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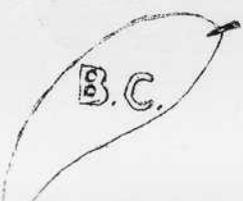
WALKS

& TALKS

No 27



The Magazine Of The
Bush Club



At our Annual General Meeting on 4th August, the following Office Bearers for 1962-63 were elected:

President:	Mr. Howard Graham
Vice Presidents:	Mr. Gordon Robinson Mr. Eckart Hill
Secretary:	Mr. Barry Davis
Assistant Secretary:	Miss Helen Loos
Treasurer:	Miss Flora Graham
Social Secretary:	Miss Ruth Price
Social Committee:	Mrs. Judy Loos Miss Joan Macken
Walks Secretary:	Mr. Albert Fried
Committee Member:	Miss Janet Stevenson
Federation Delegates:	Mr. Howard Graham Miss Ruth Price
Proxies:	Mr. Max Rosentool Mrs. Phyllis Goulding
Search & Rescue Delegate:	Mr. Howard Graham
National Parks Assoc. Del.:	Miss Rhona McBurney
Auditors:	Mr. Alex Sugarman Mrs. Nance Stillman
Tracks & Access Contact:	Mr. Doug Melville
"The Bushwalker" Contact:	Miss Janet Stevenson

It was the most enjoyable Annual Meeting I remember attending. The business was briskly conducted and the elections went off like clockwork - with no coercion required to complete the Committee. After a sumptuous tea, provided by members, we were treated to several excellent films by Mr. Fred Hersey of the Faunal Protection Panel, who was able to give us quite an insight into the work now being done.

Please note that I have now moved, so I would be glad if you would send all those contributions you have been saving up to my new address below.

11 Lord St,
ROSEVILLE

Janet Stevenson
(Editor)

SEARCH AND RESCUE WEEKEND

Howard Graham

On Friday night, July 20th, I set out with a party to take part in the practice search organized by the Search and Rescue section of the Federation of Bushwalking Clubs.

The area selected for the search was in the mountainous country to the west and south of Kurrajong Heights and the general instructions included the following:

1. All rough creek bottoms, very rough side slopes, medium and large cliffs are out of bounds
2. All residential and farm lands are out of bounds.
3. The call "cooee" will only be used by lost parties. All others to use another cry.
4. Lost parties (in general) answer calls by searchers, except where they are deemed to be too sick or injured.
5. All lost parties and search parties will cease operation at 3:30 p.m. on Saturday and move to the camp at Burrelaw Creek.

My party consisted of six. We were late getting away but finally got going at about midnight, with three bodies snugly in the front and three wrapped up in the back in the cold. We arrived at Wood's Creek (near the Grose River) at about 2:00 a.m., parked the vehicle where we

found the other vehicles and walked down a track to the creek about a quarter of a mile away. We came to a beautiful soft, grassy area under some trees and got into our sleeping bags without bothering about pitching tents.

After breakfast in the morning, we all moved up the track to the rendezvous, where we found the party of searchers -- about fifty in all. The lost parties had gone out on Friday night before we arrived. The search area had been divided into six sections and the searchers into six groups. Maps of the area were issued with each section clearly marked. We had four boys from Newcastle and one unattached girl added to our group, to make eleven in all. The Newcastle boys had a car and a Land Rover to add to our transport, which made things much easier.

Our group was search party No. 5 and our information was as follows:

"The mother of Deborah Dibblewhistle (a member of the Sydney Underworld Bug Wallopers) rang S. and R. and said her daughter set out alone in her car to the area south and west of Kurrajong Heights to search for specimens of "Didymagaster Sylvaticus" and has failed to return home. From discussion with all concerned you (the S. and R. organiser) come to the conclusion that she is in area 5. You set out to (a) Find the car, (b) Find her. (The car will be represented by a notice saying "Debbie's car" put at the place where she left it)."

We set off in the cars to Kurrajong Heights and along the road to Burrell Creek (No. 5 area according to our map), and sure enough we found a car with Debbie's label attached.

