

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER.

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

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EDITORIAL.

When we were young and unofficial, way back in June, 1932, No. 7 opened with these words, which in No. 64 we repeat most heartily,

" 'The Bushwalker' extends a hearty welcome to the new committee, - may their meetings continue to be happy and hectic as in the past."

• • • • •
And it didn't rain at Easter after all ! !

Those bushwalkers who refrained from going camping because of the drought, and nobly left what drinking water there was to their more adventurous comrades, will be feeling they did THE RIGHT THING. Those adventurous ones who walked the bush seeking puddles of precious water - what are their feelings? What tales have they to tell?

"The Sydney Bushwalker" proclaims every issue that it is "a monthly bulletin devoted to matters of interest to The Sydney Bushwalkers" and that very definitely includes accounts of Easter trips. The Editor will be glad to have them as early as possible. Thank you, one and all !

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1940 RE-UNION.

by Dorothy Langworthy.

The day was hot, the grass was dry. Something happened and away went the fire - zipp ! It gobbled the grass and lapped the trees. When the Bush Walkers came to re-une, they found a black ruin about a green Golf Course and little wispy wreaths of smoke curling here and there. A knot of walkers gathered around the 16th tee, filling waterbags from a tap in the ground. The water was carefully poured on the little smoke wreaths. A blackened stalwart arrived from the fire-fringe; underneath the smut we saw Bill. Had he been whacking the fire with a pink bathing costume? Well, someone had. It wasn't pink any more.

The walkers gingerly crossed the ruins, looking for camp-sites. Some nestled among the trees, some on the precipitous slopes of the river bank; some chose to be exclusive among the hills beyond the 16th tee.

Presently the little tents were up and carefully fires built near. Walkers busily fried this and frizzled that while the shadows grew long and a soft violet mist crept over the river. The new members carried great logs for the camp-fire, then came hungrily to eat. The violet faded from the mist and the trees about the river grew dark.

Through the stillness came a call - a bugle call to the camp-fire. They came; over the dead grass, over ropes and under ropes, steering their way through this and that, all the walkers from the river bank, all the walkers from the far hills, came to gather together and Re-une. From the bushland came a Spirit, strong and lithesome, bearing a faggot in his hand. He lit the great pile set by the greenhorns, spoke, and was seen no more.

The green ones were now brought forward to be tested. Were they to be worthy members of this great band, By simple means a new committee was chosen from their number and they were dispersed. Then the night was filled with music. Maidens and youths lifted voices in song while someone tried to wrap himself around a tree - just for practice. A lively game of "Look Sharp" matched the wits of old and new committees; there were songs and stories in poems until the great moment arrived - Roll Call and Supper ! Make your bow first - come on, get up - right up, you ninny - have the torch shone on your face. That's right ! We don't want you any more. Ah! Cocoa! All rush or urge someone to rush for you - there are biscuits, too. Did you ever know a Bush Walker without an appetite?

And now let's hurry to the Ballet. Ah! The Ballet. The dainty Ballerina in fluffy skirt and hefty shoon, how prettily she trips! And here's Frank in long white underpants. What's he doing there? But Peter looks the part. Someone should tell him! So handsome a figure! How the ribbon sits upon his locks! Aha! The maid is coy. She offers in her hand a dainty shoe. Charge! Steady Peter! Alas! The maid is caught. The dainty Ballerina - she wilts. Ah! And again - ah!

We mustn't forget Ferdinand - the nice, little bull, Ferdinand. How he loved the beautiful flowers, even when they grew in Ladies' hats!

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The night grows on apace. Campers creep away and are lost in the night, beyond the glow of the fire. A small group stay till dawn, which they herald lustily, waking the slothful ones. "Let us Re-une", came a voice across the spaces. He was in a boat on the river. "Let us Re-une!" And we saw him at it later.

The little people crept from their tents, yawned and made for the river. They turned boats over and buried them just to practise finding them again. And when they'd had enough of that, they practised making dampers. Mary practised best and was made to eat hers in consequence .

