

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 ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Though his name is not included in the official list of the editorial staff of this magazine, we wish to acknowledge the help given by Brian Harvey, who (being in Sydney for an indefinite period) is using some of his spare time to keep his hand in on the duplicator.

The Editor also thanks those members who have sent in the articles that have enabled a magazine to be produced. It did look as though the drought was spreading to the inkwells, but a timely shower saved the situation this month. "May the stream of literary outpourings never cease to flow"! is the prayer of the Editor.

This issue marks a new departure, if perhaps only a temporary one. The Social Secretary is using the Club's magazine to advertise (free advertising unfortunately) coming attractions. We think our readers will agree that the two short articles, one about where the S.B.W's Dinner Dance is to be held, and the other by a lecturer who will entertain us one night this month, are worthy of inclusion on their merits as well as for the reason we were asked to include them. We commend this idea to other Officers of the Club.

ELIZABETH BAY HOUSE

By L.G.H.

In 1837 the Colonial Secretary, Alexander Macleay, imported 17 convict builders to build his home in 50 acres of gardens.

This lovely old home still stands overlooking Port Jackson just as it did 103 years ago. Instead of gardens it is now surrounded by a roadway and blocks of flats. It retains its harbour view, however. This impressive old colonial mansion is the finest example of early Victorian architecture in Australia.

It passed out of the hands of the last Macleay 50 years ago, and was neglected for many years. It has now been renovated and restored to its original charm. Without a crack or flaw in its foundation or walls, it can possibly last still another century.

Its lovely rooms, its spacious hall with its winding stairway, are haunted with the memories of distinguished statesmen, visitors and scientists. The present Ballroom was once the old library. The tall cedar book cases reached nearly to the ceiling and were fitted with sets and sets of beautifully fitting drawers enclosed behind the cedar doors. It is said that in these drawers were locked all the Government records.

The Ballroom is now hung with tapestries and huge gilt mirrors over the fireplaces. The central brass chandelier belonging to the original room has been reinstalled and the effect of candle-light has been created. This room is over 40 ft. long and runs the full length of one side of the house.

The drawing room has a handsome ceiling in rose pink and faint green; a huge persian rug in tones of faded blue and pink is used on the floor, while for chair coverings a beautiful Elizabethan linen is used in a small conventional pattern depicting "Sir Walter Raleigh spreading his velvet cloak before the feet of Queen Elizabeth". The Rose of the Cloak has been picked up and repeated in the heavy rose velvet curtains over the long colonial doors. Some beautiful pieces of old Mahogany and Cedar furniture are used in this room.

The dining-room has a long Mahogany table and will seat 40 guests. Silver Sheffield Plate is reflected on its rich surface whilst food is set amidst tall lighted candelabra.

The S.B.W. Social Committee has engaged this glorious old home for a Dinner Dance on Wednesday, 28th August.

Come at 7 o'clock and buffet dinner will be served at about 7.45. Dancing will be in the library until midnight. Tickets will be 7/6d, and are available from members of the Social Committee. Before departing, have a look at the enormous brass lock on the front door. It is over 2 ft. long!

HIGHLIGHTS OF A "HAZARDOUS TRIP".

by Dorothy Hasluck.

Brindabella Station, the home of Miles Franklin, the authoress, was the starting point for our "hazardous" trip (as judged by some), through to Tumut.

Here, we were faced with crossing the icy waters of the Goodradigbee. This not being at all relished by the party. However our good Genie was evidently presiding, as while we were regarding the water with extreme distaste, two drovers appeared on the other side and, after driving their sheep across, one of them offered to take us over on his horse. The offer was of course hailed with delight and we all arrived on the opposite bank without so much as wetting a toe.

Proceeding on our way to our first camping spot we met Mr. Read who lived in a hut some miles from Brindabella. He proved to be most interesting, living a very happy existence trapping rabbits and with books supplied by the Bush Club, for his mental diversion. He showed us the grave of his dog which has been his companion for eighteen years. This companionship had meant a great deal to him and the grave with its four pillars of stone enclosing a slab on which was engraved "Happy hunting, old pal", was a fitting memory to "Laddie".

