

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

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CONTENTS

	Page
Editorial	1
An Ascent of Billy's Head, Megalong Valley - <del>Marko Bykes</del>	2
At Our Own Meeting	3
From Here, There and Everywhere	4
Leica -- Advertisement	6
A "Grose" Incident by Clare Kinsella	7
Federation News	9
Paddy's Advertisement	11
Conservation by Alex Colley	12
To Glen Raphael By Moonlight by "B"	13
Club Gossip	14

EDITORIAL

In last issue "Conservative" contended that all the conservation work which could be expected from the ordinary bushwalker was that he, or she, should always live up to his ideals and avoid destruction, extinguish fires, and leave his, or her, campsites tidy.

In this issue Alex Colley disagrees, saying that the "average person" -- Conservative's term -- all over the world believes in peace and is living at peace with his neighbours but would certainly fight for his home if war came.

Is the ordinary bushwalker an "average person"? Many people would answer, "Certainly not; no one of average intelligence would hike for miles carrying a heavy pack." Maybe they are right. Maybe we are of more than average intelligence - maybe we are not. Let our lives prove it.

One of the fundamental things about bushwalking is that it is a recreation, not a sport; co-operative enjoyment of the world as it was made, not competitive effort to change it, or to beat the other fellow.

Does the "average person" live at peace with his neighbours? From his earliest youth throughout his schooldays and his working life, right until his last game of bowls is played, it is competition; competition all the time. Fight your way to the top of the class! Fight to get, and to hold, a job, or a better job than the other fellow; beat him at sport, if you can; show that you are a finer fellow than he in this way, that way, and the other! If you don't you are afraid he will think you a

poor specimen and trample on you.....

Is it any wonder that the world is beset by wars and alarms of wars? The whole atmosphere is impregnated with war thoughts! No, not quite all of it. Out in the bush there is comparative peace - and co-operation.

Let us all prove that bushwalkers have more than average intelligence by deliberately thrusting aside the fears that beset us as "average persons", and by thinking and acting co-operatively not only on week-ends and holidays in the bush but throughout the week too, or as much of it as possible.

Every extra person who is led by our example to think co-operatively instead of competitively counts two. He is one more on our side, the side of real peace, and one less on the other side.

You say? How futile! Individuals can't stop war." Can't they? If there are enough of them, and they co-operate, they can. A raindrop is small and ineffective, but if enough raindrops concentrate at the same time and place they can break any drought.

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AN ASCENT ON BILLY'S HEAD, MEGALONG VALLEY

By Marie D. Byles.

We hear of so many people who have not been able to find a way up Billy's Head that it may not be out of place to tell how we managed it during the winter of 1938, though far be it from us to claim to be the first.

We camped on Mitchell's Creek, walked along the road towards Carlons, and took the ridge on the left after going through Duncan's Gate. It was a clean, straight ridge going up, as good ridges should, without losing any height. On the way up we crossed the road on which there is a timber platform but no hut, and after that the ridge goes up very steeply to the rocks. At the rocks we looked first at a possible tree, but its looks were not pleasant, so we chose instead a narrow cleft.

Marion Ellis, being very tiny, was sent up first and managed to squeeze herself into the cleft and get up safely. Dorothy Hazluck tried next and got stuck, took all the skin off her hands and dropped down, a gory mess. Edna Garrad then followed but, realizing the limitations of her person, did not try the interior of the cleft. Instead she climbed on Harry Ellis's shoulders and thence on the outside of the rock and, when up, the next people had the advantage not only of Harry's shoulders but also of her legs. Finally, after all the rucksacks had been hauled up, Harry came up barefooted.

After that we had some little search for a way up the balance of the cliffs, but at least we found a chimney on the right and there were no more difficulties. We arrived on the Narrow Neck Plateau at 10 a.m. Of course we had started early - Ray Birt's parties usually do!

