

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A monthly Bulletin devoted to matters of interest to  
The Sydney Bush Walkers, 5 Hamilton Street, Sydney.

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Editor: Dorothy Lawry                      Business Manager: J.W.Mullins.  
Publication) Misses Clare Kinsella, Kathleen McKay, Dot.English, Mary  
Staff        ) Stoddart; Messrs. Brien Harvey and Stan Lumsden.

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E D I T O R I A L

We seem to have produced a Special Overseas Number this time.

When we made the usual enquiries for contributions for the September issue, there were at least half-a-dozen articles partly written. However, none of them materialized in time for September, but we hope most of them will be appearing in October.

For a time it looked as though the Editor would have to write most of the September issue, but then our reviewer began to read the various publications received during the month from other clubs -- and there was so much of interest in them that we were glad the other articles had been delayed.

To complete our Overseas Number, right at the critical moment, along came the first contribution from our ex-Editor, Marie Byles. We know you will enjoy travelling with her (second-hand, of course, but so much cheaper, and less tiring), and we have another of her articles up the editorial sleeve for next month. We knew she would have a good time, but we do like hearing about good trips, and not just being left to imagine them.

BUSHWALKING IN JAVA

By Marie B. Byles.

It is not very easy to bushwalk in Java because all the lower parts are cultivated either as garden or field, while the jungle on the mountain would grow again over night if a track were made. Still, there are mountains, unsubstantial faery peaks peeping through the clouds like Japanese paintings and I expect if I lived here I would do something about bushwalking even though it is not "done".

At Sourabaya we took an orthodox motor tour to an orthodox hill tourist resort dominated by the "Bad Hotel", - I leave it to the reader to decide whether the name was due to the swimming pools or to the fact that there was nothing to do there except drink and swim! Marjorie Edgar Jones and I took a stroll round the charming houses and lanes. The Dutch have an eye for beauty which is simply unknown to us Australians. I could not help contrasting this tourist resort with Katoomba, a naturally lovely place which we have made hideous. Here they have made a very ordinary place into a picture, the houses and gardens a part of that picture. And so it is throughout Java - trees, trees everywhere, not a road without its leafy avenue of cool green, not a yard of ugly landscape in the whole island, even down at the shipping wharfs.

No sooner had Marjorie and I started our little bushwalk than we were followed by a smiling native who kept muttering something about "water-pool" and urging us up paths we did not want to take. Marjorie was afraid we might get robbed; personally I had no fear of this for they have policemen all armed to the teeth with swords and pistols, but I was just a little afraid that the smiling native wanted to change our bushwalk into a personally conducted tour with the corresponding tip; so we right-about-turned and tried to shake him off. He took a lot of shaking, and when he was gone we were followed by smiling urchins who wanted us to ride their ponies. It was in vain we said "Tidah", ("No") - a word we had thought it advisable to learn; they continued to follow. Altogether bushwalking in Java is difficult.

One custom in Java which appealed particularly to Frazer Ratcliffe is that which dictates the women should carry the heavy loads. He suggested that Marjorie and I might get into training to be ready to emulate their example in China. They carry the loads either on their heads or slung around their shoulders with a Sarong, or, if the load is an infant, then in a sling on their hips like Anice Duncan or Phil Roots. It is only fair to add that if the women carry one load the men usually manage two, one at each end of a pole across their shoulders. A favourite load is the wayside cooking-stove at one end and the eats at the other. I recommend this to Paddy as another little luxury which might be added to the pecks of those who already take out camping everything except the kitchen stove!

Sourabaya, Samerang, Batavia - they remain a confused memory of beauty, and strange and curious sights; and a very definite impression that the Dutch have made a finer colony than the British would have done, cleaner and more beautiful anyhow - I know nothing of the other aspects of course. There is only one small matter that would perhaps be a little distressing to the S.B.W. and that is the widespread indulgence in mixed nude bathing in the public canals!

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AT OUR OWN MEETING

At the August General Meeting the President announced the glad tidings that our lease of Morella Karong has now been gazetted, and full fees for this year paid, so the area is definitely ours!

The Skippers of the "Reliance" have extended their usual yearly invitation to all members of the S.B.W. for a cruise up the Nepean on the week-end 24th and 25th September. The launch leaves the Log Cabin, Penrith, at 2.30 p.m. on the Saturday for the Warragamba Basin, and we travel free, gratis, and for nothing as the guests of the Skippers.

At the request of the Honorary Historian, an Historical Sub-committee was appointed to check the records collected by Mr. Pryde. The following members were elected, with power to co-opt:-

Miss Lawry, Messrs. Turner, Debert and Dunphy.

A motion of congratulation to Mrs. Hilda Blunt as Organiser of this year's very successful Bushwalkers' Ball was carried by acclamation. In replying, Hilda said the Ball was a financial as well as a social success, and she expected the nett proceeds to be about £25.

Before closing the meeting, the President took the opportunity of presenting the usual certificates to the winners of the different events at the recent Sports Carnival. Jean Malcolm seems to have had a day out.

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Reprinted from The Rambler's Handbook, Southern Federation, 1938 Edition, official year book of the Southern and the West of England Federations of the Rambler's Association.

A. FABLE

by F. W. Thomas.

Frederick Foljambe Fotheringay  
Went for a picnic one fine day,  
Under the trees he ate his meal,  
Leaving a lot of banana peel,  
Empty tins and a paper bag,  
Tidying up was too much fag.  
In course of time he went and died,  
Crossed the Styx to the other side,  
Heard the Devil politely say,  
"Welcome, Mister Fotheringay!  
Here's a job that will suit you fine,  
Tidying up this place of mine."  
Frederick Foljambe Fotheringay,  
For ever and ever and ever and aye,  
Spends his time and pays for his sins,  
Pursuing elusive banana skins;  
Armed with a stick without a nail,  
He chases litter in half a gale,  
Shoving the pieces when he's got 'em  
Into a basket without any bottom.