Having done all these things; having chatted and laughed together, recalling old friends and absent friends and friends that were yet to come, the campers folded their tents into neat little bundles, gathered the things that were their own and slowly drifted past the 16th tee. They wandered off in groups --- were some carrying golf clubs? They wandered off, leaving the lonely river to mourn their absence.

FEDERATION NEWS.

The Federation has been approached by a firm of Sydney Solicitors who have a client wishing to acquire a piece of land for a reservation. Suggestions for a suitable site, accessible either by train or road, were asked for. The matter was referred to the Conservation Bureau, but at the same time delegates were asked to spread the news amongst the affiliated clubs.

Another letter received by the Federation was from the Water Board asking that members of affiliated clubs be warned not to go onto the Woronora catchment area. Paddy now has a map showing the prohibited area, which includes the Blue Pool - the one near Helensburgh.

Mr. Rae Else Mitchell presented the Federation with a blue-print of a detailed map of Mt. Gungahgung.

An area of 900 acres in the vicinity of the Duck-hole has been added to Kuring-gai Chase, but this news is not of much interest to Bushwalkers now a motor road crosses McCarr's Creek at the Duck-hole

Support our Advertisers --- They support us.

HUTS ON THE HIGHLANDS.

By Taro.

(Last month we learned that Taro and Laz had spent the most delightful of)
 (holidays at "Kossy" this past Xmas. We listened to Taro's paeans in praise)
 (of the place, the climate, the flies, everything, in fact, but the road to)
 (this heaven on top of Australia. This month we publish the practical part)
 (of his articles, from which you will gather that the winds there are wintry)
 (even in summer, and that Taro would agree with the hymn-writer who wrote that)
 "every prospect pleases and only man is vile." As this article is about huts,
 (Taro's description of the one they camped in for the eight days has been)
 (repeated.)-- Editor.

At this very spot (Charlotte's Pass) another hut materialised, right on the road; the door was open and I sniffed in and found much promise, but I did not move in till Laz - a lad with stacks of dainty ways- approved. He arrived.... sniffed in, and agreed. The place was a charming understudy for a pigsty, so we put in till dark cleaning, dusting, washing and re-arranging the 6 x 2 table and a pair of comfortable bunks. Wood lay in stacks all around and a stream ran past the door.

The hut is well and truly built and has a fine fireplace. We added many shelves- meat safe- low boys and gadgets galore, also a very fine outside bathroom and porch. No fun like the fun of R. Crusoe.

Happy nights we had, so snug while Aeolus fumbled vainly at the chinks in our armour. When the wind takes charge up there, a tent ordinaire is a bit of a joke.

So good is the place, that the S.W.B. should have its own private hut tucked away in one of the many delightful, stream-fed pockets. One truck could take up the fibro and framing, and a day would see it erected. It should be just an inverted V with roof running right onto the ground, which would be best for strength, and the low end would accommodate all sorts of junk and firewood. One end could hold a big fireplace; one skylight would be enough, and the door could have a number lock for the initiated. A charge should be made to clear the cost.

All the huts about Kossy are far from special, and all are on sufferance- owner may turn up at any minute.

The very fine Seaman Hut, so perfectly designed, placed and built is, alas, now a rubbish tip. Our countrymen- with their inborn capacity for destruction have made a sad wreck of the interior. When Mr. and Mrs. Seaman presented it to us it was well furnished with four best iron bedsteads, with the best of kapok mattresses, pillows, and blankets, and a good stove. A recess was put near the door to hold the key when the emergency arose, and that is where the trouble started. Such a soft snap could not be missed. Two years ago it showed many a scar, but now- bedsteads smashed, mattresses ⁱⁿ ripped open, kapok everywhere; stove smashed; the few remaining blankets lying ⁱⁿ the dirt, food, tins, bottles everywhere, and to complete it, a foul smell throughout.

The ground outside is paved with empty tins and broken bottles, completely mocking the fine spirit expressed on the gold and granite tablet near the front door.

And do they tell the world! Scarce an inch of the expensive asbestos room lining but is covered with the charcoaled names of the abominators - evidently

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no shame in the foul mess they call their brains!

