

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

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

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E D I T O R I A L

Merry Christmas, Everybody! Starting with the Club's Xmas Party on the 13th, and not ending until the dismal 3rd of next month, may you all find this Festive Season a "super-cooper" one! May you all enjoy good camping and lots of fun on your Christmas trips -- and send us in lots of interesting articles and snappy paragraphs about your adventures! No contributions, no magazine, you know.

Just listen to this, Club Members! You are not getting your money's worth! You are not making full use of your membership of the S.B.W. and taking all the Club has to offer, do you realise that? Here are a few words from the Curator of the Scrap Album which prove it. He asks us to draw your attention to the fact that :-

A club service of which full advantage is not being taken is the SCRAP ALBUM. A vast number of paragraphs dealing with flora and fauna, walking and other sports, parks and open spaces, etc., etc., is being accumulated. A very comprehensive index ensures easy reference.

◆ The Curator will be glad to have any cuttings which interest you and may also be of interest to fellow members.

CLUB IDENTITIES - MAX GENTLE

by our Special Reporter.

The romance of Max Gentle, the strong silent bushman who ignores tent and sleeping bag to sleep in hollow logs, and who lives on raw turnips, is about to be exposed.

Max was born at Broken Hill a little over a quarter of a century ago. He was early impressed by the sight of strong men and was told that their muscular superiority was the result of being brought up on camel's milk. Our young hero's infant eyes used to gaze in awe and deep respect at those ungainly, humped creatures as they clumped about the town, but a deep-rooted native caution precluded a closer acquaintance. To-day, realizing that the camel's milk myth has been exploded - Bang!! - he relies on "iron pills", or, in other words, weight-lifting apparatus, to keep the body strong for bushwalking.

Max's love of the soil, a legacy from his Kentish ancestors, received a fillip when, at the age of five, having planted some seeds he found in the street, they turned out to be mammoth pumpkins, the biggest the district had ever seen. We can visualise little Maxie beaming all over his cherubic face as he viewed the vegetables with paternal pride.

Not counting the time he toddled away from home in search of a water hole he had heard of, thereby causing some perturbation at home as his grandfather had perished at a dried-up water hole outback, Max's first walking achievement of any note occurred when - a thirteen-year old schoolboy - he walked from Hurstville to Liverpool and back, via Sutherland - a distance of 43 miles - in a day. As training for this big event he had previously covered 33 or 34 miles from Hurstville to Kurnell and back. Those were the simple days when there was nothing to be carried but a packet of lunch in the hand, and shorts were worn for the very good reason that he had not yet graduated into long'uns.

When on a trip from Camden to Burragorang at the age of sixteen our embryo explorer heard of Kanangra, so the following year, taking a week's holiday, he set out for the Walls by way of Camden and Jenolan Caves. The last stage of the trip (Jenolan to Katoomba) was accomplished in a day. "I used to eat injurious foods in those days, but they had not had time to ruin my health", said Max, by way of explanation for some of his rather phenomenal exploits. Now, ten years later, he is on the verge of a physical breakdown; you only have to look at him to realise that - pallis, sickly, and wasting away to a shadow!!!

Four months after the first trip, Kanangra called again; this time the route taken was Katoomba, along the Cox to Konangaroo Clearing, thence up Kanangra Creek to the Walls and back to Wentworth Falls.

When he was eighteen Max joined the Sydney Bushwalkers. He was attracted to Gordon Smith having heard of his reputation as an energetic walker; in fact, the two men he admired most in the Club were Myles and Gordon, the former for the way he could talk about the country, and the latter for the way he could walk over it.

