

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A monthly Bulletin devoted to matters of interest to
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EDITORIAL.

Two or three years ago- when the world was more or less at peace- one of our members visited England and went walking with one of the southern rambling clubs, after which he wrote home

"At last I understand why so many English people go rock-climbing! After rambling through lanes and walking in single file along paths that cross cultivated fields, I am sure the rock-climbers take up that sport in sheer desperation."

Australian conditions being so different from the English, we have not yet fathomed the reason some members of the S.B.W. go rock-climbing in N.S.W.-- unless it is that some of the newer arrivals from England do it from force of habit and take with them Australians who feel they are tuff enough to "try anything once"?

When we take our enjoyment strenuously like the rock-climber, the canoeists and the "tigers", or whether we prefer to amble along more slowly more comfortably, less dangerously, we are all to be found in the bush because

we love it and because we need the relaxation we get there from the noise and bustle of the city. Did you notice the quotation from Robert Louis Stevenson which was used as a "fill-up" in last issue of this magazine? He also was a lover of the out of doors, and, because he expressed his feelings so beautifully, his words have brought joy to thousands, but, poor Robert Louis Stevenson, he was an English Rambler. His efforts to escape from the hurly-burly of civilization took him on "walking tours" by paths, lanes and roads, from inn to inn, from village to village, or from town to town. His escape was very temporary and only partial, and, in all probability, this was why he formed the opinion that "a walking tour should be gone upon alone".

A bushwalking trip, of course, is something very different from a walking tour. There is no need to enumerate the differences, they are so many and so obvious, but one of the most important is that, to be enjoyed to the full, a bushwalking trip should be done by a small party of congenial spirits of fairly even walking capabilities. That is why the Club flourishes, because it brings walkers together and enables them to go into the bush in groups whose members increase each other's enjoyment and appreciation of the beauties of the bush, and also help each other with the chores and bushcraft incidental to the trip

Any bushwalker who goes alone is foolish as well as selfish. Off the beaten track it is quite easy to twist an ankle, or fall and sustain a more serious injury. If such an accident happens to a lone walker, the final result may be death. If he is rescued from his predicament, it will only be after his relatives and friends have been caused a lot of worry and many searchers have been put to much inconvenience. Should such an accident occur to a member of a bushwalking party, it is a simple thing for the others to administer first aid and then either help their comrade home or some of them stay with him while some go for help.

Remember, it is desirable to have four or more in a party, and three is the absolute minimum for safety in the bush.

On every hand the roads begin,
And people walk with zeal therein;
But wheresoe'er the highways tend,
Be sure there's nothing at the end.

For one and all, or high or low,
Will lead you where you wish to go;
And one and all go night and day
Over the hills and far away!

R. L. Stevenson.

EASTER AMONG NEW ZEALAND SNOWS.

Extract from a letter from Dot English.

"Had a perfectly marvellous Easter, but was it strenuous! Whew, they breed them tough in the mountains! We left Dunedin by car about 8 o'clock Thursday night -- drove Mt. Cook-wards till 2 a.m. then rolled into our sleeping bags on a heap of stones and boulders by the roadside--slept like logs till dawn (about 6 a.m.). Drove on again to The Hermitage. Had breakfast there and heard the unpleasant news that floods had utterly wrecked and washed away the Ball Hut road. So, instead of being able to drive to Ball, we had to walk, twelve miles or so. Lugged ourselves and packs there by lunch time, ate, then set out up the Tasman to De la Beche. The moraine heap around De la Beche also wrecked -- quite an upheaval.

Got to bed about 9 p.m. Alarm set for 1.30. Awoke with a clatter at set time. Decided to snooze for another 20 minutes after our strenuous day yesterday, but slept on till 3 a.m. Leapt out of bed, dressed, had breakfast and away by 4 a.m. for Malte.

Weather looking rather murky when we reached Malte Brun hut, so we hung around for an hour or so watching the red sunrise and waiting to see whether the big hog-back clouds would develop into dirty conditions.

Eventually decided to give it a go, leaving hut about 6.30-ish. Proceeded right up the glacier and attacked the west face -- very steep rock. Eventually struck Cheval Ridge. Proceeded to within about 400 ft. of summit. Now 3 p.m. Mists descended thick and dark. Decided to eat and see what the weather was going to do later. Didn't clear. Leader decided to turn back. Off the ridge by dark and on our way down the west face by means of an almost vertical rock and snow couloir. Dark and cold. Belayed ourselves every foot of the way (when we could find belays) and cracked weak jokes so as to laugh and keep warm. Had the benefit of the moon by about 10 p.m. Still terrifically steep. Off the face by 2 a.m. Had some fierce crampon work down steep snowfields.