Here the real searching began. I divided the party up into two groups of four and one of three, each group taking a different ridge. My group went along a ridge on the west side of the road, yelling lustily, but the only response we got was from a male voice calling to hounds. We covered our ridge pretty well and came to the conclusion that Debbie was not there, so made our way back to the cars. The other two groups had not been successful either so we had our lunch and considered what to do. It was then about 2:00 p.m. so we decided to look more closely at the area round the car. But before we set out we had a visit from Ninian Melville (the S. and R. officer) who told us our victim was in the area that we had searched down on the ridge to the east, but that she was sick with a pain in her side and couldn't call out. On learning this we all made a dash in the direction of Debbie and we soon got well scattered. The ones who had been along in this direction in the morning got well ahead and we lost contact with them. We hadn't had any success by 3:30 so made our way back to the cars. The rest of the party arrived not long before dark. They told me they had made contact with Debbie but not until after time was up, so although we got pretty close we didn't make it in time.

The road down to the campsite was slippery and very steep so the last three of us walked the three miles down the bush road winding gently down to the creek. It was quite dark when we had our first welcome glimpse of the campsite, a grassy, sheltered flat by the creek.

The camp fire programme had got going before we finished our meal and we missed most of the search leaders' reports, but we got there for the concert and sing-song. It was conducted by Paddy Pallin and there was a crowd of about seventy people there. The entertainment was mostly community singing, but quite a few special items came to light. We rendered our promised items, a hurriedly composed ditty about Debbie, to the tune of "There's a Hole in My Bucket, Dear Liza." The six of us sang it as a group and in my humble opinion it went over pretty well.

On Sunday morning we had a talk from Dr. Binks on the medical kit recently acquired by S. and R. and also a demonstration of cliff rescue work carried out by Colin Putt's team. After this we had lunch and got ready for the homeward journey. We reached the car at about 3 o'clock and moved off, but stopped at Kurrajong Heights for Devonshire tea in a civilized manner and this completed our very full weekend.

A few evenings watching the activity around the campfire can be quite profitable for newcomers, or cooks who lack imagination.

Campers could be divided into several categories.

The non cookers. They munch away quietly, or noisily if they bring vita wheats, and content themselves with hot drinks before, during and after the meal. The advantages they have are obvious - - no washing up, burnt fingers, scorched eyebrows, etc.

The water boilers. The ready mixes, cubes, and instants are their delight and they simply add boiling water, or add to boiling water.

The foilers. Carry no frypans, only a roll of silver paper and everything except drinks or soup is rolled up and cooked. Sometimes their dinner gets buried and is rather hard to retrieve but this method also saves washing up.

The home cookers. Out of the smallest packs they produce billies, frypans etc., and rustle up the most delectable dishes which never seem to have the usual collection of dirt, vegetation, insects and ashes. They are born cooks and if you aren't in this category already then I'm afraid you never will be.

These are some of the categories. Now for a few of my mistakes you can profit by.

Once I tried to make Ovaltine drink from Ovaltine tablets but have since discovered that saliva is the only liquid which will dissolve them, otherwise a rock crusher is necessary!

Don't use less water to make packet soup thick. The result is so salty that you'll be boiling billies all night to quench your thirst.

All the hazards, showers of sparks, eyefuls of smoke, blazing frypans, and spilt billies quite take the edge off my appetite and I am gradually sinking into the category of non-eater. If you are in this group, you sit back with a hot drink you have somehow achieved or cadged and think of the delightful meal you'll have when you get home. That is, if you ever get home!

ON THE IRRAWADDY RIVER OF BURMA

Marie B. Byles

To take my Buddhist nun friend and me up the Irrawaddy river to Mingun, U Aye Bo had chartered a whole motor boat with room for a hundred passengers, plus cargo. It was run by a woman, her two sons and a paid engineer, and made regular bi-weekly trips up the river as prescribed by the Boat-owners association. It was completely devoid of seats, so we simply squatted on bamboo mats - after removing our sandals, of course. When we felt it was lunch time the proprietress put plates and cups on the bamboo mats -- no knives or forks, for everyone uses fingers which were made before knives and forks. She added tea and a tasty dish of onions and potatoes to what we had brought. That is typically Burmese -- when in doubt always give some food, and always be sure to leave untouched some of your own best food to give to the giver.

I mention the matter of food first, knowing that bushwalkers consider it most important, but as we boarded the boat at 8 a.m., lunch was not the first item on the programme, even though, living as monks and nuns, we had to finish eating for the day well before noon.