Many were the early records set up. In 1929 he and Smithy made the first traverse of Gangerang, and in the Xmas of that year he and Myles conquered the virgin Guouogang. Later came the exploration of Thurat Tops and the discovery of the Sheer-down, which Myles has now incorporated in the map as Gentle's Sheerdown. Some query arose as to whether the apostrophe "s" should appear on the map, but it was pointed out that without it quite the wrong impression would be created for the slope is far from

gentle, as those who knew it can testify, so the "s" remains. On this same trip Max made the first ascent of Paralyser, over which he unerringly led a party of 15 last holiday week-end (some 8 years later), despite an inaccurate map.

In those early days of the Club there was much new country to be explored. Easter 1930 saw Max, Gordon and Aussi Dowling making the first traverse of Wangan-derry Range between the Wollondilly and Mattai Rivers. Then in February 1931 he and Smithy broke into unexplored country down the Capertree and Colo Rivers. It took them 11½ days, including a two-day side trip to Mt. Uraterer, and the country was extremely rough. Just a year later he and Smithy and Wiff Knight and others made a trip over the Australian Alps, and this was Max's last view of N.S.W. for some years. The depression (with a capital "D") had settled on Sydney, so Max, realizing that prospects around this city were far from bright, got on his bike and cyclod north, finally coming to roost on Atherton Tableland. It had been a most enjoyable trip - 2,500 miles in 2 months.

For the next 4 years Max worked at scrub falling, on tobacco plantations, and on cane fields, and the Club heard nothing of him and saw less; but, finding that the torrid climate wreaked havoc with his fair Saxon beauty, he decided to come south again. On his way through Mackay a building boom lured him back into the trade, so he stayed there 9 months. The call of bushwalking still being strong within him, he climbed Mt. Dalrymple (4,300 ft.) from the summit of which he got what he still considers the finest view of his bushwalking career. A magnificent cyclorama spread itself below - mountains and cane fields, and to the east a sparkling blue sea dotted with islands of the Barrier Reef. This view made the very strenuous trip well worth while, but on the whole the weather was too hot for climbing, so the beaches with their cocoanut palms and mangoes were well patronised.

In 1936 Max returned to the bosom of his Club, and the first big walk to celebrate his reappearance was the leading of the mob, subsequently named "the Tigers", on the historic 70 mile marathon over the Gangerang and Tiwilla Buttress.

In October of last year an epic cycle trip took place over the Mellong Range Rd. to Putty. This country is as yet unknown to walkers, but is well worth some intensive exploration.

Last Xmas, when half the Tigers were in New Zealand, they received news that Max had again visited Mt. Uraterer, alone, and made the first crossing over the Main Dividing Range to Rylston.

'Once a Tiger, always a Tiger', but last Easter the pack was enlarged by the addition of Sub-Tigers, Panthers, Rabbits, and others, and escorted by Max and Gordon down the Wolgan and Capertree Rivers; and a good time was had by all. When you come to think of it, we are very much indebted to the indefatigable explorers of the Club who go over difficult country and make it possible for us Sub-Tigers and Rabbits to walk in places we might otherwise be too timid to risk.

H E L P !

Flo. Allsworth and the Social Committee need your help. Where shall we gather for the 1939 Swimming Carnival? Who knows of a suitable pool with a good camping spot close handy? Flo. is anxious to receive all your suggestions, so keep your eyes open on your next trips -- and, if you find anything good, don't keep your mouth closed.

TINS AND SINS

By Bill Hall.

This is a matter I have thought keenly of for some time, and if my observations and views are wrong I would like nothing better than for some member to tell me so and charge me with prevarications and misrepresentation.

I do not mean, necessarily, that anyone has not the proper club spirit who, say, leaves his potato-peelings by the replace or river bank for some wallaby or wombat to eat, or, who breaks up a piece of bread and scatters it for the birds. Such action is commended.

It is even excusable when walking along a track or through scrub to throw the peelings of an orange into the bush alongside. This does in time decay and become merged and coloured to the litter on the floor of the forest, but for members of this club (as I have seen so frequently of late) to leave their tins in places where they have camped or lunched is in contravention of one of the most important ideals of the club.