Picked up our tracks on the Malte Brun glacier and so back to Malte Brun hut by 4 a.m. Gorged on two tins of stone cold apricots, then departed over Tasman for De la Beche hut, which we reached just as dawn was breaking. Fell into bed and died.

Resurrected at 11.30 a.m. Beautiful sunny day. Spent about 2 hours preparing and eating large meal. Discussed the respective merits of two different proposals:-

- (1) Whether we should go for a walk up the Glacier,
- (2) Whether we should go and lie in the sun and snooze or read.

The first proposal was wiped out much to the relief of the proposer, so we went up the moraine at the side of the hut and amused ourselves hurling boulders down onto the Tasman ("Ha!" says she, "Rock hurlers! A bad thing!"--

still it was great fun and helped to get rid of a bit of surplus energy.)

Sun gone, carried buckets of water from the snowfield for use in the hut, (tank rusted through.) Had tea, bed by 10 p.m.

Up at 4 a.m. and on our way in hour's time, for Hockstetter Dome. Perfect day. Learnt all sorts of new climbing and snow technique. Back at De la Beche hut by late afternoon.

Had meal, packed up, cleaned hut and departed for Ball. Reached Hockstetter icefall at dark. Rest of the way to Ball Hut not so difficult after my guiding experience with tourists.

Had a hot drink at Ball and spent an hour or so eating and packing. Set off by moonlight down the wrecked road to The Hermitage. Sang every song in our lengthy repertoire to keep ourselves awake. Reached Hermitage by 3 a.m. Slept in disused caravan up by the power house behind the garage.

Arose at 8 a.m. Had bath at Hermitage, also breakfast, then drove down to Dunedin, getting in at 8 p.m. last night. Had ten hours glorious sleep. Now its morning and here we are full of beans."

"STEP A LITTLE CLOSER, FOLKS".

You see him in the centre of a craning crowd. His counter is an upturned box. With nervous gestures he disperses his wares. Perhaps - - - - on an impulse - - - - you buy.

Next day, when you return to get your money back, you find your pavement salesman has moved to fresher fields. You've been had.

Unlike the street sharper, an advertised product must have permanence. To become successful it must gain the confidence of thousands of people. That confidence must never be abused.

Paddy makes no extravagant claims, merely the truth about the products which he features. As for permanence, well he is one of us!

F.A. PALLIN,

CAMP GEAR FOR WALKERS,

327 George Street,

SYDNEY.

'Phone B.3101.

A DROUGHT TRIP.

By J.A.

Having unfortunately to bow to the god Midas on Saturday mornings, two friends and I set off along Narrow Neck late on Easter Saturday to "do" the Cox and Carlons in defiance of tales of dry creek beds and raging bush fires.

The Jamieson Valley being practically obscured by a smoke screen, we did not spend much time admiring the diminished view, but hurried on to Glen Raphael and, we hoped, drinking water.

Diamond Falls and Corral Swamp being both dust dry, it was with some trepidation we viewed the prospect of a dry camp, but after an intensive search among the reeds at Glen Raphael, we fell thankfully on a muddy little pool, from which we carefully ladled the brackish water. When the sediment had somewhat settled, the remaining liquid was poured off and boiled, but on lifting the lid of the billy, we found it very necessary to strain again and reboil. The result, with extra colouring medium added in the shape of tea leaves, partially satisfied the inner man, if not the outer!

A cold wind howling across Narrow Neck (how welcome is the first cool night!) sent us early to our sleeping bags, but the moon was in high spirits that night and we found it difficult to sleep under its brilliant rays. Many and varied were the tales of adventures in that day-bright moonlight which were told the next club night!

Breaking camp early next morning, we discovered a comparatively clear pool about a mile further on, so we emptied our water-bottles and refilled it, and, incidentally ourselves!

Clear Hill was soon reached, and, after being rendered speechless for 15 minutes (my first view from Clear Hill) we clambered down to the Wallaby Track, duly inspecting the heap of broken, twisted ladders on our way.

The day gave every promise of being a "scorcher" and by the time Debert's Knob was left behind we were feeling very dry and shedding "pints of perspir-"

Our strict ration of lukewarm water, the bottom of a mug awash, did nothing to alleviate our thirst, and the musical tinkle of the water bottle did not help matters to any great extent.

