

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A Monthly Bulletin devoted to matters of interest to
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C O N T E N T S

'Struth, That Re-Union's Here again! ...	Page 1
Thrills, Spills and Chills in the Kowmung - by "Paddy" Pallin ...	" 2
Advertisement for Savage Carvings ...	" 6
From Here, There and Everywhere ...	" 7
Public Announcement ...	" 10
At Our Own Meeting ...	" 10
Paddy's Advertisement ...	" 11
Bushwalkers, Beware ! by Merle Hamilton ...	" 12
Federation News ...	" 14
"Highlights" Sponsored by Stephenson & Bird ...	" 15
Club Gossip ...	" 16

'STRUTH, THAT RE-UNION'S HERE AGAIN!

Our artist is away in New Zealand, gliding over glissades, climbing Cook or what have you, and we have no one to make a heading for us. But having once put our shoulders to the wheel, our hands to the proverbial plough and hitched our waggon to a dawn beam (not a Dawn O'Day beam either!), do we look the other way or turn a deaf eye? No, no, a thousand times no, We'd rather say -- well, never mind what -- but as Menzies said in 1966 and all that, "War or no war the Re-union must go on" -- and that is a good thing.

So we have just popped on to this page, not to say the Re-union will be held at Morella-Karong on Sat/Sun. 9th and 10th March - of course, you know that - but, we want your ideas. After all you'll be there, so tell us what you want.

Shall tell you more next month. Let the password be --

"LET US RE-UNE !"

The Organising Committee, 1940 Re-Union.
Maurie Berry, Convenor.

THRILLS, SPILLS AND CHILLS IN THE KOWMUNG

by "Paddy" Pallin.

Tales of "Tigers" swimming down the Kowmung fired my imagination and I gazed longingly at the map. If only it could be done over Easter ! Outward transport to the Kanangra Road was easy and news that the Debert-Smiths were doing a Yerranderie trip made return transport from Yerranderie to Camden possible. Jack Watson (Rover Ramblers) heard me thinking and joined in. Lex Smith and I have a standing engagement for Easter trips. The idea was broached to Paul Howard. He wavered, (I think there was a girl in it) but fell.

So it was that Jack, Lex, Paul and I found ourselves on the way to Jenolan Caves on the Thursday before Easter. Hearing that many others were bound Kanangra-wards, we had schemed to be out at Cunynghame's before the mob. We got a flying start from Blackheath, had a dreamlike drive through the misty moonlit gorges of Jenolan and then alas! the car broke down on Oberon Hill and we had the galling experience of seeing one car after another, all packed with walkers, pass on. We spent hours sucking the vacuum feed and milking petrol out of the tank. Then some bright laddie came along, tightened a nut on the battery, and off we went.

About a mile from the jurn-off we struck mud and the driver refused to go further, so we were ejected into the stilly night to proceed under our own power. We walked five miles along the broad highway which seemed so out of place on the lonely Kanangra Main. We reached Cunynghame's and camped at 3.30 a.m.

At 7 a.m. we rose reluctantly. Camped around us were about 100 walkers. Was there ever such a crowd there before? Packs up and away at 8.30 a.m.

Left the track at Roley Whalen's hut and had lunch where Pfeffer's Trail crosses the Boyd. We found the going good down the left bank for a couple of miles. Crossed over, and after a false alarm, found the Tuglow Lookout and then descended into the Kowmung Valley.

Having seen numerous photographs of Morong Falls I had a mental picture of a thin ribbon of water falling down a cliff. Knowing that the Boyd was running high I expected to see a good fall, but I was hardly prepared for what met out gaze as we rounded the shoulder of the hill during the descent. Words cannot describe that thundering avalanche of water. I can hear it still. Paul went to the foot of the first terrific fall and he was dwarfed to insignificance besides its immensity. The rest of us took photographs. I went mad and took about a dozen shots.

To get across was the next job. We descended to what appeared to be the usual crossing but it looked impossible. Decided to descend to the Kowmung and cross it. After one hour of laborious rock climbing and lowering packs on ropes, we landed on top of a sheer 30 foot cliff with deep water below. Ruefully we scrambled back and tackled the falls again. Found a pool with the water cascading in one side and out of the other. It was

dusk; the cold water swirled darkly. We tied up our packs with foreboding and waterproofing. We stripped slowly, entered reluctantly and emerged shivering but triumphant. Half a mile downstream we found what sufficed for a campsite on the steep mountainside and four weary walkers fed and slept.