Arriving at Triangle Hill, from which we were supposed to see Coolamine Station across the plains, not a thing was to be seen as the whole landscape was shrouded in mist, - very beautiful but not very helpful. As the mists do not lift until very late in this country, we decided to head up the plain and trust to luck. After some miles we struck a cart track which led us right to Coolamine, where we expected to obtain information for the rest of the journey to The Pockets. However, we were thrown into somewhat of a quandary on finding the people away and therefore no information forthcoming. Our good Genie was however still with us, for when, having taken french leave, we went inside to try to raise someone on the 'phone, the bell rang and, on picking up the receiver, Peter heard a voice say, "Tom Taylor will pick up those parcels," and immediately asked if they were the parcels for the walkers. On receiving a rather astonished affirmative, he asked for directions and we were able to proceed without any difficulty.

At The Pockets we were given a very warm welcome and had a fine view of Bimberly which was one of our objectives. The next day, thinking we would like to explore the Goodradigbee Gorge and Blue Pool, we started off down the creek. On the assurance of an easy day, the other Dorothy, who had a bad cold, joined us; but, alas, her faith was misplaced! What with the distance being greater than we thought and having to ford the glacial waters of the river, - well, I really lost count of the number of times, - I am afraid her faith in humanity received one more nasty jolt.

Having had a lovely day to climb Bimberly, Murrig next claimed our attention but proved very inhospitable. A piercingly cold wind greeted us at the top and though the view from the summit rocks was magnificent, we did not linger long. By the time lunch was finished the whole landscape was blotted out, the wind seemed to penetrate to our very bones and, to cap all, snow and

rain began to fall. The combination was too much for us so we turned tail and made for the shortest route down. It is at such times the joys of mountain climbing lose their savour. "Rank heresy"! I can hear some ardent enthusiasts say. The ridge down which we plunged proved to be very steep and covered in loose rocks, but with due care we managed to reach the bottom intact and made our way as quickly as possible to Mr. Feeney's hut where we were royally entertained; afternoon tea beside a log fire was to us the acme of bliss.

After visiting Yarrangobilly Caves we were to make our way to the head waters of the Goobragandra via Fiery Range, but, through having to work on blanks on the map and taking our direction from the wrong hut, the Fiery Range eluded us, fading away into the limbo of the lost.

We were, according to instructions, supposed to be on a good stock route, but nothing we saw in the way of tracks could by any stretch of the imagination be called a good stock route. Try as we would to go west our ridge was determined we should go north west and north west we went, finally arriving at Peppercorn Mountain, miles from Fiery.

On reaching the top of Peppercorn, a fairylike scene spread out before us. The ground was covered in snow in which were the footprints of wallabys and wombats, and the beauty of the trees, their white mantles sparkling in the sun's rays, held us entranced.

To me the highlight of highlights was the view from the top of the Zig-zag. Fifteen hundred feet below us flowed the Goobragandra like a silver ribbon, threading its way between high bush-clad ridges away into the distance. Lovely massed cloud effects and the soft blue haze like a transparent veil flung over the whole, made a never-to-be-forgotten picture, such as Bruner might have so aptly transferred to canvas.

Following down the Goobragandra, which was bordered with tree-ferns in great profusion, we felt as though we had been transported to another clime; the lovely, balmy air and softness of the landscape being in such strong contrast to the rigorous climate we had so lately left.

Nearing the Goobragandra Station we were met by the Manager, who thought we were refugees from the lost plane. I dare say our appearance after a fortnight's walking, gave rise to this mistake (of course Edna had not then appeared on the scene, for never could she have been mistaken for a refugee).

Our last camp was pitched in a beautiful setting at the junction of the Goobragandra and Tumut. Willows in their lovely autumn colouring bordered the rivers, making, against the setting sun, a picture of living gold, whilst huge water gums stood sentinel overall.

So ended a most enjoyable trip, to us a time of relaxation and happiness; but to the uninitiated, "A Hazardous Trip."

FEDERATION NOTES

In connection with the bibliography of bushwalking literature which he is preparing, Rae Else Mitchell has asked for some indication from members of the various clubs as to the phases of the subject in which they are particularly interested.

Through the Conservation Bureau, the Federation Council received word in June that new regulations had been made covering the Colong-Church Creek Caves area. Under these regulations entrance to the caves is prohibited without the payment of a fee and the permission or company of a guide. Probably the next step will be some opening up and popularisation of these caves, which, from the point of view of bushwalkers, would be a pity. However this should be more than offset by the protection now afforded to the caves, the formations in which have sometimes suffered at the hands of stray parties of visitors.