Skirting Mt. Mouin, Mt. Warrigal and Mobb's (Swamp?) we were soon out on Blue Dog Range with the white bed of the Cox shining far below. Our worst fears seemed realized, a dry Cox! Then we saw the unmistakable gleam of water, which sent us dropping in haste down the steep side of Merrigal Creek. The Cox River (?) 9" wide, $\frac{3}{4}$ " deep, was actually flowing, with occasional pools of 6" depth, but so much water went to our heads a little, and we wallowed till late that afternoon, when we followed the bed of the river up to Breakfast Creek in the deepening dusk, camping just past the junction.

Never shall I forget the picture the moon gave us that night, skimming through the casuinas on the glistening white river bed with the green slopes beyond, our fire lighting up the narrow stream flowing past our tent, with the

highest peak above us bearing a crown of fire looming nearer in the night.

Breakfast Creek being quite dry and devoid of all green growth, we carried a billy of water besides our water bottle, wisely, as it turned out, as the next water we saw was Carlon's duckhole. The first thing we noticed in the creek was the smell, becoming more acute the further we went, every bend bringing a more pungent odour. At last, about a mile further on, the carcass of a hugh white bull loomed before us. I dearly wanted a snap but was sternly rebuked by our camera fiend to "come away and don't be morbid!" When at last the rains do come, I should imagine the waters of Breakfast Creek and the Cox below the junction would be quite unfit for human consumption for some time.

Carlon's and adjacent creeks being quite dry, we were ready for morning tea by the time we reached the farm, but we gorged to such an extent we had to excuse ourselves by calling it lunch!

Megalong Valley seemed alive with walkers on the hot, dusty walk to Megalong Creek, small parties appearing from all directions, so perhaps we were not the only thirsty ones that weekend.

Late afternoon found us drinking tea at a lovely spot near the waterfall half-way up Nellie's Glen, with the musical tinkle of the falls contrasting pleasantly with our memories of our first "drought trip" which was, nevertheless, voted "the best yet."

AT OUR OWN MEETING.

April meeting was well attended and very bright. The new members- Kathleen Doherty, Gordon Calnan, and Gregor Love- need not expect them all to be like this. For one thing, the Mandelberg Cup is only presented once a year.

There were many bright passages in the lengthy debate on the questions as to whether or not the S.B.W. was in favour of a suggestion that the Federation should issue a monthly, bi-monthly, or quarterly magazine, and whether or not the Club would be prepared to merge this magazine into such a publication. The answer to the latter question was definitely "No", so there will be no need for subscribers to hesitate about renewing their subs to the "Sydney Bushwalker".

As the Business Manager has announced that rising costs of paper, etc., must be met by a reduction in the size of the magazine, members will either have to rely upon their memories for the rest of the business of the meeting or ask other members what happened- or go to the next monthly meeting and hear the minutes.

BUSHWALKING WITH SUNSHADES AND UMBRELLAS.

being an open letter to Mr. F.A. Fallin.

Dear Paddy,

Since my experience in Burma where I found the universally carried umbrella so useful to ward off both the sun and the rain, I have started taking a sunshade for bushwalking. It has made many a preliminary road walk tolerable and rendered the noonday rest something better than purgatory in a land "where the trees cast no shade". It is true that "Mouldy" and others have found the sunshade a little distressing fearing that we might meet some orthodox bushwalkers who would be shocked; but as Shakespeare said,

"When custom wills, in all things should we do it,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept
And mountainous error be too highly hept
For truth to overpear."

The only disadvantage of the sunshade is that, though it is small enough to fit into the rucksack when going through rough country, it is hardly large enough to keep off the rain. And this is why I am writing to you. My suggestion is that you should get a stock of those folding umbrellas which compress in some mysterious way into a parcel about a foot long. You might get them khaki coloured for preference. I do not know what they weigh, but heavy packs never trouble bushwalkers where comfort is at stake, and another pound would be of no account compared with the comfort of being able to spread a lordly little tent over one's head when it rained, or being able to avoid wet clothes altogether, of stopping to eat in the rain, of keeping the kindling dry while the fire was being lit, or the rucksack dry while the tent was being put up. With your inventive brain you might even devise a tent attachment to the umbrella which would do away with tent poles.

Anyhow the folding umbrella is a matter which I commend to your earnest attention. Some of the best books about tramping have been written under the shelter of umbrellas so to speak. I remember one in particular about two young people who tramped untrodden Sweden with an umbrella for their guide, comforter and friend.

Yours truly,

Marie B. Byles.

