mt Oxley, and Bourke will be found far to the North West of it. A dead pig lies beside the road, but whether shot or hit, we do not know. There seems to be no grass at all, but we see many beautiful horses, glossy and in wonderful condition, cattle now and agan and a few sheep.

We do not see one poor beast on the whole trip. We often see kangaroos, which hop away a bit and stand and stare. There are very few homesteads - only a mail box with a name and number, and wheel tracks winding away among the low scrub. Rain clouds are building up in the west and it looks possible that rain will develop. At last we reach the outskirts of Bourke and bid farewell to our swaggie. Our first enquiry is for swimming, and we find that Bourke is four miles from the Darling, and we will have to drive to North Bourke for a swim. On the way we pass a large citrus orchard, and see some good cattle being fed with fresh lucerne. We cross a curved bridge, with mechanism for opening, as years ago, river craft used to come up past Bourke for trade with wool and merchandise.

River gums mark the line of river, but the ground is quite bare and dry. There are some desperate looking shanties and tents about, with lots of mongrel dogs, old trucks, bedding, bags, baths and broken machinery and household gear. There are children and black people and white people, and over all hang the threatening clouds and a warm wind. We step into the water and sink to our knees in pale slimy mud. The water is deep and the river fairly wide, but while swimming we are aware of the ordeal ahead of us, and it rather spoils the pleasure. We have a quick lunch and are glad to get away. In Bourke, everyone is talking hopefully of the rain clouds - rain is needed, so we make a few purchases and set out for Byrock. The road is sealed for about ten welcome miles, and then is corrugated and covered in loose gravel. There is occasional traffic, and each approaching vehicle is viewed with distrust. Everyone drives very fast so that the dust obliterates the world for a few moments, and that whirling dust-cloud hides a real menace. Our left side swing window is shattered by a stone from a passing car, and our radiator slightly damaged from another. Now we know the story behind the many puzzling little heaps of tinted crystals we have seen all over the western roads. We are lucky it was not the wind-screen.

We are looking out for the tank at the 40-mile, a large black square standing on steel legs, with a black hose hanging down for watering the engines. We are pleased to find it surrounded by large pepper trees, and when we climb the ladder to dip out some water, are delighted to find that across the line, and quite invisible from the road, is a very fine man-made tank, wide and deep, with clean rock and gravel sides. This is known as Wilga Tank - and is the watering place for hundreds of thirsty kangaroos. We have time for a welcome dip in the dusk, but feel we are interrupting a remarkable sight, as the kangaroos are coming softly through the dusk on all sides, both large and small, and wait nervously in little groups a few hundred yards away, until they feel the pool is safe. We have a very comfortable camp, our last in the out-back. To-morrow after an early swim, we head for better roads, more towns, greener softer country, hills, big trees - and bends in the roads! We see several fine kangaroos dead beside the road. They have been killed by occasional fast moving traffic.

We move from town to town in easy stages, stopping for an hour or two where there are baths - where we practice diving and swimming and sun-baking (very complicated) until we arrive at Began Gate and have a hilarious and happy meeting with an old bush-walker J. Stillman, who sends greetings to Bush Club friends, and so back to Sydney.

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News from Rhona McBurney in Alaska. Rhona has sent Dorothy a most inviting summer schedule of walks and camps at Camp Denali, McKinley Park, Alaska - just exactly what The Bush Club would like. The following extract is taken from their magazine : -

"If we are ever hard up for a staff we shall advertise in the Australian newspapers. For the second time, two Aussies drifted into camp and made themselves indispensable. Rhona McBurney and Eileen Mueller were working their way around the world. Having emigrated to Canada, they had spent last year at Cassiar, B.C, working as draftsman and secretary in the asbestos mine there. Knowing their funds were limited, and that they would like to stay longer in Alaska, we asked if

they would like to join us as workaways. When they finally broke away from our clutches six weeks later they had endeared themselves not only to the rest of the staff, but to all our guests as well. They replaced our 'dreadful Yankee tea' with their "Real No. 1 Brew", often made in their own billy pot. A loud "Coo-eee!", the bush call of Australia, became the standard camp hail, even for 3-year-old Romany. After their arrival, we never took hikes - we went 'walkabout'."

The two Australian girls also did a bit of exploring, according to the magazine, for with one of the camp leaders they explored the headwaters of several streams and climbed peaks in the Stony creek area.

Dorothy has also received a very interesting letter from Janet, who has been travelling in Spain - unfortunately a last minute batch of local items has crowded it out of this issue.