Yes, luckily, the snow kept us from such a sight, and, as it turned out the Charlotte's Pass hut had one very large trump card. Right below lay the Chalet where all sorts of A.1 eatables could be obtained, including rich, yellow milk from a herd of Jerseys.

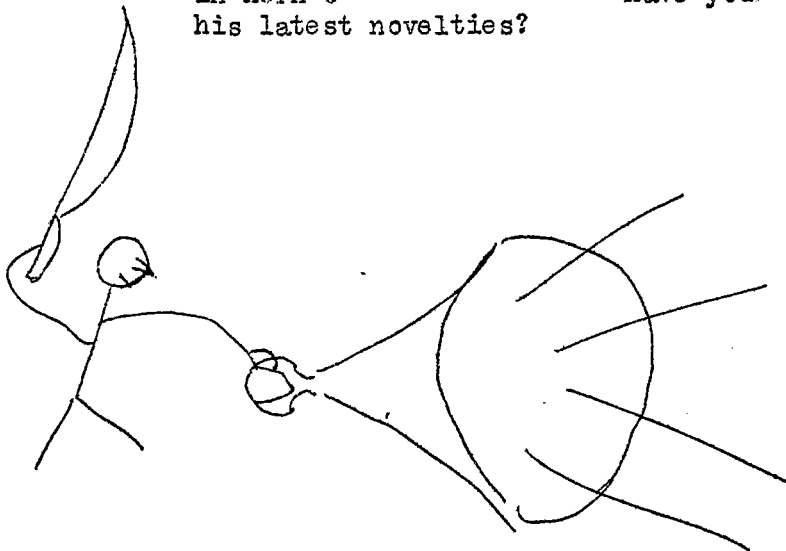
This, in a line, proves where the S.B.W. hut should be put.

NEWS
FLASH!

TIME MARCHES ON

STOP PRESS

HARRY SAVAGE is still carving queer things
in horn . Have you seen
his latest novelties?



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AT OUR OWN MEETING.

Among the one hundred and eight who attended the Twelfth Annual Meeting were many of the older members, including the regular "once a year-ers", and it was very pleasing to see Honorary Member, Roy Bennett, at this gathering.

The first business of the evening was to extend a welcome to two new members:
- Peter Allan and Ron Matthews.

The Certificates won at the recent Swimming Carnival were then presented.

From the correspondence we learned that Molly Astridge has applied to have her name transferred to the Non-active list.

The Club has purchased through the Queensland Lands Depart., the five Parish maps covering the area that makes up the Lamington National Park. While on the subject of maps, we believe that the Railway Department, has published two new ones, "Emu Plains and Wentworth Falls" and "Wentworth Falls and Bell". The price of these maps is 6d each.

The Federation has made a suggestion that clubs might take part in inter-club debates. It was agreed to notify the Federation that the S.B.W. thinks the idea an excellent one, but suggests that the debates take place around the camp-fire rather than indoors.

Mr. Jack Manson has been appointed to fill a vacancy which occurred on the Conservation Bureau.

There was a pleasant interlude, while a telegram from the "Rootsies", expressing good wishes for the Re-union, was read to the meeting.

Here are the results of the Election of Officers for the coming twelve months:-

PRESIDENT:

Richard Croker

Honorary Secretary

Tom Moppett

Honorary Treasurer

Bill Hall

Honorary Social Secretary.

L.G. Harrison (Mouldy).

Trustees.

D. Lawry, J. Turner, M. Berry.

Delegates to the Parks & Playground

Movement of N.S.W.

Hilda Blunt,

Dorothy Hasluck.

VICE PRESIDENTS.

Edna Garrad --- Roley Cotter

Assistant Hon. Secretary

Jean Trimble

Hon. Walks Secretary.

Gordon Smith.

Committee.

Foyce Trimble, Merle Hamilton
Tim Coffey, Tom Kenny-Royal.

Delegates to the Federation

(ffrom Aug 1940).

Tom Herbert, A. Salmon

J. Manson, Merle Hamilton.

Honorary Auditor.

Tom Herbert.

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It was agreed that the Annual Subscription should remain at 10/- and the Entrance Fee at 2/6d.

