

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

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

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ON SERVICE

with

R.A.N.

John Glover
Brian Harvey
Dick Jackson
Oliver Moriarty
Alf Watts

A.I.F.

Bill Burke
Bill Cawood
Harold Chardon
Ross Easdown
Ralph Holroyd
David Kernohan
Evan Mander-Jones
(Prospective)
Bob Savage
Gordon Smith
Morrie Stephenson

R.A.A.F.

Peter Allan
Jack Debert
Robb Morrison

This list was compiled early in June and was probably incomplete even then, for members do not always notify the Club Secretary that they have enlisted, Will any of you who can supply further names please let the Hon. Secretary have them? If you know the rank and unit and the correct way to address letters to any of our members on Service, this information also is wanted. Then the Club

can write to these lads the same kind of community letters as those we send to the Rootses from time to time, and in this and other ways keep them up-to-date with the doings on the old bush tracks.

BOUDDI NATURAL PARK WORKING BEE.

By the Bushwalking Trustees.

People don't often find pleasure in having to spend money, but the Trustees of Bouddi Natural Park really did find a lot of pleasure in spending many twopences on stamps to write and thank the many people who helped in the working bee in May.

As a result of the working bee three footpaths were made and together these provide possibly the finest scenic half day's walk within easy reach of Sydney, especially as it is combined with a beautiful train journey and boat trip. Probably in these troubled times few visitors will be in Sydney, but, if there should be any such who require to be entertained with a bushwalk, bear in mind that Putty Beach to Maitland Bay via the cliffs, back up the tourist track and then along the ridge between Putty Beach and Maitland Bay and so back to Killcare, will give them views of ocean and headland that it would take a lot to surpass.

Then there is the shelter shed. That was the work that meant most, for Harry Savage, a carpenter by profession, very kindly gave up a whole week-end to a busman's holiday, and there are few willing to do that. This will now provide good drinking water at Maitland Bay.

Over sixty people foregathered for the path-making week-end and over twenty-five for the shelter shed one. Together they formed the first major working bee that the Federation has organised, and it is suggested that there might well be one such in different parks during each quarter of the cooler months,

All seemed to enjoy themselves immensely and some reported that the camp fire was the best they had ever attended. So when we can combine a bit of work for the benefit of the bushwalking movement with a lot of pleasure for ourselves, well, why not?

On Paddy Pallin's suggestion we have arranged for Mr. Dynlop at Little Beach and Miss Hulme at the Putty Beach end to provide hut accommodation for walkers, so if you know of any less "tuff" walkers who don't like camping as much as we ourselves do, you know where to send them for a pleasant week-end ramble.

MINI MINI RANGE

by THE TRIMBLE

Well, here's something different. Of course, the Tigers would not even consider such a trip as this, but the hard worked Sec. and his assistant, and three other folk had a very enjoyable trip and pass on the information for those not so tough as the Tigers.

Firstly, we proceeded to Blackheath on Saturday afternoon, then by car to the "Summit" notice on the Jenolan Road (beyond Hampden). The sun set ominously and provided some splendid entertainment. We picked up water, for Saturday's dinner and Sunday's breakfast, at a well along the road as water was a myth in those parts. When left by the wayside by the car, we went east among the trees to find a campsite. The chopped granite was not all we could have wished as a bed, but the plentiful supply of wood made up for that, and, in spite of the storm which broke during the night, we slept well. Fortunately too, the storm didn't come below the tree tops, which whipped in the wind and created quite a commotion.

Sunday morning was foggy, so we put our trust in the leader, and eventually picked up the Mini Mini Range, which provides splendid walking and views which we could not fully see through the fog. After some miles we found ourselves out on a side spur overlooking Little River, with the range proper shooting out to our left. As time was short, we decided to go down to the river by the most direct route, and found ourselves in the finest treefern gully I've ever seen - treeferns ten to twelve feet high, with perfect green fronds, and beskirted with lacy petticoats of old brown fronds. It has licked hollow my memory of the fern gully on Wilson's Promontory, which had been the finest I'd seen before this trip.

We left the packs in the gully and scrambled up the ridge opposite, to find the range proper - and Gibraltar Rocks - still one spur further on. The spur up which we had climbed was as high, and provided splendid views, and, the fog having cleared, we saw "The Dogs" from quite a different angle.