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We were waiting for the Sydney train at Katoomba station, when a ticket inspector made an appearance. "Tickets, please" - he said in a quiet voice. Gordon produced his ticket and it was duly perforated and returned. Albert was bending over his pack searching in one of the pockets. "Tickets please", said the Inspector. Albert continued removing tent pegs roasted peanuts and other items from the pack pocket, while the Inspector stood beside him. "Can't you find it?" the Inspector asked finally. "Yes, thanks, I've got them", said Albert, straightening up and flourishing a pair of Paddy's Pinkies.

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CLARENCE - Part I.

Flora Graham.

The week-end at Clarence was very good. Not too energetic and yet plenty to do and see. Most of us went for a walk on Saturday morning and watched trains going in and out of tunnels, and another walk on Saturday afternoon, exploring the many roads and tracks, and looking at the little crags jutting up all over the place.

The next day we all went out in the cars along a road that went through pine forests. We stopped and talked to a local resident who told us that we were more or less following the old railway line that used to go to Newnes Shale Mine, and if we followed the road for a bit we would come to a couple of tunnels well worth exploring. We went a few miles and drove through a tunnel and found ourselves in a fairly narrow gorge, with the same odd rocky crags. The road continued, winding along the gorge, until we came to a place where the cars could turn, and there we had our lunch. We then followed the road for about another mile until we came to the second tunnel. On the way, Rosalie and I saw a lyre bird come out from a ledge in a cutting and fly across the road, almost spreading his tail and only about twenty yards ahead of us. Gordon and Albert saw what they think was a wild cat, a bit further down. The road ended at the tunnel mouth, but we went in. It was much longer than the first tunnel and we needed a torch. Fortunately we had two members with us who were properly equipped, so we were able to proceed. The thing that delighted us all was the sight of hundreds of little glow worms - tiny pinpoints of blue light, making lovely patterns along the tunnel walls. I had never seen anything like it before.

Our of the tunnel again the track continued along under a cliff, and led down into a lovely open valley with a river running through. This was the Wolgan Valley, leading to Newnes Valley. It was too late to go any further, and we went back into the tunnel to have another look at the glow-worms before returning to the cars.

Bushwalking into History. In the Australia Day week-end the Club spent a pleasant time at Mr. Byle's cottage at Clarence, approx five miles from Lithgow. I hope some more week-ends can be arranged before very long, as this is a very interesting area - many interesting places to see within easy reach, and of great historical interest.

Nearby is a delightful Canyon, appropriately called The Kind Canyon, very open easy walking. Across the main Railway Line is the old line, a section called the Zig-Zag, an outstanding engineering feat of the old days. We must explore there. Quite close to the cottage there is an old tunnel, not used now, but once part of the old railway line. It must be 500 yards long and has recently been used for raising mushrooms. There are so many boxes about that there isn't mush-room to walk! Ough, sorry.

Not far away is the old Bells line track, which has an interesting history - and there is Blackfellows Hand Rock, Walgan River, Birds Rock, Mount Cameron, Natural Bridge (which is the headwaters of two creeks running in opposite directions) Deep Pass, Valley of the Swamps and Bungleboori Creek, to mention a few places just waiting to be visited.

Perhaps the most outstanding feature of all is the Newnes Railway, built 50 years ago and only used for a short time. What an outstanding engineering feat! 32 miles of line built in thirteen months, across and down gorges that must be seen to be appreciated. It came about this way ...

The Australian Kerosene Industry.

In the early days Whale Oil and Vegetable Oil were used as Illuminants. On 27th August 1859, Edwin L. Drake demonstrated at Titusville, Penn. USA, that mineral oil could be obtained from the ground by drilling. Previous to this, coal gas had been used in Australia for 18 years but Kerosene was extracted from coal, shale or mineral oil skimmed from ponds and seepages.

Processors of mineral oil sought only two products, kerosene and paraffin wax candles. They discarded as useless the lighter products now used as motor spirit and the heavier products now used as lubricants. They had no uniform standard, and in trying to extract the maximum quantity, sometimes added the lighter products that made the kerosene explode, or the heavier products that caused poor burning with a sooty flame.

The new method of obtaining mineral oil was by drilling holes 3 or 4 inches in diameter through debris of the surface and the rocks beneath. When the oil is struck, it is forced out by the presence of gas below, and flows for some time without the aid of a pump.

The origin of the Australian kerosene industry was one of those seemingly inevitable coincidences of History, where the right man turns up at the right place at the right time. William Fell who worked on the development of the extraction of kerosene from shale in Scotland in the late 1840's was forced to leave Scotland for health reasons. He joined his brother, a coffee planter in Ceylon, and when the world coffee market slumped, he chartered a ship to try to sell coffee in NSW. When the ship reached Sydney in 1852, the crew joined the gold rush. Fell went along too, but soon found that he could not do the work required there, and set out on his return to Sydney. On the way he spent a night in a shepherd's hut at Hartley Vale, where he noticed a fire of oil shale in the hearth. In the morning the shepherd showed him deposits of oil shale that were richer than he had ever seen before.

