

# THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A Journal devoted to matters of interest to the  
Sydney Bush Walkers, 5 Hamilton St., Sydney, N.S.W.

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## EDITORIAL

There has been a revolution in the Club this quarter, and there was "not so much as the barking of a dog over it." The Club has bought a duplicator, the Business Manager has enlisted the services of three stalwart men to work it, and we are going to print our own "Sydney Bushwalker" in future and publish it once a month. And most revolutionary of all, don't faint! get your first-aid smelling salts ready instead! The price is to be threepence! and the annual sub. 4/- post free! Both the Editor and the Business Manager feel that it would be far better if the cost of "The Sydney Bushwalker" were included in the Club's annual subscription which would accordingly be slightly raised. But perhaps this would be a little too revolutionary at the moment. We are just letting you know now so that the idea will have had time to sink in before the Annual Meeting. That is what you call Fabian tactics, is it not?

It is also intended in future to print in "The Sydney Bushwalker," the Social Programme, any important announcements, all notices of motion at forthcoming meetings, and names and addresses of new members.

As this will be the last issue of "The Sydney Bushwalker" quarterly we take the opportunity of thanking Miss Brennan for the excellent services she has rendered us in typing "The Sydney Bushwalker" since its inception. If you want any typing or duplicating done you could not do better than go to her. Her address is - Kempls Building, Margaret Street, Sydney.

The Editor also takes the opportunity of thanking Miss Kath McKay for correcting manuscript for this issue. But if you find any mistakes don't blame Kath because all articles did not pass through her hands. Incidentally she typed out all of Wiff's letter. Has the Club ever thought of presenting Wiff with a fountain pen? Before he goes in quest of King Sol again, the Club might very well spend some of its superfluous funds on this excellent object, and confiscate his horrid lead pencil.

ON SUB-SECTIONS GENERALLY.....  
THE ROCK-CLIMBING SECTION IN PARTICULAR.  
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Dot. English.

The Club is beginning to swarm with Sub-Sections. In a broad general sense all Club members are ONE, only the prospectives sneaking around apologetically under the designation of Suspects or Contemptibles. But among this apparently homogeneous mass of members it is not impossible to separate out a number of new sects which are beginning to make themselves felt. Two of the most legitimate are the "Search and Rescue" and the "Topographical" sections, whose appeal is directed to the earnest and conscientious walkers.

On a lower plane we have the "Highbrow Hikers", and as a necessary re-action to their formation the "Lowbrow Loafers" sprang into being. Then there is the arbitrary division of Club members into "Compatibles" (sponsored by Her-Bert and Der-Bert), all not in this classification being bundled together in a regrettably one-eyed and biased manner, we fear - as "Incompatibles".

In a political sense we have the "Left Wing", whose adherents can always be relied upon to raise contentious matter at General Meetings, and are generally against the Government, no matter what the Government's opinion may be.

Also worthy of mention is the recently formed band of "Tigers" whose Herculean achievements put them so obviously in a class entirely the reverse to the "Picnic-ers" that it is almost superfluous to point out the fact.

An announcement has also been made concerning the formation of a "Light Brigade" (foundation members Alex Colley and Dot English). Anyone can join - there is no charge, the only condition of membership being that the week-end pack must not exceed 15 lbs. This, we feel, is stating an exceptionally high maximum. When all the Bright Ideas of Club members are put into operation (aided and abetted, of course, by our invaluable and priceless Paddy) there is no saying where we might end.

In the matter of climbing, Club members have been subdivided into two main classes - the "Dingos", a popular term used by climbers to describe their too timid fellows (or too sane - depending on which side you belong). This term, facetiously introduced by one of the members with a zoological turn of mind, seems to have come to stay. The other sub-section (in the opinion of the non-climbers) covers the "Dingbats", of which, more anon.

Of course there is great rivalry between all these pairs of opposites. The Compatibles are justified in criticising the actions of the Incompatibles, and the Dingos are quite within their rights to jeer at the Dingbats, and vice versa, but things begin to get a bit complicated when you discover that a fellow Dingbat is a member of the Highbrow Hikers and therefore a fit object of scorn to yourself (who happen to be a Lowbrow Loafer). This complexity makes for greater interest and prevents enmity, for though, as a rival Highbrow Hiker, you may cut his legs from under him (metaphorically speaking), this does not prevent you from risking your life to save him when dangling over a precipice on a rope; nor does it prevent him from returning this appreciated kindness by levelling you to the dust, so to speak, should the opportunity present itself. But nobody worries about this, for it's a mutual world we live in - a friendly give-and-take sort of a world, and

there is no great harm in it.

In connection with the formation, and the recreational and business methods of each of the sections aforesaid, there are many interesting facts, purposefully only hinted at here as we will go into greater detail in subsequent issues. However, one of them is to be dealt with at length in this issue, and we will start with the Rock-Climbing Section.

There is nothing very much to report except that we have been formed. We have done nothing exceptional as yet in the way of scaling virgin peaks. True, we have laid siege to Carlon's Head and conquered, only to discover that it had already been scaled before by an intrepid solo artist who dragged his pack up after him by means of a few feet of window cord - (Chorus: "What a man!"). A party is also reported to have previously come down by means of a fixed rope. We have also conquered BlackBilly's Knob, but the glory which should have been attached to this success was shortlived as, after the main party had risked its several necks in successfully negotiating a perpendicular cliff face, the last man of the party to arrive, after a few minutes scouting around the base of the rocks, found another way up which proved to be a mere walk-up.

In next issue you will be able to read Instalment 2 on this subject, so buy your copy early.

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MOLLY-MOO-MA

by Clare Kinsella.

It was on a Sabbath morning  
In the soft autumnal weather  
In the deep and narrow valley  
Where the river Grose runs swiftly  
Flowing onward ever onward.  
(Tis a habit this of rivers)  
Leaping, swirling, sweeping, sparkling,  
Laughing over rocks and pebbles,  
Spilling into sunny shallows  
Where the forest giants the tall gums  
Strong and stately there the tall gums  
Look down to the quiet waters  
Look down at their leafy branches  
At their beauty there reflected.  
On this lovely sabbath morning  
Down the valley by the river  
Came a party of bush walkers  
Members of the S.B.W.  
Headed by the stalwart Herbert  
Whipped in by the stalwart Derbert  
Both were mighty men of action

Friends were they and sworn blood brothers  
(Sworn to talk the others thought them)  
For they talked all through the morning  
For they chattered in the evening  
And at night when soft the full moon  
Rode above the limped waters  
Still their voices and their laughter  
Broke into the silver silence.