The meeting closed at 10.15 p.m. and some members scampered for late trains to take them to the Re-union camp spot, while the rest ran off home to pack so as to be in plenty of time for the Saturday trains carrying them to Emu Plains, there to indulge in lots of "re-une" with kindred spirits over the whole weekend.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Members are notified of a change in the Walks Programme.

Reg. Alder's weekend trip which is listed for April 5th, 6th, 7th has been changed to April 26th, 27th, 28th and the trip listed to be led jointly by Mary Stoddart and Gordon Smith on that weekend has been moved forward to April 5th, 6th, 7th.

Both of these trips start from Katoomba on the Friday night. If you want to go down Megalong Creek to Cox's River and back up Galong Creek, see Reg. Alder and keep the last weekend in April free.

If you wanted to go on the Cedar Creek trip, you will have to do it some other time, for the train left at 6.30 p.m. to night - "last Friday night" if you are not reading this on the night of publication.

THE ULTIMATE IN SHOE REFINEMENT.

Seen at Paddy's during a social call - Detachable soles heavily studded to prevent slipping. They are worn over the ordinary shoes and kept on by an interlacing of straps like a sandal. These were brought from New Zealand by Rev. N. Chambers, used on his soul-saving expeditions over the wildest parts of his parish.

"Now, to be properly enjoyed, a walking tour should be gone upon alone.... because freedom is of the essence, because you should be able to stop, and go on, and follow this way and that as the freak takes you, and because you must have your own pack, and neither trot alongside a champion walker, nor mince in time with a girl! and then you must be open to all impressions and let your thoughts take colour from what you see. You should be as a pipe for any wind to play on. There should be no cackle of voices at your elbow to jar upon the meditative silence of the morning. And so long as a man is reasoning he cannot surrender himself to that fine intoxication that comes of much motion in the open air, that begins with a sort of sluggishness of the brain and ends in a peace that passes comprehension."

..... R.L.S.

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SOME SAY:

"BUSINESS AND PLEASURE

Don't Mix"

Well, they don't, do they, as a rule? Just about the last thing one would think of talking about on a bush walk, for instance, is business! By the same token, I feel rather guilty of intruding the subject in these pages. However, getting it over quickly, "Frostie", during those tiresome periods between week-ends lurks behind a sign reading -

ADA FROST

DRESSMAKER .

and in spite of this handicap, manages to be quite efficient in the matter of styles and workmanship.

In case you might be interested some time, the address is -

11A, 5th Floor,

POST OFFICE CHAMBERS .

333 George St. Sydney.

.... and the 'Phone
B.W. 5427.

TWO GROSE VALLEY EXCURSIONS.By Edna Garrad.

Slowly and somewhat reluctantly I wakened, and then gradually became aware of the beauty around me. The early morning light was filtering through the tall slender gums, lending them a mystic and placid loveliness. It was an atmosphere to inspire reverence and awe, and the only sound was the faint stirring of the leaves in the breeze and the twitterings of the birds. I was supremely content.

Suddenly I remembered. This was the day we were to climb Mount King George. I aroused my companions and we prepared and ate our breakfast with one eye on the changing light reflected from the sunrise. Finally at about 6 a.m. we set forth armed with a length of rope, cameras, and a supply of oranges. There were several parties camped in the Forest and they eyed our early start with assumed horror.

Ken and Colin, of course, are experienced climbers, but - like most bushwalkers, I have done little climbing with ropes, and I was seething with excitement- and perhaps a little apprehension.

We took the first ridge on the left rising from the Grose below Blue Gum, and worked our way up. Well below the rock faces we entered the creek bed, and from then on were continually in and out of the creek. We found lots of friendly branches, tree trunks and roots to assist us in ascending to the different levels. The first time we used the rope was rather interesting. It was possible to reach the ledge above, but there were no holds. Subsequently we lassoed two trees and formed a kind of ladder in the middle. It was impossible to use either tree singly, as they were on each side of the portion we needed to climb, and to have used one or the other would have necessitated swinging over space. Once Ken was up, it was quite simple. There was one delightful spot where the rocks form a natural balcony with balustrade, from which you can look down to the river and realise the height you have made.