There is no reason in the argument of people who say that tins oxidise too and do this ever so much more quickly if that outer covering of metal has first been burnt off. Oxidisation takes much longer than this, the period varying according to the nearness of the sea, where the action of salt air hastens it. Meanwhile the tins are left on view, and many of our finest walks remind one of the outer suburban areas where no regular change man calls and all and sundry dump rubbish on some vacant piece of land, there to lie on show for many years.

That beautiful walking area, the Cox's River, is becoming such as this - admittedly to a lesser degree, but lesser only for the present. The many scores of walkers who tramp this delightful and tranquil tract of country have in their midst those who have no thought in keeping the Cox's area free and clean and as virginal as possible from the refuse of civilisation. The fireplaces where walkers have camped and stopped for meals are gradually becoming a litter of tins and, sad to relate, some members of the S.B.W. instead of helping to diminish this blot on our recreation areas, add to it.

A short time ago, at one of our general meetings, our President received information of rubbish left around Uloola Falls in the National Park. The week previously an official walk had been led past those particular falls, and some members of that party were so disgusted with the mess that they made comment to Maurie about it. The control of such an area does not, of course, come under our jurisdiction, but Maurie said that this information would be passed on to the Federation, and remarked that such rubbish had been, probably, left by hikers.

Now, this is the point. We bushwalkers hold ourselves in an exalted position. We even disdain to use the word "hike" when referring to our excursions into the bush. Let us examine ourselves and find just where we are so much better than the hiker--- Our social position in everyday life is (as a means of comparison) on the same level, and so is our facial and bodily beauty, as are our hopes and desires in a civilised community, so where do we differ from the hiker who is not organised in a club as we who bushwalk are? Certainly we walk longer distances and go further afield, but the reason why we dissociate ourselves from this type of walker is because we abhor the filthy manner in which he leaves the bush, and because he has no thought of the preservation and the perpetuity of our forest reserves.

I believe every member of our club has thought along such lines as these, and it is inconceivable that such incompatibility of thought and action should exist, for :

it has happened many times when I, with one or another companion, have been last to leave a camping or luncheon place, we have buried tins that the earlier-departed members had left behind, generally in a fireplace.

It is not sufficient to leave the tins in a fireplace and push the stones that make such construction in after the tins. It is surely easy to pick up a stick, dig a hole and place the corpse therein, where it will oxidise ever so much more quickly, and in the process will be hidden from our sight and not offend our critical ideals of bush cleanliness.

If for bushwalkers there should be a happy hunting ground such as the American Red Indian believes in -- a land of huge dimensions where the naturalist and botanist can roam at will in the virgin forests by the clear, crystal streams; a place where the photographer is enraptured by the sheer beauty of all in it -- I am afraid some bushwalkers would not be admitted. Their unburied tins would preclude their entrance.

IT IS IN THE HANDS OF THE PRINTER

What?

The new edition of "Bushwalking & Camping."

Not just a reprint of the old edition, but a completely new book, entirely rewritten and illustrated with new photographs and numerous sketches by Norman Hope.

It will be a handbook worthy of the walking movement. It should be of real interest to "old hands" and great use to beginners in the walking game. An ideal Xmas token of regard for your friends in walking. The price will be 1/3 and well worth it.

Talking about Christmas, Paddy would greatly appreciate it if you could bring in your repairs and "fittings" in good time and place your orders as soon as possible to avoid last minute rush.

Paddy takes this opportunity of wishing Bushwalkers all good things for Christmas and happy camping in the coming year.

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(opp. Palings.)

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS?

Reprinted from "The Open Road" - magazine of the N.R.M.A. :-

"Some girl hikers are dreams!", asserts a young tourist. Yes, but has he ever seen a dream WALKING?

BUSHWALKERS BALLADS

MAY BE

by Dorothy Lawry.

The august Committee sat and gnashed their teeth;
The luckless Leaders moaned and drowned in tears;
The Members cringed before Prospectives' jeers;
Some Carping Critics sent a wreath ----
The uproar was the worst for years.