- - - - -

AT OUR OWN MEETING

For the second time in the Club's History, the King's Birthday got all mixed up with our monthly General Meeting, and this year the Honorary Secretary, (Tom Moppett), scanned the Constitution even more anxiously than his predecessor (Richard Croker) had done last year, since a further complication this June was the President's wedding. Section 10, sub-section E, of the Constitution, says, "Fifteen Members present at any general meeting shall constitute a quorum", and as eighteen were present by 8.25 p.m. the meeting was opened and Mr. Maurie Berry was elected to the chair.

As each additional member appeared, the Assistant Secretary, the Chairman and our Special Reporter, simultaneously altered their attendance figures, but we can only state that the highest number present at any one time was twenty-four, although we understand that another seven members were in the entrance lobby, as usual ! By the way, it would be helpful if all those members who prefer talking to attending meetings or lectures would note that there is no glass above the door between the entrance lobby and the main room. Their conversation would be much less disturbing if they assembled in the committee room.

Proceeding to business, and progressing to the correspondence, the meeting learned that Mr. Norbert Carlon has again been re-elected an Honorary Member of the Club - under the Constitution this has to be done each year. Yes, it's all right, folks, Mrs. Carlon is still an Honorary Member, too, but she was originally elected at a different time of the year.

Other members mentioned were Gwen Lawrie, "Griff" (Mrs. Edith Truscott), and Frank Freeguard, who have all transferred from the Active to the Non-Active List.

Several circulars have been received from the Federation, one being a preliminary announcement of a Working Bee at Maitland Bay next May. The Trustees of Bouddi Natural Park want help in erecting a sheltered complete with tank so there will be good water available at Maitland Bay instead of the present well water. They are also anxious to have tracks constructed from the northern end of Killcare Beach to Maitland Bay so that walkers can avoid the road if they wish; from Maitland Bay over the hills to Little Beach; and an improved track from the Bay up to the road. All affiliated Clubs have been asked to include this Working Bee on 11th/12th May 1940, as a fixture on their Walks Programmes.

Another Federation circular reported progress towards securing Rooms for the Federation and asked clubs each to appoint a representative to inspect any suggested rooms. Mr. Frank Duncan will act for and report to the S.B.W.

Yet another circular announced the appointments of Mr. Alex Colley as Hon. Secretary to the Conservation Bureau and Mr. Norrie Macdonald as an Assistant Secretary of the Federation, in place of Mr. R.E. Mitchell who recently resigned from these offices.

Finally, the Federation asked for club representatives for this year's Ball Committee, and it was announced that our Hon. Social Secretary, Miss

Edna Garrad, will represent the S.B.W.

The Hon. Treasurer's Report showed that subscriptions were coming in just about fast enough to meet the Club's Expenses, and that reminds us ---- Yes, all unpaid subscriptions are now overdue. Whose autograph would you prefer? Ron. Eddes, Hon. Treasurer, or Johnnie Wood, Assistant Hon. Treasurer? Or have you already secured one of them?

It was reported to the meeting that the Ladders at Clear Hill are again in a dangerous condition, and - after quite a lot of discussion - it was resolved that the Federation be approached again about the removal of the Ladders and the making of the alternative Track.

There being no further business, Mr. Berry declared the meeting closed at 9.20 p.m. and simultaneously a vote of thanks to the Chairman was carried on the motion of Mr. Charles Pryde.

Then everyone dashed off home to pack for the holiday week-end.