The most difficult portion is near the top. The creek bed divides into two chimneys, the one on the right being quite impossible, and the one on the left for some time did not look very hopeful. The rock forms a shallow type of chimney with practically no walls and flat at the back. However Ken got up, and having arrived, spent a considerable time studying the balance of the cliff before lowering the rope for Colin and me. It was dreadful. The thought of not making the top after having come so far was tragic. However, having studied the position carefully, Ken lowered the rope and I went up the chimney. I was a bit staggered when I saw the small rock- and more particularly the angle of the rock - to which the rope had been belayed. In these circumstances it is well to be aware of your own ignorance and have lots of faith in your leader; I decided cheerfully that "Ken knew best". We found that the difficulty which had been concerning him was a nasty corner with a drop of sixty or seventy feet beneath. There was no danger while the rock held, but it was the kind of thin lodged rock that crumbles away. However this was successfully negotiated and then it was no distance to the top.

We had talked of this climb since Eight-Hour-Weekend when with Marie, Peter, and Ray, we had made a set camp at the back of Mount King George and explored the tops. Now, having made our objective, we were more contented than triumphant, and all walkers know the satisfaction of a feat accomplished

It was a glorious morning- blue sky, fleecy clouds and a gentle breeze.

There were wild flowers in abundance, and the perfume of the boronia floribunda was a continual delight.

We continued along the cliff edge until we reached the col between King George and Mt. Cayley. We had previously tried to climb this creek and also the next, but without ropes and with the possibility of finding ourselves in a position where we could neither get down or ascend, and had given up the attempt. Later however Ray, Ken and Pete had made their way up from the bottom, so that we knew this gully was negotiable. Although this creek is interesting it is not as exciting as the first one. I preferred to use the rope on several occasions and would not care to go down without it. I have a horrible memory of Ken shinning up a tree with a drop of hundreds of feet beneath him. Half way down we came across a most extraordinary plant. It was like a giant christmas bell- about six times the size of a good sized bell, and with lots of flowers on the stem. Below the cliff faces we worked across to the right, down the ridge and back to Blue Gum for lunch- well satisfied with our morning's work.

Anniversary weekend we returned to the Grose, but camped about four miles below Blue Gum. Our objective this time was what we call the Coal Mine Gully, and no doubt you have all noticed the mine on the map and the zig zag track marked leading to it. I had tried to pick out the mine from below, above and across the valley, but without success. This was not remarkable as the mine entrance we found to be facing the creek bed and entering straight into the cliff side. The shaft only goes in about twenty odd feet. We held a council of war here, and decided that Ken and Dorothy would take the right hand side of the creek, Fred Svenson and Colin the left, and I would continue up the creek bed. My way proved simple and there were evidences of wallaby tracks and, we thought, signs that this route had been used by the prospectors. From the top we had previously decided that this gully would undoubtedly prove impossible, but were anxious to "give it a go". It proved remarkably easy. Following up the creek bed there is an obvious way out to the right, and this gully can be recommended to anyone interested in a new way out of the Grose. There are well defined tracks leading to the Bell Road, but it would be best to discuss this portion with someone who has been there- unless you have plenty of time to spare. The going on the tracks is easy, and presumably they are used by cattle.

Leaving the creek bed, we climbed over Mt. Catey, across another knob and then roached a very green gully which we had observed from the other side of the Grose and had considered looked very promising. It proved to be the most beautiful of the four gullies we had climbed, being full of tree ferns and lower down we came to a delightful running stream, which, after the murky Grose and other streams we have come to regard as usual this summer, was a real joy. We had lunch in a pleasant spot half way down, beside a pool and surrounded by tree ferns. The only snags in this descent were the lawyer vines and the thorns of the tree ferns. They were most unfriendly. There was no difficulty in climbing down to the river, and the rope was not required in either of these gullies. They are easily accessible to any walker. The last creek is roughly opposite the creek which forms the only way we know- yet- onto Mount Hay from the Grose.

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Both these trips proved extremely interesting, and undoubtedly to explore new country, not knowing whether you will make it or have to turn back and retrace all the ground gained, is indeed the very spice of walking.