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FROM HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

From "ALPINESPORT" for July, 1938, which is the Journal of the Alpine Sports Club of Auckland, N.Z.:-

"Our Treasurer has a snappy autograph, secure your specimen now!!" Those members of the S.B.W. who have not yet secured their specimens of Tom Moppett's autograph are reminded that the Committee has a snappy way of dealing with unfinancial members in the spring, and that all unpaid subscriptions are now six months overdue.

Extract from a Circular of the FEDERATION OF VICTORIAN WALKING CLUBS which came to the S.B.W. through the Melbourne Women's Walking Club:-

"Following the construction of a log cabin for private use on Mt. Freezeout, 2 miles from Mt. St. Bernard, and on Crown Land, the Federation circularised public bodies and associations with a view to approaching the Minister of Lands and Forests on the matter of a long-range policy to 'Rationalise Victoria's Open Spaces' by means of appropriate reservations. The Minister has agreed to receive a deputation, the basis of which is the following resolution:

'That the Federation of Victorian Walking Clubs in view of the increasing tourist development which is being fostered by the present Government suggests that in order to rationalise Victoria's open spaces for present and future needs, it would like to bring before the Government the desirability of permanently reserving the largest possible areas of mountainous and forest country to preserve all types of natural flora and fauna, and to classify such areas into two types, viz. PRIMITIVE AREAS, with tracks and open shelter huts only, and TOURIST OPEN AREAS, surrounding the former as far as possible, where roads, guest houses and a limited number of club and private huts or buildings would be allowed. To this end the Federation recommends the Minister of Lands and Forests to consider a sub-divisional plan which it desires to submit to him in due course for adoption or modification by the Government departments entrusted with giving effect to these proposals.'

The Circular then lists twentyfour outside bodies that are supporting the Federation. We are sure the Victorians also have the good wishes of all New South Wales bush walkers.

Compare with the above extract the spirit shown by this one taken from the "BULLETIN" of the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club for July, 1938. Happy are our American comrades! Of course, their country is 300 years older than ours, but we hope we may reach the same good understanding with the authorities in a lot less time than that!

"SOUTHWEST VIRGINIA PRESENTS ITS COMPLIMENTS TO THE HIKING ENTHUSIASTS.

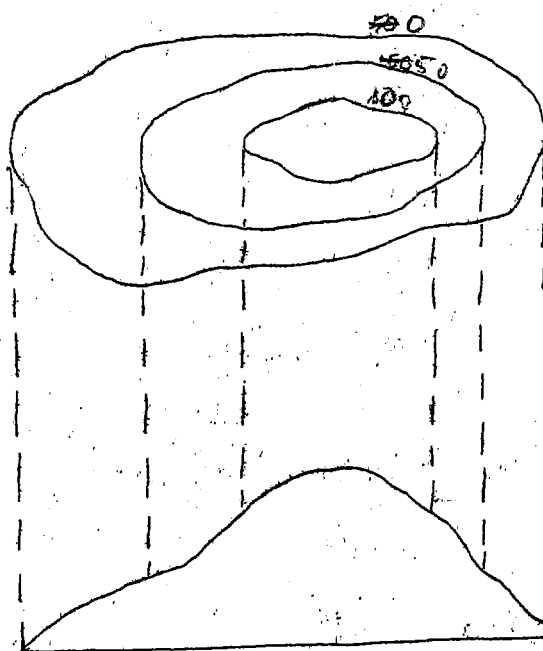
By John W. McNair, Forest Supervisor, Jefferson National Forest.

"Relatively new to National Forest ranks, but embracing territory long familiar to a small group of hiking fans - we give you Jefferson National Forest located in southwest Virginia.

"Hiking is now definitely out of the 'must' class - men and women hike for the pure love of the exercise, the scenery, and the companionship of other enthusiasts or of the birds and the trees and the denizens of the forest. Some few people still like to walk on city streets, but more and more they are turning to the forested areas, which in turn are becoming more and more scarce within any reasonable distance of large population centres.

"Such an area is offered in the Jefferson. There are many beautiful spots in the Forest for the use and enjoyment of the public. The Forest asks only in return that the hiker be careful with the greatest enemy of the woods - FIRE"

....."



← Contour lines

← 100 ft.

← 50 ft.

← Sea level.

MAP AND COMPASS

by H. J. Chardon.

Probably no two items of equipment are shrouded in so much mystery as the map and the compass. This is a great pity because, intelligently handled, they cease to be just two articles which one carries to save one's face should the necessity arise to unpack under the eagle eyes of one or more of the "old hands".

COMPLETE knowledge of the use of map and compass is something acquired only by years of patient study and practice, and is only possessed by a very few of our members. A WORKING KNOWLEDGE of the underlying principles may, however, be obtained in a very few hours by anyone really interested, and once these principles have been fully mastered they will never be forgotten.

So much for the preamble. Now let us get down to business, and consider first of all THE MAP.

Maps are aerial pictures of the country, drawn to scale, on which the various topographical features such as mountains, streams, lakes, and the like are represented by conventional signs. There are three main types of map which are in general use by bushwalkers. They are:-

- (1) Military Maps
- (2) Tourist Maps
- (3) Lands Department Maps.