FROM HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

Recently Charlie Pryde let us see some papers he had written as a young man in Belfast many years ago. One of them was on "Holidays" and the different ways of spending one's annual leave, and here is what Charlie wrote then about --

"CAMPING out for a holiday seems to be growing in favour judging by the reports I've heard. Several fellows get together at the end of spring and talk about holidays. One suggests camping out, but the others don't seem to "cotton on" at once, and until after the matter has been discussed several times nothing definite is arranged. Then, there is a meeting - a time is settled on and some of the prospective party are formed into a committee of ways and means, to arrange about a site, tent, etc. It is a very interesting sight to see a party of novices putting up a tent! Generally each fellow thinks he knows the only way to get it up and each sets about doing it in a different way, until, after half-an-hour's hard work to get the guy ropes properly taut all round, the pole comes down and hits someone on the head. Then the whole party sit round and swear until some bolder spirit than the rest makes a rush and, by his own unaided efforts manages to get things right. There is usually great excitement getting the first meal ready unless there is a hired cook with the party. This is the best way to do because, then, you are not so much confined to tinned food of which even the least fastidious get tired in a day or two, and there is someone to look after the camp, which in some places is very necessary, without leaving one of the party behind...!

It makes Ireland and the Irish sound super-civilised, doesn't it?

As a contrast, here is something Australian that will probably interest those folk who are ever seeking new places to go; places where there are no hired cooks, no novices, no signs of civilisation at all. It is a letter received last month by Dorothy Lawry and reads:-

"Dear Madam,

I saw your article about the Kanangra Walls in "The Open Road" for May 18 last and gather that you are a lover of the unspoiled wide open spaces. If that is the case you might care to take a look round this part some week-end. I am on a road running from Lower Portland, on the Hawkesbury river, to its junction with the new Upper Colo-Putty-Singleton road. There is no other habitation between here and Lower Portland nine miles away and the road, though rough, is quite negotiable - but only by an experienced driver. From here to the junction of the Putty road the surface is not so bad, merely requiring care in a few places. All this district is shown well in the latest N.R.M.A. week-end tour map, and this is called the Wheelbarrow Road. I have not seen the Kanangra Walls, but have been to Oberon, Jenolan Caves, and down the Burraborang Valley to Yeranderie and so I know a little about scenery. The views about here are not comparable and yet I think you would appreciate the trip.

I am only sixty odd miles from Sydney and yet it is the wildest and most isolated place I've ever been in. There is no mail service. I have my letters addressed to Mr. Newis, who comes here for firewood. There are lyre-birds in the gullies, also wombats, wallabys and kangaroos, and I heard a dingo howling only a few minutes ago.

If you chance a visit, come by Richmond, Upper Colo, cross the bridge over the Colo river and then up the newly constructed road going to Putty. If you have a good car and driver you could go back by Lower Portland and I think you would find the scenery is quite good enough to warrant the trip.

I am, Madam,  
Yours faithfully,  
R. S. WHITEMAN."

How many of you have been into that country north of the Colo River? It sounds as though Mr. Whiteman might let you park your cars at his place while you explored the district. He might even act as guide.

.....

From "Travelore" of 9th May, 1939:-

In order to preserve the woodlands and garden beauty for which the island of Madeira is famous, everyone who cuts down a tree is required by law to plant another in its place.

.....

Did you realise that -- "Not only wood, but many other things also, come from the forests. Tans, dyes, oils, resins, charcoal, formalin, acetic acid are all forest products." -- to quote Mr. Owen Jones. And those are only a few of them, man is now getting over four thousand different products from wood,

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A "GROSE" INCIDENT

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 limpid 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 dread 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 eat - went forth the edict.  
Soon beside the rushing river  
Underneath the casuarinas  
Rose the smoke of many camp fires  
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  
Heeding 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,  
Solidly they stared before them  
Heeded not the lovely damsel  
Lovely damsel, Molly-moo-ma,  
As the river swept her onward  
Racing onward to destruction ! ! !  
.....

One there was among the party  
He a poor thing, a prospective,  
But he saw the lovely maiden  
As the river swept her onward.  
Saw those eyes like weeping violets  
Turned upon him supplicating,  
And there stirred within his being  
A faint spark of manly courage,  
So he tossed aside his sandwich  
Spurned his stew, his curried rabbit  
All the carrots, onions, lettuce,  
Bread and fruit and little what-nots  
Meant to tempt a walker's palate.  
All he spurned, when her sad peril  
Burst upon his understanding.  
With a cry of "Hors de combat,  
Honi Soit and Merrie England",  
Taking but a bite of sausage  
To sustain him on the journey,  
Down he dashed upon the waters.