---

Swift the leader bounded onward  
Swift the leader stalwart Herbert  
Sometimes on the track but mostly  
Off it in some rocky chasm.  
And behind him, leaping, stumbling  
Stubbing toes and wet with perspiration (What we do for rhythm!)  
Came the puffing, panting, party,  
Came the others on probation  
For this was indeed a test walk  
Yes, indeed it was a test walk.

Test of brawn and test of muscle.  
Would these uninitiated  
These poor creatures on probation  
Carry on the great traditions  
Of the club the S.B.W.?  
Would they burn and bury rubbish?  
Would they light a decent fire?  
Would they carry all their own food?  
Would they scrounge upon their fellows?  
But the thought that made them tremble  
Made them shiver in their shoes  
Would they be found compatible?  
Would that many headed ogre  
That dreaded ogre the Committee  
Weigh them up and find them wanting  
Cast them into outer darkness?  
As the sun approached its zenith.  
Riding high across the heavens.  
Then the minds of all the party  
Turned to thoughts of food and more food  
Then the leader noble Herbert  
Signalled to his brother Derbert  
Here we out - went forth the edict.  
Soon beside the rushing river  
Underneath the casuarinas  
Rose the smoke of many camp fire  
Curling blue the smoke of camp fires.

---

One there was among the party  
She a maiden dark and lovely  
For the purpose of this poem (?)  
We shall call her Molly-moo-ma  
Molly-moo-ma, Running water  
Now this maiden, dark and lovely,  
Dark and lovely Molly-moo-ma  
Gazed with longing at the water  
Longed to feel its cleansing freshness  
Wash away the stain of travel  
Wash away the dirt and perspiration  
Of her toilsome journey.  
But alas she had no costume,  
Low her head she hung in sorrow  
Low above the rushing river.  
Not for long did sadness claim her  
Was she not a true bushwalker

Did she not always strive to cherish  
In her heart their highest ideals?  
Should she let a trifling matter  
Trifling matter lack of costume,  
Keep her from the sparkling streamlet,  
Keep her from the cleansing waters,  
Keep her from her heart's desire?  
Taking but her cake of lifebuoy,  
Rosy pink her cake of lifebuoy  
Silently she left the party  
Walked beneath the casuarinas  
Till she found sweet isolation.  
Here with speed she shed her clothing  
And approached the rippling streamlet;  
Soon like lovely Aphrodite  
Rose she from the foaming waters  
But this foam was made from lifebuoy  
(Lever Brothers please take notice  
You must not use this as copy  
For your B.O. advertising  
Molly-moo-ma, might not like it,  
Molly-moo-ma, running water.)  
So she sported in the river  
Feeling but its cleansing freshness  
Heading not the speeding current  
Heeding not its strength and power  
Till in its fierce grip it held her -  
Took her onward, downward, downward,  
Over rocks and over pebbles  
Slipping, sliding, bumping, bounding  
Rushing over rocks and rapids.  
Vainly did she try to rise up  
Try to cling to rock or pebble  
But the current ran too swiftly  
All too swiftly ran the current -  
Onward, onward, ever onward  
Merciless and strong it held her  
Till at length it brought her to the  
Spot where all the rest were gathered  
Round the leader stalwart Herbert  
And his brother stalwart Derbert.  
Steadily their jaws were working  
Munching, crunching, chewing, biting,  
Stolidly they stared before them  
Heeded not the lovely damsel  
Lovely damsel, Molly-moo-ma,  
As the river swept her onward  
Racing onward to destruction!!!

WIFF SEEKS OLD SOL AMONG THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

Moorea Island, via Tahiti.

Dear Club-Mates,

I know you would like to hear of new places and how we are faring in the Pearl of the Pacific. Well, I wrote you last at Houailou, New Caledonia. When I got back to Noumea we stayed two days at an hotel and during that time I got up early and visited the Markets. They start at 2 a.m. and finish at 6 a.m. The locals buy all their vegetables and fish and crabs there. The fish are in wooden boxes - hand-carts full of water and fish swimming about alive. The inspector comes round and if he sees dead fish he takes it out and won't allow it to be sold. As the people select their fish they are caught and threaded on string with a needle, tied in a loop and given to them to carry home all alive.

We decided to camp at Majenta, a seaside place about two miles out of Noumea. Everything was just to my liking - good grassy place to pitch the tent alongside of the beach, a fair breeze and plenty of places to roam. But the d - mosquitoes ruled the night - tent all sealed up and two mosquito coils burning all night, nearly suffocating us. We put up with them for two weeks and were glad to get away from the place.

We visited a very old fort with two cannons dated 1875. We had to scale a very dangerous cliff as we approached it from the rocks below, and nearly slipped when up 50 ft. high. We then had to crawl under and over lantana for 50 yds. It was well worth it as we were rewarded with a splendid view of the coast-line for miles. Coming back was easy as we found the old road that they took the cannons up.

We chummed in with a Frenchman and his wife who wanted to give us everything they had - cooking-pots, kettle, coffee-pot, fruit, duck, fowl and sugar-cane. He took us crabbing at night and showed us how to catch them easily. We caught 18, some a fair size. He wanted me to have the lot. We were invited up to his place and went. I nearly cried when I saw how poor he was. They only had an old bed and a couple of boxes in it, and yet they were as happy as could be, and sang songs in French. He showed me his tame flying-fox that used to kiss him and not bite. I could not stay for afternoon tea. He was terribly upset and wanted to know why I must hurry. I gave his wife some money and he was annoyed with me and did not want to take it, so to get even he arrived at camp in the morning with a duck and fruit. Nobody ought to starve there - they can just go out into bush or to beach and pick up enough to eat. He works very hard cutting fencing posts and carting them into Noumea on a hand-cart and selling them for a few francs.

Another experience we had - we went for a short walk about one and a half to two miles away on a dull day. A small hill at the end of the land looked like a good look-out so we went to the top, but we were so exhausted getting there and breathing hard through our mouths that we could not make it out. I think there must have been an air-pocket or a shortage of oxygen. The wife had a great struggle to get back to camp and nearly collapsed. She was bad for two days after. I didn't feel any ill-effects, only the exhaustion while going up the hill.

At last the day arrived to sail away to the Pearl of the Pacific, so we left Noumea and the mosquitoes behind.

The coast-line was very pretty, plenty of coco-nut palms and beaches with high mountains just to the rear. After about four hours sailing, we left the land and did not see any until we arrived at Port Villa, New Hebrides, next day.

As we had 1,500 tons of copra to take on board, it took two days to do it. A launch was provided for the passengers to go ashore as we were anchored well out alongside the copra hulls.

Port Villa is a very pretty place, but Hot, steaming Hot; yet we saw the natives with shirts and long trousers on. I could not make it out.