Then, after scuttling back to fairyland and packs, we lunched and proceeded downstream. It was easier to sidle round the foothills than to scramble down the creek, and soon we were almost at Little River. Where our creek emptied into the river there was a drop of about 190 feet - most unexpected and exciting as we followed odd wallaby trails to the bottom.

Little River was a very cheering sight as it bubbled through the gorge, and one almost forgot that the gums on the hills were dying of thirst. We made camp a couple of miles above the Cox and were soon eating in the moonlight which dappled through the trees.

As we had not covered the expected distance for Sunday we broke camp earlier on Monday, just before eight, and it wasn't long before we reached the Cox, and some of the Campfire Club about to breakfast. The Cox is very dry-looking and we hear that cows had died, three to the mile, along the river. We were fortunate as we didn't see one between Little River and Galong Creek.

Galong Creek was dry - very dry - and was not half as exciting as when the water rushed through. Just the same, to those unacquainted with its lovely granite forges and slides, it was interesting and added quite a thrill.

Mrs. Carlon welcomed us as warmly as ever and we lunched beside their creek. As we trekked back to Katoomba via the Devil's Hole, it seemed that half the bushwalking fraternity was doing likewise.

For variety the trip has much to commend it, and one could do it in two days by leaving on Friday night. Happy hunting, and I hope that you find it as good as we did.

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

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"There will be no more "Highlights!"

That is what Morris Stephenson told us when we asked him for some more of the articles that have been so interesting during the past twelve months.

Morrie has joined the A.I.F. !

We understand that it is to be "Business as Usual" though, as Morrie's partner, Mr. Bird, will carry on the practice in his absence.

An Indian was asked, "Don't you ever get lost in the great, dark woods?" Slowly and with dignity he replied, "Indian never lost; wig-wam sometimes lost".

LETTERS

RIVER MAPPING.

To The Editor,

It seems as though we'll want a whole page each issue before long: here's the latest:-

- Map No.16. Canoeist's Chart of the Hawkesbury River (Wiseman's Ferry to Brooklyn section).
- " No.17. Map of New South Wales showing Rivers Canoeed by Members of the River Canoe Club. (To be added to from time to time).
- " No.18. Canoeist's Chart of Wallis Lake.
- " No.19. Map of the Paterson River and Environs (from Vacy to Hunter River Junction).

Thanks for the write-up in May's issue; we appreciate it, and we are really looking forward to the Berowra Creek trip next month. Thanking you for your continued airing of our doings.

E. Caines Phillips, Convenor.
Mapping Committee, R.C.C.

LONE WALKING

To the Editor,

Your editorial in the May issue of "The Sydney Bushwalker" was certainly a wise one in so far as "safety first" bushwalking is concerned. But, as a member who frequently enjoys a bushwalking trip alone, I thought the editorial exaggerated the dangers of a person walking with but himself (or herself).

You have dealt solely upon the dangers that may be encountered, and not at all upon the pleasures that are to be gained. I, like all others in the club, would not be a member if I preferred always to walk alone. I must state, however, that the solo trips I have made have been enjoyable ones.

In the bush when one is alone, his senses of hearing and discernment are greatly accentuated, and it is alone that I see more bush life and have more appreciation for the scenery. I have found that it is not the sound of human footsteps but the sound of human voices that frightens the wild life. Bushwalkers, for some reason or other, do not appreciate long periods of silence. Therefore, if one wants to seek the wild life of the bush he must occasionally go alone.

It is when I am without human companions that the birds seem more friendly; more wallaroos and kangaroos are encountered, and it is when alone that I think I have more chance of glimpsing that shy creature, the wombat.

Who among us knows that tortoises inhabit the Cox's River and Kedumba Creek, and that in National Park - despite the numbers of roads that have been made a large number of opossums still exist?

It was in this National Park of ours, a place so often spoken ill of (and not always wrongly so) that I spent one of my most enjoyable nights in the bush.

Camped alone under a moonless but starry sky, I had for companions that night not only the deer that grazed about me, but half a dozen or more opossums that frolicked on the grass around me. I did not think these creatures were so tame. They squatted on the groundsheet along side me, and had I been brave enough I could have leaned forward and rubbed noses with them. Had I been with a crowd I feel sure I would not have witnessed these things.