Chivalry was not dead in him,  
Chivalry, that lovely flower,  
Budded, blossomed burst within him !  
Then he paused, and poised he waited  
As he watched the rushing river  
Take the lovely Molly-moo-ma  
Swirl her, swish her, turn her, toss her  
Into a swift swirling eddy  
Like a leaf, her floating fair form,  
Tossed into a swirling eddy  
Thence into a quiet backwater,  
Where she lay undone, exhausted,  
In at least one foot of water.  
But our hero's brain was sparking  
Like a flash, he saw her problem,  
How could she without her costume,  
Leave the veiling, cloaking water?  
Leave the refuge of the river?  
.....

Soft the South-West Wind, the whisperer,  
Wandered through the waving tree-tops,  
Whispered through the leafy bushland,  
Told the tale of Molly-moo-ma,  
Molly-moo-ma, dark and lovely,  
And her sorry situation.  
Then the 'roos, both Kang and Walla,  
Bounded through the golden bracken,  
Bounded over fallen timber,  
Over rocks and over bushes,  
Till they reached the rushing river,  
Where the 'Possums and Koalas,  
Wakened by the South Wind's whispers,  
Watched from the tall gum trees' shelter.  
While the snakes, both plain and spotted,  
David Darwin Dandy's playmates,  
Bounced upon their bulging bellies,  
(How's that for alliteration?)  
Till they reached the rushing river.  
While above the old Goannas,  
And the laughing Kookaburras,  
Hold their breath in apprehension.  
Would the hero reach the maiden -  
Molly-moo-ma, dark and lovely,  
Rescue her from her sad peril,  
Save her from being liquidated?  
All this time the noble leader,  
Noble leader stalwart Herbert,  
And his brother stalwart Derbert,  
Sat beside the rushing river,  
Munching, crunching, stoking, stuffing,  
Till their tummies swelled like Buddha's,  
Till their eyes were slightly hazy,  
Till their eyes were slightly glazy!  
Ah! our hero's brain was working,



Came a heaving of grey matter,  
Quick the thought and sharp the action,  
Back he darted to his rucksack,  
Swift as thought he seized his groundsheet.  
Swift he bit a bite of sausage,  
To sustain him on his journey,  
Back he spurted to the river,  
Swirling - (no, I think by this time  
You should know how it was moving).  
With his sheet held out before him,  
And his hand flung o'er his eyelids,  
He, no Peeping Tom OUR Hero !  
Now his toes are in the water  
Now his instep. Ah what valour !  
On he goes with breathless courage.  
Now the water wets his ankles,  
Wets his calf but on he plunges,  
Closer, closer on he stumbles.  
Moves his hand to note his progress  
Then full modest shuts his eyelids,  
As he handed the folded groundsheet  
To the lovely Molly-moo-ma,  
Molly-moo-ma, dark and lovely,  
Molly-moo-ma, Running Water.  
Like the lovely Aphrodite,

Fair she rose up from the river,  
Wrapped the groundsheet tight around her.  
Grasping then his outstretched finger,  
Gently towards the shore he led her,  
Led her back to land and safety,  
Led her back to camp and dinner.  
Led her back to where the others  
Lay about well fed and happy,  
With their eyes a little hazy,  
With their eyes a little glazy.  
While about them in the bushland,  
All the little darting lizards,  
All the 'roos, both Kang and Wallas  
All the Laughing Kookaburras,  
All the birds, the fat Koalas,  
All the little white tailed Rabbits,  
All the creeping, crawling insects,  
Danced around in joy and gladness,  
Raced about to tell their fellows  
That the lovely Molly-moo-ma,  
Molly-moo-ma, dark and lovely,  
Molly-moo-ma, Running Water,  
Had escaped the rushing river,  
Had escaped the raging torrent,  
Had been brought to land and safety.