We rambled all over the place within a few miles of the wharf. You don't buy any fruit cheaply here - the natives were asking 2/- a dozen for oranges that grow wild here, and 2/- a dozen for wild pears not worth eating. Bananas were all green so I climbed an orange tree in a back shed and got about two dozen and we ate them on the spot. We passed through a coffee plantation and by the gaol. A Frenchman searches the natives as they come in for the night from their work outside. They don't have a guard over them while at work. One party had been down town to do some shopping and were returning with their parcels.

The Ville de Strasbourg, our steamer, left on Sunday, 23rd. May, for Raiatea. No land to see until we sighted the end of Fiji about 10 miles away on Tuesday 25th. - that would be our second Tuesday, as we had passed the 180th., I think they call it, meridian, so that we gained a day. Next day we saw Tonga, about five miles away.

On the next day they rigged up a swimming bath on board about 13 ft. x 10 ft., 5 ft. deep. I need not tell you I was always in it.

On the following Tuesday we arrived at Raiatea, for 7 hours, to take more copra on board. A walk up town both ways and we bought some oranges and bananas that were very cheap. I had never seen such fat bananas before - one was a feed. There are a lot of very fat people here, and they lie about looking too fat to walk. It is a very pretty place. The islands are all mountains and only a fringe around the shore is fit for cultivation. If we have no mountains in Australia - as Miss Byles says - we have them in the Pacific Islands. Tahiti has one higher than Kosciusko.

Next day we arrived at Tahiti, my dream: but I did not dream that I was to be so disappointed in the place. These very generous natives that will give you all you want! It was not going to cost me anything to live here, so I was told. Well, to start off with I was taken down by the chap that took my luggage off the boat. He got away with the note I gave him to get the change. I had to watch them all when dealing with them. They would whip a bit on if you were not wide awake.

I walked out 4 miles looking for a camp site and had to give it up on the first day, and landed home sopping wet. I took car rides out 15 miles one day and the next 20 miles the other way. I was so disgusted with the place that I ordered the car driver to return as there was not a suitable place for me to camp in. I could camp in people's backyards for £1 a month and the same for a week. All land is private property, and houses are everywhere along the sea-front where it is any good. No beaches like ours - black sand, coral sand and pebbles - I forgot, and mud, plenty of it.

We stayed at Stuart's Hotel for five days, a very clean place, and had a good look over the town. I must say it is very pretty and would suit a

loafer that did not want to spend any energy. On Sunday we walked 5 to 7 miles to the Falls up a very wet valley. It was well worth the trip. We got up at 5 o'clock and had a snack. Then visited the Markets that were in full swing. It seemed that all Tahiti was there. Fish of every description, poultry, meat, vegetables and fruit, all very cheap, prawns threaded on a stick, cakes like doughnuts done just the same.

We left the Markets at 6:30 and were right at the falls at 9:30 - a fine sight and a fair quantity of water coming over. We were sopping wet with the undergrowth touching us all the way, and no sun gets there for long. We decided to return after spending only five minutes there, and got back at 12:30. It was hard going along a slippery track and we had to cross the stream on broken bridges and wade through at other places.

We were fed up with the Pearl of the Pacific - the wife wanted to go home - she had had enough. I persuaded her to come over to Moorea, and if that was no good we would return and catch the first boat home.

On Monday we came over here, and the first glimpse of it was enough to satisfy me that I had found what I had been looking for. When we arrived at the wharf, the native that owned the place I had picked out while on the boat, was on the wharf. He would not have anything to do with us and said No! to camping on his place. At last we persuaded him to take our luggage to the hotel and the wife got in too. On the way she talked him over, and when they arrived at his place, he told her we could camp there. It was only a small allotment and his family cemetery in his yard. I walked along behind; it was about two miles from the wharf. We decided to camp alongside of the cemetery, to be as far away from his house as possible and on the beach.

He got very friendly. I asked him how much I owed him for the luggage, and he said "Two francs for luggage and one franc to stay here." We put a week in there and decided on a better spot. At leaving he wanted 5 francs a day and 10 for luggage. I gave him 15 francs and told him off.

The next place is to cost 1.50, a day - that would be 4d. a day we will have to pay here for the privilege of camping on a rough coral bed with no fresh water. That will have to be carted at 3d. a kerosene tin. But we have the finest swimming pool in the world at our tent door. It looks about 3 to 5 miles long and about 1 mile wide. I have not swum all over it yet, only about 100 yds. out - about 6 ft. depth there. The water is as clear as air, and you can see anything at 6 ft. deep. Food is hard to get. We are living on bananas, pawpaws, breadfruit, taro and yams. Bread and butter and tinned fish and meat can be had at the chinaman's store. Fish are hard to catch and the natives won't sell. We have to put in 8 weeks here before we get a boat back to Noumea, or go and look for another place. The next boat leaves Papeete, Tahiti, on 31st. July. We will be sure to catch that one.

Reading in a booklet of New Hebrides, there is a trip that takes about two weeks and calls at 70 places. If it is possible and reasonable we will leave the boat at Port Villa and go on it. If not, we will go to Noumea and try to get to the Isle of Pines to finish off our trip. Some Bush Walkers envied me my luck, but tell them we have had to put up with a lot from the mosquitoes which never let up while on board ship. This is no campers' Paradise - too civilised and too many people living in every available camping spot - independent people who don't want you or your money. And you get nothing unless you pay for it, even a camp site.

It is 10:30 on Sunday 20th. June, and time for a coconut, so I will close, hoping the club is having a good time.

I remain,  
Your club-mate,  
Wiff.

Paddy hopes that the weather for Eight-hour week-end will be as reliable as Paddy-made gear, and each night as you lie down to rest in your Paddy-made Sleeping Bag on your Paddy-made groundsheet inside your Paddy-made tent with head resting maybe on your Paddy-made Rucksack may you enjoy the sweet refreshing sleep that comes after an active well enjoyed day in the bush.

In other words - good camping.

'Phone B.3101.

F.A. Pallin,  
327 George St.,  
SYDNEY.  
Opp. Paling's.



LOB'S HOLE, YARRANGOBILLY, KIANDRA.

On the 19th. December 1936, Harry Savage, Joan Fitzpatrick and myself were met at Wagga by Jimmy Muir who drove us to Tumbarumba by car. The country was looking beautiful, grass knee high all spangled with wild flowers, daisies, buttercups, dandelions and violets. About four or five miles out of Tumbarumba we left the main road and turned off on a rough bush track, which stretches twenty miles to the Tumut River. Jimmy expected to be able to take the car about ten miles along this track. I said it was a rough bush track, and it was just that - over stumps and rocks, twisting and turning in and out of trees, and up and down terribly steep little pinches, across gullies where the road was washed into gutters, and around trees that had fallen across the track. After about two or three miles of this, it got too rough and we three had to get out and walk. My walking shoes were in my pack and I had a pair of new black sandals.