Next day (Saturday) we sidled for a while looking for an opportunity to descend to the water. At last we got down and eagerly tied up our packs in the 3' x 3' proofed bags we had fetched. We also donned the "mammas" as we soon christened them. We had realised that the water would be cold and knew the River would be high. Therefore to minimise risk we had devised floats consisting of an ordinary penny balloon placed in a 7" x 9" tucker bag. Two of these were attached to the back by means of tapes tied round the chest. They were very successful and their buoyancy was sufficient to support head and shoulders out of the water without effort. (When not in use between swims twosets were quite easily carried in a Japara bucket slung behind the rucksack).

We negotiated our first rapid and swam a pool. It was easy. The next job was a rapid which swung round a bend. I led the way. Imagine my horror when I found I had entered a pool surrounded by steep rocks and not ten yards away a twinkling winking line of water, the top (as we found afterwards) of a 30 foot waterfall.

I yelled but the noise of the water drowned my voice and round the corner came Paul. He managed to reach a little bay on the other side of the pool and there he was trapped by the swift current. By dint of hanging on to slippery rocks I managed to get on to a ledge and get back whence I had come, and told the others what had happened. We crossed the river, rescued Paul and found it impossible to descend the waterfall. After battling our way upstream again, we managed to find a way up the steep cliffs which rose on each side of the river.

Morong Deep! How little words can convey. I had heard walkers talk of Morong Deep in hushed tones. I even knew that four miles was good going for a day's walk, but Morong Deep has to be seen to be believed. It's rough. It's tough. But it's great stuff. You feel that here is a man's job to battle through. Cliffs to scale, ledges to negotiate, steep mountain sides, thickets to break through.

We sidled for the rest of the morning and had lunch at Peatfield Creek junction.

After lunch we sidled down the left bank for over a mile of fairly easy going. Then steep cliffs barred the way. It took us half an hour to cross the river, after which we got our packs into the water and swam one or two easy pools. Then we had another thrill. After lowering our packs over a ledge alongside a waterfall I got ahead of the party and launched my pack in what appeared to be a long, swift flowing pool. The rocks on each side were granite worn smooth by ages of flowing waters. I had a great feeling of power as the slightest effort seemed to send me forward at great speed. Suddenly I was made to realise that I was but flotsam as I tumbled swiftly over a cascade. There was little danger as the water flowed smoothly in a wide channel of clean rocks. I had no sooner recovered from the first than I

was hurled into a second and a third cascade. I enjoyed the spills and emerged chuckling.

Pulling into the shore, I quickly opened up my pack, emptied out some of the water, got out my camera and waited for the others. I was rewarded with two good shots. One was of Lex, felt hat pulled firmly down over his eyes, taking the rapid feet first. The laugh was on me for it was then I realised I had lost my glasses in the excitement.

The next bit was a ticklish one requiring the negotiating of slippery rock ledges 20 ft. above the swift water. Then another problem. We came to the top of a fall. Thirty feet below us was a lovely pool four or five hundred yards long. There was an easy ramp down to it - on the other side of the river. Here the whole river flowed through two narrow channels; we crossed the first and stood debating ways and means of crossing the second - a swift flowing, deep channel with a waterfall a few yards downstream. Then the hero in Paul spoke and said, "Well, I suppose my life's not worth much. Gimme that rope". In he plunged, taking a rope with him; a few powerful strokes, a tense moment, a mighty heave, and Paul was over. The rest was easy. We floated the packs over and then crossed and descended the ramp. It was getting dusk as we swam the pool and it was eerie swimming in the now silent waters between steep rock walls. We were all shivering violently with cold when we emerged. Rapids ahead and so we sidled on the steep right bank. By great good fortune we stumbled on the only flat spot for miles around and camped. There was only room for one tent and so the four of us squeezed into it after drying out things which had got wet.