From the Conservation Bureau also came the suggestion that the Federation should make representations to the Premier for both the Flora and Fauna Protection Acts to be administered by the Chief Secretary's Department. It was felt that centralisation of control in this way would simplify the efficient administration of both Acts by the responsible officials and the many Honorary Rangers. For the same reasons it was thought desirable that the Bush Fires Act also should be included in any scheme to centralise control of the Protection Acts, and Council decided to write to the Premier making the suggested representations.

When the list of protected plants for 1940/1941 was issued at the end of June, bushwalkers were delighted to see that the Federation's work had borne fruit, and casuarina cunninghamii (the river oak) is now protected.

Someone seems to have been doing a little private "protection" work in the Blue Labyrinth. The Federation Council was told that a barbed wire fence had been erected on the southern side of Glabrook Creek across the track from Glenbrook to The Oaks. The Conservation Bureau was asked to investigate and report on this matter.

Miss Agnes Miller has been appointed Hon. Organizer for this year's Federation Ball, which will take place on The Show Boat on October 12th.

At the Federation's Annual Meeting in July, Charlie Roberts retired from the onerous job of Hon. Secretary and Merle Hamilton stepped into the gap. And so the work goes on!

This year's Federation Conference will be held on Tuesday, August 13th, and again the place will be the Royal Zoological Society's Room at 28 Martin Place, Sydney. All club members are invited to attend and to air their views on matters of policy or the administration of the bush walking movement.

In July Flo Allsworth went off on another holiday trip!

TO PHYLLIS, THE TENDERFOOT HIKER

Phyllis, you're pledged by word and sign,
To join the crowd at half-past nine;
So bring my lunch, as you've agreed,
And, by St. Michael, show some speed!

Leave off, for once, that gay affair
In which you love to take the air;
Knickers or breeches are the dress
Intended for the wilderness!

And though your silken hose be neat
And much admired on the street -
Unless you wish my love to fail,
Wear woolen ones upon the trail!

Those dainty pumps, which all adore,
Who've seen them dancing on the floor,
Are positively not, my dear,
Worn by a would-be mountaineer!

Omit your rouge; the winds that play
Will bring a rose more apt to stay;
Your lipstick you will never miss
When you have known the breezes' kiss!

So don your leathern jacket, do,
And I shall act as squire to you;
Shall pull you up to rocky nooks
And drag you out of swamps and brooks!

Rheinhard Kleiner.

CAMP GEAR FOR WALKERS !

PADDY FALLIN,

327 George Street,

S Y D N E Y.

Tel. B3101.

THE CAMPFIRE

By "Tuggie".

Of all the delights of Bushwalking I know of none so satisfying and comforting as the campfire.

From that hot-headed, explosive fragment, the match, many tiny sticks and old leaves take life, and soon a joyous golden flame, wreathed in a veil of palest blue smoke, dances merrily, chuckling as more little sticks join the fun.

Larger pieces of wood go to the embrace of the laughing fire; as they are consumed, the happy, carefree youth of the campfire passes and the dancing flame settles down to a sedate middle age emanating an encompassing warmth to serve man - to provide a steady light as the sky darkens - glowing coals with which to cook a meal, to dry off wet things; to thaw Winter-bitten fingers and toes.

Hearts also thaw in the fireside warmth - reserve departs - strangers become friends, old friendships are more firmly welded.

Folks talk, talk to each other as they would never do in the conventional surroundings of a room. Sometimes they sing; their voices may be odd, but the songs come from their hearts and are beautiful because of that.

The fire begins to show signs of age, its heart splits and falls apart; grey ashes sprinkle the ground and the charred pieces nearby.

The fire must not die yet; someone piles logs in the glow, and in a little while, behold, the flame of its youth leaps to life and dances with renewed vitality. For a while it is almost as lighthearted as at the beginning, but age rejuvenated is never so spontaneous as first youth and the happy flame dies down. Ere it sobers and subsides the trunks of nearby trees are coloured with the heart-warming orange-red paint of firelight.

The children of the fire, the sparks, hurry heavenwards eagerly, hoping to reach their distant glittering counterparts, the stars. But, alas, their ambitions are never realized and they pass away in the striving.

The remains of the logs settle to a heap of red coals radiating great heat - someone suggests toast.

Sleeping bags are warmed by the dying embers.

Thus the camp fire lives, dances and dies, serving nobly to the last.

But the end is not here, for the morrow will prove that the white ashes hold a still warm heart from which another fire could rise phoenix-like - or perhaps someone will bake a damper !

AT OUR OWN MEETING

It was pleasing to see our President in the Chair again at the June meeting.