There are many pleasures for the lone, "foolish as well as selfish bush-walker" - and, I know, some dangers too, the chief of which are accidents involving broken limbs. The dangers of snakes can be discounted because from my experience of them they will not attack unless provoked.

The broken limb is a different proposition and I realise that it is something that can possibly happen, and which, perhaps, can mean death on some lonely mountain range. But if, through the ages, man had always dwelt on death, and avoided an activity that involved a possible accident (and possibly death arising therefrom,) I do not think he would have accomplished half as much in the world as he has.

The pleasures that are gotten from an occasional bushwalking trip alone are well worth running what risks may exist.

Bill Hall,

MOUNT CALEY

To the Hon. Secretary,
Sydney Bushwalkers.

I have noticed in some recent issues of the "Sydney Bush Walkers" that reference is made to Mounts Caley and Catey on the northern brink of the Grose Valley easterly from Mount King George, and as there seems to be some confusion in the names I thought that a note might elucidate the subject.

Although the name shown on the Military Map for Katoomba is "Catey", the correct name should be "Caley", and probably should be more westerly than is indicated by either the military map or the walkers' Blue Mountain map. The name is, of course, derived from George Caley, the explorer, who made an expedition to Mount King George (named by Caley "Mount Banks") in 1804, but Caley never reached either the place shown on the Blue Mountains map as Mount Caley or the eminence westerly from it which is shown on a sketch in the "Sydney Bushwalker" as Mount Caley.

The Geological Survey Records show that the name of Mount Caley was recommended by the late J.E. Carne, Geological Surveyor, for an "eminence easterly from Mount King George", but the exact situation of the Mount has not, so far as I can determine, ever been fixed. This was done as a belated attempt to commemorate the name of Caley in the district which he explored in 1804, (vide Geological Survey Records - Bulletin on "Western Coalfield, 1905). The only conclusion to be drawn in respect of the military map is

that the name "Catey" is an error and that Caley was intended. I have proposed for some time past taking this up with the military authorities, but have not yet done so.

R. Else Mitchell.

FEDERATION NOTES

Easily the most important piece of news that came to the S.B.W's June meeting from the May meeting of the Federation Council was this:- As the result of an interview which Mr. W. Holesgrove, President of the Federation, had with officials of the Chief Secretary's Dept., bush walkers are asked to submit suggested improvements to the Birds and Animals Protection Act and other protective Acts. The President also reported that if Honorary Rangers find people offending against these Acts they may report the matter to the local Police who will conduct the prosecution.

Another piece of good news was that at last the wells at Corral Swamp have been dug. Good work by the C.M.W. !

The Search & Rescue Section asks that the weekend of 14th and 15th September be kept for this year's Practice Weekend.

Jack Benson of the C.M.W. has replaced Harold Chardon as Honorary Auditor of the Federation.

Details are now announced of the Federation's Photographic Competition, and the Club Secretary has entry forms. The Exhibition which is to be held later in the year before the entries are returned to their owners should be something worth seeing.