.....

FEDERATION NEWS

The meeting of the Federation held on May 26th was a comparatively short one, opening at about 6.30 p.m. and closing at 10 p.m. but quite a lot of work was done.

The long-promised revision of the Act protecting Wild Flowers is still awaited, but as the annual proclamation of the Protected List of Plants is published on July 1st each year, the Honorary Secretary of the Federation -- after consultation with Miss Thistle Harris of the Schools Branch of the Australian Forest League -- had written to the Department of Works and Local Government enclosing a list of suggestions. This list was shorter than usual but would give protection to a wider range of plants as it covered whole genera and not just particular species.

As instructed by the previous meeting, letters had been written to The National Park Trust asking it to re-mark the track from Uloola Falls to Audley, and to the Secretary for Railways asking the Department to urge park trusts to keep open all foot tracks and to see that these are not obliterated by roads without new tracks being constructed. As the Federation pointed out, walkers and hikers are good customers of the Railways, and many hikers use the maps published by the Railways so the Department has a definite interest in the continued existence of the tracks shown on those maps.

The Trampers' Club of N.S.W. having drawn attention to a new danger spot

for walkers created by the building of the new River Road from Bald Hill along the Hacking River to the Upper Causeway in The National Park, it was resolved that the Bulli Shire Council be written to suggesting the placing of warning signs on this road near the Lilyvale and Burgh Tracks so that motorists would be on the lookout for pedestrians at these intersections.

The Bouddi Natural Park Trustees reported that the beach at Maitland Bay has been fenced to keep cattle off it and so allow of re-growth after the recent bushfires; also that several small additions to the Park had been secured, these being lands that were forfeited for non-payment of rates by the owners. The Trust asked for co-operation by clubs and assistance by walkers in track making, etc., and that a Working Bee for 11/12th May, 1940, be included in the Walks Programmes of the various clubs.

After the report on the recent Round Table Conference had been received and discussed, it was resolved "THAT this Federation approves of the appointment of a sub-committee consisting of three delegates from this Federation and three deputies from the N.P.P.A. Council, the objects of the Sub-Committee being firstly to draw up a short explanation of the Blue Mountains National Park Scheme as a whole and the principles underlying it and secondly to advise the two respective bodies on the areas of greatest urgency and the best methods of having them reserved or dedicated." The election of delegates to the Sub-Committee was deferred until next meeting so that the various clubs could be advised and their recommendations be received.

Mr. R.E. Mitchell's resignation as Hon. Secretary to the Conservation Bureau was accepted with regret and Mr. Alex. Colley was elected to this position. Mr. Mitchell having also resigned as an Assistant to the Hon. Secretary of the Federation, Mr. N.A.W. Macdonald was elected to fill the vacancy until the Annual Meeting in July.

Acting on a suggestion from the S.B.W. the Federation decided to donate one guinea to the Glebe Division of the St. John Ambulance Brigade towards the funds necessary to equip its new First Aid Station at Bundeena. We hope that no walker will ever need to seek assistance here, but a First Aid Station in this area would be most valuable if anyone did meet with an accident.

-----

ODD ASSORTMENT OF ASSORTED ODDMENTS

TINS, FOR COPPERS.

Thrifty campers carefully hoard tins of all shapes and sizes against the day they may need them, (but alas how seldom does the right tin turn up.)

Paddy has now a collection of tins. Round tins of one eighth, one quarter, one half and full pint capacity. Screw top tins for kerosene, milk, tea, coffee etc. half pint, one pint and two pint. Flat tins for biscuits and tins for first aid kits. They cost but a few coppers each.

BOOT NAILS.