Next morning (Sunday) we found that we were camped near a high waterfall a little upstream from Hanrahan's Creek junction. We had the choice of crossing the river and testing the possibility of descending to the gorge below or sidling. As the chance of descent seemed small and the river crossing was not easy, we decided to sidle. Three hours later four tired trampers had lunch half a mile downstream. Here we had our first conference on the possibility of making Yerranderie in time. We decided that it was just possible.

After lunch the going was good (in comparison); we crossed Werong Creek and had once again to climb out of the valley. The magnificent red granite bluffs of Rudder's Rift now came into view and we descended into the rift and worked our way along the river's edge to Wadgetail Bluffs. Here we camped and after dinner anxiously scanned maps again to find our chances of getting to Yerranderie on the morrow. We decided to make a dawn start. Porridge was put on and eggs placed in water beside the huge fire we had lit.

Monday saw us up by daylight. The fire we had left must have died down rapidly for, alas, the porridge and eggs were raw. We ate them nevertheless and got away at 7 a.m.

The map seemed to indicate that most of the rough stuff was over, but after walking a few hundred yards we were confronted with the choice of swimming or climbing. The morning was cold and bleak and we decided to climb. How our poor thighs protested and lungs laboured as we bent our backs to clamber up the rocky mountainside. Yerranderie began to seem a distant mirage.

Down to the water again and half the party swam round an outjutting rock. The others climbed over. This was the only swimming we did this day. Past the obstacle it was easy going for a while and spirits began to rise. Soon, however, we were confronted with towering bluffs. Our hearts sank. On Myles Dunphy's map we saw the inscription "Hatchers High Sidling". Uncomfortable words! We toiled up again. The going was not as bad as it looked, however, and at 11 a.m. we reached the River again.

The water had by now dropped considerably. Nevertheless crossings were still slow and arduous. Suddenly, however, the character of the valley changed and we found ourselves walking in what we had hitherto considered typical Kowmung country. The Kowmung of casuarina and pleasant grassy flats. We quickened our pace and rejoiced at the level turf beneath our feet. At 1 p.m. we arrived at Lennigan's Creek junction.

After a hasty lunch we set off again at 1.40. Despite the nettles which warmly caressed our knees, the ferny loveliness of this valley, tranquil in the afternoon sun, was balm to our spirits after the austere grandeur of the rugged gorges we had traversed till now. We had arranged that the lorry should not wait for us after 5.30 p.m. Maybe he would wait till 6 p.m. and we might just do it. We made good pace up Lannigan's Creek and arrived at Colong Caves at 3pm.

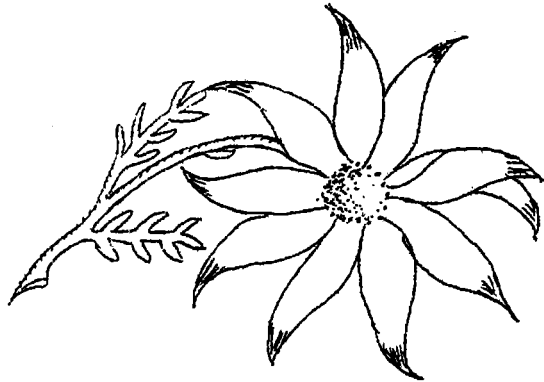
Then came the grind up Green Gully to the ridge. What fools we were to think we could reach Yerranderie in time. The effects of three days hard going began to tell and weary limbs rebelled. We plodded slowly on towards a top which seemed ever to recede. Suddenly we reached the top. The afternoon was cool; the track easy, and soon we were striding along as though we did not know what weariness meant. We felt like giants refreshed. Colong Saddle - a little hesitation in Colong Swamp - picked up the track again through Tonalli Gap. The pace got better and better. Soon Jack and Paul, who had been rearing at the bit, could restrain themselves no longer and decided to trot into Yerranderie, Lex and I walked.

The two trotters arrived in Yerranderie at 6.5 p.m. to find that the lorry had left five minutes earlier. Lex and I arrived ten minutes later. I will not distress you with the harassing tale of the next three hours of garbled messages and frantic phone calls. Suffice it to say that we chartered a car and overtook the lorry at Wollondilly Bridge at 9 p.m.