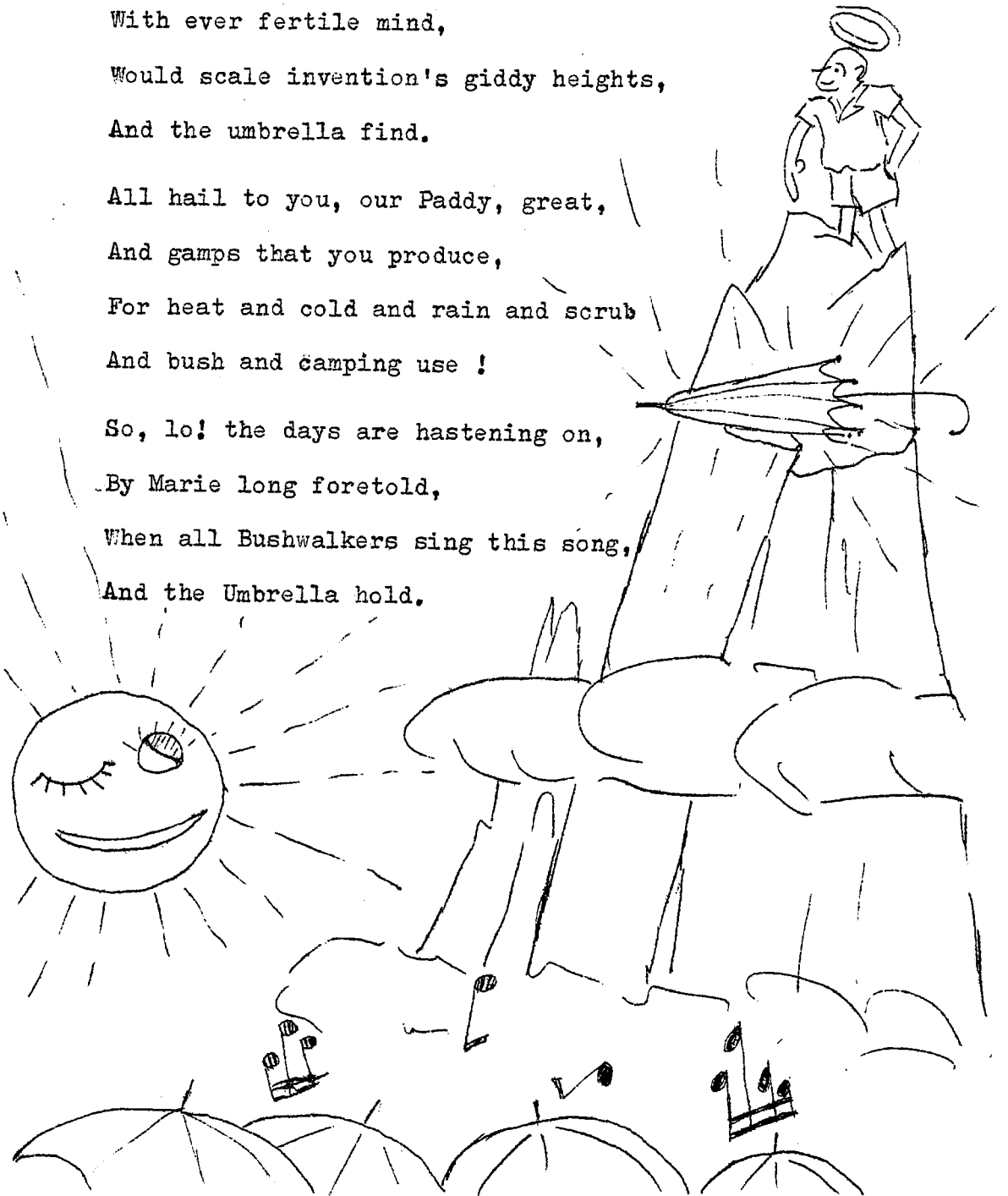
HYMN OF PRAISE TO PADDY.

Anon.

Oh, Paddy dear, we knew that you,
With ever fertile mind,
Would scale invention's giddy heights,
And the umbrella find.

All hail to you, our Paddy, great,
And gamps that you produce,
For heat and cold and rain and scrub
And bush and camping use !

So, lo! the days are hastening on,
By Marie long foretold,
When all Bushwalkers sing this song,
And the Umbrella hold.



TWO HUNDRED MILES IN THE MOUNTAINS

By "Mumbedah".

After spending a pleasant week-end at the Carlon homestead, I returned to discover, on the following Monday morning, that I had been granted three weeks' leave, commencing on the Thursday. I dug out my sleeping bag and hob-nails, covered with ten months dust and spider-webb, and weighed anchor once more for Galong Creek, arriving in time to witness Norbert Carlon branding the strays in the old corral. The next few days were spent in pottering around the neighbourhood, hunting the elusive fox with a curved (?) rifle, and stirring up the soil within six feet of sundry bunnies. Between times sun-baking claimed my attention. Then Bert Carlon invited me down to the Cox to trap the unwary rabbit, and I strolled up to Katoomba and back on Monday to fetch a goodly supply of steak and "snags" for our trip. Most of the gear had been taken down by horse on a previous trapping trip by Bert, and we arrived at our camp, about 400 yards below Breakfast Creek, after dark on the Tuesday night.