The Chairman rose and voiced their fears --
"This here Prospective's much too tuff,
He's done two Test Walks in one day,
He's left two Leaders on the way,
We can't have him, he's much too rough,
He walked two Leaders off their feet,
He broke their little hearts;
Our pals they were, we'll take their parts;
His braggard boast he'll not repeat,
The Club will keep him out!"

"He's incompatible to us!", the Committee then did shout,
"To knock him back's a perfect treat!"
One married member quickly said they'd better be discreet,
"He'll call our bluff, disaster we may meet;
He's still three tests to do 'to the satisfaction of the leader',
We'll make them such he'll surely need a
Long, long rest before he's through."
"But, where'll we get a Leader tried and true",
Asked one, "Who'll risk his life and limb
On trip so hopeless, rash, and grim?"
"Make known the hazards, and side-step the rush,"
The married man replied, "Or you'll be trampled in the crush."

They talked and talked, but finally agreed,
And planned it thus: "If he can lead
Three members tried and true from Here unto Next Week,
Thence, through the Land of May Be, seek
The Land of What Will Be, and so come back
With all his party happy in his track,
We MAY accept that Test."

To his expressed opinion they replied,
"This is our club, and you come in, or not, as we decide."
He swallowed down his pride, and took their dare;
With comrades from their club into the future he would fare,
Provided some Prospectives too the trip would share.

Adventure called: the party grow,
A cumbrous group of old and new,
But, undismayed, they started out
The Future to explore with him --
Its maze to thread, deep waters swim,
'Neath sun, or rain, or wind, or drought;

To perish there, or come again
To home, and Now, and living men,
With dying croak, or joyous shout.

On Saturday they started out,
The route well-known from Here unto Next Week,
But Monday found them in a creek.
The sun mis-hidden and all landmarks lost.
The Tuff Prospective thought, "At any cost
Beside the water we must keep",
But soon into a chasm they saw, and heard, the waters leap;
He needs must take the right bank, or the left.
They clambered up into a land bereft
Of landmark, time, and firm reality,
By swirling mists that held them in captivity
In this strange Land of May Be.
And ever and anon the mists were cleft
To show them glimpses of the country,
To maze them more with valleys strange,
With twisting creek, or sawtoothed range,
Where none were on their maps.

The Members told the Tuff Prospective,
"It's your job now to lead us safely
Through this horrid Land of May Be
To a sunlit country where we
Can range the landmarks in perspective."
Using compass, map, and bushcraft,
While the party growled, or chaffed
Him, as he led them through the rough stuff,
Even he had had enough
Long before they won their way
From the mazy Land of May
Be with its zigzag, flattened ridges,
And its gorges without bridges,
With its swamps and precipices,
With the pitfalls that one misses
In the mist by inches only.
Yet he shepherded the party
Safely through that dang'rous land
Till they dropped on ev'ry hand,
Too weary to go on.

For many hours they lay asleep
Beside a river broad and deep,
And when they woke the mists had gone --
But the land was featureless and wan,
And where they were, which way to go,
None knew, and hope was flickering low,
Until their doughty leader cried,
"Let's EAT, and then decide
What will be best to do, my friends!"

They ate and ate; their strength flowed back;
Winding across the plain they saw a track,
That brought them soon where the river bends,
The mountains loom, the danger ends--
They know the way, they're homeward bound!
That Tuff Prospective truth had found
When he proclaimed. "Let's eat!"
That's WHAT WILL BE Despair's defeat
- Always. Let's EAT!

And when they all were satisfied,
He led them gaily home again,
And dropped his empty pack; and then
Announced he'd done the Test they set,
And more -- he'd won a private bet
To out-eat any Member. "Now, decide
If I am worthy", the Tuff Prospective cried;
And "YES", they answered, as one man.