Ironclad dreadnought and steel shod rock-hoppers please note that Paddy has stocks of shamrock pattern nails whose three spikes grip more tenaciously than bad habits to your sole. 1/4 per pound.

MATCHES.

The sands of time are running low. The sale of wax matches will be prohibited in September. Paddy has a stock of waterproof waxies at 3d per tin. Get some.

1st AID KITS.

Despite the stupendous sales resulting from last months advertisement (advertising manager please note) Paddy still has some First Aid Kits at 3/-. They're good. Try one.

"FOUR BY TWOS" are sheets of waterproof japara 4' x 2' eyeleted in each corner. These versatile sheets will commend themselves to the ingenious walker. Suggestions for their use are--spare groundsheet when cape-sheet is damp. Camp-fire seat, cover for rucksack, wet weather kilt etc. etc. Price 3/6.

Now King Winter reigns we begin to consider ways and means of keeping the marrow from congealing in our bones. Padded jackets (snugs's) with open end zipp down the front cost 30/-.

Head Cosies keep the ears warm when Jack Frost waves his wintry wand. Price 5/-.

'Phone B3101.

PADDY PALLIN  
327 George Street  
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Opposite Palings.

CONSERVATION

by Alex. Colley.

Not long ago, during a dry time, someone cut down some of the casuarinas growing along the Cox for cattle food. More recently a roaring bushfire reduced a large part of the beautiful Garrawarra flora to charcoal. At Lilyvale a new high speed road is tearing its way through the tall timber on the hill opposite the station, leaving in its wake great scars on the hillside and heaps of roots, stumps and severed branches. Last Easter a brave hunter set out with his 303 and fearlessly shot 50 kangaroos in the Mount Colong district,

We all feel strongly about these things, which means that we are all interested in conservation. But what can we do about it? Most of us content ourselves by saying, or thinking, "its a shame" or "it should be stopped". Some of us get up in meetings and draw attention to this damage and destruction. It takes a hardy soul to get up and move "That the Federation delegates be instructed to request the Federation to do so and so". People don't get up in meetings and make speeches about conservation matters for two very good reasons. In the first place they generally have no idea of what should be done. It is not the fault of members that they do not understand conservation work, for at present there is simply no means for acquiring this knowledge. It should be one of the first tasks of the Conservation Bureau to provide a simple explanation of conservation work. In the second place they cannot see how their views can make any difference.

"Conservative" said in the last "Bushwalker" that "the average person.... is doing his part by living in his own life the ideals we should like to see in public life." This seems to me an unreal view. All over the world the "average person" is living in peace with his neighbour. He abhors murder. But this will not prevent him from donning a uniform and going forth to the slaughter if the call comes. There is no system of collective thought telepathy whereby the good intentions of a large number of individuals will bring about the ends they desire.

If we are to protect the bushlands we must unite in action to influence the bodies which control the use of land, such as the Government, Shire and municipal councils, park trusts etc. These bodies, in our democratic country, are to some extent responsive to public opinion. The Federation is an organ of public opinion. As such it may influence the actions of Governmental institutions. It may also influence them by reason of the fact that it has special knowledge of our bushlands.

The Conservation Bureau is now working on a scheme which will provide people who are interested with a means of doing effective work. It is hoped that if the Bureau can evolve a clear-cut plan it will be able to make good use of the services of those who feel the urge to do their bit but don't know how to go about it. It is not a matter for experts. I only know two, and one is not working with the Federation.

In the past members have responded enthusiastically when called upon to support a definite scheme, as for instance in purchasing The Blue Gum Forest and in leasing Morella Karong. No doubt they will do so again if the Bureau can provide leadership, instruction and organisation.

If, in the meantime anyone has any criticism or suggestion to make, the Conservation Bureau will be glad to hear it. The articles which have appeared in the last two issues of the "Bushwalker" were discussed at some length at our last meeting and some at least of the ideas expressed will be reflected in the future work of the Bureau.

TO GLEN RAPHAEL BY MOONLIGHT

by "B".