It was lovely walking without packs along a pretty track until the sand began to get into my sandals and rub a blister on my heel. Then a storm came up, the thunder roared and the lightning whipped in and out between the tall trees, and we could hear the rain coming long before it reached us; it sounded like a waterfall. We could see no shelter, and James had our groundsheets in the car miles ahead, so we stood together with our backs to the leeward side of a huge tree and hoped for the best. The rain came down just as if it were being poured out of a bucket and the thunder crashed round us. Then the rain began to run down the trunk of our tree and it started to hail. We were getting wetter every minute so we decided not to wait any longer and started off in the middle of it all with the water rushing down the track, churning up the mud till it washed over our shoe tops. My poor new sandals! We slid all over the place in the greasy mud and had to get off the track and walk in the grass at the side over the logs and stones. We got out of it at last, and by the time we caught up to Jimmy the country was dry. He had had hardly any rain; it hadn't even properly wet the top of the car; it all seemed to have fallen in one patch. We had walked about six or seven miles and were pretty tired, mostly from want of sleep, and we were soaking wet.

We camped that night on McPherson's Plains, a great timbered plateau, crossed by nice creeks, stretching right to the Tumut River. We were up at 4:30 a.m. on Sunday morning, had breakfast and sorted out all our gear, leaving the provisions for our second trip in the car; we also buried some parsnips and carrots for our Christmas dinner. We left camp at 7-20 a.m. and walked ten miles across McPherson's Plains to the Tumut River. From the lookout above the Tumut River we started to go down the steepest hill I have ever had anything to do with. It is about two miles of downhill. We would go along straight for about a hundred yards or so and then fall off the edge on a grade of one in three. The last half mile there were no straight bits and we had to hang on to trees till our knees steadied up a bit so that they would hold us. They simply flapped together. It is the track they take the cattle down when they go to Kiandra for the Summer. The Lord alone knows how cattle get down that slide! We arrived at the bottom in due course, terribly wobbly at the knees, with the awful thought that we would have to climb that hill on our way back. We walked half a mile down the Tumut River to O'Hare's Bridge, which is used to put cattle across the river. The first thing we did was to go in for a swim. It was wonderful although it couldn't be called a swim, as the river is terribly swift and you have to hang on to something to keep yourself from being swept away by the current. The water was only a little above our knees but it was beautifully clear and cool, and made us feel new again.

We had lunch, crossed over the river and paid a visit to an old man who lives on the bank in a little dark, bark hut, the dirtiest-looking old man I think I have ever seen. He looks after the bridge, but I don't know what he would do if anything happened to it. He had a big bed of pansies, and when I admired them he started talking pansies till we thought he would never stop. He said he was trying to grow a different kind of pansy. Although they were beautiful, and a mass of flowers they were nothing out of the way in size. He presented us with a lettuce when we were leaving.

Then we started up O'Hare's Creek. It's a deep narrow, twisty little stream which you cross every few yards, it rises suddenly, the track getting steeper every minute. It was a terrifically hot day and in that deep, narrow split it was breathlessly hot. We eventually left our little creek at a clearing known as the Forty Acres where the creek turned away to the right. Then the real climbing began; I nearly expired on that hill. I had to stop every few yards to get my breath, it wasn't only the up hill, - you had to dig your toenails in to hang on, it was so steep - but the track was pretty awful too. At last we reached the top and after a spell we sidled along the ridge to an old tumble-down homestead. There were trees full of ripe cherries, a big walnut tree full of green nuts, lovely elm trees, heaven-trees and poplars, and at the back of the house a lovely big spring gushed out of the hillside. Then we went over the top and started to slide down into Lob's Hole. We got to the bottom and came out near a farm house and called in but found only two half-caste chinese boys at home. Only one family lives in Lob's Hole now. We went down and had a look at the sluice where they used to wash for gold but it has all gone to ruin now. It used to be worked by water carried for miles in a race round the mountain side from away up the Yarrangobilly River.

We wandered up the river picking mushrooms as we went, till we came to a beautiful green flat by the side of the river. Along the side of it, it had a row of the tallest acacia trees I have ever seen and about six or eight cherry trees loaded with ripe cherries. We had a beautiful swim in the Yarrangobilly under the willow trees and then picked a big hatful of mushrooms. By golly! I was a tired woman and so was Joan; when we arrived we could hardly go another step further, but we revived a bit after the swim, and I cooked the mushrooms. We got to camp at 5:10 p.m. after doing 15 miles for the day, including two terrible down-hills and one up. In coming down the hill into the Tumut river Joan sprained her knee. It swelled up that evening and ached all night, Harry had to bandage it before she could walk on it the next day. That night we had a very spectacular storm, the lightning flashed continuously and the thunder roared round and the wind blew, but we missed the rain.

Up pretty early on Monday morning we had a lovely swim and left camp at 8:20 a.m. We started up the Yarrangobilly River, a very lovely stream which kept getting rougher the further we went. It is fairly big and very fast. We always had to have a stick to push on downstream and often we had to have help from the boys to get across. Jimmy and Harry both got washed off their feet before the day was over. Jimmy went under pack and all and got his pockets full of water. We had lunch at 11:30 and a swim; it was dreadfully hot. The track was very narrow, and covered with fallen trees and lots of blackthorn. In some places it rose very high up the hillside and our feet got sore from walking on their sides. We would just get high up and we would have to come down and cross to the other side, then it was climb up the side and hang on by your eyebrows again. Harry said it was just like the Upper Kowmung in places. At last we came

to a great rock slide, big square chunks of blue metal had streamed down from the top of the mountain and spread out in a fan as they got down to the bottom till the slide was about two hundred yards wide. We had to climb across it fairly high above the river. We crossed that river about twenty times, and most times it came up to our waists, so we were walking in wet clothes all day. We crossed too often to change every time. It was twelve miles of hard walking up-hill all the way, up that river, and I can tell you we were getting tired every minute. We came to an old miner's hut, or where the hut had been. There were fruit trees and a mock-orange bush all out in flower, and up the hillside above the old garden were growing foxgloves all out in flower, beautiful long stems of them. They looked lovely in the late slanty sunlight.