The party had been there since 5 p.m. and the lorry since 6.30. The delay meant that many of them would arrive back in town too late to catch their usual connections for home, but one and all were sportsmen and never a word of reproach did we hear.

Thus a memorable trip was brought to a successful conclusion by the friendly co-operation and kindly forbearance of fellow walkers.

S A V A G E C A R V I N G S

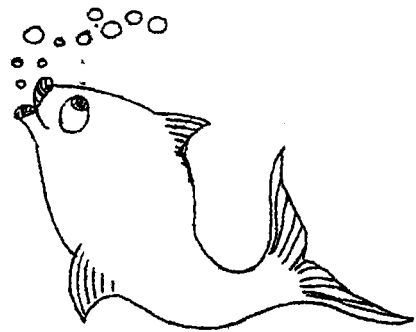


SOMETHING EXCLUSIVE AND INDIVIDUAL FOR THAT NEXT
BIRTHDAY GIFT.

WEAR A GENUINE HAND CARVED HORN NOVELTY WITH
YOUR NEW AUTUMN OUTFIT.

SEE

Joan or Harry Savage,
"Shangrilah",
Tempe Road,
BEXLEY NTH.



FROM HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

After the January meeting the Club Secretary handed the Editor a whole sheaf of magazines from other clubs for review. They were:-

"The Melbourne Walker", Vol.II 1939 - a journal of the Melbourne Walking and Touring Club, together with this club's Annual Report for 1938/1939 and its Programme 1939/1940.

"Wayfaring" No.8 - the journal of the Melbourne Women's Walking Club, also a couple of circulars and their programme for 1939/1940.

"Outdoors" Vol.6. No.2 - the official organ of the Otago Tramping Club (Inc.) of Dunedin, New Zealand.

"The Tararua Trumper" Vol.12 No.2 official publication of the Tararua Tramping Club Inc. Wellington, N.Z.

"Alpinesport" Vol.8.No.9 - journal of the Alpine Sports Club (Inc.) Auckland, N.Z. (Apparently all clubs in New Zealand have to be incorporated).

"Into the Blue" No.14 from the Coast & Mountain Walkers of N.S.W. Sydney.

We understand the Campfire Club, Sydney, is also going into the publication game and that the first issue of its quarterly magazine is appearing in January, but we told the Hon.Secretary, Len Raper, not to rush us with an advance copy as we could probably devote more space to reviewing it next month when there would possibly not be such a harvest of magazines to hand.

"Into the Blue" No.14 appeared in December with a new cover - by Alan P. Rigby - and a new editor. Brenda White has retired for a well-earned rest after running "The Sydney Bush Walker" for three years and "Into the Blue" for the next four. Gwen Giovanelli has made a good start on the difficult job of following in Brenda's footsteps, December issue contains a number of bright and interesting articles; we were particularly amused by Reg. Humphries' advice "On Keeping Warm"; read it for yourselves, the magazine is in the Club library.

Another addition to the library into which you should dip is "Wayfaring" No.8. Space is limited so we can only quote you some of the "fill-ups" to whet your appetite for the articles in "Wayfaring" ---

"There is no solace on earth for us - for such as we who search for the hidden beauties that eye may never see; only the road and the dawn, the sun, the wind and the rain, and the watch-fire under the stars - and sleep and the road again."
--- John Masfield.

"Daniel Boone was asked if he had ever been lost in the woods. 'No, I never get lost', Boone replied reflectively - 'But I was bewildered once for three days.'
--- Pioneers of the old South-West."

Recipe for "Kilcunda Fruit Salad" (Very economical).

Ingredients - One apple, some jelly, and a little cream.

Method -- Collect necessary utensils (largest billies in the party) and any other suitable contributions - such as a pineapple, pears, grapes, passionfruit, bananas.

Serve on individual plates. These will be supplied by the donors of the required ingredients - and others!

These ingredients have been known to serve 14 persons.

--- "Nana" (Member Melbourne Women's Walking Club)

Definitions:	<u>Prune</u>	A plum which has seen better days.
	<u>Tripe</u>	Knitted meat - purl one side - plain the other.
	<u>Hiccough</u>	An irrelevant remark.
	<u>Luke-warm</u>	Anything which lukes warm, but isn't.