(We also know of a Sydney woman who found an umbrella an invaluable adjunct to a walking tour through Europe, but rambling the roads and paths of Europe is, we imagine, rather different from bushwalking. We should love to see Marie Byles negotiating the Boyd Range, the Grose River, or many other places we can think of, with umbrella in action. But, of course, the countryside has been swept by bushfires this summer, so perhaps a new line of umbrellas would be a good idea to take the place of the shady trees we knew and loved. The umbrellas would be worn out before the bush grows up again. - Ed.)

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ON POLARISATION OF LIGHT.

Much is heard of the use of polarised light and its application to the problem of glare but how many know what is meant by polarised light? To the unaided eye it appears the same as unpolarised light.

Scientific investigation has shown that the motion of light obeys the laws of a wave vibration. If for example one were able to isolate a single ray of light and watch it approach head on, waves could be seen proceeding from the centre of the ray in all directions and would appear much as the waves created when a stone is thrown into a pool of water. This is the normal behaviour of light.

Polarised light does not behave in this manner; the waves are confined to one particular axis and do not proceed in all directions. Thus if light, whose vibrations are confined to one particular plane, is passed through a second polarising process, and the plane of the second polariser is at right angles to that of the first, then there will be no vibration whatever after the light passes through the second polariser, or in other words there will be no light.

Now light is polarised in two ways, firstly by reflection from transparent surfaces and secondly by passing it through certain substances.

Thus if goggles are worn which contain a polarising medium whose plane is suitably adjusted, all light which has been reflected from transparent surfaces, (such as glass, water, ice etc.), will be eliminated and so glare from these sources will be overcome.

In practice however, there is much glare which is not overcome by polarisation, and polarising goggles must be assisted by a coloured filter to eliminate this glare.

To sum up therefore, we find that polarising devices are excellent for certain types of glare, especially water glare, but an absorbing filter still remains the only method for relieving general glare conditions, and certain spectrum limiting goggles of this type are the most efficient.

WE HAIL THE RIVER CANOE CLUB BOYS AGAIN!

Have you ever wondered why the River Canoe Club is affiliated with the Federation of Bush Walking Clubs? Or how its energetic Mapping Section manages to produce such a steady stream of maps? We had - often- and we have just discovered the answers.

With news of

Map No. 15. Canoeist's Chart of Macquarie Rivulet, Koonaa and Horsley Creeks and South Western Lake Illawarra,

which is the latest addition to the R.C.C. Map Library, Ted Phillips sent a copy of their schedule of mapping walks for the present year. Apparently these have been held successfully for the past three years, and the second Sunday in each month is the one on which the River Canoe Club Boys go bushwalking.

There is nothing cissy about any of these Mapping Walks and the boys are "tuff", but they surely are going to have fun in July. They propose to map Berowra Creek from Galston Gorge bridge to tidal limit, leaving the train at Asquith and going through to Berowra Station! Mapping distance 2 miles, total distance 11 miles. Unless the scrub and country have changed in the past few years, they can count on getting nothing before the last train home !

FEDERATION NOTES.

We hasten to disabuse the minds of any of our readers who may think the absence of any real news under this heading this month is an indication that we are pandering to Jack Debert and his pals . To those who are interested in the doings of the Federation we could explain that we just have not been able to track down anything that can be classed as "news". Apparently at both the March and April meetings of the Council much time was occupied in discussing a few motions that were eventually defeated; more time was taken up with talking about several other matters that in the end were all referred to expert (?) committees for further information, and no vital decisions were made - so far as we have been able to ascertain up to the present. However, we promise to continue our investigations and hope to be able to give you some Federation News next month.

We did hear that the Photographic Lectures are starting in May and that they will be held in the Photographic Society's rooms, but we did not get the definite time or date. If you are one of those interested, we suggest you get in touch either with the Secretary of the S.B.W. or with the Secretary of the Federation, you won't be reading this until a fortnight after it was written so, by that time, there should be definite information available.

MT. FRANKLIN IN AUGUST.

by Clare Kinsella.

After much nerve-strain and delay we, that is Hilma Galliot, Joan Face, Geoff Parker and myself, left Sydney on Saturday, 27th August, 1938, about 1 p.m. and headed south. Our intention was to stay at the Mt. Franklin Chalet for a few days, then go on to visit the Tom Taylors, who live away on the Coolomine Plains. Mrs. Taylor, a one time member of the S.B.W., is well remembered as Molly Mardon.