BACK NUMBERS OF "THE SYDNEY BUSH ALKER"

This is the thirteenth issue of your MONTHLY Magazine, so we take this opportunity of announcing that we have available still a limited number of the following back issues - at the usual price of 3d each :-

December 1937;

January, February, March, April, May; July, August; October,
and November, 1938.

June and September, 1938 have been sold out, but if anyone is particularly anxious to obtain a copy to complete his or her set, the Publication Staff is prepared to re-set the stencils and run off a few copies -- but they will cost 1/- each, and can only be obtained by special arrangement.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

Rupert Brooke.

SYDNEY'S WATER SUPPLY

by Kanuka.

The Warragamba Dam scheme, if taken to its final stage of about 300 feet height, will ruin the Lower Burragorang and Lower Cox's River tourist trade and river scenery, form deep-water barriers for many miles in several directions through the hills, and permanently deprive recreational walking and canoeing clubs of a large part of their chief territory. This consists of portions of the Central Blue Mountains, Southern Blue Mountains, Burragorang, Nattai and Lower Cox's River valleys, and particularly the Warragamba River in the case of canoeists - this river being the only white-water stream reasonably close to Sydney.

The dam is designed to attain about 300 feet height eventually, and the first stage to 50 feet height is now being constructed, the permanent loss of Warragamba Gorge, which will be occasioned on completion of the 50 feet high section, is bad enough without the dam being carried higher. The bushland recreational interests, and quite likely the Burragorang and Cox's River tourist interests, intend to make a stand against the dam being carried higher than about 50 feet, involving avoidable encroachment upon scenic bushland used by recreationists, and valley lands used by motoring, boarding-house, pedestrian and trail-riding tourists, and which will be required for such purposes and as training grounds for youth for all time. When the requirements of the future are considered, so far as they reasonably can be known, it is certain that utilization of the Colo River affluents Coorangooba, Wollangambe and Wollemi, the Lower Colo itself, and northern affluents of the Grose, is much to be preferred, since their environs are more rugged and less known, and so would not be greatly missed as recreational and scenic utilities. Even if it be shown that the development of these streams for water storage, its treatment, and reticulation to Sydney would involve considerably greater expenditure the argument will be advanced that the heavier cost would be justified. For the good and sufficient reason that neither Government nor Water Board can justify their action in virtually destroying valuable scenery, a thriving tourist industry, a popular training-ground for the youth of the State for all time, natural access routes to first-class mountain scenery, and the only white-water canoeing stream near Sydney. In order to justify a high dam on the Warragamba they would have to utilize the other streams first and show that the combined storage was inadequate. Then there still remains the untouched, inexhaustible and pure Snowy River to be considered, and maybe the heads of other streams between the Snowy River and Moss Vale.

No doubt the Warragamba scheme is the most economical one, but it is maintained that the preservation of the existing aspects of Nattai, Burragorang, and Cox's River valleys, for all time, is of far more importance than the expenditure of money. In time money and labour can be found for any necessary works, but once destroyed these smiling valleys never can be restored to their original beauty and uses. Once developed for water storage their original amenities and normal functions will be forever lost to the State. On the other hand very few persons will miss the use of the other streams named.

The Warragamba water storage plan definitely does not appeal to bushland recreationists, who deplore the alleged necessity for even a 50 feet dam there. Far rather would they see the O'Hare's Creek scheme developed in conjunction with the Woronora Dam scheme, and together with the development of the Grose River northern affluents and Colo River possibilities. Citizens of average intelligence naturally are chary about criticising experts, but they just as naturally expect the experts to give serious consideration to all the issues involved and not just gravitate to the easiest and most economical job. Comparative yields and relative costs are important issues, but also

so are such matters as potential values (under several headings) and the best ultimate uses of the valleys and lands in question. If there were no other possibilities and the matter were restricted to the Warragamba project alone, the loss, tremendous as it might be, would have to be faced and accepted. But once done, it would be a thousand pities if ever it were ascertained that the building of the Warragamba Dam and the flooding and destruction of the States' best scenic playground could have been avoided by a better study of the prospects.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES

by A Passer-by.