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CAMP FIRES

Emphasis on the need for special care in the lighting of camp fires is given in a recent circular issued by the Bush Fires Advisory Committee.

"Scrape away all inflammable material from a spot five feet in diameter" it states. "Dig a small hole in the centre of your fire, which should also be small.

"Never build it against trees or logs, or near scrub."

"To put out the fire, stir embers while soaking them with water. Turn small sticks and drench both sides. Wet the ground around the fire."

"If you cannot get water stir in earth and tread it down until packed tight over and around the fire. Be sure the last spark is extinguished."

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Here is some good news from "The Open Road" - the N.R.M.A. Magazine:-

"Sanctuary Planned on Colo River".

"To make a sanctuary for birds and wild animals, and to preserve an area of blue gum forest in its natural state, Mr. A. Jewell, a Sydney business man, has purchased 2,000 acres of land on the Colo River, a few miles above its junction with the Hawkesbury. The area, Mr. Jewell said, contained the greatest selection of fauna he had seen in any one district in New South Wales. The bird life included lyrebirds, wonga, pigeons, wild ducks of different kinds, and many song birds. Wallabies and opossums were still plentiful, and he had been told that koala bears had been seen there recently. Mr. Jewell himself has seen platypus in the river fronting the property, Mr. Jewell said that his object was to preserve the birds and animals in their natural state, to fence the property, and to protect the forest land from fires. A conservation plan would be carried out purely on private lines."

Did you hear what we heard? That the silvery tongue and enthusiasm for conservation of a certain bushwalking estate agent had a lot to do with this property becoming a private sanctuary. Good work, Geoff!

"HINTS FOR WALKERS".

If you wish to get the maximum amount of physical benefit, as well as of enjoyment, from hiking and climbing, try to develop the habits of proper body use in ordinary life. By doing so, not only will you increase your capacity for hiking, but also you will prevent the development of incipient flat foot, and improve your carriage and physique. Pay special attention to the following points:

As regards the feet:

1. Walk with the inner borders parallel, toes pointing straight forward. Take care not to walk with the toes pointing out.
2. Try to grip the ground with your toes as you go, and especially as you climb.
3. Walk with full muscular control of your feet, throwing the weight of the body to the outer border of the foot. Practise this "active" walking, instead of just putting your feet down like passive pads.
4. Don't clump the heel down first. Try to place the whole length of heel and sole on the ground at once.

As regards the body:

1. Hold the chest high, and the head up and back.
2. Don't throw back from the hips.
3. Don't let the back round the chest sink when climbing.
4. If you hold your back flat and your chest up, the abdominal wall will remain flat and taut.
5. Let the arms swing, freely, but without exaggeration.

As regards breathing:

1. Breathe in and out through the nose. Breathe deeply.
2. Expand the lower chest and upper abdomen all round at sides, front and back. Don't get into the habit of low abdominal breathing with a forward and backward exertion of the lower abdomen.

By J. Renfrew White, F.R.C.S.

in Youth Hostel Assn. Handbook.

to us, via,

"Outdoors" - The Official Organ of the
Otago Tramping Club (Inc.)

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PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT

We learn on good authority that the General Store at Terranderie run by Mr. D. R. McCoy, now carries stocks of "all food necessary for walkers".

If possible we will get Mr. McCoy to supply more details of his stocks so that walkers will know just what food they can rely upon buying there.

The matter is now in the hands of the Business Manager to secure an advertisement.

AT OUR OWN MEETING

The January meeting was well attended and those present had the pleasure of welcoming three new members:-

Miss Edith Finlay and Messrs. Geoffrey Higson and Allen Williams.

Resignations were accepted with regret from:

Misses Margaret Rennie, Connie Hardy and Mrs. Mamie Fryer (nee McDougall), Messrs. Ted Dollimore, Frank Whiddon and Max Rout.

George Baker has written from New Zealand telling us of the good times he is having over there and has asked to be transferred to the Non-Active members list. Other members, namely, Misses Leah Dummer, Nanette Gorringe, Mrs. Gwen Ross and Ian (Scotty) Malcolm, made similar requests and have been transferred accordingly.

Ten other members were crossed off through non-payment of subscriptions.