Our boat had to go a long way downstream to avoid the sandbanks which had become steadily larger and larger after the river began to fall when the monsoon ended. We had therefore wonderful views of the sacred hills of

Sagaing where I had been staying for a month. Sparkling white and gold pagodas crowned the crests which rose above palatial monasteries and humble bamboo nunneries. We could also see the huge pagoda which had had its side bitten out by an earthquake and leaned menacingly above the dwelling of monks and nuns, to say nothing of a line-makers' village right at its foot.

The sandbanks, which had first become exposed after the rains departed, were now a patchwork of green fields and even the uncultivated ones were growing a crop of coarse grass to which black velvety water-buffaloes and other cattle were being taken to pasture. It is a marvellous dispensation of Providence that provided riverside dwellers with fields fertilized free of charge by the silt of the river brought down in the rainy season. Occasionally on the tops of the banks were round things like white balloons on sticks erected to show boatmen where lay the deeper water of the river.

No sooner are the banks exposed than they start to crumble away before the swift current and we saw them toppling down every few yards. At the beginning of the rainy season I was told they collapse like cottages, and you can hear the crash above the noise of the swirling waters. Along the banks and often on their perilous tops were seen people towing boats by a rope tied to the mast. Sometimes it was the wife who towed while hubby sat in the boat steering and lazily smoking a cheroot; sometimes it was a couple of children while mummy steered and smoked the cheroot. The division of labour in Burma is not necessarily according to sex. Generally the men do the ploughing while the women plant and sow, but not always. Usually the women do the cooking, but again not always.

The hills slipped down from pagoda-crowned Sagaing to a long barren ridge clad in sparse prickly jungle with only one pagoda in the middle to tempt the pilgrim. People never climb hills for the sake of climbing but only for the sake of worshipping at some sacred shrine, and a hill to the Burmese is of no account without a pagoda on top. The hills then rose again to those of Mingun to which we were heading, but though these had plenty of the essential pagodas they were mainly on the crests of the foothills only. Although the hills were barren, there was a long line of glossy green trees on the river shore and among the paw paws, bananas, toddy palms and tamarinds, bamboo cottages and white and gold pagodas peeped out shyly from the cool shade. There was one quite large village built right on the sandbank. All its houses were on stilts and when the rains came it would form an island.

We passed a barge towing a bamboo raft on which was a little cottage. It was going downstream with the proprietors and their children living on board the raft, which would gradually be demolished as the bamboos were sold at riverside villages.

The air and the wind were still cool when we got out the luncheon tiffin carrier, a four-decker aluminium affair. But the sun was hot, as the tropic sun is always hot, even in winter, as soon as it rises above the farther tree tops. While eating lunch I discovered that the Captain's cubby had a vase of flowers and bunch of bananas round a coconut -- strange things for a steering room, I thought. Was the Captain fond of flowers? Did he get hungry between meals? No, it was only the usual Buddha shrine and the shrine for the Nat, the guardian spirit of the boat. The flowers were for the Buddha and the bananas and coconut for the Nat. Every house, every shop, every undertaking has its guardian Nat, and as well there are Nats that do no guarding. Their worship dates back long before Buddhism spread to Burma and probably the Nats are just as important to people as the Great Teacher of Compassionate Love.

We now called in at the government dockyards of Mandalay. Not docks exactly, for the boats pulled right in to the steep muddy banks with only a double plank to serve as a gangway. Laundry was being washed in the river and spread out to dry on the muddy banks. Above it were many little improvised fireplaces with restaurant proprietors squatting on their calves to do the cooking. And above them again were rows of bamboo cottages and bamboo warehouses for the cargo awaiting transport. And crowning all was an

ugly factory chimney belching forth black smoke. There were many boats around ours and all the captains' steering rooms had flowers and banana and coconuts for the Buddha and the Nat.

We then crossed the river to the hills of Mingun, strange hills of metamorphosed limestone with foothills of packed sand and water-worn pebbles, and below this deeply furrowed sandy tracks winding inland, now scorching hot under the midday tropic sun. And wasn't I glad there was a waiting bullock waggon to take us two miles to our destination, so that my tender white feet in thin slippers did not have to pass a fire-walking ordeal! But U Aye Bi walked. He loved walking. Moreover, he was properly equipped with stout walking shoes, thick woollen socks, a thick woollen balaclava designed for Everest expeditions, two even thicker woollen sweaters and a windproof jacket. I imagine he found they insulated him from the midday tropic sun. Meantime, the nun had mounted the waggon, put her sandals over the wooden uprights and opened her sunshade to protect her shaven head from the same tropic sun.