At Mittagong we were held up again by the "Old Goat" springing a leak in her sump, or "sumping". It was late at night when we arrived at Goulburn where we put up in luxury at "The Grand". During the night there was a terrific storm, but the next morning was beautifully clear and the countryside was fresh and green.

We came to Canberra through an avenue of wattles in magnificent bloom. Here we drove round and round, endeavouring to locate the people who were to tell us about the Chalet at Mt. Franklin. At last we managed to secure sufficient information and left the beautiful maze behind and set out for Cotter Dam, glad to be snug in the car out of the bitter wind and driving sleet.

Sometime after passing the dam I was awakened from a pleasant snooze to hear Joan's voice crying, "look at the snow on his car!" You will, I'm sure, forgive us our excitement when you know that up to that very day, hour and minute none of us had ever behold snow!

The young man at the wheel of the snowy car handed over the key of the Chalet, wished us well, and off we went, climbing steadily, and soon we saw the snow away on a hill to our right. We came on drifts under logs, then more and more, till the road and the bush were white. The light was failing and the radiator boiling when, to our dismay, we came to the end of the road but NOT to the Chalet. Imagine our horror! We had visions of a night spent among those sinister trees dancing a macabre dance in the howling wind like the embodiment of evil spirits delighting in our helplessness.

We turned, then strained our eyes for some sign of the Chalet. We saw a notice and guessed it must point to something because most notices do. Next we saw what might be a track and, following it, were everjoyed to see wheel marks - almost obliterated by the falling snow - and in a few moments there was the Chalet! Soon we had a fire going and, as we were all cold, we had a lot of rum. We dined on steak and kidney pudding, potatoes, coffee, and bread and butter.

Hilma thought a little Ovaltine might make her feel better and she helped herself generously (it was on the kitchen shelf), only to find she'd added sawdust to her coffee. No doubt Hilma is a "tiger" and "tigers" is tough", but we didn't think she'd take to sawdust! Maybe one of her ancestors was a lovely lady who did tricks on the back of a pony under the "Big Top", or perhaps grandfather was the "daring young man on the flying trapeze"! Maybe, however, we could just blame the rum and the breaking down of her resistance. Whatever it was, rum or sawdust, steak and kidney or excitement, we shall never know, but during the night Hilma became ill. We all gathered

round and gave advice- which she didn't take - but eventually she settled down on a mattress behind the stove, with boots and socks and hunks of wood for trimming, and there she slept till morning .

Monday found us not yet acclimatised. Here we were in a world white with snow; snow on the car, on the trees, everywhere, and ski in the ski room, and we just couldn't be bothered. The day was cold, the wind bitter, snow was falling and visibility poor. We slept mostly. Tuesday was different. After breakfast we all mounted ski and had a great time on or in the snow. It was exciting trying to get up hill, one step forward and a great slide back, then over she goes! Back to the Chalet for a lunch of bacon and eggs.

The Chalet, by the way, is a two storey building of wood, the lower floor having a kitchen and large common room with a skillion room along one side used as a ski room, with a lovely stable doorway. Upstairs is divided into cubicles with four bunks in each, and separated by wooden walls with hessian doorways. Everything is most attractive. The giant stove in the common room warms the whole room and roasts people foolish enough to sit too close. The walls are decorated with posters of Norwegian, Austrian and German ski-ing resorts, each in a narrow, natural wood frame.

After lunch we walked up the hill. Most of the snow had fallen off the trees leaving the snow gums bare and clean. Their trunks are black and grey and cream with the most beautiful markings, the leaves and smaller stalks are red veined, the leaves very thick.

As we got up the hill and looked southwest we had a wonderful view of Mt. Ginini on our left, with the Long Plain straight ahead, seemingly well covered in deep snow. On our right was Brindabella. Up on top of Franklin the trees still held the snow, which looked like great drooping clusters of white wisteria. The snow underfoot was very deep but had an icy look and scrunch about it, quite different from the "white of egg" frostiness of the first snow. Through a gap at the top we could see the plains where Canberra lies and further east the plains near Goulburn.

On Wednesday Joan and Hilma seemed possessed by some devil and they scrubbed and polished until the place fairly shone. Geoff chopped wood and got the car ready. Just before we left snow began to fall in great flakes and, as there was little wind it made a thick white curtain among the trees . We wanted Geoff to use chains coming down the mountain, but he refused. We got down the seven mile hill without mishap and came to Brindabella - a lovely green valley. We called at Franklin Post Office, where Miss Franklin told us we'd need all our woollies "up in them that hills". We even then had most of them on, while she, in short sleeves with bare legs.