Taking samples, he returned to Sydney, and in a few months was

in Edinburgh having it chemically analysed. The results proved the shale to be the richest known in the world, yielding 180 gallons of oil to the ton.

William Fell formed a company with British capital known as the Australian Kerosene and Oil Company. He chartered two ships to take Scottish shale miners, carpenters and bricklayers and their families to Australia. The industry was established at Hartley Vale, which grew to a population of 8000 people in 1854. The two products produced, candles and kerosene, were delivered to market in Sydney by bullock teams to Penrith, a distance of 40 miles, and then by rail to Sydney.

The industry flourished for almost 50 years, until competition from oil from wells in the USA and Russia reduced prices to a level that the marketing of shale oil less profitable. Despite this competition, William Fell decided to build another mine at Newnes, which involved the laying of 32 miles of railway line. The story of the making of this railway line makes interesting reading, so be sure to get the next copy of Walks & Talks.

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MOUNT WARNING VISITED

Alan Catford.

On Wednesday 16th May 1770, Lieut. James Cook, on His Majesty's barque Endeavour, noted in his journal, among other things, a high peak, in lat. roughly 28' S, to which he gave the name Mt. Warning.

On Monday, 15th Feb. 1960, some members of the Bush Club, in two small cars, approached that same mountain, and made camp reverently at the foot of it. It was there, and that we should climb it was beyond all doubt - all 3,840 feet of it.

Mt. Warning - a great towering rock pinnacle, shaped like a mighty tongue, the top part leaning a little past the vertical - one of Australia's few really distinctive peaks. Although not a mountaineering job, it would be a wonderful climb.

From our pleasant camp under the big tree we followed the little dirt road, through rich banana plantations and masses of lantana and other weed, until it petered out, and a foot tract took over. Then we entered the rain forest, and could not see out of it, neither view nor summit - until very near the top. Leeches ! we knew to expect them in the forest leaf moulds, and were not disappointed. With what frantic haste, what determined mien they would attack, standing up on end and furiously weaving, searching the air for a scent of the blood they knew was near. They knew in their cells it was now or never, and a few did succeed in fastening on, well down in the boot.

This is the rain forest - Nature's still green cathedral; a place of rich soil giving lusty life to a myriad of competitive plants. Immediately noticeable are the strangler figs - seemingly monstrous parasites, which start up a great tree as slender cord-like feelers, which grow, bifurcate, interlace and interjoin right up the tree, the gaps between them gradually filling in as time goes on, until a new tree has formed right round the old. The host tree dies and rots away inside the fig's massive net-work, leaving the amazing spectacle of a living skeleton of tree standing there. We peered up inside such a one and could see clear out through the top.

Impressing themselves more forcibly upon the attention are the stinging trees. The large bright green leaves of this jungle horror are armed with tiny stinging spicules, the sting from which, I would say (from first hand experience) equals, if not surpasses, thos of the blue bottle and jelly-fish.

Then there are the great boxes, Bangalow palms with their big

red seed-clusters and various lilies, and of course legions more of wonderful green-leaved plants. We had no botanist with us, which was a pity. The forest is a place to linger, there is so much to examine.

The climb took nearly four hours of moderate going on a graded track. There were a few "get-up" places nearer the top, and a steep slope of slippery mud kept us busy for a while. Near the top, the forest halts its upward sprawl, and gives way to scrubby stuff, which grows to the summit.

The top is a small cleared space, flat, and about 30 ft. square. It is impossible to see down the sides of the mountain because of the scrub, but the distant views are very fine - that is, they would be on a clear day. Ours alternated between drifting cloud (which enveloped us) and very murky atmosphere. We could see the coast to the east occasionally, while north rose the fantastic jumble of peaks which constitute the McPhersons, also but a "stone's throw" distant.

"Wild life"? We heard birds calling in the rain forest - distinctive calls. Their origin remains a mystery. Two different types of land snail (now forming part of the Catford collection) were interesting discoveries. One of them must have weighed easily half-a-pound. Back at the camp one morning, breakfast was lifted out of the rut by the addition of a large eel (as thick as your arm) and a lobster (we would call it "yabbie"). The creek swarmed with eels, which seem to be very easy to catch at night with a meat-baited hook and line. The yabble was speared with a stick.

Yes it was a pleasant camp - and incredible fact - NO mosquitoes.

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THE BUSH CLUB GOES TO THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS

Dec.25th 1959.- Jan.2nd 1960

Howard Graham.