Military maps are printed for use by the army and possess a wealth of accurate detail not possessed by either of the other two classes. They are, without doubt, the finest examples of map-making to be seen in Australia, and are eminently suited to the purposes of bushwalking. The chief difference between this type of map and the others lies in the method adopted in showing hill features. This is done with great accuracy by means of contour lines. These are lines drawn on the surface of the map (usually in red) linking all points of the same height above sea-level, the height in feet being printed in at intervals along the lines. The accompanying sketch will serve to illustrate the use of contours far better than any written description.

All the rest of the conventional signs are clearly shown in the margin, and should be carefully studied so that they may be recognised when seen on the map. The squares into which the map is divided may be completely ignored as they are only used for reference purposes when it is necessary to describe a point on the map in a written report.

Tourist maps are the next in order of usefulness, and are fairly easy to understand. Conventional signs are also listed in the margin, and should be carefully studied before using the map.

Unfortunately, it is impossible to secure either Military Maps or Tourist Maps of a suitable scale for use in certain sections of New South Wales. This brings us to the third class of maps, those issued by the Lands Department. The State of New South Wales is divided into large tracts of country called Land Board Districts, maps of which may be obtained, but which are of too small a scale to be of much practical use. They form, however, a very useful index to the next smaller divisions, the counties. County maps are very useful, although the scale is still a bit on the small side. Their chief advantage lies in the fact that one map will probably be all that is required for a trip, and will provide information regarding landmarks in the surrounding country. County Maps are in turn divided into Parish Maps, which are usually drawn to a scale of 2 inches to one mile, and are of a fairly convenient size to handle. In addition to the County and Parish Maps, it is possible to obtain Shire Maps. Shire Maps are of a fairly convenient scale and size, and very often give portions of two or more counties.

It might be as well at this stage to give a word of warning with regard to Lands Department Maps. These maps are drawn solely to know the position of privately-owned

land, reserves, leases, etc., and topographical information is only of secondary importance; consequently, where a river, range or creek forms a boundary between land holdings, it is shown in great detail and with accuracy. If, however, a topographical feature does not form a boundary, it may not be shown at all, or, if shown, it may be just sketched in from very rough observations made by the surveyors. Due allowance must always be made in these cases.

So much for the various types of map in general use. Now for a few general considerations which apply to all maps.

On glancing at a map, one of the first things that strikes one is a number of little black triangles scattered here and there, with the word "Trig." and the height in feet above sea level. The word "Trig." is the recognised abbreviation of Trigonometrical Station, and represents a point fixed with the most meticulous care by the surveyors both as regards position and height. Trigs. are usually situated on prominent hills and marked by means of a cairn of stones with, or without, a pole and disc. The whole of the subsequent survey of the country is based on these Trig. Stations, consequently, no matter how many inaccuracies may be found in the topographical information shown on the map, the Trig. Station is never wrong.

The scale of a map is always shown somewhere on the face of the map, or in the margin. This should always be studied prior to using a map, and a mental picture made of the scale length of one mile. If any difficulty is experienced in estimating distance by eye, a small twig should be broken off to represent, say, five or six miles and used as a rough measure.

The north point is also shown on all maps, and should be consulted at the same time as the scale. It is usual to have the sides of the map running north and south, but this is not an inflexible rule. At this stage it will be noticed that there are two north points -- the true north, which, as the name implies, is the direction in which the north pole lies; and the Magnetic North, which is slightly to the east of True North in New South Wales, and is the direction in which a magnetic compass needle will always point. The latter is the one which is always used when working with a magnetic compass, true north being ignored.

THE COMPASS :- The dozens of types of compass may be conveniently divided into two main classes, those which are to be used only to obtain direction, and those which are fitted with more or less complete systems of sighting vanes to enable bearings to be read directly from a card or metal disc attached to the needle. For the purpose of this course, we may disregard the latter class of instrument and concentrate on the essential requirements for the first.

A simple compass should possess the following:-

- (1) Circular case with glass top, bottom divided into points of the mariner's compass,
- (2) Steel pivot with sharp point securely fastened into the centre of the bottom of the case,
- (3) Needle with jewelled bearing in the centre, supported by the pivot, on which it should swing quite freely. North point of needle should be clearly marked.
- (4) Some type of mechanism for raising the needle off the pivot when not in use, otherwise the surface of the jewel will become pitted and useless.

In using the compass, several considerations must be kept in mind. The compass is a very sensitive instrument, and is easily affected by the presence of iron. Such things as steel rucksack frames, iron belt-buckles, or even iron wire fences, will cause a considerable error in the results obtained with a compass, while another compass in the vicinity will make a sensitive instrument do all manner of things it shouldn't do.

USE OF MAP AND COMPASS:- The foregoing will serve as a very general description of and introduction to the work which is to follow.

In handling a map and a compass, the first thing to do is to open the map out on the ground, place the compass on the line indicating Magnetic North, and turn the map round until the Magnetic North of the map is pointing in the same direction as the compass needle. This procedure is termed "orienting the map"; in other words, placing the map in such a position that all the surrounding country is in the same relative position as shown on the map.

Next, provide a length of straight twig about one foot or eighteen inches in length and lay it on the map to act as a sighting-rod or pointed.

If one's position is known, find the point on the map and mark it with a pencil cross. Then, pivoting the stick on this cross, swing it round until it is pointing towards some clearly defined landmark; then look on the map along the edge of the stick and try to pick out the place in question. This can often be made easier by estimating the distance to the landmark and scaling the distance off along the stick from the pencil cross. Another method is by counting the number of ridges between the two points and comparing this with the map. Repeat this with several other landmarks, and then the minor features will be easily recognisable without the use of the stick. It is always a good plan to stop on some elevated position when resting and so get a good idea of the surrounding country before going on.