It was not a pleasant experience to have to leave a good fire about 9.30 each evening to "do the rounds" of the traps, and to cross the Cox on a very insecure log with the possibility of wet, cold feet. However, we braved the elements, and returned in triumph with many furry rodents - sometimes. During the days we amused ourselves with setting traps in new places and with journeys on the Cox, up as far as Jenolan River, and down towards the Kanangra. Friday saw us back "home" for lunch and a warmer bed with no hard places in it.

Then for Sunday Bert suggested we might go and get some wild goat for the table, so off we went to Little River, where we lunched in Jack Kirby's new hut on his selection just up from the Cox. The goats inhabit a region known locally as Bald Hill, (up on the right of Little River), which is approached by climbing up Slatey Creek - if your heart will stand the strain. This creek abounds with hundreds of rabbits, which appear to be very tame and not used to the presence of man. Arriving at the top, a great view is obtained of the "Dogs" and Narrow Neck Peninsula, with King's Tableland in the background, while Jack's place appears as a doll's house away down below - a mere speck. We only saw an old billy-goat and, as time was pressing, proceeded to look for some mythical rabbit traps hidden in a hollow stump, of which Bert had been informed, but failed to locate them. We descended through Dan Dwyer's property and discovered we could not cut back down towards Little River as the side of the spur in that direction was almost vertical. Eventually we came down at Dyson's old place at Gibraltar Creek, raced down the Cox, collected our gear at Jack's place and up that seemingly never-ending Black Jerry's Ridge. It was dark before we reached the top, and having no torches, did some glissading, on the dry gravel, down the "short-cut" to Green Gully.

Then up to Katoomba again on Tuesday to meet Alf. Watts and his ship-mate Max, to lay in stores for a four-day trip, and come back to Carlon's via scones and blackberry jam and cream at Kirby's. Next night found us at the big creek which rises, or rather falls down, from Queahgong, and from there we moved to Kanangaroo Clearing next a.m. We climbed almost up to Mt. Morilla in the afternoon and obtained a "close-up" of Kanangra Walls, our cameras emitting buzzing

and clicking sounds respectively.

On Friday came the big Wind and the dust and the flying branches, AND the bent tent pegs. It was found necessary to place large stones on every peg and guy-rope, so strong was the gale. That night we had the pleasure of the company of Norbert and Bert, who were on "the last round-up" before the terrible drought takes its toll of all the cattle in the Cox.

Away to a flying start on Saturday morn, we ascended Yellow Pup and climbed into the saddle between Mt. Dingo and Merri-Merrigal Plateau, carrying water for lunch. We visited the glorious Splendour Rock, THE view of views, and my ship-mates were enraptured with the panorama. Thence away along the old Warrigal "wombat-parade" and the Black Dog Track to Carlons once again !

Max went home on Sunday, and as Bert had left his "mustering" hat at Jack Kirby's on our previous visit, Alf and I volunteered to retrieve it, so after lunch we sped down to Little River and were welcomed with a cup of tea from the kindly Jack. We arrived back at 6.45 p.m. but with a torch this time.

Whilst at Kanangaroo we had had a fleeting impression of "Slinker" Salmon and his fishy crew whizzing by in a swirl of gum-leaves en route for an easy week-end ramble over Kanangra Walls and the Kowmung, and, thought we, "Can we not do something"? We had no supplies, but conceived the idea of a visit to Blue Gum Forest as a change from the Cox Valley. Up to this day (Sunday) I had walked just 152 Miles in the previous twenty three days, and had hoped to do the 200 before my leave expired on the following Wednesday night. Daringly I suggested the Grose, but the thought followed "It cannot be done in the time". We remembered, however, the "Tigers" had gone through in two days to Richmond, "And", I argued, "if a slip of a girl like Hilma could do it, so can we!" Leaving the Carlons in a state of apprehension, I am sure, regarding our mental stability, we darted up to Katoomba and laid in stores and a good lunch and found we had to wait until 2.10 p.m. for a conveyance to Govett's Leap. In the meantime, I shed all my surplus gear, even my camera, and entrusted them to the tender care of the Department of Railways for transmission to the address stated thereon.

Leaving the Leap at 2.45 we sprang down the steps to the amazement of sundry tourists, and crossed Govett's Leap Creek three times with a smother of foam across our bows. I remember a blue flash which, I think, was The Forest, and we dropped anchor under the shadow of Mt. Hay at 5.30 p.m.