CLUB GOSSIP.

George Baker, who broke his ankle while ski-ing in New Zealand last year, is back in Sydney again with said ankle nearly as good as new. We were pleased to see George at the Re-union.

Two couples who announced their engagements recently are, Audrey Wilkins and Alan Whitfield, and Alice Collins and Allan Wyborn. We wish them all the best of luck.

We understand that Audrey Lumsden is now Mrs. Phil Lockwood, so watch young Stan; with no big sister at home to suppress him he will probably be bursting forth in all sorts of directions.

RAILWAY RIBALDRIES.

Notice on the Reserved Carriage taking party of S.B.W's to the Re-union:-

"Reserved Fifty 2nd Class Bushwalkers."

I know not where the white road runs, nor what the blue hills are,
But a man can have the Sun for friend, and for his guide a star;
And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard,
For the river calls and the road calls, and oh! the call of a bird !

----- Gerald Gould.

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

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*Phones : B 1438
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Morris M. Stephenson
A.S.T.C. (Dip. Opt.) F.I.C.

This month Morrie Stephenson supplies us with some notes on -

THE ORIGIN OF THE CAMERA.

The optical principles of the camera were first expounded at the end of the sixteenth century by the genius Leonardo da Vinci. The first camera was made by Baptista della Porta of Naples in 1605 although the credit is usually given to Robert Hooke, who made an instrument in 1679. These instruments were unable to produce photographs and simply consisted of a lens which focussed an image upon a ground glass plate. Such a device is known today as the 'Camera Obscura'.

In 1727 J.H. Schultze, a German, took copies of a letter by a method of contact printing, and he employed silver nitrate in the process. The darkening action of light on silver chloride was first properly investigated by the Swedish chemist 'Scheele'. W.H. Wollaston observed that the colour of yellow gum guaiacum was altered by the action of light, and Sir Humphrey Davy also noted a similar effect in the case of moist oxide of lead.

The first photographic print was obtained in 1802 by Thomas Wedgwood. He used silver nitrate and obtained prints giving the outlines of shadows.

The well known work of Daguerre and Niepce in France was revealed in 1837, and four years later their contemporary, 'Talbot' patented in England a process for producing photographic prints. From this on, the progress has been rapid, the name of George K. Eastman of Rochester, New York, being outstanding.

.

Thanks, Morrie! Photography is a very live subject with bushwalkers at present. In fact, 1940 should see a big increase in the numbers of camera enthusiasts as well as an improvement in their standards for, not only is the Federation making arrangements for a series of lectures on photography, but our own Club, the S.B.W., is going to hold Photographic Exhibitions and Competitions in the club room.

The first of these Exhibitions will take place on 26th April, 1940, and full details may be seen on the notice board.

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CROCODILE STORY.

- Where the Swamp of Angourie runs down --

You remember the Monster that haunted Loch Ness?
Well, Yamba's got wan of its own, more or less.
He was seen on the train-line a-pickin' his teeth,
An' the places he turns up, 'tis past all belief !
He's twinty foot long- sure that's nearly a mile!
Wid eyes big as tea-plates, an' a beautiful smile.
If you want for to see him, bedad, you should be
Where the swamp of Angourie runs down to the sea !

The Police were informed, an' they went to the ground,
For clues of a Crocodile snooping around;
An' Pressman, an' Experts, an' M.P.s galore
All gathered to talk- an' perhaps to explore !
But the Croc. he was shy, in the limelight he pined,
An' went gushin' tears of the crocodile kind.
Wid his finger-prints taken, he lost all his glee -
Where the swamp of Angourie runs down to the sea !

Now there's people who sneer an' make jokes in the Press,
An' they say: " 'Tis all blarney- just like at Loch Ness"
But there's others who swear that he bellows at night,
An' gargles his throat as he swallows a bite.
To the lad who can find him, T'Reward's not a dime-
But a good fifty pounds, for his trouble an' time,
So I think that tomorrow, 'tis fishin' I'll be -
Where the swamp of Angourie runs down to the sea !