A WET WALK

An account of a leader who, afraid of breaking the Club's rules went on a scheduled walk under adverse conditions. Wally McGrath

On Friday it started to rain, and Saturday was worse. Some said it was a cyclonic disturbance whilst others said it was an anti-cyclonic disturbance. It did not matter much what it was, as the end results were all the same.

When I awoke on the Sunday morning it was still pouring rain. What should I do, as leader of the day's walk? I looked up the direction sheet attached to the Walks Schedule and read that "all day walks must be held," so I proceeded, in my customary manner, to prepare for the walk.

As a precaution against having to boil the billy in pouring rain, I packed my little thermos flask. It was full of piping hot tea. It could have been coffee, soup or any of those other delightful hot drinks, but this time it was tea. Next time I will make it Bonox and Rum! I also packed my little umbrella. I would put it up and poke the handle down my neck when I sat down for lunch, so as to ensure protection from the rain.

Then off I went to the station to catch the 8:42 a.m. Not a soul turned up. I was disappointed, as some of my little friends in the Club promised me that they would come. Where were the intrepid bushwalkers who claim that they walk in all weathers? Where were those who around the campfire boast to the beginners of their experiences in the rain and floods of the Clyde and Cox's Rivers? Where were the committee members, whom we look up to for advice, inspiration and encouragement? In bed, no doubt.

Again I perused the direction sheet and found that the leader must proceed to the appointed place. Perhaps Central Station was not the appointed place after all, as members live at various points along the line. Some get on at Sydenham, so I looked out at that place, but not soul in sight. Some get in at Rockdale and Sutherland, but again not a soul in sight. Perhaps the appointed place might be from where the walk starts, as some could come by car. But at Lilyvale, again, not a soul in sight.

Too late to turn back now, as there was no train returning to the city till 4:00 p.m. and, since the waiting shed had been demolished, there only remained the little house at the end of the platform. But this was no place to spend the next six hours,

So I set out. There is a good road up from the station, used by the firm who conduct the mushroom farm in the old abandoned rail tunnel. It ascends by way of a ridge for about two miles up to the outskirts of West Helensburgh. At this point, about five roads branch out in all directions. I did not want to get out my map, as the high wind and the pouring rain would ruin it, so I tried to reason out which one of the roads I should

take. I did not know which would be the right one, but the one I took I at least knew would not be the wrong one, as its general direction was right. I followed this road, but it gradually became no more than a track and went steeply downhill. In about three-quarters of an hour I came out at Otford Railway Station. Here I went under the verandah of the only shop in the village and studied my map. The dotted track I had intended to follow did not exist and due to the weather I did not relish going through the thick wet scrub, so I followed a good tarred road up to Bald Hill and thence to Stanwell Tops where the track to Kellys Falls commences. This was the wettest part of the whole trip, as the track was overgrown and running with water.

After a while I came to a small stone igloo, or shelter with a seat just big enough to take two people if they sat close together. Set in the stonework of this shelter, in bright red stones, were two hearts, each pierced with an arrow. It looked to me as if this shelter was donated by the Otford Master Butchers Archery Club! I had my lunch here in comfort and then proceeded to the Falls which were only about a quarter of a mile farther on.

The amount of water going over the Falls made them very spectacular --a glory to behold.

After a short stay, I retraced my steps to West Helensburgh and instead of going down to Lilyvale I proceeded to Helensburgh Station, where I caught the 3:12 p.m. Rail Motor home.

My only companions on the trip were two leeches, found when taking off my sox.

The glory of the Club has been maintained. No scheduled walks have yet failed through lack of starters.

The Lord is wise, foreseeing, kind.
Of this fresh proof is added;
For when the female he designed
Long years ago, He bore in mind
That if she skied she'd be inclined
To fall with force on her behind--
And so He made it padded.

THE JOYS OF BUSHWALKING

Victor Gordon

Upon being accepted into the exalted company of the bushwalking fraternity, one gradually changes one's habits and mode of living by accepting what normally would never be considered the thing. For instance, it seems the object is to have the biggest pack, with two of everything (kitchen sinks included). With such things as time-tables and catching trains to cope with, you eventually reach your destination. You now proceed to load this colossal thing on your back by doing the double twist! Then you dash madly into the bush, disregarding little things that bite, creep and crawl. When you reach a place called camp you unload this massive pack (known as a rucksack) by the ingenious process of pulling your head in. After erecting your tent (designed for other walkers to trip over) you come to an important event - having a "cuppa." For this unique experience, you delve deeply into your rucksack, scattering radios, mattresses, etc. in a five foot radius, and find your billy at the bottom.