One hot Saturday afternoon recently, I wandered along the leafy roads that wind through Castlecrag - rounding a bend I came, suddenly, upon a lady, hatless, clad in shorts and skirt, and armed with a common, garden rake. With great energy and concentration, she was raking the blue metal from the centre of the roadway; raking it aside to make a comparatively smooth path - but for what reason?

She made so much din and dust, that I was able to come right up to her unobserved, and study her carefully. She didn't look mad -- perhaps it was just a touch of the sun!

Being well brought up, I didn't stare too long at the lady, but strolled along the path she had made, and rounded yet another curve in the road -- What was this?

If the lady with the rake was a little queer, then the folks I now met were positively crazy -- Never did such strange sights and sounds meet my senses. In the foreground, right on this bush road, and for no apparent reason, were tiers of rough stone seats, upon which were piled all kinds of camping gear, and parcels obviously containing food. Several people were sprawled about, watching the antics of their friends on the other side of the little valley. The first thing that attracted me was two Trojan soldiers pacing the "walls of Troy", at least the words they spoke and the gesticulations they made were those of Trojan soldiers, but I do not think any smart young Trojan, carrying a spear, ever went forth clad in khaki shorts, athletic singlet and felt hat, not did his friend ever wear flannel "bags" and smoke a pipe!

I passed on to investigate the cause of all the confusion below the "Trojan Wall"-- a cornet blared forth a well-known tune and several tall youths came filing down a bush path singing (in various keys) some song about "digging in a mine", then I recognised them, the Seven Dwarfs of course.

In the bushes a little to the right of the "dwarfs" two men were erecting a tent, and one of them was speaking the bold words of a Grecian warrior (a Grecian warrior in khaki pants).

I stood, stared and wondered -- What was all this? These people didn't look the least bit odd - yet, their behaviour -----

In the distance I spied a busy seamstress pinning and fitting funny little flower-like caps and fluffy paper dresses on to squirming, brown clad figures. A group in long green frocks were twisting themselves into strange shapes resembling fantastic trees - while here and there a gypsy figure cavorted around these "trees" -- A number of serious-looking women sat a little apart, muttering to each other, and from afar came the strains of violins and a smattering of Russian song --

Amongst all this noise and activity, motor cars moved in and out without rhyme or reason - but what intrigued me most were several technical-looking gentlemen dashing hither and thither, carrying long electric light leads, some climbing trees to erect half kerosene tin reflectors, and others, from behind a large tree, controlling what

appeared to be an electric switchboard occasionally someone would be "paged" through an amplifier, or a few seconds of gramophone music would be heard, once a girl with a sweet voice sang part of a song --

I was unable to control my curiosity any longer, so I waited my opportunity, at the foot of a tree, and when one of the technical-looking persons, who had been fixing a light half way up the trunk, came to earth, I asked him, very cautiously, to tell me the worst. "Was it some harmless lunatic community holding its annual picnic?"

He looked a little surprised and even hurt. "Didn't I know?" "Why, this was the afternoon of the S.B.W. concert -- this was the Castlecrag Open Air Theatre -- these people (all quite sane) were rehearsing -- he was an electrician fixing the lighting, and he was very busy."

As I thanked him he dashed off and commenced to climb another tree, a pair of pliers held firmly between his teeth, and wire and electric light bulbs peeping out of every pocket --

So that explained it all -- I wandered back along the road till I reached the lady with the rake - she had nearly finished her task. She smiled, so I spoke to her, asking more questions. She explained that she was merely raking the rough stones aside to make a clear pathway, so that the audience might walk along, that night, without danger to their shoes or ankles --

So, these S.I.W. people were not mad; though I will say, appearances are often deceptive!

S A F E T Y F I R S T !