If your position is uncertain, look around and see if any of the previously located landmarks can be seen; if so, mark them with crosses. Again pivoting the stick on each cross in turn, point it at the landmark in question, and draw a light pencil line back from the cross towards where you are standing. The point of intersection of two or more of such lines will be your position. Check this by sighting new landmarks as in the previous paragraph, and, if possible, locate points which will be of use in further observations.

In following rivers it is of the utmost importance to mark off on the map all bends and junctions passed. Endeavour to estimate accurately the rate of travel in miles per hour, and don't be surprised if it works out around one and one half to two. In ticking off the bends, do not be content with an estimate of the bearing, lay the map down and do the job properly. Never miss the opportunity to use the piece of stick on a landmark should one be seen.

Ranges and roads fall under the one heading as most of our roads follow the ranges. The same principles apply to ranges as to rivers, except that more opportunities will present themselves to tie up to known landmarks in the way previously described.

Walking on a compass course is a very simple matter if the sun is shining. Merely turn your face in the direction in which you wish to go according to the compass, note the angle of your shadow, and keep your shadow in the same position. Check up every half hour at least as the sun shifts, and consequently your shadow will be in a different direction. If the sun is not shining, keep the compass in your hand and look at it occasionally, noting some distinctive tree or rock in the distance which you can use as a guide. In very misty or rainy weather, or at night, remain in camp if possible, but if you must push on, do so with the utmost care as the only guides you will have will be your compass for direction, and your estimate of speed for distance covered, the latter being very difficult to gauge.

So much for the map and the compass. If the foregoing principles are mastered, these become guide, philosopher and friend to any who may have become a trifle "slewed" in the wilds.

A few last words will suffice to provide against the human element, which is so often at fault.

See that your compass needle is swinging freely. Avoid iron or other compasses in the vicinity of the compass in use. Believe the compass. Don't convince yourself that the map is ALL wrong; surveyors are not fools. Check your observations in every possible way. Don't be afraid to admit a mistake. Always remember that "being lost" is purely a state of mind.

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CLUB GOSSIP.

by "Sunlight"

The Concert Committee has decided to hold this year's entertainment at the Castlecrag Openair Theatre in November, and is now very busy arranging the programme. Soon rehearsals will be in full swing. Already two "choirs" are practising, with rumours of a third to be.

Various Annual Meetings have been taking place recently. Tom Herbert was re-elected President of the Federation; Jock Kaske has taken Wilbur Morris's place as President of the River Canoe Club of N.S.W.; and the C.M.W. also have a new President in the person of Jack Benson. Of course, various other office-bearers have also been changed; in fact, one might almost start a new game by congratulating anyone one meets, and then trying to find out why the congratulations are accepted, what the position is, and in which club! But you might get mixed - there were two engagements announced at the Bushwalkers Ball, none of the parties belong to the S.B.W. though.

The Thorsens - Vic., Fannie, and Baby Frances - have been holidaying in Brisbane recently. Through not wanting to "impose" on them, they nearly got into the bad books of The Rootses, As Phil writes: "We should have been terribly disappointed if they had failed to get in touch with us. Please, Bushwalkers, remember this, Bushwalkers never come to Brisbane without visiting the 'Rootses', it just isn't done."

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6-HOUR DAY

The walkers calendar news from one long week-end to the next.

■ Anniversary Day, Easter, Bank Holiday (for the lucky who pass their time in banks) and now Six-Hour Day.

Maps are being scanned, and food lists prepared - and what about your gear. Is it ready for the trip? Have a look over it and fetch your repairs and renewals to "Paddy" in good time. His workroom will be three feet deep in the last week before the holiday.

PITY   POOR   PADDY

and let him have orders and repairs in good time.

PHONE B3101

F. A. PALLIN  
327 GEORGE STREET  
SYDNEY   OPP. PALINGS.

RE-UNIONS FOR THE YOUNG

by K.M.

"Of course you're coming to the Re-union camp tomorrow" said George.

Rabbit shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"As a m-matter of fact" he said "I'm afraid I c-cant. The wife's arranged to go away this week-end and I p-promised to look after the Nipper."

"Bless you, that doesn't make any difference!" said George enthusiastically.

"Bring him with you - lots of the members bring their youngsters along."

"C-could I?" said Rabbit doubtfully.

"Of course, said George. "Nothing simpler. And nothing better. What healthier way could a child spend the week-end than sleeping in the pure air of the Bush, bathing in nature's streams, drinking in the - the -".

"He drinks m -milk" said Rabbit helpfully.

"Naturally" said George. "I was speaking metaphorically. To tell you the truth" - he waxed confidential - "we are very keen on fostering the Youth Movement. You know - Bushwalking from Birth - Camping from the Cradle - we're going to have a discussion on the subject round the campfire to-morrow night. Our conviction is that you can't begin training them too young. By the way, how old is the Nipper?"

"Two. And three months" added Rabbit honestly.

"Splendid" said George. "Couldn't be better. Just the age when the child-mind is most receptive. That's settled - bring him along."

.. .. .

Saturday afternoon then, saw Rabbit trundling down the track to Morella Karong, reflecting a little peevishly that children didn't seem to know what fatigue was. It was a stifling day, but the Nipper gambolled ahead, quite undismayed by the heat.

They came at last to the grassy slope where tents of many hues, shapes and sizes were already set up.

Rabbit, though a novice at the camping game, soon had his shelter hitched to a vacant tree. His mind was bent on only one object: to shed his sweat sodden clothing and plunge in the big pool, a hundred yards or so distant.