You then make a heap of timber and bushes, filling your billy with water, putting it on top and lighting it. When boiling, throw a couple of fistfuls of tea in, then grab wildly - burning your fingers and spilling most of it. The resulting brew should be drunk in an aluminium cup (this is good for the lips), preferably in a smoky atmosphere and with a few ants to put body in it.

The prospective overseas traveller would do well to arm himself with some knowledge of the language of the country he intends to visit. Some embarrassing mistakes can be avoided. Do not be like the German who said, in great indignation, to the waiter in a London restaurant, "I am here since ten minutes--when do I become a sausage?" He was deceived by the fact that while the German word "kommen" means "come" in English, the German word "bekommen," meaning "to get," is differently translated in English.

There was the Englishman who translated "J'aime la langue francaise" by "I love the tall French girl." An Australian interpreted "une longue suit" by "a lounge suit." Another Australian translated "le sale temps" (dirty weather) into "sale time."

And then, in Italy, there is a special crop of blunders to be avoided. Imagine an Italian waiter's astonishment when you order roast dog "cane" instead of "carne" (meat). Don't talk about riding on cabbages, "cavoli," with the stress on the first syllable, instead of "cavalle," with stress on second syllable. A tall thin American lady once caused much merriment in a Florentine train by stressing the wrong syllable in a word: she wanted a ticket to Grassina (stress on the first syllable) - a little village outside Florence - but what she said was "una grassina" (stress on the second syllable) which means one, small and fat."

In Spain you can make the same mistake as in France by talking about horses when you wish to refer to your hair.

Even in English speaking countries there can be difficulties. How many Australians in the U.S.A. have been served with "cake" when they asked for "coke." This is due to a characteristic Australia vowel sound.

Then there was the Cockney who heard of a friend travelling in the north-east of the U.S. The report was that his friend was knocked down by a bison. The Cockney's reaction to this news was "Oo froo it?"

 The sun is lord and god, sublime, serene,
 And sovereign on the mountains: earth and air
 Lie prone in passion, blind with bliss unseen
 By force of sight and might of rapture, fair
 As dreams that die and know not what they were.
 The lawns, the gorges, and the peaks, are one
 Glad glory, thrilled with sense of unison
 In strong compulsive silence of the sun.

Algernon Charles Swinburne
 (1837-1909)

ANNUAL REPORT - Year Ended 4th August, 1962

The year just passed has been the first period of office for some of the Committee members, and each has enjoyed the rewarding experience. A number of the Committee went on holidays together and the extra duties that resulted for the remaining Committee members, including the preparation of a Walks Schedule, were efficiently fulfilled without complaint. They, and Club members, are thanked for accepting this absence of Office Bearers.

Membership stands at 64. During the year we had 14 resignations and 5 new members were welcomed. This is quite a high proportion of people leaving the Club, resulting in a lower membership than previous years. This may be remedied in the coming year by members endeavouring to introduce some of their friends to the enjoyment of bushwalking. Visitors on walks and camps were numerous; many were in Sydney temporarily and it is felt they took away with them happy memories of the Bush Club. Some members returned from travels overseas and have given many of us much enjoyment by telling of, and illustrating, their experiences.

The Committee had some changes during the year as employment commitments made it impossible for two members to continue in office. The vacancies were capably filled. The location of our monthly meetings was changed as the New Year joined us, the old meeting room being no longer available for renting. Searching for the new meeting place provided some surprises at the expense of premises for club meetings. Having meetings on Wednesday nights has resulted in a falling off of attendance; the night evidently clashes with other activities. The average of 40 members at meetings has dwindled to about 30.

Walks and camps were generally well attended throughout the year; the notable exception being a few occasions when the Sydney area was thoroughly soaked by rains that made any outdoor activity practically an impossibility. Car weekends provided the opportunity to visit country not readily accessible, such as the Colo River area, Capertee Valley and the Budawangs. Vehicle owners and drivers are to be thanked for their co-operation and making this form of Club activity so successful. The Club had a weekend afloat that combined with camping to make an enjoyable time.