If your'e passin' that way in the next day or two,
An' the Croc's not arrested or put in the Zoo,
Then maybe you'll see him- just driftin' along,
Wid a smile on his lips and his heart in a song;
An' if you should spot him quite close to the shore
With an extra large bulge in his fat pinafore-
Shure- that might be an Expert, an M.P.- or ME -
Where the swamp of Angourie runs down to the sea !

(by Ian (Scotty) Malcolm

A Judge says, "Picnic parties are the biggest enemies of rural beauty."

Litter-ally speaking, of course.

From "The Catalina Islander" - California.

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THE FEDERATION'S FIRST RE-UNION.

by L.G. Harrison.

Reserved carriages, scores of rucksacks and many cheery, healthy, talking owners; such was the overture to the First Annual Re-Union organised by the N.S.W. Federation of Bush Walking Clubs.

The parties arrived by foot, by lorry and by car at Luscombe's Flat on the Grose River and spread over an area of approximately a quarter of a mile along the edge of the river. Paddy Pallin's face sitting in front of a notice, "Silence, Committee in session", was the greeting that many of us got when we arrived, and everyone agreed that Paddy's happy spirit was the spirit of the week-end.

Tents were erected in a business-like and efficient manner and very quickly the Flat took on the usual homely, well-ordered appearance that Bush Walkers' encampments do.

The Camp-Fire in the evening was lit with due ceremony. First came the President of the Federation, Bill Hoesgrove, bearing a flaming torch, from which a representative of each of the affiliated Clubs lit a torch and then marched across and helped form a circle around each of the two camp-fires. At a given signal, burning torches were plunged in the ready stacked, dry wood and the camp-fires were lit.

There were 250 members present and the entertainment continued far into the night, most of the clubs contributing items. Mr. Gordon Young, Physical Fitness Expert, gave an inspiring talk on the needs of the children in poorer areas and particularly the necessity for providing them with healthy out-door recreation. This was followed by an appeal from the Federation's Publicity Bureau for leaders to take children from the Coronation Playground into the bush.

At about 12.30 a.m. the more or less formal programme ended with supper and many campers drifted off to bed. The remaining enthusiasts made a circle round one fire and sang and harmonised far into the morning.

During Sunday demonstrations of bushcraft and canoeing were given. A raft was improvised with groundsheets and bracken, and a patient was floated across the river on it. The campers were also shown how to float packs across the river by wrapping them in groundsheets to keep them dry.

The friendly spirit of the bush was evident in spite of the February heat, and the campers made the most of this opportunity of meeting members of other clubs. All considered that the Federation had made a distinct step forward in bringing so many together for the free interchange of ideas and the furthering of its ideals.

NOTES ON THE SWIMMING CARNIVAL.by Edna Garrad.

The swimming carnival was again held at Sandy Bend, Minto, and was attended by about fifty members. This was considerably less than last year - owing no doubt to the fact that the Federation Re-union was a counter attraction. We all had a jolly good time and under Bill Henley's guidance the events were run off in record style. The results were as follows:-

50 yards Championship	Men	A. Whillier
50 " "	Ladies	A. Wilkins
100 " "	Men	A. Whillier
100 " Handicap.	"	P. Allen
Rescue Race		P. White and P. Allen
Telegram Race	"	A. Whillier
" "	Ladies	B. Cooper
Balloon "	Men	T. Coffee
" "	Ladies	F. Allsworth
Plunge	"	" "
" "	"	A. Whillier
Peanut Scramble	"	A. Whitfield
	Ladies	A. Wilkins
Diving	"	Edna Stretton
" "	Men	A. Wyburn
Underwater swim	"	" "
Diving	Prospectives	C. Holstrom
Mandleberg Cup		E. Garrad and I. Butler.

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MEMBERS ARE REMINDED

Section 6 sub-section (b) of the Constitution says : - "Subscriptions shall be due and payable at the Annual Meeting -----"

The Annual Meeting was held on March 8th -----

1940 Subscriptions are now due --

Bill Hall is the Honorary Treasurer this year -- He will be pleased to see you and your subscription. No need to make an appointment, just stroll up AND PAY UP !