The Nipper, sighting others of his own years, trotted off happily. Rabbit saw him safely occupied for the moment and retired to his tent to don his bathers.

It seemed but a second later that he heard a contented chuckle, and his off-spring's voice murmuring. "Pitty - pitty - 'ook Daddy!"

Rabbit, crouching on one leg like a Russian dancer, was endeavouring to thrust his other foot into his bathing trunks. He cocked his eye to the aperture in the tent-flap. What he saw there drew from him a blood-curdling yell.

A few feet away stood the Nipper, with a wriggling snake draped round his neck and its head and tail grasped in his chubby hands. To Rabbit's credit be it said that neither fear nor modesty stayed him one instant. Like a naked sword from its sheath he flashed forth to the rescue of his child. It was perhaps fortunate that he tripped on a tent-rope and gave some bystanders time to pin him down.

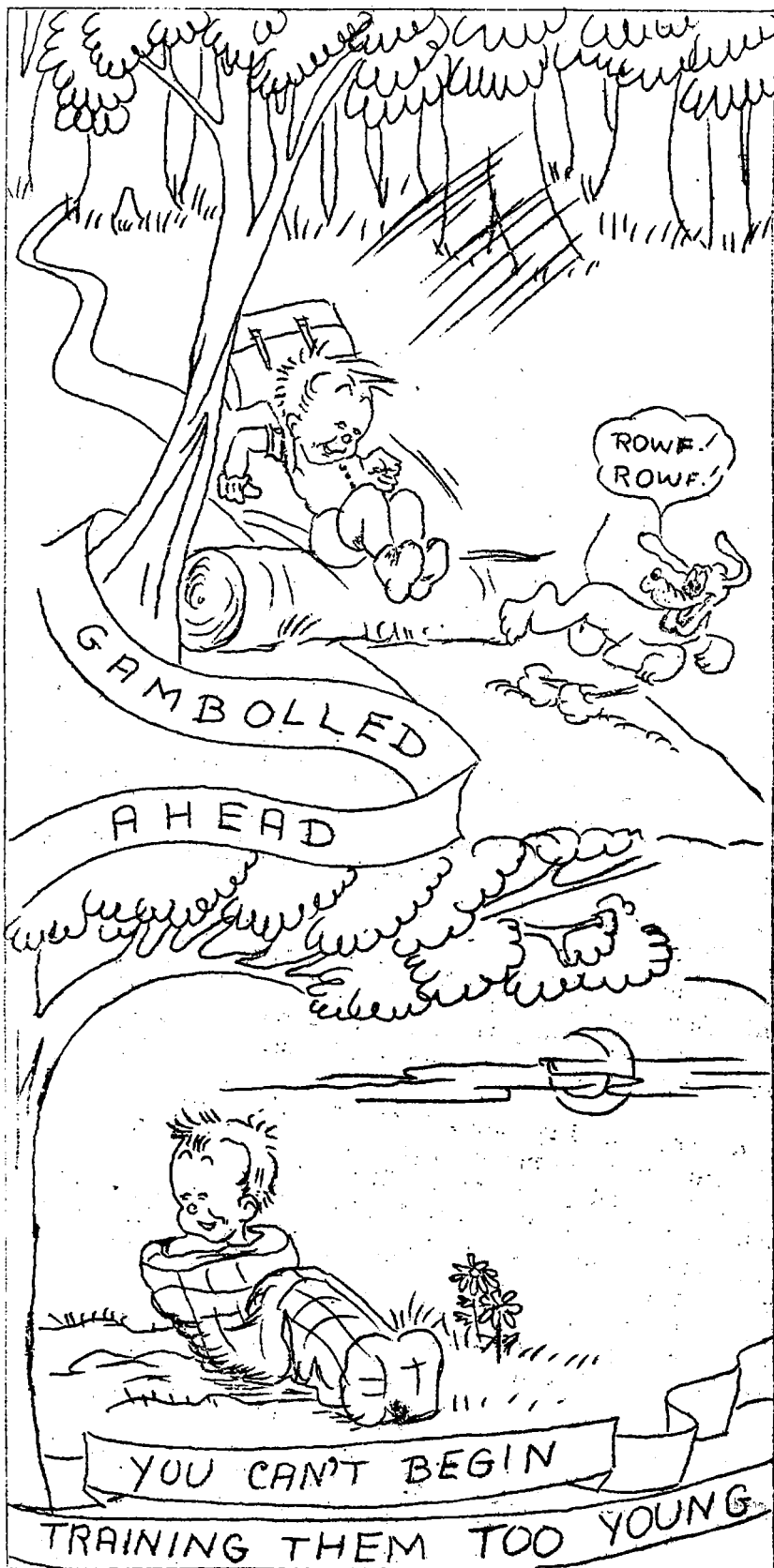
"Are you m-mad?" he gibbered at them. "The snake - take it off him - he'll be killed - his m-mother will never forgive me!"

"Calm yourself, Rabbit old boy" said George. "Don't you know that that's Dave's pet snake? It's perfectly harmless" and he rose from his perch on Rabbit's chest.

Rabbit picked a few hakea needles from the tenderer portions of his anatomy, and crept dispiritedly back into his tent. This week-end wasn't going to be quite what he had hoped.

.. .. .

The evening meal passed off successfully, and Rabbit felt a little better. Tasty food, gay companionship, the smoke of peaceful fires: this was the life, thought



Rabbit. Towards eight o'clock the company, armed with groundsheets, torches, and mugs for supper, moved off along the trail to the site of that great annual event, the Re-union Campfire.