Another children's walk was held and again proved popular; this is an excellent way of introducing to the young folk the joys of the bush. An Instruction Weekend, in conjunction with a camp and the comfort of huts for those who wanted them was planned and arrangements commenced. Instruction on subjects allied to bushwalking would have given experienced members a chance to pass on their knowledge to others. The weekend had to be abandoned because of lack of response. This is unfortunate as such a project could broaden our efficiency and make our enjoyment of the bush more satisfying.

Activities such as these are the things that give a bushwalking club its prestige and ability to please members. Our thanks must go out to those who lead the walks and camps and to our Walks Secretary for varied and interesting Walks Schedules.

Club members have roamed over the length and breadth of the country. The roof of Australia was again the setting for an ambitious walk over the Christmas-New Year period. A memorable walk this, and it was interesting to note that many members who had embarked on a similar journey the previous year went again this time. One member has spent much time in Tasmania walking all over this paradise for walkers (and working a little as well); he should be a mine of information for anybody wanting to visit that State. Other members left on camping and walking tours that went through the Centre of the Continent, and some went to the West Coast and back. All came home richer in their appreciation of this great Land of ours.

WALKS & TALKS is again under the Editorship of its founder and is still a magazine that is looked forward to by members; providing a means of expression for its contributors and assisting to make the comradeship in the Club a pleasure to be shared by all.

The Social programme during the year has been a full one. House parties and the Theatre have added to Club activities, and the Birthday Barbecue at Balmoral to celebrate the 22nd year of the Club was an enjoyable occasion, despite the doubtful weather. All who attended went away with happy memories and confirmed faith in the Club's ability to carry on, no matter what the circumstances. Entertainment and supper after meetings were also well handled and the highlight of this phase of the Social Committee's competence was a well illustrated lecture on birds and their habits by Mr. S.G. Lane, a very keen ornithologist. Perhaps in the coming year similar talks could be sought from other people in their chosen fields of work or hobbies.

Our Federation, N.P.A. and Search and Rescue Delegates have kept all members accurately informed on the activities of each of those bodies and we as a Club have, in turn, added our support when requested, in matters of conservation and the formation of the new Reserves for the enjoyment of those who follow us.

The ambitious project of a Club Booklet (setting out a little of the Club's beginnings, information to guide those who wish to enjoy the bush in the company of others, the Club Constitution and a Code of Ethics for Bushwalkers) was commenced. Work on it has progressed to the stage where the booklet is almost ready for distribution to members and all new members as they are accepted into the Club. It is hoped this will fulfil a need by telling new members a little of our history, outlook and the desired behaviour of Bushwalkers.

The year has been a successful one from the aspect of finance and the Financial Statement provides evidence of this.

The Committee is most grateful for the co-operation and support given by all members during this past year and we trust the coming year will provide many opportunities for our combined enjoyment of the wonders and delights of the bush.

Barry Davis
Hon. Secretary

It is so small a thing
To have enjoyed the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought,
To have done?

Matthew Arnold
(1822-88)

FAREWELL MAX

To walk and camp with the late Max Gentle was a privilege those who have had the experience will not forget. Max was the self-reliant competent walker that all of us strive to be; he was so well organized and efficient that he would be comfortably established in camp while most others were still looking for tent poles and a site to pitch the tent. Max could adapt his technique of making camp to suit any condition I ever experienced in his company.

He was a walker from way back. Where he hadn't walked he had pedalled a bike and his stories of the days when these feats were the first of their kind have provided much enjoyment, and a little envy, to us who have heard Max's reminiscences. Who could lose the fond memory of his amazing memory for dates and the mates he explored new country with? It would have been a wonderful thing for bushwalking if some of the details of the stories, of which Max had such a rich store, had been recorded for future walkers. All of his tales had running through them a thread of humour that made the absorbing of the facts he knew so well such a pleasure.

A love of gardening and flowers was something that perhaps the years of walking and observing in the bush developed in Max. He would, almost without fail, bring a small colourful bunch of flowers to meetings and I have watched him present them to a fellow flower lover in almost an apologetic manner. A man's man was Max.

One of the guiding principles of his life seemed to be the quality of independence and of being a trouble to no one. Even the sad circumstances of Max's passing followed this pattern; I feel that had he been able to choose in this matter he would have desired it no other way,

I am humbly grateful for having known and walked with Max Gentle.

(The above tribute was sent in on behalf of all Max's walking companions and the writer therefore wishes to remain anonymous - Ed.)