"You'll never get any trout up there now," she told us when we confided our law-breaking intention, "or, if you do, they'll be so thin they won't be worth eating." How disappointed we were! Our stomachs quivered and sank.

We went on through the lovely valley, with the Goodradigbee River on our right, and camped at the crossing. Again there was a fierce rainstorm during the night, but the next morning dawned bright and clear. We donned shorts, sorted out our clothes and food - leaving behind as much as we dared - then we waved farewell to the "Old Goat" and set out on the walking part of our holiday- up the valley to the snow leases and Tom Taylor's, away on the Coolomine Plains .

DISTANT FIELDS SEEM EVER GREEN.

After hours of vainly wrestling for an idea for his monthly blurb in the S.B.W. mag, Paddy thought longingly how easy it would be to say something fresh about ice cream, cigarettes or whisky, anything in fact but camp gear. Photography for instance -- Hah! Bright idea. Suppose I swapped jobs with Ray Bean! Ray generously agreed so here we are.

(When you come to think of it, it's awfully hard to say anything bright about photography. Almost wish I hadn't swapped with Ray. Hope he hasn't murdered my ad).

Being a mere press the button artist in the camera game, I have a pathetic faith in Ray. Carefully extracting my roll of film from the camera, I put it in an envelope, write the cryptic letters D. & P. hand it over to Ray and next day back come my prints. Of course they're never as good as I think they will be.

A mysterious something eludes my grasp. I used to blame Ray for this, but alas I now realise it is my ineptitude. With a gentle hint here, and a brutal criticism there, Ray has raised my photography from bad to mediocre and in another 10 years I may be quite fair.

But it is not only the press the button photographer that Ray helps. The real dyed-in-the-wool wouldn't-let-anyone-ruin-my-negs bird also goes to Ray. In fact wherever you may be on the rungs of the photographic ladder, Ray can help you. Being a walker he knows just what you are striving to record, and being a photographer he can tell you how to get it.

Take your films to Ray.

RAY BEAN
(It's on all the best prints.)
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*Phone. B.W. 4789

If you go a-walking and throw your scraps about,
You'll never see the little folk go running in and out.
And if you leave your orangepeel all littered on the grass,
You'll never go to Fairyland and see the Fairies pass,
For empty tins and tangled strings, and paper bags are not the things
To scatter where a linnet sings,
So if you go a-walking, remember you're a guest,
Of all the tiny people and you'll really find it best
To leave their ballroom tidy and clean away the mess.

----- Phyllis Williams.

CLUB GOSSIP.

This issue we are once more handing out large bunches of matrimonial congratulations and good wishes.

The first goes to Bertie Whillier and his wife Evelyn, who, by the way, is now a prospective member of the club. They were married on the Saturday before Easter, and the honeymoon, we are told, was spent at Era. This was most appropriate as the bride was Evelyn de Lacy, champion swimmer from Western Australia, who represented Australia at the last Olympic Games.

Max O'Halloran is the next on our list of newly weds. So far we do not know the lady of his choice, formerly Madeleine Meagher, but we look forward to meeting her sometime in the future.

Lastly Margaret Turner, who is now Mrs. Calder-Smith, receives her share. We note that she has asked to be transferred to the Non-Active list. It seems as though only the keenest members can mix marriage and bushwalking!

Lifted from "Alpinsport"'s club gossip:-

"The Exiles".

-----George Baker has returned to Sydney, and Goldie Lawson, now in Wellington, sighs for Australia once again and the joys of being able to camp anywhere without considering the possibility of being swamped or frozen. (Of course, we rejoice in being able to camp anywhere without considering the matter of snakes or little things like that.) -----

STOP PRESS! Another issue of congratulations and good wishes, please, this time for Audrey Wilkins and Allan Whitfield, who were married at St. Phillips, Church Hill, on April, 24th.

TRANSPORT NOTE.

Members wanting to get into the Wheeny Creek or Colo River country cheaply will be glad to hear that there is a service car that meets every train on Friday nights and Saturdays and runs from Kurrajong out along the Comleroy Road to Blaxland Ridge. The fare is only 2/- a head, and the same to bring you back to the train on Sunday night.

A party of Club members discovered and used this service car on a recent week-end. They report that the owner's name and address are:-

Mr. McManus, Comleroy Road, Kurrajong, N.S.W.,
and if more than two or three are going in a party it would be advisable to notify him beforehand so he would be sure to bring in his big car instead of the usual small one.