"Aren't you coming, Rabbit?" said George, seeing him seated impassive by his tent door.

"No - I'll stay here and m-mind the Nipper" said Rabbit a little wistfully.

"Goodness, men, no need to do that - didn't the girls tell you they've got a tent put up specially to house the babies, just a little way from the campfire? He'll be right as rain there. Hurry up - you'll be late.

Rabbit gathered up the drowsy Nipper and fell into line.

Torches fore and aft lighted the path, and it was not until some distance had been traversed that Rabbit found his own torch had been forgotten.

"No matter" he thought: "we'll all be coming back together."

A quarter of a mile from camp, they come to an open space where two enormous stacks of wood had been piled. Rabbit had barely time to settle the Nipper in the tent provided, before the bonfires were touched off.

Flames leapt fifteen feet in the air, throwing a dazzling glare over the scene. High overhead towered the mottled trunks of angophoras. Stiff clumps of gymea leaves stood out vividly green; lacy boughs of christmas bush were etched against the blaze. Row on row gleamed the happy faces of bushwalkers, seated round this natural amphitheatre, and beyond them loomed the dark stillness of the Bush. "Ah" thought Rabbit again, "this is the life!"

Songs and choruses began and Rabbit joined in lustily.

"Baby crying!" announced several voices in a momentary pause.

Rabbit remembered his responsibilities and scrambled to his feet. His torchless condition made the track to the tent a thing of pitfalls, but he reached his goal in due course. The Nipper's voice greeted him mournfully.

"Wawder, Daddy - want wawder."

"Water?" said Rabbit blankly in the darkness.

"Wawder" said the Nipper firmly.

Rabbit sighed. If he had been an experienced bushwalker he would have known that water had been laid by in bags near the assembly, but this didn't occur to him. His only course was to take his mug to the nearest creek. He stumbled off and after an eternity of tripping and struggling reached the stream and filled his mug. The return journey was easier with the brilliant firelight to guide him. He pawed his way into the tent. All was quiet.

"Nipper!" he said softly,

Regular breathing answered him. His son and heir was asleep. Rabbit sighed again and backed outwards, inadvertently splashing water on another sleeping infant. The unexpected baptism brought forth a yell of annoyance; followed by further yells in steadily increasing volume. Rabbit shushed ineffectually, and was relieved to see a parent appear, torch in hand, to settle the matter. He stole away and rejoined the circle. The flames had died down somewhat and a more serious mood had fallen on the audience. They listened, rapt, to the strains of a lovely Russian melody. In the pianissimo passage the wail of a child arose once more. Rabbit sprang to his feet and felt a yielding substance beneath one of them. It was a face.

"Hell's bells!" shouted the owner thereof, rudely recalled from the borders of dreamland. "What the merry blazes do you think you're doing?"

"I'm awfully sorry" whispered Rabbit, watching his victim restoring his nose to its wanted position.

"Sh! Sh! Sit down there!" hissed a dozen heads turning in their direction.

Rabbit scuttled off into the underbrush, quieted his child and returned to the campfire. This was getting monotonous.

George's promised discussion of a club for Junior Bushwalkers was in progress and met with warm support. Plans were formed for teaching children trail-finding and bushcraft in general. George repeated his slogan: You can't begin training them too young...

"Child crying!"

Rabbit groaned and set off again. Surely that was the Nipper's pipe. Investigation proved it to be another's. Its parent appeared, picked up the bundle, and walked off, soothing it. Rabbit, just to assure himself that all was well, laid a hand in the Nipper's little nook. It was empty. Rabbit patted right and left. Not a sign of the Nipper. He must have toddled outside the tent. Rabbit searched in the surrounding undergrowth, calling softly. No response. Rabbit became alarmed and went back to seek help.

"Oh, he can't have gone far" his neighbours reassured him, and a few sympathetic souls joined in the search. The evening was practically over now, and cocoa supper was in progress, but such comforts were not to be thought of by the distracted Rabbit. More and more helpers came to the rescue, but the immediate neighbourhood yielded no clue. In wider and wider circles they combed the bush. Horrid visions came to Rabbit: the creek was not far away: the Nipper was very small....

It was perhaps an hour later that Rabbit, his borrowed torch exhausted, be-thought him of his own fresh one lying in his tent, and stumbled back to collect it. A ducking as he negotiated the creek lowered his spirits still further. Wearily he thrust his hand into the corner of the tent where his pack was stowed. Something soft and warm met his fingers. He felt it over in amazement and struck a match.

There, sleeping peacefully, lay the Nipper, unscathed, unruffled, with the healthy glow of childhood on his cheek.

Rabbit yodelled the news to all and sundry. Those near at hand came running to look at the marvel.

"How the mischief" said George, rather querulously, "could a child of that size find its way right back here in the dark and pass by a hundred odd bushwalkers without being seen?"

Rabbit, his face a strange blend of malice and parental pride, murmured: "You can't begin training them too young."

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The Publication staff wishes to reciprocate the congratulations extended to them by the Editor in the last issue, and takes this opportunity of assuring her of their continued happy association and co-operation at all times.

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#### CHOIR PRACTICE

Social Secretary Flo Allsworth would like to see all members of the Eastern Suburbs Choir roll up at Merle Hamilton's Flat, 57 Ocean Avenue, Double Bay on Monday 19th September at 8 p.m. Don't forget to bring your tin of "throaties".

The Club greatly appreciates Merle's kindness in making her home available on these occasions, and hopes that the furniture will not suffer unduly in the future.

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The following interesting article comes from the "Bulletin" of the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club, Washington, D.C., U.S.A. As the hot weather is approaching, S.B.W. members may be able to do some useful research work if they keep records of their experiments with salt during the coming summer. We shall be glad to hear how these experiments turn out.