Eight of us left Sydney by train on Christmas night for Cooma, where we breakfasted before setting out by bus for Cabramurra, the starting point of our eight day trip. Wally was the leader, and Dorothy, Flora and Jennie, the two Max's, Alan Catford and myself made up the party. The bus trip is about 50 miles, and we stopped at the New Adaminaby the town which replaces the old town which was drowned in the name of progress. We also called at Kiandra, and arrived at Cabramurra in time for lunch.

At last we had to heave up our very heavy packs, with eight days supplies, and set out on the first stage of our walk. The cameras were soon in action, and as there were plenty of them, it seemed assured that we would have a good pictorial record of the trip. All the first afternoon was road walking, down a steep grade to the recently opened Tumut Ponds dam, and we were pleased when we found a good grassy spot near a little stream, where we made our first camp. The air was cool, and we were all tired after our train trip and long day, so turned in early and all had a good restful sleep.

Next morning we moved off about 8 a.m., and steadily climbed on a road all the morning, until we arrived at Bradley's hut at lunch time, and from there we left the road, and did not use one again until the end of the journey. We kept to the ridges under the guidance of Wally and the maps. From Bradley's hut, we walked a few miles, having some difficulty in keeping to a track, but made an early camp and had time to look about a bit. Alan went to the top of Round Mountain several miles away, to take a picture of the sunset. Alan is a keen and enthusiastic photographer, and nothing is too much trouble for him, if there is a good picture in view.

We moved off about 8 a.m., again next morning, and after

crossing the Tumut River, we climbed Farm Ridge, and followed the ridge all day, camping at Farm Ridge hut that night. These huts we were using are shepherds huts, and are placed at convenient distances for slow moving traffic, like bush-walkers. There is no stock on the high parts of the Snowy Mountains now, so that the huts are not very much used, but we found most of them in a good state of repair, with good fireplaces and bad beds.

From Farm Ridge hut next morning, we went down to the Doubtful River and walked up the valley, right to its source, and on to the Bull's Peaks Ridge. This took us up over the 6000 foot level, and the air was quite cool, but the sun burned and we all got sun-burnt. We had a beautiful camp that night, a clear stream, good grass and a fine view to the East, overlooking the Eucumbene River. Max R. and Alan set out to reach the top of the big Bogong (Jagungle), and did not get back until about nine. We were just getting anxious so were relieved when they walked into camp.

The next day we continued along the high country and reached Mawsons hut on the Valentine River for lunch. We were above the tree line, which of course meant no shade, and we all felt the sun's rays very much. We reached Dicky Coopers hut that evening, feeling very tired and sunburnt, but after a good rest and treatment for sunburn, we were all able to continue as bushwalkers the next morning. We climbed the steep slope to Dicky Coopers Bogong, and from the top had our first glimpse of snow. We were on the Dividing Range, and the snow lay in patches here and there. We were also among the snow daisies. We kept along the ridge and had lunch at Consett Stephen's Pass. The food was getting a bit monotonous by now, all dried stuff, and the meals more of a necessity than a pleasure. We pushed on to a pass just before we reached Mt. Twynam, and made a camp, without tents, as there were no tent poles.

It was New Year's Eve, and various little items brought specially for the purpose, were brought forth to celebrate the occasion. We also were treated to a fine storm, and all of us got wet except Wally and Max R., who slept through it with a tent over them. The rest of us stayed up until about 2 a.m. drying our clothes before a fire. The next day we continued climbing over peaks, in the 7000 ft. level, and had our first view of Mt. Kosciusko, and after passing Blue Lake, Lake Albino and Club Lake, we reached the summit, and the photographers all got busy. After coming down, and passing L. Coopapatamba, we made for the Ram's Head, and got caught in a very severe hail storm, with high wind, and had to shelter as best we could among the rocks. When it was over, we pushed on, found the track quite easily, and made down to Dead Horse Gap, where we had a very pleasant camp site, only three miles from Thredbo village, which was the end of our walk.

Next day we arranged for a taxi trip back to Cooma, where we had a celebration lunch, before catching the train for Sydney. We were a bit tired, but very fit, and all thought the trip well worth the effort.

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PHOTOGRAPHY

At the February meeting, our usual programme of looking at slides was changed, and we had a Photograph Competition, with comments by the judge. This turned out to be a very interesting and instructive evening, and it would seem a good idea to repeat the scheme again some time in the not too distant future. There are a great number of cameras in the club, both for coloured and black and white, and a great variety of photography, as some like camp scenes and people, while others go for flowers, scenes or sunsets.

The judge awarded first prize to Albert for a picture in the Megalong Valley, second prize to Flora, third to Davey and fourth to Ruth Price.