Before settling down to business he welcomes our new member - Gordon Call -

Alex Colley having resigned as Room Steward, Mary Stoddart and Tom Kenny - Royal both volunteered for the job, and both were elected.

One of our camera friends took exception to two of the conditions laid down in the Federation's first Photographic Competition - the size of the mount demanded and that negatives must be made available if the Federation wishes to use the picture for any form of publicity. After quite a bit of discussion, the meeting passed a resolution of protest against these two conditions.

The President announced that there would be a Working Bee at "Morella-Karong" on July 27th and 28th and as many workers as possible were wanted.

Volunteers were called for to act as S.B.W. representative on the Federation Ball Committee. Everyone held their peace, so Edna Garrad stepped into the breach, and soon afterwards the Ordinary General Meeting closed.

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Immediately, the Chairman declared the Extra-Ordinary General Meeting open and the Hon. Secretary read the notice everyone had received setting out the business to be done.

Bill Cosgrove was elected Walks Secretary.

After considerable discussion it was decided that, when the Fixed Deposit matures in August, the Club's "nest egg" of £100 should be lent to the Commonwealth Government, Free of Interest, for the duration of the war and twelve months afterwards.

Nothing was done about War Savings Certificates as it was understood there would probably be a suggestion coming through the Federation next month.

Several suggestions were made for keeping members who are On Service in touch with Club doings, and finally it was decided that the Editor be authorised to appeal for contributions to a sixpenny voluntary levy, to cover the cost of sending these members "The Sydney Bushwalker" each month. The appeal was promptly made to those present and, on the Editor's behalf, Myles Dunphy collected the named and sixpences. The 15/- paid to the Hon. Treasurer that night will enable the magazine to be sent for three months to all those who at present are known to have joined up. Before the end of that period it is expected that many more sixpences will have been received from members who were not at the Club Rooms the night the appeal was made. It is also anticipated, of course, that further names and addresses will be added from time to time to the list of those who have enlisted. When the fund is nearing exhaustion, a further call for sixpences will be made.

Do you know the names of any other members who have joined up? Or the

correct addresses of any of those whose names appeared in the July issue of this magazine? If so, please let the Hon. Secretary of the Editor have them as soon as possible.

DUNC'S UNCANNY WEATHER SENSE

Explained by Frank Cramp!

I have been asked to tell how my uncanny weather sense works. I don't know. But I will have my surmise, which might be as good as yours.

If I am lucky enough to have a corn at the time, it aches if it is going to rain. The only trouble with this method is that it aches anyhow.

Now we come to "smelling the weather". I sniff the air and if it smells moist it is going to rain or I am getting a cold. This method is not recommended if you are near the sea as there is a lot of water in the sea.

Another method is by my rheumatoid joints. If my right toe aches it is going to rain, if it is not going to snow or even be fine; it is one of the three.

I have had much success from watching the sky at night to see if there is a rainbow, because a rainbow at night is a shepherd's delight. But the difficulty here is to know whether the shepherd would be delighted with fine weather or rain.

I think the most successful way of the lot is to read the forecast in the paper and say just the opposite.

That explains my uncanny weather sense.

Dunc.

(Ed. Note: We asked Dunc. to write us an article about the weather, and this is what we got!).

Snipped from the "Classified Ads." --

"Player Piano wanted urgently. Out of order no objection. Suit
Club Rooms."

Mebbe, it suits the clubrooms, but say, how about the members?

A N N O U N C E M E N T E X T R A O R D I N A R Y .

--- To All Prospectives and Members ---

THE STARS HAVE GONE ASTRAY !!

Regardless of all the astrologers may say, the stars have gone wrong -- and they are not just unimportant, little stars either, but those very big, important stars that denote that a walk MAY be accepted as a Test Walk!

When the current Walks Programme was being prepared, the printer, or somebody, got all enthusiastic, or sympathetic, or something, and replaced the usual solitary stars with a whole constellation of twin stars. That seems to have been where the trouble started. Probably there was a bit of changing of partners first, but we have no evidence on this point. However, one pair of stars did definitely leave their appointed station and duck away to enjoy themselves quietly on Mary Stoddart's walk. But they can't get away with it.

The Committee has discovered them and has considered their case.

Its decision is contained in the edict that, in spite of the position of the stars,

Mary Stoddart's walk on August 23rd, 24th and 25th will NOT be a test walk, but the stars should be removed by pen, pencil, or other means, to their proper position against

Edna Garrad's walk on August 24th and 25th, from Wentworth Falls, down Kedumba Pass and over Mt. Solitary to Katoomba, which MAY be accepted as a Test Walk,

By Order of the Committee,

Tom Moppett

Hon. Secretary.