Our readers are reminded that, whenever they have occasion to walk on roads at night, they should endeavour to wear, or carry, something white so that they may be visible to the drivers of vehicles.

Pedestrians often fail to realise that at night when two motor-cars are approaching each other both drivers may be so gazzled by each other's headlights that it is impossible for them to see a pedestrian on the road at all.

When walking on roads there is only one safe way, and that is the way laid down in the Regulations. Pedestrians should walk on the righthand side of the road FACING THE TRAFFIC.

Even so, keep well to the side -- and be ready to jump right off into the bush if necessary. Roads are much more dangerous than shark-infested waters! A shark attack is news; a road accident, material for the statistician.

For me, the misty meadows fresh with morn,
The tramp through noontide heat to evening gray,
The far-seen smoke from the day's goal upborne,
The halt, the friendly greeting by the way,
The distant hill behind far hill descried,
The road by day, the rest at eventide.

C. Fox Smith.

THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL CONCERT

by One of the Audience.

Tall gum trees, dark and graceful against the pale evening sky, the glimmer of the bay below, now blue, now silver, reflecting the distant lights, a myriad stars, the more brilliant when seen through the gently-swaying branches -- no this is not the beginning of one of the more romantic novels, nor yet the setting for some fantasia of Harlequin and Columbine, merely an impression of the Castlecrag Open Air Theatre, where the S.B.W. held their Eleventh Annual Concert on the balmy evening of November 12th.

It was a new and happy scheme to take our concert into the bush instead of holding it in a hall as usual.

As the show went on, each scene revealed new beauties in the natural bush amphitheatre. First a gipsy scene with its brilliant colour and the strains of an old Russian folk-song - next a fantasy of bush flowers led by their Queen, the Flannel Flower. A lone walker had beaten out a bush fire, and, to show their gratitude, the flowers ask the North Wind to call to the Bush Walkers and so help their friend to find companions for his wanderings. Then followed a touch of comedy - a play in which five women work for the extermination of all male things - even a lap-dog (pride of one of their member's heart must go; a symbolic ballet, based on the well known ballad "Trees", and accompanied by violins and a sweet contralto voice; a whistling chorus (a touch more of comedy here); and an impression of a woman showing her garden - "it was so lovely yesterday."

After interval came drama - a tale of the Grecian siege of Troy. The advantages of the large stage space were obvious here as the action of the play moved to and fro between the Trojan Wall and the Grecian Camp. A musical interlude, and then yet another parody on the old romance of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs", with many topical illusions, and a magic mirror complete with spring roller-blind.

The final item showed an aboriginal, as first owner of the Australian bush, handing to a Bush Walker the care of his hunting grounds, and finished with a corroboree effectively danced in silhouette against the firelight.

Throughout the show one realised that much credit was due to the technicians for the great amount of thought and hard work they had put into the lighting and amplification; to the cast for the time and energy they had given for the success of the performance; and to the concert committee for all the groundwork and organisation.

Our thanks are due to Mrs. Griffin for allowing us to use the theatre, and to her we offer congratulations on her enterprise in providing Sydney with such a delightful Open Air Theatre.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

--- Byron.

AT OUR OWN MEETING

Vice-President Jack Debert was in the Chair at the Monthly Meeting on November 11th as Maurie Berry was busy installing lighting and sound apparatus at Castlecrag Open Air Theatre in readiness for the Concert on the 12th.

The meeting opened at 8.12 p.m. (by our reporter's watch), and closed at 8.55 p.m. but quite a lot was done, and learned.....

"Bushwalkers" are accused of "Threatening" the shackholders at Era, who are, therefore, forming a vigilant committee. Members were asked to refrain from threatening shackholders. No, we don't think they have been - but don't.

A Vote of Thanks to the Editor and Publication Committee of "The Bush-Walker No.2" was carried by acclamation.

The matter of timber-cutting in Couridjah Forest has been taken up by the Federation, which is also following it up.