#### SALT ON THE TRAIL

by H.C.Dickinson.

Some years ago in a medical research it was found that patients collapsed when caused to perspire freely for a long time. This led to the discovery that salt may be lost from the system in such quantities as to have serious results even when the person is free to use all the salt he wishes. Following this discovery it was soon realized that not only heat stroke and similar serious effects of high temperatures but probably less severe effects also are caused by lack of salt in the system.

Strangely enough there is scarcely any medical literature on this subject except what has to do with those who are ill for some other cause. It has been found, however, that different people in normal health use very different amounts of salt and remain perfectly well. Evidently, therefore, there is little danger of getting too much salt since the perspiration and other excretia ordinarily carry away whatever the system needs to dispose of.

However, in hot weather when one is exercising, the need of keeping cool calls for more perspiration and this may remove more salt than the system can spare. When this happens, one begins to "feel the effects of the heat". This is the time to try a little salt. It will do no harm, and if the need of salt is the real trouble, it will give you the "lift" that cigarettes are supposed to and don't.

The salt may be taken dissolved in water or as tablets or as dry table salt. It makes no difference which, but one should, and will, drink water with it. As much as a half teaspoonful of salt may be taken at a time, two or three times a day in very hot weather. How much more may be useful we do not know.

The common belief that it makes one weak to drink much water on the trail seems to have grown out of experience with salt depletion. Truly if one drinks much water when he is in need of more salt he may suffer from it. However, plenty of water is usually a very good thing for the system. Most of the mineral springs where people have gone since the dawn of history to drink themselves back to health contain fairly large amounts of common salt, together with the more highly advertised minerals. It is more than likely that one may drink to the same effect from any of our springs on The Appalachian Trail as at Saratoga or French Lick, provided he takes along his own little bottle of salt and mixes his own mineral water.

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Now we know why "Fizzo" has become so popular amongst the S.B.W. members during recent summers. It is probably the salt in this Lemon Fruit Saline that is the thirst-quencher, but, as light-weight campers tell us everything we carry should have at least two uses, let us now try salt for drinking as well as cooking.

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#### FIRST AID CLASS

Members intending taking the First Aid course are asked to keep in touch with Mr. Graham Harrison (Mouldy) who hopes to start the class this month.

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THE 1938 BUSHWALKERS' BALL

By Our Special Reporter.

It can be said without any fear of contradiction that this year's Federation Ball was quite the equal of anything in previous years.

Mark Foys was the rendezvous on August 9th, and a good time was had by all.

The general opinion was that the grouping of the tables was most effective, both from the point of view of convenience and accoustics, ex mensis concerted noise -- there has never been, never, never, such a din as that which preceded the supper; but this latter was a good thing, for it quelled even the most stormy of the budding Deberts (how we missed him) that vied with each other in the matter of sustained notes and drawn-out yells.

But, perhaps, to see all things in their true and brightest light we should go on a conducted tour, as do all V.R. parties... Our guide, on leaving the elevator, turned to us easily and, with a wide, sweeping gesture, dismissed the whole scene before us. "This Empress Room", he said, "has been likened to the setting of the last scene in 'Aida', with its great columns, brooding walls, and low-hung roof" - We don't know whether M.F. sells the floor on the strength of this, or whether or not it is a good thing, so we just dumbly paddled on.

Having passed something which did not look like an official table, but which was, although there were no officious-looking people about, we were astounded at the vast open spaces on the right, and in the dim light perceived with an inward glow of satisfaction a camp fire around which many Rovers were communing with the great spirits - Pow and Wow.

On our left in a wooded glade was the Salmon Fishery, with canoes and all, not to mention the dirt and moss and earth that these barbarous fishermen insist on eating with their haddock - I mean Scotch.

Then, with a beautiful sweep, our guide swept us down into Hyde Park. Beautiful avenues of wattle, the Trimbles, the Blunts, and all the rest of them arrayed in their very best finery. Strolling along, we passed by the Hill of Sorrow; already many C.M.W. folk were at its peak; and then, with alarming suddenness we came upon the statuary, not surprising really because all the best parks have statuary. The youth seemed all right but the lass appeared to have some blight inherent to her right arm.

No tour would be complete without having made a visit to the Harbour Front. The most interesting sight here was a Tugboat reigning in pristine splendour. And so, as our guide told us, just as steam is the driving power in most tugboats, meat is the protein that drives men, those that count anyway. "We must visit the Abbatoirs", said he, "quite unique". So, a mere biscuit-toss from the Harbour Front, and we were there. Yes, raw, red meat, and unblown, swinging high in the air, around which piece of meat were grouped about one score starving Bushlanders.

Well, at this point we got tired of the tour, especially the conductor, just as you tire of this narrative, and especially the narrator, so we decided to try our art of tripping the light fantastic. And to those of you who were there, the dancing was good, the company was better, and the true bushwalker spirit pervaded all. To those of you who were not there, we really missed you, just as no doubt you are now thinking that you missed a "good hop".

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And the girls said, "We'll bet that was written by a man! He doesn't say a word about who was there, or what they wore, or anything interesting." The Social Editress quite agrees with the girls, so here is the same Ball from the other point of view.....

The Bushwalkers' Ball, social highlight of the year, was held at Mark Foys' Empress Ball Room on August 9th. This somewhat tomlike rendezvous was considerably

brightened by the cheery faces of members of the walking fraternity, and the abundance of noise and hilarity that invariably characterizes this function.