We began to look for the little creek where we turned up to the Caves, for we were very tired. We waited while Jim inspected one little creek but our hopes were shattered, it was not the right one. Joan's leg was giving her a lot of trouble, and she was dragging it badly. At 6:10 p.m. we arrived at the right creek, went over a little saddle and down the track to the warm thermal bath. This is a warm spring gurgling out from the side of the hill into a big square concrete swimming bath about twenty yards square and pouring out of a big square spout on to a rock ledge about five feet below. I can tell you that swim in the warm water was just what we needed. We also stood under the overflow and let it pour on the calves of our legs. It was good, but so hard it almost made us squirm; it was a really good massage. The guide told us later that the spring is in no way connected with any of the creeks or river. Even when the Yarrangobilly dried up once, the spring gushed out just as strong as ever. Two guests from the Caves house told us there was an inspection of the Glory Hole Cave that night, so we put on our clean clothes and climbed up a quarter of a mile track almost straight to the Caves House. Yarrangobilly is a pretty place in a green valley, with weird limestone slabs standing up by themselves here and there. They had an avenue of elms and poplars, but the snow was so heavy last winter it broke most of the limbs off the trees. We were told that was also why there was so much fallen timber in the river.

We put up our tents in the camping area and had a bite to eat, then joined the party at the Caves House. There were about twelve in the party, and we went down a limestone gorge on a track which was built on the limestone cliffs above the Yarrangobilly River. We followed the cliffs round for about a quarter of a mile to the entrance of the Glory Hole. This is a tremendous place about three times as big as the Grand Arch at Jenolan. It took us  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours to go through the Cave. It is very long and interesting, but not nearly so beautiful as Jenolan. There is no colour in it, everything is white or crystal clear. The formations too, are different to Jenolan, as there are hardly any shawls but lots of mysteries. It was very beautiful and wonderfully large, but by golly I was tired. It was as cold as ice in the cave, nearly everyone was shivering.

We got back to camp at last dead tired, had some coffee and bread and jam and went straight to bed. As Joan's knee was pretty bad we had decided not to make an early start to Kiandra the next day, but wait till about mid-day and camp on the road. We were up about 9 o'clock next morning and as we were stiff, and our feet were sore, it was a while before we got into working order. It's the first time I have ever had sore feet on a trip.

We had breakfast and left camp about 12:15 p.m. to climb 1,900 feet up the hill on the road to Kiandra. It was a fairly stiff climb but we got it all over at once. It was fairly level on top where we had a twelve mile road walk which wasn't bad after what we had had. About 3:30 p.m. we turned a corner and saw

Kiandra ahead of us about half a mile away. This cheered us up considerably, so much so, that when we reached the next little creek we made a cup of tea and had something to eat. Well we walked and walked, and never seemed to get any closer to that blessed town. We arrived at the creek about a mile out of the town at 6:30 p.m. and decided Kiandra could go and jump in the river for all Joan and I cared. We were not going to honour it with our presence even if it was the highest town in Australia. It's a horrible looking place, surrounded by bleak plains across which the wind simply whistles in summer time, and it is as cold as charity; I'll bet it is pretty terrible in winter. There are no trees except right on the tops of the hills, and then they are only snow gums which is horrible wood to burn. The boys took us round to an old deserted gold mine, and we made a fire and put up the tents while they went into Kiandra to pick up the supplies we had arranged to get there, and to have a look at the town.

I never saw anything like that place is for water. There is water gushing out of the hills all over the place. Every shaft of the mine was a rushing stream. We made a big fire and had tea nearly ready when the boys arrived back. After tea it started to rain and the wind whistled round, so we sat in an old hut and made a fire at the door and yarned there for a bit. Joan let off some crackers and nearly blew herself up with one that went off unexpectedly.

We woke next morning to a very dreary scene. It was blowing like fun, there was a thick mist, and heavy rain was falling, so we stayed in bed for a while. It was lovely and cosy in the tent and looked terrible outside. Jim got up, and went out to inspect the hut at the mine, and we decided to have breakfast there. Joan and I went up and cooked it while the boys packed up the tents and brought our things up. By the time we finished breakfast and were ready to leave, it had stopped raining. We left the gold mine at 10:30 a.m. and started off cross country to find the track down to Lob's Hole 12 miles away. We gradually climbed up to the top of the hill behind Kiandra 5,000 feet above sea-level, walking through beautiful flowers all the way, great dark purple violets nearly as big as those we get from Melbourne, and all shades of purple and blue, the ordinary blue and white ones, and purple and white ones, lovely things with long stalks. There were mauve daisies with yellow middles, buttercups, dandelions, snow daisies, barley butts and lots of other flowers, the names of which I don't know. Then we got up into the snow gums with their weird twisty branches. By the time I got to the top of the hill I had about three bunches of flowers pinned on the front of me. They told me I shouldn't pick the flowers but there were thousands of them, and I wanted to have a look at them and enjoy them, and I didn't have time to stand still to look at them.

We came to the look-out from where we could see all over Lob's Hole in the distance, and look down on the ridge we had climbed over coming from the Tumut River to Lob's Hole. We started to walk that ten miles track downhill. It was beautiful, a lovely track with beautiful views all the way. We really enjoyed that track and had lunch in a lovely little glen all green grass and tall trees. Then on again, down, till we came to a sheer cliff, the only one I have seen in that part of the country, with a waterfall something like Diamond Falls. We wound round the cliff till we got down to Wallace's Creek, a lovely little bright flashing creek in a terrible hurry; this we crossed about half a dozen times, each crossing prettier than the last. We got to Lob's Hole at 3:30 p.m., took some photos and picked a waterbag full of mushrooms, had some cherries and picked a billy full to stew, then off again over the divide for Forty Acres where we intended to camp that night. This time we went further up Lob's Hole and then turned up

the creek beyond the spur we had come down when we first arrived in Lob's Hole; it wasn't a bad climb up, the most of it was done gradually. We arrived at Forty Acres at 6:20 p.m. after doing 16 miles.

Forty Acres is a big clearing about half way from Tumut River to the top of the divide, a lovely green grassy flat. It was pretty late when we arrived, so we put the tea on while the boys had their bath, and they watched it while we went and had ours. I might say that Mr. Savage offered to carry my waterbag of mushrooms and swung it on the back strap of his pack. Unfortunately he forgot it when he sat down for a rest on the top, planked the pack down on the waterbag and bent the mushrooms. I sorted them out and they tasted just as good. We had a real party that night. We started off with a big plate of mushrooms, then we had really good vegetable stew made of dried vegetables and bully beef, finally we finished off with gooey apricots and custard. (Gooey apricots are made as follows:- Cook some dried apricots and put them in a pan with no juice; in a half cup of juice mix one tablespoon of flour, one tablespoon of butter and half a cup of sugar and pour the mixture on the apricots and bake for about a quarter of an hour, the result is like apricots in caramel). We did a fair bit of washing while we were having our bath. Jimmy erected a weird concoction behind the camp fire which he called a clothes-horse, or line or something, and spread all the clothes out to dry, turning them over periodically, he said it was the Forty Mile Laundry. After tea Joan baked a cherry pie and I made a damper, so he said we were the Forty Mile Bakery. Both efforts turned out satisfactorily.