As the Hon. Auditor, Harold Chardon, will be in camp for the next three months, Tom Kenny-Royal was elected, in his stead, to do the annual audit.

A three page brochure entitled "Map & Compass - Principles and General Rules for their Use" by Harold Chardon, may be obtained for the sum of two-pence on application to the Secretary Tom Moppett. This is an opportunity for prospectives and members, to obtain some useful hints on the handling of these important articles.

Lately it has been noticed that the dyed leaves of the woody pear are being used for decorative purposes at certain cafes etc. and may also be purchased at several stores and street baskets. As this plant is a protected wildflower, and in danger of extermination if commercialised to this extent, Miss Marie Byles moved that the Federation be asked to write a letter of protest to the "Herald" and also to the firm in Day Street that is distributing this protected wildflower. The Secretary will attend to this correspondence.

It was suggested by Maurie Berry that the club purchase copies of two new military maps of Orange and Blayney. These maps will be added to our collection.

Mr. Maurie Berry also reminded members that the Re-union is again

approaching, and requested folks with ideas for stunts and other entertainments to pass same on to the Re-union committee as soon as possible.

As the Secretary and Assistant Secretary are now hard at work compiling the Annual Report, members are requested to forward information and items of interest re new country walked during the year etc.

The Editor would also be interested to receive short and snappy accounts of members' holiday experiences.

Just before the meeting closed, Miss Rene Browne gave a verbal report on the Kiddies' Xmas Treat. An excellent day's outing was enjoyed, being well supported by many helpers. The Treat was a great success in every respect except finance, there being a considerable deficit on the day's expenditure. As usual, this will be met from Club funds.

E R S A T Z

I think that's the word that our friends the enemy use for such things as the axle grease they are given to spread on the sawdust compound they use for bread, the government having used all the butter to grease the guns with. (It does seem stupid doesn't it, to use good butter on guns when any good lubrication oil would so just as well).

But to return to our muttons (or was it butter) we'll soon be reduced to 'ersatz' ourselves the way aluminium is.

Paddy has a few aluminium billies and a few small screw topped jars left, but cannot replace stocks. The difficulty is that all this stuff was made locally from flat aluminium imported from England. Aluminium being used extensively on aircraft, it is a prohibited export. Hence no aluminium ware for camping.

The possibility of light pressed steel is being explored but more of that anon.

In the meantime as a substitute for aluminium screw topped jars Paddy has now supplies of screw topped waxed paper jars. They're strong, light and reasonably durable. And what's more they're cheap.

4 oz.	jars	2d.
8 oz.	jars	3d.
16 oz.	jars	4d.

PADDY PALLIN,
327 George Street
SYDNEY

BUSHWALKERS, BEWARE !

By Merle Hamilton.

"Oh, its easy to make a sleeping bag." I overheard this remark one Friday night, so I turned to the group of talkers. "Who has made a sleeping bag?" I asked, "I'd like to make one. How is it done?" "Oh, quite easy", said Jean Trimble, "Just make a bag of japara, put some feathers into it, and shake them about until they are evenly distributed. Stitch up the top and a few rows across and up and down so that it looks like a block of chocolate. Join the two sides of your bag together, and there you are,"

Nothing could be easier to do and the instructions were so simple and clear. I went home that Friday night with the firm resolve to make my sleeping bag without delay.

My resolve was strong. I was not put off. I started that very week. I bought japara and feathers and began this simple little job on Saturday morning.

The bag of japara was childs play, anyone can stitch japara in three lines south, east and north. Good. The bag was made. Jean was quite right, it is easy to make a sleeping bag. My courage doubled at this stage. I confess that as I went home on Friday night, I had had some doubts. Feathers! I thought they were difficult and managed only in a bath tub. But all my doubts left me now. Why, I only had to put the feathers into the bag, and all was done.

Without any qualms I opened the paper packet of feathers and took out a handful to put into the japara bag; but do you know those feathers had no intention of going into my sleeping bag? They took wings and up into the air they flew, I watched them fly away like gay sunbeams, then settle for a little rest on the top of the bookcase, a few onto a picture and some glided down onto the bed.