Up and away in a frenzy of effort and activity at 7.30 a.m. we streaked along the undulating leafy track, the deeply-fissured cliffs of Mt. King George just a memory, Mt. Caley only a boulder on the track. Five minutes rest was taken at 10.30 and the fires within were stoked with chocolate and sultanas. The track here was good underfoot, but was only a tunnel about three feet high under heavy rain forest growth, intertwined with lawyer vines and creepers of all descriptions, and non-descriptions. The only method of progress was to place the head level with the knees and part the track therewith, receiving many a whack on the face and ears, to the accompaniment of foul oaths and questions of the ancestral relations of certain plants.

Forty minutes for lunch allowed us to straighten our backs, and later the track became less congested, but wandered up and down the average 45° sloping bank, at one place climbing to 100ft. above the river to round a spur. The river itself is a mass of boulders and consists mainly of a chain of long pools connected by cascades over and round huge rocks. Four fortyfive found us crossing Wentworth Creek and $\frac{3}{4}$ hour later we slithered to a standstill at the junction of Linden Creek, and acquired one of the many good caves which abound there.

We had no map, and had no idea how far we had to go on the morrow, and, as my leave expired at 8 a.m. Thursday, we decided to get away to a flying start next morning. We arranged for either to wake the other about as early as practicable, and spent the night flashing the torch on the watch at frequent intervals, and consulting the sky, which had clouded over in a threatening manner,

Despite the simmering of the rolled oats by candle light before the break of day, we did not stagger on our way until 7.30 a.m. when the worst part of the trip began. Between Linden Creek and the Faulconbridge Track there is no defined track, just a jumble of boulders thickly interwoven with kanuka trees, which have branches right down to the ground. The recent bushfires had caused huge redgums to crash all over the route, and if attempts were made to keep to the ledges of strata high up, one nearly always was left in mid-air up on the cliffside and had to retrace his steps. The distance between these points is about $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles as the crow flies, maybe less, and it required 1 hour 55 min. to cover it !

Judging by the litter, we guessed rightly we were at the Faulconbridge Track, and whooped for joy at the prospect of a better track. But Old Man Fire had not left us, and fallen timber and stabs from burnt sticks left a trail of skin and blood as a guide to those who follow.

We gladly unsaddled at noon on a sandy bank, and boiled the billy and ate our remaining tucker. Much revived, we cracked on the pace on the sandy track, and cut out of the river at the first farm, and on to a dusty road, with snarling farmdogs at our heels. We then met a local who told us the latest war news, and sped on, greatly relieved that we would be home that night and without worry about leave. It was this, I believe, which kept us at the double on the trip.

The old Nepean hove in sight and we stopped to wash the layers of dirt from our pedal extremities and were astounded at the magnitude of the scratches on our legs which the water and soap revealed. Then $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles of hard road to Richmond Town, which we reached about 4.30, much to our surprise as I had counted on catching the last train, with luck. It was a great end to the most enjoyable 200 miles of walking I have ever done, and despite the difficulties of the last two days, I can say "I done the Grose".

What is the difference between a Bushwalker and a Bushfire?
A Bushfire travels fastest uphill.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST, stolen or strayed from the custody of Jack Debert, one valuable English epistle received from New Zealand some months ago.

THIS IS SERIOUS

Dot wrote this letter in pencil on both sides of exercise book paper - about 40 pages altogether - and asked Jack to circulate it among Club members and then let her have it back as she had no other diary of that trip.

Did you see the letter? Did you pass it on to someone else? Who was it? Can you help to trace it? It is now a matter of months since it was seen. As Jack Debert is now on Service, will anyone having the letter or knowing where it is please see that the Hon. Secretary gets it as soon as possible. He has undertaken to return it to Dot English for Jack.

LOST, at a Reunion, either Federation or S.B.W., one new, clean, sound Water Bucket labelled "TUGGIE" (Keepsake) - The reward, a clear conscience, will be obtained by forwarding this bucket to Doreen Harris.

ATTENTION FOR THE TREASURER!