We left camp at 7:30 a.m. next morning and were down on the Tumut River ready for the climb out at 8:25 a.m. It took Joan and me two solid hours to climb up that two-mile hill. Thank goodness it was a nice cool day and fairly early. On our way back across McPherson's Plains we met a chap on horseback with three pack-horses heavily loaded. Jimmy thought the Hillman Minx might be in the packs so he wouldn't look towards the place where he had left the car, but kept walking with his head turned the other way till we were nearly on top of it. He said he didn't want to know the worst till the last minute. We found the car safe and sound. Everything looked all right till we opened the door and then we nearly fell over backwards. The smell was something terrible. My cardboard box with the two dozen eggs were slightly bent in the trip out to McPherson's Plains, and swarms of blowflies had attended to the rest. We had quite a bit of cleaning up to do. About five o'clock we heard a roar and a bellow in the distance. It kept getting nearer and louder for about half an hour, and then over the hill appeared a big mob of cattle kicking up the devil's own din. As there was a log fence alongside where we were camped, we got the horrible idea they might be going to camp there too; Joan began to worry about her crackers with which she was going to celebrate Christmas Eve that night. However, when the drovers came up they told us they were taking the cattle about two miles further on to camp, and we breathed a sigh of relief. You could hardly hear yourself think for the bellowing that was going on. There were three hundred cattle, plus about half as many tiny calves, which seemed to have all mislaid their mothers, and the mothers were howling their heads off trying to find their offspring. After they went off, the boys decided to go for a bath in the creek. They came back after a while with their towels and soap and said they had had a bath, but we knew they were telling lies by the look of them. They then told us that after the passage of three hundred head of cattle and their calves, the creek was a mere bog, so we advised them to go upstream about a quarter of a mile. I might say the bath was considered by them to be very unnecessary, but as we were celebrating, Joan said they would have to have a bath. After being away

for another half hour they came back and offered to show us to the bath room, so Joan and I accompanied Harry up that swampy creek till we came to a green looking place with a row of ti-trees down the middle. He told us we had to walk about twenty yards through the black mud up to our knees to the ti-trees, then hang our clothes on the bushes, and crawl along in between the bushes to the centre of the swamp to where there was a tiny stream running through the weeds. Then when we got out we could bring a billy of water with us to wash our legs when we got on dry land. It was quite obvious from the tracks that this is what the two boys did and they had a bit of trouble getting their shorts off over their muddy legs. As soon as Harry left us to our fate we stripped a lot of bark off a dead tree, threw it on the bog until we made a path in to the ti-trees and up the centre a bit, and by balancing on some roots we had a "bitsa" bath, scooping the water up out of the weeds with our hands.

We celebrated Christmas Eve that night Santa Claus and all.

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A CREED FOR NATURE LOVERS.

I believe:-

That the Australian continent not only provided the cradle but the everlasting home of the fascinating flowers, birds and furred animals which awaited the coming of civilisation.

That I should not harm any living thing unharmed to me, as I hope to avoid harmful things, and that even harmful creatures should be controlled with due regard to their scientific importance and right to survival.

That to enjoy the living plants and animals is a more lasting and universal source of pleasure than to collect their remains, excepting where science is aided, and their exhibition increases knowledge and love of nature.

That the nests of birds, built with such skill and patience, should not be destroyed in a moment of curiosity, and that eggs should be left to hatch forth lovely feathered songbirds, rifling of their homes being as wicked as theft from my own.

That as the bushes and trees provide food and shelter for birds and marsupials such as the koala, such shelter should not be destroyed without reason or adequate replacement, and that wild flowers should be gathered with all the care due to living things of exquisite scent and beauty.

That wholesale sacrifice of native animals for monetary gain in a country rich in natural resources of minerals, grain and stock, is a confession of greed and incompetence unworthy of the Australian Commonwealth.

That, as Australia has the gentlest and least harmful furred animals the world has known, they should be given sanctuary and conserved with benevolent care for their future survival, subject only to vital needs for the existence of man, their more advanced but oftentimes unnatural brother.

From "Scouting in N.S.W."

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### THE TRIUMPH OF TENTS

Being an Interview with F.A. Pallin.

By Judex.

Paddy was cornered. He sat on his counter dangling his legs and smiling like a little school boy placed in a, perhaps flattering but certainly, embarrassing, situation.

"I want you to tell me how you came to make tents and bushwalking gear." I said.

"It's a long story," was the reply. And it was. It took us back to school days and the Harbour Master at Hartlepool, England, who took an interest in boy scouts.

"You lads do a lot of camping", he said one day, "why don't you make a tent for yourselves?"

He produced a bundle of old duck, 18 oz a yard stuff or thereabouts ( of Japara at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  oz.), and they set to work with palms and sail needles. They stitched and stitched. It was hard work and there were many broken needles. When it was finished it was so heavy they could not make it stand up. They took it to the Yorkshire Moors and used it to keep the firewood dry!

That was Paddy's first tent, apart of course from table-clothes and such like on the back lawn.

Then the War came and Paddy joined the air-force, but peace was declared soon after. In addition to her other benefits Peace brought yards and yards of air-ship fabric going begging at 2/- a yard, absolutely water-proof - and incidentally, air-proof - bright, shimmering and silver - just the stuff for a tent for a holiday in the Lake District. So Paddy and his pal set to work and made a "A" tent of their own patent with marvellous tent poles of iron tubing contributed by the pal who was an engineer.

Soon after this Paddy left the parental roof and went to live in London where the hurley burley of life left no time for camping. He was deep in the heart of the Boy Scout Movement and that sufficed. So it was not till 1922 or 1923 that the third tent appeared, a pyramid variety especially designed for a cycling tour through the New Forest.

"But what did you do about your other tramping gear?" I interposed at this stage. "Did you make that, too!"

"Oh, no, we bought that. You could always buy rucksacks and such like in London, and as for a sleeping bag, well, Mother gave me an eiderdown for my bed and I made it into a sleeping bag for my tent."

So it all might have ended with tents if Paddy had not developed wanderlust, or "itchy" feet, he called it, and taken ship for Australia in 1926. He and another man started running a dairy farm on shares, and had far too much to do to think about tents, camping, tramping, or even hiking. It was not altogether a success, so at the end of nine months he gave it up and instead took up fencing, and camped along side his fence in a little Itisa tent he had bought in London.