Thinking that the next handful would behave better, I put my hand in again, but, oh, no, this second handful had for so long been repressed by the top handful they did not intend to take it lying down when free at last, so away they flew. The picture rail and dressing table were powdered with them, the top of the wardrobe received its quota, as also did the bookcase and pictures.

I could see I was on the wrong track. I called a halt (the feathers did not halt) studied the matter and decided on a new plan.

Now Jean had said "easy", so easy it must be. Of course, I was doing the wrong thing; it all came to me in a flash (those sort of flashes do come occasionally, you know).

The way to get the feathers into the sleeping bag was to shake them from one bag into the other bag. How foolish I had been before not to see this easy way.

I opened the two bags, held up the feather bag and began, shake, shake!

Wacko !! How they scattered ! The feathers had a glorious time. The room was suffering a terrific snow storm. Round and round they went and left no spot in the room, or on myself, untouched or vacant. My dress was like a Lamington cake and the carpet like a bunny wool jumper. But there were a few feathers, just a few, in the sleeping bag. The few that could not escape me. They had probably joined in the fun and snow sports and come to rest inside.

I peered down inside the sleeping bag, to count the feathers I had caught. I suddenly felt asphyxiated, in my nose were all the smaller feathers, I gasped for breath and got a mouthful of more feathers, I was drowning in feathers and, in my struggles, I sneez-ed.

The snow sports resumes, the few feathers in the sleeping bag went whirling into the ski races and snow jumping games and finished by joining their friends in the grandstands, that is, the bookcase, wardrobe, etc.

So I chased after my feathers, endeavouring to entice them gently from the dressing table into my nice, pretty sleeping bag. But they were free, the snow sports were good, so they could not be caught (maybe this is why Jean loves snow, or feathers respond to Jean - there seems a connection here).

I surveyed the white scene, breathless - to breath in or out was too dangerous, might cause an avalanche - I closed the door on it all and got modern science to work. The electric cleaner certainly had better control of feathers than I had. (Perhaps Jean is an electric cleaner in her spare moments.) I nearly lost my scalp down the cleaner.

The room took days, nay, weeks to resume its usual climatic appearance and normal colour. And I haven't seen Jean Trimble since.

I was utterly alone with the sun and the earth. Lying down on the grass, I spoke in my soul to the earth, the sun, the air, and the distant sea far beyond sight. I thought of the earth's firmness - I felt it bear me up; through the grassy couch there came an influence as if I could feel the great earth speaking to me. I thought of the wandering air - its pureness, which is its beauty; the air touched me and gave me something of itself. I spoke to the sea: though so far, in my mind I saw it, green at the rim of the earth and blue in deeper ocean; I desired to have its strength, its mystery and glory. Then I addressed the sun, desiring the soul equivalent of his light and brilliance, his endurance and unwearied race. I turned to the blue heaven over, gazing into its depth, inhaling its exquisite colour and sweetness. The rich blue of the unattainable flower of the sky drew my soul towards it, and there it rested, for pure colour is rest of heart. By all these I prayed; I felt an emotion of the soil beyond all definition; prayer is a puny thing to it, and the word is a rude sign to the feeling, but I know no other,

-----Richard Jeffries.

FEDERATION NEWS

Have you seen the leaflet issued by the Organising Committee for the First Annual Re-Union, of the N.S.W. Federation of Bush Walking Clubs? It is as bright as those that come from the Search and Rescue Section, and we suspect Paddy had a finger in the printer's pie again. Unfortunately the supply is limited so we are not able to include a leaflet in each copy of this magazine, but Paddy has given us the essential facts regarding this big event. Here they are:

Club members have very little opportunity of meeting their fellow walkers from other clubs. In addition very few of us realize what various, valuable and vital jobs the Federation has tackled and completed.

An opportunity to remedy these gaps in our education will be given at the Federation Reunion, to be held at Luscombe's Flat, Lower Grose River, about 8 miles from Richmond, on the 24th and 25th February.

A novel and interesting programme has been arranged, Gordon Young, Director of Physical education will be present and will give a short talk at the camp fire.

Experts in geology, birds, nature study, rock climbing with ropes, photography etc. will also be there to instruct and demonstrate their subjects to any who may desire information thereon.

The River Cance Club will indulge in aquatic sports. There will be demonstrations of improvised rafts and pack rafting.