ADVERTISEMENTS in "The Sydney Bushwalkers" BRING RESULTS. The missing letter from Dot English has been handed to Tom Moppett as requested in the Advertisement which appeared in our last issue.

Support your own magazine -- A D V E R T I S E in "The Sydney Bushwalker".

THE MAP.

by W.E.D.

(Editor's Note.-- This article has been "lifted" without permission from) (The Tararua Trampler" of June, 1940, as we thought it valuable to all) (bushwalkers as well as trampers, and the S.B.W. only has one copy of) (that "Trampler". We hope our New Zealand friends will feel pleased,) (not annoyed, at the liberty thus taken. The "position" mentioned) (is, of course, the position of the user of the map when he is trying to) (decide just where he is.)

The map as we defined it is a representation of the principal features of a named area, and in occupied areas these features, together with intermediate or connecting areas, will be accurately shown in their relative positions. In isolated and unoccupied area, however, it is quite possible that many of the maps will be accurate only in regard to the chief or trig. points. As regards the remainder, the map is drawn from notes and this leaves something to be desired in the way of accuracy.

A realisation that such maps are open to question is essential and in the long run this may be of some benefit in causing us to use our powers of observation and improve our appreciation of "country".

Improved maps of very broken country are still open to question in those parts not actually travelled over and offer an opportunity for a little original work which can be very interesting. In using a map it is advisable to have it correctly oriented -- that is to say in correct relationship with the points of the compass. It will usually be found that a line perpendicular to top and bottom indicated true North, but this should not be taken for granted -- examine the map closely. If this preliminary is carried out identification is simplified and the chance of error reduced.

When it is desired to fix a point it is necessary that two, or better still, three identifiable points, fairly widely distributed be observable. The procedure is then;

- (1) Take two or three compass readings to each point and average for each.
- (2) Where average is more than 180 degrees subtract 180 degrees.
- (3) Where average is less than 180 degrees add 180 degrees.
- (4) From each point a line is drawn at the appropriate bearing obtained by (2) or (3) - remember bearings are read clockwise.
- (5) The required position is located by the intersection of the lines.

When travelling in conditions where such observations are not possible the alternative is to assess an average pace for the particular conditions and by noting the times and directions travelled from a known position the course can be plotted. Care in this can produce fairly accurate results.

To identify a distant point the reverse of the procedure for fixing a position is followed. Readings must be taken from at least two known points. Lines are drawn from known points at the bearings obtained and intersect at

the required point. It is necessary that the two points chosen should be sufficiently widely separated to give a good angle of intersection. For making corrections a sketch or photograph can be very useful, but care should be taken to include some fairly definite feature that can be fixed on the map to facilitate fitting in the correction. The point from which the observation or photograph is made should also be identified.

For more comprehensive work when some time can be given to it a plane table is useful and easy to handle.

The items required, compass, board covered with, preferably, squared paper, a ruler with sighting apparatus - one end with upright strip with a narrow vertical slit and the other a frame with a vertical thread making a sighting line parallel with the edge of the ruler,

Two observing points, A and B, are required some distance apart. If these are known and shown on reliable maps fitting in and fixing of scales is considerably simplified.

The board is set up at A and

- (1) North line fixed.
- (2) Point A is plotted. if in centre of the area, in the centre of the board; if on edge of area then near the edge of the board.
- (3) The edge of the ruler against A and by moving ruler only it is sighted on the first point and a line drawn and marked for identification purposes.
- (4) The ruler only is moved round and the procedure repeated on each point, including B.
- (5) Board is set up at B.
- (6) With ruler on line A B, whole is turned until A is sighted.
- (7) B is fixed on this line to give scale desired.
- (8) By moving ruler around B and sighting each point procedure as at A is repeated.
- (9) Intersection of each pair of lines marks relative position of point named.

Minor detail can be filled in as desired. The use of a third station in the procedure may add somewhat to the accuracy of the work. For those who wish to do more elaborate work in building up maps from photographs I would refer them to an article in the journal of the N.Z. Alpine Club.

In attempting to cover so much in the space at my disposal brevity has been essential, but I hope sufficient has been said to make clear the principles and be of use to readers.

INSIDE INFORMATION

By Dr. Selwyn Harrison.