Those members who have paid their subscriptions can feel virtuous and skip this paragraph. Those members who have not yet paid will feel guilty and probably skip it too. To catch their eyes we use large type to remind everyone that SUBSCRIPTIONS BECAME DUE AT THE ANNUAL MEETING FOUR MONTHS AGO, so if you are unfinancial you are a member only on sufferance of the Committee.

DON'T DELAY any longer, SEE ME and PAY UP!

says

BILL HALL,

Hon. Treasurer.

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night and day
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail away;
And come I may, but go I must, and if men ask you why,
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun and the white roads and the sky!

-----Gerald Gould.

FROM HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

Of course, you all know the River Canoe Club's "super" annual - "Splashes"! Something has happened to "Splashes" , but apparently even the River Canoe Club is not sure what. Their Secretary wrote to our Secretary --- "I regret to inform you that this publication is now deceased, temporarily anyway." --- and then he sent along "Splashes" Quarterly, No.1 1940! We are not quite sure whether this is to be considered the ghost of the Annual, or a re-incarnation, or a descendent, or just another form of the same insect. It is very confusing, this "temporarily dead" business.

Anyway, we definitely enjoyed reading the Quarterly and consider it an improvement on the last Annual we waded through. Being mere walkers, we are not keen on that aquatic sport so were happy to find that with this issue we could just sit back and be wafted along by a steady breeze of humour. We'll say no more about it now, it is "a River Canoe Club Publication" and they are selling it for 6d a copy, so buy one for yourself.

.....

In Vol.1. No.2 of the "Camp Fire Club Magazine" we were particularly interested in two articles by Bill Hagan -- "The Murderer", whose carelessness started a bushfire, and "I Was a Bushwalker" (part one), a flight of the imagination. Fancy having to wait from April till July for part two to appear in this young quarterly! And before then some of his readers might have "bushwacked" the author - or does he go armed like Ned Kelly?

.....

Here is an important paragraph from an article on The Compass which appeared in "The Tararua Tramper", Wellington, N.Z., for May, 1940:-

--- "Unless evidence such as badly damaged case or pivot or filling with water or rust is evident, confidence in the instrument you are using is essential and it must be relied on in spite of 'hunches' 'feelings' and 'ideas' as to 'where is which'."

What memories those words conjure up! Among them some words of wisdom of Harold Chardon in an article on the same subject which appeared in "The Sydney Bushwalker" in September, 1938:-

--- "In using the compass, several considerations must be kept in mind, The compass is a very sensitive instrument, and is easily affected by the presence of iron. Such things as steel rucksack frames, iron belt-buckles, or even iron wire fences, will cause a considerable error in the results obtained with a compass, while another compass in the vicinity will make a sensitive instrument do all manner of things it shouldn't do." !!!

How many Australian-born bushwalkers realise the difficulty any experienced hiker, rambler, or woodsman from the Northern Hemisphere must have in adjusting himself and finding his way if he comes to the Southern Hemisphere, where the sun goes in reverse? This paragraph from the "Bulletin" of the Mountain Club of Maryland, of Baltimore, U.S.A., stresses that point:-

--- "If lost in the woods, your watch is a compass as long as the sun shines. Point the hour hand at the sun and the south is halfway between the hour hand and the figure 12 on the dial."

I

In "sunny New South Wales" we often use our watches as compasses without being lost, but, as the sun here goes north, not south, we point the figure 12 at the sun and know that half way between it and the hour-hand is north --- not "magnetic north", nor "true north", but "approximately north" because of our arbitrarily fixed "Eastern Standard Time", but still near enough to north for most bushwalking purposes.

.....

Are there any anthropologists, ethnologists, or what-have-yous in the bushwalking movement? One of the joys of such folk is to trace a fairytale round the world, or, alternatively, to decide to their own satisfaction that, "This people must have moved away from the centre of civilization of that time and migrated at least part way to their present home after such and such a date but before such and such a happening, because they brought such and such a custom or word with them but there is no trace of any knowledge of such and such a folksong."

If any bushwalker would like to take up that kind of detective work, he (or she) might start a search for the origin of the word "cuppa" and the direction of its travels, for it crops up in the publications of bushwalking, camping, tramping, hiking, or rambling clubs in many parts of the world. This time our old friend "cuppa" was met in the "Bulletin" for May, 1940, of the Te Hapukoa Tramping Club of Christchurch, N.Z.