By this time the "wide open spaces" were losing some of their romance; the flesh pots of Sydney called; Paddy chucked fencing and got a job something in his own line, office work, with an occasional camp at the week-end. He wrote and

asked May to come out and get married which she did, and they settled down to perfectly ordinary suburban life, better than such life in London, perhaps, but still very, very ordinary, and Paddy felt he had failed in his quest - such glorious wonderful dreams and then to come down to this.

The only really exciting incident in the next year was a canoe trip down the Shoalhaven, May being probably the second woman to take such an expedition.

The day they set off they registered their vote at the election that was to return Mr. Lang with all his wonderful promises of better things. On their return the promises came true but not quite in the way either Mr. Lang or Paddy might have wished. His firm found it necessary to retrench and Paddy being one of the later hands was given notice.

It was a pretty serious thing for a newly married young man to be turned out of his job, and Paddy knew it. But still it seemed as if a weight had been lifted from his shoulders.

"The germ of the idea of making camping and hiking gear had been in my mind ever since I tried to buy such at the Scout shop in Sydney and found so little was to be bought. Now was the chance for the idea to come to life."

May searched round and got a job, a temporary one at first then a permanent one, while Paddy set to work to make tents with the old Singer Sewing Machine in his bedroom at home. He realized there was a potential market although he had not heard of the, by this time, quite flourishing club known as the Sydney Bush Walkers. He merely hoped to sell to the Scout shop.

The first he heard of the S.B.W. was from a friend in the Scout shop who said, "They're a pretty tight lot. They won't buy anything if they can make it themselves. But you have a go at them and see what you can do."

Of course the reason we would not buy things was not that we were a "tight lot", but simply that we could not buy what we wanted, and perhaps that was just what Paddy also realized. Anyhow he sent a circular to the Club members. It commenced, "Hike along and may the hiking be good." Paddy thinks the word "hike" is a good one if for no better reason than because it is a scout word, but all the same it was an inauspicious way of opening an advertising campaign expected to appeal to the bushwalkers. Altogether it was a very scouty circular with lovely pictures of trampers who were obviously scouts, but it described tents, packs and sleeping-bags, - just what the club wanted. There was an immediate response, a tent and several groundsheets were sold in the first week.

Paddy did not join the S.B.W. at once. By the time he did, his business was flourishing sufficiently to justify taking a room in town. He still did all the work himself and he could not afford a 'phone. But business grew steadily if slowly. The first frame rucksack was sold to Morrie Berry from whom it was stolen at the end of a week, the first unsolicited testimony for Paddy-made goods. Our friend, Oliver Wulf, joined him while he was still at this room, and accompanied him when he moved above Hallam's where most of us originally made his acquaintance.

Business was undoubtedly growing, but it did not all grow in a day. Many weary weeks and months, even years, Paddy tramped round the city calling on all shops likely to buy his goods. His contempt for money and pity for salesmen gradually disappeared. He found he was generally treated with respect, and that he could still hold up his head in spite of his profession. From the jump he sold to the Scout shop, but other firms followed. The first tent sold outside



N.S.W. was to a Hobart firm. Probably Brenda White - or at any rate one of the S.B.W. visiting Tasmania and demonstrating the excellency of Paddy-made goods - was responsible for the beginning of Paddy's now flourishing connection with Tasmania. Launceston followed Hobart and Melbourne too. But it does not end there. Paddy now sends his wares to as widely scattered places as Adelaide, Perth, Darwin, Alice Springs and New Zealand.

In 1936 he shifted into more spacious premises opposite Paling's and added canoeing and ski-ing gear to his list. It only remains to add mountaineering gear and the list will be complete, and who knows but that with the first parties to visit New Zealand this year this last will soon be added.

This is not the end of the story, but it is the end for the present, and is sufficient to make us realize just how lucky we are to have in Sydney someone who lost his job in the depression and started to make what? "Hiking and Camping Gear?"

No, certainly not, Paddy has altered his slogan in deference to our prejudices and he now makes "Camp Gear for Walkers."

We are lucky, too, that it was not an ordinary business man merely out to make money, who first saw the potential market for bushwalking gear but a bush-walker like ourselves whose pleasure, as well as work, is to serve the bushwalking movement.

#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

BUSHLAND Vol. 1 No. 1 - Published for the Rangers' League N.S.W. This is not exactly "received." To be quite correct it was "pinched" from an unsuspecting purchaser. It is, however, reviewed with the permission of the secretary who said it would have been "received" had we been patient and waited. But we were not. It is full of interesting and informative articles about Australia's unique flora and fauna. In particular there is a fascinating article on tame reptiles. Apparently even lizards respond to affection, and if they cannot purr like a cat or wag a tail like a dog they have other ways of expressing their feelings. However, buy the Magazine and read about it for yourself. We wish the Rangers' League success in its venture, and hope many more issues will follow.

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By the way, have you heard the following remark on one of our foreign visitors? "Oh, yes, Dot English, I've met her. She's the secretary of the Bush-Rangers' League!"

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INTO THE BLUE No. 6 - This number is even better than usual. Several interesting accounts of unusual trips show that the Club is very alive. An annual dinner is also an interesting feature of the social activities.

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THE TARARUA TRAMPER Vol. 9 No. 10. The chief feature of this is the large amount of space devoted to ski-ing. With the Tararuas snow-clad in winter at their back door this is perhaps natural. Some of our Kosciusko lovers will feel very envious. But the rest of us can take consolation in a little verse also printed in this issue beginning and ending thus:-

"I think that I shall never see  
A stick so tricky as a ski.....  
Only God can make a tree -  
But who in hell first made a ski?"

FEDERATION NEWS

You will be pleased to hear that the Federation has decided to publish a journal something like the last "Sydney Bushwalker" Annual. Photos are to be a special feature. So please send in your best, quarter or half plate enlargements on glossy paper with your name, address and club on the back, and also a short description of the place or scene photographed. If the photo should not be used we undertake to see it is placed on the notice board so that you may collect it. But probably it will be used for it is intended to have more illustrations than "The Sydney Bushwalker" annual.

The Federation is also publishing a leaflet setting out the objects of the Federation and it is intended to distribute this on the trains on Sunday morning going to Waterfall. The object of this leaflet is to urge the organization of the unorganized walkers.

It is with regret that the Federation learned about the imposition of camping fees in Garawarra, but it did not feel the time was opportune to make a protest.

It was reported to the Federation that the bushwalking representatives are temporarily, at any rate, the sole trustees of Bouddi Natural Park.

The extension of the Lady Carrington Drive to Otford is distressing the Federation very much. It has sought an interview with the Minister to put before him the views of the bushwalkers.