No new foodstuffs have been discovered for centuries. The body is the same old body. Animals employ instinct in feeding: we are supposed to have substituted intelligence. Intelligence presupposes knowledge. Yet ignorance, indifference or credulity prevails, and fads and half-truths abound; some well-meaning or sentimental, some profit-making or sheer quackery.

Half-baked cults are recommended indiscriminately, ignoring personal idiosyncrasies and likes and dislikes, and the wide diversity of types, temperaments and constitutions.

Human beings are not mass production machines with standardised parts; they are essentially different -- and human.

Alcibiades used to drink half a gallon of wine during the Symposium or after-dinner discussion, and Socrates could drink them all under the table. The golden-age Athenians were fond of pork sausages and tripe, and lettuce, beans and lentils. The men that built the Pyramids lived mainly on cabbage, onions and garlic. The unspoiled, hardy Eskimos lived exclusively on meat and fish (and hardly any blubber), while the fighting African Masai fed on meat, raw blood and milk. Our aboriginals developed perfect teeth and remarkable stamina on a diet of possums, snakes, grubs and roots.

The Science of Nutrition has, however, evolved sufficiently to state the fundamentals of the optimum diet. These are:- 1. Adequate protein. 2. Adequate carbohydrate. 3. Adequate fat. 4. Adequate minerals (and alkaline) ash (acid-binding) foods to balance the acid-ash foods. 5. Adequate vitamin-containing foods. 6. Adequate roughage or residue-containing foods. 7. Adequate fluid.

So vital is national fitness that Nutrition may soon be administered as an essential social service like water supplies and sanitation.

It has been estimated that probably 15,000,000 people in Britain are too poor to obtain the comparatively expensive protective foods necessary for proper nourishment, and millions more don't know or don't care.

Dr. Selwyn Harrison will be lecturing to The Sydney Bushwalkers at the Club Rooms on Friday 23rd August, 1940, starting at 8.30 p.m. He will then give more "Inside Information".

Have you heard the latest addition to the Bushwalkers' Vocabulary? Would you know what to pass if the washer-up said, "Where's the dead mouse"? Yes, the steel wool is right. Go up top.

CLUB GOSSIP

We send our congratulations to Harry Lee, who recently married Verne Saint of the C.M.W. We wish them both good walking and "All the Best".

And congratulations to Alton and Barbara Chapple on the birth of their son, we hope to see the wee laddie on the track one day; in the meantime we send greetings!

Cupid is still awing! This month's engagements are - Jean Malcolm to Arthur Ashdown of the C.M.W. and Dorothy Langworthy to Fred Svenson, both of the S.B.W. We send them all our best wishes.

Our last congratulations for this month, go to the Committee, which broke camp and came out of its hide-away at 8.35 p.m. ! Think of it ! This is surely a record!

The South came up to visit us one Friday evening. If they brought any bargains at the Auction Sale we hope these are giving good service. Merle Griffin, Dot Brigden and Olive Matthews of the Melbourne Women's Walking Club, were on their way home from Centralia and Northern Territory. No, they did not walk back.

Mr and Mrs. Alan Wilson were our other Melbourne visitors. Mr. Wilson belongs to the Men's Walking Club and Mrs. Wilson also walks.

Mrs. Wilson whispered to us that ex-member Reg Shortridge was in Sydney on that particular week-end. No, you wouldn't see him, he was on his honeymoon.

Last month, did you guess which Betty is engaged to George Walker. Yes, Betty Grill is right.

When last heard from Max Gentle was working in Bathurst in the snow, dreaming of bush walks and bar bells and keeping his strength up by munching raw carrots.

We had our Fancy Dress Party at the Club Rooms on the 10th July. If you weren't there, then you did not fall for the coy, young maid clad in an innocent, blue, silk gown - one of mama's hand-me-downs, (I heard this whispered from some jealous quarter) - Darwinia is her name, we took her telephone number. Now, boys, don't all rush us, be careful, there may be snag.

Are you still wondering who the nasty burglar-bandit-gangster was? He was no Christian fellow, but the innocent maid found him out.

Most folks managed to keep within their fancy clothes all the evening, although we saw signs of strain, and a few reverted to normal to allow for sitting and supper. The goldfish swam out of her scales and fins. The place was dangerous with Pirates; they were so thick, we were reminded of the China Seas or Bondi Beach. Charlie's Aunt turned up all the way from Brazil "where the Nuts come from", and the League of Nations might(?) have claimed the rest of the population.

Those who went to the party enjoyed many a laugh.