From the same source comes this paragraph:-

--- "It is proposed to send our soldier, sailor and airforce members the 'Bulletin' every month to let them see what's happening and to keep them in touch with the activities of their Club. Will members who have the addresses of our active service members please supply me with them as soon as possible".

That seems a good idea, doesn't it? If it were done by our Club in addition to remitting the subscriptions of members on active service, it might lead to an increase in the sub. to the remaining members, or to an increase in the price of the "Sydney Bushwalker", but if individual members subscribed to our magazine for their friends and handed in the 4/- with the address to which it was to be posted for a year, the Club could continue to jog along at the old rate of ten shillings a year which is so convenient to hand over to the Treasurer. It is surprising, though, how many of them are overdue now.

.....

Another wartime idea comes from the Melbourne Women's Walking Club, which is forming its own "Work Circle". This will meet one night a week to sew and knit. It is intended to vary the night each week so that everyone will have a chance to go along, and the meetings will take place at the homes

of members so there will be no rent to pay.

Can you guess which girl member of the S.B.W. I can hear (in imagination) saying -- "If our Club started a 'Work Circle', all the girls would have to go along. The only way to protect one's reputation from a gathering like that is to be present; then they can't talk about you!.....much.

W A R E F F O R T

What can we do to help? This question is exercising the minds of men and women throughout Australia. To us Bushwalkers several things stand out clear.

Bushwalking and life in the out o' doors has helped us to keep fit. Not merely to be in that neutral state of health that enables us to avoid sickness but to be so full of health and vigour that we can cheerfully face whatever is ahead with courage and resolution.

Mentally too, through years of camping we have become accustomed to making the best use of whatever lies at hand, to improvise and make shift.

We can read a map and use a compass, some of us have a practical knowledge of first aid. We have an intimate knowledge of the rugged coastlands and of that wilderness we know as the Blue Mountains. We have a hardly won knowledge of bushcraft and pathfinding. We can live for weeks at a time with nothing else but the load we carry on our backs,

Who knows how soon this ability and knowledge may be the means of saving our lives or more important be of immeasurable service to Australia.

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CLUB GOSSIP

Cupid is still fluttering around. A happy announcement is the engagement of Betty to ex-prospective George Walker, who was transferred to Newcastle before he had completed his test walks, but who visited the Club Rooms with her the other evening resplendent in the uniform of a lieutenant of the A.I.F. We send them both greetings and our good wishes.

We have not seen Molly Astridge for a long time, but she has been very busy preparing for her wedding. July 6th is the day she has named. Perhaps Molly has been cautious as well as busy; a lot of the girls met Mr. Arthur Waller when he came to the Club Rooms with Molly soon after they were engaged, and they all congratulated Molly very sincerely... We always knew Molly was a nice girl with good taste, and we wish them both, "All the Best".

Although the resigned from the S.B.W. some months ago, all the not-so-new members will remember Frank Whiddon and be glad to hear of his marriage to Nell Herring, an ex-prospective of the Club. Though they are no longer of us, we hope to meet them out camping from time to time, and send them, too, our good wishes.

The first Dance of the season was held at Sargents on 28th May. The fun was fast and furious in spite of the shortage of girls. As the girls arrived they were swept into the dance by the waiting queue of partnerless boys, and their own poor partners who, like real gentlemen, had allowed the lady to enter the room first, were left to tail on to the end of the waiting queue!

Take heed, boys, there is to be a Super Dance, a Dinner Dance, at Elizabeth Bay House, on Wednesday, 28th August! Save up your pennies! The girls will all be there.

At the June Meeting Vice-President Edna Garrad filled the Chair very capably. Apparently President Richard Crocker is too entranced with his daughter to spare a Friday evening for his old friends of the S.B.W.

The Nattai Tableland is becoming too well known. It has now been visited by at least two parties, to our certain knowledge. No, the King's Birthday Official did not go up Martin's Creek. We hear they even ignored Starlight's Track and found a new way of their own up to Mittagong. No, no one was late for work.

Talking of "officials", "Jack's Last Walk" was a wow. All the lads and all the bright young things in the Club turned out, and they were all determined to make it a walk of walks. 'Nuff said.