The Bushwalkers Ball was a great success and it is hoped to show a net profit of £30 to be added to the general funds to forward the Federation's work this forthcoming year.

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CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor,

At our last Monthly Meeting it was decided that the "Annual" magazine be discontinued owing to the expense of production and the small returns from the sales. Of course it would be impossible for the members of the Club to sell enough copies amongst their friends to pay for the paper but surely the magazine has a definite value in advertising New South Wales.

We all know how many visitors we attract from other States and Overseas manily through the circulation of the magazine to other Walking Clubs. If the many people who walk but do not belong to a walking club could see our magazine we would be entertaining even more visitors than at present.

The Tasmanian Trampers with about one quarter of our membership publishes 2,000 magazines; of these the Tasmanian Tourist Bureau disposes of 1,500, the Bookstalls 250, leaving only 250 to the Club. If the work of such a small Club is of such benefit to Tasmania, what must the work of the S.B.W. be worth to New South Wales? We know by the numbers entertained but does the Government Tourist Bureau? Have they been approached? Before a definite decision is made could we not get in touch with the Bureau? I feel that the discontinuance of the magazine would be a loss not only to ourselves but also to the State.

Sincerely yours,  
F. Allsworth.

NEWS FROM HERE THERE AND EVERYWHERE

Centenary Celebrations

The Parks and Playgrounds Movement point out that all the fireworks which went off to celebrate the Centenary of New South Wales have been forgotten, but Centennial Park remains. In New Zealand they are intending to dedicate the whole of the Tararua Range of Mountains as a national park to commemorate their Centenary for all time. Next year we shall celebrate our one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. Shall we crown it only with fireworks? The Parks and Playgrounds Movement suggests instead a string of parks around Sydney, and we would suggest also that it is a fitting time to dedicate the grand Blue Mountains National Park for which the National Parks and Primitive Areas Council have striven so long.

Snake Bite Outfits

How much did you pay for yours? The Potomac Appalachian Trail Club has arranged with a local "druggist" to put up special sets at a price of 3 dollars, or over 12/-. They must have very large snakes over there!

Heavy-weight camping

The same club is arranging a ten days' camp and the food and gear is to be taken out by pack-horse. This and a perusal of the menu recommended shows how different are camping methods there and here:-

Dinner: 2 pint cans of soup, 2 cans of chicken a la king or canned chicken, two vegetables, bread, dessert (2 cans fruit).

Breakfast: 2 pints fruit juice, 2 corn beef hash or 2 cans baked beans (do not bring eggs) bacon or flapjack flour

For 2 lunches: 1 loaf bread, 2 packages cheese, 2 jars jelly, cookies, raisins.

Cupid and Restriction of Membership

From time to time we hear the cry that our membership (over 200) is growing too rapidly and ways and means of reducing it are suggested. Here comes a hint from the Melbourne Men's Walking Club which holds Cupid responsible for the falling off in membership. Cupid causes no falling off in members in a mixed club. On the contrary by adding baby bushwalkers he tends rather to increase them. Moral: If you want to reduce membership, turn the women out and let Cupid do the rest.

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I ought to write to Dorothy,  
I ought to write to Jim,  
Uncle asked me down to stay,  
I ought to write to him;  
I ought to write to Auntie Maude,  
And Barbara and Fred.  
What a lot of letters!  
I think I'll go to bed.

M.H. "Punch" - May 1937.

And the same happens when you say "I ought to write that article for  
"The Sydney Bushwalker!" Ed.

ROUND THE CAMP FIRE

The wedding bells were ringing again on the 10th. of September, ringing for Arnold Barrett and Iris Roxtro, but not many people knew about it until the president announced at the General Meeting that we had the pleasure of having Mr. and Mrs. Barrett - general clapping - with us. "The Sydney Bushwalker" claps, too.

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Another person we have been pleased to have with us is Mr. C.E. Hawkins (Forty) of the Melbourne Walking Club, but it is sad to record that he favoured the meet of the H.H. Club on the 12th. September, instead of that of the Official S.B.W. trip. What is the H.H. Club anyhow?

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A particularly pleasing announcement we have to make is the engagement of Eve Eason and Noel Turnbull, two more comrades of the bush to be comrades for life. Our blessings on them!

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For the seventh year Gordon Smith won the 50 metres (31 miles) championship of the N.S.W. Walking Club beating his own record - 1 mile in 5 hours 28 minutes - not bad going?

Altogether the Club was well represented. Ben Hall, Frank Gentle and David Stead taking all the next places. Heartiest congratulations to all four of our champions!

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The Victorian Tourist Bureau has sent us an interesting account of a new track recently opened for bushwalkers, trampers, hikers, or whatever such people are called in Victoria. This shows that the Tourist Bureau of that State is fully alive to the importance of the pedestrian tourist traffic. It is one of the crying needs of New South Wales that the inexperienced walker should be catered for by provision of more tracks. Our present policy seems to be to turn the few tracks which exist into roads, and remove rather than encourage the pastime which above all others develops that Al type of citizen we profess to desire. We should do well to take a lesson from Victoria.

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The little dicky-bird in the orange blossoms told us something about Arthur Saill and Marvey Moir, Thel Hellyer's younger sister. Is it true?

A little John Sing recently arrived in the world. He has been named Peter Jane, so you may call him either Yan John Sing or Young Jong Sing.

That ten shilling note the Social Secretary was hawking around finally landed with Miss Coffey, you will be interested to know. Your turn next time perhaps. But incidentally the Social Secretary says it was all most illegal.

THE N.S.W. RECREATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LTD.

Wouldn't it be fine if we Bushwalkers, Trailers, Canoe-ers, Coast and Mountain Walkers, Warrigalers and the others, had a club of our own in Sydney.

The sort of place where we could drop in for a meal and a chat at lunch time, or during those awkward two hours between work and 'going places' in the evening.

Somewhere where we could leave our packs on the way to the office on Saturday, and go there for a feed and to change at noon before going off for that week-end in the bush.

A place where our respective clubs would hire their club-rooms for meetings, and a room for socials, or those rehearsals, etc. A central office for our secretaries to do our club business in, with typewriters, duplicators, etc.

All these things are possible through the principle of co-operation, and a draft prospectus of the proposed mutual Society is being discussed by your committees and the Federation.

Such a Society would have the legal sanction to carry out all the business details, and would be financed by the clubs and individual supporters taking out shares.

I think that it is the obvious way for us to go about getting worthy facilities for our growing out-door movement, don't you. If you do, lets get together and talk it over, and if things are to be ready for a meeting of formation before the end of October it depends on all you folk coming along with your ideas and enthusiasm right now.

Yours,

Frank Duncan.