Resignations from the Club have been accepted with regret from Ann Bartholomew, Evelyn Millard and Noel Turnbull.

Una and May Mullin are holidaying in Tasmania, armed with a letter of introduction to the Hobart Walking Club, of course.

The following new members were welcomed:-

Mrs. Marion Ellis; Misses Alico Collins and Grace Jolly;
Messrs. Larry Ellis and William Cosgrove.

The Barretts have retired, and Mr. & Mrs. Ellis were appointed Room Stewards.

The Treasurer's Report showed a balance of only £29/16/- as a number of subscriptions are still outstanding! The axe is about to fall.

Attention was drawn to the Government's appeal for male volunteers as BLOOD DONORS; registration forms were available.

FEDERATION NEWS

The Financial Statements for the year ended 20th July last have just been sent to the various clubs. They show a surplus of income over expenditure of £22/8/-.

An appeal is being made to the members of affiliated clubs to apply for appointment as Honorary Rangers. Anyone interested should see our Club Secretary for details of procedure, powers, and responsibilities.

A sub-committee has been appointed to investigate the possibility of replacing Taro's ladders with iron ladders similar to those which have done such good service for so many years at Kanangra Walls. Personnel: Messrs. C. Barnard, H. Freeman, and the S.B.W. nominee - W. Tarr.

The Honorary Secretary of the Federation has now definitely been given power to act in cases of urgency after consulting with the President and one other member of the Council, so if at any time you hear of anything that calls for urgent action by the Federation -- at once give all your information to one of the Club's Delegates and he will see that the Honorary Secretary receives it without delay. The Delegates, of course, are Tom Herbert and Alex. Colloy. If you don't know where to get in touch with them, our Hon. Secretary, Richard Croker, does, and you have his address and telephone number on your Walks Programme.

CLUB GOSSIP

by "Sunlight"

Cupid has been working overtime.

The Shock of the Month was the news that Hec. Carruthers had been married -- without giving US any previous announcement! For a full description of the wedding we refer you to Ray Bean; here we merely add our good wishes to those Hec. has been receiving from all his other friends. Who was the lady? Miss France Isabel Tremaine, generally known as "Bon". We hope we have spelled her name correctly, we've never seen it written down.

There was a rumour floating round that Ian Malcolm (Scotty) was engaged. At last he came to town, and confirmed it, so you are all quite in order when you join us in congratulating Ian on his engagement to Miss Betty Kerwan (or Curwin?). She is not a club member, but she's a nice girl - we've met her.

Tom Herbert's engagement to Miss Rosamund Bell has been announced in the "Sydney Morning Herald"; we are merely adding our good wishes, and expressing the hope that his fiancee will be able to spare time from her music to join us all in the bush sometimes. We don't want to lose Thomas Ambrose.

Another happy announcement is the engagement of our two fencing enthusiasts - Barbara MacGregor and Alton Chapple. We hope soon to have the opportunity of congratulating Alton personally. In the meantime, through this column, we send them both fraternal greetings and all good wishes. If community of interests means anything in married life, these two bushwalkers should be headed for happiness.

Have you noticed the pouter-pigeon chests the members of the Rock Climbing Section have been wearing lately? They are all puffed up because, on October 29th/30th, they succeeded in getting down the creek from Minnehaha Falls to the foot of Arethuss Falls, and back. They had to use about 300 ft. of rope, though! So that creek - which beat them before - has been conquered; and the conquerors are justly proud. But, from all accounts, it was not exactly a walking trip!

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED

At the first hint of trouble you had better dash for a train or you may be killed in the crush, for "Peter Persnurkus gave us the following publicity in "The Sun" on November 14th.

"Bush hikers are regarded as likely to be useful military guides; they know all the tracks and creeks.

"Likewise all the nooks, recesses, and caves, and when bombing starts, they will be in great demand from the non-combatant civilians."