The Orchestra was in splendid form and the Canadian Three-step and Old Time Waltzes were very popular, while the waltz-barn-dance was a sheer delight.

Our thanks and congratulations are herewith offered to Hilda Blunt, who, is Hon. Organizing Secretary, was mainly responsible for the Ball's outstanding success.

This reporter always finds it hard to realise that the tousled-headed, mud-bespattered, bramble-scratched, khaki-clad beings seen so recently in the bush are one with the faultlessly-coiffeured, flower-decked, silken-gowned beauties and the immaculately groomed, white-shirted gallants who appear at the Ball.

Hilda Blunt, after assuring herself that all was running smoothly, danced in a gown of floral lacquered satin. President Berry's lady wore a scarlet coat with her black velvet frock; Assistant Secretary Betty Pryde wore slate-blue taffeta, Editor Dorothy Lawry floral chiffon, Bunyip Secretary Nora Ankerson white chiffon; Librarian Win. Duncombe pinned golden narcissi to her rust-brown lace; Federation Editor Betty Bell's gown was of blue floral satin, and Canoe Club Social Secretary Cherie Jessop relieved her black taffeta with a crimson rose.

Among the radiant young matrons present were Artist Enid Rigby, black taffeta brocaded with gold; Roxy Barrett, pale blue pleated chiffon, Thel. Hellyer, Apricot georgette, Mavis Barnes gold brocaded satin, and Mrs. Norm. Colton, silver brocade.

Jean Trimble danced in an original gown of multi-spotted net worn with a bolero jacket, and sister Joyce pinned golden roses in her hair to tone with her blue and gold frock. Dot English's gold satin was worn with a chiffon scarf; Jean West covered her white chiffon with a cherry velvet coat; Edna Garrad wore black floral taffeta, and Gweneth Clarke, ivory taffeta.

Floral hair posies were popular, and Molly Astridge wore lily-of-the-valley with her black gown, Yvonne Douglas daphne and hyacinths with magnolia satin, and Joyce Dummer violets with her black and white ensemble.

Doreen Harris wore blue velvet, and Joan Fitzpatrick, Ada Frost, and Grace Edgecombe were devotees of floral chiffons.

The night passed all too quickly, so here's hoping that the 1939 Bushwalkers' Ball continues until 2 a.m.

#### ANOTHER SLICE OF "PERSONALITY PIE"

It has been whispered that our old friend, Laurie Drake, is coming back to his "hob-nails and sleeping-bag".

Bill Johnston is another who is breezing round again. At the Sports Carnival he was competing on crutches with one foot in plaster, but he recently visited the Club Rooms looking like himself again.

Did you hear about the return from Johnnie Wood's birthday party? It sounds like an epic. One very new member succeeded in extricating himself from the Blue labyrinth by using his compass as learned at the Club's first Field Day held recently. Good man,

More news from the Sports Carnival! In the Firewood Throw for Men Arnold Barrett came second, being beaten by his pupil, Harold Rolfe. The Firewood Throw for Women was won by Mrs. Barrett ("Roxy"). This sounds like married bliss, but they are both still with us, and are joint Room Stewards for August....

From Brisbane comes news that Les. Douglas has announced his engagement to Miss Lorna Mackay, who lives next door to The Rootses. Extra special congratulations to Doug. for Phil reports that she is "a particularly nice girl". Phil adds - "incidentally, please note all Bushwalker eligible bachelors! We have two very nice eligible ladies residing next door,

Ralph! Three old members also slipped out and caught the train, but the other twentyfive!

'only on the other side'." Now, now, Phil! We really don't want to swell the "Legion of The Lost" unduly, and we have some very nice little ladies right in our own Club Rooms.

The good news has filtered through of the happy marriage of Eve Eason to Noel Turnbull on Saturday 27th August last. The club takes this opportunity of wishing them all the best for the future.

FEDERATION NEWS

Land at Tra. Promises of support for the proposed resumption were received at the Annual Meeting held on 22nd July from three outside bodies, also a letter from the Parks & Playgrounds Movement giving the results to date of their efforts in the matter. These were not too hopeful.

In reply to a letter, the Commissioner of Police reported that the Waterfall area is being patrolled on Sundays and that during the preceding three months three people were proceeded against for carrying guns, and 42 for having protected flowers in their possession. Good work!

Mr. D.G.Stead's resignation from the Conservation Bureau was accepted with regret, and Mr. E.C.Phillips was elected to fill the vacancy.

From an interim report received from the Publication Committee it was learned that the Bushwalker Annual will be appearing at the end of September, and should be a financial success as an increased amount of advertising has been obtained.

Theo Atkinson of the Rucksack Club has retired from the Hon.Secretaryship of the Federation, and his place has been taken by Charlie Roberts of the Coast and Mountain Walkers. . . . .

On August 13th and 14th the Federation held a Search & Rescue Practice in which nearly a dozen search parties were engaged. We hope to have a full account of this in the next issue, but here are the first few comments that have drifted in.

From one of Stan Lumsden's party, after exploring the Pheasant's Creek Woolwash area:- "We have come to the conclusion that the Military Maps as supplied have been drawn so as to encourage the enemy into apparently easy country, and will do more to confuse them than can ever be achieved by any other known method of warfare should the maps fall into their hands. Thank Heaven for Myles Dunphy and the Mountain Trail lads! Yours with legs dripping gore,"

Dorothy Lawry's party, after covering about half their area - Woronora Dam/Eckersley Trig. - arrived home torn to ribbons, but, all being ladies (?) merely say "Hear! Hear! to the above.

Yet another opinion expressed is that "the Lost Party seems to have been the only one that really enjoyed the week-end!"