The week end will be both amusing and instructive.

It is unfortunate that the date clashes with the S.B.W. Swimming Carnival, but it is hoped that there will be at least a few S.B.W's to represent the Club.

Cars can get right to the camp site, Transport from Richmond is available at a small charge,

Out of the veins of the world comes the blood of me;
The heart that beats in my side is the heart of the sea;
The hills have known me of old, and they do not forget;
Long ago was I friends with the wind; I am friends with it yet.

The hills are grey, they are strange, they breed desire
Of a tune that the feet may march to and not tire;
For always up in the distance the thin roads wind,
And passing out of sight, they pass not out of mind.

-- Gerald Gould.

"H I G H L I G H T S"

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Morris M. Stephenson,
A.S.T.C. (Dip. Opt.) F.I.O.

For our "Highlights" this month Morrie Stephenson gives us a quotation from H.G. Wells, and Dorothy Lawry passes on a warning given by the "Tigers".

NATURE'S TORCH.

"Frequently in deep sea fish, cuttlefish and crustacea alike, there is a concentration of especially large light organs, near the eye, and in some cases these have evolved into veritable projectors. Cells which germinate a luminous secretion are placed in front of a curved reflector made of a glistening membrane backed by black pigment and the outward streaming light is concentrated into a beam by means of a lens."

--- H. G. Wells.

PHOTOGRAPHIC RAMBLES.

We have all met the photographic enthusiast on some walk or other. We all know that a "photographic ramble" led by two such enthusiasts should be a delightful stroll through lovely country; one on which there are frequent long halts while the enthusiasts play about with their cameras and the rest of the party just drink in the beauty of their surroundings.

"Not", say the 'Tigers' bitterly, "if the leaders are George and Roley. We were misled into going for a 'photographic ramble' with them at Eight-Hour Week-end, and they walked us from seven till five daily, with hardly time for lunch - and no time to take photos! In the three days we covered sixty miles! Even 'Tigers' don't call that a 'ramble'. Beware of George and Roley if they ask you to go on a photographic ramble!"

Even George and Roley say, "No more such photographic rambles for us!"

In future they are going to do a lot more focussing on the map and its mileages when planning their trips. If you find their focussing ineffective, oh 'Tigers', send them to see Morrie Stephenson.

The thought of these rambles moves me to paraphrase W.H. Davies' well-known poem, "Leisure", and to call my verses -----

PLEASURE

What is a walk if, short of time,
We cannot stop for view sublime,
Nor wait to take a photograph
And fuss around while comrades chaff.
No time to bask upon the grass
Beneath the sun at Michaelmas,
No time to watch the changing light,
A swaying flower, or bird in flight.
A poor trip this, if we can't stop,
But have to walk until we drop.

-- Dorothy Lawry.

CLUB GOSSIP

Recently Frank Cramp has been appearing at the Club wearing a broad grin that nearly envelopes him. He is the "proud father of a bouncing boy", to use his own expression. Congratulations, Frank!

Two old S.B.W. members were married on the 27th January, Ted Dollimore to Miss Phyllis Johnston, and Don Peterson to a fellow member of the C.M.W. We offer congratulations and good wishes to both couples. The Dollimores are making their home in New Zealand; and now we know why Don dropped out of the S.B.W. last year, his other club held a greater attraction for him.

Another bunch of congratulations goes to Gordon Pritchard, whose engagement to Miss Nancy Wilson is announced. Good camping and good cheer to both of them !

Last, but by no means least in items of Club Gossip is that many members are getting into training for the S.B.W.'s 11th Swimming Carnival, which will be held in the George's River on the week-end 24th and 25th February. Yes, at the same pool as last year's carnival, tickets to Minto, and a good time will be had by all. (Do you think that will pacify the Social Secretary? Red-haired people -- other than bushwalkers -- are usually touchy, and we have given publicity in this issue to our own Re-union which does not happen till March 9th and 10th, and to the Federation's First Re-Union, which clashes with our Swimming Carnival - bad luck for them). If you are a swimmer there is no doubt where you will be on the 24th and 25th February. If not, maybe you will toss up between the Grose and the George's Rivers. North or South, you are sure to enjoy yourself.