To walk along the Narrow Necks to Clear Hill is inspiring at any time, but in the moonlight it is absolutely fascinating. On the night I saw it first, a bank of dark cloud hung over Katoomba, tipped with silvery rays from the rising moon. Then fortunately for us, the bank melted away and the full moon rode out serenely.

On the first Neck the wind from Megalong whipped us into a steady pace. The path ran up - up till we looked down onto Diamond Falls. The spot was wrongly named for this night. Diamond Spray would have been much more suitable, for the wind swept the spray all over us as we descended and allowed very little water to drop into the depths. The rise above the creek loomed darkly, but on its surface the track showed clear in the moonlight.

As we climbed, and ran down, and climbed again, we caught glimpses of Megalong Valley, but it was not until it reached the second Neck that the full beauty of the scene burst upon us. To the left we could discern the top of Solitary, separated from us by a velvety blackness. On the right, light clouds scurried below us, and the moonlight shone through onto Megalong Valley. It is really not possible for me to put into words the glory of that view - it was like "looking" at a grand performance of a Wagnerian Symphony. Immediately below the valley lay in the shade of the Neck. Further out, it was a deep bottle green with darker patches as the clouds blew across. Far in the distance the mountains rose darkly, tipped by the moon's rays and backed by stars.

As we stood against it on the rise, the wind chilled our bodies, and wove fantastic patterns with leaves and branches. With each descent in the path came a break from the chill blast, but every rise meant a further glimpse of the fascinating and almost unreal scene far below us.

We had heard nothing but the rustling of stunted bushes and leaning trees till, quite suddenly, laughter came to us on the wind, and over the next crest the glow of a fire was visible. This meant Glen Raphael, friends around a glowing fire, hot stew and sound sleep, with an early rise next morning to view the glories of the sun piercing the mists of Clear Hill.

CLUB GOSSIP

On May 30th we hunted the moths out of their summer residence, donned our evening "things" and proceeded to Sargents in Market Street, where a goodly percentage of the Club's "youth and beauty" had gathered to attend the first S.B.W. Dance of the Season. Ossie Brownlee, as M.C., - and the orchestra -- kept the numbers short and snappy so that all tastes might be catered for, and the dances varied from dreamy old-time waltzes to "hotcha" foxtrots and, of course, The Lambeth Walk. -- We are NOT going to describe some of the frocks; everyone interested in how the girls look when they are "all dressed up" should go to the next Club Dance, on July 18th -- The first Dance was socially and financially a great success, and, if the second one is as well supported, everyone will declare once more "a good time was had by all." Our private tip to you is - Don't miss it!

On May 26th Roley Cotter and George Dibley gave a joint lecture entitled "Tripping with a Camera". Unfortunately, neither of our Special Reporters was present, one being at the Federation Meeting next door, and the other "gone home to Mother", so we cannot give a first hand report of the lecture, but, from remarks overheard since, we understand that some "super" pictures were shown.

Diamonds are flashing again! This time they are being worn by Audrey Lumsden who has become engaged to Mr. Phil. Lockwood. Some of you may have met him, although he is not a walker; he was at the Saturday afternoon rehearsal for the last Concert. Having come to collect Audrey for a game of golf, he was so amused that he let the game slide, and came to the Concert too. We hope all to meet him soon. In the meantime, congratulations!

Phil Roots dashed down to Sydney for the Croker wedding, and to see her Mother, but, unfortunately, could not stay long enough to come walking. Mrs. Peckett was still in hospital but is progressing steadily and hopes to be about again before very long.

A certain long-legged bird has been flying about the State recently. On 1st June it visited Roberta and Edgar Yardley and left with them one small son, whom they called Nicholas. Then, on 14th June, it dashed down to Griffith and left a similar gift with Jeanne and Gordon Mannell. We understand that all are doing well, and we extend a welcome and best wishes to these future bushwalkers.

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